

The Trail  
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## -OPENING TITLE SEQUENCE

### EXT. SOUTHWESTERN LANDSCAPES

A scorpion crosses the Macro desert landscape, a dead trunk of a Joshua tree lay sideways in it's path. As the scorpion treads the terrain, the view rises to meet a vantage that reveals an incredible vista. Vast expanses of pink and taupe' seem to intertwine into incongruent geometries across the north east plateau of Monument Valley. Nearby Rock formations rise up from the earth in large arches, tubes and various size plateau's that all merge into sandy hues of seashell and crimson. A gorgeous expanse of green pine trees thin out over a tiny valley full of desert hard packed red sandy hills and patches of wild grass interspersed with boulders and odd outcroppings of stone. A meadow sits alone in its own still space, further still a noise pulls the eyes to an oil pump. It shlucks its pump up and down, encircled by a small chain fence along with a single tall dark cylinder attached to it by pipes. Blue skies filled with individual clouds range from small white puffs to dense thunderclouds blot the horizon. In the distance large plumes of gray exhaust rise into the air. A larger then life power plant cuts itself out a patch of over sized existence on the plateau, just off a freshly paved highway. A turtle closes in on the a highway as an eighteen wheeler nears in full stride. The turtle rests alongside the highway in the opposite lane and watches as the large truck roars by. A small regional Postal office holds 2 white carrier trucks and one utility vehicle in its back parking lot only half enclosed by fence. A neat postal worker in a blue uniform crosses over the lot to a single truck, slides open the door and gets in. He turns the ignition over and drives off the premises.

Wind blows that cries its echo through the valley and down across a small plain of tall grasses atop a red dirt hill. Adjacent to the hill a long stretch of highway intersects nature guarded by an old worn barbed wire fence that is fallen over at random points. From a longways off in the mirage of the highway emerges a loan square box of a vehicle. The wheels roll along the county road with a hefty bounce over pot holes and dips that dot this length of rural road.

### EXT. RURAL HOUSE-DAY

A woolly goat stands alone chewing at a few wild grasses. Chickens walk about, one or two roost. An ancient model rusted ford truck sits in a dirt driveway. From over a hill beyond a barrel cactus entombed in tumbleweed the white

(CONTINUED)

postal truck continues to make its way near. A short hunched over elderly woman holds a bowl in hand, she tosses corn to the chickens they cluck and begin come to life. A porch swing hangs from the front awning of an old house on the property. On the swing a foot protrudes connected to a young woman who lays deep asleep, beer cans lay in various positions about the porch below her. The white postal truck now turns onto the property and enters. A makeshift fence borders the front yard, the house nestled in a concave of the hills that surround. The rustic single story house and its quaint property reside amongst nothing else save a shed attached to a small barn for the wooly Sheep. The Postal Truck pulls to a stop in the yard the worker steps out he reaches into his side bag and begins to pull something out.

POSTAL WORKER

Good Morning.

The old lady pays no attention to the worker but continues to feed the chickens.

POSTAL WORKER

Um. Hello. Ma'am. Uh.

He looks up at the porch then the screened latched open door and walks closer. As he steps upon the porch he scans right and spots the young woman asleep on the swing.

POSTAL WORKER

Excuse me. Um.

He looks down at his bag and continues to pull out an official marked manila envelope.

POSTAL WORKER

I have an important..

V.O. (MALE)

Your not excused. What do you want?

The postal worker jumps a bit and looks back to the front door. Behind the screened door a shadowy figure of a man in his early 30's scraggly with long dark hair smokes the stubb of a cigar.

POSTAL WORKER

Me. Uh, I don't want anything.

A cherry from the cigar is seen glowing followed by a hot cloud of smoke that blows through the screen.

(CONTINUED)

THE MAN

Everybody wants something.

POSTAL WORKER

No, I just have to give this to you  
on behalf of the County Assessors  
Office. I um, also need a  
signature.

The screen door comes open with it another cloud of smoke  
this time the postal worker swats at the cloud as he lets  
out a soft choke. The man behind the screen door reaches out  
and with a brisque move of his arm snatches the envelope and  
disappears back behind the screen door.

MAN

I'm not signing any thing. Now get  
the hell out of here.

The postal worker looks down at his digital shoulder log  
then back to the door just as the man walks away. He looks  
back down to his computer log then over again at the porch  
swing. The young woman rolls over as another beer can falls  
off the swing and lands on the floor with an awkward Clank!  
The postal worker takes a breath and sighs as he heads to  
the truck he stops just beyond the porch and looks around.  
The chickens and wooly goat remain but the elderly woman is  
gone. He shakes his head and walks towards the truck. The  
truck leaves a cloud of dust as it pulls off.

EXT.RURAL HOUSE

The woman at the porch swing wakes up to voices from inside  
the house. Catori early twenties, alluring yet weary with  
a calm gate slowly rises and walks inside.

INT.RURAL HOUSE-DAY

THE MAN

Catori, the sun finally rises.

She rubs at her eyes as she enters and looks to the kitchen  
table where the elderly woman sits and the man stands arms  
crossed.

CATORI

What's all the fuss about in here?

Catori crosses to the the kitchen table and plops in a  
chair.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI  
Morning, Grandma.

The elderly woman returns a thoughtful look and a smile.

THE MAN  
While you were asleep this came.

The man hands her a short concise 3-page letter with an Official Red IRS stamp on the envelope and black version on the top of the letterhead inside. Where upon in bold print it read: **Back Taxes Owed** \$4,400.13

CATORI  
What the fuck is this Charlie?  
Sorry Grandma. How can they do this  
we're on the Res.

Catori looks at Charlie who stands quiet with a fierce gaze that eventually goes soft when he leans his head towards grandma.

GRANDMA  
(feint and indistinct)  
Well.

Grandma stops there and stares back at Catori with discernment then looks to Charlie.

CATORI  
Grandma?

CHARLIE  
That's what I was just saying to  
grandma. I wish she would have told  
me, Us. I could have been working.  
Ok, well at least enough to help  
pay for this.

Catori looks down at the notice which states in separate itemized columns on the third page. \$88.00 yearly property tax payments: back owed 50 years. Non-Reserved property was stated on the top portion of each page. 1 of 6.

CHARLIE  
Apparently when things were settled  
around here 'back in the Old Days"  
The bank and the government found  
away to give us a decent amount of  
our land but found what was sacred  
to us or worth something to them  
and they put it up for sale after  
the treaty and stuff were drawn up.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI

I, I dont' get it.

CHARLIE

Well when they drew our reservation lines they gave us everything but our resources and to spite that they took our sacred burial grounds as well.

CATORI

What are you talking about, they are still there just outside of town. Matter of fact on the highway on the way to our house.

She fades at the end of her speech and looks back down at the darkened xerox picture at the bottom of the third page .

CHARLIE

I guess 6 families or people figured it out. They rounded up some money and a few folks as well and showed up at the live auction. Some how they were lucky enough to get the tribal burial grounds and the tribes outer properties back but not the resources. That's why the oil wells and the mines are so close to us.

A look of astonishment on Catori's face as she sits there now her hands rub at her forehead.

CATORI

They never stop, huh?

GRANDMA

(hushed)

It was the same in my time.  
Everything was already everything.

CATORI

But, How?

CHARLIE

When the property was passed on to grandma same with her, she paid it. It was quite a bit less back then but still a lot for her.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI

How did you pay it? and why!

GRANDMA

We figured it out.

CHARLIE

Her and grandpa just after they got married received one too. They were all set to go on a honey moon when they did. Grandma said, they never went and it cost more then they had.

CATORI

I still don't get it, why?

CHARLIE

She said because it wasn't about her, it was bigger then just her. She had to keep the tribal lands intact as much as she could, it was more then just her history or her identity it was everyone's and maybe if she didn't it might all together fall apart.

Catori sits back in her chair and takes a deep breath.

CATORI

Okay, What are we going to do?

Charlie stationary at the table behind a chair scratches the back of his head as he stares back at Grandma then to Catori.

CHARLIE

What! I told you, if I knew before I would have done something.

CATORI

It's okay Charlie. I didn't say anything. We didn't say a thing. Please, don't get paranoid right now.

CHARLIE

Look. Just because I'm Bi-polar doesn't mean I'm paranoid too.

CATORI

I said, it's all right Charlie.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMA  
(muffled)  
It's O.k.

CHARLIE  
Yea. yea. I know. I'm o.k. It's just. This whole thing has me all torn up inside, ya' know.

CATORI  
I know. Grandma knows. Lets just think about it and figure it all out, okay?

CHARLIE  
I hear you, of course. It's just part me thinks ya' know. If I haven't been able to help up to now, how am I going to be of any help **now**. you know, RIGHT NOW!

CATORI  
I know. I KNOW. I'm not doing any better, look at me. We're going to have to figure this out together. Grandma.

GRANDMA  
Huh.

CATORI  
You have any more honeymoon money you and grandpa happened to have save up after that?

GRANDMA  
I told you. He died soon after that. I never got another chance.

Grandma shakes her head and Catori drops hers.

CATORI  
Damn! That's the second saddest shit I heard today.

Catori stands up, haggard at first then walks over to the fridge and opens it. Inside 6 tall silver cans stare back at her, she turns and looks from grandma to Charlie who already stares back at her.

CHARLIE  
Don't even think about it. I went into town already for those. Plus  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CHARLIE (cont'd)  
you need to eat something first,  
Grandma has chores for you.

Charlie sends a half smile at Catori, she rolls her eyes as she re opens the fridge. Four fresh eggs rest in a woven basket next to a glass pitcher of water. She pulls a cast iron skillet from the wall and sets it on the stove just hard enough to TING the stove top. Catori reaches back to her forehead pauses a minute before she pulls out the pitcher of water and pours her self a glass. She turns to Grandma who already stares back from behind pallid eyes.

TRANSITION

EXT. MONUMENT VALLEY DESERT-DAY

CATORI  
Always got me out here in this  
heat.

Catori walks alone atop a ridge that overlooks the entire valley.

CATORI  
I can't believe I always just go.  
It's only because I know I'll need  
the herbs when I get sick, yea.

She stops and looks around then thinks inward and shows embarrassment at herself.

CATORI  
Oh, here's one.

She reaches down says a quick blessing and pulls a small plant with flowers, looks at it then stuffs it into her bag.

DISSOLVE

INT.RURAL HOUSE-DAY

CATORI  
Here you go Grandma.

Grandma says something muffled, takes the herbs and walks to the kitchen. Catori follows close behind but stops and turns to face the fridge, she opens it. Nothing.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI  
Ugh. Your kidding me!

On the couch sits Charlie idle with his head back nursing a tall can in his lap.

CATORI  
You drank 'em all.

She walks over to the sink where underneath is the trash.

CATORI  
As in actually hid them in the heat  
so I couldn't have one. Drink 'em  
warm later on, all gross and stuff.

She tilts the trash can inside 5 tall cans in an assortment of crushed to recently discarded lay inside. She stands back erect and takes a breath.

CATORI  
So what are we going to do?

CHARLIE  
I feel fine. I don't know about  
you.

She looks to grandma. Grandma holds her gaze fixed with a sympathetic one. She looks back over to the couch.

CATORI  
I'm talking about the house  
Charlie, the house!

Charlie finally moves as he sighs then lowers his head. A tear runs down his cheek.

CATORI  
Or is it. Oh, I don't know. The  
house, the whole mountain side the  
burial grounds or the whole tribe  
Now. I don't fucking know!

Everyone sits quiet after her fury, the only other sound heard are chickens clucking. Charlie then stands up and crosses the room to the screen door.

CHARLIE  
(dryly)  
You know me. Anyway I can.

He pauses still looking forward out the screen then slowly opens it and walks outside onto the porch.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI

Alright well. I guess I'll go into town. Maybe I can ask around about any work. huh?

Catori crosses over to Grandma and kisses her on the head. She walks over to the counter pulls out a few dollars from a glass jar then walks out the front door.

INT.OLD TRUCK- NIGHT

A beautiful collage of backgrounds are seen out her window as Catori drives along the outskirts of the reservation. From the hills and into a small trek of streets lined with houses and community buildings that make up the tribal reservation. The sun sets behind Old Joe's Tavern as the ancient Truck pulls up with a sputter, Catori surveys the parking lot. Several cars and trucks line the front and side. The Sherrif's truck is parked right out front she pulls up next to it gets out and heads inside.

INT.OLD JOE'S TAVERN

Just inside the doors a large cork board is nailed on the wall. Only 2 posts, each hang by a red thumb tack. Local mother/ Babysitter for hire. Log wood for sale \$3. She sighs deeply.

CATORI

What else is new.

Inside, the tavern is fairly busy. She makes her way to the bar when someone approaches her. Paige a local, several years older, half breed Caucasian and native tribe.

PAIGE

Hey Catori.

Paige takes a quick breath and goes to open her mouth.

CATORI

Hello Paige. Can I just get a drink first.

PAIGE

Hey I just heard about the uh, tax letter, I'm sorry. Anyway I just thought. You know you should definitely do anything you can to pay it you know. I heard your family has the deed to the burial

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

PAIGE (cont'd)  
grounds. How weird but it is what  
it is. So I hope you have some  
money saved, if you do and need any  
help managing the payments or  
things with the bank..

CATORI  
Paige! You know what, I'm sure we  
got it, thanks.

She turns away and walks towards the bar the sheriff sits at  
a table across from the door against the wall talking to an  
older local.

CATORI  
Pass me a cheap one please Joe.

OLD JOE  
Sure thing Cat.

He pours a draft into a glass mug and slides it across the  
bar to her. Catori takes a long deep sip and sets it down.  
She feels eyes on her looks around to spot several people  
who each stare at her. Another long sip of the cool beer  
when she sets it down another person steps up to her.

CATORI  
Hi Ato.

Atotoztli an older local male, autocratic early 50's,  
dressed in a black truckers hat faded brown workers  
coveralls and boots.

ATOTOZTLI  
Hello Cat. If I could one minute. I  
just wanted to express my  
gratitude.

CATORI  
Um, Thanks.

ATOTOZTLI  
I heard it's going to cost your  
family a pretty penny.

CATORI  
Yea, well.

ATOTOZTLI  
I just wanted to remind you, how  
much it means to everyone. I plan  
to bury my father there when he  
passes too, you know.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI

I know.

ATOTOZTLI

I'm not sure that you DO. I just wanted to make it clear that its not just you or your families!

She leans back apprehensive. Catori takes a deep breath unyielding she stands up.

CATORI

Yea Ato I got it Alright. You want to-

Atottoztli begins to puff up when the sheriff puts his hand on Atotoztli's shoulder.

SHERIFF

(calmly)

Alright Now. This is a watering hole for everyone. As such let's keep the conversation to a civilized tone shall we.

ATOTOZTLI

Huh?

SHERIFF

Ato back to your table, if you will. I'm Sure that Cat shares your concern's.

He pats the back of Ato' as they head back to their seats. Catori Sits back down and cracks her neck as she stretches it in its place then takes another long sip.

ELAN

What a prick, huh? That Ato.

Catori turns looks at Elan then smiles and rolls her eyes down at her beer and takes another sip.

ELAN

I mean the nerve, right. We get it already, Right?

Catori pulls away slowly from her glass and takes another long breath before speaking.

CATORI

He's just worried. I Get it. Maybe he should be.

(CONTINUED)

ELAN

SO, tell me! What's going on with  
You guys over the hill. What do you  
plan to do about it. Come on tell  
me everything!

Catori Stops speaking and retreats back to her beer looks  
inside then looks up over her glass at Elan her smile  
replaced with an emotionless glare.

ELAN

What!

Silence form Catori.

ELAN

What? Fine, keep it to yourselves.  
See if I help any.

She gets up and returns back to her side of the bar next to  
an older local white man and begins to snicker to him.

V.O.(FEMALE)

You know what I'd do! Fuck 'em All.

Catori half turns her head while still mid sip. Marlene a  
local woman, hard worker, anxious type.

MARLENE

Yea! That's right. The whole lot of  
them. Ungrateful. That's not even  
your responsibility. You know what  
I'm saying, don't you Cat?

A faint smile raises on Catori's face.

CATORI

Thank you Marlene. That's such a  
nice thing of you to say.

She puts her Mug down takes a breath and crack's her neck, a  
subtle crick' in her neck acts up. She faces back to Elan  
next to the man and watch as they stand Elan flirts with him  
then glances in her direction as they leave together.

MARLENE

Uh Huh! Never takes that woman too  
long, does it?

Catori looks down at her glass sheepishly see's it's almost  
empty looks up at Old Joe who stands guard nearby. He nods,  
just as quick she returns a thank you nod then hurriedly  
lifts the glass and finishes it.

(CONTINUED)

MARLENE

I mean really, What's the harm in letting go? You won't have to worry anymore. You can move closer onto the Res. Everyone just has to pay to bury their relatives from now on. They don't appreciate it now anyway. Besides only the elders perform any of the burial ceremonies anymore. So maybe that's finally fading too.

In response Catori looks up eyes glossy and her face almost pale.

OLD JOE

Here You go Sweety.

CATORI

Thank You.

She smoothly exchanges with a push forward one mug for the other.

OLD JOE

Enough Marlene with your despondent chatter. Catori has a mindful without your added discouragement. Worry not sweety, just don't stop working at it huh, please.

Catori feigns a smile back at Old Joe blinks then turns to her self and pauses. She takes in a long breath and exhales. Behind her Marlene a little flustered remains in her space and sulks. The last third of the mug remains Catori stands up raises her mug and smiles at Old Joe.

CATORI

Love you Joe!

OLD JOE

Love You Right Back

She lifts the glass to her mouth and tilts it back all the way finishes it quick then sets it down. Catori swivels her chair 180 degrees stops it smooth with her heels to face the entire room. She scans everyone only one or two people look up when Catori begins to walk towards the door. She notices the Sheriff who watches her she straightens up a bit smiles at him then opens the front door and exits.

EXT.OLD JOE'S TAVERN-NIGHT

She walks out side briskly past the Sheriff's truck. As she steps off the old sidewalk onto the dirt parking lot the front door to the tavern opens.

SHERIFF

Catori!

Her keys in hand and arm almost extended she turns and looks surprised.

CATORI

Sheriff! I only had one drink in there you seen me.

SHERIFF

You had two drinks I seen THAT but this isn't about that.

CATORI

I had one. okay, two I had two. I'm sorry so what then.

SHERIFF

Everyone inside, their mostly idiots. The World is Mostly Idiots. Only A few Know. Only a few Care to Know or Even Care.

CATORI

I'm Aware.

SHERIFF

I know you are. Because you were brought up right, by the elders they raised you proper. You still give thanks to everything you pick?

Catori blushes and smiles.

SHERIFF

That's good. That's the Olden Ways. It means your Alive, It Means You Care.

She softly laughs.

CATORI

Do I?

(CONTINUED)



SHERIFF

Yes You Do. That's why it hurts.  
And that's why you drink.

Catori recoils and blushes further and goes to put her keys in the truck.

SHERIFF

It's O.K. to share. I don't mean to confront you awkwardly. However all confrontation is awkward.

She stands back a little upright

CATORI

You got that right.

SHERIFF

I just wanted to let you know. That your not Alone. That there are others that Care and Care about You.

CATORI

Okay.

SHERIFF

Okay. It's not just that stupid world out there.. or in there. There's more to it all. There is still love. There might even still be some magic left.

Catori snorts a laugh they both exchange hugs then part ways as She climbs in her Old Truck and turns it over.

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

The Old Truck makes its way down a dark 2 lane highway. Off to the side of the road a sign marks the county lines of the Reservation and the adjoining rural township. In the road ahead a couple cars and trucks are stopped as Catori comes to a slow.

INT. OLD TRUCK-NIGHT

Catori pulls up to the stopped traffic and looks out at the vehicles ahead. While traffic is stopped she looks down at the gas it hovers over empty. She reaches for the ignition and turns it off then looks back up and taps her fingers on the top of the steering wheel.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI  
What the Hell is this?

She looks down at the Old Truck's stereo the face reads 11:17pm. A colored light flickers in the cabin that prompts Catori to lift her head and peer back out. She notices vehicles on both sides are still coming to a stop and decides to open her door and get out.

EXT. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

Catori climbs out of her cab and joins one or two people who approach the commotion at the center. She doesn't notice the Tribal Sheriffs truck pull up one car behind hers. She spots a portly middle aged white woman walk from the opposite direction.

CATORI  
What's going on?

The woman look's Catori up and down with an accusing glare then responds.

WOMAN  
One of your kind causing trouble!  
You might want to get back in your  
truck.

The woman nods her head at the Old Truck and gives a disgusted look at Catori.

WOMAN  
There's about to be real trouble.

Catori dismisses the woman and continues now more curious then before. She double takes back at the woman flustered then forward again with a sudden realization.

CATORI  
No. No. NO!

Her approach more brisk the Tribal Sheriff climbs out his truck and follows suit. She nears the center as two Rural Police shout at a Man in front of them guns extended and red laser dots aimed at his head and chest.

RURAL POLICE  
We're not going to ask you again!  
Get the Fuck on the ground Now!

Two more Rural Police stand vigilant flanked in the distance guns out over their car doors.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI

Charlie?

A few people gather near where the first vehicles have stopped. Two are an older couple a white woman and her local tribal husband notice Catori approach and put their hands up.

LOCAL COUPLE

Stop. You can't!

CATORI

Charlie!

The Rural Police notice as well and turn their attention at the movement. The couple looses hold of Catori when she breaks through the civilian line. The others that stand about local rural folks look on her with reproach.

RURAL POLICE

Get back Now! Return to your vehicles.

Catori presses on and escapes their hold.

CATORI

Stop! Stop this!

RURAL POLICE

Stop or we will shoot.

At that second Charlie smiles at her reaches for the small practical knife on his belt and pulls it out fast and into view of the more near two Rural Police as they withdraw one with handcuffs extended.

RURAL POLICE

Weapon! Knife!

CATORI

No!

The Tribal Sheriff now close enough rushes up and grabs a hold of Catori! Both police officers take a step back from Charlie and begin to open fire. The flanking Police Officers return their attention to their original suspect and begin to close in on the action.

CATORI

Charlie No!

The Tribal Sheriff holds up his Badge.

(CONTINUED)

TRIBAL SHERIFF  
Stop what You are Doing!

RURAL POLICE  
It's already been stopped.

They ignore the Sheriff as the Officer in Charge gets on his shoulder comm and calls it in.

TRIBAL SHERIFF  
We are going to file a witness  
account and possible law suit  
against your office. This will not  
stand.

RURAL POLICE  
Go Ahead. It has before and it will  
Again. Now get out of here. Go  
ahead and log your complaint.

CATORI  
(sobs)  
Charlie.

People disperse or hide inside their vehicles Catori is held up by the sheriff and carried back to her Truck.

INT. OLD TRUCK -NIGHT

Only highway. Mountains, hills and surroundings all blur into one outside the windows. Catori holds tight to the steering wheel as tears take turns rolling down her cheeks. A familiar glow in the distance finally she moves her head to see as the highway bisects to turn into Monument Convenience Store and Gas Station.

INT. MONUMENT CONVENIENCE STATION -NIGHT

A Bell Jingles as Catori steps through the doors. She moves in a slow jaunted walk her eyes wet and head down. Catori walks around 3 small isles to the far side of the store toward a cooler tucked in a secluded section of the store. She stops short and looks at the hard liquor on the shelf then reaches for the Black Velvet Canadian Whiskey. Catori turns and heads to the front of the store when her peripheral's catch a wall of Rugs varying in size. She approaches the display and inspects the rug when her eyes focus in on a picture of the rug's weaver next to the price tag. The small rug \$459.00, the medium next to it \$799.00. Catori walks off and nods her head.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI  
Good for You.

She reaches the front counter as local behind the register speaks up.

LOCAL CLERK  
Are you alright Cat?

She slowly looks up from her liquor her eyes stare blankly at the clerk. Catori doesn't speak just stares back stuck in place. The clerk a local woman in her early forties in a green uniform top denim jeans and several earrings in each ear, lifts a hand.

LOCAL CLERK  
Cat!

Catori stares her body shakes and her focus blurs as the store disappears and the highway appears.

TRANSITION

FLASH BACK. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

The police utter a muffled scream just before a gun discharges. Charlie's body falls to the ground. Blood pools next to his arm.

TRANSITION

INT. MONUMENT CONVENIENCE STATION-NIGHT

LOCAL CLERK  
Cat. Cat? Are You okay?

Catori comes back to with a startle. Another shiver and her focus returns only to find her self leaned against the counter.

CATORI  
Uh.

LOCAL CLERK  
I thought you were going to hit the ground their for a second. I was certain I was going to be calling you an EMT. Are you alright?

(CONTINUED)

CATORI

Um, I'm sorry.

Catori looks down at her self the items on the counter back to the Clerk then back down to her pockets. She proceeds to reach in with her right hand and pulls out a five dollar bill. The total at \$5.35 the Clerk stares back at Catori then reaches over to the change tray and pulls the difference.

LOCAL CLERK

Are you sure your okay to drive?

Catori turns and walks out the door.

EXT. RURAL HOUSE-DAY

The chickens cluck and the rooster crows while Grandma tosses feed to them in the front yard. The sun has barely risen the Old truck is parked in the front yard its driver side door still open, one leg dangles out. The rooster crows again when Catori awakes from a sweaty sleep she sits up a crick in her neck. She rubs at her temples and then hears her grandmother making noises over her shoulder at the chickens and stops mid movement, her face turns bleak. Catori lowers her head pauses a beat then opens the door the rest of the way and climbs out.

CATORI

Grandma.

Grandma busies herself with her chores.

CATORI

(insistent)

Grandma.

GRANDMA

Morning. Where is your brother at?

Catori looks at her grandmother ageing yet strong wise and frail all at the same time. Catori lost for words only stares at her grandmother

GRANDMA

What's wrong child?

They lock eyes and Catori wavers then begins to fall apart as she try's to speak.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI

Charlie.

Grandma's face subtly changes from concern to worry as she steps near and extends her arms and looks deep into Catori's eyes.

CATORI

Last night. I pulled up. They tried to stop Charlie. I tried to stop them.

TRANSITION

FLASHBACK. HIGHWAY-NIGHT

Catori in slow motion arms out screams. The flanking two Rural Police officers scream and swivel to point their guns at Catori. Charlie smiles then pulls his blade into view before muzzle flare brightens the surroundings.

TRANSITION

EXT. RURAL HOUSE-DAY

Catori sobs in Grandma's arms. Grandma's own face shows a somber fatigue she takes a deep breath gently places her hands on Catori's face and manages a delicate smile then turns to walk away.

CATORI

Grandma!

Grandma stops breaths and looks over her shoulder

CATORI

Charlie is, Dead.

Grandma nods her head as a tear drops from her eye then continues to walk.

CATORI

Grandma?

Grandma stops again nods her head as another tear rolls down her cheek. She lifts her head and turns to speak to Catori.

GRANDMA

Come, Follow me.

Catori follows as they both walk into an adjacent space to the kitchen. Grandma grabs two woven baskets and a bag then they turn back around and open the door. Catori looks puzzled but continues out the door with grandma.

MONTAGE.

EXT. MONUMENT VALLEY-DAY

Grandma leads Catori up a hill and over the crest to another valley. There she says a prayer before they scour the hill sides for wild flowers. One by one they pick flowers from hand fulls to single plants. Neatly they place them in their basket. They walk back home over the hills.

DISSOLVE

EXT. RURAL HOUSE-DAY

They work together to cull and shave the woolly sheep in the front yard then brush the wool into long strands. Next they take the flowers and prepare dyes to apply to the yarn. Finally they begin the loom process first they set long strands of yarn in the loom vertically then Grandma begins to slide the shuttle back and forth almost braiding it. She taps with the same brush at the top most lead of the wool pattern to pack the weave tight. She shuttles more yarn then pats it again. A third of the way in she passes it to Catori who sits behind her and takes over. Catori then takes over the loom runs the shuttle through and pats it tight her self. They both work at it as the sun moves from high over head, to afternoon, to sunset. They come to the end with Catori behind she begins to drift to sleep when Grandma leans to speak.

GRANDMA

Huh?

No reply from Catori Grandma turns and sees her seated upright asleep. Grandma coughs once, no movement then a second time louder. Catori startles awake blinks her eyes and glances around.

CATORI

Sorry Grandma, I must have drifted for a minute.

GRANDMA

Good, now you can see how to finish.

(CONTINUED)



CATORI

Awesome, I never have seen exactly  
what you do.

GRANDMA

Not Many Do. They always fall  
asleep.

Grandma grins. Catori returns the smile and adds a laugh. With the last slits done Grandma begins a zigzag of a wrap pattern for the entire last three rows cross weave each with the one before in a a bigger - smaller kind of pattern until the final corner comes to and Grandma wraps the last of the yarn again around a single string tucks the tail piece inside then cuts it. They lean back from their work, Grandma takes a deep breath as does Catori when she spots tears roll down Grandmas cheeks. Catori scans her Grandmother but says nothing. She reflects inward before turning back to grandma.

CATORI

Thank You Grandma.

Catori leans in to give a strong hug that is met with a warm frail thanks from Grandma.

CATORI

(sobs)

I'm So Sorry Grandma.

Catori breaks into hysterics held by Grandma who holds tight to her grand daughter patts her back while she does.

GRANDMA

Shhhhh. It's not your fault.

TRANSITION

INT.RURAL HOUSE-NIGHT

The crickets buzz outside and a pot tings in the kitchen when Catori comes to on the couch. She peers down to see she has been covered in the very same tapestry that her and Grandma just finished. Catori sits up and begins to remove it from her when she stops and holds it mid lift then holds it near and puts it to her face and holds back tears. A beautiful strong black and blue tapestry with threads of brown, red and white coalesce from individual patterns into one geometrical shape then back into individual again. She folds the blanket when Grandma walks over to her with a bowl of food.

(CONTINUED)

GRANDMA  
(hushed)  
Please. Eat Something.

CATORI  
Thank You.

Catori looks into her bowl as a tear drops in her food. She lifts her head up and almost mechanically begins to eat, with no emotion and no rush she works at her meal. Catori looks down at her bowl still half full she gets up and walks outside, the door wheezes then pops closed.

EXT. RURAL HOUSE-NIGHT

Catori comes outside down the steps and walks over to the freshly shaven sheep. As she approaches she comes to a slow when the sheep bah.

CATORI  
It's Okay. Excuse me.

Catori reaches her hand out in a delicate movement she finds the animals ears and begins to gently rub behind them.

CATORI  
I brought you some food. Some real food.

The Sheep smells at it once then pushes it's nose and mouth upon the bowl eating up everything in a couple laps of its teeth and lips.

CATORI  
And I just wanted to say Thanks,  
for the blanket.

She looks at the Freshly Shaven Sheep another minute her eyes gloss over. She pulls her hand away walks over to the fence sets the bowl down opens the Old Trucks door and gets in. From inside the truck Catori pulls down the sun visor, out slides the keys she starts the truck and pulls off down the road. From behind the screened door Grandma looks out as the truck disappears into the dark. Grandma whispers something into the night as another tear rolls down her face before she lowers her head in solace.

## INT. OLD JOE'S TAVERN-NIGHT

Catori walks into the tavern her eyes glossed over. A couple people look up to see her enter. Paige shies away while others peer up at her sympathetic. She sits down at the bar as Old Joe passes her a beer. She looks at it then up at Old Joe then moves her hand to clasp the beer mug.

CATORI  
(introverted)  
Thanks

OLD JOE  
Don't Mention it.

He stands still a beat before he changes the lean of his posture. Another beat goes by as Catori stares at the beer then finally back to Old Joe.

CATORI  
I'm Sorry

OLD JOE  
Don't be.

Catori looks shaky her hand wavers still extended in a loose clasp around the mug.

OLD JOE  
(engaging)  
I know you feel numb. Just, give it time.

Catori nods her head as she fights back tears then looks back to Old Joe.

OLD JOE  
Just keep pushing on, okay.

Catori finally musters the strength she rubs a tear quickly from her cheek then grasps the mug shakily she lifts it to her mouth at last slowly she takes a drink. Old Joe nods to her then steps away she sets the beer down then takes a deep breath and turns around on her seat. She leans back on her shoulders and looks out to everyone in the bar a couple of the men at a table about Charlie's age watch Catori and nod to her when she spots them. One at the table taller with a scraggly beard and broad shoulders stands up looks over the others then walks over to her. Catori adjusts her posture and tosses her long rogue strands of hair over her shoulder with the rest.

(CONTINUED)

SIMEON

(clears throat)

Uh hum.

He starts to speak then stops to think. He blushes then looks down a beat then back up to Catori eyes glazed over too.

SIMEON

I. I don't know what to say on this one Cat. We loved your brother though he mostly stuck to him self. Ya' know after that incident of flipping out on Mitchell.

They look back to Mitchel the second tallest a clean shaven man with mid length hair, rough worn jeans and boots. Mitchel looks up then nods dryly before his hard exterior softens and he fights back a tear with the clench of his jaw.

CATORI

He apologized Simeon, that was kind of the beginning of the whole "Bi polar thing." That's why he did stay home.

SIMEON

We know. We know. That's why we want you to know that there's no hard feelings, **ever**. If you need anything.

They both pause as Simion looks at Catori a long moment his obvious affection for her quickly changes into a rigid expression of anger.

SIMION

Anything.

Catori nods her head then takes a long look at Simeon and starts to sob. Mitchell and the other 2 guys stand up concerned. Simeon quickly reaches out to console Catori and leans over to give her a big bear hug.

SIMEON

I got you. We're here for you Cat.

She gently pulls away.

SIMEON

Please know. Your not alone.

(CONTINUED)

She takes a long look at Simeon and then turns her head to see Mitchell and his friend stand across from them at their table when they nod back.

CATORI

(sighs)

I know. I just have to figure out how to fix this.

SIMEON

Fix what? You can't fix this! The Res still doesn't even own it's own anything and they're still killing us.

CATORI

I. I Know what I have to do, I have to keep this all intact somehow but I cant do that if you, do this. Then we wont have this town.. or You.

They look at each other another long moment as everything blurs around them. She finally smiles then stands up takes a deep breath and exhales. She looks at the beer then back at the guys then up to Simeon.

CATORI

Thank You.

Simeon rubs at his scragly thin beard then returns a smile to Catori and nods. He turns and walks away as Catori smiles to the guys then heads to the door herself.

EXT. OLD JOE'S TAVERN-NIGHT

Catori walks through the doors then stops her smile fades as she contemplates. She crosses to her old truck that's parked by the road opposite side of the small parking lot. Mid stride an older man emerges from the shadows of the treeline. She squints her eyes then smiles as she sees the old Timer who dawns a rustic mix of old fashioned tribal garments meets modern clothes. A shamman's bag hangs from his neck shrouded by his worn Native American leather jacket with beaded patterns, Denim jeans and brown boots.

CATORI

(laughs)

Hey. Kind of startled me there.

The gentle figure only smiles and slows his approach. Catori takes a step back when her smile starts to fade he comes to a stop himself.

(CONTINUED)

OLD TIMER  
(calm)  
Hello.

Catori's face folds over a range of reactions before returning to a subtle smile.

CATORI  
Hi, again. I was just leaving.

OLD TIMER  
Oh, great.

Catori's smile turns sideways.

CATORI  
What do you mean?

OLD TIMER  
I need a ride.

Catori looks to see if anyone else is around then back to the man with a soft choke and a laugh.

CATORI  
Please?

He forms a kind smile.

OLD TIMER  
Please.

She looks him over from head to toe.

CATORI  
Um, the timing couldn't be worse  
but I guess if your not going far.

The Old Timer stands by patiently, a gentle look of curiosity and a soft smile his only reply.

CATORI  
Your not going far right?

OLD TIMER  
Not going far, Right.

Catori continues to her side of the Old Truck and opens the driver side door, the Old Timer still stands in place.

CATORI  
Well, are you coming?

(CONTINUED)

She leans over the front seats and unlocks the passenger side door.

OLD TIMER

Thank You.

The Old Timer approaches the truck with a slow gate he examines the door handle a beat then opens the door and climbs in.

INT. OLD TRUCK -NIGHT

Inside the cab Catori starts the old Truck and backs out of her parking spot on the shoulder then pulls off down the highway.

CATORI

So. Where to?

OLD TIMER

Just a couple miles down the way.  
I've made camp there.

Catori looks over at the Old Timer and smiles faintly as they cruise along the highway.

CATORI

Camped out, huh? I hope you 'll  
forgive me. I don't recognize you  
from around, I'm Catori.

OLD TIMER

A beautiful name. I am Wind's Song.

CATORI

Your tribal name, I haven't heard  
anyone introduce themselves like  
that in a while.

Wind's Song just blinks and returns her inquisitive stare.

CATORI

Why does that sound familiar  
though?

Wind's Song lifts his arm into view a fore finger finger  
half extended.

WIND'S SONG

Not too far now. It should be  
close. Please slow.

(CONTINUED)

Wind's Song peers out the window to the road ahead. They come around a soft bend in the highway that approaches the hills of the mountain side, when an all but invisible break in the growth becomes apparent just off to the right.

WIND'S SONG

There it is.

CATORI

What, when. I've never noticed this here before.

Wind's Song quickly glances to Catori then ahead and lets a soft smile cross his face. Catori takes notice and grimaces as she looks back at the bumpy terrain ahead.

EXT. MONUMENT VALLEY-NIGHT

A barely worn path leads the way through desert and patches of overgrown wild grass bordered on all sides by Juniper and Acacia trees. Over hillsides and through a mostly dry creek then further up to the mountains edge, the Old Truck finally slows and comes to a stop. Catori climbs out first a curious look across her face.

CATORI

You make that trek, huh?

WIND'S SONG

Uh huh.

Wind's Song climbs out with careful prudence as he does he points passed a small hillside covered in thick under brush with a large multi- truncated acacia tree.

CATORI

Right off the Res and on the way to my house. I can't believe I've never been here before.

WIND'S SONG

There are many things hidden in plain view in this world.

Catori thinks about this a beat then shows a faint smile in reply.

WIND'S SONG

Come then, there is more.

(CONTINUED)



They walk up over the hill and follow a small path lined thick with tumbleweeds. Wind's Song stops just ahead at the top of the hill and looks down a few feet to Catori. She catches up mid pant, stands tall and looks all around.

CATORI

Wow! This is definitely secluded.  
You like your peace don't you?

She steps forward to see a majestic view of the serene valley below, the Reservation is stationed as a few specks of life at it's center. She turns around to see Wind's Song walk up a large dirt mound attached directly to the mountainside then approach what appears to be a whole. As Catori approaches she recognizes it's a pit lined at it's walls with brick masonry.

CATORI

Is that a kiva?

WIND'S SONG

yes.

TRANSITION

INT. KIVA-NIGHT

A fire roars to life with flames that crackle, pop and sizzle. The flames leap from a small stone circle in the middle of the Kiva seated are Wind's Song and Catori.

WIND'S SONG

I am sorry Catori. I have not been  
entirely forthright with you.

Catori looks up from the fire slowly.

CATORI

How's that?

WIND'S SONG

You don't know me though I do know  
You.

Catori becomes more aware. Wind's Song eyes remain locked on the fire and speaks quiet and slow.

WIND'S SONG

Last time I saw you were but a  
child once before that a baby.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI  
Who are you?

WIND'S SONG  
I am your Grandfather. Your father  
was my only son nor did I have  
any daughters.

Catori listens attentively when he finishes she glares  
around at the Kiva then up to Wind's Song.

CATORI  
Why..? Where have you been? Why are  
you coming to me now?

He finally looks up from the fire slowly and engages Catori  
in a sympathetic stare.

WIND'S SONG  
I am here out of necessity.

CATORI  
What? Who's?

WIND'S SONG  
Yours.

Catori's body language reply's at Wind's Song with a  
pronounced offense taken.

WIND'S SONG  
Most think when you loose someone  
to death that they are gone  
forever.

Catori sits back and drops her chin.

WIND'S SONG  
Our people used to know different  
that when you leave this body you  
go to the other side.

Catori's jaw clenches as she holds back tears.

CATORI  
(hushed)  
What other side?

WIND'S SONG  
**All Time** is the Great Illusion and  
**Death** it's Veil.

Catori holds her tongue but looks up at Wind's Song  
frustrated.

(CONTINUED)

## WIND'S SONG

Loved Ones passed are now  
Ancestors. Not lost but still  
present. Here with us now and  
Always. We only need call them and  
they Will be Near.

## CATORI

(sighs)

Okay. Alright. All that's nice but  
I don't see how any of it helps me.  
You know actual, help!

Catori reaches into her cargo pants pocket and reveals a  
small tin flask, she lifts it to the sky then points to it.

## CATORI

If you don't mind?

She begins to unscrew the top when she pauses.

## WIND'S SONG

You should eat something first.

## CATORI

I'm okay. I can handle myself.

Out of nowhere Wind's Song pulls his knife from it's sheath  
then begins to work at something in his hands.

## CATORI

What are you doing with that knife?  
Please don't cut yourself!

Wind's Song doesn't look up. After another beat he slips his  
knife back into it's sheath and produces his other hand. In  
it two freshly skinned fruits, the size of a grape.

## WIND'S SONG

This might help. Better than them  
*spirits*, that oppresses our people.

She looks at his hand surprisingly clean, the two fruits wet  
flesh glistens in the moonlight.

## CATORI

I'm not one to normally eat out of  
another's hand Wind's Song.

She takes a sip of her flask then screws it shut. Wind's  
Song stands there his arm extended and grunts to her. She  
looks at it then to him slips her flask into her pocket and  
reaches for the fruit.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI  
Fine. Why not?

She pops them in her mouth and begins to chew and almost immediately starts to spit them out.

CATORI  
Oh that's sour!

WIND'S SONG  
Do not spit them out. Just chew.

CATORI  
Ewe, what! What did you just feed me? And where are yours, why aren't you eating any?

Wind's Song smiles faintly

WIND'S SONG  
I don't need anymore, trust me.

He dips to his side and pulls out a rattlesnake tail and looks deeply at it before he starts to shake it. Arrhythmic at first then it settles as Catori chews at the fruit she makes a funny face from the bitterness.

CATORI  
Oh wow! This is something else. I think my tongue and lips are getting numb!

She looks up and while still hearing the rattle somehow now Wind's Song produces a small sized flute. He deeply glares at it then slowly it comes to life with an eerie melody. Catori closes her eyes as the flute and rhythm of the rattle serenade her. The fire dances brightly through her eye lids when she slowly reopens them. As she looks around everything around her has a new luminescence about it. The Kiva that surrounds her seems to be breathing from within the rock masonry itself. The fire now bathes Catori in warmth making her space comfortable like a womb. She stares ahead her gaze locked on its flames as noises from within become audible. Catori entranced by the flames tries to discern its message.

TRANSITION

## EXT. RURAL HIGHWAY-NIGHT

The headlights of vehicles splash their brilliant light over the entire view. Several people line the streets edge, police and Charlie at its center. They all walk in reverse, Catori is slow mode dragged back to the incident she cry's out. A gun shot goes off in the night, it's muzzle flare leaps into the barrel. Catori screams.

CATORI

No!

## INT. KIVA-NIGHT

Catori sobs as tears run down her face. The fire calms its embers glow and dim as she eventually gains her composure and looks around. Wind's Song is no where to be seen she stands up and further explores.

## EXT. KIVA-NIGHT

Catori climbs out from the Kiva and stands up. She takes a deep breath and peers about her. Her surroundings seem to pulse and breath from the stars above to the trees in the earth beneath her feet.

CATORI

Whoa!

Her voice comes out with a funny twinge she hears it then speaks again.

CATORI

(slowly)

Oh man!

She walks to the edge of the mound, clusters of stars shimmer and twinkle beckoning her to look up.

CATORI

(chuckles)

Wow!

Catori stares up at the masterpiece of light and dark that rain from the heavens above. Something in the bushes beside her makes a noise that draws her attention. She looks over the landscape then breathes and stretches to scan its heavily shadowed underbrush and pockets. Another noise rustles from the bushes when she is startled, cautious she approaches. The breeze around her kicks up as she nears the brush making it rustle and waver giving off the same sound

(CONTINUED)

she had just heard. She laughs nervously to herself and watches the plant rustle then reaches her arm out as it moves in the breeze like sequins on a dress. Catori stands up and peers passed the bushes. The path appears to continue clear as day almost as if were lit just for her. She reaches out her arm separates the brush and walks toward the path.

EXT.THE PATH-NIGHT

Catori crosses onto the path and follows it a few feet when she hears the breeze fan and fade. She pauses as it rustles through the bushes again then up the path past her and through the trees ahead. The breeze whips into the distance leaving behind what sounds faintly like Wind's Songs Flute. Catori turns her ear in that direction as *everything* radiates with spellbinding awe and an eerie sense of mystery, she presses on.

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE PATH-NIGHT

First one hand then another grips tight to the trunk of a Juniper tree at the edge of a small peak. She pulls herself the rest of the way up and over a rocky hillside. Standing tall she listens for the the flute. A large mountain side stands before her dark and enormous in its weight, shadowed only by the stars in their eternal blanket. She stares up as winks of light from each star glow then grows as each starts to pulse and lengthen. She wavers in place her eyes gloss over then tears flow as distant star's appear to rain their starlight down on her. They wash over her with such luminescence that she closes her eyes.

EXT. COSMOS-SPACE

Instantly the darkness is flooded with the same light. As the light fills the darkness both are replaced by the cosmos. She observes all she can in one long pause before the same star light from her vision passes by and brightens all and again in the same instant it return her to earth.

TRANSITION

EXT. MOUNTAINSIDE PATH-NIGHT

Catori slowly opens her eyes emotion overwhelms her after her spontaneous astral projection. She readjusts to her surroundings as she does everything around seems to brighten. Catori reaches to rub at her eyes when she feels a light shine from the mountain's side. She follows the

(CONTINUED)

luminance to its source, the full moon rises just between the mountains' two crests. At a closer look in the crests of the mountains appears a human silhouette that play's his flute.

CATORI  
Wind's Song!

A grin forms across her mouth as she hears the faint melody of the flute she turns her head to listen then bounds off in the same direction up the now lit mountain's side.

EXT. MOUNTAINS' CRESTS-NIGHT

Catori conquers the boulders at the mountains' crests. The last of the flute's sound fades as she pulls her self up to find no one there except a surreal full moon directly in the sky above her. She listens only to find the sound of nature crickets and locusts, a bullfrog in the distance and an unseen owl that hoots. The opposite valley below bathed in moonlight shows a gentler path that appears to unfold. From large boulders atop down into sparse forests and mostly flat terrain after. A soft foreign noise enters her peripherals Catori looks for it when the sounds stops. She takes another step when the sound alternates in a subtle rhythmic pattern. She stops and looks around when the sound stops then comes back and moves again. Catori see's nothing but hears the sound again then looks down at the ground. A scorpion huddles next to her feet curled tight in a ready position. It's movements make a distinct sound that is enhanced to Catori. She bends over and takes a closer look the scorpion rears its pincer's and tail as it backs up.

CATORI  
(chuckles)  
Heh ha.

She leans over it as it scampers onto raised ground. Catori bends down further and it backs up as its arms raise high.

CATORI  
Did I almost step on you? I'm  
sorry. please, go ahead.

She stands back up but the scorpion remains still.

CATORI  
Oops. Excuse me.

She backs up the scorpion relaxes takes a couple steps then stops a beat before it scurries off. Catori marvels at the sight then slowly peers back to the valley. The unseen owl

(CONTINUED)

hoots again. The moonlight that fills the valley on this side of the mountain appears absolutely marvelous with arches and platteau's that stand against the backdrop of the terrain like giant shadow embossed statues of old.

CATORI

Wow.

EXT. OPPOSITE MOUNTAINSIDE PATH-NIGHT

Catori curious steps over and into the opposite valley. Each step she takes its as if it was hewn out of the rock just for her. Everything pulses with life in the fullness of the moon, the rocks beneath her feet the trees below her and all the nature that calls this valley home are all awake and active. Catori steps through a long desert glen sparse with various cactus and wild thorny brush and grass that transitions into wild Pine and juniper when she all but runs into a 3 deer. She stops and watches them a beat her eyes locked with theirs she smiles when the closest deer snorts. It turns its head as does Catori in the same direction then it darts off the opposite way. She watches the deer disappear then quietness only crickets remain. The trees wain and waver their wild branches appear feral their bark like scales that peel and fall to the ground. A strong breeze blows over this valley that breaks her gaze Catori looks around then moves on.

EXT. OPPOSITE PLATEAU PATH-NIGHT

From within the desert trees Catori appears. She spots the safest climb up the side of a short wide plateau. Once on top she looks back to see the desert forest through which she came then does a 360 rotation. A fantastic view from atop the small plateau where only a few cacti, small wild brush and a seldom Joshua tree grow atop the dry plateau. Beyond one large rock arch formation guards a smaller arch a few meters away just silhouettes, beyond that are some jutting hammer like formations and a tall wide plateau over a mile across. The vastness goes on its beauty astounding the terrain, epic.

CATORI

Oh. My. God.

Catori looks down at her shoes filthy with a few thorns that protrude, her pants flush with the color of earth she lifts her hands into view. Both are covered in dirt and ash as well as mangled at the edges of her palm. Catori dusts herself off and looks up then back at her empty hands and pockets then licks her lips.

(CONTINUED)



CATORI  
(frustrated)  
Ugh.

CROW  
Caw!

From beside her the loud caw of a crow sounds. Startled Catori looks over her shoulder at it shakes her head and begins to continue on when she stops abruptly.

CATORI  
(clears throat)  
Uh hm.

She turns around slowly and faces the Black Crow it stares at her then blinks once and sounds off again.

CROW  
Caw!

Catori stares back at it when an idea crosses her mind, she blinks then licks her lips then it sounds another reply.

CROW  
Caw. Caw!

Catori cricks her head and blinks her eyes glossed over her movements deliberately slow.

CATORI  
Do You..know where water is.

The Black Crow sits and blinks once then turns its head and sounds again before it takes flight then lands only a few meters away on a half dead Joshua Tree again it shrieks twice.

CATORI  
You want me to follow you!

She starts with a walk at first then breaks into a soft stride.

CROW  
Caw!

It takes flight again as she nears then lands a few meters away. It does this twice more when Catori comes to a stop panting heavily.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI

Hey. Wait! This better be the way?

She glances back over her shoulder at the path behind then ahead at the crow. It looks both ways then refaces the same direction it was previously headed.

CROW

Acaw! Acaw!

It turns its head at her then looks forward and takes flight again it shrieks this time it doesn't land but continues on over a short distance then drops out of sight.

CATORI

What am I doing out here. I must be crazy. I know I know, Caw!

Catori peers back then forward then exhales a deep breath. She searches in front of her a little further then the plateau drops off, there she hears the sound of water flow. Catori's expression brightens as she nears the edge and peers over. A few meters below a flowing creek cuts its way around the rocky table terrain and through the valley.

CATORI

Yes. Yes!

Catori scans the boulders and jaunts down to the creek she drops down carefully to her knees and cups her hands to the water. After a few sips she splashes some on her face and takes another sip.

CATORI

Thank You crow!

CROW

Caw.

She looks up there is the crow, it stares down at her and blinks. Something startles the Black Crow when its head bops around Catori observes the alerted Black Crow. It pauses then looks at her and shrieks before it abruptly takes flight.

EXT.CREEK PATH-NIGHT

Instinct's kick in when Catori freezes and crouches next to the creek. She listens for a beat when the ambiance overwhelms her senses. All around her in the small creeks edge insects buzz and click, water bubbles by and birds chirp some kind of a warning from the trees nearby. The

(CONTINUED)

breeze passes through this part of the valley and creek again it rustles all the brush and trees in the vicinity. Catori's eyes dart about as they scan for threats in the shadows that sway all around her. One foot slips into the creek's edge as she backs up in a crouch position. The breeze wanes as she turns behind then in front and begins to stand up when all feels clear.

ANIMAL  
(Shrill)  
Roarrrrr!

A full throaty growl ferociously sounds from the shadows. Catori falls backwards into the creek completely then remains half submerged as she rapidly scans the banks around her.

ANIMAL  
Roarrrr!

Two eyes appear from a thick of wild grass from the banks edge. Catori's eyes widen as she spots a Puma slowly slink into full view, its gaze locked on hers. Catori slowly rises onto the beach and spies around her then reaches for a Rock.

PUMA  
Roarrrr!

Catori looks up startled and almost drops the rock. She stands up all the while backing away as the Puma continues to near.

CATORI  
Shew! Go. Leave me Alone!

She throws the rock fiercely it crashes next to the Puma but misses.

PUMA  
Roar! Roar!

The Puma shrieks and paws at the rock as it falls then looks up angrily at her and quickens its pace.

CATORI  
Whoa. Whoa!

Catori backs up completely from the shores and makes a look to the banks around her. Both sides rise too steep or shifty with rocks to make a quick escape after a few steps Catori comes to a stand still the Puma not far behind.

(CONTINUED)

PUMA  
Roar Roar!

EXT.CREEK BANKS PATH-NIGHT

The Puma draws near and rears up its left paw with jaw wide open. Catori slinks back into a half crouched position and begins to back up slowly.

CATORI  
I don't want to hurt you.

They lock eyes as the Puma also crouches into attack position and slinks forward. Catori scans her peripherals and makes a quick move back and to her side the Puma steps close and begins to pounce. Catori falls to the ground as she does she reaches for and lifts a long piece of driftwood driving it to wedge inbetween boulders. The Puma falls onto her with a shrill burst.

PUMA  
Roarrlll!

Warm Red Blood trickles down her arms and shoulders then her face as the weight of the Puma settles onto her.

CATORI  
(weighed down)  
Aghh!

She grunts and with a mighty push slides the animal from atop her till it lands with a thud the driftwood impaled half way into the Puma.

CATORI  
(heavy sigh)  
Ugh.

Catori stands unsteady then falls to her knees. She glances over the Puma it whines under its own short breaths. Catori reaches out to it with her hand and gently pets it's side. A tear builds in her eye then runs down her cheek as she looks down at the animal.

CATORI  
I'm sorry.

She lowers her head and says some words hushed in prayer as the Puma takes its last couple breathes. Catori lifts her head and looks over the animal now dead she reaches her hand out and touches the hide at its wound. When she draws her hand away her fingers are covered in warm dark red blood.

(CONTINUED)

Catori holds her hand up as she examines the blood she reaches her other hand out to the wound and dips it. Catori draws both hands to her face then tactfully runs them the length of her head down her cheeks once more under each eye socket then around her mouth and chin. Catori rises from her kill the shadows cast longer over this valley her own as well. Her shadow sleeks past the carcass and to the creek.

EXT.CREEK PATH-NIGHT

At the Creek bed Catori leans down to the waters edge she gazes at her reflection the dark blood like a warriors mask on her face. She puts both her hands in the water and splashes it at her face. Red drops fall into the creek it tints the bank with blood. At the creeks bank hunched over an out of place creature splashes the last few hand fulls of water as she peers back into the water. This time her reflection startles her as it reflects back. She disappears from view then with reproach she peeks again. What Catori sees in the waters reflection of her is a Were-Cat. Half human, half Puma features cover her face as she peers at her feline pupils and speaks aloud to her self.

CATORI

Roar?

Pure fear kicks in as she falls backward from the sound that escapes her mouth. Catori flails at the water splashing at her reflection, she loses balance and falls entirely into the creek.

EXT.CREEK PATH-NIGHT

Catori rests a beat then flails about as she jumps and twists about. When she comes to a stop she reaches out and feels the crystal blue water flow all around her. Something brushes her foot when she looks down at the creek then spontaneously thrusts her face into the water. At first glance she can only see a couple feet down Catori pulls her self up, gasps for breath and shakes out the water in her hair. It swims by just under the surface Catori spots a shape and dives back into the creek. She sees a few feet further and holds her head under longer still submerged Catori spots a fish, a large one. Excited she lets out a burst as she paws for it to no avail only a loss of oxygen accompanied by a round of bubbles. Catori rises from the water as she chokes and gasps for air she contorts wildly and shakes her coat. Once calm she peers around at the banks then the plateau across from her another fish bumps her as it swims past and she dives back into the water whole heartily. Underneath she spots the fish and reaches for it

(CONTINUED)

holding her breath while she does she captures it in her Were Paws razor talons. She again rises from the creek her prize in hand she stares at a foot long floppy finned fish. Catori scans the animal then looks it in the eyes when it writhes and wiggles as it tries to liberate itself. Catori cricks her head then ferociously leans over and tears into the fish. She devours it almost completely save the tail spine and half its head when a noise grabs her attention. A crackling sound makes her ears twitch and her eyes dialate as she snaps her head as she hones in on its direction. Next a distinct smell, her nose and nostrils flair twice before Catori looks up and spots the ridge she came over. A faint orange glow and thin spiral of black smoke rise from behind the crests of the mountain.

CATORI

Roar.

Catori listens to her own self and smiles.

CATORI

Humph!

Catori drops the fish into the creek and rises from the water as she steps out from it.

EXT.CREEK BANKS PATH-NIGHT

Catori walks up the rise of the creek bed onto the plattoue in the same gate she begins to run and takes off in stride.

EXT.PLATTOUE PATH-NIGHT

At full speed she comes across a clutter of larger sandstone boulders leans forward and jumps over she uses her front arms and propells herself over the obstruction. What comes over the otherside of the large red rocks is a full on Puma it pounces past and into stride across the long narrow plattoue. The view in front of Catori is a desaturated but crystal clear for as far as the eye can see with subtle flairs of blue, green and a strong tone of orange for her self. A smile appears to cross the face of the Puma as it opens up and crosses over the platteau, the moon hangs overhead as she draws near the desert forest by the mountains edge.

## EXT.DESERT FOREST-NIGHT

The Puma descends off the platteau with a slinking gate at first then finishes with a pounce down and into a glen of the desert forest. The trees make for a natural cover that the Puma crosses in a sleek and attentive way it glances to its sides then continues on. She reaches the edge of the forest when a gentle fog starts to roll in the Puma speeds up and trys to make for the end but looses sight of it as the fog surrounds. The Puma pounces left to right its head desperate for a clue when the crackling noise returns she turns then smells at the air and pushes on. Still further only fog surrounds when the Puma stops and paws at the fog then scans side to side, all around her trees except for one direction are felled upon with small rocks and scattered boulders. The Puma takes a step in the direction of the stones when a Crow cawes in the distance. The puma stops at the bottom of the stones and peers back over its shoulder at the trees and glen behind then jumps up and out of sight.

## EXT.OPPOSITE MOUNTAINSIDE PATH-NIGHT

The Puma pops out of a fog to find a heavy desert glen sparse with trees the humid cover fades into a wispy cloud that pushes through the trees quickly and breaks on the platteau. The Black Crow sits on the bow of the Mountain's Crest.

CROW

Caw!

The Puma admonishes the crow with a look and a purr as she sleeks her way up the mountains side on an all natural stone staircase and onto the crest's above.

## EXT.MOUNTAINS CRESTS-NIGHT

As the Puma steps onto the Crests Catoris' form returns to Were-Cat. Catori looks at the Crow a last time then down at the mountain path she rose and spots flames arise from the smoke below.

## EXT.MOUNTAINSIDE PATH-NIGHT

The Were-Cat one arm raised wafts at the smoke as she descends through it and steps over burning bushes with a bounce onto the original path. When Catori steps forward the flames behind her die out the smoke thins and begins to subside. She lowers her arm and looks back her vision normal the fire all but non existent she looks down at her arms and

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hands. All human Catori smiles before she remembers and peers back up at the path, mountains side and the crests behind her.

EXT. KIVA-NIGHT

Catori turns forward and sees the Kiva in ruins. She stares at it then begins her trek past the it and down the foothills of the mountains passes the overgrown Acacia Tree and back to her truck.

EXT. MONUMENT VALLEY-NIGHT

The sun's soft morning light just begins to come over the far mountains in the east. Catori opens the door to the truck looks all around and cups her hands to her mouth.

CATORI  
(yells)  
Winds Song!

Catori closes the truck door scans all around her then stops and drops her head. She draws a long breath lifts her head and chin up to the sky snuffles once then rubs her eyes dry. Catori pulls the truck door open and climbs up on the truck driver side and stares back up the path past the tree. A chuckle escapes her when she looks down at her hands then the rest of her body. Catori shakes her head then ducks into the truck pulls the door closed and inserts the keys.

INT. OLD TRUCK-DAY

The stubby Juniper tree's whiz by longer branches 'ting off the old truck as Catori navigates the dirt trail with ease. The truck pops through a dry creek bed then back onto the dirt trail where it meets the highway. In her rear view the suns rays light up the mountain side with a stark mundane brightness as Catori slides to a stop adjusts her mirror then peers to the highway. She looks both ways then pulls off the trail onto the road to the right.

EXT. MONUMNENT CONVIENCE STORE-DAY

The Monument Liquor Store stands large and erect in the middle of nowhere with plenty of cars between its 4 gas pumps and medium sized parking lot. Catori pulls into the lot and parks.



## INT. OLD TRUCK-DAY

Catori puts the truck in park and removes her hands from the steering wheel. She rubs at her eyes with both hands then yawns before she reaches back to the ignition to remove the keys and notices herself in the rear view mirror. Her own reflection dirty with ash and dry redish brown smeared and faded streaks down her cheeks. She takes in her self for a minute attempts to rub the semblance off takes a breath stops then laughs to herself before she climbs out.

## INT. MONUMENT CONVENIENCE STATION-DAY

Catori walks into the store her face an ashen mask of faded design her clothes more befallen. The clerk spots Catori with a smile that turns to embarrassment as she turns away still in eye contact with Catori using her peripheral vision. Catori see's the clerk and spots the liquor just beyond. She stares at the bottles then turns and walks over to the coffee. She makes her self a medium cup full to the brim with bold roast, lots of sugar and no milk. Catori brushes all the trash into the recepticle then grabs her coffee and walks to the fridge where she pulls a half gallon carton of orange juice then bacon from the fridge. The second fridge door slams shut with a loud *Slap* as she juggles the items and everyone in the store looks across at her. Catori looks up at everyone with a blank expression across her face before it changes to a sideways grin and she starts to walk. She slows as she passes the handmade crafts and the selection of various sizes of rugs. She makes it to the front register where the clerk sighs a deep breath and scans Catori from head to toe.

CLERK

Is there a ceremony somewhere, I  
dont know about?

CATORI

(clears throat)

Uh hum, No.

Catori looks at the clerk then back to her purchases reaches for her coffee and takes a sip. The clerk observes her before she returns to the task and begins to scan the items. Catori glances back at the handmade crafts takes a sip of her coffee and stares at them a long beat.

CLERK

Medium right? Ma'am.

(CONTINUED)

CATORI

Huh? Oh, yes.

The clerk stares at her then rolls her eyes before she punches the price of coffee in the register.

CLERK

Thank you. Your total will be \$8.64 please.

Catori blinks turns to face the rugs blinks twice then shakes her head and pulls out the last of her money in wadded bills. The attendant takes the money sniffs at the air then the money then lulls her eyes at Catori.

CLERK

Thank you.

The clerk hands Catori her change and Catori with a smirk on her face deep in thought looks up nods and walks out the door.

EXT. MONUMENT CONVIENCE STORE

The old truck pulls out of the parking lot and back onto the highway.

EXT. RURAL HOUSE-DAY

Catori parks the old truck in the gravel driveway Grandma looks up from feeding the chickens. Catori peers to Grandma a soft smile on her face. She climbs out the old truck walks to Grandma reaches out and takes a handfull of feed which she tosses to the chickens. Grandma looks up at her a knowing and gentle smile upon her face puts her hand on Catori's shoulder. Catori wraps her Grandma in her arms as they embrace.

CATORI

Come with me? I'd like to show you something.

Grandma nods to the affirmative with empty basket in hand they walk together to the truck. Catori opens the door for Grandma as she climbs in then returns to her own side and climbs back in herself starts up the engine reverses then drives off down the road.

FADE TO BLACK