

**SAFE HARBOR**

"Whatevs"

by Jason Richman

2.12.18

5th Revised Network Draft

©2018, ABC Studios. All rights reserved. This material is the exclusive property of ABC Studios and is intended solely for the use of its personnel. Distribution to unauthorized persons or reproduction, in whole or in part, without the written consent of ABC Studios is strictly prohibited.

**INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY**

A mom-n-pop place. POP (Asian, 50), sits behind the counter scratching a lottery ticket. The door JINGLES but Pop's too wrapped up to notice. As Pop realizes he's won fifty bucks --

GUNMAN (O.S.)  
Empty the register.

-- he looks up at a terrifying sight - A GUNMAN, face shrouded in DAZZLE-CAMO paint, applied in geometric shapes, seemingly warping his features, making him appear almost alien. Off this haunted marauder --

GUNMAN (CONT'D)  
You can keep the scratcher.

SMASH TO:

THE SUN - glinting off a mission church bell --

BELLAROSA (V.O.)  
How lucky are we...  
...to live in a place like this.

As we go aerial to behold -- San Francisco, tiering down to the water. The Bay Bridge spans across the blue gulf.

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - DAY - VARIOUS TABLEAU SHOTS OF:**

With the new Sales Force Tower building, looming in the distance, find people jogging and biking along the water --

BELLAROSA (V.O.)  
Sunshine, fresh air...

THE HARBOR: CRUISE AND CONTAINER SHIPS CUED UP --

BELLAROSA (V.O.)  
People come here from all over.

Storefront signs in different languages, street markets, fruit stands, parklets, murals, upstairs, downstairs --

BELLAROSA (V.O.)  
Every race, color, and creed...  
This is our little paradise. And  
I've done my best to keep it that  
way. My whole life...

AS WE SETTLE ON: THE MISSION POLICE PRECINCT. CAPTAIN ARTHUR BELLAROSA (60'S), tough and sage, stands on the steps, addressing his cops and staff, listening, rapt as --

CAPTAIN BELLAROSA

So I thank you for your service and your commitment. And I leave you with something my training officer told me my first day on the job. At some point, you're gonna walk into the worst moment of a person's life. But it can also be the best. You'll be the difference between those two outcomes.  
(fighting emotion)  
Keep being the difference out there-

The cops stiffen to salute Bellarosa, who walks through them to where TWO IA SUITS wait. He flashes a smug grin --

CAPTAIN BELLAROSA (CONT'D)

Do it by the book, boys.

-- then oddly, he places his hands behind his back. You can hardly hear over the chorus of cops, now BOOING as --

IA SUIT

Captain Arthur Bellarosa, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you...

We reveal local news crews filming the whole scene. And off Bellarosa, being lead away in cuffs, PRELAP:

ORI (V.O.)

This isn't my angry voice, Ellis!

**INT. CLOVERFIELD HOUSE - BEDROOM - POTRERO HILL - DAY**

ORIANA 'ORI' CLOVERFIELD (35), struggles to cinch her hair into a low-bun while crimping her neck to hold the phone --

ORI

This is my running-late-and-in-no-mood-to-discuss-your-secretary-picking-our-son-up-from-school voice! ...Why? I don't know, maybe it has something to do with me finding the two of you, where was that again? Oh yeah, IN OUR BED! Ellis, ELLIS! Don't you dare cut me off...!

WE SMASH TO:

CHOP! A knife cleaves a tomato.

**INT. CLOVERFIELD HOUSE - KITCHEN - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY**

HANDS expertly poach, saute, chop, dice -- all with a chef's touch! PAN UP to find these HANDS belong to ANGELO (11), Ori's precocious son, as Ori emerges in a police uniform --

ORI  
Okay... how do I look?

ANGELO  
Like a cop. Who's been yelling at dad.

She smirks. Angelo hands her a brown bagged --

ANGELO (CONT'D)  
BLT.

ORI  
Yum! Sounds --

ANGELO  
Beet, Lentil and Tofu.

ORI  
(crestfallen)  
-- healthy.

ANGELO  
Sorry mom, but everybody knows cops eat like crap and you'll never meet a man if your ass gets fat.

ORI  
I already have a man, honey. He's a great kid, an amazing chef, and a sport for going along with this.

ANGELO  
Don't get all huggy. I'm just hoping to score an X-box out of it.

Their attention is drawn to the TV as an ANCHOR reports on --

ANCHOR (ON TV)  
...the beleaguered Mission Precinct whose Captain was indicted last week for corruption. The latest in a series of scandals leaving trust between the department and the community at an all time low...

ANGELO  
You sure you really want this job?

INT. MISSION PRECINCT - SQUAD ROOM/BULL PEN - DAY

A morning briefing. LT. PETE DAYGLER (55), old salt, hard edged Watch Commander, addresses a room full of cops --

DAYGLER

Ladies and gentlemen, let's welcome the department's newest recruit, Officer Oriana Cloverfield --  
(off Ori, bashful)  
-- who gave up a high paying corporate legal profession for a low paying career with you losers!

Laughs all around. Somebody coughs out --

COP (O.S.)

MILF!

DAYGLER

Okay, settle down. Let's start with what's on everybody's mind. The new captain...  
(amid Boooos)  
He won't be named for another week.

COP (O.S.)

Maybe it'll be you, L-T!

Everybody CHEERS! Ori has to smile at the spirited group --

DAYGLER

Sorry, new command always comes in from outside. But I know we're all gonna be on our best behavior when he shows up, aren't we?  
(off grumbles)  
Good. Now on to police business...

Daygler nods to a board, displaying various surveillance camera shots of the DAZZLE-CAMO robber we saw earlier.

DAYGLER (CONT'D)

Our boy struck again last night. Chico's liquor on Pacific. In and out in thirty seconds. I.D. is looking unlikely, given the face paint so we're going to have to amp up our response time. You get that 2-1-1, you go in hot. Let's pull this nut-burger off the street. Okay, Detective Anahmi, you're up.

DET. JUSTIN ANAHMI (35), strides up. One look at this slick, plain clothes cop and you know he rides alone. He flips the board, revealing mug shots of menacing, tatted Latino men.

ANAHMI

Most of you are familiar with these cuties, our friendly neighborhood street gang, the Varrios Locos - who have managed to get their hands on four keys of freshly smuggled cartel coke. A big step up for them and bigger problem for us if a new drug corridor opens up down here. My C-I tells me they plan to offload the stuff tomorrow morning. Short notice, I know, but I'm gonna need some unis for the bust.

DAYGLER

Barkley, Holdenkamp, Chizo -- you and your partner wives are on the detail.

ON OFFICER EZME CHIZO (*Chee-zo*) - (25, Latina, tightly wound), hides her worry at this news. But her partner, ALVIN DEETS DIETRICH (26, black, boyish) clocks it. Then, sotto --

DEETS

You gonna say something?

CHIZO

About what?

DEETS

(*Seriously?*)

Your brother, what do you think? --

CHIZO

I think you should shut your hole.

Off Deets, shaking his head in annoyance, we SWING TO:

DAYGLER

That's all for now. Keep your eyes open, watch your butts, and let's make a difference out there...

As the cops disperse, Daygler approaches Ori --

DAYGLER (CONT'D)

Picked a hell of a week to start.

ORI

Apparently. Rowdy bunch.

DAYGLER

And loyal. Cops don't like change.  
Ah! Here he is. Your field training  
officer, Sergeant Frank Griffiths.

Ori turns to the COP, (45), hair a bit too mussed, face a bit  
too sun-kissed. As Daygler peels away --

GRIFF

Call me Griff.

ORI

Griff. Okay. I am... really looking  
forward to working with you and  
learning the ropes and I just want  
you to know that I'm gonna pull my  
weight one thousand percent.

GRIFF

Whatevs. Car's out front.

And he goes, leaving Ori thrown as Anahmi approaches --

ANAHMI

Hey, there. I just wanted to  
welcome you to the department.

ORI

Thanks. Anahmi, right?

ANAHMI

But people call me Anahmi of One.

PASSING COP

No one calls him that!

ANAHMI

Listen, if you want the inside  
scoop on this place, I know a quiet  
spot, great wine, killer record  
collection, and an ocean view  
that'll take your breath away.

ORI

Would that quiet spot also be your  
apartment?

Anahmi flashes a smile impervious to rejection.

ANAHMI

Or we could go out someplace.  
(handing her a card)  
My number. Call anytime. Text  
anytime. Key word is...

ORI  
(when pigs fly)  
Anytime. Got it.

With that, Ori peels away, passing --

OFFICER CHARLIE SCOODERERRO (37), total hunk... of few words and oblivious to all the women checking him out while his partner, STANLEY MUDD (36), likable and loyal, laments --

MUDD  
No alcohol, no hot baths; this in-  
vetro thing is killing me. And  
these boxers Sarah's got me in?  
It's like gravity's pulling my boys  
toward the Earth's core.

CHARLIE  
You have been walking kinda funny.

MUDD  
Worst part is, until I raise my  
sperm count, she won't make her  
famous tzatziki!

CHARLIE  
I love Sarah's tzatziki.

MUDD  
My procreation ain't just a 'ME'  
problem, partner. Can't you talk  
to her? My wife'll listen to you --

Passing Daygler's office --

DAYGLER  
Charlie! A minute?  
(as Mudd follows)  
Alone.

Mudd looks on through the glass like a puppy who's owner tied him up outside a store as Charlie enters DAYGLER'S OFFICE --

DAYGLER (CONT'D)  
Your paperwork has been approved.

Charlie's relief is barely perceptible. As is his fear.

DAYGLER (CONT'D)  
You sure you want to do this?

CHARLIE  
Don't want to, sir. Have to.



DAYGLER

Okay, son. But it's in the system now. You know word's gonna get out.

A bit apprehensive, Charlie nods then exits to --

MUDD

What was that about?

CHARLIE

Nuthin'.

Off Mudd, suspicious - *Didn't look like nuthin'*, we PRELAP:

GRIFF (V.O.)

Quite a mystery.

**INT. GRIFF'S CRUISER - ON PATROL - DAY**

Griff drives Ori through the Streets of Long Beach.

GRIFF

You leaving a cushy job for this.

ORI

You mean helping people? Doing something that actually matters? What's so strange about wanting to make a difference?

GRIFF

Just saying, it's a big life change. Divorce makes people do crazy things.

(off her glare)

Guess it was a good guess.

ORI

Separated. Eight months. And not a factor. Go to the same office, sit at the same desk long enough, you realize there must be more to life.

GRIFF

Still, kinda late in the game to be starting on patrol. I'm guessing there's more to that story.

ORI

(utterly offended)

And what about your story, deputy dinosaur? Three stripes and still a beat grunt.

GRIFF

Is that what you see?

ORI

I don't think you want to know what I see.

GRIFF

And I don't think you want to bite the hand that writes your training report.

ORI

Whatevs...

DISPATCH (V.O.)

415 in progress, 600 north Elm.  
Man in Santa suit with sword...

Ori picks up the radio --

GRIFF

What're you doing?

ORI

Responding to the call.

GRIFF

(hanging up the radio)

Yeah, I don't do calls. My thing is revenue generation. So what do you say we write some tickets? Look at that. Busted tail light, nine O'clock. Like manna from asphalt.

Ori watches, irritated, as Griff *WUP-WUP!* pulls the car over. She grabs her citation pad and as she opens the door --

ORI

You coming?

GRIFF

I'm here to observe.

Off Ori's eye roll, Griff pulls out a crossword puzzle --

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Five letters, young oak, hm...

**EXT. (TBD) SHOP - DAY**

A BURGLAR ALARM RINGS. Chizo and Deets walk the perimeter, shining their lights in the window, seeing --

CHIZO (INTO RADIO)  
Unit 503, we're at the 10-20, no  
sign of forced entry.

As they walk back to the car, Deets broods. She lets him  
stew for a moment, then --

CHIZO (CONT'D)  
You wanna spit it out before you  
have a stroke?

DEETS  
You've been bitching about your  
brother hanging around the Locos.

CHIZO  
He grew up with some of those guys.  
They're his friends. That's all...

DEETS  
They just put you on the NARC  
detail. It's a conflict.

CHIZO  
It's not your problem.

DEETS  
Hell, it isn't. I'm on track for  
detective. But if I know you're  
worried he'll get swept up in that  
bust and you go and say the wrong  
thing that might tip him off, then  
me knowing what you know makes me  
accessory to cop treason!

CHIZO  
You think I'm that dumb?!

DEETS (CONT'D)  
I'm not saying that --

CHIZO  
Then what are you saying? Ten  
words or less, for once.

DEETS  
I know you, partner! You get a  
look when you're about to do  
something you shouldn't. I'm  
warning you. Don't go near him  
until this sting goes down.

CHIZO  
My brother makes his own stupid  
choices, alright? I ain't his  
mommy. And you're not mine.

DISPATCH (V.O.) (OVER RADIOS)  
All units, 2-1-1 in progress, Alma  
Market, Code 3, Code 3.

DEETS  
Face paint guy!

As they run back to the cruiser, we SMASH TO:

**EXT. ALMA MARKET AND LIQUOR - DAY**

Mudd, Charlie and another cruiser pull up, sirens whirling. They exit their vehicles. Charlie and Mudd draw and split, moving toward the door with unspoken unity.

As they sidle up to the entrance... the DAZZLE CAMO GUNMAN bolts from a back door, taking them off guard --

MUDD  
Go get 'em, Charlie!

Charlie, the designated badass, bolts after the guy like a Rottweiler. The others fade in the B.G., trying to keep up. The Gunman darts toward a bunch of cars cued up at a light. As Charlie closes, drawing his weapon, the Gunman yanks a man from a YELLOW FORD TAURUS, jumps in and drives off --

But Charlie is relentless, keeping on the jacked car, which drags some in traffic. As Charlie gains, he glimpses part of the Gunman's warped face in the cracked driver's side mirror.

The Gunman's eyes WIDEN, as if stunned to see this Terminator of a cop on his tail. He floors it, blowing an intersection, clipping an SUV, which rolls and skids --

The pursuit becomes a rescue as Charlie bolts toward the SUV, as it skids to a stop. He finds A YOUNG WOMAN trapped inside. The doors won't open. And then, he smells --

FUEL - it's leaking. The SUV LIGHTS UP! The Young Woman bangs on the window, SHRIEKING --

YOUNG WOMAN  
Help me! PLEASE..!

The SUV fills with smoke. The woman coughs, GASPING now. Thinking fast, Charlie takes out his tactical knife --

CHARLIE  
Cover your eyes!

She does. Charlie SLAMS the knife handle's WINDOW PUNCH against the glass, furiously, again and again until --

A CRACK ripples up the window. Charlie elbows out the glass. He reaches in and yanks the Young Woman out --

WOMAN

Thank you! Thank you...!

As he carries her away, the SUV IS ENGULFED IN FLAMES! The woman collapses in Charlie's arms, sobbing, clinging to him --

CHARLIE

You're okay. I got you.

Cruisers SCREECH up, including Chizo and Deets. Officers attack the fire with extinguishers. Mudd arrives on foot. The cops literally have to PRY this woman out of Charlie's arms. As they lead her off, she reaches back for him --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Yellow Ford Taurus, plate number  
Bravo-Tango-7-7-2-Victor-Romeo.

MUDD

Somebody call it in!  
(checking Charlie over)  
You okay, partner?

CHARLIE

(seething)  
He got away.

MUDD

(you did good, buddy)  
We'll get 'em. Matter of time.

CHIZO

Good going, Charlie.

DEETS

And so you know, we're behind you  
all the way.

They pat Charlie on the back. As they move on --

MUDD

Behind you for what?

Charlie shrugs, *Beats Me*. But off Mudd, starting to wonder --

**EXT. STREET - NEXT DAY**

ON A PINK MERCEDES - Ori is at the window, writing a ticket. The LADY DRIVER (60, pink sweatsuit), clutches a Pomeranian (pink sweater), which growls at Ori as we hear a loudspeaker.

GRIFF (O.S.)  
Officer Cloverfield, don't forget  
the VIN number!

Ori shoots dagger eyes at Griff, who's in the cruiser --

                  GRIFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
And never turn your back to the  
driver. Aaaaanything can happen.

Ori can barely contain her irritation. But as she hands the  
Old Lady the ticket - she clocks a YELLOW SEDAN driving past.

**INT. GRIFF'S CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER**

Griff does his crossword. Through the windshield, we see Ori  
hauling ass back to the cruiser. As she jumps in --

                  ORI  
Yellow Taurus, heading South!  
                  (off Griff, So?)  
The face-paint guy?!

                  GRIFF  
You sure?

Off her death glare, Griff starts up and pulls away. CUT TO:

**EXT. HUNTER'S POINT/INT. GRIFF'S CRUISER - DAY**

THE CRUISER pulls behind the Yellow Taurus, far enough to  
avoid being noticed but close enough to see --

                  ORI  
Bravo-Tango-7-7-2... plate's a  
match -- it's him!

                  GRIFF  
                  (into radio)  
Unit one-seven, heading East on  
Ninth, requesting assistance --

But the Taurus TEARS AWAY. Exhilarated, Ori hits the siren --

                  ORI  
Here we go!

Griff chases, siren wailing. They approach an intersection --

                  ORI (CONT'D)  
Soccer Mom, three O'Clock..!

GRIFF

I see it!

He SWERVES, arcing around a mini-van --

ORI

Open lane on your right --

GRIFF

I'm the mentor, you're the mentee!

ORI (CONT'D)

Just trying to be helpful.

GRIFF

QUIET WOULD BE HELPFUL!!

And we GO AERIAL, tracking the chase from above, hearing Ori notifying dispatch as the Taurus pulls onto --

ORI (V.O.) (INTO RADIO

Suspect heading south on 3rd, alert  
Port Police, we're coming in hot --

**EXT. PORT - DAY**

The chase heads into the port complex. The two cars swerve amid the maze of containers, like X-Wing fighters in an asteroid field. The Taurus turns down a massive pier --

GRIFF

That's a dead end. He's toast!

As if reading Griff's mind, the Taurus slows enough for the Gunman to bail out. Ori releases her safety belt --

ORI

We got a runner!

GRIFF

Wait for backup..!

But she's already out the door, chasing the Gunman into the container maze. Griff - *God damn it!* - tears down a parallel corridor, looking through the gaps, getting a bead on them.

He FLOORS IT then turns-tight down a narrow container aisle, expecting to cut them off, but sees -- THE GUNMAN turn down that same aisle, running his way --

Griff stops and opens his door but -- the passage is too narrow. The Gunman runs up the hood of his cruiser and over. Ori is right behind him, hauling ass up the hood. Griff eyes the REAR VIEW, seeing Ori touch down as we SMASH TO:

ORI - sprinting after the Gunman across the yard. The Gunman climbs onto a MASSIVE CONTAINER CRANE, which is moving.

Workers clear a path as Ori chases him to -- A STAIRWELL, narrow and nearly vertical. As they charge up, THE ENTIRE BAY rises behind them like a huge post card.

They reach the midway control platform, tiering high over the water. Footholds are treacherous. Architecture literally moves around them as the crane pulls containers from a ship.

The gunman jumps a guard rail. Ori goes over but gets SNAGGED HARD -- hung up on her utility belt. She dangles awkwardly. *FUCK!* As she struggles to right herself --

The Gunman turns, revealing our first close look - AND IT IS SCARY. The face-paint bends his features, giving him a monstrous appearance as he approaches Ori -- WITH A GUN. Ori's heart POUNDS! She furtively reaches for her weapon. He tics his head - *Nah-ah*. And now she's at his Mercy.

GUNMAN

I'm not a killer.

ORI

Then drop your weapon. We can talk this through...

Oddly, he finds that humorous. But the gallows smile fades as he peers down at the matchbox cop cars gathering below --

GUNMAN

I can't go back.

With that, he turns and walks away. Ori draws on him --

ORI

Stop!

But he doesn't.

ORI (CONT'D)

I will shoot you, Sir!

But she doesn't as he reaches the very end of the CRANE ARM, extending high over the water. He peers down at the ocean, white-capping below. And just like that -- *Holy Fuck!* --

ORI (CONT'D)

Noooo!

He steps over the side. Off Ori, EYES SHELL-SHOCKED WIDE! --

END ACT ONE



ACT II

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

A helicopter circles above. Ori watches a hive of cops and techs, processing the Yellow Taurus. Griff approaches --

GRIFF

Dock worker just showed up for his shift. His locker was pried open, his coveralls and hard hat were missing. The Perp's wet jacket was found in a trash bin nearby. We're thinking that's how he slipped out.

ORI

He wasn't going to be taken in. He was willing to die.

GRIFF

Man gets desperate, in his mind, he didn't have a choice. But you did.  
(off her sharp look)  
You kiss your son this morning?  
Tell him you loved him? Could have been your last chance. You should have waited for help.

Deets emerges from the pack of cops around the Taurus --

DEETS

Carjacking victim arrived 15 minutes ago. He was directed to search his vehicle; front seat, rear, glove, trunk, side panels...

CHIZO

We get it, Deets. The point..?

DEETS

Everything in the car belonged to the owner, except --  
(exhibiting plastic bags)  
Two dollars, thirty eight cents in change, a pair of cheap shades, a Butterfinger I estimate to be five-eighths consumed. ...Oh, and what appears to be a grocery list, on a crumpled piece of stationary, embossed... "Harbor Senior Living."

GRIFF

Way to save the best part for last, kid.

**INT. HARBOR SENIOR LIVING - RETIREMENT HOME - DAY**

Ori, Griff and a few other officers follow a Filipina NURSE down the hall.

NURSE

He must have made three trips,  
carrying all those groceries.  
She's stocked up for a month.

The Nurse opens a door to a room, where -- an ELDERLY WOMAN lies convalescing amid CASES OF GROCERIES. Ori glances at the crumpled *Harbor Senior Living* stationary --

ORI

Yep, all this stuff is on the list.

NURSE

Alicia Ortega. Poor thing, the home was going to evict her but her son settled the bills.

GRIFF

In cash, I'm guessing.

NURSE

He comes everyday. Stays for hours.

ORI

Mrs. Ortega, we'd like to find your son. We just want to talk to him.

Mrs. Ortega glares at them through cloudy eyes --

MRS. ORTEGA

You said that last time. Took him away, just to talk. Never brought him back. Get out.

Off Ori and Griff, trading eyes, we CUT TO:

**INT. MISSION PRECINCT - NIGHT**

ON A LATINO MAN. Widen to see it's a mug shot on a board as Daygler convenes cops and detectives for a manhunt meeting.

DAYGLER

James Ortega, forty-five. Thirty years back he robs a market on 18th and blows the cashier away. He does a three dime bid, gets paroled six months ago and picks up where he left off. So what's his next move?

DEETS

Can't go back to his mother. I'm  
him, I lay low and get loaded.

DAYGLER

No substance use. P.O. says he was  
trying to go straight, get a job --

CHIZO

Disclosure regs; murder doesn't  
look so good on an application.

ORI (O.S.)

He said he didn't do it.

Amid laughs, eyes shoot to Ori, who we didn't know was there.

GRIFF

All cons say that, Cloverfield.

ORI

Maybe we should give the old case  
another look. Might be something  
there. Witness, a contact...

DAYGLER

(no one asked you)  
Thanks for your input,  
officer --

ORI (CONT'D)

-- He was 15 when he went  
away. Who can he turn to  
now? Maybe he looks up an  
old friend --

DAYGLER

-- Maybe you should have pulled the  
trigger when you had the chance!  
Ortega's a convicted killer. I  
hope no one else dies because you  
didn't do your job.

Harsh words. Off Ori, all eyes on her --

**INT. FIRST GRADE CLASSROOM - NIGHT**

*PARENT NIGHT* is written on a blackboard. LILY (7, adorable),  
stands, trying not to look at her paper as she recites --

LILLY

I'm proud because she wants to keep  
me safe. And also everyone else.

Lilly looks over at her proud mom, Chizo, who smiles, seeing  
her brother, Daniel, slip in amid the parents.

LILLY (CONT'D)  
So, if you're scared or need help,  
call my mom. Her number is 9...  
(looks at paper)  
1 - 1.

Amid charmed laughs and applause, we CUT TO:

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT**

Chizo, Daniel, and Lilly walk the hall amid parents and kids.

DANIEL  
How'd you memorize all that?  
You're the smartest niece I got.

LILLY  
I'm your only one, silly.

As Lily runs off, Chizo sees the *LOCOS* gang tattoo, creeping out from Daniel's sleeve. She tries to bite her tongue, but --

CHIZO  
Oh, Daniel... I, uh, need you to  
drop Lily at school tomorrow.

DANIEL  
Sorry, I'm busy tomorrow.

CHIZO  
At eight a.m.? Doing what?

DANIEL  
...Helping a friend move.

CHIZO  
What friend?

DANIEL  
You don't know him.

CHIZO  
Cause he's your imaginary friend?  
I thought we talked about you going  
back for your degree.

DANIEL  
You were doing all the talking.

She YANKS up his sleeve, revealing the tattoo. Heads turn --

CHIZO  
When did you get this?

DANIEL (CONT'D)  
Keep it down...

CHIZO

(in hushed tones)

You see any old Locos walking  
around out there? You run with a  
gang, you got an expiration date.

DANIEL

They're my friends --

CHIZO

They're thugs! You think because  
they give you a gun, it makes you  
somebody? You throw your life away  
while the guy at the top gets rich.

DANIEL

Like your Captain? He gave you a  
gun -- he got pretty rich.

CHIZO

It's not the same --

DANIEL

Tell yourself that. There's two  
gangs in this town, us and you.

CHIZO

And we're always gonna win. Walk  
away.

DANIEL

What would that make me? I love  
you, Ez, but I swore an oath. Same  
as you.

Daniel goes. Off Chizo, heartbroken, we CUT TO:

**INT. MISSION PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT**

Mudd and Charlie enter, surprised to see (*HIS*) graffiti'd on  
Mudd's locker while Charlie's is tagged (*HERS*).

MUDD

The hell is this about?

CHARLIE

Don't know.

MUDD

Of course... you don't know.

Mudd opens his locker, stewing -- then SLAMS IT SHUT!!

MUDD (CONT'D)

I think you do know! Something's going on here. You gonna make me guess..?

Charlie stares back, stoic. Mudd's eyes flare - *Well?*

CHARLIE

I'm not sure how to say it.

MUDD

Now you got me worried. Is it cancer, a brain tumor?

CHARLIE

It's not that --

MUDD (CONT'D)

Whatever it is, you know I'll help you through it, so you might as well just rip off the --

CHARLIE

I'm transitioning.

MUDD

What, you're... you're moving to another department?

CHARLIE

No. Another gender. Department has agreed to cover the insurance.

And it's a SLOOOOOOW dawning for --

MUDD

Are you saying you wanna be a..?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

Mudd's eyes drift to the graffiti'd *HERS* - then back to Charlie, who nods, just a tic, but it's confirmation.

MUDD

Okay, I mean, we've ridden together what, twelve years? Always had each other's backs, close as brothers...  
(but then)  
And THIS is how I find out? From a god damn locker?! And apparently, me, your own partner, is the last guy on the force to know about it!

CHARLIE

I'm sorry --

MUDD

Sorry don't cut it! They used to call us Bert and Ernie, man! What the hell are they gonna call us now?

Mudd storms off, leaving Charlie feeling like shit. CUT TO:

**INT. MISSION PRECINCT - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT**

A file clerk, JOE (50), sits at the counter, swiping profiles on Tinder. But he pockets it as he sees --

DAYGLER

Evening, Joe. I need the arrest record on a James Ortega. Goes back thirty years.

JOE

And thirty minutes too late. One of your officers just took it out.

DAYGLER

Which Officer?

**INT. ORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ori sets ORTEGA'S FILE on the counter, along with her keys. We follow her into THE DINING ROOM to see -- Angelo asleep at the table, where he's prepared a veritable feast - gone cold.

Emotion surges in Ori, Griff's words ringing - she almost didn't come home at all. Angelo stirs, squinting her in --

ANGELO

What's wrong?

ORI

Nothing, sweetie. I'm just happy to be home. Sorry I missed dinner.

**INT. ANGELO'S ROOM - LATER**

As she tucks Angelo in --

ANGELO

Dad called.

ORI

Was he mad? Cause I texted. And you were only alone a few hours...

ANGELO

I wasn't alone. I was with Nina Chin; a math major, working on her PHD. She plays frisbee golf, builds robots, and uses her babysitting money for micro lending.

ORI

He bought it..?

ANGELO

(totally)  
You're welcome.

ORI

I'm surprised he didn't ask for her number. Crap. That slipped out.

He smiles, she smiles - then she turns down the lights --

ANGELO

When you were late, I was worried. That something bad happened to you. But I know if something did, it would mean you helped someone who really needed it.

Ori takes a raw, speechless moment, which she cannot hide. Tears gather in her eyes as she gazes at Angelo, amazed --

ORI

Sometimes I really doubt myself. Then I look at you and I know I did at least one thing right. I love you so much, honey.

ANGELO

Love you, too.

She kisses him on the cheek, and we CUT TO:

**INT. CLOVERFIELD HOUSE - ORI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Ori, in a robe, hair post-shower wet, sits crossed-leg on her bed, the ORTEGA FILE spread out. We see: OLD MUG SHOTS of JAMES ORTEGA (15), young and scared. A RECENT parole photo.

Ori flips through the 30 year old arrest report, her eyes flaring at a name --

*SGT. BELLAROSA*

in old typewriter print, as we CUT TO:



**EXT. ORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT - SAME**

A MAN scales the drainpipe, furtively slipping through Ori's open bedroom window. Her back is to him. As he walks ominously toward, she turns and, surprisingly, smiles --

ORI  
You're early.

Reverse on GREG, ORI'S 22-YEAR-OLD, dashing boyfriend --

GREG  
I keep sneaking into your house,  
neighbor's liable to call the cops.

ORI  
We are the cops. I can't have my  
son finding out about us.

GREG  
You know how that sounds, right?

ORI  
It's not what I meant. I just... I  
have to be careful.

GREG  
He can handle it.

ORI  
A divorce, moving, a new school,  
it's a lot of change. If you're  
not okay with it, I understand --

GREG  
All the guys at the Academy, why  
did you pick me?

ORI  
Ethics class, you were the star  
pupil, felt like a safe bet.  
(then seriously)  
I thought we picked each other.

GREG  
Hmn. I don't know. Sometimes I  
get the feeling I'm just helping  
you get even with your ex.

ORI  
(laughs)  
That's ridiculous.  
(off Greg *Is it?*)  
Fine.

(MORE)

ORI (CONT'D)

I admit, at first, I thought after twelve years of marriage, why couldn't I have a little fun too? I wasn't expecting, you know--

GREG

You can't even finish the sentence!

ORI

To like you. Okay? So much. I don't know. You're nice, smart, I trust you... but you're twenty-two, Greg. It's a little threatening. You could have anybody.

GREG

I don't want anybody. I want you.

He kisses her deeply and drops her robe --

GREG (CONT'D)

But I'm not coming here anymore unless it's through the front door.

**EXT. HUNTER'S POINT - UNDER THE FREEWAY - DAY**

MONTAGE: COPS GEAR UP, checking weapons, kevlar, as we hear --

ANAHMI (V.O.)

Four kilos of coke trading hands deep in gang territory; surprise is everything.

Anahmi WHITE-BOARDS a briefing for 20 cops in tac-gear, Chizo and Deets among them. Among the photos of the gangsters, Anahmi points to one of a face-tatted Latino man (30) --

ANAHMI

Alejandro Vasquez, AKA, Baby Joker. King of the Locos. Usually keeps his hands clean, so this'll be a rare opportunity to grab him.

But Chizo is focussed on a photo of her brother, Daniel --

DEETS

Rules of engagement?

ANAHMI

Locos take their blood oath seriously. One starts popping off, they'll all jump in... then it's death by cop.

Off Chizo, in a world of worry, eying her brother's photo --  
SWING TO Deets, whose look she's avoiding as we CUT TO:

**EXT. HUNTER'S POINT - DAY**

FOUR VEHICLES are parked in an old shipyard on the water.  
Gangsters and buyers, faced off for a coke deal. A huge  
mural of Chavez and Zapata rises behind them. Suddenly-

A CHORUS OF SIRENS. Gangsters scatter like a rack of pool  
balls. But police vehicles flood in, disgorging cops. As  
hands go up, find DANIEL. He locks eyes with HIS SISTER.  
Gives her a knowing, smug look. DEETS CLOCKS IT as --

ANAHMI

Get em on the ground!

Daniel is thrown down. As thugs are cuffed, the Locos' face-  
tatted leader, BABY JOKER (30) grins up at Anahmi --

BABY JOKER

I didn't do it.

ANAHMI

Didn't do what?

BABY JOKER

I don't know, kemosabe, but  
whatever it is, it wasn't me.

ANAHMI

We'll see about that. The Ford.  
Coke is in the spare.

A Narc-cop pops the trunk. He daggers the spare, pulling out  
four white bricks. He knives the cake, does a tongue-tap --

NARC COP

Tastes like... Pop Rocks.

Amid gangsters, laughing now --

BABY JOKER

Maybe they should call you Anahmi  
of NONE!

ANAHMI

They were tipped off.

As Anahmi storms away in a fury, we SWING TO CHIZO as DEETS  
GLARES HER DOWN, suspecting she's responsible.

END ACT TWO

ACT III

INT. MISSION PRECINCT - STAIRWELL - DAY

Ori sits on the steps, ORTEGA FILE in her lap, obviously not wanting to be heard as she talks on her cell to --

ORI

...Yes, Mr. Alvarez, I know it was 30 years ago but you were the only witness to the shooting in that market. After you identified Mr. Ortega in the line-up... You never I.D.'d Ortega? Are you sure..?

Off Ori, thinking there's more to Ortega's story --

INT. MISSION PRECINCT - DAY

Anahmi's team rolls in, post bust. Deets catches up to Chizo. As he tugs her into A SIDE HALLWAY --

DEETS

You see your brother last night?

CHIZO

So what if I did?! --

ORI enters from the stairwell. Hearing hushed tones around the corner, she tries to leave but the DOOR LOCKS behind her.

DEETS

Bellarosa just got indicted! New captain comes in, he's gonna put this place under a microscope! --

CHIZO

I tried to talk him into going back to school and he told me to stay the hell out of his life. That's it. ...You want a goddamn transcript?! I didn't tip him off.

DEETS

Or you did and you don't even know it. Should've kept your mouth shut.

He goes. The tough girl front fades as Chizo slides against the wall. A raw, vulnerable moment, interrupted by --

ORI

Sorry... Door locked me out.

As Ori crosses, Chizo wipes the snuffle and, oddly, smiles --

CHIZO

What'll you do if this doesn't work out? You know... being a cop.

ORI

Go back to my old job, I guess.

CHIZO

Must be nice, having something to fall back on. This is pretty much my chance. To set an example for my kid. Make my parents proud. My whole world is tied to this badge --

(darkening)

So anything you might have heard down here, snooping around in the dark, it *stays* in the dark. Am I coming through, baby girl? You keep out of my way, we'll be just fine.

Off Ori, getting the message loud and clear, we CUT TO:

**EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BERNAL HEIGHTS - DAY**

A MAN with an axe (50, Chinese), stands in the driveway, between a new car and a half-chopped sidewalk tree. He stares, confused, at Charlie and Mudd, as --

MUDD

Mister! I'm sorry you got sap all over your new car, but you cannot chop down this tree. Okay? This tree belongs to the city of San Francisco. Understand? Get it? He doesn't get it...

(pulling out his phone)

Hold on... I got a translation app on here, somewhere...

CHARLIE

(in broken Chinese)

Sir, with respect, you cut tree, you go jail.

With that, the Man nods, shrugs, and walks back into his building with his axe. Mudd looks at Charlie, mystified --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Denise made me take a little Mandarin before I met her family.

Mudd smirks, *Whatever*, and as they walk back to their cruiser, Mudd's phone buzzes. He eyes it, irritated --

MUDD

Four hundred dollars for a semen  
rinse?! Tsch! Department pays to  
cut your balls off but won't cover  
mine for one lousy tune-up.

CHARLIE

We need to talk about this --

MUDD

Now he wants to talk about it.

CHARLIE

Forget it, then.

MUDD

Fine! Forget it!!

Mudd simmers a beat, but as they get to the cruiser --

MUDD (CONT'D)

I am curious though, when you said  
Denise left you out of the blue,  
for no reason, was this the real  
reason?

(off Charlie's silence)

So you told *HER*?! That's precious.  
Are girls even still your thing?

CHARLIE

(anger growing)

Yeah, Mudd.

MUDD

Straight, then? A lesbian? I  
mean, what is this gonna make you?

CHARLIE

Myself. For once in my life.

MUDD

So all these years on the job, the  
vacations with me and Sarah, you  
weren't you? Then who was that  
guy? Hell, guess he wasn't even a  
guy, was he? All this time I've  
been living a god damn lie! --

Charlie loses it and SLAMS Mudd against the cruiser --

CHARLIE

Welcome to the club! I tried to  
tell you. A hundred times!

MUDD

You should have tried harder! --

CHARLIE

Maybe you didn't want to accept it!

MUDD

You didn't trust me enough to give me a chance! Did you? No. So how can I trust you? What else haven't you told me, Charlie? You gonna hit me now, is that it? Hmn...

(petulant)

Doesn't seem very ladylike, does it...

Off Charlie, RAISED FIST trembling with anger, we CUT TO:

**EXT. COFFEE TRUCK - DAY**

Griff, very precisely, stirs cream in his coffee, listening annoyed to Ori, who is on the phone --

ORI

I'd really prefer you didn't bring her to open house. No, Ellis, it's not about me. How do you think Angelo feels? She's half your age. ...Do NOT put me on hold..!

But he does. *Ugh!* Ori sits there in a huff, as --

GRIFF

Almost done using your son to get back at your ex? You have five more tickets to write before lunch if we want to make quota.

ORI

I brought my lunch. And I'm not using my son, thank you. His father's gone off the rails.

GRIFF

Or, he's just moved on... and you're still on hold.

ORI

(clicking off her phone)  
I'm NOT on hold. And don't say --

GRIFF

Whatevs...

ORI

Yeah, what-freakin-evs! Describes you to a tee. Maybe it should go on your car door instead of *protect and serve*. This is your third latte stop. Why do you even bother to put on a uniform in the morning?

GRIFF

Cause nothing makes me happier than moments like this.

ORI

And nothing's sadder than an old, cynical, burnt out cop phoning in the job.

A brutal reproach that cuts Griff deep, maybe because he knows it's true. Off these two, clearly on the outs --

**INT. MARIO'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY**

A cop joint. Charlie, Mudd, Chizo, and Deets, all of them peeved, sit at a table, crunching greasy tacos. Mudd eyes a bunch of SF-CHP cops at the next table, snickering --

CHIZO

Pass the hot sauce.

Deets slides it down. Chizo doesn't even look at him.

DEETS

You're welcome.

Which annoys her. Griff sits and digs in, ignoring Ori, who stands there, no room at the table. She clears her throat.

Mudd begrudgingly scoots over. Ori squeezes in, opening the lunch Angelo made her, revealing, yeah, a bento box. All TACO-CRUNCHING stops as Ori splits her chop sticks and digs into --

MUDD

The hell is that?

ORI

(sheepish/not sure)  
Tofurky teriyaki, sea-weed... something or other, and a home made cabbage dumpling... thing.

Which, yes, is in the shape of a tin star. With a smily face.



DEETS  
(not impressed)  
Adorbs.

ORI  
If my kid didn't make it, I'd be  
code 3 on the taquito special.

CHIZO  
No one says that, Rookie. We don't  
do radio code word association.

ORI  
Sorry, I was just making conver--

MUDD  
It's your first week. Don't talk  
like you're one of us --

Only now, do we notice Mudd has a BLACK EYE --

GRIFF  
What happened to your face?

MUDD  
Domestic call. Some wacko lady  
took a swing at me.

CHARLIE  
(simmers, then)  
I have to use the restroom.

As Charlie goes, a CHP officer, CRUMB (30, prick), cracks --

CRUMB  
Which one are you gonna use..?  
Men's or Ladies?

Charlie stops, hiding his anger and hurt, unaware that --  
MUDD is silently roiling, building to a CAT 5, listening to  
the CHP cops laugh, until... Mudd stands. Walks over.

CRUMB (CONT'D)  
You got a problem?

MUDD  
No one talks shit about my partner  
but me.

Crumb stands. Now, they're nose to nose --

CRUMB  
What are you, his bitch?

MUDD

No, but I'm about to make you mine.

Five fellow CHP OFFICERS stand behind Crumb. Mudd senses something then looks over his shoulder, surprised to see all our guys standing at his back now.

The joint goes quiet, everybody watching -- the cook, the busboys. Mudd smiles and turns away --

CRUMB

Thought so...

-- then wheels back, landing a punch on Crumb's jaw. A beat -- then they charge each other and a full fledged COP FIGHT breaks out. Like two rival gangs, which is ironic, as a few gang-bangers, having lunch, kick back and watch the show --

Deets tackles one over the table. A CHP cop KNEES Griff in the stomach. Chizo has an CHP chick-cop in a headlock --

CHIZO

You like this, baby girl?

Charlie grabs a cop then shoves his face into the salsa bar, splattering food everywhere as Ori squares off with a dude --

ORI

You gonna hit a woman? That gonna make you feel like somebody? Huh?

The guy lowers his hands. Ori wheels around -- POV OF THE CHP COP, as her elbow comes at him, and we CUT TO:

**INT. HARBOR SQUAD-ROOM - DAY**

Our bedraggled crew is lined up before a very ticked off --

DAYGLER

Cop fight. Imagine that... on the evening news! The owner has agreed not to press charges. But with all the trouble this department is facing, somebody's gotta pay. So I want to know now... who started it?

Stone faces. But then, seeing Mudd stepping forward --

ORI

It was my fault.

All eyes shoot to Ori. Daygler laughs at the thought --

DAYGLER

You? Why?

ORI

My bento box, sir.

(off Daygler's confusion)

My lunch? An CHP officer made a derogatory remark, which I took as a personal attack against my son.

DAYGLER

What's your son have to do with it?

ORI

He made the lunch in question, sir. My fellow officers attempted to calm me down, but I threw the first burrito, initiating a food fight that became a fight, fight, sir --

MUDD

That's a crock, Lieutenant. I started the whole thing over --

CHARLIE

Nice try, Partner. It's my fault. They're all just covering for --

CHIZO

Me, sir. Those smug CHP pricks are always talking smack. Sometimes you get pushed you push back --

DEETS

One of those losers dated my sister. Badge or no badge, when a man disrespects your sister, you gotta -

DAYGLER

ENOUGH! Can't bust you all, so I'll just have to divide the damages by seven idiots who can't even get their story straight!

He nods, *Beat It*, and they're all too happy to disperse. Daygler catches Ori on her way out --

DAYGLER (CONT'D)

Cloverfield. Anything in Ortega's arrest report you care to discuss?

(As Ori stiffens)

I went looking for the file after you made the suggestion. I uh, didn't want to admit you might be right in front of all the guys... given you're a rookie and all.

ORI

A few inconsistencies. No surprise, given your old captain, Bellarosa, was the arresting officer.

DAYGLER

Is that right? We're gonna release Ortega's photo to the press.

ORI

That should draw him out, sir.

DAYGLER

Or box him in. Nice try, taking the blame for all that. I love it when cops stick up for cops, but, honey, you're bullshit needs work.

Off Daygler and Ori, perhaps making peace, we CUT TO:

**INT. DINER - DAY**

Ortega sits, unassuming, eating at the counter. His eyes drift to a TV, narrowing as he DIALS INTO a photo of --

ANCHOR

Ex Harbor police captain Arthur Bellarosa was arraigned today on six counts of corruption. Claiming the D-A's case hinges on unreliable evidence, his attorneys are expected to file a motion to have the charges dismissed.

We sense rage, dark and personal, brewing in Ortega as --

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

In other news, police are asking the public's help in locating this man, James Ortega. He is considered to be armed and dangerous...

As ORTEGA'S FACE flashes on screen, the WAITRESS becomes alarmed. She whips around but ORTEGA IS GONE, his meal half eaten. Off a few bills and a QUARTER still SPINNING --

END ACT THREE

ACT IV

INT. COP BAR - NIGHT

Packed house. Walls laden with cop memorabilia. Our whole team, Sans Griff, cheers as Ori chugs down a beer, then --

DEETS

To Cloverfield. Consider yourself initiated.

Even Chizo tics her head in respect as Anahmi approaches Ori.

ANAHMI

Hey. Been waiting for that call.

ORI

Yeah, been a little busy.

ANAHMI

How about you, me, on my buddy's boat in Sausalito with a case of beer, two masks, one snorkel. We can practice the buddy system.

ORI

I take it the old captain was pretty lax in the sexual harassment department --

ANAHMI

Whoa...! Big scary word for a little fun, don't you think?

ORI

You know what they say; one man's fun is a woman's 280D-section four conduct code complaint.

ANAHMI

Harassment? You're kidding, right? How about I catch you later?

Off her look, *Good idea*, Anahmi goes, awkwardly, Mudd walks up. Charlie is a few stools over. Clearly, Mudd knows he's in ear-shot and tries to communicate to Charlie by proxy as --

MUDD

Listen, Cloverfield, I uh, I want to apologize for what I said at lunch. I can get a little snappy when I'm in a bad mood... say things, hurtful stuff, sometimes, I don't mean. Buy you a beer?

ORI

Sure.

MUDD

(to the bartender)

Two more of what she's having.

CHARLIE

Alcohol is bad for your motility.

MUDD

(annoyed now/to Bartender)

Make one of those a diet soda.

CHARLIE

(sheepish)

Caffeine. It's on the list.

MUDD

Fine. Water. Christ.

And now it's awkward again. Charlie fights through it --

CHARLIE

Mudd... I should have been clear with you a long time ago. I don't know why I wasn't. But I was wrong. You backing me up today made me realize that. So... thanks.

MUDD

Cop code, Charlie. I wasn't doing it for you.

Still hurt, Mudd goes, signaling their issue is not resolved. Ori hands Charlie her beer. He chugs it in one gulp, then --

ORI

Mudd'll come around.

CHARLIE

Partner is like a spouse. Betray trust, it's hard to get back. Put my life in his hands a hundred times but I couldn't tell him this? What does that make me..?

ORI

Human. Imagine that. Sometimes we're afraid the people we're closest to will reject us.

That makes perfect sense, dawning on Charlie like revelation.

ORI (CONT'D)

Thankfully, I don't have that issue with my partner.

CHARLIE

You should cut Griff some slack.

ORI

Seems to me, slack is the last thing he needs more of.

CHARLIE

Griff isn't lazy, he's scared to get involved again.

(off Ori, *Again?*)

Hands down, he was always the best cop on the squad. Till about five years back, he responded to a call... Domestic disturbance.

**INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - THE SUNSET - NIGHT**

A half-empty liquor bottle tips over, draining onto a half eaten Pizza. The cathode flicker of a TV shifts the light as -

CHARLIE (V.O.)

*Another drunk at it with his wife. Could get five of those, some nights. Pretty routine... Until the guy pulls out a gun.*

A HAND pulls a pistol from a drawer. Under it, we glance an old, happy family photo - A YOUNGER GRIFF, his wife, and son (10) --

CHARLIE (V.O.)

*As Griff's trying to get his hands on the weapon --*

We reveal GRIFF, tormented. He sits down in a chair, staring at the gun he just pulled from the drawer --

CHARLIE (V.O.)

*...struggling for control of it, the gun fires. A round goes through the wall, killing an eight year old girl, sleeping in her bed.*

We get the sense Griff's been at this place before, reliving the event over and over in his mind. And with a you-can-do-it-this-time look, Griff RACKS the slide.

CHARLIE (V.O.)  
*I guess he felt if he hadn't  
responded to the call, or if it had  
been some other cop, that little  
girl might still be alive.*

We go TIGHT ON GRIFF'S EYES as he SQUINCHES THEM shut,  
expecting at any moment to hear the BANG that will finally  
end the haunting, but just as he's about to pull the trigger -

- A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Off Griff's exasperation, *Seriously?*

**INT./EXT. GRIFF'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - THE SUNSET - NIGHT**

Griff opens his door to find --

ORI  
Shit timing, I know. Look, I uh...  
regret what I said... earlier.  
About you being a burnt out..? --

GRIFF  
-- I remember, thank you. That's  
what you came to tell me, that  
you're sorry?

ORI  
Hey... sorry is not my specialty --

GRIFF  
I noticed.

ORI  
(struggling to concede)  
And you were right. About me taking  
this job after my separation. I  
guess sometimes the worst thing  
that happens to you... is also a  
second chance in disguise. To make  
a change... be who you want to be.

Though he barely shows it, the words land hard on Griff. An  
awkward nod - *G'night*, and she turns. But then --

ORI (CONT'D)  
Oh, yeah... Acorn.  
(off his bewilderment)  
Your crossword. Five letter word  
for young oak.

A not so awkward smile now, and she goes, no clue she may  
have just saved his life. But it's not lost on Griff, who  
heads inside, pausing a beat as he looks at his gun.



GRIFF  
                  (has to laugh)  
                  Acorn.  Whatevs...

Off Griff, stowing the gun in a drawer, at least for tonight -

**INT. MISSION PRECINCT - DAY**

Chizo POUNDS on a vending machine.  Anahmi approaches --

                  CHIZO  
                  If I had a nickel for every quarter  
                  this bastard stole, I'd be --

                  ANAHMI  
                  (cutting her off)  
                  Why didn't you tell me?

                  CHIZO  
                  Tell you what?

She takes another swing at the machine.  He GRABS her wrist.

                  ANAHMI  
                  You're really gonna play dumb with  
                  me, Cheez-whiz?

                  CHIZO  
                  (can only figure)  
                  Deets...

                  ANAHMI  
                  I didn't hear it from him.  After  
                  you rolled out, we ran prints on  
                  everyone at the bust.  Imagine my  
                  surprise when your brother's name  
                  came back.

                  CHIZO  
                  You gonna tell Daygler?

                  ANAHMI  
                  Why pour salt in it?  Baby Joker  
                  sold the coke to the East Prophets.  
                  Only he cut it with detergent.

                  CHIZO  
                  ...He ripped 'em off?

ANAHMI

Now the Prophets want Loco blood.  
In a few days, your brother's gonna  
be on the front lines of a cross-  
town gang war. ...Sorry.

Off Chizo, looking like she might be sick --

**INT. GRIFF'S CRUISER - ON PATROL - DAY**

Griff and Ori shuttle an ARRESTEE (Man, 45) to booking.

ARRESTEE

Thisuz prolice brudalify. A man  
can't even ride his bricycle..?

GRIFF

Not on the freeway, sir. In the  
wrong direction. While intoxicated.

ORI

Hey, check it out. On the corner --

-- Ahead, waiting at a crosswalk, they see a GIRL (8). But  
the street is two lanes each way and --

GRIFF

You believe this world we live in?  
No one stops for a kid.

Griff pulls center lane and lights up the color bar, holding  
traffic. He waves at the little girl, but she doesn't budge.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Unbelievable. You want to handle  
this?

As she opens the door --

ARRESTEE

I think I'm gonna brarf.

ORI

(to Griff)

There's a plastic bag in the trunk.

GRIFF

On second thought, I'll take the  
kid.

ORI

And I get the puker. Naturally.

**EXT. BUSY BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS**

Griff approaches the little girl. She stands there thumbing her knapsack straps, shy face under a tress of hair.

GRIFF

It's okay, honey. You can cross.

But when she looks up, GRIFF sees this little girl's face and goes dizzy. His breathing quickens. Clearly, she has triggered unwelcome memories and Griff is instantly SUCKED BACK into the worst moment of his life.

The Little Girl looks at him curiously. And though he is gazing back at her, his eyes are somewhere else -- some dark place he's been running from for so long. As she reaches out her hand, it's all he can do to stare at it --

LITTLE GIRL

My mommy always said that a policeman would help me.

Hesitant, even frightened, perhaps, Griff finally takes HER HAND IN HIS -- and a strange calm comes over him, like he's just latched onto a lifeline. What happens next is some kind of magic moment.

A pair of BLACK BOOTS and a pair of TINY PINK SNEAKERS step off the curb as Griff begins to walk her across the street.

Ori, all those drivers, and even the drunk suspect in the back seat are mesmerized by this hulking cop and this little girl walking hand in hand. Someone films on a cell phone.

The sight is otherworldly. As they get to the other side, the girl stands on her toes and kisses Griff on the cheek.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

Thank you, officer.

GRIFF

(nearly losing it)

You're welcome. Be safe now...

He watches as she runs off, joining a bunch of kids. As Griff heads back across the street, something amazing happens.

All those drivers start LEANING ON THEIR HORNS. It takes us a moment to realize it's a rush hour ovation, a spontaneous flash mob tribute. But Griff doesn't even seem to notice.

**INT. CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER**

He gets back in the car. Buckles in. Ori looks at him funny.

ORI  
You're smiling.

He scrunches his face, even he thinks it's strange. Then --

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
All units, 214, house alarm, 996  
Alton Road, Code 2 --

Ori looks at Griff, waiting for his orders. She grins when he grabs the radio, knowing he's found something lost --

GRIFF  
Unit 507 en route.

Off Ori, hitting the color bars, we CUT TO:

**EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - SUNSET**

Ori and Griff speed down a street of large homes toward a mob of POLICE LIGHTS. We FOLLOW THEM out of the car, rushing past cruisers, up the steps and through the door of a --

**INT. BELLAROSA'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

We hear CHAOTIC SHOUTING as Griff and Ori move down a hallway corked with cops, guns out. Ori notices photos of BELLAROSA and FAMILY on the walls as Griff stops at the doorway of --

A LARGE LIVING ROOM - where we see Mudd, Charlie, Chizo, and Deets among the ten or so cops, looking down their sights --

MUDD  
Drop your weapon!

CHIZO  
Put it down, NOW!

-- at a very desperate Ortega, half hidden behind the piano, with a gun to Bellarosa's head.

ORTEGA  
Get back! I'll kill him!

BELLAROSA  
Shoot this punk! Do it! Do it!

It's total melee and hair-trigger tense, everybody shouting --

DEETS  
Put the gun down!

ORTEGA  
I swear, I'll kill him!!

MUDD  
Drop it!

BELLAROSA  
Take the damn shot, already!

GRIFF  
Why the hell does he come after  
Bellarosa..? Payback?

ORI  
(putting it together)  
Justice. He blames Bellarosa for  
destroying his life. Lemme talk to  
him!

GRIFF  
(grabbing her arm)  
Are you crazy? Get back to the car!

But she throws off his hold and walks into the room,  
heightening the bedlam - someone is definitely going to die --

ORTEGA  
I'll shoot... I swear!

MUDD  
(to Ori)  
Get the hell out of here!

ORI  
Put the guns down! --

BELLAROSA  
Kill this lunatic!

DEETS  
Will someone get rid of her?!

ORI  
That's an order!!

CHIZO  
Cloverfield, are you insane?!!

ORI  
No, I'M YOUR CAPTAIN!

AND THEN THERE WAS SILENCE... of the pin drop kind. Ortega,  
gun trembling, ironically says what they're all thinking --

ORTEGA  
You don't look like no Captain.

Off Ori, staring at all the cop-eyes being traded, no one  
quite sure what to make of this, we --

END ACT FOUR

ACT V

**EXT. CITY HALL - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT**

An imposing, marble domed building, we hear a phone RING --

SECRETARY (V.O.)  
Chief Casey's office. Yes, Ma'am,  
I'll put you through.

**INT. CITY HALL - SAN FRANCISCO - NIGHT**

CHIEF BEN CASEY (55, distinguished), on his cell, walks under the ornate, majestic rotunda, followed by uniformed aides.

CHIEF CASEY  
Ori? How are things shaping up  
down there?

INTERCUT - BELLAROSA'S HOUSE - Ori is in the midst of this standoff, holding her phone, which she has on speaker --

ORI  
Oh... it's early yet, sir, but, I'm  
getting a sense of things.

CHIEF CASEY  
Angelo like his new school?

ORI  
Warming to it, sir.

CHIEF CASEY  
Good. Now what can I do for you?

ORI  
Well, sir, I've decided to make the  
announcement a little earlier than  
anticipated.

CHIEF CASEY  
As I said when I asked you to take  
this assignment, you have my full  
support. Congratulations, Captain  
Cloverfield. They're as lucky to  
have you as I am sorry to lose you.

ORI  
Thank you, sir.

She hangs up. Now everybody is floored. Ori steps into the line of fire, between the cops and Ortega. With an air of authority, she stares down her once fellow officers --

ORI (CONT'D)  
Lower your weapons.

BELLAROSA  
That is NOT protocol!! --

ORI  
-- Bellarosa was the arresting officer. He faked a lineup I.D., doctored a witness account, and forced Ortega's murder confession --

BELLAROSA  
She's lying. She altered the arrest report! --

ORI	BELLAROSA (CONT'D)
How many more confessions did he fake?! How many Ortegas are rotting in prison..?	You're gonna believe her?! Shoot this son-of-a bitch! I AM YOUR GOD DAMN CAPTAIN!

ORI  
NO SIR! Not anymore.  
(Off Bellarosa, stunned)  
Now you're just a man with a gun to your head. How does it feel?

Ori turns to the cops, *What's it gonna be?* Everybody's torn, until -- Charlie lowers his gun. Mudd and the others follow. Ori slowly approaches Ortega, who is tense and emotional, gun barrel to Bellarosa's head - but he clearly recognizes her.

ORTEGA  
I did good in school. I was gonna go to college. I was just a kid.  
(re: Bellarosa)  
He tricked me. Said if I just admitted to it, I could go home. He took thirty years from me!

ORI  
That doesn't justify any of this.

ORTEGA  
(*but you don't understand*)  
I saw him on the news! They said he was going to fight the charges. I couldn't let him get away with it!

ORI  
You pull that trigger, you'll get your revenge. Hand me the gun, you'll also live to see it. I'll help as best I can.

ORTEGA

Why should I trust you?

ORI

It's me who's trusting you, James.  
Just by standing here. You told me  
you weren't a killer. Prove it.

She holds out her hand. Ortega reluctantly gives her his gun. In seconds, the cops have him in custody.

Now everybody kinda stands there, stunned -- except Anahmi, who, for obvious reasons, furtively backs out of the room. Off Ori, a veritable blue wall glaring back at her --

**INT. MISSION PRECINCT - BULL PEN - NEXT DAY**

ON A PHOTO OF ORI in uniform under a headline: *HARBOR GETS NEW CAPTAIN*. Find our hero cops among the rank and file, assembled for morning roll, as Deets reads the article --

DEETS

Cloverfield joined the force at 25  
as a patrol officer, following in  
her father's footsteps.

MUDD

High paying legal profession, my  
ass. She was always a cop --

DEETS

She distinguished herself, rising  
through the ranks in SFPD's...  
(with disdain)  
Internal Affairs Division.

CHIZO

How many good cops you think she  
had to bring down to make captain?  
I never trusted that rat.

Deets nods to Ori in the doorway. She's obviously heard everything. All eyes on her now. You could hear a pin drop. In stark contrast to Bellarosa's exit earlier, as Ori walks through the room, Chizo turns her back in protest.

Other cops follow suit in what amounts to a group snubbing. Ori gets to her office, seeing the word R-A-T graffiti'd in grease pencil on the glass. A beat, then --

ORI

Mudd! In my office.

Instinctively, Charlie goes with until Ori specifies --



ORI (CONT'D)

Alone.

Now, it's Charlie who hangs back, watching, worried.  
INTERCUT: ORI'S OFFICE as Mudd enters.

ORI (CONT'D)

Got a call from personnel this morning about your request... for a new partner?

MUDD

Yes, Ma'am. I know you're busy, but I appreciate you taking care of --

ORI

I'm denying it.

MUDD

Excuse me?

ORI

The request. My answer is no.

MUDD

Then I'll put in for a transfer --

ORI

I'll kill it. I have pull with the Chief, obviously. I can't afford to lose you, Mudd. You're a good cop... but your partner makes you a better one. Work it out or quit.

Mudd roils, then walks back through the squad room, passing --

CHARLIE

What was that about?

MUDD

Nuthin'.

We pick up Daygler, following him into ORI'S OFFICE. As he sets down files --

DAYGLER

Crazy business, last night. You were pretty impressive, from what I hear. And the whole Captain thing, well... quite a surprise. You have the department's full support.

ORI

No I don't.

He concedes with a nod - *Maybe Not* - as his eyes drift to the RAT graffiti on the glass.

DAYGLER

Want me to..? --

ORI

Leave it up. I don't blame them. But like you said, cops don't like change. They weren't about to roll out the welcome mat for a new captain. This was the only way to get an honest lay of the land. And a look under the rug.

(as Daygler stiffens)

I talked to the DA. There's a good chance Ortega's murder conviction will be overturned.

DAYGLER

Sounds like a happy ending.

ORI

(loaded)

Not for everyone. Bellarosa knew I had Ortega's arrest record.

DAYGLER

I'm not sure what you're implying --

ORI

-- That it was an old case nobody cared about until I started asking questions. Old man's going on trial for corruption, a forced confession might be the nail in his coffin. You warn him it's out there... at least he's prepared to fight it.

DAYGLER

That makes me dirty?

ORI

No. Just loyal to your old captain. I can respect that. But I can't work with it. Leave your shield on my desk, you'll walk with your pension and your reputation. Fight me on it, you may lose both.

Knowing every cop is watching through the glass --

DAYGLER

What is this, a public execution?

ORI  
I'm into transparency.

Daygler tosses his badge on her desk. Oddly, he smiles, call it begrudging respect. She's offering mercy and he knows it.

DAYGLER  
Good luck, Captain.

Amid shocked faces, Daygler exits the squad room. Ori gives Griff the nod - *Next Victim*. As he walks to her office --

DEETS  
It's a massacre.

**INT. ORI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Griff enters, seeing Ori holding a file. She reads --

ORI  
"Problem with authority. Tendency not to follow protocol. Obstinate. Reckless. Officer Cloverfield shows promise, but is her own worst enemy." Didn't hold back, did you?

GRIFF  
How well can you really know a person in four days?

As he begrudgingly lays his badge on her desk --

ORI  
What are you doing?

GRIFF  
...Getting fired?

ORI  
Yeah, we could go that route. Or, apparently, a watch commander position recently opened up here.

GRIFF  
(utterly mystified)  
Why me?

ORI  
I need someone who will tell me the truth, you need a second chance. You promise to keep me honest and I'll expect you to do better. How does that sound?

He nods - *Fair Enough* - but then, hesitantly --

GRIFF

Ain't gonna be easy getting these people to trust you.

Ori locks eyes with Chizo --

ORI

Then let's start with the person who trusts me the least.

Off Griff, wondering what she means, we CUT TO:

**INT. GRIFF'S CRUISER/EXT. OUTER MISSION - DAY**

Oddly, Griff and Ori are back on patrol in gang territory. Bangers on the street eye them as they pass. Ori spots a cherry '68 El Dorado Caddy at the head of a hot rod convoy.

ORI

Light him up.

WUP!-WUP! They close on the Caddy, pulling it over, forcing the entire vehicle train to the side of the road.

This time Griff gets out, covering Ori as she walks to the Caddy, finding bangers inside - all in funky suits. At the wheel is the smug leader of the Varrios Locos --

BABY JOKER

Que paso, mama?

ORI

Sir, I'm going to need your license and registration and ask you to step out of the vehicle.

Vexed, Baby Joker hands her his papers and gets out --

BABY JOKER

You better hurry up with this bull-shit. We're late for a wedding.

ORI

Yeah, sorry, but you're not going anywhere until you fix this.

BABY JOKER

Fix what?

ORI

No wipers, for one thing.

BABY JOKER  
Wipers? It ain't raining.

ORI  
Butterfly steering wheel as opposed  
to circular. Suspension's been  
lowered, violating clearance  
standards. No muffler, side  
reflectors are the wrong color...

BABY JOKER  
Is this a joke?!

GRIFF  
Safety is no laughing matter, sir.  
According to the California vehicle  
code, this car is not street legal.

ORI  
I'm guessing the same goes for all  
these other vehicles.

BABY JOKER  
I'm filing a harassment complaint  
with the new captain, bitch!

ORI  
Go ahead. You're talking to him...  
*bitch.*

Only then does Baby Joker notice the BARS on Ori's collar.  
His sly grin bears a hint of respect now --

BABY JOKER  
You got balls coming down here,  
just the two of you.  
(menacing)  
Custer had balls, too.

A tick of his head and 30 gangsters get out of their cars.

ORI  
You want a war, or you want to get  
to church on time? Balls are in  
your court.

Ori doesn't blink. Griff furtively palms his gun until...

BABY JOKER  
What do you want?

ORI  
Not what. Who?

INT. CAR/EXT. SAN FRANCISCO - OUTER MISSION - NIGHT

Deets drives. Chizo stares out the window. Both are in after work civies. As they pull up to a row house, Chizo shoulders her duffle, reaches for the car door, but then --

CHIZO

I know you've been working hard for the whole detective thing. I'd never want to screw that up for you. I put you in an awkward position --

DEETS

Damn right, you did.

CHIZO

So you forgive me or what?

DEETS

Helps if you say your sorry first.

CHIZO

DEETS (CONT'D)

I just did. It was implied -- It ain't the same --

CHIZO

Why do you gotta be such a punk? --

DEETS

Why do you gotta be so stubborn? You're like a goat.

Which sparks unexpected laughter from Chizo --

CHIZO

It's not *goat*, you jackass... it's *mule*. Stubborn as a mule.

Though he fights it, Deets starts laughing too, in what amounts to a reprieve for these two. But then, earnestly --

CHIZO (CONT'D)

Sorry. Alright? For real...

Deets considers, then holds out his fist. They trade a complex-fist bump, ending in a tight hand-clasp that lingers a beat too long -- signaling a sexual tension they hide well.

CHIZO (CONT'D)

Thanks for the lift, partner.

A smile, and she gets out. As Deets drives off, Chizo walks to her door, keys the lock then hears CRUNCHING LEAVES. She turns, seeing her brother, Daniel, his face black and blue --

CHIZO (CONT'D)

What happened..?!

DANIEL

You had to stick your nose in it!

CHIZO

I don't know what you're talking about --

DANIEL

DON'T LIE TO ME! They jumped me out! I'm a disgrace. It's what you wanted, right? There goes Danny, he used to run with the Locos... till his big sister found out. It's my life, Ez! I got my own plan to be somebody and you don't have to like it!

CHIZO

I had nothing to do with this --

DANIEL

BULLSHIT! Your Captain talked to my Captain. Why else would she do that?

Daniel goes, troubled but safe - for now. Off Chizo, wondering if she was wrong about Ori, we CUT TO:

**INT. ORI'S HOUSE - POTRERO HILL - NIGHT**

Ori sits at the table, smiling until Angelo sets down --

ANGELO

Kale six ways.

ORI

I know you mean well, honey, but this meal is making me feel very insecure about my body image.

ANGELO

It's merely preventative. Swear.

As he spoons out food, she gazes at him, vulnerable, then --

ORI

Can I ask you something? You don't have to answer if you don't want.

ANGELO

Is this gonna be one of those  
awkward *peer pressure* talks?

ORI

No. It's gonna be one of those  
awkward *divorce* talks.

ANGELO

Thank the lord.

ORI

Do you think I'm using you as a  
pawn to get back at your father?

ANGELO

...You want the truth?

ORI

Oh god. Thirty-five and bitter.  
I'm one of those women.

ANGELO

I get angry about it too,  
sometimes. I miss how things were.

ORI

(truly brokenhearted)  
Me too, baby. I know it's hard.  
You can always talk to me about it.  
And I never want you to feel like  
you have to pick a side.

ANGELO

I don't. But, to be honest...  
(off Ori, worried now)  
Through this whole thing? I've  
kinda been on your team.

Ori could cry. And at that moment, her cell BUZZES on the  
table. She glances at a text from GREG: "*FRI. YOUR FRONT  
DOOR OR MINE?*" Then, as if she's testing her own waters --

ORI

And how do you feel about your dad,  
you know, being with someone else?

ANGELO

Marissa isn't so bad. If you can  
get past that annoying laugh. She's  
always telling dad how smart he is.  
He needs that. But you don't...  
(off her look)  
You need someone you can count on.



Off Ori, unable to contain her gracious smile, we CUT TO:

INT. DIVE BAR - THE RICHMOND - NIGHT

GRIFF sits on a stool, nursing a beer, half eying the local news, until - *Holy shit, is that?* It is -- a grainy, cell-phone video of some cop walking a kid across the street, as --

ANCHOR WOMAN (V.O.)(ON TV)  
Given the recent trust gap with  
police, commuters were treated to a  
much needed breath of fresh air  
yesterday...

BARTENDER  
They should give that cop a raise.

Everyone watches, but no one can tell it's Griff. He can't help but laugh. His smile fades, however, as a man sits down a few stools over. We recognize the man immediately as --

BABY JOKER  
Put on a nice show today, acting  
like the new captain's bitch.

He passes an envelope to Griff under the bar --

BABY JOKER (CONT'D)  
For the tip-off. Losing four keys  
would have put us out of business.

And we realize it wasn't Chizo who tipped-off the Locos. Griff passes the envelope back.

GRIFF  
Tip was on the house. I'm done.

BABY JOKER  
That silence is me chuckling.  
You're in the front office, now,  
Ese. This shit is just beginning.  
We got stuff on you. Careful, or  
you could end up on the news, too.

And he goes. Griff eyes the TV, feeling a fraud. It might as well not be him. Knowing a world of trouble awaits, he takes a dispirited swig from his beer as he sighs out a gallows --

GRIFF  
Whatevs...

AND WE END PILOT