

WORKING TITLE: THE FARM

Created by

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Episode 1: "POISONED WATERS"

Audioplay by

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INT. POLICE CRUISER

An FM Radio station plays. At the drive-thru, va FAST FOOD EMPLOYEE takes OFFICER BRYSON's (35, male) order.

FAST FOOD EMPLOYEE
Welcome to Sparky's Burger Barn.
How may I help you?

OFFICER BRYSON
One double deluxe meal, no mayo.

COUNTRY CROONER
(on the radio)
Pumpkins on the porch, hay bales by
the door, / It's the kinda night
you've been waitin' for...

A police radio CRACKLES to life, muting the FM broadcast.

DISPATCH
All units, this is Dispatch. Anyone
near Whitaker Farm? We have a
possible disturbance. Neighbors
called in a noise complaint.

SFX: The CHIRP of the police radio.

OFFICER BRYSON
Dispatch, this is Bryson, Unit
Twelve. I'm just a hop, skip, and a
jump away. Will investigate and
give ya the lowdown. Over.

The police car does a U-Turn. SIRENS WAIL as it speeds off.

FAST FOOD EMPLOYEE
Is that all? --- Sir? Sir?!

EXT. WHITAKER FARM

ATM: The approaching POLICE SIREN blends in with the GRAIN SILO SIREN. The police siren gives way to car tires CRUNCHING along a gravel driveway.

INT. POLICE CRUISER

The radio plays a COUNTRY HALLOWEEN SONG.

RADIO REPORTER
Mother Nature's breaking out the
heatwave playlist, folks!
(MORE)

RADIO REPORTER (CONT'D)
An unseasonable high of 58 today.
All you trick-or-treaters hitting
the streets tomorrow are in for a
sweet treat— a balmy 64 degrees.
The only goosebumps this Halloween
will be the spooky ones.

OFFICER BRYSON
Ooh. That reminds me. I need to
stop and get some candy after work.

SFX: The SLURP of a straw sucking the life out of a cup.

Bryson dials down the broadcast radio. A window rolls down.
Silence outside except for the CRUNCH of tires on gravel.

OFFICER BRYSON (CONT'D)
Pulled me away from my dinner for
this bullshit?

SFX: The police radio CHIRPS.

OFFICER BRYSON (CONT'D)
Dispatch, this is Unit Twelve. I'm
on scene at Whitaker Farm. Area
appears to be secure. No visual on
suspects or residents. Over.

DISPATCH
Roger that, Bryson.

OFFICER BRYSON
I'll conduct a 10-59 and have a
look around anyways, but probably
just a Devil's Night prank. Over.

SFX: Car stops. Ignition off. Door opens and SLAMS SHUT.

EXT. WHITAKER FARM - CONTINUOUS

ATM: Wind. Bryson's boots CRUNCH along the gravel.

OFFICER BRYSON
Damn. Reilly's really let the farm
get overgrown. That big farm
corp'll probably snap it up for a
song. It's a shame if you ask---
Holy shit!

SFX: The radio CRACKLES to life as Bryson freaks out.

OFFICER BRYSON (CONT'D)
Dispatch, this is Unit Twelve. I
have a possible 10-53 at Whitaker
Farm. Repeat, possible person down.
Need immediate backup. NOW! Jesus!
There's blood everywhere.

DISPATCH
Roger that, Unit Twelve.

The radio cuts out and then crackles to life again.

DISPATCH (CONT'D)
All available units, officer
requests assistance. We have a
possible 10-53 at Whitaker Farm.
Respond immediately!

<INSERT PODCAST THEME MONTAGE AND SPONSOR INTRO>

<INSERT ADVERTISEMENT FROM MAIN PODCAST SPONSOR>

<INSERT FLASHBACK SOUND CUE>

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

ATM: Jackhammers POUNDING, bulldozers BEEPING, and other
tools at work. Workers chatter in the distance.

REILLY WHITAKER (32), a practical and promising young
architect, triggers the VOICE ASSISTANT on her phone.

REILLY
Call Dad.

VOICE ASSISTANT
Calling Dad, mobile.

After several RINGS, the recorded voice of her father,
HARRISON WHITAKER (60s), answers.

HARRISON
You've reached the voicemail of
Harrison Whitaker of Whitaker Farm.
I can't take your---

Heavy FOOTFALLS approach. It's CHARLIE, the site
superintendent, with his thick Bronx accent.

CHARLIE
(from a distance)
Hot one today, huh? Even my sweat
is sweating.

REILLY

For real. Can you give me a minute?
I'm trying to get ahold of my dad.
He's not answering his cell.

CHARLIE

Don't sweat it.
(laughs, then)
I'll be in the construction trailer
when you're finished.

Charlie CLOMPs off. Reilly sighs. DIALS again.

REILLY

Maybe he'll pick up the house
phone... Come on...

An ANSWERING MACHINE plays the voice of YOUNG REILLY (10).

YOUNG REILLY

Hi. You've reached the Whitakers.
We're not home right now, but if
you leave a detailed message, we'll
call you back. Have a nice day.

BEEP!

REILLY

God, I really wish you'd let me
rerecord that message, Dad. -- I
tried your cellphone but you didn't
answer. Not that that's a surprise.
Anyways, I got my train ticket.
Call me when you get this message
so we can work out the details.

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - OFFICE

SFX: The metal door CLANGS shut. A window AC unit RATTLES.

CHARLIE

Get ahold of your dad?

REILLY

No. I don't know why he bothers to
have a cellphone. He never uses it.

CHARLIE

Hard to teach us old dogs new
tricks... Wanna coffee?

REILLY
Charlie, It's a hundred degrees
outside.

CHARLIE
Nice and cool in here.

SFX: Coffee fills a cup. Charlie takes big swig.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Okay. So, here's the deal. You see
this right here?

Charlie TAPS the wall.

REILLY
The lower quadrant?

CHARLIE
Yep. We got soil instability.

REILLY
You've gotta be kidding. How?

CHARLIE
You're the architect, Reilly. You
tell me.

REILLY
I checked my design against the
soil tests. It doesn't make sense.

CHARLIE
Well, we're grounded until this
gets resolved. Can't guarantee
we'll be under roof by winter if
you don't get it sorted A-SAP.

REILLY
Shit. I'm leaving tonight to visit
my dad for Labor Day weekend.

CHARLIE
Well, you might have to labor on
Labor Day like the rest of us.

REILLY
It's not that I don't want to work.
It's... the anniversary of my mom
and baby brother's deaths. I don't
like to leave my dad alone.

CHARLIE
Sorry. I didn't know.

Reilly heaves a deep, frustrated SIGH.

REILLY
It's okay. I'll figure it out.

INT. STONEBRIDGE & ASSOCIATES ARCHITECTS

ATM: Construction and city noises are replaced by office CHATTER. TYPING. Phones RINGING. Architectural designer STELLA (30s) hides her resentment behind a perky shield.

STELLA
Stonebridge and Associates, Stella speaking. May I help you? --- Oh, hi Mr. Whitaker. I'm sorry but Reilly's not in right -- oh, wait. I take that back. Here she comes now. Hold one moment.

The approaching CLACK of Reilly's heels. Stella greets her.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Your dad's on line two.

REILLY
Finally. I'll take it in my office.

STELLA
By the way, Davis was asking about the changes for the Smithfield project. He wants them by three.

REILLY
Great. Anything else?

STELLA
...The partners scheduled a meeting for Four O'Clock.

REILLY
The day before Labor Day weekend? What else can go wrong today?

STELLA
Umm...

REILLY
I had to ask.

Fellow architect, BRETT (30s), a smarmy ladder climber with a suave voice, approaches.

BRETT
Ri-guy. Just the gal I was looking
for.

REILLY
Not now Brett... Stella, cancel my
Two O'Clock and get Vertex
Engineering on the line, STAT.

STELLA
Got it. Everything okay?

REILLY
Don't ask.

Phone RINGING. A door SLAMS shut.

BRETT
Sheesh. Aunt Flo in town?

Stella SCOFFS as Brett CHORTLES.

INT. STONEBRIDGE & ASSOCIATES ARCHITECTS

SFX: Reilly sets her stuff down and puts the call on speaker.

REILLY
Dad. Finally.

HARRISON
Sunshine!

REILLY
Thank God you're okay. What on
earth is going on? I tried your
cell phone a dozen times.

HARRISON
I don't know how to work that darn
thing. Wish you'd never talked me
into getting rid of my flip phone.

REILLY
Where were you?

HARRISON
The florist. I was telling Cam,
maybe I should get purple flowers
this year? That was Mom's favorite
color. Whaddya think?

REILLY
Cam?

HARRISON

The new farmhand I hired. I told you about him.

REILLY

You told me you were helping a guy out, not that you hired him.

HARRISON

Well, it's a good thing I did. He saw one of those B.F.C. creeps lurking around, and the next thing you know, two of my cows get sick. Try and intimidate me, that's one thing. Mess with my girls---

REILLY

Come on. You really think a big company like BioFlora would do something like that?

HARRISON

Absolutely, I do... You never answered my question about the flowers.

REILLY

Oh, yeah. Um, I was thinking we might change things up and go to the festival this year instead?

An awkward moment of silence.

REILLY (CONT'D)

I know it was my idea to do this every year, but I was like, seven.

Harrison chuckles. A moment of contented silence, then...

HARRISON

(on phone)

Hard to believe. Twenty five years went by in the blink of an eye... I'll never forget how you lined up all your stuffed animals and orchestrated an entire service for the first anniversary of your mother's passing.

REILLY

(laughing)

I can't believe Reverend Hollace agreed to officiate. -- Wow.

(MORE)

REILLY (CONT'D)
Cody would be turning twenty five.
I can't believe I lost track.

HARRISON
It's okay. It's normal. You're
supposed to move on. You know what?
Maybe we should change things up.
You stay in the city and---

REILLY
No, no. I didn't mean. I want to
see you, I do. It's just... anyway,
purple flowers would be lovely. We
can pick them out together when I
get there.

HARRISON
You sure? I can just do something
simple on my own.

REILLY
Yes. I'm leaving straight from the
office tonight. I just have to
clear up a few things here first.

HARRISON
It will be good to see ya, kid. You
hardly ever come home anymore.

INT. NYC APARTMENT BUILDING

ATM: The DOORMAN opens the door. The sound of torrential RAIN
dampens as the door shuts. Reilly shakes out an umbrella.

DOORMAN
Ms. Whitaker? I wasn't expecting
you back till Monday.

REILLY
Me too, but best laid plans.

DOORMAN
That's a shame. Some rain, huh?

REILLY
Seriously? I was lucky to get a
cab.

DOORMAN
Indeed. Here, let me get your bag.

REILLY
I got it, but thank you.

DOORMAN
Well, at least let me call the
elevator for you.

SFX: DING.

DOORMAN (CONT'D)
Have a nice evening.

ELEVATOR

ATM: Elevator doors closing, then it ascends. SEVEN DINGS
later, the doors open again.

SEVENTH FLOOR

ATM: Heels on tile. Key turning in lock. Door creaks open.

REILLY'S APARTMENT

SFX: Bag drops on the floor. Reilly GASPS as she sees her
live-in girlfriend, TAYLOR, embracing another WOMAN.

REILLY
Taylor?

TAYLOR
(under her breath)
Shit.
(then)
It's not what you think.

THE OTHER WOMAN
Um... I think I should go.

REILLY
Oh, you think?

FOOTFALLS. Door CLOSES.

REILLY (CONT'D)
This is the cherry on top of a shit
sundae of a day.

TAYLOR
Ri? Let me explain...

REILLY
Explain what? That I didn't just
walk in on you groping another
woman in MY kitchen?

TAYLOR

It didn't mean anything. We had a few drinks at the work happy hour... things got out of hand.

REILLY

Looked like you had everything in hand to me.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry. Really, I---

REILLY

Look. I don't have the energy to deal with you right now. Just go.

TAYLOR

It's pouring outside.

Reilly STOMPS OFF. Taylor mutters to herself as drawers and doors SLAM in the distance.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Shit. You've really done it this time, Taylor.

Storming back in, Reilly drops a suitcase at Taylor's feet.

REILLY

Get out.

TAYLOR

Where am I supposed to go?

REILLY

To hell for all I care.

TAYLOR

You can't be serious. I live here too.

REILLY

Not anymore.

TAYLOR

Ri... You know I love you.

REILLY

Don't. Touch. Me. GET OUT!

TAYLOR

Okay... I'll go, but at least say you'll talk to me after you've had a chance to cool down.

Reilly bursts out in maniacal laughter.

REILLY

Cool down? Oh, I'm cool as a cucumber. I'm just not interested in being your sloppy seconds. Enjoy the secretarial pool. Now, I said get out!

SFX: A shoe flies across the room, hits the wall.

TAYLOR

This isn't over.

STOMPING then the door SLAMS. Reilly lets out a frustrated growl and PUNCHES a pillow.

EXT. WHITAKER FARM - DAY

A KNOCK sends Harrison shuffling over to the door. It CREAKS open. JOSH (30s), the son of Harrison's right-hand man and Reilly's long-time friend, steps inside and greets Harrison.

JOSH

Mr. Whitaker. It's good to see you. Just met your new farmhand. Glad you and Dad have some help around here, finally.

HARRISON

Cam's been a blessing, for sure... Reilly's not coming home if that's what you're wondering.

JOSH

That's too bad, but I'm actually here to bring you this. My mom's fried chicken.

HARRISON

That's mighty kind of you...

Harrison UNRAVELS a paper bag, takes a big sniff.

HARRISON (CONT'D)

Mmm. Smells delicious.

JOSH

Um, I was hoping to talk to you for a minute...

HARRISON

What's on your mind, son?

JOSH

Well, um, BioFlora sent a letter. Since you haven't responded, my boss asked me to see if you got it.

HARRISON

Their offer? Oh, I got it. Put it in the circular file where it belongs... They think I'm gonna take their blood money? And then what? Sell my soul to the devil next? I don't think so.

JOSH

(chuckles)

I told them you'd say something like that.

HARRISON

Cause you're a smart boy. Even if you do work for those heathens.

JOSH

I know you don't like the new way of doing things. I suspect some people felt the same way when the assembly line was invented, but it made cars accessible to the masses.

HARRISON

Corporate farming gives people masses. The cancerous kind. That pesticide you people use poisons our food, gets in the water, and after what happened to my cattle? You can tell them I will NOT be intimidated. Over my dead body will they get my land.

JOSH

I also told them that.

HARRISON

You're a good kid, Josh.

JOSH

Thanks, Mr. Whitaker. Enjoy the chicken.

HARRISON

Hey, before you go, I could use your help with something...

JOSH
You got it, Mr. Whitaker.

A screen door CREAKS open and BANGS shut.

INT. STONEBRIDGE & ASSOCIATES ARCHITECTS - EMPLOYEE LOUNGE

ATM: Cabinets open and close as Reilly roots around. An elevator DINGS in the distance.

REILLY
If I was a coffee filter where
would I be?

More cabinets OPEN and CLOSE. Reilly SLAMS the last one.

REILLY (CONT'D)
Ugh. Can one thing go right? I just
want a freaking cup of coffee!

The lounge door CREAKS open.

STELLA
Hey. You okay?

Reilly snuffles. Tries to cover.

REILLY
Oh, yeah. I'm fine. Just, um,
stubbed my toe... You know where we
keep the extra coffee filters?

Sneakers SHUFFLE over.

STELLA
Sorry. The cleaners don't usually
restock until Monday morning.

A cabinet OPENS.

STELLA (CONT'D)
They should be... Yep, found 'em.
Here, let me do that for you.

Stella POURS water into the coffee pot. SCOOPS out coffee.
The basket CLICKS into place. BEEPS as it turns on.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Go on. I'll bring it to you when
it's ready.

REILLY
Thanks. I've gotta pull together
some options before the site
meeting this morning.

INT. STONEBRIDGE & ASSOCIATES ARCHITECTS - REILLY'S DESK

ATM: Computer CLICKS from the CAD system. TYPING. Reilly's
cellphone RINGS. A BEEP triggers her phone's VOICE ASSISTANT.

REILLY
Text my dad, "Can I call you
later?"

VOICE ASSISTANT
I heard, "Can I call you later?"
Shall I send it?

REILLY
Yes.

VOICE ASSISTANT
Done.

ERROR signals BONG from the computer. Frustrated SIGHS from
Reilly as she talks to herself.

REILLY
Come on. Maybe I have caps lock on.
(clicks it on and off)
Nope.
(more typing)
Are you kidding me? It's still not
right?

Door OPENS.

STELLA
What's not right?

Stella sets the coffee mug DOWN on the desk.

REILLY
The Ballabina file. It won't let me
open it. I typed my password three
times.

STELLA
Here. Let me give it a try.

Reilly SIPS the coffee. Heaven.

REILLY

Thank you. You're a lifesaver. ---
What are you doing here on a
Saturday anyways?

STELLA

Got the motion notification and saw
it was you.

REILLY

I forgot you get those. Sorry you
wasted a trip. I just came in to
run a fresh set of prints to
compare on-site with the engineer.

STELLA

It's okay. Moral support is never a
waste.

The CLICKING stops. Reilly heaves a relieved SIGH.

REILLY

How'd you get them to pull it all
together with Labor Day weekend?

STELLA

Threatened to delay payment. Works
wonders.

REILLY

You're amazing.

STELLA

(SFX: CLACKING of keys)
Weird. I can't get in either. I've
got one more trick up my sleeve...
Ah, ha! Success.

REILLY

How'd you do that?

STELLA

I didn't. I make a backup every
night for just such an occasion.

REILLY

I really wouldn't know what to do
without you.

STELLA

I don't know if I should tell you
this or not, but I overheard Brett
talking after you left yesterday...

(MORE)

STELLA (CONT'D)
He's trying to pin this soil issue
on you and edge you out for the
open partner spot.

REILLY
Not surprised. His smarm's been on
overdrive lately.

STELLA
Scale of 1 to 10? He's creep factor
sixty.

REILLY
Seriously, though. Everywhere I go,
he's there. If we weren't both up
for the promotion, I'd think he was
a stalker.

SFX: A blueprint machine PRINTING.

REILLY (CONT'D)
He's way off base, though. I double-
checked the soil tests against my
design.

STELLA
Maybe the tests were wrong?

REILLY
That's what I'm going to find out.

STELLA
Just sucks you had to cancel plans
with your dad this weekend.

SFX: DING. Elevator doors swish OPEN.

STELLA (CONT'D)
That's probably just security doing
the rounds, but I'll go check.

FOOTFALLS receding.

STELLA (CONT'D)
(garbled, in the distance)
Ooh. Thanks. Have a good day.

Hurried FOOTFALLS advancing.

STELLA (CONT'D)
Someone's getting lucky tonight.

REILLY
Ugh. Toss it.

STELLA
Are you kidding? This is the most
gorgeous bouquet I've ever seen.

REILLY
I don't take bribes.

STELLA
Uh, oh. Taylor's in the doghouse.
What happened?

REILLY
Apparently, I wasn't the only one
disappointed I couldn't go home for
the weekend. Walked in on her
kissing another woman last night.

STELLA
God. I'm so sorry.

REILLY
Thanks. Things have been off with
us since she moved in last month. I
just ignored my intuition.

STELLA
Never a good idea... Still, it has
to sting...

REILLY
I'll take some anti-venom.

The blueprint machine STOPS. Reilly PACKS her things.

STELLA
I'll get that. You want it in a
tube or folded?

REILLY
Tube. Thanks.

SFX: Paper ROLLING. Tube CAPPED.

REILLY (CONT'D)
You coming?

STELLA
Nah. I may as well get a little
work done since I'm gonna be
working for Stonebridge's newest
partner soon...

REILLY
You planning to work for Brett?

STELLA

Ha, ha. Funny. They're too smart to
fall for his B.S. You got this.

REILLY

Your mouth to the Big Man's ears.

Reilly makes a "CHEF'S KISS" sound. The women laugh.
FOOTFALLS recede then stop.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Make sure you put this on your time
sheet. It's double time and you
earned it.

Elevator doors CLOSE. Stella DIALS a phone. Two RINGS...

STELLA

We have a problem.

INT. NYC SUBWAY CAR

ATM: The mosaic of COMMUTERS is interrupted by a three-note
CHIME. The garbled TRAIN ANNOUNCER blares over the PA.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Attention passengers, this is an A
train. Our next and final stop is
207th Street. All passengers must
disembark here.

SFX: The hum of conversation, punctuated by the occasional
laughter and ringtone. Reilly's distinctive ringtone BLARES.
She answers.

REILLY

Hey...

CHARLIE

You on site yet?

REILLY

No. I'm still on the train. You
won't believe it. Guy sitting
across from me's got a pet iguana
with a rhinestone collar.

CHARLIE

I've been waiting fifteen minutes.

REILLY

Sorry. It's the next stop. We had to wait for them to clear some debris on the track.

Another distinct MTA CHIME rings through the car.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (V.O.)

Now approaching 207th Street.

REILLY

I'll see you topside in a few...

SFX: SCREECHING as a train pulls to a stop. The mechanical SWOOSH of the doors opening. A flurry of footsteps, rustling bags, and muted farewells as commuters exit the car.

EXT. NYC STREET

SFX: The sounds of NYC. Traffic. People. A taxi screeches to a halt. Harrison's voice rings out in the distance.

HARRISON

Keep the change.

SFX: A door SLAMS then a teen SKATEBOARDER ZOOMS past.

SKATEBOARDER

Watch it, lady.

SFX: Tube BOUNCING as it drops.

REILLY

Seriously, dude?

(shouting)

Bump into me and give me the finger. Real mature, asshole.

(sighing, to herself)

Thank goodness I had Stella put the print in a tube.

HARRISON

Teenagers, eh?

REILLY

Dad?

HARRISON

Surprise!

REILLY

Wait. How did you find me?

HARRISON

Turns out this phone is good for
being more than a paperweight.

REILLY

You used Find My Friends?

The pair hug. He PATS her on the back.

HARRISON

Give me a little credit... Josh
stopped by to see Frank, so I may
or may not have had a little help.
(laughs)
It's good to see ya, kid.

REILLY

Are you okay? Oh, shit, you're
sick, aren't you?

HARRISON

Language.

REILLY

Sorry... Are you? Give it to me
straight.

HARRISON

I'm fit as a fiddle. But you got me
thinking. I haven't been to the
city since before-- well, you know.

REILLY

I do... Listen, I've got a meeting
with the engineer at the site I
told you about. There's a coffee
shop across the street---

HARRISON

Miss a chance to see my big city
architect in action? Not a chance.

REILLY

Um, yeah. I guess it's okay if you
tag along, but it won't be very
exciting. The site's shut down
until we can solve the foundation
issue.

Harrison WHISTLES a happy tune. FOOTFALLS mix with the SFX of
a busy city. We stay with them.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE

The footfalls HALT.

REILLY

Here we are. The future home of
Ballabina Enterprises.

Harrison wolf WHISTLES.

HARRISON

That sure is a mighty deep hole.
I'll bet they didn't dig that with
shovels.

REILLY

Yeah, no...
(laughs, then)
Oh. There's the Super.

Distant FOOTFALLS grow nearer as Charlie approaches.

CHARLIE

Nice of you to finally show up.

HARRISON

Sorry. My fault. She didn't know it
was national bring Dad to work day.

Harrison chuckles.

REILLY

Charlie, this is my dad, Harrison.

CHARLIE

Like my favorite actor.

HARRISON

Only better looking.

Harrison's belly laugh is infectious.

REILLY

I thought the engineer was going to
be here too.

CHARLIE

He had plans, so he dropped off the
Mylar last night. -- Let's get this
show on the road. I promised my
kids we could still make it to the
cabin this afternoon.

Charlie ambles off, but stops when Harrison calls out.

HARRISON
Hold on. Don't you all have safety
protocols on these job sites?

CHARLIE
What's the harm? It's just us...

HARRISON
Safety first.

CHARLIE
Oh, yeah. Um, let me unlock the
supply cabinet.

BEEPS as he punches in a digital code. Reilly's embarrassed.

REILLY
Can't get anything past Dad. He's
the chairman of the farm union's
safety committee. Taught me
everything I know about job safety.

SFX: CREEK of the cabinet door opening.

CHARLIE
Here you go.

REILLY	HARRISON
Thanks.	Thank you very much.

SFX: Three sets of BOOTS trudge along uneven soil.

HARRISON (CONT'D)
Watch your step.

REILLY
I got it, Dad. Thanks.
(then)
It's weird being on site without
all the noise of construction.

CHARLIE
(salty)
At least the guys get to enjoy
their holiday weekend.

REILLY
Sorry. I really appreciate you
changing your plans for me. We've
already had so many delays that my
boss is going to be pissed if I
don't control the bleeding on this.

CHARLIE
Forget about it, but let's get this
show on the road, eh.

SFX: Out of nowhere, a CAT MEOWS as it darts past. Knocks
over a bucket which CLANKS down into the hole.

REILLY
Geez. That scared me.

CHARLIE
Sorry. Cats have been a problem
since one of the guys started
feeding them.

HARRISON
Send 'em to me at the farm. Got
plenty of field mice they can
hunt... Gosh, this site's enormous.

REILLY
We're almost there.

CHARLIE
Careful. This plank's pretty
narrow.

FOOTFALLS stop.

HARRISON
This it?

REILLY
Yep. -- I brought along a set of
the latest prints so we can---

CHARLIE
Oh, no need. The engineer sent a
set with the mylar.

SFX: Rustling of blueprints.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Harrison, you mind holding down
that end?

HARRISON
Happy to help.

CHARLIE
Okay, let's take a look and figure
out what's going on so you can
spend some time with your dad, and
I can get back to my vacation...

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
This mylar overlay shows the
foundation against the soil tests.

REILLY
That can't be right. I know I
changed the design after the tests
came in.
(then)
Let's look at the prints I brought.

SFX: Tube uncapping. More blueprints unfurling.

REILLY (CONT'D)
...Put the mylar over these. That's
it... Ah, hah! I knew it. See. I
DID change the footprint.

CHARLIE
Those ain't the ones we submitted.

HARRISON
How come your set has your initials
and his set doesn't?

CHARLIE
What are you talking about it?
There's her stamp right there. Same
as always.

REILLY
OH MY GOD! Dad, you're right. Look
at that. See the little R-W inked
next to the stamp? I ALWAYS add
that before sending them off.

HARRISON
I taught her that when we built the
new pole barn...

REILLY
That's actually what made me choose
to become an architect. I loved
every moment of the process.

CHARLIE
Hmm. The engineer's set only has
the stamp.

REILLY
Exactly.

CHARLIE
You suggesting somebody swapped the
prints that got sent to the city?

REILLY

I'm not suggesting anything. All I know is that the set I brought is the most recent design - the one modified to fit the soil tests.

CHARLIE

Problem solved. I'll make sure these get to the city planning office for approval.

REILLY

Can you get them to rush it?

CHARLIE

I'll do my best, but this is going to raise some red flags.

(rolling the blueprints)

Now, if you don't mind, I have a sandcastle to build with my kids.

INT. RESTAURANT

ATM: A busy café with piped in ambient instrumental music.

REILLY

Dad... Can I ask you something? ---
Why don't you ever include Cody?
You always say when Mom died, or
your mother's death. Why do you
leave Cody out?

HARRISON

Um. Do I? -- I don't know...

A WAITRESS arrives with their food.

WAITRESS

One bacon burger with cheddar...

HARRISON

Thank you, kindly.

WAITRESS

And one Asian chopped salad. Can I
get you two anything else?

REILLY

I think we're good. Thanks.

(to Harrison)

All I'm saying is he may have just
been a baby, but we lost him, too.

Harrison sighs. CLINKING of utensils, chewing, and uncomfortable silence until Harrison clears his throat.

HARRISON

Molly over at the diner asked me when you're gonna move back home.

REILLY

Dad. We've been over this.

HARRISON

I know. I just told her I'd tell you is all.

REILLY

Tell me more about this new farmhand you hired.

HARRISON

Still a master at changing the subject, I see.

REILLY

(laughing)

I'm actually just glad you stopped being so stubborn and finally hired someone to help out. It's too much for just you and Frank to handle.

HARRISON

There's not much to tell. From what I can gather, he's a drifter. Picked up odd jobs where he could. His car broke down driving through town, and OF COURSE Harley had to order the parts. With BFC taking over Bertie's place, there's no more B and B---

REILLY

So, let me guess, you offered to let him stay on the farm?

HARRISON

Well, your mom's old writing shed is just sitting empty...

REILLY

How long's he staying?

HARRISON

Don't know. His car's fixed, but he says he likes the work. And, he's kinda cute.

REILLY

Dad...

I was hoping to introduce you to him this weekend.

REILLY (CONT'D)

Fixing me up isn't going to get me to move back home, either.

HARRISON

Didn't say it would. Look, I wasn't a fan of Taylor, and it's got nothing to do with her being a girl. The way she treated you? Maybe it's time to explore the full spectrum of your heart, ya know?

REILLY

Dad, I appreciate you trying to be open about this, really. But I'm not some bisexual stereo type shopping in an emotional department store. My feelings for Taylor were real, just like they'd be for anyone, regardless of gender.

HARRISON

Fair point, Reilly. I guess I still have some learning to do. Just know that whoever you choose to be with, guy or girl, I just want them to treat you right.

REILLY

Thanks, Dad... Now, let's not spoil our time together by talking any more about she who shall not be named.

HARRISON

You're right... Did you hear that the Johnsons caved and sold their land to BioFlora? They keep bugging me, too. Even sent Josh to warm me up, but I told him to tell 'em to take a flying leap.

Reilly laughs, then gets serious.

REILLY

Dad? Maybe it's time. They're paying good money. You could retire. Move here with me...

HARRISON

Over my dead body. Not that I wouldn't love being closer to you, I would. But their farming practices... You know they use glyphosate. That stuff---

REILLY

Is banned in twenty-eight countries but not in America. Yes. I know. I love that you pour your heart and soul into the farm, but you're just one farmer.

HARRISON

That's all it takes. One person to stand up and fight. It's like that shampoo conditioner. Tell two friends and they tell two more, or whatever. And don't get me started on what those mega farms do to their animals. It's enough to make me one of those vegan people.

REILLY

Wouldn't hurt you to cut down a little. I saw your last cholesterol report.

Harrison laughs.

HARRISON

Cholesterol, shmesterol.
(taking a big bite)
Mmm. Mmm.

Reilly chuckles. The Waitress returns.

WAITRESS

Get you anything else?

REILLY

No thank you.

WAITRESS

Okeydokey. I'll take this up for you whenever you're ready.

Reilly SLAPS the bill from the table before Harrison can.

REILLY

Nuh, uh. My treat. Least I can do since you came all the way here.

HARRISON
Well, thank you, kindly...

EXT. NYC TRAIN STATION

ATM: Trains and people.

REILLY
Thanks for making a shitty day
better, dad. Sorry. Language. I
know.

Harrison laughs.

SFX: Hugs.

REILLY (CONT'D)
I meant it when I said I'd come in
for the Harvest Festival.

HARRISON
I'm gonna hold you to it, young
lady. You can help me win the chili
cookoff this year.

The CHIRP of the PA, then the muffled voice of the Train
Announcer comes on.

TRAIN ANNOUNCER (OVER PA)
Ladies and gentlemen, the Empire
Line is now arriving on Platform 3.
This train stops in Albany,
Syracuse, Rochester, and Buffalo,
with connections available for
further destinations. Please have
your tickets ready for inspection
and watch your step while boarding
the train. Thank you for choosing
the Empire Line, and we wish you a
pleasant journey.

SFX: The train pulls into the station, brakes SCREECHING.

HARRISON
Keep me posted on that blueprint
thing. It sure is a puzzle.

REILLY
I will.

SFX: Three CHIMES.

HARRISON

Well, I better go. Don't want to miss my train.

INT. STONEBRIDGE & ASSOCIATES ARCHITECTS

ATM: Office sounds. Indistinct chatter, typing.

Stella and Brett huddle together. We can't make out most of what they say.

STELLA

(muffled)

Are you sure?

The CLACK of Reilly's heels. Stella CLEARS her throat.

BRETT

I was just about to go get me a slice of that cake. Thought I'd see if you ladies wanted me to bring you back a piece?

REILLY

Thanks. We're good. Stella, got a minute?

INT. STONEBRIDGE & ASSOCIATES ARCHITECTS - REILLY'S OFFICE

SFX: The CLICK of a door closing. The office sounds stop.

REILLY

Why is he always lurking?

STELLA

Right?

(then)

By the way, Roger asked me to have you come to his office at eleven.

REILLY

Great...

STELLA

You don't think he's pulling you from consideration, do you?

REILLY

That's exactly what I think. I've got to figure out what happened, but I still can't get into those damn files.

STELLA

I've tried, too. No luck. I've got I.T. looking into it... You don't think somebody did this on purpose, do you?

REILLY

I don't know, but it's my ass on the line, so you can bet I'll get to the bottom of it.

INT. STONEBRIDGE & ASSOCIATES ARCHITECTS - ROGER'S OFFICE

SFX: Ambient office noises. High-heeled FOOTFALLS. The CREAK of a door opening.

ROGER

Reilly. Take a seat.

REILLY

Sir, if this is about---

ROGER

Let's wait to get into things until - oh, there he is now.

REILLY

Brett?

BRETT

Roger. I'm so glad I could reschedule to be here.

SFX: Chairs scraping as Brett sits, then Reilly.

ROGER

Brett caught me up with what's been happening - or should I say not happening - at the Ballabina site since Labor Day.

REILLY

Yes. Somehow, an old design got submitted to the city, but it wasn't the one I signed off on.

ROGER

Regardless, it's done now. It's how we handle it that matters. I've asked Brett to join us because he's offered to pull in a favor to expedite the proper plans through.

REILLY

The site super is already on it.

ROGER

Reilly, it's almost the end of September. We can't afford to wait any longer. Besides, Brett has a cousin in the planning department and I think it'd be prudent to do whatever we can to fix this mistake as fast as possible, don't you agree?

REILLY

Yes, of course.

ROGER

Then, that's all.

BRETT

I'll go make that call.

ROGER

Thank you, Brett.

(FOOTFALLS as Brett exits)

Reilly? Don't make me regret putting you up for the open partner spot.

REILLY

I won't sir. Thank you.

SFX: SCRAPING of a chair along tile and FOOTFALLS as Reilly exits. The door CLOSES behind her.

INT. STONEBRIDGE & ASSOCIATES ARCHITECTS

SFX: Indistinct office sounds. Reilly's high-heels CLACK along the tile. She stops suddenly and GASPS.

REILLY

Geez, Brett. Why are you waiting around the corner like that? You scared the life out of me.

BRETT

I just wanted to say I'm sorry. I didn't mean to throw you under the bus. I was just trying to help.

Reilly scoffs.

BRETT (CONT'D)
Really. I know it's not like you to
make mistakes.

REILLY
Yeah. Okay. Sure. Thanks.

Heavy FOOTFALLS running toward them.

REILLY (CONT'D)
Stella? Is everything okay?

STELLA
It's your dad. There's been an
accident.

EXT. FARMYARD - DAY

ATM: It's rural. Slight breeze, some bird song. No traffic
except for the HUM of a tractor motor.

Running over, Frank drops down next to Harrison.

FRANK
(urgent, breathless)
No, he's pinned under the tractor.
We're going to need more than just
an ambulance.

Frank drops the phone.

DISPATCH
(garbled, from the phone)
Help is on the way, sir.

FRANK
Harrison! Harrison wake up!!

Harrison MOANS.

FRANK (CONT'D)
No, don't move, just look at me.

HARRISON
(weak)
Frank?

FRANK
Help's on the way. You hear me?
Just hang in there.

HARRISON
(rambly, delirious)
Martha... I saw the boy...

FRANK
Martha and Cody'll wait. It's not
your time.

HARRISON
...wanted the farm... Reilly...

FRANK
I'll call Reilly as soon as the
ambulance gets here. Stay with me!

HARRISON
...farm...must go...to Reilly.

SIRENS in the distance.

FRANK
Reilly'll come to you, Harrison.
You just hold on for her. Help is
coming. Hear it? Just hold on.

The sirens get louder.

REILLY (V.O.)
I thought renting a car would get
me there faster. I should have
known better. New York traffic
never lets you leave without a
fight.

INT/EXT. RENTAL CAR - DAY

ATM: New York City bridge traffic. It is slow and full of
people with bad attitudes. Horns, squeals, trucks, engines.

REILLY
(under her breath)
Shit.
(shouting out the window)
Watch it, wouldya?

HORN BLARES.

Turn SIGNAL goes on.

REILLY (CONT'D)
(growly)
Come on! Let me in you bastard. I
have to get to my dad.

She BEEPS her horn. Someone BEEPS back aggressively.

She lays on her HORN and the sound combines with her SCREAM of frustration.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

ATM: Rhythmic quiet. The hissing of a ventilator. Faint beep of a slow heart rate. Muted sounds of a busy hospital.

The DOOR opens. The hallway sounds flow and ebb as Josh enters, closing the door behind him. He approaches the bed.

JOSH
How is he, Pop?

FRANK
Not good.

JOSH
What happened?

FRANK
I don't know. I heard the crash and found him pinned under the tractor at the foot of the slope over by the west field.

JOSH
How'd he manage that?

FRANK
I don't know. He was unconscious by the time I got to him, and when he came to, he was just mumbling nonsense. It was awful.

JOSH
Reilly?

FRANK
I talked to her when we got here. She was too late for the early train. Said she was gonna get a rental car,

The heart rate monitor starts to FALTER. Then FLATLINES.

JOSH
Oh shit.

Several running FOOTSTEPS enter.

NURSE 1
Out of the way please.

Josh and Frank push their chairs back and move away.

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)
Mr. Whitaker, can you hear me?

SFX: hospital bed lowers. Sides move down.

NURSE 1 (CONT'D)
(doing CPR)
One, two, three, four...

The count continues as more footsteps enter along with the RUMBLE of a rolling cart.

NURSE 2
Got the crash cart. We're going to roll him over okay? The resident's on the way.

A last set of footsteps crash into the room. It's Reilly.

REILLY
DAD!!! No, no, no, no, no.

Hospital chaos combines with Reilly's sobs. Wailing, she crashes into Josh's embrace.

JOSH
Shh. I got you.

END OF EPISODE ONE