

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)