

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.

Pops Side

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.

JUNIOR

Just take me to my crib.

POPS

Your crib? It's a crack house. I'm taking you home.

JUNIOR

I thought you didn't want me home no more?

POPS

It doesn't matter what I want. It's what your mom wants.

JUNIOR

If you don't want me back, then let me out. I'll walk it.

They pull up to a red light. Pops unlocks the passenger door.

POPS

Go. I hope you got a jacket in that plastic bag.

The thunder outside roars. The traffic light turns green. A car honks behind them.

JUNIOR
Just drive, old man.

Pops grabs a brown paper bag beside him and hands it to Junior.

POPS
I got you a burrito.

JUNIOR
Thanks. No salsa, right?

POPS
Big time narco can't handle a spicy burrito?

JUNIOR
Shut up.

Junior opens the paper bag and eats his burrito. Pops continues to drive.

END