

GREEN PLAINS

"A Lot Like Home"

PILOT EPISODE

by

E.M. McCoy

TEASER

EXT. GREEN PLAINS - ESTABLISHING

The SUN RISES over an endless expanse of rolling desolate hills surrounding the small town of Green Plains in the North Dakota Badlands.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - SUNRISE

A pair of malnourished MUTTS wrestle over a bone outside of a mobile home. ROUGHNECKS, dressed in construction clothes, hobble out of their trailers and walk with dream-like intensity toward the Oil Rig Operation at the end of this dusty stretch of road.

EXT. PREFAB HOUSING BLOCK - SUNRISE

A block of IDENTICAL PREFABRICATED HOUSES line this depressing street. A similar, if slightly better heeled, group of solitary OILMEN exit their homes and march with intensity toward their own slice of the American Dream.

There is no conversation or pleasantries exchanged between these men. They are here to make money, not to make friends.

INT. GREENTHORN OIL RIG OPERATION - MUD HOUSE - SUNRISE

The Mud House is basically a locker-room, but it feels like a stable. A long corridor lined with cubbies and hooks on the walls holding work gear. OILMEN put on their HARD HATS, adjust their GOGGLES, some put on GAS MASKS, and others simply lace up their work boots at their individual cubbies.

FRANK ALDRIDGE (48) a barrel-chested beast wearing a button down denim shirt, work boots, and a hard-hat, walks down the corridor of this Mud Room with a confident swagger.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

(projecting loudly)

Listen up! My name is Frank Aldridge, I'm the toolpusher of this Rig. I hope your time off the line was spent in the warm embrace of some big-titted women, but that break is now over! You're on my clock now, and on my clock, time is money!

We see now that Frank is flanked on his right by a man known only as STEVE DRILLER (34) a rail-thin, chain-smoking maniac with a grizzled face that's seen some hard partying days.

FRANK ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)
To my right, a man you will all get
acquainted with, is Steve Driller.

Steve smiles and holds his hand up as smoke pours from his nostrils. He continues walking beside Frank.

FRANK ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)
And in case you hadn't guessed,
he's the Driller on this rig.
Chainhands! Keep an eye on your
Roustabouts. Roustabouts, keep an
eye on your Ginzel's. We succeed
here by helping one another. If
your Mud Man fails, we all fail. If
a Worm is slacking off, we lose
daylight people! Steve here will be
making the rounds to each well
operation, twice weekly. His
Derrickman will be all over you
like flies on shit! You're here at
work every day at seven AM, if
you're late twice, you're gone. You
talk back to your Derickman, or if
I hear about any boozing or drugs
out on the rig, you're gone!
Roughnecks, do I make myself clear?

A general MUMBLING of "Yes Sir."

FRANK ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)
I can't hear you under that limp
dick mumbling piece of shit.

ALL THE ROUGHNECKS
YES SIR!

FRANK ALDRIDGE
Much better. Steve here has your
orders and obligations.

Frank exits the mudroom at the far end of the corridor.

STEVE DRILLER
Single file ladies! Get in line!

Steve stands at the exit with a stack of assignments as the ROUGHNECKS line up to get their weekly orders.

EXT. GREENTHORN OIL RIG OPERATION - SUNRISE

Frank walks away from the Mud House and into the general operation field. Frank squints angrily when he sees...

A GROUP OF ROUGHNECKS - gathered in a large mob around a station of NITROGEN TANKS.

FRANK ALDRIDGE
What the hell is this?

Frank walks up to the Mob of Roughnecks angrily.

FRANK ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Somebody want to tell me what the fuck is going on here?

Some OILMEN look back at Frank with FRIGHTENED FACES, but nobody offers up a response. They just stand there whispering, shaking their heads, trying to get a look at what's going on in the center of the mob.

Frank PUSHES his way past the MEN.

FRANK ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)
(shouting)
Get out of the damn way!

Frank finally gets something of a path cleared for him as he continues to PUSH and PROD his way to the front of the mob. Frank gets to the front of the pack where he finally sees what was causing all of this commotion.

He looks down at whatever it is, HORRIFIED.

Frank looks around at the equally DISTURBED FACES of all of his OILMEN. Some are holding back vomit.

FRANK ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Everybody back to work! Right now!

Nobody moves a muscle, they all just stand there horrified.

FRANK ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Loose lips sink ships! Not a word about this to anybody. Now clear the hell out of here!

Some mumbling of "yes sir" as everyone slowly clears out and disperses into the oil fields leaving Frank alone, looking at the horrific sight on the ground before him.

Frank dials a number on his CELL PHONE, but can't take his eyes off of whatever is sitting right in front of him.

FRANK ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Sheriff. It's Frank Aldridge. You better come down to the Greenthorn rig. We've got a situation here.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. GREEN PLAINS HIGHWAY - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

A dark eerie CLOUD formation hangs over the town of Green Plains. A SHINY SIGN on the side of the highway proclaiming "Welcome to Green Plains - America's Boomtown!"

VULTURES pick at the dead carcass of a RACCOON and don't so much as move from their feast as A BEAT-UP CAMPER zooms past the WELCOME SIGN and CHUGS toward the bustling town leaving a trail of DIESEL FUMES in its wake.

INT. CAMPER - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Sitting in the driver seat of this torn-up junker is MICHAEL YOUNG (35) a handsome and wholesome looking guy, his intriguing wife STEPHANIE YOUNG (30) who feels more sophisticated than her plain-Jane outfit would suggest, and BEN (8) a precocious kid in a Batman tee-shirt, sleeping.

MICHAEL YOUNG

Ben, buddy, I think we're here.

Ben opens his eyes slowly.

BEN YOUNG

Really? You better not be kidding around this time.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

He's not. Come up here and take a look sweetheart.

Ben scoots up to the front of the camper and looks out through the front windshield as Stephanie rubs his hair.

MICHAEL YOUNG

It's bigger than I imagined.

BEN YOUNG

It looks...dirty.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

Give it some time. I'm sure we'll all get used to it eventually.

Stephanie kisses her son on the head and reaches over and grabs Michael's hand. They both smile at each other as they drive towards the small town.

MICHAEL YOUNG

Soon it will feel a lot like home.

EXT. GREENTHORN OIL RIG OPERATION - NITROGEN TANKS - DAY

A CRIME SCENE has been thoroughly roped off in the place where Frank and the Roughnecks stood by the Nitrogen Tanks.

The studied, alluring face of DETECTIVE CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (36) bends down next to the crime scene and swabs chemical samples. She takes out a camera hanging around her neck and SNAPS A PHOTO of a minor detail near the hand of the victim. We still don't see the full scope of the crime, only GLIMPSES captured in the FLASH of a CAMERA.

She SNAPS another photo and a SHADOW appears over her.

Charlotte turns around and squints up at KYLE MCCOY (27) a rookie cop with a two dollar haircut. He looks really disgusted by the dead body.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Can you stand back for me? Only one person examines the body, that's CSI one-0-one.

KYLE MCCOY

Sheriff's saying it's a suicide.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Sheriff's wrong.

Charlotte stands up from her crouching position and glares over at SHERIFF HENDERSON (67) a pot bellied good-old-boy wearing aviator sunglasses and talking to Frank Aldridge about 30 yards away from the Crime Scene.

Charlotte points down at the victim.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (CONT'D)

Cut-Worm larva in the cuff of this guy's shirt. They don't live anywhere where there isn't corn...

KYLE MCCOY

Excuse me?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

The body was moved here. Do me a favor and get out of the way.

Kyle steps to the side and Charlotte walks past him and approaches Sheriff Henderson and Frank Aldridge with a determined look on her face. As she walks away, Kyle stares down at the crime scene and we REVEAL -

A DEAD OLD MAN - his palms facing up to the heavens, has a HOSE STICKING OUT OF HIS MOUTH, connected to the NITROGEN TANK, slightly DECOMPOSING. It's a gruesome sight.

THIRTY YARDS AWAY - Sheriff Henderson LAUGHS and pats Frank on the back as Charlotte approaches. Frank turns the Sheriff's attention towards Charlotte and they both straighten up their behavior and appearance to face her.

SHERIFF HENDERSON

Big-City. Whachu find over there?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Body was moved here from somewhere else. A corn field I think.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
Frank and I were thinking it's
probably a suicide.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
It's a homicide, coroner's report
will show that the victim didn't
die from Nitrogen Narcosis.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
He does have that tube sticking out
his mouth, don't he?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
The body was propped up like that
against the tank. Bruises around
the knuckles indicate that there
was a minor struggle.

FRANK ALDRIDGE
I'm Frank by the way, I'm the
Toolpusher here. Nice to meet you.

Charlotte takes off her BLUE RUBBER GLOVES and the two of
them shake hands.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Detective Charlotte Jennings. I'm
the lead investigator.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
We call her Big-City because you
can't get more than two minutes
into a conversation with her before
she let's you know she's from the
big city of Chicago.

Frank smiles.

FRANK ALDRIDGE
Me too, so you got company.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
(going right into it)
What time of day was the body
discovered?

FRANK ALDRIDGE
Saw him this morning first thing
while I was inspecting the tanks.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
You inspect the tanks personally?

FRANK ALDRIDGE
This morning I did.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Surveillance system on the site?

FRANK ALDRIDGE
Of course.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
You recognize the victim?

FRANK ALDRIDGE
We got a pretty big work force. I
can't keep track of everybody.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
So it might be a crew member?
Nobody recognized him when they saw
the body this morning.

FRANK ALDRIDGE
I can't speculate. Nobody spoke up.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
I think that's quite enough
questioning for ole' Frank here.
Man's got a rig to run.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
If you'll just let me conduct my...

SHERIFF HENDERSON
(interrupting)
I'll do the follow up with you,
Frank. I know how busy you are.

FRANK ALDRIDGE
Thank you Sheriff.

Sheriff Henderson pats Frank on the back and shakes his hand.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
Thanks for taking the time to talk
with us. We'll be in touch.

FRANK ALDRIDGE
Say hi to your sister for me.

SHERIFF HENDERSON
Will do.

Frank turns around and walks away. Charlotte crosses her arms
angrily and glares at Sheriff Henderson.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

What the hell was that? I need to interview these people.

SHERIFF HENDERSON

What you need to do is take it down a couple notches. I didn't hire you so you could spook the man who puts bread on everybody's table here in Green Plains.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

You hired me because I'm the most experienced Detective you can afford. So let me do my job.

SHERIFF HENDERSON

I brought you on because of this crime wave, no doubt about it. But we do things differently around here, and you need to take a step back for me.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Don't compromise my investigation.

SHERIFF HENDERSON

Don't compromise my Police Force. You need a partner that can navigate this town better. A local who knows how to talk to people.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

I work alone, that was part of our agreement from the beginning.

SHERIFF HENDERSON

Kyle could use the knowledge you bring to the table. Boy's as fresh as an apple in the orchard.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

I don't do training wheels.

SHERIFF HENDERSON

I'm more concerned about you and your mouth, then him and his lack of experience. I can already tell from the one month you been on that you rub locals the wrong way.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Did you hire me to be a public speaker, or a detective?

SHERIFF HENDERSON

I hired you to follow my goddamn orders. Now, Kyle's your new partner. That's it. I don't want to hear another word about it.

(shouting)

Kyle, get your ass over here!

Kyle perks up and runs over to Henderson and Charlotte. As he runs, we can see the CORONER'S VAN pull up. PETEY BILLINGS (74) an old-timer who can barely walk, gets out of the van and stretches his arms up at the sky as he YAWNS.

Charlotte shakes her head angrily as Kyle jogs up to them.

KYLE MCCOY

Hey Sheriff. What can I do for you?

SHERIFF HENDERSON

I'll let you two get better acquainted then. Big-City, fill him in on what I just told you. I'm gonna go talk to the coroner.

Sheriff Henderson turns and walks away as Kyle jogs up to Charlotte. Charlotte eyes the coroner wearily.

KYLE MCCOY

What did I miss?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

What kind of coroner shows up an hour and half after a dead body gets called in?

KYLE MCCOY

Oh that's just Petey Billings. He's married to the Sheriff's sister in law. Best at what he does though.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Is everybody in this town related to each other?

KYLE MCCOY

Just about. Except you newbies. Why did he call me over here?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

I'm your new boss.

KYLE MCCOY

Sorry? I thought Sheriff mentioned
we might become partners earlier,
but I didn't hear anything about...

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Why don't you get me a cup of
coffee. Two sugars.

KYLE MCCOY

Wait but...

Charlotte turns her back and walks away from Kyle.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Get moving Kyle!

Kyle deliberates and then gives in and takes off to get
Charlotte her coffee.

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - DAY

Charlotte is sitting with RICHARD BRYANT (34) a nerdy
security IT guy. They are inside of a trailer with multiple
COMPUTER MONITORS. Richard is SCRUBBING through the SECURITY
FOOTAGE from the night before while Charlotte watches.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Stop right there. Go back a second.

Richard pauses the tape.

RICHARD BRYANT

I didn't see anyone on the screen.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Neither did I. Just play it back.

Richard SCRUBS back in the tape.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (CONT'D)

Right there. Play it. Watch the
time-code on the upper left.

Richard plays the tape and it's only a MOTIONLESS GATE on the
outside of Greenthorn's Rig Operation. We see that the time-
code on the top-left of the screen JUMPS.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (CONT'D)

You see that? Time code jumps.

RICHARD BRYANT

I'll be damned. By two minutes...

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Anybody else have access to this?

RICHARD BRYANT
Umm. Just me and the security
guard. And I guess the Toolpusher.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
You guys and your lingo...kills me.

Kyle opens up the door to the trailer and walks in with two coffees in his hand. Charlotte looks annoyed with him still.

KYLE MCCOY
Got your coffee miss Jennings. Took
me forever to find you.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
(ignoring Kyle)
Where can I find the Security Guard
so that I can talk to him?

RICHARD BRYANT
I'll be here at eight thirty tonight.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Alright. Send me over all of these
tapes and I'll be back later on to
have a word with him.

Kyle walks over and hands the coffee to Charlotte.

KYLE MCCOY
Anything suspicious?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Give this man our contact info

KYLE MCCOY
Any leads?

As Kyle turns, Charlotte walks out of the trailer.

KYLE MCCOY (CONT'D)
(shouting after her)
Hey wait! I'm gonna need a ride
back to the station later on.

Charlotte closes the door without answering him.

KYLE MCCOY (CONT'D)
Hey! Charlotte!?

Kyle looks down at Richard, and both men smile and shrug.

EXT. GREEN PLAINS STREET - DAY

A CROWD of people carrying "ANTI-FRACKING SIGNS" are almost able to block the Young Family's beat-up CAMPER from entering into a TRAILER PARK. It's an unruly crowd with angry protestors blocking the way and ranting and raving.

PROTESTOR

Don't support the Fracker's
predatory housing practices!

PROTESTORS - ALL TOGETHER

(chanting)

Frack-no! Please don't go!

The CAMPER PUSHES past the ANGRY MOB into the trailer park.

INT. CAMPER - DAY (TRAVELLING)

Stephanie and Michael look out on the MOB. An EGG CRACKS on their windshield. A BOTTLE BREAKS on their hood.

MICHAEL YOUNG

Ben, Stephanie! Get down!

Michael hits the GAS and they drive through the MASS OF PEOPLE and finally clear the mob and enter the Trailer Park.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

They did not look happy.

MICHAEL YOUNG

I heard the protestors had gotten bad around here. But...wow. I had no idea it was going to be this intense.

BEN YOUNG

Why were they yelling at us?

MICHAEL YOUNG

I guess a lot of the Oilmen live here in the trailer park. That's what the brochure said at least.

Michael and Stephanie look out the front of the Camper at UNFRIENDLY FACES, tattooed BIKERS, SHIRTLESS KIDS, REDNECK MOTHERS with cigarettes hanging out of their lips, all of them watching as the Camper drives through the Trailer Park.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

Doesn't look a whole lot like the brochure. I'll tell you that.

MICHAEL YOUNG

No. It doesn't....

Stephanie and Michael make knowing eye-contact, worried.

EXT. TRAILER PARK - MANAGEMENT OFFICE - DAY

Michael KNOCKS on the door of a Mobile Home.

Stephanie holds Ben's hand and wearily regards SOME MEN as they seem to be undressing her with their eyes. WOMEN size her up as they meander down the dirt roads silently.

Michael KNOCKS again on the door, this time FORCEFULLY.

GRAVILY FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

I'm coming already! Knock it off!

Michael shrugs to Stephanie as the door of the mobile home FLIES OPEN and Michael is met with MARY ANDERSON (48) cold steely eyes, staring down at Michael with a lit cigarette.

MARY ANDERSON

Whachu want?

MICHAEL YOUNG

Um...hi my name is Michael Young, that's my wife Stephanie, and my son, Ben.

Stephanie and Ben wave with big smiles at Mary. She doesn't return their pleasantries.

MARY ANDERSON

I said, whachu want? I didn't ask for your life story.

MICHAEL YOUNG

Okay...well we had an appointment to see you about the vacancy.

Mary Anderson nods coldly at him and regards the CAMPER.

MARY ANDERSON

Five hundred dollars a week. One month minimum. Due up front.

Michael's face sours.

MICHAEL YOUNG

That's two thousand dollars. I thought it said five hundred dollars a month on the website?

MARY ANDERSON

I don't know anything about a website. I'm just the manager.

MICHAEL YOUNG

Look, we don't have two thousand dollars to give you up front. That's outrageous!

MARY ANDERSON

Then you can go find a place down on skid-row, sweetheart. I didn't create the demand, but I'm holding the supply, and it's still the best price you gonna find around here.

MICHAEL YOUNG

What if we gave you a thousand up front, and then the rest after two weeks? Just need to get our pay-checks flowing is all.

Mary squints out and looks at Stephanie and Ben, coldly calculating her position of power here.

MARY ANDERSON

You folks gonna cause trouble?

MICHAEL YOUNG

No mam, we're just here to work. We're a quiet family. That's all.

MARY ANDERSON

There's gonna be twenty percent extra due at the end of the month. But I'll play ball with you.

MICHAEL YOUNG

Twenty percent? That' four hundred extra dollars?

MARY ANDERSON

Did I stutter?

Michael shakes his head, getting upset by this woman.

MICHAEL YOUNG

Look, I probably need to talk to my wife about it first.

Michael looks back at Stephanie and Ben. Another CAMPER pulls up and a similar looking FAMILY gets out and stretches.

MARY ANDERSON

It's a take it or leave it kind of situation. I don't have time.

Michael notices the other family, and realizes Mary has all of the power in this situation. Michael takes out his wallet.

MICHAEL YOUNG

Fine. Screw it. You take cash?

Mary smiles.

MARY ANDERSON

That's all we take. Come on in, I'll get you set up with your paperwork sweetie.

Mary heads back inside her mobile home. Michael looks back at Stephanie. She shrugs her shoulders, giving a non-verbal cue of asking "how's it going." Michael swallows his pride and gives her a "thumbs up." He heads inside the Mobile Home.

EXT. TRAIN STATION - DAY

JOHNNY FRANKLIN (29) chiseled features, muscular, wearing a scuffed up leather jacket, black jeans, black steel-toed boots, with an army-green backpack slung over his shoulder, steps off of the TRAIN and onto the PLATFORM. He LIGHTS A CIGARETTE as he looks out at a CROWD of PEOPLE.

Johnny looks around at the packed train station as he takes a deep, suicidal drag off of his cigarette. He blows the smoke out of his nostrils and takes off walking into the small town of Green Plains.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SECURITY CONTROL ROOM - NIGHT

HAROLD NUNEZ (34) dressed in a security guard outfit, BITES into a carrot as he finishes telling Charlotte something.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

What do you mean there's a glitch?

HAROLD NUNEZ

(mouth full of carrot)

Every night about eight thirty the tape turns over and we lose almost two minutes of footage. That's what we found out today.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Convenient timing for our perp.

HAROLD NUNEZ
I thought they were saying this was
a suicide?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
You were the guard on duty last
night weren't you? You saw nothing?

HAROLD NUNEZ
Look, I'm just the security guard.
They told me about the glitch today
only, I had no idea it existed.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Right. So if I go get a warrant for
every tape from the past six
months, you're telling me that
every one has a gap of 2 minutes at
eight thirty every single night?

Harold holds his hands up in the air and shrugs.

HAROLD NUNEZ
That's what I'm being told. Like I
said, I don't know.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Alright. That's fine. Thank you for
your help, Harold right?

HAROLD NUNEZ
That's right. I'm here every night,
Detective. It gets lonely...

Harold puts his hand on Charlotte's hand and she moves it
away nervously. Not wanting him to get the wrong idea.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Alright, okay. You'll be hearing
from me, Harold.

HAROLD NUNEZ
I hope I do.

Charlotte nods and walks out of the room. Harold watches her
go the whole way, and licks his lips as she exits.

HAROLD NUNEZ (CONT'D)
MMM...MMM. The things I would do to
her...oh my goodness!

Harold BANGS on his desk, excitedly and goes back to watching the security camera footage.

INT. BETSY'S DINER - NIGHT

The Young FAMILY is seated in a booth in the back of a bustling diner and bar. Most of the PATRONS are ROUGHNECKS, or PROSTITUTES and WAITRESSES hustle food to and fro.

Ben plays on an old model GAMEBOY. The 8-bit SOUND BITES clash with the cacophony surrounding them. MEN around their booth are OGLING Stephanie, undressing her with their eyes.

Michael looks around at the unwelcome attention nervously. He looks very annoyed and anxious.

MICHAEL YOUNG

This food's taking forever.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

They're way understaffed. Poor girls have a lot to deal with.

MICHAEL YOUNG

No kidding.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

Are you ready for tomorrow?

MICHAEL YOUNG

Ready as I'll be. I've been reading up on this stuff, I think I can handle it.

Stephanie nods and looks Michael dead in the eye. She looks very serious and worried.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

There's a lot riding on you. I want to make sure that you're focussed tomorrow and don't mess up.

Michael squints at his wife and begins to retort, but COLLIE (34) a waitress, sets down their food for them.

COLLIE

(to Ben)

I assume you got the grilled cheese and fries sweetheart?

BEN YOUNG

Yes mam. Thank you.

Collie smiles places the grilled cheese down in front of Ben.

COLLIE
Who got the chicken?

STEPHANIE YOUNG
That'd be me.

COLLIE
(to Michael)
You sure you don't want anything?
It's about to be last call.

MICHAEL YOUNG
No thanks miss. I'm fine.

Collie smiles.

COLLIE
Alrighty...

Collie walks over to a nearby table where Steve Driller is sitting with his arm around SUZIE REED (22) an enchanting prostitute. Across the booth from him is his friend, DAVIS JONES (34) as rough as Steve, also with his arm around another HOOKER sat with them at the booth.

Collie walks by their booth and smiles down at them.

COLLIE (CONT'D)
You guys doing alright over here?
Can I get you anything?

STEVE DRILLER
Just put all this on my tab Collie.
We got a long day out on the Rig
tomorrow. Need to be tip-top shape.

COLLIE
You got it Steve.

SUZIE REED
Thanks for dinner, big daddy.

STEVE DRILLER
You know I love it when you call me
that miss Suzie Reed.

SUZIE REED
And you know I love it when you
call me miss. Makes me feel more
dignified professionally.

DAVIS JONES

Did you guys hear what everyone's saying about that dead guy they found over at the Rig today?

STEVE DRILLER

Davis...loose lips my friend...

SUZIE REED

What dead guy?

STEVE DRILLER

Nothing, he's full of shit. Forget about it.

DAVIS JONES

Everybody's saying it's that phantom all those roughnecks have been seeing late at night.

SUZIE REED

What's he talking about?

STEVE DRILLER

Nothing but a ghost story.

SUZIE REED

I love ghost stories! Tell it!

STEVE DRILLER

Here we go.

DAVIS JONES

(getting into it)

A black phantom! The size of a tractor. Sits perched top of the rigs at night. Like a gargoyle - staring out over the oil fields...

STEVE DRILLER

That's enough Davis.

SUZIE REED

What does the phantom do?

DAVIS JONES

He swoops down! Late at night. Picking off anything or anyone that moves out there on the plains. He picks 'em up by his claws, carries 'em to his cave, and it's there that he has his way with them...

STEVE DRILLER
Oh, Jesus Christ. Enough man.

SUZIE starts LAUGHING at the story.

SUZIE REED
I didn't know it was ging to be
THAT kind of ghost story...

Suzie and the Hooker LAUGH and Steve shakes his head at Davis, genuinely angry.

STEVE DRILLER
We should get going. It's late.

SUZIE REED
(to Steve seductively)
You have those party favors you
promised me?

Steve smiles and nods.

STEVE DRILLER
Oh miss Suzie Reed. You are a bad
influence on me. 'Bout time you and
I made a date with the devil.

SUZIE REED
I love it when you talk like that.

STEVE DRILLER
Davis, go easy on the lass, I'll
see you out on the rig tomorrow.

DAVIS JONES
Thanks for dinner Steve.

STEVE DRILLER
You betcha.

Collie comes back with bill.

COLLIE
If you could just sign that for me,
it'll go on your tab.

STEVE DRILLER
Wonderful...

Steve signs his name and Collie takes the check and walks off. We follow Collie as she walks back over to the Young Family to check on them. Their plates are empty.

COLLIE
We all done here?

STEPHANIE YOUNG
Yes. Thank you.

COLLIE
You folks new in town?

MICHAEL YOUNG
What gave it away?

Collie smiles at them.

COLLIE
Word of advice. Try to eat before
six o'clock. Beautiful woman like
you's gonna draw an awful lot of
the wrong kind of attention after
the rigs let out.

Michael and Stephanie look at each other worried.

MICHAEL YOUNG
Thanks for the heads up.

COLLIE
You betcha darling. I'll be right
back with the check.

Collie walks away from the Young family and they look around
at all of the EYES looking over at Stephanie. Stephanie
covers up with her sweater, threatened by the MEN.

EXT. BETSY'S DINER - NIGHT

Steve and his companions exit the diner laughing and raising
hell. They walk off away from the diner as

NIGHT TURNS TO DAY - PAN RIGHT TO

EXT. GREEN PLAINS STREET - EMPLOYMENT OFFICE - SUNRISE

A HUGE LINE of UNEMPLOYED MEN stretches around the block on
MAIN STREET. We can see Betsy's Diner down the street.

Michael walks towards the line and checks his piece of paper
to make sure that he has the right address.

Michael walks to the back of the line despondently and we see
Johnny Franklin, the rough looking man from the Train
Station, get in line right in front of Michael. Johnny looks
back over his shoulder and sneers threateningly at Michael.

INT. GREEN PLAINS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MORNING

Stephanie Young and MEREDITH DAVIES (49) the principle of this Elementary School, walk the empty locker-lined hallways.

MEREDITH DAVIES

Where did you say you were from?

STEPHANIE YOUNG

Pennsylvania.

MEREDITH DAVIES

Right. And what kind of work did you do over there?

STEPHANIE YOUNG

I was a teacher. Third grade.

MEREDITH DAVIES

Tough age.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

Don't you know it.

MEREDITH DAVIES

I've had such a big problem finding qualified people to come teach here. I hired a few women who would teach during the day, and then at night well, let's just say they had more lucrative after-hour jobs.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

Oh my.

MEREDITH DAVIES

Made some parent-teacher conferences awfully awkward with some of the single fathers.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

Goodness gracious. Well, I'm just a Christian woman with a loving husband and a little boy to look after. No double lives here...

MEREDITH DAVIES

I'm sorry to even bring it up. You used to be able to walk down the sidewalk at night without worrying about what might happen to you and your kids.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

It must be strange to witness such a big change happen so quickly.

MEREDITH DAVIES

I tell you what, it surely is. I'm just happy you're a good Christian woman. This is your classroom here.

Meredith extends her arm and shows Stephanie into a classroom. Stephanie opens the door and enters her classroom.

INT. CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Stephanie INHALES the smell of books and dry-erase markers.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

Does this mean I have the job?

MEREDITH DAVIES

If you want it. Salary starts at thirty eight thousand dollars. Don't give me a reason to come down here, and I'll give you autonomy.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

Thank you so much. I won't let you down. I promise you.

MEREDITH DAVIES

Kids arrive on Monday. I expect to see your lesson plans on my desk by Friday at one PM.

STEPHANIE YOUNG

Yes Mam. I'll have them ready.

Meredith smiles at Stephanie.

MEREDITH DAVIES

I look forward to it. Come follow me, I'll walk you out.

INT. EMPLOYMENT OFFICE - MORNING

Michael has almost made it to the front of the line inside the employment office. Johnny Franklin is next in line.

There are two BARRED WINDOWS where TWO CLERKS officiate the job offerings, but only one Barred Window is in use, and the other has nobody in front of it, with Clerk 2 sitting there doing nothing by twiddling his thumbs.

An ANGRY MAN turns around after he is rejected by Clerk 1 and storms off, THROWING HIS PAPERS in the AIR.

CLERK 1

Next.

Johnny approaches Clerk 1.

CLERK 1 (CONT'D)

Papers.

Johnny gets out a crinkled up piece of paper from his pocket and Clerk 1 quickly looks engaged when he starts to read Johnny's CV. Clerk 1 looks up at Johnny curiously.

CLERK 1 (CONT'D)

What position did you have when you worked over at Haverford?

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

I worked my way up to Derrickman.

CLERK 1

And that was in...
(struggling to pronounce)
Ay-Zare-Bay...

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

(helping him out)
Azerbaijan. That's correct.

CLERK 1

And what kind of work did you do?

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

Everything from setting the surface casings, overseeing the variable density log, made sure the conductor casing was sealed before acidizing, really anything and everything my driller told me to.

Johnny SMILES at the Clerk, the first time we've seen him smile, and the first time he's spoken so eloquently.

Clerk 1 STAMPS Johnny's CV.

CLERK 1

He'll see you right over there and get everything set up for you.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

Thank you.

CLERK 1

Next!

Michael walks up to the Clerk at the Barred Window.

CLERK 1 (CONT'D)

Papers.

Michael sets down his clean resume on neat legal paper in front of Clerk 1 and smiles up at him.

MICHAEL YOUNG

How you doing today?

CLERK 1

How's it look like I'm doing?
What's this company here? I don't
recognize the name.

Clerk 1 points to an item on Michael's resume.

MICHAEL YOUNG

They were an exploratory oil
operation over in Pennsylvania.

CLERK 1

Will it clear H-R if I put you out
on the line?

MICHAEL YOUNG

Absolutely, I've left the contact
number of my Toolpusher there. He's
out in the gulf now I believe.

CLERK 1

What kind of work did you do over
there on the rig?

MICHAEL YOUNG

It was umm...

Michael looks over and makes eye-contact with Johnny.

MICHAEL YOUNG (CONT'D)

I worked my way up to Derrickman.

CLERK 1

On an explo rig that went out of
business? Hard to believe you had
time to do such a thing.

MICHAEL YOUNG

There was a lot of room for upward
mobility on the rig.

CLERK 1

Alright... what were your duties?

MICHAEL YOUNG

Yeah, umm just...mixing the conductor agents, maintaining a variable density log, anything my driller asked me to do...

CLERK 1

Alright, I'm gonna recommend H-R follow up with these references. I can start you out though, we need experienced roughnecks out there...

MICHAEL YOUNG

I won't let you down.

Clerk 1 STAMPS his resume and hands it back to Michael.

CLERK 1

Go over to that line there. He'll set you up.

MICHAEL YOUNG

Thank you so much.

Michael takes his CV and joins Johnny over at Window Number 2. Clerk 2 reaches out for Michael's paperwork and Michael hands it over to him.

Johnny GLARES at Michael with an unfriendly eye.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

Nice ears you got.

MICHAEL YOUNG

I'm sorry?

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

This ain't some Pennsylvania cake-walk operation they got going on up here. You better watch your back.

Clerk 2 hands Michael a questionnaire on a clipboard.

CLERK TWO

Fill this entire form out for me.

MICHAEL YOUNG

(to Johnny)

My name's Michael, Michael Young.

Michael extends his hand to Johnny. Johnny just looks at Michael's hand coldly. SUDDENLY Johnny grabs Michael's hand and upper arm forcefully and leans into Michael's ear.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

Name's Johnny Franklin. If you screw up on a rig, people can die. Just be sure you remember that.

MICHAEL YOUNG

I'm wasn't trying to...

Johnny puts his hand on his lips.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

Shh. My lips are sealed, Ginzel. Just don't get in my way.

MICHAEL YOUNG

I know what I'm doing.

Johnny shakes his head in disbelief.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

I'm sure you do...

Michael nods nervously and looks down at the voluminous questionnaire. He goes and finds a seat against the wall.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Charlotte Jennings is at her desk going over notes on her computer in a low-key police station. SIX DETECTIVES are at their desks working or TALKING by the water cooler.

Charlotte turns around and faces Kyle at his desk.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Did our John Doe's face get on the news last night like I asked?

Kyle looks around the room nervously as many of the Detectives look over at them. It's as if Charlotte said something that shouldn't have been said.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (CONT'D)

It's a simple question Kyle.

Kyle gets up from his desk and walks over to Charlotte.

KYLE MCCOY

(quietly)

Sheriff told me not to broadcast it all over the news like that.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Then how the hell are we supposed to find out who this guy is?

KYLE MCCOY

I sent out the pictures to all of those places just like you asked.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

And you posted the fliers?

KYLE MCCOY

Had a beat cop post them all around town at the popular spots. It says "missing person" though. Didn't want to alert the public to the idea of a murder just yet.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Remember when I told you not to get in my way on Monday?

KYLE MCCOY

Ok, it's just - a sensitive thing. I don't think you appreciate that.

Charlotte shakes her head, annoyed.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

It's police work, it's always sensitive. Coroner's report still hasn't come back, but we still have a day or so to start developing a working theory here and we're already forty eight hours in.

KYLE MCCOY

Totally, the first forty eight. That means we're screwed, right?

Charlotte rolls her eyes.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

You know what the problem with your generation is?

KYLE MCCOY

That we're smarter than old folks?

Charlotte shakes her head annoyed.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

No. The problem is, you think you understand complex problems by reading Wikipedia articles.

KYLE MCCOY

(sarcastic)

I've never heard this speech before. Have you been talking with my mother behind my back?

Charlotte points at Kyle's desk, not wanting to hear another thing from him.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Start calling the businesses you sent that photo too. If there's nothing else that I can teach you, it's to always follow-up.

KYLE MCCOY

Call the businesses?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Put away your email! Pick up the goddamn land-line, and start calling those businesses who have seen the photo, and get me a name.

KYLE MCCOY

Okay...but uh...what do you mean? I just call them? I don't understand.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Don't stop calling people until somebody recognizes the photograph. It's a small town, somebody had to have known this guy.

KYLE MCCOY

Okay I can totally do that.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

And Kyle, no more interruptions. Mama needs to focus.

KYLE MCCOY

Yes Mama.

Charlotte rolls her eyes gets back into her research.

INT. GREENTHORN OIL RIG OPERATION - TOOLPUSHER ROOM - MORNING

Frank Aldridge is looking down at a stack of papers when he gets a CALL on his cell phone. He glances down at it.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

Shit.

Frank stands up from his desk and runs his hand through his hair nervously. Finally he answers the phone.

FRANK ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Good morning Mister McCalister.

INT. LIMOUSINE - NEW YORK CITY - DAY (TRAVELLING)

GREG MCCALISTER (59) a larger man in a pinstripe suit and tie, sits in the back of a limousine next to his son JACOB (9), who is playing the latest and greatest PS4 with headphones on, oblivious to what is going on around him.

GREG MCCALISTER

(into phone)

I don't have time for pleasantries, Frank. I got a disturbing phone call this morning, and I need you to explain to me why that happened!

INTERCUT AS NEEDED

Frank nods, already knowing what's coming.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

What phone call?

GREG MCCALISTER

Seems someone up and died out on your rig Monday morning, and I have to hear this from Tina's father?

FRANK ALDRIDGE

Greg, I'm sorry. We're taking care of it quietly.

GREG MCCALISTER

Doesn't sound quiet from where I'm sitting on Fifth Avenue, Frank.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

I understand sir. I've got the situation under control.

GREG MCCALISTER

Last thing I want is another reason for "Frack-No" to come marching into my office again.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

It won't come to that.

GREG MCCALISTER

Every second that you aren't drilling, it's costing me money.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

We're handling the situation, all of the wells are still on schedule.

GREG MCCALISTER

Make sure it stays that way. I don't want to hear another word about this incident from anyone.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

You won't.

GREG MCCALISTER

Use any means necessary to quiet down the situation on the ground there. You've always got our Mule, if you need him...

Frank's face flashes with worry at the mention of "mule."

FRANK ALDRIDGE

Jesus Christ, Greg. Is he still in Green Plains?

GREG MCCALISTER

We need him at our disposal at all times, Frank. You know the protocol, and you also must know that I hate making these calls. Take care of this. You don't want to get another call from me.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

I'm on it Mister McCalister.

GREG MCCALISTER

I knew you would be. Have a great day, Frank. Talk soon.

Greg hangs up and rubs his sons hair lovingly and looks at the PS4 VIDEO GAME SCREEN.

GREG MCCALISTER (CONT'D)
(to his driver)
Driver, we're going all the way
downtown to Market Street. Step on
it now! I'm fifteen minutes late.

INT. GREENTHORN OIL RIG OPERATION - TOOLPUSHER ROOM - MORNING

Frank SLAMS his PHONE down on his desk and he ponders to himself for a moment, thinking of what to do.

A KNOCK on Frank's door draws his eyes up annoyed.

FRANK ALDRIDGE
Not now!

TINA PERKINS (O.S.)
It's Tina. Can I come in?

Frank shakes his head angrily.

FRANK ALDRIDGE
Yeah actually, get in here!

The door opens and in walks TINA PERKINS (28) way too young and beautiful to be a part of this rig operation.

TINA PERKINS
Good morning Frank.

FRANK ALDRIDGE
Sit down Tina.

Tina sits down and Frank stands up out of his chair and circles around behind her, menacing.

FRANK ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)
Did you tell your father about the
body that showed up out on our rig
yesterday?

TINA PERKINS
(caught off guard)
I uh...it just kind of came up.

FRANK ALDRIDGE
It just came up?

TINA PERKINS
I'm sorry Mister Aldridge.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

When I say loose lips sink ships,
this is exactly what I'm talking
about! Your father's name only goes
so far. I can't have any subversive
elements undermining this rig.

TINA PERKINS

It won't happen again. I didn't...

FRANK ALDRIDGE

You are lucky as hell that you're
Jimmy Pekins daughter. Anyone else
would already be gone for this.

TINA PERKINS

I'm so sorry Frank. I can't stress
that enough.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

Sorry's are cheap. Just don't put
me in this position ever again.

TINA PERKINS

I won't.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

Now what did you come here for?

TINA PERKINS

It's about Well Nine.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

What about it?

TINA PERKINS

Steve's laying the surface casing
and he thought you should know that
there's a slight issue.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

What's the issue Tina! Speak up!

TINA PERKINS

(louder and faster)

The saturated zone is three hundred
feet deeper than the Toolhands had
previously estimated. We're going
to need more materials.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

WHAT do you NEED! Short and sweet.

TINA PERKINS

Three thousand extra feet of tubing
and at least eight hundred gallons
worth of corrosion inhibitor.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

I thought you said it was a three
hundred foot issue?

TINA PERKINS

It's going to effect wells nine
through twenty sir. Over the next
two weeks. Need to nip it in the
bud before it becomes systemic.

Frank nods.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

I'll give you three hundred feet
today and fifty gallons of
corrosion inhibitor.

TINA PERKINS

We also need more man power to
combat these issues. We have five
more wells in the same zone that
are supposed to be operational by
this time Friday.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

See if your theory works on Well-
Nine, and then adjust.

Another KNOCK on his door.

FRANK ALDRIDGE (CONT'D)

(yelling)

Jesus H. Christ! What is it?

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

We got two new Roughnecks out here.
Fresh out of the office. Wanted to
introduce them to you.

FRANK ALDRIDGE

There's your new man power.

The door opens and MARY-ANNE WOODRIDGE (38) Frank's secretary
leads in Johnny Franklin and Michael Young. They're suited up
for work and wearing hard-hats and boots.

MARY-ANNE WOODRIDGE
 This is Johnny Franklin and Michael
 Young, Johnny was a Derrickman out
 in AY-Zare-Bee.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
 Azerbaijan.

MARY-ANNE WOODRIDGE
 Right. And Michael worked for an
 explo-rig over in Pennsylvania.

TINA PERKINS
 (introducing herself)
 I'm the Derrickman of Greenthorn.
 Tina Perkins.

Johnny looks at Tina, surprised to see a woman.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
 Johnny Franklin.

MICHAEL YOUNG
 Michael Young.

FRANK ALDRIDGE
 And I'm the toolpusher on the rig.
 Tina here will show to your well.

TINA PERKINS
 Follow me fellas.

The Men nod, and Tina leads them out of the office. Frank
 throws his COFFEE MUG against the wall and it SHATTERS, right
 after Tina and the Roughnecks leave the room. He's livid.

The BLACK COFFEE drips down the white wall.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Kyle is on the phone with someone while Charlotte continues
 to go through a mountain of paperwork and cross-reference it
 on her computer screen.

KYLE MCCOY
 (into phone)
 Oh you do?
 (listens)
 Okay, and where are you located?

Kyle writes down whatever the person on the other end of the
 telephone is telling him.

KYLE MCCOY (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 That's fantastic. Okay, we'll come
 by in an hour. See you soon. Bye.

Kyle hangs up and Charlotte turns around curiously.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
 Who was that?

KYLE MCCOY
 Guy who recognized our John Doe.
 Preacher or something. Works over
 at "Trust in Him Ministries."

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
 See what a difference picking up
 the phone makes?

Both of them get up from their desks.

KYLE MCCOY
 Want me to drive?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
 Absolutely not. Do grab me a coffee
 though on your way out.

Kyle heads to the coffee maker. The other Detectives in the
 office make WHIPPING noises and LAUGH amongst themselves.

EXT. GREENTHORN OIL RIG OPERATION - WELL - DAY

Johnny and Michael are being walked around the esoteric
 machinations of a Hydraulic Fracturing Oil Rig. Tina has just
 finished going over everything with them.

TINA PERKINS
 Do you guys have any questions
 about any of this stuff?

Michael nods with mock confidence.

MICHAEL YOUNG
 Pretty straight forward to me.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
 So we're not responsible for the
 casings or cementing the strings?

TINA PERKINS

That's right, the driller has already set the strings and the borehole is operational. You guys are beginning at the acid stage.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

So we're just clearing the debris and opening the fractures?

TINA PERKINS

That's right, and then pad, prop, flush, and pump. Usually about...

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

A week long process for each stage.

TINA PERKINS

That's right. You know your stuff.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

Great. I'm good. Mike you understand what's going on here?

Michael nods with mock confidence.

MICHAEL YOUNG

Good to go.

Tina looks over and sees Steve Driller approaching the Well.

TINA PERKINS

Okay great. I'll introduce you guys to the driller.

MICHAEL YOUNG

Thank you Tina.

TINA PERKINS

My pleasure boys. Best of luck.

Tina walks away as Steve Driller approaches with a cigarette dangling precariously between his lips.

STEVE DRILLER

I'm assuming Tina got you boys up-to-speed. My name's Steve. I'm the driller. What are your names?

MICHAEL YOUNG

I'm Michael Young.

STEVE DRILLER

Wife? Kids? Prior Experience?

MICHAEL YOUNG

Yes, wife and a kid. Chainman back
in Pennsylvania on an explo...

STEVE DRILLER

Leave that goddamn family at home.
Including your wedding ring! You
come here as a roughneck, and you
work like a roughneck.

MICHAEL YOUNG

Of course, I won't let it get...

STEVE DRILLER

(to Johnny)

And you? Name?

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

Johnny Frankin. No wife, no kids.
Worked as a Derrickman in
Azerbaijan. Happy to be of service.

STEVE DRILLER

There we go! That's what I like to
hear. Short and sweet. Make sure
your logs are in Tina's hands every
Friday by sundown and we won't have
a problem. You don't want to have a
problem with me. Understood?

Michael and Johnny nod.

STEVE DRILLER (CONT'D)

Alright. We good. Now Get to work!

Steve CLAPS his hands and heads back to his truck.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. "TRUST IN HIM" MINISTRIES - DAY

A crowded strip-mall like any other in America, with a Starbucks, Staples, Pet Smart, and a Ralph's among the other dregs of our homogenized Strip Mall American culture.

HOMELESS VAGRANTS crowd outside of a store-front with a sign reading "Trust In Him Ministries: Your Salvation is at Hand."

Kyle McCoy and Charlotte Jennings walk past the multitudes of Homeless, and enter into the "Trust in Him" ministry office.

INT. "TRUST IN HIM" MINISTRIES - CONTINUOUS

Kyle and Charlotte enter the very basic establishment where a table full of VOLUNTEERS are making sandwiches and handing them out to HOMELESS PEOPLE who wait patiently in line.

Charlotte and Kyle approach the table.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Good afternoon, we're looking for a Leonard Perry. Anyone know where we might find him?

LEONARD PERRY (53) a tall, gangly, bald man looks down at them as he hands out sandwiches to Homeless People.

LEONARD PERRY

You're looking at him. How may I help you folks today?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

I believe you spoke to my partner, Kyle McCoy over the phone? We're from the Sheriff's Office.

LEONARD PERRY

Right. Why don't you go have a seat in my office and I'll be right in.

Leonard motions to a glass office in the corner. Charlotte and Kyle nod and walk toward the door as Leonard continues handing out sandwiches to the Homeless people around him.

LEONARD PERRY (CONT'D)

(to a homeless man)

Bless you my son. May your days be blessed and filled with light.

HOMELESS MAN

Thank you Pastor.

Leonard looks over at his office suspiciously as Charlotte and Kyle enter in his office.

INT. "TRUST IN HIM" MINISTRIES - LEONARD'S OFFICE - DAY

Charlotte and Kyle are sat down in two chairs across from a quaint desk with an OLD COMPUTER and dozens of BOXES.

Leonard walks in the door wiping his hands with a napkin. He extends his hand to Charlotte and Kyle to greet them.

LEONARD PERRY

Leonard Perry. So nice to meet you both. Sorry for the informal introduction out there. Duty calls.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Detective Charlotte Jennings.

They all shake hands.

KYLE MCCOY

Kyle McCoy. Have a lot of respect for what you're doing out here in the community. Need more men like you, making our community stronger.

LEONARD PERRY

It's God's work. It has nothing to do with me. I was chosen to carry his staff and lead his sheep towards righteous pastures.

Leonard sits down opposite from them and crosses his hands.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

So, you said on the phone that you recognized the photo that we sent over? The picture of the man?

LEONARD PERRY

I know him. His name's Jacob Niequist. you said he was missing?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Well, unfortunately he's...

KYLE MCCOY

Yes, unfortunately he's been missing for a couple of days.

Charlotte glares at Kyle for the lie.

KYLE MCCOY (CONT'D)

We were hoping you could help us find him. Or give us some information that might lead to us finding him.

LEONARD PERRY

I can do that. What is it you would like to know?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
 Just the last time you saw him.
 What he was like? If he had any
 enemies? Things like that...

Leonard CHUCKLES.

LEONARD PERRY
 Enemies? I think not. Jacob was a
 charitable man. A strong supporter
 of our mission here at "Trust in
 Him." My guess is that he just took
 off on a mission of his own.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
 Anyone come around here asking
 about him?

LEONARD PERRY
 Just you two.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
 Right. Did he even mention any
 problems he was having? Any issues
 at home or in his business life?

LEONARD PERRY
 Not that I can think of. We spoke
 mostly of god together. He was a
 pious man, like I was saying...

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
 How did Mister Niequist have the
 money to donate to your cause here?

LEONARD PERRY
 Oh he was a farmer back in the day.
 Cattle Grazing, had some corn
 fields and stuff like that.

Charlotte and Kyle look at each other knowingly.

LEONARD PERRY (CONT'D)
 Now the farming never amounted to
 much money as I'm sure you can
 deduce, but when those Fracking
 guys came in a few years back, they
 bought up a big parcel of his land
 for a ridiculous price. He was one
 of the lucky ones. He and the
 Gundalvvson's I guess.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
 I'm sorry, I'm not familiar with...

KYLE MCCOY

(jumping in)

The Gundalvvson's are one of the oldest and most prominent families in Green Plains.

(to Leonard)

She's not from around here.

LEONARD PERRY

I see. Well like I said, he seemed fine last I saw him. Healthy, happy, eager to help out. I'm sure he'll turn up somewhere.

KYLE MCCOY

We hope so too.

Charlotte SIGHS.

LEONARD PERRY

Anything else I can help you with?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

The Gundalvvsons. Why did you mention them?

LEONARD PERRY

Oh...I don't know. Just got to describing his farm is all, where he got his money.

Kyle and Charlotte look at each other curiously.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

You going anywhere any time soon? Any mission trips planned?

LEONARD PERRY

No Mam, my only mission is right here in Green Plains.

Charlotte nods.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

I'm sure we'll be in touch. Thank you so much for your time.

LEONARD PERRY

That was easier than I thought.

Kyle and Charlotte get up from their seats.

KYLE MCCOY

Again, good luck with everything you're doing here. It's inspiring.

LEONARD PERRY

Y'all come back and see me if you need anything. My doors are open.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

We will. Thanks again.

LEONARD PERRY

Go with God my sheep. May the light of the lord bless and keep you.

Charlotte nods, sizing this gentleman up as her and Kyle walk out of his office and get on with their day.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Charlotte and Kyle get into her Police Cruiser out in the parking lot of the "Trust in Him" strip-mall.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

What the hell was that?

KYLE MCCOY

What was what?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Missing person? You're stepping in my shit, and that's the one thing I told you never to do.

KYLE MCCOY

What do you want from me? I have orders from the Sheriff.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Let me do the talking from now on. That guy did not feel right to me. I felt like he was testing us.

KYLE MCCOY

Testing us? Come on, he's a minister for Christ's sake.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

We'll see. Just keep your goddamn mouth shut when we are interviewing suspects and witnesses. It's not that hard.

Charlotte puts the car in gear.

KYLE MCCOY
So the Minister is a suspect now?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Kyle...

KYLE MCCOY
Where are we going anyway?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Find me Jacob Niequist's farm.

KYLE MCCOY
You got it.

Kyle starts searching the computer for Jacob Niequist.

EXT. "TRUST IN HIM" MINISTRIES - STRIP-MALL - CONTINUOUS

The Police Cruiser DRIVES OFF leaving a long trail of EXHAUST FUMES as it drives away.

EXT. GREENTHORN OIL RIG OPERATION - WELL - DAY

A DEAFENING LOUD HUM spurts forth from a group of esoteric nozzles and hoses with pressure gauges, levers, and all manner of monitoring equipment.

MICHAEL adjusts some of the levers and spigots according to Johnny's instructions as he struggles against the LOUD NOISE.

Johnny is standing over the bore-hole with TUBES protruding into the ground. He is looking at a read-out from a hand-held MONITORING DEVICE hooked up to a wire above him.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Twenty two hundred more PSI on the borate salts! Crank up the salts!

Michael doesn't hear him and keeps turning one of the knobs. Johnny turns around angrily and shouts at Michael.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
Twenty two hundred PSI on the Borate Salts! Do it now!

Michael doesn't hear him still and Johnny sees the pressure mounting on his read-out. His eyes go wide and he runs angrily towards Michael.

He KICKS Michael out of the way and TURNS his knob off and then rushes towards another LEVER and TURNS IT WILDLY, as the whole system makes a LOUD NOISE like PRESSURE MOUNTING.

The whole RIG SHAKES VIOLENTLY as Johnny tries with all of his might to shut the thing down.

BOOM! An ERUPTION of WATER SPROUTS out of the bore hole. The GEYSER FLIES high into the air and starts drenching them.

Michael rolls over and STARTS a TIMER on his watch, as if he did this on purpose, and he is timing something. The FOUNTAIN of water SPRAYS them both and Johnny finally gets it under control. He looks over at Michael with disgust.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

What the hell are you thinking?

Michael gets up to his feet slowly as Johnny marches towards him and picks him up by his collar furiously. He holds Michael up so that Michael's feet aren't touching the ground.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

When I tell you to do something,
you do it immediately! You hear me?

MICHAEL YOUNG

I couldn't...

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

I don't care! You don't even shit
unless I tell you to do it!

Johnny TOSSES Michael to the ground.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN (CONT'D)

This is your mess Michael. You're
going to clean it up.

Michael nods his head and checks his stop watch and gets up to help Johnny clean up the hole and get it under control.

LATER - Johnny and Michael have got the situation under control when Steve Driller drives up in his pick-up truck to the well. Steve gets out of the truck and marches towards them frantically.

STEVE DRILLER

What the hell happened? I saw a
geyser from the watch tower.

Steve approaches the two men.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

Borate Salts failed to regulate the
temperature while we were clearing
the annular valve.

STEVE DRILLER
How bad is it?

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
We only lost a couple of hours.

MICHAEL YOUNG
I'll make it up with unpaid
overtime. It was my fault.

STEVE DRILLER
Excuse me?

Johnny shoots Michael an angry look.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
It was the borate salts, sir.
Nobody's fault.

STEVE DRILLER
Johnny, you got this guy under
control? I'm serious.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Yeah, it's okay. We'll clear the
hole and stay on schedule.

STEVE DRILLER
Okay then, so if we're on schedule,
and you boys aren't going to report
any overtime, then I don't have to
report it to the toolpusher, do I?

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
That's the idea.

STEVE DRILLER
Alright, you got a deal. Johnny, I
want you to meet me after work.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Sir?

STEVE DRILLER
Look-out Tavern in downtown. Nine
o'clock sharp. Don't be late.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
What's this about?

Michael looks down at his watch and STOPS the TIMER at 34:51.

STEVE DRILLER
 (shouting)
 Hey Worm! You okay over there?
 Somewhere better you have to be?

Michael looks up from his watch.

MICHAEL YOUNG
 No sir. I'll work hard until we're
 back on schedule. I'm sorry.

STEVE DRILLER
 Don't you ever look at your watch
 in front of me again. You keep that
 goddamn family of yours out of
 this. I don't want you're Chainhand
 here to have to lie on your behalf
 ever again. Understood?

MICHAEL YOUNG
 Yes sir. I'm sorry.

Steve and Johnny make knowing eye-contact and nod together.

STEVE DRILLER
 That's good. Get your shit together
 boys. Need to clear out this hole.

Steve turns and gets back in his truck and DRIVES OFF.
 Johnny turns around to Michael furiously.

MICHAEL YOUNG
 Thank you for having my back.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
 I don't have your back. Keep your
 goddamn mouth shut when we talk to
 the Driller, and tighten the
 surface casing nozzle right now!

Michael nods and begins tightening a NUT with a huge monkey
 wrench as both men get back to clearing out the bore hole.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. FARM HOUSE - DAY

Charlotte and Kyle get out of the Police Cruiser and walk up
 the long driveway towards a quaint FARM HOUSE sitting on a
 large swath of land with some corn fields in the background.

KYLE MCCOY

There are your corn fields. What was that worm you mentioned earlier this week out on the rig?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Cut worm. Only lives in the corn.

KYLE MCCOY

How you come to know about "Cut Worms," you being from the big-city and all...?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

I'd rather not do this.

KYLE MCCOY

Come on. If we're gonna be risking our lives together like this, I'd like to know who it is I'm working with at the very least. What your family's like? Stuff like that...

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Tell you what...

A CRASH inside the house causes Charlotte and Kyle to perk up. They look at each other worried and draw their PISTOLS.

KYLE MCCOY

What was that?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Follow my lead, don't do shit unless I tell you to.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte motions to Kyle a silent police command and Kyle takes off running around the side of the house.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

This is the Green Plains Sheriff's Department! Lay face down on the floor with your palms to the sky!

The RUCKUS STOPS suddenly inside the house.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (CONT'D)

I'll give you until the count of three, then we're coming in! It's a whole team of us out here! We will shoot anything that moves!

Some RUNNING is heard inside the house.

CROOK'S VOICE
(panicked)
Shit! Ricky, run!

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Screw it.

Charlotte KICKS in the door and enters the house pointing her gun ahead at anyone that could be waiting for her.

INT. FARM HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte moves through the house swiftly with her gun aimed straight ahead at attention.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
This is the Green Plains Sheriff's
department! Lay face down on the
floor or you will be shot!

Some more FOOTSTEPS can be heard and a back-door is heard SWINGING OPEN LOUDLY.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (CONT'D)
Damn it!

Charlotte runs towards the noise to the

INT. FARM HOUSE - BACK KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The door is open and she sees TWO CROOKS through the window, running towards the field with bags over their shoulders.

EXT. FARM HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

BANG! Kyle CLIPS one of them in the leg and his partner helps him limp off into the corn fields. Charlotte exits the door with her gun.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
No shooting goddamnit! Fall in
line, edge of the field!

Charlotte and Kyle take off running but stop before they enter into the maze of corn and CATCH THEIR BREATHS.

A trail of blood dots the corn leading into the labyrinth. They can't see even ten feet in front of them.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (CONT'D)

Don't ever discharge your weapon at
someone with their back turned
toward you.

KYLE MCCOY

I'm sorry, I thought...

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Stop thinking! Never! Fan out
behind me, switch to your taser
right now goddamnit!

KYLE MCCOY

Charlotte...they might be...

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Do it now! This guy's injured,
they're not moving fast. We just
have to subdue them and try not to
get killed in the process. Did you
see any weapons?

KYLE MCCOY

No mam.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Good....

Charlotte BREATHES deep and Kyle holsters his pistol and
takes out his TASER. They enter into the corn field quietly.

EXT. CORNFIELD - CONTINUOUS

Charlotte and Kyle stalk through the corn field and follow
the trail of blood left in muddy foot prints and corn stalks.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

(shouting)

I need to see some hands! Surrender
yourselves and you won't get shot!

They cross over a ROW of CORN and see the two CROOKS hobbling
down the corn row about twenty yards ahead of them.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (CONT'D)

Stop!

The two CROOKS look back, seeing Charlotte and Kyle, and duck
into another row of corn. They run after of the two Crooks,
and get to where they turned and duck into the thick corn.

SUDDENLY - the Crook that isn't shot, LUNGES out at Charlotte and knocks her gun away from her. He PUNCHES her in the face and goes for her throat, STRANGLING her viciously.

Kyle SHOOTS him with the TASER and ELECTROCUTES HIM. The Crook CONVULSES from the shock and rolls over onto the mud. Charlotte gets on top of him instantly and pins his hands behind his back and starts to put cuffs on him.

OUT OF THE CORN - the other CROOK tackles Kyle to the ground and knocks his Taser away from him. Charlotte grabs her telescoping BLACK JACK STICK and WHACKS his already shot leg repeatedly. WHACK! WHACK! WHACK! He MOANS in agony, crippled.

Kyle gets up and rushes towards the crippled Crook.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (CONT'D)

Kyle, don't!

Kyle KICKS the Crook in the face with his boot and gets on top of him and starts PUNCHING him HARD.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (CONT'D)

Stop it right now!

Finally Kyle stops the violence and turns the Crook over on his back to put handcuffs on him. Both Crooks are apprehended and Kyle and Charlotte BREATHE DEEP as they survey the claustrophobic scene of corn fields surrounding them.

Charlotte gets her radio out.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (CONT'D)

(into radio)

Shots fired, shots fired. I have two in custody down at nineteen Rolling Hills Road. Repeat Shots fired, send an ambulance, nineteen rolling hills road.

Charlotte breathes deep and Kyle looks deeply affected by what happened, they are MUDDY, BLOODY, and out of breath.

Charlotte looks over at the battered CROOKS. A CUT WORM starts to crawl onto the Crippled Crook's BRUISED FACE.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS (CONT'D)

You wanted to know where I learned about cut worms from. Right?

Kyle squints at her surprised, still in a relative daze.

KYLE MCCOY

Yeah, sure.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

So...I only moved to Chicago when I was eighteen years old. I never wanted people to know where I came from, and I never wanted to go back to life outside of a big city again. That is, until I lived on the South side of Chicago for fifteen years, and saw what it can do to people. The truth is, I'm just a country girl, like you Kyle.

KYLE MCCOY

Very funny.

Charlotte smiles, she loves giving him shit.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Yeah, I'm from a small town called Poplar Bluff, Missouri. It's not much different from Green Plains, just lots more corn there. We had a cut-worm epidemic in the summer of nineteen eighty five. I was seven-years-old. I can still remember the look on my father's face when he couldn't buy my mother a birthday cake. It ruined him, ruined their relationship really. It didn't have to, she was fine, but he let it get to him. So, yeah. That's how I know all about cut-worms, and other kinds of parasites. That's how I know the body was moved to the rig. But I still don't know why...

KYLE MCCOY

Maybe these two assholes can shed some light on that for us?

Charlotte tilts her head to the side, skeptically.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS

Yeah, maybe. I'm not so sure...

Kyle and Charlotte let a silent moment of understanding pass between them. Charlotte looks at the waist band of the Crippled Crook. He's got a HUNTING KNIFE on his belt.

Charlotte take the hunting knife out of the sheath.

KYLE MCCOY

What are you doing with that?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
You want to keep your badge?

Kyle squints nervously at her.

KYLE MCCOY
What are you talking about?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
Don't move.

KYLE MCCOY
Charlotte. Don't do anything crazy.

SUDDENLY Charlotte STABS Kyle in the UPPER ARM with the knife. He grabs his arm immediately and WRITHES in pain.

KYLE MCCOY (CONT'D)
Are you insane! Why did you do that!? AHHH!

Kyle holds his arm and ROCKS back and forth.

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
I didn't. He did. That's why you shot him in the back of the leg, you righteous cop, you.

Charlotte wipes her finger prints off of the knife and places it FIRMLY in the Crippled Crooks hand. Then she KICKS it out of his hand onto the ground.

Kyle gets his pain in check, it's a small stab wound.

KYLE MCCOY
You are one crazy country bitch, you know that?

CHARLOTTE JENNINGS
No, that move I learned in Chicago.

Charlotte smiles at Kyle and he starts to LAUGH. They both share a warm moment as they wait for the back-up to arrive. It might be a while...

INT. LOOK-OUT SALOON - NIGHT

A shady establishment. Dozens of ROUGHNECKS and COWBOYS sit drinking and ogling at the few FEMALE BARTENDERS and PROSTITUTES that are roaming around the bar.

Suzie Reed, the sultry prostitute who we met at Betsy's earlier on, gives Johnny a seductive eye from across the bar as he walks up to it. But before Johnny can make a move, she is approached by a YOUNG COWBOY (23) handsome and tall.

Johnny lets it go and gets the Bartender's attention.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
(to the Bartender)
Whiskey. Double.

Steve sneaks up on him and puts his arm around Johnny in a jovial and playful way. He's definitely not working tonight.

STEVE DRILLER
How you doing Johnny?

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Jesus, you startled me.

STEVE DRILLER
(to the Bartender)
Make it two Maggie. Put 'em on my
tab for me sweetheart.

MAGGIE (23) a chubby waitress nods to Steve and goes to start pouring the whiskies for the men.

MAGGIE
Sure thing Steve.

STEVE DRILLER
(whispering)
Maggie over there is what we call a
"Green Plains nine." Anywhere else
in the country you might give her a
six with beer-goggles on, but here
in Green Plains, bona fide nine.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
You're depressing me.

STEVE DRILLER
Supply and demand my young friend.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
No shit.

STEVE DRILLER
Anyway, get used to it. You got to
buy love around these parts...

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
I don't pay for tail.

STEVE DRILLER
That's what they all say at first.

Maggie comes back with their drinks.

MAGGIE
I made 'em triples for you Steve.

STEVE DRILLER
Maggie you are too kind. We're gonna take the covered booth back there in the corner if that's ok?

MAGGIE
Fine by me. You own the place.

STEVE DRILLER
Thanks Maggie.

Steve and Johnny grab their drinks.

Steve leads Johnny towards the back. They stop by the Young Cowboy when Johnny spots Suzie Reed talking to him.

STEVE DRILLER (CONT'D)
Suzie, you want a real date? Or you just looking to waste your time with this Stetson tonight?

SUZIE REED
Play nice, Steve. He saw me first.

The Young Cowboy turns around to Steve aggressively.

YOUNG COWBOY
You heard the lady. We're having a nice conversation here.

STEVE DRILLER
I wasn't planning on competing with a little boy anyway.
(to Suzie)
How much he offer you?

SUZIE REED
Steve...

YOUNG COWBOY
Listen buddy, why don't you take a walk before I have to get physical.

Young Cowboy stands up to challenge Steve and Johnny. He's a full head taller than both Johnny and Steve. Steve smiles and PATS Johnny on the back as he backs down from this fight.

STEVE DRILLER
Alright Stetson. No need to get
physical. You two have fun now.

Steve and Johnny turn, and Young Cowboy turns back to Suzie.

Steve and Johnny walk to back corner of the bar where there is a booth with a curtain. They slide into the booth and Steve pulls the curtain back so that they are completely private. Steve raises his glass to Johnny in a toast.

STEVE DRILLER (CONT'D)
Glad I finally got you alone.

Johnny squints him at him skeptically.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Look I'm not...

STEVE DRILLER
Not what? A faggot? I'm not trying
to screw you, roughneck, raise your
goddamn glass with me right now.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Sorry.

Johnny nods and raises his glass.

STEVE DRILLER
To our children. May their mothers
have huge tits and may their
fathers be rich and lazy in their
old age.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Cheers Steve.

Both men CLINK their glasses and drink their drinks.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN (CONT'D)
So why did you invite me out here
tonight? It wasn't just to talk
about "Green Plains Nines" and big
titted future wives I assume?

STEVE DRILLER
I'll get right to the point. I
notice small details. Details that
others often overlook. Take
yourself for example, I notice that
you know what the hell you're doing
on a rig. We share that.

(MORE)

STEVE DRILLER (CONT'D)

But we also share an affinity for a certain substance. A magical crystal...with enchanting properties let's say.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

I don't do drugs, Steve.

STEVE DRILLER

Look, I know you do. I can tell by that oh-so-nutty twinkle in your eye, and the burn marks under your right thumb from your torch more importantly. Tell-tale signs, if you know what you're looking for.

Johnny looks at his burned thumb and covers it quickly.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

That's from smoking cigarettes.

STEVE DRILLER

And I'm related to Ben Franklin. Look, I'm not looking to write you up Johnny. I invited you here because there's money to be made from tweak out here. Green Plains is wide open territory.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

I don't ugh...maybe I should go.

Johnny starts to get up but Steve SLAMS his fist on the table, it's threatening, and the mood changes.

STEVE DRILLER

Stay awhile!

Johnny and Steve share a tense moment of silence, and Johnny sits back down in the booth and relaxes.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN

What do you want from me?

Steve CRACKS his knuckles and lights a cigarette.

STEVE DRILLER

I'm famous in Green Plains, as you can probably already tell. A new face like yours, a little muscle to go with it. That's what I'm after. That's exactly what I need to make this operation sing.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
I'm not a drug pusher...

STEVE DRILLER
Shh, shh, shh. No, we don't talk like that around here. I'm just talking about providing a commodity to the men. Same as coffee, only twenty times the strength and ten times the profit margin.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
You have a hook-up for the tweak?

STEVE DRILLER
Working on weight at the moment from a fella over in Kansas City. Just need the infrastructure first. And I have what some might call, an ingenious distribution plan that I can only explain in more detail if you would like to move forward with this lucrative opportunity.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
What would my cut be?

STEVE DRILLER
Man of business. I like that. Here's a rough estimate...

Steve smiles and pulls out a pen. He starts writing down a figure on a napkin at the table.

STEVE DRILLER (CONT'D)
Top number's the percentage, bottom number is the estimated dollar amount in the first six months.

He slides over the napkin to Johnny. Johnny looks at it and nods his head, satisfied.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Holy shit. This is a serious figure you're projecting here.

STEVE DRILLER
Eighty thousand men need to work long, tedious hours out there on the rig. Alcohol won't fly for productivity. Pot makes 'em stupid, but Tweak...mmm...mmm. I'll have a bunch of little super-charged soldiers out there on my wells.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Interesting theory...

STEVE DRILLER
Ain't a theory, worked in Nigeria,
it can work here. Mull it over.
Take the night. Oh, and if you say
no, or mention to this conversation
to anybody, you're going to need to
find an alternative source of
income because that little incident
out on your well today, that's
cause for termination, Johnny.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
I don't have to mull it over. I'm
in. I can be very useful to you.

Steve smiles, a sharks smile.

STEVE DRILLER
Just like that?

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Just like that.

Johnny TEARS up the napkin of paper and extends his hand to
Steve. Steve nods, excited and the two men shake hands.

STEVE DRILLER
My man. Alright. After work
tomorrow you meet me at my house
and we'll go over the details.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Sounds good.

STEVE DRILLER
See you tomorrow Johnny.

Steve pulls the curtain back and gets up from the table. He
stops by Suzie Reed on his way out of the bar and kisses her
on the cheek. Steve waves goodbye to Maggie behind the bar,
and walks toward the exit.

Suzie turns back towards Johnny smiling as he approaches her.

Johnny sets his glass down at the bar next to Suzie.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Stetson was too young for you?

SUZIE REED
Too cheap I'm afraid.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Is that so? What did he offer you?

SUZIE REED
A lady never tells. But a gentleman
should never...

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
I'm not a gentleman.

SUZIE REED
Right, you're a roughneck, maybe
you want some company tonight?

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
I don't pay for tail. Thanks
anyway, miss...

SUZIE REED
Suzie Reed. Pleasure to meet you.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
Johnny Franklin, likewise.

SUZIE REED
If you're friends with Steve, I'm
sure I'll be seeing you around.
Maybe I'll make an exception on the
payment part for someone as...broad
shouldered as you...

Suzie puts her hands on his shoulders, and Johnny nods.

JOHNNY FRANKLIN
I'm sure you will. Have a nice
night Miss Reed.

SUZIE REED
You too Mister Franklin. Don't let
the bed bugs bite.

Johnny nods and turns around. He walks out of the bar as
Suzie watches him, shaking her head and smiling.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT

Johnny walks down a desolate country road at night.

FLAMES SPEW out of the tops of the Oil Towers in a process
called "Flaring the Wells," which basically burns off the
excess Natural Gas while the wells aren't pumping over night.

Johnny walks in silence and solitude past the hellish inferno landscape, the night's sky is ablaze with FIRE, spewing FLAMES up towards the heavens.

Johnny STOPS when he catches a glimpse of something high up on top of one of the FLARING TOWERS.

A BLACK WINGED FIGURE leaps off of one of the towers and seems to FLAP it's wings as it drifts towards the Earth.

Johnny shakes his head, not knowing what to make of this bizarre apparition. He squints up at the vision, confused.

We recall the mention of the Phantom at Betsy's Diner by Steve's friend David Jones. Is this is a symptom of Drug Use? Exhaustion? Or is this something else in entirety?

Johnny keeps walking. Where he is coming from, and where he's walking to, are a mystery.

At least until Episode 2...

END PILOT EPISODE