

Grass Snakes

by

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INT. BEDROOM, JOYCE MINOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JOYCE MINOR, 30s, black, smokes a cigarette, stares at the ceiling. Does she refuse to sleep, or does sleep refuse her?

CAMI, 30s, white woman, curled up next to Joyce, sleeps.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Human nature is cyclical. I'm  
painfully aware of this. And  
hopelessly bound to it.

Joyce checks her phone screen - 1:44am. She gets out of bed.

INT. BASEMENT OF JOYCE MINOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Joyce walks down a dark staircase, pulls a cord, a lightbulb flickers on.

The basement is a storage area. Mostly random crap. An old refrigerator in the corner where two walls converge. Joyce approaches it, pulls open the fridge - it's empty.

She steps inside, pushes the false-back outward, enters into a hidden room on the other side.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM IN JOYCE MINOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The fridge is a portal to her secret hideout. Small. Desk in the corner. Laptop. Ash tray. File cabinet.

A table on the opposite side of the room with a coffee pot, rotting apples, bananas, a stash of bottled water.

Mounted on the wall - a rifle, a shotgun, two pistols.

Joyce takes a seat at her desk, pulls open the file cabinet, removes a set of manila folders.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Bad things happen in big spaces.

She spreads the folders out on her desk.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Small spaces give me a sense of  
control.

Joyce picks a file, scans the contents.

INT. BROWN STATION WAGON, CENTER CITY, PHILLY - NIGHT

Snow falls on a harsh winter night in Philadelphia. A brown station wagon idles outside of Republic Bank.

FOUR THIEVES, black masks, different color coveralls, hustle out of the bank. Each carries a duffel bag and a large gun. They pile into the station wagon, brown-clad thief in the shotgun seat.

THE DRIVER hits the gas, the station wagon races off. Police sirens blare in the distance.

After several turns, with multiple blocks between the thieves and the bank, the station wagon slows to a casual speed.

They arrive at FESTIVAL PIER on the DELAWARE RIVER. The thief in brown points up through the darkness.

A white van idles in the distance...the switch-car. They pull up, park the station wagon perpendicular to the van.

The automatic door on the van slides open.

The thieves grab their duffel bags, ready to switch cars, when suddenly--MACHINE GUN FIRE ERUPTS from the white van.

Bullets shred through the station wagon and all of its occupants.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. MORLAND'S CAR, CENTER CITY - DAY

DEREK MORLAND, 40s, white man, bags under his eyes, pulls up outside of a six story walk up, double parks the cruiser, fishes a flask out from the glove box.

He untwists the cap, holds the flask under his nose, inhales deeply. He enjoys the smell, without taking a sip.

MORLAND

Fuck.

He stuffs the flask back into the glovebox, exits the car.

EXT. 6 STORY WALK-UP - MOMENTS LATER

Cars honk, struggle to pass his double parked cruiser.

Morland ignores them, raises a middle finger to the sky.

INT. KITCHEN, TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

PAUL, handsome, bald, black man, confident in stature, stands in the kitchen, reads the paper, drinks coffee from a mug.

Derek enters the apartment.

MORLAND

That's my mug.

PAUL

I figured as much, gives the coffee that sort of *whiskey aroma*.

MORLAND

I'm sober now Paul, haven't you heard?

PAUL

Nine months, right? So you won't be needing the mug back?

Morland takes a seat at the kitchen table.

MORLAND

I guess you can keep it, you seem to like using everything I've had first.

PAUL

How's that liver of yours doing? What'd the doctors say? Next sip of liquor will be your last?

MORLAND

You writin' my biography, Paul?

LINDSAY, 40s, white woman, appears in the kitchen.

LINDSAY

Derek, what are you doing here?

MORLAND

Good morning to you too, hun.

LINDSAY

You can't just come in here anymore, you need to knock.

MORLAND

I did, you must not of heard me.

LINDSAY

And call first...Paul give us a second, would you?

Paul glares at Morland as he walks out of the kitchen.

LINDSAY

You can't keep showing up like this. I don't want to get a lawyer involved.

MORLAND

Please don't start with that. You don't go and get a lawyer for a damn rough patch. I brought you something.

Morland takes an envelope out of his pocket, tosses it onto the kitchen table. Lindsay slides the envelope away from her.

LINDSAY

You're delusional, you know that?

MORLAND

Just take the money, Linds.

LINDSAY

I don't want it.

MORLAND

What do you mean, *you don't want it*?

LINDSAY

I don't want it, I don't need it. Stop using it as an excuse to come here.

MORLAND

What, you're gonna live off a nurse's salary for the rest of your life?

LINDSAY

Paul is helping us.

MORLAND

Yeah, I'm sure Mister History Teacher just loves paying your bills. But what about Stevey? What about college?

LINDSAY

Not that you would know, but his grades are shit, he's barely gonna graduate high school, let alone get into college.

MORLAND

What? How did you let that happen?

LINDSAY

*How did I?*

MORLAND

He was a perfectly OK student when I was still living here--

LINDSAY

Ya know, I guess it might'a been around the *third time* he watched his father throw his mother across the kitchen, he just sorta *lost interest* in school work. Ya dumb fucking ape.

MORLAND

Fuck you.

LINDSAY

Keep your voice down.

PAUL

Everything okay in here?

Paul has reappeared in the corner of the kitchen.

MORLAND

Everything's peachy Paul.

LINDSAY

It's fine.

Morland stands up, takes the envelope off the table.

MORLAND

Let me just say hi to my son, and I'll get out of your hair.

PAUL

He's getting ready for school.

Morland walks passed Paul, nudges his shoulder on the way.

STEVEY, 17, scrawny, angry teenager, walks into the bathroom, slams the door shut, just before Morland reaches him.

MORLAND

Stevey, it's me.

STEVEY (O.S.)  
I'm getting in the shower.

MORLAND  
Can we talk a minute?

The shower runs. Morland takes a deep breath.

INT. STEVEY'S BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Morland enters, takes a few hundred dollars from the envelope, leaves them on top of the dresser.

He opens the top drawer, looks through it. Inside the dresser is a pack of cigarettes and two joints. Morland pockets the pack of smokes and the joints, collects himself, walks out.

INT. KITCHEN, TWO BEDROOM APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Paul's reading the paper again.

PAUL  
You want a cup of coffee for the road?

MORLAND  
Thanks Paul, I'm good.

LINDSAY  
Goodbye Derek.

Lindsay opens the front door. Morland stops.

MORLAND  
(whispers)  
The kid won't talk to me, won't even look at me. Will you say something?

LINDSAY  
What do you want me to say? He lost all respect for you that day he had to step in and kick your ass.

MORLAND  
He didn't *kick my ass*.

LINDSAY  
Your jaw was broken. Do you even remember that night? Of course you don't, too much coke and booze.

MORLAND

Don't I get points for sobering up?

LINDSAY

You've barely made it back to square one. You don't get points for the bare minimum, Derek.

MORLAND

We just need a fresh start. You, me, Stevie. We can go somewhere else, somewhere new. It'll be better when we get out of Philly.

LINDSAY

I can't even have a conversation with you anymore. Goodbye.

She pushes him out the front door, slams it shut.

INT. HIDDEN ROOM IN JOYCE MINOR'S HOUSE - DAY

Joyce's cell buzzes. She answers.

JOYCE (ON PHONE)

Detective Minor...OK, give me thirty.

She exits the hidden room through the fridge-portal.

INT. BATHROOM, JOYCE MINOR'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The lightbulbs in the bathroom have been removed.

Lipstick and other makeup have been smeared across the mirror over the bathroom sink. There will be no reflections here.

JOYCE (V.O.)

My house...it's dramatic, yeah. But it's tough to look at yourself when all you can see are shortcomings.

INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR, FESTIVAL PIER DELAWARE RIVER - DAY

Morland sits in the driver's seat, windows rolled up, basks in the steam coming off of his hot coffee. He watches a crane hoist a once-sunken car out of the Delaware River.

After a deep, long drag from his cigarette, he's startled by a knock on the front passenger window. It's Minor. He unlocks the door, she climbs in, steals a sip of his coffee.



JOYCE  
Ugh, this is trash.

MORLAND  
Trade?

She hands him back the coffee, he passes her his cigarette.  
Joyce takes a drag.

JOYCE (V.O.)  
Damn, I need to walk off with this.

MORLAND  
Looks like a real clusterfuck.

JOYCE  
Might be the crew we've been hunting.

MORLAND  
No kidding?

She takes another drag.

JOYCE (V.O.)  
He probably knew that already.  
Morland's connected to the streets  
like tree-roots.

JOYCE  
Seven banks, three drug dens - that we  
know about. Took a dive in the  
Delaware River last night.

MORLAND  
Lost control of the getaway car, went  
for a dip? Poetic justice.

JOYCE (V.O.)  
Things are never that tidy in this  
city.

JOYCE  
Seems a bit simple to me.

MORLAND  
What makes you say that?

JOYCE  
All the security footage from the  
robberies showed five perps.

MORLAND

Right.

JOYCE

We've got four dead bodies in the car.

MORLAND

Yeah?

JOYCE

That's what the divers said, when they went down there.

MORLAND

Maybe the fifth is frozen solid at the bottom of the river.

JOYCE

It's possible. Think it's more likely the fifth guy killed the others, made off with the loot - we'll see what kind of cash we find in the car.

MORLAND

Damn, so I was right?

JOYCE

What?

MORLAND

About this being a real clusterfuck.

JOYCE

Let's get a peak at the crime scene, before we declare you all-knowing.

MORLAND

You go, I'm gonna follow up on some things. Gimme a holler when you ID the frozen perps, I'll get a jump on hunting down our missing suspect.

JOYCE

Sounds good.

She opens the door, gets out of the car.

MORLAND

Wait that's my cigarette--

She slams the door shut. Morland honks at her, drives off.

EXT. FESTIVAL PIER, DELAWARE RIVER - MOMENTS LATER

Joyce approaches the once-sunken escape vehicle.

MULTIPLE UNIFORMED OFFICERS study the scene.

OFFICER GERALD BOYKINS, 30s, white uniformed cop, curly brown hair, thick bushy eye brows, studies the scene.

All of the uniformed officers are at work doing *something*, but Boykins stands out in his attention to detail.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Boykins is a good cop. Bureaucracy  
doesn't shake him, rare breed.

He has a pen and note pad out, jots notes while meticulously walking around the car in a circle.

JOYCE (V.O.)

I shouldn't even be working with him,  
really. Conflict of interest.

JOYCE

Officer Boykins, what do we got?

Boykins finishes writing down a note on his pad.

JOYCE (V.O.)

But I've made these bad decisions  
before. So I'll make them again.

BOYKINS

Passengers all wearing masks. I count  
over a dozen bullet holes, easy. High  
caliber rounds. Came from the right  
side of the car. These could be the  
guys who hit Republic Bank on Walnut  
yesterday.

JOYCE

Cash?

BOYKINS

Haven't found a dime. But look, the  
windows haven't been busted. Which  
means it's likely our fifth guy never  
got in the car.

JOYCE

How do you figure?

BOYKINS

Pressure from the river would've made it too hard to open the doors, or escape through the windows. Me and my kid brother, when we were younger, accidentally drove my father's Cadillac into the pool. Would've drowned if our neighbor didn't hear the commotion.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Good police draw on personal experience. So do bad ones.

JOYCE

They get pictures already?

BOYKINS

Yeah, came and went.

JOYCE

Let's crack this window then.

Joyce takes the night stick off of Boykins belt, smashes open the front passenger window. They peer inside.

The corpses are white like zombies.

BOYKINS

You recognize any of the DBs?

JOYCE

Hmmm...no. But look here.

Joyce pulls a pen from her pocket, points at a tattoo on the neck of one of the corpses.

BOYKINS

Ink. What is that, swastika?

JOYCE

Hard to tell, could be.

EXT. STATE PRISON FACILITY - DAY

FELICITY, Asian-American, eyes watery, approaches the entrance.

OSCAR RAMIREZ, 50s, latino in khaki pants, follows behind.

They bump right into Morland.

FELICITY

Don't even think of going inside right now. It should be you in there.

Felicity slaps Morland across the face, storms inside.

Morland takes a half step toward the prison entrance, stops. He concedes, walks to his car, gets a phone call to his cell.

MORLAND (ON PHONE)

Joyce, what's up?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SAME TIME

Joyce sits in front of a police computer, she has a bunch of mug shots pulled up on the screen.

JOYCE (ON PHONE)

We narrowed down our suspect list considerably. One of the frozen bodies is former Aryan Nation. Joseph Dent. He's got a brother, Micky, who might be our fifth guy. Works at a garage in South Philly.

EXT. STATE PRISON FACILITY - SAME TIME

He unlocks his car.

MORLAND (ON PHONE)

Good work. I'll get on it.

He hangs up, climbs in the driver's seat.

INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR, PARKING LOT OF PRISON - SAME TIME

Morland uses his rearview mirror to study the Lincoln Town Car a hundred feet behind him. In it, two men, a black guy and a white guy, sit with their eyes glued to him.

Morland flips them the bird, drives off.

The town car follows.

INT. VISITATION ROOM, STATE PRISON FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

LAWRENCE HASTINGS, late 40s, long brown hair, wears an orange jumpsuit, sits at a silver table. Felicity and Oscar enter.

Hastings rises when he sees them, hugs his wife like it could be their last encounter ever.

OSCAR

I know this sucks, but we really need to get down to business. Nothing is more valuable than time right now.

They all sit down at the table.

HASTINGS

Mr. Ramirez, thanks for coming.

Oscar and Hastings shake hands.

HASTINGS (CONTINUED)

I appreciate that you've made time for me, but I've already acquired counsel.

OSCAR

Your wife informed me of this, and I am always hesitant of poaching clients.

FELICITY

But...

OSCAR

But your wife has also informed me that she doesn't believe the lawyer you've been working with has your best interest at heart.

HASTINGS

I've known Jim for almost ten years--

FELICITY

Jim's got other things to worry about, Lawrence. *Other people.*

OSCAR

If there is even the slightest chance that...outside factors are at play, in terms of who argues on your behalf--

HASTINGS

Mr. Ramirez, I'm sorry we've wasted your time--

FELICITY

What about your son, Larry? What about me?

He reaches across the table, grabs her hands.

HASTINGS

It's going to be fine, Felicity. This is all gonna work out, I promise.

She snatches her hands away.

FELICITY

You can't promise that.

Oscar slides a business card across the table to Hastings.

OSCAR

Please think this over, give me a call. I'm worried that by the time you change your mind, it'll be too late.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

ALAN KISCH, early 40s, short white man, reddish-blond hair, detective badge clipped to his belt, sits at a silver table.

TRENT PHILLIPS, late 30s, tall white guy, broad shoulders, badge hangs around his neck, leans against the wall.

They interview RODNEY HOLMAN, late 20s, black guy in a security uniform, bandage on his head.

RODNEY

Look man, I've been over this like nine times. Ain't nothin I can tell you that's gonna be useful.

TRENT

Wait a second, and let *me* determine what's gonna be useful.

RODNEY

Shit, you're right. I'm sorry. Show me a line up of a bunch of crooks with masks on, I'll match them to yesterdays guys by their eye color.

TRENT

Wait, you think?

RODNEY

No, you dumb gullible fuck. Are you serious?

Alan laughs. His cell buzzes. He answers, steps outside.

TRENT

Fuck you. How about a little cooperation?

RODNEY

You think I'm getting paid time off after this shit? Hell nah, probably won't even get a Christmas bonus.

Alan sticks his head back in the room.

ALAN

Trent, it's Morland. We gotta go.

Trent rises, puts his jacket on.

TRENT

We're done for now Mr. Holman. Don't leave the country 'til our investigation has been completed.

RODNEY

Leave the country? Where the fuck am I gonna--

INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Alan drives, Trent rides shotgun.

TRENT

Where are we going, what did Derek say?

ALAN

He finally snapped and killed his ex-wife, needs us to get rid of her body.

TRENT

Whoa hold on, really?

ALAN

Jesus, you really are a *dumb gullible fuck*.

TRENT

Fuck you, man.

ALAN

We're looking for one, Micky Dent. Possible ties to the Brotherhood.



TRENT

Why?

ALAN

I don't know, suppose he was raised poorly.

TRENT

No wait, I mean why are we looking for him?

ALAN

Morland said brass thinks Dent was involved with the bank heists.

TRENT

Whole department will be after him.

ALAN

So let's find him first.

They drive off, weave in and out of traffic.

INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Morland drives back into the city. He makes a series of turns, attempts haphazardly to lose his tail, but the town car sticks with him.

Morland turns into a car wash, loops around the establishment. He reverses into the carwash-tunnel from the exit side, puts his car in park, waits.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR - SAME TIME

BILL LARSON, 50s, fat white man, jaded, drives the car onto the carwash lot.

THOMAS PORTER, 40s, black man, righteous, rides shotgun.

PORTER

He looped around, he looped around!

LARSON

I'm going, I'm going.

PORTER

You're gonna lose him, Bill.

LARSON

Fuck.

Larson stomps on the break, narrowly avoids running over a car wash attendant.

PORTER  
Shit, I don't see him.

LARSON  
Motherfucker.

They make another lap around the car wash.

PORTER  
Think he went inside?

LARSON  
Could be waiting us out.

PORTER  
Could already be back on the road.

LARSON  
Car's a mess anyhow.

Larson steers the Lincoln into the carwash tunnel.

INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - SAME TIME

Morland drives out the exit of the carwash, speeds off the lot, takes a call.

MORLAND (ON PHONE)  
Hey.

INT. POLICE SUV - SAME TIME

Alan is on the other line, with Trent.

ALAN (ON PHONE)  
We got eyes on Dent. Found 'em at a garage in South Philly. Haven't made a move yet, should we wait for you?

INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - SAME TIME

He checks his rearview mirror.

MORLAND (ON PHONE)  
Nah, I'm in Center City still. IA's all over me. Minor's got a squad out looking for Dent. Better make your move now, before they catch up to you.

INT. POLICE SUV - SAME TIME

Alan hangs up his cell.

ALAN

He's too far, let's move in. Ready?

TRENT

Wait...ready.

They each check their weapons, step out of the car.

EXT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Alan and Trent approach the garage, the MECHANICS take note.

One such mechanic, MICKEY DENT, bald white guy in denim overalls, stares at Alan and Trent for several seconds. Another mechanic yells--

MECHANIC

Five Oh, Five Oh!

Mickey takes off, sprints through the garage. Alan and Trent run after him.

INT. GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Micky leaps over the hoods of multiple cars, zig zags through the garage. Alan and Trent right on his tail.

DENT

Cops, cops, cops!

Everyone scatters. Micky grabs a wrench off the wall, hurls it back at Trent, hits him in the head. Trent doubles over, clutches his forehead with both hands.

ALAN

You good?

TRENT

I'm fine, grab him!

Micky drops to the floor, rolls under a partially opened garage door.

Alan belly flops, crawls under, follows Micky outside.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND GARAGE - MOMENTS LATER

Trent, bleeds from his head, crawls under the garage door - his phone rings. He watches Alan chase Micky into an abandoned house in the distance.

TRENT (ON PHONE)

Yo.

INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - SAME TIME

Morland checks all of his mirrors, studies his surroundings.

MORLAND (ON PHONE)

Finally shook IA. Where are you guys?

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND GARAGE - SAME TIME

Trent heads for the abandoned house.

TRENT (ON PHONE)

We found Dent. He clocked me with a wrench. Alan just chased him into a building off 65th and Elmwood.

Sirens flash near the front of the garage.

TRENT (ON PHONE)

The uniforms are here.

MORLAND (O.S.)

Alright, I'm close. I'll pull up to the back of the house. Get in there.

INT. ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Trent enters, gun drawn.

TRENT

Alan! Yo Alan, where you at, man?

NOISES from the second floor, Trent heads up stairs.

INT. 2ND FLOOR, ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

He swivels into a room, cautiously - it's empty. SHOTS FIRED down the hall.

TRENT

Alan!

ALAN (O.S.)

I'm here! I got him. I got him.

Trent finds Alan in the next room, standing over Micky Dent. Dent has three bullet holes in his chest.

ALAN

I got him.

TRENT

Morland should be here any minute.  
Uniforms pulled up to the garage  
ninety seconds ago. I'll go get 'em.

ALAN

Alright.

TRENT

You good?

ALAN

Better than him.

Alan nods at Micky's dead body.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Officer Boykins drives, Joyce Minor rides shotgun.

BOYKINS

Where's your whip?

JOYCE

Made a drunk and disorderly arrest  
when I was off-duty. Perp took a shit  
in the backseat.

BOYKINS

You're fucking with me?

JOYCE (V.O.)

Wish I was.

Joyce shakes her head.

JOYCE

Where's your partner?

BOYKINS

His wife's in labor.

JOYCE

We'll ride together until he's back.

BOYKINS

Works for me. Where's your partner?

JOYCE

I work alone, usually.

BOYKINS

How'd you manage that?

JOYCE (V.O.)

It's better when they hear it from me.

JOYCE

Those Vice cops that got pinched for extortion. Year and a half ago?

BOYKINS

Sure.

JOYCE

That one detective, the first to get arrested, sold out the other six?

BOYKINS

I heard his partner tipped off Internal Affairs.

JOYCE

She did.

Joyce stares straight ahead. Boykins looks over at her, opens his mouth to talk, can't find the words.

JOYCE

Transferred to robbery homicide after that. Sergeant gave up trying to find me a partner pretty quick.

They pull up outside the abandoned house behind the garage. Police cars lined up, sirens flash.

JOYCE

If this is a problem for you, I can find another ride.

BOYKINS

Hey, ain't no problem for me Minor. Long as we do good police work.

He holds his fist out, they bump. Joyce opens the door.

BOYKINS  
Can I ask you one thing?

JOYCE  
Shoot.

BOYKINS  
You have any regrets about it?

JOYCE  
That's a good question. Gotta smoke?

He hands her a cig. She lights it up, exits the car.

EXT. OUTSIDE ABANDONED HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Porter and Larson pull up in their car. Boykins nods at them.

BOYKINS  
IA?

JOYCE  
Always show up for Officer Involved  
Shootings. I do have 'em, ya know.

BOYKINS  
What?

JOYCE  
Regrets.

BOYKINS  
How do you mean?

JOYCE  
Ya know that only one of those crooked  
cops served real jail time?

BOYKINS  
You're kidding?

JOYCE (V.O.)  
I wish I was.

BOYKINS  
What's that old cliché? About how  
*crime doesn't pay?*

JOYCE

Turns out it's wrong though. I told them I wouldn't testify. I told them what I knew, but as far as proof... four of them still get their pension.

Boykins ponders that. Joyce approaches Morland.

JOYCE

Derek. What happened?

MORLAND

My guys found that shit head you were looking for.

JOYCE

Dent?

MORLAND

He fled here from the garage. Pulled when he got cornered, Kisch put three in his chest.

JOYCE

Shit. Get a chance to question him?

Morland shakes his head.

BOYKINS

Case closed, I guess.

JOYCE

Hell nah, you wanna take a ride with me out to Delaware?

MORLAND

What's in Delaware?

JOYCE

One of the other bodies we pulled from the river, had a house in Wilmington. DB's name was Richard Atkins, local PD say his place is a haven for junkies.

BOYKINS

I'm in.

JOYCE

Great, I'm driving.

She tosses her cigarette, snatches the keys from Boykins.



MORLAND

Ya know what, I think I'll tag along.

JOYCE

Yeah?

MORLAND

Alan and Trent are gonna have their hands full for the rest of the day. And it sounds like we'll need all hands on deck for this place.

JOYCE

You wanna ride with us?

MORLAND

Nah, I'll follow in my own car.

Joyce and Boykins get back in the patrol car. Porter and Larson, now on foot, speak to officers outside the abandoned house.

Morland takes a knife off his belt, holds it low, close to his body. He walks over to the Lincoln town car that the IA cops rolled up in, jams the knife into the back tire. He pries the knife out, walks away as the tire deflates.

Joyce and Boykins drive off. Larson watches as Morland hops into his car, follows them.

LARSON

Thomas, let's roll.

They race over to their car, see the flat tire.

LARSON

Motherfucker.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Joyce drives, Boykins in the passenger seat.

BOYKINS

So what's good with Detective Morland?

JOYCE

Derek? Solid cop. He was finishing up at the academy back in the day, when I was starting out. He used to have some problems with the bottle, fucked up his home life a little bit.

BOYKINS

Everyone's always saying, the job is tough on marriages. Cops always bring work home with them, shit like that.

JOYCE

Not you?

BOYKINS

My fiancé's an ER nurse. She gets it.

JOYCE (V.O.)

I'm not a good person.

BOYKINS

You married?

JOYCE

Nah, almost got hitched a while back. Lemme get another smoke?

BOYKINS

Damn Minor. Next pack's on you.

He fishes out his pack of cigarettes, tosses it to her.

INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - SAME TIME

Morland follows them, one car back. He makes a call.

MORLAND (ON PHONE)

Yo, it's me. You back at the precinct?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - SAME TIME

Trent has a bandage on his head.

TRENT (ON PHONE)

Yeah, just did my third interview with IA. Alan's with them now. They're gonna wanna talk to me at least one more time today.

INT. UNMARKED SQUAD CAR - SAME TIME

Morland checks his mirrors, makes sure he isn't followed.

MORLAND (ON PHONE)

If you got a few minutes, I need you to get a phone number for me.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF DRUG DEN - SUNSET

Color from the sunset shines through holes in the boarded-up windows. The walls are cracked. Furniture is torn and stained. Lights throughout the dilapidated house flicker.

VAGRANTS and JUNKIES pass needles and pipes.

The living room TV is in a permanent state of static fuzz.

INT. KITCHEN OF DRUG DEN - SUNSET

PAM, looks like a witch, pours house hold cleaning products into a pot on a lit stove.

GUNTHER, missing teeth, patchy hair, watches over Pam's shoulder, gulps down a forty ounce.

BOBBY, scabs all over his skin, guts a cigar, fills it with weed for a blunt. A Glock 9 sticks out of his back waste band, causes his pants to sag.

GUNTHER

Can you like, hurry up and roll that Bobby?

BOBBY

You can't rush me, man. Get your own fucking weed if you're gonna rush me.

Bobby slowly, methodically rolls a blunt, his shaky hands keep causing him to start over.

GUNTHER

I could roll this L twice as fast with like, my eyes closed dude.

Gunther scratches himself incessantly.

PAM

If the two of you could shut the fuck up for a second, I'm making precise measurements over here.

Pam pours more chemicals into her stovetop concoction, not at all using precise measurements.

GUNTHER

Yo, I'd be quiet if we were just smoking this blunt already.

BOBBY

Say one more thing, man. Honestly. I  
fucking dare you, man. One more thing.

Gunther takes another swig of beer, mostly misses his mouth.

GUNTHER

You think you're fucking tough, man?

Gunther swipes at Bobby's hands, knocks the half rolled blunt  
to the floor.

BOBBY

My weed!

PAM

You two really need to shut the fuck  
up already, blowing my goddamn  
concentration.

Pam uses a wooden spoon to stir the concoction.

Gunther takes another swig of beer--the bottle bursts as a  
bullet passes through, burrows into his face. Bobby holds the  
Glock 9, barrel smoking.

Gunther collapses, dead. Blood, brains, broken glass cover  
the kitchen floor. Pam doesn't flinch or turn around, just  
stirs the concoction. Bobby watches.

BOBBY

How long you think?

PAM

Like, four more minutes, probably.

BOBBY

Enough time to hit the pipe real  
quick?

PAM

Let's.

They leave the concoction cooking on the stove.

INT. LIVING ROOM OF DRUG DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Bobby and Pam take a seat on the floor, join a CIRCLE OF  
JUNKIES passing around a pipe and a miniature blow torch. The  
grey static from the TV engulfs the room. Sunset nears  
completion. The house phone rings.

JASPER, 20s, long hair, cracked out eyes, answers.

JASPER (ON PHONE)  
Um, what? Um...Pam?

PAM  
What?

She takes a hit of the pipe, exhales, passes it to Bobby, takes the phone from Jasper.

PAM (ON PHONE)  
This better not be long-  
distance...Fuck.

She drops the phone, jumps to her feet.

PAM  
Raid!

Bobby exhales a hit from the pipe.

BOBBY  
What?

PAM  
They're coming to rob us!

Pam walks to the couch, removes some garbage, pulls the cushions off - reveals a cache of shotguns and handguns.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Boykins takes his jacket off, pulls on a bulletproof vest.

BOYKINS  
You think we should call in the local  
boys for back up? Get SWAT?

JOYCE  
Nah, that'll make a whole production  
out of it. Let's just ask a few  
questions. Nothing crazy.

JOYCE (V.O.)  
These young guys, always tryna play  
cowboy.

BOYKINS  
Alright. I got an extra one of these  
in the trunk, you want?.

Boykins knocks twice on his bulletproof vest.

JOYCE

I'll be OK. Didn't realize I'm riding around with the Terminator.

BOYKINS

Can't be too careful, I'd like to live to make Detective First Grade some day.

JOYCE

Fair enough.

BOYKINS

Morland still behind us?

Joyce looks in the rearview mirror.

JOYCE

Yeah, I see him.

They pull into the drive way of a rundown, two story home.

JOYCE

Remember, we're just here to ask some questions. Not to start trouble.

BOYKINS

I got it, I got it.

They get out of the cruiser. Morland pulls in, parks.

EXT. OUTSIDE DRUG DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Boykins walks up the three steps onto the front porch. Joyce, stands by the car, takes the last cigarette out of Boykins' pack, lights it up.

JOYCE

Let's grab a new pack of smokes on our way back.

Morland gets out of his car, walks to the trunk.

Joyce watches as Morland pops the trunk, pulls out a shotgun and a bulletproof vest, prepares himself.

Joyce raises an eye brow.

JOYCE  
Wait, Boykins hold on--

Boykins knocks loudly on the front door.

BOYKINS  
Police! Open up, we'd like to ask a  
few quest--

BAM! A buckshot explodes out through the front door, lodges into Boykins' vest, knocks him on his ass, leaves him sprawled out across the porch steps.

JOYCE  
Shit!

Joyce kneels down into a crouch, draws her gun.

Morland cocks his shotgun, runs toward the side of the house.

MORLAND  
Get him off that fucking porch! I'll  
cover you.

Morland fires off rounds into the side of the house.

Joyce makes her way to the front porch. Another buckshot comes blasting through the front door - this one passes right over Boykins.

BOYKINS  
J-J-Joyce. Help me. Shit.

Joyce fires three times at the door, leaps forward, grabs ahold of Boykins, drags him down off the porch, fires away as she pulls him to safety.

More shots go off inside the house. Bullets fly.

Joyce feels around Boykins chest, searches for a wound.

BOYKINS  
Am I OK?

JOYCE  
You're OK, doesn't look like it went  
through. Stay down, I'm going in.

She leaves him there, makes her way up the porch, kicks the front door in.

INT. FRONT ENTRANCE OF DRUG DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Jasper sits on the stairs, ten feet from the front door. Shotgun in lap, he fumbles shells, tries to reload the gun.

JOYCE  
Drop it asshole!

Jasper manages to load one of the shells. He cocks the weapon--a bullet from Joyce's gun rips through his skull.

Joyce peers down the hall of the smoke-filled drug den.

Pam stands in the kitchen with an automatic rifle. Joyce takes a knee, uses the staircase as cover.

JOYCE  
We're just here to talk!

PAM  
We're way passed talking, honey!

Pam squeezes the trigger. Bullets fly out of the automatic weapon, spray the entire first floor of the drug den - rip through walls, the stairway railing, the boarded up windows.

Pam relinquishes her grip on the trigger. Joyce pops up from behind the stairs, fires her gun until she's out of ammo.

Joyce loads in a fresh clip, approaches the kitchen, sees Pam riddled with bullets, bleeding out on the floor. Fire spreads from the stove top through the kitchen. GUN SHOTS upstairs.

INT. STAIRCASE OF DRUG DEN - MOMENTS LATER

Joyce makes it half way up the stairs when a man with a gun appears at the top - it's Morland. They manage not to shoot.

JOYCE  
Jesus Christ.

MORLAND  
Anyone left down there?

JOYCE  
I don't know. Kitchen's on fire.

Morland trots down the stairs.

MORLAND  
C'mon, this whole place might explode.



EXT. DRUG DEN - NIGHT

Squad Cars from the WILMINGTON POLICE DEPARTMENT are on scene, along with two ambulances, several fire trucks.

FIRE FIGHTERS hose down what's left of the drug den.

EMT 1 cuts Boykins' vest off. EMT 2 tends to Joyce. Joyce sits on a gurney, shocked. Morland approaches.

MORLAND

She gonna be OK?

EMT 2

Mostly cuts and bruises. Should be fine, once the adrenaline slows.

MORLAND

You alright Joyce? You did good in there, real good.

EMT 2

Here.

EMT 2 hands her a juice box. Joyce pops the straw out of the plastic package, struggles to poke it into the hole. Morland takes the juice box, pokes the straw in for her. He goes to give it back, but she vomits.

JOYCE

Shit.

JOYCE (V.O.)

What the hell did I just walk into?

A panic attack sets in. Erratic breaths. The world is unbalanced. She crouches, tucks her chin to her chest.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. BLACK TOWN CAR - NIGHT

JIM ROBERTS, 60s, white man in nice suit, drives slow through a residential area.

Alan rides shotgun, heavy frown on his face. A brief case sits in his lap, which he clutches tightly.

Jim pulls over across the street from a quaint row house. Alan leans over Jim to study the house through the window, his movements almost child-like.

JIM

Hand it over, let's put an end to this. We've got other things to do.

ALAN

This ain't *important* enough for you?

JIM

Would I even be sitting here right now if it wasn't?

Alan says nothing, just looks away.

JIM

Alan.

ALAN

(mocking)

Jim.

JIM

Tell me, just what exactly the *fuck* is it with you guys? Derek finally gets his shit together, so now it's your turn to act like a fuckhead?

Jim snatches the brief case from Alan.

JIM (CONTINUED)

I actually miss Larry. Hastings was the most professional one of all of you. *Not that that's* saying much.

Jim gets out of the car, briefcase in hand. Alan scoots over to the driver's seat, speaks through the open window.

ALAN

Don't talk about him like he's dead, Jim.

JIM (FROM OUTSIDE)

He might as well be.

Alan watches Jim approach the row house. A WOMAN appears briefly in the window. Alan sees her, maybe even makes eye contact, before she ducks away, pulls the curtain over.

A MAN opens the front door, refuses to let Jim inside, accepts the briefcase, slams the door shut in Jim's face.

Jim walks back to the car.

Alan scoots back over to the shotgun seat. Jim gets in.

ALAN

Did they say they'd keep quiet?

JIM

No, they didn't say anything.

ALAN

Then how do we know they won't talk?

JIM

We don't, Alan. Try and think about that the next time you find yourself in a similar situation. Yeah?

Alan says nothing, just looks away again in silence.

**MONTAGE:** *Funky Jazz music plays.*

INT. NARCOTICS ANONYMOUS MEETING, SCHOOL GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Morland sits amongst a group of a DOZEN MEN. He listens while another member of the group speaks.

Morland nods along to the story being told, buys in. He clutches a 6-Month Sobriety Token.

INT. BAR IN SOUTH PHILLY - NIGHT

Larson sits at the bar, palms his detective badge in one hand, half-full whiskey glass in the other. He stares at the badge, maybe with a hint of resentment. He savors his last gulp of whiskey as it slithers down his gullet. He throws a few bills down on the bar, walks out.

EXT. OUTSIDE OF BAR, SOUTH PHILLY - MOMENTS LATER

FOUR LOW-LIFE TYPES cause a ruckus outside the Bar. Larson pays them no mind, walks by, gets in his car.

INT. TRENT'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Trent decorates a bedroom.

DAISY BIRCH, 20s, little bundle of joy, helps him.

Trent stands on a ladder, sticks glow-in-the-dark stars to the ceiling. Daisy sticks them to the walls. Trent puts a star right on Daisy's nose. She kisses him. They laugh. The love is palpable.

INT. LINCOLN TOWN CAR, PARKED OUTSIDE A SCHOOL - NIGHT

Porter reclines in the drivers seat of the car. He uses binoculars to peer out the window.

Through his binoculars we see Derek Morland exit the church with his N.A. group, walk to his car.

Porter yawns, puts the binoculars down, starts his own car, prepares to follow Morland.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Alan sits in his living room, LISTENS TO MUSIC ON HIS RECORD PLAYER. He smokes a cigar, cleans his guns.

Alan takes out a wood saw, saws the barrel off of a shotgun.

The record begins to skip as if damaged, the music transforms into a constant SCRATCHING NOISE.

*It is now clear - the record player in the corner of the room is the source of the funky jazz that plays over this montage.*

Alan rises, approaches the record player, calmly.

He lifts the stylus up, blows on the record, places the stylus back down. The jazz music plays again, no skips.

Alan moves back to his seat, about to sit down when the record skips again. He turns around and kicks the record player, sends it flying into the back wall, bursts into pieces of wood and scrap. *The music stops.*

**END MONTAGE.**

INT. KITCHEN, PORTER RESIDENCE - DAY

Porter stands in the kitchen, watches the news on a small television, sips coffee.

PATRICIA, 40s, black woman, the poise and instincts of a lioness, prepares bowls of cereal at the kitchen table.

PATRICIA

You sure you don't want me to make you some eggs, real quick?

Porter doesn't respond, he's in a trance, stares at the TV. The news portrays a house in Delaware that's been set ablaze.

PATRICIA

Thomas...

PORTER

Sorry, yes - wait, what?

PATRICIA

Nothing. Junior, Alanna, come eat your breakfast or we're gonna be late.

JUNIOR, 10 y.o. and ALANNA, 14 y.o., enter the kitchen. They sit down at the table, eat cereal.

PATRICIA

You two make your beds yet?

ALANNA & JUNIOR

Yessss.

PATRICIA

Are you lying?

ALANNA

No.

PATRICIA

Junior? Honey, you wanna jump in here?

Porter breaks free from his TV trance, walks out of the kitchen, pops his head into Junior's room.

INT. JUNIOR'S ROOM, PORTER RESIDENCE - SAME TIME

The bed has not been made.

PORTER

Junior...

His son enters the bedroom, his eyes glued to the floor. He walks to the bed, makes it.

PORTER

Son, what did I tell you about lying to your mother?

JUNIOR

I'm making it, OK?

PORTER

Did I ask you if you're making it?

JUNIOR  
No.

PORTER  
What did I ask you?

JUNIOR  
What you told me about lying.

PORTER  
And?

JUNIOR  
You told me not to.

PORTER  
And why?

JUNIOR  
Cause I don't wanna break momma's  
heart.

PORTER  
And why else?

JUNIOR  
Cause delinquents lie.

PORTER  
And?

JUNIOR  
And I'm not a delinquent.

Junior finishes making the bed.

PORTER  
Good. Go kiss your mother and get  
ready for school.

Junior leaves. Porter makes the bed look nice.

INT. KITCHEN, PORTER RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Porter kisses Patricia, kisses his kids on the head.

PORTER  
It's gonna be a late one.

PATRICIA  
Be safe. Hey wait.

Patricia walks over to the door, speaks in a hushed tone.

PATRICIA

Just read about some IA cops in D.C.  
One was killed in a drive-by, and the  
other one, they ran into his house,  
shot him dead. Just like that.

PORTER

You shouldn't read so much, Patty.

PATRICIA

I'm being serious, Thomas.

PORTER

What do you want me to say? This isn't  
for forever, I'll become a bureaucrat  
eventually.

PATRICIA

And in the meantime?

PORTER

In the meantime, we'll protect this  
house. Bill's got my back when I'm out  
in the field. You got my back when I'm  
here. We still got Old Faithful locked  
up under the kitchen sink, right?

PATRICIA

Right.

PORTER

I can start keeping it in the car with  
me, if it'll make you feel better.

PATRICIA

Nah, we should keep it here. Besides,  
we both know I can handle a shotgun  
better than you anyway.

PORTER

Can't argue with you there.

His phone buzzes, a text from Bill Larson.

It reads: BEEN @ DINER 20 MIN, U NOT CUMMING?

PORTER

Love you, Patricia. I gotta go.

INT. DINER - DAY

A BOY and a GIRL, teenaged, punk aesthetic, sit in a booth drinking cups of water, no food in front of them. They study another table, watch as the customers put down cash to pay.

The boy and girl count to three under their breaths, get up, lunge toward the table where the check was just paid, grab the cash, make a play for the door.

WAITRESS

Stop them!

The boy and girl run right past Larson, who has a clear chance to intercept, but chooses not to.

WAITRESS

Some cop you are. Thanks for nothin.

LARSON

You know I'm no good until I've finished my breakfast.

WAITRESS

Asshole.

Larson's cell buzzes. He throws cash down, heads out.

WAITRESS

No tip?

LARSON

It may come as a surprise to you, but I don't like to be yelled at this early in the morning.

WAITRESS

You'll get what's coming to you one of these days, you boozy old turd.

LARSON

I don't doubt it honey.

EXT. OUTSIDE DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Larson answers his cell.

LARSON (ON PHONE)

Morning partner...Yeah I saw...Yeah I know whose house it was.



INT. PORTER'S CAR - SAME TIME

Porter buttons the top button of his shirt.

PORTER (ON PHONE)

I'm on my way to the hospital to pick up Detective Minor. Says her rep had a family thing, needs to meet us at the station. How you wanna play this?

LARSON (O.S.)

Remember the fender-bender of '06?

PORTER (ON PHONE)

It's a little obvious, don't ya think?

EXT. OUTSIDE DINER - MOMENTS LATER

Larson walks to his car.

LARSON (ON PHONE)

Who's her rep again?

PORTER (O.S.)

Mecklinski.

INT. LARSON'S CAR - SAME TIME

Larson climbs into his car.

LARSON (ON PHONE)

He's got kids, right? I can pretend to be their school principal.

PORTER (O.S.)

Eh, that's a little sinister.

Larson picks his teeth in the rearview mirror.

LARSON (ON PHONE)

Now you're just being difficult. I'm going with the fender-bender. Don't worry, I'll wait 'til he enters the lot. You and Minor gonna be OK without me?

PORTER (O.S.)

We'll manage.

INT. PORTER'S CAR - SAME TIME

Porter spots the hospital up the block, changes lanes.

PORTER (ON PHONE)

I got Stacey at the precinct pulling some phone records for us. And Bill? Do you *have* to text like a 16 year old? It takes longer to type cumming with a U and two M's, than it does to spell it correctly.

LARSON (O.S.)

I'm just being *authentic* Tommy Boy.

Porter hangs up. He stops in front of the hospital. Joyce looks like a shell of herself. She climbs in the car.

PORTER

You sure you're good to do this now?

JOYCE

Makes no difference.

PORTER

You get any sleep?

JOYCE

I'm not sure.

PORTER

You get in touch with your rep?

JOYCE

Yeah. He's gonna meet us there. You saying the shooting was bad?

PORTER

It wasn't good, was it?

JOYCE (V.O.)

Fuck you.

PORTER

I think you played everything by the book. And it sounds like Officer Boykins owes you his life.

JOYCE

It wasn't like that.

PORTER  
What was it like?

JOYCE  
Can we just do this at the station?

PORTER  
Of course. Sorry.

JOYCE (V.O.)  
They probably make you take Intro to  
Psych, before you join the Rat Squad.

INT. LARSON'S CAR, PARKING LOT OF PRECINCT - DAY

Larson watches from his car as Porter and Joyce pull into the lot, enter the precinct. He takes a cigar from the glovebox.

He's got his eyes on the entrance of the lot, checking his watch every so often. His eyes light up as a blue sedan pulls into the parking lot.

LARSON  
Bingo.

Larson pulls out of his parking spot, cuts through the lot, stomps down on the breaks just as he crashes head-on with the blue sedan.

No airbags emerge, but the front of both cars are totaled.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER

Larson gets out of his car.

LARSON  
Ohhh no! Oh shit, I'm sorry. That's my  
bad, I dropped my cigar and I just...

The man who emerges from the blue sedan is JEFF MECKLINSKI, 40s, round face, with a gut and cheesy suspenders on.

MECKLINSKI  
Are you fucking kidding me, asshole?  
Doing thirty five in a parking lot?

LARSON  
I'm real sorry guy - see I was tailing  
this guy, I'm a police officer ya see.

Larson flashes his badge.

MECKLINSKI

Yeah, no shit.

LARSON

I guess we should probably exchange information.

MECKLINSKI

Fuckin' A.

Mecklinski puts his hands on his hips, his face bright red.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM, POLICE PRECINCT - SAME TIME

Porter and Joyce sit across from each other.

Joyce smokes a cigarette. Porter sips coffee.

JOYCE

I texted Mecklinski, not sure what's taking him so long.

PORTER

Oh, Mecklinski is your rep? Nice guy.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Like you don't know who my rep is.

JOYCE

Yeah, he's OK.

PORTER

Whataya say we get this show on the road, so you can get on home. Bet you could use a shower, huh?

JOYCE

You don't think I know what you're doing?

PORTER

Ya know, Joyce, I would've thought that *you*, of all people, would have a little more respect for what I do.

JOYCE

We're not the same, Porter.

PORTER

No? How are we different?

JOYCE

My old partner was a drug dealing psychopath. You put the squeeze on anybody, good cops even.

PORTER

I don't go after the good cops.

JOYCE

Then what the fuck am I doing here?

PORTER

I'm not after you, Joyce. Does it feel like I'm after you?

There's a knock on the door of the interrogation room.

STACEY pops her head in.

STACEY

I've got those phone records you requested, Thomas.

PORTER

Thanks Stacey.

Porter takes the envelope, Stacey disappears.

JOYCE

You didn't answer my question. What am I doing here?

PORTER

Something about the picture I've been painted isn't sitting right.

JOYCE

How do you mean?

PORTER

You know, Joyce.

JOYCE

What's with the phone records?

PORTER

Before I show you these, I want you to take a look at something else.

Porter lifts his brief case off of the floor, removes three files. He opens one, takes out Alan Kisch's mugshot.

PORTER

Alan Kisch, detective second grade,  
discharged army ranger, elite  
marksman.

INT. HOTEL SUITE - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Alan and TWO OTHER MEN are naked, participate in a raunchy  
sex-party with FOUR YOUNG WOMEN.

JOYCE (O.S.)

I know Alan, you aren't telling me  
anything new.

Alan wears a hotel robe, walks into the bathroom.

PORTER (O.S.)

Well did you know that Alan's a  
sociopath and a serial sexual-abuser?

Alan heads for the toilet--sees that TWO YOUNG NAKED WOMEN  
are passed out in the bathtub, veers their way.

Alan pees on the two unconscious women - then suddenly one of  
them wakes up screaming.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Joyce's hands have balled up into fists under the table.

PORTER

She's 17. The criminal report said the  
sex was consensual. Not the golden  
shower, though.

JOYCE

Jesus.

PORTER

Kisch tried to suffocate her, after  
she woke up on him mid-stream.

JOYCE

So, why does he still have a badge?

PORTER

The young lady in question, one Claire  
Matthews, dropped the complaint. Take  
a look at the next file.

JOYCE  
Fuck the next file. I get it, OK?

PORTER  
I don't think you do. Open it up.

Joyce opens the next file up to a mugshot of Trent Phillips.

JOYCE  
Trent Phillips, so what?

PORTER  
You might not know Trent Phillips as well as you know the others--

JOYCE  
I know Trent.

PORTER  
Highly decorated Marine, prides himself on his ability to execute orders at a high capacity.

JOYCE  
Sounds about right.

PORTER  
He still goes to church with his mother, and every year he makes a little donation to charity.

JOYCE  
He's a fucking angel, so what?

PORTER  
*So what.*

JOYCE  
So what!

PORTER  
So what, is that his two pals manipulate him into doing their bidding. He's gullible and caring, an easy mark.

INT. BLACK NONDESCRIPT CAR - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Alan drives the car up a familiar block. He stops in front of the quaint row house from earlier. Trent rides shotgun.

TRENT

Wait, what are we doing here, Al?

Alan puts the car in park, reaches below his seat, brings up a balled up sweatshirt.

ALAN

Here.

Alan unfurls the sweatshirt, a revolver falls out.

ALAN

You got gloves?

TRENT

Yeah but--

ALAN

Put 'em on.

TRENT

Hold on, wait. Alan what's going on?

ALAN

Listen.

Alan reaches over, pulls a wool mask out of the glovebox.

TRENT

Alan you keep telling me to listen, and then you don't say anything.

ALAN

I'm just upset. The person in that house there, they've been tampering with the jury on that Menowski case I've been working, you know the one?

TRENT

Menowski, yeah. What do you mean tampering?

ALAN

Jury tampering. She's a lawyer.

TRENT

It's a she?

ALAN

She's a lawyer, criminal attorney, dirty as they come.



TRENT

And she's messing with your case?

ALAN

About to help a rapist-lowlife walk, she's done it before. Many times.

TRENT

Jesus, that just makes me...

ALAN

She's bad news Trent, and I need you to help me.

TRENT

Wait, what do I gotta do?

Alan pushes the wool mask into Trent's chest.

ALAN

Quick and easy.

TRENT

Hold on a sec--

ALAN

We don't got a sec. You wanna just keep idling here?

TRENT

Wait, Al. She's a girl, a-a woman.

ALAN

She's a crooked lawyer and a white collar criminal. She helps free pedophiles and murderers.

TRENT

Really?

ALAN

Would I bring you here otherwise?

Alans stares right in Trent's eyes. Trent gets out. Alan lights a smoke, watches through the window as Trent walks up to the row house, picks the lock, enters.

Alan relaxes, reclines his seat back a few clicks, smokes his cigarette. GUN SHOTS CUT THROUGH THE EVENING SILENCE.

Alan, unphased, brings his seat back up to driving position.

Trent gets back into the car. They drive off.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Joyce waves her hands from side-to-side.

JOYCE

Hold on, hold on, hold on. I call bullshit. How could you possibly know about that conversation, without having arrested one of them yet?

PORTER

Fine, you caught me. I might have fabricated the dialogue, but the events are real.

JOYCE

How could you know that?

PORTER

You know Trent's girlfriend? Daisy?

JOYCE

No.

PORTER

Well she knows me. My partner too.

JOYCE

You turned her?

PORTER

Except she hasn't told us anything we don't already assume. She's certainly not resourceful enough to get us concrete evidence. Do you want to know who was inside that row house?

JOYCE

I really, *really* don't.

PORTER

Claire Matthews.

JOYCE

Fuck you, Porter. What does this have to do with me?

PORTER

Take a look.

Porter places the phone records on top of the other files.

JOYCE

I don't understand.

PORTER

You're a good detective, Minor. It's right in front of you, figure it out.

JOYCE

The last phone call made to the drug den in Delaware, before we arrived--

PORTER

Came from this precinct.

JOYCE

Maybe someone's CI was there - it could be--could be coincidence.

PORTER

*Coincidence.*

JOYCE

It could be.

PORTER

Let's pretend you actually believe that for a second. Flip to page three.

Joyce complies.

JOYCE

Whose numbers are these?

PORTER

That's Detective Morland, minutes before the shooting, calling his partner, Trent Phillips. We pinged Phillips' cell, guess where he was?

Minor's eyes light up.

PORTER

Like I said, you're a good detective.

JOYCE

I've known Derek since I was a kid. Why would he even come along for the ride if he set the whole thing up.

PORTER

You said it yourself, you two are old friends. Tell me, what did he do when you guys arrived on scene?

JOYCE

He took his own car. Boykins went and knocked on the front door, but--

PORTER

What?

JOYCE

Derek went right to his trunk, got his vest and a tube. Like he--

PORTER

Expected the action. And what do you know, by the time the fire's put out, no one's left to interrogate.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Fuck.

PORTER

Two nights ago, five goons rip off the Republic Bank on Walnut. They do a decent enough job, but these guys don't look like the type to mastermind a string of high profile heists.

JOYCE

They're hired help. Hired by guys smarter than them.

PORTER

Guys who have more to lose. The hired thugs pull up in their getaway car, ready to switch to a clean van, make off with the loot - but they're ambushed. The guys who hired them, *police officers*, kill them all, take the loot, dump their bodies in the River - only there's a problem.

JOYCE

One thief survives. And escapes.

PORTER

Then the getaway car is fished out of the river quicker than anticipated.

JOYCE

I start the hunt for the last thief.

PORTER

And suddenly our crooked cops are in a race against their colleagues.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Shit. I told Morland about Dent.

Porter sees it on her face. He stares into her eyes.

JOYCE

I told Morland about Dent.

PORTER

So they kill him. Cover their tracks.

JOYCE

But we found him with that cash--

PORTER

Convenient way stop your search for the missing thief. Only you didn't.

JOYCE

But why? What's the motive?

PORTER

Some years back, we started to get a sense that rogue officers were knocking off stash houses in Philly. Every now and then, a CI would claim to know something. Sure enough, they'd be dead or disappeared within days.

JOYCE

Zero evidence, D.A. won't play ball.

PORTER

Right. That is until seven months ago.

JOYCE (V.O.)

He's gonna make me ask...

JOYCE

You gonna make me ask?

PORTER

You're familiar with Detective Lawrence Hastings?

JOYCE

Larry? He got pinched for falsifying arrest reports or something?

PORTER

Cover story. Didn't you ever wonder why a Detective Second Grade on a bad bust charge wasn't granted bail?

JOYCE

Figured the D.A. was making a point.

PORTER

Remember that shootout in Tioga? Stash house robbery gone awry, ended out on the street in a firefight with the police. One pick up truck managed to flee the scene. During the ensuing chase, the truck flips over in a ditch. The driver - Laurence Hastings - was pinned inside, couldn't escape with his buddies.

JOYCE

Shit.

PORTER

Truck was filled with cash and drugs. A dozen unregistered firearms. We tracked down Morland and Phillips and Kisch, but of course they had air tight alibis already paid for. The D.A. offered Larry a deal: flip your buddies, guaranteed shot at parole.

JOYCE

And?

PORTER

Larry wouldn't squeal. I mean, the guy's looking at life in prison. There were three dead bodies at the scene of the initial shoot out, guns in Larry's truck were linked to two of them.

Joyce covers her face with her hands.

PORTER (CONTINUED)

We think the heist at Republic was a way for them to fund Hastings' escape.

JOYCE

You think they're crazy enough to try  
and spring him from prison?

PORTER

If they don't at least try to break  
him out, why wouldn't he rat on them?  
They're criminals with badges Minor,  
just like your last partner.

JOYCE

So arrest them!

She slams her fists down on the table.

PORTER

We've got jackshit, Joyce. Some phone  
calls made to a drug den? We need  
proof. Something hard.

JOYCE (V.O.)

I'll give you something hard, asshole.

JOYCE

What am I supposed to do about it?

PORTER

I called your old precinct. Wanted to  
see the files of your old partner's  
crew. Know what they told me?

JOYCE (V.O.)

Yes.

Joyce shakes her head in denial.

PORTER

They told me the files went missing,  
all seven of them. Shortly after the  
plea deals leaked to the press.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Shit.

JOYCE

So?

PORTER

You know what *I* find the most  
interesting? About the whole tale?

JOYCE

Is that question rhetorical?

PORTER

It's that somehow you managed to hide the affair you had with your ex-partner's wife from the press. Even after she killed herself--

JOYCE

Fuck you, Porter. Fuck you.

INT. LOBBY OF PRECINCT - SAME TIME

Larson and Mecklinski enter the lobby.

LARSON

Again, I'm real sorry man. You need a ride somewhere? I can grab a cruiser and drop you off.

MECKLINSKI

No thanks, I was coming in when you hit me, remember? Weren't you about to go follow someone--

INT. ELEVATOR, PRECINCT - CONTINUED

Larson cuts him off as they get in the elevator.

LARSON

Oh he's in the wind by now, no doubt about it. Who did you say you were here to see again?

MECKLINSKI

I didn't.

Mecklinski gets off the elevator.

INT. SECOND LEVEL OF POLICE PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER

Larson follows him. Mecklinski enters the interrogation room.

MECKLINSKI

Alright, Detective Porter. You know how this is supposed to work.

PORTER

We waited on you long as we could.



JOYCE

Don't worry, Jeff. We just about finished up in here, anyhow.

Joyce gets up, walks out.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - DAY

Alan sits at his kitchen table, eats a sandwich.

LESLIE, 30s, wears scrubs, makeup covers the remnants of a black eye. She sits across from Alan, sips coffee.

LESLIE

When do they let you go back to work?

ALAN

Sick of me already?

LESLIE

Of course not. Just curious.

ALAN

I can go back soon, need to meet with the department psychologist first.

LESLIE

Did they make you do that last time?

ALAN

Every time - yes. What about you, any interesting patients lately?

Alan takes a bite of his sandwich.

LESLIE

We got this one guy, found out in the cold near the river, riddled with bullets. Major blood loss, pneumonia, the whole nine.

Alan speaks through a mouthful of food.

ALAN

What happened?

LESLIE

He's in a coma.

ALAN

No kidding? Where was he found?

LESLIE

Don't know, actually. Oh shit I'm gonna be late for my shift. Gotta get going. See you later?

She rises, kisses Alan on the cheek, leaves.

INT. TRENT'S CAR - DAY

Trent pulls up outside NIGHT MOVES STRIP CLUB. Daisy smokes a cigarette, wears a down coat over lingerie. She tosses her smoke, climbs into the front passenger seat.

DAISY

What took so long? My break's almost over, I gotta get back.

TRENT

Sorry, hectic day.

He reaches over, kisses her on the cheek.

DAISY

How's Larry?

TRENT

How do you think?

DAISY

Don't be an asshole.

TRENT

Well, hold on a minute. Don't just-can we move on please?

DAISY

I don't know, can we? I'm seeing shit in the news about IA investigations.

TRENT

Nothing to worry about.

DAISY

Well, I'm worried. What am I supposed to do if something happens to you?

TRENT

Wait, I had that passport falsified for you, right? And the guys have failsafes in place for us.

DAISY

I don't trust *the* guys. I trust you.

TRENT

We're in this together. I love you.

Daisy takes out a cigarette, lights it up. The car fills with smoke. Trent lowers his window.

TRENT

We've got something planned. But we're gonna need your help to pull it off.

DAISY

What's the mark?

TRENT

Night Moves.

DAISY

You're fucking crazy.

TRENT

Well wait, c'mon Daisy. They're flush with cash in there.

DAISY

Trent, look I should tell you--

TRENT

Plus, we'll have you on the inside to make sure everything goes smoothly.

DAISY

I don't know. Trent--

TRENT

It'll be simple. I come in with a gun and make you lead me to the back, where the cash is kept. Easy as that.

DAISY

A money truck comes every two weeks.

TRENT

When's the next time they're moving it?

DAISY

I don't know, could be tomorrow, might be the next day.

TRENT

Shit, then we'll have to move tonight.

DAISY

I don't know about this, doesn't feel right.

TRENT

Don't you trust me?

DAISY

Just keep that psychopath Alan away from me.

TRENT

There's nothing to worry about. Get back in there, act like everything's normal. I love you.

She exits the car, walks back in the strip club.

INT. CELL, STATE PRISON FACILITY - NIGHT

JEREMY, 30s, a prisoner, clutches his stomach, moans loudly. He rocks back and fourth on his bed, cries louder and louder until GUARD 2 enters the cell.

GUARD 2

Alright convict, I get the point. Stop your bitching, let's go.

Jeremy continues to moan, clutch his stomach as he climbs down from his bunk bed. The guard leads him into the hall.

INT. PRISON HALLWAY, STATE PRISON FACILITY - MOMENTS LATER

They enter a sequestered hallway. Jeremy slips the guard's baton off of his belt, beats the man until he collapses.

Jeremy removes a pair of keys from the guard's waist band, follows the hallway to a sealed door that leads to the SOLITARY CONFINEMENT WING, uses the guard's key to enter.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT WING - MOMENTS LATER

Once inside, he takes a fire extinguisher off the wall, locates the cell of Lawrence Hastings.

JEREMY

Ay, yo Hastings!

HASTINGS (O.S.)  
Who the fuck is that?

JEREMY  
I like my bacon *smoked*, motherfucker.

Jeremy pulls the pin on the fire extinguisher, sprays it underneath the cell door. The cell fills up with a thick cloud of sodium bicarbonate. Hastings chokes and coughs.

HASTINGS (O.S.)  
What the fuck? Help! Somebody help me!

The other prisoners in solitary confinement laugh and cheer from their cells. Jeremy continues to spray the extinguisher.

THREE GUARDS rush into the solitary wing, beat Jeremy senseless, pull Hastings out of his cell.

EXT. TRAIN TRACKS - NIGHT

Morland and Alan lean on their parked cars. Trent joins them.

MORLAND  
Jim called.

TRENT  
Something happen?

MORLAND  
Larry was attacked, he's mostly fine.

TRENT  
How? Isn't he in solitary?

ALAN  
That's what I said.

MORLAND  
I don't know. He'll live. But he's getting antsy.

TRENT  
Can you blame him?

ALAN  
Lawrence would never squeal.

TRENT  
Hold on now, that doesn't mean we don't take care of him.

ALAN  
Of course not.

MORLAND  
You talk to your girl?

TRENT  
I did. She was hesitant, but she'll do it. Just one problem.

ALAN  
What?

TRENT  
It's gotta be tonight.

MORLAND  
Why?

TRENT  
They move the money to a different location once every two weeks. Daisy says it's going down tomorrow, maybe the next day at the latest.

ALAN  
We can't wait two weeks. Once we spring Lawrence we gotta hit the border ASAP.

TRENT  
Right. So we'll take Night Moves tonight then?

MORLAND  
There's something else.

TRENT  
What?

MORLAND  
You wanna tell 'em?

ALAN  
You know Leslie's been working in the trauma ward?

TRENT  
Sure.

ALAN

A patient came in two nights ago, all shot up. Found him by the river. Sounds like it's our guy.

TRENT

You're shitting me?

ALAN

'Fraid not.

TRENT

Well fuck, are people looking for us? Should we be running right now?

MORLAND

The guy's in a coma. Besides, you said it yourself, we can't leave Larry.

ALAN

We don't know when he might wake up.

TRENT

So what's the plan?

MORLAND

You're gonna have to take care of it.

TRENT

Wait, me? How?

MORLAND

Have someone at the station drive you over to the hospital. Complain that your concussion symptoms got worse.

ALAN

Then, when you get to the hospital, find our guy, hit him with this.

Alan opens a case - inside is a large syringe filled with a murky liquid.

TRENT

Jesus. Wait, this is--I don't know.

MORLAND

If this guy wakes up...do I even need to explain it to you?

TRENT

How can we be sure I'll even wind up  
at the same hospital?

ALAN

He's in the trauma ward at Temple.  
Leslie will set up a scan for you, you  
need to sell the concussion symptoms.

TRENT

And Night Moves?

ALAN

I'm gonna handle the strip club. It  
shouldn't be an issue, long as Daisy  
is on the level. She's with us, right?

TRENT

She's in. Why not Derek?

MORLAND

Cause IA's been on my every move. Took  
me thirty minutes to shake'em, just to  
get here.

TRENT

Shit.

MORLAND

I'm gonna lead them away from you  
guys, hopefully get them out of the  
picture for good. Alright?

TRENT

Hang on, wait. This feels wrong. Like  
it's all coming apart at the seams.

ALAN

Larry won't survive a life sentence.  
He's a walking target.

MORLAND

He won't survive 'til the end of the  
month. If one of us were in there,  
instead of Larry--

TRENT

I know.

ALAN

So it's settled then?



TRENT

Just don't let anything happen to  
Daisy.

ALAN

Of course man, nothing's gonna happen.

INT. LARSON'S CAR - NIGHT

Larson drives. Porter rides shotgun.

LARSON

Think I've lost a step, Thomas?

PORTER

Morland's a slippery fuck. Don't let  
him get to you, Bill.

LARSON

You think he's got a second car we  
don't know about?

PORTER

I think he's a good detective and a  
better criminal.

LARSON

I think you're giving him too much  
credit. *Fuck him*. Should we take  
another run at Hastings?

PORTER

Let's let him marinate. Maybe go at  
him again tomorrow night.

LARSON

Fair enough.

PORTER

Drop me off at home, would ya?

LARSON

Got something going on?

PORTER

Patricia dropped the kids at her  
mothers place. Just me and her  
tonight.

LARSON

Ah, to be young again.

PORTER

Psh, you're barely older than me.

LARSON

Yeah, but I've been divorced twice. It makes you age in dog years, trust me.

INT. PORTER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Porter enters. Patricia's in the living room, in a robe.

PATRICIA

Took you long enough.

PORTER

I'm sorry, honey. Hectic day.

Patricia stands in front of him, lets her robe hang open. Porter loosens his tie, approaches his wife.

INT. LARSON'S CAR - NIGHT

Parked down the block from Morland's apartment. Larson takes a cigar out of the center console, fires it up.

His eyes perk up as Morland appears in the distance. For a split second he thinks Morland sees him, so he ducks down beneath the steering wheel.

Larson pops back up, sees Morland walk into his building. Larson takes out his cell, calls Porter.

INT. BEDROOM, PORTER RESIDENCE - SAME TIME

Porter's cell lights up.

He and Patricia fool around under the covers in bed - he does not notice his phone buzzing on the night stand.

INT. LARSON'S CAR - SAME TIME

Morland reappears on the street outside of his building. Larson watches him get into his cruiser, drive off.

Larson follows, calls Porter once more, leaves a voicemail.

LARSON (ON PHONE)

Porter, it's me. Nothing urgent, just letting you know I found Morland and picked up the tail.

He sees Morland drive through a large hole cut into a chain link fence. The hole in the fence acts as an entrance-way, leads onto the empty lot of an ABANDONED FACTORY.

Larson calls Porter again.

LARSON (ON PHONE)

I know you can't last more than a couple minutes in the sack, so I'm gonna assume you fell asleep. I'm following Morland, turning into that old Willow Street Steam Plant, the abandoned one. Don't worry, just gonna observe from the distance.

Larson drives through the torn chainlink fence.

LARSON

Shit.

He's lost sight of Morland's car. He turns off his headlights, drives slowly around the abandoned factory. As he reaches the south side, his car is absorbed by the darkness.

SUDDENLY he is illuminated by the headlights of a pick up truck facing him head-on from fifty feet away. The front of the truck has a SNOWPLOW fixed to it.

Larson lifts his hand up over his eyes, blocks the light.

INT. PICK UP TRUCK - SAME TIME

Morland slams on the accelerator, the truck jumps forward, fifty feet later rams head-on into Larson's car.

INT. LARSON'S CAR - SAME TIME

The air bag goes off in Larson's face. His nose is bloodied.

LARSON

Ah fuck!

He leans to the right, reaches around the airbag for the glovebox - the seatbelt restricts him. He pulls the seatbelt off, opens the glovebox, gets a finger on his gun, still in its holster - the driver's side window is smashed open.

Morland reaches in, stuns Larson with a taser, sends him into a fit of jitters. Morland throws a sack over Larson's head.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Joyce leans against her parked car.

JOYCE (V.O.)  
Human nature is cyclical.

She smokes, stares ahead at the apartment complex.

JOYCE (V.O.)  
Can't recall where I first heard that.

She milks her last drag for all it's worth, flicks her cigarette butt, approaches the complex.

JOYCE (V.O.)  
Not sure if it's become an excuse for  
my behavior, a crutch, or maybe my own  
sort of twisted Samurai Code.

EXT. FRONT DOOR OF THE BOYKINS' RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Joyce stands in front of an apartment. The nameplate on the front door says BOYKINS. She looks at it. After a brief moment, she turns to walk away...then turns back, lifts her fist to knock - but the door opens before she can.

It's Cami - the woman Joyce was in bed with earlier.

CAMI  
Joyce.

JOYCE  
Shit-uh, I mean, Cami. I--

CAMI  
I know you're not here for me.

Cami steps backward into the apartment, holds the door open for Joyce to enter.

JOYCE (V.O.)  
I'm not a good person.

INT. BOYKINS RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

A small but cozy apartment. Dimly lit.

JOYCE  
Is he--

CAMI

OK? No. He's fine, physically. Oh, oh my gosh, are you OK? Joyce I've been so worried about him, I haven't even thought to reach out. You were there.

Cami reaches her hand out, touches Joyce's shoulder. Joyce puts her hand on top of Cami's, leaves it there a moment.

Their hands slide and caress - until they're latched onto each other. They each take half a step in.

BUT THEN NOISE from the other room interrupts them. They separate. Boykins walks out of a back room.

BOYKINS

Minor.

Boykins and Joyce exchange a glance. Joyce and Cami exchange a glance. Cami and Boykins exchange a glance.

JOYCE (V.O.)

I'm not a good person.

Cami exits the room quietly.

JOYCE

I...I'm so--

BOYKINS

You saved my life, Minor. Don't you dare have the audacity to pity me about it.

A tear slides down Joyce's cheek.

BOYKINS

Delaware, it was...orchestrated?

JOYCE

Yes.

BOYKINS

Proof?

JOYCE

Sort of. No.

Boykins drops his gaze to the floor.

BOYKINS

I hate this city. Turns everything to...So, what do we do now?

JOYCE

Tomorrow we'll go see Daisy Birch, keep the investigation going.

BOYKINS

Birch? Trent's stripper chick? Why?

JOYCE

A little birdy pointed me her way.

BOYKINS

No more walking into shit blind. Tell me everything or I'm out.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF BOYKINS' APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Joyce cuts through the parking lot, back to her car. Ten feet from her ride, someone grabs her shoulder.

She panics briefly, side steps, wraps her hand around the grip of her holstered gun - but it's only Cami.

CAMI

I'm sorry, I didn't mean to scare you.

Cami pulls Joyce closer to her.

JOYCE

This isn't good. Right now, I mean.

CAMI

I know.

Cami leans in, plants a wet kiss on Joyce's lips.

CAMI

Can I see you soon, though?

Joyce pulls away, walks backward to her car.

JOYCE

Probably not, I'm sorry.

She gets into the car, drives off.

INT. PATIENT ROOM, HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Trent wears a hospital gown, rises from the curtained-off bed, pulls the IV out of his arm, gets up.

He pokes his head out through the curtain, looks around.

INT. MAIN DESK, HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

NURSE MAGGIE types away on a computer. She doesn't look up.

TRENT

Excuse me, ma'am'?

MAGGIE

The doctor will be in to see you shortly.

TRENT

I was actually looking for a friend of mine. Was hoping you might be able to help me find him.

MAGGIE

A visiter?

TRENT

Actually no, I heard my old pal from the Marines was recently admitted here. Got shot up and left out in the cold, apparently he's in a coma.

MAGGIE

Ah, you're a friend of the patient?

TRENT

Yes ma'am, so he is here?

MAGGIE

If it's the man I'm thinking of, he is - but he's in bad shape, and not suppose to be seeing anyone right now.

TRENT

I bet, but me and him, we go way back. After our first tour together I...Look, I just can't let him be alone right now. He must be so scared.

Maggie looks up from her computer for the first time.

MAGGIE

That's sweet. He's one floor down,  
room 217. Don't tell anyone that I  
told you though.

TRENT

Our secret.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF MALL - NIGHT

Alan, dressed in all black, backpack on, walks around the  
parking lot, studies all of the cars.

He eyes a row of cars, slyly approaches a black sedan.

He takes a long metal rod out of his bag, goes to jimmy open  
the car door. He starts to slide the rod in--SUDDENLY the  
headlights on the sedan flash, the doors unlock - a SHOPPER  
in the distance makes her way back to her black sedan, having  
just unlocked the car.

Alan scurries away into a different row of cars to hideout.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Trent enters the hospital room of the coma PATIENT. The  
patient's hooked up to tubes and IVs, his eyes closed.

Trent shuts the door behind him, takes out the case that Alan  
provided, opens it up, stares at the syringe.

EXT. PARKING LOT OF MALL - NIGHT

Alan has found a car to steal - a black Lincoln town car. He  
slides the rod down into the driver's side door.

After a moment, he manages to jimmy the lock open.

Alan crawls inside, takes his knife out hot-wires the car.

INT. PORTER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Patricia wakes up in bed, startled. She shakes her husband.

PATRICIA

Thomas. Thomas, wake up.

PORTER

What's up?



PATRICIA

Shit, I'm sorry. I thought someone was  
in the house. Was just a bad dream.

Porter rolls over, kisses his wife. His phone buzzes on the  
night stand. He rolls back over to check it. He's received a  
text message from Larson: I'M COMING OVER. ARE YOU HOME?

Porter scratches his head, replies: YES, WHY?

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Trent stands over the coma patient, holds the syringe in his  
right hand. He fixes his grip to plunge it downward.

Just as he thrusts the syringe down, the patient's eyes open,  
he grabs ahold of Trent's wrist with both hands.

A struggle ensues. Trent uses the full force of his body to  
push the syringe down into the patient. The patient tries to  
scream for help - but words can't escape his damaged throat.

INT. STOLEN LINCOLN - NIGHT

Alan pulls up outside of Night Moves.

He puts a pair of gloves on, pulls a black ski mask over his  
face, takes out a handgun.

He checks to make sure it's loaded and cocked.

INT. BEDROOM, PORTER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

In bed, Porter opens up his text conversation with Larson. He  
re-reads his last two texts from Larson, then scrolls up and  
compares them with previous messages he's received.

In Larson's previous messages, he spelled YOU as 'U' and  
COMING as 'CUMMING'.

Porter re-reads the messages several times over.

PATRICIA

What's the matter?

INT. MAIN STAGE AREA, NIGHT MOVES STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Alan enters the strip club, draws his gun. Daisy dances up on  
a small stage. Alan walks backward over to her stage, pulls  
her down, puts the gun to her head.

ALAN  
Walk me over to the back room, bitch!

The OTHER DANCERS jump off the stage. PATRONS head for the exits. Daisy leads Alan to the back office.

DAISY  
(whispers)  
Where the fuck is Trent?

ALAN  
He had to take care of something.  
Don't worry, you'll see him later.

DONNY walks out of the back room, clutches a shotgun.

DONNY  
What the fuck is this?

ALAN  
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Drop it, guy! Or  
I'll blow her fucking brains out!

DONNY  
You think I give a fuck about a  
dancing chicken?

Donny cocks the shotgun. Alan fires three bullets at him. Strippers scream. Johns knock each other over as they flee.

DAISY  
Oh my god, oh my god, oh my god! What  
the fuck are you doing?

ALAN  
Let's fucking go, I don't have time  
for this shit.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT MOVES STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Alan pushes Daisy into the backroom.

DAISY  
Hey!

ALAN  
Where's the safe?

She points at a large safe hidden under a table.

ALAN  
What's the code?

DAISY  
I don't fucking know! Only Donny has  
it, you trigger happy retard.

ALAN  
Who the fuck is Donny?

DAISY  
The guy you just shot, you useless  
ape!

ALAN  
Jesus Christ, why didn't you tell me?

DAISY  
I told Trent, you dumb fucking prick.

ALAN  
Say one more fucking thing, bitch!

DAISY  
And you'll do what? You stupid fu-

BANG. He shoots her in the head.

ALAN  
Ahhh, *fff-fuck*. Goddamnit.

Alan storms out of the back room.

INT. MAIN STAGE AREA, NIGHT MOVES STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

The strip club is now empty, except for Donny who bleeds out  
on the floor.

ALAN  
Hey, wake up. Hey asshole, wake up.

Alan slaps Donny's face until his eyes open.

DONNY  
Shit man, you shot me. Am I gonna die?

Donny's mouth fills up with blood.

ALAN  
What's the code to the safe?

DONNY

Oh shit, you shot me like, *three times?*

ALAN

Do you wanna go to the hospital?

DONNY

Wha?

ALAN

If you want me to take you to the hospital, you'll tell me what the code to the safe is.

DONNY

The safe?

ALAN

The fucking safe. What's the code?

DONNY

And you'll take me to the hospital?

ALAN

Yes.

DONNY

32-57-63.

Alan returns to the back room.

INT. BACK ROOM, NIGHT MOVES STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

Alan enters the code to the safe - it opens. He takes the cash out, loads it into his backpack.

INT. MAIN STAGE AREA, NIGHT MOVES STRIP CLUB - MOMENTS LATER

He walks out of the back room, calmly.

ALAN

Thanks Donny.

DONNY

We going to the hospital now?

Alan shoots Donny once more as he walks by, moves slowly out the front door of the strip club.

EXT. NIGHT MOVES - MOMENTS LATER

Sirens in the distance. Alan walks back to his stolen car.

INT. BEDROOM, PORTER RESIDENCE - NIGHT

Porter and Patricia sit up in bed.

PATRICIA

You think something happened to Bill?

PORTER

I don't know. Maybe I'm being  
paranoid.

Patricia gets up.

PORTER

Where you going?

PATRICIA

Well there's no way I'm going to sleep  
now. Might as well make some coffee.  
You want a cup?

PORTER

Sure, why not?

Patricia heads downstairs to the kitchen. Porter gets up,  
walks into the bathroom, takes a piss.

INT. PORTER'S BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

He shakes his dick off. His cell buzzes. It's a text from  
Larson's phone again: I AM HERE. COME TO THE FRONT DOOR.

PORTER

Shit.

INT. BEDROOM, PORTER RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

He leaps over to his bedside table, grabs his gun. There's a  
KNOCK at the front door.

PATRICIA (FROM DOWNSTAIRS)

Honey, the door!

PORTER

Don't answer it!

Porter runs out of his bedroom.

INT. STAIRCASE, PORTER RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

From atop the stairs Porter watches as his front door is kicked-in.

Morland, decked out in all black with a ski mask and a bulletproof vest, stands in the doorway, gun in hand.

Porter shoots downward from the top of the stairs.

Morland crouches down on one knee, hides behind the door frame for protection, fires back up the stairs at Porter.

PORTER

Patty, run!

Morland fires-off several rounds. He manages to graze Porter's hip with a bullet.

Porter lets out a scream, fires back. Porter's gun clicks - he's out of ammo.

PORTER

Fuck.

He looks back at his bedroom, then peers down at Morland.

INT. BEDROOM, PORTER RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Porter limps as fast as he can back to his bed side table, opens it up, grabs his second and final clip of ammo.

He jacks it into his gun, limps back to the stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE, PORTER RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Morland is no longer in view - he's infiltrated the house.

PORTER

Shit, Patricia!

Porter limps down the stairs - only makes it three steps before his hip gives out. He tumbles down the rest of the way, hits the bottom of the staircase hard.

INT. FIRST FLOOR, PORTER RESIDENCE - SAME TIME

The BLAST of a gun-shot, the sound of GLASS SHATTERING in the kitchen. Porter stands himself up against the wall.

INT. KITCHEN, PORTER RESIDENCE - MOMENTS LATER

Porter limps into the kitchen.

PORTER  
Patricia!

PATRICIA  
I'm fine, Thomas.

Patricia stands there, unharmed, shotgun in hand.

PATRICIA  
Oh my god, you're hurt.

PORTER  
I'm fine, just a graze - you, you're OK?

PATRICIA  
Fine. Hit him in the chest with a buckshot. He fell through the sliding door, ran off. Think he had armor on.

PORTER  
Jesus Christ.

PATRICIA  
What now?

PORTER  
Call 9-1-1.

INT. ALAN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

A KNOCK at the front door. Alan walks over, looks through the peep hole, opens the door, lets Trent inside. Morland leans against a wall as Leslie cleans his bullet wound.

TRENT  
What happened?

ALAN  
Derek got shot. He'll be alright, Leslie's stitching 'em up now.

MORLAND  
Everything go OK at the hospital?

TRENT  
It's done. What happened? This was IA?

MORLAND

I went one for two. Took a shot to the vest. The one in my arm's through-and-through. I'll be fine.

TRENT

Wait, what about the strip club? Is Daisy OK?

ALAN

Things got--

MORLAND

Not in front of Leslie.

ALAN

She's a rock, you don't have to worry about her.

LESLIE

I've stopped the bleeding, I'll go for some coffee. Your friends need to be getting on their way, though.

ALAN

I'm sorry baby, give us thirty minutes and we'll be out of your hair.

Leslie tosses her latex gloves in the trash, leaves.

MORLAND

Thought this was your apartment, Alan?

ALAN

We share it, it's ours.

MORLAND

Didn't sound like it--

ALAN

Fuck you, alright? How about next time I'll superglue your arm myself?

TRENT

Hold on, wait a minute. What the fuck happened at the strip club?

MORLAND

Things went awry.



ALAN  
Daisy killed the strip club manager.

TRENT  
What-wait? Why? How?

ALAN  
He wouldn't give up the safe code.

TRENT  
Where'd she even get a gun?

ALAN  
She took it off the manager.

TRENT  
You're fucking kidding me?

MORLAND  
Relax, Trent. We put her on a  
greyhound to Mexico City.

TRENT  
Jesus, OK. Good, good thinking. I'm  
gonna call her.

ALAN  
You can't.

TRENT  
Why?

ALAN  
I made her ditch her cell.

MORLAND  
We need to act like the jig is up. Cat  
is outta the fucking bag. Too many  
bodies connect back to us.

ALAN  
Time to spring Larry, hit the boarder.

MORLAND  
You deal with the warden yet?

ALAN  
No, was heading there when you called.  
I'll go. You got us a set of wheels?

MORLAND

No, Trent can you handle that?

TRENT

Of course. What are you gonna do?

MORLAND

I need to go see my son.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE PORTER RESIDENCE - SUN RISE

Porter and Patricia sit on the front steps.

EMT 3 pokes and prods Porter's hip.

FORENSICS GUYS examine the bullet holes in the house.

A blue sedan, abandoned halfway on the curb, sticks out into the street on a diagonal.

PORTER

I'm fine, really. It barely broke skin. This isn't necessary.

Joyce Minor pulls up in her newly restored cruiser. She gets out, approaches the Porters.

JOYCE

You two OK?

Patricia looks at Joyce, then looks away.

PORTER

Been better.

JOYCE

You get a look at the guy?

PORTER

He had a mask on. But I'm pretty sure it was Detective Morland.

PATRICIA

A cop did this? Jesus Thomas.

Porter kisses Patricia, stands up, limps a few steps away.

JOYCE

Daisy's dead.

PORTER

What?

2 BEAT COPS attempt to pry open the trunk of the blue sedan.

JOYCE

Robbery-homicide at Night Moves. Two dead, Daisy Birch and the manager.

PORTER

Shit. Where does that leave us?

JOYCE

Unless we can connect Morland to what happened here, we got nothing.

PORTER

We need to get a search going for my partner. Morland used Bill's phone to lock down my location before he ambushed us.

The cops pry the trunk open.

COP 1

Oh shit.

COP 2

Shit. Detective?

Porter and Joyce walk over, look in the trunk. BILL LARSON'S DEAD BODY is stuffed inside.

JOYCE

Christ.

PORTER

Ah no, oh motherfucker!

Porter stumbles backward, takes a knee on the pavement.

PATRICIA

Thomas? Thomas, what is it?

She stands up.

PORTER

Just stay over there, Patty. Ah shit.

INT. BOYKINS RESIDENCE - DAY

Boykins sits alone in his living room. The News is on the TV, muted. He just sits there taking his gun apart, cleaning it meticulously, putting it back together. Then starting over.

Boykins exhales dramatically. His head slumps over.

INT. CADILLAC, SUBMERGED IN POOL - DAY (FLASHBACK)

*For a brief moment, Boykins is a kid again, back in his father's Cadillac, at the bottom of the pool.*

INT. BOYKINS RESIDENCE - DAY

A KNOCK at the door brings him back to reality. He opens it. Joyce stands in his doorway.

BOYKINS

What is it? We aren't supposed to go see Daisy 'til--

JOYCE

Already saw her. She's dead. Her strip club was robbed. She was talking to Porter, from IA. She blabbed.

BOYKINS

You think--

JOYCE

They killed her, I do.

Boykins drops his gaze down to the gun in his hand.

BOYKINS

Morland used me like a pawn.

JOYCE

They used Daisy too. Then they took her off the board. Come on. Let's go. I need to show you a few things.

INT. JOYCE'S UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Joyce drives, Boykins rides shotgun.

JOYCE

My former partner.

BOYKINS

What about him?

JOYCE

Wit-pro. A friend in the FBI told me they moved him to a quiet little cul-de-sac in Arizona.

BOYKINS

I'm sure he hates his life now. Bored to death, probably. All those guys. When the rush is gone, they got nothing else.

JOYCE

You know after World War Two, the U.S. Government kidnapped Nazi scientists, put them up in a nice little cul-de-sac, paid them to design rockets?

BOYKINS

No...I didn't know that.

Joyce pulls the car over, outside of a large liquor store.

BOYKINS

Why're we stopping?

JOYCE

Guess who owns that liquor store.

BOYKINS

Who?

JOYCE

Jarrett Temple.

BOYKINS

Cop?

JOYCE

Used to be. Also used to recruit girls off the street for my ex partner.

BOYKINS

Why isn't he in prison?

JOYCE

Pled out. Cut a deal. Named names. Not cop names, but names. Got time-served plus probation.

BOYKINS

I bet the IRS is up his ass, though.  
Bet he can hardly afford to pay  
himself a decent salary. You said one  
of 'em wound up in jail, long-term?

Joyce puts the car back in drive, cruises.

JOYCE

Yeah but even he's living as good as  
it gets in there. The others make sure  
of it. Keep him comfortable enough so  
he's not a problem. Candy, cigarettes,  
porn - on demand. He's even sleeping  
on a tempur-pedic mattress.

Boykins leans his head up against the passenger window.

BOYKINS

Still prison, though.

Joyce takes out two cigs, lights both, passes one to Boykins.

JOYCE

Here.

BOYKINS

What's going on, Minor? What are we  
doing?

JOYCE (V.O.)

I need to make him see.

Joyce hangs a left, pulls into a car wash.

INT. JOYCE'S CRUISER, CAR WASH - MOMENTS LATER

She drives right into the tunnel - the wash begins.

JOYCE

This car wash--

BOYKINS

*Let me guess, owned by one of your  
former partner's many corrupt cohorts.*

JOYCE

All of them. They all used this place  
to clean their cash.

BOYKINS

And you know all of this, how?

JOYCE

Because I never stopped keeping tabs on them. Any of them.

JOYCE (V.O.)

And because I failed the first time.

They exit the car wash tunnel. Joyce lowers her window, pays an attendant, drives off.

BOYKINS

Take me back. I want to go home.

JOYCE

One more place.

BOYKINS

Minor, I--

JOYCE

One more place. If my point isn't clear by then, I'll take you home.

They pull up outside of an abandoned motel.

BOYKINS

Where are we now?

JOYCE

Best spot in Philly for 24/7 Percocet and prostitutes. Let's go.

Joyce unbuckles her seatbelt, exits the car. Boykins hesitates - but follows.

EXT. ABANDONED MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Joyce walks toward the front door of the corner-most room. She checks to make sure her gun is loaded and cocked.

BOYKINS

Minor. C'mon now...

Boykins readies his pistol. Joyce knocks three times loudly. No answer.

She punches the window beside the door, breaks the glass, reaches her arm in through the window, flips the lock.

BOYKINS

Jesus.

Boykins grips his gun, gets into an athletic stance. They enter the dilapidated motel room.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, ABANDONED MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The inside is one small room, a door leads to a bathroom near the back. It appears no one is home. Cigarette butts and drug paraphernalia are strewn about.

Joyce and Boykins move slowly toward the bathroom door.

BOYKINS

So much for 24/7.

Joyce reaches out, puts her hand on the bathroom door knob.

INT. MOTEL BATHROOM - SAME TIME

She pushes the door open.

BOYKINS

Oh my.

A YOUNG GIRL, about 16, sits on the floor in a puddle of filth. She's handcuffed to a chain wrapped around the toilet.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Jesus Christ.

JOYCE

Boykins, find something to cut this chain with.

Joyce removes her jacket, hangs it over the young girls shoulders.

INT. MOTEL ROOM, ABANDONED MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Boykins walks out of the bathroom to look for tools - notices the knob on the front door turn from the outside.

BOYKINS

Shit, we got company.

Minor unholsters her gun, exits the bathroom, closes the door behind her, grabs Boykins, steers him to the space beside the front door.



The front door opens, momentarily shields Boykins and Joyce from the view of the TWO MEN who enter.

MAN 1 speaks to MAN 2 in an indiscernible European Dialect.

Joyce pops out from behind the door, pistol whips Man 1.

Man 2 goes to draw his gun but Boykins tackles him - they fall backward onto the bed, roll onto the floor.

Joyce cuffs Man 1's hands behind his back.

She rises, sees that Man 2 has gotten the upper hand on Boykins, sits atop the detective, strangles him.

Boykins' face goes dark purple - he's about to pass out.

Joyce appears behind Man 2, cracks him in the back of the head with the butt of her gun. He relinquishes his grip.

Boykins lets out a gasp. Joyce takes a pair of keys out of Man 1's pocket. She goes into the bathroom, frees the chained up girl.

Boykins gets up, walks over to the TV set, rips out the cable box, walks back over to Man 2.

BOYKINS

This is the last fucking time I follow  
you anywhere, Minor.

Boykins smashes Man 2's head in with the cable box. Blood splatters upward onto his face.

JOYCE

Boykins. Boykins. Gerald!

Boykins finally stops. He's covered in Man 2's blood. He points to a pile of clothes in the corner. Joyce gathers it, brings it to the girl.

BOYKINS

How'd you know she was here?

His voice is horse. He finally drops the cable box.

JOYCE

I didn't. Figured we'd find some  
dealers, women, not a little girl.

BOYKINS

They run this place? Your former partner and his boys?

JOYCE

I don't know who runs this place. Don't know who these two are.

BOYKINS

Then why'd you lead me to this shithole!?

JOYCE

Because of the people who frequent it...We're not calling this in.

BOYKINS

Yeah, no shit.

JOYCE

We'll ask her if she has a home to go back to--

Suddenly the girl comes running out of the bathroom, right past Joyce and Boykins, sprints out the front door.

EXT. ABANDONED MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

Joyce and Boykins run outside, watch the girl disappear.

BOYKINS

Jesus! Should we go after her?

INT. JOYCE'S UNMARKED POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Back on the road.

BOYKINS

What'd you mean, about knowing who frequents it. *Who* frequents it, Minor?

JOYCE

Morland and his team. Other cops, too.

BOYKINS

Why'd you bring me there?

JOYCE

Because you needed to see.

BOYKINS

Why?

JOYCE (V.O.)

Because I have to break the cycle.

JOYCE

Because this time there will be no regrets for me. And I just needed you to know why.

She pulls up outside Boykin's building.

BOYKINS

She's leaving me.

JOYCE

What?

BOYKINS

Or at least, she intends too. I found a note that she wrote, but never gave me. I was looking for a lighter in her dresser.

JOYCE

Shit. Boykins, I'm sorry.

BOYKINS

Are you?

Joyce opens her mouth to speak, nothing comes out. Boykin's gets out of the car.

JOYCE (V.O.)

I'm not a good person.

EXT. OUTSIDE MORLAND'S WIFE'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Morland leans against the brick facade. Stevey exits the building, walks by with over-the-ear headphones on.

MORLAND

Stevy. Stevey!

Stevy doesn't hear him, he keeps walking. Morland runs up to him, puts a hand on his shoulder, startles him.

STEVY

Shit! You scared the crap outta me.

MORLAND  
Headed to school?

STEVEY  
Where else would I be going?

MORLAND  
Can I give you a ride?

STEVEY  
It's just a few blocks away.

MORLAND  
Please?

INT. MORLAND'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Stevie looks restless in the shotgun seat.

MORLAND  
How's your mother?

STEVEY  
Good.

MORLAND  
Paul's treating you alright?

STEVEY  
Paul's a pussy.

MORLAND  
Hey.

STEVEY  
He's fine. Stays out of my way.

MORLAND  
You been staying out of fights?

STEVEY  
Since you left? Yeah.

MORLAND  
Growing up, you saw shit you shouldn't  
have had to see.

STEVEY  
Like you being a coke-head, drunk?

MORLAND

You don't have to forgive me yet, but I am sorry.

STEVEY

That's good to know, *dad*.

MORLAND

You know I grew up in the system?

STEVEY

Is that supposed to be an excuse?

MORLAND

No but--

STEVEY

Never had a father, so you don't know how to *be* one?

MORLAND

You say that like it's--

STEVEY

A cliché?

They pull over.

MORLAND

I'm gonna go away for a while--

STEVEY

Good.

MORLAND

I was thinking when I come back, you me and your mother, we can all go away. Together. Get a fresh start.

STEVEY

I thought mom told you already.

MORLAND

Told me what?

STEVEY

We're moving.

MORLAND

What? Where?

STACEY

Idaho. With Paul. For his work.

Stevey gets out of the car, slams the door. Morland reaches into the glovebox, takes out the whiskey flask, opens it, smells the fumes...chugs it down. He takes his cell out.

MORLAND (ON PHONE)

Where are you...Trent with you?  
OK...I'm coming.

He drives off. Several blocks later, he pulls up next to a station wagon. Alan's in the driver's seat, Trent rides shotgun. Morland puts his car in park, tosses his cell onto the front passenger seat, gets out.

INT. STATION WAGON - MOMENTS LATER

Morland climbs into the back seat. They drive off. Alan and Trent are both dressed in prison guard outfits.

MORLAND

Nice ride.

TRENT

It's unassuming. Here.

Trent passes a prison guard outfit back to Morland.

ALAN

How's Stevey?

MORLAND

He's a piece of shit, just like his dad.

ALAN

What's that they say about apples and trees?

MORLAND

Think I've had enough cliches for one day. You take care of the warden?

ALAN

I did. He wants this to look...convincing.

They makes eye contact through the rearview mirror.

TRENT

I got a bad feeling about this.

ALAN

Cool it with that talk. Just stay focused.

Morland checks the ammo in his handgun.

MORLAND

What kinda fire power we got?

ALAN

Got a tube up here. Uzi in the trunk.

TRENT

Got my glock and a few extra rounds.

Morland takes out his pack of cigarettes, sees that it's empty, except for the joints he stole from Stevey.

INT. PORTER'S CAR - DAY

Porter speaks to Patricia on speaker phone.

PATRICIA (O.S.)

Got us a good rate at that place in South Beach we like.

PORTER

That's great. Can we get the kids their own room?

PATRICIA (O.S.)

Was thinking we'd just leave them up here, at my mothers.

PORTER

Now *that's* an idea.

PATRICIA (O.S.)

Sounds like you're in the car?

PORTER

I am, I'll be home in time for dinner. Deputy Commish said he needed to see me, said it was important.

PATRICIA (O.S.)

Well, that's cryptic.

PORTER  
I'll tell you about it later.

PATRICIA (O.S.)  
I love you.

PORTER  
And I love you.

Porter pulls up to a crime scene. COPS and FEDS surround a station wagon with THREE DEAD BODIES inside.

EXT. CRIME SCENE, STREET - SAME TIME

DISTRICT ATTORNEY KASNER, 60s, hands on hips, chews a cigar.

He talks to DEPUTY COMMISSIONER PRESCOTT, 50s, black man.

D.A. KASNER  
Deputy Commissioner. This is a royal clusterfuck. How the fuck am I supposed to spin this?

PRESCOTT  
Doesn't your office employ a publicist?

D.A. KASNER  
We've got a dozen. But what's that old cliché? This is above their pay grade. What's your take?

PRESCOTT  
As far as I'm concerned, Philly's got three less scumbags to worry about.

D.A. KASNER  
That's not what I mean, Prescott. I'm talking about the narrative.

PRESCOTT  
The narrative?

D.A. KASNER  
How to spin this.

PRESCOTT  
Fairly certain that's above my pay grade, Sir.



D.A. KASNER  
 Won't be for long. But it sounds like  
 you already know that.

D.A. Kasner walks away, shakes his head. Porter approaches.

PORTER  
 Deputy Commissioner.

PRESCOTT  
 Knock it off with that shit, Thomas.

They shake hands.

PORTER  
 Alvin.

PRESCOTT  
 Heard they offered you a promotion.

PORTER  
 Not sure I'll take it. Think I need to  
 get out of this city for a while.

PRESCOTT  
 Please...Philly's got her hooks in  
 you. I'm sorry about your partner.

PORTER  
 Thanks. And thanks for helping with  
 Bill's memorial. You're a good man.

PRESCOTT  
 Aren't you curious who's in the  
 station wagon?

PORTER  
 Not my crime scene, not my problem.

PRESCOTT  
 Take a look. Please.

INT. STATION WAGON - DAY

Morland has changed into his prison guard uniform. They stop  
 at a red light. A VAN PULLS UP NEXT TO THEIR STATION WAGON.

Trent sniffs the air.

TRENT  
 Wait. You been drinking, Derek?

MORLAND  
So what if I have?

Morland takes out one of Stevey's joints.

ALAN  
Christ man. Out of all the days to  
fall off the wagon, you pick today?

MORLAND  
I'm confused, Alan. Did you become  
some kind of a *fucking saint* since I  
saw you last? I'm pretty sure Saints  
aren't supposed to manipulate their  
friends, right Trent?

ALAN  
Shut up, Derek. Shut the fuck up.

MORLAND  
Probably ain't allowed to piss on  
little girls, either.

TRENT  
Wait, what?

ALAN  
Morland, say one more fucking word--

MORLAND  
Menowski case was tossed months ago!

Alan pulls his seat belt off, turns to pounce on Morland--but  
Trent jams the barrel of his pistol into Alan's throat.

ALAN  
Trent, what the fuck--

TRENT  
Both of you, just shut the fuck up.  
Let me think, just wait, just wait!

The side door of the van next to them slides open, REVEALS  
JOYCE MINOR, clutching an AR-15, aimed at the station wagon.

Morland's team fails to NOTICE.

TRENT  
Daisy would not have gotten on a bus.  
We had a plan. We had a fucking plan.

ALAN

Trent, stop. Her phone got lost--

TRENT

Don't lie to me!

Morland looks over to the left, finally sees the van.

MORLAND

Shit.

He lights up Stevey's joint, takes a deep deep puff.

Bullets shred through the station wagon and everyone inside.

EXT. CRIME SCENE, STREET - DAY

Porter studies the station wagon, his jaw drops. He takes his cell out, runs a hand over his bald head.

PRESCOTT

Haven't seen you this rattled in years. Any idea who did this?

Porter glares at Prescott, dials a number into his cell, puts it to his ear.

PORTER (ON PHONE)

Patty, I'm not gonna make it to South Beach.

FADE OUT.

**SUPER: "Sixteen Months Later"**

EXT. BROKEN DOWN VAN, LOT OF ABANDONED MOTEL - NIGHT

Outside the same abandoned motel where Joyce and Boykins found the chained up girl. An old minivan with no tires, parked in the corner of the lot. It rests on four cinderblocks. A blue tarp rigged atop the back passenger door extends outward, adds square-footage to the squatter's home.

The outline of said SQUATTER can be seen through the dark dirty windows of the minivan.

A VAGRANT in a poncho cuts through the dead vegetation at the back of the motel lot, climbs into the minivan.

INT. BROKEN DOWN VAN, LOT OF ABANDONED MOTEL - MOMENTS LATER

The vagrant pulls the hood of his poncho off. It's no vagrant at all - it's THOMAS PORTER. The squatter is revealed to be GERALD BOYKINS. A pair of binoculars hang from his neck.

PORTER

Any action?

BOYKINS

Not yet. Soon, though.

PORTER

Sure.

BOYKINS

How was she?

PORTER

She was...she seemed at peace. You gonna go see her?

Boykins perks up, snaps his fingers.

BOYKINS

Camera, camera, camera.

Porter lifts the camera from the dash, snaps pictures through the windshield.

UNIFORMED OFFICERS approach the abandoned motel.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT WING, STATE PRISON FACILITY - NIGHT

CO1 & CO2 walk down the corridor of cells.

PRISONERS bark at them as they pass.

CO1 checks the list of names on the clipboard he holds, mutters each name to himself under his breath.

CO1

Wow. She's back.

He points at one of the names on the clipboard.

CO2

Can't really blame her. Gen-Pop's no place for a cop.

INT. SOLITARY CONFINEMENT CELL - SAME TIME

Joyce sits on a cot, wears a prison jumpsuit.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Bad things happen in big spaces.

Joyce waits until the COs have passed, rises from her cot, opens up a thin slit at the end of the mattress, pulls out a rubber-banded stack of files and a thick red marker.

Joyce takes a dozen headshots out from one of the files, spreads them across her cot. Four of the headshots are recognizable: Morland, Alan, Trent and Hastings.

JOYCE (V.O.)

Small spaces give me a sense of control.

Joyce draws a fat red 'X' across each of their faces, sticks their pictures back into the file.

She turns her attention to the other headshots.

**END.**