

ROBERT

It's our son Maria, OUR son, how the fuck can you be so careless?

MARIA

Robert that kid has only given us problems! Look at where we live! We don't have any money and now he is sick! How are you going to pay for his medicines, huh?!

ROBERT

Don't you dare talk about Tim like that, you fucking junkie! We don't have money cause you spend every fucking cent on goddamn drugs. That's the only thing you do with MY money! Buy fucking drugs, right?

Maria slaps Robert and walks back to the RV.

INT. PRINTING CENTER - AFTERNOON

Robert is printing a bunch of photos with Tim's face on it, the photo says! Tim Gonzales, last seen by homestead, street 46, Carlson AV. He is worried sick. Suddenly he receives a call, it's his boss.

ROBERT

Boss, I was about to call you-

JOB BOSS

Robert you were supposed to be at work an hour ago.

ROBERT

I know, that's why I was about to call you, my son, he-

JOB BOSS

(interrumps him) You are fired.

ROBERT

But sir-

His boss hangs up the call.

ROBERT

Motherfucker...