

TEASER

**EXT. CHIHUAHUAN DESERT, MEXICO - DAY**

Scorched earth. Searing sun. Burn your retinas bright. The Sierra Madre mountain range sits in the distance, beyond miles of flatlands and a layer of distorting heat haze.

DAXTON RIVERS (V.O.)

People say we don't get to choose  
our own lives. My brother and I  
would probably agree on the truth  
of that. Maybe him more than me.

A MONGREL DOG tears across the plane with a destination in mind. Two young boys, one lighter skinned, ALEJANDRO, and the other a darker near-twin, MIGUEL, chase the animal.

Calls in SPANISH do nothing to avert the dog's climb up a small dune, the peak of which reveals a FARMHOUSE; Long abandoned despite the durability of the stone facade.

Miguel and Alejandro hesitate as the dog keeps running towards the mystery of the building. A quick glance at the other. A silent question. Two smiles of agreed adventure.

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY**

The boys step quietly over yucca, creosote and mesquite towards the wall of the building.

**INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY**

A bare stone room. No windows. Cool and dark.

**HOLES**

-- in the wall, manually bored, are FILLED by the bright BLUE EYES of our young heroes, unaware that what they are about to see will change their lives forever --

**A FEDERALE**

-- lifeless, fully uniformed, lies in the middle of the room. A halo of blood stains the ground around his head.

On a fold-out table lie TWO BIO-HAZARD SUITS, GAS MASKS and thick SAFETY GLOVES.

The SCRRRRRRRAAAAAAPE of plastic against stone announces the entrance of EL PARIENTE, 30s, intelligent, neat, groomed and LALO RAMOS 30s, wild, rugged, dragging a person-sized CASK.

They strip off expensive blazers. Pull on the protective suits, masks and gloves.

As they lift the body of the Federale into the tub, his eyes open and STARE right at the two young boys. His mouth opens and a BUBBLE of blood and saliva inflates and POPS.

The Federale emits an instantly stifled SCREAM as his entire body is submerged in HYDROFLUORIC ACID. El Pariente and Lalo watch as the body dissolves, before --

BARKING takes their attention to the mongrel dog, now inside the house -- an unwelcome witness.

Lalo removes his gas mask and gloves, walks to the table where a GUN lies, picks it up and moves towards the dog as --

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY**

Alejandro pulls away from his PEEP-HOLE to see Miguel has disappeared. He looks both ways before looking back through the hole where --

**INT. FARMHOUSE - DAY**

Lalo approaches the dog. About to pull the trigger --

MIGUEL

No.

Both Lalo and El Pariente look up to see Miguel, standing at the entrance of the building.

El Pariente removes his mask, smiles, deceptively gentle. He walks over to Miguel, now frozen by fear. He reaches out towards the boy, a kind hand outstretched --

EL PARIENTE

Esta bien. Esta bien  
(It's okay)

Before grabbing Miguel's face with his ACID COVERED glove. Miguel SCREAMS as the liquid CORRODES his skin.

El Pariente releases Miguel. As the boy falls to the ground, El Pariente freezes, almost shocked at the HAND SHAPED BURN that now covers the boy's face.

MIGUEL

Alejandro. Ayúdame.  
(Help me)

El Pariente nods to Lalo -- *search for this Alejandro.*

**EXT. FARMHOUSE - DAY**

Alejandro sees this, stumbles back and RUNS-FOR--HIS---LIFE.

**LALO**

Emerges. Squints through the sun to see Alejandro running in the distance. Too far for him to catch, but not to shoot.

He raises his gun. Takes his time to aim, and BANG --

In the distance SAND flies in the air right next to Alejandro who disappears behind a crest, running towards survival.

LALO

Mierda.  
(Shit)

**EXT. DESERT - DUSK**

As the sun dips, Alejandro walks, dehydrated, alone and fucking terrified, away from a CITY in the distance.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

Alejandro sits concealed from the road by a small SIGN for a long-closed-up FRUIT STALL.

As a TRUCK pulls off the road, TEN PEOPLE appear from behind the stall, carrying bags that hold everything they own.

As the people climb in to the back of the truck, Alejandro stands and the DRIVER catches his eye.

DRIVER

Vamos. Rapido.  
(Let's go. Quick)

Alejandro looks down the road towards the brightly lit JUAREZ-LINCOLN BRIDGE that crosses into Texas.

The young boy contemplates a decision, as we push in on an AMERICAN FLAG fluttering off the far end of the bridge.

END OF TEASER