

Big Sky

"Pilot"

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TEASER

EXT. LONE MOUNTAIN, MONTANA - NIGHT

Thick snowflakes float through the northern lights, flickering like a green wildfire in the sky. The smooth and unspoiled snowpack on the ground is framed with eidolic ponderosa pines.

BETHANY WILLS, a free spirit who, despite her braces, looks like a grown woman shivering naked under a heavy overcoat, stares into the heavens taking in the emerald glow. But there's no wonder in her face - it's all contemplation.

A momentary burst of EDM music grabs her attention. She looks back to the party inside the large ski cabin in the distance and sees her BOYFRIEND stumbling out the front door.

RYAN COOPER, self-destructive and charming as hell, joins her as he lights a cigarette.

RYAN

Where'd you go?

BETHANY

I needed a minute.

RYAN

You okay?

She braces herself against the cold, watching the green light dance in the modest diamond on her ring finger.

BETHANY

Wasn't what I was expecting.

RYAN

You think I should I have waited until prom. Kinda cliché, don't you think?

BETHANY

That's not what I meant.

RYAN

You seemed like you were enjoying yourself.

She opts to walk towards the trees instead of answering. Ryan takes a drag and follows.

WOODED AREA

Bethany leans against a tree.

RYAN  
 Regrets are for kids.

She pulls him in for a passionate kiss. No regrets. He unbuttons her coat and slips his hands around her bare waist, pressing her hard against the tree.

RYAN  
 I've got to piss. Then we'll go  
 back in for round two.

Ryan heads deeper into the woods to find a spot, leaving her alone again to stargaze.

We hear a loud THUMP and --

THE WORLD GOES DARK. No stars. No aurora borealis. No lights from the cabin. Just Bethany's heavy breathing.

BETHANY  
 What the hell?  
 (then; shouting)  
 Ryan?

But there's no answer.

BETHANY  
 Ryan? What's happening?

In the distance, a wolf HOWLS and our eyes adjust to the dark. Wide-eyed, Bethany panics, hyperventilating.

And then...

The world turns back on, just as it was. We finally see the freaked-out look on Bethany's face.

Her eyes find a FIGURE standing in the distance. Tall and lean with features obscured in shadow, we'll refer to him as the THIN MAN. And he's watching her.

BETHANY  
 Ryan?

The Thin Man starts towards her. His movements are smooth and fluid, like a predator stalking prey - threatening and menacing.

Bethany makes a break for the cabin. The Thin Man breaks into a sprint, making sure to step in Bethany's footprints.

BETHANY  
 Help!

DEEPER IN THE WOODS

Ryan smiles as he writes his name in the snow - as if nothing was out of the ordinary. Over his shoulder, we see Bethany running from the Thin Man.

She SCREAMS, but no sound reaches Ryan - he's oblivious.

BETHANY stumbles, nearly face planting in the snow. The Thin Man gains on her - just ten yards back.

BETHANY

Ryan!

RYAN shakes off, zips up, and turns to find Bethany SCREAMING at him in silence. He then finds the Thin Man hot on her heels.

RYAN

Bethany?!?

BETHANY looks over her shoulder, sees the Thin Man reaching for her and then...

The THIN MAN slows. Bethany's gone. Her footprints just end.

RYAN looks on, stunned, trying to process what he's just witnessed. The Thin Man turns and looks directly at Ryan.

RYAN

(recognizing the Thin Man)

What the fuck...

Ryan hauls ass into the woods, never looking back.

Back at the footprints, there are no signs of life. The Thin Man has vanished as well.

As the snow clouds roll away, we're left with the northern lights slow-dancing amongst the billions of stars dotting the sky where our title card materializes:

# BIG SKY

ACT ONE

EXT. US 287 - DAWN

An early 80's Bronco flies down an arrow-straight highway that cuts through tens of thousands of acres of ranchland right into the heart of the Rocky Mountains.

The wooden fence flanking the road gives way to a gate marked Jack Creek Ranch, and the Bronco pulls over. Out steps:

SHERIFF'S DEPUTY HALEY HOLT, 38, an island of a woman with a propensity for a smart-assed retort and the patience for very little. She eschews the standard turd-brown uniform for jeans and cowboy boots, and keeps a well-worn Louisville Slugger in the front seat for special occasions.

She notices the lack of a lock before swinging the gate open and driving on through.

MR. MORRIS (V.O.)  
I wasn't sure whether this fell  
into the purview of animal control  
or the DNR.

EXT. JACK CREEK RANCH - DAWN

Vultures circle overhead with the snow-capped peaks of Lone Mountain kissing the clouds in the distance.

We hear the sounds of FOOTSTEPS crunching through the dry grass.

MR. MORRIS (O.S.)  
But Mamie advised me to holla at  
the Sheriff's Department and  
inquire about foul play.

MR. ALVIN MORRIS, 75, a hard and unpleasant looking rancher, and his BARKING border collie lead Hayley through the pasture towards the long grass. Mr. Morris kicks at the dog, just missing him.

MR. MORRIS  
(to the dog)  
Hey! That's enough now.

Hayley shoots Morris a disapproving look.

HAYLEY HOLT  
I'll be sure to thank her next time  
I'm around dispatch.

They approach a pair of RANCH HANDS directly under the vultures. BRANDON, 30, squats over a quad drone, securing a GoPro to the bottom. JAVIER, 34, puffs on a cigarette.

MR. MORRIS  
Deputy Holt. These are my men.  
Javier something-or-other. That's  
Brandon messing with the helicopter.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Boys.

Javier gives her a head nod. Brandon doesn't look up,  
irritated at her intrusion.

BRANDON  
A real-life local celebrity. You  
must have picked the short straw to  
have to come out here, huh?

HAYLEY HOLT  
Hard to fuck up a cattle dispute.

MR. MORRIS  
(realizing, disappointed)  
I thought you looked familiar.  
You're the girl they profiled in  
the paper.

HAYLEY HOLT  
So, you're a fan...

Mr. Morris bristles.

HAYLEY HOLT  
This it?

MR. MORRIS  
This is it.

They step into the long grass and Hayley turns pale.

A fly buzzes around a cow's severed head at her feet, landing  
on the beast's outstretched tongue. Bits and pieces of  
bovine are scattered throughout the pasture. The grass is  
BENT OVER, pressed flat.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Jesus.

MR. MORRIS  
I know.

HAYLEY HOLT  
I'm assuming this isn't regular cow  
behavior?

MR. MORRIS  
That's a good assumption.

Brandon steps inside the long grass, lands the drone to make a few adjustments.

Hayley takes in the scene. Something isn't sitting right with her, but she can't place it.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Timber wolves are pretty common.  
This time of year, food supplies  
start to dry up and they start  
getting desperate.

Javier joins Brandon, shakes his head "no" at Mr. Morris.

MR. MORRIS  
I've seen what wolves do, Miss  
Holt. They don't leave meat. And  
they leave a lot of blood.

Hayley takes a breath, nods. That was the problem. There's no blood anywhere in the BENT GRASS. She moves to get a closer look at the cow's head when her radio BLASTS STATIC.

She steps back and it quits. Weird. Morris shoots Brandon a look -- "see?" Brandon rolls his eyes.

HAYLEY HOLT  
You have any theories?

MR. MORRIS  
None I care to share.

HAYLEY HOLT  
That right?

She pulls out her cell, takes a few photos of the scene.

MR. MORRIS  
Folks around here already think I'm  
an asshole. Can't let them think  
I'm crazy, now, too.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Must be some theory.

BRANDON  
You got no idea.

Javier helps launch the quad drone back into the sky, chasing the vultures away.

Overhead footage from the GoPro shows us the extent of the slaughter - a hundred foot radius, with a distinct spiral pattern. The cow's been meticulously presented inside a large CROP CIRCLE.

JAVIER

Mr. Morris. Miss... officer lady.

Hayley and Morris join the ranch hands. Brandon shows them the footage on his tablet.

MR. MORRIS

Maybe I'm not so crazy.

HAYLEY HOLT

I'm listening.

MR. MORRIS

I think it was aliens.

She looks at him with the appropriate skepticism.

HAYLEY HOLT

Aliens...

MR. MORRIS

It's like a crop circle.

HAYLEY HOLT

With a dairy cow...

JAMES BROWN (V.O.)

One-two-three-four!

"SEX MACHINE" blares from Hayley's pocket. Brandon shoots her a look - subtle. She answers her phone.

HAYLEY HOLT

(into phone)

Yeah...

There's no one on the other line. Annoyed, she hangs up.

MR. MORRIS

You've heard of cattle mutilation, haven't you? The Northern Lights have been a particular kind of crazy this year. It's all signals to the sky best I can figure.

HAYLEY HOLT

Mr. Morris.

MR. MORRIS

Yeah?

HAYLEY HOLT

Do you keep your gate locked?

MR. MORRIS

Of course. Why?

HAYLEY HOLT

It wasn't when I got here.

She nods to more bent grasses on the far side of the pasture.

HAYLEY HOLT

A truck's been out here recently.

Mr. Morris looks to his men who shake their heads - wasn't us.

HAYLEY HOLT

You were a politician, Mr. Morris?  
I'm sure you've made plenty of  
enemies who'd enjoy messing with you.

MR. MORRIS

No more than present company.

HAYLEY HOLT

Mystery solved.

Hayley turns to head back.

MR. MORRIS

Wait, that's it? What am I  
supposed to do?

HAYLEY HOLT

My advice? Brisket goes in the  
smoker, steaks go on the grill.  
Anything darker than medium rare is  
a crime around here.

Brandon chuckles, despite himself.

MR. MORRIS

That's not helpful.

HAYLEY HOLT

Then call animal control. And lock your  
gate so this shit won't happen anymore.

The quad footage shows Hayley leaving the scene.

EXT. US 287 - DAY

Back on the road, the Bronco passes a sign introducing us to Ennis, Montana. 838 people. 11,000,000 trout.

EXT. ENNIS MAIN STREET

Between the Long Branch Bar promising \$10 steaks just beyond its saloon doors and the Trading Post advertising buy-one-get-one-free ammo, the town's a quaint mix of the old wild west and a sportsman's paradise.

Hayley parks the Bronco in front of the Madison County Sheriff's Office.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Hayley's greeted by a half-dozen empty desks in the bullpen and a local paper - *The Madisonian* - tacked to the bulletin board. Hayley's face graces the front page under the headline "Picking Up the Pieces." She rips it down.

HAYLEY HOLT  
(frustrated)  
So, I guess this is a thing again.

SHERIFF LELAND CODY, mid-50's, affable, level-headed, and clever - even by wily veteran standards - steps out of his office door.

SHERIFF CODY  
Deputy Holt. How's Old Man Morris  
this fine winter morning?

HAYLEY HOLT  
He's convinced little green men are  
after his herd.

SHERIFF CODY  
Green men? Shit. He ever considered  
he's got a timber wolf problem?

HAYLEY HOLT  
That's what I said.

She hands him her cell, showing off the photos.

SHERIFF CODY  
Gross.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Yep.

SHERIFF CODY

What do you think?

HAYLEY HOLT

Most likely kids. My guess is the Lynch boys invented a new kind of cow tipping.

SHERIFF CODY

You gonna follow up?

HAYLEY HOLT

I can't imagine I will.

He shakes his head, amused, before slipping her a piece of paper with an address.

SHERIFF CODY

I just got a call from a very concerned mother. Mrs. Barbara Wills. Seems her daughter Bethany didn't come home last night.

(off her hesitation)

Now, Barbara's one to worry, so it's probably nothing, but I want you to follow up.

HAYLEY HOLT

This sounds like something Gordon would love to have fall in his lap.

SHERIFF CODY

Welp, Gordon's out in Twin Bridges flushing out a meth lab, so he's just gonna have to deal with some heartbreak.

Hayley becomes very uncomfortable.

HAYLEY HOLT

I don't suppose you wanna take this?

SHERIFF CODY

Too cold for me out there.

He pats her on the shoulder, disappears into his office.

HAYLEY HOLT

Shit.

She looks down at the address on the paper, a wave of uncertainty washing over her.

EXT. BETHANY WILLS' HOUSE - DAY

Hayley climbs out of her Bronco.

MARTIN WILLS, 40's, a good ole boy with a mean streak when he gets to drinking, pushes the front door open, suspicious. She flashes a badge.

HAYLEY HOLT

I'm with the Madison County Sheriff's Department. Are you Mr. Wills?

He sizes her up, noting her dirty cowboy boots.

MARTIN WILLS

You don't look like a cop.

HAYLEY HOLT

Nice to meet you, too.  
You gonna invite me in?

After a moment, he steps aside. She takes a deep breath, steeling herself, before entering the house.

INT. BETHANY WILLS' HOUSE

BARBARA WILLS, 40's, withdrawn and slight, seems to have taken one too many punches to the gut, sips coffee at the kitchen table trying not to cry.

Hayley steps into the kitchen, taking in the mess of dishes in the sink.

HAYLEY HOLT

Mrs. Wills.

BARBARA WILLS

Barbara. Please.

HAYLEY HOLT

I'm Deputy Holt. You wanna tell me what's going on?

Barbara looks to Martin for permission to speak.

MARTIN WILLS

Go ahead, dear. Tell her.

BARBARA WILLS

Our Bethany went out on a date last night and never came home. I've tried her cell phone. I've tried her boyfriend's cell phone. No one's answering.

(MORE)

BARBARA WILLIS (CONT'D)

(tearing up)

I know you're supposed to wait seventy two hours to report a missing person, but she's my baby.

HAYLEY HOLT

That's just a myth. You did the right thing. How old is your daughter?

BARBARA WILLIS

She'll be seventeen on Tuesday.

HAYLEY HOLT

And she's out with her boyfriend?

MARTIN WILLIS

He's gonna be her ex-boyfriend after this shit.

Martin opens the fridge and grabs a beer.

BARBARA WILLIS

Martin...

MARTIN WILLIS

Huh uh. Nope. The boy's seventeen years old. Little prick knows better. He's lucky I don't put a slug between his eyes.

HAYLEY HOLT

I know I don't look like a police officer, but you might wanna reconsider making threats like that in front of me.

MARTIN WILLIS

Excuse me?

BARBARA WILLIS

Martin, can you give us a few minutes? Please?

Martin snorts, pops the top of his can, and walks off chugging.

HAYLEY HOLT

He seems nice.

BARBARA WILLIS

He's just concerned.

Hayley studies the family portrait on the wall. Bethany looks like a child - a far cry from when we met her.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Is this recent?

BARBARA WILLIS  
It's a few months old.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Mrs. Willis, is Bethany sexually active?

BARBARA WILLIS  
What?

HAYLEY HOLT  
Well, usually, when someone stays out all night with their boyfriend, it's a safe bet that they're asleep somewhere. Together.

BARBARA WILLIS  
No. She's not like that. She's a straight A student. Cheerleader. Goes to church on Sundays.

HAYLEY HOLT  
I used to go to church on Sundays, too. Trust me, it doesn't mean much.

BARBARA WILLIS  
I've talked to her about birth control. Offered to get her some on several occasions. She said she has no need for it. Deputy Holt, she's not like that.

Hayley feels the desperation in her voice. It tugs at her.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Did she tell you where they were going?

BARBARA WILLIS  
They went to see the movie with all the dinosaurs. Martin and I went to bed and she wasn't here this morning.

Barbara starts crying.

HAYLEY HOLT  
I'll find her, Mrs. Willis. Okay?  
(looking at the portrait)  
Where's her boyfriend live?

CUT TO:

INT. DARK ROOM

A low mechanical HUM fills the air, pulsing like a heartbeat. Somewhere in the darkness, Bethany struggles, breathing heavily.

THUMP. A SPOTLIGHT shines onto Bethany, sending her into a panic. She's laid out on a metallic table, struggling to move, but she's restrained.

She notices the Northern Lights dance on the rusty ceiling - a strange sight that soothes her worry until:

CLANK.

BETHANY

Who's there?

Her eyes dart around the room, searching the darkness outside the spotlight, trying to make out any detail she can.

BETHANY

Please... I just want to go home...  
What do you want from me?!?

Her screams echo throughout the room - almost as if she was in a shipping container. But that hum...it's getting louder.

For the briefest moment, Ryan Cooper stands before her, watching over her with a loving smile.

BETHANY

Ryan...

Movement in the darkness. Bethany's eyes go wide. Ryan's gone. But someone's coming for her. The Thin Man.

CUT TO:

INT. RYAN COOPER'S HOUSE - DAY

Hayley takes in the mounts hanging from the wall - deer, elk, a pair of very large trout. The selection of rifles in the decorative gun case is what you would call sizeable.

ROBERT COOPER, 50, a no-nonsense mountain of a man who uses few words to make his point, watches a baseball game from his Barcalounger.

ROBERT COOPER

I ain't seen him since the mornin',  
yesterday. He had to work. He  
didn't tell me he was staying out.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Do you know of any place he might  
be, Mr. Cooper?

ROBERT COOPER  
No.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Does he have any friends he might  
be with?

Robert shrugs. Frustrated, she tries a different tactic.

HAYLEY HOLT  
When'd you bag the elk?

ROBERT COOPER  
Oh-five.

HAYLEY HOLT  
You like hunting, huh?

He makes a show out of turning up the TV. She takes the hint.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Mind if I snoop through Ryan's room  
before I go?

ROBERT COOPER  
Knock yourself out.

INT. RYAN COOPER'S ROOM

Surprisingly sleek and modern, this bedroom seems out of place in this town. Silk sheets. High end electronics. A few framed posters for cult classic films - "Sleepaway Camp" and "Gummo" and "Stone Cold Pimps." As Hayley explores:

JAMES BROWN (V.O.)  
One-two-three-four!

HAYLEY HOLT  
(into phone)  
When did kids in high school start  
living better than us?

INT. TAMMY PICKETT'S CRUISER - SAME

TAMMY PICKETT, 32, an aggressive cop with a predator's mentality, clocks drivers with her radar gun.

Intercut as needed.

TAMMY PICKETT  
 (into phone)  
 When we decided it was cool to make  
 twenty-seven grand a year.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 Good call.  
 (then)  
 Been a while.

Hayley turns on Ryan's computer screen, gets a password prompt. She types in "Bethany" with no luck.

TAMMY PICKETT  
 I know... We need to talk.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 Now's not the best time, Tammy.

She looks up to the posters, types in "StoneColdPimp" and the password screen disappears.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 (to herself)  
 Boys...

TAMMY PICKETT  
 It's important.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 You wouldn't have called if it wasn't.

Hayley opens his Gmail and pulls up an email with the subject line "reservation confirmation." She's met with a logo of a ten-point buck advertising the Sportsman's Lodge.

Tammy says something into the phone that we don't hear - Hayley's focused on finishing the email. We see the phrase "check-in is at three."

HAYLEY HOLT  
 (to herself, smiling)  
 Yeah, you're some angel.

Tammy bristles at that.

TAMMY PICKETT  
 Coming from you...?

HAYLEY HOLT  
 (into phone)  
 I'm back. What did you say?

Tammy considers.

TAMMY PICKETT

Nothing.

Hayley prints the email.

HAYLEY HOLT

I'm swinging by Barney's for lunch tomorrow. Stop by. We'll talk then.

She hangs up, excited to have a lead.

Tammy looks at her dead phone, pissed she got hung up on.

TAMMY PICKETT

Bitch.

INT. HUNTING LODGE - DAY

A window slides open and Ryan climbs in. He's cold, frostbitten, and scared. But for now, he's safe.

He wraps himself in a heavy blanket and finds a landline.

RYAN

(into phone)

Hey. It's me. We've got a problem.

EXT. SPORTSMAN'S LODGE - DAY

The Bronco pulls into the parking lot giving us a look at this single-story motor lodge. The rooms horseshoe around the cozy commons area / front desk.

Hayley climbs out of the Bronco, taking in the scene. There are few vehicles left in the lot - just an RV, some top dollar luxury cars, and a beat up Econoline. The only activity is the GUY hurriedly hauling a half dozen fly rods into his Mercedes SUV from Room 6.

Hayley heads for ...

INT. COZY COMMONS

...where she's met with a surprisingly posh interior. A fire roars in the fireplace, deep chairs beg to host cigars and single malts, and of course more animal mounts on the walls.

Hayley checks out the guest register. There, in the middle of the page: Ryan Cooper.

PAUL HASTINGS, 30, burly and direct, part outdoorsman and part concierge, emerges from a back room, surprised at Hayley's presence.

PAUL HASTINGS  
May I help you?

She flashes her badge.

HAYLEY HOLT  
I'm with the Sheriff's Department.  
I need to know which room Ryan  
Cooper checked into last night.

PAUL HASTINGS  
I'm sorry, I can't give out  
information about our guests.  
(then)  
Not without a warrant.

She smirks.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Do you really wanna be a pain in my ass?

PAUL HASTINGS  
I know my rights. And those of my  
guests. They don't like to be  
disturbed when they're on vacation.

She points to the name in the register.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Well this guest... is seventeen.

PAUL HASTINGS  
His driver's license says he's  
twenty-one. So did hers. They  
were celebrating her birthday.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Bethany Wills is a junior in high  
school. Her parents reported her  
missing this morning and they're  
understandably concerned.

He considers.

PAUL HASTINGS  
I'll show you to their room.

HAYLEY HOLT  
There you go.

EXT. ROOM 7

Paul unlocks the door to Room 7 as our Fly Rod Guy locks the  
door to Room 6. We'll know him later as:

DELTA HASBROUK, 45, an odd-looking and humorless man who prefers the company of himself to others. He and Hayley make eye contact before she disappears inside...

INT. ROOM 7

...to find a slept-in bed and a few empty mini-bar bottles.

HAYLEY HOLT  
(re: bottles)  
That doesn't look good.

Paul stiffens, trying to save face.

PAUL HASTINGS  
They had IDs. She did not look sixteen.

Hayley pokes around the room, finding nothing out of the ordinary. A condom wrapper lays among scattered clothes.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Do you guys serve breakfast?

PAUL HASTINGS  
No. Our guests are usually out of here before the sun rises. Especially during elk season.

HAYLEY HOLT  
I'll be in touch.

She leaves him alone in the room.

EXT. SPORTSMAN'S LODGE - DAY

Hayley watches Delta's SUV pull out of the parking lot as she heads to her Bronco. She pulls out her phone.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Mrs. Wills. This is Deputy Holt. Your daughter and her boyfriend checked into the Sportsman's Lodge last night. It's off 287 just north of Ennis. No, she's not here, but they've not checked out. They probably went to grab breakfast.  
(then)  
My advice? Park your car in the lot and wait on her to come back. Use a couple of different octaves when you yell at her - it's more threatening that way. Uh huh.  
You're welcome.

She hangs up, climbs into her Bronco and exhales. The early morning shift is catching up with her.

EXT. TRASHY HOUSE - DAY

Broken shutters, overgrown lawn, NRA sticker behind the screen door.

Across the street, Hayley sits in her idling Bronco, staring down the house.

INT. BRONCO - DAY

Hayley puts her hand on her Louisville Slugger, thinking hard about using it. A LAND ROVER speeds past, catching her attention. A hint of a smile crosses her lips.

HAYLEY HOLT

Well hello...

She follows the truck and flips on the lights and siren. As both vehicles pull to the side of the highway, Hayley checks her face in the mirror and gets out.

EXT. SIDE OF THE HIGHWAY

Hayley approaches the truck, knocks on the window. As it rolls down we meet:

SAMUEL HARDIN, 40, dapper and confident, he's the type who melts hearts and drops panties with a mere glance.

SAMUEL HARDIN

Morning, Deputy. Something wrong?

HAYLEY HOLT

License and registration.

SAMUEL HARDIN

Yes ma'am.

HAYLEY HOLT

You were going a little fast. I'm gonna have to get you on a moving violation.

SAMUEL HARDIN

That sounds pretty serious.

HAYLEY HOLT

Oh, it is.

He hands her his documentation.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Samuel Hardin. You take a nice picture,  
Samuel. Anybody ever tell you that?

SAMUEL HARDIN  
Once or twice.

She leans into the window, sizing up the cab.

HAYLEY HOLT  
I'm sure.  
(then)  
You wanna step out of the car?

His face falls. Is she for real?

SAMUEL HARDIN  
Wait, did I do something wrong?

HAYLEY HOLT  
Think about that question. Really  
think about it.

She steps back, allowing him to step out. He sees her  
resting her hand on her sidearm, very concerned.

SAMUEL HARDIN  
...I don't understand...

Hayley pushes him against the Land Rover and spins him around  
to frisk him. Very sexual.

HAYLEY HOLT  
(into his ear)  
You packing?

He grins, starting to catch on.

SAMUEL HARDIN  
Maybe.

She runs her hand from his pockets over his crotch.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Huh. Look at that.

He turns back to kiss her, but she pulls away - she's in  
charge here.

HAYLEY HOLT  
You busy tonight?

SAMUEL HARDIN  
Not any more.

HAYLEY HOLT  
That's right, you're not. My  
place. Nine o'clock.

She hands him his documentation.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Don't make me come looking for you.

She heads back to her Bronco, leaving him on the side of the highway smiling at his good fortune.

EXT. SPORTSMAN'S LODGE - DAY

Parked next to the Econoline, Barbara Wills sits in her car, watching Room 7 with a growing sense of desperation.

She clocks Delta watching her out of his window. It's disconcerting. She checks her watch, picks up her phone.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Morris stands over Hayley, showing her photos of crop circles on her computer.

MR. MORRIS  
This one is from earlier this year.  
See how the corn stalks are bent  
instead of broken? Come on back to  
Jack Creek Ranch, I'll show you  
that's what my wheat looked like.

Hayley looks back to DEPUTY GORDON, 40's, mischievous smile of a man-child, fishing for some sympathy. He just puts his feet up on his desk and waves. Her landline phone rings.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Excuse me, Mr. Morris. I really  
need to take this.

He ignores her and continues to click through photos.

HAYLEY HOLT  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

Intercut as needed.

BARBARA WILLS  
(into phone)  
Deputy Holt? This is Barbara Wills.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Did you do the high-pitched thing?

BARBARA WILLS

She didn't come back.

(she starts crying)

I've been waiting in the parking lot of the Sportsman's Club all day and she... she's still not back.

MR. MORRIS

(to Hayley)

You know, I was here first. Would you mind?

She holds up a finger, trying to shush him.

HAYLEY HOLT

(into phone)

Okay, calm down, Mrs. Wills --

BARBARA WILLS

Something's happened to her. I know it.

MR. MORRIS

(to himself)

Christ, I come all the way down here, and what's she do? Gets on the fucking phone.

Hayley shoots Gordon a look - little help? He smiles, heads her way.

HAYLEY HOLT

(trying to reason)

They're teenagers, Mrs. Wills. Bethany and Ryan are somewhere, together, and you said it yourself that he's a good guy. I know you're worried, but take a breath. Maybe they're having car trouble or stopped off at a friend's house.

As Gordon reaches her, Hayley mouths "thank you." But instead of grabbing Mr. Morris, Gordon takes the phone out of her hand with a big smile on his face. She shoots daggers.

DEPUTY GORDON

This is Deputy Gordon.

MR. MORRIS

And look at the cloud pattern here --

Irritated, Hayley can't focus on Morris over Gordon's voice.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Fine Mr. Morris. Let's go check for  
aliens in your yard again.

She brushes past him. Morris shoots Gordon a thankful smile and follows Hayley out.

INT. HAYLEY HOLT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DING DONG. Asleep on her couch, Hayley stirs at the sound of the doorbell. Her home is rustic and sparse - she doesn't spend much waking time here.

She opens her front door to find Samuel Hardin on the other side of her screen door.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Hi.

SAMUEL HARDIN  
Hi.  
(re: her rough appearance)  
Rough day?

She runs her fingers through her hair.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Does it matter?

She pushes the screen door open and he's on her like white on rice. It's passionate, clumsy, and hot as fuck. They don't even make it up the stairs before he's pulling her clothes off. She's in for a good night.

INT. TRUCK - NIGHT

STATIC crackles over the radio. The DRIVER tweaks the dials, trying to find something else when:

SMASH! He runs down an animal, sending it into the windshield and up and over the truck. He skids to a stop.

EXT. HIGHWAY 287 - CONTINUOUS

The truck's headlights are blinding as the driver climbs out of the truck. He cautiously approaches the injured heap on the side of the road and his eyes go wide when he realizes it's no animal. It's a GIRL.

He's hit Bethany Wills.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HAYLEY HOLT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Hayley's cell phone LIGHTS UP.

JAMES BROWN (V.O.)  
One-two-three-four!

Hayley wakes from a deep sleep. She sits up, realizes she's alone, checks the time: 11:00. She answers the phone.

HAYLEY HOLT  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

EXT. HIGHWAY 287 - NIGHT

Sheriff Cody leans against a cruiser, overseeing all the floodlights and police activity on the side of the highway.

SHERIFF CODY  
(into phone)  
Holt. Your missing cheerleader showed up.

Intercut as needed.

HAYLEY HOLT  
That couldn't wait until morning?

SHERIFF CODY  
I'm afraid not.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Her mom pissed?

SHERIFF CODY  
We found her on 287 half a mile east of Hegben Lake.

HAYLEY HOLT  
That's Gallatin County.

SHERIFF CODY  
Yep. She's in pretty bad shape. I need you to go over MVMC, see if you can get her to talk.

HAYLEY HOLT  
What happened to her?

Sheriff Cody tries to find the right words.

SHERIFF CODY

She was hit by a car. But the EMTs were pretty insistent that somebody hurt her.

Unable to respond, Hayley closes her eyes.

SHERIFF CODY

Look, I'm sure you want no part of this, and I get it. I really do. But I need you, Holt.

She steels herself, determined but still unsure.

INT. MADISON COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Hayley pushes open the door to Bethany's room, cautiously enters. Barbara Wills sits bedside, holding Bethany's hand.

Hayley takes in Bethany's condition. Intubated, face bruised and swollen, arms wrapped in gauze.

HAYLEY HOLT

Jesus.

Barbara finally notices the company.

BARBARA WILLIS

You said she'd come back.

HAYLEY HOLT

I'm so sorry.

(then)

Has she said anything?

BARBARA WILLIS

No. The doctors sedated her.

(then)

You told me not to worry. That she was okay. They said she was raped. While you were sitting on your ass, doing as little as possible, she was being raped and beaten and thrown out on the street like a piece of trash.

Hayley takes it, feeling every word as personally as possible.

HAYLEY HOLT

Where is he?

BARBARA WILLIS

Who?

HAYLEY HOLT  
The boyfriend. Ryan.

BARBARA WILLS  
Ryan didn't do this.

HAYLEY HOLT  
That's who she was with...

BARBARA WILLS  
Ryan's a good boy. He's responsible. He's got a part-time job at the bank. He's on the honor roll for God's sakes. They even talked about getting married once they graduate. There's no way.

HAYLEY HOLT  
People aren't always who they seem.

Barbara gets up in Hayley's face.

BARBARA WILLS  
These are good kids. And I will not sit here and let you imply otherwise. Especially while you sat around doing nothing for the last, what, twelve hours? This? This is your fault. You hear me? This is on you.

Hayley does her best to hide how hard she's taking the dressing down.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Good night, Mrs. Wills.

After one last look at Bethany, Hayley leaves.

EXT. MADISON COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

POV from across the street, we watch as Hayley walks towards her Bronco with a purpose and climbs...

INSIDE THE BRONCO

...where she takes a look over at her Louisville Slugger. She starts the car and stomps on the gas.

ACROSS THE STREET

The source of our POV. A featureless face obscured by tinted glass watches Hayley from inside an idling BLACK BUICK.

EXT. TRASHY HOUSE - NIGHT

The Bronco idles across the street from the house. Hayley fumes inside the truck, contemplating the bad idea in her head.

JAMES BROWN (V.O.)  
One-two-three-four!

HAYLEY HOLT  
(into phone)  
Yeah.  
(then)  
Hello?

She hangs up, even more irritated.

HAYLEY HOLT  
(to herself)  
Fuck it.

She grabs the Louisville Slugger and heads over to the blacked-out van in the gravel driveway. Without hesitation, she swings, SMASHING the back windshield.

Another swing and the side window explodes. Lights come on inside the house and Hayley climbs back into her Bronco.

The front door opens and a LANKY GUY runs outside. We'll come to know him as thirty-year-old BILLY CROMWELL. He's slimy and dangerous, but right now he's dumbfounded as he watches Hayley pull away - flipping him the bird for good measure.

Hayley doesn't notice the BLACK BUICK follow after her.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - PRE-DAWN

Hayley collapses into her chair and plants her face on the desk. She takes in a moment of calm and quiet.

Sheriff Cody SLAMS his phone down in his office and barges into the bullpen, and marches up to Hayley. He searches for the words, but instead FLICKS her on the forehead.

HAYLEY HOLT  
What the hell?

SHERIFF CODY  
Did you happen to swing by Billy Cromwell's house again?

HAYLEY HOLT  
No clue what you're talking about.

SHERIFF CODY

He said you smashed his windshield.

HAYLEY HOLT

Really doesn't sound like something I'd do.

Sheriff can't help but laugh. He sits on the desk, leveling with her.

SHERIFF CODY

Cromwell's a piece a shit for what he did. No one's gonna argue that, Holt. But you gotta find another way to blow off steam. Okay?

HAYLEY HOLT

Fine.

SHERIFF CODY

What do we know?

HAYLEY HOLT

Bethany was raped. The boyfriend's still missing. He was supposed to work this morning, but he no-showed. Drives a grey Honda Civic.

SHERIFF CODY

Sounds like you've got a suspect.

HAYLEY HOLT

Mrs. Wills vouched for him, but I'm not sold. He lied about his age so he could date a sixteen year old. I'm gonna talk to his coworkers. Maybe they can tell me who he hangs out with, where he might be.

SHERIFF CODY

No, go back to the Sportsman's Lodge, talk to the guests. I've had Gordon sitting on it in case Ryan Cooper shows up. He'd probably like to go home.

She's not happy with his orders.

HAYLEY HOLT

Sheriff, I want to catch this son of a bitch.

SHERIFF CODY

I know. We'll put an APB out. If  
he's running, we'll catch him. Okay?

She thinks better of arguing and leaves.

INT. MADISON COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Bethany THRASHES in her bed, eyes darting behind closed lids.  
Barbara rushes to her side.

BARBARA WILLIS

Bethany...

Monitors SCREAM to life, BEEPING and FLATLINING. Nurses  
scramble, but there's no comforting her. She's having some  
kind of flashback, reliving her ordeal.

BARBARA WILLIS

Bethany, wake up!

NURSE

(injecting Bethany)  
Pushing .02 of Benzo.

The moment the hypodermic needle empties, Bethany calms. Her  
eyes flutter, finally opening.

BARBARA WILLIS

Bethany.

But there's no recognition in her eyes. No consciousness.  
Just a soulless void like a shell-shocked soldier.

INT. MAIN STREET BANK - DAY

Hayley takes in more elk mounts on the wall. Obviously a  
theme in this town.

TODD QUINN, 25, pleasant and accommodating with a salesman's  
smile, greets her.

TODD QUINN

Howdy howdy. How can I help you  
today, ma'am?

HAYLEY HOLT

Ma'am?

She flashes her badge and his smile disappears.

HAYLEY HOLT

Deputy Holt.

TODD QUINN

Todd Quinn.

AT RYAN'S DESK

Todd flips through Ryan's personnel file.

TODD QUINN

I got Ryan a job a few months ago.  
I played ball with his older  
brother back in high school.  
Ryan's a real good guy.

HAYLEY HOLT

Has he ever been in trouble?

Todd hesitates.

TODD QUINN

No.

(off her reaction)

I mean, nothing more serious than  
shoplifting back in the day, you know?  
Kid's stuff. Is he in trouble?

HAYLEY HOLT

Yeah. He is.

(then)

Do you know his girlfriend?  
Bethany Wills?

TODD QUINN

He talks about her sometimes, but I've  
never met her if that's what you mean.

She tugs on the bottom drawer, but it doesn't budge.

HAYLEY HOLT

I need you to unlock this drawer.

TODD QUINN

(suspicious)

I don't have a key.

HAYLEY HOLT

Mr. Quinn. You don't know me, but I'm  
not the most patient person in the world  
and I really don't like being lied to.  
If you don't open this drawer, I'm gonna  
get a warrant, and I'm gonna turn this  
bank inside out. And trust me, I'm  
gonna be very thorough. Does that sound  
like something you want to deal with on  
a weekend?

TODD QUINN

No.

HAYLEY HOLT

Then go find a key.

We follow Todd to his cubicle. He opens a drawer, pulls out a large key ring. Before he closes it back, he removes a bank-branded thumb drive and pockets it.

At Ryan's desk, Hayley unlocks the drawer and finds an identical bank-branded thumb drive hidden among a stack of bank bags.

HAYLEY HOLT

Have you ever seen this before?

He shakes his head no.

JAMES BROWN (V.O.)

One-two-three-four!

TODD QUINN

We can see what's on it if you'd like.

She shakes her head and places the thumb drive on Ryan's desk. She begins unzipping and checking each of the stacked bank bags as she takes the call.

HAYLEY HOLT

(into phone)

Yeah. She's awake?

Hayley's attention shifts fully to the phone call and turns away for privacy. Eyeing the thumb drive, Todd quickly makes the switch with the thumb drive in his pocket.

HAYLEY HOLT

(into phone)

How long ago? Thanks.

Hayley turns as she hangs up, nearly catching Todd in the act. He plays it off by helping straighten the discarded bank bags.

HAYLEY HOLT

I've gotta go. Thanks for your help.

She leaves him alone in the cubicle. Todd fishes Ryan's thumb drive out of his pocket and looks at it, concerned.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. MADISON COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER - DAY

Bethany stares blankly into space, mumbling to herself.

BETHANY

He needs me. I have to save him.

Hayley speaks with Bethany's DOCTOR on the other side of Bethany's room.

HAYLEY HOLT

What did she say, specifically?

DOCTOR

I'm not sure, specifically, but she was yelling at someone to leave her alone.

HAYLEY HOLT

Did she happen to say a name?

DOCTOR

That would fall under specifics, right?

HAYLEY HOLT

It seems I have another fan. Do we have a problem?

The Doctor stares her down. There's clearly a problem.

DOCTOR

No. No problem.

(then)

She's been through some heavy trauma. There's bruising on her wrists and ankles - she was probably restrained. We've sent off the rape kit for testing, but what I observed is consistent with rape involving multiple perpetrators.

HAYLEY HOLT

Shit...

A NURSE brings lab work to the Doctor.

DOCTOR

(reading file)

Oh, and here's something. She has psilocybin in her system. That's the chemical that makes mushrooms so magical.

HAYLEY HOLT  
She's been tripping?

DOCTOR  
(still reading)  
THC and amphetamines. I'd say she  
tripped and fell down the rabbit hole.

Hayley steps back over to the bedside, joining Bethany's parents.

HAYLEY HOLT  
(to Bethany)  
Your doctor's a barrel of laughs...

BARBARA WILLIS  
Bethany, sweetie, this is Deputy  
Holt. Can you say "hello?"

But Bethany doesn't acknowledge any of them.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Do you remember what happened to  
you? Can you tell me anything you  
saw? Can you give me a name?

BETHANY  
I have to save him. He's our last chance.

Barbara takes Bethany's hand.

BARBARA WILLIS  
It's okay if you don't want to  
talk. We understand.

MARTIN WILLIS  
The hell it's not. You tell us who  
did this to you.

BARBARA WILLIS  
Martin.

As the two bicker, Bethany glances up to Hayley, who takes  
the hint.

HAYLEY HOLT  
(to the parents)  
Alright. We're gonna need a few  
minutes alone. Step outside for me  
for just a few minutes.

Martin's hesitant, but the Doctor steps in, ushering them out.

BARBARA WILLS  
 (to Bethany)  
 I'll be right outside the door.

Finally alone with Bethany, Hayley drags up a chair.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 Where's Ryan Cooper?

Bethany breaks her eye contact, stares back at the ceiling.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 Look. It's been six years since  
 I've pulled a sexual assault case  
 and I know from experience that if  
 you don't help me out, I'm not  
 gonna be able to help you out.  
 Okay? Where's Ryan?

Bethany closes her eyes, desperate to not answer; desperate to not remember. The questioning causes her to squirm.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 Did he do this to you? Bethany.  
 Did Ryan do this to you? Where's  
 Ryan, Bethany? Where's Ryan?

Bethany's eyes shoot wide open and we see FLASHES of her ordeal in the...

INT. DARK ROOM

-- A steampunk breathing apparatus wraps around Bethany's face, muffling her SCREAMS in the spotlight. Smoke begins pouring out of the sides - she's being gassed.

-- Ryan brushes the hair from her face, his lips hovering inches above hers. A tender instant.

-- She's YANKED down to the end of the table, her legs spread into medical stirrups.

-- Her eyes reflect the shape of the Thin Man as he stands over her, brushing the hair from her face. She SCREAMS.

BACK TO SCENE

Bethany's eye dart back and forth, reliving everything. Hayley's getting impatient.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 God dammit, Bethany, talk to me!

Bethany melts down into hysterics, screaming and thrashing.  
Her parents rush inside.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Bethany. Tell me where Ryan is.

MARTIN WILLIS  
Hey, what the hell are you doing?

BARBARA WILLIS  
Bethany...

They shove in front of Hayley, protecting their daughter.  
The Doctor and Nurses rush in to tend to Bethany.

The Doctor stares Hayley down. She takes the hint and leaves.

INT. BRONCO - DAY

Hayley flies down 287.

JAMES BROWN (V.O.)  
One-two-three-four!

HAYLEY HOLT  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE

Sheriff Cody's on the other line, pissed.

SHERIFF CODY  
(into phone)  
Where the hell are you?

Intercut as needed.

HAYLEY HOLT  
(to herself)  
Shit.  
(into phone)  
I'm just leaving the hospital.  
Bethany's awake.

She pulls a u-turn.

SHERIFF CODY  
You're supposed to be at the  
Sportsman's Lodge, relieving  
Gordon. He's pissed.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Story of my life.

Hayley looks in the rearview, sees the Black Buick pull a u-turn and it hits her that she's being followed.

HAYLEY HOLT  
I'm headed there now.

Hayley hangs up and slows just enough to get a look at the front license plate. She reads the numbers to herself.

Hayley gets on the radio.

HAYLEY HOLT  
(into radio)  
Hey, Katie, it's Hayley. Can you help me out?

KATIE (V.O.)  
(filtered)  
Sure girl, go ahead.

HAYLEY HOLT  
I need a DS by OLN D49-83G.  
Montana plate. Black Buick.

KATIE (V.O.)  
I got no record for D49-83G. You sure you got the right tag?

HAYLEY HOLT  
Yeah, I'm sure. Can you run it again?

She pulls to the side of the road. The Black Buick quickly pulls down a dirt road and disappears into the Rockies.

KATIE (V.O.)  
No luck.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Thanks anyway, Katie.  
(then)  
Shit...

EXT. RYAN COOPER'S HOUSE - DAY

A police cruiser sits across the street, keeping tabs on the comings and goings. Down the street, staying well out of sight, Ryan studies the cruiser, formulating a plan.

OUT BACK

Ryan climbs the tree in the back yard and jumps onto the roof. He slides his window open and disappears inside.

INT. RYAN COOPER'S ROOM

Ryan digs through his closet, removing a heavy shoebox filled with cash. He stuffs his pockets, revealing a handgun at the bottom of the box. That goes in the back of his pants.

He checks his computer. A NEWS ALERT pops up on his desktop and he's shocked to see the headline "Local teen attacked, hospitalized. Boyfriend on the run."

RYAN

Me?... What the fuck?

EXT. SPORTSMAN'S LODGE - DAY

The Bronco pulls into the parking lot. Hayley sees a CLEANING LADY, 40's, arguing with Gordon in front of Room 7.

Hayley gets out, approaches.

HAYLEY HOLT

Hey! What's going on?

CLEANING LADY

He won't let me clean the toilet...

DEPUTY GORDON

You can't go in there.

CLEANING LADY

But Mr. Hastings said to clean the room.

HAYLEY HOLT

Well, I'm saying that you can't clean the room. And I've got a gun. Does Mr. Hastings have a gun?

CLEANING LADY

I don't know... I think so?

HAYLEY HOLT

Yeah, well, mine's bigger. Now go.

The Cleaning Lady does as she's told.

DEPUTY GORDON

Wish I'd have thought of that.

HAYLEY HOLT

Never would have worked. Your gun's too small, Gordon.

She punches him in the arm as she heads inside.

INT. ROOM 7 - DAY

Hayley gets to work. She tries both of the smart phones but they're password protected.

In the night stand drawer, she finds an empty engagement ring box. More digging reveals a set of KEYS, including an older FORD car key.

PARKING LOT

...where she surveys the vehicles. Same high-end cars as before. Same RV. Same Ford Econoline...

She sticks the key into the door and it unlocks. When she pulls on the door, fast-food wrappers and paper cups come tumbling out.

INSIDE THE ECONOLINE

Hayley finds a stoner's paradise. Glass bongos, velvet posters, stained mattress in the back.

She finds the registration and a few photos in the glove box.

HAYLEY HOLT

Louis Matthews. You seem like fun.

OUTSIDE THE ECONOLINE

Hayley sees Delta watching her from Room 6. He ducks away from the window as she heads his way.

OUTSIDE ROOM 6

Arms full of fly rods, Delta hurriedly locks up Room 6, trying to avoid eye contact with Hayley. He heads towards his car.

HAYLEY HOLT

Excuse me!

She walks with him. He's wound up pretty tight.

HAYLEY HOLT

How long have you been staying here at the Sportsman's Club?

DELTA HASBROUK

Hello Officer...

HAYLEY HOLT

Deputy Sheriff, actually.

DELTA HASBROUK  
My apologies.

HAYLEY HOLT  
You in some kind of hurry?

DELTA HASBROUK  
I got a late start this morning.  
My friends are waiting for me.

She takes in his equipment, notes the DRY FLIES tied to the fishing line.

HAYLEY HOLT  
What's your name?

DELTA HASBROUK  
Why?

HAYLEY HOLT  
Because I want to know.

DELTA HASBROUK  
So you can run it through your  
computer? Get me in your system?

HAYLEY HOLT  
No, it's so I don't have to call  
you Mr. Asshole when I'm arresting  
you for failure to obey.

He thinks about it.

DELTA HASBROUK  
My name is Delta Hasbrouk.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Delta? Did your daddy have any say  
in that?

DELTA HASBROUK  
Are we done?

HAYLEY HOLT  
Sorry... Delta... Did you see  
anything out of the ordinary around  
here the last couple of days?

They reach his car.

DELTA HASBROUK  
(losing his patience)  
I've seen you. Tiptoeing around  
here, peeking in windows. I get it.  
(MORE)

DELTA HASBROUK (CONT'D)  
 It's Hicksville. You're busting meth  
 dealers or moonshiners or whatever.  
 But I don't care. I don't care, I  
 don't care, I don't care. Okay? I  
 just want to go catch some trout and  
 be left alone. Okay?

HAYLEY HOLT  
 Might wanna try the nymphs.

DELTA HASBROUK  
 What?

HAYLEY HOLT  
 It's November. The trout don't  
 strike dry flies in the winter.

DELTA HASBROUK  
 Thanks...

HAYLEY HOLT  
 (getting serious)  
 Did you happen to notice the  
 younger couple next door in Room 7?

DELTA HASBROUK  
 No.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 Did you see -

DELTA HASBROUK  
 No.

She relents - this is going nowhere.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 Be careful out there. We've got a  
 timber wolf pack that's starting to  
 get brave.

He climbs into his car, leaving Hayley to watch him drive  
 away, suspicious.

EXT. LOUIS MATTHEWS HOUSE - DAY

Hayley waits outside of a screen door in this small subdivision.  
 It swings open and out steps MRS. MATTHEWS, 50's, depressed and  
 uninterested. She looks at Hayley expectantly.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 Hi. Is Louis home?

MRS. MATTHEWS

I haven't seen him since Wednesday.  
He said he was going to Bozeman.

(then)

What did he do?

HAYLEY HOLT

Are you his mom?

(off her nod)

Do you know his friend Ryan Cooper?

MRS. MATTHEWS

He doesn't bring people here. He's  
embarrassed. Of me. Of all of  
this. Can you imagine hating  
someone who loves you so much?

HAYLEY HOLT

Kids are supposed to hate their  
parents. It means you did it right -  
as long as you don't hate them back.

(then)

Now, I need you to think, Mrs.  
Matthews, has Louis ever mentioned Ryan  
Cooper? About where he hangs out?

MRS. MATTHEWS

Sorry.

HAYLEY HOLT

Okay.

(then)

Thanks for your time.

Hayley heads back to her...

BRONCO

...where she gets on the radio.

HAYLEY HOLT

Katie. Add one Louis Matthews to  
our list of APBs, would you?

KATIE (V.O.)

Sure thing.

INT. BARNEY'S DINER - DAY

Sitting alone in a sun-faded booth by the window, Tammy  
Pickett fumes as she waits on Hayley.

TAMMY PICKETT  
 (to herself)  
 Unbelievable.

Tammy gathers her things, ready to bail, when Hayley finally shows. Tammy straightens, trying to hide her irritation.

TAMMY PICKETT  
 You're late. Like really late.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 Yeah. I'm not having the best  
 couple of days.  
 (to passing WAITER)  
 Water, please.

TAMMY PICKETT  
 You know, most people would say  
 they're sorry.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 I'm not much one for sorry. You  
 should know that by now.

TAMMY PICKETT  
 Knowing it doesn't make it any less  
 annoying.  
 (then)  
 You look good by the way. They're  
 still letting you get away with the  
 no uniform thing?

HAYLEY HOLT  
 I think the Sheriff's just happy  
 that I'm not advertising I'm one of  
 his deputies.

They share a half-hearted laugh.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 You're gonna find this hard to  
 believe, but I'm glad you called.

TAMMY PICKETT  
 That right?

HAYLEY HOLT  
 You know Bethany Wills? She's the girl  
 you guys found on 287 last night. She  
was my missing person. Now she's my  
 rape victim.

Tammy sinks.

TAMMY PICKETT  
Shit, Hayley.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Like I said, it's not been the best  
couple of days.

TAMMY PICKETT  
Cody won't pull you off?

HAYLEY HOLT  
No. He's insisting. I think he  
thinks he's gonna fix me. Trial by  
fire shit, you know?

Tammy looks at her with pity. Hayley swallows.

HAYLEY HOLT  
I've got a favor to ask.

TAMMY PICKETT  
(disgusted)  
Wow, that didn't take long at all.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Leopards and their spots.

Hayley slides her a file on Ryan Cooper.

HAYLEY HOLT  
I'm looking for Ryan Cooper. Tell  
your friends: if they find him,  
call me. I want to be there to  
help put this fucker on the floor.

TAMMY PICKETT  
'Cause that worked out so well in  
the Cromwell case...

Hayley recoils - that one hurt. She reaches for her file.

TAMMY PICKETT  
Beau's home.

HAYLEY HOLT  
What?

TAMMY PICKETT  
Got out Monday.

HAYLEY HOLT  
He's got another three years.

TAMMY PICKETT

Good behavior. Can you believe it?  
 (then)  
 I know you don't want to talk to  
 him, but he's my brother...

Hayley looks to the parking lot, notices the black Buick  
 parked at the far end of the dirt lot.

HAYLEY HOLT

This isn't happening.

Hayley slides out of the booth and hurries towards the door,  
 drawing her gun.

TAMMY PICKETT

Where the hell are you going?!?...  
 Hayley?!... You're being selfish!

EXT. BARNEY'S DINER - CONTINUOUS

Hayley shoulders through the door and draws down on the black  
 Buick, which peels out in a cloud of dust.

Hayley climbs into the Bronco and peels out behind, red and  
 blues flashing.

The black Buick power slides onto a dirt road. Hayley jerks  
 the wheel, barely making the turn, and follows the Buick into  
 farmland.

INT. BRONCO

Hayley grabs her radio, but it gives her nothing but STATIC.

HAYLEY HOLT

Piece of shit.  
 (to the Buick)  
 Yeah, it's not fun being followed  
 is it!?

EXT. WHEAT FIELDS

The black Buick veers off the road and heads straight for a  
 wheat field. It makes it a few feet into the wheat before  
 digging its front fender into a ditch. It bounces to a stop  
 as the Bronco pulls up behind.

Hayley gets out, draws her gun as the Buick's driver's door opens.

HAYLEY HOLT

Out of the car, hands where --

The THIN MAN bolts out of the Buick, not giving us a chance to see his face, and runs deep into the wheat. Hayley gives chase.

The Thin Man is faster than Hayley, gracefully navigating the wheat field as if it was a dance.

HAYLEY HOLT

Stop or I WILL shoot you!

The Thin Man tries to sneak a peak over his shoulder, but the break in focus causes him to stumble and fall flat on his face - effectively disappearing from Hayley's view.

HAYLEY HOLT

Hands where I can see them!

She reaches the spot the Thin Man fell, but her face registers confusion. Where the Thin Man should be is only bent stalks of wheat.

She wades through the surrounding field, hunting for him in a place seemingly impossible to hide.

She stops, takes a breath to reset herself. She looks back behind her and sees only her Bronco. The Buick is gone without a trace.

HAYLEY HOLT

What the fuck...?

Smash to black as we:

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BRONCO - DAY

Hayley sits in the driver's seat, staring at the wheat field in front of her.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 (convincing herself)  
 He doubled back, got in his car,  
 and drove off. He didn't  
 disappear. That didn't fucking  
 happen. Nope. I didn't see him go  
 because I was too focused...on this  
 guy disappearing.  
 (screaming)  
 What the fuck!?!

She takes a breath. She's calm. Zen.

JAMES BROWN (V.O.)  
 One-two-three-four!

Hayley jumps with a SHRIEK before grabbing for her cell.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 (into phone)  
 Yeah? Hey, who the hell is this?  
 I can hear you breathing on the  
 other end... Got nothing to say?  
 (yelling into phone)  
 Stop calling me, asshole!

She tosses her phone into the passenger seat and slams the Bronco into gear. She tears ass out of there.

INT. LODGE - DAY

Ryan slips into an upstairs window, tumbles into a heap on the floor. He hurries to the...

STUDY

...where he finds a landline, makes a call.

RYAN  
 (into phone)  
 Louis. It's Ryan. Of course I  
 didn't do that to her... I don't  
 know what happened, man... I don't  
 know what the fuck's going on. She  
 was there and then... I need help.  
 (then)  
 I'm at Trey's lodge. Thank you.

He hangs up as a sense of relief washes over him.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - DAY

Hayley sits at her computer, Googling "Disappearing cars."  
Sheriff Cody approaches, expectantly, but she barely notices him.

SHERIFF CODY

Did Katie get a hit on the  
neighbor? That Delta fellow?

HAYLEY HOLT

He's clean.

SHERIFF CODY

Well, we've heard nothing on Ryan  
Cooper. My guess is he's hiding  
out, biding his time. That, or he  
crossed the border the night of.  
If he was smart.

(then)

What's going on with you?

He cranes his neck to see her computer screen, but she  
quickly clicks it off.

HAYLEY HOLT

(deflecting)

Bethany was drugged.

SHERIFF CODY

Like roofies?

HAYLEY HOLT

Like magic mushrooms.

SHERIFF CODY

I didn't know those were still a thing.

HAYLEY HOLT

And inside Ryan Cooper's hotel room,  
I found keys to a van outside. Louis  
Matthews, the known drug dealer who  
owns the van, has been gone since  
Wednesday, according to his mom.  
He's got my vote for being Ryan's  
wing man.

Hayley catches sight of a GUY strutting into the Sheriff's  
Office. He sees her, pantomimes a kiss, and disappears down  
a hallway with a DEPUTY ESCORT.

SHERIFF CODY

Any idea where he could be?

HAYLEY HOLT  
I need a minute.

She hurries off in pursuit of the Guy.

SHERIFF CODY  
(to himself)  
...sure, be my guest...

INT. HALLWAY

Hayley comes to a door marked "PROBATE."

INT. PROBATE

Hayley scans the room. Among the few former PRISONERS sits:

BEAU HOLT. He's got thirty-five years of cowboy badass dripping from every pore of his body. It takes every bit of self-control Hayley has to keep her distance.

BEAU HOLT  
Well, hi darlin'.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Hi to you.

He smiles at her - he's well aware that he's charming. She maintains her composure.

HAYLEY HOLT  
What are you doing here, Beau?

BEAU HOLT  
I am checking in with my probation officer. Part of my release conditions. I betcha that means we're gonna be seein' a lot of each other. That sure sounds nice.

She looks at him, expectantly. He laughs.

BEAU HOLT  
What?  
(realizing; flirtatious)  
You think I'm here cause of you. Hayley, I took the hint. You can't love someone like me. Just can't. I accepted it and I moved on.

HAYLEY HOLT  
You moved on...

BEAU HOLT  
 Look at you thinking all high and  
 mighty about yourself. About time.

The PAROLE OFFICER opens an office door.

PAROLE OFFICER  
 Beau Holt? This way.

Beau gives Hayley one last smile and follows the Parole Officer.

HAYLEY HOLT  
 Shit.

INT. TODD QUINN'S HOUSE - DAY

NANCY QUINN, 30, an energetic mother of two with the uncanny ability to light up every time her husband comes home, puts dinner on the table.

Todd pushes open the front door and gets mobbed by his two kids.

TODD QUINN  
 Hey guys!

NANCY QUINN  
 Hi. Did you hear about Ryan? The police are looking for him.

TODD QUINN  
 Yeah.

NANCY QUINN  
 Did they come by? Did they talk to you? What did they say?

He kisses her on the cheek.

TODD QUINN  
 I'll tell you all about it after I get out of these clothes.

He ducks into a...

BEDROOM

...where he sits at his computer desk. He goes to stick the thumb drive into the computer, but he stops when the door opens. His youngest DAUGHTER runs in and jumps into his lap.

DAUGHTER  
 Daddy!

TODD QUINN  
Hi sweetie. Daddy's got to do  
something real quick, okay?

DAUGHTER  
I want the airplane!

Todd looks to the thumb drive and sighs. He sticks it in a drawer and grabs his Daughter around the waist.

TODD QUINN  
Just once... Airplane!

He lifts her and spins her around, launching her onto the bed into a heap of laughter.

TODD QUINN  
Let's go eat, okay?

She hops off the bed and leads him out by the hand.

INT. BRONCO - DAY

Phone to her ear, Hayley nervously taps her foot.

HAYLEY HOLT  
(to herself)  
Come on...  
(into phone)  
It's me.

INT. SAMUEL'S OFFICE - SAME

Samuel leans back in his chair, phone to his ear, smile on his face. His office is filled with Big Sky Resort branding.

SAMUEL HARDIN  
(into phone)  
Hi stranger.

Intercut as needed.

HAYLEY HOLT  
I need to see you.

SAMUEL HARDIN  
When?

HAYLEY HOLT  
Now works for me.

Samuel's SECRETARY, 25, a vixen in business casual, comes up for air. Samuel pushes her head back down.

SAMUEL HARDIN

I don't think I can make that work.  
How's your tomorrow?

HAYLEY HOLT

How about tonight? I'll do that  
thing that you like.

Samuel grabs the Secretary's hair, enjoying the danger of getting caught.

SAMUEL HARDIN

I wish I could. But tomorrow's the  
best I can do.

HAYLEY HOLT

You don't know what you're missing.

SAMUEL HARDIN

I can imagine. I gotta run.

He hangs up and climaxes. Hayley hangs up and deflates. But before she can compose herself:

JAMES BROWN (V.O.)

One-two-three-four!

HAYLEY HOLT

(into phone)  
Yeah.

TAMMY PICKETT (V.O.)

(filtered)  
You still looking for a Honda Civic?

HAYLEY HOLT

Oh hell yeah.

INT. MADISON COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER - NIGHT

Barbara kisses the sleeping Bethany on the forehead before leaving for the evening. Bethany opens her eyes, staring blankly at the ceiling. Her pupils PINHOLE and she sits up. She gets dressed and sneaks out of her room.

EXT. BIG SKY RESORT - NIGHT

The Bronco plugs along in the snow. Hayley wipes fog off her windshield, straining to see the road. She passes a road sign. "Entering Gallatin County." She takes a deep breath.

The Bronco turns down a winding road, where it pulls along side of Tammy's cruiser.

Up ahead, the grey Honda Civic sits in the driveway of the twelve-bedroom HUNTING LODGE. They talk through open windows.

TAMMY PICKETT

Got a call about a silent alarm.  
No one's supposed to be in the  
lodge this month. I show up and  
what do I see?

HAYLEY HOLT

(sincere)

Thank you for calling me.

Tammy nods, acknowledging the effort.

TAMMY PICKETT

Any ideas on how to get this guy  
out of there?

Hayley looks to her Louisville Slugger.

HAYLEY HOLT

Yeah, actually.

EXT. LODGE DRIVEWAY

WOOSH! The baseball bat rips through the air and SMASHES out the Civic's passenger window. The still mountain air fills with the deafening WHOOPING of the car alarm as Hayley hides behind the bumper.

The lodge's lights turn on and the front door swings open. Like a flash, Tammy's on him, grinding his face into the gravel as she wrestles the cuffs on him. She throws a few fists to his kidneys.

TAMMY PICKETT

Quit fighting me!

Hayley approaches, bat in hand, and bad intentions on her mind. She squats down beside him to get a good look at his face. But something's not right.

TAMMY PICKETT

What's wrong?

And then we finally see his face.

HAYLEY HOLT

This isn't Ryan Cooper.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. LODGE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Tammy slams the guy against the car, digs through his pockets. A glance at his driver's license will tell her he's:

LOUIS MATTHEWS, 21, lanky and confident, his mouth runs like diarrhea. He takes in the two women fussing over him.

LOUIS MATTHEWS  
Dear Penthouse...

Tammy gets in his face.

TAMMY PICKETT  
Unless that comment ends with "I'm going to tell you about the time someone fed my pecker to a bear," you can keep on dreaming.  
(then)  
Louis Matthews. Wanna tell me what you're doing here?

Hayley reacts to his name - recognizing it from the van.

LOUIS MATTHEWS  
Bitch, I live here. Why the fuck else would I be here?

TAMMY PICKETT  
Bullshit. You tripped the alarm. Owners called me. Try again.

HAYLEY HOLT  
You're Louis Matthews?

LOUIS MATTHEWS  
So.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Where's Ryan Cooper?

LOUIS MATTHEWS  
Coop? Hell, I dunno. I haven't seen him since Wednesday.

HAYLEY HOLT  
You don't sound surprised we're looking for your friend.

Hayley watches Louis as Tammy goes through the car.

LOUIS MATTHEWS  
I wouldn't call Coop my friend.

TAMMY PICKETT  
You've got his car. That sounds pretty friendly to me.

LOUIS MATTHEWS  
Nah, man. I paid him a hundred bucks to swap cars so I could drive up to Calgary. Can't do that in the shaggin' wagon - heater sucks. Why, what'd he do?

HAYLEY HOLT  
Raped his girlfriend.

LOUIS MATTHEWS  
(feigning surprise)  
Man. Some people are just bad news.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Are you bad news?

LOUIS MATTHEWS  
I guess that depends on what your criteria is, Officer.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Raping high school girls falls into my criteria.

He finally realizes he's a suspect, clams up.

HAYLEY HOLT  
You gonna tell me the prescription bottles I found in the van aren't yours?

LOUIS MATTHEWS  
Do I look like a pharmacist to you?

HAYLEY HOLT  
You look like a drug dealer.

LOUIS MATTHEWS  
(over the top)  
I am offended... I am highly fucking offended at even the slightest insinuation.

FROM THE WOODS

Ryan watches Louis getting busted. He considers his options, disappears into the woods.

Tammy slams a bottle of Oxycontin onto the hood of the car.

TAMMY PICKETT

Let me guess - you've never seen  
that before in your life.

LOUIS MATTHEWS

Hell no.

He tries to bolt, but Tammy slams him against the car again.

TAMMY PICKETT

(to Hayley)  
Anything else?

HAYLEY HOLT

Just tell me where he is.

LOUIS MATTHEWS

Lady, if Coop don't wanna be found  
by now, you're not gonna find him.

Hayley tenses, knows he's right.

TAMMY PICKETT

Come on.

She drags him back towards her cruiser. Hayley storms off  
towards the lodge.

INT. HUNTING LODGE - NIGHT

The squatter's garbage accentuates the outdoorsman decor. A  
blackened banana peel hangs off an elk mount's antlers.

Tammy walks in just as Hayley yanks the elk mount off the  
wall and CHUCKS it across the room with a CRASH. Tammy tries  
to diffuse the situation.

TAMMY PICKETT

He started crying when I put him in  
the cruiser.

After a tense moment, Hayley cracks a smile.

HAYLEY HOLT

At least he didn't break anything.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Ryan steps into a clearing, the chimney smoke from the lodge  
billowing far in the distance. Across the clearing, Ryan  
sees Bethany staring at him.

RYAN

Bethany?

Off her sweet smile:

INT. HALLWAY

Tammy goes up ahead, clearing the bedrooms. Hayley pushes a closet door open, smiles.

HAYLEY HOLT

Hello.

In front of her sits shelf after shelf of mushrooms growing in trays. SIRENS wail in the background and her face falls.

EXT. LODGE DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Several Gallatin County Sheriff's Department cruisers flash red and blues as Hayley walks back to her Bronco.

She passes the GALLATIN SHERIFF himself.

HAYLEY HOLT

Hi, dad.

ROGER DUNLAP, 64, military-strict and humorless, barely registers the greeting.

ROGER DUNLAP

What are you doing here?

HAYLEY HOLT

My job.

ROGER DUNLAP

Big Sky's Gallatin County. You're out of your jurisdiction.

HAYLEY HOLT

Running me out of town again?

ROGER DUNLAP

Just protecting my crime scene from your wonderful judgment.

HAYLEY HOLT

Good seeing you too, dad.

She climbs into her Bronco, drives off.

EXT. TRASHY HOUSE - NIGHT

Hayley sits in her Bronco, staring at the house with one hand on her Louisville Slugger.

INT. SHERIFF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Hayley drags herself in, sees Sheriff Cody's light on. Knocks.

INT. SHERIFF CODY'S OFFICE

Sheriff Cody sits in the quiet, sipping a single malt. Without words, he offers her a chair and a drink of her own. She sits, sips, savors.

HAYLEY HOLT

Can I ask you something? Why do you put up with me?

SHERIFF CODY

Because you remind me of your dad.

HAYLEY HOLT

That might be the meanest thing anyone has ever said to me.

SHERIFF CODY

Life's hard. Real hard. You get old. You get cranky. You start thinking on that lifetime of memories you've curated. If you're lucky, you remember the good stuff.

HAYLEY HOLT

And if you're not?

SHERIFF CODY

That's why they make single malt.

Sheriff Cody makes it a point to look her in the eyes.

SHERIFF CODY

You've got the potential to be something special. And I wanna see that happen. That's why I put up with you.

He drinks as she considers the rare compliment.

INT. TODD QUINN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

In the glow of a muted TV, Nancy sleeps on the couch, her daughter sleeping soundly on her chest.

## BEDROOM

Todd pushes the thumb drive into the computer. He opens a folder containing HUNDREDS of pictures taken over multiple dates. He double clicks, opening one after the other.

- A MIDDLE-AGED MAN pulls a half-naked Bethany's hair.
- Bethany laying in bed with TWO MEN.
- A dozen men and women participating in an orgy. Among them is Bethany. Todd looks closer, finds HIMSELF towards the edge of the photo. He unzips his pants.

But while he's focused on himself, we find SAMUEL HARDIN among the participants.

## INT. SAMUEL HARDIN'S MASTER BATHROOM - NIGHT

Samuel takes a scalding shower, letting the stress of the day melt off his body.

As we find the...

## BEDROOM

...we find Samuel's pregnant wife, ELLE, 30, vengeful, scrolls through his phone. When she comes to a number without a name associated with it, she pulls out her own phone, matching it to a long series of outgoing calls.

She pushes SEND.

## EXT. JACK CREEK RANCH - NIGHT

Mr. Morris sits on his patio rocking chair, rifle in one hand, beer cozy in the other.

Under the full moon, a lone wolf HOWLS. This is followed by DOZENS of others. Morris decides to head inside.

## INT. HAYLEY HOLT'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Hayley pulls her bra out from under her shirt, let's out an exaggerated "ahhhh" before turning on House Hunters.

JAMES BROWN (V.O.)  
One-two-three-four!

HAYLEY HOLT  
(into phone)  
Hello? Hello? Who the fuck is this? Is that you, Beau? I can hear you breathing, asshole.

INT. SAMUEL HARDIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Elle hangs up the phone as Samuel exits the bathroom.

SAMUEL HARDIN  
Who was that?

ELLE HARDIN  
Wrong number.

INT. HAYLEY HOLT'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The doorbell RINGS. She forgets about the phone and answers the front door, revealing Beau on her front porch. She realizes he's not holding a cell phone.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Shit.

BEAU HOLT  
Hi.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Hi.

He kisses her, and she drags him back into the house.

EXT. SPORTSMAN'S LODGE - NIGHT

The black Buick pulls into the lot and rolls to a stop in front of Room 6. Delta exits the room and climbs into the Buick's passenger seat. It drives off.

INT. MADISON COUNTY MEDICAL CENTER - DAWN

Barbara enters Bethany's room, but her daughter's nowhere to be found.

BARBARA WILLS  
Bethany?

Offscreen, the toilet flushes, and Bethany emerges from her bathroom, back in her hospital gown. She offers her mom a smile - the first since she returned. Barbara hugs her.

EXT. JACK CREEK RANCH - DAWN

Brandon launches his quad drone for Mr. Morris, who looks up at the circling buzzards with concern.

INT. HAYLEY HOLT'S BEDROOM - DAWN

Hayley cuddles with Beau, looking completely at peace.

JAMES BROWN (V.O.)  
One-two-three-four!

HAYLEY HOLT  
(into phone)  
Yeah.

She runs her hand over Beau's chest, trying to keep him from waking up.

HAYLEY HOLT  
(into phone)  
What? He's where? I'm leaving now.

She climbs out of bed and starts getting dressed.

BEAU HOLT  
Hey.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Hey. I gotta go. Somebody found my perp. Lock up before you go.

BEAU HOLT  
I thought maybe I'd stay.

HAYLEY HOLT  
That's not a good idea, Beau.

BEAU HOLT  
Wow.

HAYLEY HOLT  
What?

BEAU HOLT  
You haven't changed in seven years.  
Not even a little.

HAYLEY HOLT  
So, what is that, an indictment?

BEAU HOLT  
It's just nice to be home.

HAYLEY HOLT  
Leave the key under the mat.

She smiles and goes.

EXT. JACK CREEK RANCH - DAY

Multiple Sheriff Department cruisers line the familiar dirt road.

Hayley walks towards the long line of yellow crime scene tape, soaking it all in. She sees the buzzards overhead.

She heads into the field. We watch her from high overhead as she beelines for a CROP CIRCLE in the wheat field.

As she steps into the crop circle, a wave of realization washes over Hayley.

She squats down, looks into the face of RYAN COOPER. Bits and pieces of his body are arranged just so inside a giant crop circle - a grotesque copycat of the dismembered cow from before.

She looks to Mr. Morris watching her from the crime-scene tape. He crosses his arms - "I told you so."

Behind him, Brandon pilots his drone with a concerned look on his face. Hayley looks to the skies.

The quad rises through the buzzards, giving us a last dizzying look at the mess in the crop circle as we:

FADE TO BLACK.

END PILOT