

ZERO TO 100

Written by

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Based on actual events

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FADE IN

EXT. POLICE TRAINING GROUNDS - DAY

It's a hot summer's day. Birds chirp in the distance while white pillowy clouds roll across a bright blue sky. Cadets march across the base in their troop formations. Troop commanders guide their troops.

EXT. POLICE DEFENSIVE TACTICS PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

JAKE GILL (26) stands alone in a parking lot with his hands behind his back. He wears a white tattered t-shirt and is a bundle of nerves.

TRAINER (O.S.)  
Close your eyes.

Jake shuts his eyes. His face is plastered in thick orange-yellow liquid.

Jake's face is so tense that you'd think he just ate the sourest candy known to man.

TRAINER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Blink five times.

Jake blinks once and is greeted by a stinging pain in his eyes the like of which he has never felt. He can't physically open his eyes four more times and merely moves his eyebrows up and down in a futile attempt.

TRAINER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Open your eyes.

He opens his left eye with his left thumb and index finger. He opens his right eye with his right thumb and index finger.

TRAINER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Find the bag.

Jake frantically looks around for the bag. He finally spots it ten feet in front of him.

The bag is held by another cadet. He holds it like he's bracing for impact.

Jake sprints to the bag. He still holds both of his eyes open. He grabs the bag at the top, striking it repeatedly with his right knee. His eyes shut as soon as he takes his hands away from them.

TRAINER (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
That's good. Now find your radio.

Jake stops kneeling the bag. He pries his eyes open with his hands. Snot bubbles bubble up in his nose as he clumsily looks around for the radio.

He finds it on the ground in front of him and grabs it with his right hand. His right eye slams shut. He still holds his left eye open. His voice is muffled from a mucus filled pallet.

JAKE  
Ten thirty-three, ten thirty-three.  
I've been pepper sprayed.

TRAINER (O.S.)  
Can you provide a description of  
the suspect.

Jake looks at the cadet who held the bag.

JAKE  
He has short hair, about five foot  
ten and he's wearing a white shirt.

TRAINER (O.S.)  
You're going to have to be more  
specific than that. Does he have  
any identifying marks?

Jake gets closer. He carefully inspects him from head to toe. There is a visible tattoo on the cadets forearm.

JAKE  
He has a tattoo on his right  
forearm.

TRAINER (O.S.)  
What's the tattoo of?

Jake peers at the cadets forearm with one eye.

JAKE  
Ummmm... I can't really make it  
out.

TRAINER (O.S.)  
Well how are we going to know who  
to look for?

Jake brings his eye within a few inches of the tattoo. He jumps for joy like he won the lottery when he figures out what it is.

JAKE

It's a panther. It's a panther.

TRAINER (O.S.)

Okay. That's good, go clean up.

Jake drops the radio. He runs to the side of the building, joining the other red faced cadets. He holds both of his eyes open.

He takes his hands away from his face to wipe his face off with a towel passed to him by another cadet.

Another cadet grabs a piece of hard cardboard. He waves it up and down in front of Jake's face. Jake holds both of his eyes open, getting as much of the cool air in his burning eyes as possible.

TRAINER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Next.

MONTAGE - JAKE AT THE TRAINING ACADEMY

-- He is at the firing range.

-- He performs a high risk take down from his car with a plastic gun

-- He is driving through a driving course.

-- He is in issued physical training clothes, breathing heavily, sweating profusely, running an obstacle course.

-- He spars with sparring gear, taking punches to the head and body.

-- He throws another cadet to the ground and handcuffs him.

END MONTAGE

EXT. POLICE DETACHMENT - DAY

Jake wears civilian clothes.

He walks up to the front of his new detachment, in a town of around forty to fifty thousand people. He opens the front door.

## INT. POLICE DETACHMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jake walks towards the front counter. RON (56) sits at the front counter in front of a computer screen. The front counter is separated from the entrance by glass windows. Ron wears civilian clothes. He looks up to see Jake.

RON

Good morning. How can I help you?

JAKE

Hi, I'm Jake Gill. I was just posted here.

RON

Oh hello Jake, someone mentioned that you may be coming in today. Nice to meet you. I'm Ron.

Ron stands up.

RON (CONT'D)

Just a second and I'll buzz you in.

Ron hits a button. The door to the right of Jake clicks open. Jake opens it and meets Ron on the other side.

Ron and Jake shake hands.

RON (CONT'D)

Come on in and I'll introduce you to the watch commander today.

(beat)

Do you know what watch you're on?

JAKE

Yeah, I think I was told I was on D watch.

RON

Oh good, they're working today so you'll get to meet them all.

## INT. WATCH COMMANDERS OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The watch commanders office contains one computer on a desk at the corner of the room. Cabinets rest on the wall behind the desk. Keys to all the patrol cars rest in a storage box on the wall beside the door.

SUSAN JACOBS (41) sits at a desk in the watch commander's office. She flips the pages of a clipboard.

Jake and Ron walk in.

RON  
Susan, this is Jake. He just came  
in today.

Susan looks up from the clipboard.

SUSAN  
Hi Jake.

Susan rises from her desk and shakes Jake's hand.

JAKE  
Hi. Nice to meet you.

RON  
I'm off back to the front. See you  
later Jake.

JAKE  
Thanks.

Ron leaves the room.

SUSAN  
So how was the trip out?

JAKE  
It was alright. Long.

SUSAN  
Where are you from?

JAKE  
PEI.

SUSAN  
Yeah, that's a pretty long trip.  
Where are you staying right now?

JAKE  
I'm at the Reno for the time being.

SUSAN  
Oh that's not a bad place to be.  
Do you know if you'll be looking to  
rent or buy?

JAKE  
I think renting is what I'm looking  
for right now.

SUSAN

Good idea. Ask any of us for advice on where to stay. There are some spots you'll want to stay away from.

JAKE

That would be great. Thank you.

SUSAN

No problem.

(beat)

So your trainer is John River. I understand you've e-mailed him a few times?

JAKE

Yeah, I talked to him a few times.

SUSAN

Good. He's here today so you'll get a chance to say hi. Speaking of saying hi, I'm just about to go do the watch briefing. Come on in with me and I'll introduce you to everyone.

JAKE

Sure.

Susan grabs the clipboard from the desk. She walks out of the watch commander office.

Jake follows.

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The briefing room is an open room about thirty by thirty feet in size. A large table sits in the middle of the room with chairs scattered around it.

JOHN RIVER (45), CRAIG BROOKS (24), CODY SCOTT (31) and ADAM SPEAKER (30) sit around the table in the briefing room.

ADAM

Fuck. Days off went by too fast.

Susan walks into the briefing room, followed by Jake.

SUSAN

Good morning gentlemen. This is Jake Gill. He'll be joining the watch tomorrow.

JOHN  
Hi Jake. I'm John.

John gets up to shake Jake's hand.

SUSAN  
So that's John.  
(she points to everyone as  
she says their name)  
And this is Adam, Craig and Cody.

Adam, Craig and Cody all get up to shake Jake's hand.

They all sit down after shaking Jake's hand.

CODY  
How was the trip out?

JAKE  
Good. Rushed.

CODY  
They don't give you much time to  
get your stuff in order do they.

JAKE  
No, not a lot.

Susan and Jake take a seat at the table.

SUSAN  
So, they had a fairly decent night  
last night. It was busy from about  
ten to three or four this morning.  
Nothing major, just putting fires  
out all night.

Susan flips through the clipboard.

SUSAN (CONT'D)  
Complainant Greg Andrews called to  
report a male and a female arguing  
at the corner of Dundas and Main  
St. Cst. Grover attended and  
located Clinton and Beth Stewart.  
They were both intoxicated and  
having an argument over their last  
cigarette.

JOHN  
Seems legit.



SUSAN

They were both grossly intoxicated and arrested for public intoxication. They're still in the tank right now.

(beat)

And that's about it for anything notable. There were a few parties that had to be broken up and some stuff going on outside of the bars but nothing too bad.

A voice sounds on the radio.

DARYL (V.O.)

Delta fifty-four.

Susan grabs her radio microphone.

SUSAN

(into the radio)

Go ahead Daryl.

DARYL (V.O.)

You're going to have to come back here for a minute. Beth is being a cunt again.

SUSAN

(into the radio)

Daryl, could you not use that word on the radio please?

DARYL (V.O.)

It's the only word that describes her.

Susan gets up from the table.

JOHN

Mind if the rookie comes along to check it out?

SUSAN

Absolutely.

JOHN

Come on rookie. You may as well get used to these two now.

John and Jake get up and follow Susan.

INT. CELL BLOCK MONITOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The cell block monitor room is where prisoners are booked before they are placed in a cell. There is a large counter top with a computer on it. There is a camera beside the computer.

Behind the desk are lockers. Each locker has a plastic box inside. Prisoner's items are placed in one of the boxes and locker.

There are monitors for each cell in the corner of the room.

DARYL THOMPSON (55), the cell guard, sits at a chair in the cell block viewing monitors of the cells.

Susan enters the monitor room followed closely by Jake and John.

SUSAN

What's going on.

DARYL

Take a look.

Susan looks at the monitor.

The cell is a ten by ten white room with a toilet and sink in one corner and a concrete raised area in the other. A rubber mattress rests on the raised area. A camera is in the top corner of the room.

BETH STEWART (27) is butt naked in the corner of the room. She backside faces the camera. Beth digs her finger in her anus.

SUSAN

What is she doing?

Jake looks at the monitor with a confused expression.

John looks at the monitor.

DARYL

Take a look at the wall.

Susan, John and Jake look at the cell wall. "Fuck U" is written on the wall.

JAKE

Is that her poop?

DARYL

Yeah, straight from the crack of her ass. Dumb bitch. She's been in there for the whole night and was due to leave. I didn't think you'd want to release her just yet.

(to Jake)

Are you John's new recruit?

JAKE

Yeah.

DARYL

Welcome.

Daryl shakes Jake's hand.

JAKE

Thanks.

SUSAN

I'll have a talk with her.

On the monitor, Beth turns to the camera. She flings little pieces of poop at the camera in the corner of the cell block.

INT. CELL DOOR - CONTINUOUS

The cell door is a large white steel door with a plexi glass window near the top of the door and a latch close to the bottom of the door where food is slid through.

Susan knocks on the door.

BETH (O.S.)

Fuck off.

SUSAN

Beth, what in God's name are you doing?

Beth walks to the door window.

BETH

I'm sick of you assholes putting me in this fucking place all the time. Why can't you just leave me the fuck alone?

SUSAN

Because you and Clinton were causing a scene and fighting over a cigarette on the corner of the street, intoxicated.

BETH

We weren't fucking bothering anyone.

SUSAN

Clearly you were.

BETH

You gonna let me out of here or what?

SUSAN

Seriously?

BETH

Fuck you.

Beth slams the cell door with her hands.

BETH (CONT'D)

Get me the fuck out of here.

SUSAN

When you calm down, you'll go home.

Beth screams profanities and continues slamming the door.

INT. CELL BLOCK MONITOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Susan enters the monitor room.

SUSAN

Nope, she's not going home yet.  
I'll come back to see if she's calmed down a little later.

Daryl looks at the monitor on Clinton's cell. CLINTON STEWART (33) stands by the cell door, facing it. His pants are unzipped and halfway down his butt.

DARYL

That fucking asshole.

Daryl gets up from his chair. He looks through Clinton's items in the locker.

Daryl finds Clinton's coat in his items and grabs it.

INT. CLINTON'S CELL DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Clinton's cell is the same layout as Beth's.

Daryl stops in front of Clinton's cell door. Urine runs into the hall from under the door. Daryl drops the jacket on the urine and wipes it up with his foot.

Daryl grabs a pair of latex gloves from his pocket and puts them on. He gingerly picks the jacket up with his right index finger and right thumb.

He walks back to the monitor room.

INT. CELL BLOCK MONITOR ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Daryl puts Clinton's jacket back with the rest of Clinton's personal items.

DARYL  
Stupid little fuck.

JOHN  
(to Jake)  
That happens more than you'd think.  
(beat)  
This is a fun job.

INT. POLICE CAR- DAY

It's Jake's first day in uniform and on the job.

Jake and John sit in their police car driving around town. Jake drives. John is in the passenger seat. John checks license plates on the car computer.

JAKE  
What are you doing?

JOHN  
Running license plates.

JAKE  
For?

JOHN  
You never know what you'll find out here.

A dispatcher's voice screeches on the radio.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

All units be advised that we just got a report of a stolen vehicle. BC marker kilo, kilo, x-ray, one, seven, three. It was just reported stolen from 1353 Evergreen Drive.

John winces.

JOHN

Tip one, turn your personal radio off in the car or you'll get that sound in your ear all day. Just make sure you turn it back on when you get out of the car.

JAKE

Sorry.

Jake turns his personal radio off.

John picks up the radio microphone in the car. It's positioned to the right of the steering wheel close to the car stereo controls.

JOHN

(into the radio)

Copy that dispatch. Description of the vehicle please?

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Ten four. It's a red, four door Honda Accord. Last seen by the complainant last night before he went to bed. He woke up this morning and it was not in the driveway.

JOHN

(into the radio)

Copy that. Was there a file created?

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Ten four there was.

JOHN

(into the radio)

Copy. You can send that down to delta nine.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Ten four. You should have it now.

The screen on the car computer lights up with the file.

JOHN

Chances are that we won't find it,  
but hey, you never know.

Two minutes later a red Honda Accord pulls ahead of them.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Drive a little faster so we can see  
the plate.

Jake steps on the gas to move closer. The license plate matches that of the vehicle reported stolen.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Well look at that. There it is.

JAKE

What do we do?

JOHN

Get on the radio and let everyone  
know that we're behind it.

Jake picks up the radio microphone.

JAKE

(into the radio)  
Hey guys, we're behind that  
vehicle.

CODY (V.O.)

Copy that. Where are you guys?

Jake looks at the next street sign.

JAKE

(to John)  
What direction are we heading?

JOHN

North.

JAKE

(into the radio)  
We're heading north on Main Street,  
just passing...  
(looks at the passing  
street sign)  
Forest Grove Street.

CODY (V.O.)  
Copy. I'm making my way east on  
Westminster. We can box him in at  
the corner of Westminster and Main,  
just a few streets ahead of you.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Copy.

Jake puts the radio microphone back in it's holder.

JOHN  
Okay, so we're going to do a code  
five take down. Do you remember  
that?

JAKE  
Yeah.

JOHN  
Be ready.

JAKE  
Okay.

JOHN  
We're almost there. Let Cody know.

Jake picks up the radio microphone.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Cody, we're just about there.

CODY (V.O.)  
Copy that. I can see you. I'll  
drive out and we'll box him in.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Copy.

JOHN  
(to Jake)  
Let dispatch know where we are.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Dispatch, delta nine. We're going  
to be ten eleven with that reported  
stolen vehicle at Main Street and  
Westminster.



DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Copy, I'll put you on a five minute  
timer.

Jake puts the radio microphone down.

JOHN  
Ready?

JAKE  
Ready.

John switches on the lights.

Cody switches his lights on. He pulls just ahead and to the left of the Honda. He angles his car to about forty five degrees of the Honda.

The Honda screeches to a halt just in front of Cody's car.

John quickly gets out of his side of the vehicle. He draws his gun, using his door as concealment. He points the gun at the Honda.

Cody does the same from his vehicle.

Jake gets out of the vehicle and nervously draws his gun. He stands behind his door with his gun pointed to the ground.

JOHN  
Driver. Put your hands on the  
steering wheel.

CHRIS (20) puts his hands on the steering wheel.

CODY  
John, I have a clear view of him.

JOHN  
Copy.  
(beat)  
Driver. With your right hand,  
reach outside of the vehicle and  
open the door.

Chris reaches outside of his window. He opens the door with his right hand.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Slowly, get out of the vehicle.  
Your hands come out first.

Chris slowly gets out of the vehicle. His hands reach out of the door first.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Keep your hands in the air.

Chris puts his hands in the air.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Slowly get down to one knee,  
followed by the other.

Chris does as John tells him.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Now go down on all fours.

Chris places his hands on the ground.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Now walk out with your hands and  
lay down on your stomach. Put your  
hands out to your side.

Chris walks out with his hands onto his stomach and places his hands out to the side making a t shape with his body. The top of his head faces John.

John walks towards Chris, gun still drawn.

Cody walks towards Chris, gun still drawn.

Jake stays behind his vehicle door, gun still pointed at the ground.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Look away from my voice.

CHRIS  
What the hell did I do? What the  
hell is going on?

JOHN  
Look away from my voice.

Chris turns his head away from John, back towards the Honda.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
(to Cody)  
I'm going to cuff him.

CODY  
Copy that.

John holsters his gun.

Cody keeps his gun out.

John walks towards Chris and takes his handcuffs out of the pouch on his duty belt.

Cody lowers his gun to the ground so he doesn't point it at John. He walks towards John and Chris.

JOHN

Put your arms up in the air.

Chris does as he's told.

CHRIS

I didn't do anything. What's happening?

JOHN

Shut up.

John approaches Chris and moves toward's Chris's right side.

John grabs Chris's right hand and simultaneously cuffs it. John puts his right knee on Chris's back, between Chris's right shoulder and head.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Give me your other hand.

Chris gives John his other hand.

John cuffs it.

Cody holsters his gun and walks towards John and Chris.

Jake holsters his gun and walks out from behind the car door.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You're under arrest for theft of a motor vehicle.

John takes his knee off of Chris's back and searches him.

CHRIS

Theft? This is my dad's car. I took it out last night.

JOHN

Do you have any ID?

CHRIS

It's in my wallet.

JOHN

And where is that?

CHRIS

It's in the middle console of the car. I swear to God that this is my dad's car. I didn't steal anything.

JOHN

Alright, hold on.  
(to Jake)  
Go get his wallet in the middle console.

John sits Chris up.

CODY

I think he pissed himself.

John looks down at wet spot in Chris's pants.

CHRIS

I'm so fucking scared right now.

JOHN

Just take it easy.

Jake walks to the Honda.

CHRIS

He was shit faced last night when I told him I was going out for the night. I fucking told him I was taking the car. I swear on my life.

JOHN

Okay, okay, relax. We'll get this figured out.

Jake comes back with Chris's wallet and gives it to John.

JAKE

Here John.

John looks for Chris's driver's license. He finds it and pulls it out. John reads the name on the license.

JOHN

Chris MacMillan. Is that you?

CHRIS

Yeah, that's me.

JOHN

And who's your dad?

CHRIS  
Peter MacMillan.

JOHN  
Jake, who's the complainant on the  
file?

JAKE  
I don't know. I'll go back and  
check.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake runs back to his car. He quickly checks the screen and runs back to the handcuff scene.

EXT. HANDCUFF SCENE - CONTINUOUS

JAKE  
It's Peter MacMillan.

JOHN  
Give him a call and figure out what  
the hell is going on here.

CHRIS  
Can you take these cuffs off?

JOHN  
Not yet, just hold on for a little  
bit longer.

Jake runs back to his vehicle.

INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS

Jake picks up the car phone and dials Peter MacMillan's number.

PETER (V.O.)  
Hello?

JAKE  
Hi, Peter MacMillan?

PETER (V.O.)  
Yeah, that's me.

JAKE

Peter, this is constable Gill.  
We're here on the corner of Main  
Street and Westminster with your  
vehicle. Your son Chris was  
driving the vehicle.

PETER (V.O.)

Chris was driving it? What is he  
doing with it?

JAKE

He said he told you last night that  
he was taking the car for the  
night.

PETER (V.O.)

Oh no, really? Constable, I'm  
sorry. I was really drunk last  
night. I vaguely remember him  
asking me something.

JAKE

Okay.

PETER (V.O.)

Why wouldn't he call me?

JAKE

I have no idea.

PETER (V.O.)

Is he okay?

JAKE

He's a little scared, but other  
than that he's fine.

PETER (V.O.)

I'm so sorry about this. I had no  
idea. I just assumed someone stole  
it.

JAKE

That's okay Mr. MacMillan. I have  
to get back and let my partners  
know what's going on.

PETER (V.O.)

Thank you very much Cst. Gill.

JAKE

You're welcome. Bye.

Jake hangs up the phone and walks back to the handcuff scene.

EXT. HANDCUFF SCENE - CONTINUOUS

Chris sits down, his hands still handcuffed behind his back. John and Cody stand around him.

CHRIS

So I had too much to drink last night and ended up staying where I was. I didn't want to drink and drive. I didn't call dad because I told him I may be staying out.

JOHN

Well that's a good thing.

Jake walks up to Chris, John and Cody.

CODY

What's the verdict?

JAKE

Peter said he vaguely remembers Chris asking him something, but couldn't remember what it was. He said it was probably about the car.

JOHN

Alright.

John takes the cuffs off of Chris.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You're free to go.

Chris gets up off of the ground and rubs his wrists where the handcuffs were.

CHRIS

Thank you.

JOHN

Hey, no problem. Sorry for putting them on you, but we have to do it with the report that we got, because we have no idea what's going on in that car. Do you understand?

CHRIS

Yes sir I do.

JOHN

Good. Okay Chris, get out of here.  
And change your pants.

CHRIS

Sorry about that.

JOHN

Don't worry about it, it happens.

Chris walks back to his car and gets in and drives away.

CODY

He does the right thing by not  
driving last night and he gets the  
piss scared out of him. How's that  
for ya.

JOHN

If I was him, I'd be giving an  
earful to my dad.

(beat)

Thanks Cody.

CODY

No problem.

Cody walks back to his vehicle, gets in and drives away.

John turns to Jake.

JOHN

You weren't ready.

JAKE

Sorry.

JOHN

It was alright this time. It gets  
real out here, really fast. Not  
two weeks ago you were doing  
scenarios in training. It's for  
real now. You're gonna see some  
bad things, some good things, and a  
whole lot of weird things. You  
have to be ready for it all.

JAKE

I know. I just froze.

JOHN

It happens.

(beat)

(MORE)



JOHN (CONT'D)  
Let's just not let it happen too  
often, okay?

JAKE  
Yeah.

JOHN  
Good. Now let's go get some lunch.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Jake and John drive around on a Saturday night.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Delta nine.

Jake picks up the radio microphone in the car.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Go ahead.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
I just got a report of a suspicious  
male walking on Peach Street just  
north of Vaughn Ave. The male  
appears to be disoriented and has  
blood on his head.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Copy that.

JOHN  
Ask them for a description.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Was there a description provided  
dispatch?

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Copy that. He's a white male,  
approximately six feet tall wearing  
a black tank top and a fanny pack.  
He's bald and has glasses. It  
appears as though he's not wearing  
any pants.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Copy.

Jake puts the radio microphone back.

JOHN  
He should be easy to spot.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Jake and John pull up in their police vehicle close to CLIFFORD (55). He holds a stop sign.

JOHN  
There he is. Let dispatch know we're on scene.

Jake grabs the radio microphone.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Dispatch delta nine.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Go ahead delta nine.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
We're on scene.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Copy delta nine. I'll put you on a five minute timer.

Jake and John get out of their car.

EXT. STREET CORNER - CONTINUOUS

Clifford keeps his balance by holding onto the stop sign with his right hand. He does his best to look as casual as he can.

His black shirt hangs well below his waist making it difficult to tell if he's wearing any bottoms. The fanny pack sits around his waist on the outside of his shirt.

Jake and John approach him.

JAKE  
Hello.

CLIFFORD  
Oh hello officers. I was just out for a night stroll.

JAKE  
Okay. What's your name?

CLIFFORD  
My name?

JAKE  
Yeah.

CLIFFORD  
My name is Clifford. I'm just out  
for a walk.

JAKE  
Clifford, what's your last name.

CLIFFORD  
I'm just out for a walk. Is there  
a problem tonight officers?

Clifford lets go of the stop sign and staggers. He grabs the  
stop sign with his right hand before losing his balance.

JAKE  
Have you been drinking tonight  
Clifford?

CLIFFORD  
I've had one or two. Yeah, I've  
been drinking. Just a couple or  
some. Maybe one. A few probably.

JOHN  
Where are your pants?

CLIFFORD  
Pants?

JOHN  
Yeah, where are your pants?

Clifford looks down to his legs. He looks back up at Jake  
and John. He shrugs his shoulders.

CLIFFORD  
I don't know what to tell you.

JOHN  
You're bleeding.

CLIFFORD  
I am?

JOHN

There's blood on your head.

Clifford takes his right hand off of the stop sign. He staggers before gaining his balance.

Clifford rubs his head and looks at the blood on his hand.

CLIFFORD

I'm bleeding. How'd that happen?

JOHN

You tell us.

John looks at Clifford's head.

JOHN (CONT'D)

You've got a nice cut on the top of your head.

CLIFFORD

I do?

JAKE

Yeah, you do.

Clifford feels around on the top of his head and finds the cut. He grimaces when he touches it.

CLIFFORD

I cut myself.

JOHN

Yeah, we know. Clifford, do you have any ID on you? Like a driver's license, or anything that has your name on it?

Clifford searches through his fanny pack for his license.

He hands John a card.

CLIFFORD

Here.

John looks at it.

JOHN

This is a gift card.

Clifford looks at it.

CLIFFORD

You're sure?

JOHN  
Search again.

John hands Clifford the card.

Clifford searches again. He pulls out another card.

CLIFFORD  
Here's it.

John takes the card.

JOHN  
Strike two.

CLIFFORD  
Oh, I love baseball.

JOHN  
I don't have time for this.

John reaches into Clifford's fanny pack to look for his license.

Clifford looks down at John in a drunken stupor while trying to hold his balance.

John finds his license and passes it to Jake.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Run him please.

Jake grabs his radio microphone. It's clipped onto his bullet proof vest. The microphone is attached by a chord to a radio on Jake's duty belt.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Dispatch, delta nine.

Radio silence.

JOHN  
Nothing came in on my radio. Did you turn your radio on when you got out of the car?

Jake looks down at the radio. It's turned off. He turns it back on.

JAKE  
There we go.  
(into the radio)  
Dispatch, delta nine.

CLIFFORD  
I think I'm just going to go home  
now.

JOHN  
Hold on Clifford.

Clifford nods his head.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Go ahead delta nine.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Can you run a male for me please.  
Clifford Page, date of birth sixty-  
four, oh four, twenty-one.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Copy that delta nine.

CLIFFORD  
What are you doing?

JOHN  
He's running your name.

CLIFFORD  
Oh.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Delta nine.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Go ahead.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Clifford Page, D.O.B. sixty-four,  
oh four, twenty-one, address three  
two four Ridgedale Ave. Multiple  
convictions for breach. No alcohol  
conditions.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Copy dispatch.

Jake lets go of his radio.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
He has no alcohol conditions.

JOHN  
Alright. Time to do some  
arresting. Go ahead.

JAKE  
Okay Clifford. You have conditions  
not to drink alcohol.

CLIFFORD  
I do?

JAKE  
Yeah, you do.

CLIFFORD  
(Overlapping)  
No, I don't think I do.

JOHN  
Well, yeah, you do.

CLIFFORD  
But I'm haven't been drinking.

JOHN  
Oh you haven't? Our mistake.  
We'll just leave you alone for the  
night.

CLIFFORD  
Oh, thanks.

JOHN  
Oh wait, I changed my mind. You  
are under arrest for breaching your  
conditions.

CLIFFORD  
Conditions? What conditions?  
(beat)  
I'm drunk.

JOHN  
And there we have it. You said it  
yourself Clifford. Thank you for  
your co-operation.

Clifford pauses for a few seconds. He turns his head around,  
looking behind. He turns his head back and stares at John.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Don't even think about it.

Clifford turns around and tries to make a run for it, slamming into the stop sign. He stumbles backwards, turns around, and falls face first onto the ground.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Son of a bitch. Call dispatch and get them to get an ambulance out here.

Jake grabs his radio microphone. John bends down and shakes Clifford by the shoulder.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Dispatch, delta nine.

JOHN  
Clifford, are you okay?

Clifford grunts, but does not say anything discernible.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Well at least you're breathing.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Go ahead delta nine.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Can you get an ambulance to our location please?

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Ten four delta nine.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Thanks.

Jake bends down.

JOHN  
We'll follow the ambulance back to the hospital. We'll have to bring him back to the detachment and hold him to see a justice in the morning since it's a breach.

JAKE  
Okay.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Ambulance is on the way delta nine.



JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Thanks dispatch.

John looks at Clifford's lower half. His shirt lifted up above his waist when he fell, exposing his bare ass.

JOHN  
I've seen more naked men in this job than I care to remember.

INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Jake and John stand over Clifford who sits on an emergency room bed.

DOCTOR MILTON and a NURSE stand over Clifford.

DOCTOR MILTON  
What happened to him?

JAKE  
We don't know. We got a call about this guy walking around. When we got there he had a gash on his head.

DOCTOR MILTON  
Where are his pants?

JOHN  
It's a mystery.

DOCTOR MILTON  
It usually is. He'll need stitches.  
(to the nurse)  
Can you get the supplies for stitches please.

NURSE  
Be right back.

The doctor shakes Clifford's hand.

DOCTOR MILTON  
Hey, Clifford.

Clifford opens his eyes.

DOCTOR MILTON (CONT'D)  
Clifford, we're going to put some stitches in your head.

CLIFFORD

I don't care. Go ahead, I don't care.

The nurse walks back into the room with the equipment for stitches.

DOCTOR MILTON

I guess he doesn't care.

JOHN

He was arrested for a breach so we have to take him back with us. Will he be alright after the stitches?

DOCTOR

No alcohol?

JOHN

Yeah.

DOCTOR MILTON

Shocker. Yeah, once we get him stitched up, he's your problem again.

JOHN

Thanks.

DOCTOR MILTON

Absolutely.

The doctor sticks a syringe in Clifford's head to numb the cut area. Clifford squirms a little.

The doctor stitches Clifford up.

DOCTOR MILTON (CONT'D)

There you go gentlemen. He's all yours.

JOHN

Thanks.

DOCTOR MILTON

My pleasure.

JOHN

Okay Clifford, time to go.

CLIFFORD

Where are we going?

JOHN  
We're going to play some baseball.

CLIFFORD  
Oh good, I love baseball.

JOHN  
I know.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

SUPER: "ONE MONTH LATER"

Jake and John drive around the downtown area.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Can I get some members to start heading out to fourteen fifty-five Hillcrest Drive. I just got a report that a house party there is getting out of hand. The complainant is the neighbor. He states that there are teenagers out on the front lawn fighting, drinking and making a lot of noise.

JOHN  
This sounds like fun.

CODY (V.O.)  
Send a copy to delta three please.

JOHN  
Let's go to that.

Jake grabs the radio microphone in the car.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Send a copy to delta nine please.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Copy. You should all have copies of it now. The complainant just called back saying that more people are showing up to the party.

EXT. FRONT LAWN OF HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Jake and John pull up to the front lawn of the house.

Cody is on scene.

Jake parks the car. Jake and John exit their car and walk towards Cody.

Loads of TEENAGERS litter the front lawn.

The three officers start making their way through the crowd to the front door of the house.

RANDOM TEENAGER (O.S.)  
Pigs.

JOHN  
That's original.

RANDOM TEENAGER (O.S.)  
Fuck you pigs.

JOHN  
You must get straight A's.

Cody knocks the front door.

BLAKE (16) opens the door and greets the police.

BLAKE  
Oh, hello.

CODY  
Evening. So I think you know why we're here. Is the owner of the house around?

BLAKE  
This is my parents place.

CODY  
Are they not home?

BLAKE  
No, they're gone for the weekend.

CODY  
We're coming in.

BLAKE  
Umm, okay, sure.

The police walk into the front door.

INT. PARTY HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

CODY

It's starting to get out of hand a little bit don't you think?

BLAKE

Yeah. It started out as just a few friends.

CODY

Always does. What's your name?

BLAKE

Blake Fisher.

CODY

And your date of birth?

BLAKE

May twenty-fourth, nineteen ninety-nine.

Cody removes a notebook from his vest pocket. He takes down the information provided by Blake.

CODY

Okay Blake, party's over. Let's get these people out of here.

BLAKE

I'm trying to. My parents are going to kill me.

CODY

We'll help move them along.

BLAKE

Please.

CODY

How many levels are there?

BLAKE

Three. Here, upstairs and downstairs. The downstairs is one big rec room.

CODY

No problem.

(to Jake and John)

I'll clear this area and upstairs if you guys want to clear the basement area.

JOHN  
Sounds good to us.  
(to Blake)  
Where are the stairs to the  
basement?

BLAKE  
Just over by the back door.

Jake and John make their way to the basement door.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Jake and John walk down the steps to the basement. The basement is a large rec room with carpet. Loud music pumps out of two massive speakers. TEENAGERS dance in the room to the music. Many hold beer bottles.

There is an old couch in the corner of the basement that looks like it belongs in a 1970s porno flick.

JOHN  
(points to the speakers)  
We have to shut those off.

Jake and John make their way towards the speakers.

There is a large stereo at the back of the room on a table where the music is originating from.

John finds the stop button and pushes it. The music comes to a halt.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Party's over. Time to go home.

A few people move upstairs. The majority stay put.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I think you may all be temporarily  
deaf, so I'll say this a little  
louder this time. Time to go.

A few more leave, but most stay put.

RANDOM TEENAGER 2(O.S.)  
Fuck you.

JOHN  
Thank you.

RANDOM TEENAGER 3(O.S.)  
Why do we have to leave?

JOHN  
(to Jake)  
I think they're retarded.  
(to crowd)  
Because the music is all played  
out, and we don't have anymore.  
Now move along. I won't tell you  
again.

COUCH IN THE CORNER

A drunk teenager bursts forward from his seat on a nearby  
couch, power puking all over a girl in front of him.

The vomit covered teenager looks down at her clothes in  
disgust. She can't contain herself and vomits on the floor.

The smell of vomit immediately disperses through the  
basement, causing a few more to throw up.

Everyone sprints out of the basement in a mad dash.

JOHN  
There's a first time for  
everything.

Jake covers his nose.

JAKE  
Oh my God, that's the worst thing  
I've ever smelled.

John takes a deep breath.

JOHN  
Not me.

The entire basement is cleared out. Empty beer bottles and  
full beer bottles spilled on the floor remain.

John looks around. Puddles of puke soak into the carpet.

JAKE  
I need to go or I'm going to puke.

John pats Jake on the back, hard. Jake gags a little bit.

JOHN  
You'll get used to it rookie.  
(beat)  
(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Just wait until you have to deal  
with shit.

INT. UPSTAIRS - NIGHT

Cody stands at the front door with Blake. The last few people leave the house while a couple of people remain in the living room. Jake and John walk up beside Cody.

CODY  
They came up in a hurry.

JOHN  
What can I say, I have a way with  
words.

CODY  
(to Blake)  
Are these people all good to stay  
here?

BLAKE  
Yeah, they're my friends. They're  
good.

JOHN  
(to Blake)  
Maybe cover your nose when you go  
downstairs.

BLAKE  
What do you mean?

Blake sniffs the air in the room. A faint smell from downstairs starts to waft upstairs.

BLAKE (CONT'D)  
What is that smell?

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

SUPER: "TWO MONTHS LATER"

Jake and the rest of his watch sit at the briefing room table.

SUSAN  
(to Jake)  
We're going to get you your own car  
today and you can start taking  
files on your own.



JAKE  
Okay, that sounds good to me.

ADAM  
Just don't fuck up.

JAKE  
Thanks for the tip.

SUSAN  
Seriously though, if you go to a  
call that you think you won't be  
able to handle on your own don't be  
afraid to get one of us out to  
help.

ADAM  
Make sure it's not Craig though.

CRAIG  
I agree.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Jake drives around in his police car. He notices a car  
swerving back and forth in it's lane.

Jake puts his lights on.

The car pulls over to the side of the road.

The radio sits beside the computer in the middle console, not  
close to the steering wheel.

The microphone to the car speakers sits close to the radio in  
the middle console as well.

Jake grabs the speaker microphone instead of the radio  
microphone.

He talks into the speaker microphone.

OUTSIDE OF THE CAR.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Dispatch, delta nine.

Jake's voice and command sound off on his car speakers  
outside.

POLICE CAR

Nothing from dispatch.

JAKE  
(into speaker microphone)  
Dispatch, delta nine.

An OLD MAN gets out of the car that was pulled over.

Jake puts down the speaker microphone and picks up the radio microphone.

INT. DETACHMENT - DAY

John and Adam sit at their computers in the office general duty pit, an open area in the middle of the detachment where the police members do all their file work on computers.

JAKE (V.O.)  
Sir, please stay in your vehicle.

John and Adam both stop what they're doing.

ADAM  
What the fuck?

JAKE (V.O.)  
Sir, get back in your vehicle.

JOHN  
I think he's trying to use the speaker mic.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Jake sits in his vehicle watching the old man stand outside his car.

The old man looks confused.

JAKE  
What the hell is this guy's problem? And where the hell is dispatch.

Jake grabs the speaker microphone.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(into speaker microphone)  
Dispatch, delta nine.

Radio silence.

JOHN (V.O.)  
Hey Jake, who are you trying to  
contact?

JAKE  
(into speaker microphone)  
I'm trying to get in touch with  
dispatch but they're not answering  
my call. And this guy won't listen  
to me and get back into his car.  
He's just an old guy who was  
driving all over the road so I'm  
not sure if he's drunk or just a  
bad driver.

Jake looks at the old man through his windshield.

The old man still looks confused.

OUTSIDE OF THE CAR.

JAKE (V.O.)  
You should see him. I'm almost  
surprised that he didn't drop dead  
getting out of his car.

The old man flips Jake the bird.

JAKE'S POLICE VEHICLE

Jake notices it.

JAKE  
(into speaker microphone)  
He just gave me the middle finger.

Jake puts the speaker microphone down and grabs the radio  
microphone.

INT. DETACHMENT - DAY

JAKE (V.O.)  
Sir, I told you to get back into  
your vehicle.

Adam and John are laughing. John picks up his radio.

JOHN  
(into the radio)  
Jake, you're using the wrong  
microphone.

INT. JAKE'S POLICE VEHICLE - DAY

Jake looks at the radio microphone in his hand. He looks down at the speaker microphone by the middle console. He looks outside at the old man.

The old man flails his arms around in disgust.

Jake picks up the radio microphone.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Dispatch, delta nine.

Jake puts the radio down.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Shit.

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Jake drives around town.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Delta nine.

Jake picks up the speaker microphone. He almost talks into it before checking to see what microphone he has. He puts it down and picks up the radio microphone.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Go ahead dispatch.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Just got a report of a possible  
domestic dispute at 303-808  
Fairview Avenue. Complainant  
reports he's hearing yelling and  
breaking glasses in that apartment.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Copy that dispatch.

ADAM (V.O.)  
Dispatch, can you send a copy to  
delta six?

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Ten four delta six.

ADAM (V.O.)  
Jake, I'm not sure if you know it  
or not but that's the address of  
Clinton and Beth Stewart.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Yeah, I see that.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jake, Adam and Craig stand outside of 303-808 Fairview  
Avenue.

ADAM  
(to Craig)  
Why are you here?

CRAIG  
I had nothing to do.

Jake grabs his radio microphone.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Dispatch delta nine.

ADAM  
Your radio isn't on.

Jake looks down at his radio on his duty belt.

Jake turns his radio on and grabs his microphone again.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Dispatch delta nine.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Go ahead delta nine.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
We're on scene here. Put us on a  
ten minute timer please.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Copy delta nine.

Jake knocks on the door.

BETH (O.S.)  
What.

JAKE  
It's the police. Open up the door.

The door opens up. Beth stands in the door way. She looks like she came off of a week long bender. Her hair looks like it hasn't been washed in a week and her clothes need a serious cleaning.

She has a huge cold sore on her lip. It's full of puss and looks like it's infected.

BETH  
Yeah, what do you want.

JAKE  
We got a call about a disturbance at this residence. What's happening? Is Clinton around?

BETH  
Yeah, he's around. He's in the bedroom. Look what that fucker did to me.

Beth points to the cold sore. She leans close to Jake.

Jake leans back to get away from Beth.

Beth keeps leaning closer.

Jake puts his hands out and stops Beth from advancing.

JAKE  
That's not a mark from someone hitting you Beth.

Beth steps back.

BETH  
Whatever, fucking pig. You wouldn't know shit.

ADAM  
Where's Clinton?

BETH  
He's in the bedroom, the lazy fuck.

JAKE  
What's going on here? Why did we  
get a call about a disturbance?

BETH  
We were yelling at each other and  
shit.

JAKE  
What were you yelling about?

BETH  
I don't know. We yell, that's what  
we fucking do. Go ask him.

Beth steps back into the apartment.

Jake, Adam and Craig follow her.

INT. APARTMENT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

ADAM  
(to Jake)  
I'll talk to her if you two go talk  
to Clinton.

JAKE  
Okay.

Jake and Craig leave to talk to Clinton.

INT. APARTMENT BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Craig enter the bedroom. Clinton lays on the bed. The bedroom is a big pile of dirty clothes strewn out all over the floor. The bed is a mattress on the floor with two pillows on it, no bed sheets.

There is one small side table beside the right side of the mattress. There are a few empty beer bottles, a pack of cigarettes, a pack of matches and an ashtray that is full of cigarette butts.

Clinton looks like he's been on a week long bender as well. His eyes are blood shot, his hair is disheveled and he's only wearing white briefs that are old and tattered. There is a fresh cut on his forehead.

CLINTON

Oh man, did that bitch call you guys?

JAKE

No, we got a complaint from someone else. What's going on here Clinton?

CLINTON

She's being a bitch, that's what's going on.

JAKE

Why is she being like that?

CLINTON

Because I don't want to screw her. She's got mouth herpes. I'm not touching that.

JAKE

And that's what all the noise was about in here?

Clinton turns to the right side of the bed to grab the cigarette pack and matches on the table, away from Jake and Craig. There is a dark skid mark on the crack of his briefs.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(to himself)

Jesus.

Clinton takes a cigarette out of the pack and grabs the matches. He puts the cigarette in his mouth and strikes a match to light it. He turns back towards Jake.

CLINTON

Yeah, that's what it's all about. She's crazy man. I can't deal with her.

JAKE

Was there any physical violence here today Clinton? Did she hit you?

CLINTON

Yeah, she hit me. I want her out of here.

JAKE

Why didn't you call us?



CLINTON  
We don't have a phone.

JAKE  
So you were just going to sit here?

CLINTON  
I guess so, yeah.

JAKE  
What did she hit you with?

CLINTON  
A plate.

JAKE  
Where's that plate?

CLINTON  
In the kitchen.

JAKE  
And do you want to charge her?

CLIFFORD  
Sure.

JAKE  
Okay, well I'll need a statement  
from you.

CLIFFORD  
Fine. Let's do it.

JAKE  
I'm going to get an ambulance on  
the way to take a look at your head  
though. Is that okay?

CLINTON  
Do whatever you want.

Jake grabs his radio microphone.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Dispatch delta nine.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Go ahead delta nine.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Can you send an ambulance our way  
please.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Ten four delta nine.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake and Craig walk back into the living room. It's a disaster. One couch sits in the middle of the room in front of an old tube style television sitting on the floor. An unsteady coffee table rests between the two.

The floor is carpeted and hasn't been vacuumed in ages. Empty take out boxes plaster the table. Another full ashtray calls the coffee table home.

Beth sits on the couch smoking.

JAKE  
(to Adam)  
He says she hit him with a plate.  
He's got a cut on his forehead and  
it's bleeding.

ADAM  
What else did he say?

JAKE  
Basically that she wanted to have  
sex with him and he didn't want to  
with that thing on her mouth. Then  
she hit him with a plate. He said  
it should still be in the kitchen.  
I'll go take a look for it.

ADAM  
Okay.

INT. APARTMENT KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen counter tops are piled with dirty dishes. The sink is full.

The dish that Beth used to hit Clinton is broken in pieces on the floor. There is blood on a few of the pieces.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake walks back into the living room.

JAKE  
(to Adam)  
Okay, I'm going to arrest her.

ADAM  
It's your show. Did you find the  
plate?

JAKE  
I did.

Jake walks over to Beth.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Okay Beth, you're under arrest for  
assault.

BETH  
Assault? For what? Hitting him  
with a plate?

JAKE  
Well yeah, that's exactly what it's  
for.

BETH  
He's such a pussy.

Beth stands up, turns around and puts her hands behind her back. She's a seasoned pro when it comes to being arrested.

Clinton runs out of the bedroom into the living room. He breaths heavy.

CLINTON  
I changed my mind. I don't want  
her arrested.

ADAM  
Well that's too late Clinton.  
She's coming back with us. She hit  
you with a plate. You're bleeding.

CLINTON  
I don't care. I love her.

BETH  
I love you too.

ADAM

She's coming back for assault, and that's how it's going.

BETH

No, I'm not.

Beth turns to face Jake and takes a huge, uncoordinated swing at Jake with her right hand.

Jake barely manages to get out of the way.

Beth follows with a swooping left hand, hitting Jake in the right shoulder.

Clinton jumps over the couch and tackles Jake. The two wrestle on the ground.

Beth jumps on the top of them.

Adam runs over and grabs Beth off of the two of them.

Craig stands and does nothing.

Beth clips Adam in the groin with a flailing hand as Adam pulls her off of Jake and Clinton.

Adam grimaces in pain and lets go of Beth.

Beth gets up from the ground and jumps on Adam's back.

Jake and Clinton still wrestle on the ground. Clinton is on top of Jake, sitting on Jake's chest. Jake swiftly reverses Clinton over. Jake is now on top of Clinton.

Clinton fights as hard as he can. Jake has a hard time keeping Clinton under control.

Beth is still on Adam's back. She attempts to put him in a head lock without much success. Her hair dangles in front of Adam's face.

Adam grabs her hair and pulls.

BETH (CONT'D)

Ahhhhh, you mother fucker.

Adam pulls Beth by the hair and slams her onto the table, breaking it in half. He gets Beth to her stomach. He grabs one arm and puts it behind her back. He grabs the other and handcuffs her hands behind her back.

ADAM

You're under arrest for assaulting  
a police officer.

Jake grabs his pepper spray. He sprays Clinton in the face.  
The spray is thick on Clinton's face but he still fights.  
Some of the mist gets into Jake's eyes.

JAKE

Son of a bitch.

Jake's eyes sting. He fights through the pain. He tries to  
control Clinton's hands without much success.

Clinton grabs Jake's vest. It rips as he pulls Jake close.

JAKE (CONT'D)

Damn it Clinton.

Adam struggles with Beth.

ADAM

(to Craig)

Jesus Craig, don't just stand  
there. Help him out for fuck sake.

Craig reaches to his pepper spray and sprays Clinton in the  
face.

Jake gets some of the splashing spray off of Clinton's face  
in his eyes.

JAKE

You've got to be kidding me.

Jake continues to work through the pain.

The second blast of pepper spray worked and Clinton grabs his  
face in pain.

Craig bends down and helps Jake get Clinton to his stomach.

Once on his stomach, Jake and Craig handcuff Clinton's hands  
behind his back.

JAKE (CONT'D)

You're under arrest for assaulting  
a police officer Clinton.

CRAIG

How are your eyes?

Jake eyes are red and watering, but he manages to keep them open.

JAKE  
Why did you spray him again?

CRAIG  
He wasn't listening to you.

JAKE  
Do you think you could have at least warned me?

CRAIG  
Sorry, didn't really think about that.

JAKE  
My god I hate this stuff.

CRAIG  
My bad.

ADAM  
That's not what I had in mind Craig.

CRAIG  
Sorry.

ADAM  
Jake, what's on your vest?

Jake looks down at his vest. There's a big brown shit stain down the middle of it.

JAKE  
Oh my God.

ADAM  
I have an extra vest at the office.

JAKE  
Thanks.

EXT. POLICE DETACHMENT - NIGHT

Jake pulls up to the garage door at the back of the detachment. The garage door opens up and Jake drives his vehicle in. The door closes behind him. Clinton is in the back seat.

INT. CELL BLOCK VEHICLE GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Jake exits the vehicle.

There are no windows in the cell block garage.

A door connecting the garage to the cell block opens up.

Daryl props the door open.

DARYL  
Who do we have today?

JAKE  
I have Clinton. Beth is in Craig's car.

DARYL  
Wonderful.  
(beat)  
Is that shit on your vest?

JAKE  
Yes.

DARYL  
Great.

Daryl walks back into the cell block, leaving the door open.

Jake walks to the back seat of his car and opens it.

JAKE  
Okay Clinton, time to get out.

Clinton, looking defeated, wiggles his way out of the back seat with his hands cuffed behind his back. He's still only in his underwear.

Jake grabs Clinton's left arm and escorts him through the door to the cell block. He shuts the door behind him.

INT. CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Jake walks Clinton up to the desk at the cell block.

DARYL  
You look like shit.

CLINTON  
I feel like it.

DARYL  
Step on the line in front of the  
camera.

Clinton steps in front of the camera.

Daryl takes a picture of him.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
Not the best shot you've taken.

CLINTON  
Fuck you.

DARYL  
Fuck me?

CLINTON  
Yeah, fuck you.

DARYL  
Fuck you, you little cock sucker.

CLINTON  
You can't talk to me like that.

DARYL  
I can talk to you how ever the fuck  
I want you little cunt. Don't you  
tell me to fuck off, or I'll knock  
your fucking teeth out.

CLINTON  
Okay, okay. Sorry.

DARYL  
Tell me to fuck off, you fucking  
prick.  
(to Jake)  
What's he in for?

JAKE  
Assault police officer.

DARYL  
Figures. That explains why you  
look like shit.

Daryl searches for an empty locker behind him. He finds one and pulls the plastic bin from inside it out. He places it on the desk.



JAKE

Okay Clinton, I'm going to take the handcuff off of your left hand first. When I do, put your hand on the counter. Do you understand?

Adam walks into the cell area.

CLINTON

Fuck you.

Clinton starts to kick at Jake and tries to head butt him.

Adam runs over to Jake and Clinton, grabs Clinton's head and slams it onto the desk. Jake grabs Clinton's hands. Clinton is struggling with Jake and Adam.

ADAM

Wrench his arms up towards his head.

Jake does what Adam tell him to do.

Clinton screams in pain.

ADAM (CONT'D)

Now are you doing to play nice?

CLINTON

Yes, yes.

Jake looks down to the floor. A long piece of poop rests on the floor beside Clinton's foot. He looks at Clinton's leg. There are skid marks down his leg.

JAKE

He shit on the floor.

CLINTON

I couldn't help it.

ADAM

Holy shit.

(to Daryl)

Can you grab something to get this piece of shit off of the floor.

Daryl grabs a big bunch of paper towel and a can of aerosol spray.

ADAM (CONT'D)

What's the spray for?

Daryl bends down over the piece of poop with the paper towel in one hand and the aerosol can in the other. He sprays the can as he gets closer to the turd. He looks away while doing it.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
You're seriously doing that?

Daryl gags a little bit.

DARYL  
I can't stand the smell of shit.

Daryl puts the piece of poop in the garbage. He grabs the keys to the cells and passes them to Jake.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
Cell five.

Jake and Adam escort Clinton to cell five.

Jake takes the cuffs off of Clinton in the cell.

JAKE  
I'm taking the cuff off of your left hand. When I do that, put it on your head. Understand?

CLINTON  
Yes.

Jake takes the cuff off. Clinton puts it on his head.

JAKE  
Now I'm taking the cuff off of your right hand. When I do that, put it on your head. Understand?

CLINTON  
Yes.

Jake takes the right cuff off and Clinton puts his hand on his head.

Jake and Adam leave the cell and Jake locks the door.

Clinton sits down on the mattress in the corner.

INT. CELL BLOCK VEHICLE GARAGE - NIGHT

Craig opens up the back door to his vehicle and gets Beth out.

INT. CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Beth stands in front of the camera while Daryl takes a picture of her. Adam and Jake stand in the room along with Craig. She has her handcuffs off.

DARYL  
Stand on the line.

Beth stands on the line.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
What happened to your face?

BETH  
It's where Clinton hit me and these fuckers didn't arrest him for anything. And they arrested me for assault.

DARYL  
It looks like mouth herpes to me.

BETH  
I don't have herpes.

DARYL  
That's not the word on the street.

BETH  
Fuck you, you asshole. I don't have fucking mouth herpes.

CLINTON (O.S.)  
Yes you do.

BETH  
Is that Clinton?  
(turns to Clinton's  
direction)  
Fuck you, you piece of shit.

DARYL  
You two are perfect for each other.

BETH  
Suck my dick you faggot.

DARYL  
Not even with Clinton's mouth.

BETH  
Fuck you. Just put me in a cell  
and get this shit over with  
already. I fucking hate this  
place.

DARYL  
Could have fooled me.

BETH  
Do you ever shut the fuck up?

DARYL  
Not really.  
(to Jake)  
Cell ten.

Jake escorts Beth to cell ten. Beth walks inside cell ten  
and Jake locks the door behind her.

Jake walks back to the cell block.

JAKE  
You really like getting them riled  
up don't you?

DARYL  
It gets boring back here.

INT. DETACHMENT - NIGHT

Adam, Jake, John and Craig sit at their computers.

Adam turns to Jake.

ADAM  
Hey, come with me.

JAKE  
Where are we going.

ADAM  
Just come with me.

JOHN  
What are you doing?

ADAM  
Come and find out.

Adam goes to the vending machine in the lunch room and buys  
one of the chocolate bars with nuts in it.

INT. CELL BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Adam walks to cell five and puts the bar down in front of it. He looks inside. Clinton is laying down on his mattress.

Adam walks back to Jake and John.

ADAM

Follow me.

INT. CELL BLOCK MONITOR ROOM - NIGHT

Daryl sits at his chair watching the monitors.

There are no monitors in the hallways.

Adam, Jake and John enter the monitor room.

ADAM

Daryl, I think Clinton took a shit and put it out in the hall under his door.

DARYL

What? You're joking.

ADAM

Go take a look.

Daryl gets up from his chair.

CELL BLOCK HALLWAY

Daryl looks down the hallway to cell five. He sees the bar in the hallway in front of the door. He gags a little.

CELL BLOCK MONITOR ROOM

Daryl comes back into the room.

DARYL

I'm not cleaning that up.

ADAM

Someone's got to do it Daryl, and it's not going to be one of us.

DARYL

Fuck.

Daryl grabs the aerosol can and an industrial broom from the cell block closet.

CELL BLOCK HALLWAY

Daryl cautiously walks down the hallway with the broom in one hand and the aerosol can in the other hand, like he's trying to corral a wild animal.

He gingerly approaches the bar, keeping his eyes away from it. He puts the broom down in front of it.

He sprays the aerosol can in the direction of the bar as he sweeps it underneath the cell block door.

CELL FIVE - SAME

Clinton hears rustling outside his door and looks up from his mattress. He sees the bar coming into his cell. He looks puzzled.

CELL BLOCK MONITOR ROOM

Daryl comes back to the monitor room. Adam, Jake and John are waiting.

DARYL  
There, it's done.

Adam looks at the screen.

ADAM  
What's Clinton doing?

Daryl looks at the monitor to the Clinton's cell. Clinton is down in a crouched position looking at the bar.

DARYL  
What the hell is he doing?

Clinton picks up the bar.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
Holy fuck.

Clinton sniffs it and then starts to eat the bar.

Daryl starts to gag uncontrollably, but doesn't throw up.

Adam, Jake and John laugh.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
I'm going to throw up.

Daryl looks away from the monitor.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
That's the most disgusting thing  
I've ever seen.

The other three are still laughing.

ADAM  
Oh my god, I've never seen anyone  
eat shit before.

Gagging uncontrollably, Daryl runs for the garbage in the cell block. He leans over the side of it, dry heaving, but nothing comes out.

ADAM (CONT'D)  
It was a chocolate bar Daryl.

Between dry heaves, Daryl manages to speak.

DARYL  
What?

ADAM  
It was a chocolate bar.

Daryl looks at the monitor while Clinton finishes the bar. He begins to collect himself.

DARYL  
You son of a bitch. I thought he  
was eating his own shit.

Adam, Jake and John laugh again.

Daryl walks back to his chair in front of the monitors and sits down.

DARYL (CONT'D)  
You pricks.  
(beat)  
That was a good one.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Jake drives around in his patrol car.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Delta nine.

Jake picks up his radio microphone.

JAKE  
 (into the radio)  
 Go ahead.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
 I just got a call about a  
 disturbance at 303-808 Fairview  
 Avenue. The complainant is a  
 neighbor and reports that there has  
 been some yelling going on at that  
 residence.

JAKE  
 (into the radio)  
 Copy that dispatch.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
 Do I have a back up car for delta  
 nine?

JOHN (V.O.)  
 You can send delta one a copy  
 please.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
 Thanks delta one.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Jake and John stand in front of the door to Beth and  
 Clinton's apartment. The apartment is quiet.

JOHN  
 What did the complainant say?

JAKE  
 The usual. They were yelling and  
 fighting, then not too long ago he  
 heard the door slam.

JOHN  
 Okay. We'll have a knock and see  
 what's up.

Jake knocks on the door.

Beth opens the door up. She actually looks sober.

JAKE  
 Hey Beth, we got a call.



BETH  
Yeah, Clinton is on a bender. He  
took the last of the stash we had  
too.

JAKE  
What was going on here?

BETH  
He didn't leave any for me.

JAKE  
Can we come in?

BETH  
Yeah, sure.

Jake and John walk into the apartment.

INT. APARTMENT LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jake, John and Beth walk into the messy living room.

JOHN  
Do you mind if I take a look around  
Beth?

BETH  
No, go ahead.

John leaves Jake with Beth in the living room.

JAKE  
What happened?

BETH  
I came home from going to the store  
for a little while and Clinton was  
sitting here.

JAKE  
And you started fighting?

BETH  
No, I told you he took the rest of  
our heroin.

JAKE  
You said he took all of your stuff.

BETH  
Whatever, same thing.

JAKE

So you come home and he's taken all of your stuff. What happened after that?

BETH

I got really pissed and started to yell at him. I wanted to have some of it but that fucker took it all for himself.

JAKE

Was there any physical violence today?

BETH

No.

JAKE

Are you sure?

BETH

I said no. Fuck. I came home, he's an idiot and we had a fight. Then he took off.

JAKE

Where did he go?

BETH

I have no idea.

John comes back to the living room.

JAKE

How much did he take?

BETH

I don't know, the rest of it. I don't know how much was there. There was definitely enough for two of us, but that greedy asshole took all of it.

JAKE

Do you know where he might have gone to?

BETH

I have no fucking clue.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Delta five.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
Go ahead dispatch.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
We got a report of a male causing a disturbance downtown. He's described as a white male, about five foot ten, scruffy hair, wearing ripped jeans, no shirt and no shoes. He's yelling and being aggressive at people that walk by him. He appears to be intoxicated. It's also reported that he was beating his head off of a lamp post.

BETH  
That's probably the stupid fucker there.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
Copy that dispatch.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Can I get delta three and six to back up please?

ADAM (V.O.)  
Copy.

CODY (V.O.)  
Copy.

Jake grabs his radio microphone.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Guys, that sounds like it may be Clinton. We're here at their apartment and Beth is saying that he shot the last of their heroin today and left the place after they got into an argument.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
Copy that Jake.

JAKE  
Okay. Is there anything else that we need to know here Beth?

BETH

Not that I can think of. But please put him in jail for the night. I can't handle his shit today.

JAKE

I can't guarantee that.

Jake and John leave the apartment.

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

Jake patrols around the downtown core of the city looking for Clinton.

A CITIZEN flags down his vehicle.

Jake stops his car beside the person who flagged him down.

JAKE

What's going on?

CITIZEN

A guy just went down the alley way here. He's acting nuts and yelling at everyone that walks by him and being really aggressive. I thought he was going to punch me.

JAKE

And he went down this alley?

CITIZEN

(pointing down the alleyway)  
Yeah, just down there.

JAKE

Thanks, I'll go check it out.

Jake drives down the alley.

ALLEYWAY

Jake grabs the radio microphone in his car.

JAKE

(into the radio)  
Hey guys, I...

Jake forgot to turn his personal radio off when he got back into his car. The radio screeches in his ear.

Jake winces and turns his personal radio off. He grabs the radio microphone in the car.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(into the radio)

Someone just told me that he saw a person who was acting crazy like our guy and he went down this alley way.

JOHN (V.O.)

What alley way are you at Jake?

JAKE

(into the radio)

Ah, I can't remember. I didn't look at the intersection. It's somewhere downtown.

JOHN (V.O.)

Okay, I'm on my way.

CODY (V.O.)

Same here.

ADAM (V.O.)

Me too.

CRAIG (V.O.)

I'm on route.

Jake puts his radio down and continues driving.

He spots Clinton. Clinton is passed out in a pile of garbage bags at the back door of a store. He head is purple and bruised.

Jake grabs his car radio microphone.

JAKE

(into the radio)

I found him. He's passed out on some garbage.

JOHN (V.O.)

Copy that.

Jake puts his microphone back, parks the car, turns off the engine and gets out of the vehicle.

He walks over to Clinton.

Clinton's chest is moving up and down rapidly.

Jake bends over to see if he can wake Clinton up.

JAKE  
Clinton. It's Cst. Gill. Can you  
hear me?

Other than his chest moving, Clinton remains still.

Jake gets a little closer to shake Clinton and shakes him on the shoulder.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Clinton, are you alright? Can you  
hear me?

Clinton opens his eyes up as Jake is shaking his shoulder.

In a rage, Clinton leaps up from the garbage and attacks Jake and knocks him to the ground, falling on top of him.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Clinton, stop it. It's the police,  
you're under arrest.

Clinton is like a man possessed. He doesn't hear Jake or stop what he's doing. Clinton starts frothing at the mouth.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Jesus Christ. Clinton, stop it,  
you're under arrest.

Clinton keeps on fighting.

Jake manages to flip Clinton over so that he is now on top and Clinton is on the bottom.

Clinton has his legs wrapped around Jake in a vice like grip and squeezes them as hard as he can.

Jake grabs for his personal microphone and tries to call for back up.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(into the radio)  
10-33, 10-33.

Radio silence.

Jake tries to call for help on his radio again.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(into the radio)  
10-33, 10-33.

Nothing.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
What the fuck is wrong with this  
thing?

Clinton yells frantically, making no sense, and spits at Jake in the process.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
God damn it Clinton, close your  
mouth.

Clinton intensifies his squeezing around Jake's torso with his legs. Clinton breathes erratically and inconsistently, and makes sounds that humans normally don't make.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Clinton, stop squeezing me.

At that instant, Clinton stops and lets go of his vice like grip of Jake's torso.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
You're under arrest.

Jake tries to turn Clinton over to his stomach.

Clinton squirms out of Jake's grip and runs south down the alley.

Jake looks down at his vest. When he sees nothing there, he starts running after Clinton. He grabs his personal microphone.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(into the radio)  
He just took off going south. I'm  
running after him.

There's still nothing over the radio.

Jake runs out of the alley after Clinton.

John drives around the corner in his police car.

Jake points down the road at Clinton.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
He's running.

JOHN  
Turn your radio on.

JAKE  
Shit.

Jake turns his radio on.

John speaks into his car radio microphone.

JOHN  
(into the radio)  
I found him. He's running after  
Clinton, heading south down Bell  
Street.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Copy that. Is everything fine?

Jake grabs his microphone.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
He's on heroin and he attacked me.  
He was like a wild man.

Jake looks down the street to see Clinton taking off his pants, throwing them on the ground, and continuing to run.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(into the radio)  
He just discarded his pants.

Clinton turns into an alley way and is no longer visible.

Jake talks into his microphone.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
(into the radio)  
He just turned into an alley way  
south of Bell Street.

JOHN  
I'll head down there.

John drives into the alley way behind Clinton, out of sight.

JOHN (V.O.)  
I see him. It's a dead end. And  
he's completely naked now.

JAKE  
Wonderful.



EXT. SECOND ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jake turns around the corner of the alleyway.

John gets out of his car.

Clinton is naked at the end of the alleyway.

Jake passes by Clinton's discarded pants and underwear.

There's a big skid mark on the underwear.

JAKE

Jesus, learn how to wipe.

A chain link fence about eight feet closes off the alleyway. Behind it sits the back yard to a house.

Clinton looks like a cornered animal who's pacing back and forth in a cage.

JOHN

Clinton, settle down. You're under arrest.

Clinton waves his hands around erratically and hits the fence behind him in a range. He grunts loudly.

Jake joins John.

JAKE

He's messed up.

JOHN

No kidding. We're probably going to need an ambulance.

JAKE

Copy that. I'll call.

Jake grabs his radio microphone.

JAKE (CONT'D)

(into the radio)  
Dispatch, delta nine.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Go ahead delta nine.

JAKE

(into the radio)  
We're going to need an ambulance in the alley way just south of Bell Street, and just east of Martin.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Copy that delta nine.

JAKE  
What do we do?

JOHN  
We get him in handcuffs.

JAKE  
Okay.

JOHN  
Let's do it.

Jake walks up close to Clinton.

JAKE  
Clinton, you're under arrest.

Clinton doesn't acknowledge him and continues to pace.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Clinton, you're under arrest. Do  
you understand me?

Clinton stops in his tracks and looks directly at Jake.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
Do you understand?

Clinton doesn't say a word.

JOHN  
I don't think he understands you.

JAKE  
Clinton, you're under arrest. Do  
you understand?

JOHN  
Okay, he's not getting this. Let's  
go. I'll go high, you go low.

JAKE  
Alright.

Jake and John cautiously approach Clinton.

Jake and John are an arms length away from Clinton.

Clinton turns around and jumps on the fence.

JOHN

Grab him.

Jake and John rush Clinton to grab him.

Jake tries to grab Clinton's left leg and John tries to get his right leg.

Clinton furiously kicks his legs trying to get out of their grasp.

JAKE

He's so sweaty.

Jake and John continue to struggle with Clinton.

JAKE (CONT'D)

I can't get a hold of his leg.

JOHN

Then don't try to grab it.

John grabs Clinton by the testicles.

JOHN (CONT'D)

These usually work.

John pulls as hard as he can with Clinton's testicles in his hand.

Clinton lets go of the fence and falls on top of John.

They continue to struggle on the ground.

Jake jumps on Clinton's back and wraps his arms around Clinton's neck.

Clinton barely notices it and continues to fight with John.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Get the cuffs on him.

JAKE

I'm trying.

JOHN

Try harder.

JAKE

He's stupid strong right now.

Cody pulls up in his vehicle and jumps out. He runs over to the three of them on the ground and jumps into the fight.

CODY  
(to Jake)  
Get his left hand.

Jake tries to grab Clinton's left hand.

To his surprise, he's able to grab Clinton's hand easily.

JAKE  
I got it.

Jake puts Clinton's hand behind his back. Cody puts his right hand behind his back. Jake cuffs his hands.

JOHN  
He's not breathing.

JAKE  
Are you sure?

JOHN  
Maybe blue is just the natural colour of his face.

CODY  
Shit, get the cuffs off of him.

The ambulance that was called drives into the alleyway. They pull up behind Cody's car. Two ambulance drivers get out. They walk over to the four on the ground.

JOHN  
He's not breathing.

One of the drivers starts to administer CPR.

The other driver grabs a stretcher from the ambulance. He wheels it to where Clinton is.

All five of them help get Clinton onto the stretcher. One of the ambulance drivers starts compressing Clinton's chest.

They wheel Clinton to the back of the ambulance and put him in.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Jake, you'll need to go with them in case he dies back there. We need to keep continuity.

JAKE  
Copy that.

Jake jumps in the back of the ambulance with them and the door closes behind him.

John grabs his radio microphone.

JOHN  
(into the radio)  
Delta fifty four.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Go ahead.

JOHN  
(into the radio)  
Clinton is in the back of the ambulance. He was fighting with us when he stopped breathing all of a sudden. Jake is in the back of the ambulance with him right now and they're heading to the hospital.

CRAIG (V.O.)  
I'll head over there and meet you guys.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Copy that John. I'll head over there as well.

The ambulance drives off with Jake in the back.

JAKE (V.O.)  
We're on the way now. They're working on him here.

SUSAN (V.O.)  
Copy that Jake. Keep us updated. We'll be waiting at the hospital.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM ENTRANCE - DAY

Susan and Craig wait in the emergency room.

Susan grabs her microphone.

SUSAN  
(into the radio)  
Jake, what's your ETA?

JAKE (V.O.)  
We're just pulling in now.

SUSAN

(into the radio)

Copy that. Craig and I are in here now. How's it going in there?

JAKE (V.O.)

He's still not responding to anything. He doesn't have a pulse.

(beat)

We just parked. We'll be inside in a few.

A minute later the emergency room doors open. The ambulance drivers run in the room with Clinton on the stretcher. Jake follows behind them.

John and Cody come in behind Jake.

Clinton is wheeled into an emergency room where hospital staff wait.

Doctor Milton is among the emergency staff.

Jake, Susan and Craig enter the room with everyone.

As Clinton gets placed on the bed from the stretcher, the staff sticks pads to his body. They're hooked to a monitor.

Clinton suddenly wakes up and goes into a rage. He's flails around, and froths at the mouth again.

DOCTOR MILTON

He's awake.

Everyone in the room immediately lends a hand.

Jake, Susan, John and Cody go and help.

Craig stands back.

DOCTOR MILTON (CONT'D)

We have to restrain him.

NURSE 2 runs out of the room and comes back in a few seconds with restraints.

NURSE 2

Here you go.

The doctor takes the restraints. Everyone grabs what they can in order to restrain him.

Clinton flails so wildly that no one can get a limb.

One of Clinton's extremities hits a nurse in the shoulder knocking her back.

JAKE  
Alright, that's it.

Jake throws a hard punch directly to Clinton's jaw, instantly knocking him out.

Jake shakes his hand.

JAKE (CONT'D)  
God damn that hurt.

Clinton's monitor makes a flat lining sound.

Jake looks at the monitor, stunned.

Doctor Milton holds some of the stickers that were on Clinton's chest.

DOCTOR MILTON  
Some of the stickers came off when you decked him.

Doctor Milton re-attaches them to Clinton.

The monitor reads Clinton's heart rate again.

Jake breaths a sigh of relief.

Susan approaches him.

SUSAN  
Well you got lucky with that one.  
Please don't make a habit of doing that though.

JAKE  
I don't plan on it.

SUSAN  
I just hope he doesn't come in and make a complaint.

DOCTOR MILTON  
I'll just tell him that he was dropped from the stretcher.

Susan and Jake laugh.

SUSAN

Stay here with him until the doctor gives you the word that you can clear. Do you have PTAs with you?

JAKE

They're in my car. But that's back downtown.

SUSAN

I'll grab you some. Release on the PTA for whatever you have to release him for. There's no way I want him back in our cells. He's their problem for the day.

DOCTOR MILTON

Thank you. We love having him here.

SUSAN

You're welcome.  
(to Jake)  
Clear whenever you finish that.

JAKE

Okay.

Susan leaves.

John approaches Jake.

JOHN

Nice shot rookie. How's the hand?

JAKE

Sore, but alright.

JOHN

It will do that. Next time used a hammer fist.

JAKE

Hammer fist?

John closes his hand. He points to the bottom of the closed fist.

JOHN

Hit with the bottom of your fist, just like a damn gorilla would. It looks stupid, but you won't hurt your hand.



JAKE  
That would have been nice to know a  
little while ago.

JOHN  
Probably.

John pats Jake on the shoulder.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Good job today.

JAKE  
Thanks John.

JOHN  
I'll get Craig to drive your car up  
and drop your keys off to you.  
Lord knows he doesn't do anything  
anyway.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - DAY

Jake walks out of the hospital.

He grabs his radio microphone.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
Dispatch delta nine.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Go ahead delta nine.

JAKE  
(into the radio)  
You can mark me clear of the  
hospital.

DISPATCH (V.O.)  
Ten four delta nine.

INT. DETACHMENT - DAY

Jake walks into the detachment and sits down at his computer.

Adam, John, Craig and Cody are at their desks.

Susan walks out of the watch commander office.

SUSAN  
Did you serve him that PTA?

JAKE

Sure did.

An alarm on the radios goes off. It makes a "beep beep beep" sound.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

I just got a silent alarm at the Bank of Commerce downtown. And we just got a call from someone who was passing by saying that there is a male holding up a teller with a firearm.

Susan grabs her radio microphone.

SUSAN

(into the radio)

Copy that dispatch, we're all on our way. Send everyone a copy. And you can make delta five the primary on it please.

CRAIG

Fuck.

ADAM

You'll get over it Craig.

Everyone gets up and runs to the back door.

JOHN

(to Jake)

Ready?

JAKE

Ready.

The door closes behind Jake.

FADE OUT