

SOAP & TOOTHBRUSHES

Written by

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FADE IN:

EXT. US/MEXICO BORDER WALL -DAY

A rusty white panel truck speeds along the dusty frontage road beside a section of under construction border wall. The truck passes BORDER PATROL AGENTS, guns trained on dozens of WEeping ILLEGAL IMMIGRANT PARENTS. Their SCREAMING kids are tossed into other panel trucks. It's agony incarnate.

INT. PANEL TRUCK/ BACK (MOVING) - DAY

TINA MUNOZ, 4 years old, BAWLS into a tattered baby blanket. Her wailing is nearly drowned out by the dozen other IMMIGRANT CHILDREN crying for lost parents.

BETTY, 30s, an overweight American social worker, pudgy kind faced, places her plump hands over her ears to try to block out the overwhelming grief that fills the panel truck's interior.

Curly Red hair matted to her head, Betty picks up the intercom and shouts to be heard over the din of agonized kids.

BETTY

God's mercy! Still no AC back here!
Isn't it bad enough we ripped these
babies from their families on
Father's day of all days?

Betty does her best to listen.

INT. PANEL TRUCK/ FRONT CAB - DAY

KARL, a grizzled old Texan, shouts back into the intercom.

KARL

Ma'am, I swear to God -- AGAIN --
they ain't nothin' we can do!

BETTY (V.O.)

Pull into a gas station and get
this AC fixed! It must be 120
degrees back here!

KARL

Ain't authorized to make no kinda
stops.

Karl slyly eyes a dash dial that shows AC is set to OFF.

INT. PANEL TRUCK/ BACK - DAY

Betty stares at the intercom for beat, trying to master her outrage.

BETTY
Do you want dead children on your
hands, Mister... what's your name?

INT. PANEL TRUCK/ FRONT CAB - DAY

Karl kicks the dashboard in rage. An old photo of him as a Border Patrol Agent falls to the dusty floor.

KARL
Mister none a yer Goddamn --

Karl's rant is interrupted by a black van that cuts him off. The back of the black van is emblazoned with neon graffiti on it that reads:

FUCK TRUMP'S KIDDIE CONCENTRATION CAMPS!

Karl happily hangs up on Betty.

KARL (CONT'D)
Border Patrol, we got some kinda
ANTIFA bullshit goin' down!

The Border Patrol escort moves from trailing the white panel truck, but as they do the black van cuts off onto a dirt road, vanishing in a cloud of dust.

INT. PANEL TRUCK/ BACK - DAY

Lost in despair, Betty looks around at the 13 wailing children and chooses one, TINA, 7, to take into a consoling hug.

BETTY (IN SPANISH)
I'm so sorry, little one. Tell me
your name?

Tina welcomes the embrace of Betty.

TINA (IN ENGLISH)
Tina. What's your name, nice lady?

BETTY
Betty. You speak English so well,
little one!

TINA

Mama taught me 'cause we walk many
miles from El Salvador, where the
bad men killed my pappa, to
America, land of the free.

Tina's rushed words crack Betty's professional demeanor. At a
loss for words, Betty strokes Tina's sweaty hair.

TINA (CONT'D)

When do I see Mama again?

BETTY

I could lie, child. Tell you
"soon". But you must prepare
yourself for the sad fact --

A 5 year old boy with a bowl haircut, ROBERTO, faints to the
panel truck's floor. Tina dives to his side.

TINA

Roberto! My brother!

Roberto's eyes flutter back into his head as he goes into a
racking seizure.

Betty's fingers tremble as she dials the cell phone to reach
the Karl, who silently answers.

BETTY

Driver? Hi. So sorry if I sounded a
bit cross before. The heat. I don't
blame you for all this.

INT. PANEL TRUCK/ FRONT CAB -DAY

Karl listens to Betty in furious disgust.

KARL

Well, I blame you liberals for
encouraging illegal scum to invade
the US of A!

BETTY (V.O.)

Sir, we have a crisis on our hands.
A little boy, no more than four or
five, heat stroke, convulsions!

Karl smirks as he hangs up the call.

INT. PANEL TRUCK/ BACK - DAY

Betty's vision blurs from the heat exhaustion.

BETTY

If we don't get these children some
fresh air and hydration soon --
Hello?

Betty curses under her breath as she realizes, despite the din of sobbing kids, that Karl has cut off the call.

As the panel truck pulls to a red light Betty eyes the side door latch.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Fuck it.

Betty punches in her key code access and pulls open the panel truck's side door. A heavenly breeze passes through the panel truck. Roberto gasps in fresh air, calming instantly.

An 11 year-old Guatemalan boy darts out the door and, quick as a deer, vanishes into the hedges.

Before anymore children can escape, an angry Border Patrol Agent, Mexican/American, 30s, DIEGO, appears at the door, brandishing a submachine gun, impending violence on his face.

DIEGO

Who opened this fucking door?

BETTY

I, I did. No AC! We're dying!

Diego waves his submachine gun at the kids.

DIEGO

All you little pandejos! Shut it
and sit the fuck down!

Diego slams the panel truck door shut in Betty's face before she can utter a word.

EXT. DETENTION FACILITY - DAY

The detention facility looks to be a re-purposed big box department store, halfway under re-construction.

Betty wipes tears mixed with sweat as the Immigrant children, clothes soaked to their skin, obediently hop from the panel truck. One by one PURPLE GLOVED ATTENDANTS escort them into through the automatic doors.

Last off, Roberto leans on Tina. The little duo scurry to Betty and burry their faces in her soft but sweat soaked dress.

Diego spins angrily on Betty.

DIEGO (CONT'D)
I only count twelve!

BETTY
One got away.

DIEGO
Why didn't you say, maldita puta?

BETTY
Calling me a "damn bitch"? Want
that on my report, Officer Diego?

Betty notes the slight change in respect in Diego's eyes.

BETTY (CONT'D)
I tried telling before you slammed
the door in my face, you disgusting
traitor to your own people!

Diego hangs his head slightly, properly shamed.

Karl blows a hocker at Betty's feet from his panel truck.

KARL
God damned liberals got no part in
Trump's work!

BETTY
I'll have you know I am an ordained
minister, you Trump-loving boob!

Karl tosses a wrench at Betty. Tina and Roberto scream.

But Diego catches the wrench in the nick of time.

DIEGO
Cool your jets, amigo. She'll get
hers when they find out she let one
of the illegals escape.

Karl pounds the door on his fan in joy.

KARL
Got me another load of wetback
brats to pick up. But gonna wait.
Love to watch the little shits
gettin' carted to prison.

WOMAN WITH PURPLE PLASTIC GLOVES, Black, 20s, kindly gestures to Betty to allow her take Tina and Robert through the automatic front door.

WOMAN WITH PURPLE GLOVES
It's not a prison, sir. These children will be well cared for while their parents are processed.

KARL
Ha. I got dry well to sell you.

Betty spins to Diego.

BETTY
Please, Officer Diego, I, I simply must come in with Roberto and Tina.

Betty shakily reaches into her pockets. Diego pulls his gun.

DIEGO
No sudden moves!

KARL
She's gotta fucking gun! Shoot the liberal cunt!

AS Diego pulls back the trigger all action freezes

MONTAGE:

A lifetime of complicity flashes before Betty's terrified eyes.

BETTY AGE 8 turning a blind eye as BULLIES beat up a nerdy boy on the playground.

TEEN BETTY listening to MEAN GIRLS.

MEAN GIRL
(to Betty)
We'll get that stuck up bitch.
Well, Betty, you in?

Teen Betty nods reluctantly.

Betty, younger looking, makes a telemarketing call in a Bush Campaign Office.

Betty ignores a HOMELESS BEGGAR on the streets of Dallas.

Betty in her living room turns off a TV commercial asking for funds to feed the poor in Bangladesh.

BACK TO PRESENT:

The world slowly unfreezes. Diego's hands shake as he points the gun in Betty's face.

Betty yanks a toothbrush and hotel soap from her pocket and angrily brandishes them in Diego's face.

BETTY
Soap! Soap and fucking
toothbrushes!

Diego holsters his gun in shame. Karl grumbles in his van's from seat.

KARL
Shit. Shoulda put a cap in her fat
head. That's all that'll shut her
bleeding heart up.

Diego grimly motions to Betty to hand Tina and Roberto over to the Woman With Purple Plastic Gloves.

DIEGO
Get to it.

Woman With Purple Plastic Gloves reaches for Betty and the kids and scuffle ensues.

BETTY
(mutters)
Shit. Where are they?

KARL
Huh? Where's who?

Before Betty can answer the black panel truck that cut Karl off earlier races up in a cloud of dust. Hands reach out and snatch Roberto away. Tina SCREAMS in terror.

BETTY
(whispers to Tina)
It's OK. Run, Tina!

In the confusion, Tina dodges the diving tackle of Diego. Betty squeals in delight as Tina makes it into the black panel truck on the roll. Karl's panel truck starts slowly.

KARL
You did this, libtard!

Karl hits the gas to give chase. But the rusty old panel truck only goes on a few feet on a rear tire flat. Karl BELLOWS in rage and HONKS his horn with pounding fists.

BETTY

Aw. Looks like you got a flat tire,
Tex.

Betty slyly pockets the soap and toothbrushes that hide a jackknife.

Woman in Purple Gloves and Diego look at each other, relieved at this small victory. Then turn to Betty.

DIEGO & WOMAN WITH PURPLE GLOVES

(in unison)

Go!

Betty hops in a Prius with Bernie 2020 stickers all over it.

KARL

What the fuck? You're lettin' Miss
Piggy go?

Diego and Woman in Purple Gloves turn their backs on Karl.

KARL (CONT'D)

(shouts after Diego)

Border Patrol used to mean
something! We used to be the God
damned good guys!

As Betty's Prius passes a Trump/Pence 2020 poster she gives a pudgy finger to Karl, driving off into a gorgeous sunset.

THE END