

CARGO

"Pilot"

Written By

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FADE IN:

EXT. CHIHUAHUAN DESERT - DAY

104° beats down on the desert wasteland that is the US/Mexico border:

Creosote bush and Mexican fire-barrel cactus dot the land as we pan across - nothing else for miles.

Except the sound of a child CRYING.

SMACK!

A man's face whips into shot, lip bleeding, the result of a wicked left hook. This is DAVE SMITH, 49, Caucasian, scrappy, but getting his ass handed to him right now.

He wipes the blood from his lip as he staggers backwards, sweating bullets, trying to get his balance.

As we track him, we see a pair of legs lying toes-up on the desert sand a few meters behind him.

He shakes off the hit and charges. He and the other MAN - his back to us - go at it: SWING. DUCK. SMACK. REPEAT. Despite the heat, they won't stop until someone goes down.

Behind them we now see that the feet belong to a LATINA WOMAN sprawled out on the desert ground - if she's not dead, she's close to it.

Next to her is the source of the crying: A GIRL, 7, screaming her lungs out in fear of what's happening around her.

The fight tumbles closer to the girl and she desperately tries in vain to drag the woman - her mom - from danger.

GIRL  
(in Spanish)  
*¡Mamá!*

The girl recoils in fear as the men tumble closer, grunting and hitting. Whatever's going down here is going to stay with this girl for a lifetime.

SMACK and Dave goes down again. As he hits the ground hard, a round object rolls out from his pocket and stops in front of the girl.

It's a novelty shrunken head on a short string. WTH?

The girl looks at Dave, she's shell-shocked - is he dead?

Her face becomes heavy with fear as the other man approaches her. Obviously not who she wanted to win.

As we angle down to see Dave on the ground, the girl SCREAMS.

SMASH CUT TO:

OVER BLACK: "NINE MONTHS AGO"

INT. LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nothing's changed in this house since Carter was president.

Signs of recent illness litter the room: A blood pressure gauge on the sofa. A walker sideways on the floor.

A MAN enters and we recognize him as the same Dave Smith as above. His face reveals a life-long anger, but his eyes show kindness.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

Come on, Dave.

A hand pushes him through the doorway. It belongs to his sister, STEPHANIE HARCELER, 52, and a complete control-freak.

DAVE

It's weird. Not to hear him.

STEPHANIE

We just need to find it.

DAVE

I know, but right now? Christ, Stephanie, he just -

STEPHANIE

We do things now so we don't have to do them later!

Her outburst surprises even herself. She turns to set the walker upright. Dave approaches a curio cabinet, considering the objects within. Stephanie turns around to see.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

Don't touch anything.

Dave shoots her a look - *lay off*. She makes no apologies.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

I don't want anything broken. I know what to keep, what to give to Goodwill, and what to sell on ebay.

DAVE

Do you think there's a world where  
you can just not micromanage  
everyone around you for five  
seconds?

(off her look)

Big 'no' to that, huh?

He walks down the hallway, and enters -

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dave scans the room with mixed emotions.

On the bedside table: earplugs, box of facial tissue, empty  
glass, corded phone, and a **prescription bottle**.

He picks up the bottle, it's labeled "vicodin." He considers  
the temptation a beat. He would love nothing more than to  
take it.

He checks the bedroom door to make sure his sister isn't  
there. He forces an exhale, pushing the temptation out, and  
returns the bottle to its place.

He begins searching through the desk and dresser drawers,  
considering his dad's personal effects.

Dave picks up a PHOTO of a man who looks like a much older  
Dave - this is his father Ed - with a younger Latina and a  
five-year-old boy. He studies it, unsure who the woman and  
child are, sets it down.

SFX: MUFFLED OLD-SCHOOL PHONE RING

He looks at the phone on the table, but it's not ringing. He  
walks around the room, the ringing gets louder.

He lifts a pillow on the floor to find an 80s-era Ma Bell  
phone. On the handle, in faded kid writing: "daddy's work  
phone - don't answer" with a skull and crossbones drawn.

Dave hesitates, then picks up the receiver.

DAVE

...Hello...

And he's surprised to hear a -

CHILD'S VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)

(Spanish in italics)

*Papi.*

DAVE  
What?

CHILD'S VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)  
*Papi.*

DAVE  
Sorry. *No Español.*

WOMAN'S VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)  
(in background)  
*Está enfermo, hija. Dije lo dejara  
en paz. (English: "He's sick son. I  
said leave him alone.")*

The woman takes the phone from the kid.

WOMAN'S VOICE (THROUGH PHONE) (CONT'D)  
(intimate)  
*Lo siento. ¿Cómo estás, Edward?*

The intimacy in her voice startles Dave. What to say?

DAVE  
I'm -

WOMAN'S VOICE  
Feeling better, *mi amor?*

DAVE  
I'm not... Ed. Dad...is dead.

The woman's shock on the other end is palpable as this moment becomes emotional for both.

WOMAN'S VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)  
The doctor said this infection was  
just a setback.

DAVE  
He suffered a pulmonary edema this  
morning. I'm sorry, who is this?

WOMAN'S VOICE (THROUGH PHONE)  
Is this David?

DAVE  
Yes. Who's this?

Click. Dial tone. She's gone. On Dave's confusion.

FADE OUT.

MAIN TITLES

FADE IN:

INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Dave bustles around, agitated, phone still in hand. He clocks the photo from earlier, and next to it:

AN ENVELOPE, open with a sheet of paper sticking out perpendicular. He pulls it out to see it's a kid's drawing of a what appears to be a Man, Woman and Child.

The return address on the envelope reads: "C. Olvera." He slips it into his back pocket right as Stephanie enters. She sees him holding the phone.

DAVE

Dad's office line rang.

STEPHANIE

Who would call today? Was it Jeff?

DAVE

Wrong number.

She clocks the look on his face - something's up.

STEPHANIE

What?

DAVE

Answering his work line gave me anxiety.

STEPHANIE

The way he'd smack us when we did that as kids, I'm not surprised. Did you find it?

DAVE

No. The will's not here.

Not satisfied, she does a quick search of the room - all the places he's already looked. Dave rolls his eyes.

DAVE (CONT'D)

I should tell the kids.

STEPHANIE

Absolutely. They're gonna miss him. And tell Monica. But tell the kids first.

She's finished her quality control of the room.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

The will's not in here.

She exits. He bends down to put the phone on the floor next to the bedside table. When he looks up --

He's eye-level with the vicodin, taunting him.

INT. CONVERTED GARAGE APARTMENT - LATER

The Department of Health and Human Services would not approve this for a living space. There's a bed across from a lawn mower; a small sofa sits next to a weed-wacker. A door leads to a small bathroom.

Dave dials on his cell and waits with baited breath.  
Intercut with:

INT. HALF-BUILT HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

MONICA SMITH, 40s, reviews architectural layouts. She shuffles through some overdue credit card bills until she finds her ringing phone. Answers -

MONICA

Monica Smith.

The expectation on Dave's face - he can't speak.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Hello?

DAVE

It's me. Don't hang up - I wanted to tell you -  
(unable to get it all out)  
Oh, Monica, today really threw me -

MONICA

I told you never to call me drunk,  
and never to call me unemployed.  
Just don't ever call me.

A lot of water still rages under this bridge. She's about to hang-up --

DAVE

I'm sober.

She hears this and puts the phone back to her ear.

DAVE (CONT'D)

...Monica?

MONICA  
Sober how long?

DAVE  
Five months. And I do have a job.

MONICA  
Where?

DAVE  
We can talk about that later.

MONICA  
Nice try, Dave.

DAVE  
Dad died.

Monica feels awful for coming on so hot, her voice softens.

MONICA  
I'm sorry. Were you able to make  
your peace with him?

DAVE  
No. At this point, what for?

MONICA  
He was your father.  
(beat)  
You want me to call the kids?

DAVE  
No. No, I'll do it. The viewing's  
at Sorrento's, Wednesday two-to-  
four.

He pauses - about to say more, but afraid what that might be.  
He hangs up.

EXT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - LATER

A desolate industrial area with a small main building the  
size of two mobile homes, and a larger warehouse behind.  
There are stacks of shipping containers on-site.

A well-worn, 1990 Dodge Caravan kicks up dirt as it jerks to  
a stop.

Out steps CARLA OLVERA, 42, looks younger, a natural beauty  
that she wields like a weapon as needed. Right now her looks  
could kill as she strides across the lot and into --

INT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - CONTINUOUS

As she swings open the door and marches towards JEFF SCHAMLOS, late 40s, sun-damaged and grizzled. He's dialing and puts the phone down when he sees her.

Near him sits his nephew, MARK, 23, misguided but trying. He's wearing shorts and we see a TATTOO on his right calf: A SKULL in black, with red ROSES in the eye sockets.

CARLA

Why didn't you tell me he died?

JEFF

Just happened. And why should I?

CARLA

Because he was my -

JEFF

What? Husband? Don't feed me that line. It doesn't matter anyway. He's gone. I'm handling things.

CARLA

Until his son takes over.

JEFF

Dave can't work a remote control, no way he's gonna run this. He'll take one look, see that we're nearly bankrupt, and bail.

CARLA

Because he doesn't know what goes on off the books.

Fighting words. Jeff's eyes narrow as he approaches, threatening. She doesn't back down.

JEFF

That's nothing. I've got some real cash deals about to pop, and I'm not gonna have you here to spoil it. So pack up your tortilla-ass and get gone.

Mark, who's been trying not to listen, is now rapt.

CARLA

I know what you do with some of them.

Jeff steps closer, and her veneer cracks. She backs up with his every step until there's only wall behind her.

JEFF

And I know you don't have a green card. You have nothing. You are nothing.

That's it. SLAP! He recovers fast and grabs her by the throat, enraged.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Now that he's dead, you're not even his whore anymore.

He keeps the pressure on her throat, glaring into her eyes.

MARK

Uncle Jeff!

Jeff snaps out of it, releases her. She gasps for air.

CARLA

*Vivirás para lamentar eso, hijo de puta. (English: "You'll live to regret that motherfucker")*

She spits at him and leaves. Mark is staring at Jeff, shocked.

JEFF

She's gotta learn.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON: A HUNDRED DOLLAR BILL as it pulses on a bedside table. We're in --

INT. HEISS HOUSE - BEDROOM

PULL BACK to find a man, OREN HEISS, 40s, on his back with a ball-gag in his mouth. His wrists are tied with a leather strap and he's being fucked by ALEX SMITH, 21, handsome, focused, and enjoying what the customer asked for.

ALEX

You've been very naughty, Mr. Heiss.

Alex slaps Mr. Heiss hard across the cheek - Heiss likes it.

SFX: CELL RING.

Alex looks at his phone on the table: "The Drunk" is calling. He sends it to VM.

Heiss doesn't like Alex's inattention and he jerks Alex's focus back to him. (Heiss is paying good money after all.)

SFX: CELL RING. "The Drunk" again.

Now Alex is curious. Alex answers the phone while still fucking Mr. Heiss.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
What? I'm busy.

As Alex listens, he begins to slow down and he loses intensity. We see a gentler face, as tears form in the corners of his eyes at the news.

EXT. FREE CLINIC

Welcoming doors in an otherwise depressed street.

INT. FREE CLINIC

PAIGE SMITH, 23, normally easy-breezy-beautiful, today she wears guilt-fueled agitation on her face, approaches a coworker, BRENDA, 30s.

PAIGE  
Hey, Brenda.

BRENDA  
(eyes her, guarded)  
Paige.

PAIGE  
So, it looks like I've forgotten my wallet today. Can you spot me ten for lunch?

BRENDA  
I'm still waiting for you to pay me the previous ten I lent you. Three times. So - no.

Paige looks around the office to the other coworkers - nothing but burned bridges here. Then -

TWO COPS, OFFICERS BORN and JESSUP, 30s, enter.

BEN  
(to office)  
We're looking for  
(MORE)

BEN (CONT'D)  
(reads from notepad)  
Paige Smith.

All eyes on Paige. Brenda points at her.

BRENDA  
She owes me thirty dollars.

From an office, WILL LEE, 30s, steps out.

WILL  
Is there a problem, officers?

INT. WILL'S OFFICE - A LITTLE LATER

Paige sits across from Will's desk as the cops shut the door and leave. Her eyes are red.

WILL  
We talked about this Paige.

PAIGE  
He seemed lonely, and he had  
nowhere to go.

WILL  
Because he's homeless. And we work  
with shelters to fix that.

He tosses a traffic camera photo at her of a man in a car.  
Her car.

WILL (CONT'D)  
You know, the victim's family could  
sue you. Could sue us. We're a  
Community Clinic. We can barely  
keep the doors open.

PAIGE  
What about me? He took everything.  
My car, my ID, my ATM. My account  
is empty, I can't pay my rent.

WILL  
I've warned you to stop using the  
Clinic as a dating pool.

PAIGE  
They're not dates. These guys just  
need someone to listen to them. To  
help them through hard times.

Will shakes his head, exasperated. Sighs.

WILL  
You're fired, Paige.

Off her stunned reaction --

EXT. FREE CLINIC

Paige walks to a bus stop with a small box of personal items.  
Tears in her eyes, she sits.

SFX: CELL PHONE: "DADDY"

She wipes her tears and puts on her happy face.

PAIGE  
Hi, Daddy. It's so nice to hear  
your voice....

INTERCUT WITH DAVE IN GARAGE APARTMENT:

DAVE  
Hi, Chipmunk. I'm afraid I have  
some bad news. Grandpa died this  
morning.

PAIGE  
(teary-eyed)  
Oh, Daddy, I'm so sorry.

Dave reads her voice, what to say?

DAVE  
It's okay.

Paige hears what she wants.

PAIGE  
You're right, he's in a better  
place now. Do you wanna talk about  
it?

DAVE  
I'll be fine.

PAIGE  
Let's take some deep breaths  
together.

DAVE  
I'm fine, Paige.

PAIGE  
Come on, deep breath in.

She takes one. He pauses a beat just to listen. She exhales.

PAIGE (CONT'D)  
Push it out. Again.

He smirks at his daughter's efforts.

PAIGE (CONT'D)  
Feel better?

DAVE  
Just hearing your voice makes me  
feel better, Chipmunk.

A smile through her watery eyes - she helped someone.

INT. CONVERTED GARAGE - LATER

Dave, sitting on his lumpy bed, works a lint brush across a well-worn black jacket.

Stephanie bursts in, house phone in her hand - covered up. She quickly shuts the door.

QUICK ON: The novelty-shrunken head swings off a hook. On the dresser just under it rests a photo of Dave and his family in better times.

STEPHANIE  
(whispering)  
Naia Water Delivery.

She juts the phone at him - *take it*. He does.

DAVE  
This is Dave... Yes, hi, so nice to  
hear from you...Oh.

Stephanie stares at him. He looks at her, shakes his head. She crosses her arms.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
Was there anything I could have  
done differently?... I understand,  
but that's in the past.  
(firm)  
I'm sober now and I just got my  
license back...  
(more intense)  
But I've taken the forklift  
operator written test, I just need  
the on-site training...  
(snapping)  
(MORE)

DAVE (CONT'D)

Well how am I supposed to get it if you won't give it to me... No, thank you. For nothing!

He swings his arm back to throw the phone, sees Stephanie who takes it from him.

DAVE (CONT'D)

No one wants to hire a drunk with a record.

STEPHANIE

Nonsense. There will be others.

DAVE

Will there?

Dave jumps to his feet, startling Stephanie, and begins pacing, agitated. His rage builds fast again. Stephanie has seen this before and she's wary.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Because it seems there's no moving forward for me.

STEPHANIE

Dave...

DAVE

With work, with Monica. It's like all people see is the former me. This raging drunk. But I'm not that person anymore. If they just took the time to see me.

STEPHANIE

Dave...

DAVE

I've paid for my sins. But that's not enough.

(to her, pointedly)

It's never enough, is it?

Off Stephanie's raised eyebrow.

DAVE (CONT'D)

(calming down)

I can't be with my family if I don't get a job. And no one will give me a job.

She rests a hand on his shoulder.

STEPHANIE

You know what they say, God helps  
them who help themselves.

Dave looks at her - how the fuck does that help? An awkward  
beat between them. Then Stephanie points to her phone.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

This has to be recharged or else  
the battery dies.

She turns to leave, turns back.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

You just gotta stay focused, Dave.  
Stay in the game, or you'll lose  
them forever.

She exits, leaving Dave to stare at his family photo - all of  
them together. Something he's very far away from now.

EXT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - LATER

Dave walks into the parking lot to find Mark, arms crossed,  
leaning against the building's outside wall.

DAVE

Hey, Mark. Something wrong?

MARK

(yes)

No.

Dave considers the office door, approaches Mark.

DAVE

I know your uncle can be tough.

MARK

He's always on me about shit. He  
talks to me like I'm an idiot.

DAVE

He's stressed. And that's no  
excuse. But he loves you, that's  
why he's raising you, but you  
deserve better. That's something I  
know about, believe me.

He puts his hand on Mark's shoulder. Mark nods. It's cool.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You ever need something or wanna vent, come to me. I'll listen. I wanna help.

MARK

Thanks.

(then)

I'm sorry about your dad.

Dave shrugs - it is what it is.

INT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY

Jeff pours a cup of coffee for Dave.

JEFF

You hanging in there?

DAVE

Nothing to do but that.

JEFF

True true. So I wanted to talk to you about your fifty-one percent.

DAVE

Of what?

JEFF

This place.

DAVE

What are you talking about?

JEFF

Your dad told me he was leaving you his share of the company. Didn't you read the will yet?

DAVE

We haven't found it.

(off Jeff's expression)

It's not like we spoke a lot.

(realizing)

Wait, he left me this?

Jeff nods, sips from his cup, studying him.

JEFF

Hi, partner.

DAVE

(ramping up)

The last thing I want to do is work at this place. I can't believe he'd do that. No, I can, he's such an asshole, he would do that -

JEFF

Hey, sorry. Thought you knew.

As Dave paces to calm down, he clocks a photo resting at the top of a full waste basket near a desk.

It's a photo of his dad with a woman Dave recognizes (it's the woman from the photo at his dad's house) and some kids. He picks it up and turns to Jeff, curious.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(re: photo)

Your dad with an employee. Former employee. I couldn't trust her.

As Dave sets it back in the garbage, he sees a nameplate: "Carla Olvera" He pauses, then turns back to Jeff.

DAVE

I didn't mean to offend you. I know you've put a lot into this place and haven't gotten much back.

JEFF

Well, I was going to get to that - how about I buy your share from you? It won't be much, but you could use the cash, right?

DAVE

How much do I charge you for fifty-one percent of nothing?

JEFF

I can give you ten grand.

Dave smiles, it's the best news he's had in awhile.

EXT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY

Dave sprints through the parking lot to catch a bus that's just pulled up at the curb, as ARNOLD KIRKLAND, 40s, a shady guy, gets out of car and approaches the building.

INT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY

Arnold enters.

JEFF

I was gonna call you today.

ARNOLD

Did your partner come around?

JEFF

Better. He died, and I'm buying his share from his son, so let's do this.

They give each other a firm handshake, while Arnold sizes Jeff up.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Dave walks down a tough, working-class neighborhood looking at house numbers while holding an envelope. He stops at 3762 Asombro. It's the return address from the letter he took.

EXT. PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Carla, eyes red from crying, opens the door surprised to see Dave. A look of resignation crosses her face. A beat.

CARLA

Hello, David.

DAVE

You know me?

CARLA

I've seen lots of photos of you.

She motions for him to enter.

INT. CARLA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - LATER

Blue collar with some perks - big screen tv, Xbox. Dave sits as Carla pours them both a cup of coffee.

CARLA

Alcohol seems more appropriate, but I thought better of it.

DAVE

Because of me?

CARLA

Because I have a five-year-old sleeping in the next room.

Carla joins him at the table. She stares at him a beat, transfixed - a confluence of emotions.

CARLA (CONT'D)

I can't get over how you look so much like him. Like when I first met your dad.

He pulls out the envelope with her return address and sits it on the table.

DAVE

Who are you?

She nods, she's going to have to face the music here.

CARLA

Your father and I have, for lack of a better word, been married for the past 20 years. We have three kids together.

There, it's done.

DAVE

No, he was married to my mother until she died six years ago.

CARLA

Edward and I never had a game plan for when this time would come -

DAVE

Great. A liar and a home-wrecker. What a perfect couple.

CARLA

That's not what this is, David.

DAVE

Don't call me that. I hate 'David.'

CARLA

Sorry, that's what Ed called you.

Dave looks at her - *duh*. She pulls out her iphone.

CARLA (CONT'D)

Please, let me show you our --

DAVE

What? We're going have family time now?

He gets up to leave.

CARLA  
 (re: phone photo)  
 Here's Ian.  
 (beat, watches Dave)  
 He's your brother.

Dave stops. It's too tempting not to look. He sits back down and stares at the phone. She flips to the next.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
 And Renata. Your sister. She was  
 our first.

She begins flipping through photos, showing him pictures of her, his dad and their kids together from the past years:

At a family picnic; visiting Johnson Space Center and wearing astronaut helmets; his dad reading to two kids on his lap. Happy faces in all the photos.

Dave's head is reeling.

DAVE  
 (sotto, unreal)  
 Half-siblings.

She nods.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
 And you worked with him.

CARLA  
 I put a lot into that company.

Dave's off in Disbelief Land.

CARLA (CONT'D)  
 Are you going to take his place?

DAVE  
 No. I want nothing to do with that  
 company.

CARLA  
 Then what about your half?

DAVE  
 I'm gonna sell it to Jeff.

CARLA  
 Sell it to me instead.

DAVE  
 What?

CARLA  
I have some money.

ON DAVE: RED-FACED MAD

DAVE  
OK. A million dollars.

CARLA  
What?

DAVE  
Ten million.

CARLA  
I'm serious.

DAVE  
So am I. That's how much that son  
of a bitch owes us!

CARLA  
Dave, please. Edward Junior is  
sleeping.

DAVE  
Edward Junior?! You show me  
pictures of your all-smiles family  
with my dad, that he lied to us  
about, betrayed his kids.

CARLA  
You were adults and out of the  
house then.

Dave SLAMS his fist on the table, startling Carla, who looks  
back down the hall.

DAVE  
Cheating on my mother with you. My  
mother who was dying from cancer!  
And you're asking for my portion of  
the company?

CARLA  
I'm not asking you to give it to  
me. I'll buy it.

DAVE  
Who do you think you are?

CARLA

I didn't mean to offend you, I just thought - we're family - it wouldn't hurt to ask.

DAVE

We are not family. At all. And don't think for a second you're coming to any of his memorial services.

Carla is silenced by his rage. He gets up to leave, not noticing he's woken EDWARD JR, 5, sleepy-eyed, who comes down the hall.

EDWARD JR.

*Papi?*

This startles Carla, who didn't see him either. She picks Jr up as Dave turns around to see him and stares a beat.

CARLA

No, *mijo*, that's not *Papi*.

This humbles Dave - how to be mad at a boy who just lost his father? Dave turns, frustrated and exits.

INT. CONVERTED GARAGE APARTMENT - LATER

STEPHANIE

How did it go?

Dave is startled - how did she know?

DAVE

What?

STEPHANIE

I thought you went on an interview.

DAVE

Oh, yeah. They said they'd let me know.

(beat)

Then Jeff called, so I went by the office after.

STEPHANIE

What'd he want?

Dave pauses to consider a beat.

DAVE

He told me that Dad left his share  
of the company to me.

Stephanie is stung by this, covers.

STEPHANIE

(over-rational)  
He wanted to leave you something.  
You're his son.

DAVE

That's news to me.

STEPHANIE

Dave, that was a long time ago.

Dave points to his head.

DAVE

Not up here.

STEPHANIE

He changed, Dave.

DAVE

He didn't change - he died.  
(beat)  
And I'm selling my share to Jeff.

STEPHANIE

I'm glad you're selling, you need  
to stay focused on a job you can  
do.  
(off his look)  
It's too much responsibility.

DAVE

Thanks for that.

He grabs a blazer and puts it on, fuming.

STEPHANIE

What? I'm just trying to help you.

DAVE

Control me.

He grabs his shrunken head, puts it in his pocket and turns  
to leave.

STEPHANIE

Where are you going?

DAVE  
I can't stay in this garage like  
your dog anymore.

She follows him out the door and into the --

EXT. DRIVEWAY - CONTINUOUS

STEPHANIE  
I'd let you live inside, but I  
can't trust you when you drink.

DAVE  
I stopped drinking. Remember?

STEPHANIE  
Yeah, and you've been a real  
charmer about it.  
(then)  
I sat with you through the DTs, you  
know.

DAVE  
I bet you enjoyed every moment of  
that.

STEPHANIE  
Come back. Where are you going?

He walks away. Stephanie surveys the street to see if  
neighbors saw their exchange.

INT. STARBUCKS - LATER

Dave sits across from STEVE, 23, who reads his application.

STEVE  
You worked at a repair shop.

DAVE  
Owned. I owned it.

STEVE  
What happened?

DAVE  
I lost it about six years ago.

STEVE  
That meltdown hit some people  
pretty hard.

Dave nods, you have no idea.

STEVE (CONT'D)

I remember that. I was in high school. No money for the slopes that spring break. Anyway, what makes you want to work at Starbucks?

DAVE

I'm a people person.

Steve stares a beat - is this guy for real?

SFX: Cell ring.

STEVE

Sorry.

Steve picks up.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Then use the petty cash to buy some... I'm in an interview, you'll have to handle it.

(he hangs up, to Steve)

Sorry. My other store.

DAVE

You own two stores at your age?

STEVE

As if. I manage them. To pay for school.

DAVE

My son's doing the same thing.

Steve yawns.

DAVE (CONT'D)

You need some sleep.

STEVE

The stores plus school, no time to relax.

Steve considers Dave a beat and frowns. How to say this?

STEVE (CONT'D)

So, Mister Smith --

DAVE

You know, I have something that will help you relax.

Dave pulls a small bottle out of his pocket and sets it on the table: his dad's VICODIN from earlier.

ON STEVE: He looks at Dave incredulous. *Did he just bribe me with drugs?*

ON DAVE: It's sinking in this isn't how you get a job.

STEVE  
(smirks)  
Can you start tomorrow?

ON DAVE: surprised this move worked.

INT. SORRENTO'S FUNERAL HOME - VIEWING ROOM - NEXT DAY

An open casket rests at one end of the room. Dave stands at the opposite end, as far as possible from his dad's corpse.

He watches as Monica pays her respects at the casket, and turns back, walks towards Dave. Alex and Paige are behind her, both a little red-eyed.

MONICA  
You see him yet?

Dave shakes his head.

DAVE  
I've seen plenty of him the past few days.

She considers him a beat. Alex and Paige approach.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
(to Alex)  
How's school going?

ALEX  
(I hate you)  
Fine.

DAVE  
(to Paige)  
Mom says you lost your job.

PAIGE  
They made a lot of cutbacks, Daddy.

He gives Paige a reassuring hug, which surprises her. Monica sees Dave likes the hug, likes being needed.

DAVE  
 Something will come up. Don't  
 worry. I'm gonna get you some  
 money to help.

(off their expressions)  
 I'm gonna help all of you.

MONICA  
 Dave, don't -

DAVE  
 I mean it.

MONICA  
 So what's this amazing job that's  
 going to save us all?

DAVE  
 Starbucks.

He clocks their reactions of pity.

MONICA  
 Oh, Dave.

DAVE  
 It's not much. Yet. But I'm  
 trying.

Paige has stars in her eyes for her dad.

PAIGE  
 You sure are, Daddy. That's great!

Alex seethes in a stew of jealousy and bitterness over their  
 exchange.

SFX: PHONE BUZZ.

Alex checks his text message from:

*John w the Hair: "u avail?"*

*Alex: "\$100."*

*John w the Hair: "B here n 20"*

We see all the messages in his inbox are from his "Johns":  
*John on West side, John w the i3, John w the big...*

ALEX  
 Gotta go. A shift opened up at the  
 bookstore.

DAVE

I thought we'd grab some lunch  
after this.

ALEX

I've got an education to pay for.  
I'm on my own, remember?

Stare down between the two. Then Alex turns to hug Paige and  
Monica, who gives him a kiss on the cheek.

MONICA

Careful driving, honey.

Alex leaves. Monica sees the turmoil on Dave's face - guilt  
mixed with anger.

MONICA (CONT'D)

Did you think your dad's death  
would fix your relationship?

DAVE

No, but I'm thinking mine might.

MONICA

That Fifty-one Fifty gave you a  
great sense of humor, Dave.

In the background, Stephanie and her husband FRANK, 50s,  
henpecked, enter. Paige goes to greet them.

DAVE

It's just an uphill battle with  
him.

MONICA

What did you expect? You started  
the war.

She shakes her head, leaves to greet Stephanie.

INT. SORRENTO'S FUNERAL HOME - LATER

Stephanie approaches Dave.

STEPHANIE

Have you seen him yet?

DAVE

It's fine.

STEPHANIE

Nonsense. I paid good money for  
that casket. Let's go see it.

She grabs his hand and they approach:

THE CASKET.

She stares down at her dad, stoic, like she's looking at a painting she doesn't understand. Dave watches her - she wipes something from her face - is it a tear?

DAVE

You going to cry?

STEPHANIE

Crying just makes people uncomfortable. I was thinking they used too much rouge on him.

Dave looks over, nods.

DAVE

Death becomes him.

Stephanie looks at him disapprovingly.

STEPHANIE

This is what fifteen hundred gets for a casket? I knew I should have ordered the one from costco.com.

DAVE

If I had my way, he'd be in a pine box.

Stephanie pauses a beat - something on her mind.

STEPHANIE

Well this is it, Dave. Whatever your issues were with him, let them die with him.

DAVE

I know that.

STEPHANIE

Good because you had a chance to mend it, and you didn't.

DAVE

No, he didn't. He's the parent. The adult.

STEPHANIE

So you say.

She turns to leave him, turns back. She reaches into her purse and pulls out an envelope, hands it to him. He opens it to find twelve \$100 bills.

DAVE

What's this?

STEPHANIE

I closed Dad's bank account. We split the difference - each got two grand.

DAVE

But there's only twelve hundred here.

STEPHANIE

I had to take some out of your portion for the cost of building your room.

(off his look)

I have expenses, you know.

Stephanie leaves Dave - the day keeps pushing all his buttons.

INT. SORRENTO'S FUNERAL HOME - LITTLE LATER

ON MONICA AND STEPHANIE as they glance over their shoulders towards Dave at the casket, then look back to each other.

MONICA

Sober. Not one drop?

ON DAVE: Hands to his side, fists clenched. He's mumbling - mad about something, but we can't make it out.

STEPHANIE

(shakes head, *please*)

Under my watch? He's doing very well. He coordinated all the funeral services.

ON DAVE: Looking down at his dad's corpse. Intense.

DAVE

(mumbling)

You were a drunk, abusive, violent asshole, then you went and had the family you loved. And you didn't look back. You abandoned us. All of us. I won't be like you. I'm nothing like you.

ON MONICA AND STEPHANIE:

MONICA

Maybe he's finally getting his act together.

STEPHANIE

He's sober, he's got a job. He's ready to come home, Monica.

Monica looks at her: *back the hell up, lady.*

DAVE

(screaming)

I'm nothing like you!

Everyone turns in shock. Monica shoots Stephanie a look: *Ready to come home, right.* Paige runs to Dave.

EXT. SORRENTO'S FUNERAL HOME - LATER

Stephanie and her family drive away in their car. Monica and Paige walk towards Monica's car. Dave walks out alone.

Dave sees a group of five people getting out of a van. As they get closer to him, he realizes it's Carla and her kids.

Dave shoots a nervous look around: Monica and Paige are still standing outside their car talking.

DAVE

What are you doing here?

CARLA

My kids have the right to say goodbye to their father. You can either let them, or I  
(looks towards Monica and Paige)  
can cause a scene.

Behind Carla are: IAN, 17, a simmering time bomb of resentment; RENATA, 20, Rockabilly with a secret; JJ, 22, the sibling bully, and Edward Jr.

CARLA (CONT'D)

This is Ian, Renata and JJ. You've met Edward Jr.

DAVE

Hi.

No response. They all shoot various looks of resentment, sorrow and suspicion at him. Dave steps to the side.

CARLA

You kids go in. Take Junior with you.

IAN

Yes, Mom.

Ian takes Junior's hand and the kids walk towards the funeral home.

As they do, JJ spots Paige as she bends over to pick up her phone she just dropped. He gets a nice view of her ass. He smiles.

As Paige stands up, she turns around to see him - she sees his lack of confidence - he's just her type: a fixer-upper. She smiles back - she'd totally fix him if given the chance.

CARLA

I can't believe you're not taking over the Company. Your dad always said -

DAVE

I've had enough of my dad for one day.

CARLA

I don't know what issues you have with him, but Edward was a good man, he helped people, was an attentive dad.

DAVE

You weren't there.

CARLA

Oh poor you, Daddy didn't love you. Like you're the only son in the history of sons who feels like that. Stop wallowing in the past and think of someone else for a change. Your dad always did.

DAVE

He didn't give two shits about us. And don't compare me to him.

CARLA

Oh, I won't - you couldn't be your father if you tried. You're not half the man he was.

(MORE)

CARLA (CONT'D)

You don't even know what he meant to people - what he did for them. He brought them freedom.

DAVE

What the hell are you talking about?

She reaches into her pocket tosses a key at Dave, who reacts to catch.

CARLA

That'll show you the truth. All the hard work Ed and I did is over now. And I have no job because  
(pointing at Dave)  
his *coño* (Eng: *pussy*) of a son won't take over. Who's gonna hire an undocumented worker? Thanks, *cabrón*. (Eng: *asshole*)

She walks to the funeral home, leaving Dave stunned by this.

INT. STARBUCKS - LATER

An OLD MAN, 80, frail, approaches Dave at the register.

OLD MAN

I'll take a coffee.

Dave looks confused. He turns to trainer/co-worker ALLIE, 20-something, texting on her iphone. She nods to Dave.

DAVE

What kind, Sir?

The old man looks confused - what kind can there be? A MAN, 40s, approaches.

MALE CUSTOMER

Sorry, you'll have to forgive my dad. He'll have a short, dark roast, black.

(to his dad, gentle)

Dad, why don't you grab a seat and I'll bring it out.

(to Dave)

And I'll have a grande half-nonfat half-two percent, two and a half shot latte with one and half sweet & lows, no foam, three shakes of cinnamon powder, and no sleeve.

Dave takes his pen and paper cup. Looks at it - where to begin? Another EMPLOYEE rings up the man.

ALLIE

Dude, you gonna make it?

DAVE

It's just a lot of... words.

ALLIE

Yeah, and the customers don't help any. We always mess up their names if they're bitchy.

(off his look)

"Jeff" becomes 'Cleft'; "Emma" is "Nemo"

DAVE

"Allen": "Alien?"

ALLIE

You're gonna rock this.

A reassured smirk crosses his face as he writes on the cup.

INT. STARBUCKS - LATER

Dave wipes sweat from his forehead, exhausted and overwhelmed. He doesn't see Monica enter. She hangs back and watches him: He really has a job.

Dave restocks cups as Steve approaches.

STEVE

I need you to move faster, okay  
Dave? Can you wipe down the steam  
nozzles?

Dave jumps into action.

Monica moves towards the counter in time to see:

Dave grab a cloth and reach for a nozzle. It's HOT and BURNS him, he recoils...

Elbowing an employee holding two hot steaming cups of coffee...

Who flings the coffee all over the counter...

And onto a CUSTOMER'S HAND, who screams! All the employees jump into action, like ants when their home is disturbed.

DAVE  
I'm so sorry!

STEVE  
(to employee)  
Cool cloth now!  
(to Dave)  
Get back.

An employee brings a cool cloth to the customer, as others clean up the spill. Steve turns to Dave --

STEVE (CONT'D)  
I knew it was a mistake to hire an addict.

DAVE  
I'm not -

STEVE  
Clock out - you're fired.

All the employees are staring daggers at Dave. He looks up to see Monica has seen it all. Monica exits before he can get to her. He's crestfallen.

EXT. STREET - BUS STOP - THAT NIGHT

A bus pulls away, revealing Dave. He looks around, it's pretty dead. He crosses the street to --

EXT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - STREET ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

To discover the large gate has been propped open. He pauses, and steps into --

EXT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The parking lot is alive with activity. Strings of Edison lights are hung between trucks. A table with some food.

And around thirty people mill about. Some setting the table, lighting candles, talking in small groups.

ON DAVE: DUMBSTRUCK. It looks magical. Has he come to the right place?

He notices a few children. A WOMAN cradles another WOMAN as she stands, tissue to her eyes, looking at a pile of flowers that surround some IMAGE - Dave can't tell what.

Dave walks up to a MAN, CARLOS, 40s.

DAVE

Hey, this is private property.

Carlos turns to Dave - and looks shocked.

CARLOS

You look just like him.

Carlos turns away from a confused Dave, to PABLO, 30s.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

*Miralo* - his son.

PABLO

It is. Just like *El Salvador*.

He shakes a much-perplexed Dave's hand.

PABLO (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry for your loss.

Carlos walks Dave deeper into the event and Dave realizes --

Everyone here is Latino.

The group has set up *descansos* (makeshift memorials) decorated with flowers, candles, crosses, parting stones.

And Dave now gets a clear view of the picture surrounded by flowers - it's an obituary photo of Dave's father.

And it dawns on him...

DAVE

You're throwing a funeral... for my dad?

CARLOS

Not a funeral. A celebration. Of the life of a great man.

Carlos signals to ALMA, 40s, who approaches.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

My wife.

She shakes his hand.

ALMA

My heart goes out to you. Because of your father, I had a second chance. I was born again.

CARLOS

I feel the same for him. He was a provider and a protector. I was able to start a new life here because of him.

DAVE

I don't understand. You're not employees?

CARLOS

He brought us here.

ALMA

And we owe our lives to him.

DAVE

We? All of you?

ALMA

He's helped hundreds. He made you feel safe. Unlike the corrupt coyotes out there looking to turn a quick buck.

CARLOS

They take your money and leave you for dead in the desert.

Dave's mouth drops as the realization hits him.

DAVE

Wait. My dad was a coyote?

ALMA

(stares at him a beat)  
Your dad was our savior.

Alma hugs Dave and makes the sign of the cross and joins a few friends nearby.

Dave walks to the descanso displaying his father's picture and bends down to stare at it, illuminated by candles.

Under the photo, on a small piece of cardboard, the words "El Salvador" vibrate in reflective paint.

Who was this man he didn't know?

When Dave stands up, he's facing a truck's window and he sees his face reflected back at himself.

The hanging lights are warped in the reflection, creating a halo around him.

Pablo passes by, puts a hand on Dave's shoulder.

PABLO

How special it is, that your father  
can live again - through you.

Pablo smiles. Dave looks beyond him to all the people gathered here - they're smiling at him.

Finally, for the first time in a long time, Dave feels adored, admired and, what he didn't realize he lacked most:

Respected.

INT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - MOMENTS LATER

Dave stumbles through the dimly lit office. He can hear the muffled sounds of the gathering outside.

He spots Carla's desk - the garbage pan with her items still next to it.

He finds a keyhole and uses his key. He opens the bottom drawer to find some office supplies - box of staples, some rubber bands.

As he reaches further back he notices the bottom of the drawer is loose. He pulls out the contents and lifts up the fake bottom to find a LEDGER.

He opens up the ledger to find pages of names, monies collected and still due, and dates going back decades.

Dave hears a heartfelt laugh from outside and pauses:

He has resolve and purpose on his face. It's all coming together for him now.

INT. UNIVERSITY - SHARED GRADUATE OFFICE SPACE - MORNING

JORDAN MORSE, 29, African-American, sits at his desk. Chemistry diagrams and equipment are around him.

He sits in a small office with large glass windows - old school T.A. office style. You can see all the other mini-offices in this room.

He holds a wrapped gift in his hands. Alex sits on the corner of his desk facing him.

JORDAN

I thought we were doing this at my  
place. I don't have your gift.

ALEX

(playful)

No worries. Maybe I'll have another present for you tonight.

JORDAN

(unsure)

A T.A. getting a gift from a student?

ALEX

You're not my T.A. Not for three semesters now, that's almost two years.

JORDAN

I think your metrics are off on that.

ALEX

I love it when you talk dirty. Open it.

Jordan opens the gift:

He pulls out a T-shirt that reads: "LEO the Lion says GER" with the image of a lion holding an atom on it. (If you're a chem geek, you'd get it.) Jordan smiles, he loves it.

ALEX (CONT'D)

It's awesome, right?

JORDAN

Not as awesome as you.

Jordan's about to kiss him when he sees a STUDENT pass by the hallway. He pulls back.

JORDAN (CONT'D)

Thanks.

ALEX

Happy first anniversary.

JORDAN

I'll see you tonight for a proper thank you.

ALEX

You know it. Gotta do some work first.

Alex kisses him, catching Jordan off guard, but Jordan smiles.

INT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - LATER

Mark sits at a desk texting. Jeff hangs up the office phone and looks at him. Shakes his head.

JEFF

Did you make sure the forklifts are secured?

MARK

Yeah.

JEFF

I don't want some safety specialists up my ass. That'll cost me.

MARK

I'll double-check.

Mark puts his phone away and exits.

Dave barges in. Jeff clocks the ledger in Dave's hand. Dave tosses the ledger at Jeff.

DAVE

You forgot to mention the side business.

JEFF

(rolls his eyes)  
Carla.

DAVE

I'm keeping the company.

JEFF

Did you fall off the wagon?

DAVE

I've never been more sober about anything in my life.

JEFF

Go home.

DAVE

There are people who need help.

JEFF

God you sound just like him.  
(then)

(MORE)

JEFF (CONT'D)

Dave, this is just the shock talking. Think with your head - this is a bad idea.

DAVE

I want to do it.

JEFF

You're not capable. Do you have any idea how bad it gets out there? You're not just racing heatstroke and the border patrol. We're talking murderers. Not just banditos, but fucking drug cartels. Christ Dave, your entire command of Spanish begins and ends with 'salsa.'

DAVE

I'll learn.

JEFF

Did Carla put you up to this?  
(Dave shakes his head)  
So this is another one of your 'endeavors'? You'll never be able to do this. You never finish anything. Your dad used to complain about that all the time. You can't do this work. You're not him.

Dave becomes reflective.

DAVE

No, but maybe I should be like him. Responsible. Noble.

JEFF

Really? You think you can be *El Salvador*? Mister-Five-Months-Sober? Right.

Jeff begins to turn away but Dave lurches and grabs him by the arm, startling Jeff.

DAVE

You either deal with me being part of this, or I report you to the Border Patrol, Homeland Security and the FBI.

Jeff jerks his hand off him and grabs Dave with both hands.

JEFF

And what's gonna happen when I have to explain to your family that you died somewhere in the desert and they'll never find your body? Don't be an idiot your whole life. Take the money and run.

Jeff shoves a shocked Dave backwards.

EXT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - LATER

Jeff paces the lot while talking on his cell phone.

JEFF

We have a problem.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Arnold is on the line. Behind him, a few men count and load guns into boxes: AK-47s, FN 5.7 pistols, 9mms, ammo cans.

ARNOLD

The cargo's ready, I've been paid and we're ready to ship. What's your problem?

JEFF

I'm not in full control of the company now. Our deal's off.

Arnold sits up.

ARNOLD

Are you messing with me? Because I don't do messing with me very well.

JEFF

Boss' kid wants the company, and I need time to take care of some loose ends before I do this.

ARNOLD

No, you have the time we agreed on.

JEFF

I can help you find another shipper.

ARNOLD

Talk to no one else about this deal Mister Schlamos.

JEFF  
I'll be in touch.

Jeff disconnects on a fuming Arnold.

INT. MONICA'S HALF-BUILT HOUSE - LATER

Monica paces while on her cell. Sporadic hammering echoes around the place.

MONICA  
You told me I'd have the permit  
three weeks ago...Yes, I've spoken  
to - hello?

She looks at her phone - no bars. She looks up and grunts in frustration. She hears something and turns around to find --

MONICA (CONT'D)  
Dave?

DAVE  
We didn't get a chance to talk  
about - the other day.

MONICA  
Yeah, sorry about that, but now's  
not a good time. But good luck  
finding another job.

DAVE  
But I got another job.

MONICA  
Really?

DAVE  
I'm getting my life together,  
Monica, so we can be together and I  
can give you what you need.

MONICA  
What I need? What I need is a  
permit for a retaining wall. What  
I need is to finish the roof before  
the rainy season, what I need is  
decent cell reception. What I  
don't need is more of your  
bullshit.

DIEGO and CAMILO, 30s, enter, thermoses in hand.

MONICA (CONT'D)  
What's up, guys?

DIEGO  
 You said last week you'd pay us  
 today for the prior week.

MONICA  
 I'm really sorry. I'll be able to  
 pay you next week.

DIEGO  
 Please Misses Smith, we work, we  
 should get paid.

MONICA  
 I know I know, I'm really sorry.  
 Can you wait until next Wednesday?

Diego and Camilo speak in Spanish. Diego turns back.

DIEGO  
 OK.  
 (She looks relieved, then)  
 We'll be back next Wednesday to  
 work. If you have the money.

MONICA  
 No guys, wait. Please.

They walk out. She turns back and Dave is gone. She leans  
 up against a beam and slides to the floor, head in palms.

INT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - NEXT DAY

Jeff enters the empty office.

JEFF  
 Mark? Mark?

Checks for coffee, it's empty. Shakes head. He turns to  
 grab a new filter when he sees -

A COCKROACH scurry down the hall and slip under the closed  
 bathroom door.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
 Christ Mark, didn't you take out  
 the trash.

Jeff approaches the door. KNOCKS. No one replies. He opens  
 the door to find:

A SEVERED LEG - from the knee down. He recognizes the tattoo  
 on the calf - a SKULL with ROSES for eyes.

Jeff realizes: This is Mark's severed leg!

JEFF (CONT'D)  
(screams)  
Mark!

Jeff hyperventilates, paces, trying to catch his breath. Whatever tough facade he's projected has crumbled.

SFX: CELL PHONE RING

Jeff pulls out his phone.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
Hello? Hello?

ARNOLD  
Is that the loose end you were looking for?

JEFF  
You motherfucker!

ARNOLD  
Temper Jeff. Here talk to your nephew.

MARK  
(weak)  
Uncle Jeff...?

JEFF  
Mark, it's okay, it's okay.

ARNOLD  
He'll be fine. If you can commit to this. You don't have a lot of time.

Arnold hangs up. Jeff beats his face with his fists in frustration. Takes deep heaving breaths.

INT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - LATER

Booze bottle on his desk, Jeff paces the floor.

He reaches into a cabinet and grabs a clear plastic bag. He turns to face the leg. Deep breath, and approaches it. He bags it and places it in the freezer.

As he turns toward the desk, he spots the ledger. He flips through it. Finds a name and holds on it. His eyes narrow.

EXT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - MOMENTS LATER

Jeff storms out of the door. Kicks one of the remaining descanos over as he approaches his Bentley Continental. (His Douche-mobile.)

He stops as he sees Dave walking up. He's in no mood for his shit.

DAVE

Hey, I was just coming to -

JEFF

Not dealing with you now, Dave.

DAVE

I want to talk about some company details.

JEFF

You want some details? Get in and I'll take you to our problem resolution center - we'll go over our corporate policies.

Dave pauses a beat, considers his hostility.

DAVE

I can come back.

JEFF

No, I want to show you how the company runs.

Jeff jumps in the car - shouts through passenger window.

JEFF (CONT'D)

Get. In.

Dave does. He doesn't have time to shut the door before Jeff peels out.

INT. JEFF'S CAR

Jeff swerves to miss a parked car in a beat-down neighborhood. He's drunk and not watching the road. He's looking at people on the sidewalk - looking for SOMEONE.

DAVE

What the hell, Jeff?

Jeff spots a Latino guy, JUAREZ, 30s and pulls the car over. Juarez sees him and bolts. Jeff jumps out of his car.

EXT. STREET

Jeff runs after Juarez: through backyards, dilapidated homes, barking dogs. He wants this guy.

EXT. BACKYARD - JUAREZ'S HOME

Jeff gains on Juarez. A leap and he's on top of Juarez, beating him.

JUAREZ

*¡No lo tengo! ¡La próxima semana, por favor! Tenemos un contrato!*  
(English: "I don't have it! Next week, please! We have an agreement.")

JEFF

*Ya no. (English: (Not anymore.))*

Jeff drags Juarez to a cinder block. Pulls up Juarez's hand on it and rests his foot on Juarez's hand.

JEFF (CONT'D)

*¿Quieres ver a su hermano?*  
(English: "Want to see your brother?")

JUAREZ

*¡Si, si!*

Jeff begins bending back Juarez's fingers. SNAP. SNAP. Juarez screams out.

JEFF

*Dame el dinero. (English: "Give me the money.")*

WHACK! Jeff goes flying to the ground. He shakes it off and turns to see Dave, rubbing a sore shoulder from the hit.

Dave heaves a breath - *WTF did I just get into?* Dave turns to Juarez. Juarez recoils from him while clutching his broken fingers.

DAVE

(to Jeff)  
The fuck's wrong with you.

Jeff gets up.

JEFF

Prick owes us one-kay for smuggling his brother.

DAVE  
Where's his brother?

JEFF  
He gets him when he pays.

DAVE  
What?

Juarez stares at Dave.

JUAREZ  
*El Salvador...?*

Jeff approaches Juarez.

JEFF  
*...Está muerto. Yo soy el jefe  
ahora. (English: "...Is dead. I'm  
the boss now.") You have two days  
to pay or I'll be back. And I know  
you fucking understand me.*

Juarez, through his agony, looks crestfallen. He turns to Dave.

DAVE  
(to Jeff)  
Give him some more time.

Jeff turns to Dave, who's ready for anything.

JEFF  
God, you're just like your dad.  
Fucking beaners. He loved them  
too. But I guess you already found  
that out.

Jeff turns to walk away, turns back. In Dave's face.

JEFF (CONT'D)  
You got the drop on me, caught me  
off guard. But you could never  
take me in a fight. Remember that.

Jeff walks off. Dave bends down to Juarez to help him up.

DAVE  
It's okay, I'll help you. Don't  
worry about him.

Once Juarez is up, he bolts from Dave and into the house.

INT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - LATER

Jeff and Dave stand across from each other, a desk separating them.

DAVE

What the hell was that about?

JEFF

Money. You think we cross these people for free?

DAVE

That's how you your get results?

JEFF

That's the job, Dave. People get hurt. People die. You don't get to march in here and think you can run things. Not after all I've done for this company. I've run this place, kept the doors open - while your dad was away, when he was sick, I made the decisions -  
(starting to burst)  
my choices - my - that -

In a fit of rage Jeff turns to the nearby water cooler and picks up the five-gallon water container, letting out a guttural SCREAM.

He lifts it over his head, splashing himself with water and throws it - CRASHING through a window.

Jeff wipes water off his face, staggers back. Dave watches him as Jeff comes around.

DAVE

What the hell's going on?!

JEFF

(sits, defeated)  
He has my nephew.

DAVE

Who?

JEFF

This straw buyer.

DAVE

What are you supposed to move?

JEFF

Ammo.

DAVE

You're certain he has Mark?

Jeff crosses to the kitchenette and opens the freezer. Marks' CALF, which had been packed in there, tumbles out. We can see it through the clear plastic bag.

ON DAVE: Horrified. He jumps back from it.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Fuck!

EXT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Jeff and Dave get out of a truck.

JEFF

He said Mark would be here.

Dave sees Jeff pull a gun from under the seat. Dave puts his hand out to stop him.

DAVE

That's not a good idea.

Jeff pauses a beat, nods in agreement and returns the gun to its spot. Dave takes a breath, steels himself.

DAVE (CONT'D)

Okay then.

Dave steps forward. Jeff grabs his arm, stops him. Dave turns to him.

JEFF

Why're you doing this?

DAVE

Always help out the underdog.

Dave turns back and they both walk to the door. TWO GIANT MEN, 20s, with guns open the door and motion for them to stretch out their arms for weapons check. Dave and Jeff comply.

INT. WAREHOUSE - LATER

Arnold's two giant men load Dave and Jeff's truck with weapons. Dave helps them as Jeff talks to Arnold.

ARNOLD

I was hoping I wouldn't need to  
send you another message.

Jeff is trying to pretend he doesn't want to strangle Arnold.

JEFF

I told you I just needed to talk to  
my partner here.

ARNOLD

(intense in his face)  
And I told you it wasn't my  
problem. Don't cost me any more  
time.

(then, casual)  
Great, they've almost finished.

JEFF

Where's my nephew?

ARNOLD

(shouting)  
Jimmy, bring out the loose end.

An office door opens as JIMMY, 20s, pushes Mark out in a  
wheelchair. Mark's right leg is amputated at the knee,  
bandaged. He's slow with painkillers.

Jeff runs to him. Mark stares at him a beat before  
acknowledging him.

MARK

Uncle Jeff...?

JEFF

I'm here son.

MARK

Why'd you let 'em...

Mark trails off. Jeff feels like shit. He grabs the  
handles, but Jimmy won't let go.

ARNOLD

Uh-uh-uh. Not so fast. Mark's  
going to be our guest until this  
job is done.

JEFF

What are you talking about? You  
said he could come with us.

ARNOLD  
After you complete your task.

JEFF  
He needs medical help!

ARNOLD  
I got a doctor. He'll be fine  
until you return.

Jeff looks to Dave who hoists an ammo can onto the truck.

Dave returns his gaze by shooting his eyes at the three workers, and gestures with the ammo can.

ON DAVE: One. Two. Three.

Whack! Dave thrusts the ammo can into one worker's stomach. Then knocks him on the head with it. He's out and Dave grabs his gun.

Jeff drop-kicks Jimmy. Grabs his gun, pistol whips him with it.

The other worker pulls a gun on Dave.

BAM! Jeff shoots him dead.

Dave and Jeff turn their guns on Arnold. Jeff slowly pushes Mark closer towards Dave with one hand.

JEFF  
I told you we'd do the job. This  
didn't need to happen.

ARNOLD  
(smooth but threatening)  
You shoot me, you don't get paid.  
And you'll still end up dead.

JEFF  
(agitated)  
We shoot you and sell the guns to  
someone else.

DAVE  
Jeff.

JEFF  
What? We don't owe him anything  
after what he did to Mark.

Arnold shoots them a steely glance. Dave and Jeff don't see Jimmy stir. But Arnold does.

ARNOLD

What happened to Mark is on you.

This stings Jeff - he refocuses his gun on Arnold.

Dave turns his gun towards a startled Jeff - and BAM! fires past Jeff to Jimmy who is up and has pulled out a gun. Jimmy takes bullet to the shoulder and goes down, but he's not dead.

Arnold pulls out a gun aims for Jeff. BAM! Jeff is shocked that Arnold missed.

BAM! Jeff shoots Arnold dead.

Dave turns to Jeff, but he's not looking directly at him, Dave's looking lower, to Mark. Jeff realizes in horror.

JEFF

Mark!

He runs in front to see Mark - bleeding out from the chest.

JEFF (CONT'D)

No!

Dave runs up, cloth in hand. He puts pressure on the wound.

JEFF (CONT'D)

(get face to face with Mark)

Hang on, son. It's okay. You'll be okay.

Blood is pouring out of Mark's chest and he lets out a final breath. The cloth is soaked red. Dave stops applying pressure.

INT. PAIGE'S APARTMENT - DAYS LATER

Paige seals a box with packing tape. Boxes are stacked all around her.

She's watery-eyed, takes a deep breath. Better.

SFX: Knock at door

She opens it to reveal Dave, she beams.

PAIGE

Daddy!

She throws her arms around him, then shows him in.

DAVE  
 (the apartment)  
 What's going on?

PAIGE  
 I gotta move.

DAVE  
 No you don't.

He pulls out an envelope of cash.

DAVE (CONT'D)  
 For this month's rent.

PAIGE  
 (looking at cash)  
 OMG Dad!  
 (tears)  
 You're really doing it. Thank you  
 so much.

She kisses him on the cheek.

DAVE  
 And if you need help next month,  
 you just let me know.

PAIGE  
 You're a saint! Wait - how's the  
 Company going?

DAVE  
 It's fine. I'll see you soon,  
 Chipmunk.

He gives her a hug, turns to leave. She stops him.

PAIGE  
 You're the best Daddy, Daddy.

Dave's waited a long time to hear that. He exits. Paige  
 smiles at the money a beat, grabs her cell, dials. Intercut  
 with:

EXT. DENNY'S PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Alex answers.

ALEX  
 About to start another shift -  
 what's up?

PAIGE  
Dad just gave me a thousand  
dollars.

ALEX  
What'd he do, run off with the  
Starbucks' tip jar?

PAIGE  
No, seriously. He's running  
grampa's company. He really wants  
to change.

ALEX  
Why do you put so much faith in  
him?

Paige pauses a beat, how to answer a rhetorical, bitter  
question?

PAIGE  
(genuine)  
You were a little young to remember  
Dad 'before.' He was really sweet  
and engaged. And he'll be that way  
again, just wait and see.

A CAR pulls up slowly by Alex. He nods to it.

ALEX  
I gotta go, customer.

PAIGE  
That bookstore works you too hard.  
You deserve a raise. Later.

She hangs up. Alex considers his phone for a minute, then  
get's into the car. It drives off.

INT. CONVERTED GARAGE - LATER

Dave stands facing the photo of his family on the dresser,  
staring at it. His cell rests next to it.

He flicks the shrunken head that hangs next to the picture  
and watches it spin. Dave picks up the phone and dials.

CUT TO:

INT. MONICA'S HALF-BUILT HOUSE

Monica looks at her phone, sees it's Dave, and sends it to  
voicemail.

MONICA (V.O.) (THROUGH PHONE)  
It's Monica and you missed me.  
Leave a message.

SFX: PHONE VOICEMAIL BEEP.

She picks up several 2x4s and carries them to a corner and drops them. She looks around, shakes her head, disappointed in it all.

CUT TO:

DAVE'S MESSAGE AS VOICE OVER WITH THE FOLLOWING IMAGES:

INT. MONICA'S HALF-BUILT HOUSE

Monica shrugs at Diego and Camilo, her workers - she obviously has no money to pay them.

DAVE (V.O.)  
(beat) I guess you're still mad at me. I get it. I'm still mad at me too. I've started running Dad's company with Jeff. I guess now it's my company with Jeff...

Diego and Camilo walk away.

EXT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - THE STACKS - DAY

Stacked shipping containers dot the backside of the property.

An unsure Dave helps Jeff lower a body wrapped in plastic into a ditch they've dug.

DAVE (V.O.)  
Monica, I can do this. I don't just mean run the company - I can provide for you and the kids...

Dave doesn't notice at the bottom of the ditch, a decayed hand is exposed. It's not the first time Jeff's used this ditch.

INT. CAR - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Alex gets pounded in the backseat by a MAN, 40s. A "Walmart: We Sell For Less" sign glows behind them through the window.

DAVE (V.O.)

I know you need to finish the house, and Paige doesn't have a job, and I'm sure Alex needs money for school, it can't be easy for him. I know I've been awful to him - to all of you...

The guy doesn't see Alex check the time on his phone, bored.

INT. SMITH TRUCKING COMPANY - DAY

Dave and Carla talk at her desk, while she pulls out her personal items from the adjacent garbage can.

She gets to the photo of her and Ed and she pauses. They both stare at it.

DAVE (V.O.)

I want to be the husband and father you all deserve. I know I fucked up, okay? But I'm not a fuck-up. Not anymore...

Jeff enters, irritated to see Carla.

He and Dave share a look - they obviously made a deal for her return. Jeff continues to his desk and plops down.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - DAY

Blinding light forces a Latino MAN, 30s, to squint until his eyes adjust. Jeff enters.

The man is tied to a chair and gagged. He looks at Jeff with a mix of hope and fear.

Jeff hangs what looks like a gerbil water bottle on a pole next to the chair.

DAVE

I have my own company again. Jeff and I are figuring out how to run it together. We see things differently, but we're on the up and up with each other...

The Man desperately wraps his lips, still bound by soiled cloth, around the tip and drinks. Jeff closes the doors.

INT. MONICA'S HALF-BUILT HOUSE

Monica listening to his voicemail.

DAVE  
And I feel like I did when we first  
met...

INT. CONVERTED GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

DAVE (V.O.)  
That for the first time in a long  
time, it's all gonna work out.

INT. MONICA'S HALF-BUILT HOUSE

She considers his words. Then presses delete.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHIHUAHUAN DESERT - DAY

We're where we were in the teaser, this time we get Dave's  
POV as he and his opponent go at it:

Dave turns to look at the crying GIRL, worried. SMACK!

He swings and gets a glimpse of the WOMAN lying on the ground  
- a bullet hole in her head. SMACK!

He spots a revolver in the sand, out of his grasp.

SMACK!

Everything in Dave's world turns sideways as he hits the  
sand.

CUT TO BLACK.

UP ON THE GIRL TERRIFIED. The MAN approaches her, heavy  
breathing from the fight, making him seem even scarier.

POV from behind him as he takes a step closer.

A hand whips the man around and we finally see his face:

The man is Jeff.

He turns to see:

DAVE. He cocks the gun in the face of a very stunned Jeff.

FADE OUT:

END OF SHOW