

Bad Hombres

Written by

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Based on an **unfortunately** true story

BELLEVUE – Zack Zucker

INT. FELIX'S OFFICE - NEXT LVL AGENCY - LOS ANGELES - DAY

FELIX FUENTES, 33, studies his own eyes, reflected in the window. With his tan skin wrapped in a bespoke violet suit, he's the only pop of color in his large, metallic office.

DEMARCUS (V.O.)

So then you'll get me the boat?

FELIX

(distracted)

Yup! No prob-- wait, what?! A boat?

INTERCUT - On the phone, in a Lamborghini is DEMARCUS TAYLOR, 24. The giant football player does not fit in this tiny car.

DEMARCUS

I told you! Bitonio re-ups, he gets a boat. I re-up, it's "here's two jet skis." I'm not a bitch, Felix!

FELIX

How do jet skis make you a bitch?

DEMARCUS

The nautical ranking system, Felix! Tom Brady don't do laps around Brady Island in a lil' Kawasaki. I bet they got Elons to make him a Tesla catamaran... Is that a boat?

FELIX

A catamaran? Yeah. But I doubt Elon Musk gave Bitonio a catamaran.

DEMARCUS

Not Bitonio! Tom Brady, man! Brady's got the Tesla catamaran!

FELIX

And you want to take it from him?

DEMARCUS

What? No! They don't even make Tesla catama-- Damn it, Felix! Stop making me say catamaran!

FELIX

What are you saying, DeMarcus?

DEMARCUS

The contract's bullshit! But my lawyer ain't even listening to me!

FELIX

I am! But you aren't my only focus.

DEMARCUS

Don't tell me that! I'm supposed to be your number one papi! Who gives it better than me? Huh? Who?

REVEAL: Felix, pants around ankles, isn't alone. On his desk, in a charcoal boss-lady dress, is WHITNEY ROSENSTEIN, 31. Her hand, way down Felix's floral briefs, has a firm grip on him.

A playful glint in her severe eyes, she awaits his answer.

FELIX

Better than you? ...Nobod--

She squeezes her hand.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Different! Different than you!

Whitney's amused. DeMarcus isn't.

EXT. INTERSTATE 95 - MIAMI, FL - DAY

An indigo HERON emerges from aquamarine water. It soars on salted wind over curved palms, lavish mansions, and a million dollars in luxury traffic. Escalades... Bugattis... And...

One mint-green, beat-to-shit, early 90s minivan. The van careens from lane to lane like a chubby getaway car.

INT. DANIELLA'S VAN - CONTINUOUS

A Dwyane Wade bobblehead bounces wildly on the dash.

In back, WILLIE FUENTES, 39, also bobbles. He's blindfolded. In a heavy flannel and plain tank top, he could be a hostage, but the cold Slurpee in his tattooed hand implies otherwise.

WILLIE

Aye, Dani, maybe slow down a bit?

Our would-be getaway driver, DANIELLA FUENTES, 36, short, unhinged, pregnant as hell, jolts the steering wheel.

DANIELLA

Or maybe we should have left the beach when I said. Huh, Willie?

In the rear view, Daniella sees Willie trying to catch the Slurpee straw with his mouth, but he stabs his face instead.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

Kiki, why'd you blindfold him?

Willie's precocious, mixed-race daughter, KIKI MARTINEZ, 12, rides shotgun. Wearing horn-rimmed glasses and a periwinkle beanie, Kiki grips her seatbelt tightly.

KIKI

I didn't. He did. He said he wanted to enhance the surprise.

DANIELLA

Willie, bro! Don't build it up!

WILLIE

Aye, if I got my sis, my lil girl, and my moms, that's a happy birthd--

KIKI

Grandma Carmen isn't coming.

WILLIE

Oh... True... She's pretty busy.

DANIELLA

Actually, mom said she's boycotting this year. -- This is us! Hold on!

The van vaults across multiple lanes and exits the highway.

WILLIE

Dang, maybe I should boycott too.

KIKI

Tia, look out!

Dani SLAMS on the brakes. She unbuckles her belt and jams her head and most of her pregnant belly out of the window.

DANIELLA

Oye! Pinky! Move out the way!

The obstruction? A literal fucking FLAMINGO strutting elegantly, and ever so slowly, directly in front of them.

KIKI

It's Lola.

WILLIE
(lowering his blindfold)
Lola?! I thought I told her, I'm
the alpha bird on this block!

Willie jams himself out a window and flings his jumbo drink
at the jumbo bird. Iced blue slush EXPLODES at the bird's
feet. Then, the flamingo turns around, slowly. Deliberately.

DANIELLA
Good job, you pissed it off.

The flamingo spreads its wings, revealing a 6 foot wing span.
It cocks its head back and lets out a loud HISS. Then, it
begins to stomp toward the car, covering ground fast.

WILLIE
What the fuck? Reverse! Reverse!

INT. FELIX'S OFFICE / INT. DEMARCUS'S CAR - INTERCUT

Felix, with Whitney leg-strapped to him, waddles toward a
couch. Whitney taps her phone. DeMarcus is in a drive-thru.

DEMARCUS
I'm thinking we do good cop, bad
cop. You call the GM and be all
like "you make me sick." Then I'll
call and say "sorry 'bout him.
Here's some water." But then you
say, "no water for this scum."

FELIX
How bout "no water cuz these are
phone calls?"

Whitney, putting her phone away, mimes the wrap it up sign.

FELIX (CONT'D)
(resuming waddling)
Look, DeMarcus. You signed the
contract. We can't change that.
It's your mistake. Own it.

DEMARCUS
I don't pay for "can't," Felix! I
pay for lawyer magic! Fix this!

FELIX
How?! My special lawyer white-out?

DEMARCUS

There you go! Use that! -- Hol' up,
dis honey needs an autograph.

DeMarcus winks at the DRIVE-THRU WORKER. He tries to get the receipt from her but the car rides way too low. He struggles.

FELIX

(over it)

Okay. Levon, you still on the line?

INT. NEXT LVL AGENCY BULLPEN - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

Felix's assistant, LEVON, SHUSHING eavesdropping COWORKERS.

LEVON

I am here and I am loving this.

INT. FELIX'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Felix rests Whitney on the couch. At last, she braces for some thrusting. Instead, Felix just dumps her there.

FELIX

Okay DeMarcus, Levon can handle any other questions you have about your *already* signed contract. Or how our special forgery white-out works...

DEMARCUS

I can't believe you handing me off, Felix. We used to be tight. We had brown solidarity.

Felix pulls up his pants and digs through a desk drawer.

FELIX

We still do! Y'know you my brotha!

DEMARCUS

Brotha? You ain't that brown! Man, forget you. Imma do this DeMarcus style. You watch. You watch. Hello?

Felix chucks his phone. Clenching his eyes, he dry swallows a pill from the drawer. A BEAT.

WHITNEY

(startling him)

His brotha?

FELIX
I didn't love it either.

WHITNEY
Good luck with that. Now, I planned
for seven minutes, but we've only
had like two thrusts in twelve...

FELIX
Look, Whitney, now's not really a--

WHITNEY
If I can juggle being penetrated while filing quarterly losses with the SEC, you can at least manage the poking. You know it's my last ovulation day, and I will NOT--

FELIX WHITNEY (CONT'D)
--be pregnant at the ESPYs. --be pregnant at the ESPYs.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)
(changing strategy)
Y'know, a lot of guys dream about
fucking their boss in their office.

Whitney hops off the couch and seductively approaches Felix.

FELIX

I had that dream once. It was my Pollo Tropical boss and she was like seventy. Whenever I touched her, her skin would turn to ash.

WHITNEY
How 'bout you come touch me?

FELIX
Why would you segue from that?

Ignoring him, she gets close. Bites her lip. He's smitten.

EXT. WILLIE'S HOUSE - MIAMI - DAY

Kiki and Daniella walk over dead grass to the bright yellow, extreme fixer-upper. Willie trails, still blindfolded.

WILLIE
Ooh... I think we're at my house...

DANIELLA
Stop hyping the stupid surprise!

WILLIE
Okay but I love it already.

KIKI DANIELLA

The hell? Ay dios.

WILLIE
(taking off the blindfold)
"Surprise..." You got me robbed?

REVEAL: The front door to his house is completely smashed in.

INT. WILLIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Willie steps through the broken doorway. Daniella and Kiki follow, cautiously, behind him.

DANIELLA
I told you that stainless microwave
is too nice! Kiki, call the police.

KIKI
I don't think I need to?

Kiki points to TWO OFFICERS in full SWAT gear, sitting on stools at the counter. Another OFFICER exits the bathroom.

BATHROOM OFFICER
Wet wipes, man. Fuckin' delightful.

WILLIE
Why are you in my house?!

Startled, the Officers jolt up and straighten their uniforms.

TALL OFFICER
Are you Guillermo Fuentes?

Depends. WILLIE Yes, he is. DANIELLA

TALL OFFICER
We're with Immigration and Customs--

WILLIE
(to Daniella)
Surprise, you called ICE?!

No!
KIKI
DANIELLA
Stop guessing surprises!

TALL OFFICER
Guillermo Fuentes, by ruling of
Homeland Security, your residency
is revoked. You're being deported.

INT. FELIX'S OFFICE - DAY

Felix has Whitney on his desk. He stares out the window as he mindlessly thrusts. Whitney, annoyed, looks to a clock.

WHITNEY
Okay, you trying to break a record?

FELIX
No, it's just. The cleaning lady...

Whitney follows his gaze out the window. In another building, a CLEANING WOMAN watches them... She's nodding, real slow.

WHITNEY
Since when are you not into that?
And why's this taking so long?!

FELIX
It's just a lot of pressure! And
the yelling isn't helping.

WHITNEY
Fine. Sorry. I'll soften it up...
I'll do a slutty baby voice.
(like a baby)
Ooh, daddy, sowwy I yelled. I got a-
scared. I'm a lil' slutty baby.

FELIX
Ugh! Stop! That is so creepy!

WHITNEY
Good! That was a pervert test.

FELIX
What?! Why?

WHITNEY
You're "too tired" at night. You're
lasting over ten minutes. You're
hiding something, Felix! But, I
don't have time to figure out what.

Whitney reaches around, behind Felix, toward his butt.

FELIX
Wait. What're you doing?

WHITNEY

We both know this does it for you.

FELIX

No, but--

WHITNEY

(making her way in)

Yes, butt. Mr. Fuentes, I need you
to cum, right now.

INT. WILLIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Willie dodges the grasp of one of the ICE agents.

WILLIE

I ain't going nowhere 'til I find
out who's paying for this door. Did
y'all even try knocking?

TALL OFFICER

We rang the bell.

WILLIE

The bell don't work.

KIKI

The bell doesn't work.

DANIELLA

You said you fixed that! See, this
is why you're getting deported.

WILLIE

Nah! It's cuz these racist crackers
don't think brown lives matter.
Brown lives matter! Brown lives--

Bathroom Officer takes off his helmet. He's clearly Latino.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Matter... Pedro?

PEDRO (AKA BATHROOM OFFICER)

Sup Willie? Hey Dani.

KIKI

Are you serious?! How could you--

PEDRO

Look, I got mouths to feed.

WILLIE

Word. Listen, P., it's my birthday--

PEDRO
Oh snap, happy birthday, man!

WILLIE
Aw, thank you! But y'know how it is, it's more for the family. They got some big surprise for me--

DANIELLA
No we don't. He ate it.

They all look to the kitchen counter, where the THIRD OFFICER has been standing quietly. A bit of icing on his chin.

KIKI
You ate his birthday cake?!

THIRD OFFICER
Not all of it! And it was melting.

DANIELLA
On purpose! Willie has soft teeth! He needs mushy ice cream! Mushy!

WILLIE
(enraged)
My surprise was ice cream cake?!
(nope, overjoyed)
And do it-- Oh shit, yep! It got the sprinkles! I can't. It's too dope! How'd y'all keep this secret?

KIKI
What kind of ICE agents are you?!

PEDRO
Kid's right, Tom. Not cool.

TALL OFFICER
Enough! You're coming right now!

INT. FELIX'S OFFICE / EXT. WILLIE'S HOUSE - SPLIT SCREEN

Whitney is working Felix. He can't hold back much longer.	Willie zig zags through the yard. The Officers chase him.
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FELIX
I'm already cumming!

WILLIE
I'm going! I'm going!

WHITNEY
Bullshit, you're faking!

TALL OFFICER
You're running away!

FELIX WILLIE
 No way! I'm mid-orgasm! Ooh! I'm self-deporting!
 Whitney isn't buying it but then Felix's phone VIBRATES.

FELIX (CONT'D)
 Wait! My phone is vibrating!

WHITNEY
 Use it!

FELIX
 It's Dani! Must be an emergency!

Felix shows his phone to Whitney, just as the display goes from a call to a calendar reminder: 4PM - VASECTOMY CONSULT.

WHITNEY
 A fucking vasectomy?!

Whitney gut punches Felix. An Officer tackles Willie.
 Felix and Willie struggle to breathe. Bad hombres, caught.

INT. FELIX AND WHITNEY'S CONDO - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Felix packs a suit into a Gucci travel duffel. On the TV:

SPORTS ANNOUNCER (V.O.)
 Bitonio sacked again! Bet he's
 missing star left tackle, DeMarcus
 Taylor, who's protesting the team's
 inadequate... pink-eye precautions?

On TV: DeMarcus, distantly seated, wearing swimmer's goggles.

FELIX
 (shutting off TV)
 Not saying you didn't believe in
 me, but... He might get that boat
 now. Maybe I am lawyer magic.

Whitney stomps in and dumps Felix's toiletries onto the bed.

WHITNEY
 As in, magically taking credit for
 DeMarcus's idea? Or poof, your job
 disappears when you miss Thursday's
 signing deadline?

FELIX
 Deadlines are meant to be broken.

WHITNEY

Not this one! The Raiders were clear. They can't allow this to go on. If DeMarcus doesn't end his holdout by the NFL deadline on Thursday he can't play this season.

FELIX

It's fine! I'm already booked on the red eye back! Less than twenty four hours! I'm back before the Fat Panda reveal on Masked Singer.

WHITNEY

That was last night! It was Urkel! Oh god. This is bad. And then there's our whole other thing. No. It's too much. You have to cancel. Let your family help Willie.

FELIX

So I can make sure he gets deported to Nicaragua? No. I'll just quickly find a pro to take on his case.

Whitney grabs Felix by the face, squeezing his cheeks hard.

WHITNEY

And our case?! That you're losing?

The engagement ring on Whitney's finger catches Felix's eye.

FELIX

Whitney, look at me. Breathe. It's fine. It was just a consultation.

WHITNEY

A vasectomy consultation!

FELIX

Con-sul-tation. Operative word. Well, not *operative*. Consulting on possibly becoming operative. Maybe.

WHITNEY

You lied to me... You saw me update that stupid ovulation app everyday.

Felix looks away. He packs the toiletries into his duffel. Whitney stares at a small bottle of conditioner Felix holds.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

Oh god. That's how... You've been jerking off in the shower.

FELIX
(looking at the bottle)
What?! That's... Okay, fine. But
it's just how I thank myself for--

WHITNEY
Why string me along, Felix?

FELIX
I needed time! I want to spend my
life with you. But a kid I've never
met? He'll probably be an asshole.

WHITNEY
Well, it'll be in his genes.

FELIX
Exactly. Why risk that?

A beat. Whitney picks up a different bottle. She studies it.

WHITNEY
That's not the only issue... Felix,
the last time you went to Miami--

FELIX
I promise I won't see her again.

WHITNEY
We're past that... But you, Felix.
We just got you back.

She rests the pill bottle in his shaky hand. His eyes clench.

FLASHBACK - INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY

Sprinting past a nurse, Felix comes to a door. He pauses.
With a floral handkerchief he wipes at sweat. Or maybe tears.
His breath slows. Then... a forced smile. He opens the door.

A brilliant, white light overtakes him. It fills the frame.

A VOICE (V.O.)
Felix?

BACK TO PRESENT - EXT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - DAY

That light, now from an intense Miami sun, blinds Felix.

His eyes adjust. Lush palms lean over shimmering teal waves.
The city skyline soars. Wispy clouds spell out: *¡Bienvenidos!*

REVEAL: It's a Visit Miami ad on a city bus. It pulls away, revealing a drab concrete garage and a beat-up pick-up truck.

An older, Latino, UBER DRIVER jogs from the truck to Felix.

UBER DRIVER
Felix?! *Soy tu oo-ber!* Hector!

Hector tugs at Felix's duffel, but Felix won't let it go.

HECTOR
Okay... *¿Buen viaje?*

FELIX
(lying)
I-- *no hablo...* English only.

HECTOR
Oh... *Está bien, cara verga.*

SUBTITLES: "All good, dick face."

Felix sighs. Welcome to Miami.

INT. PROCESSING ROOM - KROME DETENTION CENTER - DAY

Sheets of poorly photocopied legalese cover a wall. Across it, in stiff chairs are dozens of diverse, sleepy, DETAINEES, including Willie, who's sat here since last night.

His heavy eyes focus on his seat-neighbor:

A white-bearded, orange-turbaned, SIKH MAN falling asleep. He finally rests his head on Willie's shoulder. Willie smiles. At last. He uses the man's turban as a neck pillow. Then...

OFFICER DOYLE (O.S.)
Fuentes, Guillermo?

Willie pops up. Near giddy, he runs to the processing window. OFFICER DOYLE, old, mustachioed, and over-this-shit, awaits.

OFFICER DOYLE (CONT'D)
Speak English, son?

WILLIE
Yes, sir! Make America Great Again, sir!

OFFICER DOYLE
Okay... Through here.

WILLIE
Yes, sir! Entering, sir! Here I go.

OFFICER DOYLE
Stop saying what you're doing.

INT. KROME DETENTION CENTER - INTERIOR OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

As Willie enters, he immediately begins undressing.

OFFICER DOYLE
What're you doing?

WILLIE
Honestly, I look great in orange.

Willie takes his tank top off. He starts lowering his pants.

OFFICER DOYLE
No! You wear your own clothes here.

WILLIE
I appreciate it, but let's not get you into trouble.

OFFICER DOYLE
It's not a favor. Stop undressing.
Any possessions?

WILLIE
Huh... The lumberjack and a wallet.

OFFICER DOYLE
Keep the flannel, wallet stays.

Willie unvelcroes his wallet. Empty, except one photo: Kiki and a woman. The woman's face is crossed out with a huge X.

WILLIE
(parting with wallet)
Now I feel naked. Least I got this.

Willie spins to show a giant BACK TATTOO: A recreation of the wallet photo. And yes... a tattooed X over the woman's face.

OFFICER DOYLE (O.S.)
Jesus Christ.

The uncanny tattoo even captures the concern in Kiki's eyes.

INT. PALMETTO MIDDLE SCHOOL - MATH CLASSROOM - DAY

Kiki studies a window pane. A marker SQUEAKS. SQUEAKS. SQUE--

MR. P (O.S.)

Y'know you can talk to me, right?

Kiki stands at the desk of young MR. P, who stops grading.

KIKI

Sorry. I just have a lot on my--

MR. P

I'm not, like, old. You've seen my
YouTube. How old do you think I am?

KIKI

Thirty three.

MR. P

Cool, cool. You good. But look, you
identify as L.G.B., he slash him, a
tall girl? I got you. F'real.
(off her scowl)

'kay, well... if you don't ace
tomorrow's test you fail the class.

Kiki snatches the quiz. An F. Also... a sad emoji sticker.

EXT. MIAMI HIGHWAY - HECTOR'S TRUCK - DAY

Felix's Uber descends from a metallic downtown skyline toward
a neon-rainbow of single-story suburbs. Pale tourists in Tommy
Bahama become tan locals in TJ Maxx. Welcome to Miami. F'real.

INT. HECTOR'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

The LOUD HORNS and DRUMS of salsa play as Hector drives.
Felix sweats heavily. This isn't three piece suit weather.

Eyes clenched and overheated, Felix reaches out for a knob.

Hector intercepts his hand, happy to make the music LOUDER.

Felix's eyes jolt open. He sees Hector dancing in his seat.
Felix reaches out again, but for the air conditioner dial.

Hector, still dancing, gently pushes Felix's hand down.

HECTOR

No work.

Felix grimaces. He clenches his eyes very hard. He's panting.

Hector studies Felix's clenched eyes. He taps at Felix.

Felix opens his eyes. Hector extends a pair of half-broken sunglasses. Felix pushes them away. He rolls down the window.

Seeing his sweaty, gasping, reflection in the side-view mirror, he clenches his eyes one more time. The music fades.

YOUNG WILLIE (V.O.)

Now slowly open your eyes again.

FLASHBACK - 1992 - INT. FUENTES CAR - GAS STATION - DAY

YOUNG FELIX, 10, opens his eyes. He sees his sickly, panting, reflection in the metal toaster in his lap. His breath slows.

Also jammed in back of this 1970s box-filled junker, is YOUNG WILLIE, 15. He holds a blender stuffed with loose silverware.

WILLIE

And if it's all too much, you just
close 'em again... But if you need
to puke again, you aim at the hole.

Willie points to a huge hole in the car floor. Felix nods.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Word. Mom's getting you a Sprite.

Felix peers into the store. CARMEN FUENTES, 31, in a simple dress and waist length hair, shops with YOUNG DANIELLA, 12.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

And dad... No clue.

Felix looks out the opposite window. In the distance, ED FUENTES, 45, major dad vibes, taps a crosswalk button. Twice.

FELIX

(recovering)

He always disappears.

WILLIE

Yup. He's such a gangsta.

They study Ed, not at all gangsta, patting his combover and smashing the crosswalk button. He undoes two shirt buttons.

FELIX

And he never takes off his glasses.

WILLIE

I seen him without glasses... He's
a different person.

Off of that, Felix hoists up a box and claws through it.

FELIX

Oh crap. Oh crap.

WILLIE

The hole! The hole!

Felix finds a comicbook, blasts through its pages, and stops
on: Clark Kent, taking off his glasses, becoming Superman.

FELIX

What if Dad has a secret identity?

WILLIE

Dang. Like he's actually Asian?

FELIX

No. Like a spy. Or a superhero...
The disappearing. The glasses. What
if that's why we had to pack all
our stuff in the middle of the
night? ... He got discovered.

WILLIE

Holy shit... We're gonna be rich.

FELIX

Um, no. Now, how do I prove it?

WILLIE

If only he had one of those sick
superhero chest tats.

Willie points at Superman's chest symbol.

FELIX

It's an emblem.

WILLIE

(gesturing over his body)
I'm finna get sick emblems, dawg. A
dragon one here, Bart Simpson here.
A big ass Tupac head on all this.
Dang... I need to grow more skin.

FELIX

You can only have one emblem.
Something important.

Willie, searching his torso for good ink spots, ponders that.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. KROME DETENTION CENTER - HALLWAY

A frustrated Willie twists, shirt raised, struggling to see his back tattoo in the ceiling dome mirror. Doyle glares.

WILLIE

Dang! I can't... You got a lil' hand mirror and a fishing pole?

OFFICER DOYLE

I'll check with room service.

Doyle unlocks a door, tugs, and... Willie slams it shut.

WILLIE

Hol' up. It's day one. It matters.

His eyes beg. Doyle sighs. Willie steps back. Then, his:

Eyes close. Breath slows. Muscles tighten. Fists clench. This Willie gets the cops called on him for walking.

His eyes open, meaner. He nods, ready. Doyle opens the door. Willie take one step and then... drops and does push-ups.

DOYLE

(yanking him up)
C'mon, man! Off the floor!

WILLIE

Sorry, I needed a pump! I'm ready.

INT. KROME DETENTION AREA - MAIN CONTAINMENT AREA

Willie, chest puffed, pimp-walks in. He shouts back at Doyle.

WILLIE

Das right, BITCH ASS CRACKA!

An OLD WOMAN winces in her wheelchair. A FAMILY, sharing a metallic blanket, clutches each other tightly. A baby CRIES.

Stunned, Willie backtracks to the door just as it SLAMS shut.

Turning the other way reveals a scared little GIRL, shivering. In a distant mirror, Willie sees himself towering over her.

He's what she's scared of. Ashamed, he offers the Girl a smile and his flannel. Both warm. The Girl warily accepts.

Still dazed, Willie finds a lone seat. A vent blasts icy air. The Girl, in his flannel, watches Willie's own shivers start.

YOUNG GIRL (V.O.)
He gonna be okay?

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - HECTOR'S TRUCK - DAY

Felix sits on the tailgate, jacket off, panting. At a roadside slushie stand, Hector shrugs to *this* YOUNG GIRL's question. He walks back to Felix, golden slushie in hand.

FELIX
(grabbing the slushie)
I'll Venmo you. I'm a solid guy.
(off Hector's silence)
Really. I am. It's just this heat.
(off Hector's blank stare)
Does Uber know your A.C. is broken?
(off Hector's same stare)
I'm not threatening you. I just--
Sorry. When I have a lot going on--

Hector shoves the drink up to Felix's mouth, then walks off.

Felix takes another pill and draws in the icy drink. He looks at the Young Girl peeling mangoes with her very YOUNG MOTHER.

He's transfixed. The Young Mother sees Felix, dumbfounded, staring. She cringes. He doesn't notice. He's... comforted.

FLASHBACK - BACK TO INT. FUENTES CAR - GAS STATION

Felix smiles as *his* too-young mother, Carmen, returns with Young Daniella. They get in. Dani shoves Felix to the middle.

DANIELLA
Guys, I just pissed like a racecar.

CARMEN
Daniella! *Así no se dice!*

DANIELLA
Racehorse, I know. But what I'm saying is I pissed like a race-car.

CARMEN
Dios mío! Deja decir "pissed!"

DANIELLA
God doesn't care if I say pissed.

CARMEN

Jes he does! He know everything.
What ju say... What ju want...

Carmen studies a businesswoman chatting on her luxury car phone. Carmen looks at her own reflection, comparing herself.

FELIX

What's dad doing?

CARMEN

(shoving Felix his Sprite)
Quién sabe? Toma tu Es-pry.

DANIELLA

He's coming back.

EXT. GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The family's heads all turn to watch as Ed throws a knotted Wal-Mart bag into a trash can. He casually gets in the car.

The car starts. Hands poke out from each window and grab hold of the poorly secured roof-top mattress. The car pulls away.

INT. FUENTES CAR - MOMENTS LATER

The family sits in silence. Felix studies Ed's glasses in the rear-view. Ed adjusts the glasses and Felix's smile grows...

FELIX

Dad... what were you doing?

Ed's reflected eyes lock on Felix's excited face.

WILLIE

As long as it didn't happen again.

Ed's eyes now shoot over to Willie's. They evoke desperation.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Oh my god. It did happen again.

FELIX

(thrilled)
What did?! Someone needed help?

CARMEN

(clawing at the radio)
Pongamos música!

Carmen flips through stations, all ads and news.

RADIO HOST (O.S.)
 --first named storm of the season,
 Tropical Storm Andrew, appears to--

FELIX
 (shutting off radio)
 No! Tell me! Tell me! Tell--

ED
 I shit myself! Happy, Felix?!

Felix is dumbfounded. Not super at all.

FELIX
 But... you unbuttoned your shirt.

WILLIE
 Dad can only poop naked... Me too.

ED
 Look, I only do these things so you
 all can learn a lesson.

DANIELLA
 So... you shit yourself on purpose?

CARMEN
 Dani! *Palabras!* God is watching ju!

DANIELLA
 If he's so obsessed with me, then
 God's a pervert! You listening God?
 You GROSS-ASS, MOTHERFUCKING CO--

BACK TO PRESENT - I/E. DANIELLA'S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Felix takes in a grown-up, pregnant, Daniella at the door.

DANIELLA
 --hrist Almighty! Praise you Lord,
 for this blessed gift! Felix!

FELIX
 Hey...

INT. DANIELLA'S TOWNHOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Felix sits on a stool. Dani fusses in the fridge.

DANIELLA
 You sure you got in okay? *Really?*

FELIX

Yes! I mean the flight was kinda--

DANIELLA

Facebook says airplane fumes are
why so many kids are getting gay.

FELIX

--bumpy. I couldn't get any sleep.

Dani abruptly shuts the fridge door.

DANIELLA

No sleep?! It's happening again!
You should not have come back!

FELIX

I'm fine! And I leave tonight.
Which is why I need your help.

DANIELLA

Yup! Let's get you to the airport.

FELIX

I meant with Willie. I can count on
you to take back over once I go?

Dani turns back to the opposite counter, busying herself.

DANIELLA

Yup! I'll coordinate the prayers.

FELIX

(mocking)

But who's handling the thoughts?

DANIELLA

You seem stressed. Mimosa?

Dani raises a champagne flute. Felix points out her belly.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

Oh, no! It's just O.J.! I use the
champagne glass to trick my brain.

FELIX

That's actually kind of clever.

DANIELLA

It works, too! A little sip. A
little sniff of rubbing alcohol.
(inhales a damp napkin)
You want one?

FELIX

I snorted some hand sanitizer on the plane... Don't you think your boss wants you to help Willie?

Felix points to a wall absolutely covered in Jesus portraits.

DANIELLA

Not all who seek aid deserve it.

FELIX

What verse is that?

DANIELLA

(trailing off with a sip)
Timothy...

KIKI (O.S.)

You're wasting your time with her.

Kiki, eyes glued to phone, walks in and dumps her backpack.

FELIX

Whoa, Kiki! Look at you! You're like, a real person now.

KIKI

I know, I almost exist.

DANIELLA

Can you believe she's ten?

KIKI

I'm twelve.

DANIELLA

That can't be right.

KIKI

Tia Dani thinks Willie did this to himself.

DANIELLA

Hello? He got an execution order!

KIKI

Executive order. Which is my point. He-who-must-not-be-named dropped an order on his way out of office that made it so, now, any immigrant with any record at all can be deported.

(a beat)

Even good people. Like my dad.

Dani laugh-chokes on her drink. Felix sulks.

INT. DETENTION CENTER - BATHROOM - DAY

Willie, face twisted with angst, sits, still shivering.

WILLIE
(teeth chattering)
I ain't good. Like, I try to be,
but all I ever feel is bad, father.

TALIB (O.S.)
Again, not a priest. Or Catholic.

In the next stall, the sleepy Sikh Man from before, Talib.

TALIB (CONT'D)
But dude, feeling bad isn't the
same as being bad. You just gotta
translate that guilt into a lesson.

WILLIE
You sound like my pop.

TALIB
What would he want you to learn?

REVEAL: Willie, butt naked in his stall, contemplates this.

INT. FELIX'S OFFICE - NEXT LVL AGENCY - DAY

Levon, with his feet up on Felix's desk and wearing a phone headset scribbles notes onto a handheld notepad.

LEVON
Of course, what good is a boat
without jet skis on either side?

INTERCUT - In an ornate bathtub, DeMarcus lays, scrolling his phone, which is mirrored to a giant, bathroom projector.

DEMARCUS
They can't look like jet skis. They
gotta be like mini-boats. For the--

LEVON
For the illusion, yes. So one boat,
two mini-boats, a towing jeep--

DEMARCUS
Cuz how else am I gonna tow it?

LEVON
--not with the F250 truck.

DEMARCUS
F350, man! Three Fifty! Did you
even-- I'mma start over. Number--

Levon, clenches his eyes, taps his headset. Hold MUSIC plays.

BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER

Levon exits Felix's office. He walks to the end of the hall. Calm music continues. He reaches a glass, spiral staircase. Levon ascends one floor up. Using a keyfob, he enters the...

EXECUTIVE SUITES - CONTINUOUS

Levon walks right past an EXECUTIVE ASSISTANT, who shouts inaudibly, as calm hold MUSIC persists. Levon struts into...

WHITNEY'S OFFICE

Whitney sits at her computer. Levon places his notepad in front of her. He takes her hand and guides it to a pen.

WHITNEY
What is this? What are you doing?

Levon grabs Whitney's desk phone, and taps a few buttons. The pleasant music CUTS. A loud YELL blasts through the speaker.

DEMARCUS (V.O.)
Ahhh! Player Abuse! That's what
this is! Imma sue all your asses!

WHITNEY
Who is this?!

DEMARCUS
Two-Time Madden Cover Art Backup,
DeMarcus Taylor! Who's this?

WHITNEY
(infuriated)
...Senior Vice President of Next
Lvl West, Whitney Rosenstein.

DEMARCUS
Finally! Some respect! Question, do
boats have backup cameras? If not--

Levon, finally free, casually exits Whitney's office.

INT. DANIELLA'S TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Felix sits at a table with Kiki. She's doing math homework.

FELIX

But public defenders are free.

KIKI

It's not that. Willie won't trust any "Shark Tank motherfuckers" ever again. He means strangers in suits.

FELIX

Damn it! That psycho Jaslynn really fucked him up... Oh. Sorry. She's--

KIKI

My mom's a total psycho.

Relieved, Felix notes his vibrating phone. He steps away.

INT. WHITNEY'S OFFICE / DANIELLA'S LIVING ROOM - INTERCUT

Felix, pacing anxiously, answers Whitney's call.

WHITNEY

Hey dear, just a quick Q: DeMarcus wants to know if he can name his boat The Sea Bitch?

FELIX

What? Why are you handling this? I told Levon to--

WHITNEY

Good question, Felix! But I'm glad someone is paying attention. This list is outrageous!

FELIX

It's strategy! Tack on a few extras, for negotiation's sake. Fancy life jackets or something.

WHITNEY

He wants escape pods, Felix! You can't negotiate off this! The deadline is tomorrow!

FELIX

Look, DeMarcus is my problem. I'll handle him!

(MORE)

FELIX (CONT'D)

But right now, I gotta focus on finding an attorney, specializing in immigration, who Willie already knows. By tonight. That's the only person I can think about right now.

WHITNEY

Really? That's the only person?

FELIX

Whit. I am not gonna see Isabela.

WHITNEY

That's not who I--

FELIX

Look, I gotta go. I'll text you.

INT. DANIELLA'S LIVING ROOM / DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Felix hangs up. He walks back over to the dining room.

FELIX

I have to see Isabela.

INT. DANIELLA'S TOWNHOUSE - DINING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Daniella doles out salvaged ice cream cake to Felix and Kiki.

KIKI

You didn't remember this lady til now. Why would she remember you?

FELIX

She'll remember me... I mean... Since we all grew up together.

DANIELLA

You grew a lot when Isa was around.

FELIX

Point is, Willie knows her and she knows immigration.

DANIELLA

That's right! I saw on Facebook she does... PETA but for people?

KIKI

People for the Ethical Treatment of People?

FELIX

The A.C.L.U. And if we beg her, she can probably take on Willie's case.

DANIELLA

I bet you'll *beg*. Maybe *grow*, too.

FELIX

Did you just learn innuendo? I've got a few hours til my flight so--

CARMEN (O.S.)

You can't abandon us any faster?

CLOP. CLOP. CLOP. Carmen, now 55, heads downstairs. In a white pantsuit topped by a stylish pixie cut, Grandma Carmen looks like a fashion mogul. CLOP. The devil wears platforms.

DANIELLA

Mamá! Look who it is!

CARMEN

Yes, the prodigal son. How cliché.

FELIX

Have you been here this whole time?

Carmen kisses Felix on the cheek, leaving red lipstick marks.

CARMEN

Am I to drop everything whenever you bless us with your presence?

She casually scoops up Kiki's cake and dumps it in the trash.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

I do hope you get back to L.A. in time to get those... life jackets.

FELIX

How do you know about that?

KIKI

Carmen always eavesdrops for a few minutes before entering a room.

CARMEN

Never enter a fight unarmed.

Carmen stabs at Felix's cake slice, knifing up some icing.

FELIX
On that threat, time to go.
(heading to the door)
If we hurry, we can see Willie--

Felix realizes no one is walking with him.

CARMEN
He hasn't apologized for yesterday.

FELIX
Getting detained on his birthday?

CARMEN
No. He forgot the anniversary of
when his mother, on his second
birthday, hoisted him up in her
arms, and you know, just... outran
a tank! Barefoot! A tank, children!

DANIELLA
I love this story.

Carmen makes a path to the window... a bit rehearsed.

CARMEN
A sweltering Nicaraguan day. There
I am, scrubbing Guillermo's filthy
cloth diaper, with my *hands*, when
suddenly-- RUMBLE RUMBLE RUMBLE.
Another *terremoto*? I wish. Instead,
out the window... no, it can't be--

FELIX
Probably not a tank, right?

CARMEN
A T-55 actually! ...a kind of tank.
And the barrel's aimed right at me!
... No. You don't care. Per usual,
the spotlight belongs to Guillermo.

FELIX
But we haven't even got to the part
where you're both hero and victim!

CARMEN
You men are so judgmental.

REVEAL: Felix stands next to a giant portrait of sad Jesus.

FELIX
Fine. Dani, you ready to go?

DANIELLA

Sorry. I have a church meeting to lead. But don't worry! All we talk about are the problems Willie causes me. Plus, I shouldn't drive so much.

FELIX

(gesturing to her belly)
Oh, sure. Doctor's orders?

DANIELLA

A judge.

FELIX

Great! And you kiddo? Got a cable installation you can't miss?

KIKI

I've just been waiting for a ride.

FELIX

Oh. Well, I didn't rent a car, so--

DANIELLA

(throwing Felix the keys)
Take the van.

FELIX

Okay... Does she need a bag or--

DANIELLA

Like a diaper bag?

FELIX

No. I dunno. Or like a car seat?

Kiki snatches the keys from Felix and heads to the door.

KIKI

We're stopping by my place first.

INT. DANIELLA'S VAN / EXT. WILLIE'S HOUSE - LATER

A bulldozer juts into the road. Felix, Kiki, and the Dwyane Wade bobblehead jerk forward as Felix slams the brakes.

FELIX

Jesus christ!

KIKI

Welcome to our home!

Across from construction, Felix takes in Willie's house. The aftermath of the ICE raid. Uprooted bushes. A dangling fence.

FELIX (CONT'D)

...It's nice.

(off Kiki's doubting face)

I mean, at least they're tearing down this graffiti wall.

KIKI

Nah, they're moving it to the "Wynwood Graffiti Gallery." We can still see it. For twenty bucks... Wait here. I'll grab Willie's meds.

Felix watches his tie-dye clad niece jog to the yellow house.

HAMMERING turns him back to the graffiti mural. It depicts a city completely flooded by psychedelic-rainbow waters. Only high-rises remain colorless. And the black crows atop them.

INT. SEDANO'S SUPERMARKET - DAY

Carmen, still in her elegant pantsuit, plus a blue shawl, holds up two bottles of wine. Daniella looks at both bottles.

CARMEN

Which one says "savor the flavor, since you'll never taste me again?"

DANIELLA

Ew. Just write your gross message on one of the labels and let's go.

CARMEN

Jealousy won't attract men any faster than that maternity frock.

DANIELLA

I'm not trying to attract men! And why do you care about this guy? He wasn't even worth bringing home.

CARMEN

Que cute. The problem was the home.

Just then, as a MANAGER nears, Carmen quickly unwraps the "shawl" and dons it. It's actually her employee work vest.

CARMEN (CONT'D)

(putting the wines back)

Miss, pregnant women can't drink.

The astounded Manager shakes his head at Dani as he passes.

DANI

You're working?! You said you'd
take me to church! I can't miss--

CARMEN

Ay Dani, God will be okay if you
leave him alone for one day. Now...
(thrusting a wine at Dani)
Stick this in your mumu.

DANI

I'm not stealing this for you!

CARMEN

Then why did I even bring you here?

DANI

I don't know!

CARMEN

(strolling away)
Fine. Use my discount. But scratch
up the label! They'll take more
off. Te amo, mi niña linda! Muah!

INT. WILLIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

Felix steps over door shards, into the dim home.

FELIX

(shouting to Kiki)
Do any cars here have working air?!
And how's it even hotter inside?

KIKI (O.S.)

(behind the bathroom door)
Looks like the power got cut off!

FELIX

(trying to ignore that)
You stayed here alone last night?

KIKI (O.S.)

Carmen said it worked for her kids!

FELIX

And that's why you never trust
someone else's memories! ... Grab
Willie's meds and let's ride!

He walks to the sink and opens the faucet. Water barely
spurts, haltingly. He collects a splash, and swallows a pill.

Then, he sees his sweaty face, in a massive array of mirrors.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Why all the mirrors?

He takes a dish rag to his face. It streaks on black grease.

INT. BATHROOM - SAME

Kiki, rummaging in a medicine cabinet, stops for a second.

QUICK FLASHBACK - Across from the mirrors, Willie and Kiki record takes of a choreographed dance for her Tik Tok.

BACK TO SCENE - Smiling, she shuts the mirrored cabinet door.

KIKI
They're just how we see ourselves!

INT. LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Felix still stares at his reflection. He holds the same rag to his skin again. He adds a little more grease to his face.

FELIX
(staring at the mirror)
You need help!

FLASHBACK - EXT. PALM GROVES APARTMENTS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Young Felix stands, studying his greasy reflection in the window of the family car. Then, a spunky, curly haired girl, YOUNG ISABELA, 11, leans in. She towers over Young Felix.

ISABELA
Hello? New kid? You need help? You lost something under the car?

Felix, not looking at her, opens the car door and leans in.

FELIX
There wasn't anything under there.

ISABELA
(poking into the backseat)
So maybe it's in here? Let's check!

INT. FUENTES FAMILY CAR - BACKSEAT - CONTINUOUS

Isabela shoves Felix into the backseat, and climbs in too.

FELIX
What're you-- Why are we in here?

ISABELA
(closing the door)
You tell me what we're looking for,
I'll tell you why we're in here.

Felix finally sees her, fully. Her hand, with magic-markered finger nails, tugs at her wild curls. She smirks. He blinks.

FELIX
(stunned)
Hi! Uh. I mean... I'm looking for
evidence.

ISABELA
Ooh, of what? Aliens?

FELIX
...How'd you know that?

ISABELA
Because. The truth is out there...
X-Files, duh. Wait. You're serious.

FELIX
(pulling out a small card)
No. I just, found this in my dad's--

Isabela snatches the card... Ed's green card. In huge text, across the top: RESIDENT ALIEN. (*Legit what they said in '92*)

ISABELA
Dude. Y'know what this means?

FELIX
I know he's not really--

ISABELA
You're an alien... at least half.

Then, she cracks up. Felix snatches the card back.

FELIX
Well, now you know what I'm looking
for. So... Why are we back here?

Isa locks the car door and yanks Felix down flat. They lie there staring at each other. Isa closes her eyes. Following suit, Felix closes his eyes... A BEAT.

MARCO (O.S.)
We saw you BIATCH!

Felix jerks up to see two giant twins, MARCO and ESTEBAN, 14, approaching the car. Marco holds a fucking brick in his hand.

His face perplexed, Felix lays back down next to Isabela.

ISABELA

I needed somewhere to hide... I
kind of stole this bike and--

FELIX

I'm harboring a thief?!

ISABELA

No, it's my older brother's bike.
They stole it. I stole it back.

FELIX

Why doesn't your brother just--

ISABELA

He died... I can't just let them...

Felix studies her stern face. He's impressed. TAP TAP TAP.

MARCO

(tapping with the brick)
Out or I bust the window.

Felix hurriedly rolls down the window. No glass, no smash.
Then, Felix realizes his big mistake. No glass, no barrier.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Huh. Out or I bust you... One. Two.

Felix throws up his hands. He clenches his eyes... A BEAT.

CLUNK. The brick hits the pavement. Felix opens his eyes.
Marco... Frozen. Empty-handed. Felix studies his own hands.

No way. Is he half-alien?! Felix checks in with Isabela.

She's focused on another window. Felix leans across her and
sees... A man. Muscular. Powerful. Shirtless. It's... Ed.

And without his glasses, his eyes almost steam with red heat.
Esteban pulls his brother by the shirt and they both run off.

EXT. PALM GROVES APARTMENTS - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Isa and Felix stand across from Ed.

ED
Y'know, I was just coming out here
to ask if you'd seen my glasses.

Felix pulls the slightly twisted glasses from his pocket.

FELIX
I must have thought they were mine.

Ed stifles a smirk. Rather than call out the lie, he simply dons the lopsided, nerdy frames. He's the warm dad again.

FELIX (CONT'D)
(leans in to Ed, sotto)
I figured out why you wear them...
So people will think you're weak.

Ed smiles. He wipes at the oil on Felix's face... Then, he winks. Ed gives a polite nod to Isabela and walks away.

ISABELA
Thanks for having my back, homie.
And don't worry, I got yours too.

Isabela SLAPS Felix's ass. He's stunned. Frozen.

ISABELA (CONT'D)
I'm Isa, by the way... You are...?

She waits. And waits. Raises a brow. Then busts out laughing.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. ACLU MIAMI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Adult Isabela, 33, glows in a fuchsia suit. Her springy curls bounce as she laughs at Felix, frozen, by Kiki and the door.

ISABELA
Felix?! You're here!

Felix snaps out of it. He waves. Isa, overjoyed, runs over.

FELIX
Glad we caught you. Wow. You look--

ISABELA
(clutching Felix's lapels)
How!? How do I look Felix?! Like
I'm about to murder someone?

She tosses him back. Sleepless and hungry, Felix wobbles.

KIKI
Okay, so she remembers you.

FELIX

Isa. Hold on. Wait, I--

ISABELA

Wait how long?! Another year maybe?

She shoves Felix, hard. His head smacks a wall. Down he goes.

ISABELA (CONT'D)

Oh shit!

FLASHBACK - INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - SAME AS BEFORE

Felix sprints to the door. Then, slows his breath. Forces a smile. Opens the door. Dazzling white light fills the frame.

A VOICE (V.O.)

Felix?

BACK TO SCENE - MOMENTS LATER

White ceiling lights come into focus. Kiki leans over Felix.

KIKI

There he is. Don't worry Isa and I talked it out. She totally gets it. Willie's case, I mean. No clue why she hates you, but she's waiting...

Felix slumps back down as Kiki walks ahead.

INT. ISABELA'S OFFICE - LATER

Felix and Kiki sit across from Isabela. Felix, worse for wear, presses a frozen Lean Cuisine against his head.

ISABELA

I can't represent Willie.

KIKI

Wait, what?!

FELIX

No! You have to!

FELIX (CONT'D)

Look, Isa, I know we didn't leave things on the best terms, but--

ISABELA

Best terms? Any terms! You ghosted! And it's not about you. It's Siara.
(handing Felix a framed photo)

(MORE)

ISABELA (CONT'D)

This crazy girl just turned down
Harvard for Cornell. Better vet
school, I guess. And if I even
touch Willie's case, I lose hers.

Felix studies the picture. It's a grad photo of a sweet
looking girl in a hijab. Lowering the picture, he sees Kiki.

KIKI

Um... that's bullshit.

ISABELA

Willie's only shot is if he can get
his record, and his life's choices,
declared immaterial. Exactly the
opposite of my defense for Siara.

FELIX

They can't use a different case to--

ISABELA

In Florida, all defense filings are
public. If my name's on Willie's
case the lawyer for Homeland won't
just dismantle my defense of Siara.
He'll use it against me in all of
my upstanding citizen cases.

FELIX

God damn it! ...I'd do that too.

KIKI

So, what, you only help brown
people if they're, like, saints?

ISABELA

Yup. Latinos don't have the luxury
of flaws... I can't help felons.

(glaring at Felix)

But at least I don't help
millionaires get free boats.

FELIX

It's fake news! DeMarcus
Taylor is simply concerned
about the health--

ISABELA (CONT'D)

Bullshit! He's tweeting at
Elon Musk demanding some sort
of--

KIKI

Y'know, I find Latin couple drama
is best observed from afar. Tio,
lemme get your phone. Mine's dead.

FELIX
(raising phone to face)
Uh, yeah. Lemme just... Face I.D.

Isa mocks Felix's face. Kiki takes the phone and stands.

KIKI
Isa, this was a total waste of
time, and yet, really nice meeting
you. Still, if you could kill, or
kiss, each other quickly, I'd love
to get to see my father before--

Her voice cracks. She freezes. Then bursts out the door.

ISABELA
Cute kid.

FELIX
I know, right? It's weird.

ISABELA
She's gonna need someone.

FELIX
I... have a flight. Work is crazy.
And I fucked up with my... Whitney.

ISABELA
You know if you leave, Willie's
gone too, right? Felix, I know you
don't want your brother deported--

FELIX
What if I do?

Shocked, Isa looks at Felix. His eyes are clenched.

INT. DANIELLA'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Kiki googles "escaping jail" on Felix's phone. Whitney calls.

KIKI
Felix's phone. Kiki speaking.

INT. NEXT LVL WEST / INT. DANIELLA'S VAN - INTERCUT

Whitney stops mid-stomp. Her face shifts into a forced smile.

WHITNEY
Heeey. I'm Whitney. Is Felix
around? I've been waiting for him--

KIKI
Samesies. He's busy fight flirting
with his "Isa from the block."

WHITNEY
Isa... bela?

INT. ISABELA'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Isabela presses Felix about his admission.

ISABELA
How can you say that about your own
brother?

FELIX
You know how. He's not an angel.

ISABELA
But his intentions. His heart is--

FELIX
Isa. People died...

Isa looks away. Some stories she'd rather not remember.

FELIX (CONT'D)
I dunno if it's this country, this
city, or this family, but... being
here? It hasn't been good for him.

ISABELA
(adjusting Siara's photo)
I can't think that. And Ed would be
so ashamed if... Fuck. I'm sorry.

FELIX
No. You're right. He would be.

ISABELA
I was supposed to help you get
through that. Why didn't you let me
be there for you? Why'd you just--

FELIX
Things got complicated. When Whit
found out about us, she wouldn't
talk to me. And I knew you had a
marriage to save. But then...

QUICK FLASHES - FELIX'S LAST TIME IN MIAMI

-- Again, Felix runs in the hospital. Forces a smile. Opens the door. Bright white light overtakes him.

-- Finally in the room, Felix clings to Ed's bedrails. Ed lowers his oxygen mask. Felix offers Ed his glasses, but Ed weakly nudges them away... Felix leans in close.

FELIX (V.O.)

I had to make these two promises to my dad. One was that I wouldn't tell the family he was going into yet another surgery. Somehow he just knew it wasn't gonna go well.

-- Felix, glassy-eyed, drifts down a barren hallway. At the end of the hall, glass doors part and Carmen bursts in.

FELIX (V.O.)

I think he got tired of giving us hope or causing pain. "*Ya no más.*"

-- Carmen studies Felix's face. He shakes his head. Her legs falter. Felix runs to catch her... She slaps him.

FELIX (V.O.)

Of course, they hated me for it.

-- Carmen collapses to the ground as Willie and Dani run in. Felix holds Carmen, as she pounds on his back viciously.

FELIX (V.O.)

So yeah... Worst moment of my life. And I had no one.

-- Assessing himself in a hotel bathroom mirror, Felix's eyes stare... Pleading. They squint... Judging. They close... Sentencing. A relieved smile. He swallows a bunch of pills.

-- Darkness. Until... His eyes open. He tries to raise his arms, but leather cuffs secure them to a hospital bed.

BACK TO SCENE

FELIX

Ironically, I wasn't allowed to be alone for a month after that.

ISABELA

I had no idea.

FELIX

I didn't really post about it on Instagram. But now you know, being here isn't good for me either.

ISABELA

You're such a dick.

FELIX

I was kinda hoping I would have earned some sympathy points there.

ISABELA

How could you not tell me?! You're lucky I don't knock you out again.

FELIX

I lost my balance from not eating! And the floor was kind of wet. Look, I already feel bad enough for ending your marriage, can we just--

Isa's jaw drops. She smacks him.

ISABELA

Asshole! I ended that. Not you.

FELIX

Fine. I could use one less thing to feel guilty about. My family's gonna hate me all over again when--

ISABELA

Willie's not your fault. Not *only*. It's *his* hang up and the only other immigration lawyer he kind of knows doesn't like him. And hates you.

FELIX

Who, Adam? Yeah, fuuuuck that.

ISABELA

Exactly. But look. Asshole. Whatever happens... This time? I'm here. You need me, you call me.

FELIX

...I erased your number.

ISABELA

Funny. I still have yours. Here.

Isa scribbles on a card and puts it in Felix's hand. Then, she keeps holding his hand... Their eyes meet... A BEAT.

HONK. HONK. HONKHONKHONK. Felix stands, forcing a sad smile.

FELIX

Time to go deliver some bad news.

ISABELA

What was the other promise to Ed?

FELIX

That I'd always be there for them.

INT. WHITNEY'S OFFICE - NEXT LVL AGENCY - DAY

Whitney, on the phone, stomps into her office.

FELIX (O.S.)

It's Felix! Maybe try texting me?

BEEP. Whitney, grunts, slams the door. She slumps against it.

WHITNEY

I just had to tell your sweet niece
to let me leave my message to you
on voicemail, because I didn't want
to expose her to emotionally
unstable women. But honestly, you
broke me. I'm so mad I'm calm
again. Because this can't be real.

Turning around, she fiddles with a loose poster on the door.

WHITNEY (CONT'D)

I'm not this person, Felix. We
aren't these people. We make fun of
these people. So just... Ugh. Call
me back. Okay? So I can yell at you
or something... ... I love you.

Her thumb presses on a corner of the poster. It's a hand-drawn "W vs F - MASKED SINGER - SEASON 3 PLAYOFFS" bracket. Scribbled on it: "No cheating this year! -Felix"

INT. KROME DETENTION CENTER - VISITORS WINDOW - DAY

Felix gets a voicemail notification. He ignores it for now and hands a form back to a GUARD. He walks ahead of Kiki.

FELIX

Now I'm sure you've got some cute
little quippy way to tell Willie
how I failed, but the last time we
saw each other was a bit tense so--

Felix is standing alone. Kiki hasn't moved from her spot.

KIKI

I know he's been in places like
this before. I just never... saw
it. I should, um, wash my hands.

Her eyes, on verge of tears, plead. Felix smiles, tenderly.
He nods. As she walks away, his pained smile dampens.

INT. KROME DETENTION CENTER - VISITORS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Willie, flanked by officers, rubs his bare arms as he walks.
Felix watches his approach reflected in glass. It's familiar.

FLASHBACK - INT. FUENTES APARTMENT - KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Next to his Superman comic and a flashlight, Young Felix
sleeps on the carpeted floor of the closet. BANG BANG BANG.

Felix sits up. BANG BANG. He stands. His breath quickens. He
quietly steps into the main bedroom. BANG BANG BANG.

He twists the bedroom doorknob, slowly, to not make a sound.
He cracks the door open and peers out into the darkness.

A distant light flicks on. Carmen stands at the entryway.
BANG BANG-- Carmen opens the door. Standing there...

Two POLICE OFFICERS. They mumble something to Carmen. She
opens the door further. Felix sees another person now...

Young Willie stands between the officers. His lip bleeds. An
eye, swollen shut. He holds his right arm tenderly.

OFFICER 1

Lucky they aren't pressing charges.

OFFICER 2

I just wish he hadn't swung at me.
You might want to ice that arm.

Willie sneers. He jerks from the Officer's touch. But then,
his good eye spots Felix. Full of shame, Willie's gaze drops.

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. DETENTION CENTER - VISITORS ROOM

Adult Willie's eyes meet Felix's. No shame now. The brothers
stand across each other. Felix taller, Willie broader. Felix
in his suit, Willie in his plain tank top. Willie CHARGES...

WILLIE
 (lifting Felix in a hug)
 Sup fool?! I knew you was my
 birthday surprise! You late though!

FELIX
 Ha. Sure. Happy belated.

WILLIE
 Stop it, you're too kind! Y'heard
 'bout my cake, Felix? Ice cream!

Felix takes a seat at a table. Willie sits across.

FELIX
 Yeah. I actually got to have some.

WILLIE
 Oh shit. With the sprinkles? Nah,
 don't tell me. It's too dope.

FELIX
 Speaking of ice cream, at least
 it's nice and cool in here, huh?
 Bet this beats jail, at least.

WILLIE
 True dat! 'Cept, not at all. Cuz
 jail makes sense. Avoid the Aryans.
 Fight your way to the top. Only cry
 at bedtime. It's like summer camp.

FELIX
 Maybe just the crying part.

WILLIE
 And people in jail did bad things.
 But they got abuelitas here, dawg.
 Nobody here did anything wrong.

Felix notes an ELDERLY ASIAN WOMAN being visited by FAMILY.

FELIX
 Well, I mean... you did...

WILLIE
 Sure, like in da past. But check
 it, my homie, Officer Doyle, he
 gave me my notice to disappear.

FELIX
 To appear. Your deportation order?

WILLIE

Look, they're saying I gotta go cuz
of shit from way back in 1995.

Willie hands Felix a document. Felix studies it.

FELIX

What? That's insane actually.

WILLIE

I know! I'm starting to regret
voting for Trump.

FELIX

You're fucking kidding me. You
voted for Trump?!

WILLIE

Shh! You trying to get me killed?
I'm poor. Voting for the rich guy
made sense. Then, the second time--

FELIX

The second time?! Just... stop.
Look, Willie. I know I was supposed
to find you help. I really tried.
But I'm out of time. I'm sorry, I--

WILLIE

Oh, you good. I was thinking 'bout
pops and his lessons. I think he'd
want me to handle my own business.

Felix sighs. Absolved. He clears the sweat from his brow.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

Turns out I can represent myself.

Felix's face drops into his hands. It stays as Willie talks.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

(rotating the document)

Imma spin dis order right back at
em. See, my other homie, Talib...

Willie points out Talib, chatting with FAMILY.

FELIX

(muttering to himself)
So many homies.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

He's a dope lawyer back in
Arasia--

FELIX (CONT'D)

(still muttering)
Not a place.

WILLIE (CONT'D)

And he says they can't use
shit from when I was a baby.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
Cuz, turns out, babies don't know
right from illegal, y'know?

FELIX
(finally looking up)
You were seventeen in 1995.

WILLIE
Exactly. Lil' baby minding my baby
business.

FELIX
C'mon, Willie. *Hermano*. It's me.

WILLIE
What? It's my fault I had to grow
up surrounded by racist cops?

FELIX
Racist? Or just doing their jobs? I
mean, I grew up in the same place.
Same house! All the same choices.

WILLIE
Right, cuz "everything's a choice."
Must've been real hard for you to
choose what college to go to. See,
I had to choose between getting
jumped every day or joining a gang.
Sometimes I get to "choose" between
paying rent or feeding my daughter.

FELIX
I get it. I know it isn't easy--

WILLIE
Was it easy when you chose to not
let me say bye to my father?

FELIX
Fuck that! This isn't about me!
Look at yourself, man. You're the
bad guy, Willie! You're exactly who
should be deported!

Willie stands, abruptly. Felix rises. Brother across brother.

WILLIE
That right? Kiki should grow up
without a dad? Huh, *hermano*?

FELIX
I've seen how you live. We both
know how that can fuck a kid up.
So, yeah, she'd be better off--

Willie kicks his chair away. He raises a clenched fist.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Do it. Please. Prove my point.

KIKI (O.S.)
Dad!

Willie and Felix turn to see commotion at the door. Kiki is being restrained by a GUARD. Other guards hold back Willie.

WILLIE
Kiki?! Yo, let her go!

GUARD
(holding Kiki's backpack)
She was bringing in contraband.

FELIX
No! It's just my brother's med--

The guard pulls a ziploc bag full of weed from the backpack.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Illegal drugs.

Kiki's eyes plead with Felix's. His eyes close. Hope, lost.

EXT. DETENTION CENTER PARKING LOT - NIGHT - HOURS LATER

Kiki sits against the van. Seeing Felix approach, she stands by the passenger side. Instead, Felix opens the back door...

INT. DANIELLA'S VAN - MOMENTS LATER

Kiki, riding in back, watches Felix in the rear view. A BEAT.

KIKI
Did they at least give it to him?

FELIX
Are you kidding?!

KIKI
He has gout! His hands get swollen,
and he doesn't do doctors, so he--

FELIX

Stop! If I hadn't been here, or it was just two more grams, you'd be in jail right now. Do you get that?

KIKI

That's why it was nineteen grams.

Felix pulls the van over. He turns around to face Kiki.

FELIX

...You weighed it? You planned this whole thing. Ugh, that "wash my hands so I can go cry" bit... You just had to get your stash.

KIKI

No, that wasn't--

FELIX

You're just like him, aren't you?

KIKI

Is that a bad thing?

Felix turns away. He sees the time. His flight is long gone.

INT. WILLIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Lit by candles, Felix, in a sticky tank top, lays on the couch. A wet wipe on his sweaty forehead, phone by his ear.

FELIX

I get why you aren't answering. Obviously, you know I won't be back tonight. Thanks for having Levon book a room. (*Lying*) I'm checking in now. I know things are bad, Whit. But it's over. I'm on the ten AM flight. I'll spend all night on a new contract and the rest of my life on making this up to you. You were right. I don't belong here.

A flashlight beam precedes Kiki's entrance into the room.

KIKI

Was that Whitney? ... Is she pretty? I bet she is. All the Whitneys on T.V. are pretty.
(off Felix's blank stare)
I'm sorry.

(MORE)

KIKI (CONT'D)

I know you're stuck here because of me... Though, you did say I shouldn't stay here alone.

FELIX

Points for lawyer logic. But I can still drop you off at Dani's.

KIKI

No, thanks! I can't sleep under all those Jesus eyes. Plus here I get a real bed. Not to rub it in. Willie loves sleeping on that couch.

FELIX

Why don't you call him dad?

KIKI

I dunno. I think we missed those years? He is my best friend though.

FELIX

Yeah. He's good at that.

KIKI

Hey, at least now you and me have another day to come up with a plan.

Felix looks away, not wanting to give away his own plans.

KIKI (CONT'D)

We'll get him that weed.

(beat)

Okay, bad joke! Sorry! Good night!

FELIX

...good night.

Once Kiki's gone, Felix opens up his laptop. The screen illuminates his face in the mirror wall. Then it turns off, as the battery dies. Felix pissed, SLAMS it shut.

Felix takes in his surroundings, where Willie sleeps. Candle-lit trash, cigarettes, and a weed pipe on a box next to him. His concern loses out to extreme exhaustion. His eyes close.

INT. WILLIE'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Felix's eyes burst open, bloodshot. A city rooster SCREECHES.

KIKI (O.S.)

Get up! I'm late for school!

Rolling onto the floor, Felix peels a sweat-glued fast food wrapper from his skin. He checks his cellphone. It's dead.

FELIX
Water... water...

KIKI (O.S.)
Bathroom faucet. But hurry!

INT. WILLIE'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Felix angles his head under the faucet. He lets the water run over his oily, stubbled face. He drinks. Then, he sees in the open shower window: Lola, the flamingo. She cocks her head.

Nope. Felix can't deal with that mystery. He looks away.

INT. WHITNEY'S MERCEDES - LOS ANGELES HIGHWAY - SAME TIME

In traffic, Whitney stares at a photo of her and Felix in her sun visor. A voicemail BEEP. She sighs. Then shuts the visor.

WHITNEY
Of course. Look. I got you out of the morning meeting. But that's it. If you aren't here, with a new contract, by five, they cut DeMarcus... Felix, he's too big a client. I can't protect you. Even if I wanted to. So be here. Please.

INT. DANIELLA'S VAN - PALMETTO MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Felix and Kiki arrive at her school. She undoes her seatbelt.

KIKI
Just wait here. I'll take my test, then tell Mr. P I just found out I'm biracial and need a safe space--

FELIX
Kiki, no. I was gonna tell you earlier but I'm not staying. I have to get back to L.A., like, now.

KIKI
But Willie doesn't have anyone--

FELIX
That's not on me. Or you. But it's okay. Whatever should happen, will.

KIKI
He's your brother.

FELIX
That doesn't make him good.

KIKI
You mean good enough. For you.

Kiki gets out of the car. She leans in to the window.

KIKI (CONT'D)
But really, you aren't good enough
for us. So go... FUUUUCK YOURSELF!

Felix watches Kiki storm off... Her PRINCIPAL glares at him.

FELIX
It's okay! I'm not her dad!
(to himself)
...that's not better.

EXT. DANIELLA'S HOUSE - DAY

In the driveway, Daniella signs the cross over Felix.

INT. DANIELLA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Carmen watches them from a window, as an Uber arrives.

FLASHBACK - Their last goodbye. A bearded Felix tugs a hospital wristband. Dani glares. Willie looks away. Carmen, crying, screaming, charges at Felix. Willie holds her back.

BACK TO SCENE - Carmen's teary eyes lock with Felix's. She just backs away from the window. Grabbing her phone, she scrolls contacts. Her finger pauses over an unseen name.

She shakes her head, hesitating. Finally, she taps the screen and brings the phone to her ear. She looks up. A Jesus portrait glares back down at her.

INT. UBER DRIVER'S SEDAN - MIAMI STREETS - DAY

Felix rides in back, his phone, now charging, in his hand.

FELIX
Don't worry, D. I'll wiggle in some
add-ons in the room, and you're
gonna come out on top. I promise.

Felix taps at the A/C. Cool air blows through his hair, not a moment too soon. DeMarcus's voice comes through the speaker.

DEMARCUS (O.S.)

I'm putting my trust in you man. I know I asked for maybe a little too much, but honestly, I got bills. My whole family's bills. My dad's pitbulls, each has arthritis, man. Did you know deductibles actually cost you money?? It's insane.

FELIX

DeMarcus. You're my brother. I gotchu. Even if I gotta buy you a boat myself. I'll see you soon.

Felix hangs up, then taps at his phone. On the radio, Willie's favorite old-school artist, Tupac, raps.

EXT. MIAMI STREETS - DAY

The silver Uber parts a sea of Latino KIDS, playing in the street. Ahead, a stray DOG raids trash for scraps.

Two TEENS, one Latino, one African-American, in handcuffs, sit on a curb, side-by-side. They stare up, fixated on...

An IMPOSSIBLY COLORFUL TREE. Felix sees it too. Leaves in all colors: yellow, red, purple, blue... Then, a single, bright-pink, leaf *flutters. It flies away. Then they all do.*

They aren't leaves. Above the now empty branches, DOZENS OF PARROTS, part of the same tropical mystery that resulted in Lola, fly away. Each heads in a different direction.

CREOLE UBER DRIVER

Bèl mirak. Beautiful, yeah?

FELIX

For an invasive species, sure.

CREOLE UBER DRIVER

Non. We brought 'em here. Put 'em in zoos. Toss 'em out in Hurricane Andrew. They s'posed to die off in the storm. *Men non.* They survivors.

EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY

Daniella sits in her van. A GROUP LEADER guides VARIOUS PEOPLE into a meeting room, where they line up for coffee.

INT. DETENTION CENTER - BATHROOM - DAY

Willie stands shirtless, his back to a scratched up mirror. He cranes his neck, struggling to see his back tattoo. Then--

A pen in his shivering hand, he adds to a sketch. Drawn over his deportation order, a stunning recreation of Kiki's eyes.

EXT. PALMETTO MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Those eyes full of rage, Kiki storms past Mr. P's class, as he hands out a test. She approaches PUNKS at a picnic table.

KIKI
(holding up a bag of weed)
Somebody show me how to smoke this.

INT. DANIELLA'S VAN / EXT. CHURCH PARKING LOT - DAY

At the door, the Group Leader checks his watch. Daniella, hand on the ignition, sits, staring. Then, her phone RINGS.

DANIELLA
Hello? ... Oh god, I'm on my way.

As Daniella pulls the van out of the parking lot, the Group Leader heads inside. The door closes, revealing a small sign on the wall: TUES/THURS - 10AM - ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS.

INT. NEXT LVL AGENCY - CONFERENCE ROOM DOORWAY - DAY

As OTHERS file in ahead, Whitney gets two texts: "On my way." "It's gonna be okay." Smiling, she steps away to call Felix.

INT. MIAMI INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - TERMINAL - DAY

Felix scans the displays for his flight. An ESPN headline catches his eye. It reads: *TAYLOR OPTION ENTERS FINAL HOURS*.

Distracted, Felix collides with a YOUNG LATINA. Her fancy sunglasses fall to the ground. Felix hands them to her. She smiles, very sweetly. His phone RINGS and the woman runs off.

FELIX
(into phone)
Yeah, boarding soon... What? ... So
what do you want me to do about it?

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY / INT. AIRPORT TERMINAL - INTERCUT

Daniella, phone to ear, peers through a window at Kiki, head in her hands, seated by an OFFICER, who fills out paperwork.

DANIELLA

For some reason, she thinks if you aren't here she's going to jail.

FELIX

No. I was just scaring her. Willie taught her drugs aren't a big deal--

DANIELLA

Willie doesn't even let her have Red Bull! Lord, if he saw her in trouble with drugs... He'd give up.

Felix, sweating again, flags down an airport BARTENDER and points at a water bottle.

FELIX

Oh... Honestly, though, maybe he should. He's gonna lose anyway.

DANIELLA

Bro, I don't mean his case. I mean give up the way you did, last year. You both get like that...

Felix slinks back against the bar.

DANIELLA (CONT'D)

Kiki's all he has. And he's so scared she'll turn out like him. I get it. She is *his* daughter. *La misma sangre...* I'll try to help, but when little Ed comes... I'm just one person, Felix... Felix?

Across the terminal, Felix sees the Young Latina again. She is handcuffed. Stolen sunglasses at her feet. Their eyes meet. Dani's muffled voice ECHOES. He spins back to the bar.

Felix sees his reflection in the bar mirror: Flushed. Sweaty. Breathing hard. Ignoring the water, he chugs *someone's* drink.

FELIX

Stop. I can't... I won't... I...

Panting, he clenches his eyes as hard as he can... Until...

INT. ADAM DELAVEGA'S OFFICE - DOWNTOWN MIAMI - DAY

Felix's eyes open. Across him is a better reflection, ADAM DELAVEGA, 35. Taller. More handsome. In a less wrinkly suit.

ADAM
...Felix? You gonna pass out?

FELIX
(shaking head, drunk?)
No, Adam! Just... Fancy office like this, but garbage air conditioning.

ADAM
It's like sixty seven in here. But also, you could just fucking leave.

Adam tries to redirect Felix to the door, Felix dodges him.

FELIX
Why do you hate me, man? What'd I--

ADAM
You fucked my wife.

FELIX
Right. Isabela. That's enough for you to not help me, though? Really?

ADAM
Yes! And, I don't give a shit about Willie or your criminal family.

FELIX
Word. Yup. We aren't good people.

ADAM
Glad we agree. Get out.

FELIX
I mean me and you. We aren't good.

Adam charges at Felix, but Felix clumsily hops over a couch.

FELIX (CONT'D)
She said you begged her to stay? Even after she cheated? Weird. I'm not supposed to tell you this, but I'm also not supposed to drink a bottle of Jack. Oops! *(Lying)* It was Isa's idea I come here. I said no fucking way. But she said, deep down, you're still the man she fell in love with.

(MORE)

FELIX (CONT'D)
She was so sure you'd help my
innocent little niece. Psshhh...
Don't worry. I'll set her straight
about guys like us. Or...

Adam stops. Felix turns his back to Adam. More sober now.

FELIX (CONT'D)
Should I tell her something else?

INT. KROME DETENTION CENTER - MAIN HOLDING AREA - DAY

Willie shivers on a mat. At his side, a tray of untouched food. In his shaking, swollen hands, his unfinished sketch.

OFFICER DOYLE
Fuentes... On your feet.

INT. KROME DETENTION CENTER - VISITORS ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Willie, pale, shivering, staggers in. Standing across the room, skin flushed, sweating, is Felix. Willie's eyes narrow.

FELIX
You're a mess. Me too. Heh. *Misma*
sangre... I have no right to judge
you. I just needed to make myself
feel better. And I know saying
sorry isn't enough, but maybe if--

Willie hugs Felix, shutting him up. Felix hugs him tightly.

WILLIE
How am I locked up but you stank?

FELIX
I've been busting my ass trying to
find someone to help you! And
you're not gonna like this but--

WILLIE
Is that Adam Delavega? Addie D?!

Adam stands up from a table. He approaches hesitantly.

FELIX
Well, at least you remember him.

WILLIE
I remember kicking his ass at prom!

ADAM

I kicked your ass. Then you invited me over to watch The Matrix.

WILLIE

Word! Sup homie?! How you been? You here for my birthday? Lil late son!

FELIX

No, Willie. He's your lawyer. He did take some... persuading, but--

ADAM

Felix is paying double my rate.

WILLIE

Damn. Weren't you "outta time?"

FELIX

I made time. That also took some persuading, but it's no big deal.

EXT. NEXT LVL AGENCY - STREET - DAY

Fire trucks and police cars line the street. A BOMB SQUAD mills about. Whitney is in disbelief. Levon is on the phone.

LEVON

Yes, sir, all sixty floors... They got this cute lil' robot, but he's real slow... Probably all day. Yes, the commissioner said the same. Better safe than-- Yes. As long as he gets a signature by midnight...

INT. KROME DETENTION CENTER - VISITORS ROOM - LATER

Adam and Felix sit across from Willie. Willie, no longer cold, has Felix's suit blazer draped over his shoulders.

ADAM

Look, I don't know who Talib is, but I do know, unless you get your entire criminal record dismissed, you don't have a chance. Period.

WILLIE

I can't fake my death again.

ADAM

Why would you--

FELIX

This isn't your credit cards.

FELIX (CONT'D)

Adam's saying, if the judge grants a trial by character, and you win, they can't use your record. So, they'd have no cause to deport you.

WILLIE

Word. But how do I show I'm a good character? I gotta sweet talk the judge? Tell him all the stuff I'm good at? Ooh, maybe ask him 'bout himself? Show I'm a good listener.

ADAM

I wish. I'm not gonna lie to you. There's a reason most attorneys wouldn't even consider this. It's very high risk. To dismiss your record, we have to draw full attention to it. Comb through your past. Find anyone you got in trouble with. Anyone who pressed charges. And then... they have to testify on your behalf.

WILLIE

Dang. That seems pretty hard to--

FELIX

And you'll need Jaslynn.

WILLIE

Nah, I'm fucked.

ADAM

One problem at a time. We won't get that trial unless we get approved for special consideration. I need one excuse for... everything. I'd try racism, or poverty, but your brother kind of disproves all that.

FELIX

My bad. Honestly, Willie, it's simple. Why were we so different? Why were you always sneaking out?

WILLIE

I dunno, man. You said it before. Nothing was different. I just...

Willie's eyes drop. His hand covers his elbow. Felix notices.

WILLIE (CONT'D)
Does he have to be here?

FELIX
He's your lawyer. You can tell him.

WILLIE
I meant you. I don't want--

FELIX
I told you. I'm not here to judge.
(gesturing to Willie's
hand over his elbow)
And you're clean now.

ADAM
Oh, drugs work! Crack is a bit much
but heroin definitely plays.

WILLIE
(standing abruptly)
No! I ain't do crack... Forget it.
This ain't gonna work. I'm done.

FELIX
What about Kiki? When dad died, I
lost my way. I still haven't found
it. Kiki needs you to guide her.
And I need you too. I made a
promise to dad. Help me keep it.

WILLIE
It was dad, man! He's why I
couldn't stay home! He'd get drunk
and beat the shit out of me.

ADAM
There it is. Child abuse. Dad was a
monster. Chained you up. It works.

FELIX
No! He's lying! Why would you--

WILLIE
I'm not lying! He broke my arm!

FELIX
Don't you think I'd remember?!

ADAM
Can we skip this part? We have our
reason. Later we'll flesh out
specifics, if the abuse was sexual--

FELIX
Shut the fuck up!

WILLIE
Fuck no, it wasn't sexual!

WILLIE (CONT'D)
I never wanted you to know. But
maybe... you didn't wanna know?

FELIX
That's bullshit!

Felix's eyes clench hard. His fists pound the table. BANG!

FLASHBACK - INT. FUENTES APARTMENT - KID'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

BANG! BANG! That night Willie was brought home by cops. Young Felix peers out. Carmen opens the door. Two Large Police Officers flank Willie. He's beat to hell, cradling his arm.

Then, the image changes. **Felix's memory corrects itself.**
No cops. Just an ELDERLY SECURITY WOMAN. Willie isn't hurt.
His arm is fine. He's just a little scared. And it's not
Carmen at the door. It's Ed.

ELDERLY SECURITY WOMAN
Those basketball courts just ain't
safe after dark.

WILLIE
Papi, I'm sorry, I just--

ED
Get inside.

Willie hesitates. Ed YANKS him in, startling the Security Woman. Ed SLAMS the door. Willie pleads. A SLAP silences him.

Felix, frozen, stares on. Ed is powerful again. No glasses. His eyes glow red, either from the late hour or the alcohol.

Another SMACK from Ed and SHOUT from Willie, wakes Felix from his daze. The brothers lock eyes. Felix can't take it.

He runs back into the closet. He jerks up a blanket, sending his comic flying. Superman #75: The Death of Superman. Under a blanket, he cups his ears, desperate to muffle the screams.

He clenches his eyes as hard as he can. Despite that...

BACK TO PRESENT - INT. DETENTION CENTER - VISITORS ROOM

...a tear breaks through. Felix's eyes open. Drenched in sweat, he breathes heavily. He yanks down his tie.

WILLIE

It was my fault. I'm the problem.
He was a good dad. He saved me.

(to Felix)

And it don't matter if you don't
believe me. I won't do him dirty. I
ain't blaming him for shit. Never.

FELIX

(struggling to breathe)

I'm done... I got you help. I gotta
go... I have a life... A fiancée.

ADAM

Look, I'll happily take your money,
but if he won't testify, how am I--

FELIX

Not my problem.

EXT. KROME DETENTION CENTER - MOMENTS LATER

Felix bursts outside, in a full panic. He clenches his eyes.
It's useless. His watch CHIMES. Time to check-in for his
flight. Fuck that. He's just trying to breathe.

MONTAGE - VARIOUS - INTERCUT

A) INT. FELIX'S HOTEL ROOM - DAY - Felix bursts in. He shuts
the curtains. Pouring sweat, he BANGS on the weak A/C unit.

MEMORY FLASHES - Ed hits Willie. Ed in the hospital.

BACK TO SCENE - Felix takes a pill and swigs minibar whiskey.

B) INT. KROME DETENTION CENTER - DAY - Willie sobs. He pounds
on his chest. He mouths "I'm so sorry," again and again.

C) INT. DANIELLA'S HOUSE - DAY - Kiki unpacks a bag and
watches as Daniella places sheets and a pillow on the couch.

D) INT. NEXT LVL AGENCY - DAY - Levon leads the Raiders STAFF
and DeMarcus, into a room. Whitney watches from afar.

E) INT. DANIELLA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - Daniella locks the door.
She pours a glass from the wine she bought for Carmen. She
holds a picture of a MARINE. Then, she drinks the wine
without hesitation.

F) INT. SOMEONE'S BATHROOM - NIGHT - In a fogged up mirror,
Carmen buttons her blouse. Then, A RED HEADED WOMAN exits the
shower. She kisses Carmen. Carmen smiles at her as she exits.

In the mirror, Carmen's smile fades. She adjusts her rosary.

G) INT. NEXT LVL AGENCY - NIGHT - Whitney apologizes to the Raiders staff. It's no use. DeMarcus storms off, livid.

H) INT. FELIX'S HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT - Empty mini bar bottles. Felix vomits. He tugs a floral handkerchief from his pocket, and out tumbles Isabela's business card. He stares at it.

MEMORY FLASH - Felix grabs Isabela's hand. Their eyes lock.

BACK TO SCENE - Felix taps at his phone. On the screen, a sent text: "Hilton. D116." He pauses. Then adds "I need you."

He sends it and the phone slips from his hand to the floor.

END MONTAGE

INT. FELIX'S HOTEL ROOM - THE NEXT MORNING

Felix, passed out on the sweat and piss-soaked bed, relives his memory in his dreams.

MEMORY FLASH - Young Felix, under covers, tries to block out the sounds of Ed attacking Willie. BANG. BANG. BANG.

BACK TO SCENE - Adult Felix tosses in bed. BANG. BANG. BANG. Felix stirs awake. BANG. BANG. BANG. It's now. It's the door.

Groggy, Felix checks the time on his phone. On the screen, it's his "I need you" text to Isa.

But now, he also sees Isa's recent reply: "On my way."

Overcome with relief, he hurries to the door, throws it open, and is flooded by a blinding, brilliant, white light.

I/E. FELIX'S HOTEL ROOM - DOORWAY - CONTINUOUS

Felix clenches his eyes to recover his vision. His eyes open again, and there she is. Not Isabela... It's Whitney.

Shame washes over Felix. He's dumbfounded.

WHITNEY
Expecting someone else?

On his guilty eyes...

SUPER: BAD HOMBRES

FADE OUT.