



Scripts.com

Loco Love

By Steven Baer

(VEHICLE APPROACHING)

Randy, did you see anything?

No, brother, but they've got to be
around here somewhere.

Hey!

OFFICER:

MEN:

OFFICER:

Run!

Stop right there!

OFFICER:

Stop right there!

Gotcha!

(CELLPHONE RINGING)

Hello?

WOMAN:

Yes, hi, Mom. How are you?

Genaro is already here.

Okay.

I'm on my way.

Hi, Don Mario.

Hi, Mari.

Do you want some lemonade?

No.

My cousin finally came back
from Mexico. So I'm gonna go see him.

Go! Hurry up!

See you later. Bye!

The coyote says

that if anybody is lost...

(MARISOL SCREAMS) Genaro, welcome!

Marisol!

Careful, girl!

Girl.

The cousin is here!

GENARO:

MARISOL:

I finally have my cousin here!

I'm ready for anything.

Look at you!

I'm here to work.

(GIRLS CHEERING ON)

(PLAYER CHEERING ON)

Now!

Set, hut!

(YELLING)

Gavin, I love you!

PLAYER:

Sorry. Fuck.

BOY:

Good shit, man.

Good shit.

That's my man!

Good catch.

You the man, Spot.

Good job, good job.

Damn.

Nice catch, nice catch.

Good throw, good throw.

Atta boy.

That was amazing, Gav.

Thank you.

(BOYS OOHING)

Chris!

Get back, fucking practice.

Shut up!

Gosh, she is so hot.

God damn, bro.

Watch yourself, man.

Would you consider

having a threesome with me?

No!

(BOTH LAUGHING)

Are you hungry, Geno?

MARISOL:

I'm sure the pollero took him

to the desert restaurant.

Good one, sis.

I thought I wouldn't make it.
Relax, son, don't worry.
The important thing is
you're here with us.
You're gonna love Arizona.
There are a lot of Mexicans here.
And you have to speak in English.
Right, sis?
Of course there are a lot
of Mexicans here. This was Mexico first.
Speak in Spanish!
He'll learn English later.
Why not?
He can even go to the university
to study a master's degree.
Hurry up so I can show you
the American wonder.

MOTHER:

But I want to go look around.
No, first finish that dish
and then I'll give you more
because you need energy,
right, honey?
Yes, son, you have to rest.
You'll work hard later.
That's why I came, right?
We got you some gringo clothes,
but I think they suck.
So I'll go with you
to get something cooler later.
Kiko!

KIKO:

In Spanish.
What did he say?
Nothing, son.
Eat up, eat up.
(RAP MUSIC PLAYS IN CAR)
(KIKO SPEAKING INDISTINCT)

MARISOL:

KIKO:

two birds with one stone.
Well, we are not gonna be killing
birds today.
"I got something for you."
"What is it?"
"It's a bullfrog.
I poked some holes
in its back..."
Do you want to change the music
or do you like it?
Boy! Here, hang on a second.
That's good. I like that one.
(LAUGHING)
(POLICE SIREN)
Oh, shit.
Now what?

MARISOL:

RAMN:

Don't be an asshole.
I didn't do shit.
Chill out, be cool...
Don't do anything stupid,
we have Genaro with us.
You're gonna be okay, cousin.
Don't worry.
No papers?
No problem, man.
I have no papers either.
Just don't say anything stupid, okay?
Be cool.
What's the problem?
Turn off your radio, please.
Why are you stopping me?
License and registration.
Come on.
You all legal?
(SCOFFS)
What about you?
Do you work at the border?
We are all American, officer.
Just like you.
Okay, here.

Stay out of trouble.
Be careful. Don't get in trouble.
My God.
Mexican hunting Mexican.
Those are the worst.
(LAUGHING)
You got scared, right?
Relax, cousin.
You're safe with us.

GIRL:

BOY:

(EVERYBODY CHEERING)
Let's fuckin' do it.
I want some water...
I wanna go to the rollerblading...
Thank you!

BOY:

We'll ride
every freaking rollercoaster.
Backwards.
I'm not going.
With my pants off!
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
Alright. I'm getting down.
Stop being so macho.
Yeah, yeah! Let's do that!
Li!
(WHISTLING)
Hi, how are you?
Hi.
Let's go.
Come on.

MARISOL:

Tet!
Come here, girl!
It's great to see you, sugar!

KIKO:

Tet, I want you
to meet Genaro. Genaro, Tet.

GENARO:

This is my girlfriend, Tet.
Let's go, come on.

RAMN:

MARISOL:

TET:

Why didn't you tell me
you had a hot cousin?
Ooh!
Hey, double or nothing, yo.
Alright.
If I hit this one,
you owe me lunch, bitch.
(CLANKING)
Even with my eyes closed, man.
(CLANKING)
Almost crying, man.
I almost cry, okay?
Alright, Amber, pick a prize.
As if you could get it for me, Luke.
Are you doubting me?
How much, man?
Five bucks.
I want the fat chick.
You want the fat chick? Okay.
(EMPLOYEE INDISTINCT)

LUKE:

LUKE:

EMPLOYEE:

Luke, can we get out of here?
There are some beaners beside us.
What? No, fuck them...
I don't want to smell them.
Do you like the chick?

GAVIN:

Yeah!

Whoo!

LUKE:

Fuck that.

This one. Hit this one.

Ooh!

You, bro.

Come on.

Which one?

Fuck off.

EMPLOYEE:

Okay, that's it, guys.

(AMBER CHEERS ON)

You won your prizes.

You got your chicken.

Well done.

Yeah, man!

You want the chubby chick, right?

Let me get that for you.

AMBER:

That's the one.

EMPLOYEE:

LUKE:

AMBER:

You can take anything else.

RAMN:

Hey, fucking spic.

What the fuck did you just call me?

EMPLOYEE:

Give it back, you stupid spic.

Fucking spic, huh?

Please, calm down. There's no need...

How about this, I'll make a deal.

You show me your titties
and I'll give 'em to you.

Stop!

Show me your titties,

and I'll give it back.

Calm down, calm down!

(OVERLAPPING YELLING)

EMPLOYEE:

over a chick, man.

This motherfucker stole

your sister's prize, man.

Let my boys gang bang your girl.

You better fucking watch your mouth!

LUKE:

GAVIN:

LUKE:

RAMN:

Fuck you!

Fuck you!

Fuck you, man!

Security! Security!

Just fucking leave! Okay?

(OVERLAPPING YELLING)

OFFICER:

GAVIN:

You want your chicken, bitch?

Calm down, okay?

Here's your chicken, motherfucker.

GAVIN:

RAMN:

Fuck you!

Are you okay?

Yeah.

Stupid spics, they're all criminals.

RAMN:

(RAMN LAUGHING)

Are you alright?

Yeah.

MARISOL:

Shame on you if you break his heart.
Yeah, I'm not gonna marry him.
But I will fuck him
to welcome him to America.
What about you?
Are you going to do it with Ramn?
Do what?
I told you.
I haven't found the right one.
Ramn is really hot, girl.
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

CHRIS:

Sorry. Luke?
No. I don't think I'm gonna go.
Luke, what?

GAVIN:

You are the best player on the
football team and you're a pussy?
I am bold.
I'll see you out there.

GAVIN:

LUKE:

You are not kidding, Luke.
I know.

LUKE:

CHRIS:

LUKE:

(MARISOL, TET AND KIKO SINGING)

MARISOL:

KIKO:

Hey!
Oh, my Gosh. He's so cute!
He's so cute!

I think we lost her.
I think she's gone.

MARISOL:

Okay, guys. Let's get out of here.

TET:

Let's just...? I'm hungry!

KIKO:

TET:

KIKO:

Come on, go. Run, run, run.
What?
Oh, shit! We got
Dawson's Creek up in here.
Come on.

MARISOL:

Get behind the counter.
Marisol, what were you doing?
Nothing. I just smiled at him.
(MOCKING)
Nothing, I just smiled at him.

KIKO:

MARISOL:

(MARISOL WHISPERING)
Stop.
(KIKO MOCKING) I didn't...
He is here!
Are you crazy?
(MARISOL WHISPERING) My God.
He is gorgeous.
He is white.

MARISOL:

Once you go white...
That's "black", Mensa.
(MARISOL AND TET LAUGHING)

KIKO:

Try me.

KIKO:

Hi.

Hi.

What are you doing here?

I didn't know you worked here.

Yeah, I don't.

I work at the mall...

but... can I get you anything?

No, I just... wanted to come by
to see if I could get something.

What exactly is it

that you are... trying to get?

Well... I was hoping to get a kiss.

Right.

Let's go, let's go.

KIKO:

TET:

(LAUGHTER)

MARISOL:

(KIKO BREATHING HEAVILY) My God.

You are insane.

You don't even know him.

What good did that do you?

MARISOL:

TET:

TET:

KIKO:

KIKO:

BOY:

KIKO:

GAVIN:

RAMN:

GAVIN:

I don't want to fight you, alright?
Don't do this, bro.

MARISOL:

Stop, Ramn.

GAVIN:

BOY:

What's wrong with you.

RAMN:

(EVERYBODY SCREAMING)
He tried to hit him.
Are you gonna trust the blonde?

OFFICER:

MARISOL:

Hey, hey, hey!
She didn't do anything!
They just attacked you, Gavin.
What's going on here?
These homeboys were bugging us.
Okay, we'll get you out. Now.
Come on. Let's go.
Hey! She didn't do anything!

RAMN:

Fucking whitties!
Oh, fuck!

LUKE:

Are you okay?
I'm fine.

MAN:

Thy gifts we're about to receive.
In Jesus' name we pray.

Amen.

ALL:

How was the congressman, today, Tricia?

He's fine. Went to DC

for this big meeting they had

with some of the people

from the Tea Party.

They don't want the bill either.

Yessiree, can't have

eleven million spics legalized...

We won't have a wall

big enough to keep them out.

My unemployment check stopped.

Again? No, that's a mistake.

It's not a mistake. I got the notice.

They're not coming anymore.

But you are entitled to that money.

Damn it. What did I just say?

The business is gone.

It's been gone for two years.

Compensation's run out.

Give it a rest.

Guess what, Mom.

We ran into one of those Mexican gangs

at the amusement park today.

Stop it, Amber.

Gangs?

What are you talking about?

Yeah, you know.

Like the ones you see cruising Valencia.

Amber, I said shut the fuck up!

Hey!

Watch that yap hole

or I'll shut it for you.

What were you saying?

Nothing.

Just some wetback bugged us

at the amusement park today.

You provoked them, Amber.

I did not. Stop defending them.

You defended them?

Did you?

Answer me!

Just forget it, Dad.

KIKO:

What's the deal
with the gringo, cousin?
How do you know about that?
What if my uncle finds out about it?
Yeah. I kissed a gringo.
So what?
In a square, Marisol!
It doesn't matter where.
Forget about it.
Ramn is your boyfriend.
He's not my boyfriend,
he's a macho.
Where I come from,
that goes a long way, cousin.
Back there, either you defend
yourself and become a macho...
or you get killed.
Or you become like them.
Will you see the gringo again?
No.

MARISOL:

What's with you, nosy?
What are you doing here?

KIKO:

I don't like that.
Did you scold her?
She won't see that gringo again.
They are just people, Dad.
They are trying to get by,
just like us.
They are not like us!
They are like the goddamn Talibans!
Oh, come on!
Don't start with me, old man.
Well, they are not going anywhere,
are they, Dad?
So might as well get
used to living with them.
This is shit!

TRICIA:

Why are you talking to him like that?
You know he's ruined by those people.
They are not terrorists, Mom.
I know that!
You are too young
to understand, Gavin.
Soon one of them will be screwing, Gav.
Gavin!

(EXHALES)

(LATIN MUSIC PLAYING)

(HONKING)

Hey, Ramn!

What's up!

RAMN:

There she is.
I'll be right back, guys.
(BOYS LAUGH)
(LAUGHING)
Ramn!
Dude, I'm working, okay?
Work with me.
Come on, dude.
Chill. I'll work with you later.
You swear?
Yeah, I pinky swear.
I know that guy.
Marisol.
I know that guy.
Answer me, Marisol!
Is that fucking gringo, isn't it, huh?
Yeah. Well, you wanted to kill him
so bad, his face got stuck on me, okay?
That's you over there.
(RAMN LAUGHING)
I'm cute.
Aye, Ramn.
Come on.
Ramn, we are gonna fall!
Come on, I want to do it
with you tonight.
Let her go. She said no.

This is not your town, bro.

GENARO:

If you don't like it...

The thing is I'm crazy about her...

that's why I control myself.

But don't go too far, honey.

Boo!

Why are you being so secretive?

Would you tell me what we're doing here?

Don't worry about it.

Come on.

Is that beaner chick?

Come on, man.

That kind of talk's gonna

get you killed out here.

No, what's gonna get you killed

is your obsession with that girl, bro.

I think I'm gonna ask Chrissy out.

(LAUGHING)

Watch yourself!

How do you know she even works here?

I know she works here.

I can feel it.

You haven't seen him again, have you?

No, I haven't.

I know I will. I can feel it.

What a kiss, huh?

Yeah.

What about you?

You're into Genaro, right?

I may fuck him.

Shh, girl! Don't be talking like that!

I may!

You? Are you gonna do it

with Ramn

or are you saving your first time

for the gringo?

Not here!

You are gonna lose it sooner or later.

I just say fuck them both!

How do you know

she even works here?

Just know, man. I know it.

Chasing Mexican tail around the mall
is gonna get you killed.
She's gotta be here.
I know she's here. I can feel it.
You are on drugs, man.
Feels good, though, doesn't it?
I don't know what happened.
I felt that she was here.
I'm sorry.
She's gotta be.
Look at those legs!
Are you serious?
You can't drink here.
If you get in trouble,
I don't know you.
Okay, move. Come on, move.
It's a free country.
There she is.
Hey, where you going?

MAN:

(INDISTINCT CHATTER)
I'll be right back.
What?
What do you mean
you'll be right back?
Where are you going?
Marisol!
Damn it, it's office hours, Marisol!
Do you like jelly beans?
I like the red hots.
Red hots?
Those spit fire things?
No, no, no. Come here.
I'm gonna show you how to do it.
Take a little bit of...
let's call it bubblegum flavor.
Maybe a little green apple.
(CHUCKLES)
And wait. Wait for it.
Come here.
You can't forget strawberry daiquiri.
And you make a smoothie.
What's your name?

Marisol.

I'm Gavin.

(MARISOL SIGHS)

Why did you kiss me
the other day?

Because somebody said I shouldn't.

Oh, it was a dare.

Well, 'til you kissed me back.

UNCLE:

Shit! Oh, God, that's my uncle!

GAVIN:

Yes. I was supposed to get
a shipment with him. I gotta go.

I gotta go, okay?

Okay, wait. Wait, wait.

Who were you with?

With no one, Uncle. It's nobody.

Let's go.

Luke, I saw her. Stop drinking.

Where did you go?

What do you mean where did I go?

I saw her.

You saw that Mexican girl.

Yeah.

You sound like a 16-year-old girl.

Whatever, bro.

Work is work.

I'm not your uncle here,

I'm your boss.

Be certain of it.

You can't leave the store
to go chase a gringo?

Do you think it's okay?

I don't think it's okay at all.

This is your life

and this is your problem.

Okay? Okay.

Yeah.

What happened? Tell me.

He kisses like... so...

Oh, my God!

(BOTH SCREAMING)

Girls, girls! Cut it out.
Turn around. Turn around.
You're a slut.
I'm in love, Luke.
Shut the fuck up.
These girls are for fun, man.
Exotic entertainment, that's it.
Pull yourself together
or I'm gonna tell your dad.
Luke, I'm in love.
Shut your face!
No, son! Wait, wait.
That's very delicate,
give me the scissors.
You gather all the leaves
with the rake and put them there.
Go ahead.
With this?
Yeah, with the rake. Over there.
(TRIMMING BUSH)
Oh, baby! Did you see it?
Yeah.
That's how you play football!
Gotta take it to 'em. Knock the snot
out of them. Every single down.
All the time, every single...!

GAVIN:

Dad, I can't work here!

MAN:

the mobility to get out of trouble
and keep these games packed
in third down session.
Now would you want...?
Let me show you something. See.
Get down in your four point stance,
put the weight on
the balls of your feet,
and drive upwards!
Okay, Dad!
Oh, quit your crying?
See what happens?
Gotta listen to your old man,

or you'll never make it to the pros.
Alright, Dad.
Give me that, man.
Dude, Gav, you should think about
giving me the butcher.
No.
Okay.
You know, I gave him that
when he was ten years old.
Tired of illegal immigrants
stealing your jobs and healthcare?
Every day, thousands of
illegal immigrants
cross Arizona's border into our lands.
The damage they do is immeasurable.
But now, you too
can help stop them.
Regular people like you
can help protect America.
Hey, show some respect!
Join the Clayton Brothers Brigade!
Sit down, now!
I think you'd make
a good border patrol agent, Mr. Hayes.
Are you mocking me, boy?
No, sir.
But I would like to point out
that you have an uncomfortable amount
of guns in your home.
Are you going to join?
No.
You have to be 21.
Do you know how to shoot?
Yes, sir. My father taught me
when I was six.
Let me show you something.
I'm not afraid to join.

GAVIN:

Hell, I'll join
those Clayton Brothers today.
Dad!
Dad!
(LAUGHS)

Come on!

Look at your face.

I swear my own daughter's got
more balls than you do.

WOMAN:

in essence meant defending Texas.

Marisol, what's your perspective
about it?

Well, a lot of Mexicans
fought for the Alamo also.

Well, it's correct.

Yeah, well, after the war was over,
they took our guns away and relegated
us out, calling us Indians,
like it was a bad thing.

Well, it was a very complicated time.

Well, as complicated
as it is now, don't you think?

I mean, we are still good enough
to be able to go off to war
and fight for America.

But what about when we want
to live a simple life here?

We get this segregated treatment,
especially here in Arizona.

Okay, Marisol,
we can talk about that later, okay?

What are we going to do?

I'll be right back, man.

Gavin!

Hey, Chris.

Hey, we need to talk.

I don't want to talk right now.

Don't leave. Stay with me.

I'll be back in a sec.

Gavin, well,
help me up there with you!

LUKE:

One gets a little tired
of white meat, right?

It's not it, man.

Yeah, okay, you fucking skank.

No, but seriously, dude, this chick
better have a fucking friend
'cause I did not come all this way
to dick around in the park.
She'll have one. I'm telling you.
This fucking gringo again?

GAVIN:

Okay.
Hey, Marisol.
Hey.
How are you?
This is Tet and this is Kiko.
Hi, Tet.
Hi.
Hey, Kiko, how's it going? I'm Gavin.
What's up?
This is my buddy, Luke.
Hi, nice to meet you, Tet.
What's up, buddy?
Hi.
Hey, Luke. What's up?
Hey, Marisol, I uh...
I want to show you something, actually.
Okay.
Come with me.

MARISOL:

LUKE:

You want to get some
coffee or something?
Yeah, sure.
Cabrn, she's with me!

LUKE:

you were born again?
I was born here,
but my mom's from Venezuela.
Do you know where that is?
Never mind.
It's somewhere down there.
I know you guys have
a couple of ball players.

TET:

Country of the most beautiful women.
Well, I mean...
That I can tell.
What the fuck?
Sorry!
Sorry!

TET:

Where in the world
are you taking me, Gavin?
I'll show you.
So are there any, like,
lethal predators or rattle snakes?
You'll be fine.
Possible...
Just don't tell anybody
about this place, okay?
Cougars that will eat us
out here?
(LAUGHING)

GAVIN:

Or are you just trying to make me
disappear into the mountains
and never be heard of again?
So do all your friends risk death?
No, just you.
Gosh, it's so beautiful.

GAVIN:

(GAVIN SIGHS)
It's quiet.
You know, it's away from everything.
It's like a whole different planet
out here.
Nobody is telling you what to do and...
Best part is, here you could...
you could be whatever you want.
Yeah.
What's that?
Over there, on the end.
It's the border.

What?

MARISOL:

It's such a tiny little thing over there
and it means so much...

to way too many people around here.

Yeah.

Well, I'm gonna draw it.

Might as well.

GAVIN:

No.

I just draw, artists starve anyways.

How long have you been drawing then?

Um, I guess I can say

since I was little.

My dad used to take me

to work with him.

I drew like a million different
types of gardens and landscapes there.

That's cool.

Is your dad a gardener?

Yeah, he used to be.

But now he's a hot shot,
you know.

He's got like 15 lawnmowers
and two vans.

He is what you call a landscaper.

Oh, shit. Oh, no.

GAVIN:

Let me see that.

No. No!

I don't think you'd starve,
are you kidding me?

You weren't supposed to see that.

Let me see.

Alright, let me see.

Don't!

No!

You are an artist.

That's cool.

Shit.

(LAUGHTER)

(GROANS)

No!

Dude, you can't be
walking around like that.

No, it's not that bad.

(SCOFFS)

Yeah, right.

Really, it's not that big.

Dude, we need to find you something.

I'm gonna like rip this more
every time I see it.

It could be worse.

Come on.

What are you doing?

Where are we going?

What? Whoa, whoa... What are you doing?

You know there's people here?

I know that. But, like, this is my dad's
and it will fit you.

And you can't be wearing
that anymore.

I don't know about that.

You can have something from me.

Okay.

Okay?

Fine.

There you go.

Hurry up. There's people staring at us.

I'll get your bag.

Alright!

No!

Come on!

Stop!

Hey!

There you go.

Woops.

Hey.

It's a sin to throw food away,
man, especially popcorn.

Fuck you!

TET:

Don't be rude.

Now I have two traitors.

What are you looking at, asshole?
I don't speak Spanish.
I said, "What are you
looking at, asshole?"
Kiko!
What did you just call me?
Luke!
Come with me, sugar.
Asshole, you're gonna get it.
Damn it, let's go!
Wake up, honey, we're leaving.
Hey! Let's go.
What the fuck are you wearing?
Don't even, man.
You fucked that girl, didn't you?
You dirty little skank!
I didn't, I didn't.
Yeah, you fucking did.
No, I didn't!
How was she, man?
Oh, give it up!
A little bit of hot sauce,
a little bit of Tapatio.
Did you taste that taco?
Fuck you!
Who the fuck is that guy anyways?
I don't know, some Chavez, dude.
Hey, do you want this?
Are you serious?
Yeah. Do you want it or not?
Fuck, yeah, man. Absolutely.
It's the butcher.
Sure you want to give me this?
Yeah. Let's go.
(ENGINE STARTS)
I don't know what you see
in those assholes.
I hate gringos.
Well, too bad because half
of your family is gringo, dude.
Oh, yeah, baby. Gringo, gringo, gringo.
Yeah!
Yes, but I'm not that
kind of gringo. I'm cute.

Have you heard this guy?
Luke, do you want a beer?
Sure.
Thank you.

DAD:

Well, we're joining
the Clayton Brothers Brigade.
Come on in here, son.
You ready to go hunt some Mexicans?

LUKE:

What the fuck is that?
What?
That shirt! No fucking way, Jos.
Dad.
Take it off!
Come on, Mr. Hayes.
It's just a joke.
A joke? Well, I'm not laughing.
Take it off before I rip it off.
Dad! Just leave me alone!
I don't want any spics in this house,
even if it's on a goddamn T-shirt.

LUKE:

(CELLPHONE RINGS)
Where are we going?
It's a surprise.
This is the mural
that I wanted to show you.
Look this right here.
You're gonna die.
Mm.
It's not even that hot.
Uh-huh.
Oh!
Yeah, that's what I thought.
(LAUGHING)
It's so hot!
Oh, my...
I can't believe it.
No, they are freaking kissing!
You have to be kidding me.

That's disgusting.

(GROANS)

Okay, let's just go.

What's up, cousin?

Look at you! You've gringoed up.

Do you like being here already?

It's just the clothes,

I'm still from Sonora.

People here don't even know
who they are.

Do you mean me?

I don't know who I am?

Who's that white guy you're into?

You too?

What, cause he's white

I don't know who I am?

Easy, cousin. Don't take it out on me.

If you're into him,

it's your problem, right?

But he better know how lucky he is.

He knows. Trust me.

Anyways, today we are gonna have
so much fun.

See, you even forgot your Spanish.

I didn't forget it.

What's this?

I don't know, try it.

Come on, eat, we're leaving.

It's so good.

GIRL:

He's there.

CHRIS:

Huh?

Tell me,

'cause I didn't get any notice.

What are you talking about, Chris?

Who's that slut?

You know, the spic

you kissed at the mall.

We saw you

with that Mexican girl.

You kissed a... a Mexican spic?

Yeah, I did. And what's worse?
That I kissed another girl
or that she's Mexican?
Hey, Chrissy, like,
don't worry about it.
He's totally not worth it...
Don't touch me!

GIRL:

RAMN:

MARISOL:

I wanna show you something.
Come here.
I wanna show you something.
Just come here!
What's with you?
(RAMN SHUSHING) Give me a kiss.
A kiss. I want you to give me
a fucking kiss.

RAMN:

with your cousin?
She doesn't want to.
Respect her, that's all.
She doesn't want to
because she doesn't want to,
or because she's really
dating a gringo?
She doesn't want to, man.
I hate him!
He totally doesn't deserve you.
Just like... stop thinking about him.
Hi, girls.
How are you doing?
You are a cheat son of bitch.
Get away from me.
What are you talking about?
Hey, why are you so mad at me?
You should be screaming
at your fucking boyfriend, not at me.
Girls, guard the door.
Okay.

Come on.

TET:

God can't hear you.
Do you want to be my girlfriend?
Girlfriend?
Yes. Do you want to or not?
Was it that difficult to say?
Asking me?
Is that a yes?
Yes.
You didn't tell me
Gavin as cheating on me.
So what? You were cheating
on him... with me.
We made out once,
and it meant nothing to me.
Oh, really?
I don't remember it like that.
Besides, Gavin is too busy
eating burritos now. He's over you.
No one dumps me.
Not him, not you and not anybody.
Do you want revenge?
You and me.

MARISOL:

You kissed...
Okay, I kissed him, I kissed him.
I kissed him.
And?
And it was really nice,
I don't know.
Was he a gentleman,
or was he a total caballero with you?
Was he, like, super sweet?
He was a gentleman.
Hey, guys. Take a look.
Yeah, what's up?
Come.
(WHISPERING)
Wait, careful.
(MARISOL WHISPERING) Wait.
(GUNSHOT)

What the fuck is your problem,
motherfucker?
You could've killed someone!
I know what I'm doing,
don't mess with me.
You were going to eat
the fucking rabbit. Respect.
We don't respect anyone here.
Did you forget how the fucking gringos
wanted to hunt you?

MARISOL:

hell is wrong with you?
Don't you ever forget that. Ever.
Li!
See you.

MARISOL:

KIKO:

We're leaving.
What?
Let's go.
Pack up the things, guys.
Where are we?
Is this where you live?
Yeah, come on.
I just need to grab a few things.
Only my grandpa is home,
he's always sleeping anyways though.
I thought you said you had a sister.
I do. Her room is upstairs.
Hey, look. That's my family.
That's my mom right there.
She's beautiful.
Yeah, she is.
Oh, my gosh. Is this you?
Yes!
Wow, you are a cutie.
Thank you.
Hey, look at this. This is my grandpa.
Yeah.
And this is my dad.

MARISOL:

Looks kind of pissed.
He's always pissed.
I mean, ever since he lost his business.
He was a contractor.
Was?
Mm-hm.
Well, what happened?
Well, I mean, everyone else
was hiring illegals, but he...
He wouldn't.
No, I mean, he really doesn't like...
Just never mind, it was... it's stupid.
But, hey, come on.
Let me show you my room.
Well, this is it.
This is my room.
Cool, it's nice.
Thank you.
Do you play football?
Yeah. Are you surprised?
No, just making conversation.
Where is this?
That's in Utah.
Spring break, sophomore year.
This photo.
Have a seat.
This is... Zion Canyon.
It's the best place on earth.
I mean... I wanna just escape there
and live off the land.
Would you take me if you left?
Yeah.
What is Gavin doing here?
(DOOR OPENS)

MOM:

Oh, my God.

GAVIN:

I thought you were in DC, Mom.

TRICIA:

We, uh, we finished early.

Nuh-uh, we drove by.
They're still out there.
Um... Mom, this is Marisol.
Hi.
Hello.
Would you help me
with your grandfather, please?
Yeah, Mom. Just a second.
I'm so sorry.
Yeah.
Gavin...
Just give me one moment.

TRICIA:

Yeah, Mom?
I don't want you skipping school.
Mom, I'm not skipping school.
Your father's gonna be home soon.
Okay, I'll hurry up.
Would you help us
with your grandfather, please?
Yeah, I'll go get him.

MARISOL:

Okay.
Alright, pops, we gotta get going.
Okay, Gavin. Here we go.
Alright, Marisol, I'll be right back.
Yeah, sure.
Bye, Marisol.
Bye.

TRICIA:

Bye.
What?
Be quick, alright?
Okay.
(GAVIN SIGHS)
(LAUGHS)
Oh, that wasn't awkward at all.
Yeah, that was really weird.
I'm sorry.
Is she pissed?
No, she's alright.

Oh, my gosh.

You okay?

Well, way to make
a first impression, Gavin.

(LAUGHING)

I should probably get out of here.

Alright.

Well, hey, I could give you a ride.

Sure.

Alright.

Hey, when will I get to see you next?

Well, you ever gone
to a quinceaera?

No.

Okay, you have a date.

Alright.

LUKE:

It's like a different country out here.

I don't like it.

What about your girlfriend?

What if Chris

finds out about this? Jesus!

You know, I think I don't care.

Alright, alright, let's get laid,
then. Let's get laid.

LUKE:

(UPBEAT MUSIC PLAYS)

(LAUGHING)

When we were fighting those bastards,

I screw his arm like this.

There she is.

Come on, cool it, cool it, Luke.

Jesus Christ.

Just take it easy, alright?

Let's have some fun.

TET:

Let's have some fun, alright?

GAVIN:

I know, I know.

Hi.

Hey.

Hey, Luke.

LUKE:

You look amazing.

Thank you very much.

You don't look too bad yourself.

Thank you.

Come with me.

Hey, how are you?

TET:

I'm good. You look sexy as hell.

Damn.

Thank you.

What? Are we hiding or something?

No.

What, do you want to kiss in public?

No, I guess not.

I didn't think you'd come.

You asked me to.

Yeah, well...

Come on, I'm gonna show you
how to dance. Come with me.

Yep, you are coming.

You know I can't dance.

You're coming.

Thanks. Cheers.

Thanks for being here.

(EVERYBODY LAUGHING)

Okay, so just follow my lead, okay?

Okay.

So you first go forward...

Uh-huh.

Yeah, then you go back a little
and just a little bit more forward...

Look at that fucking gringo, man.

And you turn me around.

And then...

Good, you're getting the hang of it.

Just feel the rhythm.

Alright.

You gotta feel the rhythm.

(LAUGHING)

MARISOL:

Who invited you to the party, gero?

MARISOL:

This is a party, alright?

Now go get a drink or something.

I don't want to fight you.

MARISOL:

How about you going for a drink, bitch?

Ramn!

Fuck you!

Shut the fuck up!

MARISOL:

GAVIN:

MARISOL:

I'll cut your face, fag.

LUKE:

Hey, Luke,

what are you doing with the knife?

(OVERLAPPING YELLING)

MAN:

MARISOL:

Back off, back off!

Don't touch him!

MARISOL:

Back the fuck up!

LUKE:

RAMN:

(YELLING CONTINUES)

Tet!

Come on!

MAN:

That's enough! Stop it!
What's the matter with you, Ramn?
Get out of here, cabrn!
Enough! Stop it!
That's enough!
Enough, assholes!
Put down the knife!

MARISOL:

Who started it?
Those fucking gringos, Dad!
Who invited them?

KIKO:

I invited them, Dad.
I'll kill you all, fucking Mexicans!

KIKO:

MAN:

OFFICER:

I wanna see everybody's papers
right now!
Your papers, now! Everyone!
MARISOL AND KIKO: Genaro!
Officer, he's visiting.
He left his papers at home!
No papers, he goes.

MARISOL:

Well, you know that he's gonna be
back on the border tomorrow
whether he has papers or not!
You can bring his papers to Tucson.

MARISOL:

Inside the house, Marisol!
No, Dad!

WOMAN:

Gavin!
You guys are both fucking idiots!

MAN:

Marisol!

OFFICER:

MAN:

(MARISOL CRIES)

Get in.

Get into the car, both of you.

MARISOL:

MAN:

You were supposed to arrest
the fucking spics, not us, dumb asses!
What did you say?

Nothing.

What did you say, Luke?

I said they were supposed
to arrest them, not us.

You called border patrol,
you son of a bitch!

Goddamn it, Luke!

(GAVIN BREATHING HEAVILY)

MAN:

Hey, Donnie.

How are you doing?

Good, you?

It's been a long time.

Yeah.

What's it been since high school?

Something like that.

Yeah.

Well, come on, I got him holding.

It's good to see you, pal.

Thanks.

Still working out?

A little bit.

Yeah, you look in shape. Good.

Right this way.

I mean, I ain't claiming
to know your boy, but...

provoking those kids

in the... hood...
Couple of minutes,
there would've been a racial incident.
I really appreciate this.
I know.
It's alright, man. That's how it
works in high school, right?
Come on.
Right.
Okay, boys. Get your personals
with the desk sergeant and...
Thank God your dad is my friend.
Let's go.

EARL:

weren't you?
The one your mother saw you with
in your room.
That little Latino slut.
Answer me!
Whatever you have
with that gringo is over!
Where do you think you're going?
Come with me.
No, Dad, I'm tired.
I'm not asking you.
Mom!
Earl, please.
Stay out of this!
Let's go.
Let's go!
Dad...
Line up!

EARL:

(GAVIN MOANS)

EARL:

You know, I don't know how
your priorities got so screwed up.
You can bet your ass we're gonna get your
focus where it should be.
Get up!

EARL:

(GAVIN MOANS)

Again.

Again!

(GAVIN GROANS)

That Latino cop's
your friend, right, Dad?

Gavin!

Come back here!

Stupid...

Fuck!

(DOOR OPENS)

You know this is all
because of that girl.

(TRICIA SIGHS)

What will you do about this?

Your father...

I don't care what dad says!

You know who I work for, Gavin.

Mom, she's American.

She's like you and me, okay?

You are not racist, are you, Mom?

Of course, not.

Go to bed,

I'll talk about this...

No, Mom! Please!

Please, don't betray me!

Not you, Mom.

(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

(PHONE BEEPS)

They want me to stop seeing you.

Why?

It was stupid of Luke
to even bring that knife,
but we didn't even start it, Marisol.

My cousin got sent back
to Mexico, Gavin.

It doesn't matter who started it.

I'm sorry.

It doesn't matter.

I'm not able to see you anyways.

Yeah, but...

God, why does it have to be like this?

Why do people

have to hate each other?
Like, why is there a racial difference?
White people hate Latinos
and Latinos hate whites?
It just doesn't make any sense.
It's not always like that.
Ninety nine percent
of the time it is.
It's not, it's all just people.
I mean, either side of that wall,
it's the same wants and needs.
Nobody thinks like that!
Yes, they do.
But it's just easier to hate
than to change.
Okay.
Come on.
(CELLPHONE RINGING)
Hello?
The money just arrived,
my grandma has it.
Geno, you know
what I want the most
is for you to be here with us.
But I don't want to risk it, son.
Don't worry,
I will take care of myself.
I swear, uncle, I swear.
Alright.
Be careful on your way here.
Okay.
Put your grandma on.
Bye.
Son.
Mom.
Hey, I need a favor from you.

WOMAN:

you will meet other guys.
(CLEARING THROAT)
Where's Genaro?
He's in Nogales.
I wired him money
to cross the border on Monday.

I'm really sorry, Dad.
I spoke to your grandma in Sonora.
She's very ill.
She needs help.
What are you saying, Dad?
You always wanted to live
in Sonora, right?
When I was five!
Now you wanna send me
in the middle of school
just keep me from one boy?
He's a gringo, Marisol!
We're from Sonora, Marisol.
You're from Sonora, not me!
You better leave.
Leave me alone.
(INDISTINCT CHATTER)

CHRIS:

GAVIN:

Look at you, hot shot!
Playing ball like a boss.
How are you?
It's good to see you.
Good to see you, too.

CHRIS:

Stop it, Chris.
What? We ain't ghetto enough?
(SPEAKS INDISTINCT)
Come back to your homeland, bitch!
Chris!
Stop it! This is stupid!
Why? Is she hiding a knife?
Chris, I told you to stop it.
Get your filthy pawns off me, Gavin!
Who knows whether they've been.

LUKE:

No, you guys need to calm down!
Mind your own goddamn life!
You are the one fucking up, bro!
Just let them go.

Get your shit straight!
She's not worthy.
They're sending me to Mexico, Gavin.
What?
Yeah.
When?
I don't know.
Soon, I guess.
I cannot live without you.
Then don't let me go.

GAVIN:

Man, I just wish I wasn't so...
God, I'm so late!
Yeah, you are pretty late.
Was it worth it, though?
I mean, come on.
Oh, my God, Gavin.
Uh, yeah.
Good.
I mean, I'll never forget
how special this was for me.
Me neither.

MARISOL:

(MARISOL SCREAMS)

RAMN:

Let her go!

UNCLE:

Get up, motherfucker!

UNCLE:

LI:

(RAMN YELLING)
I told you you'd be in trouble!
I told you!
You don't belong with him!
Let's go! Now!
(GAVIN SIGHS)
(GRUNTS)
Sorry.

Just go easy, Mom.
We've seen worse than this, right?
This football season alone.
She's not for you, Gav.
Mom, I love her.
Not her, Gavin.
It is her, Mom.
I feel like dying if I'm not with her.
Love fades, Gavin. Always.
No.
Just running away from love
is betraying ourselves, Mom.
Who taught you that?
You did, Mom. You did.
I just really want to be alone
right now, okay?
Okay.
(DOOR OPENS, CLOSES)

REPORTER:

your thoughts on the legalization
of 11 million illegal immigrants
that now live in the U.S.?
I can tell you one thing,
thanks to congressman Warren and the
Republican Party here in Arizona,
our borders will be more secure.
We will stop this illegal immigration,
that is most certainly
a cancer in our society.
Where's your old man?
Can't make it.

REPORTER:

a direct victim of our
immigration problems, do you not?
Two years ago, my husband
lost his construction business
due to the flood of cheap labor
from Mexico.
He was a law abiding employer
and he wouldn't hire
undocumented workers.
He was our sole provider

at the time.
It was hard. It's still hard.
These wet backs are trespassing.
If you see one,
you shoot one, understood?
Immigration isn't just
about job losses either,
there's an entire way of life
being threatened here.
Schools are overcrowded,
health services are over exceeded.
Youth violence and gangs
are everywhere.
Look, Arizonans are tolerant people.
This is not a racial issue.
This is a legal, economic,
and safety concern.
In many ways,
it's just as important as terrorism.
Ready?
Hell, yeah.
Don't move!
Don't move or we'll shoot!
Don't move or we'll shoot you!
Stand down!
Don't move!
You are trespassing on private land!
You're under arrest!
Who's the coyote?
Who's the coyote?

MAN:

(GUNSHOTS)
Who's the coyote?
Who's the coyote?
Hold your fire!
Round them up!
Round them up! Round them up!

EARL:

LUKE:

Hey!
(GUN SHOT)

Hold your fire!

WOMAN:

is in the U.S. illegally.
He's in the hospital with a bullet.
He has the right to see his family.
Please, miss, just give us
the damn hospital name.
I'm sorry, Ma'am.
We can't give you that information.
Listen, he's a kid, he was shot.
He's in the hospital,
it's my nephew and he's maybe dying.
Can you help us, please?
Marisol?

WOMAN:

Gavin?
What are you doing here?

MAN:

My cousin got shot by fucking ranchers
crossing the border.
What the hell are you doing here?
Oh, my God!
What the fuck is going on here?

GAVIN:

Gavin, just step away!
Step away from that girl.
Marisol!
(INDISTINCT YELLING)
You're not seeing that girl.
Let's go!
Let's go Marisol! Let's go!
He's the fucking gringo
who shot at us!
No, no, Marisol,
I wasn't even there!
Which one of them shot him?
The young one!

OFFICER:

EARL:

GAVIN:

You are not gonna do anything?
My nephew is dying in the hospital!
You're a bunch of assholes, you are!
Please, let's go!

WOMAN:

Don't worry.
Okay.
Genaro will be alright.
Okay. I'm coming, Mom.
Hi, friend.
It's gonna be okay.
Everybody is acting
like if I wanted this to happen.
Because no one else knows
what's going on with you anymore.
I thought you did.
I just don't know
whose side you're on.
What do you mean sides?
Tet, there are no sides.
I just wanted to be with him.
I just wanted to love him, that's all.
You know, Marisol?
Love who you want to love
and live the life you want to live,
but Genaro would have never been
on the other side of the border if...
Go on.
You know.
This happened because of them,
and Genaro was deported because of them.
And you know it.
Just go.
I thought we were friends.
Leave, Marisol. Please.

LUKE:

That's crazy.
Oh, really?
Right in the shoulder...

Where have you been?
Back the fuck up, Otis.
You've been getting on my nerves, Gavin.
Oh, you think you're all tough now,
shooting helpless immigrants, huh?
One dead spic is one less.
Shut the fuck up, Otis.
You just don't get it, do you, Luke?
You're a racist.
No, you are the one that doesn't get it!
Running around with that goddamn
Mexican, missing practice!
You may not give a shit with your
fucking football scholarship,
but what about the rest of us, huh?
We're stuck here fighting for fucking
paychecks against these pricks!
And you are going to fight against us?
Fuckin' way!
Take your shit.
You're gonna need it.
He's right, man. It's them or us.
Go fuck yourself, Otis.
Your friend almost kills your cousin
and his father is a crazy racist.
But Gavin didn't have anything
to do with this, Dad!
You can't blame it on him.
You always tell us
to be fair, but you aren't!
I won't argue with you
about this!
I don't want you seeing that boy!
Don't talk to him!
Don't even think about it!
Give me your cell phone.
What?

WOMAN:

Give me your phone, goddamn it!
Have your bags ready,
I bought your ticket to Sonora.
You're leaving the day
after tomorrow and that's it!

Marisol...
Hey, Marisol!
Marisol!
You're not supposed
to be here, gero.
I just want to talk to Marisol, alright?
She's not around.
Yeah, well, I'll leave a message.
You could leave it with us.

NACHO:

Hey, hey!
What the fuck are you doing here?
I just want to talk to Marisol.
You're gonna get
yourself killed, fucker.
Marisol!
Go.
Marisol! Don't touch me!
Marisol!
(ENGINE STARTS)
Gavin!
Gavin!
Don't give up on me.
(SOBBING)
(KNOCKING ON THE DOOR)
Marisol, someone
is here to see you.
I'll leave you two alone.
Your mom told me
you're leaving tomorrow.
Forgive me, girl.
You don't deserve anything
from what I said.
I said horrible things to you.
What happened to Genaro
was not your fault.
You can't leave me!
If you leave,
who will I fight with?
Tet...
Mm-hm...
my friend...
I need your help with something.

Anything.

MARISOL:

Marisol, you know how...

Please, Tet.

I feel like I'm dying.

I need to see him.

(CELLPHONE RINGING)

Hello?

Gavin? It's Marisol.

Marisol, oh, my God.

Marisol, I went to your house
and they wouldn't even let me see you.

I know.

I know, I was there.

Hurry up, Marisol.

I need to see you.

I'm leaving to Mexico tomorrow.

What?

I love you.

I need to see you.

You can't leave me.

I couldn't live without you.

Then come with me.

I'll go anywhere with you.

Okay.

Come on, Mari.

Okay, okay, okay. So... so,
meet me at the warehouse, okay?

We can go before sunrise.

We cross the border
and then we'll be free.

I'll see you there.

I love you, Marisol.

I love you.

Come on, Marisol! Come on!

Okay, okay!

(WHISPERS INDISTINCT)

(DOOR SHUTS)

You're leaving with her, ain't you?

Yeah.

What about football?

You just quit?

What about grandpa?

What about me?
Okay, Amber...
I can't live here anymore.
I know you can't.
You'll be okay, alright.
You'll be alright.
Listen, I'm gonna need you
to take care of grandpa, alright?
I gotta get going.
(BAG ZIPPERING)
I ain't gonna cover for you.
I ain't gonna miss you either.
I know.

AMBER:

Tet!
Tet!
You keep the fuck down.
My mom is inside.
Where's Marisol?
Leave her alone.

RAMN:

Where is she?
What the fuck is wrong with you?
Where is Marisol, fucker?
I don't know!
Fucking shit!
Did she leave
with that fucking gringo?
I don't know where the fuck she is!
She'll leave with the fucking gringo!
Fucking bitch!
Easy, brother!
Shut the fuck up!

RAMN:

You're gonna tell me
where she is at, okay?
I won't hurt you, I swear.
She's in the warehouse.
Where?
She's in the warehouse.
You're not lying?

I told you, men.
Come on.
No, Ramn, I'm not coming.
I fucking knew it, man.
You're a fucking pussy.
Li...
I don't fucking need you!
I'm going by myself!
I'm Ramn, motherfucker.
I'm Ramn, fucker!
Are you sure you wanna do this?
Yeah.
You?
Yeah.
I don't want anything more.
(VEHICLE APPROACHING)
What is he doing here?
Why is he here?
Gavin.
Where are you going?
What are you doing here, Ramn?
Taking care of what's mine.

MARISOL:

Get over it, alright?
You're a fucking whore.
(MARISOL CRIES)

MARISOL:

RAMN:

Out of my way!
(ALL SCREAMING)
You're not going anywhere!
Put the gun down.
Put the gun down.
Stop right there, white boy,
I swear to God I'll shoot.
What are you doing, Ramn?
Just put the gun down, man!
If she wants to go,
you can't stop her.
She's not going with you,
she's going with me!

Get in the car, bitch!
Luke, put the gun down, too!
Okay? This is between Marisol and I!
Amber came crying to me.
Okay, Gavin, you don't want to go.
Just put your guns down!
Shut up!
(GUNSHOT)
(GAVIN CRYING)
Marisol!
(MARISOL SCREAMS)

GAVIN:

No, no, no, no, no.
It's okay, it's okay, it's okay.
It's okay.
No, no, no.
Luke, call the ambulance!
(GAVIN SHUSHING)
No, no, no. It's okay!
It's okay!

GAVIN:

No, no, no. Please, don't die!
Please, don't die, Marisol!
No!

GAVIN:

(GAVIN BREATHING HEAVILY)
Marisol.
Marisol! Marisol! Marisol!
Marisol, wake up!
Wake up!
(CRYING)
No, no...

WOMAN:

is my home.
It's the place...
where my parents and I
came seeking a better life...
and where I grew up.
Here...
I met the man I married.

And here, Marisol...
was also born.
This was her country.
And here she also fell in love.
But she fell in love with Gavin,
a white boy.
And they couldn't live their love
because in this place,
whites and mexicanos don't mix.
But we all are just people...
trying to be happy,
raising families, falling in love.
Like Marisol did.
We should learn...
from Marisol and Gavin.