

EXT. SYCAMORE GROVE PARK - DAY

Gil sits at a picnic table with VALDEZ and two other CRUMB-BUMS. They drink beer and Valdez plays chess.

Valdez and the Crumb-Bums speak in Spanish. Gil understands them but responds in English.

VALDEZ

This one broad that works at the gallery. She set up my show. Very attractive. Everyone else there? Dummies. I'm shocked they don't try to eat the paintings.

Gil watches the board. Valdez puts his fingers on a piece. Gil shakes his head at him. Valdez removes his fingers.

GIL

When's the opening?

VALDEZ

I don't know. Tomorrow, I think.

GIL

They need any entertainment?

Crumb-Bum One and Crumb-Bum Two laugh.

GIL

Fuck is so funny?

VALDEZ

That you think you're a comedian. Still. Come by. Free wine.

Valdez makes move.

GIL

God you suck at chess. He's got you in three.

Crumb Bum One makes a quick, aggressive move.

GIL

Told you.

Gil indicates the next few moves with his finger.

GIL

Bam. Bam. Bam. Wah-bam. Done.

VALDEZ

Maybe. But I have more beer.

The three old timers laugh their asses off. Gil stares at the board and sips a beer. He BURPS.

GIL

Bro. Why even play?

WOOP WOOP. It's the sound of the po-lice. All four of them stop talking and look over at Figueroa avenue.

A shirtless JACKSON bolts from a van parked on the street. Two COPS zoom up behind it, sirens flashing.

They get out of their cars and approach. Slowly. The Shirtless Man runs in odd circles.

The FIRST COP circles one way. The SECOND COP circles the other. Jackson makes sounds like a bird.

The cops make their circle smaller and smaller. Valdez turns away. He stares down and makes his next move.

VALDEZ

Fucking dogs.

Jackson plants his legs and turns around and around. Crumb-Bum One and Crumb-Bum two look back to the game.

Gil watches. Cop One darts forward and grabs Jackson from behind. Cop Two wails him in the gut with his billy club.

Jackson doesn't go down. Cop Two wails him on the side of the knee. Twice. That does it. Jackson drops.

They shove him down and cuff him. Roughly.

GIL

Dammmmmn.

VALDEZ

Gilberto. They're savages. Fuck them in their dumb stupid asses. Show me how I'm going to lose this game.

Gil holds his beer high and in plain sight. He chugs more than half of it in one sip.

GIL

(yells)

Suck a donkey dig, pigs.

The cops hear him but they don't care. They're too busy banging Jackson's head when they shove him in the car.

Crumb-Bum One makes a move. Valdez immediately slides a piece and knocks over Crumb-Bum One's king.

VALDEZ

Checkmate.

Gil's eyes shoot to the board.

EXT. GIL'S PLACE - NIGHT

Gil walks down a steep incline that leads past an apartment building to a basement apartment.

He flips a set of keys in his hand and taps the wall at regular intervals. He stops dead when the incline flattens.

There's a huge EVICTION NOTICE taped to his door. And a gigantic lock that his keys aren't likely to fight.

All of his stuff is piled at the end of a shallow alley. What's left of it, anyway. It's been picked through.

He nudges a pile of clothes with his foot.

INT. JO-JO'S - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Jo-Jo chucks Gil a duffel bag. He transfers some things in to it from a plastic garbage bag.

GIL

Yo, man. I really appreciate this.  
You have no idea.

Jo-Jo shrugs.

GIL

I know we're not really tight these days, but still. This is solid.

JO-JO

I'm staying at Delia's tonight cuz her folks are out of town. I want you gone before I get back tomorrow. Early. Like seven or eight.

Gil's hands stop moving. He looks at the ground.

GIL

Yeah. OK.

INT. TRAIN - IN BETWEEN STATIONS - DAY

Gil sits in a corner with his legs up the duffel bag. His arms are crossed on his chest. His eyes are closed.

The train pulls in to South Pasadena. His eyes open when the doors open. They close when they close.

The train rumbles on. He adjusts his position to get more comfortable. It doesn't work. He twists and turns.

The doors at the far end of the platform to the next car open. Two TRANSIT COPS come in and start checking tap cards.

Gil opens one eye. Catching sight of the cops wakes him up completely. He leans forward and gets a hand on his bag.

He checks out the window. He checks the cops. He checks out the window. He checks the cops.

They're halfway to him when the train pulls in to the Highland Park station. He waits until the doors open -

- and bolts out as discreetly as he can.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Gil shoulders the duffel and walks. That's it. He walks. He walks past The Highland Park Cafe.

He walks past fancy coffee shops and properties being renovated and the Highland Theater.

He walks down side streets past run down houses next to houses being flipped.

He walks along the LA River. He walks over bridges over the LA River. He walks under bridges over the LA River.

He walks from one train station to the next. He walks past Superior Groceries and Taco Fiesta.

He walks past Liam's house and down the dirt road next to it. He walks past HOBBO ALLEY and in to -

EXT. SYCAMORE GROVE PARK - DAY

- where he sets himself up on a group of stone chairs in front of a shuttered band-shell.

He stretches his legs and rests his feet on the duffel. He crosses his arms over his chest and closes his eyes.

EXT. VALDEZ'S - FRONT PORCH - DAY

Valdez sits on the steps. He sips from a STEEL RESERVE TALL BOY and stares at his completely dead lawn.

Gil walks up to the gate. He's got the duffel over his shoulder and an eighteen pack of cheap beer.

GIL

Yo-yo. Wuddup, you old fart - down for a little pre-game?

He walks through the gate before Valdez answers.

VALDEZ

The openings not for another six hours. I should be able to stand upright there, at least.

Gil sits on a step above Valdez.

GIL

Fuck those art snobs. Let's give them so free entertainment.

VALDEZ

Yeah. OK.

Gil CRACKS open a beer.

VALDEZ

What's with the bag?

GIL

Laundry day.

VALDEZ

Ha Ha Ha. You do laundry?

GIL

Gotta keep my underpants clean for the ladies, don't I?

VALDEZ

What ladies. I don't see no ladies.  
Where are you hiding the ladies?

GIL

You notice you talk in English when  
your drinking buddies aren't around?

VALDEZ

So fucking what.

GIL

I dunno. Just sayin'.

They sip their beers in silence and watch the world go by  
for a spell. A light breeze blows through the leaves.

VALDEZ

I saw your momma the other day.

GIL

Oh yeah. How's she doing?

Valdez makes a so-so motion with his hand.

VALDEZ

She asked about you.

GIL

(imitates Valdez)  
So fucking what.

VALDEZ

You should call your momma, son. She  
needs you as much as you need her.

GIL

The only thing she needs is for me to  
stay the hell out of her life. She  
never wanted to be a mom. Especially  
not with my old man. Seeing me  
reminds her of that. It's a bum out.

VALDEZ

I saw your Poppa too. Sheesh. That is  
one unpleasant man.

GIL

Yeah. He's a dick.

VALDEZ

Yes.

GIL

Yup.

They drink in silence and watch the world go by.

EXT. ART GALLERY - FRONT WINDOW - NIGHT

A couple passes the wide picture window and walks in to the spare, wide open gallery.

Gil and Valdez stand in the center of a group of people. ANGELA is one of them.

It's clear by their body language that Gil and Valdez are putting on quite a show. A lot of pensive listening -

- followed by a lot of laughs. Essentially these mostly white art snobs are eating up the latino's tonight.

Gil wears an over-sized blazer - clearly Valdez's - over his T-Shirt and Camouflage pants. It's a thing.

He puts his arm around Valdez and holds his glass in the air. Everyone in the crowd does so too.

He makes a point of CLINKING his with Angela's.

EXT. ART GALLERY - BACK - NIGHT

Gil and Angela back on to the white brick wall, deep in a sloppy drunken make out.

Gil starts to get aggro. Angela slaps his hand away - so she can be the one who gets aggro.

She spins them around so he's against the wall.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Gil's eyes shoot open. He has no idea where he is. He sits up and takes in his surroundings.

Messy room with high ceilings and a lot of windows. Some of his clothes in a pile on a chair.

A few condom wrappers around the bed. He rubs his face and reaches for his shirt.

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Gil looks down at Angela, sleeping under a fitted sheet on her couch. She's full dressed in last night's outfit.

Gil scratches his head. He glances around for more pieces of his clothes. A sock. Both shoes. His underpants.

He gathers them up and walks in to the -

INT. ANGELA'S APARTMENT - HALLWAY - MORNING

- long hallway that leads to the front door. He dresses as he walks and tries not to make any noises.

The only things he's not wearing when he reaches the front door are his shoes. He reaches for the doorknob.

Her purse hangs on a hook next to a mirror. So he has a good view of himself rifling through it and taking some cash.

His reflection doesn't seem to mind.

EXT. THE RINKY DINK TAVERN - DAY

Gil sits against the wall next to the grated bar. A TATTOOED BARTENDER walks up. She nods her head at Gil.

He waits for her to open up without offering to help. It seems to take an eternity.

When she gets the door open she gestures him in with a huge, overblown arm movement.

INT. THE RINKY DINK TAVERN - DAY

Gil slaps a twenty on the bar and polishes off a frosty pint at the same time. He SLAMS the empty on the bar.

GIL

Same again.

TATTOOED BARTENDER

You riding a twofer, or just getting a jump on the day?

GIL

Twofer.

TATTOOED BARTENDER  
Sure smells like it.

GIL  
Hey. I like my stench. It's got character.

TATTOOED BARTENDER  
You smell like garbage.

GIL  
Ah, yes. But garbage with character, wouldn't you say?

TATTOOED BARTENDER  
Fuck, Gil. Drink your beer.

She slides him a fresh one.

GIL  
Gracias.

TATTOOED BARTENDER  
You going up tomorrow?

He shoots a small stage in the corner a sideways glance.

GIL  
Nah.

He stares in to his beer.

INT. VALDEZ'S - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gil flops onto a rickety couch. The springs CREAK and GROAN under his weight. Valdez tosses him a blanket.

GIL  
Thanks, man. I must have lost my keys somewhere along the crooked path from your opening to that girls hot-box. Kidding. Kidding. She was a rad chick. Seriously.

Valdez eyes him. He knows he's entirely full of shit but decides to give the kid a break. For now.

VALDEZ  
Gotta work tomorrow. You can stay for breakfast but after that - vaminos.

GIL

All good.

He turns on his side. Valdez CLICKS off the light. He watches Gil pretend to get comfortable for a bit.

His shoulders shake a little. Small sigh-like sounds slip out of his mouth. Valdez gives him his sad privacy.

EXT. HIGHLAND PARK - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Gil walks more. His duffel appears to weigh more this time. He walks uphill, away from York Avenue.

He walks on winding roads with pretty houses. He walks past a high school. He walks past a small restaurant in a house.

He walks up a steep, steep hill. His gait slows. His posture stoops forward. He's exhausted.

When he gets to the top of the hill he's only a couple of houses away from his dad's place.

He walks past it without a single glance. He walks to the top of another steep hill -

- and disappears from view as he walks down it.

EXT. FIGUEROA AVENUE - HIGHLAND PARK CAFE - LATER

Gil drops his duffel bag in front of a vacant store front across the street from the ridiculously adorable cafe.

He sits on the bag, props his elbows on his knees, and drops his head in his hands. He dozes off.

When he shakes awake the Cafe staff close up for the day. The evening slammed into the sky with a riot of soft colors.

He gets to his feet and shoulders the duffel. It looks like it weighs a ton this time.

EXT. FIGUEROA AVENUE - HIGHLAND THEATER - LATER

Gil stares at the lights of the marquee. The sky isn't dark enough for them to really pop. But it's getting there.

A thin crowd trickles out of the theater. Among it are LOUIS and SAMMI. Gil backs into a doorway.

He watches them make out and goof off as they head down the street. They're dopey happy. In love happy. Happy happy.

Gil switches the duffel from one shoulder to the next and heads off in the opposite direction.

EXT. SYCAMORE GROVE PARK - HOBO ALLEY - NIGHT

Gil sets up his duffel bag to use as a pillow at the end of a row of make-shift tents. It's a small community.

A few people lie on the ground without shelter, like him. Cats HOWL somewhere. Cars ZOOM by on the 110.

He covers his face with his arm and lies extremely still. Footsteps CRACKLE on gravel. His eyes shoot open.

A JOGGER runs past him, and right through Hobo Alley. He sits up, punches the duffel, and lies back down.

He forces his eyes closed. Two dogs fight somewhere. He pulls his legs up. Cars ZOOM by on the 101.

A CACKLE sounds from one of the tents. It's hard to tell if it's laughter cackling or devious cackling.

He sits bolt upright.

GIL

Fuck this.

INT. THE RINKY DINK TAVERN - STAGE - NIGHT

Gil leans on the mic on the small stage. A medium sized crowd litters the tables. They all look at him.

He rubs the bridge of his nose. He moves the mic from one hand to the other. He takes a deep breath.

GIL

So I was trying to sleep in this Hobo Alley tonight -

Whatever he says next cracks the audience up. He proceeds to deliver a blistering, personal stand-up set.

The crowd HOWLS with laughter.

CUT TO BLACK: