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THE WALKER

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FADE IN:

EXT. 2 LANE HIGHWAY - DAY

Pine and aspen trees dot the landscape. The highway stretches as far as the eye can see. Heat shimmers off the blacktop. A man with a large hiking backpack trudges slowly, deliberately down the highway. He limps.

This is ANDERSON DOBBINS. Mid 40's. Good looking if he had a shower and shave. There is a stitched-up laceration on the side of his forehead. More than the weight of the backpack rests on his shoulders.

He stops. Looks back at the road he's traveled. A daunting distance. A glance at the road ahead. Even further.

ANDERSON

He throws the backpack down and sits on it. He pulls off a shoe revealing a blood-soaked sock. His hands tremor. He tries to shake the tremors out but can't.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Dammit.

Shit.

He peels the sock off. Several nasty blisters cover his foot. He pours water on them and replaces the sock. A truck approaches. It stops, a window rolls down.

STRANGER D'you need a ride there? It's an awful hot day to be hiking out here.

ANDERSON No thanks. I'm walking.

STRANGER It's miles to the nearest town. You sure you don't want a lift?

ANDERSON I can't. But thank you.

STRANGER

You can't?

ANDERSON I can't. I appreciate the offer though.

Anderson puts his shoe back on.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I need to walk.

Anderson walks past the car. The stranger hesitates when he sees Anderson's hands tremor. He pulls his truck up next to Anderson.

STRANGER

You sure?

ANDERSON I'm sure. Thank you for your concern. But I need to walk.

STRANGER Well . . . suit yourself.

Anderson waves as the car drives away. He sets his shoulders, lowers his head and slowly walks down the road.

SUPER: 13 DAYS AGO

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Anderson sleeps alone in a well-appointed bedroom. He's got money and isn't afraid to spend it on the finer things. An empty bottle of top shelf vodka sits next to the alarm clock.

The alarm clock RINGS. 5 AM. Anderson deftly turns the alarm off and gets out of bed.

INT. SHOWER - EARLY MORNING

Anderson showers. A Bloody Mary sits on a custom made shelf just outside of the reach of the shower heads.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Anderson, in a tailored suit, pours himself an Irish coffee. He pats his pockets.

> ANDERSON Keys, keys. Who's got the keys?

Anderson searches the counters for his keys. Nothing. He takes a sip of his coffee.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Yikes. Hot. Too hot.

He opens the freezer and reaches in for an ice tray. Sitting next to several bottles of expensive liquor are his car keys. He pulls them out and looks at them.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) How'd you get in there?

He looks around the room, confounded. He grabs a couple of ice cubes, puts them in his coffee and walks out.

Anderson pulls his expensive sedan into a parking space and walks into the shop.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING

Anderson walks to the counter. The barista, LISA, has his order, coffee and breakfast sandwiches for 5 people, ready for him.

LISA Good morning Anderson. Anything else today?

ANDERSON Nope, I think this will do it. Hey, can you make a note to tell Tina I won't be in tomorrow morning?

LISA What, are you finally going to take a vacation?

ANDERSON Well, sort of. Today is going to be my last day for quite a while. I'm selling my business. Sign the papers this afternoon.

LISA Well, congratulations! Enjoy the time off.

ANDERSON Thank you. I'll probably just start another business. I don't know what to do with myself when I have too much free time.

LISA Well, whatever you do, we'll miss seeing you every morning.

ANDERSON Yeah, I'll miss seeing you all, too. Take care. Thanks for everything.

He takes his order and drops four \$100 bills into her tip jar. Lisa's jaw drops.

LISA Anderson! I can't take that. ANDERSON Take what? I don't know what you're talking about.

LISA

Anderson.

ANDERSON Go out with that boyfriend of yours. Do something fun. Paint the town red. Make some memories. It has been a real joy to see you every morning. I'm going to miss that.

LISA

Anderson.

ANDERSON Be good. Be well. Say goodbye to Tina for me. Two of those are for her.

Anderson pulls a \$20 out of his wallet and drops it into the tip jar.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Oh, and give that to the new kid who kept messing my order up. It was worth it to see the look on my brother's face when he found out there was soy milk in his latte.

Anderson winks, turns and walks out of the store.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - MORNING -CONTINUOUS

Anderson unlocks the glass doors that read: DOBBINS FLOORING, INC. He passes the reception desk and turns on the lights to the small offices in a high rise in downtown San Antonio, TX. The clock reads 6:50 AM.

> ANDERSON First one in one last time.

Anderson drops the coffee shop package at the reception desk and goes into his corner office. Wood floor samples and other accoutrements of the flooring industry decorate his office. He sits down at his desk and begins working on his computer.

INT. OFFICE - LATER

The clock reads 9:45. Anderson's younger brother ARTEMIS strolls into Anderson's office. Good looking, with a runner's build, he is dressed in Tommy Bahama's finest, complete with sandals.

ARTEMIS Good morning big brother. Burning the early morning oil again, I see.

ANDERSON Early morning? It's almost ten. Where have you been?

ARTEMIS I had an appointment with my trainer this morning. I thought I told you.

ANDERSON Today's a workday. What are you doing training for that marathon? We have work to do.

ARTEMIS We don't have work to do. Today we sign over the company and cash a sixteen million dollar check. I know because that's the only thing written on my schedule today.

Artemis pulls out his schedule book, circles the date and tosses it to Anderson. Anderson reads "sign over company, live life."

> ARTEMIS (CONT'D) Oh yeah, and we have to party. I made reservations for six o'clock tonight.

ANDERSON Look, we have to--

ARTEMIS We have to sign the company over. Get your ass out here and start saying goodbye to everyone. It's almost time to sign the papers.

Anderson reluctantly gets up out of his desk and walks out into the rest of the office. There are five workers, ANNIE, CHARLES, BOB, SHAWN and JENNIFER, clearing out their desks. The mood is a bit somber.

> ANDERSON Hey everybody. I just want to thank all of you for your years of service to me and my brother. Artemis and I have to go sign the papers to sell the company, but I would like you all to stick around until we get back if you don't mind.

The workers nod and agree to stay until they get back. Anderson and Artemis walk out the front doors. INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE - DAY

Artemis and Anderson sit at a table with a LAWYER and a REPRESENTATIVE of the company buying them out. The representative signs a document and passes it to the lawyer, who passes it to Anderson.

LAWYER Sign here and here and have your brother do the same.

Anderson signs and passes the document to Artemis, who signs it and passes it back to the lawyer.

LAWYER (CONT'D) Gentlemen, this does it. Ownership has been officially transferred.

The lawyer pulls a \$16 million cashier's check out of his briefcase and passes it to Anderson.

LAWYER (CONT'D) And now this belongs to the two of you.

Artemis' eyes light up at the sight of the check. Anderson gives a feeble smile at his brother. The representative stands up and shakes Anderson and Artemis' hands.

REPRESENTATIVE It has been a real pleasure doing business with you. We wish you all the best of luck in the future.

ANDERSON Thank you. I guess we'll have to build another company for you to buy now, huh?

ARTEMIS Are you crazy? This means we never have to work again.

REPRESENTATIVE Well, whatever you plan to do with it, the best of luck to you.

The representative turns and leaves.

LAWYER Good luck to you both.

The lawyer shakes each of the brother's hands and leaves. Anderson looks lost.

ARTEMIS Come on, let's get the party started. INT. OFFICE - DAY

Artemis and Anderson walk through the doors of the office. The workers have finished packing up their desks. The space is completely empty now, a shell of a business place. Anderson walks up to each of the workers and hands each of them an envelope.

> ANDERSON This is just my way of saying thank you. I don't know any other way to do it. Of course, you'll all be getting your normal severance, but since you've all been here since the beginning . . .

Jennifer opens her envelope. Inside is a personal check from Anderson's account for \$100,000. All five of them get the same amount. Tears begin to flow. Anderson is a little choked up. Artemis glares at Anderson.

> ANDERSON (CONT'D) Just my way of saying thanks. I'd like to take you out to dinner tonight. Artemis can give you directions.

Anderson walks into his office and closes his door softly. Artemis composes himself and puts on a plastic smile.

ARTEMIS We are going to party tonight, let me tell you. Excuse me for one second.

Artemis walks through Anderson's door without knocking and closes it behind him.

ARTEMIS (CONT'D) What the hell was that?

ANDERSON

What?

ARTEMIS A hundred thousand dollars each?! Are you crazy? You just gave away a half a million dollars!

ANDERSON Yeah. That was weird. I don't really remember writing those checks out. Must have done that last night.

Anderson pours himself a drink from a crystal serving set and offers a drink to Artemis, who waves him off.

ARTEMIS

You just gave away five hundred thousand dollars and you don't remember doing it?

ANDERSON

Well, I remember giving it to them because that just happened. Just now. I was there. But no, I don't remember writing those checks out for that much.

ARTEMIS

I thought we agreed on ten thousand each.

ANDERSON It's an extra zero. What's the difference?

ARTEMIS

Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars! Your accountant is going to have a fit.

ANDERSON

Look, don't worry about it. It came from my side of the business. You don't have to worry. You still have your eight million. Go run your marathons and play with your trainer and do whatever you planned on doing with it.

ARTEMIS

Look, I don't want this to seem like criticism, but what the hell are you doing with yourself lately? You're all over the place. You keep forgetting things. You've been doing crazy things with your money.

ANDERSON

It's not crazy. Those people were loyal employees for years. It's the least we could do.

ARTEMIS

The least we could? We gave each of them a full year's salary as severance pay. That's pretty goddamn good if you ask me. That was more than enough.

ANDERSON They built this place just as much as you and I did. They just didn't have the benefit of having their name on the business.

ARTEMIS

Yeah, but we took all the risks. We went out on a limb and began this thing, not them. If it didn't work they wouldn't be ruined, they would just find new jobs.

ANDERSON

It wouldn't be what it is without them.

ARTEMIS What it was, Anderson. What it was.

ANDERSON

Fine. What it was. Look, it's done. I'm not going to go out there and take those checks back. They came out of my share, don't worry about it. I don't want a dime from you.

ARTEMIS I'm going to always feel like I owe you for that.

ANDERSON You know what? You pick up the tab tonight for our dinner and we'll call it even.

ARTEMIS

It won't be even.

ANDERSON It'll be as even as it needs to be, Artemis. Did you give them the directions to the restaurant?

ARTEMIS No. I'll get right on that, moneybags.

INT. NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Anderson, Artemis, Charles, Bob, Shawn, Jennifer and Annie crowd around a table in the VIP section of a swank club. Artemis sips on a bottled water, the others suck down cocktails. A BOTTLE SERVICE GIRL comes around to their table.

> BOTTLE SERVICE GIRL Do you all need anything else right now?

Anderson looks at Artemis and smirks.

ANDERSON Did he give you his card for the tab tonight yet?

BOTTLE SERVICE GIRL Oh yes. First thing.

ANDERSON Good. Then we will have four bottles of Cristal. And would you please talk him into a shot of some kind? He's annoying the hell out of me with that bottle of water.

BOTTLE SERVICE GIRL I'll do my best.

Anderson pulls out a \$100 bill and gives it to her.

ANDERSON There's another one for you if you get him to do a shot. I don't care what it is as long as it has alcohol in it.

The bottle service girl walks over to Artemis. She whispers in his ear. He shakes his head "no" and she walks away. Artemis comes over to Anderson.

> ARTEMIS Nice try asshole. I told you, I'm not drinking tonight. I'm in training.

> ANDERSON Just one shot. One shot with your big brother to celebrate.

> ARTEMIS Sorry Anderson. Unlike you I can have a good time without getting shitfaced. Maybe after my triathlon I will share a beer with you.

ANDERSON I'm going to hold you to that. I'll even meet you at the bottom of the Grand Canyon for it.

ARTEMIS

I know you will. But the triathlon ends at the rim of the canyon, not at the bottom.

ANDERSON So we'll walk to the bottom together and have a beer there.

ARTEMIS It would be worth it to me to see you walk anywhere, so now I'm going

to hold you to that.

ANDERSON

Now you're talking.

Artemis walks off. Jennifer sits down next to Anderson. She's a little tipsy.

JENNIFER

So, Anderson, what are you going to do now? Travel the world? See the sights? Sit on a beach somewhere and drink rum from a coconut?

ANDERSON

Rum in a coconut? I don't know. I love rum, but I hate coconuts. There's a dilemma in there somewhere, I think.

JENNIFER Seriously. What are you going to do now?

ANDERSON I have no idea. I've been afraid to think about it, to be honest. All I ever do is work.

JENNIFER I know. First one there, last one out. Weekends. Nights. Do you even have a hobby?

ANDERSON Yeah. Work.

His happy facade disappears for a split second.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) But hey, I can always start a new business.

JENNIFER What kind? I'll work for you forever if you let me.

ANDERSON That's nice of you to say.

JENNIFER It's the God's honest truth. ANDERSON Well, I can't do flooring for five years because of the contracts I signed today. So maybe I could do roofing or something.

JENNIFER Might be good to flip your world upside down, huh?

The bottle service girl brings the bottles of Cristal. She pours one for Anderson and Jennifer.

ANDERSON I'll drink to that. To flipping the world upside down.

They touch glasses and drink.

SUPER: 12 DAYS AGO

INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

The alarm RINGS at 5 AM. Anderson turns it off and gets out of bed.

INT. SHOWER - EARLY MORNING

A Bloody Mary sits on the shelf as Anderson washes himself. He pauses to take a drink.

INT. KITCHEN - EARLY MORNING

Dressed for work, Anderson pours himself an Irish coffee and exits the door.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - EARLY MORNING

Anderson walks in the door. Lisa smiles when she sees him.

LISA Good morning Anderson. What are you doing here?

ANDERSON Same as always. Headed in to work.

LISA But I thought you were done with work. You told me you were selling it yesterday.

It hits him like a ton of bricks.

ANDERSON I did sell it, didn't I?

He recovers.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Oh well, force of habit, I guess.

He looks around as if it were the first time he'd ever seen the place.

> LISA Anderson, are you okay?

ANDERSON Hey, fine. Never better. Just a little, um, confused I guess. I can't believe I got all dressed up for work today. Of all the stupid things to do.

LISA Here, let me make you something to drink. Maybe you can actually hang out and see what the rest of the world does in the mornings while you're at work.

ANDERSON Yeah, okay. It's not like I have anything better to do with myself.

LISA And who knows, maybe you'll meet a nice girl while you're here.

ANDERSON Oh Lisa, you know me, I'm married to my work. I don't have time for a--. Ha, another force of habit.

LISA Exactly. Now sit down there and tell me all about the great vacations you have planned.

Lisa starts to make a drink.

ANDERSON Vacations?

LISA You know, like normal people Yeah. take. Where you go somewhere and enjoy your life. Get room service. Get a suntan. Stuff like that.

ANDERSON

I've never even-- My brother is doing some kind of triathlon in Arizona in a couple of weeks. Maybe I'll go watch him do that.

LISA Now you're talking. Where in Arizona?

ANDERSON All I know is that it ends at the Grand Canyon. I've never been there.

LISA Oh it's beautiful there. You'll love it. You can stare into millions of years of history and realize just how short your time on earth really is. It's very humbling.

ANDERSON Yeah, my brother and I talked about having a beer at the bottom. Can you even do that?

LISA Oh yeah. There's a hotel down there and everything. My cousin hiked it a few years ago. The pictures she took were amazing.

She brings him the drink.

ANDERSON Thank you Lisa.

LISA Cheers. To the Grand Canyon.

ANDERSON To the Grand Canyon.

Anderson sips his drink and relaxes while Lisa goes back behind the counter to work. After a couple of sips he turns to Lisa.

> ANDERSON (CONT'D) Hey, you need any help back there?

LISA No, I'm good. Doing my job, you know.

ANDERSON Need me to wash some dishes or something? LISA Dressed like that? That suit is probably worth more than my whole life.

ANDERSON It's okay, I have more.

LISA Anderson, drink your drink. Enjoy the day.

Anderson holds up his drink to say "Cheers" and relaxes a bit. He spies something on the floor and looks closer at it. One of the floorboards has a small chunk out of it.

ANDERSON Hey Lisa. Who does your floors?

LISA

I don't know. They were here when I got here. I just walk on them.

ANDERSON

They could use a tune up. I know a guy who does great work. And you should really think about changing your maintenance schedule. There is some wax buildup here by the corner. I know another guy who can fix that.

LISA

Anderson.

ANDERSON Here, let me give you my card and--

LISA

Anderson.

ANDERSON Yeah. Sorry. I forgot. I don't have a business anymore.

He pulls his business cards out of his wallet and puts them on the table. He stares at them wistfully.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Guess I won't be needing these anymore, huh?

Lisa comes over and takes them off the table.

LISA This is the first day of the rest of your life. You have a free pass to do anything you ever wanted to do. Anything. So what do you want to do?

ANDERSON I don't know how to do anything but work. LISA You don't have any hobbies? ANDERSON Work. LISA And you don't have a wife. ANDERSON Nope. I worked too much. LISA No girlfriend? ANDERSON Work. LISA Favorite TV show? ANDERSON The news. Never had time for anything else. LISA If you could go anywhere in the world, where would you go right now?

Anderson is stumped.

ANDERSON You know, I never thought about going anywhere unless it was for a business trip. Never really liked planes or anything.

Lisa takes his drink from him.

LISA Get in your car right now and go somewhere. Don't think about it. Just get in your car and go. See where you end up.

ANDERSON I'm not done with that drink yet.

LISA Get in your fancy little car and go. You have a free pass. Use it. Use it right now.

ANDERSON

But I--

LISA Send me a postcard. I'm going to miss seeing you every day, but don't you dare show up in my store again until you've been somewhere, you hear me?

Lisa points to the front door. Anderson hesitates.

LISA (CONT'D) Don't give me that. Go. Now.

Anderson gets up.

ANDERSON What's your address?

LISA

Go!

ANDERSON So I can send you a postcard.

Lisa gets behind him and pushes him out the door.

LISA It's painted on the front window. Go! Get out! And don't come back until you've done something with yourself!

She pushes him out onto the sidewalk. A CUSTOMER walks up just as she gets him past the threshold. The customer looks warily inside the shop. Lisa holds the door open for her.

LISA (CONT'D) (to customer) Sometimes it takes more than a good coffee to jump start your day.

The customer shrugs her shoulders and walks in.

CUSTOMER Talk about full-service.

LISA We do what we can.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Anderson pulls his car into his marked parking spot outside of the building. He gets out of his car and looks up at the window that used to be his office window.

He shakes his head sadly and turns to see what his view would have been if he'd ever looked out the window.

ANDERSON Nice view. Asshole. He pulls out his cell phone and dials Artemis. It goes straight to voicemail.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Artemis, this is Anderson. Sorry this is so early. I guess you're out training for your triathlon. Hey, thanks for picking up the tab last night. I had a good time.

He turns and looks back up at the window of his building.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Look, I--I think I want to go to Arizona with you. For the thing. The triathlon. Let me know the dates and I'll have Jennifer--I mean I'll make some reservations and we can hang out. Brother style. Okay. Let me know.

He hangs up the phone and gets in his car. He looks at the building one last time before he drives out of the parking lot.

EXT. DRIVING - DAY - MOVING

Anderson drives around the city of San Antonio, looking at various landmarks. The car never stops.

EXT. GAS STATION - DAY

Anderson pulls into a gas station and opens his gas tank. He puts the hose in, turns on the pump and dials Artemis. It goes straight to voice mail again.

ANDERSON Artemis, it's me again. Hey, I figured you'd be done training by now. I've just been driving around all morning. Wanted to see if maybe you'd want to grab some lunch. My treat. Let me know. Otherwise, I don't know, I might go to Sea World or something. I haven't been there in ages. Since, well, you know. Anyway, I'll be around.

He hangs up the phone and continues pumping his gas. His phone RINGS. The call is "Unlisted" on the caller ID. He answers.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Hello? Yes, this is Anderson Dobbins. Yeah. Yeah, he's my brother.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Anderson stands next to a POLICE OFFICER and a CORONER. The Coroner pulls back a sheet to reveal Artemis' face. Anderson nods numbly and walks out of the room.

INT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Anderson sits on his couch and stares at the wall, a bottle of scotch sits half empty next to him, a glass with ice in it in his hand. His phone RINGS. He answers. Jennifer is on the other end of the line.

ANDERSON

Hello.

JENNIFER Anderson, I just heard. Are you okay.

ANDERSON Me? I'm fine. I'm totally fine. Living the dream, you know. Living.

JENNIFER Do you need to talk to someone?

ANDERSON What's to talk about? My brother got killed by a drunk driver. Open and shut case.

JENNIFER Did they catch the guy?

ANDERSON Oh yeah. He died too. After he his Artemis he swerved into a tree. Killed himself instantly.

Anderson pours scotch into his glass and sips.

JENNIFER Anderson, I'm so sorry.

ANDERSON Jenny, you know what's funny about all of this?

JENNIFER

I don't think there's anything funny about any of this.

ANDERSON

Well there is. I was the one who didn't want to sell the business. He was the one who had all these plans for the rest of his life. "I'm going to run triathlons on every continent" he kept telling me. How the hell do you swim in Antarctica? That's what I want to know.

JENNIFER

I don't know Anderson.

ANDERSON

And what kind of shoes do you wear for running there? Crazy bastard. Running all over the globe. Swimming all the time. Riding his bike around the city instead of working. What the hell was that about, anyway?

JENNIFER

Anderson, I--

ANDERSON

It sure did him a lot of good, being in such good shape. You know what they told me? They told me he died instantly. How the hell do they know that? Were they there? Did they watch it?

JENNIFER

They just know, I guess.

ANDERSON

Here's what I think. I think he got hit from behind and I think he lived long enough there on the side of the road to know that he'd never get to run again. I think he got to lay there and think about how his life was over.

JENNIFER

Anderson.

ANDERSON

I hope he heard that bastard die. The guy who killed him. I hope he heard him die.

JENNIFER You don't mean that.

ANDERSON

The hell I don't. The hell I don't. That bastard is lucky he's dead. Otherwise I would go kill him right now.

JENNIFER

Anderson, is there anything I can do for you? I want to help any way I can.

ANDERSON

Jennifer, thank you for calling. I'm fine. I'm going to be fine. I'll see you at the funeral.

JENNIFER When is the funeral?

ANDERSON

I don't know yet. I have to talk to people, morgue people. What do they call them?

JENNIFER

Morticians.

ANDERSON

Yeah. Those guys. The guys at the morgue gave mé à couple of business cards for people. I have to pick out a headstone, or cremate him, or something.

JENNIFER Did he have a will? What did he want done with--his body?

ANDERSON I think he wanted to live forever. Don't we all?

Silence on the other end of the line.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Jennifer, I'll call you with all the details. I guess this gives me something to do with my life for the next few days.

JENNIFER Anderson, I will pray for you.

ANDERSON Pray for someone who needs it. I'm fine. I will talk to you soon.

He hangs up his phone and pours himself another drink. SUPER: 9 DAYS AGO

A PRIEST stands at the pulpit as he delivers a sermon about life and death. Anderson sits alone in the front row of the church, not paying attention to the sermon. He stares at Artemis' cremated remains in a gaudy urn next to the pulpit.

We pull back to see the church is jam packed with people, including everyone from Dobbins Flooring. Anderson looks around to see all the people there. He pulls out a flask and sneaks a drink.

> PRIEST And now we would like to have Artemis' brother Anderson come up and say a few words.

Anderson hesitates then walks on stage to the pulpit. He looks out at the crowd and puts his head down.

ANDERSON Well, it's obvious that a lot of people loved him, as you can see by looking out at everyone here.

A long pause as Anderson scans the room.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I loved him too. He was-- He was my brother. And I loved him. He was all I had after our parents died. Now I don't even have him. We were going to go to the Grand Canyon together. Did you all know that?

An uncomfortable silence from the crowd.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I think-- I think we still should. I think I should take him to the Grand Canyon and drink a beer with him.

The priest walks up to console him.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) All of you are invited, of course. He was loved by a lot of people. But he was my brother. We're going to the Grand Canyon.

He walks to the urn, grabs it and walks to the edge of the stage. The priest stops him.

PRIEST Son, can you wait until his service is over? (MORE) PRIEST (CONT'D) Not for his benefit, but for the benefit of everyone who loved him?

Anderson looks at the church full of people. He sees sorrow and pity in their eyes. He hands the urn back to the priest.

> ANDERSON Keep my brother safe. I'll be back for him. To take him to the Grand Canyon.

PRIEST You can go anywhere you want with him, just let the others pay their respects. He would have wanted it that way, I'm sure.

ANDERSON Yeah. He would have. He was a good guy. Okay, I'll be back for him later.

Anderson walks out the side door of the church. Jennifer gets up from her seat and runs outside to meet him.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND CHURCH - DAY

Jennifer has Anderson by the arm.

JENNIFER Anderson, are you okay?

ANDERSON My brother is dead.

JENNIFER

Yes, he is. We all loved him. Is there anything I can do for you? Do you need to talk to anyone?

ANDERSON I'm going to have a drink somewhere. You want to come along?

JENNIFER Are you going to talk or are you just going to drink?

ANDERSON First I am going to drink. Then I am going to talk, as long as I have someone to talk to.

JENNIFER I would love to have a talk with you. The drink, well, I guess it's part of the bargain, huh?

ANDERSON It always is. INT. BAR - NIGHT

Anderson sits at the bar, extremely intoxicated. Jennifer walks up to the bar from the ladies restroom. She is completely sober. She gives the BARTENDER a look that says, "Cut him off."

JENNIFER Anderson, I think you've had enough. We need to get you home.

ANDERSON Enough? Who knows when I've had enough better than me?

JENNIFER I think you are beyond the decision making stage of the evening, to be honest.

ANDERSON I make decisions. I'll make one right now: I want another drink. How's that for decision making?

JENNIFER No more drinks.

She looks again at the bartender.

BARTENDER I'm sorry Anderson, we're going to have to cut you off.

ANDERSON Cut me off? Are you kidding me? I haven't even *started* yet. I'm just getting warmed up.

BARTENDER I'm sorry. I can't serve you another drink.

ANDERSON Hey, did I mention that my brother got run over by a drunk driver?

BARTENDER

You did.

ANDERSON And did I mention that I was put in charge of taking his body and having someone put it in a furnace and burning him until there was nothing left of him but ashes?

BARTENDER You mentioned that, too. ANDERSON And did I mention that my brother is <u>dead</u>?

BARTENDER

Yes.

ANDERSON And did I mention that I want another drink? To remember my brother with?

The bartender looks Anderson in the eye.

BARTENDER I think you will never be able to drink enough to numb the pain of losing your brother. I see people try and fail all the time. <u>I</u> think you've had enough for the night. I'm sorry for your loss, Anderson, but you're not getting another drink from this establishment.

Anderson slaps both of his hands on the bar in a bout of drunken anger.

ANDERSON Then we will take our business elsewhere, won't we Jennifer?

BARTENDER You are cordially invited to do that then.

ANDERSON Then we will. Put it all on this.

Anderson pulls out a Discover credit card and slaps in on the counter.

BARTENDER You got it Anderson.

ANDERSON And give yourself a good tip. I'll be back tomorrow to pick that card up.

Jennifer holds Anderson by the elbow and leads him out of the bar.

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF BAR - NIGHT

Anderson stands near the curb with help from Jennifer.

JENNIFER I'm going to get you a cab. ANDERSON I thought we were getting another drink.

JENNIFER No, I need to get home. Do you want a ride?

ANDERSON No. No ride. No taxi. I'm going to walk to another bar.

JENNIFER Anderson, don't do anything stupid. Just let me take you home.

ANDERSON Nope, no home. Another drink.

Anderson steps off the curb, trips, spins and falls face first into the curb, smashing his head very hard against the concrete.

JENNIFER

Anderson!

Blood flows freely from a large gash on the side of his head. He is completely unconscious and unresponsive. Jennifer tries to rouse him.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

Anderson!

She runs inside the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET OUTSIDE OF BAR - LATER

Anderson is loaded, unconscious, into the back of an ambulance. Jennifer looks on helplessly.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Anderson opens his eyes and looks around to find himself alone in a very nice, private room. A heart monitor BEEPS. An IV drips into his arm. He tries to sit up but pain shoots through his head and he falls back onto the pillow.

> ANDERSON What the hell happened?

He feels his head and runs his fingers across the bandaged wound. A doctor, DR. WILHITE, comes into the room with a medical chart on a clipboard.

DR. WILHITE Oh good, Mr. Dobbins, you're awake.

ANDERSON

Who are you?

DR. WILHITE I'm Dr. Wilhite, the physician in charge here.

ANDERSON Why am I here? My head is killing me.

DR. WILHITE Mr. Dobbins, you have suffered a pretty severe head injury. You were unconscious for several hours.

ANDERSON How many hours?

DR. WILHITE Initially you were out for two hours, regained consciousness for a few minutes then drifted back out for, oh, 22 hours.

ANDERSON

22 hours!

DR. WILHITE Yes. It was a pretty severe injury.

ANDERSON What happened?

DR. WILHITE According to this, you fell and hit your head on the sidewalk after a drinking binge.

ANDERSON I was out for 24 hours after hitting my head on a curb? Isn't that a little excessive?

DR. WILHITE Well, the injury was exacerbated by the thinning effects of alcohol on your blood. We nearly had to open your skull to alleviate some pressure. Luckily it came down on it's own.

ANDERSON So what's the verdict? How long 'til I go home?

DR. WILHITE

Well, Mr. Dobbins, we have some very serious issues we need to talk about.

ANDERSON

I thought we already were. You almost had to open my skull, what could be more serious than that?

DR. WILHITE

We found some things in the tests we did that raised some very alarming red flags. Mr. Dobbins, how long have you been abusing alcohol?

ANDERSON

Abusing alcohol? I don't abuse alcohol. I love alcohol, why would I abuse it?

DR. WILHITE

Mr. Dobbins, your blood alcohol content was nearly .3 when you were admitted. That is not normal. That is nearly enough to kill a human. A point five is fatal.

ANDERSON Oh come on. To kill a human?

DR. WILHITE Nearly killed you, didn't it?

ANDERSON

So what are you saying? What do we have to talk about besides my use of alcohol? I enjoy a drink every now and then. I might have gone overboard because my brother just died.

DR. WILHITE

I'm sorry for your loss, but we found some other things we need to talk about.

ANDERSON

Like what?

DR. WILHITE Like we took a full brain scan and your brain looks like that of a 70 year old man.

Anderson sits up in bed and immediately grabs his head and falls back to his pillow.

ANDERSON What does that mean?

DR. WILHITE

Have you been forgetting little things lately? Misplacing your keys? Not being able to find where you parked? Forgetting people's names? Anything like that?

ANDERSON Well, yeah. But I have been hitting the bottle pretty hard lately.

DR. WILHITE Define "lately" for me please. A couple of weeks? A couple of months? Years? Decades?

A moment of truth for Anderson.

ANDERSON

Years. It's been a few years.

DR. WILHITE

Did you have any brain injuries as a kid? Concussions? Anything like that?

ANDERSON

I played football in high school. Got my bell rung a couple of times, but never went to a doctor or anything.

DR. WILHITE Mr. Dobbins, I don't want to beat around the bush. Looking at your MRI and the CT scan we did of your brain, I believe you might have a rare form of Alzheimer's. Early onset form.

ANDERSON

Alzheimer's? Come on, I'm not even 50. I just fell down and hurt my head. Give me a couple of days I'll be fine.

DR. WILHITE

I want to run some more tests to be absolutely sure, but all signs are pointing to this disease Mr. Dobbins.

ANDERSON But I'm still young. I'm--

DR. WILHITE It's a very rare form. But all signs point to it. (MORE)

DR. WILHITE (CONT'D) We're going to run some more tests to be sure, but you might want to prepare for the worst Mr. Dobbins. I'm sorry.

Dr. Wilhite exits the room.

SUPER: 2 DAYS AGO

INT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - DAY

Anderson is buried in his couch. He stares at his brother's urn on the coffee table in front of the couch while running his fingers lightly over a large bandage covering the gash on his head. A clock TICKS in the background. Finally:

> ANDERSON What do you think Artemis? Is this it? Is this what we worked so hard for? You sitting in a, in a vase on my table and me just two steps away from being there with you?

Anderson leans forward and grabs the urn.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Do you know what they said? They said I have Alzheimer's. Alzheimer's!

He turns the urn in his hands, feeling the surface.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I'm going to forget everything. I know it. I can feel it. The problem is, I don't have anything to forget. I've never done anything but work. You always did all the fun, cool stuff. Marathons all over the States. Triathlons. I always thought you were a fool for doing all that stuff.

He sets the urn down and stares at the fireplace in front of him. He runs his fingers over the bandage on his head.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) (whispering) I've never done anything.

He gets up, grabs the urn and goes quickly to the bedroom. He sets the urn on his dresser and goes into the closet, ransacking everything until he finds what he is looking for: a backpack.

> ANDERSON (CONT'D) A-ha! Here it is.

He puts the urn in the backpack and zips it up, testing the weight. He takes the backpack off, unzips it and packs a few pairs of socks and underwear on either side of the urn.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) There, that ought to pad you up pretty good. Keep you from moving around too much.

He zips the backpack up again and slings one strap over his arm.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Come on Artemis, we're going to the Grand Canyon.

EXT. JENNIFER'S HOUSE - DAY

Anderson wears the backpack and stands at the front door. Jennifer stands in the doorway. Anderson hands her a key.

> ANDERSON Here's the key. I won't be gone too long. Just swing by every now and again to make sure it hasn't burned down, will you?

JENNIFER Of course I will.

ANDERSON Thanks. I'll pay you when we get back.

JENNIFER

We?

Anderson points over his shoulder to the backpack.

ANDERSON

Me and Artemis. We're going to the Grand Canyon. I'm going to drink a beer with him at the bottom.

Jennifer reaches out to his bandaged head.

JENNIFER Are you sure that's a good idea? What did your doctor say?

ANDERSON My doctor said I have Alzheimer's disease and it's already getting pretty advanced.

JENNIFER Alzheimer's? ANDERSON

But the problem is, I've never done anything worth forgetting. So I'm going to the Grand Canyon with my brother. To drink a beer.

JENNIFER So you'll have something to forget.

ANDERSON

Exactly.

Jennifer doesn't know what to make of this.

JENNIFER Well . . . Good luck?

ANDERSON Thanks Jennifer. I knew I could count on you.

JENNIFER Do you want me to go with you? Just in case?

ANDERSON No, I can't ask you to do that.

JENNIFER It's not like I have anything going on here. I don't exactly have a job to go to.

Anderson mulls it over.

ANDERSON No. But thank you. This is something my brother and I need to do. Together.

JENNIFER Okay. But call me if you need anything.

ANDERSON Oh, I always do, don't I?

Anderson turns, waves over his shoulder and walks to his car.

INT. ANDERSON'S CAR - DAY

Loud MUSIC plays as Anderson drives. He looks over at the backpack often as he drives down the interstate.

ANDERSON It sure feels good being on the open road with you. He lowers the driver's window and sticks his arm out, catching the wind in his hand. He moves his hand to "feel" the wind.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Remember this? Driving with mom and dad on those vacations to visit Grandma and Grandpa in Tulsa?

He makes his hand more aerodynamic.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) And dad teaching us to do this to help lift the car off the ground. He used to tell us that if our hands were only a little bigger we could get the car to fly.

He looks wistfully at the backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Every year he told us that next year our hands would be big enough. Remember that? And every year I believed him. You did too.

He rolls down the passenger side window.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Stick your hand out. Like this.

He makes his arm into a wing, sticking straight out the window.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) See if we can't get this thing airborne. Flaps up.

He turns his palm up in the wind and lets the wind take his arm up. He puts his arm back in the "wing" position.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Flaps down.

He turns his palm down and lets the wind take his arm down against the side of the car. He looks at the backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) You'll get it. One day we'll get this car flying.

INT. GREASY SPOON RESTAURANT - NIGHT

SUPER: LAS CRUCES, NM

Anderson sits at a booth and eats. The backpack sits on the seat across from him. A career WAITRESS comes to refill his water.

WAITRESS How is everything, hon'?

ANDERSON Great. Really good stuff. My compliments to the chef.

WAITRESS Chef, huh? Well I'll be sure to let Earl know you liked the hash browns.

ANDERSON They were delicious.

WAITRESS They come out of a bag, you know.

ANDERSON Well, whatever they came out of, I am a fan. I can't tell you the last time I had a meal like that.

WAITRESS What, a meal that greasy? This ain't exactly the Four Seasons here.

She laughs. Anderson smiles faintly.

ANDERSON

Nope. Just a real, old-fashioned American meal. Eggs, potatoes, meat. Good stuff.

WAITRESS You don't get out much, do you?

ANDERSON No. To be honest, I don't.

WAITRESS

Don't take this the wrong way, but you don't look like the normal type of person that comes through here.

ANDERSON

I don't?

WAITRESS

No. Most of the people that eat here are truckers and families full of bratty kids who have been on the road all day.

ANDERSON

Well, I have been on the road all day, just not in a truck, and I don't know how bratty I am right now. WAITRESS You look pretty happy to me.

ANDERSON I am. I just ate a real American meal and I am traveling to the Grand Canyon with my brother.

The waitress looks around.

WAITRESS Your brother? Where is he? Did he get something to eat?

Anderson smiles.

ANDERSON No. He doesn't need to eat anymore. He's in that backpack right there.

He points to the backpack. The waitress takes a step back from the table.

WAITRESS What are you talking about? You have his body in there or something?

ANDERSON Calm down. Calm down. No need to worry. My brother's ashes are in that backpack.

WAITRESS His ashes?

ANDERSON Yeah, so I guess, in a weird way, I do have his body in there. Just not the way I think you mean.

WAITRESS Why do you have your brother's ashes in a backpack?

ANDERSON Because he wouldn't fit into my briefcase.

He waits for a response to his joke. Nothing.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) It's easier to carry him that way. This is our first road trip together since we were kids.

The waitress looks at him sideways for a beat.
WAITRESS Well, I'm going to go tell Earl how much you liked the hash browns, okay?

ANDERSON Okay. Tell him I liked the chicken fried steak, too.

WAITRESS That was ham, hon'.

ANDERSON Is that what that was? Either way, it was delicious.

WAITRESS Okay, I'll let him know you liked the ham. Can I get you and your brother anything else?

Anderson looks at the backpack.

ANDERSON Nope. I think we have more than enough. I'll take the check when you get a chance though.

She pulls the check for \$9.72 out of her bib and sets it on the table in front of him.

WAITRESS Already got it for you. You can pay up front on your way out.

Anderson pulls out a \$100 bill.

ANDERSON Can I just give this to you and be on my way?

The waitress eyeballs the money.

WAITRESS Oh, I don't have change on me. You'll have to pay up front.

ANDERSON I don't need any change. That meal was excellent.

He stands and hands her the check and the \$100 bill.

WAITRESS That bill was only \$10. Less than that even. ANDERSON I know. Like I said, it was delicious. Don't forget to tell Earl.

She stares at the bill, dumbfounded.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) My brother and I have more than enough. Please take it.

WAITRESS Thank you, um--?

ANDERSON Anderson. And this is Artemis.

He picks up the backpack to show her before slinging it over his shoulder. She holds the money close to her heart.

> WAITRESS Thank you. Thank you very much.

ANDERSON Don't forget us.

WAITRESS I can guarantee you I won't.

ANDERSON Good. That makes one of us.

Anderson points to the bandage on his head as he walks by the puzzled waitress and exits the restaurant.

EXT. HOTEL - NIGHT

Anderson pulls his car under the veranda and walks inside the lobby of the four star hotel.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - NIGHT

Anderson stands at the front desk in front of an annoyed CLERK. He holds his wallet with a very confused look on his face.

ANDERSON I swear my Discover card was just in here. I can't think of where it might be.

Anderson pulls a gas card, a Visa card and a bank debit card out of his wallet and puts them on the desk. He searches his wallet for the missing card. There are several \$100 bills in it. ANDERSON (CONT'D) Man, where could that be? That's kind of scary, right?

The clerk nods.

CLERK We do take Visa. I notice you have one of those.

ANDERSON Yeah, but I get cash back at the end of the year with the other one. The Visa one I use for booking flights because I get--

He looks the clerk in the eye.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) You couldn't care less about what I use my cards for, could you?

The clerk hesitates.

CLERK

Well sir--

ANDERSON Go on, tell the truth.

CLERK

Absolutely not sir. No offense, but my credit isn't good enough for either of those cards. And I have a feeling that your available balance on either of those cards is probably worth more than my life is at this moment.

ANDERSON

More than your life is worth? Ha. But am I right in assuming you're working hard here at this hotel to fix that, right?

CLERK Absolutely sir.

ANDERSON That's the spirit. Okay, put it on the Visa.

Anderson slides the Visa to the clerk.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Is there an ATM around here?

The clerk point to an ATM near the doors in the lobby.

CLERK Right there, sir.

ANDERSON

Oh, great.

Anderson goes to the ATM and pulls out \$500 in twenties. He walks back to the counter. The clerk pulls out a paper for him to sign. Anderson signs it and the clerk hands him his Visa card and his hotel card key and points down the hallway.

CLERK And you'll take this elevator to get to your room. Anything else?

Anderson slides the \$500 to the clerk.

ANDERSON This is for you.

The clerk's eyes widen.

CLERK Sir, I can't take that. That's--

ANDERSON

That is for you to take and go to the bank tomorrow to put down on a secured credit card. I want you to start building your credit up.

CLERK

Sir, I--

ANDERSON

You'll take it and you'll like it. I built my company up from nothing to what it is today. But I didn't do it alone. I had a lot of help along the way. A <u>lot</u> of help. Do you understand?

CLERK

Yes sir.

ANDERSON

Good. Now take that money and do something with yourself. You seem like a good guy but you're a very mediocre front desk clerk. No offense.

CLERK None taken. Is there anything else I can do for you?

Yeah, you can answer this question: Is there a good bar anywhere around here? Or a liquor store? I need a little bit of a nightcap.

CLERK

We have a lounge here on premises sir. It will be open for another three or four hours, depending on the number of patrons. Usually it's a little slow on a night like tonight.

ANDERSON Perfect. Thank you.

CLERK

And sir?

ANDERSON

Yes?

CLERK Thank you very very much. I am going to do something good with this money.

Anderson smiles as he turns and leaves.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Anderson sets his suitcase on the floor and the backpack on the bed. He puts his hand on top of the backpack.

ANDERSON I'll be back in a few Artemis. Just need to grab a nightcap. Haven't had a drink all day and I'm feeling it a bit.

He pats the backpack and walks out.

INT. LOUNGE - NIGHT

A typical hotel lounge, complete with a PIANO PLAYER tickling the ivories on a small stage. A beautiful woman, JANE (40), sits alone at one end of the long bar. A couple of business travelers sit at the other end of the bar. Anderson takes a seat a few seats down from Jane.

The bartender, ROB, walks over to Anderson.

ROB What can I get you tonight?

Whatever your best single malt scotch is. And make it a double if you don't mind. On the rocks.

ROB I don't mind at all. One extra top shelf double scotch on the rocks coming right up.

Rob turns to make the drink. Anderson turns to survey the bar. He and Jane make eye contact for a beat as Anderson turns to watch the piano player. Rob brings his drink.

ANDERSON

Thank you.

Anderson turns back around to watch the piano player. He sips his drink a couple of times. The alcohol soothes him greatly. He turns back to Rob.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Does the piano player take requests?

ROB He sure does. It helps if you stuff his tip jar, of course.

ANDERSON I wouldn't have it any other way.

Anderson gets up from his stool and walks toward the piano player. On the way he makes eye contact with Jane.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Any requests for the piano player?

Jane looks coolly from Anderson to the piano player.

JANE Yeah, see if he knows any Billy Joel.

Anderson stops in his tracks, disappointed.

ANDERSON Oh! Really? Billy Joel? You're going to try to make the piano man play "Piano Man?" Isn't that a little cruel?

Jane smiles.

JANE Yeah, and unusual.

And depending on how well he plays it, it might be punishment for everyone, right?

JANE

You got it.

Anderson walks to Jane.

ANDERSON And who should I tell him is requesting this song? In case he wants to thank you personally.

JANE

I'm Jane.

She extends her hand, Anderson shakes it in a gentlemanly manner.

> ANDERSON Jane. I'm Anderson. And I hate to break it to you, but there is no way I am going to ask that fine gentleman at the plano to play that song.

JANE (playfully) Oh really?

ANDERSON

Really. But what I will do is have him play a song that is about ten thousand times better and more appropriate for this setting. How about that?

JANE Ten thousand times better?

ANDERSON And I tell you what, if I'm wrong I will buy you a drink.

JANE What if I'm done drinking for the evening?

ANDERSON Then I will buy you an empty glass so you'll have something to look at while I have a drink.

JANE

You're on.

ANDERSON Fantastic.

Anderson walks up to the piano player. The piano player finishes playing a song and turns to Anderson.

PIANO PLAYER How are you tonight sir?

ANDERSON I am doing well. Thanks for asking. Do you take requests?

The piano player's eyes slide to his near-empty tip jar.

PIANO PLAYER I've been known to take them, yes.

Anderson watches his eyes go to the tip jar again.

ANDERSON Oh, gotcha. Great. Well, I have a rather unusual request.

Anderson pulls out two \$100 bills from his wallet, makes sure the piano player sees the denomination, and drops them in the tip jar.

PIANO PLAYER For that I will bring my piano to your room and sing you lullabies until you fall asleep.

Anderson laughs and sneaks a peek over his shoulder at Jane.

ANDERSON This won't be quite so involved. Hopefully.

CUT TO:

JANE'S POV

Jane watches Anderson talk to the piano player. The piano player and Anderson shake hands and Anderson walks back to the bar, smiling.

ANDERSON You are gonna love this. I promise.

The piano player plays the first few bars of "Piano Man." Jane looks at Anderson and smiles.

JANE I thought you weren't going to request this song.

ANDERSON I didn't, that so weird. Anderson points at the piano player and he immediately switches to playing "Mr. Bojangles." Anderson looks at Jane expectantly and smiles.

JANE Is this Mr. Bojangles?

ANDERSON What, you don't like it?

JANE It's not exactly ten thousand times better than Piano Man.

Anderson points to the piano player again. The piano player switches to playing "Brown Eyed Girl."

ANDERSON Wait, what color are your eyes?

Anderson looks deep into Jane's eyes, sees they aren't brown and points his finger at the piano player again, who switches to playing "Margaritaville."

> JANE Margaritaville?

ANDERSON What do you think?

JANE I think you owe me a drink.

ANDERSON That I can do.

INT. LOUNGE - LATER

Jane and Anderson sit at a table in the corner of the empty lounge, both drunk. The piano player is gone and Rob the bartender wipes down the bar and walks over to Jane and Anderson.

> ROB Hey Anderson, I hate to do this to you, but we're going to be closing up for the night.

ANDERSON Come on Rob, just one more drink.

ROB Sorry Anderson, don't want to lose my liquor license, or my job. I've also gotta get up in the morning and get my kids off to school. ANDERSON You didn't tell me you had kids Rob. How old are they?

ROB Youngest one is eight, oldest one is eleven.

ANDERSON Are they good kids?

ROB They are. Great kids.

ANDERSON I bet they are. You're a good man Rob. I'm going to get out of here. Any chance you can sell a bottle to me? To go?

ROB Can't do it. Sorry. I'd like to.

Anderson turns to Jane.

ANDERSON Don't worry, we'll figure something out. You ready to get out of here?

JANE

Sure.

She gets up and hangs on his shoulder flirtatiously. Rob hands Anderson the bill.

ROB Here's your tab.

Anderson pulls out his wallet and looks through the slots for a credit card. He can't find the card he's looking for.

ANDERSON Hey Rob, did I already give you a card? For the tab?

ROB Nope. No card.

ANDERSON Hmmm. My Discover card is missing. You sure I didn't give you one?

Anderson looks through the wallet again. He pulls out his Visa card, bank card and gas card. He hands Rob the Visa.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I guess we'll use the Visa then. I wonder where my Discover card went.

Rob takes the card and walks to the bar.

Jane nibbles on Anderson's ear and lightly grabs him below the belt.

JANE Tell him to hurry up. Let's get out of here. I want you now.

She pulls Anderson toward the front door. Anderson follows willingly.

ANDERSON Hey Rob, give yourself a good tip on that thing. I'll be back in the morning to pick it up. Or just charge it to my room.

ROB Wait, I--

Jane pulls Anderson out of the lounge and they hurry to the bank of elevators. Rob shrugs his shoulders and pays the bill with the card.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Anderson sleeps soundly in his extremely disheveled bed. Jane, fully dressed and looking a little worse for the wear, kisses him on the cheek, takes out a lipstick and writes "THANK YOU" on the mirror, and tiptoes out of the room, closing the door quietly behind her.

INT. ANDERSON'S CAR - AFTERNOON

Anderson tiredly wipes his eyes as he drives down the open highway. He turns to the backpack in the front seat.

> ANDERSON You watched us last night, didn't you? Whooo! I don't blame you. That Jane was kind of dirty, wasn't she?

Anderson pats the backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) You don't need me to tell you that, do you? You sick pervert. Watching us like that. I'm going to call Jennifer and see how she's doing.

Anderson pulls out his cell phone and dials. CLOSE on "Low Battery" icon.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Oh, got the voicemail.

He points out the window at a rock formation on the side of the road.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Hey, check that rock formation out. It looks like a camel.

(into phone) Hey Jennifer, it's Anderson. Just checking in to see how everything's been going at home. I know I haven't been gone that long but it feels like a lifetime. I spent the night in Las Cruces and boy do I have some stories to tell. Probably not appropriate, but maybe someday when you're older and wiser.

Anderson passes a road sign on the side of the road and strains to read it.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Shit, just missed what that sign said. Anyway, I am hoping to get to Arizona by this afternoon and I will probably try to spend the night in Flagstaff before I head to the Grand Canyon. I'll call you when I stop to let you know where I am. Okay, well, good talking to you. Artemis says hi.

He hangs up the phone without noticing the battery life is in the red zone.

EXT. ANDERSON'S CAR - DAY

Anderson drives through cactus country in southern Arizona. He passes road signs for Tombstone and Bisbee, AZ. He passes through Tucson, Casa Grande and Phoenix.

INT. ANDERSON'S CAR - SUNSET

Anderson passes a sign that reads "Flagstaff 116 Miles" as the sun sets. Anderson taps on the steering wheel and turns to the backpack in the passenger seat.

> ANDERSON Only a couple more hours, brother, and we'll be in Flagstaff and we can rest for the night. What do you think? You tired of sitting there? Yeah, me too.

He looks out the window at the saguaro cacti that dot the landscape.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Though you have to admit, those things are kind of cool, huh?

Anderson adjusts himself a bit in his seat to get more comfortable.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) My butt is starting to feel like it belongs to someone else. Don't know that I like the feeling of my ass falling asleep, you know? It's okay, we're almost there.

The song on the radio changes. Anderson turns up the volume.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Hell yeah! Haven't heard this song in years.

CLOSE ON PHONE

The low battery signal on the phone flashes and the phone goes completely dead. Anderson takes no notice as he sings along to the song on the radio.

INT. ANDERSON'S CAR - NIGHT

Anderson breathes in very deeply. He's tired. He wipes his eyes and tries to wake himself up by slapping himself in the face lightly. He hits too close to the bandage on his head and cringes.

> ANDERSON Ow! Ow! That was stupid.

He looks at the backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) How you doing over there? Getting tired yet? Probably not, you always were in such good shape. Probably just getting used to being on the road, huh?

He straightens the backpack up on the seat.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I wonder if I should have put your seat belt on for you. For safety.

He reaches over to try to grab the belt. The car swerves dangerously on the highway.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Whoa. Okay, probably not a good idea. That woke me up. I should have gotten a Red Bull or something back there at that last gas stop.

They pass a sign that says "Flagstaff 17 Miles" on the side of the road.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Oh good. Did you see that? Only seventeen more miles. We'll be there in no time.

They pass a sign that says "Watch For Elk Next 17 Miles" on the side of the road.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Elk? Wouldn't that just be something? To come this far and hit an elk? What would the papers say? Would it even make the papers? OH SHIT!!!

Anderson jerks the wheel hard to the right to avoid several elk standing in the middle of the highway. He avoids the elk, but loses control. Tires SCREECH as he fights to maintain control of the car. It fishtails--

--and just misses the guardrail on the right side of the road. The car careens off the road behind the guardrail and plows up a hill into a heavily wooded area. Somehow the car misses the large pine trees but comes to rest on a large boulder.

Anderson sits for several seconds with a death grip on the steering wheel. Smoke and steam billow up from the hood of the car.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Oh my God. Oh my God. Are you okay?

He grabs the backpack from the floor in front of the passenger seat and puts it back on the seat. He unzips it and looks inside. The lid is still on the urn.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Oh good, you're okay. You're okay. Am I okay?

He runs his hands over his arms, shoulders, chest and legs.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Nothing's broken. That's good.

He turns the interior light on in the car and looks in the rear view mirror.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) The face looks as bad as it always does. That's dad's fault though, right?

He turns to the backpack and laughs. He turns the overhead light off and tries to turn the car back on.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Come on baby, let's put you back to work.

The engine tries to turn over but won't.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Come on baby! You can do it.

The engine sputters and won't turn at all.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Dammit. German engineering my ass. What, do they not have elk and rocks in Germany?

He tries the key one more time. No response.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Hey Artemis, you know how to fix an engine? Any idea?

Anderson pops the hood and gets out of the car.

EXT. ACCIDENT SITE - NIGHT

Anderson walks around to the front of the disabled car. Three of the tires are flat, the front wheels are a couple of feet off the ground and the front of the car rests on a large boulder. Smoke and steam rise from the front of the car.

> ANDERSON This isn't good, Artemis. This really isn't good. I don't even know if I can get to the engine to see what's wrong with it.

He climbs up on the rock and tries to open the hood. The front end is bent in too much and the hood won't budge. Anderson pulls with all his might to no avail.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Shit.

He gets down from the rock and walks to the driver's side door.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I really did a number on my car Artemis. A real number. Anderson turns and surveys the scene. The car is up a hill a couple of hundred feet from the road. Cars can be heard driving by, but no lights can be seen. He walks back down to the highway, stepping over pieces of his car along the way.

EXT. HIGHWAY - NIGHT

Anderson looks at the spot he drove off the road. There are no skid marks on the road. He looks back up to where his car is. The only sign of a car up there is a few broken tree branches and some pieces of his car.

> ANDERSON Shit. No one would see that during the day, much less at night.

He turns and walks back up to the car.

INT. ANDERSON'S CAR - NIGHT

Anderson sits heavily in his seat.

ANDERSON Artemis, we're screwed buddy. Screwed.

He turns the key one more time in the ignition. Nothing.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Oh yeah, we are in it up to our eyeballs.

He looks at his watch. 8:07 PM.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I wonder how long it would take to get this thing towed. Let me call Jennifer and see if she can get us a tow truck.

Anderson pulls his cell phone out and dials. He gets a few numbers in before he notices the battery is dead.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) What the hell?

He shakes the phone and tries to turn it back on. It comes on for a second or two and goes dead again.

> ANDERSON (CONT'D) No. No! You can't be dead. Come on phone, I need you. <u>We</u> need you.

No dice. The phone is dead.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Shit! Shit shit! Anderson wanders around the crash site aimlessly. He looks at his wrecked car and rubs the front quarter panel lovingly.

> ANDERSON (CONT'D) I'm sorry I did this to you baby. I didn't mean to, I promise. I'm going to go get you some help, okay.

He opens the driver door and grabs the backpack off the passenger seat.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Come on Artemis, we're going to have to hoof it. It's only seventeen miles. You did that all the time, right?

He puts the backpack on over both shoulders and walks down the hill back to the freeway.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) How long is a triathlon anyway? A hundred miles? Hundred and fifty? This should be a cakewalk for you.

EXT. SIDE OF I-17 - NIGHT

Anderson walks with the backpack slung over both shoulders and his thumb out to hitch a ride. He comes up on highway mile marker 328. He stops and surveys the area.

> ANDERSON I wonder how much longer we have to go.

He looks at his watch. 9:12 PM.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Shit. It's been over an hour already.

He takes the backpack off, sets it on the ground and adjusts the straps a bit.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) What do you think, buddy? Should we keep going?

He throws the backpack on again.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Much better. Alright, we're going.

He walks.

EXT. SIDE OF I-17 - NIGHT - LATER

Anderson's watch shows 11 PM. He has lost the pep in his step and is in serious hiking mode, hunched forward and determined. His thumb is no longer stuck out to hitchhike. Highway off-ramp number 331 looms ahead.

> ANDERSON An off ramp. Maybe there will be something up there, huh? I tell you what, our luck just may be changing.

> > CUT TO:

EXT. OFF RAMP 331 - NIGHT

Anderson stands at the top of the off ramp. It is deserted and there is a dirt road running deep into the forest, which stretches out in all directions as far as he can see.

> ANDERSON What the hell? Who makes an off ramp for a dirt road? What's the point of that? What is the point of that!

His yell echoes through the forest. An eerie silence greets him.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) What is the point?!

His yell echoes again. More silence, though it seems thicker somehow. Anderson backs away from the dirt road a bit.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Do you ever get the feeling you're not welcome somewhere? I think we should go.

He walks down the on ramp back to I-17. He glances over his shoulder several times.

EXT. MILE MARKER 332 - NIGHT

Anderson approaches the mile marker slowly. He is winded.

ANDERSON Another mile. When does this place end? When does it end?

He sets the backpack down next to the mile marker and stretches.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Artemis, I don't know how you did all that running and stuff. There's no air up here. You didn't tell me you were running a triathlon on top of a mountain.

Anderson watches a couple of cars whiz by.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I can't believe nobody has stopped to ask us if we needed help. Can you believe that?

He looks down at his pants and shoes. He realizes he is wearing all black.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I guess I didn't really dress the part of a guy walking down the side of the road in the middle of the night, did I?

He looks at the woods in the distance behind the mile marker.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) What do you think? You want to call it a night? We could just sleep over there in the woods. I'm sure there are no bears close to this highway.

He starts to walk into the woods and stops abruptly.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) No? No woods? Keep going? Damn you and your high fitness levels and your oxygen skills and whatever the hell else you call all that stuff. Whatever happened to just quitting and getting a cab the next day?

He turns and walks down the road, kicking the mile marker as he passes it.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Fine. We're going. But I'm thirsty and if I die of thirst I am going to kick your ass in the afterlife.

EXT. MILE MARKER 333 - NIGHT - LATER

Anderson's watch shows 12 AM.

ANDERSON Midnight Artemis. I'm still walking. I'm still walking. He rounds the corner and sees a highway exit with a gas station and convenience store.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Ha ha! We're in business brother, we are in business.

He lowers his head and picks up the pace.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Anderson trudges through the front door. A clerk, JASON, looks up from his magazine and nods.

JASON How ya doing tonight?

ANDERSON Oh, I've been better. I have definitely been better.

Anderson drops the backpack to the floor. He immediately bends over and pats the tops of the backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) (to backpack) Oops. Sorry brother.

Jason looks Anderson up and down.

JASON Did you just apologize to your backpack?

ANDERSON Yeah. My brother's in there.

Jason grabs the phone and prepares to dial.

JASON Your brother is in there? Do I need to call the cops?

ANDERSON No, no, no. He's dead.

JASON Like I said, do I need to call the cops?

ANDERSON No, his ashes are in there. He died. I'm taking him to the Grand Canyon.

Jason tentatively puts the phone down.

JASON What happened to your head?

Anderson runs his hand over his bandaged head.

ANDERSON Long story. Got a nice little head injury though.

JASON Let me guess, you ran into a door?

ANDERSON A curb, actually, according to the witnesses.

Jason eyeballs the backpack.

JASON

Witnesses huh? Pretty late at night to be heading to the canyon don't you think.

ANDERSON Well, I hoped to be in Flagstaff by 8 tonight. Is this Flagstaff?

JASON

Almost.

ANDERSON

Great. Anyway, I almost hit a herd of elk and I ran my car off the road about a few miles back.

JASON

How many miles back?

ANDERSON Three and a half hours worth of walking miles back. I don't know. Twelve miles maybe.

JASON Holy shit man. Why didn't you just wait for the cops to come?

Anderson walks to a cooler and grabs a tall can of beer and a bottle of water.

ANDERSON Long story my friend. My car went way off the road. Too far to see. Into the woods.

Anderson opens the beer and takes a long pull.

JASON You're going to pay for that, right?

ANDERSON Oh yeah, definitely.

Anderson pulls out his wallet, pulls out a \$100 bill and hands it to Jason.

> JASON We don't take any bills over \$20 man, sorry.

Jason points to a sign on the register stating that fact.

ANDERSON

Just keep it. You want a beer or anything? I'm buying.

JASON

I can't drink man. I'm working.

ANDERSON

A man truly dedicated to his craft, huh? I admire that. I'm going to get myself another one, do you mind?

JASON

You've got about 95 dollars worth of store credit by my calculations. Drink away. But you're not allowed to drink that on the premises. I might have to ask you to leave.

ANDERSON

You are on your game tonight. enforcer. What's your name? The

JASON

Jason.

ANDERSON

Jason, I'm Anderson. I didn't die tonight despite the best efforts of a herd of elk. I walked however many miles on the side of the highway and NOT ONE person stopped to help me. Can you cut me just a bit of slack and let me have a drink here?

JASON

Sorry Anderson. I could lose my job. I can't afford to do that. need this job. Ι

ANDERSON Well, is this really what you want to do with your life?

JASON Hell no. I'm going to school. ANDERSON School? For what?

JASON Dental hygienist.

ANDERSON Dental hygienist? You want to spend your life looking into people's mouths?

JASON It pays a hell of a lot better than standing here worrying about losing your job while watching a guy pour beer into his mouth.

Anderson stops his drink and puts the can down.

ANDERSON Okay, you win. No more drinking for me. Can you do me a favor though?

JASON

Sure.

ANDERSON Can you call me a cab? I just need some sleep.

JASON I can definitely do that for you.

Anderson pulls out another \$100 bill from his wallet.

ANDERSON This is for your trouble. I'll be outside.

Anderson walks out the front door as Jason picks up the phone.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

Anderson sits on the curb. A cab pulls up. Anderson waves to Jason inside and gets into the cab.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

The cab pulls up outside of the motel. Anderson pays the cabdriver with \$100, refuses the change, and gets out. He walks tiredly into the lobby.

Anderson turns on the light, sets the backpack on one of the two queen size beds. He falls face first diagonally on the other bed and goes right to sleep.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Anderson slowly awakens in the same position he fell asleep in last night: face down, diagonally across the bed. As he gains consciousness, he suddenly jumps up, confused.

ANDERSON What the hell?!

He looks around the room, trying to get his bearings.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Where the hell am I?

He sees the backpack on the bed next to him. He tears it open and palms the urn.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) (calmer) You're still with me. You're still here.

Anderson crosses to the window and opens the drapes. He looks out into the nondescript parking lot.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Where the hell are we Artemis?

Anderson opens the door and steps out. He takes a deep breath into his lungs.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Can you smell that? It smells like fresh air.

He leaves the door open and walks along the railing around the hotel. He rounds the corner and Mt. Humphreys, a 12,500 foot mountain peak, looms in the distance. Anderson stands, awestruck.

> ANDERSON (CONT'D) Did we make it?

He runs back to his room and grabs the backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Artemis, you've gotta see this.

He runs back to the corner to look at the mountain.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) We did it. We're in Flagstaff. Look at that mountain.

He stares at the mountain in reverence.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - MORNING

Anderson, wearing the backpack, walks into the lobby. He is greeted by CAROL, a pretty college student.

CAROL Good morning sir. How can I help you?

Anderson eyes her name tag.

ANDERSON Good morning, Carol. This is going to sound like a strange question, but where am I?

Carol looks unsure for a moment.

CAROL Well sir, you're in the lobby of the Holiday Inn Express.

Anderson's laugh puts her at ease.

ANDERSON No, I'm sorry. I mean, what city am I in? Is this Flagstaff?

CAROL Yes sir. This is Flagstaff. Arizona.

ANDERSON

Alright! We made it. Sorry if that was a strange question, I have just had a whirlwind trip getting here and I'm to the point where I don't even know where I am anymore. I'm from San Antonio.

CAROL Oh, Texas. Nice. Well, welcome to Flagstaff. Gateway to the Grand Canyon.

ANDERSON The Grand Canyon! Yes! Tell me more. How much further do I have to go?

CAROL Oh, about seventy or eighty miles from here.

ANDERSON Eighty miles?

CAROL Probably closer to seventy five. But you still have another hour and a half worth of driving to do.

ANDERSON Another hour and a half? That's not bad. Not bad at all.

Carol pulls a map out of a drawer.

CAROL We even have these maps made up for you so you know exactly where to go. Are you headed to the south rim?

ANDERSON There's more than one rim?

CAROL It's a huge canyon, but most people either hit the south rim or the north rim.

ANDERSON Which one is closer?

CAROL The south.

ANDERSON Then that's where I'm headed. The south rim.

Carol highlights the route on the map and hands it to him.

CAROL Here you go. Enjoy your trip.

ANDERSON Thank you very much Carol.

Anderson pulls his room key out of his pocket and sets it on the counter.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I guess I'll be checking out. Room 242.

CAROL Great. You should be all set.

ANDERSON Thank you very much.

Anderson turns and walks out into the parking lot.

Anderson walks through the parking lot looking for his car. He whistles happily until he realizes his car is not to be found. He looks around, quite confused, and walks back into the lobby.

INT. MOTEL LOBBY - SAME

Carol looks up when Anderson walks in.

CAROL Hello again. Did you forget something?

ANDERSON Um, yeah. My car.

CAROL Your car is missing?

ANDERSON Well, sort of. I had a wreck last night. Trying to evade some elk on the road on, what is that, I-17?

CAROL Were you coming up from Phoenix?

ANDERSON

Yes.

CAROL

I-17.

ANDERSON So, I don't have a car here.

CAROL Would you like me to call you a cab? They can take you to the repair shop.

She picks up the phone to dial.

ANDERSON Yeah, I think I'll need a cab. Just not sure where I need it to take me. I didn't get my car towed last night. Nobody stopped to help.

She puts the phone down.

CAROL No one stopped? How horrible. ANDERSON Yeah, so, um, can you call me a tow truck, I guess? So they can go get my car.

CAROL Sure. Any preference on a company? Do you have Triple A?

ANDERSON I'm pretty sure I do, but all of that stuff is with my car. So is my luggage. All I have is with me on my body.

CAROL Well sir, let me call you a tow truck.

She picks up the phone and dials.

INT. TOW TRUCK - DAY - MOVING

Anderson sits in the passenger seat with DWIGHT, 30, cleancut but rough around the edges. They sit in silence. Anderson hugs the backpack to his chest. Pine trees whiz past on the freeway.

> DWIGHT You sure you lost it around here?

ANDERSON Somewhere around here. It had to be.

DWIGHT 'Cause I'm going to be honest, this is, what, the fifth time we've done this loop and you haven't given me any idea of where your car might be.

ANDERSON I'm sorry about this, I really am. It was dark, I'd been on the road for a while.

DWIGHT I haven't even seen any skid marks on the road.

ANDERSON Well, no. I don't think I even hit the brakes until I was off the road.

DWIGHT Until you were off the road?

ANDERSON It all happened really fast. I mean, I looked up and they were there. If I hadn't been driving such a good car--

DWIGHT What kind of car is it?

ANDERSON A Mercedes. CL63.

DWIGHT A CL63? What are those, about a hundred grand?

ANDERSON Um, maybe 150. 160. It had the AMĠ package.

DWIGHT You paid one hundred and sixty thousand dollars for your car?

ANDERSON Yeah, right around there.

DWIGHT That's more than my house!

ANDERSON

That car probably steered better than your house though.

DWIGHT

Yeah, it steered itself right into the woods somehow. My house is in the woods, but I put it there on purpose.

ANDERSON

Ah, touche.

DWIGHT

How are you not losing your mind right now?! You lost a car that cost more than most people make in half a decade.

ANDERSON We'll find it. It has to be around here somewhere.

DWIGHT How far off the road did you go?

ANDERSON Oh, a ways. It was a pretty good hike to come back down.

DWIGHT Anything else you remember about it?

ANDERSON It was up a hill. Landed on a rock next to a tree. I know it was a long hike to that convenience store I got my beer at.

DWIGHT You mean this one?

Dwight takes the highway exit to the convenience store.

DWIGHT (CONT'D) The one we've been to 6 times now?

Anderson's shoulders slump.

ANDERSON Look, I know I haven't been much of a help, but--

DWIGHT

I'm sorry mister, but we've been driving the same stretch of road for the last 2 hours and all you can tell me is that you went up a hill and hit a rock next to some trees. You don't even have a mile marker as a reference.

ANDERSON I know, I know. But-

DWIGHT Did you know you wrecked your car in the biggest pine forest in the world? Look around you.

Trees as far as the eye can see.

ANDERSON

I know--

DWIGHT Planes wreck out here and no one finds them for decades. Decades.

ANDERSON I wasn't flying though. I am off of this road somewhere.

DWIGHT I'm sorry, but I have to go do something else. Something that pays.

I'll pay you.

DWIGHT

You're damn right you'll pay me. Ι just don't know what to charge you. I've never driven someone around trying to find a car in a forest the size of Rhode Island before.

ANDERSON

I'll pay you five hundred dollars.

Dwight hesitates.

DWIGHT Show me the money.

Anderson opens his wallet. He has \$200 in it.

ANDERSON I only have two hundred.

DWIGHT Two hundred pays for what I've already driven you and gets you a ride back to your hotel.

ANDERSON

But--

DWIGHT

Don't "but" me. I should charge you a thousand just for putting up with you. Who in the hell loses a hundred and fifty thousand dollar car in the woods? You might be up for a Darwin award and you ain't even dead yet.

ANDERSON But I need my car. I need to get to the Grand Canyon.

DWIGHT

The Grand Canyon's gonna always be there. I guarantee you it ain't going nowhere. And neither are you. Sounds like your car won't be going anywhere for a few days even if we do find it.

Anderson holds the money tightly, but gives it to Dwight.

ANDERSON This includes my ride home?

DWIGHT

Yes sir.

The tow truck pulls up to the lobby. Anderson gets out. Dwight leans across the seat to talk to him.

DWIGHT

I'll make you a deal. When I get some free time I will get some of my boys out there and we'll look for your car.

ANDERSON Thank you. Thank you so much.

DWIGHT It's gonna cost you though. You know that, right?

ANDERSON Absolutely. I appreciate it. I appreciate everything you've done for me today. Here's my card. I guess I am going to go report my car missing.

Anderson hands Dwight his card. Dwight reads it.

DWIGHT Okay Anderson, can't say it's been a complete pleasure, but you're an okay guy. I'll give you a call if we find your car.

ANDERSON Thanks. Thanks so much.

Dwight drives away.

EXT. DOWNTOWN FLAGSTAFF - DAY

Anderson, wearing the backpack, walks through the historic district. He passes local shops and takes in the sights. He pulls out his phone and tries to turn it on. The battery is still dead.

ANDERSON Shit. I need a charger.

Anderson walks down the street and into a wireless communications shop. He emerges a few seconds later carrying a bag. He walks to the Flagstaff Police Department and enters.

INT. FLAGSTAFF POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Anderson approaches the front desk where OFFICER CHARLES mans the desk.

ANDERSON Hi. I would like to report a missing car.

OFFICER CHARLES A missing car? You mean stolen?

ANDERSON No. Not stolen. Just, misplaced.

OFFICER CHARLES You "misplaced" your car?

ANDERSON

Yes.

OFFICER CHARLES And where exactly did you do this, this misplacement?

ANDERSON Off I-17. I swerved to miss a herd of elk and, well, I can't find my car.

OFFICER CHARLES So it was stolen. When did this happen? I can check to see if we had it towed.

Officer Charles starts typing on the computer.

ANDERSON It happened last night. Around 9.

Officer Charles stops typing.

OFFICER CHARLES Well, we wouldn't have towed it yet. Did you check with any of the towing companies? See if they towed it?

ANDERSON No. I didn't. I went pretty far off the road. I don't think anyone could see it to tow it.

OFFICER CHARLES So why don't you get a tow truck to go get it?

ANDERSON Because I don't remember where I went off the road. I'm not familiar with the area.

OFFICER CHARLES Well, who picked you up? How did you get here? ANDERSON I walked. No one picked me up.

OFFICER CHARLES So let me see if I have this. You wrecked your car somewhere on I-17, lost it, walked to Flagstaff, and now you want to report your car missing?

ANDERSON

Yes.

OFFICER CHARLES You sure your car didn't run away from you?

ANDERSON No. I definitely wrecked it.

OFFICER CHARLES And what kind of car was it?

ANDERSON Mercedes. CL63. I have the license plate number.

OFFICER CHARLES Get the hell outta here. No one loses a car like that.

ANDERSON

Look, I'm not asking you to find it for me. I just want to make sure that if it does show up somewhere that I am notified. I will probably need to make an insurance claim on it. I think I did some pretty major damage to it.

OFFICER CHARLES You think you did?

ANDERSON Well, last night was a long night. I walked for several hours, and the whole accident was kind of a blur. I just expected to wake up today and have my car, but I can't find it.

Officer Charles looks down at Anderson's shoes. They show the signs of his long walk.

OFFICER CHARLES This is the dumbest thing I've ever heard.

He pulls out a sheet of paper and hands it to Anderson.

OFFICER CHARLES (CONT'D) Here, fill this out. Make sure you put your phone number on there in case we find your car. You honestly have no idea where you lost it?

ANDERSON

It was at least a 4 hour walk away from the convenience store I caught the cab from.

OFFICER CHARLES And **that** is just the kind of thing that doesn't help at all.

ANDERSON I'm sorry, I don't know the area. I just know I went pretty far up into the woods and you couldn't see the car from the road.

Anderson fills out the paper and hands it back to Officer Charles.

OFFICER CHARLES Okay, I'm going to enter this into the system. I don't have a place to put Lost Cars so I am going to report it as stolen. You might want to let your insurance company know.

Anderson holds up his bag.

ANDERSON Just bought a charger so I can use my phone to do that.

OFFICER CHARLES Anything else?

ANDERSON Nope. Just that. Oh wait, do you know where the bus station is? I need to get to the Grand Canyon.

OFFICER CHARLES Yeah, it's right around the corner.

ANDERSON

Thanks.

OFFICER CHARLES Good luck with that. Don't lose your bus, too.

ANDERSON I'll try not to. EXT. DOWNTOWN FLAGSTAFF - DAY

Anderson walks through the downtown district wearing his backpack. He walks all the way back to the hotel as the sun sets.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/JENNIFER'S HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Anderson opens the phone charger and plugs his phone in. He dials Jennifer. She answers.

JENNIFER Hello Anderson! How are you?

ANDERSON Jennifer! So good to hear your voice. So, so good.

JENNIFER Anderson, what's wrong? Are you okay?

ANDERSON Oh, I've had quite a trip so far. It's good to hear a friendly face. Er, voice.

JENNIFER What happened?

ANDERSON Well, I wrecked my car. The Mercedes.

JENNIFER Oh my God, are you okay?

ANDERSON I'm fine. I didn't even get a bruise or a cut or anything.

JENNIFER How's your car? Did anyone else get hurt?

ANDERSON I think a few elk are counting their lucky stars, but nobody else was involved. Thankfully.

Anderson unscrews the cap on a bottle of vodka and takes a swig. The alcohol "bite" barely effects him.

JENNIFER And your Mercedes? Is it okay?
ANDERSON Well, that's part of the problem. I can't find it.

JENNIFER You what? You can't find it? Well where is it?

ANDERSON If I knew that, I would have already found it.

JENNIFER Anderson, you're not making sense. Are you drinking?

Anderson takes another swig from the vodka bottle and hides it under the pillow on his bed.

ANDERSON

No. Not drinking. Just strange circumstances. Strange, wild, wacky circumstances beyond my control.

JENNIFER Well, how can I help you? Where are you? What happened?

ANDERSON I'm in Flagstaff, Arizona. About 75 miles from the Grand Canyon.

JENNIFER And you can't find your car because . . .?

ANDERSON

Because I swerved to miss a herd of elk standing in the middle of the road and I wrecked my car really far off to the side of the road.

JENNIFER Why didn't you wait for a tow truck?

ANDERSON

I don't think you get it. I wrecked REALLY far off the side of the road. I had to walk for hours to get to a pay phone. My cell phone was out of battery and I didn't know it until I was standing out there in the middle of the woods alone.

JENNIFER Oh my God. ANDERSON Yeah, oh my God is right. Look, I need you to do me a favor.

JENNIFER Absolutely. Anything.

ANDERSON I need you to research where my credit cards are. I can't find them and I need to get to the canyon.

JENNIFER You lost your car **and** your credit cards? Are your cards in your car?

ANDERSON I don't think so. I kept looking for them in my wallet along the way and they kept disappearing. I don't know if someone stole them or what.

Anderson reaches under the pillow and grabs the bottle.

JENNIFER Who would steal your credit cards?

ANDERSON I don't know. That's what I can't figure out. I went to pay for things and the cards were just gone.

He slowly, silently unscrews the cap.

JENNIFER How have you been getting by?

ANDERSON I still have my ATM card. I want to rent a car to finish the trip but everyone wants a credit card.

JENNIFER Couldn't you just buy a car with cash? You do have a few million in the bank.

ANDERSON That seems like overkill, doesn't it? I was thinking of taking the bus. They have buses to the Grand Canyon, right?

JENNIFER I'm sure they do. But Anderson-- ANDERSON Look, I just need you to cancel my credit cards for me. You have all my information from the office, right?

JENNIFER Well, yeah. I did all of that stuff for ten years.

ANDERSON Thank you so much. I just want to make sure no one is spending everything.

JENNIFER I will do that. And Anderson?

ANDERSON

Yes.

JENNIFER It's good to hear your voice.

Anderson takes a long swig from his bottle.

ANDERSON It's good to hear your voice too. Call me when you figure out where my cards are. Thanks Jennifer.

Anderson ends the call and looks at his backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Well Artemis, what do you know about taking the bus? Sound like something you'd like to try?

Anderson looks in the mirror and sees himself in the same clothes he wrecked his car in, completely disheveled.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Oh my God, look at me.

He gets up and looks closer at himself in the mirror. He is a wreck. Two-day beard growth. Dirty bandage on his head. Wrinkled clothes. Uncombed hair.

> ANDERSON (CONT'D) No wonder no one believes me when I tell them I lost my car. I look like a lunatic.

He shoots a glare at the backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Why didn't you tell me?

He looks back in the mirror then back at the backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I look like a hobo. A real, true to life hobo. I bet you're getting a kick out of this aren't you?

He smiles slightly, then looks at himself closer before breaking into laughter.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) You did this to me on purpose, didn't you? Well little brother, you got me. You got me good.

Anderson laughs as he takes another drink.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Looks like I have some cleaning up to do, huh?

EXT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Anderson exits the hotel room in the same clothing as the night before. His hair is washed and he is freshly shaved. His clothes are ironed and his bandage has been replaced with a clean one. Apart from the familiar clothes, he looks like a new man. He walks toward downtown with the backpack on his back.

INT. BABBITT'S SPORTING GOODS - DAY

Anderson walks into the empty store and immediately makes eye contact with MALIA QUINN (40's), the cashier behind the counter. He can't take his eyes off her. He approaches.

ANDERSON Hi, I'm looking for some new clothes. Do you sell clothes here?

MALIA We sell all kinds of clothes here. What were you looking for in particular?

Anderson gestures to his clothing.

ANDERSON Something a little more suitable to the surroundings.

MALIA Yeah, you look pretty buttoned up for a guy in Flagstaff. Where are you from?

Malia comes around the counter and takes him to a clothing section of the store.

ANDERSON

San Antonio. Texas.

MALIA

Texas, huh? Is that where San Antonio is? Can you tell me something? Why do people from Texas always make such a big deal out of it?

ANDERSON

What do you mean?

MALIA

Like how you had to tell me you were from San Antonio, *Texas*. Like there's another San Antonio worth thinking about. Like I'm going to mistake your hometown for San Antonio, Nebraska.

ANDERSON

Is there a San Antonio, Nebraska?

MALIA

No. See, that's my point. There's only one San Antonio worth knowing, and EVERYBODY knows where that is: Texas. Why be redundant?

ANDERSON

Well, it's not really redundant. It's just, what's the word . . .?

MALIA

Redundant. It's okay. You can be proud of your state, just try not to annoy people with it.

ANDERSON I apologize, I had no idea my home state was so annoying to you.

Malia stops, Anderson almost runs into her.

MALIA

Oh, now you're trying to make me feel bad, right?

ANDERSON No. No way.

MALIA Too late. Now I feel bad.

She starts walking again. Anderson follows.

ANDERSON I promise I wasn't trying to make you feel bad.

Well, I'm not the one from stupid Texas, so I probably shouldn't feel bad, but for some reason I do.

ANDERSON

Stupid Texas?

MALIA

Oh, I did it again, didn't I? Should I apologize for thinking your state is stupid or should I apologize for saying it out loud?

ANDERSON No need to apologize. Everyone is entitled to their own opinion. I tend to disagree with you, but who am I to tell you not to feel that

Malia stops again.

way.

MALIA What are you, some kind of politician? Are you running for office?

ANDERSON

No, I--

MALIA I'm not registered to vote Mr--?

ANDERSON Dobbins. Anderson Dobbins.

He extends his hand to shake. She looks at it but doesn't shake it.

MALIA Have you ever heard that it is rude to initiate a handshake to a woman?

ANDERSON

What? No.

He pulls his hand back.

MALIA

It is. A woman is always supposed to initiate the handshake. Common practice.

ANDERSON I've never heard of that before.

Well, now you have. Lucky for you I don't believe in those kinds of rules and social mores.

She looks at his hand, resting by his side. He extends it for a handshake again.

> ANDERSON Well, in that case, I'm Anderson. Pleased to meet you.

She shakes his hand.

MALIA Anderson, I am Malia. Malia Quinn.

ANDERSON Malia, that's--

MALIA

No, it's not an interesting name. It's just a name. No more interesting than your name.

ANDERSON Oh, but my name is interesting. It comes from--

MALIA It comes from a place called "Not Interesting."

Anderson stares at her, flabbergasted.

MALIA (CONT'D) People are interesting. Adventures are interesting. Travel is interesting. Names are just things our parents put on us to give us a burden to bear our entire lives.

ANDERSON And you consider your name a burden?

MALIA

No more so than the next person's name. I have just spent a lifetime with boys telling me how interesting my name is. Like nothing else about me has any value.

ANDERSON Oh I definitely don't think that. Not at all.

Oh really. What else about me has value? And don't you dare tell me my eyes are pretty.

ANDERSON Your customer service is impeccable.

Anderson looks around to the empty shop.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I can't believe there aren't more people in here, waiting to get help from you in their time of need.

Malia smiles.

MALIA Nice, Mr. Dobbins.

ANDERSON And also, you have fantastic elbows. I'm sure of it.

MALIA

Lucky for you, you're right. My elbows are exquisite. I did do some elbow modeling out of high school but the market for an elbow model is surprisingly small. It got pretty cutthroat out there.

ANDERSON I can imagine. And you got out of the business unscathed?

MALIA

No major emotional scars, if that's what you're implying.

ANDERSON

I am.

MALIA

Nope, none at all. The scars I have came from different places altogether. Now, what can I do for you today?

ANDERSON

There's that customer service I've heard so much about. I need a full set up of clothes. Top to bottom.

MALIA

Everything?

ANDERSON Everything. Shoes, socks, unmentionables, the works.

MALIA And do you mind if I ask why you are in need of a new wardrobe?

She starts to pull clothes off the racks and hold them up to Anderson, gauging their fit.

> ANDERSON All of my belongings are in my car, and my car has gone missing.

MALIA Like someone stole it?

ANDERSON No. I lost it.

MALIA

You lost it? Come on, really?

ANDERSON

Well, I wrecked it, then I lost it. At the crash site. Actually, come to think of it, I probably didn't actually lose the car, I just lost the crash site.

MALIA

You wrecked your car and forgot where you wrecked it?

ANDERSON

Absolutely. I know, it's stupid. But I promise you I don't do that sort of thing very often. Well, ever, to be perfectly honest. I can safely say I have never misplaced my car before.

MALIA

Now that is an interesting thing Mr. Dobbins. That is something you can hang your hat on.

ANDERSON Please, call me Anderson.

MALIA

Okay Anderson, what size shoe do you wear?

She leads him over to the shoe department.

INT. BABBITT'S SPORTING GOODS - DAY - LATER

Anderson holds two large bags full of clothes at the register. The total on the register reads "\$1,467.39." Anderson pulls out his debit card and hands it to Malia.

ANDERSON Well, it has been a real pleasure doing business with you. A real pleasure.

MALIA Same here. Same here. You take care of yourself, okay?

She hands him his receipt.

ANDERSON Will do. And that bus station is right around the corner you say?

MALIA Yep. And if you hurry you might catch the afternoon bus to the canyon.

ANDERSON

Thank you.

He locks eyes with her for a moment.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Thank you very much.

MALIA Have fun with your brother at the canyon. Good luck. It was very nice meeting you.

They shake hands. Anderson holds her hand a split second longer than normal.

ANDERSON Malia, thank you. And if you are ever in San Antonio, **Texas** you should look me up.

MALIA I will do that. Take care of yourself.

Anderson turns and leaves.

INT. BUS STATION - DAY

Anderson buys a ticket for the bus. The ATTENDANT points urgently to the door.

ATTENDANT It's leaving now. You'd better hurry.

ANDERSON

Thanks.

Anderson takes his ticket, his two shopping bags and his backpack and runs to the bus. He knocks on the closed door, shows his ticket through the window and the door opens. He boards the bus.

INT. BUS - DAY

Anderson piles his bags into a seat on the half empty bus and takes the window seat next to his bags. The bus starts moving through town. It rounds the corner and passes Babbitt's Sporting Goods. Anderson looks wistfully out of the window. Suddenly there is a loud BANG and the bus comes to a screeching halt.

BUS DRIVER

Shit!

The BUS DRIVER jumps up out of his seat, throws the door open and runs out of the bus. All of the passengers look around in alarm.

ANDERSON Did we hit something?

Anderson makes his way to the front of the bus and looks out the front window.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) What the hell?

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BABBITT'S - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The bus driver and a DELIVERY DRIVER inspect the damage caused when the bus hit the side of a delivery truck. They become heated and an all-out fist fight breaks out. The bus driver pummels the delivery driver unmercifully. Anderson looks on from the front of the bus.

> ANDERSON Hey! Stop that!

Anderson bolts off the bus and jumps in between the two men.

DELIVERY DRIVER Get him off of me!

The bus driver kicks and swings at the delivery driver.

BUS DRIVER You ran the red light you son of a bitch! DELIVERY DRIVER I did not! I had the right of way.

BUS DRIVER You ran the red light! You ran it!

The bus driver continues to kick and swing at the delivery driver. Anderson grabs him by the shoulders and pushes him away from the delivery driver.

ANDERSON That's enough! That's enough!

Malia walks casually out of the front doors of Babbitt's and looks on, a smirk on her face.

BUS DRIVER 37 years I've been driving this bus with a perfect record. 37 years!

ANDERSON Wow, that's impressive.

BUS DRIVER And then this imbecile comes along, runs a red light, and ruins my driving record.

DELIVERY DRIVER Imbecile? Who are you talking to?

BUS DRIVER You, you imbecile!

The bus driver takes another swing at the delivery driver. Anderson ducks behind the bus driver and grabs him from behind. Anderson scrambles and the only hold that works is one where he has the bus driver around the neck in a choke hold.

> ANDERSON You need to calm down.

The delivery driver sees his opportunity:

DELIVERY DRIVER That's right, hold him for me!

The delivery driver shoots off several quick punches to the face of the restrained bus driver.

ANDERSON No! No! That's not--

BUS DRIVER

Let me go!

ANDERSON

I'm not--

Let me go!

A PATROLMAN arrives in his squad car and jumps out, gun drawn.

PATROLMAN You! Let him go and get down on the ground!

ANDERSON I'm not involved in this.

PATROLMAN Let him go and get face down on the ground!

Anderson complies, putting his face into the pavement.

ANDERSON I'm not part of this, sir.

PATROLMAN That's not what it looks like to me! You other two, on the ground, now!

The bus driver and the delivery driver drop down onto the pavement next to Anderson.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF BABBITT'S - DAY - LATER

Anderson leans against the side of a patrol car, his backpack and shopping bags at his feet. He watches as the delivery driver and the bus driver are taken in handcuffs in another car. The patrolman has a small pad out and takes notes as he asks Anderson questions.

> PATROLMAN And you looked out the window and saw what?

ANDERSON The bus driver and the delivery driver were arguing, then WHAM! The bus driver nailed the delivery guy.

PATROLMAN So the bus driver started it?

ANDERSON From what I could see.

PATROLMAN And where did you come in?

ANDERSON

I saw them fighting and I jumped in between them to stop them. Somehow the bus driver kept hitting the other guy over the top of me so I grabbed him from behind and, well, you saw what happened.

PATROLMAN Looked like you were holding him for the other guy to hit him.

ANDERSON I swear to you I wasn't. I was trying to break them up.

Anderson's phone RINGS. He pulls it out and looks at it.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Do you mind if I answer this?

PATROLMAN Who is it?

ANDERSON You. I mean, the police.

PATROLMAN

What?

ANDERSON It says Flagstaff Police Department.

He accepts the call.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Hello? This is Anderson.

OFFICER CHARLES (V.O.) Mr. Dobbins, I've got good news for you. We found your car.

ANDERSON You did? That's great.

OFFICER CHARLES Yeah, we just got word from a tow truck driver that he's bringing it in.

ANDERSON That's great. Great news. Thank you very much.

OFFICER CHARLES (V.O.) You're welcome. He's taking it to Padilla's Body Shop. (MORE) OFFICER CHARLES (CONT'D) It's the closest one to downtown. Can you find it?

ANDERSON I'm sure I can.

OFFICER CHARLES Are you sure? You lost your car, I don't want you to go losing yourself now.

ANDERSON No sir, I think I can manage. Thank you very much.

OFFICER CHARLES I hope your time in Flagstaff gets a little better from now on.

ANDERSON

So do I.

Anderson hangs up the phone.

PATROLMAN What was that all about?

ANDERSON They found my car. They're taking it to Padilla's Body Shop. Is that near here?

The patrolman points down the street.

PATROLMAN Yeah, just a few blocks away. What happened to your car?

ANDERSON

I lost it.

PATROLMAN You lost your car.

ANDERSON In the woods on I-17. But they found it. Things are looking better.

PATROLMAN You lost your car on I-17 and you called the police to find it for you?

ANDERSON

No, I--

PATROLMAN You know what? Forget it. You're free to go. I don't even want to know anymore.

88.

The patrolman closes his notebook and walks away. Anderson shrugs his shoulders, throws on the backpack, grabs his bags and walks toward Padilla's Body Shop.

EXT. PADILLA'S BODY SHOP - DAY

Anderson walks around the corner and comes to the front of the body shop. Just as he does, a flatbed tow truck rounds the corner with his Mercedes on top. There is significant damage to the front end.

ANDERSON

Oh no.

Anderson catches up to the tow truck just as the driver, Dwight, jumps out of the cab.

DWIGHT Hey, there you are. Found your car. I was just fixing to call you.

ANDERSON You found it. That's great! Nice work.

DWIGHT Yeah, saw a couple of very light skidmarks in a fishtail out there on the highway. Just followed them up into the woods and found your baby.

ANDERSON That is so great. Thank you so much.

DWIGHT You really did a number on her though, let me tell you.

ANDERSON

Is it bad?

DWIGHT

Well, I don't know what your insurance is going to say, but I'm guessing you're going to need a new car when all is said and done. This girl ain't going nowhere for a while.

ANDERSON

Oh no!

Dwight pulls out a clipboard and starts writing on it.

DWIGHT

Yeah, to be honest, you might be better off walking from here on out. I reckon you did more monetary damage to your car than I could do to the average house with an act of God.

ANDERSON

Walking?

DWIGHT

Hell, a new pair of shoes is going to cost a lot less than just replacing one of your wheels. You might be able to afford enough shoes to walk around the globe before you fixed this baby.

Anderson looks down at his shoes.

ANDERSON

Walk.

DWIGHT You might want to ask the experts in here, but I've seen my share of wrecks and you just made the top ten.

ANDERSON You're right. I could walk from here.

DWIGHT Walk where?

ANDERSON The Grand Canyon.

DWIGHT No offense, but I wouldn't trust you to walk around the corner at this point.

ANDERSON I made it this far. I could walk. It wouldn't be that bad.

Dwight pulls off a piece of paper from his clipboard and hands it to Anderson.

DWIGHT Get a cab. Buy a new car. Do anything but walk. You'll thank me later.

Anderson looks at the paper.

ANDERSON What's this?

DWIGHT It's a bill. For services rendered.

ANDERSON \$2500! Are you kidding me?

DWIGHT I told you it was going to cost you.

ANDERSON Forget it. I'm not paying that.

DWIGHT Then how about I take that car and dump it right back in the woods where I found it?

Anderson reaches in his pocket and grabs his keys.

ANDERSON How about this. You take these keys, you pay to fix that car up, and when you get it running nice and good and have it purring like a kitten, why don't you put it in 5th gear and drive it up your own ass. How about that?

Dwight eyes the keys. He snatches them.

DWIGHT Deal! Except I might have trouble driving it up my own ass. Maybe I will just drive it down the road and keep it inside the lines like a good little boy.

Anderson grabs for his keys.

ANDERSON You can't just take my car like that.

DWIGHT Well, let me put it this way. You have thirty days to pay that balance before I go down to the DMV and get a salvage title in order to pay off any debt you may owe on that car. In this case, you owe twenty-five hundred dollars before you get this little piece of machinery back. ANDERSON Is this how you treat everyone that comes here?

DWIGHT This is how I treat people who wasted almost a whole day of my life looking for a car in the woods. Clock is ticking. 30 days.

ANDERSON Fine. We'll see what my lawyer has to say about this.

Anderson turns and walks back toward Babbitt's Sporting Goods. He pulls out his cell phone and dials a number as he walks.

INT. BABBITT'S SPORTING GOODS - DAY

Anderson walks in, hanging up his phone. Malia sees him and starts shaking her head.

MALIA No returns. All sales are final.

ANDERSON I don't want to return them.

MALIA

I saw your bus crashed. Good job holding that bus driver back so the other guy could punch him.

ANDERSON I wasn't trying to do that. It just . . . happened.

She smiles.

MALIA I know. I was just giving you a hard time. So what's up? Why are you back in here?

ANDERSON I need a good pair of walking shoes. Hiking boots. Something like that.

MALIA Hiking boots?

Her eyes narrow.

MALIA (CONT'D) What are you thinking of doing? ANDERSON I'm going to walk to the Grand Canyon.

MALIA Don't be silly. What are you really going to do?

ANDERSON

I'm serious. I've been in this town for 3 days and the only time I've gotten anywhere was by walking. Every time I get in a car I end up walking anyway. Might as well see all the sights along the way.

She looks down her nose at him.

MALIA

Is something wrong with you? Are you suicidal?

ANDERSON Not that I know of.

MALIA

So why walk to the Grand Canyon? What kind of car did you wreck? Was it something nice?

ANDERSON Yeah, it was pretty nice. A Mercedes.

MALIA A *new* Mercedes?

ANDERSON Newer. Yes.

MALIA So you obviously have money. Why don't you just rent a car. Or buy one?

ANDERSON

Like I said, every time I get in a car, I end up walking anyway. Last time I checked, it was really hard to wreck while you're walking.

Malia thinks about this.

MALIA You sure I don't need to call the psych ward? To see if someone escaped? ANDERSON

I promise you I am not crazy. In fact, I am having a moment of clarity right now. My brother and I are going to walk to the Grand Canyon.

Malia looks around.

MALIA Where's your brother?

Anderson spins around and shows her the backpack.

ANDERSON In here. His ashes.

MALIA

His ashes?

ANDERSON

Yes. He passed about a week ago. He was supposed to run in some triathlon they have here.

MALIA

Oh yeah, the Mt. Humphreys. That brings a lot of business here. He was a triathlete, huh?

ANDERSON

Yes. He was into all of that fitness stuff. I never cared for it myself.

MALIA So now you think you ought to take on a 75 mile walk to make up for that?

ANDERSON What better time to start? Right?

Malia looks at him for a long second.

MALIA

You're out of your mind. But let me show you some shoes. Crazy people's money spends just like a same one's.

They walk over to the shoe department and picks up a hiking boot.

MALIA (CONT'D) These are the best ones we carry.

ANDERSON Sold. Let me strap them on so I can get started. Malia looks at him hard, then turns and walks into the stockroom.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) You know my size, right?

MALIA (O.S.) Size 11. Got it.

ANDERSON

Nice memory.

He sets the shopping bags down, sits on the bench and unties his shoes. Malia comes out with his shoes. She tosses him the box. He catches it clumsily.

MALIA What are you going to do with your other shoes? The ones you just bought earlier.

ANDERSON I guess I will just keep them with me as a backup pair. Just in case.

She leans up against a fixture.

MALIA You have no idea what you're in for, do you?

ANDERSON Yeah, a stroll to the Grand Canyon.

MALIA Stroll, right. So, how do you plan on eating while you're out there?

ANDERSON I'll just stop at a restaurant or something. No big deal.

MALIA

Right. A restaurant in the middle of 75 miles of wilderness. What about water? How are you going to stay hydrated?

ANDERSON I'll just buy a gallon before I leave. Carry it with me.

MALIA One gallon for 75 miles, makes sense. And what are you going to do at night? Sleep under a rock?

ANDERSON I hadn't really-- MALIA And what if it rains? You have rain gear?

ANDERSON

No, I--

MALIA Got a first aid kit, in case you get blisters or fall and break your ankle?

ANDERSON

I didn't--

MALIA Maps? A compass in case you get lost?

ANDERSON I'm not going to get lost. All I do is follow the road, right?

MALIA

Isn't that all you were doing when you lost your car? Following the road?

ANDERSON Yeah, but that's different. That was an accident.

MALIA Okay, so what about toilet paper? A jacket? It gets cold at night here, you know. You're at 7000 feet. Not exactly San Antonio, **Texas** weather.

Anderson finishes lacing up the boots. He stands up and walks around the store.

ANDERSON I'll be fine. I made it this far. I'm not going to fall apart with only 75 miles to go. But you'd better sell me a tent, just in case.

MALIA And a backpack?

ANDERSON I have a backpack.

She pulls a metal-framed backpack off a wall display and tosses it to him.

No, genius, a *real* backpack, that will actually hold all the stuff you're going to need.

He sets the backpack down.

ANDERSON I don't need anything but a tent and some water.

MALIA

Okay then, you're going to need a real backpack to hold all the stuff you'll wish you had once you get out there in the forest.

ANDERSON Fine, throw in a backpack, too. Anything else?

He picks the backpack up and inspects it.

MALIA Nope, unless you know a good psychiatrist to keep you from doing the dumbest thing you've ever done in your life.

He sets the backpack down.

ANDERSON The dumbest thing I ever did was not living my life. I've been doing that for years. This is the smartest thing I could ever do.

EXT. BABBITT'S SPORTING GOODS - DAY - LATER

Anderson opens the front door and walks out. He wears all new clothes, the new backpack and new shoes. The backpack is stuffed to the gills. He smiles widely. Malia follows him out the front door.

> MALIA Anderson, are you sure you want to do this?

> ANDERSON I've never been more sure about anything in my life. You sure you don't want to come?

> MALIA No. I can't. And I wouldn't even if I could.

ANDERSON Well, you know where I'll be if you change your mind. On the road to the Grand Canyon.

MALIA Well, good luck, I guess.

ANDERSON Thanks. But I won't need it.

Anderson turns and walks down the street. Malia watches him for a couple of seconds before:

MALIA Anderson! The Grand Canyon is this way!

She points in the opposite direction as the one he walks in. He turns around without missing a beat and walks the correct direction.

ANDERSON I was just making sure you were paying attention.

MALIA Good luck.

ANDERSON Thanks Malia. Take care.

MALIA

You too.

Anderson continues down the street away from the store.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE #2 - DAY

Anderson walks out of the store with a gallon of water. He ties it to the back of his pack and walks off down the road.

INT. BABBITT'S SPORTING GOODS - DAY

Malia works alone in the empty store. She smiles.

MALIA (to herself) Walk to the Grand Canyon. Silly.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180 - DAY

Anderson passes the Flagstaff city limits sign. He still smiles.

Malia smiles to herself. She looks out the window and shakes her head.

MALIA (to herself) Sun'll be setting soon.

She goes back to work.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180 - DUSK

Anderson walks outside of the shoulder on the gravel next to the road. Cars whiz past him. The long shadows of large pine trees cover the road.

> ANDERSON It's getting chilly Artemis. Glad she talked me into the jacket.

He sets the backpack down, unzips it, grabs a new jacket out of the pack and puts it on. He zips up the pack and puts it back on.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) See, no problem. And we're on our way again.

INT. BABBITT'S SPORTING GOODS - NIGHT

Malia closes and locks the front door. She looks up at the dark sky and shakes her head.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180 - NIGHT

Anderson walks with his head down as cars whiz past him. He lifts his head and sees a neon sign ahead. It reads "Ski Lift Lodge" in 1960's style lettering. He perks up.

ANDERSON A hotel Artemis. Ha ha! We are in business, brother, we are in business!

He picks up the pace.

INT. SKI LIFT LODGE - NIGHT

Anderson walks into the restaurant/bar/lobby of the hotel, all contained in one single room. GEORGE, an aging hippie, walks from behind the counter in the restaurant.

GEORGE Hello there! What can I do for you?

ANDERSON I need a room and a drink.

GEORGE I've got both. Which would you like first? I need to know which counter to stand behind.

ANDERSON Let's go with the drink first. No sense beating around the bush.

GEORGE A man after my own heart. Let me see what I can drum up for you.

George walks from behind the counter of the restaurant and stands behind the counter of the bar.

ANDERSON How about four fingers of whiskey and a beer chaser?

GEORGE Wow! One of those days, huh? Coming right up.

George makes the drinks and passes them to Anderson, who sits at the bar without taking his pack off. He takes a sip of the whiskey and smiles.

> ANDERSON Now that hits the spot. You sir are a fantastic maker of adult beverages. Did anyone ever tell you that?

GEORGE I tell myself all the time, but since I rarely listen to me it all goes in one ear and out the other.

ANDERSON I know the feeling.

GEORGE So what brings you here on this lovely night?

ANDERSON Well, I'm walking to the Grand Canyon with my brother's ashes.

GEORGE

Walking?

ANDERSON

Walking.

GEORGE

Now that is a new one to me. Sir, I applaud you. You will, no doubt, see more of Arizona than any of these other fools who go whizzing "Look at the trees, look at the trees." A man after my own heart.

ANDERSON

Don't go applauding too hard. It's more of a walk of necessity than a vision quest, that's for sure.

GEORGE Ah, but a vision quest can start anywhere, for any reason. I'm sure you'll find that out.

ANDERSON

I hope so.

George pours himself a drink and takes a sip.

GEORGE So consider the next drink to be on the house, if you so choose. We can't send you on a vision quest without getting you in the right frame of mind. Besides, I hate to drink alone. Well, I don't hate it, but it sure is more fun with other people around.

INT. MALIA'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Malia drives along highway 180, looking for Anderson.

EXT. SKI LIFT LODGE - NIGHT

Malia pulls into the parking lot, parks and gets out of her car.

INT. SKI LIFT LODGE - NIGHT

Malia walks in timidly. George stands behind the bar with a half-empty cocktail in hand. An empty glass sits on the counter in front of a bar stool with Anderson's backpack next to it.

> GEORGE Well hello there. How are you this fine evening?

MALIA I'm good, thanks for asking.

She spies the backpack on the floor.

GEORGE What can I do for you?

MALIA I'm looking for a man.

GEORGE Can't say I know what that feels like, but why don't you pull up a chair and tell me all about it? What did he look like?

MALIA Well, he was walking, and he had a backpack just like that one.

She points to the backpack.

GEORGE Just like that one? What are the odds?

A toilet FLUSHES near the bar and Anderson walks out of the bathroom drying his hands. His eyes light up when he sees Malia.

ANDERSON Hey! It's you! What are you doing here?

Malia looks a bit self-conscious.

MALIA (to herself) What am I doing here?

(to Anderson) Just making sure you weren't dead on the side of the road somewhere.

ANDERSON Not yet. But the journey is still young, right George?

He and George laugh. Malia looks out of place.

MALIA Well, I guess you made it this far, I can go home now and sleep in peace.

ANDERSON Don't be ridiculous. Come have a drink with me and my friend George here.

I don't drink.

ANDERSON Good, because you drove here. So come have a glass of water or a virgin daiguiri or something. George will whip one up for you, won't you George?

GEORGE I don't know how to make any of those fancy drinks, but for you Miss, I will learn.

Malia weighs her options.

MALIA I'll just have a diet soda.

She walks up to the bar and pulls up the stool next to Anderson.

ANDERSON Put it on my tab George.

EXT. SKI LIFT LODGE - NIGHT - LATER

Drunken laughter comes from the building. The door opens and Anderson walks drunkenly out of the bar. Malia follows him closely. George follows them out.

> GEORGE You sure you can find his cabin?

Malia looks at the room key with the number 23 on it.

MALIA Yep, just match the number here on this room key to the number on the side of the cabin, right?

George puts his fingertip on the end of his nose.

GEORGE

Bingo!

MALIA Thanks George.

GEORGE Goodnight you two. It was a pleasure talking to you.

ANDERSON Good night to you George. The pleasure was all mine. Oh boy, something's happening. Anderson leans up against the railing on the deck and slides down the slanted handrail until he is laying on his back in the parking lot. George doubles over in laughter. Malia walks to his side.

> MALIA Very funny Anderson. Get up. Let me take you to your cabin.

ANDERSON Look at all the stars. There are millions of them.

Malia looks up into the cloudless night sky. The stars look close enough to touch.

MALIA (matronly) Yeah, they're beautiful. Now let's get you to your room.

ANDERSON But I've never *seen* the stars like this before.

He reaches his hand up as if trying to pluck one out of the sky.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

I want one.

He closes one eye and points at the sky.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I want that one.

He points to different stars.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) And I want that one for Artemis. And I want that one for George.

He points to the brightest star.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) And I want that one for you.

Malia grabs his outstretched hand and pulls him upright.

MALIA Give it to me when you're sober, tough guy. Let's go.

He stands up and leans on her heavily. They make their way to cabin 23.

ANDERSON This is fun. Walking to the Grand Canyon is fun. MALIA We'll see how you feel about it in a couple of days.

ANDERSON Will you be around to ask me how I feel about it?

MALIA

Why?

Anderson pokes her playfully on the tip of the nose.

ANDERSON Because I *like* you Malia. You make walking fun. Hey, remember that star I wanted to give to you?

MALIA

Yes.

Anderson points to the sky without looking.

ANDERSON It's up there. With my brother.

They reach cabin 23. Malia unlocks and opens the door.

MALIA You're home now Anderson. Time to sleep it off.

ANDERSON Aren't you coming in? To make sure I'm okay?

MALIA You look like you are more than okay right now. Go on, sleep it off. You've got a long day of walking ahead of you tomorrow.

ANDERSON Okay. I will. I will go to sleep. And I will walk to the Grand Canyon tomorrow.

MALIA Do it for Artemis.

ANDERSON I do everything for Artemis. And the beer we're going to have together.

She pushes him gently through the door.

MALIA Okay, you do that. Have a good night Anderson. ANDERSON

No, you have a good night. Maybe I will see you again tomorrow.

MALIA

Yeah, maybe.

Malia closes the door and walks away.

INT. ANDERSON'S CABIN - EARLY MORNING

Anderson rolls over in bed, fully clothed on top of the covers. He snaps awake, unsure of his surroundings.

ANDERSON What the hell?

He jumps up from the bed and immediately grabs his head.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Ow!

He steadies himself against a windowsill. He looks out the window to the pine forest beyond. He looks around the rustic room. His backpack is missing.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Artemis!

He searches the room frantically. The backpack is gone. He bolts from the room.

INT. SKI LIFT LODGE - MORNING

George sits in the empty restaurant, sipping coffee. Anderson throws open the door. George looks up at Anderson and smiles.

> GEORGE Hey! There he is! How's it going Anderson?

George looks familiar to Anderson, but not enough to know his name.

ANDERSON Hi, good morning, um, sir. Did you happen to find a backpack in here?

George gets up and goes behind the bar. He holds the backpack up.

GEORGE Oh yes, I sure did. You left it in here last night. Anderson goes over and takes the backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Thank you. Thank you very much.

GEORGE Can I get you something to eat? Some breakfast? You've got a long walk ahead of you today.

ANDERSON A long walk? Oh yeah, the Grand Canyon. Yeah, breakfast sounds good. Just cook me up whatever the special is. I'm gonna grab a shower.

GEORGE Sure thing. It'll be ready when you get back.

Anderson leaves.

INT. SKI LIFT LODGE - MORNING - LATER

Anderson, dressed in new, clean hiking clothes, finishes up his plate. He is more aware of his surroundings now.

ANDERSON Delicious. That really hit the spot. Now I'm ready for the road.

He gets up and grabs his backpack. He spies the water bottle hanging from it and grabs it.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Do you mind if I fill this up before I go. I'll probably need some water on the way, you think?

GEORGE By all means my friend. By all means. Let me get that for you.

George takes the water bottle into the kitchen.

EXT. SKI LIFT LODGE - MORNING

Anderson walks out with his backpack strapped on. He gives George a friendly wave goodbye and he trudges off down the road. George watches him with a look of amusement, then:

> GEORGE (yelling through cupped hands) (MORE)

GEORGE (CONT'D) Anderson! The Grand Canyon is that way!

George points the opposite direction of where Anderson is walking. Anderson spins around good-naturedly and points at George.

ANDERSON Just testing you George. Just a test. You passed.

Anderson walks off in the correct direction.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180 - DAY

Anderson walks briskly, happily among the pine trees that line the side of the two-lane highway. Cars whiz past. His water bottle is full.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180 - DAY - NOON

Anderson walks more slowly. The water bottle is more than half empty. The sun beats down on him. He looks up at it helplessly and trudges on.

INT. BABBITT'S SPORTING GOODS - DAY

Malia checks the clock often at work. When the clock strikes 3PM a co-worker, PENNY, comes in.

PENNY

Hi Malia.

MALIA

Hi Penny. Hey, I hate to do this to you, but do you mind if I take off a little early today? I've got an appointment I need to keep.

PENNY No problem. See you tomorrow.

MALIA

Thanks Penny.

Malia grabs her keys and leaves the store.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180 - DAY - LATER

Anderson sits leaning against a tree with his backpack next to him. He looks on in disdain as car after car flies past him toward the Grand Canyon. He pours the last of his water into his mouth and looks longingly at the empty bottle. ANDERSON All gone Artemis. The water's all gone.

He roots around in the backpack. He throws his hands up in disgust.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I can't believe I didn't pack any food. Why didn't I listen to Malia about all of this stuff? I should have just taken a cab.

A car with a bike on the roof slows as it passes, but speeds up and drives off.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Yeah, screw you too. I don't want your stupid help anyway, asshole.

He looks at his watch. 3:55 PM.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I guess I should walk a little further before we pitch a tent for the night. Maybe there's a town up ahead or something.

Anderson picks up the backpack, slings it over his back and walks.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180 - DAY - LATER

Malia?

ANDERSON'S POV

Anderson walks on the side of the road. A bike appears in the distance, riding towards him. He stops. The bike comes closer. The rider wears a backpack similar to his.

ANDERSON

Malia pulls up to him on the bike and stops.

MALIA You're never going to make it to the Grand Canyon if your feet aren't moving.

Anderson looks at his feet, firmly planted in the dirt on the side of the road.

ANDERSON What are you doing here?

MALIA Making sure you stay alive long enough to get to where you're going.
She pulls her backpack off and hands him a gallon bottle of water. He guzzles it for several seconds.

MALIA (CONT'D) I saw you on the side of the road back there, taking a little siesta.

ANDERSON What? Oh, the tree. Yeah. I was resting.

MALIA You've got to move faster than that if you want to get there, you know.

ANDERSON Oh I'll get there. How far have I gone today?

MALIA About thirteen miles, give or take.

ANDERSON And yesterday?

MALIA

Eight.

ANDERSON So I still have, what, 35 miles to go or something?

MALIA Try 55. I hope you're not an accountant.

Anderson hands the water bottle back to her.

ANDERSON Thanks for this. But 55 miles? Are you kidding me?

She refuses the water.

MALIA That's yours. Hey, you'd be there already if you'd waited for the next bus. Or taken a cab.

ANDERSON I need to walk.

She looks at his feet.

MALIA So let's walk.

She turns her bike around deftly on one wheel and starts walking toward the Canyon, pushing her bike. He hesitates.

ANDERSON What are you doing?

MALIA I'm walking with you. You are walking aren't you?

He catches up to her.

Good.

ANDERSON Yeah, but . . . How'd you get here?

MALIA I drove. Then I rode. My car is a ways up the road.

ANDERSON Well . . . thanks. I could use the company.

MALIA

They walk in silence for several seconds. He hefts the water bottle.

ANDERSON You know I haven't peed yet at all today.

MALIA

Wow. You are a brilliant conversationalist. Did you take classes on that?

ANDERSON

No. I just--I drank over a gallon of water today. I never drink a gallon of water. I thought I would be stopping to pee all the time. But I haven't. It's amazing.

MALIA Yeah, it really is amazing.

ANDERSON

Look, I just want to say thank you. Thank you for coming out to make sure I'm okay.

MALIA

You're welcome. I couldn't have it on my conscience knowing you were out here all alone without knowing anything about what was in store for you.

ANDERSON You know a lot about camping and wilderness survival, huh? MALIA

I wouldn't say a lot. But I know enough to keep myself, and you, alive out here.

ANDERSON What kind of fancy stuff do you have in that backpack of yours?

Malia looks over her shoulder at her pack.

MALIA

Dinner.

ANDERSON

For you?

MALIA

For both of us. And I brought you some food for tomorrow. I figured you wouldn't have brought any.

ANDERSON

Oh my God you're the best. You're an angel. The only way you could possibly be more of an angel would be if you told me you had a drink in there.

She points to the water bottle.

MALIA There's a drink.

Anderson laughs it off.

ANDERSON No, I mean a DRINK. An adult beverage of some sort.

MALIA

What sort?

ANDERSON

Any sort.

Anderson salivates at the thought of a drink. Malia catches this.

> MALIA Sorry Anderson. Only water. It's the best thing for you out here.

> > ANDERSON

Yeah but--

MALIA Trust me. It's the best thing for you.

She speeds her pace. Anderson falls behind a few steps.

ANDERSON Malia, I really need a drink.

MALIA You don't need a drink. You need to walk.

ANDERSON No, I don't just need a drink. I **need** a drink.

She stops and looks back at him.

MALIA I was worried about that. It's a shame.

She turns back forward and starts walking.

ANDERSON Well? Can you help me?

She stops again and roots in her backpack. Anderson rubs his hands together happily. She pulls out a bottle of Gatorade.

MALIA

Here you go.

She tosses the Gatorade to him. He catches it and looks at it with disdain.

ANDERSON What is this?

MALIA

Gatorade.

ANDERSON Is there vodka in it?

MALIA No, electrolytes. Those are much better for you.

ANDERSON I don't think you heard me, I **need** a drink.

She spins on him.

MALIA Well then you should have thought of that before you decided to walk to the Grand Canyon alone, shouldn't you?

ANDERSON

Can you help me though? With the drink?

MALIA

Absolutely not. I'd like to think I'm helping you more by not getting you the drink. You needed water, I gave it to you. You wanted something else, I gave that to you.

ANDERSON

But I--

MALIA

If you want a drink so bad, why don't you turn around and walk back to that bar you were at last night. The one you had so much fun at, acting like an idiot.

ANDERSON Malia, I can't help it.

MALIA Bullshit you can't.

Anderson stands motionless, helpless.

ANDERSON I can't. I drink. I'm a drinker. I'm . . .

MALIA Go ahead, finish.

ANDERSON I'm a drunk.

MALIA

Exactly. So that Gatorade will help you when you start to detox from all the alcohol in your body.

ANDERSON But I'm not drunk now. I don't need to detox.

MALIA The hell you don't. You needed to detox years before you met me, you just didn't know it yet.

Anderson throws down the Gatorade.

ANDERSON Did you just come out here to lecture me about what I should and shouldn't be doing with my life? (MORE)

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Is that why you drove all the way out here?

Malia takes note of the Gatorade on the ground.

MALIA

No. I came out here because I thought it would be nice to get to know you better. But I can see that there is nothing to you but money and alcohol. Not exactly an onion are you?

ANDERSON

An onion?

MALIA

No layers to peel away. All you seem to be is a rich guy who drinks too much and has a dead brother he carries around in a backpack.

ANDERSON Well maybe that's all I am. Maybe that's all I'll ever be.

He drops his backpack to the ground.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) All I've ever done is work. All I ever wanted to do was make our business bigger. It was his idea to sell it all.

He kicks the backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) He made me sell the only thing I was.

Malia steps closer.

MALIA Tell me about your business.

ANDERSON We started it together. Just some floor coverings, you know? Some tile, some carpet. I sold the stuff, he installed it. I made the monoy he made the guard here we worked hard, grew it to the biggest company of its kind in Texas. He just knew how to turn it off. I could never turn it off. This is the first vacation I've taken in years.

He gestures to the backpack and the highway next to him.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) This! This is my vacation. And I'm here because of him, because I couldn't think of anyplace to go on my own.

Malia picks up the backpack.

MALIA So you're doing all of this for him? All of this walking?

ANDERSON I'm doing it because I promised him I would have a beer with him at the bottom of the Grand Canyon the night he died.

Anderson picks up the Gatorade, opens it and takes a drink.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) God. You know how jealous I was of him?

He takes the backpack from Malia, puts it on and starts to walk.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Who is jealous of their younger brother? Who looks up to their younger brother? Me. Me. He was the good looking one. He was the athlete. He was the one who got all the girls. He was the one who <u>did</u> everything. I just sat back and lived through him.

Malia picks up her bike and catches up to him.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) And I'm still living through him. All I do is live through him. You talk about an onion, here's a news flash: I'm nothing. All that money is for nothing, I don't know how to enjoy it. All I know how to do is make more of it. I have never done anything.

MALIA So if you could do anything in the world, what would you do?

ANDERSON It doesn't matter what I would do. I wasted all of my chances to do anything.

MALIA You haven't wasted anything. You have money. (MORE) MALIA (CONT'D) You can do whatever you want. You can do more than most people could ever dream.

ANDERSON Yeah, except I'm dying.

MALIA

Dying?

ANDERSON

I'm dying. I have early onset Alzheimer's disease. Even if I ever did something I wouldn't remember it someday. I've never done anything worthy of forgetting. That's what this whole stupid trip was about. This whole damn thing is about me trying to have something that won't go away. It always goes away.

Malia looks at him for a long second.

MALIA Well, as far as I can tell, you're not dead yet. Even if it does go away, you've got something in front of you.

She points to the road in front of him.

MALIA (CONT'D) So what are you going to do about that?

Anderson hefts the Gatorade. He starts walking.

ANDERSON I guess I'm going to go see what's on the other side of that corner up ahead.

MALIA And do you mind if I join you?

ANDERSON I would love it if you joined me.

They walk.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) So what's your story? How'd you end up where you are?

MALIA Ugh, long story.

ANDERSON I'm not going anywhere.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180, MALIA'S CAR - DUSK

Malia's car is parked on the shoulder of the road, safely off the highway. She and Anderson approach it.

MALIA This is my car. Looks like I'm done for the night.

ANDERSON You sure you don't want to spend the night out here with me?

MALIA Can't. I have the early shift tomorrow morning. I need to get back to Flagstaff.

ANDERSON I could--I could pay you to take the day off.

MALIA No. No you couldn't. I will need that job long after you've moved on with your life.

ANDERSON No, I mean I--

MALIA Do you want me to help you set up your tent?

ANDERSON No, I can get it. It can't be that hard, can it?

Malia puts her bike deftly on the bike carrier on her car.

MALIA Absolutely not, but I feel like I should help you.

ANDERSON You already have. I can't thank you enough.

MALIA Good, because I will be back tomorrow to make sure you're heading the right direction.

ANDERSON

Really?

MALIA Really. Good night Anderson. And good luck. She shakes his hand and gets in her car.

MALIA (CONT'D) See you tomorrow?

ANDERSON

Definitely.

MALIA You'd better be miles down the road from here.

ANDERSON I promise I will be.

Malia pulls a gallon of water out of her car and hands it to Anderson.

MALIA

This is for you. For tomorrow. It will keep you alive until I can find you.

ANDERSON

Thank you.

Malia starts her car and pulls out onto the highway. She does a 180 and heads back the way she came. She waves as she drives off.

EXT. CAMPSITE - EARLY MORNING

The sun creeps over the mountains and the world wakes up. Anderson sleeps on top of his unmade tent and wakes slowly as the sun hits him. He sits up and looks around.

ANDERSON Nature, huh?

,

He looks at his backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Shoulda stayed in that hotel.

He moves to stand up but a butterfly catches his eye. It flutters whimsically. He sits and watches as it makes the rounds of his campsite.

> ANDERSON (CONT'D) (hushed) Do you see this Artemis?

The butterfly lands on a plant near Anderson, its wings like stained glass in the sunlight. Anderson stares with childlike wonder. He reaches out to the plant slowly. The butterfly walks onto his outstretched fingers. He moves his hand closer to his face and he stares in amazement at the butterfly's wings before the butterfly flies away. Wow.

He gets up and packs his campsite and his backpack.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I could really use a drink right now Artemis, you know? I wish you were more than ashes right now.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180 - MORNING

Anderson walks.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180 - DAY

Anderson walks a little slower than before.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180 - AFTERNOON

Anderson drinks the last of the water. He throws the empty bottle on the side of the road, thinks about it, then picks it up and hangs it from his backpack by a strap. His hands shake a bit.

He looks at the road ahead, the terrain has changed from tall pine trees to a high desert scrub. There is nothing but the road ahead as far as he can see.

ANDERSON Come on. We can do this.

Malia's car drives by, slows, then picks up speed and forges ahead.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Malia.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180 - LATER

Malia rides her bike up to Anderson, who is moving very slowly by this point.

MALIA Hi Anderson!

ANDERSON

Malia.

He drops his backpack to the ground and collapses on it, using it as a chair.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) You made it. MALIA You made it.

ANDERSON How'd I do today?

MALIA Fifteen miles. Not bad.

ANDERSON Fifteen? That's it?

MALIA Hey, that's pretty good for an old, dying drunk if you ask me.

ANDERSON Speaking of drunk--

MALIA I brought you a Gatorade. Nothing more potent than that.

ANDERSON Ahh, well, it was worth a shot. A shot.

MALIA Let's go Anderson. I'm parked about a mile up. I found a good spot for a campsite.

ANDERSON I don't want to do this anymore.

MALIA Tough shit. I didn't put more than 100 miles on my car to have you quit on me.

Anderson gestures to the world around him.

ANDERSON No. I don't want to do this anymore.

Malia freezes, closes her eyes. Finally:

MALIA Anderson, are you saying what I think you're saying?

Anderson stands defiant.

ANDERSON You know exactly what I'm saying. I'm tired of it all. I want it all to stop. Malia stares him down. Pain and seething rage in her eyes and voice.

MALIA You fucking pussy. You small, weak, selfish bastard. I can't believe I wasted my time on you. I can't believe I let you in.

She gets on her bike to leave. Anderson grabs her by the arm.

ANDERSON

Wait.

MALIA No wait. I'm leaving. I've wasted enough time on you.

ANDERSON Please, wait. Don't leave me. Malia, please don't leave me.

MALIA

Why shouldn't I leave you? You were just talking about leaving me and everyone else like it was nothing. Why don't I just make it easier for us both.

ANDERSON I didn't mean it. I'm just tired. I'm so, so tired.

MALIA We're all tired Anderson. Every single last one of us is tired. But we don't quit like that.

ANDERSON I don't want to quit. I just feel like I have to.

MALIA You **have** to? Are you kidding me? No one has to quit, they just decide to.

ANDERSON I'm not quitting. I just--I really need a drink. Just a small one. To get me through.

MALIA To get you through what? The time between that drink and the next one?

ANDERSON

I--

MALIA

You know why I am here, alone, in this small town in the middle of nowhere with nothing to show for my life? I am here because I married a wonderful man who, like you, needed a drink to get through the day. And he sometimes needed drinks to get through the night. And when the drinks finally weren't enough to get him through, he started with meth. Then crack. Then, finally, heroin. He killed himself with a needle in the bathroom of our house.

ANDERSON

Malia, I'm sorry. I had no idea.

MALIA

And he left me with nothing. Not even a goodbye. Just a cold body leaning over the side of the bathtub. He just quit on me. Why do people keep quitting on me?

ANDERSON

Malia, I don't want to quit on you. I don't want to quit on anything. I just feel like I can't go on.

MALIA

Well, you're going to have to. I left all the food I brought in the car. You can either quit right here and starve to death or you can get moving and think about quitting tomorrow. Either way, I don't need this shit in my life.

She pedals away before Anderson can stop her.

ANDERSON Malia! Don't go!

She rides off into the distance.

EXT. CAMPSITE 2 - LATER

A plastic bag filled with food sits on the ground next to a full gallon of water. Anderson walks slowly up to the bag and opens it. He surveys the area.

ANDERSON I guess this is where she wants us to camp Artemis.

He drops his backpack and starts to make camp.

EXT. CAMPSITE 2 - MORNING

Anderson looks out of his tent at the early morning sun. He pulls his head back into the tent.

EXT. CAMPSITE 2 - EVENING

The sun sets with no movement from the tent.

EXT. CAMPSITE 2 - MORNING

The tent still hasn't showed any signs of life. An intermittent "WHIZZING" sound comes from OS.

INT. TENT - SAME

Anderson lays on his back with his hands behind his head, eyes closed. More "WHIZZING" noises from OS. Anderson finally opens his eyes. He slowly raises from his sleeping bag and opens the tent to peer outside.

EXT. CAMPSITE 2 - SAME

A racing bicycle speeds past the campsite with the familiar "WHIZZING" noise. Anderson exits the tent and sits on a rock, staring at the road. Another bike whizzes past. There is a bicycle race on.

Anderson goes to the tent and pulls out the backpack. He sets it on the ground beside him.

ANDERSON This was your thing, wasn't it? This was your race.

A BICYCLIST with a problem with his seat pulls off the road near Anderson and adjusts his seatpost. Anderson watches intently.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) You in a race or something?

BICYCLIST Yeah. The Mount Humphrey's Triathlon.

The bicyclist jumps back on his bike and pedals down the road away from Anderson.

ANDERSON Where you headed?

BICYCLIST The finish line.

The bicyclist pedals out of sight. Anderson marinates on this sentence for a long while.

ANDERSON The finish line. Alright, you win.

Anderson gets up and begins tearing down his campsite.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE #3

Anderson walks to the door of the rustic store. This is the happiest we've seen him.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE #3

Anderson roams the aisles, giddy with excitement. He looks in the coolers for beer. All of the beer coolers are empty. He turns to the RUSTIC CLERK.

> ANDERSON You guys have any beer here?

RUSTIC CLERK No sir. We lost our liquor license.

ANDERSON You're kidding me.

RUSTIC CLERK

No sir.

ANDERSON No really. You're kidding me, right? There's no beer here?

RUSTIC CLERK

No sir.

ANDERSON Bottle of anything else? Tequila, vodka, gin, lighter fluid?

RUSTIC CLERK Nothing worth drooling over. About the hardest thing we have here are some of those new energy drinks.

ANDERSON Any alcohol in those drinks?

RUSTIC CLERK Just a shitload of caffeine from what I can tell.

Anderson is crushed. He grabs a Gatorade and two gallons of water.

ANDERSON How much further to the Grand Canyon?

RUSTIC CLERK

You walking?

ANDERSON

Yes sir.

RUSTIC CLERK You got a ways to go.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE #3

Anderson exits the store with a bag of food, 4 gallons of water and several bottles of Gatorade. He sits his bags down on the walk in front of the store and works out the logistics of carrying all of it.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180 - DAY (OPENING SCENE REPLAYED)

Anderson walks. He is dirty from the road and has developed a limp. Three empty gallons of water sway from his backpack.

He throws the backpack down and sits on it. He pulls off a shoe revealing a blood-soaked sock. His hands tremor. He tries to shake the tremors out but can't.

ANDERSON

Dammit.

He peels the sock off. Several nasty blisters cover his foot. He pours water on them and replaces the sock. A truck approaches. It stops, a window rolls down.

STRANGER D'you need a ride there? It's an awful hot day to be hiking out here.

ANDERSON No thanks. I'm walking.

STRANGER It's miles to the nearest town. You sure you don't want a lift?

ANDERSON I can't. But thank you.

STRANGER

You can't?

ANDERSON I can't. I appreciate the offer though. Anderson puts his shoe back on.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I need to walk.

Anderson walks past the car. The stranger hesitates when he sees Anderson's hands tremor. He pulls his truck up next to Anderson.

STRANGER You sure?

ANDERSON I'm sure. Thank you for your concern. But I need to walk.

STRANGER Well . . . suit yourself.

Anderson waves as the car drives away. He sets his shoulders, lowers his head and slowly walks down the road.

ANDERSON Shoulda taken that ride Artemis. See what you make me do? You and your finish lines.

EXT. HIGHWAY 180

COLLAGE as Anderson walks, throws up, camps, walks some more.

EXT. GRAND CANYON NATIONAL PARK ENTRANCE - DAY

Anderson, looking like he's been through hell, walks through the gates to the park.

EXT. EDGE OF CLIFF - DAY

Anderson stands dangerously close to the edge of a cliff overlooking the majestic beauty of the canyon. He surveys the landscape.

A British TOURIST walks up near him and looks over the edge.

TOURIST You know there's a better way down, right?

The tourist points to the sign indicating the Bright Angel Trailhead.

TOURIST (CONT'D) Got a trail and everything. Just thought you should know. He claps Anderson on the back and walks away. Anderson takes a deep breath, looks over the edge of the cliff and turns toward the trailhead.

EXT. BRIGHT ANGEL TRAIL - DAY

Anderson reaches a sign that states: DO NOT PASS THIS POINT WITHOUT ADEQUATE WATER. He looks at his water rations, then up the trail to the top then turns and walks past the sign further into the canyon.

ANDERSON Only got enough water for one of us, Artemis. Luckily I don't think you're thirsty yet.

EXT. PHANTOM RANCH LODGE, GRAND CANYON - DUSK

Anderson walks around the grounds of the ranch, taking it all in. He goes inside the lodge.

INT. PHANTOM RANCH LODGE, GRAND CANYON - SAME

Anderson walks to the canteen, buys one bottle of beer and walks back outside.

EXT. PHANTOM RANCH LODGE, GRAND CANYON - SAME

Anderson finds a spot near a tree and sits down underneath it. He pulls Artemis' urn from the backpack and sits it down next to him.

> ANDERSON Well, we made it. I made it.

Anderson twists the top off the beer and hefts it. His hand tremors.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) To the Grand Canyon. To the dead.

He pours a measure of beer into the ground directly in front of the urn.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) And to the dying.

He holds the beer to his lips and slowly tilts his head back to take a swig. Just as the bottle reaches his lips the urn shifts and starts to fall over. Anderson, reflexively, reaches to right the urn and pours the beer down the front of his shirt before dropping the bottle to the ground.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Shit!

ANDERSON (CONT'D) Okay, you win.

He pours another measure into the ground in front of the urn. He holds the bottle up to the setting sun, looking at the last bit in the bottom.

> ANDERSON (CONT'D) This hurts me a lot more than it hurts you.

He pours the rest of it into the ground in front of him.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) So, what now?

FADE OUT

CREDITS ROLL

INT. BABBITT'S SPORTING GOODS - DAY

Malia stocks a shelf with her back to the door. Anderson, shaved, showered, tan and looking well, walks up behind her.

ANDERSON Excuse me ma'am.

Malia spins and sees Anderson. Surprise, anger and happiness all fight for control of her face.

MALIA (coldly) I see you didn't die out there. I kept reading the paper to see if you did.

ANDERSON No, I didn't. Thanks to you.

MALIA What are you doing here?

ANDERSON I wanted to thank you. For your help.

MALIA Well, you're welcome.

ANDERSON I also wanted to know if maybe you'd like to go for a walk with me sometime. ANDERSON

Now.

MALIA I can't, I'm working now.

ANDERSON Can I show you something?

MALIA How long is this going to take?

ANDERSON Just a couple of seconds.

MALIA Okay.

Anderson leads her outside, where he has outfitted a high-end jogging stroller to carry provisions. Artemis' urn is strapped in near the handles and on the front of the stroller is a sign that reads: UNTIL I FORGET

> MALIA (CONT'D) Wow. What is this?

ANDERSON This is my brother's chariot. We're passing through on our way to San Diego.

MALIA

San Diego?

ANDERSON Neither of us has ever been there before. Figured it might be nice.

MALIA You're walking?

ANDERSON It seems to be the best way to see things at a pace I can appreciate. There's a whole lot more for me to forget now, thanks to this thing.

He reaches into a pouch in the stroller and pulls out an envelope.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) This is for you. It's a voucher for a free first-class ticket anywhere in the states. My phone number is inside. (MORE) ANDERSON (CONT'D) If you ever feel like taking a walk with me, just give me a call and I will meet you at the nearest airport.

MALIA I don't know what to say.

ANDERSON Say you'll take a walk with me someday. It doesn't have to be today. Just . . . someday.

MALIA

I--

ANDERSON I haven't had a drink since that day you left me on the side of the road. You saved my life. I'd like to take a walk with you to get to know you better.

Malia hefts the envelope thoughtfully. She smiles.

MALIA I'd like that.

ANDERSON Good. Me too.

He extends his hand for a handshake. She looks at his hand, smiles, and shakes it.

ANDERSON (CONT'D) I'll see you around sometime then.

He grabs the handles of the stroller and walks away down the street.

FADE OUT

THE END