

PROTECT & SERVE

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Draft Date 11/21/06

PROTECT & SERVE

"Pilot"

TEASER

FADE IN:

Blue sky: a POLICE RADIO CRACKLES, calls roll in as --

AN LAPD HELICOPTER

-- swoops into FRAME, providing us a distant, God's-eye view into the lives of the citizens of Los Angeles. The RADIO CALLS build, OVERLAPPING into a fevered cacophony as we --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - DAY

A black and white cruises THE SOUTHEAST DIVISION.

It's an older inner city neighborhood teeming with life among the mostly 1920's commercial buildings and small bungalows, schools, churches, and warehouses. This is a neighborhood that's been working class from the day it was built over 90 years ago. In the old days it was solidly Irish, Italian, and Okie. Now the district's MAIN AVENUES -- CENTRAL, FIGUEROA, VERMONT -- are filled with a melting pot of the working classes of today: African Americans, Hispanics, Koreans, etc.

IN THE CAR

OFFICER PAUL GROGAN -- 30's, intense, capable but sometimes his emotions can make him unpredictable -- is at the wheel.

GROGAN

... First date, and I been trying to get this girl to go out with me for months now. We're at this concert, you know, at the Wiltern. We're up in the balcony, and it's like before the band even comes out, I'm sitting in a cloud of smoke, pot. The whole place is burning. I shoul'da known, right?

Grogan looks to his partner, OFFICER JOHN ESPARZA -- 30's, stocky, normally level-headed, but today he looks like a man struggling to keep it together. Esparza sits in the passenger seat, staring straight ahead, not listening.

GROGAN (CONT'D)

I'm sure as hell not going to sit there and fail my piss test, but this girl, I'm telling you... what a waste! Man, sometimes I'd just like to be a civilian for once.

A call comes OVER THE RADIO.

DISPATCHER VOICE (O.S.)

Units in the vicinity, 10-103 in the 2000 block of South Normandie.

GROGAN

Two thousand. That's us.

Grogan looks to Esparza, still lost in his thoughts --

GROGAN (CONT'D)

John?

ESPARZA

Huh?

GROGAN

What's the matter? Didn't you have your coffee this morning?

Grogan reaches over, grabs the hand mic --

GROGAN (CONT'D)

A43 to Control One. Roger.

Grogan gives Esparza an annoyed look. He hits a key on the Patrol Car's DASHBOARD LAPTOP. The screen shows a detail of the map of the precinct --

WHOOSH! WE SNAP TO A SATELLITE BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE ENTIRE SOUTHEAST PRECINCT, a tiny area is highlighted and we ZOOM DOWN TO --

EXT. 2021 S. NORMANDIE - KIM'S NAIL SALON - MOMENTS LATER

The patrol car rolls up. A couple KOREAN NAIL TECHNICIANS stand in the door of their shop as the SHOP OWNER screams in KOREAN at JEROME, an African American homeless man who's sitting on the sidewalk in front of the shop beside his two shopping carts overloaded with collected junk and used soda cans. Jerome is yelling back at the shop owner, giving as good as he's getting.

Grogan pops out of the car. The Shop Owner turns on him --

SHOP OWNER

He can't be here! He ruin business!

GROGAN

Alright, ma'am. Just calm down.

JEROME

Can't tell me where to be. Don't own the sidewalk.

Grogan turns to Esparza, who's still sitting in the car, staring into the distance --

GROGAN

You want to give me a hand here?

Grogan turns back to Jerome, the homeless man --

GROGAN (CONT'D)

Jerome, you know better than this. You got to find some place to --

BAM! A LOUD GUNSHOT!

Grogan hits the ground, gun ready, looking for the shooter. He sees the Korean Shop Owner frozen in horror staring at his patrol car. Grogan turns, follows the Shop Owner's gaze.

The Patrol Car's windshield's SPLATTERED WITH BLOOD!

Esparza's blown his head off in the front seat of the patrol car. OFF Grogan's look of horror, we --

CUT TO:

INT. EMPTY CONDO, AGOURA HILLS - DAY

OFFICER MIKE BORELLI -- 35, a veteran cop; with his cool steady gaze, he's mastered the art of keeping his emotions under wraps no matter what comes his way -- is being shown a vacant condo by a pert, skirt-suited REALTOR --

REALTOR

... I have two units in this building and one across the street. On this side you get a beautiful canyon view, plus it's all new carpeting.

BORELLI

You'll go month to month?

REALTOR

Sorry. Best I can do is a six month lease.

BORELLI

Starting today? Can I move in today?

REALTOR

Don't you want to see the other unit? It's bigger, maybe your wife --

BORELLI

-- It's just me.

Borelli cuts her off, notes the Realtor eyeing his wedding ring. An awkward moment.

REALTOR

I'll get the paperwork.

As the Realtor leaves the room, Borelli looks around at the sterility of his new home. His cell phone RINGS --

BORELLI

(on phone)

Borelli here... He what?!

As Borelli listens, his face goes blank, expressionless --

BORELLI (CONT'D)

Anybody notify his wife?

(a beat)

Don't. I'm out here. I'll take care of it.

Borelli clicks the phone shut. He looks visibly shaken just as the Realtor returns --

REALTOR

Here we are. A couple signatures and we're all set.

Stifling his emotions, Borelli turns to the business at hand. As he bends over to fill out the papers he notices the Realtor staring at the HOLSTERED GUN under his jacket.

BORELLI

It's okay. I'm a cop.

REALTOR

You won't be alone in this town. I think we have half the LAPD living out here. It's a great selling point. People love to know there's a cop in the neighborhood. Makes them feel safe.

BORELLI

(stiffly)

Yeah.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLES, "Protect & Serve".

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY.

A POLICE FUNERAL. BAGPIPES play a mournful tune as a sea of blue -- the rank and file -- turn out to bury one of their own.

CLOSE ON ANITA ESPARZA -- 30's, Officer Esparza's widow -- standing in the place of honor BENEATH A CANOPY with her two small children: SAMMY, 4 and JUSTIN, 2.

A former elementary school teacher, normally Anita's a woman who isn't easily ruffled, but today, as she looks out at the PALL BEARERS carrying her husband's FLAG-DRAPED COFFIN, it takes everything she's got to keep it together.

... As the coffin bearing Officer John Esparza moves past we meet some of the Pall Bearers looking grim-faced and solemn in their dress uniforms:

OFFICER TIM COOK, "COOKIE THE ROOKIE" -- early 20's, fresh-faced and eager.

Across from him is his partner, OFFICER DENNIS HARVEY -- 30's, physically imposing but hardly the fittest of the group.

In the front row of Pall Bearers we spot Officer Grogan, and across from him is Borelli.

As the men lower the coffin onto the funeral bier, Borelli sneaks a look over to his estranged wife, LIZZIE BORELLI, standing next to Anita with their TWO CHILDREN: PAM, 14, and MICHAEL JR., 10.

Lizzie's a formidable presence in her 30's, and while conflicted about her breakup with her husband and concerned about its effect on their children, she's energized by the prospect of re-inventing herself; this is not the life she expected, but she couldn't continue to live with a husband who seems more married to his job than to her.

As the Pall Bearers snap a crisp salute, and move off with military precision, we spot, standing with Anita and the other wives under the canopy --

SHARON HARVEY -- 33, Officer Dennis Harvey's wife, rough around the edges, never afraid to speak her mind, very status conscious, she dreams of a life beyond the limits of a cop's salary.

Sharon looks to her three kids: BRANDON, 12; LUCAS, 10; and CHEYENNE, 8. Fidgeting, Cheyenne has sat down in one of the folding chairs --

SHARON
(whispering)
Cheyenne. Stand up.

Standing near her, HOPE COOK -- early 20's, rookie Officer Tim Cook's wife, a rookie in her own way; perky, quick with a smile, she still looks like the Orange County cheerleader she once was -- gently takes the child by the arm, coaxing her up from the chair.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - AFTER THE FUNERAL - DAY

People are leaving, heading for their cars. From a distance we see MOURNERS file by Anita, still at the grave, giving their condolences.

ANGLE ON -- PAM, MICHAEL JR., BRANDON, AND LUCAS; the neighborhood kids -- as they hang, uncomfortable in their funeral clothes, by the line of parked cars.

Lucas busies himself with a small handheld video game; anything to keep his mind off the reality he's living through. Suddenly Brandon snatches it out of Lucas' hands --

LUCAS
Hey! Give it.

BRANDON
Try not to act like a retard.

PAM
You two, cut it out.

MICHAEL JR.
Watch it. Your dad's coming.

Brandon and Lucas look chastened as Harvey comes over --

HARVEY
(to Pam)
How you doing?

Harvey gives Pam a one-arm embrace. He turns to the other kids --

HARVEY (CONT'D)
And you hooligans. I need you to be
on your best behavior today. No
rough stuff.

Harvey turns to Brandon and Lucas --

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Now gimme a hug.

LUCAS
Aren't you coming with us?

HARVEY
No, I got work.

Harvey hugs the kids.

CUT TO:

UNDER THE CANOPY

Anita continues to take condolences from a line of fellow
OFFICERS and FAMILY. Behind her, Sharon, Lizzie, and Hope
stand in support.

Cookie comes over to his wife, Hope --

COOKIE
Dennis and I, we got to get going.

HOPE
You're working? Today?

COOKIE
Someone's got to.

Cookie gives his wife a kiss on the cheek. He's about to move
off but she's still holding on to him. Sensing her anxiety,
he tries to reassure her --

COOKIE (CONT'D)
I'll see you later, okay.

Cookie looks into Hope's eyes then gives her another kiss. As
he starts to move off she gives his hand a tight squeeze,
then releases.

Standing nearby, Lizzie notes Cookie and Hope's innocent
affection. Suddenly she turns away, walks off.

Borelli, standing with a group of OFFICERS, spots his wife as
she steps over to take a moment behind a tree.

ANGLE ON -- LIZZIE

Her back to us.

BORELLI (O.S.)
You alright?

Lizzie turns, wiping the tears from her reddened eyes.
Borelli steps in, puts his hands on her shoulders.

BORELLI (CONT'D)
Hey.

LIZZIE
I'm sorry.

BORELLI
What are you sorry about?

LIZZIE
It's just so sad. Those little
boys.

Lizzie chokes down some tears, her mood shifts to anger --

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
And they're calling it an accident.

BORELLI
You know they have to do that.

LIZZIE
They don't have to do anything.
It's all just for show. Just one
big show.

BORELLI
Lizzie --

LIZZIE
-- You all think you're protecting
each other. Watching each other's
backs. But it didn't help John, did
it?

Lizzie stares down her husband. Emboldened, she composes
herself and moves off.

Borelli's left standing alone. Just then he spots Grogan, the
only bachelor in the group, getting into his vintage Mustang
and driving off.

CUT TO:

EXT. "THE BUNKER" - DAY

A shabby 50's era no-frills saloon in the heart of the Southeast Precinct.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE BUNKER" - DAY

This is a well-worn cop bar where the guys go after their shifts to unwind. On any given day this place is unwelcoming to outsiders, but today even more so.

Half the precinct is here trying to make sense out of Officer Esparza's death as RAY -- 50's, a former cop and the bartender/owner -- in one uninterrupted pour, walks down the bar, filling a long line of shot glasses.

We SPOT Borelli moving through the crowd with an envelope, collecting Widow's Fund donations.

Just then, the JUKE BOX kicks in with a soulful COUNTRY SONG.

RAY

Hey! Hey! It's a funeral, not a goddamn wake!

Ray presses a console button behind the bar, jumps the juke box to the next song. THE HARD ROCK SOUNDS OF AC/DC fill the bar.

ANGLE ON -- TWO YOUNG COPS

Standing by the pool table.

FIRST YOUNG COP

Man, I heard of guys doing themselves, but never on the job.

SECOND YOUNG COP

Wife and two kids. That's just wrong.

Just then Borelli comes up behind them --

BORELLI

Why don't you two probies do a little less talking and a little more digging.

FIRST YOUNG COP

Sorry. Didn't mean nothing by it.

BORELLI

Wait til you got ten years on the job.

Embarrassed the two Young Cops dig out their money.

RAY

Hey Mike. We're gonna roll the toast. Where's Grogan?

Borelli looks around, scanning the bar --

CUT TO:

EXT. "THE BUNKER" - REAR PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

The rear door to the bar opens. Borelli steps out, spots Grogan's Mustang parked in the small, cramped lot.

He walks over... and there's Grogan still sitting behind the wheel.

BORELLI

You coming in?

GROGAN

I was but... I think I'm just going to go home.

BORELLI

Come on, everyone's waiting. One drink.

GROGAN

Nah, no one wants to see me, you know, the partner. I'm practically radioactive.

Borelli looks to Grogan, realizes there's no use in pushing it.

BORELLI

There's more coming, but I thought maybe you'd want to be the one to give this to Anita.

Borelli holds out THE WIDOW'S FUND ENVELOPE filled with cash.

GROGAN

You do it, Mike. You're better at that stuff anyway.

BORELLI

You can't beat yourself up over this.

GROGAN

(suddenly angry)
What the hell do I have to beat myself up for? What's it got to do with me?

BORELLI

You do what you want to do.

Borelli drops the envelope onto the passenger seat, then turns, heads back into the bar.

Grogan stares in dread down at the envelope.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIL CREEK LANE, AGOURA HILLS - DAY

A cul-de-sac of ten-year-old Spanish tract houses bake in the merciless sun of the deep San Fernando Valley. This is where the ESPARZA'S, the COOK'S, the BORELLI'S and the HARVEY'S all have their homes and raise their families.

These are the suburbs; the complete opposite of the Southeast Precinct. It is clean, tranquil, safe.

Right now the cul-de-sac has more parked cars than usual in front of THE ESPARZA HOUSE as a smattering of MOURNERS move up the front walk, entering the house.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPARZA HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Through the sliding glass doors we can SEE the KIDS playing in the backyard.

Lizzie, Officer Borelli's wife, puts the finishing touches on a platter of food while Sharon, Officer Dennis Harvey's wife, pours herself a glass of wine.

SHARON

I don't understand it. He was over at our house last week. He seemed fine.

LIZZIE

They're all fine. Until they're not.

Sharon and Lizzie exchange a knowing look.

IN THE LIVING ROOM

Hope, Officer Tim Cook's wife, comes in the front door carrying a large metal coffee maker. She moves through the small gathering of MOURNERS, making eye contact, giving polite smiles. In her own way, she too is a rookie, just like her husband.

IN THE KITCHEN

Sharon's got the back door open, yelling out at her kids --

SHARON

Lucas! Leave your sister alone!

Just then Hope brings the coffee maker into the kitchen --

HOPE

Thought we might need some backup.

LIZZIE

I don't think we'll be needing that.

HOPE

Where is everybody?

SHARON

We are everybody.

HOPE

But all those people at the funeral.

LIZZIE

You get a good turnout at the funeral, but people don't come after. When it's a suicide no one wants to talk.

HOPE

Suicide? But...

Lizzie and Sharon look to each other --

HOPE (CONT'D)

Tim said it was an accident. Accidental discharge, isn't that what they said?

SHARON

That's what they have to call it.
Otherwise Anita won't get her
benefits.

Just then Pam, Lizzie's 14-year-old, urgently enters --

PAM

Mom, I think you should...

Lizzie turns in concern at the tone in her daughter's voice --

LIZZIE

What is it?

PAM

It's Mrs. Esparza.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPARZA HOUSE - UPSTAIRS DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Lizzie, Sharon, and Hope rush into the room to FIND Anita Esparza on her knees before an open cabinet, throwing stuff into a large garbage bag.

LIZZIE

Anita?

ANITA

I want these out of my house. I
want these out of my house now!

As the women step closer we SEE what she is throwing out:
boxes of ammunition, handguns, etc. Living with an arsenal of
weapons is a given when you're married to a cop.

LIZZIE

Okay... Okay. We can do that.

Lizzie motions to Sharon and Hope who step forward, escorting the distraught Anita from the room. As they head out, they move past Pam, Lizzie's 14-year-old daughter, who's witnessed it all. Mother and daughter exchange a look.

BACK TO:

EXT. "THE BUNKER" - DAY

A PATROL CAR pulls up in front. TWO ON-DUTY PATROL OFFICERS get out, head inside.

INT. "THE BUNKER" - CONTINUOUS

In the tradition of cop funerals, the bar is now in full "Irish Wake" mode. As the two ON-DUTY PATROL OFFICERS enter, they spot Borelli at the end of --

THE SHOT LINE AT THE BAR.

The two Patrol Officers step up to Borelli just as the line of cops, with all eyes on a BLACK BANDED FRAMED PHOTO OF OFFICER JOHN ESPARZA, slam back their shots, and BANG their glasses on the bar.

FIRST PATROL OFFICER
Hey, Mike.

Borelli turns around, still feeling the kick from the shot.

BORELLI
Hey. Thought you guys were on duty.

FIRST PATROL OFFICER
Yeah. We got a little situation.

Borelli and the Patrol Officers step away for some privacy --

BORELLI
What's going on?

FIRST PATROL OFFICER
It's bad.

SECOND PATROL OFFICER
Your boy, Cookie. He got into it with some crackhead.

FIRST PATROL OFFICER
They got his gun.

BORELLI
Jesus..!

This news is enough to sober-up Borelli in a flash. OFF his grim-faced look we --

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - SOUTHEAST DIVISION - LATER

Borelli marches up to WATCH LIEUTENANT CHRISTINE BOOKER -- late 30's, African American, attractive.

While she's far from the typical gruff male Watch Commander, her professional competence has earned her the respect of every cop in the precinct, and her quick wit has deflected any unwanted romantic entanglements.

BORELLI
They in back?

BOOKER
(nodding)
Dennis called them in.

Borelli follows Booker's gaze as two Internal Affairs ("IA") Detectives: DETECTIVE KURT SIMS and DETECTIVE CARLOS LANDO, who've been impatiently waiting, come up --

DETECTIVE SIMS
Borelli, what are you doing here?

DETECTIVE LANDO
Why'd we get called in if you guys
are going to stonewall us?

BORELLI
No one's stonewalling. Give me a
minute.

Annoyed, the IA Detectives turn away. Borelli starts to move off --

BOOKER
I heard it was a good turnout. I
wish I could've been there.

A moment passes between Booker and Borelli. These two have a shorthand from years together on the job.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Borelli enters. He finds Officer Dennis Harvey pacing nervously as Officer Tim "Cookie" Cook sits on the bench, head in hands. Cookie looks up at Borelli, his face a portrait of shame and worry --

COOKIE
My gun, Mike. He got my gun.

BORELLI
I know.
(to Harvey)
You called IA?

HARVEY

We're going to have to talk to them
at some point.

BORELLI

You know there's supposed to be a
Union Rep present.

HARVEY

It is what it is.

BORELLI

And you're the senior officer.
You're supposed to be holding his
hand.

HARVEY

How was I supposed to know cowboy
here was gonna chase down the first
corner boy we come up on?

COOKIE

And where the hell were you?!

Cookie jumps to his feet --

HARVEY

See what I mean? Kid's got no
control.

BORELLI

Okay. Alright. Enough.

Harvey and Cookie fall silent. Borelli turns to Cookie --

BORELLI (CONT'D)

Go home.

HARVEY

Aw, Mike, you're just dragging this
out. Kid's going to have to take
his lumps --

BORELLI

-- If he takes lumps, you're gonna
take some too. Nobody's talking to
anybody tonight. Now go home. Both
of you.

Annoyed, Harvey moves to his locker. Cookie, nerves totally
on edge, turns to Borelli --

COOKIE

This gonna cost me my shield?

BORELLI

One step at a time. Alright?

That wasn't what Cookie wanted to hear. OFF their tense looks we --

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIL CREEK LANE, AGOURA HILLS - NIGHT

The lights are out, the world is asleep.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPARZA HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

We catch glimpses of two naked bodies writhing under the sheets... they're as much clinging to each other as making love.

As the bodies roll apart, to our surprise it's Grogan and Anita Esparza, his partner's widow!

Grogan stares up at the ceiling, inconsolable, guilty. Anita, sensing his turmoil, turns to him --

ANITA

It wasn't us. He didn't know.

GROGAN

You don't know that.

ANITA

He was closed off these past few months. Not like usual. He wouldn't come out of it. Even with the kids.

Anita steadies her gaze on Grogan.

ANITA (CONT'D)

It wasn't us.

Just then ANITA'S TWO-YEAR-OLD starts CRYING in the other room. On reflex Anita gets up, goes to him. Grogan stares up at the ceiling.

IN THE HALLWAY

Anita steps out of Justin's Room, comes back down the hall.

As she comes back INTO HER BEDROOM her face drops --

ANITA (CONT'D)
... Paul?

The room is empty; Grogan has left.

Her eyes spot something sitting on the bed. She picks it up.
It's THE WIDOW'S FUND ENVELOPE.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

Grogan sits across from DR. LORNA HERRERA -- 35, a police psychotherapist, attractive, no nonsense -- who looks at him with a well-practiced professional patience, notepad in hand. Grogan's not talking, he's tapping his foot, looking like a school boy waiting for the bell to ring.

DR. HERRERA

Officer Grogan, you're here because you're required to. Might as well make the best of it.

GROGAN

I thought I was.

DR. HERRERA

Isn't there something you want to talk about?

GROGAN

Okay. I was thinking about something on the drive over.

DR. HERRERA

Good.

GROGAN

You ask me, the Dodgers are crazy if they don't pick up Ramirez. Guy's batting above .300 and he's got a great glove. What do you think?

DR. HERRERA

I think you should consider taking some time off. Regulations are very generous --

GROGAN

-- What am I gonna do? Sit at home, watch "The View"?

DR. HERRERA

You've just been through a highly traumatic event. Suicide on the job is --

GROGAN

-- I think you're mistaken. It was an accident.

Dr. Herrera gives him a knowing look; she's been doing this a long time.

DR. HERRERA

Whether you want to acknowledge it or not, you're going to have to deal with this one way or another.

GROGAN

Are you telling me I have to take my days?

Grogan looks to Dr. Herrera. She studies him, then --

DR. HERRERA

I'm not going to do that, Officer. That's up to you.

GROGAN

(checking his watch)
Looks like our time's up.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DETECTIVES' BULLPEN - DAY

Cookie sits nervously in the upstairs Detectives' Bullpen just outside the closed door to an Interview Room.

While it seems that all THE DETECTIVES are going about their business, when the door to the INTERVIEW ROOM opens, it becomes apparent that everyone's attention is completely focused on what's going on in that little room.

Cookie jumps to his feet as Harvey exits THE INTERVIEW ROOM with TOMMY, 50's, the Union Rep. Behind them we SPOT the TWO IA DETECTIVES inside. The Union Rep closes the door, turns to Cookie --

TOMMY

Nothing to worry about. Strictly routine.

COOKIE

Sure.

Tommy opens the door to lead Cookie in. Harvey grabs Cookie's shoulder --

HARVEY

Just tell 'em what happened. You didn't do nothing wrong.

As Cookie looks to Harvey appreciative of his support he notices all eyes are on him, judging, critical.

With his head hung low, Cookie turns, enters the room. The door closes.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - DAY

Shift change, the busiest time of the day. Borelli, in street clothes, enters arriving for work.

Borelli moves towards the locker room when he bumps into Booker also in street clothes, heading home after a long shift.

BORELLI

You look like you could use some rest.

BOOKER

Thanks, you don't look so hot yourself.

The two share a smile --

BOOKER (CONT'D)

You see the assignment board?

Borelli shoots Booker a wary look. Booker smirks --

BOOKER (CONT'D)

I made some assignment changes. You got yourself a new partner.

Borelli looks at her quizzically --

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

It's crowded, boisterous. Guys going home, guys coming on.

Borelli goes to his locker. He sees Grogan is dressing just behind him. Without even looking --

BORELLI

What are you doing here? You should be taking your days.

GROGAN

Last I checked you and I were the same pay grade. So why don't you save your den-mother act for the rookies, Mike.

Borelli laughs. Grogan turns on him --

GROGAN (CONT'D)

What's so funny?

BORELLI

Guess you didn't check the assignment board. We're riding together.

GROGAN

You sure you want to do that, Mike? Word is, I'm bad luck.

Borelli looks to Grogan. For a fleeting moment, Grogan seems vulnerable -- maybe he believes he's bad luck himself.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Cookie, looking very nervous, sits before IA Detectives Sims and Lando. Tommy, the Union Rep, takes a seat off to the side.

DETECTIVE SIMS

Are we ready to proceed?

Tommy looks to Cookie who nods.

DETECTIVE SIMS (CONT'D)

Officer Cook, why don't you tell us what happened in your own words.

Cookie shifts in his chair and begins --

COOKIE

Dennis and I... I mean Officer Harvey, were heading back to the station house, when we rolled up on three suspects engaged in what appeared to be a drug transaction. The suspects took off and I gave chase...

In FAST, EXTREMELY STYLIZED SNIPPETS WE SEE THE PATROL CAR roll up to a street corner where THREE SUSPECTS, TWO wearing BRIGHTLY COLORED TRACK SUITS run off in different directions. Cookie jumps out of the car, races after the third, A SKINNY JUNKIE clutching a brown paper bag...

Harvey steps out, yells over the car after Cookie, but Cookie's gone, on the chase.

COOKIE'S POV

We HEAR Cookie's PANTING BREATH as he runs down an alley gaining on the Junkie...

... the Junkie cuts a sharp turn, starts scrambling over a fence. He's almost over when Cookie lunges, grabs hold of him.

The Junkie falls back, coming off the fence. He lands hard on top of Cookie who loses his balance. The two men fall into the dirt.

Immediately arms and legs are flailing, kicking up dust. We see the strain on Cookie's face as he struggles with the man. Abruptly we FLASH CUT BACK TO --

-- COOKIE in the interview, looking drained --

COOKIE

That's it. He grabbed my gun and ran off.

As Cookie reaches for a sip of water we see his hand shaking slightly. This does not go unnoticed by Tommy and the IA detectives.

TOMMY

I'd say that about does it.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIL CREEK LANE, AGOURA HILLS - DAY

Sharon Harvey briskly walks across the lawn of THE ESPARZA HOUSE, talking on her cell phone --

SHARON

(on phone)

... I know, I know. It's just been a crazy morning. I'm walking to you right now.

The front door opens and Lizzie, dressed in a business suit, nervously comes out as she flips off her cell phone --

LIZZIE

Sorry, but I just can't be late today.

Just then A UPS TRUCK drives into the cul-de-sac. Sharon turns, gives the hunky young UPS DRIVER a flirty wave --

LIZZIE (CONT'D)

What was that?

SHARON

I'm allowed to look.

The two women watch as the UPS Driver hops out, trots up the walkway of THE COOK HOUSE.

LIZZIE

The kids are in the living room watching TV. They just had a snack.

SHARON

And Anita?

LIZZIE

She's upstairs asleep. I think she's taking something.

Just then Lizzie and Sharon spot Hope answering her door. They give a wave --

SHARON

God, I'd hate to be in her shoes right now.

LIZZIE

Why?

SHARON

Didn't you hear? Tim lost his gun.

Lizzie looks to Sharon in disbelief --

SHARON (CONT'D)

I know. If that happened to Dennis he'd be bouncing off the walls.

Sharon and Lizzie look over to Hope as she steps back inside the house.

Just then Lizzie snaps out of it, looks at her watch --

LIZZIE
How do I look?

SHARON
Very professional.

LIZZIE
Good. I haven't been on a job
interview since college.

CUT TO:

INT. COOK HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Hope walks into the kitchen, looking down expectantly at THE
SMALL PADDED ENVELOPE she holds in her hands.

She pulls open a drawer, takes out scissors, nervously clips
open the envelope.

As she dumps the contents of the envelope onto the counter --
THUNK! -- we can see the trepidation on her face.

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Borelli and Grogan on patrol, Grogan's driving. Borelli eyes
him. Finally, breaking the silence --

BORELLI
You and Esparza were paired up how
long?

GROGAN
I did my psych evaluation this
morning, Mike.

BORELLI
You don't want to talk about it,
let's not talk about it.

GROGAN
It's not that I don't want to talk
about it. I got nothing to say.

BORELLI
Guess I just never saw John going
out that way.

GROGAN

Jesus, Mike! You should know by now just because you sit in a car with a guy, doesn't mean you know what's going on in his head.

Grogan shoots Borelli a hostile look. Suddenly a call comes on THE RADIO --

DISPATCHER VOICE (O.S.)

All units, vicinity Figueroa and Morrison. Be advised, numerous reports, shots fired.

Borelli taps a key on the DASHBOARD LAPTOP. The SCREEN shows a detail of the map of the precinct --

WHOOSH! WE SNAP TO A SATELLITE BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE ENTIRE SOUTHEAST PRECINCT, a tiny area is highlighted and we ZOOM DOWN TO --

EXT. FIGUEROA AND MORRISON - DAY

Borelli and Grogan are the first to roll up on the scene. A CROWD is gathered around an empty bullet-riddled CAR that's half on the curb, doors open.

Borelli and Grogan step out --

GROGAN

(shouting to crowd)
Everybody step back!

The crowd parts as Borelli and Grogan approach the vehicle. The windshield is shattered, bullet holes riddle the car's body. They peer inside, the car is empty.

BORELLI

(to crowd)
Anybody see the occupants of this vehicle?

No one speaks, no one steps forward.

GROGAN

Of course not.

Grogan scans the area, he spots a small group of TEENAGERS talking heatedly amongst themselves over on the sidewalk.

ONE TEENAGER makes eye contact, then looks fearfully away. Grogan hones right in on him, marches over --

GROGAN (CONT'D)

You.

TEEN

What?! I didn't do nothing.

Grogan puts a hand on his neck, guides him away from his friends.

GROGAN

You got something to tell me?

TEEN

Nah, man. I didn't see nothing.

GROGAN

Oh, yeah? That's what you say, but I'm going to take out my pad here, start writing like you're giving it all up.

Grogan takes out his notepad. The Teen nervously looks back at his friends and the crowd, all watching --

TEEN

Man, what you doing?!

But Grogan says nothing, just nods, smiles, continues writing nonsense in his pad --

GROGAN

Might as well tell me what you saw 'cause everyone already sees you talking to me.

TEEN

... Man!

ANGLE ON -- BORELLI

Who's examining the car. He checks the bullet holes in the car, figuring the trajectory. He looks over to the sidewalk, to a WOODEN FENCE surrounding the tiny front yard of a nearby house.

He steps over, his finger reaches out, touches what distinctly appears to be a bullet hole in the fence.

He takes a few steps... another bullet hole... then his eyes alight on something on the other side of the fence --

BORELLI
(shouts)
Call for an ambulance, Paul!

Borelli hops the fence, drops to his knees. There on the ground is an 8-YEAR-OLD BOY, clothes soaked with blood.

Borelli's emergency medical training kicks in. He tears open the boy's shirt, tries to staunch the flow of blood.

The Crowd surges around Borelli and the boy.

ANGLE ON -- GROGAN

As he runs over, makes his way through the crowd.

GROGAN
Step back! Back!

Just as he breaks through the crowd, Borelli turns, looks up at Grogan. His hands are soaked in blood. His face says it all. The kid is gone.

Just then THE BOY'S MOTHER pushes through the crowd. The second she sees her child she lets loose a heart rending cry.

MOTHER
... Jarnell!! No baby, no!!

She's about to drop down, take the boy in her arms, but Borelli intercedes, wrapping his arms around the flailing, sobbing mother.

BORELLI
He's gone. I'm sorry.

MOTHER
No, no, no!! My baby boy!!!

BORELLI
I'm sorry...

THWOKA! THWOKA! THWOKA! A police helicopter swoops in overhead.

POLICE HELICOPTER POV

The helicopter looks down on the tragic scene.

ANGLE ON -- BORELLI

As he holds up the mother who's practically collapsed in his arms. We see the utter helplessness on his face.

MATCH CUT TO:

BORELLI'S FACE -- staring blankly. WE ARE:

INT. BORELLI HOUSE - DAY

Borelli's standing in THE KITCHEN, staring out the sliding glass door at the wooden CHILDREN'S PLAY SET he built in the backyard a few years ago.

INT. BORELLI HOUSE - THREE CAR GARAGE - DAY

As the automatic garage closes, Lizzie shuts off the car.

INT. BORELLI HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Borelli hears FOOTSTEPS approaching. He turns, just as Lizzie enters, her arms filled with grocery bags.

Startled, she gasps, almost drops her groceries.

LIZZIE

Mike! God!

BORELLI

Sorry.

Borelli steps forward, takes the grocery bags out of her arms, sets them down on the counter.

LIZZIE

What are you doing here?

BORELLI

I just thought I'd be here when the kids came home.

LIZZIE

Is everything okay?

BORELLI

What? Yeah... yeah.

LIZZIE

What's going on, Mike?

BORELLI

Nothing, I told you. I just wanted to see the kids.

LIZZIE

Fine. Why should I suddenly expect you to open up and actually talk to me?

BORELLI

I didn't come here to fight.

LIZZIE

Right. That's why we are where we are. I'm not going to spend my life with a ghost. Even when you were here you weren't really here --

BORELLI

-- We're not going to do all this again, are we?

LIZZIE

No, we're not. And that's why we have to stick to the schedule. You can't just come over here anytime you want. That's not what being separated means. You have the kids Saturday.

BORELLI

Right...

The two look at each other. This isn't easy for Lizzie, but she's determined to stand her ground.

BORELLI (CONT'D)

I'll be by around ten. Make sure they're ready.

LIZZIE

They'll be ready.

Resigned, Borelli opens the sliding glass door. He steps out onto the back deck and vanishes around the side of the house.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. THOUSAND OAKS MALL - DAY

A vast suburban shopping mall --

PERSONNEL MANAGER (O.S.)
Wow. It's really been a while for
you hasn't it?

INT. NORDSTROM'S PERSONNEL OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lizzie, dressed to impress, stands and fidgets before a
counter in the back office while a PERSONNEL MANAGER looks at
her resume --

PERSONNEL MANAGER
What brings you back into the job
market?

LIZZIE
My kids are older now, and I
figured it's time. I enjoy working
and --

PERSONNEL MANAGER
(not buying it)
-- Uh-huh.

LIZZIE
To be honest, my husband and I just
separated.

PERSONNEL MANAGER
I see. I can tell ya we don't have
anything at the moment, but we'll
definitely keep your resume on
file.

OFF Lizzie's forced "professional" smile we --

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Shift change, the locker room is crowded. Harvey is at his
locker, buttoning up his uniform shirt, getting ready for
work. He looks over, spots Cookie coming in --

HARVEY
I heard they got you riding a desk.

COOKIE

Yeah.

Cookie glumly drops his bag on the bench by his locker --

HARVEY

It's no big deal. IA files their report, it goes in your jacket, and you're back on the streets in a couple days. Simple as that.

Cookie shrugs. This is a small comfort. He opens his locker and --

A small pile of BRIGHTLY COLORED PLASTIC WATER GUNS spill out onto the floor. The locker room erupts in laughter. Cookie spins around, flashing anger --

COOKIE

You think it's funny?!

COP #1

Hey, I got some Crazy Glue. Maybe you use that it won't happen next time.

Cookie moves towards the guy but Harvey steps in front of him.

HARVEY

Take it easy...
(to other COPS)
Alright, that's enough, ladies.

The Cops, still laughing, move off. Harvey turns back to Cookie who's still agitated --

HARVEY (CONT'D)

You let them see they can ride you they're gonna ride you.

Cookie turns back to his locker. He gives the pile of water guns an angry kick.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - WATCH COMMANDER'S DESK

Grogan's at the desk, flipping through the ring binder containing the day's orders.

Lieutenant Booker is behind the desk, processing some paperwork, when Borelli marches up to Grogan --

BORELLI

What's this crap about you going to the Captain? You can't deal with me directly?

GROGAN

I don't think we're good in a car. How about we leave it at that.

BORELLI

You don't think you do, but you need to take your days.

GROGAN

What, so I can sit around at home all alone? You at least got a wife and kids to go home to.

(sarcastic)

Oh, wait, I forgot. I guess we both go home alone now, huh, Mike?

Grogan gives Borelli a dismissive look, then moves off. Standing nearby Booker's heard it all.

BOOKER

Man, he plays rough.

BORELLI

Always has.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Officer Dennis Harvey buys two popsicles from a PUSH CART VENDOR. He brings them over to Borelli who's leaning against the PATROL CAR at the curb. Immediately Harvey tears into his popsicle --

HARVEY

Just like old times, huh, Mike? How long has it been since we been in a car?

BORELLI

You know, I can't remember. Was it worse then or better?

Borelli starts to open his popsicle --

HARVEY

It gets better every day. Don't you know that, Mike?

Borelli smiles.

HARVEY (CONT'D)
I know you don't want to hear it.
But my friend downtown? He told me
Esparza's name came up in the
Jefferson Park investigation.

Borelli was about to take a bite of his popsicle, but he
freezes, shoots Harvey a serious look.

BORELLI
Jefferson Park? You think John
woulda got mixed up with those
bangers? What I heard they're
talking cops on the take, drugs
from the evidence room making it
back to the streets. I don't care
how much money, John wasn't for
sale.

HARVEY
I'm just repeating what I heard.

Just then a call comes in on THE RADIO --

DISPATCHER VOICE (O.S.)
A459. Reported 415, Domestic
Disturbance. 300 block East Hooper.

Harvey reaches into the car, answers the radio as Borelli
turns to a MOTHER walking her CHILD down the sidewalk.

BORELLI
(to Mother
re: popsicle)
It alright?

Borelli hands the smiling kid his popsicle as --

WHOOSH! WE SNAP TO A SATELLITE BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE ENTIRE
SOUTHEAST PRECINCT, a tiny area is highlighted and we ZOOM
DOWN TO --

EXT. 321 EAST HOOPER - TRIPLEX APARTMENT - DAY

Borelli and Harvey roll up to find SCOTT, an angry 20-
something pounding on a metal security door --

SCOTT
Open the goddamn door, Tina!

BAM! BAM! BAM! Scott pounds on the door.

HARVEY

Hey! Hey!

Scott turns to see Borelli and Harvey walking up. Just then the security door opens and TINA, Scott's 20-ish ex-girlfriend pokes her head out --

TINA

It's about time! He been banging on my door --

SCOTT

-- Your door?! She changed the locks!

TINA

It's my door! I can change the locks if I want.

BORELLI

Hey! Hey! Hey!

Borelli and Harvey step in, break them up --

BORELLI (CONT'D)

(to Harvey)

You take her, I'll take him.

Borelli leads Scott down the steps onto the front lawn while Harvey talks to Tina --

BORELLI (CONT'D)

You want to tell me what's going on?

SCOTT

I'm trying to talk to her and she won't even let me in! I want my stuff!

BORELLI

Is this your residence?

SCOTT

Yeah. I mean it was.

BORELLI

She kicked you out?

SCOTT

Nah. It wasn't like that. I just want to get my stuff.

Just then Harvey comes over --

HARVEY
She wants to file a harassment
charge.

SCOTT
Harassment?! I didn't do nothing!

HARVEY
There's a broken window on the side
there.

Harvey pulls out his handcuffs --

SCOTT
But I didn't do nothing!

BORELLI
(to Harvey)
Give me a second.

Borelli turns to Scott who looks scared now --

BORELLI (CONT'D)
Did you come back for the stuff, or
did you come back 'cause you
thought she's going to open that
door and take you back in?

Scott looks to Borelli, his words speak directly to him.

BORELLI (CONT'D)
You look like a smart guy. You got
to know when something's over.

SCOTT
She's got my CDs.

HARVEY
(laughing)
You got to be kidding!

INT. TRIPLEX APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

With a bag of CDs in his hand Borelli stands before Tina's CD
tree --

BORELLI
What about this? Jay-Z? Your's or
his?

TINA

I don't understand. Aren't you going to arrest him?

BORELLI

I thought you wanted him out of your life.

Tina takes this in for a second then, decisively --

TINA

His.

EXT. TRIPLEX APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Scott's sitting in his car. Borelli drops the bag of CDs in the passenger window.

BORELLI

Remember what I said.

Scott drives off. Tina comes out of the house --

TINA

That's it?! What about my window?

Borelli, annoyed, digs into his pocket, coldly hands her a \$20 bill --

BORELLI

Get it fixed.

Harvey gives Borelli a look like he's crazy. As Harvey and Borelli head for their Patrol Car, Harvey is about to say something but Borelli cuts him off --

BORELLI (CONT'D)

Don't even --

Harvey shakes his head, stifles a chuckle --

HARVEY

Never thought I'd get one up on Mike Borelli.

CUT TO:

INT. COOK HOUSE - GARAGE - NIGHT

BAM! BAM! BAM!... Shirtless, Cookie's in his HOME GYM AREA pounding his fists hard into a beat-up heavy bag.

We can see the intensity on his face; it's as if he's trying to beat away whatever's troubling him.

CUT TO:

INT. COOK HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Finished with his workout, Cookie enters, mopping his brow with a towel.

He opens the refrigerator and pulls out a Gatorade. He raises the plastic bottle, slugs it down. Catching his breath, his eyes blink from the glare of the refrigerator light. He blinks again. BRIGHT FLASH.

FLASHBACK TO:

WHITE HOT SUN

Baking the dusty alley as COOKIE AND THE SKINNY JUNKIE scuffle, rolling on the ground. It looks like Cookie's getting the upper hand, but suddenly --

The Junkie pulls Cookie's gun from his holster, scurries back.

Cookie freezes. The gun is trained on him. The Junkie is wild-eyed, desperate...

Suddenly the Junkie's standing over him. Gun trained on his head, the Junkie moves behind Cookie, out of view.

Cookie closes his eyes, body shaking, he's about to be executed.

A beat, then Cookie opens his eyes, looks around.

The Junkie is gone and so is his gun. Just then --

HOPE (O.S.)
Aren't you coming to bed?

SMASH BACK TO:

THE KITCHEN

Cookie's standing there. Hope has entered wearing a sexy negligee. She notices her husband's distracted demeanor.

HOPE (CONT'D)
You okay?

COOKIE

What? Yeah, I'm fine.

Hope playfully slinks up next to her husband, puts her arms around his taut torso --

HOPE

We're in our window you know.

Cookie follows Hope's glance, she's looking at the WALL CALENDAR where a couple of consecutive days are circled.

HOPE (CONT'D)

Doctor Freed says we have to maximize our opportunities.

She nuzzles him. Suddenly Cookie breaks off, steps away.

COOKIE

I'm kind of sweaty.

HOPE

That's alright.

Hope tries to move back in, but Cookie stiffens.

HOPE (CONT'D)

What's wrong?

COOKIE

Nothing, would you stop saying that!

HOPE

Please don't be mad at me --

COOKIE

-- I'm not mad at you.

HOPE

No, I mean... I did something. I thought, what with the problems we've been having...

COOKIE

What are you talking about?

Hope steels herself, then opens a drawer. She reaches in, takes something out.

COOKIE (CONT'D)

What is that?

Cookie takes it out of her hand.

HOPE
I went on the internet. It's
completely anonymous.

Cookie looks down at THE MEDICINE VIAL he holds in his hand.
The label reads, "Viagra".

Furious, Cookie shoots a glare at his wife. His fist closes
around the vial. It looks like he's going to lose it, but
instead, he flings the vial into the trash and marches
upstairs.

HOPE (CONT'D)
Tim!... Tim!!

CUT TO:

INT. "THE BUNKER" - NIGHT

Cookie sits at the bar, taking a deep drink off a highball of
Scotch and soda as he tries to focus on the game on the TV.

Down the bar we FIND Dennis Harvey and Mike Borelli. Harvey
has his PEE WEE FOOTBALL COACH'S PLAYBOOK open on the bar.
Ray, the bartender, is on the other side, leaning over.

HARVEY
That's it. That's my lineup. What
do you think?

BORELLI
You're the coach.

RAY
You got Mike Jr. at tight end?

BORELLI
You got a problem with that?

HARVEY
The kid's got speed.

RAY
Must get it from his mother. I
ain't never seen this guy anything
faster than a walk.

BORELLI
I can run. I chose not to. I like
the perps to come to me...

As everyone's laughing, Borelli notices Cookie has stiffened, he overheard and he's taking it the wrong way.

Cookie downs the last of his drink --

COOKIE
Can I get another?

Borelli gives Ray a look. Ray walks down the bar to Cookie --

RAY
What do you have there?

COOKIE
Scotch and soda.

Ray turns, looks to the bottles behind him, then turns back to Cookie --

RAY
You know what? I'm all out of that.

COOKIE
What?

Ray stares down Cookie, suddenly he gets it, he's been cut off. Borelli stands up --

BORELLI
I'm heading out. Let me give you a ride.

COOKIE
I don't need a ride. I got my car.

As Cookie gets up from the bar stool, he's unsteady, almost stumbles.

BORELLI
Why don't you ride with me?

Cookie sees Harvey, Borelli, and Ray staring at him. Cookie nods his consent, then moves off with Borelli.

RAY
(to Harvey)
Kid sure is learning the hard way.

CUT TO:

EXT. "THE BUNKER" - REAR PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Borelli and Cookie walk over to BORELLI'S CAR --

COOKIE

My gun is out there. My gun is on the streets. You know what that feels like?

Borelli turns to Cookie, sees a well-intentioned young man on the verge of falling to pieces.

BORELLI

There's a million guns out there. More than enough for a lot of bad people to do a lot of bad stuff. That's what keeps us in business. There's one thing you got to understand. There's two worlds. There's the world out on patrol, and there's the other world. You don't learn how to keep them apart, the one ruins the other. I don't think I got to tell you which one.

Cookie nods, both embarrassed and grateful.

COOKIE

How do you do it?

BORELLI

(laughing)
Hell if I know.

CUT TO:

THWOKA! THWOKA! THWOKA! A POLICE HELICOPTER flies low over the city. THE CAMERA PANS DOWN TO FIND --

EXT. A LIQUOR STORE - LATE NIGHT

A FIGURE walks into FRAME. He turns, looks about. It's the SKINNY JUNKIE.

The street is quiet, empty of people and traffic.

Steeling his courage he pushes through the door, entering the liquor store.

A moment passes... then through the store window we SEE the flash of two gunshots -- POP! POP!

As the Junkie runs out the door he stops short, looking up and down the deserted street. WE ZIP-ZOOM IN ON THE GUN IN HIS HAND. It's Cookie's gun.

Protect & Serve "Pilot" Network Draft 11/21/06 44.

The Junkie runs off, vanishing into the night.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - DAY

Cookie and TWO HOMICIDE DETECTIVES: DETECTIVE BETUCA, and DETECTIVE LAWRENCE -- stand around impatiently as Lieutenant Booker fumbles with a VCR on a media cart --

BOOKER

Sorry. Give me a minute.

Booker gives the outdated VCR a smack, the TV comes to life. We SEE a grainy black and white SURVEILLANCE VIDEO of the LIQUOR STORE COUNTER.

ON THE VIDEO the Liquor Store is empty. Suddenly the SKINNY JUNKIE enters the store. He steps up to the counter, immediately pulls the gun out, waving it at THE STORE OWNER.

DETECTIVE BETUCA

Can you freeze it there?

Booker hits a button on the VCR. The SURVEILLANCE IMAGE FREEZES on THE SKINNY JUNKIE with the gun. The Detectives turn to Cookie who's eyes are locked on the screen.

DETECTIVE BETUCA (CONT'D)

That your guy?

COOKIE

Yeah. That's him.

DETECTIVE BETUCA

You sure?

COOKIE

That's my gun.

DETECTIVE BETUCA

Whoa, whoa, whoa. We're not prepared to make that determination at this moment. That's a gun, understand?

DETECTIVE LAWRENCE

The press gets a hold there's a cop's gun out there, this goes from an investigation to a full blown circus.

DETECTIVE BETUCA
Far as we're concerned, that's just
another gun on the streets.

COOKIE
Play it.

Booker hits the play button. Cookie's eyes lock ON THE SCREEN.

... WE SEE the SKINNY JUNKIE erratically waving the gun as
the STORE OWNER empties out the cash register and hands over
the money.

Suddenly, TWO SILENT FLASHES OF GUNFIRE light up the TV
SCREEN.

The Junkie runs out of the store as the Store Owner drops to
the floor behind the counter.

Booker stops the tape.

DETECTIVE BETUCA
The guy was on the table six hours.
They pulled two slugs out of him.
They says he's going to live.

DETECTIVE LAWRENCE
Maybe.

The Detectives shoot Cookie an 'I can't believe they let you
onto the force look'. Cookie bristles, the shame welling up
inside him.

Booker ejects the tape, hands it to the Detectives who move
off.

Lieutenant Booker turns to Cookie --

BOOKER
We're going to find this guy.

But her words are little comfort after what Cookie's just
seen.

CUT TO:

EXT. AGOURA HILLS HIGH SCHOOL - FOOTBALL FIELD - DAY

The ball is snapped. TWO TEAMS of 10 to 12-year-olds, all
looking a bit swallowed up by their oversize padding, scramble
as Lucas -- Dennis Harvey's son and Quarterback for the Agoura
Hills Cougars -- fades back looking for an open man.

Suddenly a pair of RIVAL PLAYERS break through the Cougars' defense... and SLAM into Lucas, sacking him.

The REF blows his WHISTLE as Harvey trots out onto the field with his coach's clipboard --

HARVEY
Time out! Time out!

The Cougars gather around Harvey in a huddle. In the huddle we SPOT Borelli's son, Michael Jr., listening intently --

HARVEY (CONT'D)
Rodriguez, Brock. Both of you need to step up and close that hole.

LUCAS
That number eleven is big. You sure he was at the weigh in?

HARVEY
Forget about that. It's 3rd and 12. We need this first down. Right?

TEAM/ALL
Right!

The huddle breaks on a clap.

Borelli, standing on the sidelines, gives Michael Jr. an encouraging look as the kids jog into position, but Michael Jr. looks right past him.

Borelli follows his son's look over to Lizzie who's in the stands. Harvey comes over, joining him --

HARVEY
They nailed this play in practice.

BORELLI
Looks like they're going to a 4-3 defense.
(changing gears)
I talked to Booker. She said the guy took two bullets. He's in ICU at County.

HARVEY
Which liquor store we talking about?

BORELLI
5900 block of Westmoreland.

HARVEY

What ballistics say?

BORELLI

Looks like it's Cookie's.

Just then ON THE FIELD the ball is snapped, the play goes into motion, but it's a disaster. The defense breaks the line, loss of yardage. Michael Jr. is hit hard. He writhes on the grass, hurt.

Even before the ref blows his whistle, Borelli is running out to his son. He drops to one knee before the boy --

BORELLI (CONT'D)

Take a breath.

Michael Jr. takes a breath, struggling to keep from crying as Borelli examines his son, checking for broken bones.

Suddenly Lizzie is there.

LIZZIE

Michael, where does it hurt?

BORELLI

It's alright. He just got the wind knocked out of him.

Lizzie ignores Borelli, talks directly to her son --

LIZZIE

Michael?

MICHAEL JR.

I'm okay.

Michael Jr. slowly gets to his feet. The crowd applauds.

BORELLI

You hear that?! That's for you! Now go get 'em!

Sucking in the hurt, Michael Jr. jogs back to the huddle. Lizzie gives her husband a look as they walk off the field.

BORELLI (CONT'D)

He's fine.

Borelli looks to his wife, suddenly noticing she's way overdressed for a Pee Wee football game.

BORELLI (CONT'D)
You're all dressed up.

LIZZIE
I have to leave early.

BORELLI
Where you going?

LIZZIE
Mike...

BORELLI
Fine. Whatever. I'll have the kids
home after dinner.

Just then the crowd in the stands leap to their feet.

ON THE FIELD, our team, the COUGARS have fumbled the ball.

HARVEY
Jump on it! Dive on it! Somebody!

There's nothing like a group of heavily padded Pee Wees
bonking helmets, madly scrambling for the ball.

Suddenly AN OPPOSING PLAYER scoops up the ball, he's got an
open field and he starts a mad dash for the end zone.

Harvey throws up his hands in frustration.

As the crowd cheers, Borelli looks over, sees Lizzie is no
longer with him on the sidelines.

He looks around, spots her in THE PARKING LOT just as she
gets in her car and drives off.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

A stark classroom, fluorescent lights. The INCOMING SHIFT of
OFFICERS fill the room, sitting in classroom chairs, standing
along the walls.

BOOKER
... Alright, I know you all got
your assignments. But this here is
our number one priority.

Booker hits a button on her LAPTOP.

A POWERPOINT SLIDE showing a blurry profile view of THE SKINNY JUNKIE'S FACE from the surveillance video comes on the SCREEN behind her. Just then, Booker notices Grogan slip into the back of the room, joining roll late.

BOOKER (CONT'D)

This low-life is out there with one of our own's. We've already made him for the shooting on the 5900 block. Approach with caution. He is armed and dangerous.

COP IN CROWD

So are we.

Everyone laughs as flyers of the Skinny Junkie are passed around. Grogan takes one of the flyers. He stares at the Skinny Junkie's face, committing it to memory.

BOOKER

Good. Let's go out there and get this guy.

CUT TO:

EXT. THOUSAND OAKS FORD TRUCK DEALERSHIP - DAY

Five acres of SHINY PICKUPS. Colored flags and sales signs.

INT. DEALERSHIP OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lizzie sits nervously across from A SALES MANAGER -- silver haired, 50's -- who's silently reading her resume.

SALES MANAGER

You've been out of the workforce quite a while.

Lizzie hesitates, then --

LIZZIE

Yes. I've been raising a family. But I do have sales experience.

SALES MANAGER

I see that. Nordstrom's, Penney's. You know selling trucks isn't exactly the same as selling women's clothing.

LIZZIE

You know what they say. Sales are sales.

SALES MANAGER

Um-hmm.

With that, the Sales Manager gives her a supercilious smile --

SALES MANAGER (CONT'D)

We'll be meeting with a few more people, then we'll be in touch.

The Sales Manager stands, extends a handshake to Lizzie --

SALES MANAGER (CONT'D)

Thanks again.

Lizzie shakes hands with the Sales Manager, her bright smile barely concealing her disappointment.

CUT TO:

EXT. THOUSAND OAKS FORD TRUCK DEALERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

Her smile now gone, Lizzie heads out of the building into the bright sun of the lot. She reaches into her bag for her car keys, then suddenly stops. Her eyes lock on a BURLY GUY, checking out a new pickup truck.

CUT TO:

INT. ESPARZA HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

The Esparza kids are at the table having lunch. Hope is enjoying feeding Anita's 2-year-old while Sharon Harvey flips through the ESPARZA WEDDING ALBUM. She stops on a group photo --

SHARON

Oh my god. Look at me. God, I wish I could get back to that weight. And look at Dennis. He looks great. At least we're going downhill together.

Hope and Sharon share a laugh --

SHARON (CONT'D)

So, how's Tim holding up?

HOPE

Alright. You know.

SHARON

Good for him. I tell you if Dennis lost his gun, he'd be bouncing off the walls.

Hope looks up, stunned. But Sharon's too busy looking in the photo album to notice --

SHARON (CONT'D)

A cop and his gun, you know what they say.

Hope is still processing; it's obvious this is the first she's heard of this.

SHARON (CONT'D)

The job's bad enough on a regular day. Me, I always give Dennis at least an hour to himself when he gets home. God forbid he should see a credit card bill during the witching hour.

Sharon laughs, but Hope is still thinking through the past days' events.

Just then Anita enters. She's dressed, her hair is brushed, putting on a show of strength.

SHARON (CONT'D)

Anita. You need anything?

ANITA

I'm good. I can take it from here. You guys can go.

SHARON

Are you sure?

The women look to Anita in concern, but Anita's got her armor on.

ANITA

I'm sure.

BACK TO:

INT. THOUSAND OAKS FORD TRUCK DEALERSHIP - SHOWROOM - DAY

The Sales Manager walks across the showroom floor. He looks OUTSIDE, surprised to see Lizzie on THE LOT talking with the Burly Guy.

EXT. THOUSAND OAKS FORD TRUCK DEALERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

Annoyed, the Sales Manager steps outside, strides over to Lizzie and the Burly Guy who's listening to her intently --

LIZZIE
... for cargo bed the F-150 is
fine, but you do any towing --

BURLY GUY
-- I got a boat.

LIZZIE
That's what I mean. Then you really
need some torque. You ask me, you
want to go up to the Super Duty.

Without missing a beat, Lizzie turns to the dumbstruck Sales
Manager --

LIZZIE (CONT'D)
Do we have a Super Duty with
TurboStroke on the lot?

SALES MANAGER
Uh, yeah. There's one on the floor.

LIZZIE
Great.
(to Burly Guy)
Let me show you what I'm talking
about...

As Lizzie leads the customer inside, she shoots the Sales
Manager a look, smiling triumphantly.

CUT TO:

INT. APPLEBEE'S RESTAURANT - EVENING

Borelli sits in a booth across from his two kids, Pam and
Michael Jr. as THE WAITRESS takes their order --

MICHAEL JR.
I'll have the mac-n-cheese and a
coke.

WAITRESS
(to Pam)
And you ma'am?

Pam doesn't respond, she's scrutinizing the menu, listening
to music on her i-Pod.

BORELLI
Pam, take those things out of your
ears.

PAM

I heard her. There's nothing here I can eat.

BORELLI

Takes those things out of your ears now.

Annoyed, Pam jerks her ear buds out --

PAM

(to Waitress)

Don't you have a salad? Like just a regular salad?

WAITRESS

We have salad bar.

PAM

Fine. Salad bar.

WAITRESS

Help yourself.

The Waitress moves off. With an exasperated look, Pam gets up, heads over to the salad bar.

MICHAEL JR.

How come we got to eat here?

BORELLI

I thought you liked it here. They got that big sundae that you like.

MICHAEL JR.

What, when I was like six?

BORELLI

Look, soon as I get set up at my new place, things will be different.

MICHAEL JR.

Sebastian said his mom said lots of police get divorced.

BORELLI

Your mother and I are not getting divorced. It's just sometimes people... need a little time apart.

Just then Pam comes back with a sparse plate of greens.

BORELLI (CONT'D)
Is that all you're going to eat?

PAM
You're the one who wanted to come
here.

CUT TO:

EXT. BORELLI HOUSE - NIGHT

Borelli's car pulls up. As the kids get out --

BORELLI
So I'm going to see you guys
Tuesday.

PAM
I guess. Whatever.

Michael Jr. runs up the walk, disappearing into the house.

Pam's about to head for the house when she suddenly stops.
She runs around to the driver's side, gives Borelli a kiss on
the cheek.

PAM (CONT'D)
Thanks for dinner, dad.

BORELLI
Next time you pick the place.

Pam smiles at her father. For a second Borelli sees the
little girl, still hidden inside the teenager she's become.

PAM
You know, you can call me, if you
want to talk.

Borelli's caught off-guard. While he tries to play it as if
he's amused, we can see she's touched a nerve.

BORELLI
Oh, okay. Thanks.

Borelli watches ruefully as his daughter heads for the house
they once all shared. He never thought he'd be in this
position.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Grogan's at his locker, lacing up his Timberlands, getting ready to go home.

ZEDOWSKY (O.S.)
Hey, Paul?

Grogan turns, surprised to see OFFICER ZEDOWSKY -- 20'S, tall and muscular -- standing behind him, holding a fishing rod.

ZEDOWSKY (CONT'D)
I thought maybe you'd know what to do with this. Esparza lent it to me last time we was out.

GROGAN
What do you want me to do with it?

ZEDOWSKY
I dunno. For his kids maybe?

Reluctantly Grogan takes the fishing rod and Zedowsky moves off.

Annoyed Grogan looks at the fishing rod in his hand. He's about to close the locker when his eyes lock on one of the PHOTOS taped to the inside of his locker door.

THE PHOTO shows Grogan and Esparza, both smiling and sunburned, straddling their DIRTBIKES after a day of desert off-roading.

For a split second we see through the chink in Grogan's armor.

SLAM! Grogan shuts his locker.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. GROGAN'S CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Grogan's driving home. He spots a CORNER MINI-MART, still open.

INT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

Grogan enters. He gives the STORE OWNER a nod, then heads over to the beer cooler in the back corner.

Grogan opens it, pulls a SIX PACK off the bottom shelf.

He's about to head off with it when he realizes it's leaking, one of the bottles is broken, beer dripping onto one of his shoes.

GROGAN

Aw, hell.

Giving his shoe a shake, he bends down, puts the leaking six pack back in the cooler. As he grabs an unbroken one the bell at the front door JANGLES. Suddenly --

SKINNY JUNKIE (O.S.)

Open the goddamn register!! Do it!!
Do it!!

Grogan freezes. Keeping low he looks up at the CONVEX MIRROR in the rear corner of the store. He can SEE the Skinny Junkie at the counter at the front of the store, waving the gun --

ANGLE ON -- THE SKINNY JUNKIE

Standing over THE STORE OWNER --

SKINNY JUNKIE (CONT'D)

Hurry up, bitch!

Suddenly a bottle flies across the store, CRASHING in the back. The SKINNY JUNKIE spins around toward the noise at the rear of the store, and --

-- POP! POP! Grogan puts two bullets in him from the side aisle. The Junkie hits the floor, dead.

As the Store Owner stands frozen in fear. Grogan walks up, checks the Junkie's pulse.

He turns to the Store Owner flashing his badge --

GROGAN

You heard me yell, 'Police!
Freeze!' Right?

The terrified STORE OWNER nods his head.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

INT. CONTROL ONE - NIGHT

A busy team of POLICE DISPATCHERS man their posts before a large array of hi-tech display maps, computers, etc.

We pick up on ONE OF THE DISPATCHERS as they type into a computer while speaking into their headset --

DISPATCHER

... Be advised, units en route. Ten-fifty two, ambulance needed, corner of Morrison and Alameda. Officer involved shooting.

WHOOSH! WE SNAP TO A SATELLITE BIRD'S EYE VIEW OF THE ENTIRE SOUTHEAST PRECINCT, a tiny area is highlighted and we ZOOM DOWN TO --

EXT. MINI-MART - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

THWOKA! THWOKA! THWOKA! POLICE HELICOPTER POV as it hovers, its strong SPOTLIGHT shines down on the taped-off scene. There's a flurry of activity as DETECTIVES and FORENSICS do their jobs.

Borelli drives up. He gets out of his car and ducks under the police tape.

Weaving through the busy crime scene, Borelli approaches the Mini Mart just as Detective Betuca -- one of the homicide detectives who showed Cookie the surveillance tape -- comes out --

BORELLI

Is that our guy?

DETECTIVE BETUCA

Oh yeah. There's one won't be taking up the court's time.

BORELLI

How's it gonna write up?

DETECTIVE BETUCA

Squeaky clean. It was a good shooting.

Borelli looks around, spots Grogan chatting with A PATROLMAN. Borelli goes ever --

BORELLI

Nice work.

GROGAN

Hey, stop off for a cold beer, you end up with a cold collar.

BORELLI

Yeah. "Off-duty". Whoever came up with that one sure as hell didn't work the Southeast.

Grogan says nothing, just nods.

BORELLI (CONT'D)

Anyways, guess I'll see you tomorrow.

GROGAN

Actually, I'm gonna be taking my days.

Grogan looks to Borelli. Whatever antagonism existed between these two men has melted away.

The guys look over at A FORENSICS GUY bagging the gun from the Skinny Junkie's hand.

GROGAN (CONT'D)

Somebody might want to tell Cookie we got his gun.

CUT TO:

INT. COOK HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

RING!... RING! Cookie, asleep on the couch, pops up, answering the phone --

COOKIE

(groggy)

Yeah.

WE INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. MINI-MART - CRIME SCENE - CONTINUOUS

BORELLI who's on his cell phone.

BORELLI

Tim, it's Mike...

As Borelli speaks the THWOKA! THWOKA! OF THE HELICOPTER
drowns out his words...

BACK TO:

COOKIE

Listening... then --

COOKIE

Thanks. Thanks, Mike.

He places the phone down on the side table.

He picks up the remote, turns off the TV. But he doesn't
move.

He sits stock still for a moment. Then... his breath catches
in his throat, and in a sudden rush of emotion, dropping his
head in his hands, his body wracks with sobs.

... A PAIR OF HANDS reach in. Tim looks up, his eyes red,
face streaming with tears --

-- Hope stands before him in her nightgown. She goes down to
her knees.

HOPE

I'm not going to let you do this
alone. Tim, you are not alone.

Cookie looks to his wife. In her eyes we see a strength that
we have not seen before.

HOPE (CONT'D)

I'm not going to lose you to the
job. I see what happens with them.
But we're not them. I'm not going
to let us be.

Cookie reaches out, squeezes his wife's hand. We can see her
strength filling him.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE BUNKER" - LATE NIGHT

Borelli's at the bar. As the last STRAGGLER goes home, Ray
approaches Borelli --

RAY

So how's the new place?

BORELLI

It's not bad. Four walls, hot and cold running water.

RAY

I don't know why you bother to rent that place. I coulda just set up a cot for you in back.

BORELLI

You telling me I'm not wanted?

RAY

You're not this guy, Mike. Go home.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAIL CREEK LANE, AGOURA HILLS - LATE NIGHT

The street is quiet. Few lights are on. We SPOT BORELLI'S CAR, parked outside HIS OLD HOUSE.

INT. BORELLI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Borelli's sitting there, eating a take-out burger and fries. He's looking out, staking out his own house.

AN UPSTAIRS BEDROOM light is still on.

Borelli SEES Pam, his teenage daughter, moving past as she talks on the phone. Borelli looks at his watch --

BORELLI

You should be in bed.

Shaking his head in frustration Borelli reaches for more fries, when he SPOTS something ACROSS THE STREET.

IN THE DARKNESS, he sees a SHADOWY FIGURE slipping over the BACK FENCE of the ESPARZA HOUSE.

Borelli's eyes narrow. He reaches up, clicking off his dormant dome light, and gently opens the car door.

He steps out, pulls his gun from his ankle holster.

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF THE ESPARZA HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

With his gun drawn, Borelli silently slinks up to the house. Holding his breath he gently lifts the latch on the SIDE GATE.

His gun leading the way, Borelli slips inside the yard, and tiptoes silently along the house...He stops at the corner of the house and listens... he can hear FOOTSTEPS moving up the stairs onto the back deck.

Borelli swings out from the corner, gun trained --

BORELLI
Freeze! Police!

From the darkness, we hear a familiar voice --

GROGAN
You've got to be kidding!

Just then the BACK PORCH LIGHTS flick on. Borelli can't believe his eyes.

There on the deck stands Paul Grogan. And inside, behind the sliding glass door, is Anita Esparza in her nightgown.

Before Grogan can even get out a word, Borelli, disgusted, is marching back to his car --

GROGAN (CONT'D)
Mike, wait! Mike...!

Grogan chases after him, but when he reaches the street, Borelli's driven off.

Grogan's left standing there alone in the middle of the cul-de-sac.

CUT TO:

NIGHT SKY

The never-ending cacophony of the POLICE RADIO echoes as the ever-present eye of the law, A POLICE HELICOPTER, FLIES OVER THE LIVES OF THE CITIZENS OF Los Angeles.

The THWOKA! THWOKA! of the helicopter blades and the POLICE RADIO fade out as the strains of 'Hold On' by Sarah McLachlan fade up, taking us into --

A MONTAGE

-- WE SEE Cookie and Hope in bed, looking into each others eyes, making love, romantic and gentle.

-- WE SEE Grogan and Anita in bed. Grogan is wide awake staring up at the ceiling while Anita sleeps nestled against him, safe in his arms.

-- WE SEE Dennis Harvey asleep in his barco-lounger, with a copy of "POWERBOAT MAGAZINE" open on his chest. Sharon comes over, tries to gently lift the magazine out of his hands. Suddenly Harvey's hand closes around her wrist. She looks up, sees he's awake. Harvey gives her a sleepy smile.

-- WE SEE Lizzie IN HER SON'S BEDROOM. She pulls up the covers on a sleeping MICHAEL JR. Her eyes drift to the framed PEE WEE FOOTBALL PHOTO of Mike Jr. in his uniform, beaming proudly as he stands beside his father.

-- WE SEE Borelli IN HIS NEW CONDO. He's sitting on the floor, his back against the wall. The flickering blue light of the TV plays across his face but Borelli's thoughts are miles away.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT