

JERUSALEM, NEVADA

"Pilot"

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COLD OPEN

EXT. HIGHWAY - DAY

An arid Nevada desert, a wasteland. A Prius sits on the shoulder of the highway, hood raised. A tow-truck is pulled just ahead of it.

A nearby road sign reads -- **WELCOME TO JERUSALEM, NEVADA.**

CHRIS DAWKINS, 30s, talks on his cell phone. A lollipop stick protrudes from his mouth.

CHRIS

(into the phone)

I'd be there if I could. Can't you just take the kids with you to the interview?

A MECHANIC, early 30s, brown skin, scruffy beard, and wearing a greasy mechanic's jumper, begins to hook the car to his tow-truck.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

What about the crate?... They don't know it's for a dog... Besides, it's for large breeds.

The mechanic looks up from his work.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Alright, alright, I'll see if "Hey-seus" here can drop me off.

Chris hangs up his phone.

MECHANIC

Jesus.

CHRIS

Is it that bad?

MECHANIC

You called me Hey-seuse. My name is pronounced Jesus.

CHRIS

Oh. Sorry about that. Bet you get that all the time, huh?

JESUS

Not really.

INT. TOW-TRUCK - LATER (TRAVELLING)

Chris notices an air freshener dangling from the rearview mirror in the shape of a praying "Jesus."

He looks at "Mechanic Jesus." Back to the air freshener. Could be the same guy.

CHRIS

So, Jesus, how'd you end up in the anal fissure of Nevada?

JESUS

I think the official town slogan is, "The land of milk and honey."
(off Chris' confused look)
Dairy and bee lobbies have some seriously deep pockets... I was born here. How about you?

Chris pulls out another lollipop, sticks it in his mouth.

CHRIS

My wife shot someone. Well, technically four people.
(off Jesus' look)
Thought this might be a good place to disappear for a while. Hopefully it's only temporary. I mean, who would ever willingly move here? Am I right?

Chris crunches the lollipop.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

For the record, these are medicinal.

JESUS

The candy?

CHRIS

An edible. THC infused.

JESUS

What's THC?

CHRIS

The drug... in marijuana. You don't know what THC is?

JESUS

I'm brown so I have to know all about marijuana?

CHRIS
I... don't know how to answer that
without sounding racist.

JESUS
You moved into Lazarus' house,
right?

CHRIS
Maybe. The previous owner was
murdered. Was Lazarus murdered?

JESUS
That's complicated.

CHRIS
How is murder complicated?

JESUS
He was a friend.

CHRIS
Oh. Sorry to hear that.

JESUS
I was the one who found him.

CHRIS
That's rough.

JESUS
You don't know the half of it...
You and your wife, do you guys
sleep with protection?

CHRIS
Okay then. Kind of personal, but,
yeah. She's on the pill.

JESUS
I meant like a gun or a baseball
bat or something.

CHRIS
I did tell you my wife shot four
people, right? Why?

JESUS
No reason. Just... it'd probably
be good if you keep something
handy.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEI/E. TOW-TRUCK - DAY

Jesus pulls in front of a picture perfect house. A "SOLD" sign in the yard.

JESUS

Your car should be ready sometime tomorrow.

(heavy, stereotypical accent)

Unless I get sleepy and take a siesta.

Chris glances at the air freshener, then back to Jesus. Almost says something but changes his mind.

CHRIS

Thanks.

Chris hops out.

EXT. FRONT YARD - DAY

As Jesus drives off, Chris glances at the tow truck. It's covered in bumper stickers --

IN CASE OF RAPTURE, THIS VEHICLE WILL BE UNMANNED, and EZEKIEL 23:20.

Chris pulls the sign from the ground. A picture of his realtor, MOSES, 50s, is emblazoned across it, giving a cheesy, over enthusiastic "thumbs up."

The front door opens and AMELIA, 30s, Chris' wife, emerges in a pant suit. She carries KELSEY, their infant daughter, on her hip. There is baby vomit on her jacket.

Eight-year-old ETHAN trails behind.

AMELIA

I'm late. Take her.

She passes Kelsey to Chris.

CHRIS

Hon, your jacket.

The vomit.

AMELIA

Crap.

She pulls off the jacket and hands it to Chris.

The front door to the neighboring house opens. Half dressed, SAMSON, 30s, emerges. He aggressively kisses an ATTRACTIVE WOMAN.

Both Chris and Amelia stare.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

Wow.

Samson pops the girl on the butt as she walks away.

ETHAN

What are you looking at?

AMELIA

Nothing, buddy...

Amelia's nipples are now obvious through her blouse as she turns to her son.

AMELIA (CONT'D)

...why don't you go play?

CHRIS

(re: nipples)

You may want this back.

Amelia takes the jacket from her husband before looking back for another glimpse of the black, dreadlocked, Adonis-next-door.

He's gone.

Amelia gives Chris a kiss on the cheek. He continues to stare at the attractive woman.

AMELIA

Wish me luck.

CHRIS

Uh-huh.

The attractive woman notices Chris ogling her, his daughter on his hip. She flicks him off.

Embarrassed, Chris lowers his head, turns to his wife.

She's gone, pulling out of the driveway.

Jezebel, 40s, hair in a tight bun, storms across the street.

JEZEBEL

Excuse me! Excuse me!

CHRIS

Hey. Can I help you?

JEZEBEL

I don't know what kind of rules they had were you came from, but we have yard maintenance standards in this neighborhood.

(hands over a massive binder)

I was measuring earlier and your grass is a quarter inch too high.

CHRIS

Yeah, sorry, we just moved in and I haven't had time to... wait, did you say you measured my grass?

JEZEBEL

A quarter inch! According to HOA regulations it must be fixed by the end of the day tomorrow.

Jezebel storms back across the street, slams her front door.

Juggling his daughter and the binder, Chris pulls out another lollipop.

INT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Still holding Kelsey, Chris examines a mound of boxes.

CHRIS

Ethan! Time to work, buddy!

Ethan slides a massive cardboard box across the floor.

ETHAN

Already on it, dad.

CHRIS

Good, boy. Come get me if you come across anything sharp... or... poisonous or something.

Chris digs deep inside a box, pulls out a handful of lollipops.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
 Alright, buddy, what's the rule
 about daddy's candy?

ETHAN
 Don't touch them because they're
 magical.

CHRIS
 No, daddy's mushrooms are magical.
 His lollipops are medicine.

ETHAN
 You eat a lot of them. Are you
 dying?

CHRIS
 In a sense, we all are... I'll be
 out back.

EXT. BACK YARD - LATER

Chris, on the edge of his empty swimming pool, legs dangling.
 He crunches the last few bites of lollipop, throws the stick
 into the empty pool. Pulls out a new one.

Kelsey, in a shaded baby carrier, reaches for the lollipop.

CHRIS
 Not until college.

SAMSON (O.C.)
 Hey, neighbor.

Samson leans against the stone wall that separates the yards.

Chris stands, approaches, pops the new lollipop in his mouth.
 Extends his hand.

In the bg we watch Ethan struggle with another massive box.

CHRIS
 Oh, hey, Chris Dawkins.

They shake hands.

SAMSON
 Samson. You move quick. Lazarus
 only died like... four days ago.

CHRIS

The realtor said if we didn't act fast it would turn into a bidding war.

SAMSON

People love this place. Property is a commodity.

CHRIS

These people realize they're in the middle of the desert, right? There aren't even Starbucks or McDonalds here. It's all Hooka bars and Falafel stands.

SAMSON

This is god's country. You'll grow to love it.

CHRIS

What's the scoop on the neighbors?

Samson points to a large boat behind the other next-door-neighbor's house.

SAMSON

You got Noah there. Invest in ear plugs. Constantly hammering away at that damned boat. And he hoards animals.

CHRIS

That explains the smell.

SAMSON

Right behind you is Bathsheba. In that case, invest in binoculars.

CHRIS

Why?

SAMSON

Just take my word for it. Then you got David there. Joseph there. And Abraham next to him. The rest you'll meet in time. Oh, and keep clear of Jezebel across the street. Head of the Home Owners Association. Total bitch.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Amelia sits across from a man wearing a shoulder holster, CHIEF SAUL TARSUS, 40s. He sports a thick mustache.

SAUL

Amelia Dawkins. Five years as a Los Angeles homicide detective, huh?

AMELIA

Yes, sir. And six as a beat cop.

Chief Saul slides a badge across his desk. Amelia takes it.

Saul holds up a gun.

SAUL

I saw in your file that you have four officer involved shootings?

AMELIA

Yes, sir. But you should also see they were all deemed justified. And no fatalities.

SAUL

Don't worry, Hollywood, we'll fix that up.

AMELIA

Sir?

SAUL

Your aim. You'll get there. Get rid of things water-wings and upgrade you to body bags. We shoot a lot.

AMELIA

On the practice range?

Saul slides the firearm across the desk. Amelia takes it.

SAUL

Those jerks out there wish. We uphold the law. All of it. To the letter. Is that vomit on your jacket?

INT. DAWKIN'S KITCHEN - DAY

Chris opens a cabinet. Stares blankly.

CHRIS

Where are the Cheerios?!

Ethan marches into the kitchen, grabs a chair, slides it to a different cabinet, climbs up, and produces a box of Cheerios.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Ethan hops down, heads back to continue unpacking.

Chris scans the cabinets.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Bowls?!

Ethan returns.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Never mind.

Chris grabs a handful of cereal and shovels it into his mouth.

Amelia enters.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Hey, hon, how'd it go?

AMELIA

It was... odd. I start orientation tomorrow.

Chris hugs her, Cheerio box in hand.

CHRIS

Aw, hon, that's great. We should celebrate.

AMELIA

I brought home a bottle of wine. Actually, I have some groceries in the car. Do you mind?

CHRIS

Not at all. You relax. -- Ethan! Groceries! Car!

Ethan heads out the front door.

Amelia cozies up to her husband.

AMELIA

If we can find a sitter tonight, we don't even have to leave the house.

CHRIS

Ooo. Tonight, huh? I can't tonight. I kinda told the neighbor I'd go over and play poker. You know, network.

AMELIA

Wait. Are you talking about the neighbor? The one with the body?

CHRIS

Yeah, Samson. But tomorrow night. After the game... Date night.

AMELIA

What game?

CHRIS

Technically it's a match. Sri Lanka/Bangladesh. That shit can get crazy.

AMELIA

Seriously? Rugby?

CHRIS

No, this is America. Who watches rugby? It's cricket. After that, we celebrate for sure. And don't worry about the kids. I'll get a bottle of Nyquil. Best baby sitter on the block.

Ethan struggles to put the grocery bag on the counter, leaves.

AMELIA

Christopher!

CHRIS

What? I'm kidding.

AMELIA

Where's Kelsey?

CHRIS

By... the...

Ethan returns, carrying his little sister.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
With her brother. Bonding. Right,
little man?

Amelia takes Kelsey from Ethan, shoots Chris a disapproving look.

Chris pats down his pockets.

Ethan hands him a lollipop.

ETHAN
Mom, dad says we're all dying.

END OF ACT ONE