

**I ONCE KNEW A COP**

written by

Erin King

WGAE Reg. I323600  
© Copyright 2020 CTXu2164692

October 13, 2020

FADE IN:

EXT. OPEN FIELD - MORNING - DAWN

In a grassy field, the shadow of a human figure throws a lighted match. It floats through the air.

Flames ERUPT and thick black smoke billows into the air.

The human shadow stands there watching for a few moments, then TURNS and rapidly WALKS away.

MUSIC CUE: "Peaceful World" BY John Mellencamp

INT. QUEENS, NY - VALERIE JAMES'S KITCHEN - MORNING

Coffee HITS the floor.

VALERIE (O.S.)

Shit!

VALERIE JAMES, 27, sets down her cup and grabs a dish towel from the counter.

She is wearing a T-shirt, underwear, and slippers and is a dead-ringer for Lupita Nyong'o.

She wipes the spill and resumes drinking as she peers out the window. She sets down the cup and exits the kitchen.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Valerie stands in front of the mirror primping her hair with a lift.

She crosses the hall and heads into her bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Valerie walks past her bed. The covers are strewn about.

An alarm clock on her nightstand reads 7:02 AM.

INSERT - ALARM CLOCK

INT. LIVING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Fully dressed in a police uniform, Valerie chews on a half piece of toast.

Tasteful black and white art adorns one wall. Several unpacked cardboard boxes sit to the side.

She finishes the toast, grabs her uniform jacket from the sofa and puts it on.

She hoists a shoulder bag from the sofa over her arm and EXITS the apartment.

END MUSIC: "Peaceful World" by John Mellencamp

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. NYPD 29TH PRECINCT - SAME MORNING

Valerie ENTERS the building, which is old but well-maintained. She nods hello to TWO OFFICERS exiting the precinct.

CAPTAIN WALTER EVANS, 63, a stocky black man, swaggers nearby.

He is ARGUING with 39 year-old OFFICER ANDREW 'ANDY' JORDINSKI.

Andy shrugs at the captain and shakes his head.

CAPTAIN EVANS

Jordinski, I'm tired of this.  
Just find the damn file.

ANDY

I'm tellin' you, Captain, I  
put it right back in the file  
box in your office. No idea  
why it isn't there.

CAPTAIN EVANS

(notices Valerie)

Well it's not there even though  
my spreadsheet indicates that  
it should be. And since you  
were the last one to sign it  
out, you're responsible for it  
missing. Find it! You know we  
gotta' submit all closed cases  
by end of this fiscal year.

ANDY

Yeah, but *is* that one closed?

The captain shoots him an annoyed glare.

ANDY

Fine, I'll find it. That's  
what we desk jockeys do.

He sees Valerie and holds out his hand to shake  
hers.

ANDY

Hey. Andy Jordinski.

VALERIE

Valerie James.

ANDY

Nice to meet you.

VALERIE

Same here.

Andy looks over at the captain, who is still annoyed, then looks back at Valerie.

ANDY

Excuse me.

He heads over to a set of nearby file cabinets and opens a drawer.

Captain Evans gives Valerie a pained smile.

CAPTAIN EVANS

The man is a human thorn. Ms. James, it's good to see you again.

VALERIE

Good to see you too, Captain Evans.

CAPTAIN EVANS

Let's get you a locker for your stuff and you can meet your partner.

He leads Valerie past a clump of desks and offices.

VALERIE

(coyly)

Isn't this is how all future forensics specialists start?

CAPTAIN EVANS

Yeah right. Talk about doin' things the hard way. You know it's not too late for you to back outta' beat patrol. I can call in a favor and get you an entry assignment in forensics.

VALERIE

Thanks. I've thought about it though, and I still think it's best I learn the street and get up close and personal to field police work before I...

Valerie is distracted by OFFICER CHRIS RYAN, 36, who is CHARGING towards them from the opposite direction.

He is tallish and handsome with a strong build and sandy brown hair.

CHRIS

Captain!

CAPTAIN EVANS

Ryan, what the hell is it?

Chris stops abruptly, then grins.

CHRIS

Nothin', I just thought I'd welcome my new partner.

He sticks out his hand to Valerie.

CHRIS

Chris Ryan, good to meet you.

Valerie smiles and shakes his hand.

VALERIE

Valerie James. Nice to meet you, Chris. Anyone ever tell you, you look a little like Channing Tatum?

CHRIS

Heck yeah, he's my first cousin.

VALERIE

Wow, really?

CHRIS

Nah, I'm just shittin' ya'.

Valerie amusedly rolls her eyes.

CHRIS

I can take over from here,  
Captain.

CAPTAIN EVANS

Fine. Officer James will need  
a locker. Roll call at "o"800  
hours.

Captain Evans exits the area. Chris leads Valerie  
through a hallway and down a flight of stairs.

CHRIS

I hear you have a Masters in  
Criminal Justice from Penn  
State. What was it like there?

VALERIE

Not bad, if you can bear the  
occasional scandal.

They arrive at a blue door with baseball stickers  
covering it.

Chris OPENS the door and shows Valerie into the  
locker room.

INT. PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The room is big with rows of lockers painted green.

OTHER OFFICERS are there chatting in front of their  
own respective lockers.

Chris leads Valerie around a corner and points at the rows of lockers there.

CHRIS

This is the women's area.  
Choose any vacant locker.

VALERIE

Thanks.

CHRIS

Sure. I'll wait for you in the  
hall and show you where to  
punch in.

He looks at his watch.

CHRIS

Five minutes 'til roll call.

He EXITS the locker room.

Valerie OPENS a locker, hangs her shoulder bag inside and then UNZIPS it to remove a few items.

INT. PRECINCT MEETING ROOM - MINUTES LATER

Valerie and Chris enter a room with rows of long tables and metal chairs. MANY OFFICERS are present.

Chris takes a seat near the front of the room.  
Valerie sits next to him, on his left.

OFFICER KIRBY DALTON, 45, about six feet tall with a lean, medium build and dark hair enters.

OFFICER ANTONIO SUAREZ, 40 and clean-cut, enters alongside him.

Antonio sits next to Chris, and Kirby next to Antonio.



Captain Evans enters holding a clipboard and moves to the front of the room.

The officers whip out their respective notepads. Antonio leans toward Chris.

ANTONIO

Hey Ryan, I see you brought  
your cleaning lady with you.

Valerie, realizing this is a jab at her, leans forward to see Officer Suarez and smiles.

VALERIE

(in Spanish; subtitled)  
Hey, your wife called. ICE has  
her.

Antonio grins and stretches out his hand.

ANTONIO

(in Spanish; subtitled)  
Not bad, officer...?

VALERIE

...James. Valerie.

ANTONIO

Antonio Suarez.

They quickly shake hands.

CAPTAIN EVANS

...so Suarez, when you're done  
flirtin' I need you and Dalton  
to get over to Liberty Ave in  
Jamaica.

Antonio writes on his notepad.

CAPTAIN EVANS

Several restaurants were  
vandalized there last night.

## CAPTAIN EVANS (CONT'D)

The manager at Rainbow Parrilla got his nose broke when he caught the guy in the act. Interview him and any potential witnesses. Collar the red cap-wearing lowlife for hate-crimes assault and destruction of property.

Kirby stops writing, as though he takes issue with the Captain's last sentence.

## KIRBY

Sure boss, I'll start with the waitresses first.

He smirks. Antonio knocks him with his elbow.

Captain Evans is less amused.

## CAPTAIN EVANS

Wasn't your ex-wife a waitress, Dalton? Yet even with her salary she still bailed on your ass.

The room fills with sarcastic GROANS and SNICKERS as Dalton smiles coyly and shakes his head.

## KIRBY

Good riddance, I say.

## CAPTAIN EVANS

Johnson, I want you and Lopez to check out the Chester Building Apartments in Jackson Heights.

OFFICER RAJ JOHNSON, 40, a tall, Momoa-esque handsome man with dark hair sitting behind Valerie, looks up.

CAPTAIN EVANS

Two rapes were reported there just in the past week. Happened during the day, so be on the lookout for any creeps acting suspicious. Talk to folks in the building. Where's Lopez?

RAJ

Remember, she's taking Joseph to the doctor this morning? We're gonna' meet up at 10.

CAPTAIN EVANS

Fine. Ryan, you and James stake out the jewelry store district there. Two robberies in two weeks is too many.

CHRIS

You got it, Captain.

CAPTAIN EVANS

Listen up everyone. We've got a new recruit starting today. Fresh out of college with a Masters in Criminal Justice, Officer Valerie James.

Valerie looks up and offers a tight-lipped smile.

CAPTAIN EVANS

The fact that I warned her about what she's getting into yet she chose to come in anyway shows how brass her balls are.

Captain Evans looks toward her.

CAPTAIN EVANS

Welcome, Officer James.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - MINUTES LATER

Chris and Valerie WALK towards the squad cars.  
Kirby and Antonio are a short distance behind them.

OTHER OFFICERS also head to their respective cars.

KIRBY

Hey Ryan, the captain must be  
lookin' out for ya,' pairing  
you up with a college gal.  
Better pay attention.

CHRIS

Up yours Kirby-cheese.

KIRBY

I told you to stop callin' me  
that, dick. It don't even make  
sense. Kirby and colby ain't  
even close.

ANTONIO

They're kinda' close.

KIRBY

No comprendo, my loco,  
estupido newlywed amigo.

ANTONIO

I've been married for over two  
years, queso.

VALERIE

I'm sure my partner will teach  
me everything he knows.

KIRBY

He's gonna' teach you how ta'  
jack off?

ANTONIO

That's it, too much irish  
coffee for you this morning.

Antonio steers Kirby away by the shoulders towards their vehicle. Chris and Valerie reach and ENTER their squad car.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

CHRIS

looks over at Valerie with a fake-mean expression.

VALERIE

stares back at him with a fake-terrified,  
melodramatic look on her face.

CHRIS

flexes his hands diabolically.

CHRIS

Here we go!

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The squad car exits the lot and heads down the street.

EXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS - JEWELRY DISTRICT - SAME MORNING

People SHUFFLE from place to place. An NYPD squad car sits at a street corner.

Standing just outside the squad car, Valerie is focused on a jewelry store several businesses down.

Chris sits in the car scanning the stores across the street. Still focused, Valerie moves closer to the jewelry store.

EXT. KESSLER JEWELERS - CONTINUOUS

The store has a large front window with slightly tinted glass. Valerie turns slowly to look in from the window's edge.

Through the window, she sees a bearded, IRATE MAN of about 50, shouting at an ELDERLY CLERK behind the checkout counter.

The man is of average height and wears a khaki jacket and jeans. He leans into the counter pointing a metallic object at the clerk.

Valerie's eyes grow wide.

VALERIE

You gotta' be kiddin' me.

She quickly backtracks to the car.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

She RAPS on the squad car's front window.

VALERIE

Chris!

Chris quickly emerges from the car and briskly follows her.

They get to the jewelry store window, located about forty feet from the squad car.

CHRIS

Shit, that's not good.

Chris runs and enters the car through the passenger side, leaving the door open as he grabs the radio. Valerie is poised outside the jewelry store.

CHRIS

Central, this is 3-Frank-77,  
we have a possible 10-30 at  
Kessler Jewelers near 82nd  
Street and 37th. We are  
proceeding on foot to the  
location.

The dispatch operator RESPONDS, confirming that other officers are en route to the area.

Chris EXITS the car. He rejoins Valerie outside the jeweler's entrance.

He draws his gun as the irate man SHOUTS menacing threats from inside the store. Valerie grips the butt of her holstered weapon.

PEDESTRIANS move aside. A moment later, the man RUSHES out past the two officers fumbling with his shoulder bag.

The grip of a large handgun can be seen in his waistband. Oblivious to the patrol car and the officers, he SHOUTS.

MAN

Bitch forget the watch, we  
gotta' go!

CHRIS

Freeze! Let me see your hands!

Chris fixes his gun on the startled perp, who moves his hand towards his waistband.

CHRIS

Freeze goddamnit!

Valerie stands behind and to the right of Chris, her gun still holstered. She is nervous but poised. The man reluctantly holds up his hands.

Just then, a WOMAN, about 35, wearing jeans and an old pink overcoat, stumbles out of the store.

She is carrying a large handbag and appears drugged out. Her complexion is terrible.

WOMAN

What the fu--

The man drops his hands and balls up a fist, YELLING at the woman as he MARCHES towards her.

MAN

You dumb bitch, I told you to hurry up!

As the man attempts to strike his accomplice, his body suddenly SEIZES. He YELPS and FALLS face first to the ground.

Valerie has TASERED him with her stun gun. Chris SWEARS under his breath.

CHRIS

Sonofabitch.

The woman runs but Chris is close behind. He holsters his gun and then subdues, CUFFS, and frisks her.

He walks the SOBBING woman to his squad car while reading her rights. He seats her in the back.

The jewelry store clerk watches from the doorway of his store.



Valerie has cuffed the wrists of the incapacitated man and gets him to his feet to pat him down.

Another squad car DRIVES up. Officer Raj Johnson and OFFICER TINA LOPEZ-JOHNSON, 37, EXIT the car.

Raj  
What'd we miss?

Valerie places the perp into the back of the squad car while Chris sucker PUNCHES Raj in the shoulder.

CHRIS  
You missed all the action,  
Raj.

Tina walks over to Valerie. She is 5'6" and curvy, with a Puerto Rican accent.

TINA  
Hola. Tina Lopez-Johnson.

They shake hands.

VALERIE  
Ah, you're Lopez. Valerie James. It's nice to meet you.

TINA  
Nice to meet *you*. About time we got more badass gatas on the force. Where you from?

VALERIE  
Michigan but I've moved around a lot. Army brat. How long have you been on the force?

TINA  
Eleven years. Fair warning, it doesn't get any easier, especially after Trump.

TINA (CONT'D)

The number of wackaloons in this city increased tenfold overnight.

CHRIS

Sad, but true. We need to get statements from any possible witnesses inside. I'm headin' in. You got the clerk?

VALERIE

I got him.

Chris walks over and says a few words to the clerk before heading into the store.

Valerie removes her notepad and pen from her waist and approaches the shaken elderly man.

Raj stands by the squad car housing the two perps.

He peers at them with a slightly amused look on his face. The handcuffed woman smiles at Raj.

Her partner in crime shoots her a dirty look and then twists his body to flip Raj the bird. Tina heads to their squad car and RADIOS in.

INT. SQUAD CAR - SAME DAY - CLOSE TO DUSK

Chris and Valerie are parked on a side street eating glazed donuts and drinking coffee.

Both their mouths are full as they each grip a glazed donut.

They look at each other and laugh.

CHRIS

Here's to clichés.

They lightly KNOCK their donuts and coffee cups together as though toasting champagne.

VALERIE

Pretty uneventful afternoon  
for such an intense morning.

CHRIS

Not a bad thing.

VALERIE

No, but there's gotta be  
something shitty going on  
somewhere.

CHRIS

We've patrolled the area ten  
times. Trust me, you'll miss  
this. You never know what each  
day is gonna' be like.

VALERIE

Hmm. You married?

Chris flexes his fingers to reflect his lack of a wedding ring.

CHRIS

Not anymore. When I was  
younger for about three years.  
We split on good terms though.

VALERIE

That's good.

CHRIS

Yeah. We naively thought that  
because we both wanted to be  
cops we'd go the distance.

Valerie nods as she finishes her donut.

VALERIE

Kids?

CHRIS

No. Didn't seem smart to have them so young, plus both of us being rookies and all.

Chris sips his coffee.

CHRIS

Raj and Tina are amazing though. They were partners long before they were a couple. And their kid Joseph is great. Just over a year-old, I think.

VALERIE

They seem very secure. Like they have each other's backs.

CHRIS

Literally. Tina got grazed in the rear shoulder by a drive-by when she was five months pregnant. You think that spooked her? Nope. Not Raj either. He got hit in the back shielding Tina and two bystanders.

VALERIE

Dear God!

Chris nods and sips. Valerie shakes her head.

VALERIE

You ever get shot?

CHRIS

(pauses)

Once, by this 22 year-old kid  
who'd just mugged some old  
guy. He shot me in the leg.

VALERIE

Damn. Did you catch him?

CHRIS

My partner at the time caught  
up with him and took him in. A  
couple days later he was found  
dead in his jail cell.

Valerie is noticeably dismayed. Her voice is cold.

VALERIE

I see.

She looks out the passenger-side window.

VALERIE

What happened to him?

Chris drinks his coffee and takes a deep breath.

CHRIS

They determined that he'd  
asphyxiated himself with his  
bedsheet using the cell window  
bars.

Valerie turns her head sharply toward him.

VALERIE

Excuse me. That's bullshit.

CHRIS

Mhmm.

VALERIE

Well, isn't it?! Seriously, how realistic is the notion that Black folks suddenly become suicidal the second they go to jail? How do people keep falling for that shit?

CHRIS

How do you know the kid was Black?

VALERIE

HA! Please.

CHRIS

Right, you've been a cop for all of six hours, of course you know.

VALERIE

I live in the real world, Chris. You don't have to be a cop to guess that in all likelihood the kid in this scenario was Black.

CHRIS

You're right, he was.

VALERIE

Thank you.

She GRABS another donut and takes a huge bite then THROWS it back in the box.

CHRIS

I'm only saying that having all the facts is important, that's all.

VALERIE

I'm a huge fan of facts, especially in regard to statistics that spell out the disproportionate number of Black men and Black women killed by police officers in this country, Chris.

Valerie takes a deep breath.

VALERIE

I understand this kid mugged an old man and shot you but for Christ's sake--

CHRIS

I know. I asked my partner if he thought it was a homicide and he said he didn't know what to think.

Valerie stares him squarely in the eye.

VALERIE

Did the kid's parents ask the same thing?

CHRIS

His grandparents did and they were persistent so an investigation was opened. A year later the grandfather died. His grandmother I think died last year. Then the case was closed.

VALERIE

I doubt it was ever really opened.

Chris glares at her.

CHRIS

Then why the hell do you want to be a cop? You an idealist? You wanna' fix things? Do you know how next to impossible that is?

VALERIE

I want a career in forensics and I...want to know the other side of police work too.

CHRIS

Fair enough.

Valerie looks away again.

CHRIS

I told you my dad was a cop, just like my grandfather. For 45 years, no less. He tried to discourage me from joining the force but to this day I'm not sure if it was reverse psychology or if it's what he really wanted. He never said what he thought I *should* do, he just said "Don't be a cop, it's too hard. People will hate you no matter what."

VALERIE

Was he a good cop?

Chris STARTS the car's ignition.

CHRIS

I believe so. Or that he at least tried to be. He didn't talk about the job much at home. I never heard anything bad about him.



CHRIS (CONT'D)

As I got older, though, I did hear the occasional ugly stories about some of the guys he worked with.

He begins driving.

CHRIS

We should circle once more before we head in. Some creeps are pretty ballsy. They'll knock over any of these stores day or night. Guess they're keeping track of all the budget cuts too. Pensions getting butchered, fuckin' hiring freezes. You're our first new hire in months.

EXT. PRECINCT LOT - SAME EVENING - NIGHT

Chris's and Valerie's patrol car DRIVES up the street, turns into the lot and then parks.

They EXIT the car and walk toward the precinct.

INT. PRECINCT - MOMENTS LATER

Chris and Valerie walk down the hallway together. OTHER OFFICERS pass them.

CHRIS

Quite a first day, partner. You did great.

VALERIE

(pauses)  
Thank you.

CHRIS

Did you drive here?

VALERIE

No, I took the bus. I'm just in Cambria Heights. I want to type my report before I punch out.

CHRIS

I'm in Bayside. I can give you a ride. I'll grab my wheels in about twenty minutes and wait for you in the lot.

VALERIE

No thanks, I'll be fine.

CHRIS

You sure?

VALERIE

I'm sure. Goodnight.

CHRIS

(somewhat forlorn)

Okay. Be safe. I'll see you tomorrow.

Valerie is silent as she heads toward the locker room. Chris watches her and then walks away.

FADE OUT.

INT. VALERIE'S BEDROOM - SAME EVENING

Valerie lies in bed looking through a photo album. Tears drip from her eyes.

INSERT - PHOTO ALBUM

She stares at a photo of a handsome black man in his 30's wearing an army uniform.

Standing next to him is a pretty black woman in a peach dress. A little girl in a white flowery dress stands between them. The photo is labeled.

CU - PHOTO, which reads: "DADDY, MOMMY, AND ME"

Valerie FLIPS through the album to a full-sized photo of the man. He is older and wearing a police uniform.

She closes her eyes tightly and quickly FLIPS to the next photo of her mom standing next to her at her college graduation.

She closes the album and then places it inside her nightstand drawer.

She grabs her wallet from the nightstand and opens it to reveal her police badge. She MUTTERS.

VALERIE

What the hell am I doing?

She throws the wallet, which BOUNCES off her TV and onto the floor.

FADE OUT.

INT. JACKSON HEIGHTS - SQUAD CAR - NEXT MORNING

Chris and Valerie are parked in a business district drinking coffee. Both are silent, as they gaze in opposite directions.

CHRIS

How'd you sleep?

VALERIE

(annoyed)  
Seriously?

CHRIS

Sorry?

VALERIE

Not well, if you must know.

CHRIS

I see.

VALERIE

Uh huh.

CHRIS

I really pissed you off  
yesterday, right?

VALERIE

No, you scared the shit outta'  
me.

CHRIS

I didn't mean to. Talk to me.

VALERIE

I'm afraid to. I'm not sure I  
can handle more information  
right now.

CHRIS

I don't want to lie. A lot of  
horrible shit can happen in  
our field of work, much of  
which is very unjust. You took  
Criminal Justice.

VALERIE

No one needs a degree to know  
this stuff, just read the  
paper. Or check Twitter.

She leans back in her seat and sighs.

VALERIE

I can't stop thinking about what happened to that kid in your jail, Chris.

CHRIS

Do you not trust me?

VALERIE

I don't know. That kind of thing takes time, right?

CHRIS

Well, I'm a white NYPD cop, so there it is--I'm not to be trusted.

VALERIE

Well...

CHRIS

You wanna' know if I've ever shot some black guy in the back? Or if I've stopped-and-frisked my share?

VALERIE

Have you?

CHRIS

Of course. We *had* to. It was bullshit and didn't accomplish a goddamn thing, except of course make the communities we're supposed to be protecting despise us, but we *had* to. Fortunately, it ended. I mean *I* no longer do it but fuck it, the damage is done.

VALERIE

You have no idea.

CHRIS

I've never shot anyone in the back though, or anywhere else.

He points to his holster.

CHRIS

Fortunately, the only time I've ever had to use this is at the gun range and I hope it stays that way.

VALERIE

Same here.

They sip coffee and survey their surroundings. Chris turns to Valerie.

CHRIS

I'm meeting Suarez and Dalton at The Night Stick on 105th tonight after work. You wanna' come along?

Valerie nearly CHOKES on her coffee.

VALERIE

For real, the Night Stick?

CHRIS

It's a cop bar.

VALERIE

A gay cop bar?

CHRIS

(laughs)  
All cop bar.

Valerie lets out a long SIGH coated in cynicism.

VALERIE

Fine.

CHRIS

Cool. No bus. I'm driving.

VALERIE

Why do you drive to work? Too big a snob for public transpo'?

CHRIS

Nooo, I was fortunate enough to inherit my dad's parking space and his wheels. Couldn't pass up either.

VALERIE

How old's the car?

CHRIS

1978 Cadillac Coupe De Ville. He took great care of her and installed a new engine after 200,000 miles. Now *I* take care of her.

VALERIE

Ah, I love vintage cars.

CHRIS

Me too, they're the best. My parents live in Florida now but dad misses his car. I fly down once or twice a year. What about your family?

VALERIE

My dad passed some years ago. He was in the Army so we moved around a lot. Then to Texas and Georgia for awhile. My mom lives in Michigan now.

Valerie looks around.

VALERIE

How 'bout we circle, see if  
all's well?

CHRIS

About that time.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Chris STARTS the ignition and the car DRIVES off.

EXT. QUEENS, NY - THE NIGHT STICK BAR - SAME NIGHT

Chris and Valerie DRIVE UP in his dark metallic  
blue Cadillac and park on a street near the bar.

They EXIT the car.

VALERIE

Sweet ride.

CHRIS

Told ya'.

MUSIC and RAUCOUS CONVERSATION inside can be heard  
from the sidewalk.

Valerie and Chris ENTER through one of the bar's  
double doors.

INT. THE NIGHT STICK BAR - CONTINUOUS

Roughly SIXTY POLICE OFFICERS are drinking,  
LAUGHING, SWEARING, and playing darts and pool.

The police theme is evident throughout the large  
rectangular space.



Framed photos and awards, baseball memorabilia, and police badges line the walls.

A wide, 10-foot long black nightstick hangs horizontally from the tall ceiling, 4 feet above the bar.

Valerie follows Chris to the booth where Kirby and Antonio are sitting on one side and Raj is sitting across from them.

They talk loudly to be heard over the music.

All three have draft beers, although Kirby has two; one empty and one half-full. He is smoking a cigarette. Chris sits next to Raj.

CHRIS

Move over, losers!

ANTONIO

Hey, it ain't lady's night!

Valerie sits next to him as he scoots closer to Kirby. She waves away Kirby's cigarette smoke.

VALERIE

I'm not a lady, pendejo, I'm a cop!

Antonio throws back his head, laughing. Then he SNIFFS the air.

ANTONIO

Shit, now I can smell Kirby!

VALERIE

Does he really smell like cheese?

RAJ

Ugh, he wishes.

Kirby takes a deep drag off his cigarette and blows it at them.

KIRBY

Smell this, you jealous dicks!

VALERIE

(to Raj)

Where's Tina?

RAJ

She was trying to get a sitter for our son. Not sure if she's gonna' make it out.

ANTONIO

That chica *should* be at home with your child. Like my wife is home with *our* child.

RAJ

Yo, your wife is married to a caveman. Why don't you take her out to dinner sometime?

ANTONIO

We go out sometimes. But you know, babies.

Chris and Kirby have been conversing briefly. Chris snickers at Kirby.

CHRIS

You're such a prick.

Kirby responds, mildly slurring his words.

KIRBY

I'm just sayin', my wife--

CHRIS

Your *third* wife.

KIRBY

Whatever. She understands my  
ass. She knows if I don't come  
home it's 'cause I got more  
important shit to do.

ALICE, a perky 26 year-old waitress, saunters over  
to their booth.

She wears a short-sleeved white shirt and navy blue  
pants. A fake gold badge on the upper corner of her  
shirt displays her name.

She smiles as she addresses Valerie and Chris.

ALICE

What can I get y'all?

VALERIE

I'll take a long island,  
thanks.

ALICE

(to Chris)

How 'bout you, the usual?

CHRIS

You bet. Corona with lime,  
please. Thanks Alice.

ALICE

Everyone else good?  
(clears throat)  
Kirby?

Kirby gulps down his remaining half mug of beer.

KIRBY

Yeah, bring me two more.

He hands Alice his two empty mugs. She half-smiles  
and takes them.

ALICE

Be right back.

Chris smiles slyly at Valerie.

CHRIS

A long island, eh? Nice.

VALERIE

What the hell, if nothing else  
it'll help me sleep.

RAJ

You havin' trouble sleeping  
already? That's no surprise.

Valerie surveys the bar, studying the room of rowdy officers.

The jumbled mix of music and garbled voices is dizzying as she notices the bartender adding their drink orders to Alice's tray.

Suddenly, Valerie jerks and emits a startled YELP. Her cohorts turn their heads in her direction.

Kirby has just reached around Antonio and goosed her.

KIRBY

Ms. James, welcome back!  
Sorry, I didn't mean to be so  
familiar, I just wanna' ask  
you somethin'.

VALERIE

(in a flat tone)  
Yes, Kirby?

KIRBY

What made you wanna' become a  
beat cop? You got cops in your  
family or something'?

VALERIE

Um...I--

KIRBY

I mean, somebody told me you studied criminal justice to be a forensics...forensics expert or somethin'. Is that right?

Alice SETS their drinks on the table. Chris places several bills on her tray.

CHRIS

I got these. Keep it.

Alice smiles at him.

ALICE

Thanks, hon.

She moves on to the next booth. Valerie takes a long sip of her drink and then looks at Dalton.

VALERIE

I'm fairly certain that when we gather criminal evidence, it needs to be reliable. I believe I'll be a better forensics analyst if I draw experience from both sides of the arena. I'm especially interested in learning more about the jail death at our precinct awhile back.

Chris looks down. Raj nods his head. Antonio looks away. Kirby sneers at her as he grabs his beer.

KIRBY

Yeah, right.

VALERIE

You asked.

ANTONIO

Can't believe we got us an idealist on the force. That is too much.

VALERIE

Who the fuck says I'm an idealist? What the hell is it with you guys and that term?

Chris smiles to himself.

VALERIE

Not that I'm knocking idealists. Just more of a realist, myself.

Kirby suddenly points his finger at her.

KIRBY

Good. You don't wanna' be sportin' no delusions in this job, that's for goddamn sure.

Valerie glares at him. Antonio nods in agreement with his partner.

CHRIS

And if you ever do start to delude yourself about the job, you can just stay inebriated like Dalton here.

KIRBY

Hey mutherfucker, I don't drink to keep any delusions in check, I drink because I can and I like it. I got no delusions.

Tina suddenly SLAMS her hand down on the table, holding a drink in the other.

TINA

Dalton, you voted for Trump!  
How much more delusional can a  
person get? You're not even  
supposed to be smokin' in  
here.

She turns to Valerie.

TINA

Hope he's not irritating the  
shit outta' you.

Valerie smirks. Kirby flips Tina the bird.

Chris slides out of the booth to let Tina in next  
to her husband and then sits again across from  
Valerie.

TINA

(to Raj)

Joseph is with Anna down the  
street from us. She can sit  
for the next few hours.

RAJ

(kisses her cheek)

No problem, babe. That's more  
than enough time.

ANTONIO

You better use some of that  
time to bump and grind 'cause  
you never know when you'll get  
another chance. I know whereof  
I speak, 'cause me and Gina  
haven't hit it in weeks.  
Babies, man.

KIRBY

Shit, just let the kid cry  
until he tires himself out.  
Such a fuckin' wuss.

Antonio shoots him a pissed stare.

VALERIE

(to Tina)

I'm glad you made it.

TINA

Me too, chica. We need to get together for lunch sometime.

VALERIE

Absolutely.

SEVERAL OFFICERS are leaving the bar, including OFFICER PAMELA SYKES, 33.

Pam is very pretty with long, lush brunette hair tied in a pony tail. She stops at their booth.

PAM

Hey Chris, how they hangin'?

Chris stands briefly and lightly kisses her cheek.

CHRIS

Not too low. How you doin',  
Pam?

PAM

Not bad. Hey Tina, Raj. How's Joseph?

TINA

He's wonderful, thanks. Hey did you meet our newest member of the 29th Precinct? Valerie this is Officer Pam Sykes. Pam, Officer Valerie James.

Valerie and Pam shake hands.



PAM

Good to meet you. I'm at Precinct 14. Glad they finally found money in the budget to bring in some new brass.

VALERIE

So I've heard. I hope it doesn't get worse.

ANTONIO

Don't worry, our man in the White House will fix things. It's just gonna take time.

Kirby HIGH-FIVES Antonio in agreement. Chris and Raj shake their heads.

CHRIS

Jesus.

KIRBY

Say Pam, you headed home already?

Pam does not look at him. She no longer smiles.

PAM

Have a good night, you guys. Go to hell, Kirby.

She walks out of the bar. Kirby shakes his head as he starts on his next beer. He MUMBLES.

KIRBY

Whatever, bitch.

CHRIS

(startled)

Whoa, what the hell is that about? What's your problem?

ANTONIO

(nervously)

I think this fool has had one too many. Might be time to blow this joint.

KIRBY

No way, I ain't ready to leave. Still early.

ANTONIO

We still gotta' be up at the crack of dawn, man.

KIRBY

Take your fruit-pickin' ass home then, you lightweight! Go stick it to your wife like a fucking man for once and get to sleep.

ANTONIO

(angrily)

You're lucky we're cool like that bro, or I'd kick your drunk, Confederate ass in front of every cop in this bar right now. Sorry Val, I need to get the fuck outta' here.

Valerie gets up from her seat to allow Antonio to leave. He briskly EXITS the bar.

Valerie continues to stand. Kirby chuckles.

KIRBY

Ha! Afraid o' me, huh?

VALERIE

No, I'm just tired and thinking of calling it a night. Chris?

CHRIS

Thirty more minutes? Please?

Valerie rolls her eyes and sits down.

CHRIS

Thanks.

Tina and Raj both glare at Kirby.

TINA

Haven't seen Pam in awhile. I heard she got roughed up by some cabron a few weeks ago who was hassling her outside the bar. You know anything about it? I heard you were here too.

CHRIS

What?! I didn't hear about that.

KIRBY

(to Tina)

What the fuck you talkin' about?

TINA

I understand her face got messed up pretty badly but I couldn't find any police report on it. No arrests were made, how is that possible?

KIRBY

How the fuck would I know?!

RAJ

'Cause you're always here, man.

KIRBY

Shit, I wouldn't know one  
night from the next at this  
joint. Fuck it, if she  
couldn't defend herself then  
she shouldn't be a cop!

He gulps down his final beer and then scoots over  
towards Valerie, who quickly gets up.

Kirby slides out of the booth and immediately  
stumbles. He walks toward the door and EXITS.

Valerie sits down and Chris moves to her side of  
the booth. She slides over to allow him in.

VALERIE

Jesus, what do you think  
happened to her?

TINA

I don't know, but I wouldn't  
put anything past him.

CHRIS

What the hell do you mean,  
Tina?

Raj and Tina look at each other.

RAJ

I know two brass that say they  
were here late one night when  
Kirby offered to drive Pam  
home.

CHRIS

Yeah?

RAJ

So, she left with him. There were no altercations outside the bar, they just split in his car shortly before closing time.

TINA

Next thing I hear, Pam is on medical leave for a month. I think he did something to her.

CHRIS

What the fuck?!

VALERIE

Oh my god.

TINA

Later the story was she left the bar alone and got attacked outside by some scumbag and that Kirby bounced the guy and made sure she got home okay.

CHRIS

Are you serious?!

TINA

I didn't know what to believe until I saw her tonight and heard the way she spoke to him. She couldn't even look at him. Lousy, lowlife bastard.

RAJ

Pretty fucked up. So, I say we have one more round.

He motions for Alice, who is three booths away.

TINA

Amen.

Valerie shudders and nods her head. Chris is silent.

EXT. PAMELA SYKES' RESIDENCE - LATER - SAME NIGHT

Chris parks his car at the curb and exits. He walks up to a dark, quaint-looking brick home.

Chris pulls the storm door handle, which is locked. He RINGS the doorbell. A few moments later, a light comes on inside the home and on the porch.

The front door OPENS. Pam stands in the doorway. She UNLOCKS and opens the storm door.

PAM

Chris, what the hell? It's after eleven.

CHRIS

I need to talk to you.

He WALKS inside and CLOSES the door behind him.

INT. PAM'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris is upset as he paces the room. Pam watches him, puzzled.

PAM

What's wrong?

CHRIS

What's wrong?! How could you not tell me what that asshole did to you, Pam?

Pam sits on her sofa.

PAM

I couldn't tell anyone, Chris,  
I felt powerless.

CHRIS

That sonofabitch should be  
locked up!

PAM

He wouldn't be the one on  
trial.

CHRIS

What about a rape kit? You had  
evidence, how could you not--

PAM

I'm a cop, Chris! I don't want  
to be known as a victim.  
Especially not by other cops.

Chris PUNCHES the wall and stares at her.

CHRIS

Are you aware the word is you  
were beaten up by some random  
street thug outside The Night  
Stick, of all places? You  
don't think that's worse?!

Pam does not respond.

CHRIS

Pam?!

Pam's eyes tear up as her body stiffens.

CHRIS

So, I'm not supposed to care  
about you anymore? Would you  
even have told me if we were  
still married?

PAM

If we were still married, it  
wouldn't have happened.

Chris walks over and sits close to Pam on the sofa.

CHRIS

Tell me what happened. Please.

He grabs tissues from a box on a side table, hands them to her and puts his arm around her. Pam wipes her eyes.

PAM

About a month ago, I was at the bar with Barb Chen from forensics. Her shift started later that evening so she left early but I hung around. Kirby and Antonio were there so they joined me. We shot the shit for awhile and after a few hours I got up to go grab a cab. Kirby offered me a ride since he had his car. I told him I was fine but he insisted he'd see me home safely. So I rode with him. And I wish to God I hadn't.

Chris is frozen against the wall near the sofa. His face is stony.

Pam rises from the sofa, walks over to him and hugs him tightly. He does not return the hug.

PAM

Chris, please don't. Leave it alone, I'm begging you.

CHRIS

That mutherfucker.



PAM

I know.

CHRIS

He cannot be allowed to just walk away from this.

PAM

It's done, Chris. I showered. I didn't file a report. Fortunately, I'm still on the pill for cramps. I want to move on.

CHRIS

Then you're made of tougher stuff than I am, because I can't. No way.

PAM

There's nothing to do. I love you. And I'm sorry I didn't tell you. But you can't fix everything. No matter how much you may want to. You may not be Serpico, but you're still an amazing cop.

Chris' eyes start to tear up. He finally reciprocates her hug.

CHRIS

So are you. I'm sorry Pam. I'm so sorry this happened.

FADE OUT.

INT. PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - NEXT MORNING

Kirby and Antonio are talking casually outside their respective lockers.

About NINE OTHER OFFICERS are also in the room.

Suddenly, a hand YANKS Kirby's hair from behind and steadies his head while the opposite hand SLAMS his locker door against it several times.

Chris is seething as he lets Kirby go. Kirby's knees buckle as he FALLS against his open locker.

Antonio jumps between Kirby and Chris.

ANTONIO

What the fuck, man!?

CHRIS

You miserable prick, I know what you did. I outta' fucking kill you!

ANTONIO

Officer, you need to step back, now!

Kirby is on his knees slightly dazed and trying to stand but with little success.

Chris' fists are clenched at his sides. He and Antonio stare intensely at one another.

The other officers crowd around.

KIRBY

You asshole! I don't know what the fuck you're talkin' about.

CHRIS

Don't give me that shit, I'm not hearing it! You stay the fuck away from Pam, you lowlife asshole. You don't even speak to her, you got me?

Antonio looks over at Kirby as though he is aware of what Chris is referring to. Kirby smirks.

KIRBY

Or what?

Chris rushes Kirby but Antonio uses every ounce of strength to block him.

ANTONIO

Come on, Chris!

CHRIS

Or what?! Or I'll cut you in half, you mutherfucker!

At that moment, Valerie ENTERS the locker room, obviously hearing the commotion before entering.

She freezes in place just inside the door. Chris glances in her direction and relaxes slightly.

KIRBY

You goddamn wuss. That'll be the fuckin' day when you kill anybody. I swear, you and that whiny bitch were made for each other. Don't know why the hell you ever got divorced.

Chris pushes Antonio away and backs up a step.

CHRIS

(daringly)  
Please keep talkin'.

ANTONIO

Jesus, Kirb, shut the fuck up!

CHRIS

(to Antonio)  
Why the hell do you keep propping up this creep?

ANTONIO

Partners are supposed to have each other's backs or didn't you know that?

KIRBY

Yeah. And you'd better watch yours, tough guy.

CHRIS

Fuck you both.

Valerie walks over to Chris and puts her hand on his shoulder then gives him a wink.

She goes to her locker and OPENS it. Kirby rubs his head. He looks over toward Valerie.

KIRBY

You might wanna' get yourself a real partner, Val. This yellow bastard will end up gettin' you killed. Just ask Jordinski, he'll tell ya'.

Chris shakes his head and EXITS the locker room. Valerie CLOSES her locker and walks over to Kirby.

The other officers pretend to go about their business. Antonio SHUTS his locker and waits for Kirby.

VALERIE

Obviously, his former partner wasn't killed. But I know they both could've been.

KIRBY

'Cause he wouldn't do what was necessary when some ghetto thug shot him. That kid coulda' killed him and his partner.

VALERIE

Don't they teach us at the academy to bring perps in alive when at all possible?

KIRBY

Shit, the academy don't fuckin' prepare us for what it's really like out there. Nothing can.

VALERIE

Really? He got shot and with the help of his partner was still able to apprehend the shooter without killing him. It's possible.

KIRBY

Aw, what the fuck do you know.

VALERIE

I know this: you couldn't fill that man's jock strap in a million years.

Other officers make mocking sounds at Kirby, who is visibly pissed.

A FEMALE OFFICER high-fives her as Valerie exits the locker room.

INT. VALERIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Valerie lies in bed writing on her notepad. Her cell phone RINGS.

INSERT - CELL PHONE: "INCOMING CALL FROM CHRIS"

Valerie answers.

VALERIE

Hey you.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Two months and counting.

VALERIE

Mmhmm.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Hardly a dull moment. We've thwarted a jewelry store robbery, a car-jacking, two muggings, a BOLO-suspect wanted for sexual assault--

VALERIE

Helps to have eyes in the back of your head again, yes?

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris lounges in an easy chair as he talks on his cell phone to Valerie.

The 1973 film, *Serpico*, is showing on his TV with the volume muted.

CHRIS

I didn't do so bad during the time I was on my own. But yes, now that you mention it--

VALERIE (V.O.)

Chris, how hard did you try to find out whether or not that kid who shot you really committed suicide in jail? Did you participate in the investigation?

CHRIS

I tried but whether or not I tried hard enough is subject to interpretation. I wasn't allowed to assist in the investigation; I could only answer questions from I.A.

VALERIE (V.O.)

What questions did they ask?

CHRIS

Where I was and if I knew where Andy was on the day in question. We were both at our respective homes and our alibis checked out. That's it.

INT. VALERIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Valerie's eyes are closed as she cradles the phone to her ear with both hands.

VALERIE

Okay.

CHRIS (V.O.)

And?

VALERIE

And what?

CHRIS (V.O.)

You want to ask me something else, what is it?

VALERIE

Could Kirby have...?

CHRIS (V.O.)

Don't know why. He had no reason to hurt that kid.

VALERIE

He shot a cop, isn't that  
reason enough for Kirby?

CHRIS (V.O.)

He may have had opportunity  
and he does have a number of  
bad marks on his record. Not  
that he's alone.

VALERIE

And you?

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris leans forward in his chair.

CHRIS

I'm not perfect.

VALERIE (V.O.)

What does that mean?

CHRIS

What do you think it means?

He glances at the television.

INT. VALERIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Valerie sits erect in her bed.

VALERIE

I'm aware there are no perfect  
cops, Chris, but I still need  
to know I can trust you.

CHRIS (V.O.)

You can! Have I given you a  
reason not to?



VALERIE

I guess not.

She lies back in bed and pulls up the covers halfway.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris sits erect in his chair.

CHRIS

Valerie, if I didn't believe you'd be in good hands working with me, I would never have signed on to be your partner. I hope you know that. I may not have the biggest balls but I'm no eunuch.

Valerie smiles.

CHRIS

You still there?

VALERIE (V.O.)

Yes, I'm here. I believe you.

CHRIS

Are you sure?

INT. VALERIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

VALERIE

I think so.

CHRIS (V.O.)

(snickers)  
Screw you.

VALERIE

Yeah you'd like that, wouldn't you?

Suddenly, she sits up and covers her mouth with her hand, incredulous at what she has just said.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

CHRIS

Well, I'd be lying if I said I hadn't thought about it.

INT. VALERIE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

VALERIE

Damn, look what time it is, it's late. I really need to get to sleep. Thank you for calling, though. I'll see you tomorrow.

CHRIS (V.O.)

We're off tomorrow.

VALERIE

Oh shit, that's right.

CHRIS (V.O.)

So, you wanna' do something?  
You like movies?

Valerie moves the phone from her ear and looks at it shaking her head. She puts it to her ear again.

VALERIE

Umm....maybe. No, sorry I can't. I almost forgot, I'm having lunch with Tina at her place tomorrow. We finally got the same day off.

CHRIS (V.O.)

That's cool. You guys have a  
good time.

VALERIE

(hurriedly)

Thanks. I'll talk to you soon.

CHRIS (V.O.)

Goodnight.

Valerie SLAMS her cell back on the nightstand. She  
lies back in bed and lets out a deep breath.

She turns off her lamp and smiles upon closing her  
eyes.

INT. CHRIS' LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Chris cradles his phone against his chin with both  
hands. He places it on a side table.

He reaches inside a nearby backpack and removes his  
cell phone charger. He notices a large brown,  
sealed envelope.

He tears it opens and pulls out a file folder  
containing numerous documents.

INSERT - FOLDER

The word "CLOSED" is stamped across the folder.

The folder's tab label reads: SANDERS, TIMOTHY.

He flips through its contents and sees a mugshot of  
a young black man and various police reports.

He sees a stapled, typed statement. His posture  
becomes more erect as his eyes follow the words.

CHRIS

appears shocked as he reads.

grabs his phone and hits the speed dial.

Valerie answers on the other end, slightly annoyed.

VALERIE (V.O.)

Whaaaat?

CHRIS

Hey, I've got something  
important to show you. Is it  
okay if I stop by tomorrow  
morning?

FADE TO:

INT. LOPEZ-JOHNSON RESIDENCE - DEN - NEXT DAY

Tina's home consists of dark leather furniture and  
an array of Puerto Rican artifacts.

Valerie sits on the floor playing with 16 month-old  
JOSEPH RAMON LOPEZ-JOHNSON and his toys.

Joseph is wearing blue pants with a white and blue  
T-shirt. The words "SEX POLICE" and a police hat  
are embroidered on the front.

He GIGGLES and hands Valerie a red truck.

Tina enters the room from the kitchen carrying a  
tray holding two cups of hot tea on saucers and one  
sippy cup.

She sets it down on a long ottoman pushed off to  
the side and playfully grabs her little one.

TINA

Come here, young man.

Tina hands Joseph the sippy cup, making sure he doesn't drink too fast. She sits him close to her and holds him by his waist.

VALERIE

Thank you for lunch, girl, it was so good.

TINA

My pleasure. It's nice to have someone new to cook for.

Valerie grabs a cup of tea and a saucer from the tray and sips. She smiles at Joseph's shirt.

VALERIE

That t-shirt is priceless. Where'd you get it?

TINA

My mother made it for him. One for every stage before he was even born. The woman is psychic. Soon as Raj and I try to get our groove on, Joseph may as well be carrying a bullhorn yelling "Break it up!"

Valerie laughs as she shakes her head.

TINA

It's like he knows. When he was still a baby, after one of us would get him to sleep while the other lit the candles, he'd wake up and start hollering as soon as my panties came off. I swear he's doing everything in his power to stay an only child.

Joseph laughs. Tina tickles him and he laughs harder.

TINA

That's right, laugh it up  
little man. I'll have five  
more just to spite you.

She leans toward Valerie.

TINA

I'm so kidding. My brother and  
his wife have four. Yikes.

She makes the sign of the cross with her hands.

Valerie chuckles as she gently combs at Joseph's  
curly hair with her fingers.

VALERIE

Where's Raj?

TINA

He's on duty at one of the  
opioid sites this afternoon.  
They had something like half a  
dozen ODs just in the past  
month. One person died. I'm  
amazed more of them didn't.

VALERIE

Jesus, freakin' opioids.

TINA

I know, right? I'm all for  
saving lives, but what the  
hell's the point when people  
don't get long-term help. Of  
course it's not like funding  
hasn't been cut for that too.

Joseph finishes drinking, wiggles away from his mom  
and goes back to his trucks. Tina grabs a hot tea.

VALERIE

Chris showed me some info about the young black guy who died three years ago at our precinct. From what I've learned, I wonder if Kirby was involved.

Tina nods.

TINA

Chica, when it comes to Kirby Dalton, anything's possible.

Valerie sits up straight.

TINA

He arrived at our precinct about four years ago. Transferred in from Long Island following an investigation into his conduct.

Tina sets down her tea.

TINA

Someone had called in accusing him of taking over the drug and sex-trafficking operations of local PI's after ambushing and killing them and then calling in the raids as legitimate busts.

VALERIE

That's what I found out this morning from Chris.

Valerie stands and starts to pace the room. Joseph is still playing with his trucks.

VALERIE

A long statement taken from Tim Sanders said a dirty cop whose name he didn't know, and another cop, logged only half the stashes and drug money into evidence and kept the rest. And kept the girls underground, so they were never called in.

TINA

Tim Sanders?

VALERIE

Yeah, the guy who died in jail.

TINA

I'm talking about an anonymous accuser who called Long Island PD. I don't know *all* the dirty details, but friends of mine there said the accuser just disappeared. No one knew who it was, just that it was a woman. Anyone's guess what happened to her.

TINA

Stares straight ahead shaking her head in disgust.

Sees Kirby standing directly ahead, staring at her smugly. His hair is more cropped and his police uniform shirt is short-sleeved.

KIRBY

WALKS towards her and suddenly SHOUTS.



KIRBY

Hey, knock it off bitch!

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. LONG ISLAND CRAB RESTAURANT BAR - DAY -  
FLASHBACK

Kirby hurriedly moves through a small crowd of  
PEOPLE.

The restaurant bar's name appears on a large, flat,  
round white and blue life preserver on the wall.

INSERT - WHITE AND BLUE LIFE PRESERVER WITH NAME

Kirby grabs a cute but very DRUNK WOMAN from  
behind.

She YELLS and SLAPS at AMY DUNHAM, a pretty blonde  
waitress, who struggles to get away from her.

The 24 years-old waitress JERKS out of the  
belligerent woman's grasp. PATRONS are focused on  
the brawl.

KIRBY

I said knock it off!

Kirby SITS the drunk woman down hard on a nearby  
chair and speaks to her sharply.

KIRBY

This is the second instance  
I've seen you giving this nice  
young woman a hard time. I  
catch you doin' it again, I'm  
gonna drag your crazy lush ass  
in, you got it?!

DRUNK WOMAN

Tell that slut bitch to stop  
flirting with my man, officer.

KIRBY

Serving food and drinks and  
being polite doesn't mean she  
wants to fuck your man, okay?  
Where the hell is he, anyway?

The woman looks around.

DRUNK WOMAN

In the men's room. I think.  
Who knows.

KIRBY

Jesus.

Kirby turns to Amy, who is visibly upset as she  
wipes off a table where a drink is knocked over.

KIRBY

Hey, I'm really sorry about  
that, Amy. I told her to leave  
you alone or next time she'll  
be arrested. Are you okay?

AMY

I'm okay Officer Dalton,  
thanks. Occupational hazard, I  
guess.

KIRBY

Hey Miss Dunham, it's Kirby to  
you, remember?

AMY

(smiling shyly)  
Thanks Kirby.

He winks at her.

KIRBY

Anytime. Say, what time does  
your shift end?

AMY

Not for awhile. 8:00.

KIRBY

Okay. I'm meeting someone here  
soon to talk shop but later  
I'd love to see you home.  
Maybe stop for an ice cream?

AMY

Sure, okay. Why not.

KIRBY

Sweet. I'll see you at eight.

She nods and continues working as Kirby heads to  
the rear of the bar and peers around the room.

INT. RESTAURANT BAR - REAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

He sees a YOUNG BLACK MAN about 19 years of age  
sitting at a booth eating a plate of french fries.

A few OTHER PATRONS are seated in this section of  
the restaurant, which is somewhat more dimly lit.

Kirby saunters over to the booth. He motions for  
the young man to stand.

The young man is silent as he stops eating and  
slowly moves from the booth to stand. He is dressed  
in blue jeans and a New York Giants t-shirt.

Kirby moves behind and frisks the teen from head to  
toe. He pulls a cell phone from one of his pockets.

He motions for him to sit back down, which he does,  
as Kirby sits opposite him inside the booth.

Kirby inspects the cell phone. Then he removes a pack of cigarettes from his own back pocket.

He casually lights up a cigarette and blows the smoke towards the young man, who is annoyed.

YOUNG MAN

What the hell you lookin' for, man? I got no weapons.

KIRBY

Yeah, no weapons, no recorders, just checkin'.

He studies the cell phone for a few more seconds.

KIRBY

Hmm, very nice. Expensive.

He slides the phone across the table to the young man, who puts it back into his pocket.

YOUNG MAN

I don't think smokin' is allowed in here.

Kirby continues to drag his cigarette.

KIRBY

That's the least of your worries, Junior.

He blows more smoke. The young man brushes it away with his hand.

YOUNG MAN

Yo, whatever. Whatchu' got me here for?

Kirby takes a final long drag and then puts out the cigarette on the edge of the french fries plate.

The young man shakes his head as Kirby leans in.

KIRBY

Look, Timbo. I know you been in and out of trouble your whole teenage life. You're about nineteen now, right?

YOUNG MAN

So?

KIRBY

Sooo, I could've booked your ass after that crack bust last week along with those two branded bitches, but I didn't. I told you, keep your nose clean and I'll hook you up with a job. Have you kept your nose clean since then, Timbo?

YOUNG MAN

My name is Tim, officer. And no, I ain't been in any trouble since that night.

Kirby snickers. He glares sternly into TIM'S face and speaks with a snarl.

KIRBY

I know your name.

Tim leans back, crossing his arms.

KIRBY

Now, since I keep my promises, I do in fact have a job for you. And the pay ain't bad. You wanna' know what it is?

Tim is mildly amused.

TIM

Yeah, what?

KIRBY

Informant. Sounds pretty important, right?

TIM

In the movies, don't snitches always get whacked?

KIRBY

Only the stupid ones. Anyway, police officers rely a lot on their snitch...informants. So it's a big deal. It doesn't usually pay much, but I'll make an exception here. And I know you need money.

TIM

Who doesn't.

Kirby grins.

KIRBY

Then it's very simple, D-Boy. You tell me when and where the next rasta, raw, and rambo stash is changing hands, and I'll pay you \$800 per bust.

Tim smirks skeptically.

KIRBY

You also gotta' spill on every bitch stable that moves to a new circuit so I can be there to clean house. And where there's drug dens there's always bitches. You're connected to some major PI's, so you know what I'm talkin' about.

TIM

Yeah, right. How do I know  
you're really gonna' pay me?

Kirby smirks and holds up his index finger. He reaches into his pocket and pulls out his wallet.

He opens it and pulls out a small wad of hundred dollar bills. He extracts four of the bills and sets them on the table in front of Tim.

KIRBY

That's what's called a non-  
refundable deposit.

Kirby pulls out a cell phone. It's less extravagant than Tim's phone. He places it on top of the money.

KIRBY

It's a burner and I do have  
the number. You are to  
communicate with me through  
that *only*.

Kirby pushes the phone and money towards Tim.

KIRBY

I *also* have a burner. The  
number to which is already  
saved in your Contacts. Text  
me the time, date, and  
address, you got it?

Tim stares at the money and cell phone for several seconds. He shoves them into his jeans pocket.

TIM

Yeah, I got it.

Kirby leans in towards him.

KIRBY

You better. 'Cause if I don't hear from you within a week's time I'm gonna' bust you for possession and distribution of crack cocaine and solicitation of minors.

Tim coldly looks directly into his eyes.

KIRBY

Then your black ass will do no less than 20 years. So don't you dare cross me, Timbo.

Amy is making her rounds and happens to glance towards the rear area. She notices Kirby and Tim.

She is curious for a few moments and then continues with her shift.

INT. KIRBY'S BEDROOM - MONTHS LATER - NIGHT

The room is dimly lit by a small lamp on a dusty nightstand.

RHYTHMIC, CREAKING SOUNDS from a mattress are heard, along with sexual MOANS and GRUNTS.

An TV sits on top of a chest of drawers against the wall opposite a BOUNCING king-sized bed.

A framed photo shows Kirby at his police academy graduation. An older man and young woman pose with him.

CU - FRAMED PHOTO

A second photo shows Kirby in uniform smiling with another cop. The man is tall with a strong, stocky build and cropped platinum hair.



Both men are posed with large firearms.

CU - SECOND FRAMED PHOTO

Kirby is in bed with Amy, who moans and clutches at his back as he climaxes.

He rolls over and lights up a cigarette as Amy catches her breath. She caresses his chest.

AMY

Hey Kirb, how many of your friends are coming to the wedding next week? I need a final head count for the reception caterers.

KIRBY

I told ya' it's gonna' be a small wedding, no more than 20 guests. So only six of my cohorts and six of yours, plus a few family members. I got six brass, my sister and my Uncle Fred. How about you?

AMY

My mom, dad, my brother, my grandparents and my two girlfriends. That's 17 total. Good thing most of my cousins, aunts, and uncles live on the West coast and aren't too keen on making the trip anyway. Not exactly my dream wedding but it's still gonna' be nice.

KIRBY

Fuck yeah, it's gonna' be sweet. Marriages that have those big fancy weddings never last anyway.

An unseen cell phone VIBRATES.

Kirby jumps out of bed and heads for a worn lounge chair. His police uniform and Amy's clothes are flung across it.

He grabs his uniform pants from the chair and retrieves the cell from its pocket and reads the incoming text.

MESSENGER (TEXT)

*11:00 tonight. 109 Butler St.  
Westbury.*

Kirby takes the phone and his clothes and saunters out of the bedroom, down the hall and into the bathroom. The bathroom light CLICKS on.

AMY

(voice raised)

Babe, I thought you were off today and tonight.

Kirby can be heard PEEING as he responds.

KIRBY (O.S.)

You're never really off when you're a cop. Duty calls 24/7.

AMY

I guess.

The toilet FLUSHES.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Kirby, still naked, picks up a comb from the edge of the bathroom sink and grooms his hair.

His clothes are strewn over the edge of the tub next to his cell phone.

INSERT - CELL PHONE

AMY (O.S.)

You will actually be present  
for the wedding, right?

Kirby shakes his head in amusement as he dresses.

KIRBY

Look babe, you weren't born  
this morning. You know very  
well what you're signing on  
for when you marry a cop. All  
cop's wives do.

He pauses.

KIRBY

Not gonna chicken out on me,  
are ya'?

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Amy is lying in bed with her head propped up on her  
elbow looking toward the bathroom.

AMY

Of course not. If anything,  
I'm thrilled you're a cop  
because I'll always feel safe.  
What woman doesn't want a man  
who can protect her.

Kirby reenters the bedroom without his cell phone,  
smiling as he finishes buttoning his shirt.

KIRBY

See, that's what I love about  
you, babe.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

You understand the order of things. I'm your protector, so as long as you trust me and stand by me, I will always protect you.

Amy half-smiles and looks down at the bed. She starts to get up when Kirby stops her.

KIRBY

Where you goin' hon?

AMY

I should get home. You're probably not coming back tonight so--

KIRBY

Hold on now. I want you here when I get back, I don't care how long I'm gone. You just relax and watch some tv and be your gorgeous self.

AMY

Well, I do have to be at work at 11:30 tomorrow for the lunch crowd, so--

KIRBY

Don't worry about that, I'll get you there. Hell, I'll be back long before then. Only gonna be gone about three hours anyway.

AMY

And you know this, how?

Kirby grins.

KIRBY

You kidding? I've been doing this long enough to know almost to the minute how much time every call will take. Now promise me you'll stay put.

AMY

(sighs)

Okay.

He quickly kisses her, GRABS his hat and shoulder bag and WALKS down the hallway to leave. An exit door OPENS and CLOSES.

Amy rises, stretching as she walks down the hall and disappears into the bathroom. The bathroom light CLICKS on.

EXT. WESTBURY, NY - 109 BUTLER STREET - SAME NIGHT

Kirby PULLS UP in his squad car and parks at the curb down the street from a steel mailbox with 109 painted on it.

He exits his car and walks toward the mailbox. Once he reaches it, he opens and finds it empty.

Kirby then turns to look at the large, two-story, part-brick house to which the mailbox belongs. It appears dimly lit inside.

He slowly approaches the house and draws his gun, which has been fitted with a silencer.

He checks his watch, which reads 10:52 PM.

CU - DIGITAL WRIST WATCH

As he reaches the porch, Kirby looks around the neighborhood for any watchful eyes.

He suddenly looks hard at an old, dilapidated house across the narrow street, as though startled by it.

He returns his attention to the stash house and checks the front door knob. It is locked.

He carefully peers through the door's small window and sees a shapely, barefoot, scantily clad YOUNG WOMAN exit a side room.

Kirby quickly ducks down. He slowly peers through the window again.

The woman is about 22 years-old with long, wavy, blonde hair. She walks towards a back room.

A crack pipe is clutched in the woman's hand. She disappears into the back room.

Kirby studies his surroundings again. He hears a car APPROACHING a short distance away.

Kirby quickly leaves the porch and hides behind a large shrub on the side of the house.

A silver SUV DRIVES UP, opposite the direction from where Kirby arrived. It pulls into the driveway. TWO MEN EXIT the vehicle.

The PI is a tall, wiry BLACK MAN, about 28, in a leather jacket. His passenger, a stocky LATINO MAN is roughly the same age, wears a dark suit.

They approach the house. The PI uses a key to open the door and they stroll inside.

INT. 109 BUTLER STREET - CONTINUOUS

The PI walks down the hall toward the room into which the shapely blonde disappeared.

He sternly SHOUTS.

PI

Hey, where's my pretty bottom?

Before his customer finishes closing the door, Kirby BUSTS IN and SHOOTS the man point blank in the head.

The man's body FALLS to the floor.

The PI swiftly spins around toward the front door as Kirby closes it.

PI

What the fuck?!

He hastily reaches into his waistband but stops as Kirby walks toward him with his gun pointed.

PI

You a fucking cop??!

Kirby grabs and puts him in a chokehold and then frisks him. He finds a gun and switchblade and adds them to his own pocket.

KIRBY

That's right, I am the law, boy. And since I've just taken out Mr. Big Money Grip it looks like your business is with me now. So shut the fuck up and lead me to every stash in this house, including your pussy stable. Now, you skinny coon, before I waste your ass!

At that moment, the shapely blonde woman half stumbles in from the back room looking dazed.

WOMAN

Hey daddy, what's up?

Kirby looks her up and down.

KIRBY

She's too fuckin' strung out  
to make a worthy bottom.

Kirby points his gun at the woman.

KIRBY

No point in keepin' you  
around. Sorry baby, nothing  
personal. Just business.

He SHOOTs the woman in the head and she DROPS to  
the floor, barely making a sound.

The man starts to CHOKE. Kirby loosens his grip and  
shoves him forward.

KIRBY

Don't try anything stupid.  
Someone else will be joining  
us shortly. Now move.

The PI leads Kirby into the back room. The floor is  
carpeted, unlike the hallway. A still smoking crack  
pipe sits on a beat up table.

The nervous pimp walks toward a corner of the room  
and pushes away a heavy side table where a turned  
up flap of carpet is apparent.

PI

What the...?! That fuckin'  
bitch done dipped into my  
shit.

He removes a square, cut section of the hardwood  
floor beneath the flap.

Inside the floor is a long metal box. He grabs the  
box and opens it.

Eight kilos of cocaine and several small bags of  
rock are inside. One of the rock bags is untied.



KIRBY

Told ya'. No loyalty. Hurry  
up, D-Boy.

The PI removes an envelope from the bottom of the box and opens it. It contains many crisp one-hundred dollar bills.

He returns the envelope to the box, shuts it and hands it to Kirby who places it on the table near the smoking crack pipe.

KIRBY

Is there more down here?

PI

No, the rest is upstairs.

KIRBY

What about the basement?

PI

There is no basement. Just  
here, upstairs, and the attic.

KIRBY

Show me.

The PI guides him up the stairs.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS - CONTINUOUS

Walking down the hallway, they pass a room on the right. Kirby stops his tour guide and points to it.

KIRBY

Who or what is in there?

The PI opens the door. THREE YOUNG WOMEN around 16 years of age are asleep in three beds. Each one has a hand cuffed to her respective headboard.

Kirby smiles and licks his lips.

KIRBY

How many sisters you got in  
this house, Romeo?

PI

Only eight right now 'cause we  
just traded down some. We're  
expecting a fresh stable in a  
week. I'll cut you in man, I  
swear.

KIRBY

You'll cut me in, huh? I got  
no interest in a bullshit cut.

PI

It ain't bullshit! This stuff  
is the real deal, son. The  
long green. These girls are  
the shit here. Tricks from all  
walks pay top dollar for tight  
young pussy like this. See for  
yourself, I wouldn't lie.

The pimp is sweating and breathing nervously. Kirby  
shakes his head dismissively.

KIRBY

Romeo, you ain't tellin' me a  
damn thing I don't already  
know.

He knocks the PI in the head with his gun.

KIRBY

Now show me the rest of your  
stable and then have the rest  
of the bills and stash in my  
possession in the next five  
minutes or I'll empty my  
glock.

INT. HOUSE - BACK ROOM - LATER - SAME NIGHT

Kirby and a ROGUE POLICE OFFICER, about 45, with cropped platinum hair, stand in the back room.

He is the officer from the photo in Kirby's apartment. The two of them place three metal boxes inside a cardboard box.

The PI is sprawled lifelessly in a chair, his own gun on the floor by his foot.

Blood runs down his face from a fresh bullet wound in the center of his forehead.

Kirby yawns.

KIRBY

Glad you brought the smaller van. Only eight little honeys to transport outta here. Goddamn shame we didn't get the jump on this place before they traded down half the stable. Fuckin' Sanders. The payoff's still gonna' be big, though.

ROGUE OFFICER

I'd like a taste myself before selling off the merchandise.

He yanks at his crotch to illustrate his point.

KIRBY

Just hurry up. I need to be home soon, otherwise I'd join you. In twenty minutes I'm callin' it in, then CSI will be all over this place, so you and these bitches gotta' be long gone. Hit it good and fast.

KIRBY (CONT'D)

I'm leavin' three boxes of  
rock and ten-grand from the  
dead beaner's money clip.

ROGUE OFFICER

Roger that.

The officer struts upstairs. Kirby grabs the  
cardboard box and heads toward the front door.

The Latino man's body on the floor now has three of  
his right fingers and thumb lightly grasping a gun.

The bottom girl's body remains on the floor at the  
end of the hall.

Three staged bullet holes are apparent in the left  
wall of the hallway as Kirby EXITS.

FADE TO:

INT. VALERIE'S APT. - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT - PRESENT

Valerie and Chris are casually dressed and sitting  
on her sofa eating pizza.

A large pizza box with half of a pizza is open on  
the coffee table. The Sanders file sits nearby.

INSERT - LARGE PIZZA BOX WITH HALF OF PIZZA

INSERT - SANDERS FILE

CHRIS

Damn, who the hell was she?

VALERIE

No idea. But her story is  
identical to Sanders' except  
that she named the dirty cop.

CHRIS

It has to be Kirby. Which stands to reason why Kirby would've killed Tim. But our cameras were shit around that time. They got replaced only last year.

VALERIE

(sighs)

Figures.

Chris stretches.

CHRIS

What is it, midnight?

VALERIE

Something like that. You're welcome to crash here.

CHRIS

I'd still have to be home at dark-thirty to get dressed. Thanks anyway.

VALERIE

Sure.

CHRIS

Guess I may as well leave that here.

He points at the file on the table.

VALERIE

I'll take good care of it.

Chris stands and walks toward the door with Valerie close behind him.

He opens the door and turns as if to say something. At that moment, Valerie kisses him.

Slightly caught off guard, Chris leans into the kiss and they become more heated with each passing second.

CUT TO:

INT. VALERIE'S BEDROOM - HOURS LATER - SAME NIGHT

Chris and Valerie are asleep naked in her bed. Moonlight glows through the half-open blinds.

The alarm clock SOUNDS. Valerie turns it off and nudges Chris, who is still half asleep. She FLICKS on the lamp.

CHRIS

(yawns)

I know. I'm up.

VALERIE

I'll see you in a few hours.

Chris arises and begins to dress. He peers around the room as he finishes.

CHRIS

You don't have any photos.

VALERIE

What?

CHRIS

No pics of your family?

VALERIE

Oh. Yeah, they're all in here.

She removes the album from her nightstand drawer and hands it to him. He flips through it.

CHRIS

Aw, look at you. These are nice.

Valerie half-smiles and rests her eyes. Chris' eyes are suddenly transfixed on the album.

CHRIS

Wait...your dad was a police officer?!

Valerie, head on her pillow and eyes still closed, nods.

CHRIS

Why didn't you ever say anything?

VALERIE

Hard for me to talk about him. Hurts too much.

CHRIS

Really? I'm sorry, I had no idea.

VALERIE

It's okay. At least I can be his legacy now. Lock the door on your way out. Get home safe.

Chris appears puzzled and stares at Valerie as she returns to sleep. He places the album on the bed next to her and exits the bedroom.

CUT TO:

INT. JAMAICA, NY - SQUAD CAR - NEXT MORNING

Chris and Valerie patrol the area. Valerie is flipping through Tim Sanders' statement.

VALERIE

Jordinski must have really wanted you to pursue this. I think he even lied to the captain about not knowing where the file was.

CHRIS

Haven't spoken with Andy since I found it, other than to tell him thanks for the special delivery. And Kirby...that prick may as well throw his badge into the fucking Hudson.

VALERIE

A bunch of words on paper about being a snitch for a crooked cop isn't enough though.

CHRIS

Yeah, but his statement says he'd taken photos and video on his cell while he hid on the porch of a condemned house across the street.

VALERIE

*And* while he hid in a fucking tree near another bust. But no cell phone was found on his person after he was booked. Shit. What I wouldn't give to know the name of Ms. Anonymous.

Chris parks at the curb in front of Jamaica Rising Doughnut Shop. He TURNS OFF the ignition.



CHRIS

Andy didn't have enough to proceed with at the time he took this. And we weren't supposed to be involved with the investigation into Tim's death since it was considered a conflict of interest.

VALERIE

Then we need to fill in the blanks.

CHRIS

Hang on, I'll get us some glazed sugar and coffee.

He EXITS the car.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. JAMAICA RISING DONUT SHOP - CONTINUOUS

At that moment, a diverse group of about 30 PEOPLE walk by carrying "Black Lives Matter" signs and chanting loudly.

PEOPLE

No justice, no peace! No justice, no peace! No crooked police! No crooked police!

INSERT - "BLACK LIVES MATTER" SIGNS

Some of the signs also show the faces and names of unarmed Black persons murdered by police.

Chris stands aside by the car and nods at the group.

Valerie somberly watches the group through the car window.

After the group passes, Chris walks back to the driver side and re-enters the car.

He and Valerie both stare straight ahead.

CHRIS

I don't have much of an  
appetite right now.

VALERIE

Neither do I.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE LOCKER ROOM - LATER - SAME NIGHT

Valerie and Chris are sitting on a bench near the women's lockers. They speak in a low tone.

VALERIE

Ever hear of August Vollmer?

CHRIS

Shit, yeah. Pam constantly carried on about Vollmer. She became a cop for all the best reasons. She wanted to get to know people in their communities and visit grade schools, middle schools, high schools, universities...talk to them about gun violence, racism, sexual assault, self-defense...

VALERIE

Why did this country shit away the entire concept of modern policing? It would practically guarantee fewer dead cops and civilians.

VALERIE (CONT'D)

The whole cops against the world approach is insanely stupid. It's suicidal to go out and willfully create more enemies.

CHRIS

Preachin' to the choir, babe.

VALERIE

(jokingly)

No you didn't just call me "babe."

CHRIS

Nope.

VALERIE

Tim mentioned the addresses in his statement. A house in Westbury and another in Glen Oaks.

CHRIS

Yeah.

VALERIE

He said cop #2 showed up at the Westbury home after his cop murdered three of the home's occupants, and then ugh...made off with a small stable of girls.

CHRIS

Most of the drug busts made the news. Although not one news story mentioned sex-trafficking. The bust in Glen Oaks was the talk of the station for awhile.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Kirby transferred in not long after that.

VALERIE

So, Tim took video and photos on his personal cell at the Westbury and Glen Oaks busts after getting stiffed by the officer on his fourth payment.

CHRIS

Right, not the burner. Then he said he threw away the burner after getting stiffed again.

VALERIE

Then he loses track of his own goddamn cell sometime after Glen Oaks. So what the fuck happened to *his* cell, Chris?

CHRIS

I know it's been a few years but I say we check out the Glen Oaks property, and also Tim's last known residence, which was his grandparent's house. They were in Rosedale.

VALERIE

(smiles to herself)

You remember that, huh?

INT. YUAN RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - SAME DAY

Chris and Valerie are in uniform sipping tea with an elderly Vietnamese couple, MR. and MRS. YUAN.

They sit on tasteful, old-fashioned furniture surrounded by lovely antique rugs and art.

CHRIS

Thank you very much, Mr. and Mrs. Yuan, for being so hospitable, we appreciate it.

MRS. YUAN

Oh, it is our pleasure. Our son is police officer in New Jersey. Has been for many years. We lived there until we buy this house two years ago.

VALERIE

So you didn't really know the Sanders' well?

MR. YUAN

We meet Mrs. Sanders. Very nice lady. Very sad about her grandson.

Mr. Yuan and his wife look at one another and shake their heads sadly.

MRS. YUAN

She try to make him a good man. He was so lost, but she really try. His parents not want him since he was a baby, but his grandmother and grandfather loved him and cared for him as best they could.

CHRIS

Mr. and Mrs. Yuan, you didn't happen to find a lost cell phone anywhere in this house after you moved in, did you?

MRS. YUAN

Cell phone? No, I don't think so. I have not seen.

She looks at her husband.

MR. YUAN

No, I have not seen cell phone. Was it the grandson's?

CHRIS

Yes, we're pretty sure it contained some evidence of police corruption.

The older couple simultaneously GASP.

MR. YUAN

Oh, what a shame.

MRS. YUAN

Such a shame.

VALERIE

Yes, it is. Well, if you do happen to find it, please contact us right away.

Valerie stands and removes two business cards from her back pocket. She hands them to the Yuans.

MR. AND MRS. YUAN

(together)

Certainly, yes.

VALERIE

Thank you so much. Our cell phone numbers are on the back

Chris stands as Mr. and Mrs. Yuan also rise.

CHRIS

Thank you.

He shakes hands with each of them, as does Valerie. They both EXIT the charming brick house.

EXT. YUAN RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

Valerie and Chris head toward their squad car parked at the curb a short distance away.

VALERIE

Well, that's lunch.

CHRIS

Yep. Back to work-work.

VALERIE

We should check out the house in Glen Oaks.

CHRIS

Yes. I found out it's currently rented by a man named Albert Moore who once ran a methadone clinic.

They arrive at and stand outside the squad car.

VALERIE

Wow, you've done some homework. So, tomorrow?

CHRIS

We're off tomorrow.

VALERIE

Only until 7pm. Night shift.

They both ENTER the car.

FADE OUT.

INT. VALERIE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Valerie and Chris exit the kitchen wearing T-shirts and lounge shorts and eating cheeseburgers.

INSERT - TWO CHEESEBURGERS

CHRIS

Okay, so you're not really into having breakfast for breakfast. No pancakes, eggs, bacon, sausage...cantaloupe.

VALERIE

Nah. My culinary breakfast skills are nothing special. I can make toast.

CHRIS

(grins)

Wow. Fine, breakfast cheeseburgers it is.

VALERIE

And eventually breakfast pizza, breakfast hot dogs, breakfast Philly cheesesteak...

CHRIS

I've had breakfast chicken.

VALERIE

...breakfast ice cream sundae. Oh, and breakfast cognac.

CHRIS

I scream for ice cream. Hmm, breakfast cognac sounds pretty hot.

VALERIE

Ya' know.



They start to make out on the sofa with burgers in hand when a tea kettle WHISTLES.

They separate and Valerie jumps up.

VALERIE

Almost forgot about the tea.  
See, that's a breakfast thing.

CHRIS

Tea isn't food.

VALERIE

It's herbs.

Chris smirks as Valerie exits the living room.

CUT TO:

INT. VALERIE'S LIVING ROOM - LATER - SAME DAY

Chris is dressed in plainclothes and putting on his jacket. Valerie is asleep on the couch. Chris leans over and kisses her cheek.

CHRIS

(whispers)  
I'll see you tonight.

VALERIE

(sleepily)  
Okay. Glen Oaks.

Chris pauses for a moment or two and then EXITS the apartment.

INT. SQUAD CAR - GLEN OAKS, NY - LATER - SAME DAY

Dusk begins to set in as Chris, now in uniform, sits in his squad car.

He is parked across the street from a ranch-style home surrounded by a gated chainlink fence.

The gate is closed but not locked. The front door is open with a closed screen door.

Chris takes a deep breath and EXITS the car.

CUT TO:

EXT. GLEN OAKS RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

As he walks toward the front door he sees someone through the screen. He RINGS the doorbell.

55 year-old ALBERT MOORE, a tall, slim, bearded black man, comes to the screen door.

ALBERT

May I help you, officer?

CHRIS

Hello. I'm sorry to bother you. Are you Albert Moore?

ALBERT

I am.

CHRIS

Hello Mr. Moore. I'm Officer Ryan. I understand you rent this house?

ALBERT

I do.

CHRIS

Then you're probably familiar with its history...um...or maybe not.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Would you mind if I come in  
and look for something I  
believe might have been left  
behind awhile back? It's  
possible evidence in a...a  
cold case.

Albert pushes the screen door open and steps aside  
to allow Chris entry into the home.

INT. RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS

CHRIS

Thank you very much. I promise  
I won't be long.

Albert eyes him suspiciously.

ALBERT

Take your time, officer.

CHRIS

I wish I knew where to start.

Just then, the rogue police officer WALKS into the  
room from the kitchen. He is in plainclothes.

He looks at Chris and studies him up and down. He  
SNIFFLES as though his nose is runny.

ROGUE OFFICER

Evenin' officer.

CHRIS

Good evening.

ROGUE OFFICER

Looking for evidence, you say?

Chris pauses for a moment.

CHRIS

*Possible* evidence.

Chris looks around the room, which is practically barren with very old hardwood floors.

It consists of a matted entry rug, a long sofa, chair, and table.

A dusting of white powder is noticeable on the edge of the table. Chris sees it.

ROGUE OFFICER

Well, why don't you tell us what you're lookin' for and maybe we can help you find it.

Chris stammers slightly.

CHRIS

Sure. Would either of you gentleman happen to have come across a lost cell phone? Not sure what color, but most likely a smartphone.

Albert and the rogue officer look at one another and amusedly shrug.

ALBERT

Nope, not me.

ROGUE OFFICER

Nada.

CHRIS

Okay, well if you wouldn't mind checking. I'll be happy to follow behind.

Albert takes a small step toward Chris.

ALBERT

I gotta' tell ya' officer, I been all through this place cleaning and vacuuming and fixing stuff, so if there was a cell phone laying around I definitely woulda' seen it.

ROGUE OFFICER

That's right, officer.

Albert sits on the sofa. Suddenly, a toilet FLUSHES. The officer looks back in the direction of the sound.

ROGUE OFFICER

I almost forgot, we have company. So, not really the best time for a scavenger hunt. If we do find any loose cell phones, we'll call ya.'

The officer makes a mimed phone-call gesture with his hand. Chris looks him square in the eye and doesn't say a word.

Just then, Kirby WALKS in from the kitchen also in plainclothes. He is taken aback at seeing Chris.

KIRBY

Ryan, what the hell brings you to this neck of the woods?

Chris' face turns to stone.

CHRIS

Oh ya' know, police work.

ROGUE OFFICER

He says he's looking for possible evidence. A cell phone that might've been left here awhile back.

KIRBY

Is that right?

Chris is silent. Kirby laughs.

KIRBY

Fuck off, Ryan. Why the hell would you be here looking for a damn cell phone?

CHRIS

It's Tim Sanders' cell, you fucking psycho. Apparently, he was working for a piece of shit cop whose illegal activities he recorded. You know anything about that?

Kirby is no longer amused. His tone is ice cold.

KIRBY

Dangerous ground, Ryan.

CHRIS

You have no idea, you sick fuck.

Chris FLINGS OPEN the screen door.

EXT. GLEN OAKS RESIDENCE - CONTINUOUS - DUSK

He WALKS briskly from the house and across the street to his squad car.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

He ENTERS the car and breathes deeply as he tightly grips the steering wheel.

As he turns the ignition, GUNSHOTS ring out, SHATTERING the driver side window.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - SAME EVENING

Valerie is collecting items from her bag in front of her locker when Antonio strolls over.

ANTONIO

Hey Val.

She adds the bag to her locker as she answers.

VALERIE

Tony.

ANTONIO

(chuckles)

Heading over to the Night Stick. Shame you got the late shift, otherwise I'd ask if you'd like to come with.

VALERIE

Where's your boyfriend?

ANTONIO

Ha ha. If you mean Kirby, he had some other business.

VALERIE

Guess he can't wait to chalk up divorce number three.

ANTONIO

None of my concern. So, uh...where's your boyfriend, chica?

Valerie closes her locker and glares at him.

ANTONIO

Oh I get it, you don't kiss  
and tell. That's okay, I got a  
great imagination. Goodnight.

Valerie smirks as Antonio departs.

VALERIE

Of course you do. Goodnight.

Valerie walks toward the exit door and suddenly  
stops. A puzzled look comes over her face.

Just then, her cell phone rings.

FADE OUT.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - LATER - SAME NIGHT

Valerie sits in the lobby with Tina, Pam, and Andy.  
Raj is at the reception desk talking with a nurse.  
Joseph is asleep in his arms.

OTHER POLICE OFFICERS are sitting nearby.

A television in the upper corner of the room shows  
a breaking news report on WPIZ 12 New York.

A FEMALE BROADCASTER speaks:

BROADCASTER

Earlier this evening, a police  
officer was shot multiple  
times while sitting in his  
police cruiser in Glen Oaks...

Valerie shuts her eyes tightly.



BROADCASTER (CONT'D)

...residents heard the shots  
and came running out in time  
to see a tall Caucasian male  
fleeing the scene on foot.  
Police are interviewing  
potential witnesses for  
possible identification of the  
gunman, who, at this time,  
remains at large.

Valerie looks over at Andy, who appears despondent  
as he meets Valerie's glance.

ANDY

Did I cause this?

Valerie immediately shakes her head.

VALERIE

No.

TINA

What is it?

Pam is in tears and sobs.

PAM

How could this happen?

VALERIE

(to Tina and Pam)

I'll tell you guys, but not  
here.

Antonio ENTERS the waiting area and looks at them  
all before he sits down. He is noticeably upset.

Raj walks over to them, still holding a sleeping  
Joseph.

RAJ

He's gonna' be in surgery for  
at least the next few hours.  
We can check on him later.

Tina stands and kisses Raj and Joseph on their  
cheeks.

TINA

You go on home. I'm gonna'  
hang with Valerie and Pam for  
awhile.

Raj nods and exits the hospital. Pam and Valerie  
stand with Tina.

INT. THE NIGHT STICK BAR - LATER - SAME NIGHT

Roughly TWO DOZEN BEAT COPS sit transfixed at the  
news report of Chris' shooting on the bar's  
televisions.

Tina and Valerie sit side by side and across from  
Pam at a booth. They each have a glass of water.

The news report cuts to an ad and talking begins to  
fill the room.

PAM

I'm so scared. He's one of my  
best friends in the whole  
world.

TINA

They said that Chris had  
amazing instincts; he put up  
his left arm and deflected the  
bullets. Only one hit him in  
the head. Don't lose hope.

VALERIE

That lowlife ratfuck bastard.  
I know he did this.

TINA

You talking about Kirby?

VALERIE

Who the fuck else. You get rid  
of cops like him and half the  
crime in the city would dry  
up.

PAM

Are you saying Kirby tried to  
kill Chris? But why?

VALERIE

Chris and I are certain he was  
involved in the death of that  
young black man jailed at our  
precinct a few years back.

TINA

Shit. I knew it.

PAM

How do you know this?

VALERIE

From a closed cold case file  
that should never have been  
closed.

TINA

No definitive proof, though.

VALERIE

I know. And it kills me.  
Justice isn't blind, it's  
fucking dead and cremated.

Tina takes out her wallet and removes a \$20 bill and then places it on the booth table.

TINA

I'm gonna' head home. Have a drink. It's on me. Please.

Pam and Valerie try to protest but Tina puts up her hand defiantly.

TINA

Call me if you need anything.

VALERIE

Thanks, Tina.

PAM

Thank you, Tina.

TINA

De nada, mis hermanas.

Tina heads for the exit. Just then a WOMAN wearing a red MAGA hat STUMBLES in.

Still holding her wallet, Tina takes out a dollar bill and hands it to her.

TINA

Bitch, go buy a fucking clue.

Tina EXITS the bar. The woman looks dumbfounded. Valerie and Pam quietly laugh.

PAM

Never thought I could feel humor at a time like this.

VALERIE

No kidding. So, what's your poison?

PAM

I like Guinness.

VALERIE

So do I. Let's get that.

PAM

I'll get them.

Pam grabs the \$20 bill and heads for the bar. She waves to TWO MALE OFFICERS at a booth, both around 35.

The two men sit across from each other, one Asian and one Black. They wave at Pam.

ASIAN COP

You cannot be serious. What the hell kind of baseball connoisseur are you? It could be worth a fortune. Just call Olbermann and ask him, you used to work at NBC.

BLACK COP

I worked security for NBC ten years ago and *that* makes me best fucking friends with Olbermann?? Seriously.

ASIAN COP

Whatever.

He takes a sip of his beer and glances up at the tv, which is still airing news of Chris' shooting.

ASIAN COP

Damn, I hope our fallen brother is okay.

BLACK COP

Oh my god, you couldn't pay me to live in Glen Oaks.

ASIAN COP

Screw you, I have family there,  
it's like any other city.

BLACK COP

Oh please...

INT. THE NIGHT STICK BAR - CONTINUOUS

Valerie slowly sips her drink. Pam wipes away  
tears. She suddenly looks at Valerie.

PAM

You know, you should probably  
stay over at my place, to be  
safe.

Just then, Valerie's phone VIBRATES. She answers.

VALERIE

Officer James.

MRS. YUAN (V.O.)

Good evening Officer James.  
This is Ann Yuan. I hope not  
too late to call.

VALERIE

No, of course not. How are  
you, Mrs. Yuan?

MRS. YUAN (V.O.)

I am fine, thank you. After  
you and your partner leave  
yesterday, I later remember  
something from when my husband  
and I first move in.

VALERIE

Okay.

MRS. YUAN (V.O.)

A jacket was hanging in the coat closet that I thought belong to our son. Then it get pushed way back behind the other coats and I forget about it for long time. When I go to find it again and check pockets, a cell was there. I hold for you.

Valerie clasps her phone with both hands and puts it down in her lap as she whispers sharply.

VALERIE

Maybe justice isn't dead after all.

PAM

What is it?

Valerie quickly returns the phone to her ear. Her hands are shaking. She is almost crying.

VALERIE

Mrs. Yuan, I can never thank you enough. Thank you so very much. Would it be okay if I come there now to pick up the cell phone?

MRS. YUAN (V.O.)

Yes, now okay.

VALERIE

Oh thank you! I'll be there soon. Thank you!

She ends the call and she and Pam quickly exit the bar.

CUT TO:

INT. PAM'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - SAME NIGHT

Pam and Valerie sit on the sofa as Valerie holds an expensive looking cell phone between them.

CU - CELL PHONE AND CELL PHONE IMAGES

Both women wear disturbed expressions on their faces as they scroll through images on the screen.

VALERIE

Thank Christ the charger was wrapped around this thing.

Photos show Kirby and the rogue officer outside the Glen Oaks house with the gated fence.

The officer carries two medium cardboard boxes from the house to a large gray SUV.

Twelve very young women in t-shirts and shorts are being led to the SUV by Kirby.

One of the women is Amy Dunham. She has a bruised eye. Kirby grips her by the arm.

Pam and Valerie find a video that appears to show an exchange between the two.

CU - VIDEO OF KIRBY AND AMY

The video playback is slightly shaky:

AMY

...No, no, baby how can you do this?! Please, please don't do this to me! You're my husband for God's sake!

KIRBY

Shut up! Ungrateful cunt. I was your protector and this is how you do me?!



KIRBY (CONT'D)

Snoopin' in my phone,  
interrogatin' my goddamn  
snitch, you fuckin' bitch!  
Squealin' to my bosses like  
some two-bit traitor!

He punches her in the stomach. She almost falls and starts to wheeze.

VALERIE AND PAM

(together)

Jesus.

KIRBY

You brought this on yourself.  
Remember that.

Amy is crying and trying to catch her breath.

AMY

No please, I'm so sorry. He  
told me about the girls...  
but the news didn't say  
anything about them. I just  
wanted police to find the  
girls, that's all. I didn't  
care about the rest. Please  
don't make me do this, Kirb,  
no...I'm begging you!!

KIRBY

Sorry hon. Honeymoon's over.

Amy screams.

With lightning speed, Kirby takes his gun from his waist and presses it to her forehead.

Amy is silent.

He shoves her into the SUV to join the other women and SLAMS the door.

Valerie stops the clip and slowly places the cell phone on the table. Teary, Pam shakes her head.

PAM

Jesus. A goddamn tree, huh?

VALERIE

Yeah, Sanders clearly missed his calling in videography. He must've been big-pissed about not getting his money to risk taking all this.

She wipes her eyes.

VALERIE

She must be wife number two. I wonder what her name is.

INT. LOPEZ-JOHNSON RESIDENCE - DEN - SAME NIGHT

Tina is in her den pacing as she talks on her cell phone in a low tone.

TINA

Christ. Okay, I'll let you know what I find out.

VAL (V.O.)

Thanks T.

INT. PAM'S RESIDENCE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Valerie clutches her phone to her chest.

Pam sits on the sofa scrolling through the last images in Tim Sander's cell.

She places the cell phone back on the table.

VALERIE

I should be uploading all that  
to a computer right now.

PAM

Use mine. It's in here.

Valerie grabs Tim's cell phone and follows Pam as  
they exit the room.

CUT TO:

INT. PAM'S RESIDENCE - BEDROOM - EARLY NEXT MORNING

Valerie awakens to her cell phone VIBRATING. It is  
next to her on the bed.

She sees who is calling and answers.

INTERCUT - VALERIE IN GUEST BEDROOM/TINA'S KITCHEN

VALERIE

Hey T, what's happening?

TINA

Kirby's second wife's name was  
Amy...Dunman. No, Dunham.  
She used to waitress at a  
restaurant bar in Long Island.  
Her parents, who live there,  
went to the police awhile back  
after they hadn't heard from  
her in months. A few weeks  
after she got married, Kirby  
told them he and Amy were  
moving to Woodside and they  
haven't seen her or Kirby  
since.

VALERIE

Damn, her poor parents.

Valerie gets out of bed wearing a t-shirt and underwear.

She begins to dress using her free hand. Tina uses her own free hand to make a pot of coffee.

TINA

So they tried filing a missing person's report but Kirby insisted it was a hoax. He managed to convince the department that her parents were abusive, lonely people who refused to stop meddling in their lives because they were angry their daughter had married a cop.

VALERIE

You're fuckin' kidding me.

TINA

I wish. Later he told everyone she'd caught him cheating so they divorced and she took off.

VALERIE

Uh huh. I'm heading over to the hospital, then to see Captain Evans.

TINA

Okay. Oh, Chris is stable but critical.

VALERIE

Thanks T.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NEUROSURGERY - LATER - SAME MORNING

Valerie, Pam, and Andy sit in the waiting area.  
Valerie looks over at Andy.

VALERIE

Hey, what made you want to  
leave beat patrol for desk  
duty? Was it one thing?

Andy pauses and looks down.

VALERIE

I hope I'm not being too  
personal. I've just always  
been curious and I'd rather  
hear it from you.

ANDY

Kinda' one thing. I didn't  
feel the same courage I once  
had. When that kid shot Chris  
and took off, Chris pulled his  
gun and ordered him to freeze  
but he didn't. A lot of cops  
would've fired after him but  
not Chris.

Andy sighs deeply.

ANDY

My adrenaline was through the  
roof. I was fast enough to  
chase him down and taser him  
so I could bring him in alive.  
We're trained to do more than  
just point and shoot, even  
when we fear for our own  
lives. Otherwise, we're not  
really putting our asses on  
the line for anybody, are we?

Valerie looks him in the eye.

VALERIE

No, I guess not.

ANDY

Takes real courage to put your life on the line for others. Once I stopped feeling that, I knew what I had to do. The last thing any department needs is another lawless, trigger-happy coward with a badge.

Suddenly, a woman's voice chimes in.

VOICE (O.S.)

Excuse me?

Valerie, Pam, and Andy all look up at once.

DR. ANDREA WILLIAMS, a middle-aged Black woman with wavy auburn hair is standing in front of them.

DR. WILLIAMS

Would one of you happen to be Valerie James?

VALERIE

(gasps)

Yes, that's me.

DR. WILLIAMS

Hello Valerie, I'm Doctor Andrea Williams. The officer who was brought in last night with the gunshot wounds to his head and arm is awake and he's asking for you.

CUT TO:

INT. NEUROSURGERY ICU - CHRIS' ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Chris lies in a hospital bed with his head wrapped in bandages and his left arm propped up in a sling.

His eyes are closed. Valerie sits down next to the bed in a recliner chair.

INSERT - RECLINER CHAIR

Dr. Williams is at Chris' side tapping his shoulder.

DR. WILLIAMS

Officer Ryan?

Chris slowly opens his eyes.

DR. WILLIAMS

She's here.

Dr. Williams EXITS.

Valerie grabs his right hand, which has a few minor scrapes and a couple of band-aids on his index and middle fingers.

VALERIE

You asshole, we were supposed to visit that house together.

CHRIS

(raspy-voiced)

It's Kirby. He was there.

VALERIE

I know. I have the cell phone  
Chris. The Yuan's found it.  
It's got everything Tim  
Sanders recorded.

Valerie removes the cell from her jacket pocket. She shows Chris the incriminating images.

His eyes widen and then he GASPS.

VALERIE

You alright?

Chris points to the rogue police officer in the photo. His voice is still weak.

CHRIS

He was at Albert Moore's house with Kirby. I think he's a cop too. He may have even been the one who shot me, I didn't see.

VALERIE

Well, this outta' end both their shitty careers.

CHRIS

Hey?

VALERIE

What?

CHRIS

What happened to your dad? How did he die?

Valerie's eyes tear up. She sits in the recliner chair. Seconds later, she speaks.

VALERIE

Heart attack. But before that...he was a bad cop.

She unsuccessfully tries to hold back tears.

VALERIE

This black man at a Waffle House in Georgia was accused of causing a disturbance when he'd complained about his bill.



VALERIE (CONT'D)

The white manager called the police, who were also white. When they arrived, the man refused to leave until the restaurant corrected his receipt. So the cops dragged this man outside and threw him onto his stomach on the concrete. A patron recorded the whole thing on her cell.

Chris stares at Valerie's face.

CHRIS

I remember.

VALERIE

(nods)

One cop had him in a chokehold and kept shouting at him to not resist and to shut up. As if cutting off his oxygen while grinding him into cement would somehow stop him from struggling with everything he had to keep from dying.

She grabs a tissue from a nearby Kleenex box.

VALERIE

The man was strong and very upset, so one of the officers called for backup. My dad was one of four more officers that responded. Six armed on one unarmed. How ya' like those odds?

She looks at Chris, whose expression matches hers.

VALERIE

They were hitting this man with billy clubs and the man was swearing and probably feeling pretty goddamned humiliated.

Tears are streaming down her face.

VALERIE

Then my dad walks around the man's head and kicks him! He kicked him so hard he knocked him unconscious. Oh god, Chris. I almost fainted when I saw the footage. I couldn't breathe.

Valerie cries. Eventually, her sobs die down.

CHRIS

I'm so sorry, Valerie.

VALERIE

So much for that burly man I used to know, who was funny and liked to sing along with Gladys Knight and the Pips and dance with my mom at family occasions and watch scary movies with me.

She grabs more tissues.

VALERIE

I didn't know this guy though. The only cop I knew my father to be was the one who came to my 8th grade class and spoke to us kids about bullying and drugs and how important it is to stay in school.

She sighs and wipes her eyes.

VALERIE

Our relationship died after I saw what he did. And the officers of course were put on paid administrative leave, aka, enjoyed five weeks vacation only to be found not guilty of any misconduct. That man suffered permanent brain damage. He received a monetary settlement...but not justice.

CHRIS

Christ.

Valerie blows her nose and then stands.

VALERIE

Okay partner. I'll be back later.

CHRIS

You'd better be.

Valerie gently kisses him, grabs the cell phone and EXITS the room.

INT. CAPTAIN EVAN'S OFFICE - SAME MORNING

Valerie sits in a chair across from Captain Evan's desk as he finishes viewing the cell phone video.

CAPTAIN EVANS

So, she never did get the chance to ditch that bastard.

VALERIE

She could be anywhere. Can't we find her parents?

CAPTAIN EVANS

I'll take care of it. They damn sure won't want to see this, though.

He THUMPS his finger on the cell phone.

CAPTAIN EVANS

I noticed Tim Sanders asleep in the clink during my rounds. I ran into Kirby and told him to take a bottle of water to our latest guest for when he woke up. About an hour later, Tim was found dead. The wall cams hadn't been working right for months and they just weren't a priority with all the budget cuts.

VALERIE

When do we move on this?

CAPTAIN EVANS

No worries.

He stands and walks from behind his desk over to Valerie and then pats her on the shoulder.

CAPTAIN EVANS

I'll happily take care of that too.

Valerie stands and instinctively hugs him.

Surprised, the captain pats her gently on her back. She collects herself and they EXIT his office.

FADE OUT.

EXT. NEW YORK SUPREME COURT - MONTHS LATER - DAY

Valerie, Chris, Raj, Tina, and Antonio stand near the foot of the courthouse steps.

They are all in uniform. Chris's left arm is noticeably stiff.

REPORTERS gathered near the stairs mill around with anticipation as news crews stand by.

Captain Evans walks up. SEVERAL REPORTERS quickly surround him.

REPORTER #1

Are you pursuing the maximum penalty against Officer Dalton for his role in the drugs and sex-trafficking scandal?

REPORTER #2

Sir, will you be adding kidnapping charges regarding the disappearance of Amy Dunham?

REPORTER #3

Have formal criminal charges been filed against Kirby Dalton for the first-degree murder of Timothy Sanders since the officer's indictment by the grand jury?

CAPTAIN EVANS

(loudly)

I'll be holding a press conference shortly to which you are all invited.

He moves past them and towards his officers by the steps.

CAPTAIN EVANS

You're not gonna' believe  
this.

The five of them stare anxiously at the Captain.

CAPTAIN EVANS

There isn't gonna' be a trial.  
Kirby Dalton's body was found  
about thirty minutes  
ago...still smoldering. Looks  
like he was shot in the head.  
May have been tortured too.  
His scumbag associate is still  
in the wind.

Antonio sits on the steps and holds his head in  
both hands. Valerie appears bewildered.

RAJ

Where was he found?

CAPTAIN EVANS

In some field about 30 miles  
from here. The enormous amount  
of smoke caught the attention  
of motorists who called the  
fire department. They found  
the body and called us. Now  
to do damage control. Press  
conference in ten minutes.

Valerie, Tina, and Chris look at each other.

CHRIS

Damage control. Interesting  
way to put it.

CUT TO:

INT. THE NIGHT STICK BAR - DAYS LATER - NIGHT

Many officers are present. The music volume is low.

Chris, Valerie, Pam, and BARBARA CHEN, 45, an attractive Asian woman, are sitting at a booth.

Valerie and Chris sit across from Pam and Barbara.

Chris and Pam are in uniform.

PAM

No jury will ever convict.  
Seriously, who can blame the  
man? After what that rapist  
shithead did to their  
daughter! At least they have  
her back now. Not to mention  
the other girls freed.

VALERIE

So many more still out there  
though.

CHRIS

I'll bet Clarence Dunham would  
willingly spend a hundred years  
in prison if it meant getting  
his daughter back.

BARBARA

I concur. Not that he should  
have to spend a minute there.  
Our shift begins in half an  
hour. Ready to go?

Valerie takes a final swig of soda.

VALERIE

I am. Goodnight, you guys.

PAM

You too. See you, Barb.

Barbara waves at Pam as she gathers her coat and purse.

Valerie looks at Chris. He winks at her. She pats his left shoulder.

VALERIE

Rest that arm.

CHRIS

No worries. My new partner  
does all the driving for now.  
Sadly, he hates donuts.

Valerie smiles and vacates the booth with Barbara. They walk towards the exit. Chris watches Valerie.

CHRIS

See you in the morning for hot  
breakfast nachos and guacamole?

Valerie continues to walk and throws her hand back.

VALERIE

See you then!

FADE OUT.

THE END