

COYOTE

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And

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COLD OPEN

OVER BLACK:

The DULL ROAR of a DIESEL ENGINE accompanied by a SQUISHING SOUND.

FADE IN ON:

TWELVE SOUTH AMERICAN MEN and WOMEN lit by the LED light of their CELL PHONES as they lean against the interior wall of a large truck bed. They look miserable, claustrophobic, shirts pulled over their noses against the smell as...

CELL PHONE LIGHT REVEALS, UNDER THEIR FEET -- fetid meat renderings, a cow head, the waste ducts of a slaughterhouse...

AIR BRAKES SQUEAL causing a rolling wave of animal guts to splosh their way as...

THE TOP AWNING OPENS, REVEALING a Mexican Man, a COYOTE.  
***[NOTE: From here on in, all dialogue in Spanish, with English subtitles, will be both bracketed and italicized.]***

COYOTE 1  
*[Almost there.]*

The migrants all scramble to be the first one out. That's when we realize we've been inside the back of a...

1 EXT. SLAUGHTERHOUSE WASTE HAULING TRUCK - PARKED - NIGHT 1

As the last of the migrants climb out of the vehicle to stand wet and freezing on a dark, utility road. A CHYRON tells us we're in:

***"Bataquez, 53 kilometers from the border."***

The migrants exchange looks as COYOTE 1 tosses a few OVER-STUFFED, hand made VEST PACKS their way.

COYOTE 1  
*[Put these on.]*

A classic bait and switch.

MIGRANT 1  
*[We weren't told there'd be drugs.]*

COYOTE  
*[Plans change.]*

As some of the migrants strip their shirts off and begin to don VESTS, four male migrants take a stand.

MIGRANT 2

[No.]

COYOTE

[Then this is as far as you go.]

The Coyote shoots one of them. The three remaining migrants run off leaping into a drainage ditch, where one of them slips, breaking a rib. SNAP...

As the man reacts in pain, we hold on the other two, watching the PICK UP TRUCK drive off, leaving them in the dark.

2

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

2

A VAST EXPANSE of rocky, unforgiving terrain. Could be the Serengeti, or the surface of Mars out here. The sun's barely up and it's already 100 degrees. Hard to imagine a more inhospitable, barren landscape. Welcome to the Sonoran Desert.

CAMERA FINDS our THREE MALE MIGRANTS who try their best to help their friend with the broken rib over jagged sandstone cliffs.

MONTAGE: as they march north over the course of multiple days, we watch their condition deteriorate. They start soaked in sweat and end up shirtless, lips blistered, pants torn from walking through scrub brush. They are hot, tired and don't have the energy to talk. During that time, they discard their backpacks and TWO EMPTY WATER JUGS, left with only one half full jug between them. They will have to ration what's left. The journey has sapped their strength and spirits as much as their water.

The MONTAGE ENDS when one of them points IN THE FAR DISTANCE TO...

A GIANT BOLLARD-STYLE BORDER FENCE composed of rusted 20-foot poles at close intervals. This fence is Cold. Impersonal. Unyielding. Its sole purpose: to keep humans out.

THE MIGRANTS share a look. AMERICA awaits on the other side. After a hopeful beat, SILENCE DESCENDS on them all as THEY SEE...

A LONE FIGURE IN THE DISTANCE, fence far behind him and headed their way. The stranger, partially obscured by heat waves rising from the ground. For a beat, they seem worried they might be hallucinating.

As the stranger comes into focus -- The migrants see he's a WHITE AMERICAN MAN.

This stranger wears a BLOOD SOAKED SHIRT.

Perplexing them further still -- **This man is HEADED IN THE WRONG DIRECTION**. South, instead of north.

The migrants take in this BALD, WOUNDED man as he stops in front of them, silhouetted by the sun.

The stranger stares, wobbling on his feet.

After a hesitant beat, one of the migrants passes the man a PLASTIC MILK JUG with a few mouthfuls of water left in it.

The migrants watch as the Gringo drinks down every last drop.

The American tosses aside the now empty JUG and heads off further into the same land they are trying so hard to escape.

They can't help but wonder: WHO THE FUCK WAS THAT?

That was our first glimpse of **BEN CLEMENS** (57).

END COLD OPEN

ACT ONE3      EXT. HILLS ABOVE OTAY MESA - ONE WEEK EARLIER - DAY      3

A BORDER PATROL VEHICLE on a hill overlooking a 30-foot tall DOUBLE FENCE which ends in the sea. BEHIND THE WHEEL is Border Patrol Agent Ben Clemens. Ben's ruggedly handsome. Got the working class swagger of a man who doesn't step out of the shower to take a piss. A slight gut gives his belt something to do. Ben scans the TERMINUS of the FENCE with his eyes as he spits out a wad of NICORETTE GUM and pops in a fresh piece from its package.

Linewatch duty -- boring as shit. Ben grabs his radio, frustrated.

BEN (INTO RADIO)  
Victor 107...

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Victor 107, go ahead.

BEN (INTO RADIO)  
Still waiting on Cabrera. Said he was coming twenty minutes ago.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Had to reroute for UAC call.  
Working on your relief.

BEN (INTO RADIO)  
How long we talking?

CRACKLE. Nothing. Annoyed, Ben tosses the radio on his passenger seat and surveils his surroundings as his EYES LAND ON: DISTANT INDUSTRIAL PARK where Ben sees A STORAGE FACILITY. He puts his SUV into gear and drives off toward it. He has important "business" to do.

4      INT. U-STORE-ALL - RECEPTION AREA - MOMENTS LATER      4

Ben ENTERS TO FIND a MEXICAN-AMERICAN CLERK, a low-level, know-nothing, hourly guy, BEHIND THE COUNTER.

BEN  
Where's your restroom, Chief?

Chief? The guy looks up, clearly of MESTIZO ORIGIN. Ben barely reacts, unaware he said anything offensive as Ben utters one of the few Spanish words he seems to have mastered,

BEN (CONT'D)

*Baño.*

CLERK

Customers only.

BEN

How 'bout you make an exception?

Ben nods at the rack of MOVING BOXES above the counter.

BEN (CONT'D)

Or you can give me one of those boxes. I'll shit in there instead.

The Clerk drops a key tied to a heavy roll of filthy-looking packing tape on the desk.

CLERK

All the way down, on the left.

Ben pinches the key between two fingers and heads for the rest room. WE FOLLOW Ben down a darkened hallway lined with storage units to a MEN'S ROOM DOOR.

5

INT. U-STORE-ALL - MEN'S ROOM - LATER

5

It's gas-station-esque in here. Spartan. A STALL with a TOILET, URINAL, and SINK, none of them in pristine condition.

CAMERA FINDS BEN, who finishes up the kind of dump that makes you re-evaluate your life choices.

As Ben sits there thinking, he NOTICES: a PUDDLE of FILTHY WATER. Disgusting.

Suddenly A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

BEN

It's occupied.

Ben FLUSHES, and hikes his pants up. More insistent KNOCKS.

BEN (CONT'D)

I said someone's in here!

Ben cracks a window open over the toilet and goes to wash his hands at the cracked sink, but the soap dispenser has been empty for god knows how long.

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK -- Annoyed, Ben forgoes hygiene, wipes his hands on his pants.

6            INT. U-STORE-ALL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER            6

Ben EXITS to come face-to-face with a SALTY-LOOKING HISPANIC MALE (20's).

BEN

Might wanna give it a minute.

Salty doesn't care, he heads in and stops just inside the door.

BEN (CONT'D)

Tried to warn ya.

Ben continues down the hall. At the counter he tosses the filthy packing tape key ring at the Clerk.

BEN (CONT'D)

Thanks, Chief.

7            INT. BORDER PATROL SUV - DAY            7

As Ben TURNS THE IGNITION we FOLLOW HIS EYES to the storefront window, where Salty now approaches the Clerk, obviously yelling at him for something. Ben pulls out.

8            EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY            8

A quarter mile down, Ben turns off the road, doubles back until he is in the lot behind U-Store-All. He parks behind a "Your Ad Here" BILLBOARD TRUCK, hiding his vehicle from view.

9            INT. BORDER PATROL SUV - DAY            9

Ben's eyes are much more alert now as he surveils the U-STORE-ALL from a safe distance SEEING: Salty exit a back door and get in a car and drive off.

10          EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK/U-STORE-ALL - MOMENTS LATER            10

Ben OPENS THE TRUNK of his Border Patrol SUV. Grabs some NITRILE INSPECTION GLOVES and shuts the trunk.

FROM OUTSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM, Ben peers in the same window he cracked open earlier. All clear.

Ben heaves himself through the window -- a move he hasn't attempted in quite a few years.

11 INT. U-STORE-ALL - MEN'S ROOM - DAY

11

BEN LOCKS the door. Crouches by the filthy puddle on the floor and dons his GLOVES. He pulls out his POCKET KNIFE and PRIES OPEN a large, FALSE TILE PANEL in the floor, REVEALING an UNDERGROUND TUNNEL ENTRANCE. Pulse quickening,

BEN (INTO RADIO)  
Dispatch, this is Victor 107...

DISPATCH (VO)  
Victor 107. Go ahead.

BEN (INTO RADIO)  
I'm gonna need some backup at the U-Store-All on the southwest corner of Airway Road. I've got a tunnel approximately 30 feet deep.

DISPATCH (VO)  
Copy Victor 107. We got a major bailout at the Otay Villa Apartments by Echo One -- 12 UDA's. Will send support ASAP.

Ben clicks off the radio and waits a beat as, DOWN THE TUNNEL OPENING, he HEARS: a WOMAN'S DISTANT, MUFFLED SCREAM...

BEN  
(to himself)  
Shit...

BEN CROSSES TO THE MIRROR, drapes his BP JACKET over the glass to mute any sound and elbows the glass, SMASHING THE MIRROR into several large pieces.

12 INT. UNDERGROUND TUNNEL - MOMENTS LATER

12

Ben shines his flashlight down a RICKETY LADDER leading into the UNKNOWN. HEART THUMPING as he climbs down the steps, 10... 20... 30 feet down.

Ben reaches the bottom, but before stepping off the ladder, he uses a SHARD OF MIRROR to SCAN for danger.

NO ONE IN SIGHT, Ben steps off the ladder. Takes in the 5 foot tall tunnel with its jerry-rigged lights strung along the walls...

BEN makes his way along the wall, nears a turn where he HEARS VOICES TALKING IN SPANISH.



BEN USES THE MIRROR, SEES: a group of TONKS [a BP acronym which means 'Territory of Origin Not Known'] COMING -- along with a Crying Woman, wounded, beaten, being urged forward by COYOTE 1.

Behind them, even more TONKS -- All migrants we might recognize from the slaughterhouse waste hauling truck in our opening. But Ben doesn't know this. To him they're all criminals.

As the first man rounds the corner -- Ben grabs him SMASHING his face into the wall. Unable to separate the good from the bad at this point -- Ben spins, GUN BUTTS the second guy before he has a chance to raise his weapon.

COYOTE

*[Get him!]*

ANGLE A MIGRANT -- COMING AT BEN FAST -- as BEHIND BEN now, Salty steps off the ladder and ENTERS THE TUNNEL, gun raised.

Ben grabs the guy, spins him in one smooth motion, using the guy as a meat shield as --

Salty POPS OFF a shot hitting the guy in his side.

But the BULLET ONLY GRAZES THE GUY, GOING THROUGH his side, RICOCHETING OFF THE WALL -- one of the reasons you never fire in a tunnel.

COYOTES

*[Don't fire! No guns!]*

MIGRANTS

*[Stop!]*

\*  
\*

BEN

Don't fire in the tunnel!

BEN LOOKS DOWN, sees the WHITE POWDER NOW POURING OUT OF THE GUY's side.

As Salty and Coyotes descend on Ben, outmanned and outgunned, Ben quickly unleashes his PEPPER SPRAY CANISTER instantly creating a MASSIVE CLOUD filling the length of the tunnel. What follows is a cheap fast dirty street fight with everyone in tears and blinded. SCREAMS OF AGONY replace gunshots as the pain of pepper spray overtakes every last one of them -- including Ben.

Punching his way through Coyotes, Ben FINDS THE CRYING WOMAN, ushers her to the ladder, getting one good hit on Salty on his way out.

13

EXT. U-STORE-ALL - LATER

13

The parking lot's a circus. Multiple BP CRUISERS surround the building, along with various LAW ENFORCEMENT VEHICLES, HSI, DEA, local cops -- and a few AMBULANCES.

BEN WASHES HIS EYES of pepper spray as he watches his fellow BORDER PATROL AGENTS move the migrants from the tunnel into ICE VANS. The migrants look tired, defeated, scared. And there are tears, whether the result of the pepper spray or the disappointment.

Chief Agent **JOE DON WALKER** (54) approaches Ben with a BIG GRIN.

JOE DON

There's the man of the hour!  
(his grin fades)  
You know damn well you shouldn't  
have gone down there.

BEN

What are you going to do? Fire me?

JOE DON

Helluva bust. CNN-level shit. DEA  
brass is gonna be posing for pics  
in the tunnel for weeks.

Off some of the perps being led past, TATTOOS CLEARLY  
VISIBLE.

BEN

Baja Cartel.

Joe Don cocks his head toward a cordoned-off area where DEA  
AGENTS stack BRICKS OF COCAINE.

DEA AGENT

Clemens, you crazy motherfuckin'  
cowboy. I gotta shake your hand.

BEN

(as they shake)  
For what? Showin' you lazy bastards  
how to do your own jobs?

DEA AGENT

Sit and spin, border bouncer. We  
all know you wish you were me.

ON BEN'S FACE, a bit of truth to that.

BEN

Hair cut and a suit... No thanks.

Then to Joe Don,

BEN (CONT'D)

Thinking it starts somewhere in TJ.  
I can get back down there and snake  
the tunnel, see where it goes...

JOE DON

You've done enough. It's up to the  
tunnel rats now. Go ahead and roll.

Joe Don pats Ben on the back, CROSSING to JOIN the DEA as BEN WATCHES for a beat, sad to have been dismissed -- today of all days.

14      EXT. CHULA VISTA STATION - ESTABLISHING - DAY      14

Ben pulls up to a typical government building. A sign reads U.S. CUSTOMS AND BORDER PROTECTION, CHULA VISTA STATION.

15      INT. CHULA VISTA STATION - BULLPEN - DAY      15

Ben ENTERS headquarters, strolls past the WHITE BOARD, with tasks for the week on it. Sees the bustle of co-workers coming and going. Something bugging him about it...

16      INT. CHULA VISTA STATION - BREAK ROOM - DAY      16

The FRIDGE light comes on as Ben reaches in for a SODA. But then...

Something catches his eye: A store-bought SHEET CAKE on the bottom shelf. Ben can make out two words, 'HAPPY RETIREMENT.'

Ben unceremoniously DUMPS the cake in the trash and EXITS.

17      EXT. THEO'S BAR - NIGHT      17

Like many bars in this neighborhood, Theo's is a bit of a dump. Not that it matters, the parking lot is PACKED.

18      INT. THEO'S BAR - NIGHT      18

A dollar store HAPPY RETIREMENT BANNER hangs on the wall. That's about the extent of it as far as decorations go.

**GARRETT COX** (27), handsome, not yet jaded, and as close to a work friend as Ben's got, takes two beers from the crowded bar and makes his way through the packed floor of AGENTS where finally -- he spots Ben, alone in a dark corner, two empty bottles in front of him, working on a third.

GARRETT

I see you're having a blast.

BEN

Thought I made it clear I didn't want a party.

GARRETT

Don't blame me. This was all Joe Don's idea.

Garrett thrusts an OVERSIZED GREETING CARD in front of Ben.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Except for this. I had everyone sign it. Figured you'd hate that.

Ben doesn't open it, just sets his beer on it like a coaster.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Ben, I just want you to know how much I --

BEN

Ah, shit. Don't do that --

GARRETT

Come on. Let me finish --

BEN

I'm giving you a direct order to shut the fuck up and drink.

GARRETT

I just want to thank you for looking out for me. I know you had your doubts --

BEN

Still do.

GARRETT

Yeah, well, I'm gonna do my best to prove you wrong. And if I end up half the agent you are, I'd be pretty darn happy.

BEN

I'll make sure Joe Don knows you'd  
be happy with half pay then.

Garrett laughs, giving up any attempt at an emotional moment.

GARRETT

I'm gonna miss you, you crusty  
bastard.

Ben reluctantly clinks his bottle. Just then HOYT, a TIPSY CO-  
WORKER, approaches the table.

HOYT

So what's next Clemens? Bouncer at  
Sea World? Walmart greeter?

BEN

I got an idea, Hoyt. Why don't you  
greet this?

Ben GRABS HIS OWN JUNK as Hoyt LAUGHS like a drunken school  
boy. The moment is interrupted by MICROPHONE FEEDBACK.

JOE DON (O.S.)

Is this thing on?

Ben turns to see Joe Don by a KARAOKE MACHINE.

JOE DON (CONT'D)

Listen up. Before we get to the  
karaoke, I'd like to raise a glass  
to the guest of honor.

Ben watches as his old boss and all of his former colleagues  
raise their glasses. In 32 years a man becomes his job. And  
somehow embracing this celebration right now for Ben feels  
like embracing the end of it.

JOE DON (CONT'D)

Agent Ben Clemens, on behalf of  
U.S. Customs and Border protection,  
after 32-years of distinguished  
service, I hereby officially kick  
your ass out the door.

(a beat)

To Ben Clemens!

ON THE OTHERS as everyone raises their beverage to toast Ben.

EVERYONE

To BEN CLEMENS!

JOE DON

Ben, come on up and say a few  
words.

As they look out to find nothing but a swinging door... OFF  
JOE DON as it dawns on him Ben has already left.

An Irish goodbye. A Ben Clemens special.

19

EXT. THEO'S BAR - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

19

A FORD F-150, with almost as much mileage as Ben, rips out of  
the lot and pulls onto the road.

IN BEN'S EYES, something resembling emotion.

**END ACT ONE**



JOSEPH  
My guinea pig had babies. You said  
you bought two boys.

BEN  
Sounds like I was wrong.

ALEXANDRA  
I got a new spelling trophy.

BEN  
Spell: butthead.

ALEXANDRA  
B - E - N.

Val approaches with a mug in her hand.

VALERIE  
Coffee?

BEN  
Thanks, Val.

VALERIE  
(to the kids)  
Go watch cartoons.

Ben watches as the kids run inside the house. As soon as they're out of earshot, Val tosses him a set of KEYS.

VALERIE (CONT'D)  
You're going today?

BEN  
Yeah.

VALERIE  
Ben... Thank you.

As they slowly make their way to his truck.

VALERIE (CONT'D)  
I hate to ask, but how long do you  
think it's going to take?

BEN  
Won't know until I see it.

An awkward pause. Val exhales. Ben can see she's carrying the weight of the world.



VALERIE

Ben... Javi took a second mortgage on the house to pay for Mexico. We're behind on payments. I'm meeting with the bank Tuesday to see if they'll give us an extension.

A beat.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

They're going to foreclose on this house if we don't pay Mexico off soon. And...

As Ben takes the weight of the world onto his own shoulders.

BEN

Won't be enough to cover the loan without the cabin finished.

VALERIE

Ya... I'm sorry...

BEN

We both know, Javi would've dragged me down there anyway. He was a great guy, but he was a shit carpenter.

Ben gets in his truck. Val tries to make the best out of a bad situation.

VALERIE

Javi didn't leave us much, but he left us you.

25      INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY      25

Ben stocks up on PLYWOOD SHEETING, BOXES OF TILES, CANS OF EXPANDING INSULATION FOAM and loads them into a cart.

26      EXT./INT. HOME DEPOT PARKING LOT/BEN'S TRUCK - DAY      26

As Ben loads his truck, he's approached by two DAY LABORERS.

DAY LABORER 1

You need help, mister?

DAY LABORER 2

I'm the best, man! Very strong.

Ben does a double-take. A flash of recognition as he clocks Day Laborer 2 (early 20's).

BEN  
You don't recognize me without the  
uniform, Alvaro?

Alvaro recognizes him now. The color drains from the guy's face.

ALVARO  
(calls out)  
*La migra!*

All the Day Laborers take off in different directions.

BEN  
Goddammit.

Retired or not, Ben can't let that go. He jumps in his truck and races off after Alvaro, who now runs toward the far edge of the parking lot in his attempt to flee as...

BEN DRIVES ALONGSIDE HIM -- throws his pickup in park -- jumps out and -- SLAMS Alvaro against a chain link fence.

Ben ZIP-TIES Alvaro's hands to the fence as he bangs a CALL TO Joe Don on his CELL.

JOE DON (V.O.)  
What's up, old timer?

BEN (INTO PHONE)  
Joe Don. I need a 10-16 at the Home Depot on Plaza. I've picked this asshole up at least five times in the past year alone --

JOE DON (V.O.)  
Ben, there's protocol --

BEN (INTO PHONE)  
Fuck protocol. He's right here, in front of me. I can bring him in myself --

JOE DON (V.O.)  
Ben, are you serious? It's not your job.

Alvaro watches Ben hang up, crestfallen as he reluctantly CROSSES to ALVARO...



Ben passes a road sign reading, "PUERTO LIBRE - 62 KM". As he reaches a long STRAIGHT STRETCH, we hear an ALERT FROM HIS GPS VOICE GUIDANCE...

BEN'S PHONE (V.O.)  
*You have reached your destination.*

Ben PULLS OFF THE ROAD.

32      EXT. MEXICAN HIGHWAY - DAY      32

AT THE EDGE OF A STEEP CLIFF where a section of guard rail is missing. Ben peers down at the waves crashing onto the rocks far below. AT THE FOOT OF THE BROKEN RAILING, Ben's surprised to FIND: a 99-cent store vase with a single fresh PURPLE DAHLIA. Hmm... That's odd. Ben stares at the fresh flower for a beat before getting in his truck.

33      INT. BEN'S F-150 - DRIVING - DAY      33

The truck turns off the highway onto a dusty side road.

34      INT./EXT. BEN'S F-150 - DRIVING/PARKED - DAY      34

One more turn at an easily-missed DIRT ROAD. Ben rolls to a stop at a RUSTED GATE, unlocks it, drives right through, gradually FINDING...

A SECLUDED SPOT on a small, ice-plant covered bluff about 30 yards from a ROCKY BEACH. BEN STEPS OUT OF HIS TRUCK to FIND sweeping ocean views. Not a bad chunk of land for a working class guy to build a vacation house.

Too bad Javi didn't get a chance to see it through.

35      EXT. JAVI'S TRAILER - ESTABLISHING - DAY      35

Ben puts his bags down in front of a dusty old TRAILER parked within a stone's throw of a HALF-BUILT HOUSE which sits atop a CONCRETE SLAB.

A SLOW WALK AROUND -- Ben checks the craftsmanship of the partially built frame, exposed studs, unfinished plumbing... The wind has shredded the plastic sheeting stapled to the roof gable. It's going to be much more work than Ben thought.



Maria Elena stares at Ben and then heads to the kitchen where she confers with taqueria proprietor **SILVIA PEÑA** (late-40's, outgoing, lights up the room).

MARIA ELENA  
[Bald guy wants a menu.]

Ben watches SILVIA CROSS THE ROOM, somewhat struck by her beauty.

SILVIA  
No menus necessary. We make what's fresh here.

BEN  
Got any fish tacos?

SILVIA  
The best you'll ever have.

BEN  
Sold.  
(bad pronunciation)  
And a *cerveza por favor*.

Silvia smiles and heads to the kitchen, giving Ben the opportunity to LOOK OUT THE WINDOW at another view of this quiet, slow-paced little town.

ON THE MAIN STREET OUTSIDE a few EL SALVADORAN MIGRANTS chat with a LOCAL FISHERMAN,

As a few YOUNG MEXICAN MEN PULL UP in an old RANCHERO. These *brutamontes* [bad men] are loud and rowdy as they spill out, they wear cargo shorts, t-shirts, and flip-flops, one with rosary beads around his neck -- a subtle criminal presence in the otherwise idyllic fishing town. Ben watches as they push the Salvadoran migrants out of the way as Silvia returns with Ben's beer.

SILVIA  
What brought you to Tacos del Sol?

BEN  
A friend of mine came here a lot.  
And he was very picky about his Mexican food.

SILVIA  
Smart friend. What's his name?

BEN  
Javi Lopez.

Ben takes note as Silvia's light dims.

SILVIA  
He was a good customer.

As Ben takes his beer, he puts it together that she's likely the one who left the flower on the road.

NETO (OFF-SCREEN)  
Javi was well liked around here.

As Silvia walks away, BEN TURNS TO FIND a man in a NEARBY BOOTH. **NETO FLORES** (late 40), local cop sitting with a few other cops.

COP 1  
Half a Mexican but he could drink twice the *cervezas* of anyone I know.

BEN  
Got the 30 years of hangovers to prove it.

NETO  
You worked together?

Ben nods.

BEN  
He was my partner.

COP 1  
Sorry for your loss.

Neto offers his hand in friendship.

NETO  
Neto. This is Luis. And Eduardo.

As they shake,

BEN  
Ben.

NETO  
Taking over Javi's old place?

BEN  
(nods)  
Gonna finish it, try to sell it for his family.

Ben FOLLOWS NETO'S EYES TO THE DOOR, where we HEAR BELLS JINGLE ONCE MORE as TWO MEN ENTER. Their lack of flip-flops and their confident bearing tells Ben they're likely in charge of the light muscle congregating outside of the taqueria. Their names are **SULTAN**, 20s, a second generation Mexican American who grew up on the streets of Boyle Heights, shot a cop and has fled to Mexico. He is first cousin and trusted lieutenant to **CHAYO**, taller, 20s, cocky gait, big dick energy.

NETO  
Sooner you finish, the better,  
amigo.

Ben watches Neto as he and the other cops watch these two head to the counter.

SULTAN  
*[Six tacos. Two burritos.]*

Ben hears the LOUD THUD OF A DISH on the table in front of him as Maria Elena drops off his order.

BEN  
*Gracias.*

Maria Elena walks away, responding in English.

MARIA ELENA  
You're welcome.

BEN shakes his head, point taken.

As he digs into his tacos, Ben WATCHES Chayo drape his arm over Maria Elena -- THIS IS HIS WOMAN. Ben takes it in as he HEARS a PING COMING FROM HIS POCKET.

ON BEN'S CELL, a TEXT: "**CALL ME**" from someone named JILL. Ben dials his CELL.

INTERCUT WITH:

40

INT. WHOLE FOODS - SAN DIEGO - DAY

40

**JILL** (40's, tan, fit), Starbucks in hand, head to toe Lululemon, shops for over-priced, organic, locally sourced produce.

JILL  
Hey stranger.

BEN  
What's up?



JILL  
Not that you'd need the reminder,  
but Kate's pool party thing is  
tomorrow.

A beat of silence. Oops.

JILL (CONT'D)  
Did you forget?

BEN  
No.

They both know he forgot.

JILL  
Party's at noon, come any time.

BEN  
Look, I really wish I could, but --  
Been a busy week. A lot going on.

JILL  
It's not like you can use work as  
an excuse anymore.

BEN  
Well you know how it is between me  
and Frank --

JILL  
Your daughter's graduating. She got  
into that program at USD.

BEN  
Wow. That's great.

JILL  
You're her dad. Not Frank. You  
should be there.

BEN  
You're right.

JILL  
I'm sorry, could you repeat that?

BEN  
You're... Right.

JILL  
If only you had said that more, we  
might still be married.

Ben laughs.

BEN  
Probably not.  
(only half-joking)  
Now who's right?

JILL  
See you tomorrow.

As she hangs up, Ben takes another swig of his beer, watching Silvia appear in the kitchen door and hand Sultan a few bags containing their TAKEOUT ORDER.

SILVIA  
*[That'll be 120.]*

The men take the food and walk away from the register without paying. Silvia does nothing. Neither does Maria Elena who is still draped under Chayo's arm and is being taken out of the taqueria, a bit early in her shift.

NETO  
(to Sultan)  
*[You forget something, Cholo?]*

Sultan stares intently at Neto. He speaks street inflected English, a reminder of his upbringing as part of the Hollenbeck Crew in LA.

SULTAN  
You gonna arrest me, hick?

SILVIA  
*[Neto, it's okay.]*

CHAYO  
*[My uncle won't be happy if his food gets cold.]*

Ben can't make out what's being said, but he recognizes the growing tension between the two.

MARIA ELENA  
(soothing)  
*[Come on, baby.]*

She tries to get him to pay. Neto puts his hand on his gun.

NETO  
*[We all must put food on our tables. Even a woman who makes it.]*

Chayo smiles, pleased at the display of old school chivalry from Neto. Chayo stares at Neto. Taking in the presence of the other patrons. Decides this is neither the time or place to take a stand.

CHAYO

*[Pay the woman.]*

Neto relaxes as Sultan overpays for the food, tossing a few hundred extra pesos on the counter in front of Silvia.

BEN exchanges a glance with Maria Elena as she heads toward the door with Chayo,

CHAYO (CONT'D)

You got a problem gringo?

BEN

No. I pay my bills.

BEN goes back to his food as Chayo EXITS, Maria Elena in tow...

CHAYO gives Ben one more look as he gets in his car.

**END ACT TWO**

ACT THREE

41 EXT./INT. JAVI'S FISHING TRAILER/BEN'S F-150 - NEXT MORNING 41

Ben locks up the trailer in preparation for his trip up north. He gets into his truck. Reaches into his console for his pack of Nicorette gum, only to find that it's EMPTY.

42 INT. FARMACIA - DAY 42

It's no CVS -- about the size of one of their greeting card aisles. But the shelves are packed with drugs that north of the border would require a prescription. Not finding what he wants, Ben approaches the counter.

BEN

Where's your Nicorette?

YOUNG CLERK

*[Down the back, near the condoms.]*

BEN

Que?

VOICE (O.S.)

Hold up. Be right with ya!

Ben's EYES FIND -- A CAUCASIAN MAN who emerges from behind a messy desk in the back. This is JACK CONKLIN (late 30s, surfer type). Jack's gregarious, a bit loud -- the kind of guy Ben usually tries to avoid.

JACK

(to the Young Clerk)

Thanks, Diego, I got this.

(to Ben, re: Diego)

No bueno with the Spanish? I'm Jack. What can I do for you?

BEN

Nicorette.

JACK

Aisle 2, by the rubbers. We don't get a lot of tourists around here.

BEN

I'm not a tourist.

JACK

New in town. Even better.

Ben returns to the counter with the Nicorette.

JACK (CONT'D)

That it? We got whatever medication you can think of -- no prescription necessary.

BEN

Just the gum.

As Ben pays for his stuff, Jack hands him a business card: FARMACIA DEL MAR - JACK CONKLIN - PROPRIETOR, and his number.

JACK

You need anything, give me a call.

(a beat)

Us immigrants gotta stick together.

Immigrant, a dirty word where Ben comes from. Ben glares at Jack for a beat, leaving the card on the counter as he EXITS.

43 EXT. SAN YSIDRO PORT OF ENTRY - DAY

43

It's early but northbound traffic is already at a standstill. Ben not so patiently waits his turn as he sees a STREET PEDDLER approach his truck, both arms loaded with CHEAP NECKLACES. Ben rolls down his window this time as...

BEN

Hey!

A Street Peddler turns smiling, holding up his merchandise.

BEN (CONT'D)

Give me the best one you've got.

The man holds up a NECKLACE with a BLUE-COLORED CRYSTAL HEART on it. Ben pays the man, then quickly rolls up his window and gets back to waiting.

44 EXT. CHULA VISTA STATION - DAY

44

Ben waits in his truck. THROUGH HIS WINDOW, he watches OLD CO-WORKERS going in and out of the building, but he chooses to keep his distance. Less painful that way.

Finally -- Garrett, in shorts and a T-shirt, bounds over. Dressed for the pool party.

45

INT. BEN'S F-150 - DRIVING - DAY

45

Ben smells something new on Garrett.

BEN  
Cologne?

GARRETT  
(sniffs himself)  
Worked an overnight with Argenta.

Ben grumbles. He's got history with Argenta, whom we'll find leap frogged him for a promotion a few years back.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
He ain't so bad.  
(beat)  
I'm being folded into his Off Road  
Unit.

ON BEN, envious. He's always felt paternal about Garrett.

GARRETT (CONT'D)  
They needed someone.

BEN  
(granting approval)  
You've been wanting that for  
awhile.

With growing excitement,

GARRETT  
Pretty cool to rumble through a  
slot canyon at night. Saw a herd of  
deer.

BEN  
Well, trust me. Deer will prove to  
be the most interesting sighting  
under Argenta's watchful eye.

Off Garrett's look,

GARRETT  
Last night we saw vague signs of  
passage --

BEN  
Did you drag old tractor tires?

GARRETT  
Yeah and it worked. You were right.  
Saw a rifle butt mark in the sand.  
(MORE)

GARRETT (CONT'D)

Uncovered a half dozen AR-15s in a dry wash nearby. Got in a high speed chase with two gun runners with the help of the Horse Unit --

Ben's torn between pride and wanting to be a part of it.

BEN

Regular cowboy now...

Garrett clocks Ben's silence for a beat, changes the subject.

GARRETT

You sure Katie's gonna be OK with me coming? Just seems a little...

BEN

A little what?

GARRETT

Like you just invited me so you didn't have to go by yourself.

That's exactly what Ben did.

46 EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - DAY

46

Establish a beautiful house in an upscale neighborhood. Ben and Garrett pull up in the truck.

47 EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

47

Ben and Garrett are greeted by Ben's ex-wife's current husband, **FRANK KERR**, mid-40s, successful psychologist who is holding **OLLIE**, his 4-year old daughter with Jill.

FRANK

Ben! Happy to see you!

Frank goes to hug Ben. Ben is not a fan.

BEN

Frank.  
(dodging the hug)  
I'm good.

FRANK

I've been thinking about you. Retirement is right up there with death and divorce as one of life's most stressful challenges.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)

I want you to know, if you EVER  
need a professional to talk about  
that with --

BEN

Katie in there?

Ben squeezes past Frank into the party.

FRANK

(to Garrett)

Hi. I'm Frank. Kate's stepdad.

GARRETT

Garrett. Ben's emotional support  
animal.

Frank smiles at that, shakes Garrett's hand.

48

INT. JILL'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

48

Ben makes his way to the kitchen where Jill is directing the  
CATERERS. She kisses Ben on the cheek.

JILL

You look good. How's the leisure  
life?

BEN

Doctor Touchy McFeely already  
covered that.

JILL

He's just trying to connect.

BEN

Wish he'd stop.

JILL

Birthday girl's out back. Here,  
you'll need this.

She opens the fridge and tosses Ben a beer. He looks down --  
it's HIS FAVORITE BRAND. She remembered. Ben smiles at Jill,

BEN

Thanks.

And slowly heads out toward the dull roar of the party.



49

EXT. JILL'S HOUSE - BACKYARD/POOL - MOMENTS LATER

49

It's NOISY and filled with MILLENNIALS - two things Ben does not handle well. Beer in hand, he spots his daughter **KATE** (23) across the pool talking with FRIENDS. She's got her mom's looks and her dad's attitude.

As Ben watches her, we see a soft side of him. He smiles at her, until... BEN SEES her TAKE A DRAG OFF A JOINT.

KATE

Dad!

BEN

Hey, Katie.

CROSSING TO HER, Ben looks at the joint with disapproval but she doesn't care. She enjoys busting his balls. The only person he allows to do that.

KATE

Want some?

BEN

You know how I feel about that.

KATE

No more government job.  
(passes it his way)  
It's legal.

BEN

You're not a lawyer yet.

Katie smiles slyly and passes the joint to a friend.

BEN (CONT'D)

I'm proud of you baby.

He wraps his arms tightly around her.

KATE

Thanks for coming.

BEN

Wouldn't have missed it for the world.

Giving him shit again,

KATE

Yes you would.

As Kate brushes the hair out of her face, Ben sees a SIMPLE HEART TATTOO on the INSIDE OF HER WRIST.

BEN  
You got a tattoo?

He takes her arm and examines it.

KATE  
Graduation gift to myself.

BEN  
It's really... nice. Got you a little something too.

Ben gives her the CHEAP NECKLACE he bought from the street vendor. She smiles. Puts it on.

BEN (CONT'D)  
It's not much.

KATE  
Dad. Stop. I love it.

BEN  
Gonna be the first Clemens to get a graduate degree.

KATE  
Mom has hers.

BEN  
Her last name's Kerr now.

KATE  
And whose fault is that?

Playful brutality, just like dad. Then, she softens...

KATE (CONT'D)  
You seeing anyone?

Ben shifts uncomfortably. She's the only one who can make him feel this way.

BEN  
Are you?

Kate looks toward Garrett, who chats with a few of her swimsuited FRIENDS.

KATE  
I should probably go say hi.

As Kate heads off toward Garrett,

BEN  
Go ahead, I'm fine!

KATE  
Dad. Live a little.

Ben looks at all the kids having fun, stopping a YOUNG LATINO carrying a tray of shots.

BEN  
Yo! When you get a sec, I'll take another beer.

The Young Latino stares at him, triggered...

YOUNG LATINO  
You think I'm a waiter, cause I'm brown.

BEN  
Because you're carrying a tray of drinks, dipshit.

Ben looks over to see that Kate is now getting a GIFT from Jill, Frank and Ollie. A MACBOOK PRO. Kate freaks out. Super excited. It's exactly what she wanted.

FRANK  
Family photo time.

Frank passes his phone to Garrett.

FRANK (CONT'D)  
Can you take it?

GARRETT (TAKING PHOTO)  
(to Kate and the others)  
Get closer...

Ben smiles as Jill sees him standing there. Waves enthusiastically.

JILL  
Ben, get over here.

Ben shakes his head, but Jill persists until he ENTERS FRAME... Jill puts her arm around him as they all pose: Frank, Jill, Kate, Ollie and...

BEN FORCES AN awkward SMILE as the photo is snapped.



Silvia drops some meat in a skillet and it starts to sizzle as Ben notices a pot with SOME SOUP warming on another burner. Silvia gives it a stir.

BEN (CONT'D)  
You got any kids?

SILVIA  
I wish I did.

There's a story there. Ben knows better than to ask. After a beat, there's a KNOCK ON THE WINDOW OUTSIDE. Silvia looks up to FIND A SALVADORAN MIGRANT MOTHER and SON. Silvia holds up a finger to them. BEN WATCHES Silvia pour some SOUP from the pot on the stove into a TAKE OUT CONTAINER. He watches as she heads to the door and gives it to them. BEN WATCHES as Silvia refuses to take the woman's money in exchange for the soup.

Ben knows a migrant about to make the trek across the border when he sees one.

BEN  
You feed everyone who's crossing?

SILVIA  
They were hungry.

Off his look,

SILVIA (CONT'D)  
Humans have walked on the moon.  
There's a rover on Mars. Meanwhile,  
down here, we can't seem to stop  
fighting over lines in the sand.

BEN  
Those lines were put there for a  
reason.

SILVIA  
Reason?  
(beat)  
What would you do if a young woman  
came to your door? Hungry...  
Hurt... Looking for a job. Not a  
handout. A job. Does she get to  
cross your line?

BEN  
It's not my line.

SILVIA  
But you held it.

BEN

It was my job to make my side of  
the line as safe as possible.

SILVIA

You sound like Javi.

BEN

I take that as a compliment.

She follows Ben's eyes to a purple dahlia on the counter.

SILVIA

You should. He was a good man.

BEN

Javi wasn't just a customer, was  
he?

A beat.

SILVIA

I miss him.

Ben absorbs this, taking it as confirmation. Silvia and Javi  
were a couple.

BEN

Makes two of us.

54 EXT. TACOS DEL SOL - LATER

54

Silvia holds the door open as Ben exits, handing him a to-go  
bag. Just like the ones in Javi's fridge.

BEN

Thanks again.

SILVIA

Anytime. Goodnight.

As Ben CROSSES to his truck, it's the first time we've seen  
him with a little smile.

55 INT. BEN'S F-150 - DRIVING - NIGHT

55

As Ben reaches the edge of town, something catches his eye in  
the rearview mirror as --

MARIA ELENA sits up from hiding in his back seat.

BEN  
What the fuck!?

56      EXT. MEXICAN ROAD - CONTINUOUS      56

Ben's truck SWERVES violently and pulls over to the side of the road.

57      INT. BEN'S F-150 - CONTINUOUS      57

Maria Elena, nervous. Ben may be lucky not to have had cardiac arrest, but at the moment, he's PISSED.

MARIA ELENA  
Help me!

BEN  
What the hell are you doing in my truck?

MARIA ELENA  
*[Chayo will kill me!]*

BEN  
Slow down. I don't know what you're saying.

MARIA ELENA  
*[Chayo Leyva! He has killed many people!]*

She struggles to find the words...

MARIA ELENA (CONT'D)  
*[I'm afraid for my baby.]*  
(off Ben's look)  
Fear. For baby.

As she motions BEN NOTICES she has a SACRED HEART TATTOO on the INSIDE OF HER WRIST. Same placement as the heart on Kate's arm.

BEN  
Look, I'll take you back to the restaurant --

Ben starts to hang a U-TURN.

MARIA ELENA  
No! *Estados Unidos!*

BEN  
*Estados...* Are you out of your  
 fucking mind?

Maria Elena is growing more desperate by the second.

MARIA ELENA  
 You are *la migra!*

BEN  
 Yes - Migra! Border Patrol! Which  
 is why I don't take you! It's  
 illegal. *No bueno.*

The fear on her face morphs into anger and frustration as she  
 kicks the door open, climbs out, and starts walking off.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 Hey!

ON MARIA ELENA as Ben's truck backs up INTO FRAME.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 Just get in the car.

A look of triumph as she opens the back door. The gringo  
 changed his mind, a new life awaits...

BEN (CONT'D)  
 You can ride up front...

Maria Elena clearly not understanding, Ben pulls out as Maria  
 Elena tucks herself down on the back floor well.

58

EXT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

58

Ben rounds the corner and slows. As he approaches the police  
 station, he sees a figure standing outside, FACE LIT by the  
 glow of a cigarette. It's Neto. Maria Elena sneaks a peek and  
 panics.

MARIA ELENA  
*[Are you crazy? The police can't  
 help me! I can't be seen here!]*

BEN  
 No idea what you're saying.

Ben throws the truck in park, gets out, opens the rear  
 passenger side door.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 You wanted help? Come on.



To say she resists is putting it mildly. As he tries to take Maria Elena by the arm, she KICKS and hisses at him,

MARIA ELENA  
*[Don't touch me!]*

Seeing the commotion, Neto approaches. Discovering Maria Elena in the back floor well of Ben's truck.

NETO  
Making friends already, I see.

BEN  
She's in trouble.

Neto gets the situation. Calls back toward the station door.

NETO  
*[Eduardo! Get out here!]*

Eduardo, one of the young cops Ben met in the diner earlier, CROSSES TO THEM, now in plainclothes about to head out for the night.

NETO (CONT'D)  
*[Take her home, drop her a block from her house would you?]*

Eduardo leads Maria Elena to his CIVILIAN CAR.

BEN  
I've got a daughter close to her age.

NETO  
Filing a report would do her no good. If anything it would get her killed quicker.

Ben watches the car drive off,

BEN  
Fell in love with the wrong man...

NETO  
She didn't fall in love. Chayo chose her. She didn't have a choice.

Off Ben absorbing this.

59      INT. BEN'S F-150 - DRIVING - NIGHT

59

ON BEN'S FACE, mind racing when he sees LIGHTS IN HIS REARVIEW MIRROR. Two CARS are closing in fast.

One of the cars, the RANCHERO we established earlier in the day, PULLS UP ALONGSIDE BEN...

THE PASSENGER SIDE WINDOW OPENS REVEALING one of the brutamontes with a GUN. Suddenly without warning --

BLAM!

A single SHOTGUN BLAST rips into a MOVING TRUCK TIRE, causing it to flap halfway off its rim, kicking up dust and coming to an abrupt stop --

60      EXT. MEXICAN ROAD - MOMENTS LATER

60

ANGLE the Ranchero as it rips to a stop. **SALAZAR** (20's with a deep pock-marked face), gun to Ben's head, yanks Ben out of his truck.

BEN

What are you doing? Take it easy!  
Easy!

No answer as Salazar and another *brutamonte* -- **RIVAS** (20's)-- DRAG Ben forcefully across the surface of the road all the way over to...

THE FOLLOW CAR

Where Salazar gets Ben to his feet and SLAMS Ben's face against the REAR DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW.

Ben WATCHES AS Rivas relieves Ben of his WALLET, tossing CREDIT CARDS and CASH out onto the dirt, until he finds BEN'S ID, which he pockets.

After a beat, the window LOWERS, distorting Ben's face with a comically exaggerated grimace, as it SQUEAKS across the glass.

BEN'S POV, into the REAR WINDOW: Chayo sits with Maria Elena.

CHAYO

(to Maria Elena)  
[This him?]

Maria Elena nods her head sheepishly, not wanting to incriminate Ben, just trying to avoid getting into trouble herself. Ben understands this as they share a look.

Chayo puts a protective hand on her swollen belly. Chayo then directs a cold, territorial glare at Ben.

CHAYO (CONT'D)  
(chilling)  
Stay away from my woman.

As BEN WATCHES the follow car with Chayo and Maria Elena drive off. ON BEN, as he is CRACKED in the head with the butt of a shotgun, taking us out --

**END ACT THREE**



This should be the definition of peaceful... but it's not. Ben can't forget what happened last night, and it's not going away anytime soon.

Ben SLAMS the rest of his beer, grabs the rest of the six-pack from next to the lawn chair and heads inside.

65

INT. JAVI'S FISHING TRAILER - NIGHT

65

Ben lies in bed, exhausted but unable to sleep with all the heat and LOUD CICADAS CLICKING IN THE DISTANCE.

After a beat, as Ben begins to fade -- He is startled by a KNOCK ON THE DOOR.

Ben is instantly flooded with adrenaline, as he picks up his gun and phone from the table and is on his feet moving in the same tactical way he was trained 32-years ago in the CBP Academy... It's second nature at this point and he's not fucking around.

BEN LOOKS OUT THE WINDOW. It's dark, but he can tell it's Maria Elena. Ben is none too pleased to see her.

MARIA ELENA

*[Hello? Please! I need your help!]*

Shit. As Ben opens the door...

BEN

Pretty sure we already went through this --

MARIA ELENA

*[I'm sorry... I have nowhere else to go.]*

Ben scans quickly behind her for any sign this is some sort of trick. As Ben steps outside...

EXT. JAVI'S FISHING TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Maria Elena looks up at Ben as the light from inside spills onto her body. That's when BEN SEES: she's BLOODY and BEATEN. One eye is closed in a swollen purple bruise and BLOOD trails down her temple and the side of her mouth.

BEN

Fuck.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 You can't be here. You almost got  
 me killed.

MARIA ELENA  
*[I'm scared he will kill my baby.]*

She cries, it's heartbreaking, but what the fuck can he do?  
 Ben takes out his phone, starts dialing.

BEN  
 I'm calling *Policia*.

MARIA ELENA  
 (growing panic)  
*No. No. No policia.*

BEN  
 Neto. This time you've got to let  
 him help you.

The words are barely out of his mouth before she COLLAPSES.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 Shit.

Ben gets down on the ground, checks her pulse. Beyond that  
 he's not sure what the hell to do.

66 INT. JAVI'S FISHING TRAILER - LATER

66

Ben hears a CAR DRIVE UP. He peeks out the window. It's  
 Silvia. Ben opens the door.

SILVIA  
 Where is she?

Ben SEES that she brought someone with her. Fucking Jack.

BEN  
 What'd you bring him for?

JACK  
 Said you might need a doctor.

BEN  
 So you brought a pharmacist?

Off Jack's look.

SILVIA  
 Best I could do. You can trust him.

Ben doesn't like Jack, but Maria Elena needs all the help she can get. He holds the door open. Jack CROSSES TO Maria Elena, as Silvia and Ben move inside.

67

INT. JAVI'S FISHING TRAILER - NIGHT

67

SILVIA

They're going to be looking for her.

BEN

I called Neto. Left a message.

Silvia crosses to Maria Elena as Ben watches Jack finish his cursory examination.

JACK

Baby's fine, far as I can tell, but mom's got a possible concussion.

BEN

So you'll get her to a hospital?

JACK

Won't do her any good bouncing around for two hours on the road. You can't move her. She needs rest, food and water.

SILVIA

I'll go back in town and make her some food.

Jack heads for the door with Silvia.

BEN

(an acid beat)

Where the hell are you going?

JACK

Nothing more for me to do here.

He tosses Ben a new pack of NICORETTE GUM.

JACK (CONT'D)

On the house.

Jack goes out to wait in Silvia's car. Silvia kisses Maria Elena's head and gets up.

SILVIA

I'll bring food and Neto. He'll know what to do.





GARRETT

What?  
 (a beat)  
 What girl?

BEN

Her baby daddy's cartel. I need you  
 to call that ICE lawyer, Ingrid,  
 have her put the wheels in motion.  
 Tell her she 'fears for her life.'  
 (to Maria Elena)  
 Your name... *Cual es tu nombre?*

Ben holds the phone up so Garrett can hear.

MARIA ELENA

Maria Elena Valenzuela.

BEN

Get ahold of her office, give her  
 that name --

GARRETT

Ben --

BEN

By the book, Garrett. Just do it.

Ben HANGS UP.

We stay with Garrett. He sets his phone down on the table,  
 thoughts a million miles away as...

KATE steps into the bedroom doorway, wearing one of Garrett's  
 crisp new Border Patrol Shirts as pajamas.

KATE

What's taking you so long?

She smiles, seeing Garrett hasn't gotten the wine open yet.  
 Garrett tries to smile too. It's not convincing.

KATE (CONT'D)

What..?

As Maria Elena devours crackers, Ben leaves Neto another  
 message.

BEN (INTO PHONE)  
 Neto, it's Ben again. I realize  
 you're off duty but I need you to  
 come to the cabin now...

Ben HEARS a LOUD RUMBLE of an engine outside. Ben goes to the window.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 It's urgent.

TWO HEADLIGHTS are coming down the dirt road. Even from this distance we see it's the Ranchero. Ben hangs up.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 (to Maria Elena)  
 You need to hide.

She nods, terrified, as tires CRUNCH outside. Ben grabs his gun from the counter, takes a deep breath...

73

EXT. JAVI'S FISHING TRAILER - NIGHT

73

Ben steps outside as the RANCHERO APPROACHES. He squints past the lights, seeing only one person -- Salazar -- who, after a beat, steps out of the driver's side.

BEN  
 Don't mean to sound unfriendly, but  
 this is private property.

SALAZAR  
*[Just want to talk.]*

Ben pulls his weapon, holding it by his side.

BEN  
 Get back in your car.

Salazar stares blankly. Takes a step toward him. Ben COCKS his weapon.

BEN (CONT'D)  
 I'm not gonna ask again.

Ben turns as he senses movement out of the corner of his eye but it's too late -- Rivas PISTOL-WHIPS him with the butt of his gun. THUD! In the same exact spot they cracked him in the head last night. Ben goes down, his wound immediately opening up.

Ben, dazed, on his hands and knees as Salazar pulls his own gun, trains it on Ben, and directs Rivas.

SALAZAR  
*[Check the shit hole.]*

Rivas takes Ben's gun and hustles inside the trailer. An intense beat as Ben and Salazar stare each other down.

74            INT. JAVI'S FISHING TRAILER - CONTINUOUS            74

WITH RIVAS as he ENTERS to FIND -- no sign of Maria Elena.

Rivas CROSSES to the closet. Opens it. Turns the couch upside down. NOTHING.

Rivas flips the mattress off the bed, but she's not there either. He heads back to the KITCHEN...

75            EXT. JAVI'S FISHING TRAILER - CONTINUOUS            75

Ben on the ground staring at Salazar's gun.

BEN  
 You're not going to find whatever  
 the fuck you're looking for.

Rivas leans out of the trailer.

RIVAS  
 (calling from door)  
*[She's not here.]*

SALAZAR  
 (stepping closer to Ben)  
 Where the fuck is she?

BEN  
 Where the fuck is who?

Rivas suddenly hears something from one of the cabinets.

RIVAS  
*[Hang on...]*

Salazar looks to Rivas, Ben sees his moment and LAUNCHES HIMSELF at Salazar, knocking him back against his car without warning, one hand locked on Salazar's wrist, as the other bangs his head into the car. The men struggling for control of the weapon.

76 INT. JAVI'S FISHING TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

76

The only unopened doors are the ones to the cabinet UNDER THE SINK. Rivas raises his gun, OPENS THE CABINET finding Maria Elena - gun in one hand he yanks her from the cupboard as, BANG, he hears a shot outside.

Rivas jerks towards the sound, then looks back as Maria Elena SPRAYS HIM IN THE FACE with a can of EXPANDING FOAM. The thick, yellow goo splashes across his face and eyes, BLINDING him with sticky, expanding polyester resin. Once this stuff is on you, it doesn't come off, blocks his nose and mouth.

Rivas SCREAMS, drops his gun clawing at his face in an attempt to clear his airway as Maria Elena crawls towards the gun, struggling, Rivas gets there first as Maria Elena sprays him again, this time directly in the mouth as Rivas manages to point the gun right at her...

77 EXT. JAVI'S FISHING TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

77

Faces cut and bloody, Ben and Salazar slam into the hood of the car as the men flip still fighting for control of the gun, Salazar now on Ben. Suddenly a shot rings out from the trailer. Ben's horrified as Salazar smiles. MOTHER FUCKER. Ben uses his full body weight against Salazar flipping him again, BANG gun fires shattering the windshield as it's knocked out of their hands and slides to the other side of the car.

Salazar KNEES Ben in the CROTCH, Ben doubles over as Salazar smashes Ben's chin into the hood, Ben goes down as Salazar goes for his gun, Ben SWEEPS his legs, forcing Salazar to the ground.

Scrambling for the gun, Salazar grabs Ben's leg, Ben kicks Salazar hard breaking his hold. Ben reaches for the gun as Salazar jumps on top of him, punching Ben repeatedly until Ben grabs Salazar by the shoulders and unleashes a HEAD-BUTT.

CRUNCH! Salazar rolls off, NOSE BROKEN. Ben quickly grabs the gun, gets to his feet, weapon raised, Salazar is bent over in agony, breathing heavily.

BEN

Hands where I can see 'em!

Salazar turns to Ben as he stands, PHONE IN HAND.

BEN (CONT'D)

Drop the phone!

The guy's only 25.

SALAZAR  
*[Don't kill me, please.]*

BEN  
 DROP THE FUCKING PHONE!!

SALAZAR  
 Please, no kill...

BANG! Salazar's head opens up in a SPRAY OF RED MIST.

But it wasn't Ben who pulled the trigger. He turns to FIND MARIA ELENA -- holding RIVAS' GUN -- a mama tiger who didn't hesitate to kill in order to defend her unborn child.

Ben approaches Salazar, crumpled on the sand, and REMOVES SALAZAR'S PHONE FROM his body. Ben looks at the LAST SENT TEXT:

*"Con la migra."*

With growing horror, Ben heads past Maria Elena, GUN RAISED, back to the trailer where he discovers...

78            INT. JAVI'S FISHING TRAILER - MOMENTS LATER            78

Signs of a struggle -- blood and vomit splattered against the wall, the cabinet beneath the sink is open, broken dishes, a knocked-over silverware drawer and hardening YELLOW FOAM splashed across the floor and counter -- and coming out of the now grotesque (and dead) face of RIVAS, swollen twice its size and oozing goo. Hard to imagine a worse way of dying.

79            EXT. JAVI'S FISHING TRAILER - LATER            79

Ben's F-150 is running but without the lights on as he and Maria Elena drive off.

80            INT. BEN'S F-150 - DRIVING - NIGHT            80

Ben on the phone as he bounces down the dirt road,

BEN (ON PHONE)  
 Silvia! Don't go to the house! I'm taking her to the Police Station. Just stay where you are and call me when you get this!

Ben hangs up, looks over to Maria Elena, in the passenger seat, in shock, almost catatonic.

