

**sin nombre**  
by  
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### Forward Note

This is an English Version of the script. The Shooting Script is in colloquial Spanish.

An urban style of slang has been used here with members of a gang called the Mara Salvatrucha, which is heavily influenced by its counterparts in the United States. The Spanish version reflects this particular style of speech.

For the Immigrants, the Spanish reflects the grammar and vocabulary used in the regions of the Americas that they come from.

1	<p>EXT. COLONIA CONFETI, TAPACHULA - DAY</p> <p>SUPER: <b>TAPACHULA, MEXICO</b></p> <p>A weathered, yet serene poster, of a green landscape (Texas?) fills our frame. We pan around revealing EL CASPER, a gaunt-faced 17 year-old wiping water from his face. He stares at the image with a curious indifference, it's hard to read what he thinks.</p> <p>Behind him a slum like neighborhood of one-story concrete homes that resembles a favela, linked with the familiar maze of paths, scavenged roofs and satellite dishes powered by dangerously improvised cables.</p> <p>His cell phone BEEPS. He finishes washing his face and head and leaves.</p>	1
1A	<p>EXT. COLONIA CONFETI, STREET - DAY</p> <p>Casper walks briskly down the street. People give him a respectful amount of space. We see more details of his body, a tattoo on his neck "<b>perdoname madre mia</b>" and a <b>TEAR DROP</b> is on his right eye, the shape of a pistol in his back pocket.</p>	1A
1B	<p>INT. COMBI (MINIBUS) - DAY</p> <p>A combi pulls up to a line of 8 waiting PASSENGERS. Casper walks past them and sits in the front seat with the driver. The driver hands him a wad of CASH, with out saying a word nor Casper look at him. At the next stop lined with 5 waiting passengers, Casper gets down.</p>	1B
1C	<p>EXT. COLONIA CONFETI, STREET - CONTINUOUS</p> <p>Casper passes THREE fellow FOOT SOLDIERS of his gang. Long rifles lean against a wall next to them as they lounge in the hot sun watching the border of their territory. He picks up one of their bikes and rides down the blocks.</p> <p>He arrives at a corner MINI-MARKET, again silently collecting cash from the WOMAN running it.</p>	1C
2	<p>EXT. COLONIA CONFETI STREETS - DAY</p> <p>El Casper rides a bike through the maze, weaving around pedestrians and vendors.</p>	2

He pauses on his bike. A train passes in front of him. THREE similarly tattooed men ride atop, they acknowledge Casper with nods.

CUT TO:

2A Casper rides into another alley and stops in front of an unremarkable concrete house. A television blasts a Game Show inside while an ancient woman, ABUE, cools off next to the window. She eats raisins from a bowl. El Casper takes one and eats it with out asking, charmingly. 2A

EL CASPER  
Señora.

She looks at El Casper disapprovingly, then makes an incomprehensible call into the house.

A BOY, 12, appears wearing a tattered middle-school uniform. He sees El Casper and motions for him to come in.

2B INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 2B

The boy hands him a backpack unceremoniously, it's an old routine.

El Casper checks the contents of the backpack, CD players, Gameboys, radios, batteries, headphones, and other random stolen goods. He nods approvingly, then notices a slim DIGITAL CAMERA. He picks it up, inspects it, then stuffs it in his own pocket before zipping up the bag. El Casper holds his finger up to his mouth...

EL CASPER (CONT'D)  
Shhh, our secret.

The boy nods.

EL CASPER  
Lil' Mago wants to see you.

3 EXT. EL LIL' MAGO'S HOUSE, BACK PATIO 3

The KID stands before EL LIL' MAGO, a striking man in his early-twenties, with a face covered in MARA SALVATRUCHA tattoos, crowned with "devil's horns" scrawled in detail on his forehead. About a DOZEN other similarly clad GANG MEMBERS, including El Casper, stand around him.

The Kid nervously pulls at his tattered school pants. Lil' Mago smiles...

EL LIL' MAGO

One...

El Casper and TWO other men, El Smokey, a teen with crazy eyes and EL BOMBA, a hefty Guatemalan in his late-twenties, jump up and begin beating the boy. EL SOL, mid-twenties, stoic, watches from behind.

The boy tries to fight back, spinning around in a fury of punches and kicks but is no match to the three men's experience. He is quickly pummeled to the ground.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)

...Four, five. Five... Five and half... Six...

He is knocked again and again, all he can do is protect his face.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)

...nine, ten, eleven, eleven... twelve.

El Casper looks at El Lil' Mago, waiting for "thirteen." The Boy's face is cut and his left eyelid sags. El Casper only halfheartedly punches him now.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)

Twelve.

El Casper feels El Lil' Mago glaring at him, so he launches a kick into the boys chest. The boy YELPS as El Casper kicks him over and over.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)

Thirteen.

El Casper finally stops, breathing heavily. Despite his tears, whimpers and quivering body, the Boy forms a smile -- a crying smile.

El Lil' Mago pulls him up. The men HOLLER as they rush in, throwing Mara Salvatrucha (MS13) gang signs ("M" then "S" shapes with their hands) and stacking those with their clicas's name "CONFETI LOCOS" in a form of sign-language. They hug him.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)

Look at this kid, Casper, he's all smiles.

4

EXT. COLONIA STAIRWAY - TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS - DAY

4

SUPER: **TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS**

We see a large expanse of the capitol and its foothills. A city covered with colorful homes, patches of tropical green and smog.

On the bottom of the frame THREE ADOLESCENT GIRLS make their way up a long set of stairs towards us, sharing a cigarette.

SAYRA, 15, an olive-skinned girl with long hair and bright eyes stands between CLARISSA and YAMILA.

CLARISSA

You're so lucky, Sayra.

(BEAT)

If my Dad came back to take me north with him...

SAYRA

Mine didn't, he was deported.

CLARISSA

And? At least he can make the journey with you, instead of paying a pervy *pollero* to take you.

(BEAT)

Yamila's dad was a pervy *pollero*, from what her mom remembers.

Yamila, cigarette in mouth, gives Clarissa the finger.

CLARISSA

(to Sayra)

Look, I don't even know why you're wetting your pants over this, it's not like your Grandma wants to take care of your ass anymore. And if Orlando goes? You should get the hell out of here while you can.

SAYRA

(sarcastically)

And leave this?

CLARISSA

*Pendeja.*

YAMILA

I wish I could go with you.

Yamila hugs Sayra firmly.

YAMILA  
I'll pray for you.

Sayra and Clarissa continue on, we linger for a moment on Yamila who sadly watches them walk away. She finishes off the butt and drops it to the ground.

We pan away from her to catch up to Sayra and Clarissa as they enter their neighborhood, past vendors, CAT-CALLING BOYS who they give the finger and soccer playing children.

4A Sayra and Clarissa climb into the room from a window. They laugh as they fall to the floor-- 4A

5 INT. HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 5

--landing on a stained mattress, half covered with a worn flower print sheet in a tiny, sparse room with two other similar mattress on the floor. Clothes, sheets and blankets sit in tidy piles along the walls.

ORLANDO, 19, Sayra's almost equal in age Uncle, waits for her in the room. He has kind eyes, but you can tell he's irritated with her. She reacts, shrugging in a "what do you expect?" kind of way.

ORLANDO  
He's here.

Clarissa trips over a BACKPACK. Sayra quickly stuffs it under a shelf.

ORLANDO  
Come on.  
(BEAT)  
We have a front door you know.

Sayra trips Orlando, sweeping his back leg just as he stumbles into the NEXT ROOM, a compact concrete space that doubles as a kitchen and a bedroom. The girls try to contain their laughter before entering. Sayra pauses, her mood shifts, she looks nervously at Clarissa. To comfort her, Clarissa presses their foreheads together...

5A The next room -- serious faced Sayra looks around, an old woman, NANA, glares up at her. Lying on a blanket covered couch, her sick eyes guide us to a some seats where Orlando sits down abruptly, next to his pregnant girlfriend, CECI, 19, and... 5A

HORACIO, mid-thirties. Bushy eye-brows and weathered face in mid-conversation with Nana.

He sees Sayra, his eyes redden as he stands, sniffing and wiping his nose gruffly.

Sayra stops in the doorway, Clarissa hovers behind her. Horacio opens his arms, gesturing for her to hug him.

HORACIO  
If I didn't know I wouldn't  
recognize her.

Sayra stays in the doorway, crosses her arms and waits.

ORLANDO  
Go on.

Horacio indicates again he's waiting for her to hug him.

HORACIO  
(trying hard)  
You're all... like a real woman.

She relents, approaches and sticks out her hand, in a cordial, but cold handshake. Horacio reciprocates warily.

NANA  
She's done nothing but talk about  
you.

Appalled and embarrassed, Sayra retreats.

NANA  
You'll have lots of time together,  
now.

HORACIO  
I wish Mami, but with Yessenia  
alone with the kids... we'll leave  
tomorrow on the *congolón*.

NANA  
So Soon? You can't stay longer?  
(to Sayra)  
You packed?

SAYRA  
No.

NANA  
Then you better get started.



SAYRA

I don't want to go.

This comes as a shock.

NANA

The hell you don't.

SAYRA

I never said I'd go for sure.

The entire room breaks into noise.

NANA

It's what's best.

SAYRA

I don't want to go with him. Do  
you want me to leave, Nana?

The old woman doesn't exactly say no, it's pretty clear she'd rather the girl left. Sayra looks around the room. The attention and pressure infuriates and hurts her.

Sayra walks out of the house. Suddenly Clarissa is left behind, awkwardly, in the room -- she turns and looks at Orlando.

6

EXT. TAPACHULA TRAIN YARD (AKA LA BOMBILLA), MEXICO - DAY

6

The train yard, populated with about 50 CENTRAL AMERICAN IMMIGRANTS, has four tracks and an abandoned passenger platform.

El Casper and the boy, now known as SMILEY, sit on the platform. El Casper, visibly bored, watches over the immigrants like a shepherd. Smiley copies Casper whenever he adjusts his sitting position.

LUCRESIA, a transvestite with boxer shorts hiked up over a tight T-shirt and a bucket balanced on her head saunters by. She has a sassy sense of humor with rapid-fire responses to anyone who makes a comment to her.

She notices Smiley -- the "new" member and makes a sarcastic comment. Casper ignores her but notices she is also selling COLORFUL FELT FLOWERS from a plastic bag.

His cell phone BEEPS. He pulls out the phone. Text message: **ONDE STAS?** He stuffs the phone back in his pocket, eager it seems, to move.

Casper whistles at Lucrecia, calling her over.

7 EXT. COLONIA CONFETI BRIDGE - TAPACHULA, MEXICO - DAY 7

El Casper and Smiley walk across a metal bridge spanning an oily creek filled with garbage.

On the other side FOUR kids fish despite the pollution. One of them is drawing an MS13 "X3" on the bridge.

KIDS

Casper!

They jump up and flash the gang's sign. El Casper kicks one of them in the butt then hurries on.

8 EXT. MARKET HILL CLAPBOARD HOUSE - DAY 8

He starts to climb through the window of a simple looking one-story house, but stops and turns around to Smiley.

EL CASPER

Wait here.

SMILEY

How long? El Lil' Mago said we  
were supposed to stay in *La*  
*Bombilla*-

EL CASPER

-Not long.

He climbs into the window.

9 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 9

A 15 year-old girl, MARTHA MARLEN, lies sleeping on a couch. Casper admires her peaceful, smooth face, sleepy eyes, sweating beading on her forehead.

He gently sits down next to her and leans forward, but before he can kiss her she awakens, laying out a barrage of slaps and catching him by surprise.

EL CASPER

Stop it! What are you doing?

He grabs her flailing hands and forces her back, falling on top of her.

MARTHA MARLEN  
Get off of me.

EL CASPER  
You going to calm down?

MARTHA MARLEN  
You better get off of me or I'll  
scream, I swear to God I will.

Faking like she's going to scream, El Casper covers her mouth with his. They give each other one long wet kiss.

MARTHA MARLEN (CONT'D)  
I still hate you.

El Casper reaches around to his back pocket and pulls out the nylon flowers.

Martha Marlen's eyes light up. She takes the flowers and pushes El Casper off of her, disappearing into the living room/kitchen.

He can hear her fiddling with a bucket of water.

EL CASPER  
(El Casper yells to her)  
They don't need water.

She comes back in holding the flowers in the cup.

MARTHA MARLEN  
I know.

She sets them down next to her bed. El Casper watches her adoringly. She catches him, smiles, then pulls off his hoodie and shirt all at once.

His body is covered in the same tattoos as El Lil' Mago: the three points of *la vida loca* on his hand, a rosary around his wrist, "**perdoname madre mia**" on his neck and over his heart a still raw "**Martha Marlen.**"

He hugs her tight, breathing in her scent, then pulls her down to him and rolling on top of her. They kiss again.

10 EXT. MARTHA MARLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

10

Smiley tries to look through the window but can barely hold himself up long enough to see El Casper and Martha Marlen moving sexually on her bed.

He slips down, he eagerly tries to pull himself back up, but is too weak from the baptism. He sits down, disappointed.

11

EXT. ROOF TOP - TEGUCIGALPA, HONDURAS - DUSK

11

Sayra watches the movements of the city from this vantage point. Orlando approaches her from behind. She says nothing to him.

He sits down quietly, appreciating the view.

SAYRA

They're going to build a golf course there.

(BEAT)

You like golf?

ORLANDO

I've never played.

SAYRA

Me neither.

(BEAT)

I understand why you'd want to do this trip. I'm not sure yet if I understand why I should.

(BEAT)

I've just gone along, bad shit happens and I just go along with it. Just like your baby and Ceci will have to, with out you.

ORLANDO

If you want to stay, Nana won't force you to go, but...

SAYRA

I don't care. I don't need him. I could go north on my own if I wanted to.

ORLANDO

Good, then send me money when you get there. You're fifteen Sayra, you really think you could do this on your own? It's dangerous, you've heard the stories. You need a coyote, you know how much that costs?

She shrugs.

ORLANDO

Come with us. I know it won't be  
easy there either, but at least  
you'll have us. There's nothing  
for you here. Nothing.

She grinds the ground with her shoes.

SAYRA

If I went, it wouldn't be for him  
and it wouldn't be for you neither.  
It would be for me. I'd make my  
own decisions.

ORLANDO

Fine.

SAYRA

Alright, then I'll think about it.  
You can tell him that.

The first sharp BRASS notes of "CANCIÓN MIXTECA" played by a  
ragged brass band key-noted with a MARIMBA echo over the HUM  
of a river...

12

EXT. SUCHIATE RIVER - GUATEMALA - DAY

12

**SUPER: 3 DAYS LATER, 1800 MILES SOUTH OF THE U.S. BORDER**

Left side **SUPER: TECUN UMAN, GUATEMALA**

Right side **SUPER: CIUDAD HIDALGO, MEXICO**

Nothing more than a brown, 200 yard wide river divides the  
two countries. We pan down from the landscape to a birds-eye  
perspective of the river.

The source of the key notes in the music floats onto  
screen... A MARIMBA (looks like an oversized xylophone)  
played by TWO MEN on a raft made of intertubes and wooden  
palettes.

FOUR similar rafts float into view. The ones moving right  
are cramped with people -- the ones moving left, product.  
BOYS with long poles push the rafts forward.

We move towards one of those rafts with people, where  
everyone except for Sayra stares eagerly at the coming  
Mexican shore. She stares at the surreal looking MARIMBA  
raft.

Horacio sits on the front of the raft. His bushy eyebrows drip sweat as he joins Orlando in prayer.

HORACIO & ORLANDO

...Amen.

Horacio crosses his chest and looks back at his daughter, who seems to ignore them both.

Their raft wobbles before it hits the shore, she clenches the wooden boards, her knuckles whiten. Horacio steps off and turns to help Sayra, but she still sits with her back to them, frozen.

He turns and walks away along with Orlando. Sayra notices they aren't waiting for her. She stands awkwardly and runs to join them.

13 EXT. CIUDAD HIDALGO - CONTINUOUS

13

Sayra catches up to Horacio and Orlando, who stand frozen in front of TWO JUDICIAL POLICE OFFICERS.

JUDICIAL OFFICER #1

Welcome to Mexico. Papers?

The officers grab the three of them by the neck and force them into a concrete building.

14 INT. CONCRETE BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

14

SEVERAL other nervous IMMIGRANTS sit on the floor in front of another JUDICIAL OFFICER.

HORACIO

(whispering)

Don't worry, we'll be okay.

SAYRA and ORLANDO do not look convinced. They are petrified.

JUDICIAL OFFICER #2

Okay, friends, first you will empty your pockets of any and all forms of money and valuables. Then you will take each item of clothing off and place it on the floor in front of you. Start with your shoes.

They hesitate. Judicial Officer #1 knocks an IMMIGRANT MAN in the head.

They all strip quickly to their underwear as the Judicial Officers rifle through their clothes, cutting open seams and opening their bags to collect their money.

Horacio looks at his cut clothes with steaming anger. Embarrassed, Sayra covers herself as best she can.

15 INT. MARTHA MARLEN'S BEDROOM - DAY

15

Martha Marlen and El Casper (known as Willy to her) lay half-naked in bed. El Casper takes photographs of her with the digital camera. Martha Marlen is shy, she holds her hands up defending herself from the lens, but secretly is amused with it.

El Casper adjusts the BLACK STRINGED NECKLACE wooden tablet with SAINT ANTHONY\*\*\* skirting her collarbone, then snaps another.

He lays down next to her to inspect the photos. Her finger caresses his tattoos while he figures out how to replay the images.

MARTHA MARLEN

Willy, will you give me one, too,  
one with your name on it?

EL CASPER

No.

MARTHA MARLEN

No? Why not?

EL CASPER

You want to look ugly like me?

She rolls over, sighing...

EL CASPER

I like you just the way you are.

MARTHA MARLEN

I'm bored.

EL CASPER

Why?

MARTHA MARLEN

We never go out, we never do  
anything, just this. Take me  
somewhere?

EL CASPER

Where?

MARTHA MARLEN

Anywhere. Some place you like...  
somewhere you go when you're not  
here.

EL CASPER

Why go out? When we're together,  
we got all we need in the world,  
right here.

MARTHA MARLEN

Do you have another girl in your  
hood?

EL CASPER

What? No. Of course not.

MARTHA MARLEN

If I find out you do, I swear to  
God...

Martha Marlen makes a scissors sign with her hand, looking  
down at his privates. She giggles.

EL CASPER

What?

MARTHA MARLEN

You're shrinking!

El Casper looks down at his privates and shrugs. He turns a  
little red, but overcompensates when he says...

EL CASPER

It's natural. It'll come back.

He pins her down and starts kissing her again, quickly  
snapping another photo.

16

EXT. COLONIA CONFETI BRIDGE - DAY

16

It's late in the day as El Casper and Smiley walk back into  
Colonia Confeti.

SMILEY

So, does she have a friend for me?

Casper stops Smiley, searching for intent in his face, as if  
he meant it as a threat.



EL CASPER  
 You can't ever tell Lil' Mago I  
 take you to that house, understand?  
 No one can know.

SMILEY  
 (intimidated)  
 Okay-

EL CASPER  
 -Not a fucking word.

Casper lightens up on him.

EL CASPER  
 We'll get your cherry popped. Not  
 just with a *diecioyo*, but with a  
 girl, too.

17 EXT. CIUDAD HIDALGO COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

17

Horacio leads a startled, if not more vigilant, Orlando and Sayra in a fast march along an irrigation ditch in a green field. Their clothes are stretched and their shoes cut up.

The air is filled with flies, mosquitos and other annoying pests. Sayra slaps her own neck and moans.

HORACIO  
 Again.

SAYRA AND ORLANDO  
 9-0-8-5-5-5-0-1-8-7

HORACIO  
 Again.

SAYRA  
 We got it.

HORACIO  
 Say it again.

SAYRA  
 I said we got it.

Horacio stops and looks at them sternly.

HORACIO  
 You need to know this number, in  
 case anything happens, Yessenia  
 will help you.

ORLANDO  
How much more, *carnal*?

HORACIO  
Six hours, maybe more.

Orlando looks back at Sayra, aghast.

HORACIO  
This is an adventure little  
brother, we are adventurers.  
(BEAT)  
Easy or hard, we go on.

Horacio marches on.

HORACIO  
Now, say the number again.

18 EXT. EL LIL' MAGO'S HOUSE, COLONIA CONFETI - DUSK 18

In the cramped alleyways of the colonia, El Lil' Mago's house hums with REGGAETONE BEATS. The front yard somehow fits the moth-balled carcass of an older model American car. Children pretend to drive inside.

EL CASPER  
Welcome to the *destroyer*.

19 INT. EL LIL' MAGO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS 19

It's a grimy home of small, concrete rooms, poorly organized and stuffed with detritus. The walls look like the grimy tile of a subway bathroom, the rooms contained stained mattresses and improvised furniture.

As El Casper greets the inhabitants, all respond with the "M" "S" hand signs.

EL BOMBA  
Sup Casper? Did he get a *chavala*\*  
yet? (*diecioyo*, 18th Street Gang\*)

El Bomba stands over a two range counter top stove warming corn tortillas. Opened cans of vegetables litter the counter. A teenage girl, KIMBERLY, helps him prepare the food.

EL CASPER  
No.

Smiley takes in the space while nervously touching the scabbing marks on his face.

He gestures to EL SMOKEY and EL PICARO ironing their clothes with their shirts off. They are covered in tattoos.

EL CASPER (CONT'D)  
(whispers)  
El Smokey and El Pigaro. They got  
in today from San Salvador.  
Thirsty?

El Casper grabs a TAMPICO from a watery bucket in the kitchen and hands one to Smiley while leading him deeper into the house, there are girls, and at least FOUR LITTLE KIDS who belong to them walking about.

EL TURBINO, a skinny Mara, lays over a chair as El Peluguin applies a tattoo to him. A cigarette dangles from his mouth.

EL CASPER (CONT'D)  
El Turbino. 'cause he smokes like  
one...

EL PELUQUIN stands over El Turbino, hunched like a scare-crow.

EL CASPER (CONT'D)  
...And El Peluquin. He can't sit  
down 'cause he's bleeding from the  
ass. Hemorrhoids.

19A They cross a patio to another room containing a TV and parts 19A  
for building pipe guns, machetes, bats, chains and other  
sundry weapons. At the end of the room, an alter to an  
unknown Saint is adorned and candled.

Smiley points at a *chimba*, a home-made pipe gun.

EL CASPER  
When you earn it. For now, you  
share like everyone else, what's  
from *La Mara* is for *la Mara*.

In the back room, El Sol catches a glimpse of El Casper, he nods to Lil' Mago.

EL CASPER (CONT'D)  
El Sol, is the *segunda palabra*.

El Lil' Mago plays with his kid while his girl, DIANA, 18, nags him in one ear. The girl doesn't stop nagging, even when he gets up to greet El Casper and Smiley.

EL LIL' MAGO  
My boys have arrived!

EL CASPER  
Sup Lil' Mago?

EL LIL' MAGO  
How'd he do?

Casper shrugs, El Lil' Mago looks disappointed.

EL LIL' MAGO  
(to Smiley)  
You went to *La Bombilla*?

EL CASPER  
Yeah, we didn't see nothing.

El Lil' Mago eyes El Casper sadly, then turns his attention back to Smiley.

EL LIL' MAGO  
Well, I got a little something for  
you anyway, Smiley.

He leads them back to THE BACK PATIO past a broken SHREK  
PIÑATA on the ground. Candy rappers lay scattered about.  
ONE YOUNG CHILD sits amongst the trash, poking around for a  
fresh piece of candy.

19B El Lil' Mago burps his kid, who is starting to pass out on  
his shoulder.

19B

EL LIL' MAGO  
Wait here.

El Lil' Mago and El Casper disappear down a darkened alley.  
Smiley stands by himself uncomfortably, TWO MAREROS play  
"paper, rock, scissors" while another is dry-humping a girl  
in a darkened corner.

THREE KIDS, the same ones who were fishing on the bridge,  
watch from the top of their neighboring shack. They notice  
Smiley.

BENNY  
Oh! Benito? How'd you get in  
there?

Smiley looks up at them. They are the same kids from the  
bridge.

SMILEY

My name is Smiley now... Smiley.

BENNY

No way? Holy Cow!

(BEAT)

So how'd you get in there?

SMILEY

I'm a *marero*, stupid.

Smiley shows them his bloodied knuckles. They look impressed. El Casper comes back, motioning for Smiley to follow. Smiley throws the "M-S" sign to the kids, they sign back.

20

EXT. SHACK ALLEY - DUSK

20

El Casper leads him through the colonia to a dimly lit shack. El Lil' Mago opens the door and turns on his flashlight. Inside a beaten IMMIGRANT is tied up, his face covered in coagulated blood. Smiley looks disgusted.

EL LIL' MAGO

El Sol found him today amongst a group of *pollitos*... in *La Bombilla*.

El Casper flashes a look at El Lil' Mago, who lifts up the man's shirt, revealing an **XVIII** tattoo (18th Street) across his stomach. He looks at El Casper and Smiley, amused.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)

This is *Mara-land pinche chavala-*

BLEEDING IMMIGRANT

(crying)

I told you, I don't do that shit no more. Please. I'm just going north.

EL LIL' MAGO

After we kill you, we're going to cut you up into 18 tiny pieces and feed you to our dogs.

El Lil' Mago raises his pistol. The man writhes like a wounded snake to avoid the pistol.

BLEEDING IMMIGRANT

Please, I have a family, I don't do that shit no more...

Smiley smirks nervously at the man. El Casper is stoic, he knows what is about to happen and he doesn't want to do it. He's sick of it.

El Lil' Mago hands him a snub nose .38 SPECIAL. Smiley is surprised. He motions to himself as if to say "who me."

EL LIL' MAGO

Once a *diecioyo* always a *diecioyo*,  
Smiley. Help him Casper.

Smiley can only stare at the gun, his heart races. El Casper takes it, cocks it, then places it carefully back in Smiley's hand.

EL CASPER

(patiently)

We'll do it together. Okay?

(BEAT)

Aim for his head.

Smiley nods, mentally preparing himself, but his knees shake, his stomach queasy. They raise their weapons, El Casper gently adjusts Smiley's nervous aim, positioning it over the man's body. El Lil' Mago covers his child's ears.

EL CUERVO (CONT'D)

On three...

(BEAT)

one, two, three-

BLEEDING MAN

Please, for the love of Jesus-

(BEAT)

Fuck you, *mierdaseca*, fuck  
you...

Smiley closes his eyes as El Casper first, then he, open fire. The flashes illuminate their faces.

El Casper kneels down and listens. The man still breathes.

Blood floods towards their feet. Smiley, only wearing flip-flops, backs up to avoid it. El Lil' Mago rub's Smiley's head playfully. Smiley is green.

EL LIL' MAGO

Watch the blood run, Smiley. You  
did that.

Casper reloads his chimba with another shotgun shell, cocks it...

21 EXT. TAPACHULA TRAIN YARD (AKA LA BOMBILLA) - DUSK

21

...BANG. Casper's shot echoes across the train yard -- illuminated by the fading light of day and the radio tower that casts a blue-green glow over it's four tracks and abandoned passenger platform and station.

Horacio, Orlando, and Sayra stumble in, exhausted. They take in the space:

150 HUNDRED IMMIGRANTS meander in the yard, huddling in groups, sitting on the tracks and chatting. Some look exhausted like Sayra and her family, some look scared, some look outright scary.

Various MEN stare at Sayra and make comments - she's a stand-out. Horacio glares at them, then steers her protectively towards the abandoned platform.

Suddenly, the ENTIRE CROWD moves, like a school of fish avoiding danger. Horacio turns to see what everyone is fleeing from. It's nothing, TWO STATION SECURITY GUARDS with SHOTGUNS. Those closest calm down. Some, who ran, are already a hundred feet away.

Horacio and Orlando breath a sigh of relief. Lucrecia, observing the movements of the crowd, laughs with another LOCAL about how the immigrants move like a school of fish. An IMMIGRANT snaps at her, she snaps back.

22 EXT. ABANDONED STATION PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

22

Orlando helps Sayra up onto the concrete ledge of the abandoned station. He pulls her shoes off. She winces from the pain. Her feet are swollen and blistering.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

You just walked too much today.

Sayra winces again as he places his bag under her calves.

ORLANDO

Let them air out.

HORACIO

We'll buy her some water.

ORLANDO

We have no money.

Horacio pulls out a small TOOTHPASTE tube from his backpack. He screws off the lid and with a string, pulls out a small twist of PESOS and US DOLLARS. Both Orlando and Sayra are surprised.

Horacio, pleased with himself, hands Orlando the pesos.

HORACIO (CONT'D)  
Two big bottles.

Horacio looks at Sayra's feet. He reaches to touch them-

SAYRA  
-No-no-no.

He reaches for her foot again.

SAYRA (CONT'D)  
No!

Horacio sits in an awkward silence next to his daughter, staring at her feet.

HORACIO  
Your second toe is longer than your  
big one.

Sayra looks at her feet self consciously.

HORACIO (CONT'D)  
That means you're a fast runner.

He pulls out a FOLDED XEROX MAP of Mexico.

HORACIO (CONT'D)  
Look. This is how far we got today.  
See...

He places his finger at their position on the SOUTHERN BORDER OF MEXICO with GUATEMALA, tracing along a RAIL LINE that traverses Mexico to the NORTH-EASTERN border of MEXICO...

HORACIO (CONT'D)  
...if *la migra*\* (**Border Patrol**\*)  
don't get us, we'll be here in two  
weeks-

SAYRA  
Two weeks, *chucha*?!

HORACIO  
Maybe three.



...his finger arrives at a town called REYNOSA, south of Brownsville, Texas.

HORACIO (CONT'D)  
There... we cross.

SAYRA  
New Jersey?

HORACIO  
It's not on the map.

He looks at her, she seems pale.

HORACIO (CONT'D)  
Are you nervous? About the trains?  
Bandits?

Sayra seems lost in thought. Horacio motions to the HUNDREDS of Immigrants around them.

HORACIO  
Not half these people are going to  
make it.  
(he let's this sink in on  
her)  
But we will.

He puts the map in his wallet. A picture of a woman peeks out. Sayra pulls the picture out: a WOMAN holds TWO little GIRLS, 4 & 5, with Horacio smiling behind them. The photo only reminds her of who her father has been spending his last ten years with. She doesn't like it.

HORACIO (CONT'D)  
Yessenia's not as pretty as your  
mother was but she has a good  
heart.

Horacio notices a WOODEN BRACELET on Sayra's arm with images of SAINTS.

SAYRA  
Pretty girls.

HORACIO  
Thank you.

He takes the picture back and looks at it longingly. He flips it over and caresses a ladies handwritten note, "**vuelve pronto.**"

He notices Sayra still looking at the photo.

HORACIO (CONT'D)

Keep it. They're your family now,  
too.

SAYRA

I don't want a picture of your  
family.

She gently pushes the photo back towards him. He puts it  
back in his wallet.

HORACIO (CONT'D)

I don't expect you to just forget  
everything that's happened, but I  
would like you to try to understand  
I did what I had to do.

SAYRA

Horacio, we don't need to act like  
other fathers and daughters, we  
don't even need to be friends,  
okay? We're adults, as far as I'm  
concerned, you're taking me with  
you, I'm grateful.

Orlando throws Horacio the bottle, who pops it open and hands  
it to Sayra.

HORACIO

Here.

Lucrecia saunters by, announcing her products with a lazy  
drawl...

LUCRESIA (O.S.)

Tortillas, soup, coffee...

HORACIO

I'm going to call home.

He walks towards the impromptu cafe where other immigrants  
are lined up to use the phone. Orlando yells after him...

ORLANDO

9-0-8-5-5-5-0-1-8-7

Then break into laughter together.

SAYRA

I remember him handsomer.

ORLANDO

Ah, no. I'm the handsome one in the family.

Sayra smiles.

ORLANDO (CONT'D)

So, ain't so bad, is it?

(BEAT)

Don't act like you're not a little bit happy.

SAYRA

If he wasn't deported we wouldn't be here.

ORLANDO

That don't matter anymore.

SAYRA

It does to me.

23 EXT. EL LIL' MAGO'S BACK PATIO - DUSK

23

Smiley sits by himself. He seems sick and slightly bewildered. El Lil' Mago sits down next to him, rubbing his neck in a brotherly way.

EL LIL' MAGO

The first time is like that.  
You'll feel better, you're part of  
a family with thousands of  
brothers. Where ever you go,  
there'll be someone to take care of  
you.

Smiley nods, he stares at the child playing in the candy rapper trash, then at TWO DOGS eating a bowl of raw MEAT ON BONES.

El Bomba comes out of the house with tortillas, a bowl of vegetables and beans. Kimberly follows him with the bucket of soda.

EL BOMBA

Eat.

El Lil' Mago rises, grabs a tortilla and rolls it in his hands, joining El Casper smoking a cigarette. Casper hands the butt to El Lil' Mago to share. Lil' Mago holds his kid on his lap.

EL LIL' MAGO

Hungry?

El Casper shakes his head. His cell phone BEEPS. He looks at it, another text from Martha Marlen: **Vienes o no?** . He stuffs the phone away.

EL LIL' MAGO

Who was that?

EL CASPER

Dunno, no Caller ID.

EL LIL' MAGO

I hate that, you know, when people don't show their numbers? It's really impolite.

El Lil' Mago studies El Casper's response, he nods. Casper finishes off the cigarette and scrapes it out. The embers flare as they die.

Everyone in the yard stuffs their mouth.

EL LIL' MAGO

El Sol didn't see you today, in La Bombilla.

EL CASPER

We must have just missed each other.

EL BOMBA

El Peluquin and Turbino are doing dishes tonight.

EL TURBINO

Eh, we did them yesterday.

EL BOMBA

And I cooked yesterday... so? You going to have our guests do them?

El Turbino looks at Pigaro and Smokey shyly. His food hangs on the side of his mouth.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)

(to El Casper)

So, El Sol didn't see you and it took four days to find a *chavala* for Smiley?

(he pauses, searching Casper's face)

(MAS)

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D) (continuación)  
 It's cool, I don't know, I guess I  
 just miss seeing you more, *carnal*.  
 Remember the old days? In  
 Brownsville, we used to kick it  
 like royalty.

El Casper half smiles, wistfully.

EL LIL' MAGO  
 Sometimes I wish we could just go  
 back to those days.

El Lil' Mago gives El Casper a drunken kiss on his forehead,  
 then puts his toddler on El Casper's lap. He strolls across  
 the patio and grabs Kimberly.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)  
 Casper, you look like shit, man.  
 Smile sometimes.

He motions to some of the other girls in the yard, before  
 dragging Kimberly into his room. El Casper stares into Lil'  
 Mago's baby's drooling face.

24

EXT. CROWS NEST, LA BOMBILLA - NIGHT

24

El Casper and Martha Marlen are perched in a 30 foot tower's  
 basket overlooking the train yard. The city lights twinkle  
 in front of them.

Down below, Smiley throws pebbles at the ground, visibly  
 bored. El Casper videos her with the camera...

MARTHA MARLEN  
 Stop.

He looks disappointed, hiding behind the camera. Her finger  
 lazily caresses his ankles...

MARTHA MARLEN (CONT'D)  
 What's wrong?

El Casper turns the camera off.

EL CASPER  
 Nothing. Why? We're out of your  
 room, aren't you happy?

She doesn't have an answer, she just senses it. He kisses  
 her on her mouth until she has to push him away to breathe.  
 He grabs her breasts with one hand, unzips her pants with the  
 other.

MARTHA MARLEN (CONT'D)  
No. Just hold me.

El Casper sighs, then lays down on her lap.

MARTHA MARLEN  
Why do you guys hang out here?

EL CASPER  
'Cause.

MARTHA MARLEN  
Why?

EL CASPER  
Why do you care?

MARTHA MARLEN  
Dunno.

EL CASPER  
We been doing this for months and  
you ain't never asked so many  
questions, until recently.

MARTHA MARLEN  
I don't know. I guess I just  
wonder what you do all day?

EL CASPER  
Nothing interesting.

Martha Marlen hesitates before asking him...

MARTHA MARLEN  
Willy... you kill people?

He stands, looking over the sea of immigrants in the train  
yard below.

EL CASPER  
No.

MARTHA MARLEN  
Never? You can tell me, you know.

EL CASPER  
Not people... *chavalas*\* and  
sometimes stupid ass immigrants.  
If they're uncooperative bad things  
happen. It's their own fault.

He notices her thinking about what he just said.

EL CASPER

See this train here? This is our train. What would you say if I said that you and I should get on it right now and take it all the way to Texas? Have you ever been to Texas?

MARTHA MARLEN

You know I haven't.

EL CASPER

There's this spot on the highway to Houston, a gigantic field of flowers, and the sky is all blue with puffy clouds. It looks like the cover of a magazine.

Martha Marlen leans on him.

EL CASPER

We could go to Six Flags.

MARTHA MARLEN

I have school in five hours, stupid.

Somehow the rejection hurts him. He plays it off...

EL CASPER

I know... I'm just playing.

(BEAT)

Sort of.

MARTHA MARLEN

Tell me you love me.

EL CASPER

I love you.

MARTHA MARLEN

Tell me you're going to stop hiding me.

EL CASPER

I don't-

MARTHA MARLEN

You do, you hide yourself from me.

EL CASPER

You know all there is that's worth knowing about me.

Feeling that he's blocking her out again, her temper flares. She climbs down.

25 EXT. BASE OF CROWS NEST - CONTINUOUS

25

El Casper follows Martha Marlen down to the base of the tower.

Smiley sits at the bottom, smoking a cigarette. Martha Marlen storms past him.

EL CASPER

Wait.

MARTHA MARLEN (CONT'D)

(to El Casper)

You think I don't know what you do?

All day with your friends?

Partying with girls, fucking around and stuff.

Martha Marlen looks at him, waiting for a response. El Casper's attention drifts O.S.

Out of the darkness, El Sol approaches them, flanked by FOUR others.

EL SOL

El Casper, Smiley.

El Casper freezes.

EL CASPER

Sol, sup carnal?

EL SOL

Sup.

SMILEY

Sup, Sol.

El Sol takes Martha Marlen in with his eyes, appreciating her beauty.

EL SOL

Who's this?

El Casper motions to Martha Marlen.

EL CASPER

Martha Marlen, El Sol -- El Sol, Martha Marlen.



Martha Marlen greets El Sol with a certain amount of apprehension, he shakes her hand. El Sol looks at her but addresses El Casper.

EL SOL  
She your *jaina* (girl\*)?

EL CASPER  
She's... a friend.

Martha Marlen looks at El Casper trying to suppress her surprise. El Sol looks between them both, then at Smiley, who looks at the ground.

EL SOL  
We're having a *parla* tomorrow in the cemetery.

EL CASPER  
Word.

EL SOL  
See you tomorrow, then.

SMILEY  
Word.

El Sol starts to turn and walk away, then spins around.

EL SOL (CONT'D)  
Watch your backs. It'll be a packed train tonight, you never know who might be lurking in the crowd.

El Sol spins walks into the darkness of the yards. El Casper turns to Martha Marlen.

EL CASPER  
I'm taking you home.

MARTHA MARLEN  
'Friend'?

El Casper feels the daggers from her eyes. He grabs her arm. She pulls away.

MARTHA MARLEN (CONT'D)  
Let go of my arm.

EL CASPER  
 (to Smiley)  
 Is it okay if I crash at your house  
 tonight?

Smiley nods.

EL CASPER  
 Wait here, then.

El Casper runs to catch up with Martha Marlen, disappearing into the darkness.

SMILEY  
 (mimicking El Casper)  
 Wait here Smiley. Wait here.

In the distance, the ghostly WHISTLE of a coming train echoes from the darkness. Smiley sits back down and starts throwing pebbles again.

26 EXT. TAPACHULA TRAIN YARD - CONTINUOUS

26

Horacio reaches to wake Sayra, but she is already up, her eyes red from an unrestful sleep.

El Sol and his Maras walk past them. Horacio keeps a wary eye on them.

Orlando notices them too. He takes out a photograph of CECI and kisses it before placing it in the bible while keeping his eyes on them.

Again the WHISTLE echoes out of the darkness. Chaos ensues as 300 IMMIGRANTS hustle to find their groups.

Another WHISTLE blasts even louder.

Sayra watches the far end of the tracks. The FREIGHT TRAIN emerges from the darkness, bathed in the blue-green glow. It's a gigantic two-engine, 30 car beast, already covered with 100 HUNDRED IMMIGRANTS.

It glides into the train yard with a STOMACH SHAKING RUMBLE, dividing the yard in half as it comes to a halt.

Horacio grabs Sayra's and Orlando's hands.

HORACIO  
 Don't let go.

Fighting against the movement of the crowd towards the grain cars, Horacio plunges into the fray.

A high-pitched POP and WHOOSH blasts from the breaks. Dozens of immigrants flinch, jumping away from the wheels of the train in a wave.

Horacio climbs the ladder to the roof of a car and disappears leaving Sayra and Orlando below. They are pushed around by others, waiting of Horacio to reappear.

His head peeks over the edge and waves urgently for Sayra and Orlando to join him.

27

EXT. TOP OF BOXCAR

27

Sayra and Orlando heave themselves up over the edge and walk towards the center of the car.

They are at least two stories high in the air, flanked by a DOZEN IMMIGRANTS on the top of one car. Sayra clasps Orlando's hands without realizing it.

Around them immigrants run back and forth, yelling across cars. The engine clanks into reverse, pushing cars into each other, then settles. A silence settles over the yard as the hundreds of immigrant wait.

Down at the back of the train, in the darkness at the end of the station, an IMMIGRANT yells to Lucretia to bring some of her food over...

LUCRESIA  
(yelling back)  
Hell no! You come here. If I go  
down there they'll break my ass.

DONALD, forties with frazzled hair and a round face, pokes his head over the top of the box car.

DONALD  
No train. Derailed upstate. Dozens  
killed.

Horacio turns towards him.

HORACIO  
Where did you hear that?

DONALD  
Others. No train North tonight,  
maybe not tomorrow either.

They look at each other, commiserating. Horacio slaps his hat in frustration. Down the line of the train, the passing of the word "no train" is met with moans of disappointment. Lucrecia calls out that her "shop" is still "open".

27A EXT. TAPACHULA TRAIN YARD (AKA LA BOMBILLA) - DAWN 27A

The sleeping immigrants lie in uncomfortable groups all over the yard and train.

28 INT. SMILEY'S HOUSE - MORNING 28

Smiley's walls are decorated with magazine pages of cartoon characters and soccer stars. El Casper sleeps on the floor while Smiley quietly looks through the photos on his digital camera. He is visibly intrigued by the pseudo-naked pictures of Martha Marlene.

Abue opens the door. She looks like a living corpse, thin and fragile.

ABUE

Benito, go and get tortillas.

Casper sits up groggily, wiping his face. She notices Casper sleeping on the floor, mutters to herself, then disappears.

Casper notices the camera in Smiley's hands. Enraged, he snatches it out and stuffs it in his pants.

EL CASPER

Don't ever touch that again. It's mine.

29 EXT. TAPACHULA TRAIN YARD (AKA LA BOMBILLA) - DAY 29

Horacio is surrounded by Sayra and SEVERAL other laughing and amused immigrants. They all pay attention to Horacio, who has a handfull of stones.

HORACIO

How much?

DONALD

60 Lempiras.

HORACIO

What am I going to do with Lempiras?

DONALD

Wipe your ass.

Horacio laughs. He readjusts his baseball cap, like a pitcher, then takes the stones and fires off three stones at PLASTIC BOTTLES some thirty feet away. Each one falls down. The Immigrants gasp impressed.

SAYRA

Do it again.

Horacio quickly fires off three more stones at the reset plastic bottles.

The Immigrants are doubly amused. Horacio holds out his hand to collect the lempiras. Donald pays up.

30

INT. MARA HOUSE - DAY

30

El Bomba, El Smokey, El Pigaro, El Casper and El Smiley watch 80's rock ballad music videos on a television with a highly improvised antenna system.

Visible in another room, Lil' Mago and El Sol discuss something quietly.

SOL

It's hard, but you're the *Primera Palabra*. You got to be the example, the meanest, the illest, that's why you are respected.

(BEAT)

You have something I didn't have, *jomi*, that's why I and the Barrio chose you.

Casper looks at them, but Sol shuts the door.

El Bomba brushes his teeth, when he's done he gives the toothbrush to El Bomba. When he's done he'll give it to El Smokey, and so on until Smiley...

MARIA and Kimberly sit around Smiley.

EL BOMBA

(to Smiley)

Smiley, do you wear anything else besides your school uniform?

They laugh at him.

MARIA  
Ah, it's cute.

Maria ruffs up his hair.

SMILEY  
(shyly)  
My Grandma hasn't done laundry yet.

El Turbino pulls off his shirt and throws it to Smiley.

EL TURBINO  
You can have it.

Smiley looks at the shirt, excited, it's a nice button up.  
Kimberly sits between El Bomba and El Casper. She whispers in their ears...

KIMBERLY  
Don't let your friend kiss her.

She motions to Maria, who flirts with Smiley wearing his new shirt.

EL BOMBA  
Why?

KIMBERLY  
She just gave El Sol a blow job.

El Casper looks at El Bomba. Both of them watch Smiley.  
Maria kisses him on his ear as he fumbles to brush his teeth.  
After he puts the toothbrush down, they begin to tongue each other. El Turbino and El Bomba can't contain their laughter.

El Sol and Lil' Mago enter the room.

EL LIL' MAGO  
Meeting. Let's go.

31 EXT. COLONIA CONFETI BRIDGE - DUSK 31

El Casper, Smiley, El Lil' Mago, El Bomba and about THREE DOZEN of El Lil' Mago's clica of Mara Salvatruchas walk across the bridge.

32 EXT. CEMETERY - DUSK 32

The Maras sit in a circle. El Lil' Mago is finishing up speaking...

EL LIL' MAGO

...We still need more cash to buy food and supplies for our homies in prison. We could also use cash for El Serpiente's Mom who's sick and needs medicine... Lastly, some of our homies are failing at their responsibilities. The fucking *diecioyo's* are right on top of us, none of you can be sleeping... there will be *cortes* for this. Casper, Smiley, you lied to me.

Casper looks up, surprised.

EL LIL' MAGO

Where'd you go? After La Bombilla?

Smiley looks back and forth between Lil' Mago and Casper.

EL LIL' MAGO

Smiley? Where'd you guys go?

Smiley's frozen. Unable to decide whether to lie or tell the truth.

EL LIL' MAGO

That's what I thought. Both of you will receive *cortes*. That's it for now. *La Mara por vida*.

The rest of the Maras raise their hands, "*la mara por vida*."

Smiley, completely confused, looks around him for answers, but no one talks to him.

Out of the corner of his eye El Casper catches sight of something and double-takes. It's Martha Marlen lurking behind a tomb. He doesn't know how long she was there, but she didn't just show up.

She walks towards him with a hint of self-consciousness. He jumps to meet her.

EL CASPER

(hushed)

What the hell are you doing here?

Martha Marlen smiles and kisses him, noticing the girls, and every one else for that matter, staring at her.

EL CASPER (CONT'D)

You need to leave. Now.

MARTHA MARLEN

Why?

(at the girls)

Private party?

El Casper grabs her by the arm and starts to walk her out, but El Lil' Mago cuts them off. El Lil' Mago looks straight at Martha Marlen.

EL LIL' MAGO

Who's this?

EL CASPER

A friend.

Martha Marlen notices Kimberly and Maria staring her down.

EL LIL' MAGO

From *Las Guacas*?

MARTHA MARLEN

(insulted)

*Parque Hidalgo*. Next to the *Cacahuatán colectivos*.

EL LIL' MAGO

Oh. My bad.

EL CASPER

I was just going to show her out.

EL LIL' MAGO

No. Uh uh.

EL CASPER

Come on.

EL LIL' MAGO

I can show her out. Or she can wait and watch. Which do you prefer? You're not going anywhere.

EL CASPER

(peering hard at Lil'  
Mago)

Show her out. Quickly.

El Lil' Mago turns his back to El Casper and walks Martha Marlen away. She looks back at him confused. He watches her go.

EL SOL (CONT'D)

Carnal, you ready?



His attention snaps back to El Sol.

EL CASPER

What?

El Casper stares at El Sol, there is a moment of cold understanding between them. Realizing his error, he whips around back towards Martha Marlen -- but she has disappeared.

WHAM. It's as if the GROUND comes up to meet his face. El Bomba stands over him. Others jump in and start beating him. He jumps to his feet again, fighting to get away.

EL SOL (CONT'D)

26 second *corte* for lying...  
One... two... three...

El Casper fights back, punching and kicking his attackers. Smiley watches confused. El Sol turns to him...

EL SOL (CONT'D)

You too, Smiley. 13 second *corte*  
for lying with Casper.

Smiley looks up in shock just as he's knocked in the face. SEVERAL Mareros kick him over and over again.

33

EXT. CEIBA TREE - DUSK

33

El Lil' Mago walks Martha Marlen down the hill past a gigantic trunk of a Ceiba tree, some twenty feet in diameter.

On the other side, out of view from the others, El Lil' Mago stops. He sits down on one of the giant roots.

EL LIL' MAGO

This is the tallest tree in the forest. If you climbed to the top of this one, you could almost see China.

MARTHA MARLEN

Why couldn't Willy come?

EL LIL' MAGO

Willy? You mean El Casper?

MARTHA MARLEN

(self consciously  
asserting herself)

Willy.

El Lil' Mago eyes her.

EL LIL' MAGO  
Ah... I get it. You're the reason  
he's been missing.  
(he laughs to himself)  
Sit. I want to talk to you.

She sits.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)  
Closer.

He pats the tall root, beckoning her closer. She looks around, uncomfortably.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)  
Don't worry, I won't bite.

She moves in a couple of inches.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)  
So you and El Casper aren't just  
friends. Are you?

El Lil' Mago puts his hand on Martha Marlen's leg. She looks as if her stomach is turning into knots.

MARTHA MARLEN  
I have to go.

El Lil' Mago rubs her leg, slowly moving higher.

EL LIL' MAGO  
How much time you guys spend  
together?

Martha Marlen is frozen.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)  
You know what the most important  
rules are in maintaining  
friendships?

El Lil' Mago moves in closer, right near her face.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)  
Honesty...

He grabs her breasts. A wave of fear washes over Martha Marlen. He breathes in her smell around her neck.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)  
...and generosity.

She pulls away as he kisses her neck, but he holds onto her. She tries to break free but he reaches around her and pulls her in. She pushes him, he pushes back.

She jumps back against the tree, but El Lil' Mago grabs her in a chokehold, ripping her NECKLACE off.

He holds her in a chokehold and brings her to the ground, unzipping his pants.

She struggles with all her might, but El Lil' Mago overpowers her and holds her tightly. He turns her over, pulls at her pants, gets them down. She struggles to find a grip, his arm wraps around her face. She bites him so hard he bleeds, letting her go.

She tries crawling away, dazed, trying to find an escape, El Lil' Mago kicks her from behind. Her face slams into the ground hard, piercing her temple on a broken gravestone.

El Lil' Mago stands over her, realizing he may have gone too far.

EL LIL' MAGO  
Hey? Hey? You okay?

He rolls her over, she's gone. He's upset, like a dog who knows he's done wrong. He sits down next to her, catching his breath, rationalizing. He notices her necklace on the ground and picks it up.

34 EXT. CEMETERY - LATER, NIGHT

34

El Casper, holding his belly, slowly makes his way down a row of grave stones. Lil' Mago appears out of the darkness and walks past him.

EL CASPER  
Where's Martha Marlen?

Lil' Mago doesn't answer. He sits down next to a fire. His mood is somber, his tone cold and hard.

EL CASPER  
Where is she?

EL LIL' MAGO  
She's gone.

EL CASPER

Home?

EL LIL' MAGO

Devil took her.

These words register on El Casper's face. His emotions strangle his heart in a vice as he tries to contain himself.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)

You'll find another.

El Lil' Mago stretches. El Casper can't contain himself anymore, his eyes squeeze tears. El Lil' Mago notes it, but it's unclear if he feels remorse. El Casper starts to head into the darkness, searching...

EL LIL' MAGO

Wait.

Lil' Mago motions him over to Smiley, who cries on the ground ten feet away from him, throbbing with fresh wounds. El Lil' Mago kneels down next to him.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)

Smiley...

El Lil' Mago hands Smiley a *Chimba*.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)

Here. This is yours now. Take care of it.

Smiley grasps the *chimba*, confused by the gesture but excited by the gift. El Lil' Mago pats his head. He turns and faces Casper...

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)

We're going on a little trip to Tonála. You, me and Casper. A little family vacation.

El Lil' Mago smiles at Casper genuinely, unzips his pants and pisses on a mausoleum.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)

One more thing, *carnal*, lie to me again and I will kill you.

El Casper's eyes tear. He looks out into the darkness, where he lost Martha Marlen.

35 EXT. TAPACHULA TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

35

The train yard is filled with 300 IMMIGRANTS waiting for the train to move again.

Sayra and Horacio eat canned refried beans and tostadas. They look exhausted as they stuff their faces.

Horacio watches as Sayra separates the beans from the rice from the meat, then eats one section at a time. She picks out the seeds from a pepper and scrapes them off her plate.

HORACIO

Your Mom didn't like chile either.

Sayra turns her bracelet on her wrist.

HORACIO (CONT'D)

Did she give that to you?

Sayra shakes her head.

HORACIO

She used to wear one like that.

(BEAT)

I bought it for her in the Coahuilas market when I was courting her.

SAYRA

I know.

Horacio laughs to himself, seemingly lost in memories. Suddenly movement erupts down the line. Orlando runs up to them.

ORLANDO

Thank be to God... the tracks have been cleared. The train's leaving tonight.

36 EXT. TAPACHULA TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

36

From high above, the massive freight train is covered with human bodies. It pulls forward slowly, each car yanking on the next in one long clanking succession.

Sarya, Horacio, and Orlando clamor for a position on top of a box car. The train cars hammer into each other again as the train picks up speed.

Sayra's eyes are wide with uncertainty as she watches the blue light from the radio tower pass over them and towards the back of the train. Horacio pulls her and Orlando into him, holding them like two kids.

Suddenly they are enveloped in darkness. Anxiety tickles her spine, the hair rises on her neck.

37 EXT. SIDE OF TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

37

El Lil' Mago, El Casper, and Smiley get ready to jump aboard. El Casper is bent over, nauseous. He watches El Lil' Mago in the dark, a bitter hate in his eyes.

As they jump aboard immigrants distance themselves as best they can. They know quite well who they are and what they can do.

Smiley looks around excited. He's never been on a train before. He looks at Casper, but he is locked in an adrenaline drained trance.

38 EXT. CHIAPAS COUNTRY-SIDE - DAY

38

SUPER: **SOCONUSCO, CHIAPAS**

SUPER: **U.S. BORDER, 1530 MILES NORTH**

The train in full daylight is packed with people, like a gigantic conveyor belt snaking through lush farmlands.

Sayra drinks the last few drops of water from their bottle. Everyone on the car is hot, sweating, and exhausted.

ORLANDO

*Aguas.*

They duck as the branches of a tree brush over them.

39 CHIAPAS COUNTRY-SIDE

39

The train crosses the humid landscape, passing in front of an abandoned village and a church, half buried with dirt and covered in a tall grass.

## 40 BETWEEN TRAIN CARS

40

El Lil' Mago, El Casper, and Smiley refuse tortillas offered by the immigrants next to them. Lil' Mago pulls out their own food and disperses it to Casper and Smiley.

El Casper holds the food, but he doesn't eat it. In a trance, he stares at the passing ground just underneath them. His eyes are red.

Smiley points to Casper's food. He hands it to him without looking. Smiley stuffs it in his mouth.

## 41 NORTH CHIAPAS COUNTRY-SIDE

41

The sun begins to set as the train curves around a mountain.

Just west, a great lagoon reflects the orange light of the sun. Above it, storm clouds brew, casting a dark shadow across the mountain and Eastern sky.

## 42 TOP OF BOXCAR

42

Sayra, Horacio, and Orlando look tired, sun burned and thirsty.

The sky opens up and pours down rain. Horacio taps Orlando.

HORACIO

Pull out the plastic.

Sayra pulls it out of Orlando's backpack first, while several of the other immigrants pull out garbage bags, with holes cut out for their heads and arms.

Horacio and Sayra spread out what looks like a plastic tarp. It covers at least FIVE people. Others pull out similar sheets and connect theirs with Horacio's, using their hands to hold the seams together.

## 43 UNDER THE PLASTIC

43

TEN hot and wet immigrants, including Sayra, Horacio and Orlando huddle together with their plastic sheets covering them.

Orlando and Sayra laugh as they try to form a water tight seam with the two sheets.

44 IN BETWEEN TRAIN CARS

44

Soaking wet, El Casper notices a sign demarcating in **TONALA 5 KM.**

Suddenly, the heavy iron train cars slam into each other, like thunder rolling down the line of cars, noticeably slowing the train down.

The train shutters to a stop, creaking and wheezing, breaks popping. They are stopped somewhere in the dense greenery. Nothing but the rain drops and creaking train can be heard.

El Lil' Mago taps El Casper and Smiley. They pull out their weaponry; Smiley has his new chimba, El Lil' Mago a .45 Pistol, and El Casper a machete.

El Lil' Mago nods a theatrical "goodbye" to the immigrants next to them, then climbs up to the TOP OF THE BOXCAR. EL CASPER, distracted, climbs up last.

44A El Lil' Mago points at a mound of immigrants hidden under a sheet of plastic. Lil' Mago points at them. He signs them to "lift up" the plastic on his signal.

44A

45 UNDER THE PLASTIC

45

Sayra and Orlando laugh as they drink up the leaking water. Horacio's face is sprayed with water as they re-roll the pieces together.

46 TOP OF BOXCAR

46

El Lil' Mago gives them the signal. They rip it off.

EL LIL' MAGO  
Your fucking money, now!

FIVE unsuspecting immigrants scream as they digest the shock of being surrounded by armed Mareros.

They hurriedly empty their pockets.

47 UNDER THE PLASTIC

47

Sayra, Orlando, and Horacio sit calmly; it's not them. Sayra takes a big gulp of water and spits it on Horacio.



48

## TOP OF BOXCAR

48

An immigrant MAN empties his pockets. His eyes are filled with an indigestible panic as he avoids El Casper's dark stare. The water comes down so hard that the drops make it seem as if he's crying.

Smiley and El Lil' Mago hand money to El Casper, but he's not paying attention. Smiley taps El Casper. He wakes up and places the money into a SMALL BOX.

Smiley shakes with excitement, intoxicated with the new power. He pushes the barrel of his chimba into the same man's temple, studying his reaction with pleasure.

El Casper looks at Smiley; the boy is learning quickly.

El Lil' Mago turns and leads them to the end of the car, scanning the immigrants who stare at him with terror. He makes a running jump to THE NEXT BOXCAR.

There, ANOTHER GROUP OF IMMIGRANTS huddle under plastic.

El Casper jumps across next, his feet slip on the wet roof but El Lil' Mago catches him. He smiles at El Casper, throwing his arm over his back.

Smiley hesitates... He's afraid to jump. Annoyed, Lil' Mago continues on. Casper watches him with contained contempt.

49

## UNDER THE PLASTIC

49

Suddenly, light and water pour down on Sayra, Orlando, and Horacio, like a hurricane has ripped off the roof of their temporary house.

SHRIEKS of fear scatter in the wind and rain.

Sayra closes her mouth tightly as the water pounds her face. Horacio grabs her.

EL LIL' MAGO  
The fucking money, now.

El Lil' Mago kneels down in front of Sayra. He notices her.

HORACIO  
(to Orlando and Sayra)  
Empty your pockets! Empty them,  
now!

EL LIL' MAGO  
 Casper , spit in my face if she  
 don't look like a mini Salmita?

El Lil' Mago jams his pistol into her jaw and forces her head towards Casper. Dread fills Horacio's face, he pleads with El Lil' Mago.

HORACIO  
 Please!

Horacio automatically grabs El Lil' Mago's shoulder. He smacks Horacio in the head with the pistol, knocking him into a daze.

EL LIL' MAGO  
 Everyone turn around.

Everyone, including Sayra, Horacio, and Orlando turn around.

EL LIL' MAGO (CONT'D)  
 (to Sayra)  
 No, not you, baby.

Sayra trembles as she turns back around, she looks over her shoulder at Orlando and Horacio, but they are turned with Smiley's chimba pressed against their heads.

Sayra looks at El Casper, her eyes plead with him, he looks away. She begins to break down, the fear coursing through her body, she screams for help...

SAYRA  
 No, please! No! Papi!

EL LIL' MAGO  
 Take her down with us.

Horacio holds his bleeding head. Orlando prays aloud, crying.

We move towards El Casper as time and sound imperceptibly slows...

He stares at Sayra, who's eyes plea to him for help.

Then at Smiley, who is just now climbing onto their train car. Smiley takes in the scene, the scared immigrant's faces, Horacio's bleeding head, Sayra under Lil' Mago, and El Casper's departed stare.

El Lil' Mago gropes Sayra's body. She resists, he smacks the back of her head.

The train cars creak, then the distant slamming of cars grows loud again. This time as the train pulls forward, down the line, the rolling boom awakens El Casper from his stupor. He drops the BOX of money, it tumbles off the train.

El Lil' Mago sees this, he turns towards El Casper curiously, just in time to see...

El Casper's machete bearing down on him, slicing two inches into his neck and severing his jugular. El Lil' Mago stares at El Casper in confusion, his face quickly losing color. El Casper hacks twice more.

Blood sprays over Sayra as El Lil' Mago grips his gushing neck and collapses onto her. She kicks him off her violently.

Smiley, still holding the chimba to Horacio's head, notices El Lil' Mago's slumped body. His eyes dart up to El Casper, dumbfounded.

El Casper snatches the chimba out of Smiley's hands and grabs him, as if he were going to throw him.

He looks into Smiley's scared eyes but cannot hurt him. He let's go of him and backs up. His hands shake as he determines the next course of action.

EL CASPER  
Get off the train, Smiley.

SMILEY  
Casper?

Orlando and the others look at El Casper and Smiley. The train is moving swiftly again.

EL CASPER  
Go!

He looks at El Lil' Mago's dead body, its legs twitch. El Casper nudges it. It falls under the wheels of the train and disappears. Smiley is still frozen.

EL CASPER (CONT'D)  
(beginning to cry angrily)  
He killed Martha Marlen.

Smiley looks at him in confusion again.

EL CASPER (CONT'D)  
Go home Benito! Go back to your  
Grandma.

Smiley retreats down the ladder.

50 EXT. BETWEEN CARS 50

Smiley makes a cross on his chest and jumps off the train.  
His feet pedal fast but his momentum topples him, \*

50A rolling him several times down the train's road bed to a foot 50A  
path. The train passes by rapidly.

51 EXT. TOP OF BOXCAR 51

Sayra moans an exhausted cry. El Lil' Mago's blood washes  
down her face in drops of rain. Orlando and Horacio reach  
out to her...

HORACIO

Are you okay? Did he hurt you?

Horacio tries to hold her, but she pushes him away.

From this moment on, **EL Casper** is no longer El Casper, he has  
become the civilian **WILLY** and will be described as such.

Nauseated, **WILLY** stumbles to the other end of the boxcar and  
vomits, placing the chimba and the bloody machete next to  
him.

52 EXT. ROAD BED - LATER 52

The rain has stopped. Smiley stands above El Lil' Mago's  
body lying in a puddle of blood and water. His eyes are open  
and his skin is blue/gray, his left leg is gone, ripped off  
at the hip and his other leg is twisted 180 degrees in the  
other direction. Flies and mosquitos buzz around his head.

Smiley digs around his clothes, pulls out his cell phone. He  
checks it, it works.

53 EXT. TOP OF BOXCAR - NIGHT 53

The rain has stopped and the sky is clear. Sayra is quiet.  
She trembles from the cold and wet clothes.

On the other end of the car, Willy sits by himself.

Horacio, Orlando, and several other immigrants whisper  
inaudibly to each other, all we hear is...

IMMIGRANT 1  
 We are riding with the Devil.  
 He'll curse us all.

They keep their eyes on Willy, unaware that he knows they are watching him. THREE IMMIGRANTS present themselves in front of Horacio, offering CIGARETTES and a COUPLE LOLLI-POPS for Sayra. Horacio accepts the gifts.

54 OTHER SIDE OF BOX CAR - NIGHT 54

Tears begin to drip down Willy's face. He breaks down but makes no noise, as if he were crying on mute.

55 TOP OF BOXCAR - NIGHT 55

Horacio's eyes are red, but they are wide and wary. He looks down at Sayra. She holds herself to stay warm.

Orlando covers her with the plastic bag and leans in to whisper to her.

ORLANDO  
 Are you okay?

Sayra turns away. With her back to Horacio and Orlando, she watches Willy cry.

Horacio turns on a FLASHLIGHT and scans the ground next to the tracks. All along the train OTHER IMMIGRANTS do the same, DOZENS of flashlights scanning for bandits, *Migra*, and *Mareros*, like WWII air-raid search lights, only here they are pointed at the ground.

56 EXT. TOP OF BOXCAR - DAY 56

Dawn. The car is divided into two sides, Willy on the front side and the rest of the FORTY immigrants jammed on the other half.

Everyone is awake, including Horacio and Orlando (lollipops in mouth), watching Willy. He sits on the edge of the car with his legs dangling over the edge, his eyes half-closed. He struggles to stay awake, wary of the immigrants watching him, but sleep overtakes him.

THREE IMMIGRANTS from the night before motion to each other. Two have their farming tools, machetes wrapped in plastic protective sheathes. The other scavenges a large rock formerly used to hold down his tarp.

They creep towards Willy quietly, ready to attack.

Sayra gasps awake between Horacio and Orlando, both of whom intently watch what is about to go down.

Slowly... Sayra realizes what they are doing. They close in on Willy, she points out to the horizon, at first unable to speak, she repeats herself until she finds her voice, suddenly screaming...

SAYRA

*Migra!*

Everyone, including Willy and the THREE attackers look at her, then where she's pointing.

Willy looks at Sayra -- then the attackers. He understands their intent and grabs his *chimba*.

The element of surprise is lost, they retreat back to their side of the train car.

Meanwhile, the entire train comes alive as others pass the word, screaming...

IMMIGRANTS

(telephoning down the  
train)

*Migra! ...*

Hundreds scramble to their feet, ducking and scanning the horizon. Some point out to the side, searching for a glimpse of the raid. Others ready to jump.

Horacio and Orlando look where Sayra is pointing, but they cannot see anything. There is no *Migra* raid.

The THREE immigrants who were going to attack Willy sit near Horacio and Sayra, they stare at her suspiciously.

Horacio and Orlando look at her, she looks straight back at them, unflinching.

57

OTHER SIDE OF TRAIN CAR - LATER

57

Willy stands up. On the car in front of him, a group of immigrants stare at him. Willy looks at them and they immediately look away. He turns and looks behind him. The same effect happens with the group on his car. Only Sayra holds his stare.

He looks down at the rails passing beneath him, flirting with the sensation of falling. He closes his eyes, feels the air rushing around him. His balance waivers, he opens them again and turns to see if Sayra is still staring at him. She is.

Orlando and Horacio check in with each other, wondering what he is doing.

Willy kneels down and picks up his *chimba*; he looks around him, at the immigrants who pretend like they're not looking at him, then tosses it off the side of the train.

58

EXT. SIDE OF BOXCAR - DAY

58

The train is stopped. Horacio, Sayra, and Orlando eat more tortillas and beans from a can.

Without anything else to drink, immigrants collect brackish water from an irrigation ditch along the tracks with empty soda bottles.

Donald offers Sayra a sip. She declines.

DONALD

It's clean.

ORLANDO

It looks like Kool-aid.

Donald sticks the bottle of water to his eye and stares into it like a kaleidoscope.

DONALD

(smiling)

Clean.

He grabs his shirt, wraps it around the opening and drinks through it like a filter. He pulls out a small box from his pocket and shakes it like a rattler.

DONALD (CONT'D)

If we get sick, I have pills.

He rubs his stomach soothingly.

Sayra takes the water, wraps her shirt around the top and takes a few sips.

She looks at Willy, still in the same place. She grabs a scrap of newspaper, wraps a couple tortillas in it with beans and starts to climb up the train, Horacio grabs her arm...

HORACIO

Sayra.

She yanks free and keeps climbing. Horacio spits.

HORACIO (CONT'D)

We're cleaned out, and she gives  
him our last...

ORLANDO

Be patient with her.

Horacio is visibly frustrated.

ORLANDO

Can't Yessenia send money?

Horacio shakes his head.

HORACIO

No, we'll have to make it to the  
border on our own, then she can  
wire the money for the crossing.

59

EXT. TOP OF STOPPED TRAIN

59

Willy sits by himself. His cell phone beeps again. It's EL Sol: **GREENLIGHT. You're dead.** The **BATTERY** warning signals as well. Willy stuffs the phone away, digesting the news.

With Willy only a few feet away, Sayra whistles through her teeth. Willy doesn't move. She inches closer, Willy spins around, his hand lingering over his MACHETE. He recognizes her.

Sayra holds her free hand up, places a tostada with beans and her lollipop between them. He relaxes, but only slightly.

WILLY

Thank you.

He stretches his other arm out and grabs the food.

Donald climbs up to the top of the car. Noticing Sayra and Willy together, he situates himself closer to Willy's side of the train, while maintaining a liberal distance.

TWO others follow his lead, extending themselves over more space of the boxcar. Then, more of the group suddenly spread out, fed up with the divide of the car, Horacio and Orlando included.



SAYRA  
My name is Sayra.

He hesitates at first, about to say "Casper".

WILLY  
Willy.

Saying it, instead of "Casper" fills Willy with remorse. That part of him is dead now. Sayra retreats back to her side of the train car. Alone, Willy eats furiously while keeping a watchful eye on the immigrants around him.

60 INT. EL LIL' MAGO'S HOUSE - DAY

60

The Maras are packed into the living room, most cry. El Sol speaks into a cell phone.

EL SOL  
(to El Bomba)  
...I'm almost out of credit. Call  
D.F. with yours.  
(back into the receiver)  
Yes, on the train.

EL BOMBA  
(to Smiley)  
I don't understand how you let him  
go?

El Sol hands his phone away.

EL SOL  
Because Smiley is a little bitch...  
We'll find Casper. We'll find him  
and cut him up into small pieces.

SMILEY  
(under his breath)  
I'm no bitch... I came back.

EL SOL (CONT'D)  
*Levanten la garra. Mara  
Salvatrucha...*

They raise their hands in front of their faces, making the "devils horns" with their index fingers for 13 SECONDS, then drop them.

EL SOL  
 We need to elect the a new  
*Ranflero*. Who does the Barrio  
 choose?

With out hesitation the members call out Sol's name. He  
 looks around gravely, it is not what he wanted.

EL SOL (CONT'D)  
 Alright. Alright, I accept.  
 Now... El Casper.

El Sol scratches his chin in pained thought.

EL BOMBA  
 We should all go, get him now.

EL SOL  
 We can't. Not with all the *pinche*  
*chavalas* on top of us. We'll loose  
 everything? No. We spread the  
 word. Even if we don't find him  
 immediately, he has no where to go.  
 He'll pop up eventually. And when  
 he does-

SMILEY  
 -I'm no bitch...

EL SOL  
 You're lucky I haven't shot you  
 already Smiley... you're not a true  
*Marero*. For all we know you helped  
 El Casper escape. Is that what  
 happened? Huh? Huh!?

SMILEY  
 (fear coursing threw him)  
 No, no. I didn't.

EL SOL  
 I'm going to banish you from the  
 colonia.

Smiley sinks into a barely perceptible despair, but somewhere  
 inside him, a response to the fear is formed, anger. He  
 tries to find the voice for it...

SMILEY  
 Don't banish me. Please.

El Sol opens himself up for Smiley to hit him. Smiley  
 doesn't budge.

EL SOL  
 Prove it. Prove to me you're not a  
 little bitch.

El Sol fakes a movement -- Smiley flinches -- he shakes his head in disappointment.

SMILEY  
 Send me. Send me to find... to  
 kill El Casper.

El Sol looks at Smiley, a tear drips down his face.

El Sol pulls out a rusted .38 Special and points it in Smiley's face. Smiley flinches. Sol flips the gun around and gives it to Smiley.

EL SOL (CONT'D)  
 Go then.  
 (BEAT)  
 But Smiley... until El Casper is  
 dead, you can't step one foot in *La*  
*Confeti*.

Smiley avoids the stare of the men, then turns and heads out of the house. Annoyed and impatient, Sol turns his attention to the group.

EL SOL (CONT'D)  
 Call the L.A. *ranfleros*. Everyone  
 must know, everyone's got to be on  
 the look out for El Casper. He  
 will have no where to hide...

The hatred in El Sol's face is palpable.

61

EXT. TOP OF BOXCAR - NIGHT

61

You can see all the immigrants, even the ones far in the front, holding onto the side of the cars. Horacio slaps his face to stay awake. Sayra sleeps in between them.

Orlando begins to drift off into sleep, but Horacio slaps him. Orlando looks at Horacio surprised.

Sayra sits up. She motions for Orlando to lay down. They switch places and he lies down between her and Horacio.

Horacio grabs her hand. His eyes are heavy with exhaustion.

SAYRA  
 Sleep, I'll hold on to both of you.

He shakes his head no, silently mouthing that he's okay. Branches swoosh by, whipping the faces of immigrants sitting too high.

62 OTHER SIDE OF BOXCAR - CONTINUOUS

62

Willy struggles to stay awake. He unbuckles his belt, wraps it through a ring on the wagon top and around his waist again.

Below him, between the train cars, a group of immigrants SING to keep themselves awake, their voices are rough, but they sing with conviction.

His eyes close for a moment, then he shakes awake again. He feels something in his pocket, realizing he still has the camera, he pulls it out. Turns it on. The glow of the screen illuminates his face. He looks at the IMAGES of Martha Marlene. His eyes tears.

63 EXT. TOP OF BOXCAR - DAY

63

It's quiet, other than the sound of the creaking train cars and the muffled hammering of iron wheels.

The dawn light reveals the overwhelming fatigue on everyone's face, some of whom haven't slept in four days.

The train cruises through the largest town they've seen yet. A sign reads **ISLAS** next to the train tracks. The creaking train rolls past stores and markets opening their doors to the new day.

Pedestrians on the streets watch the passing train, half amused, half asleep, while the Immigrants watch the passing town hypnotized with fatigue.

Willy, LOLLIPOP in mouth, starts to climb down the stairs, but notices Sayra is watching him. She shakes her head, as if to say, "don't go."

He drops down between the cars anyway, unzips his pants and urinates. The idea of jumping off and disappearing into the town dissipates as soon as he begins seeing "M" "S" graffiti along the tracks, just beyond the observing stares of the CITIZENS of the town. The train is the only home he has now.

His phone beeps again. He pulls it out. It's dead. He drops it beneath the train and climbs back up. Sayra and he make prolonged eye contact, she smiles to herself.

64

EXT. TIERRA BLANCA - DAY

64

SUPER: **TIERRA BLANCA, VERACRUZ**SUPER: **U.S. Border, 1100 NORTH**

The train pulls into a similarly ragged and industrial station as the one in Tapachula.

Willy notices the large "Devil's Hand" of the Mara Salvatrucha spray painted on the side of a concrete building.

Willy scans the horizon, looking for other signs of his former "brothers." Every LONE FIGURE looks like a danger to him.

Along the tracks he spots a MAN scanning the immigrants on the trains. Willy's defenses immediately go on alert. They make eye-contact, the man walks towards the train, then disappears behind a wagon.

The train slows to a crawl as the 300 Immigrants pile off the train. Some, including Orlando, kneel to the ground and pray.

Willy stays atop the train, glancing between Sayra and a GROUP OF MEN he thinks could be Mareros melting into the crowd. Just as he's about to lose sight of Sayra she motions for him to follow her. He jumps down, tucking his machete under his arm.

65

EXT. COLONIA CONFETI BRIDGE - DAY

65

Smiley throws rocks into the trash filled river below. The same THREE KIDS from the colonia sit and listen to him.

BENNY

You're going to hurt him?

Smiley nods. The kids mimic his side armed throwing style.

KID #2

You're not going to kill him though, are you?

Smiley nods.

BENNY

But it's Casper.

Smiley throws another rock hard, then another, with each throw he tries to convince himself he's man enough.

SMILEY

It's the responsibility of a true Marero to avenge the death of another. Be it Casper or whoever.

(BEAT)

So, I'm gonna do it... I gotta do it.

BENNY

How? You gotta gun?

Smiley pulls out the rusted .38 -- the kids are both awed and afraid. Smiley smiles at its (and transversely, his own) power, tucking the pistol away again into his pants.

SMILEY

*La Mara.*

Down the tracks in La Bombilla, the train's WHISTLE BLOWS. Smiley nods goodbye to the kids then heads off down the tracks.

66

EXT. IMMIGRANT REST STOP PATIO - DAY

66

Willy follows Sayra and her family and about 20 immigrants towards a rest house -- a small concrete home with a patio situated off the tracks. Inside, Immigrants gather to shower, change clothes, and rest in the shade.

He eyes everyone carefully, evaluating -- anyone could be a look out for the Maras, or any other gang that could want to kill him.

Horacio grabs Sayra, motioning towards Willy.

HORACIO

He's following us.

Sayra knows why. Orlando watches, unsure what to say.

SAYRA

We could help him.

HORACIO

Absolutely not. You're to keep away from him.

SAYRA  
Are you ordering me?

HORACIO  
He's a murderer- Yes, yes I'm  
ordering you.

SAYRA  
He's in trouble.

HORACIO  
I don't care about him. I care  
about us.

Sayra is disgusted with Horacio, she looks to Orlando for support but he says nothing. Horacio, acutely annoyed, pulls out the XEROX MAP from his pocket.

HORACIO (CONT'D)  
Look.

He points to TIERRA BLANCA, still only 1/3 of the way to the US BORDER. Sayra is subtly surprised.

HORACIO  
We're here. We've got a long way  
to go, Sayra. We have to stay  
sharp, stick together. We can't  
let anyone ruin this, for us, okay?

67 EXT. IMMIGRANT REST STOP PATIO - DAY

67

The sun has set but the sky is still light. Thirty\*\* immigrants linger on the patio. Some eat, some sleep, some re-apply make-up, some talk on a pay phone with home.

Horacio is in line for the phone while Orlando talks with SEVERAL other immigrants about their economic predicaments back home (45 lempiras a day speech).

Sayra, fresh from a shower, sits in front of a GIRL who braids her hair, the girl compliments Sayra's skin. She tries to make herself look pretty again.

In a darkened corner of the patio, Willy sits by himself watching the others. No one approaches him.

67A EXT. IN FRONT OF IMMIGRANT REST STOP - LATER

67A

Tired and bored immigrants lie about. Sayra squats next to Willy.

SAYRA  
You going to wash up?

Willy shakes his head.

SAYRA  
It feels nice.

WILLY  
Later, maybe. When there are less people.

SAYRA  
Then what'll you do?

WILLY  
Dunno.

SAYRA  
You going to stay here for the night?

Willy shrugs.

SAYRA  
If I find any food, I'll bring you some.

Willy is unsure how to take her kindness. Sayra smiles, then leaves him to his thoughts. LOCALS sit in their patios eating food. The immigrants stare at them enviously, smacking their dry mouths.

Atop one of the abandoned train cars, THREE IMMIGRANTS light cigarettes, then one of them bellows out in a joking tone...

IMMIGRANT HOST  
Thank you and welcome to the show!  
I know some of you have come from  
as far away as San Pedro Sula to  
see this, you won't be  
disappointed! First up on our line  
up, Eugenio will sing a love ballad  
to his third and ugliest wife...

For a moment, the immigrants laugh, able to forget the hunger pangs and boredom. Both Willy and Sayra smile. He looks around at the other smiling faces, one of them, a glue sniffer with no teeth smiles while looking at him hard, he makes the sign of a Barrio 18, but Willy doesn't really flinch, he knows he's just a glue sniffer.



68 EXT. IMMIGRANT REST STOP PATIO - LATER

68

Willy walks past Horacio on the way to the showers. Horacio grabs his arm.

HORACIO

What's your name son?

WILLY

(pulling his arm from  
Horacio's grasp)

Willy.

HORACIO

Willy... my name is Horacio. That girl over there, she's my daughter, Sayra, and he over there is my little brother, Orlando. They're my family and they mean more to me than anything else. For what you did on the train, maybe I owe you something. If it's money you want, I'll give you some as soon as my wire comes in, other than that, I don't know you, I don't trust you, and I don't want you coming anywhere near my family. Do you understand me?

Willy nods, he knows Horacio's type. Stubborn and impenetrable. He walks away.

69 EXT. IMMIGRANT REST STOP PATIO - DAY

69

Willy and Sayra help prepare a meal for the Señora of the house, a kind faced middle aged woman. He notices the contrails of a passenger-jet over head. He stares at it long enough that she notices and squints to see what he's looking at.

WILLY

Ever been on one?

She shakes her head.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Me neither.

(BEAT)

In Texas I saw the factory where they make them-

SAYRA

-You've been to Texas?

WILLY

I've been to little of everywhere.  
This factory had this huge globe,  
like a giant ball, all lit up and  
bright. I wanted to climb it.

SAYRA

I'll look for it, when I get there.

WILLY

If you get there.

SAYRA

I will. I know I will. Back home,  
my friend Clarissa made me see this  
crazy neighbor, Doña Eleanor, you  
know, like witchcraft? She smoked  
this *puro*, then told me with her  
freaky voice that I'd make it to  
the U.S. but not in God's hand,  
perhaps in the Devils.'

WILLY

My girl saw a woman like that once.

SAYRA

(playing it nonchalant)  
You have a girl?

Martha Marlen's death hits Willy again. Willy focuses on his  
work again.

WILLY

No.

The conversation falls into silence. Sayra looks at Willy  
who seems like his mind is elsewhere.

SAYRA

You should come with us. We're  
going to New Jersey.

Willy doesn't even look at her.

WILLY

I don't think your father would be  
cool with that.

SAYRA

Doesn't matter, he's my father only  
in blood.

WILLY

And your mom?

SAYRA

Hurricane Mitch. Just sort of...  
swept her away. Almost swept us  
both away, but it didn't, I guess.

Willy listens quietly.

SAYRA

It was a long time ago. I don't  
really remember her. I remember  
him even less. I was a baby when  
he left for the North.

She motions to Horacio.

WILLY

New Jersey, huh?

SAYRA

Better to be disguised with  
immigrants, no? If they come for  
you.

Willy thinks about his predicament. The weight of it is  
heavy.

SAYRA

They *will* come for you. Won't  
they?

WILLY

Maybe.

(BEAT)

If not now... one day. They've got  
a good memory.

SAYRA

Aren't you afraid?

WILLY

Of death? No. I've always lived  
for the day.

(BEAT)

The only hard part is not knowing  
where it'll come from.

SAYRA

Must be hard for the people who  
love you... if you think like that.

Willy nods.

SAYRA

It doesn't matter to me if you  
come, either way we go. So, there  
you have it.

Sayra turns and walks away, quietly embarrassed. Horacio watches, feeling his continued loss of control over his daughter.

70

EXT. TIERRA BLANCA TRAIN YARD - NIGHT

70

Smiley slips a phone card into a pay booth. He pulls out a scrap of paper with a number written on it. The first time he dials he messes up. He tries again.

SMILEY

Abue? It's Benny...

(BEAT)

I've been gone, you didn't know?

(BEAT)

Working. Abuela.

(BEAT)

Yes. I have a job. It's a good  
job, delivering vegetables to  
Veracruz.

(BEAT)

I'm not alone... I'm with Casper.  
I've got to go... I'll be home...  
it might be some time.

Smiley notices SEVEN MEN staring at him from under a lamp post. Unsure about himself, he makes the "m-s" sign with his hands. They acknowledge him with the same sign.

Smiley calls out meekly...

SMILEY

*Quien lleva la palabra?*

A younger looking man with a thick keloid scar from his cheek down his neck steps forward...

EL SCARFACE

*Yo mero.*

One of the Mareros, EL PAJARO, a muscular man with a crooked Mayan nose and deep set eyes looks Smiley up and down...

SMILEY

I'm El Smiley from *La Confeti*?

El Scarface looks him over, suspiciously, his hand drifts over his PISTOL stuck in his pants.

EL SCARFACE

*Estas entintado?*

Smiley shakes his head.

EL SCARFACE

*Quien lleva la palabra en tu clica ahora?*

SMILEY

El Sol.

El Scarface relaxes slightly, greeting Smiley with a handshake and embracing like tough guys.

EL SCARFACE

We heard what happened. Are you hungry or thirsty?

Smiley can only shake his head no.

Two cars pull up, a red 1987 NISSAN SENTRA and a brown 1985 TOYOTA CARROLA. The cars look like shit and sound like go-carts, but the stereo systems are top notch.

A71 EXT. EL LIL' MAGO'S PATIO - DAY

A71

El Sol, alone with Lil Mago's kid, and his own, watches over the two toddlers. He has a bitter sweet smile on his face. His cell phone rings, he doesn't look excited to pick up the phone.

EL SOL

*Jomi?*

Cut back and forth from:

71 EXT. IMMIGRANT REST STOP, TIERRA BLANCA - SIMULTANEOUS

71

El Scarface sits on the hood of his car, phone to his ear. In the back ground, inside the rest stop, Smiley and other Mareros question immigrants.

EL SCARFACE  
 Sup' *jomi*? We've got one of yours  
 here.

EL SOL  
 I know.

EL SCARFACE  
 So what am I supposed to do with  
 him?

EL SOL  
 Use him. However you want.

EL SCARFACE  
 Will you be sending more?

EL SOL  
 Thing is... I can't really do that  
 right now.

EL SCARFACE  
 You can't do that now?

EL SOL  
 No.

EL SCARFACE  
 I see.

EL SOL  
 The word is out, *jomi*. He won't  
 get away, we got problems down here  
 at the moment, you know? But the  
 word is out. El Casper ain't going  
 no where.

EL SCARFACE  
 No.  
 (BEAT)  
 The barrio won't let him.

EL SOL  
 Va. I'll check in with you later.

El Sol hangs up the phone. His face reveals his fatigue with  
 this routine.

El Scarface is not happy about the call. He looks at Smiley,  
 who talks to the SEÑORA...

SMILEY

You sure you haven't seen him?  
He's got a tear drop here.

REST STOP OWNER

No *corazon*, I haven't seen anyone  
with a tattoo in the last few days  
until you guys.

El Scarface waves Smiley over, he knows he's wasting time  
with the Señora. El Pajaro and the other Mareros are bored  
with the search.

A GLUE SNIFFING MAN steps forward. He has a bag of glue  
hanging in his hands and yellow crust around his nostrils.

GLUE SNIFFER

Give me 100 pesos and I'll tell you  
where to look.

El Scarface joins them, smoking a cigarette while summing up  
the man.

EL PAJARO

We checked the yards and shelters.

GLUE SNIFFER

Not there. 100 pesos.

El Pajaro ignores him.

EL PAJARO

Would he have stayed on the train?  
Maybe he got off before.

EL SCARFACE

What about the farms?

GLUE SNIFFER

Ah, ah, ah.

EL PAJARO

We talked to the bosses, the  
workers are all *chapines*.

El Scarface pulls out 100 pesos, dropping it on the ground  
before the man. With great effort, he picks it up.

GLUE SNIFFER

I saw the one you're looking for.  
A tear drop here.

(pointing to his eye)  
He's gone. With immigrants.

He points North, laughing. Smiley and El Pajaro look at El Scarface for direction, he motions to the car.

EL SCARFACE (CONT'D)

Smiley.

El Pajaro and the others get back in their cars

EL SCARFACE (CONT'D)

El Casper's one of your *padrinos*?

Smiley nods.

EL SCARFACE

You ever shot a man, Smiley?

SMILEY

Yeah.

Scarface doesn't believe it, but he humours the boy.

EL SCARFACE (CONT'D)

If you see him, shoot him quick.

No point in thinking about it.

73

EXT. VERACRUZ COUNTRYSIDE - DAY

73

Willy, Sayra and family sit atop another train car. The train accelerates through the farmlands towards a foggy mountain range looming across the Northern skyline.

Everyone sits quietly, lost in their thoughts. Their heads rock back and forth with the movement of the train.

On the horizon above the train, along a ridge of low lying mountains, a gigantic STATUE OF JESUS stands like Lady Liberty, it's arms spread out to welcome them.

Orlando looks at the Jesus and crosses himself, whispering an inaudible prayer over the photograph of Ceci. Sayra prays as well while Horacio stretches.

Willy stares at the Jesus statue, searching for feeling again, for hope. He crosses himself and mentally pleads to Jesus.

Sayra turns and sees him praying.

SAYRA

What are you asking him for?



WILLY

Too much.

SAYRA

I prayed for us both.

Willy is touched by Sayra's thoughtfulness and sincerity.

74

EXT. VERACRUZ HIGHLAND

74

The air is cool and gray. A mist envelops the train tracks.

Out of the gray milkiness, shadowy figures emerge running along the tracks. They startle Willy. He readies himself for a possible Mara attack. His machete, at arms length, is still his only accessory.

Suddenly a sack of tortillas lands on his lap. He looks at it oddly.

Sayra stands and looks out.

There are TWO DOZEN KIDS and ADULTS, peasants in simple clothes, throwing food to the IMMIGRANTS on the train.

TWO nine years-old GIRLS run along Sayra and Willy's car. Their smiles beam as they throw another bag that Sayra grasps awkwardly. Inside are oranges.

SAYRA

Thank you!

GIRLS

(in unison)

You're welcome!

Sayra and Willy smile at each other. Life is getting better.

The train awakens as IMMIGRANTS scramble to catch the gifts while yelling "thank you" and "God bless you" to the peasants.

75

EXT. ORIZABA INDUSTRIAL YARDS

75

The train cars SLAM into each other as the train slows to enter the Orizaba train yards.

Willy and Sayra's car is just about to cross a bridge spanning a deep gorge like river that divides the town and the industrial factories preceding the station.

WILLY  
We're going to have to jump down.

HORACIO  
Why?

WILLY  
The train station is gated,  
sometimes there are *migra* and  
judicial police.

ORLANDO  
Where can we go then?

WILLY  
Around, as fast as we can.

They gather their belongings. Horacio feels suddenly and begrudgingly dependent on Willy's knowledge.

75A EXT. SOUTH SIDE OF ORIZABA TRAIN YARD - DAY

75A

The Maras' Carrola comes to a skidding stop. Smiley jumps out with the others and runs down the side of the train. The high-pitched POP of the hydraulic breaks scares him -- he jumps back.

The train pulls itself into the gated yard.

He scans the train cars, all empty

EL SCARFACE  
Smiley, we'll go around and follow  
the stragglers.  
(to his THREE others)  
Meet us on the other side of the  
station.

They JUMP ONTO THE MOVING TRAIN, Scarface quickly jumping to the other side of the train. Smiley hesitantly skitters across the coupler and jumps off on the other side.

75B EXT. ORIZABA STREETS - MINUTES LATER

75B

Sayra, Willy, Horacio, Orlando, and SEVEN other immigrants run down the streets, they are all out of breath.

75C EXT. ORIZABA STREETS - SIMULTANEOUS

75C

Scarface and Smiley turn down the street. EIGHT YOUNG MEN look at them curiously. One throws up his hand, stacking letters like sign-language. Suddenly they realize that they are in a Barrio 18 neighborhood. They've walked into the hornets next.

They start to back peddle, but the BARRIO 18 members get up. YELLING after them.

76 EXT. INDUSTRIAL YARDS - MINUTES LATER

76

Sayra, Willy, Horacio, and Orlando on their last legs, meander down the crooked streets of Orizaba with a SEVEN other immigrants in tow.

DONALD, who they haven't seen since Tierra Blanca appears next to them from a diagonal street. He starts running with them.

DONALD

Nice day for a run, eh?

Sayra and Willy are not laughing.

They jump down onto a dirt path that skirts a canal running along the edge of the fenced train yard.

77 OMITTED

77

78 EXT. NORTH SIDE OF ORIZABA TRAIN YARD - MINUTES LATER

78

Sayra, Willy, Horacio, Orlando, and Donald emerge from the canal on to the other side of the train yard, an open expanse that faces the high mountains of Orizaba pass.

From what they can see, there are TWENTY Immigrants casually waiting for the train to come through and no sign of police or migra.

They sit and catch their breath. Just then, ruckus erupts down towards the gate where the trains exit.

THREE Maras, El Pajaro, El Sipe and El Chino rush out of El Scarface's Carrola. They scan the immigrants, trudging through huddled groups, throwing backpacks around and pushing people. It is abundantly clear they are looking for Willy and making a huge, fearless stir.

Willy stands, calculates, has no options but to escape. He picks up his machete, walks back slowly, then crouches down a ditch away from the station, making his way down the tracks.

The Maras pass Sayra, Horacio, and Orlando. The family tries not to look in the direction where Willy went.

El Sipe pauses, looking at Sayra suspiciously. He continues on.

\*

79

EXT. ABANDONED TRAIN CARS AND CANAL - CONTINUOUS

79

Willy hides behind a boxcar, breathing hard, his heart thumping. El Chino is the first one to enter his alley of abandoned cars. He turns the corner where Willy is standing, but he's gone. El Chino keeps moving.

Above, on top of the car, Willy lays on his belly. He looks around, El Pajaro approaches from the other side. Noticing El Sipe ahead of him, he climbs into the box car and looks around. Willy can see him through holes in the roof, El Sipe crosses the car onto the next tracks.

Willy crawls down into the boxcar through a hole. He lands nimbly, then carefully peaks down the line of cars to see El Sipe and El Pajaro's progress.

THUMP. He looks up. Some one is on the roof. He steps back against the wall of the car, light rays streaming down around him, then a shadow. He sees a GUN in the man's hands. It's El Pajaro.

Willy stops breathing, they are right next to each other. The wind blows trash inside the car. El Pajaro stops, looks down. He doesn't seem to see Willy. He keeps moving.

Willy exhales. He waits for a moment, then slowly exits the car, tracking back towards the station.

He passes another open boxcar, on the other side, El Sipe stares at Willy. Recognition clicks.

WHOOOMP. A rock slams into the side of his head. El Sipe collapses.

Willy is confused. Then Horacio appears a car length down, holding another rock in his hands.

Willy's face reveals shock, then relief.

WILLY  
Take the gun.

HORACIO  
I'll have none of it.

Horacio kicks it under the train.

HORACIO  
Leave my family now. You brought  
this, there'll only be more to  
come.

Willy nods to himself. He knows it's true.

WILLY  
Let me cross the mountains with  
you, I'll be gone by tomorrow. I  
promise.

GUN SHOTS erupt from far away, echoing over them like fire-  
works.

79A EXT. BARRIO 18 STREET, ORIZABA - SIMULTANEOUS

79A

A bullet ZIPS over Smiley and Scarface's head. They are  
trapped behind a car. Shards of glass spray over them as  
bullets THUMP into the rocking car.

The Barrio 18 soldiers have fanned out down the street,  
making their way towards them, firing POT SHOTS, advancing in  
the open, then retreating as Scarface fires back.

Smiley is frozen with fear.

EL SCARFACE  
Pull out your fucking gun, Smiley.

Smiley fumbles for the pistol in his pocket.

EL SCARFACE  
How many bullets do you have?

SMILEY  
Just these.

Scarface sneaks a peak at the Barrio 18's progress.

EL SCARFACE  
Don't worry, these guys can't aim  
for shit...

A bullet zips by his head-

EL SCARFACE  
-Except that one.

El Scarface leans out and starts firing.

EL SCARFACE  
Go, go, go!

Smiley rushes to the next car in a hurried retreat. The bullets zip all around them.

79B EXT. ORIZABA STREETS - LATER

79B

El Pajaro drives the Carrola, El Chino holds a dazed El Sipe in the back. They see El Scarface and Smiley in an adrenaline drained run heading towards them.

EL SCARFACE  
Where the fuck where you guys? You didn't hear the shots?

EL PAJARO  
We did, but we almost had him, El Casper.

EL SCARFACE  
So? Because of El Casper you pussy's left me and Smiley to fight on our own? Where is he?

EL PAJARO  
He's on the train again. To D.F.

EL SCARFACE  
This kid, Smiley, had my back. You didn't. Remember that. We're going to D.F. I'm going to kill this fucker. Move!

El Pajaro moves out of his way. Scarface jumps into the car.

80 OMITTED

80

81 OMITTED

81

82 EXT. NORTHERN HIGHLANDS OF ORIZABA - DAY

82

The train heads towards a steep slope leading to a mountain range.

83 EXT. BETWEEN TWO TRAIN CARS - CONTINUOUS

83

Sayra, Horacio and Donald shiver in the frigid air. They are all tucked into the protected under-section of a GRAIN CONTAINER CAR, but it is freezing anyway.

Horacio unwraps a BUNDLE of dirty blankets and decomposing sweaters. They try their best to cover themselves.

Willy and Orlando hang from the side of the train car, holding their arms out, waiting for long blades of grass and dry branches they can break free.

Willy snatches up a long stalked weed and tosses it to Sayra.

84 EXT. BETWEEN TWO TRAIN CARS - LATER

84

They've piled up a mound of burnable items.

They move closer as Orlando sparks his lighter.

Finally he's got it, and the small, damp pile of material begins to smoke.

Orlando, Willy and Sayra fan it, blowing into it. It catches and they all moan with pleasure as the heat radiates from the flames.

Willy lights a cigarette off of a branch and inhales gratefully, then passes it along.

85 EXT. BETWEEN TWO TRAIN CARS - DUSK

85

The fire is only a pile of burning embers. Horacio quietly stares at the photograph of his family. Sayra notices. Strangely, she finds that it hurts her. Willy climbs out and tries to gather more branches, but the tracks are sparse.

He quickly dips his head back in, WHOOMP, darkness consumes them, they are in a tunnel, in complete darkness.

After a few seconds, they see the sky again, and for a moment, catch a glimpse at the magnificent view they have from the side of the mountain, thousands of feet below a beautiful canyon extends into the horizon.

The train passes into another tunnel and darkness consumes them again.

Others MOAN on the train, some yell just because they think it will make them feel warmer. The sound crescendos.

As the train hits light again, Willy and Sayra realize that they are pressed intimately close together. Her hand innocently placed on his for warmth.

They look at each other, slightly embarrassed, but she doesn't let go of his hand. Horacio doesn't seem to notice, his attention and his mind somewhere off in New Jersey.

They enter another tunnel and are consumed in darkness again.

86

EXT. HIGHLANDS ABOVE MEXICO CITY - DAWN

86

The sun has yet to peak over the highlands. The entire group lays awkwardly upon one another. Frost covers their plastic bags and the rails of the tanker.

Willy and Sayra are still pressed together. All sleep.

To the right, the Aztec pyramids of Teotihuacan rise from the purple horizon, and to the left, the mass of Mexico City lurks ominously in a brown smoggy haze.

The train cruises slowly through an insignificant looking town. Willy rises. No one notices him. He is tired, he has slept awkwardly, and he is dazed.

He hangs off the side of the car, he takes one last look at sleeping Sayra, then hops swiftly to the ground.

87

EXT. SIDE OF TRAIN - CONTINUOUS

87

Willy heads down a side street away from the train just as the last car passes by. The sudden silence is peaceful.

He senses someone walking behind him. He turns, shocked.

WILLY

Sayra? What the fuck have you done?

She's 50 feet behind him, approaching quickly.

SAYRA

You were just going to leave?

WILLY

What have you done, Sayra?



SAYRA  
I'm going with you.

Willy sits down, visibly distraught.

WILLY  
Oh god... Oh god, oh god, oh god.  
(BEAT)  
I can't take care of you.

SAYRA  
I didn't ask you to.

WILLY  
Jesus, Sayra. Don't you get it?  
I'm a dead man.

SAYRA  
I can help you.

WILLY  
You have no idea what you've done.

He drops his head into his hands.

88 EXT. ON THE TRAIN - LA LECHERIA, MEXICO CITY - DAY 88

SUPER: **U.S. BORDER, 760 MILES NORTH**

On the train, 200 hundred immigrants stretch, wary, stressed, and paranoid, work out the kinks in their body from the long hours on the train; ready to scatter if LA MIGRA has set an immigration checkpoint/raid for them in the train yards.

89 EXT. LA LECHERIA TRAIN YARD - DAY 89

Horacio and Orlando stand next to the passing train, scanning the passengers. Stress covers Orlando's face.

ORLANDO  
Maybe she went down to take a pee  
and the train left her?

Horacio puts his hand on his shoulders, dipping his head.

HORACIO  
She's gone.

Saying it, he realizes how sick this makes him feel. Donald, stands behind them, staring sympathetically at Horacio.

ORLANDO

So we wait here, we'll wait for her  
to catch the next train.

HORACIO

We can't wait for her.

ORLANDO

What?

HORACIO

We keep going, or we won't make it  
either.

Orlando is devastated. Horacio comforts him... and himself.

HORACIO

There's nothing we can do. She's on  
her own path now.

90

INT. TIA TOÑA'S HOUSE - DAY

90

Willy and Sayra sit in a room filled with electronic  
merchandise, mismatching furniture, and tacky paintings.

TIA TOÑA, a middle-aged woman with a large trunk-like body  
and a pock-marked face paces the room while tutt-tutting  
Willy. Her presence is at once tough and mothering.

TIA TOÑA

Aye Casper... why did you come  
here? You've put me in a tough  
position.

Willy nods. Sayra seems to be in a trance, at once  
optimistic and absolutely petrified.

TIA TOÑA

I think I can do what you ask of  
me, but it will not be easy, and I  
will need you to do a favor in  
return... for the risks involved  
for having seen you.

WILLY

Whatever it takes, Tia.

TIA TOÑA

Give me a day to arrange this. Are  
you two hungry?

They both nod. Tia Toña calls into another room...

TIA TOÑA  
Socuro! *Chilaquiles*.

91 INT. KITCHEN - LATER

91

Willy and Sayra stuff their mouths with *chilaquiles*. Tia Toña sips a beer while watching them.

TIA TOÑA  
You can sleep on the couch.  
(to Sayra)  
Do you want to clean up?

Sayra nods.

TIA TOÑA  
You're a tiny little thing, but I think I have some stuff for you to change in to.

Tia Toña leaves the room.

SAYRA  
I thought you said you didn't have any family?

WILLY  
I don't. She's *Vatos Locos*. I used to do side jobs for her on this route.

SAYRA  
She can get us to the border?

Willy nods.

SAYRA  
And you're coming with me?

Tia Toña comes back in, dropping a sack of clothes in front of Sayra.

TIA TOÑA  
Try these on. The shower is through there. Stay away from the windows, I don't want anyone knowing you two are here.

Sayra takes the clothes and disappears in the bathroom. Tia Toña looks at Willy, gravely.

TIA TOÑA  
What are you doing with that poor  
girl?

WILLY  
Nothing.

Tia Toña looks at him from the corner of her eye.

WILLY  
I'm going to help her find her  
family. That's it.

TIA TOÑA  
Then what'll you do?

WILLY  
Disappear.

TIA TOÑA  
And what's in it for you?

WILLY  
Nothing.

Tia Toña laughs. Maybe she believes him. She shakes her  
head.

TIA TOÑA  
The border? You know what's  
waiting for you there?

Willy ignores her.

TIA TOÑA  
They called.

WILLY  
What'd you tell them?

TIA TOÑA  
I ain't seen you. Which was the  
truth, until now.

WILLY  
You won't tell them now, will you?

TIA TOÑA  
I always do what's right.

They both share a tense laugh.

91A EXT. MARA HOUSE, D.F. - DAY 91A

Smiley sits on the back patio, a cigarette in his hand. His head is on the lap of a CUTE GIRL while El Happy, a local marero, uses a homemade tattoo gun to scrawl "M S 13" on the inside of his lip. El Scarface sits approvingly nearby.

It's painful, so Smiley closes his eyes. When he opens them again, El Sol, El Bomba, El Smokey, and El Pigaro are standing over him.

91B EXT. PLACE HOLDER - TIA TOÑA'S HOUSE - DAY 91B

Sayra and Willy have some moments of relaxation, happiness, optimism. Picking fruit. Playing with a kid or feeding animals. Putting on fresh clothes. Just being kids.

92 EXT. MEXICAN HIGHWAY - DAY 92

Willy and Sayra sit in the back of a beat up Van filled with MICHELADA MIX boxes. Tia Toña sits in the passenger seat, a YOUNG BOY is driving, he doesn't even look old enough to have a license.

TIA TOÑA

The *madrina* will get you as far as Monterrey. From there you'll make the delivery where Tia Estela will arrange for a car to take you to Reynosa.

We notice Willy holding a paper bag between his legs. He stuffs it into a backpack.

93 EXT. BETWEEN TRAIN CARS, SOUTH OF SAN LUIS POTOSI, MEXICO - DAY 93

SUPER: **SAN LUIS POTOSI**

SUPER: **U.S. BORDER, 550 MILES NORTH**

On the rolling hills north of Mexico City, Horacio and Orlando's red freight train speeds around reservoirs and quaint villages.

It moves faster than the other trains and they have to brace themselves for the turns and bumps that are more shocking than the previous trains were.

There are few immigrants on this train. Perhaps no more than 100 for a train bigger than the one they began on in Chiapas.

The train passes through a neighborhood where the children are walking to class in their school uniforms.

As soon as they see the train, the kids begin to yell.

At first Orlando think it's cute, all of the kids running along with them. But then the kids start picking up rocks and throwing them. The large rocks bounce hard off the fast moving train.

He is shocked. The CHILDREN laugh as they throw the rocks and yell at the immigrants on the train.

ADULTS watch from the doorsteps of dilapidated concrete houses, but they do nothing to stop the kids.

One rock bounces off an immigrant's head and lands next to Horacio. The immigrant grasps his head in pain. The duck for cover.

94

EXT. SAN LUIS POTOSI - DAY

94

Tia Toña's Van drives them down an industrial road. A concrete tower looming over them is marked with an "**MS**" and the **Devil's Hand**. Below is written: "*Lil' Mago, El Casper no pasará!*"

He notices but does not point it out to Sayra. At the end of the block Willy notices a medium sized CAR TRAILER loaded with THREE crashed cars.

WILLY

Thank you Tia.

TIA TOÑA

Don't thank me, just make the delivery.

Tia Toña hands him a plastic bag of snacks for the journey. Willy and Sayra slip out of the car and skitter towards the *madrina*. Tia Toña looks at the caller ID of her ringing phone. She picks it up.

TIA TOÑA

Sol...

95

EXT. MADRINA - DAY

95

Willy and Sayra climb up the madrina. Willy opens the door and motions for Sayra to get in, she's about to when she pauses...

SAYRA

Why do you get to drive?

WILLY

Because Nena, this is *my ranfla*.

She rolls her eyes and gets in. He gets in after and settles in.

WILLY (CONT'D)

You really want to sit here?

(he gestures to move)

Wait? Do you have a license Miss?

SAYRA

No.

WILLY

Ah, well, then you can't.

He sits back down, then notices her mood has shifted. She feels an undesirable sense of loneliness setting in and tries to play it off.

WILLY

What?

SAYRA

Nothing.

WILLY

Scared?

SAYRA

No. Why? I'm with you, I'm fine.

WILLY

You're not fine *because* you're with me.

SAYRA

I don't care... I trust you.

She touches his cheek. He leans away.

WILLY

Why? I don't even trust me.

He lifts up his pant leg. A scar crosses his calf.

WILLY (CONT'D)

You see this scar here, a police officer in Tamaulipas shot me when I was leading a group of *pollitos* to the border, for my *clica*.

He lifts up his shirt, showing another keloid scar on his rib cage.

WILLY (CONT'D)

This is where I took a bullet from a *diecioyo*, for my *clica*.

He points at more scars across his body.

WILLY (CONT'D)

And here, and here, and here, all for my *clica* -- my family.

Willy points at his cheekbone.

WILLY (CONT'D)

I got this the night my "homies," who I'd been defending with my life, killed the girl I loved.

(BEAT)

And I couldn't do nothing for her. That's "trust," Sayra.

SAYRA

We both know loss.

WILLY

What I know... I know I fucked up my life already, I fucked her life... and now maybe... maybe I fucked up your life, too.

SAYRA

You didn't fuck it up. You saved me.

Sayra sleeps hard against the window. Willy watches her breath fog up the window around her mouth rhythmically.



He pulls out his camera and turns on the playback. He looks at an IMAGE that he took of he and Martha Marlene together. His **TEAR** tattoo looks striking in the photo. He turns off the camera. Sadness leads to anger.

He adjusts the rearview mirror so that he can look at himself. He feels the tear drop tattoo next to his eye and starts to rub it hard. Then he begins to scratch at it, until it bleeds, but he doesn't stop, he keeps scratching.

Sayra winks one eye open, notices what he's doing but doesn't say anything, pretending to sleep.

97 EXT. NUEVO LEON - DAWN

97

The truck speeds through a desert highland with sharp bedrock mountains rising high into the sky like piled tombstones stacked one against another.

The towns are as sandy and brown as the landscape. There are few signs of the lush greenery they saw in the south.

98 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

98

As the sun rises, Willy still sleeps. Sayra notices the sun illuminating the northern plains. In the distance, Sayra can see the purple haze of the metropolis of Monterrey approaching.

SAYRA

Willy?

Willy turns away, trying to keep sleeping.

SAYRA (CONT'D)

(nudging his shoulder)

Willy?

Willy doesn't wake up. Sayra looks in the mirror at herself. She's still pretty, but her beauty is hidden by fatigue, dirt, and scraggly hair.

She smells and notices the air is slightly foul. She smells her clothes, sucking in hard with her nose, then she leans over and breaths in Willy.

She scrunches her nose; he stinks, too. He opens his eyes when her face is next to his, but they only look at each other, Willy does nothing.

She pulls away slowly.

99 EXT. OUTSKIRTS OF MONTERREY - DAY 99

SUPER: **MONTERREY, NUEVO LEON**

SUPER: **U.S. BORDER 125 MILES**

The truck passes a MILITARY checkpoint. Willy and Sayra watch them from above. The truck is waved through and enters the urban center of Monterrey.

100 OMIT 100

101 EXT. CAR DEMOLITION CENTER - DAY 101

The madrina pulls into a demolition center. El Sol, Scarface, Smiley and dozens of others from the gang wait in hiding. Smiley looks nervous and scared.

With guns out and ready, they quickly open all the cars. Smiley doesn't look. When he turns back around, he sees the disappointment on El Sol and El Scarface's faces.

102 EXT. CINE-OPERA THEATER - DAY 102

Willy leads Sayra into an abandoned cinema palace.

102A INT. CINE-OPERA THEATER - DAY 102A

Willy leads her up a decaying side concrete staircase to a room covered in a layer of greasy dust. A a single seat and rotten mattress adorn the space.

WILLY

Wait here.

SAYRA

Where you going?

WILLY

I'm going to get us water. You should rest, you look like shit.

He smiles and pats her leg, leaving his BACKPACK with her.

103 EXT. DOWNTOWN MONTERREY - DAY

103

Willy walks down a crowded street. The faces, both indifferent and malevolent streak past. Willy begins to feel paranoid, the panic becomes so heavy that he forces himself against a wall to breathe. He spots a telephone. He goes to it. Dials. Listens.

WILLY

Tia.

TIA TOÑA

(surprised)

Willy? So nice to hear from you.

WILLY

Surprised?

TIA TOÑA

Not at all.

104 INT. CINE-OPERA THEATER - DAY

104

Sayra, bored, begins to explore the building. It's like something out of the apocalypse. Blown out windows, crumbling floors and ceilings, grandiose stairways and terraces.

She walks up an opulent set of stairs to the 2nd floor and into the theatre's main room. It's an immense space, probably able to fit thousands at one point.

At the front of the balcony, she sees that many have stayed this place. Hundreds of names are scribbled around.

One marking: "**Oriana Carbajal-Hernandez, septiembre 2001.**"

Sayra takes a piece of concrete and scratches in her own name: "**Sayra Miranda Guzman.**" She stares at her second to last name, "Miranda."

She sits in one of the seats and opens up the backpack. Afraid to open the package that Tia Toña gave him, she looks at Willy's camera. She turns it on and flips through the pictures, the sound of Martha Marlen's voice fills her with a rising sense of jealousy.

105 OMITTED

105

106 EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

106

THREE VEHICLES, El Scarface's crew, El Sol's Crew and a new clicca's car, an early-Eighties LINCOLN cruises down a highway, past a sign posting: **REYNOSA.**

107 INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

107

The stereo system BLASTS beats from a REGGAETONE song. A D.F. RANFLERO, 30, drives with El Sol in the front.

Smiley sits in the back with El Bomba and El Piqaro who talks on his cell phone. Smiley notices that this *ranfla* (car\*) has a lot more leg room than previous cars.

SMILEY

I like your *ranfla*.

The Ranflero looks at Smiley like he's talking shit.

SMILEY (CONT'D)

No, I'm serious, it's got leg room.

El Sol get's off his phone.

EL SOL

What do you need legroom for?  
You're feet don't even reach the  
floor.

Smiley bristles.

EL BOMBA

What are you going to do when you  
find El Casper, Smiley? Hug him?

SMILEY

Shut up-

El Bomba slaps him on the back of the head.

EL BOMBA

Now what are you going to do?

EL PIQARO

(chuckling)

Casper would fuck Smiley up.

The Mareros can't stop laughing. Smiley is silently simmering with anger.

EL SOL  
Any of you kill Casper before  
Smiley and he'll never be able to  
go home.

RANFLERO  
(dead pan)  
The kid doesn't have it in him.  
Why don't you just kill him?

El Bomba and Piqaro bust up laughing.

EL BOMBA AND EL PIQARO  
Whoa!

Smiley is on the verge of crying, inside he fumes.

EL SOL  
We don't kill little girls.

108 EXT. DOWNTOWN MONTERREY - DAY 108

Willy waits near the telephone booth. An older model  
Mercedes pulls up and he gets in. The car pulls away.

109 INT. MERMCEDES - CONTINUOUS 109

TIA ESTELA, a well dressed woman, slender and in her fifties  
sits in the back seat with him. The driver, HERNAN is a  
heavy set man of her same age.

TIA ESTELA  
Toña told me you need a ride.

Willy nods. She gestures to the driver.

TIA ESTELA  
You have a package for me?

WILLY  
No. Not until I get to where I  
need to go.

Tia Estela nods, knowing the game.

TIA ESTELA  
Hernán will take you. You had one  
more with you, no?

WILLY  
We'll pick her up.

TIA ESTELA  
As you wish. Hernán.

Hernán pulls the car over. Tia Estela gracefully exits, then looks seductively at Willy.

TIA ESTELA  
You'll let me know won't you?

WILLY  
About the package?

TIA ESTELA  
If you travel alone next time.

She winks at him, closes the door and leaves. Willy slides down into the leather seats and air conditioning, amused.

109A INT. CINE-OPERA THEATER - DAY

109A

We hear the digitally recorded sound of Martha Marlen and Willy echoing over the expanse of the theatre. As we hear the conversation, we see more details of the decaying space, and evidence of the past immigrants who have gone through it.

MARTHA MARLEN DIGITAL  
Come on... Tell me...

WILLY DIGITAL  
I love you.

MARTHA MARLEN DIGITAL  
Say it better.

WILLY DIGITAL  
I love you so much I don't know  
better words to describe it.

MARTHA MARLEN DIGITAL  
If you had to measure it with your  
hands.

WILLY DIGITAL  
I couldn't, I couldn't even with  
miles, you'd like, you'd like need  
light years to measure it.

She giggles. We see Sayra staring at the video. It's the last night Martha Marlen and Willy were together.

MARTHA MARLEN DIGITAL  
Take me with you to the cemetery  
tomorrow night.

WILLY DIGITAL  
No... I'll see you after.

MARTHA MARLEN DIGITAL  
Come on, why?

WILLY DIGITAL  
You wouldn't like it anyway.  
Come here, turn that off... let me  
kiss you.

MARTHA MARLEN DIGITAL  
Say it...

WILLY DIGITAL  
I love you.

110 EXT. MONTERREY TRAIN STATION - DAY

110

Horacio, Orlando, and Donald sit atop a moving train, exiting the station. An overpass crosses the train yard in front of them, providing a welcome bit of shade from the sun.

PLACE HOLDER -- ORLANDO CONFRONTS HORACIO ABOUT SAYRA.

Orlando takes a sip of dirty water from his bottle, using his shirt as a filter.

ORLANDO  
I keep thinking I see Sayra...  
everywhere.

Horacio let's his thoughts drift to his daughter again. Sadness covers his face. Orlando and Donald's eyes have deep dark rings and their foreheads are burnt.

HORACIO  
All we can hope is that she is  
okay.

Orlando can only blink. They look miserable.

MIGRA OFFICER 1 (O.S.)  
Down, pigs!

Horacio looks down to see FOUR MIGRA OFFICERS in the back of a PICK UP TRUCK paralleling them, their rifles are out and they are waiving them down.

Horacio, Donald and Orlando jump up and run towards the back. The truck slows down to match their position.

They pause, Orlando doubles over. Donald finds a hiding spot BETWEEN TWO CARS.

Horacio starts to run in the opposite direction. Orlando has to make a huge effort to keep up, leaping from train car to train car.

The train picks up more speed, Horacio and Orlando brace themselves as the cars YANK each other. Horacio jumps to the next car.

Orlando stops, then starts again because he thought he didn't have the speed. When he looks up, Horacio is not there.

He runs to the edge of the car, but Horacio isn't there either.

The Migra Truck is catching up. He scrambles down the other side of the train and dashes away.

FADE OUT:

111 EXT. REYNOSA - DAY 111  
 SUPER: U.S. BORDER .5 MILE

Just before sunrise, the Mercedes zooms past the shotgun pierced sign "REYNOSA."

112 EXT. TOWN SQUARE - DAY 112  
 Willy and Sayra exit the car, stretch, and look around. The square is deserted.

Willy leans down and thanks the driver, then waits for the car to leave.

113 EXT. ALBERGUE DE LA DIVINA PROVIDENCIA, REYNOSA - DAY 113  
 Sayra knocks on the door of the shelter. A priest, PADRE MIGUEL, late-forties, wearing casual clothes and plastic slippers, opens the door and beckons in the entire group.

PADRE MIGUEL  
 Good morning. Come in.



114 INT. ALBERGUE DE LA DIVIINA PROVIDENCIA, REYNOSA - DAY 114

They sit around a covered veranda.

Another group of immigrants wait to be helped, a skinny man who we'll call BIG LIPS stares hard at Willy. Willy notices and averts his eyes.

The SISTER enters the veranda and begins passing out the cards.

SISTER

This card is your ticket. It's valid for three nights, after that you have to leave to make room for the new people. You will get two meals a day, lunch and dinner. Please respect the rules written on the wall...

115 INT. ALBERGUE DE LA DIVIINA PROVIDENCIA, SHOWER - LATER 115

Willy showers. He takes stock of himself in front of the mirror.

115A INT. ALBERGUE DE LA DIVIINA PROVIDENCIA, DORM ROOM - LATER 115A

Willy, almost dried off, puts on a clean shirt. He gets up to look for Sayra.

115B INT. ALBERGUE DE LA DIVIINA PROVIDENCIA, HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS 115B

Willy walks down the hallway calling for Sayra, anger rising. Big Lips, and several other immigrants block his way.

BIG LIPS

We don't want your kind here.

WILLY

You make the rules?

BIG LIPS

You're a *Marero*.

WILLY

Not anymore.

Big Lip shoves his finger in Willy's face.

BIG LIPS

We don't want you here.

Immigrants turn their attention to the fuss growing between Big Lips and Willy. Suddenly we see that DONALD is one of them.

Willy grabs Big Lips pointed finger and yanks it down, quickly grabbing his neck and shoving Big Lips face to the concrete floor. All the anger he had building up he takes out on Big Lips. The blood in his veins of his forehead pump.

Sayra comes out, shocked to see Willy on top of the man. Donald enters the fray, separating the two men.

Willy looks around, everyone is staring at him tensely. He lets go of Big Lips, who jumps back and wipes his face off.

DONALD

Calm down, son.

Donald guides Sayra and Willy back towards the dorm room. The Sister walks in.

SISTER

What's going on in here?

DONALD

Nothing, Mother.

Big Lips and the other immigrants say nothing.

115C INT. SHELTER DORM ROOM - CONTINUOUS

115C

Willy, Sayra, and Donald sit together. Willy puts on a wife beater that shows less of his tattoos. Donald is quiet. He isn't his previous jovial self.

SAYRA

Hey...

She is happy to see him and avoid what ever anger Willy has.

SAYRA

I can't believe you're here, too.  
Have you seen my father and uncle?

He nods, gravely. Sayra can tell he has something to say.

SAYRA

What?

DONALD

I have bad news. Your Uncle has  
been deported, and your father is  
with the angels.

Sayra doesn't believe it, nor can Willy. She's in complete denial, until Donald grabs her hands. At first she laughs, like she thinks it's a joke. Willy doesn't know what to do. He tries to reach out to touch her, but hesitates.

Sayra, unexpectedly even to herself, cries. She stands and leaves the room, leaving Willy and Donald sitting with each other.

WILLY

What happened?

DONALD

Migra came, they tried to run, he  
fell under the train.

They sit in silence. Willy nods to himself, trying to mentally reorganize his thoughts and plans. He massages the tattoos on his wrist.

116 INT. CHAPEL, ALBERGUE DE LA DIVIINA PROVIDENCIA - CONTINUOUS 116

Sayra cries by herself on a pew. Willy enters and sits down next to her silently. She leans on him and cries.

117 EXT. REYNOSA - DAY 117

The streets are busy with cars, music, and day trippers. Willy and Sayra walk near a bridge that crosses into the U.S.

Willy notices a CARLOAD OF *MAREROS* posted in front of it. Along the water, *Mareros* casually hang out where immigrants gather to cross over illegally.

They keep walking up river.

118 EXT. RIO BRAVO SHORE - DAY 118

The Mexican side of the river is a maze of thick, high weeds that resemble a super sized briar patch. Willy and Sayra maneuver their way through the weeds until it opens up along the creamy-green Rio Bravo.

It's an encampment of immigrants, covered in the refuse of the hundreds who have passed through it before.

SEVERAL men rest under a tree. There are NEEDLES on the ground near them.

WILLY

We're looking for a *pato*.

One of the men, LECHE, late-twenties, skinny and pale like a junkie looks up at them. He wears a baseball cap and a black shirt with a giant SNOW TIGER face.

LECHE

You want to cross?

119

EXT. MECHANICS GARAGE - DAY

119

A Garage mainly used for tires is situated a stones throw from the river.

SEVERAL shady looking characters lounge in front of it. El Sol, Scarface, and Smiley walk towards it.

One of the workers, with a forehead so big it's a FIVE HEAD, late-teens, sits up. Leche has arrived, cash in hand. He holds up his fingers like the "peace" sign.

LECHE

Two. And if you could fill them for me, these two want to go right away.

FIVE HEAD

I've only got one now.

Leche nods "okay."

FIVE HEAD (CONT'D)

Won't be able to cross 'til the Border Patrol change at four thirty anyway.

LECHE

Don't matter, I get paid either way.

The Mareros are intrigued.

120

EXT. RIO BRAVO SHORE

120

Willy and Sayra sit on the waters edge.

They look at the spinning signs of fast food restaurants on the U.S. side of the river.

SAYRA  
We can go anywhere now.

WILLY  
We'll go to New Jersey.

SAYRA  
It doesn't matter to me.

Willy smiles wistfully. She leans on him.

SAYRA (CONT'D)  
I'm not allowed to hug you?

Willy shrugs.

WILLY  
When we get to the other side, I  
want you to make me a promise.

SAYRA  
What?

WILLY  
No matter what happens, you'll try  
to find your family.

SAYRA  
They're not my family.

WILLY  
You've got little sisters who don't  
have a father now.

SAYRA  
I'd just be a burden, like I am to  
everyone else.

WILLY  
To me no.  
(BEAT)  
And you could help them. You could  
work or something.

SAYRA  
You'd be with me?

WILLY  
Of course.

She shyly hands him the camera. He's surprised. He looks at her, only slightly angered, but more happy to have the camera back.

121 EXT. BRIAR WEEDS - DAY

121

Leche leads Willy and Sayra through the maze of weeds. A SILHOUETTE dashes across an opening in the distance. No one notices it but Willy. He grabs onto Sayra and pushes her along faster.

122 EXT. RIO BRAVO - DAY

122

Leche sits on an INNER-TUBE in a speedo.

LECHE

I can only take one of you at a time.

WILLY

We paid for two tubes.

Leche shrugs. He's not changing his mind. Sayra notices that Willy is heavily disappointed about this. He motions for her to go.

LECHE

Money?

WILLY

Once we get across.

Leche clicks his tongue, no. He holds out his hand. Neither Willy nor Sayra have any money. He reaches into his pocket and gives Leche the camera. Leche inspects it. Accepts. Sayra is bitter-sweetly amazed.

WILLY (CONT'D)

You first.

Sayra looks at him nervously.

WILLY (CONT'D)

Go on, now.

She hugs him tightly, he kisses her on her forehead.

WILLY (CONT'D)

(to Leche)

Hey, you. Turn around.

Willy points at Leche, who was watching Sayra optimistically. Willy gives Sayra her privacy too and turns around, just as he sees movement again in the tall weeds.

WILLY (CONT'D)  
Hurry up and get in the water,  
girl.

Sayra undresses to her underwear quickly, puts her clothes in a plastic bag and slips into the water. Willy turns around, he tells Sayra slowly and deliberately...

WILLY (CONT'D)  
It'll be okay.

Leche grabs onto a rope tied to the BLACK INNER-TUBE and pulls Sayra into the current of the river.

Sayra watches Willy as she's pulled further into the river, there is a sadness in his eyes. She suddenly understands why, he's not getting ready.

A TATTOOED FACE appears in a clearing. She barely has time to warn him when he raises a *chimba*, BAM! A bullet whizzes over Willy's head. Willy ducks, then picks up a rock and throws it at the Marero.

Willy darts into the briar patch of tunnels.

Sayra yells after him...

SAYRA  
Willy!

But he's gone.

SAYRA (CONT'D)  
(to Leche)  
We have to go back.

LECHE  
No.

She struggles with Leche.

SAYRA  
Let go of me, let go.

LECHE  
If you get off you'll drown. There  
are whirlpools all along that bank.

123 EXT./INT. RIO BRAVO SHORE MAZE

123

The rustling footsteps increase, silhouettes and shadows zoom by Willy. COOING and CAWING sounds from all directions. The turns and roundabouts in the maze become blurs.

Willy comes face to face with another MARERO, his entire face is covered in tattoos. Willy ducks as he lunges for him.

He dives behind a log. His fingers scan the ground for a weapon, he finds a boulder and waits.

As another set of footsteps approach, he jumps out, hammering the boulder into a man's stomach. He looks down, it's El Sol, gasping for air.

Willy dashes for the river, but just when he gets to the edge, he sees Smiley blocking his way, the rusted revolver hanging heavily in his lowered hand.

WILLY

Smiley?

Smiley looks up at Willy fearfully, his mouth goes dry.

Willy implores him with his eyes to let him by.

The silhouettes of the pursuing Maras, including El Scarface, fast approach. Smiley can see them, feel the pressure of them getting closer, his eyes change to confused, sad anger. He raises the pistol.

WILLY

Smiley...

SMILEY

*La Mara, carnal.*

BAM! Smiley fires into Willy's stomach. It leaks blood. Willy stumbles to the waters edge.

Crying, he fires again. WHAM! The bullet hits his kidney. Then again and again and again.

124 OTHER SIDE OF THE RIVER

124

Sayra just reaches the shore as the second shot blasts out. She screams...



SAYRA

Willy!

(to Leche)

We have to go back for him.

Leche backs into the weeds on the U.S. side of the river, then turns and runs away.

She grabs the inner-tube and jumps back into the water.

She struggles to swim back towards Willy but the current has already brought her far enough down river that it's making it impossible for her to get back to his position.

125 EXT. WILLY AND SMILEY'S SIDE OF THE RIVER 125

More Mareros gather, watching Willy stumble into the water.

Suddenly they open up on him, BULLETS from their wide variety of weaponry pummeling his body.

The Mareros each take turns spitting on him. Smiley is the only one not to do it. He looks at Willy's body with a mixture of hurt and nausea.

SIRENS from both sides of the river approach their direction. As a group the men disappear into the shadows of the weeds.

126 EXT. DOWN RIVER 126

Sayra cannot compete with the force of the current, she's floating away. She stops trying.

127 EXT. U.S SIDE OF RIVER - CONTINUOUS 127

TWO U.S. Border Patrol vehicles speed to the site, drawn by the gun fire.

128 EXT. RIVER 128

Mareros follow Willy's body as it drifts down stream, silently observing its progress from the shadows.

129 POV FROM UNDERWATER 129

Willy's lifeless body leaks black blood into the green water.

130 EXT. U.S SIDE OF RIVER

130

The Border Patrol vehicles follow as well.

Sayra ditches the inner-tube and struggles to an alcove of weeds on the U.S. side of the river.

She collapses with fatigue and cries. She breathes hard as the weight of all that has happened sinks in. Her labored breathing slowly becomes a heavy, moaning cry. She has lost everyone.

FADE OUT:

MONTAGE FADE IN:

131 INT. EL LIL' MAGO'S HOUSE, TAPACHULA - DAY

131

MUSIC fades in. The LOCATION SOUND is practically muted as the music ties one character to the next...

Smiley sits in the middle of the destroyer. Other Maras mingle around him, but he doesn't look at them. He stares past us absently, as if he were looking at something 1000 yards away.

132 EXT. RIO SUCHIATE, GUATEMALA - DAY

132

Orlando, on the same river we began the film, steps onto a raft with a small group of immigrants.

His face shows the fatigue from the journey, but there is nothing in his face that shows he's going to give up.

Around him, other immigrants, individuals and families, make their first steps on a journey he knows all too well.

133 EXT. RIO GRANDE - DAY

133

Sayra finishes dressing herself. She washes her hands and face in the river, then disappears into the shrubs towards the U.S.

134 INT. MORGUE

134

Willy's lifeless face peeks from a closing PINE BOX COFFIN.  
A WORKER staple guns the lid shut.

135 EXT. POTTERS FIELD, MCALLEN, TEXAS - DAY 135

The same pine box is slid into a grave, then filled with dirt by a tractor. A wooden cross reads: "**Sin Nombre**" and is surrounded by hundreds of similar wooden crosses marked with the same "**Sin Nombre.**"

136 EXT. THE MARCHES OF MCALLEN - DAY 136

Sayra walks in a sort of trance through a field of tall, green grass and flowers. Her face is both tired and peaceful.

As Willy described it, there is something beautiful about the Texan landscape, like a painting, especially in the early light.

137 EXT. MCALLEN, TEXAS - DAY 137

Sayra walks across a wide boulevard into the gigantic parking lot of a super mall.

She sees a pay phone on the sidewalk. She stares at it. She decides to go to it.

She picks up the receiver, reads the info on the phone, written in Spanish, on how to make COLLECT CALLS. She dials the number she was forced to memorize.

SAYRA  
(whispering to herself)  
9-0-8-555-0-1-8-7

The muffled voice of an OPERATOR echoes through the line. Sayra is confused, she answers in english "yes" with out knowing what she is answering to.

The phone begins to ring. And ring. And ring. The VOICE of Yessenia picks up the phone.

SAYRA  
Yessenia? This is... Sayra.

As we pull high and away, we loose her in the colorful mosaic of hundreds of cars.