

THE LINE

by

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"THE LINE"

FADE IN:

BLACK.

MALE (V.O.)
My wife told me I hit my son twice
that night...

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The desert sun. Blood red. Out of focus. Blinding.

MALE (V.O.)
... She said I busted his lip open.
Cut his cheek. Supposedly, there's
still a mark, but I wouldn't know.
I haven't seen them since they left
that same evening...

The entire desert is still and quiet. No signs of life,
human or other.

EXT. DESERT MOUNTAIN - DAY

An isolated rocky, desert mountain. It's more of a tall,
rock formation that belongs in Yellowstone.

MALE (V.O.)
... That was three years ago, and
to this very day, I can't remember
ever laying a hand on the boy, let
alone anything else. That's what
bourbon does to you. At least in
my family...

EXT. DESERT VALLEY - DAY

Sand as far as the eye can see in all directions. But in the
foreground is a patch of evening primrose. Growing out of
the sand. A small floral oasis in the middle of nowhere.

MALE (V.O.)
... On the way out, my wife told me
I was no good. That I was just
like my dad. Real talk show stuff.
I think I threw up around then...

The white flower could be in a botanical garden. Not a
desert.

EXT. SCANT WOODED AREA - DAY

Nearly dead trees clutter together in the middle of the desert. A sign sits beside it.

MALE (V.O.)
... I could've argued with her.
Told her she didn't know what it
was like to be me. What it was
like to have my father. All that
horse shit. But in the end I
didn't. Maybe because I was still
drunk. Or maybe because she was
just plain right...

A closer look at the sienna sign shows it's dented and dinged. The paint is faded but it's still legible to read:

TRAVEL CAUTION

SMUGGLING AND ILLEGAL IMMIGRATION

MAY BE ENCOUNTERED IN THIS AREA

Wind shakes the sign slightly.

MALE (V.O.)
... Who's to say? After all, I
don't remember a fucking thing.

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

A digital clock reads 2:01 A.M. in a bedroom lit by a single, old lamp. A nearly empty bourbon bottle rests beside it.

A man lies in bed. HALF-DRUNKEN eyes open. He's 42-years-old with a face that belongs to your local fireman. Someone you feel safe around. But only if you're friends.

This is CADE CLOSSIN.

And he continues to gaze at the ceiling. His smoke alarm to be exact.

The red battery light blinks on. Then off. On. Off.

Clossin finishes off the bourbon dregs which isn't enough. The digital clock hits 2:02 A.M. The alarm BUZZES.

Clossin doesn't budge. He has yet to blink.

INT. BEDROOM - LATER

Clossin at a mirror. He buttons up his Border Patrol uniform. KNOCK.

INT. CLOSSIN'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The front door opens to reveal a male in his early 40's, also wearing a Border Patrol uniform underneath a jacket. One look and you can tell he played sports in high school but wasn't as asshole about it. This is JACK KITTLE.

KITTLE

You ready?

CLOSSIN

You're late.

Kittle knows. It's past 2 fucking AM.

KITTLE

You ready?

Clossin grabs his jacket and walks outside. The door closes.

EXT. BORDER TOWN STASH HOUSE - LATE EVENING

Actually a trailer home, surrounded by others that are identical. Decrepit. Unwelcoming. Unlivable. Even for one person.

SUPER:

San Luis, Arizona

Less than one mile from the Mexican border

INT. BORDER TOWN STASH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Twenty teenage girls crammed together on the floor. Most are from Mexico. Others further south. They'll tell you they're thirteen. Some older. But who knows.

Two Latino HUMAN SMUGGLERS, most likely gang members, stare at the girls from the side. It's a cold, vacant stare fathers and brothers would dread. The girls gaze at the floor to avoid eye contact. KNOCK.

The front door opens to reveal two shadowed men. The human smuggler steps aside.

The men walk into the light. Clossin and Kittle. And their U.S. Border Patrol uniforms are still partially visible through their jackets.

They both look at the Mexican teenage girls who still won't make eye contact. Suppressed surprise. This wasn't what they were expecting.

KITTLE

You didn't say anything about
underage kids, let alone girls.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #1

Who says we had to?

CLOSSIN

Where are they going?

HUMAN SMUGGLER #1

We have a problem here?

CLOSSIN

No. Where are they going?

HUMAN SMUGGLER #1

Same as before.

The human smuggler extends an envelope. Clossin opens it to find a stack of \$100 bills. Close to \$5000.

Kittle, meanwhile, looks back at the girls who continue to stare at the ground. Except one. She looks twelve-years-old at best. There's a Shirley Temple innocence to her. And she looks directly at Kittle.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #1 (CONT'D)

They added more sensors. More
checkpoints. Guys who aren't on
the payroll.

CLOSSIN

(pockets envelope)

We know a way around if we leave
now.

Clossin turns and notices Kittle fixated on the girls. The Shirley Temple one especially. Clossin notices her clothes are torn. She has scratches and bruises on her arms and neck. Clossin glances back at Kittle.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

Let's go.

EXT. BORDER TOWN STASH HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Clossin coldly opens the back of a black van. The girls, all of them with arms folded, hop into the back. The Shirley Temple girl drops a cheap pocketbook purse. Its contents spill out on the ground.

Condoms.

She and many other young girls carry them knowing they could be raped by bandits as they cross the desert into America.

Clossin pauses, as the girl looks off to the side. Her eyes slightly watered. Kittle picks up the condoms and places them in the pocketbook. He returns it to the girl's hands.

She enters the van. Clossin feels Kittle staring at him. Clossin shuts the van door.

EXT. DESERT - LATE EVENING

Pitch black. Outlines of desert hills are barely visible. A pair of headlights from Clossin's van are in the distance, moving across the desert.

INT. BLACK VAN - LATE EVENING

Clossin is behind the wheel. He checks his rearview mirror. The Shirley Temple girl continues to stare at her feet.

EXT. TRUCK LOT - LATE EVENING

A place where rigs and 18-wheelers are stored. Clossin's van enters the gates.

INT. TRUCK LOT GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Clossin pulls the van inside what looks like an airplane hangar. He exits.

HUMAN SMUGGLERS immediately head to the back of the van and open it. They don't even bother greeting Clossin or Kittle.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #2 comes up to Clossin and hands another envelope filled with cash. Final payment for the delivery. Human Smuggler #2 walks away when Clossin grabs his arm.

CLOSSIN
No more little fucking girls.

Kittle quietly observes.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Getting busted for smuggling adults
is one thing. Underage girls...

Human Smuggler #2 doesn't reply but doesn't argue either.
Clossin lets go of his arm.

Kittle watches the girls being escorted into an adjacent
office. Clossin sees the Shirley Temple girl standing with
the others. The blinds close.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - LATE EVENING

Clossin's pickup truck is parked in the middle of the empty
lot.

INT. CLOSSIN'S PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Clossin counts up the cash, while Kittle looks out the window
at nothing.

CLOSSIN
They're going to have to start
paying us in twenties...

Done counting, Clossin extends Kittle's half of the money.
Kittle stares at the side mirror that's cracked, distorting
his reflection.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Hey.

Kittle turns and eyes his share. Hesitation. Before
accepting it. Kittle doesn't count it. He doesn't put it in
his pocket. Clossin starts the truck.

KITTLE
(eyes still on money)
How old do you think they were?

Kittle looks up at Clossin.

KITTLE (CONT'D)
Fourteen? Thirteen?

Clossin thinks they're younger but won't say it.

CLOSSIN
These beaners are animals. What
they do is their business.

KITTLE
This ain't drugs, Clossin. Ain't
even guns.

Kittle just eyes him. It's not judgmental but a look from
one friend to another. This isn't right.

CLOSSIN
Look, I just need you for one more
job. Then I'll have enough to
leave this behind.

KITTLE
What's so important that you need
this money?

He holds up the dirty cash. Clossin debates telling Kittle.

CLOSSIN
... One more job, Jack.

Kittle takes a moment and inspects his stack of cash.

KITTLE
I've learned to hate these people
over the years. Made my job
easier. But now...

CLOSSIN
For all we know those girls are
heading for a better life than they
had in Mexico.

Kittle absorbs the words he's probably told himself since he
joined the Border Patrol. He looks out at the side mirror.
The crack goes right down the middle of his reflection.

The dashboard. Kittle's hand places his share of the money
on it.

KITTLE
You can keep rationalizing things.
But I can't. Not anymore.

He exits, leaving Clossin alone.

INT. STRIP CLUB - LATE EVENING

The type that's in your small hometown. The one with all the
girls you went to school with that are now 45-year-old
grandmothers.

Ignoring the women, Clossin sits at the bar, as the bartender refills his glass for the fifth time.

INT. CLOSSIN'S BATHROOM - LATE EVENING

Steam. The shower's been running for an hour.

An intoxicated Clossin lies in the tub. Fully clothed. Clossin gazes at something in his hand. A wallet sized portrait of himself, his wife, a twelve-year-old son and an eight-year-old daughter taken several years ago.

The drain. Clossin's family photo appears and swirls around it.

EXT. CLOSSIN'S HOUSE - MORNING

It's a modest two bedroom home for middle class families.

INT. CLOSSIN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

In a towel and hungover, Clossin sits at a desk writing an address on a colored, stamped envelope. He then picks up something. A BIRTHDAY CARD for his son. He opens it up and writes something inside.

For most, it's a personal message. With him, it's:

"Love, Dad"

Clossin reaches into his duffel bag and pulls out the envelope of cash given by the smugglers. He takes out \$2500 and places it inside the card.

INT. BANK - MORNING

In a Border Patrol uniform, Clossin walks up to a teller.

CLOSSIN

I want to split this deposit
equally between the two college
funds.

Clossin lowers an envelope filled with cash from his smuggling job.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

What's the contribution limit?

TELLER
\$250,000.

CLOSSIN
How close am I?

The teller types into her computer.

TELLER
Five thousand five hundred on one
account. Four thousand eight
hundred on the other.

EXT. AMERICAN/MEXICAN BORDER - DAY

The American side. A 14-foot tall, steel wall separates the two countries. The Border Patrol SUV drives down a dirt road alongside it.

I/E. BORDER PATROL SUV - CONTINUOUS

Clossin's behind the wheel. To his right is the wall separating the two countries.

And in the distance the wall ends. Abruptly. Exposing open space where anyone can simply walk across into America/Mexico.

As Clossin approaches the end of the wall, Mexican kids emerge. Teenagers. All boys. Clossin casually raises the windows.

Just as the boys hurl ROCKS at the SUV. Most of them hit the protective metal grate covering the side windows.

PLUNK! PLUNK! PLUNK! Clossin calmly drives. Used to it all.

Across the border, he spots a 19-year-old Mexican male on a hilltop. He's got binoculars and a submachine gun around his shoulder. He's a CARTEL SCOUT, monitoring Border Patrol routes. He WAVES at Clossin.

RADIO (O.S.)
2-3-5, do you copy?

Clossin grabs his radio.

CLOSSIN
This is 2-3-5.

RADIO (O.S.)
We have a report of a dead body in
a safe house off Avenue B and
County 19th. Police believe it's a
migrant.

Clossin hates these cases. Tedious.

CLOSSIN
Copy, I'm on my way.

EXT. RURAL SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Wide open fields. A place where you'd expect to find crop
circles. Local police cars, two Border Patrol SUVs and an
ambulance are outside, as Clossin pulls up and exits.

INT. RURAL SAFE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Clossin enters to see a police officer named, MORTENSEN,
talking to his partner and two Border Patrol agents who look
like cops who pull you over just to fuck with you. Their
names are STEVEN TEDESCO and EDWARD VILLEGAS.

MORTENSEN
Clossin, you've gained a few
pounds. Got that hundred you owe
me, you fat fuck?

CLOSSIN
Go fuck yourself.

This is how they always say, "Hi." Clossin eyes Tedesco and
Villegas.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
I thought they only called me over.

TEDESCO
They did. But then they thought
you might drive past a bar on the
way here.

Chuckles. Even Clossin.

CLOSSIN
Your wife still fucking that
wetback gardener?

The laughing subsides.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
I heard she could work at Rosetta
Stone now with all that Mexican in
her mouth.

Tedesco goes after Clossin and is held back by the others.

VILLEGAS
You better walk away, Clossin.

CLOSSIN
Come on, Villegas. You turned in
your Spic card in high school, when
you wanted to get with all the
white girls.

Mortensen pulls Clossin away.

MORTENSEN
Body's this way.

Mortensen walks Clossin to the back of the abandoned house.

MORTENSEN (CONT'D)
I thought you were still suspended.

CLOSSIN
I made a deal. Have to go to AA
once a week.

Mortensen stops at a covered corpse.

MORTENSEN
My wife used to go to AA.

CLOSSIN
How'd that work for her?

MORTENSEN
(bending down)
Great. We're separated.

Mortensen uncovers the corpse. Clossin's face relaxes.

It's the Mexican, Shirley Temple girl. Her face beaten. Her
neck bruised and crushed. Half-naked.

MORTENSEN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Looks like another rape case.
There were signs of a struggle.
Probably tried to run, that's when
she got strangled.

Mortensen looks up at Clossin who needs a moment.

CLOSSIN
... Did she have anything on her?

MORTENSEN
Just a small hand bag containing
some photos and condoms.

CLOSSIN
Any ID?

MORTENSEN
(shakes his head)
That's why we called you.

CLOSSIN
We'll take her in.
(eyes girl's face)
Going to cost taxpayers a hundred
grand to get her identified.

EXT. YUMA BORDER PATROL STATION - DAY

A sign outside reads:

U.S Customs and Border Protection

Border Patrol Station

Yuma, Arizona

Behind the sign is a number of beige buildings behind a
fence.

I/E. CLOSSIN'S BORDER PATROL SUV - CONTINUOUS

An ALREADY intoxicated Clossin is parked in the lot. He
takes a long drink from a small bourbon bottle, trying to
forget the Shirley Temple girl.

CLOSSIN
It's alright...

It isn't. He drinks again. Guzzling it down until he chokes
on it. Cough. He catches his breath. He then sees an
ambulance in the distance. Unloading the covered body of the
Shirley Temple girl.

Clossin quietly watches.

He hurls the bottle against the windshield. CRACK. Clossin
punches the steering wheel before trying to rip it off.

Giving up, Clossin smacks the wheel one last time before sitting back, out of breath. He can barely see straight. Suddenly, his head lands on the wheel and stays there. Unconscious.

The SUV's horn blares throughout the parking lot.

INT. YUMA STATION INFIRMARY - DAY

A disoriented Clossin regains consciousness only to find himself in an infirmary bed, connected to an IV. Other migrants lie in beds being treated for heat exhaustion.

A man sits beside him. He's in his 60's and could be talking about diabetes in a commercial. But he's clearly a man in charge. His name is PATRICK HOYLAND, a senior Border Patrol agent.

CLOSSIN
How long have I been here?

HOYLAND
Close to six hours.

CLOSSIN
Almost the end of my shift.

Hoyland's not amused, as the clicking of heels gets their attention. A woman in her 30s approaches with a noticeable LIMP. A limp she was born with that has more authority than your normal walk. This is AGENT JAMI HUBBARD.

She belongs to the Border Corruption Task Force agency. And Clossin recognizes her. Not in a good way.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
Agent Clossin.

CLOSSIN
Where's my uniform? Hey, can someone remove this IV?

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
Just leave it.

CLOSSIN
Can I just pull this thing out--

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
I said fucking leave it.

Clossin freezes. She demands respect and gets it.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD (CONT'D)
I heard you stopped going to
counseling.

CLOSSIN
... I was sick.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
For three straight sessions?

Clossin doesn't respond.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD (CONT'D)
Well, you can explain it all the
Corruption Task Force committee.

HOYLAND
(rises)
Can we talk?

Agent Hubbard nods and steps aside with Hoyland. They exchange a few words before she exits. Hoyland sits back down next to Clossin.

HOYLAND (CONT'D)
You know the only reason you're
still on this job is because of me?
People like her wanted you long
gone, but I've been covering your
ass. And this is how you repay me?

Clossin has a snappy response in mind but bites his tongue.

HOYLAND (CONT'D)
You're a fucking joke to everyone,
and I don't know how I can explain
this.

CLOSSIN
Who says you have to?

Hoyland leans forward.

HOYLAND
Hey, if this is it, tell me. Tell
me right now. Because I don't see
you changing, let alone wanting to
change.

Clossin doesn't say a word. Hoyland sits back in his chair.

HOYLAND (CONT'D)
You've already lost a lot to this
shit. Don't lose everything else.

CLOSSIN

Everything else? What else do I
got?

Hoyland sees Clossin's hurting no matter how hard he tries to mask it.

HOYLAND

I've worked here long enough to see
it all. Almost done it all.
That's why I stand by you guys and
will continue to do so. Just don't
make me look like a fucking idiot.

Hoyland leaves Clossin who lies quietly like a scolded child.

INT. YUMA STATION HALLWAY - EARLY EVENING

Carrying a duffel bag, Clossin walks in plain clothes to head home. He looks like he hasn't slept in a week.

Border Patrol agents glance at him like a leper. One of them is Kittle. He almost says something but decides against it. It's a professional walk of shame.

Clossin then sees several Latino migrants being escorted to the detention center. They're dirty and exhausted from walking the desert.

As they walk by, Clossin makes eye contact with a Latino male. He has the same, tired eyes as Clossin.

INT. CLOSSIN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Clossin lies in bed staring at his smoke alarm. The red light blinks on and off.

The digital clock hits 2:01 A.M. The alarm BUZZES.

Clossin remains in bed, not even reacting. BUZZ! BUZZ!
BUZZ! Instead, he looks at the water damaged photo of his children. He eyes his son whose image is now CREASED.

In his other hand are the receipts to their college funds. Almost to their limits. Almost.

The smoke alarm light. On. Off. Do the smuggling job. Don't do the smuggling job. Clossin has some doubt for the first time. But he thinks of his children. Children he's hurt.

The digital alarm clock BUZZES away. Until Clossin's hand shuts it off.

INT. BORDER TOWN SAFE HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

A smuggler opens the door, as Clossin enters. He sees what's before him. A group of twelve Mexican adults. No children. Human Smuggler #1 extends an envelope of cash.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #1
Where's your partner?

Clossin thinks about Kittle's reasons for backing out of the jobs. The same reasons he mocked. He takes the envelope.

CLOSSIN
One of the girls from last night
was found dead this morning.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #1
Once we send them off, it's out of
our hands.

Clossin looks at the new migrants.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #1 (CONT'D)
For the most part, they end up
better off. Trust me.

Words Clossin used to rationalize his actions to Kittle.

EXT. DESERT - LATE EVENING

Clossin's smuggling van goes down a dirt trail.

INT. SMUGGLING VAN - LATE EVENING

Even with the headlights, visibility is low, but Clossin knows these roads too well. He turns on his radio for Border Patrol transmissions.

RADIO
Omaha, 6-2, owe you a brew, that's
a nineteen.
(base agent)
This time pay the fuck up.

Clossin focuses on the road.

RADIO (CONT'D)
(different agent)
-- got a possible forty-six.
(base agent)
Confirmed sensor activation.
(field agent, running)
On foot, I see at least five.
Possibly up to seven bundles.
They're going into the canyons.

Clossin listens carefully. They could be close.

RADIO (CONT'D)
(base agent)
Omaha is on their way. Two minutes
out. They'll light up your
runners.

Clossin turns down the volume on the radio, as he still drives. Then he hears it. A Black Hawk helicopter HUMMING in the distance. Clossin's foot slams on the brake.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

The van skids to a halt.

INT. SMUGGLING VAN - CONTINUOUS

Clossin shuts off the headlights and engine. The HUM of the Black Hawk helicopter gets louder, as it flies overhead. Its spotlight illuminates the ground below. It just misses Clossin's van. He turns up the radio volume again.

RADIO
(Black Hawk pilot)
We got visual on one of the
runners. They're scattering. A
few went into the wash just south
of the trail.
(field agent)
I see them...

Sounds of the field agent running on the radio. Possibly toward Clossin.

Headlights still OFF, Clossin starts the engine and puts the van in reverse, back the way he came.

Even without the headlights, he can navigate the obscured desert trail.

EXT. DESERT - LATE EVENING

Clossin's smuggling van drives through the darkness. It's distinguishable only by its dust cloud and old engine RUMBLING.

INT. SMUGGLING VAN - CONTINUOUS

Clossin struggles to recognize his surroundings. The radio continues to transmit Border Patrol chatter.

CLOSSIN
Where the fuck am I?

It's getting BUMPY and dangerous. A LARGE BUMP. Clossin turns on his headlights.

A rock formation.

He quickly swerves and loses control of the van. Left, right, left, right. The migrants fall off their seats. Clossin does his best to regain control. And as soon as he does...

The rear of a PARKED VAN.

Clossin doesn't have time to brake. SMASH!

His van comes to a complete and sudden stop.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

A headlight busted, smoke rises from Clossin's van engine.

INT. SMUGGLING VAN - CONTINUOUS

Dazed, Clossin lifts his head from the steering wheel, as blood drips from the bridge of his nose. Some migrants in the back groan in pain.

Clossin shakes his head to get his bearings, when he fixates on what's before him.

Another van. Just like his. Completely SHOT UP.

EXT. SMUGGLING VAN - CONTINUOUS

Still shaking off the cobwebs, Clossin exits with a gun and flashlight, aimed at the shot up van.

His Border Patrol radio continues to play in the background.

Clossin carefully makes his way to the driver side window. He's ready to fire at anything, when he spots a dead Mexican driver riddled with bullets, face down on the wheel.

The back of the van. Clossin stares at the ajar doors before opening them.

He stops breathing.

Inside is a group of Mexican migrants, male and female, adults and children. All shot up. And all completely GUTTED.

A twig SNAPS behind him.

Clossin turns, gun ready, to see two migrant men from his van staring at the massacre.

CLOSSIN
(in Spanish)
Get back inside the van! Go!

The frightened migrants obey. Clossin returns his eyes to the massacre. He tries to register what's happened, when THUD, THUD... Clossin grips his gun. SILENCE. THUD... It's coming from UNDER the corpses. Under the floor.

Clossin cautiously enters the van and walks amongst the bodies. He feels around and finds edges to a floor panel that's been cut out. He lifts it up and finds a hidden compartment door.

Clossin lifts the latch with his gun. Slowly at first. Then quickly. He's ready to gun down whatever's inside.

Instead, he slowly lowers his gun.

Inside is a barely conscious, pale, 10-year-old Mexican boy. And he's been shot in the side and has lost a lot of blood.

He weakly reaches out to Clossin.

Overwhelmed, Clossin doesn't know what to do. He looks back at his van. A van full of migrants. He then notices the dark paint from his van scraped along the rear of the shot up van.

Rolando's bloody hand continues to reach out to Clossin. One look at the boy, and you can tell he's wise beyond his years. Out of necessity. This is ROLANDO CABRAL.

ROLANDO
 (in Spanish)
 ... Please...

Clossin takes a breath. Then extends his hand. For the compartment door. He closes it.

ROLANDO (CONT'D)
 No--

INT. SMUGGLING VAN - CONTINUOUS

Clossin enters and starts the engine. He's ready to drive away, but his eyes fix on the shot up van. He can't leave.

INT. SHOT UP VAN - MOMENTS LATER

The rear doors to the shot up van quickly open. Hands open the compartment holding Rolando who looks up to see Clossin. While reaching for Rolando, Clossin KICKS something into the compartment. Something shaped like a MARBLE.

Clossin carries Rolando out and closes up the compartment.

ROLANDO
 Gabriela...

A frail Rolando reaches out for someone still inside. Someone now dead.

I/E. SMUGGLING VAN - LATE EVENING

The already frightened migrants are taken aback, when they see Clossin holding the wounded Rolando.

CLOSSIN
 (in Spanish)
 Make room!

Clossin lies Rolando down.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
 (in Spanish)
 I need you to keep an eye on him.
 Talk to him. Keep him awake.

Clossin hops out of the van. He uses his boot to cover up his tire tracks and footprints. CHUD, CHUD, CHUD...

In the distance, a light beam flashes down from a Border Patrol Black Hawk. Clossin rushes to brush away more footprints but it's too late. A GLOW of light not far off.

Headlights. From Border Patrol SUVs. Coming towards him. Clossin rushes back into his van. He starts the engine and pulls away.

EXT. ISOLATED ROAD - EARLY MORNING

Around 4 A.M. Clossin's smuggling van drives past.

I/E. SMUGGLING VAN - CONTINUOUS

Clossin checks his fuel levels, when--

MIGRANT (O.S.)
The boy's not breathing!

The van immediately brakes to the side of the road. Clossin hurries to Rolando and performs CPR.

MIGRANT (CONT'D)
He needs a doctor.

Clossin checks on Rolando. Still not breathing. CPR. The rear doors open. Migrants run out.

CLOSSIN
Hey!

The remaining ones jump out and dart off. It's a problem but Rolando dying is a bigger one. CPR. Rolando coughs. Clossin looks down at a dying Rolando whose eyes are barely open. Looking directly back at him.

INT. CLOSSIN'S LIVING ROOM - EARLY MORNING

The front door bursts open. Clossin rushes inside and lowers a barely conscious Rolando onto the floor.

He rushes for his first aid kit to stop the bleeding. Beyond pale, Rolando's lost too much blood. He needs a transfusion.

CLOSSIN
Fuck it.

Clossin anxiously pulls out his cellphone and dials a number.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Come on, pick up...
(someone answers)
It's Clossin.

INT. TRUCK LOT GARAGE - EARLY MORNING

Human smugglers waiting for Clossin's shipment stand amongst themselves. One of them checks his watch. It's way too late. He nods to Human Smuggler #2 who grabs his cellphone.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #2
(in Spanish)
He's a no show.

INT. CLOSSIN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

An unconscious, shirtless Rolando lies on the bed, his side freshly bandaged. A 60-year-old male checks his pulse. He's your childhood doctor you didn't fear. This is DR. GENE LALLY.

He looks up at Clossin, who wears a BANDAGE on the bridge of nose, and gives a nod. Rolando's going to be okay.

Dr. Lally packs up his things and proceeds to the front door. Clossin extends an envelope with a small stack of cash.

CLOSSIN
I don't need to tell you, but this
is strictly between you and me.

DR. LALLY
Call me if the boy doesn't get
better.

Dr. Lally exits. Clossin turns and eyes the bedroom.

INT. CLOSSIN'S BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Clossin looks at an unconscious Rolando lying on his bed. Who did this and what did they want?

Clossin rifles through Rolando's pockets. He finds caffeine pills and alcohol wipes. Nothing of value. Clossin takes off Rolando's shoes and inspects them. Nothing.

He picks up Rolando's bloody shirt. No pockets. He notices how much blood is on it.

INT. CLOSSIN'S HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Clossin stops at a door. On it are drawings made by children. He eyes them before opening the door. It sticks. He puts his shoulder into it.

INT. CLOSSIN'S SECOND BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door opens. Clossin steps inside and looks around.

It's his children's bedroom. Untouched since they left. And never been entered. For three years.

Clossin walks to the dresser and opens it. Half of his son's t-shirts were removed in haste, when they left him. Half remain. He grabs one.

INT. CLOSSIN'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

With Rolando still unconscious, Clossin gingerly lifts up his head and puts his son's t-shirt on him. Just like a father would do for a child who was asleep. Clossin carefully lowers Rolando back down on the bed.

And just looks at him.

There's blood smeared on his cheek. Clossin grabs a nearby napkin and pours some bottled water on it. He gently rubs at the blood.

It won't come off.

He adds more water to the napkin, when Rolando stirs. Clossin quietly watches, as Rolando slowly opens his eyes.

Startled, Rolando tries to squirm out of bed.

CLOSSIN
(in Spanish)
Easy, easy!

Clossin will speak in Spanish to Rolando and other migrants unless noted. Unaware of his surroundings, Rolando still tries to desperately break free thinking he's in danger.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
I'm not going to hurt you... hey...

Rolando's like a caged animal. Clossin grabs his shoulders and gives him a small shake.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

Hey!

Rolando relaxes for a moment, wincing at the pain. He then notices his side that's all bandaged up.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

I got you out of that van. Patched you up. Remember?

Rolando doesn't respond but doesn't resist either.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

What's your name?

No response.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

Do you know what happened?

Maintaining eye contact, Rolando remains mute.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

Hey, everyone in that van was killed.

Rolando's tough exterior shows a crack.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

Did you hear me, they're all dead--

ROLANDO

I heard you!

Clossin's thrown off by the sudden, emotional outburst. Reluctant tears stream down Rolando's face. He hates not being able to hold them back.

Clossin realizes Rolando lost someone in that van. Someone close.

EXT. DESERT CRIME SCENE - MORNING

The shot up van. Crime scene tape ropes off the area. An area now filled with Border Patrol agents and local authorities.

Hoyland and another BORDER PATROL AGENT gaze inside the shot up van. Viewing the massacred bodies in daylight makes it even more horrific.

HOYLAND

How many are we talking?

BORDER PATROL AGENT
Including the driver, twenty-two.

HOYLAND
I want those bodies examined right away. We need to know if they were carrying any forty-six.

Tire tracks in front of the van. Hoyland and the Border Patrol agent crouch down.

BORDER PATROL AGENT
We found another set thirty feet behind the van along with three sets of footprints. Two coming from the forward vehicle.

The rear of the shot up van. Specifically, the dent created by Clossin's van.

BORDER PATROL AGENT (CONT'D)
A third vehicle appeared to have collided with the van here. We found tire tracks leading to this collision point and then driving away due South. We have agents tracking them currently.

HOYLAND
Any footprints from this third vehicle?

BORDER PATROL AGENT
One set that's pretty clear. The others seem to be brushed away. Could've been two to three people total from this vehicle. But that's not the biggest thing.

The Border Patrol agent points out a blood trail left by Rolando. And it leads straight to where the rear of Clossin's van was.

BORDER PATROL AGENT (CONT'D)
Someone was taken from the van.

INT. CLOSSIN'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Clossin's on his cellphone, keeping his eye on Rolando who still lies in his bedroom.

CLOSSIN
I've seen it before. Mules shot
up. Cut open. Rival cartel
ripping off another one over stupid
shit. Probably territory.

INT. INNER CITY CLINIC OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dr. Lally sits at his desk.

DR. LALLY
You think the kid's carrying?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

CLOSSIN
I don't know. But no cartel's
going to come after him for a
brick. Especially if they don't
even know he was there.

DR. LALLY
What about you? Can they find
identify you at the crime scene?

CLOSSIN
... Eventually...

His choices have finally caught up to him. He paces.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
I hid the van someplace safe to buy
time, but I left behind too much.
It's only a matter of time...

Clossin takes a breath.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
I have to talk to Hoyland. Don't
know if he can do anything now, but
I have to clear this up before it
gets out of hand.

DR. LALLY
You going to tell him about the
kid?

Clossin glances at Rolando.

CLOSSIN
Hoyland doesn't need to know about
him. Kid's been through enough.
And you won't be mentioned either.

DR. LALLY
I don't recommend moving the boy.
He lost a lot of blood.

CLOSSIN
How long should I wait?

DR. LALLY
Ideally, several days at least.

Great.

INT. CLOSSIN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

A zip tie restrains Rolando's second wrist to the bed post.

CLOSSIN
As soon as you're feeling better,
I'll take you to the border. Make
sure you get back home safely.

Rolando doesn't even make eye contact, as the TV plays.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Hey, it's over. You're going to be
okay.

ROLANDO
Like the men who were in the back
of your van?

He remembers. Clossin uncaps a bottle of water and brings it
to Rolando's mouth. He doesn't acknowledge it.

CLOSSIN
It's the last drink you'll have for
a few hours.

Rolando looks over. Okay. Clossin brings the water bottle
to his lips, as he drinks.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
You're welcome.

INT. CLOSSIN'S BORDER PATROL SUV - MORNING

The windshield is still cracked, as he drives. He gets on
the radio.

CLOSSIN
This is 2-3-5.

RADIO (O.S.)
Go ahead, 2-3-5.

CLOSSIN
You know where Hoyland's at
currently?

RADIO (O.S.)
He's in the desert. Reported
massacre.

I/E. CLOSSIN'S BORDER PATROL SUV - MORNING

Clossin drives through the desert looking for the location of the massacre. He then spots Border Patrol and local police vehicles in the distance.

Clossin pulls up to a Border Patrol agent waving from his parked SUV. The agent's that guy who always wants to talk when you could care less. His name is RAMPLING.

RAMPLING
Hey, Cade. You bring coffee?

CLOSSIN
Why would I bring coffee?

RAMPLING
I asked anyone coming up to bring
some.

CLOSSIN
Is Hoyland up there?

RAMPLING
He was. Don't know if he still is.
Fucking cold this morning.

Clossin eyes the shot up van and the tape surrounding it.

CLOSSIN
(distracted)
It's the fucking desert, Rampling.

Clossin rolls up the window and drives up the dirt hill toward the crime scene.

EXT. DESERT CRIME SCENE - MORNING

Clossin exits his SUV and observes the authorities THOROUGHLY searching the SURROUNDING areas for more evidence.

The tire tracks, footprints and paint left behind by his smuggling van have already been marked off and taken for analyzing.

Clossin walks to the shot up van and sees the bodies have been moved. The blood, however, remains. Looking around, Clossin enters the rear of the van.

INT. SHOT UP VAN - CONTINUOUS

Clossin carefully makes his way to the secret compartment that authorities haven't found. Looking over his shoulder, Clossin lifts up the fake flooring and opens the compartment.

Inside is blood left behind by Rolando. He shines a small light inside to see if anything was left behind. Nothing. Until he notices something tucked in the corner.

The small, round, black ball he unknowingly kicked in earlier. It's the size of a marble. Clossin picks it up.

EXT. DESERT CRIME SCENE - MORNING

Clossin drives back down toward Rampling who's got his coffee. He stops and lowers his window.

CLOSSIN

Hey, you carry one of those NLAIM paintball guns?

RAMPLING

Yeah, ever since I was assigned to the front line full time.

CLOSSIN

Let me see it.

Rampling removes a carbine paintball rifle from his SUV that looks like the real thing. Clossin removes the magazine containing the paintballs. He inspects one. It's identical to the one Clossin removed from the shot up van.

RAMPLING

That shit will tag any runners and make them glow in the dark. BBs can't hide for shit once they're marked. All my friends have been asking me for a case of these because it's not available to the public.

Clossin returns the paintball back to the rifle and hands it back to Rampling.

CLOSSIN
Enjoy that coffee.

Rampling nods, as Clossin drives off.

EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - MORNING

Clossin's SUV is parked outside.

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clossin enters the single person restroom. He locks it and shuts off the light. BLACK. Some ruffling sounds. Then the sound of his foot STOMPING down on something.

GLOW.

Clossin crouches to the crushed paintball that glows GREEN now. A paintball ONLY AVAILABLE to the Border Patrol.

INT. CLOSSIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Gagged and restrained, Rolando watches, "The Steve Harvey Show." He awkwardly shifts his body to get more comfortable, when he hears a small SNAP.

He looks at the headboard to notice a small CRACK close to where his wrist is restrained.

INT. YUMA STATION MORGUE - DAY

Clossin and a CORONER walk amongst the tables holding all the massacred bodies, some covered. With the fluorescent lighting, Clossin can see the brutality he didn't before.

A storage rack opens and a body tray is pulled out. A 9-year-old girl, whose face is covered, rests on it. Slashed open violently across her stomach.

CORONER
Twenty-two bodies. Twenty-two
bodies cut open.

CLOSSIN
Did you find anything out of the
ordinary?

CORONER

Everything seemed to match the patterns to similar cases we've had in the past.

Clossin spots something. A plastic evidence bag next to the corpse. And inside is a faded photograph of a young girl and boy. Rolando.

Clossin flips over the bag to see the back of the photo. Someone wrote, "Gabriela and Rolando, 2010," along with a San Diego address. This is Rolando's sister. Clossin gazes at the covered face.

CLOSSIN

Is it alright if I...

The coroner nods. Clossin uncovers the corpse's face. It's the same girl in the photo. Gabriela. Hunted animals are handled with more respect.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

(eyes on Gabriela)

So no evidence that might say it wasn't a rival cartel?

CORONER

Not that I can see.

A dead end. Maybe Border Patrol had nothing to do with it after all.

CORONER (CONT'D)

The only thing out of the ordinary is that whatever these guys were looking for was never found.

Clossin looks up. What?

CLOSSIN

You said every body was gutted.

CORONER

They were. And not a single one had any evidence of drugs or plastic residue from balloons.

Rolando was the SOLE mule.

INT. CLOSSIN'S BEDROOM - DAY

TV still on, Rolando continues to jerk his arm to break free. The crack in the headboard gets larger with each tug. Then SNAP.

A closet opens. He looks for a shoe for his bare foot. They all belong to Clossin.

INT. CLOSSIN'S SECOND BEDROOM - DAY

The door opens and Rolando examines Clossin's kids' room. There are toys, posters and other items that tell him there might be shoes his size.

He opens a closet and finds several pairs of sneakers.

INT. CLOSSIN'S KITCHEN - LATER

Fully clothed in Clossin's son's clothing, Rolando quickly opens the fridge. There are two bottles of water and a pizza box. Rolando opens it to find a moldy slice inside.

He anxiously goes through the cabinets. The man owns no food. Suddenly, Rolando hunches over in pain, holding his stomach. The balloon he swallowed. The pain subsides.

EXT. CLOSSIN'S HOUSE - LATER

The front door. It opens. Rolando stares at the suburban, American neighborhood. And leaves.

INT. YUMA STATION HALLWAY - DAY

Clossin walks briskly, trying to head home to Rolando.

MALE (O.S.)

Clossin...

Clossin turns to see Hoyland, holding a number of reports just outside a briefing room. Other agents enter, as Clossin grudgingly walks over. Hoyland notices the bandage on his nose.

HOYLAND

You alright?

CLOSSIN

Slipped in the tub.

HOYLAND

You were looking for me?

With the new clues, Clossin doesn't want to divulge anything.

CLOSSIN

... I wanted to thank you for
setting me straight the other day.
I needed it.

HOYLAND

You don't have to thank me. Come
on in. We need all hands on deck.

Hoyland enters, as Clossin reluctantly follows.

INT. YUMA STATION BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Clossin enters and takes a seat in the full room. There are reports in front of every seat. Hoyland steps to the front with other senior agents. And Agent Hubbard. Eye contact with Clossin.

HOYLAND

Okay, let's get started. As some
of you already heard, we found an
entire van of migrants shot dead
and cut open in the desert this
morning. All signs indicate it's
cartels fighting over prime drug
routes...

Clossin flips through the report and sees photos of the corpses.

HOYLAND (CONT'D)

... Based on the tire tracks, we're
looking for two types of vehicles.
Two of them are SUVs, either a
Chevy Tahoe or Suburban. Color
unknown. Late nineties. The other
is a van. Possibly a Chevrolet
Express or Ford E-Series. Black
with sizable damage to the front.
Also late nineties...

Clossin sees the sample photos of the van that pretty much match what he drove. Another page has his footprints, tire tracks and the paint left behind from his smuggling van.

HOYLAND (CONT'D)

... At least one individual was in
this black van.

(MORE)

HOYLAND (CONT'D)
And we believe that person took
someone from the scene...

Clossin looks up from the report.

HOYLAND (CONT'D)
... Someone who may be the sole
mule carrying contraband. And
someone who may still be alive.

The entire Border Patrol is now after Clossin and Rolando.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Rolando walks quickly, looking over his shoulder. He doesn't know where to go. A bell RINGS. There's an elementary school nearby.

Taking cover behind a bush, Rolando watches kids leaving school and heading for their buses or parents' cars. Some kids talking and laughing approach, when he feels STOMACH PAINS again.

Rolando sneaks away around the side of a house to the back.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE BACKYARD - DAY

Rolando tiptoes, when he hears a female voice from inside the house. Through a screen door, Rolando views a woman - 30s - preparing snacks for her children, while on the phone.

Pizza rolls, tater tots, chips.

The doorbell RINGS. The woman exits her kitchen for the front door. Rolando approaches the screen door. No one else is in the kitchen. He enters.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rolando stuffs every bit of food he can into his mouth, while the rest go in his pockets.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Still on the phone, the woman signs for a package delivered by UPS.

INT. RESIDENTIAL HOUSE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Rolando hears the front door close. He stuffs his mouth with some more food and turns to leave.

Only to run into a man - 30s - entering the screen door.

MALE

Who are you? What're you doing here?

Rolando's frozen. The woman enters with the package and screams. Rolando takes off for the door but the man grabs him.

MALE (CONT'D)

Call the police!

EXT. CLOSSIN'S HOUSE - SUNSET

Clossin runs up to unlock the door. It's already unlocked. Clossin places his hand on his gun.

INT. CLOSSIN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clossin cautiously enters with gun raised.

CLOSSIN

Rolando?

INT. CLOSSIN'S BEDROOM - SUNSET

Clossin enters to see Rolando's broken free.

EXT. CLOSSIN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Clossin darts out and gets his hand on his pickup door, when a gun jabs into his side. Clossin can't even turn to see who it is.

MALE (O.S.)

Get in.

Someone opens the rear door.

INT. CLOSSIN'S PICKUP TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Clossin slides into the rear seat, as an armed Latino male sits beside him. He frisks Clossin and removes his gun.

Another male enters and sits behind the wheel. He turns to reveal himself. Human Smuggler #2.

CLOSSIN
I can explain--

The ARMED SMUGGLER sitting beside him smashes his gun against Clossin's bandaged nose. Tears form, as blood seeps through the bandage.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #2
What happened to the shipment?

CLOSSIN
I lost it...

Human Smuggler #2 calmly stares him down.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
... Border Patrol was responding to some runners. Had to drive without my lights. Ran off the road. I was dazed. They ran off.

Human Smuggler #2 points at Clossin's injured nose.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #2
Is that where you got hurt?

CLOSSIN
Yeah.

Human Smuggler #2 nods at the Armed Smuggler who again punches the injured nose with his gun. Blood. Clossin has to breathe out of his mouth.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #2
Where's the van?

CLOSSIN
It's stashed at an abandoned safe house in Lucky Lou Estates. Just around the corner from Iglesia Monte Sinai.

Human Smuggler #2 glares at Clossin who braces himself for another punch.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
I was going to come by later, reimburse you.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #2
This is later.

CLOSSIN

The money's in the glove box.

Human Smuggler #2 opens the glove compartment. A thick envelope. Inside is a large stack of \$100 bills.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #2

How much is in here?

CLOSSIN

All I have in cash. Ten thousand.

Human Smuggler #2 tosses it to the Armed Smuggler.

HUMAN SMUGGLER #2

Make it twenty. Then we decide
whether or not to turn you over to
the Border Corruption Task Force.

Not able to breathe without pain, Clossin just nods. The human smugglers exit. Clossin gingerly feels his nose which is probably broken.

EXT. DESERT CRIME SCENE - SUNSET

The shot up van is no longer there, but yellow police tape still ropes off the crime scene. Not a soul is around until headlights illuminate the area.

The lights get brighter, as an unseen car pulls up and stops. The sound of someone exiting the vehicle and taking a few steps forward.

A shadow of a man stretches across the crime scene.

The yellow police tape. A hand lifts it up, and the unseen male crosses underneath. He crouches down near the tire tracks left by the van and Clossin.

The same person then inspects the footprints marked off as evidence. The male finally looks up toward his car. The headlights illuminate his face.

The man is Mexican and overweight by 40 pounds. Because his fat conceals any wrinkles, he can be in his late 30s or early 50s. This guy could easily be your building's maintenance guy. The one with the constant smile.

He goes only by MANZANO.

And he focuses on something not far off. A few feet away, there is more evidence marked on the dirt road. Dried blood streaks left by Rolando, when he was moved.

INT. YUMA STATION HALLWAY - EVENING

Agent Tedesco escorts a restrained Rolando through a hallway for the detention center.

INT. YUMA STATION DETENTION CENTER - EVENING

Rolando and other detained migrants are on their knees facing a wall. Agents Tedesco and Villegas frisk them. Rolando winces when they touch his side.

INT. YUMA STATION DETENTION CENTER - LATER

Rolando sits with Tedesco who fills out paperwork and speaks to him in Spanish.

TEDESCO

Do you have a legal document to
live in the United States?

Rolando just shakes his head.

TEDESCO (CONT'D)

Did you make arrangements with
someone to guide you here?

Head shake. A lie.

TEDESCO (CONT'D)

The main reason you came to the
U.S.?

ROLANDO

... Family.

A truth. As Tedesco fills out the report, Rolando winces. He holds his STOMACH which has gotten worse.

TEDESCO

You okay?

Rolando musters up his strength to mask the pain. He nods.

INT. YUMA STATION DETENTION CELL - EVENING

Standing room only. Male migrants' bodies fill the tight area. A sign on the wall reads:

Maximum Occupancy: 48

100 migrants stand in the cell. Double the capacity.

Some have been there for days and teeter against other bodies. Others can barely breathe. A migrant weakly gazes to his right.

Beside them is a cell occupied only by two Mexican cartel members. Alone, comfortable and arranged.

Agent Tedesco and Villegas escort Rolando and one other migrant to the overcrowded cell. Villegas unlocks it. A detained migrant reaches out for them desperately.

DETAINED MIGRANT
(in Spanish)
Sir, please...

The agents ignore him, as Tedesco grabs the new migrant. He rummages through his pockets and shoes, taking whatever cash is on him.

DETAINED MIGRANT (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
... Some of us have been here two
days without food or water...

Tedesco and Villegas proceed to shove the new migrant into the packed cell. Pained screams from inside.

TEDESCO
Shut the fuck up in there.

Rolando sees a teenage boy grimace in pain, his arm bent the wrong way. Then Rolando hunches over. Holding his stomach.

DETAINED MIGRANT
(in Spanish, struggling)
... People need medical care!
There are children here!

VILLEGAS
(in Spanish)
This is third time I picked you up
this week, Chavela. Think about
that next time you want to fucking
cross.

Villegas grabs a pained Rolando who tries to run.

EXT. YUMA STATION PARKING LOT - EVENING

Clossin exits his SUV and runs for the station.

INT. YUMA STATION DETENTION CENTER - EVENING

Clossin rushes in and checks the still overcrowded cell for Rolando. The migrants can barely breathe let alone move. Clossin cranes his neck and sees Rolando about three people deep. Bent over. Ready to pass a swallowed balloon.

A Border Patrol agent - mid 30s - is on duty, reading a book. He's the bullied kid who sided with the bully later to save his own ass. His name is FENNESSEY.

CLOSSIN
Hey Fennessey, you got the keys?

FENNESSEY
(still reading)
Yeah.

CLOSSIN
Mind opening this up?

FENNESSEY
What for?

CLOSSIN
These people can barely breathe.

FENNESSEY
They're fine.

Clossin marches up to Fennessey who still hasn't looked up from his book.

CLOSSIN
Just give me the keys.

FENNESSEY
Go fuck up somewhere else, Clossin.

Clossin grabs Fennessey and slams him against the wall.

FENNESSEY (CONT'D)
Okay, okay. Here.

Clossin takes the extended keys. He unlocks the cell with the cartel members, then the overcrowded one.

CLOSSIN
Okay, let's go.

The migrants are hesitant out of fear.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Come on, move.
(to cartel members)
I expect no trouble.

DETAINED MIGRANT
(in English)
Thank you.

The migrants move into the free cell. Rolando, however, is sweating profusely and is about to fall over. Clossin catches him.

INT. YUMA STATION HALLWAY - EVENING

Rolando can barely walk, as Clossin desperately looks for a restroom.

CLOSSIN
Hang in there, Rolando.

Clossin finds one.

INT. YUMA STATION RESTROOM - EVENING

Clossin helps Rolando inside, and locks the door. Rolando falls to a knee. Diarrhea pours out of him. Clossin quickly takes Rolando to a stall and helps him onto the toilet.

Rolando struggles, as he pushes and pushes, letting out an agonizing grunt. Clossin holds his hand. Rolando squeezes it, making his flesh whiten.

A long GRUNT. Release.

Rolando collapses forward onto Clossin for an unintentional embrace. It takes a moment, but Clossin pats Rolando's back.

CLOSSIN
You okay?

Rolando sits up and nods. Clossin gestures for him to stand up.

Clossin looks into the toilet. Grimacing, he reaches inside and pulls out something. Three, small packed balloons.

Clossin rushes to the sink and rinses them off. Rolando stands nearby. Clossin pulls out a small switchblade and cuts into a balloon. He carefully peels it open. The muscles in his face relax. So do Rolando's.

In Clossin's hand is the opened balloon. Packed with JADEITE gemstones. Value: \$3,000,000/carat.

EXT. INNER CITY CLINIC - EVENING

The moment when businesses are about to lock up.

The clinic sits in a strip mall and looks like it wouldn't take insurance. You wouldn't go there unless your life depended on it. Even then you might pause.

INT. INNER CITY CLINIC - EVENING

It's empty. A wall clock reads 9:50 P.M. Dr. Lally goes through a patient chart at the front desk, as an ASSISTANT types on her computer.

DR. LALLY
(checks his watch)
Give it another five minutes, and
let's lock up.

Dr. Lally turns to leave, when the door opens and a pair of boots step onto the mat just inside. BING. The electronic tone to say there's a patient. Manzano.

MANZANO
Evening, you open?

DR. LALLY
Just made it. Last customer of the
day.

MANZANO
Customer. I prefer patient.

A warm smile from Manzano.

DR. LALLY
Sandra here will get you started
with some paperwork, and I'll see
you in a bit.

MANZANO
I'm afraid my needs aren't medical.

Dr. Lally's confused.

DR. LALLY
What can I help you with?

Just then, a FEMALE PATIENT enters. BING. She stands behind Manzano thinking there's a line. He steps aside.

MANZANO

Go ahead.

The Female Patient checks in with the assistant.

DR. LALLY

Is this something you need to discuss in private?

MANZANO

It would've been preferable. But you work long shifts, M.D.

Dr. Lally knows Manzano's up to no good. He gestures for him to come to the back.

DR. LALLY

Come on, I'll check you out. Answer anything you need--

MANZANO

(not going anywhere)
I'd like to know all the patients you've treated over the last thirty-six hours.

DR. LALLY

You know I can't do that. That's illegal.

MANZANO

Then tell me all the patients you saw illegally.

Dr. Lally knows he can't talk himself out of this. The assistant and the Female Patient notice something's off.

ASSISTANT

Is everything okay, Dr.--

MANZANO

(eyes on Dr. Lally)
Everything's fine.

Manzano notices a bowl of M&M's. He grabs a handful and rolls them in his palm.

MANZANO (CONT'D)

They always claimed these melt in your mouth and not in your hands.

Manzano shows his palm that was holding the M&M's. There are little patches of orange and blue from the candy shell.

ASSISTANT

I think they meant the chocolate inside. Not the candy shell.

MANZANO

But that's not what they say in the commercials.

BING. Another MALE PATIENT enters and stands behind Manzano who keeps his eyes on Dr. Lally.

DR. LALLY

I'm sorry. But I can't help you.
Now if you don't mind...

Manzano calmly pulls out a SILENCED gun and holds it by his side. The Female Patient SCREAMS. Dr. Lally and his assistant are frozen. The Male Patient runs for the doors.

Manzano calmly turns and fires two rapid shots that hit the back and head. Blood splatters onto the frosted, opaque doors.

SCREAMS. DUCKING. RUNNING.

Manzano shoots the Female Patient, Assistant and Dr. Lally in accurate shots. All to the head.

SILENCE.

Manzano places the gun back under his belt. His belly appears for a brief instance.

He walks up to Dr. Lally's body and rummages through his pockets. A wallet, keys. A cellphone. He goes through recent calls and checks out the phone numbers. They're all at normal times, except one.

He eyes one call received at 3:58 A.M. just last night. He pockets the phone, when he notices something on his palm.

The orange and blue stains from the M&M's. He wipes his hands on his jacket and exits. BING.

INT. YUMA STATION INFIRMARY - EVENING

Rolando is one of several migrants connected to an IV to be rehydrated. Clossin sits beside him much like Hoyland did for him earlier.

ROLANDO

Are you still going to take me to the border?

CLOSSIN

... No. I'm going to find out who did this. Make sure you're safe.

ROLANDO

Am I safe here?

CLOSSIN

No one knows you were in that van. You're okay.

That eases Rolando a bit.

ROLANDO

How did you know my name?

Clossin doesn't remember saying it.

ROLANDO (CONT'D)

You said it earlier. In the hallway.

Clossin reaches into his pocket and extends something.

A plastic bag. Inside is the photo of Rolando and his sister. Thinking it was lost forever, Rolando slowly reaches for it. He then looks at his sister in the photo.

Rolando looks up at Clossin. It's a major sign of trust. Tears. For the first time, Rolando allows himself to be 10-years-old.

Clossin hangs his head. And he's even more determined to find the people responsible.

INT. YUMA STATION RESEARCH ROOM - EVENING

Clossin sits at a computer. Beside him is the report on the massacre, opened to the ballistics results. The weapons used in the massacre were an 870 model shotgun, an MP5 submachine gun and an UMP submachine gun.

He types the weapons into the computer and hits enter. A list of 5 Border Patrol cases come up where these weapons were seized.

Clossin's about to click on print, when his hand TREMORS. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a flask. He doesn't want to drink. But has to.

INT. YUMA STATION ARMORY - EVENING

Clossin walks up to a Border Patrol agent who's behind a counter. He's in his late 20s and someone you'd want your daughter/sister to date. His name is COLIN WESTMORE.

CLOSSIN
Hey, could you check the status of
these weapons?

Clossin hands over the printouts of the case reports. Westmore peruses them quickly and hands them back.

WESTMORE
Yeah. We don't have them.

You know just off the top of your head?

CLOSSIN
Why don't you check your computer
and make sure.

WESTMORE
I already did. Several months ago.

Westmore looks around and finds a business card. He hands it to Clossin. The name on the card is, "Agent Jami Hubbard."

WESTMORE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
She's a Border Corruption Task
Force agent, a real ball breaker
with this limp--

CLOSSIN
I know who she is.

WESTMORE
She bugged me about it for weeks.

CLOSSIN
A total of eighteen weapons were
seized in five busts. And we don't
have a single one?

WESTMORE
According to our logs, they were
all sent back to DHS in Washington
to be destroyed. It's not
uncommon.

Clossin's frustrated with the dead end.

CLOSSIN
Print me out those transactions.

INT. YUMA STATION BRIEFING ROOM - EVENING

Clossin's alone flipping through the armory logs and case reports, when he notices something. The agents who were on one of the cases.

"S. Tedesco, E. Villegas"

Clossin flips to the next case report. The same names are on that report. And the others. Leaning forward, he checks one last thing. The senior agent who signed off on ALL the reports. They're all the same.

"P. Hoyland"

He then checks the senior agent who approved the seized weapons to be destroyed in Washington.

"P. Hoyland"

INT. YUMA STATION DETENTION CENTER - EVENING

The cell holding the two Mexican cartel members. The door opens. Clossin. He eyes the one heavily tatted up. The leader between the two.

CLOSSIN

You. We need to talk.

INT. YUMA STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - EVENING

Clossin sits with the restrained cartel member. He's in his late 20s and has more intelligence in his eyes than evil. He goes by FLORIDO. Clossin examines his criminal record.

CLOSSIN

Got quite a resume.

FLORIDO

I know Microsoft Office, too.

Clossin could react sternly but knows he can get further with a wry smile. Florido smiles back. I'm funny, right?

CLOSSIN

(still smiling)

What about guns?

FLORIDO

What about them?

CLOSSIN

What do you know about the Border
Patrol running guns to the cartels?

FLORIDO

That's illegal activity. Wouldn't
know anything about that.

CLOSSIN

You got family in Mexico, Florido?

Florido's smile fades.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

Because you're not going back to
see them. Not with this.

He raises Florido's criminal record.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

You help me, I think about looking
the other way. Just this once.

FLORIDO

How do I know I have your word?

CLOSSIN

You don't. But what choice you
got?

Florido's been duped by Border Patrol before.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

Come on, I laughed at your joke.

Florido's still not sure but decides to risk it.

FLORIDO

A lot of BP run guns to the
cartels. You know that.

CLOSSIN

But something went wrong recently.

Florido sees Clossin's in the know. Enough that he can't be
vague with his answers.

FLORIDO

Some BP started raising prices for
the guns. Cartel told them to fuck
off. Next thing you know there are
more busts on drug routes that
should be free and clear.

CLOSSIN
So the cartel cut them off the
payroll completely?

FLORIDO
Not before stiffing your homies on
one last huge shipment.

CLOSSIN
You got any names?

FLORIDO
BP has it setup like the cartels so
you don't know shit.

CLOSSIN
How much was owed?

FLORIDO
Somewhere north of fifty mill.

Clossin sees the pieces coming together.

INT. YUMA STATION DETENTION AREA - EVENING

Fennessey and another Border Patrol agent escort a group of
migrants out of their cells to be deported. Clossin enters
with Florido.

CLOSSIN
Don't forget this guy.

FENNESSEY
You sure, I checked this guy's
record--

CLOSSIN
It's clear.

Fennessey grudgingly takes Florido. A small nod to Clossin
for keeping his word.

INT. YUMA STATION INFIRMARY - EVENING

Clossin walks over to Rolando's bed. He's sleeping. Clossin
looks at him for a moment like a father to a son. He nudges
him awake.

CLOSSIN
Let's go home.

EXT. CLOSSIN'S HOUSE - LATE EVENING

Clossin's pickup parks in the driveway. He gets out and opens the passenger side door. Out comes Rolando concealed in a large jacket. Holding a pizza box and a plastic grocery bag, Clossin hurries him inside.

INT. CLOSSIN'S LIVING ROOM - LATE EVENING

Rolando sits on the sofa. Clossin hangs up his jacket and walks over with the pizza box. He opens it up, and Rolando grabs the huge New York style slice. It flops awkwardly, making the cheese slide off.

CLOSSIN

You're supposed to fold it.

Rolando does. From the tip to the crust, as opposed to the middle of the slice.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

No, the other way...

Rolando takes a bite regardless. It's his first pizza, and it's better than imagined.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

... Never mind.

Clossin goes to the window air conditioning unit and removes a panel. He pulls out a standard issue Border Patrol sock that been tied from his duffel bag. He unties it and checks the contents. The jadeites.

He ties up the sock again and places them inside the air conditioning unit and seals it back up.

Clossin returns to Rolando and gets some soda cans from the plastic bag. He pops one open and hands it to Rolando who takes a sip.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

You're halfway home to getting your Green Card.

A smile that's shared.

ROLANDO

I'm sorry I stole your son's clothes.

CLOSSIN

... It's okay.

ROLANDO
Is he away on vacation?

CLOSSIN
... Yeah. He's away with his
mother and sister.

Rolando looks down thinking of Gabriela.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Was it just you two coming up
north?

Rolando nods.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
What about your parents?

ROLANDO
My mother died when we were young.
My father... he was shot over a
gambling debt.

CLOSSIN
So it was just you and your sister?

ROLANDO
We lived on the streets with other
kids in Los Olivos. Police would
beat us all the time. Two kids
died last month. That's when we
decided to come up north.

CLOSSIN
And the price of admission was
swallowing that balloon.

ROLANDO
(nodding)
My mother had a sister. She lived
in San Diego. We were going to try
to find her.

Rolando pulls out the photo of him and Gabriela and hands it
to Clossin. He points out the address written on the back.

CLOSSIN
(eyeing the address)
So you wanted to come up here just
to see family.

ROLANDO
Not see them. Be with them.

Something Clossin wishes with his own family. He hands the photo back.

ROLANDO (CONT'D)
So when is your family coming back?

CLOSSIN
... Soon.

Clossin lowers his half-eaten slice and stands.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Tomorrow morning, I'm going to make a call. Get protection for both of us. The people who did this won't be able to hurt you.

Clossin starts to walk away.

ROLANDO (O.S.)
Thank you.

Clossin stops and turns. He eyes Rolando before walking away.

INT. CLOSSIN'S KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Clossin opens a cupboard and finds a bourbon bottle. He pours some into a plastic glass meant more for soda. He raises it to his lips and PAUSES.

He stares into the glass. And dumps it into the sink.

Clossin then reaches into his pocket and pulls out something. The business card to the Border Corruption Task Force agent, Jami Hubbard.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - LATE EVENING

A street lined with small, Spanish style homes.

SUPER:

Lucky Lou Estates, Arizona

Around the corner from Iglesia Monte Sinai

Each home looks just like the last. Even the one that's supposed to be abandoned. Police cars and Border Patrol vehicles are in its driveway.

The owner of the home is outside with authorities, while Border Patrol agents are in the back. They examine Clossin's smuggling van. Especially the dent and scraped black paint on the front. A match.

One agent crouches down by the passenger side door. His hand runs across a crack on the side mirror that's all too familiar.

The agent looks up. Jack Kittle.

EXT. CLOSSIN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Sunny. The bluest sky without a single cloud. A mailman walks to the door.

INT. CLOSSIN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Mail slides through the slot and falls to the floor. Clossin who's brushing his teeth sees the mail and walks over.

Bills, junk, his son's birthday card. On the front, someone has written, "Return to Sender." Clossin looks at it pensively. It's not a surprise but was hoping otherwise.

Rolando still sleeps peacefully. Probably the first time in awhile. Clossin turns to finish washing up, when KNOCK. The loud kind made only by the police.

Rolando wakes up.

Clossin grabs his gun from his hanged up holster and gestures Rolando to hide in the bedroom. He then discreetly looks out the window. Kittle. KNOCK.

Clossin unlocks the door. Immediately, Kittle barges inside, knocking the gun from Clossin's hand. Kittle takes a surprised Clossin and restrains him against the wall like a perp.

Kittle picks up Clossin's gun and handcuffs him.

CLOSSIN
What the fuck, Jack...

KITTLE
We found the van. And I'm taking you in.

CLOSSIN
Listen to me. You can't do that--

KITTLE

They're inspecting every inch of that van as we speak, and it's only a matter of fucking time before they trace it back to you and me. And I'm not going down for that shit in the desert--

CLOSSIN

I had nothing to do with the massacre--

KITTLE

Your fucking van was there--

CLOSSIN

I was on a job--

Kittle grabs Clossin and pushes him toward the door.

KITTLE

You can tell it all to Hoyland--

CLOSSIN

Hoyland's the one behind the whole thing!

Clossin wriggles himself free. Kittle steps back, gun aimed at Clossin. He heard him but doesn't know what to believe.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

He was working with Tedesco and Villegas, running guns to the cartel--

KITTLE

Stop fucking with me--

CLOSSIN

Just fucking listen!

Kittle keeps his gun on Clossin. But listens.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

I looked up all the cases that seized weapons matching those used in the massacre. When I went to inspect those guns, I found out they were shipped to DHS to be destroyed.

KITTLE

Standard operating procedure.

CLOSSIN

Yeah. Until I called a buddy in Washington. DHS not only didn't get these weapons, but they had no record of Yuma Station ever shipping them.

Kittle slowly starts to believe Clossin.

KITTLE

So how is this related to what happened in the desert?

CLOSSIN

The cartel stiffed them on a shipment they never paid for. A fuck you for raising prices on them.

Kittle sees the picture forming.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

When Hoyland heard the cartel was sending a major payment up north to associates, they decided to steal it and make it look like a rival cartel. Even used weapons from prior busts to frame them.

KITTLE

But they never found anything in that van.

CLOSSIN

Because I did.

Kittle takes a breath.

KITTLE

Can you prove all this? Clear my name?

CLOSSIN

And then some.

KITTLE

That's too bad.

BLAM! In complete shock, Clossin looks down at the wound on his shoulder. The bedroom door opens. Rolando.

CLOSSIN

Get out of there!

BLAM! Rolando moves just in time, as the bullet splinters the bedroom door.

Still handcuffed, Clossin charges into Kittle, as both fall to the ground. The gun drops to the floor.

Clossin headbutts Kittle, stunning him. Clossin goes for the gun but has a hard time picking it up due to the handcuffs.

Kittle reaches behind his back for Clossin's gun. Clossin kicks it away. Kittle jumps on Clossin and digs his fingers into the bullet wound. Scream.

Kittle punches Clossin repeatedly across the face. He reaches for his gun. Only to have another hand pick it up.

Rolando. Kittle raises his hands.

KITTLE
(in Spanish)
Hey, it's okay. I didn't know who
you were at first. I'm here to
protect you.

Rolando aims the gun right at him. Clossin is barely conscious as blood seeps from his shoulder.

KITTLE (CONT'D)
(in Spanish)
Just hand over the gun. I'll keep
you safe.

Kittle suddenly pulls a knife from his jacket and lunges forward to kill Rolando. BLAM! Kittle goes down. Rolando rushes over to Clossin.

CLOSSIN
... We have to get out of here...

Rolando helps Clossin up.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Grab his keys.

Rolando finds the keys on Kittle and unlocks the handcuffs. Clossin heads to the air conditioning window unit and pulls out the jadeites, when RING. It's coming from Kittle.

Clossin searches his pockets and finds a cellphone. The caller ID shows up as, "Patrick Hoyland." Clossin ANSWERS.

HOYLAND (O.S.)
Is it done?

EXT. HOYLAND'S BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Hoyland waters his garden.

CLOSSIN (O.S.)
Is this you looking out for me?

Hoyland freezes.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

HOYLAND
Someone's got to.

CLOSSIN
I'm taking you down. All of you.

HOYLAND
You're in over your head, kid.

CLOSSIN
Then you shouldn't have any problem
apprehending me. Especially a
fucking joke like me.

Clossin hears police sirens in the distance. Hoyland can hear them over the phone.

HOYLAND
You're not going to get out of this
alive.

CLOSSIN
What else do I got?

Clossin hangs up. He quickly stuffs the copies of case files into a duffel bag along with an envelope of cash and his gun. On his way out, he grabs one last thing. The mail.

EXT. CLOSSIN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Rolando helps Clossin to his pickup.

ROLANDO
Can you drive?

CLOSSIN
Get in.

Rolando enters the truck. Clossin winces in pain, when a concerned NEIGHBOR emerges. Eye contact.

Police SIRENS continue to wail in the distance. Clossin enters the truck and pulls out of the driveway.

INT. MANZANO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Manzano drives, checking the addresses, when he spots Clossin's truck leaving.

INT. CLOSSIN'S PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Nursing the gunshot wound, Clossin tries to drive within the speed limit. Unbeknownst to him, Manzano's car follows without any hurry.

INT. MANZANO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Manzano pulls his gun from his jacket.

INT. CLOSSIN'S PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Clossin stops behind a car at a stop light. Police sirens are still heard in the distance.

ROLANDO

We have to get you to a hospital.

Manzano's car has pulled up behind theirs.

CLOSSIN

No. That man was Border Patrol. I know a doctor who can help...

Rolando gets it now. Meanwhile, Manzano gets out of his car and approaches.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

We have to find a place to hide--

Clossin turns to see Manzano standing outside his window. Gun aimed right at him. BLAM! Clossin ducks and slams on the gas, as the window shatters. His truck pushes the car in front out of the way.

BLAM! The rear windshield ruptures. Head down, Clossin does his best to drive, as he goes up on the curb and runs over a street sign.

BLAM! This bullet fractures the front windshield making it difficult to see through. Clossin turns around a corner to evade the gunfire.

EXT. MANZANO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Manzano hears the police sirens getting louder. He calmly raises his gun and fires at the innocent driver in the other car. He turns to his car and drives off.

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

One of those cheap motels you pass by to look for better options. The sign reads:

"El Camino Motel"

Clossin is barely hanging on.

CLOSSIN

My bag...

Rolando grabs it.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

There's a card in there.

Rolando finds the birthday card meant for Clossin's son.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

Open it.

Rolando opens the envelope. He finds the birthday card and the \$2500 in cash.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

This place houses illegals. They
won't ask you any questions.

Rolando exits to get a room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Rolando helps Clossin inside. He collapses onto the floor. Rolando digs into his pocket to get his phone.

ROLANDO

Call your doctor.

Clossin finds Dr. Lally's number and dials it.

INT. MANZANO'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Having a handful of M&M's, Manzano drives, when a cellphone rings. Dr. Lally's phone. The caller ID comes up with Clossin's number.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Clossin hears the phone ringing. It's about to go to voicemail, when CLICK. Someone's answered.

CLOSSIN
Doc, I need your help...

Clossin realizes he should've waited to hear Dr. Lally's voice first. Silence on the other end. Clossin hangs up and drops the phone. He struggles to get on his feet.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
He can track the cellphone signal.
We have to get out of here.

Clossin collapses.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Rolando runs in, as the Latino MOTEL CLERK watches a game show on a cheap TV. They speak in Spanish.

ROLANDO
I need a doctor. Now.

MOTEL CLERK
Call 9-1-1.

ROLANDO
I need one who won't ask questions.

The motel clerk wants no trouble.

MOTEL CLERK
I can't help you--

ROLANDO
I know what you do here. And I
know you can get a doctor who can
help. Please.

Rolando throws down a \$100 bill onto the counter.

EXT. CLOSSIN'S HOUSE - LATE EVENING

Border Patrol and local police vehicles are present.

INT. CLOSSIN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kittle's corpse. Hoyland stands over it when a police officer walks up. He holds out a phone with a photo of Clossin and Rolando getting into his truck.

POLICE OFFICER

A neighbor snapped this quickly,
when they drove off.

HOYLAND

We get any word on his pickup?

POLICE OFFICER

Nothing yet.

Tedesco enters.

TEDESCO

A witness said there was a gunman
shooting at Clossin. Shot up his
truck badly and a bystander in the
other car. We're thinking this
guy's cartel. Could be associated
with the shooting at that clinic
the other night.

Hoyland can feel the noose tightening. He holds up Clossin and Rolando's photo.

HOYLAND

I want this photo everywhere.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Rolando enters with a Latino doctor - late 40s - named MONTIEL to see Clossin barely conscious. Montiel rushes over and starts to unbutton his shirt. Clossin grabs his hand.

CLOSSIN

We have to leave.

MONTIEL

You can't be moved.

CLOSSIN

Someone is coming here right now to
kill us.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The motel clerk is with a new CUSTOMER and his wife. His TV plays the local news.

MOTEL CLERK
How many beds?

CUSTOMER
One is fine.

The motel clerk gets the key to a new room, when he freezes. On the news is the photo of Clossin and Rolando. He picks up the phone.

EXT. MOTEL - MORNING

Montiel and Rolando help carry Clossin outside.

CLOSSIN
My truck's behind the building.

They hurry to it. Montiel lies Clossin in the back seat, as Rolando joins him. Montiel gets behind the wheel and starts to back out, when SMASH.

Manzano's car.

Clossin weakly pulls out his gun, as Manzano exits with a submachine gun.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Get us out of here!

Montiel tries to gather his senses.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Fucking go!

Manzano fires away, as Montiel slams on the gas. The car goes in reverse and nails a parked car.

Clossin sits up and gets off a few shots. Manzano doesn't flinch as he tears up the car with more gunfire. Clossin takes Rolando to the floor mats and covers him up.

A police car arrives.

Manzano turns and unloads on the cop behind the wheel. His partner jumps out and hides behind a parked car.

Manzano walks toward the police officer, firing in short bursts. The police officer pops up to get off a shot. He misses but Manzano doesn't, hitting the cop in the chest.

Manzano walks up to the officer to see he had a bulletproof vest. He aims his submachine gun at the officer. BLAM! Manzano takes a shot in the leg.

Manzano turns to see a debilitated Clossin get off another shot. Manzano leaps behind his car.

I/E. CLOSSIN'S PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Clossin notices Manzano's down.

CLOSSIN

Drive!

Montiel turns the truck to leave the lot. They head for the exit, when Manzano rises. He teeters but is ready to unload.

Manzano pulls the trigger, when BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, BLAM! Clossin sees Manzano get riddled. By the police officer he saved. Montiel speeds by, as the officer gets to his feet.

EXT. MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

The police officer runs after the truck into the street. He stops and aims, when he makes eye contact with Clossin. The officer could take a shot at the guy who saved his life. Instead he lowers his gun.

The officer returns to Manzano. He lies dead in the lot. His hand covered in red and yellow M&M stains.

EXT. DESERT RANCH - LATE AFTERNOON

A small, isolated ranch house with a wooden fence that keeps in two horses.

INT. DESERT RANCH - CONTINUOUS

Clossin wakes up and flinches, expecting danger. He immediately winces at his wounded shoulder.

FEMALE (O.S.)

I bet that hurt.

A 60-year-old, Native American woman sits nearby, eyes on a newspaper. She's the woman who would give out the best candy during Halloween. Her name is KALISKA.

KALISKA

You thirsty?

Clossin nods. Kaliska puts the paper down and provides some water. Clossin sips it with a grimace and looks around. He sees migrants resting on their journey, staring at him. Some look worn, having been lost in the desert for days.

CLOSSIN

Where's Rolando?

KALISKA

He's outside playing with one of the other boys. If it wasn't for him, I wasn't going to take you in.

Kaliska shows the newspaper displaying Clossin's photo with the headline:

"Manhunt for Border Patrol Agent"

Clossin checks his shoulder that's all bandaged.

KALISKA (CONT'D)

Montiel got the bullet out.

CLOSSIN

Montiel?

KALISKA

The doctor you nearly got killed.

CLOSSIN

Is he okay?

KALISKA

It's not the first time he's been shot at.

Kaliska offers Clossin a plate of food, when he sees some migrants who have been beaten.

CLOSSIN

What happened to them?

KALISKA

Minutemen thinking they're Border Patrol. They go around puncturing water containers we leave out for migrants.

Clossin looks around.

CLOSSIN
This place looks familiar.

KALISKA
You and your buddies raided us
once. Roughed up several guests
and threatened to shut us down.

Clossin remembers now.

KALISKA (CONT'D)
Good thing you didn't.

Kaliska walks off and gives food to others. Clossin painfully sits up to eat. Someone extends a bottle of water. It's the Detained Migrant who pleaded for medical care in the cramped cell. He accepts the water with a nod.

EXT. DESERT SHACK - SUNSET

Clossin makes his way outside and squints at the sunlight. Rolando tosses rocks with another boy, when he spots Clossin and runs over.

ROLANDO
You look like shit.

CLOSSIN
If you're going to stay in this
country, you should learn to speak
English.

ROLANDO
So what do we do now?

Clossin eyes his shot up truck, hidden with some shrubs.

CLOSSIN
We get a new vehicle. Then we make
a phone call.

EXT. MOTEL - EVENING

Hoyland talks in front of news cameras.

HOYLAND
Cade Clossin is extremely
dangerous.
(MORE)

HOYLAND (CONT'D)

He's already murdered one Border Patrol agent who tried to apprehend him, and another police officer was murdered this afternoon.

REPORTER

Is it true he may be responsible for the recent massacre in the desert?

HOYLAND

We believe he's working with a rival cartel in a battle over territory that's now seeped into our own backyard. I have to stress that no one should try to apprehend Cade Clossin. An innocent bystander has already been killed, and he's in possession of a Hispanic boy who may be a hostage.

REPORTER

Has use of deadly force been authorized?

HOYLAND

Yes, it has.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - MORNING

Clossin hot wires a sedan and drives off with Rolando.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - DAY

A place in the middle of nowhere. Desert surrounds the area. Clossin's sedan is parked by a pay phone.

Holding the Border Corruption Task Force agent's business card, Clossin dials a number.

INT. AGENT HUBBARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

A cellphone rings on a desk. Agent Hubbard limps in.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD

This is Hubbard.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

CLOSSIN

I missed another AA session.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
Agent Clossin?

CLOSSIN
I heard you were looking for some
missing guns.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
... Where are you?

The pay phone at the abandoned gas station dangles. Call
still continuing. Clossin's sedan pulls away.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD (CONT'D)
Hello?

Agent Hubbard hears Clossin's car driving off. She covers
her phone.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD (CONT'D)
Hey, Jack?

JACK, her assistant enters her office.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD (CONT'D)
I want you to trace a call for me.

INT. AGENT HUBBARD'S SEDAN - LATE AFTERNOON

Agent Hubbard drives down a remote desert road, when she
spots the abandoned gas station Clossin called from.

EXT. ABANDONED GAS STATION - LATE AFTERNOON

Agent Hubbard pulls up and exits. She sees the pay phone
still dangling. She returns the phone back on the receiver.
Seconds pass.

RING... She looks around. The gas station office is
completely empty. Around is wide open desert. RING... She
picks it up.

CLOSSIN (O.S.)
Are you alone?

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
Yes.

CLOSSIN (O.S.)
If I see any other cars or
choppers, you'll never hear from me
again.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
What do you want?

CLOSSIN (O.S.)
Head directly east from the road.

It's the desert.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
For how long?

CLICK.

EXT. DESERT - LATE AFTERNOON

Agent Hubbard's vehicle heads east.

INT. AGENT HUBBARD'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

She looks for any sign of Clossin, but there's nothing. Not even cacti. Then in the distance, she sees a blurred speck. As she gets closer, it slowly comes into focus. A car. And Clossin's behind it, gun aimed at her.

As her car closes in, Clossin raises his gun in the air.
BLAM! Agent Hubbard's car comes to a halt.

CLOSSIN
Hands out the window!

Agent Hubbard obeys.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Open the door and get out. Slowly.

Agent Hubbard exits her car, hands raised. Gun on her, Clossin approaches and takes the gun from her holster. He steps back and tosses it, as they stare each other down. She notices Rolando sitting in the car.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
Just thought you should know, I'm recommending your termination to the committee.

CLOSSIN
Was it something I said?

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
That and the fact that you're
wanted for murdering a federal
employee of the Department of
Homeland Security.

CLOSSIN
That was the boy.

Agent Hubbard glances at Rolando.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
We're innocent in all this.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
I don't think that'll be admissable
in court.

A large, manila envelope lands in front of Agent Hubbard.

CLOSSIN
But that might be.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
What is that?

CLOSSIN
Pieces to a puzzle you were trying
to solve. A puzzle that'll tell
you who's really behind all this.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
Why trust me?

CLOSSIN
You wanted me out of BP for years
because I wasn't fit to serve.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
And that makes me trustworthy?

CLOSSIN
No, it makes you right.

Agent Hubbard doesn't trust Clossin either but has to look
into this. Hands still up, she takes slow steps forward and
picks up the envelope.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Inside, you'll find the main
players involved. But there are
probably others. Local
authorities. Government officials.
People in your department.

Clossin and Agent Hubbard look miniscule in the vast desert.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
So whatever you do, do it fast.
And be careful.

Gun on Agent Hubbard, Clossin backs his way toward his car and drives off. Agent Hubbard stands alone in the desert with the envelope of evidence.

INT. PUBLIC PARKING GARAGE - SUNSET

Clossin boosts a new SUV with Rolando nearby.

ROLANDO
You're good at this.

CLOSSIN
Almost like a real Mexican.

EXT. DESERT - SUNSET

Clossin's SUV drives into the desert. It finds a rocky, canyon where it'll stay concealed.

INT. CLOSSIN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Clossin reaches into a fast food bag and hands Rolando a burger. Clossin takes a bite of his, as he unpackages a prepaid cellphone.

He then eyes the desert sunset. It's something he's seen hundreds of times but never appreciated. Rolando watches the sun about to disappear in the horizon, when he sees the birthday card in the duffel bag at his feet.

ROLANDO
Was that birthday card for your son?

CLOSSIN
It's his birthday tomorrow.

ROLANDO
I thought you said they were on vacation.

Clossin could continue to lie to Rolando. But he's tired.

CLOSSIN
... They left me. Several years
ago.

ROLANDO
They found out you were a jerk?

A smile, as Clossin looks at the sunset. The grin fades.

CLOSSIN
My wife said I hit my boy.

Rolando's surprised by Clossin's honesty.

ROLANDO
You don't know if you did?

CLOSSIN
... I don't remember. I was too
drunk.

ROLANDO
My father drank a lot after mom
died. He wasn't the same after
that.

Clossin can see Rolando's been through something similar.

ROLANDO (CONT'D)
Why don't you just visit him
instead of sending a card?

CLOSSIN
Because they don't want to see me.

ROLANDO
You know where they live. You can
go see them anytime. Apologize--

CLOSSIN
Trust me, they don't want that--

ROLANDO
How do you know, it's been years--

CLOSSIN
Because they fucking said so. Are
you going to just keep asking
stupid questions all night?

Clossin hangs his head.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
... I'm sorry.

It's probably the first time he's said it in awhile. Rolando silently accepts his apology.

ROLANDO
Your job was to keep people like me
out.

CLOSSIN
That's right.

ROLANDO
Because it made you feel safer.

CLOSSIN
Something like that.

ROLANDO
I didn't come up to hurt anybody.

CLOSSIN
Real bang up job on that.
(takes bite of burger)
Just goes to show you, people
always find a way.

ROLANDO
Not always.

Clossin's learned this with Rolando and can't refute it.

ROLANDO (CONT'D)
At least I hope my aunt doesn't
feel that way. I'm sure she has a
family of her own to worry about.
Another mouth to feed is the last
thing on her mind...

Rolando gazes at the sunset.

ROLANDO (CONT'D)
But I have to find out either way.

Clossin sees what lengths Rolando will go to see his family.
Lengths he can't take even though he can see his family
anytime.

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

A clear night with a full moon.

INT. CLOSSIN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Rolando's asleep in the back seat. Clossin puts his jacket over him to keep him warm.

He looks out into the desert thinking of Rolando's words.

INT. AGENT HUBBARD'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Agent Hubbard sits at her desk going through Clossin's photocopies of files. She compares them with her own findings. It checks out.

RING. She answers her cellphone.

CLOSSIN (O.S.)
So what did you find?

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
Confirmation.

INT. CLOSSIN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Clossin takes a relieved breath.

CLOSSIN
So now what?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
I need to round up several people. People outside law enforcement that can provide protection. Then you turn yourself in to me. You go on the record and testify.

CLOSSIN
I'll give you whatever you need.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
These reports are good but they're not enough to take down everyone involved. You'll have to explain everything. Including the reason you were in the desert the night of the massacre.

CLOSSIN
I know.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
It'll cost your job. Maybe more.

CLOSSIN
When do you think you can arrange protection?

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
I'll need the evening.

CLOSSIN
Do it soon. I don't think BP or the police are going to try to bring me in alive.

Clossin hangs up. Rolando continues to sleep in the back. Clossin picks up his son's birthday card sitting on the passenger seat. He looks at the address on the envelope.

6394 S. Pulaski Rd. #6

Chicago, IL 60632

INT. PUBLIC PARKING GARAGE - LATE EVENING

Hoyland, Tedesco, Villegas, other Border Patrol agents and local police stand by Clossin's stolen sedan.

LOCAL POLICE OFFICER
A woman reported her SUV being stolen on level three.

HOYLAND
We got security cameras?

LOCAL POLICE OFFICER
We've confirmed it's your guy. And the Hispanic boy was with him as well.

HOYLAND
Thank you.

The police officer returns to his partner who fills out a report. Hoyland steps away with Tedesco and Villegas.

TEDESCO
They can be anywhere.

VILLEGAS
He has to be reaching out to people. He can't get out of this without help.

HOYLAND

I've talked to our friends in the Task Force agency. They got a close eye on their agents.

TEDESCO

It's only a matter of time before he finds someone not on the payroll.

LOCAL POLICE OFFICER (O.S.)

Agent Hoyland?

The local police officer walks over.

LOCAL POLICE OFFICER (CONT'D)

You should see this.

I/E. POLICE CAR - LATE EVENING

The police computer inside the car displays surveillance footage at an intersection. The stolen SUV is at the stop light.

HOYLAND

When was this?

LOCAL POLICE OFFICER

8:09 P.M. Just a few miles from here.

HOYLAND

When was the SUV stolen?

LOCAL POLICE OFFICER

Somewhere between two to four in the afternoon.

HOYLAND

He's been staying local.

EXT. DESERT - SUNRISE

The sun just starts to peek over the horizon.

INT. CLOSSIN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Clossin and Rolando are asleep. CHUD, CHUD, CHUD... A helicopter.

CLOSSIN

Wake up.

A groggy Rolando gets up. Clossin cranes his neck to check the sky. He doesn't see anything, but the sound of the helicopter gets louder. Clossin starts the engine.

CHUD, CHUD, CHUD...

INT. BORDER PATROL BLACK HAWK - CONTINUOUS

Border Patrol pilots scan the desert for any sign of Clossin. They approach the rock formations. And they see Clossin's SUV. It takes off.

BLACK HAWK PILOT

We got visual of an SUV heading
south, south east.

INT. CLOSSIN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Clossin has his foot down completely on the gas. The SUV approaches 70 mph on the ROCKY terrain. BUMP. Even with seat belts, Clossin and Rolando fly upward.

EXT. DESERT - CONTINUOUS

Sun rising in the distance, Clossin's SUV rumbles away, as the Black Hawk helicopter easily keeps up.

EXT. DIRT ROAD - SUNRISE

Border Patrol SUVs, one driven by Villegas, take off into the desert to intercept Clossin.

I/E. CLOSSIN'S SUV - SUNRISE

Clossin's SUV dusts along the rocky desert, when he notices several dust clouds ahead honing in from the side. Multiple Border Patrol SUVs. Clossin eyes tight rock formations not meant for vehicles.

CLOSSIN

Hold on.

The SUV takes a sharp turn into the narrow rock formation. Two of the three Border Patrol SUVs make it through with a few scrapes, while the third smashes into it.

Clossin's SUV weaves through the narrow, rocky pass, barely making a scratch. The Border Patrol SUVs aren't so lucky, as they pinball side to side.

Ahead, the narrow path opens up to reveal a cliff with a 15 foot drop. Rolando sees it, and his eyes go wide.

Clossin skillfully negotiates the turn as the rear wheel barely holds onto the road. The first Border Patrol SUV pursuing slams on the brakes, but it flies off and lands hard on the rocks.

The other Border Patrol SUV driven by Villegas makes it halfway through the turn until the rear wheels fly off the edge. The SUV tips slowly back and forth, until it falls off the small cliff.

EXT. DESERT - MORNING

Black Hawk still with him, Clossin's SUV drives for the horizon. The wheels run over buried sensors.

INT. YUMA STATION CENTRAL COMMAND - CONTINUOUS

A BORDER PATROL AGENT checks a console that lights up. Monitors tracking remote cameras in the area pick up Clossin's SUV.

BORDER PATROL AGENT
He's heading for the border. About
two miles out. Notifying Mexican
Border Patrol.

INT. BORDER PATROL SUV - CONTINUOUS

In the desert, Tedesco drives while Hoyland makes sure his gun's loaded.

I/E. CLOSSIN'S SUV - MORNING

Clossin races for the border, when more Border Patrol SUVs appear in pursuit.

The engine POPS and smoke appears. He can't even look out the windshield. He sticks his head out the window. He sees the familiar concrete wall separating the two countries he patrolled daily.

EXT. MEXICAN HILLTOP - CONTINUOUS

Binocular view of the Border Patrol chase. They lower to reveal an armed CARTEL SCOUT.

I/E. CLOSSIN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Clossin can't put his foot down any harder on the gas. The car's losing speed. Border Patrol SUVs hone in. Clossin looks out the window to see better. The concrete wall.

CLOSSIN

Shit!

Clossin veers left. The front, right corner of the SUV sparks against the wall. He races along it trying to get to the section of the wall that ends abruptly.

Ahead, Border Patrol SUVs race to cut him off at the same point. He shakes the steering wheel.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

Fucking move.

INT. HOYLAND'S BORDER PATROL SUV - CONTINUOUS

Tedesco goes at full speed. It's clear they'll intercept Clossin before he reaches the end of the wall.

I/E. CLOSSIN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

Rolando sees they're not going to make it.

Just then, teenage Mexican boys appear with rocks. The same ones that pelted Clossin on a daily basis. Clossin braces himself. The Mexican boys rear back and hurl the stones. Right at the Border Patrol SUVs.

I/E. BORDER PATROL SUV - CONTINUOUS

Tedesco's about to take out Clossin's SUV. A large rock SHATTERS his windshield. Stunned, Tedesco loses control.

I/E. CLOSSIN'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Still racing forward, Clossin and Rolando brace themselves for Tedesco's SUV. It swerves away at the last second and hits the wall.

The end of the wall. Clossin turns around it toward Mexico, when a Border Patrol SUV hits him from behind, making Clossin's SUV fishtail.

Out of control, Clossin does enough to avoid a large tree. But the Border Patrol SUV doesn't.

Clossin looks behind him to see they're in the clear. He turns his head back. A Mexican Border Patrol sedan blocks their path.

Clossin steers quickly to avoid it only to drive into a small, stone house.

Air bags deployed, Clossin and Rolando are in a daze.

Mexican citizens approach the car, as Clossin tries to start the SUV to no avail. He sees Mexican Border Patrol running toward them. More SIRENS in the distance.

Clossin grabs his duffel bag. He and Rolando emerge from the vehicle and head for the small village. The Mexican Border Patrol agents chase after them, as more arrive.

EXT. MEXICAN VILLAGE - MORNING

Clossin and Rolando run in between the small homes with the Mexican Border Patrol not far behind.

BLAM! A bullet hits the side of a house.

Clossin stumbles. Rolando helps him up.

They continue to run without looking back, when they encounter a large crowd, shopping at numerous street vendors.

CLOSSIN

Stay close!

Clossin and Rolando run through the crowd. The crowd is thick at points, as Clossin hits his wounded shoulder against a person. That's when he notices Rolando is nowhere in sight.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

Rolando!

Clossin backtracks. Four Mexican males, who are CARTEL SCOUTS in their late teens and early 20s, have caught Rolando. They are armed with submachine guns and ready to use them.

Mexican Border Patrol run up. The cartel scouts aim their guns at them. The Mexican Border Patrol freeze, as the cartel scouts back away with Rolando.

Outgunned and outnumbered, Clossin has to watch.

EXT. MEXICAN BORDER TOWN - DAY

It's another world. Police rough up a man they pull from a car in broad daylight. A male in his early 20s walks with a submachine gun and casually enters a van that drives off.

It's a town run by the cartel, where no one's safe. Let alone an American Border Patrol agent wanted for murder.

A street vendor, selling cheap clothing by an alley, argues with customers over the price. Head buried in his jacket, Clossin quickly walks by and takes a baseball cap and sunglasses.

Clossin puts them on immediately and briskly walks the streets with his head down.

A payphone. Clossin dials a number. RING... RING... Someone picks up on the other end.

CLOSSIN
I can't talk for long.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD (O.S.)
Where are you?

CLOSSIN
Mexico.

INT. AGENT HUBBARD'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

Agent Hubbard pulls her car to the side. That's the worst news she could get.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
I have my people ready, but I can't go into Mexico without authorization from their government and ours. My cover will be blown then.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

Clossin's mind is elsewhere.

CLOSSIN
... I lost the boy.

Agent Hubbard doesn't know what to say.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
We were running from the Mexican
Border Patrol, when some cartel
scouts picked him up.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
You have to find a way to get
across the border. I can meet you
then and protect you--

CLOSSIN
I have to find him--

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
The cartel won't hand him over.
He's probably already dead--

CLOSSIN
Then I'll bring his dead body back!

Clossin looks around to see if anyone noticed his raised
voice.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
We can convict these guys on what
you found and your testimony. But
if you go after this boy and don't
make it...

Clossin hears her out. She's absolutely right. He sees a
Mexican police car turning the corner.

CLOSSIN
I'm going after Rolando.

As the Mexican police car approaches, Clossin hangs up.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
I'm risking my life here, too!
Hello? Hello?!

No one's at the payphone, as the Mexican police car passes.

EXT. PRODUCE TRUCK - DAY

Clossin approaches the driver.

CLOSSIN
I'm going to Los Olivos.

INT. PRODUCE TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Clossin sits in the back of the decrepit pickup truck transporting fruit. It's a bumpy ride on a mostly dirt road.

He looks out into the Mexico landscape. He sees the beauty in the mountains and hills. A family just outside a village washes vegetables. Two of the kids wave with smiles. Clossin waves back.

Clossin then sees a group of adults playing soccer on a dirt field. It's the worst field he's ever seen, but these guys could care less, as friends and family cheer them on.

EXT. STREET - DAY

The pickup has stopped, and Clossin hops off. He asks for directions, and the driver points where to go. Hand shake.

EXT. HOMELESS TENT VILLAGE - DAY

Clossin stops at the sight before him. There are about twenty tents just outside a downtown area. All inhabited by children of all ages. Not one adult is around.

Clossin walks amongst them. The kids barely acknowledge him. He stops and crouches down to a young girl who plays with a dirty doll.

CLOSSIN
Excuse me. Did you know a boy
named Rolando? He used to live
here with his sister, Gabriela.

The girl continues to play with her doll.

BOY (O.S.)
She can't hear you.

Clossin looks up to see a boy - 16 - before him. He's uneducated but smarter than most. His name is SILVERIO.

CLOSSIN
Can you help me? Did you know a
kid named Rolando?

Silverio doesn't respond, not sure if he can trust Clossin.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
He's in danger. I'm trying to find him. He used to live here with his sister, right?

Silverio nods.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
He left last week to go to America. Where did he get his coyote?

Silverio doesn't want to get involved. Clossin reaches into his pocket and holds out a \$50 bill.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
This is important.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Clossin approaches the small two story building. There's a man in his early 20s outside, drinking beer. A weapon clearly lies on a table and under his belt. He's a man that belongs to a cartel and goes by GIO.

Clossin walks up to him. Some words are exchanged. Gio shoves Clossin and pulls his gun. Clossin immediately disarms him and puts a gun to his head.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Three cartel members sit at a table counting American money and placing them in individual envelopes. Another checks the envelopes and nods. He's clearly the leader, by his actions and tattoos. He goes by HUERTA. KNOCK.

HUERTA
What?

GIO (O.S.)
It's Gio.

Huerta gestures for one of his men to check it out. He looks out the peephole to see Gio. Alone.

Huerta's man opens the door, and it flies open knocking him over. Clossin enters with Gio at gunpoint and kicks the door closed.

The cartel members rise and draw their guns, but one man doesn't. He doesn't have to. Huerta.

HUERTA
You okay there, Gio?

Gio tries to stay calm, as Clossin digs his gun into this temple.

HUERTA (CONT'D)
You know you're standing next to a celebrity. Turn on the tv, read the news, you'll see his face. Obviously, you don't stay up to date with current events.

CLOSSIN
I just want the boy.

HUERTA
The boy.

CLOSSIN
You had a boy mule a large payment up north--

HUERTA
A payment that never got to its destination.

CLOSSIN
It wasn't his fault.

HUERTA
No. According to BP, it's yours.

CLOSSIN
You think if I stole from the cartel, I'd be coming here asking for him?

Huerta just eyes Clossin.

HUERTA
The last man who lost a major shipment was cut up into pieces and mailed to every known family member. What he lost was worth half of what I sent up north.

Clossin sees Huerta is a man that fears nothing except his own guys.

HUERTA (CONT'D)
The only reason I'm still alive is because I have friends high up.
(MORE)

HUERTA (CONT'D)

And they bought me three days to retrieve what was lost. Two days have gone by. And yesterday I find out I lost my best man.

(leans forward)

Yet you ask for my opinion on your motive or lack thereof. As if I fucking care.

Huerta rises and walks toward Clossin. Stare down.

CLOSSIN

I have the jadeites.

HUERTA

So you want the boy in exchange. Is that it? You think that's how it works down here?

CLOSSIN

I had nothing to do with what happened in the desert--

Huerta suddenly raises his gun and shoots Gio in the head. Blood spurts onto a stunned Clossin. He tries to shoot Huerta, but the other cartel members disarm and beat Clossin.

Huerta goes back to his seat and sips his beer. The cartel members frisk Clossin before dragging him over on his knees.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

I can get you names. Tell you exactly who stole from you.

HUERTA

We can get them ourselves.

CLOSSIN

The boy's innocent in all this. Just let him go.

HUERTA

You think I have that authority? I'm one of thousands. I don't even know who I work for half the time. I'm replaceable. Just like Gio. Unless I retrieve the jadeites.

Clossin knows this information is the only thing that will keep him alive.

HUERTA (CONT'D)

Tell me where they are.

CLOSSIN

... No.

Huerta nods at his men. One man grabs Clossin's hand and holds it out. The other pulls out a knife. And digs the tip completely underneath the thumbnail. He lifts it up quickly.

SCREAM. The tip of the blade lowers onto the flesh that held the thumbnail. The pain is unbearable.

HUERTA

Are you going to tell me?

CLOSSIN

... No.

The knife presses the down on the flesh. Fresh blood.

HUERTA

Where are they?

CLOSSIN

Fuck you.

Huerta nods at his men. They extend Clossin's index finger.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

No!

The blade slides underneath the index fingernail.

MALE (O.S.)

What the fuck is going on here?

Huerta and his men turn. It's the gang member Clossin helped return to Mexico in exchange for information. Florido.

FLORIDO

What the fuck is this?

HUERTA

He says he has the jadeites but won't tell us where it is.

Florido walks up to Clossin. Recognition.

FLORIDO

(in English)

Why are you here, boss?

CLOSSIN

(in English)

I'm here for the boy. I'll give you the jadeites in exchange--

Huerta punches Clossin across the face.

HUERTA

This is the bastard who stole from us in the first place. He thinks he can just walk in here and make demands--

CLOSSIN

(to Florido in English)
I didn't steal anything. That's why I asked you those questions. It was others in BP. The guys who got stiffed on the last shipment--

HUERTA

(punching Clossin)
Shut the fuck up!

Florido eyes Clossin. What he said does track but he's got his own loyalties to the cartel. He needs a tie breaker. Gio's dead body.

FLORIDO

Did he kill my homie?

HUERTA

No. I did. The fucker was useless, let the son of a bitch in--

Florido pulls his gun and shoots Huerta down. He then looks over at Clossin.

FLORIDO

Where are they?

EXT. WOODED AREA - LATE AFTERNOON

Florido and other cartel members stand guard, as Clossin digs up his duffel bag. He pulls out the tied sock and hands it to Florido who opens it up. Jadeites fall into his palm.

FLORIDO

Stay here. In ten minutes, a car will drop off the boy.

Florido starts to walk away with the other cartel members.

CLOSSIN

How do I know I have your word?

FLORIDO

You don't. But what choice you
got?

Clossin's words to him before. A smile. Florido and his men
walk away. Clossin stands alone in the woods.

EXT. WOODED AREA - LATER

Clossin impatiently checks his watch. He's been lied to.
Then he hears someone approaching. He readies himself in
case it's not Rolando. But it is. Rolando sees Clossin and
runs up to him. An embrace.

CLOSSIN

You okay?

Rolando nods.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

We have to go.

ROLANDO

Where?

CLOSSIN

North.

EXT. YUMA STATION PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

Hoyland walks with other SENIOR BORDER PATROL AGENTS to his
SUV.

HOYLAND

Until we have authorization to
enter Mexico, I want every man
possible on that border. Clossin
knows our routes and sensor layout,
so we need people covering the
areas that are light on patrol.

EXT. AMERICAN/MEXICAN BORDER - AFTERNOON

Border Patrol SUVs patrol the border. Agents on ATVs also
roam the desert, while others are on horseback through the
rockier terrain.

EXT. MEXICAN TOWN - LATE AFTERNOON

In an alley, Clossin's on a prepaid cellphone.

CLOSSIN
I got the boy.

INT. AGENT HUBBARD'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

A relieved Agent Hubbard sits with two other men in plain clothes, one of them driving.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
Where are you?

CLOSSIN (O.S.)
Las Flores.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
I'm heading up north tonight.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
There's an abandoned Border Patrol station several miles northwest of the Cabeza Prieta National Wildlife Refuge.

CLOSSIN
I know where it is.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
My agents and I will be there throughout the night. Once you know where you'll be crossing, you call me, and we'll come get you.

CLOSSIN
How hot is it on the border?

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
They're monitoring every possible inch.

CLOSSIN
I'll call you tonight.

Clossin hangs up.

EXT. MEXICO HILLSIDE - SUNSET

A border town in Mexico. Specifically:

SUPER:

Altar, Mexico**50 miles from the U.S. border**

Small, decrepit houses pepper a hillside much like the Hollywood Hills. Just poorer. Two Mexican men play cards on a cheap table underneath a mesquite tree.

A small, makeshift storefront sells bottles of water, alcohol wipes, cheap sneakers and caffeine pills to potential migrants.

A concealed Clossin and Rolando approach a man standing on a corner, a COYOTE.

ROLANDO

We're looking for a ride north.

The coyote eyes Clossin. He doesn't recognize him but sees he's white. And that's enough. He looks back at Rolando.

COYOTE

Two thousand for you.

ROLANDO

What about him?

The coyote shakes his head.

CLOSSIN

I've got cash. American.

COYOTE

How much?

Clossin reveals a wad of cash. The coyote inspects it before looking up at Clossin.

EXT. ALTAR MIGRANT SHELTER - EVENING

The sun has gone down completely.

Migrants enter the back of a worn out van and fill up three, narrow, vertical rows of seats. One on each side of the van, and one in the middle.

Rolando and Clossin are the last ones to enter. The migrants eye Clossin with suspicion. The van doors close, and it drives off.

EXT. MEXICAN DIRT ROAD - EVENING

The van drives down the unlit, dirt road. The headlights illuminate the dust cloud obscuring the van's wheels.

EXT. MEXICAN CHECKPOINT - EVENING

Still miles away from the border, the migrant van pulls up to a cheap, wooden booth you see at old, parking garages.

I/E. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The driver hands over an envelope of necessary documents. The Mexican checkpoint officer opens the envelope to find a wad of cash. Clossin and Rolando eye the transaction. The checkpoint officer waves the van through.

EXT. MEXICAN DESERT - EVENING

Desolate and totally pitch black. In the distance, the van only distinguished by its headlights drives by.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

The driver shuts off his lights.

DRIVER

Another mile before we hit the
border and the sensors. We go on
foot from there.

Clossin grabs his duffel bag, as Rolando and the migrants ready their belongings.

EXT. DESERT - EVENING

The van comes to a stop. The driver opens the rear doors. Clossin and the migrants filter out. Rolando struggles with two large containers of water.

CLOSSIN

Leave it, we're only going to the
border.

Rolando drops the water, when an argument distracts them. It's the driver and a female migrant.

FEMALE MIGRANT

We paid in full already!

DRIVER

That was just payment to the border. You want to go any further it's another thousand.

FEMALE MIGRANT

That wasn't the deal.

DRIVER

It is now.

Clossin approaches.

CLOSSIN

What's the problem?

DRIVER

Border Patrol's increased their numbers recently. The price has gone up.

MALE MIGRANT #1

We don't have that kind of money.

MALE MIGRANT #2

You know how long it took to come up with that much?!

Male Migrant #2 grabs the driver angrily. The driver pulls a gun, forcing everyone to back off. Clossin stays back with Rolando.

DRIVER

Anyone have the money to go further?

No one does. Gun on the migrants, the driver enters the van and drives off. Some of the migrants slap the van and run after it.

Other migrants look off at the dark American desert that goes on forever. Some cry in despair. Clossin sympathizes but he's got his own problems.

CLOSSIN

Let's go.

ROLANDO

What about them? They have no shot out there by themselves.

CLOSSIN

We've got everybody looking for us.
We take them along, and we're
asking to be caught.

ROLANDO

There are bandits and militia out
there. Many have been killed--

CLOSSIN

It's not my problem or yours.

The migrants start to walk off to America. Clossin pulls his
cellphone to call Agent Hubbard. He then sees a migrant
woman with her 7-year-old daughter. The daughter looks back
at Clossin. He thinks of the Shirley Temple girl.

Clossin holds the cellphone to his ear. RING. Agent Hubbard
picks up.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

I'm about to cross.

INT. AGENT HUBBARD'S BORDER PATROL SUV - CONTINUOUS

Agent Hubbard sits in the parked SUV with the other men.
Just outside is the abandoned Border Patrol station.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD

Where?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION:

CLOSSIN

About eight miles west from where
Carretera Federal 2 meets the
border.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD

I'll be there in thirty minutes.

Clossin eyes the young girl heading for America with her
mother.

CLOSSIN

Don't bother.

What?

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)

I'll meet you at the abandoned
station.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
What's going on?

CLOSSIN
Something I don't fucking
understand.

He hangs up. Agent Hubbard's beyond frustrated.

Migrants head off, when Clossin walks to the front of the group. The migrant leading the way stops and eyes him.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
There are sensors all over that
sector. You want to go west for a
mile then head up north. It'll
take longer, but you'll avoid the
UGS.

The male migrant can tell Clossin's sincere.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
I can take you past the sensors,
then you're on your own.

The migrant looks at the others. What choice do they have?
A nod. Clossin looks back at the group and at Rolando. Then
LEADS them.

EXT. AMERICAN/MEXICAN BORDER - LATE EVENING

A sign that's written in Spanish and English:

BOUNDARY OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARY AND WATER COMMISSION

A barbed wire fence separates the two countries.

CLOSSIN
Who has the cutters?

A woman steps up with them in hand. Clossin cuts an opening.
A glow just over the hill to the left. From headlights.
Clossin hangs back and gets low to the ground. He gestures
the others to do the same.

A Border Patrol SUV drives past. Several migrants get up.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
No, wait.

The migrants freeze. Seconds pass, when the Border Patrol SUV returns with a spotlight on the fence. The light hovers over their heads, as the migrants take cover in the tall, dead grass. Clossin and the others hold their breath.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Just give it a few seconds.

They do. The spotlight turns off. The Border Patrol leaves.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Now.

Clossin helps the others open the breach and assists them through.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Go. We have a few minutes before
the next patrol.

The migrants rush through, as Rolando brings up the rear.

EXT. DESERT - LATE EVENING

Clossin leads the migrants through the dark desert. A woman falls. Others help her up. Clossin checks on her.

CLOSSIN
Do you have any water?

She shakes her head. Clossin gestures Rolando for some water which he provides. She drinks. It's almost empty.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Where's the rest?

ROLANDO
You told me to leave it.

CLOSSIN
Who needs water?

More than half the migrants raise their hands.

EXT. DESERT - LATER

Clossin leads the migrants to a blue tarp surrounded by desert shrubs. He lifts it up to reveal plastic, gallon containers of water. All punctured.

Clossin lifts one of the punctured containers. Water drips from it. This was done recently.

CLOSSIN
Everyone stay close and be quiet.

EXT. DESERT - LATE EVENING

Clossin leads the migrants to a new location with another tarp. Several of the migrants are hurting. Clossin lifts up the tarp. The full water containers haven't been touched.

CLOSSIN
Quickly, we have to keep moving--

A bat hits Clossin in the gut. Clossin falls. Migrants run, as men emerge from the darkness, tackling a few to the ground. They're dressed like fanatic paintballers, but they're armed with real guns. They're militia MINUTEMEN.

MINUTEMAN #1 kicks at the woman with the young daughter. She's covering up her child, as a boot strikes her side. Rolando comes to her aide only to be BACKHANDED.

Concealed in shadows, Clossin gets up and disarms MINUTEMAN #2. He takes Minuteman #2's gun and presses it against his head. Gun cock. The attackers turn.

MINUTEMAN #1
Drop the fucking gun, carnie.

CLOSSIN
(still in shadow)
I ain't a fucking carnie.

A flashlight shines on Clossin's face.

MINUTEMAN #1
It's that guy.

CLOSSIN
I think you all better move along.
Head back home.

MINUTEMAN #1
Or what? You're going to shoot him?

CLOSSIN
You've seen the news. You think I'm going to think twice about shooting a Monday morning vigilante quarterback?

MINUTEMAN #1
Fuck this.

Minuteman #1 raises his gun. Clossin immediately fires his gun past Minuteman #2's ear, deafening him.

MINUTEMAN #2

Fuck!

Clossin eyes Minuteman #1. Don't try me.

MINUTEMAN #2 (CONT'D)

You all just going to stand there?!
What the fuck!

MINUTEMAN #1

Shut the fuck up!

Minuteman #1 and Clossin stare each other down.

CLOSSIN

I'll let your man go, when we're
away from here. You follow us,
I'll have better aim.

MINUTEMAN #1

... Let's go.

Minuteman #1 walks away with others. Gun still on Minuteman #2, Clossin looks to the other migrants who cower on the ground.

CLOSSIN

Get your water. Those guys are
going to call the Border Patrol.

The migrants grab whatever water containers they can. Clossin looks over at Rolando who helps the migrant mother and daughter up.

EXT. DESERT MOUNTAINS - LATE EVENING

Clossin stops on a hilltop overlooking the desert. He sees the abandoned Border Patrol checkpoint. He leans in to Minuteman #2 who's now blindfolded.

CLOSSIN

You run in the direction I send
you. You look back, I shoot you.
Understand?

MINUTEMAN #2

Yeah.

Clossin shoves him away, and he runs off. Clossin eyes the migrants.

CLOSSIN

This is our stop. You'll want to keep heading east. Go through those hills. They're dangerous, but Border Patrol can't get up there even on horses.

MALE MIGRANT

Thank you.

He shakes Clossin's hand and gestures to the others. They head off. Each one nods at Clossin, as they pass. They wouldn't have made it this far without him.

Rolando walks up to Clossin. They look at the abandoned Border Patrol station in the distance. CHUD... CHUD... CHUD... the familiar sound of the BP Black Hawk. Clossin checks his cellphone. He has NO SIGNAL.

EXT. ABANDONED BORDER PATROL STATION - LATE EVENING

Clossin and Rolando quietly approach. He tries a door, but it's chained. Clossin moves around the building to the next door. It opens.

EXT. DESERT - LATE EVENING

Border Patrol agents on horseback talk with Minuteman #2. He points in the direction of the abandoned Border Patrol station.

INT. ABANDONED BORDER PATROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Clossin and Rolando enter, as their steps echo throughout the space. Clossin turns on a flashlight. The place is half-filled with office furniture in random placement.

CLOSSIN

She said she'd be here.

The Black Hawk rumbling gets louder. Clossin checks his phone. Still no signal. Footsteps. Clossin gestures Rolando to hide under a desk.

Clossin crouches beside an open doorway. Someone approaches. Clossin grabs the man and slams him against the wall, gun at his head.

MALE (O.S.)

Don't shoot.

CLOSSIN
Who are you?

Flashlights beam on them. Agent Hubbard steps forward with another man, guns on Clossin. She relaxes.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Who is this?

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
Your protection.

CLOSSIN
You trust them?

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
They're my brothers.

Clossin lowers his gun.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD (CONT'D)
Border Patrol's swarming this area.
We have to go now.

Just then HEADLIGHTS flash against their face. Multiple ones.

EXT. ABANDONED BORDER PATROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Border Patrol vehicles arrive and agents exit with weapons aimed at the entrances. Hoyland exits one vehicle with Tedesco and Villegas, as more vehicles arrive.

HOYLAND
I want agents at every exit. I'm taking a small team inside. I don't want anyone else coming in until I give the go ahead.

Hoyland looks at his men which total five. Men that are in on the scheme.

INT. ABANDONED BORDER PATROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Clossin looks at Agent Hubbard. It's too late.

CLOSSIN
We have to go out there.

What?

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
 Not every agent outside is on
 Hoyland's payroll. You handcuff me
 and the boy and take us out at
 gunpoint. You tell them you
 apprehended us, it's the only way--

BANG! BANG! The chained doors are SMASHED open. Agents
 cautiously enter. Then Hoyland. Clossin and the others duck
 down.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
 We have to find a way out.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
 We'll split up. I'll stay with
 Clossin and the boy. You find
 anything, text it to me.

Staying low, Agent Hubbard's brothers scurry off, while
 Clossin, Rolando and Agent Hubbard head toward the back.

INT. ABANDONED STATION BACK ENTRANCE - LATE EVENING

Clossin sees the back door. He tries to open it but it's
 locked. He pulls out his gun.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
 They'll hear us.

CLOSSIN
 It's the only way out.

Clossin shoots at the lock.

EXT. ABANDONED STATION BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Border Patrol agents guarding the door react to the gun shots
 and fire back.

INT. ABANDONED STATION BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Clossin and the others duck down, as bullets zing by.

INT. ABANDONED BORDER PATROL STATION - CONTINUOUS

Hoyland points at Tedesco and Villegas to go right. Hoyland
 takes the other two agents to the left to flank Clossin.

INT. ABANDONED STATION BACK ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

On the floor, Clossin covers Rolando as bullets fly over them. They scamper along the floor until they turn a corner. Clossin helps Rolando to his feet to run, when Tedesco and Villegas appear.

BLAM! BLAM! BLAM! Gunfire.

Clossin and Agent Hubbard fire away and fatally hit Villegas in the neck. Tedesco fires away with a submachine gun and GUNS DOWN Agent Hubbard.

Clossin grabs Rolando and pushes through a nearby door.

Hoyland and the other agents catch up to Tedesco.

TEDESCO
They went in there.

INT. ABANDONED CHECKPOINT GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

It's a large garage that holds about thirty outdated and damaged Border Patrol vehicles. Clossin and Rolando hide behind an SUV. He checks his gun and sees he's only got two bullets left.

Hoyland and his men peek into the doorway. He tries a light switch. Nothing.

He gestures for them to split up. Tedesco takes the left. The other two agents go up the middle separately, and Hoyland splits right.

Clossin and Rolando continue to sneak from vehicle to vehicle, as they look for a way out.

One agent sees them and fires. BLAM! The bullet shatters the window to a Border Patrol SUV. Clossin takes Rolando and hurries behind another SUV. The Task Force agent unloads.

Clossin waits for a pause in the gunfire. He rises and fires his final two bullets. Both tag the agent, and he goes down.

Clossin tosses the empty gun and moves Rolando behind another vehicle.

Hoyland, Tedesco and the other agent move in and find the dead agent. Tedesco then nods at something. Clossin's gun. He's unarmed. Hoyland picks up the agent's submachine gun.

Clossin and Rolando find themselves in a corner. With no door. Rolando sees the pursuer's shadows closing in.

Clossin then notices something in one of the Border Patrol SUVs. A standard issue Border Patrol UMP submachine gun. Clossin tries to open the door but it's locked. He elbows the window.

Tedesco hears it and starts to run toward them.

ROLANDO
He's coming!

Clossin grabs the gun in time. Tedesco thought he was unarmed. Clossin pulls the trigger. BLAM! Tedesco goes down. The other agent appears just around the SUV. Clossin shoots again. BLAM! The other agent falls back, dead.

From behind, Hoyland grabs Rolando and puts a gun to his head.

HOYLAND
Put the gun down, Cade.

Clossin keeps his gun on Hoyland.

CLOSSIN
Why? You're going to kill us
either way.

HOYLAND
What are you going to do? Shoot
me? Then what?

Scuffling. It's Agent Hubbard, shot and weakened. She's held up by her brothers who have their guns on Hoyland.

CLOSSIN
It's over, Hoyland.

Hoyland knows it's true but won't lower his gun.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
You can't cover this up.

HOYLAND
I've been covering your ass for
years, and this is how you repay
me.

CLOSSIN
I'm a fucking joke, remember?

HOYLAND
Yeah... a real fuck up...

CLOSSIN
Let the kid go.

Clossin spots Hoyland's finger actually pressing against the trigger.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Let him go, Hoyland!

HOYLAND
What else do I got?!

CLOSSIN
Down, Rolando!

Hoyland's finger's about to pull the trigger. Clossin aims high and fires three bullets. They each hit Hoyland in the chest, and he falls backward.

Rolando runs off to Agent Hubbard and her brothers. Clossin walks up to Hoyland and kicks away his gun. He had a bulletproof vest on, and Clossin purposely aimed for it and not the head. He wants him alive.

EXT. ABANDONED BORDER PATROL STATION - SUNRISE

Border Patrol agents have their guns ready on the main door.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD (O.S.)
This is agent Jami Hubbard with the
Border Corruption Task Force. I'm
coming out with Cade Clossin and
Patrick Hoyland. Do not fire.

The agents look at each other, as they keep their weapons ready. The door opens. Weapons holstered, Agent Hubbard's brother leads a handcuffed Clossin and Hoyland outside. Agent Hubbard's other brother helps her out with Rolando.

The agents observe in confusion. Hoyland? Clossin eyes the agents staring back. He looks at them with conviction, without fear. He then looks at Rolando. It's over.

INT. YUMA STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - MORNING

Arm in a sling, Agent Hubbard sits with a handcuffed Clossin, as he talks to senior Border Patrol and Task Force agents. Agent Hubbard shows them case files that Clossin uncovered.

In a neighboring interrogation room, Rolando speaks to another set of agents. Their side of the story is being heard.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

With an armed Border Corruption Task Force agent keeping watch, Hoyland recovers from his wounds. His wife is beside him, holding his hand.

Just then senior Border Corruption Task Force agents enter. The look on their faces say it all. Hoyland's done.

Series of arrests:

-- Two local Yuma policemen are rounded up and escorted from their station.

-- A Border Patrol agent is arrested from the locker room, while changing into his uniform.

-- And lastly, unrelated to the gun running scheme, the human smugglers Clossin worked with are raided and arrested from their truck garage. Children who were about to be trafficked quietly watch.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - EVENING

An armed guard stands outside the door. Agent Hubbard escorts Clossin to the room.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - EVENING

Clossin and Agent Hubbard enter to see Rolando, lying on the bed watching television. He gets up and runs to Clossin. Embrace. Agent Hubbard quietly watches.

Clossin glances at the TV. It's the national news, and a SENIOR BORDER PATROL agent is talking to reporters.

SENIOR BORDER PATROL AGENT
Once the facts come out as we get
closer to trial, people will find
that Cade Clossin was not only
innocent throughout all this, but
he was also the man who brought
those who were guilty to justice...

Clossin can only feel vindication.

INT. YUMA STATION LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Clossin is in plain clothes. He cleans out his locker and places items in a cardboard box. He looks at his uniform hanging in the locker and the Border Patrol badge on it.

He leaves it in there. The locker closes.

INT. YUMA STATION HALLWAY - DAY

Clossin walks down the hallway one last time. A Border Patrol agent stops.

BORDER PATROL AGENT
Hey, good luck to you.

CLOSSIN
(handshake)
Thanks.

FEMALE (O.S.)
Clossin...

Clossin turns. It's Agent Hubbard with her signature limp, arm still in a sling but her other wounds have healed.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
Got a second?

INT. YUMA STATION OFFICE - DAY

Clossin and Agent Hubbard enter.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
I heard you returned to counseling.

CLOSSIN
I did. Still don't think it'll work.

Agent Hubbard smiles. Some things don't change.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
I'm going to do my best to help you avoid jail time for the trafficking.

CLOSSIN
I appreciate it, but a part of me doesn't want you to.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
You'll be glad to know we saved a number of children in the arrest.

Clossin nods. It still doesn't make up for the ones that were lost due to him.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD (CONT'D)
I'll let you know when the trial
dates are set. Until then, I don't
recommend you going on any trips.

CLOSSIN
Where would I go?

Clossin shows the GPS ankle bracelet he has on.

AGENT JAMI HUBBARD
We contacted Rolando's extended
family. They're on their way.
Considering the circumstances,
we're going to expedite the process
so he can get asylum.

Clossin nods, happy to hear the news.

CLOSSIN
Where is he?

INT. YUMA STATION DETENTION AREA - DAY

Carrying his box, Clossin enters. He glances at the migrants
locked up and sees them differently now.

Rolando sits in a waiting area by himself. Clossin enters
and sits next to him. Rolando hands him a brown, grocery
bag. Clossin reaches inside and pulls out his son's shirt
that Rolando wore. Washed and neatly folded.

CLOSSIN
You sure you don't want it?

ROLANDO
It's not mine.

Clossin returns the shirt to the bag.

CLOSSIN
So this is it. The reason you came
all the way up here.

Rolando's clearly nervous.

ROLANDO
What if my aunt doesn't want me?

CLOSSIN
You won't be sent back to Mexico.

His aunt is all the family he's got left. A BORDER PATROL AGENT enters.

BORDER PATROL AGENT
Your family's here.

A nervous Rolando nods. Clossin gets up.

ROLANDO
Can you stay?

CLOSSIN
... Sure.

Clossin sits back down. Seconds pass. Then the door opens. Rolando's AUNT appears. As soon as she sees Rolando, she hurries to him with open arms. Embrace. Her husband and two children enter and observe. Along with Clossin.

ROLANDO'S AUNT
You look just like your mother.

She kisses him. Rolando cries.

ROLANDO'S AUNT (CONT'D)
Meet your uncle and cousins.

She gestures over her husband and children. Picking up his box, Clossin quietly gets up and walks to the door. He looks back at Rolando fully engrossed with his family. His dream came true.

INT. YUMA STATION HALLWAY - DAY

Carrying his box, Clossin walks down the hallway, thinking of Rolando. He may never see him again.

ROLANDO (O.S.)
Senor Clossin...

Clossin turns to see Rolando walking up to him. He hands him an envelope.

Clossin opens it. It's the photo of Rolando and his sister. He knows how much it means to Rolando and tries to hand it back.

CLOSSIN
I can't...

ROLANDO
It's just a loan. Until your kids come back from vacation.

Clossin's touched and almost gets away without showing it.

CLOSSIN
That may be awhile.

ROLANDO
Maybe not.

CLOSSIN
... Thank you.

ROLANDO
Will you stay in touch?

CLOSSIN
Probably not.

They share a smile. Rolando's grin fades.

ROLANDO
(in English)
Good bye.

Rolando tears up. Clossin's able to hold his back. Barely.

CLOSSIN
You'll need to learn more English
than that.

The smiles return.

CLOSSIN (CONT'D)
Get back in there. You'll see me
again.

Rolando slowly turns and walks back to his family. He looks back at Clossin one last time before disappearing into the room. Clossin stands alone in the hallway.

INT. CLOSSIN'S CAR - DAY

Sitting in the Yuma Station parking lot, Clossin enters and sits quietly. He looks inside the box. There's the birthday card for his son. He eyes the address on the envelope.

INT. CLOSSIN'S SECOND BEDROOM - EVENING

His son's dresser opens. He returns the folded t-shirt and pants. He then places the shoes in the closet. He eyes his children's clothing. And it hits him. Everything he's been in denial about. Everything he's rationalized.

INT. BEDROOM - EVENING

The digital clock reads 11:52 P.M. Clossin lies in bed with his eyes open, gazing at his smoke alarm battery light once again. On. Off. On. Off.

He looks at the photo of Rolando and Gabriela. He came all this way not to see his family. But to be with them.

Clossin suddenly rises.

EXT. HIGHWAY - EVENING

Clossin's sedan drives past.

CLOSSIN (V.O.)
My son was born on a Thursday and
was named after his grandfather,
Kent...

His car takes the exit for Phoenix Sky Harbor International Airport.

INT. AIRPLANE - MORNING

Head propped on an airline pillow, Clossin watches the sunrise in the horizon.

CLOSSIN (V.O.)
... He'd seen me hit his mother
several times. Most of the time,
he'd hide in his room. But on
another Thursday, he'd seen
enough...

I/E. O'HARE INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - MORNING

Clossin exits the gate with his duffel bag.

CLOSSIN (V.O.)
... Kent tried to protect his
mother. He punched his own father.
Even got in front of his mom,
hoping his father wouldn't hit him.
He was wrong...

Clossin stands outside, as a cab pulls up.

EXT. CHICAGO RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

A taxi stops before a brick apartment building that has only six units. Clossin exits.

INT. CHICAGO APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Clossin enters the foyer. He checks the unit number on the birthday card envelope. The last name matches that on the respective buzzer.

CLOSSIN (V.O.)
 ... For three years, his mother
 would explain to him that his
 father didn't know what he was
 doing. That he was drunk. That he
 couldn't even remember that
 night...

Clossin takes a breath. He raises his finger to press the buzzer. It pauses just an inch away. Press.

He waits for any kind of response. Nothing. Figures. He turns to leave, when--

BUZZ!

Clossin stares at the door that will now open if he pulls. The continuous BUZZ keeps going. Clossin feels all kinds of emotions. Nerves. Fear. Excitement. Doubt.

CLOSSIN (V.O.)
 ... But the truth was...

His hand reaches for the door.

BLACK.

CLOSSIN (V.O.)
 ... He remembered it all.

The BUZZ stops.

FADE TO BLACK: