

SIDEPASS

FADE IN:

EXT. SOUTHERN UTAH, KERR RANCH, FRONT PORCH - SUNSET

LEONARD BAILEY, late 40's, in polyester pants and a dingy shirt, peers around the corner as he waits on a stump outside the front door.

In the distance, a mare in full GALLOP carries GAYLE KERR, a 38 year old woman whose simple attractiveness and athletic build are hidden behind the tightly knitted brow she bears.

Following the pair, clouds of dust rise against jagged-edged, red rock mountains, reaching a setting sun.

Swinging in the breeze, a wooden sign with dark, burned letters reads...

INSERT SIGN -- KERR RANCH and B&B.

As Gayle's horse nears the ranch, a parked car in front of the rambler sets a determined look in her eyes.

Gayle halts the galloping mare, swings her leg over the horse's side, slides off her back, unties a rifle and marches headlong for the porch.

GAYLE

Thought we had an understanding;
you aren't welcome on my property.

Gayle COCKS her rifle.

Leonard rises from the stump, glancing nervously in the direction of the rifle.

LEONARD

Property taxes are overdue. Your
mama ain't here no more. You pay
in ten days or it gets auctioned on
the courthouse steps.

With paper in hand, Leonard leans to the stump.

Gayle approaches, cocked rifle pointing in the air.

Leonard sets the paper on the stump, quickens his pace, steering clear of Gayle as he assuredly makes his way down the roughly hewn porch steps.

LEONARD

(continuing)

Oh and Gayle, your property has
been reappraised.

(MORE)

LEONARD (cont'd)
Leonard proceeds to his car, but jumps at the sound of a rifle SHOT. He nearly sprints the remaining distance.

EXT. ATLANTA HIGHWAY - MORNING

LEISL SHAY, 27, manicured, gorgeous, HONKS her sparkling BMW's horn in rush hour traffic.

Frantically speaking into a cell phone.

LEISL
I'll be there any minute; I can't help traffic in this town!

EXT. ATLANTA OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Hustling on a sidewalk, Leisl passes pink and white Dogwood trees, bright fuchsia Azalea bushes, in magnificent full bloom. Without slowing a hastened step, she grips a door with the words "GLOBAL TOURIST" etched in its glass and swings it open, hurrying inside.

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Leisl passes several people at desks, TALKING energetically into their phones. Other phones RING, more employees bustle through hallways.

A large wood door bearing a nameplate for KENT KENDALL opens.

Just as Leisl reaches the door, two equally attractive coworkers exit Kent's office.

KENT'S OFFICE
A single piece of paper remains on Kent's desk.

LEISL
You gave Chandra the spa assignment, didn't you?

Kent ignores the inquiry.

KENT
Your assignment is Southern Utah, a Bed & Breakfast on a working ranch.

LEISL
Kent, this doesn't make sense; I've written the last three spa articles. I have no experience writing about ranches!

KENT

I'm expecting original writing
about an off the beaten path
destination.

LEISL

Isn't the entire state of Utah off
the beaten path?!

Leisl exhales, SLAPS her paper on the side of her thigh and
heads for the door.

KENT

And Leisl, I'm scheduling the book
next Thursday so I need your rough
Tuesday.

On her way out the door, Leisl runs into Kent's BOSS on his
way into the office. He performs the customary knock on the
ajar door, but his feet proceed before a response.

BRUCE

Final budget cuts are due next
week.

KENT

Don't worry, I've got salary
covered.

Leisl lengthens her stride to catch her RINGING phone.

LEISL

Hello... Mom

Leisl initially sounds subservient, then defeated.

LEISL

(continuing; into the
phone)

Yes, I gave Grandma her pills. No,
I can't, I was late again... fine.

Adjacent to Leisl's cubicle, BEN quietly reads at his desk.

LEISL

(continuing)

At least you play golf.

Ben raises his head; his eyes focus on Leisl.

LEISL
 (continuing)
 He's giving us way more leeway with
 this assignment; I don't get it.

BEN
 What's to get?

LEISL
 He wouldn't assign an editorial
 feature this way. He's setting me
 up, or doesn't think I can do it,
 or...

BEN
 You're getting carried away...

Leisl rolls her eyes.

INT. GRANDMA'S APARTMENT - EARLY EVENING

The front door lock CLANKS as Leisl opens the door, entering
 the apartment carrying dry cleaning and an overnight bag
 slung over her shoulder.

Napping in a chair, Leisl tiptoes to her grandmother's side.
 She checks her pulse, kisses her forehead and begins clearing
 plates from a table.

KITCHEN
 Leisl counts assorted pills, pours
 a glass of water and walks to
 Grandma.

Leisl wakes her; what appears to be a smile forms on her
 face.

LEISL
 I'll be with you again tonight.
 It's time to take your pills.

Leisl drops one pill at a time into her Grandma's palm

LEISL
 (continuing)
 Humidity is low tonight...I'll help
 you outside for some fresh air.

Leisl cups her hands under Grandma's armpits, lifting her out
 of the chair.

INT. LEISL'S CUBICLE - NEXT MORNING

Ben sets a beautifully wrapped box on her desk.

Leisl looks over her computer screen.

BEN

Go ahead...open it.

Leisl carefully unwraps the box, opens the top and lifts an extremely stylish and ornate pink cowgirl hat from inside. She places the hat on her head, adjusting it ever so slightly.

LEISL

I love it! Thanks, Ben.

They chuckle, shake their heads, then take their respective seats.

Seconds later, Leisl leans over the cubicle wall, handing pictures to Ben.

LEISL

(continuing)

I think I've found the place...but the most recent information I can find was written nearly three years ago.

BEN

That might be a good thing.

Leisl picks up the phone and begins dialing.

EXT. SOUTHERN UTAH, OPEN RANGE - DAY

Gayle and her childhood friend, JANET, GALLOP their horses on dirt trails through an endless expanse. Gayle hears her cell phone RING, signals to Janet, both rein in their horses. She reaches inside her saddlebag, grabbing her RINGING cell phone.

Speaking coolly into her cell phone, pausing between answers.

GAYLE

Yes. The B&B accommodates twenty two guests. Almost thirty years.
No, I'm not interested.

Gayle presses the red end button.

Janet, obviously confused, faces Gayle.

JANET
Who was on the phone?

GAYLE
Some woman from a travel magazine.

JANET
Yeah. And.

GAYLE
She wants to write an article about
the B&B and ranch.

JANET
Are you crazy; why did you say no?!

GAYLE
I work outdoors, not in.

JANET
You can hire someone to manage the

B&B.

GAYLE
Now you're crazy, you know I can't
afford to hire anyone!

JANET
You just told me about the tax
deadline...you won't compete in the
rodeo so you might as well let this
woman visit...for the money.

Gayle remains silent.

Gayle and Janet quickly spring their horses back into a fast
lope. After a few hundred yards, Janet breaks away while
Gayle waves goodbye.

EXT. KERR RANCH, PROPERTY - DAY

Gayle pauses as she again pulls her cell phone from her
saddle bag. She presses send, returning Leisl's call.

GAYLE
Yeah, um, this is Gayle Kerr. You
can visit my ranch.

INT. LEISL'S CUBICLE - DAY

Speaking into a telephone.

LEISL
Great. I'll be there Friday.

Leisl places the headset back in the receiver, types an address for the Kerr Ranch on her keyboard and anxiously waits for the printer to eject a completed page.

EXT. SOUTHERN UTAH, RURAL ROAD - DAY

Glancing at papers then scanning outside, Leisl's hands remain clenched on the steering wheel.

She grabs her RINGING cell phone from her purse and smiles at the caller id.

LEISL
(into her cell phone)
Ben, am I glad you called.

BEN (V. O.)
Just thought I'd see how you're doing.

LEISL
(into her cell phone)
Well, for starters, decent lattes are non-existent, this arid climate is already wreaking havoc on my skin and now I'm lost, how does that sound to you?

BEN (V. O.)
Not gr... STATIC

LEISL
Ben, Ben...

Leisl SNAPS the cell phone cover shut.

LEISL
(continuing; to herself)
Did I mention lousy cell coverage?
Leisl places the phone back in her purse then tosses papers onto the passenger seat.

She suddenly spins the steering wheel, SCREECHING the car into a gas station.

Filling his pick up, JIMMY, turns his head, revealing dark and ruggedly handsome features.

Leisl rolls down her window.

LEISL
(continuing)
Excuse me. Are you familiar with
the Kerr Ranch?

JIMMY
Yeah.

LEISL
Would you please tell me how to get
there from here?

JIMMY
Take a left out of here. Drive
three miles to the fork in the road
and hang a left. One mile past
Dead Horse Point, turn right. That
road takes you directly to the Kerr
Ranch.

LEISL
Thank you.

Jimmy tips his cowboy hat and smiles.

Accelerating her car, Leisl peeks in the rear view mirror,
raises her eyebrows and smiles to herself.

EXT. KERR RANCH, PROPERTY - DAY

Leisl, sporting the latest designer fashions with perfectly
styled hair, opens the car door and steps outside. Her
freshly manicured nails hold a ridiculously impractical pink
cowgirl hat.

She scans the expansive property with horses grazing in
pastures, a rustic ranch home and the quaint B&B bordered by
picturesque Red Rock Mountains.

Leisl suddenly startles at the immediate sight of Gayle,
wearing muddy Wranglers, worn-out boots and a straw cowboy
hat. Their jaws drop at the sight of each other.

Leisl extends her hand as she approaches Gayle.

LEISL
You must be Gayle. I'm Leisl Shay.

Gayle shakes Leisl's hand.

GAYLE
Pleased to make your acquaintance.

LEISL
Your property is absolutely
stunning. Are you available to
discuss the operation of your Bed &
Breakfast?

Gayle's body stiffens.

GAYLE
I need to feed the horses now.

Leisl attempts to hold Gayle's attention by reaching in her
purse and nabbing some papers.

LEISL
Speaking of horses, I noticed from
your advertisement that riding
lessons are available.

GAYLE
I no longer advertise.

LEISL
You still offer lessons don't you?

GAYLE
Why, you interested in a riding
lesson?

Leisl clears her throat.

LEISL
Yes...I am

GAYLE
Meet me in the arena tomorrow
morning at nine.

Gayle gives Leisl the head-to-toe once over.

GAYLE
(continuing)
I expect you brought riding
clothes.

Leisl halfheartedly nods her head.

Gayle points to the B&B.

GAYLE
(continuing)
You can choose any room. There's
food in the kitchen.

Gayle leaves for the barn.

LEISL

I'll see ya in the morning.

Leisl, baffled by her encounter, heads toward the Bed & Breakfast.

As Leisl passes one of the pastures, a WINNIE from a horse grabs her attention. Leisl swivels in the direction of the sound to find a dark bay horse apparently calling to her. The second Leisl's eyes meet his, the horse angles his neck away from her gaze.

Leisl continues on her way.

INT. KERR RANCH, BED & BREAKFAST - DAY

Upon entering the B&B, Leisl's eyes scan a tastefully decorated front room. She steps to an old china cabinet and peers inside at numerous figurines, crystal glassware and decorative plates. Tucked behind, a pedestal supports a glass horse cut in a recognizable gallop. A metal plate glued onto the pedestal reads "NBHA - 1st PLACE/CAROL KERR AND HUNKAPI". Leisl then saunters to a tiffany lamp upon an antique end table, brushes her fingers across, accumulating layers of dust on her fingertips. With her nails, she scrapes off the dust. Leisl then places her hands on her hips, shaking her head from side to side.

STAIRWAY

Leisl continues upstairs and crosses the threshold to a lovely bedroom with stunning views of jagged-edged, multi-hued red rock mountains from every window.

Leisl opens the window, stares at the high red buttes against the clear blue sky, taking in a deep BREATH of fresh air.

EXT. KERR RANCH, PROPERTY - MORNING

While on her way to the arena, the dark bay follows Leisl from the other side of the fence, but changes directions when Leisl notices.

ARENA

Leisl steps into the arena and notices a fidgety mare tied to a fence post.

Gayle emerges from the tack room carrying a dusty groom kit. She sets the kit down by the horse.

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For the complete script please contact Jennifer Brooks at
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