

GREYSON
"Pilot"

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TEASER

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAR - NIGHT

SAMANTHA, 20, is in her car driving down the road alone, just getting out of the city of Roswell, New Mexico. Her radio is on and turned to the news.

Samantha seems determined if not a little angry. Something's on her mind, but there is no telling what...

SUPER: Some time ago...

RADIO

...with the storms from the past few days bringing in a cold front, we can expect the temperature in the area to drop considerably.

As Samantha keeps driving, she's clearly getting more agitated. She's fighting to hold back tears.

RADIO (cont'd)

Even so, it does seem like this weekend we will be back to bright, sunny weather with temperatures in the mid to upper eighties. With that --

The radio announcer is interrupted. Samantha seems to be holding her breath. She's panicked.

RADIO (cont'd)

We have breaking news. An, as of now, unidentified male has been found dead in the Rio Hondo River with multiple stab wounds...

Samantha finally lets it all out. She's sobbing. We, for the first time, see her hands covered in blood. Her passenger seat is blood soaked as well with a knife resting in the seat.

Samantha looks at the blade with nothing but hate.

RADIO (cont'd)

Sources say they responded to a call where an anonymous witness said she saw a car driving down by the river only to hear sounds of distress moments later.

Samantha pulls the car over. She's breathing heavily. She can't take it. She picks up the knife and in pure frustration starts stabbing at the passenger seat.

RADIO (cont'd)

Police say that victim has only died within the last couple of hours meaning the murderer may still be in the area.

Samantha has torn up her car seat pretty extensively. She sobs some more before pulling herself together.

RADIO (cont'd)

Police are asking for citizens to be safe and vigilant and to please report any suspicious activity.

Samantha puts the car in drive and speeds off as coming down the opposite direction on the road are cop cars with their lights on, sirens blaring.

RADIO (cont'd)

Truly tragic news for the friends and family involved. Authorities say that justice will be served and the assailant will answer for their crimes.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. GREYSON'S BEDROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING

Stark-black room. No light or details of the room whatsoever...

That is until the ringing of an alarm clock breaks the silence and the time on the clock illuminates reading, "4:30 am".

Greyson smacks the alarm clock turning it off. A moment later, he pulls the drawstring of the lamp sitting on his night stand next to his bed. The room, for the first time, lights up.

He lays in bed for a moment thinking to himself.

INT. GREYSON'S BATHROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING

Greyson is in the shower, steam filling up the room.

He turns the shower off and reaches from behind the shower curtain for a towel. Towel now around his waist, he steps out from the shower.

Greyson picks up his tooth brush, brushes his teeth vigorously, spits out a mouth full of water and tooth paste and goes to put the tooth brush back down. As he does, he focuses on a second tooth brush. He pauses, puts his toothbrush down, picks up the other and after a good, long stare, he drops it in the nearby trash bin.

Greyson wipes away the steam from the mirror, revealing his face and his very unkept facial hair. He picks up a razor and begins the long awaited trimming of his beard.

INT. GREYSON'S BEDROOM, CLOSET - VERY EARLY MORNING

Greyson is getting dressed for the day. He moves with a sense of urgency.

He's still fairly unkept, clothes not tucked in, hair a little messy. He looks at a nearby shelf in the closet and sees his wedding ring.

He pauses for a moment, staring at the ring before he finally puts it on.

INT. GREYSON'S KITCHEN - VERY EARLY MORNING

His kitchen is in slight disarray, not very well kept considering the rest of his home is fairly clean.

He goes for a bowl and a box of cereal as he continues to dress himself, fixing his shirt.

Greyson opens the refrigerator door revealing about 6 large glass bottles of milk among other items. He grabs one of the bottles and pours the milk into his bowl of cereal.

On the table there are 2 placemats with utensil set up in front of two chairs. He takes the bowl of cereal, sits at the kitchen table using one of the available sets of placemats and utensils and looks out the window.

Outside we can see a storm shelter with a white light that is turned on and beside that we see some cattle in a pasture and pigs in a near by pen revealing for the first time, we are on a farm.

EXT. FARM FIELDS - EARLY MORNING

Greyson is riding a tractor through a dirt field sowing some seeds. As he's doing so, he sees a truck coming down a dirt path that leads between him and his field and the cattle.

The truck pulls up by the field revealing 4 men including, WORKER 1, in the vehicle. Greyson stops.

WORKER 1

What're we looking at?

GREYSON

I'm thinking the livestock needs some attention first. And we never did get around to finishing that busted fence. We don't patch that soon, the whole thing'll come down and we'd have to build a new one entirely.

WORKER 1

(jokingly)

That a threat?

GREYSON

For both our sakes, let's hope it just stays a threat.

WORKER 1

All right. We'll get to it.

GREYSON

Why don't one of you check the crops too. Jim's wanting more produce down at the store. Be nice if we can get him a shipment or something by tomorrow.

Worker 1 gives an approving nod and begins to drive off.

Greyson goes back to sowing seeds.

INT./EXT. SHED/FRONT OF THE HOUSE - MORNING

Greyson pulls the tractor into a large shed, unbuckles his seatbelt and hops out of the vehicle.

It's getting hot. He rolls up his sleeves as he exits the shed and starts to walk towards his house.

As he walks up to his home, there is a woman, MADISON, 18, standing next to the porch.

Greyson hesitates then presses forward and walks past Madison as if he doesn't see her.

MADISON

Greyson? Hi, I'm Madison. I was wondering if you could use a little help? On the farm I mean.

GREYSON

I'm fine. Thanks.

Madison persists while Greyson heads for the front door.

MADISON

I got into one of those universities in the city. Pretty excited. Never had people proud of me before. Not truly proud. Feels real nice. But those books cost more'n they should. Could use the money. Need it really.

GREYSON

Congratulations. Still. Doesn't change the fact that I've got nothing for you here.

Greyson opens the door to his house and walks in. As he tries to close the door, Madison comes up and puts her hand in the way to stop the door.

MADISON

Sorry. It's just--No one else has got nothin' and I'm really graspin' here. My little world has been the same for as long as I've known it. I've got a real chance here. First in my family to go to college if I can make ends meet.

Greyson gets annoyed. She's pushing him just a bit too far it'd seem, but she's desperate.

GREYSON

I'm telling you, "no".

MADISON

I know, I know and I'm sorry but...most people in this town don't get a real opportunity to leave and make something for themselves. I got that chance. A real chance. We all know what you've done for this town. This farm and the jobs it brought. We all look up to you. We're all still here because of you. Hoping you got one more miracle left.

GREYSON

And I'm telling you, you all are putting your eggs in the wrong basket. Just let me be.

Madison realizes she has way overstayed her welcome. It stings a little, but she knows when it's time to throw it in.

MADISON

(discouraged)

Well. Sorry to bother you. If you change your mind, well, I'm sure you can find me.

Madison walk away. As she does, she walks past Worker 1 hauling back a stockpile of corn.

Something comes over Greyson. "She just needs a little help" he thinks... Against his better judgement, he calls out to Madison.

GREYSON

You got a truck?

Madison turns around to Greyson quickly, trying to keep her emotions in check.

MADISON

Daddy's got one. Sure he wouldn't mind if I were to borrow it for a bit.

Greyson finally concedes.

GREYSON

Tomorrow. 6AM.

MADISON

(elated)

Thank you. Thank you so much! I know that you'll--

Greyson motions to stop the conversation.

GREYSON

Just show up.

Greyson closes the door behind him.

INT. GREYSON'S BEDROOM - VERY EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Pitch black and silent. Nothing makes a sound or shines any light until suddenly his alarm goes off and the clock reads "4:30 am".

Greyson, again, smacks the alarm clock to shut it off, pulls the drawstring on his lamp by his bedside illuminating the room and lays in bed, staring up at the ceiling.

EXT. GREYSON'S FRONT PORCH - EARLY MORNING

Greyson begins to walk out of his house and starts to go down the steps of his porch. As he does, a truck pulls up and parks on the side of the house.

He looks over to the storm shelter, light still on.

We can see it all over Greyson's face: he does not want more people on his farm. Today, though, that's a wish that'll remain unfulfilled.

Madison gets out of the truck and walks towards Greyson.

MADISON

Mornin'!

Madison extends her hand for a handshake. He accepts.

GREYSON

Good morning.

Greyson ends the handshake and walks towards a couple of crates nearby that are filled with different vegetables. Madison follows.

MADISON

I really do appreciate this. It's really going to help and don't worry, I'll do my best to do right by you.

GREYSON

Well, I'm glad to hear it.

Greyson motions to one of the boxes.

GREYSON (cont'd)

Think you can get one of them?

MADISON

Stronger than I look.

Madison picks up one of the boxes with no problem.

GREYSON

Can't be mad at that. Let's get them loaded into your truck.

Greyson picks up a crate and starts to walk over to the truck with Madison.

They load the truck with their crates and start to head back to get two more.

MADISON

So, this my job? Loading trucks?

Madison realizes how that could have sounded ungrateful and gets defensive, trying to course correct.

MADISON (cont'd)

Not that that's a problem. I'm fine with it. Just--curious is all.

GREYSON

You'll be doing deliveries. I'll go with you for the first couple of days, just gonna get you familiar with the people.

MADISON

Oh, I'm sure I know 'em all by now. Small town like this.

GREYSON

Hard not to. Still. I'd prefer to show you around. Get you familiar with the process.

The two pick up another crate each and start to walk back to the truck.

MADISON

Yeah. Absolutely.

GREYSON

Today'll just be shipping produce to Jim's. If we head out now, should be able to catch him while he restocks the store before it opens.

The two put the crate down on the bed of the truck.

GREYSON (cont'd)

You're driving.

The two get into the truck. The truck revs up and they begin to drive away.

INT. JIM'S CONVENIENCE STORE - DAYTIME

Greyson and Madison walk into the store each holding a crate.

Inside we see JIM behind the counter as a man, TIMOTHY CRANE, is having a fairly heated discussion with him.

As Greyson and Madison walk in, Jim motions them to keep going about their business.

JIM

(to Greyson)

The usual spot.

Greyson and Madison start to walk towards the back of the store. Greyson is keeping a close eye on Timothy.

MADISON

What'd you think that's about?

GREYSON

Can't be sure.

Jim, annoyed, is trying to politely end the conversation but he is at his breaking point.

JIM

Sir, like I've said, this place just isn't for sale.

TIMOTHY

Oh, now that just can't be true now can it? Everything's got a price, Jim.

Timothy looks around and isn't impressed.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

I mean, you can't believe this place is priceless? The Mona Lisa? Now that's priceless. You've heard of that right? Famous paintin' of a girl sittin' pretty? Now, this place ain't sittin' pretty. The Mona Lisa this place is not.

Jim is taken aback.

JIM

It is not for sale. Period.

Timothy begins to mock Jim.

TIMOTHY

"It is not for sale. Period." Way I see it, this place doesn't even have much life in it anyway. You got, what, a hundred or so people in this town? More'n half of 'em, looking to push up daisies by winter's end and we both know that can't be good for business.

JIM

Why don't you just leave?

TIMOTHY

Because Jimmy, we're businessmen are we not? And business deals are not just our commodity, but between

(MORE)

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
you and I it's our commonality and
as your common man I want to help
you succeed.

Timothy pulls out a folder from his coat but as he opens his coat to get the folder, we can see a gun holstered on his hip. He knows for sure that Jim can see it. Though, without reaching for the gun, he puts the folder on the counter and opens it to a document.

Jim puts his hand on his gun that's under the counter as the tension begins to mount.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
So, all you gotta do is sign your
tiny little name on this great big
dotted line and success is yours to
do with as you so choose. It's just
that simple.

Jim looks at the document, closes the folder and slides it back towards Timothy.

JIM
It's not for sale.

Timothy is clearly upset, but is trying to hide it as he's putting the folder back in his coat, flashing the gun again.

At this moment, Greyson and Madison have come out. Greyson still eyeing Timothy.

TIMOTHY
Well, it does seem that your
ability to negotiate falls short of
what any decent businessman should
require.

JIM
I don't believe that we were
negotiating.

TIMOTHY
I think that --

Greyson approaches Timothy.

GREYSON
(cutting off
Timothy)
You've been asked nicely. Why don't
you just carry on with your
business elsewhere. Shop's about to
(MORE)

GREYSON (cont'd)
open. Sure he's got some things
he'd like to do.

Timothy almost perks up.

TIMOTHY
How rude am I to not introduce
myself to an upstanding man such as
yourself?

Timothy puts his hand out for a handshake that is not
returned, to which Timothy grabs Greyson's hand and forces an
awkward handshake.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
My name's Timothy Crane, though
just so you know, I let my friends
call me Timmy.

Greyson ends the handshake.

GREYSON
Well then...Timothy I--

TIMOTHY
(condescending,
interrupting
Greyson)
It's Mr. Crane.

A beat. A long, awkward beat.

GREYSON
Mr. Crane... What is it that you
are really after?

Timothy hesitates.

TIMOTHY
You're not from around here are
you? You've got that posture and
the sentence structure of one of
them city-boys. I do believe that
is where you are from, correct? The
city? What're you doing out in a
place like this? A bonafide wolf in
sheep clothing if I were to borrow
a phrase.

GREYSON
Look, Mr. Crane we just--

TIMOTHY

(interrupting)

My time is valuable, City-boy. To which I mean the value of my time is worth more than you can pay. If you'll excuse me, I have business to attend.

Timothy walks past Greyson and leaves the store.

Jim lets his grip on the gun loose.

Madison regroups with Greyson as they look to Jim, checking to see if he's okay.

JIM

Never in my life have I met a man quite like him. Hoped he'd never come back.

MADISON

You know him?

JIM

Just some pain in the ass kid when I knew him. Guess not much has changed. Him and his folks moved out years back to the city.

GREYSON

Didn't seem too fond of the city.

JIM

Never know with him.

Jim turns his attention to Madison.

JIM (cont'd)

Heard you was gonna be pushin' past the sticks, too.

MADISON

Just for schoolin' is all.

JIM

Take it this is the job you got? Your mother paid me a visit too, lettin' loose something about you needing money for books. Didn't have anything for ya here I'm afraid.

GREYSON

Neither did I.

Madison nudges Greyson with her elbow in a friendly fashion that almost, just almost, gets a smile out of Greyson.

MADISON

But he found it in him deep down
inside, didn't ya?

Madison walks up to the counter pulling out a piece of paper from her back pocket.

MADISON (cont'd)

Speaking of. I got the manifest for
you. Few ears of corn, a bunch of
peppers, and I swear you got more
carrots than you're gonna know what
to do with.

JIM

Cake. You can always make cake.

Jim looks over the manifest.

JIM (cont'd)

Looks good. Picking up quick.

GREYSON

Well, if that's it, I guess we'll
be seeing you in a couple days.

JIM

Be seein' ya.

Jim walks to the back of the store to attend to some business.

Greyson and Madison walk towards the exit of the store.

JIM (cont'd)

(off screen)

Y'all flip that sign on the way
out.

Greyson flips the sign from "Closed" to "Open" as he and Madison exit the store.

INT. GREYSON'S KITCHEN - VERY EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Greyson is getting ready for his day of work yet again. He makes his way into the kitchen, opens the refrigerator door,

pulls out a glass bottle of milk and pours himself some cereal.

As he's eating, he looks outside as something by the underground storm shelter catches his eye. The small, white light on the door begins to flicker.

Greyson pauses for a moment, puts down his bowl of cereal and then, curiously, picks up a near by sack and puts the bottle of milk, a box of cereal, a bowl and a spoon all in the sack.

EXT./INT. STORM SHELTER - VERY EARLY MORNING

Greyson walks over to the storm shelter and as inconspicuously as he can, he looks around to assure himself no prying eyes are watching. He unlocks the storm shelter, opens the hatch and climbs down.

It's very dark. He flips a switch and lights inside begin to flicker as they come on while we hear a rather loud generator start to spin up.

The room looks like a normal storm shelter. Not much in it besides some shelves of water and canned goods. There are a couple chairs to sit on and a refrigerator on the back wall.

Greyson walks to the refrigerator and begins to push it to the side revealing a door. He opens the door and walks in.

INT. STORM SHELTER, HIDDEN ROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING

The room is well furnished and brightly lit. We can hear the audio from a television playing in the background.

Samantha is sitting in the chair watching tv before she realizes someone's come in. She sits up and looks back at Greyson.

SAMANTHA

Please tell me it's not cereal again.

Greyson walks over to Samantha and drops the bag on her lap. She looks inside then closes the bag in annoyance.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

Really? C'mon, dad!

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. STORM SHELTER, HIDDEN ROOM - VERY EARLY MORNING

Samantha is sitting in her chair watching tv and eating cereal, begrudgingly, as Greyson is walking around the room picking up old, empty boxes of food and supplies.

GREYSON

Didn't I tell you to clean up in here?

SAMANTHA

(sarcastic)

Yeah, because I just get so many visitors.

GREYSON

Not the point, Sam.

SAMANTHA

Fine. I'll do it later.

Greyson gestures to the poster of a bad sci-fi movie on the door.

GREYSON

You still into that movie?

SAMANTHA

It's whatever, dad.

GREYSON

Was never a good movie. Could never understand your obsession with it as a kid.

Greyson continues to pick up the trash that's around the room, moving dirty clothes to the side as he moves through.

SAMANTHA

Ever gonna let me out again? Or you just planning on keeping me trapped behind that fridge?

GREYSON

I gave you a chance, Samantha. Gave you the chance to get out and stretch your legs at night, but you're just not careful.

Samantha for the first time gets out of her chair upset.

SAMANTHA

How am I not careful?

GREYSON

I tell you all the time, Sam, "what you bring in the house you need to take back out". Yet, you're leaving things all over the house still. Found your toothbrush in the bathroom again. We can't have that.

SAMANTHA

It's just a goddamned toothbrush!

Greyson gets properly stern and fatherly.

GREYSON

Hey! Still your father here.

Samantha takes a stern look at Greyson before plopping back down in her chair.

SAMANTHA

More like my warden.

GREYSON

Does have a nice ring to it, doesn't it?

Greyson fills up the bag with trash and readies himself to leave.

GREYSON (cont'd)

I'll be back with more supplies.

Greyson opens the door to exit the room.

SAMANTHA

Have you talked to mom?

The room goes still for a moment.

GREYSON

No.

SAMANTHA

But she knows right?

GREYSON

Sam, look...

Samantha gets irate and stands out of her chair yet again.

SAMANTHA

Just answer me, dad! Does she know?

GREYSON

Yeah. Yeah, she knows.

SAMANTHA

So, I guess that's it then? She knows and now she's just going to ignore us. Pretend like we don't exist?

Greyson can barely even look at Samantha.

GREYSON

I--I'll be back with more supplies. Better food. Get some rest and make sure you clean up.

Greyson leaves and closes the door behind him.

Samantha stares at the door in disbelief as we hear the scraping of the refrigerator going back in its place in front of the door.

EXT. TOWN HALL - AFTERNOON

Outside of the Town Hall there are several tables set up with candidates running for Mayor standing around them. Each of their tables has some amount of marketing (flyers, buttons, etc.).

The event isn't fully set up yet, but everyone is running around getting the last of it in place.

MAKAYLA (middle-aged, black woman) is setting up her table.

She looks around and sees that the others have a lot more items on their tables, while she only has a couple flyers and a box of buttons.

As she looks around she's approached by a friend of hers, JOHNNY TSAO.

JOHNNY

Glad you decided to do this.

Makayla welcomes Johnny with a hug.

MAKAYLA

Never done anything like this before. I'd be lying if I said this wasn't rattling the nerves a bit.

They break the hug and fall directly into friendly banter.

JOHNNY

You'll do fine. If you need anything, let me know, I'm here to help everyone setup.

MAKAYLA

Don't you think you could be doing more too? Something more than just the setup crew?

Johnny smiles.

JOHNNY

Maybe you'll inspire me.

Johnny walks off while Makayla turns around and continues to set up her table.

Moments later WOMAN 1 comes by Makayla's table.

WOMAN 1

Excuse me. Down by the parking lot we got a van unloading some coolers of food. Don't suppose you could be of some help?

MAKAYLA

Oh. Sorry, I'm not part of the setup crew.

Makayla extends her hand for a handshake and receives a very hesitant one from Woman 1.

MAKAYLA (cont'd)

My name is Makayla Okar.

Woman 1 is confused as to what this interaction is about. Upon seeing that, Makayla hands her a flyer.

MAKAYLA (cont'd)

I'm running for Mayor in this election. Could use your support.

Woman 1 stares at the flyer for a moment. She's clearly in disbelief.

WOMAN 1

Ah, I see. Sorry. You just didn't...look like a politician.

Woman 1 puts the flyer back down on Makayla's table and gives her a fake, forced smile.

WOMAN 1 (cont'd)

Thank you. I'll just go find someone else.

Woman 1 walks away. Makayla, disheartened, finishes setting up her table.

INT. TOWN HALL - AFTERNOON

Within the Town Hall there are many others who are running for different positions within this small town and among those who're running are also twice as many people who are lobbying.

Among the lobbyist is Timothy Crane.

Timothy is hitting his stride, drink in hand, trying to win one over on GEORGE FLYNN, the current mayor of the town running to keep his position.

Timothy and George talk with each other among the crowd, drinks in hand.

GEORGE

You know as good as any that this town is a little pocket of how things used to be. A snapshot that I for one am proud to display.

TIMOTHY

I'd say it's picture perfect, myself. Worthy of a nice frame atop any fireplace mantle. Shame though that my mother and father didn't see it as such.

GEORGE

You left too early to appreciate it.

TIMOTHY

Maybe too early to understand to its fullest, but when you're in an iron jungle, you long for the
(MORE)

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
simple and quiet. Even when you're
a child.

GEORGE
So, are you back here to stay? I
could use your support. Another
year as mayor and I think I really
can pull this town in a direction
that'll make us all stand just a
little taller.

TIMOTHY
If I were to be honest, I'd tell
you I'm just strolling through on
business.

GEORGE
And are you being honest?

A long beat goes by. Timothy gets in a little closer to
George.

TIMOTHY
George. I've got myself in to the
business of real estate, let's say.
Now, I've been given a task you
see. Where we stand now is just a
couple of steps outside the great
city of Roswell, New Mexico and
those folks down there, they long
for the quiet and the luxurious.
Now, you see away from the hustle
and bustle, that being here, is the
perfect place to do what they call,
now tell me if you've heard this,
"gentrification"

GEORGE
I've heard the term.

TIMOTHY
Heard the term? Sir, with all due
respect, you need to experience
what it can do for you. Now, they
got this idea of putting a winery
up here, a spa or two, and a
restaurant that I can't imagine
there's a tax bracket for, but here
we are.

GEORGE
And you want me to what? Sell you
some land?

TIMOTHY

Well, frankly, this town is just in the way. But, we can settle for building on the edge of the city. We'd be good ol' fashion white picket fence neighbors in a sense. Just need some zoning documents and the like.

George wants to distance himself from Timothy. He doesn't really like this idea.

GEORGE

Don't think that's such a good idea. Something like that'll bring this town to its knees. We've seen the bottom before, not looking to go back.

TIMOTHY

See, you're thinking of it all wrong. Those city folk'll come in here and open up shops. Think of all the jobs they'd bring.

GEORGE

And you think they'd hire us? I don't see it. Those folks out there, they don't want to work with the quaint. They want to vacation in it.

Timothy gets real stern with George.

TIMOTHY

What I know is that you are a politician. And all politicians can be bought. That's why you're here right? Were you to have morals, you wouldn't be in a den of lobbyist looking to take money from people who want to pay away problems they themselves cannot handle.

Timothy puts his arm around George feigning friendship. George is uncomfortable at best.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Look. We know this town can't survive much longer. All these people, they're hanging on to a dream as best they can but sooner or later they're gonna wake up and

(MORE)

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
 the dream'll be gone. I'm giving
 you the opportunity to give them a
 chance.

GEORGE
 A chance, huh?

TIMOTHY
 As sure as rain.

George backs away from Timothy. He's thinking it over.

GEORGE
 I'd love to help you out, but I'm
 not like other politicians. I can't
 be bought.

TIMOTHY
 Were I to make a considerable
 donation--

GEORGE
 Your support would be appreciated,
 but I don't accept your
 proposition.

Timothy just can't leave well enough alone, and pushes for
 more information, stepping in uncomfortably close.

TIMOTHY
 This town, it was in the dumps when
 I left. Can't rightly say that it's
 any different, but I'm surprised
 it's still standing. Care to tell
 me how?

George gets a sense of pride.

GEORGE
 The farm is what saved this town.
 Brought in some jobs. Some call the
 guy runnin' it a hero. 'Cept he
 didn't do it for the heroics.
 Doesn't seem the hero type.

TIMOTHY
 And what would his name be.

GEORGE
 We all just know him as "Greyson".

Timothy hands his now empty glass to George.

TIMOTHY

Now, I do thank you for your time.
Good luck on the campaign. Should
you find yourself needing more
funding... Well, let's just say
I'll look at this as the cost of
doing business.

Timothy walks out of the town hall.

INT. STORM SHELTER, HIDDEN ROOM - AFTERNOON

Samantha is sitting in her chair, watching T.V. as she normally does. She's thinking, completely lost in thought.

She looks behind her at the door that keeps her locked in this room.

She begins to look around the room until she can't take it anymore. Samantha springs up from her chair and storms over to the door.

Samantha feels around the door. There is no knob on this side of the door. She pushes on it and it just doesn't budge. She rips down the poster hanging on the door revealing a rather large gash on the wooden door.

Samantha hastily runs over to her bed and starts to feel underneath the bed frame until she finds a butter knife taped to the bottom. She pulls it off and returns to the door.

She takes the knife and begins to try and chip away at the wooden door in effort to make her escape.

INT. GREYSON'S LIVING ROOM/HALLWAY - MID-AFTERNOON

Greyson is dressed down, relaxing on the couch with a beer in hand, and watching television.

He's clearly in his moment of zen, letting the day escape without a concern in the world when we hear a knock on the door. Greyson is not amused.

Greyson doesn't go for the door, he waits a second. Another knock on the door. Frustrated, he takes a hard sip of his beer, puts it on the table, mutes the tv and gets up to go for the door.

A third knock intrudes down the hallway.

GREYSON

All right, all right. Hold on.

Greyson swings the door open.

GREYSON (cont'd)

Yeah, what is--

Greyson stops mid-sentence as he sees that on the other-side of his door is Timothy Crane with the biggest, most obnoxious smile smeared across his face.

TIMOTHY

Well, would you look at that. It's that upstanding gentleman from the store.

Greyson is side-eyeing Timothy something fierce.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

If I may?

Timothy gestures to get an invite into Greyson's home. Greyson stares him down and doesn't offer it.

A long beat.

Greyson stands to the side to let Timothy in.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Isn't that kind of you.

Greyson closes the door and follows Timothy who is walking down the hall towards the living room.

Timothy feels uncomfortably at home and we can see that does not sit right with Greyson.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Don't worry. I ain't gonna take much of your time.

GREYSON

Thought I couldn't afford your time.

TIMOTHY

Oh, Greyson, you know what it's like in the heat of the moment. That passion taking over you. Not knowing up from down, courteous from brash.

As they get in the living room, Timothy sits in the seat that Greyson was in before he answered the door. Greyson stomachs it and chooses to sit in another chair opposite of him.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Hot out today.

Timothy helps himself to the beer that Greyson was drinking. Greyson can barely look Timothy in the eye. He wants nothing more than to hit him square in the face.

Timothy gives the bottle of disapproving look.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

It'll do.

Greyson looks Timothy directly in the eyes.

GREYSON

What is it that you need?

Timothy gets real relaxed.

TIMOTHY

Look, I'm not gonna yank you around, okay? I'm gonna get right down to the meat of it.

GREYSON

Good.

TIMOTHY

I'm looking to buy out this whole town. It's small, ain't worth much, but the business I'm in, that's the way we like it. Plan on making a nice home away from home right smack-dab in the middle of something peaceful and as far as the powers that be are concerned, this place is chalk-full of peace.

GREYSON

And you want me to sell you my farm?

TIMOTHY

As I understand it, this whole town was ready to pack up and leave until you showed up. Seems as though this farm breathed new life into the lungs of this old town.

(MORE)

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
 People out there runnin' 'round
 with jobs on account of you.

GREYSON
 I only employ a handful.

TIMOTHY
 And this town's only got about two
 handful worth of people. And those
 others, they were able to make
 business from the products you
 churn out. The butcher shop that
 sells meat from your farm. A
 convenience store with more produce
 to pedal out than this town has
 ever seen before. The examples go
 on. You're the town hero.

GREYSON
 Not the way I see it.

TIMOTHY
 Doesn't matter how you see it.

Timothy sits on the edge of his chair, trying to level
 himself with Greyson.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
 Now you see, down in the city, they
 love all this.

Timothy Gestures around the room.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
 They think it's just simply the
 greatest. And y'all are already
 benefiting from it. You know who
 Carol's Butcher Shop's biggest
 client is?

GREYSON
 Not my business to know.

Timothy exudes disbelief. He's turning on his salesman charm
 to its fullest.

TIMOTHY
 Some hipster infested "farm-to-
 table" restaurant. Can you believe
 that? These guys'll pay twice as
 much to eat the food that you have
 sittin' out in your yard.

GREYSON

What's your point?

TIMOTHY

My point is, I want to buy the farm. And yeah, I'm gonna shut it down, but only until we get the other facilities up and running. Figure opening a farm right next to a restaurant will make a whole lot of sense. Your legacy will live on.

GREYSON

Yeah? And the other shops. What happens to them?

TIMOTHY

Look. There will be some struggles but heck, I'm sure those folks, should they strive for it, will be given opportunities to work at these new jobs. Paid even more than they get now. You'd be twice the hero.

Greyson leans back in his chair. He's done with the conversation.

GREYSON

It's not happening.

TIMOTHY

Might I suggest--

GREYSON

(quickly)

You may not suggest.

An awkward silence breaks out.

Timothy opens up his coat pocket to take out a folder, yet again, and shows off his gun yet again.

Greyson isn't playing games.

GREYSON (cont'd)

That a gun?

Timothy takes the folder out and drops it on the table. He then reaches for his gun and takes it out. He admires the gun for a moment.

TIMOTHY

This? Oh yeah. Can't go walkin' around without... an insurance card if you will.

GREYSON

My insurance card is plastic.

TIMOTHY

And I can assure you that this is anything but.

Timothy takes out the magazine.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Here. Look, I'll ease the tension. See. Gun's not loaded anymore.

Timothy shows the magazine and puts it and the gun on the table.

GREYSON

You're not one short are you?

TIMOTHY

Can never tell. You know how sometimes one can just get stuck in the chamber.

Timothy smiles. He opens the folder.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Look what I'm offering you.

Greyson leans in and closes the folder.

GREYSON

You need to leave my home right now.

Timothy, not pleased, puts the magazine back in the gun. Greyson doesn't even bat an eye.

TIMOTHY

If that's the way you'd like it.

Timothy puts the gun and folder back into his coat and stands up.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

I tried to do this civil, but you've forced my hand. If you want to play hard ball, let's play. Just

(MORE)

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
know the way I see it, you are the
lynch pin of this whole thing and
I'd like to see nothing more than
this whole town go up in a bang.

Timothy heads out of the living room. He stops just short of leaving.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
You know. They say everyone's got
their secrets. I'm sure you're no
different.

Timothy pauses for a moment.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
I'll be seeing you, Greyson.

Timothy exits.

Greyson is pissed. He sits in the chair trying to figure out what just happened and what the hell Timothy is going to try to do next.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CAROL'S BUTCHER SHOP - MORNING

Madison and Greyson walk into Carol's Butcher Shop holding coolers of meat for a delivery. Behind the counter is CAROL butchering a slab of meat.

Greyson puts his cooler down on a nearby counter-top and turns to Madison.

GREYSON

Why don't you take these back?

MADISON

Can do, boss.

Madison continues to the back of the store to drop off the cooler.

Greyson walks up to the counter. Carol continues to butcher her meat.

CAROL

Got yourself a new set of hands.

GREYSON

Yeah, she's good though. She'll be handling your deliveries for the time being.

CAROL

Meaning I ain't gonna see as much of you any more?

GREYSON

A tragedy I'm sure.

Carol finishes butchering the meat and turns to Greyson. She jokes.

CAROL

What is a girl like me supposed to do now?

Greyson laughs to himself.

GREYSON

I'm confident you'll figure something out.

Greyson finds a more serious tone.

GREYSON (cont'd)
Let me ask you something, Carol.

CAROL
I'm all ears.

GREYSON
Ever met a Timothy Crane?

CAROL
Met him? Hell, if that man was here
another moment he'd be on sale next
to the rest of the cold cuts.

Greyson finds himself almost lost in thought. Wondering just
exactly the extent that Timothy is willing to go.

CAROL (cont'd)
Tried to buy this place right from
under me. Too persistent for my
taste.

GREYSON
Came to my farm yesterday.

CAROL
What's he after?

Greyson hesitates, not wanting to alarm her.

GREYSON
Doesn't really matter. Just glad he
didn't bother you too much.

Madison walks in and hands Carol the manifest.

CAROL
That the manifest?

MADISON
Sure is. Think I got everything
jotted down right.

Carol looks it over.

CAROL
Looks good.
(she gestures to
Greyson)
Better than this guy.

MADISON
Well, he is a good teacher.

Madison walks over to Greyson as the two get ready to leave.

GREYSON

C'mon, Madison. Let's let her get ready.

MADISON

Actually. I was wondering if it would be okay if we stopped off at the Town Hall? Finally old enough to vote now! Would love it if I gotta chance to hear what all them candidates have'ta say.

GREYSON

Sure. Why don't you head on over. Not much for politics.

MADISON

Ya sure?

GREYSON

Yeah, I'll walk back. Could use the fresh air.

MADISON

All right. I won't be too long.

Madison leaves the store.

Greyson follows behind, but turns to Carol before leaving.

GREYSON

Let me know if he comes back around, okay?

Greyson leaves.

INT. JEREMY'S OFFICE BUILDING - AFTERNOON

Behind closed doors Timothy is sitting in front of JEREMY REYNOLDS, who is sitting behind his desk. The desk has your usual assortment of paperwork and folders but also has a plaque on the desk that reads "Jeremy Reynolds".

Neither Jeremy nor Timothy seem happy, the mood is hostile at best.

TIMOTHY

It'll get done.

JEREMY

Don't give me your reassurance. I expect it to be done. And I expect it to be done right.

Jeremy leans back in his chair. He thinks over the situation.

JEREMY (cont'd)

Let me ask you this. Are you even trying? Are you really making an effort?

Timothy's offended and we can see it all over his face.

TIMOTHY

On that, sir, I can assure you. These people have a sense of longevity that's harder to break than I was once led to believe.

JEREMY

They're your people.

TIMOTHY

Were my people, sir. And when I left the words "tenacity" and "determination" weren't words in their vocabulary, much less by way of description.

Jeremy sits up straight and leans in towards Timothy in effort to capture all of his attention. He demands it.

JEREMY

You know full well this isn't just about a couple spas and your overpriced wineries? Do you really understand that?

TIMOTHY

I do.

JEREMY

Do you? Do you really? You understand that I owe money? That these people I owe money to don't exactly take an interest rate for funds unseen? No, no. See. This is about blood, Timothy. This is about respect.

TIMOTHY

I know the story, Jeremy.

JEREMY

Well, you apparently don't know it well enough. My old man would rather let me go broke and watch me die at the hands of men too proud to let matters go than to give me a dime and a fighting chance. But him and my son? Couldn't separate the two.

(calming)

My son was something special, you know? Every parent says that, sure, but he truly was. He was noble. Understood respect and paying your dues. I still remember what he told me all those months ago. He said, 'Dad? When granddad passes and I get his inheritance I'm going to give you the money to pay those men. Because without you there would have been no me.' Can you believe that? That's something right?

(angry)

But then I find that my son has been turned into some sorta pin cushion and is just floating down a river and some piece of shit nobody just gets away with it.

A staleness hits the air. The room goes still.

TIMOTHY

With respect, sir, I understand the weight of this family affair. Truly I do. But that being said, the situation at hand is no mere stroll through the park. It's not just pickin' daisies and tossin' the ball 'round. It's a process.

Jeremy doesn't even acknowledge the excuse, he's lost in his hatred for his father.

JEREMY

My father's passing should have been easy, Timothy. I don't value him. I don't miss him. But what got me was, even in death he couldn't bare to help me. Even just a little. Can you believe that? His own son. So what does he do? He donates all his money, all his

(MORE)

JEREMY (cont'd)
assets, not to family but to some
one-horse town the he grew up in.
Your same home town. Arabela, New
Mexico. It's why I came to you.

TIMOTHY
I am aware.

JEREMY
That town has my money running
through it. Every year it gets a
little more and a little more. I
will get it back. I will get what's
mine. He's six feet under, he
doesn't get to win. So I ask again.
(intimidating)
Do you understand?

TIMOTHY
I do.

JEREMY
Then I'd also imagine that you
understand you need to produce and
that if you can't someone else
will.

This is the first time Timothy seems to be at a loss for
words which is exactly how Jeremy likes him to be.

Jeremy relaxes in a way that makes Timothy suddenly grasp the
gravity of the situation.

JEREMY (cont'd)
There must be someone in that town
that you can press. Someone that
you can squeeze. Find that person.
No excuses. We have resources, use
them.

TIMOTHY
Any resource in particular?

Jeremy has a few ideas on his mind... Ideas that pull a smile
across his face.

JEREMY
I'm sure you'll figure that part
out.

INT. TOWN HALL AUDITORIUM - AFTERNOON

The large room houses about two dozen benches that sit before a stage. On stage currently is George Flynn, as confident and comfortable as can be. To his right at a podium is the MODERATOR.

The meeting room is about half-full with attendees as Madison walks in and takes a seat near the back.

GEORGE

Now, I've served this town and its people for near-about ten years. Maybe more. Can't say for fear of showing my age.

The crowd laughs before quieting down, allowing a more serious natured George to continue.

GEORGE (cont'd)

You all know how it is. Each year I get on this stage and I tell you the same thing. This town is small, but this town has value. I'm not here to convince you to vote for me, I'm here to convince you to vote for which one of us you all feel is right for you. And with respect and admiration for you and yours, I do hope that the past ten years have shown that I am still what's best for this town. I'm still what's best of Arabela.

The crowd stands up and cheers. Madison is more reserved, she keeps her seat, but does applaud.

George walks towards the Moderator, flashes a smile and shakes his hand before walking off stage.

The Moderator addresses the crowd.

MODERATOR

Thank you, Mayor Flynn. All right let's see who we have next.

The Moderator flips through some papers.

MODERATOR (cont'd)

Here we go. Next up, running for the position of mayor is Makayla Okar.

Makayla comes on stage. The welcoming isn't warm, rather stale and stagnant. A few curtesy claps are given.

This gets Madison's attention, it doesn't sit right with her. She begins to give a bold, loud clap for Makayla. Her actions are not met with competing claps but instead met with the turned heads and the narrowing eyes of those who disapprove.

MAKAYLA

Thank you. All of you, thank you. This is my first time running for mayor. Running for any position really. I moved here only a few years ago and I've seen some pretty amazing people come 'n' go. Seen some pretty amazing things happen here. This town is mine as much as it is all of yours and we love it dearly, but we can always find room for improvement. We are too--

Some people in the crowd start to stand up and leave. This shakes Makayla for a moment.

MAKAYLA (cont'd)

We are too dependent on how things used to be, but we need to look to how things can be. Evolve and accept new concepts, new ideas. This doesn't have to change us as people but we--

More people start to leave. The room that was half-full has become less than a quarter-full and the only one in the room who seems the least bit interested is Madison.

MAKAYLA (cont'd)

We can move forward without loosing our identity. We can accept the new and unique.

Makayla continues her speech to an unenthused crowd.

EXT. TOWN HALL - AFTERNOON

Makayla is hastily walking away from the town hall. Madison sees her and hustles to catch up with her.

MADISON

Excuse me! Excuse me, miss!

Makayla stops and searches for a happier, yet forced, face before turning to Madison.

The two continue to walk.

MADISON (cont'd)
Makayla, right?

MAKAYLA
Hello, yes. How can I help you?

MADISON
No help, just-- I don't know, wanted to say, "Hi".

Makayla nods.

MADISON (cont'd)
I, um, saw your speech. Thought you had some really nice ideas for this town. This'll be my first time voting. I do hope it's for you when the time comes.

Makayla is appreciative, her forced happiness is starting to turn to real happiness.

MAKAYLA
Thank you for your support.

Madison thinks for a moment before returning to the conversation as the two continue to walk.

MADISON
You know. I have a part time job. Delivering goods from the farm. But when I'm not doing that I do have some free time. If you'd like I can help maybe pass out flyers or something? I don't really have money to donate.

Makayla stops walking. Madison stops alongside of her.

MAKAYLA
Why the interest?

MADISON
I'm about to leave for college and out in the city, it's all different. So many ways of life. I guess, before I leave, I'd like to bring a little of that here. It's
(MORE)

MADISON (cont'd)
been the same for as long as I can
remember. We could all use a little
change.

Makayla smiles, feeling validation.

INT. GREYSON'S LIVING ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Greyson has passed out on the couch. The light of the tv
washes over him as he sleeps.

Suddenly, from outside, a bunch of noise can be heard.

Greyson wakes up. He begins to hear what sounds like hushed
talking and disturbed cows and other livestock.

Greyson walks to a nearby window and looks outside. He can't
tell how many, but there are people on his property
disturbing his livestock.

EXT. GREYSON'S FARM, COW PASTURE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT.

We see several guys walking around the pasture, harassing the
cows. Each of them is holding some form of tool (pitch fork,
shovel, etc.) that they presumably picked up around the farm.

AGGRESSOR 1
C'mon, c'mon! We gonna tear this
place up or what?!

AGGRESSOR 2 grabs a cow by the face.

AGGRESSOR 2
What do you say about starting
right here?

AGGRESSOR 2 gives it a smack on the face. Just then we hear
the cocking of a gun. The aggressors turn to see Greyson
holding a rifle.

GREYSON
Why don't you get off of my
property?

The aggressors start to approach Greyson with Aggressor 1
leading the pack.

AGGRESSOR 1
You hear that boys? Seems as though
we are not the welcomed sort.

Greyson is eyeing all of them.

AGGRESSOR 1 (cont'd)
Sorry, but we are here on business.
And I don't interfere with your
job, so I'm gonna ask you for the
same courtesy.

GREYSON
This farm and everything on it is
my job.

AGGRESSOR 1
Is that right?

Aggressor one pulls out a gun. The rest do the same. Greyson doesn't bat an eye. Aggressor 1 turns his head to address his group.

AGGRESSOR 1 (cont'd)
This one seems like he's got a lot
of--

CRACK! Greyson, hits Aggressor 1 in the back of the head with his gun as he jumps behind some nearby barrels of hay. He starts to return fire as the others open fire on him. He gets off some shots and is clearly aiming for the legs and other non-lethal shots as the aggressors start to fall to the ground in pain.

INT. STORM SHELTER, HIDDEN ROOM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT -
CONTINUOUS

Samantha is sound asleep as the sounds of gun fire wake her up. She takes a moment to make sure she's hearing things right.

She springs out of bed and goes to the door that has a large gash in it from where she was whittling away at it. She begins to furiously whittle away at it again.

SAMANTHA
Dammit!

She looks around the room for something hard that she can use to break up the door even more as what she is doing now is going to take too long.

She goes to her bed, quickly, and pulls off one of the decorative heads of her bedpost, puts it in the gash on the door and starts to push in on it in effort to splinter the door more.

EXT. GREYSON'S FARM, COW PASTURE - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT -
CONTINUOUS

Greyson is moving around trying to get to different vantage points as the aggressors begin to get in close. Shots are being fired.

GREYSON

Hell.

Greyson shoots another guy in the knee, taking him down. There are 3 guys that are still up and standing as far as Greyson can tell.

GREYSON (cont'd)

Just leave! We don't have to do
this!

Aggressor 1 starts to get closer to Greyson, shooting wildly.

AGGRESSOR 1

You gave me a right, good crack
straight upside my head, and you
expect me not to return the favor?

GREYSON

This is on you!

AGGRESSOR 1

Oh, this has always been on you,
Greyson! You had your chance!

This catches Greyson off guard.

GREYSON

(to himself)

"My chance"?

Aggressor 1 gets close to Greyson.

AGGRESSOR 1

Yeah. And you gave it all up.

Aggressor 1 goes to shoot Greyson when from out of nowhere Samantha runs in and tackles Aggressor 1 to the ground.

She has him pinned, bends his wrist to get him to drop the gun. Greyson's heart sinks.

GREYSON

Samantha! Samantha don't do it!
Stop!

Samantha picks up the gun, quickly puts it to Aggressor 1's head and pulls the trigger an excessive amount of times.

AGGRESSOR 2

Oh, shit! Get her! Get her!

She starts shooting back at one of the two Aggressors that are still standing. As she's running towards them, she makes sure to shoot the ones that are handicapped on the ground, killing them, on the way to the other aggressor.

By the time she gets to Aggressor 2, she's out of bullets and tackles him to the ground. She's completely savage, absolutely beating his face in beyond recognition. His face is bloodied, but he finally over powers her and flips her on the ground pinning her and begins to choke her.

Greyson starts to run over, but before Greyson even gets there, Samantha manages to get a solid bite on Aggressor 2 between the thumb and index finger. Aggressor 2 recoils in pain as she picks up the near by gun, puts it under his chin and squeeze the trigger three times.

GREYSON

Samantha!

Greyson gets Samantha's attention, she turns her head, dropping her guard, and the last aggressor (AGGRESSOR 3) pulls the trigger and shoots her from behind through the shoulder. She hits the ground, hurt but alive. Aggressor 3, the only surviving aggressor, starts to run away.

Greyson aims the rifle and shoots him in the leg. He falls to the ground.

Greyson, in tears goes to his daughter to check her wounds.

GREYSON (cont'd)

Samantha! Samantha, come on. Stay with me.

Samantha is dazed, struggling to stay alert.

GREYSON (cont'd)

Dammit, Sam! Stay with me! Stay with me!

Greyson looks around, he's hopeless and has no idea what to do.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT./INT. STORM SHELTER - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Greyson is dragging Aggressor 3 towards the storm shelter as Aggressor 3 is struggling to get away, his wounded leg preventing him from doing much movement.

AGGRESSOR 3

Get off me, man! Get off!

GREYSON

Shut up!

AGGRESSOR 3

Let me go!

Greyson gets to outside the storm shelter and let's go of Aggressor 3.

GREYSON

I told you--

Greyson hits Aggressor 3, hard, in the head causing him to fall unconscious.

GREYSON (cont'd)

Shut. Up.

Greyson opens up the shelter door and goes to pick up Aggressor 3. He's heavy.

Greyson shifts Aggressor 3 so he's slung over his shoulder. Greyson struggles to get on the ladder to go down into the storm shelter.

He gets about half-way before the weight of Aggressor 3 causes him to loose grip as they both fall to the ground. Greyson calls out in pain.

GREYSON (cont'd)

Son of a--

Greyson struggles to get up and looks around. The fall has clearly broken Aggressor 3's arm.

Greyson find's some rope and cloth. He binds and gags Aggressor 3 and drags him into the secret room that is now wide open with a busted door. He props Aggressor 3 up on a wall.

On the bed in the room we see Samantha fading in and out of consciousness, clearly in pain. Greyson runs over to her to check her wounds. She's bleeding a lot, too much.

GREYSON (cont'd)

Dammit.

Greyson gets some nearby cloth and presses it on the wound. With the other hand he's frantically dialing on his cell phone.

A woman, LINDSAY, answers the phone.

LINDSAY

(on phone)

Hello?

GREYSON

Lindsay!

LINDSAY

(on phone)

Who is this?

GREYSON

It's me. It's Greyson. Listen I need your help--

LINDSAY

(on phone)

No. Look. We've been through this, don't call me.

Greyson gets frantic.

GREYSON

No-no-no! Don't hang up! Don't hang up!

LINDSAY

Greyson...

GREYSON

It's Samantha! She's been shot! I need you to come here and--

LINDSAY

(on phone)

Oh my god! How did--No, look, you need to take her to a hospital.

GREYSON

You know we can't do that!

LINDSAY
 (on phone)
 Greyson, I am telling you--

GREYSON
 (interrupting)
 This is our goddamned daughter!

Samantha cries out in pain.

LINDSAY
 (on phone,
 worried)
 God. Is that her?

GREYSON
 That's your daughter. That's her in
 bed bleeding out and I have no idea
 what to do so, *please*, Lindsay...I
 am begging you. You're the only
 nurse I know. This is your
 daughter, Lindsay.

LINDSAY
 (on phone)
 Put pressure on the wound. Keep it
 bandaged to stop the bleeding and
 I'll try to be there by morning.

Greyson starts to apply more pressure on the wound. Samantha
 cries out again just before passing out.

GREYSON
 She's passed out. Oh god. She's
 lost a lot of blood.

LINDSAY
 (on phone)
 I will be there as soon as I can.

Lindsay hangs up. Greyson discards the phone.

Greyson begins to look around the room for some medical
 equipment. As he's searching, Aggressor 3 starts to come to.

AGGRESSOR 3
 Where--? H-Hey! Hey man let me go!

Aggressor 3 recoils in pain as he realizes his arm is now
 also broken.

AGGRESSOR 3 (cont'd)
 Urk! What'd you do to my arm?

GREYSON

Shut up!

AGGRESSOR 3

Man, you can't be doing this!

Greyson opens a closet door looking for medical supplies and from behind the door we see the bodies of those that Samantha killed earlier stuffed in the closet.

Aggressor 3 sees this and breaks down.

AGGRESSOR 3 (cont'd)

You're sick! You know that! Those
where my friends! They--

Greyson storms over to Aggressor 3 and grabs him by the throat.

GREYSON

I am not going to tell you again.
You need to close your mouth or I
swear to God you will end up in
there with them.

Aggressor 3 tries to keep the crying to himself as he looks at the bodies.

Greyson goes back to the closet and finds a medical kit on a shelf.

Greyson goes over to Samantha, who is still unconscious, and bandages her wound.

Just as he finishes bandaging the wound he hears police sirens.

GREYSON (cont'd)

Shit!

Greyson drops everything and starts to head out. Before he leaves the room he turns to Aggressor 3.

GREYSON (cont'd)

You make a sound and I promise you,
I will kill you before they even
have a chance to arrest me.

Greyson leaves.

EXT. GREYSON'S FARM - MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

Greyson is getting out of the storm shelter. Up ahead he sees two police officers walking towards him.

Greyson meets the officers a few yards away from the storm shelter.

The officer sees that Greyson is disheveled and bruised up from his fall down the ladder.

OFFICER 1

The hell happened to you?

Greyson is trying to compose himself.

GREYSON

These guys. They came here messing with the cows a little while ago and one thing led to another and they pulled guns and I don't know. I don't know what they were here for.

OFFICER 1

All right let's just calm down for a moment.

OFFICER 2

Are you hurt?

Greyson checks himself over.

GREYSON

Just some scrapes and bruises. Ran down to the storm shelter to get away from them.

Officer 1 holds up some shell casings he's found on the ground.

OFFICER 1

When we got here, we found these all over the ground. Blood wasn't found too far from some of these either. Anyone else hurt?

GREYSON

I'll admit I did fire back.

OFFICER 2

Anyone critically wounded?

Greyson doesn't even hesitate.

GREYSON

No. Nobody was critically wounded.

The officers look at each other before they both return their attention to Greyson.

OFFICER 1

You understand that we'll have to take your statement. Weapons were discharged.

GREYSON

Yes. Of course. Let's talk inside the house.

The officers nod and they follow Greyson to the house.

EXT. GREYSON'S FARM - THE NEXT MORNING

Greyson is just leaving his house. As he's walking out of his home, Madison is walking up to him to start her day of work.

Greyson doesn't stop walking as Madison is trying to keep up. Greyson is in no mood.

MADISON

Need me to start loading up the truck?

GREYSON

Take the day off. We aren't working today.

Madison can tell something is wrong.

MADISON

Somethin' wrong?

GREYSON

Madison, it's just not a good time. I need you to leave. Right now.

MADISON

What happened? Greyson, tell me what's wrong. I heard the police got called out down this way last night.

Just then, Lindsay pulls in on to the property, driving down the dirt road. Greyson sees this and stops walking and turns to Madison.

GREYSON
Today is not the day. I am telling
you, please, go home.

Madison is taken aback. She's not angry but she's clearly concerned.

MADISON
I--Yeah, sure. Okay. I'll see you
tomorrow?

Greyson doesn't respond. He walks towards Lindsay who has parked her car.

Greyson gets up to the car just as Lindsay is getting out.

LINDSAY
Where is she?

INT. STORM SHELTER, HIDDEN ROOM - MORNING

The room, curiously, lacks Aggressor 3 and any blood stains he would have made are also gone.

Greyson and Lindsay are standing over Samantha. Samantha is not coherent currently. Both Greyson and Lindsay are overcome with emotion.

LINDSAY
Oh my god...

GREYSON
Listen. Last night...

LINDSAY
No. Don't tell me. I don't want to
know. I don't want anything to do
with whatever she's gotten herself
into. She's your secret now. Not
mine.

Lindsay runs her hand through Samantha's hair lovingly.

LINDSAY (cont'd)
But she's still my daughter.

Samantha barely comes to.

SAMANTHA

M--Mom?

Lindsay brightens up.

LINDSAY

Yeah, honey. It's mom. I'm gonna get you all fixed up, okay?

Lindsay turns to Greyson.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

Get me my bag.

Greyson picks up a medical bag and hands it to Lindsay. Lindsay takes out various medical equipment to start patching her up.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

Honey, this is going to hurt a little, okay? I'm sorry, but I'll make it quick.

Weakly, Samantha nods.

Lindsay removes the bandages that Greyson put on the night before. The wound doesn't look good.

Lindsay, with some tongs, starts to extract the bullet. Samantha winces in pain.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

It'll be quick, it'll be quick.

Lindsay yanks the bullet out. Samantha yells out as blood starts to come out of the wound.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

(to Greyson)

Get me some gauze out of the bag.

Greyson hands Lindsay the gauze. She starts to wipe away the blood.

Next, Lindsay gets ready to suture the wound.

LINDSAY (cont'd)

This--This won't feel good.

Lindsay begins to suture the wound. Samantha can barely take it, she's crying hard. Lindsay is trying to hold back the tears, Greyson can barely even watch.

After a grueling several minutes, she sutures the wound completely and wraps the wound.

Lindsay begins to check her pulse with her hand and feel her head to check her temperature.

LINDSAY (cont'd)
(to Greyson)
She's lost a substantial amount of
blood.

Lindsay goes into her bag and pulls out a small machine, about the size of a radio.

LINDSAY (cont'd)
You two have the same blood type.
We'll use this.

She hands the machine to Greyson.

LINDSAY (cont'd)
Can you put this on the table for
me?

GREYSON
Sure.

Greyson goes to put the machine on the table. Lindsay begins to look around the room.

GREYSON (cont'd)
What are you looking for?

LINDSAY
It's a short cord, going to need an
extension.

Lindsay gets to the closet door and goes to open it. She cracks it open just as Greyson calls out urgently.

GREYSON
Don't open that!

Lindsay is stunned. She stands motionless with the door slightly ajar, looking at Greyson and not the havoc behind the door.

GREYSON (cont'd)
Just. Just don't open that.

All over Lindsay's face is disapproval. She doesn't want any part of this. What she doesn't see is in the closet is Aggressor 3 who is bound and gagged with tears pouring down

his face. Also in the closet with him are the bodies from the night before.

Lindsay closes the door.

Greyson walks over to behind the TV and unhooks it and gets an extension cord.

GREYSON (cont'd)
We'll use this.

Greyson hooks it up to the wall and then plugs the machine into that.

Greyson sits down at the table as Lindsay connects the machine to Greyson and the other end of the machine to Samantha and we see the blood transfer begin.

GREYSON (cont'd)
You know. The farm could use a doctor.

LINDSAY
Probably could. But that won't be me.

Greyson shakes off the rejection.

GREYSON
Thank you for this.

LINDSAY
Don't thank me. I did it for her.

GREYSON
It's a long drive back. If you need a place to stay...

LINDSAY
I have a hotel.

Greyson starts to fiddle with his wedding ring. Lindsay takes notice of the ring as well. She herself, as we now realize, is not wearing one.

GREYSON
I was just thinking that--

Lindsay gets real stern, real fast.

LINDSAY
(angry, stopping
Greyson mid-
(MORE)

LINDSAY (cont'd)
sentence)

Stop. We're not doing this. When I know she's stable, I'm leaving. Until then, just relax. You'll get light-headed.

Greyson looks at his daughter, he's desperate for it all to get better.

Greyson turns to Lindsay.

GREYSON
You know I'll protect her right?
It's why we're here.

LINDSAY
(sarcastic)
And it seems that you are doing a wonderful job.

GREYSON
I... I will look after her.
Whatever it takes, I'll keep her safe.

Lindsay finishes working with the machine, gets up and sits down in another chair away from him. She stares at the closet door wondering, "What's in there?"

Lindsay doesn't respond, though, Greyson is holding out for a response. Once he realizes he's never going to get one, he turns back to his daughter and watches as she rests.

INT. GEORGE'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

George is sitting behind his desk and opposite him is Timothy.

GEORGE
I just don't understand why you are here. I told you before, I do not take bribes.

TIMOTHY
Oh, come off it. You are a politician! You're whole dang job description is "taking bribes".

Timothy leans in closer.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Now look. You apparently are going to need just a little bit more of a push. Way I see it, you have just too much money and too much fancy to want to do anything right by this town. So, there's gotta be something else.

GEORGE

I have no idea what you are talking about.

TIMOTHY

You don't? Interesting.

Timothy seems to be thinking some things over.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Because I have resources. And those resources did some digging. It seems that the state has given this town a nice little some of money each year. Even more so recently due to matters I'm sure you don't care to know. But what's important is that it is way more than this town seems to be receiving.

The color in George's face drains.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Easy for a few dollars to go missing here or there, but over 10 years? Well, now, that'd be a small fortune wouldn't it?

George gets really stern.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Oh, don't worry. I'm not gonna tell nobody about a few nickels and dimes falling through the cracks. But there is this matter of let's say...companionship you stumbled upon south of the boarder. Reckon under normal circumstances that'd be fine, but that ring on your finger tells me that those days are long gone.

Timothy relaxes. He has George right where he wants him.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Now, I'm offering you a deal. After all I am, as I have always said, a business man. So, here's the fine print. I'm gonna donate a significant amount of money to help you get elected. Call it a business expense.

Timothy gets cocky.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)

Then. I own you. You sell me what I want, when I want it, and strike down what I want when I want it. I need someone to squeeze, George. I need friends in high places. You do all that for me and I forget all I found. Just that simple.

George swallows the big lump in his throat and composes himself.

GEORGE

You have my word.

TIMOTHY

Good. And you know, I want a trial period with you. A test drive if you will. I got your first order of business right here.

GEORGE

And what's that?

TIMOTHY

Little bird told me the fine boys in blue are doing an investigation about what went down at the farm last night. That's bad for business. I mean who wants to come to a place to relax if they're hearing all kinds of he said, she said about the place.

GEORGE

What are you getting at?

TIMOTHY

For no reason that should concern you other than the reputation of this fine slice of Americana. I need you to use the powers invested

(MORE)

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
in you to bring that investigation
to a close.

Timothy smiles wide.

TIMOTHY (cont'd)
It'll be better that way for
everyone.

INT. STORM SHELTER, HIDDEN ROOM - AFTERNOON

Lindsay is no longer in the room. Samantha is asleep on the bed, beginning to recover. Aggressor 3 is still bound, but no longer gagged, as he's sitting up against a wall.

Greyson is tired, exhausted as he's laying out large black tarps.

Greyson goes to the closet and opens the door. He begins to drag out the bodies on to the tarps.

AGGRESSOR 3
What are you doing?

Greyson doesn't respond. He keeps going.

AGGRESSOR 3 (cont'd)
Hey, I'm asking you a question! You
can at least tell me what you're
gonna do...

Greyson gives a long hard stare at Aggressor 3.

EXT. GREYSON'S FARM, BACK WOODS - AFTERNOON.

Greyson is standing in front of a huge bonfire. The flames are roaring. He's staring at it, totally blank and broken.

After a moment he turns and picks up one of the black tarps that is wrapped up. It obviously has a person inside. He has a stack of about three people in tarps.

He sees through the trees Lindsay driving away. He's somber, thinking to himself before snapping back to reality.

He begins to toss the bodies into the fire.

INT. STORM SHELTER, HIDDEN ROOM - AFTERNOON

Aggressor 3 is on the ground crying hysterically. He's horrified. He stops as he hears a noise. He looks up.

Samantha is sitting up in her bed, looking at him right in the eyes. She's none-to-happy to see him.

AGGRESSOR 3

Oh no-no-no.

SAMANTHA

You shot me.

AGGRESSOR 3

Please. Please I'm sorry.

SAMANTHA

I killed your friends. I guess--

Samantha thinks to herself before returning her attention to Aggressor 3.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

I guess I still have work to do.

Aggressor 3's heart sinks as he yells out for help...

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR