

BREAKFIELD

"Pilot"

written by

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TEASER

EXT. GREENVIEW AIRBASE - EVENING

The Mojave Desert stretching on towards the horizon. A setting sun paints the sky purple, pink, orange - stripes and stripes and stripes.

Dunes ripple. Endless.

Gobbling up a significant swath of this arid real estate is GREENVIEW AIRBASE, a compound of dusty gray buildings that squat awkwardly on the sand. A MILITARY JET ZOOMS in for a landing, tires SQUEALING on the airstrip.

Eyes on the front gate, though, because the barrier is rising to expel a black sedan. The car makes good time down the road, dust spiraling up in its wake.

Behind the sedan's wheel is NATHAN POLLARD (30s), the chiseled kind of handsome, filling his black suit like he was born to do it.

He stares, flat-eyed, towards the horizon. Drives.

EXT. BREAKFIELD - HIGHWAY - EVENING

The "BREAKFIELD, CA" sign gleams in dingy green against the desert.

It promises "**Population: 3,012**". It's exaggerating.

Pollard's car ZOOMS by.

EXT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - SOCCER FIELD - EVENING

The stands are packed with the entirety of Breakfield. It's standing-room only, despite the fact that the rusted metal stairs look about three seconds from collapse.

Notice - in the crowd - more than a few residents look frail, carry OXYGEN TANKS with them. *Dying*.

But it's the soccer field that commands attention.

Packed earth - dead and brown, without a blade of grass. White lines are painted directly onto the dirt.

Welcome to THE PIT.

The Breakfield girl's soccer team warms up on the sidelines, black-and-green uniforms shadowy in the dusk.

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One GIRL slouches on the bench - a concerned parent wrapping an ACE BANDAGE around her ankle. MAURA (17), the team captain, oversees this.

The COACH approaches.

COACH
You haven't seen her?

Terse head-shake from Maura. The coach sighs.

COACH (CONT'D)
Okay. Let's see how this goes.

EXT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

WILL BARRERA (16, sweet) paces outside the field's gates, his phone pressed to his ear.

WILL
(into phone)
Did you say you needed a ride?
'Cuz if I forgot, I'm sorry but -
the game's about to start and -

TWEEEEEE

On the field, the referee's whistle BLARES.

WILL (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Jess, where are you?

Behind him, the crowd CHEERS as the teams run out to take their places.

EXT. BREAKFIELD - HIGHWAY - EVENING

JESS STOKES (16, relentless), wearing a Breakfield soccer uniform, trudges along the side of the highway. Even at this distance, she can hear the ROAR of the crowd.

Her phone BUZZES in her hand. "4 NEW VOICEMAILS"

She FROWNS. Pockets the phone. Hitches her backpack higher onto her shoulder.

HEADLIGHTS slice the growing dusk in front of her. She turns in time to see Pollard's SUV ZOOMING towards her.

A hopeful Jess sticks out her thumb...

But Pollard doesn't so much as tap the breaks as he passes, leaving her scowling at his tail lights.

EXT. BREAKFIELD - HIGHWAY - EVENING - MINUTES LATER

The highway cuts along Breakfield, giving Pollard a cross-section of the town as he passes. Most of the dusty, broken houses are dark.

MOVEMENT in front of one of the homes -

A FAMILY works together to ferry their belongings from the house into a pile in the yard. As Pollard passes, the MOTHER and her SON throw a large TARP over the pile. Fasten it to the ground with camping stakes.

A ramshackle TRAILER is parked in the back yard.

In the cup-holder at Pollard's thigh, his cell phone RINGS. Phone number unlisted.

He doesn't answer.

EXT. BREAKFIELD MINERAL MINE - NIGHT

Pollard pulls to a stop.

The world opens up in front of him.

He's on the lip of a massive OPEN-PIT MINE - a profound cavity blasted into the surface of the desert.

Pollard clammers out of his car and stares over the edge, face still blank.

In a trick of light, the sky is reflected in the bottom of the pit - stars above and stars below. Sump-pumps are audible, draining the water flooding the base of the mine.

In his car, his phone rings again. Unattended.

EXT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT

WHAM.

The game is in full swing. Maura goes in for a SLIDE, HAMMERING the ball away from the Deepcreek MIDFIELDER.

She pushes to her feet - leg scratched to hell. TAKES OFF.

EXT. BREAKFIELD MINERAL MINE - NIGHT

The sun has completely retreated by the time Pollard wades into the flooded mine. The water moves up and up and up - to his toes, his ankles, his shins -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He stops in the middle of the mine, face turned up towards the stars. All around him, those same stars are reflected in the mirror-still water.

Everything is sky.

Pollard reaches into his jacket. Face still upturned.

When he withdraws his hand, the matte-black of a GLOCK 23 is silhouetted against the horizon.

Still, Pollard keeps those wide eyes fixed on the sky.

EXT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT

The Deepcreek team just can't keep up.

Maura dribbles neatly between a couple of defenders, eyes steady on the goal. Her legs are scabbed with past games - she's a warrior.

The GOALIE looms in front of her. Maura's eyes narrow.

Her foot CONNECTS with the ball -

EXT. BREAKFIELD MINERAL MINE - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

- and as the faint sound of cheering echoes over the desert -

- Pollard presses the barrel of the gun to his temple -

EXT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT

THE Deepcreek goalie LUNGES for the ball - fingertips graze it -

The net RIPPLES as the soccer ball connects.

The REF SHRILLS on his whistle - TWEEEEEEEE -

EXT. BREAKFIELD MINERAL MINE - NIGHT - SIMULTANEOUS

THE FAR-AWAY CROWD ROARS.

From a distance - A MUZZLE-FLASH from Pollard's gun -

And the agent CRUMPLES. Slips beneath the water.

Gone.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. ORSON INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

CLOSE ON - a photograph. DAN STOKES (40s) smiles up from the glossy paper.

Hands shuffle the photo aside, revealing another picture. Also Dan, alongside JESS and a smiling woman.

We're in a shabby office - Venetian-blinds. Dinged-up desk. Framed certificate for a "PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR".

Jess is perched on the edge of her chair, watching anxiously as ORSON (50s, heavysset, could use a cigarette) pages through the contents of a manila folder.

Orson SNORTS a laugh.

JESS
What's so funny?

ORSON
Nothin'.
(off her -)
Nothing! Just.

He WAGGLES the folder.

ORSON (CONT'D)
It's old-school. Folder, photos,
all that.

JESS
What do people usually bring you?

ORSON
They don't. They email.

JESS
(standing)
You kept me waiting outside for an
hour so you could laugh at me?

ORSON
Jess, c'mon. Siddown.

JESS
Are you taking this case or not?

ORSON
You can't afford me. Siddown.

Scowling, Jess DOES.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESS
I could afford you.

ORSON
Sure.

JESS
I mean - Mom said you owed her some favors. So...

Orson LAUGHS again. Slides the folder back to her.

ORSON
You hold onto those. We never have enough pictures, you know?

JESS
I don't want pictures. I want to find him.

Orson's face shutters with sympathy for a moment - it looks like he's going to say something -

BAM BAM BAM -

The front door RATTLES in its frame as someone HAMMERS.

CLAIRE (O.S.)
(through door)
Orson!

The blood DRAINS from Jess's face. She stares at Orson.

JESS
Did you call -

ORSON
They're your mom's favors, darlin'.
Not yours.

And with that he crosses to the front door - opens it -

Revealing CLAIRE STOKES (40s, stern, khaki Deputy Sheriff uniform). The smiling woman from the photograph.

She's not smiling now.

INT./EXT. CLAIRE'S JEEP - DAY

Jess stares steadfastly at the desert landscape flying by outside her window. In the driver's seat, Claire white-knuckles the steering wheel, jaw clenched.

The Jeep HURTLES over a pothole, jostling Jess hard. She GLARES at her mother.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESS
 Could you just say it? Please?

Claire's jaw just clenches tighter.

JESS (CONT'D)
 I mean, like. Aren't you supposed to be the mature one here?

CLAIRE
 If you think *anything* you just pulled is "mature" -

JESS
 I'm trying to *fix* this.

CLAIRE
 You scared the *shit* out of me. If Orson hadn't called -

JESS
 Whatever.

CLAIRE
 Do you know what could have happened to you?

Burning with anger, Jess struggles to return her attention to the window. But -

JESS
 I just don't *get it*.

CLAIRE
 Jess. Drop it.

JESS
 Why?

CLAIRE
 It's none of your business.

JESS
 He's my dad!

CLAIRE
 And I'm your mom and I'm telling you to drop it.

JESS
 Don't you *want* to find him?

CLAIRE
 No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESS

Not even to - tell him how much of
a *dick* he is -

And that's when Claire's phone rings. She answers -

CLAIRE

(into phone)
Hello?

JESS

Or maybe you're a coward.

That lands, though Claire tries to ignore it.

CLAIRE

Yes, sir. It may be a few minutes
until I can get there.

(beat)

Family emergency.

(beat)

Yes, sir. Sorry, sir. I will.

She HANGS UP.

There's a long moment of silence. Claire's fingers tighten on the wheel as her glare melts holes in the windshield.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I'm taking you to school.

JESS

It's almost lunch.

CLAIRE

Then I hope you packed something.

Jess's mouth tightens. For a moment, mother and daughter look remarkably similar.

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Claire's Jeep drives past the turnoff for GREENVIEW AIRBASE.

A military jet BUZZES them, flying low overhead. The ROAR is ear-splitting.

CLAIRE (V.O.)

And put your seatbelt on, for
Christ's sake.

EXT. TASTEE DINER - DAY

The diner's plate-glass windows that front it are sand-scoured and dusty. Not intimidating in the least.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But TONY REYES (20s, slight, paranoid) stares at the front door like it could detonate at any moment.

With a HUFF, he trots around the side of the building.

Pre-lap - SYNCOPATED KNOCKING.

EXT. TASTEE DINER - BACK ALLEY - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The back door of the Tastee Diner opens with a metal CREAK. WENDY (50s) glares out at Tony. Her waitress uniform is a few sizes too large.

Through the door, Tony can see the diner's outdated kitchen.

TONY
Is he here?

WENDY
What do you think?

TONY
Wendy -

She shoves a clamshell takeout box at him.

WENDY
Yes he's here. No, he hasn't asked about you. No, I don't know if he listened to your messages. No, I won't give him anything from you.

Tony cracks the box open. Burger and fries, hot off the griddle. A little smile twists his mouth.

TONY
Thanks.

WENDY
It's still seven dollars.

The box nearly hits the ground as Tony fumbles for his wallet. He dips to rescue it - glances into the kitchen -

And locks eyes with IGGY (20s, male, grease-stained apron).

The moment stretches for a painful beat. Iggy's jaw tightens. He shoves a few plates onto the metal counter.

IGGY
Wendy! Table four!

WENDY
Yeah, I hear you - !

Taking in Tony's face -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WENDY (CONT'D)
Jesus. You two, I swear.

TONY
(handing over -)
Seven bucks.

WENDY
Oh, honey, don't look like that,
okay? I thought you'd be walking
on sunshine.
(off him -)
The mine? You haven't heard?

TONY
What -

WENDY
Sweetheart. Between you and me -
it seems like your kinda thing.

Off Tony - interest piqued -

EXT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

The car door SLAMS - Jess STOMPS away from the Jeep, leaving
Claire leaning on the wheel.

CLAIRE
Jessica -

Sigh. Eye-roll. Jess turns.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
I just - you know I get this is
hard, right? For you?

JESS
So?

CLAIRE
I - We're in this boat together.

Her daughter's expression is light-years of unimpressed - it's
enough to piss Claire off.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
So *don't rock it*.

And with that, she hits the gas.

Shouldering her backpack higher, Jess trudges into school.

INT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Kids form cliques in the too-large cafeteria.

Jess edges along the wall, making for the hallway.

Seems like she'll make it, too -

- until a shoulder SLAMS hers, sending her tripping.

When she looks back to find the culprit, she sees MAURA's retreating back, her ponytail swishing as she stalks back to her table.

Keeping her head down, Jess quietly retreats from the cafeteria.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - WORKROOM - DAY

Tony's workroom is a nightmare of moving boxes. The walls are half-covered with the trappings of a conspiracy theorist - photos, maps, string - but it's unfinished, only partially assembled.

Wherever his heart's been, it hasn't been here.

Nevertheless, Tony EXPLODES into the workroom, going to the nearest box. Yanking it open, he sifts through -

TONY

No -

Moving on to the next box, he repeats the process. Again. Again.

Finally - he sits back on his heels. Victorious.

In his hands, he holds a makeshift DRONE - a GoPro on a rigged set of helicopters.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

The scrap of packed earth that serves as his back yard. Tony watches, controls in-hand, as the drone CLIMBS into the air - and ZOOMS OFF.

EXT. BREAKFIELD MINERAL MINE - DAY

The gaping mouth of the mine looks a lot less intimidating in the daylight. The water has almost completely drained from the bottom, leaving a sucking mess of mud in its wake.

Someone has strung yellow police tape up around a section. On one side of this tape, a group of uniformed Sheriff's deputies - all men - cluster around something.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

On the other side of the tape looms a growing crowd. Mostly men here as well - over three hundred hardened miners anxious to start their days. Peering and speculating.

Near the front of the crowd stand MIGUEL BARRERA (40s), weather-beaten and handsome, and VIC COHEN (60s), neither of those things.

VIC
I'm gonna ask.

MIGUEL
Please let them do their jobs.

VIC
Answering questions *is* their jobs.

But he's distracted as CLAIRE pushes past him, ducking under the line of caution tape.

Stay with her as she approaches the huddle -

CLAIRE
Sheriff Lynch -

One of the men looks up. This is SHERIFF LYNCH (50s), Breakfield native. And he is *not* happy to see Claire.

LYNCH
An *hour*, Stokes.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry, sir.

LYNCH
When I call you, I expect you to show up.

CLAIRE
Yes, sir. It won't happen again.

Aaaand... her phone RINGS. *Awkward.*

LYNCH
You need to get that?

Hating the world, she takes the phone from her pocket and checks the caller ID.

An unlisted number. Her phone tells her they're calling from **LOS ANGELES.**

Burying a grimace, she hits IGNORE.

CLAIRE
You said there was a body, sir?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Lynch faces off with her for a long beat - and moves aside.
Sprawled in the mud lies the body of NATHAN POLLARD.

EXT. BREAKFIELD MINERAL MINE - DAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Vic is only growing more agitated behind the caution tape.

VIC
(calling)
Hey, Bill!

MIGUEL
Mr. Cohen -

VIC
Bill!

Sheriff Lynch wanders over to the tape.

LYNCH
Something I can do for you, Vic?

VIC
Actually, Miguel here was just
wondering how much longer this is
gonna take?

Biting the inside of his cheek, Miguel forces a nod.

LYNCH
Antsy to get back to work?

MIGUEL
Absolutely. All the men are.

VIC
C'mon. The guy put a bullet in his
own skull - there's no foul, right?

LYNCH
Wish everyone had your sense of
practicality.

VIC
Thought you did!

That draws an outright laugh from Lynch. He claps Vic on the
shoulder, comradely.

LYNCH
We gotta get the body out of here.
Then the place is yours again.

He starts back for the cluster of cops.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIC
I'm holding you to that!

EXT. BREAKFIELD MINERAL MINE - DAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Claire crouches over the body. At her back, Deputy DAVIS reads off his notes.

DAVIS
No I.D., but his car was left at the rim of the mine. We found his cell inside, but it's... in code, or something weird like that, so...

CLAIRE
Expensive suit.

DAVIS
... I mean, it's a suit.

CLAIRE
Probably a couple thousand dollars. Shoes are good, too.

The other deputies SHIFT as Lynch approaches. As their shadows move -

A beam of SUNLIGHT strikes Pollard's hand.

His skin SPARKLES in the light.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
What - ?

LYNCH
And there's that.

The exposed skin of Pollard's hands and neck is covered with LARGE MINERAL CRYSTALS.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - WORKROOM - DAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Buzzing with excitement, Tony hovers by his computer. The screen displays a top-down view of Breakfield Mineral. Using his controls, Tony brings the drone as close to the cluster of cops as he dares...

Only the body's LEGS are visible. He ZOOMS IN, focusing.

TONY
Move.

But the wall of uniformed khaki remains steadfast.

EXT. BREAKFIELD MINERAL MINE - DAY - SIMULTANEOUS

Claire is practically nose-to-nose with Pollard's body, transfixed by the crystals coating his skin.

CLAIRE

How long has he been here?

LYNCH

Can't have been longer than last night?

CLAIRE

And how long would it take for crystals like that to form?

Lynch SHRUGS.

LYNCH

Hey! Barrera!

Through the sea of legs surrounding Claire, she can see Miguel dip under the police tape.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

Miguel's the foreman. He's the guy that found the body this morning.

CLAIRE

That's one way to start your day.

MIGUEL

Not the way I'd've picked.

His smile is wry. Claire likes it.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - WORKROOM

As the crowd of cops parts to allow Miguel in, the corpse's face is revealed.

Tony GAPES in recognition.

TONY

No -

ZZZZZZZAP -

The sound of crackling electricity SIZZLES through Tony's speakers. He JOLTS back from his computer -

But it's the drone that's been fried. It TUMBLES from the sky, feed fritzing out -

EXT. BREAKFIELD MINERAL MINE - DAY

Miguel and Claire kneel on the muddy ground, on opposite sides of Pollard's head. Miguel's brow is furrowed.

MIGUEL

They don't look like Borax
crystals...

LYNCH

This is a Borax mine. What else
would they be?

CLAIRE

If they are Borax - how long would
it take for them to grow that
large?

MIGUEL

Maybe two days?

CLAIRE

And if he's only been here for a
few hours?

MIGUEL

Then I don't know what to tell you.

Claire reaches out a gloved hand in the direction of the
crystals on Pollard's neck -

LYNCH

Wait -

Her fingers make contact - brush the skin -

The crystals CRUMBLE...

AND SO DOES POLLARD'S SKIN UNDERNEATH.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - LYNCH'S OFFICE - DAY

An array of tiny succulents lines the single windowsill.

Lynch holds court, hands clasped over his stomach. Across the desk sits Vic Cohen, at ease, despite the fact that Claire has taken up a tense stance at his back.

VIC

Maybe the heat's hitting me, Bill,
but I just don't see the problem
here. Obviously it's a tragedy -

LYNCH

Obviously.

VIC

- but if it's - what do they call
it on those *CSI* shows? "Self-
inflicted"? Then shouldn't we be
getting the mine open and running?
After all, not only is Breakfield
Mineral one of the biggest Borax
mines in California - it's also the
life and soul of -

CLAIRE

All due respect, Mr. Cohen, but we
don't know if it was a suicide.

LYNCH

What Deputy Stokes means is that an
official ruling hasn't come in yet.

CLAIRE

He *crumbled* when I touched him.

VIC

I'm sure taking a bath in that
water - then the sun -

LYNCH

There's any number of things that
could do that to a body.

Claire struggles to keep her temper. *Don't rock the boat.*

CLAIRE

And I'm sure you're right. But
I've never seen anything like it -

LYNCH

(chuckling; to Vic)
In bustling *Palmdale* -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE
We should close the mine.

In the silence that follows, the faint sounds of an ARGUMENT filter in from somewhere beyond the office door.

Lynch's eyes narrow.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Just for a while. What if - what happened - is contagious? We have no idea what'd make a person -

LYNCH
Deputy Stokes.

CLAIRE
We could be endangering workers -

LYNCH
Stokes.

Claire's jaw SNAPS closed.

Lynch NODS towards the door - towards the argument outside.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
See what that's about, would you?

Beat. She nods, stiff. Marches out the door.

Lynch and Vic share an eye-roll and a chuckle.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

A frustrated Claire stalks into the lobby.

The source of the argument is obvious - Tony is parked in front of the annoyed RECEPTIONIST (60s). An oxygen tank sits next to her - tubing looped under the receptionist's nose.

She WHEEZES faintly as she speaks.

TONY
Just two minutes.

RECEPTIONIST
I have to ask you to -

Claire makes a bee-line for the reception desk.

CLAIRE
Hey!

Off Tony - staring at Claire like an oncoming train.

EXT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

A sun-bleached CAMARO sits in the shade of a single, scraggly tree. The windows rolled down.

Will Barrera strolls up to it, keys in hand - and stops when he looks inside the car.

Jess is asleep in the passenger's seat.

INT./EXT. WILL'S CAR - AFTERNOON

The car's engine RUMBLES, shakes the whole car.

Jess is behind the wheel. She's... a creative driver. Will clings to his seat for dear life as Jess picks her way through the residential streets of Breakfield.

WILL
Shit.

JESS
You're fine, you're fine.

She JOSTLES into third gear. Will almost loses his lunch.

WILL
Ugh. I looked for you at the game.

JESS
(beat)
I was in Palmdale.

WILL
What? Why?

JESS
Visiting. Friends. Whatever. It doesn't matter.

She takes the car on a too-sharp right.

WILL
I just wish you'd told me you weren't going to the game.

JESS
Right. The bench really missed me.

WILL
Breakfield almost had to forfeit. Not enough players. But Maura got Deepcreek to play with a man down.

That's enough to shut Jess up - or maybe it's the fact that they've pulled up in front of Jess's house.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL (CONT'D)
Out of gear, out of -

Too late - they STALL.

Sorry. JESS (faint) WILL
It's fine.

JESS
Thanks for the lift.

WILL
You did the driving.

Small smile from Jess. She hauls her bag out of the car.

Will slides over to the driver's seat - turns the key.

But there's something on the floor by his feet. Moving closer,
we see -

THE FAMILY PHOTO. Jess, Dan and Claire. Smiling out at us.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - AFTERNOON

Claire pours herself a cup of coffee, doing her best to ignore
the amused, condescending stares from Deputy Davis, seated at
his own desk.

Tony regards her coffee-preparation suspiciously.

CLAIRE
Coffee?

TONY
I don't handle caffeine well.

Claire's eyebrows twitch. *Shocker.*

CLAIRE
The Sheriff is in a meeting right
now. But if you tell me what's up -
I'd be happy to pass it along.

He doesn't look convinced. Claire sighs.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Mr. Reyes. It's a small town -
small department. Whatever you
tell him would get to me anyway.

TONY
(beat)
It's the mine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

That gets Claire's attention.

TONY (CONT'D)
The guy you found in it. No ID or
anything on him, right?

CLAIRE
You know who he is?

TONY
Nathan Pollard.

Putting her coffee down, Claire scrambles for a pencil.

TONY (CONT'D)
He works at Greenview Airbase.

CLAIRE
In the airforce?

TONY
No. Government agent. Top-secret.
Ever hear of the Men in Black?

Across the room, Davis BURSTS OUT LAUGHING.

Claire's pencil freezes on the paper.

TONY (CONT'D)
Greenview is actually a front for a
confidential research program -

| | | |
|----------------|---------------|---|
| <p>Uh-huh.</p> | <p>CLAIRE</p> | <p>TONY - that the government has been conducting since the '50s, and -</p> |
|----------------|---------------|---|

CLAIRE
What did you say you did again, Mr.
Reyes?

TONY
I run a blog.

CLAIRE
Called...

Tony pauses. Reading the atmosphere. Reluctant to answer.

TONY
The Truth Seeker.

Beat. Claire sets down her pencil.

EXT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Quietly fuming, Tony storms out of the department and down the steps. But as he approaches the sidewalk -

A BLACK SUV pulls up.

Tony stops in his tracks to watch as ANA GARNER (50s, no-nonsense) and ERIC SEON (30s, buried humor) get out. Both wear conservative black suits and dark sunglasses.

They climb the stairs past Tony, who stares, despite himself. For a moment, Seon seems to meet his eye -

- and the agents move on, pushing into the building.

Tony suppresses a manic GIGGLE, bordering on hysterical.

INT. MINE OFFICE - DAY

The trailer that serves as Breakfield Mineral's on-site office is bare-bones. Miguel is the only person inside, rummaging through hanging files in the rusted credenza.

But his eyes keeps flickering to the window. To the yellow police tape outside.

CAR TIRES ON GRAVEL. A SILVER BMW drives up, blocking his line of sight to the crime scene.

INT. MINE OFFICE - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The office seems a lot smaller with two people in it. Miguel leans against the wall, across from LILY HASTINGS (40s), beautiful and immaculate even in the desert heat.

They are carefully professional with one another.

MIGUEL

Mr. Cohen is down at the station now. Handling it.

LILY

I'm sure he is.

MIGUEL

We'll be running again in time for the presentation. If your boss is asking.

LILY

He is. But that's not why I'm here.

(beat)

Miguel. Could you look at me?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY (CONT'D)
 (he DOES)
 Are you okay?

MIGUEL
 I'm fine.

LILY
 You're *fine*?

MIGUEL
 It was just an accident.

LILY
 I heard he killed himself.

She holds his gaze for a long moment - he's the one to look away. Walking past her, he reaches into the desk drawer. Pulls out a bottle of WHISKEY.

LILY (CONT'D)
 It's not even four.

MIGUEL
 I saw a dead body before breakfast.

In a graceful move, Lily slides into Miguel's personal space. Plants a slow, gorgeous kiss on him.

When she breaks away, his eyes are still closed.

LILY
 I'm glad you're okay.

He SNORTS a laugh as she snags the bottle from him and raises it to her lips.

SEON (V.O.)
 (pre-lap)
 I can't over-state how sorry we are
 that this landed in your laps.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - LYNCH'S OFFICE - DAY

Agent Seon stands, hands clasped respectfully, before Lynch.

SEON
 But I would like to convey my
 appreciation for the way you've
 handled such a sensitive matter.

LYNCH
 It's just the way we do things in
 Breakfield.

SEON
 Very impressive.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

If he's poking fun at Lynch, Lynch doesn't notice.

SEON (CONT'D)

I'm sure the hard work you've put into this case will be helpful to us going forward.

LYNCH

(uncomfortable)

So... you're taking the body?

SEON

Seeing as he's one of ours... is that a problem?

LYNCH

'Course not. No. Just.

He sighs. Ducks his head across the desk, closer to Seon. Man-to-man.

LYNCH (CONT'D)

'Tween you and me, that guy didn't look like any dead guy I ever saw before.

SEON

Oh?

LYNCH

Well... yeah. And. I can think of a few members of this department who won't be happy with a case like this being taken over.

Seon raises an eyebrow. It's eviscerating.

SEON

Is this their department, Sheriff? Or is it yours?

Off Lynch, with that ego-boost to consider -

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - CORONER'S OFFICE - DAY

The morgue is tiny and drab, with just about room for one dead body at a time. Provided they're not overweight.

Agent Garner watches ABEL LOUGHLIN (60s), the county coroner, load the body-bag onto a gurney.

Claire watches Garner watching Abel.

CLAIRE

What agency did you say you were with, again?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARNER

I work at the airbase.

It's not an answer, and Claire knows it.

CLAIRE

(re: Pollard)

They say there are signs before a person... y'know. But I never thought that was true. I mean, who's even looking for signs?

Abel fastens the final strap across the gurney.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Did you know him well?

GARNER

You can put any samples on the gurney as well.

With a shrug, Abel opens a cupboard and produces a rack of VIALS, each filled with the salt-like crystals covering Pollard's skin. He fumbles them onto the gurney.

CLAIRE

Gotta say, it was weird finding him in that mine. Don't know of any innocent reason a person'd be there after the sun went down.

She's messing casually with the vials on the gurney, playing up the wide-eyed small-town cop angle.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

He worked with you. Didn't he?

Garner actually BLINKS at that.

GARNER

Pollard was a good agent. I don't appreciate your line of questioning.

CLAIRE

And I am sure you're right, Agent Garner. But a person's gotta wonder.

(beat)

"Pollard", did you say?

With a nod to the wide-eyed Abel, Garner grabs the gurney handles and wheels the table out the door.

Abel raises an eyebrow at Claire. *Way to go.*

With a roll of her eyes, Claire pushes out the door as well.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - AFTERNOON

Claire watches through the glass door as Seon and Garner load the gurney into the back of the black van. They work with robotic precision - no trace of personality.

The doors SLAM shut. Claire frowns.

LYNCH (O.S.)
You're on doorbell duty.

Claire turns -

Lynch scowls down at her. Behind him, Vic Cohen flirts with the receptionist, pretending that he's not listening to every word Lynch says.

LYNCH (CONT'D)
Checking on every house with a trailer parked out back.

CLAIRE
All of them?!

LYNCH
I want smiles. I want "how are you doin'"s. If someone offers you a donut, you goddamn eat it.

CLAIRE
Sir -

LYNCH
This is *my* department. I won't have my deputies showing up late and questioning my decisions. You hearing me?

CLAIRE
Yes, sir.

Lynch stalks back into his office, SLAMMING the door shut behind him.

Vic wanders towards the front door, past Claire -

VIC
Deputy Stokes.

He tips his hat - and he's out the door.

Off Claire - frustrated and furious.

INT./EXT. BLACK VAN - AFTERNOON

The stoney profiles of Seon and Garner as Garner drives them down the now-familiar dusty two-lane highway.

They travel in silence. Every bump RATTLES the gurney.

Garner's eyes keep flicking to the rearview mirror - to the body bag in the back. Seon clocks this.

SEON

It wasn't your fault.

She doesn't look over. Evading.

GARNER

The drone. We know who was on the other end of it?

SEON

I've got an idea.

They continue to drive - but he and Garner keep an eye on the mine in the rearview mirror.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - WORKROOM - AFTERNOON

THE DRONE FOOTAGE

Fast forward. Rewind. Over and over, khaki-clad police shift to reveal Pollard's face - then block him again.

Seated in front of his computer, Tony stares at the image.

Hands shaking, he digs in his desk drawer - fumbles out a brick of a CELL PHONE.

He scrolls through his contacts. Lingers over a name for a moment - POLLARD.

Shakes his head. Scrolls to someone else. DIALS.

The screen lights up - "Calling IGGY..."

Eyes locked to the computer monitor and phone pressed to his ear, Tony jitters in place.

RING... RING...

TONY

C'mon...

RING... RING...

TONY (CONT'D)

Don't be an asshole...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

 IGGY (O.S.)
 (through phone)
Hi!

Tony STRAIGHTENS in his chair - but -

 IGGY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 (through phone)
You've reached Iggy. I can't get
to the phone -

CLICK. Defeated, Tony lowers the phone into his lap.

But his eyes never leave the screen - frozen on the image of Pollard's face - on his skin crumbling into the sand.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - AFTERNOON

Claire tries her best to ignore the snickers of the other Deputies as she marches to her desk. Reaching out, she SNATCHES her jacket from the back of her chair - fumbles it -

None of the other Deputies see her slip a VIAL into the back of her desk drawer. One of Pollard's samples, from the rack she just passed off to Garner.

Straightening, Claire slips her jacket over her shoulders and marches out the door, head held high.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Gray early morning. Tony locks the house up behind him before trudging down the steps towards his dinky scooter.

He freezes.

Across the street sits a BLACK SUV. Windows rolled up.

Tony stares for a long moment - then kicks his bike into gear and tears away.

As the dust settles in his wake, the driver's side window buzzes down - just enough to see AGENT SEON smile.

EXT. BARRERA HOUSE - MORNING

A house just like many others in Breakfield - a little shabby, a little small, a lot abandoned.

Claire inspects it as she walks up the driveway, her Jeep parked on the street. She continues along the side of the house, clocking the boarded-up windows, rounding the corner -

A TRAILER squats in the backyard. Ugly and gray.

EXT. BARRERA TRAILER - MORNING - MOMENTS LATER

KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK. Claire bounces on her heels as she waits for the door.

When it opens, a very sleepy WILL BARRERA blinks at Claire.

CLAIRE

Hi -

WILL

(calling)

Dad!

Too loud, especially this early. Claire winces.

(All bracketed sentences are in Spanish)

MIGUEL (O.S.)

<Quieter, for God's sake.>

WILL

<There's a cop here.>

The sound of movement from inside the trailer. Miguel pokes his head around the door frame.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIGUEL

Deputy Stokes! How can I help you?

INT. BARRERA TRAILER - KITCHENETTE - MORNING

The trailer is too small for Claire to sit - she plasters herself to the wall as Miguel packs his lunch.

MIGUEL

I didn't know the Sheriff was so focused on outreach. Will, *venga!*

Will, toothbrush in his mouth, sticks his head into the hallway in time to catch the sandwich his dad tosses him.

CLAIRE

Well. You know. He wants to be sure everyone's happy.

Miguel SNORTS, smearing mayo on bread.

MIGUEL

Eight months ago, an inspector comes around - tells me my house is full of asbestos. Tells me it's in houses all over Breakfield, but all I heard was him saying that if I don't fix it or move out, there's a good chance Will and I'll be facing cancer in a few years. 'Course fixing costs a couple thousand bucks I don't have, so...

He SHRUGS. *What are you gonna do?*

CLAIRE

Do you feel safe going back to work?

MIGUEL

Do I feel *safe*?

CLAIRE

You saw the -
(lowering her voice -)
- the body. What happened when I touched it. You *found* it. Are you worried about... whether that could happen to anyone else?

MIGUEL

Isn't that your job to figure out?

CLAIRE

Couple of agents from Greenview showed up to take the body away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIGUEL

That place...

CLAIRE

What about it?

Miguel just slaps his sandwich together. Turns to her.

MIGUEL

The only thing I worry about is whether Breakfield Mineral is open.

CLAIRE

But -

MIGUEL

It is the lifeblood of this town. No mine, no Breakfield.

CLAIRE

You sound like Vic Cohen.

MIGUEL

Is that supposed to offend me?
(off her -)
Vic is a greedy jackass. But he cares about Breakfield. Maybe you don't understand that.

He shoves his feet into his workboots.

CLAIRE

Maybe.

MIGUEL

I do. I grew up here. This town is mine - I'm always "safe" here.

Claire just watches him, eyes level.

CLAIRE

I hope you're right.

Mouth a tense line, Miguel SHOVES the mayo into the fridge.

EXT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT

CLICK

A photo snapped - Jess, pointing at the school behind her.

Will hands the phone back to her, biting back a laugh as Jess texts the photo to her mom, along with "PROOF."

JESS

My mom is ridiculous.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL
I think she, like, interrogated my
dad this morning. Swear to God.

JESS
Jeeeesus.

WILL
Hey - you left something in my car
yesterday.

He leans in the driver's side window and withdraws Jess's
forgotten photo. Hands it to her.

JESS
Oh.

WILL
It's a nice picture. I mean.
(grasping)
Is that your dad?

JESS
Yes.

WILL
You - don't talk about him. Is he -

JESS
He's not dead.

WILL
That sucks.

JESS
Yeah.

Then, like a dam breaking -

JESS (CONT'D)
Everyone just tells me I don't want
him back anyway. Like, what a
deadbeat, right? I mean, what dad
just walks out in the middle of the
night?
(fighting tears)
And I - I'm starting to think
they're right, you know? Like,
forget about him and - do the high
school thing.
(then)
Ugh, it's too early for crying.

She wipes at her face, frustrated with herself.

WILL
You're not gonna look for him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JESS

I - I think - yeah.
 (off him -)
 What?

WILL

Just - if it was my mom - I
 wouldn't stop looking.

JESS

(sharp)
 Well that's the difference between
 us. You know where your mom is.

Silence stretches following that. Tense and wounded.

It's Will who walks away. Jess stares after him. Instantly
 regretful, but... *can't un-cross that line.*

EXT. BREAKFIELD MINERAL MINE - RIM - DAY

The rocky rim of the mine is no place for pedestrians, but Tony
 is determined. He pokes along the dunes, a metal detector in
 his hand.

BEEP BEEP -

The device SHRILLS a warning, and Tony drops to his knees,
 pushing aside dirt to reveal -

A beer can.

He tosses it aside. Shakes the metal detector, frustrated.

PEBBLES SKITTER

Somewhere in the rocks behind him. Tony, already wound-tight,
 goes motionless. Scanning his surroundings.

Carefully, he takes a step backwards, towards the shelter of the
 mound of dirt -

BEEP BEEP -

The metal detector SCREAMS. He scrabbles for the switch -

MIGUEL (O.S.)

Hey!

Tony JOLTS - TURNS -

TONY

Jeez.

Miguel is approaching, hiking easily through the rubble.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIGUEL
<What the hell is that thing?>

TONY
Uh... Metal detector.

MIGUEL
<You lose an earring?>

TONY
Hah.

Miguel stops. Studies him.

MIGUEL
I wanna think it's a coincidence
that you're here.

TONY
How's Will doing?

He avoids Miguel's gaze, turning his attention back to the metal detector. Miguel keeps pace beside him.

MIGUEL
Good. Great. Don't change the
subject.

TONY
I'm just asking about my nephew.

MIGUEL
Tony. Hey.

He has to grab Tony's shoulder to stop him.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
Why are you messing around out
here? You're freaking the guys
out.

TONY
(beat)
If I told you there's a man in
black hanging out in front of my
house, would you believe me?

Miguel watches his brother-in-law sadly.

MIGUEL
Here.

He hands him a bottle of water.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
I, uh. Heard what happened with
Iggy. Sorry about that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tony doesn't look away from the metal detector.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Okay.

And he turns, leaving Tony alone in the desert.

EXT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - SOCCER FIELD - AFTERNOON

The soccer team is already warming up in the Pit by the time that Jess emerges from the locker room, shin-guards and cleats strapped on.

Maura is the first one to see her. She takes a break from passing drills to glare at Jess as she approaches.

JESS

Are you going to shove me again?

MAURA

I'm thinking about it.

But she passes the ball to Jess. Harder than necessary. It SMACKS into Jess's thigh.

MAURA (CONT'D)

Partner up. Passing drills.

(then)

But if you're planning on flaking again, don't bother.

A hard look exchanged between the two girls. Jess turns. Deliberate.

And passes the ball to a waiting TEAMMATE.

EXT. BREAKFIELD STREET - EVENING

Tony's scooter *putt-putt-putts* up the road to his house.

He's exhausted. Sunburned. But he stops short when he sees Seon's SUV is still parked across from his house.

The window scrolls down. Seon peers out.

SEON

Did you find your drone?

TONY

I - I don't have a drone.

SEON

Huh. So that wasn't your rig I zapped out of the sky?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY
You -

SEON
Interesting.

Tony fumbles with the strap of his helmet, torn between nerves and curiosity.

TONY
Have you been spying on me?

SEON
Of course not.

TONY
But are you about to do the thing where you list off things that you know about me? To make me nervous?

SEON
Would I have to do that? To make you nervous?
(beat)
Mr. Antonio Reyes?

Tony finally manages to remove his helmet and sling it over the bike's handlebars. Without a goodbye, he hurries up the walk.

Chuckling back in his SUV, Seon rolls the window back up.

INT. BARRERA TRAILER - NIGHT

The tiny kitchenette feels even smaller when Miguel is in the middle of unloading groceries. He doesn't look up when he hears the door open.

MIGUEL
Will, get in here.

Shuffling teenage feet - Will appears in the doorway - pokes at the bottle of wine on the table.

WILL
We expecting someone?

MIGUEL
<Put that down and get plates.>

Will lets his backpack slide to the floor and snatches a couple of plates off the top of the fridge. Miguel clears some space around the store-bought ROTISSERIE CHICKEN on the table.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)
(re: backpack)
<Just going to leave that there?>

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WILL

I'm hungry!

A muted smile from Miguel - he shoves Will's shoulder with his own and opens up the chicken container.

The plates are more of a joke than anything - both men pick at the chicken with their bare fingers.

MIGUEL

<Harry Aldritch thinks he's learning Spanish. From one of those computer programs. He's got the accent of a cow.>

WILL

Maybe you should teach him.

MIGUEL

Can you imagine me as teacher?

WILL

<You taught me.>

MIGUEL

<You were a baby. And my son. So I could spank you when you were an asshole.>

Will laughs a little at that.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Anyway. A grown man doesn't want lessons from another grown man.

Will carefully tears off another bite of chicken, chewing over that statement.

WILL

Do you think - if someone is hurting. And. You might be able to help, but they don't - ugh, I don't know how to say this.

MIGUEL

I'm not teaching Harry Spanish.

WILL

No! No, not - no.

(then)

<Is it okay to help someone who didn't ask you to? Or... if they don't want to be helped? Or. If they're being kind of an asshole?>

MIGUEL

<I don't know.>

(off Will -)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

<I'm sorry, kid. I think... you just do what you think is right.>

WILL

That's bullshit advice.

But Miguel's attention has been drawn by the headlights - and the silver BMW - outside. Through the window, Miguel sees Lily in the driver's seat - waving at him.

MIGUEL

You're smart. You'll figure it out.

He grabs the wine bottle and his jacket.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

<Don't wait up!>

The door closes behind him. Rolling his eyes, Will shoves the rest of the chicken into the fridge.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - WORKROOM - NIGHT

The remnants of a tragic TV dinner are swept into a trash can. Tony straightens, carrying the trash into the kitchen.

Behind him, his computer screen shows the snowy drone feed.

THE SCREEN FLICKERS

Showing a ground-eye view of Breakfield Mine for a split second - before going SNOWY again.

Tony trudges back into his workroom, unaware of the change in his display feed. Futzes with the corkboard.

The screen FLICKERS again, shifting the light refracted around the room. Tony FREEZES - turns slowly -

The computer screen is snowy - then an image blinks quickly through, just for a second -

Tony DARTS to the computer, staring intently at the screen. The drone feed comes through again, a dim image of the rim of Breakfield Mineral - FLICKERS OUT - FLICKERS BACK IN -

He leans forward, squinting - the static resolves into -

A FIGURE

Standing on the distant rim of the pit. Still. Staring.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. STOKES HOUSE - CLAIRE'S ROOM - MORNING

Early morning. The covers are turned down on one side of the bed. Claire hasn't re-learned to sleep in the center.

Claire, already dressed, sits on the edge of her bed, turning something over in her hands. As we get closer, we can see that it's the VIAL she stole from Pollard's gurney.

A faint BUZZING breaks her concentration - a phone ringing.

Shoving the vial into the drawer, Claire searches her blankets for the phone. Turns up nothing.

Increasingly frantic, she checks the floor. The bedside table. Nothing. Nothing.

JESS (O.S.)
(through door)
Hello?

Claire's heart DROPS.

INT. STOKES HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Jess leans against the counter, Claire's phone pressed to her ear. Her expression is unreadable.

Claire BURSTS into the kitchen, looking half-crazed. Freezes when she sees that her daughter has her phone.

JESS
(into phone)
Okay. Okay. I'll tell her.

She hangs up. Turns to her mom. A heart-stopping second for Claire. *What did Jess just hear?*

JESS (CONT'D)
House-inspector guy. He says he's coming by to check for the stuff in the walls.

CLAIRE
Asbestos.

JESS
Yeah. Hey - !

Claire has SNATCHED her cell back from her daughter.

CLAIRE
Don't answer my phone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESS
I thought you were in the bathroom -

CLAIRE
Don't. Answer my phone.

JESS
Whatever.

She grabs her backpack and turns to the door. Stops.

JESS (CONT'D)
Um. Mom?

She doesn't look at her mother.

JESS (CONT'D)
I've got a - game. Tonight.

CLAIRE
Are you actually going this time?

JESS
Oh my god. Yes. Do you... you should. Be there. If you want.

CLAIRE
Of course I want.

Beat. Jess actually meets her mom's eyes.

JESS
Okay.

And she's on her way to school.

Alone in the kitchen, Claire smiles.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

This place is four stars at least. Definitely not anywhere near Breakfield.

Clothes scattered across the floor. The wine bottle sits empty on the TV stand - lipstick on the bottle-neck.

Miguel and Lily lay in the soft, king-sized bed - naked and cuddling. Post-coital.

LILY
We should get dinner tonight.

MIGUEL
(chuckling)
Are you buying?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY
My treat. And. You should think
about inviting Will along. I'd
like to meet him.

That shutters Miguel's face.

MIGUEL
You have to get through your
presentation first.

LILY
I have a feeling it'll go well.

MIGUEL
Cocky.

LILY
Always.

He kisses her again - it turns heated -

AND SOMEONE'S ALARM GOES OFF.

Miguel pulls back. Soft.

LILY (CONT'D)
Work?

MIGUEL
I'll see you this afternoon.

LILY
I'll be the nervous one at the
front of the room.

With another kiss, Miguel levers himself out of bed.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - WORKROOM - MORNING

Will, backpack on, peers at the Wall O' Conspiracy.

WILL
My dad doesn't know I'm here.

Behind him, Tony keeps his eyes on the computer - and the drone
feed.

TONY
I figured. He hasn't come by to
rip my head off yet.

WILL
(reading)
"The 31 UFO Sightings the
Government Doesn't Want You - "

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY
Don't you have school?

Tearing his gaze from the wall, Will turns to his uncle.

WILL
People say you're good. With,
like... finding out information.

TONY
"People"?

WILL
Mom.

TONY
She didn't say "finding out
information," did she?

WILL
She said you were a conspiracy
nutjob. But that you knew your way
around a computer.

Against all odds, Tony cracks a smile. He's still studying the computer screen.

WILL (CONT'D)
Is it true? Can you find things?
Or... could you find a person?

TONY
(distracted)
People are easy. Facts are hard.

WILL.
Okay. Okay, cool.

He starts for the door. Tony blinks up.

TONY
What -

WILL
Thanks, tío -

And he SLAMS out the front door. Tony stares after him -

TONY
You're welcome?

EXT. STREET - DAY

An aluminum door BANGS closed behind Claire as she leaves yet another Breakfield trailer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Behind her, a HOUSEWIFE dabs at tears with a napkin.

Claire emerges onto the street. Heaves a tight breath. *This doesn't get easier.*

She's far from "downtown" Breakfield here - on the edges of town. More desert than civilization.

For a long moment, Claire just STANDS. Taking in the desert. Breathing. Then -

The ROAR of plane engines. She looks up as a military jet BUZZES across the sky overhead.

Following the path of the jet, Claire's eyes land on GREENVIEW AIRBASE. Visible, even in the distance.

She chews her lip for a second. Glances back at the trailer. Forward at the airbase.

A decision. Claire SLAMS into her Jeep - follows the jet.

INT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - CAFETERIA - DAY

Lunch time. No Will in sight.

Jess white-knuckles the straps of her backpack, staring into the sea of teens. She heads for the hall again. Resigned.

But Maura is walking towards her. Jess braces herself -

MAURA
Where's your friend?

JESS
He's - I - don't know.

MAURA
(beat)
There's space at my table.

And without waiting for Jess's reaction, Maura walks on.

Jess is frozen for a moment. Not sure what just happened.

Then - she follows Maura.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - WORKROOM - DAY

THE DRONE FEED. Just the sunny, everyday mine, full of workers. Not a mysterious silhouette in sight.

Tony sits back in his chair, rubbing bleary eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

His gaze SHIFTS. Computer screen to curtained window. With one tentative finger, he pulls the curtain back -

SEON'S SUV is still standing sentry outside.

Tony's eyes NARROW.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

The front door SLAMS closed. Seon is already rolling his window down as Tony STRIDES up, more bravado than we've seen from him before.

TONY
How long are you going to do this?

SEON
Get that drone back on-line?

TONY
Yes.
(then)
No. Why should I answer your questions if you won't answer mine?

SEON
Who said I won't answer your questions?

TONY
O- okay. Then. What are you doing here?

SEON
Sitting.

TONY
You're *watching* me.

SEON
Yes.

TONY
Well - what if I told someone? The police? That there was a man stalking me?
(Seon LAUGHS)
What?

SEON
Given your reputation, Mr. Reyes - who do you think is going to believe you?

Off Tony - growing frustration.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLAIRE (V.O.)
 (pre-lap)
 I've never been on a military base
 before.

INT. GREENVIEW AIRBASE - GARNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Approximately zero personal touches in this office. Nice view
 out the window, though.

Claire watches a formation of airmen jog by with curious
 interest. Garner regards her across her desk.

CLAIRE
 It looks like a college campus.
 Cafeteria, gym, library -

GARNER
 Air strip.

CLAIRE
 Right.
 (turning to Garner)
 So the Sheriff wanted to ask -

GARNER
 You and I both know that Sheriff
 Lynch has never had a follow-up
 question in his life.

CLAIRE
 He's interested in Pollard's case -

GARNER
 No. He's not. But for some damn
 reason, you are. *Why?*

CLAIRE
 We both saw Pollard's body. If
 there's a chance that could happen
 to anyone else -

GARNER
 "Interested," Deputy. Not
 "concerned". Why are you
interested?

Off Claire - puzzling through that one -

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

Tony's fists are balled at his sides.

TONY
 Tons of people believe me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SEON
Your little blog? That's essential
reading right there.

TONY
Why are you here?

Seon's smile disappears.

TONY (CONT'D)
Either you're answering my
questions or you're not.
(beat)
At least tell me your name.

SEON
Agent Seon.
(then)
Eric.

Tony blinks at him.

And that's when his phone RINGS. He checks the caller ID.

IGGY.

INT. GREENVIEW AIRBASE - GARNER'S OFFICE - DAY

Claire frowns at Garner.

CLAIRE
I don't think I'm getting you.

GARNER
Mm. You moved to town recently?

CLAIRE
Yes.

GARNER
Breakfield. Of all places. *Why?*

CLAIRE
That's none of your business.

GARNER
And what happened to Nathan Pollard
is none of yours.

Claire cocks her head. Inspecting Garner.

CLAIRE
You know what they say about this
base?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARNER

I spent ten years in the Air Force.
More working on an airbase. If you
put anything in the sky - plane,
drone, jet, whatever - idiots will
point and scream "UFO".

Claire's eyes narrow, still analyzing the agent.

CLAIRE

I'm not looking at the sky, Agent
Garner.

EXT. TONY'S HOUSE - DAY

The phone keeps RINGING. Seon and Tony both stare at it.

SEON

Who is - ?

Furiously, Tony punches ACCEPT.

TONY

H- hello?

IGGY (O.S.)

(through phone)

Hey.

Tony turns away from the SUV. With an eye-roll, Seon ROLLS UP
the car window.

TONY

What, uh. What's up?

IGGY (O.S.)

Someone sent you something. To our
- to my apartment.

TONY

Oh.

IGGY (O.S.)

It'll be at the diner tonight. If
you want to come pick it up.

TONY

And you'll be there? Too?

A long silence. Almost too long.

IGGY (O.S.)

Yeah.

TONY

Okay. Then I'll see you -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CLICK. Iggy hangs up on him, leaving Tony staring at the phone in his hand.

INT. GREENVIEW AIRBASE - SCIENCE BUILDING - DAY

Garner's shoes CLICK against the linoleum. She passes glass-paneled doors - snippets of EXPERIMENTS. An uprooted plant. Petrie dishes.

Expression stormy, Garner SCANS into -

INT. GREENVIEW AIRBASE - SCIENCE LAB - DAY - CONTINUOUS

- a lab, where a white-coated SCIENTIST is bent over a cage. He looks up when she enters.

SCIENTIST
We're about to begin.

GARNER
Please.

Inside the cage, a large RAT drinks from a water dispenser. The scientist reaches in. SPRAYS the rat with a MIST.

The rat FREEZES. Just for a moment. Goes back to drinking.

GARNER (CONT'D)
Well?

He shines an OVERHEAD LIGHT down on the rat. Sure enough - CRYSTALS form on the rodent's fur. Identical to Pollard.

SCIENTIST
Oh -

The rat BREAKS for the glass wall of the cage. Bounces off. RUNS AGAIN. Head-first. And AGAIN. AGAIN.

GARNER
Stop it -

CRACK. The rat SNAPS its own neck.

In the silence that follows, Garner's hands SHAKE.

SCIENTIST
I'll - get another rat.

And off the broken rat, we -

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MINE OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Full house in the mining office. Miguel is squashed in the back, alongside five other men and women in expensive suits. In the window, the AC unit churns deafeningly.

Lily and Vic Cohen stand at the front of the room. Lily is confident and put-together - in her element. Vic is sweating under his beat-up Stetson.

Lily avoids looking at Miguel.

LILY

I know it's cramped. I just felt it would be best to do this here - to keep in mind what's at stake. I trust you've had ample time to review our offer, Mr. Cohen?

VIC

I read it.

LILY

You have reservations. That's understandable. But can I say -
(beat)
Over the last few weeks, I have come to appreciate this is a special town. Which suffers from a similarly special affliction.

SUIT 1 leans over to his neighbor -

SUIT 1

Yeah, guys blowing holes in their skulls right outside.

Ignoring this, Lily hands a thick, bound PROPOSAL to Vic.

LILY

If you decide to sell, then Edwards Manufacturing will take on the cost and responsibility for safely removing the asbestos in every affected house.

(looking at Miguel)

Your neighbors will be able to return home.

VIC

Every house?

SUIT 2

Within Breakfield's limits.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LILY

It could change the lives of the people in this community.

Another silence. Suit 2 presses a fancy pen into Vic's hand. Somewhere deep within Miguel, something rebels.

VIC

I'll have to think about it.

LILY

This is an excellent offer.

VIC

And I'm downright grateful to y'all for it. But it's still something I need to think over.

(then)

I'm guessing there's an expiration date?

LILY

One month. After that, Edwards Manufacturing will be moving on.

Vic hands the pen back.

VIC

One month it is.

INT. MINE OFFICE - AFTERNOON - MINUTES LATER

Miguel watches through the window as the other suits from Edwards Manufacturing load into their cars. Lily lingers beside her BMW - waiting for him.

He turns away from the window.

Behind one of the desks, Vic leafs through the proposal.

VIC

They write it so complicated. Like they want to trip me up.

MIGUEL

I think that's exactly what they're trying to do.

VIC

You and your boy are in one of those trailers, aren't you?

(Miguel NODS)

What do you think about that offer?

MIGUEL

I don't know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VIC

Yeah, you do.

(looking up)

You play a good yes-man, and God knows I appreciate that, but you're a smart fella. What do you think?

Deep sigh. Miguel sags against the desk across from Vic.

MIGUEL

I think Edwards Manufacturing likes mechanization. A few months after they buy the mine, we'll all be out of jobs.

VIC

But you'll have your house.

MIGUEL

Doesn't matter if you can't afford to put food in it.

VIC

I gotta think about it.

(standing)

You going to the game tonight? My granddaughter's been on me about it all week.

MIGUEL

Might hang back.

VIC

Suit yourself.

He moves to the door - then pauses.

VIC (CONT'D)

You know better than to tell anyone about this, don't you?

MIGUEL

I know.

With another nod, Vic shuffles down the office steps.

EXT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - SOCCER FIELD - EVENING

The stadium is alive, PACKED.

The Breakfield girl's soccer team warms up on the side of the field. Jess passes a ball with one of her teammates.

In between passes, she scans the stands. Looking for someone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAURA (O.S.)

Heads-up!

Jess looks up in time to trap a flying soccer ball. Kicks it back to Maura.

MAURA (CONT'D)

I talked to Coach Wayland. You're starting.

JESS

What?

MAURA

Gotta get you on the field quick before you run away.

(then)

I think your mom's looking for you.

Surprised, Jess turns back to the stands. Sure enough, there's Claire - obviously searching for Jess.

She sees her. Waves.

JESS

Oh my god.

Embarrassed, she waves back. Maura laughs, but Jess doesn't mind because - three rows down from Claire -

Stands WILL.

They make eye contact. A small smile.

JESS (CONT'D)

(to Maura)

Who is it tonight again?

MAURA

Bayford.

Jess grins. Feral.

JESS

They're screwed.

And the ref's whistle blows. TWEEEEEE -

INT. MINE OFFICE - EVENING

The echo of the whistle -

Miguel glances up from the proposal he's been studying. Looks out the office window -

A FIGURE stands on the rim of the mine. Motionless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Miguel groans.

MIGUEL

Tony...

He SLAMS the proposal closed -

EXT. BREAKFIELD MINERAL MINE - RIM - EVENING

Gravel CRUNCHES underfoot as Miguel reaches the rim.

MIGUEL

Tony!

But it's still in the growing dark. Empty.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

<I told you, you can't be up here!>

(beat)

<Hey!>

There's no response. Miguel's starting to get creeped out.

MIGUEL (CONT'D)

Tony? <Where are you?>

EXT. TASTEE DINER - EVENING

TONY'S FACE. Staring up at the Tastee Diner sign.

He wipes sweaty palms on his jeans. Chickening out?

The sound of tires on asphalt draws his attention - Seon has pulled up on the other side of the street.

From this distance, it's difficult to catch the tiny NOD Seon throws Tony's way. But Tony sees it. He rolls his eyes. *What an asshole.*

Emboldened, Tony pushes into the Tastee Diner.

INT. TASTEE DINER - EVENING - CONTINUOUS

The bell over the door CHIMES as Tony enters. He takes a moment inside - absorbing the empty restaurant, the vinyl booths, the dim lighting.

IGGY (O.S.)

Tony?

Iggy walks out behind the counter. For some reason, he has a large TEDDY BEAR in the crook of his arm.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY
Hey - hi! You look - How are you?

IGGY
Jesus.

TONY
Sorry, sorry -

IGGY
Here.

He pushes the teddy bear across the counter.

IGGY (CONT'D)
The card got - I spilled on it.
But it said "Nathan".

TONY
"Nathan"? You're sure?

IGGY
(sharp)
Yes.

Frowning, Tony picks the bear up. Inspects it.

EXT. TASTEE DINER - EVENING

Seon watches this exchange from the car. Curious.

BZZZ - his cellphone VIBRATES. New text message. Taking it out, he reads -

DRONE FOUND. OK TO RETRIEVE?

Quickly, he types -

I'LL HANDLE IT. ON MY WAY.

With one last look at Iggy and Tony in the diner, Seon starts his car.

INT. TASTEE DINER - EVENING - SIMULTANEOUS

Tony still studies the bear. Iggy glares daggers into him.

IGGY
Does this guy know you've been
showing up here every morning?

TONY
Huh?

IGGY
Or does he not care? I mean, he
sent the thing to your *old* place.
That you shared. With me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TONY

I don't know a Nathan. Unless...

IGGY

Sure.

TONY

Nathan *Pollard*. He was one of the agents at Greenview. He must have sent this before he died.

IGGY

And why the hell would a *government agent* do that?

Tony gives him a significant look. Iggy backs up.

IGGY (CONT'D)

No. Tony, no.

TONY

Agents have been following me ever since they found Pollard's body!

IGGY

Do you hear yourself?

TONY

There's one parked across the street right now! Look -

He turns to point wildly at the front windows -
Seon's SUV is GONE.

IGGY

This is why - okay. You have your - bear. Now just - please leave.

TONY

I swear -

But Iggy's already on his way to the kitchen.

IGGY

Flip the sign on your way out.

And he disappears, leaving Tony clutching the bear. Alone.

INT./EXT. CLAIRE'S JEEP - NIGHT

Mother and daughter wear matching smiles.

CLAIRE

And who was the girl with the second goal?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JESS
That was Chelsea. She's a
sophomore. She's so good.

CLAIRE
Not as good as you.

JESS
Mom, c'mon.

Claire parks in their driveway. A quiet beat. Potential reconciliation in the air.

Then Claire's phone rings. **LOS ANGELES.**

CLAIRE
You go on inside.

Jess slides out of the Jeep.

Claire contemplates her phone -

ANSWERS.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
You can't keep calling like this.
(listening)
No. We agreed a year. She's not -
I'm not ready.
(beat)
You've said. I know. It's still a
year. *Goodbye, Danny.*

Claire STABS at her phone, ending the call.

EXT. STOKES HOUSE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Claire clambers out of the Jeep. Strides up the walk.

CLAIRE
Wrong number.

But Jess doesn't respond. She's staring at a paper that's been tacked to the front door.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
What -

Plucking it up - she reads -

ASBESTOS DETECTED. RECOMMEND IMMEDIATE EVACUATION.

Off Claire's face - draining of color -

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - WORKROOM - NIGHT

The teddy bear lands on the desktop. Tony glares at it.

RIIIIP.

A POCKET KNIFE tears into the bear's back.

Stuffing pours out - clouds of it. Tony drops the knife.
Reaches inside the bear, pulling out clumps of cotton.

His fingers close around something.

Carefully, he extracts it. Holds it under the desk light.

There, in his palm, sits a MATTE-BLACK FLASH DRIVE.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. STOKES HOUSE - MORNING

The backyard of the Stokes house has a brand-spanking-new feature: a TRAILER.

The sun blazes overhead. Claire drops a TRASH BAG of personal belongings just inside the trailer's door.

She turns. Looking back at the house.

Jess is sitting on the front steps. Arms around her knees.

But Claire can't bring herself to go to her. She stomps into the trailer. Jaw clenched.

A tear runs down Jess's cheek. She dashes it away.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - WORKROOM - DAY

Tony's WALL O' CONSPIRACY.

A lot more complete than the last time we saw it. He steps back from pinning a PHOTO - aerial view of the mine - to the corkboard. Looks almost pleased with himself.

A KNOCK at the door -

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

The front door YANKS inwards - but there's no one outside.

Tony glances up and down the empty street. Nothing. But...

HIS DRONE

Lies on the welcome mat.

He picks it up. Glances back - towards his workroom.

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - WORKROOM - DAY - SIMULTANEOUS

The desktop computer. Pollard's flash-drive plugged in.

The monitor displays a progress bar. "DECRYPTION 34%..."

EXT. BREAKFIELD HIGH SCHOOL - PARKING LOT - DAY

Will's Camaro sits in its customary spot in the parking lot. Jess leans against the fender, biting her fingernails.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She straightens when she sees Will approaching.

JESS
Hey.

WILL
Hey...

JESS
Um. Thanks for coming. To the game.

WILL
Everyone else went.

JESS
Yeah. But everyone else wasn't a bitch to you.
(then)
I'm sorry. About what I said.
About your mom.

WILL
It's okay.

JESS
No. This whole... dad thing kind of drives me crazy. But you were just being nice. I was a jerk.

He looks at her for a long, assessing moment.

WILL
Can I ask you a question?

JESS
Anything.

WILL
If I told you I might know someone who can help you... what would you do?

Off Jess - opportunity dawning.

INT. STOKES TRAILER - DAY

Hideously cramped. Claire struggles to shove the last of a box of PANS into the limited closet space.

She *just* manages to get the door closed. Stands back. Wipes her forehead.

Rolling her shoulders, she steps outside again -

EXT. STOKES HOUSE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

- and sees the back yard. LITTERED with boxes.

There's no way all these things will fit into the trailer.

Expressionless, Claire picks a BOOK out of a box. Leafs through it -

- and HURLS it through the window of the empty house.

MIGUEL (O.S.)

Whoa.

Miguel's truck is parked in the driveway. He stands in front of it, eyebrows raised.

CLAIRE

Shit.

MIGUEL

You got an arm, huh?

CLAIRE

I -

MIGUEL

My kid told me what happened.
Figured I'd come by to welcome you
to the club. See how you're
dealing.

With a defeated SIGH, Claire sinks onto the trailer steps.

CLAIRE

Jess is furious with me.

MIGUEL

(chuckling)
Yeah.

CLAIRE

If she had a choice between living
in that cancer trap and in this
trailer with me, I'm not sure which
one she'd pick.

MIGUEL

Good thing she doesn't have a
choice, huh?

CLAIRE

(snorting)
Yeah. Good thing.

Claire's phone interrupts with a RING. **LOS ANGELES.** Again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIGUEL

I gotta get to work. Good luck,
Deputy Stokes.

Claire hits IGNORE. Looks back up at Miguel.

CLAIRE

You too.

EXT. BREAKFIELD MINERAL MINE - DAY

Lily's BMW is already parked in front of the mine office when Miguel pulls up. He sits, rooted to the spot for a long moment.

The office door opens. Lily steps outside. Waving and smiling at him.

Forcing a smile, Miguel climbs out of his truck.

MIGUEL

Thought you headed out.

LILY

I wanted to see you. You've been
hard to get hold of for the last
few days.

(tentative)

Can I ask? What you thought of the
offer?

MIGUEL

It's not up to me.

LILY

I know. I just... want to hear
what you had to say.

He forces a smile. Pulls her in for another kiss.

MIGUEL

I trust Vic. I'll back him, no
matter what he chooses.

MOVEMENT on the rim of the pit.

A FIGURE stands. Small and indistinct.

LILY (O.S.)

Miguel?

MIGUEL

(back to her -)
Huh? Yeah?

LILY

I said I'd call when I get back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MIGUEL

You got it.

He glances back at the rim - but the figure is GONE.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. GARNER'S SUV - DAY

The rim of Breakfield Mineral is fast-disappearing in the rearview mirror.

GARNER hits the gas, SPEEDING her car back towards the main highway. Face pale. Sweaty.

Her fingers clutch the steering wheel. She SCRATCHES at the back of one hand.

In the sunlight, we can see -

The beginnings of CRYSTALS

Forming on her skin.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - BULLPEN - DAY

CLOSE ON - the vial of Pollard's crystals.

Surreptitiously, Claire SLIPS the vial into a padded envelope. Seals it.

When she turns it over, we can see the address on the outside. PAUL ORSON. PALMDALE.

SEON (V.O.)

(pre-lap)

Pollard was an isolated incident.

INT. GREENVIEW AIRBASE - UNDERGROUND LEVEL

The long, gray hallways could belong in a dungeon. Seon and a still-shaken Garner keep step beside one another.

SEON

And a horrible loss. But it's handled now.

He inspects her, concerned.

SEON (CONT'D)

Are you alright?

GARNER

What about the conspiracy nut?

INT. TONY'S HOUSE - WORKROOM - DAY

The progress bar on the computer monitor HITS 100%.

Files FLICKER OPEN. Blue-prints, documents, photographs -

All with CONFIDENTIAL stamped across them.

SEON (V.O.)
I don't think he'll be a problem.

INT. GREENVIEW AIRBASE - UNDERGROUND LEVEL

Seon keeps his eyes fixed forward.

SEON
He knows we're watching him.

Garner shoots Seon some truly spectacular side-eye.

GARNER
Hmm.

SEON
Ana. We don't have anything to
worry about. It won't happen
again.

GARNER
Forgive me if I'm having a hard
time being optimistic.

At the far door now, Garner SCANS her badge and fingerprints.
The door SLIDES OPEN.

INT. GREENVIEW AIRBASE - HANGAR - CONTINUOUS

Garner and Seon step into a massive underground HANGAR. No
windows, only one door.

And only one point of interest. Something HUGE and LOOMING,
surrounded by lights and people.

They begin walking towards it.

GARNER
That town has existed in content
obliviousness for decades. If
anyone comes sniffing around this
base - now that we're so close -

SEON
I understand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GARNER

Do you? Because if there's one
thing I've learned working here -

They reach the looming shape. Look up at -

A hulking SHIP. Strange. Beat-to-shit. Covered in CRYSTALS.

OBVIOUSLY ALIEN.

GARNER (CONT'D)

- it's that we don't understand a
goddamn thing.

END