

WRONG WAY HOME

"Pilot"

Teleplay by

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TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. WASTELAND - DAY

Heat waves shimmer across flat, sun-scorched earth. The trunks of petrified trees dot a landscape long ago abandoned by rain. Prairie turned to desert.

The only other notable features are the rusted, half-buried shell of an old car and the remains of a collapsed water tower in the distance.

CHASE MADISON kneels to inspect something on the ground.

We don't see her face yet. She's covered head to toe in tattered, mismatched garb meant to protect from the sun and dust. A walking post-apocalyptic thrift shop.

Barely visible in the dirt are a set of SHOE PRINTS. Beside them a smaller set. Looks CANINE. The tracks lead in the direction of the...

EXT. WATER TOWER RUINS - MOMENTS LATER

Much of the metal and wood has been picked clean by scavengers, but Chase manages to find a spot of shade; the only protection from the sun for miles around.

She retrieves a canteen from her pack and removes the covering from her face to take a sip.

She's young. Seventeen. There's beauty beneath the dirt and grime of nomadic life on the wasteland.

Chase caps the canteen and returns it to her pack. She looks around, but there's not much to see out here.

She's startled by the sound of a dog BARKING in the distance. She's on high alert now scanning the horizon for the source of the sound. It's hard to tell.

She listens...

The dog BARKS again and Chase zeroes in on where she thinks it is. Runs in that direction.

EXT. KANSAS WASTELAND - LATER

CLOSE ON THE DOG... a small black terrier (like Toto from the Wizard of Oz). Mangy. Emaciated. The dog is tied to something with a piece of rope...

PULL BACK to reveal the something to be the CORPSE of a woman laying near a small puddle of water. The corpse is wearing a thin, tattered coat and a dingy, blue gingham dress. Woefully underdressed for the elements.

She's been dead a few days at most, but what skin is exposed is extremely damaged by the sun and blowing sand.

A small pack lays open near the body. Its contents scattered about. The few food items that were in the pack have been devoured by the dog, which then moved on to the corpse.

The dead woman's lifeless eyes stare up at the sky. Her mouth is agape as if her final moments were spent gasping for air.

The dog's barking becomes more frantic as Chase approaches. She stands just out of reach as it pulls furiously at the rope tethering it to the body.

CHASE

Hey there.

The sound of Chase's voice only seems to agitate the dog more.

CHASE

Shhh... It's okay.

Chase fishes a piece of dried meat out of her pack and holds it out to the dog, which stops barking and sniffs at the air.

CHASE

That's it. Good boy.

Chase inches toward the dog. It shies away, but its hunger is too powerful. Chase tears off a small piece of the meat and tosses it in front of the dog, which it quickly inhales.

CHASE

Good isn't it?

The dog starts wagging its tail, wanting more. Chase ventures closer. The dog no longer seems to mind.

CHASE

There you go...

Chase reaches out carefully to pet the dog while offering it another piece of the meat.

It GROWLS quietly but allows the touch.

CHASE

Good boy.

She gives it the rest of the meat. Moves in closer and quickly scruffs it. The dog YELPS and thrashes as she pulls it into her arms, careful to keep its snapping jaws pointed away from her body.

CHASE

It's okay. Hush now.

She closes her eyes and then--

CRACK!

Chase snaps the dog's neck, killing it instantly.

CHASE

I'm sorry.

She sits there for a moment, cradling the dog before cutting it free from the corpse.

Chase turns her attention to the puddle of water. Oddly, the first thing she does is lean in and smell it. From her coat she pulls out a small cylindrical device and dips one end into the puddle. Then she waits...

After several moments the device BEEPS. She's not surprised to see a RED LIGHT flashing. The water's not potable.

Chase goes into her pack and pulls out a book. Hand bound with twine. As she flips to the back we get glances of torn page fragments. No complete ones.

One fragment is recognizable as a piece of a NEW YORK CITY SUBWAY MAP. on the corner of another page we glimpse a year... 2045.

From the back of the book Chase pulls out a map, which she unfolds and lays out on the ground in front of her.

It's hand drawn and none of the geography would be recognizable. But there are names written that would be: VEGAS. RENO. SALT CITY. CHEYENNE.

Chase folds the map in half and focuses on section in the middle. A number of locations on the map have been marked: some in RED, some in BLACK. Some sort of system for tracking progress.

From her pack she gets two MARKERS; one black, one red. She draws a line, then a dot. Uses the red marker to draw a red X through it.