

SQUAD ROOM
by Eric Dickson

30 Something Productions, LLC
Directed by Douglas Elford-Argent

FADE IN:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DUSK

On a pair of MIRRORED SHADES. We see the reflection of a heated basketball game in session.

PULL AWAY

-- to reveal the face of JAYSON MILLER (20s), flash jumpsuit and gold chain, street thug. Jayson takes one last drag from his philly blunt, stomps it, struts across the court.

One of the ball players spots him coming, calls a quick time out and meets him halfway. They shake hands, bro hug, talk.

Watching the action from the other side of a CHAIN-LINKED FENCE is Detective Sgt. DANNY FISK (40s), gruff, world weary, flannel shirt and torn jeans.

EXT. STREET CURB - DUSK

An unmarked car parked at the curb. Behind the wheel is Danny's partner DEREK VONN (40s), blonde crew cut, arm tats, hard as nails. Vonn covers the other end of the court.

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - DUSK

Jayson spots Danny through the fence. Danny smiles, opens his shirt and flashes a forty five.

Jayson darts off. Danny quickly runs for the open gate and onto the court.

EXT. STREET CURB - DUSK

Vonn spots Danny chasing across the court, through the crew of players, gun drawn.

VONN

Oh, shit.

Vonn leaves some tire behind as he charges away from the curb and pulls a hot u turn.

EXT. NARROW ALLEY - DUSK

Jayson cuts a sharp corner, goes full track star up the filth ridden alley. He is met with a dead end in the form of a tall brick wall.

He turns, spots a large green dumpster, runs for it, crouches behind it like a scared child.

EXT. BUSINESS STRIP - DUSK

Vonn maneuvers around parked cars and other traffic as he checks the busy sidewalks and back alleys for Jayson.

VONN
Shit! Shit, shit!

EXT. NARROW ALLEY - DUSK

Danny creeps around the corner, forty five gripped in both hands as he slowly moves in.

BEHIND THE DUMPSTER

Jayson opens his cellular, touches CAMERA MODE, starts recording his own face as it stares back at us from the screen.

JAYSON
Smile, asshole.

He presses the red RECORD option.

Danny moves closer and closer, keeps focus on the dumpster and what could be hiding behind it.

JAYSON
(loud, to Danny)
Alright! Let's talk about this before
someone gets hurt! I'm coming out!
Don't shoot!

DANNY
Keep those hands up!

Jayson presses the REVERSE ANGLE option on his cell as the image on the screen features the asphalt in front of him. He raises both hands in the air.

JAYSON

Alright, cop! I'm unarmed! Whatever you do, don't shoot!

Jayson stands, walks into the open with both hands raised up and the CELL PHONE and CAMERA pointed at Danny.

DANNY

HEY!!!

Danny open fires. POW-POW-POW-POW. Four shots, center mass as Jayson hits the pavement. Dead as a door nail.

The CELL PHONE goes flying - hits the ground a good eight feet behind him.

Vonn's car parks at the far end. Out he jumps, gun drawn, up the alley toward his partner.

Danny kneels before Jayson's limp body as Vonn moves in on them. Vonn sees a body full of holes but no gun.

VONN

Holy shit.

Danny turns to Vonn with a sickened look. Vonn's attention is immediately drawn to the BLACK OBJECT on the ground behind Jayson's body.

He gets a closer look. The cell phone. Vonn picks it up with the screen facing him. It is still recording. He turns to his partner --

ON THE SCREEN

We see Danny plant a thirty eight snub-nose on the ground before Jayson's body.

Before Vonn can stop recording, a black and white arrives on the scene and TWO OFFICERS jump out.

VONN

Oh, shhhhhit.

EXT. BARREN STREET - NIGHT

Strutting up the sidewalk in this decayed part of town is vice decoy Officer LYNDI DONAGHEY (30s), fireplug, hard body, cute but tough.

Lyndi is in full decoy apparel. Short skirt, hooker boots and bright red top with matching earrings.

Parked in a beat up van down the road and keeping an eye on his partner is MIKE RUDDY (30s) tall, full beard, handsome with ice blue eyes and a baby face.

INT. MIKE'S VAN - NIGHT

Mike sits with a pair of high powered binoculars pointed right at Lyndi's pear shaped ass.

LYNDI (O.S.)
You still awake?

The binoculars quickly move up to Lyndi's face - staring right at Mike.

MIKE
Don't worry about me. Just keep shakin'
that thing baby.

LYNDI (O.S.)
You're a disgusting pig.

EXT. BARREN STREET - NIGHT

Lyndi rolls her eyes.

LYNDI
Why do I put up with you?

MIKE (O.S.)
Because I make so much money.

Lyndi laughs.

LYNDI
That's right. I forgot.

Lyndi rolls her eyes and turns her attention to prostitute LISA DODD (20s) black hair, cornrows, fishnets, short shorts, hoop earrings, working her part of the block.

Lisa gives a wave hello to a couple of hornballs driving by and whistling.

LYNDI

This chick's a real piece of work.

Lyndi spots a Honda Accord turning a corner and heading their direction.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

Silver Honda four door in my sights. He's already on his third pass. This guy gonna shit or get off the pot?

MIKE (O.S.)

Give him a break. He's nervous. It's his first time.

LYNDI

I'll try to be gentle.

INT. MIKE'S VAN - NIGHT

Mike spots Lisa waving and blowing kisses to several passers by who are slowing down, hollering out the window.

MIKE

There's some buyers out there girl.
If you're going, go now. Before
we lose her.

EXT. BARREN STREET - NIGHT

Lyndi crosses the intersection and stands just down the way from Lisa. She seems angered by the intrusion.

Lyndi spots the Honda coming her way and gives him a quick wink and a wave. The car pulls to the curb.

Lisa isn't having this as she struts her way toward them. Out of the Honda steps a DECOY JOHN. Someone working with Lyndi and the others to bait Lisa.

LYNDI

Kind of anxious, aren't you? Cops all over the place man.

DECOY JOHN

I'm sorry. I'm not very good at this. Please. Just...how much for how much? I got money. Money isn't a problem.

The Decoy pulls out a fat wad of CASH and fans it out for the whole world to see. Lisa's jaw about drops to the ground.

LYNDI

What are you, crazy or something? Put that away.

(beat)

You know what? This is a little too weird for me. Take off.

The Decoy won't leave her alone and follows her up the side walk.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

I said get the fuck away from me! Beat it!

Lisa steps up.

LISA

How you doin' handsome? You lookin' for a party? I'll take care of you.

Lyndi throws her hands in the air.

LYNDI

You deal with his crazy ass. I'm out of here.

Lyndi storms off. She heads up the sidewalk and back across the intersection.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

(to Mike)

How'd I do?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S VAN - NIGHT

Mike watches her with his binoculars.

MIKE

I'd pay to have sex with you.

LYNDI (O.S.)

She take the bait or not?

Mike watches as Lisa gets in the car. The Decoy John gives him a quick wink on his way to the driver's side.

MIKE

Don't look over here. What the hell.
Come on, man.

The Honda pulls away from the curb. Down the street and out of sight.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Their moving. Let's bring it home.

EXT. DARK SIDE STREET - NIGHT

And the Honda Accord finds a nice quiet place for Lisa and her john to have alone time. The engine shuts off.

INT. HONDA ACCORD - NIGHT

The decoy unbuckles his belt and gives Lisa an uncomfortable smile. She plays the part well as she rubs seductively at her leg and licks her lips.

DECOY JOHN

I've never done this before.

LISA

It's okay, baby. I have.

Lisa reaches in her purse and pulls a pistol.

LISA (CONT'D)

So you better do exactly what you're told
and I won't have to bust your ass.

DECOY JOHN

Hey, man. I didn't sign up for this.

LISA

Tough shit, asshole. Now dump the cash on the dashboard and get out. You even blink and I'll blow your balls off.

The Decoy does as he's told and carefully crawls out of the car.

LISA (CONT'D)

Stay off the street. It's dangerous out here.

Mike's Van pulls to the scene. Lisa tries to open the door but it's child proof.

LISA (CONT'D)

Let me out of here!

Mike and Lyndi jump out - guns drawn. Mike runs to Lisa's side. He reaches his gun in the window.

MIKE

How's it going?

Lisa drops her gun and slumps in defeat.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Lisa sits in a cold white room - smoke in her hand, relaxed and smiling. Mike sits across from her.

MIKE

Prostitution. Possession of an unlicensed firearm. Aggravated robbery.

(beat)

Taking some pretty big risks for a four time loser.

LISA

Yeah? Some of us don't have a choice.

Mike looks over her file.

MIKE

Six months in county lock up. You get out, end up in a halfway home for wayward girls for another three. You get clean, kick the habit.

(beat)

Now you're right back where you started. Turning tricks and using. Did I miss something?

LISA

I don't use that shit anymore. Been clean going on a year and six.

MIKE

So that was someone else's meth pipe we pulled out of your pocket.

Lisa just smiles and drags her cigarette.

MIKE (CONT'D)

So what's the game? You give your johns a little hit off the glass to get them good and relaxed.

(beat)

They think it's grass but meanwhile it's loaded with a little something else. When they start tripping balls, you rob them blind.

LISA

Very good.

MIKE

Pretty gutsy considering. Young girl like you. Fresh out of jail, cleaned up, ready for a second chance. But I guess you don't have to worry with protection like Danny Fisk huh?

INT. SUSPECT VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Mike and Lisa and the interrogation room are featured on a large flatscreen display. Watching with his arms folded is LIEUTENANT GRAHAM (50s), bald, ponch, cheap shirt and tie.

Behind Graham is LT. CARL MACKIE (50s), tailored black suit and jet black hair. A set of wire rimmed glasses rest on his very studious and focused face.

Through the door walks Lyndi, now in sweater and slacks, her gun strapped to her chest.

LYNDI

Lieutenant. You wanted to see me?

Lyndi spots her partner and Lisa Dodd on the monitor, not seeing this coming. She squints in confusion.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

What's going on here? What's she doing out of lockup?

GRAHAM

Lyndi Donaghey.

Graham points back at Lt. Mackie.

GRAHAM (CONT'D)

You know Lieutenant Mackie.

Lyndi turns and gives him the stink eye.

LYNDI

We've met. What's IA doing here?

GRAHAM

Take it easy, Donaghey. Ruddy says she may have inside information about the Miller shooting. Lieutenant Mackie is here only as an observer.

Lyndi shoots him another ugly stare before turning her attention back to the monitor.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Mike and Lisa, mid conversation.

LISA

I should've known. This whole thing's about Fisk. You think I know something.

MIKE

I don't think you know something. I know you do. Everybody knows you snitch for Danny. I got the papers here that proves it.

Mike throws down a document featuring Lisa's PHOTO. It's marked CONFIDENTIAL INFORMANT.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Just like everybody knows Miller was your pimp. Word is -- you were his biggest earner on the street. He must've had you working overtime.

LISA

Yeah, so what?

MIKE

You must've cooked up quite the story for Fisk. To get him so fired up he puts four bullets into Jayson. Why don't you tell me about it?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. SUSPECT VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

Lyndi seems put off by Mike's line of questioning. Graham and Lt. Mackie take notice.

LYNDI

What the hell are you doing, Ruddy?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Mike and Lisa. He just stares her down, waiting for a response. She shifts in her seat, uncomfortable.

LISA

Okay so maybe I know something. Then again maybe I don't. What's in it for me?

Mike shows her another document. Pushes it in front of her.

LISA
What's this?

MIKE
Full immunity. Across the board. All you have to do is tell me what really happened to Jayson.

Mike slams down a pen in front of her.

MIKE (CONT'D)
Come on, Lisa. Tell me a story. Tell me about Fisk and you get to go home.

Lisa flips her hair, stares in all directions, ignores him but finally comes around.

LISA
It was about three weeks ago.

Lisa grows fidgety. Sparks up another smoke as she fails to notice another cigarette rested in the ash tray.

Her hands are shaking. Mike notices.

LISA (CONT'D)
Jayson had me working this house party. This big dealer friend of his. It was his kid brother's birthday and wanted to show him and his friends the time of their lives.

MIKE
Just you?

LISA
Me and a couple other girls. Jayson and this guy do these parties once a month, sometimes more. They called it 'Ho Camp'.

Lisa drops some ash. Mike pushes the tray in front of her.

LISA (CONT'D)
This dealer invites all his little user friends. Mostly girls. The younger the better. That's when Jayson moves in.

LISA

He scopes out the room, chats up all the honies, and sees about roping in some new talent.

INT. JAYSON'S HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lisa gives the birthday boy a lap dance as a rowdy crew of guys crowd around and cheer.

LISA (V.O.)

Anyways, I was doing my thing with birthday boy on the couch, putting on a show, when I saw Jayson come through the door with a couple of prospects.

Lisa looks over her guy's shoulder, spots Jayson walking in with TWO TEEN GIRLS. One blonde, one redhead. Pretty, but out of place with the others.

Jayson escorts the girls toward a friend of his spinning records at a turn table. JOHN GRIFIS (20s) white hair, rat-like face, picks up TWO CUPS OF PUNCH, hands it to the girls.

Both girls start chugging as Jayson disappears into the crowd.

Lisa watches with suspicion.

LISA (V.O.)

Jayson hands them these drinks and gets lost in the mix before they even notice he's gone.

INT. JAYSON'S HOUSE PARTY - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lisa escorts birthday boy to one of the bedrooms but stops when she peeks into a room and sees the blonde from earlier tossing and turning on a bed. Grifis and a SECOND MAN, black hair, goatee, heavy set are kneeling before her.

One runs his hands through her hair while another pulls up her shirt. A THIRD MAN camouflaged by the door, records the whole ordeal with his CELL PHONE.

LISA (V.O.)

It was about twenty minutes later, I take birthday boy upstairs. Ready for part two. That's when I saw it.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Back to Mike and Lisa.

LISA

I passed this bedroom and there she was. The blonde with Jayson from earlier. She was all kinds of fucked up. Kind of like someone doctored her drink.

Mike hangs on every word.

LISA (CONT'D)

There were three of them. Rubbing on her, touching. One was the DJ from downstairs.

MIKE

The one who handed her the drink.

LISA

The other one had dark hair, kind of heavy. The third one was just standing there, recording the whole thing on his phone. Laughing his ass off. I couldn't see him too good, behind the door.

Lisa tears up.

LISA (CONT'D)

So I went downstairs, looking for Jayson. Told him I don't want any part of raping no girls. If he didn't stop it, I was out of there.

INT. JAYSON'S HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lisa gets in Jayson's face in the kitchen, points her finger at his chest and gets louder and louder. Jayson snaps and shoves her against a wall, wraps his hand around her neck.

LISA (V.O.)

He threw me up against the wall. Started choking me. Told me if I ever disrespected him in public again, he'd snap my neck.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (PRESENT DAY)

Mike and Lisa.

LISA

When he calmed down...that's when he told me all about Fisk.

Mike leans forward, intrigued.

MIKE

What about him?

LISA

He said he heard rumors I was snitching for Danny behind his back. Then he said killing me was too risky. Being so close to Fisk and all. He had other plans.

Mike shuts his eyes - disgusted. He knows what's coming.

LISA (CONT'D)

Get Fisk's little girl on video, he can use it as a bargaining chip. Police protection for life. Back off, or your daughter's home movie goes viral.

Mike drops his pen in defeat, leans back in his chair and rests his hands on his head.

LISA (CONT'D)

I called Danny as soon as I could get away. I guess you know the rest.

INT. PRECINCT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mike makes his way to the door as a long night comes to an end. Lyndi spots him from the other end of the hall.

LYNDI

Hey!

Mike peeks over his shoulder, keeps walking. Lyndi catches up.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

What do you think you're doing?

Mike brushes her off, eyes forward, all business.

MIKE

My job.

LYNDI

Don't hand me that shit. You used me to get to Danny and you did it on purpose.

Mike speeds up as Lyndi fights to keep up.

MIKE

How so?

LYNDI

When IAD opens up another investigation he's gonna know I was involved.

MIKE

Yeah, you're probably right.

LYNDI

You knew Dodd was his informant. This whole thing was a set up to get the drop on Fisk.

MIKE

Can't keep anything from you.

Lyndi steps aside as a couple cops pass through. She hurries to catch up with Mike who never stops.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

You're unbelievable. How many times do I have to apologize? It's been almost four months and I haven't talked to him in two.

Mike ignores her. Lyndi reads his face.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

You don't believe me, do you?

Mike stops, gets in her face.

MIKE

You looked me dead in the eye and you lied to me. For months.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Jumping in and out of bed with him and in the sack with me. Now you're looking to cover for him again.

Mike and Lyndi back up, let a cop pass between them. Lyndi is careful as she checks both ends of the hall.

LYNDI

I'm not covering for anybody. I'm your partner and you should've told me you were going after Danny.

MIKE

Why's that? So you can go run and tell him he's being dimed out by one of his own informants?

LYNDI

I told you it's over between me and Danny. I don't know what else I can do to convince you of that.

MIKE

Yeah, well, now's your chance.

Mike walks on. Lyndi grabs at his arm. Pulls him back.

LYNDI

Why are you doing this?

MIKE

Because he's dirty. I watched him doctor more crime scenes and plant more guns than you can count. But I kept my mouth shut.

Mike checks for other cops.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Did the right thing and asked for a transfer to vice. Instead of letting it go, he made it personal and came after you.

LYNDI

(offended)

That's not exactly what happened.

MIKE

Yeah, that's just what he'd like you to think. That's his game. He's a user. He used you just like he used me.

Lyndi grows frustrated, throws her hands on her hips and paces in a circle.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Now his own partner's badge is on the line because he won't cop to planting that gun.

LYNDI

Well maybe it wasn't Fisk who planted it. Ever think of that?

MIKE

No.

Mike walks on. Lyndi thinks it over, walks the other way.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS REVIEW BOARD - DAY

A long table of suits and ties, a couple of women in business suits, sit before microphones. Leading the inquiry is none other than Lt. Mackie. He walks to a small television on a cheap rack, presses play on a DVD player.

ON THE TV

The video footage of Jayson Miller's CAMERA PHONE begins with an upward angle shot of Jayson's face.

JAYSON

Smile, asshole.

Lt. Mackie stares down at Vonn - in a single chair before the panel.

ON THE TV

The footage cuts from Jayson's face to the ground before him.

JAYSON (O.S.)

Alright! Let's talk about this before someone gets hurt! I'm coming out! Don't shoot!

Vonn squirms in his seat, visibly uncomfortable.

ON THE TV

We stay on the shaky footage of asphalt and Jayson's knees.

DANNY (O.S.)
Keep those hands up!

JAYSON (O.S.)
Alright, cop! I'm unarmed! Whatever you do,
don't shoot!

The camera footage follows Jayson as he steps out from behind the dumpster. We now see Danny Fisk standing before him, drawing down on Jayson.

DANNY
HEY!!!

POW-POW-POW-POW

And we follow the camera's footage as the phone flies backward and hits the asphalt. The camera now facing up at the blue sky above.

VONN (O.S.)
Holy shit!

A few seconds pass before VONN'S FACE hovers over the camera and stares down in bewilderment. We follow the camera as Vonn picks it up and faces Danny.

Lt. Mackie presses pause on the DVD just as Danny plants a gun before Jayson's body.

LT. MACKIE
Detective Vonn, we've read your statement.
In which you discuss in explicit detail
your experience at the scene.

Vonn rubs his sore nose, looks stupid.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)
And not once did you mention this thirty
eight revolver Sergeant Fisk claims was
in Miller's left hand.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

According to your partner, when Miller was shot, he dropped the gun approximately here.

Lt. Mackie points at the asphalt a foot or two in front of Jayson's limp body.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

And for whatever reason, Fisk picks up the weapon after the suspect was down and places it here.

Lt. Mackie points at Danny's hand on the thirty eight.

VONN

Yeah, uh, Danny thought he heard the suspect get a shot off. That's when he inspected the weapon to see if it had been fired.

Vonn checks with the panel. None of them are believing a word of this and it shows.

LT. MACKIE

Detective Vonn, what I'm asking is this.

(beat)

In your statement, you claim that when you arrived at the scene, your attention was immediately drawn to a dark object behind suspect Miller.

Vonn's wheels turn. Trying to follow along.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

The object wasn't a gun as you had first believed, but was Miller's cell phone.

Lt. Mackie shakes his head as he paces in front of the panel.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

Just seems strange to me. That your eyes were drawn to this small black object, some fifteen feet from the body, resting on jet black asphalt. But not the silver revolver your partner claims was in Miller's left hand. Highly unlikely, Detective.

VONN

I guess it might seem unlikely to you.
You weren't there.

(beat)

Or it could be that Danny was just
blocking my view of the suspect.

Lt. Mackie turns to the IA panel.

LT. MACKIE

Blocking your view.

Lt. Mackie turns back to Vonn.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

So what you're saying is, you never
saw a gun?

VONN

That's not what I said.

LT. MACKIE

You just said your view was obstructed
by your partner, and not only did you
not see a weapon, you couldn't see
Miller.

VONN

I mean, you could see bits and pieces
of him. His arm, his legs. You could
tell that our suspect was down.

LT. MACKIE

But at that point you didn't see a gun?

VONN

No. Not at that exact point.

Lt. Mackie walks to the television, stands next to the image of
Danny kneeling before Jayson.

LT. MACKIE

You're heard on this recording screaming
'holy shit'. Not once but twice.

VONN

I say a lot of things. What's your point?

LT. MACKIE

You always get so excited over cell phones, Detective?

Vonn cracks a smug smile.

VONN

No. Not really. But as I said in my initial statement - I'd mistaken the cell phone for a gun. When I saw it on the ground, I figured he drew down on Sergeant Fisk.

(to IAD panel)

Guess you could say I was just happy to see my guy still standing.

The panel isn't buying his rap and it shows.

LT. MACKIE

That's some story, Detective. Wanna hear my theory?

VONN

Not really, but go ahead.

LT. MACKIE

I think you took one look at Miller's body, didn't see a gun, saw the phone behind a dead suspect and panicked! Holy shit! My partner just shot an unarmed man!

LT. COLE

Okay, Detective, I think that will be all for today. Thank you for coming in.

Lt. Mackie turns to the panel.

LT. MACKIE

I'm not done questioning this officer!

LT. COLE

(to Vonn)

That will be all, Detective. You're dismissed.

Vonn shakes his head. Smirks with disgust.

VONN
Yeah, sure. You're welcome.

Vonn heads out. Lt. Mackie watches him closely.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

The MAYOR (50s), skinny, balding, appears sick to his stomach as he reads a couple newspaper headlines - LOCAL PIMP RECORDS OWN DEATH, EVIDENCE MISSING?, POLICE DENY CLAIMS OF TAMPERING

MAYOR
Tampering. Unbelievable.

We now see that TWO MEN are sitting before him. CHIEF WHITLOCK (50s), grey, distinguished, and COMMISSIONER LARKEN (40s), flash suit, stuffy politician.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
The press has been all over our ass,
for two days. Wanting to know why
we've kept this video a secret.

The Mayor snags a golf putter from the edge of his desk, drops a ball on the carpet and lines up.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
Demanding to see footage of Miller's
shooting.

He swipes at the ball, knocks it into a drinking glass across the room.

MAYOR (CONT'D)
Why is it that everytime something goes
down in this city I have to find out
about it in the damn newspaper?

CHIEF WHITLOCK
I was just as surprised as you were.

MAYOR
I don't like surprises. What do we know
about this so-called phone?

CHIEF WHITLOCK

As soon as I heard, we took statements from everyone involved. From first on the scene, all the way to the coroner. Nobody remembers seeing a cell phone and nothing was booked into evidence other than Miller's gun.

MAYOR

I'm very sorry, Larry, but that's bull shit. Somebody knows something. Otherwise we wouldn't be all over the front page.

The Mayor drops another ball on the carpet, lines it up as Chief Whitlock and Commissioner Larken share a brief glance.

CHIEF WHITLOCK

Sir, it's come to my attention that this cell phone made it's way to Internal Affairs.

The Mayor hits the ball and misses by a mile.

MAYOR

(surprised)

What?

CHEIF WHITLOCK

Yes, sir. Word inside is it was sent anonymously.

The Mayor thinks it over as he paces the room, club in hand. He pats the head of his putter on the floor as he focuses.

MAYOR

Internal Affairs. Well then. I take it somebody out there doesn't like Danny Fisk.

(to both)

We know who it was?

CHIEF WHITLOCK

No, sir. At least that's what I'm being told.

The Mayor nods. He turns to Commissioner Larken.

MAYOR

Awfully quiet over there. What do you think about all this?

LARKEN

Well. It seems we're overlooking the obvious.

MAYOR

Which is?

LARKEN

Well, sir, it's my theory that Detective Vonn leaked this story to the press.

MAYOR

His own partner?

LARKEN

According to what we have on record, Vonn was the first and last person to be in possession of the phone. And...apparently the only one who knew of its existence.

The Mayor checks with Chief Whitlock who seems to agree.

MAYOR

Interesting. And what do we know about Danny Fisk's relationship with this Miller kid?

CHIEF WHITLOCK

Apparently Miller was pimping out a stable of girls. One of which was busted for armed robbery a day following Miller's shooting. According to her, Miller was involved in a gang rape involving a certain cop's daughter.

The Mayor nervously runs his fingers through his hair and once again pats the head of his putter on the carpet. He walks in circles, quiet, disturbed by the news.

MAYOR

Who all knows about this?

CHIEF WHITLOCK

Nobody. Internal Affairs. The two cops who made the arrest.

The Mayor walks to his window. Stares out into the distance as he ponders it all. He quickly turns to Commissioner Larken.

MAYOR

What do you think?

LARKEN

I think this is bad press.

CHIEF WHITLOCK

(confused)

How's that?

LARKEN

Word of Fisk's daughter leaks in connection with this video, we're gonna look like we're in the revenge business.

(sincere)

You know what happens after that.

MAYOR

Tell me.

LARKEN

They look into Fisk's file and find reports of misconduct a mile long. Next thing you know we're looking at a dozen other investigations. The press will be up our ass like you've never seen before.

(beat)

In short, we're looking at a real shit storm.

MAYOR

And? What's the other option?

LARKEN

We make Miller's shooting look just like it was. An accident. Fisk sees a phone, thinks it's a gun and open fires.

MAYOR

And his daughter?

LARKEN

We bury it. His little girl saves face and doesn't have to face the humiliation of a police inquiry or her face posted on the front page. Everybody wins.

The Mayor once again paces in circles as the two men patiently await a response.

MAYOR

Now all we have to prove is that Danny Fisk planted that gun. But how?

CHIEF WHITLOCK

We know that Vonn wants him off the streets. Otherwise he wouldn't have leaked the phone. It seems to me he's the ticket.

LARKEN

He's obviously too scared to go public against Fisk or he would have already.

The Mayor cracks a slick grin.

MAYOR

Well then. We'll just have to encourage him a little.

INT. LT. GRAHAM'S OFFICE - DAY

An angry Vonn stands before Lt. Graham who is busy polishing off a sloppy corned beef sandwich.

VONN

A vacation? What is that, a joke?

GRAHAM

It's a paid leave, Vonn. Just until this thing with Fisk blows over.

(beat)

You know the routine. IAD dicks around looking for dirt and they come up with nothing.

Graham offers him half his sandwich.

GRAHAM
Relax, would ya?

Vonn reluctantly takes, pitiful and defeated.

VONN
Yeah. Guess you're right.

Vonn furiously throws the beef sandwich across the office.
Graham can hardly believe it.

GRAHAM
You gave your statement! It's on record!
Don't worry about it!

VONN
You want my shield?

GRAHAM
And your gun!

Vonn quickly retrieves his gun and badge, places them on the desk next to Graham.

VONN
You tell Mackie the only way he gets my badge is if he pulls it out of his colon.

Vonn darts out, furious.

GRAHAM
Don't make this personal, Vonn!

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - DAY

Mike crawls in his van, cranks the engine, about to pull away when ANOTHER CAR blocks his path. Out steps DANNY FISK with a slick grin on his face.

INT. MIKE'S VAN - DAY

Mike shakes his head at the sight of his old partner strutting towards him.

MIKE

Fuck me. Here we go.

He steps out.

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - DAY

Mike meets Danny halfway.

MIKE

You wanna move the car, Danny? I got an appointment.

DANNY

Long time, partner.

MIKE

I'm not your partner. What do you want?

DANNY

Nothing. Just catching up amigo. I hear you had a visitor the other night. You and my girl Lisa had a nice long chat?

MIKE

You hear that, did you?

Danny's smile is ear to ear. He takes off his shades and leans against Mike's van.

DANNY

Look. Let's not play games here. We all know what this is really about.

MIKE

Do we? Tell me about it.

DANNY

A certain lady cop. Tight ass, good rack. Can't say as I blame you.

Mike fights the urge to slug him.

DANNY (CONT'D)

It would bother me too. Everytime I lay down with my girl I see the back of another cop's head.

DANNY (CONT'D)
That's gotta be torture.

Mike cracks a phoney grin.

MIKE
Is that what you came here to say?

DANNY
Me? I was just wondering if you've
heard from Lisa lately?

MIKE
Why's that?

DANNY
Well, I hear she's had a change of heart.
She won't be talking to that grand jury
after all. Just wanted to see if the
rumors were true.

Mike's look is a dead giveaway. He hasn't heard.

DANNY (CONT'D)
You didn't hear? I guess I'm asking the
wrong person.

Danny very slowly puts his shades back on.

DANNY (CONT'D)
See you around old partner.

He smiles, heads for his car.

MIKE
Hey, Fisk.

Danny turns back.

MIKE (CONT'D)
How's your partner doing?

Danny smiles and nods as he crawls in his car and speeds off.
Mike smiles, crawls back in his van.

CUT TO:

INT. MIKE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Mike is enraged as he punches and kicks at a working bag hanging in the corner. Enter Lyndi through the front door. She follows the sound of grunts and punches.

LYNDI

Ruddy?!

Lyndi walks to Mike, oblivious to her and focused on the bag as his eyes bulge with hate and anger.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

Hey! I was beating on the door for two minutes.

Mike finally stops, grabs a towel hanging from an elliptical and dries himself.

MIKE

They released her.

LYNDI

What? When?

MIKE

This morning. About an hour after her attorney shows up, she's out the door.

Mike rushes for the fridge to grab a water.

LYNDI

She lawyered up? How? Why? She's got immunity.

Mike grabs a bottled water and slams the refrigerator door in an angry fit.

MIKE

Why do you think? She's scared to death to testify against Fisk.

LYNDI

I don't get it. How could she just walk?

MIKE

They're saying it was entrapment.

MIKE (CONT'D)

That her entire statement was coerced.
Give us something on Fisk or go to
jail.

Mike chugs his water down as Lyndi looks stupified.

LYNDI

What about Katie Fisk? Her story? All
of it?

MIKE

Dodd's changed her story. Said she made
the whole thing up cos she had a gun to
her head.

LYNDI

There's no way she made it up.

MIKE

I realize that. But it doesn't matter.
What matters is our only link to Jayson
Miller was just flushed down the toilet.

Mike heads for the shower as Lyndi follows behind.

LYNDI

So let IAD handle it. You're obsessed
and everyone can see it.

MIKE

It's not that simple.

Mike takes off his shirt and starts a hot shower. He lets the
water heat up as Lyndi steps in, watches him like a hawk.

LYNDI

You're working with them. With IAD. Tell
me I'm wrong.

MIKE

There's a lot more going on here than just
you and Fisk. I know you think this whole
thing is about you and him, but it's not.

LYNDI

Fine, so tell me about it.

Mike takes off his sweats, ignores her.

LYNDI (CONT'D)
What do they have on you? Is it something
you and Danny did together? Tell me.

Mike grows frustrated, rests his hands on the sink, stares at
himself in the mirror.

LYNDI (CONT'D)
You still don't trust me.

Mike doesn't flinch. Just stares back at himself and avoids
Lyndi's reflection behind him.

LYNDI (CONT'D)
Okay, fine. See you tomorrow. Partner.

Lyndi storms out.

INT. VONN'S BEDROOM - MORNING

And laying the wrong direction on his king size bed is Vonn.
His phone RINGS. He lazily reaches for it.

VONN
What?

LT. MACKIE (O.S.)
Good morning, Detective. Hope all
is well with you.

Vonn picks up an alarm clock, checks the time.

VONN
What do you want? You're cutting
into my beauty sleep.

LT. MACKIE (O.S.)
I'd like to offer you the chance at
taking down a dirty cop.

VONN
Is this a joke?

Lt. Mackie laughs.

LT. MACKIE (O.S.)

Come now, Detective Vonn. We can all stop pretending that wasn't you who leaked that story to the press.

(beat)

You want Fisk as bad as we do.

VONN

Maybe I do. Maybe I don't.

LT. MACKIE (O.S.)

I'll take that as a yes. If you're done playing games, you'll meet me at the following address. Got a pen and paper?

VONN

I got a good memory.

LT. MACKIE (O.S.)

Ten Twenty Three Holler Avenue. The Ringside Gym. Second floor at Two PM. Take the stairs.

(beat)

And Detective?

VONN

What's that?

LT. MACKIE (O.S.)

Don't be late.

Lt. Mackie hangs up.

EXT. RINGSIDE GYM AND NAUTILUS - DAY

Vonn approaches the entrance, checks the address on the side of the wall and heads inside.

INT. RINGSIDE GYM - SECOND FLOOR - DAY

Vonn walks up a flight of steps and into the owner's private office and on again, off again apartment. He spots a long conference table set up dead center of the room.

Seated at the table are Mike and Lyndi. Lt. Mackie stands at the head of the table next to an erasable drawing board.

LT. MACKIE
Good morning, Vonn. Won't you have a seat. A cup of coffee?

Vonn, Mike and Lyndi all exchange looks.

MIKE
Is this a joke?

Vonn smiles.

VONN
Sure. Why not?

Vonn takes a seat on the far end of the table, grabs himself a bagel and some orange juice.

LT. MACKIE
Now that we're all here. We can stop all the suspense and get to it. PD has had a busy few months with conduct unbecoming. Shooting boards, excessive force, you name it.

Lt. Mackie circles the table as the three officers watch on.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)
As a cop who investigates cops, I've been forced to look away on more than one occasion, because it was all for the common good. I'm all for unity within the department. Until it breaks the law.

Lt. Mackie walks to the drawing board and points to a couple photos of Danny and Jayson Miller.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)
A few days ago, your friend Danny Fisk put four in a pimp's chest. Point blank range. Despite the fact that he head him blocked into a dead end alley with nowhere to run, things escalated and a suspect ended up in the morgue.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

This same suspect was accused by a nineteen year old prostitute of conspiring to rape and assault Fisk's daughter Katie.

Mike, Vonn and Lyndi are all sick at the thought as they share a brief look of disgust.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

Two days later, rumors of a cell phone video circulated and a story was leaked to the press. That Danny Fisk shot an unarmed man.

VONN

Excuse me. Is there a point anywhere in our future?

LT. MACKIE

After this story leaked, our friend Lisa Dodd mysteriously changes her story. That she just made the whole thing up.

(beat)

But why?

MIKE

We know why.

LT. MACKIE

Because it's bad press. On one hand, they got a bad cop. Danny Fisk. One who's been investigated time and time again. A cop who's faced more shooting boards than any other officer in the department.

Mike shoots Lyndi a hard stare. She avoids him and looks away in shame.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

On the other hand, they have a story. An incriminating video that's somehow vanished from the crime scene. Of said cop planting a gun on a dead suspect.

Mike watches Vonn carefully.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

No matter how you tear it, the police department comes out looking bad. So they bury Lisa Dodd's testimony. Just like it never happened.

Vonn feels Mike's eyes on him. They exchange a look.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

In the meantime, they place Detectives Fisk and Vonn on suspension. But why?

MIKE

Because they want Vonn to admit that Fisk planted that gun. And the whole thing goes down as an accident.

LYNDI

(to Vonn)

So why don't you? You're here. You obviously think he's dirty.

MIKE

Because he doesn't wanna be the one who dimes out a decorated cop. It was much easier to leak a story about a missing phone.

(to Vonn)

Wasn't it?

VONN

Okay, Ruddy. You got me figured out. Why don't you tell us all why you're here?

MIKE

The same as you. I want a bad cop off the streets.

VONN

You had your chance to do that before, but instead you transferred. Now, after all this time, you want his badge. I can't help but find that interesting.

Lt. Mackie smiles as he watches the exchange.

LT. MACKIE

Because, just like you, Detective Vonn, he was lied to by his partner. His loyalty was broken by the same man he trusted with his life.

LYNDI

(to Mike)

What's he talking about?

LT. MACKIE

Christmas. A year ago. Ruddy's daughter Nicole was arrested for possession of amphetamines. Before she could be charged, our own Detective Fisk sprung her from county before anyone noticed she was gone.

Mike squirms in his seat, sweats, visibly nervous.

LYNDI

Mike? What is this?

LT. MACKIE

It wasn't until two days later and a local dealer turned up in the ER with a broken arm and fractured jaw that a story of Ruddy's daughter surfaced.

Vonn laughs. He sparks up a smoke.

VONN

Uh oh. You've been a bad boy, Ruddy.

LYNDI

Shut up! Stay out of it!

LT. MACKIE

It seems Fisk had Ruddy's girl sign a statement, naming her supplier. Only problem was...the name in Nicole's report didn't match the name Fisk gave his partner. Did it, Ruddy?

LYNDI

I don't understand.

VONN

He's saying Ruddy here beat the shit
out of the wrong man.

LYNDI

But...how could you...

LT. MACKIE

Because Fisk couldn't risk telling Ruddy
that he'd been taking bribes from his
daughter's dealer.

VONN

Oops.

LYNDI

No. Danny wouldn't do that. He wouldn't
let anyone near Nicole.

MIKE

It's true. All of it.

Lyndi is sick by this revelation.

LT. MACKIE

So he gives Ruddy another name. Some
nobody that no one would blink twice
about if he turned up dead. At least
that was the plan. Much to Fisk's
surprise Ruddy lets him live and this
dealer drops his name to the cops.

Mike stands, walks to the window and stares out. Lyndi follows
behind.

LYNDI

(to Mike)

You've been keeping this to yourself
for a year?

MIKE

Explains a lot. Doesn't it?

LT. MACKIE

(to all)

What I'm about to tell you stays in this
room.

Mike and Lyndi re-join the others.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

Danny Fisk has killed over two dozen people. Up to this point, we haven't been able to prove it. Everytime we get close something happens. We get a call from downtown and they close the case. His lawyer threatens to go after the department for damages. Someone does an illegal search and forgets to sign the warrant in the right place. So on and so forth.

Lyndi grabs at her heaving chest. Her face flushed and tears in her eyes.

LYNDI

I can't believe this. I think I'm gonna be sick.

LT. MACKIE

Believe it, Donaghey. Because that's only the half of it.

Lyndi cracks a nervous laugh.

LYNDI

Great.

She slumps down in her chair, defeated.

LT. MACKIE

Your friend and fellow officer Danny Fisk is protected. And not just by anyone. God himself.

LYNDI

What do you mean? Protected?

LT. MACKIE

He's started himself a very profitable enterprise. Taking out suspects who've raped, assaulted, and murdered some of the city's most prominent citizens.

Vonn laughs.

VONN

Bullshit.

LT. MACKIE

Bullshit? I have the reports right here,
Vonn.

Lt. Mackie opens a thick file of papers. Holds them up.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

A good five years worth. Wanna take a look
for yourself? It's all here.

MIKE

Why don't you skip to the part that has to
do with us.

LT. MACKIE

If we're to take down Fisk it's gotta be
done quietly. By his fellow officers.
Not an internal affairs inquiry or some
bullshit tip from a CI looking to cut a
deal, but by his own people.

All three officers appear conflicted. Unsure.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

All I need is a yes or a no. We can move
forward and go after Fisk. Not the
department. Not Internal Affairs, but the
four of us. You can find the truth or go
back on the streets with a cop you can't
trust. To me, the decision is crystal
clear.

EXT. RINGSIDE GYM - STREET CURB - DAY

Lt. Mackie opens his car door, about to crawl in when he spots
the reflection of Lyndi on the road. He turns.

LYNDI

Why me?

(beat)

Vonn and Ruddy have reasons, but why did
you ask me here?

LT. MACKIE

Because your partner needs to know he can trust you. And so do I.

(beat)

Tell me right now and I won't ask again. Are you and Fisk still intimate?

LYNDI

No. Not for a really long time.

LT. MACKIE

Your partner says different.

LYNDI

Danny came to me a couple months ago. Said Mikey was having some trouble again.

LT. MACKIE

Trouble?

LYNDI

Using. Told me he had been pocketing evidence. Drugs. Coke, mostly. And that he'd become really abusive.

Lt. Mackie shuts his door, gives Lyndi his full attention.

LT. MACKIE

And?

LYNDI

He'd watched him kick the hell out of all these suspects. Robbed them, left them bleeding in the street.

Lyndi watches Mike and Vonn talking and smoking just down the street. Mike turns, watches her.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

I knew something was wrong. The way he was acting. All distant. Not talking. We weren't having sex.

LT. MACKIE

Because of this, he thought you were stepping out.

LYNDI

I got scared. Danny was saying all this shit about Mikey. And I believed it.

Lt. Mackie checks over his shoulder, spots Mike and Vonn staring directly at him.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

I told Danny I needed a place to stay for a bit. That I didn't feel safe around Mike.

Lyndi boils with anger as she bounces on her heels. A single tear shoots down her face.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

That sonofabitch.

LT. MACKIE

We let them have their way...Fisk gets locked up two years, maybe less.

Lyndi thinks it over. Stares at Vonn.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

Then he's back out on the streets.

(beat)

Or, we can do this right and put him away for the duration.

Lyndi shoots him a dead serious look.

LYNDI

I'm in.

INT. DANNY'S DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Danny hovers over his teen daughter KATIE FISK (17), blonde, our girl from the rowdy house party. Katie flips through page after page of a high school yearbook.

INSERT - YEARBOOK

Katie stops on a particular page. The last names starting with G and on the second page, ending in J.

BACK TO SCENE

Katie is unusually quiet. Her eyes drawn to something on the page.

DANNY
What is it?

KATIE
You don't have to do this, you know?

Danny knows she's hiding something.

DANNY
Which one?

Katie points at the name JOHN GRIFIS, pale, white hair, sharp, ferret like face.

KATIE
This one.

Katie then points at the very bottom of the second page. At the photo of ROBERT JARVIS, dark hair, bushy eyebrows, heavy set.

KATIE (CONT'D)
And this one here.

DANNY
You're sure?

KATIE
You don't think I know what you're doing?
You're forgetting, when you're not here,
I'm the one answering the phone.

Danny shuts the yearbook, snags it up and takes it with him as he heads for the door.

KATIE (CONT'D)
I've heard the messages. Seen the texts.
Read emails.

Katie grabs her father's arm, stops him in his tracks.

KATIE (CONT'D)
I won't let you do it. Not this time.

DANNY

Well it's not up to you. Is it?

Danny stares at her hand on his arm.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Let go.

Katie reluctantly removes her hand. Danny heads for the door, slams it behind him.

INT. RINGSIDE GYM - "SQUAD ROOM" - DAY

Vonn steps to the drawing board and places a photo of a young man on a basketball court as he shakes hands with Jayson Miller.

Vonn turns to Mike, Lyndi and Lt. Mackie.

VONN

Danny and I were tailing Miller for days based on an inside tip. Word got out he was recruiting underage girls into his stable.

Vonn points at Miller's contact in the photo.

VONN (CONT'D)

I snapped this photo about three minutes before Fisk put Miller down for a dirt nap.

LYNDI

Who is he?

VONN

This guy here is currently working with Lisa Dodd. They call him Hi-C.

MIKE

Hi-C?

VONN

Chuckie Willis. Lisa's new meal ticket. From what I hear, Chuckie's been moving in on Miller's turf.

MIKE

They look buddy buddy to me.

VONN

That's because they were. Until Miller found out this dude Hi-C was talking to his girls behind his back.

MIKE

What's this have to do with Fisk?

VONN

The block where Miller was shot is this Chuckie's territory. I figure Jayson went there that day to get answers.

LYNDI

So what's that have to do with Danny shooting Jayson Miller?

VONN

Miller's shot dead, in cold blood. He's unarmed. And now Lisa Dodd's running with a whole new crew. I figure maybe it wasn't an accident.

Mike ponders it all.

MIKE

So she makes up a story about Katie Fisk, knowing he'd kill Miller?

Lyndi shakes her head. Lt. Mackie notices.

LT. MACKIE

What is it?

LYNDI

No way. She was telling the truth. I know she was. You could see it in her eyes.

VONN

There's one way to find out. We go ask Chuckie.

CUT TO:

EXT. BASKETBALL COURT - NIGHT

We're back at the same court from the start of our story. A game of four on four is under way.

MIKE'S VAN

arrives at the scene, parks at the curb.

INT. MIKE'S VAN - NIGHT

Lyndi in front with Mike. Vonn leans in between them, stares out the window at the ball game in progress.

MIKE

Okay, we're here. Now what?

VONN

Now we go look for Chuckie.

Mike and Lyndi, confused, shoot him a look.

MIKE

What're you talking about?

LYNDI

You mean you don't know where he lives?

VONN

He lives here. Somewhere out there.

Vonn points out the window.

VONN (CONT'D)

Those look like some nice young citizens.
Let's start with them.

Mike and Lyndi share a laugh just as Mike stares across the busy basketball court and spots a couple dolled up HOTTIES sharing a bench and watching the game.

MIKE

Check out the girls.

LYNDI

Kind of dressed up to be hanging around
the playground.

VONN
I smell hookers.

The three cops watch on as the two girls stand and slowly walk away from the court.

MIKE
Any guess on where they're headed?

LYNDI
If we're going, we go now.

INT. APARTMENT STAIRCASE - NIGHT

The two hotties from the basketball court step off an elevator and walk to a corner apartment. Lyndi plays high as she sits on the floor, rests against the wall.

The girls have to step over her legs. As they stare down at her and laugh --

Mike and Vonn run off the steps, grab the girls by their waist and cover their mouths.

Before Lyndi can stand, the apartment door opens and out walks CHUCKIE WILLIS (30), bald, mulatto, tough. He spots Mike and Vonn with his girls, pulls a big gun.

MIKE
Hold it!

Mike draws down on Chuckie just as he grabs Lyndi from the floor and puts his gun to her head. He uses her as a shield as he backs down the hall.

LYNDI
Don't shoot him!

CHUCKIE
That's right! Listen to this bitch!

Lyndi stomps his foot. As Chuckie SCREAMS in pain, she turns and knees him in the balls. Down he goes.

LYNDI
Don't call me bitch.

INT. CHUCKIE'S PLACE - NIGHT

Chuckie rests on the couch with ice on his balls. Lyndi and Mike hover over him as Vonn flips the place.

Vonn empties a COFFEE CAN on the kitchen counter as bags of pills fall out. He opens a second can and dumps out wads of cash.

VONN

Look at this. Little baggies in one can,
cash in the other.

CHUCKIE

Congratulations, cop

Vonn inspects the baggies as he joins the others.

VONN

Ecstasy.

He dumps the contents of the can on Chuckie's lap and tosses the can at his head.

MIKE

Could it be that you're moving in on
Jayson Miller's old turf?

Mike and Vonn - in unison.

MIKE

No way.

VONN

Nah.

CHUCKIE

Ain't nobody movin' in on nuthin', man!
Jayson ain't build this here, son!
Everybody know he be treatin' his girls
all wrong n' shit!

VONN

How'd you learn to talk like that?
You take classes?

Chuckie loses his cool and jumps at Vonn. Mike pushes him back on the couch.

MIKE

Settle down!

LYNDI

He treats his girls like shit. Where did you hear that? From Lisa Dodd?

CHUCKIE

Man, everybody know that shit. You dudes cops. You ain't heard nuthin'?

MIKE

How bout Lisa? He be beltin' her around real good?

VONN

(to Lyndi)

You hearing this? It's contagious.

Lyndi rolls her eyes.

CHUCKIE

What you talkin' about? He be straight up rapin' girls, son. Gettin' them on video and shit. That's how he be recruitin'. Don't give them no choice, man.

MIKE

Hustle for me or else I'll show the world what you did.

CHUCKIE

That's right. I don't be playin' that shit, dog. I straight up for real with these hos.

VONN

Yeah. I bet you spoil them rotten.

MIKE

Tell me about Fisk.

Chuckie keeps his eyes down.

CHUCKIE

Man, I don't know nuthin' bout that shit.

Vonn laughs. Mike kicks at Chuckie's legs.

MIKE

Try again, shit stain!

CHUCKIE

Alright. Maybe I heard somethin'.

LYNDI

Such as?

Chuckie mumbles under his breath. Mike kicks at his legs.

MIKE

Such as?!

CHUCKIE

That Lisa be snitchin' for him, man.
Told Fisk about this girl Jayson set
up at his last party.

LYNDI

What girl?

CHUCKIE

Some girl, man!

Mike loses patience, kicks his legs even harder.

MIKE

Who?!

CHUCKIE

I don't know! Lisa didn't say! Just said
it be somebody's daughter! Musta been
somebody big! When that shit got out,
it hit the fan, dog! They done put a
contract out on Jayson!

Mike, Vonn and Lyndi all look shocked.

CHUCKIE (CONT'D)

Next thing I hear, your boy Fisk done put
four bullets in his ass!

Mike checks with Vonn and Lyndi.

MIKE

Let's go.

EXT. BURGER JOINT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Mike, Vonn and Lyndi hover around Mike's van as they polish off some quick burgers and fries.

MIKE

Chuckie says it was a contract hit. What does that tell us?

VONN

That Miller was just a job. Not personal.

MIKE

So it wasn't Katie Fisk at that party but someone else.

LYNDI

Come on. You heard Lisa. You saw her face. It was Katie. I don't care what this guy says or what she told him. You can't fake that kind of emotion.

MIKE

You know what you sound like?

LYNDI

What?

MIKE

Like someone who's trying to justify Danny shooting that kid.

Vonn unwraps a fresh pack of smokes.

VONN

Oops.

LYNDI

(to Vonn)

Stay out of this!

Vonn rolls his eyes, rests his bag of food down and walks to the back of Mike's van.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

If it was Katie...she needs to get this off her chest.

MIKE

And railroad her own father into prison?
No. Not if Danny has anything to say
about it.

LYNDI

We need to talk to her. See her, face to
face. I'll know if she's lying or not.
With her testimony, we can keep Danny from
going after these guys.

VONN

You know what I think?

Mike and Lyndi turn to Vonn - his back turned to them, leaning
on the van, his left hand in his crotch. The sound of a long
and steady stream hits the asphalt.

VONN (CONT'D)

Katie or no Katie, we know Fisk was
involved. To me, that's what's most
important.

LYNDI

Please tell me you're not pissing on
Mike's van.

Vonn shakes it off. He wipes his hands on his pants.

VONN

What did I do with my fries?

Lyndi shuts her eyes and crawls in the van. Mike shakes his
head and peers with disgust at Vonn.

VONN (CONT'D)

What?

Mike heads for the driver's side.

VONN (CONT'D)

I saw you eyeballin' my fries. Stay
away from my food.

Vonn grabs his to go bag from the ground. His smoke dangling
from his lips.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

Lisa is working her usually corner, waving, whistling at all the passers by. She spots a car quickly pull to the curb and FLASH its HIGHBEAMS.

INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Danny sits in the driver's chair, watches as Lisa stumbles her way toward him. She crawls in.

LISA

You know, you don't have to keep
checking up on me like this.
Your costing me money, cop.

Danny stares down at her purse.

DANNY

Give it to me.

LISA

Give you what?

DANNY

The piece.

Lisa rests her purse on the carpet.

LISA

I don't know what you're talking
about.

Danny grabs her by the hair, jerks her head toward his.

LISA (CONT'D)

Take it easy.

DANNY

Give me the gun. Right now.

He lets her go. She grabs her purse, pulls out her pistol and hands it to him.

LISA

What the fuck are you doing here
anyways?

DANNY

I got something to show you.

Danny hands her the yearbook. She stares at the cover. CARVER HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - CLASS OF 2010

LISA

I don't understand.

DANNY

Open it up. It's marked.

Lisa flips open the book.

INSERT - YEARBOOK

The last names of "G" through "J". None of the photos have been marked or circled.

BACK TO SCENE

DANNY

Got it from Miller's apartment. Those other two from the party are in there. Katie made a positive ID.

Lisa, without hesitation, points at both John Grifis and Bobby Jarvis.

LISA

That's them. John and Bobby.

Danny stares at the photos.

LISA (CONT'D)

I seen them down at the high school with Jayson. Hanging around the parking lot, slinging.

Danny throws the book in the backseat.

DANNY (CONT'D)

So how's new guy treating you?

LISA

He's scared, Fisk.

LISA (CONT'D)

He don't like cops. He says you're making him nervous. Thinks you're gonna burn him too.

Danny shoots her a deadly stare.

DANNY

Why's that? You tell him something?

Lisa pauses.

LISA

No, man.

Danny grabs her by the hair again.

DANNY

I said did you say something?!

LISA

No! I wouldn't say nuthin!

DANNY

That's right! You don't say anything! Ever again! You know what happens next time, don't you?!

LISA

Man, please! Just let go, alright?!

Danny shoves her back.

LISA (CONT'D)

Take it easy.

DANNY

Now listen up. Until this is over, you stay off the street and keep your legs closed. I hear about you talkin to that fuck face cop Ruddy again, I'll cut you into pretty little pieces and dump you in Lake Michigan.

(beat)

Now get out of my car. Go home.

Lisa gathers herself, steps out, slams the door.

INT. RINGSIDE GYM - "SQUAD ROOM" - DAY

Lt. Mackie points at the drawing board. A photo of Jayson and Chuckie still posted. Chuckie's face is circled as an arrow leads from his face to a mug shot of Lisa.

LT. MACKIE

With Jayson Miller dead, our new friend Chuckie Willis has taken over his old turf. And according to Chuckie, our friend Miller was an abusive asshole. Forcing his girls into the life.

(beat)

Lending credence to Lisa Dodd's testimony that a rape was recorded on video.

Lt. Mackie circles the three officers, ponders, thinks, rubs at his tired eyes.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

The question is...was it Katie Fisk, or was it someone else?

VONN

This dude Chuckie says Miller's shooting was a contract hit. And that there was definitely a girl raped at that party. But from what he told us, and how he told us, not even Lisa knew who she was.

LT. MACKIE

How do you mean?

LYNDI

Chuckie says the girl must've been somebody important. Implying that Lisa never told him her identity.

LT. MACKIE

And what does that tell us?

MIKE

That she really didn't know who she was, or she's unwilling to say it was Fisk's daughter.

LYNDI

She does that, it gives Danny motive to kill Jayson. Maybe she was keeping it a secret because that's what Danny told her to do.

LT. MACKIE

Okay. So what do we do about it?

He turns to Vonn.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

Detective Vonn?

VONN

Chuckie could be lying. There's a chance Lisa told him all about it and he's just covering for her.

LT. MACKIE

And?

VONN

So maybe if we put the pressure on, he'll spill and tell us it was Katie.

Lt. Mackie circles the table, approaches Ruddy and Lyndi.

LT. MACKIE

And why is that not a good idea, Ruddy?

MIKE

Because we can't risk any of that getting back to Lisa. She tells Fisk that we know what happened to Katie...our investigation is blown.

LT. MACKIE

Very good. So where does that leave us?

LYNDI

Katie Fisk. If we get her testimony, we won't need to catch Danny in the act. We'll have proof.

VONN

Easier said than done.

LT. MACKIE

He brings up a good point. If we go to her and she doesn't talk, we blow our cover. You can kiss a conviction goodbye.

The three officers are quiet as they ponder all of it. A light goes off in Lyndi.

LYNDI

So we make it so she has to talk.

INT. CORNER BAR - DAY

In walks Danny. He surveys the mostly empty room and spots the figure of a well dressed man in a corner booth as the incoming sunlight casts a shadow on his face.

The man stands and excuses himself to the restroom. Danny shuts the door and also heads for the men's room. He checks around him, makes sure he's not being watched.

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

The well dressed man is COMMISSIONER LARKEN as he stands at the sink and washes his hands. Danny joins him at the sink. Larken hands him a huge file of papers.

LARKEN

This is everything the department has on Grifis and Jarvis.

Danny opens, takes a look.

LARKEN (CONT'D)

These two are a real pair. Do everything together. Eat, sleep, even pick up prostitutes.

Danny looks up, squints in confusion.

LARKEN (CONT'D)

They were busted twice for soliciting. Last arrest was two months ago for slinging ecstasy to some high schoolers.

DANNY

Yeah, I heard something about that.
Got an address?

LARKEN

According to their sheet, the last known
address was a rental house in Flint.
Talked to their old landlord. Apparently
they skipped out on the last two months
rent and disappeared.

DANNY

That's it?

Larken hands him another rap sheet.

LARKEN

He says they shared a house with this
girl. Vicki Stratton.

Danny stares down at a mug shot. Tangled black hair with blonde
streaks and too much eye makeup.

LARKEN (CONT'D)

Looks like she migrated to Detroit with
her roommates. After their last two
trips to county for Grifis and Jarvis,
Vicki here bonded them out.

DANNY

What do we have on her?

LARKEN

Same story. No fixed address yet. But my
guy inside says she was running with Jayson
Miller.

(beat)

You find the girl, you find them.

Danny smiles as he shuts the file. He heads for the door.

LARKEN (CONT'D)

Try to do it quietly this time, Fisk. I can
only protect you for so long before the wrong
people start asking too many questions.

Danny slowly struts his way to Larken.

DANNY
Something tells me you can keep a secret,
Commissioner.

Larken is visibly shaken.

DANNY (CONT'D)
By the way. How's the wife and kid doing?
Healing up nicely, I hope. I hear they
still haven't caught the guys who did it.
Almost like they up and disappeared into
thin air. That's a shame.

Larken's eye begins to twitch. His nerves get the best of him
as Danny's words have an obvious effect.

DANNY (CONT'D)
I know everybody's waiting for the day your
family can finally find justice and have
some peace.

LARKEN
Okay. So we both have the drop on each
other. Just remember one thing. I can
make you disappear a lot easier and a
lot quieter than you can.

Danny's smile is now ear to ear, unshaken, unimpressed.

LARKEN (CONT'D)
End this thing.

Larken heads out first. Danny stares into the mirror and has a
good laugh. He places the mug shot of Vicki Stratton against
the glass and takes a nice long look.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Vonn drags ass as he crawls out of his car and shuffles his way
toward the store. He spots a HOODED THUG holding a large GUN on
the cashier.

VONN
Are you shittin' me?

He rolls his eyes, shakes his head and continues to the door like nothing is happening.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Enter Vonn with his gun stuffed in the front of his trousers. The masked man with the gun quickly draws down on him.

MASK #1

Hold it!

Vonn stops in his tracks. Catches eyes with a scared young man behind the register.

VONN

Am I interrupting something?

MASK #1

Get em up!

VONN

Oh, don't let me stop you. Carry on, please. But do me a favor first. Get that gun out of my face. You're making me nervous.

MASK #1

Real funny, asswipe! I said get em up!

Vonn stares at the cashier, peers over the counter as if he's searching for something.

VONN

I don't know why you're worried about me. He's the one with his hand on his gun.

The cashier's eyes almost bulge out of his head as he throws Vonn the stink eye. The masked man turns his gun back to the register.

MASK #1

(to cashier)

What's he talking about? Keep em where I can see em!

The cashier is confused as he stares back and forth between the gunman and Vonn.

VONN

Careful with that thing. You don't wanna make him nervous. Trust me. Last guy who took this register ended up leaving in a bag.

The masked man whips the gun back and forth between both Vonn and the cashier. A nervous wreck.

CASHIER

(nervous)

That's right, bitch. Don't try me.

VONN

The way I see it, there's no way you can get us both. So why don't you cut your losses before things take a turn.

MASK #2 (O.S.)

What's going on up there?

Vonn checks the back of the store and spots another MASKED MAN hiding behind an endcap. He's holding a female hostage. She tries to scream up but her voice is muffled.

VONN

Uh oh. A partner.

MASK #1

(to Vonn)

That's right!

(to cashier)

Now empty that register or he wastes her!

VONN

(to cashier)

Forget it. He doesn't have a gun. He's bluffing. He's got his hand wrapped around the girl's mouth. You can hear her.

MASK #1

No, man. He's got a gun.

(to partner)

Tell the man!

IN THE BACK OF THE STORE

His partner MASK #2 hides behind an endcap with his gloved hand around his female hostage VICKI (20s), dirty blonde, cute.

MASK #2
I got a gun!

VONN (O.S.)
What kind of gun? Can you describe the gun?
Is it a big gun or a small gun?

MASK #2
It's big, man! A big one! Now stop fuckin
around!

VICKI
Please! Just do what he says!

AT THE REGISTER

VONN
(to cashier)
You saw them when they came in. Did he
have a gun?

CASHIER
I don't think so, man.

The masked man points his gun at the cashier.

MASK #1
Hey, shut up! You don't know!

VONN
(to Mask #2)
If you got a gun, fire a warning shot!

THE BACK OF THE STORE

MASK #2
What's going on up there?! Get the money
and shoot this asshole!

AT THE REGISTER

VONN
How about I come back there? Check on the
girl?

Vonn slowly makes his way down an aisle. The masked man holds his gun on him the whole time.

CASHIER

Hey, man. Don't leave me up here like this.

The masked man swings the gun on the cashier.

MASK #1

Shut up!

Vonn, with cool efficiency, snags the gun from his belt, turns and shoots the man in his shoulder and back. He falls like wet cement and SCREAMS in pain.

Vonn kicks his pistol across the tile.

CASHIER

Holy shit, bro!

Vonn quietly moves down an aisle, his gun gripped in both hands.

MASK #2 (O.S.)

Hey, man! What's happening?! Say something!

VONN

He didn't make it. And neither will you if I don't see those hands.

THE BACK OF THE STORE

The hostage bites his hand and makes a run for it. He comes from behind the corner and tries to grab her.

Vonn is waiting. Gun drawn. Dead bang.

VONN

That's far enough. Hands on your head.

Mask #2 does as he says.

VONN (CONT'D)

On your knees.

Mask #2 slowly kneels down. Hands still rested behind his head.

Vonn moves in.

VONN

Good boy.

He swiftly kicks his knee into the suspect's nose, breaks it as blood spews across the tile.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The female hostage rests on a curb and smokes a cigarette as her hands and body still quiver from the experience.

Vonn watches an on-scene PATROLMAN load the second suspect and his broken nose into his squad car. He drops his smoke and stomps it, walks to the girl.

VONN

I never caught your name.

She's reluctant at first. She gives him a good once over as she puffs away on her smoke.

VICKI

Vicki.

VONN

Vicki. I'm Derek. I'm guessing you could use that drink right about now, huh?

Vicki cracks a smile.

VICKI

Yeah. No shit.

VONN

What're you still doing out here? The cops are done with you if you wanna take off.

VICKI

I know. I'm just waiting for my ride.

Vonn spots the Patrolman calling him over.

VONN

Okay then. Nice meeting you Vicki.

VICKI

Yeah. Thanks. For everything.

Vonn smiles and leaves her at the curb. Vicki watches him with a look of distrust.

EXT. PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Vonn peers through the rear windshield of the black and white as we see a dark haired suspect.

VONN

(to Patrolman)

So who were they?

PATROLMAN

I don't know. No wallets, no Ids.
And they're refusing to give their
names. Not until they see a
lawyer.

VONN

Well that's strange.

Vonn spots Vicki crawl in the backseat of a TAXI. She shoots him a stare but quickly looks away.

PATROLMAN

You got a bad habit of being in the
wrong place lately.

(beat)

Careful, Vonn. From what I hear,
Internal Affairs is looking for
your badge.

VONN

I appreciate you keeping this one quiet.
Last thing I need is a camera in my
face.

Vonn watches the Taxi pull out of the lot and onto the main highway.

INT. RINGSIDE GYM - NIGHT

Vonn comes up the steps, walks in and spots Mike and Lyndi sip a couple of coffees as they slouch in their chairs.

Lt. Mackie at the head of the table.

VONN

A little late, isn't it?

Lt. Mackie stands, meets him halfway.

LT. MACKIE

I hear you had some trouble at the liquor store tonight.

VONN

You heard about that?

LT. MACKIE

I know everything. At all times.

VONN

Right. I forgot.

LT. MACKIE

I also hear that the suspect you didn't fill full of holes refused to identify himself and demanded an attorney.

VONN

Yeah, I heard that too.

LT. MACKIE

His name is Bobby Jarvis. His partner in the hospital was John Grifis, aka Johnny G. Ever heard of them?

Lt. Mackie hands Vonn a couple of papers. Vonn takes a quick look.

VONN

No. What do you mean was his partner?

LT. MACKIE

I mean he's dead. He died on the table around ninety minutes ago.

VONN

It was a clean shoot. No matter what IAD says.

LT. MACKIE

Well, we have a witness who says otherwise.

VONN

Hell are you talking about?

LT. MACKIE

There was a girl at the scene. Vicki. She says, in addition to not reading Jarvis his rights and beating the hell out of him, he was unarmed.

VONN

This is the same guy who had his hands around her throat, threatening to snap her neck?

Mike walks to Vonn with another file in hand. He offers it to Vonn who accepts.

VONN

What's this?

MIKE

Vicki Stratton's rap sheet. She wasn't there by accident. She was their decoy.

Vonn squints, confused.

LT. MACKIE

Two months ago, Grifis and Jarvis are caught selling 'x' to a couple kids at Carver High.

VONN

They were part of Miller's crew?

MIKE

That's not all. Guess who used to pimp for your girl Vicki?

VONN

Jayson Miller.

LT. MACKIE

These guys refused to give their names. Like they were afraid of anyone finding out about the arrest. What does that tell you?

LYNDI

It's them.

Vonn, Mike and Lt. Mackie all turn to Lyndi.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

They were the ones who raped Katie.

VONN

They knew as soon as Fisk found out about the robbery, they were both dead.

MIKE

So they kept their mouths shut and lawyered up. We need to talk to this guy.

LT. MACKIE

Bobby Jarvis is back on the street.

Lt. Mackie heads to the table to drop his files. Vonn, confused follows behind.

VONN

What?? How??

LT. MACKIE

I made some calls and had him released.

Lt. Mackie ignores Vonn and collects all his files. Vonn can hardly believe it as he shares a look with Mike and Lyndi.

VONN

Why the hell would you do that? We had him in custody.

LT. MACKIE

Because we can't risk him getting off on account some cop with a temper busted open his nose!

VONN

Now what's the real reason?

LT. MACKIE

You know you can't come anywhere near this Bobby. Not after tonight.

Vonn laughs and shakes his head.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

Because you couldn't keep your hands to yourself, you compromised this entire operation! That means without Katie Fisk's testimony, we couldn't bust this guy for spitting in the street!

LYNDI

She'll talk to me.

All three turn to her. Unconvinced.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

I know Katie. She'll open up to me.

LT. MACKIE

And if she doesn't...?

MIKE

The way I see it, it's our only option.

LT. MACKIE

Okay fine. We follow through with Fisk's daughter. Ask some questions, show her a few pictures. If she fingers Grifis and Jarvis, we can get a warrant for Bobby's arrest.

Lt. Mackie loads all his files into a briefcase. Vonn hovers over him, waiting.

VONN

And? What about me?

LT. MACKIE

You're relieved, Detective Vonn.

Vonn shoots him a nasty stare but backs down.

VONN

He was my partner. I trusted him. You pulled me into this, and now you're taking me out.

Lt. Mackie removes his glasses. A deadly serious look.

LT. MACKIE

Goodbye, Detective.

Vonn is hesitant but leaves peacefully. Mike and Lyndi try hard not to stare.

EXT. CARVER HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Mike's van parks in the guest area of the faculty lot. Mike and Lyndi step out.

MIKE

You ready for this?

LYNDI

I'm ready. But is Katie?

INT. CARVER HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY - QUIET ROOM - DAY

Lyndi sits across from Katie at a mahogany study table. It's a sound proof room. Mike stands in the corner, keeps his eye on the outside, makes sure they have privacy.

LYNDI

Before we go any further, I just wanna say I'm sorry, Katie. For everything.

KATIE

Oh God. I knew this day was coming sooner or later. That a couple cops would show up here. Pull me out of class.

LYNDI

I wish we didn't have to be here. But we do. You know that.

Katie puts her hand up, signals Lyndi to stop.

KATIE

Just...just stop. Tell me what happened.

Mike squints in confusion. He and Lyndi share a look.

LYNDI

Katie, you know what happened.

KATIE

No, I don't! And you're making me nervous!
What happened?! Is Danny okay?!

MIKE

He's fine.

LYNDI

We're not here about your father. We're
here about you.

KATIE

He did something, didn't he? To those two
guys? Look, I told him to stay away from
them, but he didn't listen.

MIKE

And what two guys are those, Katie?

KATIE

Come on. You're gonna pretend you don't
know. It's right there in my file, so
why are you here?

Lyndi and Mike are full blown confused.

KATIE (CONT'D)

You want me to tell you what a corrupt
asshole my father is? Well you got no
argument here.

MIKE

Katie, I'm gonna show you some photos.
I want you to let me know if you
recognize any of these men.

Mike lays down a series of photos. Bobby and Johnny are mixed
up in the set.

KATIE

Yeah. That's them. BJ and Grif. But
you guys should already know that.

KATIE (CONT'D)
It's in the report.

LYNDI
What report?

Katie squints at Lyndi.

KATIE
My arrest report.

Lyndi is at a loss for words. Mike intervenes.

MIKE
Maybe you could refresh us, Katie. Walk us through what happened.

Katie laughs in disgust.

KATIE
Okay, here we go again. A couple months ago, I heard about these guys who were dealing ecstasy. I thought I'd surprise my boyfriend and get a couple hits.

LYNDI
You have a boyfriend?

Mike signals her to back off.

MIKE
BJ and Grif being Bobby Jarvis and John Grifis.

KATIE
Right. So I make the buy and this cop comes by and busts all three of us. Danny finds out and freaks.

MIKE
You always call your father Danny?

KATIE
Please. That slug hasn't been a father since I was six years old. Now, all of the sudden someone deals to his kid and he's got something to say about it.

Lyndi zones out, stares down at the desk and Mike notices. He takes a seat next to her.

MIKE

I hate to have to ask you about this. Going through the whole thing all over again. I know it's the last thing you wanna do.

Katie rolls her eys. Huffs in exhaustion.

KATIE

Yeah, sure. What else do you need to know?

MIKE

Bobby and Johnny. Were they the same ones you met at the party?

Katie is taken aback. She doesn't follow.

KATIE

Party? What party?

Lyndi studies Katie's eyes.

MIKE

You know what party I'm talking about. At Jayson Miller's house.

KATIE

Who's Jayson Miller?

Lyndi slumps in defeat.

EXT. CARVER HEIGHTS HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Mike and Lyndi walk through the faculty lot, pitiful, defeated and confused.

MIKE

She lied to us. Lisa Dodd lied. Katie was nowhere near that party. Given that there ever was a party. Katie sure didn't know about it.

LYNDI

I'm aware of that.

MIKE

Your eyes never lie theory just got shot to shit.

LYNDI

I'm aware of that too, Ruddy. But that doesn't really help us right now.

Mike and Lyndi approach the van as Lyndi opens the passenger door. She opens and pauses.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

Wait a minute.

Mike stops, comes back.

MIKE

What?

LYNDI

Remember when I said you can't fake that kind of emotion?

MIKE

I don't know. You say a lot of things.

LYNDI

Lisa was pretty convincing. She had all of us going. Even you, Ruddy.

MIKE

Yeah. She's a hooker. They're bullshit artists. So what?

LYNDI

So, those tears sure looked pretty real to me. Just like she was re-living the whole thing.

MIKE

A girl like Lisa, puts on a show for a rowdy crowd. Things can get out of hand pretty quick.

LYNDI

Maybe they were supposed to.

Mike grows tired and leans on the van. Lyndi joins him.

MIKE

How do you mean?

LYNDI

You heard Lisa. It was a birthday party. Jayson was supposed to show these guys the time of their life.

Mike thinks it all over.

LYNDI (CONT'D)

So maybe Lisa Dodd was the main attraction.

MIKE

They didn't drug Katie. They drugged her.

LYNDI

And everybody at the party gets a turn.

Mike scoffs.

MIKE

It can't be that easy.

LYNDI

It still doesn't explain why Danny would wanna kill Jayson.

MIKE

Because Lisa doesn't give him a choice.

LYNDI

How's that?

MIKE

Kill Jayson and the others or she dimes out Danny to the cops. Everything she's got on him.

LYNDI

We have to find her. Right away.

Lyndi quickly loads in the van.

MIKE
I'll call Mackie.

Mike heads for the driver's side.

INT. VONN'S HOUSE - DAY

Vonn pulls a bottle of vodka from his freezer. He pours a good double shot into a highball. Stops. He pours another good belt into the glass, pours some more, almost a full glass.

VONN
What's the big deal, Derek? It's only
your entire life.

INT. VONN'S BEDROOM - DAY

Vonn at his computer. His almost empty glass of vodka rests on a coaster. He google searches Cab Companies. Before he can press Enter, he pauses.

VONN
There's nothing you can do about it.
Let it go. Let Mike and Donaghey
handle it.

Vonn shakes his head.

VONN (CONT'D)
Screw it.

He continues to type.

INT. POOL HALL - NIGHT

Danny awaits at a corner table, a couple beers in front of him as Vonn walks through the door. He scouts the place out as Danny gives him the nod from across the room.

Vonn heads over.

Danny pulls out a seat for him.

DANNY

Okay. I'm here, partner. What's on your mind? Have a seat.

VONN

I'm not staying long. I just came here to tell you I'm cutting a deal.

Danny cracks a confused smile.

DANNY

So it was you with the phone.

VONN

I suppose you heard about that liquor store hold-up last night?

DANNY

I maybe heard something.

VONN

IAD thinks I set up the robbery. This guy Jarvis is saying I killed his partner in cold blood and tried to kill him.

(beat)

That if the cops didn't show, I would have.

DANNY

Sounds like you got yourself into some serious trouble, partner.

VONN

You know of any reason they would think that?

DANNY

Why would I?

VONN

No reason. Other than they were dealing ecstasy to your daughter and hooking underage girls.

(beat)

I'm your partner. Jarvis figures it wasn't just coincidence I walked in that store.

DANNY

Sounds like you did your research.

VONN

Come on, Danny. Talk to me.

Danny takes a drink, avoids his partner.

VONN (CONT'D)

Grifis and Jarvis were working with Jayson Miller. Everyone says so.

DANNY

Don't beat around the bush, Vonn. You wanna know if I hit Miller, just ask.

Vonn smiles as he studies his partner's eyes.

VONN

Okay, partner. Did you?

DANNY

Do you want me to talk directly into the microphone?

Danny points at his shirt.

VONN

You think I'm wearing a wire? Frisk me. We can go in the men's room and take it all off if you want.

Danny grows nervous, checks to see if anyone's watching.

VONN (CONT'D)

I'm gonna tell them I never saw a gun. You're gonna say it was an accident. You saw the phone and open fired.

DANNY

Why the hell would I do that?

VONN

Because if you don't, they're gonna take both our badges. They're gonna connect all the dots between Miller and these other assholes and send you to prison.

VONN (CONT'D)

If you come clean with IAD and tell them what you did, they just might overlook the rest. Nobody wants to pull Katie into this.

Danny loses his once slick grin. He just stares back at Vonn like a blank slate. No emotion.

VONN (CONT'D)

But this thing with the cell phone is bad news. The press wants answers.

Vonn shrugs his shoulders.

VONN (CONT'D)

What can I say? The media can be pretty persistent.

Danny slowly cracks his grin, bursts out laughing. Vonn smiles back.

DANNY

Well. I guess you got me real good, didn't you, partner.

VONN

Yeah, I guess I did. So what's it gonna be, Danny?

Danny pauses. Takes another sip of beer.

DANNY

Tell you what, partner. I'll think about it.

Vonn smiles.

VONN

You know where to find me.

Vonn heads out. A giant grin. Danny's look turns dead serious. He chugs his beer and slams the mug down.

DANNY

Sonofabitch.

INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Enter Danny as he slams the door behind him. He tosses his keys in a corner basket as he shuffles his way inside.

In a violent rage, he flips over a flimsy dining room table as unpaid bills and beer bottles topple to the floor.

DANNY
Shit! Motherfucker!

Danny spots something on the messy floor that catches his eye. He bends down, picks up the mug shot and rap sheet of Vicki Stratton.

DANNY (CONT'D)
Hello, Vicki.

Danny smiles. He pulls out a cell, dials. It rings on the other line.

LISA (O.S.)
(muffled)
Hello?

DANNY
Get dressed. We're going to work.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Lisa escorts a john into a dark alley, visible only by a nearby streetlight.

LISA'S JOHN
Are you sure this is okay? That
we're alone?

LISA
Trust me, baby. Just relax.

Lisa shoves him against a brick wall. She seductively unbuckles and unfastens his pants. She slowly takes a knee.

LISA'S JOHN
Whatever you say.

Lisa quietly pulls a gun from her purse, sticks it to his crotch.

LISA
Don't move.

The john stares down and spots the gun.

LISA'S JOHN
Oh, shit! What is this?!

Danny moves into the light, gun drawn.

LISA'S JOHN
Who the hell are you?

He shows the man a photo of Vicki Stratton.

DANNY
You recognize this girl?

LISA'S JOHN
No! Why would I?!

DANNY
It says here she got caught sucking your
cock outside your ex wife's house.
So try again.

LISA'S JOHN
What the hell is this?

Lisa pulls the hammer back on her gun, shoves the pistol into his crotch.

LISA'S JOHN
Okay, okay! I know her! So what?

DANNY
It didn't stop there, did it? You bring
her to this same alley, three different
times. Make her say the same shit, do
the same tricks.
(beat)
You a kinky boy, Harold.

LISA'S JOHN

What do you want? My ex wife send you?
I don't have any money.

DANNY

Relax. We don't want you or your money.
We want her. So where is she?

LISA'S JOHN

Shit, man. I don't know. Try the yellow
pages.

Danny grows impatient and grabs his face.

DANNY

Try again.

LISA'S JOHN

Okay, okay. She tricks at a motel a
couple blocks down. I don't remember
the name. She only mentioned it once.

Danny smiles and pats him on the face. Lisa pulls the gun away
from him as she and Danny walk off.

EXT. STREET CURB - NIGHT

Mike's van sits parked at the curb in between two cars in this
somewhat busy business district.

INT. MIKE'S VAN - NIGHT

Mike and Lyndi wait in the van, watch all the action on the
street as Danny and Lisa exit a dark alley and re appear on
the sidewalk.

MIKE

There they are. Where the hell are
they going now?

Danny and Lisa crawl in his car. They quickly pull away from
the curb and dart off.

LYNDI

We better go before we lose them.

A KNOCK at Mike's rear door stops them.

MIKE
What the hell?

Vonn opens the sliding door, crawls in.

VONN
Good evening, boys and girls.

Lyndi and Mike both turn, surprised.

MIKE
How did you...?

Vonn hands Lyndi a wrinkled up wad of paper.

LYNDI
What's this?

VONN
Called the cab company that drove Vicki
Stratton home from the liquor store.

MIKE
What cab? You didn't say anything about
a cab.

VONN
You didn't ask.

Lyndi reads the wrinkled paper.

LYNDI
Is this her address?

VONN
I'm guessing she was holding up there
with her roomies Grifis and Jarvis.

MIKE
How long have you known this?

VONN
Since yesterday afternoon.

MIKE
And you're just now telling us about
it?

VONN

Yeah, well. I've been busy.

Lyndi rolls her eyes at Mike.

MIKE

Yeah, I bet you have.

LYNDI

I guess we can forget tailing Danny.
They're long gone.

MIKE

Yeah, thanks for that.

VONN

We don't need to tail Danny.

LYNDI

Really? Why's that?

VONN

Because I already know where he's
going.

Mike and Lyndi both turn to him. Vonn smiles ear to ear.

EXT. MOTEL - NIGHT

Vicki exits a second floor room. She's dressed for the part as she heads for the stairs.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. DANNY'S CAR - NIGHT

Danny and Lisa watch Vicki as she walks down the steps.

DANNY

Here's our girl. All dressed up and
everywhere to go.

LISA

You just remember what I said.

Danny turns to Lisa.

LISA

When we get there, he's mine.

Lisa zones out as the memory of her rape comes back.

LISA (CONT'D)

I wanna see the look on that bastard's face when I blow his brains all over the floor.

DANNY

Whatever you say.

Vicki cuts across the motel lot, headed for a broken down fence which separates the property from whatever's on the other side.

She cuts through a small opening in the fence.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT

Vicki pops up on the other side and heads across the street to a battered old duplex.

Danny quietly watches her as he also steps through the fence. Lisa two steps behind.

EXT. VICKI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Vicki digs in her bag for keys as she steps to the front door. She drops them on the concrete.

Danny grabs her, clasps his hand on her mouth. Lisa picks up the keys and stares Vicki down.

DANNY

Surprise, Vicki. You play your cards right and we might let you walk out of here.

(beat)

If you understand, nod yes.

Vicki nods.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Good girl.

DANNY

You know if you lie to me, I'll kill you.

LISA

She knows, Fisk. Let's get this over with.

Danny stares deep into her dancing eyes. Her lips also quiver with fear.

DANNY

Whatever you say, partner.

Danny shoves her toward the door, holds a gun at her back as she opens the door.

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - NIGHT

Enter Danny and Lisa. A tall staircase leads to the second floor of this duplex. Their attention is immediately drawn to the blaring sound of an upstairs TELEVISION.

Vicki stops near the door, unsure. Danny presses his gun to her back, nudges her toward the stairs.

DANNY

Go on. Move it.

Vicki slowly and quietly moves up the steps as Danny follows one step behind. Lisa brings up the rear.

The three reach the last step and peek inside the creaked open door where they spot bright flashes of a modest television.

DANNY

Open it.

Vicki uses a couple fingers to softly push open the door. All three notice a television rested on a carrying cart. The home movie of Lisa dancing, performing at the birthday party is blasting away on the screen.

LISA

What the hell.

Danny shoves Vicki inside. She falls to the carpet as Danny and Lisa move further inside.

WHAP!

Danny is knocked across the mouth by the butt of a sawed off shotgun. He topples to the floor and curls in pain.

Lisa turns and spots BOBBY JARVIS with the shotgun. He's all smiles as he pushes Lisa into a nearby chair. Danny composes himself, looks up. Bobby cocks and points his shotgun right at his face.

BOBBY

Hello, Fisk. Glad you could make it.

Bobby hands Vicki a gun. She holds it on Danny.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Just in time for the grand finale.

LISA

Fuck you.

Bobby turns the gun on her.

BOBBY

Nah. Been there, done that, sweetie.

Bobby laughs. Danny shakes his ringing head.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

You should keep this one on a shorter leash, cop. Girl like this can get you in a lotta trouble.

Danny takes a knee, grabs his sore head.

DANNY

Yeah. So I've heard.

BOBBY

I guess you're both wondering how I've foiled your master plan. The truth is, you got a lot of enemies, Fisk. The kind who sleep a lot better knowing you're dead.

DANNY

I guess you wouldn't tell me if I asked.

BOBBY

It doesn't really matter now, does it?

Lisa watches the video. She is giving birthday boy a lap dance as the rowdy crew cheer her on.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Don't pass out on me yet, cop. My favorite part's coming up.

Lisa squeezes her eyes shut. Bobby notices.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

Don't get shy on us now. Come on, baby. After I snap your neck and this video goes live, I'm gonna make you a star.

Lisa turns away. Bobby turns the gun on her.

BOBBY (CONT'D)

I said open your eyes!!!

Danny snags a snub nose from an ankle holster -

POW!

One shot strikes Bobby's chest. He tumbles backward.

Before Vicki can get off a shot --

Danny drops, rolls on the floor, grips his gun in both hands and fires a single shot into her shoulder.

Vicki is flung against a wall as her gun goes flying.

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Through the door runs Vonn and Mike, gun drawn. They both take opposite sides of the staircase as they move one step at a time toward the top.

Danny and Lisa run out. He spots Vonn and Mike closing in on him and grabs Lisa around the waist - holds a gun to her head.

Danny and his new hostage back into the home. Vonn and Ruddy keep their guns aimed and ready.

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Danny and Lisa hide within the open door frame.

DANNY

Come on! I got your witness here! Without her, you don't have shit!

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Vonn moves up another step. Mike moves over, takes his place as they both keep their guns on the door.

DANNY (O.S.)

Whadd'ya say we save this for another day!

VONN

Don't think so, partner!

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Danny still holds a gun to Lisa's head.

DANNY

Hey, Vonn! Did you know you can judge a man's entire life by what it reads on his tombstone?!

Danny's slick smile turns to a psychotic trance.

DANNY (CONT'D)

You ever think about that kind of shit before?!

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Mike and Vonn share a look.

MIKE

He's losing it.

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Danny holds his gun to his side, grips his hand around Lisa's throat.

DANNY

Ya know the last thing my old man ever told me before he blew his brains out?

Danny laughs.

DANNY (CONT'D)

He says a man can be a good husband and father or a great cop! But you can't be all three!

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Mike stares down the steps, spots Lyndi coming up, gun drawn. Vonn signals her to stay back.

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Danny grips Lisa's throat a bit too hard. She gasps for air and tries to fight him off. He holds her close.

DANNY

They all hate us, don't they, partner?! Until the shit hits the fan and they come running! You know who they come to?! They come to me! Cus I-get-the job-done!

Lisa tries to squirm free of his grip.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Awfully quiet, partner! Come on! I promise I'll make it quick!

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

MIKE

Come on, Danny! There's only one way out of here! Don't do anything stupid!

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Danny peeks his head out, quickly ducks back in. He spots Vicki stumble toward him, wounded, gun pointed and ready. He quickly turns and fires.

POW!

The blast hits Vicki center mass. She squeezes off her own shot as she's thrown to the floor.

POW!

The bullet hits Lisa in the shoulder as she slips from Danny's grasp. The force of the gun shot pushes Danny out of the home and into the hall.

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Danny stumbles into the open, gun still in hand. Before he can gather himself --

Vonn and Mike unload on him.

Danny is riddled with shot after shot. In the shoulder, the leg an arm, his chest, and in the neck. An arterial spray of bright red blood shoots from his throat.

Danny falls limp against the wall. Dead. His lifeless eyes gaze back at us.

Vonn, Mike, and Lyndi all pause, lower their guns and share a quiet moment.

EXT. VICKI'S PLACE - NIGHT

Mike talks one on one with a uniform cop as Lyndi watches Vonn pull to the curb in Danny's car. She meets him as he steps out.

VONN

Danny's car was parked at the motel
across the street.

Mike finishes with the cop. Joins Vonn and Lyndi.

Vonn points at the damaged fence in the distance.

VONN

I figure Vicki took a shortcut through that fence and Danny followed her on foot.

Vonn hands Lyndi the yearbook.

VONN (CONT'D)

Look what he had in his backseat. Our friends Grifis and Jarvis are circled in red marker.

Lyndi flips open the pages saved by a tall bookmark.

LYNDI

I don't see them.
(beat)
This is M through O.

VONN

Flip back a few pages.

Something on the page catches Lyndi by surprise.

LYNDI

Oh my God.

Mike squints, checks with Vonn, who also reads Lyndi's strange reaction.

MIKE

What is it?

Mike, Lyndi and Vonn spot Lt. Mackie exit the home, head toward them all.

Lyndi quickly hands the book to Vonn.

LYNDI

Hide this.

Vonn throws the book in Danny's car. Lt. Mackie joins them.

LT. MACKIE

What's the status on Lisa Dodd?

Lyndi shoots Mike a hard stare and then Vonn who reads this as a signal.

VONN

Coded. Died on the way to the hospital.

Mike looks lost as Vonn shoots him a quick glance.

LT. MACKIE

I see. Unfortunately, that leaves us all in a bit of a snag. With Fisk dead, the press is definitely gonna want answers.

(beat)

Dodd was the glue holding this whole thing together, so we need to get our stories straight and real fast. Before the press gets wind and not after.

Lyndi appears sick, folds her arms. Mike and Vonn notice.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

Report to Internal Affairs, first thing in the morning. We can go over the finer details. Official press statements and so forth...

Vonn also grows nervous, sparks up a smoke.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

In the meantime, I know this didn't go down the way you wanted. But don't think for one second Fisk wouldn't have done the same to you if he had half the chance.

Lt. Mackie nods in appreciation. He makes eye contact with all three officers.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

(sincerely)

You did a great thing here. All of you. I'll remember that. Go get some rest. I'll see you in the morning.

Lt. Mackie heads back to one of the uniform cops on the scene as the other three officers gasp sighs of relief.

Vonn drops and stomps his cigarette.

INT. VICKI'S PLACE - NIGHT

Lyndi walks in, an official crime scene. She instantly spots a television and DVD player sit awkwardly on a tv stand in the middle of the floor.

Bobby dead on the carpet. Vicki lay dead in the corner.

Lyndi spots an open tray on the dvd player. She squints, walks over to get a closer look. A plastic carrying case rests on top of the player. No disc.

INT. RINGSIDE GYM - SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Lt. Mackie sits alone in the dark room, watches a television and views the phone recorded footage of Lisa Dodd passing out on the floor, eyes trembling, visibly nauseous. A crowd of drunken young men hover, whistle, laugh.

The one doing the recording turns the phone on his face as Lt. Mackie pauses the image. A dark haired young man, thin, tall, gaunt and very drunk.

VONN (O.S.)

Andrew Mackie. Carver Heights High School,
Class of Twenty Ten.

Lt. Mackie spins in his swivel chair, spots Vonn, Mike and Lyndi coming through the door, one at a time.

VONN

Good looking kid. Looks just like his old
man.

Lyndi drops the empty dvd case on the table before Lt. Mackie.

LYNDI

You left this at the scene.

LT. MACKIE

You figured it out. I was afraid you might.

VONN

Oddly enough, we have Danny to thank for that.
Found Andrew's class yearbook in his backseat.

Vonn slams the book down on the table.

MIKE

You set this whole thing up from the jump.
You didn't want Danny. You wanted to keep
tabs on him. And used us to do it.

LYNDI

And when we finally found Grifis and Jarvis,
you made damn sure they knew about it.

Mike circles Lt. Mackie and the table like a shark on the prowl
for food.

MIKE

Let me take a wild stab at this.

(beat)

You were looking for the perfect opportunity
to set a trap for Danny. Because if anyone
was gonna find the truth about your son, it
was him. Wasn't it?

VONN

So you cut a deal with Bobby Jarvis. He
kills Danny and Lisa, and your boy is in
the clear. Just like he was never there.

LYNDI

You even made a special trip to the crime
scene to make sure Jarvis didn't leave any
evidence behind.

Vonn picks up the empty dvd case.

VONN

Kind of like an incriminating dvd.

LT. MACKIE

How the hell did...?

MIKE

Lisa picked out Andrew's photo from the
yearbook. No problem.

LT. MACKIE

Lisa?

MIKE

Yeah. She's sort of not dead after all.

Lt. Mackie laughs and applauds them. A slow CLAP.

LT. MACKIE

Well, well. Congratulations again. Another job well done. Fine work.

Lt. Mackie keeps a careful eye on Mike who continues to circle the table like a hungry shark.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

Okay, so now you're here to what? Take me in? Bust me? All for taking care of my own. My family. There's not one of you who wouldn't do the same if the situation were reversed.

(scoffs)

You're a bunch of hypocrites.

Mike spots Lt. Mackie hiding his hands under the table.

MIKE

Keep your hands where we can see them.

LT. MACKIE

Take it easy, Ruddy.

MIKE

I don't think so. On the table!

Lt. Mackie slowly rests his hands flat on the table.

LT. MACKIE

What did he do exactly? Have a few too many and catch some girl on video. If that's all you have then God help you because I sure have enough on all of you to take your badges.

Vonn, Mike and Lyndi exchange looks.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

So before you throw on the cuffs, think real hard about what's at stake. For all of you.

LYNDI

Oh, I think we'll be okay. Especially when this video hits the air and the public demands answers.

MIKE

And we'll be the ones who give it to them. Every little detail.

Lt. Mackie loses his smile as his look turns grim.

LT. MACKIE

Look at all of you. The prevailers of truth and justice. All so self righteous.

(beat)

The truth is, you all got what you wanted. The great, untouchable Danny Fisk. You got him because I gave him to you.

(angry)

Giftwrapped!

Vonn smiles, ejects the dvd from the player and places it back in its case.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

If it weren't for me, you'd still be out there on the streets with him. Still searching for answers. All of your lives at his disposal.

Mike and Lyndi head for the door.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

Where are you going? Let's talk about this.

Vonn gives Lt. Mackie a smug smile and a wink. He also heads out.

LT. MACKIE (CONT'D)

You're gonna throw away my son's life over what?! The peace of mind of some street whore who'd slit all your throats for fifty bucks!

Lt. Mackie stands, points his gun at Vonn's back. Vonn hears, stops in his tracks.

LT. MACKIE

Detective Vonn. That's far enough.

VONN

Put it down.

LT. MACKIE

All you have is that disc. Without that, all you have is the word of one girl. They already caught her in one lie. What makes you think they'd believe her this time?

VONN

You gonna shoot me in the back?

Lt. Mackie pauses.

LT. MACKIE

No. Because you're gonna turn around and hand me that disc.

Vonn smiles.

VONN

When was the last time you fired that thing?

LT. MACKIE

It wasn't that long ago. Give me the disc.

Vonn thinks it over. He places his hand on his gun, stuffed in his trousers.

VONN

Seems to me if I turn around too fast and I got my gun, the odds of you getting me before I get you are pretty slim.

LT. MACKIE

Maybe. Or I could just kill you right now.

VONN

Yeah, you could do that, but you won't.

LT. MACKIE

Why's that?

VONN

Because right now, there's two cops waiting
for me downstairs.

Lt. Mackie grows nervous, sweaty.

VONN (CONT'D)

If I don't show in the next two minutes
they're on their way back up here.

(beat)

Only their backs won't be turned and those
guns will be pointed right at you.

Lt. Mackie ponders this. He shakes his head.

LT. MACKIE

Bullshit. They're already gone.

VONN

You don't believe me? Take a look for
yourself.

Lt. Mackie stares at the window, then back to Vonn.

LT. MACKIE

You even flinch and you're done, Vonn.

Lt. Mackie slowly walks to the window, never leaving Vonn out of
his sights.

He takes a quick glance outside and spots Mike and Lyndi staring
directly at him from the street. They both spot his gun and
charge the building in a panic.

Lt. Mackie lowers his gun in defeat, backs away from the window.
He drops the weapon on the hard floor.

Vonn slowly turns around, a smug grin. He pulls a fresh pack of
smokes from his back pocket.

VONN

There's something I've been wanting to tell
you for awhile, Lieutenant.

Vonn lights his smoke. Lt. Mackie waits.

VONN (CONT'D)
You're fired.

CUT TO BLACK

THE END

CAST OF CHARACTERS

DEREK VONN
LT. CARL MACKIE
MIKE RUDDY
DANNY FISK
LYNDI DONAGHEY
LISA DODD
KATIE FISK
COMMISSIONER LARKEN
CHIEF WHITLOCK
THE MAYOR
CHUCKIE "HI-C" WILLIS
VICKI STRATTON
BOBBY JARVIS
JAYSON MILLER