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Bordertown

By Gregory Nava

More murders in Juarez!
Juarez terrorized
by wave of killings!
Three more womens' bodies found!
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Juarez terrorized
by wave of killings!
Three more womens' bodies found!
Get the truth,
read about it in El Sol.
MORE MURDERS IN JUAREZ!
Out of the way!
Confiscate all these newspapers!
Get all this trash out of here!
Move it! Take it all!
The first shift is now ending.
Thank goodness we're done.
I'm so tired.
I have to go downtown
to buy my sister a gift.
What are you going to get her?
A doll.
- How much for the doll?
- Twenty. I have different colors.
- Will you take less?
- Fifteen.
Fine. I'll take it.
Stop!
- Are you going to Colonia Anapara?
- Yes. Have a seat.
Do you mind if I get some gas?
No, that's okay.
Yes.
There is no gas station.
Everything is alright.
Don't be afraid.
Stop! I don't want
to have to kill you!
Help me, please! Help me!
Over the last few years...
375 Mexican women
have been raped and murdered.
An additional 700 Mexican women
are still missing.

No one knows who,
no one knows why.
You wanna find out?
- Nobody gives a shit about Mexico.
- Lf you give a shit, they will.
- Okay!
- Just get to the heart of the story!
You used to work
for the El Paso Courier, right?
- What does that have to do with it?
- You speak enough Spanish.
I don't speak Spanish.
I don't know anything about Mexico.
- What was the name of your partner?
- Diaz.
Alfonso Diaz. You guys
were wonderful together.
You won the JFK medal, right?
I'm really trying to help you out.
- But you're so goddamned mighty!
- All right!
I'll do it. But when I do...
I want the foreign
correspondence job. Deal?
Yeah, why not?
I'll leave tonight.
Ma'am? We've arrived.
How are you, Lauren?
This is Frank.
- Hey, Frank.
- I thought I'd give you the heads-up.
George is looking for you.
He's pissed.
You were supposed to call him
the second you landed in Juarez.
Hope you're having a blast down there.
Hold on for Frank.
What the hell is going on?
George. Did you know that they are
claiming that the murders are solved?
The police have some guy in custody.
Some Egyptian guy. His name is...
Al-Awar.
It's bullshit. It's different

patterns with the different victims.

Some are strangled

with shoelaces.

Others have bite marks

on their breasts.

- You know, it's not anything.

- It sounds you're onto something...

Don't forget what you promised me.

I want the foreign correspondent job.

One job at a time, kid.

You stay focused.

We'll talk about it

when you get home.

Hi, can I speak

to Alfonso Diaz, please?

This is the Chicago Sentinel.

- Diaz?

- Who's this?

This is Lauren.

Lauren Adrian?

Remember?

- Lauren?

- Yeah.

I mean, it can't be.

Where are you calling from?

Chicago?

Actually I'm here.

I'm in Juarez.

My...

Fuck.

Excuse me? Excuse me?

Lotte Bravo?

Straight? Okay.

Gracias.

Lauren? Is that you?

It's me.

It's you.

I can't believe it.

- You look good.

- You look good, too.

I was surprised when you called.

I thought I'd never see you again.

Maybe you're on CNN

and not here in Juarez.

It has been a long time,
hasn't it?

- What are they doing?

- They're looking for bodies.
Their daughters.

They're the only ones who can find
bodies. Police didn't find anything.
Authorities, well, they're trying
to cover the whole thing up.

- Yeah.

- Anyway.

What are you doing here?

I'm doing a story on the murders.

- There's always a story with you.

- It's not like that.

- Yeah, you always want something.

- I don't want anything.

It's something that I think
we need to do, together.

- I gotta go and find these pictures.

- Come on.

Team up with me.

It'll be like old times.

Old times?

That is exactly
what I want to avoid.

Shit.

Diaz!

You have to do something.

Her killers will come back for her.

People know about this.

You will never be safe.

I know. But, who can we go to?

The police?

They won't protect us.

The government...

all they do is steal.

The newspaper El Sol.

We should go there.

Alfonso Diaz can help us.

Hold on. Wait up!

You can't come here for six years
and expect me to help you.

- You're happy to see me, I can tell.

- Yeah, sure.

I need an inside contact, someone
who knows this world the way you do.

My God, what happened here?

What are these, bullet holes?

The price for telling the truth
in Juarez.

You are a great
investigative reporter.

One of the best when we
worked together in El Paso.

- What are you doing in this place?

- Alfonso!

They're saying the devil took a girl
to hell and she escaped.

The rumors are flying.

- This is getting crazy.

- What?

The Indians believe that the devil
himself is doing these murders.

- The devil?

- Yeah.

And they hand us
these reports all the time.

It changes shape every night.

Some nights he's a dandy.

Some nights an old man.

Keeps the women,
takes them to hell.

According to this new report,
some girl escaped from the devil.

Escaped?

Think there's anything to it?

Who knows? There's nothing
but hysteria and rumors.

Women are being used
for snuff films.

People kill women, take their organs.
Serial killers come from everywhere.

You wanna kill a woman
for any reason, you come to Juarez.

Is there any evidence
to support any of these theories?

Of course. There's evidence

to support all of them.

They may all be true.

Lauren...

the number of women killed
is not 375.

It's just a number

the police concord up.

But the real number is

probably closer to 5 thousand.

Five thousand?

Maybe it is the devil.

I brought you something.

Remember this?

What?

We earned this together.

I know.

- Take it.

- No, you keep it.

- You sure?

- Yeah.

- This is your family?

- Yeah.

Your wife?

- My wife.

- That was a stupid question.

Your boy. He looks like you.

Those bastards are trying
to take our papers.

You see? It is trying
to stall my liberty of paper.

They are trying to shut me down.

I am overwhelmed right now.

I'm fighting just to keep
my paper open. I can't help you.

- You don't mean that.

- Alfonso!

Another fire in Colonia Anapra.

People were stealing electricity again.

- A fire, what?

- Fires happen all the time.

There's no fire department,
there's no fire trucks.

What. Fire trucks?

There's no water.

Take those papers off the truck!
I don't care what they say!
Diaz, listen to me.
We can get the front page.
Think about it.
They'd never do this to you again.
What is this? More promises
of glory from George?
That's what you left me,
remember?
The answer is no.
Do you understand no? No!
Get more men to help!
You're blowing it, Diaz!
Big time!
What's going on over there?
That girl says that she was in hell
with the devil. And that she escaped.
It's all nonsense.
Open the door! Open the door!
You say your attacker
was the bus driver?
Could you identify him?
Yes... and the other man too.
Ask her if she has any marks
maybe on her neck...
or a bite mark on her breast.
I don't need to ask.
I have already seen... she does.
Do you know what this means?
A lot of our victims had
that bite mark on their breasts.
It all happened in Lotte Bravo.
Almost all the killings
happened there.
Has any other woman
ever survived an attack?
No, never.
This could blow the whole lid over
what's happening here in Juarez.
Have you told this
to any other newspapers?
- No, senorita.
- No?

Will you help me?

Si. We'll help.

Alfonso, the police are here.

You hear that, right? We can't
let the police get to them.

Don't worry. I don't have intentions
of giving them to the police.

We've got to get them out of here,
through the back. Come on.

I'm gonna go with them. This could be
the biggest story of the year.

She could never disappear in a crowd
with you, a blonde American?

You're going to put her life
in danger for a fucking story?

But her life is already in danger.

She wants our help. Didn't you hear?

The police have assembled
a fort out there.

- Over here.

- No, no.

That's the first place
they would look.

Shit!

Diaz!

Mr. Lopez? I'm Lauren Adrian
from the Chicago Sentinel.

- A woman reporter?

- We've been around since Lois Lane.

I'm doing a story...

I'm doing a story on the murders.

Of the factory workers?

You did get my interview request?

- You've heard of me in Chicago?

- Sure.

- Can I get your picture for my piece?

- Yeah.

- Is that okay?

- Sure.

Why don't you guys get together?

You know what?

Hold these papers...

and act like you're having
an important conversation.

Perfect. That's it.
You look handsome, Eduardo.
I see you've met my old friend.
I need to talk with you
in your office.
You can't stop delivery
of my paper.
I'm not here for that.
Let's go into your office.
- No. Sorry.
- Okay.
It's not about the paper. I'm looking
for a young woman and her mother.
They're Indian.
There are rumors coming out
of Colonia Anapra about this girl.
They said that they would
be speaking to your newspaper.
I don't know anything about it.
I've been trying to keep my paper
from being shut down all day.
Do you mind if we look around?
- Do I have a choice?
- No, you don't.
Look outside.
We can't find anybody outside.
Alfonso, you better come with us.
You can't take him anywhere.
It's for questioning. Don't the police
question people in Chicago?
Is all right.
I've been through this before.
Call me for that interview.
You can come out.
You okay?
My name is Lauren.
I will help you.
- Do you understand?
- Si. We understand.
We work in El Paso.
A little English, we understand.
Maybe with your little English and my
little Spanish we can get through this.
She cannot go home.

They will take her.

- You understand? She cannot go home.

- Yes. Yes.

How about we do this?

You tu casa.

And I will take Eva with me.

That's what we'll do.

And if you need anything,
talk to Alfonso Diaz.

We'll go out the back.

You'll out the front.

Everything normal.

That's what we'll do.

What's that?

The Virgin.

She protects me.

You like that?

You like the song?

It's Juanes.

He's my favorite.

Look! There he is!

- He's cute.

- Yes, he is.

Very cute.

George, listen to me.

This girl was attacked,
strangled, buried...

and left for dead. She crawled out
of her own fucking grave.

Does anyone else know
about this, any other papers?

No. I'm sitting on an exclusive.

I can't keep her here by myself.

There's this woman, Teresa Casillas

And she's on my interview list.

She started a group
for the woman workers.

Get this. She wants to find
the guys who did this.

And I'm going to help her.

Well, it's a great angle, Lauren.

But be careful. You're not a cop.

George, I gotta go!

Eva?

Eva!

Do you have my keys?

- Move that piece of junk!

- Shut up!

Oh, shit.

Hi, I'm Lauren Adrian,
journalist from the United States.

I need to speak to Senora Casillas?

She's busy now.

It's an emergency.

- Gracias.

- Si.

Lauren Adrian?

- You Teresa Casillas?

- I thought the interview was tomorrow.

Yeah, but I have a situation.

I have a girl with me.

She was raped...

and almost killed in the desert.

She's weak. She's in my car.

And I'm gonna need some help.

Of course.

This is dangerous.

I don't think you know

how dangerous this is.

The government here doesn't want
anyone to know about these things.

If you go around

telling people about this...

- then you become their enemy.

- But this is an important story.

A story that I desperately
want to tell.

Even if you find Eva's attackers...

she will have to identify them

in a formal court proceedings...

before she can have any trial.

The court will not be on her side
and she would have no protection.

She's going to be putting

her life in danger.

Will she be able to do this?

She crawled out of her own grave.

She wants to do this, Teresa.

There you are.
This place is so beautiful.
It doesn't seem real.
It's real.
She's gonna let you
stay here for awhile...
so you don't have to go back
to the hotel or anything.
He came to me that last night
at the hotel.
Who came to you?
The Devil.
Eva, there was nobody
at the hotel last night.
- He was.
- It wasn't real.
The Devil wasn't there.
There's a doctor here to see you.
He's going to help you get better.
Are you going to fight for me?
Of course I'm going
to fight for you.
Lauren? This is the doctor.
Lauren Adrian.
- Mucho gusto.
- Mucho gusto.
- This is Eva.
- Hola, Eva.
I'm Doctor Cervantes.
- Lauren?
- Diaz. You all right?
I'm fine. The police
released me this morning.
But the mothers, they found
another body in Lotte Bravo.
- Really?
- You have to come. Quickly.
I'm coming right now.
No photographs!
- It's digital.
- Senor, senior.
It's starting to feel like
old times.
Did you see? She was strangled

with one of her shoelaces.
It's one of the patterns.
The Chief of Police right up there.
'Scuse me. Hi, I'm Lauren Adrian
from the Chicago Sentinel.
I don't have time
for any interviews.
But doesn't this killing prove that
there are murderers in Juarez?
This is not one of the murders.
It's a case of domestic violence.
- Domestic violence?
- The murders are the work of one man.
- His name is Al-Abar.
- Haven't there been many murders...
- since he's been arrested?
- We have reason to believe...
he has been masterminding
these murders from prison.
I'd like an interview with him.
How can I get an interview?
That is totally impossible.
- So no one's allowed to see him.
- Senorita...
the man is in total isolation.
No one is allowed to see him.
Really?
Then how is he masterminding
all these killings from prison?
We're still investigating that.
So, that night you walked
right through here.
On the street.
And then I...
I turned down this alley.
This is the way I always
take to home. Mi casa.
And this is where the man
who frightened you came up to you.
And then you...
- I went that way.
- Down this way...
and that's where you got
on the factory bus.

Well, we're early.
Let's wait.
And when a factory bus comes by,
that'll be our bus.
This city is very ugly.
It's hot.
Not like my home.
It's very green there.
- You miss your home?
- Mucho.
Why don't you tell me about it?
I came from Oaxaca.
I love my land.
It's...
my heart, my soul.
But they took the land away.
- Who took the land away?
- The government.
We cannot pay the taxes, so...
they tell us, go to the border
and work in the maquiladoras.
Make money to keep your land.
But there is no money here.
The government and the factories
take everything.
All the money is for them.
For us, nothing.
My father went to the U.S. To work.
I haven't seen him in many years.
But what can we do?
We have no land.
We cannot go home.
Nothing.
I'm sorry.
It's very sad.
But tell me about you.
- About me?
- Yeah.
I tell you about me,
now you tell me about you.
All right.
How many children do you have?
I don't have any children.
I'm not married.

- No children?

- No.

But why?

- 'Cause I work.

- My mother work and she has children.

I have a different kind of work.

It's called a career.

And what is that?

A career. Okay.

A career is a kind of work
that you want more than anything...

and you give up
everything to get it.

And when you get it...

you realize that it's not that great
and you have no life.

I don't understand.

That makes two of us.

- There it is!

- Okay.

I got it.

Oh, my God.

Oh, God.

It's the end of a shift.

There's gonna be a lot of buses.

Maybe we'll be able to identify
the buses by their numbers.

Then I'll follow the buses,
take photographs of the drivers.

You can identify them and then,
and then we'll have our man.

Ready? Now!

- That's it!

- You get it?

I got it.

Go, go. You got him.

Let's go. Come on.

- So.

- Just walk.

You think we could go around
the other side and get some more?

Oh, shit. Come on!

Come on. Come on!

Stay here!

Come here, come here!

Run!

Down!

- Teresa!

- Yes?

- Come here, please.

- Yes.

- Lauren'll stay with you tonight.

- What happened?

- She can't go back to her hotel.

- Not tonight.

I have a party tonight.

At the Salamanca house.

I have to go.

Can you cancel it?

Hold on.

Don't.

Take Lauren with you.

No one will know she's there.

I'll get these guys off her trail.

Excuse me a second.

Laurie, please, do as I say.

Promise me.

- Are you gonna be safe?

- I can take care of myself.

Give me your hotel key.

I'll get your things.

- I'll see you later. Bye.

- Okay.

I hope you realize how much he's
jeopardizing his own life for you.

Yeah, I know.

- Is Eva here?

- Yes. She's inside.

We should take her with us
tonight, too, don't you think?

- No. We can't.

- Why?

It's gonna be bad for her.

- No.

- Why?

You don't understand.

These people are rich and...

- she's gonna feel so uncomfortable.

- Somebody just tried to kill us.
I'm not leaving Eva alone tonight.
We can't leave her alone, okay?
Relax.

You look beautiful.

- Doesn't she look beautiful?

- You look so beautiful. You do.

Is that Senator Rawlings?

What is he doing here?

Celebrating the 15th birthday

of Don Philippe Salamanca's daughter.

And so is the governor,

the archbishop...

and the heads of some American

and Japanese companies.

Really? Who is

the Salamanca family?

Let's just say that the Free Trade

Agreement couldn't happen...

without the support

of the Salamanca family.

Excuse me.

- This whole party is for her?

- Yeah.

She's lucky.

Yeah.

She's lucky.

Perfect.

- What happened?

- It's Juanes!

Oh, my God.

- Why don't you go up there?

- No.

- Yes, get close.

- No.

- Eva, go meet him.

- No...

- I'm gonna take her up there.

- No!

Yes.

Particularly extravagant for a girl's

I don't know. The chance

to catch Juanes' sweaty vest...

can only come once in a girl's life.

Please allow me to introduce myself.

Marco Antonio Salamanca.

- People call me just Marco.

- I'm Lauren Adrian.

I'm a friend of Teresa Casias'.

Thank you for allowing us
into your lovely home, Marco.

- You're American.

- Yes.

- You new to Juarez?

- Yes.

Listen.

I'd love to show you
a sight of Juarez...
that I'm sure you've
never experienced.

So, now I'm seeing a sight
I like right now.

But there is another sight...
that is more exciting
and mysterious.

- Sounds dangerous.

- No, no.

Just incredibly thrilling.

Well, if I ever have
the urge for a tour, Marco...

I know I can find you.

- What's your name?

- Eva.

- Something's wrong.

- What?

Hey, you okay?

Let's get her out of here. Teresa.

Let's get her back to your house.

No!

You're safe! Eva?

Eva? Eva.

It's me.

No. Baby. Baby.

How's she doing today?

Is she feeling better?

She's not well.

I had to call back that doctor.

- What are these, pictures?

- Yes.

Lauren, I don't think
you want to torment her.

I wouldn't do that.

She wants to find these men.

And after I saw the second killer,
her life is in danger.

- We didn't see any killer.

- Yes, we did!

You didn't see any killer
because there is no second killer.

- What are you talking about?

- The psychologists are convinced...
that Eva imagined
the second killer.

I don't care what the doctors say.

I was there. I saw it.

She comes from an Indian culture.

Her people...

often don't distinguish real things
from the things they imagine.

- Are you saying she's crazy?

- No! She's not crazy.

She believes what she says.

But this doesn't mean that it's true.

I saw the look on that man's face.

- He recognized her.

- No, please.

- That is the man...

- Don't!

Don't. This is my house and this
stops here. I can't deal with this.

- You wanted this story, too.

- No!

Your story is destroying her.

And, God, Lauren.

You can be killed too.

You understand that? They tried it
before and they will kill you.

I cannot do this anymore.

Please, just leave.

- I'm sorry. Did we wake you up?

- Are they photos of the bus drivers?

- It's not important right now.

- It is important.
- Eva. Please. You need to heal.
- No, Teresa.

The only thing
that will heal me...
the only thing that will
give me back my life...
is to find my attackers.
Lauren is helping me.
And we are gonna find them
together. Right?
This is the road
where Eva was raped.
This is where I want you to be.
You and the police.
Eva identified the bus driver.
His name is Domingo Esparza.
They drive the victims out here
and then meet the other attacker.
I'll go undercover into the factory
he worked for and pose as a worker.
If we know who this Esparza is,
just have him arrested.
If we have him arrested, we have
no chance of catching the second guy.
He's already seen Eva.
He'll come after her.
I'm going into the factory as bait.
It's our only chance to catch both.
You can't. We have to warn too many
people. The police'll never allow it.
That's why you'll only tell them
after I'm in there already.
They're not gonna risk having
an American journalist killed.
There must be people
on the police that you trust.
- People who care about the truth.
- Yeah, I know people.
I think I can trust them.
But you never really know.
People get bribed. I'm not going
to gamble with your life.
I'm not gonna gamble with Eva's life.

It's now or never. Don't you see?

No, I don't see.

This is out of the question.

- Diaz, listen to me.

- I won't listen to you.

I won't let you. If anything happened to you, I'll never forgive myself!

I can't do this.

All right.

You are not going into the factory.

And we will find another way to hunt around this. Get in the car.

It's not your choice to make.

I promised Eva that I'd help her find these men.

And I pray that you'll help me.

But even if you don't, I'm going into that factory tomorrow.

Eva! You've come home.

Come in, come in.

How do I look?

- With just this.

- Okay.

- Like that?

- Something like that.

You look pretty.

For good luck.

Now you look like me.

I want to give you something.

- No, it's okay.

- Yes. Yes. No.

She protect me that night.

Now she's gonna protect you.

Let me.

Okay.

You are safe now.

Daughter, Cecilia is here.

- Hi. Lauren.

- Eva.

This is dangerous.

You shouldn't be doing this.

It's too dangerous.

I'll be fine.

Good luck, Lauren.

- This is my cousin, Silvia Rojas.
- Yes, we've been expecting her.
We've received her paperwork
from the front office.
This is where you'll work.
This is your supervisor.
Lines 1 and 3 are falling
behind their quotas.
Accelerate production.
Accelerate production.
The shift has ended.
Please leave quickly.
The next shift starts
in 10 minutes.
Please leave quickly.
The next shift starts
in 10 minutes.
Do you mind if I stop for gas?
Attention all units.
There's still no sign of the bus.
Don't be afraid.
I won't hurt you.
We've received a call
from lauren.
She's in a junkyard.
You all right?
A mass grave.
It was a mass grave.
We didn't find the other attacker.
There was nobody there.
Well, he was there.
He's out there.
I'm telling you, he was here.
He can see us.
I can feel it.
This isn't over until I find him.
When I was on that bus...
everything was just as Eva told it.
It made me feel like
I was living her story.
"The screams of the women
of Juarez are silent...
because no one will listen...
not the corporations who make

their profits from their labor.
Not the governments of Mexico
and the United States...
who benefit
from the free trade agreements.
No one will listen.
All the evidence points to the fact
that there are many killers.
A whole culture of murder
that just gets worse and worse...
the more it's denied
and covered up.
Covering it up is less expensive
than protecting these women.
Money is
about the bottom line.
And so the death toll mounts.
Eva Jimenez, 16 years old.
She works in a factory
assembling televisions.
She makes five dollars a day."
- I finished your story.
- Yeah? You finished my story.
Tomorrow it'll be printed
and everybody will know about it.
Don't forget that in five days
you're gonna have to go to court.
- I know.
- You'll have to talk to a judge...
and you'll have
to tell him everything.
- Can you do this?
- I think I can.
The man we saw at the party,
we didn't catch him.
- What?
- I know. It's gonna be okay.
No, you don't.
He is the Devil. The Devil.
He'll take me to Hell.
He don't want me to go to the judge.
Eva, please.
You'll be safe.
You have to believe me.

I will not let anything
happen to you.

And I will find this man.

You're gonna be okay.

I know how to find him.

- Just leave the glass there?

- Just leave the glass there.

- Here comes the magic.

- All right.

- You gonna show me something?

- Now it's gonna disappear.

It took me two semesters at Harvard
to learn that trick.

I learned that first week
at St. Mary's High.

- I was always a poor student.

- Don't worry. I give tutorials.

- Oh, you do?

- Yeah.

What was it like being a Mexican at
Harvard? They had two of you there?

But I'm an American citizen.

It's convenient. I can be Mexican
whenever I want to or American.

- So, deep down you're just a gringo.

- Well, of course.

It's the best thing to be.

The whole world wants to be gringo.

Come to think of it, there were a lot
of gringos at your party that night.

- I even saw Senator...

- Rawlings.

- Right.

- You know...

my family owns most of the land.

So, he's given us a great
opportunity with NAFTA.

There was somebody else there, too.

So he was tall. He was kind
of dark eyes. Gold teeth?

- Why do you wanna know?

- No reason. It was just...

something that Teresa had said.

He had a scar right here.

Aris. Aris Rodriguez.
His family's involved
with the NAFTA factories.
A very old family, too.
Who's calling me?
George!
Hey can you give a minute?
Hold on. I'm in a restaurant.
So, did you read the piece?
What'd you think?
Best think you've ever done.
It's got something I've never seen.
Some incredible humanity.
And this portrait of Eva?
Quite beautiful.
I don't know what to say.
You're my inspiration, George.
It means the world to me
that you liked it.
Frankly, I couldn't have done
a better job myself.
Congratulations.
Diaz, I just got off the phone
with Chicago. They loved the story.
You want my husband.
- Alfonso, telephone.
- In a minute.
Daddy! Kick me the ball.
- Hey, George.
- No. This is Frank.
I'm not supposed to tell you this,
but George didn't print the story.
He got a visit from some political
types, including Senator Rawlings.
After that, it was a no go.
They're not printing it at all?
You don't understand. Rawlings is
pushing a bill through Congress...
to expand the Free Trade agreements
to include Central America...
and they don't want
any bad press right now.
- You dug too deep.
- Okay.

- Your story is too fuckin' hot.
- Do me a favor.
- Put me on the phone with George.
- He's not gonna talk to you.
They're gonna say it's temporary
and for you to stay put.
But that's just a smoke screen
to kill it.
If you want the story printed,
you've gotta get back here.
- Why are you doing this?
- 'Cause it's a great story.
It needs to be printed.
It's now or never.
So, Eva, I have something
to tell you. Your story...
I have to fight for it.
What do you mean?
They don't want my story?
No, they will want it.
But, because of that...
- I have to go.
- You can't go.
I have to talk to the judge
in three days.
- I know.
- The murderer'll be there.
- I'm very afraid. You can't go.
- Don't worry.
I will return.
They will not publish my story.
And you will not return.
People promise many things,
but that never happens.
I will get your story printed
and I won't stop...
until both of your attackers
are punished.
And I will be back.
Eva, look at me.
I will return.
I promise.
Teresa!
Teresa! Teresa!

What happened?

- Calm down.
- He's in there.

Search her room.

Search outside!

What's the matter?

- The Devil is here.
- Who?

The Devil!

It's all right. It's all right.

Tell me.

- Nobody is there.
- Nobody, right?

See? No one is there.

It was just a nightmare.

Look at me.

He's not real.

It was just a nightmare.

Everything is all right.

Miss, you can...

Lauren, is that you? Wait a minute!

- Could you just...
- Lauren, come in.

Lauren Adrian,

this is Samuel Denton...

the C.E.O. Of the publishing
syndicate that owns the Sentinel.

- This is Senator...
- Rawlings, I know.

Saw you in Juarez last week
at the Salamanca house.

- What were you doing there?
- Hi. I'm Denise McKenzie.

I'm head

of all syndicate operations.

Congratulations. You're gonna make
an exceptional foreign correspondent.

We are all very excited.

We're gonna have to let you go, or
else we're not gonna make our lunch.

- I'll talk to you later.
- All the best.

- Good to see you.
- Yeah.

- Foreign correspondent?

- How about that?

- It's unbelievable.

- Your first assignment.

- This is a bribe, isn't it?

- What do you care?

You'd do anything for this job.

Consider it a freebie.

This can't be you.

You can't bow to those people!

- I'm not bowing to anyone.

- Then print my story.

We cannot print your story.

In three days,

a 16-year-old girl...

is going into court to face

the man who tried to kill her!

All because we said

that we would print her story.

This story could save her life and

the lives of many women in Juarez.

This is a fucking important story!

I understand that.

But you are blaming...

- the Mexican and American governments.

- You're god damned right I am.

- And the Free Trade Agreement.

- It isn't free trade!

It's slave trade. It's a scam.

Everybody is making too much money...

- to give a shit about these women.

- Listen to me.

These are very serious accusations,

they're damn near criminal.

And this newspaper is not

prepared to make 'em...

- and you can't substantiate them.

- And they're true!

This is now a matter

of corporate responsibility.

Since when do you put corporate

responsibility above the truth?

Get off your soapbox. I liked you

better as a cutthroat reporter.

I like you better as an editor who
couldn't be bought or intimidated!

- A man I admire.

- The days of investigative reporting...
are over, Lauren.

The news isn't news anymore. It's
as dead as the typewriter I used!

Corporate America

is running the show now.

And their news agenda is free trade,
globalization and entertainment.

That's our glorious future!

You know what would happen to me
if I published your story on my own.

If you don't have the balls
to print my story...

- I will find someone who will.

- It's not that easy, kid.

Read your contract.

The Sentinel owns your story.

Hell, it owns you.

Nobody owns me!

That's the difference
between me and you.

Lauren!

Take the job, Lauren.

You got a damn fine career
in front of yourself...

and you're throwing it all away
and for what?

Your story about these women
is just not worth it.

Not worth it?

I forgot. They're just Mexican women
so they're not worth it.

I didn't mean it that way.

Do you see this?

And this?

And this? And this? And this?

All of it is assembled in Juarez
and it's all covered with blood.

Would you calm down?

If you walk out of here today...
you could never get back in here,

and you know it.

- For God's sakes, let this thing go!

- I can't.

- You think this is your big story.

- My parents are from Mexico.

- You identify with it.

- I'm one of them. Can't you see?

My parents came here
as migrant farm workers.

They were killed...

so I was adopted.

I only have vague
memories of them.

I remember a field
filled with workers...

My mother.

My father.

I was there when he was killed.

I saw him die.

- I'm sorry.

- When I met Eva, I saw myself.

I've been running away
from who I am my whole life.

Because you don't wanna be Mexican,
not in this country.

You see?

I could be one of the women
in those factories.

It could be me
in one of those graves.

I can't let this go.

Alfonso, hurry.

What are you doing?

Just a minute, my love.

Alfonso!

Call an ambulance!

Out of the way!

Get up. Let's go.

Come on. Quickly!

Get in before the Border Patrol
finds us!

Watch your head.

Can I speak to Diaz?

What?

He's coming back. Let's go!

What?

- Who did this?

- I don't know. Nobody does.

Diaz is gone.

And tomorrow the bus driver's
gonna be a free man.

No! With Eva's testimony,
he will go to jail.

- Eva's gone.

- What?

She ran away. Nobody knows
where she is, not even her mother.

Her mother. To move away
from Colonia Anapra.

She want to be there for her,
waiting for her at their home...

but she doesn't feel safe
there anymore.

How could she? Tomorrow...

Domingo Esparza

is gonna be a free man.

- This isn't happening.

- It is happening.

It's all over.

Kids, get up.

Oh, jeez. Poor people.

- Lauren.

- Who are you?

Would you gentlemen please
excuse us for a moment?

Do you believe in anything?

Are you, Mexican? American?

What are you?

These are limiting terms. They don't
mean much now in a modern world.

Alfonso Diaz was my friend.

Now he's dead.

I wanna know what happened to him.

He was reporting things

people didn't want reported.

What did you think

was going to happen to him?

- Who did it?

- Do you think I know that?

Do you think I even concern myself
with such things?

- It gets taken care of.

- Is Aris involved?

How many more women is he gonna kill?

Why don't you tell somebody about it?

And who am I gonna tell?

These people know more than me.

- Lf they arrest him, nothing'll change.

- He's a murderer.

- He's protected by the authorities.

- You have to be realistic.

There are two sets of laws
in any country, okay?

The laws for rich and powerful people
and the laws for everybody else.

And don't think it's any different
in the United States...

because I buy politicians on both
sides of the border all the time.

What do you think built this?

Now...

when can we get together again?

I can free my schedule anytime.

What do you say?

I wish people like you didn't exist.

And on top of everything else...

you're a lousy god damned fuck.

The first shift has ended.

Please leave quickly.

The second shift

will start in 10 minutes.

Please leave quickly.

The first shift has ended.

Please leave quickly.

Vamos. Let's go.

They're shipping you back
to Juarez.

Hurry up, Nacho.

We need the electricity.

Hold on. I'm doing it.

Eva?

Eva?

It's morning and the court
will be in session soon.
They're gonna be waiting for you.
We're both pretty beat up.
Maybe if we help each other...
well then we can make it.
Eva testified against her attacker,
Domingo Esparza.
He is awaiting trial.
Eva was reunited with her mother.
They are being protected
by a human rights organization.
Aris' body was found.
It was never claimed.
No one was arrested
for the murder of Alfonso Diaz.
I took over Diaz's paper.
I continue to write to tell
the truth about Juarez.
Congress passed the bill expanding
the free trade agreements...
to Central America.
There are still no provisions
protecting the workers.
Last week another body
was found in the desert.
A girl. About seventeen.
She was still dressed
in her blue factory smock.
The murder of woman
in Juarez continues.