

Production Draft: 10/01/19  
Blue Revision (Full Draft): 10/16/19  
Pink Revision (Pages): 10/25/19  
Yellow Revision (Pages): 11/01/19  
Green Revision (Pages): 01/15/20  
Goldenrod Revision (Pages): 01/28/20

# The Mosquito Coast

Episode 102

"foxes and coyotes"

Written for television by

**Neil Cross**

Directed by

Rupert Wyatt

Based on the book by

Paul Theroux

*Fremantle*

2900 W. Alameda Ave.  
Suite 800  
Burbank, CA 91505

Copyright © 2019 FremantleMedia North America. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. THIS MATERIAL is the exclusive property of FremantleMedia North America. MAY NOT BE DISTRIBUTED AND/OR DUPLICATED WITHOUT EXPRESS WRITTEN PERMISSION. The sale, copying, reproduction, distribution or exploitation of the material contained herein in any form is prohibited.

# Mosquito Coast

Episode 102

## Cast List

Goldenrod Pages

01/28/20

Allie Fox.....Justin Theroux  
Margot Fox.....Melissa George  
Dina Fox.....Logan Polish  
Charlie Fox.....Gabriel Bateman  
Jones.....Kimberly Elise  
Shapland.....James Le Gros  
\* Josh Ortega.....Juan Magana  
\* Mr Ortega.....Armando Molina  
Leon Polski.....Greg Bryan  
Chuy.....Scotty Tovar  
Juan.....Tommy Martínez  
Hector.....Alejandro Cardenas  
Luis.....TBA  
Portis.....Brett Rickaby  
Logan.....Jeremy Ford  
Sherman.....Tom McCafferty  
Sheriff.....Gene Silvers  
Homeless Man.....TBA  
\* Bedfield (non-speaking).....Steven Destello  
\* Smith (non-speaking).....Steve Emberg  
Walkie (V.O.) .....TBA  
Operator (V.O.) .....TBA

# Mosquito Coast

Episode 102

## Set List

Green Pages

01/15/20

### *Interiors:*

Allie's Truck  
Downtown Stockton  
Derelict Industrial Park  
Empty Street  
Downtown Stockton  
Derelict Industrial Park  
Homeless Camp  
Warehouse  
Mall Laundromat  
Juan and Chuy's Place  
Living Room  
Juan's Truck  
Arizona Freeway  
County Highway  
Desert  
Getaway Minivan  
Downtown Stockton  
Opposite Glen Capri Motel  
Freeway  
Outside Polski's Farm  
Outside Polski's Office  
Road/Dirt Track  
Migrant Worker's Home  
Plymouth  
Juan and Chuy's Place  
Yard  
Polski's Farm  
Office  
Stockton  
Josh's Home  
Hallway  
Living Room

### *Exteriors:*

Allie's Truck  
Empty Street T-Junction  
Arizona Freeway  
Arizona Landscape  
Juan and Chuy's Place  
Desert  
Desert Road  
Chevy Silverado  
Downtown Stockton  
Alley Way  
Outside Mall Laundromat  
Shopping Mall  
Street by Derelict Industrial Park  
Getaway Minivan  
Freeway  
Valley Back Road  
Juan and Chuy's Place  
Yard  
Juan's Truck  
Desert  
Migrant Workers' Home  
Porch/Kitchen  
Other Side of Boulders Above Juan's Truck  
Polski's Farm  
Office

# Mosquito Coast

Episode 102

## Story Days

Green Pages

01/15/20

NIGHT 3:           Scene(s) 1 – 6, 9, 12 – 19, 21 – 38

DAY 4:             Scene(s) 40A – 42, 44, 44A, 46 – 48, 52,  
                      54 – 62, 64 – 108, 111

FADE IN ON:

0 **OMITTED** 0

1 **EXT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - STREET BY DERELICT INDUSTRIAL PARK - NIGHT (N3)** 1

A CRUSHED, DISCARDED SODA CAN

Which, seen close-up and from a very low angle, looms above us like a monument to America.

A MONARCH BUTTERFLY alights on it -- before fluttering its orange wings and taking to the air...

And now we're FLYING WITH THE BUTTERFLY --

-- crossing A DARK, EMPTY STREET in central Stockton --

-- a CHAIN-LINK FENCE hung with faded, heavily graffitied signs announcing a redevelopment that never came: *"Airport Way Corridor Opportunity Zone."*

And beyond the fence? A VAST, DERELICT INDUSTRIAL PARK.

DISTANTLY OFF SCREEN: SIRENS.

HARD CUT TO:

2 **INT. ALLIE'S TRUCK - DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - EMPTY STREET - NIGHT (N3)** 2

SECONDS AFTER THE END OF EPISODE ONE.

DINA FOX driving at breakneck speed, freaked out and wide-eyed.

ALLIE FOX beside her, a little dazed. His hands are CUFFED at the small of his back.

BEHIND THEM: PURSUING SIRENS.

DINA  
So what do I do?

Allie glances over his shoulder. No cops back there. Not yet.

ALLIE  
Take the next right.

DINA

Here?!

ALLIE

Here.

Dina throws the truck right. Hard.

3     **EXT. ALLIE'S TRUCK - DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - EMPTY STREET T-     3**  
          **JUNCTION NIGHT (N3)**

AS the truck CRAZILY FISHTAILS --

4     **INT. GETAWAY MINIVAN - DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - OPPOSITE GLEN     4**  
          **CAPRI MOTEL - NIGHT (N3)**

We find MARGOT and CHARLIE FOX where we left them -- parked near the edge of town, opposite the Glen Capri Motel.

MARGOT'S CAUTIOUS EYES follow the single WHOOP of a distant siren. Charlie sleeping.

5     **INT. ALLIE'S TRUCK - DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - DERELICT INDUSTRIAL     5**  
          **PARK - NIGHT (N3)**

BACK TO Dina driving -- Allie navigating.

ALLIE

Okay. Pull in up ahead. Stop as close to the curb as you can.

Dina turns into a long, empty street -- slams her foot on the brake -- screeches to a halt.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Leave the engine running and the lights on. Doors open.

(re: cuffed hands)

You need to help me out, here.

Dina leans over to open his door -- they scramble out --

6     **EXT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - STREET BY DERELICT INDUSTRIAL PARK -     6**  
          **NIGHT (N3)**

Allie hurrying to the bed of the truck, gesturing.

ALLIE

I need my tool box.

DINA  
Dad, the cops!

ALLIE  
Will be here soon. I need my tools.

DINA  
You can get *new* tools!

ALLIE  
Quickly now.

Baffled, half-panicking, Dina retrieves the heavy toolbox from the bed of the truck --

-- as Allie sits at the edge of the curb -- contorting and wriggling -- working his cuffed hands IN FRONT of him.

Dina sets down the toolbox -- Allie roots around inside it -- removes what looks like a TYRE IRON WITH A T-STYLE HANDLE.

He scrambles to the MANHOLE -- leans into the tool -- straining -- using it to lift THE MANHOLE COVER --

-- heaving it aside -- leaving just enough space for a person to squeeze through.

Dina stares down the dank, forbidding portal.

DINA  
I'm not going down there.

ALLIE  
Nope. Me neither.

He returns to the toolbox -- removes a cheap LED HEAD-TORCH -- kneels -- tosses the torch far into the hole --

-- as Dina turns to follow the SOUND OF SIRENS.

SHE SEES: DISTANT BLUE LIGHTS -- FLASHING -- COMING CLOSER

*Here they come.*

DINA  
Dad, we need to go now.

Allie stares into the manhole.

ALLIE  
Okay. Good. That's good.

DINA  
DAD! Really, really.

ALLIE

Yep. Let's go.

He grabs the toolbox -- they race across the desolate road, heading for --

-- A CHAIN-LINK FENCE -- surrounding THE INDUSTRIAL PARK we saw in the opening scene.

ALLIE suddenly stops -- he's spotted THE DISCARDED SODA CAN.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Hey, could you bring that along?

Dina gives him a look. Is he fucking *nuts?! But --*

-- she scoops up the can -- they run to THE FENCE -- follow the perimeter -- until Allie finds A DARK SPOT between malfunctioning street lights.

He removes a pair of TIN SNIPS from the tool box -- hands them to DINA -- who uses them to cut a gap in the fence.

They worm through the gap -- Allie pushing the tool box before them.

7 **OMITTED** 7

8 **OMITTED** 8

9 **INT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - DERELICT INDUSTRIAL PARK - HOMELESS CAMP - NIGHT (N3)** 9

ALLIE'S POV through doorway: A PATROL CAR IS APPROACHING ALLIE'S TRUCK.

WIDE: THE PATROL CAR stops behind the truck. TWO UNIFORMED COPS emerge, behind guns. Call them SMITH and BEDFIELD.

They circle the truck -- establish that it's empty.

CLOSE ON -- BEDFIELD as he spots the OPEN MANHOLE COVER. His heart sinks. *Oh, come on.* He approaches with caution. Directs flashlight and gun into the hole.

HE SEES: THE FAINT BLUE GLIMMER OF AN LED TORCH

He exchanges a long-suffering, weary look with SMITH -- who excavates a COIN from his pocket. Ready to call it.



Allie takes Dina's elbow, leads her up stairs, through deserted offices TO REVEAL -- A sprawling HOMELESS CAMP.

Filthy, makeshift tents, tarpaulins, rotten furniture -- and wandering, ragged PEOPLE. The lonely, the lost, the abandoned.

IN ONE CORNER: A HOMELESS MAN stands before a glowing fire pit -- throwing off ORANGE SPARKS which float like butterflies as he delivers a sermon to an invisible congregation.

HOMELESS MAN

*Small minds cannot grasp great ideas! To their narrow comprehension, their purblind vision, nothing seems really great and important but themselves!*

Allie peeks through a window:

HE SEES: the FLASHING LIGHTBAR near his truck. THE COPS flipping a coin. BEDFIELD reluctantly descending into the sewer.

A moment of satisfaction. Then, to Dina:

ALLIE

So I need you to cut the soda can into a couple strips about two inches wide.

DINA

What am I making?

ALLIE

A shim.

Dina doesn't know what that is, but she digs a HACKSAW from the tool box -- kneels -- starts sawing two-inch strips of aluminum from the soda can.

As she works, Allie keeps half an eye on the cops. But mostly, he's taking in the HOMELESS PEOPLE, the conditions they live in.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Can you believe this? Can you believe we do this to people? They're not well enough to *consume*, so we wash our hands of them.

Dina nods, distracted. *A-huh.*

ALLIE (CONT'D)

This country just spent a hundred  
twenty-eight billion dollars on  
twelve nuclear submarines. Hundred  
twenty eight *billion*. Seriously.  
They couldn't make it *eleven*  
submarines? Set aside a buck or two  
to look after these guys?

DINA

Yeah. I think it's probably more  
complicated than that.

ALLIE

Sure it is. Everything's  
complicated. Doesn't mean there's  
not a solution.

DINA

Not everything can be fixed.

ALLIE

'Course it can! Why should things  
get worse and worse? They don't  
have to. They could get better and  
better. We accept that things fall  
apart. Trick is, *actually wanting*  
to fix it. But no one wants to fix  
anything. Nothing's built to last  
anymore. Cars. Vacuums. Nothing.  
Something breaks down and society  
just tosses it away like garbage.  
Like soda cans.

She double takes a little at the cut-up, repurposed soda can  
she's using to free him. *Fair point.*

DINA

But these are people. Not...  
toaster ovens.

ALLIE

That's right! They're people. But  
not to everyone else! To everyone  
else they're just *broken consumers*.  
And nobody wants to fix what's  
broken, right?

HOMELESS MAN

*Late at night. I feel like falling  
into a frenzy... doing some  
unprecedented thing to release  
myself... but I don't see against  
whom, against what...*

ALLIE

"Consumer"? You ever think about how disgusting it is, reducing a human being to a word like that? Like we're no good to anybody, we've got no right to keep breathing if we're not constantly shoving crap down our gullets? Buying shit we don't need and are never gonna use. Just piling up *stuff!* Buying bigger houses to keep our stuff in. Throwing stuff in landfills to make room for more stuff. *Consumers*. Shit.

Dina looks at him. Her eyes soften.



14 **EXT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - STREET BY DERELICT INDUSTRIAL PARK - 14  
NIGHT (N3)**

-- STILL MORE COPS approaching the gate -- finding it heavily padlocked.

-- A COP WITH A HANDLEBAR MUSTACHE finding the hole cut in the fence. He stands. WHISTLES. GESTURES. *Over here!*

15 **INT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - DERELICT INDUSTRIAL PARK - HOMELESS 15  
CAMP - NIGHT (N3)**

ALLIE'S POV: COPS COMING THROUGH THE GAP IN THE FENCE.

*Shit. That was fast.* He keeps calm.

ALLIE

Okay. You can disengage the teeth and slide the cuffs right open.

DINA

A-huh.

ALLIE

You need to tighten the cuffs now.

DINA

Is that going to hurt?

ALLIE

Little bit.

Oh-kay. Dina tightens the cuffs. Allie grits his teeth in discomfort. Then:

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Okay. It should open now.

Dina slides the cuff open.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Tah-da!

Allie glances outside.

HIS POV -- COPS SWEEPING THROUGH THE INDUSTRIAL PARK.

Dina stands, following the line of his gaze.

DINA

Jesus, dad!

ALLIE

Don't worry. We're good.

He hustles her away -- past the addicts and the schizophrenics -- the blighted people no-one wants -- moving ever deeper into the heart of a --

16     **INT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - DERELICT INDUSTRIAL PARK - WAREHOUSE** 16  
       **- NIGHT (N3)**

-- leading Dina down a terrifying stairwell. Graffiti. Glass crunching underfoot. Human beings bundled in ragged blankets.

17     **INT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - DERELICT INDUSTRIAL PARK - HOMELESS** 17  
       **CAMP - NIGHT (N3)**

COPS -- sweeping through --

18     **INT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - DERELICT INDUSTRIAL PARK - WAREHOUSE** 18  
       **- NIGHT (N3)**

Allie and Dina racing through a SQUALID LABYRINTH -- stepping through A HOLE IN AN INTERIOR WALL --

-- stepping over RAGGED, SLEEPING BODIES -- climbing A SET OF STAIRS -- through the DOOR AT THE TOP OF IT --

19     **EXT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - ALLEY WAY - NIGHT (N3)**                     19

-- into a litter-strewn alleyway -- hurrying along -- into the night and away.

CUT TO:

20     **OMITTED**   20

21     **INT. STOCKTON - JOSH'S HOME - HALLWAY - NIGHT (N3)**                     21

Silence in the dark hallway. Until: URGENT KNOCKING AT THE DOOR.

A LIGHT SNAPS ON. Josh's dad, MR ORTEGA, pads down the stairs, bed-headed in pajamas.

MR ORTEGA

Who is it?

SHAPLAND (O.S.)  
Mr Ortega? If you could open the  
door please?

Mr Ortega puts his eye to the peephole.

HIS POV: SHAPLAND AND JONES, BADGING HIM.

JONES  
Agents Shapland and Jones. NSA.

She holds to the peephole the PHOTOGRAPH OF JOSH AND DINA she  
found in Ep 101.

Off Mr Ortega --

22 **EXT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - SHOPPING MALL - NIGHT (N3)**

22

Allie and Dina march down a strip of fast food outlets.

DINA  
So how much trouble are you  
actually in?

ALLIE  
Who? Me?

DINA  
Yeah.

ALLIE  
I dunno. Enough.

DINA  
Which is all I'm getting, right?  
"Enough"?

ALLIE  
Of course not. I just can't -- I  
can't go into it right now. Not the  
details of it.

DINA  
But you will.

ALLIE  
I will. But not tonight.

They walk. Dina's pissed. And worried.

DINA  
So where do we go? What do we do?

ALLIE

We find your mom and your  
brother...

DINA

And then what?

ALLIE

Then we chase the weather down to  
Mexico --

DINA

To where?!

ALLIE

-- Drink a little Tequila. Swim. Do  
some fishing. You don't eat enough  
fish. You should eat more fish.

DINA

We don't even know anyone there.

ALLIE

Yes we do.

DINA

No we don't. Who?

ALLIE

People we can trust.

Abruptly, Dina halts. Confronts him.

DINA

What -- so now we're trusting  
people, all of a sudden? Since  
when?

ALLIE

Come on! It's time to go! You can't  
*build* anything here. You can *try*.  
You can keep trying and trying...  
but they won't let you.

DINA

You're *always* building something.

ALLIE

I mean something that's actually  
*ours*.

DINA

*Yours*. We're not your family, dad.  
We're your audience.



A shocked pause.

ALLIE

Hey. That's not true. Is that what you think? Really?

It breaks Dina's heart a little, to see Allie so evidently wounded. But it makes her feel strong, too.

DINA

Okay. So we go to Mexico, hook up with your friends or whatever. We do what, live with them?

ALLIE

For a bit. Just a little bit.

DINA

And then what? I mean, I had *plans*.  
Go to school, get a life. Like, a  
normal life.

On Allie. A little taken aback as, perhaps for the first  
time, he confronts the reality of this.

ALLIE

Okay.

DINA

Dad, I can't just... hide out with  
you guys forever.

ALLIE

Why not?

DINA

I'm being serious.

ALLIE

So am I.

Neither of them knows what to say next.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Okay. Look. Once we're safe, we can  
start talking about next steps for  
you.

DINA

What kind of steps?

ALLIE

These people. They can build you a  
whole new ID. The girl who T-boned  
that cop? She won't exist any more.  
You can head back to the U.S. as a  
new woman. Go to school. Live your  
life.

DINA

And how do you know these people?  
They're not, like, just people  
you've *heard* of. You actually *know*  
them.

ALLIE

We actually know them.

DINA

And they're not... dangerous or  
whatever.

ALLIE

Dangerous? My ass they're dangerous. They're basically a bunch of tree-huggers who knit their own goddamn yoghurt.

DINA

Right. Tree-huggers who can make someone a whole fake identity.

ALLIE

Which is better than the other kind, right?

DINA

What other kind?

ALLIE

The kind that can't.

Dina stands there, skeptical, searching his face.

At length, she nods. Accepting it. But mostly because she couldn't bear to see the hurt on his face if she didn't.

DINA

Fine. Whatever. Mexico. I just need to *call Grandma. Tell her I'm not coming.*

Off Allie -- wary. But accepting it.

23

**INT. STOCKTON - JOSH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N3)**

23

We find MR ORTEGA and JOSH, bed-headed in sweats, sitting anxiously with Shapland and Jones.

MR ORTEGA

I'm afraid... we don't really know Mr Fox. He and I never met.

SHAPLAND

But his daughter -- Dina. She and Josh -- they hang out? Like, a boyfriend girlfriend type deal?

Mr Ortega looks to Josh.

JOSH

I mean, a little. Sure. But it was mostly a phone-based deal. Like mostly talking and stuff?

JONES

What stuff?

JOSH

I dunno. Just stuff.

24      **INT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - MALL LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT (N3)**      24

Dina enters the laundromat -- sneaking past LONELY PEOPLE hypnotized by tumbling laundry.

She approaches a pay phone in the corner. Digs a quarter from her pocket. Lifts the receiver and dials.

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Operator Service.

DINA

Hi. If I give you a name and address could you connect me to a landline?

25      **INT. STOCKTON - JOSH'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (N3)**      25

Jones giving Josh a hard look.

JONES

So what did you guys talk about?  
She tell you where she was headed?  
How to contact her?

JOSH

She didn't even tell me she was leaving. She must've just sort of gone.

JONES

"Just sort of gone"?

JOSH

Yeah. I mean, I didn't even know.

SHAPLAND

But you guys are hanging out and whatever. All this phone time. She must've told you something.

Josh looks to his dad for reassurance. Mr Ortega nods: *go ahead and tell them what you know.*

A long beat of silence. Then:

SHOCKINGLY -- THE LAND-LINE RINGS.

Everyone in the room whiplash-turns to it.

Mr Ortega half stands. Shapland gestures: *please, sit. Let's see who this is.*

He and Jones move towards the phone. Hover over it.

26

**INT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - MALL LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT (N3)**

26

Dina huddled on the pay phone, getting the ANSWER MACHINE.

As she waits out the message...

INTERCUT -- DINA -- SHAPLAND -- JONES -- THE ORTEGAS

MR ORTEGA (V.O.)

*You're through to the Ortega Home.  
Please leave a message after the  
beep.*

*BEEEEEEEEEP.*

DINA

Hey, Josh. It's Dina.

JONES'S HAND hovers over the receiver, ready to snatch it up.

DINA (CONT'D)

I just wanted to say... I'm  
leaving. I've got to go. So...  
yeah. Sorry. I'll try to call or  
something when I can, okay? I'm  
really sorry. It sucks. It really,  
really sucks.

Jones snatches up the phone. Gets into character. Her face softens.

JONES

Dina? Please don't hang up.

Dina takes a step back in alarm, clutching the receiver.

DINA

I'm sorry. Who is this?

JONES

My name is Estelle Jones. I work  
for the United States Government.

DINA

The who?!

JONES

Are you in a safe space right now?  
Can you talk? It's very, very  
important.

Dina is frozen -- her gaze fixed on

ALLIE, NERVOUSLY PACING OUTSIDE THE LAUNDROMAT.

She turns her back on him. Heart hammering.

Jones has adopted the calm, honeyed voice of serene, all-knowing authority. Only her eyes tell a different story.

JONES (CONT'D)

Listen. Dina. None of us likes this situation. But none of us wants it to escalate, either. And unless we do the right thing here, it *will* escalate. So I'm going to tell you: the best thing you could do right now -- for yourself, for your brother but mostly for your mom and dad -- would be to tell us where you are. Believe it or not, we're here to help. That's all we want to do.

Dina -- silent under the BRIGHT STRIP LIGHTS.

DINA

What did he do? My dad. Why are you doing this to him?

Shapland and Jones exchange a meaningful look -- as if Dina's question in some way amounts to useful information. (Which it does. We'll find out why in a later episode.)

JONES

Let me turn that around. Why is he doing this to *you*? Why do you think he makes you live the way you do?

And suddenly, remembering the tears in his eyes and that sad smile, Dina feels protective of Allie. And in defending him... she *channels* him.

DINA

Because people eat when they're not hungry and drink when they're not thirsty.

(MORE)

DINA (CONT'D)

They buy what they don't need and throw away everything that's useful. Because of Republicans and Democrats. Because of entitlement and rudeness. Snobbery and religion. Anti-vaxxers and lobbyists. Because of frauds and bullshit artists. Because America's in gridlock. Selling junk. Buying junk. Eating junk. Because it's dying on its ass and it can't see why.

JONES

A-huh. And you took this as gospel? It didn't smell of self-justifying bullshit to you?

The blood drains from Dina's face. Of course she took it as gospel. Allie might be a pain in her ass, but he never lied.

*Did he?*

JONES (CONT'D)

Honey, I know you're scared and I know you're confused. But I also know you're a smart young woman with a fine future ahead of her. I know there are things you want to do with your life. And you can have those things... if you make the right decision, here. This is the hinge moment. Right now. This conversation. This is your "before" and "after" moment. I'm asking you to do the right thing. The courageous thing.

For a long moment, Dina is torn. Wouldn't it be simpler to do as Jones says? Wouldn't it be *better*?

But as she watches her dad pacing up and down outside, her eyes fill with pity. And shame.

JONES (CONT'D)

Dina. Where are you guys headed? Are your mom and dad planning on leaving the country? Because I tell you right now: that's not gonna happen. If they try, things are just gonna get worse for them.

She slams down the receiver.

WE STAY WITH JONES

As her expression hardens.

JONES (CONT'D)  
Yeah. Bitch. You run. Watch me  
chase your ass down.

Off Josh and Mr Ortega -- reacting to Jones's sudden,  
elemental chilliness.

27 **EXT. DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - OUTSIDE MALL LAUNDROMAT - NIGHT (N3)** 27

Allie pacing, hands jammed in pockets -- turning as Dina  
emerges, pale and shell-shocked, from the laundromat.

ALLIE  
Whoah. You okay there?

DINA  
A-huh.

ALLIE  
You sure?

DINA  
Yeah. So can we go now?

Allie lingers, antennae quivering. What isn't she telling  
him?

After an uncertain beat, he follows Dina. Who's marching down  
the street looking very much like she's about to throw up.

CUT TO:

28 **INT. GETAWAY MINIVAN - DOWNTOWN STOCKTON - OPPOSITE GLEN  
CAPRI MOTEL - NIGHT (N3)** 28

MARGOT catches MOVEMENT in the corner of her eye and turns to  
see: ALLIE AND DINA, MOVING ACROSS THE ROAD TO JOIN THEM.

She shoots Charlie a relieved look. Starts the engine.

Allie and Dina get in.

ALLIE  
Any problems?

MARGOT  
No. You?



ALLIE

No.

A MOMENT ON CHARLIE -- NOTING SOMETHING WRONG WITH DINA.

Dina senses Charlie looking at her. She turns to him.

Something passes between them... a silent communication about what happened tonight. Which leaves Charlie even more frightened.

NEW ANGLE - MARGOT glimpsing the bruise on Allie's wrist, left by the handcuffs.

Allie notices her noticing. Adjusts the cuffs of his jacket. *Let's talk later.*

MARGOT

So where next?

CUT TO:

29      **EXT. GETAWAY MINIVAN - VALLEY BACK ROAD - NIGHT (N3)**      29

THE GETAWAY VAN -- stopping in the roadside shadows outside POLSKI'S FARM.

30      **INT. GETAWAY MINIVAN - OUTSIDE POLSKI'S FARM - NIGHT (N3)**      30

Margot kills the engine. Allie turns to the kids -- who are sitting in back, exhausted and troubled. Dina has a blanket round her shoulders, giving off a faint refugee vibe.

ALLIE

Everyone okay?

Evidently not.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Good. I know we've got a lot to talk about. But right now, we need to focus on our current situation. We need money. So I'm warning you -- what's about to happen. Seen from one perspective, it might look like imperfect parenting.

Nobody laughs. Allie shrugs. Tough crowd.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Well, sit tight. Your mom and I are gonna be back in a minute or two.

MARGOT  
(reaching over)  
Hey, could you pass me that  
shopping bag please? The empty one?

Dina casts round, finds an old reusable shopping bag.

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
Thank you. Back in a second.

Margot and Allie get out. The kids sit in darkness.

31     **EXT. POLSKI'S FARM - OFFICE - NIGHT (N3)**     31

MARGOT opens a pen-knife -- disables the security cameras --  
ALLIE pries open the office window --

32     **INT. POLSKI'S FARM - OFFICE - NIGHT (N3)**     32

They climb inside. Allie grabs a scrap of paper from the  
desk, jots down a number, hands it to Margot.

ALLIE  
(re: paper)  
Combination.

MARGOT  
How often does he change it?

ALLIE  
Never, I think.

MARGOT  
You "think"?

ALLIE  
Well, let's see.

Margot lowers an ANGLE-POISE LAMP to the floor, turns it on,  
directs the beam onto the combination dial.

Allie sits at the computer, boots it up.

Yep -- Allie Fox, king of the technophobes, at a computer.

MARGOT  
What're you doing?

ALLIE  
Reaching out to Calaca. Let them  
know we're finally coming.

She gives him a look, then starts opening the safe.

MARGOT

All right. Be quick.

Allie logs on with Polski's password. Turns out, he's basically a *maestro* at the keyboard. Fingers dancing like Fred Astaire...

He navigates to the web, downloads a TOR browser. He opens it, configures it, accesses the Dark Web. Types in a long address. Then an even longer password... slowing a little at the end.

He presses ENTER. And navigates to a VERY PARTICULAR CHATROOM.

33      **INT. GETAWAY MINIVAN - OUTSIDE POLSKI'S OFFICE - NIGHT (N3)**      33

Dina and Charlie anxiously monitor the dark, silent road.

CHARLIE

So what happened?

DINA

Nothing.

He glares at her. *Come ON.*

DINA (CONT'D)

Dad got busted. Arrested.

CHARLIE

Holy shit. Who by?

DINA

Seriously?

CHARLIE

The cops?!

DINA

Yeah. No shit.

CHARLIE

So how come he's not, like -- in jail.

DINA

I rescued him.

CHARLIE

My skinny white ass you rescued  
him.

DINA

Ask him if you like. And don't say  
things like that.

CHARLIE

It's just a saying.

She forgives him with a shrug. They watch the dark road.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

What did he do, d'you think?

On Dina. As she prepares a comforting lie.

DINA

Nothing bad. I don't think he did  
anything bad.

34

**INT. POLSKI'S FARM - OFFICE - NIGHT (N3)**

34

Margot on her knees, transferring handfuls of money from safe  
to shopping bag --

-- As Allie creates a new message in the chatroom, addresses  
it to: CALACA44.

TYPES: ANAXIMANDER67. SEEKING SHELTER FROM THE STORM.

He turns. Sees Margot staring at the shopping bag.

ALLIE

What's up?

MARGOT

We need to tell them.

ALLIE

Why?

MARGOT

Because they need to make their own  
decisions, here.

ALLIE

About what?

MARGOT

Whether to come with us.

Allie logs off the chatroom, closes the Tor browser.

ALLIE

They're kids. They don't need to know anything.

MARGOT

They could get hurt.

ALLIE

They won't get hurt. They got you and me to look after them.

MARGOT

That's what I'm worried about.

ALLIE

You think we're not good parents?

MARGOT

Right now we're robbing a safe and running to Mexico.

ALLIE

So what do you wanna do? Let them hand themselves in? You think they'll be happier and better off, spending the next God knows how many months being debriefed by drones in suits, asked about what toothpaste you use and where I get my shirts? Then being farmed off to some goddamn do-gooders who start filling their heads with bullshit about how to succeed in America, turn them into Pod People?

Margot's watching him. But there's a slightly odd vibe here. Allie's bluster feels...

...well, it feels like he's *reassuring her*.

Margot keeps watching as he navigates to the command line. Securely deletes the TOR browser, empties the trash, deletes all evidence of what he's done --

Then turns to return Margot's gaze.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

It'll be the best thing for them.  
It'll be an education.

Margot shrugs, accepting this... for the moment. She picks up the bag. Tests its weight. Supports it underneath.

From his pocket, Allie removes a folded-up piece of paper. He lays it out on the desk. Flattens it with his palms.

We see: THE PLANS FOR THE SCALED-UP ICE-BOX.

He casts round, grabs a NOVELTY PAPERWEIGHT, uses it to weigh down the plans. Considers them for a melancholy moment.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Ice from fire. Guy's getting the bargain of a lifetime and won't even know it.

MARGOT

You do this, they definitely know it was us took the money.

ALLIE

Who cares? We're never coming back. So long, America. Have a nice day.

At which, he and Margot exit. Leaving the lamp to cast its beam into a now-empty safe.

CUT TO:

35      **INT. GETAWAY MINIVAN - ROAD/DIRT TRACK - NIGHT (N3)**      35

We're on the move, following behind the minivan as it turns off the blacktop -- follows a long dirt track -- kicking up dust as it rumbles and bounces along --

36      **EXT. MIGRANT WORKERS' HOME - NIGHT (N3)**      36

-- finally pulling up outside RAMSHACKLE HOUSES / BUSES in the middle of nowhere. The roof is bad, the siding is falling off. It should be condemned.

NEW ANGLE - Allie gets out. Takes in the house as though imagining how he'd fix it.

Margot follows, nudging his shoulder. *Come on, now.*

Allie knocks at the door. At length HECTOR answers -- the guy with whom we saw Allie eating lunch in the pilot.

Right now, he's blinking and confused, taking in Allie and Margot -- and behind them, the exhausted kids in the van.

ALLIE

Hey, Hector. This is my wife, Margot.

A moment of confusion. Then:

HECTOR  
Nice to meet you.

ALLIE  
Listen, I'm sorry to do this to  
you. But could we come in, maybe?  
Uh, *entrar*.

HECTOR  
*Entrar?* Sure. Please.

They step inside.

37      **INT. MIGRANT WORKERS' HOME - NIGHT (N3)**

37

Hector, Allie and Margot pick their way through the house in silence. Around twenty-five men seem to be living here. Dirty mattresses line the floor. Heartrending clotheslines have been strung up between the small living areas. Most men have FRAMED PHOTOS of their WIVES AND CHILDREN from back home.

Margot looking at them. Troubled.

Most of the migrants are sleeping. One of them is LUIS -- who pops up from his mattress when he sees Allie and Margot behind Hector.

LUIS  
(*in Spanish*)  
Who the hell's this?

HECTOR  
(*in Spanish*)  
The crazy guy from work. The ice  
cube guy. He's harmless. Go back to  
sleep.

Margot masking a half smile at that as --

38      **EXT. MIGRANT WORKERS' HOME - PORCH/KITCHEN - NIGHT (N3)**

38

-- they enter an outside porch. First light of dawn on the horizon. A makeshift kitchen out here.

On the work surface: A FIREBOX connected to the fridge with FLEXIBLE DUCTING TUBE.

HECTOR  
Coffee?

ALLIE  
Thank you. Sure.

MARGOT  
*Gracias.*

Hector pours them each a coffee.

HECTOR  
(in Spanish)  
So is there a problem? At work?

Allie looks to Margot for help.

MARGOT  
He's asking if this is about work.

ALLIE  
No. It's not about that. No.  
It's... we need your help. Well, I  
say *help*. We need your advice.

Hector pauses. Not liking the sound of this.

HECTOR  
Okayyyy....

ALLIE  
You, um... you crossed the border,  
right? I mean *unofficially*. You're  
not... documented. Or whatever.

Allie's talking too fast, embarrassed, making a hash of things. He looks plaintively to Margot, who steps in.

MARGOT  
(in fluent Spanish)  
You'll have to excuse my husband.  
He's a very smart man. But he's got  
no gift for languages. Or for  
reading the room.

Hector laughs... and their conversation continues in Spanish:

MARGOT (CONT'D)  
And he's embarrassed because we're  
here to ask for help and that makes  
him a little uncomfortable. He  
likes to fix things himself.

Hector nods, totally getting that. He's *seen* it.



MARGOT (CONT'D)

So what we're asking is -- there's something we need to do. We need to make a... connection.

HECTOR

What kind of connection?

MARGOT

A Coyote. Someone we can trust.

HECTOR

To do what?

MARGOT

Smuggle us into Mexico.

At which Hector barks a laugh -- very funny!

But then his face falls. As it dawns on him that Margot isn't joking.

CUT TO:

39	<b>OMITTED</b>	39
40	<b>OMITTED</b>	40
40A	<b>EXT./INT. POLSKI'S FARM - OFFICE - DAY (D4)</b>	40A

OFF SCREEN: Sound of a CAR PULLING UP. FOOTSTEPS approaching. Keys...

The DOOR OPENS. POLSKI enters. And stops.

*Mother. Fucker.*

POLSKI'S POV: the lamp on the floor, casting its now pale glow into an EMPTY SAFE.

CUT TO:



JONES

So listen. Mr Polski. We need to catch this guy. So is there maybe someone at work he's friendly with? Anyone he passes the time of day with? Anyone who could help us out, here?

POLSKI

He's a handyman. It's not like I know the guy.

SHAPLAND

But you don't mind if we ask around a little? Speak to the guys who work here?

A statement of intent. Only phrased as a question.

CUT TO:

44A **EXT. ARIZONA LANDSCAPE - JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - DAY (D4)** 44A

We establish a small house in a rural, low-income, Hispanic neighborhood.

45 **OMITTED** 45

46 **EXT. JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - DAY (D4)** 46

The Minivan pulls up. Allie approaches the front door.

The front yard is planted out with a plethora of nurtured cactus plants.

Allie knocks at the door. The guy who opens it is easygoing, charming, handsome. This is JUAN.

ALLIE

You're Juan, right?

JUAN

That's right.

ALLIE

I'm a friend of Hector's.

A pause.

JUAN

Dude. I don't wanna be rude. But do you have any idea how many Hectors I know?

46A **EXT. POLSKI'S FARM - OFFICE - DAY (D4)**

46A

HECTOR in a work line. Until A COP taps his shoulder and summons him away. Escorts him across the yard.

TWO ICE Officials loiter. COPS too.

Hector's a picture of anxiety. As he's led into Polski's office.

47 **INT. POLSKI'S FARM - OFFICE - DAY (D4)**

47

INSIDE - SHAPLAND AND JONES. MORE COPS.

Jones walks to the corner. Hector follows her with his eyes --

Shapland pulls up a chair, invites Hector to sit. Hands him a

A PHOTO OF THE FOX FAMILY.

JONES

Your choice, Hector. It's the ice guy. Or the guys from ICE.

ON HECTOR. Dropping his gaze.

HECTOR

I sent them to a guy I know in Arizona. A Coyote.

JONES

Okay. Good, Hector. That's good. So what's this guy's name?

48 **EXT. JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - DAY (D4)**

48

Back to Juan and Allie.

JUAN

Listen. I'd like to take your money, man. I really would. But you don't need me. You're Gringos headed *into* Mexico. That's... I mean, that's not gonna be hard.

ALLIE

It's gonna be hard.

(then)

Can I be straight with you, here?

JUAN

Sure. But it won't make a difference.

A BIG GUY emerges from round the corner of the house. He's working an impressive quiff and rockabilly tattoos. This is CHUY.

Allie looks at him, nods hi. Then BACK TO Juan.

ALLIE

There's a pretty good chance they'll be watching for us at the official crossings. Running facial recognition software, the whole damn thing.

JUAN

So wear a hat.

ALLIE

This is a problem even a hat's not gonna solve.

JUAN

Then hey. Sorry and all. But I'm really not your guy.

ALLIE

Except Hector tells me you're my guy.

JUAN

I *was* your guy. I *used* to be your guy. But I've put down roots, you know.

(then)

Look, I can give you some names if you want. Hook you up.

ALLIE

I don't trust anyone else.

JUAN

Dude, you don't *know* me.

ALLIE

If Hector tells me you're my guy, you're my guy.

(MORE)

ALLIE (CONT'D)  
(re: his family)  
You're their guy. He says you can  
be trusted with *them*.

JUAN  
Well, okay. That's true. It's good  
of him to say so. God bless the  
guy. But no. I got to think of  
myself here. Me and Chuy.

ALLIE  
Okay.

Allie thinks. Not ready to give up. Then he looks  
meaningfully down... at the MONITOR AROUND JUAN'S ANKLE.

ALLIE (CONT'D)  
So what's with the tags?

JUAN  
What do you think's with the tags?

ALLIE  
You wanna know what I think?

JUAN  
Honestly? Not at ALL.

ALLIE  
I'm not making any claim to be an  
immigration lawyer or anything --

JUAN  
No! You SHIT me!

ALLIE  
I know, right? But I'm gonna take a  
stab at it and say I guess you guys  
have applied for asylum in the US.  
You're on release while the claim's  
being assessed. Which means you had to  
give a "credible fear" interview, put  
your case to a Homeland Security court.

JUAN  
So?

ALLIE  
So you can't go back to Mexico --  
because the guys you're seeking  
asylum from are probably down there.

Juan slides Chuy a knowing look... and Chuy gets in Allie's  
face. The air thick with silent threat.

JUAN

And if you were right about that,  
my life wouldn't be worth shit if I  
crossed the border, would it?

ALLIE

But it's not like I'm asking you to  
*live* there! You're coming right back!  
(re: ankle monitors)

I mean, do you guys *like* being on a  
leash all the time? That's gotta be a  
pain in the ass, right? It'd be nice  
to go to a restaurant every now and  
then! Go see a band? Catch a show?

Juan waits. Knows more is coming.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

So... You make a little money. I  
take the shock collars offa you.  
You guys get to go out, slug a few  
beers on the weekend... Hell,  
whenever you like!

Off Juan...

49	<b>OMITTED</b>	49
50	<b>OMITTED</b>	50
51	<b>OMITTED</b>	51
52	<b>INT. JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D4)</b>	52

POV THROUGH WINDOW: a rusted-out Plymouth on blocks... which  
Charlie is carefully and assiduously wrapping in ALUMINUM  
FOIL. The whole thing glistens in the sun like a surreal art  
installation.

Margot stands cross-armed at the window, looking out onto the  
back yard from a modest living room. A man-cave with worn-out  
couches, a big old stereo system. A big TV.

Meanwhile, Dina kneels at an impressive collection of VINYL  
RECORDS, starts flicking through.

Because what kid wouldn't?

53	<b>OMITTED</b>	53
----	----------------	----

54 INT. JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D4)

54

Margot turns from the window to Dina.

HER EYES settle on something -- and her face LIGHTS UP.

MARGOT

Oh my God!

REVEAL: Dina's holding a vinyl copy of THE QUEEN IS DEAD by the Smiths.

Margot hurries over, takes the record from Dina's hands, considers it with something like joy.

CHUY

Original pressing.

Margot turns her head -- and there's Chuy in the doorway, eating a popsicle.

CHUY (CONT'D)

You like them?

MARGOT

Yeah!

CHUY

That's pretty cool.

DINA

(flicking through the records)

You listen to them?

CHUY

All the time.

DINA

Even though they're like, from England?

CHUY

It's not about where you're from.  
It's about where you're at, right?



DINA  
So can we play something?

MARGOT  
Dina --

CHUY  
No, it's cool. Sure. Go ahead. Put something on.

DINA  
So what's your favorite? What should I listen to?

MARGOT  
"There is a Light That Never Goes Out."

CHUY  
That's a badass song. But I dunno, I like the solo stuff best.

DINA  
Okay. You choose.

Chuy pauses. Morrissey is serious business.

CHUY  
You want something like, happy sad?  
Or sad sad?

DINA  
Happy sad.

Another beat. Then Chuy kneels to flick through the records.

55 **EXT. JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - YARD - DAY (D4)**

55

Charlie has nearly finished wrapping the car in aluminum foil. He pauses as Allie and Juan step out of the kitchen.

Allie checks out the car, nods his approval.

ALLIE  
Good work.

Charlie beams as --

56 **INT. PLYMOUTH - JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - YARD - DAY (D4)**

56

-- Allie and Juan get in, push the driver and passenger seats back as far back as they'll go. Then they sit.

JUAN

So why the gift wrap?

Allie arranges his tools on the dash: spectacle repair screwdrivers -- the laptop with the radio receiver plugged in to it -- a burner phone -- Juan's cellphone.

ALLIE

It looks a little crazy, I know. But basically we've turned the car into a Faraday cage.

(raps on roof with his knuckles)

What'll happen... when we tamper with the ankle tag, it'll send out a warning signal. But thanks to the foil, the signal can't get out of the car. Instead it'll go to this box...

(the radio receiver)

Once the tag knows the warning's been received, it'll stop transmitting. Then we can do the next bit.

JUAN

Okay. Cool.

ALLIE

It is. It's cool. I promise. Watch.

57      **INT. JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D4)**      57

Chuy selects an album, carefully removes it from its sleeve -- Places it reverently on a turntable.

58      **INT. PLYMOUTH - JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - YARD - DAY (D4)**      58

As Charlie completes the job of wrapping the car, Allie powers up the laptop and the radio receiver.

He lifts Juan's cell-phone. Watches the SIGNAL STRENGTH weaken. From four bars to three bars. To one bar --

-- and GONE. No bars. No signal.

ALLIE

Okay. Good to go. But we need to work fast. If the tag's offline for too long, someone's going to notice. Foot in my lap, please.

Juan awkwardly places his tagged foot into Allie's lap.

ALLIE (CONT'D)  
Flashlight?

Juan passes Allie a mini Maglite. Allie pops it in his mouth.

59      **INT. JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - DAY (D4)**      59

TIGHT ON: A VINYL RECORD -- spinning on a platter. A NEEDLE being lowered to the groove.

LOW ANGLE ON - MARGOT, DINA AND CHUY looking down at the spinning record --

-- as the joyous, jangling chords of Morrissey's "First of the Gang to Die" begins to play.

LOUD.

Margot is delighted. She *loves* this song! She offers Dina her hand. *Come dance with me!*

DINA  
Mom. Please.

MARGOT  
Oh, come on!

DINA  
*Mom.*

An awkward beat. Margot is a little crushed.

Seeing which, Chuy gallantly steps in -- shyly offering Margot his hand.

Together, Margot and Chuy perform a reserved, self-conscious little rockabilly dance...

There's not even *hint* of cool in this. Because you can be cool or happy. But you can't be both at once.

60      **EXT. JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - YARD - DAY (D4)**      60

Hearing the MUSIC, Charlie loses interest in the foil-covered car and wanders to the window. Presses his face to the glass.

61      **UNDER MUSIC - A MONTAGE**      61

-- CHARLIE looking on.

-- CHUY AND MARGOT dancing -- awkwardly, charmingly.

-- DINA watching them -- a little bemused, a little excruciated. Maybe a little jealous.

-- ALLIE using a small screwdriver to pop open Juan's ankle monitor.

-- THE MONITOR sending out a DETECTION WARNING SIGNAL.

-- A SMALL LIGHT WINKING ON as THE RADIO RECEIVER PICKS UP THE SIGNAL.

-- THE MONITOR stops transmitting.

-- The light on the radio receiver winking OFF.

-- ALLIE removing a SIM CARD from the ankle monitor, quickly inserting it into the BURNER PHONE.

-- THE SONGS ENDS --

-- MARGOT AND CHUY looking at each other. Breathless and happy.

-- Allie glances over --

62      **INT. PLYMOUTH - JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - YARD - DAY (D4)**      62

Allie pats Juan's knee. *Done.* He cheerily shows Juan the BURNER PHONE -- the one that now has the ankle tag's SIM CARD inside IT.

ALLIE

So as far as the authorities are concerned, THIS is now your ankle monitor. Wherever it goes, that's where they think you are. Cool, right?

Juan takes the burner, considers it.

JUAN

It is. It's actually pretty cool.

Off Juan --

63      **OMITTED**      63

64      **INT. JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - LIVING ROOM - DAY (D4)**      64

A MORRISSEY ALBUM COVER lies on a coffee table. On it rest  
TWO IDENTICAL BURNER PHONES -- the ersatz ankle tags.

65      **EXT. JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - YARD - DAY (D4)**      65

Charlie, Dina, Allie and Margot are filling plastic gallon  
jugs from an outside tap.

MOVING WITH CHARLIE -- as he grabs a gallon of water, carries  
it to the FRONT YARD and hands it to Chuy, who tosses it into  
the back of JUAN'S TRUCK: an old pickup marked with a Garden  
Center's logo.

TIGHT ON THE GALLON JUG: we see that Chuy has tossed it with  
enough force to dent one of the corners.

BACK TO CHARLIE as Juan wanders over, twirling car keys. He  
catches Charlie's eye as the kid assesses the truck.

65A      **EXT. JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - DAY (D4)**      65A

The truck pulls away. Juan and Chuy up front. The others in back.

CUT TO:

66      **INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - ARIZONA FREEWAY - DAY (D4)**      66

Juan drives. Chuy rides shotgun. The Foxes are crammed in back, jostling a little.

Fear and anxiety in Margot's eyes. Allie gives her a reassuring look. A little squeeze of the hand.

IN THE TRUCK BED -- PLASTIC GALLON CONTAINERS BAKE IN THE HEAT.

CAMERA FAVORS: two jugs have SMALL INDENTATIONS IN THE CORNERS, deformations caused by careless handling.

AS THE TRUCK BED HEATS IN THE SUN, the air inside those dented jugs...

...is silently expanding.

67      **EXT. ARIZONA LANDSCAPE - JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - DAY (D4)**      67

A HELICOPTER LANDS. Shapland and Jones emerge, find the house surrounded by PATROL CARS AND LOCAL COPS.

The LOCAL SHERIFF wanders over, shaking his head.

SHERIFF

Nobody home.

He shows them the two burner phones.

SHERIFF (CONT'D)

Seems to be, these things are registering as ankle monitors. Guys could be anywhere.

68      **EXT. ARIZONA FREEWAY - DAY (D4)**      68

MOVING WITH JUAN'S TRUCK -- exiting the freeway -- turning onto a COUNTY HIGHWAY.

69      **INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - COUNTY HIGHWAY - DAY (D4)**      69

Juan watching the road as he talks. He's a careful driver.

JUAN

So what we're gonna do, we're gonna use *El Camino Del Diablo*. The Devil's Highway.

CHUY

Dude. *Camino del Muerto*.

JUAN

That works too. *Diablo's* cooler.

DINA

Wait. *Muerto*? As in -- ?

JUAN

No kidding. It's been used for like a thousand years --

CHUY

More.

JUAN

-- Maybe more. Used to be like a network of footpaths used by indigenous peoples, whatever, guys lived in the desert. It's been used by Conquistadores, explorers, missionaries, settlers, miners, guys who make maps. Either way, it earned the name. It's a *camino* seen a lot of *muerto*.

CHARLIE

How many times have you crossed it?

JUAN

Me and Chuy? Enough times to never wanna do it again. Least not until your old man showed up, talked me into it.

Margot shoots Allie a gently reproaching look.

ALLIE

We'll be fine. These guys know what they're doing.

JUAN

If I knew what I was doing, I'd be at home on the X-Box.

IN BACK OF THE TRUCK: the heating, expanding air in a dented gallon jug causes it to suddenly POP loudly back into shape.

MARGOT glances back, obscurely troubled by this.

70

**EXT. ARIZONA LANDSCAPE - JUAN AND CHUY'S PLACE - DAY (D4)**

70

Shapland, Jones and the Sheriff examine the foil-covered car.

SHERIFF

We got no Godly idea what this is about. Piece of art, maybe?

JONES

It's a Faraday cage.

SHERIFF

A what now?



JONES

Doesn't matter. Any progress?

SHERIFF

Truth of it is, Border Patrol's stretched to breaking. And if your fugitive's as smart as you say -- with his Reynolds and his foldaway cages all -- he'll be keeping clear of the actively patrolled areas.

JONES

You got areas that aren't actively patrolled?

SHERIFF

Well, there's a basic shit-ton of border. Policy is, what we call Prevention Through Deterrence.

JONES

And what's the deterrent if there's no Border Patrol?

SHERIFF

You die trying to cross.

JONES

And does that deter them?

SHERIFF

Well, I guess it deters the ones that die -- and maybe some of their cousins, come stumbling on the bones.

JONES

Just to be clear. Are we joking here?

SHERIFF

No, ma'am, we are not.

JONES

Sweet Jesus. I'm in Hell.

SHERIFF

Listen. With respect, you want Hell? There's a million square miles of it out there. We assign resources best we can.

Jones glowers. Shapland reads her mood, steps in.

SHAPLAND

But you guys have got local militia, right? Volunteers patrolling the border?

SHERIFF

Sure we do.

SHAPLAND

So what're the chances of putting these guys on alert for a bunch of fugitives heading south into Mexico?

Off the Sheriff --

71 **EXT. DESERT - DAY (D4)**

71

ULTRA WIDE ON - A DISTANT TRUCK barreling along, raising a rooster tail of dust behind it.

CLOSER: It's Juan's pick-up. Negotiating the wild, rugged desert terrain.

72 **INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4)**

72

Juan driving. Chuy eating Cheez-Its.

Charlie leaning forward to scan the far horizon: all that open space. That great, ringing bowl of blue sky.

CHARLIE

So where's the road?

JUAN

We don't need one.

(re: truck)

She may not look like much, kid.

But she's got it where it counts.

A beat, as Charlie tries to parse this mysterious phrase.

CHARLIE

I'm sorry?

JUAN

The Falcon, right?

CHARLIE

Right.

JUAN  
Like, the Millennium Falcon?

CHARLIE  
Sure.

JUAN  
It's from a movie.

CHARLIE  
Right! Yeah. We don't really watch  
TV or anything. We mostly read  
books and stuff.

A pause. Juan looking at this weird kid.

JUAN  
That's cool. Books are cool.  
(then)  
So anyway. You just sit back, enjoy  
the in-flight entertainment.

Charlie keeps looking at Juan. He really doesn't understand anything that's being said to him.

They drive. Juan scanning the road.

Until HE SEES SOMETHING: ANOTHER COCKSCOMB OF DUST. Kicked up by a distant, oncoming vehicle.

JUAN (CONT'D)

Shit.

He brakes hard on the down slope.

MARGOT

Border patrol?

JUAN

Not out here.

MARGOT

Farmer?

JUAN

Could be. Hope not. Those guys are the worst.

ALLIE

Let's back up.

WHEELS SPIN. But the slope is too steep.

CHUY

Too late.

JUAN'S EYES narrow -- focusing.

HIS POV: A GLINTING SILVER SPECK drifting into view, SUNLIGHT GLINTING from chrome it as it creeps along the desert track towards them.

JUAN

*Ponte las pilas*

CHUY

*Sí.*

JUAN

Everybody be cool.

CHARLIE

Why?

Margot shushes him, pats his knee reassuringly.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Why do we need to be cool though?

JUAN'S POV: It's a PICK-UP TRUCK. A CHEVY SILVERADO.

It heads their way for a while. Fifty yards out, it stops. Turned such that it blocks the desert road.

JUAN

We definitely have an issue, here.

Allie gestures to his family: *calm down*. Leans forward.

ALLIE

What kind of issue?

JUAN

Militia.

MARGOT

Vigilantes?!

On Allie. Chewing that over.

HIS POV: The Chevy. Menacing in that swirling dust cloud.

ALLIE

I'll talk to them.

MARGOT

Let *me* talk to them.

ALLIE

A woman to speak for a man? That's gonna ruffle their feathers.

Margot scowls. She knows he's right. But doesn't like it.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Hey. Seriously. I got this. I'm a white guy. I'm white.

JUAN

So what are you going to do? Out white them?

ALLIE

That's the plan.

Juan looks at Chuy. Who holds his gaze and nods. Once.

A beat of silence. Everyone looking at the ominous Chevy, still wreathed in its slowly diffusing dust cloud.

Allie reaches for the door.

ALLIE (CONT'D)  
Everyone sit tight.

He gets out. WAVES AT THE CHEVY. Starts walking.

WE STAY IN THE CAR. Everyone watching Allie stride away.

Margot takes Charlie's hand. Squeezes. *It's okay.*

After a moment, Dina reaches out and takes Margot's hand too.

They watch.

IN BACK OF THE TRUCK: THE PLASTIC WATER JUGS bake in the unrelenting sun.

CAMERA OMINOUSLY FAVORING: a jug with an INDENTED CORNER.

73 **EXT. DESERT ROAD - CHEVY SILVERADO - DAY (D4)**

73

Allie walks. Not too fast. Not too nervous. Not so we can see, anyway.

MOVING WITH ALLIE -- NOW OVER HIS SHOULDER, NOW CLOSE ON HIS FACE. Tension building. Until:

REVERSE ANGLE - CHEVY SILVERADO

As THREE MEN CLIMB OUT. Stand in the roiling cloud of dust.

Combat fatigues, patriotic t-shirts, ball caps, sunglasses. One with a chest-length, greying beard. Call them LOGAN and SHERMAN.

Each of them has an AR15 ASSAULT RIFLE slung over his shoulder, hands resting easily on top.

BACK TO ALLIE. The smile flickering at the edges. He's scared, all right.

74 **INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4)**

74

Seeing the militia, Juan and Chuy very slowly and very quietly reach for the PISTOLS secretly jammed into their waist-bands, lay them in their laps.

MARGOT

Guys. Honestly. He'll deal with it.

No answer. Just a look of chilly determination on the Coyotes' faces.

Dina leans forward in her seat.

DINA

He will. He'll deal with it.

IN BACK: plastic jugs cook in the desert sun.

75 **EXT. DESERT ROAD - CHEVY SILVERADO - DAY (D4)**

75

Allie stops. And the LEADER of the militia steps forth. An austere, lean man in his fifties. Bright blue eyes under his cap. This is PORTIS.

ALLIE

Afternoon!

PORTIS

Afternoon.

ALLIE

How you guys doing?

PORTIS

We're doing okay, sir.

That officious "sir" rankles Allie. Who does this asshole think he is? But with a little effort, he lets it slide.

Portis breaks away from the others and approaches.

76 **INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4)**

76

Juan and Chuy stare dead ahead. Juan speaks without moving his mouth.

JUAN

So what did you guys do, anyway?

MARGOT

Nothing to interest these assholes.

JUAN

No.

(re: Chuy)

It's me and this asshole who're gonna interest these assholes.

(MORE)

JUAN (CONT'D)

So I need to know how much trouble  
we're in, here.

MARGOT

Just... let him talk.

Sweat on Chuy's brow. His big tattooed hand on the pistol.

CHUY

Well, the guy can talk. *Él está  
siendo como una cabra.*

JUAN

You got that right.

Margot and the kids. Sweating. Holding hands.

77

**EXT. DESERT ROAD - CHEVY SILVERADO - DAY (D4)**

77

Allie and Portis. The other two stand back by the truck,  
hands resting on those terrifying AR15s.

PORTIS

So. What're you folks doing way out  
here?

ALLIE

You guys cops?

PORTIS

Just being friendly.

ALLIE

Well okay then! Well, we're  
*birders*. We're a birding family.

PORTIS

A-huh.

ALLIE

Looking for condors. Big birds. Ten  
foot wingspan.

Suddenly: ALLIE SPREADS HIS ARMS LIKE WINGS.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

To ride the thermals.

78

**INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4)**

78

Juan and Chuy, rigid with tension.



JUAN

What. The. Fuck?

MARGOT

He knows what he's doing.

But she slips a sidelong glance at Dina: *does he know what he's doing?*

79 **EXT. DESERT ROAD - CHEVY SILVERADO - DAY (D4)**

79

Portis watches Allie with dry incredulity.

ALLIE

They released a pair from Phoenix Zoo a while back. A breeding pair. They've been spotted hereabouts.

Portis casts a glance over his shoulder, at his inscrutable companions. *Can you believe this shit?*

The two men exchange a small, wry smile.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

I mean, we're not looking for that pair in *particular*. There's actually maybe a hundred breeding pairs between here and Utah. I was speaking to this one guy on the chatrooms? A vet. A veterinarian I mean, not...

(re: their clothes, their guns)

...not one of you guys. So it turns out this veterinarian had saved the life of this one condor chick, still in the shell...

Tiring of this, Portis angles himself to see into the truck, squinting past the glare of sun on glass...

80 **INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4)**

80

Juan and Chuy sit rigid as Portis's gaze sweeps the truck.

JUAN

*Ser cool ser amable.*

CHUY

Dude. I'm cool.

But THEIR HANDS TIGHTEN ON PISTOL GRIPS.

MARGOT

Guys. There are *children* in the car.

Chuy looks at Margot's reflection in the rear-view mirror. He nods minutely. *We're good.*

81 **EXT. DESERT ROAD - CHEVY SILVERADO - DAY (D4)**

81

Portis taking a step toward the truck.

PORTIS

You mind me asking who you got with you?

ALLIE

Oh! Sure! Yeah. That's my family.

Portis scanning the car. The beam of his gaze passing across Margot, the kids --

-- Juan and Chuy.

PORTIS

The two in front?

ALLIE

I'm sorry?

PORTIS

The Latino-looking gentlemen?

ALLIE

Oh-kay. Gotcha. Yep! All family.

Portis waits for him to expand on that.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Okay. This is my ex-wife. And my kids. And this is my husband. Plus his cousin. He's actually more of a music guy than a bird guy, but whatever, right? Family's family.

Portis pins Allie on his pale gaze, searching his shit-eating grin for sign of mockery. Allie keeps right on projecting saintly innocence.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

So how's your day going?

A moment on Portis. He removes a hand from the rifle and gestures south.

PORTIS  
See those hills over there?

ALLIE  
What? Yonder?

On Portis. *Is this asshole fucking with me?*

82      **INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4)**      82

TIGHT ON MARGOT. Brow knitting in despair.

MARGOT  
Oh baby. Come on. Quit while you're  
ahead. Don't make them crazy.

Dina squeezes Margot's hand. Hard.

83      **EXT. DESERT ROAD - CHEVY SILVERADO - DAY (D4)**      83

Portis steps up to Allie. Dislike radiating from him.

PORTIS  
We're pretty sure we got some  
Cartel spotters hidden out there.  
Chances are, soon as we move on,  
they'll be moving their people  
through here.

ALLIE  
Cartel, huh?

PORTIS  
That's right.

ALLIE  
Well okay then. Point taken. Stay  
away from the hills!

PORTIS  
These people are dangerous. You see  
anything suspicious, be sure and  
hightail it directly back to town.  
Birds or no birds.

ALLIE  
Absolutely. Point taken.

PORTIS  
You have a good day now.

Allie nods to thank him. Then heads back to the truck --

-- making a comical face to relieve the tension.

84      **INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4)**      84

THE COYOTES AND ALLIE'S FAMILY watch him with gritted teeth, sweat dripping from their eyes.

*Hurry. Up.*

He's half way back to the truck when --

85      **EXT. DESERT ROAD - CHEVY SILVERADO - DAY (D4)**      85

PORTIS responds to a call on his WALKIE TALKIE.

WALKIE (V.O.)

*Chris, we been asked to look out for some fugitives trying to cross the border north to south. Anglo family, four of 'em, in the company of two Coyotes, over.*

Portis watching Allie with narrow eyes. He knew there was a reason he hated this prick.

PORTIS

We got a description, over?

86      **INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4)**      86

TIGHT ON MARGOT: her expression turning slowly to horror as

SHE SEES: Portis holstering his walkie -- nodding to the others -- reaching for his AR15 -- marching on Allie.

87      **EXT. DESERT - DAY (D4)**      87

Allie sees the fear on Margot's face. He stops. Turns.

TO SEE: THE MILITIA MARCHING ON HIM -- RIFLES RAISED.

PORTIS

Hands in the air! HANDS IN THE AIR NOW!

88      **INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4)**      88

MARGOT'S POV: Allie dropping to his knees, hands laced behind his head.

A terrible pause.

MARGOT  
Kids. Out of the car. Slowly.

DINA reaching for the door.

89 **EXT. DESERT - DAY (D4)**

89

PORTIS seeing movement -- aiming his AR15 at the truck.

PORTIS  
STAY IN THE VEHICLE! DO NOT MOVE!  
STAY IN THE CAR!

90 **INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4)**

90

DINA freezing.

DINA  
Mom!

CHARLIE pale with fear.

CHARLIE  
Mom! What do we do! What do we DO?

91 **EXT. DESERT - DAY (D4)**

91

ALLIE on his knees, hands laced behind his head.

ALLIE  
Hey! They're kids! Put the guns  
down, asshole!

PORTIS kicking Allie to the ground.

PORTIS  
STAY ON THE GROUND! STAY DOWN!

LOGAN and SHERMAN advance on the truck -- weapons raised.

LOGAN  
Don't move! Do not move!

92 INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4) 92

JUAN  
They're kids, man! What are you  
doing! They're kids! Let the kids  
out of the car!

93 EXT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4) 93

LOGAN -- SHERMAN -- edging round the truck.

LOGAN  
Okay! You in back. Ma'am! Out of  
the car! Out! Slowly! Everyone keep  
their hands where I can see them!

94 INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4) 94

DINA reaching slowly for the door -- opening it --  
DINA, MARGOT and CHARLIE sliding out of the truck, hands  
aloft.

95 EXT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4) 95

LOGAN  
Now move back! Keep your hands in  
the air! Move back!

MARGOT and KIDS backing away -- the KIDS tearful and  
frightened.

DINA  
Please don't hurt anyone! Please!

LOGAN  
I said MOVE! BACK!

96 INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4) 96

JUAN and CHUY -- trapped -- hands in the air -- GUNS on their  
laps --

97 EXT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4) 97

SHERMAN -- advancing on the truck -- closer --

98 INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4) 98

JUAN -- CHUY -- preparing for it --

99 EXT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4) 99

SHERMAN -- looking into the truck -- seeing --

SHERMAN

GUN!

LOGAN spinning -- turning his AR15 on the truck --

SHERMAN (CONT'D)

Toss the guns out of the car! Throw  
them out of the car!

100 INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4) 100

JUAN

Drop your guns and we'll do it,  
assholes!

LOGAN

THROW OUT THE GUNS! YOU HAVE FIVE  
SECONDS! THROW OUT THE GUNS!

JUAN

PUT DOWN THE GUNS!

101 EXT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DESERT - DAY (D4) 101

SHERMAN

Five seconds! Four seconds!

CAMERA FINDS: THE BACK OF THE TRUCK

-- as a dented WATER JUG baking in the heat suddenly *BURSTS  
BACK INTO SHAPE* -- with a sound like a *GUNSHOT*.

UNLEASHING CHAOS:

LOGAN aims at Juan --

JUAN shoots him in the head --

SHERMAN and PORTIS unleash a STORM OF GUNFIRE at Juan --  
tearing him and the truck to pieces -- JUAN juddering at the  
wheel like a marionette.

CHUY ducking down -- sprayed with glass and blood and shrapnel -- SHOOTING SHERMAN -- diving from the truck --

PORTIS aiming at Chuy -- finding the AR15 EMPTY -- tossing it -- reaching for a pistol --

CHUY marching on him -- BELLOWING in loss and rage --

PORTIS raising the pistol --

CHUY shooting -- hitting PORTIS in the shoulder -- slamming him to the ground --

PORTIS dropping the gun -- scrambling behind the Chevy.

CHUY emptying the clip -- then scooping up Logan's unfired AR15 -- firing blind and crazed -- on the Chevy -- on PORTIS -- emptying the magazine.

And after the chaos there is --

ABSOLUTE SILENCE.

102      **EXT. DESERT - DAY (D4)**

102

ALLIE climbs slowly to his feet. Looking all around. Hollow with shock.

The only movement is A MONARCH BUTTERFLY that flutters serenely past his face.

Allie sees:

DINA, MARGOT and CHARLIE exchanging terrified looks.

JUAN. Dead in the torn-up truck.

CHUY. Looking at Juan. Mute with grief and loss.

BACK TO ALLIE -- PUSHING TIGHT as his eyes narrow.

ALLIE

We gotta go.

REVEAL: he's looking at THREE MORE ROOSTER TAILS. More vigilantes on the way.

ALLIE (CONT'D)

Right now.

HARD CUT TO:



103      **THE BUTTERFLY**      103

Leaving the scene of carnage behind it. Crossing the arid desert until --

BUTTERFLY'S POV: far below is a DRIED-UP WATERHOLE.

Surrounding which are a number of DEAD, DESICCATED HORSES. Skin and bone. Dried lips pulled back from teeth in silent whinnies of terror.

As the butterfly gently touches down on a MUMMIFIED HORSE CARCASS, we --

**SLOW FADE TO:**

104      **CLOSE: A PLASTIC WATER JUG**      104

Riddled with bullets. Leaking water.

105      **WIDER: THE BED OF JUAN'S TRUCK**      105

A collection of water jugs. Ripped apart. Destroyed by gunfire.

106      **EXT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DAY (D4)**      106

LOOKING DIRECTLY ON THE WINDSHIELD. Rendered milkily opaque, as if by a cataract. Shattered by a hail of bullets.

BEHIND IT: JUAN DEAD AT THE WHEEL.

107      **INT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DAY (D4)**      107

TIGHT: A FLY LANDS ON JUAN'S BLOODIED EYE SOCKET. LICKS AT DRYING GORE. SOUND OF APPROACHING ENGINES.

REVERSE ANGLE - JUAN'S POV.

Or what would be his point of view. If he were alive.

THREE PICK-UPS FAST APPROACHING.

108      **EXT. JUAN'S TRUCK - DAY (D4)**      108

WIDE: ARMED BORDER VIGILANTES APPROACH AND surround the TWO BULLET-RIDDLED TRUCKS: Juan's and Portis's.

109      **OMITTED**      109

110      **OMITTED**      110

111      **EXT. OTHER SIDE OF BOULDERS ABOVE JUAN'S TRUCK - SUNSET (D4)** 111

MORE VIGILANTES kneel at THREE BODIES sprawled in the desert:  
PORTIS and the others.

PAN 180 TO FAR DESERT HORIZON LINE: Unseen by the Vigilante  
group -- FIVE TINY SPECKS on a desert landscape. Four Foxes  
and a Coyote.

FADE OUT.