

BOUNTIFUL

by

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Note

Bountiful is an English and Spanish-language film, this being an English version of the script.

Spanish-language dialogue is in italics, but in the shooting script it will be in colloquial Spanish. For the migrants, the Spanish they speak will reflect the grammar and vocabulary used in the regions of the Americas from where they come.

EXT. SHALLOW RIVERBED - DAWN

Our clear, direct view of the silent mud two feet below.

A FISH meanders in. The metallic glint of a RAINBOW TROUT. It chases its tail as MORE TROUT circle in. The small school whirls tight, roiling bizarrely in over itself in a GENTLE UNNATURAL VORTEX glimmering green, blue and pink.

Abruptly, we rotate up out this quiet spectacle into--

EXT. SKY - DAWN

--BIRDSONG and a zenith view of the twilit blue. It's clear except for a COMET static up in the heavens. We gently bob.

WATER SLOSHES and now we're being pulled. Our weight runs aground and we stop.

A GIRL'S FACE LEANS INTO VIEW. Black, 14, short natural fro within a gray hoodie. This is ALICE. Her fierce eyes give us the once over, then she leans back out.

The lone comet hangs up there a long beat. Then an object cuts across our view. MILITARY DRONE, low altitude, reconnaissance.

ALICE (O.S.)
(irritated)
You can't see from there.

Eventually, ANOTHER FACE SLOWLY LEANS IN but distant and only halfway. A MAN (Latino, 40's). A hand cups his mouth in horror.

CUT TO:

FIVE ROPES STAKED TO A GRASSY SHORE

One is coiled slack on the grass. Four stretch taut into water.

OPEN SATCHEL SITTING IN A WOODEN SKIFF

Alice's hand dips in and pulls out a crumpled piece of paper. Inside the bag: CAN OF SPRAY PAINT, more crumpled papers -- MISSING PERSONS FLYERS.

WATER'S SURFACE POV

of what's floating next to us. Our glimpse is only enough to understand they are corpses, face down in the water. The BRIM OF A DIAPER bobs in and out of view suggesting one is a child.

EXT. COVE - DAWN

Alice hands the crumpled flyer to the man. He unfurls it to see the smiling photo of his missing boy. "Efraín Tobar, age 12, 5ft 5in, brown hair, brown eyes".

The man glances offscreen (at the body) and relief takes him. He buries his face in the flyer and weeps a muffled ache. Alice looks off, obliged to give him a moment.

Now we see we're in a small river cove secluded by trees. At the upriver end, a single engine wooden skiff moored up on the grass. Campfire pit. Empty gallon water bottles.

THE DRONE IN THE SKY recedes away. Alice watches it disappear beyond the horizon. Impatience flaring, she turns.

ALICE
 His place is with family, yes?
 (he's weeping still)
Señor.
 (he surfaces. In Spanish:)
Take him home.

EXT. RUSTY PICKUP FLATBED / WOODED TRAIL - DAWN

The shape of a body wrapped in a paint-stained drop cloth. The engine starts, the body rumbles. Alice watches it pull away. She fans the small bills in her hand. Frowns. Shoves them into a Ziploc bag of coins.

CUT TO:

ECU: ZIPLOC BAGS OF PERSONAL THINGS (MOVING)

stuffed under a boat seat. An engine purrs. One bag holds condiment sachets, a spoon, can of tuna. Another: soap, shampoo, toothpaste, toothbrush. A third: random personal items once owned by random people: pendants, watches, keys, IDs.

EXT. BOAT / RIVER (MOVING) - DAWN

Alice in a shabby faded life vest steers the wooden skiff upriver. She banks sharply around a WIDE U-BEND and--

--slaloms through a BOAT BONEYARD of half-sunk rusted wrecks.

--passes a cornfield. Beyond it, a DERELICT BIG BOX STORE, ghost "Walmart" signage.

EXT. RIVER / TENT BRIDGE - DAWN

Alice's pivoting POV of five or six MIGRANT TENTS huddled under a bridge. Migrants wave and whistle at the sky. Trying to grab the attention of the MILITARY DRONE arcing above.

EXT. RIVER / DERELICT WAREHOUSE - DAWN

Wall graffiti: "WE ARE FULL". The boat disappears inside a waterway entrance.

INT. WAREHOUSE BOAT DOCK - DAWN

The skiff parked dockside. In the half-light, a peeling painted moniker on the side reads "SOLITUDE". Rope messily tied to a cleat. Alice's life vest drapes a dock post.

INT. DERELICT WAREHOUSE WINDOW - DAWN

Underneath, Alice inside her hood sitting back against the wall, waiting. We hear a car pull up. Alice rises to peer

OUTSIDE

--at a jaded Honda Civic sitting curbside, engine idling. The DRIVER (Latina, 30s) is yelling at the backseat. We can't hear her, but there's NO-ONE BACK THERE. She turns to the road, doubt etched across her face. A deep breath, and hits the gas.

EXT. SIDEWALK / DERELICT WAREHOUSE - DAWN

In the distance, a ragtag checkpoint blocks the road out of town: pickup trucks and "BREAKER" MILITIA GOONS in mismatched camo gear. TWO BREAKERS slinging assault rifles chat in the street. TWO MORE are slumped asleep in garden chairs roadside.

The Civic pulls up and is circled by the two lucid goons. One snatches papers from the driver. The other raps on the trunk.

Alice's SACHEL drops down into view. SCRUFFY MEN'S BOOTS land. Alice grabs her satchel and stalks away. WE GO WITH HER as a burst of gunfire PLUNKS metal. Alice doesn't react, just keeps moving, head bowed, eyes front. Behind her, the driver jumps out screaming at the Breaker who annihilated the trunk.

As Alice turns a corner, another short burst then SILENCE. Stoic, Alice pulls down the brim of her hood and stalks on.

SUPER: DAY 96

EXT. EMPTY MAIN STREET - DAWN

A billboard looms: 1950's-style image of a "traditional" American family -- white, nuclear, happy. The caption: "BORN HERE, LIVE HERE, DIE HERE".

Alice hustles, head bowed, hands in pockets along the dead main drag of a New England town. Signs in store windows: "CITIZENS ONLY. NO ILLEGALS" -- "WE CHECK PAPERS" -- on parked cars: "WE ARE FULL" -- "DEPORT THEM ALL".

ECU: A BEAMING GIRL'S FACE

(Latina, 15) frozen in a photo of a missing flyer. PULL OUT to see it's one of countless smiling faces of color papering a

EXT. BUS STOP SHELTER - DAWN

Alice scanning the flyers stops at the beaming girl. She leans in, cocks a tilt. From her satchel she pulls a phone in a Ziploc bag. She removes the bag, takes a photo of the flyer, types -- SWOOSH. Text sent.

A vehicle roars past. Alice turns.

A BLUE PICKUP speeding down the street. Its mounted US flag billows furiously.

Another vehicle blazes by -- a RED MINIVAN. Both vehicles hang a turn and disappear down a side road.

Alice rips the beaming girl flyer from the wall and splits.

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAWN

Alice sidles up to a wall. Above her, a poster: silhouette of a rat in a rifle crosshair, "NO INFESTATION. INOCULATE USA". She peers around the corner:

The side road is dead. In the distance, the pickup and minivan parked outside an apartment building. The figures of TWO ARMED BREAKERS. One a SKINNY YOUNG MAN (19) on watch in the road. The other a WOMAN (50's) leaning against the pickup, toking on a cigarette (THE SMOKER).

Alice watches.

DRAPES PART, BLINDS CRACK AJAR in apartment windows above.

Then a sound. Faint. Wailing and yelling.

Growing, it spills out the building onto the sidewalk: TWO BLACK OPS AGENTS dragging a desperate MAN and WOMAN (both Latino, 30's), handcuffed, still in pajamas.

The man slips free and runs. He gets a few steps away when POP! POP! POP! -- he's dropped by the Smoker. The woman screams.

WINDOW DRAPES brusquely close.

One Ops Agent shoves the distraught woman into the minivan. The other squares up to the Smoker as Skinny looks on, shocked.

Alice watches unfazed. We hear a couple car doors slam.

The Smoker nonchalantly flicks her cigarette at the minivan peeling away. She opens the pickup tailgate and climbs into the driver's side. Skinny, left to load up the dead man's body alone, pauses nervous. As he stoops to grab it we--

CUT TO:

INT. DARK 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - DAWN

A tight, windowless gloom. A single shaft of daylight from an open apartment door. The faint beeping of a smoke alarm. From the far stairwell, the hooded silhouette of Alice appears.

INT. APARTMENT DOORWAY - DAWN

The beeping now louder. A freshly painted WHITE DIAGONAL STRIPE drips down the door. Alice steps through. As she does so, she sprays a tennis ball-sized BLACK DOT on a lower corner of the door with a spray can.

INT. APARTMENT / LIVING ROOM - DAWN

The beeping louder still. Smoke hangs the air. Stuffed toys errant on the floor. Scattered WE ARE FULL flyers. The place is simple, but there's lots of love and pride here.

Alice returns from a bedroom. Safe no-one's home, she lowers her hood.

ECU: CEILING SMOKE ALARM UNIT

--screeching insufferably. Alice's hands reach up and remove it. The detached ceiling wires recoil in merciful silence.

INT. APARTMENT / KITCHEN - DAWN

Alice eases down off a chair. She gently places the unit on the small kitchen table. Fried eggs and *baleadas* sit untouched. She jams a *baleada* into an egg yolk. The smashed yolk oozes.

An old toaster oven seeping smoke on the tight countertop. Alice chewing on the *baleada* unplugs it. She quietly searches the fridge and cupboards. It's slim pickings, but she bags a can of soup.

INT. APARTMENT / BATHROOM - DAWN

Alice finger-tastes a used tube of toothpaste. Bags it. She scans items in a cupboard and strikes gold: a box of maxipads.

INT. APARTMENT / GIRL'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Bare walls, thin polyester blanket on a twin bed. Alice looks through a stack of old children's books. Slides one out:

A BOOK OF GRIMM'S FAIRYTALES in English. An enchanted Arthur Rackham illustration on the cover of poor Hansel and Gretel at the whim of the witch in the woods. Alice opens it. Scrawled on the inside cover is the name, "Luna Zuñiga".

INT. APARTMENT / BEDROOM - DAWN

Neat double bed. Dresser. Pile of shoes in a corner. Alice opens the closet. Men's and women's clothes hang a rail. She slides a palm across the fabrics. One catches her eye.

DRESSER MIRROR

Family photos adorn the metal frame. Alice appears and holds a dress up against her baggy clothes. Blue, long sleeved, lace -- much too big for her, but pretty.

She lays the dress on the bed. Selects a couple of nail polish bottles from the dresser. Returns the red one, bags the purple.

She plucks a photo from the mirror. A mom, dad and little girl. We might recognize the mom and dad from earlier. As Alice tucks the photo into her pocket, she clocks the shoe pile. Thinks. She turns to the clothes hanging in the open closet.

CLOSET

Alice parts the clothes. Cowering down in the dark is a LITTLE GIRL (Latina, 5). Her small, tear-stained face looks up at us.

Without a word or emotion, Alice pulls up her hood. She takes the soup can from her satchel and sets it down on the dress. WE STAY WITH THE CAN AND DRESS as Alice exits offscreen.

EXT. UNDERWATER - MORNING

Shallow, clear water ripples sunlight on the muddy riverbed. Tiny fish loiter the gently swaying water weeds. Find Alice's bare feet planted in the mud. Her toes curl, agitating the soil. The water churns brown and clouds her feet.

EXT. COVE - MORNING

CLOSE ON WHITE SOAP SUDS clinging to Alice's black skin. She pours water over her bare shoulders. The suds cascade down to the river's surface. WE DRIFT DOWNSTREAM WITH THEM until they collide with the tarp. A SHOPKEEPER'S BELL DINGS and we--

CUT TO:

VARIOUS ECU SHOTS (FLASHBACK)

--ACCOUNTING LEDGER: A pencil point etching numbers across a page. A news bulletin drones on some AM radio in BG.

AM RADIO (O.S.)

...crisis, despite continued reports of state national guard expelling migrants without due process. And when asked about fears of extra-judicial violence against minorities by The Breakers, the state's largest white nationalist militia group--

--SHOPKEEPER'S BELL: Its brass clapper shimmying silently. The door is wide open.

AM RADIO (O.S.)

--a spokeswoman for the governor said that claims of a racial purge are offensive and inflammatory--

--NEATLY STOCKED AISLES of an old mom and pop holdover. We can hear someone moving about.

AM RADIO

--She maintained the state's push to secede is a constitutional right and a divine responsibility imperative based on sovereignty.--

INT. COUNTER - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

An OLD LADY (white, 70's, bifocals) scribbling into the ledger. That PORTABLE AM RADIO off to the side.

AM RADIO

--And if Washington continues to threaten the state's lawful transition to independence, the governor would have no choice but to deploy emergency measures for the safety and protection of its own citizens...

TWO LARGE BOTTLES OF WATER land on the counter, JUNK FOOD and a BOTTLE OF MOTOR OIL. The Old Lady looks up.

A GIRL is already ambling away down an aisle for something else. Black, 14, long braided ponytail, jeans and cropped tee.

The Old Lady looks at the motor oil, then out the window.

A WOMAN (black, 30's, short fro) pumping gas into a beat-up white Volvo sedan at one of the shop's two pumps -- we're in a gas station. The woman throws a wary glance back down the road.

The Old Lady clocks the rear car seat. It's jammed with luggage, boxes, bulging trash bags.

GAS STATION STORE / CANDY AISLE (FLASHBACK)

The girl perusing the candy. Her hair is long and her clothes feminine, but IT'S ALICE.

A car horn honks impatient. Alice looks out. The woman -- HER MOM -- gestures to hurry up.

Alice flings her arms up -- okay! -- but in doing so, she knocks a box of gum packs onto the floor.

Alice looks up. The lady squints at us, suspicious. Alice pouts, annoyed.

CANDY AISLE FLOOR (FLASHBACK)

Alice gets down on the worn vinyl floor gathering packs of gum. The radio news murmurs indistinct. Then other sounds come--

The deep guzzle of a vehicle pulling up outside....

Vehicle doors opening....

The drone of a surly woman's voice....

A second, young male one....

Heavy footfalls clumping into the shop....

Alice, stretching for gum packs, is oblivious. As she is to--

LEATHER BOOTS and CAMO PANTS of a figure appearing at the end of the aisle behind her. They're facing away from us, seemingly unaware of Alice down here.

The BARREL OF A SLUNG ASSAULT RIFLE swings down. The figure grabs something from a shelf and as it turns and exits, a CIGARETTE BUTT hits the floor -- snapping Alice's attention.

THE BUTT SMOLDERS ON THE VINYL. Radio news murmurs on.

Now Alice hears the voices outside, the RATTLE of an aerosol can, BURSTS of spray, MOCKING LAUGHS. She turns.

The Old Lady, seeing what we can't, cups her hand to her mouth.

Alice slowly rises from behind the shelf. Her POV of her helpless mom standing stoic by the pump as she endures some unseen humiliation.

Alice clocks the vehicle at the second pump:

LARGE BLUE PICKUP. Tinted windows. A CADUCEUS (winged, dual serpent-entwined rod insignia) decal on the front fender.

Alice makes to run outside, but her mom catches her movement. Her fierce eyes bore into us as she discreetly shakes her head: "No" and--

EXT. RIVER / CANOPY ROPE - MORNING

The rope dangling the tree canopy tied to the bow of Alice's boat floating in place. No-one aboard, but it's tipped away from us as if weighted. Sounds of struggling in the water.

EXT. RIVER / CANOPY ROPE (ANOTHER ANGLE) - MORNING

Alice is in her life vest in the water. One hand grips the boat while the other is busy under the surface. Given her grimaced face, it's failing at whatever it's doing. She reaches deeper, stretching, but loses her grip on the boat and bobs free.

ALICE

Fuck....

Her busy hand raises a boat hook out the water. She leans back breathless, eyes closed. Floats aimless. Lets the morning sun warm her face.

Her head tilts, her eyes fall open at the other riverbank: two moose - mother and calf - at the river's edge. The animals drink. Alice watches. Her breathing calms.

The mother rises suddenly alert. Sniffs the air.

Alice watches. Her brow furrows.

The calf still drinking. A DISTANT CRACK OF GUNFIRE. The calf bucks up and both animals bolt.

Alice leans up and scans the tree line. ANOTHER CRACK, closer this time -- *Fuck!*

She scrambles at the boat with the boat hook--

EXT. BOAT - MORNING

--The boat hook clatters in. Alice tumbles into the hull and clamors for the engine.

ALICE

Fuck!--

She double backs to the bow and unties the canopy rope. A RAPID GUNFIRE BURST echoes--

She dives for the stern, grabs the engine cord but a voice stops her cold--

OLDER FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

FLUSH HIM OUT!

MORE GUNSHOTS -- Alice ditches the cord, grabs the oar and silently sweeps the water, easing downstream towards a

LOW ARCHED BRIDGE

The boat passes underneath. Another voice, much closer.

YOUNG MALE VOICE (O.S.)

WATER! I HEAR THE RIVER!

Alice quickly back-paddles, reversing the boat back under the bridge. She gingerly stands up and braces her palms against the span. The boat holds against the current.

Then across the river, something spills out from the trees. Alice looks over--

A BOY (Latino, 7) stops short at the river's edge.

ANOTHER GUNSHOT -- He ducks and spots us under the bridge. He peers at the abutment on his side and runs for it.

ALICE
Hey! What're you doing?!

Alice releases a hand to wave him away, but the boat teeters forcing her to slap it back up against the span.

The Boy ducks under the bridge. He leans his awkwardly stooped body back against the abutment to avoid falling into the river.

ALICE
No. Get away! Go!

Then the DEEP DIESEL RUMBLE of a vehicle pulling up topside. Alice freezes. A door opens. Someone steps out.

Both Alice and the Boy look up, breath held in muted dread.

The silence burns.

Unseen by Alice, a CIGARETTE BUTT sails down from topside into the water. The current carries it downstream past the boat.

Footsteps start up. ALICE'S EYES follow them to one side of the bridge. From above:

SURLY FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
YOU GOT EYES?!
(Alice straining to hold)
BOUCHARD! YOU WITH US OR WHAT?!

OLDER FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
(from woods downstream)
NEGATIVE! NO VISUAL!

Alice looks downstream. The Boy meanwhile, is frozen in terror.

SURLY FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
SANBORN!

YOUNG MALE VOICE (O.S.)
(from woods upstream)
I GOT TRACKS!

The Boy throws a glance upstream.

SURLY FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
COME ON! MOVE YOUR ASSES!

More silence. Alice glances up at the span. *Where is she?*

A SPLASH!

Alice looks. The Boy is now swimming towards us.

ALICE
(horrified, low)
What're you doing?! Stop! Go back!

But he keeps coming, his little splashing echoing all around.

He reaches the boat and grabs onto the side. QUIET RESUMES.

Alice looks up at the span and listens. The Boy looks up too. But there's no sound from above. Just the rippling river.

And now the boat starts to move. The Boy's half-submerged weight is dragging them!

Alice loses her grip and falls backwards down into the hull. As the boat floats out into the open, all she can do is lay there, face-up, utterly exposed.

Alice's POV of the span slowly gives way to sky... topside... American flag... rigged to a blue pickup... tinted windows--

THE BOAT

unbearably, floats on. Alice laying still. The Boy in the water gripping the side. Sitting ducks.

A long beat. On they float. But nothing happens.

Alice lifts her head to see:

The bridge now eighty feet behind and receding. No sign of anyone topside. Just the blue pickup.

Then the SMALL FIGURE OF A WOMAN IN CAMO emerges from behind it. She coolly leans on the railing and gazes downstream at us floating away. As she drags on a cigarette, we may recognize her as THE SMOKER from the opening scene.

Alice sits upright, eyes fixed on the Smoker's fixed on her.

The Smoker turns, reaches into the pickup flatbed and comes up with something. A rifle. *FUCK!*

Alice scrambles for the engine--

CRACK-- SPLASH! A bullet explodes water--

ALICE yanks on the engine cord--