

# TIERRA BLANCA

Written by

Salvador Medina

WGA Registration Number: 1715995

Lic. Francisco Benitez 70 - A104  
Col. Progreso, Del. Alvaro Obregon  
Mexico City, Mexico 01080  
Contact: [ayudamemalverde@me.com](mailto:ayudamemalverde@me.com), [salvador@pulp.com.mx](mailto:salvador@pulp.com.mx)

OVER BLACK

Title Card:

Culiacán, Sinaloa, home to Mexico's biggest drug lords. Most of them come from one of its oldest neighborhoods: Tierra Blanca.

FADE IN:

A beautiful dawn paints over the houses of a small yet expanding city. Tall new buildings on one side of the river, modest houses on the other.

We're in Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

The streets are still empty, the city is barely waking.

I/E. BEN'S CAR - DAY

A HUNDRED DEGREES. At least. Norteño music comes out the stereo. A small kid's shoe dangles from the rearview mirror, next to a Malverde rosary.

BEN, early thirties, blue eyes, pale skinned with a light beard, drives a white pickup truck. He looks tired, calm.

The truck makes its way through the city of Culiacán.

Ben turns a corner. A green pickup truck follows him. He isn't startled, but he pays attention.

A red light ahead. Traffic is flowing slow. Ben accelerates and turns right, running the red light. He looks to his rearview mirror.

The green pickup truck runs the red light, right behind him.

Ben, surveys with his eyes.

Ahead, an auto shop.

EXT. AUTO SHOP - DAY

A couple of employees hiding from the sun under a small roof, playing cards. Both of them wearing overalls, not fit for the kind of heat around them, but they seem comfortable.

DIEGO (30) and ROB (20) sit facing each other.

DIEGO

Hit me.

Rob hands Diego two cards. He sees them.

ROB  
So?

Diego nods. Rob shows Diego his cards.

DIEGO  
Lucky bastard.

Rob chuckles and takes the money. A white pickup truck parks in front of them.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
I'll take this one.

Diego hurries to the pickup truck and opens the driver's door.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
Welcome, sir.

Ben steps out. He's indifferent, empty.

DIEGO (CONT'D)  
My name is Diego, I'll be taking care of your car today.

Ben and Diego walk towards a small room.

INT. AUTO SHOP - WAITING ROOM - DAY

Just a few seats and a TV. The air conditioning is blasting.

Diego writes into a computer.

DIEGO  
Cash or credit card?

BEN  
Cash.

Diego takes a few papers the printer is spitting out.

DIEGO  
Here you go. Your car will be ready in a few hours. We'll call you.

Diego hands Ben the papers.

BEN  
Thanks.

Ben sits down. He stares at the TV. Despair in his eyes.

DIEGO  
Do you want me to call you a cab?  
It's going to take some time.

Ben doesn't pay attention. He looks out the window, lost, a man with nothing left.

BEN  
I'm fine.

DIEGO  
Are you sure?

Outside the auto shop, on the street, a green pickup truck awaits.

BEN  
Sure. They'll kill me as soon as I leave here anyway.

Diego's eyes open wide.

DIEGO  
Sir?

BEN  
Take your time.

Diego takes the papers and heads for the door. He stops.

DIEGO  
Sir, are you okay?

Ben stares outside the window.

Silence.

Diego leaves the room.

The green pickup truck sits outside. The heat covers it all.

INT. MARY'S HOUSE - BEN'S ROOM - TWO YEARS EARLIER - DAY

BEEP!

The numbers from an alarm clock turn from 5:59 am to 6:00 am. An arm quickly stops the noise. Lights on.

Ben's blue eyes open, he's clean-shaven, slightly skinnier, looks outside the window. The day is an empty canvas.