

MADE IN AMERICA
"MY FAIR LADY"

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The celestial dome blankets a desolate desert highway in an ethereal glow. A solitary car creeps along, its headlights piercing the darkness and illuminating the rugged terrain.

INT. DETECTIVE MILLER'S CAR - NIGHT

Framed in the flickering glow of the dashboard, DETECTIVE JIM MILLER, (50s), eyes red-rimmed and haunted, clings to the last vestiges of his composure. His suit is disheveled, shirt drenched in sweat. To keep himself awake, he recites:

DETECTIVE MILLER

"The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain. The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain. The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain..."

He nods off, exhaustion pulling him into its clutches. Suddenly, his car swerves, jolting him awake.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)

Jesus.

He regains control, sucking in a sharp breath. He fumbles for a cigarette, lighting it with trembling hands.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)

"The rain in Spain stays mainly in the plain..."

Annoyed, he looks down at his crotch.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)

Fuck me.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Miller relieves himself by the car, pain searing through him. Spots of blood stain the sand. His gaze snaps to a battered, gray Impala with tinted windows zooming by.

DETECTIVE MILLER

My fair lady...

With a fluid motion, he whips out his gun, aiming for the tires. BANG! BANG! He misses. The car roars into the night. He grunts, a low guttural sound of frustration.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)

Bitch.

He jumps back into his car and starts chasing the Impala.

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

Behind the wheel is ANA FLORES, (23), her eyes ablaze with steely determination. She is an undocumented immigrant who has learned to adapt, fight, and survive. She glances at the rearview mirror, spotting Miller's car closing in.

ANA

Shit.

INT. DETECTIVE MILLER'S CAR - NIGHT

Miller accelerates, pushing his speedometer to 80.

DETECTIVE MILLER

What the hell is she doing?

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

Ana presses down on the gas pedal, her car rattling and shaking as she pushes it to its limits.

ANA

Come on, come on. Go, go!

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

The Impala swerves violently, skidding off the road and flipping over. Ana screams in terror.

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

Ana lies motionless, blood trickling down her forehead, her breaths shallow and uneven.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Miller's car skids to a halt, kicking up a cloud of dust. His door creaks open, and his heavy boots crunch against the gravel as he approaches the wreckage.

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

Ana's eyes snap open. Disoriented and panicked, her gaze locks onto the shattered rearview mirror, but there's no one there. The ominous sound of approaching footsteps sends a chill down her spine.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Miller peers through the shattered window and smirks.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Hi, sweetheart.

ANA
I'm hurt.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Should've worn your seat belt.

Drips of gasoline echoes from beneath the mangled Impala.

ANA
Get me out! I smell gas!

Miller nonchalantly lights a cigarette, holding the match in the air.

ANA (CONT'D)
You hear me? Get me out!

Their eyes lock in a tense standoff before Miller drops the match, stamping it out.

ANA (CONT'D)
What the fuck is wrong with you?
Get me outta here!

Amused, Miller takes a long, satisfying drag from his cigarette

Moaning in pain, Ana manages to drag herself out of the car. She cracks her neck and wipes blood off her head.

ANA (CONT'D)
Are you insane? You could've gotten
us killed!

Unfazed, Miller takes another drag from his cigarette.

ANA (CONT'D)
I'm done with your games. I'm not
playing anymore. Do you hear me?!

DETECTIVE MILLER
Oh, don't be a sore loser.

ANA
You think I'm stupid. You don't
fool me.

DETECTIVE MILLER
You don't understand a fucking
thing--

A sudden snap catches Miller's attention. He spins around,
alert.

ANA
I know what you're really after--

DETECTIVE MILLER
Can it, would you?

Miller peers into the darkness. Looking who else could be out
there.

ANA
It's just the wind, you idiot.

DETECTIVE MILLER
You better duck.

ANA
What the--

Before she can finish, Miller punches Ana in the face,
knocking her out.

INT. IMPALA - LATER

Ana lies unconscious as Miller rummages through her car.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Where the hell is it?

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Miller drags Ana by the ankles, causing her to regain
consciousness. She kicks and screams in protest.

ANA
What are you doing? Stop! Stop!
You're hurting me!

DETECTIVE MILLER
Oh, I'm sorry.

ANA
Stop! That's enough!

DETECTIVE MILLER
We're running out of time. Move
your ass.

ANA
Where are you taking me?!

DETECTIVE MILLER
Time's ticking, sweetheart. Let's
make the most of it, eh?

ANA
I'm sick of you!

Miller hears a clink in the darkness.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Shhhhh.

Miller's gaze sharpens, zeroing in on something hidden in the shadows.

ANA
What is it?

DETECTIVE MILLER
Keep your mouth shut. Before you
ruin everything.

Ana complies, remaining silent for several seconds. But then:

ANA
Help! Help me! He's hurting me!
Please! Help--

Miller slugs her again.

FLASHBACK:

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A Border Patrol car chases a cargo van, sirens screaming through the barren desert.

INT. CARGO VAN - DAY

The DRIVER, (18), Mexican, small and thin, looks horrified.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(in Spanish)
What's going on?!

DRIVER
(in Spanish)
Shut up! Shut the fuck up!

The van skids to a dusty halt.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
(in Spanish)
Let us out! Let us out!

INT. BORDER PATROL CAR - DAY

OFFICER COX, (30s), white, blonde, blue-eyed, rotten to the core, and his eager sidekick, OFFICER PARKER, (20s), jump out of their patrol car.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Guns drawn, Cox and Parker stride towards the van. With a violent jerk, Cox wrenches open the van door.

OFFICER COX
(in Spanish)
Get out! Now!

The driver raises his hands. Parker yanks him out and throws him to the ground. Cox looms over him, gun aimed mercilessly.

DRIVER
(in Spanish)
Don't shoot! Please don't shoot!
Please don't--

OFFICER COX
(in Spanish)
Give me one good reason not to
shoot you?

The driver cries, pleading for mercy.

DRIVER
(in Spanish)
My mother-- she's sick-- she's in
the hospital--

BANG! Cox pulls the trigger.

Cox leaves the driver's lifeless body and heads toward the back of the van. He yanks open the rear door to reveal a group of terrified IMMIGRANTS.

Among them is Ana.

With a cruel smirk, Cox grabs a bag from one of the immigrants and empties its contents onto the ground.

OFFICER COX
(in Spanish)
Welcome to America. Now hand over
your fucking money!

EXT. CALIFORNIA HIGHWAY - DAY

A landscaping truck speeds along the highway.

INT. LANDSCAPING TRUCK - HIGHWAY - DAY

RICARDO FLORES, (26), an immigrant with a bright spirit and tireless energy, mans the wheel. His companion, GUSTAVO, (20s), a pensive man with far-off eyes, sits quietly by his side.

Ricardo hums along to a Spanish love song playing on the radio, while Gustavo gazes at the idyllic California landscape, bathed in the searing afternoon sunlight.

GUSTAVO
Is it everything you hoped it would
be?

RICARDO
What?

GUSTAVO
You know, America.

Ricardo, looking somewhat disillusioned, shakes his head.

RICARDO
No.

GUSTAVO
What did you hope it would be?

RICARDO
The happiest place on earth.

GUSTAVO
We all did.

As they pass sprawling million-dollar homes, Gustavo broaches a new topic.

GUSTAVO (CONT'D)
I was thinking...

RICARDO
Yeah?

GUSTAVO
I've saved up some money. Maybe-- maybe we can start our own landscaping business. Because they sure don't want us to have anything here.

RICARDO
You mean be partners?

GUSTAVO
That's right, man.

Ricardo becomes somber.

RICARDO
Bringing Ana here cost me everything I had saved.

GUSTAVO
She arrives tonight?

Ricardo's face lights up with a big smile.

RICARDO
Yes.

GUSTAVO
Does she really want to come here?

RICARDO
Not really. But with time, she'll change her mind.

GUSTAVO
No disrespect, but do you think you made the right decision?

RICARDO
I'd never hurt her.

INT. RICARDO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The apartment is small and cramped, with mismatched used furniture. Empty beer cans, dirty clothes, and a sink overflowing with dishes. Ricardo enters with a bunch of flowers. He sets them down and begins cleaning up the mess.

INT. RICARDO'S APARTMENT - SHOWER - NIGHT

Ricardo hums the same Spanish tune, as he scrubs the dirt from his fingernails.

INT. RICARDO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ricardo buttons up a new shirt and admires himself in the mirror, a smile on his face.

INT. RICARDO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The apartment is clean, with flowers placed all around, creating a pleasant atmosphere. Satisfied with himself, Ricardo checks his watch and then his cell. It's odd that he hasn't heard from Ana yet.

INT. RICARDO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Ricardo is passed out on the couch, exhausted from a night filled with anxiety while waiting for Ana.

EXT. DESERT ROAD - MORNING

It's a hot and sweltering morning. Ana, disoriented, bloodied, and badly beaten, shuffles along the desert road, her movements slow and painful.

EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - MORNING

The gas station is in the middle of nowhere, surrounded by abandoned junk cars. The atmosphere is eerie and desolate. PETE, (70s), his features weathered and booze-soaked, sits nursing a beer. He spots Ana trudging along the road, watching as she ultimately collapses.

INT. DESERT GAS STATION - MORNING

Pete wraps a blanket around Ana, who is in a state of near-catatonia.

PETE
Speak English?

Ana responds by giving him a wrinkled slip of paper.

INT. DESERT GAS STATION - MORNING

Pete dials the number written on the slip of paper, his gaze never leaving Ana.

EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - MORNING

The dust churns as Ricardo's truck pulls up in a hurry. He practically flies out of the vehicle, rushing over to Ana.

RICARDO
(in Spanish)
What happened, Ana? What happened?!

Ana falls into Ricardo's arms, sobbing.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. TRUNK OF DETECTIVE MILLER'S CAR - NIGHT

Ana's eyes slowly open. She attempts to move, but her hands and feet are bound.

Suddenly, a loud bang reverberates through the car. The violent halt of the vehicle sends Ana's head smacking against the trunk's cold metal rim, and her eyes flutter.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Detective Miller jumps out of the car and sees the flat tire.

DETECTIVE MILLER
I swear.

Heaving an exasperated sigh, he tilts his head up to address the indifferent night sky.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
Really? Can't you cut me a break
for once? You know, it would be
nice to get a little help from up
there!

Pulling out a cigarette, he lights it, the tiny flame briefly illuminating his hardened features against the stark desert night.

INT. TRUNK OF DETECTIVE MILLER'S CAR - NIGHT

Ana drifts in and out of consciousness.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

The gleaming Los Angeles skyline.

SUPER: "Six Days Earlier."

EXT. CONWAY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

A beautiful glass house in the hills overlooking Los Angeles.

INT. CONWAY RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Darkness fills the house as the light from the city filters in through the ceiling-high windows. Unpacked luggage sits in the foyer.

PAUL CONWAY, (40s), a man visibly shaken and sleep-deprived, descends the stairs.

INT. CONWAY RESIDENCE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Paul enters the kitchen and finds NICOLE CONWAY, (40s), his wife, sitting alone in an almost catatonic state. Her eyes are red from crying.

PAUL

It's 1:00 in the morning. Why don't you try and get some rest?

NICOLE

How can you sleep?

PAUL

Please, come to bed.

Nicole doesn't respond. Paul reaches out to touch her shoulder, but she flinches away, glaring at him.

NICOLE

Don't touch me. This is all your fault.

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

The city's underbelly: a string of dilapidated motels, teeming with prostitutes, inebriated bystanders, and drug dealers. Ana, nervous and cautious, hurries along, clutching a concealed dog carrier. She constantly looks over her shoulder, feeling the weight of her surroundings.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Ana strides into a motel, averting her gaze from two YOUNG PROSTITUTES, both high, their skin mapped with needle tracks.

INT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The MANAGER, (60s), a fat, sweaty, toothless mess, shovels drippy food into his mouth while watching a political rant on Fox News.

Ana approaches the front desk, and the manager looks up with a hint of hostility in his tone.

MANAGER

Don't speak Spanish.

ANA

I speak English. I need a room,
away from the noise.

MANAGER

Cash only. And there's an extra fee
for the dog.

Ana slides some cash across the counter, and the manager looks her up and down, noticing the mud on her knees and shoes.

MANAGER (CONT'D)

Make a mess, and you'll have to pay
to clean it.

Ana takes the key and watches the manager continue to stuff his face.

ANA

I work on a farm. With big, fat
pigs.

Ana walks away, leaving the manager muttering derogatory remarks under his breath.

MANAGER
Dirty fucking Mexican.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Once inside, Ana secures the room, bolting the door and pulling the blinds shut. She places the dog carrier on the bed and lifts the cover to reveal a BABY BOY. He's around 6 months old, with blond hair, blue eyes, and a pacifier in his mouth. Overwhelmed with emotions, Ana tears up and kisses the cross around her neck.

ANA
Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Ana lies awake, her eyes fixated on the peacefully sleeping baby, her anxiety evident. It prompts her to grab her cell and dial a number. The phone rings, and she waits, breath held.

ANA
(into phone)
It's me. I need your help...

EXT. JIM MILLER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING

JOHNNY FUSCO, (40s), dressed sharply in a suit with slicked-back hair and a gold watch, knocks forcefully on the door.

JOHNNY
Open up, Jimmy. Come on, let me in,
man!

No response. Growing frustrated, Johnny pulls out his gun.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Open the fucking door!

Still met with silence, Johnny takes action. He shoots off the doorknob.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Johnny enters the dark apartment. The scene is chaotic. Furniture is overturned and broken, shattered glass covers the floor, and the TV looks like it was attacked with a sledgehammer. The carpet has been ripped off, revealing the bare wood floor.

JOHNNY
Jimmy, you okay? What the fuck--

Johnny spots Detective Miller sitting in the corner. Miller is naked, drenched in sweat, and his hands are covered in blood. He appears rattled and confused, with a gun beside him.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Jesus Christ.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Close the door! Close the fucking door!

Johnny closes the door.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
Don't look at me. Don't look at me.
Don't look at me.

JOHNNY
Come on, Jimmy. It's me.

DETECTIVE MILLER
I said, don't look at me!

Johnny disappears into the bedroom. Miller breaks down.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
My baby, oh my baby.

Johnny returns and wraps a blanket around Miller.

JOHNNY
Jesus, man.

Miller picks up the gun, his voice teetering on the edge of despair.

DETECTIVE MILLER
She's gone! Do you hear me? My baby is gone!

JOHNNY
Easy, man. Take it easy.

A tense silence fills the room. Unexpectedly, Miller hands over the gun to Johnny, who swiftly removes and pockets the magazine.

DETECTIVE MILLER
I can't do it-- I'm a fucking coward.

JOHNNY

You're gonna get through this,
Jimmy. It'll pass. Trust me.

DETECTIVE MILLER

Yeah, right. Everything will be
fucking fine again. Fuck you!

JOHNNY

Come on, get dressed. You've been
locked up here for weeks. How about
we get some breakfast, huh?

Johnny helps Miller to his feet.

INT. DINER - MORNING

An old-school Los Angeles diner with shiny red booths, an
angular wooden counter, and mid-century chandeliers. Johnny
and Miller sit in a booth.

DETECTIVE MILLER

Nice suit.

JOHNNY

You like it? Italian.

DETECTIVE MILLER

Who do you think you are, Tony
Montana?

JOHNNY

Out of all the gangsters, you had
to pick a spic?

DETECTIVE MILLER

Not funny, huh?

They share a laugh, both exhibiting racist tendencies.

JOHNNY

You should get one.

DETECTIVE MILLER

I'm broke.

JOHNNY

Yeah, I know.

The WAITRESS, (30s), places their plates on the table and
walks away. Miller pushes his plate aside.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

You couldn't have changed what happened, Jimmy. It wasn't your fault. There was nothing you could do for her.

Miller slams his fist on the table.

DETECTIVE MILLER

Damn! Fucking Mexicans!

JOHNNY

Sounds like you're ready to get back to work. I have the perfect job for you.

DETECTIVE MILLER

You can't be serious. Look at me!

JOHNNY

You can't leave a debt unpaid with a guy like that.

DETECTIVE MILLER

So, he wants me dead?

JOHNNY

He wants you to handle this for him. It's your last chance.

DETECTIVE MILLER

Enough of the bullshit, huh? I know what you did.

Johnny breaks into a smile.

JOHNNY

You know how it is; men get greedy.

DETECTIVE MILLER

You're a liar.

JOHNNY

Don't be sore. Come on. Water under the bridge, man?

DETECTIVE MILLER

Oh, stop worrying. I can't remember shit. My memory seems to get worse every day...

Miller's gaze falls on the TV, where a scene from "My Fair Lady" is playing - Eliza Doolittle enunciating "The Rain In Spain". On the verge of tears, Miller turns to Johnny.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
You believe in miracles? That's My
Fair Lady...

Miller's confidence returns.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
Think I need a shower?

Johnny breaks into a laugh.

INT. CONWAY RESIDENCE - DAY

Miller sits on the sofa, looking cleaned-up and freshly shaven, wearing a cheap suit and tie. Nicole, looking weary and on edge, chain-smokes while she and Paul sit across from him.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Why don't we begin with what
happened last night? Where were
you?

PAUL
On a trip.

DETECTIVE MILLER
You left your baby with her?

Paul feels Miller's judgment.

PAUL
Just for the weekend.

Paul, attempting to shift the focus, eyes Miller curiously.

PAUL (CONT'D)
Are you still in the department?

DETECTIVE MILLER
They kicked me out.

PAUL
Why?

DETECTIVE MILLER
You really want to know?

Paul looks at Nicole, who gives a small nod of approval.

PAUL
Yes.

DETECTIVE MILLER

I beat the shit outta a Mexican. He was speeding and driving without a license, near a fucking playground full of kids. Shit, I just lost it. I got the son-of-a-bitch though.

PAUL

You must be joking.

Miller shakes his head. Nicole silently studies him.

DETECTIVE MILLER

You know what's funny? In Los Angeles, almost everybody is afraid of the police, except for rich white folks.

PAUL

It's a shame.

DETECTIVE MILLER

Let me give you some old-fashioned advice. Call the police.

PAUL

It will be all over the news. Nobody must know.

DETECTIVE MILLER

I don't get it. What's really going on here?

Irritated by Paul, Nicole takes over.

NICOLE

How dare you question us? Do you know who I am?

DETECTIVE MILLER

Big fan.

NICOLE

I don't think you're taking this seriously.

Miller and Nicole lock eyes.

DETECTIVE MILLER

Soon, you'll see what I'm capable of.

NICOLE
Then stop asking stupid questions
and bring my fucking son home!

EXT. CONWAY RESIDENCE - DAY

Paul and Miller walk down a long, steep driveway.

PAUL
I'm sorry. My wife is not well.
She's not herself.

DETECTIVE MILLER
She's got a hell of a lot more
balls than you. I fucking respect
that.

PAUL
Pardon me?

DETECTIVE MILLER
Don't expect me to be a nice guy.

PAUL
I see.

Paul hands Miller a file.

PAUL (CONT'D)
This is all we have on her.

Miller flips through the file and singles out a photo of Ana and the baby, resembling a family portrait.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Where did you get this?

PAUL
I took it.

Miller flashes Paul a piercing side-eye.

DETECTIVE MILLER
You always go around taking photos
of your housekeeper with your son?

PAUL
Nanny.

DETECTIVE MILLER
What difference does it make? Will
she hurt the baby?

PAUL
Absolutely not.

DETECTIVE MILLER
You sure about that?

PAUL
She's just confused.

DETECTIVE MILLER
About what?

PAUL
Just don't hurt her, okay?

DETECTIVE MILLER
Who gives a fuck about her? Right now, she's probably dancing around in her panties.

PAUL
It's not what you think. She's suffered enough.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Did something special happen between you and her?

PAUL
Wh-- What?

Miller eyes the photo.

DETECTIVE MILLER
She's pretty. You in love with her?

PAUL
No, course not.

DETECTIVE MILLER
What did you do to her?

PAUL
Nothing.

They reach Miller's car.

PAUL (CONT'D)
We just want our son back.

Miller climbs into his car.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Okey dokey.

Miller slams the door shut, guns the engine, and speeds off, leaving Paul standing there in the dust.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

News plays on the muted TV. Ana rocks the baby, singing a Spanish lullaby. There is a knock at the door. Anxious, Ana slides the baby back into the dog carrier and drapes a blanket over it.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey, it's me. Open up.

Relieved, Ana opens the door and lets in GINA SÁNCHEZ, (20s), Salvadoran, covered in tattoos, androgynous.

ANA

Did anyone follow you? Were you careful?

GINA

Of course.

ANA

Are you sure?

GINA

Relax, nobody knows.

ANA

How did you get here so fast?

Gina smiles, impressed with herself.

GINA

Borrowed my girl's car. It has tinted windows.

ANA

You told your girlfriend?!

GINA

Nah, she's in the dark. Thinks I'm visiting my mom at the hospital.

ANA

How is she?

GINA

Not good. She's in a lot of pain. She needs another damn surgery too. We owe the hospital a lot of fucking money.

ANA
Gina, I'm sorry--

Just then, the baby squeals.

GINA
What the fuck?

Ana pulls the blanket off the dog carrier.

GINA (CONT'D)
Holy shit! You really did it!

Ana rocks the baby.

ANA
Have you heard anything? What's
going on out there?

GINA
No amber alert, no missing baby.
Looks like you got away with it!

Gina takes a closer look at the baby.

GINA (CONT'D)
Damn. He's so white. How much do
you think we can get for him?

Ana looks horrified. Gina laughs.

GINA (CONT'D)
I'm kidding. I'm kidding. Chill
out.

Gina kisses her thumb.

GINA (CONT'D)
You can trust me, I swear.

ANA
I hope so.

GINA
So, what's his name?

ANA
Giles.

GINA
Gills? What the fuck?

ANA
No. Giles. G-I-L-E-S.

GINA

What kind of fucked-up name is that? Poor kid. You're gonna change it, right?

ANA

I haven't thought about it yet.

GINA

You're gonna talk to the cops? They won't believe you. They'll put you away for a long time, you know that, right?

ANA

Yeah.

GINA

Country of laws, my ass. Damn fucking cops! Then what? Where will you go?

Ana pauses before replying.

ANA

We cross.

GINA

What? Across-- across the border again?! No way! I'm never going back there! No fucking way!

ANA

Not you.

Ana looks at the baby.

ANA (CONT'D)

Us.

Gina laughs.

GINA

Oh. I thought-- Thank God!

Then stunned.

GINA (CONT'D)

For real. It's hell over there.

Ana glances at the TV. A Donald Trump news conference plays.

ANA

There's no hope for us here.

GINA
You can't just cross over into Mexico like that. How you gonna get through border security with the whitest baby ever?

ANA
I'll get him to help us.

GINA
Wha-- Who?

Ana stares at the baby with a sinking heart. Gina stares at the baby, realizing. Her eyes widen, and she shakes her head.

GINA (CONT'D)
Holy mother-- no!

ANA
He must make it right.

GINA
How the fuck are you gonna make him do that? He's a piece of shit!

ANA
I have something he wants.

Gina looks at Ana, shocked.

GINA
You gonna give him the baby?

ANA
Of course not.

GINA
Then what?

Ana stays silent. This hits a nerve in Gina.

GINA (CONT'D)
You don't trust me? After all the shit I've done for you.

Gina shows Ana her prison tattoo, a portrait of her mother.

GINA (CONT'D)
My mom... I learned one thing in prison: family is everything. She visited me every week, even after my baby brother got shot.

Gina looks at Ana.

GINA (CONT'D)
We're family, aren't we?

ANA
Yes.

GINA
You know I'd do whatever to help
you out, right?

Ana almost cracks, overwhelmed by Gina's loyalty.

ANA
I-- I-- I'm sorry, Gina.

GINA
To be honest, I don't blame you.
But whatever it is, going there is
fucking wrong.

Ana looks at the baby, her eyes brimming with emotion.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY

Gina and Ana walk away from the motel, keeping a watchful eye
on their surroundings.

ANA
Where's the car?

GINA
A few blocks away.

ANA
Why?

GINA
Cameras and cops everywhere.

Gina notices Ana's muddied shoes.

GINA (CONT'D)
What happened to your shoes?

ANA
I went to see Ricardo. I fell.

GINA
He called you?

Ana shakes her head.

GINA (CONT'D)

You went on your own free will?

ANA

Yes.

GINA

What happened?

ANA

He wasn't there.

GINA

Why'd you want to see him? He threw you out on the fucking street. In the rain!

ANA

I-- I wanted to tell him I forgive him.

Something in Gina snaps, and her anger flares.

GINA

You risked ruining everything just to tell that asshole you forgive him? He doesn't deserve it. Don't do it again!

Ana quickly glances at Gina, something's up with her. Before Gina can continue, Ana offers a comforting smile.

ANA

You're right. I'm sorry, Gina.

As they move toward a gray Impala, Gina drapes an arm around Ana's shoulder. The gesture carries so much intensity that it feels almost like a veiled threat.

GINA

You don't need him. You've got me. We make a good team, okay?

They exchange a smile.

INT. IMPALA - DAY

Gina drives, while Ana and the baby sit in the back seat.

GINA

You wanna drop the baby off somewhere?

ANA

No.

GINA

We're taking him with us?

ANA

Yes.

GINA

You're not fucking serious.

ANA

He stays with me.

Gina shakes her head in disbelief.

GINA

I hope you know what you're doing.

ANA

We'll put our faith in God.

GINA

God? You still believe in that shit
after everything that's happened?

Ana touches the gold cross around her neck.

ANA

Yes.

INT. CONWAY RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Paul enters and sees Nicole slouched on the couch, drowning
herself in liquor. She raises her empty glass.

NICOLE

Pour me another one.

PAUL

You've had enough, Nicole.

Unfazed, Nicole stands up and pours herself another drink.

NICOLE

What do you suppose I do?

PAUL

Get some rest.

NICOLE
I can't sleep. You're a doctor.
Give me something stronger.

Paul shakes his head, at his wits' end.

PAUL
I can't do this anymore.

Nicole glares at Paul.

NICOLE
I hate you.

PAUL
I just wanted us to have a family.
I still love you.

NICOLE
Don't. Just don't.

PAUL
Miller is unhinged.

NICOLE
He'll bring our son home.

PAUL
We have to tell the truth, Nicole.
We made a mistake.

NICOLE
I won't give him up!

She stalks out of the room.

PAUL
It's all a lie!

INT. IMPALA - DAY

Gina turns on the radio, filling the car with the sound of a romantic Spanish song. Ana, who's tending to the sleeping baby, freezes when she recognizes the melody.

FLASHBACK:

INT. EL SALVADOR NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY - NIGHT

Christmas lights, fireworks, booze flowing. The same Spanish love song plays as a YOUNG COUPLE make out in the corner.

Happy CHILDREN run around, getting into mischief.

An OLD DRUNK WOMAN collapses to the floor. The partygoers quickly rush to help her.

Among the couples on the dance floor, Ana and Ricardo dance cheek-to-cheek.

Dialogue in Spanish.

RICARDO

How many kids do you think we'll have?

ANA

Six.

RICARDO

Hmm.

ANA

What?

RICARDO

I'm gonna have to build you a castle.

Ana looks emotional.

ANA

Don't go, please. I begging you!

RICARDO

This is our big opportunity, Ana.

ANA

Don't leave me here alone.

RICARDO

I'll send for you as soon as I can.

ANA

I don't want to go there.

RICARDO

California is perfect. It's a fresh start.

ANA

So many things can go wrong.

RICARDO

Nothing will. You'll see.

ANA
It will change everything. I know
it.

RICARDO
Do you really believe that? We're
so happy. What can change that?

ANA
We could lose it all if we're not
careful.

RICARDO
I love you so much.

Overwhelmed with emotion, Ana throws her arms around Ricardo,
holding onto him tightly.

ANA
If something happens, always
remember me as I am now.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. IMPALA - DAY

Ana plunges back to the present, overwhelmed by her feelings
and nostalgia.

ANA
Turn it off! Turn it off!

GINA
What's wrong?

ANA
Turn it off!

GINA
Wh-- What, the radio?

ANA
Please, turn it off!

GINA
Okay, okay.

Gina turns off the radio.

GINA (CONT'D)
You okay?

ANA

Yeah.

Ana leans her head against the window, tears well up in her eyes.

EXT. LANDSCAPING SCRAP YARD - DAY

The yard is a bleak mess of discarded mowing equipment, heaps of scrap metal, and rain-filled potholes. In the midst of it all, Ricardo toils on a battered lawnmower, replacing its blade.

Ricardo's appearance has taken a turn for the worse; gaunt, unshaven, boozed-red face, with hollow eyes. He's a shell of the man he once was.

Ricardo runs the mower to test it. He stares at the spinning blade. Mind elsewhere. Considering something.

A car rumbles to a stop, and Ricardo looks up to see Miller climbing out of the car.

DETECTIVE MILLER

Hey! Turn that off!

Ricardo ignores him.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)

Hey! I'm talking to you. You speak English?

Still ignoring him, Ricardo continues with his work.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)

Turn that fucking thing off!

Ricardo finally shuts off the mower.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)

Ricardo Flores?

Ricardo nods.

RICARDO

What do you want?

Miller quickly flashes his old badge.

DETECTIVE MILLER

Ana Flores.

Ricardo shrugs.

RICARDO
Haven't seen her in months.

Miller gives him a fierce look.

DETECTIVE MILLER
You sure about that?

RICARDO
She's gone.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Don't make me call ICE.

RICARDO
I don't give a fuck.

Miller's anger rises, and he loses patience.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Where is she?!

RICARDO
Fuck should I know? You're wasting
your time here.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Tell me what you know!

RICARDO
(in Spanish)
Don't speak English. Do you
understand me now?!

Ricardo turns the mower back on.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Don't do that.

RICARDO
(in Spanish)
No English!

Miller clenches his fists.

DETECTIVE MILLER
I'll teach you some.

Miller charges at Ricardo, unleashing a flurry of punches.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
"The rain in Spain stays mainly in
the plain!" Say it!

RICARDO
(in Spanish)
Fuck you!

Miller aims his gun at Ricardo.

DETECTIVE MILLER
"The rain in Spain stays mainly in
the plain!" You better fucking say
it!

RICARDO
Spain-- the rain-- stays--

Miller pulls the trigger, but it turns out to be blanks.
Ricardo holds his shoulder in shock. Miller bursts out
laughing.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Fucking tough guy, right? Right!

Miller just laughs harder.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
Blanks, sweetheart.

RICARDO
Fuck you, asshole.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Now that's perfect English.
Asshole.

Miller looks at Ricardo, who is now a bloody mess.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
Don't be a fucking baby. Got you to
loosen up, right? You see how good
it is that we're talking like this?
Do you? Do you?

Miller offers Ricardo his handkerchief, and Ricardo takes it
to wipe his bloody face.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
Tell me about Ana.

Ricardo starts crying, overwhelmed with guilt.

RICARDO
Oh, my Ana. My sweet Ana. She's so
beautiful. So good. I failed her. I
really failed her. She's gone. I
lost her forever.

Miller softens, and tears well up in his eyes.

DETECTIVE MILLER
We always fail the ones we love the
most. I failed my baby, too.

Ricardo returns the bloody handkerchief to Miller, who wipes
away his tears.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
How about we grab a cup of coffee?

Ricardo looks at Miller, shocked at the sudden kindness.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
Oh, come on; let's get some coffee.
For Christ's sakes, get up. Come
on, get up.

Bloodied and unsteady, Ricardo tries to get up but groans in
pain. However, Miller catches him before he falls.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
You don't look so good. Do you need
a doctor? Want an aspirin?

Ricardo shakes his head.

DETECTIVE MILLER (CONT'D)
I'm sorry about the broken nose.

RICARDO
It's okay.

Miller wraps Ricardo's arm around his shoulder.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Just lean on me, okay? I got you.

Ricardo just stares at him: What the fuck?

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

Ana looks out the window, deep in thought. Gina eyes Ana in
the rearview.

GINA
Hey, what about Cruz?

ANA
Huh?

GINA

The new name for the baby.

Ana looks at the sleeping baby.

ANA

Cruz...

Gina smiles, pleased with herself.

GINA

So, what do you think?

Ana, overwhelmed with emotion, clutches the gold cross around her neck.

ANA

It's perfect.

INT. DESERT GAS STATION - NIGHT

Pete sits in his chair, drinking his beer, with his shotgun resting on his lap.

A border patrol car pulls in. Cox exits the car, pulling a YOUNG IMMIGRANT GIRL, (16), out of the passenger side.

OFFICER COX

(in Spanish)

What's your name?

YOUNG IMMIGRANT GIRL

(in Spanish)

Fuck you!

With a swift, forceful movement, Cox shoves her against the car. She lets out a piercing scream. Pete, taking immediate action, levels his shotgun at Cox's back.

PETE

Back off from her.

Cox laughs.

OFFICER COX

Go away, old man.

YOUNG IMMIGRANT GIRL

(in Spanish)

Help! Help! Please, help me!

Cox retaliates with a backhand that sends her sprawling on the ground.

PETE

This is your final warning.

Cox's hand subtly veers towards his own gun. Pete's finger is poised over the trigger. The young girl huddles on the ground.

EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - NIGHT

The Impala emerges from the darkness, heading towards the gas station.

INT. IMPALA - NIGHT

From their vantage point, Gina and Ana bear witness to the unfolding terror: Cox, Pete, and the frightened young girl.

	GINA		ANA
Holy shit.		Oh, God.	

EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Cox shields his eyes from the blinding headlights.

OFFICER COX
What the fuck?

INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Gina stares at Cox, trembling with anger.

GINA
He's doing it again!

Enraged, Gina stomps down on the accelerator.

GINA (CONT'D)
Rot in hell you fucking bastard!

Ana clings onto the dog carrier in sheer terror.

ANA
Gina! No! Stop!

Gina's eyes fix on Cox as she drives at a furious pace.

GINA
Murderer! Fucking rapist pig!

The baby starts crying.

ANA
Gina! Stop! Please stop!

GINA
This has to end!

ANA
We need him alive!

EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Pete fires. The gunshot echoes across the desert.

INT. IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

In the glare of the headlights, Gina and Ana witness Cox, bloodied and clutching his stomach, his face a mask of disbelief.

ANA
Stop, Gina, stop!

Gina slams on the brakes.

GINA
Fuck!

EXT. DESERT GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

The Impala comes to an abrupt halt, but it's too late. The impact sends Cox's body hurtling through the air, crashing onto the hood of the car.

ANA (O.S.)
Noooooo!

SCREEN GOES TO BLACK.

The SOUND of a trunk CLICKING open.

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT - BACK TO THE PRESENT

Miller opens the trunk of his car, revealing Ana tied up inside. Fear fills her eyes as she looks up at him.

DETECTIVE MILLER
Party's over, sweetheart.

Miller points his gun at Ana.

ANA

What is it that you really want?

Miller leans closer, a menacing expression on his face.

DETECTIVE MILLER

"The rain in Spain stays mainly in
the plain."

Ana looks at him, confused.

ANA

Stick to the plan. Don't be a fool.

A grin crawls onto Miller's face.

ANA (CONT'D)

Oh, God. No-- You promised. You
promised!

Ignoring her pleas, Miller pulls the trigger. He then signals
to a shadow. Johnny emerges from the darkness.

Miller slams the trunk shut.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT