

MONTAGE DURING CREDITS

Scenes from Santa Barbara daily life progressing from the scenic, such as the Pier area, to bustling State Street, then moving to neighborhoods, from the wealthy where a Latino gardener trims a hedge, to a busy kitchen manned by Latinos, and ending in the neighborhood captured in the next scene.

EXT. RESIDENCE -- NIGHT (PRESENT TIME)

Light glows through drawn curtains of a modest, well-kept home in east Santa Barbara. The neighborhood is a mix of apartments and single family homes; parked vehicles, mainly pickups, line the street of this working class area.

We move toward the curtains.

INT. RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS

BEVERLY VASQUEZ (Latina, 16), drop dead beautiful, hands a hand-rolled joint to TOMMY GOMEZ (Latino, 21) as she exhales. Both are lethargic, vacant stares, together on a couch. A table clock reads "10:30." Gomez puts a move on Beverly, who doesn't resist. He makes more moves.

BEVERLY (HALF-HEARTED, GIGGLES)  
No. No. The kids.

Gomez persists; his leg knocks over a beer bottle which lands with a crash.

EXT. CITY STREET -- CONTINUOUS

HECTOR BARRIOS(40) exits his pickup 50 yards from the residence. The pickup is loaded with gardening equipment. He gallantly opens the passenger door for his wife, AYARI (36). She enjoys the chivalry. A rare night out for them.

They walk toward the residence, their gentle teasing in Spanish just a murmur. As they near the front door,

HECTOR (IN ENGLISH)  
Watch the truck. I'll get Beverly.

INT. RESIDENCE -- CONTINUOUS

The petting has progressed into tepid passion. Tommy's pants are at half-mast. Beverly's blouse is nearly off.

THREE CHILDREN (Latinos 10, 8, and 6) appear from the bedroom area, pajama-clad, wide-eyed, witnesses to the private scene.

A key operates the lock and Hector enters. He rushes to Tommy, pulls him off Beverly, shouts for Ayari.

HECTOR

Ayari! Los ninos.

Ayari enters and in four strides herds their children to the bedroom area.

Gomez pulls up his pants, hurries to the front door. Hector follows and watches from the doorway.

Beverly reassembles her clothes. Hector returns, picks up eight empty beer bottles. He glares at Beverly, shakes his head.

AYARI

Chica, your boyfriend. Maybe he no good, no? Girls must be careful.

Beverly remains stoned. Hector throws with emphasis the empties into the trash container in the small adjoining kitchen, sighs. A sad gesture to Beverly and she follows him outside.

Ayari straightens the mess.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SANTA BARBARA -- DAY

LUIS VASQUEZ (Latino, 20), slender, breathless, sprints between slow moving two-way traffic on State Street. He glances over his shoulder.

A late model black pickup truck ten vehicles back attempts to pass and is driven back into its lane by a barrage of horns from on-coming traffic. JORGE BALDERAS (Latino, 38), built like a defensive end, cranes his neck out the driver's side. His passenger, JUAN VEGAS (Latino, 35), equally strong build, attempts to look around traffic.

Luis squats and duck walks into a womens clothing store. He hides behind a floor rack. He watches the pickup cruise by, waits a few seconds, removes his collared shirt and walks outside in his T-shirt, his collared shirt rolled in a ball.

We see pedestrians in the driver's side rear view mirror of the pickup. Jorge looks in the mirror, sees a young Latino in a white T-shirt strolling in the other direction, and continues his search.

INT. JUDGE DYSON'S CHAMBERS -- DAY

A Spartan government office, though older, walnut-toned brown leather chairs lend some warmth. Files are stacked around the office -- busy, orderly.

JUDGE EARL DYSON (White, 45), in white shirt and tie, talks on the phone, a slight pleading in his voice.

JUDGE DYSON  
I think the kid has promise, Dad.  
How 'bout you help him?

INT. CECIL DYSON'S STUDIO APARTMENT -- DAY

CECIL DYSON (79), in baggy unpressed clothes, several days' beard growth, thinning grey hair uncombed, is on the phone, voice flat, body lifeless. He projects "I've given up." His pallid complexion betrays a long-term illness.

CECIL  
I'm no Mother Teresa, Earl.  
Besides, I don't have time.

INTERCUT THEIR TELEPHONE CONVERSATION AS DESIRED

JUDGE DYSON  
The file's on its way. Read it  
over, then decide, Okay?

CECIL  
Are we debating mercy-versus-  
justice again?

JUDGE DYSON  
An over-crowded jail won't benefit  
anybody.

CECIL  
I'll look it over. Then say 'No.'

JUDGE DYSON  
New subject: Tuesday at 9, right?

CECIL  
Yep. I 'preciate all the rides.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SANTA BARBARA -- CONTINUOUS

Luis enters the historic Santa Barbara courthouse as the pickup drives by. Jorge honks the horn and Juan gives Luis the finger.

INT. JUDGE DYSON'S CHAMBERS -- CONTINUOUS

Judge Dyson studies a report. Present are Luis, still sweaty from the chase, Luis' PUBLIC DEFENDER (White male, 31), Assistant District Attorney RACHEL WILSON (White female, 33), and MELANIE GRIGGS (White, 44), from the Probation Department. Dyson puts the report aside.

Luis slouches, projects tough-guy disinterest, though his eyes watch everything. Even in the courthouse he assesses theft possibilities.

PUBLIC DEFENDER

Your Honor, please consider his family situation. His parents were deported, he's the sole protector of his teenage sister. They were born here.

A.D.A. WILSON

He should've thought of all that before he did the crime.

JUDGE DYSON

I think Mr. Vasquez could benefit from a different type of sentence.

(to Luis)

Mr. Vasquez, anything you'd like to say?

LUIS

This process is right out of Kafka.

JUDGE DYSON (TO GRIGGS)

Not everyday you hear 'Kafka' in the Probation Department.

GRIGGS

No, Your Honor.

JUDGE DYSON

I'm going to offer Mr. Vasquez three options. Thirty months is about right for this offense.

The Public Defender starts to object; Dyson stops him with his hand.

JUDGE DYSON (CONT'D)

Or, Mr. Vasquez could be sentenced to six months.