

HUNTER'S RIG

PILOT EPISODE: "GOODBYE ROSIE"

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Forklifts maneuver around a busy warehouse. A bay is open to a loading dock, and the driver of a cherry red semi backs the truck smoothly up to the dock. At the door to the bay, hulking HUNTER HOLLAND opens the back of the rig.

The ramp rises and the driver of a small forklift scoots onto the truck with a palette of boxes.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Hunter carries a clipboard and approaches the cab of the red rig. The lady driver opens the door, alights on the top step of the running board, and plants a kiss on Hunter's lips.

The lady is CHARLENE HOLLAND, Hunter's perfectly-groomed, petite wife and driving team mate.

HUNTER

Smooth approach.

CHARLENE

Which one?

Hunter grins.

Both truckers are in their early 40's. Hunter's dark, African-American skin along with Charlene's pale blonde looks make for an interesting combination.

INT./EXT. BIG RIG - DAY

Hunter drives the red rig, with Charlene riding shotgun. They're headed west on I30, towards Texarkana.

The truck rolls through a wall of pine trees.

HUNTER

Piney woods...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It really is a beautiful drive.

CHARLENE

We're coming up on Texarkana.  
Look.

An eye-catching billboard ahead.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Two Feet, Two Cities, Two States of  
Mind. I wanna stand in both  
sometime --

HUNTER

Yeah, not this time. We gotta  
hustle.

CHARLENE

State line calls for a celebration.  
I'll be back.

Charlene grabs something from the fridge behind her.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Juice box?

HUNTER

No thanks.

CHARLENE

(sipping)

Oh, come on. It's tropical  
punch...

HUNTER

Ah, hell. Give me one. Thanks,  
Charlene.

CHARLENE

Cheers! I love this. You and me.  
Together we're unstoppable.

Charlene amuses Hunter, and he can't stifle a smile. He reaches out to her, and they hold hands.

Rain begins to drizzle as they pass a "Weigh Station One Mile" sign.

CHARLENE (CONT'D)

Hunter, you see the sign? Chicken  
Coop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUNTER

Yeah, I see.  
 (re: the juice)  
 Here, take this. It's  
 embarrassing.

Hunter enters the line at the weigh station and waits a moment for another big truck to pull through. Charlene rolls the window down as they pull up to the weight house.

When the light turns red, they stop. Soon after, they get the green.

CHARLENE

Bypass. Okay, maybe we can stay  
 ahead of the rain.

HUNTER

I don't know. Let's listen.

Hunter flicks the CB radio on.

CB VOICE #1/CB VOICE #2 (V.O.)

It's a real window washer here./  
 Back her down on West I-thirty.

HUNTER

Aw, crud.

CHARLENE

I wonder what's going on? Just the  
 rain? We're still moving now.

The rain starts pouring. Over the hill, cars begin to brake.

HUNTER

There we go. Ugh.

Traffic is at a stand-still now.

CB VOICE #2 (V.O.)

Oooooops on West I-thirty. And  
 someone's hurt.

CHARLENE

Do you see the accident?

CB VOICE #3 (V.O.)

Yep, lots of disco lights. Not  
 looking good.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HUNTER

(points)

I think it's right over there.  
That is bad.

A blue sports car rests in a ditch, with severely twisting tire tracks snaking left and right behind in the mud.

Police surround the scene.

A young man's body is slumped over the steering wheel. It's a bloody spectacle, bloodier than you might expect from a mere car crash.

A police officer pulls the man away from the steering wheel to examine him, and a deep stab wound is evident. The police officer appears shocked.

Charlene sees and draws in a sharp breath.

CHARLENE

Oh my God.

Charlene makes the sign of the cross.

HUNTER

I don't know why you do that.  
That's not doing *him* any good.

Charlene gives Hunter a dirty look.

Charlene turns to look out the window as they creep past the accident, and she sees a small-framed person huddled at the edge of the woods. A moment later, the figure is gone.

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER