

SHEAR & HIGHS

Episode 1 - *Grazed and Confused*

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OPEN ON: SOUTH MARIN - ESTABLISHING

A sleepy village bathed in pale morning light. The kind of place where even the sun looks as if it's giving up.

SERIES OF SHOTS --

- GREEN SPARK SOLAR flyers jammed into every gate and letterbox, some already soggy and trampled;
- DICK GRAFFITI everywhere - on mailboxes, cars, bus stops, even the church sign "St. Richard's Church" vandalised to "St. Dick's";
- an ELDERLY MAN attempts to scrub off a penis from his mailbox, gives up halfway;
- a stray CAT lazily licks itself beside a local temperance group poster "KEEP SOUTH MARIN BEAUTIFUL";
- A DRONE glides above a field, clicking as it maps out land dotted with Green Spark Solar survey flags;

-- END SERIES OF SHOTS

EXT. BACK FIELD, EVERLY ACRES - SAME TIME

DRONE REFLECTED IN A MUDDY PUDDLE

A foot stamps into the puddle. **ALBERT "AL" EVERLY (29)**, mud up to his shins, herds a group of alpacas toward the trough, lugging a bucket of feed.

AL

(to the herd)

Let's just get through breakfast
without any drama, yeah?

MUFFIN - an oddball looking alpaca with a wonky hair-do - blocks his path, staring him down.

AL (CONT'D)

Don't test me today, Muffin.

MUFFIN charges, cracking the bucket out of his hands. **AL** lunges to catch it - **SPLAT**.

He faceplants in the mud. Grain rains down over him.

He stays there a beat, breathing into the earth, then peels himself from the ground - covered more in mud, shit and humiliation, as the alpacas tramp around him entirely unsympathetic.

He glares at MUFFIN.

AL (CONT'D)

Yeah, fuck you too, Muffin.

He grabs the fallen bucket and trudges back. As he pushes through a GATE, the whole section of fence drops off its hinges with a tired groan.

AL stares at it, jaw tight.

AL (CONT'D)

I'll fix you later.

He props it back upright in a half-hearted gesture that won't hold, then heads toward the distant BARN.

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD / INT. ABIGAIL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

ABIGAIL "ABI" ROSE (28) drives down the winding road. Flat-packed cardboard boxes fill the back seats.

As she rounds a bend, **EVERLY ACRES** comes into view. She slows almost to a stop.

Her eyes lock on the broken sign "**EVERLY ACRES - ALPACA FARM**" swaying in the breeze as she drifts nostalgically over the tired-looking farmhouse - fence posts sag, paint flakes, grass grows wherever it wants.

She forces the car forward.

INT. EDITH MORRISON'S HOUSE - LATER

Motes of dust float through lazy sunbeams, settling on half-built cardboard boxes marked "**KEEP**" and "**DUMP**".

ABI kneels by an open drawer, sorting plastic and porcelain knick-knacks, clearly untouched for years, into one box or the other.

She pries open the next drawer crammed with photo albums. She flips through one filled with old pictures of the cottage, birthdays, family gatherings. Then stops.

INSERT: PHOTO - six-year-old **ABI** and **AL**, side by side. **ABI** wears a toilet-paper veil. **AL** holds a bouquet of crushed wildflowers. Behind, a younger and jocular **REVEREND STILL** officiates the mock wedding.

On the back, in a childish scrawl: "**Abi & Al - Just married.**"

She smiles deeply, running her fingers over the photo.

PHONE BUZZES

A text lights up on screen: *"Checked with lawyer. Says it's a good offer. You should sign on Friday. J x"*

ABI's smile disappears. She thumbs a terse reply - "Busy".

She hovers the photo over the KEEP box... Over the DUMP box... Then pockets it instead.

EXT. BARN, EVERLY ACRES - LATER

AL wrestles with a stubborn padlock on the barn door. It finally *clicks*.

As he opens the door, a dazzling wash of warm, artificial light floods out.

INT. BARN, EVERLY ACRES - CONTINUOUS

AL steps in, peeling off his filthy jacket and wipes his muddy hands and face with an old rag.

He exhales, finally calms as he looks around.

REVEAL: a breathtaking sight - rows of lush CANNABIS PLANTS under hydrogen lamps. The room hums with fans.

AL smiles at his sanctuary. His empire. His legacy.

His eyes land on a PHOTO pinned to the wall - a younger AL, maybe ten, helping mend fences with his father **JOHN**.

He straightens it with reverence. Behind it, barely visible, an unopened LETTER tucked away.

The photo comes to life as a *FLASHBACK* --

Young AL struggles holding the beam up, almost faltering.

AL

I can't...

JOHN

Sure you can. Here -

JOHN helps AL raise the beam to the correct height.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now just hold it steady.

JOHN drives the nail home.

JOHN (CONT'D)

See? Hard doesn't mean quit. When things are hard, that means they matter the most. -- Plus, Everly's don't quit. Remember that.

He ruffles AL's hair. AL grins proudly.

BACK TO PRESENT

AL shakes off the memory.

AL takes the envelope in his hand, thumb hesitating at the seal.

AL

Yeah. Not today.

He tucks the envelope behind the photo again, before moving among the plants like a consummate professional - pruning, checking temps and humidity with a meticulous and serene care.