

OWSLEY COUNTY

by

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Owsley County, Kentucky is considered the poorest white county in the nation...

**INT. GENTRY TRAILER - BO'S PARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY**

Clammy hands fumble a small set of keys...

WILLIAM "BO" GENTRY III, 15, finally shoves the right one into a TALL SAFE in the corner of the untouched room.

CLICK. It unlocks --

-- But he doesn't open the door. Contemplation in his eyes...

As the seconds tick by, we notice his overly sharp features -- shaped by a hard life and too mature for his age.

His SHAGGY hair manages to keep him somewhat boyish.

BEAT.

Bo finally pulls back the door to reveal an array of GUNS -- mostly hunting rifles and shotguns.

His hand TREMBLES as it reaches towards the top shelf, past a .40 caliber handgun to the very back.

He pulls out a half empty bottle of JOHNNIE WALKER BLUE LABEL, a \$200 bottle of 25 year old aged whiskey. Sets it next to his feet.

With his other hand, he tips up the barrel of a 12 gauge pump shotgun. Checks the chamber -- empty.

He grabs a few shells and loads them in.

Next, he picks up the 243 bolt action rifle. Pockets a half dozen bullets.

And with the whiskey in one hand, and guns in the other -- he walks out...

CUT TO:

TITLE CARD: ONE WEEK EARLIER

**INT. GENTRY TRAILER - BO'S BEDROOM - MORNING**

Bo's head falls back against the wall, staring right at us...

His HAZEL eyes border on this side of yellow today as they focus on the smoke stained ceiling for a moment before closing...

He exhales loudly --

-- We pull back to see he is reclined on a worn futon couch that doubles as his bed.

A blonde head suddenly BOBS in and out of the frame.

In, then out.

Meet SHAWNA, 16, top heavy and giving this early morning BLOW JOB her best shot.

The door knob RATTLES. Swings open.

Shawna rolls away off her knees, careful not to mess up her dress. Bo tries to cover himself, but there's no use --

KELSEY  
Jesus Christ...

Bo's sister, KELSEY GENTRY, 22 going on 35, stands in the doorway. She's bland in a modest Sunday dress, but manages to appear soft and angelic -- something of a rarity around here.

She skips the glare to Shawna and directs it at her brother.

KELSEY  
Get ready. I'm leavin'.

WHAM. She slams the paper thin door.

Bo and Shawna share a look...

#### **EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - MORNING**

Stuck in an impoverished trailer park, known as DEERWOOD ESTATES, the Gentry's 1960s single wide trailer sits on the ass end of the narrow property.

It's off-white and brown, mostly from rust. The grass is overgrown, spreading beneath the trailer where the underpinning has been torn away.

There's an untreated, weather worn porch, barely being held up by rickety nails -- the entire trailer is one good gust of wind from falling to shit...

The front screen door CREAKS open. Kelsey rushes out with a grocery sack full of clothes.

Bo stumbles out behind her, still tucking in his wrinkled and faded button up shirt.

They slide into a 92 Chevy S10 -- white, much like everything else around here.

It takes a couple tries, but it finally turns over, coughing smoke out the exhaust.

**INT. BAPTIST CHURCH - MORNING**

A small white wooden church built in the early twentieth century. A dozen pews at best.

The back doors and windows are wide open to try to catch a breeze, but most are using their newsletters as fans in this brutal Kentucky heat.

We find Kelsey and Bo nestled in the very last pew.

Bo readjusts his privates every few seconds, trying to find comfort.

His sister cuts her eyes at him, "stop".

At the front, their PREACHER, 50s, graying, delivers a recycled sermon.

Bo's eyes linger to the other side of the aisle where we see Shawna, next to her parents, pretending to listen.

PREACHER

...Leviticus chapter nineteen, verse eighteen, the Lord said, "You shall not take vengeance or bear a grudge against the sons of your own people, but you shall love your neighbor as yourself: I am the Lord."

Churchgoers nod their heads in agreement, but Bo can only readjust his balls one more time...

LATER

The members sing a woeful hymn as they pass around collection baskets. Kelsey peeks into the long fold of her wallet, but it's empty.

When the basket reaches her and Bo, she unzips the coin pouch and dumps literally every penny she has into the basket, then passes it on...

**EXT. BAPTIST CHURCH - MORNING**

The church folk congregate to talk after the service.

Bo is in the background, leaning up against an old oak as his sister chats up a group of women.

CHASE (O.S.)

Bo!

Bo spies CHASE CAMPBELL, 16, his best friend, splitting one of the crowds.

CHASE

Didn't see ya come in.

Chase is more handsome than Bo. Very boyish with a clean cut edge that Bo will never have. He dresses way better, too.

BO

Slept late.

CHASE

Sounds about right.

Kelsey passes by, heading towards the parking lot.

KELSEY

Bo, c'mon, I'm leavin'.

CHASE

Wait a sec... Shawna!

Chase waves for Shawna to come over. He drapes his arm around her shoulder, making it clear that they're an official couple.

CHASE

We're gonna eat lunch at Dairy Queen if you wanna come?

Bo's eyes meet Shawna's briefly.

BO

Naw, I gotta drop Kelsey off at work.

CHASE

Dude, quit bein' lame. You gonna be like this all summer?

KELSEY

William Gentry, let's go!

All three teens turn to look. Kelsey is at the truck, waving Bo to hurry.

CHASE  
Shit, she busted out the "William"  
on you, she must be pissed.

BO  
Yeah, I better go.

CHASE  
Tell her I said hey.

Bo just nods before he heads off.

**INT. CHEVY S10 - DAY**

The truck drives through Booneville -- the county seat of Owsley. Country music plays softly in the background.

Bo has stripped off his button up and only wears a white tee.

BO  
Why're you so bitchy this morning?

KELSEY  
Cause, I told you to be up and  
ready by eight this morning and you  
weren't.

BO  
So this ain't about Shawna?

KELSEY  
Do what you want, Bo, I ain't your  
momma...

BO  
Momma woulda beat the shit out of  
me.

KELSEY  
Probly.

She whips the truck into the DISCOUNT DRUG parking lot.  
Leaves it running.

KELSEY  
You're not a very good friend  
though...

Bo says nothing. His sister gets out, bringing her grocery  
bag of work clothes with her.

He slides over into the driver seat.

KELSEY

I'm off at four so don't be late.  
And don't be drivin' round usin' up  
all my gas... Love you. Be careful.

BO

Love you too.

It's barely a mumble.

He slams it into reverse. Cranks the music up and peels out  
of the lot.

**INT. GENTRY TRAILER - BO'S ROOM - DAY**

A box fan hums, blowing the corner of an old newspaper that's  
draped over the top of Bo's dresser where he rebuilds an old  
Edelbrock carburetor.

Sweat drips from his brow as he places the top back on.  
Pressing it down to seal the gasket and glue.

He exhales. Relieved. Snatches a pack of Marlboro Reds from  
his window seal and heads outside.

**EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - DAY**

Bo steps out on his front porch with the cigarette already  
lit. He's in a sleeveless shirt and torn jeans tucked into  
hand me down work boots.

He notices movement in the VACANT single wide in front of  
him, so he leans over the rail to get a better look.

Off to the side, a truck and hitch trailer are loaded down  
with furniture and boxes.

Bo takes a long drag as he watches HALEY DIXON, 17, step off  
the porch and grab a box.

She's got long flowing hair and subtle features. Almost  
reminiscent of a flower child, or someone out of that era.

She looks up at him just as he exhales a big cloud of smoke --  
no smile or expression. She just takes the box inside.

Bo spits. Mashes the cigarette out and tosses it in the tall  
grass...

**INT. DISCOUNT DRUG - DAY**

Kelsey, now dressed in her work uniform, counts out pills behind the counter of a small PHARMACY.

This is a typical small town one stop shop. It's got a little bit of everything inside.

At the front of the store talking to the owner, DARREN, is ZACH HARTLEY, 26, a little All American with a southern charm.

He catches Kelsey's eye...

**BREAK ROOM**

Kelsey rests, sipping on a Mt. Dew. She rubs her tired eyes.

KNOCK.

She looks up to see Darren, her boss, with Zach.

DARREN

This is Kelsey Gentry, our pharmacy technician. Kelsey, this is Zach Hartley, he's from Safe Guard Insurance. He'd like to visit with you a minute.

Zach flashes a perfect smile at Kelsey, making her blush through her pale white skin.

He sets his briefcase on the table.

ZACH

I don't bite, I promise.

Zach begins taking out packets and wordy information pamphlets from his case.

KELSEY

What kinda insurance? I can't afford health --

ZACH

-- Not health. Life.

KELSEY

I ain't old.

Zach chuckles.

ZACH

It's a common misconception that only old people need life insurance. It's a lot cheaper to buy when you're younger.

He's very professional. His southern twang mostly phased out through practiced interactions.

KELSEY

I'm on a tight budget.

ZACH

At your age, with no pre-existing conditions, I could get you into a policy for less than fifteen dollars a month.

KELSEY

That'd be nice, but I can't.

ZACH

I understand. Let me just find out more about you and we'll go from there... Are you married? Have kids?

KELSEY

It's just me and my brother.

Zach nods, understanding what she means now...

ZACH

Well look, I'm an open book. Ask me anything personal or about the business, and I'll try to answer the best I can.

Zach flashes his perfect smile, loosening Kelsey up a bit. She smirks.

Off their moment...

**EXT. DISCOUNT DRUG - DAY**

Parked in the corner of the concrete lot sits a lifted 2012 RED Dodge Ram 2500 on 35s -- a pricey set up for this area.

**DODGE RAM**

In the driver's seat is TREVOR BURKE, early 30s, unshaven, scrawny, with a noticeable KELOID SCAR running down his neck and into his shirt.

He sucks on a wad of chaw. Spits into his paper cup.

LANDIS  
Throw that shit out, it's making me sick.

Next to Trevor is LANDIS MILLER, early 30s, broad across the shoulders, crew cut, 'Murican through and through. He looks like hell hanging his head out the window.

TREVOR  
Don't fuckin' blame your withdrawal on me.

LANDIS  
Just hurry...

TREVOR  
There's one.

They see Bo's S10 pull into the back of the parking lot. He gets out, not in a hurry.

TREVOR  
Aw fuck, he ain't even eighteen.

LANDIS  
We just need matches.

Trevor WHISTLES at Bo to get his attention. Bo glances around to see if they meant someone else.

TREVOR  
Yeah, you. Co'mere.

As Bo gets closer...

LANDIS  
That looks like Will Gentry's boy.

Trevor's jaw locks, clenching down -- suddenly seething.

Bo's face barely comes eye level to the window. Trevor leans back, refusing to acknowledge him.

LANDIS  
You buyin' something inside?

BO  
I'm pickin' up my sister.

LANDIS  
You do us a favor?

Bo squints at Trevor, possibly recognizing him for something.

BO  
Like what?

LANDIS  
Buy us four boxes of matches.

Landis hands him a wad of money, fives and ones mostly.

LANDIS  
Keep the change.

BO  
That it?

LANDIS  
Trevor'll throw in a case of cokes.

Bo looks at the crumpled money.

**INT. DISCOUNT DRUG - DAY**

Kelsey is organizing prescription bags on the rack.

Zach exits the break room, and swings by the counter.

ZACH  
Hey.

KELSEY  
Hey. You're still here...

ZACH  
Still here.

KELSEY  
Can I help you with something?

ZACH  
Maybe... I'd like to take you to  
dinner sometime, think you could do  
that?

Kelsey thinks for a moment.

KELSEY  
I'm pretty busy.

ZACH  
Even when you sleep?

KELSEY  
I guess not.

ZACH  
Then let me steal an hour from your  
sleep time. No harm... I know this  
place that makes a mean chicken  
fried steak -- or salad, whatever  
you eat.

Kelsey smiles.

KELSEY  
Alright.

ZACH  
That mean yes?

Bo enters the store. Sees his sister talking to Zach so he  
slides around the aisles out of her view.

He comes to the tiny section that carries miscellaneous  
items. Grabs four large boxes of red phosphorus strike  
matches.

#### **CHECK OUT COUNTER**

YOLONDA, 50s, homely, scans Bo's items.

Bo glances back to the pharmacy. His sister isn't there...  
Shit.

YOLONDA  
Sure is alotta matches. Whatcha  
need so many for?

BO  
Fireworks.

YOLONDA  
Forgot about the fourth. When's  
that? Saturday? That'll be 12.68.

He hands her thirteen. She slowly digs out change...

YOLONDA  
Here ya go. Good luck with the  
fireworks... And be careful.

Bo grabs the sack and rushes out.

**DODGE RAM**

Landis and Trevor watch Bo exit the store.

TREVOR  
Sonuvabitch, he got 'em.

Bo hands Landis the matches.

LANDIS  
Whadju' tell em?

BO  
Bout what?

LANDIS  
They didn't ask why ya needed a  
thousand matches?

BO  
Told'm fireworks.

Landis and Trevor share a look -- smart.

LANDIS  
Cokes are in the back.

Bo peeks over the truck bed to see literally two dozen cases  
of various types of coke, mostly Mountain Dew though. He  
lifts two out.

As he walks away --

TREVOR  
Hey! What's yer name kid?

BO  
Bo.

TREVOR  
Ain't got a last name?

BO  
Gentry.

Trevor nods, but says nothing else...

**INT. GENTRY TRAILER - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Tiny kitchen. Empty cabinets made out of laminate covered particle board. Broken stove. Sink full of dishes.

Kelsey is still in her work clothes, frying an egg on an electric HOT PLATE.

Bo carries in the two cases of Dew.

KELSEY  
You want one or two?

BO  
One's fine.

He puts the cokes in the fridge.

KELSEY  
Where'd you get those?

BO  
Some guys gave em' to me.

KELSEY  
At the store? You know who they were? Put some mayonnaise on the bread for me...

Bo shakes his head. Spreads mayo on two white slices.

KELSEY  
You know the people who do that are criminals.

BO  
Do what?

KELSEY  
That sell and trade cokes. They use their government cards and spend it all on cokes, then sell em' for cash...

BO  
And?

KELSEY  
They're cheatin' the government. EBT's are supposta be used for food, not cokes.

BO  
It ain't a big deal.

KELSEY  
Ain't a big deal?

BO  
Ain't no point in followin' rules  
if no one else does.

Kelsey shakes her head.

KELSEY  
You sound just like dad.

BO  
That a bad thing?

KELSEY  
Depends on who you ask.

Kelsey balances an egg on her spatula. Slides it between two pieces of bread -- voila, egg sandwich.

KELSEY  
Go eat.

Bo takes his sandwich and plops on the couch. Eats robotically.

KELSEY  
What're you doing tomorrow?

BO  
Iono. Maybe work on the Ford. You gotta work?

KELSEY  
Yeah. Going on a date afterwards.  
You gonna be okay here?

BO  
On a date? With who?

Kelsey finishes up her sandwich, but eats it at the counter.

KELSEY  
You don't know'im. He ain't from around here.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

Bo stuffs the rest of the sandwich in his mouth, opens the door to see Chase.

CHASE  
Ready?

Bo steps into his boots by the door.

KELSEY

Hey Chase.

CHASE

Hey Kels.

KELSEY

You want an egg sandwich? Plate's still hot.

CHASE

Nah, I ate earlier. Thanks though.

KELSEY

Where y'all goin'?

BO

Gonna ride around.

KELSEY

Alright, be careful. Love you.

BO

Yep.

The door slams.

Kelsey is left in the quiet trailer. She takes a small bite of her bland sandwich...

#### **EXT. DIRT ROAD - NIGHT**

Chase's 2002 BLUE Z71 creeps down a dirt road. The boys ride with the windows down as they scan the fields.

A 12-pack of Milwaukee's Best a.k.a The Beast sits center.

CHASE

You know I been thankin'...

BO

Bout what?

CHASE

What I'm gonna do when I graduate... Dad says he can get me a job at the mine. I can start out making 'bout fifty a year. Shawna's gonna go to Lee's College. That ain't but about thirty miles from here...

BO  
Don't go to the mine.

CHASE  
Why?

BO  
You're gonna break your back the  
rest of your life in there.

CHASE  
My dad does it. Your dad did it.

BO  
Yeah, an' look where that got'm.

CHASE  
That was an accident.

BO  
Naw, it wasn't. You know that. I  
know that. Everyone in Owsley  
County knows that...

Bo's leans his head out the window.

BO  
You smell that?

The truck slows to a crawl. Chase inhales.

CHASE  
That cat piss smell?

BO  
Meth house.

CHASE  
Don't wanna run into that shit.

Chase whips it in a U-turn in the middle of the road and  
hauls ass out of the area.

**EXT. APPALACHIAN WOODS - NIGHT**

Landis and Trevor trek through the deep woods.

The terrain begins to change to rocky and mountainous as they  
reach the foothills of Appalachian territory.

Landis is wearing a sleeveless shirt now, revealing an EAGLE  
and FLAG tattoo on one arm, and the ARMY symbol on the other.

TREVOR

Hold up.

Trevor doubles over, having a hard time with endurance. We do notice a slight LIMP on his left side.

LANDIS

Thought you were still doin' that therapy shit?

TREVOR

Fuck no. Shit don't work.

LANDIS

The mine's payin' for it ain't they?

TREVOR

Yeah, but fuck it. I shoulda got more money outta that settlement... Truck, house, booze, and bills man. Shit don't last. Fuckin' Will Gentry... If he was alive, I'd kill that motherfucker myself.

Then suddenly -- BOOM! An EXPLOSION.

Landis instinctively DIVES to the ground, covering his head.

TREVOR

Holy shit.

Fire flares up in the distances and smoke begins to rise into the darkness.

TREVOR

The trailer!

**EXT. APPALACHIA - METH TRAILER - NIGHT**

An abandoned trailer is up in flames. Another EXPLOSION erupts inside as Landis and Trevor arrive.

TREVOR

Where's James?

Then MOVEMENT near the front door, followed by loud WHEEZING.

They rush over to JAMES, 30s, who is CHEMICALLY BURNED from head to toe -- both men look away, horrified.

James GROANS. His fingers reaching in the air towards them...

Trevor chews on the tip of his thumb, thinking.

TREVOR  
We can't help him...

LANDIS  
What?

TREVOR  
If we take'im to a hospital,  
they'll start askin' questions --  
questions about us.

LANDIS  
He won't talk.

TREVOR  
You sure? They decide to withhold  
that morphine drip until you talk --  
you betchur ass you'll start  
talkin'.

LANDIS  
I can't do it.

TREVOR  
Don't be a pu --

LANDIS  
-- Hey! I've seen enough bad shit.  
I don't need this.

He glares at Trevor.

Trevor huffs. Pulls his shirt off, revealing a THICK RIDGE  
like SCAR that runs from his neck to his navel.

He wads the shirt up and drops to his knees next to James.

Places the shirt over James' nose and mouth and presses down.

Landis walks away, unable to watch James' FLAIL about.

And after a moment, James stops moving all together...

Trevor stands -- throws his bloody shirt into the fire,  
watching it quickly disintegrate.

#### LATER

Yellow tape is woven through the trees around the smoldering  
trailer.

A small team of COUNTY COPS canvas the area, bagging evidence.

Standing over James' body is NICK ANDERSON, early 30s, hollow and stuck just like everyone else in this place.

A camera flashes around him as he just stands there, staring.

He bends down. Something immediately catches his eye --

-- peeking out of the burnt corner of the shirt pocket is melted PLASTIC.

Anderson reaches into the pocket. Pauses. Checks to see who's around, but everyone's busy with their own thing.

He pulls his hand out, balled into a fist now.

It moves swiftly, but smoothly into his own pocket without us ever seeing what it was...

ROGER (O.S.)

Anderson... Anderson. Nick!

Nick finally stands. Turns around to see ROGER SANDERS, twenty years his senior, and still less complacent.

ROGER

Get out of the way so he can take photos.

Only now does Anderson realize the CORONER is hovering next to him with his camera.

ANDERSON

What do you want me to do?

ROGER

You're the expert, go inside and figure out what the hell happened. Then tell me.

Anderson trudges up the steps. Something is keeping him bogged down, we're just not sure what it is yet...

#### **INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - LANDIS' ROOM - NIGHT**

A surprisingly neat bedroom. Tight bed spread. Hospital corners. Gun rack display over head.

Landis stands at his dresser, carefully opening his three PRESCRIPTION bottles and taking the last pill in each.

Next to the empty bottles sits a stack of UNPAID BILLS.

Trevor sticks his head in.

TREVOR  
We gotta get new supplies. Think  
you can handle that?

Landis doesn't respond. He just swallows his pills dry...

**INT. ANDERSON'S PATROL CAR - NIGHT**

It's late. Anderson is parked on the side of a main highway.

Cars zip by, before tapping their brakes -- but he never notices because he's focused on something in his hand.

Between his fingers is a small clear bag, melted and burned on one side. And in it is a tiny clear CRYSTAL, about the size of a pinky nail.

He presses it into the corner, feeling its shape.

Finally, Anderson grips it in his palm. Takes a deep breath -- exhales...

Then TOSSES it out the passenger window into the tall grass on the roadside.

His fingers begin to drum on the steering wheel. Knee jackhammers. Forehead sweats...

...He caves. Rips the door open and rushes to the ditch.

Anderson wades into the razor grass, desperately looking for the tiny bag.

He's down on his knees, parting the grass with his hands.

After a moment --

ANDERSON  
Fuck!

He stomps back to his patrol car, and slouches into the seat... Defeated.

**EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - DAY**

Bo stumbles out of the trailer, recoiling in the bright morning light. He smacks. Dry cotton mouth.

Tries to spit when the back door to the trailer in front of him opens up. Haley emerges with a thick hard cover book.

She sits in a plastic patio chair. Looks up to find Bo staring stupidly at her.

HONK! HONK!

Their moment is broken as Chase's truck barrels down the road between the trailers...

**EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY**

A scrap metal yard filled with rusted car shells, discarded appliances, and piles of coke cans.

In the back corner, a couple old vehicles sit beneath a rusted tin carport.

Bo fits his rebuilt Edelbrock carburetor onto the engine of a 1966 Ford pick up truck.

Chase lingers, just watching and sipping a beer.

CHASE

Is Haley Dixon your new neighbor?

BO

Yeah, guess so.

CHASE

Ain't she a senior?

Bo shrugs, finishes tightening the piece on.

CHASE

She's a bitch, but it's kinda sexy.  
I'd hit it... But then she'd  
probably eat me, like a praying  
mantis or somethin'.

Bo cracks a smile.

TOMCAT (O.S.)

Will she crank now?

The boys look over to see "TOMCAT", 70s, the keeper of the junk, as he hobbles out in his overalls and cane.

BO

Naw, still need a few things.

TOMCAT  
Welp, I'm sure I got 'em, somewhere  
out there.

He motions to the several acres of rusted cars and trucks.

CHASE  
For free?

TOMCAT  
Well now that's the stupidest shit  
I've heard today. Course not.

Chase whispers to Bo --

CHASE  
How'd you get all the stuff you  
have?

BO  
Tomcat likes to trade.

CHASE  
Can't imagine you got anything he'd  
want.

BO  
Whatdya want Tom?

Tomcat smiles, missing all of his teeth except for two...

**EXT. DISCOUNT DRUG - DAY**

Kelsey fills a prescription bottle.

She sees a glimpse of someone at the register. Moves around  
to see -- Landis.

She doesn't look happy as she approaches the counter. Landis  
throws down a twenty.

LANDIS  
Need two boxes of Sudafed.

KELSEY  
You know I can't sell to you.

Landis pinches the bridge of his nose. Takes a deep breath.

LANDIS  
I'm sick and I need the medicine.

KELSEY

No --

He slams his fist on the counter.

LANDIS

-- just give me the fuckin'  
medicine!

His wild blood shot eyes train on Kelsey's, but she doesn't  
back down.

LANDIS

Jesus Christ. Here --

He throws down a written prescription. His hand trembles  
still feeling the effects of withdrawal.

KELSEY

We're out of Paxil, but I can  
refill the Xanax and Risperal.  
Unless you wanna pick it all up  
tomorrow?

Landis just snatches the money and storms off. His eyes meet  
briefly with Zach's as he passes.

ZACH

What was that about?

KELSEY

No idea... Can I help you?

ZACH

I -- thought we were going to  
dinner.

KELSEY

Oh God, right, sorry. Been a long  
day.

ZACH

That's better than forgetting who I  
was. That's happened before.

KELSEY

I find that hard to believe.

ZACH

True story. I'm pretty average.  
You'll see later.

Kelsey shakes her head.

KELSEY  
Let me clock out and change, kay?

ZACH  
Can't wait.

Off his smile...

**EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY**

A tall rocky cliff borders one side of the road.

Bo is on a ledge with a pick axe, ILLEGALLY MINING BLACK COAL from the roadside.

Chase gathers the chunks and throws them into his truck bed.

CHASE  
What's he need this for?

BO  
Heat his house.

CHASE  
It's a hundred fucking degrees outside.

BO  
He stockpiles for the winter.

CHASE  
Of course he does...

BO  
Just keep a look out for cops.

Bo raises the axe and drives it into the earth again.

**EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY**

Tomcat is waiting for the boys on his porch.

CHASE  
Where you want this?

Tomcat points over to a bare corner of the property near another shed.

CHASE  
Watch this shit.

Chase pulls forwards to line up. Bumps it into REVERSE.

He FLOORS it, sending the truck backwards at a break neck speed. And just before he's at the shed --

-- he SLAMS on the brakes.

The momentum literally sends EVERYTHING in the truck bed sliding out onto the ground into a relatively neat pile.

CHASE

Woo! You see that shit?

He slaps Bo on the arm.

CHASE

A little redneck trick I learnt.

He HONKS twice as they speed out of there.

#### **EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - EVENING**

Just before sunset.

Bo treks up the long driveway, balancing a couple beers in his arms. He hops onto his porch. P-KSH. Cracks one open.

He takes a long drink when he sees Haley on her porch, STILL reading. She looks up for a moment, then back down.

BEAT.

BO

Hey.

She glances at Bo so that he knows that she heard.

BO

What're you readin'?

Haley makes him wait as she reads a little longer before the last bit of light is sucked out of the sky.

A light pole that splits the two properties kicks on. Bugs begin to circle so she closes the book.

HALEY

Harry Potter.

Bo steps off his porch, walks to the light pole and stops. He leans against it with his beer.

BO

Ain't that old?

HALEY

It's a book, not milk. No expiration date last time I checked.

Bo doesn't care that she's being snarky.

BO

What's it about? Magic or something, ain't it?

HALEY

It's set in a world of magic, but that's not what it's really about.

She can tell Bo's not following.

HALEY

It's about an ordinary boy living in a shitty situation, who finds out he's a legend in the wizarding world, and that he's destined for something bigger. Something great... It's relatable.

BO

You think there's some magic world out there or something?

She shakes her head.

HALEY

Maybe you need to ease up on the beer and cigarettes. I think it's affecting your brain. How old are you anyway?

BO

Gonna be sixteen in two months... We go to school together.

HALEY

Yeah, I know.

BO

Why'd y'all move here?

HALEY

What do you mean?

BO

Like... Why here? Deerwood Estates.

HALEY  
Why'd I move into a shit hole  
trailer park?

Bo nods, not the least bit offended.

HALEY  
Dad had a stroke and can't work  
anymore, so we had to move.

BO  
It ain't too bad.

HALEY  
It's fine. Life's what you make it.  
I'd like to think our situation  
doesn't define me.

BO  
How you figure?

HALEY  
Just because I come out of a  
trailer park, doesn't mean I can't  
be a doctor or lawyer. If anything,  
I think it motivates a person even  
more to do better in life.

BO  
Is that what you wanna be? A doctor  
or lawyer?

HALEY  
I'd like to be something...

Bo takes the last drag in his cigarette. Stomps it out.

HALEY  
That's not attractive you know.

BO  
Would you think I was if I didn't?

Haley thinks on that. Shrugs -- swaying towards no.

A strong voice booms from inside the trailer --

MRS. DIXON (O.S.)  
Haley, come eat!

Haley gets up. Has a thought...

HALEY  
Here.

She holds the book over the porch rail towards Bo.

BO  
I don't read.

HALEY  
Don't or can't?

He glares at her.

HALEY  
It's a great book.

BO  
You haven't finished it.

HALEY  
I've already read it four times.

He looks at her -- she's dead serious.

Bo takes a step forward, taking the thick book from her.

HALEY  
My mom's a librarian so anytime you  
need a book, lemme know... Night.

BO  
Night.

Haley disappears inside her trailer. Bo gets curious and opens up to the first page --

"Chapter One: The Boy Who Lived"

He slaps the book shut. Chugs the rest of his beer...

**INT. TIPTOP CAFE - NIGHT**

Zach and Kelsey are in a booth in a mom and pop cafe, built in the 50s.

There's a weird mix of Coca Cola memorabilia and chicken figurines, but it works.

Kelsey wears a modest blouse and dark wash jeans -- she cleans up nicely when she can.

Zach watches her take a bite into her chicken fried steak, waiting on her opinion -- but Kelsey is staring off into space as she chews.

ZACH

Well?

She looks at him, almost startled.

KELSEY

Sorry --

ZACH

-- is it okay? Should I send it back?

KELSEY

No, it's great. I just started thinkin' about my brother.

ZACH

Okay, no judgement here... Sorry that was a terrible joke.

Zach laughs it off.

KELSEY

I just always make him dinner. There's no tellin' what he's eatin' right now.

ZACH

Well what does he like? I'll get him something and you can take it back.

KELSEY

You don't have to do that.

Too late, Zach flags down the WAITRESS.

ZACH

Can I get the biggest burger you have, to go please?

WAITRESS

You want cheese and bacon?

ZACH

Yeah, put it all on there. And fries too.

Waitress jots it down and leaves. Kelsey looks at him...

ZACH

What?

KELSEY

You didn't have to do that.

ZACH

It'll make a good impression. He obviously means a lot to you.

KELSEY

He does. He's a good kid -- Most of the time.

ZACH

I think that can be said about all teenagers. Can I ask how...

Kelsey picks at her fries, knowing what he's asking.

ZACH

Sorry, that was rude. You don't have to tell me.

KELSEY

No, it's fine. Most people 'round here know anyway... There was a mining accident a few years ago.

ZACH

I think I read about it in the paper.

KELSEY

After that, my mom overdosed... I quit community college to come home and take care of Bo.

ZACH

It seems like you're doing a great job. It can't be easy.

KELSEY

It's not. Every day's a struggle... God, I'm sorry. This is probably the worst date ever. Me over here cryin' bout my problems.

Zach can't help but smile. He grabs her hand on the table.

ZACH

Hey, we all got our problems. I think it takes a strong person to do what you're doing. I like strong people. I'm weak. I mean look at this.

He pinches the fat on his bicep. Kelsey laughs.

ZACH

You could probably take me in a fight. I'm not gonna try, because I haven't been beat up by a girl in a long time... I had older sisters. They were mean. See this eye? Barely can see out of it cause my sister poked me in the eye trying to put eye liner on me when I was little.

KELSEY

No she didn't.

ZACH

I swear. I had to wear an eye patch for a week. Kids made fun of me, it was terrible. I can't watch pirate movies now. And they keep making those stupid Pirates of the Caribbean movies so it won't quit hauntin' me.

Kelsey can't stop laughing.

The Waitress pops back in with a sack of food and the check.

Zach whips out his wallet and lays a shiny debit card on top -  
- something foreign to Kelsey in a sense.

KELSEY

Thank you for dinner.

Zach grabs his coke glass, holds it up.

ZACH

To one of many, I hope.

Kelsey lifts hers. CLINKS it. Then nods...

#### **EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Once a modest brick home on several acres of land, is now littered with beer cans, knee high grass, and a giant bon fire pit in the middle of the yard.

A couple DRUNKS and JUNKIES hang out near the house.

Landis passes everyone without a word on his way to the fire.

He sits in a lawn chair, close enough to have flames reflect off his glazed pupils.

In the background we see GREG, 30s, a meth head, carrying an old rusted coffee can.

Greg places the cannister behind Landis' chair. Takes his cigarettes and lights the fuse to a full pack of BLACK CATS.

He backs away quickly.

A few seconds later --

-- BATATATATATATATAT. POP. POP. BATATATATATA. Like a machine gun unleashed next to him.

Landis launches from his chair. He dives over the fire, landing in an army crawl. His pant leg flames up.

He swats it out. Sees the cannister and confetti from the black cat assault. Hears them HOWLING in laughter...

Landis jumps to his feet. Rushes Greg.

LANDIS  
You motherfucker.

The crowd parts and Landis SUPERMAN PUNCHES Greg.

Greg goes limp the moment Landis makes contact with his face. But that doesn't stop Landis from continuing to BEAT THE SHIT OUT OF HIM.

LANDIS  
What is wrong with you, huh!? Huh!?

Punch after punch. Blood splatters with each hit. No one is brave enough to stop him...

Tears pour down Landis' face as he throws his bloody knuckles into this guy.

TREVOR  
Landis. Landis!

Trevor tugs on his shoulder.

Landis pops up. SHOVES Trevor. He stumbles back, falls. Tumbles over the top of his head.

LANDIS  
Fuck all y'all...

Landis jumps in Trevor's truck and cranks it up.

TREVOR  
Hey! Where you goin'?

He whips the truck around, SLINGING gravel all over Trevor as he tears down the drive...

**INT. TALL PINES MOTEL - NIGHT**

Zach lies awake in bed as Kelsey sleeps soundly on his chest. He subconsciously strokes her hair over and over.

He glances at the clock: 1:22. Sighs. Then gently shakes Kelsey awake.

Her eyes pop open, almost in a panic.

KELSEY  
Did I oversleep? What time --

ZACH  
-- It's okay. Let's get you home.

Kelsey nods as Zach kisses her forehead...

**EXT. BANK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Landis is parked in the back of the bank parking lot. Engine killed, but he's got the radio on low.

His wallet is splayed out in his lap -- two photos pulled from its recesses:

1) Seven INFANTRY SOLDIERS in uniforms. Guns pointed at the ground. They pose in front of a tank. All stone faced. Dusty. Tired.

2) Landis and another SOLDIER in camo, but not fully dressed out. They both flex their identical ARMY TATTOOS to whoever is taking the photo.

Landis sets it aside. Slowly unfolds a leather pouch.

Inside is a large spoon, syringe, elastic band, lighter, and a bag of crystal meth.

The syringe is already loaded. Landis straps the elastic around his left bicep. He pumps his fist to get a good vein.

The faded track marks from previous sessions very noticeable.

He sticks it in his vein.

Pulls the plunger, flagging -- letting a tiny amount of BLOOD suck into the syringe.

He rips the elastic off. Takes a deep breath, then injects all of it...

And it's like we can see all the troubles and worries dissolving away as it courses through his body...

**EXT. DISCOUNT DRUG - NIGHT**

Zach's GREEN COMPANY CAR rolls into the parking lot next to Kelsey's truck.

**ZACH'S CAR**

Neither get out.

ZACH  
I had a great time.

KELSEY  
Me too.

ZACH  
I'm always around working the area,  
so maybe I can see you again?

Kelsey nods as Zach leans in and kisses her again.

ZACH  
Night.

KELSEY  
G'night.

Kelsey gets out. Zach lingers for a moment. Calls out through the window.

ZACH  
Want me to follow you home?

KELSEY  
I'm okay. Go get some sleep.

Zach smiles.

**INT. DODGE RAM - NIGHT**

Landis picks his head off the rest. Sees Zach's car pull out of the Discount Drug.

He watches Kelsey pace back and forth...

**EXT. DISCOUNT DRUG - NIGHT**

Kelsey is on her prepaid cell phone. She tosses the food sack into the passenger seat of her truck.

WOMAN'S VOICE  
You have twelve minutes left.

It starts to ring. Goes straight to Bo's voice mail.

KELSEY  
Hey, it's me. Sorry it's so late.  
I'm on my way home now. Love you,  
bye.

She hangs up to see BRIGHT LIGHTS coming her direction. They blind her from seeing who it is.

Landis rushes out and grabs her door before she can get in.

His pupils are dilated. He's very high right now...

LANDIS  
I need to get inside.

KELSEY  
It's closed. Let go of my door.

LANDIS  
You got the keys don't you? Give  
em' here.

KELSEY  
No.

He grabs her hand and wrenches the keys out. She whimpers in pain. Landis heads for the back door.

KELSEY  
There's an alarm.

Landis stops... Shit, she realizes she shouldn't have said anything.

LANDIS  
What's the code?

She seals her lips, so he charges for her. Grabs a handful of her hair.

LANDIS  
What is it!?

Drug induced and adrenaline coursing through his veins -- he SLAMS her head into the bedside.

She drops...

Landis catches his breath, his heart racing. He looks around, but the town is empty.

The keys jingle from his shaking hand as he thinks.

LANDIS  
Fuck.

He scoops her up and throws her into the back seat of the Dodge...

**EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - DAY**

The sun hasn't been up for more than a couple hours, but it's already hot and sticky.

We find Bo, passed out in the front yard, dead to the world.

A car door slams. Shawna saunters into view.

His eye slits open, instantly filled by Shawna's face.

SHAWNA  
Bo, wake up.

She leans down to kiss him.

BO  
Time is it?

SHAWNA  
Ten... I've got some time before work. Come on.

She jumps up, grabs his arm and starts to drag him up to his feet.

**INT. DIXON TRAILER - HALEY'S ROOM - DAY**

Haley stands at an art easel, pencil sketching a view of a city skyline.

Her room is decorated, but not in colors. Literally all blacks, whites, and greys. It's beautiful, but at the same time very depressing.

She hears grunting outside. Glances out her window to see Shawna helping Bo to his feet and leading him inside.

MRS. DIXON (O.S.)  
Haley, honey?

HALEY  
In my room.

MRS. DIXON, late 40s, not a very attractive woman, but fancies herself a talker, pokes her head in.

MRS. DIXON  
I need you to help me get your  
father out of his chair.

Haley doesn't hesitate, she puts her pencil down and follows her mother.

**EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - DAY**

Bo is on the porch, listening to his voice mail. We hear Kelsey's message play.

SHAWNA  
Gotta go. See ya later.

She kisses him on the cheek on her way out.

Bo scrolls through his dated Wal-Mart phone. Sees Kelsey's missed call. He dials back.

FEMALE VOICE  
You have seven minutes left.

RING. RING. RING. Then it abruptly cuts to voice mail.

Off his look...

**INT. DIXON TRAILER - KITCHEN - DAY**

This trailer is nicer than Bo's. Definitely more decorated and cozy.

Haley slices some potatoes at the sink.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

MRS. DIXON (O.S.)  
Haley, get that! I'm giving your  
father a bath.

Haley grabs the front door. Finds Bo, in a camo hat, looking  
hung over as hell.

BO  
Hey.

HALEY  
Hey.

BEAT.

BO  
I need a favor...

**INT. DIXON VAN - DAY**

Haley drives Bo in her family's early 2000 passenger van.

The back seats have been taken out to make room for a ramp  
and wheelchair.

HALEY  
Did Chase and Shawna break up?

BO  
Don't think so, why?

Haley pretends she didn't ask.

HALEY  
Did you try your sister's phone?

BO  
She ain't answerin'. She left a  
message, but I never heard her come  
home.

HALEY  
Sure she didn't step over you on  
her way in?

Bo glares at her.

BO  
She went on a date or something  
last night.

HALEY

You realize she could have just went home with this dude and stayed the night?

BO

Her message said she was on her way home.

HALEY

Maybe she changed her mind.

BO

Look, maybe I wanna make sure my sister didn't wreck and ain't lying in a ditch somewhere, okay?

That's the first time we've heard Bo change his tone, or sound like he cared for that matter.

HALEY

She seems nice.

BO

She is... Turn here.

**EXT. DISCOUNT DRUG - DAY**

Haley's van pulls next to Kelsey's truck.

HALEY

Maybe she's back at work.

**INT. DISCOUNT DRUG - DAY**

Bo glances to the back pharmacy, but doesn't see his sister.

He finds Darren, the owner, organizing some kiddie pools in the summer sales section.

BO

You seen Kelsey today?

DARREN

Today? No, I haven't seen her. She's not scheduled to come in.

BO

Her truck's here.

DARREN  
I think she left it after work...  
Is something wrong?

Bo just strides out.

**EXT. DISCOUNT DRUG - DAY**

Bo opens the door to her truck. He's hit with the smell of old burger and fries.

He looks around for the keys, but they're not in here.

HALEY  
You need a ride back?

BO  
Naw, I'm good. Go ahead.

HALEY  
What if she comes back and it's not here?

BO  
She'll figure it out.

Haley watches Bo pull down a plastic cover beneath the steering column. Then HOT WIRES the truck pretty easy...

**EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - DAY**

Bo sits on the tailgate of Kelsey's truck, calling her phone again -- nothing but her voice mail.

Haley saunters up.

HALEY  
Hey, my mom's making dinner. You can come over later if ya want...

Bo barely nods, worried.

HALEY  
Want my opinion? I think she went on the date and stayed the night cause she didn't have to work. Her phone probably died, and she's still with this guy having fun. She's in her twenties, she deserves a little time to herself after putting up with you, right? Right?

She playfully pushes on Bo's shoulder. He smirks as she plops down beside him...

**INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY**

Landis trudges in the house, off his high, and struggling to function.

Trevor launches off the couch.

TREVOR  
Where the fuck you been? Where's my truck?

LANDIS  
Outside.

Trevor's eyes shift towards the open door. He sees Kelsey stumbling across the yard...

TREVOR  
Who the --

Landis turns around to see her heading for the road.

LANDIS  
Shit.

He sprints --

**OUTSIDE**

Kelsey hears the footsteps, turns to see Landis rushing right on her. He TACKLES her to the ground.

KELSEY  
No! No!

Landis struggles with her on the ground.

Kelsey looks over at Trevor, blood trickling down her brow.

KELSEY  
Help me!

But Trevor never moves.

**EXT. STORM CELLAR - DAY**

Behind the house is a detached STORM CELLAR.

Landis slams the door behind him. Hangs an open padlock in the outside latch.

TREVOR  
What the fuck, Landis?

LANDIS  
I was high. I didn't know what to do.

TREVOR  
So you kidnapped her?

Landis paces, on edge. Itching for a fix.

TREVOR  
Is this that Gentry girl from the drug store? Did she have any keys?

Landis nods, still pacing back and forth.

TREVOR  
Holy fuck. Do you know what this means? We have access to all the shit we need to keep cookin'.

LANDIS  
Thought you were settin' up for some shake n'bakes --

TREVOR  
-- Fuck shake n' bake. We're above that shit. We just need a new place.

LANDIS  
We can't get in without the alarm code.

Trevor scratches his chin hair.

BEAT.

He removes the padlock. Opens the door revealing steps into a darkened cellar where Kelsey lies on a sleeping bag at the bottom.

LANDIS  
What're you doin'?

TREVOR  
Gonna get that code...

He walks down the steps, shutting the door behind him.

**EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - DAY**

Haley swings her legs off the tailgate. Bo lies back in the truck bed, trying to block out the piercing sun.

HALEY

Who's your favorite singer?

BO

I dunno... My dad used to tell me I couldn't go wrong with Haggard and Jones. So I guess them.

HALEY

That sounds like your dad's choice.

BO

Who's yours?

HALEY

Garth Brooks. Hands down.

BO

Yeah? I like him I guess. Got a favorite song?

HALEY

I like em' all. Probably The Dance though.

BO

Everyone talks about that one, but I don't get it. Kinda boring.

HALEY

Have you ever listened to the lyrics?

BO

Buncha times.

HALEY

But have you actually listened to what he's sayin'?

Bo shrugs, so she recites the lyrics very quickly --

HALEY

He says, "I'm glad I didn't know, the way it all would end, the way it all would go. Our lives are better left to chance. I could have missed the pain, but I'd have had to missed the dance..."

BO  
So he missed the dance?

Haley rolls her eye, sighs -- this kid.

HALEY  
He's saying he's glad he didn't know that it was gonna end badly between him and this girl because he might have made a different choice to skip the heartache... But if he did, he would've missed the journey of falling in love -- that's the "dance"... It's a metaphor for love and life.

BO  
Yeah, well I think it's just about some guy dancing...

He cracks a smile. Haley slaps him on the arm.

HONK. HONK. HONK. HONK. HOOOONK.

The teens look up to see Chase's truck. Shawna's in the middle next to Chase. He rolls down his window.

CHASE  
You wanna go to the creek? Hi Haley.

HALEY  
Hey Chase.

Chase can tell Bo is about to flake out.

CHASE  
Come on! I mean Jesus, it's hotter n' two rats fuckin' in a wool sock. Let's get wet!

Haley and Bo laugh. He looks at her, wanna go?

Off her smile.

**EXT. BAKER'S CREEK - DAY**

An old rope now grown into the mature branch that hangs over the deep part of the creek.

Chase is in the fork of the tree, holding onto one end. The other teens are lounging in the shallow flowing water, watching.

CHASE

Ready?

He leans forward, leaving the tree. He swings. His heels skim the water as the rope launches him up.

Chase does a perfect back flip and lands with a giant splash.

LATER

Chase and Shawna are making out on the bank. Chase stops a moment. Whispers...

CHASE

I love you.

SHAWNA

I love you too.

They start kissing again.

In a deep creek pool, Bo and Haley are treading water.

HALEY

What do you wanna do after you graduate?

Bo thinks. Fills his mouth with creek water, and spits it out like a fountain.

BO

Couldn't tell ya what I'm doin' tomorra.

HALEY

Maybe that's a problem.

BO

All I know is I'll be somewhere 'round here.

Haley cringes in disgust.

HALEY

I don't get why everyone wants to stay around here.

BO

Nobody wants to stay, they just can't leave... My dad used to tell me that Owsley County was like quick sand, the harder you try to get out, the more it sucks you in...

She stares at Bo -- but it's a different look. Not one of annoyance, or pity, so it makes him uncomfortable.

BO

What?

HALEY

I think that's the smartest thing  
I've heard you say. Quick sand...

BEAT.

Haley pushes a wave of water into Bo's face, just as his mouth opens to talk.

Bo coughs and hacks as Haley giggles.

He leaps and dunks her under the water. She SQUEALS and Bo even laughs a little bit himself...

**EXT. DIXON TRAILER - NIGHT**

Bo escorts Haley to her front door.

HALEY

Still up for dinner?

Bo runs his hand through his damp hair, contemplating.

Haley suddenly leans in and kisses him. Short and sweet. Before Bo can even react, she pulls back.

HALEY

Please?

How can he say no to that?

**INT. DIXON TRAILER - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Bo sits at the table with Haley and her parents.

MR. DIXON, 50s, is confined to a wheelchair, absent of his basic motor skills and speech. Mrs. Dixon feeds him in between her own bites.

MRS. DIXON

Haley says y'all go to school  
together. What grade you in?

BO

Goin' to tenth.

MRS. DIXON  
Haley'll be a senior. Graduating  
before ya know it... I hear you  
live next door with your sister.

BO  
Yes ma'am.

MRS. DIXON  
And how old is she?

BO  
Twenty two.

MRS. DIXON  
My goodness, y'all are just babies.

BO  
We make it work.

MRS. DIXON  
Well, I imagine you have to...  
Listen to me, if y'all ever need  
anything, you just let me know. You  
two should come over for dinner  
sometime. The fourths comin' up ya  
know. Rick usually barbecues, but I  
imagine that'll be me this year.  
You two stop by.

BO  
We will, thank you.

Bo glances over at Haley, who's already smirking at him.

The sound of a vehicle rumbling by grabs Bo's attention. He  
peeks out the kitchen window where he can see his trailer --  
an unfamiliar car is parked out front -- Kelsey?

BO  
'Scuse me.

Bo pushes back from the table and hurries out the front door.

MRS. DIXON  
He's kinda cute, don't you think,  
Rick?

HALEY  
Mom...

MRS. DIXON  
What? Two years seems like a lot,  
but look at me n' your dad. Seven  
years. Think about that.

Haley rolls her eyes.

**EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - NIGHT**

Bo sees ZACH on their porch, knocking.

BO  
Hey!

It startles Zach.

ZACH  
Oh hi. Does Kelsey Gentry live  
here?

BO  
Who's asking?

ZACH  
Me. I'm Zach Hartley. You must be  
her brother.

BO  
Yeah...

Zach holds out his hand, but Bo just stares at it. Notices  
his nice white gold watch...

ZACH  
Look, I tried to call her, but I  
keep getting her voice mail. Found  
out I've gotta head back to  
Lexington early so I just wanted to  
see her before I left.

BO  
How'd you know where we live?

ZACH  
Got her address off some  
paperwork... Can you at least tell  
me if she made it home alright?

Bo lifts his brow.

BO  
What makes you think she didn't?

ZACH  
Nothing, I'm just asking.

BO  
You the one she went on a date  
with?

Zach nods.

BO  
When's the last time you seen her?

ZACH  
I dropped her off at her truck last  
night.

BO  
You didn't watch her get in and  
drive off?

ZACH  
She told me not to... What  
happened?

BO  
She didn't come home last night.

ZACH  
Her truck's here.

BO  
Cuz I drove it... She left me a  
message saying she was coming home  
and she didn't. She's not at work.  
She ain't answerin' her phone. I  
dunno where she is, but now I  
suspect you had somethin' to do  
with that.

Bo takes a suggestive step towards Zach.

ZACH  
Whoa now, I'm just as concerned as  
you are. Have you went to the  
police yet?

BO  
No.

ZACH  
Well maybe you should.

Zach reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet. He  
slides a business card out. Bo takes it, looks it over:

ZACH HARTLEY - SAFEGUARD INSURANCE - SALESMAN

ZACH  
Here's my cell. If you hear  
anything or need my help, call me,  
okay? And here --

He produces a twenty dollar bill.

ZACH  
It's not much, but it'll get you  
some gas and food until we find  
her.

BO  
I don't need your charity.

ZACH  
It's not charity.

Bo won't take it. Zach takes the hint, and heads for his car.

BO  
Why do you care?

Zach turns back.

BO  
Why do you care so much 'bout my  
sister? You don't even know her.

ZACH  
I know enough...

**INT. OWSLEY COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Most of the police station is squeezed into this tiny conference room, watching a slide show of pictures play on a white screen:

- 1) A picture of Trevor and Landis' blown up METH TRAILER.
- 2) A cluster of 20oz coke bottles with rubber tubes running out of the cap.
- 3) A ditch somewhere, littered with beer cans and two liter bottles. BROWN SLUDGE is settled in the bottom of a few.

Roger Sanders, the senior officer, clicks through the pictures.

ROGER

We're cracking down on houses which has led to an increase in the shake and bake method, which is what you see here. It leaves behind a toxic brown sludge after it's produced. This method makes the drug more mobile and can be produced out of the back seat of a car.

Anderson is in the back of the room, barely listening.

ROGER

We've got known cooks and suppliers still in the area so I want to rotate officers on surveillance. We're losing the war on drugs, folks... We've got a spotlight on the Appalachia region and they're breathing down our necks about cracking down on this shit. What they don't realize is we have. You whack one mole, three more pop up somewhere else. But to appease the powers that be, we have to stay on top of it as best we can... Let's break for lunch.

**INT. OWSLEY COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - LOBBY - DAY**

Bo waits patiently in the lobby.

The first person he sees out is Roger. Bo jumps up and matches his speed.

BO

Officer?

Roger looks at him, who is this kid?

ROGER

I'm heading to lunch, whatcha need?

Bo freezes, intimidated by Roger's bulldog face.

In the background, Anderson walks out. He sees Bo and Roger just staring at one another.

ANDERSON

Bo?

Roger is relieved and slips away.

ANDERSON

How are ya? You and your sister  
doin' alright?

BO

My sister didn't come home the  
other night. I can't get a hold of  
her. She left her truck at work and  
I dunno where she's at.

ANDERSON

That don't sound like Kelsey...

He rubs his 5 o'clock shadow.

ANDERSON

I'll put the word out and keep my  
eye on it, okay? Good'ta see ya,  
again.

He pats Bo on the shoulder and heads out.

**EXT. STORM CELLAR - DAY**

Landis paces in the back yard, smoking a cigarette, wishing  
it was something else.

The cellar door finally CREAKS open and Trevor climbs his way  
out.

LANDIS

You get it?

TREVOR

Yeah, I got it a'right...

Trevor tosses a used CONDOM at Landis. He barely dodges it.

TREVOR

Bet Will Gentry is rolling over in  
his grave right now, piece of shit.

Landis looks at him incredulously...

TREVOR

Oh yeah, got the code too.

LANDIS

Is it right?

TREVOR

It better be... So what are we gonna do with her now? She's seen our faces and knows who we are.

LANDIS

I haven't thought that far.

TREVOR

Imagine that.

LANDIS

Let's just keep her here. We'll go to the store and make sure this code is right and then we'll figure it out...

Gravel pops and clicks beneath a set of tires, stopping the conversation.

Landis and Trevor turn to see Anderson's PATROL CAR pulling into the driveway.

LANDIS

Fuck me...

TREVOR

Play it cool. Could just be here to talk.

Anderson pulls himself out of his car.

TREVOR

Nicky, what's up man? Long time no see.

ANDERSON

Lucky you... Whatchall up to?

The talk is casual. Old acquaintances maybe.

LANDIS

Havin' a smoke. Want one?

ANDERSON

I quit.

Trevor slaps Landis on the chest --

TREVOR

He used to say that shit in high school too... Hey you goin' to our fifteen year reunion this October?

ANDERSON  
I might swing by. We'll see.

TREVOR  
Come on, All State quarterback  
turned po-po, that's the dream  
right?

Anderson rubs his neck, not exactly.

LANDIS  
You need somethin'?

ANDERSON  
Just here on a personal visit.

Landis and Trevor trade looks.

LANDIS  
This ain't some kind of trap is it?

ANDERSON  
Definitely off the books.

TREVOR  
Let me go see what I got...

Trevor disappears into the house. Landis finishes his  
cigarette. Tosses it down.

ANDERSON  
You haven't seen Kelsey Gentry  
around town have ya?

LANDIS  
Who?

ANDERSON  
Young girl. Works at the pharmacy.  
Cute.

LANDIS  
Doesn't ring a bell.

Anderson furrows his brow...

ANDERSON  
Pretty sure you met her before. We  
dated a while back.

LANDIS  
Yeah? Maybe. Memory's gone ta shit  
since I've been back.

Trevor returns through the back door. He reaches out his hand and "shakes" with Anderson.

Anderson digs into his pocket and produces a wallet.

TREVOR  
Whoa, hey, not like that. There's a grill on the porch. Fifty, even. Classmate discount.

Anderson nods. They watch him toss some money into the grill before getting back in his squad car and driving off.

LANDIS  
Dude, what the fuck?

TREVOR  
What? He's cool. Used to sell to him all the time.

LANDIS  
He was asking about the girl.

TREVOR  
What'd he say? Did they have a lead?

LANDIS  
Couldn't tell. He just asked.

Trevor runs his hand through his shaggy hair.

TREVOR  
Fuck... We're out by the way. I got one eight left.

LANDIS  
You got a spot yet?

Trevor nods. Glances at the woods behind his property as he lights up a cigarette.

TREVOR  
Tonight...

#### **EXT. DISCOUNT DRUG - NIGHT**

It's late. Town is dead.

Down an alley of dumpsters we find Landis and Trevor wearing camo hunting masks over their faces.

They move across the back lot to the door. Landis keys it open.

**INT. DISCOUNT DRUG - NIGHT**

The door cracks open, but no sound.

TREVOR  
No alarm?

Landis does recon, like he's walking into a building full of terrorists...

He spots a keypad at the end of the entry. Points it out to Trevor who quickly punches in the code.

The only indication is on the screen: DISARMED.

Trevor reveals a can of BLACK spray paint. He sees a DOME CAMERA above him in the hall so he shoots it with a stream.

Landis comes around the corner to find the pharmacy is LOCKED down. Metal gate over the counter.

He tries the keys in the side door. None of them work.

LANDIS  
Fuck. I'll get this, go grab our other stuff.

Landis backs up. KICKS the door. Again. Again. Fourth time it finally breaks loose.

He rushes to the shelves with the cold medicine and rakes every box into his sack.

Then turns his attention to the prescription medication...

**EXT. OLD BARN - NIGHT**

A secluded field, surrounded by trees. In the center sits an old rusted hay BARN.

We see Landis and Trevor emerge from the wood line behind Trevor's house.

LANDIS  
Little close to home ain't it?

TREVOR  
It's temporary.

Trevor pulls back the heavy tin sliding door.

TREVOR  
Figure out what to do with the  
girl?

Landis sighs.

**EXT. STORM CELLAR - NIGHT**

Full moon. Bright, but not very large tonight.

Trevor unlocks the padlock on the storm cellar. Landis appears, holding a syringe.

TREVOR  
That's yer plan, to get her high?

LANDIS  
Get her addicted. Pump her full of  
meth for another week then send her  
on her way. Nobody believes a  
junkie.

TREVOR  
What if she black mails us for  
more?

Landis grits his teeth...

LANDIS  
You got a better fuckin' idea?

Trevor rips the cellar door open. He's instantly SMASHED in the temple with a 2x4. He stumbles back, tripping over Landis, and falls.

Kelsey emerges from the cellar, dirty and blood caked.

She swings the weapon at Landis with all she's got, but he ducks. Wraps her up in his bear arms.

He drops the syringe in the process...

LANDIS  
Trevor, get the syringe!

KELSEY  
Help! Helllllp!

She kicks and flails, but Landis holds on for all he's worth.

Trevor searches the ground for the needle. Finds it.

TREVOR

Hold her. Hold her still goddamnit!

Landis puts her in the full nelson.

Trevor grabs her arms, sticks it as close as he can to the vein and depresses the plunger.

The struggling stops. Kelsey's legs go weak. Her eyes roll back in her head, taking on the foreign substance...

TREVOR

Put her back in. Where'd the fuck  
she get that? Fuckin' bitch...

Trevor wipes blood from his brow as Landis drags her down into the cellar. We now see two metal brackets that once held the SHELF she used as a weapon.

As soon as Landis is out, Trevor clips the LOCK on the door. They share a look...

#### **INT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Anderson's bachelor pad is cramped. Barely lived in.

He hurries through the door, still in his police uniform.

Beelines for the couch. Sits. Digs into a hollow pocket of the couch arm. Produces a purple CROWN ROYAL BAG.

He dumps the contents onto his coffee table -- syringe, lighter, spoon, band, meth -- just like Landis' except for a few balls of cotton.

Anderson unrolls his eight ball. Places a small piece in his spoon. Grabs the bottled water on his end table and pours a tiny bit. Heats it up with the lighter...

He rolls his hands over the top of each other, anxious. Knee jackhammers up and down. Eye brow itches.

Done. Pulls the heat off.

Tosses a cotton ball in, letting it soak up. Then he places the needle in the cotton and sucks up as much as he can.

He ties the tourniquet. Finds a good vein. Makes sure there's no air in the syringe and sticks himself.

He pulls the plunger back to flag -- but no blood taints the syringe.

ANDERSON

Shit.

He pulls it out. Tries again. This time, the syringe fills with blood.

He unties the band with his teeth. Then depresses the plunger all the way...

Instead of feeling full on ecstasy, his face turns PALE --

-- He begins to DRY HEAVE, over and over.

Anderson rushes out his front door onto the porch.

He doubles over, RETCHING like a dog about to vomit -- and he does...

**EXT. STORM CELLAR - MORNING**

The next morning...

Trevor and Landis carry a box of supply towards the woods. Landis stops at the cellar.

LANDIS

Should we check on her?

TREVOR

Let's give her another hit.

Trevor unlocks the door but steps back immediately -- until he sees Kelsey lying half naked at the bottom of the cellar.

TREVOR

I may need some help.

Trevor uncaps a syringe.

TREVOR

Hey, wake up.

Kelsey doesn't move.

He eases down the steps, cautious. Sees her eyes are OPEN -- staring at him.

TREVOR

You hear me?

Then he notices a spot of VOMIT on her clothes... He hurries over to find her mouth full and her eyes GLAZED.

TREVOR  
Landis...

Landis hurries down the stairs to see Kelsey's still body.

LANDIS  
No, no. Fuck!

Landis kicks and punches the cinder block wall.

LANDIS  
Fuckin' fuck!

Trevor leans over Kelsey's frame. JAMS the syringe he has in her arm and shoots it in.

TREVOR  
Get her out of here.

Landis bends down and muscles her up. The last thing we see is her head fall back, lifeless.

# **INT. CHEVY S10 - DAY**

Bo drives through town on his way to the police station.

He STOMPS on the brake when he sees a swarm of POLICE at the DISCOUNT DRUG.

Whips into the lot.

# **EXT. DISCOUNT DRUG - DAY**

Police have the back half of the property taped off. Roger talks to Darren off to the side.

While no one is paying attention, Bo slips under the tape. Spies Anderson coming out of the store...

BO  
Nick?

Anderson can't hide his disdain -- and he looks like hell.

ANDERSON  
Not a good time, Bo.

BO  
What happened?

ANDERSON  
Robbery.

BO  
Doesn't look like it. You think  
they had a key?

ANDERSON  
Look, I can't be talkin' to you  
right now.

BO  
My sister's keys were missing from  
the truck. Someone took them -- and  
her. I gotta find her.

ROGER (O.S.)  
Anderson! Getchur ass over here.

Anderson rubs his hung over eyes.

ANDERSON  
I'll file a report when I get back.

BO  
But then what? Hey!

But Anderson ignores him and it pisses Bo off...

**EXT. YOLANDA'S TRAILER - DAY**

Bo knocks on the front door. Yolanda, the cashier from  
Discount Drug answers.

BO  
Have you seen Kelsey?

She shakes her head no.

**EXT. MALLORY'S HOUSE - DAY**

Bo talks to MALLORY, early 20s, looks like Kelsey, on her  
porch.

BO  
You talked to Kelsey?

MALLORY  
Not in a couple weeks, why?

**INT. CHEVY S10 - DAY**

Bo creeps down a country road when his truck loses power and  
begins to coast.

He glances at the gas gauge to see it's past EMPTY...

BO

Shit.

He pulls out his cell phone. Dials.

FEMALE VOICE

You have three minutes remaining.

It rings and rings. Voice mail.

Bo gets out and locks the doors. Begins to walk...

**EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - DAY**

Bo walks up the drive to see two police cars outside.

Roger gets out of the first car, followed by Anderson.

ROGER

You Bo Gentry?

Bo nods.

ROGER

I need you to come with me.

BO

For what?

ROGER

We believe we found your sister.

BO

Where is she?

ROGER

I'll explain, but I just need you  
to come with me, son.

Bo glances at Anderson who remains blank faced, letting Roger handle this.

**INT. OWSLEY COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY**

Roger leads Bo down a series of hallways. Anderson keeps his distance behind them.

They enter two sets of double doors...

**INT. MORGUE - DAY**

The two men step back, letting Bo take in the room.

Bleach white tiles. A metal freezer for bodies. In the center is a medical table. There's a body covered in a sheet.

BO  
What is this?

ROGER  
We need you to identify your  
sister's body.

BO  
That ain't her.

ROGER  
We just need you to take a quick  
look.

BO  
It ain't her and I ain't fuckin'  
lookin!

ANDERSON  
Bo, calm down.

BO  
You bring me here and you tell me  
my sister's dead and you want me to  
look at her!?

ROGER  
Look here son, if you can't tell us  
who it is, then that delays our  
investigation. Every second we  
waste here arguing is precious. You  
get what I'm saying?

Roger stares Bo down with that mean look.

ANDERSON  
Just a quick look.

Anderson moves around to the table. Bo takes a step closer,  
but is afraid to get too close.

Anderson rips back the sheet quickly --

-- and there she is. Her angelic face now covered with dried  
vomit and mud. Glossy eyes. Misery frozen on her expression.

Bo THROWS UP all over the white floor, scaring everyone.

Anderson pulls the sheet back down. Choking back his own emotions.

Bo is doubled over, catching his breath. And then he just breaks down, SOBBING.

Roger and Anderson trade a solemn look -- this is the shittiest part of their job by a mile...

**INT. ANDERSON'S PATROL CAR - DAY**

Anderson pulls in front of Bo's trailer.

Bo is quiet. His eyes are bloodshot from crying. Cheeks splotchy and raw.

ANDERSON

We're trying to locate your dad's sister in Arkansas to see if she's in a position to take you... We're gonna find out who did this. It's a small town, so something will turn up... Call me if you need anything, okay?

Bo slams the door and walks away...

**INT. GENTRY TRAILER - BO'S PARENTS' BEDROOM - DAY**

A bedroom frozen in time. Untouched as if neither are gone. We note the SAFE in the corner.

Bo cautiously moves around to the bed. Reaches underneath until he has something -- a mason jar full of MOONSHINE.

He doesn't wait. Unscrews the lid and drinks it like it's water...

**EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - NIGHT**

The moonshine is half gone. Bo is on his porch, smoking, and blaring *George Jones' He Stopped Loving Her Today*.

He sees an empty flower pot full of old cigarette butts. Rears back and BOOTS it off the porch.

**INT. DIXON TRAILER - HALEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Haley is lying in bed, reading *Gone Girl* by Gillian Flynn.

She can hear the music coming through her window so she peeks out to see Bo kicking shit off his porch, until he misses, and falls on his ass.

He gets up pissed and begins kicking the rails on the front porch. They sway, threatening to fall off.

Haley slips on her shoes.

**EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - NIGHT**

Bo is now VIOLENTLY SHAKING the front rails back and forth as Haley comes around her trailer.

BO  
Motherfucker. Goddamn it. Come off.

The last nail finally gives. The rail DROPS, pulling Bo off the deck with it.

Haley runs for him as he CRASHES to the ground. He groans.

HALEY  
You okay?

And what he does next surprises both of them -- He rises to his feet and PULLS her into a hug...

...And then he just starts to cry on her shoulder.

BO  
She's dead. She's dead...

Haley strokes his back and his hair as he sobs because she doesn't know what else to do.

**INT. GENTRY TRAILER - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Bo is passed out cold on the couch. Haley places a trash can next to his head.

It's quiet with only crickets chirping around the trailer.

She heads into the --

**KITCHEN**

Opens the fridge. It's literally empty except for a carton of eggs, Great Value ketchup, and mustard.

**KELSEY'S ROOM**

Haley pushes the door open. It's bare, but neat.

She notices some pictures stuck into the mirror frame on the dresser. Takes a closer look.

- 1) Bo's freshman school photo. He's not smiling.
- 2) A grainy photo of Bo, Kelsey, and their parents when they were little.
- 3) Their father, WILL GENTRY, in a hard hat, covered in soot outside the mine.
- 4) A postcard from New York.

Haley notices the NY skyline. Almost identical to the one she was drawing earlier.

She picks it up as a NEWSPAPER CLIPPING falls out behind it.

Haley unfolds it to see: MINING INCIDENT KILLS 3, INJURES 1

Below it is a picture of someone being hauled out on a stretcher, a splintered beam protruding from his midsection.

In the caption: *"Trevor Burke, 29, of Booneville, rescued from the rubble of the collapsed mine."*

Haley tucks it back in the mirror with the postcard over it.

THE NEXT MORNING

Haley answers Bo's door to find Officer Anderson waiting.

ANDERSON

Hi. Is Bo here?

She opens up the door further to reveal a hung over Bo, still on the couch. He motions Anderson to come in.

ANDERSON

They did an autopsy. Kelsey overdosed on methamphetamines.

BO

She didn't do drugs.

ANDERSON

I know. We're going to concentrate our search on known meth cooks and dealers to see if anything turns up... We sent her body to the funeral home and they'll be contacting you soon. I just wanted to let you know.

BO

You didn't find nothin' else?

ANDERSON

She...

Anderson contemplates telling him this.

BO

What?

ANDERSON

She was sexually assaulted... They haven't found any DNA evidence yet.

The fire in Bo's eyes ignite. His jaw clenches together so he says nothing.

ANDERSON

I want you to promise me you'll stay out of this. Let us handle it, okay? Call me if you need anything...

Anderson steps out.

BEAT.

Bo looks up at Haley --

BO

I need'ta borrow your van...

**INT. DIXON VAN - DAY**

The van is parked in a driveway across from another house where we see Anderson's PATROL CAR.

He's outside talking to a wispy thin METH HEAD, 40s.

Anderson nods and heads back for his car. Bo ducks out of sight as he pulls past him.

Then begins to follow at a safe distance...

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAY**

Bo keeps Anderson's car in his sight as he follows. He drives almost in a trance.

He almost doesn't notice Anderson stop the car in the middle of the asphalt...

When he does, he VEERS off onto a narrow dirt road just as Anderson's car makes a right down a driveway.

Bo parks the van off the path. Treks up the ditch along the woods to get a better view.

**EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - DAY**

Trevor and Landis emerge from the woods where the barn is, each carrying a bag.

Anderson's car creeps up the drive.

LANDIS  
Drop em' here.

They drop the bags in the foliage.

On the right side of the property, we see Bo tiptoeing through the wood line. He hunkers down behind a big oak.

TREVOR  
(calls out)  
You already shot that eight up?

Bo furrows his brow...

Anderson says nothing as he approaches.

ANDERSON  
You two seen Kelsey Gentry in the last forty eight hours?

TREVOR  
You know I ain't got nothin' for them Gentrys, Nick.

ANDERSON  
Right, well we found her body in a ditch, couple miles from here. OD'd on meth so we're looking into it.

TREVOR  
Sounds like a terrible accident.

ANDERSON  
Minus the part where she was found  
half naked in a ditch.

TREVOR  
I think we've all done some crazy  
shit on a high. I'm sure you can  
relate...

Anderson stares him down.

ANDERSON  
Mind if I look around?

TREVOR  
Well, if you got a warrant....

Anderson nods. Heads back for his car.

ANDERSON  
I'll see you guys soon.

#### **INT. ANDERSON'S PATROL CAR - DAY**

He drives back down the road when something catches his eye --  
the VAN parked on the side of the intersecting road,  
abandoned.

#### **IN THE WOODS**

Bo halts to a stop as he spots Anderson leaning out his  
window, looking closely.

BEAT.

Anderson drives off.

Bo pulls out his cell, dials.

BO  
Hey, it's me. Can you meet me at my  
house?

#### **EXT. DIXON TRAILER - DAY**

Chase is waiting on Bo when he pulls up.

#### **HALEY'S ROOM**

A car door slams. Haley sees Bo climb in Chase's truck.

She tries to keep reading, but her curiosity is piqued.

**INT. CHASE'S TRUCK - DAY**

Bo directs Chase to park on the dirt road where he was earlier.

CHASE  
Dad heard there were two guys on the surveillance camera from the store... You think it's them?

BO  
Maybe.

CHASE  
You talked to Officer Anderson yet?

BO  
I dunno if I can trust him anymore.

CHASE  
Why?

BO  
I think they're his dealers.

CHASE  
I thought I heard a rumor last year that he used to use. Kinda would make sense. He always looks like he's one bad day away from turning a gun on himself...

BO  
He was always messed up when Kelsey was seein' him... It's through here.

The boys get out of the truck, and trek into the woods.

**EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Another fire's been built, but only Trevor and Landis hang around, drinking and smoking

Trevor pops some stolen pain pills from his pocket. Downs them with a beer.

**IN THE WOODS**

Bo and Chase are staked out, waiting to make a move. Bo breaks a twig into even pieces, keeping his hands busy.

CHASE  
Shawna told me she's pregnant today.

BEAT.

BO  
What're you gonna do?

CHASE  
Dunno yet. My parents are gonna flip their shit... I'm 'posta go to college and all that stuff.

BO  
Thought your dad said he could get you on at the mine.

CHASE  
Well he could, but I was only thinkin' bout it cuz Shawna wanted me to stay... I kinda wanted to get out of here for a bit. See what's out there, ya know? Guess I'll have to now.

Bo grimaces.

CHASE  
Look, they're moving.

The boys peer through the darkness to see Landis and Trevor grabbing some stuff and heading to the back of the property.

CHASE  
Where're they goin'?

BO  
I dunno.

CHASE  
We can split up. I wanna know what they're doing.

BO  
I'll check around the house. Call me if they come back this way.

The boys take off in different directions.

**INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Bo slips inside the filthy house. He sees half eaten bags of chips, dirty clothes, dishes, and beer cans lying around.

He shifts around carefully, trying not to move anything out of place.

**LANDIS' BEDROOM**

First thing Bo notices is the RIFLE leaning between the bed and wall...

Then he spots the pile of bills on the dresser. Beside them, the prescription pill bottles.

Bo examines them...

**EXT. OLD BARN - NIGHT**

Chase is circling the barn, looking for a window or opening.

He finally sees a piece of tin that is TORN BACK. Dives in the grass and army crawls up to the hole...

**INSIDE**

Landis and Trevor are prepping their cook. Glassware, tubes, cold medicine pills, etc are scattered about on the tables and floor.

Chase watches in amazement as they begin to prep.

**EXT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Bo checks his phone, but nothing.

He circles the back of the house. Sees the storm cellar doors WIDE OPEN.

He descends down the stairs.

**INT. STORM CELLAR - NIGHT**

It's pitch black. He uses what little light his phone will produce to look around.

In the back where the wrinkled sleeping bag seems out of place, Bo kneels to find DRIED VOMIT CHUNKS...

**INT. OLD BARN - NIGHT**

Trevor and Landis are about to begin the cook process when a PHONE BLARES out of nowhere.

They look at each other.

LANDIS  
Get your phone.

TREVOR  
I didn't bring mine.

That's when they see movement. Chase pops up on his feet and takes off.

Landis runs for the barn doors, throwing them open. They see the back of Chase's head, running towards the trees.

TREVOR  
You know I can't fuckin' run.

Landis SPRINTS after him, with Trevor limp jogging behind.

**INT. STORM CELLAR - NIGHT**

Bo raises his phone up to the concrete walls, where he sees two round BLOOD spots, like fingerprints.

Then the sound of LEAVES and rustled forest debris catch his attention...

It turns to FOOTSTEPS. Over the gravel, then quiet again when they hit the grass.

Bo freezes. Unsure what to do. He waits in the darkness.

**INTERCUT BETWEEN BO, LANDIS, AND TREVOR**

Landis bursts from the forest. He doubles over, trying to catch his breath.

He watches Chase run into the other wood line to his left.

Landis makes a move for the Dodge which is only a short distance away.

He cranks it up. Gases it to the back tree line.

LANDIS  
Trevor, let's go!

Trevor comes hobbling out of the woods. Jumps into the truck.

Bo listens to all of this from below -- he hears the sound of gravel being tossed up and the roar of the Hemi as it hauls ass out of there.

**EXT. WOODS - NIGHT**

Bo is sprinting through the woods. Ducking, leaping, and dodging anything in his way.

He emerges on the other side, but Chase's truck is GONE.

Bo dials Chase's number, but no answer.

BO

Shit.

He looks down the long road ahead of him. Dials again.

BO

It's me. Think you could pick me up? County Road seventeen. I'll meetcha at the old church.

As soon as he hangs up, his phone rings, but it's SHAWNA.

BO

Hello?

SHAWNA (V.O.)

You got a minute?

BO

Not really --

SHAWNA (V.O.)

-- I'm pregnant.

BO

Chase told me.

SHAWNA (V.O.)

It might be yours...

Silence on both ends.

SHAWNA (V.O.)

I've gotta tell Chase.

BO

Don't.

SHAWNA (V.O.)

Bo I --

BO  
-- Listen to me, you can't.

SHAWNA (V.O.)  
It's killing me to lie to him.

BO  
Yeah, well you didn't seem to care  
when we were fuckin' --

CLICK. She hangs up on him.

BO  
Bitch...

**EXT. OLD CHURCH - NIGHT**

Bo sits on the front steps of an abandoned church as Haley's van pulls in.

**INT. DIXON VAN - NIGHT**

Haley glances over at Bo every few seconds as she drives.

HALEY  
Do I even wanna know why you're way  
out here?

BO  
Chase left me.

HALEY  
You two are the worst best friends  
ever.

They pull into the trailer park.

Bo's eyes widen when he sees Chase's truck in his drive, and Chase pacing on the porch.

HALEY  
Looks like he made it here without  
you.

Chase CHARGES Bo as soon as he gets out of the van.

CHASE  
You motherfucker. I swear to God  
I'm gonna kill you!

Chase SPEARS Bo, lifting him off the ground. He SLAMS Bo onto the gravel.

It takes Haley a second for her brain to register what she just saw.

She hurries out of the van as Chase WAYLAYS Bo over and over. And it's unclear if Bo is letting him for a moment...

Chase grabs Bo by the shirt and SHAKES him.

CHASE

I loved her! You knew I loved her!

WHAM! Bo gets a punch to the jaw, knocking Chase off.

Bo scrambles to his feet.

HALEY

Bo! Stop!

Neither listen.

Chase swings wildly, misses. Bo CLOCKS him in the cheek.

Haley grits her teeth and JUMPS in between them just as Bo is about to throw another punch.

When he sees her face, he shuts it down.

CHASE

What, you got your girl fighting your fights now? You fuckin' her too? Maybe I should fuck her and we can call it even.

BO

Shut the fuck up.

HALEY

Stop it! Now!

They circle Haley as she fights to keep between them.

CHASE

How long Bo? Weeks? Months? Jesus Christ... You're a sorry sack of dog shit, just like your dad. Can't believe I was ever friends with someone like you.

Bo stops moving, he just stares at Chase, who is balling his fist up over and over...

BO

You should thank me. I did you a favor!

CHASE

Thank you? God, you're fuckin' insane.

BO

I saved you. Now you can run off to college with your money and nice clothes... But I'm stuck here Chase, no matter what. I ain't gettin' out of Owsley County. I'll die here. You know that, and I know that. So go cry about your slutty girlfriend somewhere else because at the end of the day, it don't really matter...

CHASE

You know what doesn't matter? You. I'm done.

BO

Then get off my fuckin' property.

Bo walks right past him, up his stairs, and into his trailer.

Chase wipes the blood from his nose. Looks at Haley who can only stand there, stunned as she watches Chase leave.

Across the road is Trevor's --

#### **DODGE RAM**

Trevor and Landis watch Chase head for his truck.

TREVOR

That little shit is in on it with that Gentry boy. Follow him.

LANDIS

Why, what're you gonna do?

TREVOR

Might as well take out the rest of the family while we're at it.

LANDIS

We're already pushin' our luck. Anderson's already sniffin' around.

TREVOR

If you're gonna bitch about it then get out.

Landis looks at him, what?

TREVOR  
Get out of my fuckin' truck and let  
me drive.

Landis stares Trevor down. He could snap him in half if he wanted, but he just opens the door and jumps out.

Trevor slides over into the driver's seat. Rips the gear in drive as he follows Chase's truck out and leaves Landis standing in the ditch...

**INT. GENTRY TRAILER - BO'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Bo KICKS his box fan over.

Rears back and PUNCHES the thin door, putting a hole all the way through both sides.

Haley peers into his room from the hallway.

HALEY  
You wanna talk?

BO  
Go away.

HALEY  
It'd probably help if you talk --

BO  
-- No, it won't. I don't wanna  
listen to your bullshit advice, so  
get the fuck out of my trailer.

Haley won't move. It pisses Bo off.

He picks up the HARRY POTTER BOOK she gave him from his closet and CHUCKS it through his window, shattering it.

Haley jolts, startled.

BO  
Get. The. Fuck. Out.

She holds back the tears welling up.

Bo's expression gives an inch, but he doesn't want her to see that weakness...

She slowly backs out of the hallway.

When he hears the screen door shut, Bo plops on his couch. Reaches under to find the other half of his moonshine.

He takes in a mouthful. Swashes. Letting it burn...

THE NEXT MORNING

Bo makes the last two scrambled eggs on the hot plate. He's dragging, half asleep until --

-- an EAR PIERCING SCREAM jolts him.

**EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - DAY**

Bo comes running out his front door, only to stop dead in his tracks...

His NEIGHBORS are standing outside their trailers, staring towards the end of the property where a BODY sways from an old sweet gum tree.

Chase HANGS by his neck, several feet off the ground.

Haley pushes past the crowd. Her jaw drops...

**INT. OWSLEY COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - INTERROGATION - DAY**

Roger leans forward across the metal table, inspecting Bo's battered face. His lip is split. Left eye a shade of yellow and blue.

Anderson is in the corner, just observing...

ROGER

He was in your yard.

Bo looks away.

ROGER

You don't know what happened after the fight?

BO

No, I don't. I went to bed.

ROGER

But there was a fight?

Bo doesn't answer because Roger already knows the answer.

ROGER  
So who would want a sixteen year  
old kid dead?

Bo glances at Anderson, but Anderson looks away.

BO  
I dunno.

ROGER  
You don't look too upset...

Bo grits his teeth at that comment.

Roger leans back. Checks his watch. Scoots his chair back.

Anderson scoops up Bo and escorts him out.

**INT. ANDERSON'S PATROL CAR - DAY**

Bo rubs his swollen lip as he stares out the window.

BO  
Where we goin'?

ANDERSON  
Funeral home. They've been looking  
for you.

BO  
I followed you. Saw you talkin' to  
them two guys...

ANDERSON  
I told you to stay out of this.  
These cooks and dealers are  
dangerous.

BO  
Then why don't you arrest them? Or  
are they your friends?

Anderson grimaces.

ANDERSON  
Because, it's not that simple.

BO  
Yeah, well, tell that to my sister  
n' best friend...

**INT. LATIMER FUNERAL HOME - OFFICE - DAY**

Bo walks into the red carpeted funeral home.

He's greeted by HOWARD LATIMER, 50s, eccentric but gentle, who leads him into his office.

LATIMER

I'm sorry to hear about your sister... I assume you're ready to make arrangements?

BO

My parents are already buried at Belleville.

LATIMER

So a traditional burial?

Latimer hands him a grid with various packages, prices, depending on what you want. But all Bo can see is the PRICE.

LATIMER

Bare minimum for a casket burial is going to run around \$3000, depending on the headstone, casket, and so on.

BO

I don't have that kind of money.

LATIMER

Maybe we can opt for cremation. A lot of folks are switching these days.

BO

My sister is better than a pile of ashes... How long would I have to pay?

LATIMER

If you decide to do the burial, we can prep the body today and have her ready for the fifth. We need a down payment of \$500 and the rest can be paid in installments.

Bo runs his hands through his greasy hair.

LATIMER

Let's see what we can do here.

He begins pounding on his calculator.

LATIMER  
Plot, casket, headstone, just name  
and dates okay? Then cemetery  
labor. Did you want to hold  
services? It'll cost more?

He shakes his head no.

LATIMER  
I'll cut you a deal at \$2600  
even... Now, do you have a nice  
dress? For your sister? To bury her  
in?

Bo just nods.

LATIMER  
Alright, let's go look at caskets  
then...

Off his overwhelmed look.

**EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY**

Tomcat and Bo stare at his Ford pickup.

BO  
How much for the truck?

TOMCAT  
Eh. No one wants a truck that don't  
run. I'll take the motor off your  
hands. Four fifty?

BO  
I need more.

TOMCAT  
We can scrap the shell. That'll  
bring around four extra.

BO  
Crush it?

TOMCAT  
Yep. In ole Bertha.

Tomcat points to his heavy duty metal crushing machine. Bo  
paces, not sure.

TOMCAT  
Yer daddy would understand.

BO  
I promised him...

TOMCAT  
Life's about making sacrifices kid.

BEAT.

BO  
Nine fifty?

Tomcat holds out his wrinkled hand.

**EXT. DEERWOOD ESTATES - DAY**

Bo is at the entrance of the trailer park. He's standing in front of the S10 as a BUYER, 40s, blue collar, looks it over.

BUYER  
Eighteen hundred?

Bo nods. The Buyer pulls out a envelope of cash.

BUYER  
It's all there... Keys?

BO  
Can you drop me off at the store?

Buyer nods, so Bo hands him the keys.

**EXT. GROCERY STORE - DAY**

Bo emerges with a few sacks of grocery, when he spots Trevor's Dodge a few rows over.

He circles around the back...

**INT. DODGE RAM - DAY**

Trevor and Landis smoke and sip Mountain Dews as they watch people filter in and out of the store.

TREVOR  
You heard anything else?

LANDIS  
Not yet. You think they'll think it was him?

Trevor shrugs.

TREVOR

But I'm startin' to thank we made a mistake... We shoulda kept the girl around. That was the best pussy I've had in a long time. I kinda like when they put up a fight...

Landis stares past Trevor as Bo comes into view.

BO

What the fuck did you say?

TREVOR

What the --

WHAM! Bo nails him through the window right in the nose.

TREVOR

Motherfucker.

Trevor tries to open the door, but it's locked. Between him and Landis both trying to unlock it, they keep locking on one another as Bo just WAILS on him through the window.

BO

Sonuvabitch, I'll kill you!

We see ZACH coming out of the grocery store, carrying his briefcase. He sees Bo stuck halfway in the window of the truck and runs for him.

Trevor finally manages to get out on his side, but Zach beats him to Bo.

Zach pulls Bo away, barely able to restrain him.

ZACH

Hey, calm down.

Trevor wipes blood from his lip.

BO

I'll kill you, motherfucker! Let go!

TREVOR

You think you're the first Gentry that's tried to kill me?

Trevor lifts up his shirt and shows them the nasty scar.

TREVOR

Your daddy couldn't do it, and neither can you.

Zach DRAGS Bo back, away from them.

TREVOR  
You best be careful. Might end up  
in a tree somewhere...

BO  
Let go! Let me go! Just -- let me  
go.

Zach puts him in a rear choke hold to keep him down as the  
Dodge burns tires. Leaving tire marks in the lot.

Bo drops to his knees, huffing mad...

**INT. ZACH'S COMPANY CAR - DAY**

They're in Bo's driveway.

ZACH  
Why didn't you call me? I had to  
read it in a newspaper...

BO  
You didn't know her.

ZACH  
So that means I can't care?

Bo reaches for the door.

ZACH  
Here, I've been meaning to give you  
something --

BO  
-- Just fuck off, okay?

Zach sighs loudly as Bo hurries away.

**INT. DIXON TRAILER - KITCHEN - DAY**

Haley washes dishes. Sees Bo carrying bags to his trailer.

HALEY  
Mom, can Bo come to get fireworks  
today?

Mrs. Dixon rocks in her chair, crocheting.

MRS. DIXON

I don't see why you're so interested in that boy's life. Seems like nothing but bad things happen when he's around... Don't get yourself caught up in any of that.

Haley cuts off the water.

**INT. GENTRY TRAILER - DAY**

The screen door CREAKS open as Haley slips in.

**KELSEY'S ROOM**

Haley peeks in to see Bo, staring at THREE DRESSES that he's laid out on Kelsey's bed.

HALEY

I like the blue one.

Bo whips around, startled.

BO

If you're looking for an apology, I ain't got it.

HALEY

I was gonna see if you wanted to go get fireworks with us?

BO

I'm good...

He turns back to the dresses.

HALEY

Why do you keep pushing me away?

BO

Why do you keep tryin' to be nice to me?

HALEY

Because I like you. I think you're a good person, deep down.

BO

Yeah well, you're wrong.

HALEY

Is that what it is? You've started believing everyone else around you?

BO

Dad used to say, "If it looks like shit n' smells like shit, chances are, it's shit."

Bo holds his arms out, presenting himself as shit.

HALEY

Yeah, and he's dead so it doesn't really matter what he says, now does it?

Bo smirks at her -- incredulously.

HALEY

I think you think you don't deserve good things to happen to you. That you aren't meant to be happy or have anything good come out of this life... You're not the only one with problems, Bo, so quit having a fuckin' pity party and do something about it... We're leaving in ten minutes.

She storms out, leaving Bo to stand there and think about what she said...

**EXT. DIXON VAN - DAY**

Haley pushes her dad's wheelchair up the ramp. She struggles to get it over that last hump.

Bo steps in. Muscles him up and in.

Haley takes the BLUE DRESS from Bo's hand. Hangs it on a hook inside the van.

HALEY

You can ride up front.

**EXT. FIREWORKS STAND - DAY**

A sprawling tent on the side of the road, packed with every kind of firework you can imagine.

Bo follows Haley through the aisle as she browses and searches.

She stops at a section with the expensive fireworks. The really big ones that you set off last.

MRS. DIXON  
Haley, y'all come on, I got it.

Mrs. Dixon holds up a cheap pre packaged set of fireworks up at the counter.

Haley looks longingly at a tall box labeled KING ARTHUR.

BO  
Which one you want? This one?

He picks up the King Arthur.

HALEY  
It's too expensive.

BO  
I got it.

Bo heads for the counter. The WORKER rings him up.

WORKER  
Forty six, forty.

Bo pulls out his roll of hundreds. Hands him one.

**INT. DIXON VAN - DAY**

Haley sits in the back, with King Arthur between her feet.

They ease through town, bustling with people on the Fourth.

BO  
Mrs. Dixon, can we stop at the funeral home?

MRS. DIXON  
Sure sweetie.

She takes a left at the light.

**EXT. DIXON TRAILER - DAY**

Bo quickly skims the money he has left. Roughly sixty dollars, give or take.

MRS. DIXON  
We're gonna prep dinner and eat  
before the fireworks if you wanna  
join, Bo?

Mrs. Dixon looks at him so sincerely, without pity.

Bo just nods...

**EXT. DIXON TRAILER - NIGHT**

The sun has just set in eastern Kentucky. Faint sounds of firecrackers popping reverberate around the trailer park and beyond.

Mrs. Dixon wheels her husband out onto the front deck so he can watch the little show.

Haley and Bo lay out their fireworks to see what's first...

She grabs the sparklers.

HALEY  
These are my favorite.

Haley sparks up a lighter, catching the paper end on fire. Soon enough it sparks and she rushes over to give to her dad.

Mrs. Dixon takes it and places it in his fingers. He grips it tight as it fizzles and sparks...

Haley lights two more.

HALEY  
Spell something.

She begins to wave her sparkler in the air, letting the smoke take shape into connected letters, ending it with a heart...

LATER

Bo touches the light pump to a WHISTLER BOTTLE ROCKET in his other hand. He waits for the fuse to disappear inside the paper -- then he TOSSES it up into the air.

It SCREAMS and WHISTLES as it shoots high into the sky, before POPPING loudly.

BO  
See, easy.

Haley grabs one. Her hand shakes as she lights the fuse.

She SQUEALS, tossing it way too early.

It lands in the grass a few feet in front of them.

BO  
Oh shit.

The bottle rocket SHOOTS right towards them. Bursting.

Haley howls in laughter. Bo laughs too, but it's mostly because of her...

LATER

All the fireworks have been popped. It's time for the finale.

Haley positions King Arthur in the rocky driveway.

Mrs. Dixon watch from the porch. Bo stares up into the sky, lost in his thoughts.

HALEY  
Bo, come help.

He snaps out of it.

BO  
You got it.

HALEY  
I want you to do it with me.

He can't resist that face so he grabs his pump. Kneels down beside her.

HALEY  
Here, let's put them together and light it.

She notices Bo just staring at her...

HALEY  
What?

He locks eyes with her, solemn.

BO  
Will you come to my sister's funeral with me?

Haley gives a small smile. Of course.

HALEY  
On three? One. Two --

They put their pumps together on the large fuse. It catches and they run.

A few moments later -- Streams shoot high into the air, bursting with colors and crackling as they rain to the ground.

They reach high enough for the entire trailer park to see.

The colors dance off Bo's face as he watches in amazement.

He looks over at Haley who is in awe of such a beautiful thing -- and he couldn't agree more...

**EXT. BELLEVILLE CEMETERY - DAY**

There's no tent, no chairs, no people -- just Bo and Haley.

He stands beside the cheap ugly 70s wood grained casket. Sweating through his stained white button up.

The casket begins to slowly lower into the dirt...

Haley reaches out and pulls his wrist from his pocket -- holds his hand.

The casket disappears from sight so the GRAVE DIGGER begins to shovel dirt on top.

LATER

Bo now stands between the rows of graves. He's at the foot of the fresh mound of dirt.

The small headstone reads: GENTRY in giant letters. And below it is Kelsey's name with her birth and death date.

Bo glances to his right to see another headstone that also says GENTRY, for William and Carolyn.

Old plastic flowers sit on their grave. The dye washed out by rain years ago.

Bo finally looks up at Haley... He doesn't even have to say anything, she knows he needs a minute alone.

Bo kneels down next to the dirt. Takes a little in his hand, then lets it sift through his calloused fingers.

BO  
I'm sorry...

He rolls over to the empty plot next to Kelsey's. Lies back in the grass, crossing his hands over his chest.

Closes his eyes...

And we pull up to see the row of Gentry headstones.

We know, and Bo knows, this is where he'll eventually end up...

**INT. OWSLEY COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - DAY**

Anderson sits at his desk, reading through some files.

A YOUNG OFFICER, 20s, stops by. Drops off a VHS tape.

YOUNG OFFICER  
The bank let me look through their  
surveillance videos from that  
night... See if you think it's  
worth looking into.

Anderson picks up the tape...

**INT. GENTRY TRAILER - BO'S PARENT'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Bo stands in his parents' bedroom, fumbling through a set of keys.

He finally unlocks the gun safe and waits -- and we realize it's the scene from the opening.

He opens the door. Finds the whiskey. Then the shotgun. Loads it. Grabs the rifle. Bullets.

Then he walks out...

**INT. OWSLEY COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - VIDEO ROOM - DAY**

Anderson leans against the conference table, sipping his coffee as the tape fast forwards through the footage...

He stops when a Dodge pulls into the parking lot, facing away from the camera.

Anderson plays it in real time for a moment, but nothing happens so he taps >> again.

When the truck's lights come on, he hits play again.

Watches the Dodge back out and pull across the highway into the Discount Drug parking lot until it's out of view.

Off his look...

**EXT. GENTRY TRAILER - NIGHT**

Bo sits on his busted porch. Takes a pull from the whiskey.

Next to him lies the RIFLE and SHOTGUN...

Crickets chirp in the tall grass. Moths and mosquitos swarm the light pole next to his trailer -- just another summer night to everyone else.

On the other side of him, we see Haley's shadow moving about in her room -- until the light cuts out...

Bo DOWNS the rest of the whiskey and gets up.

**INT. DIXON TRAILER - HALEY'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Haley settles into bed just as there's a TAP at her window.

She raises her blinds to see Bo. Opens the window for him. Bo climbs in, a little wobbly, but good.

HALEY

What --

He kisses her. Hard. Pushes her back on her bed, kissing her neck. Her shoulder.

HALEY

Bo...

He stops. Looks at her. His eyes are so glassy she can see her own reflection.

BO

I love you.

HALEY

What?

BO

I know you don't love me back and that's okay... It's okay.

She stares at him, so innocent and boyish right now.

She crawls into her bed, pulling him up by the shirt on top of her as they kiss.

LATER

It's after midnight according to the clock on Haley's night stand.

Bo sits at the end of her bed, putting his shirt back on.

He quietly stands up. Grabs the KEYS off her dresser. Leaving Haley fast sleep in bed.

**EXT. DEERWOOD ESTATES - NIGHT**

Bo has the door open to the van. He pushes it in neutral down the main road.

Once he thinks he's out of ear shot, he jumps in and cranks it up.

**INT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - BATHROOM- NIGHT**

Anderson is standing over his toilet. Fiddling with something in his hand -- it's the rest of the eight ball he bought the other day.

He fumbles it and it slips through his fingers into the toilet, but he doesn't try to catch it.

BEAT.

His shaking hand reaches for the handle as it sinks to the bottom.

Then he FLUSHES it.

**EXT. ANDERSON'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Anderson is in regular clothes tonight.

He passes his patrol car and climbs into his Jeep.

**EXT. OLD CHURCH - NIGHT**

Bo parks the van off to the side. Opens up the sliding door and grabs a JUG OF GAS and TWO GUNS...

**INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Trevor restocks the fridge with beer. Landis is reclined on the couch, high on something. Maybe pills.

LANDIS  
Just let it go.

TREVOR  
Can't believe they didn't arrest him... I say we just cut the kid's fuckin' throat in his sleep.

KNOCK. KNOCK.

They both freeze.

LANDIS  
You expectin' somebody?

Trevor pulls a .38 Special REVOLVER from his back waistband. Tiptoes to the door.

TREVOR  
Who is it?

GREG (O.S.)  
It's Greg.

Trevor sighs in relief. Opens the door to see Greg, their friend who Landis beat the shit out of. His face is still bruised. Teeth missing.

GREG  
Hey Trev... Landis.

TREVOR  
Call next time.

GREG  
Heard you guys cooked another batch.

Landis tosses the bag at Trevor. He pulls out an eight ball and exchanges money with Greg.

GREG  
You guys wanna hang tonight?

LANDIS  
Get the fuck outta here, Greg.

Greg backpedals without another word.

**INT. ANDERSON'S JEEP - NIGHT**

Anderson is parked in the field diagonal from Trevor's house. He watches Greg get in his pick up and leave.

Then cracks open a beer. Watches. Waiting.

**EXT. OLD BARN - NIGHT**

Bo carries the gas jug towards the barn.

He checks the large barn door, but it's padlocked, so he goes around -- spots the missing tin that Chase used to look through.

Bo shoves the can through, then climbs inside.

**INSIDE**

Bo begins dousing the meth set up, supplies, floor, and walls in gasoline.

He stops. Grabs a box of MATCHES and pockets them.

**OUTSIDE**

Bo trickles a giant circle around the edges of the barn, before leaving a long trail to safety.

He throws the can towards the barn. Takes a deep breath. Lights a match. Drops it in the grass.

WHOOSH!

The fire eats through the gasoline until it reaches the circle and begins to build a ring of fire.

Bo backs away slowly. Slips over to a bare patch where he's left his guns.

He lies in the grass and waits...

The entire barn is engulfed in flame now, inside and out.

Bo takes in the glorious sight. It's unlike anything he's ever seen. And then --

BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!

A series of chemical explosions ERUPT from inside the barn, sending up the blackest smoke you've ever seen.

Bo carefully picks up his rifle. Peers through the scope, and waits...

**INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Trevor plops on the couch. He picks up a syringe that's already loaded and ready to go.

TREVOR  
How's this batch?

LANDIS  
Haven't tried it.

TREVOR  
You quittin' on me again? Guess  
those meds are workin'.

Then -- a faint boom, boom, boom.

They both jump up.

TREVOR  
What the fuck was that?

LANDIS  
Coming from the field.

They take off running.

**INT. ANDERSON'S JEEP - NIGHT**

Anderson finishes off his first beer when the explosion erupts in the distance.

At first he doesn't move -- could be fireworks.

But then he sees Landis and Trevor sprinting out of the house as a cloud of smoke rises in the distance.

He grabs his service pistol off the seat and follows...

**EXT. OLD BARN - NIGHT**

SCOPE POV: We bounce back and forth across the wood line near Trevor's house.

Two dark figures sprint out of the trees, but it's too dark to see them clearly.

Landis is the first to the barn, and the fire is enough cast a light on him in the CROSSHAIRS.

Bo takes a deep breath. Exhales and squeezes the trigger --  
BOOM.

The bullet BURSTS through Landis' thigh and he goes down instantly.

Trevor, who's behind him, flinches. Giving Bo enough time to rip back the bolt action rifle and reload.

BOOM!

In his gut and out his back.

Trevor drops to his knees. Clamps his fingers over his bleeding stomach -- he collapses.

Bo is now up and running with both guns. He drops the rifle. Raises the shotgun.

Trevor's eyes widen when he sees Bo in the firelight. He fights to reach his back waistband for his .38.

Bo comes up on Landis first as he scoots across the grass. Dragging his injured leg.

Bo moves the shotgun to point blank range.

LANDIS

P - Please. Don't.

BO

Is that what she said to you?

Landis shakes his head, no. His lip quivers as tears pour down his face.

BO

She was a good person. Better than you. Better than me. And she didn't deserve what you did to her...

Landis just cries harder.

LANDIS

I'm sorry. I'm sorry... I'm sick. I need help.

BO  
I want you to say it. Tell me you  
kill't her. Tell me, that you  
murdered my sister...

Landis can't even put words together.

BO  
Say it!

Bo pumps the shotgun. CHK-CHK.

LANDIS  
It was an accident.

BO  
Well this ain't.

BOOM! He BLASTS a shot into Landis' gut. Knocking him  
backwards.

TREVOR (O.S.)  
Gentry!

Bo swings around to see Trevor on his knees, holding his guts  
with one hand, and pointing the blood soaked REVOLVER with  
the other.

LOADED BEAT.

Neither moves.

In the background we see Anderson step around from the tree  
line with his gun drawn.

ANDERSON  
Put the guns down.

They barely acknowledge him. Still locked on one another.

TREVOR  
Yer just like your daddy, ain'tcha  
boy?

Bo readjusts the stock on his shoulder. Stares down the  
barrel. Trevor's arm trembles, making his aim shaky.

TREVOR  
How your sister came from that, is  
a wonder. Mm. Mmm. You know what  
her last words were to me?

Anderson sees the look in Bo's eye. He moves in closer.

ANDERSON

Bo! Don't do it. Put the gun down  
before you do something you'll  
regret...

Trevor smirks.

TREVOR

She said, "Please."

BO

I'll never regret this --

BOOM! BOOM! They shoot at nearly the same time.

Trevor's shot knocks Bo's left shoulder back just before he  
fires -- IN TREVOR'S FACE.

TREVOR'S HEAD PRACTICALLY EXPLODES RIGHT ON THE SPOT.

Bo collapses to the ground from the force of the bullet and  
the shotgun recoil --

Then silence...

It takes Anderson a moment to find his faculties. He rushes  
over to remove the shotgun from Bo's grip.

He stands there holding the gun. A million thoughts running  
through his mind...

He begins searching the grass around nearby. Finds Bo's rifle  
not too far away.

#### **WOODS BEHIND THE BARN**

Anderson finds a shallow ditch and throws both of Bo's guns  
in it before kicking leaves and dirt over them.

#### **INT. TREVOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Inside the house, Anderson rushes out of Trevor's room  
holding a DIFFERENT SHOTGUN.

Then disappears into the Landis' room for a moment. Reappears  
holding another rifle.

#### **EXT. OLD BARN - NIGHT**

Anderson rolls Bo over. He groans in pain from the gunshot to  
his shoulder.

ANDERSON

Bo, listen to me. Can you hear me?

Bo opens his eyes to see Anderson leaning over him.

ANDERSON

When they ask you what happened,  
you're gonna tell them you were  
kidnapped. Okay? Okay?

Then stands up. Dials on his phone --

ANDERSON

This is Officer Nick Anderson. I  
need an ambulance to 224 County  
Road 17. Shots fired.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

**INT. OWSLEY COUNTY SHERIFF'S STATION - INTERROGATION - DAY**

Bo sits at the metal table in an orange jumpsuit, his left  
arm held close to his body -- still healing.

Across from him is his lawyer, JOHN MCKINNEY, 50s, salt and  
peppered, calm.

BO

What's the deal?

MCKINNEY

Involuntary manslaughter, five  
years... Likely looking at half for  
good behavior. Juvenile detention  
center until your eighteen, then  
you'll probably transfer to county  
for a few months.

BO

And if we go to trial?

MCKINNEY

Then you take a big chance. Your  
story against the evidence. But the  
DA's going to leave no stone  
unturned... If they convict you,  
you're looking at twenty five to  
life in state.

BO

Even with Anderson's story?

McKinney shrugs.

MCKINNEY  
Once they dig into his past,  
they'll discredit him real quick...  
That's what I would do.

A moment of silence.

Bo stares at the blank cinder block wall. He rubs his fingers together, thinking.

Finally he looks at his lawyer --

BO  
So what do I do?

McKinney takes a deep breath. Looks Bo up and down -- he's just a poor fifteen year old kid with nothing left.

Then he opens his mouth to speak and we --

CUT TO:

**EXT. LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY - DAY**

SUPER: TWO AND A HALF YEARS LATER

BZZZT.

The gates open to a PRISON --

-- and we see Bo, now 18, walk out.

His hair is buzzed down. Muscles cut. Eyes calmer now that he's a man...

He takes in the dull winter sun. Looks out at the parking lot of cars, not really searching for anyone, but looking anyway.

A police car circles by. Stops in front of him.

The window rolls down, revealing Anderson.

He's clean shaven now. Looking surprisingly younger. Maybe even happy.

ANDERSON  
Need a ride?

Bo doesn't even ask, he just gets in.

**INT. ANDERSON'S PATROL CAR - DAY**

Bo watches an unchanged Kentucky country side fly by out the window as the car zips past the Owsley County sign.

**LATER**

The car cruises through town.

Bo looks around, but absolutely nothing has changed in the last couple of years.

ANDERSON  
Where you wanna go?

BO  
Deerwood Estates.

Anderson grimaces.

**EXT. DEERWOOD ESTATES - DAY**

Bo stands in the middle of an EMPTY field. Nothing but old light poles rooted into the ground.

ANDERSON  
The owner sold out about a year ago.

BO  
You know what happened to our stuff? In the trailer?

ANDERSON  
I think they called your dad's sister, but I dunno if she ever picked it up.

Bo gets back in the car.

**EXT. TALL PINES MOTEL - DAY**

Anderson kills his car in the parking lot.

ANDERSON  
I paid for two weeks 'til you can get your feet back under you. And here...

He hands Bo a hundred dollar bill and a room key -- #12.

ANDERSON  
I know it's not much, but...

BO  
Why are you doing this?

ANDERSON  
There's things you can't understand.

BO  
Like what?

Bo isn't going to leave until he tells him.

ANDERSON  
I've been clean for two and a half years -- ever since that night... Don't take this the wrong way, but I needed something like that. Something to wake me up to the real world again...

Bo nods, gets out.

Anderson's car pulls away. Bo stands there in the parking lot for a moment.

He peers across the street at the only GAS STATION in town...

**EXT. QUICK MART GAS STATION - DAY**

Bo treks across the lot, head down, almost uncomfortable being free.

He glances up to see Shawna, now 19 and modest, walking towards her car at the pump.

In her arms she carries a LITTLE BOY, roughly a year and a half old, who's facing away from us.

BO  
Shawna?

Shawna's smile slowly dissipates when she sees who it is walking towards her.

SHAWNA  
Bo?

BO  
Just got out...

SHAWNA  
How are you? Wow, you look so  
different.

Bo runs his hands through his short hair.

BO  
Cut my hair.

He finds himself staring at the Little Boy.

BO  
Your son?

SHAWNA  
Oh yeah. This is Casen. Say hi  
Casen.

He boy just clings closely to his mother's shoulder.

BO  
Is he --

SHAWNA  
-- He's Chase's... Bitter sweet I  
guess. It really helped his parents  
get through everything. They help  
out a ton so it's been great.

Bo nods.

SHAWNA  
Well look, I gotta get goin'. It  
was good to see you. I'm glad  
you're out now... Casen, say bye  
bye. Bye Bye.

Casen turns and looks right at him with his round HAZEL eyes -  
- almost like Bo's.

Bo just stares as Shawna side steps him to her car.

For a moment, he watches her load the boy into a car seat in  
the back.

And before he leaves, he notices Shawna glance up at him for  
a split second -- maybe to see if he knows...

#### **INT. QUICK MART GAS STATION - DAY**

Bo browses the aisles. Grabs a Mt. Dew and various other  
snacks before he heads up to the counter.

His eyes focus on the rack of CIGARETTES behind the counter.

CASHIER, 40s, scans his items.

CASHIER  
Cigarettes?

Bo breaks his stare.

BO  
Naw, better not.

He throws down the hundred Anderson gave him.

As he's waiting for change, he takes a look around the store.

Then he FREEZES...

Down the hall, pushing a mop bucket is HALEY, 20, wearing a red Quick Mart uniform.

She looks up and sees Bo. Her eyes widen... She drops the mop and runs out the back.

Bo leaves everything on the counter to jog after her.

**EXT. QUICK MART GAS STATION - BACK - DAY**

Haley comes to a stop when she hears Bo burst out the back door.

BO  
Why're you still here?

Haley slowly turns around. Tears trickling down her face.

BO  
You're the one person I didn't wanna see. You're supposta be at college, not here in fuckin' Owsley County, Haley... What happened?

HALEY  
My parents couldn't afford it. Even with the loans...

BO  
But you told me -- You stopped visiting.

HALEY  
I stopped visiting because I knew you'd be mad.

BO  
Mad? I'm not mad. I'm --

HALEY  
-- disappointed?

BO  
No...

It's clear he doesn't know what he is right now.

HALEY  
You were right, this place is quick  
sand...

Her face contorts, about to cry so Bo wraps her in a tight hug -- It's amazing how two years has changed him.

BO  
It's okay... It's gonna be okay.

He pulls her back. Thumbs away her tears.

BO  
Let's go. Let's get out of here.

She furrows her brow, confused.

HALEY  
What?

BO  
We could just go.

HALEY  
Where?

BO  
I dunno. Anywhere. Let's just get  
out of Owsley...

HALEY  
Bo, we have no money, no where to  
go. Nothing...

And that's when he realizes it -- time has turned the  
optimistic girl he knew into a pessimistic woman...

BO  
We'll figure it out. Just come with  
me.

He's almost pleading now.

HALEY  
I can't. I've gotta work.

BO  
Haley --

HALEY  
-- Just come back later, okay? I  
gotta go.

She pulls away.

Bo grasps at her hand, but she slips him, and heads back  
towards the gas station...

He calls out to her --

BO  
I wouldn't miss it...

She slowly turns back -- what?

BO  
The "dance".

She manages a small smile before heading back inside.

And he's left standing there with a million thoughts running  
through his mind...

**EXT. TALL PINES MOTEL - DAY**

Bo sulks across the parking lot. He carries his snacks, plus  
a pack of CIGARETTES.

He slams them against his palm when he hears --

ZACH (O.S.)  
Bo?

Bo sees Zach waiting outside the motel.

BO  
Whatd'ya want?

He slides a cigarette between his lips.

ZACH  
Looking for you.

BO  
How'd you know I was here?

ZACH  
Small town. Can I come in for a  
minute?

Bo keys into room #12. Places the unlit cigarette behind his  
ear.

Zach steps in with his briefcase. Takes a seat at the small  
round table in the corner.

ZACH  
I wouldn't bother you if it wasn't  
important.

BO  
What is it?

ZACH  
It's, uh... You might want to sit  
for this.

BO  
You're fuckin' creepin' me out.

ZACH  
Sorry. Just a second...

Zach is sweating.

He unclasps his briefcase and grabs a manila envelope:  
Printed on the front is: WILLIAM FORREST GENTRY III and  
today's date on it.

BO  
Why's that got my name and today's  
date on it?

ZACH  
It was the date they told me you  
were getting out... That's why I'm  
here.

He slides some papers out.

ZACH  
Okay, so right before your sister  
passed, she purchased some life  
insurance...

That means nothing to Bo at the moment.

ZACH

Bo, you are the sole beneficiary of  
your sister's life insurance  
policy...

BO

I dunno what that means.

ZACH

When your sister passed, she left  
you her policy money... I've been  
holding onto the paperwork. It just  
needs your signature then we can  
issue you the check. So sign here,  
and here.

He hands Bo a pen.

Bo glances over the wordy paperwork, but it's all gibberish  
to him so he scribbles his name illegibly on the lines.

ZACH

Great. Thank you...

Zach pulls out a black white envelope. Only Bo's legal name  
can be seen printed in the clear window. Slides it over.

Bo notices the wedding band on Zach's left hand.

BO

You married now?

ZACH

Yeah. Two years. Got a little girl.  
She's five months. Named her  
Kelsey...

Bo manages a small smile at the sound of that name.

ZACH

I'll get out of your hair now.  
Here's my card just in case you  
have any questions.

Zach stops at the door --

ZACH

I'm glad this worked out for you...

And he's gone.

Bo takes a look at the envelope. Rips it open.

Inside is a CHECK, dated for today, in the amount of \$150,000.

LOADED BEAT.

Bo RUNS --

# **OUTSIDE**

But Zach is already gone.

Bo falls back onto the curb, sitting and staring at the check.

He runs his hands over his shaved head -- holy shit this is real.

He glances across the street to the gas station, where he sees Haley robotically sweeping the sidewalk.

He watches her a moment...

BEAT.

He GRIPS the check tightly in his hand. Stands up --

-- Then starts jogging for her...

THE END