

# **SOUTHLAND**

Chaos

3X7559

Episode Nine

**SOUTHLAND**

**"Chaos"**

**Written by  
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**JOHN WELLS PRODUCTIONS  
in association with  
WARNER BROS. TELEVISION  
4000 Warner Boulevard  
Burbank, CA 91522**

**BLUE Production Draft  
March 4, 2013**

SOUTHLAND

"Chaos"

CAST

LYDIA ADAMS

BARRY FULTON

JOHN COOPER

PHILLIP REED

\*

BEN SHERMAN

CODY SANTOS

\*

SAMMY BRYANT

HAYLIE LANG

DEWEY DUDEK

VICTORIA

-----

RALPH

DETECTIVE RHODES

RUBEN

FRANCES (screams)

LUCERO

JACKSON

ELENA

DRUNK (doesn't speak) \*

RUSSELL CLARKE

SGT. HILL

MOCO

BROOKE

STROKEFACE

WATTERS

SOUTHLAND

"Chaos"

SETS

INTERIORS:

HOUSE (Lydia & Ruben)  
Living Room/Kitchen  
Stairs

HOLLYWOOD STATION  
Locker Room  
Roll Call  
Bullpen

BAR

SAMMY'S HOUSE  
Kitchen

~~BEN'S HOUSE~~  
~~Bedroom~~

JOHN & LUCERO'S PATROL CAR

PARKING STRUCTURE  
1<sup>st</sup> Floor  
2<sup>nd</sup> Floor

TRUCK

BEN & SAMMY'S PATROL CAR

LYDIA & RUBEN'S DETECTIVE  
CAR

HOUSE (John & Lucero)  
Living Room/Kitchen

ELENA'S APARTMENT  
Living Room  
Moco's Bedroom  
Bedroom

ALVARADO STATION  
Garage

EXPOSITION STATION  
Squad Room

EXTERIORS:

HOUSE (Lydia & Ruben)  
Road

BAR

SAMMY'S HOUSE  
Street

CAFÉ

PARKING STRUCTURE

LIQUOR STORE

STREET CORNER

ELENA'S APARTMENT  
Street/Front Yard

APARTMENT BUILDING #1  
Street

APARTMENT BUILDING #2  
Street

PARKING LOT  
Alleyway

FAST FOOD RESTAURANT  
Alley  
Construction Site

HOUSE (John & Lucero)  
Backyard  
Open Desert  
Road

GAS STATION

\*  
\*

\*

**SOUTHLAND**  
"Chaos"

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

1 EXT. HOUSE - ROAD - NIGHT 1

DETECTIVES LYDIA ADAMS and RUBEN ROBINSON stand by their car parked along a dark, deserted road. They pull on their Kevlar vests, check the clips in their guns. They move up the road a bit, joining up with a few uniformed officers. Everyone is being very quiet.

A team of SWAT officers in tactical gear pours out of a truck parked nearby. They move in formation up the driveway of a strange, old house. It is overgrown with weeds, very dark.

Lydia and Ruben fall in behind the SWAT team, their guns at the ready. They look focused, determined. They approach the house quickly and we FREEZE on Lydia and hear --

ANONYMOUS VOICE (V.O.)  
*"Cops are supposed to hold the line  
between chaos and civilized  
society. Every now and then chaos  
gets the upper hand."*

CUT TO:

2 INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT 2

JOHN is finishing up for the day, he has showered and is getting dressed. LUCERO enters from the shower, a towel around his waist. As he opens his locker, he speaks low to John --

LUCERO  
Hey, I think Rodriguez was checking  
me out in the shower.

John nods, feigning amusement --

LUCERO (CONT'D)  
I want my fellow officers watchin'  
my ass but not watching my ass, you  
know?

Lucero has amused himself. John considers him for a beat --

JOHN  
You want to go grab a beer?

Off which --

CUT TO:

3 INT. BAR - NIGHT

3

John and Lucero each grab a stool at the bar. Lucero's taking a look around the place --

LUCERO  
We should do this more often, man.

JOHN  
Yeah, absolutely. I come here all the time.

Lucero continues to look around the bar, something's off, he can't place it --

LUCERO  
Friggin' sausage party in here.

John takes an exaggerated look around --

JOHN  
Hmm, you're right.

Lucero looks to his right where two men sit at the bar, speaking in hushed tones, they kiss. Lucero looks back to John, confused, nods his head to indicate the couple --

JOHN (CONT'D)  
It's a gay bar.

LUCERO  
I'm gettin' that.

John stares at him, he still doesn't get it --

JOHN  
I'm gay, you moron.

Lucero considers him, it's clear he's not joking --

LUCERO  
No shit?

JOHN  
No shit. But you wouldn't know it 'cause I don't go shoving my personal business in your face.

LUCERO  
I can't tell if you're messing with me right now.

JOHN  
You got a problem with gay people that's your right but I don't need to hear about it every goddamn day. Understand?

(CONTINUED)

LUCERO  
Yeah, Roger that.  
(beat)  
I had no idea.

JOHN  
You won't be mistaken for Sherlock  
Holmes.

Lucero takes a beat, this revelation sinking in --

LUCERO  
Listen, Coop, I was just bustin'  
balls, I didn't mean to offend  
anybody. It's just jokes, you  
know, I got no problem with gay  
people.

JOHN  
Good, then you won't mind staying a  
while.  
(to the bartender)  
Shot and a beer for each of us.  
(to Lucero)  
No problem, right?

Lucero hesitates, he is a little uncomfortable --

LUCERO  
Yeah, yeah. Of course.

They sit in silence for a moment, then --

LUCERO (CONT'D)  
Mind if I ask you a question  
though?

JOHN  
Okay.

LUCERO  
Do these pants make me look fat?

John shakes his head --

JOHN  
You're buying, asshole.

Off which --

CUT TO:

It's a couple of hours later. Lucero and John exit the bar  
buzzed as the SIGN GOES DARK OVERHEAD and the bouncer pulls  
the door shut --

(CONTINUED)

LUCERO

Man, I could pull down a lot of ass  
as a gay dude.

JOHN

You think so, huh.

LUCERO

I was gettin' checked out like  
crazy in there. Now I know what  
it's like to be a chick.

JOHN

If you want to be a chick, that's a  
different bar, but I can give you  
directions.

Lucero shoves him, playfully --

JOHN (CONT'D)

Easy now, don't make me knock you  
on your ass.

LUCERO

Ha! That's a good one.

He shoves him again. John stops, looks at him. Lucero puts  
up his dukes, it's all in good fun --

JOHN

You want no part of this.

Lucero starts circling him like a boxer, slapping at the air  
around John. John starts batting his hands away, they're  
sort of slap boxing.

They get into it and it escalates, they get tangled together,  
and start stumbling across the parking lot, grappling. John  
gets Lucero in a headlock and it starts getting a little  
intense, a little heated.

Lucero writhes free and their arms lock together, wrestling  
almost. They are face to face, the moment is charged, with  
what we're not exactly sure. Lucero shoves John away --

LUCERO

Get off me, faggot.

John stands back, catching his breath. Lucero turns and  
walks away.

CUT TO:

We see the windows are now boarded up, the furniture has been  
put back in place and everything has been tidied up.

(CONTINUED)



SAMMY rushes into the kitchen where Nate sits in his high-chair eating some cereal.

He bangs his spoon on the counter, making happy noises. Sammy grabs a paper towel, tries to cleanup the mess he's making. There's a KNOCK at the door. Sammy answers, it's BARRY FULTON, 60s, a retired detective --

SAMMY

Hey, Barry, thanks for coming.

BARRY

No problem.

SAMMY

I just want a cop watching Nate until we get this thing squared away. You're carrying?

Barry pulls up his shirt, revealing his handgun --

BARRY

What's the latest?

As Sammy returns to the cleanup job on Nate --

SAMMY

RHD is on it but with all the extra attention, Strokeface and his boys have been tough to track down I guess. Had the asshole on a parole violation but he lawyered up and was back out two hours later.

\*  
\*  
\*

BARRY

Unbelievable.  
(looks around)  
Castaic of all places.

SAMMY

Why'd we move up here if not to get away from all this crap?

\*

BARRY

It wasn't for the roller coasters.

Sammy finishes up, kisses Nate --

SAMMY

See ya later, buddy.  
(to Barry)  
You need anything just --

BARRY

I'm good. Go do your job.

\*

Sammy heads for the door --

\*

6 EXT. SAMMY'S HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS 6

Sammy heads to his car. There's a patrol car parked out in front of his house. Sammy waves to the officers inside and gets in his car --

CUT TO:

7 INT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - MORNING 7 \*

BEN's in bed with ELENA, sleeping. His phone BUZZES on the bedside table. He rolls over grabs it --

ELENA  
Who the hell keeps calling you?

He looks at the number, puts it down --

ELENA (CONT'D)  
Is it that same bitch?

BEN  
I'm sorry, I don't know what her problem is.

The phone BUZZES again. Ben rubs at his face --

ELENA  
How many times is that?

BEN  
Seven.

ELENA  
Psycho.

Ben wraps her up in his arms, trying to get back to sleep. A WEED WHACKER ROARS TO LIFE outside, it's a lost cause --

CUT TO:

8 EXT. CAFE - MORNING 8

Lydia is seated at an outdoor table having coffee with RUSSELL CLARKE. Christopher is in his stroller. Russell rolls him back and forth, looking in at him --

RUSSELL  
He's beautiful, Lydia.

LYDIA  
Yeah. Yeah, I mean, I know. He is though, right? It's not just me?

RUSSELL  
No, he's a good looking kid.

They look at him for a beat --

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA

So, how's work?

RUSSELL

It's good, you know, boring a little bit but it pays well. You wouldn't believe how much vacation these guys take.

LYDIA

Am I in the wrong business?

RUSSELL

When you're ready to stop chasing down bad guys, I'm sure they'd be happy to have you.

LYDIA

Stop chasing down bad guys.

RUSSELL

I'm not holding my breath.

She smiles. After a beat, Russell broaches a subject uncomfortably --

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

So, I'm not sure how to say this really but I'm very happy that we're hanging out and the way we left things, you know, a while back wasn't great obviously... and we don't have to talk about it even but I just want you to know that I'm sorry for what I did.

LYDIA

I know you are, you said that a long time ago.

(beat)

With everything that's been going on, my mom, Christopher, it's made me think about, I don't know, big picture kinds of things and I realized I spend a lot of time being mad at people, holding onto things I maybe shouldn't hold onto. I'm tired of doing that. I just don't have room for it anymore. Does that make any sense?

RUSSELL

Yeah. Completely.

It's a moment of catharsis for both of them. Christopher STARTS TO CRY. Russell rolls the stroller back and forth, lulling Christopher back to sleep --

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

RUSSELL (CONT'D)  
This guy been keeping you up much?

LYDIA  
You have no idea.

Russell leans into the stroller, speaking to Christopher --

RUSSELL  
You better watch out, buddy, your  
mom's a tough lady.

He starts making faces and we hear a LITTLE GURGLING LAUGH  
from the stroller. Off Lydia watching the interaction --

CUT TO:

9 INT. JOHN & LUCERO'S PATROL CAR - (MOVING) - DAY 9

John is driving. Lucero stares out the window. There's an  
icy silence between them. We watch them for a few loaded  
beats as they sit together, neither acknowledging the other --

RADIO  
A-57 handle unknown trouble call at  
221 Selma Ave. P/R reports  
suspicious activity at the vacant  
building.

JOHN  
A-57 Roger.

The partners don't even look at each other --

CUT TO:

10 EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY 10

John and Lucero pull up to the parking structure. It's  
closed up, no longer in use, ready for demolition. John and  
Lucero exit their patrol car and approach the structure. The  
entrance is gated with a chain-link fence but the lock is  
busted, the gate open a crack. They head inside --

11 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - CONTINUOUS 11

John and Lucero walk through the parking structure, looking  
around, nothing much going on.

They walk up the stairs to the second level where they spot a  
man, PHILLIP REED, 30s, standing at the other end of the \*  
garage next to a big, beat up, twenty year old pickup truck. \*  
He is pulling copper wiring out of an old, broken escalator.  
He has stringy blonde hair, lots of bad tats, he's missing a  
couple of teeth and has the wiry physique of a meth addict.

John and Lucero stand in the doorway, watching him.

(CONTINUED)

JOHN

Look at this idiot.

His actions are twitchy, he scratches at his head incessantly. He drops a crowbar on his foot --

\*

PHILLIP

Cunt!

John and Lucero can't help but be amused though they try to hide it. He pulls on the wire, hurts himself and YELPS again. He goes back to work on the wire. Lucero leans in to John, speaks low, testing the waters --

LUCERO

We don't catch the smart ones.

John can't help but smirk, shakes his head. Lucero's relieved by the moment of levity with John --

JOHN

Let's go ruin this idiot's day.

Lucero nods, relieved further by the thawing between them. They approach Phillip casually, letting their guard down, they've made this arrest a thousand times. They're able to walk right up on him --

JOHN (CONT'D)

Hey, numbnuts, hands up.

PHILLIP

Aw, man.

JOHN

Hands up, dickweed.

He puts them up. John grabs him and pushes him against the hood of the truck --

PHILLIP

Damn! Goddamnit! This is just what I goddamn need, stupid sonofabitch.

John starts doing a pat down. We follow Lucero as he moves around the truck. There's a cab over the bed. Lucero comes around to the open tailgate and looks into the back, squinting into the darkened interior, smiling. Out of the darkness THE STOCK OF A SHOTGUN SWINGS OUT SLAMMING LUCERO IN THE TEMPLE, he drops to one knee, stunned --

John hears the commotion, steps away from Phillip and the following happens in the span of two seconds --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jon looks around the back of the truck where he sees LUCERO ON HIS KNEES, THE BARREL OF A SHOTGUN PRESSED AGAINST HIS FOREHEAD, he's bleeding, dazed -- the other man, CODY SANTOS, 29, blonde, light eyes, completely void of expression, whips the gun at John -- John hesitates -- \*

Phillip picks up a crowbar off the ground and SLAMS JOHN IN THE BACK -- He drops, stunned -- He reaches for his gun but Phillip pulls it out of his holster before he can reach it -- He presses John's gun to the back of his head --

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Don't fuckin' either of you move.  
Shit, man. What are we doing?

CODY

Take off your shit.

PHILLIP

Yeah, take off your shit.

Phillip reaches down and tears off John's gun belt. Off John, blinking, stunned --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. JOHN &amp; LUCERO PATROL CAR - DAY 12

We focus on the radio in the abandoned patrol car --

RADIO

A-57 are you still code six at your  
location?... A-57 come in... A-57  
come in...

CUT TO:

13 INT. TRUCK BED - (MOVING) - DAY 13

The truck RUMBLES along. John and Lucero lie facing each other, their hands cuffed. Both have been stripped down to their boxers and undershirts. Lucero grimaces, in a lot of pain --

\*  
\*

LUCERO

We shouldn't have given up our  
guns. That's textbook shit.

JOHN

Textbook doesn't do you much good  
when your partner's got a gun to  
his head.

LUCERO

I let my guard down. Stupid.

JOHN

So did I, okay? It was a mistake.

(beat)

We made a right out of the garage  
and then our first left put us on  
Yucca. Made a right and got on the  
the 101 Northbound. For twenty  
minutes about, got off right around  
Sherman Oaks, on Van Nuys,  
Sepulveda maybe.

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

A glass pipe rolls across the floor between them --

LUCERO

You see that guy's teeth?

JOHN

Meth mouth.

LUCERO

Stealing copper wire to get high.  
They're just lookin' for money.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

The car banks right, the pipe rolls across the floor --

CUT TO:

14 EXT. PARKING STRUCTURE - DAY

14

Another patrol car pulls up beside John and Lucero's patrol car. DEWEY gets out. He walks toward it, looking around --

DEWEY  
(into radio)  
A-35, I'm code six at A-57's  
location. I have a visual on their  
vehicle. Stand-by.

He looks in the window, tests the door, it's locked --

DEWEY (CONT'D)  
Tube's still in the rack.

He looks around, confused --

DEWEY (CONT'D)  
What the hell?

Off Dewey --

CUT TO:

15 INT. BEN &amp; SAMMY'S PATROL CAR - (MOVING) - DAY

15

Sammy's behind the wheel. Ben's PHONE LIGHTS UP. He looks at it, ignores the call --

BEN  
Jesus.  
(to Sammy)  
Brooke. We broke up, now she won't  
stop calling.

SAMMY  
Sucks.  
(moving on)  
I got some people I want to talk  
to, might have some information on  
the NBKs.

Ben, concerned with Sammy's trajectory, tries to steer him in another direction --

BEN  
Don't you think maybe we should let  
some other guys handle that.

Sammy looks at Ben askance --

BEN (CONT'D)  
What?

(CONTINUED)



SAMMY

Dipshit Mendoza fakes getting lit up and you turn into Charles Bronson but they come to my house, your friggin' partner and all of a sudden you're getting sheepish?

BEN

You told me that was a mistake, getting involved with that. You were right, okay? I pushed it and a little kid ended up getting shot. I'm just listening to what you told me.

Sammy looks at him, he's not wrong, that was the lesson he tried to teach him --

BEN (CONT'D)

I have a point.

SAMMY

I'm not gonna shoot anybody. I just want to ask around.

Off Ben, this isn't going the way he wants. They spot an egregious illegal traffic maneuver up ahead --

BEN

Here we go.

Ben HITS THE LIGHTS --

SAMMY

A traffic citation?

Sammy, looks at Ben, annoyed --

CUT TO:

INT. TRUCK BED - (MOVING) - DAY

John and Lucero are where we left them. The TRUCK HUMS ALONG --

LUCERO

My head's killing.

They can hear a conversation up in the front of the truck. John nods his head in that direction, listening --

PHILLIP (O.C.)

We'll bring you what we did get.

No. No.

(a phone snaps shut)

Goddamnit!

The RADIO IS TURNED ON and TUNED TO A HIP-HOP STATION --

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP (O.C.) (CONT'D)

Hell no.

He TUNES THE RADIO TO A METAL STATION. The truck banks to the right --

JOHN

I think we were on 14 there for a while. Department's got to know we're missing by now, put out an APB on the truck.

\*  
\*

Lucero nods. He's got an idea, he calls out to the men --

LUCERO

Hey, hey! Guys!

They TURN DOWN THE RADIO, Cody slides open the window to the cab, peeks back --

LUCERO (CONT'D)

You guys want to get high? I get it, man, we screwed up your action but you guys hit the jackpot and you don't even know it. Yeah, man. We can get you anything, coke, crystal, weed. Set your asses up for months.

John shoots Lucero a look, shakes his head, "shutup." Cody stares back at them blankly --

\*  
\*

LUCERO (CONT'D)

I can make one phone call and take care of it, you think we never pinched a little out the evidence locker? It's easy man. Just drive us back into the city, I can get someone to drop the stuff wherever you want.

Cody turns to Phillip, there's some MURMURING between them. Cody turns back to the window --

CODY

He says we ain't stupid. Keep your mouths shut.

LUCERO

I ain't lying, brother, I swear.

Cody slides the window shut, cutting off communication. Off Lucero and John, what now --

CUT TO:

17 INT. LYDIA & RUBEN'S DETECTIVE CAR - (MOVING) - DAY 17

Lydia and Ruben are headed to the station. Ruben hums a nondescript tune under his breath -- \*  
\*

LYDIA

What, what is that, what are you doing?

RUBEN

This song, my girls keep playing it on a loop, catchy as hell. I try to play them some of my music, they look at me like I'm crazy.

LYDIA

Listen to you. Old Man Robinson.

RUBEN

They thought Stevie Wonder was a magician. Whole world's gone to hell, Adams. You'll see.

Lydia laughs. Her phone RINGS, she looks at it --

LYDIA

(to Ruben)

Fernandez.

(answers it)

Hello? Yeah. Okay, why? What's going on? Alright, alright, yeah.

She hangs up and starts to make a U-turn --

RUBEN

Where we headed?

LYDIA

Hollywood division.

RUBEN

What for?

LYDIA

Wouldn't say. Just said we were needed over there.

They share a look, that doesn't seem good --

CUT TO:

18 INT. BEN & SAMMY'S PATROL CAR - (MOVING) - DAY 18

Sammy's driving, Ben rides shotgun. Sammy spots something up ahead --

SAMMY

Want to make a quick stop.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

Sammy pulls up to an active crime scene in front of a liquor store, stops --

BEN  
What's this?

SAMMY  
Old friend. I'll be right back.

Sammy hops out. Ben looks concerned --

19 EXT. LIQUOR STORE - CONTINUOUS

19

Sammy approaches a detective working the scene, DETECTIVE HAYLIE LANG, 32, she's cute and she's happy to see him --

LANG  
Officer Bryant, always a pleasure.

SAMMY  
Detective Lang.

LANG  
Heard about the break-in at your place, you alright?

SAMMY  
I'm fine, I'm fine, how're you doing?

LANG  
I'm good.

She smiles, it's flirtatious. Sammy misses it --

SAMMY  
Could you do me a favor? Could you keep an eye out for any NBKs, or anyone knows anything.  
(confiding)  
I just want to be the guy who walks this asshole into the station, I want to put the cuffs on him you know?

LANG  
Of course. Say no more. But you should be careful, I'm dealing with those assholes all the time and tagging up someone's house isn't really their style, lighting someone up with a couple AKs is.

SAMMY  
Yeah, 'course.

Lang pulls out her card, hands it to him --

(CONTINUED)

19

CONTINUED:

19

LANG

If you need to get in touch.

(beat)

Doesn't have to be work related.

He looks at her, confused. She shakes her head, walks away --

LANG (CONT'D)

You been married too long, Bryant.

SAMMY

What? Shit.

Sammy looks at the card, calls after her --

SAMMY (CONT'D)

I'll hold onto this.

Sammy, smiling, heads back to the car --

20

INT. BEN &amp; SAMMY'S PATROL CAR - (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

20

Sammy gets in, holds up the card, smiling like an idiot --

BEN

Jesus. I'd hate to see what happens when you actually get laid.

The radio comes to life, along with the voices of other officers responding --

RADIO

Attention all units standby for a divisional roll call. Acknowledge when your designation is called. A-26. Roger. L-30. Roger.

Sammy and Ben look at each other, "what the fuck?" --

RADIO (CONT'D)

A-36.

\*

SAMMY

(into radio)

Roger.

They sit in silence for a moment. Off which --

CUT TO:

21

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - ROLL CALL - DAY

21

Lydia and Ruben enter and take a seat along with some other pairs of detectives. The room is full, RHD detectives, undercover detectives, the Hollywood Captains, Lieutenants and so forth. Lydia spots a team she recognizes --

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

RUBEN

That's Wilson and Hunter from Pacific.

LYDIA

I recognize those two from Southwest. They're getting everybody in on this.

SGT. HILL enters and heads to the front of the room --

SGT. HILL

Okay, listen up, please take your seats. Here's the deal. Currently we have two Hollywood patrol officers missing. Details are sketchy at the moment so keep assumptions to a minimum. We're going to be working off Tac 42 and you have been temporarily assigned to Hollywood Division. Here are the facts as we know them...

Under which we focus in on Lydia and Ruben, the gravity of the situation landing on them --

CUT TO:

22 INT. TRUCK BED - (MOVING) - DAY

22

John and Lucero are still bound in the moving truck. They make a couple of quick turns --

LUCERO

Where are we now?

(no response)

We made a left off the exit a while back then a right after a few miles...

John takes a beat, thinking about it --

JOHN

I don't know.

They go over something, a bump and the car stops. They HEAR A GARAGE DOOR CLOSE and IT GETS VERY DARK.

A moment later the tailgate is opened. Phillip and Cody drag John and Lucero out of the truck. As they do John spots his badge in the bed of the truck. \*

CUT TO:

23 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

23

It's a cheap stucco job that has gone to hell, a small time meth den, littered with junk. \*

(CONTINUED)

There are supplies for making crystal-meth using the shake and bake method scattered all over. It's a small time operation that yields a shitty product, they make enough to smoke themselves. \*

The two men drag John and Lucero through the living room to the kitchen and throw them down on the floor. Phillip uncuffs Hank momentarily and links his cuffs around John's so they are joined at the wrists. \*  
\*  
\*

Cody and Phillip move to the couch, cut one of the used soda bottles in half and gather the remnants from inside. They start smoking it.

John and Lucero lie in the kitchen. Lucero gets close to John, speaks low --

LUCERO

I got half scared for a minute there thinking they might have cartel ties or something but these guys are in over their heads.

Cody accidentally burns Phillip with the lighter --

PHILLIP

Watch it!

John considers their captors for a minute, speaks low --

JOHN

Chatterbox seems too far gone. But I think Pipsqueak is scared.

Phillip looks over, spots them talking, charges over, he's twitchy, high, scratching at his neck --

PHILLIP

Hey, hey, shut the fuck up. Shut up. I didn't say you could talk you fuckin' homos. You like holding hands don't you. You like suckin' each other's dicks?

He pulls John's gun out of his waistband, points it at them, still scratching at his neck --

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Should we find out?

He keeps scratching at his neck. His hand drops from his neck and we see BLOOD on his fingertips, he's scratched through his skin. He turns away --

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

I don't like having cops here man,  
I don't like this shit, I'm not  
sure this was such a good idea,  
these two are up to something.

LUCERO

(affably)

Hey, buddy, hey, listen, you can  
let us go. Just let us go, man,  
you haven't even done anything that  
bad yet.

PHILLIP

Shut the fuck up. \*

John looks at Hank, trying to shut him up, this isn't the  
right tactic -- \*

LUCERO

I'm telling you, man, you let us go  
we're not finding this place again,  
no way. You'll be home free. You  
don't want to be any deeper in this  
shit. Be smart here, guys.

PHILLIP

Shut up.  
(to Cody)  
I don't like this guy. I gotta  
take a shit. Fuck I gotta shit.  
Watch these two.  
(Cody doesn't move)  
Watch 'em!

Cody gets up, his cell phone falls from his pocket onto the  
couch. He takes the gun from Phillip and stands over John  
and Lucero. Phillip heads for the bathroom. Cody stares at  
them blankly. Lucero speaks low to Cody, directly -- \*

LUCERO

I'm not lying, man, I know how it  
is, you need to get high, it makes  
sense. Let us go and we can help  
you guys out of this mess. I know  
you don't want to be doing this.  
This other guy's bossing you  
around. Fuck him.

Cody walks over and pistol whips Lucero --

CODY

Be quiet.

Off John --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO



ACT THREE

FADE IN:

24 INT. PARKING STRUCTURE - SECOND FLOOR - DAY 24

Lydia and Ruben are being led up to the second floor by Dewey who is moving fast, talking fast, he's pissed off --

LYDIA

I know Cooper a little bit. He's a good cop.

DEWEY

Lucero too. Solid, you know, it doesn't make any fucking sense. Right up here.

They move out into the second floor of the garage --

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Dogs lost their scent over there, must've been put in a vehicle.

He points to the spot where they were taken, there are other detectives scanning the area --

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Found a bunch of keepers on the ground over here.

LYDIA

They must've pulled off their belts, missed the keepers.

RUBEN

And the lady who called in the disturbance?

DEWEY

Said she saw "movement", fucking shadows. Useless.

Dewey spots a couple of detectives talking to each other at the fringe of the scene --

DEWEY (CONT'D)

Look at these fuckin' desk jockeys... no offense.

LYDIA

You guys look covered here. We'll canvass the buildings around, see if we can get a witness.

Everyone's radios comes to life with a raspy voice --

(CONTINUED)

RADIO

Hello. Hlllooooooo.

Lydia and Ruben look to each other, "what the hell?" All the officers on the scene go for their radios --

DEWEY

(into radio)

Who the hell is this?

There's a long silence then a raspy voice starts to sing --

RADIO

*The thrill is gone. The thrill is  
gone away. The thrill is gone  
baby. The thrill is gone away.  
You know you done me wrong baby and  
you'll be sorry some day.*

\*  
\*  
\*  
\*  
\*

As all the officers look around, wondering what the hell is going on, listening to this eerie rendition of THE THRILL IS GONE --

\*  
\*

CUT TO:

Lucero's trying to block out the pain in his head. John watches Phillip, talking to Cody, he's worked up, a mix of giddy and paranoid --

PHILLIP

You gotta cut my hair. I need my hair cut or else they'll recognize me, they're looking, man, they're looking. They'll know it's me. I gotta cut your hair too.

He exits the room. Cody walks to the doorway, his back to John and Lucero. John leans in to Lucero, speaks quickly --

JOHN

When pipsqueak stood up earlier I saw his cell phone fall out of his pocket it's on the couch the first chance we get we grab it we can make a call they won't even know --

John's cutoff by Phillip coming back into the room. He TURNS ON THE STEREO, LOUD. It's blaring metal, harsh. Phillip grabs a chair, sets it in front of John and Lucero. Cody takes a seat and Phillip starts cutting off all his hair. Cody stares ahead, off in another world.

John puts his head down, looking right at Lucero. Lucero looks back at him, nods. They have a plan --

CUT TO:

26 INT. BEN & SAMMY'S PATROL CAR - (MOVING) - DAY 26

Sammy drives, Ben's on his cell, he hangs up --

BEN

Two patrol officers are missing.  
Went code six and never returned to  
the cruiser.

SAMMY

What? Bullshit. Who?

BEN

I don't know but that's the rumor  
on why the divisional roll call.

SAMMY

Jesus.

Sammy spots someone up ahead and pulls over. It's a lanky  
transvestite prostitute named VICTORIA --

BEN

Enough with the memory lane  
bullshit.

SAMMY

Old CI of mine. She used to buy  
from NBKs. Take two seconds.

BEN

We got a job to do, Sammy, we can't  
be chasing down one asshole all  
day. \*

SAMMY

Two seconds.

Sammy hops out. Ben, growing more frustrated, follows --

27 EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS 27

Sammy approaches Victoria --

VICTORIA

Officer Bryant.

SAMMY

Hi, Victoria.

She looks him up and down --

VICTORIA

You gotta get back to that  
detective shit, you used to look  
good out here baby, suit and tie,  
you looked real sharp.

(CONTINUED)

27

CONTINUED:

27

Ben looks to Sammy --

BEN  
When it rains it pours I guess.

SAMMY  
You heard anything about a break-in  
at a cop's house?

Ben is getting nervous with Sammy's questions --

SAMMY (CONT'D)  
Or a cop getting greenlit?

VICTORIA  
No, but I know all sorts of other  
good shit.

SAMMY  
I'm sure you do. I'm looking for  
this guy Strokeface.

VICTORIA  
I know that nigga.

Ben's phone RINGS, he answers it, steps away as Sammy  
continues to ask Victoria questions --

BEN  
Hello? Whoa whoa whoa slow down,  
okay, okay. Shit. No, I'll be  
there, just leave him alone.

Ben snaps his phone shut, approaches Sammy urgently --

CUT TO:

28

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

28

The MUSIC BLARES. Phillip and Cody have completed their  
haircuts, they look insane. They pass the meth pipe back and  
forth, getting fucked up. Phillip shoots out of his seat --

PHILLIP  
You hear that? What is that?

He rushes to the window at the front of the house, peeks out. \*  
Cody does the same --

CODY  
No one here.

PHILLIP  
I hear someone. They maybe tracked  
us here.

Phillip is getting twitchy again --

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

Tracked us.

He stares at John and Lucero, moves over to them. He starts patting them down --

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

You got trackers hid someplace.

He starts groping them, all over --

LUCERO

Get the fuck off me!

PHILLIP

Are they up your ass, huh?

LUCERO

Don't touch me.

JOHN

We don't have anything like that but they will be looking for us, and they'll find this place eventually. You should let us go now and get out of here.

Philip turns, finds a small butane torch. He triggers it, the blue flame roars from the barrel -- \*  
\*

JOHN (CONT'D)

Don't do anything stupid now.

PHILLIP

You got trackers on you.

He crouches and presses it into Lucero's leg, he SCREAMS, his SKIN SMOKES. John thrashes violently -- \*

JOHN

Stop it! Don't!

Phillip waves the torch in John's face, he recoils, avoiding it. Cody puts the gun in John's face -- \*

CODY

Shut up. Stop movin'.

John stops. Phillip un-cuffs one of John's hands, unlinks him from Lucero and cuffs him to the oven door.

They drag Lucero, kicking and screaming out of the room, pull him into the bathroom and shut the door --

CUT TO:

29 EXT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - STREET/FRONT YARD - DAY 29

Ben and Sammy roll up, SCREECH to a halt. As Ben jumps out, Sammy moves to get out too --

BEN

I got this, she's real emotional,  
just wait here, I'll be right back.

He shuts the car door and runs up the steps --

30 INT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS 30

Ben hurries in to find Elena pacing, freaked out --

BEN

What's going on?

ELENA

He came over here all messed up and  
locked himself in my room, he said  
he wouldn't talk to anyone but you.

(beat)

I think he might've done something  
really stupid.

Ben tries to comfort her, masking his own panic --

BEN

It's going to be alright, you just  
stay here. I'll take care of it.

Ben moves to the bedroom door, KNOCKS --

BEN (CONT'D)

Cris, it's me, Ben Sherman. Could  
you let me in?

31 INT. ELENA'S APARTMENT - MOCO'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 31

MOCO lets Ben in and closes the door behind him. They keep their voices down but Moco's a nervous wreck --

MOCO

I screwed up.

BEN

What do you mean, what's going on?

MOCO

I hit this apartment, I thought it  
would be easy after that other  
joint but they came home so I went  
out the back, climbed off the  
balcony but the neighbors saw me,  
called the cops. Well, what the  
fuck man, what're you gonna do?

(CONTINUED)

BEN

What - what are you talking about,  
you think I can make that go away?

MOCO

I helped your ass, you need to help  
me.

Ben considers him --

BEN

Or what?

MOCO

I just need you to fix this.

Ben eyes the leather jacket Moco is wearing, he grabs it --

BEN

Hey, what is this, where'd you get  
this?

(he's caught)

From the house? I told you to get  
rid of everything.

MOCO

I kept like two things.

BEN

Jesus Christ, man, do you want to  
go to jail? Do you want to? Get  
rid of it, all of it, drop it in  
the river. That doesn't mean go to  
some pawn shop and sell the stuff,  
okay? Get rid of it.

Ben pushes him away, goes for the door --

MOCO

What about the other thing?

BEN

I'll look into it, just lay low and  
use your fucking head, please.

Ben exits the room, walks to the living room where Elena is  
waiting. Sammy's there too, he's out of breath --

BEN

Sammy, what the hell? I told you --

SAMMY

I just heard from a detective I  
know in Pacific. John Cooper's one  
of the cops missing.

32

CONTINUED:

32

Ben is frozen in place, stunned --

BEN  
That can't be right.

Sammy just looks at him, it's true --

CUT TO:

33

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - DAY

33

Cody and Phillip drag Lucero out of the bathroom. He's limp, BLEEDING, COVERED IN SWEAT. They drop him next to John and cuff them together again.

Cody moves to the couch, starts trying to scrape some more remnants from their meth set up. Phillip heads out to the garage.

John looks at Lucero who stares off into the distance, far away. His EYES ARE RED-RIMMED FROM CRYING. Whatever they did to him, the pain was too much and he has simply checked out. John tries to re-enlist him --

JOHN  
Hank. Hank.

Lucero's eyes drift to meet John's --

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Just hang on a little longer, the cavalry's gonna come rolling in here any minute, I need you alert --

LUCERO  
They're going to kill us.

JOHN  
No, no, think about your wife. She needs you. She's waiting for you.

LUCERO  
She's not. She left me. Months ago. Says I'm delusional.

JOHN  
You're gonna get her back. Trust me.

Phillip comes into the room --

PHILLIP  
I need the keys to the car, I can't take the truck, they're probably out looking for it and I need money. We didn't get shit because of these two assholes. Where's their wallets?

(CONTINUED)



CODY

In the truck.

Phillip rips open a drawer and finds the keys. He grabs a marker off the counter and an envelope. He kneels down in front of John and Lucero --

PHILLIP

What's your ATM numbers?

After a beat --

LUCERO

1252.

JOHN

7140.

Phillip scribbles them down and heads for the door. Cody looks over at John and Lucero, watching them with a dim expression, like they're animals at the zoo --

CUT TO:

34 INT. BEN & SAMMY PATROL CAR - (MOVING)/EXT. STREET - DAY 34

Sammy's driving. Ben is floored by the news about John --

BEN

I don't see how it's possible. He's too, I mean I just don't see how it's possible. Maybe I should go to Hollywood Division, see if I can help out.

SAMMY

If you want to I understand. I can finish up the shift with someone else.

Ben considers him --

BEN

No, no I can finish the shift, it's just messed up.

There's a drunk wandering down the street up ahead --

BEN (CONT'D)

Look at this.

SAMMY

Let's let it go. He's gonna puke in the backseat.

The drunk throws an empty beer bottle into the air and fires at it with an imaginary gun. It SMASHES ONTO THE HOOD OF A PARKED CAR --

(CONTINUED)

34

CONTINUED:

34

BEN  
Let's hit it.

Sammy doesn't want to --

BEN (CONT'D)  
Sammy. Stop the car.

He does, reluctantly. They get out and approach the drunk --

CUT TO:

35

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING #1 - STREET - DAY

35

Lydia and Ruben are finishing up a door knock in one of the neighboring apartment buildings. They stand talking to a woman in her doorway --

LYDIA  
If you think of anything could you  
give us a call?

Lydia hands her a card, the woman nods. Lydia and Ruben head down the street --

\*

RUBEN  
Lot of dead ends.

LYDIA  
Let's go find another one.

They head down the street towards --

36

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING #2 - STREET - CONTINUOUS

36

Ruben is headed inside when Lydia stops, focused on something across the street. Ruben stops --

RUBEN  
What's up?

She's looking at a homeless man, RALPH, across the street digging through the trash. Lydia starts in that direction --

LYDIA  
Homeless guy. His pants look  
police issue to you?

We notice he is wearing the dark blue pants of a police officer. Lydia pulls her gun, starts running across the street, Ruben follows --

LYDIA (CONT'D)  
You, get on the ground, now!

The homeless man is startled, frightened, he turns to shuffle away, but Lydia RUSHES UP AND PUSHES HIM TO THE GROUND.

\*

(CONTINUED)

36

CONTINUED:

36

She flips him over and pulls open his jacket revealing one of the officers' radios. Ruben sees what she's got --

RUBEN

This must be our B.B. King fan. \*

LYDIA

Where'd you get this? Tell me right now!

RALPH

It's mine, I found it.

LYDIA

Where? Show me.

As she pulls him to his feet --

CUT TO:

37

EXT. PARKING LOT - ALLEYWAY - DAY

37

Ralph leads Lydia, Ruben and some uniformed officers down an alleyway. He points to a dumpster up ahead --

RALPH

In there.

Lydia walks over to the dumpster, opens it up --

LYDIA

Gimme a hand.

Ruben gives her a boost so she can hop into the dumpster. She starts sifting through the garbage. She spots one gun belt, no gun in the holster, another uniform. She keeps digging and stops, looking down at something.

Ruben looks over at the rear parking lot of a business that is on the alley. He spots a MOUNTED SURVEILLANCE CAMERA --

RUBEN

We got a camera over here.

LYDIA

Pull the tape.

Finally we look down at her feet and see what she's found. An LAPD badge, GLINTING IN THE LIGHT, half covered in filth --

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

38 INT. ALVARADO STATION - GARAGE - DAY 38

Sammy and Ben are leaving, having booked the drunk. Sammy spots something up ahead --

SAMMY  
Uh-oh. Brooke, one o'clock

Ben looks, sure enough, she's waiting up ahead. Ben sighs --

BEN  
Gimme a second.

Ben gets out. BROOKE is very worked up, pissed --

BROOKE  
You don't return my phone calls now?

BEN  
It's a crazy day.

BROOKE  
Are you fucking someone else?

BEN  
Come on, Brooke. This isn't the --

She hits him. Ben grabs her arm --

BEN (CONT'D)  
Hey!

\*  
\*

BROOKE  
Answer the question, shithead!

BEN  
Yes! Okay? I am and it's amazing.

Brooke's lip starts to quiver, she starts to cry. Ben reaches out to her, tries to comfort her --

BEN (CONT'D)  
Whoa, okay. I'm sorry, you're right, that was mean. I'm sorry.

She takes a second to pull herself together in his arms. Sammy starts calling from the car --

SAMMY  
Ben!

She pulls away, looks him in the eye --

(CONTINUED)

BROOKE

You fucked up, Sherman. You made a big mistake.

BEN

I'm sure you're right.

SAMMY

Ben!

BROOKE

I'm gonna suck every cock in Alvarado Division you piece of shit.

Ben stares at her for a beat, shakes his head --

BEN

Okay, I gotta go.

He turns and heads back to the car --

BROOKE

You're going to wish you never met me, you pussy.

Sammy's yelling, he's got his cell phone in his hand --

SAMMY

That was my CI. Strokeface was spotted, let's go.

Ben, freaked out by the prospect of confronting Strokeface and what he might say, gets in the car. Sammy peels out --

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - BULLPEN - DAY/EXT. PARKING LOT - 39 ALLEYWAY - (ON VIDEO) - DAY

Lydia and Ruben are watching the tape from the parking lot on the alley. There are some other officers gathered around. Lydia consults her notes --

LYDIA

Cooper and Lucero went code six at ten thirty-two a.m. Ralph, our homeless guy, found the radio and clothes at approximately one, one thirty. So that's our window for them coming through this alley.

Ruben fast-forwards through the tape. A couple of cars come through the alley but don't stop or slowdown. Finally, the truck comes through. It stops. The passenger door opens, someone gets out and goes to the dumpster, gets back in --

(CONTINUED)

LYDIA (CONT'D)

That's them. Do we get a look at  
the license plate?

They rewind and fast-forward the footage and find a frame  
with a clear view --

RUBEN

1E49901.

\*

Lydia speaks to DETECTIVE RHODES at a neighboring desk --

LYDIA

Run it. California, 1E49901.

\*

The detective punches it into her computer. Everyone stands  
watching her, waiting. It's a long, tense silence. Then --

DETECTIVE RHODES

Truck's registered to a Frances  
Vincent O'Brien. 2241 Red Canyon  
Road.

\*

\*

Ruben and Lydia are already grabbing their things --

CUT TO:

INT. BEN & SAMMY'S PATROL CAR - (MOVING)/EXT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT/ALLEY/CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY 40

Sammy and Ben are cruising by a fast food restaurant --

BEN

Don't you think we should be  
helping out at Hollywood, put as  
many bodies on finding Cooper as  
possible?

(beat)

Sammy, I'm talking to you, let's  
slide out. Go give Hollywood a hand.

SAMMY

Whatever's going on with Cooper...  
this thing with guys coming up to  
my house in Castaic, these assholes  
are getting bolder and we need to  
show them that you don't fuck with  
the LAPD.

They spot STROKEFACE coming out of the restaurant with bags  
of food, he heads to a car parked on the street. Sammy  
SPEEDS UP, comes around the corner. Strokeface opens the  
driver's door, is about to get in. Sammy SCREECHES TO A  
HALT, jumps out of the car. Approaches Strokeface.  
Strokeface puts up his hands --

\*

\*

\*

\*

STROKEFACE

What you want?

(CONTINUED)

SAMMY

Did you tell some of your boys to come by my house?

STROKEFACE

I don't even know what you're talking about.

SAMMY

Oh no? I seem to remember you threatening that exact thing, then some asshole breaks in, tags it up NBK. That's some fucking coincidence, pal.

STROKEFACE

My boys ain't stupid.

SAMMY

No of course not, where'd you all meet anyhow, Harvard?  
(pulls his cuffs)  
Why don't you come with me down to the station, you can tell me all about it.

Strokeface considers him --

STROKEFACE

You gonna put that shit on me, ain't you. You lazy and crooked.  
(starts to back away)  
I ain't goin' back to jail, motherfucker.

SAMMY

What did you just say to me?

STROKEFACE

I said I ain't goin' back to jail.

They stare each other down for a beat --

BEN

Screw this asshole, Sammy, we know where to find him, we'll pick him up next time he violates his parole.

Strokeface drops his hands --

SAMMY

Hands up, asshole.

BEN

Sammy, let's get out of here.

SAMMY

Hands up!

(CONTINUED)

40

CONTINUED: (2)

40

Strokeface jumps into his car, starts it up, his tires chirp as he speeds off. Sammy runs back to the patrol car, jumps in and they speed after him. \*

Strokeface cuts down an alley, Sammy and Ben are not far behind. The alley dead ends at a construction site. Strokeface jumps out and heads into the site. \*

There's a pit two stories deep. Strokeface tries to climb over some scaffolding, loses his grip and FALLS. \*

Sammy and Ben run up to the edge and look down below where STROKEFACE IS IMPALED ON SOME REBAR -- \*

TIME CUT TO:

41

INT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

41

As Sammy and Ben rush down to the bottom of the pit and over to Strokeface, we focus on Ben as he comes face to face with the consequences of his actions. Some construction workers have gathered around Strokeface, he can barely speak, he's SPITTING UP BLOOD. Sammy gets up next to him --

SAMMY

There's an ambulance on the way.  
Hang on.

Strokeface looks at him, grabs onto his shirt --

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Hang on.

He can for only a few seconds before he loses consciousness and his arm drops, limp --

SAMMY (CONT'D)

Fuck!

Sammy reels, this looks bad, this isn't what he wanted. Ben, out of breath, looks down at Strokeface --

CUT TO:

42

I./E. HOUSE - ROAD/LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN/STAIRS - NIGHT

42

DETECTIVES LYDIA ADAMS and RUBEN ROBINSON stand by their car parked along a dark, deserted road. They pull on their Kevlar vests, check the clips in their guns. They move up the road a bit, joining up with a few uniformed officers. Everyone is being very quiet.

A team of SWAT officers in tactical gear pours out of a truck parked nearby. They move in formation up the driveway of a strange, old house. It is overgrown with weeds, very dark.

Lydia and Ruben fall in behind the SWAT team, their guns at the ready. They look focused, determined. They approach the house quickly, silently. A figure moves in the window, a shadow passing over the curtains, everyone freezes.

(CONTINUED)



42

CONTINUED:

42

A signal from the SWAT leader sends them back into their fast approach.

The SWAT team heads to the door with a battering ram. A tense beat as they ready to make entry. Then... they KNOCK... then SMASH IN THE DOOR and pour inside.

Lydia and Ruben run up the steps and follow them in. They comb through the house, clearing rooms --

A sound comes from an adjoining room, a creaking floorboard -- they raise their guns, approach slowly -- a figure bursts out of the room, the SWAT team tackles them to the ground and finally we see it is an older woman, an aging hippy, FRANCES, \* she screams, terrified --

As they look around and the team searches for John and Lucero we realize this isn't the house they are being held in --

CUT TO:

43

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT

43

John looks at Lucero. He has his eyes closed, he mutters a prayer to himself --

LUCERO

Our Father, who art in heaven,  
hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom  
come, thy will be done.

JOHN

What're you doing? Shut up.

A CAR PULLS UP OUT FRONT. Cody jumps up and runs out the front door to meet Phillip --

JOHN (CONT'D)

Now. Now's our chance, get up.  
Get up.

They struggle to their feet and make their way over to the couch. They reach down, dig through the cushions, find the cell phone and start heading back to the kitchen, they almost make it back but Phillip enters, followed by Cody --

PHILLIP

Hey, what the fuck? Get down!

They get down on the ground --

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

(to Cody)  
What the hell's wrong with you,  
why'd you leave them alone?!

Cody walks over, he sees the cell phone, grabs it --

(CONTINUED)

PHILLIP (CONT'D)

What the hell, you idiot? you  
fucked this whole thing up. They  
called the cops.

CODY

No, they didn't.

PHILLIP

You moron, they're gonna hang  
us, they're gonna catch us.

CODY

Calm down, it's okay, they  
didn't make a call.

Lucero tries to interject --

LUCERO

Hey, guys --

Cody TURNS AND SHOOTS LUCERO IN THE HEAD. There's a moment  
of still. John recoils in shock, staring at Lucero --

PHILLIP

Holy shit. Holy shit.

Cody turns to Phillip, calming him, the flatness in his voice  
revealing the depth of his sociopathy --

CODY

It's okay, it's okay, trust me.  
This makes sense, everything's  
fitting together, it'll all make  
sense. This is the best way to  
deal with this.

A POOL OF BLOOD SPREADS ACROSS THE FLOOR from Lucero's head.  
John, still bound to his partner, inches back, trying to  
avoid it. We stay on John --

CODY (CONT'D)

I had to do it. He was trying to  
get away. It's all the same  
anyhow. Kidnapping a police  
officer's the same deal prison  
wise. You could do the other one.

(beat)

How much you get from the ATM?

PHILLIP

Six hundred, minus the liquor.

CODY

Good, that's good.

Off John, as the SPREADING POOL OF BLOOD REACHES HIM --

CUT TO:



44 CONTINUED:

44

She shakes her head, "no" and something about the way she does it tells Sammy it's not looking good. Off Sammy --  
CUT TO:

45 INT. EXPOSITION STATION - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

45

Lydia and Ruben return to their desks, spent, frustrated --

LYDIA

So, we're looking for a guy whose name this lady thinks might be Cody. Who is in a truck that is not registered in his name.

\*  
\*

RUBEN

And is somewhere in or around Los Angeles County. It's not much.

They HEAR SOMEONE ENTER, Lydia turns, it's Russell. He's got a bag of food and two coffees in a tray --

RUSSELL

Hey. Heard what was going on. Figured you'd be here all night, could use some fuel.

LYDIA

Thank you. You figured right.

RUSSELL

How's it coming?

She shakes her head, "not well." Russell looks to Ruben --

RUSSELL (CONT'D)

Hey, I'm Russell.

LYDIA

Oh, sorry, Ruben this is Russell, we used to be partners.

RUBEN

Russell. Okay. Good to meet you, Russell.

RUSSELL

Good to meet you.

(to Lydia)

I don't want to keep you, just wanted to help out however I could.

Ruben watches Lydia with Russell, smirks, maybe he got through to her after all --

LYDIA

I appreciate it. I'll give you a call tomorrow.

(CONTINUED)

RUSSELL

Okay.

Russell waves to Ruben and heads out. Lydia sits back down --

LYDIA

What?

RUBEN

I didn't say a word.

LYDIA

Let's start digging through people with priors, first name Cody.

RUBEN

We're gonna get the phone book.

LYDIA

What else can we do?

Off Lydia and Ruben burning the midnight oil, doing whatever they can to bring John home --

CUT TO:

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - BULLPEN - NIGHT

Dewey is standing around drinking a cup of coffee, full of nervous energy. He eyes a couple of other cops talking, whispering, he overhears one of them, JACKSON --

\*

JACKSON

I don't know man, it doesn't look good ya' ask me. You know about the onion field? Those guys in '63?

\*

\*

\*

\*

Dewey drops his coffee, stalks over, grabs Jackson by the collar and SLAMS HIM AGAINST THE WALL --

\*

DEWEY

You shut your fuckin' mouth, do not say those fuckin' words again, you hear me, you little shit?

JACKSON

Okay, okay, Jesus. What the fuck?

In the background, Ben enters --

BEN

Hey, Dewey.

Dewey lets the guy go, pissed. He turns to Ben --

DEWEY

Hey, Sherman.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

What's goin' on? Is there anything I can do?

DEWEY

(shakes his head)  
RHD's got us standing around with our dicks in our hands.

Dewey starts to pace back and forth --

BEN

What've you heard?

DEWEY

They found their uniforms, belts in a dumpster near the scene, I don't know.

BEN

Jesus. Doesn't make any sense.

Dewey keeps pacing --

DEWEY

Whoever did this is gonna be sorry, John's one tough sonofabitch.

BEN

You can say that again.

Dewey sits, puts his head in his hands, he's anxious, frustrated. He stands up --

DEWEY

Fuck this. I'm going looking for him.

BEN

Looking where?

Dewey takes a beat --

DEWEY

I don't know. Anywhere. You comin'?

\*

BEN

(nods)  
Yeah.

\*

They head out of the station side by side on an irrational mission to find their friend because it's all they can do --  
FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

47 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - NIGHT 47

John lies on the floor in the POOL OF BLOOD, facing Lucero's dead body. He has the vacant look that Lucero had earlier. He has checked out. Cody and Phillip enter. Phillip is drinking from a bottle of vodka --

PHILLIP  
I'm not sure about this.

CODY  
Stop, calm down. We just need to clean this up and leave. It's not rocket science.

Phillip takes a bracing pull off the vodka bottle, tries to shake the cobwebs out of his head --

PHILLIP  
Yeah, let's go, I got this.

Cody pulls out the gun and trains it on John. Phillip crouches down and un-cuffs John from Lucero. John starts thrashing around violently, Cody puts the gun in his face --

CODY  
Hey. Hey!

They pull John to his feet and walk him across the living room to the back door of the house and push him outside --

48 EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS 48

John stumbles out into the backyard. It is a small plot of dirt surrounded by a low cinder block wall. Beyond that is desert in every direction. There is no one around.

With his ankles bound John can only shuffle his feet. They push him out to the center of the yard. Cody walks up and hands him a shovel --

CODY  
Help us dig a hole.

John stares at him --

CODY (CONT'D)  
Go on.

He puts the shovel in John's hand then grabs a pick-axe, starts tearing up the dirt in front of them --

\*  
\*

TIME CUT TO:

49 EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD - NIGHT 49

John and Cody and Phillip have dug a ditch a few feet deep. John stands inside it, digging further down. Phillip stands watching them, drinking. After a few beats --

CODY

Okay.

Cody drops his shovel, grabs John's arm and pulls him out of the hole. He leads him back inside --

50 INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 50

He leads him over to Lucero's body --

CODY

Drag him outside.

John has no choice, he reluctantly reaches down, grabs Lucero's feet and begins to drag him across the room --

51 EXT. HOUSE - BACKYARD/OPEN DESERT/ROAD - CONTINUOUS 51

John drags Lucero's body over toward the hole. He drops him there next to it --

CODY

Put him in.

John gets down on his knees and rolls Lucero's body into the hole. Cody tosses in their wallets and John's badge, then stands over John --

\*

CODY (CONT'D)

Now you. Get in the hole.

JOHN

I'm not going to do that. I'm not getting in there.

Cody KICKS HIM IN THE BACK and JOHN TUMBLES INTO THE HOLE ON TOP OF LUCERO'S DEAD BODY, his face pressed against Lucero's.

John writhes, struggling to get his face away from Lucero's, he pushes himself up onto his knees. He reaches down and grabs something. He holds it up. It's his badge. He's shaking, holding his badge out in front of him, his shield, the only thing he has left.

\*

\*

Cody looks down at John, trains his gun on him and speaks over his shoulder to Phillip --

CODY

We can split that money and go separate ways, get out of here for a while. C'mon do this bitch and then we can cover them up.

(CONTINUED)



51

CONTINUED:

51

Cody turns --

CODY (CONT'D)  
Phillip.

He's gone --

CODY (CONT'D)  
Phillip.

Cody starts off in search of him and WE HEAR A CAR START UP  
OUT FRONT --

CODY (CONT'D)  
Goddamnit.

CODY TURNS AND FIRES AT JOHN. JOHN DROPS ON TOP OF LUCERO'S  
BODY and lies there motionless.

WE HEAR CODY'S FOOTSTEPS FADING AWAY. WE HEAR THE TRUCK  
START UP AND TEAR OUT INTO THE NIGHT. John waits. And  
waits. There's no sound.

John pushes himself up, looks around, there isn't anyone  
there. He climbs out of the hole and runs for the back of  
the yard. He climbs over the wall and runs out into the  
desert, his ankles bound, allowing him only a couple of feet  
with each step.

John runs and runs and runs, STUMBLING OVER AND OVER, PUSHING  
HIMSELF UP off the hard desert dirt and continuing on.

Finally, he stumbles onto a road. He turns and starts  
running on the road. The LIGHTS OF CIVILIZATION TWINKLE IN  
THE DISTANCE.

From behind him, TWO HEADLIGHTS APPEAR. John spots them and  
panics, he dives down to the side of the road to hide,  
fearing it might be Cody or Phillip.

The CAR SPEEDS PAST. It's a minivan. John climbs back out  
to the road and waves after it, trying to get their  
attention. It's useless. He shuffles forward toward those  
DISTANT LIGHTS.

CUT TO:

52

EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

52

It is set at one corner of a desert intersection, there's  
nothing on any of the other corners.

John comes stumbling down the road and up to the gas station.  
HE BANGS ON THE WINDOW --

JOHN  
Help!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Looking inside, it's clear it is closed for the night. JOHN BANGS ON THE WINDOW HELPLESSLY.

John turns and sees an old woman in a motorized wheelchair come rolling into the station. She's wearing a nightgown and an oxygen mask the tube of which winds to a tank on the rear of her wheelchair. She also has a long cigarette dangling from her fingertips. She watches John blankly.

John stumbles over to her, drops to his knees --

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Help me. I'm a cop.

Off John --

FADE OUT.

END OF SHOW