

**\$1**

Episode One: Garrett Drimmer

Written by

Jason Mosberg

7.19.17

Anonymous Content

CAA | Joe Cohen, Ryan Ly, Angela Dallas

A register opens. Atop a stack of ones sits a crisp bill. In the top left corner, written in black ink: a 4 digit number. 8157. A cashier's wrinkled, freckled hand grabs a few coins. The dollar left untouched. The register closes.

FADE IN:

EXT. CARL STEEL MILL - ESTABLISHING SHOT - DAY

A steel mini-mill in Highland - a fictional Western Pennsylvania rustbelt town in the Monongahela River Valley.

Out front, a steel sign overgrown by ivy displays "Carl Steel - The backbone of Highland since 1917".

INT. STEEL MILL - DAY

GARRETT DRIMMER (24) loads large pieces of scrap steel onto a forklift where an OPERATOR moves them to the next stage.

Garrett's collar is as blue as can be. He's a materials-mover, an unskilled entry-level position. The most gruelling task at the mill. And also the lowest paid.

Two days of scruff almost mask Garrett's sharp features.

Suddenly the forklift jams and a huge piece of steel falls. Garrett barely eludes the falling steel. He looks over to see the forklift OPERATOR mouthing a genuine "I'm sorry."

But then, after nearly being severely injured, it's right back to it. Loading pieces of steel. Life in the mill.

Garrett fights a yawn as he grabs another piece of steel.

EXT. WEST CONVENIENCE - DAY

Coffee in hand, Garrett walks out of a convenience store adjacent to the mill. On his break. As hot as it is, he needs the caffeine to make it through the day.

He sits down on the steps outside the store.

Holding the styrofoam cup, sitting there all sweaty, dirty, and sunburned, he almost looks homeless.

INSIDE THE STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Three chatting HOUSEWIVES from the other side of town pay at the register. Mid conversation.

SHORT HOUSEWIFE

You don't dress up as a movie star.  
You dress up as a character *from* a  
movie.

TALL HOUSEWIFE

I know. I'm going as Julia Roberts.

SHORT HOUSEWIFE

You're not listening. That's not a  
character.

TALL HOUSEWIFE

Well I want to go as her. Last  
week, my husband said I looked like  
Julia Roberts from *Pretty Woman*.

PLUMP HOUSEWIFE

So go as Vivian Ward from *Pretty  
Woman*. What are we doing here?

TALL HOUSEWIFE

Don't be so pretentious. These guys  
have the best coffee in town.

The clerk, who has wrinkled, freckled hands, gives the tall  
housewife her change. The \$1 bill from the opening image.

SHORT HOUSEWIFE

He said you looked like Julia  
Roberts *specifically* in *Pretty  
Woman*? I think he was trying to say  
you were dressed like a whore.

The tall housewife frowns. She thought her husband was giving  
her a compliment. The three women stroll out of the store.

OUTSIDE THE STORE - SAME

Garrett finishes his last sip. Still sitting on the steps.

With his dirty, callused hand gripping the styrofoam cup,  
sitting on the steps outside the store, the tall housewife  
mistakes Garrett for a drunk panhandling out-of-work miller.

She drops the dollar bill - the one she just got as change -  
into his empty cup. Garrett pulls the dollar out of the cup.

GARRETT

Y'fucking serious?

Now she realizes her mistake. Feels terrible. Flustered:

TALL HOUSEWIFE

Oh my God. I'm so sorry. I'm ...  
sorry. I thought you were...

OLD MAN (O.S.)

Kid lives over on Maple. Nice  
little house.

Reveal an OLD MAN (80s) rocking on the porch of the store.  
He's practically become part of the porch.

TALL HOUSEWIFE

I'm really sorry. I apologize.

She reaches out her hand for Garrett to give the dollar back.  
But he doesn't. Just stares up at her. *You gave it to me.*

Her hand lingers awkwardly. Slightly shaking from  
embarrassment. Realizes he's not going to give it back, she  
retracts her hand, scurries away. Her two friends follow.

Garrett stares at the crisp dollar bill, about to pocket it.

OLD MAN

Most people prefer a new crisp  
dahwler like that one you got. I  
like the old weathered ones. Each  
wrinkle's from somebody who folded  
it in their wallet or their sock.

GARRETT

I don't got the time for anybody  
else's wrinkles.

OLD MAN

Not right now. But you will when  
your life slows down a bit.

The old man rocks in the chair. He smiles. This is about as  
slow as life could get. Garrett puts the dollar in his pocket  
and gets up. Break's over. He heads back towards the mill.

#### OPENING CREDITS

Shots of Highland. Little houses terraced up and down the  
hillsides. Mills and factories in the flat areas along the  
river. The streets at shift-change. The 150 foot Blast  
Furnace. An abandoned house tipped into a sinkhole. Drive-in  
movie theater. A well-kept Victorian-style house sandwiched  
in between a boarded up house and a weedy lot. The abandoned  
storefronts of Willow's Corner. The other side of town: the  
Country Club. The gated communities of Highland Heights.

END OPENING CREDITS

EXT. STEEL MILL - DAY

Garrett's back in the steel mill. Afternoon shift. He makes small talk with another materials handler, as they work tirelessly. Loading the pieces of steel onto the forklift. Over and over. And over.

HOURS LATER

The end of the shift. The other materials handler offers his fist. Garrett bumps it. His co-worker heads to the parking lot. Garrett the other way.

SHIFT LEADER (O.S.)  
Garrett, hold up a minute.

Garrett turns around to see his SHIFT LEADER standing in the doorway of a little office.

INT. STEEL MILL OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

The shift leader ushers Garrett inside where he has a few family photos at his desk. One picture stands out: A rebellious teenage son with blue hair.

SHIFT LEADER  
Sit down a sec. And don't tell me your feet ain't tired. Wanna pop?  
(Garrett waves off the soda)  
Mustache in the big office hadn't interfered, I'd've fired you three years ago. Starting fights, coming in still piss-drunk from the night before. Swear you were high half the time you were here.

GARRETT  
You wanna give me a drug test?

SHIFT LEADER  
No. My point is, last six months, you got your shit together alright.

GARRETT  
So what's the problem?

SHIFT LEADER

Promise from Washington was more jobs. Instead, here we are, hours have to be cut. Fingers pointing at the material handlers. Sad story short, I only got 50-55 total for you and Dante. You been here longer. I know yinz two are friends. There is one option. You both drop 8-10 a week, I could make a case to keep ya both on.

GARRETT

Hours are money.

SHIFT LEADER

Alright. Your call. I'll have to cut him loose...

The shift leader feels guilty for having to fire someone. Looking to lay the blame off on someone else.

Garrett shrugs. *You gotta do what you gotta do.* Garrett gets up to walk out. Then stops.

GARRETT

Hey you said 55...that mean with him gone, I'm ripe for some OT?

SHIFT LEADER

Yeah. I expect so.

GARRETT

Good. Count me in for that.

SHIFT LEADER

Okay. Hey, you want a ride?

GARRETT

Nah. Walking keeps me motivated.

EXT. CRESCENT ROAD - DAY

Garrett trudges home. He passes by the blackened shell of a house. Victim to a recent fire.

Garrett gazes at the house but doesn't stop.

He approaches a modest house where an old couple operate a daycare. Old, dirty toys in a yard with overgrown grass. Playground equipment with faded paint. He rings the doorbell.

Through the screen door, he sees half a dozen KIDS of various ages playing. The DAYCARE WIFE (60s) brings CARLY, a cute two and a half year old girl to the door.

DAYCARE WIFE

She wanted to show you something.

Garrett smiles as Carly goes about *slowly* unzipping and re-zipping her little backpack all by herself. As she does:

DAYCARE WIFE (CONT'D)

My husband was watching this special on rheas. He likes all that stupid Animal Planet nonsense. Rheas are kinda like ostriches.

(Garrett shrugs)

Anyway, the *father* rhea takes sole care of the little rheas from eggs 'til they're on their own. People ain't supposed to be like that. How you manage to... Saying we feel bad for you. And we love Carly here. But if you don't get caught up-

GARRETT

And for a sec, I thought you were concerned about Carly. Look, I'll have it by next week.

DAYCARE WIFE

Which is what you said last week. Garrett, I'm serious. Next week or you can't bring her by no more.

GARRETT

If I can't leave Carly with somebody, then I can't...

(realizes not her problem)

I'll get the money. I'll sell my dirt bike. Almost done fixing it.

Garrett takes Carly in his arms. Then walks back down the walkway towards the road.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

You wanna walk?

She shakes her head, no. So he puts her atop his shoulders, her legs dangling down in front of him. She holds his head.

EXT. TENNIS COURT - DAY

WILSON FURLBEE (46), the town's richest man and the developer behind Highland East, plays against TYLER ANVRIA (25).

The rally goes on until Ty rushes the net, slams the ball past Furlbee. Point, set, match. Furlbee throws his racquet against the fence. A hotheaded warrior. Hates to lose.

As they meet at the net, it looks like Furlbee will attack Ty, but they slap hands. Furlbee is a sweaty mess, having tried to keep up with someone 20 years his junior.

MOMENTS LATER

The pair walk towards the parking lot. Arrive to Furlbee's blue BMW convertible. Furlbee looking fatigued:

TY  
You alright?

His compassion just makes it worse:

FURLBEE  
Fuck you. I hate losing but the day you start letting me win is the day I replace you with a finance whiz who's not afraid to kick my ass.  
(off his phone)  
Shit. Email from the Lay Leader. Highland United Methodist just got another offer for the land we bid on. 600K. Do we counter?

TY  
The town homes we're talking about, this market, we could take a serious hit if we snag that plot for any more than 500 thou.

FURLBEE  
(losing his temper)  
What I say about losing? Run the numbers again.

EXT. HIGHLAND COUNTRY CLUB DECK - DAY

DANIELLE (18), decked out in tennis gear, sits in a chair, nose in a book. Goes by Dannie. Just graduated high school. Smart and charismatic.



In that fun and strange three month period of her life when she's in between high school and college.

TY (O.S.)

Hey, you.

Dannie looks up from her book to see Ty standing over her. Seeing it's Ty, Dannie quickly adjusts her posture as she tucks her hair behind her ears. Her crush.

TY (CONT'D)

I was looking for you.

DANNIE

(surprised)

You were? I'm... here.

TY

I was curious what you're doing later.

DANNIE

The usual. Dinner with the rents.

TY

I mean *later* later. Tonight.

Their eyes meet, dance. Chemistry.

DANNIE

You've known me for years, Ty.

TY

So?

DANNIE

(flirting)

Is it a coincidence that I just turned 18 two days ago, and you're suddenly asking me to *hang out* for the first time?

TY

No it's not.

DANNIE

Isn't that a little creepy?

TY

No, it would have been creepy if I hadn't waited.

She laughs. Digs his honesty. Digs his confidence. Not something she finds in guys her age.

TY (CONT'D)  
I gotta run...but...later?

She hesitates. Then smiles. Then nods.

SANDY (PRE-LAP)  
I'm paying you to find the woman  
that my husband is sticking his  
dick in. Not to tell me-

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

SANDY FURLBEE (43) sits at a table adjacent to JAKE NOVEER (34), an African American private investigator. Each have a coffee. When OTHERS walk by, they pretend not to be talking. Noveer appears tired and unkempt.

JAKE  
Mrs. Furlbee, you asked me where he  
was at last night. He was playing  
billiards. Dick in his pants.

Sandy holds a small mirror, fixes her hair, eyes her make up.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
All this time, you're just as  
suspicious?

Sandy maintains two sides. She can spit grit or play the proper princess. At whim.

SANDY  
Suspicion implies uncertainty. The  
only uncertainty is with whom.  
Could be a neighbor. Or the floozy  
he's playing tennis with right now.

Jake opens the notebook in front of him to a previous page.

JAKE  
Mrs. Furlbee, your husband is  
hitting balls with Tyler Anvria,  
his lead finance guy. I don't peg'm  
as a floozy.

SANDY  
What about the women in his yoga  
class?

JAKE  
Nah, he does yoga to cool that  
temper, not for the asses in yoga  
pants.

Sandy stands up, heads for the door. Jake follows. Once outside, they talk as they walk into the parking lot.

Jake cowers from the sunlight like a vampire. Sandy sees it:

SANDY

Do you have a drug problem?

(Jake groans, annoyed)

You know what I think? I think you're starting to *like* him. Duped out of seeing him for who he really is. You're falling for him the same way women do. Know Wilson started with a lil' one-story in Johnstown? He fixed it and flipped it. Bought a bigger house. Another. Then another. This was back before we got married. Back then, he flipped women the same way he flipped houses. *He's. A. Dog.*

JAKE

I don't like him or dislike him, and it don't matter. I dint take the gig to fill some moral quota. You offered me a bonus for results, but in five weeks, dude hasn't so much as had a dirty thought, let alone an affair. If he's always been a dog, then why now? Huh?

SANDY

(ignores the question)

This covers next week.

Sandy hands him a check. Jake sighs and takes it. *Fuck it, if she's going to keep paying me...*

Sandy climbs in her Range Rover. A noticeable, recently-acquired dent on the back bumper.

INT. JAKE'S OLD BLACK CAMRY - MOMENTS LATER

Jake climbs in his car. He's about to start the car, but a wave of fatigue hits him. The world almost spinning.

His eyelids heavy as bricks. He opens the car door. Leans out. Thinks he might puke. Ultimately doesn't. But he still appears dizzy. He can barely keep his eyes open. Closes the door. Reclines the seat. Closes his eyes. Nap time?

INT. GARRETT'S HOUSE - DAY

Garrett approaches his house. He lowers Carly off his shoulders. Then unlocks the door. Not a very big house. Cluttered. In need of repairs.

Carly waddles into the den. Garrett flips on cartoons on an old TV. Once she's settled, Garrett heads into the kitchen.

Garrett sifts through the mail. A large envelope. Opens it. Several papers. Glimpse of the title "Pennsylvania official change of name for a minor". A confirmation number.

He flips through the papers, pulls out a new social security card. It reads "Carly Drimmer". Garrett dials a number on his phone. We only hear his half of the conversation.

GARRETT

(into phone)

I just received the new social security card for my daughter.

(talking on other end)

No everything's fine, just had a question. She won't know, right?

(talking on other end)

Saying, when she gets older, no way for her just to look this up is there? Nothing where she's going to see her old name and wanna know why it's different than the name she got now.

(talking on other end)

Yeah she's got a birth certificate.

Can I get that changed? Why not?

Okay. Yeah. Thanks.

Garrett hangs up the phone. He pulls out a stack of folders. Digs through them. Finds it. Carly's birth certificate.

Stares at the name. *Carly Malinto*. He holds the certificate for a moment then opens a drawer, pulls out a set of matches.

He lights a match and burns the birth certificate. Once it's just ashes, he drops it in the sink. Runs some water over it. The ashes sizzle then go down the drain.

Garrett pulls out a bottle of cheap whiskey and a glass. Pours himself a shot. Drinks it. Puts the bottle away.

Then he pops two frozen dinners in the microwave. Walks into the doorway and looks at Carly watching TV in the tiny den.

INT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT

A movie halfway through. Sparse theater. Ty puts an arm around Dannie. She rests her head on his shoulder.

INT. CARLY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Garrett has just tucked Carly in. Kisses her forehead.

INT. GARRETT'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Garrett on the ground next to an old, broken dirt bike. Using a screwdriver, he unscrews the plate covering the motor.

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A small, stuffy bedroom. No A/C. A cheap fan propped next to an open window. Garrett asleep when his phone vibrates on the bedside table. He stirs. Grabs the phone.

GARRETT

(into phone, barely awake)  
What? Huh?

(looks over at the clock)  
It's the middle of the goddamn  
night. No ... Nah. I can't. Get  
someone else.

Desperate screaming on the other end. Garrett sits up. Awake.

GARRETT (CONT'D)

What're you saying?! What happened?  
(reluctant)  
Okay. Okay. Gimme a few minutes.

INT. CARLY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Garrett, now dressed in black pants and a hooded sweatshirt, peeks in, sees Carly sleeping soundly. He shuts the door.

He's about to leave through the front door. Sees his dog, a brown mutt, looking at him from the couch.

GARRETT

You wanna go for a walk? Huh, boy?

The dog looks tired. Only awake because he heard Garrett. Garrett walks over to the couch. The dog doesn't move. Looks like he wants to go back to sleep.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB POOL - NIGHT

Dannie and Ty climb over a fence, sneaking into the closed country club pool. The last stop on their first date.

One of those magical East Coast summer nights. Stars reflecting off the pool water. The perfect temperature.

Ty helps her down from the fence. They walk over to the pool.

DANNIE

Breaking and entering. You trying to be edgy on our first date?

TY

I thought you might have the key. Besides, I needed a way to get your clothes off without looking like I was trying to get them off.

Dannie laughs. Tyler takes off his shirt: sculpted abs. Then unzips his jeans. Now stands in his boxer briefs. Looks like an Abercrombie cardboard cutout.

DANNIE

You think I'm taking my dress off?

TY

'Less you want to swim in it?

DANNIE

Not especially.

TY

C'mon. Not really any different than a bathing suit.

Ty does a back flip into the pool. Mr. Cool Guy surfaces. Treads water.

Dannie hesitates, standing there in her sun dress. Uneasy.

TY (CONT'D)

You don't strike me as the self conscious type. What's wrong? What? No underwear? I'm impressed...

DANNIE

(laughs)  
Half.

TY

Which half?

DANNIE

The dress has a built-in bra.

TY

Alright. So I won't look.

Ty turns around. Dannie pulls the dress over her head just as Ty turns back and looks at her. Mischievous smile as he gapes at her. She holds one arm over her naked breasts. Gives him the middle finger with her other hand.

Then she jumps in the water. She surfaces, treading water. It's a perfect moment in a perfect night. Almost too perfect. Dannie senses that:

DANNIE

Why do I feel like I'm not the first girl you've brought here?

TY

That make you mad?

DANNIE

I don't know. No.

She treads water. Gazes at the stars.

TY

Look at you. Valedictorian, all state tennis, headed to the Ivy Leagues in the fall...

(shakes head, feigning disapproval)

And swimming naked in a closed pool with an older guy...

Dannie laughs. He swims over to her, pulls her in close so that her legs wrap around him.

They kiss. A romantic first kiss because of the magical night. But with her being mostly naked and with her legs wrapped around him, the kiss is more lustful than romantic.

She senses where it's headed and pulls away, swimming for the far side of the pool. Now playing harder to get.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

His dog at his heels, Garrett trudges through the trees bordering the Monongahela River. Oak. Cherry. Birch.

He wears the same clothes as when he left the house, but the hood of his sweatshirt is now pulled over his head.

His hair damp. His sweaty skin caked with dust and dirt. His clothes filthy. He might have been groggy when he left the house, but he's awake now. Eyes wide with worry.

Whatever he had to take care of... It's done.

GARRETT

(under his breath)

Fuck. Fuck.

(looking behind him)

Come on, boy. We gotta get home.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB POOL - NIGHT

Ty watches as Dannie swims to the shallow end of the pool. She walks up the steps. The night air chilly against her wet body. She scurries over to her dress.

She slips it back over her head, the dress sticking to her wet skin. Ty does a mediocre job of hiding his frustration.

EXT. WOODS - NIGHT

Garrett still making his way home, staying off the main roads as he walks. His dog at his heels. Untamed greenness cascading over the narrow path.

He gets to Crescent Road, but instead walks up an overgrown fireroad leading up the hillside.

EXT. COUNTRY CLUB POOL - NIGHT

Dannie and Ty now sitting on the diving board. Quietly talking. Dipping their toes in the water. Dannie has her dress on. Ty's jeans rolled up to just below the knee.

Ty leans in, kisses her. More romantic, less lustful now.

EXT. FIREROAD - NIGHT

Garrett now coming down the other side of the hill.

Tree limbs stretching for light have grown over the fireroad.

Garrett's dog stops to drink water from a puddle.

GARRETT

(urgent)

Come on, boy. Let's go.



EXT. COUNTRY CLUB POOL - NIGHT

Dannie and Ty sprawled out in a pool side chair. Kissing. Ty's hands roaming. Alternating handfuls of breast with more innocent petting. Dannie into it. But also playing defense.

As he caresses her stomach, she quivers a bit.

TY  
You ticklish?

DANNIE  
No.

TY  
(flirting)  
Yeah you are. I can see the fear in  
your eyes.

He starts to tickle her, and she immediately jumps up screaming. He hops to his feet and gives chase.

NEARBY

Garret passing through the woods bordering the country club property when he thinks he hears something.

*Was that a scream?* Garrett moves closer to the sound.

POOLSIDE

Ty catches up to Dannie and playfully tackles her. He holds her down with one hand and tickles her with his free one.

Dannie loses control, screaming louder. Gasping for air in between laughter and screams.

TREELINE

Garrett rushes up to the fence surrounding the pool area. Looks through the fence as Ty clamps a hand over Dannie's mouth, trying to keep her quiet as he tickles her.

Dannie writhes around on the ground, gasping for air. Her giggles so uncontrollable, it appears she's crying for help.

Garrett's already hopping the fence. Sprinting towards them.

Garrett uses the momentum of his twenty yard sprint and punches Ty in the side of the head. The punch knocks Ty off of Dannie.

Ty lands hard on the ground. Rolls once. Dazed. Before Ty can get his orientation, Garrett hits him with another fist. To the cheekbone, knocking his face right into the grass.

Ty tries to pull his head up, but a third punch from Garrett knocks him out. Three punches from Garrett in just a couple seconds - and Ty is unconscious.

Ty slumps over just as a stunned Dannie finally screams:

DANNIE  
Stop! Stop!

Dannie rushes to Ty's side, hovering over him. Her back now to Garrett.

DANNIE (CONT'D)  
(panicking)  
Ty! Ty! Fuck...

Garrett steps back. He suddenly gets it. *They were playing.*

DANNIE (CONT'D)  
Ty! Wake up!

She tries to get him to stir. Ty doesn't move. Garrett stands off to the side. Still frozen in shock. He looks down at his bloody knuckles. Then he starts backing away.

Dannie checks Ty's pulse. Sigh of relief. Dannie's eyes are drawn to a pair of headlights a half a mile away. Coming towards the pool parking lot.

Dannie looks back to see Garrett moving farther away.

GARRETT  
(stammers)  
I thought he...

DANNIE  
Wait.

But Garrett quickly hops the fence. Dannie sees a brown mutt on the other side of the fence. Garrett moves farther into the night. The mutt following.

Dannie holds Ty. He stirs. Comes to after a moment.

DANNIE (CONT'D)  
Ty. Ty. You okay? Ty...

Ty clutches his head as soon as he wakes. Lets out a groan. Dannie holds Ty's head.

Dannie eyes the headlights approaching the parking lot. A night security guard making the rounds in his car.

She gets up and starts running towards the parking lot. As she runs, she looks back to the fence, but Garrett is gone.

MINUTES LATER

A SECURITY GUARD with side burns stands in front of Dannie and Ty. An ice pack on Ty's head.

COUNTRY CLUB SECURITY GUARD  
He just hit you a couple times and then fled?

TY  
I didn't even see him flee. I was out. He blind sided me.

The Security Guard looks to Dannie for confirmation.

DANNIE  
Yeah. He just hit him three times and then fled.

COUNTRY CLUB SECURITY GUARD  
(off Ty's face)  
He use a weapon or something?

TY  
(his ego bruised)  
Felt like it. Could have been.

DANNIE  
No. Just his hands. His fist.

COUNTRY CLUB SECURITY GUARD  
But you didn't see him? You didn't get a look at who he was?

A subtle moment of hesitation from Dannie. Until:

DANNIE  
It was dark. I couldn't really see. And it all happened so fast...

COUNTRY CLUB SECURITY GUARD  
How big was he?

DANNIE  
Kinda tall. Regular. Strong though. I don't really know.

COUNTRY CLUB SECURITY GUARD  
What was he wearing?

DANNIE  
Dark pants, sweatshirt. Hood up.

COUNTRY CLUB SECURITY GUARD  
It's 75 degrees out.

TY  
So what are you going to do?

COUNTRY CLUB SECURITY GUARD  
We'll look into it. I got to write up a report. But... Well, he didn't steal *anything*. You didn't see *anything*, so the police won't have *anything* to go on.

DANNIE  
(looks to Ty)  
If there's nothing that can be done, can we not make a big fuss about this? If my dad knew...

TY  
I'd be in more trouble than you.

COUNTRY CLUB SECURITY GUARD  
Well I'm sure Sheriff Trate's gonna wanna talk to yinz both tomorrow.

DANNIE  
Maybe we could just forget it.

COUNTRY CLUB SECURITY GUARD  
Hold on now. I least have to turn in the report. I could lose my post if-

DANNIE  
No one will ever know.

Dannie stands. Goes to the Security Guard. Lightly rests her hand on his arm.

DANNIE (CONT'D)  
Please. You don't know my dad. If he knew his little girl had snuck into the pool at night and gone skinny-dipping...

The young Security Guard looks down at Dannie. Dress all wet. Stuck to her skin. He's sold:

## COUNTRY CLUB SECURITY GUARD

Alright, I guess we can just forget it. Miss, why don't you get home...

(looks to Ty)

And we'll get you to the hospital, probably should get a CAT-Scan.

## EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

Dannie drives home. No cars out. Middle of the night.

She uses her clicker to open a gate at the top of a hill. Then she turns off her headlights. Turns off the car and floats down the driveway so as to not wake her parents.

She gets out of the car and walks up to the huge mansion. Two other cars are parked in the driveway. Wilson Furlbee's blue convertible BMW and Sandy Furlbee's Range Rover with the dent in the bumper. This is Wilson and Sandy Furlbee's daughter.

## EXT. MILL PARKING LOT - DAY

An hour later. Dawn. Two steel mill WORKERS walk to the steel mill. Cutting through a clearing that sits between the mill and the lot. One worker blond. One African American and bald.

## BLOND MILL WORKER

It's called a marsupial not a marsipial, you dumb ass.

## BALD MILL WORKER

I don't care how you say it. What I'm saying is there's no way she saw some fucking koala in Highland. Your dope-fiend cousin was probably higher than the moon...in the middle of getting fucked half in two, looked out the window and saw a raccoon, mistook it for a koala.

## BLOND MILL WORKER

My cousin said half the koalas in the world have chlamydia.

## BALD MILL WORKER

Yeah, your cousin would know a lot about chlamydia.

As the two men walk through what the workers call the *steel graveyard*, a clearing where discarded scrap steel and other metal has been left, they suddenly stop walking.

There's something red pooled on a metal sheet on the ground. They look closer. *Could it be blood?*

Their eyes widen in scope, take in the whole scene. The two mill workers turn in a full circle and realize they're standing in the middle of it.

There are red stains on the ground. Half-dried pools of dark red liquid on various metal surfaces.

Whatever it is, it's red... there's a lot of it.

BLOND MILL WORKER

What the fuck?

A bizarre scene. Looks like something horrifying went down.

Tire tracks in a circular motion. Looks as if the tracks have been raked down. In another spot, smeared blood where *something* was dragged across a long piece of abandoned sheet metal. Notably, the drag marks abruptly end.

BALD MILL WORKER

Jesus.

Something happened. Something truly fucked up.

EXT. CLEARING - AN HOUR LATER

The steel graveyard area of the clearing now a crime scene.

SHERIFF PETER TRATE (35) at the center. Stressed-the-fuck-out. Trate is devoted to protecting his town. A very orderly, by the books kind of police officer who carries his stress in his bowels. Literally.

A couple other POLICE OFFICERS stand nearby.

SHERIFF TRATE

No guns. No bullets. No shells. No body.

The Sheriff walks carefully across the crime scene. Avoiding stepping on metal, blood. Points at the tire tracks.

SHERIFF TRATE (CONT'D)

From the 225 millimeter tire width, we're looking at some kind of truck - probably a box truck. Then here, it looks like whoever was bleeding was dragged, presumably loaded into the truck. And here...

(points to gravel)

(MORE)

SHERIFF TRATE (CONT'D)  
 Looks like someone tried to rake  
 everything down, worsh the scene,  
 but I 'spect they ran out of  
 nighttime, had to bail 'fore they  
 could finish.

A BEARDED COP (30) steps forward.

BEARDED COP  
 (points at footprints)  
 They missed those footprints....

SHERIFF TRATE  
 Those are from the two mill workers  
 who found the scene this morning.

A young African American ROOKIE COP (22), who the officers  
 all call "Rook", speaks up. Though more intelligent than the  
 Bearded Cop, Rook isn't as socially apt.

ROOKIE COP  
 With all that blood, there's no way  
 this person survived. Shouldn't we  
 set up search parties to be looking  
 for a body?

SHERIFF TRATE  
 Even if it's blood, and we're not  
 100% sure it's blood...we don't  
 know for sure it's *human* blood.

A white haired cop also known as Santa speaks up.

WHITE HAISED COP  
 That's true. Last summer Billy  
 Margo had a pig roast, they went to  
 slaughter the pig, cut it once, but  
 pig got loose, was runnin' 'round  
 spurting blood everywhere. By the  
 time folks tried to worsh up the  
 blood, didn't look all that  
 different from this.

Most of the other cops laugh. The sheriff walks away from the  
 scene. The rookie catches up to him. Walks with him.

ROOKIE COP  
 That pig stuff was...well...

SHERIFF TRATE  
 Pig shit.

ROOKIE COP

Exactly. But it's got me thinking.  
There's been rumors about a dog  
fighting ring run by some of the  
still-mill workers.

Sheriff Trate, looking queasy, arrives to a port-a-potty.

SHERIFF TRATE

Look into it.

Trate goes inside the port-a-potty.

EXT. FURLBEE MANSION - DAY

In the woods neighboring the Furlbee mansion. An exhausted  
Jake Noveer is posting up in a tree. He's got his  
surveillance equipment. Binoculars, cameras, etc.

He looks through his binoculars and sees Wilson Furlbee  
pacing furiously in his third-story office. At the same time,  
he's listening with headphones to Furlbee's bugged office.

FURLBEE (O.S.)

Appraisers already drop the value  
of every piece of property by 15%  
due to the land being adjacent to  
Highland West. Crime and safety  
concerns. A good portion of that  
due to Abby Mira. And that goddamn  
arsonist.

INT. FURLBEE MANSION - SAME

Wilson Furlbee pacing in his robe. Still on his phone.

FURLBEE

If somebody got murdered last night  
there goes another 5% on property  
value. That's six zeroes to me.

(talking on other end)

What do *I* think we should do?  
You're the mayor. You should be  
more rattled than me. Your whole  
urban renewal Highland reinvention  
plan goes to shit if you can't get  
artists and start-ups to move here.

Furlbee angrily knocks a few supplies off his desk.



FURLBEE (CONT'D)

I'm saying we should keep it quiet. We don't know what's going on. It could be some elaborate prank or hoax. Look, if there's been some gruesome murder, we're fucked...but if there hasn't been, we don't want the press of a *possible* murder causing the same drop that an actual murder would.

EXT. STEEL MILL - DAY

On a short break, Garrett steps out of the steel mill. He drinks from a water bottle. Garrett turns white when he sees Sheriff Trate walking towards the mill's main office.

INT. BRUCE'S CARL'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheriff sits across from the mustache in the big office - BRUCE CARL (50), the owner of Carl Steel.

His office features photographs of steel workers and coal miners from the last 100 years. Steel Mill workers dressed in WWII uniforms. A steel mill softball team from the 70's. Etc. The walls look like an art exhibit on a lost America.

SHERIFF TRATE

I got questions for you, Bruce. But first, level with me.

BRUCE

Baffled as you.

SHERIFF TRATE

One of my guys brought up a dog fighting ring. Would be bad...but better to have dog blood on your hands than-

BRUCE

My hands are clean, Peter.

Both men's eyes naturally go to Bruce's hands which are stained and callused. Guy runs a steel mill.

BRUCE (CONT'D)

I don't know *anything* about it. Are you really asking me?

SHERIFF TRATE

No, I figured. Even so, the mill is your turf, so this shitstorm's going to be raining on you.

BRUCE

You think I don't know that?!

(calms)

I'll help. However I can. But I gotta keep things running. We shut down for even a few days, and the thread we're hanging on'll snap.

INT. BRUCE CARL'S OFFICE - DAY

The two millers who discovered the crime scene sit across from Bruce Carl. Both look terrified. And remorseful.

BLOND MILL WORKER

Pops, we're sorry if...

BALD MILL WORKER

We didn't know what to do. We saw all the blood. We panicked. We weren't thinking about you or-

BRUCE

Hey! I don't give a fuck *how* much trouble this causes the mill. You guys didn't do anything but what you had to. If somebody did... well, if someone was killed...

(tears forming)

We'll figure out what happened, alright? Even if I have to do it myself.

The two men don't know what to say. Stunned to see this alpha male steel mill owner on the verge of tears.

EXT. FURLBEE MANSION - DAY

Wilson Furlbee leaves his custom-paved driveway in his BMW.

After he's far enough down the street, Jake Noveer pulls his car out, following at a far enough distance that Furlbee won't suspect he's being followed.

INT. MAY'S HOUSE - DAY

MAY FRAWLEY (35), an Asian-American journalist for the town paper/blog, stands in the shower. But the water's not on. And she's wearing all her clothes.

Satisfied she has an idea, she gets out of the shower. Leaves the bathroom. Heads down the hall into the living room.

Nearly every square inch of space is taken up by stacks of boxes and papers. Stuff. Everywhere. May is a hoarder.

She gets to her computer, sits down, starts typing her new idea: Phone rings.

MAY

(into phone)

This is May ... What? Is there a body? ... I'll be there in twenty.

Hangs up. She pulls out a business card. Hesitates. On the fence. Then May dials the number from the card.

MAY (CONT'D)

Hey, it's May Frawley down in Highland. Just caught something. Could be a murder ... I'm headed there now ... No. Not sure. I haven't been to the scene yet, just telling you what I heard ... In a clearing just east of the Carl Steel Mill. But hey, it wasn't *me* who called you.

EXT. MILL PARKING LOT - DAY

May pulls her Subaru Outback into one of mill parking lots. The crime scene in the distance. Her car is packed full of stuff. In the front seat is a yellow jumpsuit.

She gets out of her car, starts walking. With her high tech camera and note pad. The town's lone reporter on the scene.

Furlbee intercepts her. Stepping out of his own car, he stands directly in her path.

Jake is parked nearby. Watching carefully from his car.

FURLBEE

I know your head's deep in that book of yours, but let's not start inventin' story lines here, May.

MAY

Haven't even seen the goddamn scene yet, Wilson. You're already trying to alter my perception of it. Besides, you are always talking about waking up this sleepy town. Maybe this will do the trick.

She motions to the crime scene in the distance. He glares.  
*Not what he had in mind.*

FURLBEE

May, I'm serious. When you see what you see, I'm saying it's not the time to go posting on your blog or making phone calls. Not until we know what this is.

MAY

Making calls?

FURLBEE

Oh, please. I know a year ago you collected a brown bag from the Pittsburgh Post-Gazette for letting the story loose about Abby Mira.

MAY

Abby Mira? Fuck you, Furlbee. You didn't want me to say anything for your sake, but I sleep okay knowing the press was better for that little seven year old's chances.

FURLBEE

You thought some press was gonna make some psycho return her to the Highland Fair? Huh?

(May shrugs)

So you did it for Abby Mira?

MAY

Yeah I did.

FURLBEE

But you did get paid cash for it...

MAY

Maybe I did, but I was thinking about the little girl when I made the call.

Furlbee clutches May's arm.

FURLBEE

That poor thing's dead, and there's nothing any of us could have done.

This pisses May off even more. She pulls away from Furlbee's grasp. Tries to keep walking.

FURLBEE (CONT'D)

Wait. May. What do they pay you up there for a tip?

(May doesn't respond)

I get it. The Highland Weekly will probably be a mere blog in six months. When the big story comes in, small town journalists cash in and tip off some big shot in a city where they have real papers. Part of the unwritten code amongst journalists. I'm not judging. But just tell me. What do they pay you for a tip?

(off May's hesitation)

'Cause I'll double it, you keep this quiet just a couple days. Just 'til we know if someone got killed.

MAY

It's too late, Wilson.

EXT. CLEARING - CRIME SCENE - DAY

Sheriff Trate looks on as one of the county forensics guys pulls a tiny white stick out of the dirt.

SHERIFF TRATE

The hell is that?

The rookie cop approaches as the forensics guy bags the potential evidence.

ROOKIE COP

Lollipop. Looks like a dum dums. Root beer was always my favorite flavor.

SHERIFF TRATE

Maybe they can pull some DNA.

ROOKIE COP

Sheriff. I think you're going to want to hear this. Well, I know you're going to want to hear it.

(MORE)

ROOKIE COP (CONT'D)

Well, you need to hear it even if it's not something you'd want to...

(Trate losing patience)

There's no chance this was the dog fighting ring. The lab just called. Gonna be a couple days before the official report, but the initial blood analysis is done.

SHERIFF TRATE

Human?

(Rookie nods)

Fuck. It has to be a murder. This much blood. No one could survive.

ROOKIE COP

Well...about it being a lot of blood. They can tell from the antigens and an initial look at the DNA sequence. Sheriff, there are seven different kinds.

SHERIFF TRATE

What are you talking about? Seven kinds?

ROOKIE COP

The blood. It's not from 1 person. It's from at least seven different people.

The sheriff shakes his head in disbelief. Sweating.

Sheriff Trate looks at the crime scene. Realizing seven people may have died here. He looks at the crowd of people: the cops, curious pedestrians. And over at the parking lot, a Channel 7 news truck from Pittsburgh has just shown up.

INT. POLICE STATION BATHROOM - DAY

Sheriff Trate walks out of a stall looking queasy. The Rookie Cop is at the sink washing his hands. He motions to the stall from where the sheriff just emerged.

ROOKIE COP

My uncle has IBS. Stress causes it to flare up.

Trate ignores the remark.

INT. POLICE STATION - MOMENTS LATER

The full squad of police officers from the town are present. Only nine officers. Sheriff Trate at the front, addressing the others. INTERCUT: Sheriff Trate's monologue with a few shots of Garrett working hard in the steel mill.

SHERIFF TRATE

Appears somebody tried to cover the scene best they could 'fore dawn. And it *still* looked the way we found it. Now listen. We thought this was potentially a murder. We've got blood from at least 7 different victims. That could be 7 murders. But no bodies. No missing persons. No leads what so ever. Forensics guys county loaned us estimated there were 10-16 pints of blood out there. *Something* happened.

Tense atmosphere. These cops deal in speeding tickets and domestic disputes. Overwhelmed undersells their demeanor.

BEARDED COP

What about State CID?

SHERIFF TRATE

Called'm. Said to call back when there's a body or a missing person.

WHITE HAIREED COP

Those lazy fucks.

SHERIFF TRATE

I need you two making the rounds. Talk to shop owners, restaurant managers, teachers. Find out if anyone's missing. Hasn't shown for work or's not goin' about their regular day.

(the two cops nod)

The tire width suggests a cube truck. I want everyone on the lookout for any moving trucks, delivery trucks, maintenance trucks. Even construction vehicles.

Everyone nods. A few jot down the note.

SHERIFF TRATE (CONT'D)

Oh and somebody head down to the hospital and see who came into the ER last night.

ROOKIE COP

Only one person admitted with injuries. A 26-year-old male with head trauma. Four-wheeler accident.

The sheriff nods at the rookie cop. Impressed.

SHERIFF TRATE

We need a time schedule built around when everyone left the mill. Bruce Carl gave me the names of the guys who closed up last night.

BEARDED COP

Poor Bruce. Guy wears his heart on his sleeve.

SHERIFF TRATE

(explodes in an outburst)

He's going to cooperate with us, and I don't want *anyone* giving him a hard time. He wears the hearts of every one of those workers on his sleeve, too. Hell, the whole town.

WHITE HAired COP

We're assuming this was a crime. Maybe we need to think outside the box. Maybe it's something else.

SHERIFF TRATE

Like what?

WHITE HAired COP

Like...I dunno. Maybe a red cross truck carrying donated blood crashed and spilt it everywhere.

The ridiculous idea is met with smirks and laughter. But Sheriff Trate is too stressed out to even muster a smile.

EXT. FURLBEE MANSION - DAY

Same scenario as earlier in the day. Jake Noveer - looking exhausted as always - hidden in the trees just outside the Furlbee estate, monitoring Furlbee.



INT. FURLBEE MANSION - DAY

Furlbee pacing. On his blue-tooth. Intercut between Jake spying and Furlbee being spied on.

FURLBEE

I know. And I tried. But it's too late now. Reporters are on the scene. Ink's gonna fly. I thought one murder could hurt us. If there were seven?!

While listening, Jake looks through his binoculars. In another window, Dannie Furlbee is changing.

FURLBEE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

We're all fucked.

Just as Dannie lifts her shirt over her head, Jake Noveer looks away. Looks back to Furlbee. Impressive restraint.

FURLBEE (CONT'D)

(suddenly smiles)

All. That big little word *all*. I was looking at it from the wrong side. This is bad for us. But it's worse for... Maybe this is what we've been waiting for. I'll call you back.

Furlbee hangs up the phone. Jake still watching Furlbee from outside. Once Furlbee hangs up the phone, he sits down in a chair at his computer.

Jake puts down his binoculars for a moment. He pulls out a granola bar from his pack. Starts eating it.

After a moment, he picks up the binoculars again. Looks like Furlbee is making another call. Dialing a number.

Jake gets distracted when his own cell phone starts vibrating. Jake pulls it out of his pocket. Caller is "Unknown Number". He hesitates, then answers:

JAKE

Jake Noveer.

At the same time that he's talking into the phone, he's still looking through his binoculars, watching Furlbee pace.

FURLBEE

Mr. Noveer, my name is Wilson Furlbee.

Jake's eyes widen. Thinks he's caught...

FURLBEE (CONT'D)

I thought about bringing in an investigator from the 'Burgh but figured I'd start with you.

(Jake starts to relax)

You catch wind of the day's drama?

JAKE

It's Highland. Rumors fly *high*.

FURLBEE

I'm interested in augmenting the investigation. You available?

JAKE

I'm working a few can-of-corn assignments but yeah I got time.

FURLBEE

Why don't you pop by and we'll discuss. You know where I live?

JAKE

I think so, yeah.

FURLBEE

How long can you be here in?

JAKE

(can't help smiling)

Shouldn't take me long.

EXT. LOWLAND CAFE - DAY

JULIE (18) sits across from Dannie. A gourmet brunch in a hip cafe. Dannie has just updated Julie on last night's escapade.

Julie is Dannie's best friend. Always living a little bit in her shadow. Is a little promiscuous - how she gets the attention she needs from seeing Dannie get it all the time.

JULIE

So the cop like didn't write a report up or anything?

DANNIE

It was a security guard. And there was nothing to write up, really.

JULIE  
 (almost proud)  
 Whoa. You and Ty?! Um, whoa!

DANNIE  
 I know.

JULIE  
 Well, you have had a crush on him  
 for an embarrassingly long time.  
 Did you guys...  
 (Dannie shakes head)  
 Would you have? If a stranger in  
 the night hadn't knocked him out...

DANNIE  
 (off Julie laughing)  
 It's not funny.

JULIE  
 It's *kinda* funny. I mean like what  
 was this hooded vigilante doing  
 wandering around at the country  
 club in the middle of the night?

DANNIE  
 I was at the country club in the  
 middle of the night.

JULIE  
 That's 'cause you were finally  
 about to cross off the x in sex.  
 Right?

Dannie is about to answer when the conversation at the table  
 between two housewives gets their attention. Loud enough that  
 Julie and Dannie halt their own convo to listen.

TALL HOUSEWIFE  
 I'm not making it up. At the mill.  
 Some kind of a mass murder.  
 (her friend in disbelief)  
 Yeah. A massacre. They found blood  
 from 17 different people.

7 has become 17. Rumors fly high.

PLUMP HOUSEWIFE  
 17 people dead? When?

TALL HOUSEWIFE  
 Some steel workers discovered the  
 scene at like 5 this morning.  
 (MORE)

TALL HOUSEWIFE (CONT'D)

So whatever happened, they're  
saying it happened last night.

Julie and Dannie make eyes. Both wondering the same thing.  
*Could this guy have had something to do with the massacre?*

EXT. LOWLAND CAFE - DAY

The two housewives are leaving the cafe when the Plump Housewife stops in front of a bulletin board. She pulls out a flier for a missing child that's half hidden behind an ad for a math tutor. On the flier: A picture of Abby Mira (7).

PLUMP HOUSEWIFE

Hard enough on that family not  
having to see these fliers still  
up.

TALL HOUSEWIFE

When she went missing, everybody  
volunteered to put up fliers. But  
when she was declared dead, nobody  
volunteered to take 'em down.

As the pair walk outside, the Tall Housewife motions to a trash bin and the Plump Housewife throws it away.

They hear a whistle. Look over at a car sitting at a stop sign. Inside the car, a middle aged MAN with red hair and a red beard is looking at a map. At first they think he's just a fan, whistling like some horny construction worker.

TALL HOUSEWIFE (CONT'D)

(mutters)

Fuck off, asshole.

The red bearded man speaks with a Carolina drawl.

RED BEARDED MAN

(calls out)

Pardon me. I needed help with  
directions.

TALL HOUSEWIFE

Oh my god, I'm sorry.

Now the two women walk over to his car.

RED BEARDED MAN

Thought you kind looking ladies  
might be able to help me out. I'm  
looking for this house here.

He points at an address written on the paper.

TALL HOUSEWIFE  
Where are you from?

RED BEARDED MAN  
I'm from Boone, North Car-

PLUMP HOUSEWIFE  
(eyeing the paper map)  
*When* are you from?

RED BEARDED MAN  
(laughs)  
My google maps app is just like my  
wife. Stubborn and moody.

TALL HOUSEWIFE  
That's Frank Abatsy's house.

PLUMP HOUSEWIFE  
Oh! You're in town for the party?

RED BEARDED MAN  
Party?  
(playing along)  
Oh, yeah. Couldn't miss the  
shindig.

TALL HOUSEWIFE  
What character?  
(off his confusion)  
Who are you going to go as?

RED BEARDED MAN  
Oh. I still haven't decided yet.

PLUMP HOUSEWIFE  
Well the house is easy to find.

She reaches in the window, picks up the map from his lap.

EXT. FURLBEE MANSION - DAY

Jake Noveer stands on the doorstep. Having just knocked.  
Wilson Furlbee opens the door.

FURLBEE  
Mr. Noveer?

JAKE  
Yup. Call me Jake.

FURLBEE

Wanna pop? Or a bottle of water?

JAKE

Spicket works.

INT. FURLBEE'S OFFICE - DAY

Jake holding a glass of tap water. The pair now seated in Furlbee's elaborate home office. Jake eyes a life-size wooden sculpture of a dog.

FURLBEE

Got it at Marcel's Gallery. I love dogs. But my wife's allergic. Jake, not going to lie. I asked around. Heard mixed reviews.

JAKE

What you hear?

FURLBEE

You're always sleeping on the job.

JAKE

Sleeping on the job, being tired on the job's two different things.

FURLBEE

Drug problem?

JAKE

I wish. I barely even drink.

FURLBEE

So what's your deal?

JAKE

Me and sleep never quite got along.

FURLBEE

Sleep apnea?

JAKE

Nah. Just got an overactive mind. Fucker just spins and spins.

FURLBEE

Better than underactive, I suppose. Does it affect your work?

JAKE

No sleep'll fuck your memory.  
Pardon my English. I just gotta  
record everything. Otherwise, it  
doesn't affect my cases.

FURLBEE

You should try yoga.

JAKE

(dismisses the suggestion)  
What else you hear?

FURLBEE

That you bailed on Highland PD.  
Turned in your badge so you could  
make more money as a PI.

(before Jake can argue)

People who dislike entrepreneurs  
are really just struggling with  
their own inadequacies.

(Jake nods appreciatively)

So I've heard a thing or two about  
you. You know anything about me?

Jake stifles a grin. Knows him like the back of his hand.

JAKE

Nah. Well, a little.

FURLBEE

It's been just over ten years since  
I turned the backyards of abandoned  
frame houses into a Golf Digest top  
100 course. Lucky I bought up the  
rest of that land when I did.  
Would've been some other schmuck  
profiting off the success of the  
club. Anyway, point is I was on my  
way *before* the housing market  
crashed.

Wilson looks out the window at his grand view of the town.

FURLBEE (CONT'D)

I've been walking the line ever  
since. So at first I was worried  
all this blood would push me to the  
red side of that line. But chances  
are this fiasco involved workers  
from that mill.

(MORE)

FURLBEE (CONT'D)

*This* could be what finally lets this company town climb off the rust belt and evolve into the upper class Pittsburgh suburb it has the potential to be. A place to retire for wealthy Pitt folks who wanna stay local. We'd draw in tech companies looking for cheaper space and-

JAKE

Listen, Mr. Furlbee. Despite what they say about curiosity and cats, my interest is piqued. I wanna find out what happened at the mill. But I ain't real keen on taking sides in some white-man-turf-war 'tween East and West Highland.

FURLBEE

Well, for the time being, our goals are aligned, young man. Which leaves the question: What do you charge?

INT. TY'S OFFICE - DAY

Ty paces. On the phone. Dressed in a suit. It's the middle of his work day. Ty nearly falls backwards when he sees a figure in the window. Relaxes when he realizes it's Dannie.

EXT. FURLBEE REAL ESTATE OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Ty steps out of the small but luxurious office building where Wilson Furlbee runs his real estate development company.

He looks around, then sees her. Dannie waiting by a tree in the neighboring grassy field. He walks over to her. She sees his black eye. She reaches out and softly touches his head.

DANNIE

You okay?

TY

When you're a kid, black eyes are cool. Practically trophies. Not so much anymore. I'm fine though. There are rumors circulating... seven people might be dead... and it's got me wondering if -



DANNIE

Me too. That's why I'm here.

TY

*Right?* What are the chances? 4 in the morning? So at first I was thinking we got to go in and tell them what happened.

DANNIE

But-

TY

But then I'm like, what's the point? We don't know anything. We didn't see anything. So if we can't help, why put ourselves through your dad's wrath when he finds out where we were?

DANNIE

What about that security guard though?

TY

Yeah, I was worried about that. But I think he'll stay quiet. Imagine how much trouble he'd be in for not making a report when Wilson Furlbee's daughter was attacked.

Dannie nods. Her guilt weighing on her.

TY (CONT'D)

I had fun last night. Before I was knocked unconscious.

Ty laughs. Dannie forces a half smile. One that makes her look even cuter, causes Ty to gaze at her.

TY (CONT'D)

There was something I meant to tell you last night. Never got the chance... You're adorable.

(Dannie blushes)

You want to hang again tonight? It *is* Friday.

DANNIE

Maybe not tonight.

Ty waits for an explanation. But doesn't get one.

TY

Okay. Soon though?

Dannie nods. Ty kisses her on the cheek. Starts walking away.

TY (CONT'D)

I gotta get back inside. My boss is kind of a hardass.

EXT. STEEL MILL PARKING LOT - DAY

Jake sits in his car. He pulls out his phone. Presses record on the tape-recorder app.

JAKE

Day one on Seven Bloods. Wary of my employer. Wilson Furlbee has hired me to close the case, but really his goal seems to be to close the mill. The following details are what I got so far.

PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Jake walks out of his car and approaches the crime scene. REPORTERS from Pittsburgh are being held back.

At the crime scene, Sheriff Trate stands with the white haired cop. The county forensics team is wrapping up.

SHERIFF TRATE

A rumor's spreading that somebody got rid of the bodies by burning 'em in the blast furnace.

WHITE HAIREd COP

Small towns across America supposed to be safe as Sesame Street. But the still-towns in the Mon Valley? Braddock, Homestead. Most of 'em've been struck with high profile, horrific crimes over the years. For a long time, Highland escaped.

SHERIFF TRATE

Yeah. My dad spent 30 years knocking on wood 'fore he retired. Now this shit falls in my lap two years after the star did.

WHITE HAIREd COP

I don't envy you.

SHERIFF TRATE

Nobody has a problem with a 35 year  
old sheriff 'til 7 people get...

Sheriff Trate sees Noveer coming over. Sighs. A deep history.

SHERIFF TRATE (CONT'D)

Jake, not today. I can't handle  
you. Not today.

JAKE

Not here to shoot the shit.

SHERIFF TRATE

(face falls)  
You're -

JAKE

Here to augment the investigation.

SHERIFF TRATE

Furlbee?

(Jake nods)

That jagoff. Fucking fitting you're  
working for him. Fitting.

JAKE

How ya figure?

SHERIFF TRATE

If he hadn't built that course,  
we'd still be another blue collar  
shit hole, and you'd never have had  
the market to go private. Really,  
he was *already* paying your bills.

Jake ignores the jab. Instead, he motions to the clearing.  
The discarded steel.

JAKE

Mill dudes used to call this place  
the steel graveyard. Now I guess  
they'll just call it the graveyard,  
huh?

NEARBY

The Rookie Cop and the Bearded Cop whisper back and forth.

ROOKIE COP

Who is that guy?

BEARDED COP  
He's a dick, pun intended.

ROOKIE COP  
PI?

BEARDED COP  
Used to work right alongside Trate. Highland PD's deputy. I didn't know'm well. Kind of a loner. But everybody liked him. 'Til he sold out. Now he follows people around, trying to catch 'em cheating and what not. I'd rather do that than this shit.

Rookie looks insulted. Proud to be a cop. As the sun comes out from behind clouds, the Bearded Cop puts on his shades.

EXT. FURLBEE BACKYARD/POOL - DAY

Dannie and her friend Julie sunbathing.

JULIE  
Come on. It's Frank Abatsy. Everyone's gonna be there.

DANNIE  
Exactly. My mother is probably going.

JULIE  
So what? That estate is so big, you won't even cross paths with her. I bet Ty will be there.  
(sees Dannie distracted)  
What's going on in that brainiac head of yours?

DANNIE  
Just last night. I feel weird about not coming forward.

JULIE  
D, we've been over this. You didn't see anything. It wasn't your fault Ty got attacked and there's nothing you can go forward with. I don't get why you're feeling guilty.

Dannie just sits. Stewing in her guilt. Julie can sense she's holding something back:

JULIE (CONT'D)

What? What is it?

Dannie takes a deep breath. Then finally spills the beans:

DANNIE

I saw *him*.

JULIE

What? What do you mean?

DANNIE

The guy. I *did* see him. I got a pretty good look at him.

JULIE

Who was he???

DANNIE

I don't know. I don't know him. But I *saw* him.

JULIE

Holy f-ing shit. Dannie! *Why* didn't you tell the security guard?!

DANNIE

I don't know. I felt bad for him. He thought he was helping me. He thought I was being...

JULIE

O M *fucking* G.

Dannie feeling better having just gotten it off her chest.

JULIE (CONT'D)

Well maybe it was just a coincidence.

DANNIE

What was he doing there, in the middle of the night?

JULIE

I don't know. The country club isn't *that* close to the mill.

Dannie pulls out an iPad. A map of Highland already open.

DANNIE

Here's the mill and where all the blood was found. And here's where the country club pool is.

Julie surveys the map of the town. Points to the main road that cuts through town.

JULIE

Yeah. Assuming he lives in Highland West, he'd have taken Crescent Road and been no where near the club.

DANNIE

*Unless* he wanted to stay off the main roads. Because he didn't want to be seen. Which case he would've taken the fireroad over the hill, taking him through the country club and within earshot of the pool.

JULIE

What time did he attack you guys?

DANNIE

He didn't attack *us*. Just Ty. And that's cause he thought -

JULIE

Whatever. When did it happen?

DANNIE

4:15. I heard the last shift ends at 1 AM. The last guys to leave the mill left at 1:30 AM. And the scene was discovered at 5:00 AM.

(adding to the clues)

He was all dirty and sweaty. And who wears a hooded sweatshirt in the middle of summer?

JULIE

What are you saying? This guy murdered seven people and then tried to rescue you?

(Dannie shrugs)

Well now you *gotta* go forward. You can tell the police what he looked like.

DANNIE

He had a dog. A big brown mutt.

JULIE

You left that out too? You saw the guy *and* you know he has a big brown dog. F-ing Jesus, D.

DANNIE

What?

JULIE

It's a small town, Dannie. They'll be able to figure out who it was.

Dannie nods. Feels guilty. Julie gives her a much needed hug.

EXT. CARL HOUSEHOLD - DUSK

Bruce Carl arrives home to his humble house from the longest day of his career. His WIFE (40) meets him at the doorway. She's a mother to all the men at the steel mill.

Bruce falls into her arms. A long hug.

BRUCE

You heard?

MRS. CARL

Of course I heard.

Three young CHILDREN all run up to Bruce. They all give him hugs around his legs cause that's as high as they reach.

LATER

Bruce, his wife, and his three kids sit around the table. Looks like a portrait of the American family.

BRUCE

All I can think about is 18 years ago. Our mining op was struggling, and that explosion was enough to end our coal biz. I'm worried this...whatever *this* is...will be the end of the mill.

MRS. CARL

18 years ago was awful. But *that* was an accident. I just hope some of the ruffians you employ haven't...

BRUCE

They're good men.

MRS. CARL

Some of them are. But we both know some of them aren't.

(MORE)

MRS. CARL (CONT'D)

And it's looking like somebody did something foul, Bruce. Real foul.

(after a silence)

So tonight...well I got your old Han Solo costume dry-cleaned, but I guess we're not going to go to...

INT. FRANK ABATSY'S HOUSE - DUSK

A huge, elegant party underway. The event everyone has been buzzing about: Frank Abatsy's "dress like your favorite movie character" party.

The house is second in size only to Wilson Furlbee's house. Unlike Furlbee's mansion, Abatsy's house is older fashioned. Looks more like the house from Clue.

Various TOWNSPEOPLE are dressed as their favorite movie characters. Sherlock Holmes, Zoolander, Batman, Princess Leia, Zorro, Spartacus, Katniss, Ferris Bueller, Forrest Gump, Travis Bickle, The Princess Bride, Rocky, Woody, etc.

The three housewives from the opening scene are all present. Though the one did not end up dressing up as Julia Roberts from Pretty Woman. Instead, she's dressed as Dorothy.

Sitting at a table on an outside deck near the pool is FRANK ABATSY, dressed in a tux as James Bond. Late 30s. African American. Charismatic. Along with the finest clothes, Abatsy always wears a trusting smile.

QUICK SHOTS of party-goers gossiping about 7 Bloods.

Ending with Abatsy's table, where Sandy Furlbee and others discuss the bizarre events. Sandy is dressed as Catwoman.

ZORRO

I heard they burned the bodies in the blast furnace.

SANDY

At least this has given Highland something to gossip about other than the arsonist.

ZORRO

That was weirder than this. At least there's a logical motive to attach to crimes likes theft, rape, or murder...

The man trails off, realizing how he sounds. Everyone laughs.



ZORRO (CONT'D)

That came out wrong. No but seriously. Last week's was the 18th house to burn to the ground in two years. What benefit does some sicko get from this?

MARILYN MONROE

It's class envy. Some yinzer jaded ex-coal miner pissed seeing a proper house on the ruins of his ghost town.

SANDY

But the last two houses have both been in Highland West. All the home owners have been white though, east or west side. Makes me wonder if it's race related.

ZORRO

Well, Frank. The fires did start around the time you showed up.

Frank happens to be lighting his cigar with a lighter. Everyone laughs. Most of all Frank Abatsy.

SANDY

The only thing this man is guilty of is having too good a time.

ZORRO

To Frank Abatsy. The most gracious host in town.

They all cheers.

May Frawley approaches and hovers over the crew at the table. She's dressed as April from the Ninja Turtles - explains the yellow jumpsuit in her car.

Everyone stops talking. An awkward moment. May looks around. *What? I don't get it.*

ZORRO (CONT'D)

Well, what do you expect? We're afraid you might be wearing a wire.

Everyone laughs. May smiles. Frank doesn't get it.

ZORRO (CONT'D)

Frank, this is May Frawley. She's a Pulitzer Prize winning journalist from Pittsburgh.

MAY

Nice to meet you, Mr. Abatsy.

ABATSY

Welcome. And please, call me Frank.

ZORRO

Frank, I know what you're thinking...if she's such a brilliant journalist, why is she working in Highland. She's writing a book on this town.

ABATSY

Highland?

MAY

I wanted to write about how the American people were affected by the recession.

ABATSY

Why Highland specifically?

MAY

'Cause I didn't wanna write a book about rich, white collar folks in the recession or poorer blue collar people. I wanted to do both.

ZORRO

Doesn't matter the shade of their collar, crick or creek, the economy affected both sides the same way.

MAY

Both sides are hurting, but the details are different.

Zorro shrugs. Not convinced. DR. MAX HARPER (42), who up to this point has been silent, suddenly speaks up.

Dr. Harper has thick glasses, but chiseled features and a firm posture make him look more sophisticated than nerdy. Ambiguous if he's dressed as Clark Kent or without costume.

DR. HARPER

She's right. It's like the drive-in-theater. Sure, people from both sides go, but the details are different.

(MORE)

DR. HARPER (CONT'D)

When you take your wife, you guys go because it's cool in a hip retro way...but over on the west side, they just think of it as going to the movies.

Before Zorro can rebut, Abatsy turns to May, smiling.

ABATSY

I suspect you picked the right town for your book.

Dr. Harper separates himself from the group. Walks out beyond the patio, smoking his cigar. The woman dressed as Marilyn Monroe from *Some Like It Hot* follows after him.

Dr. Harper stares off into the night. Smoking his cigar.

MARILYN MONROE

Max, when you going to schedule my next appointment? I'm still a bit troubled by my fascination with bondage.

He turns, looks at her. But doesn't smile.

DR. HARPER

I don't think I can take on any more patients.

MARILYN MONROE

But I'm not a new patient. We already had an appointment a couple months ago.

(flirtatious)

You know what I think?

DR. HARPER

No, but I'm guessing you're going to make a flirtatious erotic transference joke about how I'm avoiding setting another appointment with you because of the sexual tension between us...

She fails to hide her smile. Knows she got called out. Thinks he's playing her game. But Harper's not done. And he's definitely not playing her game:

DR. HARPER (CONT'D)

But I don't feel any such tension.  
(her smile fades)

(MORE)

DR. HARPER (CONT'D)

And if you wanna know what *I* think,  
I think the women on your side of  
town have too much free time.

MARILYN MONROE

(still trying to flirt)

*Your side of town?* Oh, you're so  
hip and counter-culture to move to  
town and buy a row house on the  
west side. Except aren't you just  
the first wave of gentrification?

DR. HARPER

Profound observation. It's  
juxtaposed well against your sleazy  
outfit.

MARILYN MONROE

That doesn't sound professional  
coming from my therapist.

DR. HARPER

I'm not your therapist. I'm just  
someone who doesn't like you.

Harper walks off, leaving her sobered up from his coldness.

DANNIE (PRE-LAP)

I'd like to schedule an appointment  
to talk to Sheriff Trate.

EXT. FURLBEE MANSION - DANNIE'S ROOM - DUSK

Dannie paces. Wearing jeans and a tank top. On her phone.

DANNIE

(into phone)

Dannie Furlbee ... Yes, I'm his  
daughter ... Yeah. I just want to  
come in and talk with him. I have  
some information ... It's about...  
Well, I'd rather talk with him in  
person ... Sure. Tomorrow at 9AM?  
I'll be there. Thank you.

Dannie walks out of her bedroom.

Julie is waiting impatiently, now dressed as Kill Bill's "The  
Bride". Trying to look as sexy as possible. Succeeding.

JULIE

Can we leave already? My party  
adrenaline is fading.

DANNIE

You're already dressed up.

JULIE

You can be ready at the snap of a finger. Take off your pants. And put on one of your dad's big white dress shirts. And...

(snaps her finger)

...you're ready.

INT. FRANK ABATSY'S HOUSE - DUSK

Frank now in the library. Wherever he sits, people form circles around him like he's a magnet.

A woman dressed as Katniss enters.

KATNISS

Mr. Bond, somebody asked to talk to the owner of the house.

ABATSY

I'd hate to be my neighbor too.

Everyone laughs. Frank stands up and walks towards the doorway, and freezes when he sees the red bearded man standing in the doorway.

Frank eventually pops out of his trance. Motions for the man to step outside. Frank joins the red bearded man outside on the porch. A long silence between the two. Finally...

RED BEARDED MAN

If this was you trying to outrun your past, you're not running near fast enough.

ABATSY

How'd ya find me?

Notably, much of Frank's aristocratic demeanor is gone.

RED BEARDED MAN

Does it matter?

(when he doesn't answer)

Well, as you can see, I haven't made any calls yet, or else it would not be me showing up at your doorstep. I'm not saying I won't make that call though.

ABATSY  
What's it gonna take?

RED BEARDED MAN  
I reckon sixty'll do it.

Abatsy sighs. Contemplates. Decides:

ABATSY  
Stay put.

INT. FRANK ABATSY'S ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frank opens a large trunk. He throws some clothes on the floor. Then removes a fake-bottom. Below it: Stacks and stacks of cash. All hundreds.

MOMENTS LATER

With a small gym bag full of cash, Frank heads towards the doorway. Then he stops. He goes to a small safe, opens it. Inside: a hand gun. He stares at the gun. Contemplating.

PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

Abatsy returns to the red bearded man who is pacing on the stoop. Abatsy hands him a small gym bag. He keeps his other hand in his pocket. Presumably the gun.

ABATSY  
There's 60.

The man takes the bag. Opens it a crack. Sees it's filled with cash. While the man is distracted looking at the cash, Frank starts to slide his other hand out of his pocket.

But it's not the gun. Instead, it's a watch. A gold watch.

ABATSY (CONT'D)  
This watch is worth twenty G's. My way of saying I don't wanna see your ass ever again, ya hear?

The red bearded man takes the watch.

RED BEARDED MAN  
I'll take the money, 'cause well, 'cause I need it. But the money wasn't what... You get older, people stop making friends. But we were... we were friends.

The red bearded man walks off. Abatsy takes a deep breath then returns inside. He pauses for a moment while alone in the foyer. And for the briefest moment his face tightens up, his eyes squint, tears just starting to form. But then:

INT. FRANK ABATSY'S LIBRARY - DUSK

Frank Abatsy rejoins his guests with the fattest smile. Doesn't look like a guy who just got blackmailed.

ZOOLANDER

Frank! Tell 'em about the time you got stuck on a tropical island by yourself.

ABATSY

Stuck? *Stuck?* That was the best week of my life.

Everyone laughs. Abatsy laughs. Aristocratic persona back.

ZOOLANDER

Come on. Tell 'em the whole story.

Abatsy sits down. Lights a cigar. Puts his feet up.

ABATSY

Alright. Alright. So I was dating this advertising exec who had her pilot's license and a private plane. Perks of dating a pilot: the weekend getaways. Downside comes when you break up in the middle of one of these getaways.

Everyone laughs, anxious to hear the rest of the story. But everyone's attention turns to two cops in the doorway.

Frank jokingly throws up his arms. *Don't shoot!* Gets another laugh out of the crowd.

ROOKIE COP

Mr. Abatsy. Crescent Road is not a parking lot. It's a road.

ABATSY

No problem, officer. I'll have the cars moved right away.

ROOKIE COP

(turns to leave)  
Thank you.

ABATSY

Wait. Given the rumors, I imagine you two have had a long day. Least grab some grub while you're here.

The rookie turns to the Bearded Cop. *Should we?*

EXT. ROAD - DUSK

Dannie and Julie on the way to Frank Abatsy's party. Dannie is dressed as Tom Cruise from Risky Business. Julie drives. Off Dannie's stress:

JULIE

You're doing the right thing.  
(Dannie nods)  
So let's have some fun tonight, D.

They are driving by a park. Dannie stares out the window, sees a dog chasing a ratty old tennis ball.

Realizes she recognizes the dog. It's the brown mutt that was on the other side of the fence at the pool the night before.

DANNIE

Slow down.

JULIE

Shut up. I don't drive like a turtle like you. I-

DANNIE

Stop! The dog. *That's* the dog!

Julie has pretty much stopped the car. Dannie's eyes follow the dog as it runs the tennis ball back to its owner.

Sure enough, the dog comes over to Garrett.

DANNIE (CONT'D)

That's him. That's the guy.

Julie is equally curious to see this mystery guy now. She pulls the car into the gravel parking lot on the other side of the road from the park. They hop out of the car. As they walk closer, Dannie gets a better view of Garrett.

DANNIE (CONT'D)

Yeah that's definitely him.

JULIE

He's hot. He definitely looks like he's from the west side of town.

(MORE)



JULIE (CONT'D)

Yinzer for sure. Brown back white  
ass.

(off Dannie's disapproval)

What? Not saying he's a criminal.  
You're the one saying that.

Julie laughs, but Dannie's eyes have grown wide. Next to Garrett an adorable two and a half year old girl is playing in the grass. Carly. Garrett throws the ball and the dog chases it down. Then Garrett scoops up his daughter.

DANNIE

(lost in thought)

I used to come to this park as a  
child. Probably came 100 times.

JULIE

So what?

DANNIE

But it was always with my nanny.  
Never my dad. Not once.

Dannie's decision just got harder. Garrett isn't just a guy. A father. And from the look on the daughter's face, he looks like a good one. Dannie appears nauseated with indecision.

INT. JAKE NOVEER'S OLD BLACK CAMRY - NIGHT

Jake driving home. Records on his phone while he drives.

JAKE

Half the town's at Frank Abatsy's  
party. Other half's probably at  
home chewing on Seven Bloods. But  
nobody seems to know shit.

INT. FRANK ABATSY'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Party still going strong. As offered by Abatsy, the two cops eat dinner. Standing, eating gourmet food from paper plates.

ROOKIE COP

Oh, and by the way...

EXT. JAKE NOVEER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jake gets out of his car. Walks up to his apartment. Opens the door. Clear he's a single guy. Not a lot of stuff. The couch pulled out into a bed in the middle of the living room.

ROOKIE COP (V.O.)  
I asked some of the older guys down  
at the station about this private  
investigator Jake Noveer guy.

Jake walks back to the bedroom of the one bedroom apartment,  
which he has converted to an office. Flips on the light.

BEARDED COP (V.O.)  
And?

The whole room is devoted to a case. Pictures on the walls.  
Maps. Bulletin boards with different clues. A list of names  
on the wall. There are stacks of notebooks on a bookcase.

ROOKIE COP (V.O.)  
He thinks Abby Mira's still alive.

It's all devoted to "Abby Mira", the same girl May Frawley  
and Wilson Furlbee argued about earlier in the day. The same  
girl from the "missing" flier that the housewife threw away.

BEARDED COP (V.O.)  
What are you talking about? Some  
sicko chopped her up, dumped her in  
the Allegheny river.

ROOKIE COP (V.O.)  
(almost proud)  
Not according to Jake Noveer. Yeah,  
turns out, he's not some soft cop  
who gave up on a case. Yeah, he  
does spousal surveillance and  
background checks to keep the  
lights on, but he took a job as a  
PI so he could investigate the  
cases he believed in.

INT. GARRETT'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Garrett lying in bed. Eyes wide open. He looks over at the  
door. Carly is standing in the doorway crying. Garrett hops  
up out of bed. He picks Carly up, realizes she's wet the bed.

GARRETT  
It's alright. That's why we got  
more than one pair.

MOMENTS LATER

Garrett has just thrown some new sheets on the bed. Carly is  
wearing a new set of pajamas.

GARRETT  
Go to sleep, okay?

Carly nods and lays down. Shuts her eyes.

Garrett walks back to his room. Lies down. Then he hears loud banging on the front door. He hops out of bed, speed walks to the front door just as there's another banging on the door.

He looks through the peephole, sees two ladies in their early 20's. Deckerd out to party. He opens the door, steps outside.

COKED OUT PARTY GIRL 1  
Garrett, wanna chill? Marty has a  
key to Chuck E Cheese.

COKED OUT PARTY GIRL 2  
And we got a little something.

She holds up a baggie of white powder: Cocaine.

GARRETT  
Yinz know what time it is?!

COKED OUT PARTY GIRL 2  
Yeah, it's like 11:30.  
(laughing)  
Stop being a pussy. We haven't hung  
since we got back from school.

GARRETT  
Just get out of here.

PARTY GIRL 1  
What's your problem, Garrett? Why  
you being an asshole?

GARRETT  
Get the fuck out of here. Girls  
ever come by here again and wake my  
daughter up, I'll slap the grin off  
both your wasted faces.

COKED OUT PARTY GIRL 2  
*Daughter?* Since when?

Garrett shuts the door in their faces. Still has trouble escaping his old lifestyle.

He looks up to see Carly standing in her doorway.

GARRETT  
Carly, go back to sleep.

Carly wanders back inside. Garrett is about to close the door when he sees an animal run by. He squints. Sure enough, a Victorian Koala scurries by, disappears into the woods next to his house. Garrett stares into the night. *What the fuck?*

EXT. BRIDGE - DAWN

On a railroad bridge that crosses a small creek, Bruce Carl waits. Pacing back and forth. Running his hand across his mustache. It's early in the morning.

A MAN (50s) in a suit joins him on the bridge.

BRUCE

What the fuck happened?

The man sighs. No easy answer to that question.

MAN IN SUIT

I got on a plane as soon as I heard.

BRUCE

It's too much. It's gotten to be too much. I want out.

MAN IN SUIT

Listen. It was our mistake. We fucked up.

Bruce just glares. *You think?*

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)

The only positive in this has been that you showed you could step up to the plate. You did a good job of cleaning our mess.

BRUCE

I've felt sick for the last 24 hours. Thinking about my 3 little kids at home, how ashamed I'd be if they ever visited me in jail.

MAN IN SUIT

We value our arrangement. We want to show you that.

The man hands Bruce a briefcase. Bruce reluctantly takes it.

MAN IN SUIT (CONT'D)  
That's 250. Nothing to do with our  
normal rate. That's 250 to say  
sorry *and* thank you.

Bruce already softening. The money truncating his rage.

INT. DANNIE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Dannie stares at her alarm clock as it hits 8:00. The alarm  
sounds. But she was already awake. Didn't sleep well.

She sits up in bed. Picks up her cell phone. Dials a number.

DANNIE  
Hi, it's Dannie Furlbee. I was  
supposed to come in to talk to  
Sheriff Trate this morning, but I  
want to cancel the appointment.  
(voice on other end)  
No. I don't need to reschedule.  
Thanks.

She hangs up the phone.

INT. BRUCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Bruce in his office. Garrett enters. Raging.

BRUCE  
I'm sorry, Garrett.

GARRETT  
I helped worsh up your mess, and my  
mouth is shut, Bruce. But I was  
out. I've *been* out.

BRUCE  
I know.

GARRETT  
Then why the fuck did you call *me*?

BRUCE  
We had 3 hours before dawn. Goot's  
out of town. There was no one else.  
No one I could trust. Even the two  
of us couldn't finish worshipping it  
up. If it had just been me? I'd've  
been fucked.

GARRETT

Are you sure we're not fucked?!

BRUCE

Nothing's coming back on us.

GARRETT

Well that's it. Maybe I owed you before. But now we're even. And I'm out. For good. No more favors or phone calls. Or nothing.

BRUCE

I know you're worried. But we're okay.

GARRETT

(starts walking out)

It's not we anymore, Bruce.

BRUCE

Garrett, wait.

Bruce hands him an envelope. Garrett opens it. Sees it's full of money. He throws it on Bruce's desk.

GARRETT

I don't want this. I'm out. I got a little girl now.

BRUCE

Don't think of it like that. You've been doing good at the mill. Think of it as a bonus.

Bruce hands the envelope to Garrett. He's still hesitant, but now he does take it.

INT. HIGHLAND POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The Bearded Cop storms into the conference room where Trate is on the phone.

BEARDED COP

That was Barbara Jenkins. Her boy's missing! Dante Jenkins. Guess he got let go from the mill a couple days ago. We got a missing person.

SHERIFF TRATE

(into phone)

I'll call you back.

INT. KING WITH THE AXE - DAY

A rustic tavern. Late in the afternoon. Garrett's day at the mill finished. He's sitting at the bar. Finishes his whiskey. He starts to stand up.

A female BARTENDER (30s) walks over. She is always telling riddles. Her thing. She stands overtop a PATRON.

BARTENDER

The man who made it doesn't want it. The man who bought it doesn't need it. The man who needs it doesn't know it. What is *it*?

The patron looks baffled. The bartender sees Garrett's ready to go. She walks over to him.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Out after one? You know Gar, there was a time I used to have to cut you off least twice a week.

GARRETT

That time's behind me.

BARTENDER

My cousin used to get annihilated all the time. But he wasn't really addicted. When he stopped getting wasted, he still had one drink a day. To prove to himself he was in control. He called it his shot a day to keep the devil away.

GARRETT

Whatever you wanna call it.

Garrett puts down some cash to pay for his drink. On top is a single dollar bill, the one from the beginning of the episode. He walks away. The bartender picks up the cash.

EXT. DAYCARE HOUSE - DUSK

Garrett knocks on the door, holding cash in his other hand. The daycare wife brings Carly. He hands her some cash. A portion of what he got from Bruce. The woman takes the cash.

Garrett takes Carly. They walk back towards the road.

GARRETT

You wanna walk?

She shakes her head, no. Garrett puts her on top of his shoulders, letting her legs dangle down and he begins the walk up the road towards his house.

INT. KING WITH THE AXE - DUSK

The bartender stands overtop the same patron who's stumped on the riddle. The patron lifts up his head. Has the answer:

PATRON

A fucking grave! You know, a coffin. The answer's a coffin.

The bartender winks. On the far side of the bar from where Garrett was sitting, a man motions to close out. It's Dr. Max Harper from Frank Abatsy's party.

BARTENDER

That'll be 14.  
(Harper hands her a 20)  
You want all ones?

The bartender seems annoyed when Harper shakes his head, thinking she's only going to get a one-dollar tip.

She walks towards the register, grumbling below her breath.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Stingy-ass-Highland-Eastern-dick.

She puts the 20 in the register, returns with change.

BARTENDER (CONT'D)

Here you go.

She hands Dr. Harper a five and a one - the dollar from Garrett. Harper generously leaves the five as a tip.

Harper puts the dollar in his wallet, walks out of the bar. Dr. Harper will have the dollar next episode.

PULL OUT from Dr. Harper to an aerial shot of the street. To an aerial shot of the town...

FADE OUT.