

THE JESUIT

First Draft Revised

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Paul Schrader

1 EXT HUNTSVILLE DAY 1

CLOSEUP of a brand new grey felt Stetson hat, "Cattleman" style. Weathered fingers work their way around the brim.

ABRAHAMS

I brought you a hat. Remembered you wore hats. Figured you'd need one.

NETO

Thanks.

Placing the hat on his head, NETO NIENTE examines his reflection in CARL ABRAHAMS' sunglasses.

Neto, 30, has the blank expression and hard physique of an ex-convict. He wears a professionally cut gunmetal grey suit, white shirt and blue patterned tie. Black ankle boots. Abrahams, 45, his lawyer, sweating in the hot Texas sun, hooks his sport coat across his shoulder.

ABRAHAMS

You look pretty good. Stayed in shape.

NETO

Where is the car?

ABRAHAMS

(gestures)

This way. The white Acura.

Neto hesitates a moment before following Carl. He looks back at the path leading to Huntsville State Prison. The bland two story walls are topped with razor wire and guard towers. A silhouette watches from behind dark protective glass.

Abrahams remotely unlocks the car as they approach the Acura.

NETO

Where are we going?

ABRAHAMS
Where do you want to go?

NETO
Home.

ABRAHAMS
That's not so easy.

They get into the car. Carl fires up the engine and air con as Neto removes his Stetson, places it on his lap.

The Acura exits the prison parking area, heads towards the Interstate.

CUT TO:

2 INT ACURA DAY 2

Abrahams adjusts the volume as they head north. Tejano music plays softly.

ABRAHAMS
How much money you got?

NETO
About \$200. I need a car.

ABRAHAMS
Your driver's license still good?

Neto nods. Carl removes an envelope from the console, hands it to Neto:

ABRAHAMS
I took the money out like you asked. There a little over twenty grand. Plus your passport.

NETO
That's all?

ABRAHAMS
You wanted her to have something. That was your call.
(Neto looks at him)
It's been four years, Neto. Appeals, dispositions, court costs, hospital bills, doctors, medicine...

NETO
The State Trooper?

ABRAHAMS
Robbie Cuaron, six months ago he discovers he has cancer of the asshole and finds God. Dios Mio, he says, what have I done to deserve such a thing?

Neto looks out the window. He's heard this story before.

ABRAHAMS CONT'D
...I can't sit, I can't shit, the pain is like a burning horca, what must I do to become right with You?

NETO
He said that to God?

ABRAHAMS
Yes he did. His wife said to him--

NETO
She was talking to God?

ABRAHAMS
She was talking to me. She said, Roberto, you must confess your sins, you can hide nothing from the Lord. When you stand at the bar He will look into your soul and see all your secrets and He will judge. Cecilia mi amor, he says, I have confessed everything. But what about Neto Niente who was represented by that nice lawyer Carl Abrahams who has helped us out so much with the hospital and the insurance and never once mentioned his client Neto? "Niente was a murderer." Not the murder you testified about in court. You forget getting so drunk and hitting your head and telling me about taking the gun from the crime scene and putting it in his car? Maybe that is why God put this terrible thing in your fucking ojete!

NETO
"Fucking"?

ABRAHAMS

I just threw that in. Robbie says to her, yes, yes, amor, you are right. I will confess. I will go in tomorrow and confess.

Beat.

NETO

And she told you?

ABRAHAMS

(he nods)

Robbie is too ill to go to the State Police, I said. They will say he isn't thinking right. Tomorrow when I come with the medicine I will bring a Judge to take his statement. Which I did. Robbie Cuaron's soul found peace. A week later he was in the arms of St. Peter.

NETO

You like telling that story, don't you?

ABRAHAMS

It's a good one.

NETO

You went to the funeral?

ABRAHAMS

(shakes head "no")

Those State Troopers, they're very sensitive. They have hard feelings about the fact that I represented you. I sent flowers.

NETO

Don't get me wrong. I wasn't questioning you. The fees, you earned them. I appreciate everything you did.

(beat)

Did she ask for any more money?

ABRAHAMS

No.

NETO

Have you seen her?

ABRAHAMS

No.

NETO

She knows I'm out?

ABRAHAMS

I imagine. It was in the news.

NETO

She ask?

ABRAHAMS

Nadia has her own life now. That's only normal.

NETO

Julio?

ABRAHAMS

How old is he?

NETO

Twelve. He contacted you?

ABRAHAMS

(nods)

I gave him your address.

NETO

He sent three letters.

(taps his pocket)

Then they stopped. He said his mother didn't want him to write anymore. I thought he might have got back in touch.

ABRAHAMS

(shrugs: "no")

I got something else from you. It's in there.

Carl gestures to the console. Neto opens it, removes a new iPhone.

ABRAHAMS

It's got all the latest stuff. You won't fucking believe this thing. Internet, camera. I figured it would give you something to do, keep you in touch. It's like a fucking computer.

Neto looks it over.

ABRAHAMS

You have problems with it, give me a call.

(beat)

You know where you're staying?

NETO

Just drop me off at one of the car dealerships on Airport Road. I'll find something.

ABRAHAMS

You can stay with us.

NETO

I'm all right.

ABRAHAMS

The other week I was down in Galveston. Bayou Vista. The salt water comes right up from the ocean into the bay. At some point the fresh and salt water merge. Irving Texas is like that. The salt water comes real close and if you don't watch yourself it will pull you right out to sea. You got no restrictions on you, Neto, no parole, no supervision, you can go where you want, but in Irving, they don't forget El Jesuita. Not the police, far as their concerned, you took one of theirs, not the cholos, you were an enforcer, you made enemies. They remember.

NETO

I've been thinking about Hawaii.

(off Carl's reaction)

There was a hotblood in Huntsville, I did a favor for him.

ABRAHAMS

Picked up his soap?

NETO

Saved his life. His brother runs a coffee farm in Kona. You know, for ex-cons. Said that if I ever wanted to go that way, live the straight

(MORE)

NETO (CONT'D)
life, he could put in a word for
me. I thought I might check it out.

ABRAHAMS
Hawaii. That's good thinking.

NETO
There's just one thing I got to do
first.

ABRAHAMS
What's that?

NETO
See my son.

CUT TO:

3 EXT AIRPORT ROAD DAY 3

Car dealerships line the wide road: row upon row of discounted pre-owned trucks, pick-ups and all terrain vehicles.

Neto exits from the passenger side after the Acura pulls to a stop. Neto places his Stetson atop his head, thanks Abrahams and closes the door. He waits for the Acura to enter traffic, turns and walks towards the office.

CUT TO:

4 EXT SUPER 8 MOTEL NIGHT 4

A used 1990 red Dodge Ram 4x4 pickup, bathed in the glow of street lamps, parked outside the three story motel.

CUT TO:

5 INT NETO'S MOTEL ROOM NIGHT 5

Montage from Neto's first night of freedom:

--Neto, stripped in white boxers, does squat thrusts. Blackletter script across his sweat covered chest states "EL JESUITA." Gang and prison tattoos along his forearms and stomach elaborate his personal history.

--Neto's grey suit hangs in the bathroom as it fills with steam from the shower.

--Stacked supplies from Rite Aid: toiletries, socks, underwear, vitamins, instant coffee and a sports logo knapsack.

--Neto, wearing a white T-shirt, studies his iPhone. It frustrates him, but he composes himself, begins anew.

--Neto stands at the window watching as gangbangers drive past, rap blasting from open windows.

--Neto presses his face to the generic carpet, pushes his body up. His feet are on the bed. His back is covered with a large tattooed image of the patron saint of gángsters, Santa Muerte. Saint Death.

--He carefully places his suit on the second bed's box springs, places the mattress over it.

--Adolescent handwriting on three letters to "Dad" signed "Julio."

--Working the iPhone, he is able to access the Google website. An accomplishment.

--Neto showers.

CUT TO:

6 EXT HISPANIC NEIGHBORHOOD DAY 6

Neto parks the 4x4 at the curb, exits the cab, looks around his old neighborhood. Lower income ranch houses baking in the Texas sun. Brown grass, live oaks and fading gang graffiti.

He wears his grey suit, blue tie and Stetson. It's all he ever wears.

Neto waits at the door. A MIDDLE AGED HISPANIC WOMAN opens the door.

NETO
Nadia Niente?

The Woman shakes her head. No one here by that name. He notices then recognizes MRS. CRUZ exiting the house next door.

NETO
Hola, Señora Cruz.

Mrs. Cruz back away as he steps forward. Neto puts a big smile, a smooth line of friendly chatter. Mrs. Cruz laughs.

Soon they are talking. He asks questions. She answers.

CUT TO:

7 EXT ELEMENTARY SCHOOL DAY 7

The red Dodge 4x4 is parked in a lot down the block from the modern red brick school. Neto, at the wheel, browses through applications for his iPhone: games, sports, dating. "What celebrity are you most like?" Hmm.

He looks out the window. School kids are exiting the building, congregating out front. The usual horseplay and social awkwardness.

JULIO, 12, stands with several classmates. Neto watches him intently. Julio hears someone call his name. He waves so-long to his friends, runs to where a Mercedes sedan waits.

NADIA NIENTE, 30, stunning in jeans and a blouse, gets out of her car, embraces Julio. He gets in the front seat and they drive off.

Neto starts up the 4x4, follows.

CUT TO:

8 EXT NADIA'S HOUSE DAY 8

Neto follows the Mercedes at a distance. The car drives past a shopping area, enters an upper middle class residential development.

Nadia puts on her turn signal, pulls into the curving driveway of a recently built upscale two story stucco home set back from the street. The grass is green, the lawn well tended.

Neto drives past, turns a corner, stops to think.

A FEW MINUTES LATER: Neto parks the red 4x4 in behind the Mercedes, gets out, walks to her door.

At the door, he rings the chimes. Nadia's voice answers:

NADIA O.S.

Yes?

NETO
Nadia, it's me. Neto.
(no reply)
Come to the door.

SEEN FROM INSIDE: Nadia leans against the door jamb, exhales, steadies herself, then--

Nadia opens the door, steps out, partially closing the door behind her. She looks up and down the street.

NADIA
You should have called.

NETO
Would it have made a difference?
Let me in.

He reaches for the door. She tenses up, backs away. His voice conveys his hurt:

NETO
Have I ever raised my hand to you?

NADIA
No.

NETO
I wrote you. I went to our old house. I spoke with Mrs. Cruz. She says hello.

NADIA
I don't think this is a good idea.
(he waits)
What do you want?

NETO
I want to apologize. I'm sorry about the grief I've brought. And the danger I've exposed you to.

NADIA
Thank you. I accept.

NETO
When I saw you, I was thinking about when we first met. At the Community Center, corazón.

NADIA
Don't do this.

NETO
Who knows where it leads?

NADIA
We know where it leads.

NETO
I would like to see my son.

NADIA
He's not here now.

NETO
Nadie--I saw you bring him home.

NADIA
You were spying on me?

NETO
Mrs. Cruz said Julio changed
schools. It's been four years. Let
me in.

Nadia looks up and down the block again, relents. She steps
back, allowing Neto to enter.

CUT TO:

9 INT NADIA'S HOUSE DAY 9

Neto, inside, looks around: the living room looks as if it
were decorated from a design museum catalogue: clean lines
and chic modernist white surfaces. A sensibility alien to him
and his memories. He looks at his ex-wife: who is this woman?

NETO
Nice.

NADIA
Thanks.

Neto steps over to a side table, looks at the framed
photographs. Pictures of Nadia, Julio, Nadia and Julio, Nadia
and Vicente, a sharp looking thirties man with a diamond
earring. She notices him:

NADIA
We're not married anymore.

NETO

Do you have my stuff?

(off her look)

My clothes, books, personal junk?

NADIA

It went to Goodwill. I didn't expect you back.

NETO

My guitar?

NADIA

Julio wanted to keep it. It's in his room.

NETO

I'd like to work out a visiting schedule.

Nadia's expression is unyielding. Part of her still has feelings for him; she's keeping that part in check.

NETO

I have rights.

NADIA

I bet you have a lawyer too. Same one? Abraham something?

NETO

Carl Abrahams. I'd like to avoid going that direction.

NADIA

I don't think so.

NETO

I will have him get in touch--

They are INTERRUPTED by a VOICE calling from the hall:

JULIO

Dad!

Julio bounds toward them. Neto beams as Julio jumps into his arms.

JULIO

Mom! It's Dad!

Neto sets him down. Julio, now self conscious, steps away.

NETO
Chamaco! You've become a man.

JULIO
 Come see my room.

Neto turns to Nadia:

NETO
 Excuse me.

Nadia lifts her arm, taps her wristwatch. Neto nods, turns to his son:

NETO
 Show me.

Julio leads him down the hall to his room.

CUT TO:

10 INT JULIO'S ROOM DAY 10

Posters of Mexican heavy metal bands and pinups decorate the walls around Julio's unmade bed. The iMac on his desktop is set to a sheet music website.

NETO
 Cool room, Julio. Genial.

Neto notices his old guitar, a solid top acoustic, atop the dresser.

JULIO
 I saved it. You want me to play something?

Julio pulls an black electric guitar festooned with stickers from a pride-of-place stand, prepares to plug it in. Neto motions him back. He notices Nadia watching through the door:

NETO
 Julio. Not now. I don't have a lot of time.

He motions with his head to Nadia. She closes the door.

NETO
 I just want to talk to you. Hear what you've been doing, what do you like, what's school like?

JULIO
I knew you would come back.

NETO
Nothing could keep me away from you
chamaco. Made any friends? Like
your teachers? What are you
reading, listening to, what TV--

The words are tumbling out of Neto's mouth. He pulls back,
afraid of pushing too hard.

Julio looks toward the door behind which his mother waits:

JULIO
(confidential to father)
You can come to school.
(Neto doesn't understand)
Third period. Tomorrow. I don't
have a class.

NADIA O.S.
Julio?

JULIO
Yes?

NADIA O.S.
You have your lessons.

JULIO
Yeah, mom.
(to father)
What was it like? What was prison
like?

NETO
The people there, they're not very
smart. Not like you.

CUT TO:

11 EXT MOTEL POOL NIGHT 11

Steam rises from the water as Neto does laps in the blue-lit
motel pool, Santa Muerte on his back.

CUT TO:

12 EXT ST. LUKE'S FIRST LIGHT 12

A large contemporary red brick Catholic church, Irving, Texas.

CUT TO:

13 INT ST. LUKE'S CONFESSIONAL DAY 13

A handful of parishioners sit on pews as a cleaning woman passes. Inside the confessional, a PRIEST, in darkness. Neto speaks through the screen:

PRIEST

How long has it been since your last confession?

NETO

Long time. I was a kid. Not here. Holy Spirit. Don't remember. Whenever it was. Didn't tell the truth.

The Priest waits for him to continue.

NETO

I'm out of prison. I've killed people. I've hurt 'em, I've left 'em for dead. Made them wish they were dead. Most of them weren't worth anything anyway. A waste of skin. People of that life, they don't have much feeling or brains. They make promises and they don't keep. They use drugs. Turn on their family. It was the life I chose. One, a punk, un poco mamón. Tried to steal from us. Tied him down, took his eyes, his huevos. He bled all over. His novia, killed her. The little boy came in. Nothing goes the way you planned, right? He would be the same age as my son today.

(beat)

People like that. Malandros They deserved it. Never anyone like you, Padre.

(sly smile)

If I did, they weren't wearing a collar at the time. You can't have

(MORE)

NETO (CONT'D)
 a family without enforcement. The
 church had its enforcers, Los
 Jesuitas. They keep order. With the
 knife and the gun.

(beat)
 I came to just say that, to put it
 out there.

Neto looks at the Priest. The Priest waits.

NETO
 I want a new life.

CUT TO:

14 EXT ATHLETIC FIELD DAY 14

Neto and Julio sit on short-rise bleachers overlooking the
 field. Phys Ed classes run sprints on the red composite track
 while classmates execute soccer drills on the green grass.
 The student body is "all-American": i.e., Anglo and affluent.
 He wears a stick'em pass bearing his name on his suit jacket.

Neto soaks it all in, says to his son:

NETO
 Nice here. I can see why Mom moved.

JULIO
 She didn't move. It's Vicente's
 house.

NETO
 What's he like?

JULIO
 He's okay. He gets me stuff.
 (Neto waits)
 He doesn't like my music.

NETO
 Surprised?
 (off Julio's reaction)
 I mean if he did like it, you'd
 have to listen to something else.

Julio misses the point of this reverse logic. A MALE TEACHER
 passes by, gives Neto a looking over. Julio responds:

JULIO
 He's my Dad.

The Teacher looks at the main building, heads back.

NETO

When I was your age, mi Clica were metalheads. Brujeria, Banzai, Ángeles de Infierno. But, you know who I liked? Maldita, Caifanes. Pretty square, como?

JULIO

They're not so bad. Kinda old.

NETO

That's me.

With one eye Neto has been tracking the progress of the Teacher who now enters the main building. He takes a slip of paper from his pocket, gives it to Julio:

NETO

Keep this. I have a phone. This is my number. If you ever need me, call me. I'll be there for you.
(aims iPhone camera)
Smile.

Julio forces a big grin. Neto takes a photo.

JULIO

Did you ever see them play?

NETO

Who?

JULIO

Caifanes.

NETO

(nods "yes")
I had a friend who did security for them. A tough guy. Raza el vato. He'd get me in. Ended up in prison.

JULIO

Do they let you play there?

NETO

You learn to play other ways. In your mind. I'll show you. I'll play you a song, a old song, a sentimental song, from before I was born. "El Jinete," a horseman alone
(MORE)

NETO (CONT'D)
 in the mountains. His love has
 died. Here are the strings.

Neto takes picks up a rock and scratches six marks onto the bench.

NETO
 And the frets. When you play the
 strings you hear them in your head,
 like this:

Neto touches the marks on the bench, humming the familiar opening notes of "El Jinete."

NETO
 Por la lejana montaña
 va cabalgando un jinete,
 vaga solito en el mundo
 y va deseando la muerte.

Neto starts to sing and, for a moment, is lost--in music and memory. Julio watches his father.

NETO
 "...Lleva en su pecho una herida,
 va con su alma destrozada..."

Neto senses someone approaching, looks up:

NETO
 Uh-oh.

The Teacher approaches with Nadia and VICENTE, Nadia's boyfriend from the framed photo in her living room. Nadia, catching the eyes of Neto and Julio, hesitates. She subtly holds her hand up, halts Vicente. He stops at a discrete distance; Nadia and the Teacher approach.

NADIA
 Julio, why aren't you in class?

NETO
 We were singing a song.

JULIO
 It's free period.

The Teacher looks at Neto's stick'em pass:

TEACHER
Where did you get that pass?

NETO
I asked for it.

The Teacher doesn't believe him but chooses not to cause a scene. He speaks to Julio:

TEACHER
Your mother needs you at home.
We'll email your class assignments.
(to Neto)
This is private property.

NETO
Nadie, can we talk about this?

Nadia seems is pulled four directions: her son, her boyfriend, her son's teacher--and Neto: her once true love.

NADIA
Neto...

TEACHER
Should I contact Security?

NETO
No need. I was just leaving.
(to Julio)
Julio, I'll be out of the state for
a few days. I'll be in touch.

Neto stands, tips his hat to Vicente, watches Nadia and Julio go.

Nadia walks behind Vicente and Julio after stopping to thank the Teacher. Vicente speaks sternly to Julio:

VICENTE
What did he say?

Julio is unresponsive. He looks away.

VICENTE
Did he call you?

Julio looks back toward his mom. Nadia, now watching, steps in between Vicente and Julio, puts her arm around her son.

Vicente pockets Julio's cell, walks them toward their waiting Mercedes. Julio, turning back, gives his father a last look.

CUT TO:

15 EXT SOMBRERO NEGRO NIGHT 15

An oversized sombrero half lit by red and yellow blinking lights tops an otherwise unremarkable urban bar.

CUT TO:

16 INT SOMBRERO NEGRO NIGHT 16

A young couple, arms entwined, sway beside the pool table as a narcocorrido ballad plays on the juke box. The atmosphere exudes g  ngster ethos: tats and colors, saints and santos, album covers of singers wielding guitars and guns, framed photos of local lowlife heroes.

Three aging gangbangers, veterans of ghetto battles, drink at a table: two with faces decorated with scars and tattoos, missing fingers and brain cells, and one, mute, absent a section of his skull. Two YOUNGBLOODS sit at the bar.

Neto drinks alone at a table, his back to the wall.

BAILARIN, a local "shotmaker," someone of rank in the local mafia, enters with two BODYGUARDS. The Youngbloods stand when he enters.

Bailar's eyes find Neto. Neto stands as Bailarin walks over:

BAILARIN

El Jesuita.

They share an abrazo, gang greetings and a gang handshake. The Bodyguards step back as BAILARIN and Neto sit.

BAILARIN

You wanted to talk to me?

NETO

I'm looking to check in.

BAILARIN

Good to see you, Neto. You need something? You need to be set up?

NETO

Actually, I was thinking of going the other way. Stepping back.

BAILARIN

That's not possible, ese. Blood in, blood out. Por Vida, remember?

NETO

That's why I told you first. I've made my decision. Now you've got to decide.

(makes eye contact)

What side do you want to be on this?

BAILARIN

You see those vatos at the bar? They'd love to take you on. Cut down The Jesuit. Get his rep.

NETO

I'd like to see them try.

BAILARIN

(smile)

Wouldn't mind see that myself. Okay, holmes, I'll give you a pass. But you can't stay around here. I can't have people knowing you're back and not taking orders.

NETO

I have another favor to ask. My son. My son goes to school here. I'd like to see him.

BAILARIN

Hang around, get yourself a gravestone. That way he can come and visit every day.

NETO

It won't be long. It may take a few days. My wife, she's with a man, Vicente Arroz. He work with you?

BAILARIN

(shakes head "no")

Heard the name. Some guns, I think. He has weight down south. Not with us.

A song from the juke box insinuates its way into the conversation: "Días de Gloria," a Spanish cover of Springsteen's Glory Days.

BAILARIN

El Boss.

(beat)

I hear you join another group,
you're dead. Don't take too long
leaving.

NETO

Gracias.

The one the Gangbangers steps off his stool, emulates Springsteen's signature arm swing, lip-syncs the lyrics. The couple at the pool table joins in, followed by the Bartender. The mood lightens.

BAILARIN

(sings)

"Días de gloria y que pasará por."

Neto laughs, softly joins in: "Días de gloria."

CUT TO:

17	EXT	HONOLULU INTERNAT'L AIRPORT	DAY	17
Planes land and depart.				

CUT TO:

18	INT	JULIO'S ROOM	DAY	18
Julio, sitting at his computer, his door closed, listens as Vicente and Nadia argue in another room:				

VICENTE O.S.

What were you thinking!

NADIA O.S.

Vicente--calm down!

Julio puts his headphones on, blocking out the sound.

CUT TO:

19 INT VICENTE'S OFFICE DAY 19

The wood paneled room reeks of Tejano pretension: bookshelves, awards, Texan and Mexican memorabilia.

Vicente, angry, stands beside locked closets. Nadia, Holding her own, is in the doorway.

VICENTE
You let him in here?

NADIA
He came to the front door. He's Julio's father.

VICENTE
No he's not! Not anymore. He gave up those rights. Hijo de la chingada! He gave up those rights when he gave up his rights to you. He's trouble. Everything about him is trouble.

The phone rings:

VICENTE
Don't answer that!

NADIA
Calm down.

Vicente starts to raise his hand, backs off:

VICENTE
Don't raise your voice to me. Be careful. All this, I gave this to you. You had nothing. Remember that.

His cell phone rings. Vicente looks at the number, his hand shaking. He is under real pressure. He is venting about Neto but the pressure comes from elsewhere.

He dismisses Nadia with a turn of his head. Vicente waits until she closes the door, answers his cell phone.

CUT TO:

20 EXT OLVERA KONA COFFEE FARM DAY/EVENING 20

Ranchera music plays over montage:

--a sign points to a two-lane dirt road

--workers, black, Hispanic, Hawaiian, picking coffee, placing beans into their satchels

--the sun sets on a lane lined with cabins

--a communal bunkhouse and dining hall. Music is revealed as source music as a mother exits with her children.

CUT TO:

21 INT KONA DINING HALL EVENING 21

A mariachi band, standing in the corner of the dinning area, concludes a robust ranchera. Neto, hitting a final chord, laughs as he hands his borrowed guitar back to a musician. The mariachis start another song as Neto steps away. A WEATHERED WORKER, face and hands tattooed in prison ink, laughingly calls out ("hijo jesu"), slapping Neto's hand as he Neto works his way through the crowd of ex-cons. The Serenity Prayer, in English and Spanish, is taped to the wall.

Neto steps beside GALLA, 40, dressed in khakis and a dress shirt. Galla gestures and they step outside.

CUT TO:

22 EXT DINING HALL EVENING 22

Neto and Galla walk in the evening light:

NETO

I'd like to work tomorrow.

GALLA

No need for that. You're a guest.

NETO

Just to see what it's like.

GALLA

You like it here?

NETO

Thanks for having me.

GALLA

God was good to me. I pass it on.
How long you been out of Walls?

NETO

A week.

GALLA

How's that going?

NETO

Good.

GALLA

Mi carnalito was gassin? You took him over?

NETO

A man that throws his own shit and piss at a CO is just showing himself weak. I explained that to him.

GALLA

Thanks for helping. I don't think he has much of a future. Big balls. Not much brains. How about you?

NETO

Que?

GALLA

A future?

NETO

I'm caught. My son, he's twelve, I've neglected him but he needs me now. He's at the age where bad things start. They did for me. I need to be near him.

(beat)

He lives with his mother.

GALLA

And she lives in the barrio?

NETO

Irving, Texas. She moved up.

GALLA

But she's not coming here.

NETO

(laughs)

Not likely.

23 INT BUNKHOUSE ROOM NIGHT 23

CUT TO:

24 INT JULIO'S ROOM DAY 24

Julio, seated, plays in front of the computer screen camera. Nadia, having silently opened the door to his room, stands in the doorway watching. Julio pauses for a verse. Neto speaks through the computer speaker:

 NETO O.S.
 That's beautiful, Julio.

Julio, sensing his mother's presence, turns, sees her out of the corner of his eye. He sets down his guitar, speaks to the screen camera:

 JULIO
 I've got to go now, Dad.

 NETO O.S.
 Okay...bye, see you soon...

Julio signs off the phone connection.

 NADIA
 Julio...

 JULIO
 I'll pay you back, Mom. It's not
 that expensive.

 NADIA
 Not that. You got a second...?

She sits on the edge of the bed.

 JULIO
 I'll be late for school.

 NADIA
 It's all right. I'll speak to them.

 JULIO
 Is Vicente here?

 NADIA
 No.
 (beat)
 You should be careful about
 mentioning anything about Neto to
 Vicente. He's sensitive about it.

 JULIO
 Are you going to marry him?

NADIA

He's under a lot of pressure. He doesn't tell me everything.

JULIO

Why did he come to school?

NADIA

I'm sorry about that. The school called. They got Vicente on the phone and he...

(best)

Kids at school can be very cruel.

JULIO

They call me a cholito.

NADIA

Wherever you are, there are going to be bullies. DeZavala was hard too, remember?

JULIO

He was innocent!

NADIA

Julio. We were married very young. Your father was wild. I was wild. We loved the wild. He did things that were not good and he will always live with that reputation.

JULIO

But he's not like that now.

CUT TO:

25 INT DFW PARKING STRUCTURE DAY 25

Neto, knapsack slung over his shoulder, walks across the story of a Dallas Forth Worth parking structure.

He slows down: ahead he sees TWO TEENAGE SHADOWS apparently breaking into a parked car. One turns and looks at him. Neto lifts his hands, gesturing as if to say, "None of my business." He alters his path, takes a route around them.

Neto's cell phone rings. Looking back at the car thieves, he answers:

NETO

Hello.

NADIA O.S.
Neto? Nadia.

NETO
Nadie--how did you get my number?

NADIA O.S.
You gave Julio your number. He called you?

NETO
Yes.

NADIA O.S.
I think we should have that talk.

NETO
Me too. When?

NADIA O.S.
Soon. Tonight.

NETO
Where?

NADIA O.S.
Not in town. Jean Leon's. You know it? It's in Northgate.

NETO
I'll find it.

NADIA O.S.
Eight o'clock.

Neto opens the door to the 4x4. Across the parking structure, the Teenagers, booty in hand, head down the stairs.

CUT TO:

26 EXT STRIP MALL NIGHT 26

Jean Leon, a trendy French restaurant, sandwiched between Chuck E. Cheese and an Athletes Foot franchise.

CUT TO:

27 INT JEAN LEON NIGHT 27

Neto speaks with the MAITRE'D. Car lights from the highway pan across the front window.

NETO
 (scanning restaurant)
 Neto Niente...

MAITRE'D
 (checks book)
 I'm sorry.

NETO
 Nadia...I'm not sure of the last
 name.

MAITRE'D
 (shakes head)
 I'm sorry.

Neto looks around again, resigns himself:

NETO
 I'll be at the bar.

TIMECUT. Neto, at the bar, sips a club soda with lime. He looks from side to side, checks his watch: 8:25. He turns to watch the lights passing outside. The iPhone rings. Neto activates it:

NETO
 Nadia?
 (no answer)
 Who is this?

NADIA O.S.
 It's me.

NETO
 Where are you?

NADIA O.S.
 I was wondering.
 (Neto waits)
 Is it really possible for a person
 to change?

NETO
 Where are you?

NADIA O.S.
 I'm in the parking lot. I'm looking
 at you now. I've been here ten
 minutes. I'm deciding whether to
 come in or not.

CUT TO:

28 EXT STRIP MALL NIGHT 28

Nadia, dressed for an evening out, stands beside the Mercedes outside Chuck E. Cheese. Inside, young birthday party-goers play games, run about.

Neto straightens his jacket, walks toward her. They meet.

NETO
It is.

NADIA
It is. But is it possible for
another person to accept that fact?

NETO
Difficult.

NADIA
I never wrote. When you were in
prison. I never came. I didn't
think you would ever be free.

NETO
I don't blame you. If you asked to
remarry, I would have said yes. My
life was over.

NADIA
I was afraid of what I would feel
when I saw you.

NETO

In prison, in solitary, I saw there were two prisoners. One was the person I'd become. One was the person who fell in love with Nadia and married her.

NADIA
I'm sorry.

NETO
I decided to be the second person.

She reaches out, touches his cheek.

CUT TO:

29	INT	HOTEL ROOM	NIGHT	29
----	-----	------------	-------	----

Neto and Nadia, post-coital, lie in a queen size bed in an expensively but unimaginatively decorated hotel room. His suit hangs in an open closet.

NETO
Everything can change in an instant. Somebody inside told me that. What I didn't understand was that it could change for good.

NADIA
Yes. This changes...everything.

NETO
It's his house.

NADIA
His house. His car, his big screen
TV.

NETO
What does he do?

NADIA
Vicente? He's a good man. He's the man in the middle. Make something in Mexico, need to sell in the US--retirement condos, vacation homes, like that. He's good with Julio. He's asked to take him on a trip to Mexico.

He looks at Nadia: she's trying to put a good face on a bad situation. Otherwise she wouldn't be here now.

NETO
I heard something about guns.
(she doesn't reply)
Does he keep guns in the house?

NADIA
This is Texas. Everybody keeps
guns.

(MORE)

NADIA (CONT'D)

(beat)

Did I ever ask you what you did?

Neto has no answer for that.

NADIA

It's a business. A legal one.

NETO

I'm not one to point the finger.

(beat)

I'll tell him. About us.

NADIA

No. I will. Give me a few days.

NETO

It's not easy for me to stay in this city. People remember. Julio has changed schools and he's adjusting. He seems to be in a...uncertain phase, my fault I guess.

NADIA

He'll be all right.

NETO

What about his trip?

NADIA

I'll cancel it. Explain it to him. He's happy you're back. Thrilled.

NETO

I've heard of a place. A farm. Chance to move there, work. I don't know if it would be to your taste.

NADIA

We'll find out. I'm sorry. That I didn't visit. Julio missed you so-- I thought, he has to move on. I wanted to move on.

NETO

I gave you cause.

NADIA

You walk me through it. I'm like a little girl sometimes. You take me step by step, we'll walk together.

CUT TO:

30 INT SUPERSTORE DAY 30

Neto wanders through a discount store, looking at gear, gadgets and clothes marketed for teenage boys.

CUT TO:

31 INT CHINESE RESTAURANT DAY 31

Neto eats Chicken Chow Fun from a paper plate at a take-out storefront. A mounted TV plays the evening news: Dallas SWAT policemen round up Mexican gangbangers in the inner city.

CUT TO:

32 EXT SUPER 8 SWIMMING POOL SUNDOWN 32

Neto does laps in the small swimming pool. On his back Santa Muerte glistens in the fading yellow sunlight.

CUT TO:

33 INT NETO'S MOTEL ROOM NIGHT 33

Neto lied naked on the bedspread watching TV. His clothes sit folded on the bed beside.

A rerun of a Spanish game show, "El Gran Juego de la Oca," plays on the old television: girls in bright multi-colored outfits sing the show's theme song.

His cell phone rings. For a moment Neto doesn't hear it through the TV music. Neto swings his legs over the side of the bed, sits up and retrieves his cell.

NETO

Hello.

A frightened whispering voice responds:

JULIO O.S.

Dad. Come quick. Come right way.

Neto snaps to attention. An IMAGE appears on the iPhone:

Julio, wearing a T-shirt, leans toward the computer camera.

Getting up Neto grabs his boxers, stumbling to put them on, flips off the television.

NETO
What's happening?

JULIO
There are men in the house. Mama
and Vicente had a fight. There are
men--

Neto pulls on his pants:

NETO
Julio?
(then his socks)
Julio?

JULIO
Daddy!

Julio looks toward the door. There are muted SOUNDS and an
off camera FEMALE SCREAM.

NETO
Lock the door!

Julio jumps from his chair, runs off camera.

JULIO O.S.
Mama!

Neto, awkwardly thrusting his feet into his boots, searches
for his car keys--pulling out drawers, thrusting aside
objects--his eyes all the while glued to the vacant iPhone
screen...

NETO
I'm coming!

JULIO O.S.
Help!

Turning this way and that, Neto spots his car keys on the
bathroom sink.

On the iPhone screen: Julio turns his head at the sound of
HEAVING POUNDING on bedroom door. Julio BLURS past the
camera, runs past again.

NETO
Where are you?

SOUND of the door BREAKING. A BLURRY IMAGE of a STOCKY BLACK
MAN pursues Julio.

JULIO O.S.

Daddy!

Stumbling in the bathroom, Neto grabs his car keys from the sink, then, heading for the door, Neto BUMPS into the toilet, DROPS the iPhone. A voice YELLS:

VOICE O.S.

Chingale! Vamonos!

As the iPhone FALLS INTO THE TOILET. A slow motion SPLASH.

The IMAGE OF STRUGGLING MEN fades. The screen goes BLACK as the iPhone settles on the bottom of the toilet bowl.

Neto, on his knees, reaches into the water, retrieves the phone. He desperately, manically presses the touch screen.

Neto, shaking the phone, realizes he is wasting precious time on a hopeless task. He must go.

He stands, starts to move--damn, the car keys are now on the floor--grabs them, bends over to pick them up, runs into the bedroom, grabbing his shirt and jacket, and BANGS his way out of the motel room door. The 4x4 pickup waits across the parking lot.

CUT TO:

34 EXT SUPER 8 NIGHT 34

Neto, bareback, runs toward his Dodge. Children in the pool area turn to watch him. A father points him out.

On the iPhone SCREEN: nothing. Silence.

Neto jerks open the truck door. Throws his clothes on the seat, JUMPS inside. He starts the ignition, SQUEALS out of the parking lot.

CUT TO:

35 EXT IRVING STREETS NIGHT 35

The 4x4 speeds down a lit thoroughfare, turns into a residential district.

He holds the iPhone against the steering wheel, watching, hoping.

CUT TO:

36 EXT NADIA'S HOUSE NIGHT 36

Neto pulls in the curving drive, BREAKS to a stop. The neighborhood is deserted. Light comes from within Nadia's partially open front door.

Neto, bareback, double checks the dark empty iPhone screen, puts it in his pocket, gets out of the pickup.

Neto stands in the light of the half open door, sniffs the humid night air, recognizes a sticky, sickening smell. He pushes the door wider.

CUT TO:

37 INT NADIA'S HOUSE NIGHT 37

He steps quietly inside, surveys the designer decor. There are signs of a struggle: a chair toppled, wall decoration askew, photos knocked from the side table. He steps into the dining area.

Nadia lies in the hallway leading from the bedrooms to the dining room, legs splayed, one arm against the wall. Her throat has been SLIT OPEN. Fresh blood soaks her white dress, the off-white carpet, pools around her head like an abstract painting.

Neto leans over, checks her pulse. It confirms the obvious: she's dead. He looks toward Julio's room. The broken door is open. He steps over Nadia's body.

CUT TO:

38 INT JULIO'S ROOM NIGHT 38

The room looks as it did 15 minutes before on Neto's iPhone. The first thing Neto notices are the splintered remains of his acoustic guitar. The fretboard is broken from the body; twisted strings lead from one piece to another.

Neto stops before the dark iMac screen. a

A Televoice message of the computer screen states the call has been "lost." Looking up, Neto catches the eyes of a tattooed heavy metal rocker glaring down from a ceiling poster. An echo of himself. Neto retraces his steps.

CUT TO:

39 INT NADIA'S HOUSE NIGHT 39

Neto steps over Nadia's body, passes through the dining area. Examining the scene closer he notices faint red footsteps on the pink marble. They lead from the body to the front door. Several are of a size appropriate to adult males. Between them, fainter, is a smaller imprint, one left by a boy of about twelve years of age.

He follows the faint steps to the front door, goes to the a land phone and punches in a number.

ABRAHAMS O.S.

Yes.

NETO

Carl? Neto here.

ABRAHAMS O.S.

What number is this?

NETO

Nadia has been murdered.

ABRAHAMS O.S.

Huh?

NETO

I'm at her house now. Julio called me. They attacked the house--

ABRAHAMS O.S.

How can that--?

NETO

Julio is gone. They took him.

ABRAHAMS O.S.

What's the address?

NETO

Clark Springs Drive. 1794.

ABRAHAMS O.S.

Have you touched anything?

NETO

No.

ABRAHAMS O.S.

Don't touch anything. I'll be right there.

Abrahams rings off. Neto catches his reflection in a mirror, sees his prison tats. Realizes this is not an appropriate look.

CUT TO:

40 EXT NADIA'S HOUSE NIGHT 40

He reaches into the pickup, retrieves his shirt and jacket.

CUT TO:

41 INT NADIA'S HOUSE NIGHT 41

Neto walks through the dining area, carefully avoiding the red footprints. Looking down the opposite hallway, he sees the open door of a lit office.

CUT TO:

42 INT VICENTE'S OFFICE NIGHT 42

Framed photographs immediately identify this as the office of Nadia's boyfriend, Vicente. Neto puts his shirt on, buttons it as he looks around.

A color drawing depicts a luxury condo development on the ocean. Neto surveys the desk. All the usual items. Framed snapshot of Vicente, Nadia and Julio. Opens a drawer, sees cologne and keys. He pockets the snapshot of Julio.

He puts on his jacket as he steps across the room. He tests several closed closet doors. Locked. Taking his tie from his jacket pocket, he goes back to the desk, wipes the drawer handle with the tie, then opens it, removes the keys.

Trying out the keys, Neto opens the closet doors. The second is lined with GUNS: automatic rifles, shotguns, handguns. Brand new, never used.

He lifts a Beretta semi-automatic from a shelf, unwraps it. Listening he hears a CAR turn into the drive. He quickly closes the door, careful not to leave fingerprints, relocks the closet, returns the keys to the desk.

CUT TO:

43 INT NADIA'S HOUSE NIGHT 43

Neto, wearing his shirt and jacket, stands with Carl in the dining room. Abraham looks at Neto's iPhone:

ABRAHAMS

You saw it?

NETO

Just a shape. A black guy. Young.
Yelling. No faces.

(beat)

Vicente did it.

ABRAHAMS

How do you know?

NETO

We were going to get back together.
She was going to tell him. Why did
he take Julio?

ABRAHAMS

Is there anything you're not
telling me?

NETO

My socks.

(Abrahams looks at him)

While they were killing my wife I
was putting on my socks. Why?

ABRAHAMS

(takes out his cell)

I'm going to call the police.

CUT TO:

44 EXT NADIA'S HOUSE NIGHT 44

An EMS ambulance, lights flashing, waits in the driveway. Four additional squad cars are parked out front and in the drive. Police have cordoned off the house with yellow crime scene tape. Curious neighbors stand outside the tape, watching the comings and goings.

EMS personnel wheel Nadia's covered body out of the house, place the gurney in the ambulance.

CUT TO:

45 INT NADIA'S HOUSE NIGHT 45

CRIME SCENE TECHNICIANS collect samples from the spot of the murder.

In JULIO'S ROOM, Technicians bag the broken acoustic guitar, pack up the iMac, dust for fingerprints and take photographs.

Detective JOHN SAMPLES, wearing an evidence glove, speaks with a uniformed officer in VICENTE'S STUDY as Technicians collect evidence.

Det Samples stands with Neto and Abrahams in the LIVING ROOM. He extends his hand. There's an edge in his voice:

SAMPLES

May I have the cell phone?

Neto retrieves his iPhone, hands it to the detective who hands it to a Techie who places it in an evidence bag.

SAMPLES

(to Abrahams)

You'll get it back.

(to Neto)

You received this call about 8:30, you say. An hour later, 9:22, you called the police.

(beat)

What took so long?

Abrahams leans over, whispers in Neto's ear, then speaks to Samples:

ABRAHAMS

Detective, my client is distraught. His wife has been brutally murdered. His son is missing--

SAMPLES

I'm just asking a question.

ABRAHAMS

I have advised him not to answer any more questions at this time.

SAMPLES

Mr. Nieto, please turn around. Place your hands behind your back.

Neto looks toward the open front door, as if to run. A POLICE OFFICER removes his gun, ready to respond.

ABRAHAMS

Do what they say.

Neto turns around, places his hands together behind his back. Sounds of handcuffs clicked in place followed by the CLANG OF A PRISON DOOR.

CUT TO:

46 INT INTERROGATION ROOM DAY 46

Neto and Abrahams sits across a formica table from Detective Samples. Neto wears a jail jumpsuit.

ABRAHAMS

...Mr. Nieto is the victim here.
There is no justification--

SAMPLES

Cause and effect, counselor. That's my justification. A vicious murderer, estranged from his wife, is released from prison. Four days later she's murdered.

ABRAHAMS

The conviction was overturned.

Samples leans over, speaks to Abrahams directly:

SAMPLES

I know all about Trooper Cuaron, jacked up on painkillers, manipulated by his cunt wife and her cunt lawyer. Born Again, reverses his testimony. Croaks before he can sober up. Don't rate with me. What was that ball sucking lawyer's name?

Carl, gathering his notes, prepares to stand:

ABRAHAMS

This conversation is out of bounds--

SAMPLES

Sit down, Counselor, and your client may walk out of here today.

Abrahams settles back into his chair.

SAMPLES

I've worked gangs and homicide
twenty years. I know about your
client. El Jesuita. Maybe he didn't
kill the officer he was convicted
for, but he killed plenty others.
Once a murderer always a murderer.
It creeps me out just to be in the
room with you two.

Abrahams stands but Neto holds him back with a gesture:

NETO

Be quiet.

Carl, chastised, sits. Neto turns to Samples:

NETO

How can I help you Detective?

Samples backs off:

SAMPLES

What do you think happened?

NETO

Vicente Arroz. Nadia's boyfriend.
His house. My son said he was
there.

ABRAHAMAS

(to Samples)

You verified the call? Was there an
image from the computer?

SAMPLES

Televoice doesn't record. The call
was made from the computer to the
cell, 8:32 to 8:40.

(to Neto)

Witnesses saw you leaving the
motel. Your phone is shot.

Abrahams looks at Neto: don't worry, I'll take care of it.

NETO

There was no forcible entry. Have
you found Arroz?

SAMPLES

We're looking. He's fled. Crossed
the border. I assume.

NETO

How does he make his money?

SAMPLES

We're going through that. First guess: drugs. Second guess: guns. What happened?

NETO

Nadia and Arroz, I think they were going to break up.

SAMPLES

I understand, but the boy? Were Julio and Arroz close?

NETO

No. I don't think so. I've been thinking about it and thinking about it and I don't understand.

SAMPLES

A kidnapping?

NETO

I have no money. I have enemies. The enemies I have, they stand in your face. They don't go after a man's son. We don't do things that way.

SAMPLES

"We"?

NETO

"They." Julio's just a boy. He's twelve years old.

CUT TO:

47 EXT IRVING POLICE STATION AFTERNOON 47

The sun is low in the sky as Neto and Abrahams exit the modern brick complex, walks toward the parking area. Neto wears his suit, tie and hat.

ABRAHAMS

What are you going to do?

(Neto doesn't answer)

I'd be careful. These cops got a real rock out for you. They catch you doing anything, anything,

(MORE)

ABRAHAMS (CONT'D)
they're gonna lock you up. They're
looking for an excuse. You got two
strikes.

NETO
What would you do? If it was your
son who was stolen away?

ABRAHAMS
I'm just warning you.

NETO
What are they doing?

ABRAHAMS
There is an APB, Most Wanted, the
photo has been distributed, but if
Vicente and Julio are in Mexico,
there's not a lot the police can do
here.

NETO
The Mexicans?

ABRAHAMS
It's not a priority for them. Just
another abduction. How many
kidnappings last year? 6000? It's
an industry.

NETO
But why Julio?

ABRAHAMS
Is there anything you have that
Arroz would use your son to get?

NETO
No. Only Nadia.

ABRAHAMS
Maybe he wants to send a message.

NETO
Then Juli'd be dead. Leave him in
his mother's blood. That's how you
do it.

They approach Abrahams' Acura.

NETO
Open the trunk.

Carl doesn't understand. Neto makes an unlocking gesture:

NETO

Open it.

Abraham aims the key, unlocks the truck. The door rises as Neto and Carl step over.

NETO

Under the tire there's a Beretta automatic. I took it out of the house while we were waiting for the police to come.

ABRAHAMS

Why?

NETO

Arroz had guns in his house. That's what he does. I want you to find out where he bought it. The name of the dealer. There's a serial number.

ABRAHAMS

I can't do that.

NETO

Yes, you can. Pay one of your contacts. Find somebody who will trace it.

Neto reaches over, closes the trunk door.

CUT TO:

48 EXT SUPER 8 NIGHT 48

The 4x4 is parked out front.

CUT TO:

49 INT SUPER 8 NIGHT 49

Neto lays atop the covers, dressed, thinking. Planning. His son's folded letters rest on his chest. The Priest's VOICE prelaps...

CUT TO:

50 INT ST. LUKE'S CHAPEL DAY 50

A PRIEST celebrates the Funeral Mass. The predominately Hispanic mourners sit in wooden pews. An open Bible and cross rest on Nadia's coffin.

Neto, hand on his lap, sits off to the side and halfway back. Nadia's FATHER, seated in front with other family members, glances back at him. He's less than welcome here.

PRIEST
 ...into your hands, Father of
 Mercies, we commend our sister
 Nadia in the sure and certain hope
 that, together with all who have
 died in Christ, she will rise with
 him on the last day...

Two YOUNG HISPANIC MEN IN DARK SUITS AND CLOSE CROPPED HAIR sit in back. They seem innocent at first but something's not right. They're not comfortable wearing suits. Their suits are identical. A UNIFORMED OFFICER stands at the entrance, studying the crowd.

Carl Abrahams, late, slips into the rear of the church. He spots Neto, tip-toes down the side aisle, takes a seat beside Neto.

Abrahams silently apologizes. Neto turns, whispers something into his ear. Carl replies.

Neto takes Abrahams by the arm, lifts him up. Carl doesn't understand. Neto ESCORTS him out of the church. The Young Men in Dark Suits watch them go.

CUT TO:

51 EXT ST. LUKE'S DAY 51

Neto walks Abrahams across the plaza outside the church.

ABRAHAMS
 What are you doing?

They stop.

NETO
 What did you find out?

ABRAHAMS
 It's Nadia's funeral...

NETO

My son is missing. I can't waste time.

ABRAHAMS

The gun was sold down by Houston. A gun show. J. Rink. Jet Rink Guns. Saturdays. Sugar Land Mall.

NETO

To Arroz? Under his name?
(Abrahams nods)
That it?

ABRAHAMS

Yeah.
(Neto starts to leave)
One more thing.
(Neto waits)
I'm not a cop, I'm not a private investigator. I'm a lawyer. Keep me out of this.

NETO

What happened?

ABRAHAMS

Arroz. His name makes people nervous. "La Cara del Norte." His nickname. The face. He's the face for things that happen, things I don't ask about. That's it. That's all.

Carl reaches into his pocket, pulls out an iPhone.

ABRAHAMS

Here, you'll need this. Same number as before. Good luck.

They embrace.

CUT TO:

52 EXT INTERSTATE NIGHT 52

The pickup drives through the Texas night.

CUT TO:

53 EXT TRUCK STOP DAWN 53

Neto, sleeping in the cab with his boots out the open window and his hat over his eyes, wakes to early morning sounds. His knapsack rests on the seat.

CUT TO:

54 EXT LADY BIRD'S DAY 54

Neto's 4x4 passes Lady Bird's, a one story establishment advertising "Erotic Dancing 24/7/365."

CUT TO:

55 EXT GUN SHOW DAY 55

Neto slows as he approaches a modern Sugar Land Mall. Across the parking lot, a recently vacated building is draped with a sign: "Gun Show, Every Saturday 9-5."

Neto goes to the ticket booth, purchases a ticket. He passes through Security, enters.

CUT TO:

56 INT GUN SHOW DAY 56

The first hit is a rush. A crowded cavernous hall of long tables laden with all manner of guns. Signs indicate types-- hunting, antique, assault, automatics, pistols--and makers: Colt, Sig Sauer, Bofos, Kalashnikov, Heckler & Koch.

Neto passes pink and yellow M1s marketed to the "ladies" and military use 50 cal automatics which must be mounted.

The crowd is a cross section of Texan white male America. Men and boys in jeans and camo peruse the tables, exchange shop talk and firepower and portability. Neto stands out as he squeezes through: maybe it's his gunmetal grey suit, hat and blue tie. Maybe it's his skin color.

Pro-America songs ("Courtesy of the Red, White and Blue") play on the sound system. Signs and T-shirts have a political edge: anti-gun control, anti-immigration, anti-Obama. "Ban Illegals not Guns!" "Mobammad." Etc.

Neto steps over to the concession area, examines a floor plan next to heavy metal poster ("Glock & Roll!"). "J. Rink" is listed at display area 133.

He scans the vast room, finds the designated area. "133" is taped to an empty table space.

COLLIE, 35, a busty blond wearing an American flag T-shirt and torn jeans stands at an adjacent booth which specializes in anti-immigration paraphernalia: buttons, bumper stickers, T-shirts and coffee mugs with slogans such as "Speak English or Get Out," "Remember the Alamo," "Mexican Were Made to Mow." She radiates that coarse sexuality that makes men want to fuck and hit her in equal measure.

Neto watches a small TV playing a racist video game, "Border Patrol," which offers gamers the opportunity to shoot Mexican families attempting to cross the border. The falling immigrants spurt blood and cry "a ee ya!"

Collie aims her tits at Neto and says:

COLLIE
Can I help you?

NETO
I am looking for Jet Rink.

COLLIE
He's out sick today. He called in.

She looks him up and down.

COLLIE
You take a wrong turn?

NETO
A friend of mine, Vicente Arroz, suggested I contact Jet. He said he could help me out.

COLLIE
Lots of dealers here can do the same.

NETO
Thing is, Vicente owes him some money.

Neto removes a thick wad of \$100 bills from his pocket, unrolls them, peels off two one hundreds.

NETO
Down payment.

BOB, a gun dealer, passes by:

BOB
Collie, everything all right?

COLLIE
I'm fine, Bob. You want some rice
and beans?

Bob chuckles, walks away. Collie turns back to Neto. He places the money on the table.

NETO
Do you have a phone number for him?

She picks up the bills, takes out a cell phone and dials. Neto takes the spare moment to check out an "Adios Mofo" mousepad. Collie, on the phone, speaks to him:

COLLIE
What was your name?

NETO
Tell him I wish to establish an
ongoing relationship. Vicente
suggested I come here.

She relays the message. She looks at Neto:

COLLIE
Name?

NETO
John.

She repeats "John" into the phone. After a moment she closes the phone, turns back to Neto:

COLLIE
He works out of his house. Out by
Missouri City.
(writes)
Here's the address. Call before you
ring the bell. Twelve o'clock.

NETO
Thank you.

COLLIE
De nada. "John."

CUT TO:

56 EXT GUN SHOW DAY 56

A group of teens pass by as Neto steps into the sunlight. He scans the parking area as he walks toward his red pickup. Something doesn't feel quite right but he doesn't want to give himself away.

It's the Young Men in a dark blue SUV. Slumped in the front seat. Hispanic. The same "Hispanic Young Men in Dark Suits and Close Cropped Hair" as at Nadia's funeral. They wear dark T-shirts.

Neto gets in the 4x4, drives away.

CUT TO:

57 EXT LADY BIRD'S DAY 57

Neto drives down a state highway, slowing down, checking his rear view mirror. The blue SUV follows at a distance.

He heads for Lady Bird's 24/7/365 dance emporium, pulls into the gravel lot. The Young Men in the SUV slow down, watching as they pass him. Neto waits a moment, then parks behind the stucco building, away from the highway.

Neto locks the pickup, heads for the door.

CUT TO:

58 INT LADY BIRD'S DAY 58

Tribal techno throbs inside the club. Neto adjust his eyes. Rotating multi-colored lights wash across the single pole stage as a stripper goes through her routine.

Neto finds a seat at a shadowed table away from the stage. The bartender, seeing him, gestures. INEZ, 25, wearing a Texas-themed bra and hot pants ensemble, walks over to take his order.

INEZ
Hola. Como estas?

NETO
Bueno. I'd like a coffee.

Coffee? Inez shrugs, adjust her bra. Nothing fazes her.

INEZ

Negro?

(he nods)

There's a two drink minimum.

NETO

Dos.

Inez walks off. Neto adjusts his seat to get a better look at the door. The music fades, segues to another song. The stripper exhales, resets. Neto checks his watch, joins in the perfunctory applause.

Inez returns with two coffees.

NETO

How much?

INEZ

\$20.

She sits down.

INEZ

You want company?

NETO

How much is that?

INEZ

How much is it worth to you?

NETO

How about another twenty?

INEZ

That's a start.

NETO

For a Saturday morning. What's your name?

INEZ

Inez.

NETO

Interesting.

INEZ

Interesting for a stripper you mean? Like it's not a stripper name. What's yours?

NETO

Neto Niente.

INEZ

You know what Inez means? It's from Agnes. It means holy or chaste.

(he eyes her)

I bet I know what you're going to say. Something smart, like, I know you've been chased. Something like that.

Neto glances at the front door. Inez picks upon this:

INEZ

Waiting on someone?

NETO

You're very astute.

INEZ

You can learn a lot about men watching them watch you dance naked.

NETO

Mostly the same thing over and over.

INEZ

There is that.

The front door opens: light floods the bar. The Young Men, momentarily silhouetted, enter, look around. They find seats across the room.

NETO

Where is the, ah, little boys' room?

He stands, pulls two twenties from his pocket. He places it on the table. She points across the room.

NETO

Would you save this seat for me?

She looks around. The place is mostly empty.

NETO

It's a little embarrassing.
Sometimes it takes me a little
while and I just don't want to be
disturbed.

She picks up the bills, gives him a look as he walks off. Whatever. Neto crosses the club, turns down a corner toward the facilities. The Young Men watch him as he goes.

After a moment, they look at each other, get up and follow.

CUT TO:

59 INT MENS ROOM DAY 59

Neto, back, to the wall, survey the dingy room: cigarette butts, meth bindles and needles on the floor, a dripping faucet and one defunct crapper. The only thing that seems to work is the condom dispenser.

He steps into a stall, stands on the broken toilet, closes the stall door.

Techno BLARES from the club as the Young Men, enter, close the door. The older we will call OSCAR, the younger YADO.

Before they can set themselves, Neto VAULTS out the stall, landing directly in front of them.

He CRACKS the head of Yado (the younger) with a flying elbow, spins, HITTING Oscar (the older) with a shot to the forehead, pinning him against the wall as Yado slides to the floor.

CUT TO:

60 INT LADY BIRD'S DAY 60

Inez, hearing muffled NOISES coming from the washrooms, steps over to the amp and raises the volume of the dance music.

CUT TO:

61 INT MENS ROOM DAY 61

Yado is on all fours gasping for breath. Neto reaches inside Oscar's jacket, removes a pistol.

NETO
 Hola culeros? Who sent you?

YADO
 Chinga tu madre!

Neto reaches down, SNAPS Yado's arm backwards, cracking it.
 He HOWLS. Neto checks him for a gun, KICKS him to the floor.

Stepping back, Niente is surprised to see how young they are.
 Teenagers. He gets in the face of Oscar:

NETO
 Las manos arriba putos! Stick your
 arms out! Wide!

Neto pulls Oscar's ID out, drops the wallet to the ground,
 gives the ID a glance:

NETO
Falsa. How long you been here?

Still no response. Neto turns Yado's face toward his with his
 boot, leans over, his breath hot in the Yado's face and says:

NETO
 I'm going to ask you one more time,
 you blood-speckled shit, then I'm
 going to reach down your throat and
 pull out your testicles one by one.

OSCAR
 He do not speak English. We do
 nothing.

Neto steps back:

NETO
 Take your clothes off. Quítense la
 ropa.

They look at him uncertainly.

NETO
 Now! Do it!

Oscar removes his T-shirt.

NETO
 Keep going.

He steps back as they strip. Neto tucks the revolver into his
 boot.

The Young Men remove their shirts and trousers. Their chests bear large double BRANDS. Neto notices the brands on Oscar, then Yado. Two ugly raised scars created by a burning iron. A "L" over the right breast. An "C" over the left. No other marks or tattoos. Neto has never seen this before.

Yado grimaces in pain.

NETO
Párate! Keep going.

Yado struggles to his feet. Neto looks into their hard blank faces. They will tell him nothing. They will die first. He kicks their clothes to the side.

He looks into Oscar's face:

NETO
I'm going to let you live. I'm
trying to start a new life.
(beat)
I want you to go back to whoever
sent you and tell them, tell them
to tell whoever told them: it's not
too late to let my son go. Let him
go now.
(beat)
Comprende?

They nod.

NETO
Tell them. The Jesuit is coming.

He rolls their clothes into a ball and exits.

CUT TO:

62 INT LADY BIRD'S DAY 62

Inez watches as Neto calmly steps out of the restroom area, proceeds across the club toward the exit.

He nods to her and he opens the door, exits.

CUT TO:

63 EXT TEXAS HIGHWAY DAY 63

Neto's 4x4 speeds toward Missouri City. The balled-up clothes of the Young Men from Lady Bird's is thrown from the driver's window.

CUT TO:

64 EXT RINK HOUSE DAY 64

Neto, checking the address, approaches a two story suburban house on the outskirts of Missouri City. He dials his phone:

NETO

Mr. Rink?

RINK O.S.

John?

NETO

Collie called earlier. Said I would be coming.

RINK O.S.

I see you. Press 1845 on the keypad by the garage.

Neto disconnects.

TIMECUT: He stands at an entrance to the side of the garage door, punches in the security code. He truck is parked behind.

CUT TO:

65 INT RINK GUNS DAY 65

WAYLON, 25, Rink's assistant, wearing a "Proud to be an American" T-shirt and a sidearm, opens the iron-barred inner door for Neto, then frisks him. Waylon closes the gate behind Neto, relocks it.

Neto looks around the gun shop, a converted garage space. The walls are lined with grated shelves featuring high powered weapons. Foreign, domestic, standard, automatic, 5mm to 50. Glass standing cases feature hand guns of most every make and model. Shoulder rocket launchers, grenades, boxes of ammo, flares. A suburban armory. Neto takes it all in:

NETO

Chingon!

JET RINK, 40, heavy-set with a Texas gut and ruddy face, greets him:

RINK

Impressive? Look here.

Rink points to a mounted glass case containing an antique breech loading rifle:

RINK

Belonged to Sam Houston. Made by Henry Gross, Ohio. Used in the Mexican War.

NETO

That's quite something.

RINK

What you got in mind?

NETO

I have cash. I have customers. I have an in place transportation system. I want to purchase a hundred automatic rifles, the latest design. XM8, FN-F2000, as many as you can get, fill out the order with M4s.

WAYLON

That's a hell of an order.

RINK

What did you do before?

NETO

I worked with Vicente.

RINK

But now you're going to work against him?

NETO

It's capitalism. I like the free enterprise system.

RINK

We have a saying in this country: trust, but cut the cards. You have good faith money?

NETO

Yeah.

RINK

How much?

NETO

Ten thousand.

RINK

Let's see it.

Neto reaches into his jacket inner pocket, withdraws a thick stack of one hundreds.

Collie, who has been listening from an adjacent room, steps out.

COLLIE

This beaner don't look like no "John" to me, Jet. He looks like one of them gangbangers you see on the news.

RINK

You met my wife Collie, didn't you?

NETO

She said you were sick.

RINK

I'm feeling better.

Neto looks from Jet to Collie to Waylon, assessing the situation. Waylon draws the Colt .38 Super from his holster.

RINK

I don't know what your game is Mr. Juan. I don't deal with people I don't know. What you talking is about is illegal, but I won't call the police. Just put that ten thousand on the counter there. Get back in your fancy ass red pickup and go back to wherever you're going.

Waylon aims at pistol at Neto.

NETO

Back when I was Huntsville doing time they had a sign in the yard.
(MORE)

NETO (CONT'D)

It said "Warning Shots Will Not be
Fired." I wondered what that meant--

Neto gestures with his hand, losing his grip on the hundred dollar bills. They CASCADE DOWNWARD. Neto quickly bends down the scoop them up.

He he does, he slips his hand into his boot, pulls out the Smith and Wesson snub nose and FIRES, hitting Waylon in the face. The Colt clunks to the floor as Waylon FALLS. Neto turns the gun on Rink:

NETO

That's what they meant. You and
Missus Rink get over to the
counter, put your hands on the
counter. Now!

Jet and Collie reluctantly comply. Neto steps over, picks up Waylon's Colt automatic, then fishes the door key out of his pocket.

He walks back to Jet and Collie, a gun in each hand.

NETO

Take a seat. I have some questions
I need answered.

He places a pair of wood cafe chairs five feet apart.

NETO

Go on.

They sit.

NETO

Vicente Arroz. I want to know
everything about him. Everything
you know. But if you want to save
time, you can just cut to the part
where you tell me where he is now
and where I can find him.

RINK

Mister, I don't know who you think
I am or what I do but I don't even
know this Vicente Arroz.

Neto aims the revolver, SHOOTS Collie in the foot. She
SCREAMS, grabs her foot.

RINK

My God!

Rink stands to go to her. Neto points the guns at him:

NETO
Sit back down!
(Rink complies)
I don't. Have. Time.

RINK
Collie--

NETO
Vicente has my son and I'm going to
find him. Start talking.

Collie, red with anger, looks up from her bleeding shoe:

COLLIE
You greasing little spic shit
beaner puta--

Neto looks at her, exasperated:

NETO
Oh, fuck you, honey...

He aims the Colt Super, DRILLS her straight between the tits.
He American flag T-shirt BLOSSOMS with blood. He turns both
guns on Rink.

NETO
I have even less time now.

So much for the new life.

Neto steps over him, holds the revolver against his right
eyeball as he FORCES the barrel of the Colt into his mouth.
Rink stares at him wide-eyed.

NETO
I'm going to take this gun out of
your mouth in a second. I want you
to think about what you're going to
say when I do.

Rink nods his head in acquiescence. Neto removes the guns,
steps back.

RINK
He's no friend of mine. He owes me
money. He owes other people money.
(looks at Collie)
Why'd you kill her?

NETO
(aims pistol)
Are you going to tell me where he
is?

RINK
I'll tell you what I know.
(catches his breath)
If he's not in Texas--

NETO
He's not.

RINK
He's building condos down south. By
Tampico. Lomas del Real Vistas. He
tried to sell me one. I don't think
it's real. It could be a scam.

NETO
So?

RINK
That's where he keeps everything.
He's got a group of vatos down
there. If he's running, that's
where he'd run.

Neto nods.

RINK
That's all I know. He paid in cash.
I can't tell you anything more.

NETO
How do you contact him?

RINK
I don't.

NETO
You got a lock box here, right?
(Rink hesitates)
Right?
(Rink nods)
Get me the key, open it up. While
I'm doing that, you can pick up
those damn hundreds.

Jet gets a key out a drawer, unlocks the cash box. It's
stacked with hundreds. Rink picks up the bills on the floor
as Neto stuffs the lock box money into his pockets.

Neto smashes the glass on a gun cabinet with the heel of the Colt, rifles through ammo boxes looking for the correct caliber.

Rink, who has been waiting for an opportunity, CHARGES Neto from behind, DRIVING him to the cabinet, hitting him in the back of the skull with a jackhammer punch.

Neto, stunned, staggers, then turns to face Rink in disbelief.

NETO
Pinche bolillo.

Then PUNCHES Rink square on, breaking his nose. Rink KEELS backwards.

Neto grabs several boxes of .38 cartridges, picks up the bills from around Rink's body. He goes to the door, unlocks it, then, looking back toward the room, thinks again.

He KICKS over the counters, tosses ammo and explosives on the floor.

At the door, Neto triggers a FLARE, tosses it in side as he leaves.

CUT TO:

66 EXT RINK HOUSE DAY 66

Rink's house recedes from view as Neto drives away.

At first, puffs of smoke billow from the open door, then KABAM! The entire building EXPLODES.

CUT TO:

67 INT LADY BIRD'S DAY 67

Colored lights play off Neto's jacket as he reenters, looks around. An Oriental stripper performs on stage to a rap techno El Jinete mashup.

He spots Inez by the bar, walks to a nearby table, sits.

INEZ
Two coffees?

NETO
Water.

INEZ
Same price.

NETO
Bien.

She walks as he surveys the bar. A few local boys have drifted in. In a moment Inez returns with two plastic bottles of Texas Crystal water and a glass. Neto places two twenty dollars bills on the table.

NETO
Sit down.

INEZ
(sits)
Right after you left, a couple kids came out of the mens' room. They were naked.

NETO
It is a strip club.

INEZ
That's exactly what I said!

NETO
What happened to them?

INEZ
Borrowed some clothes, headed off.

NETO
What time do you get off work?

INEZ
What do you have in mind?

NETO
I'd like to hire you.

INEZ
Yeah...

NETO
I'd like you to be my wife.

INEZ
Coño! That's some job.

NETO

Not the conjugal part. Just the pretending to be my wife part. When I cross.

INEZ

Not to care about each other, just pretend. Like a real wife.

NETO

That's it. Are you legal?

INEZ

I was born in Brownsville if that's what you mean.

NETO

Can you prove it?

INEZ

Got a driver's license and a passport. How much are you paying for this job?

NETO

It's only one day. Let's say \$500.

INEZ

Let's say \$1000. Saturday gets busy around her.

He looks around thinking: I doubt that.

INEZ

Do I get to keep my clothes on?

NETO

Yes, ma'am.

INEZ

And then what happens?

NETO

We'll cross the border at Matamoros. Down where you come from. The next day you can take a bus back.

INEZ

A thousand.

NETO

Acuerdo.

INEZ
Just to ride.

NETO
Across the border.

INEZ
You got yourself a wife. When do we
leave?

NETO
Now.

INEZ
I gotta stop home, pick up some
clothes.

NETO
And that passport.

CUT TO:

68 INT/EXT DODGE PICKUP SUNDOWN 68

The Dodge pickup heads south on US-77. In the cab, wedged in the space behind the front seat, is a Best Buy flat screen TV. Neto is at the wheel.

Inez has stripped off her work makeup, exchanged her tarty work clothes for jeans and a T-shirt. She looks five years younger.

Inez removes a pack of cigarettes from her shoulder purse, takes one out. Neto shoots her a reproving glance. She sighs, places the cigarette in the pack.

NETO
If they ask, what's mama's name?

INEZ
Lucia. She lives in Monterrey.
She'll be 77 tomorrow. Loves the
telenovelas. Watches the Larios
family every day.
(beat)
And, ay caray!, is she going to
like that new TV.

NETO
You're a very good daughter.

He slows down, follows the signs for the Brownsville exit. Inez checks herself in the rear view mirror, fixes her hair. Then fluffs up her tits and smiles at Neto.

CUT TO:

69 EXT BORDER CROSSING NIGHT 69

The 4x4 pulls up a kiosk. Inez flashes the Immigrations Officer a big smile. Ahead is the Matamoros bridge, to the right the 10 foot high border fence.

CUT TO:

70 EXT MATAMOROS NIGHT 70

Neto and Inez pass a strip of budget motels, restaurants, bars and clubs.

NETO

We should stop for the night. You hungry?

(she gives him a look)

I'll get two rooms.

INEZ

One room is fine. I'll sleep on the floor.

NETO

Don't be silly. I'll sleep on the floor.

He pulls into the Nuevo Paraiso. \$39US a night.

CUT TO:

71 EXT TACQUERIA NIGHT 71

Neto and Inez exit the fluorescent eatery, walk toward the Paraiso. Inez has changed into a cute skirt and blouse. He reaches into his jacket, withdraws a folded precounted stack of bills, hands it to her.

NETO

Thank you. Thanks for helping me out. I'll take you to the bus tomorrow.

She puts the bills in her oversize shoulder bag.

INEZ

No refunds.

Neto, looking around, doesn't bother to answer.

INEZ

You've been in prison, haven't you?

NETO

Why you say that?

INEZ

Convictos have a certain look. You have that look. You got prison tats?

(he doesn't answer)

That's what I thought. What are you doing? What are you looking for?

Pause.

NETO

My son. My wife's boyfriend took him. Went south.

INEZ

Where's your wife in this?

NETO

She's dead.

CUT TO:

72 INT PARAISO MOTEL NIGHT 72

Two single pressed wood beds with floral coverlets. A faded framed picture of some piazza in Italy. Neto's jacket hangs on the chair.

From inside the closed bathroom, the round of a toilet flushing. Inez, seated on the second bed, speaks:

INEZ

This boyfriend Vicente, the one developing houses in Tampico, you met him?

NETO

Yeah.

INEZ

And he met you?

NETO
(steps from bathroom)
Yeah.

INEZ
He knows you're looking for him.
How you going to do this? Just show
up?

He takes Julio's snapshot from his coat pocket, shows it to
her:

NETO
This is him. Julio.

She looks at the picture, then at him. Neto knows what she's
think. He put the idea in her head.

NETO
I could use some help.

INEZ
(returns photo)
Arrange the contact with this
Vicente for you? He doesn't know
who I am.

NETO
How much would that cost?

INEZ
We've already established the
price.

He sits on the edge of the bed, loosens his tie.

NETO
Gracias.

He removes his tie, unbuttons his shirt, revealing the tattoo
beneath. He places his tie on the counter, continues to
unbutton his shirt.

INEZ
What if I told you my real name was
Inez?

NETO
That so?

INEZ
Didn't mean to say it. I saw you
and it just came out. I was going
(MORE)

INEZ (CONT'D)
to say Krystal, that's the name I
use. With a "K" not a "C".

He turns out the lights. Orange glare from the street
illuminates the room. He removes the coverlet from his bed.

NETO
We should get some sleep. We leave
before dawn.

Neto slips off his trousers, gets under the covers.

INEZ
Can I ask you one more thing?

NETO
Si.

INEZ
How long has it been since you've
had some front door lovin?

They exchange looks. Not exactly sure how to play this.

INEZ
This is not part of the thousand
dollars or anything.

He looks away, looks back:

NETO
Last week I made love to my wife
for the first time in over four
years. Two days later she was dead.
I prefer to keep her memory alive
in my heart.

CUT TO:

73 EXT PARAISO MOTEL DAY 73

The next day. The parking area is empty. A MAID pushing a
housekeeping cart stops at Neto's door. First she knocks,
then enters with a key.

CUT TO:

74 INT PARAISO MOTEL DAY 74

The maid screams for joy: ay carumba! Does a little DANCE. The boxed flat screen television lies on a bed with a note reading "Por la criada, Muchas Gracias".

CUT TO:

75 EXT VISTAS ESTATES DAY 75

Stacked rows of glistening white stucco condos perch on a hillside rising above the Gulf of Mexico. In the distance set against bright blue water, lay the outlines of a marina.

Neto and Inez, driving down the coast, take it all in. They pass a sign advertising "Vistas Estates, Lomas del Real" in English and Spanish. The real estate development offers all the modern amenities ("gimnasio, bellos jardines") as well as "financiamiento conveniente." "CALL NOW FOR FREE TOUR AND GIFT BASKET!" Signed GrupoVista.

As they grow closer, another reality emerges: unfinished buildings, construction halted, roads unpaved. Hard times in the construction industry.

CUT TO:

76 EXT MOTEL AZUL DAY 76

Neto and Inez stand by the pool at a 70's one-story L-shaped motel. Across the two-lane highway, around the corner, past an accumulation of trash, lies the beach.

The motel appears nearly deserted. Palm fronds float in the half-filled pool. The diving board has been dismantled.

Inez, pacing, speaking on her cell phone, rattles on:

INEZ

...Houston, originally Brownsville, my father lives in Tampico, when I saw the sign and I remember someone was saying about this guy Vicente Arroz who was developing a community and I should look into it...

(pause: listens)

I was driving through.

(pause)

I don't know if I can..

(MORE)

INEZ (CONT'D)

(pause)

An hour?

She looks at Neto. He nods.

INEZ

I can make that. Will Vicente be there?

(pause)

But my girlfriend, she's the one who told me, I must deal with him.

(pause)

If he can't then I'm not sure...

(beat)

That's great. I'll see him then.

Una hora.

She disconnects, hands then cell back to Neto. She sighs, removes a pack of cigarettes from her purse. Again the disapproving look. Inez tosses the pack into the half-filled pool, looks at him: satisfied now?

CUT TO:

77 EXT LOMAS DEL REAL HILLSIDE AFTERNOON 77

Neto sits on a rock outcropping overlooking the Vistas Estates.

His POV: the red Dodge pickup sits outside the sales office. Inside a model unit, shadowed figures pass in front of the glass sliding doors.

VICENTE O.S.

...I won't kid you, Inez. You look like a pretty sharp cookie to me. The market is down, the peso is down. This is the time of opportunity...

CUT TO:

78 INT MODEL CONDO AFTERNOON 78

Vicente, wearing a sporty polo, slacks and a diamond stud earring, shows Inez the display condominium. Inez wears heels, her saucy skirt and a tube top; in her hand: a gift bag with the Vistas Estates logo.

Two BODYGUARDS, both in dark guayaberas, hover at the edges of the room.

VICENTE (CONT'D)

...It's all upside, no downside.
Buy low, let it grow. You know who
said that?

INEZ

No.

VICENTE

Somebody rich.

INEZ

Do you live here?

VICENTE

I have a three bedroom on the cul
de sac. Wake up every morning, see
the ocean, smell the breeze...

INEZ

Do you have children?

VICENTE

No.

INEZ

I've been thinking about it...
(flirty)
...if I could convince my
boyfriend.

She places her hand against the wall, gives him the look.
Plaster crumbles from wall. Inez steps away.

INEZ

(about Bodyguards)

They follow you everywhere?

VOICE

They are my sales reps. Felipe, un
folleto para Inez.

Muscled FELIPE removes a brochure from his pocket, hands it
to her. She sizes him up, turns back to Vicente:

INEZ

Maybe I could see the facilities,
you have a playground?

VICENTE

(eyes twinkle)

Follow me.

INEZ
Mind if I take a picture?

CUT TO:

79 EXT HILLSIDE AFTERNOON 79

Neto watches as the distant outlines of Vicente and Inez walk from the model condo toward a common area.

CUT TO:

80 EXT VISTAS ESTATE "GREEN" AFTERNNON 80

Vicente escorts Inez along an unpaved road past a dirt and gravel open space. She snaps iPhone pictures as the Bodyguards follow at a distance.

VICENTE
This is the Green. The futbol area
will be here and over there, the
pool and cabanas.

Vicente takes a cigarette from his pocket, lights up. Inez eyes it covetously.

Ahead workers sit around two covered trucks. On closer look they seem more like lawbreakers than laborers.

VICENTE
Would you like one?

INEZ
Ah. Yeah. My boyfriend, he doesn't
approve.

He places a cigarette in her mouth, lights it. She inhales deeply. Exhales.

VICENTE
You look like a girl who enjoys the
finer things in life.

INEZ
I've been known to indulge.

VICENTE
My business brings me into contact
with high quality materials.

INEZ
 (giggles)
 I bet it does.

VICENTE
 Tell me, what else doesn't your
 boyfriend approve of?

CUT TO:

81 INT MOTEL AZUL SUNSET 81

Inez flips through images on her cell phone: the condo units,
 the view, the Bodyguards, Vicente:

INEZ O.S.
 That's him, right?

She scrolls to the next picture:

INEZ
 This is the condo office, he lives
 over here, next to a garage of some
 sort, there were workers down here,
 didn't look like workers to me, but
 they were leaving, Miss Motor
 Mouth, where is, can I see, blah,
 blah, blah, I'm talking una milla
 por minuto, take me here, what's
 that, but I didn't see any sign of
 any kind of children or a young
 boy, no candy wrappers, sport
 stuff, clothes, footprints.

NETO
 Nothing with music?

INEZ
 ("shakes head)
 There's no other explanation?
 Family? Grandmother?

NETO
 Don't have any people. Father's
 dead, mamá died when I was in.
 Barrio Boy. Same old story. No,
 Vicente took him.

INEZ
 Why?

Neto doesn't have an answer to this. He doesn't know.

INEZ

I said I'd see him at ten.

NETO

Nervous?

INEZ

A little.

NETO

I didn't ask you to do that.

INEZ

I did it on my own. I'm a big girl.
I've handled worse than him.

Inez checks the wardrobe possibilities for tonight while Neto steps outside. Neto re-enters with the Colt Super .38 automatics and several boxes of cartridges. He sets them on the counter.

INEZ

Those were in the truck? What if
the Border Guard had said, hey
Señor Speedy Gonzalez, let's have a
look through your truck?

NETO

I wasn't worried about that. He was
too busy looking at your tits.

She smiles, puts her hands on her hips, does a head nod:
Yeah, he was. Wasn't he?

CUT TO:

77 EXT MOTEL AZUL NIGHT 77

Neto climbs into the pickup flatbed dragging a blanket from the motel. He takes out his iPhone, switches it off, pulls the blanket over his body. Inez, watching in the mirror, starts the truck and drives away.

CUT TO:

82 EXT VICENTE'S CONDO NIGHT 82

Inez pulls the 4x4 to a stop outside a Villas Estates three bedroom condo on the cul de sac. The others houses are dark.

At the door, she rings the bell. Inez wears tight white jeans with heels and a frilly halter top. Neto waits beneath the blanket.

Vicente, his hair freshly washed and greased back, opens the door:

VICENTE
Preciosa!

CUT TO:

83 INT VICENTE'S CONDO NIGHT 83

Inez eyes the decor: all white and steel and right angles. (Just like Vicente's living room in Irving.) The Bodyguards, who have been watching Mexico City play Guadalajara on the projection screen, stand.

She looks at the video screen, looks at the Bodyguards:

INEZ
This is romantic.

Vicente remotely turns off the TV, activates the sound system: Emmanuel sings "Quiero Dormir Cansado." Inez looks at the Bodyguards, raises her eyebrows. Vicente speaks to them quickly in Spanish, making a telephone gesture.

Felipe and the second Bodyguard nod and exit. Inez turns to Vicente:

INEZ
Do you have something to eat?

VICENTE
I have something better.

They walk toward the couch:

INEZ
I like your earring.

CUT TO:

84 EXT VICENTE'S CONDO NIGHT 84

Neto, under the blanket, listens as the Bodyguards walk to the garage next door. A moment later, a TV is switched on: the futbol match resumes. Neto pulls the blanket back.

CUT TO:

85 INT VICENTE'S CONDO NIGHT 85

Inez leans over, does a line off the coffee table.

 INEZ
Chingao! That's good.
 (wipes nose)
What I was wondering, I was
wondering why doesn't a good-
looking guy like you have a regular
woman?

 VICENTE
I haven't had luck with women.

 INEZ
You a macho man, you just stand up.

 VICENTE
 (does a hit)
My Texas woman, I gave her
everything. I gave her a house, a
car, Visa, Master Card. I took care
of her son, put him in fancy school
She played me like a fool.
"Vicente, por favor comprende..." I
want to fuck this greaser, escoria,
hijo de puta, right from prison.
Nadia. Puta. They live in
America...

 INEZ
That's just not right.

He reaches out with his finger, hooks the neckline of her halter, exposing a nipple. She laughs.

CUT TO:

86 INT VICENTE WORKSHOP NIGHT 86

The garage has been converted in a combination tool shed and auto repair shop. The workbench is lined with tools. An iron case locker holds automatic weapons.

Felipe and the GARCIA, the second bodyguard, sit on battered upholstered chairs facing a TV on the countertop. They watch intently as Guadalajara drives for a goal. Mexico City's goalie makes a sensational save and Felipe bursts into a CHEER.

SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS GO OUT. Silence. Followed by a GUTTURAL SOUND. Felipe spins around.

The LIGHTS GO ON, accompanied by CROWD NOISE from the futbol arena. Felipe looks over. GARCIA stares wide-eyed, GARROTTED to death.

Felipe, looking at Neto, makes a DASH to warn his boss. He BURSTS from the workshop, unfolding a knife as he goes. Neto follows hard behind.

CUT TO:

87 EXT VICENTE CONDO NIGHT 87

Felipe makes a dash toward the living room, simultaneously trying to look ahead and behind, knife in hand.

Neto is on him like a lion. Just as Felipe reaches the mullioned glass doors, Neto HITS the back of his head with a closed fist.

Felipe tumbles through the glass door, cutting Neto's chest as he does.

88 INT VICENTE CONDO NIGHT 88

Vicente, his shirt hoisted up, pants down, struggles with Inez's clothes, tries to pork her on sofa. He HEARS GLASS door SHATTER.

Felipe, unconscious, lies on the carpet. Neto, stepping into the room, PULLS Vicente back by the collar, TOSSES him alongside the sofa. Vicente pulls up his trousers.

NETO
 Quietos! "La Cara del Norte."
 (to Inez)
 (MORE)

NETO (CONT'D)
Go to the motel. I will call you if
I need a ride.

INEZ stares at the blood staining Neto's shirt.

INEZ
What are you going to do?

NETO
I'm going to find out where my son
is.

She straightens her clothes.

NETO
Go, Inez. Please.

She starts to object, shuts her mouth. Neto watches Inez as she EXITS the shattered door, climbs in the red cab of the pickup, turns over the engine, hits the headlights.

Neto turns his attention to Felipe as the 4x4 drives away. Reaching down he picks up Felipe's knife, PLUNGES it into Felipe's throat.

Then he turns to Vicente.

CUT TO:

89 INT VICENTE WORKSHOP NIGHT 89

BLACKNESS. The lights go on. Vicente is strapped by wires to a chair beside the workbench. He looks around, terrified. Garcia lies on the floor. Neto, loosening his tie, pushes Garcia's body against the wall. He removes his jacket and tie, places them folded on the upholstered chair.

VICENTE
I have no reason to lie. I'm
telling the truth.

Neto unbuttons his shirt, lifting the blood-stained from his skin, revealing his upper body. Across his chest: "El Jesuita." He folds the shirt. It's ruined.

NETO
Why did you flee?

VICENTE
I knew they would suspect me. Of
course they would suspect me. Why
stay around for that?

Neto takes a rubber apron from a hook, ties it on. Vicente watches with growing horror as, one by one, Neto places tools from the bench onto a small table in front of him: hammer, chisel, metal saw, cleaning fluid, clippers, hand drill, soldering iron, ice pick. As he does, he speaks:

NETO

During the Inquisition, when the Jesuits conducted their interrogations, the inquisitors would place the instruments of interrogation in plain sight in front of the accused. Often that was enough.

He plugs in the soldering iron.

NETO

Grief has limits. Apprehension has none. That's a quote. From Pliny the Younger. It's amazing what you learn in prison. The last four years I had so much time. Now I have so little. Now we begin.

Neto tests the heat of the soldering iron with his finger, then places it against Vicente's neck. The skin SIZZLES. Vicente SCREAMS.

NETO

They had time then. The accused were put in cages, left to starve for all to see. Day after day. Braided to wheels on tall poles for the heat and the crows to pick at--

VICENTE

Your son is gone.

NETO

Say his name!

VICENTE

Julio. Julio is gone. They took him.

NETO

They?

VICENTE

I don't know.

Neto picks up the clippers, CUTS OFF the tip of Vicente's right index finger. Vicente HOWLS, looks at his hand in disbelief.

NETO
The blood will stop.
(sets down clippers)
Who!

VICENTE
Whatever you can do, they would do worse.

NETO
We will see.

He picks up the pliers, CLAMPS it on one of Vicente's front teeth. Vicente CRIES OUT as Neto PULLS--

VICENTE
Stop!

Neto YANKS the tooth free. Vicente speaks through his bloody mouth:

VICENTE
Castigados!

NETO
Who held her while they slit her throat? You? You cut her!

VICENTE
It wasn't like that--

Neto SLAPS him--hard. Vicente, bleeding, weak with pain, crying, nods.

NETO
Where is Julio!

VICENTE
Castigados.

NETO
Who is that?

VICENTE
Not a person. Los Castigados.
They are a group. They organize kidnappings. Murders. For hire.

NETO
(picks up bottle of water)
Head back.

Vicente does as Neto pours water into his parched mouth.
Vicente continues:

VICENTE
They live in the mountains. Santa
Madre. El Santuario. Señor Sans. Es
Dios. It is a group, an army. Señor
Sans...an army of boys. Castigados.
I owed him.

Neto steps back, unbelieving:

NETO
You owed him?

VICENTE
He has a group. He trains them. I
did not mean to kill Nadia but I
owed Sans.

NETO
You gave my son away to pay off a
debt?

VICENTE
She was going to leave. I had
promised Julio to him.

NETO
On your "trip"?
(Vicente nods)
You told them and they came.

VICENTE
She tried to stop them.

NETO
Is he alive?

VICENTE
I don't know.

NETO
But why, why would this Castigados
want a twelve year-old boy from
Irving Texas?

VICENTE

Sans was in Texas. He saw your boy.
He liked him. He likes that sort of
thing.

Neto thinks: it takes a moment to put such outrageous pieces
of information together.

NETO

During the Inquisition, when
someone accused confessed, he did
not confess to get off or live or
be free. He confessed to be right
with God. To find God's
forgiveness.

Neto reaches over, pulls the Colt Super from beneath his
jacket, puts it to Vicente's head:

NETO

Vaya con Dios.

And FIRES.

CUT TO:

90 INT GREAT HALL/EL SANTUARIO NIGHT 90

The dining hall, made of concrete blocks and timbers, has
been converted into a ceremonial space. Rough hewn chairs
face the stage. Dim electric bulbs hang from the rafters
overhead--beside mounted speakers.

A four-piece Mariachi band stands on stage left singing a
narcocorrido. The song has been slowed down and adapted (more
drumming, a single horn) to a funereal beat befitting a
ceremonial occasion. Even the band's uniform is subdued, all
black except for a rhinestone "L" and "C" on either breast.

A smoking brazier stands center stage, and behind, two bare
chested young men cradling automatic weapons.

In the audience, young muscled Latino men, ages 15 to 25,
about thirty in all, stand, passing blunts, CHANTING with the
lyrics.

The Mariachis sing in Spanish with English subtitles. The
lyrics run along these lines:

MARIACHIS

*We come from all Mexico, Desert
sand and dirty street, From barrios
(MORE)*

MARIACHIS (CONT'D)
*and hoods, Dip our hands in the
 flesh of our enemies, And wash our
 faces in their blood.*

*Los Castigados, ("the punished
 ones")
 Los Castigados.*

*Señor Sans, leader of men, With him
 we stand, with him we..*

The young men in the audience are bare chested. All wear dark trousers and combat boots. Each has short cropped hair. Each has a "L" BRANDED to his right breast and an "C" branded to his left.

The smoke from the brazier, backlit by orange lights, adds to the intoxicating mix.

Down the aisle, in the middle of their ranks, walk Julio and MIGUEL, 15, wearing ceremonial scarlet red guayaberas. They are flanked by two young muscled Castigados. The first, NACIO, 20, stocky, black--this is the outline of the thug Neto saw briefly on his iPhone, the man who abducted Julio.

The Mariachis exit stage as SEÑOR SANS, 55, wearing a sunglasses, slicked back hair, a soul patch which extends from his lip to under his chin and a loose red Versacesque guayabera marked with Aztec symbols--vulture, skull, lizard--enters. Sans wears gang tatoos on his hands. He is joined by TADEO, his 30 year-old adjutant. Sans speaks in Spanish with subtitles, a maniacal light in his eyes:

SEÑOR SANS
 Respect and honor, respect and
 honor, soldiers and Castigados,
 soldiers and Castigados! This day,
 our day, our important day! Welcome
 our young comrades. Los Castigados!

Julio, intimidated and stoned, is led on stage by Nacio and ERNESTO, the second muscled young Castigado.

SEÑOR SANS
 Julio Castigados, step forward.

The Castigados press Julio forward, escort him to the stage. They ceremonially remove his red guayabera. Then each firmly grasps a wrist, STRETCHING Julio out helplessly. Others stabilize his feet.

Sans stokes the brazier, removes a branding iron. The "L" glows red hot from the tip. Another branding iron, bearing an "C", waits in the brazier.

The band begins to play as Sans PRESSES the burning iron into Julio's right breast. Smoke and the smell of burning flesh rise as Julio SCREAMS.

CUT TO:

91 INT MOTEL AZUL NIGHT 91

Inez opens the door. Neto stands at the entrance. She helps him remove his blood stained shirt.

 INEZ
 You should have called. I would
 have picked you up.

He enters, closing the door behind him. He rubs the knife wound.

 NETO
 It's nothing. How are you?

 INEZ
 I'm fine.
 (off his look)
 It's not the first time I've done
 cocaina. And it's not the first
 time I've wrestled on a sofa with a
 greaseball.
 (beat)
 What happened?

 NETO
 Julio's near a place, Santa Madre.
 In the mountains. You know Mexico,
 right?

He goes to the bathroom, cleans the knife wound with a wet towel.

 INEZ
 Huh?
 (she gets it)
 You've never been to Mexico?

 NETO
 Texas was always enough for me.

She senses a sadness in his voice:

INEZ

But you can't go back to Texas, can you?

(he doesn't answer)

And now you can't go back to Mexico either, can you?

Neto turns off the light, sets his hat over his eyes.

NETO

Tomorrow I'll get a map.

Exhausted, he stretches out on the bed.

INEZ

You don't get it, do you?
Everywhere in Mexico there's a Santa Madre. It's like saying Pleasantville in the US. You spit in Mexico, you'll hit a Santa Madre. Vicente didn't tell you a damn thing useful.

(beat)

Where is he?

Neto thinks.

NETO

Tomorrow I'll get a map.

He lowers his hat.

CUT TO:

92 INT BUNK HOUSE/SANTUARIO NIGHT 92

Moonlight illuminates a row of cots in the dorm like room. Julio and Miguel, awake, lie at the far end, suppressing their pain. Their "L" and "C" burns have been salved.

They are alerted by the sound of the DOOR OPENING and FOOTSTEPS. A flashlight BEAM rakes the row of beds.

Nacio, carrying a guitar, and Ernesto stand over Julio and Miguel's cots. They speak in Spanish with subtitles:

NACIO

Julio, Miguel. Get up.

Julio and Miguel don't move.

NACIO

Señor Sans is proud of you. This was a test. He wants to congratulate you. You have shown great courage. Up.

(to Julio)

Here is the guitar you asked for. You can play something for him. Señor Sans would like that.

CUT TO:

93 EXT COMPOUND/SANTUARIO NIGHT 93

Nacio and Ernesto walk Julio and Miguel from the Bunk House across the compound toward the Villa, the headquarters. Julio carries his guitar.

They pass a row of hand-constructed wood and bamboo cages. Inside are FIVE HOSTAGES, middle class and upper class men from Mexico and elsewhere, old and young, business clothes and casual, who have been kidnapped by Los Castigados. Some are fairly recent. Others show the ravages of months of imprisonment, starvation and torture. They watch Julio and Miguel pass with quiet, hollow eyes.

CUT TO:

94 INT VILLA/SANTUARIO NIGHT 94

Señor Sans has created a ranch style environment. Western furniture, memorabilia from the Old West, both American and Mexican, counterpointed by large screen TV, high tech office, and jacuzzi.

Sans and Tadeo watch CNN Español as an ASSISTANT works in the computer room. Nacio and Ernesto enter with Julio and Miguel. Señor Sans immediately stands, clicks off the television. The boys look around. It's a Gangsta Wannabe Wonderland--cool stuff everywhere at every turn. Julio notices an autographed poster.

Sans speaks Spanish with SUBTITLES. His demeanor is calmer, more friendly than during the ceremony:

SEÑOR SANS

Miguel! Julio!

(to Julio)

You have a guitar?

Julio glances at the communications center: computers, CB radio, several cell phones. The Assistant finishes what he was doing, stands up and exits.

SEÑOR SANS
 It hurts, doesn't it?
 (to Tadeo)
 Get them something to drink and
 also something for the pain.
 (to Julio and Miguel)
 So you can sleep. Sit. Have a seat.

The boys sit as Tadeo nods to them on his way out. Sans turns Nacio and Ernesto:

SEÑOR SANS
 We're fine now.

They leave as instructed, to the relief of Julio and Miguel.

SEÑOR SANS
 Congratulations Julio.
 Congratulations Miguel. You are no
 longer boys, you are Los
 Castigados. When you feel better
 you will begin your training. You
 will learn to survive in the
 jungle, learn to climb buildings,
 fight and hide--

Tadeo returns to two iced rum and juice drinks and pain tablets, gives them to the boys. Thirsty, they thank him.

SEÑOR SANS
 Tadeo, my Adjutant, served in Iraq.
 Which division, Tadeo?

TADEO
 Second Marines, Camp Elliot, Señor
 Sans.

SEÑOR SANS
 Tadeo will help with your training.
 You will be members of the most
 elite corps in the world. Men will
 fear you, women will want you,
 everywhere you go they will whisper
 your name--Los Castigados!--and
 they will fall at your feet.

Julio is wary but Miguel, a poor kid from an impoverished village, is wide eyed.

SEÑOR SANS

If you need anything for your
people at home, your mother,
brothers or sisters, any little
bits of money, tell me. Los
Castigados takes care of its own.
Now Julio, you brought your guitar?

JULIO

Yes, Señor Sans.

SEÑOR SANS

(to Tadeo)

I want to speak with Julio. Take
Miguel to the jacuzzi.

Tadeo and Miguel head the opposite direction. Señor Sans sits
Julio across from him:

SEÑOR SANS

This is a great day for me. I have
been waiting. You are my heart, you
are my blood. How good is your
Spanish? Do you understand what I
am saying?

(in English)

I am your blood. I never had a son
but now you are my son. When I
heard about you, I wanted to bring
you here. All of this, all that you
see, it will be yours. When you
earn it.

Sans removes his guayabera. He thumps the "L" and "C" on
either breast:

SEÑOR SANS

Los Castagados!

Julio, disoriented, doesn't know what to say. He looks at the
bathroom:

JULIO

I don't feel very good.

SEÑOR SANS

Of course. You seem exhausted. You
can rest here.

Julio stands, staggers a bit, walks past the communications
center and a basket of cell phones toward the restroom.

Sans watches him fondly, then stands, re-enters the main room and heads for the jacuzzi.

SEÑOR SANS

Tadeo!

CUT TO:

95 EXT MOTEL AZUR NIGHT 95

The sky is turning blue. First light hovers below the horizon.

The motel appears deserted except for Neto's red 4x4. The sound of BEEPING comes from within.

CUT TO:

96 INT MOTEL AZUR NIGHT 96

The BEEPING wakes Neto up. He looks around:

NETO

What...?

Inez, sleepy, turns on the night stand lamp.

INEZ

Neto?

NETO

It's the phone. I forgot to turn it back on.

Neto, still fully clothed, swings his legs over the side of the bed, sits up. He presses the message button on his cell.

His expression changes as he listens: "Por la lejana montaña, va cabalgando un jinete, vaga solito en el mundo, y va deseando la muerte."

"El Jinete." Played on a guitar. With background jungle noises. And a man talking in the distance.

He hands to iPhone to Inez. They sit across from each other in the dim lamp light as she listens to the melancholy melody, mouthing the words: "...Lleva en su pecho una herida, va con su alma destrozada..."

INEZ

"That is why is hurt is beyond mending..."

NETO

He's alive. Julio is alive.

Silence. He passes the phone back to him. He listens some more, then, nothing.

INEZ

Do you see what this means?

Neto looks at the phone as if it's a foreign object.

NETO

(absent)

He's alive.

INEZ

There's tracking software that can give a GPS location on that call number.

(he still doesn't understand)

It means we can find out which of the fifty Santa Madres he's in. It's the key. Now get up. We're going to go.

He sits up, looks at her.

INEZ

I'm going to come with you. This is not about money or anything else.

NETO

This part will be dangerous.

INEZ

I think so too.

NETO

You already arranged a price.

(thin smile)

You can't make me change that.

Then the smile is gone.

CUT TO:

97 EXT TAMPICO STREET DAY 97

Sporadic traffic passes Aventura Mexicana, an outdoor supply store in Tampico.

CUT TO:

98 INT AVENTURA MEXICANA DAY 98

Neto folds a topographic map as he examines display of telescopes. He makes additional purchases: a clean shirt, flashlights, knives, blankets, backpacking foodstuffs.

CUT TO:

99 EXT TAMPICO STREET DAY 99

Neto exits the store with two large sacks of supplies, drops them in the back on the pickup. He looks across the street, looks toward an internet cafe. He strips off his jacket and shirt, puts on the clean shirt.

Inez exits the internet cafe, walks over holding his iPhone. She hands the phone to him, extracts a print out from her back pocket.

INEZ

Santa Madre is in the mountains. Vicente was right about that. Not these mountains. In Chiapas. By the Guatemala border. It's a long drive. We won't make it today.

INEZ

We should get going.

(beat)

There's something I forget to tell you. Back in Tampico, when I was with Vicente?

NETO

Yeah.

INEZ

I had a cigarette.

CUT TO:

100 EXT COMPOUND/SANTUARIO DAWN/DAY 100

Los Castigados, stripped to the waist, run drills. Hand-to-hand combat. Escape and Evasion. Target practice. Ernesto runs behind Julio and Miguel, urging them forward,

Across the compound, Tadeo, now the martinet, supervises as three YOUNG TEEN CASTIGADOS kneel, automatic pistols in hand, at the firing range. They aim at stuffed mannequins, one dressed as a businessman, another as a gangsta, the third as a woman. Tadeo calls out: "uno, dos, tres" They FIRE. Two of the mannequins suffer sits; the businessman survives.

Tadeo removes the failed shooter from the lineup as he congratulates the others. He addresses the remaining Teens in Spanish:

TADEO
Can you do it blindfolded?

They reply, si. Tadeo nods to Nacio who blindfolds the cadets as their train their guns on the targets. Señor Sans steps over, watching. Again Tadeo calls out: "uno, dos, tres."

They FIRE. One, GUILLERMO, hits the female target. A CHEER goes up. Nacio removes Guillermo's blindfold as Sans and Tadeo effusively praise him.

TIMECUT: Across the compound, Sans stands beside Julio and Miguel who, exhausted, drink water from plastic bottles. They look at the firing range where other cadets practice. Sans speaks to Julio:

SEÑOR SANS
(Spanish w/subtitles)
Jealous? Your time will come,
corazón, but, today, enough, rest.
You've done good

CUT TO:

101 EXT VICENTE CONDO DAY 101

Oscar and Yago's blue SUV is parked outside the white half built condos overlooking the Gulf of Mexico.

CUT TO:

102 INT VICENTE WORKSHOP DAY 102

Oscar and Yago stand over Vicente's day and a half old corpse. Oscar wears an elbow cast.

The back of Vicente's head is spread across the concrete. Blood has congealed. Felipe and Garcia are stacked, as before, beside the wall.

Oscar pushes Vicente's head with the tip of his boot, takes out a cell phone, dials. Yago goes to the gun locker, helps himself to an AK-47.

CUT TO:

103 EXT TRAVEL MONTAGE DAY/AFTERNOON/EVENING 103

Soundtrack plays an electronic, distorted version of "El Jinete" as the red 4x4, seen from the Totonac ruins of El Tajin, makes it way south.

In the back of the flatbed: the boxed telescope, food supplies, camping supplies, Neto's knapsack, a gasoline can and a bag from Aventura.

Skies change from sunny to foreboding to rainy as the mix that is modern Mexico passes by: international franchise outlets, rundown shantytowns, ox carts and mules, traditional restaurants and garish amusement plexes. Neto takes it all in, unsure of what to make of this "native land."

The Ram 4x4 passes a Federal Highway Police car. A FEDERAL OFFICER, in the driver's seat, takes notice of the pickup as it passes. He checks a notepad on the seat beside him, pages through it. Then pulls a cell phone from his pocket.

CUT TO:

104 EXT SANTUARIO COMPOUND EVENING 104

The outlines of the jungle complex are visible in declining light: Dining Hall, Bunk House, Villa, cages, gated entrance, radio tower, perimeter wire.

CUT TO:

105

INT

REC ROOM/SANTUARIO

EVENING

105

A converted all purpose room set off the dining area: battered sofas, flat screen video, pool table, cooler, multi-speaker sound system, posters of hot girls, hip-hop heroes and gangsta legends. Not unlike a military rec room in any military base around the world.

Julio and Miguel sit with young Castigados as they watch two cadets play "Grand Theft Auto: Vice City." On screen, Haitian and Cuban gangs fire high powered guns, exchange epithets ("kill the Haitian dickheads") as they decimate "targets" in the realistic urban environment.

Señor Sans enters with Tadeo, followed by Nacio holding a digital video camera. The cadets stand to attention, dropping the video game controls. The Castigado turns off the flatscreen monitor. Señor Sans speaks in Spanish with English subtitles:

SEÑOR SANS

At ease. Aqi and Slank Castigados left this afternoon, for the States. They received this assignment because of our good work. Do something right, people remember your name. Those involved will be rewarded. Our newest members may wonder why Los Castigados are young. You have been selected. When you do well you receive payment and we keep this payment for you. Then, when you are older, 22 or 24, it's yours. Then you leave us, enter the world, young men, pockets full of money, having accomplished something. With symbols of your victory!

(gestures to his breasts)

Julio is our youngest member. Ever He seems small now but he has a powerful heart full of powerful blood. I know this! He will make us proud! Support him, help him, love him as you love me! Now we must make a video. The family of a guest promised payment. So we need a reminder. Julio, please come...

CUT TO:

106 INT/EXT HIGHWAY NIGHT 106

The red pickup speeds through the night. Neto checks the rear view mirror. He senses he is being followed. Two headlights trail behind.

Ahead is a Pemex station, glowing like a beacon in the darkness. Checking the rear mirror, Neto breaks and turns sharply into the gas station. Inez is thrown against him as he screeches to a stop.

Behind the blue SUV approaches, uncertain, slowing down, then speeds past the gas station. Neto watches, catching the outlines of the two young men in the front seat.

 NETO
We meet again.

Inez pulls herself up straight.

 INEZ
Coño! What the....

 NETO
I need some coffee.

CUT TO:

107 EXT GAS STATION NIGHT 107

Neto fills the tank as Inez walks from the office carrying cups from the machine coffee. He replaces the cap on the gas tank.

 INEZ
Are we going to stop?

 NETO
We'll drive as long as we can. You try to sleep now, maybe you can take over later.

CUT TO:

108 INT/EXT HIGHWAY NIGHT 108

The 4X4 drives through the scarcely populated countryside. Inez is slumped in the passenger seat, eyes closed, shoulder against the door.

Neto glances at the wide and rear view mirrors--then he sees it: far behind him, two headlights flip on as a vehicle pulls onto the road.

Neto runs the calculations through his mind as he lets the follow vehicle grows closer. He reaches under his seat, removes the Colt automatic, places it beside him.

He notices a road sign ahead: "Africam Safari, 2km." He speaks to Inez softly:

NETO
Inez. Wake up.

INEZ
Huh?

NETO
Put on your seat belt. It's going to get bumpy. We're being followed.

She starts as if to crack wise but, seeing the expression on face, fastens her seat belt and adjusts it.

INEZ
How...?

NETO
I don't know.

He slows as the blue SUV grows closer. He notices a quick glint of metal from the passenger seat. Ahead the security lights of the Africam wildgame park grow closer. Neto reaches up, snaps off the dome light cover, breaks the bulb.

Then, without warning, VEERS into the Africam Safari entrance, breaking through the gated entrance. A sleeping guard in the kiosk wakes up as the blue SUV, TURNING SHARPLY, follows.

Dust from the wheels, lit by head and tail lights, obscure the two vehicles as the SUV gives CHASE. Inez holds on for dear life as the pickup bumps up and down the dirt road. They pass signs directing them toward the "Zonas de Aventuras," "Sendero de los Canguros," and "Mariposario."

Yago LEANS OUTSIDE the passenger window of the blue SUV, attempting to aim the AK-47. The red pickup is only partially visible amid the flying dust. Oscar, at the wheel, cast on one elbow, STRUGGLES to control the vehicle.

Neto glances from the rear view mirrors back out the windshield--two glowing circles stare back. Dead ahead a giant WATER BUFFALO stands on the road.

Neto SWERVES to the right as Yago FIRES a burst of bullets from his automatic rifle. Neto SWINGS the 4x4 around the water buffalo. The bullets pass overhead.

Oscar now sees the water buffalo as well. He TURNS ABRUPTLY, glancing off the side of the large animal as Yago, bounced about the cab, FIRES wildly.

NETO

Unbuckle. Hold the wheel. Keep it straight.

Neto unclips his seatbelt. Inez follows suit. She slides over, grabs the wheel with her hands as he opens the door and FALLS OUT. The door SLAMS SHUT as Neto HITS THE GROUND.

Oscar and Yago, on the chase again, do not see Neto exit because of the dust and lack of interior cab illumination. From a distance, the sound of an ALARM.

Neto ROLLS to a stop, STANDS, and steadies the Colt .45 Automatic with both hands. Oscar, straining the see, then suddenly sees--through the dust--Neto standing before him. Neto FIRES three shots directly into the driver's windshield of the SUV.

Oscar is HIT in the face and chest as the SUV, CAREENS wildly to the right, BUMPS across grass land and SMASHES into a concrete wall topped by concertina wire.

Ahead, Inez slows the Ram pickup to a stop.

Yago, his head bleeding from contact, struggles out of the SUV cab. He looks around manically, FIRING at sights and sounds, real or imagined.

Neto, crawling through the underbrush, is brushed by a WILD BOAR fleeing the noise.

Yago fires recklessly until his automatic rifle CLICKS. The magazine is out of ammo.

Neto stands up behind him, speaks in Spanish:

NETO

You should have let it go.

As Yago turns to face him, Neto shifts his pistol from his right hand to his left, and COLD COCKS Yago with a single PUNCH to the forehead. Yago collapses.

Neto hears sounds of growling behind the wall, stands on running board of the SUV, looks over the compound wall. A pride of LIONS has gathered, eager for food.

Neto reaches into his pocket, withdraws a folding knife, opens it and CUTS a long SLICE in Yago's leg. Yago regains consciousness, HOWLING IN PAIN.

NETO

In ancient times it was called
trial by ordeal. Judicium Dei. The
fate of the accused would be
decided by God.

He reaches picks up Yago's body, tosses it over the compound wall.

NETO

Vaya con Dios.

SOUNDS of lions SNARLING and Yago SCREAMING echo as Neto walks toward the pickup in the distance. He stops to pick up his hat along the way.

CUT TO:

109 EXT CAGES/SANTUARIO NIGHT 109

Tadeo, pistol in hand, stands outside the hostage cages as Nacio aims the digi-cam at RODRIGO, a middle aged Mexican businessman wearing a dirty torn Dallas Cowboys sweatshirt.

Señor Sans, holding a club, places a hand on Julio's shoulder. He speaks to the hostage in Spanish with English subtitles:

SEÑOR SANS

Rodrigo, you rich useless bitch,
you want to live but your family
doesn't care enough.

The camera's halogen light beam illuminates Rodrigo's frightened face:

RODRIGO

Please...

He hands Julio the club:

SEÑOR SANS

Hit him!

(Julio hesitates)

Hit him!

Julio, fearful, slaps Rodrigo in a dutiful manner. That's not good enough. Not by a long shot. Sans turns vengeful:

SEÑOR SANS

Hit him! Hard! Now!

Julio does as he is told. He STRIKES: first once, hard, then twice, harder. Nacio pans from Julio to Rodrigo, catching the action. BLOOD flows from Rodrigo's nose.

SEÑOR SANS

(to Julio)

We'll make a man of you, corazón.

Can you do it?

Julio thinks, then replies:

JULIO

Yes, Señor Sans.

Julio HITS Rodrigo again. Sans speaks to Tadeo:

SEÑOR SANS

Give me the knife.

(to Rodrigo)

Look at the camera. Talk to your family. Convince them. Then we'll send them a souvenir.

CUT TO:

110 INT/EXT PICKUP/COUNTRYSIDE DAYBREAK 110

The 4x4 drives through barren countryside. Inez drives. Neto, hat over his eyes, sleeps in the passenger seat. The truck hits a pothole, waking him up. He looks at first light, picks up the road map.

NETO

Let's get off the Interstate..

INEZ

You think that's how the found us?

NETO

Better not to take chances.

INEZ

"Same old story." You said that. I was thinking while you were sleeping. I don't think it's true.

(he looks at her)

"Same old story." Every barrio kid with a bad father. Abandoned. Abused. It's not true. I had a wonderful father. He sacrificed everything for his family. He loved his children. He was a good man.

NETO

I didn't mean it that way.

INEZ

I'm sorry for you, for the life you had.

NETO

How far we got to go, you think?

INEZ

All day if we stick to the back roads. Then it's up in the mountains. You can't go up at night. That's lawless country. They shoot you for your car.

(beat)

It wasn't my father who fucked up. It was me.

CUT TO:

111 EXT SANTUARIO COMPOUND AFTERNOON 111

Julio and Miguel, taking a break from afternoon exercise, sit on a rock. In the distance Castigados play futbol. Miguel speaks broken English:

MIGUEL

How you do?

(no answer)

Bien?

JULIO

I'm all right.

MIGUEL

You need anything, Miguel, I take care of you. Señor Sans, I good to you, he good to me.

JULIO
How did you get here?

MIGUEL
Mother sick. She needs the
operation. They promised money.
They said I come back a rich man.

JULIO
You think about leaving?

Miguel mixed response indicates he would like to leave.

MIGUEL
What about my parents?

CUT TO:

112 EXT TRUCK STOP EVENING 112

Two long haul trucks are parked to the side of the highway.
In the distance the outline of a mountain range is
silhouetted against the purple sky.

Neto stands with two truckers beside a cab. He thanks them,
walks toward an open air restaurant and campsite. Neto passes
a rig, looks inside at two children sleeping in makeshift bed
of blankets and grains sacks.

Inez sips an aqua fresca at a one of several picnic tables
near a smoking outdoor grill. A COOK turns over skewered
chicken, bananas and tomatoes while his INDIAN WIFE cleans
up. Further along wood platforms which serve as temporary
beds for the truckers.

Neto take out his iPhone, sets it on the table, looks at it.

INEZ
That work here?

NETO
When you remember to turn it on.

She shrugs: what can you do? The Cook calls over:

COOK
Tamal de Chipilin?, señor?

Neto looks at Inez who nods.

NETO

Dos, si.

(to Inez)

Inside you dread a phone call.
Everyone did. You get a call it
meant one of two things. A family
member was dying. Or they was dead.
Nothing ever good has come on the
phone. When I got the call, I knew.
Mi Madre. Tough guys, el duros,
walk around with a shank in their
rectum, kill you just for a look,
they get the phone call, they just
sit, crying like babies.

He notices an expression on her face:

NETO

What, you going to say something
smart?

INEZ

Like, how does that work, walking
around with a knife up your ass?

NETO

Something like that.

INEZ

No, I was going to ask, these
people, Castigados, they're very
scary, right? What are you going to
do?

NETO

I'm going to get my son.

INEZ

After that?

NETO

I'll leave it up to them.

CUT TO:

113

EXT

CHIAPAS MOUNTAINS MORNING

113

The 4x4 makes a hairpin turn, disappearing and reemerging as
it works its way up the increasingly steep Chiapas foothills.

Undergrowth gives way to jungle forests. In the distance, clouds hover over mountain peaks.

CUT TO:

114 EXT SANTA MADRE DAY 114

The Dodge 4x4 pulls into Santa Madre. Ahead is the old mission and beyond the cloud-shrouded mountain peaks of the Sierra Madre de Chiapas.

The town, once brightly colored, seems tired. The iron gazebo is in disrepair. The streets are uneven.

CUT TO:

115 EXT BAR/CANTINA DAY 115

School children headed home pass a faded mural.

CUT TO:

116 INT BAR/CANTINA DAY 116

Framed photos and paintings from Mexican history hang over the bar. A OLD BARTENDER wearing a white shirt and black tie oversees the hardscrabble clientele.

Neto stands at the bar next WEATHERED FARMER. He sips his beer, speaks to the Farmer:

NETO
Conoces...Santuario? Mi amigo está
buscando...

The Farmer looks at Neto sharply, then just walks away. He crosses to the other side of the bar. Neto turns to the Bartender:

NETO
Did I pass some gas?

The Old Bartender, understanding English, suppresses a thin smile. And finds work to do elsewhere.

CUT TO:

117 EXT ZOLCALO SUNDOWN 117

The main square is washed with golden light as Neto, frustrated, exits a "Bebidas de Frutas" and, looking around, heads toward the battered bandstand.

Inez, wearing sensible street clothes, emerges from a narrow street and meets him near the gazebo. They glance at the passing townsfolk who in turn eye them suspiciously.

NETO

I found out how to stop a conversation. Mention Santuario. Maybe it was my Texas accent.

INEZ

Or your hat.

NETO

A place like that, a camp, it has to get supplies, fruits and vegetables.

INEZ

Go where the women go. Where they do their laundry, take their children. The women know everything. They just call it "that place," "ese lugar." It's up in the mountains. The roads aren't marked. Look for the radio tower.

A local policeman, stops, looks at them.

NETO

I think it's time to move on.

CUT TO:

118 INT BUNKHOUSE/SANTUARIO NIGHT 118

Late. Nothing but night sounds. A distant light flashes outside the window. Nacio sits guard on the steps.

Julio creeps to the edge of his cot, whispers to Miguel.

JULIO

Miguel?

(Miguel looks at him)

If I run for it, will you come with me?

Miguel hesitates, then says:

MIGUEL
Where can we run to?

JULIO
There is something going on.
They're having meetings. We could
get out at night.

MIGUEL
Dónde estamos?

JULIO
Anywhere.

MIGUEL
(frightened)
I don't know.

JULIO
You won't tell on me?
(Miguel shakes head "no")
Just act nice. Like you like it
here. I pretend I'm a little boy.

CUT TO:

119 EXT MOUNTAIN SIDE NIGHT 119

The night sky, seen from high in the mountains. A vast field of stars and constellations from horizon to horizon.

The 4x4 is parked on a dirt mountain road. Neto and Inez, sitting on the truck bed, rest against the cab eating sandwiches. He has changed to a black long sleeve undershirt and dark jeans.

All around: the cacophonous SOUNDS of the jungle. An amphitheater of noise.

INEZ
Listen.

NETO
Are we in Mexico?

INEZ
Hard to tell. We may be over the
border, Guatamala.

NETO

Must have been something back then.
In the old evil days. In the bloody
times. Those ancient Indians living
in the wild, in the middle of
nowhere. No wonder they had such
blood thirsty gods.

INEZ

We have pretty bloody gods today.

Neto nods: true that.

INEZ

How old is he?

NETO

Twelve.

INEZ

Is he strong? Enough?

NETO

I don't know.

(beat)

When I was his age, a little older,
14, my father took me to a
crackhouse, wanted to show his
junkie pals what his son was made
off. Had me stab this toxicomano,
all passed out and zeroed. I
stabbed eight, ten times. That's
how I started. Maybe if I'd just
killed the old man I'd been better
off.

INEZ

Did you ever try? Kill him?

NETO

He got the disease. Wasted away
before I had the chance.

CUT TO:

120

EXT

MOUNTAIN SIDE

DAWN

120

Neto has set up the telescope on a tripod in the flatbed of
the truck. A glimmer of sunlight breaks through the fog which
shrouds the mountains.

In the distance they can see the tip of a radio tower poking through the cloud bank. Neto looks again, sees:

CUT TO:

121 EXT SANTUARIO DAWN 121

Los Castigados, stripped to the waist, jog double file through the morning fog; their chests, burnt with "L"s and "C"s, glisten with sweat. Julio and Miguel, run side by side in the rear ranks.

CUT TO:

122 EXT MOUNTAINSIDE/SANTUARIO MIDDAY 122

INTERCUT between Neto watching with Inez and activity in the compound. He adjust the telescope, looking from building to building:

Bunkhouse, Great Hall, perimeter guards, main entrance, and hostage cages.

Firing range. Tadeo and Nacio oversee Guillermo, Julio, Miguel and a fourth Castigados as they fire at the mannequin targets. They all miss but Guillermo. Tadeo congratulates Guillermo as the other step back. Nacio speaks to Guillermo, places a blindfold on him.

INTERCUT: Neto's mid goes back to the blurry image of the black intruder on the iPhone. Nacio.

Señor Sans, his back turned to Neto, enters with a group of Castigados. There is to be some sort of demonstration. Then Neto sees what it is: while Sans speaks with the cadets, Ernesto and another Castigado remove the mannequin target and replace it with a drugged HOSTAGE.

Guillermo AIMS. Tadeo counts off: "uno, dos, tres." Guillermo FIRES. BLOOD blossoms from the Hostage's chest as he slips downward.

Nacio removes Guillermo's blindfold, shows him that he has killed the Hostage. The Castagados, urged on by Señor Sans, APPLAUD and crowd around Guillermo like soccer players after a championship.

Señor Sans grabs Julio by the waist, SPINS him around with joy. Julio, playing his part, CHEERS. Thrusts his hand upwards. Miguel, in the background, seems sickened.

Sans turns to fully face Neto's telescope. Neto pulls away.
His mind goes back:

CUT TO:

123 INT NIENTE HOUSE FLASHBACK DAY 123

YOUNG NETO, 5, finds a photograph in a box of his mother's private things. It shows his mother beside a tough gang type with a soul patch from lip to below the chin and tattoos on his hands--*Señor Sans*.

His MOTHER discovers him studying the photo.

YOUNG NETO
Who is this?

Neto's Mother takes the photo from him and, using a scissors, cuts it in half, separating the man from the woman.

MOTHER
He is no one, cariño. He is dead.

She holds the photo of his father over a votive candle. Young Neto watches as the man's face dissolves into FLAMES.

CUT TO:

124 EXT MOUNTAINSIDE MIDDAY 124

Neto pushes himself away from the telescope eyepiece, as if physically ill. He takes hold of the pickup and TUMBLES OVER the side.

Hitting the ground, he pulls himself up. Inez watches as he STAGGERS, seeming headed no direction in particular.

INEZ
Neto?

He reaches the mountain's edge, looks down, then sits. He BENDS FORWARD as if suppressing vomit, swallows, straightens up. She sits beside him, examines him. He is in despair.

Impulsively she takes his face in her hands and KISSES him. He is taken aback and, after a moment, pushes her away. He pulls himself together:

NETO
I told you my father was dead. That
was a lie. I told you he made me a
(MORE)

NETO (CONT'D)

killer when I was 14, that was a lie. I said he died of AIDS. Not true. I made up that story. I've told other people other stories. None of them true. Lies. My father left before I was born. Left his pregnant chica. I never knew him.

INEZ

What is the truth?

NETO

I'm going to meet him tonight.

CUT TO:

125 EXT MOUNTAINSIDE EVENING 125

Neto prepares. He sets out his pistol and ammo. A folding knife. Pours gasoline into bottles, fashioning Molotov cocktails.

Drawing in the dirt, Neto constructs a model of the Santuario compound for Inez. He uses objects at hand--pen, lipstick, her compact, his iPhone--to represent various buildings.

NETO

...here, in this row, are cages. Men who have been kidnapped and are being held for ransom. These boys, voluntarily or not, conduct kidnappings, murders for hire.

INEZ

Does he know?

NETO

Who?

INEZ

Your father.

NETO

I don't have a father. I was dead to him. He's dead to me.

(continuing)

When night comes, after taps or whatever the fuck they have, I'm going in. The telescope won't be of use. There won't be much light. Here are the fuel tanks for the generators.

INEZ

But does he know about Julio?

NETO

I don't know how, but yes. After you drop me off, park the truck here. Smart thing we painted in black. Wait until after dark. We'll rehearse the location. When the fuel tanks explode, that's your signal. Come charging through this...

(points)

one lane road, don't let anything stop you. If we're not there, turn around, leave without us.

CUT TO:

126 EXT MOUNTAIN ROAD NIGHT 126

Light rain falls through the dark and fog shrouded jungle. The Ram 4x4, lights off, drives slowly down a two lane dirt road. Stops.

Gesturing to Inez, Neto silently steps out of the cab. He has BLACKENED his face and hands with axel grease. He carries the knapsack. Hunting knife taped to his leg. Gun in his waistband.

Neto lingers on her face for a second, then gingerly shuts the door and is gone.

Inez drives on.

CUT TO:

127 EXT SANTUARIO NIGHT 127

A smattering of incandescent bulbs light the compound. A YOUNG GUARD walks the perimeter carrying an automatic rifle.

The Young Guard hears a rustling nearby, the sound of animal, a wolf perhaps, turns to see more closely. A moment later the Young Guard is dead, his throat slit.

Neto, on all fours, moves along the perimeter carrying the Guard's AK-47. He stops by the garbage dump: two eyes GLOW at

him from the darkness. A JAGUAR feeds on the spoiled food.
Neto moves silently on.

CUT TO:

128 EXT CAGES NIGHT 128

Neto slips behind the row of bamboo and wood cages. A ELDERLY HOSTAGE, seeing him, is about to speak when Neto silences him with a finger to his lips.

Rodrigo, the middle-aged businessman, lies in the next cage, asleep. a soiled bloody bandage covers his ear.

Unfolding his knife, Neto uses it to CARVE open the locked wooden key box. Inside hang the padlock keys to the separate cages. Neto removes the key ring, steps over the to Elderly Hostage. He whispers in his ear. The Elderly Hostage nods.

Neto slips away.

CUT TO:

129 EXT BUNK HOUSE NIGHT 129

He passes the Villa. A single light is on in the bedroom. Neto proceeds to the Bunk House. Examines the entrance, the screen door, the light inside. Looks across the compound at the fuel tank, then silently steps forward.

CUT TO:

130 EXT INEZ'S PICKUP NIGHT 130

INEZ, peering at dim lights and blackness, waits.

CUT TO:

131 EXT BUNK HOUSE NIGHT 131

Neto slowly moves alongside the building. Nacio sits guard on the steps, gun in hand.

Neto CREEPS behind him, steadies himself, whispers almost inaudibly: "El Jesuita ha vuelto." Nacio turns, stares into Neto's black face. Before Nacio can open his mouth, Neto has CUT his throat.

CUT TO:

132 INT BUNK HOUSE NIGHT 132

Neto stands and, backlit, automatic in one hand, bloody knife and knapsack in the other, walks the length of the Bunk House. Several Castigados, awakening, see him. He slows down, stares as he passes. They watch frozen in their bunks.

Neto, moving Julio's guitar, CROUCHES beside his son:

NETO

Julio.

Julio wakes up.

NETO

Papa.

Julio recognizes him through the blackface. Embraces him.

NETO

We're leaving.

Julio turns to Miguel:

JULIO

Miguel. Vamos.

Neto watches the others as Julio and Miguel pull on their pants and shoes. No one dares move. Neto motions Julio and Miguel forward, follows them as they walk out of the Bunk House.

CUT TO:

133 EXT COMPOUND NIGHT 133

Neto, Julio and Miguel step outside. A SHOUT rings out: the Young Guard's body has been discovered.

Movement. Guards are alerted. "Que Hubole?" "Maldito sea!" "Opa!"

Rodrigo, freed from his cage, makes a break for freedom. He staggers on weak legs across the compound. Halfway to the gate he is cut down by a BLAST from an automatic weapon.

CUT TO:

134 EXT INEZ'S PICKUP NIGHT 134

Inez, watching from the cab of the 4x4, awaits her signal.
She places her hand on the gear shift.

CUT TO:

135 EXT COMPOUND NIGHT 135

Neto, bending over, pushes the boys forward through shadows.
He pulls a Molotov cocktail from the knapsack, lights it,
TOSSES it through the Bunk House window.

FIRE BURSTS upwards, igniting a nearby tree. Shapes run in
through the rain and shadows.

SCREAMS followed shouts and commands. And gunfire.

Neto must work his way to the fuel tanks. He takes a Molotov
cocktail from the knapsack. He motions the boys to lie flat,
prepares to dash across the open ground.

But then: the sound of a TRUCK APPROACHING. Inez. Fuck.

NETO
No. Not yet!

He lights a fused bottle, THROWS it toward the moving
shadows. Flames reveal Ernesto, AK-47 in hand, running.

CUT TO:

136 INT INEZ'S PICKUP NIGHT 136

INEZ'S POV FROM THE MOVING TRUCK: gasoline-fueled flame
cloud, blurred images, sound of cattle grate under the
wheels...

CUT TO:

137 EXT COMPOUND NIGHT 137

Inez's headlights CRASH through the gate. Ernesto plants his
feet, aims his automatic rifle and FIRES, raking the 4x4's
windshield with bullets.

Inez, HIT multiple times through the shattering windshield,
BOUNCES around the truck cab, her chest and face blossoming
blood. The truck VEERS to a halt.

Neto, firing his AK-47, is too late to save her. He RIPS open Ernesto's back with a half dozen bullets, propelling him to the ground like a broken doll.

Neto grabs the last Molotov cocktail, lights and throws it at the Villa. Burning gasoline spreads across the entrance.

Chaos fills the compound. Running, shouting, firing guns. Neto spins, looking for Julio. He SPRAYS a blast of bullets in the direction of the Dining Hall. Hostages flee into the jungle. Neto recognizes the Elderly Man among them.

Tadeo emerges from the burning Villa, half dressed, FIRING a Colt .45.

Miguel, panicked, runs between Julio and the Adjutant. A bullet from the Tadeo's pistol catches Miguel in the side, KILLING MIGUEL, DROPPING him to the ground.

Neto FIRES again, cutting down Tadeo. As Tadeo FALLS, bullets RIP open Neto's side and arm, spinning him around, dropping him to his knees then onto his face in the mud.

Neto is bleeding. He tries to stand, falls. He looks up.

The bullets were not from Tadeo. He's already dead and down. They were from Señor Sans. Through the smoke he sees Sans in his red guayabera standing over Tadeo's body, automatic pistol in hand.

Señor Sans stalks him. Sans calls out in Spanish:

SEÑOR SANS
Why are you here? Why are you
ruining everything!

Julio rushes to his father's side. Neto, in pain, lifts his head to look. Señor Sans approaches through the confusion. Julio grasps his father's neck.

NETO
Te amo.

SEÑOR SANS
Who the fuck are you!

Neto is resolute:

NETO
I am The Jesuit.

Julio holds his father's, says: "Papa."

Seeing Julio hold his father, Sans realizes the man in blackface must be the son he has never met.

Sans smiles, says in English:

SEÑOR SANS
Well, son, even Jesuits die.

Sans lifts his revolver, prepares to execute Neto.

Julio's other hands has been under his father's back, at his waistband. Julio removes the Colt Super, aims it at Sans and FIRES. The recoil KNOCKS Julio sideways.

Señor Sans, caught by surprise, is HIT in the chest. He TOPPLES backwards.

Neto, holding his bloody side, lifts himself up and guides Julio toward the Dodge pickup. All around, discipline has collapsed. Soldiers are running this way and that. Guillermo, frightened, suddenly a little boy again, disappears into the tree line.

Neto opens the truck cab, PUSHES Inez's body away from the wheel. He looks at Julio:

NETO
Get in.

Neto closes the cab door, starts the engine and circles the toward the entrance. The compound, on fire, is nearly empty. A few last Castigados run into the jungle and down the road.

FADE OUT:

138 EXT OLVERA KONA COFFEE FARM DAY 138

FADE IN:

Everything more or less as before: the sign, the dirt road, the coffee workers planting and picking, the cabins, bunkhouse and dining room.

Neto and Julio, six months later, plant two coffee trees. Neto wears work clothes. Julio wears shorts and a Hawaiian shirt.

NETO
A coffee tree lives twenty, twenty-five years. These we want to live longer. This one is for your mother, Nadia. You must never
(MORE)

NETO (CONT'D)

forget her. This one is for someone
you don't know. Her name was Inez
although some people called her
Krystal. You never met her but she
would have loved you.

Julio adjusts the seedling's branches.

NETO

They are memory trees. When they
die you will replant them and when
you can't do that, your son will
replant them.

THE END

