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 LOLLIPPOP, 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
eggers.

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 dooown...”

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

MICHAEI
You ever get tired of it, Jack?

JACKIE
Tired of what?

MICHAEI
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-till-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, pissing 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 liaise 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)

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!

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)
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. BOATS LIP - NIGHT

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

INT. BOATS LIP - 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. PROVICENTOWN 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. PROVICENTOWN 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

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

Ray nods.
(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
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...
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)
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)
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)
aaaaaah, 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