

# **POPPY**

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Inspired by True Events

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**Drug overdoses are now the leading cause of death for people under 50.** 66,972 people died of drug overdoses in the U.S. in the 12 months leading up to July 2018.

That's a 14.4% increase nationally.

**In Pennsylvania, the number has increased by 43%.**

*"I'll die young, but it's like kissing God."  
- Lenny Bruce, on doing heroin.*

**INT. UNMARKED VAN - NIGHT**

**BLACK**

Only the muffled squeal of bald tires and worn brake pads from inside a van. The POV of

CHARLIE (22), petite, inked up in jeans and a worn out hoodie, with a BAG OVER HER HEAD. Calm as the van bumps along.

**EXT. NORTH PHILADELPHIA - CONTINUOUS**

The beat up van crawls through the streets. We're not in the gentrified area.

**INT./EXT. CORNER STORE - CONTINUOUS**

OUTSIDE the van skids to a stop. Charlie is manhandled by two MEN IN MASKS, shoved

**INSIDE** - she's pushed through the grocery and up the back stairs to the

**SECOND FLOOR.** They shove her in a chair.

THE HOOD COMES OFF. She scans the room.

FOUR MEN IN SKI MASKS loom in front of her. AR-12s and a couple shotguns. Windows are blacked out. Dirty, damp. A LAPTOP sits on the table.

TWO GIRLS sit on a MATTRESS in one corner. They've got a lighter under a spoon.

The LEAD MAN (40s) sits in front of her. Du rag, shirtless with shades on. This is LEYON. Not worried about hiding his face from her.

Charlie looks out the WINDOW. *29th & Cumberland.*

LEYON stares her down. She's keeping her cool, best she can. Fighting the adrenaline pumping through her.

She slowly moves one hand to her pocket where she reveals a USB STICK.

Leyon plugs it into the LAPTOP. Plays back

**VIDEO**

**A BACK ALLEY.** Philly PD Body-Worn Camera footage. POLICE OFFICER 1 has his gun drawn, screaming at a BLACK MAN.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
PUT DOWN THE WEAPON!

BLACK MAN  
I don't have a weapon! What the  
fuck is you talkin about?!

The alley they're in is empty, save the two of them. The man puts both hands in his pockets and pulls them inside-out.

BLACK MAN (CONT'D)  
Nothin man I swear--

POLICE OFFICER 1  
HANDS WHERE I CAN SEE THEM--

The officer FIRES. A *lot*. A full mag-dump.

He then runs up and TUCKS A SECOND GUN in the downed man's waistband.

**ROOM**

Leyon's eyes flicker with fury and pain as he watches.

**VIDEO**

POLICE OFFICER 1 (CONT'D)  
(*into radio*)  
Shots fired, suspect down.

POLICE OFFICER 2 (O.C.)  
What happened!?

His partner, POLICE OFFICER 2 finally catches up.

POLICE OFFICER 1  
He went for his gun.

**ROOM**

LEYON stops the video. Takes a moment to collect himself.

LEYON  
Aight.

She's got the green light.

CHARLIE  
My story.

LEYON  
What's your angle?

CHARLIE  
The truth.

LEYON  
You gon keep me out of it?

CHARLIE  
I don't give up sources.

LEYON  
If you do it'll be your first and  
last.

She nods, understanding.

**OUTSIDE**

A TINTED CROWN VIC rolls to a stop a few houses down.

TWO MEN get out, pulling PANTY HOSE over their faces. Both clutch 9MMs.

**BACK INSIDE**

LEYON (CONT'D)  
What do you get out of this?

CHARLIE  
To write about something that  
matters.

The TWO GIRLS push the now liquid heroin through a syringe into their scarred arms. They nod back as it kicks in.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Answers to questions people are too  
afraid to ask.

LEYON  
Like what.

CHARLIE  
Should prostitution be legal.  
Should all drugs be legalized.

LEYON  
Tryin to put me outta work?

She smiles.

CHARLIE

Change doesn't happen that fast.

*(then)*

All your girls. They're here by choice?

LEYON

They come to me.

CHARLIE

*Buuuuut...* is that probably because they have nowhere else to go?

LEYON

Door's open. They can leave.

CHARLIE

Some might argue you're exploiting their situation.

LEYON

How they got where they at, I don't know. I sure aint put them there. I just run a business.

CHARLIE

Black market capitalism.

He shrugs. She's not wrong.

Charlie glances to the mattress girls.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Let's show it. Customer satisfaction, a happy workforce. Present your case to the people's court. I think there's a good argument.

Leyon sits back, a slight grin betrays his face.

LEYON

Philly Inquirer - how many does that reach?

Charlie clears her throat.

CHARLIE

This won't be for the Inquirer. It's Temple News. And when your segment goes viral? Millions.

**OUTSIDE**

The two ROBBERS steel themselves at the front door.

ROBBER 1

In and out. He keeps his cash on  
the second floor.

**INSIDE**

Leyon slides a scrap piece of paper to Charlie.

INSERT: 215-789-2219

LEYON

Call me tomorrow on this line.  
We'll set a time and place.

**BAM! CRACK!!**

Downstairs-- the front door just kicked in.

The FOUR MEN IN MASKS simultaneously charge downstairs--

Leyon looks toward the noise, then at Charlie. Not happy.

Charlie shakes her head, no idea what's going on--

*BRRRAT!! POP! POP POP! GUNFIRE DOWNSTAIRS.*

Leyon pulls a GLOCK from his waistband and runs towards the action.

Charlie assesses. Only her and the two passed out mattress girls left. She looks to

**THE WINDOW**

Tries to pry it open but the fuckin thing is JAMMED--

*BAM BAM!!*-- Gunshots RING OUT behind her. Time to go. SHE RUNS FOR

**THE NEXT ROOM**

*SCREAMS!!* -- From a group of half-naked STRUNG OUT CHICKS huddled in the corner, terrified.

Charlie tries the windows in here. Jammed too. She improvises. Slams her ELBOW into the glass--

Nothing.

Slams it AGAIN-- Still nothing. *Shit.* One more go--

*CRRRRK* - The glass only cracks.

**BULLETS RIP THROUGH THE ROOM'S DOOR.** One of the FOUR MASKED MEN backs up the steps - now in the hallway - FIRING shots downstairs.

**CRASH!!** - A BRICK blows out the window. Charlie drops the second brick in her other hand. She PULLS OFF HER SWEATSHIRT - wraps it around her fist to clear the broken glass from the frame.

Second story. Not too bad of a drop to the sidewalk below.

She slides out feet first, and drops down onto the

### **SIDEWALK**

She *BOOKS IT* down the block and around the corner. Takes a minute to catch her breath. Throws her hoodie up over her head and speed-walks into the night.

### **INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - MORNING**

THE THREE C'S.

- I didn't CAUSE it
- I can't CURE it
- I can't CONTROL it

This isn't an AA meeting, it's a support group for people struggling with a loved one that's an addict. Mostly parents.

**OUT BACK** - JIMMY CLARK (33) sucks down a cigarette. He looks put together in his suit jacket, but it's evident he carries some heavy demons with him.

SUPPORT GROUP LEADER

Jimmy. We're ready for ya.

Jimmy stubs out his cigarette, following inside.

**INSIDE** - standing at the front of the group, all eyes on him.

JIMMY

At GoodLife your loved one is looked after day and night. We have a fully trained medical staff on site seven days a week. Daily meetings and discussion groups go step-by-step through various recovery methods, so we can tailor the right one to each patient.

A few parents flip through GOODLIFE PAMPHLETS. A younger girl, maybe 18 (this is TESS), watches from the back with a nervous bounce.



JIMMY (CONT'D)

I've made it my life's mission to help heroin addicts. As a recovering addict myself, I know exactly what they're going through.

He holds up a SOBRIETY COIN.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

If I can do it, anyone can.

PARENT IN AUDIENCE

What makes GoodLife any different from every other treatment center out there that doesn't work?

JIMMY

We have the highest success rate in the tri-state area, for starters.

The SUPPORT GROUP LEADER gives Jimmy a head-nod. Time's up.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'll be in the back, if anyone has any questions after the meeting. Please don't hesitate. Thank you for your time.

A light golf-clap murmurs from the audience.

#### **INT. CLINIC - LATER**

There's a big sign on the front of a medical-looking building.

#### *GoodLife*

**LAB ROOM** - Jimmy has his tie flipped over his shoulder, focused, FILLING OUT PAPERWORK next to crates of URINE SAMPLES. 30 or so per crate.

LAB COAT MIKE (O.C.)

All set?

JIMMY

Yeah. Thanks.

Jimmy hands a stack of paperwork to LAB COAT MIKE (late 50s and wearing it, BALD), a man who is perpetually "*too old for this shit*".

Mike wheels off with the urine samples on a dolly, loading them into the back of a lab van with the logo

*GOODLIFE.*  
*Detox and Addiction Treatment.*

JUMP TO:

**BREAK ROOM**

HOT COFFEE cascades into a styrofoam cup.

PULL BACK. The room has a small table where a girl sits. Barely 18, tough outer shell. TESS. She's a mess right now.

JIMMY

Morning Tess. How ya feeling?

TESS

Waiting for the sweet release of death.

JIMMY

Which meeting do you have today?

TESS

Andrews.

JIMMY

*(sitting)*

Yikes.

TESS

It's not the withdraw, the dope-sick; none of that's gonna make me relapse. It's gonna be Andrews. One more Bible passage and I'm walking back up to Kensington.

He smiles.

JIMMY

He's... a big believer. It's part of his process. Not for everyone.

Pause.

TESS

How long you got?

JIMMY

One year today.

TESS

That's it?

*(then)*

I can't even hit one day.

JIMMY

You're at the right place. We're here to help.

She smiles, but it quickly fades.

**EXT. STATE LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

CHIMES ring out, bashing against the front door as Jimmy exits. He tucks a mickey of WHISKEY in his back pocket.

A woman sells flowers from a small FLOWER TENT. He buys a bouquet.

**INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - DAY**

The front door opens, AMBER (late 20s) is in her pajamas.

Jimmy holds up the flowers with a smile. She's not feeling it. They talk through the SCREEN DOOR.

AMBER

You're not supposed to do this.

JIMMY

I was in the neighborhood.

*(then)*

Can I come in?

AMBER

I just put her down. I'm tired Jimmy. It's my day off.

She opens the screen door and takes the flowers.

AMBER (CONT'D)

They're beautiful. Thank you.

*(then)*

Call next time, please?

She closes the door on him.

Off Jimmy, *'slowly but surely I'll win her back...'*

**INSIDE:** She breathes in the sweet flower scent. Conflicted.

She peeks out the window, watching him walk off.

JUMP TO:

**INT. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY NEWS ROOM - DAY**

BLACK BOOTS kick up onto a desk.

The room is a glorified closet. A few partitioned desks, second hand office chairs.

Notes and press clippings litter the walls.

CHARLIE

*(into phone)*

Is he still available to interview?

It can be over the phone.

*(beat)*

Yeah. Ok. No one's posted his bail?

She opens fan mail.

INSERT: *FUCK YOU STUPID NAZI BITCH! YOU DON'T KNOW SHIT ABOUT GUN LAWS! GUNS KILL PEOPLE! DELETE WHAT YOU WROTE OR--*

She nonchalantly puts it in the trash.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

*(into phone)*

When is the arraignment? Thanks.

She tosses down her phone, frustrated.

A STUFFED MANILA MAILING PACKAGE slams onto her desk.

CHRIS

What happened?

CHRIS (19), chubby with glasses, your quintessential mail-room intern. He's an anxious person.

CHARLIE

My source for the prostitution story was arrested.

CHRIS

For what?

CHARLIE

...Murder.

Chris stops in his tracks.

CHRIS

The source you were visiting last night?

*(then, it hits him)*

The corner store shoot out at 29th and Cumberland? You weren't there, right?

She gives him a *'let's not go there'* look, then studies the package, changing the subject.

CHARLIE

Course not. Any progress with the STD story?

CHRIS

Having a tough time finding anyone willing to talk.

She rips open the package. Starts sifting through.

CHARLIE

Tough stories are tough for a reason. Keep digging.

**EXT. CEMETERY - EVENING**

Jimmy takes a knee next to a GRAVE. He's in running gear, still breathing heavy.

The gravestone dates mark 1985-2010. Today is the anniversary of passing. **ARTHUR SCHIAVO**. Died at 25.

He pulls the WHISKEY from his running pants, twists it open. SMELLS IT, enjoying its scent, but dares not drink.

Pours out the whole bottle into the grass.

He bows his head, touching the tombstone.

JUMP TO:

**EXT. KELLY DRIVE - EVENING**

A BIKE PATH along the river makes for a gorgeous run.

HEADPHONES IN, pumping out the last few miles of his run, Jimmy's attention is caught by the

**GOODLIFE LAB VAN**, parked on the opposite side of the river.

Suspicious.

We see LAB COAT MIKE closing up the back doors and jumping into the front seat, driving off.

*Bzz. bzz.* He reads a text message. *Shit.*

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT, HALLWAY - EVENING**

Through the door's fisheye PEEPHOLE we see a POLICE CAPTAIN knock on the door. He's about 60, scruffy with a hint of sweet; a Jeff Bridges type bloke.

**INSIDE THE APT**

CHARLIE drinks a beer looking over papers with a true crime documentary series playing numbly in the background. Walks to the door and looks through the hole. She doesn't open the door. Instead, shouts through it.

CHARLIE

What do you want?

POLICE CAPTAIN

Can I come in?

CHARLIE

No.

POLICE CAPTAIN

I know you were in my office, on my computer.

She gulps. *How did he...?*

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

What are you doing with the footage? I can get in a lot of trouble if someone finds out I gave you access--

CHARLIE

You've got a lot of corrupt cops why don't you worry about that.

POLICE CAPTAIN

I'm handling it. I need you to stay out of trouble--

CHARLIE

Go away.

Pause.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
I know today is... tough.

She knows what he's referring to. It *is* tough.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
It's my 4th year - almost fifteen  
hundred days sober.

She doesn't reply. Doesn't plan to. But she listens.

He gets it. Not this time, but he won't give up. He slides  
what looks like a CVS GET WELL CARD under the door.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
Found some old pictures of you two,  
they're pretty funny. Thought you  
might want them.  
(then, awkwardly)  
I love you Charlotte.

She rolls her eyes. He shuffles off down the hallway.

CUT TO:

#### **ON THE COUCH**

Charlie tears open the envelope, pulling the pictures from  
the card - throwing the card in the trash. We can read hand-  
written on the inside: *I hope you can forgive me one day.*

Charlie flips through the photos - a teenage boy and a 7-year-  
old Charlie. *Playing in the snow. Swimming in a blow-up  
backyard pool. Making goofy faces at the kitchen table.*

She sips from her beer. Stoic.

#### **INT. CLINIC - NIGHT**

MARK CLARK (60s) pours himself a TUMBLER OF SCOTCH. Expensive  
suit, expensive shoes, expensive watch, expensive attitude.

Jimmy taps on the open office door. Mark waves him in.

JIMMY  
(sitting)  
Everything alright?

MARK  
Do you remember Robert Roe?

JIMMY  
Robbie? Of course.

MARK

His family is coming at us with a lawsuit. Saying we enabled him, which caused him to relapse and OD.

JIMMY

That's the opposite of what we do.

Mark nods.

MARK

I'm letting you go.

How this is possibly a logical conclusion is beyond Jimmy.

MARK (CONT'D)

Their lawyers are going to dive head first into your past and dig up everything I've buried for you--

JIMMY

I'm not ashamed to talk about it.

MARK

I know you're not, that's the point. If our major donors - Temple Hospital, UPenn, Jefferson - catch wind you've been in and out of prison your whole life? They'll run for the hills with their checkbooks.

JIMMY

It was eight months dad. *Combined.*

MARK

Don't remind me. I can't do that to the company.

Of course... *for the company.*

MARK (CONT'D)

They singled you out by name.

JIMMY

So let's countersue. I'm not intimidated. There's no way it would hold up in court.

Mark's silence says more than words could.

MARK

It's easier this way.



JIMMY  
It's a PR move.

MARK  
Your past is on you.

JIMMY  
*(sotto)*  
Here we go.

MARK  
Excuse me?

JIMMY  
I still want to work with our  
patients.

MARK  
You're fired, James. What do you  
not understand?

It's not worth poking the beast. Jimmy takes his leave.

**INT. DIVE BAR - LATER**

A quarter of the bar is COVERED IN PAPERS. CHARLIE looms.  
She downs a whiskey shot. Follows it with a beer.

JIMMY (O.C.)  
Thought I might find you here.

She recognizes the voice. Doesn't look up.

CHARLIE  
I'm not giving you money.

He flips his SOBRIETY COIN.

JIMMY  
Got a year clean.

CHARLIE  
Congratulations.

She finishes her beer. Signals to the bartender.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
City-wide.

She turns back to her task at hand: the documents.

JIMMY  
I stopped by to see him today.

CHARLIE  
Yeah? How's he holding up?

JIMMY  
Still drinks like a fish.

He smiles, remembering good times.

A well-whiskey shot and PBR beer slide in front of her. She holds up the shot glass.

CHARLIE  
To Art. No-- to you, Jimmy. Without you, he might still be here.

She downs it, staring at him. Jimmy hides it well, but that stung.

JIMMY  
How's school? What's all this?

CHARLIE  
Don't pretend to care.

He ignores her, scanning some of the papers.

Pause.

JIMMY  
Huh.

She's not gonna do it. Not gonna bite. Nope.

He picks up a paper, reads it to himself, puts it back. Says nothing. Just another

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Huh.

God damn it.

CHARLIE  
What. What is 'huh'?

He backs off, putting his hands up.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Jimmy, I swear to god--

JIMMY  
These are lab reports. Drug  
testing.

He points to other documents.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
And these are insurance claims.  
Collecting payment from insurance  
companies for screenings.  
(*reading aloud*)  
East Florida Recovery Center. Huh.  
Haven't heard of them.  
(*then*)  
Is this a lead? Temple News stuff?

She soooooo so so does NOT want to engage. Can't help it.

CHARLIE  
You recognize this stuff?

He nods.

JIMMY  
(*to bartender*)  
Diet Coke, thanks.

CHARLIE  
The same two doctors' signatures  
are on all of the paperwork.

JIMMY  
Makes sense. We only have three on  
our payroll, across six clinics.

CHARLIE  
Both doctors resigned two years  
ago.

Jimmy looks at her, then back to the documents.

JIMMY  
These are all dated 2019.

CHARLIE  
These are real? GoodLife uses the  
same process?

JIMMY  
Not exactly the same, but yeah.  
These are legit.

CHARLIE  
 Would you be able to make copies of  
 your files? Ones like these? So I  
 can compare?

He gives her a look. Trepidation.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 I'll keep you and GoodLife out of  
 the story. I don't burn sources.

JIMMY  
 I can't. Internal documents are--

CHARLIE  
 No one has to know.

JIMMY  
 Sorry.

CHARLIE  
*(sotto)*  
 God you're a pussy.

JIMMY  
 Where did you even get these?

She chugs the rest of her beer.

JUMP TO:

**OUTSIDE THE BAR**

Jimmy lights up a cig. Charlie stares at her phone.

CHARLIE  
 You don't have to wait. Honestly  
 I'd prefer you didn't.

Jimmy collects his thoughts, musters his courage.

JIMMY  
 I'm sorry I haven't-- you know.  
 Been in touch.

CHARLIE  
 No need to be sorry.

JIMMY  
 Please hear me out. We're  
 practically family--

CHARLIE  
 We are not family.

Her Uber arrives.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 You and my brother were best  
 friends. That's got nothing to do  
 with me. And it sure as hell  
 doesn't change what happened.

Without a goodbye, she gets in the car and is gone.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - LATER**

Charlie slumps on the couch, HEADPHONES in, a thousand-yard stare out the window at the far off high-rise lights.

Her nearby laptop glows, a pale blue pouring over her.

It's late. The city never sleeps.

ON THE LAPTOP SCREEN: GoodLife's website. Home page.

A FIREWORK EXPLODES in the distance.

A few more pop off. Bright greens and reds.

Off Charlie, quietly smiling--

CUT TO:

**EXT. FRONT YARD, ROWHOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

A FOOTBALL spirals through the cold air. Hats, gloves, Eagles jerseys over puffy jackets.

A 14-year-old Charlie tosses the ball with ARTHUR, 25, healthy and happy. She beams one at him, impressively fast.

ART  
 Woah. *Mini Mike Vick*. Go long!

Charlie sprints off-- Art heaves the pigskin-- she NABS IT.

CHARLIE  
*D-Jax in the house!*

Art laughs as Charlie does an obnoxious touchdown dance--

CRASHH-- A POLICE CRUISER bashes into a TRASHCAN half a block down.

Their playing stops. Smiles drop. They know who it is.

ART

Go inside.

She huffs.

**FROM INSIDE:** Charlie's POV. The cop car is half on the grass, half in the driveway. A man steps out in UNIFORM, intoxicated. He's *BIG*. We've seen him before... POLICE CAPTAIN. He's a decade younger here - not yet in charge.

We can't hear much but we see the man SCREAMING at Art, shoving him, and finally SWINGING at him. He connects.

SMASH CUT TO:

**BACK IN THE LOFT**

The last of the distant fireworks fade from light to ash.

Charlie's smile is gone.

**EXT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - NIGHT**

IN THE SECOND FLOOR BEDROOM, through half-drawn blinds is AMBER changing the baby.

JIMMY is across the street, watching with a sad smile.

He makes a call.

Amber's cell phone rings. We can see her pick it up, but she doesn't answer.

VOICEMAIL (O.S.)

*This is Amber, sorry I missed your call. Leave a message and I'll get back to you--*

JIMMY

Hey. It's me. I was just-- thinking about you guys. I miss you.

*(then)*

I love you. Kiss Olivia goodnight for me.

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (DREAM)**

A long stretch of dirt road surrounded by corn stalks on both sides. A HEAVY FOG lingers.

JIMMY is walking down the street. **LED ZEPPELIN** plays in his earbuds.

He stops. Something in the middle of the road ahead. Looks like a person...

*GHRRRGLE*-- The mass heaves, convulsing. No doubt a body.

Jimmy jogs up to it. As he approaches, he recognizes who it is...

**Art.**

Arthur's eyes are ROLLED BACK, he's FOAMING AT THE MOUTH.

Suffocating. Choking on vomit.

TO JIMMY'S LEFT, peeking from the corn, is **CHARLIE**.

*PANICKED -- FRANTIC --* Jimmy pushes down on Art's chest, CPR--

A SINGLE FIREWORK screams overhead, EXPLODING in color--

ART'S EYES OPEN--

**JIMMY JOLTS AWAKE, GASPING FOR AIR.** We're in his

**INT. SHITHOLE APARTMENT - DAWN**

STUDIO APARTMENT. Unpacked boxes scattered throughout.

The only set up besides his bed is a PLAYPEN, CRADLE, and a few other baby things.

**EXT. THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER - DAY**

A GOTHIC BUILDING made of PURE WHITE MARBLE stands proudly on Broad Street.

HIRING MANAGER (PRE-LAP)  
It's not the quality of your  
writing we're concerned with. It's  
the content and your perspective.

**INT. THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER - CONTINUOUS**

Crammed in a small side-office, Charlie sits across from a HIRING MANAGER reviewing her WRITING SAMPLES and CV.

HIRING MANAGER  
You're pulling great numbers for  
Temple News, but this is all click  
bait.

CHARLIE

Headlines have to be click bait if you want to compete.

HIRING MANAGER

We have an opening in our blog department.

CHARLIE

That's not even a lateral move.

HIRING MANAGER

At a national paper? I'd say--

CHARLIE

My articles get more views in a day than your blog does in a week.

He leans back, closing her file.

HIRING MANAGER

I'll shoot straight. I love the attitude and the determination. Reminds me of our top field guys back when they gave a shit. But I can't hire you off of this work. Bring me a story - something truly ground-breaking, not just shock value - and I'll see what I can do about getting you on board our investigative division this summer.

CHARLIE

Will that be a paid position? I'm not here for the free internship. I graduate in three months, I want a job. Student loans are no joke.

He smiles. Nods.

HIRING MANAGER

Bring me something I can print.

**EXT. SHITHOLE APARTMENT - DAY**

Jimmy heads off for a MORNING RUN.

In a car across the street, CHARLIE watches him go. She gets out and walks towards his building as soon as it's clear.

A LOCK PICK TOOL wiggles its way inside the front door handle. POP. Open.



[It's that easy - lock-picks are \$12 on Amazon.]

**INT. SHITHOLE APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Charlie steps into Jimmy's apartment. The hunt is on.

She sifts through his jackets. His cabinets, his desk--

She's found it. His extra **KEY CARD** on a WORN RED LANYARD in his desk--

*THE FRONT DOOR OPENS.*

She BOLTS to the closet.

As silent as possible.

Jimmy seems agitated, violently shuffling through a drawer.

She watches through a crack in the door.

JIMMY

Where the FUCK are my headphones.

He walks STRAIGHT TOWARDS CHARLIE--

Stops at his desk. His HEADPHONES are on the floor, under his desk chair. He sighs. Sits in his chair. Wipes his face.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

*(to himself)*

C'mon Jimmy. We got this. Do it for Olivia. Do it for your fuckin self you piece of shit.

The apartment door SLAMS SHUT.

Huge sigh of relief.

**OUTSIDE**

Jimmy is agitated. Frustrated. Antsy. *Fiending*.

He unlocks his car parked on the street.

Gets in. Sits.

**EXT. CLINIC - DAY**

Charlie steps into frame, eyeing the front entrance.

CUT TO:

**BACK OF THE BUILDING**

She uses the KEY CARD to open the back door.

**INSIDE THE CLINIC**

She keeps her head down, a HAT pulled low over her eyes.

A WORKER COMES AROUND THE CORNER--

She jumps into an adjacent room, waits for him to pass.  
Continues down the

**HALLWAYS**

Finally, a room labeled STORAGE. She swipes the key card. The lock pad flashes GREEN. She's in.

IT'S A CLEANING CLOSET

Shit. Moving on.

A door not far down the hallway is labeled AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL. Ka-ching.

**AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ROOM**

Shelves chock full of stuffed bankers boxes.

She starts digging.

**EXT. NORTH PHILLY, HOOD STREETS - DAY**

A few men in their early 20s loiter the porch of an abandoned rowhome. Junkies shuffle up every few minutes for their daily \$10 fix.

Half a block down, JIMMY'S CAR IDLES.

**INT. JIMMY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Jimmy stares at the dealers with heavy eyes. He rubs his head trying to suppress the urge. The temptation.

He pulls his gaze down to a photo taped to his dash. *OLIVIA in his arms at the hospital the day she was born.*

He amps himself up like a boxer on fight night. Starts the engine.

Drives away.

SMASH TO:

**BACK IN THE AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ROOM**

Charlie can't believe what she's reading.

CHARLIE  
(*sotto*)  
Holy shit.

She snaps the last PHOTOS of a few documents.

Jams what she pulled back into its box and back on the shelf.

**HALLWAY**

Charlie quietly pulls the door closed. CLICK.

LAB COAT MIKE (O.C.)  
Excuse me?

Shit. He's only 10 feet away.

LAB COAT MIKE (CONT'D)  
Where are you supposed to be? I  
know it's not in that closet.

CHARLIE  
Uhhh sorry, heading to my room--

Charlie speed-walks down the hallway and around a corner.

Mike squints his eyes in suspicion, but doesn't give chase.

**OUTSIDE**

She's escaped unscathed.

**EXT. SHITHOLE APARTMENT - DAY**

Jimmy spots a figure slumped over on his stoop. A woman.

TESS, head in her lap, black tears of running mascara.

JIMMY  
Tess? What's wrong?

She pulls herself together as he takes a seat next to her.

TESS  
 Today's my last day. I don't have insurance.

He soaks in her words.

TESS (CONT'D)  
 It's so hard. I don't know how I even got here.

JIMMY  
 We didn't do it on purpose.

TESS  
 Could you take a walk with me?

It's not that he wouldn't, he just doesn't have time.

JIMMY  
 I gotta get back to the clinic. Do you want a ride back?

TESS  
 No, thanks. I'm gonna take a walk.

Her loneliness is painfully palpable.

**INT. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY NEWS ROOM - LATER**

TWO FINGERS ON BOTH SIDES OF HER HEAD. Circular motion.

Chris looks over PRINTOUTS of the photos Charlie took. All the documents have *GoodLife* headers on them.

The edge of a WORN RED LANYARD sticks out from her bag.

CHRIS  
 You got these how?

CHARLIE  
 I have a source.

CHRIS  
 Not Jimmy?

CHARLIE  
 Not Jimmy. And we're not telling him about this.

CHRIS  
 Interested to see how this conversation plays out.

*Knock knock.* Lo and behold, it's Jimmy.

JIMMY

Hey. What's going on? I got your texts, all 25 of them.

Charlie hurriedly collects the GoodLife docs and stashes them away in a BLUE FOLDER.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

*(to Chris)*

Jimmy.

Chris shakes his hand.

CHRIS

Chris. Nice to meet you.

JIMMY

*(sizing up the room)*

Nice digs.

CHRIS

Crabs in a bucket.

CHARLIE

So you know the Florida documents?

Jimmy nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

And how you were no help at all?

Jimmy rolls his eyes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I looked into the doctors on your staff. Er-- *previously* on your staff. Just to compare.

*(then)*

Doctor Patricia Mahoney. Know her?

She types the name into her laptop.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Dr. Mahoney hasn't been in practice since 2017. License revoked.

Jimmy steps to the computer, reading for himself.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

*(typing)*

Doctor... Charles... Schuster.

INSERT: Search Results. Resignation handed in January, 2018.

JIMMY

Look up Dr. Whitman. Carl Whitman.  
He signed off on the batch we sent  
Monday.

She types.

INSERT: Similar results. No longer practicing.

A long pause. So quiet you can hear the wall clock's second  
hand tick.

JUMP TO:

**CHRIS POURS UP COFFEE FOR EVERYONE**

The motley crew sit in a rough triangle.

CHARLIE

Addicts with insurance are worth  
millions. Labs, sober homes,  
outpatient programs can all bill  
insurance companies upwards of five  
grand a pop for drug screenings.

CHRIS

For one screen?

JIMMY

They usually only pay out around  
two thousand.

CHARLIE

Still, when addicts are tested  
three or more times a week? Adds  
up. Especially with zero overhead  
because most samples are never  
tested.

JIMMY

That's a pretty bold claim--

CHARLIE

I know. Here's what ties it all  
together: insurance companies will  
only pay for tests if they're  
signed by a doctor at a licensed  
treatment facility.

CHRIS

I'm guessing GoodLife has a  
licensed treatment facility?

Jimmy nods.

JIMMY

Two.

CHARLIE

Think of it from a fraudster's perspective: you've got your own lab, so you control the results. You charge the insurance company for three screens per week, but you only actually test one. The other two piss cups you just throw away, or flush, whatever. You forge doctor signatures on paperwork for three test results, and... cash in.

JIMMY

Is that what you think the Florida company is doing?

CHARLIE

There's a serious paper trail.

CHRIS

How much does it cost to test each sample?

JIMMY

Hundred bucks, if you test in bulk.

CHRIS

So if the insurance companies pay out two grand per test, three a week, that's like six grand a week.

CHARLIE

For one patient. How many do you have in each facility?

JIMMY

Thirty, roughly.

Charlie sits back in amazement, trying to comprehend the numbers.

CHRIS

A hundred eighty thousand a week...

CHARLIE

Across six facilities--

CHRIS

That's like a mil a week.

CHARLIE  
Insurance fraud.

JIMMY  
There's no proof GoodLife is doing  
any of that.

Charlie begs to differ.

CHARLIE  
We just looked at the doctors no  
longer on your staff... why else  
would you risk something like that?

Jimmy's certain skepticism is fading.

Charlie stares at the BLUE FOLDER. Then back at Jimmy.

Screw it. She pulls it out and hands it to him.

JIMMY  
*(reading)*  
Where'd you get this?

Jimmy continues to read... Worry is taking over.

He looks to Charlie, waiting for an answer.

She shrugs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What is that. What does shrugging  
your shoulders mean?

She won't give it up.

He shakes his head. Then - spots something. Double-takes.

The edge of a WORN RED LANYARD.

He grabs it. It's his KEY CARD.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
You broke into the clinic? How--  
you broke into my apartment too?--

CHARLIE  
You wouldn't help. I needed to  
know.

He pockets the key card and leaves with the blue folder.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Where are you going?



JIMMY  
To talk to my dad.

CHARLIE  
What if he's in on it?

JIMMY  
That's what I'll find out.

She plays her last card.

CHARLIE  
It's *your name* on the company.

He stops.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Your name *only*. Look for yourself.  
The last page in there.

He opens the blue folder.

INSERT: Company registration forms. **SOLE OWNER: JAMES CLARK**

Pause.

Jimmy leaves.

Chris is tying it all together. He closes his notebook.

CHRIS  
So, his dad is Mark Clark?

She nods, lost in thought.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
And... you want him to blow the  
whistle on his family company?

Her gears are turning.

CHARLIE  
I've got my story.

**EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY**

SUNLIGHT BEAMS through forest. Small stretches of black road cut through the sea of green with jagged design.

A TRUCK skids to a stop in front of a run-down WAREHOUSE, enveloped by overgrown shrubbery, trees, and weeds.

A BOX CUTTER slices the tape on a large box. One of four sitting in the back of the pickup.

Inside: FISH on ice.

A gloved hand DIGS into the ice, pulling out a SMALL WHITE BRICK wrapped in endless layers of cellophane.

### **INSIDE THE WAREHOUSE**

Keys slide into SIX DEAD-BOLT LOCKS, one at a time.

A silhouetted LAB COAT MIKE walks inside the now open room, no bigger than a walk-in closet. He loads the CELLOPHANE-WRAPPED WHITE POWDER BRICKS into a SAFE.

Locks it back up.

JUMP TO:

Double-doors SWING OPEN--

MIKE steps in through the light.

He's staring at **FOUR DEAD BODIES**, each around 30 years old. Three men and a woman. TRACK MARKS cover their arms and feet.

He sighs. Same shit, different week.

JUMP TO:

Mike zips up BODY BAGS. Four of them.

JUMP TO:

Mike loads the bodies into the back of his TRUCK. Drives off.

### **EXT. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY**

CHARLIE sits on a bench eating a wrap. Lunch break.

Two Police Officers walk up to her.

POLICE OFFICER 3  
Miss Charlotte Shiavo?

She finishes chewing... Then answers.

CHARLIE  
It's Charlie. Who's asking?

POLICE OFFICER 3  
We've got a warrant for your  
arrest, need you to come with us.  
(then)  
Please don't resist.

She shakes her head. Takes another bite. Stands and puts her hands behind her back, compliant.

**EXT. 3000 MARKET STREET - DAY**

Financial district, downtown Philly.

**An ADVERTISEMENT for GOODLIFE** runs on the row of TVs in the lobby of the building. It's clean, concise, and confident their facilities will "*help your loved one reach and maintain sobriety.*"

AMBER walks out of the building, business casual.

JIMMY  
Amber! Hey.

He keeps talking before she can cut him off.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I need your help. Legal stuff.

She's suddenly filled with dread.

AMBER  
What happened--

JIMMY  
It's GoodLife. I think I've been set up.

She studies him. He's not bullshitting.

**INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Amber shovels in kale by the forkful, flipping through papers.

Jimmy fiddles with a pacifier.

JIMMY  
How is she?

AMBER  
She's fine.

JIMMY  
Where is she now?

AMBER  
My mom's. Everything is under your name.

JIMMY  
My dad told me my name couldn't be on anything, cause I'm a junkie felon and would wreck his credit.

He paces the room.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Why would he do that?

She's cautious with her words.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
You know what he's like. Why would someone *like him* do this?

AMBER  
To cover their ass. In most cases they're doing something illegal. If they get caught, the name on the company takes responsibility.

Pause.

JIMMY  
I'm the fall guy.

AMBER  
That's only if he's doing something illegal.

He shakes his head.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
I've got to get back to the office.

JIMMY  
Yeah. Ok. Hey thanks for looking.

**INT. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY, LIBRARY**

Headphones in. Knuckles cracked. Spotify playlist started.

CHRIS is holed up in a cubicle. The search begins.

SEARCH: *Mark Clark +GoodLife*

CHRIS  
Let's see what else you're hiding.

**INT. POLICE STATION, HOLDING CELL - DAY**

The door clangs open. OFFICER 3 motions to CHARLIE to follow.

**INT. POLICE STATION, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Charlie kicks a foot up on the desk. POLICE CAPTAIN pushes it off. His disappointment is at an all time high.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
They're pressing charges.

Charlie rolls her eyes, annoyed with it all.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
What were you doing?

CHARLIE  
Don't worry about it--

POLICE CAPTAIN  
I will worry about it, I'm the one  
dealing with it bailing your ass  
out--

CHARLIE  
I didn't ask you to do that.

Captain is on the verge of flipping out but catches himself and reels it back in.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
I just-- I'm worried about you.

CHARLIE  
Don't be.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
Charlie...

CHARLIE  
We done here?

POLICE CAPTAIN  
I asked you to stay out of trouble!  
And what do you do? The very next  
day you break into a heroin clinic!  
(MORE)

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
 What am I supposed to think of  
 that? Are you in there trying to  
 steal drugs?

CHARLIE  
 It's a *recovery* clinic they don't  
 have drugs--

POLICE CAPTAIN  
 They damn sure do! Weening people  
 off that shit? Are you mixed up in  
 that?

CHARLIE  
 No.

He stares her down, trying to get a read.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
 Let me see your arm. Roll up your  
 sleeve--

CHARLIE  
 Oh fuck you.

She abruptly stands and exits.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
 DON'T YOU WALK AWAY FROM ME.

CHARLIE  
 Yeah? You gonna kill me too?

She stops at the doorway.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 I liked you better as a drunk.

She leaves. Captain's anger subsides and the guilt hits hard.  
 He didn't want the conversation to end like that.

**INT. MARK CLARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT**

Jimmy enters, sits.

Mark is reading through a BINDER OF PAPERS. Business stuff.

MARK  
 This couldn't wait until after  
 work?

He tosses the BLUE FOLDER on the desk. Mark doesn't touch it.

JIMMY

A recovery center in Florida is being investigated for insurance fraud. Forging doctor's signatures.

MARK

Federal investigation?

JIMMY

No. Not yet. But the info is out there. I took the liberty of looking into our own records. We're doing the same thing.

Jimmy waits for Mark's response.

Nothing.

...nothing.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You know about this.

Again, a blank stare back at him.

Jimmy shakes his head.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You realize how much trouble we can get in? Federal crimes. Federal prison.

MARK

It's not something you need to worry about.

JIMMY

*(incredulous)*

How--

MARK

Don't throw a temper tantrum.

JIMMY

This is why we only bring in wealthy patients with good insurance? This is why Tess is getting kicked to the curb?

MARK

We take in anyone who needs help.

JIMMY

No we don't.

Mark opens the blue folder.

MARK  
Have you shown this to anyone?

JIMMY  
No.

MARK  
Keep it that way.

JIMMY  
And if it gets out?

MARK  
It won't.

JIMMY  
I'm sure that's what they said in Florida.

MARK  
If it gets out I'll know you leaked it. Which is a violation of the confidentiality agreement you signed. Which means - with your criminal history - you're going to prison for the rest of your life. So keep your fucking mouth shut.

Off Jimmy...

**EXT. CLINIC - CONTINUOUS**

JIMMY shoves the front doors open, pissed.

TESS  
Hey Jimmy can I talk to you?

JIMMY  
I don't have time-- talk to one of the twenty counselors inside.

He continues angrily down the street.

**EXT. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT**

Chris walks and talks.

CHRIS  
(into phone)  
Found a lead.  
(MORE)



CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 GoodLife's purchase records - they  
 bought a warehouse in the sticks  
 near Scranton a few years ago.  
 Couldn't find much info other than  
 the purchase itself.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
 What are you thinking?

CHRIS  
 Not sure.

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
 Can you go up there, take a look?

CHRIS  
 To Scranton? Uh--

CHARLIE (O.S.)  
 Great. Thanks.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - NIGHT**

A slender, exhausted man with a graying beard opens the door.  
 He doesn't recognize the girl standing in front of him.

MR. ROE  
 Can I help you?

CHARLIE  
 Hi, Mr. Roe? My name is Charlie  
 Shiavo I'm a journalist with the  
 Inquirer. I wanted to ask you a few  
 questions about your lawsuit  
 against GoodLife?

MR. ROE  
 I'm all talked out, thanks.

CHARLIE  
 I'm going to expose GoodLife.

He's interested.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 I have proof. And I have a feeling  
 it's related to your son.

He holds open the door.

**INSIDE**

A WHISKEY TUMBLER sloppily slides in front of notebooks, a pen, and a DIGITAL TAPE RECORDER. It blinks red.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I know the specifics of your lawsuit are sealed, but, is there anything you can tell me?

MR. ROE

GoodLife is a fraudulent company, head to toe. Did you know there's no prerequisite for their staff to have training in substance abuse? None. It's a glorified daycare charging obscene prices. A complete racket.

CHARLIE

I don't want to sound indelicate, but do you have any proof?

MR. ROE

*(nodding)*

Wait until court, it'll all be there.

CHARLIE

And Robbie. What happened?

Mr. Roe shakes his head, angrily remembering.

MR. ROE

He relapsed, as almost all addicts do. Of course there's no oversight and no accountability at that place. When they found him they--

He chokes, caught in the moment. Regains his composure.

MR. ROE (CONT'D)

They drove him to a motel across the bridge in Jersey and dumped him. He died next to a dumpster. They even had the audacity to stick a needle in his arm, make it look like he OD'd there.

Charlie scribbles down notes.

Mr. Roe downs his four-finger whiskey in one gulp.

MR. ROE (CONT'D)

I shouldn't be telling you this, but it'll be public record Friday.

CHARLIE  
Friday? This Friday?

He nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
You're confident you can win?  
GoodLife has a lot of money. I  
wouldn't be surprised if their  
defense is to tie you up in court  
for months, years--

MR. ROE  
I don't care if it takes the rest  
of my life. They've already tried  
to pay me off. I've got security  
footage of them at the motel.  
Employee records. Insurance claims  
that don't add up.

(then)  
They have Narcan at every one of  
their facilities. All they had to  
do was call an ambulance.

CHARLIE  
I'm sorry for your loss, Mr. Roe.

MR. ROE  
Yeah.

He's dismissive, caught up in the moment.

CHARLIE  
I lost my brother eight years ago.

This brings him back to earth. They share a moment of quiet.

**EXT. SOUTH PHILLY NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT**

Truck door shuts. *Chirp chirp*, locked.

LAB COAT MIKE walks towards a ROW HOME, done for the day--

JIMMY (O.C.)  
Mike.

Mike's not pleased to see him.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Buy you a beer?

LAB COAT MIKE  
I gotta make dinner for my girls.

Mike walks up to his house.

JIMMY

I know about the forgeries. The  
doctors, the test orders.

Mike stops. He turns, looks up and down the street.

It's only the two of them.

LAB COAT MIKE

*(nodding down the street)*  
McShae's.

**INT. MCSHAE'S PUB - NIGHT**

CHRISTMAS LIGHTS twinkle from the open rafters, an ancient jukebox sits idly in the corner. Eagles, Phillies, Flyers flags and posters. The SIXERS GAME is on TV.

Recently divorced women sip martinis. Blue collar workers who don't want to go home just yet nurse beers.

LAB COAT MIKE

Not much I can tell you.

JIMMY

We're under the same NDA.

LAB COAT MIKE

You don't work for GoodLife anymore.

JIMMY

What were you doing down by the river the other day? I saw the van parked, looked like you were loading something into the back.

Mike shrugs.

LAB COAT MIKE

Must've stopped for a smoke.

JIMMY

You smoke?

LAB COAT MIKE

Caught me.

JIMMY

Looked like you were dumping piss samples into the Schuylkill.

Mike takes a long pull from his YUENGLING bottle.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

How long has he been doing this?

LAB COAT MIKE

Don't know what you're talkin' about.

JIMMY

What happens when you get caught?

Mike takes another drink. Next question.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Does it bother you?

Mike stews on this, eyes fixed on the bar TV.

LAB COAT MIKE

Pharmaceutical companies. They mark up cancer medication by a thousand percent. Imagine your wife has cancer. Insurance company steps in to cover the cost, right? After decades of paying into it, you finally have to use it. Nope. Hospital bills, medication, treatment, it all adds up to a few hundred grand over your insurance coverage. Now what? Not only did you watch your wife lose her battle with cancer for three of the longest, most grueling years you could ever imagine living... now you're broke and half a million in debt.

Jimmy recognizes the details of this story.

LAB COAT MIKE (CONT'D)

Would it bother me, doubling up on the insurance payouts of white-collar drug addicts? Take a guess.

JIMMY

*(softly)*

Is that what happened to Mary?

Pause.

Mike snuffles. Wipes something from his eye. Definitely not a tear though, Mike doesn't do that.

He gulps down the last of his beer.

LAB COAT MIKE  
You staying clean?

Jimmy nods.

LAB COAT MIKE (CONT'D)  
Good.  
(then)  
Night Jimmy.

Mike's words sink in.

Jimmy's phone vibrates. Text message from Charlie.

TEXT: *In two days this goes public with your name attached.*

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (DREAM)**

HEAVY FOG. Dirt road. We're back.

JIMMY walks. **LED ZEPPELIN** plays in his headphones.

*GHRRRGLE--*

Jimmy jogs up to Art-- eyes back, FOAMING AT THE MOUTH.

Jimmy PUSHES down on Art's chest, CPR-- *it's not working--*

A FIREWORK screams overhead, EXPLODING red and greens--

CHARLIE  
Jimmy?

ART'S EYES OPEN--

**INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT**

JIMMY JOLTS AWAKE.

MOONLIGHT piercing the trees casts dark shadows in the room.

He catches his breath. Drinks some water.

CUT TO:

**INT. SHITHOLE APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Jimmy sits in the kitchen area, attempting to read a book.  
*ADDICTION RECOVERY.*

He's too restless to read. Too awake to sleep.

JUMP TO:

**INT./EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - NIGHT**

He drives.

**EXT. NORTH PHILLY, HOOD STREETS - CONTINUOUS**

His car idles. He stares at the dealer - only a few hundred feet away.

He grips the steering wheel, white-knuckles.

Lights up a cigarette to calm himself. Then-- he sees something. *Someone*. It looks like TESS buying from the dealer, but it's hard to truly tell--

Suddenly everyone SCATTERS. A POLICE CRUISER rolls by. Jimmy takes it as a sign. He drives away.

**INT. ROWHOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Bellowing laughter. Empty bowls of ice cream on the carpet.

CHARLIE

And he thought the cat was in the chimney--

ART

But it was a squirrel--

Charlie (age 14) and Art are BUCKLED OVER on the floor. One of those laughing fits where you can hardly breathe because absolutely everything is hilarious.

A few moments pass as they recover.

We see that Art has a BLACK EYE.

CHARLIE

(*somber*)

What happened to him?

Art shakes his head. No answer.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

He scares me.

ART  
 Hey. I'm here, I'll protect you.  
 Always.

Pause.

ART (CONT'D)  
*(standing)*  
 C'mon, help me clean up. Before he  
 gets back.  
*(then)*  
 What do you think about California?  
 How bout I save up some money, and  
 me and you - we'll move out there.

She smiles. Loves this idea.

A distant TRAIN HORN grows louder and louder...

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - DAY**

An AMTRACK RUMBLES by outside, obnoxiously BLASTING ITS HORN.  
 Charlie stares at it with a scowl from her window.

**EXT. CLINIC - DAY**

JIMMY walks into the building.

Half a block down the street are POLICE CARS AND AMBULANCES.  
 Your typical afternoon in Philly.

**INT. CLINIC - CONTINUOUS**

CLOSE ON a computer screen. We're clicking through a 64-photo  
 album of what seems to be only one baby. Facebook.

JIMMY (O.C.)  
 Hey, Janet.

JANET whips around, startled.

JANET  
 Jimmy! Jesus Joseph and Mary, you  
 scared me half to death.

She crosses herself. Her desk is absolutely COVERED IN STICKY  
 NOTES.

JIMMY  
 Grandkid?



She looks back at her open computer screen.

JANET  
Oh no. Grand-nephew.

JIMMY  
He's adorable.

JANET  
Aw, you're sweet. What can I do you for?

JIMMY  
We've got a patient without insurance that I'd like to pay for out of pocket. Going through a rough patch.

JANET  
That's very generous of you. What's the patient's name?

JIMMY  
Not sure the last name. First name is Tess. Tessa? Theresa maybe?

Janet's face goes pale.

JANET  
Oh Jimmy.

JIMMY  
What?

JANET  
Tess... I'm so sorry but Tess passed away just this morning. That's all the fuss outside, the ambulances. They found her in the alleyway.

**EXT. ALLEYWAY NEAR CLINIC - MOMENTS LATER**

Jimmy rushes up to the CRIME SCENE YELLOW TAPE bordering off the area.

Can't see much. But the reality of this loss sets in.

JIMMY  
'Scuse me!

A nearby POLICE OFFICER steps his way.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I work at the clinic down the street, can you tell me the name of the woman? I think she may have been our patient--

POLICE OFFICER

Open investigation, nothing I can tell you.

*(walking away)*

Stay behind the tape.

Jimmy steps back, embarrassed at his totally failed attempt.

A LOCAL NEWS VAN is filming their piece. Jimmy walks over to the REPORTER to hear what they know.

REPORTER

*...Eighteen year old Tess  
Worthington of Delaware County.  
This is the 10th Fentanyl overdose  
in North Philadelphia in the last  
24 hours...*

Jimmy stares blankly down the alleyway, overtaken by melancholy.

Then, he turns to the GAS STATION ON THE CORNER.

JUMP TO:

**EXT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Chris pulls to the side of the road, about 100-yards out.

**IN HIS CAR**

He grips a DSLR CAMERA, eyes closed, breathing deep.

CHRIS

Just take a few pics and we're outta here. In and out.

JUMP TO:

**IN THE WOODS** about 20-yards from the building.

Chris snaps a few photos.

It's quiet. ...too quiet.

BIRDS BURST from a treetop-- He JUMPS at the sound.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
*(sotto)*  
 Come on.

He turns back to the warehouse, walks another two steps--

**THUMP**-- A car door--

Chris DIVES behind a FALLEN TREE TRUNK.

He lays, dead quiet. Listening.

Pause.

**THROUGH HIS CAMERA LENS:**

A MAN, BALD, wearing gloves and a SURGICAL MASK covering his face.

The man drags BODY BAGS from the warehouse to his truck.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
*(sotto)*  
 Oh my god.

Horrified, Chris snaps away.

**INT. GAS STATION - DAY**

JIMMY inaudibly finishes off an argument with the GAS STATION MANAGER, SANJIV (50s). They both GIVE EACH OTHER THE FINGER as Jimmy stomps

**OUTSIDE**

METH HEAD GIRL (O.C.)  
 Hey. Hey. HEY!

Jimmy turns, annoyed.

METH HEAD GIRL (CONT'D)  
 Looking for the video?

JUMP TO:

**THE DUMPSTERS** - he can't help but pursue the lead.

JIMMY  
 Do you know what happened?

METH HEAD GIRL  
 You got two hundred bucks?

JIMMY

No. I got five.

She concedes, mad at his bargaining skills.

She rips the FIVE DOLLAR BILL from him.

METH HEAD GIRL

Some old guy in a suit came down here this morning. Bought the files off Sanjiv, acting like he didn't want to be seen. Walked back into that building there.

She points to THE CLINIC.

JIMMY

Gray hair? Or was he bald.

METH HEAD GIRL

Bald.

There's only one bald-headed old guy Jimmy knows of.

METH HEAD GIRL (CONT'D)

Give you a blowjob for five more.

JIMMY

Why don't you come with me to that building right there. It's a-- health clinic. It's safe.

She grimaces.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'll give you two hundred bucks. Just to walk in and stay the night.

She stares at the clinic, truly considering the option...

JIMMY (CONT'D)

*Please.*

**EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

ACROSS THE STREET is CHRIS. Traumatized.

Internal conflict is ruining him right now.

In his hand is a FOLDER.

He exhales.

Takes a step off the curb TOWARDS THE STATION.

**INT. DALESSANDRO'S DELI - DAY**

Philly's best cheese steak joint, no contest. Charlie chomps down, grease dripping.

JIMMY

You're right about it. All of it.  
The company structure, the  
insurance scams, everything. If  
this gets out, I'm fucked.

CHARLIE

It's gonna get out tomorrow.

JIMMY

What?

CHARLIE

I met with Robbie Roe's dad. He's  
claiming wrongful death.

JIMMY

*(confused)*  
Robbie died in Jersey--

CHARLIE

They found him OD'd at the clinic.  
Instead of helping they drove him  
to a motel in Jersey and dumped him  
by the trash. Jammed a needle in  
his arm to sweeten the look.

*(then)*

Roe's got proof. Or so he says.  
Video footage from a security  
camera that shows someone putting  
Robbie there.

*(then)*

Those insurance papers will be the  
least of your dad's worries once  
this shit blows up.

JIMMY

Can you prove I wasn't involved?

Jimmy rubs his head, frustrated.

CHARLIE

What does Amber say?

JIMMY

I need to talk to her again. A patient OD'd last night.

CHARLIE

At the clinic?

JIMMY

Found her by a dumpster half a block down.

CHARLIE

The GoodLife M.O.

Charlie obnoxiously SLURRRRRRRRRPS down the last bit of her soda.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

So are you with me or what?

JIMMY

How can I be with you? I'm gonna go down with the ship.

CHARLIE

Talk to Amber and figure out how to protect yourself.

JIMMY

I don't think it's that easy-- and what, I gotta get this all straight by tomorrow?

He stares at her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Are you seeing anyone yet?

She turns her attention to a french fry, suddenly far more interesting than this conversation.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I'll help if you finally go.

CHARLIE

Just cause you have daddy issues doesn't mean we all do.

JIMMY

We both lost him.

CHARLIE

Yeah and who's fault was that?

Pause.

We pull back as they sit in silence, swallowed by grief.

**INT. ROWHOME - EVENING (FLASHBACK)**

Back to this house again. Somehow, it feels like home.

It's dark. Only a few lamps produce ambient light.

ART shuffles through a collection of CDs near a large STEREO.

ART

I'm done with it man. I gotta take care of Charlie. My dad's lost it.

JIMMY

Withdraw hit you?

ART

Heavy. Last three days have been hell. Had to call outta work.

Only a small sliver of purple around Art's eye now. Healed.

Jimmy's uneasy.

ART (CONT'D)

You should too. I'll help.

Jimmy cracks open another BEER. Drinks half the can.

JIMMY

I gotta take a leak.

He hops up and heads to the

**BATHROOM**

Pulls out a small bag of dope. Syringe. Preps to shoot up.

**BACK IN THE DEN**

Art finishes off a whiskey, eyes locked on a PICTURE FRAME.

INSERT: Art, Charlie, and their father (we recognize as POLICE CHIEF) -- all smiles, together on the beach.

He puts the picture down. Crazy how fast things can change.

He looks to the bathroom - door's still closed. He checks his WATCH. Jimmy's taking too long.

JUMP TO:

He jiggles the bathroom handle. Locked.

ART  
Jimmy you aight?

No response.

Art KICKS IN THE DOOR--

Jimmy is passed out beside the toilet.

All of the heroin gear is on the sink.

ART (CONT'D)  
(*sotto*)  
Shit.

From off-screen **A FIST CRACKS ART IN THE FACE--**

SMASH TO:

**INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, PATIENT ROOM - DAY**

PAMPHLETS. Diabetes. Cancer. STDs. High Blood Pressure.

*Opioid addiction. Crisis. Get help. Get clean.*

CHARLIE stares at them from the waiting table/bench. The ones with the crinkly white paper sheet strewn across it.

*Bzz. bzzz.*

She opens a text message. Photos from Chris.

The BODY BAGS.

*Tap tap tap.*

Charlie shoves her phone away as the doctor steps in.

DOCTOR MAHONEY  
Charlotte? Good afternoon, I'm Dr.  
Mahoney.

CHARLIE  
Charlie.



DOCTOR MAHONEY

What's going on with you Charlie?  
How are you feeling?

CHARLIE

I'm great. Surprised, actually, to find you're still in practice. I'm writing an article on Insurance Fraud for my college paper and I called your office, but they told me you declined to comment.

Dr. Mahoney's bedside manner is instantly gone.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

GoodLife, the recovery clinic you were employed by two years ago?

She forces a smile. Not a fond memory.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

You're aware they were forging your signature to approve lab testing?

DOCTOR MAHONEY

I can't talk to you about this.

CHARLIE

I have the documents with me.  
Literal proof--

DOCTOR MAHONEY

I can't talk to you now. Not here.

Pause.

DOCTOR MAHONEY (CONT'D)

I've got a lunch break in forty-five minutes.

**EXT. LOVE PARK - 45 MINUTES LATER**

A LUNCH TRUCK calls out names, passing out sandwiches.

Charlie and Dr. Mahoney wait for their orders.

DOCTOR MAHONEY

How much do you know?

CHARLIE

The papertrail is clear-cut.

DOCTOR MAHONEY  
Just me?

CHARLIE  
A few other doctors.

Dr. Mahoney's nerves are starting to show.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Why don't you want to talk?

DOCTOR MAHONEY  
You're a smart girl. I'm sure you  
can figure that one out.

CHARLIE  
Ok, off the record.

DOCTOR MAHONEY  
No shit this is off the record. Are  
you recording us?

CHARLIE  
No.

Pause.

LUNCH TRUCK CHEF (O.C.)  
*GINA!*

DOCTOR MAHONEY  
He's got deep pockets. Mark Clark.  
*(then)*  
I nearly lost my medical license.

CHARLIE  
I'm gonna take him down.

She blurts out a chuckle.

DOCTOR MAHONEY  
I'm sorry, I don't mean to-- I can  
see how motivated you are, it's  
admirable.

CHARLIE  
Why'd you give up?

DOCTOR MAHONEY  
I didn't give up. I made a choice.

CHARLIE  
 To not testify?  
*(facetiously)*  
 Admirable.

Mahoney's digging back into old wounds.

DOCTOR MAHONEY  
 I came home one night to a man in my living room with a shotgun in his lap, pointed at me. He gave me an envelope of money and said I had two options: go to the cops and see what happens, or - take the money, stay quiet, and be "reimbursed for my troubles."

A pause.

DOCTOR MAHONEY (CONT'D)  
 You never think it'll happen to you. Then it does. A month later my license was reinstated and I got a job offer here.

There's a hint of shame in her voice.

DOCTOR MAHONEY (CONT'D)  
 I'm no hero. You might call it selfish, but self-preservation is a hell of a force when you've got a gun in your face.

CHARLIE  
 And all of the patients left behind? Addicts who are dead now? Just their shitty luck, huh.

DOCTOR MAHONEY  
 I can't save everyone.

CHARLIE  
 So here you are, back full circle. Working your dream job. Fat paycheck. Like nothing happened.

Pause.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 You're not selfish. Just a coward.

DOCTOR MAHONEY  
 Tell you what. If what you're doing  
 leads to an actual arrest, come  
 find me.

LUNCH TRUCK CHEF (O.S.)  
*PATRICIA! CHARLIE!*

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

Damp from a recent rain.

A POLICE OFFICER joins MARK at a grave.

OFFICER HAGAN  
*(re: the grave)*  
 Relative?

MARK  
 My wife.

OFFICER HAGAN  
 Oh, shit. Um. I'm sorry.  
*(then)*  
 Thought you'd want to see this.

Hagan hands Mark a FOLDER of paperwork.

OFFICER HAGAN (CONT'D)  
 Kid named Chris Curtis brought it  
 in yesterday. Fake name, probably.  
 Pulled his pic from our cameras,  
 it's in there.

INSERT: GoodLife documents. Body bag photos.

OFFICER HAGAN (CONT'D)  
 I was working front desk. I trashed  
 his report. No one's seen it.

MARK  
 Good.

Mark walks off, not looking up from the documents. He's  
 staring at CHRIS' face.

**INT. BROWNSTONE APARTMENT - EVENING**

The front door swings open. Amber is on the phone, holding  
 OLIVIA in one arm.

AMBER

Hey. She needs a change.

She passes her to Jimmy, walking back into the kitchen.

AMBER (CONT'D)

*(into phone)*

Yeah, I know the review looked good but I don't think we should be so forward with our approach until we have more information...

### **BABY'S ROOM**

Jimmy tosses a diaper into the bin.

He tickles Olivia's nose. She laughs.

JIMMY

*(whispering)*

I love you. Yes I do. Daddy loves you.

**IN THE HALLWAY** Amber steps to the door. She leans her head on the doorframe, a small smile betrays her face. Love... love is so complicated.

Jimmy notices her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

*(whispering)*

All cleaned up.

CUT TO:

### **THE KITCHEN**

Jimmy stands, cradling Olivia, feeding her a bottle.

AMBER

I had Dave at work look into GoodLife's accounting records, as much as he could find. Turns out you've also got what looks like a shell corporation in Bermuda called GoodTimes, Inc. under your name.

*(then)*

Do you know what he's doing?

JIMMY

Insurance fraud. Charlie found it. She found all of this. I gotta figure out how to protect myself.

AMBER

You're only an accessory if you  
continue to cover up the crimes.  
We'll find you a good lawyer.

Jimmy considers. Worry is ruining him.

AMBER (CONT'D)

(re: Olivia)

She loves her dad.

He wasn't expecting the change of subject.

JIMMY

I love her too.

**INT. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY, LIBRARY - NIGHT**

Deep in the caverns of the library stacks.

Deep into a 4-pack of RedBull.

CHRIS is at a computer cubicle, burning the midnight oil.

New search: "Mark Clark"

He clicks through headlines:

MOGUL MARK CLARK AWARDED ENTREPRENEUR OF THE YEAR AWARD

V.C. FINDS BIG BUSINESS IN CHINA

FINALLY FAIR TRADE: ECONOMIC RELATIONS WITH SHANGHAI

Mark Clark's photo is pictured with most headlines.

Some articles are from national papers, others local. A few  
articles only quote Mark.

"A strong economy benefits everyone; I'm here to help."

Next search: "Mark Clark" +heroin

Not many results.

FATHER TALKS TEEN TROUBLE WITH OPIOIDS

MY SON'S BRUSH WITH DEATH: A HEROIN STORY

Search: "James Clark" +prison +jail +incarceration

No results.

Search: "Mark Clark" +goodlife

Results flood in, all positive headlines about Mark and Jimmy starting GoodLife, a father-and-son triumph after Jimmy's years of addiction struggles.

Chris takes notes, and PRINTS OUT A FEW ARTICLES. He keeps searching.

Search: "Tess Worthington"

A few articles about her overdose. Most headlines emphasize her death being the 10th overdose-death in a week. The opioid epidemic.

POLICE CONTINUE SEARCH FOR PHILLY'S FENTANYL DEATH DEALER

Chris prints the article.

He makes a PHONE CALL.

CHRIS

*(into phone)*

Hi, yeah I wanted to check on the status of a crime report I made yesterday... Chris Curtis. I personally filed it.

*(then)*

What? No I literally have the report number right here. 8-0-2-9.

*(beat)*

How is that possible? Are you saying you lost it?

**EXT. CLARK HOUSE - EVENING**

Jimmy knocks on the door. An annoyed Mark Clark answers. He doesn't even say anything - he just turns around and walks back towards his office.

Jimmy turns on the MICROPHONE APP on his phone.

He starts recording.

**INT. CLARK HOUSE, BACK OFFICE - NIGHT**

A WOOD MATCH scrapes a striker strip, lighting up the end of a FAT CIGAR.

JIMMY

Roccos.

Jimmy throws a bag of sandwiches on the desk. Mark gives a small nod as thanks.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Heard about Tess?

MARK  
Who?

JIMMY  
Tess. The girl you wanted kicked out because she wasn't insured.

MARK  
This again.

JIMMY  
She passed away this morning.  
(then)  
Was GoodLife involved?

MARK  
You've got a hell of an imagination.

JIMMY  
What about the insurance fraud?  
That's your decision, right?

Mark clocks the PHONE in Jimmy's hand.

MARK  
I don't know what you're talking about.

JIMMY  
You just admitted it to me the other day when we were talking--

MARK  
Is there a point to this conversation?

JIMMY  
I'm trying to find a reason not to go public with this. If you would let me in for once, maybe I could help.

MARK  
You've got to be kidding me. You think I don't know your buddy already went to cops?



Jimmy's off guard.

Mark puffs his cigar, turns to his computer, clicks around.

MARK (CONT'D)  
Enjoy prison. I'm sure it's easier  
the third time around.

JIMMY  
I haven't broken contract.

MARK  
Good luck convincing a judge.

Mark always gets the last word in. Jimmy leaves.

A beat.

Mark stares at his cigar, its sultry silver smoke dancing up to the ceiling.

He makes a call.

MARK (CONT'D)  
*(into phone)*  
I need you to ramp it up. James  
just tried to get me on a wire--  
No, his iPhone.  
*(then)*  
Do what you need to.

**INT. POLICE STATION, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE**

POLICE CAPTAIN sips a hot coffee, clicks play on a video file on his laptop.

**VIDEO** - same video Charlie gave to Leyon. BWC footage of the young man being shot, and the gun planted on him.

He clicks out of that video and pulls up another one.

**VIDEO** - this is the BWC footage of the second officer at the scene. We see him turn the corner and yell out "what happened?" -- and we see OFFICER HAGAN crouching over the body.

There's a knock at the office door.

OFFICER HAGAN  
Sir? You asked to see me?

He's fully suited up in patrol blues. Captain closes his laptop.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
Hagan. You're getting a new BWC.  
Give me your old one.

OFFICER HAGAN  
Nothin wrong with the old one...

POLICE CAPTAIN  
Something glitchy with your  
footage, tech sent up a new one.

Captain holds out a new Body-Worn Camera. Hagan reluctantly trades.

OFFICER HAGAN  
Anything else?

POLICE CAPTAIN  
*Is there anything else?*

Pause.

OFFICER HAGAN  
...No.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
Alright then. Back to work.

Confused, Hagan walks out.

Captain opens the laptop again. Clicks open a program-- a MAP of the city with a BLINKING LIGHT. *Tracking Hagan.*

**EXT. CLINIC - NIGHT**

Jimmy chugs up to the FRONT ENTRANCE. Swipes his KEY CARD.

RED. No entry.

He tries again. Still red.

JIMMY  
You gotta be kidding me.

**AROUND BACK** near the loading docks, Jimmy HOISTS HIMSELF UP through a small window.

**INT. CLINIC - CONTINUOUS**

He drops down into a STORAGE ROOM.

JUMP TO:

**HALLWAYS.** Jimmy walking with speed.

JUMP TO:

He tries a door handle. It's locked.

PULL BACK: Jimmy drops to a knee and goes to work using a LOCK PICK.

JUMP TO:

**INSIDE THE OFFICE ROOM.**

FRAMED FAMILY PHOTOS on the desk and shelves indicate this is LAB COAT MIKE's office.

Jimmy checks the most obvious place first, the computer.

The MINI SD CARD is still mounted. He clicks. The files have been wiped, the card is empty.

He checks the computer's TRASH CAN folder.

There's one file: MOV\_28321930.mov

He OPENS THE FILE. This is it. Gas station footage.

SCRUBS THROUGH. 2x playback speed.

A lot of nothing. He keeps his sight glued on the upper left corner - the alleyway.

Movement. He stops. Scrubs back. Plays at normal speed.

**TESS. Alone.**

Jimmy's excitement fades to sadness as he watches Tess crouch down by the dumpsters, SHOOT UP, pass out, and never get up.

LAB COAT MIKE (O.C.)

Jimmy.

Mike is silhouetted at the door. GUN in hand.

LAB COAT MIKE (CONT'D)

Let's take a drive.

**INT. MIKE'S TRUCK - NIGHT**

JIMMY and LAB COAT MIKE drive through town in Mike's car.

LAB COAT MIKE

I told you to drop it.

JIMMY

You're as bad as him.

LAB COAT MIKE

What do you think you can do here?  
You can't take anything to court,  
your little spy-friend stole those  
files and you just broke in.

*(off Jimmy's look)*

You think we don't have cameras in  
the clinic? All you've got is your  
word, as a recently fired  
disgruntled employee.

JIMMY

You can't stop the press.

Pause.

LAB COAT MIKE

There's a lot more going on than  
you think.

JIMMY

You mean a lot more blood on  
GoodLife's hands.

LAB COAT MIKE

Have you talked to your father?

JIMMY

He told me to fuck off like he  
always does.

Another beat. A few bumps as they drive.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

I thought he believed in GoodLife.  
That's why we started it. I thought  
he wanted to help, you know,  
because he'd been through it with  
me and seen first hand how bad it  
gets. And then Art died-- He just  
saw an opportunity to game the  
system. And screw me in the  
process.

LAB COAT MIKE

Have you been screwed? Please, tell  
me how screwed you are, working a  
great job doing great things at a  
great company--

JIMMY  
Not anymore.

LAB COAT MIKE  
Who's fault is that? Why do you  
insist on poking the beast?

Off Jimmy...

**EXT. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - NIGHT**

The campus is vacant, save Chris, heading home.

He types a text TO CHARLIE as he walks.

TEXT: *We need to publish this ASAP*

A MAN IN A HOODIE is behind Chris, RUSHING TOWARDS HIM--

MAN IN HOODIE  
Hey!--

He **PUNCHES CHRIS IN THE STOMACH**, buckling him.

MAN IN HOODIE (CONT'D)  
*Stop digging around in shit that  
doesn't concern you.*

Follows up with a **KICK TO THE FACE**.

MAN IN HOODIE (CONT'D)  
*I'm not gonna warn you again.*

We catch a glimpse of the hooded man: It's OFFICER HAGAN.

Chris coughs, wheezing for air-- **ANOTHER KICK TO THE GUT--**

CAMPUS SECURITY GUARD (O.C.)  
HEY! Break it up!

Hagan backs off. The Campus Security Guard shines a  
FLASHLIGHT at them.

Hagan puts his hood up and jogs off.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

LAB COAT MIKE's truck pulls to a stop in the parking lot of  
the EMERGENCY ENTRANCE.

*Why are we here?*

LAB COAT MIKE

Tess didn't get kicked out. We were transferring her to Scranton. She decided to shoot up in the alleyway.

JIMMY

What Scranton location?

Mike glances at Jimmy. Then back to the hospital.

LAB COAT MIKE

All this kicking and screaming and you don't have half the information.

Mike motions to the front entrance, holding his hand up and squinting one eye, like he's framing up a photo.

LAB COAT MIKE (CONT'D)

Hold your hand up to the light.

Jimmy looks at Mike, not understanding. Mike is focused on whatever it is he's looking at.

Jimmy holds up his hand, following suit.

Mike GRABS Jimmy's hand and **BREAKS TWO OF HIS FINGERS AT THE KNUCKLE.**

SMASH TO:

**EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - NIGHT (DREAM)**

We're back. Long dirt road, cornfields, heavy fog.

We hear Art choking, lying in the street.

**ZEPPELIN** plays in Jimmy's headphones. Same song, same part.

CHARLIE steps out from the corn. Terror in her eyes.

CHARLIE

Jimmy? What's wrong?

The green and red FIREWORK EXPLODES overhead--

**JIMMY GASPS FOR AIR.**

AMBER (PRE-LAP)

Jimmy?

**INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY - NIGHT**

Jimmy was asleep in a chair in the lobby.

AMBER  
*(calming him)*  
 Jimmy? Hey. Hey it's me. C'mon,  
 let's get you out of here.

The DIGITAL CLOCK on the wall reads 1:59AM.

He now has a CAST on his LEFT HAND.

JIMMY  
 ...Grrsllllllglle...

He's out of it.

AMBER  
 Did they--?

She charges up to the main desk.

AMBER (CONT'D)  
 Did they give my husband pain meds?

FRONT DESK NURSE  
 What's your husband's name?

AMBER  
*(remembering)*  
 Ex-husband.  
*(then)*  
 James Clark.

She types into the computer.

FRONT DESK NURSE  
*(reading)*  
 Two broken fingers... yep. 80mg  
 Oxycodin.

She's livid, trying to maintain her composure.

AMBER  
*(whisper-yell)*  
 80 MILIGRAMS?! Are you fucking  
 kidding me? He's a recovering  
 heroin addict!

FRONT DESK NURSE  
 I'm sorry-- there's nothing noted  
 on his file.

Amber takes a DEEEEEEEEP breath.

**INT. SHITHOLE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

Amber helps Jimmy inside, his arm slung over the back of her shoulders. Mostly dead weight.

He flops onto the bed, already snoring.

She wipes her brow, exhausted.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - NIGHT**

CHARLIE starts the dishwasher. She turns off her floor lamps, heading to bed--

*THUMP.*

She jumps. Looks to the windows. No movement.

She slowly walks to the glass wall.

On the outer windowsill is a BIRD, its wing broken. It flops around desperately.

CHARLIE  
You poor thing.

CUT TO:

Charlie is half-hanging out the window, she's got a SWIFFER with a PLASTIC BOWL taped to the end of it, trying to scoop up the bird.

It won't reach. Short by a good two feet.

CUT TO:

Charlie crouches down to talk to it at eye level.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
*(whispers)*  
I'm sorry little mama. There's  
nothing I can do.

She slinks onto the floor, defeated.

**INT. ROWHOME, GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

Charlie (14) flips through TRAVEL MAGAZINES.



She's surrounded by torn-out pictures of SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA-- palm trees, Venice Beach, lavish Beverly Hills houses, etc.

She flips to a page advertising "*One-Way Flights from NYC to LA for only \$99\**"

Her face lights up. She pulls off her HEADPHONES and runs

### DOWNSTAIRS

CHARLIE

Arthur! Look what I found--

She stops.

Arthur is on the couch, laid out. Like he's asleep.

**LED ZEPPELIN.** *The same song from Jimmy's recurring dream.*

She slowly steps to Art. He's not breathing, and his eyes are SLIGHTLY OPEN, rolled back. There's a small POOL OF BLOOD coming from the back of his head...

She touches him lightly. Nothing.

Gives him a little shove. Still nothing.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Arthur?

She doesn't panic. Not yet. Honestly she doesn't know what to do or how to react. She walks backwards - back to the steps, sitting - eyes locked on her brother the whole way.

She waits.

Then-- *Jimmy*. He stumbles in from another room, wasted.

He sees Art... starts to freak out--

CHARLIE (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Jimmy? What's wrong?

She sees the TEARS IN HIS EYES, it frightens her.

POLICE CAPTAIN (O.C.)

DON'T TOUCH HIM YOU LITTLE FUCK--

Captain, blind drunk, RIPS JIMMY off Art and starts **BEATING THE SHIT OUT OF JIMMY.**

SMASH TO:

A FINGER PUNCHES 9, 1, 1 on the corded house phone. Charlie's got tears in her eyes now too.

911 OPERATOR (O.S.)  
*Nine-one-one what's your emergency?*

Off Charlie, trying to find the words, terrified as she sees Jimmy **THROWN** into the glass doors of a China cabinet--

SMASH CUT TO:

**EXT. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY CAMPUS - DAY**

*POP!!*-- Bagel halves bounce up from a toaster. HOT BREAKFAST SANDWICHES from a lunch truck.

Charlie sits with Chris on a bench nearby. His eye is SWOLLEN SHUT.

CHRIS  
 He goes overseas a lot. China in particular.

Chris passes a few PAPERS - articles he printed last night - over to Charlie, who glances at them.

CHARLIE  
 Heroin? Importing?

Chris shrugs. Not sure.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 Mr. Roe's trial is today.

Pause.

CHRIS  
 I gotta bow out, Charlie. I'm sorry I just-- This is too much. I thought I was gonna die last night.

Her instinct is to fight him on this, but she subdues it.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 It's over.

She shakes her head.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 I went to the police.

Fuckin' Judas.

CHARLIE

When?

CHRIS

After I took the photos of a fuckin mass murderer hiding dead bodies in the middle of the woods. They threw it out. I called last night to check on the case - front desk told me there's no record of the report or me ever being there. He's got the police on payroll too.

They fall silent.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Don't let your pride get you killed.

Chris walks away.

**EXT. US COURT HOUSE (PHILLY'S COURTHOUSE) - CONTINUOUS**

Mr. Roe walks through the crowd, suit and tie, determined.

HAGAN walks towards him, black hoodie and shades on. He's got a KNIFE at his side.

As he passes by Mr. Roe, he SLICES INTO HIS THIGH, deep enough that it cuts into his FEMORAL ARTERY.

Roe screams, falling to the ground, bleeding out at a RAPID pace. A crowd gathers - a few step in to try to help.

HAGAN disappears into the crowd. 120 seconds later... It's over.

**INT. POLICE STATION, CAPTAIN'S OFFICE**

POLICE CAPTAIN is steeping a mug of tea... Staring at an unopened bottle of whiskey. The whiskey stares back at him.

Charlie barges in, SLAMMING THE DOOR shut, breaking his trance.

CHARLIE

You've got cops on Mark Clark's payroll.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Why would Mark Clark have a payroll?

CHARLIE

You tell me.

She throws down printouts of the DEAD BODY photos. Captain saddens.

POLICE CAPTAIN

Opioid epidemic is out of control.  
GoodLife is trying to help.

CHARLIE

*Shoving dead bodies in the back of  
a truck?*

POLICE CAPTAIN

He's not-- Mike brings the deceased  
to the Scranton Police Coroner's  
Office to be identified so the  
families can be contacted. They've  
got a Safe Injection Site up there.  
It happens.

She can't believe it. S.I.S. *How did she not realize.*

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

It's paid for with tax dollars. The  
people voted for it. Helps clean up  
the city with all of the addicts  
migrating to the woods of Scranton.  
It's a new program but, so far it  
works.

Pause.

CHARLIE

Still doesn't explain why one of  
your dirty cops threw out our  
police report.

POLICE CAPTAIN

What were you filing?

She motions to the photos. Captain opens his laptop.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Date and time?

She thinks.

CHARLIE

Wednesday, sometime in the  
afternoon. I didn't file it.

He pulls up the front desk work log-- *Officer Hagan worked all day.* Charlie reads his reaction.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
Who was it?

POLICE CAPTAIN  
One of the bad ones.

CHARLIE  
Are you gonna do something?

He nods.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
When?

POLICE CAPTAIN  
Working on it.

CHARLIE  
What does that mean? Slap on the wrist and paid time off?

POLICE CAPTAIN  
It means there's an ongoing internal investigation. Forgetting to file a report isn't a criminal offense.

CHARLIE  
He didn't *forget*--

POLICE CAPTAIN  
He'll say he did. I need something significant.  
(*then*)  
I shouldn't be telling you this. Don't put this in one of our articles.

CHARLIE  
I'll write what I want.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
Then you'll blow the investigation. That what you want?

They stare each other down.

Charlie is the first to break, leaving without another word.

**INT. SHITHOLE APARTMENT - DAY**

Jimmy groggily comes-to. Long night.

**IN THE KITCHEN**

There's a breakfast burrito and a note on the table from Amber.

Jimmy looks at his casted hand. Bows his head. Exhausted by everything.

**INT. TEMPLE UNIVERSITY NEWS ROOM - DAY**

Chris ICES his eye.

CHRIS  
Safe injection site... who's idea was that?

CHARLIE  
NIMBYs.

*[Not In My Back Yard] homeowners.*

CHRIS  
All those bodies. Must be 10 ODs a week.

He clicks "PUBLISH" on his laptop. The page refreshes.

HEADLINE: "12 TRULY SHOCKING STATS ON STDs IN COLLEGE"

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
STD is up.

Charlie nods.

CHARLIE  
I'll finish Real Housewives of Philly Monday--

His phone chimes with some sort of ALERT. He reads it. His face says everything we need to know.

CHRIS  
Holy shit.

He clicks around on his phone. Charlie's phone DINGS. She opens what he just sent.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
 Friend of the family posted that to  
 twitter just now. I set alerts.

CHARLIE  
*(reading)*  
 Knife wound to the leg. Motives for  
 the attack unknown.

CHRIS  
 I could tell you the motive.

She looks at her desk, laid out with fraudulent documents and  
 incriminating photos - all GoodLife. Her wheels are turning.

She leaves.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
*(sotto)*  
*Ok, see ya later, good luck, don't  
 die.*

Chris turns to the BULLETIN BOARD: *The Real Housewives:  
 Philly*. Cutouts of plastic-surgery ridden women, labeled and  
 organized.

He grimaces.

**EXT. NORTH PHILLY, HOOD STREETS - DAY**

Jimmy stares through the windshield.

Cuts the engine. Gets out. Walks up to the dealer.

**EXT. SUBURBAN HOME - SAME TIME**

The Roe home stands tall and dark.

**BACK DOOR**

Charlie jimmys it open. Locks it behind her.

**INSIDE**

She searches a few rooms in the house. Finally finds the

**OFFICE** where she immediately opens up the laptop on the desk.  
 Hunting for something.

She finds it. Plays back a **VIDEO**: A young man's corpse  
 (Robbie Roe) is tossed into a dumpster.

*GLASS SHATTERS* somewhere in the house. She listens. Moves quickly and quietly into the

**HALLWAY** for a better look-- A MAN in all black reaches an arm through the now broken window pane to unlock the back door.

She watches as he enters the kitchen, lugging two RED CANS of GASOLINE in with him. He starts dumping.

Charlie runs back to the office-- as she does, the MAN hears her. He doesn't go after her but he's aware... continues dousing the house in gas.

JUMP TO:

**OFFICE** - Charlie waits impatiently for the video file to transfer to the USB stick. *1 minute remaining...*

**KITCHEN** - The MAN in black tosses the gas cans into the back yard.

**OFFICE** - *5 seconds remaining...* \*Ding\* Charlie yanks out the USB stick and makes her way out. It's quiet. She moves to the hallway...

**KITCHEN...** *The MAN GRABS HER from behind*, trying to choke her out-- we see it's HAGAN--

She fights back-- SLAMS the back of her head into his NOSE-- catches a break to instantly turn and smash a FRUIT BOWL from the kitchen counter into his face-- He falls.

She makes a break for it-- across the back yard and gone.

**INT. INTERNET CAFE - LATER**

In a hoodie with a baseball cap and shades is CHRIS, in front of a computer.

He scans through public records - boring stuff. Limited Liability Company filings. State of Pennsylvania.

Something catches his eye.

**GoodTimes, Inc.** Registered in BERMUDA. Owner: JAMES CLARK.

Chris' light-bulb goes off. An idea.

**INT. SHITHOLE APARTMENT - DAY**

Chris knocks at the door. It unlocks and opens.



**INSIDE**

It's time to figure this shit out. Brass tacks. Chris is fired up. Jimmy is morose.

CHRIS  
GoodTimes, Inc. Heard of it?

JIMMY  
(nodding)  
Offshore account my dad created.

CHRIS  
In your name. If you want to hit him where it hurts, mess with his money. All of that insurance cash flows down to Bermuda and then back to US banks. Legal tax evasion.

Jimmy nods.

CHRIS (CONT'D)  
Empty the accounts.

JIMMY  
Don't I have to go to Bermuda to do that?

CHRIS  
No. Just sign these. Keep the money, give it to charity, whatever - point being, he's left high and dry. Everything he's worked for, gone.

Chris presents the withdrawal slips.

Jimmy leans back, sighs.

Not the reaction Chris was looking for.

JIMMY  
I'm done.

Chris can't believe this shit. He tries a different approach - loses the excitement and focuses on the real.

CHRIS  
They *killed* Mr. Roe. This morning. Cut the femoral artery in his leg, he bled out on the courthouse steps. On his way to testify against GoodLife.

Jimmy's not surprised by anything. He holds up his cast.

JIMMY

You can't beat them. It's not worth it.

CHRIS

The insurance papers have them dead to rights--

JIMMY

They were obtained illegally it won't hold up in court--

CHRIS

You can say you gave them to us before you were let go.

He's got a point.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

If not for yourself, do it for Charlie.

Jimmy hears him but it doesn't make a difference.

JIMMY

I gotta get some work done.

Chris takes the hint.

CHRIS

Aight.

He leaves the withdrawal slips behind.

JUMP TO:

RECORD PLAYER. Zeppelin spins as the needle is dropped.

Jimmy stands, entranced, listening.

He eventually walks back over to the counter. Looks at the withdrawal slips. TEARS THEM IN HALF.

He goes to the couch, sitting on the floor in front of it. He fiddles with something on the floor next to him. Hikes up his sleeve, smacking at his arm... then *plunges a syringe into his vein*, drifting off into euphoric bliss.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - LATER**

CHARLIE steps inside, coughing from running most of the way. She makes her way to the

**BATHROOM.** Touches the back of her head - blood. Her face is filthy with soot, neck is red. She takes off her sweatshirt, slowly to avoid the pain.

She catches herself in the mirror. Her eyes well up. *What the fuck am I doing.*

**EXT. CEMETERY - LATER**

LAB COAT MIKE slides into the backseat of a blacked out Caddy truck.

Mark hands him papers.

MARK

Get his thumbprint and signature.

JUMP TO:

**INT. MIKE'S TRUCK - DAY**

Mike drives. Thoughts running.

JUMP TO:

**EXT. SHITHOLE APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS**

MIKE shuffles up the stoop. Knocks. No answer. Knocks again. Breaks out his lockpick and jimmys the door open.

**INSIDE**

He stops, seeing Jimmy. It's like the wind has been knocked out of him.

JUMP TO:

Mike removes the needle, checks his breathing.

**IN HIS TRUCK** he grabs a can of NARCAN.

*[NARCAN is name-brand naloxone, an opioid overdose-reversal nasal spray used in emergency overdose situations.]*

**INSIDE** he JAMS the Narcan up Jimmy's nose and pushes in the dose. Waits.

Nothing.

Reality sinks in. *Jimmy is gone.*

Mike sits back, defeated. He can't take his eyes off Jimmy.

CUT TO:

- Mike takes Jimmy's thumbprint, pressing it against an ink pad, then over onto the papers.

- He takes Jimmy's wallet out, looking at the signature on his driver's license. He then puts a pen in Jimmy's hand and does his best to imitate Jimmy's signature on the papers.

- He takes Jimmy's phone from his pocket and dials 9-1-1.

*"911 what's your emergency?"*

LAB COAT MIKE

*(into phone)*

A young man has overdosed on heroin, possibly fentanyl. Need an ambulance.

He tosses the still connected phone on the couch, takes one last look at Jimmy, and walks out.

**INT. STATE PENITENTIARY - LATER**

Charlie checks in with the guards.

JUMP TO:

She's patted down. On a TV in the corner a news reporter stands in front of a BLAZING SUBURBAN HOUSE, reporting on the fire - possible arson.

JUMP TO:

Escorted through the hallways.

**VISITING AREA**

She sits across from LEYON, who's in a prison jumpsuit. Her tenacity amuses him.

LEYON

You the last person-- I'm surprised you made it out.

CHARLIE

Couple scratches.

LEYON

I see that. Here to finish the story?

CHARLIE

I'm gonna ask you something that I know you can't answer... so I'm just going to talk and gauge your reaction.

He doesn't like where this is going. She looks him in the eyes.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

I'm talking about Fentanyl in the city. Don't care who sells it; I'm trying to narrow in on the distributor. Top of the chain.

Leyon breaks eye contact, sits back in his seat.

LEYON

Ain't nothin I can tell you there. No way.

CHARLIE

Ok just-- look at me. For a second. I'm gonna say a name. I'm eighty-five percent certain and I need this so I can--

Her frustration seeps through. She reels it in. Leyon notices. Reluctantly plays along.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Mark Clark.

We hold on Leyon, whose stoic stare-down is all the confirmation Charlie needs.

LEYON

That ain't nothin but trouble.

*(then)*

He's untouchable. That video you gave me? Body cam footage of that piece of shit cop murdering my cousin? Didn't do *shit*. He's got the DA in his pocket. Judges, lawyers, Police. Whole city.

CHARLIE

More reason to do this.

LEYON  
What's that?

CHARLIE  
Publish.

**INT. HOSPITAL LOBBY**

AMBER rushes in, holding OLIVIA in her arms. She's greeted by a NURSE.

We don't need to hear what's said.

Amber falls to her knees, shaking, silhouetted tears cascading from her cheeks to the tile.

Olivia lets out a cry too. A horrific cacophony of hurt.

**INT. MARK CLARK'S OFFICE**

HAGAN ices his nose in front of Mark.

OFFICER HAGAN  
I didn't get a good look at her face. Small blonde chick, 20s.

Mark knows who it was.

OFFICER HAGAN (CONT'D)  
She was in his office on his laptop. Video of the Roe job that Mike botched--

He catches himself as LAB COAT MIKE walks in the room.

MARK  
(to Hagan)  
We'll take care of it. I'll call you.

Hagan takes the cue to exit.

MIKE solemnly places the papers on Mark's desk.

MARK (CONT'D)  
He put up a fight?

LAB COAT MIKE  
Don't know how to say this Mark. Jimmy-- when I got to the apartment he had OD'd. I tried, but-- he's gone. I'm sorry.

We hold on Mark. Years of fighting with Jimmy, fighting his addiction day after day, over and over... he knew this was a reality he might have to face.

That doesn't make it any easier.

He looks over the documents. Signatures are there. Fingerprints.

MARK

It fits. He signed over the company to me, went home and--

*(then)*

We've got one more loose end to tie up.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - DAY**

A COMPUTER MOUSE drags a photo of MARK CLARK around on a WORD DOCUMENT, trying to align with the text.

The title of the article reads "POPPY"

CHARLIE stares at her text. **Clicks SUBMIT.**

**INT./EXT. DIFFERENT PLACES THROUGHOUT PHILLY**

Her article pops up on laptops and cell phones all across town. Lawyers in their high tower offices scroll through. Campus kids on the lawn. Latté-sippers crammed in Starbucks.

It spreads like wildfire. Cafes, pizza shops, and diners turn on their televisions as the news is picked up on TV. Even the police station has it streaming-- the video of Robbie Roe, images of GoodLife, Mark, Mike, Jimmy.

Patrons shake their heads. Heated debates fire off.

**INT. LOFT APARTMENT - SAME TIME**

Charlie slumps by her windowsill. The job is done.

Her cell vibrates. CHRIS.

CHRIS (O.S.)

Saw you posted. Amazing article. Your writing just-- ah. Has me jealous. Where are you?

CHARLIE

My place.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
 So here's the deal. I stopped by  
 Jimmy's - someone broke his hand.  
 I'm guessing the same guy that curb-  
 stomped me. You need to get  
 somewhere safe.

*Back to reality.*

CHARLIE  
 Thanks for everything Chris.

CHRIS (O.S.)  
 An honor to serve with you.

JUMP TO:

Charlie shoves clothes into a backpack. The bare necessities.

In her closet, she pulls down a BLACK CASE. Clicks it open --  
 a small CARRY PISTOL. She checks the chamber and the mag;  
 loaded. Holsters it and clips the carrier to her hip.

CUT TO:

**HALLWAYS.** She walks calm. Throws her hoodie up over her head.  
 Waits for the elevator.

The doors open -- clear.

**BASEMENT.** Heading to the back exit. She kicks open a few  
 gates on her way until she's

**EXT. LOFT APARTMENT, BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

In the back alley. She stops. Stares ahead.

Standing 20 yards from her is LAB COAT MIKE and HAGAN in his  
 blues. They've both stopped-- *staring back*. A showdown.

Charlie recognizes Hagan, but there's something curious about  
 MIKE's face. She knows it from somewhere. From sometime...

SMASH TO:

**INT. ROWHOME - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)**

CHARLIE. 14. She HANGS UP THE PHONE, tears in her eyes.

JIMMY is knocked out, broken nose.



POLICE CAPTAIN  
 WHY THE FUCK WOULD YOU DO THIS!  
 WHAT THE FUCK WERE YOU THINKING!?  
 YOU FUCKING IDIOT!

**ZEPPELIN** still playing.

MOVEMENT CATCHES HER EYE-- Through the front door. A man.

He's walking down their front path, towards a car.

Charlie walks over to the door to get a better look.

The man STARTS THE ENGINE.

He looks at Charlie from the car. Locks eyes with her.

**LAB COAT MIKE.** Nearly a decade younger. His face, strewn with guilt, but unable to look away...

*CRACK!! BAM!!*

**Fireworks** go off nearby-- we see them explode, red and green washing over Charlie and through the room.

Off Charlie, staring at Mike's car as it drives off--

SMASH TO:

**EXT. LOFT APARTMENT, BACK ALLEY - DAY**

The standoff. She makes a RUN FOR IT in the opposite direction--

HAGAN SPRINTS after her-- he's faster. Way faster.

He SHOVES her *face first to the ground* and POUNCES. Charlie grabs her GUN AND **FIRES OFF A SHOT--**

HAGAN SMACKS the gun away-- Pins her down--

PUNCH after PUNCH he wails away at her. Brutal.

LAB COAT MIKE catches up and tries to pull him off-- Hagan turns and punches him in the GUT-- follows with a KNEE TO THE FACE, dropping him.

*Hagan stands and SHOTS Mike in the STOMACH.*

OFFICER HAGAN  
 (*breathless*)  
 You two are fuckin idiots.  
 (*to Charlie*)  
 (MORE)

OFFICER HAGAN (CONT'D)  
 And you-- Christ. Learn to mind  
 your business.

Hagan touches his gut, untucking his shirt. The bullet  
 Charlie was able to fire off hit him in the KEVLAR VEST.

**WEEEEEEEEEEOOOOOOOOOOOOOWWWWWW** a COP CAR skids into the alley--  
 squealing to a stop. POLICE CAPTAIN jumps out and DRAWS on  
 Hagan.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
 DROP YOUR WEAPON!

Hagan can't believe it. He tries to play it off.

OFFICER HAGAN  
 Captain! Thank God-- she pulled a  
 gun on me, fuckin shot me.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
 DROP YOUR FUCKING WEAPON HAGAN!  
*I've been tracking you for a month  
 you piece of shit--*

CHARLIE  
*Dad!!!*

The terror in her voice as she yells for her father's help is  
 heartbreaking.

Hagan takes a beat - realizing their connection. He's fucked.  
*Beyond fucked. Only one way out of this...*

Hagan DRAWS HIS GUN ON CAPTAIN--

**POP! POP! POP! POP! POP!--** POLICE CAPTAIN UNLOADS A FULL CLIP  
 INTO HAGAN--

Hagan drops, dead.

Captain calls over radio as he SPRINTS to Charlie's side.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
*(into radio)*  
 Shots fired! Suspect down!

Charlie is barely conscious. He delicately picks her up.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
*(whispers)*  
 Come here baby girl, I got you.

JUMP TO:

The cruiser RIPS DOWN THE ALLEY in reverse-- leaving Lab Coat Mike and the dead Hagan both crumpled in the alley.

**FADE OUT:**

**INT. DIVE BAR II - DAY**

The bar is scattered with its usual mid-afternoon clientele.

FOCUS ON THE TV

NEWS ANCHOR

...founder and local business mogul Mark Clark of Fairmount is facing *one hundred years* in prison and a fifty million dollar retribution payout for nearly a decade of insurance fraud and the distribution of deadly super-drug Fentanyl. Clark and his co-crime conspirator Mike Stecher were arrested Saturday night. Stecher is in critical condition after a shootout with police--

BEER DRINKER

*(to the bartender)*

Aye Tommy c'mon the game's about to start, change the channel will yous?

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - LATER**

Medical equipment beeps and hums. LAB COAT MIKE lays in a cot, handcuffed. He wakes from a deep sleep to see CHARLIE staring down at him. Her face is bruised but stitched up.

CHARLIE

Tell me what happened.

Mike looks away.

Pause.

LAB COAT MIKE

It was to shock Jimmy into getting clean. Mark figured if his best friend died in front of him, he might sober up...

**INT. ROWHOME - DAY (FLASHBACK)**

Jimmy cracks open a BEER. Chugs.

JIMMY  
I gotta take a leak.

He hops up and heads to the BATHROOM. Pulls out a small bag of dope. Syringe. Preps to shoot up.

**BACK IN THE DEN** Art finishes off a whiskey, eyes locked on a PICTURE FRAME. He puts the picture down. Looks to the bathroom - door's still closed. He checks his WATCH.

JUMP TO:

He jiggles the bathroom handle. Locked.

ART  
Jimmy you aight?

No response. Art KICKS IN THE DOOR-- Jimmy is passed out beside the toilet.

ART (CONT'D)  
(sotto)  
Shit.

From off-screen A *FIST CRACKS ART IN THE FACE*-- Art goes down cold. **LAB COAT MIKE looms over him.**

Mike drags Art to the couch. Pulls out a syringe with a gloved hand and INJECTS Art with the entire thing... enough to put down a horse.

LAB COAT MIKE  
(sotto)  
Sorry kid.

A noise at the front-- a car skids into the driveway-- not a car, a POLICE CRUISER.

Mike heads out the back.

POLICE CHIEF, *wasted*, bursts into the house to see Art passed out on the couch. His drunken smile instantly turns to dark anger.

POLICE CAPTAIN  
You little piece of shit you better  
not be doing that shit in my house--

He sees the NEEDLE on the floor.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
 YOU LITTLE FUCK! WAKE UP. *WAKE UP!*

He grips Art up and shakes him vigorously, to no response. Frustrated, he **THROWS ART DOWN--**

Art's limp head misses the couch and **CRUNCHES into the corner of the coffee table.**

Captain freezes. Eyes locked down at the slow pool of blood seeping out. He kneels by his son's side.

POLICE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)  
*No no no no no no...*

LAB COAT MIKE watches from a window. Captain stands, hands bloody-- **PUNCHES** a hole in the wall. Rage taking over, he storms out into the backyard **SCREAMING.**

That's when Charlie comes down the steps. And when Jimmy comes-to, seeing Art on the ground...

A few moments later Captain comes **CHARGING BACK IN** to kick Jimmy's ass--

Mike's seen enough. He leaves. Gets in the car. Takes one look back only to **lock eyes with Charlie...**

BACK TO:

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NOW**

Mike's shame is palpable. Charlie is wrought with emotion.

CHARLIE  
 My dad... my dad has blamed himself  
 for his death all these years. *I*  
 blamed him. And Jimmy.

A long moment passes. Charlie's rage, sadness, guilt, mourning is destroying her.

She's not gonna let Mike see her like this. She leaves.

LAB COAT MIKE  
 You got the Florida papers. You  
 took him down, that's all that  
 matters.

She stops at the door.

CHARLIE  
 You sent them?

He nods.

LAB COAT MIKE

After my wife passed... I was in a bad place. I was indebted to Mark and things got out of control. It's no excuse. That's just how it happened.

CHARLIE

And the fentanyl?

LAB COAT MIKE

We bought it to keep it off the streets. I had no idea Mark was selling it on the side.

CHARLIE

You could've blown the whistle.

His face is an admission of guilt. He knows. *Cowardice.*

LAB COAT MIKE

I had a few drinks in me the night I finally mailed it.

*(beat)*

I knew you'd have a vested interest. Break the story.

Charlie composes herself. There's nothing else to say.

CUT TO:

#### **HOSPITAL HALLWAY**

CHRIS waits in a side chair. Stands upon seeing her. She gives him a nod, and together they walk out.

#### **INT. 3000 MARKET STREET - DAY**

DOCTOR MAHONEY is led by a SECRETARY into a

#### **CONFERENCE ROOM**

AMBER, along with two other LAWYERS greet her. The room is set up for a DEPOSITION.

AMBER

Thank you for coming in.

DOCTOR MAHONEY

I'm so sorry for your loss.

Amber sports a heavy smile. They sit.

AMBER  
On the record?

DOCTOR MAHONEY  
On the record.

**INT. THE PHILADELPHIA INQUIRER - DAY**

Double-spaced, size 11 font, two-page write-up titled:

**POPPY**

The HIRING MANAGER from before DEVOURS the words on the page.

Charlie bites her nails in wait.

He tosses the paper on his desk, takes off his glasses.

Pauses for dramatic effect.

HIRING MANAGER  
Welcome to the Philadelphia  
Inquirer, miss Schiavo.

Off Charlie...

**EXT. CEMETERY - DAY**

CHARLIE places FLOWERS and a PBR POUNDER by Art's grave.

Next to his is a new tombstone. Jimmy's. She puts a beer on his too.

She opens her own tall can. Unfolds a paper from her jacket - a torn out magazine page: a printout of a beach and palm trees. California.

She puts a ROCK on top so it won't blow away.

Kisses her fingers and places them on the tombstones.

She can't take her eyes off Jimmy's.

She cries.

**THE END**

**Every day, more than 130 people in the United States die after overdosing on opioids.**

Philadelphia's overdose death rate is 2nd highest in the US.

Addiction Recovery/Treatment is a **35 BILLION DOLLAR** industry.

In 2017, the Department of Justice **charged over 412 individuals** responsible for **\$1.3 Billion in healthcare fraud losses.**

Congress has appropriated **\$6 billion** to curb the opioid epidemic nationally with the Bipartisan Budget Act, and an **additional \$4.65 billion** within states and localities with the Consolidated Appropriations Act of 2018.