

Alejandro #2

It's a disease. You had it. And your son Al got it now. You gave him that deli, you gave him the fucked-up genes. You gave him your fucked-up heart. But me? I got the little tiny good part of you. I got the clear-headed DNA. The unblocked arteries. I ain't getting infected. I'm an artist.

Molly finishes painting and steps away from the wall to reveal that she has written the name MOLLY, big and bold.

I'm the only healthy one ever lived in this family.

She exits towards the apartment.

4

Alejandro, making breakfast in the apartment.

MOLLY stomps in.

MOLLY

→ Don't tell me I'm late.

ALEJANDRO

Did I say anything about you being late? I'm working, Amalia.

MOLLY

My name is not Amalia. It's Molly. I'm not late.

ALEJANDRO

I've been sitting here staring at paperwork since we closed the lounge tonight. I don't even know what time it is.

MOLLY

Me neither. I don't have a watch. I'm an artist.

ALEJANDRO

Right. An artist. Well I'm a businessman, *Artist*, and I've got work to do.

MOLLY

You spend too much time on that shit.

ALEJANDRO

Oh, how should I be spending my time? Scribbling my name on a park bench?

MOLLY

When was the last time you even saw a park bench?

ALEJANDRO

When was the last time you were home before daylight?

→
Start

2# Arroyo/A

MOLLY

When was the last time you had sex?

Silence.

ALEJANDRO

That got nothing to do with nothing!

MOLLY

Generations of Arroyo's are disgusted by your lack of mack.

ALEJANDRO

I got game.

MOLLY

Oh yeah—you're a rock star pouring cheap ass vodka.

ALEJANDRO

I serve quality vodka. I serve quality everything. And anyway, yeah—bartenders are like one step down from rock stars in terms of game.

TRIP

From the booth—to the audience.

And a DJ is like a cross between a rock star and a bartender, so you know how we do.

To a specific audience member.

Tell 'em how we do, baby.

MOLLY

All right, if you say you get ass, Al...nah, I still don't believe you.

ALEJANDRO

I ain't asking you to believe nothing. I'm just trying to get this work done--

MOLLY

You know, you might have better luck with the ladies in your bar if, you know, you actually had some ladies in your bar.

ALEJANDRO

Fine. You want to talk? Let's talk. You need to spend less time out there writing your name on some wall that no one is ever going to see...

MOLLY

I always put my name where people could see it.

ALEJANDRO

And it gets painted over the day you put it up.

MOLLY

No, it don't. Not always. And, and, and, and...fuck you.

ALEJANDRO

Oh, what's wrong? Now you don't want to talk? I got an idea. Why don't you head over to that sink and scrub a dish for once, maybe do something to help out around here--

MOLLY

You scrub. Bartenders are one step up from dishwashers.

← Stop

Molly exits.

5

Trip and Nelson, in the booth

Molly, working on the graffiti she started earlier—her name, big and bold.

NELSON

Even before her mom passed, Molly was showing signs of rebellion.

TRIP

No smoking, no drinking, she wouldn't touch drugs. Baby Molly's revolution sprayed out the tip of an aerosol can.

NELSON

At first, she was like any other graf artist -- covered her face, chose a tag that couldn't be traced back to her, did everything she needed to do to make sure her secret identity stayed secret. Until one month ago.

TRIP

Until the same night Alejandro tore down the bodega, actually. That night, Molly went out in broad daylight, no bandana on her face...and she went ahead and wrote her name. Big and bold and unmistakable. It was almost like she wanted to get caught.

6

Continuous.

*Molly writes her graffiti.
Officer Derek enters.
Molly does not see him.*

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