

INT. POP'S TRUCK - POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

ERNESTO "POPS" VALLE SENIOR (48) sits behind the wheel with the engine running.

He finishes eating a burrito wrapped in aluminum foil over a paper plate.

He's bundled up in a scarf, beanie and dusty work jacket.

ERNESTO VALLE JUNIOR (28) slides in to the passenger seat, next to his father. He's wearing flannel and baggy jeans soaked from the rain. He has a black eye.

Junior Side

POPS

Your mom wants you to move back in,
and work for me again, mijo.

JUNIOR

She's crazy. Why?

POPS

She doesn't like the people you're
with.

JUNIOR
She's tripping. They're just my
friends.

POPS
You know the old saying,
*dime con quién andas, y te diré
quién eres.*

JUNIOR
What?

POPS
You still don't know Spanish?

Pops rubs Juniors bald head.

POPS
(mockingly)
Esé

Junior swats Pops's hand away.

JUNIOR
You never taught me.

POPS
It means, tell me who your friends
are and I'll tell you who you are,
and your friends are a bunch of
thugs.

A cop car zooms by the truck with the sirens blaring. Pops
slows to a stop before accelerating.

POPS
Jessica knows Spanish. Now she's
studying to be a lawyer. Did you
know that?

JUNIOR
I still talk to her.

POPS
A lawyer and a criminal in the
family.

JUNIOR
I'm not a criminal.

POPS
Then why were you in jail?

JUNIOR

I fucked up. But I ain't no
criminal.

POPS

You sell drugs.

JUNIOR

I only sell molly to college kids.
I sometimes sell to Jessica.

POPS

What?

Pops struggles to keep control of the wheel. Junior reaches
over to straighten steering wheel. Pops coughs and regains
control.

POPS

I'm fine.

JUNIOR

I was kidding though. I can never
charge my little sis.

POPS

Watch it.

END

