

TEASER

EXT. FOREST - EARLY MORNING

The sun is only just beginning to come over the horizon, dim light filtering through the trees and brush.

We hear a LOUD echo off the hills--a *baby crying?*

EXT. FOREST - TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

GRANNY approaches, along the overgrown trail to the mine. She holds a jar and a lantern, which lights up the early morning fog.

A *whimper*, louder. Granny hears it now--*where could it be?*

Granny walks off the path, following the haunting cry. It's a pitiful noise.

She waves her lantern around in front of her...

EXT. FOREST - POND - CONTINUOUS

...and illuminates a struggling, bloodied fox caught in a barbed wire fence near a murky pond. Its screams are increasingly pathetic. It's a wonder it's kept it up for so long.

Granny approaches the fox, setting down her jar and her lantern. The *cries* turn to *growls*.

She examines the plight of the poor thing--it's tangled pretty bad. Should she pry the wire off? She could kill it trying, but if she leaves it, it'll die for sure.

After sizing up the situation, Granny sighs, rolls up her sleeves, and drops to her knees.

She begins to pull, twist this way and that.

The fox *groans* and *yips* at the strain.

The barbed wire catches the skin of her fingers and she cries out.

She redoubles her efforts.

Barbs rip chunks of flesh off her and the fox alike, but then--*can it be?*

The fox gets its foot loose, then with a turn of its torso, it pulls free.

The animal hobbles around for a moment, low to the ground and small, coat shimmering in the dawn.

It licks blood from a wound, looks at Granny like it doesn't know if she's the cause of pain or freedom.

Then takes off for the trees.

Granny watches as the fox disappears into the trees. *Is she smiling?*

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED COAL MINE - EARLY MORNING

RUBY in loose chains in a dark room in the abandoned mine.

She's pale, sweaty, and the circles under her eyes are dark enough to rival the cave she's trapped in.

**END TEASER**

ACT ONE

INT. ABANDONED MINE - MORNING

Granny's presence takes up the entire tunnel into the room where she's keeping her daughter. In one hand, a lantern; in the other, a jar full of clear liquid, leaves, and red berries.

GRANNY

G'mornin', Ruby. How ya feelin'?

RUBY

How the hell do you think I'm feeling?

A pained silence. Granny sets her jaw as she sets the lantern on the uneven ground. It casts a strange, harsh light from that angle.

GRANNY

Ya'd best show some respect, girl. Else you'll come to regret it.

RUBY

(sarcastically)

Oh, I'm so sorry. How the hell do you think I'm feeling, ma'am?

GRANNY

Don't call me ma'am.

RUBY

What would ya like me ta call ya?

GRANNY

"Mama" seems apt, don't it?

Ruby feigns contemplation.

RUBY

Nah, I don't reckon so.

GRANNY

Birtherd ya, didn't I? And put a roof over yer head, fed ya, took care of ya.

Ruby spits at Granny.

RUBY

That don't make you a mama.

SAWYER enters, looking much improved from when he first broke into Granny's cabin. He carries a dingy mortar and pestle.

SAWYER

Sorry fer takin' so long. I brought what ya asked for.

GRANNY

(to Ruby)

Consider yerself lucky. Watch yer tongue.

(to Sawyer)

Thanks, Sawyer. This'll do nicely.

Granny takes the mortar and pestle.

SAWYER

I'm not interrupting nothin', am I?

GRANNY

Yer interruption is welcome, this time.

She pours a bit of the berry and moonshine mix into the mortar, then sets the jar down to get to work.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

Could yeh watch Ruby for a bit?  
I've got half a mind to smack her.

SAWYER

Yeah, sure.

Granny walks a short distance away, mashing the berries into a paste. She stays within view of her daughter and the former drug dealer. No way in hell is she leaving them alone for a *second*.

Sawyer desperately tries to avoid eye contact with Ruby, who is doing the exact opposite.

RUBY

Why the hell are ya helping this witch? How do you even *know* her?

SAWYER

Could you keep your voice down?

(beat)

It's complicated. Please, just go with it, Rube.

RUBY

What does she got on ya? She caint be threatening to turn ya over to the police. She hates the bastards.

SAWYER

(beat)

It's none of yer business, but that ain't it. She helped me get clean.

Granny walks back towards them with the finished mixture as Ruby's *laughter* echoes off the walls.

RUBY

Ya been clean before, Bryant. It ain't that hard to do. Moment she lets you go, you'll be right back where you were. We both know ain't no way back from this shit.

SAWYER

No, it ain't like that--she helped me *think* clean, too. I ain't gonna lie to ya, it weren't pretty. But she helped me, and she can help ya too, if ya let 'er.

RUBY

Oh, help me? Is that what this is? Sorry, it feels a whole hell of a lot like y'all're tryna kill me.

GRANNY

The only one here tryna kill yeh is you, Ruby.

Granny mixes the paste a bit more as she approaches Ruby.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

If it feels like yer dyin', it's only 'cos yer sin is so deeply entrenched in yer soul. It'll get better if yeh can fix yer head on straight. "Whoever suffers in the body is done with sin." You oughta thank me. I'm saving yer life and yer soul.

RUBY

I didn't ask for yer "help."

GRANNY

Maybe not, but you'll thank me for it later.

Granny puts a hand to Ruby's forehead.

GRANNY (CONT'D)  
Heavens child, yer burnin' up.

It happens so fast--Granny kneels to apply the paste to her forehead, and Ruby lashes out and strikes the mortar from her hands.

It clatters to the ground, dumping the contents all over the filthy floor and *shattering*.

For a moment, Granny just stands there, for once speechless. Then...

GRANNY (CONT'D)  
I know yer gonna apologize fer that.

RUBY  
I dunno what gave ya that impression.

GRANNY  
(beat)  
Maybe the fact that, unless the Lord sends down manna from Heaven, the only way yer ever tastin' another morsel of food is if I decide ta give one to yeh.

RUBY  
I'll just wait for magic food from the sky, then. I'd sooner rely on a figment of yer imagination than on the kindness of a monster.

GRANNY  
(beat)  
You'd be wise to come to a better understanding with the Almighty. You keep this up, you'll be seein' 'im soon 'nough.

Granny picks up the lantern and turns to leave.

SAWYER  
(tenderly)  
C'mon, Rube, just apologize.

RUBY  
Like hell. I can't believe yer helpin' with this bull.

SAWYER  
I know yer hurtin', but if you'll  
just cooperate--

GRANNY  
(interrupting)  
Sawyer.

SAWYER  
--This'll be so much easier.

GRANNY  
(louder, overlapping)  
Sawyer!  
(beat)  
Let the girl have things her way.  
If she wants to die, let 'er.

SAWYER  
She don't know what she's sayin'.

GRANNY  
Don't I know it. C'mon. Maybe  
she'll have a change of heart if we  
leaver 'er be fer a while.

Sawyer and Ruby have an argument with their eyes, which  
neither of them seem to win. Sawyer is following Granny out  
of the tunnel, when--

RUBY  
(calling out)  
Ya can't keep me here! People'll  
come lookin' fer me! And when I get  
out, you're gonna be locked up  
tighter than I am right now!

Granny stops. Turns around. *Who does this girl think she is?*

GRANNY  
Clearly, you don't get how things  
are gonna go down here, so let me  
make it real clear fer ya: yer  
gonna get clean. We're gonna help  
ya. Yer not gonna try to escape,  
and if ya do, I *will* find you.

Granny walks towards her daughter, stopping to crouch in her  
face.

GRANNY (CONT'D)  
'Cos yer mah daughter. I love yeh,  
despite all yer attempts to  
persuade me not to.  
(MORE)

GRANNY (CONT'D)

So I'm gonna help yeh, whether you realize that's what I'm doin' or not. But there are two ways that can happen.

She holds up a single finger.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

You can cooperate real nice and let yer momma get you back on yer feet, or...

She holds up a second finger.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

I can show yeh the true meaning of "tough love." 'Cos let me just tell yeh...

She drops her hand, leaning in so their faces are almost touching.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

(gravelly whisper)  
You ain't seen nothin' yet.

SAWYER

Granny, c'mon, you can't do this.

Ruby raises an eyebrow. *Interesting.*

Granny stands and struts confidently out of the alley, shooting a pointed glare at Sawyer.

Sawyer looks between the two woman for a moment. As the flickering light disappears down the hallway, he follows Granny.

Ruby is left in darkness.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Granny and Sawyer walk out of the mine in pained silence. Granny is about to bite someone's head off, and Sawyer is about to talk someone's head off. It's not a great combo.

Sawyer foolishly breaks the silence.

SAWYER

Listen, Granny Jo, you ain't never been through anything like what Ruby's goin' through. She's not herself.



Granny turns on a dime, pressing him against the wall with unexpected strength.

GRANNY

I'll not have yeh tellin' me about what I've been through. Got it?

SAWYER

(beat)

Yeah, okay. I'm sorry. But ya can't just starve 'er! She's yer daughter, goddamn it-

GRANNY

Yeh watch yet blasphemmin' mouth. If yeh keep actin' a fool like this, yer gonna need all the heavenly favor yeh can get. And what happens to my girl is none of yer business. She's my daughter--she's nothin' to yeh.

SAWYER

She's not nothin' to me!

Sawyer thinks better of this admission the instant it escapes his lips, but there's no way to take it back. *Shit.*

GRANNY

(deadpan)

Care to expand on that?

Granny is not amused, to say the least.

SAWYER

(stammering)

I mean, we've known each other a while--she's not my emergency contact, by any means, but I don't wanna see 'er starve.

GRANNY

I see.

(beat)

Listen. I don't know what kinda history you got with Ruby, but the past don't matter now. Nothing matters outside of this mine, you got that?

SAWYER

(beat)

...Yeah.

Granny sighs and releases him. She opens her mouth--*what's she gonna say?*--but then she just sighs again, and begins walking once more.

Sawyer hesitates before following her.

EXT. TRAIL - CONTINUOUS

For an uncomfortable amount of time, all we hear are the pair's remarkably loud footsteps. Finally, Granny cracks.

GRANNY

What's happenin' with Ruby...I seen it before. Not quite the same, but same enough.

(beat)

I don't wanna know why on God's green earth you care about my daughter, Sawyer, but despite all evidence to the contrary, I got a gut feeling yeh might be an alright person under all this mess. So, I'm gonna give you some advice.

She doesn't look at him while she speaks, her attention always on the trail ahead of her.

GRANNY (CONT'D)

Yeh can't trust her for a moment. Not now, maybe not ever.

SAWYER

(beat)

Speaking from experience?

Granny's natural scowl deepens.

GRANNY

I'm speaking from *common sense*.

(beat)

Just...trust me, alright? Keep yer head down, keep yer mouth shut, and just help me get 'er clean. Meddle with my family beyond that, and I ain't helpin' you crawl outta whatever hole yeh find yerself in.

Granny pulls ahead of him, leaves crunching underfoot. As her footsteps subside, Sawyer's face flickers from conflict to resolution.

INT. VERN'S HOUSE - LATER

Most of VERN'S house might be a cluttered mess, but the stove and the counter right next to it are immaculate. Or, they normally are. Right now, Vern is cooking.

He stands over a boiling pot of stew, just casually enjoying himself. He tosses some herbs in haphazardly, followed by some heavy cream. The boiling mellows out.

Takes a sip. *What's missing?* He picks up and sniffs one unlabeled pouch after another until he finally settles on one--he sniffs it twice, then sprinkles some in the pot. He gives it a good stir.

GRANNY (O.C.)  
I'm gonna kill that girl.

VERN  
Can it at least wait until after lunch? I'm almost done.

Granny cautiously sidesteps ropes of drying herbs.

GRANNY  
I mean it. The blatant disrespect...She won't let me near her to help with nothin'. Pray all I want, I can't make 'er want to get better.

Vern shoots a sympathetic glance over his shoulder, but doesn't fully turn away from the stove.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - CONTINUOUS

Ruby winces as lantern light grows closer, illuminating her pale, sweaty face.

Holding it isn't Granny, but...

SAWYER  
I brought ya some food.

He sets down a shallow bowl of broth with some venison jerky in it.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
S'not much, but it's what I thought I could grab without makin' Granny suspicious.

Whether or not Granny is suspicious, her daughter is--Ruby is looking at the dish like it's laced with cyanide.

RUBY  
What's ya game?

SAWYER  
No game.

RUBY  
Ya can't expect me to believe that.

SAWYER  
I just feel shitty sittin' back,  
watchin' you waste away. I dunno  
whether Granny was serious about  
starvin' you er not, but I didn't  
wanna risk it.

Sawyer nudges the food forward slightly with his foot.

SAWYER (CONT'D)  
Eat up, before ya starve.

RUBY  
Oh, believe me, buddy, won't be the  
hunger that kills me. It's gonna be  
the fever or it's gonna be my own  
damn mama.  
(beat)  
Dunno which is worse.

SAWYER  
Well, yer fever could be gone if  
ya'd cooperate with yer mama.

RUBY  
Ya think so?

SAWYER  
I know so.

Ruby *laughs* with no joy.

RUBY  
God, yer awful naive fer a drug  
dealer.

She shakes her head, smiling at the floor.

INT. VERN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vern pauses his stirring and takes another sip. *Better.*

VERN

I take it this morning went well?

GRANNY

Could yeh save the jokes, please?  
I'm at a real loss.

VERN

What'd she do, curse at ya?

GRANNY

(beat)

She also struck your mortar from my  
hands when I tried to apply an  
ointment to bring 'er fever down.

VERN

(playfully)

Y'know, if yeh dropped it, yeh can  
just say so. I ain't gonna yell  
atcha.

GRANNY

This ain't the time, Vern.

Vern sets down his spatula and leans against the counter.

VERN

Josephine. This was always gonna be  
nasty. I know yeh ain't really been  
up close to someone on them opiods  
before, but comin' off 'em is hell.

GRANNY

You ain't ever seen this up close  
before, neither. Don't act like you  
seen it all before.

VERN

(beat)

I wasn't there when she, ah,  
passed, but...I did try ta help  
Dee. It was earlier along, she  
weren't as hooked as Ruby seems to  
be, but it's the same stuff.

GRANNY

(beat)

You knew?

VERN

I thought she was off it. She was  
clean fer a time.

(MORE)

VERN (CONT'D)

But bein' clean is different from  
bein' *clean*, if that makes sense.

Granny sits in one of the few seats that isn't cluttered,  
more out of necessity than comfort. *He knew.*

INT. ABANDONED MINE - CONTINUOUS

Sawyer crosses his arms.

SAWYER

I'm not being naive--she helped me  
get clean. Well, forced me to get  
clean. I can almost focus on things  
for the first time in--shit, must  
be years.

RUBY

And why would she help ya? She  
clearly hates yer guts.

SAWYER

She felt bad fer shootin' me.  
Didn't wanna go ta jail.

RUBY

Bullshit. She wanted to get to me,  
right?

Damn, it's hard lying to someone who only asks questions they  
already know the answer to.

RUBY (CONT'D)

Ain't that just typical? I'm  
tellin' ya, she's always got a  
bigger game. I dunno why the hell  
she suddenly wants anything to do  
with me--she never has before. She  
only talks to me when she has  
something new to bitch at me for.  
You can't trust her--you know that,  
right?

Sawyer shifts uncomfortably.

SAWYER

I don't think yer judgin' her as  
impartially as you wanna think.  
Just eat up, alright? I wanna be  
outta here before she comes back.

RUBY  
How'd she getcha to stay here,  
anyhow?

SAWYER  
(sarcastically)  
The goodness of my heart.

RUBY  
Answer the question, Bryant.

SAWYER  
It's nunna yer damn business, Ruby.  
Eat the food or don't. I just came  
here ta be nice.

Ruby just stares at him for a moment. Thinking. *What's it gonna take to crack this nut?*

INT. VERN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Vern turns off the gas stove.

VERN  
(beat)  
Ya gotta be patient with 'er,  
alright? She may've dug 'er own  
grave here, but it bein' her fault  
don't make it any easier to climb  
outta this.

Vern dishes up two bowls.

GRANNY  
(beat)  
Yer right.

VERN  
Of course!

He sets a bowl in front of her. Flashes a winning smile.

VERN (CONT'D)  
I'm always right.

Granny rolls her eyes.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - CONTINUOUS

Ruby and Sawyer lock eyes, both of them sizing the other up. Finally, Ruby breaks contact and looks down at the food.

RUBY

Yer right. Sorry ta pry, I'm sure you wouldn't be helpin' with this shit if you had any choice.

SAWYER

(beat)

Yeah, probably not.

*So he doesn't have a choice.*

RUBY

Thanks fer bringin' me somethin' ta eat, I 'preciate it. Do ya think ya could hold it a bit closer fer me? I can't quite reach it.

She shakes her chains a bit, smiling bashful. Sawyer *laughs*.

SAWYER

Nice try, Rube. I ain't been born yesterday.

He nudges the food forward a bit more with his foot.

RUBY

I dunno what yer talkin' 'bout. Thanks, though.

She makes a show of struggling to get the food into her mouth without use of her hands, but behind her back...

Ruby adjusts her grip on a rock. There is enough slack in the chains for her to move her hands to pick up the food.

RUBY (CONT'D)

(through food)

So, she's forcin' ya ta help, huh?

Sawyer looks over his shoulder down the tunnel. *Is Granny coming?*

SAWYER

(beat)

I guess ya could say that.

RUBY

What's she got on ya? Cops?

Sawyer snorts.



SAWYER

I ain't known Granny fer long, but  
you 'n' I both know she ain't doin'  
nothin' fer the cops.

RUBY

So what is it, then?

He shifts from foot to foot. *What difference does it make if  
she knows?*

SAWYER

She knows 'bout my kid.

RUBY

And?

Sawyer absently flicks his tongue over his lips. *Should he  
tell her?*

INT. VERN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Granny stares into her bowl, now half-empty.

GRANNY

D'ya really think any of this is  
gonna make a difference?

Vern covers one of her hands with his own.

VERN

I have to. When a woman like you  
puts 'er mind ta somethin', failure  
ain't an option.

Granny looks up at him for a moment, her gaze soft. *Maybe...*

She laughs, taking her hand away.

GRANNY

Yer such a sweet talker, Vern. Yeh  
don't have to say all that just ta  
make me feel better. I know this is  
a long shot.

VERN

Maybe not as much of a long shot as  
yeh think. After all, Sawyer seems  
ta be doin' better.

(beat)

Ruby's gonna be fine, Jo.

He gives her a reassuring smile.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - CONTINUOUS

Sawyer rakes a hand through his hair.

SAWYER

I, ah. While I was detoxin', I signed some adoption papers. She could take Jessica if she wanted to.

A guffaw escapes Ruby's lips.

RUBY

She's so fulla shit. She didn't hardly wanna raise 'er own kids. You don't need ta worry 'bout that. You can leave if ya want, she's just bluffin'.

SAWYER

I ain't riskin' it. Once all this is done, Jess an' I might actually have a shot. Now that I ain't high.

RUBY

Raisin' yer daughter 'n' not bein' a hostage of that woman don't have to be mutually exclusive. Ya could always make a break fer it, grab Jessica, an' run. Ya'd probably be wealthy south o' the border.

Sawyer gives her an exasperated look.

SAWYER

I think yer more fulla shit than yer mama. Just finish up, I don't have time fer this. I gotta get outta here before she comes back.

RUBY

Me, too.

SAWYER

Yeah, good luck with that.

Sawyer uses his foot to pull her plate back towards him, then picks it up.

INT. VERN'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Granny absently moves her spoon around her bowl.

GRANNY

You know, I saw a fox caught in some barbed wire this morning.

VERN

(beat)  
Alright?

GRANNY

It was cryin' and makin' a fuss, carryin' on. It was caught pretty good.

Vern looks at her quizzically--*Why is she bringing this up?*

GRANNY (CONT'D)

I couldn't bring myself to leave 'im. I pried the thing out with my bare hands, but I tore myself up real bad, and right near killed the critter, too.

(beat)

And that fox was actually being pretty cooperative.

VERN

Jo, I know what yer gettin at, but ya can't think like that. Alright?

Granny shrugs and takes a bite of stew.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - CONTINUOUS

Sawyer begins to leave, plate in hand.

Ruby sees her window slipping away, and decides to go for the throat.

RUBY

C'mon, Sawyer, you really think she's gonna let ya roam free after all this blows o'er? She acts like some holy woman, like she's givin' ya a second chance, right? Don't be a dumbass. She don't give a shit about some random drug dealer.

Sawyer pauses. Turns back to face Ruby. *Got him now.*

RUBY (CONT'D)

(beat)

My sister died of an overdose, and my dad died drunk in the mines.

(MORE)

RUBY (CONT'D)

No fuckin' way is she missin' the chance to distribute "justice" to someone tied to all that.

Sawyer crouches in front of her.

SAWYER

I didn't know 'bout yer sister. I'm sorry.

We see Ruby's pained expression...but then we see Ruby's hands behind her back, adjusting their grip on the rock.

RUBY

(beat)

Listen, I dunno what she promised ya, but there ain't no way in hell she'll make good, no matter how much ya help 'er. Best case scenario, she kills ya quickly. With out family history, though, I dunno how likely that is. Ya see what she's willin' ta do to 'er own flesh 'n' blood--she kidnapped me, she's starvin' me, an' that's just the beginnin'.

Sawyer doesn't know how to process this. *Granny wouldn't lie to him, would she?*

INT. VERN'S HOUSE

Granny clears her throat. Stands.

GRANNY

Well, I reckon I oughta go check on that girl.

VERN

She eaten anythin' yet today?

GRANNY

Nah, I'm not tryn' ta get another dish broken. Reckon I'll share some food once she's calmed some.

Vern dishes up another bowl of stew.

VERN

Might as well offer some of this when ya go check on 'er. She always was weak fer my cookin'.

Granny accepts the bowl from him. Her demeanor is so much calmer than it was at first. Vern calms her like no one else.

GRANNY

Why doncha come with me? Maybe she'll let yeh try an' get 'er fever down.

Vern grabs his medical bag.

INT. ABANDONED MINE - CONTINUOUS

Ruby is leaning in as close to Sawyer as she can without making it too obvious what she's playing at.

RUBY

If ya help me, we can make a run fer it--we can take Roy's car, go get Jessica, an' then skip town.

Sawyer looks at everything but Ruby. He visibly gulps.

RUBY (CONT'D)

If ya still wanna stay clean, you can do that, but you'll know it's yer choice, not that woman's. An' ya won't have to help torture me.

Sawyer's eyes snap back to Ruby.

SAWYER

I'm not torturing you.

RUBY

Oh, c'mon, Sawyer. Ya said ya just detoxed, right? Don't give me that BS. You know better.

Ruby's grip is set, and the muscles in her arm are tensed up. Ready to swing.

RUBY (CONT'D)

C'mon, Sawyer. We can run away together. We can make it.

Sawyer looks at her for a long moment, then looks away. *Can he trust this?*

He stands, deciding that no, he can't. But in the moment when he's distracted...

BAM! Ruby swipes his feet out from under him.

As Sawyer lies on the ground next to his partially-eaten food offering, she crawls over him. Rock raised.

SAWYER

Ruby, don't--

Too late. Ruby brings down the rock into his temple. He's out for the count.

Ruby searches his pockets, only find the key she's looking for on his belt loop. As she's unlocking her chains...

RUBY

I told ya, yer too naive fer this.

**END OF ACT ONE**