

The Point of the Eye SAMPLE

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Property of
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EXT. STREET - DAY

The breeze pushes her hair around her mouth and she brushes it to the side.

VOICE (O.S.)
Help me! Help me!

Cindy stops rolling, turns her wheelchair into the direction of the voice.

VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Please!

Cindy rolls herself toward the gray three story house.

CINDY (V.O.)
It was a weak, frail cry for help
as if the life was being taken from
him.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Cindy peers around the side of the house, down the dark gangway, at the lifeless body of a MAN - 40s, tall, well dressed. His leg is draped over the stairs. It appears unconscious, as if he'd fallen.

The walking cane is a few feet away.

CINDY (V.O.)
The gangway was narrow so I wasn't
going to be able to get to him in
my wheelchair. At this point, I'm
a wreck. I had never been faced
with a life threatening emergency
before... and I froze.

Cindy's phone falls from her lap, crashes onto the ground. She reaches for it prematurely - She's still constrained by her wheelchair. Through her pain, she musters the strength to hoist herself up on her feet. Holding on to the arm rest, she leans, picks up the phone.

CINDY
Mister. I'm coming.

She pushes herself up. The wheelchair slides slowly toward the curb.

Trying to massage the pain from her thigh, Cindy makes her way to the side of the building. Her hand grabs the siding.

CINDY (CONT'D)
Mister... if you can talk, if
you're conscious, please say
something.

Half way there and in so much pain, she can barely stand, her
knees start to buckle... She drops her phone again. The
screen is cracked now.

CINDY (V.O.)(CONT'D)
By this time I'm in so much pain
that I realize that I am going to
be dialing 911 for the both of us.
I make it to him and I can see that
he's still breathing, labored but
breathing and that's a good sign
under any circumstance.

Cindy reaches him and her knees fold and she hits the ground
next to the man. She touches a gentle hand to the man's
chest, shakes him. No response.

INT. ROOM

CINDY
I had to reconcile which was most
important... my own pain, my
flirtation with self-absorption or
his life-threatening injuries...
I realized that I had dropped my
phone... I was going to need it to
help him.