

FADE IN:

A WHITE SCREEN

VOICE (O.S.)
Brother... you're not living.

Blood red droplets begin to flow down from the top of the stark white surface forming a pattern of deep crimson streaks.

Blue drips start to flow in from the sides. Yellow liquid moves up from the bottom.

The colors clash in the center and start to mix and streak in swashes of purples, greens and browns.

Abstract images begin to form. All the colors and formations begin to move and dance around each other.

Violently, the images move and evolve at a faster and faster pace. Everything is becoming muddied, blurred, and black. Complete darkness.

VOICE #2 (V.O.)
Gravy! Pure gravy!

VOICE #3 (V.O.)
Survival baby!

INT. CAR -- DAY

RICK PRICE, an amiable yet intense looking man, is driving his '86 T-Bird through the border streets of El Paso, Texas.

The car is filled with his three companions: JIM and RAUL in the back seat, and FRANK in the front.

All the men are in their early thirties and athletic. They look like decent guys with no heaviness to their demeanor.

All four are wearing green basketball jerseys over T-shirts.

Raul holds up two fingers with one hand. He's got a

basketball in the other.

RAUL
Survival at two seconds, jeez.

FRANK
Sometimes you do what you got to
do!

JIM
Great shot Frank.

FRANK
Thanks.

RAUL
God I live for these things!

Raul starts pulling chili dogs out from a bag and passing
them around to the guys.

JIM
Me too.

EXT. EL PASO STREETS -- CONTINUOUS

Rick's car turns from a main road into an industrial area.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Raul stuffs most of his hot dog in his mouth.

RAUL
Rrroosterr... marfer...
wereff...

JIM
Huh. What?

Raul opens his smiling mouth full of food.

RICK

I can't believe how nonchalant
you guys are! Every time out I
get beyond nervous and you guys
buy hot dogs.

Rick takes a bite of his hot dog.

JIM
Hey man, your eating a hot dog.

RICK
Dude this is serious.

FRANK
We do take it serious, doofuss.
How long we've been doing this, a
year? More? Lighten up.

JIM
Talking about serious Frank, quit
hogging the ball so much.

FRANK
We won didn't we?

RAUL
Barely. Two seconds. I couldn't
believe it. Those bums. Pure
gravy!

FRANK
What's this?

Frank picks up a box with a battleship illustration on it.
The words, "U.S.S. Arizona," are printed above.

RICK
It's another model I'm going to
make.

Frank studies the box. After a moment, he turns and
glances out the window.

FRANK
Okay, slow down. We're almost
there.

Rick slows and stops at a one story beige stucco building.

FRANK
Alright, let's go.

EXT. BUILDING PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Jim, Raul and Frank jump out of the car, go to the trunk and pull out six stuffed medium size canvas bags.

They close the trunk and walk toward the building's side entrance. Rick stays put inside the car.

RICK
Hurry up!

INT. CAR -- MOMENTS LATER

Rick looks tense. He's sweating and breathing a tad fast. His eyes start darting around looking everywhere, but focusing on nothing.

RICK
Calm down Rick.

He starts to smoothly look around.

EXT. BUILDING PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

The clouds are a puffy white. An old man with a blue baseball cap is collecting cans. Birds are perched on a nearby wall.

Things suddenly seem to be getting louder.

A lady is SCREAMING at her kids. A neighbor's German shepherd begins BARKING intensely. The birds on the wall fly away.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Rick takes a glance in the rear view mirror. A red haired police officer is positioning himself at the back edge of the small parking lot.

RICK
Rooster?

BAM!!! The front windshield is blown.

RICK
God!!!

Rick ducks down hard.

BAM!! BAM!! BAM!! Another policeman is shooting from the opposite front end of the parking lot.

EXT. BUILDING PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Jim, Frank, and Raul stand empty handed at the buildings side entrance. All are in a trance-like state of shock.

Frank tries to open the door of the building they just came out of. It's locked. Raul takes cover behind a parked car. Jim dashes for Rick's car.

BOOM!! Jim gets hit on the side.

JIM
Rick!!

Jim continues running and makes it to the driver-side door.

BAM!! Another hit. No chance. Jim hits the pavement hard.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

BOOM!!! Blood splatters the front windshield.

RICK
Aaahhh!!!!

Rick's right arm is blown.

He sees the red haired cop is shooting near the passenger side of the car. Rick punches the car in reverse.

EXT. BUILDING PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

Raul and Frank panic and start chasing after the car.

FRANK
Wait! Rick!! Stop!!!

Rick hesitates and hits the brakes.

BOOM!!! Too late. Raul makes a jerky movement and drops harshly on his face.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

Traumatized, Rick punches the gas in reverse again.

Frank continues chasing after the car and makes it to the passenger-side door. Rick slows down.

FRANK
Brother...

Rick opens the side door when the red headed cop runs up to Frank and... BAM!!! He pumps a bullet into his head. Frank skids to the ground as the car continues moving in reverse.

RICK
Frank!!!

EXT. BUILDING PARKING LOT -- CONTINUOUS

The open car door knocks the red headed cop to the ground.

The car jumps over a small embankment and out of the parking lot. Rick readjusts the car and pumps it down the

street.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

RICK
God get me out of this!!

Rick takes inventory of his body. His right arm is soaked in blood. He rips the shirt open feeling for the wound.

RICK
Christ!!

He turns onto the main road. He reaches over and closes the open passenger door. He then looks in the rear view mirror. Nothing, yet.

Rick's car starts mixing with the other traffic on the road. The gas is pumped down all the way.

Rick glances at the car next to him. Two middle age women freak at both Rick and the car's appearance. The woman driver pulls her car back immediately.

Rick looks in the mirror again. The women are pulling to the side of the road. Not too far behind them, a cop car is turning the corner SIRENS blasting.

Rick looks to his left. Large desert mountains and wilderness loom behind a series of newly constructed homes. The point where urban development has reached its mark.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Rick turns the car hard and punches it into the neighborhood. He's speeding down a residential street toward the mountains.

The cop car turns and revs down the neighborhood behind him.

INT. CAR -- CONTINUOUS

RICK
Come on!! Come on!!

The mountains are straight ahead. The cops are closing in fast. A mile never seemed so long.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET/MOUNTAINS -- CONTINUOUS

Rick reaches the base of the desert mountains, slams the car to a halt, gets out and runs up into the mountain wilderness.

The cop car screeches to a halt.

A YELLOW SCREEN-- CONTINUOUS

BAM! BAM!! BAM!!!

Painted red words appear:

"WHERE DO WE COME FROM? WHAT ARE WE? WHERE ARE WE GOING?"

VOICE (O.S.)
Uhhhh... good morning Honey.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM -- MORNING

A form underneath the sheets of a bed props itself up on its elbows.

The figure is DIEGO ALVARADO. He's a good natured man in his mid to late thirties, medium height, large build, olive skin and dark attractive features.

Diego turns to his side.

DIEGO
Honey... time to get up.

A black and white short haired cat laying on the floor props its head up, stretches, and continues laying there.

Filled with the grip of slumber, Diego forces himself to the side of the bed and sits there a moment.

DIEGO
Brother... get going.

Diego stands, doesn't move for a moment, takes off his T-shirt, then walks toward the bathroom sink.

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Diego turns on the faucet, rinses his face, and looks emotionless into the mirror without drying himself.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN -- MORNING

Still looking half energized, Diego cooks breakfast over a skillet. Honey, the cat, sits close by eating her food.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM -- MORNING

Diego is eating his food on a small wooden t.v. dinner table. A program of exercising bikini beauties is on the tube.

INT. DIEGO'S CAR -- MORNING

Diego is stuck in gridlock as he drives his 1990 Dodge Dynasty on the freeway.

Someone motions if they can move across his lane. Diego smiles and motions as the other car moves into a lane with a sign above: "U.S. - MEXICAN INTERNATIONAL CROSSING."