



Gravity

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TEASER

OVER BLACK. GUNSHOTS. PANICKED VOICES. CHAOS.

EXT. STREET CURB - DAY

CLOSE ON A PAIR OF WIDE, TERRIFIED EYES.

IN SLO-MO: As the mad sounds continue all around, PULL BACK TO REVEAL: a 20-something YOUNG MAN, cheek pressed hard to the gutter as dirty water flows past him into a storm drain. He's handsome, clean-cut, and trying desperately to stay below a 12-inch curb.... *to stay alive.* Distant VOICES cry --

VOICES
... get down... take cover...

The Young Man flinches at the sound of shots popping off. And in those eyes: the first real understanding in his whole young life... *of his own mortality.*

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - 5AM

The same YOUNG MAN wakes with a start. He's WILL CALDER, 22; wears a kind of sweet dependability on his face. Next to him, his beautiful 22 year old girlfriend SARAH stirs briefly but doesn't wake. Will climbs out of bed quietly, carefully.

Super: **welcome to the real world**

INT. APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

QUICK CUTS: Will SHAVES his baby-face; nicks himself for the umpteenth time and puts another piece of tissue in place. DRESSES: Khakis, white button-down shirt, J. Crew tie - like a kid going off to prep school. PAN OVER A DRESSER: items LAID OUT IN A NEAT ROW; comb, toiletries, a WATCH with an INSCRIPTION on the back: *To Will, My heir apparent. With Pride, Your Father.* Will runs his finger over it, reflectively. Puts it on. Checks himself in the mirror: meticulous, put together.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Will leans down and kisses the sleeping Sarah. She opens her eyes; gives him the kind of smile that melts hearts.

SARAH
Hey.

WILL
Hey.
(nervously)
Here goes.

SARAH
C'mere...

He leans in close.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Remember... you don't need his
money or his approval.

WILL
Well, that's good to know 'cause...
we don't have either anymore.

Beat. Seriously:

SARAH
Go prove him wrong.

He smiles, determined to do just that. He kisses her and
stands to go. She grabs his hand.

SARAH (CONT'D)
Just... promise you'll come back to
me the same.

WILL
(*you can't be serious*)
It's my first day, Sare.

Her eyes stay locked on his, pleading. Finally, sincerely:

WILL (CONT'D)
I promise. Anything else?

SARAH
Yeah. Lose the tie, choirboy.

QUICK CUT as he DITCHES THE TIE ON HIS WAY OUT THE DOOR.

EXT/INT. WILL'S CAR/ STREETS - DAY

Will drives in his used, 80's-era gas guzzler as he listens
to a *Travis* CD and munches a pop-tart, BACKPACK on his
passenger seat.

ANGLE CAR WINDOW

CLEAN FAMILY NEIGHBORHOODS GRADUALLY GIVE WAY TO DIRTIER,
SHADIER 'HOODS.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A beat up CHEVY PICK-UP pulls into a lot next to a LARGE,
WINDOWLESS NONDESCRIPT BRICK BUILDING: *Is it a High School?
Community College? A Courthouse, perhaps? Impossible to tell.*

INT/EXT. PICK-UP/ LOT - CONTINUOUS

ESTEBAN QUINTANA, mid-40's, stern old-school day-laborer
parks with his daughter CONSTANCE; 22, bookish, shy and very
much under her father's thumb. In SPANISH with SUBTITLES:

ESTEBAN

What kind of respectable job makes you enter through the back? And look at this disgusting neighborhood. This is what you want for your life?

She sits in pained obedience, a world of emotion on her face.

CONSTANCE

I have to go inside now, Poppy.

She kisses his disapproving face and jumps out. As she heads for the building, Esteban drives off and nearly runs into a MOTORCYCLE as it cuts in front of him, recklessly. Esteban screeches to a halt, yells out the window -- SUBTITLED:

ESTEBAN

You trying to get yourself killed? Crazy kid.

MOTORCYCLIST

No hablo psycho, amigo.

The Motorcyclist stops by a FLIGHT OF STAIRS leading into the building. Pulls off his helmet revealing: RAY GARRETT, 22, good-lookin' bad-ass with mischief in his eyes. He heads upstairs behind Constance. She turns, catches him staring at her ass. He tilts his head up to her face, smirks. Horrified, she turns and jogs up fast as a BMW CONVERTIBLE pulls up to the bottom of the stairs.

BMW CONVERTIBLE

LAURA GIUSTI, 23, tough and sexy grabs her bag as handsome but CHEESY STUD, 25, kills the engine. Both are in last night's party clothes, both clearly hung over.

CHEESY STUD

So... we really tore it up last night, huh? I mean, the way you take control... Daddy like.

LAURA

Super.

CHEESY STUD

Yeah, so, uh... you ever gonna tell me your name?

She grabs her bag, jumps out of the car.

LAURA

Thanks for the ride, Jack.

CHEESY STUD

It's... Jake.

To herself as she heads up the stairs:

LAURA
It's... irrelevant.

As Laura heads up the stairs, a VW BUG pulls into a space in the b.g.

INT. VW BUG - CONTINUOUS

Inside, HILLARY RYAN, 21, sexy and sweet in a girl-next-door way, kills her car. Takes a deep breath. Nervous.

Just then, Will's car pulls up adjacent to hers; the junker sputters and dies as soon as it stops.

INT. WILL'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Will notices Hillary in the opposite car. They lock eyes; seem to recognize each other. They each raise a hand, half-smile -- *Hi*. Will turns away; tries to compose himself, but HIS NERVES ARE APPARENT. Stares up at the SOLID, WINDOWLESS, FORTRESS-LIKE BRICK STRUCTURE. Breathes deeply. Here goes.

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

CONSTANCE stares into CAMERA in ECU. From OFF-SCREEN, an official-sounding MALE VOICE addresses her:

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Name?

Her lips move, but it's virtually inaudible.

MALE VOICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Little louder for the aged, kid.

CONSTANCE
Constance Quintana?

SMASH CUT TO:

Cocky RAY in ECU.

RAY
Ray Garrett.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
And that just pleases the hell
outta you, don't it?

Clearly it does.

SMASH CUT TO:

LAURA in ECU. Still looking a bit green.

LAURA
Laura Giusti.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Jeez, how bout a little make-up
next time, girlie?

She makes a slight retching noise.

SMASH CUT TO:

HILLARY in ECU. Looks anxious and a little disheveled.

HILLARY
Hillary Ryan.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
You look a tadbit harried there,
sweetheart. Can I get you a nice,
hot cup'a chamomille tea?

HILLARY
Really? 'Cause that'd be really
nice, actual-

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
Get outta here.

SMASH CUT TO:

And finally WILL in ECU, boyscout-ish and overeager.

WILL
Will Calder.

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
What crazy Kool-Aid drinkin cult
you escape from, Happy Jack?

Will's smile drops.

JUMP CUT TO:

FIVE LOCKER KEYS placed in FIVE DIFFERENT HANDS.

JUMP CUT TO:

LOCKER POV'S

as Will, Hillary, Ray, Constance and Laura open their
individual LOCKERS. EYES WIDEN as they look inside and stare
for the first time at their very own --

BRAND NEW L.A COUNTY SHERIFF'S UNIFORM.

ANGLE

EACH PERSONALIZED NAME TAG and their subsequent reactions.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Wide-eyed Will pulls out his BULLET-PROOF VEST. He can barely hold it up. Turns to Ray who's checking his own out down at the end of their row. Ironic:

WILL
Hiya, Ray. Of all stations, huh?

RAY
Yeah, it's a wet dream come true.

Obviously know each other, but there's no love lost between them. The WATCH COMMANDER, 50's, busts in:

WATCH COMMANDER
Briefing in ten.

Will looks around, notices a SIGN over the SHOWERS:

ALL DEPUTIES MUST GO HOME ALIVE.

The weight of the message registers on his face. DEPUTY JIMMY JAMES LOWE aka J.J -- black, late-20's, muscular and battle-hardened with deep, dark soulful eyes -- comes out of the showers, towel around his waste.

Will notices the ENORMOUS SCAR SPANNING THE LENGTH OF HIS UPPER BACK. J.J turns, catches him staring.

WILL
(sheepish; re: the Vest)
I, uh, didn't realize it'd be so heavy.

J.J
School's out, meat. Welcome to the real world.
(beat)
Gravity applies.

Will takes in the enormity of the statement. Pulls out his UNIFORM. Slams the locker shut.

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

Super: dis-orientation

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Ray and Will change into uniform and personalize their lockers. Will puts up a PHOTO OF HE AND SARAH. Ray puts up an old, weathered PHOTO of A FAMILY OF FOUR: Mom, Dad, 15 year old boy who looks a lot like Ray, and 12 year old girl.

WILL
(friendly; to Ray)
You see Hillary out there?

RAY
(sharply)
Spare me the "smalltalk", Calder. Just 'cause we're working outta the same station doesn't mean we gotta be pals, alright? Not all of us are slumming it in the trenches 'cause of some kinda rich, whiteboy guilt.

WILL
(beat; a raw nerve)
That's kinda unfair, don't you- ?

RAY
Don't ever talk to me about unfair. You don't know the first thing about it.

Will sighs, gives up. They change in strained silence.

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

Hillary, Constance and Laura change into uniform and arrange their lockers. Constance stacks a couple of books inside hers. Their titles: *To Be A Crime Scene Investigator* and *Basic Profiling*. Hillary turns to her.

HILLARY
Hey. I'm Hillary.

CONSTANCE
Um... Constance.

LAURA
Either of you chatterboxy bitches got any aspirin on you?

Hillary and Constance are taken aback by Laura's harshness.

HILLARY
Did... you just call us *bitches*?

LAURA
Yeah, but I meant it in a good way like, "Yo, where my bitches at?"

Hillary looks unconvinced but reaches into her locker and pulls out a giant BAGGIE bursting with OVER THE COUNTER MEDS.

HILLARY

I've got regular, extra strength, tension headache, migraine-

LAURA

Whoa. Nice little drugstore you got goin' there, doc?

HILLARY

Yeah, well... people get sick.

Laura fishes around inside, pulls out a Tylenol bottle. Notices Constance putting her OVERNIGHT CLOTHES away.

LAURA

So what'd you bitches bring for a change of civs?

CONSTANCE

Um, just... some sweats.

LAURA

Me too. I was gonna bring my Juicy ones, but they're more for, like, Sundays on the promenade so I went with the old Abercrombies. You?

Laura grabs Constance's plain old frumpy gray sweats.

CONSTANCE

I... got it at Ross?

LAURA

Ew.

Laura tries to play off the rude remark with a smarmy smile and walks away. Constance looks hurt by the judgement. Hillary glares back at Laura, disgusted by her bull-in-a-China-shop rudeness.

CUT TO:

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

Looks a bit like a private-school classroom; neat, carpeted, white dry-marker board up front. Our five ROOKIES stand in back of the crowded room, freshly suited up. CAPTAIN JANKOWSKI, 50's, steely-eyed man of few words, briefs a packed house of seated, more weathered DEPUTIES.

JANKOWSKI

Alright, settle down... next up on the wheel of misfortune, our old pal Phil Kreuk's been calling again with his usual case of the "crazies". You know the drill;

(MORE)

JANKOWSKI (CONT'D)
 aliens in the attic stealing his
 brain and so forth. Anybody
 passing Denton and feeling
 charitable, swing by, give the poor
 guy a little peace of mind, no pun
 intended. And last but not least...

Jankowski hands a seated DEPUTY a PHOTO of a BRIGHT-EYED 11
 YEAR OLD BOY.

JANKOWSKI (CONT'D)
 Yeah, pass that around. RFK
 Elementary called this kid in
 missing around twenty minutes ago.
 Josh Donshik, 11 years old, last
 seen wearing jeans and a Napoleon
 Dynamite T-shirt. No word yet on a
 326, but keep an eye out. Becomes
 something, you'll hear about it.
 Okay? That's it. Go with God.

A sea of cops get up and move out the door, leaving just our
 rookies, Captain Jankowski and the TRAINING OFFICERS to his
 left: NICHOLE PARK, Korean-American, 35 and whip-smart;
 Deputy J.J Lowe who we met earlier; and big bad DEPUTY
 SERGEANT HAL RUKEYESER, white, 44 and the "grizzled vet" of
 the group. One look and it's clear -- he don't take no s**t.

JANKOWSKI (CONT'D)
 So... normally I'd say, you kids in
 back don't even think about being
 cops today, but normal doesn't
 apply in the Mines. These are your
 Training Officers and you're meat.
 Keep quiet, listen to em, you might
 make it through the day. Hal?

Rukeyeser addresses the Rooks.

RUKEYESER
 I'm Deputy Sergeant Rukeyeser,
 these are Deputies Park and Lowe.
 I'm only goin through this once; if
 your sheets are right, that's all
 it should take. You're all prob'ly
 wondering, 'How'd I end up in this
 godforsaken neighborhood and not
 someplace nice 'n cushy like Malibu
 Hills?'

The Rooks look at one another. Kinda.

RUKEYESER (CONT'D)
 Fact is, each 'a ya got flagged in
 training for one reason or another
 so... congratulations and welcome
 to Compton/Lenox aka the Mines;
 neighborhood's a one-stop, drive-by
 pop shop.

(MORE)

RUKEYESER (CONT'D)

Black, White, Mexican and Korean gangs livin side by side in disharmony, each movin in on the other's turf, each lookin for the easy land grab; mine, mine, mine, mine, mine; so we will be breakin you in bass-ackwards 'cause who's got the time. Questions?

All hands shoot up.

RUKEYESER (CONT'D)

No? Good. The deal is this: Patrol's your meat 'n potatoes, so when you're ridin', we're guidin', that's your training in addition, of course, to dispatch, booking and other revolving station duties; but... each of you will also be part of a Special Enforcement Bureau Field Unit headed up by Deputy Park and myself. We are a task force that works in tandem with other specialized units whenever the need arises; Narco, anti-gang, missing persons, Assault; sometimes you'll go plainclothes, undercover, whatever needs doin; SEB works all sides.

Sees the shock on all their faces.

RUKEYESER (CONT'D)

I know it's a lot to take in your first day, so whyn't you all just take a moment, let it settle.

(a moment)

Settled? Good. Might interest you to know, in putting this thing together we thought about findin the perfect combination of brains (CLOSE ON CONSTANCE), balls (CLOSE ON RAY), compassion (HILLARY), creativity (LAURA), and conviction (WILL).

(beat)

Instead, we got you, so... Deputies Park and Lowe will take any questions you got, 'cause frankly I got a low tolerance.

NICHOLE

Questions.

All the Rookies hands shoot up, eagerly.

RUKEYESER

No? Good. SEB call breaks, it'll come in all guns, so be ready for it. Learn fast and well, kids.

(MORE)

RUKEYESER (CONT'D)

(beat)

You're cops now.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Will and Rukeyeser walk across the lot to their B&W.

WILL

Looking forward to riding with you,
sir. I know I'm gonna learn a lot.

RUKEYESER

Call me "sir" again, I'm'unna make
you drop and gimme twenty. This
ain't the army, meat.

(beat; stops)

Now go roll around in the dirt.

Rukeyeser points to a patch of soil. Will's confused.

WILL

R--r-really?

RUKEYESER

Y-y-yeah, really. Y'look like a
shiny new penny. Rule #1, you hit
the street pretty, you're gonna get
humped. Now stop, drop and roll.

Elsewhere in the lot, Ray and Nichole both come to the
driver's side of a PATROL CAR. Both reach for the handle.

NICHOLE

What're you doin'?

RAY

What, I can't drive?

NICHOLE

Make yourself useful, Garrett. Go
inside, drag out the Warbag.

RAY

What's a Warbag?

INT. STATION HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

-- Ray attempts to lift an ENORMOUS DUFFEL BAG that's
completely full. A UNIFORMED DEPUTY explains:

UNIFORM

Rubber gloves, flares, ammo,
shells, riot gear. Usual party
favors.

RAY

Thing's gotta weigh a hundred
pounds.

Ray manages to start dragging it out. Passes CONSTANCE at --

DISPATCH

Where DEPUTY STRICK explains the ins and outs to her.

STRICK

We got four stations. 911 takes the call, passes it on to you, you assess it emergent or non, put out the word. Simple enough? Good. Station four's wide open. Have a seat, juggle some calls.

Constance sits in front of a HEADSET, CALL SCREEN and RINGING PHONE as three other DEPUTIES man lines. She examines the Call Screen warily, wheels spinning in her head.

EXT/INT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD/ J.J'S B&W - CONTINUOUS

J.J drives with Hillary. She puts her CELL PHONE, its CHARGER, and her NEIGHBORHOOD MAP up on the dash. J.J eyes her stuff.

J.J

No cell phones in the field.

HILLARY

Sorry. I- I totally forgot. Next time I'll leave it in my locker.

Suddenly, J.J makes a hard left turn and the CELL PHONE goes sliding across the dash and OUT THE DRIVER'S SIDE WINDOW.

J.J

No *next time* in the field, neither.

Hillary goes white.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Miserable, Ray drags the Warbag inch by inch toward his car. Passes Will, who's still rolling around in the dirt.

RAY

No points for brown-nosing here, huh Calder? Must be quite a change of pace for you.

Ray snickers. Will ignores him. Rukeyeser whirls on Ray.

RUKEYESER

What'd you say, stupid?

Ray bristles but bites his tongue and moves on. To Will:

RUKEYESER (CONT'D)

On your feet, kid.

Will stands, grimy and disheveled. Rukeyeser checks him out.

RUKEYESER (CONT'D)

There. Now you don't look like
one'a the Village People.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Ray struggles to put the Warbag in the trunk of his Patrol Car to the stern delight of Nichole. Finally, he gets it in, closes the trunk, and collapses against it, *exhausted*.

NICHOLE

How ya feelin?

RAY

Fine, yeah, good; never better.

NICHOLE

They'll be glad to hear it.

RAY

They who?

Nichole points behind him. Ray turns and notices FIVE DEPUTIES, arms folded, standing by the OPEN TRUNKS OF THEIR PATROL CARS waiting for their Warbags. Waiting on Ray. Off his reaction we FOLLOW a passing DEPUTY walking a cuffed DRUNK inside to --

INT. BOOKING - CONTINUOUS

-- where DEPUTY FAHAD, female, mid-30's and middle-eastern, takes the smelly Drunk and passes him off to Laura, who looks at him with her 'Ew' expression.

DEPUTY FAHAD

Take his prints with the Live Scan
like I showed you, then put him in
Holding 2.

Deputy Fahad leaves. Laura guides the Drunk across the room, holding him at a distance like a loaded diaper.

LAURA

(under her breath)
Sure, *they* get patrol and I get
stuck here.

DRUNK

You are(hic)one special(hic)lady.

Repulsed by his breath, Laura holds her face at a safe distance. She comes to the LIVE SCAN -- a machine that looks like an ATM -- swipes his hand across it. FINGER & PALM PRINTS come on SCREEN. He smiles and she reacts to his rotten teeth.

DRUNK (CONT'D)

How bout you(hic)gimme
your(hic)number, special.

LAURA
1-800-Dentist. Move, drunk.

She pushes him to the HOLDING CELLS. FOLLOW a DEPUTY past --
DISPATCH

where Constance continues to stare at the ringing phone.

STRICK
Well? You gonna pick it up or what?

CONSTANCE
Why?

STRICK
Whaddaya mean 'why'? Someone's got
an emergency.

CONSTANCE
Not on the other end of this phone.
The incoming call's three number
prefix is the Compton/Lenox station
code, which I can only assume means
there's someone in another room
waiting to belch or say something
crude as soon as I pick up.

Strick's anticipatory smile drops. Constance picks up.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)
(makes a face; hangs up)
See? Disgusting.

A miserable RAY drags another Warbag in the b.g as Constance
turns and watches DISPATCH 1 send out a call.

DISPATCH 1
273, we got a...

EXT/INT. THE NEIGHBORHOOD/ J.J.'S B&W - CONTINUOUS

RADIO
*... 417S at Fourth and Gollund.
Mighta come from a house.*

The RADIO crackles as Hillary stares through the REAR WINDOW,
desperate.

HILLARY
My whole life's on that phone. Can
we go back for it? Please?

Suddenly, J.J comes to a screeching halt.

J.J
(super intense)
BAPBAPBAP. I just been shot three
times from outta nowhere. My whole
life's in your hands.
(MORE)

J.J (CONT'D)
 What do you do?
 (off her blank stare)
 Your T.O's bleedin all over the
 place. Every second counts. Where
 are we right now?

Hillary scrambles for her map. Looks around. Desperately
 tries to pinpoint her location.

J.J (CONT'D)
 I'm dyin here. All they need's
 your location. Where are we?

She fumbles with the map, looks around, totally lost.

J.J (CONT'D)
 Get outta the car. Right now.

Hillary looks around. Scary looking GANGSTAS are watching
 them from a street corner. She notices, warily.

J.J (CONT'D)
 No? Then where we at?

HILLARY
 I- I don't know.

EXT. J.J'S B&W - MOMENTS LATER

Hillary stands in the street, freaked out.

J.J
 Maybe I'll come getcha when you do.

He speeds off. The Gangstas eye her like the prey she is;
and suddenly start heading in her direction.

EXT/INT. PARKING LOT/ NICHOLE'S PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nichole picks up the radio, acknowledges the last Dispatch.

NICHOLE
 273, 10-4 re the 417S. Request a
 Code 3. There in ten.

Hangs up. Turns to Ray who's massaging one of his dead arms.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
 Shots fired.

RAY
 Nice.

Ray smiles in anticipation as Nichole drives off.

INT. DISPATCH - CONTINUOUS

A focused Constance watches Dispatch 2 send out another call-

HILLARY
 (softly)
 Got it.

J.J hits the siren and they drive off.

INT. DISPATCH - CONTINUOUS

Constance turns to Strick, eagerly:

CONSTANCE
 Can I try a real one?

INT/EXT. RUKEYESER'S B&W/ PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

As Rukeyeser pulls out, the dirt-covered Will points to the DASHBOARD COMPUTER (the MOBILE DIGITAL TERMINAL).

WILL
 I think a call's coming in.

Rukeyeser hits the "Acknowledge" button. The RADIO comes alive. It's Constance. INTERCUT:

RADIO/CONSTANCE
I'm getting a 534 at, uh, Duncan and Wilde? Please acknowledge.

WILL
 534. Defrauding an Innkeeper-?

CONSTANCE
 Wait, sorry. That's a, uh, 602 at Denton and Wilde. Please, um, ack-

RUKEYESER
 (into RADIO)
 275, 10-4 re the 602. There in 10. And speak up, Quintana.

WILL
 602. That's... trespassing, right?

RUKEYESER
 (not impressed)
 Memorized the book, have we, meat?

Will shrinks. This guy's going to be a tough nut.

WILL
 (re: his dirty uniform)
 Just curious, do I stay like this all day or will I, y'know, change later?

RUKEYESER
 You got no idea, kid.

Off Will's confusion, Rukeyeser hits the siren, speeds off.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Typical corner bodega. J.J and Hillary enter the empty store and head for DAVE, 40's, standing behind the counter. Seems confused to see them. In fact, he seems confused in general.

J.J
Sir, we got a call about a robbery
in progress?

DAVE
Here? From who is?

J.J briefly reacts to the strange turn of phrase.

J.J
Looks like a Dave Zabriskie?

DAVE
I think... yeah, I-I'm Dave
Zabriskie. But, uh, there's nothin
goin on here. Must be a prank.
These corner kids, y'know?

J.J and Hillary look around. All seems normal. But there's something about Dave that's a little off.

J.J
Is there someone in the back, sir?

DAVE
Just me here, but you're both
welcome to have a, uh, hmm...

Can't think of the word.

J.J
Look?

DAVE
Yeah. Funny how things get stuck
in there, huh?

J.J
Yeah, I think we'll have that look,
sir.

DAVE
Sure. Lemme just-

He turns around and sticking out of the back of his head is an enormous BUTCHER KNIFE! Hillary and J.J recoil in shock.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Super: the domino effect AKA we're all in this together

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - CONTINUOUS

Hillary leads Dave to the B&W as BYSTANDERS stare in horror at the knife in his head. J.J takes statements from a couple of LATINO HOMEBOYS.

HOMEBY #1

Whiteboy, maybe 17,18; skinhead, you know? Like one'a them White Hot Compton gueros. Ran out all nervous.

HOMEBY #2

Had, like, a giant skull and crossbones tattoo all down his neck.

Hillary gently guides Dave into the back of the car.

DAVE

Am I gonna being okay?

HILLARY

(hesitant)

Um, yeah, you're... gonna be fine, Mr. Zabriskie.

DAVE

Call me daddy; I-I mean Dave. I'm sorry, m-my head is- you just... look a little like my Emily. Here.

He digs into his WALLET, pulls out a PHOTO of he and his WIFE and DAUGHTER. Hands it to Hillary. She stares at it a little longer than necessary; seems personally affected.

DAVE (CONT'D)

My wife Claire, my daughter Emily. Family, y'know? It's-

HILLARY

(softly)

- everything. I know.

He looks up into her kind, reassuring eyes. She gets it.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

You'll see them again, Dave. I promise.

By the look on his face, her assurance means the world to him. J.J comes up to the car just as Hillary shuts Dave in.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Do we call for an ambulance or-?

Seemingly bitter from experience:

J.J
 You know how long they take around
 here? Get in.

INT. ANOTHER RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - DAY

Rukeyeser and Will are let in by MR. KREUK, black, 50's,
 scared.

KREUK
 What took you guys so long?
 Get in here quick. They're still
 up there. In the attic.

WILL
 Who's *they*, sir? Do you know them?

KREUK
 Nah, but they know me. Been
 studying me for years.
 (off their looks)
 You don't know? Oh, yeah. See, they
 take another little piece 'a my
 brain with em everytime they leave.

Will looks to Rukeyeser... who shrugs.

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Rukeyeser and Will confer off to the side as Kreuk stands
 nervously in the b.g staring up at the attic.

WILL
 Guy's 5150. We should definitely
 get someone down here from psych.

RUKEYESER
 That your assessment of the
 situation, meat? That he's a
 danger to himself and others?

WILL
 Well, I dunno, but he's clearly,
 y'know, disturbed. I mean, right?

RUKEYESER
 What he is is a member of the
 community you've taken an oath to
 protect and serve. Place looks
 neat, there's food in the fridge,
 no complaints from the neighbors.
Still wanna call psych?

Will thinks. Doesn't want to give the wrong answer.

WILL
 I dunno. No?

RUKEYESER

Look, God knows how much brain this
guy's got left to spare, so what I
suggest is you go on upstairs...
and kill yourself an alien.

Off Will's confusion --

INT. TINY HOUSE - DOORSTEP - DAY

Ray and Nichole stand on the doorstep of GRANDMA, white,
70's, waiting to be let in. She's sweet and cooperative.

GRANDMA

Well, whatever it was, it didn't
come from my house, Officers. I
think I would have heard gunshots.

NICHOLE

Of course, ma'am. Still, do you- ?

RAY

Mind if we take a quick look
around, sweetheart?

Nichole shoots him a look. *Shut the hell up.*

RAY (CONT'D)

What?

INT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - VARIOUS - MOMENTS LATER

Grandma walks Ray through VARIOUS ROOMS in a dark house
that's seen better days. She chats his ear off, as Nichole
watches them both from a few feet behind, paying careful
attention to Ray's body position in relation to Grandma.

GRANDMA

It's such a treat having company...

INT. RAMSHACKLE HOUSE - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Will walks up the ATTIC STAIRS waving his static-emitting
WALKIE-TALKIE like it's an instrument of destruction as Kreuk
and Rukeyeser look on from the bottom landing. He calls down:

WILL

You hear that crackle Mr. Kreuk?
That's how we know it's working.

Will reaches the ATTIC. Looks around. Nothing up here but
clutter; old furniture, chests, boxes, etc. Notices a break
in the wood of the ceiling. Clicks off the Walkie. Calls:

WILL (CONT'D)

Everything looks clear. Pretty
sure I got all of th-

Suddenly, a FLURRY OF PIGEONS fly out of a corner. They flap around Will, who screams like a schoolgirl and falls back into some BOXES. Rukeyeser runs up the attic stairs as the last bird shoots out the opening. Sees Will on the floor.

RUKEYESER

What're you doin'?

WILL

Um... pigeons. Long story.

Rukeyeser stares him down. *You gotta be kidding me.*

EXT. GRANDMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nichole tongue-lashes Ray as they walk down the driveway.

NICHOLE

Never put your gun-side toward the person you're talking to. Never turn your back on the person you're talking to. Always keep your partner within eyesight. Let's see, what other dumbass mistakes didja make in there?

RAY

Look, I know standard procedure, okay? But she was like, a hundred years old. What's she gonna do, bore us to death?

NICHOLE

That's not the point. You never know what you're walking into. We go by the book or people get hurt-

RAY

(dismissive)
Yeah, I get it.

She shoots him a nasty look as they get into the --

INT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ray notices something coming through on the MOBILE DIGITAL TERMINAL (MDT) as Nichole stares up at the house, suspicious.

RAY

There's new info coming over the MDT about that missing kid.
(reads)
Josh Donshik spotted with suspect: male, 5'9, 160, wearing- Oh, this is good. I'm gonna acknowledge.

NICHOLE

No you're not. We get nine of these calls a day.

(MORE)

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
 Department can't allocate resources
 til a kidnapping's been *confirmed*,
 otherwise there'd be amber alerts
 for every kid who skipped school.

RAY
 Oh, but c'mon, this could really
 turn into something.

NICHOLE
 Again, not the point.

RAY
 (sighs; bummed)
 Aright, so what now?

NICHOLE
 Now we sit. Seniors out here, they
 treat cops coming into their house
 like we're taking up the last
 precious hours of their life on
 earth. This one was too
 cooperative. Something's off.

RAY
 I got a nose like a bloodhound when
 it comes to trouble and I'm telling
 you, there's nothing up there but a
 lonely old lady.

NICHOLE
 Yeah, well you can put your nose
 away, rook, 'cause it ain't your
 call. Sit still and shut up.

INT. STATION - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Constance makes tea. Laura walks in, puts up coffee. Chilly
 silence between them at first, then:

LAURA
 (half-hearted)
 Hey look, about before... I didn't
 mean it to come out like it did.

CONSTANCE
 I know. Don't worry about it.

LAURA
 We good?

CONSTANCE
 Sure.

They smile at each other, the briefest of cordial moments
 between them, before they go back to fixing their drinks.
 Then suddenly, Laura turns on her; suspicious.

LAURA

Okay, why're you being all nice and understanding when I was totally rude and snobbish to you before?

CONSTANCE

I don't know, I mean, maybe... you can't help it.

Laura stops, stares at her. Hard.

LAURA

What's that supposed to mean?

CONSTANCE

That... you're probably just a product of your upbringing?

Laura's eyes pop. Them's fightin words.

LAURA

Whoa. What? Hey, don't even pretend you know the first thing about me.

CONSTANCE

You're right. I-I'm sorry.

LAURA

No, forget 'sorry'. I saw all those little amateur criminology books in your locker. You think you know me 'cause you read a couple of articles on profiling?

CONSTANCE

Well...

LAURA

Nono, let's see whatcha got. Free shot, Nancy Drew. Buh-ring it.

Beat. Constance looks hesitant. Then, suddenly:

CONSTANCE

Okay, well... you act like you have money, but you probably don't because you flaunt your designer excess, and people of means who take blue collar jobs are usually ashamed of their wealth. I'm guessing you grew up in some kind of large, low-income household because you're aggressive and overtly sexual which means you learned early on to fight for your parents' attention and use your sexuality to get things from strangers your family couldn't afford.

(MORE)

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

Of course, you could've grown up in foster care, which might account for the early awareness of your physical, um, attributes, having to fend off so many unwelcome advances from revolving "brother" and "father"-figures-
 (off Laura's stunned expression)
 Of course, I- I could be wrong. They're just...

Laura storms out of the room. Pissed. Hurt.

CONSTANCE (CONT'D)

... observations.

INT/EXT. NICHOLE'S B&W/ GRANDMA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nichole sits watching the house as Ray raises and lowers the electric window, bored. Nichole snaps:

NICHOLE

Cut it out. You'll break it.

Suddenly, she notices Ray staring at her, oddly.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

What?

RAY

Anybody ever tell you you look a little like Lucy Liu?

Nichole's jaw drops: *Did I hear that right?* Before she can respond, Grandma's garage door opens and an old 1970's CADDY starts pulling out. Nichole glares at Ray, starts up the car.

INT. E.R - CONTINUOUS

Hillary waves goodbye to Dave as a DOCTOR instructs several ORDERLIES where to take him. She walks up to the Doctor.

HILLARY

'Scuse me, doctor? He'll be okay, right? Like, maybe I could call in later; check on him?

Beat. The Doctor's expression says it all; there probably won't be a later. But one look into her hopeful eyes and:

DOCTOR

Uh... sure. You call in later, we'll know more.

He heads off. J.J comes up to her.

J.J

Staff'll take it from here.

HILLARY

Wait, but... he showed me a picture of his family. I promised he'd see them again so... shouldn't we at least call his wife?

J.J

Look, Ryan, we do our job, they do theirs. Don't make promises you can't keep. And never make it personal. Let's go.

Too late. She already has.

INT/EXT. NICHOLE'S B&W/ FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Nichole and Ray follow the Caddy at a short distance.

NICHOLE

Here's the deal: You find me a violation allows us to pull her over, I might not have you thrown out on your ass for shockingly inappropriate behavior. And that's a real big might.

She means business this time and he knows it. Focuses:

RAY

She's driving the limit, no busted lights, registration looks current, she's been making full stops, signalling. I don't know.

NICHOLE

Well then I hope you got something to fall back on, Garrett, 'cause-

RAY

Wait, wait. Her rearview; she's got something hanging from it, dangling down the center of the windshield. Virgin Mary air freshener maybe. I don't know. Something big.

NICHOLE

So what? You never had a pair of fuzzy dice hanging in your car?

RAY

Yeah, but maybe...
(cautiously)
CVC 26708? Driving with an obstructed view?

NICHOLE

Don't you think that's reaching a little bit?

RAY
 (thinks hard; then)
 No. It's a legitimate violation.

Nichole weighs this as Ray waits to hear his fate. Finally:

NICHOLE
 Thin ice, Garrett. Anorexic.

Nichole hits the siren. Pulls the Caddy over onto the --

EXT. FREEWAY SHOULDER - LATER

Nichole approaches Grandma on the driver's side as Ray hangs back outside the B&W.

NICHOLE
 License and registration, please?

GRANDMA
 I don't understand, Officer. Is this about my house?

NICHOLE
 Officer's LAPD, ma'am. I'm a Deputy Sheriff, and I am gonna need your license and registration.

As Nichole continues with Grandma, something catches Ray's eye on the CADDY'S BUMPER. He starts toward it. As he gets closer, SOMETHING BECOMES CLEARER -- shiny patches from tiny, barely visible WET SPOTS AROUND THE TRUNK AND BUMPER.

Nichole notices Ray touching the trunk, transfixed.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
 What're you doin? Get back to the car.

Ray holds up his finger; something on it. Something wet.

RAY
 I think it's... *blood*.

Nichole looks down at Grandma, cautiously.

NICHOLE
 What's in the trunk, ma'am?
 (beat; off her silence)
 I'm gonna ask you to very slowly hand me your keys.

Grandma takes a deep breath, hands Nichole the keys. She tosses them to Ray. As Ray inserts a key, Grandma sighs, shakes her head.

GRANDMA
 It's hard when the parents are gone. I tried to control him, but... he just never *listened*.

Ray pops the trunk.

RAY
Oh yeah, we definitely got
something here.

Nichole walks around to the trunk. Inside, a YOUNG SKINHEAD,
18, lies dead, bled out from a gunshot wound to the stomach.
The boy has a large SKULL & CROSSBONES TATTOO DOWN HIS NECK;
just like the description of Dave Zabriskie's stabber.

NICHOLE
Huh.

Turns to Ray who stares in shock.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)
Didn't smell that, didja?

OFF RAY'S EXPRESSION --

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Super: the call

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

A tree-lined, suburban block. Rukeyeser leans against the car watching as Will lies flat on his stomach, arm down a STORM-DRAIN, desperately trying to fish something out. A YOUNG BOY, 9, stands on the curb over him.

WILL
I'm trying, big guy. It's pretty far down, though.

YOUNG BOY
Yoda says, "There is no try. Only do."

With immense patience, Will digs in harder. Suddenly, Nichole and Ray's B&W comes to a stop near Rukeyeser. They both get out, leaving an angry, handcuffed Grandma in the back.

NICHOLE
What's this?

RUKEYESER
Kid flagged us down. Lost his doll down a drain.

Nichole and Rukeyeser exchange a knowing smirk.

NICHOLE
Give him a hand, Garrett.

Ray heads over to Will. Gets down in the gutter with him, takes a peek. Pulls out his NIGHTSTICK.

RAY
Been here a while, have ya, Calder?

WILL
Think you could do better?

RAY
Blind with one arm. It's too far down. You gotta fasten something to your stick, try'n scoop it out.

Rukeyeser and Nichole confer.

RUKEYESER
(re: Grandma)
Who's the bag 'a bones?

NICHOLE

Eighteen-year old grandson was WHC. She wakes up, finds one of her kitchen knives missing, next thing you knows, he comes home with blood on his hands, they argue, she pops him. Couldn't take it anymore.

RUKEYESER

Popped by his own grandma, huh?

NICHOLE

Yup.

Beat.

RUKEYESER

Worst gangbanger ever.

Suddenly, Rukeyeser's SHOULDER RADIO comes alive. He answers it as Will watches Ray's futile attempt to recover the doll.

ANGLE THE DOLL

A foot-long DRAGONBALL Z action doll laying in the muck of the drain just out of Ray's nightstick's reach.

WILL

You're pushing it further away.

RAY

I'm getting it in a position where it's easier to scoop out.

RUKEYESER

Calder, Garrett. SEB call. Let's go.

RAY

Nice.

Ray pops up, psyched. Doesn't say a word to the kid, just runs over to Nichole and his car. But Will looks like he feels genuinely bad for the disappointed kid. He glances back at Rukeyeser who gives him an impatient look -- *Let's go!* As he backs up to his car:

WILL

I- I'm really sorry, kiddo.

Beat. Then:

YOUNG BOY

Whatever. You guys suck!

He runs away, pissed, as Will jumps in his car and they all speed off, sirens wailing.

INT. STATION HOUSE - BRIEFING ROOM - LATER

DETECTIVE ANNE FINCH, 40s, stands at the front of the room with the Captain, addressing the Rookies and T.O's of SEB.

JANKOWSKI

This is Detective Finch from
Missing Persons. Everybody listen
close.

She addresses everyone from SEB; holds up a MUG SHOT of an angry-looking PAUL DONSHIK, white, mid-30's.

FINCH

Paul Donshik, on probation for
manufacture and distribution of
meth. Guy's a third striker so now
he's looking at life.

Holds up a PHOTO of JOSH DONSHIK, age 11.

FINCH (CONT'D)

This is his son Josh. Week ago,
mother wins a custody battle. Josh
disappears on his way to school
this morning, now Paul's been
spotted with a kid matching his
description. The mother was
looking to make a permanent move,
better life, etc., and wouldn't
tell Paul where; we think that and
a restraining order sent Donshik
over the edge. We're pretty sure
he hasn't skipped town yet, but we
need as much information as we can
get before he tries. That's what
you'll be doing today, fact
gathering.

RUKEYESER

Awright, everybody goes LTAC in the
field so we're all on the same
radio channel. Questions?
(nope; they know the
drill)
Good. Nichole... break em up.

Suddenly, there's new light in the rookie's eyes. The light of action.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. AUTOBODY SHOP - DAY

Laura looks on as Constance writes down information from greasy mechanic WORM, 20s, as he works on a CAR and takes frequent glances at Laura. SPANISH with SUBTITLES:

WORM

Yeah, Paul came in for, like, a half hour this morning, but then I didn't see him.

CONSTANCE

Do you remember what kind of car he was driving?

WORM

(indicates Laura)

Eh, what's her name? Ask her if she likes Cuban food. I know a place tha's got the dopest shredded pork.

CONSTANCE

(annoyed)

Just answer the question, sir.

LAURA

What's he saying?

Beat. In English:

CONSTANCE

Nothing.

EXT. AUTOBODY SHOP - ENTRANCE - MOMENTS LATER

Laura and Constance walk up to a waiting Rukeyeser.

LAURA

A couple people saw Donshik come in this morning in a gray Honda Civic, but no one saw him leave. And the car's still here.

Laura indicates a GRAY CIVIC parked across the lot.

RUKEYESER

'Kay... now whaddaya do with that information?

Beat. Then:

CONSTANCE

Check the inventory.

LAURA

Check the inventory?

They glare at each other competitively.

INT. RFK ELEMENTARY - DAY

Hillary and J.J walk through the halls with PRINCIPAL MARSH, female, 40, who tries like hell to cover the school's ass.

PRINCIPAL MARSH

We're all sick over this, as you can imagine.

(MORE)

PRINCIPAL MARSH (CONT'D)

Of course, I wish I could be more helpful with details, but it didn't actually *happen* on school grounds.

J.J

How can you be sure?

PRINCIPAL MARSH

None of the other kids remember seeing him today and he wasn't present for Attendance, so we assume he must have disappeared somewhere between here and home.

J.J

Maybe one of his friends saw something.

PRINCIPAL MARSH

If anyone did, it would be Brandon. Those two are inseparable. They usually walk to school together, but today he insists they didn't. Told me the same thing he told the Officers this morning: that he didn't see anything.

INT. EMPTY CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

Principal Marsh, J.J and Hillary sit next to BRANDON, age 11. He's slight, asthmatic, and clearly intimidated by the physically imposing J.J.

J.J

If you know anything that might help us find Josh, now's the time to speak up, Brandon.

BRANDON

I already said, I don't *know* who took Josh.

J.J

Then how can you be sure somebody took him. Couldn't he maybe've just gone off on his own?

Brandon shuts down. It's obvious to both of them the boy's terrified... and probably hiding something. Hillary takes a beat, and a softer approach. Crouches down in front of him.

HILLARY

Hey, Brandon, my name's Hillary. You and Josh, you're best friends, right?

(off his silence)

I had a best friend when I was your age; Kim Terwiliger.

Josh lets out a short, barely audible laugh.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

Guess it is kind of a funny name, huh? But you know what's not so funny? She got me through all my book reports in 6th grade. Even wrote a couple *for* me when I was *really* in trouble. You and Josh ever help each other out like that?

Brandon looks past her to Principal Marsh. Then:

BRANDON

No. 'Cause that'd be cheating.

Beat. Hillary smiles. Tries to go with it.

HILLARY

Yeah, you got me there. But still, you can probably think of a time *like* that, right? When Josh was the *only* one there for you when you really needed someone? Maybe he, I don't know, stood up for you when the other kids were mean... something, *anything* he did that made you feel just *so grateful* you didn't have to go through the pressure of 6th grade all alone.

Brandon's eyes have glazed over. She knows he's there.

HILLARY (CONT'D)

'Cause right now, Josh is all alone. He's somewhere he doesn't want to be, he's scared, and no one can help him; not the police, not his mom, *no* one. Except maybe you, his best friend in the whole world. Josh needs you now, Brandon. Please... talk to us.

Long beat. Brandon looks up into her warm, safe eyes. Then:

BRANDON

I put his bookbag in my locker. He dropped it by accident when they took off.

Hillary and J.J exchange glances. Finally getting somewhere.

BRANDON (CONT'D)

Y'think he might need it?

J.J

Why would Josh need his bookbag?

BRANDON

I dunno. Maybe... 'cause his medicine's in it?

Hillary and J.J turn to each other -- *medicine?*

INT. LOCKERS - CONTINUOUS

They all stand by Brandon's locker. Brandon holds an open BOOKBAG, hands J.J a small PILL CASE. J.J opens it revealing TWO TABLETS. Passes them to Hillary.

J.J
(to Principal)
Did you know he was taking these?

PRINCIPAL MARSH
No. His mother never informed us.

BRANDON
He just started, like, a month ago.
He didn't want anyone to know.

J.J
Any idea what it is?

HILLARY
(immediately)
Topamax.
(beat; then)
It's for seizures.

J.J looks at her, incredulous. Before he can ask:

BRANDON
He didn't hurt him, did he?

HILLARY
Who?

BRANDON
He told me to keep my mouth shut...
or he'd come back.

J.J
Josh's *dad* did?

BRANDON
No, the tall, skinny guy with the
scar. He kinda scared me a little.
(beat; softly)
A lot actually.

Beat. Realizes:

J.J
Donshik's got an accomplice.

INT. AUTOBODY SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Rukeyeser watches as Laura and Constance walk with Worm through the shop while pouring through an INVENTORY LIST.

LAURA
There's one unaccounted for. A
Lincoln Navigator.

Constance translates. Worm says something in SPANISH.

CONSTANCE
He says there shouldn't be.

LAURA
I got a plate number.

RUKEYESER
Give it to me. I'll call it in.

LAURA
Also, I used to date a guy who
drove a Navigator, and FYI, they
all come standard with OnStar. If
Donshik's in it, maybe we can track
him.

RUKEYESER
(impressed)
That's some good recall, Giusti.

LAURA
It's nothing. Just...
(smirks at Constance)
... an *observation*.

Off Constance's annoyance--

INT. B&W - CONTINUOUS

Rukeyeser calls in their discovery on the RADIO.

RUKEYESER
Be advised, suspect may be driving
an '05 Lincoln Navigator, black,
California plate number 3TXY585...

EXT/INT. DONSHIK HOUSE/ NICHOLE'S BLACK & WHITE - CONTINUOUS

Nichole takes down the plate number. Acknowledges the call.

NICHOLE
We got a lead on plates. Any
thoughts?

RAY
Clock's ticking. I say we get as
much info as possible from the
mother, *then* worry about it.

WILL
Anything *he* says, I'd do the
opposite.

NICHOLE
What, then?

WILL
Canvas the immediate area for a car with matching tags, make sure we're not stepping into anything.

NICHOLE
Good idea. Get to it.

She and Will exit the car. An annoyed Ray lingers a moment, then exits aggressively inadvertently KNOCKING THE CAR RADIO DIAL and CHANGING THE LTAC/SEB FREQUENCY IN THE PROCESS.

EXT. RFK ELEMENTARY - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

J.J calls in the new information on the RADIO.

J.J
SEB re the 245 now. Second suspect confirmed to be involved. ...

INT. AUTOBODY SHOP - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

J.J comes over Rukeyeser's radio.

RADIO
Suspect is male, white, approximately 6 ft, 160. Believed to be with the main suspect and victim. Please acknowledge.

RUKEYESER
(into RADIO)
SEB, 10-4 re the 245. Anything else, J? Clothes, weapons?

RADIO
Negative. All we got right now.

RUKEYESER
(into RADIO)
277 re the 245. Be advised, second suspect confirmed. Acknowledge?
(beat)
Nic? Nic, you there?

He waits for Nichole's response, but --

INT. NICHOLE'S B&W/ STREET - CONTINUOUS

-- ONLY A LIGHT STATIC COMES THROUGH HER CAR RADIO. Through the REAR WINDOW we see Nichole standing on the sidewalk watching Will and Ray as they check all cars and plates, OBLIVIOUS TO THE CHANGE IN FREQUENCY.

ACT FOUR

Super: rites of passage

INT. DONSHIK HOUSE - DAY

Frank alternates between pointing the gun at Cari's head and waving it at Will and Ray. He looks like a trapped animal. Cari cries. Ray looks ready to pounce. Will stays rational:

WILL

Take it easy, man. We're all just people here. I'm Will. This is Ray. What's your name?

FRANK

Frank.

RAY

Who cares what his name is. Put the goddamn gun down now.

WILL

Shut up, Ray.

FRANK

(waves the gun at him)
Yeah, shut up.

WILL

You didn't come here to hurt anybody, did you Frank?

FRANK

I was just s'posed to get the kid's pills and bring em to Paul.

WILL

So you haven't done anything too bad yet. You place the gun on the floor, tell us where Josh is, you're a hero instead of an accomplice. That sound good?
(as he mulls it over)
C'mon, Frank, it's my first day. Cut me a break, will you?

RAY

What're you bargaining with him for? He's got one hand on a Glock 45. The kick'll throw him back, bullet'll go wild, hit the ceiling. We can rush this loser, easy.

FRANK

You shut up. Shut up.

Frank throws Cari to the side with a force that makes her scream. Puts both hands on his gun. Aims it directly at Ray.

INT. AUTOBODY SHOP - OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Rukeyeser watches their teamwork as Constance takes info on the phone and Laura waits to pass it through her radio.

CONSTANCE

Okay, they've got a location on the Navigator. It's in transit on Lincoln and Whittier.

Laura calls in the info.

INT. J.J'S B&W - CONTINUOUS

J.J acknowledges the call. Hits his siren, en route:

J.J

How'd you know about those pills?

HILLARY

Nothing gets by, right?
(off his look)

I was... training to be an EMT.
(beat; softly)
Once.

Then silence. Obviously doesn't want to talk about that part of her life. He nods. Gets it. Lets it go. Suddenly:

HILLARY (CONT'D)

By the way, those pills are preventative. If Josh didn't get his morning dose, this could turn into a lot more than a kidnapping.

INT. DONSHIK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Will continues to try and talk down the tweaking Frank.

WILL

He's an idiot, Frank. Don't listen to him, listen to me. You can get out of this.

FRANK

I was just payin him back a favor. If I'da known it was gonna turn into this-

Frank notices Ray's hand inching towards his holster. Yells:

FRANK (CONT'D)

Watch that hand.

RAY

Put it down.

FRANK

Get it away from there.

WILL

Ray, cut it out.

Out of the corner of his eye, Will notices Nichole, awake and biding her time on the floor behind Frank, as Ray sounds off in a rage; running on pure adrenaline.

RAY

Big man with a big gun, thinks he can shoot his way through life. I know all about garbage like you, and I swear man, whatever happens, you ain't just walkin' outta here.

FRANK

Izzat right?

The tension is thick. Cari cowers against a wall. Will steals a glance at Nichole who's attempting to stand up behind Frank without making a sound.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Fine.

(beat)

Then neither are you.

Frank steadies the gun at Ray --

WILL

NO, FRANK, DON'T...!

CARI

Screeeeeeeeaaaaammmms!

-- and PULLS THE TRIGGER! But -- *click* -- THE GUN JAMS.

Ray flinches and it starts to register on his face what just happened.

Stymied, Frank checks the gun as Nichole sneaks up behind him; attacks and disarms him until he's in a joint-lock face down on the ground. Ray looks shaken. Can't believe the guy actually pulled the trigger.

NICHOLE

What the hell was that, Garrett?
You tryin' to get killed? You're
out, y'hear me? Out.

No answer. Will stares at the trembling Ray like he's nuts.

INT/EXT. J.J'S B&W/ MAIN THOROUGHFARE - CONTINUOUS

J.J spots the LINCOLN NAVIGATOR. Points.

J.J

There's our boy.

Hits his siren. The Navigator screeches off through a red light, clipping a couple of cars in the process.

J.J (CONT'D)

He's runnin. Hold tight.

J.J hits sirens and the gas. In hot pursuit. Calls it in.

J.J (CONT'D)
242 is in pursuit westbound on...

As he continues to call it in, a look of exhilaration comes over Hillary's face as they zoom past all the other cars at what seems like *lightspeed*. She smiles in disbelief.

HILLARY
Whoa.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

The Navigator turns a corner into a low-income Residential Neighborhood. Plows onto the LAWN of a dilapidated CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. PAUL DONSHIK yanks his son JOSH out of the car and runs up to the house, gun in hand as Josh cries hysterically.

J.J and Hillary jump out of their car at the curb. Donshik shoots one in the air to scare them. Hillary un-holsters her gun as they both duck behind the car. To Hillary:

J.J
Hold your fire with the kid.

Donshik kicks in the FRONT DOOR with ease and disappears inside the Craftsman. J.J grabs his SHOULDER RADIO:

J.J (CONT'D)
242 taking fire at 9365 Hawthorne..

INT. RUKEYESER'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

J.J's call comes through. Constance and Laura hold on as Rukeyeser guns it, sirens screaming. Into RADIO:

RUKEYESER
275 en route to Hawthorne.
Requesting aero and the patch.
Keep your head down, J.J. 273,
copy.
(waits; nothing)
Godmait, Nic, where the hell-?

RADIO
273 en route to Hawthorne with
victim's meds.

INT. NICHOLE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Nichole sits in the front with Ray taking in Rukeyeser's info; Will and a shaken Cari Donshik sit in back.

NICHOLE
Sorry, Sarge. Radio got knocked
off LTAC, somehow. 273, out.

She turns to Ray, a quiet fury burning in her eyes.

NICHOLE (CONT'D)

We get there, you stay in the car.
Y'don't move for anyone or
anything, understand me? Far as
you're concerned, til someone tells
you different, you're off the job.

Ray just sits there in stony silence.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN - LATER

Patrol Cars and SEB ASSAULT are parked outside now; a flurry of activity. Rukeyeser pops out of his car with Constance and Laura; heads up to J.J and Hillary.

RUKEYESER

Who's inside?

J.J

Donshik, his kid, and the family
who owns the house. No relation;
single mother by the name of Jane
Beauchamp and her two kids.

RUKEYESER

They musta got a surprise, huh?
Assault's on back?

J.J

They're gettin in position. He
ain't goin nowhere and he knows it.
But I'm not sure an assault
strike's ideal here, Sarge. Gonna
be tough gettin a clean shot with
the family all around him.

Nichole's car drives up and comes to a hard stop as CRACK --
A BULLET HITS HER WINDSHIELD. More GUNSHOTS suddenly echo
from the house. Donshik's shooting.

VOICES

Get down... take cover...

People scatter as Will dives out of the car and into the
gutter in terror. Somehow, THE SCENE FEELS FAMILIAR: Will,
cheek pressed to the pavement -- dirty water flowing -- the
POPOPOP of GUNFIRE --

In fact, THIS IS THE VERY FIRST PLACE WE MET WILL:

LYING HERE -- IN THIS VERY GUTTER -- IN THIS VERY SAME MOMENT
OF SELF PRESERVATION --

DONSHIK

(yelling from the house)
LEAVE US ALONE!

Will stares up through terrified, shielded eyes at RAY, the
only one not taking cover as bullets fly around him.

He doesn't move, just sits in the car staring straight ahead, catatonic, oblivious even as ANOTHER BULLET HITS THE CAR.

WILL
Get down, Ray. RAY!

Ray slowly turns to him, stares down at him blankly. Unfazed.

BEHIND J.J'S B&W

HILLARY
Think he's on something?

LAURA
You'd know better than me, doc.

CONSTANCE
Maybe he's trying to pull a
"suicide by cop."

LAURA
Perfect. Helluva first day, huh?

HILLARY
Yeah. Where are those designer
sweats when you really need them?

Laura shoots her a look.

INT. CRAFTSMAN - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Donshik paces nervously as JANE BEAUCHAMP, 30s, and her two KIDS, 7 and 9, sit in a corner. Josh lies curled up on the couch, arm beginning to jerk involuntarily.

JOSH
Dad? I don't feel good.

DONSHIK
I'm tryin' to get Frank on the
phone, Josh, but no one's
answering. What'm I s'posed to do?

EXT. CRAFTSMAN - ALL UNITS - CONTINUOUS

At a safe distance from the house, Nichole hands Frank Pritchard's cell phone to Rukeyeser.

NICHOLE
I think he's been calling.

Rukeyeser dials. INTERCUT with PAUL in the LIVING ROOM --

DONSHIK
Frank? Where the hell are ya?

RUKEYESER
This is Deputy Sergeant Hal
Rukeyeser of Special Enforcement
Bureau. Is this Paul?

DONSHIK

Where's Frank with my kid's meds?

RUKEYESER

Your ex-wife Cari's got em; she's out here with us. How bout you stop shooting and we'll get em to ya?

DONSHIK

Yeah, fine. Just don't try and come in, y'hear me?

RUKEYESER

Loud and clear. You're the boss.

DONSHIK

I'm gonna send out one of these other kids in here. You send em back with the pills.

RUKEYESER

Anyone comes out, you know I can't let em go in again. I'm not gonna waste time lying to ya, Paul. It'll just piss you-

Suddenly, Josh goes into full seizure mode. Falls off the couch, flopping around like a fish. The Beauchamp family looks terrified. Paul freaks.

DONSHIK

Aw man, what the hell is this?

RUKEYESER

Paul, what's goin on in there?

DONSHIK

He's dyin. My kid's dyin.

RUKEYESER

Then do the right thing and bring him out. We end this thing now before it goes any further.

DONSHIK

I let you take him now, I'll never get a chance to say goodbye. No way. Get a doctor in here.

Rukeyeser leans in to J.J.

RUKEYESER

How long we gotta wait for these paramedics?

Hillary notices J.J point to her. Rukeyeser looks over. Motions for her. She runs over to them.

RUKEYESER (CONT'D)
 J.J says you got maybe a little
 medical experience?

HILLARY
 I mean... I wouldn't say experience-

RUKEYESER
 Can you talk someone through
 administering to a seizure?

HILLARY
 No. I- I don't know. Maybe.

RUKEYESER
 Good enough.
 (into phone)
 Listen to me, Paul, someone's gonna
 call the land line. Let the lady
 of the house pick up, they're gonna
 walk her through how to help your
 son. Meantime, I come in with his
 meds, you and me can talk face to
 face, okay?

A scared Paul watches his son flopping around, foaming.

DONSHIK
 Y-yeah okay, fine. But I swear to
 God, anybody tries anything, know
this: someone's comin with me.
 These kids, the mother, it's all
 the same to me. I will go out
 shootin, y'understand?

RUKEYESER
 I understand.

Waves the gun at Mrs. Beauchamp. Yells:

DONSHIK
 You. Take him into the kitchen.
 Answer the phone when it rings.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN - CARS - MOMENTS LATER

Rukeyeser approaches Cari, standing next to Will.

RUKEYESER
 I'll take those pills now.

CARI
 No.

RUKEYESER
Excuse me?

CARI

Maybe you can talk to him on the phone, but once he actually sees you his whole attitude'll change.

WILL

Ma'am, with all due respect, Sergeant Rukeyeser-

CARI

Looks like a corrections officer. No offense, but Paul grew up in the system. I know him. One look and he'll push back. And my son'll be caught in the middle. No...

She pulls out the medication and shoves them at Will.

CARI (CONT'D)

I want him to bring it in.

INT/EXT. CRAFTSMAN KITCHEN/ OUTSIDE - CONTINUOUS

Jane Beauchamp answers the ringing phone, while her kids try to hold Josh on the floor as he shakes uncontrollably.
INTERCUT w/ Hillary outside-

HILLARY

Ms. Beauchamp, my name is Deputy Ryan. Is Josh there with you?

JANE

He won't stop shaking. My kids are trying to hold him down, but they keep getting hit.

HILLARY

Okay, we don't want them doing that. First thing, you want to get him on his side so no fluid comes up into his lungs...

Over by Will, Rukeyeser and Cari Donshik.

WILL

Ms. Donshik, I'm not-

RUKEYESER

It's his first day on the job. I can't knowingly put him in a situation where lives are at stake.

CARI

I saw him with Frank. Paul won't feel threatened by him. That's my son in there. Don't I get a say in this?

RUKEYESER

With all due respect, Ms.
Donshik... no.

Rukeyeser holds his hand out to Will, who hands over the meds obediently. Rukeyeser heads off as Cari calls after him.

CARI

You're making a mistake...

She turns to Will with pleading eyes. He appears to be mulling something over. Struggling with a decision.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN - FRONT LAWN - MOMENTS LATER

Rukeyeser approaches the FRONT DOOR with caution. Stops. Senses something behind him. He turns. It's Will.

RUKEYESER

For the love'a- Not now, Calder!
Get the hell back behind the-

WILL

(nervous but determined)
Academy 101, Sarge: Always keep
your partner within eyesight.

Rukeyeser's look: *Are you for real?*

WILL (CONT'D)

I memorized the book, remember?

Gets right up in Will's face. With a quiet fury:

RUKEYESER

This ain't the time. I am not
kiddin around. You get the hell
off this lawn before I throw you
off. You are not ready for this.

WILL

With all due respect sir... you're
wrong.

Rukeyeser's visibly taken aback by his hubris. Hasn't seen this side of Will yet.

WILL (CONT'D)

Look, gimme a break, Sarge. I let
you go in there with no cover and
anything happens... I mean...

(beat)

Can you imagine the paperwork?

Beat. And all of a sudden... Rukeyeser seems to visibly soften. Sees nothing in Will's eyes now but guts and determination. Sighs, resigned but reluctant:

RUKEYESER

You keep your mouth shut and stay behind me.

INT. CRAFTSMAN - LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Will and Rukeyeser enter the house. They can't see the others. Donshik points his gun.

RUKEYESER

Everybody okay in here?

DONSHIK

They're in the kitchen. Where's the pills?

Rukeyeser hands them over. Donshik stares at him.

DONSHIK (CONT'D)

Y'know, you remind me 'a someone.

RUKEYESER

I get that a lot. Curse 'a the Joe Average face, y'know? Hey Paul, you mind if I just take a quick look?

DONSHIK

Slowly. Don't get cute.

Rukeyeser slowly maneuvers to a spot where he can see the Beauchamp family and Josh in the kitchen. He notices Jane, still on the phone, administering to Josh, who's stopped shaking. Donshik stares at Rukeyeser with disgust.

DONSHIK (CONT'D)

Look at this guy. Career cop if I ever saw one. Y'make your quota for bustin heads today?

RUKEYESER

That ain't me, Paul. Started in construction, actually. Did some reserve work on the weekends 'cause I liked helpin people get outta jams. People like you.

Donshik cocks his gun.

DONSHIK

See, and now I just wanna shoot that smug look off your face. As if anyone like you's ever done anything to help me.

Surreptitiously, Will pops the clip on his holster.

RUKEYESER

Easy, Paul. You don't want these kids seein anything they can't unsee. You're still a father.

Donshik starts getting increasingly agitated.

DONSHIK

Yeah, and a father has rights. Even if he has made mistakes. I didn't know he was sick. Y'think she tells me anything? I just wanted to give him the chance I didn't have; to know his old man. I coulda skipped, too, but I stayed, 'cause he needed those pills. Doesn't that prove anything?

RUKEYESER

Definitely. Shows you care. You're a good father, no question.

DONSHIK

I know what happens now. I go 'way for life, Josh never gets a chance to know me away from all this.

RUKEYESER

Doesn't have to be that way. There's always visitation.

DONSHIK

Wake up, man. Only reason my bitch of an ex was movin was so I'd never find em. Whaddaya think, she'll bring him by for Father's Day?

RUKEYESER

I'm with ya, Paul. It ain't right.

Donshik turns his head, peeks into the kitchen. Josh is still. Breathing normally now.

JANE

I think he's going to be okay.

DONSHIK

Can he hear me?

JOSH

... dad... ?

Donshik looks at him; tears coming to his eyes.

DONSHIK

I just want you to hear it from me, Josh. I did everything I could for us to be together. Got a job, got clean... nothing was ever enough for her. She said I'd always be a negative influence. I dunno, maybe she's right, but... I want you to hear it from me. I tried.

Donshik turns back to Rukeyeser. Points the gun at him.

RUKEYESER
Paul, listen to me-

DONSHIK
Y'know something? You really do
remind me of someone.

And suddenly... he starts to squeeze the trigger, as Will
draws his gun from his holster gunslinger-fast and --

The sound of TWO CLEAN SHOTS RING OUT...

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

Super: new beginnings

EXT. CRAFTSMAN - AFTERMATH

Hillary walks towards the house as Will walks out between two GUYS from Assault. She looks at him with concern as they pass each other, but Will's lost in his own head.

INT. CRAFTSMAN - CONTINUOUS

Hillary comes in, sees Nichole and J.J taking statements from Jane Beauchamp and her kids on the couch. Walks up to her.

HILLARY
Ms. Beauchamp? I'm-

JANE
Deputy Ryan. You saved him.

And suddenly, a flood of emotion registers in Hillary's face.

EXT. CRAFTSMAN - CONTINUOUS

Will stops at the curb, numb. Surveils the chaotic scene:

Paramedics load a body into an ambulance - Cari hugs Josh close as EMT's tend to him - NEIGHBORS linger behind barricades - Ray runs his finger over bullet holes in the B&W-

Will sits on the curb, puts his head in his hands. Suddenly, a HAND comes down on his shoulder. He looks up at RUKEYESER, his face softer than usual. Gently:

RUKEYESER
C'mon, kid.

Will gets up, allows himself to be led to a car. Scans the aftermath one last time through the window of a B&W as he's driven further and further away from it. Turns to Rukeyeser:

WILL
(re: his dirty Uniform)
Can I change now, Sarge?

Off Rukeyeser's slight, sympathetic smile --

INT. STATION - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER

Will is debriefed by a suspicious Captain Jankowski.

JANKOWSKI
You graduated top of your class in the academy, is that right, son?

WILL
Yes, sir.

JANKOWSKI
Trained the same as everybody else?
To shoot to kill?

WILL
Yes, sir.

JANKOWSKI
Perp's kid was right there, wasn't
he? In the room with you?

WILL
He was in the kitchen, sir.

JANKOWSKI
I imagine it'd be tough killing a
guy in front of his kid.

Beat.

WILL
I wouldn't know, sir.

INT. STATION HOUSE - DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

Rukeyeser sits next to Nichole behind a desk scolding Ray
whose head is hung low, still affected by the day's incident.

RUKEYESER
Tell me why I shouldn't cut you
loose right now.

RAY
(shrugs; quietly)
Everyone deserves a second chance,
right? I know I got...
communication issues. My ex made
it plenty clear on a daily basis.

RUKEYESER
So then I'm just gonna ask you flat
out. You got a death wish, Garrett?

RAY
No.

RUKEYESER
What is it then?

RAY
I just... refuse to be scared.

RUKEYESER
Of what?

Beat. Ray looks up. Stares into Rukeyeser's eyes. Hard.

RAY
(Anything!)
Whaddaya got?

Rukeyeser and Nichole exchange a glance. Then, back to Ray:

RUKEYESER

Well... we'll see if we can't
remedy that.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

JANKOWSKI

So tell me this: why's Paul Donshik
laid up with a clean shoulder wound
instead of a toe tag?

WILL

Guess I missed.

JANKOWSKI

Academy's top marksman, a crack
shot, and you want me to believe
you just... missed?

WILL

It all went down fast, I've never
been in a situation like that in my
life. My hands were shaking, so...

Jankowski searches Will's hollow eyes for the lie. Then:

JANKOWSKI

Yeah, that's exactly what your T.O
said.

INT. DETECTIVE'S BULLPEN - DESK - CONTINUOUS

Constance and Laura sit next to each other across from
Hillary. All three are filling out reams of PAPERWORK.
Laura is overwhelmed, turns to Con who's having no trouble.

LAURA

You mind if I just sorta... copy
yours?

Constance thinks a moment, then... turns her FORM so Laura
can see it. Laura starts writing again, but her pen is out
of ink. Looks up at Hillary.

LAURA (CONT'D)

Got another pen on you, Ryan?

As Hillary digs into her front shirt pocket, Laura follows
the gaze of a handsome UNIFORM DEPUTY across the room who's
staring at her hard.

Hillary pulls a pen from her pocket which is attached to
SOMETHING ELSE that falls on the floor. She reaches down for:

THE PHOTO OF DAVE ZABRISKIE AND HIS FAMILY.

She stares at it hard, remembering her promise to him. Gets
up and walks away.

UPSTAIRS

An exhausted Will steps out of Jankowski's Office, scans the downstairs with his eyes. Sees Con helping Laura with paperwork. Settles on Hillary, who is talking on a PHONE.

Will watches her as she hangs up, looking like she's just been punched in the gut. Her head swivels up and her watery eyes find his. They just stare at each other in a silent moment of solidarity.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ray stands by his open locker, pulls on the last of his civilian clothes as Will comes in and heads toward his.

WILL
Some day.

RAY
Yeah.

WILL
You get mandatory counseling?

RAY
And an IA interview. You?

WILL
Both.

Will notices J.J and several other DEPUTIES across the room. They each give him THE UNSPOKEN NOD OF APPROVAL; a rare respect for any rookie. Will nods back, shyly, uncomfortable with their acknowledgment. Ray notices the praise; snorts, shakes his head:

RAY
Of course.

WILL
Doesn't have to be like this, Ray. Academy's behind us. We're on the same team here. Can't we at least try to get along?

Ray considers this. Then:

RAY
I didn't join up to make friends.

WILL
Why did you then?

Ray stares at the FAMILY PHOTO in his locker with a seething mixture of longing, anger, and possibly... *determination?*

RAY
I got my reasons.

Slams his locker shut.

RAY (CONT'D)
Worry bout yours.

And heads out for the day. Nothing resolved between them.

EXT. STATION HOUSE - BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Constance comes down the stairs followed by Laura. Laura notices Esteban in the pick-up truck waiting for Constance.

LAURA
Older men, huh? That's hot.

CONSTANCE
That's... my dad.

LAURA
Oh. Right.

Laura can barely hide her smile. Constance heads over to the truck as Ray rushes out past Laura toward his motorcycle.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Hey Garrett, gimme a lift?

RAY
Not interested, Britney.

He jumps on his Motorcycle.

LAURA
That wasn't a come-on. I really need a-

She notices the HANDSOME UNIFORMED DEPUTY from before, dressed in civs, outside his car. Smiles. Heads for him.

INT. PICK-UP - CONTINUOUS

Constance jumps in next to the disapproving Esteban. He looks her up and down. She stares right back at him defiantly.

ESTEBAN
At least you're still in one piece.

He starts up the car. Through the window, Constance seems almost trapped inside the pick-up. She watches, envious of Laura's freedom, as the Uniformed Deputy holds his car door open for her.

As her father drives off, Constance glances toward the stairs, sees Hillary exiting the station. They wave good-night to each other as Will comes down right behind her.

WILL
'night, Hill.

HILLARY
Oh, um, g'night.

They start in opposite directions for their cars. Hillary stops, turns.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
Will? How are you?

WILL
I just want to get home. See my girlfriend. Relax.

Hillary nods. Gets it.

WILL HILLARY
'night. G'night.

Will gets into his car. Starts it up. It coughs. Sputters. Dies. He sighs. Turns and sees Hillary getting into hers. Rolls his window down.

WILL (CONT'D)
Hey, Hillary. Hold up.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CONTINUOUS

Ray's motorcycle pulls up to the same STORM DRAIN he was at earlier in the day. He kills the engine.

Stares down at it. A couple of RATS are perched right at the edge of it. With fearless determination, Ray rolls up his sleeves.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. HOUSE - PATHWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Arm caked with grime, Ray walks up the STONE PATH to the house. He comes to the FRONT DOOR and goes to ring the bell. Stops. Doesn't need the recognition.

He gently places an OVERSIZED DRAGONBALL Z DOLL against the door and walks off. Hard. Expressionless.

INT. HILLARY'S CAR - NIGHT

Hillary drives Will home in silence. Both taking in the enormity of the day. Hillary looks over at Will's RIGHT HAND -- It's shaking. Seems like she wants to say something but is holding it in. Suddenly, Will points.

WILL
This is me.

She pulls over. Stops. Will stares up at his apartment, warily. Sits there as if he dreads going in. Finally:

WILL (CONT'D)
 Guess I'll see you tomorrow.
 Thanks for the lift.

Will starts to open the door, when Hillary blurts out:

HILLARY
 Will? What'd it feel like? Y'know,
 what you did... inside the house.

Beat. Then:

WILL
 It sucked.

HILLARY
 Yeah. That's what I thought.

More silence. Then:

HILLARY (CONT'D)
 I took a guy to the hospital today
 with a knife in his head. I just
 found out he died when they took it
 out.

WILL
 Yeah. I heard.

HILLARY
 He had a family.

WILL
 (genuine)
 That sucks, too. Sorry, Hill.

HILLARY
 Yeah.
 (beat)
 Did you ever think it was gonna...
 suck like this?

WILL
 Honestly? I can't remember what I
 thought when I woke up this
 morning.

HILLARY
 Me, neither.

WILL
 But... I guess we helped save a
 kid's life today, right? So...
 that doesn't suck.

After a moment of contemplation, Hillary smiles. Just a bit.

HILLARY
 Yeah. That was cool.

They look at each other. Hopeful. A bond forming.

WILL
So, I better...

HILLARY
Yeah.

He starts to open the door.

HILLARY (CONT'D)
Will? How are you gonna get to
work tomorrow?

WILL
I don't know. I guess I'll
probably-

HILLARY
'Cause I could pick you up on my
way. Like six-ish?

Beat. He smiles.

WILL
That'd be great. Okay, well...
'night, Hill.

He closes the door behind him and watches her drive off.
Looks down at his shaking hand then up at the house. Sighs
and heads for the front door.

INT. WILL'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

He walks through the door into darkness, and suddenly --

VOICES
SURPRISE!!!!

The lights go on and it's a PARTY! Sarah has invited all of
their friends over; at least 20 people. They swarm him.

FRIENDS
Hey, buddy... Hiya doin,
Superfuzz?... Take a bite outta
crime, today?

Will puts on a forced smile and greets everyone. Sarah pops
through the crowd toward Will, tipsy and holding a Martini.

WILL
What's this?

SARAH
I wanted to surprise you.
Celebrate your first day.

WILL
Well, I'm definitely... surprised.

She kisses him. A deep, wet soul kiss.

SARAH

That oughta get me out of paying
that speeding ticket, huh?

Will looks overwhelmed; tries to play it off for Sarah's
sake, but she notices.

SARAH (CONT'D)

Awww, my poor, tired, hard-workin
man. You just go sit over on the
couch and I'll bring you a
Margarita, okay?

She heads off. Will goes over to the couch, greeting well-
wishers along the way. He sits next to TREY, who's already
half in the bag, grinning stupidly.

TREY

So... 40 a year. Niiiiiiice.

WILL

Hey, Trey. How you doing?

TREY

Not as good as you, workin man.
Out there in the real world bustin
your hump for the Man, gettin taxed
out the-

(beat)

Hey, Will, lemme ask you something,
seriously:

Beat. Joking, sort of:

TREY (CONT'D)

You shoot anyone today?

Will's face registers shock at the thoughtless comment. He
forces a short laugh for Trey's benefit; but as the laugh
fades, Will's face changes, becomes reflective.

CLOSER AND CLOSER ON WILL'S EYES

Something new in them: a little more caution -- a little more
wisdom -- and the gritty, sometimes harsh, but ultimately
satisfying reality of his new life...

... out there in the real world.

END OF SHOW