

# **MARE OF EASTTOWN**

**Episode 101**  
**"Miss Lady Hawk Herself"**

Written by  
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Directed by  
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# MARE OF EASTTOWN

101 "Miss Lady Hawk Herself" – Third Blue Revised – 9.04.20

## SET LIST

### INTERIORS

BARNABY'S TAVERN

BETH HANLON'S HOUSE  
LIVING ROOM

CARROLL HOME  
ENTRY  
KITCHEN  
BATHROOM

DAWN BAILEY'S HOUSE  
DOWNSTAIRS

DYLAN'S HOUSE  
BEDROOM

EASTTOWN HIGH SCHOOL  
GYMNASIUM  
LOCKER ROOM TUNNEL

EASTTOWN POLICE STATION  
MEETING ROOM  
CHIEF CARTER'S OFFICE  
MARE'S OFFICE

ERIN MCMENAMIN'S HOUSE  
UPSTAIRS BEDROOM  
KITCHEN  
DEN

FRANK'S HOUSE  
KITCHEN

GILBERT'S PET SHOP

JESS RILEY'S APARTMENT  
JESS' BEDROOM

MARE'S CHEVY TAHOE

### EXTERIORS

CARROLL HOME  
BACKYARD

DAWN BAILEY'S HOME

CASTLEWOOD APARTMENTS  
JESS RILEY'S APARTMENT

CREEDHAM CREEK

EASTTOWN POLICE STATION

FRANK'S HOUSE  
BACKYARD  
PORCH

ERIN MCMENAMIN'S HOUSE

MARE'S CHEVY TAHOE

OCEAN CITY, NJ

OLD KNOWLTON ROAD  
MARE'S HOUSE  
FRANK'S HOUSE  
GARAGE

RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD

ROSS HOME

RURAL BACKYARD

SHARP'S WOODS  
FIELD OUTSIDE...

FREDDIE HANLON'S HOUSE  
FRONT YARD

**INTERIORS (cont...)**

## MARE'S HOUSE

DEN

KITCHEN

UPSTAIRS HALLWAY

SIOBHAN'S BEDROOM

MASTER BEDROOM

DREW'S BEDROOM

## RICHARD'S HOUSE

DOWNSTAIRS \*

## ROSS HOME

DOWNSTAIRS

KITCHEN

## SAINT MICHAEL'S CHURCH

## FREDDIE HANLON'S HOUSE

DOWNSTAIRS

UPSTAIRS

BATHROOM

# **MARE OF EASTTOWN**

101 "Miss Lady Hawk Herself" – Third Yellow Revised – 10.19.20

## **SCRIPT REVISIONS**

<b>SCENE</b>	<b>REVISIONS</b>
Sc. 15	Time of Day revised to Late Morning
Sc. 16	Time of Day revised to Late Morning Erin action and dialogue revision Erin's age changed from 16 to 17 Art/Set Dec/Props revision: area rug, set of baby blocks Music/Post revision: music cue "No Promises" by Cheat Codes (sans Katy Perry "Wide Awake")
Sc. A17	Pagination to Page 12A

A1 EXT. EASTTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA - WINTER - JUST BEFORE DAWN A1 \*

VARIOUS ESTABLISHING SHOTS OF EASTTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA -- \*

landmarks that will figure into our story later. It's still \*

dark, the sun merely a suggestion of light. WE SEE -- \*

-- The cemetery overlooking town. \*

-- Easttown Middle School. \*

-- A stretch of Creedham Creek. Water burbles over rocks. \*

-- Brandywine Park. \*

-- St. Michael's Church. \*

-- And finally the Carroll Home. A light goes on in an \*

upstairs bathroom window. Moments later, WE HEAR A SCREAM \*

that pierces the silent morning. The SCREAM BECOMES THE -- \*

B1 INT. MARE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MORNING B1 \*

-- BUZZING OF MARE'S iPHONE. \*

Mare's dead asleep in her bed. She stirs now, throws her hand \*

over to the night stand and answers the call without opening \*

her eyes -- \*

MARE \*

This is Mare. \*

1 EXT. CARROLL HOME - EASTTOWN - MORNING 1

MARE SHEEHAN, 43, tall and lean with short brown hair and not

a trace of make-up, stands outside the wreath-adorned front

door of a modest split-level home. She wears a quilted barn

jacket over a flannel button-down, Levis and Asics Gels.

Clipped onto her belt is a Gold Easttown Township Detective

Badge and a holstered S&W M&P SHIELD 9MM.

She's a woman that still bears the imprint of her parents --

devout, working-class Irish Catholics who taught her the

value of hard work and the futility of complaining and that

life is hard and all there is to do is grin and bear it. It's

an education that has served her well in her career, but left

her hamstrung and unextraordinary as a mother.

Growing impatient -- and cold -- she rings the doorbell over

and over to no avail.

(CONTINUED)

MARE

Oh for fuck's sake...

(steps back, calls up to a  
bedroom window)

Mrs. Carroll? Mrs. Carroll, it's  
Mare Sheehan. I'm standin' outside  
your front door. In the cold.

MAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

She not answerin', Mare?

Mare turns to find an ELDERLY NEIGHBOR, 85, retrieving the  
mail from the box outside his front door.

MARE

Mornin', Mr. Kline. No she's not  
answerin'.

(CONTINUED)

1

CONTINUED:

1

## ELDERLY NEIGHBOR

Alright lemme go inside an' call  
her. Sometimes she forgets to put  
her hearin' aids in.

Elderly Neighbor shuffles back inside his home. Mare slips a  
vape pen from her jacket pocket and takes a drag. We hear a  
PHONE RING inside. A few moments later a WINDOW SLIDES OPEN --

## WOMAN'S VOICE (O.C.)

Mare? Mare, you out there?

Mare steps out from the under the portico and looks up at the  
broad face of BETTY CARROLL, 70s, a portly chatterbox, in an  
upstairs bedroom window.

## BETTY CARROLL

Oh. You're here.

## MARE

(grins: *no shit*)  
I'm here.

## BETTY CARROLL

I'm on my way down.

2

INT/EXT. CARROLL HOME - ENTRY/KITCHEN/BATHROOM - MORNING  
(7:30AM)

2

Betty toddles down the stairs dressed in polyester pants and  
a floral blouse, a Virgin Mary necklace dangling over the  
buttons of her waterfall cardigan. She fits hearing aids into  
her ears, then opens the door on Mare.

## BETTY CARROLL

Come on in, Mare. Just scrape your  
shoes on the mat first.

Mare steps inside, wipes her Asics on the welcome mat --

## BETTY CARROLL (CONT'D)

Did you get my message?

## MARE

All three of them. What can I do  
for ya, Mrs. Carroll?

Mare follows Betty down the hall, past an oak grandfather  
clock and shelves of seasonal knickknacks...

(CONTINUED)

BETTY CARROLL

I wanted to make sure ya knew about this right away. So the community was safe in case the pervert's still on the loose.

...into the KITCHEN now...

MARE

Next time just call the station. Do you have the main number?

BETTY CARROLL

I don't remember. But I trust you. And I don't know who the station'll send out.

Mare backtracks to the refrigerator and searches for the police station magnet amid Daily Prayer cards and St. Michael's Parish flyers.

MARE

I understand, but I'm a detective, Mrs. Carroll. I'm a Detective Sergeant -- which means I investigate the burglaries and the overdoses and all the really bad crap that goes on around here.

BETTY CARROLL

Sounds awful. Maybe you should look into a different line of work.

Mare locates the Township 'Emergency Contact' magnet.

MARE

It's right here, Mrs. Carroll. See this? That's the main station number. That's the one you want. I'm just gonna put it right in the center...

(pushes everything else  
aside so the magnet is  
front and center)  
...so you call them next time  
instead'a wakin' me up.

(CONTINUED)



BETTY CARROLL

So there's the *scene of the crime*  
as they say in your business.

Mare follows Betty over to the sliding glass patio doors.

BETTY CARROLL (CONT'D)

My granddaughter was upstairs  
gettin' undressed to take a shower  
when she looked out the window and -  
- AHHH! -- there he is.

(gestures at the window)  
Standin' right out there, behind  
the gate. One of those creepy-  
peeper-weirdos.

Mare removes a leather note jotter and a pen from her jacket.

MARE

Did your granddaughter say anything  
about him, or --

BETTY CARROLL

He was wearin' a hooded sweatshirt,  
so it was hard to get much of his  
face. But from what she *could* see  
he looked like a ferret.

MARE

A ferret?

BETTY CARROLL

That's what she said.

MARE

Did she say *how* he looked like a  
ferret? Was it his nose, or his  
eyes, or...? I mean, what about him  
was...ferret-like?

BETTY CARROLL

I have no idea. That's just what  
popped into her mind when she saw  
him.

Mare opens the sliding glass door and --

A3

EXT. CARROLL HOME - BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER - MORNING

A3

-- steps outside. Looks around the yard for any signs of evidence. But there's nothing out here but an OLD CEDAR SHED and a chain-link fence marking the perimeter of the property.

In the yard next door, she notices a boy, KYLE, 17, sitting on the patio steps with his band-patch-adorned backpack over his hooded sweatshirt. He's woefully underdressed for the weather and smoking a Juul. He looks at Mare a moment, then stands and wanders back inside his house.

Mare's eyes take in a HOME SECURITY CAMERA perched on the corner of the roof of the Carroll Home.

B3

INT/EXT. CARROLL HOME - KITCHEN - MORNING

B3

Mare returns from the backyard --

MARE

That a security camera on the roof?

BETTY CARROLL

(looks, then)

Oh yes. We bought that at Best Buy three months ago. Mr. Procrastinator still hasn't figured out how to use it. Big surprise.

MARE

So it's not on?

BETTY CARROLL

Nope. Three months.

MARE

And where's your granddaughter now?

BETTY CARROLL

She was scared to death, so she hightailed it back to Allentown. She didn't wanna stay around here with the ferret on the loose.

MARE

Alright, well, I'll file the report an' make sure patrol's aware --

BETTY CARROLL

I'm half-tempted to leave as well. But I'd hafta go to my sister's place in Ridley. And she has cats.

(CONTINUED)

B3

CONTINUED:

B3

Seeking to escape the windbag, Mare exits the kitchen. Betty follows --

BETTY CARROLL (CONT'D)

I hate cats. They're disgusting animals. All bones.

Mare makes it halfway down the hallway when the door opens and GLENN CARROLL, 70, well-meaning but garrulous, enters. He has a coffee carrier in one hand, *The Easttown Tribune* newspaper clamped under the other.

GLENN CARROLL

Oh. G'mornin', Mare.

MARE

(*fuck me*)

Mr. Carroll.

GLENN CARROLL

Betty tell ya what happened this mornin' with the, uhh, weirdo --

MARE

Mrs. Carroll filled me in.

BETTY CARROLL

Of course I told her what happened.

BETTY CARROLL (CONT'D)

And guess what? The whole case woulda been solved by now if you had figured out how to set-up the security camera.

GLENN CARROLL

That was on my list actually. I'm gonna get it turned on today.

BETTY CARROLL

Oh God -- if I had a nickel for every time I heard that I'd be livin' on the Main Line.

MARE

I'm gonna head back to the station now and file the report.

MARE (CONT'D)

We'll take care of it.

Attempting a second escape, Mare squeezes past Glenn and makes it all the way to front door when --

GLENN CARROLL

So big night tonight, huh?

(Mare turns back)

25th Anniversary of the championship season --

(CONTINUED)

B3

CONTINUED: (2)

B3

MARE

Oh. Right. The ceremony --

GLENN CARROLL

They did a whole front page article  
in *The Tribune* this mornin'. Did  
you see it yet, Mare?

MARE

Uhh, no --

GLENN CARROLL

Oh you gotta see it. Do you have a  
sec?

MARE

I don't actually --

BETTY CARROLL

Well don't just stand there. Go an'  
get it for her.

Following orders as he always does, Glenn moves into the  
kitchen. Betty turns back to Mare --

BETTY CARROLL (CONT'D)

If you let him, he'd talk all day.  
Sometimes I take my hearing aids  
out so I don't hafta listen to him

GLENN CARROLL (O.C.)

Where'd you put the paper, B? It  
was right here when I left.

Betty sighs: *great big pain in my ass.*

BETTY CARROLL

I'll be right back, Mare.

Betty shuffles into the kitchen. As soon as she's out of  
sight, Mare escapes like she just robbed the place.

3 OMITTED

3

3A OMITTED

3A

4-10 OMITTED

4-10

11 EXT. EASTTOWN POLICE STATION - ESTABLISHING - MORNING 11

An old railroad station that's been converted into the township's police station. An American and a department flag wave proudly out front. A PASSENGER TRAIN roars by as Mare's TAHOE arrives and parks in the employee lot.

12 INT. EASTTOWN POLICE STATION - MORNING 12

JAN KELLY, 60s, the station's bespectacled, indefatigably cheery secretary, sits at the front desk, fielding a service call --

JAN (ON THE PHONE)  
-- where's your husband now,  
ma'am?... He's pissin' in your car  
window or someone else's?... No no,  
just stay in the house, an officer  
should be there momentarily.

Mare steps in through the officer's entrance, a Wawa coffee in her hand.

MARE  
Mornin', Jan.

JAN  
(holds a hand over the  
receiver)  
See this yet? Big write-up in *The  
Tribune* this mornin'.

Jan holds up an article from *The Easttown Tribune's* sports section. Headline reads: **Remembering When The Impossible Happened**. Featured is a PHOTO OF MARE as a teenage basketball player being carried off the court on the shoulders of her teammates, the championship game net hanging around her neck.

JAN (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna frame it for ya. Hang it  
up in your office.

Mare shakes her head -- *don't bother* -- then walks up the stairs. Jan returns to the call.

JAN (ON THE PHONE) (CONT'D)  
Alright I'll send someone out right  
away, Mrs. Gwynn.

13 INT. EASTTOWN STATION - MEETING ROOM - 'ROLL CALL' - MORNING 13 \*

Morning 'roll-call' session. \*

Mare sits among the SIX PATROL OFFICERS including -- OFFICER BOYLE, 50s, a potbellied ballbuster, OFFICER SUSIE HOLBERT, 45, a thickset single mother who doesn't suffer fools gladly, and OFFICER RONALD TRAMMEL, 26, black, wiry, a bundle of nerves at the moment as it's his first day on the job. At the front of the room, CORPORAL JIMMY MASTERSON, 40, a gangling man with a crew cut, has the floor-- \*

CORPORAL MASTERSON \*

-- everyone give a warm welcome to Officer Trammel. First day out in the field. \*

Claps, finger-whistles. Trammel blushes. \*

CORPORAL MASTERSON (CONT'D) \*

Anyone care to impart any words of wisdom? \*

(no takers. Then --) \*

How 'bout you, Boyle. \*

OFFICER BOYLE \*

Don't shoot yourself in the foot. \*

OFFICER HOLBERT \*

At least he can see his feet, Boyle. \*

OFFICER BOYLE \*

You fat-shaming me, Holbert? \*

(to Masterson, jokingly) \*

I wanna file a grievance with the HR department. Anyone know where it is? \*

MARE \*

It's the suggestion box in the lobby. \*

Everyone laughs. \*

CORPORAL MASTERSON \*

Good luck out there, Trammel. \*

Alright let's get into it, folks. \*

You had something this mornin, right, Mare? \*

(CONTINUED)

13

CONTINUED:

13

MARE

Yeah. Prowler out at 28 Grub Road.  
 Homeowner said there was a  
 suspicious male watchin' from the  
 backyard while her granddaughter  
 got into the shower early this  
 mornin'.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

OFFICER HOLBERT

Get a description?

\*

Mare holds up her NOTE JOTTER inside which she's drawn a  
 CARTOON FERRET with giant bugged-out eyes. Everyone LAUGHS.

OFFICER BOYLE

I already caught the bastard! He's  
 in a cage in my daughter's bedroom.

CORPORAL MASTERSON

Alright alright, bullshit aside,  
 let's float a car in the area  
 between Eldridge and Garnett Mine,  
 see if the pervo shows his face.

Jan enters the room, whispers in Mare's ear --

JAN

Chief wants to see ya, Mare.

14

INT. CHIEF CARTER'S OFFICE - MORNING

14

CHIEF DARRYL CARTER, 55, black, a man whose stoicism belies a  
 deep compassion for the people he's been charged with  
 protecting, sits at his desk watching the television. Mare  
 arrives at the doorway, knocks on the door frame --

MARE

You wanted to see me, Chief.

CHIEF CARTER

Come on in, Mare.

Mare enters. Chief Carter gestures toward the TV. He REWINDS  
 LOCAL NEWS footage, then hits 'Play'.

ON THE TV: DAWN BAILEY, 43, thin layer of chemo hair on her  
 head, addresses reporters outside her home. She's surrounded  
 by a LARGE GROUP OF FRIENDS and FAMILY, all holding signs of  
 support for Dawn and anger towards the police.

(CONTINUED)

DAWN BAILEY (ON TV)  
-- my daughter Katie has been  
missing for exactly one year today.  
Every moment without her has been  
complete torture. And the police  
aren't doin' anythin'. They don't  
care. That's why we're all here. If  
they're not gonna fight to find  
Katie, we will.

Chief Carter shuts off the TV, turns to Mare.

CHIEF CARTER  
The Board of Commissioners called  
again this mornin' about addin' a  
County Detective to assist with the  
case. They want a fresh set'a eyes  
on this by Monday.

MARE  
Am I being replaced?

CHIEF CARTER  
Nothing's been decided yet.

MARE  
Thanks for bein' in my corner.

CHIEF CARTER  
You really gonna go there with me?  
Huh?

Mare sighs, backs off. She knows he's always had her back.

CHIEF CARTER (CONT'D)  
They're gettin' pressured from the  
community, Mare. And cause they're  
gettin' pressured, I'm gettin'  
pressured.

MARE  
Come on, Chief, you know what we're  
up against here. Katie was a known  
drug abuser with a history of  
prostitution. She could be lyin' at  
the bottom of the Delaware River  
an' we'd never know.

CHIEF CARTER  
That's the thing, Mare. We don't  
know. *Anything*. After a year. The  
Rotary Club increased the reward  
money to \$15,000.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



14

CONTINUED: (2)

14

CHIEF CARTER (CONT'D)

We're printin' up new flyers and  
handin' them out at every needle  
exchange from Camden to Wilmington.  
Go back to the file. Dig deep.  
We're startin' over here. Recommit  
yourself.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

Mare wants to say something, state her case. She thinks  
better of it and stalks out of the office.

\*  
\*

15 EXT. ERIN MCMENAMIN'S HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - LATE MORNING 15 \*

A dilapidated split-level home on a winding road at the far edge of town. Secluded, crumbling, forgotten.

16 INT. ERIN MCMENAMIN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - LATE MORNING 16 \*

WE'RE VERY CLOSE ON THE FACE OF ERIN MCMENAMIN, 17, lying on an area rug, cheek pressed flat against the crook of her arm. Her face fills the screen. She's smiling dreamily as she stares at the love of her life off-camera. MUSIC PLAYS from a speaker, 'No Promises' by Cheat Codes.

ERIN

I'm gonna miss you this weekend.  
Who's gonna sleep next to me?  
Snuggle with me. Kiss on me. Hold  
me?... Sometimes I wonder if you  
even realize how much I love you.

REVEAL NOW that she's talking to her son, BABY DJ, 1, over in the corner, SEEN IN PROFILE. But he's busy with a set of blocks and not paying any attention to his adoring mother.

Erin smiles anyway as she watches him play, endlessly amazed by this unexpected child -- the child that abruptly ended her youth and sent her friends fleeing, yet is her sole reason for living now. And she's a wonderful mother, a testament to how deeply we can love our children without loving ourselves.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Your grandmom used to say, *You'll understand when you're a parent.* I was always like, *yeah, whatever.* But now... It's like you can love someone so much it's scary.

The DOORBELL RINGS downstairs.

ERIN (CONT'D)

(an exaggerated GASP)

Who's that? Is that your Dad?

Erin stands, scoops DJ into her arms --

ERIN (CONT'D)

Oh my God, I'm gonna miss you. I gotta get all my kisses in now.

She kisses him all over -- neck, cheeks, belly, ears -- as she exits the room.

A17 INT. ERIN MCMENAMIN'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

A17 \*

Erin arrives downstairs. She sets DJ down in the car seat and buckles him in. The doorbell RINGS again --

ERIN

I'm comin' I'm comin'!

Erin crosses to the front door and opens it, revealing DJ's father and namesake --

(CONTINUED)

A17

CONTINUED: (2)

A17

DYLAN HINCHEY, 18, a wiry ne'er-do-well with baggy jeans and a paint-mottled hooded sweatshirt. In the driveway, the customized muffler on his BRONCO grumbles loudly.

\*

ERIN (CONT'D)

Hey. Come on in.

DYLAN

Just hand him over. I gotta go.

\*

ERIN

It's cold out. You can at least stand inside.

Dylan reluctantly steps inside, but doesn't shut the door behind him. Erin moves back to the car seat...

\*

ERIN (CONT'D)

(under her breath,  
annoyed)

Nice to see you, too. Geez.

She kneels down before DJ, lays a blanket over him, tucks it under his legs --

\*

\*

ERIN (CONT'D) (CONT'D)

There we go. Nice an' warm.

\*

\*

-- then carries the car seat over to Dylan. As she hands DJ over, she notices Dylan's truculent new girlfriend, BRIANNA DELRASSO, 18, sitting in the passenger seat of the Bronco.

\*

\*

\*

ERIN (CONT'D)

What's she doin' here?

DYLAN

Don't worry about what she's doin' here. I don't ask about your life.

ERIN

I don't want her around my son. I seriously don't even, like, know what you see in her --

\*

\*

\*

\*

DYLAN

Oh, just shutup, Erin.

\*

\*

Dylan exits the house and heads towards his car. Erin looks around and notices DJ's diaper bag on the coffee table.

\*

\*

B17      EXT. ERIN'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER      B17      \*

Dylan snaps the car seat into the base in the backseat. Erin approaches with the diaper bag --      \*

ERIN      \*

You forgot this.      \*

    (hands over the bag)      \*

I put his ear drops in the front pouch in case he runs a fever.      \*

BRIANNA      \*

    (calls out of the car window)      \*

You better not be talkin' about me, Erin!

ERIN

I didn't even say nothin' about you. I was just --

BRIANNA      \*

Stop textin' my man! He doesn't want anything to do with you anymore, you dirty fuckin' skank.

(CONTINUED)

B17

CONTINUED:

B17

ERIN

He's the father of my baby so we  
kinda, like, hafta talk. Are you  
seriously that stupid?

BRIANNA

You're gonna get it, Erin.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Trust me. When you least  
expect it. Dumb bitch.

DYLAN

(back to Brianna)  
Put the window up! Jesus  
Christ.

Brianna shakes her head, then raises the window.

\*

ERIN

We need to schedule his ear  
surgery. The doctor said if he  
keeps gettin' infections, he could  
have hearing loss. Did you talk to  
your parents?

DYLAN

Don't bring my parents into this.

\*

\*

DYLAN (CONT'D)

They do enough for him  
already.

ERIN

You just said you were gonna  
talk to them about helpin' --

DYLAN

Way more than your dad. If I gotta  
pay more money, it's gotta go  
through the court. That's what we  
decided.

ERIN

But that's gonna take forever. Can  
we just get the surgery done --

ERIN (CONT'D)

-- an' make sure that he's  
okay an' then --

DYLAN

I don't have \$1,800 to meet  
the deductible, Erin.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

How many times do I have to tell  
you that?

The CAR HORN HONKS. Brianna's getting restless. **BEEP! BEEP!**  
**BEEP! BEEEEEP! BEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEP!** Dylan sighs, aggravated.

(CONTINUED)

B17

CONTINUED: (2)

B17

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Everything needs to go through the court. I gotta go.

Dylan climbs into the car. Erin watches the Bronco reverse out of the driveway, then ROARS off down the street. She remains in the driveway a long, lonely moment before turning back and walking inside.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

17

INT. GILBERT'S PET SHOP - DAY

17

Mare follows the congenial STORE OWNER, 70s, down the reptile aisle. He points out a big, shiny aquarium kit box --

STORE OWNER

This is the *AmphibianLife 1500* here. It's got a UVB heating kit and a --

MARE

I just need something simple, really. It's a baby turtle.

STORE OWNER

The *Oasis Habitat's* another nice set-up.

Mare glimpses the price: **\$149.99**. *Not a fucking chance.*

MARE

I think even simpler. I doubt the turtle's gonna live very long.

STORE OWNER

You'd be surprised. My mother's turtle outlived her.

MARE

If it's taken care of, sure. If ya feed it and give it clean water and make sure it's not swimmin' in its own filth.

Owner looks at Mare, visibly appalled. *What exactly do you plan on doing with the animal? Torturing it?* She sees the repulsion and backtracks now.

MARE (CONT'D)

It's for my grandson. He's four and has trouble focusing on tasks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

17

CONTINUED:

17

MARE (CONT'D)

I just, I don't think we need all  
the bells and whistles is all.

STORE OWNER

Alright. Have a look around. I'll  
be up front.

Disgusted, Owner wanders off. Alone, Mare appraises the kits  
when her cell BUZZES. She slips it out of the case, answers --

MARE

This is Mare.

18

INT. BETH HANLON'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

18

Officer Trammel stands beside a SHATTERED TROPHY CASE. The  
homeowner, BETH HANLON, 43, stocky, sits at the kitchen  
table, head-down, forlornly smoking a Parliament.

INTERCUT MARE AND OFFICER TRAMMEL

OFFICER TRAMMEL

Hey, Sarg, it's Officer Trammel. We  
got a burglary at 535 Argyle Road.

BETH HANLON

Just tell her it's Beth  
Hanlon's house.

OFFICER TRAMMEL (CONT'D)

I'm gonna need you out to  
process the scene.

MARE

What happened?

OFFICER TRAMMEL

Homeowner came home to find a  
trophy case smashed and some sports  
memorabilia missin' --

BETH HANLON

It's Freddie again, Mare.  
Bein' his fuckin' asshole  
self.

OFFICER TRAMMEL (CONT'D)

She thinks maybe it's her  
brother.

OFFICER TRAMMEL (CONT'D)

She caught him shootin' up in the  
basement last night and threw him  
out. Name's Freddie Hanlon.

MARE

Alright. Tell Beth I'm on my way.



19 INT. GILBERT'S PET SHOP - DAY

19

Mare hangs up, then notices a *Basic Aquarium Kit* that looks as though it's been sitting on the shelf since the 70s. **FOR SALE \$39.99. Perfect!** She snatches it.

20 INT/EXT. MARE'S CHEVY TAHOE - DRIVING - DAY

20

Mare drives through a residential neighborhood of analogous Cape Cods. Her cell buzzes: '**Frank Calling...**' She knows he'll just keep calling and calling, so she answers this time on the bluetooth --

MARE

Hey.

FRANK (ON BLUETOOTH)

(cheery)

Hey, Mare. How's your mornin' goin' so far?

MARE

Well I just wasted the last half hour pickin' out an aquarium for the turtle you and Drew brought home yesterday.

FRANK (ON BLUETOOTH)

He seems excited about it. I think it'll be good for him. Give him somethin' to look after.

MARE

That's what you said about the lizard. Two weeks later I was flushin' it down the toilet.

FRANK (ON BLUETOOTH)

Did you really flush it down the toilet?

MARE

(yes I did)

I'm busy, Frank.

FRANK (ON BLUETOOTH)

Okay. Alright. I won't hold ya up then, I just... well I wanted to let ya know that last night --

Outside, MARE GLIMPSES A THIN MAN WITH A BACKPACK HOPPING OVER A BACKYARD FENCE. She recognizes him as FREDDIE HANLON, 44, the burglary suspect.

(CONTINUED)

20

CONTINUED:

20

FRANK (ON BLUETOOTH) (CONT'D)  
-- Faye and I, well we --

Mare drops the call, reverses, snatches her radio --

MARE  
75-51 Delcom, I got eyes on the  
burglary suspect. 200 block of  
Glenn Riddle, headin' east. Black  
male in blue jeans and a grey  
sweatshirt --  
(rolls down her window,  
call outside)  
FREDDIE! FREDDIE HANLON!

Freddie stops, sees Mare. A moment. Then he TAKES OFF!

MARE (CONT'D)  
Shit!

Mare flips on her lights, whips into a u-turn, flies up a  
driveway and --

21

INT/EXT. MARE'S CHEVY TAHOE - DRIVEWAY - DAY

21

**ERRRRRR!** The TAHOE SCREECHES TO A HALT! Mare's out the door --

MARE  
(into radio)  
75-51 foot pursuit! Headin' North  
on Fulbrook!

-- running into a backyard, keeping Freddie in her sights.

WE HEAR CHATTER OVER THE RADIO, OFFICERS RESPONDING to the  
dispatcher's call as Mare -- an ex-athlete -- CHASES Freddie  
through backyards, quickly gaining on him. She hops over  
fences, dips under clotheslines, skirts around above-ground  
pools as POLICE SIRENS FILL THE AIR NOW. She leaps over  
another fence and TWISTS HER ANKLE badly as she lands --

MARE (CONT'D)  
Goddamnit -- fuckin' thing -- !

She hops around, clutching her ankle. KICKS the shit out of  
the fence as if it injured her on purpose. Up ahead, she  
watches as Freddie slips inside the side door of a home. She  
hobbles off in that direction, grimacing.

22 INT. FREDDIE HANLON'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS/UPSTAIRS/BATHROOM - 22  
DAY

Mare enters through the side door. The place is a shambles, but what strikes her most is the cold. She glances at the thermostat: **44 degrees**. Moving deeper into the space, she notices drops of blood on the carpet, leading up the stairs.

Just then, OFFICER TRAMMEL steps in through the front door and draws his pistol. Knowing Freddie, Mare waves him off: *you won't need it*. Trammel holsters the Glock.

WE TRACK MARE AND TRAMMEL UP THE STEPS... following the blood trail down the hallway to a closed bedroom door. Mare tries the knob. Locked. She KNOCKS.

MARE

Freddie. Freddie, it's Mare. Come on out so we can get a look at where the blood's comin' from.

(no response)

I'm givin' ya two minutes, Freddie. Then I gotta call in the K-9. And trust me you don't want that dog in here. He's 11-years-old and I think his mind's startin' to leave him. I saw him take a chunk outta someone's calf the size of a crabapple last month. Two minutes. Alright, Freddie?

Still no response. Mare staggers down the hall. Officer Trammel follows her into a --

BATHROOM

where Mare plops down on the lip of the bathtub. She loosens the laces of her Asics, peels down her athletic sock and examines her ankle. It's already swollen.

MARE (CONT'D)

Will you get me some water?

Trammel fills a small paper cup at the sink and offers it to Mare. She's about to drink it when she notices Trammel's condition. He's ghost-white and breathing heavily.

MARE (CONT'D)

You alright?

OFFICER TRAMMEL

Yeah, it's just... the sight a blood... ever since I was kid...

(CONTINUED)

MARE

Maybe you shoulda thought about  
that before becomin' a cop.

OFFICER TRAMMEL

Yeah, I just... thought it was  
somethin' I could overcome, but...  
seein' it now -- whew --

MARE

Well don't look at it then.

Trammel nods. But the damage is done and he seems on the edge  
of passing out.

MARE (CONT'D)

Siddown. Hurry up. Put your head  
between your knees and squeeze both  
your fists.

Trammel sits on the toilet and does as he's told. Mare hands  
him the cup of water now. He drinks it quickly, then shivers.

OFFICER TRAMMEL

It's freezin' in here, isn't it?

Mare pulls a shower towel off the rack and drapes it over  
Trammel's shoulders.

MARE

(trying to distract him)  
You from the area, or -- ?

OFFICER TRAMMEL

Atlantic City.

MARE

How'd you make it up here?

OFFICER TRAMMEL

Graduated from Temple. Met my wife  
there. Her family's from Chester.

MARE

Kids?

OFFICER TRAMMEL

First one the way. Little boy. How  
about you, Sarg?

MARE

One. A daughter.

(CONTINUED)

FREDDIE HANLON (O.C.)  
Mare? Mare, you still out there?

MARE  
(to Trammel)  
You okay?

Trammel nods. Flimsily.

FREDDIE HANLON (O.C.)  
Mare, goddamnit, you out there!?

MARE  
I'm comin'! Jesus! Hold on!

Mare aids Trammel to his feet. WE FOLLOW THEM -- Mare's limping -- back down the hallway to the bedroom door.

MARE (CONT'D)  
What'd we decide, Freddie?

FREDDIE HANLON (O.C.)  
I'm comin' out. I don't want that retarded pooch tearin' up my house.

MARE  
Smart man. Lemme see your hands.

Freddie's dirty, calloused fingers slide out from under the door. A few are bloody. Trammel recoils at the sight of blood and has to steady himself against the wall.

MARE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna open the door now. Keep your hands on the carpet, Freddie.  
(to Trammel)  
Wait out here.

Mare pushes the bedroom door open. Freddie, a bearded, baggy-eyed opioid addict, awkwardly tries to keep his hands on the carpet as the door comes towards him and pushes him back --

FREDDIE HANLON  
This is fuckin' awkward, Mare -- I can't keep my hands --

FREDDIE HANLON (CONT'D)  
-- on the floor with that door comin' at me!

MARE  
Alright just stand up for Chrissakes.

Freddie stands. Mare cuffs him, then sits him down on the edge of the unmade bed. She grabs a t-shirt off the dresser and wraps Freddie's bloody hand with it.

(CONTINUED)

MARE (CONT'D)

Where's the stuff you stole?

FREDDIE HANLON

What stuff I stole?

(off Mare's *are-you-fucking-kidding-me* look)

Under the bed.

MARE

Trammel, get in here.

Trammel enters cautiously. He sees the bloody hand covered and slackens with relief.

MARE (CONT'D)

Check under the bed.

He does and retrieves the backpack. Unzips it now revealing autographed baseballs and prized baseball cards inside cases.

Mare escorts a handcuffed Freddie out of the house. Trammel follows with the backpack. A few NEIGHBORS have come out of their homes and observe from their front steps.

MARE

Why's your house so cold, Freddie?

FREDDIE HANLON

Gas company shut me off.

MARE

They're not allowed to between November and March.

FREDDIE HANLON

That's what I told the cocksuckers, but those fuckin' assholes --

Before Freddie can finish his sentence -- **CRACK!** BETH HANLON BLINDSIDES him with a right cross!

TIMMY HANLON

Hey!! The hell'd you do that for, Beth!?

BETH HANLON

You piece of shit! Fuckin' smackhead dirtbag!

Beth SLAPS Freddie again. Hard. All her pent-up frustration and anger exploding like a geyser. Mare gets between them --

MARE  
(to Trammel)  
Get him in the car!

Trammel peels off with Freddie while Mare wraps her arms around Beth. She ferries her over to the curb and sits her down.

MARE (CONT'D)  
Take a breather, Bethy. Come on.

Beth takes a moment to master her breathing, then slips out a pack of Parliaments and lights one. Takes a long drag. Her anger gradually gives way to utter defeat and hopelessness.

BETH HANLON  
I can't take it no more, Mare. He  
owned his own business once --

MARE  
I know --

BETH HANLON  
His wife an' kids are gone --

MARE  
I know. I know, Bethy --

BETH HANLON  
It's just -- when's it finally  
gonna be enough, yunno?

MARE  
...you gonna press charges?  
(Beth shakes her head  
'no')  
There's no heat inside. Can he stay  
at your place?

BETH HANLON  
I can't. Terrence will kill him  
when he finds out what he did this  
time... I'm ashamed a myself for  
sayin' it, but I wish he'd just  
die. I really do. Get it over with.

Mare remains with Beth for a few moments, rubbing her back. Finally, she stands and wanders back to Trammel's Cruiser. The rear door's open and Freddie's in the backseat.

MARE  
We're gonna take ya to Riddle to  
get your hand stitched up.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23

CONTINUED: (2)

23

MARE (CONT'D)

Then Officer Trammel's gonna drive  
you to the shelter for the weekend  
while we work on gettin' your heat  
turned back on.

FREDDIE HANLON

I aint sleepin' in no shelter.

MARE

Well your sister's not takin' you  
in.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



23

CONTINUED: (3)

23

MARE (CONT'D)

So your options are you sleep in  
the house an' freeze your balls  
off, or you go to the shelter with  
a bed and a blanket and a hot meal.

FREDDIE HANLON

...alright.

MARE

Alright the shelter or alright I'll  
freeze my balls off?

FREDDIE HANLON

Alright the fuckin' shelter. Jesus.

MARE

(to Trammel)

Take him to Riddle, then drive him  
to Saint Michael's. Tell Father  
Hastings I sent him. And call PECO  
Gas. Let them know they're breakin'  
the law and unless they want us to  
notify the Public Utilities  
Commission on them, they're gonna  
put his heat back on.

Trammel nods. Mare grabs the backpack off the ground and  
wanders back toward Beth who is now wiping tears from her  
eyes. Mare helps her up off the curb.

MARE (CONT'D)

Come on. I'll walk ya back to your  
car.

Off Mare and Beth walking down the street together...

24

INT/EXT. ERIN MCMENAMIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - EVENING

24

**DING!** Erin removes a Stouffer's Mac & Cheese tray from the  
microwave. Stirs the gluey cheese and noodles around.

Headlights sweep across the window. Erin glances outside as  
her father's weathered FORD PICK-UP TRUCK rolls into the  
driveway. She takes a moment, as she does every time he comes  
home, to steel herself for his arrival.

After a moment, the front door opens and KENNY MCMENAMIN, 42,  
a stocky, tattooed mechanic, enters. Hangs his flannel jacket  
on a hook and steps into the kitchen. Kenny's a bitter, cruel  
man, especially when he drinks, which commences the moment he  
returns from work and ceases only when he passes out.

(CONTINUED)

ERIN  
Hey, Dad. You hungry?

Kenny doesn't respond. Just takes a can of Yuengling out of the refrigerator, walks out to the screened-in porch and lights a cigarette.

Erin grabs her iPhone, scrolls to '**Brendan**' in the contacts and types a text:

***what time will u be at the woods tonite?***

She puts the phone down and sets the kitchen table. Grabs a chilled 76ers mug from the freezer and pours Kenny another Yuengling. Opens the oven door now and uses a spatula to slide two Ellio's Pizza squares onto paper plates.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Alright dinner's up.

Kenny returns and sits down at the table beside Erin. She scoops some Mac & Cheese onto his plate.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Did you have a good day at work?

KENNY

(a dark chuckle)

I'd like you to come to work with me once and see if you can find anything good about it.

ERIN

Can I maybe use your truck tonight?  
Some of my friends are --

KENNY

What happened last time you drove my truck? Huh?

(off Erin's silence)

Yeah. Then you tried to be all sneaky an' not tell me about it. As if I wasn't gonna fuckin' notice the scratches.

Kenny bites into his pizza. So hot it scalds the roof of his mouth! He angrily shoves his chair away from the table.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Shit -- god-fuckin'-damnit, Erin!

ERIN

Sorry. I shoulda told you I just took it outta the oven.

(CONTINUED)

Kenny paces. Erin tenses, fearing a reprisal. He likes to slap her. But the tension dissolves and he returns to his seat. A few moments pass as they eat, then --

KENNY

Did you talk to shit-for-brains  
about gettin' the kid's ears fixed?

ERIN

Mmm hmm. He stopped over earlier.  
He's gonna pay for the surgery.

KENNY

He said that?  
(Erin nods)  
Good. 'Cause I'm payin' for the  
wipes an' the diapers an' the  
formula.

ERIN

I know you are, dad --

KENNY

All for his son. An' I'm not payin'  
for nothin' else.

ERIN

I know you're not. And Dylan said  
he'd take care of it.

Erin's too honest to be a good liar and she watches Kenny a moment, hoping she's sold this one successfully. A text DINGS on her iPhone from '**Brendan**':

**10. cant wait to c u! XOXOXO**

She smiles privately: a light at the end of the tunnel.

CLOSE ON: A STACK OF CASE FILES, each adorned with colored tabs and meticulously written labels.

WIDER NOW REVEALS Mare sitting at her desk, reviewing a file on KATIE BAILEY. She skims through highlighted statements, then PHOTOS OF KATIE. OLDER PHOTOS depict a pretty, happy young girl...but a recent MUG SHOT features the drowsy eyes and grungy hair of a woman ruined by heroin abuse.

\*

A KNOCK at the door.

\*

(CONTINUED)

25

CONTINUED:

25

MARE

Come in.

Chief Carter steps in, hands Mare a stack of new 'Missing' flyers of Katie Bailey.

CHIEF CARTER

New flyers.

He's about to leave when --

MARE

You know I've done my job here.

CHIEF CARTER

I do. And I bet Dawn Bailey does, too. But it's never gonna be enough 'til she finds out what happened to her daughter. So that's what we're gonna do. Right?

The challenge hangs a moment. Carter exits.

A TRAIN CHARGES BY OUTSIDE. The office walls RATTLE, items on the desk TREMBLE. Mare stares down at the PHOTO OF KATIE on the new flyer, wondering, 'Where the hell are you?'

26

EXT. OLD KNOWLTON ROAD - WIDE - ESTABLISHING - TWILIGHT

26

A GROUP OF YOUNG BOYS play a game of football in a cul-de-sac. They scatter into the neighboring lawns like a broken rack of pool balls when Mare's Tahoe rolls down the street.

The Tahoe swings into the driveway of a red brick and siding Colonial built in the 1960s. A '**We Support Our Police, Fire & EMS**' sign is planted in the front garden.

27

INT. MARE'S HOUSE - DEN/KITCHEN - TWILIGHT

27

Mare enters just in time to catch her grandson, DREW, 4, leap off the couch into a tower of pillows as he shouts *Cowabunga!* He's a spirited, hyperactive child with sensory issues.

MARE

Hey hey -- are you friggin' crazy?!  
Remember what happened the last  
time you jumped off the couch?

DREW

What?

(CONTINUED)

MARE

You had a bump on your head the  
size of a grapefruit. I got this  
for your new pet.

She shows him the discount aquarium kit she purchased  
earlier. He runs to it, excited to begin, but Mare pulls the  
box away before he can snatch it.

MARE (CONT'D)

Go an' get your pajamas on first.  
Then Siobhan will help you put it  
together.

Drew excitedly races up the steps. Mare continues into the --

KITCHEN

where, at the table, her mother HELEN, 70, an opinionated,  
stubborn, devout Catholic, sits across from FATHER DAN  
HASTINGS, 47, a progressive, inclusive Augustinian priest,  
and the pastor of Saint Michael's Parish in Easttown. They're  
drinking Manhattans. Mare leans down, hugs Father Dan --

MARE (CONT'D)

You here to guilt me into returning  
to the Church again, Danny?

FATHER DAN

No I gave up on that a while ago.

MARE

(to Helen, re: Drew)  
Are you even watchin' him out  
there? He's jumpin' off the couch  
like it's a diving board.

HELEN

(halfheartedly calls into  
the now-empty den)  
The couch isn't a divin' board,  
Andrew. Knock it off.

Mare rolls her eyes. She fills a Ziploc bag with cubes of ice  
from the freezer and hops up onto the counter. Takes off her  
sneaker and sets the ice down on her black-and-blue ankle.

HELEN (CONT'D)

(re: her ankle)  
What happened, Mare?

MARE

Freddie broke into Bethy's house  
again.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (3)

27

MARE (CONT'D)

(to Father Dan)

Did he come by the shelter this  
afternoon?

(CONTINUED)

FATHER DAN

Deacon Mark made sure he had a bed  
for the weekend.

\*

Father Dan grabs Helen's empty glass, approaches the counter  
and begins making another round of Manhattans.

HELEN

Poor Bethy. She must be beside  
herself with all'a this.

FATHER DAN

How's she holding up, Mare?

MARE

Well her mom's got Parkinson's and  
her brother's smashin' her kids  
piggy banks to buy Dilaudid. I  
think she's wonderin' where the  
hell God is in her life. Do you  
have an answer I could pass along?

FATHER DAN

That depends on what her view of  
God is. Merton says, *'Our idea of  
God tells us more about ourselves  
than about Him.'*

MARE

(regards him askance,  
then)

When you're up at the altar,  
preachin' to the congregation, do  
you ever get the feeling no one's  
listening?

FATHER DAN

Every. Single. Day.

Dan gives the drinks a final stir, then carries them back to  
the table. Mare notices Helen's dressed for a night out.

MARE

What're you all dressed up for  
anyway, mom? I thought you weren't  
coming to my ceremony.

A look passes between Helen and Father Dan: *she doesn't know?*

HELEN

Did you speak to Frank at all this  
morning?

(CONTINUED)



27

CONTINUED: (5)

27

MARE

I hung up on him earlier. Why?

(CONTINUED)

HELEN

Well, he's havin' all of us over  
for a rib roast. To celebrate his  
engagement to Faye.

*His engagement to Faye...* The news was inevitable. But now  
that the ring's been placed, the finality hits Mare harder  
than she imagined.

HELEN (CONT'D)

He said he was gonna tell you --

MARE

Well he didn't.  
(long beat, then)  
How long have you known about it?

HELEN

A few weeks.

MARE

A few weeks!?

FATHER DAN

I'm innocent. I found out  
this morning.

MARE

And you didn't say anything!?

HELEN

It wasn't my secret to share.

MARE

Yes it was. I'm your daughter.

We hear the FRONT DOOR OPEN.

FRANK (O.C.)

Helen, do you have any oregano? I  
forgot to pick some up at the Acme.

FRANK SHEEHAN, 43, an affable math teacher at Easttown High  
School, Mare's ex and now next door neighbor, enters the  
kitchen wearing a cable sweater and corduroys. He and Mare  
married at age 20 and whatever passion flame existed between  
them blew out soon after. But they stayed together for the  
kids, sharing little more than a bed and a savings account.  
And they'd still be together if the disaster never happened.

Frank freezes at the sight of Mare.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Oh. Mare. You're home.

(CONTINUED)

MARE

Do you have something you need to confess?

FRANK

Well. I uhh... Faye and I, we --

HELEN

I already told her, Frank, so --

MARE

Nice of you to let me know.

FRANK

I tried callin' a few times --

MARE

Did you get down on one knee?  
Because you skipped that part when  
we got engaged. You just handed me  
the ring and said, 'I know you've  
been expecting this, so...'

FRANK

I was twenty years old then, Mare.  
I didn't do a lotta things right.

MARE

So she's gettin' the better version  
of you? Is that it?

FRANK

Frank Sheehan 2.0.

FATHER DAN

She's a good woman, Frank. We all  
like Faye very much.

MARE

We all?

HELEN

Mare.

MARE

What? She won't even look me in the  
eyes, mom.

FATHER DAN

I won't even look you in the eyes  
and I'm your cousin.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED: (8)

27

MARE  
(to Frank, choking on it)  
Well, congratulations.

FRANK  
Thanks, Mare.

Frank motions to leave when --

MARE  
You forgot the oregano.

Mare reaches her hand back and flips open a cabinet. Frank nears, charily, and takes a jar of oregano out.

FRANK  
I'll see ya in a little bit.

HELEN

We'll be over shortly.

FATHER DAN

See ya, Frank.

We hear the door open and close as Frank leaves. Everyone's quiet, waiting for a reaction out of Mare. Finally --

MARE  
Of all the houses he could move  
into, he has to buy the one *right*  
*behind* me?

HELEN  
From what I hear, he got a good  
deal on it.

MARE  
(glares at Helen --not the  
fuckin' point -- then)  
And since when is he a cook?

FATHER DAN  
It's Frank Sheehan 2.0. He just  
needed a good woman to bring out  
the best of him.

Helen stifles a laugh. Mare fixes her with a savage look, then fires the bag of ice cubes into the sink, hops down from the counter and totters out of the kitchen.

28

INT. UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

28

Mare makes her way down the hallway and hears MUSIC shouting from a nearby bedroom. Annoyed, she FOLLOWS THE NOISE over to a --

(CONTINUED)

## BEDROOM DOOR

which she opens revealing her daughter SIOBHAN, 18. She's dressed in a private school uniform -- maroon sweater and plaid skirt -- and her head's buzzed on one side, long auburn hair flopped over to the other. If she looks rebellious, she's anything but. A Neko Case song plays from a laptop computer perched on her desk. Compassionate, bright, emotionally astute -- Siobhan is the strongest mooring in this very broken family. Presently, she's sitting on her bed, putting together a RECORDER while DREW kneels on the floor unpacking the discount aquarium kit.

MARE

(over the MUSIC)

Siobhan. Siobhan!

SIOBHAN

(looks up finally, turns  
the music down)

Huh?

MARE

I got a message from Drew's school  
this mornin', askin' about his  
concert tomorrow --

SIOBHAN

I'm getting his recorder together  
now.

DREW

Can you help me put this fish  
house together, Siobhan?

MARE

Does he even know how to play  
that thing?

\* \*

SIOBHAN

(to Drew)

Inna minute.

(back to Mare)

Yes, mom. He knows how to play. You  
blow into it, move your fingers,  
and look cute. He'll be fine.

DREW

What do I start with, Siobhan?

MARE

Did you know about your father and  
Faye?

SIOBHAN

(to Drew)

Put the rocks in the bottom first  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

28

CONTINUED: (2)

28

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

(back to Mare)

Yes I knew. I helped him plan it.

(CONTINUED)

MARE

So everyone's havin' dinner over there -- 'cause he's a big cook all of a sudden -- and no one's comin' to my ceremony? Is that it?

SIOBHAN

You told us you didn't want us at the ceremony. Do you not remember sayin' how stupid the whole thing was at the dinner the other night?

Seeking to shift the subject away from her own hypocrisy, Mare spots COLLEGE APPLICATIONS on Siobhan's desk -- UPenn, Bryn Mawr, Haverford, Swarthmore, et al.

MARE

Where are we with applications?

SIOBHAN

They're not due 'til January 15th.

MARE

It's the 10th, Siobhan!

MARE (CONT'D)

Just get them in on time. Okay? There's a reason I sent you to Gardner Academy --

SIOBHAN

I know it's the 10th. And they have to be postmarked by the 15th.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Because I got a scholarship?

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

I was fine going to Easttown with all my friends --

MARE

Because doors would be open --

MARE (CONT'D)

-- that weren't open for people like your father and I.

SIOBHAN

Dad seems to be doin' fine with all the closed doors. Especially now that he and Faye made it official.

It's a jab. Mare eats it. If she's come for a fight, she's gonna get one. Siobhan has the best qualities of her parents-- her father's kindness and her mother's tenacity.

MARE

Get the applications in on time, Siobhan.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

MARE (CONT'D)

One day -- 5, 10, 15 years from now  
when you're happy and employed and  
far away from here, you'll thank me  
for --

(CONTINUED)



28

CONTINUED: (5)

28

MARE (CONT'D)  
 -- pushing you so hard and  
 makin' sure the right doors  
 were open --

SIOBHAN  
 I was planning on living here  
 with you the rest of my life.

MARE (CONT'D)  
 -- so quit trying so goddamn hard  
 to screw it up.

Mare stalks off. Siobhan sighs -- her mother's exasperating --  
 then sits down on the floor and helps Drew with the aquarium.

A29

OMITTED

A29 \*

29

EXT. CASTLEWOOD APARTMENTS - EASTTOWN - NIGHT

29

A rundown, seedy complex. Erin pedals her bike through the  
 parking lot and arrives at a building. She locks up her bike  
 on the rack and enters a building.

30

OMITTED

30

31

INT. JESS RILEY'S APARTMENT - JESS' BEDROOM - NIGHT

31

Erin sits beside her best friend, JESS, 16, both staring at  
 a laptop computer. While Erin's other friends distanced  
 themselves at the news of her pregnancy, Jess drew closer,  
 stronger, knowing just how fragile and lonely a creature Erin  
 is. They're looking at pictures of BRENDAN -- Erin's new  
 potential beau -- on Instagram. PHOTOS show a handsome  
 roughneck smoking with friends, hugging a dog on a couch,  
 riding an ATV, et al.

ERIN  
 He's cute, right?

JESS  
 How long have you even known him?

ERIN  
 We've been textin' back and forth  
 for, like, three weeks now. Do you  
 know what he said to me the other  
 night? *I want you to dance again.*  
 And that, like, seriously almost  
 made me cry, cause you know how  
 much I miss dancin'. It was, like,  
 the *one thing* my mom and I always  
 did together when she was alive.

\*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*  
 \*

(CONTINUED)

JESS

Where are you meetin' him anyway?

ERIN

Sharp's Woods.

JESS

Seriously? You know Brianna and her Bitch Crew are gonna be there.

ERIN

She came by the house with Dylan earlier and started goin' off on me for textin' Dylan.

JESS

Did you?

ERIN

No. Maybe.

JESS

Erin. Geez --

ERIN

I was lonely one night. Brendan wasn't textin' me back, so I sent Dylan one message. Something stupid, like, *'I miss when we used to sneak up to your parents' attic.'*

Jess shakes her head. Erin's been dealt a shitty hand in life, but sometimes she doesn't help herself either.

JESS

Can't you just meet him somewhere else? I don't know, I'd stay away from Brianna if I were you.

ERIN

It's fine. We're not gonna stay there all night. Besides, maybe if she sees me with another guy she'll leave me alone.

Jess regards Erin a moment. Seeing the hope in her eyes, she stands and calls out the bedroom door --

\*

(CONTINUED)

JESS

Mom, can you come in here?

A moment later, TRISHA RILEY, 40, a caring, devoted single mother and local hairdresser, arrives at the doorway.

TRISHA

What's up, babe?

JESS

Erin's got a big date tonight.

Trisha brightens, moves behind Erin.

TRISHA

A big date, huh?

(Erin nods)

Jess, will you go and get my make-up case outta my bathroom?

Jess goes. Trisha musses Erin's hair as her stylist's eye arranges every arrow in her quiver. As she does, she notices ERIN'S EARRINGS. THEY'RE CATS.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

Cats? Really?

ERIN

(an embarrassed laugh)

My mom got 'em for me.

TRISHA

And they're awesome. Like, who doesn't love cat earrings? Just maybe not for a date?

Erin grudgingly removes the cat earrings and sets them in Trisha's palm.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

What about these instead?

Trisha slips off her own GOLD EARRINGS. She pulls Erin's hair away from her face and holds the earrings up to her earlobes. They look like miniature chandeliers.

TRISHA (CONT'D)

He's not even gonna recognize you when I'm finished.

WE PUSH IN ON ERIN, beaming with possibility...

32

INT./EXT. FRANK'S HOME - BACKYARD / BACK PORCH - NIGHT

32 \*

Helen, Father Dan, Siobhan and Drew step out of Mare's house. Siobhan's carrying Drew on her shoulders while Drew keeps the baby turtle in a shoebox. Father Dan and Helen hold gifts for the engaged couple. They cross the street...

FATHER DAN

Where'd you find that turtle, Drew?

DREW

In the creek. Sitting on a rock.

FATHER DAN

Did you give him a name yet?

SIOBHAN

Right now Watermelon and Rainbow are the front runners.

(CONTINUED)

DREW

And Fart-Smeller.  
(laughs at himself)

HELEN

Cut it with the fart crap, Andrew.

...and arrive at FRANK'S HOUSE. It's just across the street  
and two houses down from Mare's.

Siobhan sets Drew down.

SIOBHAN

I'll be inside in a bit.

Helen, Father Dan and Drew enter the home while SIOBHAN CONTINUES AROUND THE SIDE OF THE HOUSE to a DETACHED GARAGE where her bandmates (and best friends) in the punk band *Androgynous* are tuning their instruments for a practice session. They are:

-- BECCA LYNCH, 18, Siobhan's girlfriend and the lead guitarist. A punk rocker with a dark sense of humor.

-- GEOFF GABEHEART, 18, drums. A heavysset wiseass.

-- NATHAN FORDE, 18, bass guitar. Thoughtful, handsome.

SIOBHAN (CONT'D)

Hey.

NATHAN

Hey, Sibbs.

GABEHEART

What up.

Siobhan and Becca share a kiss.

BECCA

Your dad's so happy. Like he seriously can't stop smiling.

SIOBHAN

(to Gabeheart on his cell)  
What're you lookin' at?

GABEHEART

My cousin's hittin' up the dispensary tomorrow for us. I'm perusing the edibles menu.

SIOBHAN

Anything but what we got last time.

GABEHEART

You weren't into the Rasta Reeces?

(CONTINUED)

SIOBHAN

I was fine with it. Becca on the other hand.

BECCA

That was a shit batch.

NATHAN

Maybe eatin', like, 70 of them wasn't the best idea.

BECCA

Or maybe Gabeheart bought junk --

GABEHEART

Junk my fat ass! My cousin's like a fuckin' ninja with this shit.

BECCA

Your cousin's a ninja? Wow. I always thought he was just a douche --

Siobhan wraps her arms around Becca --

SIOBHAN

Calm down calm down --

GABEHEART

A ninja with *this shit*, I'm saying.

GABEHEART (CONT'D)

He's a scientist. Like an actual, like, plant scientist --

NATHAN

A botanist.

GABEHEART

A what?

SIOBHAN

Alright chill out. Both of you. There are no weed ninjas and maybe you should refrain from eating a whole bag next time.

BECCA

Thank you, mom.

SIOBHAN

You're welcome, dear.

Just then, Frank steps out of the home and wheels a Coleman cooler into the garage. The BAND CHEERS and CLAPS.

(CONTINUED)

For the tenth time. Frank blushes and begins filling it with beer and soda cans from the back-up refrigerator. Siobhan assists him.

FRANK

Thanks, sweetheart... How's your mother taking the news?

SIOBHAN

Don't worry about mom tonight, dad. She's goin' to the game with Lori. All her friends will be there and she'll be in her glory. There's nothin' Mare Sheehan loves more than bein' the hero.

Just then, FAYE, 45, Frank's fiancé, a simple, warm-hearted widow, opens the side door of the home.

FAYE

Frank, will you put some Diet Cokes in there, too, please?

The band members notice Faye. CLAPS and FINGER-WHISTLES ensue. Faye, severely allergic to attention, blushes. Gabeheart raises a DRUMROLL on the snare.

NATHAN

Ladies and gentlemen, the future Mr. & Mrs. Frank Sheeeeeeehan!

GABEHEART, NATHAN & BECCA

Kiss her!

SIOBHAN

Kiss her, dad!

Frank crosses to Faye. The two share a coy kiss in the doorway. Everyone CLAPS. Off Siobhan, watching her dad. Happier than she's seen him in a very long time.

INT/EXT. MARE'S HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM / FRANK'S HOUSE - BACK PORCH - NIGHT

Mare's finishing getting dressed for the ceremony as she sips on a Rolling Rock. Her outfit is the same as the one she had on earlier, albeit with slightly different colors. Style isn't her forte. As she buttons her blouse, she hears SIOBHAN SINGING and crosses to the window which affords an unobstructed view of Frank's house. The BAND PLAYS SPIRITEDLY in the screened-in porch. Through the bay window, Frank and Faye celebrate with friends.

*Her family without her...*

A34 EXT. ROSS HOME - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

A34

A charming, well-maintained Colonial built in the 60s. An American flag waves off the portico. A Chevy Silverado and a Rav-4 sit in the driveway.

Mare's Tahoe arrives at the curb. Mare steps out.

34 INT. ROSS HOME - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

34

Mare enters without knocking. RYAN ROSS, 12, a shy, sensitive boy, sits on the sectional doing math homework.

MARE  
(rubs his head)  
Hey, Ry.

RYAN  
Hi.

MARE  
Homework already? It's Friday.

RYAN  
I just don't wanna get behind.

MARE  
Alright. Give yourself a little  
break sometimes.

Mare slips off her jacket, sets it down on a recliner as she crosses into the kitchen where MOIRA, 15 with Down Syndrome, is filling a plastic cup with Pepsi.

MARE (CONT'D)  
How are ya, Moira-girl?

MOIRA  
Hi, Mare.

Mare hugs Moira. Tightly. She feels protective of her.

MARE  
Anyone givin' you any trouble at  
school?

MOIRA  
No.

MARE  
You're not lyin' to me, are ya?

(CONTINUED)



MOIRA

No. Everyone's really nice.

MARE

Good. Cause if they're not I'll  
come over an' arrest them.

Moira moves off into the den and sits down before the TV.  
Mare lifts a slice of pizza from the box on the range and  
bites into it when JOHN ROSS, 43, a brawny, magnanimous  
contractor, enters from the hall --

JOHN

Hey, Mare.

MARE

Did you know about the engagement?

As he slides on a field coat, John tries to conjure a lie to  
avoid Mare's ire --

MARE (CONT'D)

You're a shitty liar, John.

JOHN

Frank said he wanted to tell you  
himself, so --

MARE

Well he didn't. I found out from my  
mom an hour ago.

Just then, LORI ROSS, 43, steps in, basket of laundry under  
her arm. She's been Mare's best friend since they were four  
years old. Lori sets the basket down in front of the basement  
door, then regards Mare a sympathetic moment --

LORI

How ya holdin' up?

Mare shrugs. Lori opens the fridge, hands her a Rolling Rock.

LORI (CONT'D)

Here. Get started.

JOHN

Alright we're gonna ahead over to  
Frank's.

Mare rolls her eyes: *Is everyone in town going to Frank's?*

JOHN (CONT'D)

Let's go, kiddos.

(CONTINUED)

John moves into the den. Helps Moira into her jacket. Ryan puts on his own.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Have fun tonight. Get drunk, Mare.

Mare raises her beer: Amen. John and Lori share a kiss.

LORI

Love ya. Bye, guys.

RYAN & MOIRA

Bye, mom.

JOHN

Love you, too.

John, Moira and Ryan exit. It's just Mare and Lori now.

MARE

So who's comin' tonight anyway?

LORI

Everyone, I think. Stacey even flew in from Arizona.

MARE

I thought she was in San Diego.

LORI

She got married a third time. You 'member that story? I got food poisoning at the rehearsal dinner. Jumbo Shrimp.

(shivers in a dark memory)

Twelve hours. Like a hose squirtin' outta both ends.

Mare laughs. But her laughs fade quicker than usual. Lori notices her melancholy.

MARE

Did you see Dawn on the news?

LORI

I was hopin' you didn't catch that. It's not you, Mare -- she just misses her daughter --

MARE

But does she have amnesia? Has she forgotten that her daughter was a fentanyl addict. Who prostituted herself. In armpits like Kensington and Chester --

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED: (3)

34

LORI

I think she's goin' through a lot --  
with the cancer treatments an' --

MARE

I'd only say this to you, Lor,  
because you're my best friend, but  
we're never gonna find her. Never.  
Katie's a needle in a thousand  
fuckin' haystacks.

LORI

Yeah, I'd keep that to yourself.  
(glances at her watch,  
seeking to change the  
subject)  
Come on, we gotta go. It's 7:35.

MARE

Can we get a drink there? Are they  
puttin' on a reception, or --

LORI

I don't know what the plan is.  
Let's be safe.

Lori removes two cans of Rolling Rock from the refrigerator  
and stuffs them in Mare's pockets.

LORI (CONT'D)

You drink, I'll drive.

Music to Mare's ears.

35

INT. EASTTOWN HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

35

The retractable wood bleachers are filled with a crowd of  
locals. Among the spectators, WE SEE GLENN and BETTY CARROLL,  
JAN and her husband, CHIEF CARTER and his wife. Hanging from  
the rafters is the 1995 GIRLS STATE BASKETBALL TITLE  
CHAMPIONSHIP BANNER.

36

INT. EASTTOWN HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - ON THE COURT - NIGHT 36

It's halftime of the girls basketball game. At center court,  
the ATHLETIC DIRECTOR has the microphone. Behind him, a large  
pull-down screen stands on the baseline.

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

## ATHLETIC DIRECTOR

I'd like to thank everyone for joining us this evening to celebrate the 25th Anniversary of the proudest moment in Easttown sports history -- our state championship season! For those of you too young to remember, we started the state tournament as a 10-seed. No one expected us to have a shot. First we went up to Coatesville. And we beat them. Then to Lansdale. Then to Altoona. And Scranton. Not just our girls, but all of us. We went on buses and vans and trains to cheer them on. We crisscrossed the whole state! And we kept winning because our girls believed! And they carried that belief all the way to the state title game.

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37

INT. STATE CHAMPIONSHIP ARENA - GYMNASIUM - LOCKER ROOM  
TUNNEL - NIGHT

37

The twelve members of the 1995 EASTTOWN WOMEN'S BASKETBALL STATE CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM (including Mare, Lori, PATTY DELRASSO, and Beth Hanlon) wait to be called out. They're all chatting away, catching up, filling in the gaps in each others' lives.

Currently, STACEY WOODLEY, 42, Arizona trophy wife, is bending Mare's ear. With a Saks sheath dress, a golf tan and a \$600 dollar haircut, she sticks out like a sore thumb.

## STACEY WOODLEY

-- you guys really should come out west for a visit, Mare. We have plenty of room. Lor, you've been to my house.

## LORI

Oh yeah, it's somethin' --

## STACEY WOODLEY (CONT'D)

Ten bedrooms.

## STACEY WOODLEY (CONT'D)

With a zero edge pool. Come out in February. Or March? Escape the cold for a long weekend.

## MARE

(how about never?)

Yeah, well, let's all toss around some dates --

(CONTINUED)

STACEY WOODLEY

\*

You remember how much fun we had at  
the wedding, Lor?

LORI

Yeah, that was quite a  
weekend --

MARE

She was just ravin' about the  
jumbo shrimp on the way over.

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR (O.C.)

And now, let's take a look back at  
that magical night together where  
our girls did the impossible.

(CONTINUED)

The lights go dark. Everyone goes silent as the PROJECTOR BEGINS PLAYING CLIPS FROM THE STATE TITLE GAME accompanied by snippets of the game announcers.

WE GO CLOSE ON THE FACES OF THE WOMEN illuminated by the light of the projector. Twenty-five years later, the title is still a point of tremendous pride. Finally --

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
It all comes down to this, folks.  
Easttown down by one with six  
seconds remaining...

ON THE PROJECTOR (THE GAME CLIP PLAYS)

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Everyone in the building knows the  
ball's goin' to Mare Fahey.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
You'd think so. She's played just  
brilliantly tonight.

Lori throws the inbound pass to Mare who is instantly swarmed by two defenders, waving their arms, trying to contain her.

PLAY-BY-PLAY ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
Ball's thrown in by Ross. Fahey  
collects it. She's double-teamed.  
Gotta get rid of it...

Mare should pass it. Instead, she turns and, fading out of bounds, tosses a high-arcing shot into the air.

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
...falling out of bounds... throws  
it up...

Impossibly, THE BALL SAILS RIGHT THROUGH THE NET as the final GAME BUZZER SOUNDS! The CROWD GOES WILD!

RADIO ANNOUNCER (V.O.)  
IT'S GOOD! IT'S GOOD! Are you  
kiddin' me! Easttown beats Eerie!  
They've pulled off the impossible!

CLOSE ON MARE

watching her younger self on the projector. Hoisted into the air by her teammates and carried away on their shoulders. It's a sobering memory. A reminder that her life has been downhill ever since. The court lights come up. CLAPS ensue.

(CONTINUED)

37

CONTINUED: (3)

37

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR (O.C.)  
 Help me bring 'em out here, folks!  
 Beth Hanlon. Emily Hughes. Hannah  
 Russell. Julie Patterson. Nora  
 Reed. Claire Burns. Leah Murray.  
 Stacey Woodley. Patty Delrasso.

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38

INT. EASTTOWN HIGH SCHOOL - GYMNASIUM - CENTER COURT/TUNNEL

38

One-by-one, the ladies are called to center court and  
 presented with memorial plaques.

IN THE TUNNEL

Mare waits her turn beside Lori. She turns back to find --

DAWN BAILEY, the mother of the missing girl we saw at the  
 press conference earlier and Mare's former teammate, standing  
 in the rear of the pack. Life for Dawn has been an unbroken  
 string of hardships -- abusive exes, a dogged cancer, and the  
 latest and worst calamity of all, a missing daughter.

Lori glances over at Mare. Knows where her mind's at --

LORI  
 Not here, Mare. If you're gonna  
 talk to her --

But Mare's already on the move. Lori follows, arriving just  
 as Mare confronts Dawn --

MARE  
 I saw you on TV this mornin', Dawn.

Dawn acknowledges Mare with her eyes, but doesn't say a word.  
 She doesn't want a fight. Not here, not now.

MARE (CONT'D)  
 If you don't think I'm doin' my  
 job, I wish you'd come to me first.

LORI  
 Mare. Come on. Can we just --

DAWN BAILEY  
 This isn't about you, Mare --

DAWN BAILEY (CONT'D)  
 It's about findin' my  
 daughter.

MARE  
 I know that. But I'm doin' my  
 job, Dawn.

LORI  
 Come on, Mare. Let's do this  
 some other time.

MARE (CONT'D)  
You know I'm doing my job.

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED:

38

DAWN BAILEY  
Get her away from me, Lor --

\*

(CONTINUED)



LORI

Come on, Mare. Let's do this  
another time.

MARE

And it doesn't help when you  
go on TV over and over and --

MARE (CONT'D)

-- tell everyone in the whole  
goddamn town I'm fuckin' up.

DAWN BAILEY

It's not about you, Mare. Not  
everything is. Lor, please, get her  
away --

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR (O.C.)

Lori Ross.

MARE

You know how hard I've worked to  
find Katie.

Dawn's silent. Doesn't acknowledge her efforts. Lori mimes to  
Mare: *fuckin' knock it off*. Mare ignores her --

MARE (CONT'D)

For six months, you an' I sat down  
every Monday goin' through everyone  
an' anyone that ever knew Katie.

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR (O.C.)

Lori Ross, are you back there?

Lori sighs, reluctantly exits the tunnel.

MARE

I knocked on every drug house door  
from West Chester to Kensington.  
Not to mention the tips I chased  
down. Hundreds. I brought in the  
county dive team --

MARE (CONT'D)

-- to scrape the bottom of  
the Schuylkill. Twice.

DAWN

It's not about you, Mare. How  
many times do I hafta say it.

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR (O.C.)

Dawn Bailey!

Dawn brushes past Mare's shoulder and exits the tunnel. Mare  
watches her go, frustrated. A long long beat, then --

ATHLETIC DIRECTOR (O.C.) (CONT'D)

And finally, Miss Lady Hawk Herself  
-- Mare Sheehan!

(CONTINUED)

38

CONTINUED: (2)

38

Mare takes a moment, allowing her anger to ebb way. Finally, WE FOLLOW HER OUT OF THE TUNNEL and onto the court where frustration succumbs to a big, appreciative smile. The CLAPS are the loudest for Mare. They always are. And just as Siobhan predicted, Mare enjoys the adulation. In a life that's gotten short on victories, this is a reliable one.

A39

EXT. RURAL BACKROAD - EASTTOWN - NIGHT

A39

Erin -- makeover complete (hair, make-up and those chandelier earrings) -- crests a rise on her bike and cruises down a long hill. The wind fills her hair. She gains speed. A smile awakens on her face. It feels good to be out, excited about meeting someone. She feels like a teenager again. She takes her hands off the handlebars, closes her eyes, and disappears into some better future inside her mind.

39

INT. FOREST LODGE TAVERN - NIGHT

39

A neighborhood institution. Flat-screens, beer giraffes and a CD jukebox that still holds albums by *Blues Traveler* and *Spin Doctors*. Presently, *Rusted Root 'Send Me On My Way'* plays.

The women's basketball team members are standing around a long table, drinking beer and picking at trays of greasy appetizers. Mare's talking to PATTY DELRASSO, 43, a sweet nurse, three Bacardi & Cokes past her tolerance level.

PATTY DELRASSO

You ever watch that show *Sherlock*, Mare? It's on the BBC.

MARE

No, I haven't caught that one --

PATTY DELRASSO

Oh Mare, you hafta see it! He can walk into a room and just like --

(stands back and studies  
the room, hand up to her  
chin, 'Thinker'-like)

And then --

(SNAPS her fingers)

He's got it. EV-E-RY-THING. It's like he knows *how* it happened, *why* it happened, *where* it happened. It's unbelievable.

MARE

I'll hafta check that one out.

(CONTINUED)

PATTY DELRASSO

You should, Mare. You never know,  
you might pick up somethin' that  
could help ya in a case. Yunno?

Mare nods politely, then moves to refill her beer at the giraffe. As she does, she notices DAWN BAILEY SITTING ALONE in the corner, trapped in a private hell. The giraffe TAP SPUTTERS. *Empty*. Mare carries it over to the crowded bar and wriggles in close, trying to catch the bartender's eyes.

A few stools down, a man in a blue oxford shirt, khakis and leather boat shoes notices her. RICHARD RYAN, 51, is a college professor, rumpled but charming in a breezy, take-life-as-it-comes kind of way. He stares at Mare, seems to be deciding what to say, then --

RICHARD

Come in a little closer. They won't  
see you if you're stuck back there.

MARE

It's fine. I know the bartender.  
(calls out to BARTENDER)  
Alex!

BARTENDER

What can I getcha, Lady Hawk?

She hands him the empty giraffe.

MARE

Rolling Rock and a shot of Jameson.

Richard sighs privately: *well that ploy didn't work. At all.*  
But he's not ready to throw in the towel just yet.

RICHARD

Is this a good place to get a beer?

MARE

Do you like it here?

RICHARD

So far.

MARE

Then it's a good place to get a  
beer.

He smiles: *this isn't going to be as easy as he'd hoped.*  
Still, he presses on --

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD  
I just moved here from Syracuse in  
September.

\*  
\*  
\*

MARE  
I'm sorry.

RICHARD  
Oh, come on. It's not that bad.

MARE  
Give it time.

Bartender returns with a beer and a shot. Mare takes the  
Jameson down quickly, grabs the beer and is about to walk  
away when --

RICHARD  
I'm Richard.

\*  
\*

MARE  
...Are you *seriously* trying to pick  
me up right now?

\*  
\*  
\*

RICHARD  
Depends. Is it working?

MARE  
No.

RICHARD  
(smiles, then)  
I've been staring at you for the  
past hour, trying to figure out  
what I'd come up to you and say and  
then suddenly you were standing  
right beside me and I didn't have  
anything good planned.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

She sizes him up, her BS meter getting a read. Normally she'd  
run like the wind, but tonight a compliment isn't such an  
unwelcome thing. Just then, Lori arrives.

\*

LORI  
I'm takin' off with Patty. Stacey  
just face-planted into the nachos.

Mare looks back at the table where Patty holds up a blotto  
Stacey while Beth wipes guacamole out of her hair.

(CONTINUED)

LORI (CONT'D)

Apparently husband Number 3's been  
runnin' around with the concessions  
girl at the golf course. She's 21.

(re: Richard)

Do you need me to save you here?

MARE

I don't know yet. Said he's been  
starin' at me for the past hour.

LORI

I like him already.

MARE

Call me in twenty minutes. If he  
turns into a total shithead by  
then, that'll be my escape.

LORI

Done. Love you.

Lori hugs her, goes. Mare returns to the bar.

\*

RICHARD

You still haven't told me your  
name.

\*

\*

\*

MARE

Mare.

RICHARD

What do you do, Mare?

MARE

I'm a detective. You don't have any  
bodies hidden under your porch, do  
you?

\*

RICHARD

Not yet. But I've only been here  
since September, and from what  
you're telling me I might need some  
excitement, so...

A trace of a smile curls on Mare's face. A crack in the ice.

MARE

Why'd you move to Easttown anyway?

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

I'm a visiting Creative Writing  
lecturer at Kettelman College.

MARE

You're a writer?

\*

RICHARD

Well. I wrote a book once.

MARE

Was it any good?

RICHARD

Some people liked it. They turned  
it into a TV movie in the 90s  
starring Jill Eikenberry.

MARE

I don't know who that is.

RICHARD

Exactly. It was dog shit... Why do  
they call you Lady Hawk?

MARE

I made a shot twenty-five years ago  
in a basketball game.

RICHARD

Must've been a big game.

MARE

Most places, no. Around here, yeah.

Cars are parked on a field adjacent to a stretch of woods. We  
hear DISTANT MUSIC, TEENAGERS' VOICES. Erin arrives, sets her  
bike down in the grass and heads into the forest.

The forest is a popular hangout for local high schoolers.  
Various cliques are stationed around Creedham Creek. Smoking,  
drinking, laughing, flirting. A group of boys play a ring-  
toss game with a hula hoop anchored in the stream. We see  
SIOBHAN and her BANDMATES passing a joint around.

(CONTINUED)

Erin wanders down the slope, hands in sweatshirt pouch, looking for a friendly face in the crowd. She spots a FOURSOME OF GIRLS smoking Juuls and approaches. Two -- SHANNON and KERRY -- were once friends of hers, pre-DJ.

ERIN

Hey, Shan. Kerry.

The girls turn and take her in. She looks different and it takes them a moment to place her.

SHANNON

Oh. Hey. How's the baby? It's a boy, right?

ERIN

Good, yeah. DJ. He's almost one. It's crazy how fast it goes.

KERRY

I've seen pictures on Instagram. He's really cute.

ERIN

Thanks.

SHANNON

Is it weird, like, being a mom?

ERIN

It's hard. It's *really* hard. But I love it. Like, my whole's life about him now, yunno?

They nod, not having the faintest fucking clue what she's talking about. And that quickly the conversation dies. They're living in two different worlds and the overlap has become exactly zilch. So --

ERIN (CONT'D)

Well it was good seein' you.

SHANNON & KERRY

Yeah good seein' you/bye/

Erin wanders off. A text arrives from '**Brendan**': *i'm down by the creek*

WE STAY WITH ERIN as she moves away from the crowd, down toward the water, excitement about the meeting growing. She arrives at the water's edge. And waits. *No Brendan*. A few moments pass. She's ready to text him back when --

(CONTINUED)

GIRL'S VOICE (O.S.)

I want you to dance again.

Erin knows that line...but not coming from a girl. Confused, she looks around, trying to localize the voice...

...then, from out of the woods, emerges...not Brendan, but BRIANNA and a PACK OF GIRLFRIENDS. DYLAN and a thuggish friend, SEAN, in tow. They're all drunk and laughing at Erin pathetically, as if she's the butt of a private joke.

ERIN

What's goin' on?

BRIANNA

*What's goin' on* is there's no Brendan. I made him up. I told you I'd get your ugly ass.

The GROUP SURROUNDS ERIN in a circle, preventing escape.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Did you text Dylan about sneakin' up to his parents attic?

SEAN

What happened up in the attic?

DYLAN

That's where she'd suck my dick!

BRIANNA

Are you gonna stop textin' my man now?! Huh?!

Erin is stunned to stillness. She looks at Dylan. A plea for mercy in her eyes. Dylan stares back, but does nothing. Erin is silently devastated.

BRIANNA (CONT'D)

I asked you a question, you dumb bitch!

Accepting Erin's silence as defiance, BRIANNA ATTACKS HER NOW! Throwing wild punches. Erin covers herself. Tries to run. Brianna YANKS her back by her hair. Punches her face some more. Erin attempts to escape again, but she's PUSHED, SHOVED AND KICKED back by BRIANNA'S FRIENDS to the delight of Dylan and Sean, the latter of whom has BEGUN FILMING THE ATTACK on his iPhone. The ATTACK continues, MERCILESSLY, BRUTALLY, until ERIN HITS THE GROUND. Her face is hot and red. Blood leaks from her nose.

(CONTINUED)



BRIANNA (CONT'D)

Are you gonna stop textin' my man!?  
Huh!? Are you?!

ERIN

I'll stop textin' him. Just let me  
go home. Please.

Just then, SIOBHAN, BECCA, NATHAN and GABEHEART -- who have  
by now caught a glimpse of the ambush -- rush into the  
circle. Siobhan shoves Brianna away from Erin --

SIOBHAN

BECCA

What the hell are you doing?! Are you fuckin' crazy!?

Nathan tries to intervene, but Dylan SHOVES him back. Nathan  
looks like he might have a go at Dylan --

DYLAN

You want some!? Step up, bitch!

Gabeheart pulls Nathan back. The interruption has served its  
purpose anyway. Brianna, Dylan and Co. walk off, laughing,  
ready to continue their partying somewhere else.

Siobhan walks over to a bloodied, deeply traumatized Erin --

SIOBHAN

Are you alright? Do you need a ride  
home?

Erin doesn't know how to accept the gesture of mercy.  
Instead, she shrugs Siobhan off and walks into the woods.

Siobhan watches Erin go, her yellow sweatshirt growing  
smaller and dimmer. A light drifting out to sea.

Mare and Richard have gotten closer, her BS meter having  
given him a passing grade thus far. It helps that she's an  
hour drunker. The jukebox plays *Counting Crows* 'Mr. Jones'.

RICHARD

So wait, for hoagies it's La  
Spada's but for cheesesteaks,  
Coco's?

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

MARE

You're all set.

\*  
\*

A moment between them, then--

\*

(CONTINUED)

RICHARD

What I was gonna say -- if I got up  
the nerve -- was that you're a very  
beautiful woman, Mare.

Before she can answer, VOICES RISE. Mare turns to find FRANK,  
JOHN, FATHER DAN, and FRIENDS stepping inside, ready to keep  
the engagement celebration rolling.

Richard can tell she's distracted and is worried he blew it:

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You're not married are you?

MARE

Divorced. Can we go somewhere else?

Frank WAVES to Mare as he walks past. She nods and Richard  
clocks them.

RICHARD

Sure, of course. Is there another  
spot you have in mind, or...?

Mare's too busy chugging her beer to have heard his question.  
He watches as the pint of Rolling Rock goes down down down  
and --

44 INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - HOURS LATER - NIGHT 44

Mare and Richard are screwing on his couch. She's on top moving with increased intensity, surging toward climax -- \*

A45 INT. RICHARD'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT A45 \*

They've just finished. Mare abruptly climbs off Richard and crosses to her clothes which are piled up on a chair. She wiggles into her jeans and snaps on her bra. Richard pulls a blanket over himself and watches her a few moments. Finally-- \*

RICHARD \*

You can stay. You don't have to rush off. \*

MARE \*

It's fine. I hafta take my grandson to school tomorrow. \*

RICHARD \*

You're a grandma? \*

MARE \*

Did I fuck like a grandma? \*

(beat) \*

His name is Drew. He's four years old. \*

(CONTINUED)

A45

CONTINUED:

A45

RICHARD

Well, can I at least call you, Lady Hawk?

MARE

No, I fuckin' hate that name.

RICHARD

No, can I, can I call you. To ask you out to dinner. Or lunch.

MARE

This was, kinda a one-time thing.

RICHARD

Does it have to be?

MARE

My life's complicated.

RICHARD

Well, if it means anything at all, I had fun with you tonight.

MARE

That your book?

RICHARD

The one and only, yeah.

MARE

How come you never wrote another one?

RICHARD

I dunno, I guess I peaked early.

MARE

(looking at book jacket)

At least you were hot... What's it about?

RICHARD

Uh, it's a triptych. It follows a woman's life over three seasons, each ten years apart.

(CONTINUED)

A45

CONTINUED: (2)

A45

MARE

What happens to her?

RICHARD

You'll have to read it.

MARE

Don't hold your breath.

RICHARD

What, you don't read?

MARE

National Book Award winner. Sounds fancy.

RICHARD

In some places, yeah. Around here, not so much... So, can I? Call you?

MARE

I'll call you. Can I keep it?

RICHARD

Well, that is a signed, limited edition.

MARE

What can I get for it on eBay?

RICHARD

\$18.50. Maybe \$20 if the market is up. I have sold a few to pay the rent.

Mare tucks it under her arm as she heads for the door.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Lady Hawk.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
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\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

45 INT/EXT. CHEVY TAHOE - RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT 45 \*

Mare drives through a residential neighborhood, replaying the disastrous night in her head --

MARE

What the hell are you doin', Mare?

As she turns left, her HEADLIGHTS SWEEP ACROSS A LINE OF CAPE CODS, momentarily illuminating A MAN IN A HOODED SWEATSHIRT WALKING INTO THE ALLEY BETWEEN TWO HOMES. *Could it be the ferret who ogled Mrs. Carroll's granddaughter?*

Mare slams the brakes --

46 EXT. MARE'S CHEVY TAHOE - NEIGHBORHOOD - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 46

-- hops out of the car. She hobbles into the alley between the homes and looks around. Only darkness in all directions. And silence. It's as if the man just disappeared.

(CONTINUED)

46

CONTINUED:

46

Mare ambles back to her Tahoe. As she's about to enter, she notices an OLD, TATTERED 'MISSING' FLYER on a power pole. On it, KATIE BAILEY. Well, almost. It's been so dulled by time and weather that Katie's face is nearly gone altogether.

Mare stares at it a moment. She seems to be making a decision. Finally, she opens the driver's door of the Tahoe, reaches into the backseat where the PILE OF NEW 'MISSING' FLYERS sits along with a roll of duct tape. She takes a flyer off the top and moves to the power pole and TAPES IT ON. Nice and tight.

47

OMITTED

47

48

OMITTED

48

49

INT. MARE'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

49

It's 3:30 am and Helen's wide awake on the couch with an afghan draped over her legs. She's watching *Tiny House Hunters* on the TV. Mare enters, hangs her barn jacket.

MARE

What're you still doin' up?

HELEN

Ah my legs are actin' up again. I feel like I have ants crawling through them. Don't ever get old.

Mare pours herself a glass of water, takes down a bottle of Motrin from a cabinet and swallows three pills.

HELEN (CONT'D)

What's your excuse?

MARE

My excuse?

HELEN

For walkin' in at 3:30 in the morning.

MARE

You're livin' in my house now. Remember?

HELEN

(looks back at Mare)  
T'hell's that supposed to mean?

(CONTINUED)

49

CONTINUED:

49

MARE

It means I can come home at 3:30 in the morning, drunk, high, or sideways if I want to, and not be told I'm a fool.

HELEN

Well good for you.

MARE

Yeah it is good for me.

HELEN

You're a lotta things I don't like, Marianne. But you're not a fool. Not even close.

Mare sits with that a long moment, then sets the glass in the sink and leaves the kitchen.

50

INT. MARE'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - NIGHT

50

Mare walks toward the master bedroom when a door opens behind her. Drew stumbles out of his room, half-asleep, hair slanted high up on one side like a skateboard ramp. He walks into the bathroom. Mare listens to the dull ping of his pee against the porcelain. It makes her chuckle. *Kids...*

Drew exits now, pulling up his pajama bottoms. He turns and sees Mare standing there.

MARE

Did you get it all out?

DREW

Mmm hmm... Will you come in and rub my head, Gran?

51

INT. MARE'S HOUSE - DREW'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

51

Mare follows him into the room. A COSMOS PROJECTOR glows from atop a desk. Refulgent stars and planets glide around the room as if on a conveyor belt. Drew climbs under the covers. Mare sits beside him and runs her hand through his hair, massaging his head. As she watches him, he BLINKS HIS ONE EYE A FEW TIMES. It's a tic he's been experiencing recently.

DREW

I named him Kevin cause that was my dad's name...

(CONTINUED)



51

CONTINUED:

51

Mare follows Drew's eyes over to the glowing aquarium atop the dresser. The baby box turtle flaps about, exploring his new habitat of plastic plants and fiberglass rocks.

DREW (CONT'D)

Did my dad like turtles, too?

MARE

Oh sure.

DREW

What other animals did he like?

MARE

Birds. He loved to feed the seagulls at the beach.

Drew's eyes narrow and slowly close and very soon he's fallen asleep.

But Mare continues running her fingers through his hair. Pretending, if only for a few moments, that it's her son.

A52

OMITTED

A52

B52

OMITTED

B52

52

OMITTED

52

THE FOLLOWING MORNING - VARIOUS CHARACTERS

MUSIC UP: *Anais Mitchell 'Coming Down'* plays over the following shots --

53

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

53

-- Still basking in the afterglow of her engagement, Faye pours herself a mug of coffee at the counter. Frank sneaks up now, wraps his arms around her. Kisses her neck.

(CONTINUED)

53 CONTINUED: 53

He pulls her close now and dances with her in the middle of the kitchen. Faye giggles.

54 INT. MARE'S HOUSE - SIOBHAN'S BEDROOM - MORNING 54

-- Siobhan and Becca lie beside one another in Siobhan's bed. Siobhan moves to snuggle Becca, but Becca pushes her off, annoyed and tired. \*

55 INT. DYLAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING 55

-- Dylan's asleep in a twin bed, Brianna under his arm. Nearby, DJ's standing up inside a Pack n' Play, crying. Dylan stirs, lifts DJ out and attempts to soothe him back to sleep. Woefully hungover, Brianna squeezes a pillow over her head to drown the noise.

56 INT. DAWN BAILEY'S HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - MORNING 56

-- Dawn comes down the stairs and switches on the downstairs lights. As she does, she notices a few MISSING FLYERS OF KATIE on the carpet beside a small desk. She crosses that way, picks them up and sets them down on the desktop revealing that it's a 'work station', crowded with MISSING FLYERS OF KATIE, staplers, scotch tape, printed sheets with PHONE NUMBERS OF MISSING PERSON HOTLINES -- the trappings of a desperate, tireless mother.

57 OMITTED 57 \*

58 INT. ERIN MCMENAMIN'S HOUSE - DEN - MORNING 58

-- The door opens. Kenny takes one final drag of a cigarette, flicks it away, then steps inside the home and removes his winter jacket. \*

59 EXT. CREEDHAM CREEK - MORNING 59

-- Finally, we're at CREEDHAM CREEK. It's a bright, cloudless morning. Birdsong -- excited titmice and warblers -- rises above the murmur of the stream. As we stare at the water, we notice a strange, incongruous shape among the boulders.

(CONTINUED)

A CLOSER ANGLE REVEALS

\*

ERIN'S DEAD BODY LYING IN THE SHALLOW WATER, half-submerged. All her clothes have been removed except her panties. It's a hideous sight.

She's been shot in the face at close range and half her face is missing. Her hair is tangled and bloody and the fake gold chandelier earrings quiver in the current.

60

INT. MARE'S HOUSE - DREW'S BEDROOM - MORNING

60

Mare's asleep beside Drew in the twin bed.

Her eyes open narrowly, groggily.

WHAT SHE SEES: Across the room, HER DEAD SON KEVIN, 20, is seen in profile, seated atop a desk beside the window. He has black hair down to his shoulders and the toe of his Converse sneaker tap-tap-taps against the wood. He stares outside, watching two sparrows on a branch with great interest.

Her CELL PHONE BUZZES on the nightstand, breaking her gaze. She reaches over and shuts it off so not to wake Drew, then snuggles close to him when --

It BUZZES AGAIN. It's the same ring, of course, but it seems louder somehow. Imploring her to answer.

Mare opens her eyes.

**END OF EPISODE ONE.**