

EDGES

FADE IN:

INT. DOÑA CECILIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

SUPER: "EDGES"

(NOTE: The dialogue is spoken in Spanish and is subtitled in English)

On an old night table, an old analog alarm clock SOUNDS. It is 4:00 AM. The skinny wrinkled hand of DOÑA CECILIA, Mexican, 93, turn off the alarm.

Doña Cecilia is a 4'11" indigenous-looking woman with wrinkles all over her face.

She moves very slowly, and her spine is curved.

As in slow motion, she sits up on her bed and looks at the floor. Breathing deeply, she stays quiet on the edge of her bed and looks across the poor room.

The tiny room is her whole house. The floor is made of gray concrete. On one side of the room, there is an old night table next to a small bed. On the other side, there is a table with two chairs, a little oven, and a rotten sink full of plates.

Doña Cecilia uses her hands to push herself and stand up.

DOÑA CECILIA

Ay, ay, ay... Diocito.

SUBTITLES

Oy, oy, oy... my sweet Lord.

Dragging her feet, she walks to the sink and opens the tap. She splashes her face with the cold tap water. A rooster sings.

She closes the tap but a sound of falling water continues. As she glances at the rotten tin roof, she sees water leaking from a hole.

DOÑA CECILIA

Válgame Señor.

SUBTITLES

Be with me, Lord.

Cecilia draws a little curtain beneath the sink and retrieves an iron bucket. She sets the bucket underneath the water leak.

She sets an old kettle over the oven and heats water. As the water boils, Cecilia walks slowly to the corner of the room. She draws a curtain and sits on the toilet.

AT HER TABLE - MOMENTS LATER



Sitting at the table, Cecilia eats a piece of white bread and drinks tea in an old plastic cup. She wears a shirt and a large skirt.

Cecilia finishes her tea, stands up and puts on a jacket. She takes an elongated suitcase and an umbrella. Then, she looks across the room, turns the lights off, and exits.

EXT. DOÑA CECILIA'S HOUSE ENTRANCE - DAWN
SUPER: "LA JOYA - MEXICO"

In the unlit early dawn, it pours. As Cecilia steps outside, she stands on the edge of a long concrete stairs and looks down across the poor neighborhood.

Few PEOPLE are on the street. DON JACINTO, 70s, opens the little market in front of Cecilia's house. Cecilia opens her umbrella and, step by step, climbs down the long stairs toward the unpaved street.

DON JACINTO

Buen día, doña. Baje con cuidadito.

SUBTITLES

Good morning, ma'am. Be careful getting down the stairs.

DOÑA CECILIA

Gracias Jacinto. Me lo dice cada día. No se preocupe que ya es costumbre.

SUBTITLES

Thanks Jacinto. Every day you tell me the same thing. Don't worry. I'm used to this. Don Jacinto smiles and enters the market as Cecilia continues climbing down the stairs as if in slow motion.

EXT. UNPAVED STREET - MORNING

In the rain, Doña Cecilia walks on the street. Trying to avoid the rain, a young MOTHER, holding a little backpack and the hand of her 7-year-old SON in a school uniform, leave their house and run. Doña Cecilia is much slower.

EXT. PAVED STREET - DAY

The rain continues. As the day is growing, there are more CARS on the street. A MAN opens his store. CHILDREN run toward their school. After a slow walk through the long sidewalk, Cecilia finally arrives at the bus stop.

Tired, she sits on the small bench and shelters herself from the rain. She covers her suitcase with her umbrella.

When a bus arrives, Cecilia closes her umbrella and stands up. The bus opens the door, and two YOUNG MEN get off the bus to help her.



One of them takes the suitcase, and the other takes the umbrella. Both help Cecilia in the difficult task of getting on the bus.

INSIDE THE BUS - CONTINUOUS

The bus is packed with wet and sleepy PEOPLE. Cecilia has a hard time trying to grab the handgrip, but her tiny body is contained by the packed crowd.

After a couple of stops, people start to get off the bus. By waving her hand, a WOMAN offers her seat to Doña Cecilia. Grinning, Cecilia accepts and sits down.

DOÑA CECILIA

Gracias, mijita.

SUBTITLES

Thanks, young lady.

EXT. TIJUANA BUS STOP, MEXICO - DAY

The rain is gone when the bus arrives at its stop. Slowly, Doña Cecilia gets off the bus. Someone from inside the bus passes her the suitcase. She walks to the corner and gets in a cab.

INSIDE THE CAB - CONTINUOUS

Four people are sharing the cab. In the back seat are a FAT WOMAN, a TEENAGE GIRL, and a male CONSTRUCTION WORKER. Uncomfortable with her umbrella and her suitcase, Cecilia is in the front seat next to the cab driver, a QUIET MAN.

The fat woman eats some cookies loudly, the teenage girl is absorbed by her cell phone, and the construction worker looks out the window. Nobody talks. One by one, Doña Cecilia looks at them, but nobody notices her.

EXT. CAB STOP - EARLY AFTERNOON

The cab stops, and Cecilia, very slowly, gets out of the car.

EXT. HUMBLE MARKET ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

At the entrance of a humble market, Cecilia sits at a plastic table. She rests her head on her right hand as a male SERVER, 20s, comes from inside with a plate of food and a juice.

SERVER

¿Lo mismo de siempre, no?

SUBTITLES

The usual, right?

DOÑA CECILIA

Por favor, mijito.



SUBTITLES

Please, son.

The server leaves the plate and the glass on the table. Cecilia eats and drinks as she looks at CHILDREN playing on the street, she smiles.

INSERT - Her wrinkled hand caresses her suitcase.

The server comes outside with a big and thick yellow candle and gives it to Cecilia. She opens just a bit of the suitcase and puts the candle inside as the server cleans up the table.

SERVER

Me dijeron que anda tranquilo por allá adentro hoy.

SUBTITLES

Someone told me today it is quiet inside the place.

DOÑA CECILIA

Dios quiera, mijito. Vamo' a ver.

SUBTITLES

It's up to God, son. We'll see.

Doña Cecilia leaves a bunch of coins over the table and tries to stand up. The server assists her and gives her the suitcase.

DOÑA CECILIA

Todo muy rico. Gracias.

SUBTITLES

Everything's very tasty. Thank you.

SERVER

Me alegro. La veo hasta mañana, abuela. Ándese con cuidado.

SUBTITLES

I'm glad. See you tomorrow, granny. Take care of yourself.

Doña Cecilia slightly waves at him and leaves the place. With a tender smile, the server looks at Cecilia's slow pace.

EXT. GARITA INTERNACIONAL - NUEVA TIJUANA - AFTERNOON

Doña Cecilia walks on Blvd. Garita de Otoy through the Garita International toward the US-Mexico border.

EXT. CUSTOMS AND BORDER - CONTINUOUS

Doña Cecilia arrives at the border. There is a long line, but she cuts the line and walks toward the control point. Cecilia waves at the OFFICER IN CHARGE and he



opens the gate, allowing Cecilia to cross.

EXT. OTAY MESA PORT OF ENTRY, US - CONTINUOUS

A border patrol car arrives, and Doña Cecilia gets in.

INSIDE THE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Driving, the PATROL DRIVER looks at Cecilia through the rearview mirror.

PATROL DRIVER

How are you today, Mrs.? Doing great?

DOÑA CECILIA

Yes, yes. Tank yo.

Uncomfortable with the chat in English language, Cecilia looks out the window and stays quiet.

EXT. DETENTION CENTER ENTRANCE - LATE AFTERNOON

The patrol driver helps Doña Cecilia from getting out of the car. She enters to the Detention Center.

INT. DETENTION CENTER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

Doña Cecilia walks across a long white corridor. She passes by a TV showing the news. She glances at the TV and sees PRESIDENT TRUMP giving a frenzied speech.

INSERT - Trump struts around the microphone.

Doña Cecilia shakes her head in disapproval. At the end of the corridor, TWO FEMALE OFFICERS open a double door, and she walks through.

INT. DETENTION CAGES - CONTINUOUS

Twenty-five CHILDREN, between four and nine years old, CRY inside a cage. The noise is DEAFENING. Some children hug others, but some of them prefer being apart.

INSERT - A four-year-old LITTLE BOY cries and shouts against the cage. His face is full of tears.

LITTLE BOY

Mami...! Mami...!

From the other side of the cage, just in front of the boy, Cecilia takes a chair and sits. She lays the suitcase on the floor and opens it.

With curiosity, a couple of children step closer to her. Cecilia takes the big yellow candle out of the suitcase, pulls a match box out of her pocket, and lights the candle.

When the candle starts to burn, she takes from inside the suitcase a small white



acoustic guitar. She closes the suitcase, puts her right foot over, and sets the guitar on her leg.

She plays the guitar and sings Mexican boleros. Gradually, the children get absorbed by the music and stop crying. As the shouting ceases, the sound of the guitar and Cecilia's voice sounds louder.

BEGIN MONTAGE - DOÑA CECILIA SINGS

-- INSIDE OF THE CAGE -- The children come closer to Cecilia and sit in a semi-circle in front of her.

-- DOÑA CECILIA -- With her eyes closed, Cecilia sings with her heart.

-- INSIDE OF THE CAGE -- The four-year-old little boy stops crying as he beholds Cecilia. He gets calm and sleepy.

-- DOÑA CECILIA -- Cecilia's hands play the guitar with grace.

-- THREE OFFICERS -- Next to the double door, THREE OFFICERS look at each other and smile. They enjoy the music as well.

-- INSIDE OF THE CAGE -- Very calm, the children sleep.

-- YELLOW CANDLE -- The candle is consumed.

END OF MONTAGE

INT. DETENTION CAGES - CONTINUOUS

Cecilia stops playing and puts the guitar inside the case. She beholds the sleeping children across the cage. No one is awake. Misty-eyed, Doña Cecilia grins at the calm ambiance.

DOÑA CECILIA

Sueñen con los angelitos.

SUBTITLES

Dream with angels.

Cecilia puts her left hand on her hip and stands up with difficulty. One of the three officers assist her.

EXT. CUSTOMS AND BORDER - EVENING

At the border, the patrol car is parked next to the route. A big Vallarta Supermarket truck parks behind the patrol car.

In the unlit route, Doña Cecilia gets out the patrol car with her suitcase and her umbrella. The patrol driver helps her with the difficult task of climbing to the cabin. The truck leaves.



INT. TRUCK CABIN - NIGHT

Driving, a friendly TRUCK DRIVER talks with Doña Cecilia.

TRUCK DRIVER

Próximamente le voy a tener que poner un ascensor para que pueda subir al camión, Doña Cecilia.

SUBTITLES

Soon, I'll have to put an elevator for you to get on the truck, Doña Cecilia.

Quiet and sleepy, Doña Cecilia grins.

TRUCK DRIVER

¿Me va a cantar algo hoy?

SUBTITLES

Are you gonna sing something for me, today?

EXT. CORNER OF CECILIA'S BLOCK - NIGHT

The truck sounds the horn and leaves the corner. Cecilia walks among the cloud of dust stirred up by the truck. She walks the unpaved street to her house.

EXT. DOÑA CECILIA'S HOUSE ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

Taking a deep breath, Doña Cecilia gazes up the long stairs. Step by step, she begins to climb it.

INT. DOÑA CECILIA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In her sleepwear, Doña Cecilia drags the iron bucket full of water and pours it into the toilet. Exhausted, she sits on her bed and takes the old alarm clock from her night table.

INSERT - The clock displays 11:35 PM. Cecilia sets the alarm to 4:00 AM.

She crosses herself and lays down on the bed.

DOÑA CECILIA

(under her breath)

Ay, ay, ay virgencita.

SUBTITLES

(under her breath)

Oy, oy, oy... holy mother.

Doña Cecilia turns the light off and exhales hard.

BLACK SCREEN - The old clock alarm sounds.

FADE OUT.

THE END

