

Along the roadside, BILLBOARDS, shout for attention. Ads for TV and Radio Stations featuring star meteorologists are mixed in with messages from groups seeking followers:

- COUNTY FAIR: RANCH RODEO! TRUCK AND TRACTOR PULL! PRIZES! FAMILY FUN!!

- WCTV. WEATHER YOU CAN TRUST WITH BRAD JONES [who we'll soon meet]

- BIG HEART CASINO. JACKPOTS, JACKPOTS, JACKPOTS!

- 102.5FM "WEATHER ON THE ONES"

- GAY DOES NOT MEAN HAPPY. CALL THE HELPLINE.

- BABY'S HEART BEATS 18 DAYS FROM CONCEPTION.

Maddy looks away from this last one. Focuses on the long road that splits the land evenly, right through the middle of:

The Great Plains. The sky looms large over this rugged, hard-working world. All along the roadside, trees and scrub have dug their roots in deep, determined to survive in a landscape packed as much with challenges as with potential.

She flies past...

13 EXT. FARM - MORNING [8:00AM] 13

Tammy and Rick's place. Now that it's daylight, we see that the farmhouse is big, but by no means grand.

14 EXT. FARM - FIELD - CONTINUOUS 14

TAMMY and her husband RICK (mid-50's), a salt-of-the-earth cowboy, surveys the back pasture with a country-corporate wind farm exec, ERIC (30's) and a GEOLOGIST (60's).

A four-by-four with HEARTLAND WIND POWER: WELCOMING THE WINDS OF CHANGE emblazoned on the side and a picture of a windmill is parked near by.

## Sc. 1 Start

RICK

How fast d'you think you'll get them up?

ERIC

Soon as can be, if the land proves suitable.

TAMMY

It was 100?

ERIC

At eight-K a unit. Still sound good?

TAMMY

At that price, it answers a lotta prayers.

The geologist comes over with his iPad.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

All good?

GEOLOGIST

Over there...Could be karst.

RICK

What's that?

ERIC

(to geologist)

You gonna run the GPR?

The geologist is already getting the GPR machine out of the van (like a lawnmower with radar).

ERIC (CONT'D)

What it means is there's a chance the soil's too soft.

Rick watches the geologist get going with the GPR.

RICK

Hail hit us a few years back. Destroyed the crop. Left pockmarks like mortar fire. Wiped us out. Could it be 'cause of that?

ERIC

Nah, this kind of thing runs deeper. Could be caves or craters down there. GPR'll let us know without having to dig.

TAMMY

And if there is, will it go ahead?

ERIC

Depends on the extent of it.

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**Sc. 1 End**

TAMMY (CONT'D)

You thought of any names yet?

Maddy stares at her. A beat.

MADDY

I called for...about abortion.

TAMMY

Yes, I see that here [clipboard]. I also see you're nineteen? I got married when I was just a year older. There are many wonderful reasons for marriage but a baby has got to be the best one of all. Have you and your boyfriend considered it?

Maddy shakes her head slightly. What is this?

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Children are a blessing from God. You know, when I had my baby, I never once heard him cry. All I ever heard was the angels sing. Aw, look. Your baby has the hiccups.

MADDY

I have to go.

She gets off the table. Does up her pants. Puts on her shoes.

TAMMY

Madeline, you have been blessed. Get married. Have this baby.

Maddy pushes past Tammy.

TAMMY (CONT'D)

Consider adoption!

25 INT. PREGNANCY CLINIC - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 25

Maddy flees the clinic, wiping the gel off of her stomach with her shirt.

## Info.

26 EXT. TRAVEL PLAZA - MOTEL - LATER 26

Eric leaves his ground floor room with a duffel bag and tosses it into his SUV. He's about to get in when Maddy's car pulls up. She gets out.

ERIC  
That was fast.

MADDY  
It wasn't a real place. It was  
these people pretending so they  
can, like, convert you or  
something.

ERIC  
What?

MADDY  
For real.

ERIC  
Shit. Okay. Don't stress. We'll  
find somewhere.

MADDY  
They showed me it.

ERIC  
What?

MADDY  
The baby. On this jumbo TV.

ERIC  
Well that's not right. Aw, come  
here, don't look like that.

He pulls her into his arms so her head presses into his  
chest. This is a one-way hug.

MADDY  
Maybe we should have it.

ERIC  
What?

MADDY  
We could get married.

He pulls back.

ERIC  
We don't even really know each  
other that well.  
(beat)  
Look, it's just...This situation  
doesn't need to be...A situation.  
For either of us.

MADDY  
You said you loved me.

ERIC  
I said I love being with you.

It hits like a punch.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Mads, I'm sorry. This is coming out  
all wrong.

Maddy unhooks a faux-ruby heart charm from her Pandora-style bracelet. Holds it out to Eric.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
I got that for you.

He won't take it back. She throws it into the roadside verge.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
Jesus, Maddy! That thing was  
expensive.

She gets into her car. Door slams. Eric shouts at the window.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
That's it? You're leaving?

She starts the engine. Won't look at him.

ERIC (CONT'D)  
What are you going to do? Maddy?

She drives away.

ON ERIC: Fuck.

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## Sc. 2 End

He goes over to the verge where she threw the charm and starts searching.

We turn back toward the motel. Stop on the door to ROOM 8.

27 INT. MOTEL - ROOM 8 - CONTINUOUS

27

LUKE (27), lies in bed, pretending to sleep. His muscular body etched with tan lines, naked but covered. He stares vacantly at the ceiling.

The shower is on in the bathroom. The water stops. DANIEL (30's, Hispanic), more sex appeal than pretty, emerges.