

"MIDNIGHT RIVER"

By

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FADE IN:

INT. TRUCK - MEXICAN DESERT NEAR U.S. BORDER - NIGHT

A hot, dark truck rattles around the Mexican desert on the way to the Mexico-U.S. border. In the back, dozens of Mexican families hold on to each other, trying not to bump their heads against the walls of the truck.

There is no more than a few centimeters between one another. Sweat comes out of every pore in their bodies. Exhaustion is visible in their faces. Some of them are praying, others are dead quiet.

One NAPOLEON SOLIS (30s, wearing ragged jeans and an off-brand sweatshirt) holds his BABY BOY (11 months old) tightly in his arms. He gently blows on his face to cool him off. The baby is in a very deep sleep.

Napoleon can hear a KID talking to his FATHER, somewhere in the truck.

KID (IN SPANISH)  
Dad, how much longer?

FATHER (IN SPANISH)  
I don't know, son. Try to get some sleep, okay?

KID (IN SPANISH)  
I'm thirsty.

FATHER (IN SPANISH)  
Me too. Try to get some sleep.

The truck starts to slow down. All of the Mexicans start whispering between themselves in Spanish: "Are we there yet?", "is anything wrong?", "why are we stopping?"

The truck comes to a complete stop. Total silence.

The backdoor opens abruptly. Freezing-cold wind takes everyone by surprise. Napoleon protects his baby from the wind.

The voice of a COYOTE comes from outside the truck.

COYOTE (IN SPANISH)  
Okay! We're here! Everybody off the truck! Come on, let's go! Everybody off the truck.

The Mexicans, one by one, get off the truck.

EXT. TRUCK - MEXICAN DESERT NEAR U.S. BORDER - NIGHT

Napoleon steps out of the truck, holding his baby tightly. He looks around and sees that all the Mexicans are lined up in front of the truck. All in all, there's around 50 people.

The last family gets off the truck and the Coyote closes the door. He turns around to face the Mexican families.

COYOTE (IN SPANISH)  
Very well. Listen very carefully,  
because I'm only going to say this  
once.

The Coyote lifts his finger and points at a river one hundred meters away from them.

COYOTE (IN SPANISH)  
That river right there is where  
you're headed. This is the most  
shallow point, so you can cross it  
by foot.

The Mexicans start talking between themselves, clearly outraged. One of them speaks up.

MAN (IN SPANISH)  
You said you were taking us across!  
How are we supposed to go by  
ourselves?

The Coyote puts his hand in his hip, revealing a GUN. He slowly walks towards the man.

COYOTE (IN SPANISH)  
If you listen carefully, you won't  
have any problem.

The Man looks down at his shoes, terrified.

The Coyote looks around.

COYOTE (IN SPANISH)  
Anybody else have a problem?  
(beat)  
Good. Now listen up. When you  
cross, you gotta keep walking by  
the side of the river heading west.

The Coyote walks around, trying to look everybody in the eye.

(CONTINUED)

COYOTE (IN SPANISH)

About five kilometers away, there's gonna be a big tree. Walk north from there about 6 more kilometers and you'll get to a road, where my partner will be waiting for you. You have about two hours until sunrise, so I suggest you get going.

The Coyote turns around and gets on the truck. Most of the Mexicans yell insults at him while he leaves, but he pays no attention to them. He turns the engine on and drives away, leaving a trail of dust behind.

The Mexicans, nervously, walk towards the river.

EXT. RIO GRANDE - MEXICO-U.S. BORDER - NIGHT

Napoleon walks along with the Mexicans into the river. The water is freezing cold. He takes off his sweatshirt and wraps it around his baby.

He lifts his baby high and keeps walking deeper into the river.

He can barely keep his head above water, but he powers through.

He comes out the other side soaking wet. He looks around and sees children and old men crying. Families grouping together to conserve heat. He can hear wild animals around them.

He looks ahead and sees nothing but desert, dimly lit by the moonlight.

He looks down at his baby. He's still sleeping.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)

Look, son. The States.

Napoleon smiles, holds his baby tight, and keeps moving forward.

EXT. U.S. DESERT - MEXICO-U.S. BORDER - NIGHT

The Mexicans walk next to the river, headed west. Their clothes are still soaking wet. Two brothers are carrying their grandfather, who cannot walk by himself due to the cold.

(CONTINUED)

Someone takes out a pack of cigarettes and distributes them among the group. One of the men offers a cigarette to Napoleon.

Napoleon accepts one but doesn't light it.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
For later, I've got the kid.

A nearby ELDERLY LADY smiles at him.

LADY (IN SPANISH)  
I'll hold the kid, you smoke your  
cigarette.

Napoleon smiles and hands the baby over.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Thanks.

The lady looks at the baby and giggles.

LADY (IN SPANISH)  
He's very handsome! Where's his  
mommy?

Napoleon lights up the cigarette. They walk side by side.  
Napoleon doesn't answer the question.

The lady's face changes.

LADY (IN SPANISH)  
So it's just you and the kid, huh?

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Yeah.

LADY (IN SPANISH)  
Well, things happen for a reason.  
Good thing he has his dad to take  
care of him.

Napoleon tries to smile, but can't. He limits himself to just nodding.

Suddenly a growling sound crawls up from behind them.

The growling grows to a roar.

The Mexicans turn around to face the strange sound and are blinded by a very powerful spotlight.

A monotone, almost bored voice comes from a BULLHORN.

VOICE FROM THE BULLHORN (O.S.)  
Attention. You are in United States  
territory. Illegal entry into U.S.  
soil is a crime punishable by up to  
6 months in prison. Please stop and  
wait for an immigration officer to  
approach you. Please have your  
documents at hand. Your cooperation  
is important.

The voice keeps repeating the same message, alternating  
between the Spanish and English versions of the speech.

The Mexicans find themselves surrounded by four Border  
Patrol pick-up trucks shining their spotlights at them.

Napoleon turns around to face the Elderly Lady, but he can't  
see her.

He desperately looks around trying to find her and his son.

The Mexicans are scattering, trying to go back into the  
river.

Meanwhile, a dozen Border Patrol Officers run out of their  
pick-up trucks, holding tazer guns in their hands. They  
scream at Mexicans to stop evading arrest.

Napoleon looks around, partially blinded by the spotlight.  
He spots the lady, some 40 meters away from him, running  
back into the river. He rushes towards her.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Hey! Lady!

A Border Patrol Officer spots Napoleon and runs at him.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER  
Hey! Stop! Alto!

The Border Patrol Officer looks very nervous. He wipes sweat  
off his forehead and keeps running at Napoleon.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER  
Sir, I need you to stop!

Napoleon keeps running at the woman. A second Border Patrol  
Officer catches up to her and tackles her, throwing her  
against the ground. The baby falls out of her arms, hitting  
the ground hard.

(CONTINUED)

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
No! That's my son! My son! That's  
my son!

Napoleon is almost there. 5 meters away from his son. He is almost crying with frustration.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER  
Sir, I said stop!

The Border Patrol Officer aims his tazer gun at Napoleon. He shoots.

Napoleon is hit. He falls stiffly to the ground. Saliva coming out of his clenched mouth, tears running down his cheeks.

His baby is right in front of him. The baby is crying loudly. Napoleon notices a thick wound on the baby's face, running from his eyebrow to his cheek.

Napoleon wants to scream, but can't. He's still stiff from the tazer.

The Border Patrol Officer catches up and sees the baby on the ground.

BORDER PATROL OFFICER  
Oh shit.

He awkwardly picks up the baby and looks down at Napoleon.

Napoleon passes out from the shock.

CUT TO BLACK

TITLE SEQUENCE:

The words "MIDNIGHT RIVER" in bold, white font over black. Crossfade to a moonlit river, tainted with blood.

Cue title cards over the flowing river.

The moonlit river crossfades into a small stream of saliva. PULL BACK to reveal --

EXT. DESERT - SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO - DAY

-- the stream of saliva coming from Napoleon's mouth.

He wakes up suddenly. He coughs violently, spitting blood in the process. He stands up and looks around.

(CONTINUED)

Napoleon is surrounded by nothing but the hot, dry, Mexican desert. He touches his head and notices blood coming out of his scalp.

He sees some PEOPLE walking in the distance. They must be at least a kilometer away.

He screams at them.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)

Hey! Hey!

No one can hear him. His voice is coarse, his lips are dry. Suddenly he realises something.

He looks around. He panics.

Napoleon starts to cry. Or at least he would, if any tears could come out.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)

No, no, no, no.

He looks at the ground around him. He gets down on all fours, inspecting the ground very carefully.

There is a bush nearby. He runs to it and looks inside it. He finds his sweatshirt, tangled around the branches of the bush.

Napoleon grabs it and lets out a scream of despair so loud that the people in the distance hear it.

It is a group of THREE YOUNG MEXICAN BROTHERS. They were part of the group from before.

They turn around and hear Napoleon scream a second time. They run towards him.

EXT. DESERT - SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO - LATER

The young Mexicans walk silently through the desert alongside Napoleon.

They look very tired and beat up as well.

Napoleon falls to the ground, completely exhausted.

Two of the young Mexicans help him up and put his arms over their shoulders. They keep walking, making sure that Napoleon stays up.

Off in the distance, they see a road.

(CONTINUED)



One of the Mexicans helping Napoleon gently slaps him on the face.

YOUNG MEXICAN (IN SPANISH)  
Look! There's a road right there.  
Don't fall asleep on me, eh? Keep  
walking, chief. C'mon.

A white pickup truck goes by the road.

The remaining Mexican takes off his shirt and waves it around. He whistles at the car and screams, trying to get its attention.

SHIRTLESS MEXICAN  
Hey! Hey!

The pickup truck slows down, turns around, and goes offroad, headed their way.

CUT TO:

INT. BACK OF PICKUP TRUCK - SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO - LATER

The shirtless Mexican opens up the back of the pickup truck and hops on. He turns around and faces Napoleon and the two other Mexicans helping him.

SHIRTLESS MEXICAN (IN SPANISH)  
Your hand, sir.

Napoleon weakly extends his arm, which the shirtless Mexican promptly holds. He looks down at Napoleon, then at the other two.

SHIRTLESS MEXICAN (IN SPANISH)  
Okay, on three. One, two, and...

The three of them push Napoleon into the back of the pickup truck and sit down. Napoleon lies on his back.

One of the Mexicans closes the pickup truck and taps the side a couple of times.

The pickup truck takes off.

Napoleon can't breathe properly. He coughs violently and spits out blood.

The shirtless Mexican opens up the window dividing the cabin from the back and talks to the driver.

(CONTINUED)

SHIRTLESS MEXICAN (IN SPANISH)

Hey, you have any water for my friend over here? He's really fucked up. I think he's dying or something.

Napoleon stops coughing. His eyes roll back into his skull and he passes out. His lips are so cracked and dry that blood is coming out from them like micro-tears. His breathing is barely noticeable.

The Mexican comes back with a bottle of water, rips open Napoleon's shirt and pours some water on his chest and face.

He looks at the others.

SHIRTLESS MEXICAN (IN SPANISH)

Help me out here.

Together, they hold Napoleon in a sitting position. They pour some water into his mouth and hold it closed, trying to get him to swallow it.

Up above, the Sun burns brighter than ever.

CUT TO:

INT. RED CROSS - SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO - DAY

Napoleon lies in an old hospital bed. There's several pillows behind him keeping him upright. He seems to be sleeping. The room is empty apart from him.

A WOMAN'S HAND gently wets his lips with a moist towel. She rubs it across his forehead, wiping his sweat off his face.

Slowly, Napoleon opens his eyes. He looks at the woman caring for him. We can't see her, but Napoleon can.

He looks overwhelmingly sad.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)

I'm sorry.

WOMAN (IN SPANISH) (O.S.)

Sorry? For what?

Napoleon cries. He cries the way only a son-less father can.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)

I lost the kid.

(CONTINUED)

The Woman soothes him. She touches his face and wipes off his tears with her hand.

WOMAN (IN SPANISH) (O.S.)  
If he's lost, then you have to find him.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
I can't. Not alone. I need you to come with me. Please come with me.

Napoleon grabs her hands and cups them with his.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
I've wanted to see you for a long time. I need you to be with me, I need you to. Please! Stay with me. I can't do this on my own, I can't! I'm not strong enough!

The door to the room opens abruptly. Napoleon turns his head for a split second to see a NURSE walking into the room.

He looks back at the woman only to find an empty chair instead. He looks at his hands and sees that he's grabbing onto thin air.

He stares at the empty space she left behind.

NURSE (IN SPANISH)  
Feeling better?

Napoleon quickly wipes his face and nods with a smile.

NURSE (IN SPANISH)  
Good. Now, if you don't mind, we have a lot of people to tend to. Here are your clothes.

The Nurse produces Napoleon's clothes from underneath the bed and lays them on his lap. Napoleon looks like he's going to say something, but the Nurse is speaking too quickly.

NURSE (IN SPANISH)  
The boys that brought you here settled everything, so don't worry about anything, all right?. As soon as you're dressed, you're good to go.

The nurse smiles at Napoleon. Confused, he grabs his clothes and slowly gets out of bed. Just as he's about to take of his hospital gown and put on his pants, he turns around.

(CONTINUED)

The nurse is still there, replacing the bedsheets.

NURSE (IN SPANISH)  
Oh, don't worry about me! I've seen  
all shapes and sizes.

She carries on replacing the bedsheets.

Defeated, Napoleon drops his hospital gown to the floor and puts on his pants.

CUT TO:

EXT. RED CROSS - SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO - LATER

Napoleon steps out of the hospital and looks out on the street. He's in a small town that he doesn't recognise.

He puts his hands in his pockets and finds a piece of paper with something written on it in Spanish. He unfolds it and reads: "if you have nowhere to go, you can stay with us, we live next to the church, you'll find us". He mouths every word while reading.

He looks up and tries to find the church, but sees nothing. Just a few scattered houses, dirt roads, and a highway. Other than him, the streets look empty.

A KID on a bicycle passes by about 100 meters away from him, riding the edge of the highway.

Napoleon tries to call his attention.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Hey! Boy!

The Kid stops and looks at him. He slowly pedals in his direction, but stops a good 10 meters away.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
You know where the church is?

The Kid looks around. He points across from the highway.

KID (IN SPANISH)  
It's next to that big tree over  
there.

Napoleon looks up, sees the tree, and nods. The Kid takes off.

(CONTINUED)

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Hey, how do I cross the highway?

The Kid is fast, Napoleon can barely hear him.

KID (IN SPANISH)  
There's a hole in the screen!

He looks around at the small town and sees nothing. No people, no buses, no cars. There is only the distant sound of trucks and trailers driving down the highway.

He walks towards the tree.

CUT TO:

EXT. HIGHWAY - SOMEWHERE IN MEXICO - DAY

Napoleon stands before the highway.

It is a sight to behold. Four lanes going in each direction divided by a concrete wall 1.5 meters high. The wall itself serves as support for a thick metal screen that almost doubles the division's height to a whopping 2.5 meters (give or take).

The space between the innermost lane of the highway and the concrete division is no more than 1 meter, probably less than that.

Napoleon looks anxiously at the division and the incoming traffic. He counts a total of two trailers, one car and two mini-vans as far as he can see.

The vehicles rush past him so quickly that the air they push is strong enough to move Napoleon a couple of feet.

He looks at the next wave of cars and starts counting under his breath.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
One, two, three, four, five, six,  
seven, eight...

A car passes by on the outermost lane. Napoleon keeps on counting.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
... ten, eleven, twelve...

Another car zooms by, this time one of the center lanes.

(CONTINUED)

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
... fourteen, fifteen, sixteen,  
seventeen, eighteen.

The third and last car flies by on the innermost lane.

Napoleon can make out another wave of cars approaching. He immediately runs towards the concrete division, all while counting again.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
One, two, three, four, five, six,  
seven...

Napoleon reaches the division and frantically presses the screen on different points, but nothing budes. Simultaneously, a car flies by the outermost lane.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
... eight, nine, ten, eleven...

He looks at the highway, then at his feet. He notices that part of him is stepping on the shoulder of the innermost lane.

A car zooms by in one of the center lanes.

He keeps pushing different points of the metal screen, quickly shifting his focus from the screen to the highway and back.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
... twelve, thirteen, fourteen,  
fifteen.

As soon as he says fifteen, he lets go of the metal screen and runs away from the concrete wall, towards the side of the highway.

The instant he steps out of the innermost lane, a car flies by, not braking even for a second.

Napoleon keeps running and makes it out of the highway. He stops to catch his breath and calm himself down.

He looks up and decides on another spot in the metal screen. He walks parallel to the highway for a few meters and looks at the incoming traffic again.

A car whooshes by and, again, Napoleon runs to the wall while counting.

(CONTINUED)

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
One, two, three, four, five, six,  
seven...

He grabs the metal screen, a trailer goes by. He keeps pushing.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
... eight, nine...

Another car goes by. He shakes the metal screen and out of the corner of his eye, he notices that a tip sticks out two meters to his left. He looks up at the highway.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
... eleven, twelve...

He shimmies over to the tip that sticks out and shakes the metal screen hard. The screen moves and leaves a gap big enough for him to jump through.

Napoleon looks at the incoming car, it can't be more than fifty meters away.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
... fifteen!

He throws his whole body over the concrete wall and falls through the gap in the metal screen. He hits the ground on all fours.

A LOUD HONK comes from behind him and, out of instinct, he flattens himself as close to the concrete wall as possible. A truck flies by, inches away from Napoleon.

He looks at the incoming traffic and sees a few more cars approaching.

He runs to the side of the highway and falls to his knees as soon as his feet stop feeling asphalt.

He breathes heavily and holds his face in his hands. He's shaking.

He takes a couple of deep breaths and looks up.

The tree towers above him. Behind it, fifty meters away, is the church.

Napoleon walks towards the church.

CUT TO:

INT. DINING ROOM - LATER

Napoleon sits at the table with the three Mexican brothers from earlier. The dining room (more like a small extension of the kitchen) is very tight and filled with cases of beers, an assortment of various typical Mexican dishes, trays full of plates of leftover food, dozens of jars filled with spices and sauces, and a framed painting of the Virgin of Guadalupe.

Napoleon counts seven other people walking in and out of the kitchen. A big family by the looks of it. He can hear them talking about a soccer game going on in the TV inside the living room.

One of the brothers opens a beer.

YOUNG MEXICAN (IN SPANISH)  
Hey, ma! Bring our friend here a  
beer, would ya?  
(to Napoleon)  
You've eaten yet? You want  
anything?

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
No, thanks.

YOUNG MEXICAN (IN SPANISH)  
C'mon, eat something. Last I saw  
you you were almost fucking dead.  
(to his Mom)  
Hey, ma! We need more tortillas.

The MOM walks in and drops some tortillas and a beer in front of Napoleon.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Thanks, ma'am.

MOM (IN SPANISH)  
Don't mention it.

One of the other brothers stretches his hand to Napoleon.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Nicolas.

Napoleon takes NICOLAS's hand and shakes it.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Napoleon.

(CONTINUED)



NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
This one is Santiago and the other  
one is Juan.

Napoleon nods at the brothers.

SANTIAGO, the one who asked his mom for beer and tortillas,  
taps Napoleon on the shoulder.

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
Man, I really though you were gonna  
die. You were fucked up, man.

Napoleon grabs a tortilla and makes himself a taco from one  
of the dishes of food on the table.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Yeah. I thought I had died for  
sure.

He sets his taco on a plate and looks at all three of them.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
I didn't get to say thank you, but-

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
Oh no, don't even mention it. Those  
fucking gringos are fucking  
assholes, man.

NICOLAS lifts his beer to his mouth.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Fuck them.

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
And fuck that coyote, too.

They all drink.

Napoleon takes a bite of his taco. He's overwhelmed by the  
taste and quickly finishes it. The brothers laugh.

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
Ah, but you didn't want to eat,  
huh?

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
This is so fucking good.

They all laugh. Napoleon makes himself another taco.

(CONTINUED)

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
Where were you headed?

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
(WITH A STUFFED MOUTH)  
Austin, I guess.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Fuck that, there's no work there.

Napoleon swallows.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Well, where were you guys headed?

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
Houston.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Fuck yeah.

Juan grabs Nicolas's shoulder.

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
Nicolas here knows a guy in  
Houston. He's in construction, so  
guaranteed work.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
I worked with him for 8 months.  
He's a Chicano, so it's cool.

Napoleon looks puzzled.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
So why were you crossing again? Why  
not just wait for your brothers in  
Houston?

Nicolas snickers.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
These pussies didn't want to cross  
alone.

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
Shut the fuck up, Nicolas.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
It's true, isn't it?

Santiago sighs.

(CONTINUED)

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
He's a fucking liar. He got caught  
the first time he tried to cross,  
and we didn't want the same thing  
happening to us.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
By the Border Patrol?

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
Worse.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Who, then?

Juan and Santiago drink from their beers. Nicolas runs his  
hands through his hair. He takes a sip of his beer.

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
The fucking idiot used one of the  
tunnels, y'know? The ones they use  
to run drugs and shit. The tunnels  
are connected to the sewers, the  
sewers lead to The States.

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
So he's crawling around in the  
middle of the night with ten other  
guys, knee deep in septic water,  
and they're following this coyote,  
right? And they get to the end of  
the tunnel and they open up this  
hatch that leads outside.

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
The idiot really thought he'd made  
it.

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
And then he's climbing, just about  
to reach the hatch and... Well,  
tell him, Nico.

Nicolas takes another drink. He sighs.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
I climb out of the fucking sewers  
and there's the Coyote blocking the  
exit. So I'm like, "what the fuck  
man?" and he goes, "if you wanna  
come out, you gotta gimme \$2000  
pesos."

Nicolas takes another sip of his drink.

(CONTINUED)

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
I was carrying like \$3000 pesos,  
y'know? It was all I had. And he  
wouldn't let me through without  
paying. So I give it to him and he  
lets me out.

Napoleon looks at Juan and Santiago. They're dead silent.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
And I go out and I'm in the middle  
of an airfield. And these fucking  
big white trucks pull over and some  
guys in flashy suits run out.  
Crocodile boots, fucking guns in  
their hands, like gold-plated,  
automatic fucking guns. They start  
pointing them at us and start  
asking us what the fuck we're doing  
there.

The brothers snicker. Napoleon just stares at Nicolas.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
And then they spot the Coyote shoot  
him in the face. Just like that.  
They take his cash -our cash- and  
look at us.  
(BEAT)  
They look at us and go: "you see  
what happens when you come into our  
fucking turf you poor sons of  
bitches?", and then they started  
shooting at us while we run away.

Nicolas lifts up his shirt. He has a scar in the side of his  
abdomen, and a small object -clearly a bullet- protrudes  
from his skin.

Napoleon stares. Nicolas puts his shirt back down.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
So you went back to Mexico?

Nicolas looks away and takes another sip of his beer.  
Napoleon looks at the brothers.

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
The sewers didn't lead to The  
States, it was some Cartel's  
airfield. They were still in  
fucking Mexico.

(CONTINUED)

Napoleon takes a drink from his beer. They sit in silence for a few seconds.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Anyways, I crossed again the following month.

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
Again?

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Fuck you.  
(TO NAPOLEON)  
I crossed. And then last month these two fuckheads told me they wanted to cross. I know the way a little bit better than them, so I figure, I might just came back to cross with them and make sure their Coyote is legit.

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
Which he was.

Napoleon scoffs.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
You're crazy, right? Why do you think he didn't cross with us? He set us up.

Nicolas puts down his beer.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. We had bad luck, that's a whole different thing.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Bad luck? That asshole left us. The Border Patrol was waiting for us. They knew exactly where we were, we were fucking setup!

Napoleon is almost bursting with anger. He looks at the three brothers, and is about to say something when Nicolas interrupts him.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Listen. That "asshole" got me to Houston. He even hooked me up with that construction job, alright? He's legit. We were ambushed. This kind of thing happens from time to time to  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH) (cont'd)  
time, y'know? Don't take it too  
personally.

Napoleon smashes his hands on the table and stands up. He's  
burning with anger.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
"Don't take it personally"! I lost  
my fucking son! I almost fucking  
died there and I lost my fucking  
son because that fucking "legit"  
piece of shit set us up! I lost my  
son! I fucking lost him! How the  
fuck do you want me to not take it  
personally? Fuck!

The whole household is silent. The three brothers stare at  
Napoleon. Napoleon sits down and presses his hands against  
his face and starts crying. He tries to wipe off his tears,  
but there's just too many. Juan stares off into space, then  
looks at Napoleon and breaks the silence.

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
How old is your kid?

Napoleon wipes his whole face with his shirt and grabs his  
beer.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
He'll be 1 next month.

Napoleon takes a sip from his beer. Santiago looks puzzled.

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
Why did you cross the river with a  
baby?

Nicolas is quick to react.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Santiago, shut the fuck up!  
(TO NAPOLEON)  
Listen, I'm really sorry about your  
kid, man. But there weren't any  
babies on the truck on our way  
back. Maybe they took him.

Napoleon thinks.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Where would they take him?

(CONTINUED)

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
Foster care? Like, I thought you  
were dead at first. Maybe they  
thought they killed you and now  
they have to put that kid  
somewhere, right?

Napoleon thinks.

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
We can take you with us, you can go  
look for him on the other side.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
How? I don't have any money.

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
I have something in mind.

All three of them look at Juan.

Juan drinks from his beer. The other three are silent.

They exchange looks.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRUCK - MEXICAN DESERT NEAR U.S. BORDER - DAY

Napoleon and the three brothers are lined up outside of the  
truck in the same spot as last time along with dozens of  
other Mexicans.

The Coyote closes the back of the truck and turns around to  
face the Mexicans. He has a black eye and gauss over his  
nose. He weakly limps in front of the crowd.

He tries to look everyone in the eye, except for Napoleon  
and the brothers. He addresses the crowd.

COYOTE (IN SPANISH)  
Listen very carefully, because I'm  
only going to say this once.

The Coyote lifts his finger and points at a river one  
hundred meters away from them.

COYOTE (IN SPANISH)  
That river right there is where  
you're headed. This is the most  
shallow point, so you can cross it  
by foot.

(CONTINUED)

Napoleon looks at the Coyote, then at the three brothers next to him.

He looks at the River. The calm water looks almost like a mirror under the hard light of the Sun.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BORDER PATROL VEHICLE - U.S. BORDER - NIGHT

BORDER PATROL AGENT ALAN BLAKE (27, in full patrol gear) sits in the back of a pickup truck surrounded by 5 more AGENTS.

Two other Border Patrol Vehicles cruise along them at either side. The trucks' lights are off to avoid detection.

The Agents next to Agent Blake chant a song:

BORDER PATROL AGENTS (SINGING)  
Illegal crossing over the border!  
These assholes will work all day  
for a quarter! Check their ID's!  
Check their visas! Tell those  
filthy bastards "hasta la vista"!  
Those fucking Mexicans gotta go!  
Those fucking Mexicans, woh-oh!  
Those fucking Mexicans gotta go!  
Those fucking Mexicans, woh-oh!

Agent Blake doesn't partake in the chanting. The other Agents laugh and howl as they finish chanting.

Agent Blake checks his gear. He makes sure his weapon is loaded and that the safety is on. He checks his tazer, making sure it is fully charged. He sighs. He looks up at the night sky, then to the front of the truck.

All three trucks come to a stop. The VOICE of the COMMANDING OFFICER comes through all the Agent's headsets.

COMMANDING OFFICER (O.S.)  
Alright, everybody shut the fuck  
up. Scout says we got a group of  
about 50 UDA's about half a mile  
southwest. Keep NVG's on until  
contact. BOLO.

All agents put their night vision goggles on.

Agent Blake breathes heavily. Sweat drips from his forehead. He quickly wipes it off with his glove.

(CONTINUED)



The trucks start moving again, slowly.

All agents are on the lookout. They are approaching the River.

The trucks slow down almost to a stop.

COMMANDING OFFICER (O.S.)  
50 yards to contact. Only  
non-lethals unless strictly  
necessary, you copy?

All agents respond at the same time.

BORDER PATROL AGENTS  
Copy.

All three trucks accelerate abruptly headed straight for the group of Mexicans. One truck goes to the back of the group, the other to the center, the last one to the front.

They stop 10 yards away from the group, the agents switch their night vision goggles off, and the trucks flash their spotlights at group. It all happens almost instantly.

The Commanding Officer turns on a bullhorn.

COMMANDING OFFICER  
Attention. You are in United States  
territory. Illegal entry into U.S.  
soil is a crime punishable by up to  
6 months in prison. Please stop and  
wait for an immigration officer to  
approach you. Please have your  
documents at hand. Your cooperation  
is important.

The Agents jump off the pickup trucks and run towards the Mexicans. The Mexicans scatter, headed towards the river.

Agent Blake sees a man running away, and an old lady running a few meters ahead of him. He shouts at the man to stop.

AGENT BLAKE  
Hey! Stop! Alto!

He runs at him. His heart is racing.

Another agent, closer to the old lady, runs towards her at full speed and tackles her.

The man Agent Blake is chasing lets out a cry.

(CONTINUED)

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)

No! That's my son! My son! That's my son!

Agent Blake keeps running after him, getting closer and closer. He raises his tazer, and points it at Napoleon.

AGENT BLAKE

Sir, I said stop!

He stops, aims, and shoots. He hits Napoleon square in the center of his back. Napoleon falls to the ground, stiff as a piece of wood.

Agent Blake catches up with Napoleon and looks down at him. He sees a crying baby lying on the ground in front of Napoleon.

AGENT BLAKE

Oh shit.

He quickly picks the baby up and looks down at Napoleon. He's passed out, drooling.

He looks at the baby and sees a deep cut going down from his eyebrow to the middle of his cheek. There is a lot of dirt mixed with the blood.

Agent Blake quickly takes out a canteen from his tactical belt and pours water on the baby's face, trying to wipe off the dirt.

The baby cries even louder now.

He looks around at the rest of the Agents and Mexicans.

One of his colleagues is beating a Mexican to the ground and takes out his weapon, taking the safety off. He aims it at the Mexican's face. He's pushed by another agent as he pulls the trigger and barely misses the shot. A third agent tackles him and wrestles his weapon off of him. The third agent hits him square in the face with the back of the weapon. He stands up, panting, and throws the weapon a few feet away from the disarmed agent.

PANTING AGENT

The fuck is wrong with you?

DISARMED AGENT

Spic had a knife!

(CONTINUED)

PANTING AGENT

Fuck your knife, he's unconscious!  
Fuck!

The Panting Agent stretches out his hand to help him stand up. The Disarmed Agent takes it and stands up.

A crying woman runs up to the unconscious Mexican and slaps his face a few times, trying to wake him up. He doesn't.

The Disarmed Agent bends over and picks up his gun.

DISARMED AGENT

You better fucking pray this thing  
ain't broken.

The Panting Agent ignores him and walks towards the rest of the group. The Disarmed Agent follows him, but stops next to the unconscious Mexican. He spits on him and continues his walk, joining the rest of the Agents.

Agent Blake, baby in arms, is still a good fifty meters away from them. The Agents don't notice the baby's screams because of the loudness of the commotion. They start wrangling the Mexicans, forcing them to kneel in front of the pickup trucks.

The confrontation has died out and silence is taking over.

Agent Blake looks at the crying baby in his arms, at Napoleon, and then back at the rest of the Agents.

He kneels down next to Napoleon, takes off his right-hand glove with his teeth, and puts a finger to his neck. He closes his eyes and concentrates on Napoleon's pulse.

AGENT BLAKE

Fuck!

He presses a button on his helmet, enabling the radio.

AGENT BLAKE

U.D.A. down, fifty yards southeast  
of contact. Repeat, U.D.A. down,  
over.

He looks down at the baby, back at Napoleon, then up at the rest of the Agents.

COMMANDING OFFICER (O.S.)

Copy. Two agents will be headed  
your way, standby, over.

He looks around, mumbling under his breath.

(CONTINUED)

He turns the radio on again.

AGENT BLAKE

Copy.

He looks at the baby again. His face is still bleeding.

Agent Blake acts fast.

He takes off the baby's SOCKS and stuffs them in his mouth. Only one of the socks fits inside his mouth. He throws the other one away. The baby's cries are muffled, and he has trouble breathing through the nose, but it seems to do the trick.

He hurriedly walks through the shadows to the Border Patrol Vehicle he was riding.

Agent Blake, muzzled baby in arms, sneaks into the back of the pickup truck and takes out his backpack. He unzips it.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. DESERT - MEXICO-U.S. BORDER - NIGHT

The Mexicans are sitting in a circle in front of the Border Patrol Vehicles. The Agents are standing around them, talking between themselves.

Out in the distance, a large bus appears headed their way.

The Commanding Officer turns on his bullhorn again.

COMMANDING OFFICER

Attention all aliens. Your cooperation is important. You will board the vehicle one by one. Please advise an Agent close to you if you wish to be seated with your family, otherwise you will be separated.

The Commanding Officer then repeats the speech in Spanish.

The Mexicans start getting up, while Agents wrangle them into the bus.

Agent Blake stands next to Napoleon's body. A fellow BORDER PATROL AGENT approaches.

(CONTINUED)

BORDER PATROL AGENT

He dead?

He points at Napoleon.

AGENT BLAKE

Don't know. I tased him. I guess he  
couldn't handle it.

BORDER PATROL AGENT

Ah, will you look at that. Little  
Blake got his first spic, huh? Well  
good for you, man. Not bad for your  
first day on the field.

Agent Blake nods. They stand next Napoleon's body. Agent  
Blake grabs him by the shoulders, the other Agent by the  
feet.

They slowly carry him to the bus.

They are blocked by the Bus Driver before they can step into  
the bus.

BUS DRIVER

Whoa, is he dead?

BORDER PATROL AGENT

Nah, just knocked out. He'll wake  
up by the time you unload the rest  
of the spics.

BUS DRIVER

And if he doesn't?

BORDER PATROL AGENT

Then just dump him somewhere, jeez.  
Who the hell cares?

The Bus Driver rolls his eyes.

BUS DRIVER

Fine. Lay him down in the back,  
will you?

The Bus Driver lets them through and they carry Napoleon  
into the bus.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. BORDER PATROL VEHICLE - U.S. DESERT - NIGHT

The Agents ride the back of the Border Patrol Vehicles on their way back to base.

The Agents around Agent Blake are chatting and laughing. He doesn't partake in the conversation and instead looks down at his backpack, protecting it with his legs.

BORDER PATROL AGENT  
Hey Blake, I heard you shot a  
runaway spic.

Agent Blake looks up at him.

AGENT BLAKE  
I didn't shoot him. I just tased  
him.

BORDER PATROL AGENT  
Well you should've shot him. One  
less wetback for next time, know  
what I mean?

The Agents laugh. Agent Blake nods and feigns a smile.

AGENT BLAKE  
Yeah.

BORDER PATROL AGENT  
These fuckers are relentless.  
(TO THE REST OF THE AGENTS)  
The moment he touches ground in  
Mexico, he'll run back to the River  
and cross again. I'm telling you:  
we should build a fucking wall.

The Agents nod and hum in agreement.

AGENT BLAKE  
But then we would be out of a job,  
wouldn't we?

The Agents laugh heartily.

Agent Blake smiles and looks down at his backpack again. He stares at it. The backpack moves the tiniest bit on its own. Nobody else notices.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - BORDER PATROL STATION - NIGHT

Agent Blake, backpack over his shoulder, waves goodbye to his fellow Agents as he walks to his car.

BORDER PATROL AGENT (O.S.)  
Have a good one, Blake!

AGENT BLAKE  
Alright! See ya fellas tomorrow.

He continues his walk towards his car. He nervously looks over his shoulder as he gets in.

INT. BLAKE'S CAR - PARKING LOT - CONTINUED

Agent Blake enters the car and sits in the driver's seat. He carefully takes off his backpack and puts it in the co-driver's seat.

He hurriedly puts the key in the ignition and turns it on. The radio turns on, playing a country song. He turns up the volume abnormally loud.

He looks over his shoulder one more time, making sure the coast is clear.

He quickly unzips his backpack and takes out the sleeping baby.

AGENT BLAKE  
No, no, no, no, no, I'm sorry, I'm  
sorry, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

He takes out the sock from the baby's mouth. He touches its forehead with the back of his hand. The baby's scar is swollen and the blood coming out of it has dried out. Its forehead is extraordinarily hot. He puts his ear to its chest. He listens.

The baby breathes weakly.

AGENT BLAKE  
Oh, shit. Shit, shit, shit, shit,  
shit.

He grabs the baby with boths hands and holds it against his chest. The baby rest on Agent Blake's left hand. With his free hand, he puts the gear in the "drive" position, takes the handbrake off, and abruptly accelerates out of the parking lot.

(CONTINUED)

He turns the radio off. He opens his windows and lets in the cool, desert air.

He drives even faster.

In the distance, he sees a pharmacy.

He steps on the gas pedal as far as it goes.

He reaches the pharmacy parking lot and brakes suddenly. He leaves the baby in the co-driver's seat and gets out of the car.

INT. PHARMACY - MOMENTS LATER

Agent Blake runs into the pharmacy and goes directly to the first-aid aisle. He grabs some cotton, an antibiotic ointment, a pack of band-aids, and anti-bacterial gel.

He walks over to the counter, where a PHARMACIST (mid-20's) takes his order.

PHARMACIST  
Will this be all, sir?

AGENT BLAKE  
Yeah.

PHARMACIST  
Okay, that will be--

AGENT BLAKE  
Oh, wait!

He goes back to aisles. He finds the baby products aisle. He grabs a baby bottle, milk formula, and baby food.

He goes back to the counter.

The Pharmacist looks at the first-aid items, then back at Agent Blake.

Agent Blake feigns a smile.

The Pharmacist reluctantly scans the items.

CUT TO:



INT. BLAKE'S HOME - NIGHT

Agent Blake hurriedly enters his home, baby and items in hand. He runs over to his living-room couch and lays the baby on it.

He rubs the anti-bacterial gel on his hands.

He takes out the ointment, pours it on a piece of cotton, and softly rubs it on the baby's cut.

The baby frowns slightly, but doesn't wake up.

He runs to the kitchen, takes out a kettle, pours water in it, turns the stove on, and puts the kettle on it.

He runs back to the living-room and takes out the band-aids. He carefully places each one of them across the cut, until the cut is fully covered by them.

He grabs the baby bottle and the formula and runs back to the kitchen.

He pours some of the boiling water in the bottle, closes it, and shakes it vigorously.

He pours it in the sink and fills it up again.

He puts the baby bottle in the freezer and runs back to the living-room.

He kneels next to the couch and touches the baby's chest. He takes off its shirt and blows multiple times on its torso.

After a few minutes of this, he runs back to the kitchen, opens up the freezer, and takes out the baby bottle. He pours a bit of water on his hand. It's cold.

He opens the milk-formula, measures it, pours it, and shakes the baby bottle vigorously. A bit of milk comes out and splashes his face. He pays no attention. He runs back to the living-room and grabs the baby.

He holds the baby to his chest, slightly upright, then pours a couple of drops of milk on his own hand. He licks it to make sure the temperature is fine, and then puts the nipple of the bottle to the baby's mouth.

The baby doesn't react.

AGENT BLAKE  
C'mon, c'mon, c'mon.

(CONTINUED)

He lowers the baby's head to allow for more milk to flow down its mouth.

The baby coughs and cries weakly.

Agent Blake pushes the nipple of the bottle harder into the baby's mouth.

The baby sucks on it and starts drinking.

AGENT BLAKE

Oh, thank God. Jesus Christ.

He lets out a sigh of relief.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. DESERT - DAY

Napoleon Solis walks silently through the barren U.S. desert alongside the three Mexican brothers, Juan, Nicolas, and Santiago.

The Sun shines high in the sky. The desert is eerily quiet and desolate. He takes out a water bottle from his backpack and takes a sip. He passes it to the three brothers.

Out in the distance, an empty road.

Out of the horizon comes a PICKUP TRUCK, rushing through the desert road.

Nicolas takes off his jacket and waves it around high above his head. He whistles loudly, trying to get the truck's attention.

The three brothers follow suit, getting their jackets off, whistling and yelling at the truck.

NICOLAS, SANTIAGO, JUAN (IN UNISON)

Hey! Heeeeey!

The truck slows down.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK CABIN - U.S. DESERT - MOMENTS LATER

Napoleon rides silently in the back of the cabin with Juan and Santiago. Nicolas rides shotgun.

The driver of the pickup truck is BRYAR HUNT (middle-aged, farmer). He wears a cowboy hat, flannel shirt, and carries a pistol on his belt.

(CONTINUED)

BRYAR

Where y'all fine fellas headed to?

Nicolas sees the pistol. He looks back at his brothers and Napoleon.

NICOLAS

We go to Houston, sir.

BRYAR

Houston! What the fuck y'all going to Houston for?

NICOLAS

Construction, sir.

Bryar sighs.

BRYAR

So that's how it is, then? Y'all just swim over here and build our shit for us, huh?

For a moment, silence.

BRYAR

Can't say I blame you. We act like our shit don't stink, but if we don't do the job ourselves, why the heck wouldn't we let y'all take over? Catch my drift?

Nicolas nods.

NICOLAS

Mmm-hmm.

The truck goes out of the dirt road and into an interstate.

BRYAR

Listen, y'all very lucky I came across you. There's some nasty, nasty fellas 'round these parts who would've loved to do you in just for the fun of it. Not me. I get no pleasure out of killin' a bunch of helpless, unarmed Mexicans just tryin' to make a living. No, sir. The Good Book says "do unto others as you would like done unto you." I live by that. Y'all safe with me. Ya hear?

The brothers exchange looks. Napoleon looks lost.

(CONTINUED)

NICOLAS

Thank you very much, sir. We die in the desert all the time, and we thank you in our heart for helping us.

Bryar smiles and pats Nicolas on the chest.

BRYAR

Don't mention it.

Napoleon looks at Santiago, who is sitting next to him. He leans in and whispers.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH) (WHISPERING)

What are they talking about?

Santiago puts his mouth to Napoleon's ear.

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH) (WHISPERING)

He says he doesn't want to kill us.

Napoleon looks at Bryar. He licks his lips.

NICOLAS

Where are you going, sir? Can you leave us in a autobus central to go to Houston?

Bryar huffs.

BRYAR

Nonsense! I'll drive you all the way there. I'm actually going to Beaumont. Houston's on the way there anyway.

NICOLAS

Thank you, sir.

Nicolas looks at his brothers and Napoleon.

NAPOLEON, SANTIAGO, JUAN (IN UNISON)

Thank you, sir.

Bryar laughs and huffs.

BRYAR

Ain't you the most polite of Mexicans, huh? Hey, get some sleep, alright? Y'all must be exhausted and it's still a long way to go.

(CONTINUED)

Bryar turns up the volume of the radio. A country song is on.

Napoleon and the brothers exchange looks. Nicolas looks back at them.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
It's okay, get some sleep.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Wait, I can't go to Houston. I need  
to go to Laredo.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
With what money?

Napoleon looks at the brothers. They are already taking their jackets off and wrapping them behind their necks, working as comfy pillows for the long ride to Houston.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
My son is in Laredo.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Look, we go to Houston, make some  
money, then we can look for your  
son. I'll go with you and help you  
search for him. Three weeks,  
alright?

Bryar looks at them.

BRYAR  
Everything alright?

NICOLAS (IN ENGLISH)  
Yes, sir.

BRYAR  
Alright.

Nicolas glances at Napoleon for a moment. He nods weakly. Nicolas smiles.

Napoleon rests his head against the window.

He takes out a SMALL PICTURE from his pocket. It's a picture of his baby son, taken mere weeks after his birth.

He stares at the picture for a few moments.

He puts it back in his pocket and closes his eyes.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CUL-DE-SAC - DUSK

Autumn. Red and yellow leaves fall slowly from the tree in front of a house. A LITTLE BOY (8 years old) in a tricycle races around the front lawn.

A WOMAN (early 20s), dressed in an all-white gown, chases the boy.

The Little Boy laughs as he runs away from the Woman.

Napoleon stands in the middle of the cul-de-sac, staring at them.

The Woman catches the Little Boy, lifts him up from his tricycle, spins him around, and holds him tight. The Little Boy hugs her and laughs.

The Woman takes notice of Napoleon. She smiles at him.

Napoleon waves.

She looks at the Little Boy and tells him something. The Little Boy turns his head and sees Napoleon. He smiles and yells something inaudible.

The Woman puts the Little Boy on the ground, and he runs towards Napoleon.

Napoleon, smiling, kneels down, arms stretched wide open.

The Little Boy keeps running. He steps out of the lawn and onto the sidewalk.

He trips while stepping onto the pavement and falls face down on the edge of the street.

Napoleon quickly runs to him.

The Little Boy stays face-down on the ground.

Napoleon kneels down, grabs him, and flips him over.

The Little Boy has a huge wound in the right part of his face, running from his eyebrow to the middle of his cheek. His skin is white. His eyes are wide open, completely lifeless.

Napoleon screams, but no sound comes out. He looks up at the Woman.

She's not there anymore.

(CONTINUED)

Napoleon screams again and holds his son in his arms tightly.

A red, autumn leaf falls on the Little Boy's chest.

The Little Boy blinks and looks at Napoleon straight in the eyes.

Napoleon stares at him.

The Little Boy opens his mouth, trying to say something.

LITTLE BOY  
Napoleon? Napoleon!

The voice coming out of the Little Boy's mouth isn't his own. It's a man's voice.

CUT TO:

INT. PICKUP TRUCK CABIN - OUTSKIRTS OF HOUSTON - DAY

Napoleon abruptly wakes up. Juan is sitting next to him. The truck is otherwise empty.

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
Napoleon! Wake up, man. We're here.

Napoleon sits straight and rubs his eyes. He looks out the window. Nicolas, Santiago, and Bryar are arguing a few feet away from the truck.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
This is Houston?

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
Yeah, man. C'mon, we have to go.

Juan gets out of the truck.

Napoleon puts his jacket back on and steps of the truck.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT - OUTSKIRTS OF HOUSTON - DAY

The Sun shines bright on the empty parking lot. Bryar yells at Nicolas.

BRYAR  
I shoulda just turned y'all in!

Nicolas jumps at Bryar and punches him in the face. Santiago grabs Nicolas and separated him from Bryar.

(CONTINUED)

Bryar puts a hand to his face and screams in anger.

Juan and Napoleon run towards Bryar.

Bryar draws his gun and points it at Juan and Napoleon.

BRYAR  
Nobody fucking move!

They stop immediately.

Bryar points the gun at Nicolas. Him and Santiago take a couple of steps back and raise their hands.

BRYAR  
You owe me, spic! You got that? I  
got you through! Now. For the final  
god-damn time! Gimme your fucking  
money!

Nicolas quickly takes out a wad of cash from his pocket and turns to Santiago. Santiago takes out his own money and hands it to Nicolas. He looks at Napoleon and Juan, standing a couple of feet next to them.

Juan takes out some money from his jacket pocket and slowly approaches Nicolas. He hands the money over.

Bryar looks at Napoleon. He stands still.

BRYAR  
You as well, spic.

Napoleon looks at the brothers. He looks back at Bryar.

BRYAR  
The fucking money! "Deme los  
dinero, cabron."

Napoleon shakes his head. He looks at the brothers again.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
What's going on?

BRYAR  
Shut the fuck up! Gimme the fucking  
money, now!

Bryar steps closer to Napoleon, pointing his gun straight at his face. Nicolas quickly steps forward.

Bryar points the gun at Nicolas.

(CONTINUED)



NICOLAS  
He don't have money, sir.

He extends the handful of pesos in his hand.

NICOLAS  
This all we have. Take it. This all  
we have. We have no else. Please.  
This all we have.

Bryar steps closer and closer to Nicolas, holding the gun tight, pointing it directly to his forehead.

Nicolas kneels down, hand extended, and closes his eyes.

Napoleon and the brothers watch nervously.

Bryar stands in front of Nicolas. He presses the gun against his forehead, right between the eyebrows.

BRYAR  
How much money you got there?

Nicolas opens his eyes, looks at the money, quickly counts it.

NICOLAS  
About one thousand pesos, sir.

BRYAR  
One-thousand pesos, huh? How much  
is that in dollars?

Napoleon, slowly, takes a step closer to Bryar. He doesn't notice. His eyes fixated on Nicolas.

NICOLAS  
Sixty dollars, sir.

BRYAR  
Six... God-damn it. Fuck, you guys  
are poor.

Nicolas extends the hand with the money again. His hand is shaking.

Napoleon slowly takes a step closer to Bryar.

Bryar uses his free hand to reach out for the money. He presses the barrel of the gun harder into Nicolas's forehead.

Nicolas lets out a whimper and the money falls from his hands.

(CONTINUED)

Bryar looks at the money falling to the ground and involuntarily lessens his grip on the gun. He leans over to grab the money and separates the gun ever-so-slightly from Nicolas's forehead.

BRYAR

You stupid, fucking--

Nicolas quickly reacts and punches Bryar's hand. The gun flies away and falls to the ground in front of Napoleon.

The brothers run towards Bryar and kick him to the ground. Nicolas lunges over him and hits him over and over again in the face.

Napoleon bends over and grabs the gun. He looks at it.

He walks towards Nicolas. He grabs him from the back of his shirt with one hand and shoves him away from Bryar. He steps on Bryar's stomach.

Bryar can barely breathe, blood comes out of his nose and mouth.

Napoleon points the gun at Bryar.

NICOLAS, SANTIAGO, JUAN (IN UNISON)

No!

Napoleon pulls the trigger.

Nothing happens. He pulls the trigger three more times. Nothing.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)

It's not even fucking loaded?

Bryar lets out a faint, mocking, laugh.

Napoleon sits on Bryar's chest and hits him with the back of the gun.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)

Shut up, fucker!

He punctuates every word with a hit.

The brothers grab him and lift him off of Bryar.

JUAN (IN SPANISH)

C'mon, man. That's enough.

Napoleon pushes the brothers away from him.

(CONTINUED)

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
He's going to call the fucking cops  
on us.

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
He can't call anyone. You broke his  
jaw. That's enough, man.

He looks at Bryar. He lies on the ground coughing out blood.

NAPOLEON (YELLING IN ENGLISH)  
You call the police? You will call  
the police?

Bryar weakly shakes his head.

Nicolas kneels down and collects the money that lies on the  
ground. He flips Bryar over and grabs his wallet. He takes  
out all his money from his wallet and counts it.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
He's got four hundred dollars. So  
100 each.

He takes out his Driver's License and reads it out loud.

NICOLAS (IN ENGLISH)  
"Bryar Jerome Hunt." Wow, this  
thing says the street where you  
live! Cool!

Nicolas flips Bryar back up.

Bryar coughs some more blood out.

Nicolas takes out a PICTURE OF A SMILING BOY from Bryar's  
wallet. He looks at it, then shows it to Bryar.

NICOLAS (IN ENGLISH)  
If police look for us, we will kill  
your family. Okay?

Bryar nods.

NICOLAS (IN ENGLISH)  
You fell in the bathroom and hit  
your face, okay?

Bryar nods once more.

NICOLAS (IN ENGLISH)  
Okay.

(CONTINUED)

Nicolas takes the keys to the truck out of Bryar's pocket. He pockets the Driver's License and the picture of the smiling boy. He stands up.

Nicolas, Santiago, Juan, and Napoleon walk back to the truck.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAKE'S HOME - NIGHT

Agent Blake sits on the couch in his living room. He browses the internet on his laptop.

Next to him, the baby lies sound asleep.

Agent Blake finds what he's looking for. He grabs a PHONE from the center table and dials a number. He rests the laptop on the table and walks out of the living room, into the kitchen.

The phone rings. And rings. And rings.

Agent Blake paces around the kitchen.

Finally, a voice comes on. It's a YOUNG WOMAN.

YOUNG WOMAN (SLEEPY) (O.S.)  
Hello?

AGENT BLAKE  
Hi! Sorry. Umm, Karina?

KARINA (SLEEPY) (O.S.)  
Who is this?

AGENT BLAKE  
Sorry. Umm, my name is Alan. I saw your ad.

KARINA (O.S.)  
It's three in the morning, Alan.

AGENT BLAKE  
I, I realize that. And I'm sorry to wake you up, but, uh, it's kind of urgent and, uhm. I just wanted to know if you would be able to come tomorrow morning. I have to leave for work really early, y'know, and I have no one to take care of, well, you know. My, my... My baby.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AGENT BLAKE (cont'd)  
It's not my baby, it's my sister's,  
but she's out of town and--

KARINA (O.S.)  
Sure. All day?

Agent Blake smiles.

AGENT BLAKE  
Really? Oh, yes. Thank you. Yes,  
all day. Well, I come back home at  
5. But I have to leave at 7, it's  
kind of a long commute.

KARINA (O.S.)  
Then we should go back to sleep,  
huh?

AGENT BLAKE  
Yeah, yeah! Sorry. Can I, can I  
give you the address?

KARINA (O.S.)  
Yeah, sure. Can you text me? This  
is my cell.

AGENT BLAKE  
Oh, okay. Thank you. I appreciate  
it. I'll text you the address then.

KARINA (O.S.)  
Alrighty, have a good one.

AGENT BLAKE  
Okay, thanks, Karina. You too.

Karina hangs up the phone.

Agent Blake puts the phone on the kitchen counter.

He goes opens up one of the cupboards and takes out a pot  
and a large jar. He fills the pot with water from the sink.

He puts the pot on the stove and turns it on.

He walks back to the living room and sits next to the baby.

He takes out his cellphone and writes Karina a text message.  
He sends it.

He looks at the baby, making sure the band-aids are still  
well-placed. He is in a deep sleep.

(CONTINUED)

Agent Blake inspects the baby, looking for other bruises or cuts. He finds, hanging around the baby's ankle, a bracelet. He carefully removes it.

He holds it up and notices something engraved on the inside of the bracelet.

The bracelet reads: "ADAN SOLIS CARRILLO | i-xi-mmxi"

Agent Blake smiles.

AGENT BLAKE

Adam.

He chuckles.

AGENT BLAKE

You're gonna be okay, Adam. I promise.

He puts the bracelet back on the baby's ankle. He looks at his feet. There's something off about them.

He counts his toes.

Nine on each foot.

AGENT BLAKE

Huh...

Agent Blake covers the baby up with a small blanket.

He strokes his hair, softly.

He closes his eyes and falls asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAKE'S HOME - DAY

There's a knock on the door.

A tired-looking Agent Blake opens the door and sees KARINA (early 20s).

AGENT BLAKE

Karina! Thanks so much for coming, please come in.

KARINA

Thanks!

(CONTINUED)

Karina steps into the house, Agent Blake closes the door behind her.

KARINA  
Alright. So, where's the little thing?

A cry comes from the living room couch. Agent Blake looks at Karina and smiles.

They walk to couch and Agent Blake lifts Adam and holds him to his chest.

KARINA  
Oh gosh, he's so cute! What's your name, little boy? What's your name?

AGENT BLAKE  
His name is Adam.

Karina steps close to Agent Blake and looks down at the baby. She makes wiggly motions with her fingers right above the baby's face. The baby stops crying and stares at her.

KARINA  
Hi, Adam! I'm Karina. I'm gonna take care of you today while uncle is out, okay sweetie pie? You're so cute! Yes you are, yes you are!

The baby chuckles softly.

Karina points at the baby's bruise.

KARINA  
What's that?

AGENT BLAKE  
Oh, it's just a small cut. Nothing serious. Just make sure to change the band-aids every couple of hours, he'll be fine.

KARINA  
Okey-doke.

Karina looks back at the baby and makes funny faces at him. The baby chuckles again.

AGENT BLAKE  
Listen, I left some money on the counter and already called the store. They're coming to deliver  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

AGENT BLAKE (cont'd)  
diapers, baby wipes, uh, milk  
bottles. The whole shebang. I  
boiled some water and left it in  
the fridge. Make sure to warm it up  
a little before you give it to him  
and if there's any--

KARINA  
Don't worry about it, Mr. Blake.  
This ain't my first rodeo, y'know?

Agent Blake smiles.

AGENT BLAKE  
Sure. I left my phone number on the  
fridge, okay?.

KARINA  
Alright, I'll give you a call if  
anything comes up. You can go to  
work now, baby Adam is in good  
hands.

She extends her arms.

Agent Blake reluctantly hands her the baby.

AGENT BLAKE  
Alright, then.

Karina holds the baby and cradles him. She makes cutesy  
noises at him.

Agent Blake grabs his backpack from behind the couch. He  
walks to the door. He turns around to face Karina and the  
baby.

AGENT BLAKE  
Alright. Well, I guess I'll see you  
later.

Karina is fixated on the baby and doesn't look back at him.

KARINA  
Alrighty.

Agent Blake hesitates for a second. He opens the door and  
steps outside.

CUT TO:



INT. BLAKE'S CAR - STREET - DAY

Agent Blake drives his car on the highway.

He takes out his phone and dials.

The phone rings and a WOMAN (SHANNON, secretary) picks up.

SHANNON (O.S.)  
U.S. Customs and Border Patrol,  
Laredo Station, Shannon speaking.

AGENT BLAKE  
Hey, Shannon, it's Agent Blake.

SHANNON (O.S.)  
Hi there, Agent Blake. What can I  
do for you today?

AGENT BLAKE  
Uhm, I got sick during the night,  
and I don't think I'm gonna make it  
today. I'm on my way to the  
doctor's right now.

SHANNON (O.S.)  
Oh, gosh. Are you okay?

AGENT BLAKE  
Yeah, yeah, I think it's just a  
cold. Hey, could you please tell  
Captain Sanchez that I'll be there  
tomorrow? I haven't used up all of  
my sick days, have I?

SHANNON (O.S.)  
You should be fine, I'll let him  
know.

AGENT BLAKE  
Alright, thanks Shannon. Have a  
good one.

SHANNON (O.S.)  
You too, Agent Bla--

Agent Blake hangs up the phone.

He steps on the gas.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - DAY

Agent Blake sits in a waiting room. To one side, a couple of empty chairs. To the other, a MARRIED COUPLE who whisper between themselves.

Other than that, the room is mainly silent.

Agent Blake fidgets with his fingers. He looks at his wristwatch, then up at the ceiling, then back to fidgeting with his fingers.

A RECEPTIONIST calls out for him.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)  
Mr. Blake?

Agent Blake stands up and hurriedly walks to the reception desk.

AGENT BLAKE  
Yes.

RECEPTIONIST  
You can go in now. Just down the hall there.

AGENT BLAKE  
Oh, okay, yes, thank you.

He walks down the hall.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Agent Blake walks through a door and into a small, old-looking office.

There's a big window to the side of the office, heavy venetian blinds hanging in front of it.

A WOMAN sits at a desk. She stands up and offers her hand.

WOMAN  
Alrighty. Mr. Blake, correct?

Agent Blake rushes to shake her hand.

AGENT BLAKE  
Call me Alan.

The woman sits down and does a gesture with her hand, signaling Agent Blake to sit down as well. He does.

(CONTINUED)

The woman opens up a folder sitting on top of her desk and skims through some paperwork. She looks up at Alan.

WOMAN  
Single, huh?

Agent Blake nods. She looks back down at the document.

AGENT BLAKE  
Yes, that's correct.

She looks up again.

WOMAN  
So, where's the mother?

Agent Blake subtly leans in.

AGENT BLAKE  
Resting under a slab of granite in  
Laredo.

She doesn't look up.

WOMAN  
Sorry to hear that.

Agent Blake nods once and looks down at his feet.

The woman closes the folder and puts it back on top of the desk.

WOMAN  
Alright. Mr. Blake, how acquainted  
are you with the sort of work we do  
here?

AGENT BLAKE  
Well, to be perfectly honest, not  
much I'd say.

WOMAN  
Okay. Do you have something in  
mind?

Agent Blake sits in silence for a moment.

AGENT BLAKE  
I want him to be in good hands, I  
guess.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

As luck would have it, that's our specialty. We have several different methods of achieving a good match and a smooth transition, and I'm confident we can provide you with the one that best suits your needs, both emotionally and financially.

AGENT BLAKE

I'm happy to hear that.

WOMAN

Fortunately, your son is still very young, so the probability of long-term psychological trauma is quite low. Once we find a suitable match, we'll just have to focus on the coping aspect of the transition, which shouldn't take long, given his age.

Agent Blake nods.

AGENT BLAKE

And how long do you think that would be?

WOMAN

Three months, at most.

AGENT BLAKE

For the whole process?

WOMAN

Oh, heavens, no. Just the coping stage. The entire adoption process might last up to five years. It's normally three, on average.

Agent Alan Blake stares at her.

CUT TO:

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - HOUSTON STREET - NIGHT

Nicolas, Santiago, and Juan sleep inside the stolen pickup truck. Napoleon lies restless in the co-driver's seat, unable to close his eyes and sleep. He sweats mildly. The truck is parked to the side of a road in an impoverished Houston neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

Napoleon gives up trying to sleep and sits up straight. He looks out the window. The street is empty and eerily quiet, save for the odd, distant dog barking at the moon.

He fixes his gaze on a faraway traffic light, the only sign of color in an otherwise monochrome environment.

The traffic light blinks green.

Napoleon is almost hypnotized by the uninterrupted, rhythmical blinking of the traffic light. Green, off. Green, off. His eyelids get heavier.

Green, off. Green, off. He starts to doze off.

Green, off. Green, red, blue. Napoleon, alarmed, opens his eyes.

A police car turns the corner, its flashing turret lights illuminate the whole street. It appears to be doing its rounds, and is now headed their way.

Napoleon, panic in his face, tries to wake his companions up.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH) (WHISPERING)  
Police, police, police!

Nobody reacts. He pats Nicolas on the face.

Nicolas wakes up, startled. He looks at Napoleon and sees the red and blue lights shining on his face. He turns around and sees the police car driving slowly towards them.

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Oh, shit.

Nicolas turns around and slaps both his brothers' legs.

The wake up immediately, confused for a second. They, too, recognize the turret lights.

SANTIAGO (IN SPANISH)  
Oh, shit. Drive, drive, drive!

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Are you crazy? They're gonna follow us!

JUAN (IN SPANISH)  
Let's get out. Right now.

Without missing a beat, all four of them grab their belongings.

(CONTINUED)

NICOLAS (IN SPANISH)  
Sidewalk, sidewalk!

Napoleon and Santiago slowly open their respective car doors. They get out and crouch to the side of the truck, making space to let Juan and Nicolas get out.

Juan quickly gets out of the pickup truck. Nicolas shuffles over to the co-driver's seat and gets out of the truck as well.

They carefully close the doors and crouch next to the truck, hiding from the police car's view.

The police car gets closer, it's now less than 50 meters away from them.

Napoleon frantically looks around. He notices that the yard around the house they're standing in front of leads up to another street.

He turns to face the brothers and signals at the house.

They nod and all four of them get down on the ground, flat against the overgrown lawn before them.

The police car arrives at the truck and stops right behind it.

Napoleon and the brothers can hear the faint sound coming from the police radio. Some words are clearer than others.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
... filed earlier today by owner of  
vehicle... caution...

Nicolas starts crawling towards the house, the rest follow suit. Their moves are slow and delicate, making sure to make no sound.

A POLICE OFFICER comes out of the passenger's seat of the police car. He takes out a flashlight and draws his gun. He points the flashlight directly at the pickup truck and starts looking inside the cabin.

Napoleon and the brothers crawl faster.

The police officer taps the windows of the truck loudly.

The Mexicans crawl even faster. They are now only 2 meters away from reaching the porch of the house. The truck and the police car are 15 meters away.

(CONTINUED)

The police officer starts walking around the truck, looking into the cabin from all angles. Satisfied, he turns off the flashlight and heads back to the police car.

Juan gets up from the ground and stays crouching. He takes a step and breaks a twig underneath him. The twig makes a disproportionately loud sound.

The police officer, almost at the police car, turns around quickly and points the flashlight at the source of the noise.

Immediately, all four Mexicans get up and start running past the house and towards the street.

The police officer begins pursuit.

POLICE OFFICER  
Freeze!

The police car turns the siren on.

Napoleon runs as fast as he can. He gets past the house and turns to the right. The brothers turn left.

The police car speeds off and turns the corner.

The police officer runs at full speed. He is catching up with the brothers.

POLICE OFFICER  
Last warning! Stop!

The brothers get to the street and run across it.

Halfway through the street, Juan trips.

Nicolas and Santiago turn to look at him and stop. They run back to help him up. The police officer catches up and points his gun and flashlight at them.

POLICE OFFICER  
Hands up! Now!

The three brothers put their hands up.

NICOLAS (IN ENGLISH)  
We didn't do nothing! We didn't--

POLICE OFFICER  
Shut the fuck up! On the ground!  
Now! Hands above your head!

(CONTINUED)

The brothers quickly obey and lie face down flat against the ground. The police officer proceeds to cuff them. He starts with Nicolas.

Napoleon is now about 50 meters away from them. He finds a garbage bin in front of a house, opens it, and jumps inside it. The garbage bin topples over and he hits his face against the ground.

The police officer hears Napoleon, turns to face him, and calls for support on his radio.

POLICE OFFICER  
Suspect on foot, southbound on  
15th.

Napoleon quickly gets up and keeps running.

Santiago takes advantage of the momentary distraction and, in one swift movement, stands up and runs at the officer at full speed. He tackles him to the ground. Juan gets up and runs at the officer as well.

The police car drifts around the corner at full speed and centers in on the three brothers.

Santiago wrestles the police officer and takes his gun. He pulls the trigger, shooting the officer in the neck.

NICOLAS  
No! No! No!

Santiago turns around to shoot at the police car, but the officer is already out with his gun drawn. The officer pulls the trigger and hits Santiago in the middle of the stomach.

Santiago drops the gun and falls to the ground.

NICOLAS  
No! No!

JUAN  
Santi! Santiago!

Both brothers scream. Juan rushes to Santiago's side and looks at his wound. Blood sprouts out of his stomach. Santiago coughs up blood and looks at Juan straight in the eye.

JUAN  
Santi! Santi!

Nicolas, hands cuffed behind his back, twists and turns trying to get to Santiago.

(CONTINUED)



NICOLAS  
No! No! Santiago!

The officer who shot Santiago quickly approaches them, pointing his gun at them, and kicks the gun out of reach.

He quickly switches his gun for a taser and shoots Juan. Juan stiffens up and falls flat against the ground. The officer turns the taser off and handcuffs him.

Nicolas cries loudly.

The officer takes out his radio.

OFFICER  
We have a ten double-zero, I  
repeat, officer down. Location is  
15th and 21st.

Napoleon witnesses everything from afar. He is almost two blocks away from them. The look on his face is pure panic.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Oh, shit. Oh, shit, shit, shit.

Blood from his forehead drips down on his cheeks. He wipes it off with his sleeve.

He looks around and notices a dumpster next to a nearby grocery store. He runs straight at it, opens it up, and is taken by surprise by the horrid smell emanating from it.

He hears multiple police sirens approaching fast.

He jumps into the dumpster.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAKE'S HOME - NIGHT

Agent Blake enters his home. He finds Karina reading a book while lying on the couch.

Karina looks up from her book.

KARINA  
Hey.

Agent Blake closes the door behind him and drops his backpack next to the couch.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT BLAKE

Hey.

Karina puts the book down and sits up straight.

KARINA

Adam is such a cute baby! He kept giggling every time I tickled him and, oh gosh, he's just the cutest. Also, the band-aids were bothering him, so I just took them off.

AGENT BLAKE

Yeah, okay. Um, did he eat? I mean, drink or-- yeah, did he?

KARINA

He sure did! He was really hungry.

AGENT BLAKE

Alright, alright. Well, thank you so much Karina!

Karina stands up.

KARINA

Alright. I put him to sleep in your bed, I hope you don't mind.

AGENT BLAKE

Oh, that's perfect, thanks. So uh, are you free tomorrow?

KARINA

I can come tomorrow, yeah.

AGENT BLAKE

Okay. It's just that I don't know when my sister is gonna be back and... Well... I think I'm gonna have to find like a daycare or something, I guess.

Agent Blake sits down on the couch and puts a hand to his face.

AGENT BLAKE

I don't know what I'm gonna do.

Karina sits down next to him. They sit in silence for a moment.

(CONTINUED)

KARINA

You know Mr. Blake, I don't really have anything going on right now. I can come and take care of Adam until your sister comes back if you want me to.

He looks up at her.

AGENT BLAKE

Really?

Karina nods.

AGENT BLAKE

That would be great, actually.  
Thank you, Karina.

Karina smiles broadly.

KARINA

Don't mention it.

Agent Blake smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. DUMPSTER - BACK OF A RESTAURANT - DAY

The dumpster hatch opens. Sunlight comes in.

A RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE (late teens) holding a big garbage bag looks inside and finds Napoleon lying amid the trash.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE

Oh, God.

Startled, he lets go of the hatch, which loudly closes shut. Napoleon wakes up and quickly opens the hatch from within.

He crawls out and stands next to the dumpster. He squints at the Restaurant Employee. He approaches Napoleon slowly.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE

Are... are you okay, sir?

Napoleon strongly shoves him away. The Employee falls to the ground and squirms.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE

Please don't hurt me! Please!

Napoleon looks around, paranoid. The streets are empty.

(CONTINUED)

NAPOLEON  
No Engli--

Napoleon coughs violently. He doubles over and coughs some more.

The Employee looks up at him.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE  
Are-- are you okay, sir?

Napoleon clears his throat and points at it.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Water.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE  
You're sick?

The Employee stands up and grabs the garbage bag. Napoleon holds out his thumb and little finger and points them at his mouth, mimicking the drinking of water.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Water.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE  
Water! Okay, sure.

The Employee starts walking back to the restaurant. Napoleon follows.

The Employee stops in his tracks, turns around and goes back to the dumpster. Napoleon stays put.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE  
Forgot this.

He chuckles and puts the garbage bag into the dumpster.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE  
Okay, all set.

The Employee walks past Napoleon and into the restaurant.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - DINER - DAY

Napoleon drinks water inside the diner kitchen. It's not open yet.

The Employee stands in front of him.

Napoleon finishes the glass of water.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE

More?

Napoleon holds out the glass and nods.

The Employee walks to the sink, fills up the glass, and walks back to Napoleon.

Napoleon drinks it.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE

So, uh... Is there anyone I can call for you or something? Does anyone know you're here?

Napoleon sighs.

NAPOLEON

No English.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE

You don't speak English. Right, okay. Umm... Let's see...

The Employee rubs his temple and thinks for a moment.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE

Okay, look at me, look at me.

The Employee points at himself with his hands.

RESTAURANT EMPLOYEE

Jason. I'm Jason.

He points at Napoleon.

JASON

What's your name?

Napoleon points at himself.

NAPOLEON

Napoleon.

Jason smiles.

(CONTINUED)

JASON  
Napoleon! Awesome. Awesome name.

He points outside, at the backdoor.

JASON  
The dumpster. Why...

He puts his hands flat against each other, tilts his head to the side, and rests his cheek on them.

JASON  
... were you sleeping there?

He opens his hands, palms up, and lifts his shoulders. He repeats the motions.

Napoleon looks at Jason, puzzled at first, then understands.

He points at himself, then holds out two fingers and wiggles them, mimicking a person walking. He points outside with his thumb. He imitates a gun with his hand and points it at Jason, as if he were shooting.

Jason looks at him intently.

JASON  
You were... walking... Somebody was shooting at you! You were running away from some criminals?

He mirrors Napoleon's signs while speaking.

Napoleon nods.

JASON  
Wow. And here I thought this was a nice neighborhood.

Napoleon points at himself.

NAPOLEON  
Laredo.

JASON  
Laredo? You're from Laredo?

Jason points at Napoleon while speaking.

Napoleon looks away in frustration. He looks back at Jason.

NAPOLEON  
Autobus. Laredo.

He points at himself, then outside with his thumb.

JASON  
Autobus... Auto... Oh, right, a  
bus! You wanna take a bus to  
Laredo!

Napoleon nods.

JASON  
Okay, sure. Sure. The bus station  
is actually pretty close from here.  
Come, I'll show you.

He signals at Napoleon to follow him.

They walk out of the restaurant.

CUT TO:

EXT. DINER - DAY

Jason and Napoleon stand on the sidewalk outside the diner.

Jason points down the street. Napoleon looks at him.

JASON  
Okay, so it's three blocks down  
that way, then you make a right and  
it's four more blocks and you're  
there.

Napoleon looks at him confused. Jason points down the street  
again and puts up one finger.

JASON  
One...

He stretches his arm a little bit further back and holds up  
two fingers.

JASON  
Two...

He repeats the motion and holds up three fingers.

JASON  
Three blocks.

He points to the right with his whole hand.

(CONTINUED)

JASON

Then you make a right. And it's  
one...

He holds up one finger and stretches it to the right.

Napoleon nods.

NAPOLEON

Ah, okay, okay.

Jason smiles.

JASON

Yeah, you got it didn't you? Two,  
three, four.

He punctuates every number by hold up the corresponding  
amount of fingers.

Napoleon repeats Jason's motions.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)

One, two, then right, then one,  
two, three, four.

Jason nods.

JASON

Alright, Napoleon! You got it, man.  
Good luck!

Napoleon smiles and hugs Jason. He looks uncomfortable.

JASON

Alrighty. Okay.

Jason breaks the embrace.

Napoleon digs into his pocket. He finds the \$100 bill him  
and the brothers stole from Bryar. There's a small  
bloodstain on Benjamin Franklin's face.

He offers it to Jason. Jason declines with his hand.

JASON

No, no way. That's a lot of money!  
Don't give it out like that. You  
need it for the bus.

Napoleon pockets the bill. He extends his hand at Jason. He  
takes it and shakes it.

(CONTINUED)



NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Thank you, Jason.

JASON  
Hey, I got that! It means thank  
you, right?

NAPOLEON (IN ENGLISH)  
Thank you.

Jason smiles.

JASON  
You're welcome. Good luck.

Napoleon takes off.

Jason looks at him for a moment and walks back into the  
diner. He stops at the door and sniffs something.

He grabs his shirt and smells it.

JASON  
Oh, Jesus.

He walks into the diner.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS STATION - DAY

Napoleon walks into the busy bus station.

He looks around and spots the ticket office. He queues  
behind about a dozen people.

There's some bookcases next to the line. He reaches over the  
divider and grabs a book.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS - DAY

Napoleon sits on the bus, reading a book. The cover reads:  
"Ingles para dummies" (English for Dummies).

He flips the pages, mouthing the words while he reads.

CUT TO:

EXT. BUS STATION - LAREDO - DAY

Napoleon walks out of the bus station. He looks around and spots a phone booth.

He walks into the phone booth.

INT. PHONE BOOTH - DAY

Napoleon enters the phone booth. It's old and lacks maintenance. He tries the receiver: the line is working. He looks around inside the cramped phone booth and sees an aged yellow pages book lying on the floor.

He picks it up and places it on the counter. He flips the pages and looks for something. He takes out his "English for Dummies" book and opens it.

He grabs the receiver and dials a number. The line rings.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S OPERATOR (O.S.)  
St. Augustine's Hospital, how may I  
help you today?

Napoleon holds the receiver with his shoulder to free up his hands. He flips back and forth through the pages of his "English for Dummies" book.

NAPOLEON  
Hello. No speak English--

ST. AUGUSTINE'S OPERATOR (O.S.)  
I'm sorry, sir. Our  
Spanish-speaking operators are busy  
right now, please try again later.

The Operator hangs up. Napoleon looks at the receiver, clearly frustrated.

Napoleon flips through the yellow pages again. He finds another number and dials. The line rings.

MOCEL OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Mocel Hospital, how can I help you?

NAPOLEON  
Hello.

MOCEL OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Hello, sir, how may I help you?

(CONTINUED)

A tapping sound comes through the cabin's glass. Napoleon turns around and sees A MAN standing outside the booth. He signals, impatiently, at his watch.

Napoleon puts a hand up.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Just a moment.

He turns his back on the Man.

NAPOLEON (IN ENGLISH)  
Hello. Yes. No speak English. Need.  
Help. For find. Son.

Napoleon flips through his English for Dummies book as he speaks.

MOCEL OPERATOR (O.S.)  
You want me to tell you what room  
your son is in, sir?

Napoleon flips through the book again and takes a moment.

NAPOLEON  
No. No find son. Is loss. He stole.  
Help find son.

MOCEL OPERATOR (O.S.)  
You son was stolen?

Napoleon nods emphatically.

NAPOLEON  
Yes, yes.

MOCEL OPERATOR (O.S.)  
We can't do much to help, sir. You  
would have to call 9-11 for that.

Napoleon shakes his head. He keeps flipping through his book.

NAPOLEON  
No police. Police is stole son.

MOCEL OPERATOR (O.S.)  
The police stole your son?

NAPOLEON  
Yes. *Desiert. Desiert* police.

The Man taps on the cabin's glass again.

MAN

Hey, hurry up there, will ya?

Napoleon covers his free ear with his hand and hunches over the telephone counter, ignoring the Man outside.

For a moment, nothing but silence comes out of the receiver.

HOSPITAL OPERATOR (O.S.)

Let me see what I can do, sir.

What's the name of your son?

NAPOLEON

Adan. Adan Solis Carrillo.

HOSPITAL OPERATOR (O.S.)

Okay, let's see... Okay... Oh, wow, he's here!

Napoleon smiles broadly.

NAPOLEON

Yes?

His eyes tear up, he covers his mouth with one hand.

HOSPITAL OPERATOR (O.S.)

Yeah, we were wondering if someone would come for him! Can you come here to pick him up?

Napoleon has a big smile on his face, tears run down his cheeks.

NAPOLEON

Yes. Yes.

HOSPITAL OPERATOR (O.S.)

Okay, do you want me to give you the address?

Napoleon can't stop smiling. He wipes his tears with his hand.

NAPOLEON

Son okay? Is okay?

HOSPITAL OPERATOR (O.S.)

Oh, yeah, he's doing great. He said he can't wait to see you! So can you come pick him up? Do you have something to write the address on?

(CONTINUED)

The smile fades slowly from Napoleon's face. He mouths the word "said". He flips through his book again.

HOSPITAL OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Sir? Can you come in?

Napoleon frowns, the awful realization coming over him. He holds the receiver away from his face and stares at it.

HOSPITAL OPERATOR (O.S.)  
Sir?

He lets out a scream and hits the receiver over and over again against the counter.

He punches the walls of the booth and kicks the door open.

He grabs his English for Dummies book and walks out, past the speechless Man outside.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAFFIC CHECKPOINT - DAY

A temporary Border Patrol interior traffic checkpoint set in the middle of a highway. Cones are set up to force motorists to drive by the checkpoint one by one.

Agent Blake stands at the checkpoint next to a colleague, AGENT DAFOE.

A car comes by. Agent Dafoe signals at them to stop at the checkpoint. The car stops and Agent Dafoe approaches the driver's side.

The DRIVER rolls down his window. Agent Dafoe leans in.

AGENT DAFOE  
Good morning, sir.

The Driver smiles at Agent Dafoe.

DRIVER  
Good morning, officer.

AGENT DAFOE  
What brings you around here today, sir?

DRIVER  
On my way to the in-laws for the weekend.

(CONTINUED)

Agent Blake walks around the car, looking at the license plates and every other detail.

AGENT DAFOE  
Are you a U.S. citizen?

DRIVER  
Yes I am, officer.

Agent Blake's phone rings. He looks at the screen: "Karina G." He steps away from the checkpoint.

Agent Dafoe continues interviewing the Driver.

Agent Blake picks up the phone.

AGENT BLAKE  
Hey, Karina.

KARINA (O.S.)  
Mr. Blake, sorry to call you at work.

AGENT BLAKE  
It's no problem. Everything okay?

Agent Blake looks at the checkpoint from a few yards away. He sees Agent Dafoe looking at some paperwork from the Driver. He nods and gives it back to him. The Driver takes off.

KARINA (O.S.)  
Yeah, perfect! I wanted you to hear something.

Agent Blake looks at the road. Another vehicle approaches. It's a pickup truck. Agent Dafoe signals at them to stop at the checkpoint.

AGENT BLAKE  
Sure.

The pickup truck stops next to Agent Dafoe. There are four passengers inside, plus the PICKUP DRIVER. He rolls the window down.

KARINA (O.S.)  
C'mon, cutie pie. C'mon.

Agent Blake can hear baby Adam babbling on the other side of the phone.

(CONTINUED)

KARINA (O.S.)  
C'mon, cutie.

Agent Blake overhears the conversation between Agent Dafoe and the pickup truck driver.

AGENT DAFOE  
Morning, sir. Where are y'all  
headed today?

PICKUP DRIVER  
Cincinatti.

AGENT DAFOE  
That's pretty far away, isn't it?

PICKUP DRIVER  
Far from here, close from there.

Adam's voice comes on the phone.

ADAM (O.S.)  
Buh-bee.

Agent Blake beams up.

KARINA (O.S.)  
Alan, did you hear that?

Agent Blake smiles broadly.

AGENT BLAKE  
Wow! Yeah, I did!

KARINA (O.S.)  
Had you ever heard him talk before?

AGENT BLAKE  
No, I... I didn't know he could  
even do that.

KARINA (O.S.)  
Well, tell your sister, I'm sure  
she'll be all excited!

Agent Blake's smile slowly disappears.

AGENT BLAKE  
Yeah, I'll be sure to tell her,  
when I get the chance.

Agent Dafoe keeps interviewing the Pickup Driver.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT DAFOE

Are you and your passengers U.S. citizens?

PICKUP DRIVER

You know, we really need to get going. As you said, Cincinnati is pretty far away.

AGENT DAFOE

Sir, this is an immigration checkpoint, I need to ensure that you're all lawful U.S. citizens.

PICKUP DRIVER

I understand, but we're running late as it is, y'know. Now, if you don't mind...

Agent Dafoe turns to Agent Blake and waves at him to come over.

AGENT BLAKE

Listen, Karina, I gotta go.

KARINA (O.S.)

Okay, sorry to--

Agent Blake hangs up and walks up to Agent Dafoe. Agent Dafoe leans in.

AGENT DAFOE

He's not complying.

Agent Blake approaches the driver's window. The driver and the passengers are revealed to be -- Bryar, Nicolas, Santiago, Juan, and Napoleon.

Agent Blake can only see Bryar's and Nicolas's faces clearly, as Juan, Santiago, and Napoleon are asleep in the back.

AGENT BLAKE

Please turn off your vehicle, sir.  
It'll be just a moment.

Bryar turns off the engine.

AGENT BLAKE

Thank you. Are you aware this is an immigration checkpoint, sir?

(CONTINUED)



BRYAR

Yeah, I know. I also know that I'm running late and you have no reason to detain me. So if you don't mind, I'm gonna get going.

The Agents exchange looks.

AGENT BLAKE

Sir, we're allowed by the Supreme Court to temporarily detain you and search you if necessary until we verify U.S. citizenship.

BRYAR

Only if you have probable cause. And that's a big "if".

Agent Dafoe chimes in.

AGENT DAFOE

Can your friends speak for themselves? Do they even speak English?

BRYAR

Wow there, can you spell "racial profiling", amigo?

AGENT BLAKE

We suspect they're not carrying Proof of Citizenship, sir, nothing to do with profiling.

BRYAR

So what? We don't need to carry no proof of nothing. We're travellers, travelling down a U.S. highway. That ain't no crime.

Agent Blake looks away for a few moments. Agent Dafoe is silent.

BRYAR

So are we done here? Or are you gonna arrest me for travelling with brown people?

Agent Blake looks back at Bryar. He takes a deep breath.

AGENT BLAKE

Fine. Have it your way.

(CONTINUED)

He stares at Bryar and leans in. They're so close that Agent Dafoe can't hear them.

AGENT BLAKE  
Just tell me one thing and you can go. No bullshit.

BRYAR  
What's that?

Agent Blake takes a quick look at Nicolas and then back at Bryar. He looks him dead in the eye.

AGENT BLAKE  
Why are you helping them? They're illegals, I know they are... Just... why?

Bryar leans in even closer, without breaking eye contact.

BRYAR  
Because of all the horrible, twisted ways a man can sin, being born on the wrong side of a river should be the one that goes unpunished.

Bryar turns his engine on.

BRYAR  
Good thing their parents are American citizens, huh?

Agent Blake takes a small step back. The pickup truck takes off.

Agent Blake looks at them leave.

He stares at the pickup truck until it fades away and disappears in the horizon.

CUT TO:

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Napoleon walks the aisles of a desolate convenience store.

He stands before some cans of tuna. He looks over at the CASHIER. He reads the paper.

Napoleon grabs a couple of cans and stuffs them in his pockets.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Napoleon sits at a sidewalk, eating tuna from the cans he just stole.

A CYCLIST rides past him and stops at the corner in front of a Coffee Shop. He gets off his mountain bike and rests it against the wall of the Coffee Shop. He walks inside.

Napoleon gets up and slowly walks towards the bike. He looks into the Coffee Shop, then over his shoulder. He quickly runs to the bike, grabs it, gets on, and speeds away from there.

The Cyclist comes running out of the Coffee Shop.

CYCLIST

Hey! Stop! Hey, that's my bike  
dude!

Napoleon pedals as fast as he can and gets away from the cyclist.

INT. BLAKE'S HOME - NIGHT

Karina sits at the couch with Adam. She feeds him baby food with a tiny plastic spoon.

Agent Blake walks through the door.

Karina turns around and smiles at him.

KARINA

Hi, Mr. Blake!

Agent Blake closes the door behind him and puts his backpack on the floor.

AGENT BLAKE

Hey, Karina.

Agent Blake sits at the couch, next to Adam.

KARINA

What did she say?

AGENT BLAKE

Huh?

Karina stops feeding Adam and Agent Blake lifts him up.

(CONTINUED)

KARINA  
Your sister.

Agent Blake holds Adam in his arms.

AGENT BLAKE  
Oh, yeah. She was, uh... Happy.  
Yeah.

Karina looks at him, frowning.

KARINA  
You didn't tell her, did you?

Agent Blake puts Adam down on the couch and looks at Karina.

AGENT BLAKE  
Not exactly.

Karina looks at him, silent. Agent Blake rubs his eyes.

AGENT BLAKE  
Look, I... I haven't been  
completely honest.

Karina stares at him, completely quiet.

AGENT BLAKE  
My sister... She's not...

Agent Blake looks at her straight in the eye. Karina looks confused.

AGENT BLAKE  
I don't think she's coming back.

Karina looks shocked.

KARINA  
What? Like never?

Agent Blake stands up and walks to the kitchen. She follows him. He grabs a glass from the cupboard and takes out a bottle of whiskey.

AGENT BLAKE  
Want some?

Karina shakes her head. Agent Blake pours himself a glass and sits down at the table with her. He takes a sip of whiskey and looks down at the floor.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT BLAKE

She's always had a... problem. You know?

Agent Blake mimicks the smoking of a joint. Karina looks horrified.

KARINA

Oh, gosh.

AGENT BLAKE

Yeah. And y'know, it got really bad. She started like that, but then moved on to bigger stuff... And I was worried about Adam, alright? So one day I went to her place to get her to quit.

Karina stares at him. She nods her head while listening to him speak, mortified.

AGENT BLAKE

And she was on I don't know what stuff, and she grabbed Adam and tried to run away with him, but she tripped. That's how he got that cut on his face.

Karina covers her mouth with her hands.

AGENT BLAKE

So I told her, "y'know what, that's enough", and I checked her into rehab. And I brought Adam here with me. And...

Agent Blake takes a sip from his whiskey. Karina can't look away from Agent Blake.

AGENT BLAKE

And then I found out that she met a dealer in rehab and ran away with him.

KARINA

Where did they go?

AGENT BLAKE

Canada. They got caught at the border with 50 pounds of marihuana and cocaine.

(CONTINUED)

KARINA  
Jesus Christ...

AGENT BLAKE  
Yeah.

Karina turns her head and looks at Adam. He's fallen asleep on the couch.

KARINA  
What's gonna happen to Adam?

AGENT BLAKE  
Well, that's the thing. I went to an adoption agency, but they wouldn't take him.

KARINA  
Why not?

AGENT BLAKE  
Because he has no papers.

Karina looks puzzled.

AGENT BLAKE  
Adam was born in a crackhouse and my sister never got him a birth certificate. And now that she's in prison, well, you get what the problem is, right?

Karina nods, dumbfounded.

KARINA  
Uh-huh.

Agent Blake finishes his glass of whiskey.

AGENT BLAKE  
I can't take care of him. And I can't even get him into foster care without papers.

KARINA  
Isn't there something you can do?

Agent Blake looks at Karina.

AGENT BLAKE  
Well, there is one thing, but I can't do it by myself...

(CONTINUED)

Adam starts coughing and crying. Agent Blake and Karina quickly go to his side.

Agent Blake lifts him up over his shoulder and taps his back. Adam throws up a little over Agent Blake's shoulder.

Karina runs to the kitchen and grabs a towel. She comes back and cleans the vomit from Agent Blake's shoulder.

Agent Blake cradles Adam in his arms and sits down on the couch. He grabs a milk bottle and feeds it to Adam.

Karina looks at Agent Blake, worried.

KARINA

So...?

AGENT BLAKE

I think he's fine now.

KARINA

No. The thing. I want to help.

Agent Blake looks away from her and frowns.

KARINA

Could I get into trouble?

Agent Blake nods.

KARINA

How much?

AGENT BLAKE

Probably a lot.

Karina looks away and sits back on the couch.

KARINA

And what would happen with Adam?

AGENT BLAKE

He'd go to a new family. A good one, hopefully.

Karina looks at Agent Blake. They sit in silence for a moment.

Adam grabs one of Agent Blake's fingers. He holds to his finger tight.

Karina looks away. She takes a deep breath.

(CONTINUED)

KARINA

Okay. I want to help.

Agent Blake looks at her.

Karina looks at him.

KARINA

Can I have that drink now?

Agent Blake nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. DESERT - NIGHT

Napoleon pedals across the moonlit desert. He's sweaty and heaving. He stops.

He looks around. He changes the bike's direction slightly and keeps pedalling.

CUT TO:

EXT. U.S. DESERT - MEXICO-U.S. BORDER - NIGHT

Napoleon arrives at the spot in the desert where the Border Patrol caught him. He gets off his bike and walks towards the river. The Moon lights his way.

He walks around, looking at the ground and the bushes.

He sees an object on the ground, covered in mud.

He kneels down and starts digging with his hands.

He uncovers it and holds it in his hand. It's a baby's sock.

He examines the sock and caresses it. His breathing gets heavy.

He clutches the sock tight and looks up at the Moon.

CUT TO:



INT. BLAKE'S CAR - HIGHWAY - DAY

Agent Blake drives down a highway. Karina sits in the co-driver's seat.

A child car seat is strapped in the back. Adam sleeps inside it.

They are all silent.

Karina looks at Agent Blake. He doesn't notice.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CAR- DILAPIDATED BUILDING - MEXICO - DAY

Agent Blake parks the car in an improvised parking lot in front of a building somewhere in Mexico. Part of the building looks burnt down.

He takes off his seat belt and turns to face Karina.

AGENT BLAKE  
It'll be all right.

Karina takes a deep breath. She exhales slowly and nods.

KARINA  
Okay.

Agent Blake gets out of the car and opens one of the back doors. He grabs Adam from the child car seat and closes the door.

Karina takes another deep breath. She unbuckles her seat belt and exits the car.

CUT TO:

INT. DILAPIDATED BUILDING - DAY

A FUNCTIONARY (Female, late 50s) sits behind a glass panel inside a busy government office.

FUNCTIONARY  
No.

Agent Blake and Karina, baby in hands, stand on the other side of the glass panel.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT BLAKE  
What do you mean "no"?

He looks at Karina. Karina leans in.

KARINA (IN SPANISH)  
What do you mean "no"?

The Functionary rolls her eyes.

FUNCTIONARY (IN SPANISH)  
I can't help you, we have no record  
of it.

KARINA (IN SPANISH)  
Of course you don't, your whole  
building is burnt to the ground,  
how is that our fault!

FUNCTIONARY (IN SPANISH)  
You should have kept a copy.

KARINA (IN SPANISH)  
We lost it! This isn't our fault!

Agent Blake looks at them impatiently.

AGENT BLAKE  
What's going on?

KARINA  
Shush.  
(IN SPANISH, TO THE FUNCTIONARY)  
Can't you just make a new one?

FUNCTIONARY (IN SPANISH)  
Only if you have proof of birth. If  
not, then I can't help you. Next!

AGENT BLAKE  
What's going on, honey?

KARINA  
Alan, please.

Karina thinks for a second.

KARINA (IN SPANISH)  
Okay, so you need proof of birth.  
What do we need?

The Functionary rolls her eyes again and sighs.

(CONTINUED)

FUNCTIONARY (IN SPANISH)  
Hospital record, baptism  
certificate, birth affidavit...

KARINA (IN SPANISH)  
What's that? The last one...  
affida-...

FUNCTIONARY (IN SPANISH)  
Affidavit. Someone who knows you  
first-hand that signs under oath  
that they remember the birth taking  
place here.

Agent Blake looks at Karina.

Karina nods. Agent Blake turns around and faces the people  
in the waiting room. There's about 20 people.

AGENT BLAKE  
Excuse me! Hello! Hola! Excuse me!

A few people look up at him.

Karina turns to face them as well.

AGENT BLAKE (IN SPANISH)  
Hello! Sorry to bother you, but  
does anybody remember us? We're the  
Blakes, we stayed in this town a  
bit over a year ago.

KARINA (IN SPANISH)  
This is Alan, my husband. And this  
is Adam, my son. Does anyone  
remember us?

Silence.

The Functionary looks down at her desk and starts flipping  
through a magazine.

KARINA (IN SPANISH)  
Anyone? No?

Agent Blake hugs Karina from the side and looks at the  
people in the room.

FUNCTIONARY (IN SPANISH)  
You're holding up the line, ma'am,  
so could you--

A voice comes from the back of the room.

(CONTINUED)

It's an OLD LADY.

OLD LADY (IN SPANISH)  
Karina?

The Functionary looks up.

The Old Lady stands up and walks up to Agent Blake and Karina.

OLD LADY (IN SPANISH)  
Karina, it's so nice to see you!

Karina smiles.

KARINA (IN SPANISH)  
Hello, Lety!

Lety walks up to Karina and kisses her cheek.

LETY (IN SPANISH)  
So nice to see you! Oh, and look at  
Adansito! He's so big!

Agent Blake and Karina turn around and look at the Functionary.

She rolls her eyes and sighs.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. CAR- DILAPIDATED BUILDING - MEXICO - DAY

Agent Blake and Karina sit inside the car. Adam is in his child car seat.

Lety sits in the back of the car. She holds her hand out.

Agent Blake gives her three \$100 dollar bills.

Lety looks at the money, then up at Agent Blake.

Agent Blake gives her two more \$100 dollar bills.

Lety pockets the money, smiles, and gets out of the car.

Agent Blake and Karina look at each other.

Karina hands him a big envelope. He puts it into his briefcase and turns the car on.

Agent Blake puts the gear in Reverse and slowly drives out of the parking spot.

(CONTINUED)

He makes eye contact with Karina. He smiles. She smiles back. Their smiles turn into giggles, which turn into laughter.

Agent Blake puts the gear in Drive and leaves his hand on the stick.

Karina covers her mouth, trying to contain her laughter. Slowly, both of them stop laughing. She stops covering her mouth.

As she puts her hands down, her left hand brushes Agent Blake's.

They lock eyes for a moment and smile.

Agent Blake steps on the gas, and they leave the parking lot.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE DEPOT - LAREDO - NIGHT

A tired-looking Napoleon sits inside an Office Depot, in front of the printers. He holds a cell phone in his hands, along with an instruction manual and a phone battery.

A clock on the wall reads "23:05".

He opens the back of the phone and puts the battery inside. He presses the "ON" button and the phone lights up.

A CLERK, the only one in the store, works a copy machine.

He grabs a small stack of paper from the machine tray and places it on the counter.

CLERK  
Alright, sir. All done.

Napoleon looks up, puts the cellphone in his pocket, and walks up to the counter.

CLERK  
Two-hundred and fifty copies. You  
wanna count them?

Napoleon grabs the stack of papers and flips through them. He looks back up at the Clerk.

(CONTINUED)

NAPOLEON  
Thanks you. How much?

The Clerk looks at the register.

CLERK  
Alright, so your total is... \$27  
dollars.

Napoleon reaches into his pocket and takes out a big handful of change. He places it on the counter. He goes through the coins, while counting under his breath.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
One, one-fifty, three-fifty,  
four...

The Clerk leans in and helps Napoleon count. He separates about half of his coins and grabs them. It's clearly way less than 27 dollars.

CLERK  
This is it.

Napoleon pockets the rest of the change.

NAPOLEON  
Thanks you. Much thanks you.

Napoleon grabs the stack of papers and starts walking to the door.

CLERK  
For sure... Hey, good luck man,  
alright?

Napoleon nods and exits the Office Depot.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - LAREDO - NIGHT

Napoleon walks along the sidewalk of an empty street on a moonless night. He carries the stack of papers from before.

He approaches a lamp post.

From his pocket, he takes out a roll of duct tape.

He takes one sheet of paper and places the rest of the papers between his legs, holding them with his knees.

(CONTINUED)

He cuts pieces of duct tape on the sheet of paper and sticks it flat against the lamp post.

He takes a step back and looks at it.

It's a handwritten flyer that reads: "STOLEN - ADAN SOLIS CARRILLO - 1 YEER OLD - I HIS FATHER NAPOLEON - CALL PLEASE (505)2300-4722". In the center of the flyer is a picture of the baby's face.

Napoleon stares at the flyer for a few moments, breathing heavily.

He grabs the stack of papers from his legs and keeps walking.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAKE'S HOME - NIGHT

Agent Blake sits at the couch. Adam lies face-up by his side, sucking on a milk bottle.

Agent Blake takes his phone out and dials a number. The line rings.

Adam finishes the milk bottle and throws it away. It rolls off the couch.

Agent Blake bends over to grab the bottle and puts it on the center table.

The line rings once more and someone picks up.

SHERYL (O.S.)  
Adoption Option Texas, Sheryl  
speaking.

AGENT BLAKE  
Hi, Sheryl. My name is Alan Blake,  
I met with Jeannene the other day.

SHERYL (O.S.)  
Sure, in regards to what?

Adam turns himself around and starts crawling towards Agent Blake.

AGENT BLAKE  
Putting the baby up for adoption.

(CONTINUED)

SHERYL (O.S.)

Uh-huh.

AGENT BLAKE

Well, so, Jeannene told me to give her a call whenever I decided how I wanted to move forward.

SHERYL (O.S.)

Uh-huh.

Adam gets to Agent Blake's leg and starts crawling on top of him.

Agent Blake, focused on the phone call, gently puts a hand on Adam's back.

AGENT BLAKE

Well, I think I've made up my mind. What sort of documents do you guys need from me?

SHERYL (O.S.)

Alrighty, so that'll be two copies of an official I.D. from you, can be a valid Driver's license, passport, bla bla, and two copies of the baby's birth certificate and/or passport.

Adam climbs all the way up to Adam's chest and hugs him.

Agent Blake notices this.

He looks at Adam.

Adam looks up at him.

Adam smiles.

ADAM

Puh-puh.

Agent Blake smiles, staring at Adam.

AGENT BLAKE

What was that?

ADAM

Pa-pah.

Agent Blake looks at Adam, absent-mindedly putting the phone down.

(CONTINUED)



SHERYL (O.S.)

Sir?

Adam keeps smiling at Agent Blake. He puts to the phone to his ear again.

AGENT BLAKE

Yeah, sure. I'll give you a call this week.

SHERYL (O.S.)

Oka--

Agent Blake turns the phone off and throws it somewhere on the couch.

He grabs Adam and lifts him up above his head.

Adam giggles.

So does Agent Blake.

Agent Blake holds Adam in his arms and stands up from the couch. He grabs his briefcase and walks to the stairs.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - BLAKE'S HOME - NIGHT

Agent Blake walks into his bedroom and puts Adam down on his bed.

He walks to his bedside table and opens the bottom drawer. He takes the folder from before out of his briefcase and puts it into the drawer.

He lies down on his bed next to Adam.

Adam crawls over him and lies on his chest.

He embraces Adam and softly caresses his head.

Agent Blake smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Napoleon walks along a sidewalk, holding a small map in his hands.

He reads it, then looks up at the street signs. He looks around and chooses a direction.

He walks hurriedly.

CUT TO:

EXT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

Napoleon knocks on the door of a small, decaying building. Above the door, a sign that reads "ST. GEORGE'S HOME FOR CHILDREN".

A NUN opens the door.

NUN  
Good morning.

NAPOLEON  
Sorry. Spanish?

The Nun shakes her head.

NUN  
Just a moment, young man.

The Nun turns around and half-closes the door.

Napoleon tries to loook inside, impatiently, but he can't see a thing.

A different, HISPANIC NUN, opens the door and looks at Napoleon.

HISPANIC NUN (IN SPANISH)  
What can I do for you, sonny?

Napoleon takes out one of his flyers from his pocket.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Good morning, Sister. I'm looking  
for my son, Adan.

He gives the flyer to the Hispanic Nun. She examines the photograph.

(CONTINUED)

HISPANIC NUN (IN SPANISH)  
Oh, dear. When did you lose him?

Napoleon answers immediately.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Seven months, two weeks ago.

HISPANIC NUN (IN SPANISH)  
Oh, Lord. I wouldn't know... Would  
you like to come inside and take a  
look?

Napoleon nods. The Hispanic Nun opens the door for him.

He hesitates for a moment, then walks inside.

CUT TO:

INT. ORPHANAGE - DAY

Napoleon follows the Hispanic Nun. There's a patio in the  
center of the building.

Dozens of ORPHANS are there. Some play tag, others read old  
comic books. Some just sit by themselves.

The Hispanic Nun takes a left.

HISPANIC NUN (IN SPANISH)  
This way.

Napoleon follows.

She opens a door holds it for Napoleon.

He walks inside into a small room filled with cribs,  
playpens, and mattresses on the floor.

About 50 babies crawl around the room, or sleep, or play  
with blocks. Three Sisters walk around the room, caring for  
them.

Napoleon stares at them, his eyes wide as can be.

The Hispanic Nun stands by his side.

HISPANIC NUN (IN SPANISH)  
Let's go one by one. I'll help you.

The Hispanic Nun walks up to one of the babies, lifts him  
up, and presents him to Napoleon.

(CONTINUED)

Napoleon, trembling, looks at the baby. He squints at his face, but isn't quite sure. He grabs the baby's left foot and takes off his sock while looking at the ceiling.

He takes a deep breath and looks down at the baby's foot.

He counts the toes: five.

He shakes his head and exhales slowly.

The Hispanic Nun puts the baby back down on one of the mattresses and grabs another one.

Napoleon takes another deep breath. His eyes start watering.

The Hispanic Nun shows him another baby. He repeats the motions. He counts the toes. Five.

He shakes his head and looks away, wiping tears off his eyes.

The Hispanic Nun puts the baby back down and walks up to a new baby.

Napoleon has tears running down his face now. He quickly wipes them off.

CUT TO:

INT. ORPHANAGE CHAPEL - DAY

Napoleon sits on a pew inside a rustic, small chapel, looking at his feet. His tears have dried out,

The Hispanic Nun sits next to him.

HISPANIC NUN (IN SPANISH)

I've been here for 33 years now. I came to help when I was just a little girl, when I didn't know anything. But I knew I wanted to help. In all this time I've suffered more than I ever thought I could endure. But the children keep me going. They're stronger than I am. They're so innocent, so pure. They're full of life, full of hope. They believe in fresh starts. And most of them find a family and they get one. A chance to be happy again.

(CONTINUED)

She takes out a scapulary from her robes and hands it to Napoleon.

Napoleon, weak, takes it. She holds his hands in hers.

HISPANIC NUN (IN SPANISH)

It's never too late for a fresh start. If you put your trust in God and let His Hand guide you, He will reward you. It won't be easy. But I promise you, if you put your trust and your faith in Him, it will be worth it. The past is written in stone. The future is all there is. Make yours a happy one, a hopeful one. Let your soul rest.

Napoleon breaks down crying, clutching the scapulary tight.

The Hispanic Nun embraces him, like a mother cradling her child.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Agent Blake walks down the street. He gives a passing look at a lamp post.

He stops a few yards away from it. He turns around and walks back to it. He looks closely at the flyers taped to it.

He stares, incredulous, at one flyer in particular.

AGENT BLAKE (UNDER HIS BREATH)

Oh my God...

He reaches out and tears off Napoleon's "STOLEN" flyer. He examines it closely.

He looks around quickly, scanning the entire street.

He looks back at the flyer. He folds it and stuffs it in his backpocket.

He walks away.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Napoleon rides his stolen bike on the street. There's a basket attached to the back of the bike. He wears a cap and a shirt with the words "Panini Place".

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT - DAY

Napoleon stands at the door of an apartment. He holds out a plastic bag. The MAN inside the apartment takes the bag and hands him a \$20 dollar bill.

Napoleon searches in his pockets for change.

MAN (O.S.)

Keep it.

Napoleon nods and smiles.

NAPOLEON

Thanks yo--

The Man shuts the door.

Napoleon leaves.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOM - PANINI PLACE - DAY

Napoleon puts his work shirt in the locker and shuts it closed. There's a couple other EMPLOYEES in the locker room.

Napoleon walks to the door.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)

Good night, everyone.

EMPLOYEES (IN UNISON, IN SPANISH)

Good night.

Napoleon exits the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Napoleon rides his bike. He enjoys the cool night air and hums a little tune.

His phone rings. He stops his bike and takes out his phone. He looks at the screen, it reads: "UNKNOWN".

He picks up the call.

NAPOLEON

Hello?

For a moment, silence.

CALLER (O.S.)

Hello? Uh, sorry, Mr. Napoleon?

Napoleon listens intently, curious.

NAPOLEON

Who calling?

CALLER (O.S.)

Sorry, sir. Uh, my name is Barry? I saw your flyer, ab-about your son? He was stolen?

Napoleon's heart starts racing. He looks around the street. It's empty.

He takes a moment before answering.

NAPOLEON

Yes?

BARRY (CALLER) (O.S.)

Umm, well, I, uh... I think I know where your son is, sir.

Napoleon puts a hand to his mouth and breathes deep.

NAPOLEON

How you know is him?

BARRY (O.S.)

Well, that's the thing. I don't know for sure. But I took some pictures and I know where he is. I'd like to show those pictures to you and see if it really is your son.

Napoleon's eyes start watering up.

(CONTINUED)

NAPOLEON

Yes?

BARRY (O.S.)

Yeah, I mean... I... I want to help, you know? Can we meet?

Napoleon remains silent for a few moments.

BARRY (O.S.)

Mr. Napoleon?

Napoleon wipes the tears off his face.

NAPOLEON

Yes. Where meet?

BARRY (O.S.)

I could come to your house if you want.

Napoleon grimaces.

NAPOLEON

No. No house. Restaurant. You go to Panini Place?

BARRY (O.S.)

Panin-- yeah. Yeah, I know where that is.

NAPOLEON

Okay. Tomorrow 10 of the morning.

BARRY (O.S.)

Alrigh--

Napoleon hangs up. He wipes his tears again and starts pedalling.

CUT TO:

INT. ADAM'S ROOM - NIGHT

Karina sits to the side of Adam's bed, reading to him. Adam is tucked in nicely inside his bedsheets. He looks bigger and older now, about 3 years old.

There's a backpack at Karina's feet.

(CONTINUED)



KARINA

... the fly buzzed with excitement.  
"Look-bzz! Bzz-honey!", said one of  
them. "Bzz-yummy!", said the other.  
And into the honey they flew,  
buzzing louder and louder the  
closer they got. But honey is so  
sticky, that's what they forgot!

Adam smiles. His eyes start closing.

ADAM

Bzz...

Karina closes the book and kisses Adam's forehead.

KARINA

Bzz-bzz! Nighty night, sweetie.  
Bzz!

ADAM

Bzz-bzz!

Adam's eyes close completely. Karina stands up, picks up her  
backpack from the floor, and quietly leaves the room.

INT. BLAKE'S HOME - CONTINUES

Karina closes the door to Adam's room and starts walking  
towards Agent Blake's room. The door is half-open. Agent  
Blake is inside, talking on the phone.

Karina stays by the door, listening to Agent Blake.

AGENT BLAKE (O.S.)

... and you're sure he'll be there?  
Okay... yeah, 10 am... what's the  
name of the place again? Panini  
Place... yeah, I think I know where  
it is... alright, see you there.

Agent Blake hangs up. Karina takes a couple of steps back,  
out of view, and walks up to the door. She knocks lightly.

INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUED

Agent Blake turns around and looks at Karina.

AGENT BLAKE

Hey, Karina. Is Adam asleep?

(CONTINUED)

KARINA

Oh, yeah. He was very tired from the park. We had a lot of fun today.

AGENT BLAKE

I'm glad to hear that. Do you need a ride?

KARINA

It's okay. My mom is picking me up, we're getting dinner for her birthday.

AGENT BLAKE

Okay, great. Wish her a good one from me, alright?

KARINA

For sure! Also, I hate asking but... we're going to this really fancy restaurant and I'm all stinky from running around all day. Do you mind if I take a shower here? I brought my own stuff.

Karina points to her backpack.

Agent Blake nods.

AGENT BLAKE

Uh, sure. I gotta make some calls anyways, I'll be in the living room.

KARINA

Thanks, Mr. Blake!

Karina walks into the bathroom.

Agent Blake exits the room.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUED

Karina locks the bathroom door behind her and opens her backpack. She takes out a towel and rests it on a hanger next to the shower.

She slides the shower curtains open and turns the water on.

She takes out a brand-new bar of soap from her backpack.

(CONTINUED)

She takes the paper-wrapping off the bar of soap and throws it in the trashcan.

She notices a crumbled piece of paper with someone's face on it inside the trash can.

Curious, she bends down and retrieves the piece of paper.

She holds it out in front of her and stares at it, perplexed.

Her breathing gets heavy.

It's Napoleon's "STOLEN" flyer. She reads the name on the flyer under the baby's face: "Adan Solis Carrillo".

She remains, for a moment, immobile.

She stands up and exits the bathroom.

#### INT. BLAKE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUED

Karina walks into Agent Blake's room and looks around, making sure she's alone. She quietly walks to the bedroom door and closes it.

She looks around the room. She opens Agent Blake's closet and looks for something. She walks to the bedside table and opens the drawers.

She sees an envelope in the bottom drawer. She looks at it: it's Adam's birth certificate. She closes it and puts it back into the drawer.

She looks around the room, under the bed, in every cabinet she comes across.

She goes to the closet again and runs her hand through all the shelves. She's not satisfied yet.

She climbs the closet shelves and looks at the top shelf. She sees a PHOTO ALBUM.

She grabs it and climbs down.

She opens the photo album and flips through the pictures.

She sees Agent Blake as a little kid hugging his mom in a kindergarten play. Then a picture of a teenage Blake wearing a baseball uniform, standing next to his mom and dad. She keeps flipping through the photo album: a picture of Agent Blake graduating high school, cheerfully hugging his parents.

(CONTINUED)

Karina flips through the album even faster. A picture of Agent Blake sitting next to a hospital bed, grabbing his cancer-ridden mother's hand. Another picture: Agent Blake and his father at a beach, wearing hawaiian shirts.

Karina closes the photo album abruptly, tears in her eyes.

She puts it back in the top-shelf.

She wipes her tears and walks back into the bathroom.

CUT TO:

INT. PANINI PLACE - DAY

Agent Dafoe (Agent Blake's partner) sits at one of the tables in Panini Place, dressed in plain clothes. A soda and an envelope rest in front of him.

It's a modest-looking, Italian-themed restaurant, with only a dozen small tables, four of which have customers.

A SERVER walks around, checking on the tables.

Agent Dafoe looks around. He puts a hand to his face, as if scratching his nose, and talks into his sleeve.

AGENT DAFOE

He's not here.

Agent Dafoe inconspicuously raises his hand to his ear and pushes a miniature earpiece deep into his ear canal, making sure it fits in tightly.

A voice comes through.

AGENT BLAKE (O.S.)

Give it time. Can you see me?

Agent Dafoe raises his gaze and looks out of the restaurant. He sees a car with tinted windows parked across the street.

Agent Dafoe taps the table once with one of his fingernails, making a barely audible sound.

AGENT BLAKE (O.S.)

Good. Get the check once he positively IDs the photographs and I'll come in to assist with the arrest.

Agent Dafoe scratches his nose again.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT DAFOE

What if he doesn't make a positive ID?

AGENT BLAKE (O.S.)

He wouldn't be very good at trafficking people if he ever said "no", would he?

Agent Dafoe thinks for a moment.

AGENT DAFOE

Fair enough.

AGENT BLAKE (O.S.)

Okay, then. Be on the lookout now, someone's coming.

Agent Dafoe looks out the window again. He sees Napoleon riding his bike. He leaves the bike outside the restaurant, resting against the wall, and walks inside.

Agent Dafoe sits straight and looks at Napoleon.

Napoleons looks around and notices that Agent Dafoe is the only customer sitting alone.

He walks up to the table and sits down.

They stare at each other for a moment.

With a friendly smile, Agent Dafoe offers his hand from across the table.

AGENT DAFOE

Barry. You must be Napoleon?

Napoleon nods and shakes his hand. He's quiet.

AGENT DAFOE

Well, it's very nice to meet you, Napoleon.

Napoleon looks at the envelope in front of Agent Dafoe. A SERVER walks up to the table.

SERVER

I didn't know you had friends, Nap!  
Alright! So, can I offer you guys anything?

Napoleon shakes his head. He stares at the envelope.

Agent Dafoe looks at Napoleon, then at the Server.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT DAFOE  
How 'bout a glass of water?

SERVER  
Sure thing! I'll be right back.

The Server leaves.

Agent Dafoe grabs the envelope and hands it to Napoleon.

Napoleon grabs the envelope and stares at it. His breathing gets heavier.

He opens the envelope and retrieves the contents: three photographs of Adam.

Napoleon looks at the pictures, incredulous. He examines them. He looks at Adam's eyes, his nose, his mouth, that small scar on his face.

Napoleon's eyes water up. He closes them and takes a deep breath.

Agent Dafoe leans in.

AGENT DAFOE  
Yeah? So is it him? Is that your kid?

Napoleon keeps looking at the photographs. He smiles.

Agent Blake's voice comes through Agent Dafoe's earpiece.

AGENT BLAKE (O.S.)  
He's gotta say it. Gotta be verbal confirmation.

Agent Dafoe leans in.

AGENT DAFOE  
Don't keep me in the dark, man! Is it him?

Napoleon looks at Agent Dafoe.

Napoleon's phone starts ringing. Napoleon takes it out and looks at the screen, confused.

He looks at Agent Dafoe.

NAPOLEON  
Sorry.

He picks up the call.

(CONTINUED)

NAPOLEON  
Yes? Hello? Hello?

For a moment, silence.

Finally, a voice comes through. It's Karina's.

KARINA (O.S.)  
Hello?

NAPOLEON  
Hello. Who? Who you are?

KARINA (IN SPANISH)(O.S.)  
Do you speak Spanish?

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Yes. Who is this?

KARINA (IN SPANISH)(O.S.)  
Hi. Sorry if I'm bothering you,  
but, I, uh, I saw your... your  
flyer? Are you... are you still  
looking for your son?

Napoleon chuckles.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Thank you, but I just found him.

KARINA (IN SPANISH)(O.S.)  
Really? What, like today?

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Yeah. Some gringo called me and  
he's showing me pictures of him and  
it's really him.

KARINA (IN SPANISH)(O.S.)  
No, but that's not possible.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
What do you mean it's not possible?

Agent Dafoe looks out the window, impatient. He scratches  
his nose agains and whispers.

AGENT DAFOE (WHISPERING)  
He's on the phone and hasn't  
answered. What do I do?

(CONTINUED)

AGENT BLAKE (O.S.)  
Just wait. Don't let him leave, no  
matter what.

Agent Dafoe taps his finger on the table.

Napoleon's face changes. He frowns.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
No. I have the pictures right here.

KARINA (IN SPANISH)(O.S.)  
Where are you right now? I'll bring  
him over, I'll show you.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Okay, then come. It's a little  
restaurant called Panini Place.

For a moment, only silence comes from the other end of the  
line.

KARINA (IN SPANISH)(O.S.)  
Fuck! Listen to me, you have to get  
out of there. They are setting you  
up. I have Adan and--

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
No! I'm looking at the pictures  
right no--

KARINA (IN SPANISH)(O.S.)  
He's got nine toes.

Napoleon freezes.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
What?

KARINA (IN SPANISH)(O.S.)  
He's got nine toes, he's right here  
with me. Please get out of there--

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Good-bye.

Napoleon hangs up, confused and angry.

AGENT DAFOE  
Hey, man. Everything okay?

Napoleon stares at Agent Dafoe. He looks down at the  
pictures again. He grabs a picture of Adam in a onesie. He  
shows it to Agent Dafoe. He points at Adam's feet.

(CONTINUED)



NAPOLEON  
How much fingers?

Agent Dafoe looks confused.

AGENT DAFOE  
What? How many fingers?

Napoleon points at Adam's feet again. His voice gets louder.

NAPOLEON  
How much fingers he have?

Agent Dafoe hesitates to answer.

AGENT DAFOE  
I, uh... Toes? How many toes does  
he have?

Napoleon stands up and screams.

NAPOLEON  
How much fingers? How much!

Agent Blake's voice comes through the ear-piece.

AGENT BLAKE (O.S.)  
Nine!

AGENT DAFOE  
Nine! Nine toes! He's got nine  
toes.

Napoleon takes a deep breath and calms down. He sits down again. He rubs his eyes. He nods.

NAPOLEON  
Where he? Where my son?

AGENT DAFOE  
So he *is* your son?

NAPOLEON  
Yes. Where my son?

Agent Dafoe smiles.

AGENT DAFOE  
Okay, that's great. That's great.  
Umm, he's in... my friend has him.  
I'll take you to him.

Napoleon nods. He folds the pictures and puts them in his backpocket.

(CONTINUED)

Agent Dafoe turns around and calls out for a server.

AGENT DAFOE  
Hey! Excuse me!

Agent Dafoe raises his hand, making a "signing" gesture with his hand.

Napoleon stares at him.

AGENT DAFOE  
Hey, can I get the check please!

Agent Dafoe raises his hand a bit higher and his shirt becomes untucked, exposing the bulletproof vest beneath it.

Napoleon looks at him. He looks at his shirt. He looks at the bulletproof vest.

His heart starts racing.

Agent Dafoe turns around and looks at Napoleon. Napoleon turns his gaze away from the vest, but it's too late. Agent Dafoe notices.

Napoleon quickly stands up from the chair and turns around towards the door.

Agent Dafoe stands up faster than Napoleon and jumps at him. He manages to grab on tight to Napoleon's ankle and trips him, making him fall. Napoleon's arms stretch out, reaching for something to hang on to, and topples a table over. Him and the table fall to the ground, cutlery flying off from the table.

Napoleon, on the floor now, throws a kick at Agent Dafoe, but he misses and Agent Dafoe takes hold of his legs, rendering him unable to stand up. He hands on tightly to Napoleon's legs. His face is at Napoleon's knee level.

Napoleon desperately reaches around on the floor and his hand meets the knife that flew off from the table.

He grabs it tightly with both hands. He crunches over and blindly tries to stab Agent Dafoe with it as hard as he can.

He does.

The knife enters Agent Dafoe's temple. He lets out an agonizing scream and lets go of Napoleon's legs.

All the customers in the restaurant go into a panic and duck under their tables.

Napoleon stands up and runs out through the door.

EXT. PANINI PLACE - CONTINUES

Napoleons runs out of the restaurant, towards his bike. A couple of steps away from it, he gets tackled by Agent Blake.

Napoleon falls to the ground on his back.

Agent Blake lands on top of him and grabs his arms, putting him into submission.

Napoleon tries to shake him off, but can't.

Agent Dafoe's screams come from inside the restaurant.

AGENT DAFOE

I'm dying! I'm dying! Somebody!  
Help! Help!

Agent Blake turns to look at him for a split second.

Napoleon takes advantage of the distraction and rams him with his forehead, hitting him right in the chin.

Agent Blake instinctively lets go of Napoleon and flinches.

Napoleon pushes him off, quickly stands up, and runs to his bike. He grabs the bike and gets up on it while running.

Agent Blake stands up and runs to his car. He turns it on and steps on the gas. He pursues Napoleon.

Napoleon, heaving, pedals as fast as he can.

Agent Blake quickly catches up to him and hits his bike from the back.

Napoleon flies off the bike, bounces on the hood of the car, and falls to the ground.

Agent Blake brakes immediately and gets out of the car. He runs to Napoleon, takes out a set of handcuffs, and puts them on him.

Napoleon shakes and screams.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)

Let me go! Let me go, you son of a  
bitch! Fuck you! Fuck you!

(CONTINUED)

Agent Blake pulls him up and throws him into the back of his car.

CUT TO:

EXT. PANINI PLACE - NIGHT

The area around the restaurant is cordoned off. Reporters, ambulances, police vehicles, and a crowd of spectators surround it.

Agent Blake stands in front of a camera under a hard light, talking into a microphone held by a REPORTER.

AGENT BLAKE

... our duty, as protectors of our Country and our border, to do everything we possibly can to ensure the safety and well-being of American citizens.

The Reporter talks into the microphone.

REPORTER

Thank you for your time and for your heroic service.

Agent Blake nods.

The Reporter looks into the camera.

REPORTER

Border Patrol Agent Alan Blake. His partner, Agent Jonathan Dafoe, wounded during the altercation, remains in critical condition in St. Augustine's Hospital, where he is currently undergoing surgery. For LWTV, I'm Mark Jameson. Back to you, Chris.

The CAMERAMAN turns the light and the camera off.

Agent Blake waves them good-bye and walks away. He crosses the cordoned area towards the police car where Napoleon sits.

A POLICE OFFICER stands next to the car.

POLICE OFFICER

You goin' home now?

(CONTINUED)

AGENT BLAKE

Yeah. It's been a long day.

POLICE OFFICER

Alright. You do that, get some sleep.

AGENT BLAKE

What's gonna happen with him?

The Police Officer turns around. Him and Agent Blake look at Napoleon.

He sits quietly, a blank look on his face.

The Police Officer looks back at Agent Blake.

POLICE OFFICER

Don't worry about it. Go home.

He taps Agent Blake's shoulder, turns back around, and goes into the police car.

Agent Blake looks at Napoleon once more. Napoleon looks up at him. He stares at Agent Blake.

Agent Blake turns his back on him and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAKE'S CAR - STREET - NIGHT

Agent Blake drives. He takes out his cell-phone and dials a number.

It goes straight to voicemail.

AGENT BLAKE

Hey, Karina. It's me. I'm sorry about the hour, but I've had a crazy day, you probably saw it on the news... Anyways, I'll probably be home before you even listen to this so... See you in a bit.

He closes his phone and keeps driving.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CAR - STREET - NIGHT

Napoleon rides in the back of the police car.

He weeps. His weeping gets louder and louder. One of the POLICE OFFICERS in the front looks at him.

POLICE OFFICER  
Hey, shut up back there.

Napoleon becomes furious almost instantly.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Fuck you! Fuck you, you piece of  
shit!

The Police Officer taps the metal divider and speaks in Spanish.

POLICE OFFICER (IN SPANISH)  
Shut up, fucker.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Fuck you! I shouldn't be here! It  
should be him!

POLICE OFFICER (IN SPANISH)  
Yeah, yeah, everybody's always  
innocent, right?

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
He set me up! He stole my son and  
set me up!

POLICE OFFICER (IN SPANISH)  
What the fuck are you talking  
about?

The Police Officer driving the car chimes in.

POLICE OFFICER DRIVING  
What the fuck is he talking about?

POLICE OFFICER  
He say's he stole his son.

POLICE OFFICER DRIVING  
Who?

The Spanish-speaking Police Officer looks at Napoleon again.

(CONTINUED)

POLICE OFFICER (IN SPANISH)  
What are you talking about? Who set  
you up?

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Him! The guy that caught me. He  
stole my son! They showed me  
pictures of him and said they were  
gonna give him back, but they were  
setting me up!

POLICE OFFICER (IN SPANISH)  
What pictures?

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
Here! Look, look!

He lifts himself up as far as the seatbelt will allow and  
fiddles around his backpocket with his handcuffed hands.

He takes the pictures out of his pocket and drops them on  
the seat beside him.

The Spanish-speaking Police Officer leans out, trying to  
take a look.

He sees the baby in the photographs.

NAPOLEON (IN SPANISH)  
I've been here one year and four  
months, looking for my son. And  
this is him, I know it is. I have a  
picture of him, I made flyers and  
they're all over the city and this  
is him! This is him! He set me up!  
He set me up!

The Spanish-speaking Police Officer, speechless, stares at  
Napoleon.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAKE'S HOME - NIGHT

Agent Blake walks into his house.

AGENT BLAKE  
Karina!

No answer. He walks towards the stairs.

(CONTINUED)

AGENT BLAKE

Karina?

He walks up the stairs and into Adam's room. He turns on the light. The room is empty.

Agent Blake, confused, walks to his own bedroom.

He enters the bedroom and turns the light on.

No sign of Karina, nor Adam.

He looks at his bedside table. The bottom drawer is open.

He rushes to it and looks inside.

The envelope with Adam's birth certificate is gone.

In its place is a piece of paper: Napoleon's "STOLEN" flyer.

Agent Blake, in total shock, sits down on the edge of the bed, staring out the window.

He sees something through the window: lights. Blue, red, blue, red. The lights get brighter and brighter.

The police lights illuminate the whole room.

CUT TO BLACK.

THE END