

ON CALL

"PILOT"

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Wolf Entertainment
Universal Television

A Note to the Reader:

The goal of this series is to deliver a unique viewing event for the audience. Apart from complex and powerful characters, the series will create a visceral experience similar to *END OF WATCH* and *COPS* by incorporating dash camera, body camera, and cell phone footage to give an unvarnished, gritty sense of reality on the streets.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

OPEN ON LCPD OFFICER MARIA DELGADO at the wheel. She's late 20s and already hard-jawed from time on the job.

Delgado pilots the vehicle with one hand while working the keyboard of her mounted-laptop, running the plate of a black 2018 CHEVY MALIBU she's tailing along the Anaheim Corridor.

The RADIO squawks in the background as the car shows up with an expired registration.

Delgado hits the lights. The Malibu slows and comes to a stop at the curb. She pulls behind it and cuts the engine.

Delgado keys her radio --

DELGADO

This is Charlie-7, be advised I'm on an 11-95 at Anaheim and Oregon.

EXT. ANAHEIM STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Delgado approaches the Malibu, her left hand resting on her Beretta Model 92. The smoked window comes down and she recognizes the DRIVER, a kid in a L.A. Lakers Kobe jersey.

DELGADO

Hey, look who it is.

DRIVER

What up, Officer Delgado?

DELGADO

You back on good paper already?

DRIVER

Been off probation a month now, staying low.

Delgado clocks a GIRL in the passenger's seat. Maybe 16. Passed out. And a skinny WHITE BOY in back. Same age as the driver, 20s. Fully sleeved. Eyes somewhere else, like he's in another space and time.

DELGADO

Do me a favor, keep your hands where I can see them and turn the car off.

DRIVER

I do something wrong?

DELGADO
Is this your ride?

DRIVER
Es de mi papa.

DELGADO
He know the tags are expired?

DRIVER
(shrugs)
He never said shit to me about it.

The girl in the passenger seat mutters incoherently, fucked up on something.

DELGADO
You been partying, what's up with her?

DRIVER
She's just tired.

DELGADO
Cruising Millikan (high school) for dates now?

DRIVER
Chale, why you messing with me like that?

DELGADO
Seriously, how old is she?

DRIVER
I'll be straight with you. She ate a bunch of gummies and they knocked her sideways. I'm just trying to get her ass home.

Delgado eyes the White Boy. Something about that vacant-gaze trips her alarm. She waves them out of the car.

DELGADO
Wake her up and step out of the vehicle.

DRIVER
Fuck, you serious?

Delgado takes a step back, her hand squeezing her Beretta tighter now.

DELGADO

All three of you, let's go. Nice and slow.

The Driver deflates.

DRIVER

Man, this shit ain't right. Ya'll just pulling people over for nothing.

He points to Delgado's body camera.

DRIVER (CONT'D)

Is that thing on? I want everyone to see how you're fucking with me.

DELGADO

I'm not gonna ask again. Out of the car -- now.

As Delgado goes to call for backup, she clocks the Driver glance in the rearview as the White Boy acts fast, raising a 9mm and squeezing off two shots -- CRACK! CRACK!

One hits Delgado in the neck and she's spun backwards onto the pavement, her carotid spouting.

The Malibu takes off like a rocket, leaving Delgado writhing in shock, trying to stanch the wound while calling for help --

DELGADO (CONT'D)

(into radio)

999... I'm hit... Officer down...

As Delgado chokes on her own blood -- we CUT TO BYSTANDERS across the street recording it all on their PHONES.

We expect them to help, at least call 911. But instead they just keep recording. Some even heckling the shot officer.

It's apocalyptic. It's America 2023.

SMASH TO BLACK:

TITLE: "ON CALL"

INT. LBPD WEST DIVISION - HALLWAY - DAY

The station is buzzing with COPS from every rank. Tac Officers. Gangs. Command Staff. There's a noticeable pall hanging over them as they walk past an improvised memorial set up for Officer Delgado.

Amongst the foot traffic, CAMERA finds MANUEL DIAZ (23), a broad-shouldered rookie in crisp blues. This being his first day, he's carrying a black duffle with all of his belongings.

Diaz focuses on Delgado's academy photo, centered around pictures of the two young children she leaves behind.

LAPIDUS (O.S.)
Pretty fucked up, right?

Another rookie (LAPIDUS, 23), hauling a black duffle bag, sidles up next to Diaz and takes in the memorial.

DIAZ
Insane.

Lapidus is all knees and elbows, the uniform hanging off him like he skipped the gym -- his whole life. He leans close to Diaz and keeps his voice hushed.

LAPIDUS
You think something's off, wait for backup. Field Training 101.

Diaz nods but it's clear he doesn't share the other rookie's discernment. Officer MALCOLM OSEI (30s) comes up, bows his head for a quick and silent prayer, then --

OSEI
Command Staff set up a GoFundMe for her family. Donate, make sure it's at least 200, leave your name.

DIAZ
Yes, sir.

LAPIDUS
Will do.

Osei walks off. Lapidus knuckles Diaz on the shoulder.

LAPIDUS (CONT'D)
Let's see who hooks the bigger fish their first day out.

Lapidus heads for the motor pool. Diaz lingers at the memorial, stuck on Delgado's academy photo, the gravity of it all not lost on him.

INT. LBPD WEST DIVISION - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

OFFICERS change in and out of uniforms between shifts, some of them still swapping theories about the shooting.

We're drawn to one officer in particular -- 12 year veteran KELSEY HARMON (40s).

In a room full of people, Harmon somehow feels isolated standing at her locker, quietly pulling her uniform on. Her body a network of scars from working the job.

We note the decorations on the inside of Harmon's locker door -- a PHOTO of a young Harmon (13) with her SISTER (16) on the beach, another with her two rescued PIT BULLS, and a Ron Jon 'Live, Love, Surf' STICKER.

Harmon closes her eyes, blocking everyone out, and begins BOX BREATHING. Slow, long inhale, pause, slow, long exhale, pause. A necessary ritual on a day like today.

When finished, she grabs her WAR BAG and heads out.

EXT. MOTOR POOL - MOMENTS LATER

On normal days the atmosphere out here is pretty lax. Cops jaw-jacking and giving each other shit. But today there's no cheer to be found.

Harmon exits the station, sliding her Ray-Bans on. She spots her new trainee, Diaz, talking to SGT. LASMAN, a barrel-chested cop with a reputation for being a cowboy.

Harmon and Lasman lock eyes for a beat -- long enough to tell us there's bad blood between them. Lasman whispers his parting words to Diaz before the rookie trots over and catches up with Harmon in stride.

DIAZ
Squad's ready.

HARMON
You sure?

DIAZ
Wiped everything down, searched it for contraband. Filled it up, checked the 12-gauge.

HARMON
So you know, I'm big on effort. And I have a low fucking tolerance for people who bitch. But if you give me effort I can teach you the rest.

DIAZ
I got you.

Harmon gives Diaz a sideways glance, sizing him up. Behind them, we spot LIEUTENANT BISHOP (50s) hustle outside.

LIEUTENANT BISHOP
Everyone bring it in! Listen up.

Harmon and Diaz follow the rest of Afternoon Watch into a semicircle around the Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT BISHOP (CONT'D)
Gangs just ID'd Delgado's shooter --
Eddie Watson. He and the piece of
shit driver Rolondo Cortez are
still believed to be in the city
but likely trying to flee.

The lieutenant passes out a hot sheet with prior BOOKING PHOTOS of ROLONDO CORTEZ (the driver) & EDDIE WATSON (white boy), who we recognize from the opening.

LIEUTENANT BISHOP (CONT'D)
Watson is a member of the East
Barrio clique, street name 'Maniac'
-- I'm not making that up. Cortez
has also been identified as an up
and comer.

Harmon assesses the two suspects, her eyes hardening. Diaz clocks her reaction.

LIEUTENANT BISHOP (CONT'D)
Detectives are still trying to ID
the female passenger. We think
she's a minor being trafficked,
which could've been motive for the
shooting. If you get eyes on either
Watson or Cortez -- you do not
engage alone. Understood?

There's a solemn collective "Yes, sir" from the ranks. Lieutenant Bishop takes a moment, then --

LIEUTENANT BISHOP (CONT'D)
I know we're all raw but let's keep
our emotions in check. We've got a
multi-agency task force looking for
these motherfuckers. That's their
job. Your job is business as usual -
- watch each other's backs.

The group disbands. Harmon is about to go to her cruiser when the lieutenant calls after her --

LIEUTENANT BISHOP (CONT'D)
Harmon.

He pulls her aside, his tone softening.

LIEUTENANT BISHOP (CONT'D)
 Want me to give the kid to Osei?

HARMON
 Osei? He'll be spouting scripture
 by end of shift.

LIEUTENANT BISHOP
 But you might want to take a few
 days, ride solo.

Harmon looks over at Diaz, waiting by their cruiser --
CHARLIE-63.

HARMON
 No, I'm good.

The lieutenant studies Harmon, gauging her response.

LIEUTENANT BISHOP
 Okay, then. If you need --

She's already turned away, walking to her cruiser to meet up
 with Diaz.

HARMON
 How many mags do you have?

DIAZ
 Just what I was issued.

HARMON
 That's not enough. You want a
 minimum of four on your belt and
 another four in a bailout bag.

Harmon pops the trunk and throws her war bag in.

HARMON (CONT'D)
 Let me get a look at you.

Diaz stands there as Harmon inspects his uniform top-to-
 bottom. She frowns midway through.

HARMON (CONT'D)
 Forget to shine your belt?

DIAZ
 No, Ma'am.

HARMON
 What'd you use, a Hershey's Bar?
 We're each other's life insurance
 policy out here.
 (MORE)

HARMON (CONT'D)

Take the details seriously --
polishing your boots and belt -- it
shows you're taking the day
seriously.

Diaz bobs his head.

DIAZ

I'll do better, Ma'am.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Harmon climbs in behind the wheel and fires up the cruiser,
Diaz rides shotgun.

HARMON

Do I look like the Queen of
England?

Diaz isn't sure how to answer that...

DIAZ

No, Ma'am?

HARMON

Then drop the ma'am. Call me
Harmon.

Harmon fixes the mirror and spots Lasman framed in it holding
court with the other officers. We're getting the sense
there's a fraternity here -- and Harmon isn't a member.

HARMON (CONT'D)

I saw you talking to Sergeant
Lasman. He have anything
interesting to say?

DIAZ

Told me a lot of rookies are
quitting. I said that wasn't gonna
be me.

Harmon looks over at Diaz, already wondering if she can trust
this kid with her life.

HARMON

We'll see.
(she radios dispatch)
Charlie-63, clear.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Harmon and Diaz roll through District 4 of West Long Beach. An area that's been gentrified but remains high crime.

Harmon is pensive. Diaz is full of first day jitters and makes small talk.

DIAZ

Used to come down here all the time when I was at Cal Poly. Called it the ghetto by the sea.

He spots a LITTLE GIRL on the street corner who flashes him the peace sign. Diaz casually returns the gesture.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

There was this Cambodian diner...

He snaps his fingers, trying to recall.

DIAZ (CONT'D)

...shit, I can't remember the name. But they had great grilled pork.

Harmon ignores him and eases up on the gas as she passes by a LIQUOR STORE, craning her neck to get a look inside.

HARMON

East Barrio spot. You see anyone in there?

DIAZ

Just the clerk. Want to go in?

She turns to him with a 'don't be dumb in my car' look.

HARMON

You're really trying to jump into it, huh?

Harmon takes one last look into the store.

HARMON (CONT'D)

They're probably laying low.

She accelerates. They drive for awhile, Diaz keeping his mouth shut, until --

DIAZ

So, you knew Officer Delgado?

HARMON

Yep.

Diaz waits for more. But Harmon leaves it at that.

DIAZ

Sorry.

Harmon suddenly cuts the wheel and abruptly pulls over, the cruiser shuddering to a halt. She throws it in park and turns to her trainee --

HARMON

I've been shot -- where are we?

It's a pop quiz. Diaz stiffens, unprepared.

DIAZ

Uh... near Admiral Park?

HARMON

I'm asking you.

He shifts his eyes, looking for street signs. Harmon claps her hands like a boxing trainer urging better effort.

HARMON (CONT'D)

I'm bleeding out. Hurry! What cross streets?

DIAZ

Hold up... It's...

She glares.

HARMON

What's the First Commandment?

DIAZ

Know your use of force policies.

HARMON

That's the academy answer. Out here you need to know where you are at all times. It's the difference between life and death.

DIAZ

Got it.

HARMON

Study the beat maps of the area, know them like the back of your hand. Staffing shortages means no more two-officer units. You're on your own.

DIAZ
Understood.

Harmon throws the cruiser in gear and we ride with them in silence again. She notices Diaz brooding, upset with himself, so she tries to lighten the mood.

HARMON
Little Lulu's.

DIAZ
What?

HARMON
Name of that Cambodian diner with the grilled pork. It's a Starbucks now.

DIAZ
For real?

HARMON
Personally, I liked the dumplings. Curry wasn't bad either. Though if you weren't careful you'd spend your whole shift on the toilet.

That gets a little laugh out of Diaz --

DIAZ
I was lucky enough to avoid that fate.

HARMON
How'd you do in the academy?

DIAZ
Second in my class.

HARMON
Out of how many?

Diaz looks out the window, embarrassed to say.

DIAZ
Three.

Harmon who busts his balls.

HARMON
A whole three? Wow. I'm sure the empty classroom really reaffirmed your career choice.

DIAZ

They grouped us with LA Sheriff's because we were so small.

HARMON

Great. So you learned how to get a lawsuit.

(then)

Last quarter they put this big effort into recruiting on social media. Spent a ton of the city's money. Take a guess at how many responded?

Harmon holds up two fingers.

HARMON (CONT'D)

And one of them was an inmate at Corcoran. We're not even getting the legacy applicants anymore. Who's gonna send their kid into this? We've had two cops shot in under a month.

DIAZ

Some of my classmates bailed after those CHP officers were killed in Orange County. Guess they'd rather work at Home Depot.

HARMON

Not you though?

DIAZ

Not me.

HARMON

What are you? 22?

DIAZ

23. You?

Diaz immediately realizes he shouldn't have asked.

HARMON

Old enough to know how young you are. Where you from?

DIAZ

Over the bridge. San Pedro.

HARMON

Which part?

DIAZ
The bad part.

HARMON
And you went to Cal Poly?

DIAZ
Got a degree in engineering.

HARMON
Odd detour to becoming a cop.

DIAZ
Thought it was a ticket out,
decided I want to stay in.

HARMON
You the only badge in your family?

DIAZ
Just me, yeah.

HARMON
How'd that go over?

DIAZ
My mom sort of hates cops, so...

HARMON
And your dad, siblings?

DIAZ
Not important.

Harmon processes that. Then, a call pops up on their laptop.
Diaz squints at it.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
Here we go. 273-5 at Ocean and
13th. Code 3 responses needed.

HARMON
Let's stimulate our minds.
(she keys her radio)
Charlie-63, 4 minute ETA.
(to Diaz)
Hit the lights.

EXT. LONG BEACH APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Harmon and Diaz roll up to a two-story apartment building
near the ocean. They're the second car on scene.

Harmon climbs out of the cruiser, followed by Diaz. She activates her BODY-CAMERA, gesturing for Diaz to do the same.

HARMON
Don't forget.

Diaz taps the small BODY-CAMERA fastened to his chest and the light blinks RED -- indicating it's now RECORDING.

INT. LONG BEACH APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Harmon and Diaz enter into CHAOS, finding fellow Officer Osei, refereeing a VIOLENT dust-up between a 60-year-old MOTHER and her drug-addict SON.

OFFICER OSEI
I said back up!

SON
What about her!?

MOTHER
Keep him away from me!

Diaz is quick to assist, pinning the son against the wall.

DIAZ
Sir, you need to calm down.

SON
Don't put hands on me, I'll fucking kill you!

Osei gets in the guy's face.

OSEI
Hey! Asshole. I will tase you.

Harmon intervenes.

HARMON
(to Osei)
Dude.

Her look is enough to make Osei back away.

HARMON (CONT'D)
Someone want to tell me what happened?

MOTHER
He took my purse!

SON

She's crazy. I didn't take shit!

OSEI

Neighbors saw him beating on her
after she refused to give him
money.

SON

That's bullshit! She doesn't have
any money!

HARMON

Cuff him and get him out of here.
Request an EMS for her.

Officer Osei takes the son from Diaz --

OFFICER OSEI

Let's get some air, come on.

-- and escorts him outside, radioing Dispatch for an
ambulance. Harmon picks up an overturned chair and invites
the woman to sit.

HARMON

That's your son?

The woman nods, a cut over her eye starting to swell.

HARMON (CONT'D)

(to Diaz)

Go get some ice from the freezer.

Diaz ducks into the kitchen. Harmon takes the woman's
trembling hands in hers.

HARMON (CONT'D)

Tell me, has he done this before?

MOTHER

You mean robbed me or beat me?

Harmon reacts to that, shaking her head.

HARMON

Why would he rob you?

MOTHER

He needs money for dope.

Diaz returns with a frozen MOON PIE and hands it to Harmon,
who arches a brow at him.

DIAZ
It's all they had.

Harmon makes a face as she hands the ice cream to the woman.

HARMON
Hold this over your eye until the paramedics get here. Or until you get hungry.

The woman winces as she presses the frozen treat gently against her wound.

HARMON (CONT'D)
Good news is your son's going to cool off in lock up tonight.

MOTHER
No, no. That's okay. We just had a little argument.

HARMON
Ma'am, he assaulted you.

MOTHER
He's my boy. He's a good kid. It's just... when he gets in one of his moods, you know?

HARMON
Believe me, I get it. But you can't enable him.

The woman's eyes darken, suddenly she's defensive.

MOTHER
So handing him over to you is the answer? I don't think so.

HARMON
It's not a suggestion.

The woman rises, meeting eyes with Harmon.

MOTHER
Don't come in here judging like you're better than me. We're more than good, get out.

Harmon exhales, she's seen this movie way too many times. She pulls Diaz aside --

HARMON
Be a hero and get a statement.

We FOLLOW HARMON out of the apartment and back to --

EXT. LONG BEACH APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

-- where Officer Osei is leaning against his patrol car, texting on his phone. The woman's abusive son sits cuffed in the back seat of his cruiser, dull-eyed and subdued.

Harmon TURNS OFF HER BODY-CAM as she eyes the SPECTATORS gathered across the street recording them on their phones.

HARMON

Look at that. A cop was murdered
four blocks from here, where's the
outrage?

We may not catch it, but Officer Osei, post enforcement, has deactivated his body camera as well, per protocol. He doesn't bother looking up at Harmon, keeping his eyes on his phone.

OFFICER OSEI

Maybe we loot a Target, then we'll
get some sympathy.

Harmon goes to the back of the vehicle to talk to the son.

HARMON

What's your name?

SON

Ricky.

HARMON

Answer me this, Ricky. What kind of
man hits his own mother?

SON

She's crazy. Slipped and fell, I
didn't touch her.

HARMON

That woman carried you inside of
her. Taught you how to walk. This
is how you repay her?

SON

You don't know shit.

Harmon switches gears.

HARMON

Okay, tough guy. That cop who was shot on Anaheim a few days ago, you know anything about it?

SON

Not any more than you.

She shows him the booking photo of Maniac on her phone.

HARMON

You know him?

SON

I'm no gangster.

HARMON

So then you know he's hooked up with East Barrio?

SON

I don't know nothing.

HARMON

He goes by Maniac. That ring a bell?

SON

How about you arrest me for whatever bullshit charge you got. Ain't like I won't be out in an hour anyways.

HARMON

If you put hands on her again I'll personally make sure it's attempted murder. That's five-to-seven. A long time for a woman-beater to survive inside.

Point made, Harmon turns around... and there's Diaz standing close by, watching -- unbeknownst to him, his BODY-CAM blinking RED. Still RECORDING.

Harmon looks like she could kill Diaz. Reading her reaction, Diaz quickly shuts the camera off. But it's too late. It recorded her threat.

HARMON (CONT'D)

You get a statement?

DIAZ

She locked herself in the bathroom and won't come out.

SON
Told you that bitch is crazy!

Harmon slams the door on the son's face.

HARMON
She what?

DIAZ
I tried talking to her but...

Harmon fumes as she heads back towards the apartment, Diaz trailing. Before they head in, she abruptly turns to him --

HARMON
Didn't they teach you anything?
Camera goes off after enforcement.

DIAZ
I know, I know. I forgot.

HARMON
You forgot?

DIAZ
I didn't see anything
unprofessional.

HARMON
You're not the only one watching.

INT. LONG BEACH APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

Harmon pounds on the bathroom door.

HARMON
Ma'am, open up. We're still
conducting an investigation.

There's no answer. Harmon knocks again. Same response.

HARMON (CONT'D)
Take the door.

Diaz looks at her -- *are you serious?* Harmon steps aside. Diaz rears back and kicks the door once, twice, splintering it on the third try.

They enter the bathroom to find the mother incapacitated on the toilet, her pants bunched around her knees -- and a hypodermic needle jutting from her groin area.

DIAZ

Oh fuck.

Harmon edges up to the woman, seeing the needle stuck in her femoral vein and her head lolled as if she OD'd. Harmon gets on her radio --

HARMON

Dispatch, where's that EMS?

As Dispatch responds, Harmon leans over the woman and goes to feel for a pulse -- when the woman jolts out of her stupor, scaring the shit out of our cops.

HARMON (CONT'D)

Jesus!

The woman smiles a droopy smile, still wrapped in her high.

MOTHER

I told you we're good here.

Harmon looks down at the woman, a trace of pity in her eyes.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - LATER IN THE DAY

Harmon sips a Red Bull. Diaz drinks a Gatorade. They're driving down Pacific Avenue randomly running license plates, back on the hunt for Delgado's shooters.

DIAZ

Think we're gonna make running plates against policy?

HARMON

Doesn't matter. We can always find a reason to justify a stop, policy or not.

She gestures to a Bronco one lane over from them. Diaz types the plate into the computer.

DIAZ

Clean. It would at least be progress though.

HARMON

Progress?

DIAZ

Maybe prevent some unnecessary situations.

HARMON

Here's an idea. Stop hiring cavemen
and we won't have any situations.

A Toyota Camry pulls out in front of them. Diaz inputs the
plate number...

DIAZ

I'm just saying, LAPD stopped us a
lot when I was a kid for no reason.
Even put my mom on the pavement
once.

HARMON

Yet here you are. Riding shotgun in
a black & white.

Diaz reflects on that rather than get philosophical.

HARMON (CONT'D)

Last week I got two bricks of
heroin and four ghost guns off the
street by running plates. Policy
isn't the issue.

Diaz reads the intel that comes back on the Camry --

DIAZ

No affiliations to East Barrio or
any other cliques, but the owner
has an active warrant out for
driving on an expired license.

HARMON

That good enough for you?
(then)
Light'em up.

EXT. STRIP MALL PARKING LOT - DAY

Harmon brings the cruiser to a stop behind the Camry. She
approaches the driver's side of the vehicle with caution,
Diaz takes the passenger's side. Considering this is how
Delgado got shot in our teaser, tension is high.

The driver lowers his window. He's a young man in his early
20s who looks like he's had a run of TOUGH LUCK -- unkempt
and gaunt -- so that's what we'll call him.

HARMON

License and registration.

Harmon keeps careful watch on Tough Luck as he searches the center console for his wallet. Diaz, meanwhile, scans inside, clocking empty soda cans, food wrappers, and clothes.

SHOPPERS gather and gawk, creating an extra layer of anxiety.

HARMON (CONT'D)

Where you coming from?

TOUGH LUCK

Del Taco.

HARMON

Have anything in the vehicle I should know about?

TOUGH LUCK

No, officer.

HARMON

Really? Lie to me and we're gonna have trouble.

He fidgets, playing that out in his head, and changes course.

TOUGH LUCK

I have a pipe in here.

HARMON

What kind of pipe?

TOUGH LUCK

Meth.

HARMON

Is there meth in the car?

TOUGH LUCK

No, nothing. No drugs. I swear.

HARMON

Okay, step out. Keep your hands where I can see them.

Tough Luck obeys, exiting the Camry. Harmon signals Diaz to pat him down.

DIAZ

You got any needles on you or anything that could cut me?

The guy shakes his head and Diaz pats him down, tossing his wallet and lighter onto the hood of the car.

TOUGH LUCK
Why'd you stop me?

HARMON
You're driving on an expired
license.

TOUGH LUCK
My license isn't expired, check it.

Diaz reads the man's ID and hands it to Harmon.

DIAZ
He's right.

HARMON
This your vehicle?

TOUGH LUCK
It's my brother's. I'm borrowing
it.

HARMON
(to Diaz)
Watch him.

As Harmon heads back to the cruiser, a GAWKER gets in her face, trying to antagonize her while recording on his PHONE.

GAWKER
How many innocent people's rights
have you violated today?

She keeps cool.

HARMON
Get back on the sidewalk, we're
conducting an investigation.

GAWKER
You're nothing but a tyrant! You
should be ashamed of yourself!

HARMON
Jesus, you sound like my ex. Now
step back.

As Harmon climbs into the cruiser to run the suspect's ID, we return to Diaz as he keeps an eye on the guy.

DIAZ
Have you tried getting clean?

TOUGH LUCK
A bunch of times.

DIAZ
Got any family, anyone who can
help?

TOUGH LUCK
My dad. He's been trying to get me
into a program.

DIAZ
Why don't you take him up on it?

The kid falls quiet as Harmon returns.

HARMON
He's clean.
(to Diaz)
Put him in back for now.

Diaz cuffs Tough Luck and secures him in the back of their
cruiser, then helps Harmon search the Camry.

HARMON (CONT'D)
Break it up into sections so you
can be more methodical.

They continue tossing the Camry. Diaz finds the glass pipe
but no drugs. He holds it up, showing it to Harmon.

DIAZ
He was straight with us.

HARMON
So shines a good deed. Cut him
loose.

DIAZ
Can I talk to him first?

HARMON
Who are you, Dr. Phil?

DIAZ
Two minutes.

Harmon steps aside, curious to see where Diaz is going with
this. Diaz walks over to Tough Luck with the pipe in hand,
pulls him out of the cruiser and uncuffs him.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
 (re: the pipe)
 We can take you to jail for this.
 Wanna go to jail?

TOUGH LUCK
 No, man.

Diaz swipes the guy's phone off the hood and hands it him.

DIAZ
 Then call your dad right now.

Tough Luck really doesn't want to do that. Diaz searches for his eyes, which are avoiding him at all costs.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
 Look at me.

The kid finally lifts his eyes to meet Diaz's.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
 It's your only option here.

Tough Luck knuckles away tears, takes the phone, and hesitantly dials, then --

TOUGH LUCK (PHONE)
 Hey. I'm with the police.
 (then)
 Yea... no... I know...

Diaz urges him on.

DIAZ
 Tell him you want help.

Diaz watches the guy tearfully talk to his father, like he has a personal stake in the outcome. When the call ends --

TOUGH LUCK
 He wants me to come back home.

DIAZ
 There you go. Light at the end of the tunnel.

The guy nods, wiping his eyes. Harmon, who's been watching, finally steps in --

HARMON
 I think we're good here. Grab your stuff. You can keep the pipe or destroy it, your choice.

Tough Luck grabs his belongings off the hood of the car. Diaz hands him the glass pipe, which Tough Luck takes, drops on the ground, and crushes underfoot.

Moved, Diaz watches as the guy climbs back into his vehicle and drives away.

DIAZ
I think he might get clean.

HARMON
Keep that optimism for as long as you can.

Harmon radios Dispatch, looking over at the rookie with a hint of newfound respect.

EXT. ABANDONED PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Harmon and Diaz eat their lunch off the hood of their cruiser. Diaz is on his phone, scrutinizing his body-cam FOOTAGE from earlier. We watch the REPLAY along with him.

DIAZ
Know what? You can hardly hear what you say to the guy.

Harmon stares off at the port twinkling in the distance.

DIAZ (CONT'D)
I don't think you got anything to worry about.

HARMON
You need to report it anyway.

DIAZ
Report what?

HARMON
What I said to him.

DIAZ
I just told you, the camera barely picked it up.

HARMON
I made a threat. That's misconduct.

Diaz looks at Harmon, wondering if this is some loyalty test.

DIAZ
Want me to rat you out?

HARMON

I'm not gonna lie for you, so you shouldn't lie for me.

DIAZ

All due respect -- fuck that.

HARMON

If you don't report it, it could come back on you. You might not make it through your probationary period but I'll be damned if it's because of me.

DIAZ

I'm no snitch.

It's a standoff, which is broken up by the RADIO --

DISPATCH (RADIO)

All units be advised. APLR flagged a silver Mustang of a known associate of Eddie Watson, AKA 'MANIAC', the wanted offender who shot Officer Delgado, moving south on 700 block of East Hill Street...

This is the call they've been waiting for.

DISPATCH (RADIO) (CONT'D)

...Proceed with caution. Do not engage or approach alone. Everyone keep the air clear.

Harmon does some quick mental math.

HARMON

Get in. I think I know where they're headed.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MINUTES LATER

Harmon drives. Diaz checks the map.

DIAZ

We're going in the wrong direction. Dispatch had the vehicle heading south.

HARMON

East Barrio has been moving into this area, using some of the foreclosed homes as drop spots.

Harmon turns down an alley, parks facing the street, and kills the lights. The two watch cars pass for an anxious beat. Harmon is completely dialed-in.

DIAZ

Want me to radio another unit? Get more eyes out here?

HARMON

Let's play this out first.

Another fraught beat -- and then the SILVER MUSTANG they're looking for DRIVES PAST.

DIAZ

Shit! That's it! That's it!

Harmon punches the car into gear and trails the mustang at a distance. She takes the radio --

HARMON

Charlie-63 has eyes on the Mustang -
- license plate Tom, John, seven-
three-seven -- moving east on 2200
block of Myrtle Avenue.

DISPATCH (RADIO)

Copy, Charlie-63. Be advised, stay wide and hold off until a tactical unit is en route.

Diaz and Harmon continue to follow the Mustang, leveling up the suspense. It slows at an intersection to make a turn. Harmon pulls alongside, slowing too...

She and Diaz look over and see TWO FIGURES behind tinted glass as the car makes a right... and then TAKES OFF.

DIAZ

There they go!

Harmon whips the cruiser around and the CHASE is on. It's fast and fevered, and much more elaborate than what we'll get into here on the page.

HARMON

(radio)

Charlie-63, be advised the Mustang is moving at a high rate of speed, heading east on Orange.

The high-speed pursuit ends when the Mustang takes a hard right and jumps the curb, SMASHING into a light pole.

Harmon and Diaz scream up in their cruiser and pop out.

EXT. LONG BEACH STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

HARMON
Call an EMS!

As Diaz hangs back and radios for an ambulance, Harmon slinks up to the driver's side of the smoking Mustang, her gun out --

HARMON (CONT'D)
Come on out! Slow! Show me your
fucking hands!

The airbag deflates, revealing a KID in a Dodger's hat speared to the seat by part of the steering wheel and dashboard that shattered on impact.

Harmon looks over at the PASSENGER -- and meets eyes with Officer Delgado's killer, EDDIE 'MANIAC' WATSON, who we recognize from our teaser.

The white boy gangster hops out and takes off in a sprint down a side street before Harmon can act.

Diaz, closer to the passenger's side of the Mustang, instinctually jumps into action and runs after Watson.

And now we FOLLOW DIAZ ON A FRENETIC FOOT PURSUIT through a ROUGH Long Beach neighborhood.

Hopping fences... huffing through backyards... and making a point of noting addresses and street signs along the way...

Meanwhile, Harmon tries to track Diaz over the radio --

HARMON (RADIO) (CONT'D)
Diaz, what's your 20?!

Diaz doesn't respond, he's too focused on the hunt as Watson vaults over a brick divider between homes.

Diaz pauses at the wall, slowly peers over, then climbs it and lands in the empty yard of a FORECLOSED HOME.

His heart pulsing in his ears, he cycles his flashlight around and spots the back door of the house ajar as if the suspect slipped inside.

HARMON (RADIO) (CONT'D)
Diaz, come in! Where are you!!

Diaz finally answers --

DIAZ

Vacant home at the corner of Conley
and Valley Drive. Suspect's inside.

HARMON (RADIO)

*Copy, I'm on my way. Stand down
until I get to you.*

But Diaz is already at the back door... his gun out... and
doesn't wait for Harmon...

INT. FORECLOSED HOME - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Diaz's flashlight pierces the darkness. He flattens himself
along the walls as he clears each room...

Diaz hears a noise at the end of the hallway... he creeps
along... feeling like he's in a horror movie...

Diaz pauses beside the doorway at the end of the hallway,
steeling himself, then rushes in, discovering a FIGURE
hunched on the floor.

DIAZ

Let me see your hands!

He inches closer -- the cone of his light revealing it's a
HOMELESS MAN. He raises his hands, confused.

HOMELESS MAN

What'd I do??

There's a sudden NOISE off-screen. Diaz whips around. The
killer known as Maniac is still in the house.

Diaz dips back out into the hallway... moves along slowly...
hears the offender heading straight for him... he crouches in
the dark, waits a beat and then darts out!

But it's not the suspect -- it's Harmon, gun up.

After they both exhale --

HARMON

You clear the house?

Diaz nods, lowering his weapon.

DIAZ

He's not here. I think --

Harmon holds up a hand, pissed at the rookie.

HARMON

Stop talking.

(radio)

Charlie-63, suspect fled on foot
and is still outstanding.

EXT. LONG BEACH STREET - CRASH SITE - LATER

There's a swarm of POLICE and PARAMEDICS on scene. Diaz leans against the cruiser, still coming down from the chase, watching Harmon get chewed out by Lieutenant Bishop.

When finished, she comes over.

HARMON

The driver didn't make it. Air Support and K-9 can't find Maniac. Cortez is still out there. So... we've got shit. And when I clock out I gotta explain to the Watch Commander why I disobeyed orders and almost got my trainee killed. Didn't you hear me say stand down?

DIAZ

I thought I had him.

HARMON

You got a problem taking orders from a woman?

DIAZ

What?

HARMON

Why didn't you listen to me?

DIAZ

I gave you my location.

HARMON

You entered alone when I said not to.

DIAZ

He's a cop killer. Was I supposed to let him get away?

HARMON

Everything I tell you -- you fucking do it. I'm trying to keep you alive.

DIAZ

I'm not some coward that's afraid
to do the job.

HARMON

You're not hearing me.

Diaz bites his tongue, furious. Harmon turns away but thinks twice, facing him again to get something off her chest that's been eating at her all episode.

HARMON (CONT'D)

What did Sergeant Lasman say to you
earlier today?

DIAZ

Sergeant Lasman?

HARMON

Did he say you shouldn't listen to
me because of what went down
between me and him?

DIAZ

No, he --

Harmon gets in the rookie's face, letting it all out --

HARMON

Think you're the man because you're
chopping it up with a sergeant on
day one? Finished second -- *out of
fucking three* -- in your class?

Harmon pauses to catch her breath. Diaz, stunned by her outburst, comes clean --

DIAZ

Lasman told me Delgado was one of
your trainees, and that you'd take
her murder the hardest.

Harmon stands there, like she'd been sucker-punched. She lowers her head, regretting that she lost her cool and exposed herself like that.

HARMON

Yeah... Maria was one of mine.

Diaz steps to Harmon.

DIAZ

We'll get 'em.

Harmon takes a meditative breath.

HARMON

From now on, you listen to every word I say. We're not having this conversation again.

DIAZ

Understood.

Play the moment between them, a budding partnership, as a CALL goes out --

DISPATCH

All units be advised, 211 in progress at 2415 Pacific Avenue.

HARMON

Clear your head. We still got half a shift to go.

Together, they climb into the cruiser. Harmon takes the radio, responding to the call --

HARMON (CONT'D)

Charlie-63, two-minute eta.

OFF the lights & sirens of their cruiser speeding away...

END OF EPISODE.