

# ***COYOTE CROSSING***

**Story & Screenplay**

**By**

***Kim Delgado***

***“Inspired by several true crossings”***

**Fourth Draft**

**Property of Heavenlyvisions  
818-470-3600**

1 INT. DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION LOS ANGELES, CA-- EVENING

1

A microphone-voice cuts through an almost pitch black auditorium.

SANDY WELLS

Ladies and gentleman, I'm honored to present the nominee for the ASPCA's Humanitarian of The Year Award.

Flashing press strobes and camera bulbs bring light to the packed auditorium. Banners reveal it's for the ASPCA'S yearly Awards ceremony. Prominent female TV news anchor SANDY WELLS, 40's, elegantly manicured stands at the podium.

LANA LINDSTROM, late 30's, radiates a sophisticated elegance as she makes her way to the stage. The audience erupts as Lana steps up to the podium. She warmly hugs Sandy and accepts her award. Lana's beauty is matched by her warmth and charm. Sandy exits.

A LARGE screen behind her displays a still photo montage of many nationalities, class levels and peoples with different species of animals in there everyday life.

LANA

I'm here... **And Thrilled!** And I would like to thank all my colleagues here at home and my foreign counterparts, with whom I worked on many stories reporting the news.

The audience applauds again wildly with a standing ovation.

LANA (CONT'D)

So I find it fascinating that with of all the important stories I've covered this year that it would be this next one that lands me here tonight. When Roger, my camera man caught this footage...

The lights dim and a large screen descends from the stage ceiling.

2 EXT. REMOTE CALIFORNIA & MEXICAN HIGHWAY BORDER CROSSING -- MORNING

2

**(Hand held professional video shot)**

\*

Random Shots of cars crossing the border. The camera finds and follows some Border officers with search dogs walking among the waiting cars.

A White van sits in line with several cars to cross into the U.S.

Officers with search dogs approach the van. The dogs react to the van and start to bark. BARKING is heard from inside the VAN. The van suddenly roars out of line and turns around.

The back of the van opens and LIBERTY, a fluffy white Yorkshire Terrier is tossed from the vehicle and runs over to the American side of the border.

Reactions come from motorists: BLARING HORNS, CAT CALLS, and CHEERS as Liberty eludes Mexican and then American Border Police.

DISSOLVE TO:

**Title up over taped interview:**

Lana interviews Border Patrol Officer JOHN SAXON, a handsome cowboy with a devilish grin. Saxon holds the terrier and pets him while he is being interviewed. The dog is full of personality and licks Saxon and the camera lens.

LANA

What has the world come to when mankind abandons it's best friend? This animal was thrown out of a moving vehicle. What happened officer Saxon?

SAXON

Well, we had some illegal aliens make a run at this crossing and they threw this dog out during the chase.

LANA

So cruel. What's going to happen to the little fellow now?

SAXON

We captured the suspects and they have already been deported so the little guy will probably be... put to sleep.

LANA

California recently passed the "four day law" which gives time for shelters to seek adoption for abandoned animals.

SAXON

Unfortunately New Mexico doesn't have the same laws.

Lana turns directly into the camera. She holds back tears.

LANA

The fate of this darling little animal is in your hands. We're still a democracy and have the power to right the wrongs created by others. California's four day law should become national legislation for all states.

Lana takes the dog from John and hugs him. The dog licks her face.

LANA (CONT'D)

Does he have a name?

Saxon is bewildered and shakes his head no.

LANA (CONT'D)

Liberty. That's what the U.S. stands for .... That's what I'm going to call you. Liberty!

(turns to camera)

I promise every viewer, in every household, that this dog will not be put down. But I need your help so call, write and fax everyone you know to help enact a new law protecting animals and their rights. Join me to save Liberty and the many animals like him. Lana Lindstrom channel 4 news-breaker reports.

The lights come up as the screen ascends.

**Intercut:** Liberty running on the US side of the border as the image morphs into Liberty running onto the Dorothy Chandler Pavilion stage.

Liberty runs across the stage with SANDY chasing him. Making a beeline for Lana, Liberty jumps into her arms. She gasps with delight! Sandy reaches the podium out of breath. The audience laughs and applauds.

LANA (CONT'D)

Oh, I can't believe it... Liberty!

SANDY WELLS

We were going to save this part of the presentation for later but Liberty wouldn't wait.

Liberty barks and there is more applause.

## SANDY WELLS (CONT'D)

The white house and members of congress received over one hundred thousand letters, faxes and phone calls on behalf of Liberty. Animal shelters around the country had donations exceeding every previous donation record. And today Congress re-vamped animal immigration laws. Animals will no longer be arbitrarily put down. There is protection for them in a new a seven day adoption policy. The legislation to protect innocent animals is appropriately entitled the "Liberty Lindstrom" act... and The ASPCA'S Humanitarian Of The Year Award" goes too ...Lana Lindstrom.

Wild audience cheering erupts again. A female model hands Lana the award and exits with Sandy.

## LANA

Thank you all so much. Receiving this is an honor. My daughter Rachel and I have decided the best reward is to have sweet little Liberty come home with us and become part of our family. Thank you all.

Lana blows kisses to acknowledge her daughter **RACHEL**, 15, who sits cheering with the audience. Lana exits the stage with Liberty and the award in her arms.

3 INT. DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION PARTY ROOM -- LATER

3

Lana and her daughter Rachel, stand amongst a circle of admirers including a well-worn cagey Senator, **HARLIN SEABEST**. Rachel cuddles and pets Liberty in her arms.

## LANA

Senator, congratulations on your appointment for chairmanship of the Federal Agricultural Committee.

## SENATOR SEABEST

Just doing my part for this great country.

## LANA

Thank you for supporting the legislation, Senator.

SENATOR SEABEST

No, thank you! You made me look good.  
If you ever need a favor you know my  
number.

The Senator hands Lana a business card and turns to the  
gentleman next to him.

SENATOR SEABEST (CONT'D)

I would like to introduce you to one  
of my fund raisers and key supporters,  
George Turson of "Turson Foods  
International". Turson's the number  
one meat packer in the U.S. A great  
Republican and he's single!

Lana ignores the Senator's match-making and shakes George's  
hand.

LANA

Nice to meet you Mr. Turson.

GEORGE TURSON

Please, call me George. The pleasure  
is all mine, I'm a big animal rights  
advocate, have four dogs!

SENATOR SEABEST

Lana, George is one of the largest  
meat packers in the south west. And  
did I mention single?

LANA

Yes, you mentioned both.

Liberty interrupts with a WHINE and a BARK. The Senator  
feeds Liberty half a cocktail wiener. Liberty BARKS for  
more.

SENATOR SEABEST

(to Liberty)

Just make sure you vote for me in  
the fall election.

Liberty BARKS again and the Senator feeds him the other wiener  
half.

LANA

Senator, the new legislation means  
so much to animal lovers all over  
the country.

Liberty jumps out of Rachel's arms and sits in place barking  
impatiently at Rachel.

Without warning, Rachel falls to one knee clutching her side and then keels over, blacking out. Lana pushes Liberty into the arms of the not so thrilled Senator and kneels down to cradle her unconscious daughter.

LANA (CONT'D)

Rachel, Oh My God! Rachel? I need  
a doctor. Someone please help.  
Call 911. Oh my god, my baby...Please  
I need help...

Dr. IRWIN MADDOX, an astute, angular man parts the crowd and rushes to Rachel's side. He takes her pulse as he checks her breathing.

4 EXT. SIDE ENTRANCE DOROTHY CHANDLER PAVILION -- SEVERAL MINUTES LATER 4

Paramedics load Rachel into an ambulance on a gurney. Dr. Maddox ministers to her with paramedics. Reporters pepper Lana with questions. Cameras, mic's and lights follow her every move.

REPORTER #1

What if your daughter is allergic to  
Liberty?

REPORTER #2

Are drugs involved in your daughter's  
collapse?

REPORTER #1

Has your daughter ever had psychiatric  
care?

Lana pushes her way past the obnoxious reporter crews with Liberty in tow and prepares to enter the ambulance. She turns back to the reporters and cameras.

LANA

Please! We're trying to get to the  
hospital.

The press starts in again even more vicious than before.

REPORTER #2

What about Rachel's father?

REPORTER #1

Does this mean you'll give Liberty  
up for adoption?

Lana is aghast by her colleague's conduct. She struggles past them and scrambles into the ambulance, shutting the door behinds her. The ambulance takes off, sirens wailing.

5 INT. RACHEL'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NIGHT

5

Lana, rocks back and forth sitting in a chair by her daughter's bed. Rachel is connected to an IV bag, oxygen mask and EKG monitor. The monitor BEEPS out Rachel's frail background pulse.

DR. MADDUX arrives with specialist DR. COHEN. Weak at the knees and shaking, Lana stands to prepare for the prognosis.

DR. MADDUX

Lana, I've enlisted Dr. Cohen's help.  
He's a dialysis specialist.

Teary-eyed Lana tries to speak but she cannot. Dr. Cohen guides her back to the chair and sits her down. He pours a glass of water and hands it to her.

DR. COHEN

Miss Lindstrom...Lana... We've run a battery of tests on Rachel. What Rachel has suffered is acute renal failure.

LANA

What does that mean?

DR. COHEN

It's serious both kidneys are failing.  
Rachel will have to go on dialysis.

LANA

(gasps)

She's only twelve. Are you saying  
this is life threatening

DR. COHEN

We can manage the condition with  
weekly treatments, until...

LANA

Until what??

DR. COHEN

Until a donor can be found.

LANA

I'll give her one of mine!



DR. COHEN

It would be possible to give her a new kidney, but...

LANA

But what?

DR. COHEN

You're not a compatible match.

LANA

How can that be? I'm her mother?

DR. COHEN

You have different blood types.

LANA

Then I will find someone, there has to be someone who can help.

DR. COHEN

It's not a matter of *just anyone*. It's a matter of finding a B-negative donor fast and they I'm afraid are very rare. There are waiting lists. We'll prepare Rachel to start her dialysis treatment tomorrow. I'm sorry.

Dr. Cohen gets paged, excuses himself and walks out of the room. Lana appeals to Dr. Maddox.

LANA

Okay, how does this work? I'll pay anything.

DR. MADDOX

I'm sorry, a B-negative donor is not a matter of money. It's a matter of...God.

Dr. Maddox pats her on the shoulder and leaves. Lana strokes Rachel's face and sobs.

6 EXT. LANA'S HOME BEVERLY HILLS -- MORNING

6

Lana pulls up to her luxury home in her BMW sedan. Lana juggles a loaded key ring, too drained to find the correct key she bangs on the door.

The door is opened by the Mexican housekeeper & nanny. MAURY, 35, a striking Hispanic woman with jet black hair and piercing eyes. Before Lana enters she notices that several sprinkler heads have been broken.

LANA  
 Those damn beaners...  
 (catches herself)  
 Oh, not you Maury!

Lana hurries past Maury who closes the door.

7 INT. LANA'S BEDROOM -- AFTERNOON

7

Lana sits propped up on pillows in her bed gently stroking Liberty. Maury serves Lana tea and listens with a sympathetic ear.

LANA  
 I have to go back to the hospital in  
 a few hours. Oh Maury, what am I  
 going to do?

MAURY  
 Ms. Lana, Rachel will find a donor.  
 You have helped so many people. The  
 public loves you. Your friends in  
 the press will help you.

Lana snorts and blows her nose at the notion.

LANA  
 The Press? They couldn't even wait  
 until Rachel got to the hospital. A  
 pack of wolves snapping for scraps.  
 Anything to get a story out of  
 someone's misery.  
 (realization)  
 Like me...

Lana tightens up and starts to tremble. Maury takes Liberty from her and puts him down. Maury removes the serving tray from the bed and pulls up Lana's covers.

MAURY  
 You need your rest. I'll wake you  
 in two hours. I'll handle the calls.  
 Don't worry Ms. Lana, Rachel will be  
 okay. Sleep.

Lana, heavy lidded, squeezes Maury's hand.

Fatigued, Lana rests. Maury exits. Liberty jumps back on the bed and snuggles next to Lana.

8 INT. LANA'S HOME LIVING ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 8

Maury is straightening up and comes across the hospital papers. Studying the material the best she can, Maury looks over the Doctor's report. \*

**Insert:** Maury's fingers scan over the B-Neg Blood type print out.

Maury's hand covers her mouth. She half comprehends what is on the papers. She puts the papers in her bag, grabs her coat GLANCING UP at the bedroom where Lana rests, then leaves.

9 INT. RACHEL'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- NEXT MORNING 9

Ashen but conscious, Rachel is in bed being attended to by a nurse who checks an IV drip. Dr. Cohen reviews some lab results with Lana.

DR. COHEN

Lana, I've checked all the US computer listings. There are no available matches at this time.

LANA

We can go international.

Maury enters with her 12 year old daughter, SOPHIA. Lana, surprised but happy to see them hugs Maury and then Sophia. Maury hands some paper work to Lana. She is confused.

Lana looks over the paper work and bewilderedly hands it to Dr. Cohen. He reads the document.

LANA (CONT'D)

I don't understand?

SOPHIA

My Mom told me about Rach. I got blood tested.

DR. COHEN

Sophia is B-negative blood-type. Her tissue samples have also been tested and there's a *positive organ donor match*. On a 1-10 scale, the match for Sophia and Rachel is an 8. This is very promising.

MAURY

Ms. Lana it's a miracle, they're the same age and friends with the same blood type.

DR. COHEN

(reviews paper work)

These tests show a very low probability of organ rejection from Rachel's body.

(to Sophia)

This is a very serious procedure. Are you saying you want to give up your kidney?

SOPHIA

I've known Rach since I was two! She's my sister. Now we'll be blood relatives.

LANA

Maury? Sophia are you sure?

SOPHIA

I'm sure. As soon as my mom told me I knew I wanted to help. The doctors told me I was a one in a million match.

MAURY

A match from God, Ms. Lana.

SOPHIA

(to Rachel)

Hey girl, you ready to become Latina blood sisters? You'll finally get some rhythm!

Rachel bursts into tears as the two girls hug. Maury and Lana share nervous hope. They group hug.

10 EXT. RACHEL'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

10

Maury and Sophia exit Rachel's room. A reporter walks up and confronts them.

REPORTER #1

So how's she doing.

SOPHIA

Rach needs a kidney, and I'm going to be the donor.

MAURY

Sophia! I'm sorry but my daughter and I have nothing to say.

SOPHIA  
Mom, what's the big deal?  
(to reporter)  
We've been friends for ever. My mom  
has worked for Rachel's mom for ten  
years...

MAURY  
Sophia, enough!

Maury drags her talky teenager away by the arm.

REPORTER #1  
Can I at least get your name?

SOPHIA (O.S.)  
(over her shoulder)  
Sophia Menendez.

The reporter makes some notes and takes out his cell phone.

REPORTER #1  
Hey, tell our editor I got some info  
on Lana's kid, I need to dig up some  
info on a Sophia Menendez.

11 INT. RACHEL'S HOSPITAL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

11

Rachel sleeps while Dr. Cohen makes some notes on her chart.  
Lana speaks hesitantly to the Dr.

LANA  
Dr. Cohen...

DR. COHEN  
Yes?

LANA  
I was considering the transfer.  
Since Rachel and Sophia are not of  
the same background...

DR. COHEN  
(shocked)  
You mean race?

LANA  
(blurts)  
Will that affect Rachel's rejection  
chances?

DR. COHEN  
Ms. Lindstrom, all *human beings* have  
the same organs, blood and tissue.

LANA

I know that but since Sophia's not...

DR. COHEN

White? Look lady you're damn lucky  
you found a donor period! You should  
get down on your knees and thank  
God.

The Dr. stalks off in disgust. Lana walk over and moves a  
wisp of hair from Sophia's face. A tear rolls down her face.

LANA

Thank you God...

12 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM -- SEVERAL DAYS LATER

12

Nervous and helpless, Lana and Maury sit in the hospital  
waiting room during their daughters' surgeries. The TV news  
anchor drones on in front of them.

SANDY WELLS

In today's top story seven illegal  
aliens were found shot to death at a  
known New Mexico border crossing.

TV clips of border police and covered bodies fill the screen.

**Close up:** Border Patrol officer, John Saxon, waves off the  
camera while putting up yellow crime scene tape.

SANDY WELLS, (V.O.)

Investigators believe smugglers known  
as "Coyotes", are responsible for  
the gruesome execution style killings.

MAURY

That's your friend Ms. Lana?

Maury refers to the TV anchor. Lana nods.

SANDY WELLS,

Illegal trafficking is not just  
limited to drugs, weapons and  
people... Human organs are being  
"ordered" then bought and sold like  
ordinary grocery commodities.

Lana perks up with the mention of "human organs" mention.

SANDY WELLS

Government agencies estimate there  
have been hundreds, even thousands  
(MORE)

SANDY WELLS (CONT'D)  
of murders of crossing immigrants by  
the hands of these modern day pirates.  
The robbery, rape, exploitation and  
murder of these desperate victims  
must come to an end. The Coyote  
brand of terrorism needs to be brought  
to justice.

Both Lana and Maury are riveted to the video and pictures of  
dead and arrested immigrants flashing over the screen.

LANA  
*Those people* are crazy to risk it.

MAURY  
(indignant)  
*Those people* are me! If they did  
not offer amnesty I never would have  
gotten my green card. Sophia crossed  
five years after me and is still an  
illegal.

The TV Volume seems *exaggerated*:

SANDY WELLS (V.O.)  
The suffering and exploitation is  
real. The question remains: "Who  
can address this **human** trafficking  
problem?" I'm Sandy Wells, for  
channel Four News.

Dr. Cohen enters the room in surgical scrubs. He walks over  
and draws a seat up. The two women are brought back to their  
reality and are anxious for news about their daughters.

DR. COHEN  
There was a complication with Rachel.

Both woman let out agonized sounds. Lana braces herself.

LANA  
What kind of problem?

DR. COHEN  
She had some fluctuation in her  
cardiac-rhythms after we put in her  
new kidney. She's fine now. We are  
monitoring them both carefully while  
they recover.

LANA  
When can we see them?

13 INT. HOSPITAL RECOVERY ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 13

Out cold, Rachel and Sophia are still under Anesthesia. Lana and Maury hold hands. The Doctor speaks softly.

DR. COHEN

The anesthesia will wear off in about two hours and they'll be on heavy pain medication. I would wait a few hours before you interact. Their vital signs are strong. Best of all there's no signs of immediate rejection from Rachel.

The Doctor stands and exits.

14 INT. HOSPITAL ROOM -- NEXT MORNING 14

Rachel and Sophia are in recovery beds next to each other. Lana, Maury and Dr. Cohen confer.

DR. COHEN

Sophia will be able to go home on schedule, in about three or four days. At this time Rachel shows no sign of rejection. But...

LANA

But, what?

DR. COHEN

Rachel is experiencing a drop in blood pressure and some abnormal nitrate levels. Her body is re-learning how to process waste with with a new kidney.

LANA

Is she going to be alright?

DR. COHEN

She should be fine but we're monitoring the situation. It takes sometime before the body readjusts. Let's step out side and let the girls rest.

Lana, Maury and the doctors exit. The girls are still heavily sedated. The two girls face each other across the beds.



SOPHIA  
(weak smile)  
You better hurry up and get better,  
I haven't finished teaching you how  
to salsa...

RACHEL  
You're such a good friend...I love  
you.

SOPHIA  
I love you too...

15 INT. HOSPITAL DISCHARGE AREA -- AFTERNOON -- SEVERAL DAYS 15  
LATER

An ORDERLY pushes Sophia in a wheel chair. Maury walks with them. The Orderly pushes the chair up to the discharge window and Maury is given discharge papers to sign.

Sophia gingerly stands up and is helped by Maury through the electronic sliding glass doors.

16 EXT. HOSPITAL DISCHARGE AREA -- MOMENTS LATER 16

As Sophia and Maury step through the exit. They are confronted by two hard looking ICE Agents, BUFORD and MYER, Reporter #1 stands in the background.

AGENT BUFORD  
Sophia Menendez?

MAURY  
What is this?

AGENT BUFORD  
Sophia is an illegal alien.  
(to Sophia)  
We are taking you into custody for  
deportation.

The agent grabs Sophia's arm. She fights him off but is weak.

SOPHIA  
Let me go.

MAURY  
(shocked)  
You can't do this.

AGENT MYERS  
We're just following the law, please  
don't make a scene.

The agent draws his coat back exposing his weapon.

MAURY

Where are you taking her?

AGENT BUFORD

She will get a deportation hearing.

Agent Myer hands Maury a business card.

AGENT MYERS

If you have a lawyer here is our  
contact information.

The two agents take hold of Sophia's arms and man handle her  
to a waiting mini-van with bars on it. She screams for her  
mothers help.

SOPHIA

MOM! MOM!! MOMMMMMMM!!!

Sophia is put into the Van and the two agents get in and  
drive off. Maury distraught, sobs openly. The Reporter  
takes notes in the background.

17 INT. LANA'S HOME LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

17

**SUPER UP: ONE MONTH LATER:**

Rachel watches cartoons under a blanket eating Jell-O from a  
big bowl. Lana enters with some pillows and puts them behind  
Rachel and then straightens out Rachel's blanket.

RACHEL

Mom! Stop it, you're driving me  
nuts. I'm fine.

LANA

Can't I baby my baby? That was a  
big operation.

RACHEL

Ages ago! You can go back to work  
now!

LANA

I took the time so we could be  
together.

RACHEL

Get a date!

There is awkward silence between them.

LANA  
Rachel!... Just.. Forget it.

Lana blushes as she fluffs the pillows behind Rachel's back.

RACHEL  
(mockingly)  
Innocent daughter "mother-henned"  
into over indulged-claustrophobic-  
mania and dies prematurely.

Rachel is about to eat a huge spoonful of Jell-O and Lana mashes the spoon into Rachel's face. Lana steps back laughing.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Oh no, you didn't!

Rachel grabs a spoonful of Jell-O and flicks the spoon at her mom hitting her in the face. Lana is first shocked, and then contemptuous. With a rueful smile she digs into the bowl and hits Rachel with a handful.

The fight is on as mother and daughter pelt each other with handfuls of the sticky gelatin until they collapse in a tangled gooey heap laughing uproariously. Maury walks into the room and her eyes go wide at the gelatinous gummy mess. Lana and Rachel turn silent and then start laughing hysterically again.

18 INT. SEEDY MEXICAN APARTMENT -- DAY

18

(Scenes involving Mexico and Flashbacks are to be shot in **Grainy 8mm Blood-Spattered Sepia-Tone Film Look.**)

A distraught Sophia talks with her frail grandfather. Sophia's brother JORGE, 10, macho, sits near by with a stuffed backpack. They speak in Spanish with screen sub-titles.

SOPHIA  
I'm scared to go back Abuelo. Being  
deported was terrible. They treated  
me like a criminal.

Sophia's grandfather hugs and comforts his granddaughter.

GRAND FATHER  
Do not worry. After you cross back  
to the U.S. you will melt into their  
world and no one will be the wiser.

SOPHIA  
Will you ever come to live with us?

GRAND FATHER

Maybe one day.

(beat)

Your mother has asked for you to bring your brother Jorge with you back to Los Estados Unidos/El Norte. Before you go I have something for you.

The older man stands and leaves the room.

JORGE

I'm going to learn English! You take me to Hollywood and Beverly Hills! I want to see movie stars!

SOPHIA

Let's just get you across the border first.

Grandfather reenters with a stuffed Terrier dog that is a dead on match for Liberty. Sophia's face brightens immediately.

SOPHIA (CONT'D)

It's my Huggie.

Sophia squeezes the furry toy.

GRAND FATHER

We found it after you left. Almost ten years ago. You're a young woman now.

Sophia hugs her grandfather and clutches the toy dog. Jorge jumps in for a free for all hug.

Sophia and Jorge gather their backpacks and walk out the apartment door. Grandfather sits alone.

19 EXT. REMOTE SHANTY HOUSE -- MORNING -- SEPIA TONE FILM

19

*Sophia and her brother Jorge, stand with a group of people to be smuggled. Coyotes ONE EYE, 40's, a hard looking, and BENICIO, 30's, buffed macho, lay down the rules in Spanish.*

ONE EYE (Spanish)

I will take you the first part of the journey and get you to the border. Benicio will cross you over the border and then get you to Arizona.

The group nods their understanding. Benicio coughs and spits.

BENICIO (Spanish)  
 You will do what I say when I say.  
 Is this clear?

20 INT. LANA'S LIVING ROOM -- LATER

20

**Super Up: THREE DAYS LATER**

Maury dusts and comes upon an crooked picture of Rachel & Sophia smiling. Setting the picture straight, she starts to tremble. Lana enters the room. Maury begins to weep. Lana rushes over and helps her sobbing friend to a chair. Lana kneels by her side.

LANA  
 Maury, what is it? What's wrong?

Maury settles. Rachel stands in the doorway, listening.

MAURY  
 It's Sophia. She...

LANA  
 What's wrong? I found a good lawyer  
 who works on immigration cases.

Maury shakes her head.

LANA (CONT'D)  
 What?

MAURY  
 We did not fight the deportation.  
 Sophia was sent back to Mexico.

LANA  
 (shocked)  
 What? Maury!!

MAURY  
 Those hearings could take months and  
 I could not bear to have Sophia in  
 that... Jail.

LANA  
 Where is she?

MAURY  
 She was with my papa.

Lana looks up and sees Rachel listening. Rachel walks into the room and sits down.

LANA

Did you know about this?

RACHEL

When I talked to her on the phone,  
Sophia made me promise not to tell.

LANA

What do you mean *was* with your papa?

MAURY

Sophia was supposed to come back  
across the border to the U.S. three  
days ago with her younger brother  
Jorge. You know I want both my  
children with me.

LANA

What happened?

MAURY

They were going to use a Coyote to  
get across the border At a town called  
Pueblo Flats.

LANA

A Coyote?

MAURY

Coyote ...Pollero. For money they  
smuggle people over the border.

Lana is in disbelief and shock.

MAURY (CONT'D)

No one has heard from them since.

LANA

Maury! Why didn't you come to me?  
I could have...

MAURY

...Could have what? Stopped the  
INS? Got Sophia her citizenship  
before they deported her?

LANA

I could have done something!

MAURY

Ms. Lana, you give me dignity. A  
job to pay my rent, my car, an  
education for Sophia, even medical  
insurance...

LANA  
But that's normal.

MAURY  
Normal for you. It why so many people  
make the crossing. Not all employers  
treta us this way. Everything I have,  
*I owe to you.* I couldn't ask anything  
more.

LANA  
You and Sophia are family. She  
sacrificed to save Rachel. They're  
*our babies.*

She comforts Maury. Lana gently lifts her friends's agonized  
face. Lana's steely eyed glaze penetrates Maury and calms  
her.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Maury, I am going to do everything  
in my power to find Sophia. I swear  
to you.

21 INT. TAE BO WORK OUT CENTER -- MORNING

21

Lana is in line working out with a group of women. The group  
finishes some kicks to the beat of the music. A hunk of a  
TRAINER pushes them hard.

TRAINER  
Everybody work it! Left cross, right  
cross. Use your hips, turn that  
punch, left cross, right cross...

Sweat drips from Lana's drenched torso. She fires crisp  
punches left and right, her timing slightly off. The music  
ends and the class breaks up.

TRAINER (CONT'D)  
Okay that's it for today.

The trainer walks over to Lana as she gathers her things.

LANA  
Great class!

TRAINER  
You looked a little distracted today.

LANA  
(sighs)  
Got a lot on my mind...

TRAINER

(sincere)

We could go for coffee sometime,  
talk if you like.

The trainer walks off leaving Lana thinking. She flashes a bit of a grin while admiring his perfect ass.

22 EXT. MEXICAN CAMP GROUND -- NIGHT -- SEPIA TONE FILM 22

A box truck is being loaded with travelers. One Eye checks the traveler's sacks, bags and back packs. He throws out unneeded items; a large family picture, a plant, an iron, a roll of wall paper etch. There are whimpers and sighs from the group but no one challenges him.

Sophia and her brother Jorge climb into the truck. Benicio takes Jorge's back pack and throws away a bunch of heavy plastic toys. Checking Sophia's stuffed backpack, he finds and throws the stuffed animal away. Sophia goes after the it and is roughly pushed back by Benicio. Benicio lifts his arm as if to strike Sophia. Jorge jumps in between them defiant, defending his sister.

ONE EYE (Spanish)

I tell you this one time, little  
bull. Don't get in my way. You do  
what I say or you both can walk!

Benicio slams down the truck's sliding door locking it.

23 INT. NETWORK BOARD ROOM -- DAY -- LATER 23

Lana and Sandy Wells are in mid-pitch at the huge board room table opposite two seasoned network vice presidents ROSS LEVY, a well fed graying man in his early sixties and MERCEDES WASHINGTON, a no nonsense women in her late fifties.

SANDY WELLS

...I'll do the set ups off statistical  
data and comment on the weekly written  
editorials from Lana.

LANA

I need to be on location, field  
reporting on the ground with  
interviews from Law enforcement,  
Immigrants and any Coyotes that will  
cooperate.

ROSS LEVY

Lana, this could be dangerous.



MERCEDES WASHINGTON  
Coyotes would never speak in public  
much less to a reporter. They don't  
want their cover blown.

ROSS LEVY  
Lana, your field days are behind  
you.

MERCEDES WASHINGTON  
We need you to come back as an anchor  
and work with Sandy. We have some  
new blood we can throw into the mix  
for the newspaper stuff.

LANA  
You don't get it. Sophia saved my  
daughter's life. I want to, need to  
do this!

MERCEDES WASHINGTON  
You're of more value to us and the  
network now as an on-air anchor.

ROSS LEVY  
(veiled threat)  
We understood that taking some time  
off for your daughter's health, was  
a personal matter.

LANA  
And this **continues to be** a personal  
matter! I can take this to another  
outlet.

The Network VPs nervously negotiate.

ROSS LEVY  
How about a raise?

LANA  
This is not about money!

MERCEDES WASHINGTON  
Lana, take it easy. We're just  
looking out for the best interest of  
the network. Which are your best  
interests as well...

LANA  
You know the ratings have dropped  
since I took leave.

ROSS LEVY  
We have a three year deal...

LANA  
Deals can be broken.

Lana stands and prepares to leave with a steely determination.

LANA (CONT'D)  
I suggest you approve my story's expenses. My contract states pay or play whether I'm "**on...or off the air**".

Lana has made her point and exits.

ROSS LEVY  
You think she'd really go elsewhere?

SANDY WELLS  
She said *this is personal*. I think this is more important to her than the Iraq war story ever was.

ROSS LEVY  
I'm sick and tired of this over done story. Americans are tired of it too. Throw all the damn illegal's out and be done with it.

MERCEDES WASHINGTON  
Ross! We need Lana. Let's back her play.

ROSS LEVY  
(pissed)  
Twist my arm why don't you.

Mercedes gives him a wilting stare.

ROSS LEVY (CONT'D)  
Okay, I'll give her the resources. But the story has to have a happy ending for us to make money.

SANDY WELLS  
Since when did we start editorializing? Run the story for better or worse.

ROSS LEVY  
We open Pandora's box and it could cause a political shit storm.

SANDY WELLS

Storms make ratings! California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, they're already knee deep in this issue. I broke that human trafficking story last month and we had a ratings spike.

ROSS LEVY

(sighs)

Bottom line. Will this news story make us money?

SANDY WELLS

Of course it will! It's an ongoing investigative story trying to find a lost little girl.

MERCEDES WASHINGTON

Weekly Sunday newspaper installments, Lana's field reports with tag team and on air commentaries from Sandy. It could work.

ROSS LEVY (Pause)

What if the girl's found dead? Or never found?

SANDY WELLS

We all know Lana's determination and ability for a good story.

ROSS LEVY

(resigned)

Okay, dead **or** alive let's sell some ink and drive the advertisers to commercials in and around these segments.

24 EXT. NEW MEXICO HIGHWAY -- MORNING 24

Lana zips down the highway, her convertible top open. She passes a sign that says "BORDER CROSSING FIVE MILES".

25 INT. LANA'S BMW -- CONTINUOUS 25

Lana glances down and notices her temperature-gauge rising rapidly.

Lana pulls up to the border crossing. A guard house kiosk is stationed at the roadway crossing.

**INSERT:** The car's temperature gauge red-lines.

The guard house is flanked by a large barbed wire fence on either side. Lana pulls into the parking lot to a separate border patrol office building.

26 EXT. BORDER PATROL CROSSING STATION PARKING LOT -- 26  
CONTINUOUS

Lana pops the hood and gets out of the car. An enormous plume of spurting steam and searing water shoots out from the radiator. Lana gasps. John Saxon appears out of the steamy-fog and pulls Lana, coughing away from the spewing radiator.

27 INT. BORDER PATROL BUILDING SAXON'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER 27

Saxon walks into his office with a large glass of ice and a diet-coke.

The walls are adorned with pictures of and actual miniature trucks and racing cars of all descriptions. A prominent picture of Saxon standing next to a race car with a NASCAR trophy is mounted behind his desk.

Saxon pops the can and pours a drink for Lana.

SAXON

Ms. Lindstrom, right?

LANA

You remember.

SAXON

Your story about that dog put Pueblo Flats on the map and also put plenty of heat on this border site.

LANA

It was an important story and Libby's fine, thanks for asking.

SAXON

(skeptical)

Your radiator needs replacing. I called triple-A for you. The nearest station is about seventy-five miles.

LANA

It's under warranty. Any dealerships near here?

Saxon chuckles. He gets up and points out the large double window. Lana looks out the window and sees the vast nothingness around.

SAXON

We call this arid little paradise  
the desert. You'll have to get a  
tow for those fancy Beamer parts.

Saxon sits back down at his desk.

SAXON (CONT'D)

I don't imagine the big city reporter  
is back here looking for another  
stray dog.

Lana takes out Sophia's picture and hands it to Saxon.

LANA

This girl was last heard from a week  
ago.

SAXON

Runaway?

LANA

She's my daughter. Sophia was going  
to cross back into the U.S. with her  
younger brother and a Coyote.

Lana hands another picture of Sophia and her brother Jorge  
to Saxon. Saxon looks at the pictures and then scrutinizes  
Lana.

SAXON

No offense, but there's not much  
resemblance.

LANA

Sophia donated a kidney to my  
daughter.

Understanding, Saxon hands the photos to Lana and pulls some  
photo albums with immigrant pictures from a shelf.

SAXON

Here are some of the current illegals  
we processed back to Mexico in the  
last three weeks.

Lana hungrily flips through the hundreds of photos.

LANA

So many.

SAXON

These are just the ones we catch.  
(MORE)

SAXON (CONT'D)

Some get through and hide out before they move north. Others end up in the desert.

LANA

What do you mean?

SAXON

We find a lot of bleached bones out there. Look, I know this girl means a lot to you, but I want you to know the chances are very slim to find her.

LANA

We posted their pictures on the internet and took out ads in the papers. We notified the FBI and law enforcement on both sides of the border. What else can I do?

SAXON

Pray for a miracle.

LANA

My daughter Rachel's alive because of one.

(beat)

I'd...like to talk to a Coyote.

SAXON

Whoa. How in the hell do you think you're going to do that? Walk into the saloon at Pueblo Flats and start asking questions? They'd run you out so fast your head would spin...or worse.

LANA

Okay, then I need to talk to the people who have crossed. I can pay.

SAXON

(sighs)

Ms. Lindstrom...

LANA

Lana.

SAXON

(firm)

Lana, I'm only going to say this once... Stay away from the Mexican side of Pueblo Flats. They're a very nasty crowd. You're not going to get any help from government or the Mexican police. You're a gringa.

LANA

But, I'm just looking for some help.

SAXON

Nobody will help you.

LANA

Could **you** help me?

SAXON

I just did.

Saxon gives her a wilting stare.

LANA

I've got to deal with my car.

SAXON

There's a gas station a couple miles down the road. Pedro has some beat up jalopies he rents. I'll have a deputy take you over there after the tow truck gets your car.

Lana looks around scanning the office for help.

LANA

Pedro?

SAXON

He definitely won't help you! Stay away from The Mexican side of Pueblo Flats.

LANA

That's twice.

SAXON

What?

LANA

You said you were only going to say it once.

Lana walks out of the office.

Saxon picks up the phone to arrange her pick up and straps on his holster with gun.

SAXON  
TROUBLE.

28 EXT. BORDER PATROL BUILDING SAXON'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER 28

Lana waits for her ride. Saxon exits his office and Border Patrol Officer DENNY KENDRIX, African American, late 40's, walks up in a hurry.

DENNY  
John, we got Minute Men holding some illegals.

LANA  
(overhearing)  
Minute men?

Lana joins them.

SAXON  
Vigilantes...Alright Denny, let's get out there.

LANA  
Can I come?

SAXON  
As long as you stay out of the way. You ride with me and Denny can take you to Pedro's when we're done.

DENNY  
I'll take a lock-up wagon and meet you out there.

29 INT. SAXON'S BORDER PATROL VEHICLE - HWY -- MOMENTS LATER 29

Saxon speeds down the highway.

LANA  
What's this about?

SAXON  
Plenty of cowboys and rednecks out here meaner than a pissed off rattlesnake. They're all pent up with hate, want to blame illegals for anything and come down here to stop the crossings. The most organized group is called the "Minute Men".



LANA

Are they successful?

Lana makes some notes.

SAXON

The ones that watch the fence and call in crossings usually are. Occasionally we get a drug bust from that kind of help. It's the trashy types out here for kicks that beat people up, in the name of "American justice". They go too far.

LANA

That sounds illegal? Why not arrest *all* the law breakers?

DENNY

Border Patrol walks a fine line Ms. Lindstrom. We're under a lot of pressure to keep the "status quo". We start arresting "Americans" there would be political hell to pay.

LANA

I don't get it.

SAXON

You're about to get a taste.

30 EXT. AMERICAN/MEXICAN DESERT BORDER -- MOMENTS LATER 30

The border patrol vehicles pull up to a semicircle of older trucks, campers and beat up dune buggies. The Southern cross and other rebel paraphernalia adorns campers and their owners.

Saxon, Denny (with shotgun) and Lana exit their vehicles. They approach a group of armed bearded REDNECKS who peer through binoculars while drinking beer and whiskey.

RED NECK #1

We got two of them!

Red Neck #1 points over to some Mexican teenage girls. They are dirty desolate and bloodied.

SAXON

Alright, we'll take it from here.

RED NECK #2

What the hell, we should get a reward!

SAXON

For what?

RED NECK #1

For doing your damn job, that's what.

Saxon stands toe to toe with the red neck.

SAXON

You have no power to detain, intervene or arrest these people.

RED NECK #1

Hell, I made a citizen's arrest!

SAXON

Well citizen, I could arrest you for public intoxication, assault and battery on those teens, destruction of desert park lands and more.

RED NECK #2

What the hell is this? Are you an American?

SAXON

I sure am, and real American's don't beat people up because they don't like the color of their skin or the sound of another language.

There's a stand off between Saxon and Red Neck #1

SAXON (CONT'D)

Your move cowboy.

Red Neck #2 pushes the illegal teens into the middle of the confrontation. The group stands, all rifles poised. Saxon puts his hand on his holster. The innocent teens are scared shit-less. Lana backs away. Denny moves in behind Saxon and nervously cocks his shotgun.

DENNY

We don't need this shit, John.

After a long beat Red Neck #1 finally caves in, turning away from Saxon's wilting glare.

RED NECK #1

All right boys, let'em 'bout their business.

The others spit, curse and relax, putting down their firearms.

SAXON  
I'll get the girls.

DENNY  
I got your back.

Denny shotgun at the ready, backs off keeping his eyes locked with the Red Necks.

Saxon leads the two frightened teens into the lock-up vehicle. Denny and Lana get in the other Patrol vehicle.

SAXON  
Remember, we're the law out here!

Saxon hops into the lock-up truck. Both trucks drive off churning up a cloud of desert dust.

RED NECK #1  
Goddamn government will be the  
ruination of the white man.

Red neck #1 throws his beer impotently at the dust cloud.

31 EXT. PEDRO'S GAS STATION -- AFTERNOON 31

A beat up shanty of a gas station sits along the highway. The border patrol four-wheel drive vehicle pulls up and Denny and Lana get out. They enter the dilapidated office.

32 INT. PEDRO'S GAS STATION OFFICE -- LATER 32

Lana and Denny enter the office. PEDRO, 30's, Mexican, is watching TV in oil-stained overalls.

PEDRO  
So my black brother has come to pay  
his Pepsi tab?

DENNY  
Hell no! But I brought you some  
rental business.

Denny goes to a vintage style soda-vending machine and takes out a Pepsi. He pops the top and kills half of it in one gulp.

LANA  
(bad Spanish w/subtitle)  
I'll pay for that and I'd like to  
rent a car. Por favor, Señor.

\*

PEDRO (Waving his hands)  
No mas. Please speak English before  
you murder my poor language.

LANA  
I'm sorry. I'm a journalist, officer  
John Saxon said you would have  
something to rent.

PEDRO  
That gringo, maricon? Ahhh, Si!  
(big smile)  
For five hundred dollars and being a  
friend of Señor John's, I have  
something. Follow me.

33 EXT. PEDRO'S GARAGE WORKSHOP -- CONTINUOUS

33

They enter the garage area that's in complete disarray. Car  
parts and several half worked on vehicles litter the shop.  
Pedro walks over to a wall of clutter and starts pulling  
refuse from the top of a canvassed covered auto.

PEDRO  
I rent out a lot of junk to the  
gringos. Their cars always overheat  
down here.

Clearing away the debris Pedro whips the cover off a sparkling  
vintage Firebird muscle car.

PEDRO (CONT'D)  
(proudly)  
**But this,...** I save this for my  
friends. John helped me rebuild it  
from scratch.

Pedro starts the car and guns the engine. The powerful  
machine growls to life blasting Lana's ear drums. **YELLING**  
over the din she hands Pedro five hundred dollars.

LANA  
I'm a reporter looking for some  
information. Where can I find a  
Coyote?

Pedro is clearly shocked.

PEDRO  
Even if I had the information you  
ask for, it would be expensive.

Lana waves another three hundred dollars at Pedro. A shrewd  
smile creeps across his face. He takes the additional money.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

One might start at the Cactus bar.

Lana gets in the car and winks at Pedro. She revs the engine and guns the car out of the exhaust filled garage.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

(yells after her)

Ask for Manny.

34 EXT. PEDRO'S GARAGE -- MOMENTS LATER

34

Pedro and Denny walk through the carbon monoxide cloud.

DENNY

What do you think?

PEDRO

**Peligrosa!**

DENNY

Pelli-who?

PEDRO

***Peligrosa... That woman is  
Dangerous/Trouble.***

35 EXT. MEXICAN CAMP GROUND -- AFTERNOON -- MEXICO

35

**SEPIA TONE FILM**

Jorge and Sophia sit sipping water huddled with the group. Benicio walks by and snatches a water bottle out of Sophia's hand. Jorge stands. Benicio pulls his shirt up revealing two pistols in his waist band. Sophia pulls Jorge back to a sitting position. One Eye gives instructions in Spanish.

ONE EYE (Spanish)

We will sleep here until midnight  
and then Benicio will take you across  
the border.

BENICIO (Spanish)

We'll shelter at dawn about fifteen  
miles north of the border in a cave.  
You'll be in Arizona in two days.  
Rest now.

One Eye walks away. Benicio slugs back some tequila and coughs severely. Wiping away spittle he eyes Sophia up and down with a leering smile.

36 EXT. CARLITO MOTEL -- U.S. -- AFTERNOON 36

The motel has an old west saloon style facade with the sign visible that reads "Cactus Bar". Lana exits the motel and heads towards the bar. \*

37 INT. CACTUS SALOON -- MOMENTS LATER 37

Lana walks through the two swinging bar doors and heads for the counter. A couple of toothless geezers drink beer at a nearby table and watch her every move. The bartender is an older Mexican gentleman. Lana sits at the bar.

BARTENDER

Buenas tardes. What can I get you?

LANA

A cold beer please.

The bartender opens a Corona and hands it to her.

BARTENDER

Anything else?

LANA

Depends...

BARTENDER

(probing)

Maybe you would like to meet my friend?

LANA

Depends on what your friend does.

BARTENDER

(yells out)

Hey, Manolito. This is Lana Lindstrom the famous Hollywood reporter. Lana, Manolito.

MANOLITO is sitting quietly at a table unnoticed in a corner of the bar. His leathery skin complements his dusty cowboy attire. Lana's cover is blown.

Off Lana's look.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

The walls in Pueblo Flats have ears.

Lana tosses some tip money out to the bartender and eyes Manolito. She picks up her beer and walks over to Manolito's table.

LANA

May I join you?

MANOLITO

Five hundred dollars you and can sit  
where you like.

LANA

Steep price for a seat.

MANOLITO

We both know that's not what you  
care about.

LANA

How do you know what I care about?

Manolito shrugs, downs his tequila and gets up to leave.

MANOLITO

I guess I'll never know.

LANA

Wait. Don't go.

Lana clandestinely puts three hundred dollars on the table.  
Manolito contemplates.

LANA (CONT'D)

There's more...

Manolito covers the money with his hat and sits back down.  
Lana joins him.

LANA (CONT'D)

So, Manny, tell me what I want to  
know.

Lana opens her purse and flashes a rolled wad of cash. She  
closes it.

MANOLITO

Pedro talks too much. Only my friends  
call me Manny. This is strictly  
business. Comprende?

Lana gets tough and hands him a picture of Sophia. Manny's  
weathered hand goes over the photo.

**Insert:** Manolito's pupils dilate and sharpen as he eyes the  
photo.

MANOLITO (CONT'D)  
(indifference)  
Why this girl?

LANA  
That's personal.

MANOLITO  
I do not know her.

He pushes back her money and begins to stand.

LANA  
Please help me. I need to talk with  
people who have crossed the border.  
Someone may have seen her.

MANOLITO  
What you ask is very dangerous.

LANA  
Anyone who has made the crossing  
could be of help. Please...

MANOLITO  
Why would I risk so much for so  
little?

LANA  
This girl saved my daughter's life.  
I owe it to her.

Lana's plea conveys her sense of helpless urgency. Lana  
peels off two hundred dollar bills and slips them under  
Manny's hat. He shakes his head in agreement.

MANOLITO  
I will send some people to your motel  
room. Maybe they can help you.

LANA  
(hope)  
Thank you.

MANOLITO  
We will never speak again.

Manny abruptly stands and exits the bar, hat in hand. Lana  
looks at the spot where the money had been. The money is  
gone.



38 INT. LANA'S MOTEL ROOM -- INTERCUT -- INT. LANA'S HOME 38  
LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Maury and Rachel are sitting in front of the fire place,  
Maury speaks to Lana by phone.

LANA  
(on phone)  
No Maury, nothing new yet I'll let  
you know as soon as I get some news.  
Can I talk to Rachel?

Distraught, Maury hides her worry and gives Rachel the phone.

RACHEL  
Hi Mom!

LANA  
(hesitates)  
How are you feeling? Are you getting  
enough rest?

RACHEL  
Mom! I'm fine. Find yourself a  
nice guy to bring home.

LANA  
Rachel! I miss you.

RACHEL  
Miss you too. Love you. Bye.

Before Lana can say anything more Rachel hangs up.

LANA  
(whispers)  
Love you too...

39 INT. LANA'S MOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 39

Lana has set up a tape recorder on the coffee table and hides  
a small mike inside a lamp shade on the table. She covers  
the small recorder with a scarf. Lana paces nervously and  
checks the clock on the wall which reads 4 P.M. Lana cracks  
a bottle of house tequila and pours a drink. A mariachi  
band starts up outside her window, she slides open her window  
and listens.

Lana drinks and sways to the music. The bottle is now one  
third finished. She checks the clock, which reads 6 P.M. A  
knock at the door startles her.

LANA  
I'll be right there!

Lana covertly shifts the scarf on the table and starts the clandestinely hidden tape-recorder.

She stumbles to the door and tries to pull herself together while fumbling with the lock until the door opens.

Standing before her, JUANA, 25, shy and unsure with sad penetrating eyes, gazes through a shroud wrapped around her head. The shroud conceals most of her face.

JUANA

*(broken English)*

I am Juana. Manolito has sent me.

\*

LANA

Please, come in.

Lana leads Juana to a couch and has her sit down. She pours some water from a pitcher and offers it to Juana, who accepts.

JUANA

Gracias. You are very kind.

Lana hands Sophia's picture to Juana.

LANA

Have you ever seen this girl?

Juana studies the photo carefully and shakes her head no.

LANA (CONT'D)

What can you tell me of the Coyotes?  
Who are they? Where do they take  
people?

Juana holds up her hand to stop the barrage of questions.

JUANA

I will tell you my story and all I  
know of the Pollero's. I have been  
told you are an important person. I  
hope you will help those who are  
suffering.

LANA

Why do you do it? Cross...

JUANA

All we want is to work. To live  
decent lives, and raise our children,  
and grow old with our families.

Gathering her strength Juana begins her story.

JUANA (CONT'D)

I come from a very poor town near Guadalajara. My father raised chickens and my mother was a seamstress. When I was eighteen, my parents dreamed of sending me to America. Five years ago, I was to cross with a Coyote for two thousand dollars.

LANA

Go on.

40 DESERT SHACK -- AFTERNOON

40

**SEPIA TONED FLASHBACK:**

Juana runs out of the doorway followed by a rough looking Coyote. Catching Juana by the waist he drags her back towards the doorway. Juana kicks and screams.

JUANA (V.O.)

The Pollero had other ideas. After taking me into the desert he threatened to kill me if I did not cooperate. He raped me...Many times.

The Coyote throws Juana through the doorway, and slams the door shut door behind him. Bits of dust, sand and debris fly from the door frame.

DISSOLVE TO:

41 BACK ALLEY WAY PUEBLO FLATS **MEXICO** -- NIGHT --

41

**Sepia Tone Film**

JUANA (V.O.)

I escaped when he slept and made my way back to Pueblo flats but he tracked me down.

The Coyote approaches a sleeping Juana in a dirty garbage strewn back alley. With a wicked grin he pours a bubbling concoction on her face. Juana wakes screaming amid the arid smoke from her burning flesh and hair.

The man rips off Juana's shirt and puts an old rag on her face to shield him from the chemical-lye as he mounts her.

JUANA (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I was able to drive a stick into his eye as he tried to rape me again.

Juana's hands scratch the dirt and she inadvertently clutches a stick and flails at the man's face, driving the stick into his eye. Screaming the man staggers off cursing.

**END FLASHBACK**

42 INT. LANA'S MOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

42

Juana drops her head in shame, and her shroud cover shifts from around her head revealing a hideous half burned face and half scarred scalp. The burns are totally incongruous with the other side of her beautiful smooth unburned facial features.

Juana starts to quiver as she tries to take a drink of water. Lana pours her a shot of tequila and steadies Juana's hand to her mouth. Juana drinks the shot and puts her shroud back on.

JUANA

I must go. The Coyotes are animals.  
If they find out I was here they  
will kill me.

LANA

Have you seen these children.

Lana shows the pictures of Sophia and her brother Jorge. Juana shakes her head no.

Lana hands Juana some money and she gratefully accepts.

JUANA

I have some family and friends that  
have made it across the border.  
They will speak with you.

Juana hands Lana a piece of paper with some names and addresses. Covering her scarred face she leaves.

Lana is momentarily in shock then snaps out of it to check the tape recorder making sure it is recording.

**INSERT:** TAPE Recorder Light is still on.

There is another knock at the door. The clock reads 8 P.M. Lana covers the recorder and slugs down a shot to fortify herself.

Lana opens the door and bids a teenage girl entry. Lana sits and motions for the teen to sit. They stare at each other for several tense moments.

LANA  
Why did you cross?

The girl sits and haltingly begins her story.

TEENAGE GIRL  
To survive. There were no jobs. My  
family needed money...

Lana offers her some water and the teen declines.

TEENAGE GIRL (CONT'D)  
To pay my crossing debt I became a  
mule and got caught with marijuana  
by the border patrol.

43 INT. AMERICAN PRISON -- PRISON CELL -- DAY 43

**FLASHBACK:**

The teenage girl sits huddled on her bunk, clutching her  
knees to her chest. Several HARD juvenile teenage women  
play cards and eye her with contempt.

TEENAGE GIRL (V.O.)  
I spent two years in a gringo jail.  
I just wanted...a better life.

**END FLASHBACK**

44 INT. LANA'S MOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 44

Lana touches the teen's hands, sympathetically acknowledging  
the girls plight.

DISSOLVE TO:

45 EXT. FARMERS TIN SHANTY -- EARLY MORNING 45

Lana pulls up to a corrugated steel shanty. Chickens peck  
at the dirt front yard which is strewn with broken bottles  
and garbage. An old worn tire with two dirty children swings  
from a half dead tree in front of the house.

Lana gets out of the car and approaches the shanty. A door  
opens and a weathered looking Mexican man emerges. Lana  
checks her paper with the names.

LANA  
Señor Paquito?

WEATHERED COWBOY  
Si.

46 EXT. FARMERS TIN SHANTY -- CONTINUOUS 46

Lana sits and takes notes with the Weathered man on a gnarled home made bench in front of his home and chats while children play barefoot in the garbage strewn front yard.

LANA  
Who did you cross with?

WEATHERED COWBOY  
With my wife.

47 EXT. DESOLATE FARM AREA -- MORNING -- MEXICO 47

**SEPIA TONED FLASHBACK:**

WEATHERED COWBOY (V.O.)  
They let me go on but held her hostage  
until I could pay more money.

Two Coyotes drag the wife away from the weathered Cowboy. Held at gun point the cowboy beseeches his captors to let her go. His out stretched hands and anguished teary eyed face do not move the Coyotes. They push him into the dirt.

WEATHERED COWBOY (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
I had to send the Pollero's my pay  
for two years before they would let  
my wife cross over and join me.

**END FLASHBACK:**

CUT TO:

MONTAGE: Lana interviews person after person. *In Broken English*, they alternately describe the horrors of the Coyotes and their rogue associates while crossing into the U.S.

48 INT. MATRONLY WOMAN'S BACK YARD -- MONTAGE -- MID DAY 48

A MATRONLY WOMAN 40, but who looks 60, fills large pots of boiling water with mounds of dirty uniforms that have tar and oil on them. She dumps lye into the pot and stirs the boiling mix.

Lana makes her way through a maze of hung uniforms drying on clothes lines. As Lana steps out into the open, a chained matted mongrel of a dog barks ferociously, straining the chain to it's limit.

MATRONLY WOMAN  
(in spanish)  
Tito shut up!

She throws a stick at the dog and it runs whimpering back to it's dilapidated dog house.

LANA

Hola. I'm Lana.

MATRONLY WOMAN

(broken english)

Juana said you would come. I'll be right with you. Con permiso.

With a pitchfork like tool she laboriously moves some steaming clothes from the giant pots to clothes lines strung haphazardly the length of the yard. Her withered hands hang the steaming clothing as she talks. Lana takes notes.

MATRONLY WOMAN (CONT'D)

I met our Pollero at a bar on the other side of Pueblo Flats. I crossed with my mother who was not well at the time. She had trouble keeping up with the group.

49 EXT. MEXICAN DESERT -- NIGHT

49

**SEPIA TONED FLASHBACK:**

A Coyote hustles five people through the desert. The ELDERLY hispanic woman is being helped by her matronly daughter. The old woman kneels and gasps for breath. The Coyote doubles back and exhorts them to catch up. The old woman waves him off.

A gun shot goes off.

**INSERT:** Matronly Women's eyes go wide and she screams.

MATRONLY WOMAN (V.O.)

The Pollero shot her in the head and left me behind because I was crying so loudly.

The woman continues to wail over the dead body of her mother. The Coyote checks his surroundings and implores her to be quiet. He hesitates and then runs off into the night leaving the hysterical woman. \*

**END FLASHBACK**

50 EXT. MATRONLY WOMAN'S BACK YARD -- MONTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

50

MATRONLY WOMAN

When the Border Patrol found us they would not take her dead body with us. Out of pity I got a green card from immigration...But I never got to bury my mother.

Lana is anguished by this. She pushes the pictures towards the women.

OLANA

Have you seen this girl or this boy?

The women studies the photos and shakes her head no.

DISSOLVE TO:

51 INT. MATOS APARTMENT -- MONTAGE -- AFTERNOON -- CONTINUOUS 51

This small dark crowded living room and kitchen area is filled with older toys, cleaning equipment, rakes, shovels, and various gardening tools. Piled up dishes overflow the sink and a bag of dirty diapers spills over in a corner. Several children sleep together on straw mats.

Lana takes her notes illuminated by a single dirty light bulb hanging from a wire in the ceiling. Lana sits on a bare stool facing MATOS, 30, a tired looking Mexican woman coddling a baby.

LANA

How many people live here?

MATOS

There are three families. Each family has one room. Six adults, five children and two grandparents. Most of us work two jobs.

Matos comforts the baby who whimpers and fusses.

LANA

Tell me about your crossing.

MATOS

My group had about ten travelers and our Coyote. We had crossed the desert and came to a highway in the U.S.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. EIGHT LANE HWY U.S. -- EVENING 52

**FLASHBACK:**

MATOS (V.O.)

I was pregnant and was having trouble walking.

Ten immigrants huddle in a depression on the side of the road. Trucks and cars scream by in the dark night.



Benicio orders the group to run across the eight lane highway. Matos is halfway across the first four lanes highway and gets a leg cramp. A MIDDLE AGED WOMEN from the group runs back to help Matos cross.

MATOS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

One of the women in the group ran back to help me cross the highway. By the time we got to the median divider in the middle of the road the group had already gotten to the other side of the road.

They get to the median divider and the group has already run to safety on the other side of the road. The Coyote yells for them to hurry.

BENICIO

Vamos! Andale!

MATOS (V.O.)

We jumped over the divider but it was dark and we did not realize the drop to the other side was so far down.

The two jump over the divider. Matos lands hard on her feet and hurts her ankle. The middle aged woman falls awkwardly. Her face hits the ground, knocking her top front teeth out. Blood runs down the front of her shirt. Now it is Matos who helps the badly injured woman up and across the lanes.

**END FLASHBACK**

53 INT. MATOS APARTMENT-- MONTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

53

Lana hands Matos some tissue as she wipes away some tears.

MATOS

I didn't even know her name... The poor woman. That desgraciado Coyote would not even wait for her to wipe away the blood. My baby was born the next day.

Lana comforts the woman as the baby's fussing intensifies.

DISSOLVE TO:

54 INT. ONE ARMED TEEN'S ROOM -- MONTAGE -- CONTINUOUS

54

A thin anemic looking ONE ARMED TEEN, sits in the closet sized cramped room on a make shift chair with wooden wheels.

A hot plate warms a burnt pot with some beans while the small black and white TV with a coat hanger antenna blares out a Mexican western.

There is a knock at the door. The teen uses one leg to push/roll himself to the TV and turns it down.

ONE ARMED TEEN

Un momento!

Wheeling himself over to the door he let's Lana in and offers her a seat on his single bed. Lana hesitates, but there is no where else to sit. She sits uncomfortable in the tight space.

LANA

Juana says you crossed and I...

ONE ARMED TEEN

She's my aunt and told me you were coming.

The teen greedily holds out his hand and makes the money sign. Lana takes out some twenty dollar bills and his eyes light up.

He puts the bills away and uses his one hand to make a bean taco. The teen offers Lana one and she politely declines. He douses the taco with hot sauce and talks while he eats.

ONE ARMED TEEN (CONT'D)

I traveled with my cousins. The Polleros separated me from them and forced me to work at a metal shop cutting up stolen cars. One day I slipped on some grease and the chain saw I was using cut my arm off. They had no pain medicine.

Lana listens in horror.

CUT TO:

55 INT. MEXICAN CAR CHOP SHOP -- DAY

55

**SEPIA TONED FLASHBACK:**

Several workers hold the teen down as he thrashes and screams. One of the men tie off the bloodied arm.

ONE ARMED TEEN (V.O.)

They just tied off my arm to stop the bleeding. I screamed for hours.

DISSOLVE TO:

56 EXT. ARIZONA BORDER PATROL STATION -- DAY 56

ONE ARMED TEEN (V.O.)  
They couldn't stand my yelling so  
they dumped me at a border patrol  
station.

An old beat up truck pulls up to the border station and dumps  
the screaming teen out the door. Two Border Patrol Officer  
run to help the boy.

**END FLASHBACK**

57 INT. ONE ARMED TEEN'S ROOM -- MONTAGE -- CONTINUOUS 57

ONE ARMED TEEN  
I was taken to the hospital and then  
deported a week later. It's hard to  
find work with one arm.

The teen raises his stump of an arm. Lana gives a sympathetic \*  
nod. \*

ONE ARMED TEEN (CONT'D)  
My uncle will come to you later  
tonight at your Motel.

LANA  
Thank you, I...

The teen wheels over to the TV and turns up the sound ignoring  
Lana. She stands and exits the room closing the door behind  
her.

SMASH CUT TO:

58 INT. LANA'S MOTEL ROOM -- MONTAGE -- NIGHT 58

Lana's interview is in progress with an older cragged, worn  
down man with weary eyes.

OLD MAN  
My brother arranged for a Coyote to  
take me north. Once I was on the  
U.S. side of the border the Coyotes  
demanded more money.

59 EXT. DESERT CROSS ROADS -- AFTERNOON 59

**SEPIA TONED FLASHBACK:**

OLD MAN (V.O.)

I had hidden my life savings in my coat lining but they had figured out where I kept the money.

Polleros rip the coat off the back of the old man. They pull the shirt apart. Inside the coat lining are packets of money.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

They beat me and robbed me, leaving me in the desert for dead.

The old man protests and is beaten with fists and boots. A dust cloud approaches and the Polleros run off.

OLD MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

The gringo border patrol found me half dead and deported me back to Mexico. My own brother had set me up.... Stole my business, my wife and my land.

The Border Patrol vehicle pulls up. Getting out they help the old man up. They search and then cuff him.

**END FLASHBACK**

60 INT. LANA'S MOTEL ROOM -- MONTAGE -- CONTINUOUS 60

LANA

Do you remember who your brother worked with?

The old mans eyes narrow. He grits his teeth.

61 EXT. DESERT CROSS ROADS -- AFTERNOON 61

**SEPIA TONED FLASH BACK:**

INSERT CAMERA'S POV: **One Eye** picks the battered man up by his shirt collar and stares him in the eye before throwing the beaten victim to the ground.

**END FLASHBACK**

62 INT. LANA'S MOTEL ROOM -- MONTAGE -- CONTINUOUS 62

OLD MAN

It's hard to forget a one-eyed cabron. The devil incarnate.

The old man finishes his shot and leaves the motel room.

Lana turns off the tape recorder and tries to pour a drink. The bottle is empty. Her eyes are blood shot. She staggers to her feet and stares at the clock. It reads 4 A.M. Lana picks up the pictures of Sophia and Jorge. Rummaging through her purse, she pulls out a photo of Rachel and stares at the photos.

She collapses on her bed clutching the pictures. Closing her eyes, Lana passes out.

63 EXT. OLD MEXICAN WINDMILL SHACK -- NIGHT -- **MEXICO** 63

**SEPIA TONE FILM**

One Eye drives the box truck. He pulls up to the wind mill shack which is in the middle of no where. One Eye and Benicio get out of the truck and open the back panel door.

ONE EYE  
(in spanish)  
OUT! Follow him!

Sophia, Jorge and the other weary travelers get out.

Benicio opens the shack door and pulls on a generator starter cord. After a few pulls the old machine coughs to life. He pulls away some floor boards and there are bare light bulbs on a string leading down some uneven hewn steps into a tunnel.

Benicio roughly ushers the travelers down the steps. One Eye covers the tunnel entrance with the floor boards and walks back to the box truck. He gets in.

One Eye Drives off. The box truck's tails lights fading into the blackness.

64 INT. UNDERGROUND BORDER TUNNEL -- CONTINUOUS 64

Benicio leads the group through the coarsely dug tunnel. The string of naked light bulbs flicker over the dirty scared faces of Sophia, Jorge and the travelers. Sophia huddles close to her brother moving him forward in the dim light.

65 EXT. MEXICAN/UNITED STATES DESERT BORDER AREA -- NIGHT -- 65

Moonlight streams over the desolate cactus ridden landscape. The desert floor comes alive in the middle of a rocky outcropping.

Sand descends into a crater like hole in the ground. The rest of the false canvas cover is pulled into the hole. Benicio's head pops out and surveys the surrounding area. Coming out of the hole he shouts to others behind him.

BENICIO  
Salgan! Vamos! Salgan!

66 EXT. MEXICAN/UNITED STATES DESERT BORDER AREA -- NIGHT -- 66  
MOMENTS LATER

**Camera's POV:** Worn shoes, sneakers and boots running hard, crunching rock and sand. Labored breaths of desperate immigrants builds as they pass a post in the ground. The camera sweeps up to reveal a weathered, bullet-ridden sign: **"You Are Now Entering The United States Of America"**

67 INT. BORDER PATROL BUILDING PARKING LOT -- NEXT MORNING 67

With loving care, Saxon details his "super truck" like an artist. "ALICE" is stenciled along the side of the vehicle. Lana walks up and interrupts him. Saxon finishes up with a flourish.

Lana, is unimpressed and hung over.

SAXON  
What can I do for you today?

LANA  
I did some interviews yesterday and found out some very interesting things.

Saxon throws down his cloth in disgust.

SAXON  
There's a lot of hard luck stories out there.

LANA  
These people are being taken advantage of.

SAXON  
You don't say? Look my job is to keep the peace... and prevent any illegal trespassing on the sovereignty of American soil.

LANA  
The immigrants who cross into the USA are brought over by savages, gang members, cut throats....

SAXON  
Whoa now, listen Ms. Lana come lately, You think you can fix what's existed for over forty years?

LANA

It's for damn sure I can't make it any worse.

SAXON

(relents)

What do you want from me?

LANA

Like I asked you before, I need to meet a Coyote or Pollero or whatever you call them and find out if anyone has seen Sophia or Jorge.

SAXON

There were three hundred and seventy border related kidnappings last year in Arizona alone. It paralyzed the entire Phoenix police force. I don't need another incident right here on my watch!

LANA

Just point me in the right direction. Where can I find them?

SAXON

Absolutely, no way in God's name would I tell you that. Said it yourself! These people are gangsters, thugs, bad asses! They play rough!

LANA

(stands)

Fine, I can take care of myself.

68 INT. PEDRO'S GARAGE -- AFTERNOON

68

Pedro is covered in grease with his head buried under the hood of a 1957 Thunder Bird. Lana attempts to talk him.

LANA

Pedro I need to speak with you, it's very important.

Pedro guns the engine.

LANA (CONT'D)

I want to talk with a Coyote.

Pedro revs the car again longer and harder.

LANA (CONT'D)

I can help people. Maybe even save people's lives.

(shouts)

Can you hear me?

Pedro abruptly stops his work and pulls his body out of the engine compartment. He walks around and shuts off the engine.

PEDRO

SI! I CAN HEAR YOU! You have business, it's muy *importante!* You want to talk to a Coyote and you think you can save lives!

LANA

You heard all that?

PEDRO

The only life you should try and save is your own. These people... the Coyote's, they don't like when anyone interferes with their business.

LANA

Torture, murder, extortion and rape would classify as a business?

PEDRO

You're a rich gringa with the world at your feet. Why do you even care?

LANA

It's a personal matter. Let me convince you.

Lana whips out two one-hundred dollar bills and stuffs them into Pedro's greasy overalls.

PEDRO

(guile)

If I had some more dinero to work with...

Lana understands Pedro's inference. Lana takes out an envelope and counts out five one-hundred dollar bills into Pedro's open hand. He pockets the money.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

The place you want to go to is a whorehouse called Adelita's in Pueblo Flats. I can't say if anyone will talk to you.



LANA

I get it now. You pay to play down here.

PEDRO

Yes gringa but these caballeros don't play.

Pedro opens a cabinet and takes out a small Barretta pistol.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Here.

LANA

(concerned)

I really don't think I'll need it.

PEDRO

Don't think! Just take it.

LANA

I'm a... Journalist.

Pedro slaps the weapon in her hand. Stepping in behind Lana he uses both his hands to force her hand holding the gun to aim at a cracked mirror. Pushing her finger into the trigger he coerces her to fire off a round. Lana flinches.

**Insert:** Lana and Pedro's reflection in the mirror is shattered by the incoming bullet.

PEDRO

....*just in case.* No charge.

Lana hesitates. Making up her mind she pockets the pistol.

LANA

I owe you one.

PEDRO

(pats pocket)

No Señora, we are even.

Pedro walks back to the car and starts the engine. Ducking under the hood he guns the engine.

LANA

Thank you. Goodbye.

(beat)

Pedro?

Pedro waves a greasy hand from under the hood. Lana smiles and exits the garage.

69 EXT. ROCKY FLATS DESERT -- NIGHT

69

**CAMERA'S POV:** Feet in worn out shoes from earlier run towards a rocky outcropping churning up a small dust cloud in the moonlight. Ashen, Sophia holds her side and runs with labored breath.

Benicio stops and kicks the dirt away from some chains. He draws on the chains and they pull a ply wood door away from a gaping hole in the ground. He turns on a flashlight and coughs out an order.

BENICIO

Vamos!

Sophia peers down the hole and hesitates. Benicio grabs her roughly by the back of the neck and pushes her down the steps. Sophia holds her side and gingerly makes her way down the dark hole. Jorge gives Benicio a dirty look and is rewarded with a shout.

BENICIO (CONT'D)

Apurese!

He walks down the steps after his sister. COWERING ILLEGALS follow them down the steps.

70 EXT. MEXICAN BORDER TOWN -- LATE AFTERNOON

70

Crows sit on telephone wires which crisscross crazily with electrical wires attached to leaning support poles. Street signs hang tenuously to their moorings.

Lana ambles down a shabby street lined with trash, feces and urine. She waves away the buzzing flies and continues down the street unsure. The loud screeching crows unsettle her.

A few drunks are propped along the sidewalk dozing or begging from passing pedestrians. Lana is hesitant as she travels further into the labyrinth of the decaying slum.

Lana unzips her purse and rechecks making sure the pistol is at easy reach.

Lana notices some shadows crossing her light from behind her and hurries her pace. Turning a corner Lana bumps into a SEEDY MAN.

LANA

(startled)

Excuse me. I'm looking for the Adelita bar.

SEEDY MAN

No English.

LANA

Adelita's, por favor.

The seedy man eyes her and smiles.

SEEDY MAN

Adelita's? Si. Tu eres puta?

LANA

Puta?

(horror)

No, I'm not a whore I...

The seedy man takes out some crumpled bills and offers them to Lana. She waves him off and the man gets aggressive and grabs her arm.

LANA (CONT'D)

You don't understand. Let me go.

Lana fights her way free and runs back the way she came. Rounding the corner she runs into the three shadows who were stalking her. The gangster THUGS corner her and close in. Lana frantically tries to get the gun from her purse but it sticks. One of the man strikes her hard across her face and she falls to the ground. Another man pulls out a butterfly knife and whips it menacingly in the air. He grabs Lana's face and holds the blade to her eye. The other two men move in ripping her jacket off.

A vehicle screeches up and slams on the brakes.

John Saxon jumps out of his truck and charges into the three thugs. Back fisting one, dropping another with a front snap kick to the groin. Blocking a punch he winds the third thug with a three punch combination.

Saxon grabs Lana and they head for the truck. They jump in the cab and peel off. The cursing thugs give a half hearted chase until the truck is out of sight.

71 INT. SAXON'S TRUCK -- NIGHT

71

Saxon drives through the desert night. Lana nurses a shiner.

SAXON

What the hell!!

LANA

I...

SAXON

So you were just going to walk up  
and down the street until you found  
a Coyote?

LANA

I was trying to find Adelita's.

SAXON

Are you crazy? That's a gang whore  
house. You wouldn't have lasted  
five minuets!

Lana nurses the bruise on her cheek and tears fall.

LANA

I have to find Sophia. I owe her to  
at least try.

SAXON

Suppose the Coyotes don't see it  
your way.

LANA

(resolve)  
Then I die trying.

SAXON

It's like you love Sophia more than  
your own daughter. If something  
were to happen to you, what about  
your real daughter?

Immersed in their own thoughts they drive in silence. Saxon's  
point hits home. Lana grabs her cell phone and dials. The  
phone rings and Rachel answers.

RACHEL (V.O.)

Mom?

LANA

(voice cracks)  
Rachel, honey, I just wanted to hear  
your voice...

RACHEL (V.O.)

Mom what is it? Are you alright?

LANA

I'm fine. I miss you... I love you.

RACHEL (V.O.)

I love you too. Any word on Sophia?

LANA  
I'm looking honey. I'm trying...

72 INT. EL CORAZON COFFEE SHOP -- LATER

72

Saxon and Lana sit in a coffee shop with steaming mugs.

SAXON  
I hope you learned something from  
your little excursion.

LANA  
At least Pedro was willing...

SAXON  
Pedro? Pedro can be bought by anybody  
with dinero. For a pack of Camels  
he told me what route you went.

LANA  
At least he sent you in the right  
direction.

SAXON  
What the fuck is wrong with you?  
Goddamn it! Those people mean  
business.

LANA  
So do I.

SAXON  
You were lucky tonight, I'm a Border  
Patrol Officer, but the rules say I  
can't travel armed over the Border.

LANA  
(wide eyed)  
You didn't have a gun?

SAXON  
No. If your suitors were armed you  
might not be enjoying my charming  
company.

Lana stares at Saxon trying to figure him out.

LANA  
Is there anything that you care about,  
that you'd really fight for?

Saxon takes a hard look at Lana and then softens.

SAXON

About ten years ago my wife died from cancer. I haven't cared much about anything since.

LANA

I'm sorry.

SAXON

It's just me and Alice now.

LANA

Alice?

SAXON

My truck. She looks good and doesn't talk back.

LANA

I just want to find a fifteen year old girl.

Lana slides the picture of Sophia across the table. Saxon does not want to look at it but in the end picks it up and stares at it.

LANA (CONT'D)

Will you help me?

There is a moment of silence between them.

SAXON

Look, I can ask some of my contacts on the other side. No promises. But you've got to give me your word that you won't go over there again.

LANA

Okay, Officer Saxon.

Saxon pockets Sophia's picture. He stands to leave and throws down some money on the table.

LANA (CONT'D)

It's on me.

SAXON

I'll call you at noon tomorrow.

Saxon picks up his ten dollar bill and smiles to himself as he exits. Lana's cell phone rings. She looks at the incoming number and dreads answering it.

LANA

Maury! No, no news yet. I'm working on it... I'll promise I'll call you with news in a day or so. Stay strong. Tell Rachel I love her.

Lana hangs up.

LANA (CONT'D)

(contemplates)

Where are you Sophia?

73 INT. LANA'S MOTEL ROOM -- **INTERCUT** -- INT. SAXON'S OFFICE -- 73  
MID AFTERNOON

Lana nervously fingers her watch, it reads 12 P.M.

Saxon is working at his desk Denny sticks his head in.

DENNY

Spotters picked up trucks at Diablo Trail.

SAXON

That's an hour from here.

DENNY

Captain wants us on it. Now!

Saxon grabs his holster and exits checking **his** watch face: It reads 12 P.M. The MOVING HANDS morph into **Lana's** watch face.

Lana picks up the phone and calls Saxon's office. The office phone rings unanswered six rings. Lana hangs up.

Rechecking the watch Lana watches the hands move progressively forward until they rest at the four o'clock position. She opens her purse and takes out Pedro's greasy business card.

Lana picks up the room phone and dials.

LANA

Hola Pedro. I could use some directions. Yes, I know it will cost me. How Much?

(pissed)

Five hundred?

PEDRO (V.O.)

Adelita's whereabouts is expensive.

LANA

Okay, I'll meet you in twenty outside my motel.

Lana hangs up the phone.

74 EXT. LANA'S HOTEL ROOM -- AFTERNOON

74

Lana marks time in front of the hotel waiting. Pedro casually walks up to her. Manolito observes them inconspicuously in the background.

LANA

I been waiting for over an hour.

PEDRO

The things we desire in life take time and money.

LANA

Here.

Lana whips out an envelope and throws it to Pedro. He fingers the cash inside.

PEDRO

I heard you had some problems when you went over the border.

LANA

Why didn't you tell me what I was getting into?

PEDRO

I did!

Pedro points to Lana's open jacket and the pistol revealed in her waist band.

LANA

This time will be different.

PEDRO

You're one crazy gringa.

Pedro pulls out a sheet of paper with an address on it. He hands it to Lana.

PEDRO (CONT'D)

Suit yourself.

Pedro walks off and meets up with ANOTHER MAN. Lana turns to go but stops to observe Pedro in an animated conversation with this *obscured* man.



Lana never gets a clear view of Pedro's friend. It is Manolito.

75 INT. MEXICAN TAXI -- NIGHT -- MEXICO

75

A beat up cab is adorned with religious pictures and half melted candles on the dash. QUATERO, 40'S, an overweight donut of a man with bad teeth sucks on a large mug of coffee whipping the wheel, zigzagging through traffic, pedestrians, and pot holes. Lana holds on for her life in the back seat.

QUATERO  
(to traffic)  
Maricones, putas. Muevanse!  
PENDEJOS!

Quatero, drives over a huge pot hole sending the rear of the car skyward. Lana blanches.

LANA  
Do you know where you are going?

QUATERO  
Si, Adelita's. Why you want to go  
this place?

LANA  
Business.

He leers at her in the rear view mirror. Lana smirks back.

LANA (CONT'D)  
It's not what you think. I don't  
work there.

QUATERO  
Whatever you say.

Quatero hangs a hard right and pulls up abruptly to a sleazy bar with a faded sign that reads Adelita's "World Famous".

QUATERO (CONT'D)  
Señora, pay with American then it's  
ten dollars.

Lana pulls and pays the cab driver with a U.S. twenty.

76 EXT. MEXICAN TAXI -- CONTINUOUS --

76

Lana exits the cab. She barely closes the cab-door when the vehicle takes off in a cloud of belching smoke.

LANA  
Hey, my change!

77 ADELITA'S BAR -- MEXICO -- MOMENTS LATER

77

Lana turns and surveys her surroundings. The street of packed dirt is uneven with gouged pock-marked holes. The rusty shanty-style buildings are dark and foreboding with revolutionary style graffiti sprayed on them cock-eyed.

A shady bouncer complete with tooth-pick in mouth lounges on a broken stool outside the bar. Lana walks up to the door and tries to enter. The BOUNCER blocks her way.

BOUNCER  
(broken English)  
This bar not for you.

LANA  
(hard)  
I wanna drink *and I wanna play*.

Lana seductively flutters her eyes and whips out a twenty dollar bill. The bouncers eyes's light up.

BOUNCER  
Sin problemas!

Lana waltz's her way past him.

LANA  
(to herself)  
Only as much trouble as necessary.

The bouncer counts his cash and shakes his head. Lana saunters inside the worn doors of Adelita's.

78 EXT. CACTUS SALOON -- CONTINUOUS

78

Pedro is exiting the bar. Saxon pulls up in his truck and skids to a stop. He waves Pedro over.

SAXON  
Why the hell did you give her the address?

PEDRO  
How did you know?

SAXON  
I have friends in town who owe me.

PEDRO  
She was paying.

SAXON

Are you out of your mind? They'll  
kill her.

PEDRO

John, she is a very determined gringa.

SAXON

It's your ass if something happens  
to her.

Saxon guns the engine and takes off in a cloud of dust.

79 INT. ADELITA'S BAR -- CONTINUOUS -- MEXICO

79

Lana steps through the doors. Two strippers occupy poles on the dance floor in the center of the room. There are bars with stools at either end of the large room. Scantly clad women lounge through out the area.

A few men drink beer and watch the strippers at work. Lana is shocked to see girls as young as fourteen dressed up in provocative clothing. She walks to the bar and orders.

LANA

Cerveza, por favor.

The Bartender eyes her suspiciously and serves her a Corona with lime. Lana puts a five dollar bill on the bar.

**Insert:** Lana's hand is covered by a huge paw of a hand.

Lana turns and stares into the sinister visage of ONE EYE. He exudes a sinister danger. One Eye toys with her hand. Uneasy, Lana draws away. She knows who this man is.

ONE EYE

I hear you are looking for a Coyote?

LANA

News travels fast. I need some  
information.

ONE EYE

We all have needs.

One Eye rubs his fingers together indicating cash and motions Lana to a corner table. He shoos some hookers away.

Lana sits down while nervously checking her surroundings. Lana pulls out Sophia's picture and puts it on the table.

LANA

I am looking for this girl and her brother. Her name is Sophia.

One Eye turns the picture over.

ONE EYE

First we talk Dinero. Five thousand.

LANA

Two thousand now. Another three when we find her.

ONE EYE

Five thousand now. And no guarantees.

Lana snatches the picture and stands up.

LANA

Forget it.

One Eye grabs her wrist and wrenches her back down.

ONE EYE

Sit! You are not in the U.S. anymore, you're in my world. You'll pay me what I say!

Lana nervously opens her purse and pulls out an envelope with cash. Her open purse faces her on the table. One Eye takes the cash out of the envelope and fingers it. Lana hands him the picture.

LANA

Well?

One Eye picks up the photo and his eye lights up with recognition. He calls over two sweat stained men lounging in the shadows.

ONE EYE

Hector, Benicio! Have you seen this girl?

The two men approach and look at the photo and all three start laughing.

**INSERT:** Lana's hand reaches surreptitiously into the purse and grips the gun.

LANA

What does that mean?

ONE EYE

It means yes I have seen her.

Lana's mouth drops and she shows hope.

LANA

When? Where?

One Eye stops laughing his demeanor menacing.

ONE EYE

You won't need to know that because,  
You'll never see her again.

Lana whips the pistol up and points it at her adversary's good eye.

LANA

Listen you bastard, you better tell  
me what you know...

ONE EYE

(hard)  
Or what?

Lana puts both hands on the pistol and cocks the trigger.  
The stare at each other for what seems like an eternity.

With lightning speed One Eye's hand smashes the pistol out  
of Lana's hands. The gun goes off and the bullet shatters a  
lamp. With the same hand, One Eye back hands Lana off of  
her chair, knocking her out.

ONE EYE (CONT'D)

Tie this bitch up and put her with  
the others.

His henchman scramble to comply, picking up Lana's limp body  
they drag her to a back room.

One Eye turns to the light revealing a bloody crease where  
the bullet barely missed his cheek. He wipes away the blood  
and walks towards the door where Lana was dragged. He steps  
in and slams the door shut behind him.

SMASH CUT TO:

80 INT. ADELITA'S BACK ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER -- MEXICO

80

Lana, still unconscious is being tied up on a chair next to  
two buxom teenage girls, who are also gagged and bound. One  
Eye grabs a bucket of water and drenches Lana.

Sopping wet, Lana wakes up in a fit, gagging. She struggles against her ropes. One Eye pulls down her gag and leers in her face as he checks out her wet chest.

ONE EYE

Putta! I have your money, I have your Sophia and now I'm going to have you.

Lana spits in his face and he viciously slaps her. Backing off One Eye begins to unbuckle his pants belt. His pants drop to the floor. Lana's eyes open wide in terror.

81 EXT. ADELITA'S BAR ALLEYWAY -- CONTINUOUS -- MEXICO 81

Saxon whips around a corner, pulling around the back of Adelita's he jams on the brakes and jumps out with a shot-gun in hand.

Creeping along the back wall of the building he comes to a window and *peers in*.

**SAXON'S POV:** One Eye unbuckles his belt and drops his pants. He slaps Lana and tears her shirt.

Saxon cocks the shot-gun and aims at the back door.

82 INT. ADELITA'S BACK ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 82

The back door is blown in half as shards of wood fly into the room. Saxon enters and fires off another round into the ceiling freezing the occupants.

SAXON

(in spanish)

Get on the floor. NOW!

One eye makes for a clandestine knife and Saxon knocks him out with the butt of the shot-gun. Benicio and Hector run out of the room. Saxon unties Lana and helps her up.

SAXON (CONT'D)

Come on, shake it! We've got to hurry up and get out of here.

Lana starts to move toward the demolished doorway but stops and runs back to untie the other hostages.

SAXON (CONT'D)

What the hell are you doing?

Saxon grabs Lana and tries to pull her towards the door.

LANA

We can't just leave them.

She pulls away. As Lana moves back towards the tied up girls One Eye begins to get up on one knee. She kicks him in his side and he crashes back down to the ground. Frustrated, Saxon picks Lana up and throws her over his shoulder and runs out the of the building.

83 EXT. ADELITA'S BAR ALLEYWAY -- CONTINUOUS 83

Saxon and Lana pile into his truck and Saxon whips the truck away from the building.

One Eye, Benicio and Hector run out of the building with guns. One Eye holds his side and screams out orders.

ONE EYE

Get those hijo de putas!

The thugs blast away at the fleeing truck.

84 INT. SAXON'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS 84

Checking his rear view mirror he spots the gunmen. Saxon drives like a man possessed. Saxon dodges debris, a stray dog and a wino as he zigzags to avoid the incoming gun fire.

SAXON

DOWN!

Lana dives for the floor. The back window explodes showering her and Saxon with glass. Saxon guns the engine and bangs a hard right turn getting out of the gang's line of fire.

85 EXT. ADELITA'S BAR ALLEYWAY -- MOMENTS LATER -- MEXICO 85

Benicio and another hood hop on motorcycles and rev them up.

BENICIO

Go after them jefe?

ONE EYE

No. I'm going to find out who that gringo maricon was and then I'm going to take care of them *both!*

One Eye touches the bullet crease on his face and eyes the blood on his fingers. He tastes the blood.

ONE EYE (CONT'D)

I've got a score to settle. Hector, get the car. Vamos!!

86 EXT. BORDER PATROL PARKING LOT -- DAY -- LATER 86

Lana observes a hospital mini van with wire mesh over it's windows pull up and Denny opens the passenger door. The two girls from the minute men encounter shuffle into the station with leg irons and cuffs. Denny signs off on some paper work and the van leaves.

87 EXT. BORDER PATROL CROSSING STATION PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER 87

Saxon examines his prize truck. Several bullet holes are apparent and the back window is gone. Lana walks over.

LANA

Sorry.

Saxon gives her a dirty look and keeps up his inspection.

LANA (CONT'D)

What's going to happen to those girls?

SAXON

They'll be sent back to Mexico.

LANA

After all they've been through?

(beat)

They deserve better than that.

SAXON

Look, I don't make the rules. Talk to Denny.

Lana turns on her heels and walks back to the station and enters. Saxon looks after her in frustration.

88 INT. BORDER PATROL CROSSING STATION PROCESSING AREA -- MOMENTS LATER 88

Lana walks over and offers ANNA and ENNCI some vending machine snacks and they gladly accept.

Denny walks into the station with some paperwork.

LANA

Excuse me, Officer Kendrix. There has got to be something you can do for these girls.

DENNY

I'm sorry ma'am. They got a clean bill of health with their med checks.

(MORE)



DENNY (CONT'D)

They have to be processed back to Mexico.

LANA

My God! They're only teenagers. What about asylum?

DENNY

Ms. Lindstrom, the border patrol sends back almost fifteen thousand people a year. There would have to be special circumstances.

LANA

They were being sold into slavery...

Saxon walks in and joins the conversation.

SAXON

Come on Denny, we could give'em a special declaration. Have them claim persecution status.

DENNY

Give'em a break Saxon. They're not political or religious refugees.

LANA

But they were fleeing oppression.

DENNY

Oppression and persecution is not the same thing.

SAXON

Give *me a break*, will ya, they're kids.

DENNY

Hey, partner I'm just doing my job.

SAXON

Look you have two daughters. How would you feel if they were in this position?

DENNY

You're pissin' me off, John. Don't bring my family into this.

SAXON

What? Your heart of stone starting to melt?

DENNY

Kiss my ass, Saxon. You want to fake the paper work and take the heat go right ahead.

Denny stuffs the paper work into Saxon's arms and storms off. Lana smiles at Saxon.

LANA

Thanks.

SAXON

Don't thank me yet. My captain will have to approve it. He makes Denny look like a candy cane. Wait in my office.

Saxon walks over to an office marked "Captain" He knocks and walks in. Lana heads into Saxon's office.

89 INT. PEDRO'S GARAGE WORKSHOP -- LATE AFTERNOON

89

Pedro walks into his garage and turns on the light. Hector and Benicio are waiting for him. Hector shuts the door and Benicio grabs Pedro by the throat.

BENICIO

You gave that puta a gun?

Benicio head butts Pedro and then throws him into a pile of rubbish. They pick him up and hold Pedro upright.

HECTOR

Who was the gringo that came for her?

Pedro stammers out his responses.

PEDRO

He's border patrol. You don't want to mess with him.

BENICIO

We don't want to "mess" with him.

HECTOR

We're just going to kill him!

Benicio punches Pedro in the gut and he sags to his knees. He grabs Pedro's hair and jerks his head up.

BENICIO

His name, pendejo.

PEDRO

John Saxon. I talked to him earlier.  
His truck was shot up. He's going  
to call me to pick up the truck and  
put in a new window.

Benicio kneels down and looks into Pedro's eyes.

BENICIO

You'll let the boss know where this  
gringo will be after he calls. If  
you double cross us...

PEDRO

I won't I swear! Hombre, he's just  
a gringo! We are both Mexicanos.  
Hermanos!

Hector holds Pedro and Benicio smashes his knee into Pedro's  
stomach. Pedro gasps for air.

BENICIO

Let him go, our "hermano" got the  
message.

Benicio and Hector exit.

90 INT. WOMEN'S ROOM BORDER PATROL BUILDING -- AFTERNOON 90

Lana enters. The two girls ENCEE and ANNA are teary eyed  
contemplating their fate.

LANA

Me llamo, Lana.

ANNA

Anna.

ENCEE

Encee.

Overwhelmed, Lana holds out her arms to the girls, who hug  
their champion fiercely. Lana then shows them Sophia's photo.

91 INT. BORDER PATROL BUILDING SAXON'S OFFICE -- LATER 91

Lana sits expectantly as Saxon enters his office. Saxon  
picks up the phone and dials.

SAXON

Pedro?

PEDRO (V.O.)  
That reporter is stirring things up.  
There's trouble.

SAXON  
Don't worry about her, she's with me  
now.

PEDRO (V.O.)  
Where are you?

SAXON  
I need a rear windshield. You can  
pick up the truck at around ten pm  
and bring it back tomorrow afternoon.

PEDRO (V.O.)  
Where should I pick it up from?

SAXON  
I'll leave it at the King's Inn  
parking lot. Later.

Saxon hangs up.

LANA  
(expectantly)  
What about Anna and Encee?

Saxon plops down wearily at his desk facing Lana.

SAXON  
No go. The captain's sending them  
back to Mexico.

LANA  
What?

SAXON  
He's sticking to the guide lines.

LANA  
For Christ sake, you can't be serious.  
Can't you go over his head?

Saxon nervously fiddles with a toy monster truck.

SAXON  
Look I stuck my neck out plenty.  
This is as far as I can go.

LANA  
All you care about are these stupid  
miniatures and you're damn truck.

Lana stands up and swipes a replica miniature off of his desk and storms out. Saxon exhales and rubs his temples.

92 EXT. BORDER PATROL CROSSING STATION PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER 92

Saxon prepares to get in his truck. Lana runs up.

LANA

I'm sorry, John. I didn't mean to be such a...

SAXON

Jerk?

LANA

(smiles)

Yeah. Anyway, I'm sorry.

SAXON

Forget it.

(beat)

It's been a long day. We can get a bite to eat and I can take you into town after if you like.

LANA

Thanks.

Saxon and Lana get in the truck. He starts it up and drives.

93 INT. ADELITA'S BAR -- LATER -- MEXICO 93

One Eye sits smoking with Benicio and Hector. One Eye's cell phone rings. He answers in Spanish. We see subtitles.

ONE EYE (Spanish)

Pedro? This better be good. Where? I'll take it from here.

He hangs up.

ONE EYE (CONT'D)

Listen up. The reporter and that piss ant border cop will be at the King's Inn after 10.

HECTOR

You want I get all the men?

ONE EYE

No. I don't like to go to the gringo side, it's dangerous... I want to take care of this personally.

BENICIO

How do you want to cross?

ONE EYE

We'll drive across and use our IDs.

BENICIO

You want to risk it? We can use the tunnel.

One Eye fishes through his pockets and pulls out several american driver's license IDs.

ONE EYE

I paid good money for these, they'll be fine. VAMOS!

Benicio downs a last shot and gets up to leave.

94 EXT. ZAPATA'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT -- EVENING

94

Saxon and Lana enter a seedy Mexican eatery. It is packed with locals who are mostly Mexican. Lana looks around and before Saxon can react she takes Sophia's Picture out and begins to ask the patrons questions.

LANA

Have you seen this girl?

The man and women shake their heads. She walks over to another table with a family.

LANA (CONT'D)

(in bad spanish)

Excuse me have you seen my daughter?

Three women shake their heads no. Lana is about to hit up another couple when Saxon gently guides her arm and pulls her to a table. Lana reluctantly sits anxiously wringing her hands.

LANA (CONT'D)

I've got to find Sophia.

SAXON

Lana... We're going to find her. You're tired and hungry.

LANA

John, before I came down here I didn't know how desperate the people who crossed were...

SAXON

Life's a lesson.

LANA

I lived in my shiny TV world and had no idea what human beings have to endure just to live.

SAXON

Yeah, reality can have a sobering effect.

LANA

(confesses)

I even questioned weather Rachel should get Sophia's kidney because She's not...White. Sophia was deported because of us. I am so ashamed.

Lana begins to cry. Saxon gently covers her hand with his comforting her. Saxon gazes deep into her eyes and wipes away a tear.

SAXON

We're going to find Sophia.

95 EXT. BORDER CROSSING -- NEW MEXICO -- NIGHT

95

One Eye drives the cadillac up to the crossing he wears shades. The three are dressed in formal Mexican wedding attire. Benicio sits in the front passenger seat and coughs roughly. Hector sits in the back. One Eye spies Hector in the rear view mirror.

ONE EYE

(spanish)

Fix your fucking tie cabron.

Hector ties his untied tie. Benicio coughs again and spits out the window. One Eye give him a harsh look.

One Eye pulls up to the border patrol kiosk. BORDER PATROL OFFICER #1 steps out of the Kiosk and throws a partially eaten sandwich into the night at a mangy coyote with hanging teats. It deftly darts in and steals the meal, bringing it to two hungry cubs nearby.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER #1

Identification please and could you pop your trunk.

ONE EYE

No problem.

One Eye hands three drivers licenses to OFFICER #1. B.P. OFFICER #2 uses a mirror to check underneath the car and then shines a flashlight into the empty trunk.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER #2  
Trunk's clean.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER #1  
(checks license)  
Been in Mexico long...Mr. Bodigas?

ONE EYE  
Nah, we just went to a wedding.

The guard shines his light on the license and then onto One Eye's face. He matches each licence with the other two occupants in the car.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER #1  
One minute please.

Officer #1 steps into the kiosk and swipes the licenses on a computer terminal. After a moment he returns to the car. Would you gentleman please step out of the car.

**INSERT:** Benicio fingers a small pistol and slips it into his coat.

One Eye sees this and shakes his head.

ONE EYE  
(under his breath)  
Follow my lead.

The three men get out of the car. Officer #2 takes up a flanking position on the men with his pistol drawn by his side and scans the interior of the car with his flash light.

Another BP Officer wanders up to the scene taking up position in front of the car. One Eye sees him out of the corner of his eye.

ONE EYE (CONT'D)  
(casual)  
Is there a problem officer?

BORDER PATROL OFFICER #1  
Do you have a registration for this vehicle?

ONE EYE  
Yes.



One Eye takes an envelope out of his coat pocket and hands it to Officer #1. The officer takes out the registration and steps into the kiosk.

**Officer's POV:** Ten hundred dollar bills line the envelope.

One Eye nervously looks off in the distance and sees the mother coyote hungrily pacing nearby. Their eyes lock. The coyote bares it's teeth.

Benicio starts to cough harshly. All eyes focus on Benicio's coughing fit. Clearing his throat it stops. Benicio flexes his hand ready for what may come next.

After what seems like an eternity, Officer #1 exits the kiosk. Officer #1 hands the registration and envelope back to One Eye. One Eye feels the envelope and knows the money is gone.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER #1  
You're free to proceed Mr. Bodigas.

The three climb into the cadillac. The barrier arm is raised and the cadillac drives through the check point.

96 INT. CADILLAC -- MOMENTS LATER 96

Benicio is sweating heavily. Coughing, he loosens the wedding tie and wipes his brow.

BENICIO  
(spanish)  
That was close, I thought you said  
the IDs were good.

ONE EYE  
They are. These puto Border guards  
like to wet their beaks anyway.  
Next time we use the tunnel.

Benicio clears his throat again annoying One Eye.

97 EXT. KINGS INN PARKING LOT-- LATER 97

Driving through the lot, One Eye, Benicio and Hector case the motel. They pull into a parking space. Benicio checks his watch and lights up a cigarette.

**Insert:** The watch face reads 8:45 P.M.

98 INT. ZAPATA'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS 98

Saxon and Lana are enjoying their meal. The WAITER comes over.

WAITER

Can I help you with anything else?

Lana whips Sophia's picture out.

LANA

I'm looking for this girl and her brother. Have you seen her?

Puzzled, the waiter looks at the picture.

WAITER

Pues, no Señora. Can I get you something else?

Saxon looks at Lana.

SAXON

How about another pitcher?

Before Lana can protest, the waiter hurries off to the kitchen. Lana savors a last bite of food.

LANA

I could do an article and put this place on the map.

SAXON

This is a locals joint, not everyone is cut out for the spotlight... So what's *your* deal?

LANA

What do you mean?

SAXON

Talented, beautiful, a single mom?

Lana takes a moment and decides to open up.

LANA

The man I was married to was a journalist. I was pregnant with Rachel when he was killed covering Iraq... I had Rachel and threw myself into my work after she was born. My nanny Maury, Sophia's mom is a life saver.

SAXON

No lucky guy since?

Saxon gives her a million dollar smile. Lana is intrigued.

The waiter arrives with the pitcher and serves the drinks. Lana looks deep into Saxon's eyes. They connect.

99 EXT. KINGS INN PARKING LOT NOE EYE'S CAR-- MOMENTS LATER 99

Benicio opens the car trunk and re-moves a false bottom. Closing the trunk he re-enters the car. One Eye lays out the plan to Hector and Benicio.

ONE EYE

We'll wait until after midnight.

**Insert:** Two taped dynamite style bombs with timers sit on the front seat next to Benicio.

100 INT. ZAPATA'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT -- CONTINUOUS 100

The waiter pours Kahlua shots into steaming coffee mugs and leaves. Saxon and Lana sip the enhanced coffees.

SAXON

After my wife passed from cancer I lost interest in racing and I got this job.

LANA

(smiles)

How do you go from NASCAR to Guard Dog?

SAXON

I knew somebody, took the test and got the job. It's a living.

LANA

Doesn't it bother you that these people are suffering?

SAXON

There's a lot of people suffering...All over the world.

LANA

You act like this doesn't affect you, emotionally.

SAXON

It's not personal. It's my job.

The waiter brings the bill. Lana moves for her purse, but Saxon swipes the bill and pays the waiter.

SAXON (CONT'D)

This time your money's no good.

SAXON (CONT'D)  
Just to be on the safe side. I think  
you should get a room at the King's  
Inn.

LANA  
(incredulous)  
You think they would come after me?

Saxon gives her a knowing look. They stand up and exit.

101 EXT. KINGS INN PARKING LOT -- NIGHT 101

Saxon's truck is parked off to the side. Hector spots it.

102 INT. KING'S INN MOTEL OFFICE -- NIGHT 102

The motel owner is behind the counter with Saxon and Lana in  
front.

MOTEL OWNER  
I'm sorry, miss. We're full up.  
I'll have a room after check-out in  
the morning.

LANA  
(to Saxon)  
Where else is there to stay?

SAXON  
Come on.

Saxon leads Lana out the front door.

103 EXT. KINGS INN MOTEL LOBBY OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS 103

SAXON  
Well...you could stay with me for  
tonight.

Lana looks at him suspiciously and then softens.

LANA  
Okay, but no funny business.

Lana reaches up and pulls Saxon's head to her face and plants  
a kiss on his lips. They are both buzzed. Saxon grins.

LANA (CONT'D)  
(teases)  
I'm serious.

SAXON

Well, I'm too serious to be  
funny...with business.

LANA

(laughs)  
Come on.

Lana grabs his arm and they walk to his room and enter.  
Benicio looks on from the shadows and checks his watch.

**Insert:** The watch face reads 10:30 P.M.

104 INT. KINGS INN MOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER

104

Entering the seedy room they share a moment of awkwardness.  
Saxon flips on the radio.

Lana rushes forward and grabs Saxon. They kiss passionately  
and try to undress at the same time.

Lana pulls her shirt over her head and pushes Saxon backwards.  
He lands on the bed and she hungrily pounces on him landing  
on top.

SAXON

Let me just get my shir...

Lana rips off his shirt and they kiss amorously. Sitting up  
she gets an idea.

LANA

Sit on the bed.

Saxon sits up his feet dangling over the bed. Lana unbuckles  
his pants and pulls them off removing his belt.

LANA (CONT'D)

Give me your hands.

SAXON

What the...

LANA

Just do it!

Hands held over his head turning on *his side*, Saxon complies.  
Lana ties his hands up with the belt. She open-hand smacks  
his ass and then turns him on his back. Straddling him, her  
nails toy with body while she waves her hair over his face.

LANA (CONT'D)

You're mine Cowboy.

SAXON

I'll give a yee-haw to that one.

They kiss sensuously and roll off the bed landing with a thud out of frame.

CAMERA'S POV: Lana's panties and Saxon's underwear fly up onto the bed.

Lana's arm reaches up and grabs the bed covers pulling them over her shoulders as she mounts Saxon. Her eyes flutter closed as Lana starts a sensual rhythm to the radio music.

DISSOLVE TO:

105 INT. KINGS INN BATHROOM -- LATER 105

Saxon enters and turns on the shower full blast. He exits.

106 INT. KINGS INN MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT 106

Saxon rummages through a utility bag. Lana in Saxon's shirt gets up from the bed and slips into the bathroom. Wrapped in a towel Saxon finds some shaving gear and heads to the bathroom and enters.

107 INT. KINGS INN BATHROOM -- NIGHT 107

The bathroom is fogged up. Saxon drops his towel and slides the shower door open. Lana is naked in the shower. Hair up her sensual features are accented by the steaming spray.

LANA

I beat you to it.

Lana pulls Saxon into the shower and they kiss hard. The door is closed. The human silhouettes perform a love making shadow ballet.

108 EXT. KINGS INN PARKING LOT -- SAXON'S TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS 108

Benicio is under the truck. He affixes the dynamite bomb to the undercarriage and turns on a blinking detonation light. Finished he slides out from under the truck and walks away.

109 INT. KINGS INN MOTEL ROOM -- LATER 109

Saxon and Lana are side by side in bed under the sheets intertwined. Intoxicated by after-love they drift off.

**Insert:** Motel clock reads 11:15 P.M.

110 EXT. KINGS INN MOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS 110

Benicio checks the timer on his dynamite and positions himself near the front window to Saxon's motel room.

111 INT. KINGS INN MOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 111

In the bed, Saxon lays on his back with Lana curled up next to him asleep. His eyes narrow as he focuses on his thoughts.

**FLASHBACK:** Saxon drives his truck away from the shooting thugs. Looking in his rear view mirror he sees a *black vintage Cadillac* parked against the wall.

**End Flashback**

Saxon's eyes narrow again in concentration.

**FLASHBACK:** Saxon and Lana walk in *slow motion* towards his motel room. One Eye is at the end of the parking lot. Turning away from Saxon he stealthy get's into the *black vintage Cadillac*.

**End FlashBack**

Saxon's eyes snap open and alert as he digests what he's recalled. He slips out of bed and puts on his pants.

Obscured by shadow, Saxon cracks the door and peeps out. In the distance he can make out the Cadillac with it's running lights on. Saxon's eyes get used to the light.

**Insert:** Saxon's pupils dilate.

A cigarette's burning cherry pulses, illuminating the darkness. Closing the door gently, Saxon wakes Lana.

SAXON

We've got company.

Concerned Lana slips on her clothes. Saxon keeps watch at the window.

SAXON (CONT'D)

Come on.

Saxon grabs Lana and they head for the bathroom.

112 EXT. KINGS INN MOTEL ROOM -- MOMENTS LATER 112

Sucking on a cigarette, Benicio checks his watch.

**Insert:** Watch face reads 12:00 Midnight.

Walking to within ten feet of Saxon's motel room, he heaves the bomb shattering the window and presses his remote detonator.

113 EXT. KINGS INN MOTEL BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS 113

Lana is being helped down from the BATHROOM window when a loud explosion throws her into Saxon's arms.

They run for cover around the side of the building. Saxon spies his truck in the parking lot. Exploding, the truck is lifted off of the ground, it's side windows blow out and the hood flies off. Saxon reacts first with anguish and then anger.

114 EXT. KINGS INN PARKING LOT -- EVENING 114

Saxon spies Hector and Benicio jumping into the Cadillac. One Eye burns rubber out of the parking lot.

115 EXT. KINGS INN PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER 115

Saxon stares transfixed at his burning truck.

Car alarms wail as the motel manager and patrons run into the parking lot in various forms of undress.

Lana stares at the leaping flames from the vehicle. Saxon pulls her away.

SAXON

Get away from the truck!

Saxon covers Lana as the front windshield bursts and the tires pop and hiss out air as they melt. Fire and police sirens are heard in the distance.

Saxon storms away from the inferno. Lana runs after him.

LANA

Where are you going? What about the police?

Saxon abruptly stops and turns around. Lana runs into him.

SAXON

I am the POLICE! First I'm going to get the snake that told those thugs where we were. Then I'm going to get that One-Eyed freak.

Saxon turns and walks on. Lana calls after him.



LANA  
I thought you didn't want to get  
involved?

SAXON  
I didn't.

A loud explosion comes from the engine compartment on the  
burning truck. Saxon keeps walking.

SAXON (CONT'D)  
(over his shoulder)  
***But, now, it's personal.***

SMASH CUT TO:

116 INT. PEDRO'S GARAGE WORKSHOP -- NIGHT

116

Lana and Pedro look on as Saxon rampages through the shop,  
smashing a windshield, breaking a tail light assembly and  
kicking over a stand up tool box.

SAXON  
You're playing both sides. You sold  
us out!

PEDRO  
He would have killed me if I did not  
tell him.

SAXON  
You got the same problem with me,  
hombre. Where is he?

PEDRO  
Please, I don't know where he went.

Saxon takes out his 9 mm pistol, cocks the trigger and puts  
it to Pedro's hand. Lana is alarmed.

LANA  
John?

SAXON  
Stay out of it. Where's the One Eyed  
Coyote?

PEDRO  
Those animals will kill me if I tell  
you.

Saxon fires off a round into the table next to Pedro's hand.  
Cringing, Pedro pull his hand away quickly.

SAXON

The only thing that differentiates  
man from most animals is an opposable  
thumb...

He grabs Pedro's hand and places the muzzle of the gun against  
Pedro's thumb.

Saxon cocks the hammer on his gun. Pedro screams.

PEDRO

No! PLEASE! One Eye's partner,  
Benicio. He stays with One Eye's  
sister at the Sage Apartments. Number  
101.

Saxon walks over to a covered vehicle. He pulls the tarp  
off of a tricked out Jeep 4x4. He finds the keys on the  
tire well and waves Lana over to get in.

SAXON

I'm taking the jeep.

PEDRO

John no, I just fixed the tranny.  
Take the Ford.

An old battered Ford truck sits in the corner covered in  
grease and dirt. Saxon whips out his 9mm and shoots one of  
the tires out.

SAXON

It's got a flat. You say one word  
to anyone that we're alive and I  
swear on my wife's grave, I'll make  
you wish you were dead.

Pedro nods his head in acknowledgement. Saxon starts up the  
jeep and roars out of the shop leaving Pedro, cursing.

PEDRO

Pinche gringo, cabron!

117 INT. TRICKED OUT JEEP HWY -- NIGHT

117

Saxon drives wailing down the highway. Lana holds on.

LANA

You wouldn't have really have blown  
his thumb off?... Right?

SAXON

I told you...***This is personal.***

LANA  
Where are we going?

SAXON  
I have to pick up a few things before  
we can put the squeeze on One Eye's  
partner.

LANA  
God, I hope he tells us something  
about Sophia.

SAXON  
(hard)  
He's going to tell us something...

118 INT. TRICKED OUT JEEP OUTSIDE SAGE APARTMENTS PARKING LOT -- 118  
MORNING

Lana sits in the jeep behind the wheel with motor running.  
Her cell phone rings. Lana answers with a whisper.

LANA  
Hello?

119 INT. LANA'S LIVING ROOM **INTERCUT** TRICKED OUT JEEP -- 119  
CONTINUOUS

Maury is on the phone and wears a black veil. She sits with  
Rachel. Religious prayer candles burn, while Maury fingers  
rosary beads. Maury tear streaked talks on the phone.

MAURY  
I Say my novena prayers...for the  
dead.

LANA  
No, no don't give up. We just don't  
know yet.

MAURY  
A mother's heart can feel things.

LANA  
Maury, I'm working on some new  
information.

MAURY  
I will never see my children again.

LANA  
You have got to have hope.

MAURY

I am praying but God has not answered me.

LANA

Maury, God will hear you. I'll call you as soon as I have some news.

Rachel takes the phone and blasts her mom.

RACHEL

What's going on with Sophia?

LANA

Rachel?

RACHEL

She saved my life!

LANA

I know honey.

RACHEL

MOM! Don't *honey* me! What's going on? Have you found anything out yet?

LANA

(anguished)

Rachel you've got to trust me. I'm working as hard as I can. I have to go now....I love you.

Lana hangs up. She closes her eyes and concentrates. Upon opening her eyes she bangs the dash board in frustration.

LANA (CONT'D)

Please God, PLEASE!

120 EXT. SAGE APARTMENTS PARKING AREA -- EARLY MORNING

120

Walking, Benicio swigs a beer and throws the can on the concrete floor. He reaches the parked cadillac. Saxon steps out from concealment. He levels a taser at Benicio.

BENICIO

*You're supposed to be dead.*

SAXON

*You're supposed to be sleeping.*

Benicio makes his move lunging forward. Saxon fires twice hitting Benicio in the chest, who drops to the concrete writhing in pain.

Saxon steps over the writhing body and punches Benicio in the jaw knocking him cold. Lana screeches up in the Jeep. Saxon removes a gun from the unconscious thug and then binds his hands and feet. Saxon dumps the limp body in the back of the jeep and Lana takes off.

121 INT. GRUNGY STEEL WAREHOUSE -- DAY

121

Benicio sits groggily with his hands bound. He also has some rope tied around his shoulders and the chair he sits in. Lana leans against the wall. Saxon starts to interrogate. He holds Sophia's picture in front of his captive.

SAXON

You know this girl?

BENICIO

I don't know shit, puto.

Saxon finds a bucket of chemical solvent and throws it on Benicio who SCREAMS. Saxon lights a match.

SAXON

You like flambe?

Lana walks over and blows out his match.

LANA

We're not savages. Just tell us where the girl and her brother are and you can go your way.

BENICIO

Screw you. Puta!

Lana slaps him across the face.

BENICIO (CONT'D)

(coughs)

She's going to be a whore. And when I get out of here you're both going to be dead!

(scoffs)

But not before each one of us makes you scream like a....

Lana files off with a right hook, grabs him by the shirt collar.

LANA

That means Sophia's alive. WHERE IS SHE??

Lana sizzles a right cross punching him in the face. Enraged, Benicio sputters, spits and froths from his bloodied mouth.

BENICIO  
Gringa, cabrona!

Saxon restrains Lana who prepares to strike again.

SAXON  
If you don't want anymore of that...

Lana angrily backs off and Saxon takes over.

SAXON (CONT'D)  
...You're going to tell us what we want to know. Where's the girl? Who has her? WHERE IS THE GIRL?

BENICIO  
You can't handle what you want to know.

Saxon reaches out and zaps Benicio with a hand taser. Benicio SCREAMS in pain.

SAXON  
Try me. I'm all ears.

BENICIO  
You're out of your league gringo. Turson Foods is a huge multinational corporation, nobody's going to fuck with their money.

LANA  
Turson Foods? They're the number one meat packer in the U.S.

BENICIO  
That's right. Where do you think they get the workers to process all their damn meat.

LANA  
Illegals?  
(suddenly dawning on her)  
They're huge.

BENICIO  
We bring Turson over a thousand workers a year.

LANA  
Yeah, fourteen year old underage  
boys.

BENICIO  
(coughs)  
Boys, girls, men, women...

LANA  
But...?

SAXON  
All in the name of profit. They  
don't have to pay minium wage,  
insurance or medical. Get to the  
good stuff.

Saxon fingers the taser making Benicio nervous.

BENICIO  
It's not just Turson, I get paid by  
many corporations. There'll be a  
contract out on both of you by  
tomorrow morning.

Saxon moves in for another zap.

BENICIO (CONT'D)  
Okay! There's an underground cave...  
A hundred yards north of Rocky flats.  
It's marked by the cactus. Many  
Coyotes hold up there at night.

LANA  
Is Sophia there?

Defiant, Benicio clams up. Saxon picks up the hand taser and  
zaps Benicio on the shoulder. Benicio SCREAMS in pain and  
struggles against his bonds.

BENICIO  
You will not like what you find there.  
Many ghosts...

LANA  
(realization)  
Who's ghosts?

SAXON  
Easy Lana, we can check it out with  
my people in the morning.

BENICIO

(laughs)

You gringos are so stupid. Your CIA can see a watch face from outer space. You think they don't know how many loads of people or dope I bring in. Your own people tell us when the coast is clear!

SAXON

(disgust)

Son of a bitch! No wonder we'd always get to a zone to late too make a bust.

BENICIO

I don't give a shit about your gringo badge because the powers that be don't give a fuck about you. I won't do a day of time. My partner will have me out in an hour. And then you're both dead.

Enraged, Lana fires a Tae Bo kick and knocks Benicio out of his chair onto the floor.

SAXON

Take it easy, we need him in one piece.

Shaking off his shoulder bonds, Benicio jumps up, runs across the room and jumps through a window. Saxon and Lana rush over to the shattered window.

**Window POV:** Looking down and out of the window they see Benicio impaled on a large steel-pointed crucifix. His dead staring eyes look back up at them.

122 EXT. GRUNGY STEEL WAREHOUSE -- MOMENTS LATER

122

Saxon goes through Benicio's pockets and finds three check books, a wallet with multiple ID's and a book of matches. Saxon pockets the items as Lana pulls up in the jeep. Saxon gets in and they drive off. There is an advertisement on a sign behind the cross bearing the dead man.

**INSERT SIGN:** The sign reads "Give your life to Christ and repent your sins".

123 INT. TRICKED OUT JEEP - HWY -- LATER

123

Saxon drives and hands Lana the check books and wallet.



SAXON

You got any contacts that can find out about those accounts and check the cash flow?

LANA

(needling him)

You're the one in law enforcement.

SAXON

My people take too long. Besides, If what he said is true, they have people on the inside.

LANA

(realizing)

I have an ace in the hole.

124 INT. LANA'S MOTEL ROOM -- NIGHT

124

Lana has Benicio's check books and ID's. She dials her cell phone.

LANA

Hello, Senator. I hope I'm not interrupting you. I was wondering if I could cash in on that favor...

125 EXT. ROCKY FLATS -- MORNING

125

Multiple Border Patrol and support vehicles surround a patch of cactus. Large rock formations can be seen in the background. Saxon finds a covered underground entrance. Swat clad Border Officers ready themselves. Dislodging the covered doorway entrance Saxon makes his way down into the hidden hideaway.

126 INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE. -- AFTERNOON

126

Saxon and Border agents with Lana in tow, make their way in the dark through the cavern. An agent finds wicker torches and lights some up. The spacious cavern comes alive.

Tables and chairs are evident. Liters of bottled water and dried cases of MRE's line the walls. Saxon comes to a iron gated door. Locked.

SAXON

Stand back.

Saxon shoots the lock off and shines his flashlight in. Desperate eyes peer out of the darkness. As more light is brought to bear, the horror of twenty dirty and tired illegal immigrants stare back at Saxon.

They cry for water, food and medicine. A generator has been switched on and strings of lights illuminate the shabby settings.

Making notes Lana documents the pain and misery. The loud drone of buzzing flies draws Lana's attention. Covering her mouth from a putrid stench she approaches a room deep in the back of the cave. Lana let's out a blood curdling scream. Saxon comes running weapon in hand. They both cover their faces from the odor.

There are eight bodies in various stages of decomposition. Some are tied up others have been chained and lay dead on the floor.

Lana spots a dark hair youth and gasps. She takes out Jorge's photo and it is dead on match to a body on the floor, which wears the scarf in her photo.

LANA

Oh my God.

Lana closes the boy's eyes. Lana frantically checks the other bodies looking for Sophia. Overwhelmed, Lana backs out of the room as it fills up with Border Police.

127 INT. UNDERGROUND CAVE -- DAYS EARLIER

127

**SEPIA TONED FLASH BACK SLOW MOTION:**

A disjointed camera angle views a drunken Benicio trying to grope Sophia who fends him off. Jorge runs up and pushes Benicio to the ground.

JORGE

(spanish)

Leave my sister alone!

Enraged, Benicio pulls a gun and fires. Sophia screams and rushes to her fallen brother. Sophia cradles his fallen body torn with grief and tears.

**END FLASHBACK**

FADE OUT:

128 EXT. UNDERGROUND CAVE -- MOMENTS LATER

128

Pale and unsteady Lana exits the steps from the cave and falls to one knee. Saxon following behind helps her up. She buries her head in shoulders.

LANA

She's not there. They must have...

SAXON  
We don't know yet.

LANA  
Then *where* is she?

Angry, Lana lashes out, banging Saxon on the chest with her fist. Realizing what she has done she begins sobbing and buries her face in his chest. Saxon holds her.

SAXON  
I don't know.

129 EXT. UNDERGROUND CAVE -- LATER 129

Ambulances and buses take away the living and the dead. Lana zips up Jorge's body bag. She gently wraps a ring taken from Jorge's body in the scarf he had been wearing and stows it in her bag.

130 EXT. UNDERGROUND CAVE -- CONTINUOUS 130

Saxon and Denny are going at it.

SAXON  
I told you there was activity up here at least half a dozen times.

DENNY  
How the hell was I supposed to know?

SAXON  
Every time I wanted to check this area out you had some excuse.

DENNY  
We had nothing on radar, nothing on our scout planes. This was a dead spot.

SAXON  
Yeah, it was dead alright. Only it was the Mexicans that were dying.

Saxon points to some body bags that are laying in the sweltering heat.

DENNY  
You self righteous asshole. Find yourself a new partner. I'm done!

Denny storms away in a huff. Saxon spits out the bad taste in his mouth.

131 INT. SOMBRERO CANTINA -- MORNING -- MEXICO

131

**SEPIA TONE FILM**

Hector drags Sophia into the bar where One Eye is waiting.  
Hector throws Sophia to the floor in front of One Eye.

HECTOR

Es brava!

ONE EYE

(in Spanish)

I'll take care of the little puta.

132 INT. PEDRO'S TRICKED OUT JEEP HWY -- AFTERNOON

132

Saxon drives. There is a silence permeating the Jeep. Lana is deep in thought.

LANA

How far is the University of New Mexico?

SAXON

'Bout fifty miles.

LANA

I need to access some Cray computers.

SAXON

Some what?

LANA

Cray computers. They're the biggest fastest most intelligent machines on the planet. NSA, CIA, FBI, NASA all use'em. They can correlate the bank accounts and link the account users.

SAXON

I don't think they'll just let you walk in and use their high tech equipment.

LANA

I did a story on the University and they got some big funding because of it. Senator Seabest said he would make a call to the department chair for me.

Lana dials her cell phone.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Hello Professor Vernon? Hi, It's  
Lana Lindstrom. I'm Okay. The  
Senator did call. Great! How about  
9:30 tonight? I'll see you then.

Lana sinks back into her seat with dread.

LANA (CONT'D)  
I should call Maury and tell her  
about Jorge...

Lana shuffles the former contents of Benicio's pockets  
examining the checkbooks. Saxon spies the match book and  
taking it looks at the cover.

**Insert Match Book:** The cover reads "SOMBRERO MOTEL"

Getting an idea, Saxon whips out his cell and dials.

SAXON  
Hey Manny, it's John. You know that  
old Cantina near the dirt airstrip?  
Yeah! Is that place still in  
operation? Thanks.

Saxon hangs up and puts his phone away.

SAXON (CONT'D)  
I don't think Sophia's in the U.S.

LANA  
(anxious)  
Where then?

Saxon hands the matchbook to Lana.

SAXON  
There's a hole in the wall bar and  
motel next to an old smuggling  
airstrip about thirty miles south of  
the border. It's been out of  
commission for a few years.

LANA  
Human cargo?

SAXON  
That or a set down for mules to  
take coke and pot up into the states.

LANA  
Let's go....Was that Manny from town?

Saxon smiles.

SAXON

You're quick! Some of the Coyotes actually try and help people. Manny's been around a hundred years. Pulled his ass out of the fire a couple times.

LANA

You knew we talked?

SAXON

Small town. Quid pro quo.

Saxon whips the jeep down the Hwy. They pass a sign that says "MEXICO FIVE MILES".

133 INT. SOMBRERO CANTINA MOTEL ROOM -- MORNING -- **MEXICO** 133

**SEPIA TONE FILM**

One Eye drags Sophia into the motel room and throws her to the floor. He stands over her. Sophia's foot shoots up and catches him in the balls. One Eye drops to one knee gasping.

Sophia leaps up to run but is tackled by One Eye. With vengeance he ties Sophia's feet and hands and throws her on the bed glowering over her. Sophia recoils from the expected assault.

ONE EYE

(spite)

No...It won't be me. There are some dirty old politicians that pay handsomely for young virgins.

A landing plane fills the room with reverberations. One Eye looks out the window.

134 EXT. DESERT AIRSTRIP -- CONTINUOUS -- **MEXICO** 134

A small Cessna aircraft lands on the dirt air strip and taxis to a beat up corrugated steel hanger.

135 EXT. SOMBRERO CANTINA -- EARLY EVENING -- **MEXICO** 135

The sun descends with a majestic golden glow. Hidden by a rock formation Saxon and Lana take in the Cantina with Binoculars.

A couple of ragtag guards with ponchos lazily walk around the building's perimeter. An aircraft hanger in the distance has some ongoing activity.

One of the guards shifts his poncho and an automatic machine pistol is seen hanging from his side. The two guards sit on either side of the Cantina entrance.

LANA

No sign of Sophia but those men have guns.

SAXON

They're armed for a reason. Guarding something...Drugs, guns or *Sophia*.

Saxon scans the area and see's One Eye headed to the hanger.

SAXON (CONT'D)

Well, well. Your One Eyed Coyote friend is here.

LANA

(anxious)

We've got to get in closer.

Saxon gives her a look.

SAXON

You don't say... We'll wait until the sun goes down and check out the motel rooms.

136 INT. DESERT AIRCRAFT HANGER -- MOMENTS LATER -- MEXICO

136

One Eye talks to an American pilot who is loading cocaine into the Cessna aircraft.

ONE EYE

This load goes to Phoenix. You should be able to turn around and take the girl to Mexicali.

PILOT

My orders were to drop the load and come back next week.

ONE EYE

It's a small detour. She's a bribe for some pain in the ass politico.

PILOT

Hey, slave traffics not my thing. I stick to drugs.

ONE EYE

(shrugs)

Drugs, slaves, guns, it's all the same. Business is business.

One Eye's cell phone rings and he answers it.

ONE EYE (CONT'D)

Señor Turson...

137 EXT. SOMBRERO CANTINA -- EVENING -- **MEXICO**

137

The two guards sit in front of the Cantina sharing a bottle of tequila.

A full moon boasts a bright shining light as Saxon and Lana make their way up to the motel part of the building structure. They reach the side of the building and Saxon takes out his firearm.

SAXON

Check out the rooms. I'll wait here in case those guards decide to make rounds.

Saxon guards the corner of the building while Lana slips along the wall staring into the room windows which have veiled curtains, one at a time. At the last room Lana peers through the room darkness and is about to move on. Her eyes adjust to the light and she see's something.

Lana's POV: A hazy figure lays tied up on the Motel bed.

Lana tries the door knob. It's locked. She grabs an old piece of burlap from the ground. Wrapping it around her fist, Lana punches out a small pane of glass in the door. Reaching inside she unlocks the door and slips inside the room.

138 INT. SOMBRERO CANTINA MOTEL ROOM -- CONTINUOUS -- **MEXICO**

138

Lana makes her way to the bed. There is a girl on the bed bound, gagged and blind folded.

Lana's heart pounds faster as she gets closer to the bed she walks as if in slow motion. Upon reaching the bed she realizes that it's Sophia. Lana rips the blindfold and gag off of her and hugs her tightly. Sophia begins to sob.

LANA

SShhhhh. I'm here to take you home.



139 EXT. DESERT AIRCRAFT HANGER -- MOMENTS LATER -- **MEXICO** 139

One Eye speaks on his cell phone.

ONE EYE

Si, Mr Turson. But if you want another hundred workers it will cost you double. The Border Patrol is more vigilant. Okay, for you one thousand per head....

140 EXT. SOMBRERO CANTINA -- MOMENTS LATER -- **MEXICO** 140

One of the guards takes a long pull off the bottle and gets up for his rounds. He walks around the corner right into Saxon who back-fists him with his gun knocking the guard cold. He removes the machine gun and drags the guard out of sight.

Saxon hustles to the room Lana went in and pushes the partially closed door open.

SAXON

No more time. They know we're here.

LANA

I found her!

SAXON

Hurry up!

There are shouts of alarm in Spanish. Lana finishes untying Sophia and hustles her out.

The other guard comes running around the corner and opens fire with his UZI. Crouching on the side of the building Saxon uses the machine gun and lays down cover fire.

SAXON (CONT'D)

We can't go back the way we came.  
Head for the hanger!

141 INT. DESERT AIRCRAFT HANGER -- MOMENTS LATER -- **MEXICO** 141

One Eye is still on the phone. His eye brow arches.

ONE EYE

Benicio's dead? John Saxon? I thought we took care of that maricon. You had better talk to your politician friend and make sure he's...

One Eye hears distant gun fire. Hanging up he barks some orders at the pilot.

## ONE EYE (CONT'D)

Get that load out of here.

The pilot jumps in the Cessna and starts it up. One Eye charges out of the hanger towards the gun fire.

142 EXT. SOMBRERO CANTINA -- CONTINUOUS -- **MEXICO** 142

Lana and Sophia run for the hanger while Saxon runs behind them using cover fire on their pursuers which have grown in number. Reaching the hanger they are monetarily stunned by the deafening howl of the Cessna aircraft taxiing from the hanger.

143 EXT. DESERT AIRCRAFT HANGER -- CONTINUOUS -- **MEXICO** 143

Bullets riddle the wall where the group crouches for cover. Saxon spots an old banged up truck in the hanger. Laying down some cover fire he waves the women into the hanger.

## SAXON

Get inside and start up the truck.

Saxon pops up and fires a withering line of fire taking out two of the guards. He runs inside and pulls the hanger door shut.

144 INT. OLD FORD TRUCK -- MOMENTS LATER -- **MEXICO** 144

Lana and Sophia jump into the truck. Lana tries to start it, but the engine struggles. Engines can be heard outside.

145 INT. DESERT AIRCRAFT HANGER -- CONTINUOUS -- **MEXICO** 145

A cavalcade of bullets enters from the hanger door. Moon light pours in from the swiss cheese looking corrugated tin hanger door.

146 EXT. OLD FORD TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS -- **MEXICO** 146

Saxon jumps in the driver side and pushes Lana over. He pulls out the choke on the old truck.

**Insert:** Saxon's foot stomps the gas pedal several times.

He turns the key on the ignition and the truck roars to life. He puts the truck in gear and it heads backwards.

## LANA

What the *hell* are you doing?

## SAXON

Getting us the *hell* out of here!

147 INT. DESERT AIRCRAFT HANGER -- CONTINUOUS -- **MEXICO** 147

The front hanger door explodes off it's hinges. Saxon reaches the rear of the hanger and guns the truck right toward the back wall.

148 EXT. DESERT AIRCRAFT HANGER -- CONTINUOUS -- **MEXICO** 148

The rear of the old truck smashes through the thin metal. Saxon whips the truck forward and onto the runway.

Two open four wheelers with One Eye, Hector and armed thugs burst through what's left of the hanger's rear wall in pursuit. They spot the old truck and take up the chase on the dirt airstrip.

The thugs fire at the fleeing vehicle and gain in pursuit. Saxon zigzags and heads for the taxiing plane. Gaining speed, Saxon cuts across the plane's path. Their truck is almost clipped by the front wheel of the aircraft.

The pursuing vehicles are momentarily forced to break off their pursuit.

149 INT. OLD FORD TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS -- **MEXICO** 149

Saxon spies a hand gas cart near the runway. He slows down as he drives towards it. One of the four wheelers is approaching directly across from him with the gas cart in between both vehicles.

SAXON

Can you shoot?

Lana nods yes and Saxon hands her the gun.

SAXON (CONT'D)

Empty the clip into that cart when I tell you.

Saxon pulls the truck sideways and stops.

150 EXT. OLD FORD TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS -- **MEXICO** 150

Saxon pulls out the machine pistol and starts to fire over the trucks roof at the approaching vehicle. *They fire back* and bullets start to pepper the truck.

SAXON

Now!

151 INT. OLD FORD TRUCK INT. - **INTERCUT** - INT. FOUR WHEELER - 151  
CONTINUOUS -- **MEXICO**

Lana opens fire through the open window and empties the bullets at the gas cart which explodes and tosses the attacking vehicle into the air like a rag doll.

Saxon ducks back inside the truck and takes off. The other four wheeler with One Eye is in hot pursuit. One Eye fires a stream of bullets at the Ford truck.

Saxon takes out another clip and hands it to Lana.

SAXON

Reload.

Lana reloads the magazine. The Cessna accelerates for its take off run. Saxon drives directly at the oncoming plane.

The four wheeler with One Eye closes in, his bullets hammer the fleeing truck. The Ford's windshield blows out, the back bumper flies off. Saxon's side-view mirror is blown to bits.

One Eye's four wheeler closes the gap. He reloads his clip and takes aim and prepares to fire.

ONE EYE

I've got you now pinche carbon!

Saxon takes the gun from Lana. At the last second he cuts in front of the oncoming plane and shoots at the plane's front tires causing a blow out.

The Cessna cartwheels right into the pursuing four wheeler. One Eye SCREAMS as both plane and four wheeler explode lighting up the night with a enormous orange ball of flame.

152 INT. OLD FORD TRUCK -- CONTINUOUS -- **MEXICO** 152

Saxon continues to drive away from the tangled inferno at breakneck speed. Lana checks on Sophia.

LANA

Are you okay?

The teary eyed girl is full of nicks and cuts from flying glass but nods she is okay. Lana pulls Sophia close.

LANA (CONT'D)

It's alright now, you're going home.

Lana looks deep into Sophia's eyes.

LANA (CONT'D)

I wasn't going home without you.

They hug fiercely. Lana turns to Saxon holding his bloodied arm.

LANA (CONT'D)

You're shot!

SAXON

I must have picked up one of their strays when they hit the plane.

LANA

Let's go back to my motel. I can fix you up.

Saxon starts to protest.

LANA (CONT'D)

I don't want to hear it. And don't even think about reporting Sophia. She's coming home with me.

SAXON

Alright, let's dump this truck and get the jeep.

153 EXT. REMOTE DESERT -- MOMENTS LATER -- **MEXICO**

153

Lana ties off Saxon's arm with a strip of clothing. Sophia climbs into the open Jeep and waits for them.

LANA

John...Thank you.

SAXON

For what?

LANA

Everything. Your arm, your truck this whole mess.

Saxon smiles and reassures her.

SAXON

Hey, in for a penny in for a pound. The important thing is we got Sophia.

LANA

I got more than Sophia and more than a story...I found you.

Lana leans in and kisses him. They embrace in a passionate kiss. Lana hugs him and Saxon winces in pain.

SAXON

Take it easy...

LANA

John, I'm so sorry I...

(checks her watch)

We can still make that University appointment. Are you still up for it?

SAXON

I told you *this is personal*. Let's go.

They jump in the jeep and Lana peels out onto the highway.

154 INT. NEW MEXICO UNIVERSITY COMPUTER COMPLEX -- LATE NIGHT 154

Professor RICHARD VERNON, a Senior university fellow escorts Lana, Sophia and Saxon who is now bandaged through the complex.

PROFESSOR VERNON

This is one of the most advanced computer systems in the country.

Swiping a security pad, a hermetically door hisses open and lights spring on in the room. They enter.

PROFESSOR VERNON (CONT'D)

I'm glad I can be of assistance. It was your reporting on the work we do here that got us the one hundred million in funding!

LANA

I'm working on something regarding banking.

PROFESSOR VERNON

No problem. Sit here and the virtual assistant will help you. I'll be back in a little while to see how you're getting on.

The Professor exits. Lana, Sophia and Saxon sit.

A glowing 3D hologram appears. The hologram is fashioned after actress Jessica Simpson. Saxon is turned on.

SAXON  
Jessica Simpson?

The virtual assistant speaks with an electronic monotone.

VIRTUAL ASSISTANT  
My creators enjoy her music. I was  
created in her image. How may I help  
you?

Lana gives Saxon a dirty look and he clams up.

LANA  
I have several bank accounts and  
personal identifications. I would  
like to see how the banks interconnect  
and if there are similar connections  
to other institutions.

VIRTUAL ASSISTANT  
Please lay the documents on the white  
counter and I will scan them. I  
will build a 3D matrix for you  
incorporating all of the information  
in my data banks.

LANA  
Thank you.

Lana lays the documents on the white counter and a laser  
light scans them. A 3D screen appears and Benicio's four  
Id's are displayed along with the names of the banks and his  
checking accounts. A spider web with correlating banks and  
other names starts to appear. Turson foods International is  
named in the web, along with Acetate waste removal, Bridge  
Rock Coal & Haleburt Paving company.

LANA (CONT'D)  
Turson foods!

SAXON  
Benicio mentioned them.

The web grows bigger more names and accounts are listed.  
Denny Kendrix name appears.

SAXON (CONT'D)  
Denny? That son of a bitch! No  
wonder he didn't want me to go up to  
that cave site.

The web widens and more names appear. Senator Seabest's  
name appears with prominent mayors, and other major companies.

LANA

Oh shit!

SAXON

What?

LANA

My ace in hole was Senator Seabest.  
He's listed along with the others.

The web now is a complex weave of hundreds of names with connections to the three banks originally listed.

The listing stops abruptly and begins to glow.

VIRTUAL ASSISTANT

I am sorry. I am experiencing and anomaly. We are being interfered with by entities outside my control.

The web imaging starts to disappear. Slowly at first and then rapidly picking up pace until the entire matrix is gone.

LANA

What happened?

SAXON

Damn.

Lana and Saxon are stymied. Sophia speaks up.

SOPHIA

Computer, locate back up data drive.

VIRTUAL ASSISTANT

Back up data drive on line.

SOPHIA

Computer, reconstruct data relating to matrix.

VIRTUAL ASSISTANT

Locating matrix... Hologram initiation.

Lana and Saxon give Sophia an incredulous look.

SOPHIA

Ahhh, computer class?

Once again the matrix is built up as before. The hologram begins to blink as if there is a short circuit and then freezes and winks out.



VIRTUAL ASSISTANT

I am sorry access to back up data denied.

SOPHIA

You must have stored the matrix somewhere else! Bring it back up.

VIRTUAL ASSISTANT

This is the end of your session. Goodbye.

The virtual assistant winks out.

LANA

What the hell is going on?

The doors to the secure facility open and four ear-piece clad NSA agents rush into the room weapons drawn.

AGENT PASSON

NSA. You are ordered to cease and desist your actions.

SAXON

I'm a border patrol officer and...

AGENT PASSON

Freeze! Under NSA protective order 1928 you are placed being under custody of the Federal Government.

Saxon makes a slight move for his weapon and the agents all cock their guns with a dead aim bead on him.

Saxon acquiesces and put his hands up. He motions for Lana and Sophia to do the same. The agents remove Saxon's weapon and the documents from the white counter.

LANA

Hey, those are mine!

Lana makes a bee line for the documents and is roughly restrained by two agents. Lana struggles with them. Sophia is scared.

AGENT PASSON

You can make it's easy or hard, it's your call.

SAXON

Lana! They've got the cards.

AGENT PASSON  
Listen to your friend here. Like I  
said, it's your call.

Lana stops struggling and surrenders. The trio are cuffed  
and led out by the agents, past Professor Vernon. Agent  
Passon speaks to the distraught Professor.

AGENT PASSON (CONT'D)  
Professor, you never saw us. We were  
never here. Do you understand?

PROFESSOR VERNON  
The ashes of democracy burn in my  
mouth.

AGENT PASSON  
Better that then losing your equipment  
*and having the university losing  
their accreditation.*

PROFESSOR VERNON  
(aghast)  
You wouldn't dare.

AGENT PASSON  
Try me...

The agent walks out leaving the Professor shaking.

155 EXT. UNIVERSITY PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER 155

Saxon, Lana and Sophia are led to several waiting black  
Sedans. Before they are put in a car, hoods are pulled over  
their heads. Lana and Sophia are hustled into the first  
sedan, Saxon is led to the other. Sedans take off out of the  
parking lot.

156 INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN -- MOMENTS LATER 156

Lana in front with the hood over her head. She grips the  
car door handle. Sophia sits in the back seat next to an  
agent.

157 INT. GOVERNMENT SEDAN #2 -- CONTINUOUS 157

Saxon sits between two agents with his arms folded.

158 EXT. GOVERNMENT SEDANS ON HWY -- CONTINUOUS 158

The Sedans pull off the Highway to a secluded barren desert  
area surrounded by cactus. Agents pull Saxon, Lana and Sophia  
out of the car and stand them next to each other.

A voice calls out. The agents comply.

SENATOR SEABEST  
Take off the hoods. Un cuff them.

A coyote's silhouette howls against the crimson moon sending shivers down Sophia's spine. Sophia clings to Lana.

The trio stare at their tormentor.

SENATOR SEABEST (CONT'D)  
You're a heck of a lot of trouble  
Miss Lindstrom.

SAXON  
I said the same thing. You'll warm  
up to her though.

SENATOR SEABEST  
I wouldn't be so glib Officer Saxon.

LANA  
You're worse then those Coyote Scum.

SENATOR SEABEST  
You're on the precipice Miss  
Lindstrom. You and Mr. Saxon have  
to decide...

SAXON  
Whether to turn you in...or die?

SENATOR SEABEST  
(lights cigar)  
Before you go making statements you  
might regret, let me give you a little  
history lesson.

On a large black widow spider. It spins a large cactus web.

BACK TO SCENE

SENATOR SEABEST (CONT'D)  
The United States has two economy's.  
There's the one that gets reported  
on by you Miss Lindstrom, which is  
the Gross National Product and then  
there's the underground economy...It's  
the way corporations are able to  
sell their products to Americans at  
a price they can afford...

LANA

The U.S. was built by immigrants!  
They're cheating the building blocks  
of this country!

SENATOR SEABEST

The people on main street don't care  
how their meat is packed, by who, or  
how the roads are paved. They just  
want to be able to afford their lives  
and live in peace.

LANA

Those poverty stricken crossers are  
debased and suffer horribly so a few  
fat cats can prosper.

On an owl who sits atop a dead tree and swivels its head.

BACK TO SCENE

SENATOR SEABEST

Suffer? The people who come here to  
work from Central America and Mexico  
make more in a week in the U.S. than  
they do in three months in their  
countries.

LANA

And that makes it right? Immigrants  
don't want to leave their homes they  
come here for survival.

SENATOR SEABEST

You have to look at the big picture.  
Working Mexicans send back over eight  
billion dollars a year to their  
families. That money is crucial to  
the Mexican economy. It's the same  
for all the Central American Illegal's  
and their countries, El Salvador,  
Guatemala, Costa Rica, Nicaragua...

LANA

To get here they are tortured, raped  
and murdered!

On a coiled rattle snake hissing and shaking it's rattlers.

BACK TO SCENE

SENATOR SEABEST

Nothing is easy and nothing is free.  
(MORE)

SENATOR SEABEST (CONT'D)

If they do make it, they get the best medical care and education in the world for free! Some find a way to scam welfare and get food subsidies they could only dream about where they came from. Any children they bear in the U.S. are automatically American citizens. It's not a perfect system but everybody benefits.

LANA

(cutting)

Yeah, like your partner at Turson foods.

SENATOR SEABEST

Sure why not. Look Americans have become lazy and soft. They're too damn uppity to do manual labor. Hell, who's gonna take care of those snout nosed kids for six bucks an hour when mom and dad go to work? Who's going to clean up the mess in the restaurants? Who's going to keep the garden up? Americans don't want to pave roads or deal with hazardous waste anymore. They don't want to do the dirty deeds that need to get done. They don't want to work. They want SSI, disability or unemployment.

SAXON

So one hand washes the other?

On a rodent, who scurries among the rocks.

BACK TO SCENE

SENATOR SEABEST

That's right. You think you've done a service to your country by killing that Coyote at the where-house?

LANA

We didn't kill him, he jumped on his own.

SENATOR SEABEST

Well try convincing a jury of that. You're a very aggressive reporter.

(MORE)

SENATOR SEABEST (CONT'D)  
The whole country will tune in... To see you fry! His partner Julio, you know him as "One Eye" was an integral part of the American economy.

SAXON  
You bastard. He was murdering scum.

SENATOR SEABEST  
(hard)  
You're **both** in this up to your necks. Officer Saxon you crossed into Mexico with a weapon, that was an illegal act.

Saxon is surprised.

SENATOR SEABEST (CONT'D)  
Oh yes, we know a lot about your antics. Seems several people were killed and an airplane destroyed on sovereign Mexican soil. You wouldn't know anything about that would you.

LANA  
They were drug runners and had kidnapped my daughter.

Lana hugs Sophia fiercely.

SENATOR SEABEST  
She's only an organ donor, Miss Lindstrom. Technically she's not a citizen and should be deported, *again!* We *could* have her deported *right now!*

On the rattler, who slithers among the rocks and rears back ready to strike.

BACK TO SCENE

LANA  
(unsure)  
You wouldn't.

SENATOR SEABEST  
I could and I would. But the powers that be want to offer you and Officer Saxon a deal... Keep your mouths shut and I'll see that Sophia here is given amnesty. She'll get her green card and then citizenship.

SAXON

How do we know you'll keep your word?

SENATOR SEABEST

Because it's what politicians do...  
Make deals. By the way, Saxon, as  
of today you're retired.

LANA

NO! You can't do that!

SENATOR SEABEST

It's already done.

LANA

There's a change of guard in the  
White House it's not going to stay  
this way.

The owl circles high above the desert floor looking down on  
the scene.

BACK TO SCENE

SENATOR SEABEST

Sure, there's a new Sheriff in town.  
But this administration will have  
the same problem they all do. If  
you stop these illegals from coming  
in to the U.S., common commodities  
like fruit, vegetables, beef and  
dairy will rise an average of thirty  
seven percent. Tell that to Mr. and  
Mrs. Smith when they pay their grocery  
bill!

LANA

The corporations make plenty of money.  
They're going to have to pay their  
fair share.

SENATOR SEABEST

The corporations may do something  
eventually but they'll have be dragged  
kicking and screaming before they  
cut profits. We're a capitalist  
country. Or have you forgotten?

LANA

One day you'll have to answer for  
the misery and suffering you've  
caused.

The senator shakes his head and exhales a large puff of smoke.

SENATOR SEABEST

(exasperated)

You still don't get it. It's not just the U.S. Every western country has its imports. The French have the Algerians, the English have the Indians and Arabs, the Italians have been over run with the Africans. The whole western world is using the poor to fill their needs. The U.S. is no different we are just like the rest of the world.

On the rattler, who strikes with lightning speed biting and killing the rodent.

BACK TO SCENE

LANA

I don't want any part of *your world* senator.

SENATOR SEABEST

Passon!

(snaps fingers)

Agent Passon pulls a tarp off the ground near the trio. There are three graves dug in the hard rocky ground. The senator throws his cigar into one of the length long holes.

SENATOR SEABEST (CONT'D)

So what's it going to be?

Lana, Saxon and Sophia stare disbelieving at the holes in the ground. Saxon reaches into his pocket and pulls out his badge. Lana tearfully grabs his hand.

LANA

No...

SAXON

It's okay, I'm done anyway.

Saxon throws the badge into one of the graves.

SENATOR SEABEST

A wise decision.

The NSA agents tense. Lana is unsure what to do. Saxon hugs her reassuredly.

SAXON

We'll take the deal. I'm out and the story's dead.



Saxon looks Lana in the eye.

SAXON (CONT'D)

Right?

LANA

(overcome)

...Right.

SENATOR SEABEST

Damn good decision. Car!

Agent Passon walks to a nearby out cropping. An engine is heard starting and Pedro's tricked out jeep pulls up. Passon gets out and throws the keys to Saxon.

SENATOR SEABEST (CONT'D)

Your transportation awaits.

The owl swoops down and grabs the snake in it's talons, flying off against the backdrop off the moon.

BACK TO SCENE

Dawn is approaching. Lana, Sophia and Saxon make their way to the Jeep and get in, Saxon drives off and heads towards the highway.

**Camera's POV:** The spider's web is now complete. A moth has been trapped and the spider moves in. Rack focus through the web on the departing jeep.

159 INT. PEDRO'S TRICKED OUT JEEP -- MOMENTS LATER

159

Tears steam down Lana's cheeks as they drive away.

SAXON

It's over.

LANA

Not yet... Not yet.

160 INT. CNN TV STUDIO -- DAY

160

**SUPER UP:** TWO MONTHS LATER

Larry King sits with Lana and goes over her five part Newspaper Journal "The Economics Of Poverty".

LARRY KING

Lana, this is an amazing in depth look at a sub culture rarely seen by anyone.

LANA

Thank you Larry. I put my heart and soul on those pages.

LARRY KING

But you didn't name names. You didn't point the finger with specifics.

LANAS

Larry, my job is to expose the problem. It's for others to bring those responsible to justice.

LARRY KING

How about one name. One place to start.

Lana muses and replies.

LANA

Audits on workers at large meat packing, oil and landscaping companies would be a strong starting point. That's all I'm able to say.

LARRY KING

Lana, you're one tough cookie.  
(turns to camera)  
You've just heard from Award winning Journalist Lana Lindstrom...

DISSOLVE TO:

161 EXT. MAURY'S SAN BERNARDINO HOME -- MORNING

161

Saxon's new truck pulls up to the small well kept home. Maury and Sophia sit on the porch. Saxon, Lana, Rachel and Liberty get out the truck. They walk up to Maury. The two teens embrace.

LANA

I wanted to wait until things settled down a bit to give you these.

Lana takes out the scarf with Jorge's ring. Maury gently unfolds the scarf. She takes the ring out and clutches it to her breast.

MAURY

Thank you. This is the closure I need to go on...with life.

Maury and Lana hug. Maury then hugs Sophia as tears stream down her face.

MAURY (CONT'D)

Thank you for bringing Sophia home.

LANA

She's part of the family, I brought  
our daughter home.

Maury hugs Rachel as Lana hugs Sophia. Liberty spots Sophia.  
He makes a bee line to her jumping into her arms. Liberty  
barks and licks her enthusiastically.

SOPHIA

(over joyed)

What a cute dog! Just like my huggie  
toy.

LANA

Huggie toy?

SOPHIA

When I was five, Grandpa gave me a  
stuffed animal just like this dog.  
The Coyotes made me leave it behind.

Liberty barks and dances on his hind feet. The group enjoys  
a laugh. Lana looks at Rachel and they both nod.

LANA

We're going away for awhile would  
you like to take care of him?

SOPHIA

Yes! What's his name?

LANA

Liberty!

Liberty barks at Sophia.

SOPHIA

I'd love to take care of him.

Sophia cuddles Liberty while he licks her face.

Saxon, Lana, and Rachel walk arm in arm to the truck. Maury  
and Sophia holding Liberty stand and wave good bye.

FREEZE ON SOPHIA AND LIBERTY.

**THE END**

**Over end credits we see statistics of how many people cross  
over the border, how many illegals there are in the United**

**States, and how many arrests and deportations are made each year.**