

INT. LIVING ROOM-DAY

EDWARD (Approx. 19), an anxious Millennial, stares out of a window at his parent's apartment complex that overlooks a concrete courtyard where once a pool lay.

He moves his BLACK SKATEBOARD with a Che Guevara sticker on it back and forth with his left leg.

EDWARD

I don't know how much more I can take  
this quarantine shit.

Behind Edward sits "PAPÁ CATA" ( Approx. 61), the patriarch of the family and his Abuelo, on a DINING ROOM CHAIR. He's looking at an old-looking BROWN PHOTO ALBUM on the DINING ROOM TABLE. A MUG filled with some sort of YELLOWISH liquid sits next to the album on the TABLE, steam rises from it.

PAPÁ CATA

Hey mijo, come over here. I want to  
show you something.

Edward makes a caca face. He rolls his eyes.

EDWARD

(with attitude)  
What happened Papá Cata?

PAPA CATA

Ira ven. I want to show you something.

Edward reluctantly stops staring outside and goes to sit next to his Abuelo. Papa Cata holds the photo album in his lap.

PAPA CATA

(cont'd)  
You probably think I'm just a boring  
old man. But look at this. This was me  
when I was your age. I was like you  
and hated being told what to do.

Edward stares at the album on his Abuelo's lap with growing interest.

EDWARD

(surprised)  
You were involved in the East L.A.  
walkouts? You never told me!

PAPA CATA

I don't like to tell anybody. I remember we got a good chinga that day by the cops.

Papá Cata stands up and swings an imaginary bat in the air and makes a CLICKING SOUND.

PAPA CATA

(cont)

Just look at my khakis. I looked chingon didn't I?

Papá Cata pulls his sweats a bit. They share a smile and Papá Cata sits down. He flips the page on the photo album.

PAPA CATA

(cont)

And this one is when I was in Vietnam. A bunch of good people, Raza, African-Americans, Asians, the poor and uneducated from the neighborhood, all were drafted first into the war that year. Including me. It was unjust and unfair but we did it for our country.

Papá Cata stands up and salutes an imaginary flag and marches in place. He sits back down again.

EDWARD

Wow, Papá Cata. I don't know what I would have done if I was forced to go fight an unjustified war.

Papá Cata flips the page on the album again.

PAPA CATA

Oh, I remember this one. This one is when I had to fix the stucco outside of the house after the Northridge earthquake. I remember it was a bad shaker. Everyone was freaked out that the big one was coming.

Papá Cata begins to shake uncontrollably in the chair, as if in an earthquake. Edward grabs him by the shoulder.

EDWARD

Are you ok Papá? Apoco it was that bad? I didn't know that the whole wall almost fell over. You've seen a lot of

things, huh?

PAPA CATA

I've seen a lot of shit, and if you take care of yourself, you will too. That's what I want you to realize. The quarantine is for your own good. So you can go enjoy the outside and the company of your friends again. Just remember, this too shall pass.

EDWARD

You're right Papá Cata. My stupid skateboard can wait.

Edward gets up and gives his Abuelo a big hug.

EDWARD

(cont'd)

Wait for me right here. I'll be right back.

Edward walks off-screen but soon returns to sit next to his Abuelo. He places a pack of PLAYING CARDS on the TABLE.

EDWARD

I was wondering if you could teach me how to play poker. My friends online think they're Phil Hellmuth or something.

Papá Cata reaches into the pocket of his coat and pulls out a GOVERNMENT CELLPHONE.

PAPA CATA

Sure mijo. But will you first show me how to work this thing?

INT. UNDERGROUND BUNKER-DAY

Best friends Guillermo (33) and Roberto (32) sit in the center of a dark room on FOLDABLE METAL CHAIRS. They sport scruffy beards and dirty clothes. CANS of FOOD, some open some closed, are littered about the place. Various empty and full FIVE GALLON WARE JUGS lay toppled over adjacent to them. They're both bent over staring at the floor.

ROBERTO

How long have we been here?

Guillermo sits up and focuses straight ahead.

GUILLERMO

According to the engravings on the wall, about 6 months.

ROBERTO

Damn. Six months?

Roberto straightens up, resolution in his eye.

GUILLERMO

Well, at least we got stuck down here with all this food and water.

ROBERTO

Yeah, I know. I don't know what we would have done without it. We'd probably try to eat each other. Like in that movie where they ate their teammate's butt cheeks.

They both share an awkward laugh. All of a sudden Guillermo rubs his belly back and forth. Dire pain radiates from his face. It SOUNDS like there's an upset bear in his stomach.

GUILLERMO

Oh, my stomach. It hurts. I don't think the chili we had earlier was good anymore.

Then Roberto begins to rub his belly. The same expression as Guillermo displayed on his face too. Their two bellies sound like bears competing for a mate.

ROBERTO

I don't know, all I know is that my stomach is hurting me real bad.

But something grabs both of their attention. It's a TOILET PAPER ROLL TUBE with a lone TOILET PAPER SQUARE glued to it. It sticks out of a pile of useless CARDBOARD TUBES like if gold.

Guillermo and Roberto look at each other in mutual understanding.

GUILLERMO

I'll play you rock, paper, scissors for it.

ROBERTO

ok. You're on.

They raise their clutched right fists and bounce them on their open and raised left hand.

GUILLERMO

Ready? Rock, Paper, scissors, shoot!

The friends make their choice on shoot. Guillermo makes a rock with his fist. Roberto holds his hand out flat like a piece of paper.

ROBERTO

Yes! Paper beats rock.

Roberto does a small happy dance.

GUILLERMO

Man, you just got lucky. Come on, hurry up and stop stalling!

They begin again.

GUILLERMO

(cont, tensely)

Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!

Roberto again holds his hand out flat like a piece of paper. Guillermo makes a scissor-cutting motion with his index and middle fingers.

GUILLERMO

(cont'd)

Yes! I knew I'd win this time. You're too predictable.

Now Guillermo busts out his happy dance. Roberto grows irritated as Guillermo shimmies about in front of him.

ROBERTO  
 (irritated)  
 Man, just shut up already. You're  
 getting on my nerves.

GUILLERMO  
 (raising his voice)  
 Why? Because I know your every move?  
 Because I was right about the virus?

ROBERTO  
 (raised his voice louder)  
 And now I'm stuck here. With you! I  
 should have stayed out there.

They both begin to rub their stomachs at the same time.

ROBERTO  
 (cont)  
 Man, just hurry up. Let's go again.

They're mad dogging each other now but manage to begin the  
 competition again. Rock, paper, scissors. Both display their  
 fists clutched like a rock. They go again. Rock, paper,  
 scissors. Both display scissors with their fingers.

They stand up. Their in each other's faces now. They begin  
 the game again.

GUILLERMO  
 (angry)  
 Stop copying my moves!

ROBERTO  
 (angrier)  
 You stop copying mine!

Rock, paper, sci.., then all of a sudden, they look at the  
 bunker door.

GUILLERMO  
 Stop, stop. Do you hear that?

ROBERTO  
 Yea. Yea! It sounds like kids playing.

Guillermo goes and opens the bunker door and is blinded by  
 the sunlight. He looks outside and gets a smile on his face.

GUILLERMO  
 Hey come over here and check this out.

