

## **MARE OF EASTTOWN**

### **EPISODE 5: ILLUSIONS**

Mare: Hey, I'm sorry for the other night.

Zabel: You don't have anything to be sorry for, Mare. Just being honest about how you feel.

Mare: I just can't do all of that.

Zabel: All of what?

Mare: What you want.

Zabel: How do you know what I want?

Mare: My life's a shit show, Zabel. I'm about to lose custody of my grandson. I'm still working through unresolved issues from my son who killed himself. And, uh, my ex-husband basically lives in my backyard, so you're right, I don't know what you want, but... I'm sure it's not that.

Zabel: You could have just said that when I asked you out.

Mare: I know. And I should have. But I just, uh... even if they did kick me off the fucking thing, it's still my case. You know what it's like when a case gets inside you like that? It's not a switch you can just turn off.

Zabel: I didn't solve that case.

Mare: What?

Zabel: The girl from Upper Darby. Her parents hired a P.I. 'cause we weren't working fast enough. Some fucking drunk ex-cop looking to make some extra cash calls me out of the blue one day, says he wants to compare notes. Thinks he's got something. I ignored it. Couple weeks go by, I'm in the area, so I drop by his house. And his sister's there packing up the place. Says he's in hospice. His

liver gave out... but help myself to any files. So... find one marked "Zabel"... I take it home. Son of a bitch, if he didn't piece it all together. Neighbor gave an alibi that didn't check out. He caught it... I missed it. I filed a search warrant, we hit the perp's house, find the poor girl's shoe in his bedroom, guy confesses... case closed.

Mare: Why'd you do it?

Zabel: I don't fucking know. I think I really just wanted to do something great... for once in my life.

Mare: Makes you feel any better, I hid drugs on my grandson's mother. That's why they put me on leave.

Zabel: Wait, you serious? Holy shit.

Mare: Doing something great is overrated. 'Cause then people expect that from you... all the time. What they don't realize is you're just as screwed up as they are.

*His phone vibrates.*

Zabel: Hang on. Zabel. All right, bye. Seven matches on blue vans in the area the night of Erin's murder. Got the addresses.

Mare: Let's go knock on some doors.

*He kisses her.*

Mare: What was that for?

Zabel: How do you know what I want?