

OVER THE LINE
"The Morningstar"

"PILOT"

By

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TEASER

EXT. VAST DESERT - NIGHT

An ambient blood-red hue cascades over the desert as the sun descends behind a near-by ridge. Over the ridge, a coyote and her two pups appear basking in the death-glow.

A faint RUMBLING sound can be heard in the distance...

The coyote and her pups scatter as three Hispanics peel over the ridge. VICTOR GUERRERO, mid-thirties, along with a PREGNANT WOMAN and her teenage daughter, FE ROSA REYNOSO.

The RUMBLING sound grows closer. Terror in their faces. Something is following them...

... A JEEP rips over us -- dust and rocks splinter out like shrapnel.

INT. JEEP - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Two men are inside the jeep, wearing ski-masks. MAN #1, driving. MAN #2, sitting shot-gun. Between them, a light CHATTER can be heard coming from a CB RADIO.

Man #1 checks his wrist watch--

MAN #1
It's takin' too long.

MAN #2
Just drive. We got time.

JEEP HEADLIGHTS POV

The three prey are slowly becoming engulfed by the jeeps headlights.

Victor lags behind, trying to hurry-up the two women. As the jeep nears, he veers off to the right--

INT. JEEP - MOVING - CONTINUOUS

Man #2 pulls out a pistol and twists a silencer on--

MAN #2
Slow down.

MAN #1

What?

Man #2 takes the gun and points it at his accomplice's head, and with a dry, relaxed tone:

MAN #2

I said: slow down.

The jeep slows and is soon right beside Victor.

Man #2 takes aim and fires a single shot. Victor drops and tumbles out of the remaining light.

MAN #2

Stop.

The jeep skids to a halt.

EXT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Man #2 gets out, slams the door--

MAN #2

I'm goin' after him. You go get our chickens.

Man #1 sits, hesitant. Man #2 pulls up his ski-mask. This is ADAM BALLESTEROS, early thirties and his devilish grin frames a set of crooked teeth that surround a single gold tooth.

ADAM

Do I need to remind you what's at the end of the rainbow? Go.

The jeep peels off. Adam pulls his ski-mask back down and begins a slow jog. In the distance, Victor makes his way back up the ridge.

INT. JEEP - MOVING - NIGHT

Man #1, drives erratically, catching up to the two women.

EXT. RIDGE - NIGHT

Adam reaches the peak of the ridge and looks onto a valley. Far in the distance some light: MEXICO.

ANGLE ON A BOULDER

Victor crouches behind the boulder, bleeding from his arm.
Adam walks into view--

Victor leaps out and knocks the gun out of Adam's hand. They
struggle, fall to the ground--

Adam flips Victor on his back and straddles him. He wraps
his hands around Victor's throat--

Victor, struggling, manages to rip off Adams ski-mask--

They stare at each other for a split second -- a recognition
-- before Victor clocks Adam on the side of his head--

Victor runs off into the darkness--

Adam searches for his gun, finds it and fires off randomly
into the black--

BACK TO: JEEP HEADLIGHTS POV

The jeep is right on top of the two women. The pregnant
women veers to the left, Fe Rosa to the right.

The jeep slows; the Mother coyote dashes across as--

--the jeep barrels through the coyote, skidding into a 360.
The back end slams into the pregnant women, sending her into
the air...

The jeep comes to a full stop.

EXT. JEEP - CONTINUOUS

Man #1 gets out and runs to the carnage. The coyote and the
pregnant women lie close-together.

MAN #1
Oh, Jesus.

Fe Rosa is on top of him, screaming and thrashing.
Incoherent.

MAN #1
Please...please. Calm down.

Fe Rosa continues to flail violently. Man #1, tightly
embracing the young girl, pulls off his Ski-mask--

--WADE EPSON (50), with a tired, weathered face that's seen
the worst the world's had to offer.

The screaming slowly turns to a sob -- the flailing, to a defeated, dead weight.

Fe Rosa goes silent. Her eyes are glassy and blank as she sinks to the ground. Wade sinks with her, both in their own world...

WADE

(slow and surrealistically)

Wasn't supposed to go this way,
okay? Not like this. Do you
understand?

The girl looks up at him, eyes almost see-through.

FE ROSA

(In Spanish)

Are you the Devil?

Wade, reluctantly, pulls of a bundle of rope from his belt.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. MANUFACTURED HOME - LOT - DAY

A few homes sit spread out in the middle of the desert. From one home an incessant THUDDING can be heard.

INT. MANUFACTURED HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Two girls sleep on a single-style bed in a cramped bedroom. The two girls are CHELSEA (15) and EMMA (6). The THUDDING sound continues from outside...

INT. MANUFACTURED HOME - OTHER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is neat and sparse. A single-sized bed in the corner. No artistic touches, bright colors or feng shui going on here. Could pass as a room in some kind of military barracks.

A few "Guns and Ammo" magazines lie around. THUDDING sound continues...

EXT. BACK OF HOME - CONTINUOUS

The THUDDING sound comes from RAYLA (RAY) BURKE. A tough, lean woman in her late thirties; looks as though she could have been a beauty-queen but prefers to wear a bad attitude over a crown.

She stands in front of an old heavy-bag taking calculated, hard shots.

Chelsea sticks her head out of a window, behind Ray--

CHELSEA
(groggy)
Aunt Ray? Aunt Ray?

Ray takes one last shot at the bag before she turns to Chelsea...

CHELSEA
It's not even six yet. What are you doing?

Ray says nothing as she walks into the house.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Chelsea and Emma sit at the table as Ray, now wearing a BORDER PATROL UNIFORM, serves them waffles. As the plate hits the table in front of Chelsea, a displeased look washes over her face--

CHELSEA

Eggos? Four days in a row?

RAY

Don't fight me, okay. Just eat.

Chelsea unwillingly obeys. Ray moves the counter to start up some coffee. She goes through a pile of bills.

EMMA

I like eggos.

RAY

You see. Emma likes eggos.

Chelsea slides her plate over to Emma. She lights up.

RAY

We'll go to the store after school, okay? What ever you guys want, so think about it.

EXT. BORDER PATROL STATION - DAY

To establish--

INT. BORDER PATROL STATION - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Ray sits alone in the meeting room as a few people start to walk in.

Adam walks in (dressed in a border patrol uniform), along with STEVE, Early forties, clean-cut, handsome, the quintessential "bring home to Mom" kind of guy. Steve is also Ray's partner and there's obvious history between them.

Ray stands up to greet--

STEVE

Hey Ray. Good to have you back.

Ray can't help but to smile. It's the first time she's looked happy.

They hug. Ray tries to Cherish it but it quickly turns to a rough "BRO" kind of hug. Adam walks up behind Steve. Her smile quickly turns forced. She nods at Adam--

STEVE

This is Adam. Our young-blood.
Fresh out.

Ray and Adam shake hands. He smiles his crooked smile, brandishing his gold tooth.

RAY

How's it goin'?

ADAM

Good. I was excited to meet you.
Heard all good things.

Ray shrugs this off. As the room fills up their conversation is interrupted by Supervisory Field Agent CARLOS DIAZ, late forties, stalky and tough. He stands at the front and commands the room--

CARLOS

Alright, lady and girls. A few things on the docket before we head out. First off, for all you who don't know, we have our very own Rayla Burke back in action and ready to kick the shit outta the day. All you newborns watch and learn how it's done. Come on, quit twiddling your thumbs and show her some love.

The room erupts in "welcome back's" and "good to see ya's."

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Second, as some of you know, our boy Stevie -- just the other day -- turned down a ten-thousand-dollar bribe from a spicy little senorita.

The room erupts again in jesting hollers.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

We got anybody in here with a psyche degree so we can get this bastards head examined?

The room laughs.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Point is: these are the kind of agents we want backin' us up. Alright, enough kiss-ass. Playtime's over. You got your assignments. Let's go to work.

INT. BORDER PATROL TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Steve drives; Ray sits shotgun. Silence... before Steve breaks it--

STEVE

You know, I meant to come by. Just been real busy with Linda and the baby.

RAY

Yeah, Linda. I can only imagine.

They share a quick smile.

STEVE

Honestly though. I really wanted to see you. Not just because of what happened to John.

RAY

Life's - life. Shit happens.

Their conversation is interrupted by the CB--

OVER CB: "Omaha has word of a possible dead duck in your sector. Half-a-click off the main ridge."

EXT. DESERT - DAY

The truck pulls up. Ray and Steve get out. They walk toward the ridge. Ray hurries out in front.

STEVE

Keep your eyes peeled.

Ray makes her way toward what looks like a body. She approaches and kneels beside it. She covers her face from the stench.

Behind Steve, a group of Hispanic men run past. Steve turns--

STEVE

Alto. Ray, let's move.

Ray is frozen as she stares at the woman's belly. A decaying fetus protrudes from the half-eaten stomach.

Dizzy, Ray stands up and wobbles backwards.

RAY'S POV - Shaky. Everything goes white as we hurdle toward the ground--

SMASH TO BLACK:

INT. CARLOS'S OFFICE - DAY

Ray sits in front of Carlos's desk, holding a bag of ice to her head. A beat. Carlos enters, talking to himself, mind sputtering, stream of consciousness--

CARLOS

Got word from over the line. Looks like there was a Fifteen-year-old girl with 'em. Most likely the Woman's daughter. Another ambush. No more room for the meek...
(staring off; catches himself)
How ya feelin'?

RAY

Fifteen?

CARLOS

Yeah...but you? How's the head?

RAY

I'm fine. It was a fluke. It's not gonna happen again.

Carlos ponders a moment...

CARLOS

I know. I'm gonna ask you to finish your leave time.

RAY

That's not necessary, Carlos. It was a fluke, you know. It was-- I'm fine. I can do my job.

CARLOS

I'm no longer askin'. What, between John passing and you getting the

CARLOS
 girls, that's, uh, maybe two
 months? You came back to soon Ray.
 All that -- It's enough to break
 anyone down.

(beat)

I'm gonna keep this incident out of
 the books. Already talked to Steve.
 I want you to take your last two
 months and do something for your
 self. Take a vacation. Rest up. You
 need it, Ray. You graspin' what I'm
 sayin'?

RAY

I don't need a God-damn vacation. I
 need to work.

CARLOS

Well, considering you just passed
 out in the middle of the desert,
 leaving your partner to fend for
 himself, I think it's safe to say
 you're not ready to come back to
 work.

(beat)

Look, two months. You'll be back
 before you know it. All for the
 better. I'm trying to help you
 here.

Ray sits, blood boiling -- and then excepting defeat.

RAY

I know.

CARLOS

What is it? Money? You know we all
 have your back here. We can pull
 together and help you out.

RAY

No. No, It's fine. We're fine.

Ray gets up and heads for the door.

CARLOS

Two months, Ray.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DAY

A lone, ranch-style home nestled in the desert. The outskirts of Naco, AZ-proper. It looks as though one side of the house has been undergoing renovations for awhile.

Ray drives up and gets out. She walks to the door, which is ajar--

INT. RANCH HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Ray creeps in. She unbuckles her holster, pulls out her gun--

INT. BEDROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Lying on the bed is PENNY BURKE, John's widow and mother to Emma and Chelsea. She's messy, wearing a bathrobe and trying not to spill the contents of her martini glass as she makes a drug transaction from A thuggish looking character--

--DAVID ORTIZ, late twenties, is spilling out various pills from pill bottles onto a dresser at the front of the bed, selling his product--

DAVID

OxyContin -- 80 milligrams -- cream of the crop. Cut one of these bad boys in half and you'll be sittin' pretty. Snort that shit with a few of these...

(holding up a pill)

...you'll be dancin' with Elvis by midnight.

PENNY

I never was very fond of Elvis.

DAVID

Who you like?

PENNY

Oh...Connie Francis. I love Connie Francis.

DAVID

Connie Francis, here we come.

David takes three pills and places them on Penny's tongue.

DAVID (CONT'D)
So what? How much you want?

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Ray inches down the hallway.

PENNY (O.S.)
All of it.

DAVID (O.S.)
All of it? That's six hundred
clams.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

PENNY
All of it.

DAVID
Damn lady. I like your style. I'm
gonna have to party with you one
day.

As David gets the transaction in order, Ray walks in from the b.g., gun drawn. The barrel taps the back of David's head--

DAVID (CONT'D)
Oh shit.

RAY
Who the fuck are you?

DAVID
Easy. I was just tryin' to help
your friend out. That's all.

Ray looks around the room, assesses the situation.

PENNY
Don't be a party pooper, Ray.

RAY
Shut up.
(to David)
Get the fuck out.

David slowly turns around and sees Ray in her uniform...

DAVID

Yes ma'am.

David gathers his things and leaves.

RAY

Real nice. Really? Six hundred dollars? You can't pay the mortgage, I'm taking care of your kids and your over here acting like some bitch from a Cassavetes movie. Do you have any clue what I'm dealing with?

PENNY

How dare you. I never asked for your help.

RAY

Yeah, well...you need it.

PENNY

You act just like him. You think your brother was so perfect. He wasn't.

Ray grabs the six hundred bucks that lies on the edge of the bed. She takes two hundred and throws the rest at Penny.

RAY

There. Say hi to Connie for me.

Ray walks out as Penny yells:

PENNY

I wanna see my kids God dammit.

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Ray goes through cupboards, taking a box of cereal and various food. She moves to the other side of the kitchen and notices something in the trash can. She reaches in and digs out several items:

--looses paper work -- several pictures of John -- picture of Ray and JOHN, BOTH wearing BORDER PATROL UNIFORMS -- TWO MEDALS: COMMISSIONERS EXCEPTIONAL SERVICE MEDAL -- BORDER PATROL PURPLE CROSS.

She hugs all the items under her arm and walks out.

EXT. RAY'S HOME - NIGHT

Ray stands in front of the door, smoking a cigarette. After a few moments a car pulls up. Ray quickly flicks the smoke.

INT. CAR - SAME TIME

Inside the car are Chelsea and JOSH, finishing off the end of a joint. As the car comes to a stop, the cars headlights flash over the front porch, lighting up Ray.

CHELSEA

Shit.

Chelsea smashes the roach into an ashtray.

JOSH

Is that your mom?

CHELSEA

No, it's my aunt. She can be a total bitch.

JOSH

You in trouble?

CHELSEA

I don't know. I really don't care.

JOSH

I can talk to her.

CHELSEA

No.

Chelsea's demeanor changes from "girl in trouble" to "seductress" as she pulls Josh in close--

CHELSEA

She'll know somethin's up.

(beat)

Kiss me.

JOSH

I don't--

Chelsea cuts in and forces a kiss--

CHELSEA

I'll call you later.

Chelsea gets out of the car.

EXT. RAY'S HOME - SAME TIME

The car drives off in the b.g. as Chelsea nears the front porch.

RAY
Where were you?

CHELSEA
Out.

Chelsea tries to by-pass her aunt; Ray grabs her by the arm--

RAY
You were supposed to be home two hours ago. Jesus, you reek of pot.

CHELSEA
Don't know what you're talking about.

Chelsea rips her arm away and walks in the house.

INT. RAY'S HOME - LATER

Ray, Chelsea and Emma sit around the table, finishing dinner. A sullen tension hangs over them -- except for Emma who happens to be enjoying her spaghetti.

EMMA
Can we see mom soon?

RAY
Yeah, baby. You'll be able to see her soon. In fact, I was over there today. She's doing much better.

CHELSEA
That's a fucking crock.

RAY
That's not necessary.

CHELSEA
Mom's a junkie, Emma.

EMMA
What's a junkie?

RAY

Enough.

CHELSEA

That means she fucks random guys so she can get a fix. She's probably asphyxiating on her own vomit as we speak.

RAY

Stop.

EMMA

(worried)

What's that?

CHELSEA

Means she's gonna die.

Emma shakes like a little volcano as tears and sobs start to slowly pour out of her.

Ray explodes. She slams her hand down on the table--

RAY

Enough.

Everything goes quiet...

The awkward silence is broken by a knock on the door. Ray gets up and opens the door. Steve and his wife LINDA stand outside. Linda wide-eyed and chipper, holds up a casserole. She speaks with a slight southern twang:

LINDA

Hey y'all.

INT. LIVING SPACE - MOMENTS LATER

CLOSE on a BROCHURE. The front reads: THE ROSE HILL SPA AND RESORT.

WIDEN. Steve and Linda sit on a sofa. Ray sits across from them on a moon chair. Linda is talking up the resort:

LINDA

You'll get full service. Manni's, peddi's, full massage. There's a bunch of different ones you can choose from. I went last year with my sister Ann...wow...the full body is to die for.

Ray, still staring at the brochure.

LINDA
Well...whatta ya think?

RAY
Yeah. Thank you.

STEVE
All the guys back at the station
chipped in. We didn't quite know
what to do, so Linda insisted. It's
good for seven days. Supposed to be
the best resort in the southwest.

RAY
Yeah. No. It's-- It's great. Thank
you.

LINDA
Well, alright then.

EXT. RAY'S HOME - LATER

Linda has Ray in a head-lock of a hug.

LINDA
You enjoy yourself, okay?

Steve and Ray hug.

STEVE
We'll be by first thing to pick up
the girls.

Ray, looking like a tornado hit her.

RAY
Okay. You sure?

LINDA
Of course we're sure.

RAY
Okay.

INT. BATHROOM - NIGHT

CU - moist skin rising and falling in water. Ray is in the tub, looking at her stomach. She slowly brings her hands to her navel, interlocking her fingers, mimicking the way a pregnant woman might hold and cradle the residence of her offspring.

After a moment, Ray breaks down. Hard. This may be the first time in many years. She let's out a wail. Almost inhuman.

Chelsea walks in.

CHELSEA

Oh my God. Aunt Ray, are you alright?

RAY

Gimme a minute.

Chelsea walks out; Ray tries to collect herself.

INT. RAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ray lies in bed, eyes wide open. At random, images of the decayed pregnant woman flash on and off. Ray tries to shut her eyes. To shut out the thoughts. Fed-up, she sits up and lights a cigarette.

EXT. RAY'S HOME - DAY

Ray stands at the driver's side of Steve's SUV. The girls are in the back.

STEVE

Looks like were all set.

RAY

Looks like it.

STEVE

Enjoy yourself, okay?

RAY

I'll try.

The truck drives off.

INT. RAY'S HOME - KITCHEN - LATER

ON A TRASH CAN as the Rose Hill brochure falls in.

INT. RAY'S HOME - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

A full glass of whiskey is on the table by Ray as she looks through all of John's belongings. She goes through various pictures and newspaper clippings.

She stops for a moment and eyes the whiskey. She brings it to her lips... stops... smells it...Puts the glass back down.

She takes a deep, frustrated breath. She goes back to John's things, sifts through a few newspaper headlines...

She stops at one clipping, staring at it. She gets up and moves out of frame, leaving us with the paper--

The headline reads: "LOCAL, OFF-DUTY, BORDER PATROL AGENT THWARTS DRUG DEAL."

INT. RAY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Ray is on the phone:

RAY

Hey Rita. I was wondering if anything came up on that woman we found out in sector three the other day? Yeah...I know your not supposed to...It's me...I'm just wondering...yeah...you got a name? Yeah I know the area. Alright, thanks.

She hangs up and jots something down on a piece of paper.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY

Ray stands in front of a mirror, inspecting herself. She is wearing an oversized coat, baggy jeans and ball cap. She opens her coat to reveal her service pistol hidden away: Glock 9mm. She takes it out and tosses it on the bed--

Next to where the pistol lands is a compact .22 pistol, A Velcro strap and duct tape.

Ray unbuckles her pants, pulls them down. She grabs the .22 and the Velcro, places the pistol high against her inner-thigh, puts one side of the Velcro strap through the trigger-guard and connects it around her thigh.

She grabs the duct tape and forcefully wraps it around the gun and thigh, pulling and tightening as deep as it will go.

She pulls her jeans back up and buckles her belt. She walks back and forth across the room a few times, getting a feel for it. Finally--

She pulls out her badge, looks at it, glances at herself in the mirror, then places her badge on her dresser and walks out.

EXT. BORDER - PORT OF ENTRY - DAY

Ray stands outside the turnstiles, smoking. She takes her last drag, drops the butt and stomps it out. One deep breath.

She Begins walking, passing a sign that says: "¡Bienvenido a NACO, MEXICO!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DESERT - DAY

A row of five Hispanic men, on their knees. They look pitiful. Tired. Dehydrated.

Adam stands before them -- he's badgering them, asking questions in Spanish.

ADAM
(In Spanish)
Are any of you related? Come on,
speak up.

The men shake their heads.

ADAM
(In Spanish)
Drop your packs.

All but one man drops his pack. Adam walks over to this man.

ADAM
Open it.

The man opens his pack. Adam glances inside. His eyes go wide.

ADAM
(In Spanish)
Stash it. Over there.

Adam points to a Pale Verde tree in the distance. The man doesn't budge. He keeps his head down.

Adam, without a second thought, rips the pack off and kicks the man to the ground.

ADAM
(In Spanish)
I said stash it. Don't be stupid.
Move.

The man gets up and drags the pack.

ADAM
(In Spanish)
Hurry up.

Some static bubbles up over his side radio. Adam looks around, anticipating something.

He surveys the wide, stark landscape. He looks out behind him. A beat. Through a mirage, some dust kicks up.

Adam squints, lifts binoculars to his eyes--

BINOCULARS POV - Steve is riding up on an ATV.

Adam lowers the binoculars. He turns to the man with the pack--

ADAM
(In Spanish)
Faster.

The man limps out further but his strength is waning.

Steve gets closer. Adam can see him waving as he closes the gap.

Adam looks back at the man--

ADAM
Fuck.

Feigning urgency, Adam waves down Steve. He looks back to the man. As Steve gets closer--

--Adam runs after the pack man, yelling:

ADAM
One's buggin' out. I got him.

Adam slams into the pack man, taking him to the ground. As Adam finishes cuffing up pack man, Steve pulls up, hops of his ATV--

Draws on the remaining four men--

STEVE
You got him?

Dragging pack man back toward the group...

ADAM
Yeah. I got him. Fucker bolted on me.

Steve looks at the exhausted, depleted man.

STEVE
Doesn't look like he was gonna get to far.

ADAM
Adrenaline. Especially with these
ones.

Adam rips the pack from the man and opens it. It contains several bundles of hundred dollar bills. He shows Steve, then grabs pack man by the collar--

ADAM
(In Spanish)
Where were you going with this?
Huh?

Steve grabs a bottle of water from his ATV... bends down to the man... brings the water bottle up the mans lips... Steve turns to Adam--

STEVE
Your a bit far out here. Your
supposed to be in sector 2 today?
Is that right?

ADAM
Yeah. Tracks led me out. I thought
best not let it slide.

STEVE
Why didn't you call it in?

ADAM
Tracks were fresh.

Steve tries to size Adam up. He knows you always "call it in."

INT. ADAM'S JEEP - DAY

CLOSE ON CELL PHONE. It reads: WADE. CALL.

Adam notices Steve approaching. He flips the phone over. Steve stops at the driver's side window.

STEVE
End total was 25 large. Good first
bust.

ADAM
Thanks.

STEVE
I'm gonna hit the road. Do me a
favor -- next time something like
this happens -- call it in, okay?

ADAM

You got it.

STEVE

Alright. Good job out there.

Steve walks off. Adam's eyes go dark. He Glares at the back of Steve as he's walking away.

He flips his phone over and hits the call button.

INT. STASH HOUSE - SAME TIME

Fe Rosa is tied down to a bed, past out. Spoons, a candle and a few syringes lie on a small table next to her.

Wade hovers over her, placing a band aid on her arm. He twists a wet wash clothe and daps it around her neck and forehead.

His cellphone rings. He answers it.

ADAM (PHONE V.O.)

Did you do it?

EXT. NACO, MEXICO - MIDDLE OF TOWN - DAY

ANGLE ON A LARGE STATUE - It's of a MOTHER FIGURE holding a BABY. TWO CHILDREN (boy and a girl) are draped around each side of her hips.

ANGLE ON RAY - She stands, staring at the statue. Transfixed. Deep in thought -- or maybe without thought. Immersed in some kind of transcendental state. Something about this image...

There is a group of kids behind Ray, playing around with a soccer ball, but everything is silent. No ambient sounds. No thud as one kid kicks the ball. No sounds of voices or laughter. Then--

Everything swells back into reality as the soccer ball hits Ray on the side of her leg. All the sounds and smells and perceptions seem to have flickered back on for Ray.

She squints her eyes as if she's just been flung back into this dimension. Readjusting.

Ray bends down and picks up the ball. As she stands back up she sees that all the kids surround her.

They stare at her awkwardly.

Ray looks at the beat-up soccer ball -- reaches into her pocket, pulls out a piece of paper--

RAY
 (holding out paper, speaking
 Spanish)
 Do any of you know this place?
 Maria Reynoso?

All the children stay quiet. After a moment one boy speaks up--

BOY
 (In Spanish)
 You'll need a taxi.
 (points behind Ray)
 They'll take you there.

Ray nods, hands the ball back. She takes out a twenty-dollar-bill and hands it to the boy--

RAY
 (In Spanish)
 Get a new ball.

All the kids dart away in unison like a flock of ecstatic birds.

EXT. NACO, SONORA - FARMING COMMUNITY - DAY

The taxi pulls up in front of a tiny farm-house. It's a bit run down; may be more realistic to consider it a shack.

Ray gets out, pays for the ride and approaches the door. She knocks. After a long moment...

A short, stout Hispanic woman opens the door.

RAY
 (In Spanish)
 Maria Reynoso?

The woman nods.

RAY
 (In Spanish)
 Fe Rosa's sister?
 (Maria nodding; suspicious)
 I'm was on patrol the other day. I
 found your Mother.

Maria starts putting things together: Ray is border patrol. She goes to shut the door but Ray uses her foot to block it--

RAY
(In Spanish)
Wait. I wanna help.

Maria, confused. She studies Rays face. There is an earnestness and sincerity behind her eyes.

RAY
(In Spanish)
If you're honest with me. Work with me. I may have a shot at finding your sister -- and the people who did that to your Mother.
(letting Maria take this in)
I just need a name. Her pollero?

INT. VICTOR'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON A BANDAGE being removed--

WIDEN. MENA, Victor's wife, 30's, Earthy, Beautiful, is re-dressing Victor's gunshot wound.

On the counter behind them: Hundreds of pill bottles, vitamins, meds, herbs, essential oils, medical supplies...

Mena dabs at the wound--

VICTOR
(In Spanish)
Easy. You sure you want to be a nurse? More like a brick-layer.

MENA
(In Spanish)
Don't be a baby.

There is apparent affection between them but it's subdued by something else. A kind of stress. Mena Slides an envelope over the table to Victor--

MENA
(In Spanish)
This came for you today.

Victor opens the envelope, sifts through a fairly large amount of money. Multiple denominations. Hard to tell exactly how much.

When he reaches the back of the envelope he comes to a piece of paper with five names. Scribbled under each name: Addresses, times, dates...

MENA

(In Spanish)

We agreed: no more than three.

Victor stares at the money for a moment... then puts the envelope down. Mena puts her focus back on dressing the wound --but not entirely--

MENA

(In Spanish)

I've been thinking...

VICTOR

(In Spanish)

That's never good.

Mena raises an eyebrow along with a slight smirk. She applies some more pressure to Victor's arm. He grimaces--

VICTOR

(In Spanish)

Ay...OK...

MENA

(In Spanish)

...I'm almost finished with school. I could have some steady pay in a few months or so. Manny still has that construction business right?

VICTOR

(In Spanish)

It'll take too long.

MENA

(In Spanish)

I don't want you doing this anymore. We don't know how much time Reuben has--

VICTOR

(In Spanish)

Don't say that.

MENA

(In Spanish)

We don't know if the surgery is going to work -- or if and when they'll even take him. And you

MENA
 dead, somewhere out in the desert
 isn't going to help anyone--

A sudden swell of anger and determination rises up in Victor--

VICTOR
 (In Spanish)
This is the plan. This has always
 been the plan -- I'm going to see
 it through.

MENA
 (In Spanish)
 See. That's it. I. There's no we
 anymore.

Mena finishes wrapping Victor's arm. She gets up and walks to the counter.

VICTOR
 (In Spanish)
 That's not--

MENA
 (In Spanish)
 You don't even tell me what goes on
 when you're out there...What
 happened to your arm, Victor?

VICTOR
 (In Spanish)
 We've been over this -- the less
 you know the better. Look--

A KNOCK on the door... Victor looks at Mena.

VICTOR
 (In Spanish)
 Everything's going to be OK. Go
 check on Reuben.

Mena leaves the room, dissatisfied.

Victor gets up, goes to the door, opens it to reveal Ray standing outside.

RAY
 (In Spanish)
 I'm looking for Victor Guerrero?

VICTOR
(In English)
Yes.

RAY
You speak English?

VICTOR
Yeah. What can I do for you?

RAY
Two days ago I found a woman out in
the desert just north of the border
-- dead. Her daughter was with her,
Fe Rosa.
(holds out a picture of Fe
Rosa)
Looks like she was kidnapped. Look
Familiar?

Victor's world starts spinning a bit; tries to hide any
reactions--

VICTOR
No. Never seen her. May I ask Who
you are?

RAY
That's funny. You were paid to
transport them across the border
right? Their Coyote?

Victor's feigned smile and politeness has melted away--

VICTOR
Loco dama blanca.

Victor goes to close the door but before he can Ray pulls
her .22 and barrels in. The door closes behind them.

INT. VICTOR'S - MOMENTS LATER

Ray has the gun pointed at Victor--

RAY
Who else is in the house?

VICTOR
I'm alone.

RAY
Don't lie to me.

VICTOR
Check for yourself.

Ray looks around.

VICTOR
Who are you exactly?

RAY
I'll ask the questions. Tell me
what happened the night you were
crossing. Step by step. Every
detail.

Victor stares at Ray. Takes everything in. He's seen this
before. The confidence; the way she asks questions; the way
she holds her gun--

VICTOR
You said you found the woman. What
about your partner?

RAY
He was--

Ray stops herself.

VICTOR
You're border patrol...?

Victor slowly backs up--

VICTOR
I don't have to answer any of your
questions. You have no jurisdiction
here.

RAY
Big words for an amoral, piece of
shit, chicken runner. Quit moving
or I will shoot you.

VICTOR
I don't think you're that crazy,
white lady--

At that moment a bat comes down on Ray's arm. The gun drops
to the ground--

Mena is in the hallway holding the bat--

Victor goes after the gun--

Mena swings the bat again but Ray's too quick. She palm-fists Mena in the solar plexus and grabs the bat--

As Victor's about to pick up the gun, Ray swings and hits Victor across the back. He goes down. Ray grabs the gun. The whole thing happens in a flash.

She walks over to Mena and drags her over to where Victor is on the ground--

Steps a few feet back, gun aimed--

Ray is seething--

RAY

Did you let it happen?! Tell me!

MENA

Please, It's not what you think. Tell her Victor.

VICTOR

No.

(to Ray)

Shoot me. Go on.

MENA

Victor! Stop it!

VICTOR

She's not gonna shoot.

(to Ray)

You have nothing.

Suddenly-- SCREAMING can be heard coming from another room. It sounds like a child.

RAY

Who is that?

MENA

That's our son. Please, We need to go to him.

RAY

No. Don't move.

The SCREAMING gets louder. Victor gets up--

RAY
Sit back down.

VICTOR
We're going to our son.

RAY
Sit down.

The SOUND coming from this child is almost unbearable now.
Pure agony.

Victor helps Mena up and they walk to the hallway. Ray
doesn't know what to do. Mena looks back at Ray--

RAY
Goddammit. Go.

Ray follows Victor and Mena down the hall to...

BOYS BEDROOM

A seven-year-old boy lies in bed, writhing in pain. Victor
and Mena enter and begin a kind of systematic routine. Ray
watches from the door way.

Victor gently pushes the boy onto his side and lifts his
shirt. A large lump is visible on his lower spine.

Mena hands a syringe to victor and he injects the contents
below the lump--

Mena runs out of the room past Ray as if she were
invisible--

Victors is caressing his son's head and whispering something
into his hear. The boy starts to calm.

Mena is back, holding some kind of oil--

MENA
Switch me.

Victor and Mena switch sides.

Mena rubs some of the oil between her hands and massages her
sons lower back. Victor, on the other side, facing the boy,
holds his hand.

The boy is easing down. Mena gently moves him to his back.
He looks at Ray...

THE BOY

Hola.

Ray, caught in a strange position.

RAY

Hi.

THE BOY

(In Spanish)

Are you an angel?

RAY

(In Spanish)

No. I'm not an angel.

The boy's pain seems to be subsiding quickly, as each moment passes. Eyes beginning to droop. Whatever was in the syringe is working.

He slowly holds out his hand--

THE BOY

(In Spanish)

My name's Reuben.

Ray stands, staring at Reuben, unsure of what to do. All the attention is on this innocent little kid.

Ray looks down and realizes she is still holding the gun. She looks at Victor as if asking for guidance, approval. She puts her pistol in her waist-band behind her back and slowly walks over. She bends over the side of the bed, next to Victor, and shakes Reuben's hand. And without a second thought she says:

RAY

(In Spanish)

I'm Ray.

As Ray is bent over the bed, Victor can see the handle to Ray's pistol. He shoots a quick glance at Mena, darts his eyes at the gun.

Ray notices. She stands up.

RAY

(In Spanish)

It's nice to meet you Reuben.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Ray and Victor sit at the table across from each other. Ray has a bag of ice on her arm. Victor's envelope is on the table next to him. He stares at it as he speaks:

VICTOR

Neuroblastoma. Theirs a tumor growing on his spine. We think one may be starting on his liver.

RAY

That's why you did it?

VICTOR

I didn't want anyone to get hurt.

(beat)

I know one of them -- his face. I know what they call him . He warned me.

RAY

What's he look like? Victor? What's his nickname? Somebody was hurt. That girl is out there somewhere... You can start making this right. Tell me.

VICTOR

This shit happens everyday...why now? Why her?

After long beat--

RAY

I don't know...

VICTOR

Yes you do...

(beat)

...Sometimes people do things because they have to -- not because they want to.

Victor reaches for the envelope, pulls out the list of five names. Hands it to Ray--

RAY

What's this?

VICTOR

You help me get these five people across the border, I'll tell you everything I know.

RAY

Look--

Victor knows he has the upper hand. All in.

VICTOR

No. This is the deal. I need to get these people over safely. You can help me make that happen. I need this money. I don't know why you need to find this girl, but if you came here and risked your life and your job -- You did it because you had to.

(hands Ray another piece of paper)

This is how you can contact me. I'll pay you thirty percent for each head that crosses the line.

RAY

I don't want you're money. I have your face, your name, where you live...

(holds up list of names)

...Your chickens. You know it ain't the first time crossing for some of these people. That means we'll have their information too.

VICTOR

That's probably true.

RAY

I'm going to give you one more opportunity to tell me what you know. If you don't, as soon as I leave here I'm going to my supervisor with a full report. You'll be locked in the system. You get caught, who knows when you see your family again.

VICTOR

You and I both know that's not going to happen.

RAY

Try me.

As Victor gets up and walks toward the hallway:

VICTOR

You know how to contact me. You can
see yourself out.

As he's about to reach the hallway he stops, turns around--

VICTOR

Is that your real name?

RAY

What?

VICTOR

Ray? Is that your real name?

Ray thinks for a moment... whether or not to tell the
truth...

RAY

Rayla. Most people call me Ray.

Victor nods, humbled, almost as if he's saying thank you.

He turns and walks down the hall, leaving Ray.

INT. RAY'S TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

The sun is setting. A burnt-orange aura surrounds Ray as she
drives. A file with Victor's information sits on the seat
next to her.

She approaches the border patrol station. As she's about to
pull in, her phone RINGS. Answers it--

RAY

Yeah.

She stops the truck. Looks at the file.

RAY

I'll be right there.

She sits for a moment, contemplating... then turns the truck
around, driving away from the station.

INT. HOSPITAL/WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Ray stands in the waiting room. A few people, families sit around her. After a few moments a DOCTOR approaches.

DOCTOR
Ms. Burke?

RAY
What happened?

DOCTOR
Overdose. May have been a suicide attempt. Do you know how long she's been using?

RAY
Not sure. A few months maybe. Is she gonna be OK?

DOCTOR
She slipped into a coma about an hour ago. She's stabilized. Look, there's no telling what might happen next. But she has a good shot at coming out of this.

RAY
Can I see her?

DOCTOR
We're gonna give it a few days. Wait and see how things move along. I hate to bring this up, but you mentioned that Penny was covered under her husbands insurance plan?

RAY
Yeah. My brother -- her husband was Border Patrol. She's covered.

DOCTOR
There seems to be a bit of a discrepancy.

INT. HOSPITAL/OFFICE - LATER

A WOMAN sits behind a computer. Ray sits across from her.

WOMAN
It says she's been off the plan for almost three months.

RAY

That's not possible.

The woman scans her computer.

WOMAN

There's only one thing I can think of -- is it possible that one of the two filed for divorce? Sometimes people do these things discreetly.

INT. RANCH HOUSE/PENNY'S ROOM - NIGHT

The room is ransacked. Ray moves from drawer to drawer at Penny's dresser, pulling out clothes, searching. She walks out of the room to--

JOHN'S OFFICE

The door is locked. She rears back and kicks it. Kicks it again. The door flies open. She goes to the desk and tries to open the pull-out. It's locked. Grabs a letter opener from the desk. Pries it open.

Under John's wedding ring are the divorce papers. Ray rips the papers out and the ring pops up and falls the floor.

She sits at the desk looking at the papers. NOTICE John's signature, then Penny's as ray looks it over.

Ray hangs her head, notices the wedding ring. Her eyes move to a crease and bump under the rug under John's desk. She kneels down, lifts the rug and sees what looks like a make-shift compartment with a lock attached to a latch.

She pushes the desk out and pulls the rug away.

MOMENTS LATER

WHACK! WHACK! Ray brings a hammer down and smashes the lock, takes it off and opens the latch -- a LOCK BOX. Brings it out onto the desk. Opens two other drawers to the desk until she finds a small pair of keys. Tries a few. Finally the right one, opens the box.

Inside: papers, phone numbers, names -- mostly Hispanic, a PICTURE of a HISPANIC GIRL (10), with a family. There's a few of them.

Ray goes through them. A time line. The girl looks a bit older in the last few. At the bottom of the box is a HAND-WRITTEN MAP and a KEY. Map looks cryptic. Ray recognizes the layout. A portion of the property, John's home, adjacent from an X. All the blood leaves Ray's face.

RAY
(a whisper to herself)
Who were you?

EXT. RAY'S PORCH - NIGHT

Ray Sits on a chair, a glass of whiskey in her hand. Everything is silent again. No sounds audible what so ever. In her trance. She gazes up at the stars.

Slowly sounds start coming back in pieces: The LOW HUM of ELECTRICITY; a SOFT BREEZE; CICADAS... A DOG BARKING...

...This sound slowly tunes the others out because there is a BIG, BLACK, DOG BARKING and CLAWING at Ray's porch.

Ray smashes back into herself. She just stares at this dog for a moment as it frantically claws and digs right below her.

Then someone let's out a WHISTLE. The dogs ears perk up. Then another and the dog is gone. Ray watches as it turns into the darkness and disappears.

EXT. DESERT - DAY

Back of the ranch house. Ray has a large map of the property sprawled out on the hood of her truck. The hand-written map on top of the other. She studies them, getting her bearings.

Moves the hand-written map over the property map to try to find some kind of match. She notices a similarity but the scale is off.

She pinches off mile marks with her thumb and index finger and jumps them over the property map. She looks up and out into the horizon, shielding her eyes from the sun. Squinting. Looking for something.

She gets in her truck and drives on.

INT./EXT. TRUCK - MOVING - DAY

Ray approaches a small adobe dwelling. An inquisitive look on Ray's face. Did John build this?

She stops the truck, gets out, walks to the structure. Looks it over. No windows. Ray walks around the side. NOTICES what looks like a self contained cooling system. Not far from it, a large, broad pipe sticks out of the ground.

She walks to the front door, takes out the key from the lock box, opens the door to--

INT. ADOBE SHELTER - SAME TIME

Inside looks like a small survival shelter. Minimalistic. A cot in the corner. A few jugs of water against the wall, along with a generator and a few gas cans. A small horizontal fridge and freezer next to a wood-fire stove.

Ray walks in.

She lies down on the cot. Looks up at the ceiling. How many times has John looked at this same ceiling? She looks around the room until she reaches the wood-stove. There is a large cylinder under it.

Looks closer. There is a small gap between the cylinder and stove. It's not connected.

OVER BLACK.

SCRAPING, GRATING, GRINDING...

A small pin-hole of light... Then a flood of it.

ANGLE up at Ray peering down.

RAY'S POV - A few steps leading down to...

INT. SUB-SHELTER/SAFE HOUSE - DAY

Another door opens. Ray walks in. It's a large concrete room. About 900 square feet. Beds and more cots but that's it.

ON Ray as she takes all this in....

INT. RAY'S KITCHEN - DAY

Ray has all the papers, photos, names, maps, info she's gathered spread out on her kitchen table. One side John. The other side Victor. A line runs down the middle where the table is held together, splitting the two sides.

Ray stands in the middle, looking at everything.

EXT. CARLOS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ray steps to the door, two files tucked under her arm. She rings the door bell.

After a moment Carlos opens the door.

CARLOS

Ray? I thought you were supposed to be in Sedona?

RAY

I was-- I am--I mean I will be. A few things came up. Can I talk to you?

CARLOS

Yeah. Sure. Come in.

INT. CARLOS'S HOME/MAN CAVE - NIGHT

Ray sits at a small homemade bar. It's pirate-themed. Victor stands proudly behind it, beaming like a little kid.

CARLOS

Just finished it. Monica finally let me have the den. Who woulda' thought it would take a Mexican two years to convince a Jew to convert a den -- no one even used I might add --

(a magician's voila)

-- To this!

Carlos chuckles at himself. Ray is stone-faced.

CARLOS

What's up?

RAY

Have you ever felt like something was being dropped into your body.

RAY
Like some force was just
purposefully putting things in
front of you, entering you and...
just trying to pull you apart?

Carlos, a little taken aback, uncomfortable but can see that Ray is really struggling with something. Tries a bit of levity--

CARLOS
That sounds like a pretty fucked up
feeling. Tequila?

RAY
I shouldn't.

Carlos pours two shots. Hands one to Ray.

CARLOS
You should.

Ray takes a moment... they slam the shots.

RAY
How well did you know my Brother?

CARLOS
John? I'd like to think we knew
each other pretty well. He was my
friend.

RAY
Did you know he divorced Penny
about a month before he was killed?
And they still lived together?

CARLOS
Shit. No. But John was one of those
complicated dudes. Didn't care to
look at things in terms of black
and white. He liked to keep things
going. Consider all sides. That's
why people liked him.

RAY
Someone didn't like him.

CARLOS
Is that what's bothering you? You
know we ain't giving up on catching
the pieces of shit who killed him?

RAY

Yeah. But what if you found out John wasn't who you thought he was. I don't even know if I ever knew who he really was.

CARLOS

(pointing at files)

Is that what that is? That shit that's been tucked under your arm since you walked in?

Ray puts the files on the bar.

CARLOS

I don't want that. Whatever it is -- I don't wanna see it.

RAY

What?

CARLOS

I've been doing this job for sixteen years. One thing you learn very fast is that people are all the same. They're complicated. Good people do bad things. Bad people do good things. And the dead should stay buried, along with their past. Because they ain't got no future.

RAY

Do you know something, Carlos?

CARLOS

What I know is you need to stop sticking your shovel into other peoples dirt. You got some profound existentialist crisis going on, I get it. But you have to let it go. That woman you found out in the desert -- let it go. Whatever you think you know about your brother -- let it go.

Carlos, waiting for something from Ray...

CARLOS

I've been there. You're brother was there. The nuances of the job start playing with your head. You start digging, looking for answers, reasons... all you really end up

CARLOS
getting are more questions -- they
never stop...
(beat)
We don't get paid to follow our
conscience. We put our heads down.
We toe the line.

Carlos says this with a stern, "this conversation is over"
absolution.

Ray grits her teeth, unsure of what all this really means...
who she really is...

RAY
What about the girl? Fe Rosa?

CARLOS
Jesus Christ, Ray. You know the
deal. She's either dead, or gearing
up to be somebody's slave, or
worse... she's still here, stuck in
this fuckin' town. Let it go.

Carlos pours himself a shot and slams it.

CARLOS
Go back to Sedona. Get your head
straight. Yeah? Dead men tell no
tales...

Carlos pulls out a bottle of rum. Pours two shots. Victor
slams his. Ray is lost inside of herself.

CARLOS
...That's some courteous advice
from the captain.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE/STASH HOUSE - NIGHT

It's a small levittown community. No one is living there yet. About seven houses built. Four being built. In the distance, just a dirt lot. Farther out, faint twinkles of light -- a nearby town.

Wade pulls up in a white van, in front of a nearly finished house. He gets out, holding groceries and walks to the house. As he's about to go in, he notices a red car parked nearby.

He takes a deep breath and walks in.

INT. STASH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Wade enters the house, dread on his face. Walks down the hall, still holding the groceries. Approaches a door, opens it to--

Adam buttoning up his pants, then throws on a wife-beater.

Fe Rosa is tied to the bed. Barley conscious.

Wade looks like he might throw-up.

Adam smiles.

WADE

Why?

ADAM

It's called breaking em' in. You wanna go?

Adam has the the overall presence of a completely different person. His cadence slower. Complete confidence and a hint of insanity.

WADE

We agreed I'd look after her. That we wouldn't meet here.

Adam walks toward Wade -- the door.

ADAM

No that's what I told you. I also told you not to leave, unless I say.

Adam rips the grocery bag out of Wade's hand. The bag rips, flinging its contents everywhere. Adam bends down and picks up a bottle of multi-vitamins.

ADAM

Maybe if you did what I said, I wouldn't of had to wait. Wouldn't of gotten so bored.

Adam opens the vitamin bottle and violently thrashes it around the room, the vitamins flying everywhere; throws the bottle against the wall and grabs Wade by the throat.

ADAM

You do what I say -- nothing else.

Adam walks out the door--

Wade catches his breath. A mix of fear and anger pulsing behind his eyes--

ADAM (O.S.)

They'll be here soon.

INT. STASH HOUSE/KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Wade sits at a pull-out table. He flips what looks to be a sobriety chip. Adam walks over, sits down with a beer and a deck of cards. Wade looks up--

ADAM

(shuffling the deck)

How much you owe my uncle again?

WADE

(trough his teeth)

Eighty...

ADAM

Eso es una locura... Heard right as they was gonna put the blowtorch on you -- you shot right out with this idea: Using you're business. The constructions sites. Smart.

WADE

Yeah... well, probably could've used a blowtorch in my face few other times in my life.

Adam laughs.

ADAM
Let's play a hand.

Wade flipping his chip...

ADAM
Hey, we might be doing this a while, might as well try to keep it civil. High card.

Adam deals out two cards--

WADE
Who's coming for the girl?

ADAM
You'd be surprised by how many ricos folla blancas just want a little brown girl to play with. Whatchu got?

Wade catches his chip--

WADE
What's the bet?

Adam smiles. Nods at Wade.

WADE
I win: I take care of the girl. Do what you say, but she only deals with me. You win:... well... you win.

ADAM
You wanna play nice guy for a few more days...? That's fine. But this ain't nothing to what the rest of her life is gonna look like.

Adam throws down his card: A KING. Just smiles

Wade puts his card down: AN ACE.

They stare at each other for a moment. Wade knows Adam can do what he wants, but a small victory. Adam gets up to leave--

ADAM
Like I said: They'll be here soon. Keep your phone on.

INT. RAY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Ray sits on the edge of her bed. Phone in her hand. She dials a number.

INT. STEVE'S HOME - SAME TIME

Steve, Linda, Chelsea and Emma sit around a table playing Monopoly. The phone rings. Steve gets up and answers it.
(INTERCUT PHONE SEQUENCE)

STEVE

Hello?

RAY

Hey. It's Ray.

STEVE

Hey. How's it going?

RAY

Good. How are the girls?

STEVE

They're good. Just have a game night going on over here. Emma's kicking some butt.

RAY

Good. Can I talk to Chelsea a minute?

STEVE

Yeah... Chels... Ray wants to talk to you...

Chelsea rolls her eyes as she walks to the phone. Emma is up yelling for Ray--

CHELSEA

(grabs phone from Steve)

Do you really have to call me Chels?

(to Ray)

Yeah?

RAY

Hey. How's it goin'?

CHELSEA

Peachy. I feel like Anne Frank over here.

Emma is tugging at Chelsea, asking for Ray--

RAY

We need to talk about your mom--

Emma yelling--

CHELSEA

What-- Mom-- look, Emma wants to talk to you--

Chelsea hands the phone to Emma--

RAY

No-- Chelsea--

EMMA

Hi, Aunt Ray!

RAY

Hi, Emma.

EMMA

Did you talk to Mom?

Doesn't know what to say...

RAY

Yeah... She's OK. Actually, she's a little sick right now.

EMMA

Does she have a cold?

RAY

Yeah. She has a cold.

EMMA

Mom always made me ginger-lemon tea when I was sick. Are you gonna help her get better?

RAY

Yeah, baby. I'm gonna help her get better.

RAY'S ROOM LATER

She lies in the fetal position, cocooned under a sheet. A light clicks on and off under the sheet. Looks like a giant fire-fly.

UNDER SHEET

Clicks on a flash light. She's holding something in front of her, looks like it could be a picture, (8'x 11'). We don't see it. She continues clicking the flash light on and off in three second increments...

LATER

Ray sits on her bed, smoking. It's dark. Pale-blue moonlight highlights the smoke that's gathered above Ray. It slowly shape shifts above her like some kind of etheric entity. Wispy tendrils reaching down for her...

EXT. DESERT - NIGHT

Ray stands by her truck, looks out into the desert. She checks her watch... holds up binoculars...

BINOCULARS POV - A Border Patrol truck driving. Some MECHANICAL MONSTROSITY in the truck bed. It stops. The FAINTEST SOUND of a LIFT.

A MECHANIZED TOWER lifts up from the back of the truck. A large INFRA-RED CAMERA at the top.

ON Ray as she checks her watch again.

She opens the door to her truck and grabs a small cooler -- brings it to the hood. She jumps up, sits on the front of her truck -- opens the cooler and takes out a diet coke.

INT. SUB-SHELTER/SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Ray lies on one of the beds. All of them are made. The two jugs of water that were on the top level are now next to the door.

She takes out her phone. No service.

EXT. ADOBE SHELTER - NIGHT

Ray walks out. Takes another moment then dials a number.

RAY

How much is thirty percent for each person?

We don't hear the voice on the other end.

Ray's eyes widen in surprise, disbelief.

A beat--

RAY

Thirty percent for each person and
all the information you have that
can lead me to the girl?

(beat)

I'll do it. But we do it my way.

EXT. BORDER - DAY

Long stretch of road by the border. A small three-foot wood and metal guardrail is what separates two countries. Cars are parked everywhere. People everywhere -- on both sides of the border.

There's a few tents and concession stands selling beer, ice-cream, food...

There's a large banner that says, "¡Fiesta Bi-Nacional!."

The main attraction is a VOLLEYBALL GAME. A net is set-up on the border -- U.S. vs. MEXICO. It's less of a competition and more of a celebration. The game is full swing.

On the other side of the road, a SMALL PROTEST is going on. One woman holds a sign: "Protect our border."

They also have a few tables set-up for donations, merch, drinks, ice-cream...

A few police officers and border patrolmen stroll around.

NOTICE a BLACK CADILLAC as it pulls in next to the ice-cream stand, on the protest side.

A large HISPANIC MAN gets out. He's wearing a black suit, black stetson and a scorpion -- encased in an amber-like see-through mold -- belt buckle.

He takes off his sunglasses. Looks on at the festivities.

He opens his back passenger door, reaches in and grabs a leash. A ROTTWEILER follows.

The man walks his dog over to the ice-cream stand. A little girl is behind, selling red, white and blue Popsicles.

LITTLE GIRL

Cute dog, Mister. Does he bite?

MAN
Only if I tell him to.

The little girl wilts a bit.

MAN
Whatcha got back there?

LITTLE GIRL
Patriot pops. There only fifty cents. All the proceeds go to help fund the building of a new, more secure border-fence.

MAN
I'll take one.

The man hands the girl a dollar--

MAN
Keep the change.

LITTLE GIRL
Thanks.

She hands him a Popsicle--

LITTLE GIRL
Thanks for being a patriot.

The man gives the girl a wink and smiles...

MAN
God bless America.

He licks his Popsicle... then walks across the road toward the volleyball game, leaving the girl with a puzzled look on her face--

VOLLEYBALL GAME LATER

The man stands, watching the volleyball game. The rottweiler by his side. He's keyed in on one man in particular: Carlos gets tagged out of the game. He runs over to his beer.

The man walks toward him.

Carlos, taking a long pull from his beer as the man approaches. Carlos notices him. He sticks out like a sore thumb.

MAN

Nice thing you got going on out here.

CARLOS

Yeah, at the end of the day were all just people. Sometimes we forget that.

MAN

Nice day.

CARLOS

(who is this weirdo)

Yeah... a little warm for the spiffy get-up don't you think?

MAN

I'm used to it. Carlos Diaz, correct?

CARLOS

Depends who's askin'.

MAN

Yes... I would suppose it would depend. Just wanted to meet you before I meet you. Enjoy your day.

The man walks off, his dog trotting obediently next to him.

ON Carlos trying not show how thoroughly freaked out he is.

INT. RAY'S ROOM -- DAY

No one is in the room. CLINKING SOUNDS come from the kitchen.

NOTICE the picture that Ray's been looking at on the bed.

ANGLE ON PICTURE - it's a SONOGRAM, six to eight weeks. Hard to tell for sure. CLINKING and RUMMAGING SOUNDS continue...

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Ray is pouring bottles of liquor into the sink. She does this with a kind of fervent purpose. A crumpled up carton of cigarettes lie on the counter above the trash can. After a moment the SOUND of a DOG BARKING is heard out front.

EXT. RAY'S HOME - SAME TIME

Ray walks out and sees a ROTTWEILER BARKING and CLAWING at the front porch again. She quints, looking at the dog. Is it the same dog?

A WHISTLE...

Ray looks up and can see the large Hispanic man from the volleyball game. The man whistles again and the dog runs off back to his master.

From afar Ray sees the man tip his hat then he walks off... he disappears down the road...

STAY ON THE MAN as he approaches his Cadillac. He opens the back door and his dog jumps right in. He gets in. Starts the car. NOTICE his GOVERNMENT LICENSE PLATE as he pulls out and drives off...

BACK TO RAY

She's still looking out where the man was... She looks at where the dog was clawing -- steps off the porch -- bends down and rips off the cheap, faux-wood grate -- peers in under her porch to find--

--two COYOTE PUPS hunkered in the corner, shivering.

ON Ray, unfazed. A new strength in her eyes. Excepting her fate... her decisions... whatever is too come...

Ray looking on... now a new Mother of five...?... and counting...

BLACK.

END OF SHOW