

THE MORE GONE SHE'LL BE

"PILOT"

Written by

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INT. DULCIE'S CAR / EXT. TIVERTON STREET (MOVING) - DAY

TIVERTON, RI unfolds through the illegally tinted windshield of an '05 Monte Carlo. Clapboard multi-fams, jet-ski shops, taffy outlets shuttered for winter, Boston hits looping on the radio.

DULCIE BRESSETTE drives. 29, white, home health aide scrubs, drugstore ombré, the kind of triple-decker beauty that never ends well. As the car approaches a low-end motel, she speaks in a harsh Rhode Island accent to her unseen passenger:

DULCIE

Jord, we're here, you gotta roll.

-- JORDANA BRESSETTE, 26, P.I.N.K hoodie, knees on the dash, eyes glassy, contentedly high, no intention of "rolling" right now.

JORDANA

Never gets old, does it? Ruining my gate-shot.

DULCIE

You know what gets old? You. Passed out in my ride when I got to work.

JORDANA

I'm working. I got two back-to-backs at Extended Stay after this lo-lo. Get me after lunch?

DULCIE

I got my meeting then.

Jordana hops out, beams her first-day-of-spring-break smile --

JORDANA

But see that's what's so great about N.A meetings -- they got 'em all day!

DULCIE

They also keep asking when I'm bringing my sister.

JORDANA

Yeah? So does the guy in room six. See you at lunch.

She heads across the lot, her long limbs and slight overbite giving her an air of perpetual adolescence. Dulcie calls off --

DULCIE

Jord. Get him outside.

Jordana SIGHS, KNOCKS on the door. It opens, she smiles at an unseen JOHN, cuts a glance at Dulcie's car with a flirty shrug --

The John (50s), appears, tracks her gaze to the car's opaque windshield. He can't tell who's inside, and that's the point.

INSIDE -- CLICK. Dulcie takes his photo, adds it to a grid of JOHN PHOTOS. As the two go inside, Dulcie's lips count to ten. On ten, an okay emoji appears. She starts the car, relieved.

INT. TIVERTON POLICE DEPT. - BULLPEN - DAY

GRAINY CCTV FOOTAGE of TWO TEENS in a store plays on a laptop. One stashes a video game system under his sports jersey.

WIDEN to reveal DET. ANTHONY RAGUSA, mid-20s, cherubically overweight, scrubbing through the footage, taco in hand.

A loud CRUNCH. DA COSTA (40s) a uniform a few desks down, flashes a disapproving look.

DA COSTA

They make soft tacos now, Anth.
(then, re: footage)
You find anything?

Anthony, mouth full, zooms in on the LAST NAMES on their JERSEYS.

DA COSTA (CONT'D)

Tell me those are Pats jerseys.

ANTHONY

Woonsocket High School.

DA COSTA

(again?)
Christ. I'll get the yearbook.

An email CHIME sounds from Anthony's computer. ECU on his face as he clicks it open. Whatever it says, he's stopped chewing.

INT. TIVERTON POLICE DEPT. - JOE'S OFFICE - DAY

COMMANDER JOE RAGUSA (58, compact, selectively capable) mouses through Florida townhomes. Anthony lumbers in, printout in hand.

Joe, recognizing his son's heavy footfalls, doesn't look up.

JOE

You book Mike's bachelor party?

ANTHONY

Working on it. I just got this email about the missing girls, two in Fall River, one in Swansea.

JOE

Call girls? Saw it in the ProvJo.

ANTHONY

The Feds are doing a debrief up at the Hilton. Since I wrapped up this Best Buy thing, maybe I could --

JOE

They went missing in Massachusetts. Why would Rhode Island P.D. go?

ANTHONY

Pop, it's one town away.

Joe eyes a cartoonish local business map on the wall.

JOE

What do you want people to think when they hear Tiverton? Whales wearing sunglasses or cracked-out call girls from other states?

ANTHONY

Just trying to be a team player.

JOE

Pfft. What team you on?

Anthony exits, oddly wounded by his word choice.

INT. TIVERTON OFFICE OF SOCIAL SERVICES - DAY

A public service bullpen. Dulcie drums her fingers nervously as her social worker, MICHELLE (40) types --

MICHELLE

You have the court card from N.A?
(Dulcie hands forms over)
Lease, pay stub, urine came back clean,
we got a court opening Thursday --

DULCIE

Court opening?

MICHELLE

It's been 18 months, Dulcie. You're gonna get your daughter back.

Dulcie freezes, overcome with elation, terror, doubt.

DULCIE
It can't be this easy.

MICHELLE
What part of this was easy? Moving?
Cleaning up? Getting a real job?

DULCIE
My ma won't give her up, she'll fight me.

MICHELLE
So reach out, smooth things over.
You're gonna need her help.

DULCIE
(pulls phone out, mutters)
I'll text her right now. She'll text
me back some bible crap about hours.

MICHELLE
You got Ada's room ready?
(off Dulcie's surprise)
Get it ready. I shouldn't tell you
this, but there's a home visit on
the calendar for tomorrow.

Panic flits across Dulcie's face. Michelle picks up on it.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
Your sister's not around, is she?

DULCIE
If she was, would that, like...

MICHELLE
Ruin your case? She's a convicted
felon. We talked about this.

Dulcie's gut churns. A TEXT CHIME. She checks it, brightens --

DULCIE
Ma says I can see Ada later.
(then, a follow-up CHIME)
"And be sure your sin will find you
out." Numbers, 10:23.

Off Dulcie, mirth fading as her mother's words resonate.

INT. GOLDEN OAKS SENIOR LIVING - WARREN'S APARTMENT - DAY

LITTLE BIRD (30s, Wampanoag), a curvy home health aide with a pack of Newports wedged in her sports bra, argues with WARREN (80s) --

LITTLE BIRD

(re: TV)

-- Know how I know it's a repeat?
Because Bruce is still a dude.

Dulcie walks in, plops a case of ENSURE down on the counter.

DULCIE

I miss anything?

LITTLE BIRD

Warren doesn't like Ensure anymore.
(off Dulcie's smile, to Warren)
See that? Dark Cloud just smiled.
I gotta find her a new Indian name.

WARREN

Must have met a fella.

DULCIE

(GUFFAWS, then)

Thanks, Warren, I've met enough
fellas.

Dulcie takes her place opposite Little Bird at the bed. As they change Warren's sheets around him like a pit-crew:

DULCIE (CONT'D)

(to Little Bird, cagey)

Hey, your daughter still like Trolls?

LITTLE BIRD

Nah. They all like that new one
with the porcupine now. Why?

Dulcie offers a coy shrug. Bird stops mid-pillow-fluff --

LITTLE BIRD (CONT'D)

Shut. The fuck. Up.

EXT. WARREN'S APARTMENT - PATIO - DAY

Little Bird and Dulcie suck down celebratory menthol.

DULCIE

-- But I got so much to do, I gotta
buy all that kid stuff again.

LITTLE BIRD
 (lights up, remembering)
 Hey, Kaylee's got a recital
 tonight. If your car can make it
 to Providence, you can take my shift.

DULCIE
 You serious?

LITTLE BIRD
 Why wouldn't I be? You're a solid, C-plus
 bartender.
 (thinks, pivots)
 Where's Ada gonna sleep?

DULCIE
 My sister's room.

LITTLE BIRD
 She moving out?

DULCIE
 (looks off, queasy)
 She's gonna have to.

EXT. STRIP CLUB - SWANSEA, MA / INT. ANTHONY'S CAR - DAY

A windowless pink box near the I95 rotary. A banner near the
 door reads: "ASK ABOUT OUR BACHELOR PARTIES!"

Anthony sits in his car, trying to psyche himself into entering.
 On his lap, we see he's thumbing through GRINDR PROFILES.

A SHIRTLESS MAN'S chat box appears. **Hey.**

His eyes go wide. He closes, then deletes the app, pulls
 his straight-guy Oakleys from the glove. We get the sense this
 happens several times a day. He opens the door to --

EXT. STRIP CLUB - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

-- Just as his cell RINGS. He checks it, picks it up:

ANTHONY
 (into phone, giggling)
 Ma, you'll never guess where I am.
A strip club. Pop wants me to book
 Mike's batch in Mass, you know, in
 case there's any "shenanigans".

His amusement fades as he clocks the HILTON across the street --
 black SUVs, cruisers, SUITS and COPS -- the FBI debriefing.

Idea brewing, he grabs his badge, phone to ear:

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Tell Pop I'll be a while, I should probably check out a few more strip clubs.

-- And heads toward the Hilton, lit up with purpose.

INT. BIG BOX STORE - DAY

Dulcie peruses strollers, pack n' plays; evidence of all she's missed in Ada's life -- flags down a female EMPLOYEE.

DULCIE

Hey, any of these car seats have that porcupine on it? From the movie?

EMPLOYEE

Winston? Good luck finding one without him. How much your kid weigh?

DULCIE

I dunno, fifty, sixty pounds.

EMPLOYEE

Maybe look in booster seats. These are for, um, small children.

DULCIE

Yeah. I know.

As Dulcie walks briskly away --

EXT. HILTON - ENTRANCE AREA - DAY

A sign-in table. AGENT FRICK (20s, officious) searches her tablet as Anthony shifts nervously in his sport loafers, scrolling through messages on his phone.

ANTHONY

I got the email invite somewhere...

AGENT FRICK

Yeah, I'm sorry, your C.O really needs to have registered you.

Anthony nods, defeated, and heads out, passing AGENT DEVON KEANE (30s, suited, bro-hot), who balances his projector and bag.

THUD. The bag drops. On reflex, Anthony retrieves it.

AGENT KEANE
I shoulda brought my wheelie.

Keane flashes a winning smile. Anthony clocks his lanyard.

ANTHONY
Agent Keane? Detective Ragusa,
Tiverton P.D.
(off his blank look)
It's in Rhode Island.

AGENT KEANE
Seriously? I didn't think any of
you guys were coming.

ANTHONY
I'm actually on my way out. There's
some issue with the list.

AGENT KEANE
Nah, you're here, right? Gimme
your badge, we'll figure something
out. Can you take this projector?

Off Anthony, more than happy to comply.

INT. DULCIE'S CAR / EXT. EXTENDED STAY - PARKING LOT - DAY

A nearly empty parking lot on the edge of a vast, wintry marsh. A dense fog has rolled in, triggering the sodium arc lights despite the daylight, tinting the scene an unlucky orange.

Dulcie sits in her car, checks the time, hits the high beams, changes radio stations, dreading the impending conversation.

A disembodied hand THUMPS on the windshield. Dulcie GASPS as Jordana's face appears above it, cackling at her fright.

JORDANA
Guy tipped me fifty bucks. Happy
fucking Monday.
(then, shivering)
My coat's in back, yeah?

As she heads back to pop the trunk, Dulcie leaps out into:

EXT. EXTENDED STAY - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

DULCIE
Wait, Jord --

A tremor in Dulcie's expression. Jord has something on her... Just then, a TEXT CHIME breaks the tension. Jordana checks her phone in its PINK, CAT-EARED CASE.

JORDANA (CONT'D)

Well. You picked the wrong day to put my ass out. Coulda bought you twenty car seats.

(vindicated smile, texts back)

I'll have my stuff out by five. Keep this for me till then.

Jordana slips her cat-phone into Dulcie's pocket, heads off. Dulcie, puzzled by this, takes the phone out, heads after her.

DULCIE

Why are you giving me this?

JORDANA

What do you care?

DULCIE

Don't you get it? The check-ins, the photos, you gotta let them know --

JORDANA

Know what?

DULCIE

That you'll be missed.

JORDANA

(thinks, asks parking lot)
Will I?

-- And walks into the fog. Dulcie pockets Jordana's cat-phone. No peace, no closure, just the uneasy sense that she's traded an old burden for a newer one.

INT. SWANSEA HILTON - CONFERENCE ROOM - SAME TIME

A SEQUENCE OF GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL PHOTOS. Promise and props: flutes, volleyballs, pompoms. Agent Keane presents to a roomful of LAW ENFORCEMENT TYPES, including Anthony --

KEANE

Heather Perreira, Dakota Atkins, Brynn Callahan. All prostitutes posting on adultist.com, all running outcalls without a pimp, all vanished in the last five months.

He advances to a sex listings page. Emojis, rainbow-hued Arial --

AGENT KEANE

All white females, eighteen to
twenty-six, all known drug users --

Then the girls' ad pages: pixilated convergences of flesh, earlier
promise reduced to one thing --

KEANE

Normally these women disappear, no one
notices for months, years --

-- And lands on a wholesome SEARS PORTRAIT of Heather Perreira
(25, redhead) with two TODDLERS.

KEANE (CONT'D)

But these women were missed.

He flips to similar family shots of Callahan and Atkins.

KEANE (CONT'D)

The behavioral unit believes we're
dealing with a mission killer,
targeting mothers.

A UNIFORM raises his hand, confused --

UNIFORM

Without bodies how are you sure the
disappearances are related?

KEANE

We have Atkins and Callahan's phones.
Their last incoming texts are nearly
identical: client asks to meet up at
a remote location, tells them to come
alone, no cell phone -- closes with
the hook of a high payout.

A map of South Central New England appears --

KEANE (CONT'D)

Perreira was reported missing in
Mass, but her last ping came from a
Rhode Island bar.

The audience GROANS, a MASS STATIE jokes --

STATIE

You never found that phone...

KEANE

Heather was popular in Providence.

(grins, plays dumb)

What, is there some kind of corruption problem there?

(laughs along with them)

Luckily she talked to a bouncer, mentioned "no phones", wrote down where she was meeting the john.

A BUILD on the map: 3 RED DOTS appear, straddling Mt. Hope Bay --

AGENT KEANE

That's where local law enforcement comes in. We need you to look into disappearances over the last five years. See if any check the same boxes, sex worker, drug addict, mom. Second, talk to sex workers. A girl may have gotten away. Third, keep your eyes open. This guy is just getting started.

Keane cuts the projector, the overheads stutter to life. TIGHT on Anthony, catering plate before him. For once, untouched.

EXT. HILTON PARKING LOT - DAY

Keane catches up with Anthony en route to his car.

AGENT KEANE

Hey, I hope I didn't blow the lid off a tightly kept secret in there.

(off his puzzled look)

Rhode Island, the corruption stuff.

ANTHONY

What's next, you gonna tell me pro wrestling isn't real?

AGENT KEANE

I looked you up. Your Dad's a commander, brother's running the vice unit in Providence...

ANTHONY

You see them here?

Keane smiles, *touché*. Then, catching Anthony looking at him a beat too long --

AGENT KEANE

You have my email?

ANTHONY

We all do. It's in the binder.

Keane hands him his card, fingers brushing Anthony's --

AGENT KEANE

Here's my cell. It's not.

And walks away. Off Anthony, tamping down butterflies.

PRELAP a churchy DOORBELL...

EXT. KATHLEEN'S TOWNHOME - SAME TIME

Dulcie at the door of a tasteful townhome. KATHLEEN BRESSETTE (50, tennis-fit, closely-cropped hair, nautical jewelry) opens it.

DULCIE

Hi, Ma.

Kathleen holds up her iPhone, hits a timer, her accent a tic more Hyannisport than her daughter's.

KATHLEEN

The hour starts now.

And retreats inside, high-end athleisure SWOOSHING with tension.

INT. KATHLEEN'S TOWNHOME - CONTINUOUS

Dulcie follows her in, passes a wall of photos of Kathleen's teen tennis proteges. There are no photos of her daughters up.

They land at a sliding glass door. Kathleen YANKS the blinds. REVEAL ADA (6) on a trampoline. No fence. Beyond it, the MARSH --

DULCIE

She's okay alone out there?

KATHLEEN

She's used to being alone. Her mother OD-ed in a Walgreens.

(then, brightly)

I hear we got court Thursday.

Dulcie tenses, doesn't take the bait.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

What? You think it's all froyo and french braids? How you gonna raise her? You're a bartender.

DULCIE
That's just on the side now.

KATHLEEN
(re: her scrubs)
So you're around pills full-time
and booze part-time?

DULCIE
Those things were never the problem.

KATHLEEN
Then what was? What did I deny you
two? Anyone want to tell me that?

Dulcie gestures to the stopwatch on Kathleen's phone --

DULCIE
I would, but I only got 58 minutes left.

-- And heads into the backyard.

EXT. KATHLEEN'S TOWNHOME - TRAMPOLINE - DAY

Ada levitates into the winter sky, then Dulcie. As they collapse, Ada throws her arms around her Mom, then gets distracted by the Cyrillic tattoo along her collarbone.

ADA
What's this one mean?

DULCIE
Don't get used to that one, that's
the first one to get erased.

ADA
What does it say?

DULCIE
It's in Russian. A loyalty oath.
(off her puzzled look)
You know, like the Pledge.

ADA
Did you break it?

DULCIE
Nah, I didn't owe them. If anything,
they owe me.

ADA
Will you ever get it back?

DULCIE
 (thrown for a beat, then)
 TBD, hon. My life's not over yet.

ADA
 (ponders this, then)
 Can I get sneakers with wheels?

Dulcie smiles, relieved at the innocuousness of her question.

DULCIE
 We can work on it.

As she throws herself onto her mom again, cackling.

INT. TIVERTON POLICE DEPT. - BULLPEN - DAY

MISSING PERSON'S REPORTS spit out of an ancient printer. Anthony stands before it, blocking Da Costa's view. Behind him, a chorus of GREETINGS erupts:

DA COSTA (O.C.)
 Look who's here, Providence vice --

Anthony turns to find Tiverton's prodigal son, DET. MIKE RAGUSA (30), Instagram-fit, clothes tailored beyond his pay-grade, an alpha male at ease in the world.

Da Costa, MONTEZ (female, traffic) and RYAN (desk sergeant) surround Mike, basking in his charisma like a tanning bed.

RYAN
 Still freebasing the Rogaine?

MONTEZ
 You airbrush this shirt on?

MIKE
 Hey, don't make me MeToo your ass.

They all laugh. Mike lights up as Anthony appears.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 See, this was worth the trip.
 First time I've seen my brother out
 of uniform. Look at you, Anth.

Anthony brushes his clothes off, "models" to the group.

MONTEZ
 It's "Detective Ragusa" now.

DA COSTA

Barely got his blazers back from
the big-and-tall and already
busting asses.

RYAN

Tell him about those Nintendo
Twitches, Anth.

ANTHONY

Which part? When I dialed six for
loss prevention?

As they laugh, Mike looks around, wistful for his old crew.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

See? Nothing here changes...

Sensing an edge of ennui, Mike gestures toward the kitchen --

MIKE

Coffee still as shitty?

INT. TIVERTON POLICE DEPT. - KITCHEN - DAY

Mike watches Anthony shuttle sugar into his coffee.

MIKE

All good, Anth? I'm getting pre-
diabetes just watching you.

Anthony hands Mike a MISSING GIRLS flyer.

ANTHONY

You must be all over this down city.
(off his grave nod)
Ever bring any of them in?

MIKE

Hard to tell, they all got that
same look to them.
(then, re: bulletin board)
Put it up. More eyeballs, the better.

Anthony cuts an incredulous look toward their Dad's office.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Oh. Right. Pop doesn't want that
shit in Cabot Cove.

ANTHONY

If he knew we all had Narcan in the
glovebox, he'd string us up.

MIKE

Hey, who knows who'll take over when he leaves. I wasn't kidding about missing it here...

ANTHONY

(thrown)

No. No -- I was gonna hit you up.
(off his quizzical look)
Help me get a transfer to Providence P.D.? I'm dying here.

MIKE

You don't want to do that. Look at tonight, my wedding's next month, I've had this tasting on the calendar forever, right as I leave, they're like, "you gotta come back for this sting tonight. All hands on deck."

ANTHONY

(envious)

Like, with a SWAT team?

MIKE

Point is, they squeeze 60-hours a week for a 30-hour salary.

ANTHONY

Don't look like you lost your Filene's card.

MIKE

Come on, you got it good here, nice people, Dad looking out for you. Down city, it's a very *physical* job.

Before Anthony can reply, Joe sticks his head in, addresses Mike --

JOE

We're gonna be late.

Mike pats Anthony's back, follows Joe out. Once he's gone, he defiantly plunks a third teaspoon of sugar in his coffee.

INT. JOE'S SUV / EXT. RAGUSA HOME - DAY

Joe drives Mike through the well-to-do outskirts of Tiverton, blips of steel-colored Mount Hope Bay visible through cedars.

JOE

So what's this thing tonight?

MIKE

You know, bullshit sting on some chickenshit hitter. Good headlines.

JOE

(chuckles)

Used to do that back when I was there. Throw a bone to the ProvJo when something bad was about to come out.

MIKE

What's that supposed to mean?

JOE

Rumors. Old men trying to look like they still know something.

MIKE

Like?

Joe turns into a rambling Cape Cod overlooking the marsh. Not a mansion, but nicer than you'd expect from a public servant.

JOE

Third shift, grafting a gents club out by the airport.

MIKE

That's news?

JOE

If someone's opening their mouth it is.

MIKE

(dismissive)

Well what do you want me to do?

JOE

Stop being talked about.

(shakes head)

You know, back during Patriarca, people talked about you like that? You'd go to the pig farm and never come back.

MIKE

That was a long time ago, Pop.

JOE

(ominous beat, then)

If you say so.

INT. DULCIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY

Dulcie enters the top unit of a triple-decker, weighed down with Target bags. Her eyes cut to the wall clock. 5:30.

DULCIE

Jord?

INT. DULCIE'S APARTMENT - JORDANA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bare mattress, disembodied weave dangling from a drawer. Dulcie picks up a Lucite heel with a growing sense of unease.

INT. DULCIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA / EXT. PORCH - CONTINUOUS

She pulls Jordana's cat-phone en route to the couch. Dead. Before she can charge it, a WOMAN'S VOICE calls from outside.

She steps out on THE PORCH. Little Bird and her daughter, KAYLEE (10), stand below, shopping bags in tow.

LITTLE BIRD

Buzz us up, it's frigging cold.

INT. DULCIE'S APARTMENT - JORDANA'S ROOM - DAY

Dulcie and Bird survey the now-transformed room. The Winston-the-porcupine theme in full effect: curtains, comforter, rug.

LITTLE BIRD

See? Starting to look like a little girl's room.

Bird pulls back a nightstand to plug in a lamp, sees a HOLE in the wall. She takes a flame-blackened spoon out. Dulcie lip-points to Kaylee, visible outside on the couch.

Bird shuts the door. Dulcie crouches down, uses the spoon to pry out a Ziplock with four heroin balloons inside. Bird darkens.

LITTLE BIRD (CONT'D)

Hand it over. You're an addict, DCYF's coming tomorrow.

DULCIE

(putting it back)

It won't be here tomorrow. Jord will be back before then.

Off Dulcie, finding some odd sense of assurance in this.

INT. DULCIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING AREA - DAY

Kaylee sprawls on the worn pleather sectional, watching TV on her tablet, Jordana's CAT PHONE charging next to her.

As it flickers to life, we hear A TEXT CHIME. Kaylee's eyes cut to the phone -- then WIDEN. She picks it up, reads --

A CLATTER as the phone DROPS to the floor.

INT. DULCIE'S BUILDING - BASEMENT STORAGE AREA - DAY

Dulcie and Little Bird lock up Jordana's boxes in a storage cage.

LITTLE BIRD

-- After you tip Luis out tonight,
put the bar mats out, I don't want
it smelling like a frat house
tomorrow.

Kaylee races downstairs, entreats her mom:

KAYLEE

Can we go? We're gonna be late.

DULCIE

(to Little Bird)
Go, I should get to the bar anyway.

Little Bird gives Dulcie a squeeze. Then, re: Kaylee:

LITTLE BIRD

See what you got to look forward to?

INT. SLIP 23 - BAR AREA - NIGHT

A gay bar on an East Providence wharf. Dulcie plunks a small martini in front of large man at the bar -- Anthony.

DULCIE

Sorry, no blue-cheese olives.

Pulling his eyes away from his pile of MISSING PERSONS REPORTS, he throws down his Amex, glances up at the bar mirror --

ANTHONY

Professional bartender opinion?

-- And locks eyes with a YOUNG MAN with frosted hair.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Frosty over there. He a hustler?

DULCIE
Define "hustler".

ANTHONY
One who's running a hustle.

DULCIE
We're all running a hustle. You
got one. I got one.

Anthony perks up when he sees a nesting doll tattoo and Cyrillic text peeking out from her shirt. Fascinated, he quips:

ANTHONY
With those tatts, I'll bet.
(struggles to pronounce)
Spasite ot syda?

DULCIE
I was trying to learn Russian.

Martini-bold, he can't resist showing off his gang knowledge:

ANTHONY
With the Zolotovs?

Dulcie raises an eyebrow, checks to see if anyone heard, unused to this name being dropped in public. Anthony holds his hands up, tries to lighten the mood.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
You just seem like too nice a girl
to be hanging out with those guys.

DULCIE
And you seem like too much of a cop
to be hanging out in a gay bar, yet
here you are --
(reads off his Amex)
Anthony Ragusa.

As he stews in her veiled threat, we see Frosty is gone.

EXT. SLIP 23 - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Frosty leans through the window of an idling Kia Soul. HOLD on his pedestrian drug score for a beat, then PUSH to an incongruous SPRINTER VAN in an adjoining lot.

INT. SPRINTER VAN - NIGHT

A SWAT TEAM assembles by the cargo bay doors -- riot masks, PROVIDENCE P.D. Kevlar -- awaiting orders from MAJOR CORREIA (50s), watching a night vision monitor trained on FROSTY.

At the rear, Mike Ragusa suits up, turns to PETE (20s, vice, his direct report), scoffing at the paltry score on-screen:

MIKE

Huge waste of time. This guy's got three balloons on him, max.

BOUCHER

I'm more worried about that bar. We might have M-14s, but they got anal ticklers.

Their laughter is cut off by Correia, signaling it's time to move out.

INT. SLIP 23 - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Anthony looks wistfully at Frosty's empty seat, drops a twenty in Dulcie's tip jar. She sees, visibly warms to him --

-- Just as Frosty re-enters, grabs two pool cues, heads for the bar. Anthony smooths his shirt, whispers to Dulcie:

ANTHONY

He's coming over. Any advice?

DULCIE

ATM's in back.

Frosty taps Anthony's shoulder, offers him a pool cue.

FROSTY

You play?

Dulcie, feeling her phone BUZZ, sneaks out to --

EXT. SLIP 23 - SEEKONK RIVER WHARF - NIGHT

The DIN of the kitchen spills out to the deck as Dulcie exits, phone to ear, the city glittering across the river.

DULCIE

(into phone)

Hey Bird, what's going on?

INT. LITTLE BIRD'S TRAILER - BEDROOM - INTERCUT

Little Bird paces. Kaylee's on the bed, red-eyed, upset.

LITTLE BIRD
My daughter is fucking traumatized
is what's going on --

DULCIE
I don't understand.

EXT. SLIP 23 - PARKING LOT - SAME TIME

Weapons drawn, Correia leads FOUR SWAT TEAM OFFICERS toward the front, while Mike takes his team around the back.

EXT. SLIP 23 - SEEKONK RIVER WHARF - CONTINUOUS

Dulcie listens, riveted, as her friend talks.

LITTLE BIRD
She saw something on your sister's phone.

DULCIE
What, like a dick-pic?

Little Bird escorts Kaylee out of the room, shuts the door.

LITTLE BIRD
It was a text. It said, "I'm watching
your sister's body rot."

Dulcie tries to form a response, but the air has left her lungs. Then, against the horror of this moment, she sees --

THE GLINT of floodlights off riot masks: a SWAT TEAM, 20 yards off, centipede-like, moving towards her. She panics --

DULCIE
I'll call you back.

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cell phone in hand, Dulcie commando crawls inside, past the fryers, peeks through the WINDOWED DOUBLE DOORS into --

INT. BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

A full-blown POLICE RAID. COPS overturn tables, point weapons at hapless PATRONS. Dulcie gets to her feet, busts into --

INT. STORAGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Lined with boxes, a table, then another set of doors into --

INT. POOL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Anthony's against the pool table, getting a blowjob from Frosty.
Dulcie grabs Anthony by the hair --

DULCIE

Go. Now.

ANTHONY

What?! Get away from --

A CRASH from the dining room. Orders from MEGAPHONE. Anthony,
realizing the seriousness, buckles his pants, follows her into --

INT. STORAGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Dulcie pushes him onto a stainless steel table, climbs on him --

ANTHONY

(disgusted, terrified)

What are you doing?

DULCIE

Just sit there.

CLAMOR from the kitchen as the SWAT TEAM enters. Frantic
SHOUTS, PANS CRASHING, chaos --

BOUCHER (O.C.)

(through megaphone)

PROVIDENCE P.D. ON THE GROUND.

TIGHT on Anthony, coked out of his mind, yet painfully aware
this is how it ends for him, career, family, everything.

He looks to Dulcie as she places his hands on her ass -- no
idea what her plan is, all he knows is she has one.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Boucher and two other OFFICERS bark at the kitchen staff while
Mike sweeps the walk-in, all moving toward --

INT. STORAGE HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

They burst in on a petite young woman astride an overweight young man, his hands on her ass, disheveled --

BOUCHER
ON YOUR KNEES. NOW.

Mike levels his weapon at them until recognition kicks in. He flips up his riot mask, confirms it's his brother. With a woman.

BOUCHER (CONT'D)
I SAID ON YOUR KNEES --

Anthony disentangles himself, they slink to the floor.

Mike does the vice-cop math as he searches Dulcie, shoulder width, hand size: confirms she's an actual female --

MIKE
Kitchen's clear, I'll take these
two. Move out.

As the team files into the dining room, Mike gestures to the deck with his assault rifle, still in character --

MIKE (CONT'D)
Out the back. Not a word.

EXT. SLIP 23 - SEEKONK RIVER WHARF - MOMENTS LATER

Mike and Anthony creep alongside the building, arguing in hushed tones. Dulcie trails them, trying to catch snippets.

ANTHONY
I don't have to explain myself to
you, I'm a fucking adult.

MIKE
It's the fucking part I don't get.
(sees Correia approach)
You're not my brother, got it?

Brother. Dulcie hears -- it all makes sense now.

MIKE (CONT'D)
(to Correia)
Didn't find anything on them.

Correia nods, continues. They round the corner into:

EXT. SLIP 23 - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

MIKE

Go, before they ask more questions.
Where's your car?

Anthony opens his mouth to reply, but Dulcie jumps in:

DULCIE

He drove with me.

A CHIRP as she unlocks her Monte Carlo. Anthony, just wanting to escape, gets into the car without protest.

As Dulcie rounds the car, she drops her keys, bends over, exposing the NESTING DOLLS tatted on her back. Mike snags on them --

MIKE

Wait.

She obeys, braces herself for the worst as his kevlar-gloved hand nears her face...

Then, oddly, he pinches her CHIN, and pulls down her LOWER LIP, exposing a crude PIMP BRAND: A ROSETTE STAR tattooed inside.

MIKE (CONT'D)

I thought so.
(releasing it)
Anatol know you're here?

Dulcie blanches. This name has some terrible meaning to her. She reaches behind her, fumbles open her car door, gets in, keys the ignition, and peels out into the night.

INT. DULCIE'S CAR / EXT. EAST PROVIDENCE STREETS - NIGHT

Dulcie drives, mind racing, as the waterfront recedes behind them. Anthony, sitting shotgun, calls out as they pass something:

ANTHONY

That's my car!

She ignores him, swerving onto the I95 on-ramp.

DULCIE

Get your car later. They publish mug shots here, whether you're convicted or not. If I hadn't done that back there --

ANTHONY

So why did you?

DULCIE
I need a favor from a cop.

INT. DULCIE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

ECU on THE THREATENING TEXT on Jordana's cat phone:

i'm watching your sisters body rot

Reverse on Anthony, mind racing, seated in the darkened kitchen, face lit blue by the cat-phone as Dulcie paces.

ANTHONY
Did Jordana have kids?

He whips out his own phone, brings up KEANE's number.

DULCIE
What? No. How is that your first question after reading that?

Anthony puts his phone down, disappointed.

ANTHONY
We need to fill out a missing person's report.

DULCIE
I told you, this has to be off the books. I have this custody battle and I cannot screw up it up.

ANTHONY
What's that have to do with your sister?

DULCIE
She's a felon. She was living here, I don't want to get into it now --
(frustrated)
Can you at least tell me who sent that text?

Anthony does a layman's search on his phone, scans the hits --

ANTHONY
People from all over are coming up.
Means it's a burner.

He picks up Jordana's phone again, scrolls up on the texts...
PUSH IN on ANOTHER TEXT directly above the threatening one:

**gloucester and sequammet 2:30 same price no phone no driver
[Coin emoji] [Coin emoji]**

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

This was the last text she got
before the body-rot text?

(off her nod)

Same burner. What's the coin thing?
Code for a sex act? Drugs?

DULCIE

Not any I ever did.

ANTHONY

"Same price." She met with him before?

DULCIE

She must have. Why else would she
agree to leave her phone behind?

Anthony grabs his coat, whatever theory he'd discarded earlier
now back in play --

ANTHONY

Let's go.

EXT. DULCIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Aerial footage of Dulcie's headlights winding through the
quaint, dark town into the gaudily lit VACATION MOTEL ZONE.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

You dropped her at HoJo's at ten
AM. You saw the John?

INT. DULCIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Dulcie drives. At a stoplight, she gives Anthony her phone with
the MOTEL JOHN PHOTO up. He zooms in on the CONSTRUCTION LOGO on
his polo, then minimizes it, clocks the huge grid of John photos --

ANTHONY

I'm starting to see why you didn't
want the police involved.

(off her puzzled look)

You drove your sister, provided
security, housed her -- for no cut?

DULCIE

I mean, sometimes she'd chip in.

ANTHONY

Yeah, there's a word for that.

DULCIE
 "Family."

ANTHONY
 Different word.

Dulcie drives on, more tight-lipped than before.

EXT. GLOUCESTER AND SEQUAMMET - BOLAND'S POND - NIGHT

Dulcie's car pulls up to a lonely intersection. A dirt road to the right dead-ends in an asparagus field.

To the left is shallow salt pond -- almost a puddle -- choked with eelgrass, separated from the bay by a muddy shoal.

ANTHONY
 Here it is, Gloucester and Sequammet.

DULCIE
 No houses, no stores...

ANTHONY
 No CCTV. There's a chance he might have passed the Sunoco on Main.

DULCIE
 Do they have a security cam?

Sensing it's time to play hardball, he gets out. Dulcie follows.

ANTHONY
 If you have a warrant. And to get that --

DULCIE
 You need a missing person's report.
 (then, re: pond)
 What if she got scared and ran?

He beams his flashlight at the 18" deep pond, the frigid bay --

ANTHONY
 Ran where?

DULCIE
 I have her coat, we can get one of those dogs --

ANTHONY
 What dog? There's no record of a crime being committed.

DULCIE

What if she's out there, hurt?

Anthony avoids her gaze, knows she needs to break before he can help her. Dulcie paces, spiraling --

DULCIE (CONT'D)

I'm gonna lose my daughter over this. I know it.

ANTHONY

You don't know it, you think it. We know that CCTV footage gets deleted every 24 hours. We know her scent will get washed away in the next tide. She won't be missing anymore, she'll just be gone.

(walks toward car)

So let me know when you want to do this right.

Off Dulcie, painted into a corner.

INT. TIVERTON POLICE DEPT. - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

A room that's seen more baby showers than interrogations. Dulcie sits before a legal pad with the hours of the day in the margin, racking her brain to complete a timeline.

Every so often she scrawls something, then spends twice as much time blacking it out; at war with her own narrative.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

You think she's one of them?

PULL BACK on Anthony, watching her via a one-way window into --

INT. TIVERTON POLICE DEPT. - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Cell to ear, mid-download with Keane --

ANTHONY (V.O.)

The missing girls?

INT. SWANSEA HILTON - KEANE'S ROOM - INTERCUT

Keane in his white hotel bed, on his phone, squinting at his laptop, Jordana's MISSING PERSON'S REPORT on-screen.

KEANE

We can't lump her in with them until we rule everything else out first.

ANTHONY

I realize she's not a mom, she
doesn't exactly fit the profile.

KEANE

That's the first red flag.
(scans report, then)
It says she went AWOL after an argument
with... who's Dulcie Bressette?

ANTHONY

Her sister. She threw her out,
reported her missing.

KEANE

So she gives Dulcie her phone, then
this same phone gets a threatening
text a few hours later?

ANTHONY

It's certainly possible Jordana
could have written it -- just
seems... I dunno, manipulative.

KEANE

You know any addicts?

ANTHONY

What about the "no phones" thing?

KEANE

Not that uncommon. Johns are afraid
of being filmed, blackmailed.

Keane examines a MUGSHOT of Jordana. The tops of the NESTING
DOLLS we saw tatted on Dulcie are visible on her collarbone.

KEANE (CONT'D)

I'm looking at Jordana's mug shot.
(yikes, zooms in)
Lot of ink, lot of Russian.

ANTHONY

And there's that -- both sisters have a
history with the Zolotovs.

KEANE

That's not in the report.

ANTHONY

Dulcie has a kid, she asked me to
leave it out.

KEANE

The punitive sex trafficking gang
in the victim's recent past?

ANTHONY

She said if it was them, they'd have
left her tongue in her car by now.

KEANE

Maybe check her car.

(then)

Your brother works vice, can he look into
these two?

ANTHONY

I can call him, I just want to have
my shit together first.

KEANE

Didn't stop you from calling me.

Anthony reddens. Keane chuckles, speaks almost intimately:

KEANE (CONT'D)

Go to sleep, Anthony. We'll talk
tomorrow.

Anthony ends the call, unable to shake the sense he was
flirting with him.

INT. TIVERTON POLICE DEPT. - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Anthony finds Dulcie wrapping up a call on her cell.

DULCIE

(into phone)

Call me if she shows, thanks.

(to Anthony)

I tried St. Anne's, the mission,
four different detoxes.

Anthony nods gravely, takes a seat, tries to put this delicately --

ANTHONY

Look, this is just a google click
away so I'm just gonna say it --
Some sex workers have gone missing
lately. Addicts. Mostly in Mass.

(off Dulcie's alarm)

Calm down, I was talking to the FBI
in there, they don't think she's a
victim. They all had something in
common that she didn't.

DULCIE

And you can't tell me what that is?
 (off his look, tearing up)
 What if someone has her? And we're
 just sitting here?

ANTHONY

You can't think that way.
 (then)
 Statistically, the answer is
 usually... closer to home.
 (then, pivoting)
 Speaking of which, when we were
 outside that bar --

Anthony touches his lower lip. Dulcie bristles --

DULCIE

That has nothing to do with this.

ANTHONY

I did go to a seminar on sex
 trafficking.

DULCIE

(rises, sarcastic)
 Good. So you know all about it.

INT. DULCIE'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Dulcie drives through sleeping town. Anthony sits shotgun --

ANTHONY

You two grew up around here?
 (off her nod)
 How'd you go from this to, you
 know, pimp brands?

DULCIE

Fast.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE -- JUMBLED IMAGES UNDER VOICE OVER:

EXT. PROVIDENCE PLACE MALL - DAY - 2007

BASS THUMPS as a jacked up El Dorado cruises past a GROUP of
 TEEN GIRLS on the sidewalk, Dulcie (16) among them.

VASIL (19) and ANDREI (18) lean out the window, Russian crosses
 dangling in the summer breeze. *Psst.*

The girls flip them off, laughing. But Dulcie's mirth fades as she clocks ANATOL, 20, reclined in back. Tatted up, Model-handsome -- the Cinemax version of a pimp.

DULCIE (V.O.)
The guy who turned me out, I knew
he was a scumbag from day one.

They lock eyes. He points to her --

You.

And the car is gone.

INT. EL DORADO / INT. CAR WASH - DAY - 2007

Brushes SPIN against a windshield. Rhythmic noise, breathing --

DULCIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But when someone makes you feel that
way -- chosen -- all the warnings in
the world won't stop you.

Dulcie atop Anatol on the bench seat. As her body rises and falls, PUSH IN on the first of many Cyrillic tattoos:

Navsegda. Forever.

From the look on her face, it just might be true.

DULCIE (V.O.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Forever. That was the first lie, the
bottom lie, but not the worst lie.

INT. ADULT CORRECTIONAL INSTITUTE - VISITOR'S AREA - DAY - 2007

KIRILL (30s, jumpsuit, machete scar) talks on a prison phone to Anatol, who nods obediently on the other side of the glass.

DULCIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Trouble is, gangs really do work
together. Some dude in A.C.I
can't pay his lawyer, it's my
boyfriend's problem.

INT. MANTON HEIGHTS PROJECTS - APARTMENT - DAY - 2007

Pit-bulls sleep at Anatol's feet. He stands statue-like as Vasil and Andrei strike him in precise spots, avoiding his profile. He checks their work in the mirror --

DULCIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
His problem becomes my problem.

Unimpressed, Anatol hands Vasil a set of brass knuckles, points to his own scalp. His lips move: *Bol'she krovi*: more blood.

INT. HOSPITAL I.C.U - DAY - 2007

Anatol in a bed, scalp wound sewn up, bloodied. Dulcie beside him, red-eyed. He whispers something in her ear --

DULCIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Suddenly, I need to get ten grand
in two days or he's dead.

TEEN DULCIE wipes a tear. Nods. She'll get it.

Navsegda. Forever.

INT. MOHEGAN SUN - HIGH STAKES BLACKJACK AREA - NIGHT - 2007

PAN across hypnotic casino carpeting up to a BEAUTIFUL WOMAN alone at the bar in a red evening gown. Dulcie.

A JOHN takes the stool beside her. Before he can address her, Anatol appears. As negotiations begin, HOLD on Dulcie, numb.

DULCIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I made ten K that first weekend.

EXT. SOUTH SHORE BEACH / INT. EL DORADO - DAY - 2007

The car idles in the windswept lot, tail lights glowing red against the cool dawn. CAMERA drifts through the open window --

DULCIE (V.O.) (CONT'D)
I thought we'd leave town after
that, start our real lives --

-- Over Anatol, passed out in the front seat. Dulcie, reclined against his lanky frame, bay breeze whipping the red chiffon of her dress.

DULCIE (V.O.) (CONT'D) (CONT'D)
Instead, he shows me how to leave
whenever I want.

-- And lands on the TOURNIQUET around her arm.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. DULCIE'S CAR / EXT. EAST PROVIDENCE STREET - NIGHT

Dulcie slows to a stop beside Anthony's parked car.

ANTHONY

And Jordana, same story?

DULCIE

(shakes head "no")

She got hurt at a big tournament.
Tennis. Got hooked on pain pills,
and turned to the worst possible
person... Me.

(presses eyes)

Different story, same ending.

ANTHONY

Hey.

(touches her arm, earnest)

It hasn't ended.

Off Dulcie, hoping to God he's right.

EXT. KATHLEEN'S TOWNHOME - NIGHT

That churchy doorbell again. And again. ON Dulcie ringing persistently until Kathleen appears. Pajamas, livid --

KATHLEEN

Someone better be dead.

INT. KATHLEEN'S TOWNHOME - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Kathleen paces the kitchen, scans the MISSING PERSON REPORT, looks accusingly at her daughter through her bifocals.

KATHLEEN

How's this any different from the
other times? Montreal? Atlantic
City? No calls or texts for months--

Dulcie brings up the TAUNTING TEXT on Jordana's cat phone; hands it to Kathleen, who reads the text aloud:

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

I'm watching your sister's --

Kathleen trails off, slides down the fridge, her toned quads no longer working. As magnet-photos of her tennis proteges clatter to the floor, Dulcie steps into her sightline.

DULCIE

Ma, look at me -- the more time we
waste, the more gone she'll be.
(holds her hand out)
Are you with me?

Out of options, she takes Dulcie's hand.

EXT. PROVIDENCE PUBLIC SAFETY COMPLEX - ESTABLISHING - NIGHT

Dawn breaks over a large brick and glass building, deserted at this early hour.

ANTHONY (V.O.)

I'm just helping her, okay.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Anthony and Mike sit in a conference room. MUGSHOTS and rap sheets between them. TIGHT ON one of a young, hollow-eyed Dulcie.

MIKE

You can't help people like that.

ANTHONY

Oh, so you know her?

MIKE

I don't need to. I know him. He posted her bail all three times.

Mike hands him Anatol's MUGSHOT. Anthony reads his rap sheet:

ANTHONY

Yuri Anatol Khudrin, *Capo* of the Manton Heights Zolotovs.

MIKE

We almost had him on sex trafficking charges. 20-year minimum. Right when I line up two girls willing to testify, Central Falls police swoop in and arrest him for check forging. By the time he's sprung from A.C.I, both girls ODeD.

ANTHONY

Dulcie's sister is missing.

He pushes the MISSING GIRLS flyer across the desk.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)
She might be one of them.

Mike SIGHS derisively. *That's what this is about?*

MIKE
Anth, we all want to hear a story
that casts us as the hero. This is
not that story. These people, they
don't get found.

As Mike pushes the FLYER back, Anthony rises.

ANTHONY
Keep it. You should have one up.

INT. TIVERTON POLICE DEPT. - BULLPEN - DAY

Anthony enters the station to find Ryan, Montez, Da Costa and Joe
looking at the whiteboard.

On it, a single red entry, like a slur on a bathroom wall:

JORDANA BRESSETTE, 25, MISSING PERSON

ANTHONY
I was about to schedule a debrief.

JOE
I think we're all here right now,
how about you "debrief" us.

Anthony inhales, meets Joe's gaze without apology.

ANTHONY
Late last night, a Tiverton woman
reported her sister missing. I
filled out a missing person's report.

JOE
How long do we wait to do that?

ANTHONY
Typically, 72 hours, but --

JOE
You waited, what, ten minutes?

With their backs to the door and Ryan off his post, no one
notices KATHLEEN enter, a STACK of MISSING FLYERS in hand.

ANTHONY

There was evidence of harm, a high-risk profession.

JOE

And what profession was that?

Kathleen's voice from the back of the room:

KATHLEEN

Prostitute.

All eyes on Kathleen, her Vineyard Vines, Yankee respectability; this is a woman who's listened to. Off Joe, fucked --

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

She's a prostitute, Joe.

Kathleen holds out her hand, Joe weakly takes it.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)

Kathleen, Jordana's mom. We've met.

JOE

We have?

KATHLEEN

Home invasion, years ago. Unsolved. It's no matter, I'm here about my daughter, the prostitute.

JOE

Ma'am, if I seemed clinical...

KATHLEEN

No, the more comfortable you all get with that word the better.

BUZZ. Kathleen checks cell, silences it.

JOE

If you need to take a call, please.

KATHLEEN

It's Bishop Viera, I can call him back. He wants to hold a candlelight vigil, but I think I'll ask him to wait. All that energy put into flowers and teddy bears when our focus is better put into finding her.

(puts flyers down)

Anyway, I just wanted to drop these off and introduce myself.

(MORE)

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)
 (pointed, to Joe)
 Again.

As Kathleen leaves, all eyes turn to Joe. He tries to stare down Anthony, but he's already halfway out the door to --

EXT. TIVERTON POLICE DEPT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Where he flags Kathleen down at her car.

ANTHONY
 Mrs. Bressette?
 (he gives her his card)
 I'm lead detective on this. Can we get
 a statement while you're here?

KATHLEEN
 I'm not sure what I'd state. I cut
 off contact with Jordana years ago.

ANTHONY
 I'm sorry, you sounded so upset in
 there, I --

KATHLEEN
 Love the addict, hate the addiction.

ANTHONY
 So, known associates?

KATHLEEN
 Talk to Dulcie.

ANTHONY
 Press inquiries?

Kathleen pauses, thinks...

KATHLEEN
 Maybe send those by me.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Anthony takes two coffees from a ROACH COACH, hands one to a FOREMAN, whom we recognize as Jordana's HOJO'S JOHN. As he studies Jordana's selfie on Anthony's phone:

FOREMAN
 I haven't heard from her since she
 left. She's just my masseuse.

ANTHONY

Must have been good. You had four dates with her in the last two weeks.

FOREMAN

Appointments. I have a slipped disc.

Anthony eyes a curious WORKER, then the man's WEDDING RING --

ANTHONY

I should go. I hate causing people problems at work.

(off his relief)

We can pick this up at your house, say dinnertime?

FOREMAN

(drops the act)

Some of the girls, they bring the party with them, okay?

ANTHONY

She ever mention any bad clients?

(off his head shake no)

Any injuries?

FOREMAN

Just the usual -- track marks, pick marks, that scar they get.

ANTHONY

What scar?

FOREMAN

You know, the C-section scar.

TIGHT on Anthony, trying not to react to this grenade.

INT. DULCIE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

TIGHT on FOUR BALLOONS of heroin on a toilet seat. RACK FOCUS to Dulcie, on the floor, talking to Anthony on her Bluetooth.

As she cuts open each balloon with nail scissors, sprinkles the heroin into the toilet, then cuts up the balloon itself.

DULCIE

(into Bluetooth)

DCYF took him the day he was born, closed adoption. A week later she's back on the street.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - INTERCUT

Anthony plugs his ear to a jackhammer, en route to his car.

ANTHONY

(into cell phone)

So she had a kid? Did she self-identify as a mother?

DULCIE

No, never.

(memory snagging)

I mean, I guess a few weeks back she was ranting about some lawyer. He said he'd help find him, but I thought she was high.

(off his pained silence)

Does this change things?

ANTHONY

Yes, Dulcie. It changes everything.

Anthony ends the call, as down as we've seen him. Dulcie pulls her Bluetooth out, at her lowest point. Alone.

Not alone. RACK FOCUS on the one remaining HEROIN BALLOON. Who could blame her? A distant KNOCK pulls her back --

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Ms. Bressette, it's DCYF.

Panicked, she cuts up the balloon, FLUSHES, calls off:

DULCIE

Just a sec --

EXT. TIVERTON STREET / EXT. DENTAL OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

TIGHT on a CHURCHY WOMAN nailing a MISSING FLYER to a POLE. On it, a wholesome shot of Jordana (Santa Hat, tats covered).

WIDEN to reveal Anthony's car driving into frame. He parks, joins Montez on the stoop of a DENTIST'S OFFICE.

ANTHONY

So this guy called the tip line?

MONTEZ

(re: office)

He says Jordana ripped him off.

ANTHONY

I'll talk to him. You got my list?

MONTEZ

(nods)

Da Costa went to the hospital to see if anyone's seen her. I'm gonna go pull her driving record.

As Montez heads off, Anthony thinks, calls after her:

ANTHONY

Pull the sister's too.

INT. DENTIST'S OFFICE - DAY

Anthony speaks with DR. ROZENE (50s, prim) at his desk.

ANTHONY

So, Jordana stole eight thousand dollars from you?

DR. ROZENE

She reneged on her deal. I said I'd do her dental implants for free if she'd post her before and afters.

ANTHONY

She never showed up?

DR. ROZENE

She showed. But it was after she did that thing to her mouth. Who could use that?

ANTHONY

I don't understand.

DR. ROZENE

(rising)

I'll just leave the file here.

As Rozene exits, Anthony opens the file.

EXT. LITTLE BIRD'S TRAILER - DAY

Little Bird opens the door, surprised to see Dulcie there.

DULCIE

If you don't want to talk to me, I get it.

LITTLE BIRD

(pulls her inside)

Would you knock it off?

INT. LITTLE BIRD'S TRAILER - KITCHEN - SAME TIME

Dulcie sits at the counter. As Bird plunks down a coffee:

DULCIE
How's Kaylee?

LITTLE BIRD
Less curious.

Kaylee emerges, dressed. As she packs her dance bag:

DULCIE
Kaylee, I'm so sorry.

KAYLEE
I'm fine. Seriously.

DULCIE
You know that was just some loser
trying to upset people.

KAYLEE
With waaay too much time on his hands.

Dulcie ponders this for a beat --

DULCIE
Why do you say that?

KAYLEE
(duh)
There's no coin emoji. He made
that himself.

As Dulcie and Little Bird share a look...

EXT. SACHUEST POINT - DAY

Whitecaps on the bay, salt hay glowing orange in the low winter sun. A few determined joggers out despite the cold.

Keane runs backwards on the crushed-shell path in sweats. Anthony walks at his usual pace, refusing to speed up.

KEANE (V.O.)
Thanks for meeting me out here.
I'm dying in that hotel, that
shitty gym, the mall food...

ANTHONY
But think of the Red Lobster points
you're earning.

KEANE
(cracks a grin)
I hear there's great Portuguese
food in New Bedford...

Anthony smiles, but doesn't bite.

ANTHONY
So, Jordana being a mom. Do they
think she's a victim?

KEANE
I thought they would, but no. I
guess the texts are too much of an
outlier.

ANTHONY
He didn't contact the other victims.

KEANE
That, and the taunting. Mission
killers don't want to punish the
family, they think they're doing
them a favor, saving them the way
they wished they'd been saved.
(then)
You look relieved.

ANTHONY
I think we've got something on the
pimp. Motive, photos. Known
associates we can turn on him.

KEANE
(a shade of envy)
Cut and dry. Congrats, you don't
see that too much.
(moves closer, candid)
My job is to pump up local law
enforcement. I don't tell them 90%
of crimes against sex workers never
get solved.

ANTHONY
(amused)
So why are you telling me?

KEANE
I dunno, you're different.

As this lands on Anthony, Keane offers a mischievous smile.

KEANE (CONT'D)

We should celebrate tonight.

(off his surprise)

What? Fuck if I'm eating Red
Lobster again.

EXT. RAGUSA HOME - BACKYARD - LATER

CAMERA FLASH. Mike hugs TARA (20s, spray-tanned, ebullient)
beneath a trellis as a PHOTOGRAPHER snaps engagement photos.

Mike's mom, ROSE (50's, pilates instructor) cheers from the
sidelines. Joe glowers from his Adirondack chair, swaddled in a
parka, absorbed in his phone, pissed about something.

ROSE

Michael, you look so perfect, but
if you could just...

Rose sucks in her stomach. Tara laughs, elbows him. Mike rolls
his eyes, sucks it in. As a few more flashes go off --

PHOTOGRAPHER

I think that should do it.

As Tara and Rose swarm the photographer's tablet, Mike approaches
Joe. He rises, motions to the house --

MIKE

Inside.

Off Mike, wondering what he did wrong now.

INT. JOE'S HOME OFFICE - DAY

Joe sits before a computer monitor, clicks open an email from
a numerical address. As Mike pulls up a stool:

MIKE

Where was Anth today? He still
hunting down missing junkies?

JOE

Who cares. We got bigger problems.

Inside the email we see an embedded VIDEO. Joe clicks PLAY --

(ON SCREEN) INT. STRIP CLUB - BACKSTAGE - NIGHT

A hastily recorded phone video. Blips of folding chairs,
mirrors, vanity lights, chaos and pasties.

A BLACK WOMAN darts into frame, kimono trailing, as the camera SWIVELS, capturing a MAN'S HAND dumping out a purse. A BLONDE STRIPPER lunges for it, the man sends her flying across the room. As the camera JERKS, we see the man's FACE...

ANGLE ON Mike, watching -- expression ashen as he recognizes himself. Joe pauses the video, turns to Mike for a explanation.

MIKE

This was taken out of context.

JOE

Yeah? In what context does vice shake down strippers for singles?

MIKE

Pop I don't want to drag you into this.

JOE

And yet it's in my inbox.

MIKE

Last summer, that prick Souza stopped making payments. I was told to get it under control.

Joe GUFFAWS, lip-points to the mayhem onscreen.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Look, by the time I got there, he'd cleaned the place out. So I showed the girls what a deadbeat they worked for. I was sending a message is all.

(then)

Who sent this?

JOE

Don't worry about who sent it. They'll hit me up soon enough --

Joe hits PLAY again. ON SCREEN, the WOMAN furtively filming on her phone reverses on her own face: red hair, coked up, glitter --

JOE (CONT'D)

-- Worry about who took it.

Joe holds up THE MISSING GIRLS FLYER to the FREEZE FRAME, folding it so only Heather Perreira is visible...

They're the same woman.

INT. TIVERTON POLICE DEPT. - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Anthony pins the "AFTER" shot of Jordana's TEETH to the board just as Montez enters, an envelope in her hand.

ANTHONY

Look what Jordana got 6 months ago.

Montez looks closer at the picture, horrified: the inside of her lower lip has a tattoo that reads: **\$80,000**.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

It's called debt bondage. Pimps convince girls they owe money for drugs, rent, food, -- then won't let them leave till they work it off.

MONTEZ

That's more exciting than what I found.
(puts envelope down)
Jordana didn't have a car, Dulcie's record was clean. I called the DMV to see if anything hadn't been processed yet. This came up: red light cam at Route 1 and Main.

Anthony opens the envelope, clocks the timestamp --

ANTHONY

This is barely a week old... Does she know about it?

As he pulls the whole photo out:

MONTEZ

If she did, she would've contested it. It's not her driving.

TIGHT on Anthony as he pulls the photo out, takes it in: Dulcie sits shotgun, Jordana in back. Anatol is driving.

INT. LITTLE BIRD'S TRAILER - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Dulcie and Little Bird hover over the laptop, the coin emoji blown up and pixilated, revealing a tiny BEE on it.

LITTLE BIRD

There's like a thousand emojis.
Who makes their own?

DULCIE

People that think they're smarter than everyone else.

Dulcie enters search terms "Coin with bee on it." Several identical museum photos of ancient gold coins come up.

LITTLE BIRD

What is this? "*Charon's obol*"?

DULCIE

(reads aloud)

Ancient Greeks placed two coins on the eyes of the dead to ensure Charon would ferry them over the river Styx to the underworld.

(puzzled, types)

C-h-a-r-o-n...

(clicks, reads returns)

Son of night, ferryman of Hades, known in literature as... the boatman?

Off Dulcie, her shadowy enemy slowly coming into focus...

INT. HILTON - LOBBY - NIGHT

Anthony, dressed for dinner, finds Keane pacing the lobby.

ANTHONY

Everything good?

KEANE

(avoids eye contact)

I was just texting you -- Jessica surprised me, I have to get her at the airport -- I'm sorry.

Anthony looks at Keane's left hand, knows the ring will be there before he sees it. Keane catches him looking, offers:

KEANE (CONT'D)

We met in college --

(pats Anthony's arm)

Listen, I'm an asshole, we were gonna celebrate tonight --

ANTHONY

(pulls away)

There's nothing to celebrate. The case has gone to shit.

Keane looks at him, puzzled. Anthony practically spits:

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Dulcie lied to me. Now I feel like everything she says is meaningless.

Keane lowers his eyes, knows he deserves this --

KEANE

People lie to protect things.
Figure out what she's protecting,
show you respect it, she might
still have some value.

Anthony chuckles ruefully. *Is that how it works?*

ANTHONY

Enjoy your evening. Make sure to
use those Red Lobster points.

He heads out. Off Keane, filled with regret.

INT. DUNKIN DONUTS - NIGHT

Dulcie sits opposite Anthony at a neon yellow table, Anatol's MUGSHOT and the photo of Jordana's 80K PIMP BRAND between them.

DULCIE

It's not him.
(then, defensive)
Did you even read what I sent you
about the coins?

ANTHONY

No, I wasted most of today finding
out info you should have given me.

DULCIE

Like?

ANTHONY

Jordana owed Anatol money. Anatol
was so pissed about it, he branded
her. Jordana got in a car with
Anatol less than a week ago.
(then)
Oh, I don't need to tell you that,
you were there.

He holds up the RED LIGHT PHOTO. Dulcie stiffens, thinks fast --

DULCIE

Jord worked something out with him.
I didn't want her to go alone.
That's why we were there.

She hands the photo back. Anthony looks off, tired of her.

ANTHONY

Why is it so hard for people to
tell the truth?

DULCIE

Maybe you want more truth than they
can give.

(rises to leave)

This story's already a tragedy.
You want to make it a tragedy for a
goddam six-year-old, stay on this
Anatol thing. But I won't help you.

EXT. GLOUCESTER AND SEQUAMMET - BOLAND'S POND - NIGHT

ECU on a HIGH-WATER MARK, chalk-white against a dark background.

PULL BACK on Dulcie, crouched at the water's edge, taking a
photo of a salt-caked PYLON. She rises, heads back to:

INT. DULCIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Little Bird sits shotgun, shivering as she gets in.

DULCIE

How high you think this pond gets
at high tide?

LITTLE BIRD

It is high tide.

Dulcie zooms in on the ghostly salt line on the PYLON PHOTO.

DULCIE

Looks like it came up four feet here.

LITTLE BIRD

They're called hurricanes.

DULCIE

(re: dark wood below line)

But this is recent. The wood's all
damp under this salt line, and it
hasn't rained.

LITTLE BIRD

Then send it to the cop before you
mess up the CSI with your grubby
hands.

Dulcie starts to text Anthony, then hesitates --

LITTLE BIRD (CONT'D)
Send it. You got bigger problems.
 (off her quizzical look)
 News van outside your Ma's house?

DULCIE
 It's just a news van.

LITTLE BIRD
 No Dulcie, it's a stage. And I
 wouldn't give it to her. Not now,
 not with this thing with Ada.
 (off her look)
 Yeah, remember her?

Off Dulcie, out of smart responses.

INT. FAMILY COURT - HALLWAY - DAY

Kathleen sits on a bench outside a JUDGE'S OFFICE, reading her tablet. Dulcie sits beside her, paralyzed with indecision.

Kathleen glances over, speaks in her nice-mom voice:

KATHLEEN
 It's an offer, hon. Nobody's
 forcing your hand.

Dulcie doesn't reply. Kathleen shows her the tablet.

KATHLEEN (CONT'D)
 Whenever I need to make a decision,
 I look at His word.

DULCIE
 I got my own words, thanks.

KATHLEEN
 Too bad, it's a good one. Kings
 3:16. Judgement of Solomon.
 (tense beat)
 You know it?

Michelle exits the Judge's office, beckons Dulcie. As she rises:

DULCIE
 Yeah. He sides with the mom.

INT. FAMILY COURT - HALLWAY - AROUND THE CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Michelle sidebars with Dulcie in hushed tones.

MICHELLE

I put Kathleen's proposal before the judge, he'll agree to the 30-day delay, but I strongly advise against it.

DULCIE

This Jord thing is gonna blow up. I have to know Ada's safe.

MICHELLE

If you go to the hearing tomorrow, you will walk out the door with Ada.

DULCIE

How's 30 days gonna change that?

MICHELLE

Once she's out of your care for more than 18 months, parental rights can be questioned. Terminated. Your mom knows that, that's why she's offering you this.

DULCIE

How long do I have to decide?

MICHELLE

End of day.

Off Dulcie, torn --

EXT. TIVERTON WHARF - DAY

Anthony walks down a small commercial wharf, clocks Dulcie at the railing, nods a frosty hello. As she pulls on a menthol:

ANTHONY

I just talked to Providence P.D. None of the C.I's have seen Anatol in over a week. He had a lot of enemies?

Dulcie GUFFAWS, stubs out her cigarette, offers nothing.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

You know you're a hard woman to help.
(then, re: wharf)
Why'd you want to meet here? Your message got cut off -- something about coins and boatmen?

Dulcie opens the door to Harbormaster's booth, gestures inside --

DULCIE
I'll let him tell you.

INT. HARBORMASTER'S BOOTH - DAY

Dulcie leans against a map. Anthony watches the HARBORMASTER (30) highlights numbers on a tide chart.

HARBORMASTER
It's called king tide, happens three, four times a year. The last one was two days ago at 2:30.

DULCIE
Right when Jord went missing.

ANTHONY
How is this relevant?

DULCIE
The spot where she met that john, it would have bled into the bay. Someone could have gotten a boat in --

HARBORMASTER
A flat-bottomed boat, like a whaler.

DULCIE
He could have taken her anywhere.

ANTHONY
And when was the last one before that?

The Harbormaster brings up a CHART. Highlights a DATE --

HARBORMASTER
November twenty-third.

This date snags Anthony. He drops his patronizing tone.

ANTHONY
And before that?

Dulcie, sensing something major has occurred, pulls the MISSING GIRLS flyer from her pocket as the Harbormaster reads:

HARBORMASTER
October fifth, then August tenth.

-- PUSH IN on the girls' LAST SEEN dates: 11/23, 10/5, 8/10 --

They're the same.

EXT. NEWPORT CREAMERY - PICNIC TABLES - PARKING LOT - DAY

PARENTS and KIDS at picnic tables, enjoying the January sun. Dulcie and Ada leave the ordering window, find seats. ANGLE ON Michelle, reading a magazine in her car.

ADA

Nana said I might stay with her until you find Aunt Jord.

DULCIE

We're trying to figure that out.

ADA

But why can't I be with you?

DULCIE

Sometimes when you look for things, you find other things, that you didn't want to find.

(takes her hands)

Being your mom means I have to protect you from that. I haven't always. I am now.

A SERVER places two shakes on the counter, barks:

SERVER

Two bubble-gum awful-awfuls!

As Dulcie turns her back to get the shakes, pausing to collect napkins and straws -- A BOY (11, hoodie, face obscured) talks to Ada. When Dulcie turns back, she notices, calls off --

DULCIE

Ada?

Hearing Dulcie, he BOLTS into the lot, where an idling SUV waits for him, door open. Tinted windows, no plates. As it PEELS off --

Dulcie runs to her daughter, sees the RUSSIAN NESTING DOLL she's holding, swats it from her hand like a poisonous spider.

DULCIE (CONT'D)

Did that kid gave you this?

(off her scared nod)

What did he tell you?

ADA

To tell my mama this:

(forefinger to mouth)

Shhh.

TIGHT on Dulcie, nauseous with fear.

INT. KEANE'S SUV (MOVING) / EXT. FALL RIVER VACANT LOT - DAY

Anthony sits shotgun in the SUV, tide charts and maps out, as Keane pulls into a vacant lot abutting Mt. Hope Bay.

KEANE

Here we are, Heather Perreira's last location. Is it everything you'd hoped it would be?

Anthony doesn't laugh. He gets out of the car, looks around, uninterested in Keane's hollow flirtations.

ANTHONY

Just like Jordana's. No houses, no cameras. Major waterway nearby.

KEANE

Walk me through -- he knows this king tide is coming. He gives the girls a meeting spot that's inaccessible to boats at any other time, which they don't notice, because they're everywhere --

ON the bay, too many boats and buoys to count. Fifty yards off, TWO BOYS (11) play with a CAMERA DRONE. Innocuous --

ANTHONY

He knows they're addicts, gets high with them first. Doses them, incapacitates them --

KEANE

Gets them in the boat, does his thing, then what? If he dumps them in the bay they'd wash up.

Anthony stares down the map for a long beat...

ANTHONY

He's not taking them to the bay --

Then points to an area labeled TIVERTON MARSH RESERVE.

ANTHONY (CONT'D)

Why would he when there's a huge dumping ground no one's allowed in?

KEANE

How do I sell a recovery effort over ten thousand acres of marsh?

TRACK Anthony's gaze to THE BOYS, landing on their DRONE --

ANTHONY

You don't.

EXT. TIVERTON POLICE DEPT. - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Nearly empty at this late hour. Anthony pulls up beside an idling Mustang. He gets out, pleased to see Mike as he exits his car.

ANTHONY

What's wrong, Providence not exciting enough for you?

MIKE

I had a tux fitting, Pop made gravy, he wouldn't let me leave without eating.

Mike hands him a container of it. Anthony, with a grateful smile:

ANTHONY

So you know he's not speaking to me.

MIKE

(nods)

I was thinking about what you said before, how you want out of here --

ANTHONY

I'm listening.

MIKE

This guy running the narc unit in Warwick owes me. It might take a few months, but I think we can work something out.

ANTHONY

(stunned beat, then)

You serious? Jesus, Mike -- thanks.

MIKE

You're my brother. Someday we'll be all we got.

(as if just thinking of it)

How's the Bresette thing going?

As Anthony prepares to unload, he picks up on something forced in Mike's manner, a hard, shiny fear behind his eyes...

And in this instant, he knows: he can no longer trust him. He changes tacks, careful to only reveal intel Mike knows by now.

ANTHONY

It's not mine anymore. The Feds
are taking over.

MIKE

They think she's one of the girls?

ANTHONY

You think they'd tell me that if
they did? They act like I'm lucky
to ride in their Escalade.

Mike gets in his car, satisfied with his answer, keys the
ignition, calls through the open window:

MIKE

Try and stay in the loop. People
don't like surprises around here.
(looks him in the eye)
You hear anything, call me.

As he drives off, Anthony's smile fades into a look of profound
sadness. He takes the DRONE from the trunk and walks inside.

INT. TIVERTON POLICE DEPT. - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Anthony scrubs through drone footage of the marsh. Frame by
frame. Acre by acre. Backtracking, zooming in on anomalies.

The uniformity is daunting - beige salt hay, brown water. Fading,
he startles at his cell RINGING. It's Keane. He picks up --

ANTHONY

No luck yet. I mean, she still
might be out there, but --

INT. KEANE'S HOTEL ROOM - INTERCUT

Keane is in bed, muted CNN on.

KEANE

The marsh was always a long shot,
but I'm not calling about the case.
Why am I saying this? I just
wanted... to hear your voice.

Anthony doesn't reply. Something has caught his eye.
He zooms in once, twice, until it's clear: a rectangular area
that seems off. Same color as the marsh, yet not marsh.

KEANE (CONT'D)

Anth, you there?

He opens the scale tool, measures it: six feet by three feet.
Roughly the size of --

ANTHONY
We need a boat.

EXT. MARSH - NIGHT

The throaty growl of an outboard motor pierces the silence of the pre-dawn MARSH. OVERHEAD on a Boston Whaler leaving a frothy wake in the still, black rivulet.

EXT. BOSTON WHALER (MOVING) - EXT. MARSH ISLAND - DAY

Keane at the helm, Anthony forms a human ballast in the center, A FISH & WILDLIFE RANGER mans the tiller. They make landfall as dawn breaks. Anthony gets out first, then Keane...

EXT. MARSH ISLAND - FAR END - DAY

Anthony lands at the camo netting, clocks a LIFELESS HAND jutting out from beneath the fabric.

Keane crouches down for a closer look. The fingers are dusted with frost, the nails blackening. He glances up sadly at Anthony and nods, a tacit permission to take the lead.

Anthony dons gloves, lifts the netting, and FREEZES, utterly confused by what's beneath.

INT. BIG BOX STORE - CUSTOMER SERVICE DESK - DAY

PLUNK. Dulcie hauls the BOXED CAR SEAT from earlier onto the counter. An EMPLOYEE susses her out, examines her receipt --

EMPLOYEE
Reason for return? Wrong color?
Doesn't fit?

Dulcie doesn't respond. She stares at a MOM scolding a TODDLER.

EMPLOYEE (CONT'D)
Ma'am?

DULCIE
There's something I have to do.

Dulcie gets a text. As she reads it, REVERSE on the Employee --

EMPLOYEE

That's not on the list. Should I say --

The Employee glances up. Dulcie is gone.

INT. STATE POLICE MORGUE - VESTIBULE - DAY

Anthony paces near the door, eyeing the clock. Dulcie bursts in. Eyes red, she hugs him. Anthony returns it, not knowing what else to do with his hands.

ANTHONY

You ready to do this?

She nods -- drained, just wanting this day to be over.

INT. STATE POLICE MORGUE - EXAMINING ROOM - DAY

Dulcie eyes a refrigerated stainless steel drawer with dread. A clean-suited ORDERLY looks to Anthony. He nods. Now. A RUMBLE as it slides open, the ZIP of the body bag --

TIGHT on Dulcie as the contents register. Wild-eyed, she steps back. Whatever it is, it's not what she expected.

ANTHONY

We're lucky it's been so cold. The tats were all preserved.

ON Agent Keane at the OBSERVATION WINDOW. It's a trap.

DULCIE

Where's my sister? What do you want?

REVERSE on the corpse -- sawgrass in his hair, marsh muck marring his perfect profile. Handsome, even in death --

Anatol.

ANTHONY

Your story. From the beginning. And this time, don't leave anything out.

BLACK.

END OF PILOT