

EXT. BRONX STREET- SUMMER DAY

REY REYES(early 20's, movie star looks) confidently walks down his Bronx street. Rey is a modern day, Latinx, Tony Manero from SATURDAY NIGHT FEVER.

The neighborhood LOVES him! Passerby's greet Rey with head nods of respect. He smiles a big beautiful Colgate smile, as he shows love, to the members of this tight-knit Bronx community.

Rey's cell phone rings, he recognizes the caller ID, it's his agent. He picks up the phone with lightning speed.

REY

I booked it, right? I could tell in the room that they were LOVING me!

Rey stops walking, his heart having dropped into his stomach.

REY (CONT'D)

WHAT? They went with a name? Who? That's bullshit! Its an Off-Broadway play not a fucking Marvel movie!

Rey takes a deep breath, fighting the impulse to lose his temper. The breath doesn't work, he loses it!

REY (CONT'D)

It's JUST WHO THE FUCK WANTS TO SEE MARIO LOPEZ PLAY HAMLET?

Rey regains his composure and keeps walking.

REY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I just, if they were going to do that, then why did they put me through 3 callbacks? Make me spend money, that I don't have, on coaching? I am not mad, just frustrated. I needed something to go my way. Listen, can we talk later? I just got home and I'm going to have to do some damage control with my girl. Thanks. Bye.

Rey runs up the stairs of his apartment house. Takes a deep breath as he puts his key into the lock of the front entrance; to his surprise, it doesn't fit. Rey thinks he is crazy, he tries again, the same.

REY (CONT'D)

What the fuck?

ANGIE (late 20's) pops out of a second story window, she has flames in her eyes.

ANGIE
You don't live here no more!

REY
What?

ANGIE
I had my father change the locks
cabron.

REY
Why?

