

P-TOWN

Written by

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EXT. CAPE COD INDUSTRIAL PARK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Some low-rent industrial buildings surrounded by scrub pine. The sign says Cape Cod, but we're a long way from the beach.

One car is parked in the lot. An older CAMRY with nice RIMS -- a remnant of better days. We push through the window into --

INT. SHERRY'S CAR - NIGHT

Two women sit inside. KIMBERLY COLLINS (Kimmy), 20's, red hair and freckles, Victoria's Secret "Pink" sweatshirt, and SHERRY HENRY, 20's, tatted, stripper-esque. Both rough around the edges. We may notice they have matching gold necklaces reading Lylas (*Lylas*).

Sherry is on the driver's side counting CASH.

KIMMY

Why are you meeting him here?

SHERRY

I don't know, it's a new guy. This is where he wanted to meet.

KIMMY

What happened to the old guy?

SHERRY

He got arrested.

KIMMY

(anxious)

Jesus. I shouldn't be here.

SHERRY

I warned you the Cape's off the chain.

KIMMY

Yeah but you're like the only fucking person in the greater Boston area who would let me crash.

SHERRY

(fondly)

I guess I'm your bitch, bitch.

Sherry unwraps a medical-looking LOLLIPOP, offers to Kimmy.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

Suboxone. Takes the edge off.

KIMMY

I just got out of treatment. I'm good.

Sherry shrugs, bites into the lollipop. Her body relaxes as it kicks in. Feeling no pain now, or less pain anyway.

SHERRY

Seriously though. Good for you, Kimmy. I could never quit.

KIMMY

Yeah, you could.

SHERRY

(changing subject)  
How do I look? You think he'll give me two bricks for six hundred?

KIMMY

I should NOT be here.  
(beat)  
Don't show me the dope, Sherry. I don't want to see it.

SHERRY

I know.

Sherry puts the money in her bra.

KIMMY

You're careful?

SHERRY

We been homegirls forever, you gonna give me a lecture now?

KIMMY

Yeah.

SHERRY

I got a cop looking out for me.

Kimmy raises an eyebrow.

SHERRY (CONT'D)

I'm not fucking him.  
(beat)  
I just let him think I might.

KIMMY

Of course.  
(beat)  
Where is this dude? I have to pee.

SHERRY

I don't know, he said eleven.  
(re: woods)  
Go for it, bro. You're in the  
country now.

Kimmy shrugs, gets out of the car. We watch from Sherry's  
POV as she hikes into the woods.

Sherry lights a cigarette. Enjoys a few seconds alone with  
her buzz.

The sound of a CAR entering the parking lot turns her head.  
She watches as a BLACK SUV pulls in. She opens the door and  
steps out.

EXT. CAPE COD INDUSTRIAL PARK - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

She crosses towards the SUV. The driver of the SUV gets out -  
- this is "OSITO," 20's, Dominican, three hundred pounds,  
cheesy lipstick kiss TATTOO on his neck. He crosses the  
parking lot towards her.

SHERRY

(flirty)  
What up, nigga! You Osito?

He raises a GUN. Her eyes flash with panic but it's too  
late. BAM! One in the head at close range. She drops, her  
body spasming as she fades out.

Osito makes a signal, and two skinny, white, punkass THUGS  
get out of the back seat of the SUV. They stare at Sherry,  
fascinated/horrified.

THUG #1

That was fucking sick, yo.

OSITO

Get the tarp.

Thug #1 gets a tarp out of the SUV. Him and Osito use it to  
wrap Sherry's body. Thug #2 stands watching.

OSITO (CONT'D)

(frustrated)  
Pop the trunk, motherfucker!

Thug #2 goes to Sherry's car, pops the trunk.

OSITO (CONT'D)

The keys in there?

THUG #2

Yeah.

Thug #2 gets out and the three of them lift her body and place it in the trunk of her car.

OSITO

Text the guy, tell him you're on your way.

THUG #2

I know.

The two Thugs get into her car, and Osito gets back into the SUV. Sherry's car and the SUV form an orderly caravan as they drive out of the parking lot.

Except for a blood stain on the asphalt, it's like Sherry was never here.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

We find Kimmy crouched behind a tree. In shock. Saw the whole thing.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - DAY

A summer day like you remember them: blue sky, wispy clouds, maybe even a school of dolphins.

A 23' OUTBOARD MOTOR cuts through the chop, the seal of the NATIONAL MARINE FISHERIES SERVICE (NMFS) on it's Port side.

EXT. NMFS MOTOR BOAT - DAY

NMFS Special Agent ED MURPHY, 50's, steers the boat. He's a weathered old Masshole in a light blue uniform, including gun and badge. Think game warden for fish.

The boat hits a wave, comes down hard.

JACKIE (O.S.)

Hey take it easy! I feel like shit.

Reveal NMFS Officer JACKIE QUINONES, Latina, 30's, same blue uniform. She was asleep on the deck, using a life preserver as a pillow, now she's wiping drool off her mouth angrily.

She's sexy, butch, armed with a mullet and a mouth and a Sig P226. Proud to say she can drink, fuck, and fight like a man.

ED MURPHY

Not my fault you can't handle your liquor.

JACKIE

Lick her? I don't even know her.

ED MURPHY

Like that ever stopped you.

She grins. This is their routine. She looks at her watch.

JACKIE

It's three o'clock. I thought we were calling it early.

ED MURPHY

Mackey radio'd, said he wants us to spot check the Santa Ana. He's got a real hard on for Del.

JACKIE

Friday before Labor Day? That's bullshit.

ED MURPHY

Take the wheel, Jack, I gotta piss.

She takes his spot at the helm, speeds off towards the horizon.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - STELLWAGON BANK - DAY

Their boat approaches a larger vessel, the SANTA ANA. Jackie drops anchor while Ed badges a Lobsterman, DEL DESOUSA, 50's (a formality -- they've known each other for years).

ED MURPHY

Special Agent Ed Murphy, Officer Jackie Quinones, National Marine Fishery Services.

With the following we should realize that, although this could theoretically be a contentious relationship between law enforcement and the enforced, they are all part of the same ecosystem. The relationship is casual.

DESOUSA

Eddie Murphy! I ever tell you you  
were great in Beverly Hills Cop?

ED MURPHY

(amused)  
Fuck off, Del. Permission to  
board?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SANTA ANA - DAY

Ed flips through a LOG BOOK, Del hovering near by. Other  
CREW MEMBERS are in the background working. Jackie's at the  
tank, examining LOBSTERS.

DESOUSA

You see? Everything's in order.

JACKIE (O.S.)

We got a female with row, and  
several undersized males.

They look up. She's holding up a large LOBSTER with EGGS  
clinging to it's belly.

DESOUSA

Jackie, cut me some slack.

JACKIE

You been warned about the short  
lobsters.

ED MURPHY

An egger is worse. I gotta explain  
how you're fucking yourself and the  
rest of the fleet for next season?

Jackie throws the lobster overboard, approaches.

DESOUSA

God help me, I got a boat full of  
greenhorns. I don't have eyes on  
the back of my head. I woulda  
thrown 'em back.

ED MURPHY

Yeah yeah. I had a dollar for  
every time I heard the words  
"honest mistake." Now I gotta  
write you up.

DESOUSA

(faux earnest)

I'm the last of a dying breed --  
The Portugee Fisherman of  
Provincetown. Just trying to earn  
an honest living from the sea.

Eddie and Jackie step away, whisper to each other.

JACKIE

No way I'm going back to the office  
today. You wanna write him up, you  
type the report.

ED MURPHY

I should make you do it just for  
mouthing off to a superior officer.  
But... fuck it.

(to Desousa)

We're gonna let you off with a  
verbal. No more shorts, no more  
eggheads.

JACKIE

And throw in something for my  
supper. Maybe a pound and a half?

DESOUSA

You got it Jack. See you at the  
Colony tonight?

JACKIE

Yeah. You're buying.

Del peels off.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You should come up to P-Town for a  
drink -- it's Carnival.

ED MURPHY

Last time I was up there I saw like  
three dudes balls. I don't even  
want to see my own.

JACKIE

That makes two of us.

ED MURPHY

My brother in law's coming for  
dinner. Linda will shit if I'm not  
home.

JACKIE  
At least split a 'sixer...?

Off Ed, shrugging yes--

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - PROVINCETOWN - DAY

P-Town -- a picturesque artist colony-cum-gay resort at the tip of Cape Cod; Nantucket meets The Castro. Also one of the most beautiful places on earth. Commercial Street is the main drag.

Iconic shots of--

-GAY and LESBIAN COUPLES of every size, shape and color

- Shirtless TWINKS, BEARS, LEATHER DADDIES etc, dancing on the deck of the BOATSLIP, P-Town's biggest club

-DRAG QUEENS passing out flyers to STRAIGHT TOURISTS on Commercial Street

WE FIND Jackie's pickup truck, inching it's way through at about five miles an hour...

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - DAY

Now sporting a wife beater with her work pants, her uniform shirt hanging in the back. There's a ROAD BEER in a brown paper bag between her knees and a LIVE LOBSTER wriggling in a plastic bag on the seat next to her.

On the radio, the end of a NEWS REPORT:

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
... it was the third large scale  
drug bust credited to the Cape Cod  
Drug Task Force. Created to combat  
Cape Cod's heroin epidemic--

Jackie could care less. She changes the station, catches the end of Aerosmith's "Love in an Elevator." She sings along. Driving by a pack of cute DYKES, she turns up the radio--

AEROSMITH (RADIO)  
...livin' it up while I'm going  
dooooown..."

One of the women flashes her TITS. Jackie HONKS in appreciation.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET/SPIRITUS PIZZA

Jackie walks briskly through the crowd, making her way to Spiritus. The beating heart of P-Town. A throng of people loiter in front, eating slices and shaking ass to the HOUSE MUSIC blasting from inside. (N.B. she's still wearing her gun and badge, but she has a HOODIE mostly covering them).

Jackie pushes through the crowd, enters--

INT. SPIRITUS PIZZA

She approaches SLADE, 20's, the Latinx gender non-binary hipster working the counter.

SLADE

Jacqueline, my butter pecan-rican.  
How you doing, girl?

JACKIE

You get my text?

SLADE

Uh uh. What you having?

JACKIE

Diet coke.

SLADE

Pepsi okay?

JACKIE

I literally don't give a shit.

Slade hands her a drink, deftly slides something underneath. Jackie hands her \$100, gets no change.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

Can I use your bathroom?

Slade hands her a bathroom KEY attached to an oversized PINK DILDO. Jackie looks at it.

SLADE

What, you never seen a cock before?

JACKIE

I told you, I'm a gold star  
lesbian.

SLADE

Then I *know* you seen a dildo!

Jackie laughs, takes the key.

CUT TO:

INT. SPIRITUS PIZZA - BATHROOM

Jackie blows LINES off the T.P. Dispenser with a rolled up dollar bill. She finishes, dusts off the dispenser, and flushes the toilet for good measure.

INT. SPIRITUS PIZZA

Jackie brings the key back, pep in her step.

SLADE

See you at the Tea Dance?

JACKIE

Nah, I'm just gonna grab a drink at the Colony.

SLADE

You love them townies, huh?

JACKIE

Gurl, I *am* a townie.

Slade laughs; they bump fists and Jackie heads out.

INT. OLD COLONY TAP - NIGHT

A townie bar, i.e. locals-only. Jackie enters, sees a row of FISHERMAN sitting at the bar, nods hello.

She approaches MICHAEL MCCARTHY, 40's, the platonic ideal of a rugged fisherman (drinking beer), and his son JUNIOR, 20's, an essentially harmless kid trying to look hard (drinking Monster Energy).

MICHAEL

Fish cop, hands up!

JACKIE

You're under arrest, you lobster-poaching mick-fuck.

MICHAEL

*Allegedly* lobster-poaching mick-fuck.

Jackie sits between them.

JACKIE  
What up, Junior?

JUNIOR  
It's Mackayleigh's first birthday,  
check it--

He pulls up his sleeve, shows her a photo-realistic TATTOO of  
a BABY GIRL.

JACKIE  
Awww.  
(to Michael)  
You must be proud, papi.

MICHAEL  
I'd be proud if he moved out of our  
house and got back with Donna.

JUNIOR  
(struck a nerve)  
We're working it out.

The BARTENDER approaches, 20's, big ears, dumb-looking.

JACKIE  
You new? Where's Frances?

BARTENDER  
She's down in Florida. I'm her  
nephew from Dennisport.

JACKIE  
Oh right, she told me that. Jack  
and diet.

The Bartender nods, starts making her drink.

MICHAEL  
No offense Jack, but that's a gay-  
ass drink.

JACKIE  
You're not supposed to use "gay"  
that way anymore. Goddamn  
homophobes, both of you.

MICHAEL  
Hey, I got no problem with the  
gays.

JUNIOR  
Me either. I ever tell you about  
the time I blew a dude?

JACKIE  
(mock incredulous)  
Shut up.

MICHAEL  
(mock mortified)  
What the fuck? Keep your voice  
down!

(N.B. this is actually for the benefit of the Bartender. Jackie and Michael have heard the story before, told by different people; it's a P-Town party trick meant to spook outsiders).

JUNIOR  
It's true. 'Bout a year and a half ago, I went down to Foxwoods with some buddies, ended up having to hitch a ride back. The first car lets me off in Hyannis in the fucking pouring rain. I'm getting soaked, and it's like thirty degrees.

JACKIE  
Shit.

The other Fisherman are listening now, in on the joke too. Junior enjoys the audience.

JUNIOR  
Yah, it was more like sleet almost. So some guy stops for me, older guy. He says he's only going as far as Orleans. I says look Mister, it's pouring rain, I don't have any money, but if you take me to P-town, I'd sure appreciate it. He says, yeah, I could do that.

JACKIE  
But...

JUNIOR  
But I have to blow him.

BARTENDER  
Fuck that, I'd beat the shit out of him.

JUNIOR  
That was my first reaction. But, ya know, Donna was pregnant, she was breaking my balls to get home.  
(MORE)

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

And it was fucking raining, so I  
says screw it. How bad can it be?  
So I blew the guy.

BARTENDER

Dude! What the fuck!?

Junior cracks a smile.

JUNIOR

Gotcha! I'm joking. I made it up.  
(beat, deadpan)  
It wasn't raining.

The bar explodes in LAUGHTER.

MICHAEL

Get it?! It wasn't raining!

The Bartender's confused. Did he or didn't he blow the dude?

JUNIOR

(breaking balls)  
Welcome to P-Town, son. Now get us  
some drinks.  
(to the crowd)  
Drinks on the house!

The Bartender smiles, still doesn't get it. But damn if he  
doesn't start pouring free drinks.

He puts a shot of whiskey down in front of Junior; Junior  
doesn't touch it.

JACKIE

You don't want that?

JUNIOR

Taking it easy tonight.

Jackie downs his drink.

INT. OLD COLONY TAP - LATER

Louder now; everyone's drunk, especially Jackie.

BARTENDER

Last call!

JACKIE

Shit. I'm not spending the rest of  
my night with you clowns.

She drains her drink, heads out. Michael calls after her.

MICHAEL  
You ever get tired of it, Jack?

JACKIE  
Tired of what?

MICHAEL  
All that fucking pussy?

All the Fisherman bust out laughing. Jackie gives him the finger, but she can't help smiling.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET

Jackie weaves down the crowded street, a little wobbly on her pins. She stops and does a quick bump -- to the shock of a nearby TOURIST. Jackie doesn't even notice.

INT. MONKEY BAR - NIGHT

Jackie walks in to last-call at a small LESBIAN BAR. She surveys the crowd, sees a cute-enough CO-ED, 20's at the bar-- an intellectual gay-til-graduation type with nice tits.

Jackie approaches. Looks the Co-Ed up and down baldly.

JACKIE  
Hey.

CO-ED  
Hey.

JACKIE  
You here for the weekend?

CO-ED  
Yeah, then I go back to school.

JACKIE  
Oh yeah? Where's that?

CO-ED  
Wesleyan.

JACKIE  
All-girls school?

CO-ED  
You're thinking of Wellesley.

Jackie nods, could care less about the distinction, or anything else this girl has to say.

CO-ED (CONT'D)

What about you? How long are you here?

JACKIE

I live here.

(beat)

I'm in law enforcement.

The Co-Ed is turned on, as certain women are, by the thought of being with a cop.

CO-ED

Oh wow. You like, carry a gun?

Jackie moves her sweatshirt back, shows the girl her gun and badge. The Co-Ed swoons.

CO-ED (CONT'D)

Wow.

JACKIE

Yeah. So. Where you staying?

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. PROVINCETOWN INN - NIGHT

Pre-lap the sounds of a WOMAN'S ORGASM.

INT. PROVINCETOWN INN - CO-ED'S ROOM - NIGHT

The Co-Ed, nice tits akimbo, is cumming hard. She gasps and screams and grabs at things, finally settles.

Jackie comes up into frame. She lies down next to the Co-Ed, adjusts the pillows so she's comfortable.

JACKIE

You're up.

INT. PROVINCETOWN INN - DAWN

Jackie and the girl sleep. The clock says 5:07. Jackie's eyes open. She blinks, not sure where she is.

She sees the Co-Ed. Vaguely remembers meeting her, but fuck if she wants to talk with her now.

She slips out of bed stealthily, collects her clothes off the floor. Spots the MINI-BAR.

INT. PROVINCETOWN INN - HALLWAY - DAWN

Jackie steps into the hallway, holding her shoes and two purloined MINI-BOTTLES of Jack. She closes the door quietly.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - DAWN

Jackie walks down the deserted main street, still drunk. She downs the Jack, chucks the bottles in the trash.

She passes the entrance to a small BAY BEACH, stops.

EXT. BAY BEACH - DAWN

Jackie squats in the sand, peeing like a race horse.

It's low tide, the floor of the Bay completely exposed for at least fifty yards. Everything is gray, but she can make out the shape of boats and buoys resting on the flats.

Something catches her eye. A crumpled HEAP.

Curious, she finishes peeing, walks down onto the flats.

She gets closer, slows, takes out her phone and turns on the FLASHLIGHT. The Flashlight reveals a TATTOOED ARM, bent at an odd angle behind a twisted BODY.

Jackie recoils, forces herself to keep looking. She moves the flashlight over the body, gets to the face. It's Sherry, from the teaser. The flashlight glinting off the Lylas necklace.

Off Jackie--

CUT TO:

INT. ALAIN SAINTILLE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

A slice of domestic heaven. A BABY lies in bed between it's parents, breast-feeding sleepily off his mother, HENRIETTE SAINTILLE, 30, On the other side of the baby is DETECTIVE ALAIN SAINTILLE, 30's, second generation Haitian-American.

Suddenly, a KNOCK at the window, and a MAN'S FACE appears, peeping in. Henriette SCREAMS, covers her breast.

HENRIETTE  
(Creole for *what the fuck*)  
Ki kaka sa?!

The baby starts to CRY. Alain jumps out of bed.

The Man waves at Alain, unabashed.

EXT. ALAIN SAINTILLE'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Alain comes out hot.

SAINTILLE  
What the hell, Ray?

Meet DETECTIVE RAY ABRUZZO, 40's, a Mass State Trooper, buzz cut to match. His suit is cheap but crisp. He's precise in his mannerisms, bordering on anal retentive. Tends to rub people the wrong way.

Abruzzo lets Saintille's anger roll off him, which only infuriates Saintille more.

SAINTILLE (CONT'D)  
Just because you don't have a family doesn't excuse you from common courtesy.  
(off Ray's smug silence)  
There's such a thing as boundaries. Pick up the telephone, make a fucking call.

ABRUZZO  
Your phone was off. Against CCDT regulations.

SAINTILLE  
Shit, man. I got a six month old baby, my sleep is all messed up. I gotta turn my phone off at night.

ABRUZZO  
They got a Jane Doe out of the Bay in Provincetown. Gunshot.

SAINTILLE  
Yeah? Why you wake me up for that?

ABRUZZO  
We're going to have a presence in all Cape Cod homicide investigations from now on. You didn't read the memo?

SAINTILLE

Memo? What memo? Who wrote that  
shit?

ABRUZZO

Me.

(beat)

Come on. Traffic's gonna be hell  
we don't go now.

EXT. BAY BEACH - DAY

Now a CRIME SCENE. There's Provincetown PD CARS in evidence,  
as well as a CORONERS VAN. LOOKY LOO'S gape from behind  
crime scene tape -- a body is a big deal in this town.

Provincetown Chief of Police MELINDA GEARY, 50's, vacation-  
town mellow but very competent, supervises CSI TECHS who comb  
the now much smaller beach (the tide is all the way in). The  
body is nowhere in sight.

Jackie sits in the sand. She's looking worse for wear after  
three hours on the beach, hung over as shit. She calls out  
to Chief Geary--

JACKIE

Yo Mel, how much longer you gonna  
need me?

CHIEF GEARY

Not too long now.

JACKIE

You think someone could bring me a  
Gatorade or something?

Before she can answer--

ABRUZZO (O.S.)

Chief Geary?

She turns around. Sees Abruzzo and Saintille making their  
way across the sand. Jackie watches the following.

ABRUZZO (CONT'D)

I'm Detective Abruzzo, this is  
Detective Saintille, Cape Cod Drug  
Task Force.

CHIEF GEARY

How can I help you?

SAINTILLE

(political, smooth)

We liase with local law enforcement, offer any assistance you might need. You know, not here to step on any toes.

CHIEF GEARY

Hey, it's all yours. I don't need this shit on Labor Day weekend-- I got sixty thousand people in town for Carnival.

ABRUZZO

She been ID'd yet?

CHIEF GEARY

No. Nothing on her and the M.E. said the fingerprints are still waterlogged.

ABRUZZO

Where is she?

CHIEF GEARY

They moved her to the van.

ABRUZZO

(critical)

You allowed the body to be moved before the scene was fully processed?

CHIEF GEARY

There is no scene. The tide came in and washed it away.

ABRUZZO

Did you at least get photographs?

JACKIE (O.S.)

I got pictures on my phone.

They turn to Jackie. Abruzzo approaches, the others follow.

ABRUZZO

Who are you?

JACKIE

Jackie Quinones.

CHIEF GEARY

Jack's a year-rounder; she found the body.

ABRUZZO

You give a statement?

JACKIE

Yeah.

He waits for her to say it again. She doesn't get the hint.

ABRUZZO

And?

JACKIE

Like I *said*, I was taking a walk around 5:30, saw something about ten yards East of that buoy. I approached, saw the victim. I ascertained that I did not need to perform CPR. I called it in to PPD, but the tide was coming in fast so I took some pictures.

(off their reactions)

I'm in law enforcement. National Marine Fishery Services.

SAINTILLE

I've heard good things about the organization.

ABRUZZO

Well, you guys had some problems back in the 70's, fisherman bringing in dope right under your noses.

JACKIE

(prickly)

A little before my time.

(beat)

Drug Taskforce -- You guys like an inter-agency thing?

ABRUZZO

Local and state PD, DEA, FBI, Coast Guard.

Jackie looks him up and down.

JACKIE

Let me guess... State Police? You got a Statie vibe.

Saintille stifles a laugh.

ABRUZZO

(no laughing matter)

We've got a war on our hands. Cape  
Cod's losing.

Alain clears his throat, slightly embarrassed of his partner.

SAINTILLE

Well. Call us if you think of  
anything else.

He hands her his CARD.

JACKIE

(to Geary)

Can I *please* go?

CHIEF GEARY

Yeah.

(beat, private)

You have anyone you can talk to  
about this?

JACKIE

I'm from New Bedford -- you think I  
never saw a body before? I'll see  
you at Carnival.

CHIEF GEARY

Yeah, ok. And Jack? Let's try to  
tone it down this year.

JACKIE

I told you -- I forgot to eat.  
Won't happen again.

Jackie salutes her. Walks away. Geary looks back, sees Ray  
marching towards the van.

CHIEF GEARY

Where's he going?

SAINTILLE

Take a look at the body. Gonna  
head that way myself.

(shakes hand)

Good to meet you. We'll get out of  
your hair, just try to keep us in  
the loop.

CHIEF GEARY

(surprised)

You're not taking the case?

SAINTILLE

Oh hell no. Just here to liase.

He flashes a smile, takes off after Abruzzo.

INT. CORONER'S VAN - DAY

Abruzzo steps into the van, badges the DEPUTY CORONER, a young guy on one of his first murders. There's a zipped body bag on a gurney.

ABRUZZO

Let me take a look.

The Coroner nods, starts unzipping the bag. Saintille joins.

CORONER

Just want to point out she's wearing a necklace says Lylas. Maybe her first name?

He steps back, revealing Sherry.

Abruzzo double takes. Loses control.

ABRUZZO

Fuck. Fuck fuck fuck fuck fuck!

He kicks the wall of the van. Saintille looks at the body, shakes his head.

SAINTILLE

Shit.

ABRUZZO

It was Frankie.

SAINTILLE

You don't know that.

ABRUZZO

I know.

He jumps off the Van, heads towards his car.

SAINTILLE

Where you going?

No answer. Ray gets in his car.

SAINTILLE (CONT'D)

Ray!

The car peels out.

SAINTILLE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck! We rode together!

Alain catches the Coroner staring at him, mouth agape.

SAINTILLE (CONT'D)  
(pissed)  
What are you looking at?

He shakes his head, goes to get off the van, stops.

SAINTILLE (CONT'D)  
Her name's Sherry Henry.  
(re: necklace)  
And it's Love You Like A Sister,  
dumbass.

Off the Coroner, stunned--

EXT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

Jackie's truck pulls into the driveway in front of a small, weathered Cape House.

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - MORNING

Jackie gathers her things, remembers the lobster. She looks in the bag-- dead.

JACKIE  
Fuck.

EXT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

She gets out of the car, drops the lobster in a garbage can. Her landlord AL, 60's, leathery in a tiny SPEEDO, is watering flowers with a hose.

AL  
Miss honey, you look like who did  
it and ran.

JACKIE  
Not today, Al.

AL  
You know rent was due Wednesday?

JACKIE

I know, I'm sorry. I have it.

AL

Do NOT tempt me, Jackie! I *will*  
AirBnB that shit! Make a lot more  
money, too.

She nods and drags herself up to the attic apartment.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN/LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A cramped one-bedroom under the eaves. Jackie enters, drops her gun and badge on the counter. She opens a drawer, takes out a bottle of AMBIEN, and pops one in her mouth. Chases it with water straight from the tap.

She exits, stripping off her clothes as she goes.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING

Jackie enters in jog bra and boxer-briefs. Silences her phone. Draws the curtains. Collapses face-first on the bed.

EXT. MCI PLYMOUTH - DAY

Establishing -- Massachusetts Correctional Institute at Plymouth.

Abruzzo's car squeals into the parking lot.

INT. ABRUZZO'S CAR - DAY

He sits a beat, taking deep breaths, trying to calm himself. He checks his pulse; takes a few more deep breaths. Gets out, calm and cool.

INT. MCI PLYMOUTH - VISITING ROOM - DAY

Abruzzo waits on one side of the plexi-glass. FRANCISCO "FRANKIE" ALVAREZ, 30's, Dominican, as handsome and well-dressed as you can be in prison gear, is escorted in by a GUARD. Frankie sits down, they both pick up the phone.

ABRUZZO

Hello Frankie. Do you know who I  
am?

FRANKIE

You're a detective.

ABRUZZO

That's right. I was at your arraignment. I put you in here.

FRANKIE

Oh yeah? Good for you.

ABRUZZO

Trial's coming up. You feeling ok?

FRANKIE

Yeah, cuz I didn't do nothing.

ABRUZZO

We got you on trafficking and distribution. Fifteen years minimum.

(long beat)

But when you tack on the homicide, it's a whole new ball of wax. Juries don't like it when white girls get capped.

FRANKIE

I don't know what you talking about.

ABRUZZO

Come on, you know Sherry Henry.

Frankie's poker face remains intact.

ABRUZZO (CONT'D)

Somebody fucked up, Frankie. We fished her out of the Bay this morning, up in P-Town. Bam! One in the dome-piece.

FRANKIE

Don't know nothing about that.

ABRUZZO

Thing is, when you dump someone in the water, you gotta slice 'em open first. Otherwise gas forms, and the body floats.

(off Frankie)

Although, in this case, I don't think that was the problem.

(MORE)

ABRUZZO (CONT'D)

I think the retards you have working for you just don't understand the difference between the Ocean and the Bay.

FRANKIE

I don't even know that girl.

ABRUZZO

She knew you. She told me a lot of things about you. That's why you're in here.

Frankie leans back. Not saying shit.

ABRUZZO (CONT'D)

It's okay. We don't need to talk about that anymore. I know you don't get a lot of visitors.

(beat)

How's your baby mama holding up with you in here? Renee, right?

FRANKIE

(macho)

Don't talk about Renee.

ABRUZZO

I remember hearing she likes her pills. Oxies, percs. But really, in this economy? She's gotta be on the needle by now.

FRANKIE

Shut the fuck up.

Abruzzo leans into the glass.

ABRUZZO

I just want you to know, when you're serving twenty-five to life for trafficking, distribution and conspiracy to commit murder, and some black guy is hollowing out your ass every night, and your woman is gone, and DSS puts Frankie Jr. in foster care... it was because of me.

Frankie loses it. Smashes the phone into the glass.

FRANKIE

You motherfucker!

The Guard rushes him, drags him out of the room.

Off Abruzzo, a smug smile spreading across his face--

EXT. HYANNIS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Establishing.

INT. HYANNIS PD STATION - DAY

Push in through a door marked CAPE COD DRUG TASK FORCE to a conference room where Ray is being reprimanded by his boss, LT. MARCUS, 50, much to Alain's amusement.

MARCUS

Do I need to explain to you how bad you fucked up?

No reaction from Ray. Same smug smile.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

You go in half-cocked and question Frankie Alvarez about a body we got today? We don't know shit about shit yet, but why should that stop you?

(shakes head, amazed)

She must've been a great piece of ass, 'cause I can't think of any other explanation.

ABRUZZO

(slams the table)

Hey!

MARCUS

You don't "hey" me, Detective! And if it comes out you did fuck your CI? I will not protect you from the shit storm.

Alain shoots Abruzzo a look -- *make nice*.

ABRUZZO

(deep breath)

Look. I feel responsible. Frankie had her killed because information she provided to me led to his arrest.

MARCUS

That's one theory of why a junkie/dealer/stripper got killed. How would Frankie even find out she was a snitch?

ABRUZZO

Maybe there's a leak in CCDT.

MARCUS

Tell me you did not just say that!  
(to Saintille)  
Did he just say that?

SAINTILLE

He said it.

ABRUZZO

You asked me, I answered. And I said maybe.

MARCUS

By the way, I got an angry phone call from the DA about this as well. He wants you to stay away from his case.

ABRUZZO

Respectfully sir, he should be thanking me.

MARCUS

Oh yeah?

ABRUZZO

They dumped her in the water, which means they didn't want her found. But she was found. What does Frankie do when he thinks one of his people fucked up? He comes down on them. How does he do that from prison? He gets on the phone. The recorded prison phone line, taped conversations from which are readily admissible in court. By telling him about Sherry, I was opening the channels of communication between Frankie and his lieutenants.

Marcus is quiet, impressed in spite of himself.

MARCUS

You talking to the cops up in  
Provincetown?

SAINTILLE

They don't have much. Roommates  
last saw her Thursday morning, time  
of death late Thursday/early Friday  
morning, went in the water soon  
after. No bullet fragments and we  
don't know where she died. Also  
her car is missing.

MARCUS

Family been notified?

SAINTILLE

What family there is. She grew up  
in foster care, group homes...  
Detective said he talked to an  
Aunt, she didn't seem too  
heartbroken.

ABRUZZO

She told me about a foster sister,  
said they're still good friends.  
Katie? Kathy? Something like  
that. I'd like to talk to her.

MARCUS

You're not Homicide. Don't waste a  
lot of time on this girl.

(softening)

On the other hand, maybe we make  
lemonade out of your little stunt.

He stands to go.

MARCUS (CONT'D)

In the meantime, you lost a good  
CI. I suggest you find a new one.

ABRUZZO

Yes sir.

INT. JACKIE'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - AFTERNOON

Jackie sleeps like the dead. Suddenly a SNORE jolts her  
awake. She sits up, disoriented, and picks up her phone,  
checks the time - 4:17 pm.

Maybe it's the hangover, maybe it's the brush with mortality,  
but she's feeling something. Lonely? Horny?

She scrolls through her contacts-- dozens and dozens of women's first names. *Anna, Aurora, Bizzy, Brenda, Cassie, Cathy, etc.* She stops on DEVONNE, stares at it for a while.

EXT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - DECK

She sits on a small deck with a view of the Bay. A BEER in one hand, her phone in the other. It RINGS on the other end.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. HYANNIS PEDIATRICS - WAITING ROOM - DAY

A few PARENTS and KIDS wait, and a nurse sits in reception. This is DEVONNE, 30's, African-American, over-worked but kind. She answers the office phone.

DEVONNE  
Hyannis Pediatrics.

JACKIE  
Hey. It's me.

Devonne is caught off guard, covers with hostility. But despite her very apparent anger, she's still drawn to Jackie.

DEVONNE  
You know you can't call me at work.

JACKIE  
If I call your cell phone you don't pick up.

Silence. Devonne let's that speak for itself.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
How's Tegan?

DEVONNE  
Why don't you ask her? She got a cell phone.

JACKIE  
I thought we said sixth grade.

DEVONNE  
Sixth grade starts Tuesday. I forwarded you the e-mail.

JACKIE

Right. Shit. Look -- I just wanted to talk to you. I had some crazy shit happen.

Devonne does paperwork. Trying not to get sucked in.

DEVONNE

Uh huh?

JACKIE

I found a dead body.

DEVONNE

(softening)

My God. You okay?

JACKIE

Yeah. I'm okay. It's just weird.

A MOM and CHILD enter and approach the desk. Devonne holds up one finger to them.

DEVONNE

I can't talk.

JACKIE

Wait. I was just wondering if you were coming to Carnival.

DEVONNE

Bunch of white boys running around? Wasn't planning on it. Why?

JACKIE

I thought maybe we could meet up.

Devonne freezes. Shakes her head. Un-fucking-believable.

DEVONNE

Is this a bootie call? Are you *drinking*?

JACKIE

No! I just want to see you. I miss you.

DEVONNE

Really? Why? 'Cause you had a bad day? And then what? You disappear again?

(beat)

Whatever. I'm not even mad.

(MORE)

DEVONNE (CONT'D)

I just hope that some day you get  
sick and tired of your bullshit.

Devonne hangs up. Gathers herself before greeting the Mom.

END INTERCUT.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Jackie hangs up. For a brief moment her face registers guilt and shame, but these are not feelings Jackie trucks with. She chugs her beer.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM

Jackie digs a key into the bag of coke from the night before. Snorts up what she can and then rips the bag and licks it clean. Shakes off the conversation with Devonne.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - SHOWER - EVENING

Jackie soaps up, paying special attention to her nether regions. She reaches out of the shower, grabs another beer off the toilet tank, and takes a long pull.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - EVENING

A fogged mirror. The sound of a HAIR DRYER. Slowly, the fog dissipates, revealing a widening circle of mirror. In it's reflection we see Jackie in a towel.

INT. JACKIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jackie in her going-out uniform -- tight jeans, tank top, sweat shirt over gun and badge. She slips out the door.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - AFTERNOON

Jackie walks down the crowded street, taking discreet sips from a brown PAPER-BAG.

She spots Junior pedaling towards her on a crappy dirt bike.

JUNIOR

Jesus Jackie, I knew you were a  
lady-killer, but you're actually  
pulling them out of the Bay?

JACKIE  
Shut the fuck up.

JUNIOR  
Seriously, what happened? You talk  
to the cops?

JACKIE  
Yeah, Provincetown PD and some drug  
cop. He was kind of an asshole.  
(beat)  
See you at the Colony?

JUNIOR  
Yeah.

We stay with Junior as he pedals half a block further, then stops, locks up his bike outside a CHURCH. He looks around, sees if anyone is watching him, then slips inside--

INT. PROVINCETOWN UNITED METHODIST - DAY

A large AA MEETING in progress, fifty to a hundred people. Mostly gay and lesbian summer people, some locals.

Junior sits down at the back of the room. The SECRETARY of the meeting, a butch lesbian, 50, hands out SOBRIETY CHIPS.

SECRETARY  
... at this meeting we give out  
chips for various lengths of  
sobriety. Anyone with nine months?

No one stands.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)  
Whatta we do?

GROUP  
Keep coming back.

SECRETARY  
Anyone with six months?

No one.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)  
Whatta we do?

GROUP  
Keep coming back.

SECRETARY

How about ninety days?

Junior raises his hand, goes to the front of the room. The room erupts in CHEERS and CLAPPING. The Secretary hands him a chip and gives him a BEAR HUG. Junior turns and addresses the group nervously.

JUNIOR

Um, Hi, I'm Junior,  
alcoholic/addict.

GROUP

Hi Junior.

JUNIOR

Three months ago I went into  
treatment on a nudge from the  
judge. I been sober ever since,  
tryin' to get my shit together. I  
got a sponsor who breaks my balls--

We see a grizzled OLDTIMER getting ribbed for this--

JUNIOR (CONT'D)

-- but it's a good thing. I was  
tellin' him how much I love my  
daughter, and he says yeah Junior  
that's great, but how much child  
support you payin'? He taught me  
it's my actions that count, not my  
words. So now I'm trying to get  
back with my girl and be a good  
father and a good son, and just do  
the right thing. And there's no way  
I could do that when I was still  
out there using. So... thanks.

He walks back to his seat. Old timers high-five him and slap him on the back.

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - MAGIC HOUR

Carnival. Jackie sips from her bottle and watches as the FLOATS go by -- mostly manned by DRAG QUEENS and BDSM types, as well as a few old-school civic societies (Portuguese Fisherman Association, etc).

Jackie spots a NAKED LADY, 20's, across the street. She double takes, realizes the woman's actually wearing a NOVELTY T-SHIRT of a topless cartoon lady -- but hey, close enough.

Jackie waves, gets her attention. Naked Lady waves back. Jackie tries to cross the street, but is stopped by an oncoming float. Naked Lady laughs and calls out to her--

NAKED LADY  
Come to the Boat Slip!

JACKIE  
Okay!

Jackie raises her bottle and cheers at Naked Lady.

EXT. ZACHARY'S - DUSK

A strip-mall Strip Club. The marquee advertises All Nude Dancers/Twin Lobster Special \$19.99.

INT. ZACHARY'S - DAY

All lobsters aside, this place is ghetto. Almost empty now. On stage, a DANCER writhes to Usher's "I Don't Mind."

Ray sits at a table near by. A rough-looking COCKTAIL WAITRESS, 40's, approaches.

COCKTAIL WAITRESS  
Another club soda?

ABRUZZO  
Yeah.

She takes his empty glass. The song finishes, and the Dancer begins crawling on the stage to collect her few measly dollars.

MC (V.O.)  
Show your appreciation for  
LaPorsche!

Ray watches as a few MEN throw dollars onto the stage. He looks away.

MC  
And now give it up for Candy!

Ray looks up, watches as CANDY, 30's, bleach blond, makes her entrance to "Sweet Child o' Mine." She's a little weather-beaten, probably someone's mom, but still sexy.

He watches her intently.

INT. BOATSLIP - NIGHT

P-Town's biggest club. Decks overlooking the Bay. Inside, house music is pumping for a gay male crowd. It's dick-city.

Jackie enters. She spots Naked Lady on the dance floor, doing something weird and sexy and unlike what anyone else is doing. Jackie watches mesmerized, until Naked Lady looks up, catches her eye.

Jackie, stands still. Makes the girl come to her.

NAKED LADY

Hey. What's up.

JACKIE

I found a dead body today.  
You wanna buy me a drink?

Off Naked Lady, thrown off guard --

INT. ZACHARY'S - NIGHT

Candy walks around to different tables, trying to sell lap dances. Ray waves her over.

CANDY

Hi there. You wanna buy me a drink?

ABRUZZO

Is that what you want?

She sits on his lap.

CANDY

Or I could give you a private dance?

INT. BACK ROOM - NIGHT

A small dark room. Candy grinds on Ray to the Stones' "Beast of Burden." The song makes the moment feel more intimate than it is.

Ray reaches towards her, his hand hovering an inch or so over the skin on her arm, scared to touch her.

CANDY

(kind yet transactional)  
It's okay, you can touch my arm.

He caresses her gently. Builds his confidence. Finally--

ABRUZZO

(in her ear)

I want to be alone with you. I  
want to... be with you.

CANDY

We can do that.

INT. BOATSLIP - DECK BAR

Jackie and Naked Lady at the bar. They each down a SHOT.

JACKIE

So where you staying?

NAKED LADY

I'm camping in Truro, what about  
you?

JACKIE

I live here.

(beat)

I'm in law enforcement.

NAKED LADY

Oh yeah?

JACKIE

Yeah.

Jackie pulls back her shirt, reveals her gun. Naked Lady eyes  
it skeptically.

NAKED LADY

It's a good thing you're hot,  
because I fucking hate cops.

(beat)

Hey, can you still party?

Off Jackie -- her turn to be thrown off guard.

EXT. ZACHARY'S - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ray and Candy sit in the front seat of his car.

CANDY

You're not a cop, are you?

ABRUZZO

Do I look like one?

CANDY

Yeah.  
(thinks about it)  
Show me your dick.

Ray takes a beat, embarrassed. Finally unzips his pants.

ABRUZZO

Here.

CANDY

Okay. It's gonna be a hundred, is that all right?

ABRUZZO

Yeah.

Candy bends down out of frame. We stay on Ray's face for a beat. He's clearly uncomfortable.

After a few seconds--

ABRUZZO (CONT'D)

You should stop now, Renee.

She pops up. (From now on we'll refer to her as RENEE).

RENEE

What the fuck? How do you know my real name?

He badges her.

ABRUZZO

My name is Detective Ray Abruzzo, Cape Cod Drug Taskforce. I have you for prostitution.

RENEE

Fuck you. We didn't do anything yet. You're not even hard. I want a lawyer.

ABRUZZO

You think you snap your fingers and a lawyer shows up to the Zachary's parking lot? Use your head.

RENEE

My husband has a lawyer. A good one.

ABRUZZO

News flash, Renee. Frankie's not your husband. And he can't help you now.

RENEE

You know Frankie?

ABRUZZO

Yeah, and I know he's not gonna want to hear that the mother of his kid was sucking dick in a parking lot.

RENEE

Okay then arrest me already you piece of shit.

ABRUZZO

I don't want to arrest you.

RENEE

Then why are you doing this? What do you want from me?

ABRUZZO

I just want to talk. You hear anything about a dead girl up in P-Town?

She laughs bitterly. Gets it.

RENEE

No. And I'm not a snitch.

ABRUZZO

I hate that word. I just want to talk to you. You must be lonely with Frankie gone. I'm lonely too.

RENEE

You're an asshole.

ABRUZZO

The other option is I arrest you. In which case you better hope your mother can watch Francisco Jr. until Tuesday, because that's the earliest you're getting out.

She sulks quietly. Realizes she's fucked.

RENEE

I have to go back to work.

ABRUZZO

Sure. We can talk tomorrow.

RENEE

We're going to see Frankie tomorrow.

ABRUZZO

I'll come early. Sound good?

She doesn't answer. He touches her chin lightly, makes her look at him.

ABRUZZO (CONT'D)

Sound good?

RENEE

(defeated)

Yeah.

She gets out of the car quickly. Ray watches her teeter across the parking lot in her stripper heels.

INT. BOATSLIP - BATHROOM STALL

Naked Lady chops lines on the dispenser, while Jackie sucks a drink. We hear the Party Boy bathroom scene outside. Naked Lady offers the straw to Jackie.

NAKED LADY

This isn't Cape Cod bullshit coke either. No offense.

Jackie does a line, rears back up, holding her nose.

JACKIE

Oh, shit!

NAKED LADY

Told you.

Outside, MEN LAUGH. Mocking. Somebody BANGS on the door.

PARTY BOY

Little fish little fish let me in!

Jackie does a Jackie Gleason fist.

JACKIE

Why I oughtta...!

Naked Lady howls with laughter. Close on Jackie's fucked up, laughing face as she slams her drink, then... **CUT TO BLACK.**

*(A NOTE ON STYLE: The rest of this sequence will be jump cuts with flashes of black in between. Like the way you remember a really drunken, half-blacked out night... you have most of the big moments, but none of the connective tissue).*

INT. BOATSLIP - NIGHT

Naked Lady leads Jackie through the crowd. **CUT TO BLACK.**

INT. BOATSLIP - DANCE FLOOR - NIGHT

Jackie and Naked Lady on the dance floor. Grinding, sloppy. **CUT TO BLACK.**

EXT. COMMERCIAL STREET - NIGHT

Jackie trips and falls. Naked Lady pulls her up, laughing. They start to MAKE OUT. **CUT TO BLACK.**

INT. JACKIE'S CAR - NIGHT

A dark country road. Jackie drives, Naked Lady in the passenger seat. Jackie's got her hand inside Naked Lady's jean shorts, rubbing her clit. Naked Lady's MOANING.

EXT. JACKIE'S CAR - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Jackie's truck goes around a curve. There's an oncoming car.

Jackie pulls hard to the right. Her car swerves, hits the guard rail, FLIPS.

Before the car even comes to a stop, we **CUT TO BLACK.**

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

MUSIC PLAYS over a MORNING MONTAGE:

INT/EXT. THE JACK AND BOBBY II - DAWN

A LOBSTER BOAT - the "Jack and Bobby II" - bobs up and down on calm water.

Junior and Michael set traps, smoking wordlessly as they work.

INT/EXT. MCI PLYMOUTH - DAWN

We go down a row of CELLS, everyone inside asleep... until we come to Frankie's cell. He's sitting on the bed, deep in thought. A storm brewing.

INT/EXT. RAY ABRUZZO'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

Ray lies in bed, masturbating methodically. Finishes. Checks his pulse.

INT. PROVINCETOWN POLICE STATION - MORNING

CLOSE ON JACKIE, asleep. Similar to the opening shot of her on the boat, except as we pull out, we realize where we are. In a HOLDING CELL. On a bare bench.

Suddenly, her eyes pop open. She sits up. Looks around. Sees the bars, the bench, the disgusting metal toilet -- closes her eyes again. A low point for our heroine.

JACKIE  
Hello? Anyone?

A FEMALE DEPUTY shuffles over. Jackie approaches the bars.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Can you tell me why I'm in here?

DEPUTY  
They didn't tell you last night?

JACKIE  
(can't remember)  
I don't know, maybe.

The Deputy turns to go.

JACKIE (CONT'D)  
Wait-- I have to pee and there's no toilet paper.

DEPUTY  
Figure it out.

JACKIE  
Can I at least make my phone call?

Off Jackie, eyes pleading--

INT. PROVINCETOWN POLICE STATION - PHONE - DAY

Jackie holds the receiver with CUFFED hands.

JACKIE  
Ed, you gotta help me.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ED MURPHY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Breakfast at Ed's. There's his wife LINDA, frumpy, 50's. Ed takes the phone and steps away from the table.

ED MURPHY  
Where are you?

JACKIE  
Provincetown PD. Can you please get me out of here.  
(gets an idea)  
Hey -- your brother-in-law's a lawyer, right? Owen?

He takes a beat, looks at Linda. She clearly doesn't want him to get involved.

ED MURPHY  
(can't help himself)  
Yeah, I'll call him. Hang tight, Jack.

END INTERCUT.

EXT. RENEE'S APARTMENT - MORNING

A tacky, faux-Tudor APARTMENT BUILDING.

Abruzzo walks up the steps and rings the doorbell, a DUNKIN' DONUTS BAG and COFFEE HOLDER in hand.

FRANCISCO JR., 4, cute kid, answers the door. The TV is on in the background.

Abruzzo, for all his abrasiveness with adults, is one of those people who legitimately charms children.

ABRUZZO  
Hi there, you must be Francisco Jr.  
Your mom home?

FRANCISCO JR  
She's sleeping.

ABRUZZO  
Oh, well, I brought her something  
yummy for breakfast, but maybe you  
can have it. Can you guess what I  
brought?

FRANCISCO JR  
Donuts?

ABRUZZO  
Ew, donuts? No! I said yummy.  
Donuts are gross!

FRANCISCO JR  
(delighted)  
Donuts aren't gross! I love  
donuts!

ABRUZZO  
Are they good? Do you think I  
should try one? Okay, I'll try one  
if you say so. Can I come in?

Francisco lets Abruzzo in and shuts the door.

INT. PROVINCETOWN POLICE - HOLDING - LATER

Jackie is being processed by the Deputy. Ed waits near by.

The Deputy hands her an official-looking piece of paper.

DEPUTY  
This is a summons to appear in  
Court in sixty days. If you don't  
appear, your friend here will lose  
his bail money.

ED MURPHY  
She'll be there.

Jackie nods, can barely make eye contact with Ed.

INT. ED'S CAR - DAY

A nice Lincoln. Ed holds the door for Jackie and she slips  
into the passenger seat. Waits for Ed to get in, then--

JACKIE

Please. Tell me what the fuck is going on. They wouldn't tell me anything.

ED MURPHY

You had a car accident.

JACKIE

Okay...

ED MURPHY

Your friend was hurt.

JACKIE

Who?

ED MURPHY

Jesus, Jackie. The girl in your car. She's in the hospital. She's gonna be okay, but Owen says, with an injury crash, they're going to charge you with a felony DUI.

JACKIE

What does that mean?

ED MURPHY

Depends on the judge.

JACKIE

(freaking out)

I can't go to jail. No way. I can't do it.

ED MURPHY

Hold your horses. There's things you can do. Before your court date.

JACKIE

What? Tell me. I'll do anything.

ED MURPHY

You're not gonna like it.

JACKIE

I'll like it more than I like jail.

ED MURPHY

Go to treatment. Quit drinking. Show the judge you're taking it seriously.

JACKIE

You mean rehab?

ED MURPHY

Yeah. Linda called around.  
There's a place up in Falmouth has  
a bed available.

JACKIE

I don't need rehab.

ED MURPHY

Maybe it wouldn't be the worst  
thing.

JACKIE

What the fuck, Ed?!

ED MURPHY

All I'm saying is what my brother-  
in-law told me. That it could help  
with the judge.

JACKIE

I can't go to rehab. I have to  
work. You think Mackey's just  
gonna give me time off because I  
ask for it?

Ed looks away. Hates being the bearer of bad news.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

What?

ED MURPHY

You had your service weapon on you.

JACKIE

So? I'm an Officer of the National  
Marine Fishery Service.

ED MURPHY

You were drinking. That's grounds  
for immediate dismissal. You know  
that.

JACKIE

(scrambling)

How would Mackey find out?

ED MURPHY

Jack... he knows. They all know. I  
can't keep covering for you.

Jackie takes a beat. Fucked and she knows it.

JACKIE  
I'll think about it.

ED MURPHY  
Jackie-- don't think too hard.

Off Jackie--

INT. RENEE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Francisco Jr. and Ray sit on the couch watching CARTOONS.  
Ray looks like he's honestly enjoying himself.

RENEE (O.S.)  
Baby, how many shows have you  
watched?

Renee enters -- flannel pajamas, bed head, wearing a  
RETAINER. She double-takes at the sight of Ray.

ABRUZZO  
There's coffee and donuts over  
there. I got a bacon egg and  
cheese for myself, but you can have  
it if you want.

She's caught between anger and caffeine withdrawal. A beat,  
then she puts her retainer down on the counter and picks up  
the coffee.

INT. RENEE'S APARTMENT - APARTMENT - LATER

Renee and Abruzzo sit at the table, Francisco Jr. in the  
background still watching TV. She's finishing the egg and  
cheese. Still somewhat hostile, but softening throughout.

(Although there is clearly a power dynamic at work here,  
something about it should feel like a surrogate family for  
both of them. Ray is getting something out of this too, and  
it's not just information.)

ABRUZZO  
You want anything else? There's a  
blueberry glazed.

RENEE  
No.

ABRUZZO

He's a sweet kid. You're doing a good job with him.

RENEE

(hard)

I know.

(beat, softening)

Thanks.

ABRUZZO

Look, I don't want you to feel like you have to talk to me *or else*. It doesn't have to be that way.

RENEE

But it is that way.

ABRUZZO

I can help you, Renee. I have connections. If you need it, I could get you into treatment, or find you a doctor who prescribes Suboxone...

RENEE

I'm not using.

He looks her in the eye. Decides to believe her.

ABRUZZO

I'm sorry. You tell me what you need.

RENEE

What do you think I need? His father's in jail. I need money.

Ray nods, takes a hundred dollars out of his wallet. Puts it on the table.

ABRUZZO

You ever meet a girl named Sherry? Black hair? Tattoos? She danced sometimes too.

RENEE

I don't think so. That's the girl you were talking about up in Provincetown?

Ray nods.

RENEE (CONT'D)

(defensive)

And you think Frankie had something to do with that? 'Cause he would never hurt a girl.

ABRUZZO

No. Not him. Of course not -- I mean, he's in prison, right? But someone who works for him. Someone trying to impress him, or protect him. Sherry was maybe going to testify against him.

RENEE

Jesus. That's fucked up.

ABRUZZO

Look, I just need something, anything. Or I can't pay you. I know Frankie's not a killer. But someone did it. You got any ideas?

RENEE

No. Just...

ABRUZZO

Say it.

RENEE

There's this guy Osito. You know, Teddy Bear.

ABRUZZO

Dominican?

RENEE

Yeah. He brings the dope down from Boston.

Jackpot. Abruzzo starts taking notes. He's surprised at how much she's giving him, but doesn't let on.

ABRUZZO

He transports heroin to Cape Cod. By car?

RENEE

Yeah. I don't know anything else, I swear. I only met him once. But he had a gun.

ABRUZZO

You know his real name?

RENEE

No. He's a big fat guy, with one of those lipstick kiss tattoos.

(anxious)

This is like, secret, right? Like no one will ever know I talked to you?

ABRUZZO

No one. I promise.

He pushes the money towards her.

ABRUZZO (CONT'D)

That was very helpful, Renee. Thank you.

He stands, pops a piece of donut in his mouth. Chews. Calls out to Francisco Jr.

ABRUZZO (CONT'D)

(mouth full)

Hey Francisco -- you like seafood?

He opens his mouth wide. Francisco cracks up.

ABRUZZO (CONT'D)

(to Renee)

If it's all right with you, I'd like to come visit again. I can watch him while you run errands or take a shower or something.

RENEE

(defeated)

Yeah, okay.

But honestly, it doesn't sound so bad.

EXT. RENEE'S APARTMENT - DAY

Ray exits, walks to his car. Takes out his phone.

ABRUZZO

(into phone)

See if you can find anything on a Dominican guy named Osito out of Boston.

INT. MCI PLYMOUTH - PAYPHONE - DAY

Frankie on a PAY PHONE. INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

REGGAETON blasting. Osito, the three-hundred pound Dominican with the lipstick-kiss tattoo, bobs his head as he drives. A call comes through, disrupting the music.

ELECTRONIC VOICE

"This is a collect call from an inmate at Massachusetts Correctional Institute at Plymouth (Frankie's voice) Francisco Alvarez."

OSITO

I accept.

(beat)

Frankie! How you doing, man? My girl sent you some shit, you get it? Magazines and shit.

FRANKIE

You a fag now?

OSITO

What?

FRANKIE

I heard you hanging out up in P-Town.

OSITO

Nah.

FRANKIE

No you didn't go fishing up there?

A beat as Osito gets it.

OSITO

Yeah they went up there. Not me though. With the guy.

FRANKIE

You said you handled it. But I'm hearing different.

OSITO

Yo, my bad. Won't happen again.

FRANKIE

Yeah, damn straight.

Frankie hangs up. Off Osito, worried...

EXT. GOSNOLD TREATMENT CENTER - DAY

Establishing. Ed's car in the parking lot.

INT. ED MURPHY'S CAR - DAY

Jackie's showered and changed, a duffel bag on the back seat. They sit in silence.

ED MURPHY

So.

JACKIE

So.

ED MURPHY

You want to leave your phone with me? It's not allowed.

JACKIE

Fuck that.

She jams her phone down her pants.

ED MURPHY

You can't do anything the easy way, can you?

JACKIE

No.

(realizes)

Shit. How much was my bail?

ED MURPHY

Fifty grand. So you better show up to court.

JACKIE

(emotional)

Seriously, Ed. Thank you.

ED MURPHY

Come on now. Don't go soft on me.

But he's touched. This is by far the most real their relationship has ever gotten.

JACKIE

For real. You're a good partner. I'm gonna make you my emergency contact and everything.

ED MURPHY

Jesus, that's depressing. I'm all  
you got? I'm gonna fucking kill  
myself now.

JACKIE

Yeah yeah.

She kisses him on the cheek and jumps out of the car before  
he can respond.

INT. GOSNOLD TREATMENT CENTER - LOBBY - DAY

The decor is mixed, residential/clinical. A NURSE stands  
behind the front desk. Jackie approaches.

JACKIE

I'm Jackie Quinones. I guess I'm  
checking in?

NURSE

Welcome to Gosnold. I'm Nurse  
Mary. Can I see your insurance  
card?

Jackie digs it out of her wallet.

NURSE (CONT'D)

I'm just gonna go make a copy of  
this, get you your paperwork.

She leaves. Jackie looks around.

Twelve-step and Recovery paraphernalia everywhere. A framed  
needle-point of the SERENITY PRAYER. A "ONE DAY AT A TIME"  
bumper sticker. A motivational photo of a SUNRISE - "Today  
is a gift that's why we call it the Present." Jackie's  
disgusted, this place is her idea of hell.

The Nurse returns.

JACKIE

What's the shortest amount of time  
I can stay?

NURSE

We offer a three-day detox program.  
But you have good insurance, you  
can stay longer.

JACKIE

I'm good with the three days.

NURSE

All righty. You fill this out  
while I search your bag, then we'll  
get you to intake with Dr. Larkin.

INT. GOSNOLD - DR. LARKIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Jackie sits on a plastic chair in a cramped, cluttered  
office. This ain't a fancy Beverly Hills shrink; this is the  
trenches.

DR. SHEILA LARKIN, 60's, enters. Warm, but tough as nails.  
Jackie is nervous, reserved.

DR. LARKIN

Hello, I'm Doctor Larkin. And you  
are...

(reading from a file)

Jackie Quinones. Kee-no-nez?

JACKIE

Close enough.

Larkin sits.

DR. LARKIN

So. Why are you here?

JACKIE

I don't know.

DR. LARKIN

You don't?

JACKIE

I mean, I was in a car accident.  
Somebody got hurt. But I'm not  
sure why I have to be *here*.

DR. LARKIN

Presumably you were drinking?

JACKIE

Yeah.

DR. LARKIN

Anything else?

JACKIE

This is private, right?

Larkin nods yes.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

A little coke. But they don't know about that.

DR. LARKIN

Opiates?

JACKIE

Look, I'm not like these junkies you deal with. I just like to party a little.

Larkin scribbles on her pad.

DR. LARKIN

You're being charged with a DUI? Misdemeanor or Felony.

JACKIE

I haven't been charged yet.  
(beat)  
Felony.

DR. LARKIN

Do you think you're an addict?

JACKIE

No.

DR. LARKIN

I'll ask you again why you're here?

JACKIE

Because a lawyer said it was a good idea.

DR. LARKIN

Oh. So you want to stay out of jail.

JACKIE

(duh)  
Yeah.

DR. LARKIN

That's good motivation to sober up, for some people. You think you can do it without treatment?

JACKIE

Yeah. Is that an option?

DR. LARKIN

Sure.

(gestures towards door)

Go.

JACKIE

Wait... what?

DR. LARKIN

It's not my job to convince you to stay. I'd rather the bed go to someone who wants it.

JACKIE

I didn't mean--

DR. LARKIN

My grand daughter just got her learner's permit. I might actually prefer you go to prison.

JACKIE

That's rude.

DR. LARKIN

It's rude to drive drunk, don't you think?

Jackie is silent. Fuming.

DR. LARKIN (CONT'D)

Let's take a step back. What was going on before the accident? In your life?

JACKIE

Nothing. I mean -- I did find a body yesterday.

DR. LARKIN

That's something. What happened?

JACKIE

Some chick was murdered, washed up on the beach. A drug thing, I guess.

DR. LARKIN

How did that make you feel?

JACKIE

Honestly, I didn't feel anything. All I could think was, these white girls love trouble.

Larkin looks up from her notes. Jackie's suddenly self-conscious.

JACKIE (CONT'D)

You think that's fucked up, don't you?

DR. LARKIN

Those aren't the words I'd use.  
(beat)  
Sad.

JACKIE

Sad?

DR. LARKIN

Lonely.

JACKIE

Believe me, I'm not lonely.

DR. LARKIN

Yes you are. You don't care about anybody and you don't let anybody care about you.

(off Jackie)

Okay, I'll use a different word.  
Self-centered.

JACKIE

That's two words.

DR. LARKIN

Who got hurt in the accident?

JACKIE

Some chick. I don't know her name.

DR. LARKIN

I see. Did you try to find out?

JACKIE

I get it. This is the part where you try to break me.

DR. LARKIN

"Break you?"

JACKIE

You know, where you get me to cry, and tell you how I'm a piece of shit because I left my wife and her kid and I cheat on all my girlfriends, blah blah blah.

DR. LARKIN

If you want to talk about those things, you can. Or we can talk about something else.

JACKIE

Like my *childhood*?

DR. LARKIN

Sure. That's like the Coke Classic of therapy.

JACKIE

Fuck that. Fuck those people.

DR. LARKIN

Okay. How about you just talk?

JACKIE

I don't need to talk, because I'm fine! The past doesn't matter. I moved to P-Town and got myself a good job and a good life. And I'm not an addict; I just like to party. In P-Town everyone's either a fisherman or a fag on vacation, and either way they *party*. Everyone *parties*. Everyone *parties like me*. So it's fine. You see? I'm fine.

(tearing up)

I'm not sure why I'm crying.

Dr. Larkin passes her a box of Kleenex. They sit in silence for a long beat as Jackie mops up tears.

DR. LARKIN

I'm going to start you on Wellbutrin. Alcohol is a depressant, so once we get that out of your system, you're going to start feeling better quickly.

(she looks at her watch)

You have Group in a few minutes. I'll have Nurse Mary show you to your room so you can unpack.

Jackie's confused.

JACKIE

Wait. You're letting me stay?

Off Dr. Larkin--

INT. HYANNIS PD STATION - CUBICLES - DAY

Ray sits at his cubicle filling out a REIMBURSEMENT FORM for \$114.80. He tapes an ATM RECEIPT for \$100 and a Dunkin' Donuts RECEIPT for \$14.80 to the form. Under "Description of Expenditure" he writes down CONFIDENTIAL INFORMANT.

Saintille approaches. Abruzzo covers the form distrustfully.

SAINTILLE

I found the girl, Sherry's foster sister. Name's Kimberly Collins. Her last known address is no good, but she got a new cell phone a few weeks ago.

ABRUZZO

Leave me the number, I'll call in a bit. Anything on Osito?

SAINTILLE

No one in the Mass system with that AKA. Got a call into Immigration.

ABRUZZO

Stay on it.

INT. MCI PLYMOUTH - FAMILY VISITING ROOM - DAY

Ten or so INMATES and their FAMILIES are visiting in an open room. A few plastic chairs and tables.

Francisco Jr. sits on Frankie's lap stiffly -- he's nervous around his father. Renee sits next to them. She's trying for upbeat, but she's worried.

FRANKIE

You being a good boy for mommy?

FRANCISCO JR

Yes daddy.

FRANKIE

And is mommy being a good girl?

RENEE

(laughing it off)

What's that supposed to mean, Frankie?

FRANKIE

It don't mean nothing. I trust you.

He WINKS. She quickly changes the subject.

RENEE

I took him to the barber. They took too much off the sides, don't you think?

FRANKIE

Nah, it looks sharp. You like it, Guapo?

FRANCISCO JR

Yes daddy.

FRANKIE

Good boy.

(to Renee)

You get the oil changed on the Altima?

RENEE

Yeah. But they said it's time for the sixty thousand mile thing. Should I do it?

FRANKIE

Yeah.

(beat)

I'm gonna need you to take a couple trips for me soon. You know?

She looks at him surprised. He looks into her eyes, making sure she understands what he's asking her.

RENEE

Sure, Frankie. Whatever you need.

Off Renee, oh fuck--

INT. GOSNOLD - GATHERING HALL - DAY

Jackie tentatively enters a large room with a meeting in progress. Fifty or so RESIDENTS (male and female) listen as an ADDICT tells her story from the podium. The back wall is decorated with a COLLAGE of SNAPSHOTS -- THE WALL OF HOPE. Pictures of residents and graduates.

Jackie takes a seat at the back of the room. Arms crossed, skeptical. We PUSH in on her, long and slow, as--

ADDICT (O.S.)

Me and my girlfriends used to hang at the Assembly Square Mall.

(MORE)

ADDICT (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
We didn't have shit for money, so  
we just hustled dudes for free  
games at the arcade.

A LAUGH from the room. Jackie smiles in spite of herself.  
Settles in. We keep pushing in throughout the following --

ADDICT (O.S.) (CONT'D (CONT'D))  
And then one day my girl Gina  
steals a bottle of rum from her  
parents and we sneak it into the  
bathroom at Pizzeria Uno. And it's  
fucking disgusting and the other  
girls are like *eww, sick, I'm not  
drinking that*, but I'm all  
(sings angelically)  
*aaaaah*, like this is the freaking  
burning bush, because right away I  
just fucking *know* this is the shit  
I want to be doing for the rest of  
my life. Like it just *works* for me,  
ya know? I mean, it turns out like  
6 percs and two xanax work even  
better, but that's how it  
started...

And as the Addict keeps talking, we keep pushing in on  
Jackie, and pushing in and pushing in, until finally we're  
right up on her, and something is happening. She's hearing  
something. Relating to something. We can see it in her eyes --  
a tiny little miracle.

And just as we can't get any closer, we push PAST Jackie onto  
the WALL OF HOPE -- and the CAMERA lands on one PHOTO in  
particular. Of a red-headed girl with freckles. With a  
necklace that reads *Lylas*. And in case you weren't sure, the  
photo is captioned *Kimmy C. Kimmy Collins*.

INT. RAY ABRUZZO'S CAR - SUNSET

He's sitting in the parking lot outside Hyannis PD. He takes  
out the number for Kimmy and dials. The phone goes straight  
to Voice Mail.

KIMMY (V.O.)  
Hi, you've reached Kimmy Collins,  
leave a message.

ABRUZZO  
Hi, this is Officer Ray Abruzzo  
with the Cape Cod Drug Taskforce.

We hear the rest of his message over the following --

EXT. N.D. LOCATION - SUNSET

A gorgeous sunset over a calm ocean. We don't know where we are yet, but we go CLOSE ON a cell phone. On the display, a MISSED CALL from 508-555-0157.

ABRUZZO (V.O.)

I wanted to speak to you about your friend Sherry Henry. Please give me a call at your earliest convenience. 508-555-0157.

PULL BACK to reveal the phone is on the deck of a SHIP, next to the DEAD BODY of Kimmy Collins. Still in her Victoria's Secret "Pink" Sweatshirt.

A HAND picks up the phone. It's Junior.

PULL BACK FURTHER, reveal we're on the deck of the Jack and Bobby II. Junior looks at the missed call, tosses the phone overboard into the Ocean.

Junior drags the body to the edge of the boat, attaches a weight to her leg, then pushes her overboard.

He watches as the body sinks out of sight. CROSSES himself.

He goes to the wheel and raises anchor.

EXT. ATLANTIC OCEAN - SUNSET

The Jack and Bobby II sails back towards the spit of land that is P-Town. One of the most beautiful places on earth.

THE END