

GASLAND

Original one-hour pilot

Written by

Augusto Federico Amador

&

Diggi Singh

To Contact:

Augusto Amador
E-roughwriters@gmail.com
T-310.404.1435

TEASER

FADE IN:

EXT. DESERT/SOUTHWEST TEXAS - EVENING

The sun sets on the bare desert plains of South Texas. It's an unremarkable wasteland save for a sleek MERCEDES-BENZ SEDAN that tears through the desert like a silver bullet, leaving behind a wild stream of sand and dust.

The Mercedes suddenly slams to a stop encompassing the car in a big cloud of dust.

The driver door flies open. PACO RIVERA, 38, handsome and sharply dressed, rushes out from the car, his eyes glued to his iPhone. He clenches his jaw in frustration: No signal. He holds his phone high above his head attempting to get a signal...still nothing.

PACO
(exploding)
Goddamnit!!!

He rushes back into his Benz and the car speeds off in a trail of dust and sand.

CUT TO:

EXT. DESERT/ SOUTHWEST TEXAS - 5 MINUTES LATER

A few miles away in the desert, the Mercedes again slams to a halt in a cloud of dust. Paco gets out muttering angrily to himself.

He quickly rushes around, iPhone in hand desperate to get a signal...Again nothing!

PACO
(exploding)
Fuck me!

Suddenly, WE HEAR the sound of a loud muffled thumping noise. Paco's eyes grow cold and he immediately looks over at the trunk of his car.

EXT. CAR TRUNK - DESERT

The thumping has now become violent banging. The closed trunk shakes against the force inside it.

Paco opens it to REVEAL a HOSTAGE, (M 40's), hog-tied. His face is banged-up and his business suit is torn. He's the obnoxious fraternity douchebag you hated in college.

The Hostage tries to cry out but his mouth is gagged with a rubber ball held tightly in place with a leather strap.

He frantically thrashes about the trunk trying to free himself.

Paco reaches over and removes the gag.

HOSTAGE

I told you everything I know! It's all on the USB I gave you! Okay, what I did was wrong! But I don't deserve this!

Paco looks at him apathetically.

HOSTAGE (CONT'D)

Fucking cut me loose, bro!

Desperate, the Hostage changes tact and pleads.

HOSTAGE (CONT'D)

Paco. Come on, bro? We're on the same softball team.

Paco thinks about it for a moment before pulling out his SIGHAUSER PISTOL and leveling it at his hostage.

HOSTAGE (CONT'D)

(losing his shit)
Stop! Jesus, this is crazy!
Corporations don't commit murder
for Chrissakes?!

Paco lowers his pistol, checks for a signal on his phone one last time: Again nothing.

PACO

You surprise me, Phil. All this time you've been spying on us...but you ain't got the first clue what we're about...

CUT TO LONG
SHOT:

Paco aims his gun down into the trunk of his car. WE HEAR the Hostage letting out a terrified scream.

Paco fires into the trunk. THREE BRIGHT FLASHES flare out of his Sigsauer. Dead silence.

He casually holsters his pistol, reaches into the trunk and pulls out a shovel.

Against the desolate desert background, he forces the shovel into the hard sand...

Suddenly, we hear the sound of his iPhone ringing.

Paco freezes. He shuts his eyes and shakes his head in quiet resignation.

SMASH CUT TO THE

MAIN TITLES: **GasLand.**