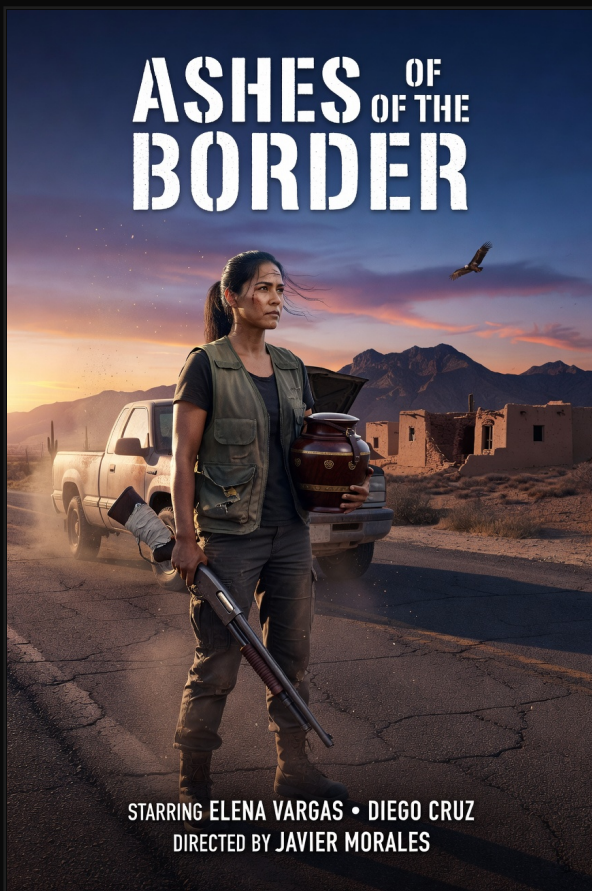


Ashes of the Border

\$FLARE



A former cartel courier, now a nurse, drives south with her grandmother's ashes and a shotgun to confront deadly enemies and buried secrets in a remote village.

ONE SENTENCE

Logline

A former cartel courier, now a nurse, drives south with her grandmother's ashes and a shotgun to confront deadly enemies and buried secrets in a remote village.

Opening Scene

The engine hums like a distant heartbeat as Elena grips the wheel, the old Ford pickup carving a jagged line through the endless Arizona badlands. Dust devils whirl across the cracked asphalt, kicking up a haze that blurs the horizon into a smoldering gold. The sun hammers down, turning the air inside the cab into a furnace, beads of sweat tracing salty paths down her temples. She wipes her forehead with the back of her hand, eyes fixed on the shimmering road ahead, the radio a low murmur of static-flecked country tunes that fade in and out like ghosts.

In the passenger seat, the urn rests in a faded towel, its cool ceramic surface a stark contrast to the heat. Elena glances at it sideways, the weight of it pulling at her chest, a silent companion on this forsaken pilgrimage. The road bucks and dips, jolting her body, and she shifts gears with practiced ease, the truck's growl echoing off the parched mesas. Sagebrush and cacti blur by, their thorny silhouettes a jagged reminder of the unforgiving land. The scent of hot metal and sun-baked earth fills the cab, mingling with the faint, metallic tang of gun oil from the trunk-hidden, but never far from her thoughts.

Her foot eases off the accelerator as the terrain grows rugged, the blacktop giving way to gravel that crunches under the tires. Memories flicker unbidden: the rattle of bullets in a distant night, the burn of betrayal on her tongue. But she pushes them down, focusing instead on the rhythm of the drive, the way the wind whistles through the cracked window, carrying whispers of sand and secrets. Her hands, callused from years of tending to the dying, tighten on the wheel, veins standing out like old scars.

As the sun begins its slow descent, painting the sky in bloody streaks of orange and purple, the road narrows, funneling toward the border village like a noose. A distant figure appears on the horizon—a lone truck, kicking up dust in its wake. Elena's pulse quickens, a prickle at the base of her skull. She reaches for the dashboard, fingers brushing the urn, and in that moment, the rearview mirror catches a glint of something metallic, far behind her, lurking in the fading light.

She accelerates, the engine roaring in defiance, but the shadow in the mirror grows, unyielding, as if the past has finally caught up.

THE PRINCIPAL CAST

Characters

| **Elena** LEAD

| **Javier** ANTAGONIST

| **Mateo** SUPPORTING

WHERE IT LIVES

Locations

| **Arizona Desert Road**

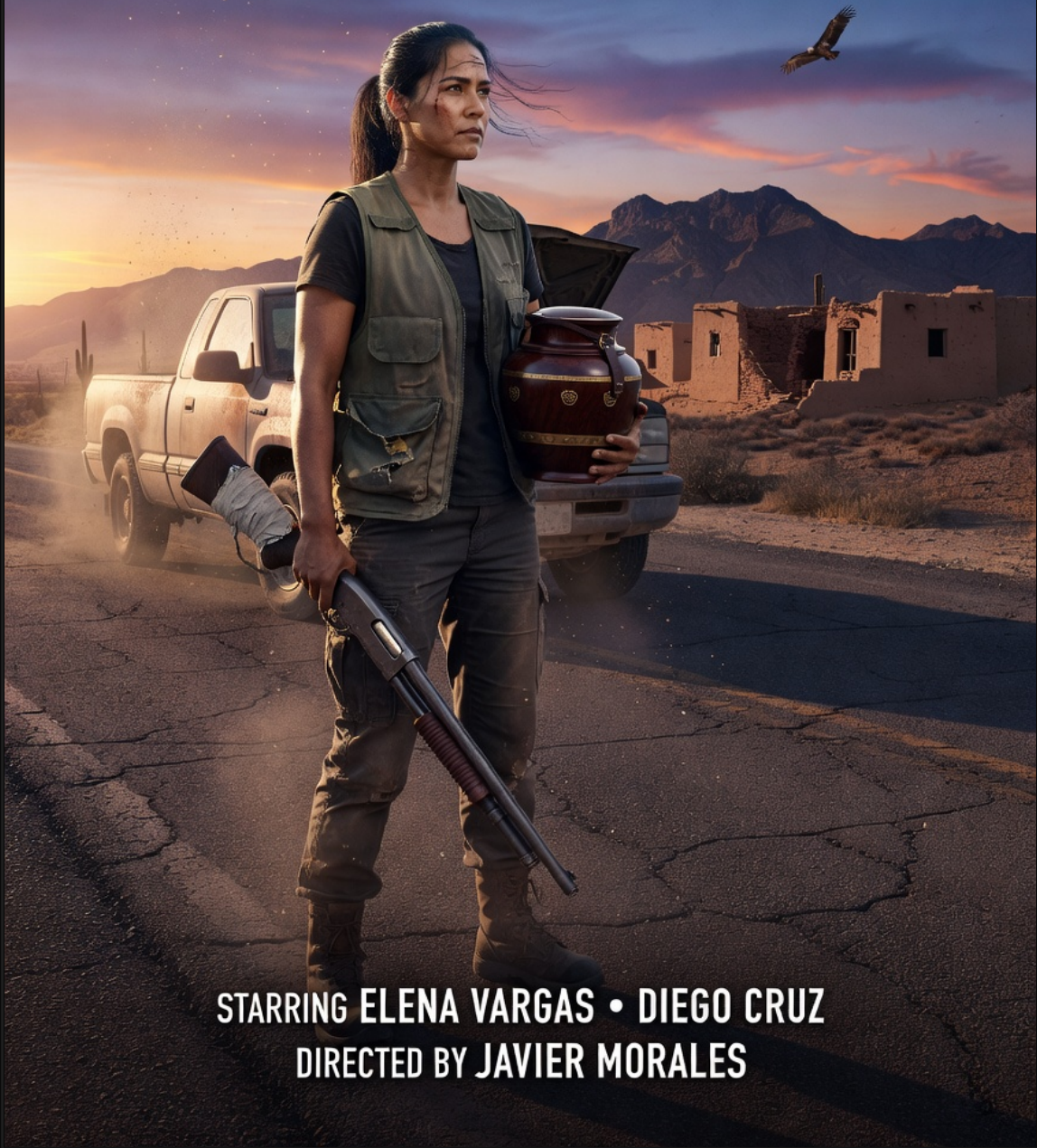
| **Forgotten Border Village**

Style

PALETTE

faded denim blues, rusting metal grays, dusty ochre sands, sage green cacti, earthy browns, warm terracotta tones, dark grays, blacks

ASHES ^{OF} OF THE BORDER



STARRING ELENA VARGAS • DIEGO CRUZ
DIRECTED BY JAVIER MORALES

ASHES OF THE BORDER

\$FLARE

Characters

3 PRINCIPALS

CHARACTERS



LEAD



ANTAGONIST

CHARACTERS



SUPPORTING

Locations

2 SETTINGS

LOCATIONS



LOCATIONS



Storyboard

6 FRAMES

STORYBOARD

FRAME 1



FRAME 2



STORYBOARD

FRAME 3



FRAME 4



STORYBOARD

FRAME 5



FRAME 6

