

INT. MEXICAN COMPOUND - MAIN VILLA

The auction continues to be heard in the background through the open window of a bedroom.

Inside, a large Hispanic man - GONZALO RAMOS, 50ish - lies on a bed. Two teenage girls - one Hispanic (SERITA), the other Caucasian (EVA) - tend to him, one fanning him; the other feeding him grapes and figs.

RAMOS

I grow weary, ninas. Leave me now
...and fetch my wife.

EVA

Yes, sir.

Eva and Serita depart. Moments later, a beautiful, slender Caucasian woman, late 20s, enters. She keeps her head down, staring at the floor.

WOMAN

You called for me, sir?

RAMOS

Why must you insist on calling me
sir? I am your husband, not your
master. Address me by my first
name...please.

WOMAN

Yes...Gonzalo.

RAMOS

Thank-you. Look at me when I am
speaking to you...and, for God's
sake, smile.

The woman raises her head, looks at Ramos, and manages a slight smile.

RAMOS

That's a little better.

(beat)

Are you not at least somewhat
grateful that I interceded at your
auction? You could have ended up
like those other women, getting
auctioned off to a masher and
ending up in some God-forsaken
corner of the world.

WOMAN

Yes...Gonzalo...I am thankful.

RAMOS

Good. Now come to Gonzalo...and
show some appreciation...Hannah.

Hannah walks reluctantly toward Gonzalo, her body language oozing the dread she feels for what will happen next...

BEGIN DREAM SEQUENCE

INT. CAMPBELL CABIN BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hannah continues to make her way toward a bed, but she is now dressed in a slinky nightgown. Her expression and body language are now that of sexy anticipation. She falls into the arms of her husband. She and Mason embrace lovingly as they lie down together on the bed. As things really begin to heat up, Hannah calls out Mason's name passionately...

HANNAH

Mason...Mason...

END DREAM SEQUENCE.

EXT. SOUTH TEXAS - VERY EARLY AM

Campbell is fast asleep. Dixon, shakes him gently by the shoulder, attempting to wake him.

DIXON

Mason...Mason!

Campbell awakens abruptly and sits straight up, still panting.

DIXON

That musta been some dream.

CAMPBELL

You have no idea...and never will.

DIXON

We gotta go. Get yer shit together.

Campbell nods and begins to collect what few things he has.