

FIRST FIVE PAGES FROM

A NATIVE LAND

by

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FADE IN:

EXT. CAPE COD - NIGHT

A satellite image of Cape Cod during the winter. The arm-shaped peninsula looks peaceful from space.

We zoom in on the bicep of the Cape.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE - OFF-SEASON LIFE

-- Memorial Beach in Hyannis Port - As the sun sets, a cold wind blows sand around the empty parking lot. The Kennedy Compound sits off in the distance.

-- Cape Cod Melody Tent - Its dimmed sign on Route 28 reads: "THANKS FOR A GREAT SUMMER. SEE YOU NEXT YEAR."

-- Local Package Store - Tired blue collar workers stand in line to buy alcohol, cigarettes, and lottery tickets after a long winter's day.

-- Route 6A - Several pickup trucks and cars travel down a two-lane road lined with fieldstone walls. They pass a white sign with black lettering that reads: "ENTERING KINGSVILLE. INC. 1640."

END MONTAGE

CUT TO:

EXT. KINGSVILLE - MAIN STREET - NIGHT

A row of dark storefronts along the village's Main Street. The only place open for business is the local Veterans Hall; its parking lot is half empty.

The Veterans Hall has a side door with a backlit awning that reads: "BUNKER BAR." A boozy middle-aged couple share a cigarette outside the bar's entrance, their breath fogging in the air.

Down the winding street, storefronts give way to luxury condos... large homes... small cottages... and then woods.

EXT. KINGSVILLE - WOODS - NIGHT

An OBSCURED PERSON walks down a dirt path, toward a pond reflecting the moon. A keychain flashlight guides the way.

Just before the pond's small beach, a patched-together tent emerges. Its door flap has been left unzipped --

INT. HOMELESS MAN'S TENT - NIGHT

-- allowing the obscured person to slip inside.

A propane tent heater sits by the entrance for ventilation.

Further back, a HOMELESS MAN (late-30s) SNORES in a cold-weather sleeping bag on top of a closed-cell pad. One of his arms dangles over the side, showing unmarked skin.

Neighboring trash bags full of clothes and other belongings reveal an upended life.

With a gloved hand, the obscured person loosens the propane tent heater's fuel hose.

The sound of HISSING GAS fills the tent, but doesn't disturb the homeless man. His face remains peaceful until, suddenly, his eyes open wide.

HOMELESS MAN

What the f---?!

Grabbing hold of his arm, the homeless man sits up --

-- and notices the obscured person dashing out of his tent, led by a tiny flashlight that disappears into the trees.

The homeless man attempts to stand, but can't.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

(slurring)

What the --

The homeless man's head dips and jerks as he struggles to stay awake. He lets go of his arm, revealing a fresh injection mark surrounded by reddening skin.

Foam starts to come out of his mouth. As his breath slows, he falls back on the sleeping bag. Gags. Loses consciousness. And then dies.

Murdered.

EXT. KINGSVILLE - MAIN STREET - DAY

A routine morning during the off-season. Locals walk their dogs...

...hit the village gas station before work...

...and send their kids off to school on a yellow school bus.

When a police cruiser turns onto Main Street, people pause to look: *Is something wrong?*

As the police cruiser continues on its way toward the woods, everyone goes back to their lives.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Officer ROXANNE JONES (mid-30s) is in the driver's seat, eyes focused on the road ahead. Her police bomber jacket and bun hairstyle downplay her personal identity -- not just as a woman, but as a Black Wampanoag.

On the passenger side, officer TIM KAVANAGH (late-20s) adjusts his black watch cap; the word "POLICE" is embroidered in white block letters on the cuff. Tim is fresh-faced and fresh-mouthed at times, a typical Cape Codder.

Up ahead, they see --

EXT. KINGSVILLE - WOODS - DAY

-- a blue sign with white lettering that reads: "TOWN WAY TO WATER."

MARTHA HARGREAVES (mid-50s), agitated, waits by the woods' dirt trail entrance with her Cockapoo on a leash. They both sport goose down jackets.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

As Roxanne pulls over to stop, she exchanges a look with Tim.

ROXANNE
Don't say it.

TIM
The bitches match.

ROXANNE
Tim.

TIM
I know. You're right. That dog is a lady.

ROXANNE
I'll handle Martha.

TIM
Good, 'cause she's not talking to
me. I used another realtor.
(sarcastic)
Wonder why.

Roxanne and Tim exit the police cruiser --

EXT. KINGSVILLE - WOODS - DAY

-- while Martha makes a show of picking up her dog.

MARTHA
We're freezing.

Tim hangs back as Roxanne approaches Martha.

ROXANNE
Morning, Martha. You didn't need
to wait --

MARTHA
That dispatcher could barely speak
English.

ROXANNE
He was clear with me.

MARTHA
(not listening)
There's a tent by the pond. It
smells like rotten eggs. Lord
knows what's inside.

ROXANNE
(nodding)
Gas and fire are on their way --

MARTHA
Those people don't belong here.

ROXANNE
"Those people"?

MARTHA
The tent people, Roxanne.

ROXANNE
(unable to resist)
Made clear centuries ago.

MARTHA
You sound like your brother.

TIM
(chiming in)
You sound like your ancestors.

Martha looks past Roxanne at Tim.

MARTHA
I'm not talking to you.

TIM
You are now.
(grinning)
How's business?

Pretending not to hear him, Martha puts her dog down.
Together, they march toward the village center.

Tim mouths "You're welcome" at Roxanne, who smiles in return.