

INTERNAL AFFAIRS

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FADE IN

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

NOPD officers BUBBY DUPRE White, 50s, and TOM THIBODEAUX, White, 20s, are sitting on a side street just outside of the French Quarter.

BUBBY

Now, this is a crucial part of law enforcement.

THIBODEAUX

A speed trap?

BUBBY

No, rookie this here is a honey trap.

THIBODEAUX

A what?

BUBBY

A honey trap. Most of the drunk tourists start to leave the quarter around this time, and some come right through here.

THIBODEAUX

So, a DUI checkpoint?

EXT. STREET - SAME

A sports car enters and runs a red light in front of the hidden Police cruiser.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - SAME

BUBBY

Oh, shit. We got one. Hit the lights.

EXT. STREET - SAME

The police cruiser takes off after the sports car.

INT. SPORTS CAR - SAME - TRAVELING

Driving is JFK OG, African American, 20s. KELLY CONNER, 20s, is in the passenger seat.

JFK OG

Oh, shit. I didn't even see that light. Fuck, fuck.

KELLY

I didn't think there would be any cops on this street. Everyone knows the cops are on Canal Street. Crap, I am holding. Shit, I can't take another bust.

JFK OG

You can't take another bust? Bitch if anyone finds out about me getting busted with you, my wife will leave me, again and my agent will drop me.

KELLY

Look, it's just a red light. Maybe they will just give you a ticket.

JFK OG

I'm a black man driving a sports car with a white woman in the south. Shit, they shoot us for less.

KELLY

Maybe we can work something out with them. The local cops want money, not busts.

JFK OG

Great, this is my reward for giving you a fucking ride home. When will I learn?

EXT. STREET - SAME

JFK OG pulls over to a side street Bubby pulls in behind him.

INT. POLICE UNIT - SAME

BUBBY

Okay, rookie, you take the passenger side, gun ready.

(MORE)

BUBBY (CONT'D)

I will take the driver. That spook is driving a nice car, so it's probably stolen.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Bubby and Thibodeaux exit the Police cruiser and approach the sports car. Bubby steps to the driver's side. JFK OG rolls down his window.

JFK OG

Evening, officer.

BUBBY

Evening, boy.

Bubby shines his flashlight onto Kelly in the passenger seat.

BUBBY

Now, what have we got here?

INT. OFFICE - NEW ORLEANS - DAY - PREVIOUS

Police Superintendent ANGELA GONZALEZ, mixed-race, 50s, is at her desk going over paperwork.

DAN RITTER, African-American, 50s, is being let into the office. Gonzalez rises to meet Ritter.

GONZALEZ

Dan, thank you for taking this meeting. It's great to see you again. Please have a seat.

RITTER

Angela good to see you as well.

GONZALEZ

Been a long time, how have you been?

RITTER

Well, not bad.

Gonzalez looks at him for a moment.

GONZALEZ

I heard about the forced retirement.

RITTER

You and everyone on social media.

GONZALEZ

Twitter war with the President? Dan, you're smarter than that.

RITTER

The heat of the moment and too many bourbons.

GONZALEZ

So what was the fight over?

RITTER

His attacks on the rule of law and the bureau.

GONZALEZ

What are you doing now?

RITTER

Well, I guess I will write a book about my fifteen minutes of fame and then fade into obscurity.

GONZALEZ

What if I could offer you a chance to win that battle? Maybe channel your frustration and experience in a more positive direction?

RITTER

What did you have in mind?

GONZALEZ

I want to offer you a job. Head of my Internal Affairs unit. I am changing it from the now tainted Public Integrity Unit. It's a deputy post.

RITTER

I'm flattered, but I don't think I am the best choice.

GONZALEZ

Do you know what the last head of PI for this department was up to?

RITTER

I heard rumors. Nothing good.

GONZALEZ

He was extorting crooked cops for protection and covering up police brutality and possibly murder.

RITTER

So pretty much the opposite of his job description?

GONZALEZ

Have you been keeping up with the news about the protest over the shooting in Atlanta?

RITTER

The white officers who shot and killed an unarmed Black woman after a traffic stop for a broken taillight?

GONZALEZ

Yes. What do you wager is going to happen to those officers?

RITTER

Given our current political climate, and my recent experience not much.

GONZALEZ

How many times did we see or hear about our fellow Cops getting away with abusing or killing suspects? Especially persons of color.

Ritter gets uncomfortable.

GONZALEZ

And we looked away.

RITTER

We couldn't violate the blue code.

GONZALEZ

But we justified in thinking that once we got to a higher position, we would change things.

RITTER

Well, here you are with that chance.

GONZALEZ

But I need a partner. Someone who is ready to fight against injustice and that I can trust.

RITTER

I would love to help, but I am just a washed-up punching bag for the media.

She reaches into a drawer and pulls out a gold NOPD badge with "Deputy Chief" inscribed in a wallet case and a Glock handgun.

GONZALEZ

I need to clean up this department, and I think you are ready to put the past behind you and be a part of the change I want to make in law enforcement.

Ritter looks at the Badge and gun then back to Gonzalez.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Electronics, brand new jeans, shirts, jackets piled throughout the living room. A couple, KRISTINE DANSON, 20's, and JOSH DUNGER, 20s, are lying together on a mattress.

KRISTINE

(out of breath)

Wow, that was great.

(looks around)

Do you have any stuff left? I need another hit.

JOSH

Yeah, one more on the table.

KRISTINE

You sure babe? I don't want to take the last hit.

Kristine reaches for the drugs on a dirty table and grabs a pill while Josh gets up to go to the bathroom.

JOSH

No worry Ocha will be here soon.

Kristine hides the pill in her jeans on the floor, then calls after Josh.

KRISTINE

Hey, did you really steal all this stuff?

Josh calls back to her from the bathroom.

JOSH (O.C.)

Yeah, well, most of it.

Josh walks back out.

KRISTINE

Did you steal that big ass TV?

Kristine points to a 70-inch flat screen on the wall. Josh looks over at it then gets back into bed with her.

JOSH

Well, I had some help with that one.

KRISTINE

Oh.

JOSH

Yeah, my partner. He walked around the store, keeping security, and all the associates occupied, while I got the TV and walked out.

Kristine looks at him, puzzled.

KRISTINE

They just let you walk out?

JOSH

My partner is the biggest, scariest black guy you have ever met. They were all so scared he was going to steal something they never even paid attention to the white guy pushing a TV out of the store.

Kristine looks at him, smiles and moves over to cuddle with him.

KRISTINE

Well, aren't you just a smart thief?

JOSH

I prefer to think of it as economic redistribution.

KRISTINE

Are you going out today? Is that why your friend with the free party favors is on his way?

JOSH

Yeah, something like that. I have to earn to keep the party going.

KRISTINE

Can I go with you?

JOSH

No. Today is just a mall job, and Ocha doesn't like having people around he doesn't know.

She pouts then pushes her breasts together.

KRISTINE

(sexy voice)

I am sure I could help you distract the security people.

INT. HOTEL ROOM/NEW ORLEANS - DAY

Sitting in a luxurious hotel room are DEVANTE, 20s, BIG MIKE, 30s, and several other African-American MEN.

There is a knock on the door. Devante opens it to find JFK OG standing there.

DEVONTE

Oh, fuck yeah. JFK you made it.

JFK OG

I wouldn't miss my main man's bachelor party.

DEVONTE

Bring it in.

JFK OG and Devante hug, then walk into the room. Big Mike is sitting with Several MEN, drinking, and smoking.

BIG MIKE

Alright, Hollywood made it, now we can get this party going. Sit your ass down and get some of this JFK.

Big Mike offers JFK a line of coke on a big mirror. JFK takes a joint from one of the Men in the room.

JFK OG

Hey Big man, uh, thanks, but I am a changed man.

BIG MIKE

What the fuck you mean? I seen you clean a whole eight ball in one snort.

JFK OG

Not no more. On the healthy path. I am a respected actor now. Might even get an Oscar they say.

BIG MIKE

So?

JFK OG

So, as Panto Banton once so eloquently put it. 'I do not sniff the coke.'

(takes a drag)

'I only smoke sensimillia.'

They all crack up.

DEVONTE

Well, I hope you still like the ladies cause we got a VIP room at the clubs full of fine ass bitches.

JFK OG

Shit I, got healthy, not dead.

They all laugh.

INT. GONZALEZ OFFICE - DAY

Gonzalez slides the badge closer to Ritter.

GONZALEZ

This is a chance to build a real investigation team that will actually hold the bad apples accountable. We both know what crooked cops are capable of doing.

RITTER

Some will see this as an attack on your fellow officers.

GONZALEZ

I prefer to think of it as criminal justice reform from the inside. We did not swear an oath to only enforce the law on civilians. Our oath was to enforce all laws on all citizens even if they wear a badge.

RITTER

There will be push back and resistance to doing what you are proposing.

GONZALEZ

The public no longer trusts the police, and it is partially our fault. We have stood silent for too long.

RITTER

In a politically divided country, you want to be the face of change? In a Red state? Are you sure about that? Might cost you that nice title. And your career.

GONZALEZ

Go hard or go home. I have been given the green light from the city council to hire whoever I want. If we piss off some people, all the better.

(beat)

Plus, you get to do the one thing you are best at.

RITTER

What's that?

GONZALEZ

Going after those who abuse their authority.

RITTER

I just don't know.

GONZALEZ

Black Football players are getting attacked for taking a knee over police brutality. It's time for us to take a stand with them.

She slides him the gun and badge closer.

GONZALEZ

This is the real fight, not some twitter beef. You have total authority. But I need it up and running by the end of the week.

RITTER

How about I help you get it started, and then I go write my book?

GONZALEZ

Come on, Dan, your not a quitter; you were born to be a cop just like me. Think of this as a way of showing those who hounded you out of the bureau that you are not done fighting for the rule of law.

RITTER

What's the pay?

GONZALEZ

Terrible and everyone will hate you and your team.

Ritter reaches for the gun and badge.

RITTER

So pretty much just like my daily life for the last year.

Gonzalez smiles and reaches out to shake his hand.

GONZALEZ

Welcome to every day of my career.

INT. NOPD ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

OFFICERS are mulling around the room. Three younger officers are sitting by themselves. DanSON, 20s, and DELAY, 20s, both are African- American and Tom Thibodaux. Bubby is chatting with other cops.

SGT MATTHEWS, 50s, enters and calls out to the officers in the room.

SGT MATTHEWS  
All right, everyone let's get this shift going.

All the officers take seats and start to give Sgt their attention.

SGT MATTHEWS  
Okay, people. Let's see what we have to look forward to tonight. We had rape in zone 4 during the day shift. The suspect is a white male mid-twenties, 5'4, one hundred pounds.

BUBBY  
Jeez, Sarge a guy that small who did he rape a midget?

All the other officers start to laugh.

SGT MATTHEWS  
Why, Bubby, did your mom say something?

All the officers start to crack up more.

SGT MATTHEWS  
In other news, we have a serial robber hitting in zone one. No description, but he is hitting the nice new condos in the gentrified blocks. Zone one keep an eye out. We don't want to anger our new wealthy tax-paying citizens.

A few moans in the background as SGT looks over some papers.

SGT MATTHEWS (CONT'D)  
Okay, last thing before we roll out. Due to a large number of officers that have been shall we say transferred to Federal custody, or who was smart enough to get out we have rushed some of our recruits out of the academy. Where are my FTOs?

Three OFFICERS raise their hands, including Bubby. The three young officers stand up.

SGT MATTHEWS (CONT'D)

Okay, team, these are our new additions to the fourteenth district. Officer Danson, officer Delay, and officer Thibodeaux.

Bubby speaks up first.

BUBBY

Sarge, I will take my fellow Cajun give me Thibodeaux.

SGT MATTHEWS

Are you taking the white kid? Well, that's a fucking surprise. Okay, but we need new officers, so try not to get him shot on his first night okay.

BUBBY

Won't be any worse than him riding around with you and that rotten breath of yours sarge.

SGT MATTHEWS

Very funny, Bubby. Maybe you should be a stand-up comedian. Keep that shit up, and I will put you on hooker detail with vice.

BUBBY

Hooker patrol? Why is your wife missing again?

All the officers crack up.

SGT MATTHEWS

All right, that's enough. Let's muster up and hit the street. Remember, do it to them and stay off the news. Okay, FTOs get your kids and take them on a tour of the district. Dismissed.

Bubby makes his way over to Thibodeaux.

BUBBY

Alright, kid, you're with me. Let's go get our shotgun and our unit.

The younger officer goes to shake Bubby's hand, but Bubby just walks past him.

THIBODEAUX

Yes, sir. It's good to meet you, sir.

BUBBY

Don't call me, sir; I'm not some damn CEO. Let's get going we have a lot of bad guys to teach lessons to tonight.

EXT. HALLWAY - DAY

Bubby and Thibadoeaux walk to a wall with a cage. Bubby leans into the opening to speak to the Officer in charge PETE, 40s, African-American.

BUBBY

Hey Pete, I got a rookie with me. Do you have any shooters that have child safety locks?

Pete looks at Bubby with no hint of a smile and hands over his shotgun then looks at Thibodeaux.

PETE

Watch out for this old cracker kid. They never did find the body of his last rookie.

BUBBY

Now Pete, you know we found his body. It was between your wife's legs.

PETE

The real mystery, Bubby, is how the feds missed you when they swept up all the other crooked cops?

Walking away from the cage, Bubby calls back to Pete.

BUBBY

Maybe because America is great again.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Bubby and Thibodeaux walk out to the Police parking lot to a marked police car.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - SAME

BUBBY  
Okay, kid, let's get a few things straight.

THIBODEAUX  
Yes, sir. I mean, um.

Bubby cuts him off.

BUBBY  
In this cruiser and on these streets, I am the law. Tonight you will meet two types of people.

THIBODEAUX  
Okay.

BUBBY  
The first are victims who got robbed or are dead. The others are the scumbags who did it or are going to do it.

(beat)  
Our job is to comfort the first and smack down the second. Got it?

THIBODEAUX  
Got it.

BUBBY  
Then let's roll.

EXT. POLICE LOT - SAME

Bubby turns on the siren and races out of the parking lot.

INT. JOSHES APARTMENT DOOR

OCHA MONTAZANO, 50's, knocks on the door.

INT. JOSHES APARTMENT - DAY

Josh hears the knock and looks at Kristine.

JOSH  
That's Ocha. Get dressed unless you  
want him to see you naked.

KRISTINE  
I don't mind him seeing me naked but  
only if he pays.

Kristine starts to put on one of Josh's shirts.

JOSH  
I saw you naked, do I have to pay?

Kristine walks over to him and kisses him.

KRISTINE  
You're special; you get the friends  
discount.

Josh opens the door, and Ocha walks in sees Kristine, smiles  
at Josh.

OCHA  
Well, well, Joshy. Looks like you  
have company.

Ocha walks over to Kristine and introduces himself.

OCHA  
Hello, I am Ocha.

Ocha kisses Kristine's hand.

KRISTINE  
I know. Josh has told me all about  
you.

Ocha turns to give Josh a nasty look.

JOSH  
I just told her we worked together  
sometimes.

OCHA  
Um, okay.

KRISTINE

He told me you guys make some real money. Maybe I could go with you both? I could be an excellent distraction.

Kristine pulls down her shirt showing off her cleavage.

OCHA

I bet you could.

JOSH

Not this time, babe. Come on, Ocha, let's go. And babe, you need to go to.

Kristine pouts.

JOSH

Sorry. No one is allowed in my place alone.

KRISTINE

Well, that is very paranoid of you.

OCHA

In our line of work, being paranoid is a good thing.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY - TRAVELING

Bubby and Thibodeaux are driving through a rough part of New Orleans.

THIBODEAUX

And so, my dad said I should stay and work on the fishing boat. I wanted to do something more with my life. Help people and get the hell out of that small town.

BUBBY

Uh, huh. Very riveting fucking story.

Bubby slows down and looks at a group of Black MEN sitting on a stoop.

BUBBY

Now, what do these spooks think they are up to?

THIBODEAUX

Um, what?

Bubby pulls past them and parks down the street from them.

BUBBY

Oh, sorry. I guess I am too anti PC for your millennial snowflake brain. What those boys are up to is no good. It's time to remind them who's City this is.

THIBODEAUX

(unsure)

Okay.

BUBBY

Now, I am gonna pull around the corner. You jump out and sneak around the other corner. Then we will get the drop on them.

THIBODEAUX

Don't we need probable cause to stop citizens?

BUBBY

Look, son, you better forget all that bullshit. Now follow my lead and learn how to be a real big-city police.

EXT/INT. CRUISER - SAME

Bubby pulls around the corner. Thibodeaux jumps out. Bubby leans over to him.

BUBBY

Now you get to the corner and wait for me to roll upon them. Then you come over gun drawn. Got it?

THIBODEAUX

Um, yeah sure, Bubby.

Bubby slowly rolls his cruiser to the corner, then he speeds up to the black men sitting on the stoop and pulls to a stop.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Bubby jumps out with his gun raised. Thibodeaux runs up from the side also with his gun out and aimed at the men.

BUBBY  
 (screaming)  
 All right, everyone. Get up, put your hands up, and assume the position. You know the drill.

The MEN all startled start to comply. BAGMAN, 30s, is holding a large beer in a paper bag.

BUBBY  
 I said drop the goddamn bag, boy.

Bag Man starts to lower the bag, but Bubby screams at him.

BUBBY (CONT'D)  
 I said, drop the bag. Don't make me shoot you.

BAG-MAN  
 Hey, I just bought this beer. Let me set it down.

Bubby angrily approaches bag man and points his gun at Bag Man's head.

BUBBY  
 Drop the bag, or it will be your last beer. Do you feel me?

Bag Man drops it. The bottle shatters on the sidewalk. MAN 1, 30s, from the group, turns to look at Bubby.

MAN 1  
 Man, why you got to roll up on us and shove your damn guns in our faces? What did we do?

Bubby moves his gun over to Man 1.

BUBBY  
 Well, look at this. We got a Mr. 'I know my rights.' You on parole, boy?

MAN 1  
 No, I ain't on no damn parole. I got a job, and I want to know what  
 (MORE)

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

did we do, officer? We were just sitting here sharing a beer. Is that a crime now?

BUBBY

Listen here, Mr. 'I know my rights,' we got a call about suspicious activity, and you ain't got no rights till I say so. Now assume the position.

Bubby looks at Thibodeaux as he holsters his gun.

BUBBY

Cover them while I pat em down.

Bubby starts to pat down each of the men. He finds a bag of weed on Bag-man.

BUBBY (CONT'D)

Well, look what we have here. You from California boy?

BAG-MAN

No, sir.

BUBBY

Well, too bad because this may be legal in that hippie state, but it is still illegal in the great red state of Louisiana.

Bubby pockets the bag and moves on to Man 1. Bubby pats him down and comes out with a bunch of bills neatly folded.

BUBBY

Well, look at this, Mr. 'I know my rights' is part of the one percent. Got himself a big old wad of cash.

MAN 1

Hey, that is my money. I earned that legally. You can't take that.

BUBBY

Oh, is that right? You know what I can and cannot do? Well, let me see. I got one boy with a big old bag of weed and another with a big old wad of cash.

MAN 1

So?

BUBBY

So, I bet you were about to buy that weed, and that makes this a crime in progress.

Man 1 turns to face Bubby, but Bubby shoves him back.

MAN 1

Look, man, that is my money. I didn't know he had no weed. I earned that working, and I need it to feed my family.

BUBBY

Is that so? Well, next time you earn money for your family, go home and don't be out here in my city buying weed.

Bubby puts the cash in his pocket and steps back from the men.

MAN 1

This is some straight-up bullshit.

BUBBY

Alright, turn around, but keep your hands on your heads.

They all turn around.

BUBBY

Mr. 'I know my rights' was going to buy weed from Mr. Broken Beer, so all this is evidence for my investigation. Now all you bad boys get and don't come around here. This block is mine now.

Bubby spits on the sidewalk.

MAN 1

This shit ain't right. Come up in here for no reason and shake people down, take their property.

Bubby walks up to the man and leans in close to his ear.

BUBBY

And just what the fuck are you going to do about it, spook?

Bubby steps back and speaks to all the men.

BUBBY

Y'all think about this before committing a crime NOLA. But hey, look on the bright side. I ain't going to write y'all a ticket for littering my sidewalk with that broken beer bottle.

Bubby looks over to Thibodeaux.

BUBBY (CONT'D)

All right, rookie get in the car. We got other crimes to solve.

They both get in the car. Bubby leans over to the Men.

BUBBY (CONT'D)

Y'all stay safe and out of trouble now, you hear?

Bubby and Thibodeaux dive off as Man 1 gives them the finger.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - SAME - TRAVELING

Thibodeaux is visibly upset.

THIBODEAUX

What the hell was all that about, Bubby?

BUBBY

That was a street tax son. It's called crime prevention.

THIBODEAUX

I don't know, Bubby that seems wrong. What if they go and complain to someone?

BUBBY

Son, this is how we stop crime, keeping them down. Besides, didn't you hear? There ain't nobody to report us to.

(MORE)

BUBBY (CONT'D)

The PI unit got itself busted. Hell,  
turns out they were more crooked than  
me.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE/SECURITY OFFICE

MARK MOUNTAIN, 30s, property crime detective, is sitting on a desk in the security office with two plainclothes STORE DETECTIVES #1 and #2 in front of a bank of monitors watching the parking lot.

MOUNTAIN

They are driving a white cargo van,  
so keep an eye out.

INT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Ritter walks to the customer service desk and speaks to the STORE EMPLOYEE, female, 20s.

RITTER

Hi, I am Deputy Chief Ritter. I'm  
looking for Detective Mountain.

STORE EMPLOYEE

I don't know who that is, but if he's  
a cop, he's probably in the security  
office. I can take you back.

RITTER

Great. Thank you.

INT. BACK HALLWAY

Ritter and Store Employee walk to a door labeled Loss Prevention. Store Employee knocks on the door, and STORE DETECTIVE #1 opens the door.

STORE D #1

Hey, what can I do for you?

RITTER.

Hi, I am looking for Detective  
Mountain.

Store Detective calls out over his shoulder.

STORE D #1  
Hey, Detective. Someone is looking  
for you.

The Store Employee leaves and Montain comes to the door.

MONTAIN  
Hi, can I help you?

Ritter presents his badge and ID.

RITTER  
Hi, Detective Montain. I am Deputy  
Chief Dan Ritter the new head of  
internal affairs.

MONTAIN  
Never heard of you.

RITTER  
I'm a new hire from superintendent  
Gonzalez. We are putting together a  
new unit, and I wanted to talk to you  
about possibly transferring in?

MONTAIN  
Um, I am kind of busy right now new  
Deputy chief.

Store Detective #1 comes to the door interrupting.

STORE D #1  
Hey, Montain. It looks like our guys  
just pulled up.

Montain to Ritter.

MONTAIN  
Well, whatever it is will have to  
wait. I am about to drop a major  
booster ring.

RITTER  
Mind if I stick around?

MONTAIN  
Only if you are willing to help out  
on the bust. We expect about ten  
boosters.

RITTER  
Sure, it's been a long time since I  
took a street collar.

INT. VAN - DAY

Ocha, PAUL MARKS 30, African-American and Josh are sitting in the front seats with a bunch of MEN and WOMEN in the back and DanNY WILSON, 40s, African-American.

OCHA

Josh, my man, I appreciate that she is a hot chick, but I am not happy that you told her about us.

PAUL

What the fuck, Josh. You talked about us?

JOSH

Hey, sorry. I know I screwed up. I was hanging at the Erin Rose in the Quarter, and I was pretty buzzed when this hot chick sits down next to me. I strike up a conversation with her, she asks me what I do, so I told her I steal from the corporate elite.

OCHA

Well, she better not be a cop.

JOSH

No way is she a cop. We spent the whole night getting high and fucking, not something a cop could do.

PAUL

Then she better not be a blabbermouth or it is her ass and yours, white boy.

OCHA

All right, we will talk more about this later. Time to go to work. Let me off at the Donuts shop. I will be watching it all and will text you when we are ready to go.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

Montain and Ritter are leaning over the monitor with Store Detective #1 watching the van on an outside security camera.

INSERT CAMERA VIEW

A van in the parking lot pulling up to the department store.

BACK TO SCENE

STORE D #1

Okay, it looks like they are offloading. We have several subjects headed into the store.

MONTIAN

(to Ritter)

I have been tracking these shoplifters for about a month. My informant tipped me off that they were going to hit the mall today.

RITTER

Are they an ORC gang?

MONTAIN

Yep, this one group is a part of a local ring that has stolen about three hundred thousand dollars just in the last few months.

STORE D #1

Okay, they're in.

INSERT CCTV CAMERA VIEW

The camera follows several figures walking through the department store. They start to grab merchandise while looking around, then start to conceal clothes into bags.

INT. MALL - DAY

Josh and Danny are walking around the mall. They stop at a high-end retailer. Josh walks into the store first.

INT. STORE - DAY

Josh walks in, and all the STORE EMPLOYEES are smiling at him. Danny enters, and immediately, all the employees are watching Danny with suspicion.

Danny starts to randomly grab items and move them around the store while Josh walks around causally, placing items in his bag.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE - SAME

STORE D #1

Okay, detective, they will be leaving soon. Are you ready?

MONTAIN

Deputy Chief sure you can handle this?

RITTER

Please, I worked my way through law school chasing shoplifters. What's the plan?

MONTAIN

We are going to head outside and help store security take them down. I also have plainclothes and uniforms in the parking lot to grab the rest.

RITTER

Sounds like fun.

EXT. DEPARTMENT STORE - DAY

Montain and Ritter are behind a wall next to the store exit. Montain is on his cell phone.

MONTAIN

Okay, got it.  
(to Ritter)  
Here they come.

He points to the exit.

MONTAIN

Okay in Four. Three. Two. One.

Several people come out of the store with loaded down bags. STORE DETECTIVE #2 jumps in front of them and Montain motions for Ritter to follow him. They run-up to the shoplifters.

STORE D #2

Store security. Hold it.

MONTAIN

NOPD. Stop.

He and Ritter confront the shoplifters. Most of them stop and drop their bags while another two take off running. Montain yells to Ritter.

MONTAIN

Stop them.

Ritter gives chase.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Ritter chases a SHOPLIFTER MAN and SHOPLIFTER WOMAN through the parking lot.

EXT. MALL - SAME

Montain and the Store Detectives go to handcuff the remaining Shoplifters. The Shoplifters resist forcing Montain and Store Detectives to wrestle with them eventually getting them handcuffed after a brief struggle.

EXT. PARKING LOT - SAME

Ritter is chasing the Shoplifters through the parking lot weaving between cars.

RITTER

(heavy breathing)

Stop. NOPD. I said, stop.

Just as the Shoplifters are about to escape, an unmarked NOPD cruiser pulls in front of them.

A PLAINCLOTHES POLICE OFFICER jumps out and points his gun at the shoplifters.

PLAINCLOTHES OFFICER

Get your hands up.

They both stop and surrender. Ritter runs up and helps the Officer take them into custody.

INT. STORE

Josh is done shoplifting and leaves the store while Danny keeps the employees occupied.

INT. MALL - DAY

Josh is far away from the store; he stops at a bench. Danny joins him, and as they are about to head for another store, Josh gets a text on his cell phone.

INSERT TEXT

5.0 IN HOUSE. DUMP AND RUN MEET UP L8TR.

BACK TO SCENE

Josh shows the text to Danny; then they get ready to separate. Josh drops the bags he was carrying, but Danny picks them up.

JOSH

Dude, what are you doing? We need to dump and go.

DANNY

I need cash. Don't worry; I'll be fine.

JOSH

But I carry the bag. It's the white privilege thing, remember?

DANNY

Go, man, I got this. Meet up in the Quarter later.

Danny then heads for the nearest exit. Josh walks away from him and towards another exit.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Danny exits the mall and is immediately confronted by an NOPD OFFICER and a SECURITY GUARD.

NOPD OFFICER

Is that one?

SECURITY

Yeah, that's the one we got a call on.

NOPD OFFICER

(gun raised)

Drop the bag, asshole.

Danny drops the bag and gets on his knees with his hands up.

EXT. MALL - DAY

Josh exits the mall, and outside people are being detained all over as he casually walks away.

INT. SECURITY OFFICE

Montain, Ritter, and the Store Detectives are leading the shoplifters into the office.

The Store Detectives start to gather up the bags of merchandise and are handcuffing the shoplifters to a bench.

Ritter and Montain go to another office.

INT. OFFICE

MONTAIN

Well, Deputy Chief, you caught the bad guys.

RITTER

Not really. Your partners stopped them; I just helped. Been a long time since I had to chase anyone down. So, do you have a moment to talk?

MONTAIN

Sure, but make it fast. I need to start the interrogations, see if I can get one of them to flip on the ringleader.

RITTER

As I said before, I am starting up a new Internal affairs unit to replace the old PI unit. Superintendent Gonzalez recommended that I reach out to you to join our team.

MONTAIN

Me? Why me?

RITTER

Well, she seems to believe that you have the detective skills and the integrity that we are looking for.

MONTAIN

Well, that's nice of her considering I haven't even met her.

RITTER

She pulled your file from your days with homicide and was very impressed with your record. Just out of curiosity, why did you transfer out?

MONTAIN

I got tired of dealing with dead bodies. Too many young kids are shooting each other and too hard to find the perps.

RITTER

Yet you had one of the best closure rates in the unit?

MONTAIN

What can I tell you? I just needed a change of pace.

RITTER

So, chasing shoplifters?

MONTAIN

I love the rush. Plus these guys almost never try to kill you.

RITTER

Well, from what I have seen, I think you would be a key member of my team. And just a heads-up, SI Gonzalez is not one to take no. I learned that the hard way.

MONTAIN

Wait, I know you. You're the guy who got canned from the FBI for tweeting about the President.

RITTER

Um, yeah, something like that.

MONTAIN

Hot damn, I never met a political celebrity before.

INT. SWAT VAN - DAY - TRAVELING

In the van is the SWAT COMMANDER, 40s, SWAT OFFICER #1 and #2 with several SWAT OFFICERS and JUAN VELASQUEZ, 20s.

SWAT COMMANDER  
Okay, stay tight and ready. We are rolling on a drug house that has been identified as the possible hiding place of a murder suspect so be ready for anything.

SWAT OFFICER #1  
No sweat LT. Shit, we eat bad guys for lunch.

SWAT OFFICER #2  
Cajun style.

Swat officer #1 and #2 bump fists.

SWAT OFFICER #1  
Except for Juan. He likes his bad guy's with Tabasco sauce.

JUAN  
No, I like my women muy Caliente and my bad guys bland like gringo food.

The van comes to a stop.

SWAT COMMANDER  
All right, team let's go.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD STREET - DAY

The back of the van opens up, and all the SWAT Officers run out and head to a house.

EXT. HOUSE - SAME

The SWAT officers spread out and take up positions around the house. SWAT Officer #1 and #2 are with Juan at the back of the house. The SWAT Commander is giving orders over headsets.

SWAT COMMANDER (V.O.)  
Okay, everyone hold  
(beat)  
Okay, go...go...go.

Juan and the other SWAT officers bust through the back door.

INT. HOUSE - SAME

All the SWAT Officers are screaming as they run in and start to detain the SUSPECTS in the house.

SWAT OFFICERS MULTIPLE  
Police. Hands up. Get the fuck on the  
ground.

Juan goes after a HISPANIC MAN trying to run out a door.

JUAN  
Don't do it, man. Stop.

Juan grabs the Hispanic man and brings him to the floor.  
Juan and the man speak to each other in Spanish.

INSERT: English Subtitles.

MAN  
No hablo English.

JUAN  
(spanish)  
Raise your hands and do not move.

MAN  
(spanish)  
Yes, yes.

JUAN  
(spanish)  
Why are you here?

MAN  
(spanish)  
Drugs, my friend.

JUAN  
Great, thank you for expanding the  
stereotype of our people.

JUAN  
(spanish)  
Hands behind your back.

Juan handcuffs the Man then he and the other SWAT Offers start to lead their suspects outside.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Deputy Ritter pulls up to the scene and heads over to a SWAT SARGENT.

RITTER  
Hey, Sarge. Deputy Chief Ritter. Can you point me to SWAT Officer Juan Velasquez?

The SWAT Sargent looks at Ritter's badge and ID.

SWAT SGT  
Deputy Ritter? Never heard of you.

RITTER  
Yeah, I am pretty new. Like three hours ago.

SWAT SGT  
Part of the new changes, uh?

RITTER  
Yep, so Velasquez?

The SWAT SGT points to Juan, who is just turning his prisoner over to a STREET COP. Ritter walks over to him.

RITTER  
Officer Velasquez?

JUAN  
Yes, sir.

Ritter shows Juan his badge.

RITTER  
Deputy Chief Ritter, Internal Affairs.

Juan tenses up.

JUAN  
Sir, what can I do for you?

RITTER  
Relax, son you're not in trouble. I'm not sure what is more tiresome, having to introduce myself to everyone or the response I get when I say IA. Can we take a walk?

JUAN  
Yes, sir. Sarge, taking a break.

SWAT Sgt gives Juan a wave.

RITTER  
So, busy day?

JUAN  
Just cleaning up some bad guys, sir.

RITTER  
Good job. And please call me Dan.

JUAN  
Yes, sir. Dan. What can I do for you?

RITTER  
I see that you have been trying to move up to Detective for some time, but you keep getting passed over despite your service record and your test scores. Why is that?

JUAN  
I'm not sure what you are getting at.

RITTER  
I'm not trying to put you on the spot, just trying to figure out why someone who has tested so highly is still working SWAT and not a detective?

JUAN  
Well, I like SWAT. It reminds me of the team I had back in Afghanistan.

RITTER  
But you do want to be a detective, right? I mean, that is why you keep applying?

JUAN  
Yes, sir, I do.

RITTER  
I looked over your file, and I know that you came to New Orleans when you were just a kid.

JUAN

My parents came here after Katrina and worked to help rebuild the city. They brought me along hoping to give me a better life.

RITTER

And you have DACA status?

JUAN

You may say I'm a dreamer.

RITTER

Dan Lennon fan?

JUAN

My mom loves the Beatles.

RITTER

So, let me take an educated guess. Your legal status and ethnicity have held you back from advancing past officer in this department. Would that be accurate?

JUAN

It's why I like SWAT. They don't judge a man on anything other than his ability to support the team.

RITTER

So why stay in New Orleans why not go to another city that would be more accommodating to your career?

JUAN

I love this city. As far as I am concerned, this is the only home I have ever known so I will stay and serve the city as best I can.

RITTER

I can respect that. What if I told you I had a spot for you on my new team?

JUAN

Busting my fellow cops? I want to be a detective, but not that bad.

RITTER

Don't think of it as busting other cops.

(MORE)

RITTER (CONT'D)

Think of it as helping keep our community safe by cleaning out the bad cops who are no better than those crackheads you just took down.

JUAN

The entire Public Integrity unit was just busted by the DOJ for committing crimes so.

RITTER

And that is why I was brought in. We are starting an Internal Affairs unit, and I have a mandate from the new Superintendent to put together a diverse and professional team.

JUAN

And you need a Latino to round out the diversity part?

RITTER

I need detectives that represent all the residents of New Orleans, including our Spanish speaking population.

JUAN

Well, I will give it some thought, but I am pretty happy in SWAT. Good luck, sir uh Dan. I need to get back to my team.

Juan shakes Ritter's hand and starts to head off.

RITTER

Officer Velasquez.

Juan turns.

RITTER

How many Latinos are being abused by bad cops because they don't have anyone to protect them? And they won't come forward because they don't trust the police?

Juan thinks, then heads back to his team.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Deputy Sheriff TIM ALONA, 50s, is at a street vendor having lunch with a few other DEPUTIES when Ritter arrives.

TIM

Man, that fucking guy was crazy. It took like three of us to take him down. Shit, I had my Taser on him, and he was still coming at me.

Ritter interrupts.

RITTER

Excuse me. I'm looking for Deputy Alona?

TIM

That's me. You must be the new Deputy Chief I've been hearing about.

RITTER

Wow, I have only had the job a few hours.

TIM

What can I say? Its a small-town so news travels fast. What can I do for you, Chief?

RITTER

Call me, Dan. Do you have a minute, deputy?

TIM

Sure, call me Tim.

RITTER

Well, Tim, if you know who I am, you probably know what I want to talk to you about.

TIM

I heard you are looking for people to join your new team investigating cops.

RITTER

Yes, as a matter of fact. I have been tasked by Superintendent Gonzalez to form a new team, and SI Gonzalez pointed me in your direction.

TIM

Well, now that is very nice of her, but the problem is I work for the Orleans Parish Sheriffs. I'm just a good old street cop.

RITTER

She has full discretion to hire anyone she wants. Plus, good street cops make the best detectives.

TIM

Okay, well the other thing is I have it pretty good with the Sheriffs. I am just a few years from retirement.

RITTER

I looked at your application to NOPD back in the day. You were accepted, but you left and took a lower-paying job with the Sheriff. Why?

TIM

Do you really want to know the truth?

RITTER

I wouldn't have asked if I didn't.

TIM

Well, back then, NOPD was not very friendly to people of our color, and that was imparted to me during the application process. But I was a naive kid, thought I could join up anyway. The harassment during the academy was too much. I found a noose over my bed on the first day.

RITTER

So, you left and joined the Sheriffs?

TIM

And they welcomed me with open arms.

RITTER

It's a new day at NOPD. Those days are gone.

TIM

Are you willing to bet on that? Mr. not even one full day in NOLA?

RITTER

Well, let me put it this way. You would be the one working to investigate that discrimination.

TIM

Yeah, how did that work out for the last PI unit?

RITTER

Not well. That is why I'm here.

TIM

Look, Dan, the first thing I learned at the SOs was that the NOPD was corrupt and that was just the way it is. I have seen many Superintendents come and many go. They all had that same wide-eyed "I can change the world" delusion. And you know what happened to each one of them?

RITTER

What?

TIM

They either realized that they couldn't stop the corruption because it starts at the top of the city above the SI's office, so they left to save their reputations.

RITTER

That sounds very pessimistic.

TIM

My observations come from years working around NOPD and watching what happens to those who try to take on the powers that be.

RITTER

So, you just stand by and watch? You never thought about doing something to change it?

TIM

People who stick their heads out too far tend to get them chopped off.

RITTER

Hey, I don't blame you for wanting to take the easy way out and look the other way.

TIM

Now hold on a moment. It is easy to come to town and think you know who everyone is and what we all should or shouldn't do. But you're an outsider, Deputy Dan, and don't you ever question my integrity.

RITTER

Tim, I was not trying to insinuate that you are not a good cop. I think you are tired of watching bad cops ruin our profession. We are both men of color, so we know what a bad cop is capable of firsthand.

TIM

That is a fact, my friend.

RITTER

And you are right; I am from out of town. So is SI Gonzalez. And I can tell you she will never run and I have spent my career taking down corruption. It is why SI Gonzalez hired me.

(beat)

Well, strong-armed me into taking this on.

TIM

Well, Deputy Chief Dan, that is all very impressive. But I still don't think you want me. You must be pretty desperate to be recruiting an old dog Deputy like me.

RITTER

I need an honest, experienced cop who knows the city. The players and the problems. I can think of no one better suited than a fourth-generation Creole local who puts his life on the line for a city he loves even if it has a racist dark side.

In the background, the other Deputies are heading to their patrol cars.

TIM

Well, Deputy Chief Dan, I have to head back on patrol. My code seven is over, and I have some bad guys to see. Nice meeting you and good luck with your new team because brother, sounds like you are going to need it.

Tim starts to walk off when Ritter calls after him.

RITTER

Well, Deputy Tim, can you at least recommend a good restaurant? I'm starving.

Tim points to the food cart.

TIM

Right there, best catfish poorboy's in the city. But hey, make sure you give them a good review on Twitter, right. LOL as the kids say.

Tim laughs as he heads into his patrol car.

INT. BAR

Josh enters the bar looks around to see Ocha sitting at a booth. Josh heads over to join him.

OCHA

Josh, you got out. Good.

JOSH

Yeah, but they got Danny and our bags.

OCHA

What the fuck? How? Didn't you get my text?

JOSH

Yeah, but when I went to dump the bags, Danny grabbed them.

Paul enters the bar and joins them.

PAUL

What the fuck happened? I almost got busted in the van, PO, PO and rent a cops was all over the fucking place.

OCHA

Hold on, Paul.

(to Josh)

Now, why did Danny have the bags?

JOSH

He said he needed the money and couldn't give it up. He took them from me and walked out of the mall entrance and right into Danny law.

OCHA

Fuck, I bet he is gambling again. Fucking degenerate.

PAUL

Well, I wonder if he is the one who gave us up?

OCHA

What are you saying?

PAUL

Motherfucker did you not see what just went down?

OCHA

What? Sometimes they have these stings set up just waiting to see who comes along. Shit, people steal from those stores every day.

PAUL

Yeah, well, then how the fuck did they know I was in the van? Fuck, I stepped out for a smokes the only reason they didn't pick me up.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

(beat)

I saw those pigs roll out and I just ducked my way through the parking lot. Not an easy task for a black man in the suburbs I might add.

JOSH

No way would Danny give us up. I saw his eyes. He was desperate.

OCHA

Wait, Paul, you think this was a setup?

PAUL

Motherfucker, you don't?

OCHA

I guess that makes sense. Maybe we have a rat.

PAUL

Right, and you roll into Josh's, and he got some bimbo who knows who you are and what we do then we get busted? Interesting coincidence.

OCHA

I don't believe in coincidence.

They both give Josh a hard stare.

JOSH

Hey, Kristine is cool. Shit, I spent the whole night doing drugs and bawling with her. Cops can't do that not even under cover. Right?

PAUL

Shit, white boy. This is NOLA. The local cops sell more drugs and pussy than the Don.

JOSH

Well, she ain't a cop. She's just a Quarter stripper. I never even told her where we were going.

OCHA

They could have you under surveillance.

PAUL

Right.

JOSH

Then why aren't we under arrest right now? You guys are paranoid. If there was a rat, maybe it was one of the Mexicans.

OCHA

No way. I got those illegals by the balls. They say anything; they get turned into Burrito meat.

JOSH

Well, until we find out who the rat is, if there is one, we need to chill and stop randomly accusing people.

OCHA

You're right. But no runs until further notice. And we should all stay away from each other until I know more.

JOSH

I am going to head off.

OCHA

This place has a back door that leads out to an ally. We should all go out that way, but not all at once. I need to talk to the Don. He is not going to be happy. Fuck this life. I will be in touch soon.

Ocha leaves cash on the table and slips out the back. Josh gets ready to leave when Paul leans in close to him.

PAUL

Look, Richie Rich, I am not going back to jail. And if I find out that you or that fucking titty Dancer had anything to do with this, they will never find the fucking bodies. Got it?

JOSH

Paul, stop watching all those gangster movies and get the fuck out of my way.

Josh gets up and leaves.

MONTAGE

EXT. STREET DAY

Ritter speaks with a HOMICIDE DETECTIVE.

RITTER

So, as I was saying, I am looking for good cops to join our team.

H DETECTIVE

Join the Rat squad? Are you fucking kidding me?

EXT. BAR - DAY

Ritter speaks with an UNDERCOVER COP.

RITTER

This is an excellent opportunity to help clean up the city from within.

UNDERCOVER COP

Yeah, well, I am transferring to the State Police. I am not working for any gender-bending dike.

INT. POLICE OFFICES - DAY

Ritter speaks with two UNIFORMED COPS.

RITTER

So, this would be an excellent opportunity to make detective and join an elite unit dedicated to rooting out corruption.

Both Uniformed Cops bust out laughing at him.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY - TRAVELING

Metairie Police Officer TATE, 30s, white. TATE gets a call over the Police radio.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Mary thirty-eight. Mary thirty-eight, come in. Over.

TATE grabs the microphone and tries to reply while spilling her coffee.

TATE  
Fuck.

TATE tosses the coffee cup, then picks up the mic and responds.

TATE  
Mary thirty-eight to dispatch. Go ahead. Over.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Mary thirty-eight, you are dispatched to meet Mary thirty-one to assist with a domestic. Over.

TATE curses quietly, then responds.

TATE  
Dispatch, I just cleared from a domestic and was going code seven. Can another unit respond? Over.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Negative. The watch commander requested you handle it. You are the D.I.S on duty. Over.

TATE  
(to herself)  
Fuck, I am the only DIS on the whole damn force.  
(into mic)  
Roger that dispatch. In route. Over.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Officers MARKS, 40s, and MCCORD, 20s, are trying to deal with a couple, MOLLY, 40s and BEN, 50s, who are drunk and combative.

MOLLY  
Damn you. You took that last beer, you selfish bastard.

Molly lunges at Ben, McCord jumps in her way, holding her back. Ben lunges for Molly and Marks holds him back.

BEN  
Screw you, bitch. You drank it  
yourself, you fucking drunk.

MARKS  
All right, calm down both of you, or  
you can both spend the night in the  
drunk tank.

TATE enters.

MOLLY  
Who the fuck is this bitch?

TATE  
Hey Marks, what's the deal here?

Marks releases Ben, who has calmed down.

MARKS  
Hey, TATE, this is Ben and Molly.  
They have been up partying for a  
few days now they are out of beer  
and are going at each other.

MOLLY  
We didn't run out. That tiny dick  
drank it all when I was passed out.

TATE  
Molly, I need you to calm down. My  
name is officer Tate. I am a domestic  
intervention specialist.

MOLLY  
So?

TATE  
So, it is my job to see if we can  
resolve whatever issue that you and  
your husband may have rather than  
lock either of you up.

MOLLY  
He ain't my husband. He is just a  
useless prick.

TATE  
Marks, how about you take Molly into  
the kitchen so I can talk to Ben and  
then I will talk to Molly once she  
has calmed down?

MOLLY  
I am calmed. I just want that beer  
thief arrested.

Marks and McCord take Molly into the kitchen.

TATE  
Now, Ben, tell me what happened.

BEN  
Well, we was drinking and having a  
good time. I do love that woman, but  
sometimes when she drinks, she gets  
crazy.

TATE  
Alcohol can bring out the worst in  
people.

MCCORD (O.C.)  
(screaming)  
What the hell, Molly? Wait.

MOLLY (O.C.)  
Get the fuck away from him. He is my  
man, you fucking bitch.

Molly comes running from the kitchen and tackles TATE. Molly  
and TATE start to scuffle as Marks and McCord try to get  
Molly off of TATE.

MARKS  
Molly, stop, or I will Tas you.

McCord takes out his Taser and deploys it, hitting Molly and  
TATE.

INT. STRIP CLUB/VIP ROOM

JFK OG, Devonte, Big Mike, and the other MEN are all sitting  
around in a closed-off section of the strip club.

JFK OG  
D, you sure you want to get married?

DEVONTE  
Yeah, man. I want to be happy like  
you.

JFK OG

Shit, then you better kiss all this  
goodbye if you do. And happy, not  
sure how happy I am. If my wife knew  
I was here, she would leave me.

(beat)

Again.

DEVONTE

Why don't you leave her?

JFK OG

I like my money, and I do not want to  
give her half of it.

BIG MIKE

So she doesn't know you're in New  
Orleans with us?

JFK OG

Do I look stupid to you? Hell no. She  
thinks I am doing publicity for  
my new movie. Shit, not even my  
agent knows where I am.

Devante leans into JFK OG.

DEVANTE

OG, I just want the life you have.  
You got a hit movie, a record that is  
sure to get you a Grammy. And look at  
you cleaning up your act. No blow.  
Hell, you haven't even had one drink  
tonight. I am proud of you, dog.

JFK OG

Thanks, D, but it ain't easy. I  
worked hard to get here. Family makes  
you appreciate what you have. Fame  
tempts you to throw it away. I do  
love my wife. I am just fronting for  
the homes.

DEVONTE

Respect, Cuz.

JFK OG

If you love your girl, make tonight  
the last night you play. Do you feel  
me?

DEVONTE

Yeah, OG, I feel you.

Several beautiful half-naked STRIPPERS enter through a curtain and start sitting with each of the men. Kelly Connor goes to sit with JFK OG.

BIG MIKE

Now, this is what I am talking about.  
Naked bitches.

JFK OG

D, happy bachelor party this is all  
on me. Enjoy, Cuz.

The girls start to cuddle with the men. Kelly sits on JFK OG's lap.

KELLY

Hi, there, OG. I love your movie.  
Want to show a girl a hard time?

EXT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

TATE is being treated by a PARAMEDIC.

PARAMEDIC

Okay, officer. You are good to go.  
You just caught some of the  
electricity from your partner's  
Taser. You should probably take the  
rest of your shift off.

TATE

Thanks. If I had only known the way  
to a day off was to take fifty  
thousand volts from one of your own  
partners.

Ritter walks up to the ambulance as TATE is being released.

RITTER

Hello, Officer Tate. It looks like  
you're not having a great shift?

TATE

Well, to be honest, this is twenty  
percent better than yesterday. So  
yeah, winning. Do I know you?

RITTER

Oh, sorry. Deputy chief Dan Ritter,  
NOPD.

Ritter shows TATE his ID.

RITTER

I was going over your file, so I feel like I know you already.

TATE

Nice to meet you deputy chief and um, why are you looking over my file?

RITTER

Sorry, it has been a long day. I have met so many people. I may have lost my tact. I am taking over what was the public integrity unit for NOPD your on my list of prospective recruits.

TATE

Uh huh. And I have never heard of you because?

RITTER

Well, to be honest, I have only been DC for about a day. Actually, when I flew in this morning, I had no idea I would be taking on this job.

(beat)

Come to think of it; I do not even have a place to stay tonight.

TATE

Well, that makes me feel confident in your management style.

RITTER

Sorry. Like I said, long day. You used to be NOPD and then you moved on to the suburbs. What happened?

TATE

Well, to be blunt, and at this point considering how my day has gone, I am incapable of not being anything but. I got tired of being told I had to blow my superiors.

RITTER

Sorry to hear that.

TATE

Plus, I had to look the other way when my partner was shaking down criminals. So Metarie offered me a spot.

RITTER

And how is that working out for you?

TATE

Great, just great. I got fifty thousand volts sent through me while a drunk puked on me. Plus, I get to be the punching bag every time some couple gets too drunk or high and decided to beat on each other until I arrive. Then they bond by tag-teaming on me.

RITTER

Sounds like a great assignment. I saw in your file you tested very high for empathy. Is that why you got selected to be the domestic intervention specialist?

TATE

That, my perky personality and gender, so I basically had no choice. But hey, it beats having to fend off sexual predators while turning down bribes.

RITTER

What if I told you that I could offer you a spot on my team taking down sexual predators who hide behind the badge and make you a detective while you're doing it?

TATE

I would say that you sound like Santa Claus come early but pass. Now if you don't mind, I am going to get a black and white limo ride home. Have a cocktail and try to forget this day ever happened.

RITTER

Well, I can understand your position, but officer Tate, without someone like you in my unit, who

(MORE)

RITTER (CONT'D)  
will protect the other female  
officers from those predators?

TATE  
Nice try but I am in no mood to be  
guilt-ed into being what? The NOPD's  
new Me-Too advocate? Just because I  
am a woman? Sounds like your problem,  
not mine, to be honest, I don't need  
this job. I may just hang it up. I  
mean, I will miss all the love and  
adoration of a grateful public but  
hey.

RITTER  
Sorry, officer Tate, I feel like my  
pitch is off, and this might not have  
been the best time to speak with you.  
Go relax. I hope you feel better. But  
think about my offer.

TATE  
You'll be lucky if I even remember  
this conversation tomorrow.

RITTER  
Officer, I have a mandate to set up  
an honest, diverse unit, and after  
speaking with you, I need someone who  
has no problem being blunt.

Ritter shakes TATE's hand and starts to walk away, then  
turns back to Tate.

RITTER  
When you have time, I would like to  
try this pitch again under better  
circumstances. Have a good night,  
Officer.

TATE  
Hey, chief.

RITTER  
Yes?

TATE  
The new superintendent, is she the  
real deal?

RITTER

If she weren't, I wouldn't be homeless roaming the streets of New Orleans begging good cops to go after the bad ones.

TATE

Well, deputy chief, I have some advice for you.

RITTER

What's that?

TATE

Whatever you do, do not get a room in the French Quarter. You won't get any sleep.

RITTER

Thanks for the heads up.

INT. POLICE OFFICES - NIGHT

Ritter is sitting at a desk in the empty offices of the Internal Affairs Unit. Gonzalez enters.

GONZALEZ

Well, deputy chief looks like you didn't have a lot of luck recruiting for our team.

RITTER

You think.

Gonzalez pulls two high-end cigars from her bag.

GONZALEZ

Come on, Dan let's get some air.

EXT ROOFTOP - NIGHT

Gonzalez and Ritter are smoking cigars.

RITTER

Well, Superintendent, after running around the city talking to most of the cops on your list, I learned one thing.

GONZALEZ

What is that, Dan?

RITTER

People in this town are jaded as fuck.

GONZALEZ

Well, corruption has been a constant in this city.

RITTER

That's an understatement.

Ritter reaches and pulls a beer from a cooler and hands one to Gonzalez.

GONZALEZ

Sorry, did I not mention during the interview that no one will trust you or me? Oh, and that most people in the city already have a betting pool on how soon we will be out?

RITTER

I think you did fail to mention that last part during your pitch. That and I have no place to live. So, what is the over under on us? I have a spare twenty to toss in.

GONZALEZ

Seventy-thirty we are gone in a month. So, Dan, what's your plan?

RITTER

Plan?

GONZALEZ

How do you overcome their resistance? We still need an Internal Affairs unit.

RITTER

Easy, I take the bet on the under and use my winnings on a ticket back to DC.

GONZALEZ

Your request is denied. Oh, and I booked you a room in a hotel for a month.

RITTER

Thanks. Do you ever take no for an answer?

GONZALEZ

Well, I've spent my whole life being told no. No, a mixed-race woman can't become a police officer. No, I don't want to partner with her kind. No, we don't promote lesbians. Dan, I have heard no every moment of my career. So yeah, I do not take it for an answer.

RITTER

I heard a lot of no's in my career as well. Maybe not as many as you, but I hear you, gangster.

GONZALEZ

The history of this city is why I applied for this position.

RITTER

I remember back in DC you did love a challenge.

GONZALEZ

If we can change this department. If we can make this the example of what true law enforcement should be. Show that the law protects all citizens equally.

RITTER

Did I sign up to be your Sancho Panza?

GONZALEZ

You think I am on a pointless quest?

RITTER

Maybe but fuck it. There are worse ways to piss on the system.

They clink cans and then sit in silence for a moment.

INT. IA OFFICES - SAME

Gonzalez and Ritter enter the offices to find Judy, Tim, and Juan waiting for them.

GONZALEZ

Well, it looks like we have a few who  
are not too jaded.

RITTER

Do you think they are ready to attack  
windmills?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT - PRESENT

The bloody body of JFK OG is slumped over in his rental car.  
Police officers are all-around gathering evidence.

Bubby and Thibodeaux are sitting on the hood of a patrol  
car. Bubby is smiling and joking with other officers.  
Thibodeaux looks sick.

FADE OUT