

PRISON MASQUERADE!!

Written by

PATRICIA BRUCE

PatriciaCanadian@hotmail.com

WGA West 1919029

Copyright 2019

This screenplay may not be used or reproduced
For any purpose, including educational purposes,
Without the expressed written permission of the author.

FADE IN:

EXT. MEXICAN BORDER TOWN - EVENING

A run down, faded, authoritarian Stop sign that hasn't seen a coat of paint since the Kennedy era is the only barricade for both entry and escape into the U.S.A.

A couple of skinny, half-wild DOGS tumble and fight, struggle to earn a meager treat from the Mexican Border Guard, ENRIQUE GARCIA, 36.

A handsome man with dark eyes, medium facial features and thick, black, wavy hair, Enrique stands at attention - a seasoned veteran of the Mexican army.

Occasionally Enrique strolls the pathway and shines his flashlight up and down, back and forth, searching.

Silence. Yet, he listens.

And with that, Enrique approaches a tall shrub, unhitches his pants, and takes a leak.

Except for the RUMBLE of a train, nothing's happening.

Enrique lights a cigarette and stares at the sky. This is his territory, anything out of the ordinary, he knows it.

Dressed in uniform, Enrique strides across the path, looks around, as if someone stalks him. He looks back, not once, but twice.

Now we see the feet and legs of another man, PETE HAMILTON, 32. He wears black camouflage cargo pants, flashy steel-toed boots and a serviceable blue ski jacket made of unknown fabrics, perhaps down or fleece.

He sneaks forward.

Unnerved, Enrique, the Mexican Guard, hunches forward, halts, looks back; his hands twitch on a revolver, holstered for the moment.

Pete Hamilton's feet slink forward with deadly determination as he slithers along the ground, barely makes a sound.

As he removes his gun and cocks the hammer, Enrique moves toward the trees, and conceals himself behind a Joshua shrub. He catches his breath.

But from behind the trees, Pete looks in all directions. Then he dashes forward, but his foot dislodges a rock. It TUMBLES down the incline and vibrates the stillness of the night.

Immediately Enrique halts.

He looks back, but continues to walk. Faster.

But now Pete zig zags, retreats, then dives forward. Suddenly, he bolts in a different direction.

When Enrique looks back, he hears the wild dogs BARK a warning. He continues to patrol.

But after a few moments Enrique stops and hides behind huge rocks.

His service revolver points forward.

Suddenly, Enrique aims and FIRES his gun.

Immediately the other man stops in his tracks.

Pete anxiously peers in the Guard's direction.

A tree branch SNAPS. Birds SCREAM.

Hurriedly, Enrique flees the safety of the rocks, and runs back toward his guard post.

Just then, Pete pulls a knife from his jacket.

Enrique turns - his gun aims, ready for action.

Just as Enrique steps forward, Pete emerges from behind and plunges his knife into the other man's leg.

But Enrique pulls the weapon out as his hands fill with blood. He WAILS in pain, but manages to heel kick Pete.

Both the knife and the gun CLATTER to the ground.

Both men struggle to retrieve their weapons.

Enrique squares off with two left hooks, they catch the jaw of Pete Hamilton dead center.

But Pete releases a flying axel kick and lands it directly into the gonads of Enrique as he topples to the ground and moans.

As his hands feverishly scrape along the ground, Enrique encounters stones, twigs and mud. Suddenly he makes contact with the gun.

As he grips it solidly in his right hand, Enrique aims, then shoots.

The BLAST targets Pete's arm. He hollers.

Then falls to the ground.

Enrique stumbles and drags himself back to the border crossing. Over the phone and we hear shouts of profanity - all in Spanish.

Pete checks his arm - merely a flesh wound. He gets the hell out.

EXT. BORDER TOWN - LATER

Children CRY, traffic NOISES erupt, a radio PLAYS love songs nearby. Occasional rivets of color and sound VIBRATE from the sky.

Pete stands in the shadows of a dark, damp side street, and recovers - he's a ruggedly handsome, cool customer with money rigged to his soul.

He entices ASHLEY MOULDING, 23, with his charm - a style only a rogue bastard can possess. She falls victim to his long, wavy, dark hair and tight, skinny-ass jeans that ooze both charm and danger.

Ashley's an energetic, naive beauty. She shows a hint of glamour but her conflicted childhood derails into the unhappy train wreck we see today. Her appearance echoes her lifestyle - messed up and scruffy.

Skillfully, Pete courts Ashley with a cloak and dagger dance of mystery and manipulation. She thinks its love.

ASHLEY MOULDING

(kisses Pete's lips,
endlessly)

Love, love, love, love you!
Where'd you go? Been gone nearly
an hour.

PETE HAMILTON

(pulls out a joint)
Never mind. Babe, take it down a
notch. Yeah, yeah, I get it, your
Dad vamoosed before you were born.

(MORE)

PETE HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Just be cool. Hey, no worries -
 didya forget? It's a dusty, laid-
 back border town. No sniffer dogs.
 C'mon, Ash, prove it, do this
 Mexican run for me. Coke's gonna
 upgrade our world to first class,
 Baby. So - you in or out?

Pete turns away, yawns. Smokes a joint. The side street is eerily silent. Pete waits, impatiently. Ashley turns away. But Pete grabs her and places her face forward into his space.

PETE HAMILTON (CONT'D)

Soooooo, what's it gonna be?

Suddenly Ashley bends down on her knees and PRAYS.

ASHLEY MOULDING

May the LORD grant serenity and
 safety to my life.
 Welllllll, with cocaine profits, I
 can search America - locate my
 Daddy.

Ashley continues to pray.

ASHLEY MOULDING (CONT'D)

May the LORD grant our requests.
 Ya sure this plan is foolproof?

Suddenly Ashley hugs Pete.

Pete's body tenses. His foot stubs out the joint and his hands start to shake.

ASHLEY MOULDING (CONT'D)

(conflicted)

Dad's last known address was up
 North. This could fulfill my
 destiny...

Ashley wails and complains. A vein in Ashley's neck pulsates, her legs twitch and she RETCHES today's lunch with a yelp.

Pete counts out hundred dollar bills, stuffs them in Ashley's bra.

PETE HAMILTON

A frickin' breeze, you'll see. I
 just did a preliminary run through.
 You'll have no worries at the
 border.

Ashley clings to Pete.

ASHLEY MOULDING

It ain't fair. I coulda been a
somebody - with Dad's love.
Ummmmmmmm....

They walk along the street, past modest homes and a business or two. They hold hands, kiss, stop in the middle of the street for a hug.

PETE HAMILTON

Yep, we'll be strutting down easy
street, you're gonna make us both
filthy rich!

Ashley chews gum, blows massive bubbles, pops 'em. Her level of maturity is deeply suspect.

ASHLEY MOULDING

Whatta bout - like, seriously, how
come I got deserted? Mom wouldn't
talk about it. A dead end.

Pete picks up a stick, draws in the dirt, shows the border crossing and escape exits.

PETE HAMILTON

And you? Like is this really
making a connection?
See here - Main Street, border
crossing and escape route.

Pete stares at Ashley, but she's distracted. He gives Ashley a slight nudge, grabs both her arms and kisses her.

Ashley pulls away, grabs a beer from her backpack. Chugs it.

Ashley performs fake martial art moves, badly.

ASHLEY MOULDING

But this I know, the LORD gives
victory to his anointed. Eh,
what's that Oreo?

Just then, an enormous black and white Persian cat, OREO, 16, snuggles, PURRS, jumps to Ashley's chest. Lifts his chin up, wants to be petted, desires attention.

Ashley shelters Oreo as Pete cuts long strips, with a swiss army knife, from a massive roll of duct tape. He then tapes cocaine packets to Ashley's chest, back and abdomen.

He winds the duct tape around and around her body. Like she's some Christmas parcel UPS bound, for shipment on next-days delivery.

ASHLEY MOULDING (CONT'D)

And Oreo? You'll look after him, anything happens? Ahhh, he's my soul, my heart. All my trust in the name of the LORD, our God, please don't betray me.

Ashley presses her lips together, runs hands through her hair, bites nails. Kisses Oreo.

Pete re-checks his handiwork. Adds another round of duct tape.

He steps back, gives a thumbs up.

The sky lets loose with a huge CRACK of thunder. The atmosphere is unsettled, murky and dangerous.

PETE HAMILTON

First time's the charm! Don't freak out, maintain your cool.

Pete swats Oreo away from him.

PETE HAMILTON (CONT'D)

You know I hate cats! Gimme a dog any ole day.

ASHLEY

But Petey, you don't have a flippin' care in the world. I take all the risk.

Ashley raises her arms, picks up Oreo, gives him a another rush of affection.

At that moment, Ashley's cell RINGS.

ASHLEY'S MOM (V.O.)

Just where the heck are ya? Not waltzing into trouble? I can't afford any missteps.

Ashley hesitates, wipes her forehead, lowers herself to the ground.

ASHLEY MOULDING

(shy, indecisive)

Mom, you never really told me -
Dear God, you musta known why?

There's silence. Ashley jumps up, paces back and forth.

ASHLEY MOULDING (CONT'D)
I mean... didn't Daddy wanna meet
me, see what I look like?

ASHLEY'S MOM (V.O.)
What can I say? He had another
wife, another family. Just a sperm
donor.

Ashley collapses, wraps her arms around Oreo.

ASHLEY MOULDING
A sperm ddddddddonr? You can't be
serious? My Daddy?

ASHLEY'S MOM (V.O.)
Baby, listen. I'm sorry. I chose
the wrong man. Now it's time for
you to brush away that ghost from
your shoulder. (beat) But 'member
everything I taught you - nice guys
don't finish last, they finish
first. Choose someone kind,
dependable, a good listener. You
gotta be ladylike. Don't raise
your voice - never get physical.

Ashley's furious. Kicks stones, smacks her cell phone,
splays face first to the ground.

Pete takes off, too much drama.

ASHLEY MOULDING
Don't cha worry, Mom, I'm gonna fix
this up right. And watch, cause I
may be home with the bacon, sooner
than you think. Love ya!

Ashley digs in her back pack. Hauls out a massive chocolate
bar and chows down.

EXT. BORDER TOWN - NEXT DAY

A final hug and kiss with Pete, then Ashley crosses the
Border on foot. She waves to Oreo. And clutches her worldly
possessions in a back pack.

She increases her pace, presents her passport, senses
freedom.

Suddenly twenty feet from the U.S. Border, SNIFFER DOGS go wild. They BARK, jump from the Handler's grip, fling Ashley to the ground.

Sure enough, there's a smack down on the hidden coke.

The arrest is fast, furious and humiliating.

The Strip Search is the worst.

Enrique, the Mexican Guard, drags Ashley off to a Mexican hell hole. He tugs and pulls her shoulders, as her feet shuffle along the ground.

ASHLEY

(screams in panic)

Wait. Wait. No. No. No. All a
mistake - I'm American. See, see
my passport. Americano!

INT./EXT. MEXICAN JAIL - DAY

ONE MONTH LATER:

Alone, Ashley suffers. And cries.

One concrete toilet straddles the center of the cell.

Urine and feces stain the walls, floor and bed.

On further inspection, ANTS, SPIDERS and MICE snag control of their territory.

Ashley mutters to herself, with disgust.

ASHLEY MOULDING

Handsome, tanned, charmed the pants
off me. Soap star sexy. Mama always
said, "no more bad guys" and did I
listen?

Ashley's plate of re-fried beans sits on the bed - the only furniture in the joint.

Musty, wet and damp, she shivers from the cold. She grabs a blanket, rubs her arms, hops up and down.

ASHLEY MOULDING (CONT'D)

Talk about young, naive, stupid.
And my Pete? (beat) Yeah,
hightailed it back to the States -
and his wife.

Despondent, Ashley stalks and runs the circumference of the jail cell like a caged animal.

Another day, another horror.

Light dangles from a single bulb. No windows.

And Ashley?

Skin and bones, mangled with dry, brittle, scraggly hair, and now a personality to match.

Ashley's violent blue eyes are sunken, surrendered, locked in solitude.

Ashley hollers, rocks back and forth, RATTLES the steel bars, THROWS items against the wall.

ASHLEY

I'm American. I'm somebody. Damn it. Help me! Daddy, Daddy, I need you! Dear Lord, give me strength!

A ragged, shit out of luck, beater of a TV props crazily on the dirt floor.

ASHLEY MOULDING

And this lame-ass TV is my only friend. What kinda crap?

The TV looks like a war-torn relic from the '60s, hangs together with rabbit ears, covered by freakin' tin foil.

Ashley turns knob on TV.

Nothing.

She whacks it with her fist.

Some crazy ass, low budget Mexican movie from fifty years ago, illuminates the screen.

So far, the distraction works, Ashley's TV entertains.

Again the TV dies.

Ashley gives it another good swift kick.

Bits and pieces of movies flash the screen, SOUNDS escalate throughout the room. Not regular TV, but surreal visions in a dreamscape of hallucinations.

At that moment, an arm wallops a food tray through the door slot.

Pork and beans.

Again.

ASHLEY

'Bout bloody time. I'm American,
you'll never get away with this.

Ashley grabs the meal and digs in.

Only a few remnants remain.

Enrique, the Prison Guard, stops to scorn and leer. We now realize he's a sleazy bastard, with nothing to lose.

ENRIQUE, PRISON GUARD

(rude)

Nice boo-yah, Bitch. No wacky
tobaccy here. Wha-cha gonna do?

Ashley gives Enrique the F-you finger. Her voice rises with intensity, she crosses her arms over her chest, in defiance.

ASHLEY MOULDING

You'll never take me down. I'll
die before you destroy my body and
whatever freakin' dignity I've got
left. Asshole.

Ashley kisses and hugs an 8 x 10 scruffy photo of Oreo.

Enrique swears, then takes off.

ASHLEY MOULDING (CONT'D)

Daddy, Daddy, I need you now.

She gets down on her knees and prays.

In a flash, the TV BLASTS into another show. Not a normal vision, but a fantasy-filled movie with bizarre images that loom then suddenly disappear.

It's as though optical illusions have escaped the TV screen and project apparitions and mirages throughout the entire prison cell.

Perhaps this movie is true or is it Ashley's lessening grip of reality?

Food's alluring aroma brings the CREATURES.

We see three grey, inquisitive MICE, with their whiskers twitching, as they prowl along the dirt floor.

It's their territory after all, and Ashley's food tray makes them frisky.

They wait.

And bide their time.

Their vengeance will come.

In this joint, almost nothing's left to waste.

Suddenly the Mice make a beeline toward their target.

Without warning, the Mice scamper over to Ashley's body. Nothing is sacred - her legs, feet and toes get a full-fledged scrutiny.

ASHLEY

(screams)

Whaddya want? Get the hell away from me!!

And the mice chow down on the leftovers.

INT./EXT. MEXICAN JAIL - THREE MONTHS LATER

Enrique, the Guard, restrains Ashley, smacks her a few times, then escorts her back inside the Cell.

Ashley laughs and taunts.

But things ain't so pretty.

No food the rest of the day.

No outdoor exercise.

No quiet evenings. The Guard patrols every ten minutes.

The summer Mexican heat reaches 130 degrees.

Ashley is soaked, sweat covers her entire body.

ASHLEY MOULDING

Help!! I ccccccan't breathe. I'm paranoid. C'mon, right now. I'm gonna die. The stench is unbearable.

There ain't no caped crusader. Ashley's on her own. She RATTLES the cell bars, but is ignored.

Ashley hears something.

She halts, and becomes eerily quiet.

There, she hears it again.

OREO
Meow, meow, meow.

ASHLEY MOULDING
Am I tripping out? I swear that
sounds like Oreo. Can't be.

OREO
Meow, meow, meow.

Ashley looks outside her cell and there's Oreo! He squeezes in between the bars, and heads directly to Ashley.

Ashley hugs and kisses Oreo till he jumps on her bed.

Oreo purrs.

ASHLEY MOULDING
This is some kinda miracle! Oreo
you rock!

Oreo and Ashley curl together in bed. But Ashley panics.

Content and cozy, Ashley drifts off to sleep.

Suddenly, Ashley sits up, senses someone outside her Cell and can hear heavy breathing.

ENRIQUE GARCIA, PRISON GUARD
(jiggles Cell keys)
You wanna stay inside, Mama, I give
you good company. Make you happy.
You want exercise, Baby, I'm your
man!

Silently, with premeditated glee, Enrique scrutinizes both ways, no one approaches as he opens the cell door and enters.

As the Guard unbuckles his belt, the uniform pants fall to the floor to reveal neon pink, sexy, bikini briefs. Lazily. There's no hurry now.

He lowers Ashley to the bed, harshly.

ASHLEY
Oh dear God. Please no, no, no.
Dad, Dad, help, help...
Dear Lord, in my time of need!

In the bed, Enrique turns Ashley face forward, and starts to jump on top.

But Ashley fights back.

Bites his ear.

Strikes her left foot into his groin, several times.

She smashes his eyes with her fork and knife.

Survival is a powerful friend, and the Guard backs off.

Oreo watches and waits...

Enrique pulls up his pants, exits the Cell with the full force of his muscular body.

But later in the middle of the night - Enrique returns.

Again, he drops his pants and stands over top Ashley.

Quickly he covers Ashley's mouth with her pillow. Then he takes a man's tie and roughly winds it around her neck and the back of her head. For a second, Ashley can't breathe.

ASHLEY (CONT'D)
(grunts, gurgles)
Ssssssstop. Can't breathe.
Pllllleeeese stop.

Enrique removes Ashley's prison top.

Only slight sounds of Ashley's struggles on the bed can be heard. Everything else is silent.

Enrique stretches out in Ashley's bed... caresses her body.

Ashley's hands are trembling, her body shakes.

Slowly, Ashley reaches under her mattress, removes a plastic knife she's secured there.

Ashley stabs a direct shot into Enrique's neck. Blood pours out. But it's a superficial wound.

ENRIQUE GARCIA
I gotta give you credit, you got a
lot of cojones. But you're gonna
die tonight.

Enrique smashes Ashley head against the prison bars. Blood gushes out.

And now Ashley has nothing to lose.

Until:

OREO
Meow, meow, meow!

ASHLEY
Survival, eh, now I gotta protect
you Oreo.

In a massive effort, Ashley knees Enrique in the balls.

Enrique rolls of the bed, and howls.

Like a bat outta hell, Ashley's off the bed, makes a beeline
for the toilet.

She hoists up the toilet lid off the back of the toilet -
made of clay and water, it's a heavy duty porcelain that
weighs a ton.

SMACK, Ashley WALLOPS the toilet lid onto Enrique's head.

Again, again, and again she continues to hit him.

The final killer blow is a direct hit to the aorta valve in
his neck. A massive spray of bright, red blood shoots to the
roof and discharges thousands of droplets of evidence
throughout the entire room.

Enrique collapses to the floor.

His blood is everywhere.

Exhausted, Ashley collapses on her bed.

ASHLEY'S MOM (V.O)
Remember, always be a Lady. Don't
raise your voice, never get
physical.

Enrique is dead.

Ashley looks on, dumbfounded with terror.

And at that moment, the prison yard is bathed in an eerie-
half light evident just before dawn and the emergence of a
new day.

The silence is deafening. Until...

ASHLEY MOULDING

(shrieks)

Asshole, got what he deserves!

I cccccccan't breathe.

Ashley's horror is an echo of shame and hurt within the small cell, her wasted body can't find the strength to fight anymore. Ashley HYPERVENTILATES.

ASHLEY MOULDING (CONT'D)

Something's wrong, I cccccan't feel
my legs.

Ashley reaches down, tries to rub her legs, but falls back onto the bed, exhausted.

At that very moment, the TV ROARS to life.

A biblical story of CHRIST appears on the Screen.

The TV soars with harmonious, celestial Church MUSIC.

Dynamic, overpowering HYMNS of spirituality, goodness and light empower the jail cell with hope and love.

As if by divine intervention, JESUS CHRIST (or is it her DADDY??) transitions from the TV screen and appears in Ashley's cell and stands before her.

His long hair, majestic robe and warm smile adorn the blessed atmosphere.

He opens his arms wide, welcomes Ashley.

Near death, Ashley stands with difficulty, raises her arms in tremendous joy.

ASHLEY MOULDING (CONT'D)

Daddy, Daddy, is that you? Did the
good Lord send you, I always knew
you'd come!

A wondrous smile overcomes Ashley's face and she hugs her Daddy/or is it the LORD?/ with years of pent-up love and emotion.

Her last breath is savored with new-found joy and freedom.

She falls to the floor.

The Jail is serene and quiet now.

Both Ashley and her Prison Guard, Miguel, are dead.

Silently the sun breaks the horizon and swathes the jail with her morning light as peace and contentment join forces to welcome the new day.

FADE OUT.