

EXT. VARIOUS - UTAH LANDSCAPE - DAY

- Grand Staircase-Escalante, its smoothed iron-red sandstone walls looking like some alien marble
- Glen Canyon, a barren expanse of sand and stone, its only willing companions death and heat
- Arches National Park, one of the few places in Southeast Utah harboring human activity
- The roaring Colorado River, snaking through it all

EXT. SOUTHEASTERN UTAH - DAY

A TWO-LANE HIGHWAY cuts across endless desert.

There are about as many CARS on the road as there are TREES here. (Read: none).

INT. CAR - SAME

WE SWEEP speedily alongside hulking geological formations: BOULDERS sitting precariously atop WEATHERED SPIRES.

IN THE BACK of the hybrid SUV are all the things you'd expect to see in someone's car if they were moving houses.

WYATT WALKER (29), flannel, tattoos, fit in the way someone who is on his feet and uses his hands all day is fit, his head bouncing against the window. Sound asleep.

WE LOOK OUT past TWO HANDS loosely gripping a STEERING WHEEL at the BARREN ROAD beyond.

And, slowly, the RIGHT HAND FALLS. The left hand, still gripping the wheel, TUGS the car to the left. THE MOAN of tires on the highway's serrated center ERUPTS --

Wyatt wakes. Delirious. Looks over at:

KINSEY ARITZA (25) -- caramel skin, frizzy hair -- asleep at the wheel.

WYATT

Kinsey!

Kinsey jolts -- SHOUTS! -- SLAMS the brakes. SCREEEECH!

SMASH CUT:

A STEAMING MUG OF COFFEE.

WYATT*

**This world is stylized to reflect Wyatt's point-of-view; everything is saturated, lines less structured and contrasted, the world comprised of wide-angles and long, drifting shots. The net effect is a detachment from reality, where people and surroundings tend to blend together. This will be clearly juxtaposed with a later shift in perspective...*

INT. ROADSIDE DINER - LATE AFTERNOON

A HAND pulls the mug up to the face of KINSEY. She SIGHS.

WYATT

Hey. It's my bad I should have
taken over earlier.

Kinsey, looking like she spends all her time hiking — hair an afterthought, dressed in a thin t-shirt and hiking shorts — wakes herself with a long INHALE.

The diner is empty save for one tired-looking LOCAL COUPLE and a WAITRESS (40s).

Wyatt tries to cheer Kinsey up.

WYATT (CONT'D)

(in mock-Southern accent)

Johanna-May you're embarrassin this
family poutin like that in public.

Kinsey, without looking at Wyatt, shakes away a tiny smile.

WYATT (CONT'D)

(accent cont'd)

And you best go on back inside and
put your makeup on before I do
something I regret.

KINSEY

(not in the mood)

Wyatt.

WYATT

Don't you gimme lip, Johanna-May.

Knowing he won't stop, she smirks and shakes her head.

KINSEY

(in her own bad accent)

Pa.

(MORE)

KINSEY (CONT'D)

What's it matter I wear makeup if
half the men in town already seened
me in much less.

WYATT

(breaking accent)

Ohh-hoho. Johanna-May. Jesus.

Waitress CLEARS HER THROAT.

WAITRESS

Hi.

Awkward beat. Neither noticed her. Kinsey lights up.

KINSEY

Hi.

The Waitress puts down the check. Waddles away.

Wyatt is frozen with embarrassment. She kicks at his shin,
playfully reprimanding him.

EXT. EASTERN UTAH - LATE AFTERNOON

Vast stretches of nothing. The occasional car passes our
couple's. The sun is low.

INT. CAR - SAME

Wyatt drives.

WYATT

Is this where they're leasing
public land for oil drilling?

KINSEY

A little north of here.

Wyatt scowls. They drive by a PRO-LIFE billboard.

WYATT

Ah yes. Give birth to your unwanted
pregnancies so we can smother them
in carcinogenic gas.

KINSEY

Wyatt that's morbid... *Some people*
here want to kill their unborn with
meth and cigarettes.

WYATT
That was bleak.

Kinsey shrugs. They drive for a beat.

WYATT (CONT'D)
What happens if we run into a bear
again?

KINSEY
Are you seriously still worried.
They're *black* bears.

This has clearly been on Wyatt's mind.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
You get as big as you can and yell.

WYATT
Oh *you*? Get big?

She raises her arms and bears her teeth.

KINSEY
Yeah -- *raawwrrrr!*

WYATT
Ooo. Please brush your teeth.

KINSEY
Hey! Not-uh!

She looks in the mirror. Makes a face at Wyatt.

EXT. ROAD TURNOUT - SAME

Wyatt is ten yards from the car in an embankment. He unzips his pants but just as his stream begins its parabolic leap, a small caravan of TOUR BUSES drifts onto the turnout.

Wyatt turns helplessly. The caravan halts above him. A string of RETIREES unwinds from the bus.

WYATT
Shit.

They snap pictures of a LARGE ROCK FORMATION in the golden light... and he's caught between the Retirees and their view.

Wyatt makes accidental eye contact with one Retiree. She silently greets him.

He peaks over: Kinsey's filming him through the car window.

He zips up. Hustles past the group.

WYATT (CONT'D)
(nodding)
Hi. Hey there. How's it goin'.

CAR --

Wyatt sits and shuts his door, Kinsey suppresses a laugh.

WYATT
Unbelievable. You filmed that?

KINSEY
Without a doubt I filmed that.

Wyatt gives her a look of quiet displeasure.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Actually. I have to go, too.

She leaves her phone on her seat. Walks to the back of the car --

ANGLE ON WYATT noticing she sent a video of him peeing to a "DAVID"... He sneers. She opens the hatchback trunk --

WYATT
Why are you texting David?

-- and their belongings spill out onto the ground --

KINSEY (OS)
Shit.

-- outsized concern seizes Wyatt.

WYATT
(looking through rearview)
Need help?

Wyatt sees her pause at the sight of something on the ground. She bends down slowly to grab it.

KINSEY (OS)
No.

Wyatt unbuckles quickly. She shoves things back into the car. He hops out to --

TURNOUT --

as Kinsey finishes.

WYATT

What are you doing?

The bus caravan turns out onto the road, kicking up a CLOUD OF DIRT and--

They both sputter for a beat... then Kinsey reveals a TAMPON.

KINSEY

Lady stuff.

WYATT

Ah... As you were...

Kinsey steps past Wyatt to venture down into the embankment.

Wyatt turns to his bag, rummages through it, and pulls out a GREY RING BOX.

He takes a DEEP BREATH. Shoves the BOX back into the bottom of his BAG. Looks at the embankment. SHUTS the trunk.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CAMPSITE - NIGHT

Headlights sweep across an empty gravel lot.

EXT. TENT - LATER

THE TENT SHIFTS, almost imperceptibly — by wind or the tent's occupants we cannot tell. The WHIR of the campsite's insects are a LOW HISS.

INT. TENT - SAME

Kinsey and Wyatt, staring into each other's eyes. Wyatt pushes his lips to Kinsey's ear.

KINSEY

(whispering, exaggerated)

I love you so much I'd lick a subway rail for you.

WYATT

(whispering)

I love you so much I'd drink rotten milk for you. And smile doing it.

Kinsey almost cracks.

KINSEY
(whispering)
I love you so much I'd shit my
pants at a Walgreens for you.

Wyatt's eyes flutter.

WYATT
I love you so much I'd let all the
residents of a retirement home spit
into my mouth, one by one, and then
swallow for you.

Kinsey GROANS.

KINSEY
Nooo!

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. CAMPSITE - MORNING

CU ON OATMEAL, stirred over a camp-stove by Wyatt. Kinsey
walks up with her yoga mat. Sweating a little.

KINSEY
Guess what?

WYATT
What?

KINSEY
I found some rabbit valley phlox!

She shows him the flowers.

WYATT
Nice, babe.

KINSEY
Make some for me?

WYATT
Oh. You wanted some?

Kinsey's eyes narrow. *Seriously?*

WYATT (CONT'D)
I'm kidding this one's yours.

Kinsey smiles. He smiles back.

INT. CAR - DAY

Kinsey drives. Wyatt WHITTLES, as best he can, at a block of wood in the passenger seat. What's been done so far doesn't look too bad, actually.

Kinsey glances over at his KNIFE nervously.

KINSEY
Are you sure you don't want to read
a book?

WYATT
Books are a dead medium.

KINSEY
(sarcastically)
Okay Phillip Roth.

WYATT
Who's that.

KINSEY
Wait. Has that always been on?

He looks up. She nods at the dashboard.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
The... uh... uh... engine light.

WYATT
I don't know did it just turn on?

The car KICKS for a moment. They freeze. The car SHUDDERS--

WYATT (CONT'D)
Pull over.

KINSEY
There's no shoulder--

WYATT
Just do it.

It KICKS again -- they're THROWN in their seats as the car suddenly STOPS -- Wyatt's KNIFE FLIES from his grasp -- he GRABS at it -- it CUTS the back of his hand--

WYATT (CONT'D)
Fuck! Kinsey!

KINSEY
Sorry--!

Wyatt holds his tongue. Grimaces. Bleeding. Grabs a BAND-AID from the glove box and applies it. THROWS the car door open.

WYATT
Turn the car off.

She does. As he steps out:

WYATT (CONT'D)
Pop the hood.

EXT. UTAH WILDERNESS - CONTINUOUS

Wyatt yanks the hood open: no smoke, no visual indication of failure. Kinsey meets Wyatt at the front of the car.

KINSEY
What happened?

WYATT
Well, we have gas.
(beat)
Busted coil, maybe.

KINSEY
English, please.

WYATT
No make spark, no make car go.

She rolls her eyes. Checks her phone. Frowns.

KINSEY
Do you have service?

Wyatt checks his phone. He curls his lip: negative.

They look down the road. A car passes. Wyatt half-holds his hand up. Too late.

He looks at Kinsey. About to speak. Stops. He closes the hood and crosses to the driver side.

WYATT
If it's the coils there's a chance
we can get it to the next stop.

Kinsey starts for the passenger door--

INT. CAR

They shut their doors. Wyatt tries the ignition...

It doesn't start. He looks at Kinsey.

KINSEY
Should we walk until we get
service?

He looks down the road: middle of nowhere; they'd broil.

WYATT
We gotta go. We won't make it to
Pando in time.

He tries the ignition again. Nothing.

KINSEY
Don't we have three days reserved?

WYATT
If we don't check in today we
forfeit the spot.

He tries a third time-- and it turns over!

Wyatt pushes on the gas. Slowly. The engine SHUDDERS. The car
rolls onto the road, glacially, then begins to accelerate...

INT. CAR - MINUTES LATER

They crawl along the right lane. Kinsey looks at her phone.

KINSEY
Ok, I have a couple bars.

WYATT
See if there's an auto shop nearby.

Kinsey searches. Winces.

KINSEY
It's timing out.

The car SHUDDERS. He eases off the gas.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
(quickly)
Okay I got something. There's...
(beat)
two shops...

The engine KICKS violently--

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Can we pull over?

Wyatt releases the gas again...

WYATT

We have to keep moving--

Kinsey puts her phone to her ear.

KINSEY

I might lose service again.

He considers this. Drifts to a stop.

EXT. ROADSIDE - THIRTY MINUTES LATER

A TOW TRUCK RIG WHINES as it hoists Wyatt's car onto its bed.

INT. SEP'S PRONTO AUTO - DAY

Kinsey sits. Wyatt paces. This lobby was nice... in the 80s.

SEP (45), fresh military cut, sporty polo and slacks, enters. He tugs on his belt loops to hitch his pants to what little hip he has distinct from ass and legs.

SEP

Okay... All your coils are busted.
Problem is I don't have Volvo parts
in stock. 'N most folks don't. I
can call to find out how long it'll
be to get 'em.

WYATT

Long like how long?

SEP

They wouldn't be comin' today,
that's for certain.

Kinsey looks at Wyatt. Wyatt looks back at her after a beat.

SEP (CONT'D)

Hang tight for ten while I call
around and see what I can get a
hold of.

Sep walks into the office between auto bay and lobby.

KINSEY

(to Wyatt)

Should we skip Pando?

WYATT
Don't you wanna see it?

KINSEY
I've seen it.

WYATT
But it's why we decided to drive.

KINSEY
Well, that and it was easier to
take all my stuff by car.

Kinsey looks out the building's glass facade. Across the street in a small park: a sleepy flea market.

KINSEY (CONT'D)
Let's walk around for a minute
while we wait.

EXT. OAK GROVE PARK - MINUTES LATER

The flea market. A handful of makeshift stands and tents populate the grove, languidly stretched along the single highway cutting through town.

Wyatt and Kinsey hold hands, winding through the stands with a half-dozen other passersthrough.

Kinsey slows, pulls out her phone; Wyatt gravitates toward a TENT housing OLD WOOD FURNITURE.

He inspects a well-crafted ANTIQUE ROCKING CHAIR.

A VERY OLD LOCAL in a lawn chair squints at Wyatt.

Wyatt kneels to inspect the chair: he pets it, considers the grain, the finish.

WYATT
Beautiful chair. Is this tiger
maple?

Wyatt looks up. No response. Admires it some more.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Looks hand crafted.

OLD LOCAL
Dunno about that.

WYATT
Has it been in the family a while
or..?

The Local peers at Kinsey across the way.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Carpentry's really solid. Looks
like he attempted some kind of
bentwood technique--

OLD LOCAL
You like em dark, huh?

Wyatt follows his gaze to Kinsey. He's struck dumb. Stands.

WYATT
What do you mean by that?

OLD LOCAL
The chair.

He didn't mean the chair.

EXT. FLEA MARKET - SAME

Wyatt walks up to Kinsey, who LAUGHS with a JOLLY OLD COWBOY
at a stand of TRINKETS.

As Wyatt approaches:

KINSEY
Yeah I'm really excited about it.

OLD COWBOY
(seeing Wyatt)
Oop. Lips sealed.

WE SEE Kinsey pocket something -- Wyatt doesn't. She smiles.
He looks between Cowboy and Kinsey.

KINSEY
Thank you.

The Cowboy winks at Kinsey, nods at Wyatt. Wyatt returns a
guarded look. He pulls Kinsey toward her.

EXT. HIGHWAY CROSSWALK - MINUTE LATER

They step up to a crosswalk, waiting for the light to turn.

KINSEY
(smiling)
That was nice.

WYATT
(not)
Lovely people.

INT. SEP'S PRONTO AUTO - MINUTES LATER

Kinsey and Wyatt enter. The RING of the (analogue) door bell beckons Sep, who turns the corner, shoving the folds of his SHIRT into the back of his PANTS.

SEP
Hey so: okay... we can't get the
part for a few days unfortunately.

WYATT
Days? How many days?

SEP
Should be able to get ya outta here
by Friday.

Wyatt and Kinsey exchange looks of disappointment.

WYATT
(looking at Kinsey)
Okay. Thanks. We'll try somewhere
else.

SEP
(re: the shop across the
street)
Leon gets his parts from the same
guy, so he'd give ya the same
answer--

WYATT
Won't hurt to ask.

Sep hesitates, then concedes with a half-nod.

WYATT (CONT'D)
Can you get her over there for us?

SEP
(quick eyes at Kinsey)
I'm sorry?

WYATT
Our car, man.

INT. CASSIDY FAMILY AUTO REPAIR - AFTERNOON

A very small and cluttered front office. Void of chairs or much of any waiting space for guests.

Kinsey and Wyatt check out the various MEMORABILIA tacked to the wall. Award placards, photos of old race cars...

LEON CASSIDY (34), tall, gaunt, hunched, his DIY haircut and leather skin caked with grease, enters from the GARAGE. He's good-looking but awkward; not quite shy and not quite aloof, like he's annoyed when pulled from his own thoughts to speak.

He approaches Kinsey, reading a FRAMED LETTER on the wall. If we were to catch a glimpse of the letter:

*"...fourteen years in the Army and
never met a man more upstanding and
honorable... fronting me the money
to replace my car engine... wired
money back from Salt Lake...
Sincerely, Sgt. Raymond Black"*

LEON

You reading my letters?

Kinsey jumps.

KINSEY

Oh! Sorry. Yeah. Heh.

LEON

Helped a retired veteran out. He
sent me that after.

Kinsey admires him for a beat. Looks at the framed letter.
Leon takes the moment to check her out. Wyatt clocks it.

KINSEY

That's really sweet.

Leon looks between them.

LEON

I don't have the coils but the good
news is I can get em faster than
Sep cross the street. I got a truck
that can drop em off en route.

Leon's eyes rest on Kinsey. Wyatt interjects.

WYATT

Okay, so when will that be?

LEON
Mornin after next.

Wyatt gives Kinsey a tired look. Kinsey shrugs at him as if to say *it's the best we can do*.

LEON (CONT'D)
Probably swap em out in an hour or two the same mornin.

WYATT
There's nothing else you can do?

LEON
If I had a better option I'd tell ya.

He peeks again at Kinsey. Wyatt SIGHS.

ENT. ROADSIDE MOTEL - LATE AFTERNOON

Wyatt and Kinsey walk up to the parking lot where TWO SMALL BUSES and a couple CARS are parked.

WYATT
That guy was kind of a dirt bag, huh?

KINSEY
What do you mean?

Wyatt raises his eyebrows at Kinsey.

WYATT
Boy was making eyes. And I don't blame him.

He pulls her close playfully.

A murder of MIDDLE-SCHOOLERS run and giggle about.

AN INFLATABLE RAFT leans against one bus. On both, large decals: "The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-Day Saints"

KINSEY
(mockingly flattered)
Really? You think so?

INT. FRONT DESK - ROADSIDE MOTEL - SAME

A shabby motel front office.