MOVING BARGES

"Rookie For Hire"

Written by

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Ithaka

As you set out for Ithaka
Hope your road is a long one
Full of adventure, full of discovery.
Laistrygonians, Cyclops,
Angry Poseidon--don't be afraid of them:
You'll never find things like that on your way
As long as you keep your thoughts raised high,
As long as rare excitement
Stirs your spirit and your body.
Laistrygonians and Cyclops,
Wild Poseidon--you won't encounter them
Unless you bring them along inside your soul,
Unless your soul sets them up in front of you.

Hope your road is a long one.
May there be summer mornings when
With what pleasure, what joy
You enter harbors you're seeing for the first time;
May you stop at Phoenician trading stations
To buy fine things,
Mother of pearl and coral, amber and ebony,
Sensual perfume of every kind--
As many sensual perfumes as you can;
And may you visit many Egyptian cities
To learn and go on learning from their scholars.

Keep Ithaka always in your mind.
Arriving there is what you're destined for.
But don't hurry the journey at all.
Better if it lasts for years,
So you're old by the time you reach the island,
Wealthy with all you've gained on the way,
Not expecting Ithaka to make you rich.

Ithaka gave you the marvelous journey.
Without her you wouldn't have set out.
She has nothing left to give you now.

And if you find her poor, Ithaka won't have fooled you.
Wise as you will have become, so full of experience,
You'll have understood by then what these Ithakas mean.

- Constantine Cavafy

TEASER

EXT. UNDERWATER - CHICAGO RIVER - DAWN

A BODY floats in a brackish green, suspended between the river bottom and the surface above. Face obscured by silt.

The jacket on the body features an ACE OF SPADES patch. A GLOVED HAND reaches past it, grabbing something from jacket.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIL YARD - CHICAGO RIVER - SAME

CHYRON: **Chicago, 1979**

Morning breaks over the water in shades of plum and smoke.

SPYDER (26) surfaces, gasping. A knife-thin scar over his left brow makes his otherwise youthful appearance more sinister. He swims to a waiting rope ladder at the river's edge and climbs it, then yanks it up after him.

SPYDER
(pissed)
Frenchie owes me big time for this.

He bolts through the abandoned rail yard, away from the water. After a beat: SHATTERING GLASS. A wailing CAR ALARM. The SCREECH of TIRES. Spyder is gone.

Two birds perch on a buoy that bobs in the water. One caws.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. RAIL YARD - CHICAGO RIVER - LATE MORNING

The buoy's bird-free now. There's a mechanical BEEP as a CRANE CLAW lifts, recovering a soaked, bloated body. It dangles mid-air, twisting in the claw's grip. The Ace of Spades patch on the shoulder now visible —

CUT TO:

EXT. RAIL YARD - CHICAGO RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

TWO UNIFORMED COPS peer DOWN at the dead body.

OFFICER LANELLE WATKINS (30s), a sharp, Loyola Chicago grad, top of her class in criminal psychology, cocks her head.

OFFICER WATKINS
Think it’s the deckhand?

Her boss, OFFICER CALVIN MEYERS (41), paunchy, self-satisfied, the kind of man who got promoted just by outlasting the better ones -- leans in, shaking his head.

OFFICER MEYERS
Two bullets to the chest? Smells like gang violence to me.

OFFICER WATKINS
I’m checking pockets.

She crouches. After a moment, her hand holds up a water-logged wallet. Officer Meyers takes it, flips it open, reads.

OFFICER MEYERS
I’ll be damned.
(beat, smirking)
Buddy Malone. He’s a crewy alright.

He hands the wallet back to Officer Watkins.

OFFICER MEYERS (CONT’D)
Let’s log this into evidence.

OFFICER WATKINS
With all due respect sir, we ought to sweep the area...See if there’s evidence to suggest--

OFFICER MEYERS
-Back to the station, Watkins. This body’s all the evidence we need.

Officer Meyers turns, shoes crunching on the loose gravel. Officer Watkins follows, against her better instincts. On the water just behind them, a single plastic bag floats on the surface. Inside it: <u>white powder</u>.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - DAY

ROY LANDRY (21), muscular for his scrappy build, sits across from MOLLY MCLAIN (28), a no-bullshit social worker who's trying to crack him. Thing is, Roy's a tough one to crack.

MOLLY
Why do you think you're here, Roy?

Roy shrugs, avoids eye contact.

ROY
I dunno. Some police officer's trying to tie me to a murder I know nothing about...Got a summer job from hell, that's for sure. But it's deckhanding. I didn't exactly expect a walk in the park...

MOLLY
Your file says that much. What I'm wondering is how you managed to cost the City of Chicago eight thousand dollars in damages while transporting gravel from a municipal loading dock. Because, frankly, I've had plenty of summer jobs. And none ever won me an interrogation with Chicago PD.

ROY
I had nothing to do with Lindy's!

MOLLY
(skeptical)
Mhm. You're only here on account of *potential* involvement with Simon French, is that right?

ROY
I don't know who that is! For Pete's sake, I was s'posed to be in Halifax working the Saint Huber for the Canadian Navy this summer!

MOLLY
That so?

ROY
They promised when I left last year I'd be promoted to Midshipman.

Molly leans forward, invested.

MOLLY
Why weren't you?

ROY
You know, Molly, I'd love to tell you there was a reason. But as it goes, sometimes life's a bitch and you don't know why.

Molly laughs, dryly.

ROY (CONT'D)
Mom wasn't too happy when I got the news. Then again, she's never really been thrilled about much.

CUT TO:

INT. ROY'S HOME - ROY'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT SUMMER

CHYRON: **MAY 1979**

Roy's chronically-upset mother LORRAINE LANDRY (40s) stands at the door, Bloomingdales bag dangling from her hand. Done up like money, flaunting what little of it she's got.

LORRAINE
Oh now that's just ridiculous, Roy! They promised! You oughta tell 'em to have some DECORUM!

ROY
(eyeing her shopping bag)
I thought Dad said no more shopping 'til he hears back from Mr. Chapin.

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE

Roy remains in his chair, gesticulating as he explains.

ROY
Mr. Chapin occasionally did business with my dad. He owns a whole fleet on the Chicago River. Real estate's his side deal. That's where my dad's landscaping company comes in. I'd help, when I wasn't in class. And back in March...

CUT TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL PARK - DAY

CHYRON: **MARCH 1979**

Roy's overworked, blue collar father FRANK LANDRY (late 40s) shakes hands with HENRY CHAPIN (65), a wealthy man who always looks like he's in on some joke no one else knows about.

Roy looks on from a half-built retaining wall, as Henry gets into his Porsche and drives off. Frank grins at Roy, hopeful.

ROY (V.O.)
Mr. Chapin told my dad that he might need us to landscape ten or so corporate plots. That's the kinda gig we can rest half a year on. So a lot depended on it.

BACK TO:

INT. ROY'S HOME - ROY'S BEDROOM - EARLIER THAT SUMMER

Lorraine yanks her Bloomingdales bag behind her, offended.

LORRAINE
What your father tells me is none of your business! Chapin's word is good. Now that you're gonna be home for the summer, you can pitch in.

BACK TO:

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE

Roy shakes his head, remembering.

ROY
That was the last thing I wanted. I didn't mind helping my dad. But their arguments made our condo in Algonquin feel like a goddamn hen house. Ma was always clucking on.

Molly eyes him intently, determined to figure him out.

MOLLY
But you needed the money.

Roy nods.

CUT TO:

INT. ROY'S HOME - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Late night comedy host Dick Cavett talks on the television. Lorraine's eyes are glued. A TV dinner sits before her. A half-eaten plate of chicken and mashed potatoes.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. ROY'S HOME - KITCHEN - SAME

At the counter looking into the living room, Roy pulls a coupon for "BJ's Burgers" out of an envelope.

ROY
I'm going out, Ma.

Lorraine hardly glances from the TV as Roy heads to the hall.

LORRAINE
Don't be home too late.

ROY
I won't.

Roy leaves. The sound of the door closing behind him.

EXT. ROY'S HOME - CONTINUOUS

Roy mounts his bicycle just as Frank pulls into the driveway.

Frank gets out of the car, frowning. He trudges toward the front door, disheartened. Roy notices.

ROY
Everything okay, Dad?

Frank glances over, his expression sour. He grunts. Heads inside. Roy watches him, worried, then mounts his bike.

ROY (V.O.)
I had a hunch about what that might mean...But I couldn't be sure.

CUT TO:

INT. BJ'S BURGERS - LATER THAT EVENING

Roy sits across DENISE SCHULTZ (22), a butch lesbian whose closet is PAPER THIN. Roy, however, cannot see through it. Both chow down on burgers like they haven't eaten in days.

ROY
They offered me Chief of Police on the Vancouver base, but it doesn't pay anywhere close to Midshipman.
(beat, chewing)
And Vancouver? Can you imagine?

Denise shakes her head, eyes wide. Mouth full of burger.

ROY (CONT'D)
Beats being with my folks. But even if I take it, I won't make enough to cover next year's tuition.

Roy takes a bite of his burger, conflicted. Denise wipes her mouth with a napkin, tosses it in her plate.

DENISE
That bites...I could see if Kroger's still hiring. Penny Purcell just quit.

Roy shakes his head no.

ROY
Thanks, Denise. But I think I'm just gonna have to suck it up and go to Vancouver, focus on--

-Roy's words trail off as his gaze finds Henry Chapin, walking into the joint with THREE TOWBOAT DECKHANDS who look rough, like they just got kicked out of a biker bar. Henry orders as the three loiter behind him, restless and paranoid.

ROY (CONT'D)
Denise, my dad works for that guy. Mind if I say hello?

Denise waves her hands, encouraging.

DENISE
Go. Go.

Roy cautiously approaches Henry.

ROY
(uncertain)
Uh...Mr. Chapin?

Henry turns to Roy, alert.

HENRY CHAPIN
Do I know you, son?

ROY
Roy. Roy Landry.

Henry snaps his fingers in recognition. He frowns, regretful.

HENRY CHAPIN
Right. Your dad must hate my guts. Fisher Price deal fell through. No development this summer after all.

ROY
(attempting levity)
That's too bad. I know he was really looking forward to losing weight building all those retaining walls this summer.

Henry laughs a little too hard, slaps a hand on Roy's neck, steering him away from the deckhands.

HENRY CHAPIN
There's that Landry humor.
(beat)
You know, your dad mentioned you might not be taking that Navy placement this summer. I could really use someone like you on The Ulysses this summer...

ROY
The Ulysses?

HENRY CHAPIN
One of my towboats on the river. Last deckhand bailed last second. Crew's shit outta luck unless I find someone in the next 24 hours.

Roy raises a brow, intrigued. He glances over at the deckhands who stand some ten feet away.

ROY
That them?

Henry smiles stiffly. Affirmative. He guides Roy's shoulder away from the guys so that they're fully out of view.

BJ'S WORKER
(projecting)
Order 28!

The worker holds an oil-stained to-go bag. Henry holds a hand up, nods, then returns his attention to Roy.

HENRY CHPAIN
Listen, I know it's a bit of a gamble here. But with your naval experience, it's right up your alley. And pay's respectable.

ROY
If you don't mind me asking, sir, what is respectable?

Henry whispers in Roy's ear, inaudibly. Roy draws back, brows lifted, interest piqued.

ROY (CONT'D)
How long's a term?

HENRY CHAPIN
You'd have to make it 24 days. 12 off after. That's the rhythm.

Roy glances again to the deckhands. One of them's got a bandaged hand, a dark spot of blood staining through it.

ROY
Thanks for the offer. But that's a lot to commit to right now...

Henry reaches into his suit-coat pocket.

HENRY CHAPIN
Suit yourself. But if you happen to change your mind--

-Henry offers Roy his CARD. Roy hesitates, then takes it.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE

Roy tenses, looks away.

ROY
It was double what I'd make in Vancouver. For half the time.

MOLLY
So you took the job?

ROY
Well, not right then. I had my concerns about the crew...

MOLLY
What kinds of concerns?

Roy pauses for a beat, shifts uncomfortably.

ROY
They looked like the kind of bums who hung around my brother.

Molly follows, nodding sympathetically.

MOLLY
The one who overdosed...?
(beat)
Roy?

ROY
I wanted to say no to Henry. I really did.

CUT TO:

INT. HENRY CHAPIN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Henry plates an omelette. The musical stylings of Frank Sinatra float in from the next room. Henry hums along, bringing the plate from the counter to the kitchen table.

His house, by the way, is palatial.

As he sits down, takes a sip of coffee, reading the paper. FRONT PAGE headlined "MURDER ON THE CHICAGO RIVER."

Just then, a knock at the door. GLORIA (30s), Henry's Hispanic housekeeper, shuffles in.

GLORIA
Mr. Chapin, sir, a boy is here.

HENRY CHAPIN
Let him in.

BACK TO:

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE

Molly cocks her head, confused.

MOLLY
What changed?

ROY
(distracted)
Hm?

MOLLY
What made you say yes to Chapin?

Memories cascade before Roy's eyes, remembering...

INT. ROY'S HOME - KITCHEN - EARLIER THAT SUMMER

Roy stands at the fridge, reaching for a Coca Cola. Lorraine and Frank are embroiled in an argument.

LORRAINE
I'm NOT moving back!

FRANK
Isn't this what you wanted anyway?!

Lorraine hurls an apple at Frank's head. He ducks. It flies past him, shattering the FISHBOWL on the counter behind him. A guppy flails on the floor, in a puddle of glass and water.

Roy peers out from behind the fridge door, taking it in.

BACK TO:

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE

Roy clenches his jaw.

ROY
My parents decided to move back to Canada. Without Henry's gig, Dad's business was going under. My overhead for the following school year doubled. I needed rent if I wanted to stay...and when you've put three years into a business degree here in the states, it's not exactly easy to just pack up and say whatever. I don't expect you to understand--

MOLLY
(veiled)
-I do.

Roy doesn't believe her, but doesn't feel like asking.

ROY
Mr. Chapin gave me the job, and that was that.

MOLLY
What do you mean? He didn't run a background check? No formal process? What did he say when you went back to him and asked?

Roy chews at the inside of his lip, remembering.

BACK TO:

INT. HENRY'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Roy sits across from Henry, who eats his omelette.

HENRY CHAPIN
(chuckling)
Thought I might be hearing from you.

Henry grabs a cigarette pack, tosses one before Roy, lights his own and stands, throwing the lighter down on the table.

ROY
Oh, I don't smoke.

Indifferent, Henry walks to the window, face inches from it, looking out. He exhales, a cloud of smoke billowing around his head, obscuring his reflection. When the smoke fades, a satisfied smirk is visible on Henry's face.

HENRY CHAPIN
Joe's a little tough. But Dallas'll show you the way around.
(turning to Roy)
Boat leaves at five.

Roy looks at his watch in alarm.

CUT TO:

INT. ROY'S HOME - BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Roy frantically shoves clothes into a duffel. Lorraine stands at the door, near moving boxes, arms folded across her chest.

LORRAINE
Why you can't just move with us?!

ROY
Because, Ma, I need my degree! Mr. Chapin says I only gotta last 24 days. I'll see about visiting you and dad after, eh?

Roy zips the duffel, pecks Lorraine on the cheek, rushes out.

INT. ROY'S HOME - STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Roy races down the steps.

ROY (V.O.)
I went fast as I could. Still didn't know if I'd make the boat in time. When I finally got there...

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK - LATER

Roy hurries breathless with his duffel, in the late day sun.

A distant horn bellows in the distance. Roy stops at the edge, panting, watching as a boat disappears on the horizon.

ROY
Shit.

ROY (V.O.)
(pre-lap)
I thought I missed it... Looking back, that might've been a miracle.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE

A moment of silence passes. Molly wonders...

MOLLY
If it's really that bad, why keep working on the boat?

ROY
You psychoanalyzing me now?

MOLLY
No. Just, sometimes it's easy to stay some place wrong when you feel like you owe it to something.
(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Or someone.
(beat)
It's not too late to leave.

Roy shrugs, unconvinced.

ROY
Even if I walked, this kind of thing would find me anyway.

Roy checks his watch, scratches his neck, uncomfortable.

ROY (CONT'D)
I think that's an hour. Are we good here? Do I need to sign anything? Prove I was here for the court?

Molly fumbles for a pen in her desk. She grabs a page in Roy's file, points to a line with the day's date. June 22nd.

MOLLY
Um. Yeah. Here.

Roy signs and hands it back to her, then gets up and heads for the door. Molly takes one last chance to break the wall between them. She stands, abruptly.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Pretty convenient that security footage went missing, huh?

He pauses at the door, turns to Molly, unable to answer. He drums his hand on the door frame, lingering a beat too long, then goes. Molly purses her lips, wiser for his omission.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOCK - NIGHT

Roy stands at a RUSTED PAYPHONE, receiver to his ear.

ROY
Denise? I screwed up. I missed the boat. Do you think you'd be able to come pick me up?

Just then, a HORN BELLOWS in the distance. Roy turns his head at the sound.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

EXT. DOCK - MOMENTS LATER

Roy stands at the edge waving his arms at a TOWBOAT, which cuts through the water like an old steel animal. Heavy.

Rust scallops its edges. *ULYSSES* is written in thick white letters against faded red paint, chipped from age. A harsh floodlight over the wheelhouse snaps on, sweeping the dock.

Roy squints in its glare, shielding his eyes, as the boat reaches a stop before him, bobbing gently in the river.

The three mean-looking deckhands from BJ's Burgers now stand at the railing on the side, whispering amongst themselves.

The darkest-featured among them with a wiry Southern twang DALLAS (25) walks to the bridge, peering down at Roy.

DALLAS
You the rookie?

Ignoring his instinct to run, Roy steps forward.

ROY
Is...this the Ulysses? I thought I missed you guys. Mr. Chapin said you'd be here at five.

A broad-shouldered, muscular blonde Italian JOE (26) tosses a pair of bedsheets at Roy, who just barely catches them.

JOE
Last minute errand.

DALLAS
Joe here thought we'd better-

JOE
-Shut it, Dallas.
(beat, to Roy)
Well? Take a shit or get off the pot, Rookie. We don't got all day.

Roy stares at the gangplank, daunted.

But obligated to his promise, Roy walks across the bridge.

Just then, an older irishman JIMMY FROMME (60s) who looks like he should've died from malnutrition ten years ago, speaks up. He's visibly amused.

JIMMY
SEVEN! No more, no less.

Dallas smirks. Sizes Roy up.

DALLAS
Pretty generous, Jimmy. I'd say five's pushing it.

Joe shakes his head and disappears down a staircase.

Jimmy follows.

ROY
(to Dallas)
Five what?

DALLAS
Days you'll last.

Roy swallows hard, tries to take the joke in stride, but Dallas isn't laughing. Dallas walks to the staircase where Joe and Jimmy disappeared.

DALLAS (CONT'D)
(without stopping)
You coming, Rookie?

Roy puts his head down and hurries after Dallas, duffel slung over his shoulder, bed sheets in hand.

CUT TO:

INT. HIGH SCHOOL SWIMMING POOL - LATE DAY

A wave of tween girls SWIMS the butterfly stroke — each towards the end of their individual lap lane. It's a race.

A whistle sounds as LUCY SHAPIRO (13) touches the pool wall.

She yanks off her GOGGLES, glances up at the clock and grins.

Over in the bleachers, cheering parents rise to their feet.

Molly is among them. Beside her is Molly's older sister, MEG SHAPIRO (34) who punches her fist in the air, a proud mom.

MEG
Atta girl!
(projecting)
Yeah, Lucy!

Molly claps, enthusiastic but a little stiff – a beat behind.

A parent leans over from behind, hand on Molly's shoulder.

PARENT
(excitedly whispering)
Think she'll go D-1 like her Aunt?

Molly nods mechanically, half-smiling at the parent.

When she turns back towards the pool, her gaze is somewhat vacant. She picks at her nails, then reaches for Meg.

MOLLY
I'm gonna go to the bathroom. I'll meet you guys out front, okay?

Meg looks to Molly with worry for a second.

MEG
Are you sure everything's--

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
-Aaand coming in first for butterfly stroke isss LUCY SHAPIRO!

Meg turns cheering along with all the other parents around her. Molly slips away while she has the chance.

As she makes her way down the bleachers, she makes EYE CONTACT with PRINCIPAL REX PETERSON (50s), perfectly tailored suit, Neat hair. He stands beside his botoxed-to-hell wife.

CUT TO:

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - TEN MINUTES LATER

Rex and Molly have sex against Rex's desk. Blinds closed. The echoes of the SWIM MEET CROWD distant in the background.

Turned away from Rex, hands on his desk, Molly looks down at a warm family photo. Rex, his wife, and their two daughters.

Seemingly disengaged, Molly straightens.

MOLLY
Do you ever wonder what would happen if your wife found out?

Rex's lusty focus vanishes. He pulls away from Molly, who turns to face him in her rumpled skirt and lacy brasier.

REX
Christ, Molly.

Molly reaches for her blouse and pulls it on.

MOLLY
Next time, you're taking me on a proper date...

Molly leaves. Rex stands there, breathless and frustrated.

CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL FOYER - A LITTLE LATER

Parents hug their athlete kids. Hair-dripping, shorts pulled over her navy blue one piece, Lucy emerges from the locker room holding a MEDAL. Her mom runs up to her.

MEG
That was amazing, Luce!

They hug. Lucy beams...then looks around.

LUCY
Where's Aunt Molly?

Molly appears from behind a nearby family.

MOLLY
Lucy! Congratulations!

Molly holds her hands up and an intricate handshake between her and Lucy ensues. Molly pretends her hands are sore after the handshake ends with Lucy giving Molly a double high five.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
When did you get so strong?

Lucy grins, proud.

LUCY
Can you come to ice cream with us? You have to tell my friends how you beat Tara Silver at Nationals.

Molly panics internally. Meg chimes in before she can reply.

MEG
Aunt Molly's gotta get back to the city. Maybe next time, okay?

Lucy nods rushing off to a group of girls whose coach is handing out informational pamphlets.

COACH
Tryouts for the fall are one month out, girls! If you're interested in the pre-tryout clinic, you need to show these to your parents, okay?

Meanwhile...Meg winces as she turns to Molly.

MEG
Sorry about that. She broke into our yearbooks last week. Wouldn't stop asking about your senior year.

MOLLY
It's fine. Really.

Molly glancing over at Rex, who stands with his wife, speaking to the swim team coach. When Rex looks over, Molly averts her gaze. Meg is oblivious to this.

MEG
Hey, did you ever wind up finding out what happened to that girl whose dad killed her mom?

MOLLY
Nope. Got a new case actually. 21-year-old male. From Canada...

MEG
God, I don't know how you do the high turnover. I'd be traumatized.

MOLLY
(shrugging)
Not so bad, if you don't think about it.
(beat)
I should get back...

CUT TO:

EXT. ULYSSES - AFT DECK - NIGHT

The tugboat bobs, moored, on the wide expanse of Lake Michigan, just beyond the Chicago River.

CAPTAIN JORGE RENÁN (39), a Colombian who knows water, stands at the rail, rolling a thumb-sized lump of river clay between his fingers. Watching the black water. Silent.

The sound of approaching footsteps.

Renán doesn't have to turn around to know who it is.

RENÁN
You tell me it's a drop-and-go. That's what you say. Now our guy's at the morgue getting an autopsy. You know what it's gonna say, mano?

Joe stands beside Renán at the rail, smoking a cigarette.

JOE
It was out of our hands, Cap. We didn't think--

RENÁN
-It's gonna say Buddy wasn't popped for nothing.

Renán shakes his head, turns away from Joe, furiously muttering a string of rapid Spanish under his breath.

JOE
We thought Buddy was cool, alright? This wasn't part of the plan.

Renán gets up close in Joe's face.

RENÁN
Oh, no? What was the plan, güey?
(beat)
Keep the rat close? Stage an accident before he opened his mouth? You said that stop was clean. No heat.
(beat)
Now the federales are gonna come sniffing. We're fucked.

Joe exhales, takes a step back. Looks down.

JOE
I know you're mad. But if we got any shot at shaking the DEA...I need you to take us back to Lindy's tomorrow night.

RENÁN
(incredulous)
En serio?

CUT TO:

INT. ULYSSES - MID-DECK BATHROOMS - SAME

Dallas enters, followed by Roy who instinctively covers his mouth and nose, eyes watering at the sorry state of this loo.

DALLAS
Bathroom's here. Don't flush anything other than toilet paper. It'll clog.

Dallas pushes past Roy, opening the stall's partial-door, revealing a crud-stained toilet. Roy winces. Gross.

ROY
Thanks.

Dallas unzips his pants to take a piss.

Roy wanders towards a half-open vent that leads to the AFT DECK. Through the vent, Roy can see Joe and Renán arguing.

RENÁN (O.S.)
(muffled through vent)
We go back to Lindy's, someone's gettin' their head cut off. You get that mano? It's a trap.

Roy's eyes widen. Joe glances in the direction of the vent. Roy flinches back from it as Dallas exits the stall, the sound of the toilet flushing behind him.

DALLAS
We only got one other toilet on deck, and it's for the lady.

ROY
Lady?

DALLAS
Norma's our cook. You'll meet her soon enough, Tony.

ROY
It's Roy.

Dallas dries his hands on his shirt, trudging to the door.

DALLAS
To the bunks, Rookie!

Roy follows after him to:

INT. ULYSSES - CREW QUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER

Dallas and Roy step into a cramped room with TWO METAL BUNKS.

The low diesel thrum of the engine in the next room vibrates through the wall as Roy surveys his new digs.

Dallas grabs the bedsheets from Roy and chucks them up to the top bunk. A sad, lumpy excuse for a mattress.

DALLAS
You'll be up top. I'm on the bottom.

Roy glances to Dallas' bottom bunk.

On the wall beside it: a faded, ripped-out page of PLAYBOY, a half-naked brunette posing. Next to her, a yellowed news clipping of Muhammad Ali mid-punch. Dallas clears his throat.

DALLAS (CONT'D)
We work in pairs. Two on, two off. Six hour shifts, two for haulin', one for cleanin', one for sleepin'.

Dallas checks his watch.

DALLAS (CONT'D)
You and me start in five hours. So get some rest...

Joe appears at the door.

JOE
Dallas, you're with me tonight.

DALLAS
Aw, come on, man. I've been up for--

Joe shoots Dallas a look.

DALLAS (CONT'D)
(to Roy)
Guess that puts you with Jimmy. Make sure he gets at least half a flask by breakfast. You'll be fine.

Jimmy stumbles in with a beat-up metal thermos.

JIMMY
(slurring)
Hope you're not a talker! Last guy was and we offed him!

Joe and Dallas look to Roy with slight panic.

ROY
What?

DALLAS
(forcing a chuckle)
Jimmy's just gettin' used to your smell. That's all.

Jimmy finishes off his thermos, as Dallas and Joe stare into his skull, then leaves. The tension in the room is heavy.

Jimmy hoists himself up to his bunk.

JIMMY
Word of advice, Rookie, you know somethin', keep your mouth shut.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy sits, waiting. The clock ticks. Molly enters in a hurry and takes her seat across from him, swiping a strand of hair from her face. She looks up at Roy, at full attention.

MOLLY
Welcome back.

ROY
Busy day?

MOLLY
Nothing I can't handle.
(beat)
So. How are you?

ROY
Aside from the fact that I'm legally obligated to be here on this fine Saturday afternoon?

MOLLY
Tell me about the lifer. The one you were with for your first shift. Johnny, was it?

ROY
Jimmy. He's a lifer alright. Drinks like a sailor, but his strength is...superhuman. I'd have died that first day if it weren't for that.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHICAGO RIVER - DAY

A wide section. Industrial factories line both sides. A BARGE creaks as The Ulysses bumps against it, metal groaning.

Standing on the edge of the towboat, Roy grips the side, wobbling as he tries to throw a line to the barge. Once he successfully latches it, he PULLS the barge towards the tow.

ROY (V.O.)
As a cadet, I thought mooring a frigate in the middle of a squall was tough. Try tying two hundred tons of moving steel to a floating dock. Like trying to rope a bull while wearing roller skates.

Roy reaches too far and his foot SLIPS between the barge and the tug. He ALMOST loses a limb. Jimmy's hand instinctively YANKS Roy back just before the hulls collide with a CLANG.

Unfazed, Jimmy carries on without a word, leaps onto the barge. He unwinds a wire cable, throws it through a BOLLARD, secures the barge to the tug. Roy watches, pale in the face, as Jimmy makes his way to the next barge.

ROY (V.O.)
Jimmy didn't even blink.

BACK TO:

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE

Molly eyes are wide with concern.

MOLLY
Must have shaken you...almost losing your leg like that.

Roy looks out the window, clasps his hands, reflecting.

ROY
I tried not to let it...

Molly hangs onto his last word. She can tell there's more.

MOLLY
But...?

Roy stares back at her, unwilling to conclude.

Molly takes a shot in the dark.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
But it did shake you up, didn't it? Almost as much as when the boat turned for Lindy's?

ROY
I dunno what you're talking about.

MOLLY
Coast Guard clocked The Ulysses near Lindy's thirty minutes before the DEA bust. Not the boat's usual Monday route, I'm told.

ROY
(shrugging)
Wouldn't know about that. A Coast Guard officer did come aboard that afternoon. Just a routine check...

CUT TO:

EXT. ULYSSES - FORE DECK - LATE AFTERNOON

Roy and Jimmy coil ropes. Roy's dirty and sweat-streaked. Looks like he's been through the wringer. Jimmy less so. He lights a crumbled cigarette from behind his ear and exhales.

JIMMY
We're done.

Jimmy notices Roy's worse-for-wear appearance. He chuckles.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
You alright there, laddy?

ROY
I think so.

JIMMY
Learned those bollard turns quick. Most greenhorns tangle the ropes like it's their first day in pants.

Jimmy grins. This compliment means something to Roy.

ROY
Just trying to keep up with you.

Jimmy spots something across the water. His grin vanishes.

JIMMY
God rot' em.

Roy turns to see what he's looking at.

A small COAST GUARD VESSEL pulls up alongside the Ulysses. An officer emerges from it and climbs aboard with a clipboard and inspection tools. Jimmy hustles to the stairs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
Didn't see nothin'. Didn't hear nothin'.

Jimmy disappears. The Coast Guard Officer walks up, looking from his clipboard to various areas on deck. Roy's confused.

ROY
Everything alright, Officer?

COAST GUARD OFFICER
You new?

ROY
Second day.
(holding his hand out)
Roy Landry.

The Coast Guard Officer passes him, bails on the hand shake.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
Huh. Guess nobody told you what happened to the last guy.

He inspects the fire extinguisher cabinet, then leans over the rail to test the nav lights along the wheelhouse frame.

ROY
What do you mean?

The Coast Guard Officer moves to the starboard ladder, kneels beside a cleat where a barge line is fastened. Roy follows, watching as the officer tugs it, checking its tension.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
Buddy Malone. They found him past the State Street slip. Shot in the chest. Tough world, deck-handing.
(MORE)

COAST GUARD OFFICER (CONT'D)
(craning his neck)
You seen Joe?

Without waiting for a reply, the Coast Guard Officer advances toward the bow and pushes his way into the galley.

Alone, Roy turns to the open water. Lake Michigan for miles.

CUT TO:

INT. ULYSSES - MESS - A LITTLE LATER

Roy shovels fork-fulls of meatloaf into his mouth. NORMA (55), an exceptional Lithuanian cook, watches from the stove.

NORMA
Neskubek! If you don't slow down there, you'll choke.

SUDDENLY, the SHARP TURN of the RUDDER. The boat shifts course. Roy looks up, confused. Norma shakes her head, tosses a rag over her shoulder and tends to the grease in her pan.

Roy wipes his mouth with a napkin.

ROY
Be right back.

INT. ULYSSES - WHEELHOUSE STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

Roy knocks on the wheelhouse door at the top of the stairs. A brass sign reads: AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY.

ROY
Captain?

No answer. Roy jiggles the handle. Locked.

Then, he hears something -- gets still. VOICES carry up from the AFT DECK below. Roy descends toward a landing on the stairs, peers through the window, angling just enough to see

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. ULYSSES - AFT DECK - SAME

Joe and Dallas squat behind a LOCKED ALUMINUM DECK BOX, the kind meant for tools and ropes. They scan the area, making sure the coast is clear, then unlock it and lift the lid.

Joe reaches for an ORANGE DUFFEL BAG inside. Unzips it.

Inside: tight plastic bricks, stacked. The white compressed powder they carry is unmistakably COCAINE.

Dallas grabs one and discreetly moves it to a BLACK DUFFEL.

Back on the stairs, Roy blanches, looks around, paranoid.

ROY
Jesus...

JOE
We should've dumped Buddy sooner. I told you he was playing both sides.

DALLAS
(shaking his head)
You don't kill a guy for cutting corners, man.

JOE
He wasn't cutting corners, Dallas. He was building a goddamn side hustle. He undercounted loads and skimmed the rest for himself...

DALLAS
Frenchie know about that?

JOE
Of course he did. He used Buddy to screw us. Now he claims we shorted him. Wants his "make-good" tonight. I told him Lindy's.

DALLAS
You really think it's a good idea to make a drop there after Buddy?

JOE
No. That's why it's gotta be there. You put the duffel in the Pinto. Take off before anyone sees you. Frenchie pulls up. DEA catches him red-handed. Boom. Frenchie's gone, and we're off the hook for Buddy.

A beat of silence. Dallas isn't sure.

DALLAS
I'm not dropping it. No way.

JOE
Dallas, we need this.

Dallas intercepts Joe's handling of the bags, putting a hand on Joe's wrist. He's not gonna take this one. Joe relents.

JOE (CONT'D)
Fine. We'll have rookie bike it from the gravel yard...

DALLAS
What if looks? Rats us out?

JOE
Our word against his. Besides, do you really think the Canadian would squeal to authorities? Kid wants to stay outta trouble.

DALLAS
And if he gets popped?

JOE
More blood on Frenchie's hands. And we get a new deckhand.

From ROY'S POV: Joe crouches over the black duffel, uses a vacuum sealer to seal the bricks into the false-bottom lined with fiberglass. He zips it closed and tests the weight.

Dallas stands off to the side, arms crossed, nervous.

DALLAS
You're a cold fuck, Joe.

JOE
You want Frenchie crawling up our asses another year? You want to end up like Buddy?

Dallas tenses. Joe zips the rest of the bags and walks away.

JOE (CONT'D)
Tell him it's a last minute gravel pick up. Favor for a friend. Wheel's down at 6:10. Drop's at 7.

Joe disappears below deck. Dallas remains, eyes fixed on the duffels. After a moment, he closes the box with a sigh.

BACK TO ROY -

Still in the stairwell, Roy turns, leaning against the wall. He slides down it and elbows it, angry. There's fear in his eyes. He needs a plan, fast.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

EXT. LINDY'S - PARKING LOT - DUSK

Nestled on the lip of the Chicago River, Lindy's isn't just a restaurant—it's where the city's elite go to shake hands and flex their seven figure salaries over shellfish.

Roy pedals up on a WORN YELLOW BIKE, the BLACK DUFFEL slung over his shoulder. He stows the bike near a chain-link fence, ditches the duffel in a bed of perfectly-manicured hedges.

As he walks up to Lindy's, he eyes it like it might spit him back out. Older couples in linen blazers and high school grads draped in Halston wait at the host stand out front.

Certain he's not this spot's intended clientele, Roy grabs a stray waiter's jacket from the host table and throws it on. A nearby placard reads WELCOME, GUESTS OF STELLA OWENS!

JENNY KAMPS (22), a stressed hostess with a summer job working events, approaches, clutching her clipboard like a shield. She notices Roy.

JENNY
You the new waiter?

Before he can answer, an OLDER COUPLE steps up in matching tans and sensible shoes. The OLDER MAN palms the host stand.

OLDER MAN
Provost. Party of 2.

Jenny glances to Roy apologetic.

JENNY
(to the Older Man)
You here for the campaign rally or the graduation dinner?

OLDER MAN
The graduation dinner.

Jenny nods, smiling.

JENNY
Right this way...

The couple follows Jenny into the restaurant. Roy takes several menus from the host stand and heads in behind them...doing his best to pretend like he belongs.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Molly folds her arms across her chest, skeptical.

MOLLY
You *really* expect me to believe that you and the crew just so happened to be at a gravel yard 15 minutes up the river from Lindy's the night of the bust, Roy?

Roy blinks, feigning ignorance.

ROY
(faking surprised)
Is that how close we were?! Wow!
(off Molly's skepticism)
I don't know what you want me to say. That's what happened.

MOLLY
Well then you have rotten luck.

Roy stares down, chuckles to himself.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
What's funny?

ROY
When I was 11, I found my brother's stash of pot in my bedroom. I was digging in my closet for a pair of cleats and there it was. Plastic bag in my shoe box. Hardly concealed. You could smell it, too.

MOLLY
Sounds like he was trying to set you up.

Roy shakes his head.

ROY
It wasn't like that. He just wasn't the type to risk his own hide.
(beat)
He walked in before I could even figure out what to do next. Flipped his lid. Said he'd beat me up if I told our ma...

CUT TO:

INT. LINDY'S - EVENING

Still in the waiter jacket, Roy stands at an empty table near the window on the upper floor, wiping a table as his cover.

He looks out the window and sees...

ROY'S POV: The brown Pinto, parked towards the FRONT of the lot. At the other end, there's a DUMPSTER, partly walled off from the cars. Roy's gaze lingers on it, then darts to his bike, which can be seen, still at the fence where he left it.

RICH MOM (O.S.)
There you are!

Startled, Roy turns.

A RICH MOM (40s), decked in gaudy jewelry, ascends the last stair to the second floor, attention on her TWO WELL-DRESSED BOYS, 12 and 14, who loiter guilty at a nearby table.

They quickly pocket whatever they were messing with. Their mom doesn't catch it. She waves them over.

RICH MOM (CONT'D)
Senator Holley will be here any minute. Your father wants you both to say hi.

The boys groan, but trudge to the stairs. As they pass Roy, the younger one sticks out his tongue. Roy side-eyes him.

Once the boys descend with their mom, Roy scans the room. Everyone's engaged in their social affairs, oblivious.

Roy quietly maneuvers past the upstairs bar...

BACK TO:

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE

MOLLY
So what'd you do?

ROY
I had no choice. I had to hide the pot. Ma was almost home...
(beat, remembering)
I rigged this old slingshot I'd made outta rubber cord and wire. Wrapped it around a ceiling vent and zip-lined the bag right behind the drywall.

Molly's brows raise.

MOLLY
That's...disturbingly impressive.

ROY
(shrugging)
I didn't feel like getting grounded for a year on account of my idiot brother.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDY'S SUPPLY CLOSET - EVENING

Roy slams the lights on, breathing hard, panicked.

He thunders towards a yellow "Caution Floor Wet" sign. He jams it beneath the door knob. Turns to the shelves, frantic.

ROY
(mumbling to himself)
Think! Goddamnit.

He grabs a small box from the middle shelf. It contains a pile of white wax BIRTHDAY CANDLES. He reaches in and holds one up, stares at the wick. An idea SPARKS. He digs deeper into the box, finds a pack of matches. Pockets it.

He returns the small box to the shelf, stepping sideways to find a cleaning items on a higher shelf. He spots a half-used bottle of VEGETABLE OIL, deposits it in an empty bucket.

As he steps back from the shelf, looking for something else, the door knob JIGGLES. Someone's trying to get in. Roy drops to the floor, crouches behind a ladder and some paint cans.

THUMP THUMP THUMP. Pounding at the door. The handle jiggles.

JANITOR (O.S.)
(muffled through door)
Damn summer hires.

The janitor's footsteps dissipate. Roy exhales with relief.

As he rises, he nearly SLIPS on some STEEL WOOL beneath his heel. He looks to it with a decisive nod, tosses it into his bucket, heads for the door, checking his watch.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING CAR - SAME

SIMON FRENCH (42), aka “FRENCHIE” a chaotic druglord with greasy hair and a taste for violence, drives, taking a pull from a handle of bourbon. The glow of street-lamps flickers through the underpass, keeping his face mostly in shadow.

Spyder rides passenger. Eyes bloodshot and tired.

In the backseat, a YOUNG WOMAN (20s), roughed up and ball-gagged, moans weakly. Her wrists are tied behind her.

SPYDER
You weren’t gonna tell me Joe offed Buddy?

FRENCHIE
Don’t give me this shit. We had twelve deliveries this weekend. Not my job to play mommy.

SPYDER
He had the fuckin’ key to the warehouse on him. If the cops pulled that off his body, it’d lead ‘em right to us...
(beat)
And now you’re doin’ a pick up with Joe? Bad idea, French.

FRENCHIE
(scoffing)
Lotta keys in the world, Spyder. You gotta cool it.

Spyder shakes his head, pissed.

SPYDER
Think about it! After Buddy, this whole section of the river’s lit up. DEA’s probably got binoculars on every rooftop.

Frenchie clutches his hand around Spyder’s shirt pulls him close, looking into his face, as the car speeds along.

FRENCHIE
You gettin’ high on powder now? I dunno when the fuck you got so paranoid, but I don’t like it. Since when did you question orders? You work for pigs now? You wired?

Spyder looks out the window, reaches for the steering wheel.

SPYDER
Watch it!

The car narrowly evades a lamppost. Frenchie regains control of the car and turns into a mostly-empty parking lot where TWO GOONS wait beside a black sedan. Frenchie brakes, hard.

Frenchie grumbles, puts the car in park, opens the car door.

FRENCHIE
(nodding to the woman)
Take care of her, alright? And be discreet. Her brother's moving pounds to the Vice Lords now. We don't need them coming after us.

Frenchie exits, joining the goons. Frustrated, Spyder gets behind the wheel. The young woman weeps in the back.

Spyder turns to her, considering.

SPYDER
Wanna live? You'll do what I say.

He takes a needle from his pocket. She panics, eyes wide. He directs it into her arm, unable to look her in the eyes.

SPYDER (CONT'D)
You're gonna wake up behind a bar on South Archer. When you do, you're gonna tell the cops some guy roofied you and that you don't remember anything else. Say more and I'll find you.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH SIDE - ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

The young woman lays asleep, curled behind a dumpster. Spyder visibly detests this part of the job. Seeing a towel strewn over the side of the dumpster, he yanks it down and puts it over her arms for warmth. It's all he can do.

He walks back to the car, shaking his head, stressed.

SPYDER
(sotto)
You're gonna get yourself killed, Frenchie.

He peels out of the lot, tires screeching. Meanwhile...

MONTAGE ACTION SEQUENCE

EXT. LINDY'S PARKING LOT - FIVE MINUTES LATER

- A CAMPAIGN CREW gathers around the host stand. Jenny hands out name tags, flustered, as a drunk man hits on her. As Roy sneaks past, he sees the guy's name tag. "Senator Holley"

- In the same car as before, Spyder watches the scene from the street outside the lot. He clocks Frenchie and the two goons lingering by their black, unmarked sedan.

- Spyder's eyes shift.

- SPYDER'S POV: Roy emerges from behind the hedge, duffel slung low. He hurries toward the dumpster, glancing over his shoulder like he's hiding something.

Spyder exhales, pissed.

SPYDER
Goddamnit, Joe.

- Roy, crouched behind the dumpster, checks the lot. Campaign crew heads inside. The valet is inundated with cars. With the coast clear, Roy hoists himself into the dumpster.

- Spyder's focus narrows.

- SPYDER'S POV: Smoke curls out from the dumpster's rim.

- Inside the dumpster: Roy has successfully ignited the steel wool and vegetable oil. He places his makeshift smoke bomb in the corner of the dumpster, as the smoke grows in volume.

- Across the lot, Frenchie leans against the black sedan with a bored shrug. He pulls from his bourbon again. The goons scan the area—but lazily, clearly underestimating the risk.

- SPYDER'S POV: Frenchie takes another swig and shakes something from a pill bottle. Spyder leans out his window now, visibly alarmed.

SPYDER (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
You dumb motherfucker.

- Roy jumps from the dumpster, smoke trailing behind him. Darts across the lot, retrieves the duffel from the hedge. Sprints to the EMPTY VALET BOOTH, sets the duffel on the stool like it belongs there.

END OF MONTAGE.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - MOMENTS LATER

Roy stands at a payphone.

ROY
(impersonating)
This is Senator Holley. My son's sitter, clumsy kid, left his gym bag at our place last weekend. I told him I'd drop it off during the party. He left it on the chair at the valet booth. Would you mind tossing it into his Brown Pinto near the front of the lot? Said he left the back window open...

CUT TO:

EXT. LINDY'S - PARKING LOT - SAME

TOMMY (20), the naive valet, hangs up the phone, picks up the duffel and runs it to the Pinto. He sets it on the backseat, spots the DUMPSTER across the lot, SMOKE billowing from it.

TOMMY
(concerned)
What the--

CLICK. A pistol cocks behind him. Tommy turns— Frenchie's right there. The pistol's low, half-shielded by his coat.

FRENCHIE
Joe send you?

Tommy shakes his head slowly, glances down at the gun.

TOMMY
I-I just work here.

TWO GOONS emerge, beside Frenchie. They grab Tommy.

FRENCHIE
(angry)
You fuckin' with me? Because I don't tolerate funny business.

TOMMY
Please. I swear--

Frenchie laughs, wickedly. He directs his attention to the backseat, reaches for the duffel.

FRENCHIE
Don't know why you couldn't just put it in the trunk like we agreed.

Frenchie unzips the duffel. JACKPOT.

TOMMY
(under his breath)
Jesus christ.

FRENCHIE
(to the goons)
Get in the car. Bring the kid.

But as he maneuvers to the driver's door...

VOICES (O.S.)
DEA! Hands where we can see 'em!

FIVE VESTED DEA AGENTS surround the Pinto. A helicopter flies overhead. Smoke over the dumpster has multiplied. Lindy's patrons and employees evacuate the restaurant, in CHAOS.

Tommy drops to the pavement, arms over his head, terrified.

TOMMY
I had nothing to do with it, I swear!

Goon #1 draws a gun, but--POP! POP! POP! Rubber bullets pelt the goon. He falls, clutching his leg in pain.

Frenchie and Goon #2 make a run for it.

An agent restrains the goon. Senior DEA agent MIKE VALLEJO (40) tackles Frenchie against the Pinto.

FRENCHIE
This is bullshit! You got nothing on me. I was set up!
(beat, to himself)
I'm gonna kill that fucker.

Frenchie writhes—then yanks a pistol from his waistband. Fires. Vallejo dodges, struggles to turn the weapon—

BANG. The shot rings out. Blood sprays the windshield. Frenchie drops. A PATRON SCREAMS.

Covered in Frenchie's brain matter, Tommy trembles. Mike looks down at him.

MIKE
And who the hell would you be?

Tommy shakes his head, speechless, points to the backseat.

Mike looks down at the duffel, opens one of the flaps.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Yeah. That's gonna be a problem.
(to the other agents)
Arrest these two. I'll handle the kid.

Chaos only amplifies around them, as the helicopter hovers lower, flattening the smoke, the lot now a white haze.

CIVILIANS
- Fire!
- Someone call 9-1-1!
- My car!

MIKE
(into his radio)
We're gonna need back up.

An AMBULANCE SIREN blares, blocks away.

Screeching tires. Chicago PD pulls up, blue and red lights FLICKERING as Detective Calvin Meyers, gets out of the car, holding his badge proud as he strides over to Mike.

DETECTIVE MEYERS
Chicago PD!

MIKE
(sarcastic)
Terrific.

CUT TO:

EXT. MONTGOMERY'S GRAVEL YARD - 20 MINUTES LATER

Drenched in sweat, Roy pedals between the gravel yard and the river. The Ulysses waits, its engine humming. Joe and Dallas argue inaudibly over a map of the River. Roy brakes to a stop. Joe and Dallas snap their heads at the sound.

DALLAS
(stunned)
You're...back.

Roy breathes. Hard. Glares at them.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - AS BEFORE

Molly sits back in her chair, squinting at Roy, like it helps her see through his slightly-cracked facade.

MOLLY
Your brother made you do a bad thing. That doesn't mean you have to keep doing them...

ROY
(sincerely wondering)
Do we really choose whether we get involved in bad things? Sometimes I think I just try to fix things and end up being part of the problem...

That strikes a chord with Molly. Before she can reply, her phone RINGS. They both stare at it. A knock at the door.

Molly's boss, SHEILA PRICE (40s), a matter-of-fact social worker, burnt out from years handling tragedy like a business, opens the door.

SHEILA
Mr. Peterson on line 2. About the fundraiser. Says it's important.

Sheila waits until Molly reaches for her phone. She eyes Roy. He gives her a curt wave. She offers him a tight smile, goes.

MOLLY
(stiff, guarded)
Could this wait, Mr. Peterson? I'm with a--

Molly's jaw clenches.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
We'll discuss this later.

Molly shoves the phone down, harder than normal. Flustered she places her hands on her desk and looks to Roy.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Sorry. Let's circle back to what happened AFTER the gravel pick up.

ROY
Everything was fine...We got back to the boat. And I was starving.

CUT TO:

INT. ULYSSES - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Roy VOMITS into a toilet, as Dallas and Joe high five behind him. A police scanner RESOUNDS. It's balanced haphazardly on the sink...and an officer is detailing the bust.

OFFICER WATKINS (O.S.)
(from the scanner)
Federal agents tried to detain the suspect but in an attempt to shoot one of them, he wound up shooting himself. We have reason to believe he wasn't alone, but unfortunately, further investigation is stalled due to concerns of a potential bomb placed in a nearby dumpster.

Dallas slaps Roy on the back enthusiastically.

DALLAS
You cooked a fuckin' bomb, man?!
Who are you, Baby Face Nelson?!

JOE
Didn't think you had it in you.

Roy stands abruptly, face white, turns to them.

ROY
We have to go back.

OFFICER WATKINS (O.S.)
(from the scanner)
Meyers and I are with the staff now, questioning eye-witnesses.

DALLAS
Why the fuck would we do that?

Joe's face darkens with revelation.

Joe and Roy look at one another...both concerned.

JOE
The security camera.

END OF ACT THREE.

ACT FOUR

INT. CHICAGO SOCIAL SERVICES - WORK FLOOR - EARLY EVENING

Molly steps out of her office in a NICE FLORAL DRESS. It stands out in the gray sea of cubicles. It's past five. Several workers remain, heads down in files, writing notes.

Molly keeps her head low, hoping not to draw any attention.

She rounds a corner into:

INT. CHICAGO SOCIAL SERVICES - RECEPTION - CONTINUOUS

At the elevator bank, Molly hurries to click a down arrow button and waits. A sign hanging over the reception desk reads "Chicago Department of Family and Support Services."

Molly glances around, sees a guard who mops near reception. Nods at him. He nods back.

Her boss Sheila approaches the elevators. Molly stiffens, looks down. Sheila joins her just as the elevator DINGS.

INT. ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

The two step inside.

Sheila notices Molly's dress. Hits the Lobby button.

SHEILA
You changed.

The doors close. They're in for the ride.

MOLLY
Oh—yeah. I'm meeting a friend for dinner. It's her birthday. So...

SHEILA
(nodding)
Nice. It's pretty.
(beat)
What did Mr. Peterson say about the fundraiser?

Molly freezes, thinks fast.

MOLLY
Uh...He brought up the venue's occupancy limit. We worked it out.

DING. The elevator doors open. Molly lets Sheila exit first.

As Sheila leaves...

SHEILA
(genuine surprise)
We landed on a venue? Does Mr. Richards know?

Molly purses her lips, nervous to lie.

MOLLY
I'll check in with him tomorrow.

Sheila lifts a hand in farewell, without looking back.

SHEILA
Have fun at dinner!

Guilt flickers across Molly's face.

CUT TO:

INT. LINDY'S - LATER THAT EVENING

Wearing the same nice floral dress, Molly now sits across from Rex at a dining table, beside a window overlooking the river. They've both been served. Molly's plate is mostly full. She's eating fish. Rex's plate is half-empty.

Molly's pissed...but she's only half there.

Her eyes dart to the entrance, the staircase leading to the second floor bar, a table of loud businessmen, laughing hysterically. Molly takes it all in, conducting research.

Meanwhile, Rex vies, with little success, for her grace.

REX
I don't see what the big deal is...I mean, to some women, a call in the middle of a work day's seen as romantic.

MOLLY
(terse)
I was with a client.

Rex cuts into his steak.

REX
A delinquent.

MOLLY
A person.

REX
I'm a person.

MOLLY
Really? I hadn't noticed.

Rex lets his hands fall to the table, irritated, silverware clinking. Fork in his right hand, knife in his left. Several patrons glance over. Molly stiffens.

REX
(lowering his voice)
You have me take you to this stuffy restaurant, only to let your fish get cold over a stupid call? I'm not here to fight, Moll. I get enough of that at home with my wife. But why the hell did you ask me to take you here if you were gonna be in such a sour mood?

Molly stares at him, frustrated. But she comes around to actually feeling his words...a mix of surprise and apologia fills her face. She softens, searches for an excuse.

MOLLY
I...wanted to try a new restaurant.

Rex raises his brows, looks down at her still-full plate.

Molly looks down, picks up her knife and fork, makes a painstaking gesture of cutting into her fish. Takes a bite.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Mm. Very good.
(bursting in nerves)
I'm sorry. Okay? After that call, Sheila confronted me about the volunteer event you're planning with CSS and I didn't know what I was talking about when she pressed for details. I sounded like a total idiot. And now she thinks you've committed to a venue, so--

Rex realizes her anger has been misdirected. He reaches for her forearm in an attempt to assuage her fears.

REX
Hey...calm down. It's okay. I've gotten clearance on the Marriott from the Parent's Association. You can tell Richardson tomorrow.

Molly nods, calming slightly.

MOLLY
Oh. Okay. That's good.

Rex takes a sip of his wine.

REX
Why don't you tell me about this case you had come in yesterday? Since you seem to be taking a particular interest in this one.

MOLLY
(challenging, sassy)
Oh, you mean the delinquent.

Rex chuckles. Molly holds her hands up in surrender.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
You said it not me.

Molly's eyes continue to wander the restaurant as she gathers her thoughts.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
He's...surprising, actually. It's weird, but, he kinda reminds me of myself when I was that age.

Molly's eyes land on someone across the way.

A FLASH of recognition in her eyes.

MOLLY'S POV: Jenny, the hostess, guides a GROUP OF MIDDLE-AGED GOLF MOMS up to the second floor.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LINDY'S - NIGHT OF FRENCHIE'S FAILED ARREST

Jenny stands at the top of the stairs, flanked by Officer Watkins. They both watch at a distance as Officer Meyers questions the shaken valet Tommy beside the bar.

Jenny wrings her hands, chews at the inside of her lip.

JENNY
(to Officer Watkins)
I don't think I'll be much help...

OFFICER WATKINS
You say that now, but you never know. Sinister things can look deceptively ordinary.

Officer Meyers raises a hand their way.

OFFICER MEYERS
Watkins!

Officer Watkins walks to him. Jenny follows, uncertain.

OFFICER MEYERS (CONT'D)
Take Tommy here back to the station for an official report.

Officer Watkins nods. Tommy walks over her, worried.

TOMMY
Is this gonna go on my personal record?

Officer Watkins escorts Tommy out of the restaurant.

Officer Meyers sets his sights on Jenny, flips to a new page of his note pad, and clicks his pen.

OFFICER MEYERS
Name?

JENNY
Jenny Kamps.

Officer Meyer scribbles down her name.

OFFICER MEYERS
Jenny, I'm gonna show you a photo of someone. And I want you to tell me if you saw him here tonight.

Jenny nods, a bit nervous.

JENNY
Okay.

Meyers withdraws a photo from his jacket pocket, hands it to her. She looks down at a MUGSHOT OF JOE.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ULYSSES - AFT DECK - NIGHT

It's dark out. The boat bobs beside a concrete wall, moored under a bridge, away from the bright of the city. What little light seeps through, shines off the water illuminating Joe.

He sits with his legs off the side, carving a piece of driftwood with a pocket knife. Dallas lays on the deck behind him, staring up at the under-part of the bridge.

DALLAS
What'd you tell Captain?

JOE
Last favor I'll pull for the rest of the week. I'll tell you that.

DALLAS
Think Canada'll get the tape before the cops do?

JOE
If they didn't pull it yet.

DALLAS
Well, do you imagine--

Joe turns sharply, looking down at Dallas.

JOE
-I don't know, Dallas! Would you just shut up so I can think?

DALLAS
Sheesh.

Hurt, Dallas gets up, heads for the mess.

Joe continues carving his driftwood, angrier now. He nicks his hand by accident, sucks in air. Blood pools in his palm.

JOE
Ah. Damnit.

Just then, a THUD. TWO FEET land on the deck. Joe pulls a gun from his pocket and holds it out as he turns to find SPYDER, standing before him, his own gun cocked.

SPYDER
You set up Frenchie, Joe?

Off: Joe's veiled expression. Then, a smirk.

CUT TO:

EXT. LINDY'S - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jenny stands with Officer Meyers outside the restaurant.

The lot is completely empty, aside from the blood-spattered Pinto, now guarded with caution tape.

JENNY
(dismissive)
You have a good night now.

Office Meyers grabs his car keys from his pocket. They jingle. He's about to go, when he looks at Jenny again. Eyes her chipped raspberry nail polish. Sees a VIETNAM VETERAN PIN on the Grateful Dead bag draped over her shoulder.

OFFICER MEYERS
You know someone who served?

JENNY
Huh?

OFFICER MEYERS
(gesturing to the pin)
Vietnam?

JENNY
(nodding)
My older brother.

Officer Meyers puts a hand on her shoulder, attempting to establish even the slightest connection.

OFFICER MEYERS
My cousin was a Green Hat. I admire that. People who stand for duty. People this world can trust.

Jenny looks down at his hand on her shoulder, uncomfortable.

OFFICER MEYERS (CONT'D)
Are you sure there was no one in particular you saw tonight? Someone who didn't fit the bill of this place's usual clientele? Anyone who seemed...nervous, jumpy, upset?

Jenny takes a step back, putting distance between them.

JENNY
I see a lot of people when I'm running events.
(MORE)

JENNY (CONT'D)
Like I said, it's not really possible to remember them all...especially on a big night like tonight.

Officer Meyers looks down, jaw tightening. Then he looks up at the restaurant, scanning the awning overlooking the entry.

OFFICER MEYERS
You at least know if that's the only security camera this place has?

Jenny looks to see where he's pointing. Frowns.

JENNY
...I'd have to ask my boss.

Irritated, Officer Meyers purses his lips. Nods.

He gets into:

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

He starts up the car.

OFFICER MEYERS
Waste my time a little more why don't you...

Through the window, Jenny waves halfheartedly.

EXT. LINDY'S - PARKING LOT - SAME

Jenny heads back towards the restaurant, just as Roy turns the corner in front of the restaurant. Jenny recognizes him.

JENNY
Sorry I missed you earlier. You're our new server, right?

Roy stares at Jenny. Deer in headlights.

ROY
Decided against it.

Roy walks past her, maintaining eye contact. Starts walking backwards to hold her gaze as he goes, trying to figure out if she's gonna chase him, turn him in.

JENNY
Oh. Okay.

Jenny glances down at Roy's hand, which has fallen to his pocket, tucking something inside it.

Roy gives an awkward military salute then turns away and leaves the parking lot, pretending nonchalance in his walk.

Jenny watches as Roy reaches the end of the lot.

EXT. STREETS OF CHICAGO - CONTINUOUS

Out of Jenny's sight, Roy breaks into an all out sprint.

MONTAGE of ROY RUNNING

The vibe is melancholy realism. Acceptance of the journey. Kinda like the song "Bassackwards" by Kurt Vile.

DURING ROY'S VOICEOVER:

- Roy looks behind him, to make sure no one's following him.

- A stray dog growls, chasing Roy through an alleyway.

- Roy ducks under a bridge, passes an unhoused community in tents. A firecracker erupts among them, lighting up Roy's fearful face as he races on.

- Roy gets to a BRIDGE. Looks to his left and right as he climbs over it and side steps to the one end of it.

- Roy leaps to a ladder and climbs down towards the river wall. He's alone on the grass-top of a cement river wall.

- Roy leans over the edge, looks in either direction.

- No boats on the river.

- Roy checks his watch, concerned. Looks out again.

ROY (V.O.)
Jimmy crashed as soon as we got back. Joe and Dallas were finishing out their second shift. And after a bowl of Borscht, this Lithuanian dish Norma likes to make, I got back to my bunk. Last minute gravel pick-up meant I only had about three hours 'til my next shift.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S OFFICE - DAY

Roy gets up and walks to a window. There's a dying POTHOS PLANT on the ledge. Roy pulls it near, touches the soil.

ROY
You're overwatering it.

Roy picks up the pot cautiously, looks at the bottom of it. There's a HOLE at the bottom. It's covered in SOIL.

ROY (CONT'D)
If you add some gravel to the bottom, it'll drain right.

Roy turns, watching as Molly looks at the plant, evaluating his suggestions. She rests her chin on her palm, downbeat. Roy sticks his hands in his pockets, turns back to the plant.

ROY (CONT'D)
Hope it helps.

MOLLY
You know what would help me Roy? If you actually told me what happened.

ROY
I did.

MOLLY
The gravel yard would back that up?

Roy's casual demeanor drops. He reaches for his chair and takes a seat, leaning forward on the desk with his forearms.

ROY
You think I'm a criminal, do you? Why even act like like you give a shit about helping me if all you care about is catching me in a lie?

Molly receives his intensity with surprise, then irritation. She leans forward, on her forearms, throwing it back.

MOLLY
Because it's my job to make sure you stop helping whoever it is you think you have to lie for...

ROY
You think I'm lying for other people?

Molly takes Roy's sign-in sheet from his file. She sets it down with a pen and slides it toward him.

MOLLY
Not every case of mine has the attention of a homicide detective. I need desperately to know, Roy, whatever information you've received on that boat isn't being withheld on account of blackmail by other deckhands. Deckhands, I might add, that may have everything to do with the homicide in question.

ROY
How do you know they're being investigated?

MOLLY
The Coast Guard doesn't just run work IDs without intervention from an outside government agency.

ROY
A detective flagged my visa?
(playing dumb)
But why would he do that?

MOLLY
(over his act)
Roy, I'm a social worker, not a saint. I realize people in tricky situations often have to take certain avenues to get out of them. But if I'm gonna keep you out of jail, I need you to tell me the story that's closest to real. And stop acting like you're the only one who knows what they're doing around here. It's insulting.

Tongue in his cheek, Roy signs the sheet, slides it back.

ROY
You fight like this with all your cases?

MOLLY
Only the good ones.

Roy nudges the pothos toward the light. Gently rotates the pot. It's the first tender thing he's done all day.

END OF ACT FOUR.

ACT 5

EXT. MONTGOMERY'S GRAVEL YARD - EVENING

The sun sets over the industrial riverbank,. Molly's BROWN TOYOTA COROLLA idles just outside the gravel yard's parking lot, its faded sign hanging above a chainlink fence.

INT. MOLLY'S CAR - SAME

Molly grips the steering wheel, takes a deep breath.

She's still wearing her nice floral dress, though her hair is slightly messier now...

MOLLY
(coaching herself)
It's okay, Molly. You're just gonna go up to the guy, ask him about The Ulysses. No big deal.

Molly checks her reflection in the mirror, then cuts her engine, and opens the door. But before she can get out of the car, A POLICE CAR rolls past and into the parking lot.

Officer Meyers is doing some recon of his own.

Molly's breath HITCHES in her throat. She watches as he gets out of his vehicle and approaches a GRAVEL YARD WORKER.

MOLLY (CONT'D)
Goddamnit.

She turns her car back on.

CUT TO:

INT. MONTGOMERY'S GRAVEL YARD - PARKING LOT - SAME

Officer Meyers stands with the GRAVEL YARD WORKER, an older man who trusts machines more than people.

OFFICER MEYERS
You got a shipping log?

Molly's car screeches off in the distance. Officer Meyers looks up at it, confused for a beat, returns his focus to the worker, who shakes his head, arms folded across his chest.

GRAVEL YARD WORKER
'Fraid not. But most traffic 'round here cuts through the Coast Guard's watch zone. You want manifests, that's who you ask.

CUT TO:

INT. MOLLY'S APARTMENT - LATER THAT NIGHT

In her modest space, Molly can finally unwind from her long day. She unzips the back of her dress and turns on the answering machine. As she moves through space, changing into pajamas, getting ready for bed, a VOICEMAIL PLAYS.

It's her dad.

DAD'S VOICEMAIL (O.S.)
Hey bug. I know it's been a while. Just...thinkin' of you with the ten-year coming up. Lucy says you came to the swim meet. That's nice to hear. I miss you. Maybe we could go to one together this fall--

-Molly hits STOP. She doesn't want to hear the rest. Not now.

CUT TO:

INT. ULYSSES - MESS - MORNING

Joe sits eating porridge. Grumpy.

Roy storms in, SLAPS the bowl aside.

Joe stares down at half his breakfast now splattered across the countertop, spoon still in his hand. Slowly, he turns to face Roy, revealing A FRESH BLACK EYE.

JOE
(mouth half full)
The fuck was that for?

Roy clocks Joe's eye.

ROY
Where the hell were you last night, Joe? I needed you.

JOE
Something came up.

ROY
What happened?

Henry Chapin enters. Roy and Joe whip their heads toward him. Everything's stiff. Henry feels it. Whistles.

HENRY
Jeez. You could steam clams in here with all this pressure.
(beat)
Joe, can you give us a minute?

Joe grumbles, grabs his bowl of oatmeal and leaves.

Henry takes Joe's seat and looks to Roy. Off Henry's queue, Roy sits in the chair beside his.

ROY
I've been wanting to talk.

HENRY CHAPIN
Figures. Tough start?

ROY
Mr. Chapin, with all due respect, I don't think this is the kind of summer job I had in mind. I mean...the barges. That's doable.
(lowering his voice)
But your crew...there are things I don't think you--

HENRY CHAPIN
-Joe tells me you made a drop last night. How'd it go?

Roy's eyes widen, shocked. Henry's in on it.

HENRY CHAPIN (CONT'D)
You're in it now, son. And it can be lucrative, if you game it right.

Henry winks at him.

Roy blinks at Henry in disbelief.

Henry checks his watch.

HENRY CHAPIN (CONT'D)
Was that all?

CUT TO:

EXT. ULYSSES - DECK - DAY

Henry Chapin stands at the bridge that's been latched to the dock. He faces Dallas, Joe, Jimmy, and Roy.

HENRY CHAPIN
Buddy's gone. DEA's steps behind us. One of our biggest buyers is dead. We burned one hundred grand in product to compromise him. You three keep screwing up, I'll have to replace every last one of you.

Joe shakes his head, rolling his eyes, pissed.

HENRY CHAPIN (CONT'D)
You got something to say, Joe?

JOE
Buddy was a snake. You shouldn't have hired him.

HENRY CHAPIN
That so? Maybe I shouldn't have hired you either, Joe. Because quality control's on you. And you said Buddy was fine.

DALLAS
He was 'til he wasn't.

HENRY CHAPIN
Yeah, well let's just hope Roy here ain't as spineless, huh?

Roy swallows hard.

HENRY CHAPIN (CONT'D)
I'll deal with the Feds. You lot learn how to sling without making a scene.
(looking to Roy)
You too, Roy. Teach 'em some of your Navy tricks or something. I don't fucking know.

Henry walks across the bridge. Jimmy walks off.

Joe looks to Dallas, who looks to Roy. They're both amused.

DALLAS
Navy tricks, huh?

CUT TO:

INT. COAST GUARD - CONTROL TOWER - DAY

Officer Meyers stands beside the same Coast Guard Officer who checked the deck of the Ulysses one day prior.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
Ulysses? Sure did. Crew came through yesterday. New hire, too.

OFFICER MEYERS
You get a name?

The Coast Guard reaches into his drawer, pulls out a file on the Ulysses. He grabs a paper from it and hands it to Officer Meyers, who squints at it.

Bingo.

OFFICER MEYERS (CONT'D)
Roy Landry.

The Coast Guard Officer nods.

COAST GUARD OFFICER
Yup. That's him.

Officer Meyers hurries to the door.

OFFICER MEYERS
Thanks.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY - LATER THAT DAY

A cramped, fluorescent-lit bullpen. Maps of the Great Lakes line the walls. Officer Meyers follows a junior agent through the space. He strides with self-importance. To his dismay, no one looks up at him as he passes.

The two get to a glass-walled office where the DEA Agent from the Lindy's bust, Mike Vallejo sits, hunched over a file.

The junior agent knocks at the glass.

Mike looks up. Sees Officer Meyers. Frowns.

Officer Meyers opens the door, lets himself into:

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY - MIKE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

MIKE
Let me guess. You found another lead.

Officer Meyers hands Mike a print out of Roy's STUDENT VISA.

OFFICER MEYERS
Roy Landry. Canadian. Student Visa He's a new hire on the tugboat that I believe is connected to my latest homicide case.

MIKE
Enlighten me, Meyers, please, on how this kid from Ontario has anything to do with this agency.

OFFICER MEYERS
There's no work visa. He boarded the boat the same day of the Lindy's bust. *One day* after their other deckhand is found with two bullets to the chest.

MIKE
(cocking his head)
So what — you're saying the kid moved a hundred grand's worth of blow his first day?

OFFICER MEYERS
No, not him! But we can bring him in on a misdemeanor. Get him talking. He's green. He'll sing like a bird.

Mike stares at Officer Meyers, deadpan.

MIKE
So... your plan is to squeeze a foreign student with no priors because you think he'll confess to something he didn't do?
(beat)
Do what you need to, Meyers. I've got bigger fish to fry than your rogue Canadian.

Officer Meyers can't stomp his feet like a toddler, so he leaves the office, slamming Mike's door behind him.

The junior agent pokes his head in.

JUNIOR AGENT
Sorry about that. He said it was urgent.

MIKE
Next time he comes, Steve, send him to Janey.

JUNIOR AGENT
Will do, Sir.
(beat)
Vinnie asked for you. Says he's got intel on the new seller.

CUT TO:

INT. DRUG ENFORCEMENT AGENCY - VINNIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Mike Vallejo stands behind VINNIE DIMAGGIO (30s), a smart Italian-American agent with a map on the desk in front of him. Several red circles appear on the map.

VINNIE
Simon French wasn't the kingpin. Just a middleman. We intercepted his product during the Lindy's bust. Still looking into French's supplier, but that's beside the point right now, because this?...

Vinnie hands Mike a photo copy of a lab analysis of COCAINE, the zoomed-in crystal on the page, in faded gray-purple ink.

VINNIE (CONT'D)
This belongs to someone bigger.
(beat, as Mike examines)
We think he's coming north to claim French's turf. Found his product floating around Southern Illinois. Chicago's gotta be next.

MIKE
We got a name?

VINNIE
They call him Mr. B.

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - LATE DAY

At a red leather booth in the farthest corner, Henry Chapin sits, slightly sweaty under his collared shirt.

HENRY CHAPIN
So what's the B stand for?

Across from him sits MR. B, seen only from the back. They both drink coffee. The waitress sets a bowl of tomato soup in front of Mr. B. He turns his head and nods, but even in slight profile, his face is indistinguishable.

MR. B
Your boys pop Simon French?

Henry takes a sip of his coffee, buying time.

HENRY CHAPIN
Point is, he's gone.

Mr. B sips a slow spoonful of tomato soup.

MR. B
So. You ready to do business?

Henry hesitates just long enough to reveal that in this meeting, he's not the boss. He smiles, curtly.

HENRY CHAPIN
What's my cut?

CUT TO:

EXT. ULYSSES - AFT DECK - DAY

Roy squints up at the Coast Guard office as the boat chugs past it, pushing out into the open lake, near a set of floating barges. Jimmy places a hand on his shoulder.

JIMMY
You about ready to load some sandstone, Landry?

CUT TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT.