

CUSTOMS

I cannot see your eyes, Senor.

Creasy slips off the sunglasses. His eyes are deserted. Inevitable. Customs can only look into them a moment. He indicates for Creasy to put his bags on a conveyor belt leading to an X-ray machine. Creasy lifts his bag onto the conveyor. The official hits the start button. The bag drives forward towards the X-ray machine.

Creasy pauses, then offers up a license from his wallet.

CUSTOMS

Senor?

CREASY

*It's a permit to carry a gun in Columbia.
The gun you're about to find in that
suitcase.*

Polaroid FLASH

Shot of Creasy straight on. Shot of Creasy profile.

FLASH. Fingers being fingerprinted.

JUMPCUTS - suitcase being stripped and ripped (MIDNIGHT EXPRESS), pack of Marlboro, bottle of Jack Daniels, glimpse a weathered Bible (New Testament), intercut with seven pieces of blue steel separated in different parts of the bag, ie. toiletries, underwear, lining of suitcase.

The seven pieces laid together look remarkably like a well travelled Sig Sauer 226. Creasy smiles.

EXT. JUAREZ, MEXICO FOUR BIG BURLY SUV'S - DRIVING ACROSS THE BORDER CHECKPOINT - DAY

INT. SUV - DAY

Six Japanese BUSINESSMEN jabber on cellphones. PAUL RAYBURN sits up front trying not to spill coffee on the mini Uzi cradled in his lap. As his own cell phone rings, he answers.

RAYBURN

Rayburn here.

INT. CUSTOMS HOLDING TANK - MEXICO CITY - DAY

Creasy on payphone.

START

CREASY

When did Mexican Customs start getting smart?

RAYBURN's SUV

RAYBURN

Creasy??? Where the fuck are you?

CUSTOMS JAIL

CREASY

I'm here.

RAYBURN's SUV

RAYBURN

What do you mean, I'm here?

CUSTOMS JAIL

CREASY

I'm in a Customs holding tank in Mexico City International. Bring a bunch of cash... about 5K. I'm going to need it.

INT. CUSTOMS AREA - A BACK OFFICE

Rayburn has 5K U.S. dollars laid out on the desk between him, the Customs official, and Creasy. The remains of the suitcase are spread around the room. The main offender, the gun being front and center next to the cash. Looks like the official is going to fold.

RAYBURN

This is going to cost you big time.

INT. STRIP BAR - Rethink Location

A stripper does a half hearted grind as Rayburn and Creasy sit at the bar sharing a bottle of 'Jack'.

RAYBURN

You got a secondary search and you had a gun.

CREASY

Listen it was a calculated risk. I've done it a million times and never got caught.

RAYBURN

Everything happens once if you live long enough.

CREASY

It doesn't make sense to x-ray your bags
coming off the plane.

RAYBURN

This is Mexico, they do everything
backwards.

Creasy hits the 'Jack'.

RAYBURN

So what's wrong?

CREASY

Nothing wrong.

RAYBURN

Don't give me that bullshit.

Creasy changes subject.

CREASY

So how's business?

RAYBURN

Japanese are here in a big way. Cheap
labor. Factory space. But they feel a
lot safer living over the border in El
Paso. I ferry 'em back and forth. They
think I'm John-fucking-Wayne.

CREASY

But don't you stay in El Paso?

RAYBURN

Fuck, I love Mexico. I live like a king
down here.

Creasy takes a look around the Seedy Bar.

CREASY

Yeah, right...

RAYBURN

Oh, like you haven't been in worse
places.

CREASY

And a level five shithole is better than
a level six. Your logic's inescapable.

Rayburn laughs. Creasy takes the bottle. Creasy's hand
is mottled by old burn marks.

RAYBURN

You been working?

CREASY

Not for eight months. I was in Columbia looking around, but, nothing seemed interesting.

RAYBURN

How long you staying, Crease?

CREASY

(shrugs)

Got no plans, Rayburn, Nothing on. Just wanted to see you, how you were. Came by on impulse.

Rayburn studies his friend a beat, just seeing the cracks that weren't there last time they met.

RAYBURN

You did something on impulse?

CREASY

Everything happens once if you live long enough.

Creasy smiles.

END
INT. PINTA'S BEDROOM - MEXICO CITY - NIGHT

Nine-year-old PINTA MARTIN RAMOS stares out at the garden, a bit like Creasy, but only a ten yard stare. Pinta's eyes brim with life. She folds her hands, closes her eyes, prays. 'Chopin' drifts up from downstairs. Samuel on the baby grand.

PINTA

Dear God. I do not ask for health. Or wealth. People ask you so often that you can't have any left. Give me God what you still have. Give me what no one else asks for. Amen.

Pinta grabs a battered old TEDDY BEAR and climbs into bed. She pulls the covers up, looks over as her door opens.

Lisa enters. Pinta is her daughter.

LISA

You should be sleeping, baby.