

THE TRUSTEE

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ACT ONE

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO STREETS - LATE NIGHT

A LINCOLN SEDAN cruises through the darkened streets of San Francisco's old meat-packing district. It makes a left. A car behind it keeps going straight. INSIDE the second car a COP speaks into his radio.

COP
(into radio) South on Church.

IN ANOTHER unmarked car - DETECTIVE ELIZA RODRIGUEZ rides shotgun, radio in hand, a Red Vine in her mouth. She's 27, beautiful, but intense and tough as hell.

RODRIGUEZ
(into radio) We're in.

Rodriguez's partner WILLIAM AQUINO, 32, turns onto Church Street. But there's already an unmarked tailing the sedan - a little too close. Rodriguez doesn't like it.

RODRIGUEZ
(into radio) Back off, McCullough.
They're gonna smell your protein
shakes and body bronzer.

MCCULLOUGH, a muscle-bound, prick of a cop responds.

MCCULLOUGH (OVER RADIO)
Shut it, Rodriguez. I got this.

Suddenly the Lincoln FLOORS IT. It screeches around a turn and ROCKETS away.

RODRIGUEZ
(into radio) Goddamn it! Go, go!

Rodriguez PUNCHES the dash in frustration.

A HIGH SPEED CHASE as the three unmarked cars hit their sirens and race after the Lincoln. The cars screech through deserted streets - SMASHING into trash cans, SIDE-SWIPING parked cars. Aquino SWERVES to avoid a FLIPPING MAILBOX.

The speeding Lincoln hits an intersection just as a GARBAGE TRUCK is pulling through and BAAM! - PLOWS right into the side of the truck. The doors fly open and TWO PERPS roll out and take off on foot.

McCullough screeches to a stop next to the Lincoln. He jumps out and gives chase. The other unmarked speeds past, trying to get ahead of the perps.

Rodriguez and Aquino are the last car there. They skid to a stop. Aquino starts to join the chase. But Rodriguez SEES SOMETHING on the ground next to the Lincoln's open passenger door. It's a CELL PHONE. She picks it up. It's showing Google Maps - with a DESTINATION already set.

RODRIGUEZ

Aquino! (re: phone) New plan!

Rodriguez sprints back to their car. Aquino follows.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - RUSSIAN HILL - LATE NIGHT

Rodriguez and Aquino slowly pull to a stop at the top of a quiet residential hill. This is the destination on Google Maps. It's dark. They see a UPS truck parked in the shadows. That's weird.

RODRIGUEZ

Take the rear.

Rodriguez and Aquino get out of the car. Rodriguez DRAWS HER GUN and approaches the Hispanic DRIVER sitting in the darkness behind the wheel. He sees her and stiffens.

RODRIGUEZ

Kinda late for deliveries.

DRIVER

(scared) Problema del motor.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm bettin' you've got bigger problems. (then) Abre las atrás.

The Driver gets out of the cab and walks to the rear of the truck. Aquino is there, gun drawn. The Driver hesitates.

RODRIGUEZ

It's not gonna open itself.

The Driver opens the rear of the truck and... holy shit! Inside are about a dozen terrified young MEXICAN WOMEN. Behind one of them is a GUNMAN holding a Glock to her head.

GUNMAN

Drop your guns. Slow.

Two other GUNMEN come out of the shadows behind Rodriguez and Aquino pointing assault rifles at them. Now they're way out-gunned. Aquino slowly places his pistol on the ground. Rodriguez DOES NOT.

AQUINO

Put it down, Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ

If they get away, those girls'll be on the streets by tomorrow night.

GUNMAN

(threateningly) Drop it!

Aquino is getting very uncomfortable.

AQUINO

(to Rodriguez) You're gonna get us shot.

Rodriguez considers this.

RODRIGUEZ

You know... that is not a bad idea.

The Gunman in the truck is getting jittery.

GUNMAN

Now!

RODRIGUEZ

Okay. Okay. Easy does it.

Rodriguez turns and shoots Aquino right in the ass!

AQUINO

AHHHHH!

Aquino falls. The Gunmen STARE bewildered.

Seizing upon this moment of confusion, Rodriguez spins and BAAM! - shoots the Gunman in the truck. Then rolls and BAAM! BAAM! - takes out the two Gunmen behind her.

By this time the Driver has run to the cab of the truck. He throws it in gear. Rodriguez drops to a knee and BAAM! - nails the Driver. But the truck CONTINUES TO ROLL.

Rodriguez SPRINTS after the truck as it picks up speed. At the last second she LEAPS into the rear cargo area with the Mexican girl.

The truck ACCELERATES down the hill. It's one of those long San Francisco roller coaster hills that plateaus at every intersection. The truck hits the first plateau and WOOSH! - goes AIRBORNE! Inside the truck, Rodriguez and the girls are FLUNG into the air and bounce down hard. The Mexican girls are SCREAMING.

RODRIGUEZ

Hold on!

Rodriguez grabs the top of the open cargo door and PULLS HERSELF onto the top of the speeding truck. At the bottom of the hill, 200 yards away and closing, Rodriguez sees the SOLID BRICK WALL of the Ferry Building. Shit! Rodriguez crawls towards the front as the truck hits the next plateau and is LAUNCHED again into the air - WOOSH! Rodriguez barely holds on.

As the truck hurtles towards the brick wall, Rodriguez SCRAMBLES forward and SWINGS into the OPEN PASSENGER DOOR. She kicks the Driver's body out the door, grabs the wheel and at the last second PULLS! The truck skids sideways, just missing the brick wall, and PLOWS through a giant arched window - SMASH! - right into... THE FISH MARKET!

Workers RUN FOR COVER and FISH FLY EVERYWHERE as the truck SKIDS SIDEWAYS through stands and shelves until finally... it slams into a giant MOUNTAIN OF ICE - and stops.

There's a moment of shocked silence. Rodriguez climbs out of the cab and moves to the rear. The Mexican girls are banged up and scared - but alive.

RODRIGUEZ

(dry) Well, that was exciting.

The Mexican girls STARE AT HER - in awe.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - NORTH PRECINCT - MORNING

A crisp autumn day in Pacific Heights.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - MORNING

A bullpen filled with detectives desks. A lot of activity. The humorless PRECINCT SUPERVISOR, 56, walks through.

SUPERVISOR

Anybody seen the trustee?

INT. PRECINCT - COPY ROOM - MORNING

AMANDA JONES, 29, a high-energy, African American woman in an orange S.F. COUNTY prison jumpsuit is collating and stapling stacks of paper. She's wearing Beats headphones, dancing and singing while she does her work.

JONES

(singing along) "I can't feel my face when I'm with you.

(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

But I love it. (staples stack) Yes
I love it. (staples stack) Woo!"

Jones spins and sees the Supervisor standing there. She stops and lifts one ear of her headphones.

SUPERVISOR

You need to clean the break room.

JONES

The break room? Why do I always
have to clean the break room?

With the music still blaring out of the lifted headphone, the Supervisor YANKS the headphone wire out of Jones' pocket - disconnecting her music.

SUPERVISOR

Let me explain one last time how
this whole "trustee" thing works.

Jones drops the headphones to her neck.

JONES

Here we go.

SUPERVISOR

You are a criminal - keyword
"criminal" - who is finishing out
the last year of your sentence here
at the precinct. In exchange you
have agreed to assist the police -
keyword "police" - me - in
performing any number of clerical
or janitorial tasks.

JONES

(resigned) Okay, okay...

SUPERVISOR

If you no longer wish to perform
these tasks, I'd be happy to send
you back to County and get a new
trustee who will clean the goddamn
break room.

Jones puts the stacks of paper up on a shelf.

JONES

I don't know why you've got to
resort to threats right out of the
gate like that. We were just
having a conversation.

Jones heads for the door.

JONES
This is definitely going in my report.

SUPERVISOR
(exasperated) You don't file a report.

JONES
Well, isn't that convenient.

Jones shoots him a look as she exits.

INT. PRECINCT - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

Jones arrives with her cleaning cart. The break room is empty, but it's a HUGE MESS.

JONES
And they wonder why people call them pigs.

Just then Jones hears some RUSTLING around the overflowing trash cans.

JONES
(nervous) Hello?

There's more rustling. Jones cautiously moves one of the cans and sees... a GIANT RAT. Startled, Jones throws her broom at it and hurries out.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Rodriguez, arriving for the morning, grabs her trademark Red Vine from the canister on her desk and heads for the Captain's office - just as Jones comes hurrying in.

JONES
Alright people, listen up! We got a problem. There's a giant rat in the break room. I'm gonna need one of you officers to go in there and shoot it right now.

Some of the cops laugh. A few roll their eyes. They all go back to their work.

JONES
Oh, suddenly you people have trouble shooting things? Would it help if I told you the rat was black and unarmed?

INT. PRECINCT - CAPTAIN WAITS OFFICE - MORNING

Rodriguez enters chewing her Red Vine. CAPTAIN TIMOTHY WAITS, 48, Texan, boots and a drawl, is working at his desk. He doesn't look up.

WAITS

Nice work last night - 'cept for shooting Aquino in the backside.

RODRIGUEZ

It was an accident.

WAITS

Aquino feels otherwise. He wants a new partner.

Rodriguez notices an AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERD eyeing her from the couch. But she stays focused on the case.

RODRIGUEZ

The girls we freed last night said there were two more trucks filled with kidnapped women - heading up from Mexico. Two days behind.

Waits finishes his work and looks up.

RODRIGUEZ

If McDumbass hadn't screwed things up, those perps would've brought us right to their central distribution site.

WAITS

"The Warehouse".

RODRIGUEZ

We could've taken out the whole ring right there.

The dog starts to LOW-GROWL at Rodriguez.

WAITS

That's Lulu Belle. Got her from the rescue last night. She don't seem to care too much for other females.

RODRIGUEZ

Maybe she's just pissed you named her "Lulu Belle".

Waits throws the dog a biscuit from a bag on his desk. The dog goes quiet.

WAITS

Make sure McCullough and Wu
comprehend the timeline. I'm
putting them in charge.

RODRIGUEZ

What?!

WAITS

Until I can nail down a new partner
for you - it's their case.

RODRIGUEZ

I don't need a partner.

WAITS

(100th time) Your license was revoked
6 months ago. I can't put you behind
a wheel. Department rule.

RODRIGUEZ

So give me a new partner.

WAITS

That's like pissin' up a rope. You
just shot your last one. The two
before that also got shot.

RODRIGUEZ

Not by me.

WAITS

The one before that was still in
the car when you went sailing it
off the wharf.

RODRIGUEZ

I said "jump".

WAITS

I admire the commitment Rodriguez,
but you charge into the ring before
you even know where the bull is.
(re: detectives) Some folks out
there are starting to call you a
"Widowmaker".

RODRIGUEZ

(getting angry) Captain, we've got
36 hours to find the Warehouse
before those two trucks arrive.
Once those girls are sold - they're
gone. We'll never see them again.

WAITS

'Til I can line you up a new partner, you're riding a desk.

RODRIGUEZ

But...

WAITS

That's all for now.

Waits goes back to work. Frustrated, Rodriguez turns to go. Waits looks up again.

WAITS

Eliza. (she stops) I know I wasn't round here at the time, but I've been told tomorrow's the 4th anniversary of...

RODRIGUEZ

I'm fine.

WAITS

Just wanted to say...

RODRIGUEZ

I'm fine.

Rodriguez exits. Waits watches her go, concerned. It's clear he cares about her.

INT. PRECINCT - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

All the precinct's detectives have gathered. At the front of the room stands McCullough, the muscle-bound and arrogant (but not too bright) cop from the teaser. On the screen is a GRAINY PICTURE of a man at the counter of a store.

MCCULLOUGH

This is one of the perps who slipped us last night. He's buying the phone Rodriguez found at the scene. It's a burner, and he paid cash, so - that's a dead end.

Next to McCullough is his partner HENRY WU, 30's, a much smaller, more agreeable Chinese American man.

WU

We ran a facial rec scan through the NCDB but the resolution wasn't very...

McCullough gets impatient and CUTS HIM OFF.

MCCULLOUGH
 (impatient) We need an ID. Anybody know
 this turd?

Rodriguez stands in the back, watching, pissed. This is her case. Detective MATT MORENO, 30, tatted arms, handsome in a "bad-boy" kind of way, comes over.

MORENO
 (sotto) Waited for you last night.

RODRIGUEZ
 Sorry. I was working.

MORENO
 I know. Aquino told me you shot him.

RODRIGUEZ
 In the ass. I don't see what the
 big deal is.

Moreno smiles. Her toughness delights him.

RODRIGUEZ
 Waits pulled me off the case 'cause
 I don't have a partner.

MORENO
 I could roll with you - but you'd
 have to shoot O'Brien.

Rodriguez looks over at Moreno's large framed, fleshy, red-headed partner, PAT O'BRIEN, 42, standing across the room.

RODRIGUEZ
 He's certainly got a big enough ass.

Just then a familiar VOICE SPEAKS OUT...

VOICE (O.S.)
 Hold up. That's the dude you're
 looking for?

Everyone looks over and sees Jones, in the room emptying trash cans. She's referring to the picture on the screen.

MCCULLOUGH
 Yeah. Why? You know him?

JONES
 Nope. What'd he do, frame
 somebody? I'm just spit-balling.
 He looks like someone who would.

MCCULLOUGH
Stick to the trash, convict.

JONES
Alright Officer. Thanks for
keeping the world safe.

Jones heads for the exit with the trash.

JONES
All of you. Big props.

Rodriguez, who has been watching the whole thing, gives Moreno a look. The trustee knows something.

EXT. PRECINCT - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jones is pushing her cart. Rodriguez catches up to her.

RODRIGUEZ
Hey, "Big Props". You know that
guy, don't you?

JONES
Nope. Never seen him before. But if
you catch him, do me a favor. Put
him in my cell, okay? There are a
couple things I wanna straighten out
with him. Like his large intestine
with this broom handle.

Jones heads into an INTERROGATION ROOM to get the trash.
Rodriguez follows.

RODRIGUEZ
I'm not interested in your romantic
life. I just wanna know who he is.

JONES
I told you, I don't know him. What
are you, special?

Jones picks up the trash can and sees... the huge rat - STARING
right at her. Jones JUMPS BACK in fear. Rodriguez notices.

RODRIGUEZ
Let me know when your memory
improves.

Rodriguez steps out and SHUTS the door on Jones. Jones yanks
the door but it's LOCKED. She sees Rodriguez on the other
side of the little window. Rodriguez smiles.

JONES
Let me out of here!

Jones turns around and sees the rat. They're TRAPPED in there together. The rat crouches and starts to creep towards her.

JONES
(panicking) Open the door. I said
open the door. This is police
brutality! Black lives matter!

The rat starts to HISS at Jones. Jones FREAKS OUT - holding her mop out like a weapon.

JONES
Okay! Okay! Stilton! His name's
Stilton!

INT. PRECINCT - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Jones sits at a table. Rodriguez puts a cup of coffee in front of her and sits down.

JONES
Four years ago I had a business
selling used cars...

RODRIGUEZ
You mean stolen cars.

JONES
I said "used". Not "stolen". I
don't know where you got "stolen"
from. (then) I was doing pretty
good, too - 'til one day Stilton
showed up. Said his boss had taken
notice of me.

RODRIGUEZ
Who was his boss?

JONES
He wouldn't say.

FLASHBACK - *Jones in her "used car" office. Stilton enters.*

JONES (V.O.)
*Just said "somebody big" who'd
"allow me" to keep operating "in
his city" if I cut him in for 40%.*

FLASHBACK - *We see Stilton drive off. A beat, then we see Jones follow him in her car.*

JONES (V.O.)
*I politely responded by following
 him home...*

FLASHBACK - *Late night. Stilton's car is parked in front of
 a run-down apartment building. Jones STUFFS A RAG in the gas
 tank, LIGHTS IT, and walks away.*

JONES (V.O.)
*...and sending what I thought was a
 very clear message.*

FLASHBACK - *BOOM! The car EXPLODES!*

JONES (V.O.)
*Two days later some cops showed up
 at my apartment.*

FLASHBACK - *Jones answers the door to her apartment. Finds
 TWO COPS standing there with a warrant. The cops tear apart
 Jones' apartment. One opens the freezer and removes a
 ziplock bag filled with blue tablets.*

JONES (V.O.)
*They "found" 300 tabs of Demerol in
 my freezer.*

BACK TO PRESENT - Jones finishes her coffee.

JONES
*It was a frame job. I got 5 years
 in prison. And Stilton's boss, Mr.
 Big, got the whole city to himself.*

Rodriguez thinks for a moment, then...

RODRIGUEZ
You got a driver's license?

JONES
*What kind of loser doesn't have a
 driver's license?*

RODRIGUEZ
(annoyed) It was a yes/no question.

INT. PRECINCT - SUPERVISOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Rodriguez pops her head into the Supervisor's office.

RODRIGUEZ
Trustee's working with me today.

SUPERVISOR
You clear that with the Captain?

RODRIGUEZ
(feigning frustration) It was his
idea. I think he's been...

Rodriguez makes the "drinking from a bottle" gesture.

INT. PRECINCT - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Jones is still sitting there. Rodriguez enters.

RODRIGUEZ
Put these on. You're gonna help me
find Stilton.

Rodriguez tosses Jones some clothes.

JONES
I'm not allowed to leave the precinct.

RODRIGUEZ
You are now.

Rodriguez heads for the door. Jones calls after her.

JONES
What do you need me for? Don't you
have a partner?

RODRIGUEZ
I shot him.

Rodriguez exits. Jones looks horrified.

JONES
Damn. You people even shoot each
other?!

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

An unmarked police car cruises through the streets on a beautiful sunny day. Rodriguez rides shotgun. Jones is driving, going very slow, her elbow out the open window - taking it all in.

JONES
Mm-mmm. San-Fran-cis-co. My town.
Good to be back. Yeah, everything
looks the same, too. (then) Except
where'd my Sports Chalet go?
(MORE)

JONES (CONT'D)

And why's everyone got a Grizzly Adams beard? And what the hell's a "Pressed Juicery"?

RODRIGUEZ

Let's try less words and more driving.

JONES

Oh, I'm sorry. I was enjoying myself for a moment. I forgot how much the police don't like that.

RODRIGUEZ

Just get me to Stilton's.

JONES

I told you, it was 4 years ago. He might've moved since then.

RODRIGUEZ

He might move in the time it's taking you to get us there.

As they approach an intersection, the LIGHT TURNS YELLOW. Everyone else goes through, but Jones comes to a stop. She puts the car IN PARK and watches as the light turns red. Rodriguez is incredulous.

RODRIGUEZ

Seriously?

JONES

Never had a ticket in my life and I'm not about to start now.

Just then a Maxima pulls up next them. Jones looks over at the attractive GUY driving.

JONES

How you doin' brother?

The Guy throws her a nod.

JONES

You probably think I'm a cop or something. Na-uh. I'm like cop Uber. They're making me drive. You know what I'm saying? Like driving Miss Daisy. Name's A-manda. But you can call me A-vailable.

GUY IN CAR

How you doing, Amanda?

JONES
Better now that you're here.

The light finally changes.

RODRIGUEZ
(impatient) Green means go.

Rodriguez reaches over and puts the car in drive.

JONES
You've got anger issues, don't you?

RODRIGUEZ
At the moment, yes.

Jones pulls away.

JONES
You see that guy back there? Mmm-
mm. You got a man, Rodriguez?

RODRIGUEZ
We're not friends.

JONES
That's a "no". If you had a man,
you wouldn't be this cantankerous.

EXT. POTRERO HILL - DAY

Rodriguez and Jones have parked in front of a run-down apartment building. As they get out, Jones points...

JONES
That's where he parked his car - you
know, before it blew up all by
itself. Very random. And that's the
building he went into - 4 years ago.

Rodriguez sticks a Red Vine in her mouth and walks to the front of the run-down apartment building. The directory has been vandalized. No names. But she sees an 32 year old MAN sitting on the stoop - a bad-ass in a wife-beater. It looks like he sits there every day.

RODRIGUEZ
You wouldn't happen to know the
apartment number for Ray Stilton?

The Man immediately sizes her up as a cop.

MAN
Why should I tell you that?

RODRIGUEZ
I dunno... why should I keep all
the mace in this can?

Rodriguez pulls out her CAN OF MACE and weighs it in her hand.

RODRIGUEZ
It's so heavy when it's full.

The Man gets up and unlocks the front door.

MAN
5-D.

Rodriguez heads for the front door. Jones catches up.

JONES
See? That's why people don't trust
cops. No moral compass.

RODRIGUEZ
Wait in the car.

Rodriguez heads inside - ALONE.

INT. STILTON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Rodriguez comes up to Stilton's apartment. The front door is ajar and the LOCK HAS BEEN BROKEN. She pulls her gun and pushes the door open.

INT. STILTON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rodriguez enters. It's a small, empty one bedroom. Lamps are broken. Bookshelves have been toppled. A couple windows are smashed. There was clearly a struggle here.

Rodriguez puts her gun away. Shit. There goes her lead.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOINT. STILTON'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rodriguez is in the ransacked apartment on her cell phone.

RODRIGUEZ
(into phone) Let me know if a body
shows up.

JONES (O.S.)
A body? What body? Whose body?

Rodriguez turns and sees Jones standing there. She hangs up.

RODRIGUEZ
(pissed) I said wait in the car.

JONES
I was too curious. I have a
problem with curiosity like you do
with anger. (looking around)
Somebody killed Stilton?

RODRIGUEZ
Not here. He was still struggling
when they dragged him out.

Rodriguez indicates some broken lines on the rug leading to
the door where THE PILE IS RAISED up against the grain.

JONES
I don't get it.

RODRIGUEZ
Stilton dropped his cell phone.
That cost someone a truckload of
girls, not to mention opened up a
fresh trail for the cops.

Rodriguez dumps the kitchen garbage can into the sink.
There's not much. An empty cereal box, a couple of cans, and
a few crumpled pieces of paper.

RODRIGUEZ
I'm guessing Mr. Big wasn't feeling
too warm and fuzzy about that.

Rodriguez uncrumples them. One is a stub with a STRING OF
NUMBERS. The other is a torn piece of an envelope on which
is written "Managua 11".

JONES
What's that?

RODRIGUEZ
 (re: numbers) Could be a bank
 account. (re: other) But
 "Managua...?"

JONES
 That's in Nicaragua.

RODRIGUEZ
 (annoyed) I know that.

JONES
 You say you know that. But I just
 gave you the answer so we'll never
 really know for sure, will we?

RODRIGUEZ
 How is it that nobody killed you in
 prison?

EXT. STILTON'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Rodriguez and Jones walk back to the car.

JONES
 Now where?

RODRIGUEZ
 The precinct. Without Stilton or
 his body, all we've got are these
 numbers.

JONES
 Numbers? Look, I don't want to tell
 you how to do your job, but if you
 want to catch a criminal, you've
 gotta start thinking like a criminal -
 not that I'd know anything about
 that.

Rodriguez stops.

RODRIGUEZ
 This should be good.

JONES
 You're looking for someone who's
 trafficking girls, right?

RODRIGUEZ
 I'm looking for the Warehouse where
 they bring the girls to sell them.

JONES

So start at the bottom. Find some perv who's actually into these girls, and work your way upstream.

RODRIGUEZ

You don't think I've already worked that angle with my contacts?

JONES

Sounds like you need better contacts.

Jones continues on. Rodriguez follows her.

RODRIGUEZ

How 'bout you? You must know some other degenerates from your stolen car days.

JONES

Used cars. I don't know where you keep getting "stolen".

RODRIGUEZ

(sensing something) But you know someone.

JONES

I didn't say that.

Rodriguez stops Jones.

JONES

Look, even if I did know someone - it doesn't matter. There's no way to find him.

RODRIGUEZ

Him?

JONES

Everyone I knew back then I kept in my book. But that book's gone. I stashed it in a place way too dangerous to ever go get it back.

RODRIGUEZ

Where?

Jones looks NERVOUS.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. GRANDMA ODELLE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

A small working class home in Bernal Heights. ODELLE JONES, 72, is out in the front yard watering her nearly dead grass. She holds something in the folds of her apron we can't see.

Rodriguez and Jones are parked across the street, watching.

RODRIGUEZ

That's her?

JONES

Mm-hmm. That's my Grandma Odelle.

RODRIGUEZ

She doesn't look so bad.

From the folds of her apron Grandma Odelle pulls out a shotgun, sticks it in a gopher hole and - BAAM! Rodriguez reacts - Whoa!

JONES

She hates gophers.

RODRIGUEZ

Pretty sure the gophers feel the same. C'mon.

Rodriguez gets out of the car. Jones hesitates, then follows her. Odelle sees them coming.

JONES

(tentative) Hey, Grandma.

Odelle stiffens. This is the first time she's seen her granddaughter in 4 years.

JONES

Nice to see you. You look good.

ODELLE

What trouble are you bringing to my house?

JONES

No trouble, Grandma.

ODELLE

(to Rodriguez) Worked my fingers to the bone tryin' to raise this girl the right way. And how's she repay me? By dealing pills out of her freezer.

RODRIGUEZ

People can be so disappointing.

JONES

(to Odelle) I told you. I was framed.

ODELLE

We both know you were up to no good.

JONES

I never slung drugs, Grandma.

ODELLE

After what that filth did to your mama...

JONES

(hurt) Why won't you believe me?!

ODELLE

(angry) 'Cause you already made me enough of a fool!

Rodriguez quickly steps in to diffuse. She turns to Odelle.

RODRIGUEZ

You'll be pleased to know that Amanda has been doing quite well in her rehabilitation, ma'am. In fact, she's finishing her sentence working at the precinct.

ODELLE

(to Rodriguez, suspiciously) You're the police?

RODRIGUEZ

(leaning in, whispering) It's okay. I'm one of the good ones.

Just then a voice rings out.

DELANA (O.S.)

What'd you do, try and escape?

Jones looks up and sees her younger sister DELANA, 22, beautiful, coming down from the porch. Jones lights up.

JONES

Lana. Damn, look at you.

The two sisters hug.

DELANA

Come on inside.

ODELLE

Oh no she doesn't. Not in my house.

DELANA

Hush, Grandma. (to Jones) Don't be fooled. That woman cried herself to sleep every night missing you.

Odelle mutters vague protestations. Rodriguez sees an opportunity and steps forward.

RODRIGUEZ

Ma'am, could I trouble you for a glass of water? I'd love to tell you about all the important work your granddaughter's been doing.

Rodriguez leads Odelle away.

RODRIGUEZ

I love your house dress by the way. Maybe I should carry the shotgun?

As Rodriguez leads Odelle back to the house, she turns and shoots Jones a look. "Go get it."

DELANA

What's going on?

Jones - her heart breaking - watches her Grandma walk away, then...

JONES

I need that book I gave you.

INT. GRANDMA ODELLE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

While Odelle and Rodriguez talk in the kitchen, Delana sneaks Jones in the back door. Delana takes Jones into her bedroom and points to the closet.

DELANA

It's on the top shelf. I'll get a stool.

Jones goes into the closet and turns on the light. She looks around. The closet is filled with the finest HIGH-END, DESIGNER CLOTHES. On the dresser is a key card that reads "St. Regis Hotel." This is not cool.

Delana returns with a step stool.

JONES
Ferragamo? Chloe? Prada?

DELANA
It's called style, sister.

JONES
Yeah, I've heard of it. But how
are you paying for it?

DELANA
I got a man who knows how to treat
a woman.

JONES
And what's this man do to toss cash
like that?

DELANA
He does what he does.

JONES
C'mon Lana. Don't be stupid.

DELANA
(getting angry) You don't know the
first thing about him.

JONES
I know you. And you had a plan.
One more year and you got a degree.
Then law school. Don't let some
chump derail all that.

DELANA
(very angry) I'm not a child anymore,
Amanda! You don't get to come back
here - after 4 years in prison - and
start telling me what's what!
(pissed, dismissive) Please.

Delana marches out. Jones stands there, completely stunned.

EXT. GRANDMA ODELLE'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Jones is waiting out front as Rodriguez emerges from the
house with Odelle. Rodriguez heads for the car. Jones
lingers.

JONES
I'm leaving now, Grandma.

Odelle says nothing.

JONES

Maybe I could come back sometime...
and we could talk?

Odelle is torn. She raised this girl and wants nothing more than to hold her close again. But she won't let herself.

ODELLE

Don't see what there is to talk
about.

JONES

I didn't do those things. And I'm
gonna prove it to you. Then you
won't have to be angry anymore.

Odelle doesn't argue. That's a start. Jones turns and catches up with Rodriguez. They walk back to the car.

RODRIGUEZ

Did you get it?

Jones shows her the BLACK BOOK.

JONES

My grandma hates me. And my
sister's heading straight for no
good.

RODRIGUEZ

It hurts when it's family.

Jones looks at her.

JONES

What do you mean?

RODRIGUEZ

Nothing. Never mind.

Rodriguez reaches the car.

JONES

You see that? We had a chance to
connect - and you chickened out.
Honesty. Vulnerability. That's
the mark of true courage. Not
shooting people.

RODRIGUEZ

Just call your guy.

Rodriguez tosses Jones her phone and gets in the car.

JONES
Vulnerability, E-Rod. Remember
that.

INT. TOMMY'S JOYNT - LATE AFTERNOON

San Francisco's coolest dive deli. A sign above the counter reads "Tommy's Famous Buffalo Stew \$8.95." Rodriguez and Jones sit at a table. Jones is eating a bowl of stew - her "black book" on the table beside her.

RODRIGUEZ
So who are we meeting?

JONES
Name's Daniel. Never got a last
name. He's a coke-head investment
banker. Bought a few cars from me
over the years. Word was he liked
to party with the working girls.
Especially the young ones.

RODRIGUEZ
Sounds like a real charmer.

JONES
You gonna eat your stew?

Rodriguez pushes her bowl across the table to Jones.

JONES
I've been dreaming about this stuff
for 4 years.

Jones eats some - in heaven.

JONES
God damn that Tommy knows how to
cook a buffalo.

Just then a deep voice says...

VOICE
How you doing, girl?

Jones looks up and sees a large, GOOD LOOKING MAN standing
next to their table. Jones stands up.

JONES
Better now that you're here.

GOOD LOOKING MAN
(re: her sneakers) I like those
Jordans. Old school. You a baller?

JONES

I'll take you one-on-one anytime.

Rodriguez watches the two flirt unabashedly. Finally she gets up and takes Jones aside.

RODRIGUEZ

Is this Daniel?

JONES

Daniel? Oh no. This is just some fine looking gentleman I'd like to oil up and wrestle with on a shower curtain.

Rodriguez stares at her.

JONES

It's been 4 years, Rodriguez.
Don't get judgy.

RODRIGUEZ

Where's the banker?

JONES

We're rendez-vousing him outside the Trans Am in 30. Figured that would give us enough time to get our stew on.

RODRIGUEZ

What?! Alright - let's go! Now!

Rodriguez pushes Jones towards the door. Jones calls back to the man.

JONES

Yo, meet me back here, alright? In about a year. With a shower curtain.

Rodriguez shoves Jones out.

RODRIGUEZ

God I want to taze you right now.

EXT. DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - EARLY EVENING

There's a little park behind the Trans-America Building. A sleazy-looking BANKER is waiting there, vaping. Jones and Rodriguez see him from a distance.

JONES

Okay, that's him. Just let me do the talking. And you're not a cop, understand?

Jones undoes 2 buttons on Rodriguez's blouse - sexing her up. Rodriguez stares at her in disbelief.

JONES

I got a reputation to protect.

Jones heads for the Banker. Rodriguez shakes her head and follows. The Banker sees them coming and pockets his e-cig.

BANKER

Jones. You're out.

JONES

Free as a bird. And done with cars.

BANKER

Is that so?

JONES

Yeah. That's why I wanted to parlay. I'm in the skin game now.

BANKER

Oh really? I'm intrigued.

Jones indicates Rodriguez.

JONES

This here's Allegra. She's one of my medium priced girls. And just like the pill, she'll clear out your sinuses. You know what I'm saying? (to Rodriguez) Turn around, girl. Let him see the goods.

Rodriguez glares at Jones. Are you fucking kidding me?

JONES

(to Banker) She's booked up anyway. But for you... I know you like the rookies. By the way, where are you scoring your "fresh imports" these days? Cause whatever you're doing, I'll do you better.

BANKER

(eyeing Rodriguez) I don't know. Maybe I like Allegra here.

The Banker reaches to touch her. Rodriguez grabs his hand.

RODRIGUEZ
How'd you like to eat that hand?

BANKER
(to Jones, liking it) Feisty.

JONES
Actually, for you I was thinking
someone a little younger. Where
you hooking up? I'll beat the
competition.

The Banker's already made up his mind. His eyes travel up
and down Rodriguez lasciviously.

BANKER
No, this works. Free her up. I'll
pay double. (to Rodriguez) C'mon
baby. Come to daddy.

The Banker goes to grab Rodriguez's ass. Mistake. Rodriguez
grabs his wrist and TWISTS. The Banker falls to his knees in
pain. Ahhh!

JONES
Allegra!

Rodriguez presses the flat side of her gun against his face.

RODRIGUEZ
Listen you disgusting little prick.
I'm gonna ask you one time, then
I'm going to snap your wrist like a
cheap coke spoon. Now where are
you scoring new girls?

BANKER
I don't...

Rodriguez bends his wrist back further. The Banker screams.

BANKER
The Tenderloin! 61 Alvarez!

By this time a small crowd has gathered. Rodriguez releases
the Banker and displays her badge.

RODRIGUEZ
(to crowd) It's okay. I'm a cop.

JONES
(feigning shock) YOU'RE A WHAT?!

Rodriguez leans in to the Banker.

RODRIGUEZ
Tip off anyone, and I'll come back.
Got it?

Rodriguez heads back to the car.

JONES
Allegra, how could you? She fooled
us both, Danny.

Jones catches up with her. Jones is pissed.

JONES
What part of "You're not a cop" did
you not understand?

Rodriguez ignores her. She's already on the phone, walking fast.

RODRIGUEZ
(into phone) It's me. I need back
up - off the radar. An underground
brothel. (then) I'm taking it down.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - EVENING**

A seedy neighborhood. Rodriguez and Jones pull up across the street from an nondescript black door with a Large Man in a blazer. Jones is still pissed.

JONES

I coulda got that same information by talking. But you had to go shove your gun up in his face.

RODRIGUEZ

Stay here. I mean it this time.

Rodriguez gets out of the car. Jones calls out the window.

JONES

I gotta live on these streets, you know.

Rodriguez ignores her. She crosses the street just as Moreno (Rodriguez's handsome cop "friend" from earlier) and his chubby partner O'Brien pull up. Moreno rolls down his window.

MORENO

All set?

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - EVENING

Rodriguez and Moreno flash their badges and enter. Inside is a hidden strip club. Girls dancing. Music thumping. Rodriguez and Moreno head to the bar.

RODRIGUEZ

(to Bartender) Where's your boss?

The Bartender shrugs - doesn't want to get involved.

MORENO

(to Rodriguez) I got backstage.

Moreno heads backstage leaving Rodriguez on her own. Off to the side, Rodriguez sees a curtain - a buff white guy with long blonde hair standing in front of it.

RODRIGUEZ

(flashing badge) Step aside, Thor.

Rodriguez pushes through the curtain and finds a staircase heading down. She heads down as Thor speaks into his headset.

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - BACKSTAGE - EVENING

Moreno walks through the backstage area, passing dancers, barely dressed if at all. He opens the rear fire door to the club. O'Brien is out there. His car parked in the alley. O'Brien enters.

O'BRIEN

All clear.

INT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - DOWNSTAIRS - EVENING

Rodriguez reaches the bottom of the stairs. Up ahead she sees a larger, well-lit room, but suddenly a BIG BRAUNY MAN steps in her path.

BRAWNY MAN

You can't go in there.

RODRIGUEZ

(flashing badge) I'm a cop.

Rodriguez tries to pass. He stops her.

BRAWNY

You're gonna need a warrant.

RODRIGUEZ

You're gonna need a wheelchair.

She tries to pass again. He GRABS her. Rodriguez DRIVES her fist into his solar plexus. He doubles over and she KNEES him in the face. But he's not done. The man TACKLES her into the wall - right next to a fire extinguisher. Rodriguez grabs it and RAMS him in the head. The man wobbles and she roundhouse kicks him - BOOM! He drops. Now he's done.

Just then Moreno and O'Brien hurry down the stairs. Moreno sees the Brawny Man unconscious on the floor and stops.

MORENO

Classic Rodriguez.

Rodriguez, Moreno and O'Brien enter the room. Inside are 8 girls in various types of scanty dress. They are clearly prostitutes. The women look ALARMED.

MORENO

It's okay. We're not here to bust anyone.

Rodriguez turns to one of the more seasoned looking women.

RODRIGUEZ

Is everyone here by choice?

One of the other women steps forward. She indicates TWO GUATEMALAN GIRLS huddled together.

PROSTITUTE

You should talk to those two.

Rodriguez crouches down in front of the two Guatemalan girls. They look terrified. She takes one of their hands.

RODRIGUEZ

It's okay. You're safe now.

Just then a man (CRUZ) appears in the doorway. He sees what's happening... and BOLTS. Rodriguez takes off after him.

Cruz charges up the stairs, sprints through the club, and bursts out the door. Rodriguez is not far behind him.

EXT. UNDERGROUND CLUB - CONTINUOUS

Cruz comes SPRINTING out into the street. Rodriguez right behind him. He's heading towards Jones in the car. Rodriguez calls to Jones to stop Cruz.

RODRIGUEZ

Jones!

Jones just watches as Cruz bolts past. Rodriguez gives her a look as she runs by.

JONES

You said stay in the car.

RODRIGUEZ

(running past) Since when do you listen to me?!

Rodriguez is fast. She catches Cruz and TACKLES him to the ground. She puts her knee in his back and cuffs him.

RODRIGUEZ

You bought those two girls, and you're gonna tell me where.

Moreno and O'Brien come running up. Red-faced and panting O'Brien looks like he's about to have a heart attack. Moreno YANKS Cruz to his feet and leads him back to his car. Rodriguez turns and glares at Jones - who glares right back.

INT. PRECINCT - CAPTAIN WAITS' OFFICE - NIGHT

Rodriguez is in with Waits - who is pissed. McCullough and Wu are also there. So is Waits' ever-present Shepherd.

WAITS

What in Sam Hill were you thinking?

RODRIGUEZ

I had a lead for the case. And you said I couldn't drive.

WAITS

She's the goddamn trustee!

The dog starts to low-growl at Rodriguez again.

MCCULLOUGH

It's not your case anymore, Rodriguez. We don't need your help.

RODRIGUEZ

Oh really, biceps? You found the Warehouse?

MCCULLOUGH

No, smartass. But we made the perp.

Rodriguez looks surprised. Waits throws the dog a biscuit - quieting it - as he explains to Rodriguez.

WAITS

The boys here pulled some prints off that phone you found.

MCCULLOUGH

The only set you somehow managed not to smudge off.

Wu, the kinder of the two, explains...

WU

His name's Ray Stilton. 32 years old. One of our CI's just gave up...

MCCULLOUGH

(impatient) His address. We're gonna go grab the son-of-a-bitch.

RODRIGUEZ

41 Randolph? Don't bother. I was there this morning. He's not coming home any time soon.

McCullough and Wu look shocked.

WAITS

Jesus, Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ

Guys, I'd love to chat some more - it's always so much fun - but those two other trucks are gonna drop in 24 hours - and our best lead is that scumbag sitting in holding. He just purchased two kidnapped girls from Guatemala who said they were being held in a place called "The Warehouse". So if we're done here, I'd like to go ask him where that is. Sound good?

Rodriguez starts to go. Waits stops her.

WAITS

McCullough and Wu will head up the interrogation.

RODRIGUEZ

What?! It's my bust.

MCCULLOUGH

(heading out) We'll put up a little picture of you in the room.

RODRIGUEZ

It'd probably do a better job.

McCullough flips her the bird as he and Wu exit. Waits turns to Rodriguez.

WAITS

(still pissed) I'm gonna let it wash this time 'cause something came of it. But the trustee is a prisoner. She stays in-house, clear? (then) That's all.

Rodriguez exits. Waits SLAMS the door behind her. Standing in the bullpen is Jones, watching it all.

JONES

What was that?

Rodriguez is upset. She keeps walking.

JONES

You didn't have permission to take me out, did you?

RODRIGUEZ

Define permission.

JONES

You realize they could send me back to County for something like that.

RODRIGUEZ

Well so far you're still here.

Jones gets in front of Rodriguez and stops her.

JONES

Hey! This is my life you're playing with. You don't get to make those calls.

RODRIGUEZ

Don't you have a floor to mop?

Rodriguez walks away.

JONES

Typical cop. Turn off the body-cam and do whatever you want. Who gives a crap about anybody else?

This gets under Rodriguez's skin. She stops and turns.

RODRIGUEZ

40 innocent girls are about to be delivered into a lifetime of living hell. That's what I give a damn about. Not your street cred, or what goddamn cell you finish your time in. Are we clear?

Rodriguez turns and continues off. Jones calls after her.

JONES

You're just like every cop I've ever known, Rodriguez.

Rodriguez pushes open the front doors and exits the precinct.

JONES

From now on, just stay the hell away from me!

INT. MORENO'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Moreno is cooking. Music playing. The door bell rings. He answers. It's Rodriguez.

MORENO
How'd it go with Waits?

RODRIGUEZ
(pissed) I don't wanna talk.

Rodriguez starts to kiss him - hard.

INT. MORENO'S APARTMENT - A LITTLE LATER

Rodriguez and Moreno are in bed having sex. The sex is aggressive and physical - clearly an outlet for Rodriguez.

INT. MORENO'S APARTMENT - LATE NIGHT

Rodriguez is in the kitchen, in just her t-shirt and underwear, eating. Moreno enters in just pajama bottoms.

MORENO
How's the lasagna?

RODRIGUEZ
You're better in the bedroom than
the kitchen.

Moreno laughs. He opens the fridge to get a drink. Rodriguez notices a picture on the fridge door. It's Moreno and her brother JOEY rock climbing together - celebrating a peak.

RODRIGUEZ
When'd you put that up?

Moreno follows her gaze to the picture.

MORENO
I've been thinking about him a lot.

Moreno looks at the clock. It's 2 am.

MORENO
It's four years today.

Rodriguez puts her food down and starts gathering clothes.

MORENO
What are you doing?

RODRIGUEZ
It's late.

Rodriguez starts getting dressed. Moreno gets frustrated. This is what she does every time.

MORENO
Oh c'mon, Eliza.

RODRIGUEZ
It's not Joey. I just...

MORENO
Don't want to deal with anything.
Ever. You'd rather just hide
behind your sarcastic little jabs.

RODRIGUEZ
Is this about the lasagna?

Rodriguez is mostly dressed. She picks up her shoes and heads for the door. She can't get out of there quick enough. Moreno gets in front of her and stops her.

MORENO
Look, I know it sucks. He was like
my brother, too. And if you want
to blow up your whole world, I
can't stop you. But it's been 4
years. And we're still here. And
if you ever want us to be more than
just some regular, mindless hook up
- at some point, you're gonna have
to let me in.

We see the emotion in Rodriguez's face. But then, just as quickly she shuts it down.

RODRIGUEZ
See you at the office.

Rodriguez exits.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOMS - NEXT MORNING

We see CRUZ (the brothel boss) being escorted by two cops back to the holding cells. McCullough and Wu also emerge from the interrogation room LOOKING EXHAUSTED. They see Rodriguez waiting for them - chewing a Red Vine. They walk. She follows.

WU
His name's Cruz. Lives on Eddy Street.

RODRIGUEZ
All night - and that's all he gave you?

MCCULLOUGH
(bitter) That was on his driver's license.

WU
We just got a lead on the trucks.

RODRIGUEZ
(surprised) The trucks?

As they walk, Wu shows her an image on his phone - 2 UPS trucks passing through a border checkpoint.

WU
That's last night - crossing into...

MCCULLOUGH
(impatient) El Paso. They'll be here by tonight.

This doesn't sit well with Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ
Do you know how many UPS trucks come through the city every day?

MCCULLOUGH
UPS is assisting.

RODRIGUEZ
It won't matter. It's a needle in a haystack. You gotta stay on that creep. He bought those girls. He knows where the Warehouse is.

McCullough stops at the front doors of the precinct.

MCCULLOUGH
Do me a favor, Rodriguez. Go shoot someone else in the ass.

McCullough and Wu exit the precinct. Rodriguez stands there, powerless.

INT. PRECINCT - MORNING

Jones, back in her orange jumpsuit, is looking at the St. Regis key she got from Delana's closet. A beat, then she puts it away and rolls her cleaning cart into the break room.

Inside the break room she stops. The two rescued Guatemalan girls are there. They are being picked up by REPRESENTATIVES from the Guatemalan Consulate. Jones can't understand what's being said because it's all in Spanish. But the girls are clearly traumatized.

At one point one of the girls looks up and sees Jones. Their EYES MEET. Even through her pain, the girl smiles at Jones. Jones smiles back. It's a very human moment.

As they usher the girls out, one of the Consulate Reps turns to a police officer.

CONSULATE REPRESENTATIVE

(to cop, re: Guatemalan girl)

Maria says she just remembered something - from the place where all the girls were being sold. The man in charge - the one with bleached hair - another man called him "Managua".

COP

We'll let the case officers know.

Jones HEARS all this.

INT. PRECINCT - HALLWAY - MORNING

Rodriguez walks with Moreno.

RODRIGUEZ

McCullough and Wu are giving up on him. I thought you and I could take a shot.

Just then she sees Jones approaching. Jones stops at a distance, a little standoffish from the fight.

JONES

I'm doing this for the girls. Not you.

RODRIGUEZ

Doing what?

JONES

Remember how you thought Managua was in Nicaragua? Well it's not. He runs the Warehouse. Got bleached hair.

Jones turns and walks away.

JONES

(calling back) Managua's a dude.

Rodriguez takes this in, then hurries for the bullpen.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**INT. PRECINCT - JONES' ROOM - DAY**

Jones is lying on her cot. Rodriguez arrives in the doorway.

RODRIGUEZ

I looked it up. Jorge Managua was busted 3 times in the early 2000's - all out of Oakland Central. I know a retired cop who used to work there.

JONES

So?

RODRIGUEZ

So I need your help. If we can find Managua, we can find the Warehouse.

JONES

You got permission?

RODRIGUEZ

No. But I promise I won't let you go back to County. I'm giving you my word.

JONES

Your word?

RODRIGUEZ

Those girls need your help, Jones.
(then) I need your help.

Jones thinks for a moment - then gets up from the cot.

JONES

See? This is a human moment. A human moment I'm responding to. I'm putting my negative feelings about you aside.

RODRIGUEZ

That's big of you.

Jones grabs her folded civies from a shelf.

JONES

Who's the contact?

RODRIGUEZ

My father.

Jones stops and looks at her. Really?

INT. ANTHONY RODRIGUEZ'S HOUSE - DAY

A small row house in Oakland. A framed picture of Joey Rodriguez in his police uniform sits on a credenza - a lit candle in front of it. ANTHONY RODRIGUEZ, 61, a tough retired cop, is with Rodriguez and Jones. He's been drinking.

ANTHONY

I had to tell them to mow the goddamn grass at the cemetery. Today and his birthday - I want the goddamn grass to look right. (then, cutting) Not that you'd know anything about that.

Anthony heads into the kitchen. Jones looks at Rodriguez.

JONES

(re: picture) That's your brother?

Rodriguez says nothing and follows her father into the kitchen where Anthony is refilling his drink from a bottle of Jameson's. Anthony gestures "You want one?"

RODRIGUEZ

No thanks. Wouldn't want you to run out before noon.

Jones comes into the kitchen.

ANTHONY

(to Jones) So you're Eliza's partner, huh? In my day we didn't have women detectives.

JONES

Maybe that's why y'all used to be called "dicks".

Anthony looks at her.

JONES

I'm just spit-balling.

Rodriguez directs the conversation back.

RODRIGUEZ

(to Anthony) Do you remember Managua or not?

ANTHONY

When you called today I assumed you wanted to talk about Joey, not some piece of garbage.

RODRIGUEZ

And I assumed you'd be sober. So it looks like we both got a fun surprise.

ANTHONY

I loved my son. (re: drink) I don't have to apologize to anyone.

Anthony finishes his drink. He starts to pour another.

ANTHONY

Managua was small time. They called him "The Ghost" 'cause of his white hair. Had a thing for Maseratis. Treated 'em better than his girlfriends who he'd always beat the crap out of.

RODRIGUEZ

We think he's running a human trafficking ring.

Anthony shakes his head, "No way."

ANTHONY

Managua didn't have the brains to pull off something like that. If he's involved, he's working for someone way up the food chain. Someone big. Someone out of your league.

RODRIGUEZ

(sarcastic) Thanks.

Rodriguez heads out of the kitchen. Jones follows. Anthony can tell she's pissed.

ANTHONY

All I'm saying is these could be serious people your messing with.

RODRIGUEZ

And you never thought I should be a cop in the first place.

Rodriguez heads for the door. Anthony raises his voice.

ANTHONY
Listen to me!

Rodriguez stops.

ANTHONY
Ever since you were a kid, I've
been trying to keep you outta
trouble. And it hasn't been easy.
Picking fights. Sneaking out at
night. Running with the wrong
boys. I used to ask Joey to talk
to you. He's the only one you'd
listen to. But now... Joey's gone.

RODRIGUEZ
And you wish it was me instead of
him.

These words land with a thud. For a moment, Anthony is
speechless. Jones is very uncomfortable.

ANTHONY
I didn't say that.

RODRIGUEZ
It's okay. I said it for you.

Rodriguez exits. Jones goes with her.

EXT. ANTHONY RODRIGUEZ'S HOUSE - DAY

Rodriguez and Jones get into the car. Jones shakes her head
at what they've just been through.

JONES
All I can say is... Damn.

Rodriguez is already on her phone.

RODRIGUEZ
(into phone) ...a Maserati - any
model - registered to a Jorge
Managua.

JONES
So Stilton worked for Managua. But
it sounds like they're both working
for Mr. Big.

Rodriguez hangs up her phone.

RODRIGUEZ
30 minutes. (then) I need a drink.

INT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - BAR - AFTERNOON

One of the nicest hotels in San Francisco. Rodriguez sits at one of those little tables in the bar. Jones comes over carrying two drinks.

RODRIGUEZ
The St. Regis, huh?

JONES
That's how I roll when other people
are paying.

Jones smiles and sits as she returns Rodriguez's credit card.

JONES
Can I ask you something? Why'd
your dad give you crap about your
brother's grave?

RODRIGUEZ
Might have something to do with the
fact that I've never been.

JONES
(shocked) What?!

RODRIGUEZ
I went to the service, but... I
just couldn't watch him being put
into the ground.

JONES
(disbelief) You've never been?

Rodriguez looks at Jones and makes a decision. She downs her drink, then...

RODRIGUEZ
You gotta understand, Joey was more
than my brother. He was like... he
was my best friend in the world.

FLASHBACK - 24-year-old Rodriguez is with Joey and a bunch of friends celebrating Rodriguez's birthday. Moreno is there too. Joey's got his arm draped around her shoulder. These two are tight.

RODRIGUEZ (V.O.)
*He was investigating a cop he
thought might be dirty.*

FLASHBACK - Night. We see Joey trailing an off-duty COP. The Cop goes into an abandoned building.

RODRIGUEZ (V.O.)

One morning, they both showed up dead.

FLASHBACK - *Early morning. The park along the bay. Cops have cordoned off two bodies laying on the ground. Rodriguez jumps out of her car and rushes to the bodies. The police hold her back. She struggles to reach her brother - unimaginable anguish on her face.*

BACK ON Rodriguez and Jones in the bar.

RODRIGUEZ

I spent every moment trying to find his killer. We all did. But there was no trail. It was scrubbed clean. The department'll keep the case open forever - 'cause he was a cop, but... there's nothing left to investigate.

Jones stares at Rodriguez, unnerved by her stoicism.

JONES

E-Rod, man. That's real life. You can't just run from stuff like that. You gotta deal.

RODRIGUEZ

I am dealing.

JONES

Girl, you haven't even been to the grave.

Rodriguez says nothing.

JONES

When I was little and missing my mama, Grandma Odelle would tell me - "Child, sometimes you've got to face the pain just to prove it ain't stronger than you."

Rodriguez takes this in - but only for a moment. Then her phone rings. She gets up to answer it.

RODRIGUEZ

(into phone) Rodriguez.

As Rodriguez talks, Jones notices something in the lobby. It's her sister Delana coming out of the elevators with her boyfriend AMARE, 29, a dangerous looking man in designer clothes. Delana looks wobbly and strung out.

EXT. ST. REGIS HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Delana and Amare exit the hotel as a shiny Escalade pulls up to the curb. Amare peels a \$20 from a fat wad to tip the valet. Jones comes hurrying out of the bar.

JONES

Delana!

Delana sees Jones and tries to pull it together - but it's clear she's fucked up on something.

DELANA

(slurred) The hell... you following me?

JONES

What are you messing with this punk-ass dope peddler for?

Amare intercepts Jones.

AMARE

You got a problem, big girl?

Amare lifts his shirt - revealing a 10mm Dan Wesson Special tucked in his waist.

DELANA

(to Jones) Mind your own.

Delana climbs into the passenger seat unsteadily.

JONES

(pleading) Lana, you're going down a bad road here. Please. Don't do this.

Amare laughs and gets in behind the wheel. The Escalade pulls away as Rodriguez comes out of the bar.

RODRIGUEZ

Your sister. (putting it together) So that's why I just spent 30 bucks on two drinks. (then) You okay?

JONES

(pissed) I'm processing my feelings.

RODRIGUEZ

That makes two of us.

Rodriguez turns and starts back to the car.

RODRIGUEZ
C'mon. The DMV came up blank. But
I found Stilton.

JONES
(confused) Where is he?

RODRIGUEZ
The morgue.

INT. MORGUE - AFTERNOON

A fluorescent-lit city morgue. A MEDICAL EXAMINER is leading Rodriguez and Jones towards the body drawers. Jones looks very unhappy.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
The body came in this morning.

JONES
(to Rodriguez, anxious) I really
don't like dead people.

RODRIGUEZ
You've been super clear about that.

The M.E. slides open a drawer. The body is HEADLESS.

JONES
(recoiling) Oh my God!

RODRIGUEZ
Is that him?

JONES
How am I supposed to know if that's
him. He's got no head!

RODRIGUEZ
He's got a head. Sometimes they roll
down when you close the drawers.

Rodriguez grabs the head and LIFTS IT UP by the ears -
showing it to Jones. Jones is FLIPPING OUT.

JONES
Oh! You did that! You did that!

RODRIGUEZ
Is it him?

JONES
No it's not him. Put the damn head
away.

RODRIGUEZ
 You don't want a little kiss? It's
 been 4 years, right?

The Medical Examiner looks at his clipboard.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
 Oh. Wrong drawer. Sorry.

The M.E. opens a second drawer.

RODRIGUEZ
 Jones...

Jones reluctantly comes over and takes a very quick peek.
 It's Stilton with an entry wound in his forehead.

JONES
 Yeah, that's him. With a bullet in
 his head.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
 Actually the bullet passed through.
 But we know it was hollow-tipped.

The M.E. turns the head revealing a GAPING EXIT WOUND.

JONES
 (recoiling again) Oh, sweet Jesus.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
 The body was dumped. So no bullet.
 No crime scene.

RODRIGUEZ
 Do you have anything?

MEDICAL EXAMINER
 Not much. Tiny fragments of blue
 linoleum. They were stuck to his
 clothes with a sticky
 nitrocellulose compound.

JONES
 Nitro-cell? That's clear coat. (to
 M.E.) I used to work in automotive.
 (then, to Rodriguez) I betcha they
 capped his ass in a body shop.

MEDICAL EXAMINER
 There's gotta be a hundred body
 shops in the city.

RODRIGUEZ
 (to Jones) How many of them deal in
 stolen cars?

JONES
 As a broker of "used cars" I
 wouldn't know, officer. But I've
 heard 3 or 4 shops are open to that
 sort of thing.

RODRIGUEZ
 Well let's go see if one of them's
 got blue Linoleum.

INT. BODY SHOP - LATE AFTERNOON

A large, old-school body shop with CRACKED BLUE LINOLEUM
 FLOORS. CSI's are everywhere, scouring the shop for clues.

Rodriguez and Jones stand with Captain Waits - who's even
 more pissed than before. Jones looks nervous.

WAITS
 (pissed) I told you she stays in
 house - and you got her running
 'round to every body shop in the
 city.

RODRIGUEZ
 Only 6. And you said if it paid
 off you'd let it wash.

WAITS
 That ain't what I said!

RODRIGUEZ
 Well then I misunderstood you.
 It's hard with that Texas drawl.
 Like pissin' up a rope.

Waits is about to let her have it when a CSI - crouching by a
 wall - calls out.

CSI
 I got a slug in the plaster. Fresh
 entry.

CSI CHIEF
 Alright, this is now a crime scene,
 people.

As the CSI's initiate their crime scene protocol, Rodriguez
 turns to Waits.

RODRIGUEZ

You're welcome, Captain. (then) Oh
and lay off Jones. None one of
this would've happened without her.

As Rodriguez walks off, Jones stares, surprised. Rodriguez
is keeping her word. The Captain turns and looks at Jones.

JONES

(awkward) I like your tie, sir.
Very stylish.

Across the shop, Rodriguez sees a CSI Tech working on the
SHOP'S COMPUTER. She heads over.

RODRIGUEZ

The shop's database?

COMPUTER TECH

Yeah, but all the vehicles are VIN-
scratched. And the customer names
are coded.

RODRIGUEZ

Stilton worked for a Maserati freak
named "Managua" - like the city.

The Tech types in "Managua". Nothing.

RODRIGUEZ

Try "Ghost".

He types again. A car pops up on the screen.

COMPUTER TECH

A Maserati GT. Used to be red.
Now it's matte black.

RODRIGUEZ

Got you!

Waits comes over.

RODRIGUEZ

(to Waits) Put out an APB. (re:
screen) We find this car, we find
Managua... and the girls.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE**INT. PRECINCT - COMMUNICATION CENTER - NIGHT**

A large room buzzing with activity. Radio dispatch operators. A big screen tracking squad cars. Rodriguez checks with the LIEUTENANT in charge.

RODRIGUEZ

Anything on the Maserati?

LIEUTENANT

Not yet.

Rodriguez looks FRUSTRATED. An officer approaches.

OFFICER

Waits is looking for you.

INT. CAPTAIN WAITS OFFICE - NIGHT

Rodriguez enters. McCullough and Wu are with Waits. The Australian Shepherd is on the couch.

WAITS

The UPS trucks turned up.

RODRIGUEZ

(hopeful) Where?

Rodriguez grabs a biscuit and tosses it to the dog - before it starts to growl.

MCCULLOUGH

(unapologetic) Outside Albuquerque.
Empty. They were ditched.

WU

With the first truck getting
busted, they weren't taking any
chances.

WAITS

Any noise on that APB?

RODRIGUEZ

(frustrated) Nothing.

Rodriguez turns and exits.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - NIGHT

A cop gets up from his computer. With no one looking, Jones slips behind the computer - it's still on.

She inputs the license plate of the Escalade. A long rap sheet and a picture of Amare comes up. Jones stares at it.

JONES
You mess with mine, Amare Carter,
you mess with me.

Just then Rodriguez crosses through. She passes Jones.

RODRIGUEZ
(beyond frustrated) The girls are
probably here and being sold right
now.

Rodriguez heads for the interrogation rooms just as Moreno is coming out of one of the rooms. Moreno sees her and shakes his head, exhausted.

MORENO
We've been at him for 5 hours.

Rodriguez is at her breaking point. She MARCHES into the room.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cruz sits behind the table. Rodriguez enters.

RODRIGUEZ
Where's the Warehouse, Cruz?

Cruz says nothing.

RODRIGUEZ
You bought those girls. You were
there. Where is it?!

CRUZ
I don't know what you're talk...

Rodriguez grabs a chair and THROWS it - it SLAMS into the wall above his head.

RODRIGUEZ
WHERE?!

Moreno and O'Brien rush in and grab Rodriguez - trying to cool her down. Rodriguez breaks free and heads out.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOMS - CONTINUOUS

Rodriguez comes storming out of the interrogation room. She's followed by Moreno who calls to some uniformed cops in the hallway.

MORENO

Put him back in holding.

From the bullpen, Jones WATCHES everything. Suddenly she gets an idea and hurries off.

INT. HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

The cops return Cruz to his holding cell and lock him inside. As the cops leave, the CAMERA WIDENS TO REVEAL Jones sitting in the next cell - looking every bit the regular prisoner in her orange jumpsuit.

JONES

'Sup.

Cruz barely gives her a nod.

JONES

They tryin' to grill you, huh?

CRUZ

They can try all they want.

JONES

They got nothing 'til they prove it. Right? (then) Unfortunately for me, they caught my ass red handed. Jacking a Land Cruiser.

Cruz glances over.

JONES

Can't talk your way outta that one. Damn shame, too. I had a whole operation going. 15 employees. I was jacking more cars in Oakland than everyone else combined. Wanna know how?

Cruz is listening. Jones leans in.

JONES

By capitalizing on Oakland's most abundant natural resource - Hookers!

Cruz chuckles.

JONES

I paid 'em a commission every time they spotted one of the rides on my list. That's vertical integration, baby. I was like Viacom.

Cruz laughs. He can't help but enjoy Jones.

JONES

Yeah, those were sweet days. I got to ride some of the finest cars in the world, man. Perks of the job.

CRUZ

Yeah, well I got to ride some of the finest women in the world. Perks of my job.

JONES

Ha! Playa.

Jones FISTS BUMPS him through the bars.

EXT. PRECINCT - BASEMENT GYM - NIGHT

Rodriguez is alone in the very basic gym. She's punching and kicking the HEAVY BAG - blow after blow - working out her frustrations. Moreno appears in the doorway. He watches for a moment. Exhausted, Rodriguez stops kicking and looks at him. She comes over and for a moment rests her forehead on his shoulder. Moreno is surprised. Rodriguez doesn't usually seek comfort like this. He makes sure they're alone, then puts an arm around her.

MORENO

You did everything you could. It's just a messed up world.

A beat, then Rodriguez lifts her head and starts up the stairs.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm not done.

INT. HOLDING CELLS - NIGHT

By this point, Cruz has loosened up. He's talking to Jones freely, one prisoner to another, bragging about his exploits.

CRUZ

Best part was, every time I went to get me a new girl, I'd sample 3 or 4 first. You know what I'm saying? Give 'em a little "test drive".

JONES

Yeah, I knew a place like that. Used to sell cars to a dude there - the "Ghost". My man liked his Maseratis.

CRUZ
Yeah, that's my place.

JONES
Yo, every time I was there, I'd hit this burrito joint around the corner. Odelle's. Crazy good.

CRUZ
Forget that. Two blocks down - they got El Farolito. That place is so legit you could pay 'em in pesos. They got these flautas...

Cruz stops because he sees Jones WALKING OUT OF HER CELL.

CRUZ
What the hell...?

JONES
I'll be sure to tell the Ghost who gave him up. Playa.

INT. PRECINCT - COMMUNICATION CENTER - NIGHT

Rodriguez is checking again on the APB. Still nothing. Suddenly Jones comes rushing in.

JONES
I can find it! Come on!

Rodriguez's eyes light up. She and Jones run for the exit.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT

A seedy part of town at night. Rodriguez and Jones drive past El Farolito.

JONES
There's Farolito.

RODRIGUEZ
Alright, circle out two blocks.

Just then they see two sleek Mercedes cruise through the intersection up ahead.

RODRIGUEZ
Awfully nice cars for this neighborhood.

Jones follows them.

EXT. THE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rodriguez and Jones follow the Mercedes to what looks like an old factory. The Mercedes park near the entrance.

RODRIGUEZ

Keep going.

Jones drives past and pulls into the factory's loading dock. Parked under the overhang is a matte black Maserati GT.

JONES

Looks like we found it.

Rodriguez reaches for the radio.

RODRIGUEZ

(into radio) 17th and Grand. We need back-up. Now!

Near the entrance more cars pull up. Rodriguez sees the men get out and head inside.

RODRIGUEZ

Those are buyers. We can't let them leave with any of the girls.

Rodriguez CHECKS HER GUN to make sure it's fully loaded.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm gonna keep everyone locked down until the good guys show.

Rodriguez gets out of the car. Jones gets out and stops her.

JONES

Wait. You can't just go charging in there alone.

RODRIGUEZ

Talking's not gonna cut it this time. Stay in the car.

Rodriguez heads for the Warehouse.

JONES

Hold up. Maybe I can pull a few guys off you.

Jones crosses to the Maserati. Using her old skills, she quickly BREAKS IN - purposely setting off the alarm.

JONES

Go.

Rodriguez heads inside the factory's rear loading bays.

Hearing the noise, JORGE MANAGUA, 40's, bleached hair, comes running out of the factory's front entrance with two of his men. By this time Jones has hot wired the car and is pulling away.

MANAGUA
(to men) Get my car!

The men run to their cars and TAKE OFF after Jones as Rodriguez slips into the Warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The place is filled with about 40 girls. Several buyers are looking them over. Rodriguez has come in through the back. She hides behind some pallets. Counts bad guys. Aside from the buyers and Managua, there's 5 gunmen left.

EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT

Jones is driving as fast as she can (which is still pretty slow). In the rearview, she sees the two cars speeding towards her.

JONES
Oh, crap.

She tries to go faster, but car chases are not her thing.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rodriguez sees a buyer about to leave with two girls. No way she's gonna let that happen. She fires a shot into the air - BAAM! Everyone jumps. The girls all scream and hit the deck as the gunmen reach for their weapons - but not before Rodriguez BAAM! BAAM! takes two out of them. The other gunmen open fire on Rodriguez - who runs and DIVES behind some pallets for cover.

EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

The two cars catch up with Jones and pull alongside her. The men point their guns.

JONES
It's your boss' car! I wouldn't go shootin' it up.

The men continue to aim at her, but don't fire. They don't dare harm Managua's car. As long as Jones keeps moving she's okay.

JONES
I hate this. I hate this!

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rodriguez is taking heavy fire from several angles. She sees one of Managua's men trying to climb up to the catwalk above her. Shit. He'd have an angle on her. Rodriguez rolls out between pallets and FIRES - hitting the man - who FALLS to the ground with a thud.

Managua is down to two men. He grabs his radio.

MANAGUA
(into radio) Come back! Now!

EXT. MEAT PACKING DISTRICT - NIGHT

Jones is still driving as fast as she can when suddenly the two cars PEEL OFF and head back towards the Warehouse.

JONES
What the hell?

Jones pulls a u-turn - right up over the curb - and heads for the Warehouse.

JONES
I just drove on the sidewalk.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Rodriguez is still pinned down. She pops her magazine out to check rounds. Only four bullets left.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Jones pulls up to the Warehouse and sees the two men already out of their cars. Both of the men are climbing the outer fire escape towards an upper level window. She can hear Managua's voice calling through the radio.

MANAGUA (OVER RADIO)
Get up on the walk!

Jones realizes they're gonna sneak up on Rodriguez. With the car still running, she gets out.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rodriguez is still pinned down. She doesn't see the two men enter from the fire escape onto the catwalk above her.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jones grabs a big HUNK OF CONCRETE from a pothole in the street. She props it on the Maserati's accelerator.

The engine ROARS. Jones pops the car into drive and the Maserati SCREECHES off.

INT. WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The two men are on the catwalks above the unsuspecting Rodriguez. One has his LASER SIGHT on the back of her head. He's about to squeeze the trigger when... SMASH!

The Maserati comes CRASHING through the big blacked-out window directly below the fire escape. It PLOWS into the catwalk's vertical support beams. The MEN FALL as the catwalk CRASHES to the ground. Rodriguez rolls out and grabs one of the fallen men's assault rifles. She hops up into a crouch and BAAM! BAAM! - takes out the two remaining men.

She looks around for Managua and sees him - escaping! She doesn't have an angle - girls are in the way. Managua runs out through the huge shattered window when suddenly WHAM! - he's LEVELED by a swinging two-by-four. Jones steps in through the window holding the wood. She looks down at the unconscious Managua.

JONES
What up, Ghost?

Jones then looks over and finds Rodriguez.

JONES
You okay?

RODRIGUEZ
Better now that you're here.

We hear sirens approaching. The back up is arriving. Rodriguez looks at the 40 or so girls who just got their lives back. They are all crying, hugging each other. She did it.

INT. PRECINCT - BREAK ROOM - THE NEXT DAY

Jones is cleaning up when suddenly A HUGE RAT flies towards her. She SCREAMS and SMACKS AT IT with her mop until she realizes its just a big plastic toy. She turns and sees Rodriguez, laughing, chewing on a Red Vine.

JONES
That's not funny.

RODRIGUEZ
Was from where I'm standing. (then)
I ran those bank numbers from
Stilton's apartment.
(MORE)

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

He was getting paid from a shell company called Gran Especial.

JONES

You think that leads to Mr. Big?

RODRIGUEZ

Only one way to find out. But I'll need a driver. You in?

Jones smiles.

JONES

You mean bust the son of a bitch who framed me? Hell yeah I'm in.

Rodriguez smiles and tosses Jones the car keys.

JONES

Did you get permission?

RODRIGUEZ

Actually did this time.

JONES

Hmm. Kinda takes the fun out of it. (then) You know where we've gotta start, right?

Jones gives her a look. Rodriguez understands.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm ready.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

Rows and rows of white headstones on the sprawling green grass. Rodriguez kneels at the grave of her brother.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm sorry I haven't been here, Joey. It's just... well, I'm back now. And I'm not giving up.

Jones, standing 20 yards away, calls out.

JONES

That's right. Deal with those feelings, E-Rod. That's real courage. (calling out) Anybody want to see real courage, it's happening right over there! Right now!

Rodriguez smiles, then turns back to Joey's grave.

RODRIGUEZ

Oh yeah, and I've got some new help.

(then, tearing up)

I miss you, Joey. God, I miss you so much.

Rodriguez kisses her hand and touches the grave. She gets up and heads over to Jones.

RODRIGUEZ

Alright. Gran Especial. So tell me. How would a criminal approach this?

They start walking back to the car.

JONES

I wouldn't know anything about that, officer. But I do know, if we're gonna strategize, it's best done over a big bowl of buffalo stew.

The two women reach the car.

RODRIGUEZ

You know, if we work together, there's a good chance I'll end up shooting you.

JONES

That's okay. There's a good chance I'll end up banging Moreno.

Rodriguez stops, shocked. No one knows this.

JONES

You can't keep secrets from me. The trustee sees it all.

Jones gets in behind the wheel. Rodriguez smiles. This is going to be interesting. She gets in the car too. The CAMERA PULLS BACK as the car pulls away.

END OF SHOW