

EXT. FIGUEROA AVENUE - NIGHT

LOUIS (17) a Latino teenager in a punk t-shirt with a clip-on earring in his ear, stands in front of a closed shop.

JO-JO, a HUGE LATINO TEEN, stands next to him. They're in a group of four other kids.

One of the crew throws a rock across the street. A couple of others follow suit. Jo-Jo joins in.

Louis cocks his arm back. But he doesn't throw. SHATTER. A window breaks. BOOP-BOOP.

The RED & BLUE lights of a cop car play over his face. The other kids run. Louis freezes.

INT. DIAZ FAMILY HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

Louis sits at a table with his MOM and DAD. A few YOUNGER SIBLINGS race around to get ready for school.

Louis wears a conservative outfit. Plain polo. Slacks. His Mom mutters a dialogue in Spanish.

His Dad RATTLES a newspaper. His parents speak in Spanish with a few English words peppered in here and there.

DAD

Why you didn't run is beyond me.

MOM

That's why you're worried? Why was he even there in the first place?

DAD

He should have run.

Louis looks into his bowl of cereal. He doesn't eat it.

EXT. STAIRWELL OFF FIGUEROA - DAY

Louis stands in front of a Madonna relief at the top of a long, wide flight of stairs.

He glances around. No one in sight. He whips off his polo and exchanges it for a Punk T-Shirt from his bag.

He puts a clip-on earring on his ear.

EXT. THE HP CAFE - DAY

Louis stands in front of the closed cafe. One of the windows is smashed. A staff moves around inside, preparing to open.

JOHANNA MAXWELL, efficiently pretty, stands in the doorway. She's a full head shorter than Louis.

She looks very much like a harried chef. Sweaty face, bandanna around her head. There's a genuine patience to her.

MAX

Is it cool if I ask. Why'd you do it?

LOUIS

Fuck you. That's why.

She looks behind her into the cafe for support. No one else heard him. She tuts.

MAX

OK. I guess you can go out back and take care of the garbage. Everyone in the building uses our dumpster even though they're not supposed to. It would be a real help if you could separate their bags from ours. I know it sucks but it needs to be done.

He shoves a pair of earbuds into his ears.

EXT. THE HP CAFE - BACK - DAY

ROUGH PUNK MUSIC streams from Louis' headphones as he opens a dumpster. It's filled with incorrect bags.

He looks at a row of single unit cans. He looks at the back door of the cafe. Max moves around in the kitchen.

She works her ass off. Louis grabs a blue bag.

EXT. THE HP CAFE - PARKING LOT - LATER

Louis takes his job very seriously. He carries blue bags to recyclable bins and makes sure the recycling is right.

The parking lot is across the street from the cafe proper. He closes the bin and turns to head back to the cafe.

Max paces on the sidewalk on the cafe side of the street. She's on the phone. It's clear she's upset.

Louis ducks out of view. He doesn't want her to know that he saw her. She hangs up and grunts at her inert phone.

EXT. THE HP CAFE - BACK - DAY

Louis sweeps the space between the cafe and the dumpsters. There's not much to sweep. He does it anyway.

Jo-Jo appears at the gate that separates the back of the cafe from the street. A small crew forms around him

They have bikes and skateboards. GIL (16) is clearly the leader. He threw one of the rocks. He motions at Louis.

GIL

What the fuck, man? Cut the leash.
We're heading down to the river.

Jo-Jo jerks his head at the cafe's back door. No one is there. It would be easy for Louis to slip away.

Louis looks into the kitchen. The staff works away. He shakes his head. Jo-Jo nods and walks off.

The crew follows. Gil lingers.

GIL

What a wimp. You didn't even do it.

Jo-Jo grabs him by the collar and pulls him away. Louis watches them go. Then gets right back to sweeping.

EXT. THE HP CAFE - BACK - LATER

Louis moves the garbage bins from one spot to the other. He tries to decide where they work best.

Max steps out of the kitchen door.

MAX

Hey. You want something to eat?

LOUIS

Nah. Not here I don't. You put kale
in your taco's. Next.

She walks forward.

MAX

Those look good there. People can
park and they're not in the way.

Louis plays it cool. But he can't hide that he's glad he was paid a compliment. Max walks forward some more.

She studies his shirt.

MAX
You like punk rock?

He's instantly defensive.

LOUIS
No. I like punk. "Punk rock" sucks.

She grins.

MAX
I used to be in a punk band. That's me on your shirt.

He looks down. His shirt shows a punk broad slaying guitar in a bona-fide punk pose. It's super blurry.

There's a tattoo visible on the T-Shirt girls arm.

LOUIS
Bull. Shit.

She rolls up her sleeve. Same tattoo. It's her alright.

MAX
Seriously. That's my old band. I didn't know anyone still listened to them. It was a long time ago.

He looks at his shirt, then at her.

LOUIS
So you used to be cool. So what.

She backs away from the moment. She tried.

MAX
If you get hungry, let me know.

She moves in to the kitchen. He looks at his shirt.

EXT. THE HP CAFE - BACK - NIGHT

Louis aims a plastic water bottle at an open recycling bin. SCORE. He lands it. He looks in to the kitchen.

The cafe is winding down for the night. Max is still front and center. Working her ass off.

CASSAVETES (25) a lean Latino man with fine features and a figure like a swimmer, walks up to the gate.

CASSAVETES
Hey little brother.

Louis stops moving. He tries to figure out what to do with his face. He settles on a non-expression.

LOUIS
Hey. Bro.

CASSAVETES
You repenting? You repenting so hard?

LOUIS
It's OK.

Cassavetes shuffles his feet.

CASSAVETES
I missed you today.

LOUIS
She hasn't called?

Cassavetes shrugs.

LOUIS
You talk to her?

CASSAVETES
She doesn't want to hear what she doesn't want to hear.

LOUIS
You really like her.

Cassavetes looks at his feet. After a second a huge smile appears on his face.

CASSAVETES
You want to get out of here? I mean,
fuck it. Let's go to the river.

Louis looks in to the kitchen. Max scrubs a pan. She's the only one left.

LOUIS
I'm good.

EXT. THE HP CAFE - BACK DOOR - NIGHT

Louis lingers by the back door to the cafe. Max calls to him from inside.

MAX (O.C.)
Hey. Come eat something.

INT. THE HP CAFE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Max slides two plates of food onto the steel counter. She waits until Louis takes his to sit in front of hers.

They eat. Louis gets halfway through his before he speaks.

LOUIS
This is really good.

MAX
Thanks.

Louis stops eating. He sets his fork down.

LOUIS
I didn't smash your window.

Max sets her fork down.

CUT TO BLACK: