

WOMAN

Please...we live here...

Officer Clay notices Paul approaching.

OFFICER CLAY

Well, well, well if it isn't the shining star of the LAPD. Don't worry, nothing for you fancy homicide types to see here. Just more evictions.

PAUL

Developers keep buying land like this, we won't be able to keep up.

A SODA BOTTLE goes whizzing past Clay's head, thrown by the angry Mexican teen. He yells at a nearby officer.

OFFICER CLAY

Get that little spic in cuffs!

As Paul scans the scene, he spots a YOUNG MEXICAN BOY. Nine or so years old. He's watching the turmoil from the curb.

PAUL

(to Clay re: boy)

His family being kicked out too?

Officer Clay just shrugs. He could give two shits.

ON THE BOY. Tinkering with a house built out of popsicle sticks. He notices Paul trotting in his direction. Paul stops a few feet from him and they stare at each other.

BOY

You're police. But you don't dress the same. How come?

Paul smiles, impressed by his perceptiveness.

PAUL

I'm a detective.

(then)

Your English is pretty good.

BOY

My mom's friend gave us a TV. But it only talks in English so I had to learn.

PAUL

(re: popsicle house)

You built that yourself?