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1 EXT. LOCUST POINT. THE BRONX. BY THE WATER - DAY 1

TWO HIGH SCHOOL KIDS are stripped down, making love under the concrete overpass of the Throgs Neck bridge.

He's 17, eleventh grade, longish hair and an anchor tattoo on his shoulder blade. She's 16, tenth grade, messy braids held together with rubber bands. On the rocky shore together.

Their intimacy is seen only in smallest details:

His hand with a **LIGHTER**, burning the **CORK** from a flat bottle of cheap rum. The **CORK** is singed, and he uses it like a pencil to draw a mustache over her lips.

They're trespassing on Civic Association Waterfront Property and a **COP CAR** pulls in the parking lot above them.

The boy grabs his glove and cleats, while fuzzy behind him the girl is wiggling into **SKINNY JEANS** and crop top.

She bolts over the concrete divider and disappears behind the **JETTY**, toward the rocks that lead around to Edgewater.

2 EXT. LOCUST POINT. THE BRONX. NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY 2

The boy is running at top speed like he's used to being chased. He's in long shorts, with glove and cleats and a dusty **BASEBALL SHIRT** that says "**PIRATE COVE**" on the back.

A neighborhood **DOG** shows up and starts running with him, jumping and barking around his legs. *Main credits begin.*

3 EXT. LOCUST POINT. BASEBALL FIELD - DAY 3

Local **KIDS** are at baseball practice doing infield drills in shorts and mismatched practice jerseys, baseball caps.

COACH, a black guy in his 40s with a Reggie Jackson mustache, stands near home plate hitting balls to the 1st baseman, then to short-stop, then to 3rd base.

The boy shows up and runs in from the road. He's tugging on his cleats and looking over his shoulder. Tucks his shirt in, waves to the Coach and heads toward second base.

Now that he's in the park, it's as if he's got all the time in the world. But Coach hits a ball at him, low and hard, knee-high and way to his left.

In one fluid motion, the kid dives, catches the ball and fires it back to the Catcher.

4 EXT. LOCUST POINT. EAST-WAY DELI - DAY 4

The same boy in the baseball shirt and cap stands outside the deli with his hands against the window.

He's watching the girl in the skinny jeans and crop top as she disappears down the feminine-products aisle.

5 INT. LOCUST POINT. EAST-WAY DELI - LATER THAT DAY 5

The girl puts her hand on a pregnancy test, looks back at the man working the register. He's 70. She knows him. She can't face buying it from him. She stuffs it into her bag.

6 INT. LOCUST POINT. EAST-WAY DELI. BATHROOM - LATER THAT DAY 6

The girl is in the public bathroom, shrinking against the cinder block walls. She watches the tiny stripes on the pregnancy test turn blue in its plastic tube. Positive.

The DOOR to the bathroom opens, just a wedge of light, and she can see some of his BASEBALL CAP out there and his HAND on the knob. He wants to know the results.

But she shoves the door shut against his foot, and turns the LOCK. He starts banging on the door.

7 EXT. LOCUST POINT. EAST-WAY DELI - TWILIGHT 7

She doesn't come out until she's sure he has finally gone. She thinks she's alone.

But the boy is sitting out here with his legs folded up at the curb. She starts heading down the sidewalk away from him, alone. He gets up and follows. *End main credits.*

8 EXT. LOCUST POINT. EXPRESSWAY - MORNING 8

Ten years have gone by. *

There is a mess of morning traffic on this high-volume road in the Bronx, near the Throg's Neck Bridge.

9 EXT. QUEENS, NEW YORK. INSIDE STICKER'S CAR - EARLY MORNING 9

STICKER MULLEN VEGA, 27, is driving back to the Bronx. His hand on the shift, foot on the gas. His real name is "Mitchell" Vega but he's been called Sticker since he was a kid. *

His no-brand CAR is small and black with one gray door.

JONNY COLLINS, 26, in the passenger seat, is looking out through Sticker's windshield. He has DARK GREEN UNIFORM PANTS. He looks like he's been in a FIGHT.

Sticker, already going fast, accelerates around a truck.

He's on his way back from the Queens Detention Facility where Jonny just spent the night.

JONNY

I didn't deserve an arrest.

STICKER

Aggravated assault. Obstructing traffic. Abusive language.

JONNY

I'm pumping gas and this guy comes in with his truck and blocks the pumps. He says he's interested in the boat. And the trailer. What did I want for it.

STICKER

It's not for sale.

JONNY

That's what I told him. He starts peeling money off this roll of bills and I go, c'mon put your money back in your pants, it's not for sale.' So then Stu comes out and goes to the guy, 'What are you doing, you're blocking my pumps.' The guy says he's there doing business with me.

STICKER

He wasn't doing business with you.

JONNY

I know. And the guy whose gas I *had* been pumping starts getting pissed off. He jumps out of the car and swear to god shoves a gun in this fuckin guy's balls.

STICKER

What did you do?

JONNY

What was I gonna do? I didn't want to be there. So I just backed off and left it on Stu. I went in the shop. And grabbed a forty. Popped it out back, tried to cool down. Which would have been fine except that Stu comes out and starts complaining about me after they left, and we got into a fight.

STICKER

You got in a fight with Stu.

Jonny points to the bruise on his face. Yes.

STICKER (CONT'D)

You don't fight with your boss.

JONNY

I know, well he's not my boss anymore. At some point apparently I grabbed his keys, got in his car and tried to run him over. He's fine. I ran into the Coke machine. But I've got to find another job.

Jonny drops the passenger seat way back so he's practically lying down. He's staring up at the fuzzy ceiling of the car.

STICKER

I might know of something.

JONNY

Yeah? Where?

STICKER

A guy who lives in the building I work at. He owns a club. He asked me last week if I knew anybody looking for work. I don't know what he's looking for. He just said you gotta be friendly.

10	INT. COAT CHECK AT THE "LIQUID ROOM" - LATE NIGHT	10	*
	Jonny is working the coat check in a loud and popular club.		*
	People waiting to check their coats are looking down at the light of their cell phones.		
	A tall but juvenile woman, GWEN , 31, is standing in front of Jonny. Her coat has gone missing. He's not being friendly.		*

GWEN

And what is that supposed to mean.

JONNY

I'm just telling you, this is the coat that matches your claim check.

*

GWEN

It's not the right coat.

JONNY

Yeah I don't know what to do about that. It's the only one I've got for you.

GWEN

Let me see it, seriously, okay this fuckin coat is from Talbot's.

Jonny holds the jacket patiently.

GWEN (CONT'D)

Do I look like I came in wearing a blazer *jesus fuckin christ*. Dev-- Look at this. Was I wearing a blazer from Talbot's? Did I have a blazer on in the cab?

DEV, 33, sexy rich boyfriend, is wasted and he isn't sure. It doesn't look familiar to him but maybe it is.

Other people are closing in behind them now, and Gwen can't remember what she was wearing, so Gwen grabs the blazer and leaves, going on about the fact that Jonny is an asshole.

Jonny ends up with an empty hanger, and with her boyfriend still standing there.

DEV

Sorry she can be rude.

JONNY

I'm used to that.

DEV

Used to losing people's shit?

JONNY

You can just leave your number here and if I find something later--

DEV

I think it might have had feathers.

JONNY

I'm sure it was really nice.

That came out more heartfelt than Jonny had intended.

Two more guys and a willowy girl give their claim checks to Jonny. He turns his back to do his job, and Dev disappears.

Jonny hands over their armful of coats. One of the guys shoves a five-dollar bill into Jonny's TIP JAR.

11 EXT. RUTH'S BUILDING. ELEVENTH AVE - PRE-DAWN 11

An ORDINARY city street at 6:00 in the morning. Elevator buildings with FIRE ESCAPES. A gas station.

LIGHTS are on upstairs on the third floor of a building.

Inside that apartment, a wild mess of hair is being brushed and fought with, tied up into a bun by a WOMAN in skimpy underwear. If you looked up from across the street and saw her there, it would be hard not to stop and watch.

It's **RUTH DUFFY**, 25. Arms up, jamming in bobby pins. She zips up her skirt, steps into heels.

There's no deciding what to wear. Essentially it's a uniform, the options that work for a day at work. Very little makeup.

Last step is to water the PLANTS outside on her ledge with a plastic deli container. An attempt at some domestic life.

She tugs the window open, dumps the water into the trough of mangy stems, and closes the window. This is her home.

12 EXT. THE LUSCINIA SCHOOL. MAIN ENTRANCE - MORNING 12

THE LUSCINIA SCHOOL FOR GIRLS presents itself like a mansion.

This is a stately private school. Its standards, the highest. Its methods, the best. The cornerstone of the building is engraved with Luscinia's motto:

NUNC AUT NUNQUAM. NOW OR NEVER.

Ruth Duffy runs up the marble steps alone and slips in the building through wooden doors. She arrives early every day. She carries an iced coffee that she picked up for her boss.