

INT. HOUSE LIVING ROOM - DAY

Culiacán Mexico 1979. FERNANDO(8), innocent and wide-eyed, sits Indian style, staring up at a 1974 Zenith 'Avanti' 25" console television. The opulent furniture surrounding him is enormous in proportion.

Fernando is captivated by ONCE UPON A TIME IN THE WEST, a 1968 spaghetti western, projecting from the TV.

PLEADING AND SLAPPING echoes from a room down the hall.

Fernando stays fixated on the TV. A savage gun battle erupts on the screen.

CARLOS(63) calls out in a deep raspy voice.

CARLOS (O.S.)  
Fernando-- Fernando.

Fernando quickly glances over his shoulder towards the hallway and then back towards the TV. MESMERIZED by the violent scene unfolding on the screen.

CARLOS (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(stern, urgent)  
Fernando!

He turns to the sound of his name, stands up, and timidly walks out of the room and down the corridor.

SCARED. Fernando flinches at the sound of a VICIOUS BEATING coming from the room.

Fernando peeks around the doorway and sees a severely BEATEN MAN(mid-30'S) tied to a chair, a bloody gag jammed in his mouth, muffling the sound of tortured screams.

The Beaten Man's EYES WIDEN with fright as Fernando steps into the room.

Carlos HOVERS over the Beaten Man. He wipes skin and blood off his KNOBBY, LEATHERY HANDS with a blood stained cloth.

He gestures for Fernando to come closer.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Come Fernando, don't be afraid.  
There is nothing to be afraid of my  
boy.

Fernando moves closer, the Beaten Man PLEADS through his gag.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
I need you to do a favor for me  
now. This is very important.

Carlos picks up a gold plated 45. caliber GUN.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
This man is an evil man, that has  
hurt me very badly. You don't want  
me to get hurt do you?

APPREHENSIVE, Fernando shakes his head no. Carlos places the  
gun in Fernando's hands and pats him on the head.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Gooooood. Now. I want you to point  
this gun at his head and squeeze  
this thing

Carlos points to the trigger.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
And kill him for me-- Can you do  
that Fernando?

TERRIFIED- Fernando stares at the gun in his hand.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
Don't be afraid Fernando, you can  
do this. I know you can.

Fernando, TREMBLING uncontrollably, points the gun at the  
Beaten Man's face.

EYES BULGING- The beaten man thrashes his head side to side  
to avoid the barrel of the gun. His teeth clench the gag  
revealing a GOLD FRONT TOOTH studded with a small diamond.

CARLOS (CONT'D)  
(starting to raise his  
voice)  
I've given you so much and asked  
for so little, I take you in, bathe  
you when you had nothing, feed you  
when you are hungry, put clothes on  
your back, roof over your head, and  
what do I ask for? What do I ask  
for? Nothing! Nothing! Do it  
Fernando, I ask for one thing and  
this is what I get!? Don't you love  
me!?

BAM! Fernando flinches at the sound of a GUNSHOT coming from  
the TV still playing in the living room.

He stops trembling, looks down at the gun and back at the beaten man, strengthening his grip on the gun.

He is a COWBOY now.

The beaten man's EYES WIDEN and he prepares for death.

BANG! Fernando's gun fires, he stands motionless with BLOOD splattered on his face. The GUN BARREL smokes.

TINK, TINK The beaten man's bloody GOLD TOOTH falls to the floor. There is a still in the air.

Fernando looks down at the gold tooth as it spins to a stop. A look of accomplishment spreads across his face.

Fernando's innocence has been lost.

CARLOS (CONT'D)

Gooooood.

CUT TO:BLACK

FADE IN:

EXT. AERIAL SHOT - DAY

AERIAL VIEW. Traveling across Mexican towns and cities. A long stretch of US-Mexico border fence comes into view. The vast and desolate desert stretches for miles. Ominous mountains yield to craggy hills. A brush and tree peppered mountain ridge outside of Tucson, Arizona.

EXT. MOUNTAIN - DAY

It is 2010.

CAMOUFLAGED in the brush, two figures come into focus.

BEN THOMPSON(32) lays in prone firing position beside his younger brother KYLE THOMPSON(17). Ben spots for Kyle. Kyle looks through his SCOPE across the valley, zeroed in on the target area with his Remington 700 rifle.

BEN

(whispering)

All right -- he's about 800 from this brush pile, let's see what this guy looks like.

A MULE DEER reveals itself into the hot sun. It's a MONSTER, large white antlers protruding off his head.

The sun reveals SWEAT BEADS covering his nose and HESITATION in his brown eyes as he makes his way into the clearing, gingerly moving down the ridge.

Ben takes his eyes off the spotting scope.

BEN (CONT'D)  
Holy shit -- get ready.

KYLE  
Damn.

Kyle smiles at Ben then swats a MOSQUITO on his neck. Ben looks through his spotting scope and huffs with annoyance.

BEN  
What did I tell you about that shit? "Mind over matter"; you might swat that shit when you're out here with Dad, but not with me. You let that shit suck the life out of you before you even think about it. Now scope up and bolt in.

Ben spits his chewing tobacco. He views the mule deer in the spotting scope and then again with his naked eye.

Kyle slowly pulls the BOLT ACTION back. He LOADS A BULLET in the rifle and cautiously brings his head up towards the scope.

BEN (CONT'D)  
(still whispering)  
All right -- You got a slant range so angle your shot, dope in about 725. Check your wind speed on the brush line, about 13 mile an hour gust.

Kyle slowly adjusts the knob on his scope then reassesses.

BEN (CONT'D)  
How's that feel?

KYLE  
Good.

BEN  
You got 'em?

KYLE  
Yeah.

BEN

OK. He's about 800. Let's see if we can get him at least 700. If he keeps on that line he's going to come out between that clearing. There you got a small window to take that shot. With the speed he's moving, give him about a one and a half dot lead. If he changes speeds or spooks, that's on you. OK?

KYLE

OK.

BEN

Alright -- here we go. Get ready to send it.

The mule deer is on a steady pace then STOPS ABRUPTLY before the clearing, smells the air, his NOSE DRIPS from the heat. He flicks his tail and hesitates with his eyes.

BEN (CONT'D)

Focus on your breathing, breeeath.

The mule deer STEPS OUT into the clearing. SILENCE. Kyle takes a quick half breath and holds it. The mule deer starts to move again.

PA-KAA! The shot ECHOES across the mountain side. The deer jumps up, stumbles, then DROPS to the ground.

TRIUMPH- Ben and Kyle look at each other. Ben holds a stern look for a second then smiles at Kyle.

BEN (CONT'D)

Nice shot.

They both start laughing, Ben pats Kyle on the arm.

BEN (CONT'D)

Hell of a shot!

INT. DOCTOR SILVA'S OFFICE - DAY

BREATHING, DELIBERATE AND EVEN. Air courses through a transparent tube hanging out of a bright pink BACKPACK. The tubing snakes its way up a strap, over a small shoulder, and splits into two before entering petite nostrils.

ANGELINA MARTINEZ(7), SPUNKY, high ponytail, picks at her glittery nail polish and hums quietly. She has congestive heart failure.