

Homeland Security in Walla Walla, Washington

FADE IN:

EXT. WALLA WALLA AIRPORT - DAY

Blue sky.

Slowly, the LOUD ROAR of turbo-prop plane engines FADE IN. The white NOSECONE of a DeHavilland DHC Dash 8 pushes up, into frame. As camera tilts down, ENGINE ROAR is switched off, replaced by a feathery whine. We see ground crew pushing stairs up to the plane's door. Door is pushed open, luggage bin unbolted, etc.

BUCK, early 80s has skin draped over muscle and bone, a veteran of some long-ago foreign war, speaks with a commanding, official growl.

BUCK (V.O.)

Queen, X-ray, Two, Zero, Niner,
Six is in the bay.

(pause.)

Queen, X-ray, Two, Zero, Eight,
Five is set to leave in Three
Zero min..

CUT TO:

INT. WALLA WALLA AIRPORT - security screening room -
BUCK'S FACE - CONTINUOUS

Security Screening Room

is a low, rectangular brick room, at one end a high bank of security windows with the DeHavilland DHC Dash 8 visible behind. The interior end is wide open to the main airport hallway. The single security walk through frame and one baggage inspection machine called the HIGH-SCAN 500 stand just inside the room. Thick red and white hand painted stripes wave down the walls, making them look comical on top of the bricks if they weren't so patriotic. Visitors are greeted from the main hall with bold blue fields sparkled with white and gold stars.

BUCK (cont.)

Strike that. Two Niner minutes.
Look alive, Alpha Team.

CUT TO:

ALPHA TEAM members

VIRGINA, 73, lilac eye shadow, tall bouffant bluish hair, is perched on a stool, reading NEW YORKER magazine.

BUMBLES, 76, sweeping a spotless floor, forgot his teeth this morning.

DRAIN, 79, polishing the hand-held METEL DETECTOR, has rivulets of brown in the corners of his mouth, chews, leans forward and spits tobacco into a white mug.

Except for Buck, who wears a pressed white uniform long sleeved shirt with front name badge and the U.S. flag on both shoulders, everyone else wears sky blue pressed short sleeved uniform shirts and navy blue uniform slacks.

DRAIN

Everbudy's already through, Buck.

BUCK

Gaww-damit, Drain! That is preeecisly the attitude every Pink-o Insurgent looks for! The weak link! Do you want to be the weak link?

DRAIN

I was jus say'n...

VIRGINA

I don't think they're Pinko anymore, Hun. I think they prefer to just be called insurgent, or, or, what have you, a... Terrorist.

BUCK

It doesn't make a good Gaw-damn what they prefer. We are the, listen... We are the first, I do

repeat, the first line of
defense in this theater of war
and we will hold the line!

(pause.)

Isn't that right, Bumbles.

BUMBLES, leaning on his broom, stars off in space.

BUCK (cont.)

Bumbles. Private! Am I key-rect?

BUMBLES nods his head vigorously.

BUCK (cont.)

Gaw-dam square, I am. Listen
up. We are going to have an
orderly shut-down of the
HI-SCAN, Five, Zero, Zero,
Baggage Inspection Device, are
we not, people?

DRAIN and VIRGINA

Yessir.

BUMBLES nods his head vigorously.

BUCK

Bumbles. I want you on screen.
Drain. I want you on point.
And Virginia... I just want you.

CLOSE ON BUMBLES FACE
as eyebrows shoot up.

CUT TO:

EXT. DeHavilland AIRPLANE - DAY

The last of the passengers, a large, dark suited man,
squeezes out the plane door. Squinting in the bright
sun, he already begins to sweat. CABIN ATTENDANT,
attractive young woman, smiles broadly.

ATTENDANT

Bu-bye, now.

ATTENDANT hands CREW WORKER waiting at the top of the stairs a white bag of trash.

ATTENDANT

Thanks, now. Bu-bye.

Something catches the ATTENDANT's eye. She looks to the rear of the plane. Surprised, she begins to walk back.

INT. DeHavilland AIRPLANE CABIN - TRACKING - DAY

OVER ATTENDANT's RIGHT SHOULDER, we see a MAN quietly sitting in the back row, center of the cabin. The WHO's Won't Get Fooled Again, played on harpsichord and cello, wafts serenely throughout the cabin. As we get closer, we see two little black haired heads bouncing on the man's right.

The MAN, JESUS CRISTO, 45, is the attractive father of the twin boys playing next to him. He's dressed in jeans and a blue, white and red striped Polo shirt. He was born in Tacoma, Washington, where he lives, teaches public elementary school, speaks without accent and only occasionally goes out for Mexican food. His eyes are closed as he relaxes from the short trip, already exhausted from his four year old trip partners.

ATTENDANT

Sir? Sir, excuse me.

JESUS

Yes?

ATTENDANT

We've landed, Sir... It's time to leave. If you could please get..

JESUS

Oh. We're going back.

ATTENDANT

Pardon me?

ANGLE ON JESUS

digging the tickets out of his take-on and handing them to her.

JESUS

We're not staying. I mean we are staying. We just... You see, I wanted my twins to experience an airplane trip and this was perfect. Fly in to Walla Walla, turn around and fly right back to Seattle.

ATTENDANT POV READING TICKETS

ATTENDANT (o.s.)

That's a fantastic idea, Mr., Mr. Cristo! But, well...

MED. SHOT

ATTENDANT (cont.)

I mean, why Walla Walla? Why not Portland or Vancouver, B.C.?

JESUS

I thought of those, but I really wanted Thing One and Thing Two to see the Cascade Mountain Range. Mt. Rainer was spectacular today, wasn't it, Boys?

ATTENDANT

What a great...

ERIK

Is there a potty on here?

JESUS

You guys gotta go the bathroom? They were sucking juice boxes dry the whole way...

CLOSE ON carry-on back pack

Topped off with crumpled empties.

JESUS (cont.)
Where can I recycle these?

ATTENDANT
I don't think they recycle in
this town.

MED. SHOT

Why don't you three men go
stretch your legs? Take 'em
inside, show 'em around and
re-enter with your tickets?

JESUS
Can we do that?

ATTENDANT
Sure! We'll wait for you!
(chuckles)
But take your tickets.

JESUS
That's a great idea, isn't it boys?

ERIK	MARTIN
Do they have a potty?	Let's go in! I wanna go, Daddy!

ATTENDANT
There's a little gift shop, if
it's still open, Daddy can get a
coffee and take you for a little
walk before we...

Twins, brushing past Attendant, rush down the aisle.

ERIK	MARTIN
I have to go potty. I'm going first!	Let's get going, Dad. Wait for me, Erik! Wait!

JESUS
(grabbing their
things and going

after his children)
Okay, okay. Wait for Dad, guys!
(back to attendant)
Thank you. Don't leave without us, now!

ATTENDANT
Never. Oh, Mr. Cristo...

JESUS
(stops, turns back)
Yes?

ATTENDANT
Your tickets.

JESUS
Oh. Right, thanks.
(takes tickets and is off)
Boys! Hold on! Stop. Stop there!
(he's speaking to
an empty aisle)

CUT TO:

EXT. WALLA WALLA AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY

DeHavilland DHC Dash 8 with low slung, brick airport
behind.

Two black heads bob down the stairs. Jesus appears at
plane door, with tickets in hand and backpack slung over
one shoulder, looks then leaps two steps at a time to
keep up.

LOW ANGLE ON AIRPORT

a modern, single story brick and glass building. In the
Government Efficient style. A farm tractor, in HIGH
GEAR, hauls a flat trailer of luggage through a wide
door.

Two little legs on LEFT of CAMERA and two on RIGHT of
CAMERA run ahead, on the painted path on the tarmac
towards the building. Twins enter the building.

Jesus peruses them.

INT. AIRPORT HALLWAY HIGH ANGLE SECURITY CAMERA POV
- DAY

Twins enter and immediately separate and disperse OFF
CAMERA.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - DAY

is a small, dark room. Sheriff's Deputy sits in front
of a bank of nine security monitors, each flips from
image to image. Above the monitors, red numbers of time
click off on a wide clock showing: "17.09:37".

The Deputy, VINN ROSS, mid 30s, fills his uniform like
he's made of cement and very tall. He watches the
center screen, larger than the rest, and manipulates a
joystick to slowly zoom in on the door where the twins
just entered.

Jesus enters from outside, locates his children, decides
who to go after first and races OFF CAMERA.

Vinn twists the joystick and his screen pans to view the
Security Screening Room. He pushes the joystick forward
and the screen zooms in on Buck, standing before a
stainless steel table with an array of items on top.

CUT TO:

LOW ANGLE

on Buck, leaning on the table, contemplating the items
before him. His pink fingers, thick with the memory of
muscle, lightly caresses the revolver.

CLOSE ON

Drain still polishing his mettle detector baton, eyes
the riches confiscated that day. Bumbles diligently
shuts down the HI-SCAN, 500 Baggage Inspection Device.

With clipboard in hand, Virginia checks off the day's
confiscated objects as Buck calls them out and places
each in a steel security box. The words, "CONFISCATION

MATERIALS" are printed in red on top of the box.

CUT TO:

MED. SHOT

Buck takes up each item as he calls it out to Virginia.

BUCK

...one 45 caliber automatic, two boxes of ammunition, four days concentrated emergency rations, one drug issue containing antibiotics, morphine, vitamin pills, pep pills, sleeping pills, tranquilizer pills, one miniature combination Rooshan phrase book and Bible, one hundred dollars in rubles, one hundred dollars in gold, nine packs of chewing gum, one issue of prophylactics, three lipsticks, three pair of nylon stockings.

VIRGINIA

Everything checks, Buck.

BUCK

Sign.

VIRGINIA

(signing the list)
Quite a haul today.

BUCK

When will they ever learn?

Buck signs it, slips it into the steel box and locks the box closed.

DRAIN

Sir?

BUCK

Yes, Drain.

DRAIN

Well, you see. All that stuff
in that box... It's just going to
be destroyed. They'd never
know...

BUCK

Not the legal currency, Drain.
Legal currency is always sent to
'Administration: Bookkeeping'.

DRAIN

Yes, but... Okay, fine. Fine.
...But the 45! The Forty - Five,
Boss. It don't have to go. To
be mutilated into just some lump
of iron.

(sotto)

...You can save it, Boss.

Pause.

BUCK

I know what you're think'n.
Quite frankly it confuses me,
too. But in my years of combat,
decades in Chain-of-Command I
have learned that if you don't
think about it. If you don't
think about the rule and just
abide by the rule, whatever the
rule is, no questions... Why
then, your whole life becomes
simple, clear, perfect.

Pause.

BUCK (cont'd)

And one more thing: If any one
of you ever questions our moral
duty to this country... If you
ever doubt my authority in front
of the others again...
Unspeakable acts will follow.

CUT TO:

WIDE SHOT EMPTY AIRPORT HALLWAY

CUT TO:

OPPISITE POV

also empty. The airport is closing at 5:15 in the afternoon.

CUT TO:

High angle on the empty airport tarmac and the DeHavilland airplane, Cascade Flight number QX-2085, waiting as the final few passengers clime the steps and enter the doorway.

CUT TO:

EXT. DeHavilland AIRPLANE - DAY

Captain BOB, early 40s, tan, chiseled and intelligent, with Attendant stand inside the plane doorway. Bob sips coffee from a Styrofoam airline cup and eats from an extra small bag of peanuts. His bright eyes smile at the last passenger to enter.

ATTENDANT

Welcome aboard. Welcome...

FIRST OFFICER PHILL, late 20s, calls to Bob from the cockpit.

PHIL (o.s.)

Captain? Tower wants us to clear out so they can go home.

BOB

Check with Ground.

PHIL

Just did. He says we're locked and clear.

BOB

(to Attendant)

How are we looking here?

ATTENDANT
(counting her boarding
passes)
That was the last one, Sir.

BOB
Let's close her up and get home
a little early. Phil, Bring One
and Two on line for me.

PHIL
One and Two coming up, Captain.

ATTENDANT
Oh. Wait, Sir. I have three
round trips still out.

BOB
What?

ATTENDANT
A dad and his two boys. They
flew in with us and are going
right back.

BOB
What for?

ATTENDANT
Airplane ride for the kids or
something. They went to use the
bathroom.

BOB
(looks toward the
building. Scans the
tarmac)
...Well, we better not close up
just yet, don't you think?

ATTENDANT
Right.

PHIL
You still want One and Two, Sir?

BOB

..Yeah. Go ahead, Phil. Fuel's fine?

PHIL

Yes sir.

BOB

O.K. Bring 'em up.

PHIL

(talking to himself as he begins the engine start-up sequence)

Yes, Sir. One and Two. ..Buckle my shoe. ...Three and four, shut that door and let's go home...

CUT TO:

EXT.

Back of right plane engine hanging under the wing, as first a whine then loud ignition explodes propellers to life and blows black smoke out the exhaust pipes.

CUT TO:

INT.

On the right side of the frame, Drain pulls down the retractable security door, closing the Security Screening Room.

On the Left side of the frame Jesus brings his two boys out of the Men's room. The boys immediately try to run in opposite directions, but Dad has them firmly by the strap of their coveralls and they relinquish.

As he straightens his backpack, Jesus sees Drain closing up shop and runs across the hall with his boys in tow.

JESUS

Hello. Excuse me. Hi. Yeah, where can we board the Cascade Airlines flight to SeaTac?

DRAIN

(as he steps the security
door onto the floor slot)
Is that Queen, X-ray, Two, Zero,
Eight, Five?

JESUS

A... Ye... Pardon me?

DRAIN

The flight. Number. ...Quee, a,
Q-X-2085?

JESUS

A... I don't know. It's supposed
to depart at 5:35 pm. For
Seattle.

DRAIN

Boss?

BUCK (o.s.)

Drain?

DRAIN

Does Q, I mean, Queen, X-ray
Two, Zero, Eight Five depart for
SeaTac at seventeen-thirty-five
hours?

BUCK (o.s.)

It departs for SeaTac at
seventeen-thirty-five hundred
hours.

DRAIN

Yes, Sir. this is the gate you
want to exit through.

Drain locks the gate closed with a CLONK.

Drain's face, behind the gate's bars, smiles as if he
just helped the stranger with a difficult math problem.
He nods.

CLOSE ON

Jesus's blank face. Staring at Drain. Waits, for what?
Slowly, hesitantly, he nods back to Drain.

CLOSE ON

Drain's face. Acknowledges Jesus' response with a wide
smile. Raises eyebrows and waits for Jesus...

CLOSE ON

Jesus, totally bewildered. Still, waiting...

Can you... How, I mean. How do
we board the plane?

CLOSE ON

Drain suddenly realizes.

DRAIN
Oh! Right through here.

CUT TO:

MED SHOT

With his boys, Jesus stands on the outside of the gate
bars, FRAME LEFT while Drain is behind the bars FRAME
RIGHT.

JESUS
It's locked.

DRAIN
Yep, yep. It's locked. Good-n
solid.

JESUS
...Is there another way?

DRAIN
Ohhhh! No, no. Nope. This is
it.

JESUS

Well... You see that plane,
there? Behind you?

Drain turns around. Looks.

POV

Outside is the DeHavilind DHC DASH 8 now starting Number
Two Engine with a ROAR, muffled only by the outside
glass wall. Black smoke billows behind.

DRAIN

Yep. Must be Queen, X-ray, Two,
Zero, Eight, Five right? ...Am I
right?

JESUS

..Yeah! That's it. That's the
one. We, my boys and I, we need
to get on that plane. To get
home.

(and then the question...)
Will you let us in?

DRAIN

Where. In here?

JESUS

..Yes.

DRAIN

No.

Beginning to sense his life, as he has come to love it,
is over.

JESUS

...why?

DRAIN

Gate's locked.

Drain pulls on the doorway to prove his point.

JESUS

But you just now, this moment,
you locked it.

DRAIN

(mustering some sympathy)
Yeahhh.

JESUS
Well, Sir, please... Will you
open the gate, please?

DRAIN
S'already locked.

Jesus, still hanging on to his twins, backs away from the gate. He scans the length of the hall for a door to the plane outside and finds the door they first entered, next to the Security Room in the airport's only Waiting Room.

All three scamper over to the glass door set in the large glass wall overlooking the outside runway and airplane.

He pushes on the door but it's locked, without even a door handle to try. His sweaty palms SQUEAK on the glass. He tries to wedge his fingernails in the seam between door and wall without success.

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. MED SHOT WAITING ROOM - DAY

With the CAMERA BEHIND them, Jesus and his twins face outside. FINGERS SQUEAK on the glass as he tries to push and slide the door open.

The CAMERA PANS RIGHT 180°, through the glass wall, around to face Jesus.

Looking through the door, Jesus hands are green against the glass. MUFFLED BANGING on the door can almost be heard over the PLANE ENGINES.

He can't get his kids outside!

SLOW ZOOM

to Jesus' face. His frantic actions melt as he gives up. He squints in the sunlight, hanging lower to the

rolling yellow horizon.

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPORT POLICE OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Deputy has been watching Jesus become more frantic. He stands, adjusts his equipment belt, puts his hat on and leaves the dark room.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM

Martin and Erik are worried now. On each side of Jesus, they stair up at their dad's face.

CAMERA TILTS up to Jesus' face, shining in the sun.

CUT TO:

Jesus' POV looking into the sky.

His arm comes up to block the intense sun.

From inside the waiting room, the plane's engines argue with one another as the blue sky grows white, a blinding white...

FADE TO:

WHITE

VOICES, growing louder as PLANE ENGINES fade. An argument between a young woman and her father. Words sound hollow and reverberate.

The word, "Daddy" can just be heard.

The back of Jesus, with his arm shading his face from the intense scene, darkens into view. Slowly, as the argument becomes more distinct from the PLANE ENGINES, we see DADDY, mid 40s, tall, jeans jacket and pants, listening to his daughter argue. His lanky shape leans against a fence post.

DAUGHTER, 20, pretty face framed with voluptuous red hair, uses her arms and sobbing voice to plead her case, which she's losing.

As the light lessons, the three stand in a green pasture of boot high grasses. The first few lines may have more echo than content.

WOMAN

It's not fair, Daddy. You're being unreasonable!

DADDY

As long as you're living on my farm, you'll do as you're told.

WOMAN

Don't tempt me. Don't think I wouldn't...

DADDY

As long as you're living. As long as you're alive, You'll do what you're told.

WOMAN

I am a woman, Daddy! It's time you saw me as a woman.

DADDY

I didn't bring you up to be with one of them. You will never be...

WOMAN

I Love Him!

DADDY

You will not...

WOMAN

I love him! I love him! You can't rip him...

DADDY

You don't know what you love, little girl. You just don't know...

JESUS

Sir. Sir!

DADDY

(suddenly vicious)

I am NOT going to just turn my
only child over to you, you
greasy SonaBitch! You got me?
You, understand that?

JESUS

Sir...

DADDY

SHUT YR MOUTH!

The next time I see you... You'd
better be look'n over your back
'cause the next time I see you,
I'LL BE GUNN'N FOR YOU!

WOMAN

Noooo! Noooo!

DADDY

Keep away!

Daddy's arm swings out, connects with Jesus' face and
sends him down.

JESUS' POV

Looking up we see Daddy looking back down. Daughter
rushes over to his side, unable to take her eyes off us
as...

FADE TO:

Black.

Pause.

DEPUTY (o.s.)

Sir. Is there a problem?

The Deputy's low voice is clear and present. Jesus'
quickly turns his head around for a

INT. CLOSE UP JESUS' FACE - DAY

Panic remains.

He first sees the badge, pinned high on the deputy's chest. He can't seem to get his eyes off it.

He's not at all sure why he's speaking to the police.

JESUS

Pardon me?

DEPUTY

What's the problem here?

JESUS

(pulling himself together)

That plane. I need to be on it.
With my children.

DEPUTY

You have tickets?

JESUS

Yes. Yes, I do. ...Right here.
I have...

(handing Deputy his
tickets)

Our tickets.

DEPUTY

Identification?

JESUS

Yes. Of course.

(digging in his back
pocket for his wallet,
pulling his driver's
license out)

Here.

DEPUTY

Name?

JESUS

Jesus. Cristo.

DEPUTY

And your boys?

JESUS

Martin and Erik. Cristo.
Twins.

DEPUTY

Lucky you.

JESUS

What?

DEPUTY

I was blessed with the calamity
of twins.

JESUS

What?

DEPUTY

Mine are older now... thank God.

(pause)

Should be proud, hav'n such Big
Boys.

JESUS

Oh. Yes. Yes I am. Very much,
I'm afraid they're going to take
off without us...

Deputy looks at his watch and back at the tickets.

You have some time, yet. But
you can't use this or any other
door, except what's in Security,
there. If you sneak off without
being checked, I have to shut
the whole airport down.

Looks like it's already shut
down.

Then I have to arrest you,
detain your kids, and hold the
lot of you for interrogation by
the F.B.I. You don't want that,
I don't want that, your boys

don't want that...

BOYS

Yes we do!

So go back to the Security Screening Room. But this time talk to Buck. He has more sense than a cantaloupe.

Buck.

Yeah. What Buck says, goes.

sprays a bottle marked chlorine on the empty stainless table top. Jesus recognizes the ultra clean scent at once. White light floods the scene into a white out. A whistle blows and Jesus finds himself in a sundrenched outdoor swimming pool.

Thirty-five years before, he's now ten years old, bobbing in the chest deep water and splashing those around him. Besides the few white bathers, mostly brown people play.

Entire families sit in the cool water under the hot sun. Large brown women hold a naked baby or two on their ample laps.

Everyone smiles, laughs, sprays water or runs to get a bite of sandwich. It is an ant colony.

Two white LIFEGUARDS, attractive boys, 16, talk under a large umbrella in the corner, oblivious to the action. Their white T-shirts emblazoned in red, "LIFEGUARD", front and back.

A young woman, with same uniform, comes rushing out of the women's changing room. Obviously in charge, she weaves her way through the merrymakers to the lifeguard boys.

She discuss their future employment with the Parks Department if they don't get everyone out of the pool immediately.

Both boys scramble to find their whistles.

LIFEGUARDS

(blowing whistles)

Everyone out! Out of the pool!
Pool's closed. Free Swim's
over! Let's go, let's go!

A pod of 20 or so white preadolescent girls, flutter into a corner of the pool, all chattering, preening, adjusting swimsuits and caps.

Samantha, they probably all
peed in the water.

Ewww... Mexican Pee?

SAMANTHA

What do you care? With all
that hot sauce they drink, the
water will be caliente!

..Ewww!

MOM ONE

(in Spanish)

It's segregation, I tell you.
Nothing but Segregation.

MOM TWO

(to a lifeguard)

What is this! Separate but
Equal?

They rented the pool for a
birthday. That's all.

You can do such a thing?

If you have the money.

(in Spanish)
Segregation.

Jesus stands, facing Buck.

JESUS

We have a lot in common, I bet.
We...

Long pause

We. You and I comb our hair on
the same side. See? We hold
the comb in our right hand,
start at the top, right side
and, push...

Pause

Do you have kids? I bet you
have kids. ...I have kids. See?
My kids, here?

I like... ..Pie. Love it. My
favorite... Is warm apple with
vanilla ice cream. Melting
around the corners. Crisp
crust. I'm stupid for it. I...
My mom. She could make it, like
she invented the stuff. Crisp.
Milty. Hot. Freezing. Tart.

She died. She died. ...My kids
never knew her. She never got
to hold them. At the same time.
One in each arm. But I carry

her in my actions. For them.
They... Would have. They would
have, liked her. She would have
doted on them. But. So I have
to... For her. Because of her.

We're not, all that dissimilar.

Buck looks into Jesus' eyes for a very long time.

BUCK

Brown. Sack. Of Shit. ...God
Damn You to Hell. Who do you
think you are! You. You Brown
Shit.

(MAN ENTERS through AUDIENCE, holding the hand of
each of his
twin four year old boys, who are only pantomimed. He
carries a backpack
over one shoulder and assorted playthings under his
arms.)

Wasn't that fun?! Weren't we way up so high?! We were
'So Big!' 'So Big!' 'Big Boys' were way up high in the
sky! What did you think? Huh? What did you think
about that plane trip over the mountains and through the
clouds, to Walla Walla we go! Huh? ...Yeah. I know,

sweetheart. here're the bathrooms right here... Yes.
You can both go. Daddy will go, too. That was a long
time to be way up so high... And the nice cabin attendant
kept giving Daddy 7up..

(MAN EXITS STAGE RIGHT. Long Pause. MAN briefly
ENTERS.)

Martin? Martin! Come on, sweetheart. Erik's already..
Don't put your mouth on that, Dear.