

IDAHO

Written by

Emerson Morley

LOGLINE:

Following the sudden death of their father, two young estranged siblings must come together and build a life while battling shared childhood trauma and unresolved resentment for one another

Phone number: 669-600-1201

FADE IN:

INT/EXT. 1990 FORD F150. - EARLY EVENING

The truck is RATTLING. At a deserted stop light.

IRIS (16), witty with more attitude than height and endlessly loving - though that requires a bit of coaxing, sits in the passenger seat.

Her forehead is pressed against the window. The damn RATTLING wakes her from her sleep.

The radio CUTS OUT. OLLIE (22), smart, with a feigned sense of put-togetherness about him, SMACKS the dash.

The MUSIC returns.

Iris sits bolt upright.

OLLIE  
We're almost home.

IRIS  
My home is three states in the  
opposite direction.

Ollie sighs.

OLLIE  
We'll stop in Tame for the night.

Silence from Iris.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
It's a town we're coming up on.

IRIS  
I didn't ask.

Ollie stares. Sighs again. Turns up the MUSIC.

The RATTLING intensifies.

IRIS (CONT'D)  
There's something wrong with the  
car.

OLLIE  
What?

IRIS  
The car.

OLLIE  
What about it?

IRIS  
Does the smoke rising from the hood  
seem to indicate a vehicle in good  
condition?

OLLIE  
(slamming his hands  
against the wheel)  
C'mon! C'mon! C'mon!

The light turns green.

The car dies.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
Damn it.

IRIS  
Not so hot on being the ultimate  
parental figure now, are you?

EXT. HIGHWAY. - SUNSET

Ollie shoves open the driver's side door and storms to the  
hood, pushing it above his head.

Iris gets out, slowly wandering to where Ollie tinkers under  
the hood.

A moment of silence.

IRIS  
So not great, huh?

OLLIE  
It's smoking.

IRIS  
You smoke and you claim to be  
great.

OLLIE  
Myself and the truck are not  
synonymous.

Ollie gives a mighty tug.

OLLIE (CONT'D)  
Go try the keys.

INT/EXT. 1990 FORD F150. - NIGHT

Iris turns the key.

The engine STRUGGLES.

OLLIE (O.S.)  
TRY AGAIN!

The truck SPUTTERS violently to life. Iris holds her hands up in victory, a genuine smile lighting up her face. She looks to Ollie.

IRIS  
I'll be damned-

The truck STALLS...

Dies.

INT. MOTEL OFFICE. - NIGHT

JINGLE.

Florescence BUZZ as Ollie opens an old door. He's sweating. A duffel bag over his shoulder.

Iris follows him inside. She's got dirt on the hem of her jeans. Her hair tied atop her head. A backpack and a rolly suitcase that is now missing a wheel.

Ollie approaches a desk.

Not a soul in sight.

He RINGS the bell.

Nothing.

Ollie sighs.

BING.

A robust elderly woman with cat-eye glasses and an "IDAHO or I-THE-HO?" T shirt enters from the back office.

RECEPTIONIST  
Evening. If you're hiking the damn trail we don't let the hikers stay here. Ya'll been tracking mud all over the carpets and Benny's been complaining 'cuz he's-

OLLIE

We're not hikers. Car broke down a few miles back and we just want to wait for daylight to get her up and running again.

RECEPTIONIST

You look like hikers.

Iris holds up her suitcase, missing the wheel.

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)

Right then. One room?

(she squints)

We don't do hourly.

INT. MOTEL ROOM. - NIGHT

THUMP.

Ollie throws his duffel onto a carpeted floor beside a spattering of mystery stains.

Iris throws herself upon one of the queen beds.

OLLIE

Let's go to bed. Get an early start. Go brush your teeth.

IRIS

I'm not 7 anymore, Ollie. I know when to brush my teeth. One of the many things I picked up in your absence.

OLLIE

Can we please just go to bed and not have a moment.

IRIS

Can't tell me what to do anymore, big bro.

OLLIE

The guardianship papers say otherwise.

IRIS

Just because you have the papers doesn't mean you have my approval.

Beat.

OLLIE  
What do I have to do to get it?

Iris stares coldly.

IRIS  
I don't know.

OLLIE  
Then go to bed.

IRIS  
Don't tell me what to do.

OLLIE  
Go to bed.

IRIS  
I swear to God Ollie, don't you  
dare tell me what to do-

OLLIE  
GO TO-

IRIS  
God shut up. SHUT UP. You lost the  
right to tell me what to do the  
moment you left me alone in that  
house.

Deafening silence.

Ollie's shoulders drop.

OLLIE  
You weren't alone.

IRIS  
I was alone. And you walked out.

OLLIE  
I didn't walk out.

IRIS  
He was broken and drunk and a shit  
father and you left me in that  
house without a clue if I'd make it  
out.

OLLIE  
I didn't walk out.

IRIS  
You didn't call me.

OLLIE

Iris-

IRIS

805-365-3486. I've got that shit engraved into my skull. 805-365-3486. Used the goddamn land line when I could sneak it past him. Why didn't you pick up?

OLLIE

Please, for five seconds, shut up and hear me out.

IRIS

You had a *decade* to speak to me.  
(beat)  
First five years I would have listened.

Iris grabs her backpack and coat.

OLLIE

Iris, please.

She SLAMS the door shut.

INT/EXTERIOR. 1990 FORD F150. - NIGHT

Iris sits alone in the driver's seat of the truck. Her breath fogging in front of her. She rifles through the glove compartment. Grabs hold of a small notebook. Looking through, she sits back. Dozens of pictures of Iris growing up.

Her dad stands in the background of a few.

There's a gentle KNOCKING on the passenger side window.

Ollie stands in the cold in nothing but his t-shirt and jeans.

Iris quickly unlocks the doors. He slides inside.

IRIS

It's 30 degrees.

OLLIE

Yep.

Iris holds the notebook.

IRIS  
I didn't know Dad kept picture  
albums.

OLLIE  
He didn't.

Beat.

IRIS  
You did this?

OLLIE  
Took them all the way up until I  
left for school.

IRIS  
Why didn't you stay?

Ollie's eyes gloss.

OLLIE  
What did you think of me when you  
were a kid?

IRIS  
You were brave. Strong. Perfect.

OLLIE  
He left a lot of things broken.  
Dad. I knew there was dark stuff  
inside of me I needed to pull into  
the light, but I couldn't do it in  
front of you. In my eyes, if I  
left, at least I left you as a  
hero. I'm not saying I was right.  
But I was 18 and I had a way out.  
And I was selfish and I was wrong.

Ollie pulls his legs up to his chest in a child-like stance.

IRIS  
Sometimes I forget you were a kid  
raising a kid, Ollie.

OLLIE  
I don't know what I'm doing here.

IRIS  
Me neither.

OLLIE  
So what do we do?

IRIS  
Fix the damn truck.

OLLIE  
(smiling)  
It's a piece of shit.

IRIS  
Of course. It was Dad's.

FADE TO BLACK.