

LOST & FOUND

Written by

Shaquanda Roberts

SJROBERTS@STUDENT.FULLSAIL.EDU

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - DUSK

Multi-colored leaves litter the driveway of an impressive two-story home. A customized canary yellow mustang is parked there, driver side door ajar. The suburban neighborhood is quiet and softly illuminated.

ADRIAN, 25, a handsome and brawny Latino man. Typical cool guy, wears a leather jacket, Timberland boots, and a diamond - * studded chain. ADRIAN runs from his home, gets in the car, and revs the beastly engine before hightailing it out of the neighborhood.

INT. CAR - DUSK

ADRIAN
If I were Matias, where the hell
would I be?

Adrian taps the car's display to dial Matias, the VOICEMAIL plays throughout the car.

THIS IS MATIAS, LEAVE A MESSAGE. The MACHINE beeps.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Matias, please don't let this be
one of your disappearing acts.
Contesta me, hombre.

Adrian ends the call, bending the corner into an urban neighborhood. He parks, searching until he sees a small crowd near a trap house. He exits the car and approaches them.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - DUSK

CHOP, 20s, lead gang member stands amid a group of street thugs, talking. Latin rap plays in the background. Other thugs guard the house. Provocative women loiter.

CHOP
Primo, long time no see man! What's
up?

ADRIAN
It's Matias, can't find him. His
cell keeps going to voicemail.

CHOP
He's still taking off all the time,
huh?

ADRIAN

He's been cool since we moved. I just don't know what happened.

CHOP

Maybe Antos finally got to him. I wanted Mat in with me, but Antos had more to offer.

ADRIAN

No, Matias swore he would stay out of the life. We both did.

CHOP

Since your parents right?

ADRIAN

Yeah, since then.

CHOP

People change man. You never know.

ADRIAN

He's a little slow, but he ain't stupid.

PACO, 25, gang member, steps forward.

PACO

Yo, I seen young blood with some fine chica. Had a red mustang.

ADRIAN

A red mustang? But who...

CHOP

Yo, didn't Sobrina have a red mustang? And she had them big ole -

ADRIAN

- Hey, man, chill with that. Why would Matias be with her? I haven't talked to her in three years.

CHOP

But you've been stuck on her for four.

The guys all laugh, Chop dodges a playful punch from Adrian.

ADRIAN

Wait, Paco, where exactly did you see them?

PACO

I was taking my girl shopping, and
they were leaving the mall.

Adrian checks the time on his phone. He starts back towards
his car.

ADRIAN

I'll catch you later cuz. Oh, and
happy birthday.

CHOP

Same to you, primo. And let me know
if Sobrina is still single!

Adrian flicks him the middle finger, earning a round of
laughs. He turns, walks to the car, and takes out his phone
to check a notification. The email reads:

Thank you for placing your order with Papa John's. Please
find the details of your order below:

Adrian scrolls and clicks around on the app.

ACCOUNT DETAILS. PAST ORDERS. DELIVERY TO: 1039 PALAMON WAY,
MIAMA, FL

ADRIAN

What the hell are you doing,
Matias?

Adrian gets in the car and dials Matias once more. No answer.
He hangs up instead of leaving a message.

INT. CAR - NIGHT

ADRIAN

Hey Siri, route to 1039 Palamon
way, Miami, Florida.

*

Siri confirms the start of the route, and Adrian revs the
mustang. He peels away from the curb to follow the GPS
directions.

EXT. FANCY HOME - NIGHT

An incredible two-story home, well lit, with a manicured
lawn, and a clean cobblestoned driveway.

Adrian parks across from the house, kills the engine, and
examines the house for a moment.

SIRI
You've arrived.

ADRIAN
I'll say.

He sees smoke streaming up from behind the house. He fumbles to remove his seatbelt, and quickly exits the car.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Dios Mio, Matias. What the -

Suddenly, shards of fire and clouds of smoke shoot into the sky, and he stalks toward the house.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
Damn it, no!

Adrian races to the fence, the backyard's entryway. He charges through the fence door and into a crowd of people.

EXT. FANCY HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT

There are festive luau decorations everywhere, a food table, and coolers scattered about. A giant bonfire roasts in the middle of a huge backyard, with a smores station nearby. The crowd yells SURPRISE, and starts singing HAPPY BIRTHDAY in Spanish. Adrian gawks at them all as they applaud.

MATIAS, 21, in a straw hat and luau attire, emerges from the happy crowd. In the background, LATIN PARTY MUSIC starts up from the speakers.

MATIAS
Happy Birthday, hermano! You finally made it. I was getting worried.

ADRIAN
How did you know I was coming here?

MATIAS
I'm not as slow as you think, bro.

ADRIAN
I went to Chop's looking for you. I thought Antos got you.

MATIAS
Whoa, man. I know you were desperate if you thought I went to Ant's side of town.

ADRIAN
You think?

*

Adrian pulls Matias into a tight hug.

ADRIAN (CONT'D)
I'm sorry for doubting you, bro. I
should have trusted you.

MATIAS
Listen, we've both been through
hell since... our parents died. I
can't promise that I won't be a
pain, but I'll keep family first.
Always.

ADRIAN
Siempre.

MATIAS
But man, you should have seen your
face! We got you so good!

ADRIAN
We?

As if on cue, Sobrina, 24, approaches wearing seductive luau
attire, and bright flowers intertwined in her long curly
hair. She greets Adrian in her thick Cuban accent.

SOBRINA
Yes, we.

Adrian stares at Sobrina, completely speechless. He gapes at
her attire, then clears his throat.

SOBRINA (CONT'D)
Feliz Compleanos, Adrian.

ADRIAN
Uh, Thank you, Sobrina.

Adrian stares after Sobrina as she swishes towards the
drinks. Matias pokes him in the chest and waves in his face.

MATIAS
I knew you still loved her.

ADRIAN
Why would you invite her?

MATIAS

She invited herself. She volunteered to help me plan your surprise party. And apparently, she's still single.

ADRIAN

Like single, single?

MATIAS

Why don't you go find out?

Sobrina returns with two cups in hand, she extends one to Adrian. He takes the cup and captures Sobrina's hand. Adrian leans back and whispers to Matias.

ADRIAN

How much did all this cost anyway?

MATIAS

Man, I got it handled. Let's just enjoy your night bro!

Sobrina pulls Adrian away.

ADRIAN

We're gonna talk tomorrow.

*

Matias retrieves his vibrating phone, checks the caller ID, it reads ANT. He shoves it back into his pocket.

MATIAS

Yeah, maybe.

THE END