

ENTREGA

Written by

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Address  
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EXT. SONORA DESERT, MEXICO - DAY

A white van bounces down a dirt road. It circles a collection of vehicles before parking. DRIVER gets out and approaches a group of straggly CARTELMEN, armed, they surround a black Cadillac Escalade.

The window rolls down revealing a sharply dressed CARTEL BOSS (50s). He speaks with a thick accent.

CARTEL BOSS  
Bring her out.

INT. VAN - DAY

ASHLEY (late 30s) hispanic, is curled up holding GRACE (8) on the floor. The side door flies open and the Driver grabs her legs and drags her out.

ASHLEY  
No no no no no don't touch me! Get  
off us!

EXT. SONORA DESERT, MEXICO - DAY

Both girls fall in a heap in the dirt. Grace buries her face in Ashley's back.

ASHLEY  
(to Grace)  
Shhhh shhhh it's okay baby,  
everythings gonna be ok. Mommy will  
protect you.

Cartel Boss steps out, reading from U.S. passports.

CARTEL BOSS  
Ashley Lozano. Born in Phoenix  
Arizona. Accompanied by Grace  
Lozano. You're very important to  
me, Ms. Ashley.

Beat.

ASHLEY  
What?

CARTEL BOSS  
You're going to drive for me,  
across the border. Because you have  
one of these.

He tosses a passport at her.

CARTEL BOSS (CONT'D)  
You do this for me. I let you and  
your daughter go. Your  
grandfather's debt? Paid. A deal?

Cartel Boss offers a hand to shake. Ashley stands and meets him.

He points to an aging maroon pick up truck, a bed cap conceals boxes of cargo.

CARTEL BOSS (CONT'D)  
You're going cross in Nogales, and  
go to Salt Lake City.

Ashley nods, she steps toward the truck leading Grace by the hand. Cartel Boss grabs Grace's arm.

GRACE  
Mommy!

ASHLEY  
No! No. She comes with me.

CARTEL BOSS  
No. She stays with me until the  
debt is paid.

Cartelmen carry Grace back to the van. Cartel Boss forcefully directs Ashley to the truck.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAY

Ashley is pushed into the driver's seat. Cartel Boss leans in through the window and wraps his fancy wristwatch around the steering wheel.

A phone sits on the dash with GPS instructions to Salt Lake City Utah, a revolver sticks out between the seats.

CARTEL BOSS  
You'll be in Salt Lake by 10:30  
tomorrow morning. We'll be tracking  
you.

ASHLEY  
That's not enough time. I-I need  
more time.

CARTEL BOSS

The gps says only 23 hours, I give you 24, don't take advantage of my generosity. If you have an issue at the border, call the number saved.

Cartel Boss slaps the roof and walks away. Ashley looks at the gun. A cartelman on the other side of the truck COCKS the hammer of his own pistol.

CARTEL BOSS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Time is ticking Ms. Ashley! If you don't make it?

Cartel Boss points a finger gun towards Grace and fakes recoil.

EXT. NOGALES BORDER CHECKPOINT, MEXICO - LATER

Crowded Border Checkpoint, a 6 lane highway necks down to 3 toll booths. The maroon pick up truck is next in line.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Ashley is ragged from hours of white knuckle driving, a silver SUV parked on the shoulder catches her eye. A flamboyant Border Patrol Officer SOPHIE (30s) mimes a game show host waving Ashley up to the booth.

SOPHIE

Step right up step right up!  
Passport please!

Ashley hands her the passport.

SOPHIE (CONT'D)

Ashley Lozano from Phoenix Arizona!  
What brings you back to the wonderful U.S. of A. darlin'?

ASHLEY

Uh. Coming back from visiting family.

SOPHIE

And is there any drugs in the vehicle honey?

ASHLEY

Huh?

SOPHIE

Are you bringing any illegal drugs  
across the border sweetie?

ASHLEY

No! No, drugs? No.

SOPHIE

So you wouldn't mind me searchin'  
through them there boxes in back?

ASHLEY

Um...Uh.

SOPHIE

I'm just gonna have a little  
looksee, you stay right here in the  
vehicle for me.

Sophie walks to the back of the truck with the passport.  
Ashley swipes through the phone and opens contacts. There's  
only one: Joder Policias. She calls it.

EXT. NOGALES BORDER CHECKPOINT, MEXICO - CONTINUOUS

The silver SUV EXPLODES in a ball of flames. Sophie and other  
OFFICERS rush towards the fire.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

Ashley speeds off in the confusion. The phone RINGS.

CARTEL BOSS (V.O.)

You like the fuegos artificiales?

ASHLEY

What the fuck was that? What did I  
just do?

CARTEL BOSS (V.O.)

You bombed a border checkpoint.  
What did you think would happen if  
you called that number? A fairy  
would come?

ASHLEY

How could you make me do that?  
You're fucking sick.

CARTEL BOSS (V.O.)

Señora I did not make you call that  
number. You did that. You.

(MORE)

CARTEL BOSS (V.O.) (CONT'D)

You did it because if you don't  
make it, or you go to the pigs,  
I'll filet your daughter I like did  
your abuelo.

Cartel Boss hangs up.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - NIGHT

Tritium illuminates the ticking hands of the wrist watch. 12  
hours to go. A tire POPS. The truck shudders as Ashley pulls  
over and flips on the four ways.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - NIGHT

The front driver side tire has popped the bead.

ASHLEY

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck. I'm not gonna  
make it. I'm not gonna make it  
fuck.

Another pick up truck parks behind Ashley's. Ashley reaches  
into the truck and stuffs the revolver under her shirt. DEVIN  
(mid 30s) steps out and meets Ashley by the tire.

DEVIN

Evenin', flat tire huh? You need  
help with that?

ASHLEY

Yes! Please. I-I'd appreciate that  
I-I really have to get moving.

DEVIN

Sure thing. Name's Devin by the  
way.

Devin forces a handshake.

DEVIN (CONT'D)

And I presume you are?

ASHLEY

Uh. Ashley.

DEVIN

Ashley, thas got a nice ring to it.  
You got a spare?

ASHLEY

Um. Uh. I don't really...

He walks around the truck staring at the side.

DEVIN  
Welp, generally...it's...right in  
back...under here!

Devin drops under the truck.

EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY - LATER

Devin tightens the last bolt on the replacement tire.

DEVIN  
And that's all she wrote. You want  
me to put the flat back underneath?

ASHLEY  
Oh no that's ok. You've done so  
much already. Thank you.

Devin pulls a brick of cocaine from underneath the truck.

DEVIN  
Oh I insist. I'll just take a few  
of these as payment.

Ashley stiffens.

ASHLEY  
You can't do that. I have to bring  
all of them or they'll --

DEVIN  
I wasn't asking.

He tightens his grip on the tire iron and tosses the brick into the bed of the truck. He steps toward her. BANG. Devin stops in his tracks, a geyser of blood erupts from his neck.

Ashley drops the gun and jumps into the truck.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

She rips the column into gear. Devin grabs her shirt, they struggle while Ashley floors it. The speed-o-meter climbs: 15, 20, 25, 30.

Ashley breaks Devin's grip from the window frame. He falls into the road. She HYPERVENTILATES.

EXT. I-15 N - DAWN

Ashley struggles to stay between the lines. A Utah Highway Patrol Cruiser follows.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAWN

In the rearview mirror: police lights. Ashley is wide awake now. She pulls over. The wristwatch reads 5:18.

ASHLEY  
Shit. Shit. Fuck.

The TROOPER approaches the window.

TROOPER  
License and Registration?

Ashley pats her pockets, no wallet. She reaches for the glove box.

ASHLEY  
Hah. Sorry just a moment...this  
isn't my truck --

TROOPER  
Noooo with Mexico plates? why would  
it be? Do you know why I pulled you  
over this morning ma'am?

ASHLEY  
What? Uh I'm not sure officer.

The glove box is empty.

TROOPER  
I clocked you at 25 over back there  
a ways. Then you were all over the  
road when I was behind you. Can I  
get that ID and registration ma'am?

ASHLEY  
I'm really sorry officer, I must  
have left my wallet at home and I  
can't find the registration in the  
glove box. I swear it was --

TROOPER  
Yeah that's what everyone says.

The Trooper notices the blood stains on Ashley's clothes.



TROOPER (CONT'D)  
Ma'am can I have you step out of  
the vehicle?

ASHLEY  
Officer please. Just let me go.  
Just let me go please I'm begging  
you.

EXT. PICKUP TRUCK - DAWN

The Trooper rests a hand on his holster.

TROOPER  
Step out. Now.

He keys his radio.

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
634 I need additional units.

ASHLEY  
Please. I have to go, they have my  
daugh --

TROOPER  
(to Ashley)  
Get out now!

Ashley takes off. The trooper runs back to his cruiser.

TROOPER (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
634 in pursuit. Suspect north bound  
on I-15.

EXT. I-15 N - CONTINUOUS

Ashley weaves through minimal traffic. The engine ROARS. The  
trooper chases, lights and SIRENS.

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

TROOPER  
Suspect is a hispanic female in a  
dark red chevy pick up, early  
model. Pursuit speed 93 miles per  
hour.

EXT. I-15 N - MOMENTS LATER

Ashley continues accelerating. The trooper gains ground.

He pulls to her rear quarter and initiates a pit maneuver. The truck and cruiser spin out of control.

Ashley manages to barely save the spin and continue on. The trooper stops facing the wrong way and takes off after a 180.

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

TROOPER

Intentional vehicle contact action  
ineffective. Suspect still moving.

EXT. I-15 N - CONTINUOUS

The cruiser is catching up. Ashley swerves left onto the grassy median, cruiser in tow.

She blasts into on coming traffic, almost clipped by a semi. The cruiser brakes hard to avoid t-boning it. She's disappeared.

INT. CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

TROOPER

634 Terminating Pursuit. Last seen  
North Bound on I-15 South.

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - MOMENTS LATER

Ashley races the wrong way up an on-ramp, hooks a left and blows down a back road. The gps recalculates, estimated arrival time: 10:42 AM.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

A dingy motel, the kind that rents by the hour. The black Escalade from before idles on the far end of the lot.

INT. ESCALADE - DAY

The Cartel Boss sits shotgun, the dash clock reads 10:28. He looks at Grace in the rear view mirror, she's flanked by Cartelmen.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - DAY

Ashley pulls in going fast. The truck halts before the escalade. Beat. Ashley and the Cartel Boss step out of their vehicles.

CARTEL BOSS  
I knew you'd --

ASHLEY  
Where is she? I drove your stupid  
truck! Where's my daughter?

He signals to the SUV. Cartelmen stand next to the escalade, one holds Grace in her spot. Ashley rushes her, the Cartel Boss intercepts and throws her against the truck.

CARTEL BOSS  
(in spanish; subtitled)  
Check the truck.

A Cartelman slips under the truck. He nods to Cartel Boss.

CARTEL BOSS (CONT'D)  
Well done Ms. Ashley. I am glad we  
could conduct this business.

Cartel Boss looks to the Cartelman holding Grace, he lets go.

GRACE  
Mommy! Mommy!

Ashley catches Grace mid-sprint.

ASHLEY  
(whispering)  
Hey baby girl. It's okay now, mommy  
has you now. Everything's ok.

Grace cries, Ashley follows suit.

CARTEL BOSS  
(in spanish; subtitled)  
Pack it up.

Cartelmen split into the vehicles and pull out of the parking lot, Ashley and Grace lay on the ground and weep.

FADE OUT.