

HORIZON

by

Lee Cipolla and Montana Cypress

1

EXT./INT. MAN'S TRUCK - DESERTED ROAD - DAWN

1

The sound of rumbling old tire on concrete. There's a squeaky squeal of rust spokes perturbing the air on this desolate morning. No other cars on the road.

The MAN behind the wheel bobs with each rock and pothole the truck rolls over. He's a darkly handsome Navajo with deep, storied eyes and years of wear and tear that make him appear older. His eyes are heavy and his gaze spells inebriation.

It's been a long night. He's had many of these in his young life. His eyelids are getting heavier, but he's a pro at staying just barely conscious enough to keep the wheel straight...

BANG!!!!!!!

The pickup jolts violently, fishtailing out of control, as...

CRUNCH. BUMP. BUMP.

It crushes, then rolls over something large. A deer, maybe. *This wasn't no opossum.*

The truck putters to a stop at the side of the road.

The man's eyes are wide now. He keeps the engine running.

2

EXT. MAN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

2

He gets out of the truck carefully...

TICK. TICK. TICK.

The back tail lights blink on an off.

But there's also sound of a slight movement. Squirming.

He makes his way slowly to the rear of the truck, trying not to stumble, reaching the tail lights...

...then he sees it on the ground. The body of the WOMAN laying in a bloody heap, convulsing.

1A

He stops before her, his face slowly contorting to panic.

1A

After a few moments, the convulsing gives way to stillness.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

He puts his hands over his head. Paces. His intoxication is met full-on with dread.

He looks around. From one end of the street to the other.

He leans down, touching the woman's neck.

A low rumbling in the distance. A possible car approaching.

Then, on impulse, he scoops up the woman's body in his arms and puts her into the bed of the truck. A clunky process. He covers her with some tarp.

1A

3 **EXT./INT. MAN'S TRUCK - DRIVING - MOMENTS LATER**

3

The truck bumps along the road. The man's eyes have turned from drugged and disconnected to reddened and terrified.

Was this all an illusion? An aberration?

No. He turns back and sees the figure of the woman in the bed under the tarp, moving up and down with the road potholes - but seemingly still very dead.

4 **EXT. MAN'S HOUSE - 30 MINUTES LATER - SUNRISE**

4

The truck with the tarped over body in the bed pulls into the driveway of a broke down, isolated joint. It's unkempt. Junk and rusted objects piled up.

The truck rolls to a stop. The man gets out awkwardly, looking both ways on the street, then lifts the tarp and body and starts walking...

5 **EXT./ INT. MAN'S DRIVEWAY/ YARD / BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS**

5

... into his establishment - through multiple areas surrounding the home -- carrying the woman in his arms hurriedly and somewhat chivalrously. *Like a knight carrying his ailing princess back to his castle.*

When he reaches the backyard he finally sets her down on the ground in the middle of a dirt patch and stands back.

Her body lays there, unmoving, eyes are closed. Blood scrapes are on her forehead and cheeks.

1A
1A

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

The sobering reality is finally hitting him full on; *that he's killed a human being.*

He puts his hands on his head belligerently, kicking things and swearing to himself. As if debating to himself what to do next. This goes on until he...

...Spots a shovel leaning up against the garage.

6 **INT. MAN'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - LATER**

6

Daylight has fully broken.

How long has it been? An hour?

The man is slumped over on the toilet, head in his hands. A spilled bottle of Oxycontin pills lay near the sink.

1A

He grabs a few pills and swallows it down with a beer.

He starts to weep himself.

After some sobbing, he gets himself together with a deep breath and...

7 **EXT. MAN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER**

7

The man, drunk and "oxy-fied" - stumbles out of a side doorway with a beer, approaching the backyard.

1A

1A

The woman is still there, unmoving, with a blotch of wet blood that's formed near her mouth on the dirt.

The man barely takes notice. He drops against the wall, collapsing into a heap and ending up on his backside. He looks up at the gleaming sun bearing down on him. The light begins to fade to black...

8 **EXT. MAN'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - LATER ON**

8

CLOSE on the man's face as he comes to.

MAN'S POV: Protruding the blinding sunlight is the silhouette of a woman's face. Her long beautiful hair gleams in the sun's rays.

An Angel? Has he died?

She speaks...

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

Hola?

1A

He can't believe his eyes or ears.

MAN

Who are you.

She doesn't respond. Just shakes her head slightly.

He jolts up, startled. She moves back, fearful too.

1A

He sees her fully now. She's a natural beauty despite the harsh years. Her skin is a darkened olive - a result of too many hours in the sun. Her clothes are soiled hand-me-downs, coated with her own dried blotches of blood.

She grimaces, displaying that she has pain in her midsection.

WOMAN

Lo siento.

He stares back at her blankly.

WOMAN

Lo siento. Me. Lo siento.

She nods slowly. Sees he doesn't understand. Reverting her eyes down, she tries her best in English...

WOMAN

To you. Me. Sorry.

They lock eyes. He senses her vulnerability, knows she's trying to say something significant but the words aren't quite aligning.

MAN

Oh.

(thinks it over)

You want me to say I'm sorry?

WOMAN

Em...

She doesn't know what he's saying. Tries to read his eyes. He forces a smile. It's charming, welcoming.

1A

MAN

Well I am. I'm really sorry.

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

His smile fades, but his genuine tone resonates with her.
She thinks that he has accepted her apology.

WOMAN

Si. Okay.

1A

She points to her feet. She's missing a shoe.

WOMAN

(in Spanish)

I lost a shoe.

MAN

Your foot? Let's get that taken
care of...

1A

1A

He gets to his feet, but clunky from his drunkenness, he almost falls to the ground. He motions to a doorway.

MAN

Come inside my casa. It's okay. Mi casa is su casa.

She looks at the door blankly.

1A

9 **INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER**

9

He helps her into his home. It's better kept than the outside, but there's still some scattered beer cans and empty food trays.

1A

She has her hand on his shoulder, leaning on him as he leads her to two high chairs. He gently takes her feet and puts it on the other chair. She watches his every move; not suspiciously, but in awe of the tender way he's treating her. Not like a rough-edged drunk man, but like a seasoned nurse would for an ailing patient.

He props her feet up on a couple books.

He then looks over her carefully.

MAN

Where does it hurt?

She shakes her head.

(CONTINUED)

MAN

Hurt.

(acting it out)

Where on your body does it hurt.

He fakes being injured, like a charades player trying to spell it out for his teammate, until she finally understands.

WOMAN

Ah. Si.

She points at her legs. Then at her knees. Then her hip. Then her arms, neck and head...

MAN

Everywhere?

WOMAN

Todo.

He looks up at her eyes.

MAN

Your shirt. It's bloody.

He steps away, leaving the room for a second. He comes back in, holding a clean woman's button down shirt on a hanger. He motions toward her.

She nods, grimacing as she goes to take her shirt off. He turns away, polite.

She grunts in pain. She can't get her shirt off.

He goes behind her, carefully helps her remove it. She trusts him. He reaches his hand to the small of her back. Gently. Softly. Feels warmth in his touch.

MAN

It's black and blue here...

He barely touches her back, and she SCREAMS.

MAN

That's not good.

WOMAN

Si. Okay. Is okay.

He gently puts the shirt over her.

MAN

That sounds serious.

1A

He turns and starts buzzing around the kitchen, opening cabinets, looking through old pill bottles. Finds one.

He puts water into a glass and brings it over to her.

She takes it in her hands, studying the pills.

She looks at his eyes, then back at the pills.

WOMAN

No.

She gives him the pills back. Takes a sip of water.

MAN

Take them. Good for pain.

1A

He pushes it back at her. She puts her hand up.

WOMAN

No. No good.

1A

He sighs and shrugs, pops them in his mouth and swallows.

1A

She watches him, bewildered as he goes to the fridge and grabs a few bags of frozen vegetables.

He places the packs on her hip, her leg, and then finally, on the side of her temple. His face is just inches away from hers now.

He touches her temple.

1A

WOMAN

(in Spanish)

That bump was already there. The guy who brought us over the border was rough with us, and I was one of the few who got away. I was running on the roads, so afraid that the police were going to find me.

(emotional)

Then suddenly I saw the sun rising. Barely over the mountains. That was the only thing that kept me going on the trip...seeing the sun. It felt like I was getting closer each day.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(beat)

But last night, I just laid down.
That was it. I was done walking. I
was tired from losing everybody
I've ever loved! I just wanted to
lay there until God came and took
me. But you came first. Just an
innocent man tryin' to get home.

(beat)

It was all my fault. I was laying
there in the road!

MAN

Sol? I know that one. That
means...sun? Sun, right?

(thinks it over)

Shit. Yeah. That sunrise was
gorgeous. That's why I didn't see
you. I was watching it, not the
road! I never take that route
home, EVER. First time. It's all
dirt and rocks. It's not 'cause I
was drinking that I hit you. It's
'cause I didn't know the road.

He curses to himself, but notices she's in distress.

WOMAN

(in Spanish)

We need to go back!

He sees her pointing.

MAN

I will take you home. Where's your
home? Your casa?

WOMAN

(confounded)

Mi Casa. No...

(in Spanish)

We can't let anyone know.

MAN

I need to take you home or
somewhere to get help.

WOMAN

(in Spanish)

Please, please don't tell anyone.

CONTINUED: (4)

Her emotions are pouring out of her now. The man backs away. Takes a seat across from her slowly. He knew this was coming. She was going to breakdown once the shock wore off. The guilt starts to eat at him...

Then she points at her feet, raising her voice.

1A

WOMAN

(in Spanish)

We have to go back and get my other shoe!

He drops his head, dismayed.

MAN

We have to take you to the hospital -

1A

WOMAN

(in Spanish)

- We must get the shoe and then you take me back here so I can destroy all of these clothes!

She motions to her shirt and dress.

MAN

Yeah. I know. Your whole body needs to be looked at. Let's get you to the ER. Come on.

He gets up, holding out his hand. She looks at him.

WOMAN

Need. For. Feet. Eh, foot?

1A

She makes a "shoe" gesture around her foot.

MAN

Your...*shoe*?

WOMAN

(eyes lighting up)

Yes!

1A

MAN

You need your shoe. All you want is your shoe back.

He comes to a realization.

(CONTINUED)

WOMAN

Yes. Yes. No mas. No policia. No hospital. I go...home.

MAN

Oh.

WOMAN

No U.S. No...ciudadano.

1A

He puts two and two together.

MAN

Where is home? Your home.

WOMAN

No se. No. No home.

He takes a long moment, his eyes lighting up...

1A

MAN

You can stay here. In my casa. In mi casa...

(points it out)

You stay. Muchas dias. You! Aqui.

He's hopeful now. A new life springing from within him.

WOMAN

Me? Stay? In house.

1A

MAN

Yes.

1A

She hesitates. Tries to read his eyes. He slowly reaches out, and ever so softly, touches her face. She stares back hopefully. Puts her hand on his wrists and grips.

1A

He nods back, giving her a brave smile.

1A

She motions to the bathroom. He helps her up, and to the door. She limps into the bathroom.

1A

1A

He looks down, suddenly stricken with guilt.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

She enters, seeing her reflection. Her banged up complexion. Looks down.

CLOSE ON COUNTER: Female bathroom accessories. A comb. Makeup. Eyeliner brushes. Oddly out of place.

10

CONTINUED:

10

She puts a finger over the comb, wiping off a layer of dust. It's been untouched for years.

LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The man is on the couch, eyes on the doorway. He lifts his hand to his lips, sticks more pills in his mouth and washes it down with the remainder of the whiskey. He lays back, enjoying the high...

LATER ON

The woman limps out of the bathroom. She's washed up -- having found her way around his bathroom, and has taken it upon herself to clean off the blood and use some of his band aids.

He notices her, taken by her cleaned-up look. She's mesmerizing despite the cuts and bruises. He stumbles slightly to go over to her.

She puts her stuff at the end of the couch and leaves it there.

MAN

Lets go find that shoe.

1A

She smiles and puts her arm around him, but he's walking a little gingerly. It's as if she's doing the supporting as the two move towards the doorway...

11

EXT. MAN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - TWILIGHT

11

The afternoon has approached twilight.

The man helps the woman walk but he himself is significantly weaker and nearly trips the both of them.

1A

He slips into the driver's side of the truck, his eyelids heavy. His head drops, he picks it up, it drops again.

1A

MAN

(mumbling)

Oh. Shit.

WOMAN

(in Spanish)

What's the matter with you.

He forces his head up.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

MAN

Can you drive? I will tell you how
to get there.

1A

Befuddled, she takes the keys from him.

WOMAN

(in English)
I...feel...good. Better. You take
care. Me. When...we come..to
home. Later. I take care of you.

He nods and mumbles, eyes still closed.

She's concerned, but quickly starts the car.

12 **EXT./INT. MAN'S TRUCK - DESERTED ROAD - TWILIGHT**

12

The two are back on the open deserted road. She grabs the
wheel with both hands, in the 10/2 position, driving
slowly.

He's barely conscious enough to stay away awake, let
alone direct her.

Her eyes are focused ahead.

CRACK. BUMP._The old tires run over debris below them.
It's just loud enough to get the man's head back up.

1A

He squints, surveying the road around them. He mumbles
something, incoherent.

She stares at him, studying him, when she sees something
at the side of the road...

13 **EXT. MAN'S TRUCK - SIDE OF THE DESERTED ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

13

The car rolls to a stop.

She gets out, limping her way to the front of the truck.

The man groggily reverts his eyes up.

On the ground, nearly covered in soot, is her other shoe.

HIS POV THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD: She picks up the other
shoe and starts the process of putting it back on.

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

Through the drunken haze, he smiles to himself as he watches her. She's so...perfect.

1A

OUTSIDE THE TRUCK

The woman is still in pain but gleams as she shoehorns her foot into the missing shoe. Feeling a small sense of victory, she slowly limps her way back over to the front of the truck. Excited, she whips the door open and gets in...

1A

1A

14

INT. MAN'S TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

14

...But all is quiet.

An eerie silence engulfs her.

She looks over to the driver's side to see:

1A

The man slumped over, his chin on his chest. Unmoving.

She covers her mouth, frightened. Tears fill her eyes.

She leans over, slowly checking his pulse. *She's seen dead bodies before, and has even checked them, and...*

This man is dead.

1A

Her small window of happiness has quickly shut, and now she's instantly overwhelmed with grief for this stranger for reasons that can't quite be articulated, only felt.

She starts weeping to herself...

15

EXT. MAN'S TRUCK - DESERTED ROAD - LATER

15

A long time has passed. She can't shed any more tears. She's been staring off into a daze. The reddish glow from the twilight sun has peaked into the truck.

1A

1A

1A

She stares at the dead man one last time. As if hoping she could will him back to life...She leans over to him, placing his body back in a comfortable position. She fixes his collar gently, then slowly...kisses his cheek. She then slowly gets out of the car, backing away, eyeing him through the windshield...

1A

1A

1A

...before she turns and walks towards the sunset.

1A

(THE END)