



By Cody Signore

EXT. DESERT PLAINS - DUSK - FUTURE

Silence.

A snake moves through a dead man's haunted, months-old carcass.

EXT. DESERT PLAINS - DUSK - PAST

We look across a beautiful, dry desert.

A furious man riding a horse slowly enters our frame.

VOICE

Clutching onto our vast land...We
have no control over it.

A thunderous rumble begins-

EXT. DESERT PLAINS - DUSK - PRESENT

-It's the sound of a haunting wind, as an old, weathered rancher's hand runs through a dying horse's mane.

VOICE

How much farther can I distance
myself...from where the ground
wants me to lie?

The rancher's eyes are watery and red.

The horse breathes deeply as the rancher's hand touches the horse's freshly broken and bloodied knee.

CUT TO:

A Memory. We see the hand of a little girl from the past reaching up to be licked by the horse.

RETURN TO:

The vision incites pain in our rancher.

The rancher leans in and kisses the horse on its neck. He stands above it and holds out his pistol just above its head.

He fires. Smoke dissipates from the gun. The shot echoes throughout the valley. The horse now lies dead.

VOICE (CONT'D)

All the signs point to here... Or
here.

The rancher, WILLIAM(50s), clutches his side as we reveal his bloodied ribcage. Thunder rolls across the plains.

CUT TO:

William slowly creates a sling for his arm.

He pulls the saddle off the dead horse and cuts the bags from around the horse's body. He throws all of his belongings around his shoulders.

He looks out to the plains and then begrudgingly moves out into them, carrying the vast load.

WILLIAM
You son of a bitch.

He wipes his face while fighting all of his emotions.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
What else do you want from me?

He continues moving deeper into the desert.

VOICE
Not here.

He now moves quickly. He becomes swallowed up by the wind and the open plain.

EXT. ROCK FACE - NIGHT - PRESENT

The light of a fire flickers off a rocky cavern.

Coyotes howl in the distance.

William is picking through his belongings, separating them into essentials and non-essentials.

CUT TO:

A small shovel begins digging up the earth. William slowly places his bag of non-essentials into the hole he has shoveled. He mumbles to himself.

He places a letter down on top of the belongings. He begins to cover it again.

We stare at William from behind while he grunts like a beast, burying his belongings.

A noise. A whisper.

William whips his head back, staring directly at us (the audience). Silence. His eyes dart around, looking past us now.

Paranoia is eating away at him.

He wipes his drooling mouth.

CUT TO:

William spreads a map open. Across the map, Dozens of circled X's were placed by William on previous days.

William marks the map with a fresh X on his current location.

He dips a small cloth into his bloodied side.

He takes the cloth and marks the rock face above the spot with a large X.

EXT. ABOVE THE ROCKS - NIGHT - PRESENT

William sits atop the rocks, looking at his map. He is plotting out his following path through the desert.

The coyotes call out.

William looks out across the plain. We see a man, a shadow, running across the plain.

William stands up at attention. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out a pair of weathered binoculars.

He sees nothing.

William lowers the binoculars.

While scanning the horizon with his naked eye, he sees a figure, a ghost, in the distance raise its hand.

As quickly as he sees it, it is gone. The moon begins to disappear behind the clouds.

William stands rocking and swaying.

VOICE

How did I get so far from it all?
Is this where I thought I would be?

William's eyes slowly begin to close. He rocks one last time as he falls to his face.

Bugs crawl. We slowly hear the barking of coyotes and dogs. It haunts us.

We look out across the plains.

A slow rumble of a helicopter is heard as it-

INT. TENT ON THE PLAINS - DUSK - PRESENT

-Carries over into a separate but not too distant "world". The sound is faint but present. It's Border Patrol.

We look out of the opening of a tent as the flap blows in the wind. We move back and reveal-

A small fire is burning under a small pot. A small hand of a girl wrangles out a rain-wet cloth into the pot over the fire.

The pot is now full of rainwater. The rag is discarded.

The young girl, ARACELI(17), sits tending to the pot of water. Her eyes are bloodshot. Her clothes are covered in blood. She is very sick. She wipes her nose.

The water boils, she removes it, pouring it into a small cup.

She lifts an old, dying man, Arturo (60s), who struggles for his breath. She lays his head on her lap.

ARACELI

Papa. Por favor.

She places the cup against his lips. His mouth opens. The water hits his lips.

ARTURO

No. ¡No! ¡Demasiado caliente!

He spits out the water after it burns his mouth. He is dying and very much "out of it".

ARACELI

Si, Papa.

Araceli begins to blow on the water to cool it down.

ARTURO (IN A FEVER STATE)

Demasiado Caliente.

ARACELI

Si. Si, Papa.

EXT. PLAINS - DUSK - PRESENT

The small tent sits in a vast field.

The clouds expand as the sun disappears behind the plains.

EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT - PRESENT

Araceli looks at a beautiful Blue flower growing in the dirt.

She falls to her knees to get closer to it. She digs her hand into the dirt around it and pulls the flower out of the ground with its roots intact.

She pulls out a small travel cup and begins to place the flower inside.

She stands up now, looking out at the quiet plain.

No sound. No animals. No bugs. No birds.

ARACELI
no hay animales.

She grows paranoid.

CUT TO:

She lies next to the tent where her grandfather, Arturo, sleeps.

She places the flower next to her side, admiring it. It's a bit of life stuck in a bit of death.

She looks to Arturo.

ARACELI (CONT'D)
Yo recuerdo eso...azul es su
favorito.

Her eyes begin to water.

She hears a noise in the distance. It startles her. She peers out across the plains, squinting.

Silence.

EXT. PLAINS - NIGHT - PRESENT

The world is dark, lit only by moonlight.

A familiar figure sits. William. His body contorted and stiff like a ghost and his eyes appear hollow and glowing.

He is a vengeful ghost.

CUT TO:

TITLE FADES IN

THERE ARE NO ANIMALS HERE

TITLE FADES OUT

EXT. RANCH - DAY - BEFORE

TITLE CARD: 2017

A small herd of cattle grazes in a poorly fenced field. They are William's.

We see a "No Trespassing/No Hunting; Private Property" sign, riddled with bullet holes, standing out in its bright orange design.

INT. RANCH - DAY

A small truck pulls up to a ranch house. Rocks are cracking underneath its wheels.

We peer out at it through the windows of our ranch.

The door of the ranch house is open, and the wind slowly closes it, blowing papers across the floor.

Snoring is heard. A radio plays a news discussion of the current times, America - political infighting - propaganda.

RADIO

-With what the president has called
a massive caravan of people -

William sits asleep in the kitchen, completely naked. Whiskey stuck to his chest.

He snores as his head tilts on the back of the chair. We hear the sounds of the truck door opening, then slamming shut, All while William continues to snore.