

# SONS OF DIXIE

Episode 1

"Lookout Mountain"

by

McKenzie Hamilton

*In the early 1990s, two law enforcement brothers investigate the infiltration of narcotics into their small Alabama hometown and uncover a connection to their mother's home video business to the infamous Dixie Mafia, which forces them to choose between badge and blood.*

mkzhamilton@gmail.com  
323-457-3425

TEASER

EXT. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN - NIGHT

In the Appalachian's, a Jackson County Sheriff's truck hides among the pines shrouded by kudzu. A football announcer with a mix of crowd noise and ref's whistles CRACKLE on the radio.

ANNOUNCER

(on radio)

That'll do it. All we need is five seconds to tick down on the defending national champions.

INT. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN - PICK-UP TRUCK

DEPUTY SHERIFF CLINTON "CLINT" MITCHELL (30s) leans on his window fixated on the dirt road ahead. The game continues...

**TITLE CARD - FALL OF 1993 - LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN**

ANNOUNCER

(on radio)

And the Crimson Tide fall to the Gators in the SEC Championship... twenty-eight to thirteen.

The rugged, well-built country boy, fills his tan uniform well with a brown coat and slightly cocked Sheriff's cap.

Passenger side, DEPUTY TROY HAWKINS (late 20s), in the same tan uniform and coat, scans the terrain through the windows.

Clint leans forward and turns down the radio volume.

CLINT

You sure this is good spot?

TROY

Yep. Grew up `round here.

(smirks)

Blondes, bonfires and Jim Beam--

Clint's mouth flattens. He SIGHS through his nose. Annoyed.

TROY (CONT'D)

Bluff's to the left. Bout a mile.

Silence as they continue watching. Beat.

Clint points.

CLINT  
Headlights.

EXT. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN - FOREST - NIGHT

In a wooded forest area ahead, headlights from an old, rusty four-door sedan cut the dark, illuminating the rocky, dirt road as it bobs up and down, kicking up dust behind.

INT. PICK-UP TRUCK

TROY  
Headed right where he said too.

Clint starts up the truck. Drives by moonlight. Troy draws his handgun and starts looking out the window.

EXT. LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN - WOODED BLUFF - NIGHT

Hands tied in front of him, thin and gangling ROBBIE WHITE (20s) darts through the forest. His bruised face and white, bloody, "1992 Alabama NCAA Football Championship" t-shirt contrasts against the night.

His freezing breath huffs through a gag around his mouth as he runs. He glances back over his shoulder as former lineman, LUKE "THUNDER" UNDERWOOD (late 20s) chases on foot.

The headlights get closer. Robbie wiggles his jaw as he runs to dislodge his gag. He uses his bound hands, minus a right-hand pinky from an old wound, to pull it down.

He runs to the bluff's edge. Gazes down at the long drop.

ON LONG DROP

*Cliché pebbles and dirt fall off the edge.*

ON SCENE

Robbie turns as Thunder approaches with his handgun raised.

From a nearby trail, the sedan arrives. Parks. DREW CARTWRIGHT (35) exits. The weathered, more seasoned henchman, approaches as Thunder kicks Robbie to his knees.

Thunder presses the barrel into the back of Robbie's scalp. Takes a couple steps back. Aims.

ROBBIE  
P-please, don't do this. M-my kids.  
I-I got kids remember. Please.

THUNDER

Shut your fucking mouth, Robbie.

DREW

Shit, Thunder. You didn't tie that thing tight enough--

THUNDER

I don't give a shit about your brats. They'll be better off without their--

BOOM! A rifle shot from the forest enters the back of Thunder's head and exits through his eye leaving a cavernous hole. Blood and chunks spatter onto Robbie.

Thunder's half-headed body limps to its knees. Falls to the right of Robbie. Drew draws his gun. Whips around.

BAP! BAP! BAP!

Drew receives three handgun shots to his chest. Falls back.

Lying on his back, Drew looks over at Robbie and chokes on blood for air as he tries to speak.

Clint, ranch rifle raised, and Troy, gripping his handgun, emerge from the dense forest and approach a shocked Robbie.

Still choking on blood, Drew gapes at Troy and motions for help. Troy holsters his handgun and kneels beside him.

BOOM!

From above, Clint shoots Drew in the head as blood paints the grass behind. Troy falls back grabbing his ringing ears.

TROY

What the--Holy shit, Clint! What in the hell?

Clint ignores him. Slings his rifle around to his back and kneels next to Robbie. Unties his hands.

ROBBIE

(deep southern accent)

Shit, Clint. Sight for sore fucking eyes. I couldn't remember if I told you the right place or not.

CLINT

Jesus, Robbie, you got yourself into a huge mess.

Clint grabs up Drew's gun from beside his body. He stands.

ROBBIE

Yeah, I didn't know what the hell--

As Robbie stands, Clint CHUCKLES. Points at Robbie's crotch.

CLINT

Uh, looks like you pissed yourself.

ROBBIE

Shit. Yeah, did that when I had the gun to my head. Thought I's a fucking dead neck.

CLINT

That's ok, Robbie. You've had a rough night. I wouldn't judge you even if you'd shit yourself.

Robbie turns. Looks at the back of his pants. GRIMACES.

ROBBIE

Think I-I might of--

Troy walks over still rubbing his ears.

TROY

Damn it, Clint. Think you busted my ear drums.

CLINT

You'll be fine.

TROY

What in the hell'd you do that for?

ROBBIE

Shit...He was one of Hollis's men--

CLINT

Robbie?

ROBBIE

--He fucking deserved it.-- Robbie.

CLINT (CONT'D)

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

You saw it! They's gonna pitch me off Deadman's Bluff. Just for not pushing his white lighting no more--

Troy listens intently. Looks confused by Robbie's statement.

CLINT  
Robbie! Goddamn it!

Clint raises Drew's handgun - barrel points right at Robbie's forehead, but Clint spins.

BOOM!

He shoots Troy between the eyes. Troy's hat flies off his head as he falls joining the other bodies on the dirt.

Robbie's eyes grow as he looks down at Troy's body.

ROBBIE  
Shit, Clint. How you gonna explain--

As Robbie stares down, Clint shoves him toward the edge then off Deadman's Bluff. Robbie SCREAMS as he falls. Beat.

Clint closes his eyes as he catches his breath. EXHALES.

Shaking his head, he walks toward the bodies. Scans.

He grabs the walkie off his belt. SIGHS. Beat.

Staring down at Troy's body...

CLINT  
(into walkie)  
Officer down...Deadman's Bluff.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. A-LIST VIDEO STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

**TITLE CARD - A FEW MONTHS EARLIER - PINESBORO, ALABAMA**

A one-story, brick building rests at the back of a small parking lot. One of the large front windows displays a neon "OPEN" sign. A marquee above the entrance reads "A-List Video" with a night dropbox to the right of the front door.

A white two-door Cadillac pulls in. Parks. DIXIE PRITCHARD (late 50s) steps out. The former pageant winner digs in her huge Claiborne handbag for the store keys. Opens the door.

INT. MAIN FLOOR

She flips on the lights to reveal the store's open layout. Movie slipcases sit on white shelves along the main floor.

She walks in, passing the new release wall that borders the store with the latest 1992 and 1993 blockbusters. Many have ten, twelve, or more copies.

Posters of the latest summer blockbusters and Oscar winning pictures hang on the walls and up under the counter.

INT. STOREROOM

Dixie enters the back storeroom and through the stacks of boxes, VHS players, and supplies.

She walks to a kitchenette area. Flips on the coffee maker. With tired eyes, she EXHALES as she rubs her sore neck.

INT. MAIN FLOOR

She grabs the ledger and sinks into her chair at her desk behind the counter.

On her desk are framed family photos of her with her husband Billy Ray, son's, Clint and Jake, and daughter, Mary.

She opens up the ledger and flips pages.

ON LEDGER

On the June 2nd page for rentals, on the total, she writes a "2" in front of the "938.29". The June 3rd page is empty.

ON SCENE

Dixie closes it. Pulls a roll of cash from her handbag.

She walks to the cash register. Puts the ledger down.

She opens the cash register and pulls out a blue bank bag. She puts the cash in it. Puts it back. Closes the register.

As Dixie returns to her desk, TAMMY (20s), assistant manager, enters the store. The bubbly, crooked-tooth, blonde from a box, with permed and teased 80's hair, grabs a stack of movies from the night dropbox.

DIXIE

Mornin', Tammy. We get any new releases in the dropbox?

Tammy sets the movies down. Grabs the ledger and marks returns. Dixie puts on her bifocals. Looks at paperwork.

TAMMY

(deep Alabama accent)

Mornin', Dixie. Let's see. Uh, we got four Sister Act's, and--

DIXIE

Oh, how's your mama doing, darlin'? Is her neck doing better after I gave you that eucalyptus salve? I have some more--

TAMMY

No, ma'am. She--she said it didn't really help her. She--

DIXIE

Well, you tell her to keep it on there. It's all natural, from the earth, what the good Lord made. I use it every night--

DING! The door opens. Robbie enters. Today, he dons his white championship t-shirt (*same from the teaser, but clean*).

TAMMY

Hey there, Robbie.

He nods as he strolls. From above her bifocals, Dixie glares.

He approaches the new releases. Scans the slipcovers. Grabs up one of the dozen boxes of "A Few Good Men" and flips to the back. Curls his lip and sets it back down.



DING! The door rings. Robbie keeps scanning the movies for a familiar face: Stallone, Van Damme, Seagal. His eyes get big as he spots the cover of "Double Impact". He triumphantly mouths 'yes' as he nabs it.

He notices a mullet-ed male in a mechanic's shirt walk past and to the back of the store. The mechanic walks behind the black curtain to the walk-in, closet-size mature section. Robbie nervously follows him in.

INT. MATURE SECTION

As they survey the videos, Robbie steps closer to him. He steps closer too. Robbie reaches toward the man's pants.

He slides a small bag of weed in the man's pocket.

MECHANIC

(whisper)

You get me the new shit? Lightnin'?

Out of his own pocket, Robbie pulls a baggie of cocaine.

ON ROBBIE'S HAND

The baggie is wrapped in a blue rubber band and has a label with a small blue rooster stamped on it (*Robbie's pinky that was missing in the teaser is intact*).

ON SCENE

He drops it in his customer's pocket. The mechanic sets a thick roll of cash next to a box on a shelf.

MECHANIC (CONT'D)

It as good as I've heard?

ROBBIE

Course', man. The best.

Robbie winks as the mechanic exits. Grabs the cash. Exits.

Suddenly, the curtain raises. Tongue out the side of his mouth, Robbie snaps up a movie. Darts out. Curtain falls.

INT. SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

At his desk, Clint drinks coffee from a styrofoam cup. DEPUTY TIANA MORGAN (20s), an African-American deputy, strolls over with her coffee. Sits on Clint's desk.

TIANA  
 (to Clint)  
 Shit. Not gonna be the same without  
 you around here.

CLINT  
 You'll love it. I won't be here  
 casting this huge shadow over you.

TIANA  
 Hell, without you around...

SHERIFF VERNON TUCKER (60s) walks toward them. He's pudgy and balding wearing the traditional tan uniform with a gold badge but added food stains.

TIANA (CONT'D)  
 ...who'll do Sheriff Tucker's job.

Clint SNICKERS. Goes silent as Sheriff Tucker approaches carrying a newspaper in one hand and a donut bag with diet soda in the other.

TIANA (CONT'D)  
 Mornin', Sheriff.

Sheriff Tucker gives Tiana a dismissive glance. *She's a woman. AND, she's black.*

SHERIFF TUCKER  
 Clint, how we doin' this morning?

CLINT  
 Doing fine. Just fine.

SHERIFF TUCKER  
 You let me know if you need  
 anything.

Sheriff Tucker hits him on the arm with his rolled-up newspaper. Continuing toward his office, Tucker says...

SHERIFF TUCKER (CONT'D)  
 Clint, be sure to turn in all your  
 shit to Janet before you leave.

Clint ignores him. Sheriff Tucker YAWNS as he waddles to his desk in his office.

Clint grabs his hat. He and Tiana walk toward the exit.

EXT. PINESBORO - TOWN SQUARE - DAY

Moments later, Clint and Tiana drink coffee in the morning sun as they patrol the picturesque square.

TIANA

How long you give it til' his fat ass falls asleep?

CLINT

Tucker?...Hmm. I think the soda'll keep him awake through lunch then his chicken fried steak, from the diner, will knock him out within minutes of his ass cheeks kissing that desk chair.

TIANA

Hell, I don't know if he'll last that long. Before lunch the other day, he was asleep in his patrol car in the parking lot.

CLINT

Doesn't surprise me. The man only comes to life when there's a press conference and a camera around--

TIANA

Or buttercream iced sheet cake.

They CHUCKLE as an OLDER WOMAN approaches.

CLINT

(tips his cap)  
Mrs. Nichols.

Tiana smiles at her as she walks past them.

TIANA

Clint? I, uh, saw Mary the other day in the high school parking lot. She was smoking and I think they had a bottle of--

CLINT

I'll...I'll handle it...

Clint stops. Looking down, he picks up a blue rubber band on the ground. Starts to play with it while they walk.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Mary's a good kid. She's just going through typical teenager bullshit.

(MORE)

CLINT (CONT'D)

I think hearing Mama and Grandma at each other's throats gets to her. Especially, now that Jake's out of the house.

TIANA

How is Jake doin' in Atlanta? He got a girlfriend yet?

CLINT

Nah, you know Jake. Focused on his job right now. Women are probably the last thing on his mind.

Clint continues to flex the rubber band as they walk.

INT - GEORGIA - UNION CITY PD - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

FBI Special Agent JACOB "JAKE" MITCHELL (late 20s), Clint's younger brother, is right out of Quantico. The slender G-man and his African-American partner, BEN FREEMAN (25), both with holstered handguns and FBI shields on their belts, walk past a couple of local POLICE and approach an interrogation room.

**TITLE CARD - UNION CITY POLICE DEPT - UNION CITY, GEORGIA**

Before entering, Jake stops. Reads the file in his hand.

They enter. A scared suspect, JORGE (20s) sits at a table alone. Jake sits across from him as Ben stands behind. Jake has a slight southern accent. *Not as strong as his brother's.*

JAKE

It's always a woman, right?

JORGE

Huh?

JAKE

Nothing but trouble aren't they?

Jake smiles. Jorge smirks. Nods.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Problem is...spineless fucks like you end up hitting them--

Jorge's smirk disappears.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
If you haven't figured out by now,  
they don't really like that...I'm  
FBI Special Agent Jake Mitchell and  
this is Special Agent Ben Freeman  
...We can be friends if you want.

Jorge shifts in his seat.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
You gotta do what we say though.

Jake lays the file on the table. Spins it around to him.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
After you were arrested, she showed  
the cops your stash.

JORGE  
That's not mine--

JAKE  
Weed, coke, heroin--

JORGE  
It's not mine--

JAKE  
(looking at photo)  
Looks to be enough for a  
trafficking charge.

JORGE  
It's not--

JAKE  
(to Agent Freeman)  
You think this is enough for a  
trafficking charge?

AGENT FREEMAN  
Yeah, he's fucked.

JORGE  
It's...It's--

JAKE  
Really, I don't give a shit if it  
is or not. You'll get locked up for  
it and the people you work for will  
make sure you stay quiet--

JORGE  
Shit, man. I-I--

JAKE

Help us and I'll make this go away.

Jorge sits back. Frowns, but eventually nods. Jake gets up. Agent Freeman smiles at Jake.

AGENT FREEMAN

Shit, that was easy.

They start to exit the room. Jake turns back to the suspect.

JAKE

You might of beat the shit out of her, but dammit if she didn't knock the fuck out of you.

Agent Freeman CHUCKLES as Jake closes the door.

INT. A-LIST VIDEO STORE - DAY

DING! The door opens. HOLLIS HODGES (late 50s) with his silver, slicked-back hair, yellow-teeth smile, and used car salesman vibe, enters carrying a video player and movies.

HOLLIS

Tammy, I swear you get prettier every time I see you. Mmmmm. You look tastier'n a peach.

Tammy smiles uncomfortably. He sets the player down.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

And, Dixie, how's my favorite video store owner today?

At her desk, Dixie hears him. SIGHS. Monotone voice says...

DIXIE

Hollis.

She stares down at her forms. With a big grin, he sets the player on the counter and leans on it.

HOLLIS

I rented one of your video players, but damn thing don't seem to work.

He wiggles the broken door of the VHS player. Sets a movie cassette, with the tape nearly pulled out, next to it.

Tammy frowns as she takes them from him.

Hollis pulls a butterscotch candy from his pocket. Opens it and puts it in his mouth.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
So, how's business, Dixie?

DIXIE  
(without looking up)  
Business is fine, Hollis.

HOLLIS  
Well, that's good to hear, Dixie.  
Do you like the name of my new  
store, Five Star Video Club?  
(beat)  
I know you've always liked being  
listed first in the phone book so I  
took your advice. I thought Five  
Star had a beautiful ring to it.  
Very, very, smart. Savvy.

She ignores him. Puts her bifocals on. Reads her forms.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
Do you have any more tips for a  
brand spanking new video store  
owner? You're such an experienced  
store owner, you must have advice  
for such a novice like myself--

DIXIE  
Yes, yes, I do, Hollis. Don't come  
into another dog's yard looking to  
eat. There ain't enough table  
scraps to go around.

HOLLIS  
Sweetie, there's enough profits for  
all us here in Pinesboro. Don't you  
worry about my little store.

Dixie rips her bifocals off and spins to look at him.

DIXIE  
Sweetie? Obviously, my having  
lipstick and a vagina makes you  
think you're entitled to call me  
that. Well, take your "Sweetie"  
and...get the hell out of my store.

HOLLIS  
Whoa, someone is touchy, touchy,  
touchy today. Tsk, tsk, tsk.  
(MORE)

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
 Feeling a bit of pressure with the  
 upcoming competition, Dix?

DIXIE  
 No...Just don't like you...Never  
 have. All the way back to grammar  
 school. No one liked you. Remember?

Dixie puts her bifocals back on and turns away from Hollis.

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
 Good-bye.

HOLLIS  
 Ok, ok, ok.

Hollis waves his pinky ring hand as he heads for the exit.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
 Good-bye...ladies.

After he leaves, Dixie EXHALES and shakes her head.

DIXIE  
 Lord help, he is so long-winded.  
 That bastard's in love with the  
 sound of his own voice.

Tammy SNORT-LAUGHS.

INT. 5 STAR VIDEO CLUB - MAIN STORE FLOOR - DAY

Hollis strolls around his new store. In a more modern style than A-List, his checkout counter has the movies stacked behind it like books on a bookshelf. Slipcases for them line the walls and shelves on the main floor. A pad-locked night drop sits at the front connected to a window.

Hollis eyes a youngster, TRAVIS (10), with his mom, JANICE, as they shop the Kid's section.

HOLLIS  
 Hey there, darlin'. Found anything?

JANICE  
 Ah, nothing yet. He's just looking  
 for some movies to watch during the  
 day while school's out.

The little boy, tongue out to the side of his mouth, picks up "Flight of the Navigator", looks at the box. Sets it down.

Hollis picks up a movie box off the wall.



HOLLIS

Well, I have one for ya that I think you'll like. I seen it at the theater when it came out a long time ago. It's about a boy, not much older than you, and his ole' yella dog. It's called Old Yeller.

Hollis shows Travis the box. He inspects it closely.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

I tell you what, you rent some other movies and this one's on me. I'll tell em' up front.

JANICE

Thank you. What do you say, Travis?

TRAVIS

Thanks, Mister.

HOLLIS

Travis, call me, Hollis.

Hollis pats him on the shoulder. His mother smiles.

TRAVIS

Thanks...Mr. Hollis.

Hollis nods to Travis's mother then walks toward the counter.

EXT. PINESBORO FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH - CEMETERY - DAY

Dixie sits by a grave in a church cemetery. The headstone reads "MITCHELL 1931-1981" with an embedded sheriff's badge.

Dixie stares at the green grass-covered grave. Talks to it...

DIXIE

Our boys are doing good. Jake's been in Atlanta for...two months now. Hasn't been home in weeks.

She shakes her head. Continues to converse with the grave...

DIXIE (CONT'D)

You'd have been so--  
(conversing with grave)  
Yes, he looked sharp in his suit.  
Just like you...I was so proud--  
Alright, alright--



AGENT FREEMAN

Boss, we know they're moving the product out of the airport, but we just want to be sure they've moved it into their warehouse.

SSA TILLMAN

This is big, guys. Has to work.

He looks at each of them. They nod.

EXT. ATLANTA - AIRPORT TARMAC - DAY [VOICE OVER SEQUENCE]

On the tarmac of Hartsfield Airport, baggage handler's unload a large commercial airliner. Tossing them to each other.

SSA TILLMAN (V.O.)

Narcotics are infiltrating our country from Mexico...

The bag jockey checks the tag of a red suitcase wrapped in duct tape and gently places it on a separate cart.

SSA TILLMAN (V.O.)

...we know it's coming through Miami and now through Hartsfield...

The baggage truck, now full of duct tape covered suitcases, is driven away toward a large truck with "Aero-Service Supply Distribution" on its side.

SSA TILLMAN (V.O.)

...right into our fucking backyard.

EXT. PINESBORO - TOWN SQUARE - NIGHT [VOICE OVER SEQUENCE]

After sundown, Robbie, in a maroon "Roll Tide" t-shirt, leans up against a brick wall eating a burger.

SSA TILLMAN (V.O.)

And, spreading into towns all over the Southeast.

Robbie tosses his burger wrapper and strolls the sidewalk.

SSA TILLMAN (V.O.)

Now the Waco shit's over, AG Reno's slobbering all over this. I get hammered daily for news on Sinaloa.

He rounds a corner. A well-dressed MAN approaches.

SSA TILLMAN (V.O.)  
Tired of this bullshit. Let's stop  
it dead in its tracks. Give her  
some good fucking news for once.

Robbie pulls an eight-ball of coke from his pocket.

ON EIGHT-BALL EXCHANGE

Secured by a blue rubber band, the eight-ball passes to the customer. He switches it with cash. They both keep walking.

INT. FBI OFFICE - DAY [END VOICE OVER SEQUENCE]

SSA Tillman stares at Jake and Agent Freeman.

SSA TILLMAN  
So, gentlemen, go get me some.

EXT. SAND MOUNTAIN - PRITCHARD FAMILY FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

With the glow of windows from her large ranch-style farmhouse behind, Dixie, in a robe, walks the long driveway.

She retrieves the mail from the mailbox. Flips through it.

A car, off in the distance, speeds down the road.

Dixie squints at the approaching old, rusty 4-door sedan.

ON SEDAN (SAME FROM TEASER)

It screeches to a halt. A masked man in the back opens the rear door and pushes out a body. It lands in the ditch as the car speeds off.

ON SCENE

Approaching the body, she pulls a snub nose pistol from her robe.

ON BODY

The body with a mullet and mechanic's shirt, is covered in blood, dirt and grass. Eyes still open. Bruised. Sliced up.

ON SCENE

She scans her surroundings. Nothing. SIGHS.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PRITCHARD FAMILY FARMHOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dixie sits at her breakfast table. Deputy Troy stands beside the table writing on a notepad. Behind them through the window, red and blue lights flash down by her mailbox. An ambulance and a couple DEPUTIES mill around the body.

Clint and BILLY RAY PRITCHARD (early 50s), Dixie's husband, enter. Troy nods and walks out. Clint sits at the table. With her pistol in front of her, Dixie drinks a glass of bourbon.

CLINT

We don't know who it is yet. Looks like it got ditched here. Probably on purpose. Sending me a message.

DIXIE

Sending you a message? Why didn't they pitch it at your house then?

CLINT

I-I don't--Probably deeper meaning if they leave it at my Mama's. I-I don't know yet. I'll look into it. Hell, coulda just been random--

Dixie shakes her head.

Clint SIGHS as he gets up. Picks up his Mama's glass of bourbon. Downs it. He puts it in the sink. Stares down at it.

CLINT (CONT'D)

This is the last goddamn thing I needed right before my last day.

DIXIE

Hell, you can't quit. Not now.

He stares at her as his mouth flattens. He shakes his head as he quickly exits. Billy Ray shakes his head at her.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

You know who that was?

BILLY RAY

Yeah...I do.

DIXIE

He was one of our best customers.

BILLY RAY  
Better fix this, honey. Er...might  
be one of the boys next...or Mary.

INT./EXT. ROBBIE'S 1986 TOYOTA TRUCK - MOVING - NIGHT

In the dark night, Robbie drives through town in his beat-up 1980's Toyota pick-up.

He parks. Grabs a flashlight. Picks up six video boxes from the floorboard. Shines the light on one of the covers.

ON VIDEO LABEL

The title says "Rambo". Above it says "5 Star Video Club".

He opens the box. No video tape just a thick stack of cash. Mostly twenty dollar bills. Some fifties. He snaps it closed.

EXT. 5 STAR VIDEO CLUB - ENTRANCE

With all the boxes under his arm, he walks into the store.

INT. MAIN FLOOR

He nods at Hollis as he approaches the counter. Hollis nods.

Behind the counter is Luke "Thunder" Underwood. Robbie sets the videos down. Thunder swaps them with a new stack.

THUNDER  
Here's the videos you reserved,  
Robbie. As usual, due back the day  
after tomorrow before close.

ROBBIE  
You got it. Thanks, Thunder.

Robbie picks up the new videos. Nods to Hollis and exits.

INT. ROBBIE'S 1986 TOYOTA TRUCK

Robbie starts up his truck. Pops open one of the new video boxes. It's filled with baggies of cocaine. Rooster-stamped. He snaps it closed. Starts to drive away.

EXT. PINESBORO - LOW-INCOME NEIGHBORHOOD - HOUSE - DAY

A truck parks in the driveway of a small house. Toys and trash litter the overgrown front yard. A "Bama" flag hangs proudly on the porch. Mountains decorate the background.

**TITLE CARD - A FEW WEEKS LATER**

Dixie's husband, Billy Ray, stands on the porch. The tall, muscular store owner, with 1950's good looks and slightly graying hair slicked over to one side, approaches the front door. KNOCKS.

INT. FRONT DOOR

Billy Ray stands, sun shining behind him, as the door opens.

BILLY RAY

Mornin', I'm Billy Ray Pritchard from A-List Video Store. You got one of our video machines and some movies. You was supposed to bring em' back last month. They're late. I'm here to bring em' back.

Robbie approaches Billy Ray. He's in the white championship t-shirt (*same from teaser and video store*) and boxers.

ROBBIE

I don't know what in the fuck you're talking about, mister. You got the wrong fucking house.

Robbie starts to close the door. Billy Ray pushes on it.

BILLY RAY

Nah, sir. I got the right house, Robbie White.  
 (looks at house number)  
 1212 Pecan Trail. You come in our store often and you know it.  
 (beat)  
 Now come on, Robbie. Let's not do this today. You know who I am.

ROBBIE

Fuck you, Billy Ray. I don't have your fucking video playing machine or any your fucking video movies. I took em' back weeks ago.

Robbie tries to close it again, but Billy Ray pushes it open. Walks inside and toward the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Robbie steps close to Billy Ray as they approach the living room. His wife CARLY (20) is slumped on a couch holding their BABY girl as their son, SILAS (5), sits on the floor.

A dirty ashtray, beer cans, and a bong adorn a coffee table in front of the couch.

Carly is thin with dirty blonde hair and pale white skin. She has bags under her eyes and is wearing a near see-through, wife-beater tank top and shorts. The baby girl, who's about a year and half old, curiously looks at Billy Ray.

They watch "Double Impact" with Jean-Claude Van Damme as Billy Ray walks toward the video player.

BILLY RAY

Ma'am, how you today?

With a wide smile, Billy Ray nods at Carly. She snarls, but the baby gives a big grin back. Billy Ray turns to Robbie.

BILLY RAY (CONT'D)

So, Robbie, now you're saying you had em', but not no more? Am I getting that right?

ROBBIE

That's right. I don't have your fucking video player machine, motherfucker. So get out of my fucking house right now or I'll--

Billy Ray twists Robbie's arm to his back. Shoves him down.

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

Oooooowww! M-my, my arm!

Billy Ray approaches the player. Unplugs it. Puts the videos in their boxes. Picks them up and starts walking out.

CARLY

Hey! You piece of shit! We was watching that!

Billy Ray starts to leave. Robbie approaches him.

BILLY RAY

(nods head)

Ma'am, have a nice day.

CARLY

Fuck you!

ROBBIE

Hey, motherfucker!

ROBBIE (CONT'D)

You can't do that! You can't just come into my house and take shit! You need a warrant or something--



Billy Ray shoves him back down and leans over him.

BILLY RAY

(whisper)

And Robbie, I catch ya dealing blow  
in my store just one more time,  
I'll be knocking on your door  
again, but won't be as friendly.

EXT. DRIVEWAY

Billy Ray walks out the front door. Carly stands in the door frame with her baby on her hip.

CARLY

Go to hell you piece of dog shit!  
Fuck you, and your cunt wife!

Silas bolts out the door past his mother. As he runs, he swipes a toy from the yard. Tosses it. Hits Billy Ray's back.

Surprised, not injured, Billy Ray turns and looks at Silas.

BILLY RAY

(under his breath)

Why that little son-of-a--

SILAS

Pig fucker!

With a scowl, Silas flips him off. Shaking his head, Billy Ray gets into his truck.

INT. ATLANTA - JAKE'S APARTMENT - DAY

In slacks and a nice dress shirt, Jake ties his tie in his tiny, barely furnished one-bedroom apartment.

KITCHEN

Tie now tied, he sips coffee standing up waiting for his toaster to finish his breakfast.

Mail is stacked pile high on the counter. His toast POPS UP.

He reaches over to the counter and hits the button on his answering machine. *It all seems like a morning routine.*

As he butters his toast and TAKES A BITE, he listens...

DIXIE (O.S)

(on machine)

Jake, just calling to check on you.

(MORE)

DIXIE (O.S) (CONT'D)

Uh, we wanted to make sure you'd be home this weekend for Mary's birthday...Sunday dinner after church...We look forward to seeing you, sweetie...We love you...Bye.

The message ends and he continues eating his toast. He looks at his watch and rushes out the door.

INT. PINESBORO - DAVIDSON HOUSE - DAY

Tiana steps out of the driver side of the patrol car. The passenger door opens. Clint gets out. *Still a deputy.*

TIANA

So glad you're around for this.  
Don't think I'm ready--

CLINT

This is my last week. Get used to it.

Tiana grins.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Front door opens, Clint and Tiana, walk into the traditional style living room. Two EMT's walk toward the front door.

EMT

Hey, Clint. Thought you quit?

CLINT

(annoyed)  
Which room?

EMT

Master. Down the hall.

TIANA

Nothing you could do when you got here?

The EMT briefly stares at Tiana. Sarcastically SNICKERS as he shakes his head. Exits the house.

CLINT

Tiana, wait here.

Clint steps down the hall toward the master bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

Clint walks into the dimly lit bedroom. Turns on his small flashlight. PEGGY DAVIDSON (50s) sits in a chair in the corner. Frozen, she stares at the floor. Clint follows her eyes to the floor. A shotgun lays next to the bed.

As Clint walks by the bed toward the shotgun, he looks up and sees a body on the bed with a bloody, unrecognizable, partial head. The wall behind the bed is spattered with blood.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Come on, Peggy. Let's go see Tiana  
in the living room.

With glassy eyes, she stares up at Clint. He wraps her with a blanket from the chair, leads her into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM

Tiana walks over and helps Peggy onto the couch. She sits next to her and holds her hand. Clint squats in front of her.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Can you...tell me what happened?

PEGGY

Les, it was Les. He, he shot  
himself. I-I don't know why. Or,  
maybe I do? I-I don't know.

(beat)

He lost his job at the bank. He's  
been so...sad and depressed. We  
were fighting a lot and--

CLINT

Peggy, do you know how it happened?

PEGGY

I-I don't know, Clint. When I came  
home from visiting my mother, I  
found him. He was, he was gone.

An EMT walks back in and approaches Peggy.

EMT

We're gonna take Mrs. Davidson with  
us. We want to treat her at the  
hospital. Keep an eye on her.

CLINT

Sure, sure. She's been through a  
lot. We'll follow up there.

The EMT and Tiana help her up. Clint puts his hand on her shoulder. The EMT walks her out the front door. Tiana and Clint walk to the master bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

They enter the bedroom. Shining small flashlights. Tiana shines it on the bed, the body and then the wall.

TIANA  
Oh, holy Jesus.

Clint observes the body. Spots track marks on the left arm.

TIANA (CONT'D)  
Suicide? For sure?

CLINT  
I think so. Position of the body.  
Looks like he put the shotgun in  
his mouth...It fell to the floor.

He starts looking around the bed. Under. Steps to the nightstand. Opens a drawer. Nothing. Opens another. Shifts things around. Finds a brown paper bag.

He opens the bag. Inside, a baggie of cocaine. Blue rubber band. Rooster stamp. Also in the bag, a lighter and spoon.

Tiana approaches. Looks at the baggie. Clint SIGHS.

INT. A-LIST VIDEO STORE - MAIN FLOOR - DAY

Billy Ray walks through the door with the player and movies. He walks past Tammy at the counter and to the back storeroom.

INT. STOREROOM

Dixie sits counting money and putting it in a deposit bag.

DIXIE  
Hey, sweetie. That number twenty?

He nods. Leans over and kisses her on the forehead.

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
That goddamn, skinny-ass, good for  
nothing redneck. Don't rent him  
another fucking movie or especially  
another one of my players.

BILLY RAY

I'll keep an eye on him, Dixie. I think deep down he's a good kid gone bad. One who made bad choices.

Billy Ray gets a mug out of the cabinet.

DIXIE

You sure see people differently than I do. I just see a piece of worthless dog shit married to a piece of worthless chicken shit. I reckon you could be right, but I doubt it.

BILLY RAY

Boys coming home this weekend for Mary's birthday?

DIXIE

Sunday dinner after church--

MARY PRITCHARD (17), Dixie and Billy Ray's daughter, walks in. The Nineties teen angst ridden brunette kisses her dad on the cheek as her friend, CHARLOTTE (17), hovers behind her.

BILLY RAY

Hey, sweetie. What you up to today?

MARY

Charlotte and me are going shopping in Huntsville. I stopped by to see if I could get some spending money?

With a grin, she holds out her hand. Dixie shakes her head.

MARY (CONT'D)

(voice raises an octave)

Please, Daddy? Almost my birthday? Pleeeeease.

Her smile gets wider as he digs for his wallet. He flips it open. Licks his finger as he pulls out each bill.

DIXIE

Your brothers are coming for dinner Sunday for your birthday. So, plan to be home with us.

Billy Ray hands her cash and smiles. She kisses and hugs him.

MARY

Thanks, Daddy. Ok, Mom, I'll be there. I'll be home later tonight.

Mary bolts out. Billy Ray grins at Dixie. She SIGHS.

DIXIE

Teenage girls and their shopping. I guess she takes it after me.

Billy Ray LAUGHS as Dixie starts counting money.

Tammy quickly enters the store room.

TAMMY

Dixie? There's some Mexicans looking around. I've never seen `em before.

Dixie hops up and exits. Billy Ray slowly follows.

INT. A-LIST MAIN FLOOR

Dixie scans the floor and spots two HISPANIC MEN. One of them, MARTIN ROMERO (40s) is very well-dressed. They silently look around the store as they pace. *Intimidatingly*.

They lock eyes with Dixie as they walk toward the exit.

Dixie stares. Romero smirks as the men exit the store.

INT. 5-STAR VIDEO - PARKING LOT - DIXIE'S CADDY - NIGHT

In a lot across from 5-Star, Dixie sits in her Caddy and watches as Robbie's truck leaves the parking lot.

EXT. 5-STAR VIDEO - PARKING LOT

In the darkness, Hollis locks up the store. Dixie approaches.

HOLLIS

(smacking gum)

It's awful late for a pretty lady to be out. It's dark and dangerous--

DIXIE

Fuck you, you fucking pit viper. I played by the rules for years. Kept our business going strong. I paid my dues. These changes ain't right and you know it--

HOLLIS

It's the future, Dixie. If it's not us, it'll just be somebody else. It's fucking time you to get on board.

DIXIE  
I won't, Hollis. Never.

HOLLIS  
Then you got a problem. Slingin'  
weed, girls and back-room games  
don't cut it no more--

DIXIE  
So, harder shit, running guns, and  
selling kids to perverts is our  
future?

Hollis shrugs. Steps closer to her. Looks her in the eye.

HOLLIS  
Biloxi don't trust your judgement  
no more--

DIXIE  
Biloxi don't. The hills do. They're  
with me--

HOLLIS  
Well, money comes from Biloxi, Dix.  
The hill clan is old generation--  
rottin' in their rundown backwoods  
mansions--

DIXIE  
They built this business, Hollis--

HOLLIS  
No...they started it. Decades ago.  
But...when it laid dying, they  
begged for money. They needed  
direction.

DIXIE  
That wasn't the deal, Hollis--

HOLLIS  
Who's the youngest hill folk?  
(beat, points)  
It's you. You're the last of that  
dying-ass breed. Who's the next  
youngest? Eighty-years old?

DIXIE  
Their families will take over after--

HOLLIS  
Oh fuck off, Dixie. You think their  
families can do shit?

(MORE)

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

You think they can manage what was built? They been suckling that fat tit their father's, grandfather's, and great-grandfather's nearly ran into the fucking ground--

DIXIE

But, it's their legacy--

HOLLIS

Legacy? You're becoming like them. Biloxi wants the future. You all are stuck in the past. It's about the bottom line, Dix.

Dixie glares as she shakes her head. Turns toward her car.

Hollis tosses his gum. Pulls out a pack of cigarettes.

DIXIE

I'll fight you. I'll fight them--

HOLLIS

You'll lose. You'll die. Or worse ...someone you love will die.

She spins around. Stares more daggers at him.

DIXIE

My boys don't know nothin', Hollis.

Hollis lights a cigarette. Cups the flame.

HOLLIS

They will. Soon...or hell, maybe one of those little grand-boys of yours will get sold off--

DIXIE

(gritting her teeth)

I'll put you in the ground.

Hollis blows smoke toward her. Evil smile.

HOLLIS

Do as we say...Sweetie.

Dixie stares then gets in her car. One last look at Hollis.

DIXIE

Keep your fucking dust dealers out of my store.

Hollis's grin goes flat. Dixie SLAMS her car door.



INT. ATLANTA - FBI OFFICE - DAY

Jake and Agent Freeman sit at Jake's desk in the bullpen area. They toss a small Auburn football back and forth.

AGENT FREEMAN

You need a date man. You've been here for what? A few months now?

Jake SIGHS. Disapprovingly shakes his head.

AGENT FREEMAN (CONT'D)

I know this chick...Gina. Amazing, tight, fuckable ass--

SSA Tillman walks up. The guys put the ball down. Stand.

SSA TILLMAN

Your CI gave us actionable intel. There's product coming in. Should be in the warehouse next week. This will be a joint raid with our DEA brothers. But, we're lead. Enjoy your weekend, gentlemen. Gonna be a busy week next week...You can now resume talking about pussy.

SSA Tillman walks away. The guys smirk at each other.

EXT. PRITCHARD FAMILY FARMHOUSE - NIGHT

Carrying an overnight bag, Jake marches from his parked sedan to a side entrance of the farmhouse under a carport off to the side of the circular drive in front of the house.

INT. KITCHEN

The door opens. Jake enters. Sets his bag down. Looks around. His slight southern accent returns now that he's home...

JAKE

Mama? Mary? Grandma?...Anyone here?

INT. LIVING ROOM

ROSALYN "GRANDMA ROSE" CULPEPPER (80) sits and watches Matlock on TV. She eases up out of her seat.

JAKE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hello?

INT. KITCHEN

Jake walks into the kitchen beside the entrance. Grandma Rose ambles in with a big smile across her face. The frail woman with a classic bluish-gray, beehive hairstyle, and 1960's wardrobe reaches for a hug.

GRANDMA ROSE

Well, there's my boy. Come here'n give grandma some sugar.

JAKE

Hey, Grandma.

With a grin, he hugs her. Gives her a loud KISS on the cheek.

GRANDMA ROSE

Let me make you some iced tea.

He sits at a breakfast table. She grabs a cup from a cabinet.

GRANDMA ROSE (CONT'D)

Met a sweet girl there in Atlanta?

Jake smirks. *Tired of that question.*

JAKE

Nah...not yet.

GRANDMA ROSE

Keep at it. You'll find the right young lady...How's your job goin'?

JAKE

Fine, I guess. Rough day...I miss you all. Miss your sweet tea. And, your biscuits and gravy--

She smiles at him as she puts ice in the cup.

GRANDMA ROSE

Your grand-daddy had rough days at his general store. I'd make him his favorite...skillet fried chicken. I'll make a batch before you leave.

JAKE

Awww, that'd be great, Grandma.

She gets a pitcher of tea out of the fridge.

JAKE (CONT'D)

So how's Mama? Still working too hard? Are you two getting along?

She starts pouring the glass of tea.

GRANDMA ROSE

Well, what do you mean? We always get along just fine.

(talking faster)

And, yes, she works too damn hard. I try to tell her to slow down, but she never listens. She's just so damn stubborn, that daughter of mine. I swear your Mama's just like her father. She makes me madder'n a wet hen.

She shakes her head as she sets the pitcher down. Jake shakes his head. LAUGHS. She smiles. Hands him the glass.

INT. 5 STAR VIDEO CLUB - BACKROOM - NIGHT

In the backroom kitchen area, Hollis sits at a round table eating banana pudding from a paper bowl with a plastic spoon.

Hollis's son, Jason, and Thunder walk Robbie in. His face bruised and mouth is bloody. Hollis, elbows on the table, scrapes the bottom of his bowl for the last bit of pudding.

HOLLIS

Robbie, come on back...Take a seat. We got homemade banana puddin', Mrs. Patterson brought by for us. Have a mess of it with me.

Hollis takes a last lick of his spoon. Sets his bowl and spoon on the table. He leans back in his chair. Robbie sits across from him as Thunder and Jason stand behind.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

She's such a sweet woman. Makes a purty good banana puddin'.

(frowns)

Not enough wafers though. I like a lot of wafers, but--What about you Robbie? Hmm--How do you like your banana puddin'?

Robbie starts wiggling a bit in his chair. He leans forward.

ROBBIE

Mr. Hodges, I-I know why you wanna talk. I know I'm not supposed to--

HOLLIS

Boy...eat some banana puddin'.

Hollis starts dipping Robbie some pudding in a paper bowl and then gets a plastic spoon out of a box of disposable plastic utensils sitting on the table. Then, dips himself more.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Go on. Eat.

Hollis sticks the spoon straight up in Robbie's pudding. Slides the bowl across the table to him.

ROBBIE

Th-thank you, Mr. Hodges.

He doesn't take a bite until Hollis takes one. After Hollis takes a bite, he sets his bowl down. Leans forward.

HOLLIS

Robbie, we're running a business. A video business. Our customers rely on us to provide them with... entertainment. So they can sit at home on their couch or lie in bed and let their stress subside for a bit. Escaping into another world for a while.

Hollis picks up his bowl. Takes a bite.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

We give them that escape. We provide a service. Do you understand, son?. Do ya?

ROBBIE

Y-y-yes sir. I-I do.

Hollis takes another bite then points his spoon at Robbie.

HOLLIS

Well. I...I don't know if you do, son. When a representative of our organization decides to act alone, make decisions on their own, it affects our profitability and the capacity to service our customers.

Beat. Hollis leans back in his chair. Stares at Robbie and continues eating.

ROBBIE

Mr. Hodges, I-I'm sorry. I won't go to Dixie's no more. I-I swear I won't. I's just trying to make extra money...

Beat.

HOLLIS

Robbie...you're a man. A man takes responsibility for his job. For his actions. For his mistakes. You are a man...right?

Robbie looks at the ground, away from Hollis.

ROBBIE

Yes, sir.

(beat)

A-Are-are you going to kill me?

Hollis looks at Jason and Thunder. Begins to CHUCKLE.

HOLLIS

Ha ha. For heavens sakes no, Robbie. Is that what you think we would do? Ha ha. No, no, no, no. Jesus Christ. No sir, boy.

Robbie smiles slightly. He looks back at Hollis. Hollis leans forward. He holds up a finger and shakes it back and forth.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

But...it's strike one and there are consequences to strike one, Robbie.

He glances at Jason and Thunder with a wry smile.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Lord have mercy. Robbie, we'd never do something so drastic on strike one. Remember, we are running a business.

ROBBIE

Oh sir, I promise it wont happen again. Thank you, sir. Thank you.

Hollis tosses his half eaten bowl in the trash by the table.

HOLLIS

Oh yes. I know, Robbie. I know. But, we aren't done here. Not yet.

Hollis stands. Wipes his hands with a napkin.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

As I said, Robbie, it's strike one. There is punishment for strike one.

ROBBIE  
Mr. Hodges, I...I...

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
Let's see...

Hollis throws away the napkin. Puts his hands together then looks over at the kitchen counter. Fixates on something.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
Ah, perfect. Ok, here's what we're gonna do. Or better yet, what you are gonna do. You're going to pick your least favorite "lady tickler"--

He holds up his hand. Wiggles his fingers. With a grim look and imposing demeanor...

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
--and cut it off. You pick. Any of em'--Either hand--Player's choice.

With a horrified expression, Robbie starts breathing harder.

ROBBIE  
B-but, Mr Hodges, I-I can't...

HOLLIS  
Son, if you don't do this, it'll be strike two. You're a smart boy. I'm sure you know strike two's worse than strike one. And, Robbie, you don't get three strikes...

He grabs a box of plastic knives next to the box of spoons. He shoves them and they SLIDE across the table to Robbie.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
This isn't a fucking game.

A couple plastic knives fall out. He points at them...

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
Use those. Might take a few. But, I think it's a full box, so probably enough to get the job done.

Pale white, Robbie looks shocked. Hollis stands. He looks at his guys. Winks. They all smile. Robbie stares at the box.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
Boys, stay here and make sure it gets done. There's plenty of paper towels and other shit in the bathroom if ya need it.

Hollis YAWNS and scratches the back of his head as he walks.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

I'm gonna grab a video and go home.  
Been a long day.

He picks up the banana pudding dish. Robbie pulls a plastic knife out of the box. Stares at it. Hollis turns to Thunder.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)

Do we still have Sister Act, That one with the nigger nun who teaches them retarded kids to sing? Or did all those go out today? I still haven't seen that one yet.

(big toothy smile)

I hear it's really a lot fun.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. CLINT AND VICKIE'S HOME - MASTER BATH - DAY

With a towel around his waist, Clint stands in the master bathroom staring in the mirror. Putting on shaving cream, his toned body makes the scene look like a shaving commercial.

His wife, VICKIE MITCHELL (late 20s), walks in. The thin, former cheerleader wears a t-shirt that goes almost to her knees, no makeup, and hair tied up in a ponytail.

CLINT

Boys need help getting ready? I can do that after I'm done.

Clint continues slathering on the shaving cream.

VICKIE

No, no, I can handle it. You've been working.

CLINT

Nah, I don't mind, honey.

VICKIE

(not annoyed)  
I said I can handle it.

Ok, ok.

CLINT (CONT'D)

VICKIE (CONT'D)

They're in there playing. Didn't touch their breakfast. I wouldn't let them eat Count Chocula so--

CLINT

Ha. They'll get plenty at Mama's.

He glances over and smiles adoringly at her.

CLINT (CONT'D)

Honey, I swear. This is it...my last week.

Vickie steps behind him. Wraps her arms around his mid-section. Gazes at him in the mirror. He glances at her in the mirror. Using a razor, he shaves a stroke down his cheek.

She slides a hand down his abdomen and into his wrapped towel. Beat.

Clint sets the razor down. Slowly turns around as Vickie removes her hand to slowly untie the towel.



Clint faces her as she uses both hands to unwrap the towel. It falls to expose his buttocks partially.

She releases her ponytail. Her blonde hair falls. Clint slides the long t-shirt over her head and off. Picks her up.

Topless and now only wearing panties, she wraps her legs tightly around his waist. As he carries her to their bedroom, they furiously kiss smearing shaving cream on their faces.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM

They fall on the bed. Vickie on her back and Clint on top of her. He slides her panties off.

She wraps her legs around his hips. He grabs her breast with one hand, holds her head with the other and kisses her neck. She tightens her grip with both hands on his back. She MOANS with pleasure as he continues to caress. A few beats.

Their boys, CALVIN (8) and THOMAS (6), bust in the door, running, YELLING and playing.

Clint and Vickie grab up the comforter. Quickly cover up. Both their faces covered in shaving cream, they sit up and look at the boys. The boys quizzically stare at their parent's faces. Vickie grins at Clint.

Clint's temper begins to flare...

CLINT (CONT'D)

Boys--

Vickie puts her hand up to Clint.

VICKIE

Boys, why don't you go play in the other room for a bit longer?

The boys jump up on the bed and start playing. Vickie SIGHS.

CLINT

I guess we probably need to get ready anyway. Rain check?

Disappointed, Vickie nods. Puts on a t-shirt from nearby then wipes the shaving cream off her face.

She goes into the bathroom. Clint notices her disappointment. SIGHS as he looks down at the boys. Half-smiles at them.

EXT. PRITCHARD FAMILY FARMHOUSE - DAY

Grandma and Dixie sit at the breakfast table drinking coffee. Grandma has a snuff cup. Dixie is reading the paper.

DIXIE

I should go see how Tammy's doing at the store for a bit before the boys come over for dinner later.

Grandma shakes her head. SPITS in her snuff cup. Beat.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

(looking at newspaper)

Well? Say it. You obviously have something in that craw of yours.

Dixie lowers the paper and waits for Grandma Rose's response.

A few beats, then Grandma Rose responds.

GRANDMA ROSE

Well, I still don't understand what you do all goddamn day there. You watch movies? Sit at a desk reading your goddamn Glamour magazines? While I'm here...all alone, slaving away all goddamn day, cooking and cleaning for you?

Grandma dramatically SPITS in her cup. Dixie shakes her head.

DIXIE

Mother...we have a goddamn maid. You sit here on the damn couch and watch your love stories all goddamn day. I don't know what in the hell you're so goddamn sour about--

GRANDMA ROSE

The maid?...Why, she's so goddamn worthless. I don't understand why in the hell you pay the damn woman anyhow. I do most of the goddamn work round here while you sit on your ass at that damn movie store.

Grandma violently SPITS in her cup again.

DIXIE

Well, Mama, that's the business I built from the ground up...I wanna be remembered in this town... Like Daddy...How he built his  
(MORE)

DIXIE (CONT'D)

general store and people respected him...I want them to respect me. I want them to remember me, that I built something...Not like you.

(points at her)

All you'll be remembered for is being a nag...and giving oral pleasure to Ernest Tubb.

GRANDMA ROSE

Why, you ornery bitch!

EXT. PRITCHARD FAMILY FARMHOUSE - SIDE DOOR

Jake walks up to the side entrance with a bag of groceries.

GRANDMA ROSE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I oughta tan your damn hide for a comment like that. You shouldn't talk to your--

INT. KITCHEN

Jake enters and walks in the kitchen. Surprised, they both look up and smile at him. He sets the bag on the counter.

JAKE

Well...looks like nothing changed with you two old cackling hens. Can we have a nice day without you two cursin' at each other?

GRANDMA ROSE

What? What are you talking about?

DIXIE

Well, I've never uttered a curse word in all my life.

GRANDMA ROSE

We love each other. We ain't fighting at all.

DIXIE (CONT'D)

She's my dear mother. I'd never--

Jake shakes his head as he walks away.

INT. PRITCHARD FAMILY FARMHOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

Grandma Rose, Billy Ray, Dixie, Mary, Jake, Clint and Vickie with their boys, gather in the dining room for Sunday dinner.

Uncle EARLE MITCHELL (70) joins them around the dining room table. He's slightly overweight, balding and has a Magnum PI mustache. Everyone holds hands and bows heads for prayer.

UNCLE EARLE

(deep voice)

Heavenly father, we come together on this beautiful day. We thank you for this wonderful meal and the hands that have prepared it.

(squints)

Lord, continue to bless us all. Bless sweet Mary on her birthday. And Lord, I ask that you bless those boys at the University of Alabama and bring us another championship.

He squeezes Mary's hand. She cringes a bit.

UNCLE EARLE (CONT'D)

Bless the late great Bear Bryant, and now, the great Coach Stallings. Lord, we ask all these things in your precious and holy name, A-men.

(looks up)

All right, let's eat.

CLINT

I, for one, am as hungry as a bear. This all looks delicious, ladies. You outdid yourselves as usual.

JAKE

Mmmhmmm, it does.

UNCLE EARLE

Yes, it does!

Everyone begins passing the bowls around and dipping food.

UNCLE EARLE (CONT'D)

Clint, think Bama will do it again this year?

CLINT

I don't know. Bowden's got those Auburn boys looking mighty stout.

JAKE

(chimes in)

I know my Bulldogs won't do shit.

VICKIE

Dixie, are you worried at all about Hollis's new store?

DIXIE

(doesn't look up)

No. I can handle Hollis Hodges.

VICKIE  
Oh...uh, ok--

JAKE  
(scans the table)  
Hollis has a new video store?

CLINT  
Mama knows what to do. She has a  
solid business with loyal customers--

GRANDMA ROSE  
Mashed potatoes are lumpy--And dry.

With a slight frown, Dixie quickly glances at Grandma Rose.

JAKE  
Well, Hollis is gonna have a near  
impossible task trying to compete  
with A-List. People got routines  
and it's been there for so long. I  
doubt many will go into his place.

Dixie heats up. Stares at her plate as she eats.

Clint's boys play and get rowdy. Vickie reaches over to calm  
them down. Everyone continues eating.

VICKIE  
Mary, you've been quiet. Having a  
good birthday this weekend?

Mary picks at her food with her fork. Doesn't look up.

MARY  
Fine.

CLINT  
(slight temper)  
Well, that sounds really, really  
interesting. Can you elaborate? Any  
more details that you could share?

Mary SIGHS, rolls her eyes and keeps picking at her plate.

CLINT (CONT'D)  
I hear you been hanging out in the  
high school parking lot--

Vickie eyes Clint and grabs his hand to calm him.

Silence as everyone continues to eat. Beat.

JAKE  
Clint, how's the investigation of  
that body Mama found coming along?

CLINT  
(terse)  
Still lookin' into it.

JAKE  
If you need any help, I'm sure--

CLINT  
(annoyed)  
No, no. I can handle it.

VICKIE  
(flippant)  
I thought you were retiring?

Clint SIGHS. Beat.

DIXIE  
Mary...you haven't eaten hardly a  
thing on your plate--

GRANDMA ROSE  
I ain't surprised, Dixie. You left  
the corn sticks in too long.

Dixie SIGHS and glares at her. With a frown, Grandma Rose  
breaks up a corn stick on her plate.

MARY  
Mom, Dad, I'm gonna go over to  
Charlotte's house.

DIXIE	BILLY RAY
No, stay here. We haven't even cut your cake.	Ok, sweetie. Don't stay out too late.

Dixie SIGHS and angrily glares at Billy Ray. Beat.

DIXIE (CONT'D)  
Fine...Just don't stay out late.  
First, take your plate to the sink,  
clean it off, and wash it.

Mary takes her plate as she gets up. She kisses Billy Ray on  
the cheek then hugs Dixie. She waves to everyone.

Everyone waves back as she leaves. Dixie shakes her head.

BILLY RAY  
So, Earle, how's the fishing been lately? Caught anything good?

UNCLE EARLE  
Been catching carp in the river. But, my boat's got a leak...Uh, that reminds me...Dixie?--

Uncle Earle looks at his plate. Dixie doesn't pay attention.

UNCLE EARLE (CONT'D)  
I-I was wondering if, uh, maybe I could borrow--

BAM! Dixie slams her fork on the table. Everyone hears it.

DIXIE  
He's not one of us. That's my problem with all this. That's what gets my goat about it all.

Everyone focuses on Dixie. Uncle Earle looks over at Billy Ray with a confused expression.

BILLY RAY  
Who, Earle? He's one of us.

Billy Ray looks over at Dixie with that same confused look.

DIXIE  
No! Hollis. Pay attention, William! He isn't one of us. He isn't from Pinesboro. He doesn't belong here. He shouldn't steal business away from a family who's worked hard, sweat blood and tears, and has dirt under our fingernails and been here for generations. It ain't right.

BILLY RAY  
What are you talking about, Dixie? He is from here. He was born and raised right here in the valley... Pinesboro, Alabama. You went to school with--

DIXIE  
I know that! But his family wasn't from here. His mama and daddy wasn't here hardly a year before he was born. They aren't from here like us.

(MORE)

DIXIE (CONT'D)

They don't have their roots in this town like we do. Don't you understand that?

Grandma leans over to Jake. Speaks loudly...

GRANDMA ROSE

What's she all riled up about this time? She should be mad about the undercooked pot roast.

(picks at it with fork)

I think there's still some blood on mine--

Dixie's head jerks over and she stares at Grandma Rose.

DIXIE

Mother, we aren't talking about the damn food--

GRANDMA ROSE

Well, I think I still see some blood on my pot roast--

Dixie's eyes open wide and she points at Grandma Rose.

DIXIE

Mother, stop going on about the damn food or you will see some blood on your damn pot roast--

CLINT

(puts hand up)

Ok, ok...ok. Stop fighting. Let's calm down, ladies. You two ladies love each other, remember? So--

DIXIE

(shocked)

Why, yes! She's my beloved mother.

GRANDMA ROSE

(hand on her chest)

Well, course! She's my heart and soul.

Everyone tries to hide grins. Suppress LAUGHTER.

EXT. PRITCHARD FAMILY FARMHOUSE - BACKYARD - DAY

After dinner, the back porch screen door opens. Jake and Clint walk toward the fence at the back of the backyard.

Clint pulls out cigarettes. Puts both in his mouth and lights them. Hands one to Jake. Jake grins as he shakes his head.



JAKE  
Mama'd kill us.

Smoking, they reach the fence. Lean on it. In front of them is a beautiful view of the cornfields, stables, and pond.

CLINT  
Damn right she would.  
(takes a drag, beat)  
Doing cool G-man shit in Atlanta?

JAKE  
Nah, doing investigations on local businesses with ties to the Sinaloa cartel. Nothing real exciting.

Jake smiles, pats him on the shoulder then shoves him.

CLINT  
Well, you could be here. Every night, going to the square to make sure Ray locked the door to the hardware store. Er, keep the kids from loitering downtown too late--

JAKE  
Sorry, about earlier. I-I didn't mean to step on your toes--

CLINT  
Nah, I'm sorry...I-I'm just a bit on edge--That investigation and--and...we caught some kids with blow. An older man too on a routine traffic stop. Then, a drug-related suicide...Beats all I ever seen.

JAKE  
Think all of it's related?

CLINT  
Maybe. Found a cocaine baggie with a blue rooster stamp, but...won't be my problem much longer.

JAKE  
Jesus. You shouldn't leave. You oughta run for sheriff. Send fat ole' Tucker packin'.

Clint puts his cigarette out. He shakes his head in disgust.

CLINT  
Tucker isn't half the man Dad was--

JAKE  
Or even half the sheriff.

Jake takes a deep breath and looks out at the cornfields.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
I remember when I was a kid. Riding  
in the patrol car with him. I  
was...so proud. My dad was the  
sheriff. He'd catch bad guys. Made  
me feel safe.

Jake puts his cigarette out. Clint nods.

CLINT  
I do, too. I know. I, uh, I  
remember. I felt safe even though  
he had that fiery temper. He kept  
it for everyone except you and me.

JAKE  
So you got your fire under control?

Clint looks around. Beat. Nods.

CLINT  
Vickie and I are doing ok now. It  
was hard for a while. Stress.  
Working long hours. But...gonna try  
for a more simple life--

JAKE  
What are you gonna do?

CLINT  
Momma wants to open a store over in  
Rainesville. Wants me to manage it.  
Maybe that? Er, maybe some farmin'?

JAKE  
You think workin' for Mama will be  
less stress? And, hell, you haven't  
farmed since you were Mary's age.

Clint shrugs his shoulders a little. Smiles. Beat.

CLINT  
Seeing anyone out there yet?

Jake shakes his head no and grins. *Uncomfortable.*

JAKE  
Mmm...I date.

Clint starts to smile a bit then elbows Jake.

CLINT

Donna at the bank would love to see you. You oughta go see her.

Jake curls his upper lip. Shrugs his shoulders.

JAKE

That's all in the past. She's married to Chan now.

CLINT

He's still a prick though. You should go see her. Just to say hi.

Clint shoves Jake, and they both smile and LAUGH.

INT. PRITCHARD FAMILY FARMHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Clint and Jake enter through the screen door. Snoring loudly, Earle reclines in a Lazy-boy. Grandma Rose lies half asleep on the couch, spit cup in hand. Dixie walks over to them.

DIXIE

You boys want a--  
(inquisitive face)  
Is that cigarette smoke I smell?

Clint and Jake look at each other and shake their heads.

CLINT

Nah.

JAKE

Absolutely not.

Dixie gives them a stern, motherly stare then continues.

DIXIE

Do you want a piece of pie and a cup of coffee before you head out?

CLINT

Sure, Mama. That'd be great.

Dixie looks at Jake and shakes her finger at him.

DIXIE

You need it for that drive back.

JAKE

I'd love some, Mama.

Dixie looks at everyone asleep in the living room.

DIXIE

Look at them all laying around like  
a bunch of old hound dogs. Clint,  
hand me that blanket.

Dixie points to a folded blanket. Clint picks it up.

She takes Grandma Rose's spit cup. Clint hands her the  
blanket. Jake takes the cup from her. Sets it on the table.

Dixie covers her mother with the blanket. Grandma Rose, still  
half asleep, starts SINGLING/MUMBLING Ernest Tubb's Walking  
the Floor Over You. Dixie looks at Clint and Jake. Smirks.  
Shakes her head. They quietly LAUGH.

INT. CHARLOTTE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Surrounded by posters of Luke Perry, Nirvana, Jonathan Taylor  
Thomas, Pearl Jam, and Smashing Pumpkins, Mary and Charlotte  
lie on the bed in Charlotte's bedroom listening to music. A  
hit 1990's alternative song plays on a boombox on the bed.  
There are other various CD cases around it.

CHARLOTTE

Think they'll come to Huntsville?

MARY

Maybe, but like, I really doubt it.  
We could see them in Atlanta and  
stay with my brother. They'll  
totally play Atlanta. For sure.

CHARLOTTE

He'd be cool with that?

MARY

Oh god, yeah, totally. Jake's cool.

CHARLOTTE

I have to tell you a secret. Like,  
a big one--

MARY

What?

CHARLOTTE

I don't know--

MARY

Jesus Christ, Cat. What?

CHARLOTTE

I never told you this. I just, you know, I just always thought your brothers were fucking hot.

MARY

Shut...up, Cat. Fuck you.

Mary rolls her eyes at her. LAUGHS. Charlotte gets up.

SINGING and dances she goes into the bathroom. Mary picks up a CD, looks at it. Opens it. Changes the CD. It starts another alternative Nineties song (ex. Linger by The Cranberry's). Charlotte returns still dancing. Lays down.

CHARLOTTE

God, I love this fucking song.

MARY

I know, right? Me too.

Mary gets up. Walks to the bathroom. She sees a baggie of coke with a rooster stamp lying on the counter. Picks it up and wanders back to the bedroom, loudly JOKING to Charlotte.

MARY (CONT'D)

Hey, bitch, when were you planning--

Mary freezes in the doorway of the bathroom with a shocked look. She finds Charlotte lying on the bed on her back convulsing. Mary runs to Charlotte.

MARY (CONT'D)

Shit! Oh Jesus Christ. Cat?

She turns her on her side, looks up and SCREAMS for help. Drool and a bit of vomit drizzle out of Charlotte's mouth.

MARY (CONT'D)

Help! Help! Please!

Mary sits by her and puts Charlotte's head in her lap. She cries as she looks down at her friend and strokes her hair.

MARY (CONT'D)

Oh my god, Cat. Please help!

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - NIGHT

Dixie, Billy Ray, Clint and Jake scurry into the waiting area. Mary, alone in the corner, CRIES.

They walk toward her. DOCTOR SHERMAN sees Clint. Stops him and Jake. Dixie and Billy Ray rush to Mary. Dixie hugs her.

CLINT

Hey, Paul. How is she?

DR. SHERMAN

Well, she's stable now. We got her heart rate back down. It was close.

(beat)

Uh...Clint, you know the details?

CLINT

Yeah, we know what's going on.

DR. SHERMAN

How in the hell did that sweet, little girl get cocaine? School?

Dr. Sherman pulls the bag of cocaine out of his lab coat.

DR. SHERMAN (CONT'D)

I still can't believe it. They brought this when they brought her in. Thought it might help.

Dr. Sherman hands Clint the baggie. It has the rooster stamp and blue rubber band.

DR. SHERMAN (CONT'D)

This is the second overdose this week. Third in last couple months.

Clint pulls at the band. He looks at Jake then back down at the baggie. He SIGHS.

INT. A-LIST VIDEO STORE - NIGHT

Dixie sits alone at her desk. She counts money in the dim light. Billy Ray walks in.

DIXIE

How was Mary today?

BILLY RAY  
She's all right. Still sleeping in  
her room. She ate though. She'll be  
fine. We do ok today, sweetie?

Dixie shakes her head no and SIGHS.

DIXIE  
Not for a normal week night. Down.

BILLY RAY  
You think it's--

DIXIE  
Yes. Course' I do. Ever day since  
he opened, we've been down.

Billy Ray steps behind her. Starts rubbing her shoulders.

BILLY RAY  
Hmm. Maybe we should run a sale?  
Like we did when we first opened?

Dixie just shakes her head and SIGHS.

DIXIE  
If we did that, Hollis would know  
our sales were down. He would--

BILLY RAY  
Nah, he might just think we're  
trying to snuff him out. Keep  
people away.

Billy Ray keeps massaging her shoulders and neck.

DIXIE  
Maybe...We gotta do something.

Billy Ray puts his arms around her, kisses her on the cheek.

BILLY RAY  
You'll think of something. You  
always do. You're the smartest  
person I know.

Dixie smiles up at him. Kisses him on the cheek.

DIXIE  
You're goddamn right I am.

INT. PINESBORO - SHERIFF'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Clint walks through the front doors of the Sheriff's station. Deputy Sheriff Troy is behind the dispatch desk at the entrance reading the morning paper.

TROY  
Morning, Clint.

CLINT  
Hey, Troy...Last morning. Finally--

Thunder and the well-dressed, hispanic man, Martin Romero, walk to the exit. Thunder, holding his cup of coffee, nods at Clint. Clint watches them curiously as they exit.

TROY  
Tucker wants to see you.

CLINT  
Ok, sure. You know what it's about?

Troy still with his eyes locked on his newspaper.

TROY  
Haven't a clue, broseph.

INT. TUCKER'S OFFICE

Clint enters Tucker's office. Tucker stands in the corner. Arms crossed. Clint spots Hollis seated at Tucker's desk.

HOLLIS  
Clint...have a seat.

Hollis stops talking and glances at Tucker. Beat.

SHERIFF TUCKER  
I'm...I'm gonna go get a bear claw.  
You guys want anything?

Neither of them answer. After a beat, Tucker leaves.

CLINT  
What the hell are you doing here?

HOLLIS  
Well, good fucking morning to you.

Clint sits stone-faced. Hollis lights a cigarette. Beat.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
I hear it's your last day?



Hollis smirks as he leans back in Tucker's chair. Takes a drag. Blows smoke out the side of his mouth. Beat.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
We need to have a little chat.

Clint's annoyed. He frowns at Hollis. Stares.

ON HOLLIS

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
So...I think it's about time you  
know more about your family... And  
all it's dirty, little secrets.

Hollis flashes a wide toothy smile. Flicks ash in the ashcan.

ON CLINT

Clint squints as his expression changes to confusion.

EXT. SAND MOUNTAIN - POT FIELD - DAY

Sheriff Tucker gets out of his car and walks toward the field. Billy Ray walks the field as some WORKERS gather up the plants in the distance. Tucker approaches Billy Ray.

SHERIFF TUCKER  
What's the yield?

BILLY RAY  
Five...maybe six hundred.

SHERIFF TUCKER  
(nods)  
I'll let Hollis know.

Billy Ray is silent. Starts to walk away.

SHERIFF TUCKER (CONT'D)  
Wife of yours needs to get in line.  
She can be a real bitch sometimes.

Billy Ray turns. Glares at Tucker. Anger, but says nothing.

Sheriff Tucker CHUCKLES. Tips his hat. Walks back to his car.

EXT. PINESBORO - OUTSKIRTS OF TOWN - FARM FIELD - DAY

In an expansive field, some very large chicken production houses are surrounded by wired fencing. Thunder, Martin Romero and two HISPANIC MEN are walking to the doors of one.

## INT. CHICKEN PRODUCTION HOUSE - CONTROL ROOM

Thunder opens it. The men step into the control room. In the production house, there are around thirty-thousand chickens.

THUNDER

This is what's called a broiler room. They're used to raise chickens...You know, "polo".

Martin looks at Thunder and in a perfect English accent...

MARTIN

Yes, I know about chickens.  
(sarcastic, in Spanish)  
Pollo...Why are we here?

THUNDER

Let's go to the next one.

## INT. SECOND CHICKEN PRODUCTION HOUSE - DAY

Thunder unlocks the door to the second production house, and they walk in. It has no chickens. It contains rows and rows of marijuana plants, shelves of cocaine bricks, and boxes along the walls. Hollis enters.

HOLLIS

This, gentleman, is our bread and butter. Honestly, we make good money on the chickens. Buck and a half a head. But...this one along with many others across the region are empty. We use them to support our...joint business model.

MARTIN

I like it. It will do well.  
(walks)  
And, I have another use for it.

He points over to a large ventilation fan. Approaches it.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

Can you turn this on for me?

Thunder turns it on from the control room and comes back out.

MARTIN (CONT'D)

This will work well for our latest product. Process needs storage... ventilation...and the process smells like rotten eggs.

They all CHUCKLE and walk back to the control room. When they enter, the door to the outside is open wide.

ON DOORWAY

Travis, *the boy who was with his mom in Hollis's video store*, stands inside the doorway on his bike. Looking around.

ON SCENE

Silence as Martin shoots Hollis a concerned glance.

Hollis slowly approaches Travis. He looks up at Hollis.

HOLLIS  
Well...Travis, wasn't it?

Thunder stands behind Travis blocking the door. Hollis SIGHS.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
Travis, Travis, Travis.

Hollis puts his hand on Travis's back leading him further inside then looks at Martin as he says...

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
Everything's gonna be all right.

With a creepy smile, Hollis looks down at Travis and begins to close the door.

HOLLIS (CONT'D)  
Travis, do you like banana puddin'?

The door closes.

INT. ATLANTA - DEA'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake sits in a waiting area. A DEA insignia hangs on the wall. An ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT sits at a nearby desk.

ADMIN  
Agent Pritchard, you can go on in.  
ASAC Hernandez is waiting.

Jake nods. Gets up and walks into an office.

INT. ASAC HERNANDEZ'S OFFICE

DEA Assistant Special Agent in Charge, ASAC JORGE HERNANDEZ (45) stands from behind his desk to greet Jake.

ASAC HERNANDEZ  
Special Agent Pritchard, nice to  
see you again.

JAKE  
Same.

ASAC HERNANDEZ  
I guess SSA Tillman has filled you  
in on all the details?

As he listens, Jake looks at the wall. He approaches it.

JAKE  
(staring at the wall)  
Yeah, I've been involved in the  
planning from the start. We should  
have the search warrant within the  
next couple days.

ASAC HERNANDEZ  
Great. This search is extremely  
important to the investigation.

Cartel mugshots and bloody crime scene photos hang next to a large map of the southeast on the wall. Romero is in one of the mugshots. A lot of blue push-pins are pressed into multiple cities across the map.

ASAC Hernandez approaches and stands next to Jake.

ASAC HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)  
Expansive, isn't it? This search  
warrant is just the beginning.

ON MAP

A push-pin sticks in the top of Northern Alabama with a post-it note under it. "Pinesboro" is written on it. Underlined.

ON SCENE

Jake stares at it.

ASAC HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)  
You're from Pinesboro, right?

Jake nods.

ASAC HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)  
It's one thing I wanted to discuss  
with you. We--we have some intel  
that a local business there is a  
front for the cartel.

JAKE  
What--what kind of business?

ASAC HERNANDEZ  
Don't know yet. We should have more  
intel about that soon.

Jake focuses on the photos next to the map.

ON A CRIME SCENE PHOTO

A horrendously bloody crime scene that includes women,  
children, and dismembered bodies.

ASAC HERNANDEZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Any info about the area you can  
provide would be extremely helpful.

ON SCENE

JAKE  
Uh, sure, sure.

ASAC Hernandez pats him on the back. Jake stares at the wall.

ASAC HERNANDEZ  
Oh, one more thing. There's someone  
I want you to meet.

ASAC Hernandez steps out of the office.

ASAC HERNANDEZ (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Mills?

ASAC Hernandez steps back in the office.

ASAC HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)  
He's embedded...undercover...with  
the "Dixie Mafia" in North Alabama.

Jake turns to the door as AGENT SEAN MILLS enters the office.  
It's Drew Cartwright (*henchman shot by Clint in the teaser*).  
With a DEA shield on his belt next to his holstered gun, he  
reaches out his hand to Jake.

ASAC HERNANDEZ (CONT'D)  
Special Agent Mitchell, meet  
Special Agent Mills.

Jake cordially smiles as he shakes Agent Mills hand.

END OF EPISODE