

OUTSIDERS

101

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draft 11-4-14

WE OPEN ON--

A NIGHT SKY

Stars. The sliver of a moon. Cicadas sing. PAN DOWN TO--

CITY LIGHTS

The grid of Los Angeles spreading out down below us. We're high up in the hills. And then we see-

A MAN

Mid-30s, haggard, emaciated. He's sitting on a ledge, looking through scrub down at the city. Depression flattens his eyes, despair weighs on him: something is definitely wrong here. He reaches into a backpack - takes out

A HANDGUN

Looks at it, thinks, releases the safety, cocks the gun, thinks again, and puts it into his mouth.

This is it: the end.

He sits there, looking out at the city. And then he sees--

A PAIR OF EYES

In the woods. Floating, disembodied. The eyes move, coming toward us, and we realize they belong to--

A WOLF

Just standing there in the scrub, looking at the man. He looks back at the animal for a beat. And then a SECOND WOLF appears to the side. And then a THIRD WOLF behind him now-- He's surrounded by wolves - is he their prey? The man CLOSES HIS EYES and we--

CUT TO BLACK - SLAM CUT TO

A VICIOUS SPORT FIGHT

Two mountain men, muscular, tattooed, are pounding the shit out of each other. We are--

ON A MOUNTAIN - DEEP IN THE KENTUCKY WOODS

One of the men, shirtless, wiry, 30s, is tied by a thick rope to some cinderblocks. He is FOSTER FARRELL THE 8TH, aka LIL FOSTER.

Circling him is his father, FOSTER FARRELL THE 6TH, aka BIG FOSTER. Slated to be the clan's new leader, he is 50s, menacing, been declared dead three times and looks it; he's all muscle and bone, and covered in DIY Runic tatoos from another world.

Sitting on homemade chairs and stumps in a circle around the fighters we see 20 or so strangely beautiful, sinewy, mountain people and their kids. This is the FARRELL CLAN, legendary in these parts, they've been living off the grid on this mountain for over 200 years, some say since the beginning of time.

They are hillbilly gypsy clan, hippie commune, Stonehenge druid cult, biker gang...

BIG FOSTER

comes in hard, throws a couple of punches at his son who easily steps aside - then he throws a punch of his own that seems to miss on purpose - ie, he's letting his father win.

Now Big Foster lands one and his son goes down to cheers and laughter from the kinfolk. And we CUT TO

DEEPER IN THE WOODS -

We see a beautifully complex distilling operation made of remixed stuff from home heating systems, cars, coal plants, restaurants, whatever.

At this impressive site we find HASIL FARREL: crazy-eyed, totally compelling, and with a certain restlessness we'll come to understand later.

At the other end of the shack we see KRAKE. Krake is ruddy-skinned, about 4 feet tall, just as wide, with hair down to his butt: a heavy metal troll.

Krake carefully adjusts some spigots on a submarine boiler, takes a whiff of steam from a hand-banged copper condenser coil on the flake stand, taps an old temperature gauge, and then scrapes out a spoonful or two of wild honey from a beehive: this is his science.

As he peers in an empty wooden barrel and mumbles something to himself we go--

EXT. HILLSIDE, DUSK

Hasil and Krake lumber down the hill, passing a compound of tumbledown trailers and shanties beautifully deconstructed out of galvanized steel, chipboard, tree limbs, mud.

A few home-made 3-and 4-wheeled ATVs sit around, powerful concoctions made from truck engines, Harley frames, roll bars, Can-Am bodies - it's Mad Max meets 4x4 super-pull truck show.

We follow the men into--

THE CLEARING

Where the sport fight rages on. As Krake and Hasil arrive, Lil Foster sees them, holds back a vicious punch--

KRAKE

Brothers, sisters: we need yeast.

LIL FOSTER

(helping his father up)

You win again, pawpaw.

BIG FOSTER

Sounds like we need do a run. Who's with us?

Fight over now, Lil Foster and his father embrace and laugh to hearty cheers-- And we catch glimpses of the clan:

--G'WINVEER FARRELL, Lil Foster's twin sister: a tender-hearted bikerbilly sex machine and mother of 3.

--ELON FARRELL, 8 going on 18, in hand-me-down rags stitched up from thrift-store rejects and, yes, he's got a couple of tats.

--a few SHAY and MCGINTUK cousins of various ages

--PHELIA FARRELL, 16, a speechless, redheaded pre-Raphaelite who looks like she sprung straight from the earth itself. Fluttering constantly at her side is a large Luna Moth; her faery-tale beauty confounds anyone who beholds her.

THE COMPOUND, LATER

Fosters Lil and Big, Krake, G'win and Hasil saddle up on jerry-rigged ATVs. Elon approaches Big Foster--

ELON

I wanna go on a run with you, fa.

BIG FOSTER

How many winters, Elon?

ELON

Nine. I mean eight.

BIG FOSTER

Next time, son. I promise.

The gang heads down a trail as Elon watches them go.

ON THE TRAIL

In their makeshift vehicles the Farrells bounce and roar along a half-dry creekbed down toward the bottom of the mountain. TIME CUT: They round a bend and we make out the signs of civilization below: a road, a river, a hardscrabble mining town.

COUNTY ROUTE 2, NIGHT

We follow the Farrells as they ride toward the small city of Blackburg, a place caught half way between the mountains and the modern world.

INT. LITTLE GENERAL CONVENIENCE MART, NIGHT

A pimply male teenage CLERK stands behind the counter, reading a magazine. As Hasil walks in the clerk freezes-- there's a Farrell in his store.

HASIL

Easy there my friend - I got no plans to hurt you. But put your hands up here so I can see 'em anyhow.

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The clerk raises his hands in the air, terrified. Hasil picks up a copy of In-Touch Magazine on a rack, stares at the shot of a sexy female celeb on the cover - deeply fascinated by the strangeness of the 'real' world.

Then Big Foster passes by with a couple of cases of beer, knocks the magazine out of Hasil's hand and gives him a disgusted look, heads outside where Lil Foster is pumping gasoline into a big metal can.

Hasil grabs some cigarettes and turns back, sees the clerk trying to take a picture of the Farrells with his phone. Hasil stops, smiles at the camera as the clerk takes a picture of him - then suddenly grabs the phone and smashes it to bits.

EXT. WALMART, MINUTES LATER

Krake and Lil Foster hold open the big sliding doors and Big Foster zooms into the store on his mad-maxed ATV.

INT. WALMART, SAME

As Big Foster roars around the store, Krake and Lil Foster grab a shopping cart and go to the grocery section as G'Win chats up a security guard.

G'WIN

We'll only be a coupla minutes.

Hasil swaggers to a pretty teenage CASHIER GIRL, who immediately figures out who they must be, is scared but excited to be seeing the Farrells for the first time--

GIRL

Hi.

HASIL

Hello there, lady. You just look at me, that's it. What's your name? You a wee bit shy?

GIRL

(blushes)

Um, yeah. I mean, I never...

HASIL

Never what?

GIRL

Seen one of y'all before.

HASIL

One of who all?

Big Foster zooms by dragging along a couple of carts filled with toys, a toaster oven, arrows, auto parts -- as Krake and Lil Foster head out of the store with a cart full of yeast.

GIRL

(re shoplifting)

Um, they can't just, I mean... take stuff...! Right?

She looks at him - as Hasil reaches into a burlap shoulder sack and takes out a small, hand-carved sculpture made of wood - a bluejay.

HASIL

We thank you kindly for your generosity.

He sets the wooden bird down on the counter and she looks at it, amazed - then back up at him - and he can see her soften - she smiles at him, and this is not something he's accustomed to.

HASIL

Say. Uh...

He looks at her nametag, tries to mouth the words but it's clear he can't read, so she helps him out...

GIRL

Sally-Ann.

HASIL

Sally-Ann... Like two names rolled up into one. Now that's a right beautiful thing. (beat) How'd you get your hair to go like that? Looks all, I dunno, shining like a light, coming from you...

As the Farrells have finished their shopping and leave--

HASIL

You got a boyfriend? That a no?

G'win, carrying crossbows, gives him a shove toward the door.

EXT. ROUTE 2, NIGHT, LATER

The gang heads away into the night. Laughing, hollering, drinking beer from cans as they ride off... CUT TO

EXT. CLEARING, SHAY MOUNTAIN, NIGHT

Various shots. Some of the clan - about a dozen of them now, of all ages - party in the woods with their booty.

Big Foster sits on a stump, holding court while Hasil, G'winveer and some cousins, play a rich, folk-blues-y music on homemade banjos and electric guitars growling from old amps hooked up to a generator.

In the center of the clearing, a fire rages in a firepit made of stone. Lights are strung from the trees. People dance with their kids.

They quiet down as now we see, emerging from the darkness in a homemade wheelchair, pushed by an earthy Farrell cousin, ANNALIVIA (20s), noneother than--

LADY RAY FARRELL

She is 75, or a thousand, the leader of the family, known to them as the *Bren'in*, or the One of Oak.

Stringy white hair, with a regal gaze, she was married to Big Foster's father while he was alive and some say she strangled him to death with one hand.

LADY RAY

What prithee said ruckus tonight?

LIL FOSTER

Went on a yeast run is all, mother.

LADY RAY

I didn't give no order.

BIG FOSTER

I did.

All turn to Big Foster-- and then she speaks to him in an unknown language, like nothing we've ever heard before:

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LADY RAY
Ggugllatwam moshshw'w'amlaa.

And he answers her in the same tongue:

BIG FOSTER
Bvulai ggugllatwam.
 (then)
 Batch got to be done by Firstnight,
 M'Lady Ray. Had no choice.

LADY RAY
 But next time I giveth word, understand
 thee?

BIG FOSTER
 Yes, maam.

He bows to her in respect. With that she motions to Krake to push her back up to her rebuilt doublewide. As the party continues on we CUT TO--

A COMPUTER SCREEN-- BLACK AND WHITE SURVEILLANCE VIDEO--

The Farrells shoplifting at the Walmart at 4 frames a second. We are in--

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE, WALMART, NIGHT

Looking at the surveillance video with the store manager, security guard and the cashier girl from before we find DEPUTY SHERIFF WADE HOUGHTON, 40s. With him is county under-deputy, DON FULTS, 26, all-American guy and new to this world.

Houghton is tall, athletic, but not in great shape anymore, and there's a vague sadness to him, a kind of lethargy we can't yet account for.

HOUGHTON
 Yeast?

STORE MANAGER
 About \$45 dollars worth.
 (looks at list)
 And \$962 in auto parts, kitchen
 appliances...

FULTS

They take any guns?

HOUGHTON

(to Fults)

They know better - that'd get the Feds on 'em.

(to manager)

You want me to write it up?

STORE MANAGER

If you wouldn't mind. Regional office requires the paperwork, but I don't wanna press any charges.

HOUGHTON

It's your call.

STORE MANAGER

Not worth it, Wade.

Houghton nods in agreement - Fults watches as he writes up a routine shoplifting report...

EXT. PARKING LOT, MINUTES LATER

Houghton and Fults walk out toward their cars.

FULTS

You goin' home, boss? How's Caleb doing?

HOUGHTON

Dropped him at my sister's...

They share a look and we go--

INT. TINY'S, NIGHT

Local dive. Pool table, jukebox, sports on a flat screen. Houghton and Fults sit at the bar. Fults nurses a Coke (he's in the program) as Houghton works on his fifth bottle of Coors Light while sending a text to his sister: 'gonna b late'.

FULTS

So I got a question for you. Why do we let those morons get away with shit like this?

HOUGHTON

First of all, they're not morons. And second, you do not wanna fuck with those people.

FULTS

Because...?

Before he can answer, a tattooed woman in her 40s, RICKI, comes up to them at the bar - she's sexy and trouble.

RICKI

Hello, Sheriff. I was just leaving... saw you here...

HOUGHTON

Hi, Ricki. How're you?

RICKI

Good. Real good. You doing good?

HOUGHTON

Think so.

She smiles, waits for him to say something more but he doesn't - we can tell they have a history.

RICKI

Well alright then. Y'all have a good night.

HOUGHTON

You, too.

She heads out of the bar, giving Houghton a look as she goes. Fults smiles at him, Houghton down his beer.

FULTS

So you do believe it. That they...?

HOUGHTON

They what?

Fults makes a big "spooky!" gesture, Houghton stares at him.

HOUGHTON

Fuck off.

(and)

Look, I know what you're thinking - we're the law, and we're letting them run all over us. Well let me tell you, taking some of their crap now and then is a lot better than...

Houghton is distracted as some people come in the bar - and out the door he sees Ricki, backlit, smoking in the parking lot.

FULTS

Better than what?

SLAM TO

EXT. TINY'S PARKING LOT, LATER

Wide shot. Bar closed, parking lot empty save for one car: Houghton's cruiser.

And now we see Houghton fucking Ricki in the back seat...

CUT TO

EXT. SHAY MOUNTAIN, NIGHT

We follow three teenage Farrell Cousins through the woods - they get to a rough-hewn wooden box jammed up against a rock. They pull open the box's door -

IN THE WOODEN CELL

In the grim darkness we make out a GUY, 30s, scrunched into a corner, chained to a root, naked, smeared with dirt, shit....

Now the guy looks up at the kids standing above him - and we see he is the SUICIDAL MAN we met at the beginning: one ASA FARRELL, second cousin to Big and Lil Fosters. He smiles - has been here before and knows what's coming.

ASA

Hey guys.

COUSIN

That's him! Lostie!

And the Farrell kids kick the shit out of Asa. Chained, unable to fight back, he endures his beating with a certain stoic dignity...

EXT. SHERIFF HOUGHTON'S HOME, DEER CREEK HOLLOW, DAWN

A very modest home way up at the end of a hollow ("holler") in the town of Jim White, about 20 minutes from Blackburg. Behind the house, the woods are dense, rising up toward the peak of Shay Mountain.

IN THE HOUSE

We find Houghton awake in bed, hungover, the clock next to him reading 8:23 AM. Looks like he's been lying like this all night.

He gets up with some difficulty -- he's got chronic back pain -- and goes out. We notice, on his dresser, a framed photo of him and a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN, who we will come to know is his deceased wife.

HALLWAY

We follow him past a wall of photos -- framed pictures of his coal mining family going back five generations.

BEDROOM

Houghton peers in, sees an empty kid's bed - remembers that his son is at his sisters... feels like shit...

BATHROOM

Houghton opens the medicine cabinet and grabs a bottle of Oxycontin, tumbles a couple of pills into his palm. Then adds another, and another. Tosses them into his mouth and sticks it under the tap for water. Swallows. Closes the cabinet and looks at his tired face.

INT/EXT. HOUGHTON'S CRUISER, MOVING, DAY

He drives along a two-lane road, Route 2, which curves along the Black River in between the hills. ESTABLISH this is coal mining country: rows of tiny houses, trailers, tumble-down churches, shut down stores, weed-strewn cemeteries. He gets to -

TOWN OF BRENDA - BLACK RIVER

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Houghton pulls up to a very modest one-story home - that of his sister. She is LEDDA DOBBS, 40s - devout Christian, tough as nails, with very short hair (she's getting radiation therapy) - Ledda comes out with an 8-year old boy, Houghton's son CALEB - gangly, smart, shy.

HOUGHTON

You get your homework all done, Caleb?
Where's your lunch? You got your lunch?

A boy of few words, if any, Caleb points to his lunchbox as Houghton waves to his sister and they drive off.

ALONG ROUTE 2

Houghton pulls up to a school which lies just below a huge coal processing plant, its twin rusted towers and conveyor belts rising up into a gray sky. He watches his son walk toward the school.

IN THE CRUISER, MOVING, MINUTES LATER

Houghton drives over a bridge on the Black River, passing two billboards, one that says "COAL KEEPS THE LIGHTS ON!" and another "KEEP YOUR HANDS OFF MY MOUNTAINS -GOD".

BLACKBURG, KENTUCKY

Various shots as Houghton drives down the main drag; this is a small city that has seen better days. He passes people on the street who recognize him, give him a friendly wave.

He pulls up before a modest police station.

INT. COUNTY CONSTABLE HQ, DAY

Houghton comes down the hallway, is greeted by an ADMIN--

ADMIN

(you're late)
Captain's looking for you.

INT. MEETING ROOM, SAME TIME

Around a table we find STATE CAPTAIN TOM WEINEKE, 50s; Don Fults; a young STATE LEGISLATIVE AIDE; and some representatives of one of the coal companies: two suited COAL EXECUTIVES and an attractive professional woman, Community Relations Manager HAYLIE GRIMES, 20s.

Haylie is showing a corporate video on her laptop as Houghton enters, watches--

ON THE VIDEO

We see stock images of forests, pristine lakes, wildflowers, happy squirrels, guys fly fishing.

VIDEO ANNCR VO
*...and at One Planet Energy, our
 commitment to the environment is
 steadfast.*

Now stock shots of happy families.

VIDEO ANNCR VO
*That's because your family runs on
 energy. Safe, clean, locally-sourced
 energy! After all, the earth is the one
 planet we've got! So let's protect it
 with everything we've got!*

The One Planet Energy logo pops up over a shot of a family waving.

VIDEO ANNCR VO
*One Planet Energy. Providing American
 energy alternatives for American families
 -- just like yours!*

Haylie closes her laptop.

EXEC ONE
 So, that's our little video. We'll do a town meeting and all, when is that?

HAYLIE
 Next Tuesday at the High School.

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

Folks, this is Deputy Sheriff Wade Houghton, I was telling you about him.

EXEC ONE

Nice to meet you, sir.

The execs shake hands with Houghton. Haylie gives him a very sweet smile.

HOUGHTON

Welcome to Blackburg.

HAYLIE

Thank you! And ditto, nice to meet you, too! So - any idea when you'll post the notice, Sherrif?

Weineke looks at Houghton. What notice?

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

When'll you get up there, Wade?

HOUGHTON

Um, well, as soon as the paperwork is done I guess?

The coal execs share a look. One of them takes an eviction hearing notice from his briefcase, sets it down on the table.

HAYLIE

Town meeting's Friday - so we wanted to let them know about that ASAP.

HOUGHTON

(confused)

Let them know about...?

EXEC TWO

Sheriff what do you think our best course of action might be? In terms of relocation?

HOUGHTON

Relocation of the Farrells?

EXEC ONE

Now that the mining permit's gone through, we need them off our land, yes.

HOUGHTON

Well, first thing I should say - in terms of relocating them - the Farrells are, uh, not like you and me.

HAYLIE

Oh so you know them, the Farrell family?

HOUGHTON

(quietly)

I do.

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

Wade has a bit of a history with these folks.

EXEC TWO

And? - you're advice is...?

HOUGHTON

My advice? They ain't going anywhere, so you might wanna find a different mountain to blow up.

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

What he means is--

EXEC TWO

I know what he means.

(to Houghton)

All due respect, Sheriff. But half this country's electricity comes from coal.

HOUGHTON

I know that. My family's been here five generations, my dad worked for Massey, my grandfather was a roof bolter--

EXEC TWO

Good, then you understand we're gonna do what we came here to do, irregardless.

HOUGHTON

Of?

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EXEC ONE

Of some bunch of, excuse me, retard
fucking hillbillies who happen to live up
there.

Off Houghton we CUT TO

CAPTAIN WEINEKE'S OFFICE, LATER

Wide shot - we can see through smudged glass into Weineke's
office as he yells at Houghton.

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

What the fuck is wrong with you? I got
the senator on me, the governor up my
ass...! (etc)

We watch Houghton taking a drubbing - nodding - he needs this
job. CUT TO

EXT. COUNTY ROUTE 2, MOVING, DAY

In a 4WD Jeep we find Houghton, looking at the scenery out the
window, clearly not happy to be here. Fults behind the wheel,
the legislative aide in back.

Shay Mountain looms ahead, it's peak submerged in dark, wet
clouds.

They turn off the main road and onto a dirt track. They head up
a steep incline, the Jeep struggling in low gear.

AIDE

You sure this is the right way?

HOUGHTON

There is no right way.

The road has turned into a semi-dry creekbed. The Jeep lurches
forward slowly. Crows in a tree watch them pass.

ON THE CREEKBED, LATER

They make slow progress.

LEGISLATIVE AIDE

Are we gonna make it before dark? I heard stories about this hill since I was yay high. Human snake things come out at night, shewolves...

FULTS

Oh gimme a break. I know I didn't grow up around here, but that shit is nuts.

HOUGHTON

All a big waste of my goddam time anyway. Farrells don't even know how to read.

(then)

Alrighty let's do this.

LEGISLATIVE AIDE

Here? Don't we have to go up past that ridge?

Houghton ignores the question; Fults stops the Jeep. Houghton gets out with the eviction notice and a staple gun, he struggles up some rocks to a tree, tacks it to the trunk. It says:

Be it hereby declared by Court Decree
there will be a hearing in regards to

EVICTION

of unlawful residents of this property
on the 23rd of this month 9:00 AM
Crockett County Courthouse
Blackburg, KY

They all stand and look at the notice. We see the Luna Moth flutter by. We follow it up into a tree where we see Phelia sitting on a limb, watching them.

And then we hear the howling of a WOLF, far off--

LEGISLATIVE AIDE

Let's get outa here.

Thunder rolls ominously as Houghton looks back up the mountain and we--

EXT/INT. MOONSHINE SHACK, DAY

We find Krake at work in the distillery, Hasil watching him shovel coal onto a roaring fire under the submarine blackpot.

Krake grabs some local herbs, and some wild ginseng, slices it up and throws it in the turnip top.

Then he goes to a cabinet, takes a small vial filled with a bright orange liquid and holds it up to the light.

HASIL

What is that?

KRAKE

Soda pop.

HASIL

It was a serious question, cousin. Teach me.

Krake just looks at him, annoyed - no way is he going to divulge any part of the recipe.

KRAKE

Go up Pig Creek, get me some more ginseng. Go on.

As Hasil starts out, Lil Foster steps in holding a gnarled 2x4 with nails sticking out of it -

LIL FOSTER

She wants to see him.

KRAKE

Now?

Lil Foster nods yes and Krake grabs a ring of old keys.

INT. ASA'S PRISON CELL, DAY

Asa, still chained up, bruised. The door swings open and Lil Foster and Krake are there with a tough-looking cousin or two.

ASA

Morning.

KRAKE

E'mgtrulig'ge fa to you, Asa.

From an enormous ring of keys he finds one and unlocks the old lock tying Asa to the root.

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EXT. MOUNTAIN, SAME

Asa, his hands and feet still bound by chains, and guarded by Lil Foster and the Shay cousins, follows Krake up a clearing.

As they pass an enormous oak tree, we see--

BIG FOSTER

Waiting there-- he steps in their path--

BIG FOSTER
What's she want with him?

LIL FOSTER
Don't know.

They start up the hill and Big Foster sticks his foot out, trips Asa, who falls to the ground in chains.

BIG FOSTER
(to Asa)
Pay your respects, Lostie - she had a long reign. Then get your ass back in your feckin hole.

They head toward -

LADY RAY'S TRAILER/CABIN

Which we see is festooned with homemade sculptures, strings of lights and glass bottles hanging from the surrounding trees: the closest thing the Farrells have to a royal residence.

IN THE TRAILER

Clean and well-appointed enough to be lavish. Along one wall, crude photos, drawings and paintings of the clan going way back.

Lady Ray sits in her throne-like wheelchair stroking a white hare in her lap. Asa enters and bows slightly--

LADY RAY
Nbaarap'poritan ved'dym.

ASA
It's been awhile since I spoke in Old
Tongue, Lady Ray.

LADY RAY
For ten years we put thee out of mind,
Asa Boy. Sit.

She gestures to a chair, calls to Annalivia in her kitchen.

LADY RAY
The wildmallow, if you please.

The girl nods and goes off.

LADY RAY (CONTD)
(to Asa)
Ten winters. And then, one day, you come
back. Now- I asketh you why.

ASA
C' ddregghu-Ra.

LADY RAY
The Three?

ASA
I owe them my life.

Lady Ray puts her pet hare on the floor.

LADY RAY
Heard tell you went to school. College.

ASA
I did, for a time.

LADY RAY
And where was that again?

ASA
California.

LADY RAY
California. Is it pretty there, the sea?

ASA

Yes, maam, in some places. Others, not so much.

LADY RAY

How long you back now?

ASA

Going on halfyear.

Annalivia brings hand-made mugs filled with wildmallow tea, then hands Asa the eviction notice that Wade Houghton had posted on the tree. He reads it.

ASA

It's for a hearing - an eviction. They want us off the mountain.

LADY RAY

Nothing new.

ASA

It's from the state. Signed by the governor. Says they're going to blow it up.

LADY RAY

We at war?

ASA

They want the coal rock, maam.

LADY RAY

There is prophecy of a Return. One come to save us. Is it thee?

He thinks - can't answer her. So -

LADY RAY

Fortnight more to your chains. Then you can be Farrell again.

Asa nods, Annalivia wraps a shawl around Lady Ray as the Shay cousins walk him out and back toward his cell. We CUT TO

AN ELK IN THE WOODS

A majestic male with impressive antlers. It looks around, aware of something -- and we see

G'WIN AND LIL FOSTER

crouched behind a rock, with homemade crossbows and Walmart arrows. She sees the elk, points it out to Lil Foster.

And the elk starts to run, followed by two of its yearlings--

She leaps up, moves toward them, jumping onto a log and firing-- Her arrow pierces the male elk's neck and it falls to the ground-- As Lil Foster takes aim at the younger elks.

G'Win gets to the male, kneels almost in prayer, looks up at the sky, then takes a knife from her satchel and slits the animal's neck; it kicks and dies.

Lil Foster drags one of his kills toward an ATV and we CUT TO

A NEW MOON - LATER THAT NIGHT

And we pan down to--

INT/EXT. GATHERING SPACE, NIGHT

The Farrell clan, 50 or 60 of them now, are gathered in a huge, open cathedral-like space made of scavenged construction debris and tree trunks: it's a beautiful folk-art structure strung with lights.

The clan members stand quietly at the edges of the space, dressed for a celebration they call Firstnight, one of four major celebrations that occur during the year.

Some of the men wear old frock coats, some 70s-style tuxedo jackets, others long handwoven robes. The women are in handmade dresses, flowing gowns.

High above, in the trees, we see Phelia, watching, with her Moth. Below, Hasil and Gwinveer play a plunky music on homemade instruments.

Flanked by his sons and girlfriends, we find Big Foster, wearing a deerskin cape. He is beaming, he's waited all his life for this day.

Then the great doors swing open and Lady Ray is wheeled in by two Shay twins. Big Foster steps forward and bows to her. She is wheeled up to him. We see she is holding an ornately carved oaken limb, her royal staff. He eyes it longingly...

LADY RAY
 (quietly)
Taa nid abbughi diwrnod.

This news hits Big Foster hard but he remains steely.

BIG FOSTER
 But last Wintersnight - before all the
 clans - you told me I--

LADY RAY
 I know what I said. But there will be no
 passing of the Oak today. Not when
 prophecy arise.

BIG FOSTER
 What prophecy?

LADY RAY
 You know it from Oldfathers. Demons
 come, from below, destroyth us. But one
 of us Return - to fight them back.

BIG FOSTER
 Return? From where?

Lady Ray holds up the eviction notice for all to see.

LADY RAY (CONTD)
 What says it? Hasil? Lil Foster?

Nobody can read it.

LADY RAY
 The coal people - they coming for us
 again.

BIG FOSTER
 More of their talk. Nothing new. They
 just trying to--

LADY RAY

(cuts him off)

No! This time they blowing us up! This whole damn hill and everything on it. And not one of you woulda know'd.

BIG FOSTER

That Lostie read you this?

LADY RAY

And if he did?

BIG FOSTER

All due respect a Blood Cousin. But he be the why these troubles come now. Never before a Farrell run off and never before we let one back to the Bloodland.

LADY RAY

(points her staff at him)

And never before the Bren'in had her a son spend his days *ineeb* on their beer! His spirit gone. His powers nil!

(then)

I want no more talk of Asa Farrell. What he done, he done. And he paying the price.

Finished with her speech, she is wheeled back away from Big Foster, back to the center of the space. He watches her, humiliated - and we see his calm slowly turning into anger and menace...

As she slowly raises the carved staff in the air - underscored by the sound of DRUMS beating - and then THEY STOP - followed suddenly by a HOWLING by all - as the celebration commences - announced by JIMINY, the clan shaman: 50s, transgendered, part Cherokee -

JIMINY

*Zuru lleuad gw'wirod - rydym yn diolch
na-ekele mmanya!!!*

ANNALIVIA

(translates)

Firstnight of Summer! Grief and praise
to the spirit of the Wine!

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

Hasil and band kick into their music as the skinned elk carcasses are placed on a spit to be cooked--

Krake and his crew enter, pushing crude carts filled with various glass jars and plastic jugs of moonshine - Farrell Wine.

Cheers go up from the assembled as they open the jugs and begin pouring the moonshine into cups, coffee mugs, soup cans.

VARIOUS SHOTS

We move through the Farrells at play - flatfooting, rocking out, squaredancing to their live ROCKABILLY STOMPGRASS MUSIC.

As custom has it, when the clan partakes of their corn whisky, they always do so in a group of three or more, raising their glasses and speaking the incantation "Rydym mmany!" and oftentimes drinking it with a pinch of liverwort or hornwort stuck in their gums like snuff.

We see G'win dancing with Lil Foster, her arms draped on his - they are a happy couple, at least for the night.

Even Lady Ray seems to be in a festive mood now, doing sips of Moonshine.

While outside, Farrells race around on their ATVs, ramp-jumping over a big firepit, leaping madly through raging, gas-fueled FLAMES to shouts and cheers of pure joy -

But not for Big Foster, drunkenly eyeing a beautiful G'Win dancing with his son -

And then his eyes fall darkly on Lady Ray's oaken staff leaning on her wheelchair... He stares at it, his look curdling to anger - to a heavy menace -

And we CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT/INT. LEDDA'S HOME, BLACK RIVER, SAME NIGHT

We see Houghton's cruiser parked in front of his sister's small home. We move toward a picture window and see --

INSIDE THE HOME

Gathered around a flat screen we find Houghton's sister Ledda; her husband BREECE DOBBS, a coal worker; their twin teenage daughters HAZEL and ALICE; Wade Houghton; and at his feet, his son Caleb playing with some action figures - Army men versus Native Americans.

All but Caleb are watching some kind of cheesy reality show, opiated. And we CUT BACK TO

ON THE MOUNTAIN, SAME TIME

We move through the party - fighting, laughing, fucking in the shadows - to find a fire glowing from the woods. CUT TO--

IN A REMOTE SPOT

Away from the celebration we find both Fosters, G'win and Hasil sitting around a small fire. Big Foster toys with an ancient .45 in his hand.

BIG FOSTER

"A prophecy arise" - more of her bloody nonsense is what that is.

LIL FOSTER

You're the eldest, she has to make you *Bren'in*. That's the law.

BIG FOSTER

But she too sick to decide.
(looks at the gun)
She need some help.

G'WIN

What're you saying, Foster? Defy her?

BIG FOSTER

What's right mine she promised halfyear ago. And what's right mine I got a right to take.

Lil Foster and Hasil nod their agreement.

G'WIN

No Farrell has ever done this before. Betray the *Bren'in*.

BIG FOSTER

How do you think my *fa'* got it?

G'WIN

He had powers...

BIG FOSTER

Farrell magic - horseshit. Only kinda power my daddy had was in his pistols.

G'WIN

And why he perish they say. Guns make a man weak.

Big Foster laughs at this, raises the old handgun, points it at G'Win--

BIG FOSTER

This make me weak? Do it?!?

(laughs)

My mother's crazy in the head! And now that cousin of hers come back, she thinks some kind of spell at work on him.

LIL FOSTER

So we put Boy Asa down the hill.

BIG FOSTER

He walk back up once, he'll do it again.

LIL FOSTER

Alright then we put him under the grass.

BIG FOSTER

He get killed and Elders'd call the
Circle on us. Then we done, sent out.

(thinks, then)

We need more fire. Real fire, not this
brokedown shit.

HASIL

What you talking about? A run?

BIG FOSTER

Tomorrow night. Then we do what we like
- Circle be damned.

(to Lil Foster)

What's that place you been telling me
about?

LIL FOSTER

Down Ford Lick holler - he's a security
guard at the sludge plant, got a house
fulla fire.

Big Foster clinks his gun with his son's jar of Farrell Wine.

G'WIN

Foster. More than two hundred years, no
Farrell ever killed another.

Big Foster chuckles at this, gets up to go.

BIG FOSTER

(to Lil Foster)

Tell your woman watch her feckin mouth.

Big Foster leaves and off G'Win we go--

INT. WOODS, NIGHT

We follow G'Win as she moves through the pitch black woods.

For city folk like you and me, this would be impossible, but
G'Win glides quickly through the darkness, dodging limbs and
rocks with a sixth sense. She gets to--

ASA'S PRISON CELL

Where a couple of teens are taunting him, peeing on him.

G'WIN

Get outa here! Go on!

The kids run off; Asa looks up, surprised to see her.

ASA

G'Winveer.

G'WIN

Big Foster is coming for you. Tonight.
Lady Ray think he gone sour, and he think
she crazy.

ASA

All this time I wait for you to come -
and now you're telling me to leave?

He tries to lighten it with a laugh, she just glares at him. He
pulls on his chains -

G'WIN

You'll figure it out - because you're
smarter than us, right?

ASA

G'win. That was a long time ago...

They lock eyes - and now we sense a tenderness between them - a
deep connection. She moves close to him - grabs his hair
roughly - then straddles him and gets up close - the air between
them charged with a sexual energy we didn't see coming. Then--

G'WIN

You changed. Whatever you did down
there, saw down there, must've been some
kinda low.

She shoves him back hard, gets up, looks down on him - then she
takes some bread from her sack and throws it at him as she goes.

Asa takes the bread, thinks about what she said, struggles with
his chains - gives up - and calls after her:

ASA

G'Winveer! G'Win!

IN THE WOODS

She hears him calling her as she heads away - barely hesitates - then breaks into a run.

EXT. ALLEY, BLACKBURG, DAY

Two jock-y preppy high school guys, TYLER and COLIN are hanging out in back of a shutdown store, nervous, but trying to seem cool. A wiry pot-dealer, BUTCH, 30s, arrives in a beat-up Ford Escort--

BUTCH

Dint your parents tell you not to hang out in this part of town? Ha ha.

TYLER

Hey Butch, how're you doing, man?

BUTCH

Here you go.

Butch slides a baggie of pot through the window, Colin hands him some cash. Butch counts it.

BUTCH

Pleasure.

And he drives off. Tyler and Colin high-five and swagger off down the alley.

EXT. MOUNTAIN, NEAR ASA'S CELL, DUSK

Big Foster and a Shay cousin are dragging Asa out of his cell.

ASA

Lady Ray know you're killing me, Foster?

BIG FOSTER

(laughs)

Who said anything about killing anybody?
You feckin dumb, boy, you know that?

They get to an old logging path, where now we see a flat black, jacked-up, jerry-rigged 1970s 4-Runner with monster truck wheels - this is the baddest-ass vehicle ever.

As they shove Asa into the back seat--

LIL FOSTER

What we need him for, pawpaw?

BIG FOSTER

He gonna read us a story.

(to Asa, laughs)

Isn't that right? You gonna read us a story?

COUSIN

Where's Hasil?

LIL FOSTER

Who the fuck knows.

COUSIN

But he's the looky-see.

BIG FOSTER

Fuckass can't see shit anyway. C'mon.

Big Foster gets behind the wheel and they bounce down the hill.

DRY CREEKBED, NIGHT

As they bump along to heavy metal music playing from an 8-track, Asa looks over at Big Foster behind the wheel, worried, wondering what no-good plan he's got up his sleeve.

And then we notice - under a tarp in back of the 4-Runner--

ELON

Hiding there, holding onto a spare tire as they bounce along. Asa sees him in one of the side mirrors - they see each other - and Elon gestures for him to be quiet.

ALONG ROUTE 2, NIGHT

They drive past a gas station and Big Foster looks in his rear view - in the bright artificial light he can now see Elon behind him. He bangs the wheel, pulls over and leans out the window.

BIG FOSTER

What the hell you think you're doing? I tell you come?

ELON

No, sir.

Big Foster thinks about what to do - torn. Looks to Lil Foster.

LIL FOSTER

He can be eyes. We need him.

Big Foster nods, gets it, drives on. Meanwhile -

EXT. WALMART, NIGHT (SAME TIME)

We find Hasil hanging in the parking lot, smoking a cigarette in the shadows. Closing time, and the lights start going out. Then we see Sally-Ann, the teen cashier, coming out and heading toward her car.

HASIL

Sally-Ann, right?

She stops - freezes - recognizes Hasil from the other night. Fears him but at the same time is compelled...

HASIL

I got a good memory for names. Where you goin', Sally-Ann?

SALLY-ANN

Home.

HASIL

You wanna do something?

SALLY-ANN

Now?

HASIL

Why not?

SALLY-ANN

Like what?

HASIL

I don't know. We could go to the Little General, get some hot wings and beer.

SALLY-ANN

You got any money? TV Calling - For educational purposes only

Hasil looks away - ashamed.

HASIL

No.

SALLY-ANN

Thought as much. So what, we gonna rob it?

HASIL

I dunno. Could.

She laughs.

SALLY-ANN

You're nice. But -

HASIL

But what?

SALLY-ANN

(rolls her eyes)

I don't wanna go to jail, OK? Bye.

She gets in her car, drives off. Hasil stands there, dissed, humbled.

EXT. FORD HOLLOW, NIGHT

The 4-Runner creeps up a dark, wind-y narrow lane flanked by small ranch houses and doublewides. They get to a particular house and Lil Foster points at it--

LIL FOSTER

That's the house. He works nightshift.

Big Foster parks, turns the lights off.

They wait for a beat. Then they get out of the truck. Big Foster goes to Elon in the back.

BIG FOSTER

You see anything, speak.

ELON

Yes, sir.

BIG FOSTER

And don't ever do nothing like that again.

They go toward the house - but Asa lingers at the road.

BIG FOSTER

What're you lookin' at?

ASA

Guess I been gone awhile. But this was never how we did things.

Big Foster steps toward Asa -

BIG FOSTER

You wanna be back part of this clan? Because if that a yes, then you best not stand around when we got work to do. Alright?

Asa reluctantly heads toward the house.

AT THE HOUSE

Lil Foster wraps a rag around his fist and is about to smash a back window in - Asa stops him. Points at a wire running up near the gutter.

ASA

He's got an alarm.

LIL FOSTER

Yeah?

ASA

Probably hooked up to the police is all I'm saying.

BIG FOSTER

Take 'em half an hour to get here.

Lil Foster smashes the window pane, reaches in the back door, opens it.

IN THE GARAGE

They go in with a flashlight, look around. They see a Harley, an old car up on blocks, and a locked metal gun cabinet.

OUTSIDE AT THE TRUCK

Elon dutifully stands guard, watching.

IN THE GARAGE

Lil Foster takes a crowbar and starts hacking at the locked cabinet. Big Foster opens a door into the house and motions for Asa to follow him inside.

IN THE HOUSE

Big Foster and Asa go in - shine a light in the living room at a flatscreen TV.

BIG FOSTER

Grab that. And take some spoons from the kitchen. Can never have enough spoons.

Big Foster goes back into the garage. Asa stands there, not happy, wondering what to do...

BACK ON THE ROAD

Elon, in the truck, notices a light go on at a neighboring trailer. He stands up, watches an

OLD MAN

standing at a window, looking out at the street. The man sees Elon there in the 4-runner. Then he steps back from the window - we can see him dialing a cordless phone.

Instinctively Elon knows this is not good. He starts to get out of the vehicle and head toward the house.

IN THE GARAGE

Lil Foster is still hacking away at the metal cabinet as Big Foster and the Shay cousin watch. Then Elon enters, as the lock finally gives, revealing a rack of shotguns and some handguns.

ELON

Pawpaw.

BIG FOSTER

I told you stay in the truck.

Elon points in the direction of the other house as Lil Foster and the cousin grab the guns and put them in a bag.

Big Foster sees an M4 automatic with a laser sight and takes it for himself. He hefts it, likes the feel of it - as Asa comes into the garage with a handful of spoons.

BIG FOSTER

Where's the TV?

ASA

Doesn't work.

BIG FOSTER

Well get the door then, dumbfuck. We gonna take this bike, too.

As the others take the guns back to the truck, Asa goes to the big automatic garage door, finds the switch and flips it. As the door rises up -

THE LASER DOT

from the M4 finds Asa's back -

BIG FOSTER

has the gun aimed at him, poised to shoot.

ASA

facing away from us, senses something is off - then turns slowly around to see Big Foster there with the automatic - the RED DOT on his heart now -

They lock eyes - Big Foster smiles -

BIG FOSTER

Looks like Prophecy done come true!

He chuckles, puts his finger on the trigger - when from outside we hear ELON yelling - and then a SHOT is fired outside - Big Foster gets distracted for a moment -

BIG FOSTER

What the fuck...?

And so Asa suddenly leaps at Big Foster - grabbing him - for a beat they struggle, eye to eye, and then with an explosion of strength we didn't know he had, Asa SHOVES Big Foster up and away, he goes FLYING across the garage and falling to the floor - and Asa bolts back into the house.

BIG FOSTER

gets up - still with his gun - and he looks for Asa. He sees the open door to the house and looks inside - but more SHOTS are ringing out from the street - and Elon YELLS again.

ON THE STREET

Big Foster rushes out to see THE OLD MAN is standing on his front porch in PJs - and he's got a scoped double-barrel hunting rifle which he is in the process of re-loading -

OLD MAN

(shouts at them)

Farrells! You put it all back and go home! You hear me?

Then he BLASTS the shotgun in the air again as another warning - Big Foster raises his gun at the old man -

LIL FOSTER

Not worth it.

Big Foster realizes his son is right - he starts toward the truck - as lights come on at the -

HOUSE DOWN THE ROAD

And now we see three guys - trouble: two coal miner BROTHERS and their DAD - come out of their front door with rifles - see the Farrells -

BROTHERS

Put your hands up in the air!

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Big Foster gets in the truck - and the guys start FIRING at them
- SHOTS hitting the 4-wheeler - it's

MAYHEM NOW

as Big Foster, Lil Foster and the Shay cousin duck for cover -
scramble into the vehicle - tossing the bag of guns in back -
while Asa crouches by the house -

GUNSHOTS

ring out as the windows are SMASHED to bits - bullets RIP
through metal -

BIG FOSTER

jams on the gas - the truck roars forward - and we see that the

THREE GUYS

have come across their yard and are standing in the road - their
guns still BLASTING at the Farrells -

MOVING

Big Foster has dangled the M4 out the window in his left hand as
he drives - tries to return fire as they head fast right at the
men in the road - who scatter now as the rapidfire rounds
EXPLODE out of the M4 in a burst of FLAME, the force of the
backfire making the gun fly out of Big Foster's hand -

As the 4-wheeler passes them, makes a sharp turn up onto
somebody's yard - smashing a cement deer sitting there - the
Three Men keep firing at them and -

THE OLD MAN

with his shotgun, in his PJs, enraged, standing in the road now.
He raises his gun and fires a desperate last Hail Mary SHOT into
the darkness up the road -

OLD MAN

Goddam them motherfuckers.

But the Farrells are long gone. As the Three Men with rifles
come running up the road -

MAN

You okay sir?

OLD MAN

Yeah, yeah, I'm okay...

As they talk on we now see -

ASA

crouching down behind some bushes at the side of the house they robbed - he carefully lays the spoons he took from the kitchen into the grass - and then begins to move quietly back toward the trees, unseen...

We follow him into the woods and very quickly he has disappeared into the depths of the forest. We SLAM CUT TO -

MOVING FAST -- ON ROUTE 2

They are speeding back toward Shay Mountain in the 4-wheeler.

Then Big Foster looks in the rear view - no sign of Elon there. He leans out the window - looks back -

BIG FOSTER

Elon!?

No response. The Shay cousin opens his door, leans out and looks in the truck bed-- We can tell from his look it's bad.

Big Foster pulls over next to some tracks burdened with coal-filled train cars-- He leaps out of the truck and sees--

ELON

Lying there in the truckbed, covered in blood: he was hit by the old man's stray shot.

Big Foster grabs him, lies him down on the road. He tears his shirt off, wraps the cloth around the boy's neck--

BIG FOSTER

Elon!-- You'll be alright, boy. Son!

It's too late. The boy is dead.

Big Foster collapses to the coal-dust covered road, howls an animal wail of pain - and we CUT TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. TINY'S, NIGHT

The local dive on a busy night. Hasil comes in and sits at the bar-- the crowd notices him, freezes: there's a Farrell in the place and this means bad news.

Two guys get up and head over toward the jukebox, keeping their distance. At the pool table, we notice Butch, the skinny pot dealer we saw before. A young coal miner reaches into his coat pocket, hand on a gun we presume.

Everybody waits, tense--

But Hasil just sits there, staring at the bar. Finally the grizzled BARTENDER comes over--

BARTENDER

How's it goin'?

HASIL

Womenfolk 'round here not too friendly.
Got any whisky?

Hasil takes another of his whittled CARVINGS from his pocket and puts it on the bar. The bartender looks at it like Hasil is insane - as we hear Butch calling out from across the bar:

BUTCH

Junior. On me.

Hasil nods his appreciation to Butch. Then, realizing this Farrell isn't here to cause trouble tonight, the place begins to return to normal.

Hasil downs his whisky, expresses his displeasure at it. Butch nods, the bartender pours him another one. Hasil drinks, looks up at the TV, playing a really cheesy HIP HOP VIDEO featuring twerking hotties. He stares at it, transfixed, as the girls preen for the camera like porn stars, beckoning him...

Then somebody grabs the remote and switches the channel to sports - a basketball game. Not interested in this, Hasil slams his drinks and gets up.

HASIL

Thank y'all kindly much.

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

Hasil heads out of the bar. Butch sees this, gets an idea, sets his pool cue down and runs out after him--

EXT. TINY'S PARKING LOT, SAME TIME

Butch chasing after Hasil--

BUTCH

Hey there. You a Farrell? Or a Shay?

As Hasil spins around, tightens, prepared for an altercation. Butch gets it, raises his hands, makes it clear he comes in peace. Hasil relaxes--

HASIL

Farrell. Hasil Farrell is my name.

BUTCH

I'm Butch.

HASIL

Appreciate your hospitality, Butch.

BUTCH

Say - you need money?

HASIL

That's not something we take stock in, you follow me.

BUTCH

I didn't ask if you believed in it, Hasil. I asked if you wanted some...

Hasil looks at Butch, nods, heads toward him, and we CUT TO

INT. COUNTY SHERIFF HQ, DAY

Houghton is at his desk, groggy, as Captain Weineke comes up, kicks the desk, wakes him up.

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

Those gunshots up Ford Holler? Farrells
- B and E.

HOUGHTON

Says who?

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

"Concerned citizen" left us a message.
Says he thinks they took some guns.

HOUGHTON

Dunleavy boys said they was just shooting
some skunks, Captain - I talked with
them.

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

Well, they lied, didn't they? Don't
wanna make a fuss.

HOUGHTON

(tries to lighten it)
Same day, different shit, right?

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

No it's not, Wade, that's my point. I
want you to bring them in.

HOUGHTON

Who?

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

Farrells.

HOUGHTON

Oh okay. Which ones? The tall ones?
Young ones? Skinny ones?

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

I don't like your tone.

HOUGHTON

Sorry - I can't tell if you're kidding or
not, Tom.

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

When I'm fucking around, you'll know.

(softens)

Wade, listen - you get them on theft of a
firearm - make this whole thing a lot
easier, get me?

Weineke walks off, leaving Houghton to think about this. CUT TO

TV Calling - For educational purposes only

EXT. LADY RAY'S DOUBLEWIDE, DAY

Big Foster slinks up to the trailer. In a nearby field we see Annalivia gathering wildflowers.

IN THE TRAILER

Lady Ray pets her hare. As Big Foster steps in -

LADY RAY

My heart pain for ye. He was a fine young man. Reminded me of his big fa'. And now he's gone.

BIG FOSTER

May the Spirits be with him now...

LADY RAY

Eight winters old.

(then)

And for what did he perish, may I ask?

Foster just seethes and Lady Ray gives him a dark stare--

LADY RAY (CONTD)

I told ye there would be no run. And now? We have a dead son and their law upon us again - when we need no more troubles.

BIG FOSTER

And pray you whose fault was it? That cousin you keepin' around - and the coward gone run off now, too.

He locks eyes with her, his gaze steel hard--

BIG FOSTER

You don't see what the rest of us do. You're sick. You're old and sick and you think some worthless prophecy mean that Lostie--

LADY RAY

(cuts him off)

I call ye here to give my sorry!! Get out! Now!

BIG FOSTER
I'm not waiting no more.

LADY RAY
I gwine do it when I am ready!

BIG FOSTER
Too late for that.

She glares at him, gestures to a crude charcoal drawing of a woman--

LADY RAY
Fa'i McGintuk is your mother, not I. We raised you on account of she was not capable.

This news lands with Foster-- is it true?

BIG FOSTER
I don't believe your lies.

LADY RAY
Suit thyself. If you were my true son you would not defy me like this! Now go!

BIG FOSTER
If you not my *ma'*, I got no reason to ask anything of you.

LADY RAY
I am *Bren'in!* Do not forget that!

BIG FOSTER
Or what? What will you do?

LADY RAY
When you find out, it will be too late.

Big Foster turns to go, then stops, realizes something, decides, turns back. She starts to speak but he puts his hand on her mouth. She struggles but she's too weak to fight him off, her words muffled, and then she gives up -

But he keeps his hand there.

He tightens his grip. Now she can't breath-- he presses her head down into her pillow, hard, suffocating her--

BIG FOSTER

And where are your powers you old bitch?
Eh?

She fights for breath, looks at him, gagging, but oddly without fear...

BIG FOSTER

I am the One now.

And then he hears A SOUND outside the trailer-- A voice? He freezes, listens-- Did he hear his name being called? By Elon? No, impossible. He shakes it off, looks back at her - but she has passed out.

He takes his hand away - suddenly afraid. He goes out of the trailer -

IN THE FIELD

As he rushes out he calls to Annalivia -

BIG FOSTER

Annaliv! Come quick! She gone asleep!

Annalivia runs toward him. In the trailer, Lady Ray lies there...

EXT. A CREEK IN THE WOODS, DAY

We find Asa alone, bathing, washing his clothes, preparing.

LATER

We follow him through the trees - then he gets to a pile of stones, pushes them aside to reveal -

A DIRTY BACKPACK

He unzips it, takes out a wallet, opens it, revealing a shirt and pants, a few hundred dollars, a bank card, and a California drivers license.

He dumps the contents on the ground, takes a HANDGUN from the backpack - the one we saw at the beginning of the pilot - and he stuffs it in his pants.

LATER - DUSK

He stands over a fire - watches his backpack and its contents burn...

As he tosses his license into the fire we see his PHOTO - clean cut, sad - and his name: "Patrick Worthington."

This was his old life, a mystery to us for the time being.

As the FLAMES light up his face, we--

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. BURIAL GROUND, DEEP IN THE WOODS, DAY

A Farrell funeral ceremony is part voodoo ritual, part Druid burial rite.

Elon's body is carried on a plank by some cousins and Lil Foster toward a hole in the ground.

Annalivia plays a quiet lamentation on her fiddle. Big Foster sits, rocking in pain, wailing. G'win and some other women with him... They are keening -- grieving the way humans used to grieve before happy pills became the norm...

As Jiminy chants an ancient burial hymn--

JIMINY

*Na katika tywyl'lwch
Wao kuleta yn dod â phlentyn...*

Elon's body is lowered into the mound. Phelia drops berries on it as the men shovel dirt on top.

Off Big Foster - in great pain - thinking dark thoughts. We may have noticed that Hasil is not in attendance - and we GO TO

EXT. MOONSHINE SHACKS, SAME TIME

The clan's elaborate still. Hasil appears out of the trees, looks around to make sure he isn't seen, goes to the back where there is a stack of jugs filled with moonshine. He loads three of them into a big burlap rucksack - CUT TO

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX, BLACKSBURG, DAY

Hasil pulls up on a 1940s motorcycle, parks in front of some low rent apartments. He takes the rucksack off the back, goes in.

INT. APARTMENT, SAME

A tweaker mess. We find pot dealer Butch with his transsexual girlfriend FRIDA sitting there and half watching something on TV while smoking a bong. A knock on the door-- Butch peers through a hole-- it's Hasil. He flips a slew of locks and--

LATER

Butch holds up a jar filled with moonshine. It exudes an almost otherworldly golden glow.

HASIL

Best batch of Farrell Wine ever if I do say so myself.

BUTCH

Wouldja look at that. Frida, look! Looka this. It's fucking beautiful, man.

HASIL

Thank you, Butch. My cousin and I make it together, I can't tell you how - that's our secret. Only two batches a year and here you go.

BUTCH

Heard stories - but I don't know nobody ever seen it before.

HASIL

We don't sell it to you Lawbiders since Prohibition is why.

BUTCH

How much?

HASIL

Hundred bucks a jug.

BUTCH

Twenty.

HASIL

(laughs)

This Farrell Wine, son. Not some blackpot rye they serve down the road.

BUTCH

I give you forty. And a cut of my proceeds.

Butch opens a drawer and takes out a baggie filled with money, hands it to Hasil, who looks at the bills with awe....

HASIL
 (re: money)
 Humankind ruination - that's what they
 told us this is.
 (but then)
 That all you got?

Butch shrugs - Hasil looks over at Frida staring at the TV.

BUTCH
 Whatever's mine is yours.

HASIL
 That a guy or a girl?

BUTCH
 I guess you could say: both?

HASIL
 You what, "queer"?

BUTCH
 No. I mean sort of. But he's a girl
 now. I mean she. It matter?

INT. LADY RAY'S DOUBLEWIDE, DAY

Lady Ray is in a coma, surrounded by G'winveer, Annalivia and about six other cousins, holding vigil. Jiminy burns sage and waves it over her while mumbling a pagan prayer.

Big Foster, looking quite pious and concerned, lets go of her hand, touches her face, goes out.

Then EMELYE and ALISOUN, two powerful women in their 60s, whisper to each other and then look at G'Winveer and she nods, goes out.

EXT. ASA'S CELL, LATER

G'Winveer is there with Krake - they open the door - but the cell is empty, Asa is not there.

Krake rifles through the keys on his keyring and realizes - Asa's padlock key is gone. He looks at G'Winveer, as it lands with her that he may have met his demise at the hands of Big Foster...

EXT/INT. BUTCH'S FORD ESCORT, BLACKBURG, MOVING, NIGHT

We're with Butch as he makes his rounds.

EXT. STRIP CLUB PARKING LOT, NIGHT

Butch is selling pot to a WHITE COLLAR GUY.

BUTCH

And I got me something else you oughta try. Farrell liquor.

GUY

You kidding me? That shit'll fry your ass.

BUTCH

You ever drunk it? No.

GUY

You?

BUTCH

Fucked for three days solid, and I do mean solid, no lie. Buck and a half a jug. That's a good deal.

The guy laughs, heads back to the club.

GUY

See you next week, Butch.

EXT. PLAYGROUND, BLACKBURG, LATER

Butch pulls up - we see the two high school guys, Tyler and Colin, hanging out. They go over to the car.

BUTCH

(re: pot)

My boy was out of the Bambalacha.

TYLER

No problem, Butch.

They exchange a baggie, money.

BUTCH

Hey, you guys like to get shitfaced? I got something makes a mescal-and-Red-Bull look like Bud Light.

COLIN

What's that?

BUTCH

Farrell Wine.

TYLER

Moonshine? From up the mountain? No shit!

Butch gets out of his car, pops the trunk. He holds up one of the plastic jugs filled with moonshine.

BUTCH

Lemme tell ya, Hasil Farrell is a personal friend of mine. Said they put snake venom in this one just out of deference to our relationship.

COLIN

Looks awesome, but, uh, no thanks.

TYLER

What the fuck, man? Why not?

Butch hands the jug to Tyler, who seems keen on it.

BUTCH

Tell you what. Since you fellas is in good standing, I give you this one for two-fifty.

COLIN

(can't believe it)

Two hundred fifty?!? You fucking kidding me?

BUTCH

That's a good price.

TYLER

I'm in.

COLIN

Are you out of your mind?

TYLER

Don't be a wuss, Colin.

Tyler opens his wallet, counts out some more bills.

BUTCH

Remember to cut it, a'ight? Water,
juice, ginger ale, piss, anything. I
mean that.

TYLER

Sure thing, bro.

BUTCH

Enjoy.

Butch drives off. Tyler opens the bottle, sniffs it. Grimaces at the smell and then sniffs again - and this time a strange look overwhelms him for a moment - a premonition of supreme power -

CUT TO BLACK

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT/INT. RANCH HOUSE, NIGHT

We're in the more prosperous section of Blacksburg, where the coal company executives live.

In the house, a high school party in full swing. Teens hanging out, dancing to EDM, drinking, making out.

We move through and find, in a back bedroom, Tyler, one of the guys we saw buying the Farell Wine from Butch. He's holding the jug, way drunk, and with a pretty GIRL, trying hard to put the moves on her but she isn't interested.

TYLER

(re the jug)

Try it, it's good.

GIRL

You're shitfaced.

TYLER

So?

She looks at her phone--

GIRL

Raissa is texting me.

TYLER

No she isn't.

GIRL

Tyler. I like you, but I gotta go. And don't drink any more of that stuff, OK? It's gross.

She gets up and leaves. Tyler sits there, bummed. But, alas, he still has a jug of moonshine. He looks at it, we slam to--

PARTY, LATER

Tyler is dancing like crazy surrounded by other kids. He spins around, the kids give him space. Laugh at him.

PARTIERS

Chug! Chug!

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Tyler pours moonshine down his gullet-- grimaces at the taste and everybody cheers.

Across the room we see his friend, Colin, knows what Tyler is doing is not a good idea-- he goes up to him--

COLIN

Tyler. Come on, man. I'll take you home.

TYLER

Fuck you! Pussy!

Tyler, super drunk, hauls off and punches Colin in the face. Everybody goes Whoa! and laughs. Colin shakes his head, gives Tyler the finger and leaves-- As Tyler sets the half full jug down and starts dancing like a wildman--

CUT TO

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD, 4 AM

Empty street. From far off we see Tyler staggering, completely obliterated. He barely knows where he is, who he is, what species he is. Then he sees--

A HOUSE

He goes up to the door and it opens-- because his DAD is standing there in his boxers, waiting - and we recognize him as the COAL EXEC we met at the Statie HQ earlier.

EXEC ONE

Where the hell have you been? You weren't answering your phone, your mother is worried.

As Tyler staggers into the house--

EXEC ONE

Have you been drinking? Tyler?!?

IN THE HOUSE

We follow Tyler as he lumbers into the kitchen. His dad follows--

EXEC ONE

I'm talking to you. What did I say the last time you came home intoxicated? Where's the car?

Tyler goes up to the sink and pukes up blood-tinged green vomit as his dad continues to berate him.

EXEC ONE

You think I'm gonna pay your Amex bills when you're at K State? Do you?

Tyler finishes heaving, stands there at the sink, and we can see his eyes now -- angry, intense, demonic.

EXEC ONE

Tyler...?

On the counter we see a big KITCHEN KNIFE-- Tyler reaches for it-- As he stands there with the blade we CUT TO--

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE

We can hear a massive struggle which moves into the living room.

Then silence. Lights go on upstairs in the house-- And in a house next door--

BACK INSIDE THE HOUSE

We follow Tyler upstairs, down a hall. He opens a bedroom door and we see his MOM huddled there, terrified. He looks at her, deranged, gripping the bloody blade...

MOM

(softly)

Tyler. Sweetie...?

Tyler drops the blade and we CUT TO--

INT. SHERIFF HOUGHTON'S HOUSE, LATER THAT NIGHT

Houghton is awake, lying in bed-- His cell phone rings--

HOUGHTON

(into phone)

Houghton--

QUICK SHOT -- MOVING

Wee hours of the morning. Houghton speeding down Route 2 in his cruiser, lights and siren - we see a sleepy Caleb strapped in the seat behind him.

AT TYLER'S HOUSE

Houghton arrives as Fults crosses the lawn toward him.

A neighbor MAN stands in the yard next door, standing in their doorway with the freaked-out mom. The man points to the house. We follow Houghton and Fults toward it as other cops arrive at the scene.

INSIDE

Guns drawn, they move down the hallway toward the bedroom.

Push the door open slowly. And we see Tyler-- Hunched down in the corner, weeping, his mind fried...

LIVING ROOM, LATER

More cops have arrived - Tyler is led downstairs in handcuffs.

COP

Had to be MDPV - bath salts.

Then Houghton sees, on the floor, the dead body of Tyler's father - the coal exec he met before - the one that called the Farrells "retard animals."

Houghton just stares at him, his mind racing with dark thoughts.

OUTSIDE THE HOUSE, LATER

Crime scene. Cops, neighbors, news vans. Tyler, handcuffed, sits coma-like in back of a cruiser.

In Houghton's car, across the street, we see Caleb watching the circus through the window.

In the front yard, Houghton is questioning Tyler's friend Colin and the girl from the party--

HOUGHTON

Meth?

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GIRL

Or crack or something?

COLIN

Tyler doesn't do drugs, OK? I know him.
He was just shitfaced.

HOUGHTON

Okay, what was he drinking? Beer?

GIRL

(to Colin)

Don't say anything til your parents get
here. And they can like get a lawyer.

HOUGHTON

You're not in any trouble, OK? Colin? I
just need to know what happened.

Colin doesn't want to betray his friend-- or Butch-- but he does
want to do the right thing, so--

COLIN

It was moonshine. You know, from up
there.

HOUGHTON

Up where? You mean Farrell Wine?

Colin nods yes, and this lands heavy with Houghton - could the
Farrells somehow have been behind this? As a news crew rushes
across the lawn toward him--

NEWSCASTER

Deputy Sheriff Houghton!

Houghton looks past them and sees Caleb in the car across the
street watching through the window... and we CUT TO--

EXT. HOUGHTON'S CAR, MOVING, DAWN

Houghton is speeding down a Blackburg road, one hand firmly on
his son's arm. He gets to -

LEDDA'S HOME ON THE BLACK RIVER

He pulls up as his sister comes out of the house--

HOUGHTON

I need you to take him - for a few days.
That alright?

LEDDA

What happened?

HOUGHTON

Nothing. Everything's good. But keep an
eye on him - I don't want him going near
those hills.

(to Caleb)

I'll see you after school, OK, son?

LEDDA

(serious)

We gotta have us a talk, Wade.

HOUGHTON

Sure thing - I'll call you later.

Houghton looks back at his son who meets his father's gaze in a
way we haven't seen him do before... As if somehow he knows
there are dangers looming ahead... And we CUT TO

INT. STATE TROOPER HQ, DAY

Houghton comes down a hallway, goes to Tom Weineke's office. He
stops, takes a deep breath, puts on a face and goes in -

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

What the hell happened?

HOUGHTON

His own son. You believe that?

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

He was high? I saw the news.

HOUGHTON

"Bath salts." Jesus H. I'll tell you,
Tom, this goddam world we live in...

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

You find anything on him? He say where
he got the stuff?

HOUGHTON

Haven't talked to him yet. But I'm on it, sir.

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

Alright - let me know - 'cause I got a weird feeling about this.

HOUGHTON

Oh?

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

With that eviction - and them guns they stole the other night. I don't know. Just don't smell good to me. I think them Farrells are a part of this somehow.

HOUGHTON

The Farrells?

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

No?

HOUGHTON

I don't see the connection.

CAPTAIN WEINEKE

Look harder.

Weineke gives him a cold stare - CUT TO

HQ HALLWAY, MOMENTS LATER

Houghton passes by a holding cell where we see Tyler, alone. He's pressed into the corner - weeping silently - his face and eyes red from tears, his body shaking with fear and remorse.

Houghton stops and watches him through the glass - and then Tyler slowly looks up at Houghton. Their eyes lock, music builds to a cacophonous din, as we can see a huge unforgiving dread overtaking Houghton... CUT TO

EXT. SHAY MOUNTAIN, DAY

We see Big Foster, Lil Foster and two Shay cousins heading toward the moonshine operation.

INT. MOONSHINE SHACK, DAY

Krake leads Big Foster to the back of the shack and points out the shelf where the moonshine has gone missing.

KRAKE

Ch'we jar gone.

EXT. HASIL'S SHACK, MINUTES LATER

Big Foster, Lil Foster, and the two scary Shay cousins head toward a homemade cabin.

IN THE CABIN

They find Hasil sleeping on some foam. Big Foster grabs him--

BIG FOSTER

Thief!

HASIL

I don't know what you talking 'bout!

BIG FOSTER

Get the fuck up! My best son be dead.

This lands with Lil Foster - as he sees sitting on a table -

MONEY

The bills Hasil got from Butch. Lil Foster picks them up - shows to his father. This is all the proof they need. Big Foster nods to the cousins and goes back out.

OUTSIDE HASIL'S SHACK

Lil Foster and the Shays drag Hasil out of his trailer, screaming, across some scrub and toward a stump.

HASIL

I found it by the road! In a ditch!
Swear!

They shove him down, tie a rope around his wrist and stretch his arm across the stump--

BIG FOSTER

We got us Rules. TV Calling - For educational purposes only

Now Big Foster lights Hasil's money on fire - throws the burning bills one by one in Hasil's face.

HASIL

No - please! - Call the Elders - the Circle!

BIG FOSTER

(with a laugh)

But Rules different now.

Lil Foster hands an AXE to Big Foster - and before we can really grasp much of the nature of the Farrell's system of justice -

Big Foster brings the axe down, chopping two of Hasil's fingers off.

Hasil holds up his hand, BLOOD spurting from it - he SCREAMS -

HASIL

Ohmygodwhatthefuckyoudone!!

And we go to--

NEARBY IN THE WOODS, SAME TIME

We see Asa walking up the hill. He hears Hasil's screams - he stops, listens - and keeps going up.

IN A CLEARING

As Hasil holds his bloody hand and screams, Lil Foster and a cousin stand there with him. Lil Foster hands him a rag as Big Foster - drunk on his power now - staggers around with the axe.

Then Asa emerges from the trees and sees Hasil.

Everybody stops, looks at Asa. Big Foster sees his son looking at something - he turns to see what it is - and faces Asa.

And Asa keeps coming - walks right up to Big Foster holding the bloody axe.

The men lock eyes - and stand there inches from each other. Big Foster glares at him.

BIG FOSTER

I told you stay off this mountain, boy!
I'm Bren'in! Thou heed my word!

Asa just looks at him - fearless - ready for anything.

As Big Foster suddenly raises the axe over his head - is about to bring it down on Asa - when -

We CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT.