



DEAD RABBITS

WRITTEN BY

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THE INTRO TO THE CARTEL MULE CHILI AND HIS WIFE CARLA MEXICO

FADE IN:

ENT. SMALL HOUSE MEXICO

A old ran down house in a dusty boarder town of Chihuahua Mexico.

INT. MENDEZ HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

The kitchen is small and cluttered. CARLA, a petite Mexican woman age 60 has a determined look, meticulously prepares corn on the cob. CHILLI, a kind-hearted, overweight Mexican man age 62, sits at the table, a hint of reluctance on his face.

CARLA
(earnestly)
Chilli, you need to take your medication. It's important.

Chilli sighs, his gaze fixed on the pill bottle in Carla's hand.

CHILLI
(grumbling)
It makes me so drowsy, Carla. I can barely stay awake out there.

CARLA
(softly)
It's for your heart, mi amor. You have to take care of yourself. I love you, poppa

Reluctantly, Chilli takes the medication and swallows it down with a glass of water. He kisses Carla on the forehead. Rushing getting himself together.

CHILLI
(smiling)
Alright, alright, you win. I'll take it. For you.

Carla smiles back, her eyes filled with gratitude. She walks over to him and wraps her arms around him from behind sitting in the chair.

CARLA
I'm going to make Conejo colorado

tonight for you my love.

CHILLI

(excitement)

O yes! My favorite! I will make sure
to be home early tonight, my love.

Carla stays holding Chilli and rest her head on his shoulder as Chilli reaches to hold her hand that is pressed against his chest.

FADE TO BLACK

EXT. MENDEZ HOME - FRONT YARD - MORNING

Chilli, now dressed in a worn but clean shirt, pushes his hand-made steam cart out of the yard. He waves back at Carla, who stands in the doorway, concern etched on her face.

CARLA

(teary-eyed)

Cuida te, mi amor.

Chilli nods, a mix of determination and love in his eyes.

CHILLI

You know I will, Carla. I'll be back
before you know it.

Chilli pushes the cart down the dusty, sunlit street.

EXT. CHIHUAHUA STREET - DAY

Chilli navigates the bustling streets of Chihuahua, a town shadowed by the presence of the Mexican cartel. He interacts with familiar faces, offering his corn on the cob with a warm smile.

INSERT - CHILLI'S HANDS

They expertly handle the steaming corn, a labor of love.

EXT. CHIHUAHUA STREET - LATER EMPTY SIDE ALLEY STREET DAY

Chilli, now with an empty cart, navigates through the labyrinthine alleys of the town. He arrives at a towering, run-down warehouse, guarded by formidable CARTEL GANG MEMBERS with machine guns. The air is tense, and the atmosphere is heavy with secrets.

The gang members recognize Chilli and nod in acknowledgment. They swing open the creaking metal gate, allowing him to pass. Chilli pushes the cart inside, disappearing into the darkness.

INT. DIMLY-LIT WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The interior of the warehouse is cavernous, echoing with distant sounds. Only feeble rays of light pierce through the cracks in the walls. Chilli moves with purpose, guided by memory and routine.

He parks the cart amidst shadows,

THE METALLIC WHEELS CLINKING SOFTLY AGAINST THE CONCRETE FLOOR. THE EMPTINESS OF THE WAREHOUSE AMPLIFIES THE SILENCE.

FADE TO BLACK