

CASTLING

Written by

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FADE IN:

1 INT. AIRLINER - EVENING 1

POV FROM INSIDE AIRLINER: A sea of rolling clouds hover above us. Anchorage sparkles beneath us lit by sundown's afterglow.

CUT TO:

2 INT. CHEVROLET TAHOE (MOVING) - EVENING 2

DRIVER'S POV: The Christmas spirit is on full display as we drive through the wintry-laced streets of downtown Anchorage. Each stretch of road brimming with the local and franchised ordinariness of the lower forty-eight states. The dashboard's GPS system is guiding us to the Anchorage Police Department.

CUT TO:

3 INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT 3

NAVID FARUQ, 30, Iraqi-American, sits under an unflattering light at the table in an ill-fitting sweat suit, contempt and frustration visible in his eyes. Seated across from him is the Detective questioning him - ORENTAL HAWKINS, Black, 45.

HAWKINS

Young brother out for a walk. And he happens to be wearing a hoodie.

NAVID

No, it wasn't like that. It wasn't.

HAWKINS

Wasn't it? It's winter. In Alaska. Everybody wears a hood. So explain to me how you singled him out for a stop and frisk, hood over his head?

NAVID

I've been working that post going on what, three months now? I have a good idea who lives where. Yes, he stood out looking as ghetto as he did. Wait, what I meant... I barely saw his face with that hoodie over his head. But I could tell he was young. You know, twenties young.

HAWKINS

And you say this brother was armed?

NAVID

When he turned, I caught the flash of the barrel aimed directly at me.

HAWKINS

Ever had a gun aimed at you before?

NAVID

I'm eleven-Bravo Army infantry, two tours Operation New Dawn. Of course I've had guns aimed at me before.

HAWKINS

You know the difference between a gun barrel and a soda bottle. Good for you. But you shot him anyway. What? Did the sun get in your eyes?

NAVID

It was dark. Daylight burns out by three in the afternoon this time of year. You live here. You know that.

HAWKINS

Your orders state "observe and report". You reported him to your dispatch and were advised to stand-to. Why cowboy up and follow him?

NAVID

To observe him. There's been a rash of break-ins in that neighborhood.

HAWKINS

Explains why your employer issued you pepper spray. But why the heat?

NAVID

C'mon. It's for protection. I have a carry permit. There are plenty of unwanted guests to worry about working outdoors. Weighs eight-hundred pounds, shits in the woods?

HAWKINS

Imagine that. Anything else about this young brother jump out at you?

NAVID

You mean the trespasser? He didn't blend with the other residents.

HAWKINS

Looking as ghetto as he did?

NAVID

Sounds like your mind's made up. I should speak to another dick.

HAWKINS

Sure 'bout that, my man? Right now I'm your best friend in the world.

NAVID

I was the victim. Yet you sit there treating me like I committed a hate crime. What happened out there had nothing to do with race. Nothing.

HAWKINS

There's a sixteen-year-old boy in critical condition. And I will go harder than a pack of wolves to get the truth. Yes. That same boy you admit you shot. After you waived your right to counsel. Twice.

WE MOVE IN ON THEIR REFLECTION IN THE MIRROR.

CUT TO:

4 INT. VIEWING ROOM - NIGHT

4

Dark. A lone policeman, CHARLES COOLEY, White, 36, watches NAVID and HAWKINS from this side of the observation window.

NAVID

Why should I hide behind a mouth-piece? It was self defense. Where is my uniform? I wish to leave now.

HAWKINS

You reported him trespassing while performing your rounds. Dispatch advises you to wait for back-up to arrive. You chose to pursue him. He sees you, rabbits, you corner him at gunpoint down by the lake. So tell me why he would rush you if you have a gun on him? For street props? According to you, he charged you "like an animal". And right when he's about to lunge at you...

NAVID

I thought he was going to kill me. I had less than a second to react. You would have done the same thing.

HAWKINS

Would I?

The door swings open. WITT MCKENNA, White, 44, unshaven, overlaid in cold weather gear, stumbles inside, disoriented.

MCKENNA

(steadies himself)

Excuse me. Just got off a plane.

COOLEY

Lower forty-eight? How can I help?

MCKENNA

This the rent-a-cop interview?

COOLEY

I'm sorry, you are...?

MCKENNA

Here to do a job. Can I get a cup of coffee please, officer? Thanks.

McKenna fumbles through multiple pockets until he finds his Chicago District Attorney's badge and offers it to Cooley.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

It'll have to do for now. I'm your Criminal Investigation Bureau's new Deputy Attorney General: McKenna, Mason W. Please, call me Witt.

COOLEY

Cooley, Chuck. A pleasure. Chicago, huh? You're in luck. Our winters are much more milder here. Did not expect you to transition this soon.

MCKENNA

Seems my predecessor couldn't wait to trade in his sled dog races for the Red Sox. And if by chance you know of anyone interested in a two-bed two-bath condo in Lincoln Park, the seller's motivated.

COOLEY

I see a bad shooting's not beneath your radar. Thanks for coming in.

MCKENNA

Are you kidding? Barstow called all lights-and-sirens. That's why I'm here. Who am I looking at in there?

COOLEY

Orenthal Hawkins. Detective first grade. Eighteen years in, exemplary service record, highest closure rate in the precinct. With him...

MCKENNA

The watchman who copped to the shooting. Good for the soul, right?

COOLEY

Navid Faruq. Square badge with AK-49 Security. His post is Emerald Cove. A very affluent neighborhood association here in the Bowl.

MCKENNA

Priors?

COOLEY

No criminal history, no warrants...

MCKENNA

Did he mistake the kid for caribou? Sorry, what's the kid's name again?

COOLEY

Sharif. Sharif Tyrone Sweet. He was bussed to Anchorage Regional.

MCKENNA

Anyone pick up the story yet?

COOLEY

That's a job for Press Relations. Let's not deprive 'em.

MCKENNA

Always better to stay ahead of the story than respond to it. Teen shot for being the wrong color? Shooter claims self defense? So much for originality. Barstow's not wasting time bending me over his desk. If this goes south I'm the fall guy. And Barstow's got another thing coming if he expects me to suck his cock after he ass-rapes me.

McKenna's eyes drift past the back of Cooley's windbreaker.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

Excuse my language. I didn't mean to... I didn't know you were a...

COOLEY

Think I haven't heard worse, old as I am? Come with me.

McKenna follows Cooley out of the Viewing Room.

CUT TO:

5 INT. PRECINCT CORRIDOR - NIGHT 5

MCKENNA and COOLEY come out into the bleak hallway. Stenciled on the back of Cooley's windbreaker: "POLICE CHAPLAIN"

COOLEY

Coffee's this way. Swill's the only blend we serve here. But the donuts are fresh. I'd join you but three cups a day's my limit.

McKenna stops Cooley midway towards the break room to examine the gun in his holster.

MCKENNA

Glock Twenty-one. Standard issue. You're not a volunteer chaplain.

COOLEY

I'm in charge of the volunteer clergy. But I am an actual police officer. Went to the police academy and everything. And thanks for not asking if I ever killed anyone.

CUT TO:

6 INT. PRECINCT BREAK ROOM - NIGHT 6

COOLEY pours MCKENNA a cup of coffee.

COOLEY

I was off grid visiting my parents when the watchman reached out to me. To act as an advocate on his behalf. I barely made the passenger train coming back. F-Y-I: the Arab community doesn't trust our police.

MCKENNA

What denomination are you, Cooley?

COOLEY

Right now? I'm your denomination.

MCKENNA

You're talking to a lapsed Catholic from Terre Haute, Indiana. First, let's not assume Faruq is Muslim...

COOLEY

Assyrian. He's an Iraqi Christian. I do know how to do my job.

CUT TO:

7 INT. DETECTIVES' DEN - NIGHT

7

MCKENNA trails COOLEY inside. Half a dozen empty desks mostly cluttered with paperwork and takeout containers. Except one.

MCKENNA

An Arab-American shoots an African-American, armed with a soda bottle, in self-defense. Spoiler alert: We will discover the kid is an honor student who's never been in trouble with the law before, since they're the only ones whom regularly encounter this type of trouble.

HAWKINS appears from behind them heading to his desk.

HAWKINS

It never ceases to amaze me. How far people will go to prove their ignorance, fear, and hatred.

McKenna wonders how much Hawkins's heard, and if Hawkins's dig was meant for him. Hawkins situates himself behind his desk - the only one neat and in manageable order.

COOLEY

Rennie Hawkins, Witt McKenna. Witt is the new whatever-whatever...

HAWKINS

He inherited Bob Mara's old desk. I read the newsletter. Irene Dawson is doing just fine as the interim appointment. Why's he here already?

MCKENNA

It's how he earns his pay. Give me your gut, Detective: The watchman punishes an unarmed kid because he wasn't dressed for the prom. Will his story hold up in these parts?

HAWKINS

Comes down to whether it was self defense or murder. Either way he could waltz out of a courtroom, but thanks for asking. The law says we all bleed red. But even here, where we're only six per cent of the population, profiling's still a reality. Plus, this watchman thinks he's exempt from race crimes 'cause he's not white. It's obvious he sized up that kid because of his skin color, not his winter parka.

MCKENNA

So far I'm not seeing a case of race beyond a reasonable doubt, Detective. What have you got? Witnesses? Video? Have you gotten the kid's version of events yet?

HAWKINS

The kid's still in surgery. If the watchman shot this kid because the kid's close enough to put him down, where's the blood on the uniform?

MCKENNA

That's for you to find out. Can I rely on you to conduct an unbiased investigation, Detective Hawkins?

HAWKINS

Rely on my desire to seek justice. So you know, I was catching calls when I caught this case. It lives with me from here on out. I arrived at the scene, roped the area off, nobody in, nobody out... I escorted the watchman back myself. His hands were swabbed for gunshot residue, his uniform's under a microscope, ballistics bagged the gun, blood-alcohol... Complete work-up.

MCKENNA

Eighteen years in, you know what's needed. I won't stand over your shoulder. But if the other side files any successful motions to suppress, I'll rip you a new one.

COOLEY

Let's not forget ourselves, fellas.

MCKENNA

Kidding. Can we connect this kid to the rash of burglaries plaguing the affluent community of Emerald Cove?

HAWKINS

Affluent? Try restricted. Only two burglaries the past year in Emerald Cove. Both inside jobs. Privileged fat fucks over-panicking as usual.

MCKENNA

How squeaky clean is the kid? Did he pick fights in school? Cop a feel off a girl's tit? Experiment with drugs? Anything pops, send up a flare. Where's the watchman now?

HAWKINS

Cooling his heels in interrogation. Let's pull him off the playing field, detain him for negligence.

MCKENNA

Cut him loose. We'll wait and see what the forensics reveal first.

CUT TO:

8 INT. PRECINCT CORRIDOR - NIGHT

8

COOLEY hurries to catch up with HAWKINS before he leaves.

COOLEY

Hawkins! We're pairing up.

HAWKINS

You drive. You know I'm not built for this weather.

COOLEY

Southern boy still ain't used to our Northern weather.

HAWKINS

The watchman's playing the self-defense card. Whatever I ask him, he's the victim.

COOLEY

And that "squeaky clean" business? What is this, Social Services? The kid's not the one on trial.

HAWKINS

Isn't he? The system is stacked against him. His skin color's lost him sympathy votes. And he will be subjected to harsher scrutiny than White kids, if anyone gives a shit.

COOLEY

Is that the truth, Detective?

HAWKINS

That's gospel, baby. The other side will amplify the usual stereotypes of Black people to dirty the kid's character, saying he had it coming. Each time an unarmed Black male is shot, time goes back fifty years.

COOLEY

That's a little paranoid, Hawkins.

HAWKINS

I expect that sort of tunnel-vision from someone who actually benefits from ethnic questionnaires. Must be nice living so ignorantly in that alternate reality where racist attitudes and behavior don't exist.

CUT TO:

9 INT. ANCHORAGE REGIONAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

9

COOLEY and HAWKINS locate LAVELL & IDA SWEET (both Black, in their early fifties) in the waiting area, silently praying.

HAWKINS

Lavell and Ida Sweet? I'm Detective Hawkins. Mind if we talk while you wait? How is Sharif doing?

MR. SWEET

Not out of the woods yet is all we know. Have you found out who shot Sharif and why?

HAWKINS

We're working on it. Officer Cooley here is our chaplain on duty.

COOLEY

I wanted to be here for you. And for Sharif. When he recovers.

MRS. SWEET

None of this makes any sense. He's a good kid. He goes out of his way to avoid trouble. I'm telling you, it's those bitch-ass cyber-bullies.

MR. SWEET

You should look into some kids from his school who bullied him online since the elections. "Go back to Africa. You monkeys are ruining the country." We went to the principal several times with this. Despite all the evidence we presented he saw no signs of racial animosity.

HAWKINS

They never do. Not when a school's rep is at stake. Does Sharif know anyone who lives in Emerald Cove?

MR. SWEET

Yes. His brother Marl. Marlon. He's flying in from overseas.

COOLEY

(low to Hawkins)

So much for restricted.

MR. SWEET

His wife Sigrun still lives there. They're separated. Marl wants kids.

MRS. SWEET

At her age? She should know better. Sharif collected Susan B. Anthonys when he was little. Sigrun got him interested in rare coins. He visits her all the time. He digs the lake.

MR. SWEET

Sigrun's a doctor in this hospital. Detective, please. The media don't care, the politicians don't care... Our boys are our life. We need you to care. Find Sharif's shooter.

CUT TO:

"DING". The elevator doors slide open. COOLEY steps out and approaches the NURSE behind the nearest reception island.

NURSE
(into cellphone)
It's me again. Call me back when
you get a chance. Love you, bye.

She hangs up quickly turning her complete attention to
Cooley.

NURSE (CONT'D)
Hi. May I help you, Officer?

COOLEY
Is Sigrun Sweet on duty tonight?

NURSE
Are you a psych patient? Just
kidding. Dr. Arnbjörg, she still
practices under her maiden name,
she took a personal day. But you
are welcome to leave a message.

COOLEY
Is she home? It's an urgent matter.

NURSE
Isn't it always? If it's all right
with you, I'd rather not say. There
have been problems with some of her
patients in the past. They want to
know her home address, hand-deliver
her flowers and mail. They think
they're in love with her. Are you
familiar with transference?

COOLEY
Something along those lines, yes.

NURSE
She has it bad enough dealing with
their problems without having to
worry about them creeping around
her house every night too. I know
she's been losing sleep over it.

COOLEY
Her brother-in-law Sharif is in
surgery upstairs. Do you know him?

NURSE
He's been here. Pretty much keeps
to himself. Oh, God... Is he going
to be all right? What happened?

CUT TO:

11 INT. ANCHORAGE REGIONAL HOSPITAL - NIGHT

11

RESUME w/HAWKINS talking to MR. & MRS. SWEET in the waiting area. Mr. Sweet's weary eyes have now intensified.

MR. SWEET

He confessed he shot my son and you haven't arrested him yet? Why not?

HAWKINS

We are waiting for the evidence to fall into place and contradict his claim of self defense.

MR. SWEET

Self defense? He's the one armed. And he has the nerve to say he was scared? Of a boy carrying a soda? If anything Sharif should have been afraid. Grown-ass man stalking a teenager down a dark street. And for what? Walking while Black? My wife and I are decent, hard-working people. You know how hard it is to keep your children safe and off the streets? Make sure their homework's done when they have friends who can't keep their pants pulled up? I put both my boys in the Boy Scouts, took 'em to church every Sunday...

HAWKINS

My old man moved us up from Mobile, Alabama during the pipeline years. He figured hate hadn't made it this far north. Who saw Sharif last?

MRS. SWEET

I pick him up from school everyday. We always go straight to the super-market after for supper groceries. It's our quality time together.

A DOCTOR appears. And he is not bearing good news.

DOCTOR

Mr., Mrs. Sweet?

MRS. SWEET

How is he, Doctor? Can we see him?

Hawkins knows what's coming next. He averts his eyes from the parents and tries to drown out the sound with little success.

DOCTOR

We did everything we could. He
didn't make it. I am so sorry.

The CRYING and SCREAMING from the Sweets penetrate Hawkins's senses like a knife. Hawkins finally looks. It is the type of anguish one does not easily forget as the couple collapses to the floor almost as if physically in pain, locked together in private grief and hysteria.

COOLEY returns and instantly feels the parents' sorrow. He moves in closer, crouches near them, reaches out to comfort them. Mrs. Sweet turns to him and collapses into his arms.

MRS. SWEET

Tell me why? Why? Please, help me
understand. Was this God's will?

COOLEY

When a child dies, many things will be said to ease your mind. But one thing that should never be said is that any unnatural death is God's will. The God I know and serve does not put his finger on the trigger. His fist around the knife. Or his hands on the steering wheel. God's heart was the first to break once Sharif was taken from us. Losing a parent takes away cherished moments of our past with them. But losing a child is harder. It robs us of the hopes and dreams we've pinned onto them. Because you loved your son so much the wound is deep. And as unbearable as the pain is now, once it turns into bearable sorrow, seek consolation in the unconditional love for your son that will never die. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord and He shall strengthen thee."

Mr. Sweet numbly rises to his feet and turns to Hawkins.

MR. SWEET

It never ends. It just never ends.
Does it? Against us.

CUT TO:

12 INT. DEPUTY ATTORNEY GENERAL'S OFFICE - NIGHT

12

A small anteroom with an assistant's desk and a couple of chairs. MCKENNA takes his heavy overcoat off and puts it on the desk before opening the door of the inner office.

HIS OFFICE

A desk. A computer. Boxed files piled on the desk. The window offers a charming view of downtown picturesquely framed by the Mountains. He walks inside and sits behind his new desk.

COOLEY (O.S.)
Sharif Sweet is dead.

COOLEY stands in the doorway looking defeated.

COOLEY (CONT'D)
The watchman may have murdered an
innocent, sixteen-year-old child.

McKenna rises and comes around his desk to Cooley.

MCKENNA
The question is does he know that?
Barstow hasn't returned my calls.

COOLEY
Most weekends he and his wife are
moose-hunting in Wasilla. With her.
Why didn't he use the pepper spray?
Is everybody so trigger happy?

MCKENNA
I'll ask Hawkins to go back in the
morning, re-interview neighbors.
That time of day there had to be
witnesses. How are the parents?

COOLEY
How do you think? Have you ever
lost a child? Do you have children?

MCKENNA
Can't say that I've been blessed.
To my knowledge. Heading home now?

COOLEY
Nice night to stay indoors. Day or
night, you reach out for me. Okay?
(before he leaves)
I know you'd rather get some rest,
but... How long since you ate? Did
you eat during the flight?

MCKENNA

Yeah, right.

COOLEY

How 'bout I treat you to the best
surf and turf in the city then?

CUT TO:

13 INT. GLACIER BREWHOUSE - NIGHT

13

Popular brewery/restaurant in the heart of downtown. Packed
late-night crowd. A WAITER takes COOLEY and MCKENNA's order.

COOLEY

Set us up with two orders of Rib-
eye, medium rare, and crab legs.

WAITER

The usual Blonde, Chaplain Charlie?

COOLEY

You bet your life.
(to McKenna)
It's a beer. They brew their own
here. You drink beer, Witt?

McKenna nods enthusiastically, eliciting a grin from Cooley.

MCKENNA

I'll be bold. The Raspberry Wheat.

The Waiter collects their menus then leaves them.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

Ever imagine living anyplace else?

COOLEY

Alaska's it. No matter where in the
state I'm in, I'm home. I invited
you here because it is important to
maintain a productive relationship
with the D-A's. Consider this table
a confessional and I'm your priest.
Everything said remains right here.

MCKENNA

As long as you're not working me.
What would you like to know, Chuck?

COOLEY

What brings you to our corner of
Shangri-la? The quality of life?
(MORE)

COOLEY (CONT'D)

De-stress? Something for your
resume or tell your grandchildren?

MCKENNA

Because I graduated in the middle
of my class from a second-rate law
school and was not besieged with
the hot offers. Because I quietly
chose loyalty over opportunity.
Because no one appreciated me when
they had me. Because I've spent my
entire so-called career trying to
make ends meet, sparing no time for
a social life. And because I needed
a fresh start. You?

COOLEY

I'm born and raised in Juneau, our
glorious capital. I graduated from
Emory University in Atlanta with a
Master of Divinity degree. My plan
was to attend seminary in Vienna.
And then become a priest preaching
against the evils of homosexuality.
Which would've made me a hypocrite
since I am openly bisexual. So, I
moved back here to Alaska and found
the next best way to serve others.

The Waiter returns with their beers. McKenna raises his:

MCKENNA

(toasts)

To saints with a past and sinners
with a future.

Cooley will drink to that. They CLINK mugs.

CUT TO:

14 INT. GLACIER BREWHOUSE - NIGHT

14

MCKENNA and COOLEY at their table mid-dinner.

COOLEY

Where are you staying?

MCKENNA

Good question. The house I've been
leasing to establish residency is
undergoing renovations for three
weeks. I'll settle for a key in a
door with free Wi-Fi and parking.

COOLEY

The night auditor at the Inn down the hill, I have her number. One call gets you fully installed. Free Wi-Fi, full breakfast... Or bunk at my house while you get things sorted. I may need to open a window and clear out that mothball smell.

MCKENNA

You do have lovely manners. Not that I don't appreciate your offer. I just prefer a place that's mine.

COOLEY

And a spare bedroom with no charge or check-out time won't suffice?

MCKENNA

When Barstow had to replace Robert Mara, he chose to draft an outsider than promote from within. Either I walked onto a minefield and you're softening the blow, or I must have made quite an impression on you.

COOLEY

You're a smart man, Witt. So you'd know if I was after you. Which I'm not, I assure you. I want us to get off on the right foot. That's all.

DISSOLVE TO:

15 EXT. EMERALD COVE - MORNING

15

The dense, white fog envelops the community. An **Alaska State Trooper** FORD TAURUS INTERCEPTOR emerges from the smothering fog driving past custom homes on the lake. Snow blankets the lush greens of the trees and lawns. The vehicle turns into a driveway. HAWKINS exits the passenger's side, Trooper SAWYER STODDARD, 26, the driver's side. They head to the front door.

HAWKINS

How are you enjoying your first year as a 'blue shirt', Trooper?

STODDARD

Not as romantic as citing salmon snaggers, but it has its charms.

Hawkins RINGS the DOORBELL. Beat. SIGRUN ARNBJØRG, White, 40, answers the door. It's too early in the morning for her.

HAWKINS

Good morning, Dr. Arnbjørg. I'm Detective Hawkins. This is Trooper Stoddard. I'd like to ask you some questions about Sharif Sweet.

SIGRUN

It's so early. Is Sharif okay?

HAWKINS

I'm sorry, ma'am. You haven't heard?

CUT TO:

16 INT. SIGRUN ARNBJØRG'S HOUSE - MORNING

16

HAWKINS and STODDARD sit with SIGRUN in the living room. An elegant view of the lake and private dock in the backyard. A fire burns in the fireplace. Tears stream down Sigrun's face.

SIGRUN

I heard that army of police and paramedics yesterday but thought it had nothing to do with me. No one knocked on my door. If only I had looked outside. My bedroom window overlooks the lake. I heard what sounded like a gunshot yesterday, but I had taken a sedative and turned my phone off. Still, you'd think I'd know a gunshot by now.

HAWKINS

Let me guess - you hunt.

SIGRUN

Give the man a gold star. I was eleven when I killed my first brownie. I'm from Fort Yukon. My family migrated here from Norway back in the early nineteen-hundreds during the Gold Rush. I come from a family of survivalists. Trappers, hunters... A part of me misses it. I had planned on moving back to open a clinic after medical school.

HAWKINS

What did you in? Brain drain?

SIGRUN

Indoor plumbing. Spoiled me rotten.

HAWKINS

You lived in Emerald Cove long?

SIGRUN

Year and a half. This house was a short sell. Took three months for the bank to tell us the house was ours. No way could we afford this area without the price break. And I've been taking work where I can get it since it's just me now.

HAWKINS

Again, you two had plans yesterday?

SIGRUN

The Gordon Forbes Coin Collection is in town at the museum for two weeks. Prized Greeks and Romans in pristine condition. We were going yesterday but postponed. Marl likes to "big brother" Sharif up, take him to MMA matches before his next assignment sends him away. Anything to get Sharif out the house. Coins became an addiction, which is why his mother never made his visits here easy for him. Sharif stopped playing sports, hanging with his friends... I'm making coffee.

Sigrun rises and heads into the kitchen. She suddenly stops.

SIGRUN (CONT'D)

You're positive it was the watchman who works evenings who shot Sharif? That doesn't make sense.

CUT TO:

17 EXT. COOLEY'S HOUSE - MORNING 17

Modest ranch house. Wondrous, snow-capped mountain views. Large trees. Cooley's Jeep Cherokee and McKenna's Chevrolet Tahoe rental in the driveway.

CUT TO:

18 INT. GUEST ROOM - MORNING 18

More like a storage room for fishing, sporting, and camping equipment.

Sunlight pouring in through the window awakens MCKENNA. He HEARS something outside. A shadowy "something" lurks behind the window's blinds. He sits up, peeks outside.

MCKENNA'S POV: A MOOSE curiously treading around the house.

MCKENNA
(too early for this)
You've got to be kidding me.

CUT TO:

19

INT. COOLEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - MORNING

19

MCKENNA drifts into the kitchen in a tee-shirt and pajama pants. COOLEY, in his underwear and robe, cooks breakfast.

COOLEY
Good morning, city slicker. Did the peace and quiet keep you awake last night?

MCKENNA
There's a moose outside your house.

COOLEY
Yeah... I should charge 'em rent. As long as the trash lids are on tight. They like to sleep by the heating vents. I have a book on moose etiquette you're welcome to.

MCKENNA
There's a scary thought: an entire book dedicated to moose etiquette.

COOLEY
Breakfast? Duck eggs and reindeer sausage. The way mom used to make.

MCKENNA
Whose mom? Do you like what you do for a living, Chaplain Charlie? Is it all right if I call you Charles?

COOLEY
After a lifetime of Chuck and Charlie, I welcome it. Do I like providing ministry and perspective to officers twenty-four-seven? Yes.

Cooley transfers everything he was cooking on the stove to plates on the kitchen table. McKenna sits down and digs in.

MCKENNA

(re: breakfast)

This is really good, Charles. So what's a typical day for you like?

COOLEY

Depends. During ride-alongs or when my officers respond to back-to-back distress calls, I'm their church. Their lifeline to God, hope and healing. It helps knowing how to minister to all walks of life. I can arrive at a scene and become more of a support person for the collars, the victims, or witnesses.

MCKENNA

I can't help but wonder if the brotherhood of the badge 'round here is as Kumbaya as they appear, considering how open you are.

COOLEY

My friend, when you're fresh out of the academy, good and cherry with everything to prove, discretion is the better policy. But to establish trust with my fellow officers and perform my job effectively, I need to be open and honest about myself. I still get misquoted the typical Leviticus catch-phrases. So don't expect me to run any politically correct victory laps with the good old boys anytime soon.

MCKENNA

Must help to have guys like Hawkins watching your six.

COOLEY

Who needs enemies, right? Hawkins was the worst offender during the rookie hazing. But, as they say, everything's all good now.

CUT TO:

20

EXT. COOLEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

20

COOLEY, in uniform, and MCKENNA, freshly shaved and suited, leave the house and head to their respective vehicles. Cooley's CELLPHONE BUZZES. A text. He reads its message.

COOLEY

Prelim's ready, tox is pending.

MCKENNA

That was quick.

COOLEY

We're not backed up on bodies here.
Don't let 'em work you too hard.

MCKENNA

Just glad to have a job. The M-E's
report, could you...? I'm still new
to these streets. And this air.

McKenna inhales deeply.

COOLEY

I'll swing by and pick it up, sure.

MCKENNA

I appreciate you. I see your moose
has left. What if I see any bears?

COOLEY

Be careful.

MCKENNA

And what if I don't see any bears?

COOLEY

Be extra careful. The trick is
don't try to outrun them. Just
outrun whoever's ahead of you.

They drive off towards the city, McKenna following Cooley.

CUT TO:

21 INT. MCKENNA'S OFFICE - MORNING

21

MCKENNA sits behind his desk frustrated. He is having trouble
logging onto his computer.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

It's password protected.

McKenna looks up to see IRENE DAWSON standing in his doorway.
She's in her early forties and of Iñupiaq descent.

MCKENNA

You must be Irene, the woman whose
job I stole. Sorry about that.

IRENE

You'll get over it. My husband warned me moving up from player to coach would be an uphill do-se-do. That I'm nothing more than the conservative response to diversity.

MCKENNA

What am I, the token liberal?

IRENE

Proof they can play well with others. While we have you here, you can pee in a cup, receive access to the server, e-mail, mobile service, and building entry. More forms to fill out, surprise, and...

Irene sets some files down on his desk.

IRENE (CONT'D)

First responding officer's report, crime scene report, Detective Hawkins's D-D-5... Oh, did you hear the watchman's call to dispatch? AK-49 records all their transmissions.

MCKENNA

I read the transcript on the plane.

IRENE

Listen to the tape. It supports the watchman. He did not profile this kid. Race is used as an identifier.

MCKENNA

Dispatch asks him to describe the trespasser, watchman responds "male usual". Slang for a black male.

IRENE

The watchman described the kid as a suspicious-looking character.

MCKENNA

I've seen cops more suspicious-looking. A mother dresses her boy warmly before sending him outside to play, that makes him suspicious-looking? What if it were a white girl? I arrived at the precinct wearing pretty much the same thing. No one stopped me, asked for my I-D, nothing. The kid broke no laws.

IRENE

Then what does the watchman have against the kid? What's his motive?

MCKENNA

He shouldn't have brought the gun with him. The moment he pulled his gun, the kid was at a disadvantage.

IRENE

Bearing arms are a God-given right. If the watchman drew his gun it was for protection. Not show and tell. Let's show him some consideration.

MCKENNA

Then he should have used the gun to control the situation. Didn't they teach him that in the military?

IRENE

They taught him to zero and fire.

MCKENNA

But since we're trying him and not the victim... What this watchman knows about Black people he pulled out of a Woody Allen movie. C'mon, what Black parent hasn't sat their Black child down and talked to them about getting got in this country? No, not this kid. He just had to be different. Put a gun in his face he charges you "like an animal". Why is Barstow still dodging my calls?

IRENE

He'll give you your days back if that's why you're looking for him. Didn't he call you before he took off for the holidays?

MCKENNA

"Get on the first thing smoking and head this thing off at the pass" was the extent of our conversation. He always that generous? Or does he know how he wants this case to end? Because a Black kid was killed?

IRENE

Part of the regime change's promise to shake things up and street-sweep the system of racism and violence.

MCKENNA

And this is my test case.

IRENE

Only if there's sufficient evidence to charge him. With a hate crime. So? Is there sufficient evidence to charge Faruq with a hate crime? You pull it off, Barstow won't forget.

CUT TO:

22

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S/HALLWAY - MORNING

22

Cinder-block walls. Fluorescent lighting. COOLEY walks down the corridor until he reaches the first open doorway - the medical examiner's office.

COOLEY

Hello? Dr. Porter?

No response. Cooley moves further down the corridor until he reaches the morgue. Inside, Assistant Medical Examiner MAMIE PORTER, fifties, sits at a computer typing. Cooley KNOCKS on the window. Mamie stops what she's doing and crosses to him.

MAMIE

Morning, Chaplain Charlie. You're a man on a mission. Who are you fetch and carrying for today?

COOLEY

New man on the team. Bobby's fill-in. Witt. They flew him in last night and put him on the big one. That's why I'm here. Sharif Sweet?

Mamie hands him a manila envelope and a clipboard with a pen attached to it. Cooley signs the clipboard.

MAMIE

Witt, huh? You two close as Siamese twins already?

COOLEY

Yeah. I won him in a church raffle.

MAMIE

Sometimes I hate this job. This kid Sharif... Not even this side of legal. No stippling or powder burns found on the body. Had to have been shot from a minimum of five feet.

COOLEY

You're sure about that distance?

Mamie shoots him a look. Don't ever second-guess her.

COOLEY (CONT'D)

Oops, lost my mind for a second.
And how was your vacation?

MAMIE

Depends. Where did the wagging
tongues send me this year?

COOLEY

Nudist colony in the Caribbean.

MAMIE

Bless their hearts. Sugar, I was
recuperating from surgery.

COOLEY

Surgery? Oh, Miss Mamie. I'm sorry.

MAMIE

Elective surgery. You ever hear of
a procedure called vaginoplasty?

Cooley frowns and turns to leave. He's heard enough.

MAMIE (CONT'D)

Hey, after six kids... I have to
keep it fresh for the mister.

COOLEY

Bye Felicia.

MAMIE

Hold on, I got another one heading
your direction. The body they
pulled out from under the ice...

COOLEY

That's Fulkerson's.

MAMIE

Twenty minutes if it's going with
you. Oh, the Sharif kid, I noticed
some old bite marks on his forearms
and back from a possible run-in
with a grizzly.

COOLEY

Fact of life living this far north.
I'll be back in twenty, Miss Mamie.

Mamie returns to the computer resuming her work. Cooley heads back down the hallway. A well-dressed Black man comes through the double-door entrance. MARLON SWEET, 30, military type, looks around, unsure of his surroundings.

MARLON

Excuse me. I, uh...

COOLEY

Yes, can I help you, sir?

MARLON

I'm here to see my brother. He was shot yesterday. My brother's dead. Wow. First time I said it out loud.

COOLEY

I'm sorry to hear that. Is he...?

MARLON

Here? I assume he's here. I'd like to see him if I can.

COOLEY

Visitation isn't allowed here once a body's under jurisdiction of the medical examiner, sir. You can make arrangements with your funeral home once he's transferred. Have we met?

MARLON

I'd remember. I'm Marlon. I just flew in. I was supposed to arrive yesterday. I got delayed by work...

COOLEY

Sharif Sweet's your brother.

Marlon nods somberly.

COOLEY (CONT'D)

I am so sorry for your loss. I'm Charles Cooley. Police chaplain.

CUT TO:

23 INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S - MORNING

23

MARLON, still in shock from his loss, watches COOLEY feed the VENDING MACHINE change and buy himself a GRANOLA BAR.

MARLON

Do I call you Reverend? Sergeant?

COOLEY

Chaplain's good, 'til I retake the sergeant's exam. Chaplain Charlie to most. You're flying in from...?

MARLON

Jordan. I'm a security consultant. My take-home's more than the President's. Ain't that something? My dad left a message for me with my interpreter about Sharif. I caught a military hop to the states at the very last second. I touched down at Stevens about an hour ago.

Cooley guides Marlon to a pair of empty seats. They sit. Cooley offers Marlon some of his granola bar.

MARLON (CONT'D)

No. Thank you, no.

COOLEY

We'll collect Sharif's personal effects once Dr. Porter is ready.

Marlon's eyes fall on the expensive cross Cooley's wearing.

MARLON

Nice, around your neck.

COOLEY

Thanks. From an ex-girlfriend.

MARLON

You have an ex-girlfriend?

COOLEY

I have a few. I'm a chaplain, not a priest. The job has its perks.

MARLON

I heard that. You must have went in to swing some ice like that.

COOLEY

All I remember was how reluctant she was to let me keep it after we parted ways. You drove here?

MARLON

Taxi. My wife still has the car.

COOLEY

That would be Sigrun.

MARLON

She gets around. You'd think she was married to her patients, the amount of time she spent with them. My mom never liked her. Mainly because she's a decade ahead of me.

COOLEY

Would you like a ride back?

CUT TO:

24 EXT. SWEET HOUSE - MORNING 24

A modest, two-story, single-family home. Flowers and burning candles left by well-wishers are piled up on the front porch.

CUT TO:

25 INT. SWEET HOUSE/SHARIF'S ROOM - MORNING 25

Typical boy's room. A manageable mess. A collection of video games, posters of popular rappers affixed on the walls. COOLEY stands in the center of the room absorbing it all. A DREAM CATCHER hangs over the bed. MARLON is in the doorway.

MARLON

My parents are looking for a coffin to bury my brother in. I offered to spring for the funeral. This all feels too final. Unnatural. My big fear? They'll leave his room this way. Some sort of morbid shrine.

COOLEY

The dream catcher over the bed...?

MARLON

Bear catcher. Authentic. Picked it up from a Sugpiak native during a fishing trip my dad took us on. It attracts all dreams in its web and filters the good ones out from the bad ones. The bear totem inside... Sharif had a close encounter with a black bear in the backyard when he was little. He had serious night terrors whenever he tried to sleep. I thought it would help him.

(beat)

He's gonna get off. Isn't he? The lowlife who killed my brother.

COOLEY

You should discuss that with the prosecutor. I do have his number...

MARLON

You of all people won't be straight with me? Damn. Did this guy walk a beat, wear a badge? If you're here to dig up dirt on my brother... Blaming the victim is what bigots do. How cops cover for each other.

COOLEY

I can understand your frustration, and the police are very concerned about racial violence in this city.

MARLON

Man, please. You sound retarded. The murders of unarmed brothers has gotten so commonplace it doesn't even qualify as news. You don't know how it feels to step outside when men with guns have declared war on your race. You don't get what's at stake when or if it reaches a courtroom. A jury knows. They'll not only acquit that killer, they'll spit in our face and name a shopping mall after him.

COOLEY

The shooting was not intentional.

MARLON

An unarmed watchman conveniently brings a gun to work? Let me flip burgers and bring a piece to work, see how fast I'm pink-slipped.

COOLEY

I spoke to the watchman. And he has expressed genuine remorse for...

MARLON

I'm not trying to hear that, man. Two things I know about this watchman: One, he killed my brother. And two, he's still breathing. The door's been opened, Chaplain. This thing here is gonna get dirtier than an alley fight. Believe that.

CUT TO:

26

EXT. EMERALD COVE - MORNING

26

HAWKINS re-walks the snow-covered crime scene, from the street to Diamond Lake down past Sigrun's house, whilst talking to the uniformed SUPERVISOR from AK-49 Security.

SUPERVISOR

Residents get nervous if they see just anyone wandering around. As much as they pay to live here? The developers hired us to maintain a twenty-four-seven, three-sixty-five watch. We post one guard during the winter, two during break-up season.

Hawkins looks up and notices several telephone poles with security cameras installed.

HAWKINS

Those up there working?

SUPERVISOR

The security cameras? Installed on the cheap, just for show. Not ours. Helps the residents feel secure.

HAWKINS

God forbid my job should be any easier. How long's Faruq been on your payroll?

SUPERVISOR

Half a year. He's one of my best.

HAWKINS

Yeah? No complaints?

SUPERVISOR

No red flags raised. Attentive, alert, keeps detailed logs...

HAWKINS

I'd like to see yesterday's logs.

SUPERVISOR

In the guardhouse at the gate. Last night's are incomplete because of the... You know. Oh, the watchmen he relieves love him. Always half an hour early before shift change. Ready to fill in when needed...

HAWKINS

He's worked other posts?

SUPERVISOR

When we started him he requested mornings. His father's in a nursing home. We rotated him around a lot. Best we could do since everybody wants to work bankers' hours. The outdoor evening rotations are where the steady shifts are at. When he heard there was an opening here at the Cove, he lobbied hard for it.

CUT TO:

27 INT. MCKENNA'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON 27

MCKENNA is busy on his computer when COOLEY strolls in and drops the medical report on McKenna's desk.

MCKENNA

You take the scenic route?

Cooley shoots him a look.

COOLEY

Buy me lunch and I'll give you the rundown on my morning so far.

MCKENNA

Buy you lunch just to hear about your morning? You're no cheap date. Certain special interest groups are making waves. I've only had e-mail access here a few hours and I'm flooded with messages subject-lined "Hate Crime" or "Racially Motivated". Where are we eating?

COOLEY

You like sushi?

MCKENNA

Not this early in the day. But a little brain food wouldn't hurt.

CUT TO:

28 INT. SANDWICH DELI - AFTERNOON 28

COOLEY and MCKENNA at the deli counter ordering lunch.

MCKENNA

Tuna on white, mayo, the works.

Cooley composes a message on his phone. Without looking up:

COOLEY

Turkey and Swiss, mustard, lettuce,
cucumbers, olives, tomatoes, extra
onions, no oil, wrap it in a pita.

MCKENNA

Are you posting your lunch online?

COOLEY

Giving Hawkins our twenty.

CUT TO:

29 INT. PRECINCT CORRIDOR - MORNING

29

HAWKINS, inside from the cold, is peeling out of his overcoat and returning to the detectives' den when...

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Dad!

A tomboyish, streetwise-clad female crosses to Hawkins. She is LOTUS, Hawkins's daughter, 14, biracial, her closely-cropped hair revealed when she removes her skull cap.

HAWKINS

Look who came to visit her old man
out of the goodness of her heart.
On payday. How did you get here?

LOTUS

People Mover. I need some money.

HAWKINS

Noticed I stopped asking "what
for"? Shouldn't you be in school?

LOTUS

Half day. Off for Christmas break.

HAWKINS

Ah. Did you know Sharif Sweet?

LOTUS

Because "we" all know each other?
We were online friends, exchanged
'Happy Birthdays'. That's about it.
I attend East High, he attends -
attended West. That guy who shot
him was the buzz on campus today.
He used to teach at our school.

Hawkins pulls out his wallet and slips her some money.

LOTUS (CONT'D)
This what you pay your C.I.'s?

HAWKINS
Seriously? Navid Faruq taught at
your school? Was he your teacher?

Hawkins's cellphone BEEPS. It's a text message from Cooley.

LOTUS
Before my time. Some senior chicks
I roll with had him. Said he's one
of those walk-on-water teachers.
You had a problem he'd work you
'til you had it down. Organized for
special causes like AIDs Walks,
clothing drives for the homeless...
He was forced out because parents
had beef with him. Guess why?

CUT TO:

30 INT. SANDWICH DELI - AFTERNOON

30

COOLEY and MCKENNA eating lunch.

MCKENNA
How reliable's your ballistics guy?

COOLEY
Blake Anderson? The guy's sharper
than a Swiss Army knife. You
definitely want him on your side.

MCKENNA
I'm meeting with him later. If his
conclusions are anything like your
medical examiner's, then this case
is a slam dunk.

HAWKINS breezes into the deli. He orders from across the
room:

HAWKINS
Chef salad to go! Thousand Island!

He plops himself down in an empty chair at their table.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)
I have good news and I have bad
news. Which would you like first?

MCKENNA

Bad news. And pass the lube while you're at it. No offense, Charles.

HAWKINS

Sharif Sweet had a best friend.

MCKENNA

God, my skin's already crawling.

HAWKINS

A classmate. Theodus Wiggins. He's sixteen. Black. And... Two years ago, Wiggins and his buddies were busted for putting on dog fights.

MCKENNA

Jesus Christ! Again, no offense, Charles.

COOLEY

Yeah, yeah, you can do penance. Sharif was into dogfighting?

HAWKINS

Sharif had zero to do with man's best friends ripping each other apart. He's never attended any dog fights, refused to take part in it, never even had a dog as a pet.

COOLEY

Okay... I get what you're saying. I just don't get what you're saying.

MCKENNA

The problem, my friend, is guilt by association. We present Sharif in his pearly whites and Sunday best, the other side will impeach him by associating him with a street thug responsible for the sudden Fido shortage. It's never about what it is. It's about what it looks like. And in this country it's easier for people to sympathize with an abused animal than with a dead Black kid.

HAWKINS

Explains why Michael Vick did more time than George Zimmerman.

A DELI CLERK delivers Hawkins's order. Hawkins pays him.

MCKENNA

What's your source, Detective? I still have to vet every detail.

HAWKINS

Lotus, my daughter. Sharif Sweet friended her on a social network. It's all public knowledge. If you can keep her out of it, please?

COOLEY

Excuse me, what's the good news?

HAWKINS

Thought you'd never ask. I paid a visit to the sister-in-law's this morning. The one our vic's been a little too chummy with. She sang, man. Gave us enough rope to hang Navid Faruq for Murder. One.

CUT TO:

31 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S/CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING 31

MCKENNA enters with an armful of files and notes. NAVID is already seated at the conference table. With him is lawyer PETER DEVLIN, silver-haired, sixties, expensively dressed.

MCKENNA

Thank you both for coming in this morning. Shall I send for coffee?

DEVLIN

We're fine, Mr. McKenna. Welcome to the Municipality of Anchorage. Our condolences to the boy's family.

McKenna sits and evenly spreads his notes out on the table.

MCKENNA

You're Faruq's Attorney of Record?

DEVLIN

Peter Devlin. And you're the new Robert Mara. A throne many of us presumed your Bureau Director Irene Dawson would ascend to. Sure didn't see you coming.

MCKENNA

Then clearly you haven't seen my conviction record. I'd like to...

DEVLIN

You are licensed in Alaska?

MCKENNA

I wouldn't be here without going through all the proper channels and being thoroughly vetted to the letter. Or do you also need to see my long-form birth certificate?

DEVLIN

Just getting up to speed, counselor. Let's keep it civil.

MCKENNA

(flips through his notes)

Mr. Faruq, you've described, in as much detail as you could recall, the events which occurred on the afternoon in question to Detective Hawkins. I asked you here for a clearer picture of those events. And we will proceed from there. You confessed to utilizing deadly force because Sharif Sweet was about to attack you. What lead up to that? You're on block patrol, he enters the premises without your go-ahead?

NAVID

That is the nature of trespassing, yes. I saw him and I yelled for him to stop. He was nonresponsive. When I cornered him by the lake, he had a wild look in his eyes. I caught a flash of what I thought was a gun barrel. I had my gun on him. But it did not stop him from coming at me. I shot him. I thought he was going to kill me. I'm sorry I did it but I'd do it again if I had to.

MCKENNA

You're holding a gun on an "armed" kid, yet he lunges himself at you. Some set of stones on this child.

DEVLIN

Spare us the rhetoric and address my client with questions, please.

MCKENNA

Mr. Faruq, you were close enough to see the trespasser's face, right?

NAVID

It was already dark out. And, well, I don't know how else to say it, he was dark. And wearing a hoodie. It was hard to see his face.

MCKENNA

But you saw that look in his eyes. Prior to AK-49 Security, you spent eight years in the military, thank you for your service. After your discharge you taught high school.

NAVID

Nearly two years. Until parents of the students petitioned to have me removed. A terrorist teaching their children American History is a slap in "their" face. I am an American.

DEVLIN

There is a wrongful termination lawsuit that's currently pending.

MCKENNA

As a result you're working below your qualifications, and potential employers do not respond favorably to the name 'Navid Faruq' on resumes. Your current employer thinks highly of you. Which is why you were assigned to Emerald Cove. You said you know who lives where?

NAVID

I have a working knowledge, yeah.

McKenna pulls out an affidavit and slides it across the table to Devlin. Devlin looks it over.

MCKENNA

A sworn affidavit from Emerald Cove resident Sigrun Arnbjörg. She has witnessed your client on numerous occasions engage in conversation and allow Sharif Sweet onto the premises whenever he visited her.

DEVLIN

I certainly hope this is not the hand you're betting on, counselor.

There's a quick RAP on the door. HAWKINS has arrived. McKenna gestures for him to come in and take a seat.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

And who's this?

MCKENNA

Detective Orenthal Hawkins, the lead investigator. He asked to sit in. Please continue, Mr. Faruq.

NAVID

As I said, I only know those people who live there by faces. Not names.

MCKENNA

But he couldn't have been more than a few feet away from you. Correct?

NAVID

A few feet, yeah. But his face, I couldn't really...

DEVLIN

My client has stated he could not see his attacker's face because it was dark, as was his attacker. If you don't believe him, then let's turn off the lights and see how well you recognize your affirmative action colleague here in the dark.

HAWKINS

Who the hell...? You must be the barrack-room lawyer.

MCKENNA

Detective Hawkins, this is Mr. Faruq's lawyer, Peter Devlin.

HAWKINS

Peter Devlin? You're Peter Devlin? Never had the pleasure.

(to Navid)

Scraping the bottom of the barrel? If this man can get you off, he's worth every cent you're throwing at him. But keep in mind he will never board the same flight as you.

NAVID

I did not want to come here without the benefit of an attorney. You did indicate I was entitled to one.

HAWKINS

So you called him?

DEVLIN

I'm representing him pro bono.

HAWKINS

I bet. You representing a rag-head?
You want this to go to trial.

DEVLIN

Unless the rules have changed since
I sat on that side of the table,
evidence is still a requirement to
arrest someone for a crime.

McKenna slides another file across the table to Devlin.

MCKENNA

The ballistics report.

CUT TO:

32

INT. BALLISTICS LAB - AFTERNOON

32

Ballistics expert BLAKE ANDERSON, fifties, leads MCKENNA into an insulated firing range where two demonstration dummies are positioned facing each other. One dummy holds a gun.

ANDERSON

You'll find plenty to do during
your downtime here. You like the
outdoors?

MCKENNA

I'm developing a taste for it. Tell
me about yourself, Mr. Anderson.

ANDERSON

I'm a retired forensics specialist
with the FBI. I analyze evidence
involving firearms and ammunition
to ascertain trajectory. And match
projectiles to the make and model
of the weapon it was fired from.

MCKENNA

And what's all this?

ANDERSON

A demonstration I set up for you,
based on the approximate distance
described by the shooter, between
himself and the gunshot victim,
using an exact replica of the
firearm. Step inside the booth.

McKenna enters the observation booth. Anderson dons a pair of headphones. He grabs the handle of a cord attached to the trigger of the gun held by a dummy dressed in a mock security jacket. The gun is aimed at the dummy positioned a few feet away. Anderson, from a safe distance, pulls the handle triggering the gun - BANG! Fake blood explodes from within the target dummy splattering the 'security' dummy.

CUT TO:

33

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S/CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

33

RESUME w/MCKENNA, HAWKINS, NAVID, and DEVLIN.

MCKENNA

Based on trajectory, the gunshot that killed Sharif Sweet was fired from a distance of thirty feet. Any closer, his blood would have hosed your client. Your client shot that boy from a distance, Mr. Devlin.

DEVLIN

These results are enough to lock and load, but not enough to charge the fort. This goes to court, I'll publicly embarrass you, counselor.

HAWKINS

(to Navid)

Lying will only dig you a deeper hole. Your lawyer's not God. You will not walk. You're going in, my man. Think the world's cold now?

DEVLIN

I'm advising my client to keep his mouth shut.

HAWKINS

I'm onto you, Navid. I know your dirty secret. You did something few men get to do in this world. S'why you feel guilty about what you did. You liked it. Hell, you loved it. Greatest adrenaline rush a man can experience. Did your tits get hard after you squeezed the trigger?

DEVLIN

That's enough, you. If you had all your ducks in a row you'd save your breath and charge my client.

MCKENNA

Convince me why he should not be charged, Mr. Devlin. And we'll all go home.

DEVLIN

For shits and giggles, let's say my client pleads guilty to misdemeanor reckless endangerment. No jail time and no felony charge on his record?

MCKENNA

Your client pleading guilty to a hate crime has a nicer ring to it.

NAVID

That's a felony. I'm not a racist.

DEVLIN

We came as a courtesy to convince you to drop this ridiculous charge, and you try to 'Al Sharpton' us?

MCKENNA

(to Navid)

You want to take your chances with a jury trying to guess what was in your heart? Or can you live with yourself for taking a plea? I am a very good litigator, Mr. Faruq.

DEVLIN

My client stood his ground.

HAWKINS

You're invoking 'Line in the Sand'?

MCKENNA

Is that even policy in this state?

HAWKINS

As of a year ago. "There is no duty to retreat if one is lawfully present." How do you wanna proceed?

MCKENNA

Assistant Medical Examiner Mamie Porter rules it a homicide. We'll proceed to pretrial. Arrest him.

DEVLIN

A man does his job, is he thanked? He's treated like a criminal. What happened out there is a tragedy.

(MORE)

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

You are politicizing this to stake your political claim. Serving up my client as a sacrificial lamb... He shot that kid before the kid shot him. A kid living his kind of life, it was only a matter of time. It's not like my client shot someone who mattered. This kid was never going to be president, thank God. It's his legacy to catch a bullet.

MCKENNA

Hawkins, hold up. Mr. Faruq, get your affairs in order, think very hard about your representation and turn yourself in first thing. Or a no-knock warrant will be issued for your arrest. Can I be any clearer?

DEVLIN

I'll hand-deliver him myself.

Devlin and Navid are on their feet ready to leave.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

And why hasn't Barstow shown his face? What could possibly have a higher urgency than an alleged hate crime during an election year?

(re: McKenna)

Instead, he sics his new nigger on me.

HAWKINS

(to McKenna)

He's trying to knock you off balance, counselor. Don't play into his offensive sense of theatrics.

DEVLIN

You give Tarantino his ghetto pass but I'm offensive? Can't have it both ways, Django. I hope both you boys are big enough to apologize once the truth comes out.

Navid is already out the door. Devlin turns to McKenna.

DEVLIN (CONT'D)

A White man holding a smoking gun stands over the corpse of a Black man. For the sake of argument, a non-Black man is holding the gun. What will people assume happened?

Devlin turns and leaves with a smug look on his face.

CUT TO:

34

INT. DETECTIVES' DEN - AFTERNOON

34

HAWKINS at his desk completing paperwork. MCKENNA enters.

MCKENNA

It's long after sundown and you're still here because...?

HAWKINS

Top's lowering the boom on us about having the Fives completed on time. You think people can change, Witt?

MCKENNA

No. But I've seen it happen. What's the skinny on Peter Devlin?

HAWKINS

Hot shot out of Florida lives here half the year. That court whore loves the law so much he comes during verdicts. What you saw was Devlin on a church Sunday. Three White cops pull a Black driver over in Florida 'cause he "resembled" a suspected felon with outstanding warrants. Driver steps out his car, cops claim he reached under his seat for a weapon, all three empty their clips into him. Turns out the driver was unarmed, just graduated college with honors that morning. Witnesses say the driver stumbled getting out. His arm got caught in the seat-belt. Devlin convinced a white jury the cops were suffering from a mental defect he coined 'racial paranoia'. Got 'em all off.

MCKENNA

Jesus. What makes someone dislike an entire race so intensely?

HAWKINS

They only see what they fear. What they fear is loss of control. How deeply into savagery would your people regress if their perch of white privilege was threatened?

MCKENNA

Put a Black man in the White House
and let's find out.

HAWKINS

Can I take you somewhere tonight?

MCKENNA

Wow. Women really are scarce here.

HAWKINS

Don't even joke like that. Let me
take you to Brazil. A workout dojo.

MCKENNA

Brazilian Jujitsu. Charles told me.
You train to fight, Detective?

HAWKINS

I train to take the other guy down.
My way to thank you for not white-
washing this case. I spoke to some
cats in Chiraq before you arrived.
They say you're a straight shooter.

MCKENNA

I prefer stickler for thoroughness.
Get to know me, you'll learn I'm
heavily invested in all my cases.
Chicago's home to the largest Iraqi-
American community in this country.
I transferred there a few months
before planes flew into the Towers.
Did you know the counter-terrorism
response to 9/11 encouraged racial
profiling? Every other case that
landed on my desk involved bogus
terrorism threats. Civilians crying
wolf on people who were perceived
to be, but were not, Arab or Muslim
with ties to sleeper cells. My
point is when it came to those
profiling Iraqis, Blacks were not
exempt. I don't play the race card
until I've seen the entire deck.
You ever had a gun in your face?

HAWKINS

First time? Back in Mobile. I was
seven. My mother wanted to call the
police. I said to her, "mama, who
do you think was holding the gun?"

CUT TO:

35 INT. BODY FIGHT ACADEMY - EVENING

35

An open bay fighters' gym. COOLEY grabs his sparring partner JASON "OFF-SWITCH" WYLER, sweeps him up off his feet and SLAMS him hard onto the mat. Coaching them is SAMSON, a big, Black, tough-looking fighter in his forties. HAWKINS, STODDARD and other FIGHT-TRAINEES ROOT and observe.

SAMSON

Keep your focus on your opponent.
The issue is not about him reaching
for your gun. It's the submission.
You make the gun the issue, it's
"officer down". If he reaches for
it, he deprives himself of a hand.

COOLEY

(exhausted)

There's no way. No way I can...

SAMSON

Bullshit! Don't tell me there's no
way. There's always a way. You feel
it, Chuck? It's called adrenaline.
Use it to your advantage. Take him!

Cooley scrambles on top of the incredibly agile Wyler, trying to submit him. Cooley manages to encircle his arm around Wyler's neck into a rear naked choke, making it hard for Wyler to breath. Wyler taps out. APPLAUSE for both fighters.

CUT TO:

36 INT. BODY FIGHT ACADEMY - MOMENTS LATER

36

This time it's HAWKINS versus CARTER, a huge refrigerator of a man. Carter wastes no time tackling Hawkins to the ground. As they grapple, Hawkins executes the Gogoplata by slipping his foot underneath Carter's chin until he is able to lock it down with his free leg, catching Carter in the figure-four headlock. Hawkins increases pressure until Carter taps out. A round of APPLAUSE for both fighters.

SAMSON

Way to go, guys. Bigger man is only
a bigger target. Chance of more
snow tonight. Since some of us have
to drive home in it, let's call it
a night. Don't forget Wyler's head-
lining the main card on New Year's
Eve. If anyone wants to fight on
the undercard, take home some extra
cash for the new year, come see me.

Cooley looks up at "Lights Out" promo posters on the wall. He then takes in the other colorful promo posters of past fights decorating the walls. He stops when he recognizes one of the fighters prominently featured on a poster: It's MARLON "Marlboro Man" SWEET in fight stance opposite his OPPONENT.

COOLEY

I knew he looked familiar. Samson, Marlon Sweet trained here?

SAMSON

Years ago. Taught him everything he knows. After he enlisted he fought on the amateur circuit. Brought his little brother Sharif to all his fights. In fact, Marl called me and said he was bringing Sharif to the exhibition match we staged the same night he got shot. Damn shame what happened to the kid. Damn shame. I should show my face at the funeral.

WYLER

You think they'll strap the guy who killed his brother to the injection machine, send him straight to hell?

CARTER

For a Black kid? No wonder they call you Off-Switch, Wyler.

WYLER

Hey, don't make me come over there and pull your off-switch, Carter.

HAWKINS

How was Sweet as a fighter?

STODDARD

No way you'd forget him. Not "The Marlboro Man". No siree. He had a ground-n-pound that made men shit themselves. Shame he didn't go pro.

SAMSON

He was stationed at Elmendorf-Richardson with the 71st when he got discharged. Last I heard he was having a hard time readjusting to civilian life.

COOLEY

I met him. He had that glassy-eyed look on his face. Guy's textbook.

HAWKINS

It's a mad long waiting list for vets who need help. You sacrifice your home and family to serve your country. Because you're bound by a code. Come home and life's moved on without you. You can never get back that time spent in the field.

CUT TO:

37 INT. BODY FIGHT ACADEMY/OFFICE - NIGHT 37

COOLEY, SAMSON, STODDARD, WYLER and HAWKINS are gathered around a TELEVISION watching video footage of an MMA fight.

ON THE MONITOR: A younger, faster MARLON SWEET brutally dominating his OPPONENT in the ring with a lightning-fast series of blows, one after another until the REFEREE ends it.

STODDARD

And that's why he's "The Malboro Man". Once he taps that sweet spot, he will smoke your ass.

CUT TO:

38 EXT. DRY CLEANERS - NIGHT 38

It's lightly snowing. COOLEY exits with a clean police uniform wrapped in plastic flung over his shoulder. He gets into his JEEP CHEROKEE and merges back into traffic.

CUT TO:

39 INT. COOLEY'S HOUSE/HIS BEDROOM - MORNING 39

The police uniform hangs on the back of the door. The door swings open - COOLEY enters dripping wet, wrapped in a towel.

His morning routine begins: trousers pulled up over a toned pair of hips; police-issue shirt buttoned up over regulation cold-weather undershirt; heavy black shoes with thick soles laced up; and a Glock-21 slipped snugly inside its holster.

As Cooley combs his hair...

A KNOCK ON HIS DOOR.

MCKENNA appears with coffee in hand. He's nearly dressed aside from the necktie hanging freely around his neck.

MCKENNA

Morning. Cup of Joe?

COOLEY

(takes it, sets it down)

Thanks. Hey... You got something against the way I make the coffee?

MCKENNA

Only returning the favor. But since you brought it up...

CUT TO:

40 INT. COOLEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

40

COOLEY and MCKENNA enter the den and finish dressing by preparing for the cold weather outside.

COOLEY

I thought we were watching Conan last night. You were pretty unconscious when I got home.

MCKENNA

Blame those Venison Sloppy Joe's waiting for us in the kitchen when I got in yesterday. "Love, Audrey"? You holding out on me, Charles?

COOLEY

My sister. Being on call twenty-four-seven leaves me little time to play house. She keeps me stocked up on groceries. Have a look. There's red salmon, Caribou meat, homemade ice cream - our mom's recipe...

MCKENNA

Well, your sister is one mighty fine cook.

COOLEY

She better be. She owns a food truck.

MCKENNA

What kind of calls you guys get when you're on duty?

COOLEY

Drugs, drinking, domestics mostly. Disoriented is on the rise.

MCKENNA
Disoriented?

COOLEY
Those who wander off. Alzheimer's.
You should schedule a ride along.

Cooley's CELLPHONE RINGS.

COOLEY (CONT'D)
(answers phone)
Cooley... I'm busy this morning...
What does it matter what I'm busy
doing? I'm reading to the blind.
Just log whatever it is 'til I get
there... What about him? ...I'm on
my way to his house now. He's
turning himself in... I'm on it.
(hangs up, urgent)
Ten-thirteen. Shots fired at Navid
Faruq's house.

CUT TO:

41 EXT. ZARA FARUQ'S HOUSE - MORNING

41

Middle Eastern-friendly neighborhood. The 'Police Chaplain'
CRUISER pulls up in front of the single family home alongside
other State Trooper CRUISERS that are barricading the street.
COOLEY hops out of his vehicle. Alarmed NEIGHBORS curiously
stare. Cooley finds STODDARD among the troopers on duty.

COOLEY
Hey, Sawyer. Where's Faruq?

STODDARD
Inside with his mom. Trooper Ross
is with them.

COOLEY
Any witnesses to the drive-by?

STODDARD
Neighbor across the street. He was
outside having a smoke. His wife
doesn't allow smoking in the house.
Says it was an SUV at full speed,
either black or midnight blue,
tinted windows, no plate numbers...

COOLEY
Where's the magic of camera phones
when you need 'em?

STODDARD

Aimed at us. We did recover some nine-millimeter shells off the street before the snow swallowed 'em up.

COOLEY

Leave 'em with me. I'll drop 'em at the lab for prints. Maybe we'll hit pay-dirt, guy's in the system. I'll be inside with the family.

Cooley crosses the slush-covered road to the home's front door and RINGS the BELL. Cooley notices the surprising lack of media present. A very distressed NAVID answers the door.

NAVID

You see what's happening to me?
Everyday I'm crucified in public,
threatened over the phone...

Cooley enters the house.

CUT TO:

42

INT. ZARA FARUQ'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

42

COOLEY moves past NAVID. The atmosphere inside is relatively calm compared to the chaos outside. State Trooper ROSS stands guard in the living room with a shaken ZARA FARUQ, sixties.

ROSS

Chaplain Charlie.

COOLEY

Trooper Ross. Mrs. Faruq... Zara,
are you all right?

MRS. FARUQ

Of course I'm not all right. I was almost shot. What do you suggest we do the next time someone attacks us, Chaplain? Turn the other cheek?

NAVID

See what's happened? People are shooting at my home. My mother could have been killed. It will only get worse if I go to court. I didn't think it would go this far. I should speak out, on my family's behalf. I need to go to the press.

COOLEY

To the press? Look, I am sorry about what's happened. But going to the press right now is not...

NAVID

Hey! We don't want your sympathy. We want some respect. We are real Americans. We're entitled to it. So just do your job and protect us.

COOLEY

(snaps back)

Excuse me, but does it look like I'm kicking back with my feet up?

Cooley catches himself.

MRS. FARUQ

Navid, tell him about the reporters who keep calling. He promised our names would be kept out of the press. They just want to make us look like barbarians.

COOLEY

My source at the news assures me whatever's been leaked to the press is not coming from anyone in blue. A case like this, expect leaks.

(to Navid)

Let's go into the kitchen and talk.

NAVID

Mother, we'll be in the kitchen "connecting on a human level."

Cooley ushers Navid into...

CUT TO:

43 INT. ZARA FARUQ'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

43

NAVID and COOLEY enter and sit at the kitchen table.

COOLEY

Presumed guilty, people turn on you quickly. I don't think your lawyer would go for a press conference.

NAVID

I have to make a statement. I have to explain my side.

COOLEY
And what if it backfires?

Navid is hesitant to respond.

COOLEY (CONT'D)
Just two guys talking.

NAVID
Except one of us is in cop mode.

COOLEY
It's an ongoing investigation, so technically nothing's privileged.

NAVID
I wronged that family. Their child is gone before his time because of me. I did a terrible thing to them.

COOLEY
Is the guilt weighing you down?

NAVID
No. I'm sorry everyday I'm alive. But I reacted in self-defense. The world should know the truth.

COOLEY
Were your shots fired with hatred?

NAVID
I didn't shoot that kid because he was Black. I was protecting myself. How often have you pulled your gun, someone reaches under their jacket?

COOLEY
God didn't deliver the outcome you expected. So your pride took a hit.

NAVID
You think it was God's plan for me to take that boy's life?

COOLEY
Who on this Earth's privy to God's plans? Pride is a sin. Maybe the take-away from all of this is...

ROSS (O.S.)
Chaplain!

TROOPER ROSS comes in interrupting them.

ROSS (CONT'D)

Sorry, Chaplain Charlie. There's a real douche of a lawyer outside demanding to see Mr. Faruq. You want me to shoot him?

COOLEY

Not funny, Ross. But if he makes an improper suggestion... Let him know we're coming out.

CUT TO:

44 INT. ZARA FARUQ'S HOUSE - MORNING

44

On their way out, COOLEY, NAVID and ROSS pass the living room where ZARA FARUQ waits.

COOLEY

Navid, you got someplace safe your mother can stay?

NAVID

She can stay at my girlfriend's. Mother, go and pack some clothes.

MRS. FARUQ

This is my home. I'm staying right here.

COOLEY

Zara, if you choose to stay, then I suggest avoiding the windows and the side of the house facing the street. If it'll help I'll have a car posted outside. Will that help?

NAVID

The police hate us. We were victims of hate crimes after 9/11. We had to hound them to take our reports. Now you expect them to protect us?

COOLEY

Yes. I do.

CUT TO:

45 INT. JAIL BOOKING AREA - MORNING

45

MCKENNA and HAWKINS are present as COOLEY escorts NAVID to the booking counter. DEVLIN trails them.

MCKENNA

(to Hawkins)

The sooner he's processed and arraigned, the sooner I'm on a plane back home for the holidays.

Navid removes his personal effects and places them in a box for the police to inventory and store.

HAWKINS

Navid Faruq, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law. You have the right to an attorney. If you cannot afford an attorney one will be provided for you. Do you understand the rights I have just read you?

MONTAGE: Navid is searched, photographed, and fingerprinted.

CUT TO:

46

INT. ARRAIGNMENT COURT - AFTERNOON

46

MCKENNA, DEVLIN with NAVID stand before JUDGE TILLMAN. Among those seated in the gallery we find MARLON seated a few rows behind COOLEY and HAWKINS. Navid catches a glimpse of Marlon over his shoulder. Navid feels overwhelmed by guilt.

DEVLIN

Released under own recognizance,
your Honor.

MCKENNA

Judge Tillman, Navid Faruq's being charged with a hate crime. And from what I understand this time of year is considered fugitive season. That makes him a flight risk. Remand.

NAVID

(low, to himself)
I did it. I'm guilty.

DEVLIN

(through clenched teeth)
Stop your whimpering and let me handle this.

TILLMAN

Does your client wish to change his plea, counselor?

NAVID

Yes, I do, Your Honor. I'm guilty.

DEVLIN

No, he does not. Your Honor, there has been an attempt on my client's life. Understandably, he's overwrought. He'll stick to his plea of not guilty.

TILLMAN

The court accepts the defendant's plea of not guilty. Mr. McKenna, you get your wish: remand. And welcome aboard.

MCKENNA

Thank you, your Honor.

CUT TO:

47

INT. COURTHOUSE CORRIDOR - AFTERNOON

47

COOLEY and HAWKINS wait outside of the courtroom as some of the participants and visitors file out.

HAWKINS

Did you put a man on the street?

COOLEY

Tried to. "Not in the budget". Any idea who we're shielding 'em from?

HAWKINS

Emotional low achievers with an axe to grind against Mr. Itchy Trigger Finger. People handle grief in different ways. Some fools handle it the ignorant, open-carry way.

COOLEY

Bad news doesn't travel fast enough from here. Where are the headlines, the news trucks camped outside? The media's had more than a whiff.

HAWKINS

With the players involved? "Navid shoots Sharif" doesn't sell, man. Neither will the parents of a dead Black child on the 6 O'clock news.

MCKENNA comes out of the courtroom.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Marlon Sweet was just here. He had to take off. The memorial's today.

MCKENNA

Charles, I hate to ask...

COOLEY

No you don't. But ask me anyway.

MCKENNA

A ride to Anchorage Correctional where Faruq is about to become a guest.

COOLEY

I still have that incident report to write up.

(to Hawkins)

Can you take him?

MCKENNA

(to Charles)

Devlin wants to discuss a plea. And he thinks you should be there too.

CUT TO:

48 INT. ANCHORAGE CORRECTIONAL/VISITORS ROOM - AFTERNOON 48

COOLEY and MCKENNA sit across from NAVID and DEVLIN. Navid sits silently. Angry.

DEVLIN

I appreciate you meeting with us, counselor. I thought we could discuss a mutually agreeable exit strategy without the media circus.

MCKENNA

I'm listening.

DEVLIN

First, I must assert my objection to my client's "meetings" with him.

Devlin's eyes venomously lock on Cooley.

COOLEY

On what grounds? I'm only offering spiritual guidance at your client's request.

DEVLIN

(vehemently)

You believe you can offer spiritual guidance, you Christ-killer? You're an abomination! Every time you take a cock inside of you you're killing Christ! Your very presence is an obscenity. It makes me sick to my stomach to sit in the same room as you. I insist on an apology. Now!

COOLEY

(smoothly)

None will be forthcoming. Never to cowards using the bible to justify bigotry. How's your father, Navid? You get a chance to speak to him?

NAVID

I saw him before I turned myself in. Each time I visit him it's not a pretty picture.

COOLEY

The nursing home bills must add up. If you're not guilty, fight this. So you can take care of your dad.

Tears begin to well up in Navid's eyes.

NAVID

It's not fair. I risked my life Over There. I fought for this country. My country. In the Army I was an asset. Decorated more than the other soldiers in my unit. I come home to look after my family and we're treated like terrorists.

DEVLIN

You call yourself a chaplain, your filthy anal disease, you fag fuck? "If a man lies down with man as he lies down with a woman, he shall surely be condemned to death."

COOLEY

Jesus Christ is my savior. He gives me the strength to live my life with grace and integrity. Therefore I do not accept your condemnation.

(back to Navid)

Navid, this isn't going to work unless you're honest with me.

(MORE)

COOLEY (CONT'D)

(Navid looks down)

Look at me. Was it your intention
to kill Sharif Sweet?

NAVID

Do you have any idea what you're
asking me?

COOLEY

Who got to you, Navid? First it was
a statement to the press. Then it's
pleading guilty during arraignment.
Is someone pushing you to take the
fall for Sharif Sweet's murder?

Cooley reaches into his back pocket, pulls out a small bible
and slams it down in front of Navid on the table.

COOLEY (CONT'D)

Swear on it! If you didn't mean to
kill Sharif Sweet, then swear it.

NAVID

The bible's nothing to play with.

COOLEY

Does it look like I'm playing? Put
your hand on it and swear to me.

DEVLIN

Using the bible against him? That's
coercion. Any statements he makes
I'll get this entire case tossed.

MCKENNA

(warns him)

Chaplain Cooley...

COOLEY

(to Devlin)

Let me shut you down right now. Do
not quote Leviticus to me if you do
not enforce punishment for pork,
shellfish, blasphemy, trespassing,
shaving, disability, incest, mixed
clothing, and your top two vices:
fornication outside of marriage and
prostitution. Yeah, I'm aware of
your frequent visits to Thailand,
your taste for jailbait hookers.
It's called sexual tourism. And
it's federal. Come for me again,
one phone call, I will send you to
places Jesus wouldn't dare go.

Devlin cowers back in his seat defeated. Cooley turns back to Navid.

COOLEY (CONT'D)

The drive-by on your house... Was that a warning? Do you know who's responsible? Are you being coerced?

MCKENNA

We can protect you, Navid.

Navid wants to laugh. Devlin is completely in the dark.

DEVLIN

Navid, is there something you and I need to discuss? Privately?

NAVID

Yeah. How much time would I do if I plead guilty?

DEVLIN

Not another word. Interview's over.

NAVID

(snaps, explodes)

I shot him! Okay? I meant to shoot the nigger! Is that what you want to hear? I'll do time for the hate crime. I don't care. Do whatever is necessary. I want this to be over.

MCKENNA

Twenty to life.

DEVLIN

Out of the question. No way.

NAVID

Yes, I'll do the twenty to life. Let's just get this over with.

MCKENNA

You'll have to allocute to Sharif Sweet's murder in open court.

DEVLIN

No deal. I said no deal. Not until after we've ordered a seven-thirty exam. I'm not sure what the hell just happened here, but this is some bullshit.

Navid passes the pocket bible back to Cooley.

COOLEY

You keep it, Navid. It could save your life.

(beat)

Wear it in your shirt pocket. Stop a shiv from puncturing your heart.

CUT TO:

49

INT. POLICE CHAPLAIN CRUISER (MOVING) - AFTERNOON

49

COOLEY driving, HAWKINS shotgun, and MCKENNA in the back.

HAWKINS

You'd definitely have to be crazy to go from 'stand your ground' to 'It's nigger season'. Just goes to show, you can never tell about people. Faruq wants to plead to a hate crime, he should do the max. You should've accepted his plea.

MCKENNA

And ignore the fact that Devlin is possibly laying the groundwork for a mistrial? You really want to put that past him?

HAWKINS

Devlin knows he'll get Navid off. It will be an all-white jury, this is Alaska, and he will hammer every possible Black stereotype into the jury's heads until he strikes gold.

COOLEY

Devlin seemed genuinely surprised when Navid changed his tune.

MCKENNA

Which you believe was compromised.

COOLEY

I'd like to think if he pleads guilty it's because he is guilty. Not because he was forced.

HAWKINS

Why force him? The evidence proves beyond a reasonable doubt Navid did kill Sharif Sweet. Who profits from Navid going on the record with a guilty plea? It makes no sense.

COOLEY

Rennie, you're making our usual stop, right? Because I'm-a jonesin' for some Strawberry Rhubarb.

HAWKINS

Simpatico, bro. Ask if the Chocolate Banana's ready-made.

CUT TO:

50 EXT. PEGGY'S RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON 50

Classic Alaskan diner. Cooley's CRUISER pulls into the parking lot. COOLEY jumps out of the vehicle and goes inside.

CUT TO:

51 INT. POLICE CHAPLAIN CRUISER - AFTERNOON 51

HAWKINS and MCKENNA watch COOLEY in the diner ordering pies.

MCKENNA

This place is...?

HAWKINS

A sacred spot between the precinct and the pokey for pancakes or pie.

MCKENNA

I'll add it to the list then. You live comfortably? No moonlighting?

HAWKINS

I tended bar, square-badged a few times after my daughter was born. That's it. You agree with Chuckie? You think Faruq was compromised?

MCKENNA

He's made some valid points. What if Faruq was making an announcement to whoever it is that benefits from his guilty plea? Why else go public with a press conference after there is an attempt on his life at home, or his freedom in the courtroom?

HAWKINS

Maybe he really was overcome by the heat of the moment. Or maybe he was giving someone a show.

MCKENNA

Someone's following this case very closely, obviously. Someone has eyes on him. During the arraignment did you recognize anyone noteworthy in the courtroom?

HAWKINS

You mean besides Marlon Sweet?

Through the windshield, Cooley gives Hawkins the thumbs up.

CUT TO:

52 EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

52

FAMILY and FRIENDS attend Sharif's burial ceremony, braving the cold weather. The BLACK PASTOR renders his final eulogy.

BLACK PASTOR

How long do we weep over our babies because others see their skin color as a thing to fear and destroy, not celebrate and encourage? I am here to tell you that there is power in weeping. Power that can shame a country to change. Make our country pay attention. We do not respond to violence with violence. We protest.

COOLEY and SAMSON are among the mourners. MARLON stands with his PARENTS, holding each one's hand. Cooley spots an SUV with tinted windows pull up and brake. Whoever is inside is observing them from within the warmth of the vehicle.

Cooley slips away and approaches the vehicle. He taps on the driver's window. It rolls down revealing LENORE RAINES, 28, pretty, and blonde. There is something familiar about her but Cooley can't place it yet.

COOLEY

Horrible thing, the loss of a child. Did you know the deceased?

LENORE

(befuddled)

Uh, yeah. Briefly. Chaplain, I'm...

COOLEY

Are you press? Some I.D., please.

Lenore digs into her purse for her wallet.

LENORE

You don't remember me? I'm the nurse you spoke to at the hospital. You were looking for Dr. Arnbjørg?

Cooley recognizes her now.

COOLEY

(off her I.D.)

Ms. Lenore Raines.

LENORE

A lot of people don't recognize me out of my uniform. You know what I mean. Dr. Arnbjørg hasn't been to work since you came looking for her. I thought I'd see her here.

COOLEY

She was close to Sharif. Must be hard for her. Thank you for taking time to come and pay your respects.

LENORE

I didn't think I'd be welcomed at the funeral. Me or my boyfriend. He wanted to come too. But being held without bail prevents it. He turned himself in to the police recently.

COOLEY

He turned himself in? Is he trying to put us out of work?

LENORE

I'm talking about Navid Faruq. He's my boyfriend. You look cold. Hop in and warm up. We should talk.

CUT TO:

53 INT. LENORE'S SUV (PARKED) - AFTERNOON

53

COOLEY and LENORE observe the burial from inside.

LENORE

Just when I had given up on men, Navid walks into my life. We met at the job. He was a teacher then, had his own home. When he lost his job he moved back home with his mother. We're saving up for a house together. We're getting married.

COOLEY

Congratulations. Now, do you want to gossip or talk turkey?

LENORE

You're a police officer. I need your help.

COOLEY

I'm low on the food chain, Lenore. What do you expect me to do?

LENORE

You have no idea what it's like to love a man who's seen combat. It's like he's never out of it. The way he gets stressed out. Two tours from the bush to the sand and back home both times. Sometimes I wish Navid would see a doctor, or talk to someone.

COOLEY

I can't open him up more than he'll allow himself. He's careful what he says to me. No expectation of confidentiality makes it harder for me to pull him in. He never opened up to Dr. Arnbjörg during their sessions? Or am I wrong assuming he was her patient? You did say you met him at your job.

LENORE

If he was a patient of hers, it is confidential. And we met at my former job. At the nursing home. His dad has a very aggressive form of M.S. Navid and Zara admitted him the day we met.

COOLEY

I'm not sure what it is you want me to do, Lenore. I can't solve cases in one episode. I'm just a grunt.

LENORE

I need to know if depression runs deep in that family? Find out how Navid's brother died. Really died.

COOLEY

Navid's brother? What does he have to do with any of this?

LENORE

I arranged for Dr. Arnbjörg to meet with Samir, Navid's brother, at the coffee shop across the street from the hospital. I wasn't there, so I can't say with certainty what happened. Except that Samir had a massive heart attack and died ten minutes later after talking to her.

COOLEY

A heart attack? Sounds like you may have answered your own question.

LENORE

I was told he had a heart attack. Every time Samir's name comes up, Navid and Zara change the subject. Zara's hard-core about suicide and being buried in consecrated ground.

COOLEY

Why do you think he's suicidal?

LENORE

Look at Samir's "before" pictures. Then tell me if he looks like a man who would one day shrivel to the size of a skeleton afraid of his own shadow. Samir was the man women would sacrifice their firstborn to marry. He would tack an extra mile on to his morning runs. The day I met him, Samir was afraid to leave his own house. Navid said he was living with depression.

COOLEY

You don't believe Samir had a heart attack because he was suicidal? Is it that important for you to know?

LENORE

To know if depression runs deep in the family? It is very important to me. Navid won't talk to me, but his lawyer keeps me up. Navid's going to be examined by a court-appointed shrink. If two tours, his brother's death and depression triggered some sort of P-T-S-D, won't it save Navid from doing hard time?

COOLEY

Your concern for Navid indicates his working at Emerald Cove was not in his best interest. Especially if he's undergoing post-combat stress.

LENORE

You know the Board of Ed offered to reinstate Navid if he dropped the lawsuit? But he turned it down. It would have meant more money. But can you blame him if he's gun shy?

CUT TO:

54 EXT. COOLEY'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

54

COOLEY is about to enter his home when the front door swings opens. MCKENNA comes out hauling his luggage to his car.

MCKENNA

There you are. Come to see me off?

COOLEY

What? You're leaving already?

MCKENNA

Isn't that how it's done? You get off work early you go home? I still have an entire condo to ship here.

Cooley is disappointed. Or hurt. He relieves McKenna of one of his bags and helps ferry it to the car.

COOLEY

You didn't say anything last night.

MCKENNA

I had planned to stay another day and indulge in the fine Japanese Tourist tradition of "capturing the moment." This morning I woke up, changed my mind and my flight.

COOLEY

When will you be back?

McKenna climbs into the driver's seat.

MCKENNA

Dry your eyes, darling. I'll be back my original start date in the spring. A week before court prep.

COOLEY

Invest in blackout curtains. They will come in handy. Unless you like your nights bright and shiny.

MCKENNA

I'll do that. The stress of moving. It goes without saying how much I appreciate what you've done for me here. I'll say it anyway 'cause you like hearing it. Thanks, Charles. For being the brother I never had. Promise you won't shake things up while I'm gone?

COOLEY

I'll try not to step on any toes.

MCKENNA

I don't believe you. You know why?

COOLEY

Because I'm a nosy White boy?

MCKENNA

Marlon Sweet was in that courtroom.

COOLEY

Is that unusual? He's the brother.

MCKENNA

Not unusual. But too obvious. See?

COOLEY

You're saying Marlon Sweet forced Navid Faruq to confess to killing his brother? Why? He was impatient?

MCKENNA

Anything you need, you have Irene Dawson's number. Anything not work-related, Skype me. Merry Christmas. And put your tree up already. What kind of chaplain are you?

Their handshake turns into a hug. Their friendship sealed.

COOLEY

I'll see you in the New Year.

Cooley watches McKenna drive off into the horizon. He stares out at the wintry, suburban landscape feeling totally alone.

CUT TO:

55 EXT. SIGRUN ARNBJØRG'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

55

Cooley's JEEP CHEROKEE pulls up to the house. COOLEY, dressed in his civvies, gets out and heads to the front entrance. He RINGS the BELL. Beat. No answer. He RINGS the BELL again. No answer. Cooley tries the doorknob. Unlocked. He steps inside.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

A WOMAN carrying a "For Sale" SIGN under her arm appears from around the corner of the house.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

If you're here for a preview, you should call. The open house is in two days. You're not a flipper stealing an early peek, are you?

COOLEY

I'm looking for the resident, Sigrun Arnbjörg. Did she move?

CUT TO:

56 INT. SIGRUN ARNBJØRG'S HOUSE - MORNING

56

The house is empty. Stripped completely bare. Every piece of furniture removed. No evidence anyone ever lived there. The REAL ESTATE AGENT inspects the house as COOLEY looks around.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

I got the listing last Tuesday, "the sooner the better", he said. His moving crew cleared out the house as if a hurricane was coming. All Mr. Sweet said was that he's relocating for work and had a funeral to attend in a few days.

Cooley pulls out his cellphone and produces an image of Marlon - from one of his fight posters. He shows it to her.

COOLEY

Is this the man who came into your office?

She barely looks at the photo.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

Not him.

COOLEY

Another look at the picture please,
ma'am? It's very important.

REAL ESTATE AGENT

I'm positive that's not Mr. Sweet.
I'm not colorblind.
(of the house)
First look is everything.

COOLEY

Marlon Sweet, the man you met with
at your office, was white?

CUT TO:

57 EXT. OLD GLENN HIGHWAY - AFTERNOON 57

Cooley's JEEP CHEROKEE coasts along the road towards the hill-
side community of Chugiak, twenty miles north of Anchorage.

CUT TO:

58 EXT. HAWKINS'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 58

A custom log home with plenty of character and views over-
looking Anchorage. Cooley's JEEP CHEROKEE pulls up. COOLEY
climbs out and crosses to the front door. He RINGS the BELL.
HAWKINS answers in work-clothes covered in renovation filth.

CUT TO:

59 INT. HAWKINS'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON 59

HAWKINS is in the open kitchen washing his hands vigorously.

HAWKINS

I'm re-tiling the shower. This
couldn't wait til I'm on the clock?

COOLEY

Navid Faruq is being charged with a
hate crime.

HAWKINS

As he should be. The evidence
supports it. He confessed.

COOLEY

Could you dig deeper before you
close this thing as a hate crime?

HAWKINS

He was given every consideration. His story had chinks. You're not withholding information, are you?

COOLEY

Of course not. I've been very forthcoming about our sessions.

HAWKINS

Then just do your job and you'll be rewarded accordingly. Is that it?

COOLEY

I don't see a lot of ice in his veins. What if he's suffering from some sort of post-combat trauma?

HAWKINS

Or what if Marlboro Man convinced him to do the right thing?

COOLEY

There's gonna be blowback on this if there's a measure of truth to Navid's self-defense claim.

HAWKINS

Which side of the fence does your loyalty lie? Who else knows you're hauling water for the other team?

COOLEY

This isn't about taking sides. I'm asking if all bases were covered.

HAWKINS

By offering up an alternate angle when evidence proves he murdered that boy in cold blood? Wow, I'm not resenting being second-guessed at all.

COOLEY

Look, a bad shooting does not make someone a racist. Or a murderer.

HAWKINS

This is grits and gravy to you. But I wear the damn badge, I avenge the dead. You can hold your breath waiting for his confession. But I'm gonna be the rare brother who caught a cab and savor this moment.

COOLEY

Did you choose to be black?

HAWKINS

What do you mean, "did I choose"?

COOLEY

Did you choose to be black? How often have I heard you bitch about being hated on because of your race, which was not a choice? And then turn around and hate on me for something which was not a choice.

HAWKINS

Are you gonna always hang that over my head? I apologized for that.

COOLEY

You apologized after you discovered your teenaged daughter enjoys pussy as much as you do.

Cooley already regrets what he said. Hawkins is heated.

HAWKINS

Really? Bringing my baby girl into this? You're gonna disrespect me like that in my own fucking house?

COOLEY

I'm sorry... I am so...

HAWKINS

Shit I told you in confidence? Chaplain? What? You wanna raise up? You wanna raise up? I'm right here.

COOLEY

Please, forgive me. I am truly sorry. That was inexcusable. I am so... I'll leave. Okay? I'll leave.

Awkward silence. Beat. Cooley starts to leave. Then he stops.

COOLEY (CONT'D)

Just one thing: I'm looking for Sigrun Arnbjörg. Will you help me?

HAWKINS

More grunt work? Even if I wanted to, I have a load of real cases. And I don't appreciate you working any of them behind my back either.

COOLEY

Something's happened to her. She's disappeared.

HAWKINS

Disappeared? Well, how 'bout that? Did next of kin file a report? Once it's on paper it becomes official.

COOLEY

You may have been the last person to see her. She hasn't shown for work. Her house is for sale. And the realtor told me the Marlon Sweet she met with was a White man.

HAWKINS

Okay, you have my attention. What about witness protection? Put in a call to Blake Anderson. See if she's one of theirs. I have a lead to follow on one of my milk-carton cases first thing. I'll call you if or when I find out anything after.

COOLEY

Thank you. Again, I apologize. My mouth sometimes gets the better of me...

HAWKINS

(forced)

Water under the bridge. We good?

COOLEY

One more thing? I have to ask: If you feel that strongly, about race, why do you only date white women?

HAWKINS

If you know any sisters in all of Alaska who are not paired up and aren't afraid to fish, hike and get their hair wet, please, hook me up.

CUT TO:

60

EXT. ANCHORAGE ISLAMIC CENTER - EVENING

60

The Jeep Cherokee slips into the parking lot. COOLEY jumps out into the cold and hurries inside.

CUT TO:

61 INT. ANCHORAGE ISLAMIC CENTER - EVENING

61

COOLEY enters. The beautiful, rhythmic CHANTING of EVENING PRAYERS chimes throughout the resplendent Mosque. Imam KALIM AL-NOOR greets Cooley.

COOLEY

Imam Kalim. You've been playing hooky on me these last few months.

KALIM

Our congregation has grown three-thousand strong since these doors opened. Leaves me little time for police ride-alongs and donut runs.

COOLEY

Three thousand? I had no idea there were that many Muslims in the city.

KALIM

We're just as diverse as any other religious community, from Anglo to Negro to Eskimo. We're not just the state's first Mosque. We're a safe haven for the growing Muslim and Middle Eastern communities. We hold both Muslim and Christian services here. You should come and speak.

COOLEY

On a related note, I just inherited Reverend Villareal's ministry at the Elks Lodge Retirement Center. I go where I'm sent and give them my one-hundred when I get there.

KALIM

As long as you love what you do.

COOLEY

Have there been any threats here, Kalim?

KALIM

Threats are a simple fact of life for those of us who don't fit the 'all-American' norm. You know that.

COOLEY

Any since Navid Faruq's arrest?

KALIM

Nothing that's been brought to my attention. Did you come here to ask me to step in as Navid's spiritual counselor? He's just as Christian as you, my friend. You'll do fine.

COOLEY

There's more going on with him than he's willing to share with me. What can you tell me about the family?

CUT TO:

62 INT. ANCHORAGE ISLAMIC CENTER/KALIM'S OFFICE - EVENING 62

KALIM reaches inside his mini-fridge, pulls out a couple of bottled waters and tosses one to COOLEY.

KALIM

Zara Faruq is a true asset to the community. She volunteers here and assists with families relocating to Alaska. You know, with housing and medical assistance, employment and legal services. She helps families acclimate to the Alaskan lifestyle. Before she retired she worked thirty years at Child and Welfare.

COOLEY

This stays between us - are we talking about illegal immigrants?

KALIM

Do you know how many millions of Iraqis have fled their country and how many thousands are granted asylum? Lower forty-eight refugee centers call us to help lighten the load with resettlement services for those who made it over the hump.

COOLEY

Did Navid volunteer his services?

KALIM

Certainly. Navid believes in giving back. Especially after losing his job as a teacher. Navid's fluent in Arabic and Aramaic. He'd translate or help clients with their English. It made him feel really useful.

COOLEY

And what about his brother Samir?

KALIM

Did he volunteer? Never had the time. His work kept him on the road a lot. Samir was an engineer.

COOLEY

On the Alaskan Railroad?

KALIM

Mechanical engineer. He was some kind of project manager with Renoble. He was always traveling.

COOLEY

Renoble Oil?

KALIM

Renoble Global now. They're thinking ahead to energy alternatives.

COOLEY

Did Samir suffer from depression prior to his death? Is there a history of depression in the family?

KALIM

I'm not at liberty to speak about that. I know you want to help Navid. But investigating him could hurt him in court. And his family.

COOLEY

Hurt them? How do you mean?

KALIM

Charlie, I know you. You're a die-hard truth seeker. You work in a building full of detectives. You're not going to let this go. So I am going to change the subject.

CUT TO:

KALIM walks COOLEY through the luminous sanctuary to the exit.

KALIM

In the bible, a widow with very little money gave it all away. To live free from the love of money and be content with what she had.

COOLEY

The widow with two coins. "No servant can serve two masters."

KALIM

You can't serve both God and money. I don't have to tell you how people have abandoned faith in pursuit of money, nor at what cost. What's a top money-maker in this country?

COOLEY

Land, drugs, human trafficking...

KALIM

Fear.

COOLEY

Fear?

KALIM

Absolutely. Madison Avenue makes a mint manipulating our insecurities. How we must look younger, slimmer, own material objects or brand names to feel worthy as human beings. The latest marketing campaign: the war on terror. I'll spare you my 9/11 conspiracy theories because you're tired and want to get home under the covers. National security is big business. And for it to work effectively the country needs the illusion of progress. But what people know and what they see are two different things. Optics.

COOLEY

I should never leave my thinking cap at home before working out.

KALIM

Here's a hypothetical: A local Muslim suspected of terrorist-related activities is taken from his home, detained and tortured by his fellow citizens. He's never heard from again.

(MORE)

KALIM (CONT'D)

And his family fears jeopardizing their residency status by reporting him missing. His fellow citizens who abducted him, did they do it for God and country? Or did they do it for the gold?

COOLEY

"Either he'll hate the one and love the other. Or he'll be devoted to the one and despise the other."
 Luke. Hypothetically, how many local Muslims are we talking about?

KALIM

This year, locally, that I'm aware of? Maybe a dozen. Hypothetically.

CUT TO:

64 INT. BANK - MORNING

64

Bank manager's office. ANNA SWEET ushers HAWKINS inside as she returns to her desk.

MRS. SWEET

You didn't come to open an account with us, did you?

HAWKINS

This is my bank. I'm having trouble reaching Sigrun. Can you help me?

Hawkins sits.

MRS. SWEET

She and I aren't exactly BFF's. She didn't even show at Sharif's funeral. Some "big sister".

HAWKINS

Her phone goes straight to voice-mail. Her home is empty, all the furniture gone, house for sale...

MRS. SWEET

Hopefully she took a powder, now that Marlon finally had the sense to kick her to the curb. At least she was good for something. My son never met with the realtors when they were house-hunting.

(MORE)

MRS. SWEET (CONT'D)

He was positive their "swirl" would influence the realtor's decision to sell to them or boost the asking price. Maybe Sigrun retreated to whatever backwoods she came from. I really can't concern myself with that now. God just took my baby from me. It wasn't that long ago I was reading to him every night.

HAWKINS

How can I get in touch with Marlon? I'm sure he would know where I can find his wife, contact her family.

MRS. SWEET

He left right after the funeral, returned to work. Very hush-hush.

HAWKINS

What's the best way to reach him?

MRS. SWEET

Marlon rarely tells us where they send him, so much risk involved. I still remember him coming home the day after he was discharged from the Army. He wasn't the same man.

HAWKINS

I'm sorry. Did he seek help?

MRS. SWEET

He got thirty days of counseling. Before his benefits lapsed.

HAWKINS

Lapsed? Did your son receive an honorable discharge from the Army?

MRS. SWEET

To my knowledge. Why?

HAWKINS

He deserves more. Do you know which private military firm he works for?

MRS. SWEET

He would sometimes ask us to forward his mail to a P.O. Box in care of Star Wars or something. I can't be sure. We'd get e-mails, calls on the holidays, birthdays... The sensitive nature of his work.

HAWKINS

To your knowledge, he's never been treated for combat-stress trauma?

MRS. SWEET

I know these are routine questions you must ask, Detective. But you are driving in the wrong lane if you think my Marlon is responsible for Sigrun's disappearance. Please assure me you're not pinning that woman's disappearance on him. Because if you do, I'll come after you. Hard. I just lost one son.

CUT TO:

65 INT. RENOBLE GLOBAL/RECEPTION - MORNING

65

COOLEY is seated, waiting to be seen. Behind the reception desk is the logo for "RENOBLE GLOBAL". Business executive DOUGLAS HATHAWAY steps into reception area and finds Cooley.

HATHAWAY

Officer, I'm Doug Hathaway. Come with me. We'll talk in my office.

Cooley follows Hathaway down the passageway to his office.

HATHAWAY (CONT'D)

You're asking about Samir Faruq. Great guy to work for. Always made you feel like an important part of the team. He's really missed here. I really feel sorry for his family. We all got to know each other at the company picnics and functions.

COOLEY

Then I'm sure you're aware of his brother's legal trouble. I'm Navid's spiritual counselor. What I'm trying to do is put Samir's death into some sort of context.

HATHAWAY

Yeah... Whatever they did to Samir over there really broke him down to his very soul. Samir's actual death was nothing more than a formality.

COOLEY

And where was this again?

Hathaway stops Cooley before they enter his office.

HATHAWAY

Our lawyers urged everyone to never
revisit this matter with anyone.
This was at Samir's insistence.

COOLEY

(produces his cellphone)
Tell you what, since we're whipping
'em out, run this past your lawyers
and I'll get our new Deputy
Attorney General here while he's in
town. I can ask him to come and
join us. For the sake of formality.

CUT TO:

66 INT. HATHAWAY'S OFFICE - MORNING

66

HATHAWAY returns to his desk where he left his breakfast.
COOLEY sits across from him, proud he bluffed his way in.

HATHAWAY

(re: breakfast)
You mind? I have a full day, and if
I don't get this down in me now...

COOLEY

Knock yourself out.

HATHAWAY

Renoble has equity in several oil
companies based in Baghdad. Samir
was senior engineer on a drilling
project. American sentries came to
the hotel where we're having dinner
and took him. Just like that, no
reason given.

COOLEY

Took him? You mean Abu Ghraib?

HATHAWAY

We suspected. But that's the thing.
No one knew where Samir was being
held. This went on for two weeks.
We knew there had to be a mistake.
Calls were made on Samir's behalf,
until contact was made with some
higher-ups in Baghdad who demanded
his immediate release. That took
another week.

COOLEY

I thought we withdrew the last of our troops back in December 2011?

HATHAWAY

Plenty of private security's been in and out of there since the new U.S. Embassy began construction.

COOLEY

So, am I to understand an American citizen was targeted, held against his will and possibly tortured? How was all this kept quiet?

HATHAWAY

Did you just fall out of the womb? How else?

Hathaway rubs his thumb and two forefingers together: money.

CUT TO:

67

INT. COFFEE SHOP - MORNING

67

A line full of CUSTOMERS. COOLEY is talking to the MANAGER.

MANAGER

Guy drops dead of a heart attack in my place of business, you think I'd forget some shit like that?

COOLEY

Take me through the day. Samir and Navid, the brothers, arrived first?

MANAGER

Guy who died, the older one, was not a regular. He comes in with the younger guy, his brother. They met with one of my morning regulars who comes in for her usual Double-shot Espresso. Don't know her name but definitely works at the hospital. She's talking with the brothers maybe a few minutes. Then she's back in line ordering a Danish, she's staying awhile. And that's when... It was the weirdest thing.

COOLEY

Go on, let's hear it.

MANAGER

Well, a young black man comes in and starts making out with the lady doc. I put it out of my head once I saw the matching wedding bands. But that older brother... He sees them going at it, goes totally ape shit, starts yelling something in another language. He drops to the ground, shaking like a fish out of water, and I'm thinking this guy must be racist as hell to react like that. The lady doc tries to help the guy out, "everybody clear the area", but the black guy pulls her off of him and drags her out of the shop.

COOLEY

Anything else happen after that?

MANAGER

An ambulance arrives in less than two minutes from across the street. Good thing the hospital's there. A few times we've had to carry people to the E-R from here.

COOLEY

What did you serve them?

CUT TO:

68 INT. DETECTIVES' DEN - MORNING

68

HAWKINS is at his desk busy on the computer. COOLEY comes in with two cups of coffee. One lands on Hawkins's desk.

COOLEY

My first cup of the day. Can you believe it?

Cooley pulls up an empty chair next to Hawkins's desk.

COOLEY (CONT'D)

Cards on the table? I may have bitten off more than I can chew.

HAWKINS

We'll table that discussion for later. And next time, focus on the smaller picture. Official cause of death for Samir Faruq?

COOLEY

Congestive heart failure. At least it was designed to look that way to those who care enough about him.

HAWKINS

Smaller picture. Remember?

COOLEY

Then how about this for a smaller picture: Samir Faruq was kidnapped and tortured in Baghdad by rogue mercenaries prior to his death.

HAWKINS

Shit. Here's the sweetener: Marlon Sweet received a Chapter five-thirteen discharge from the Army.

COOLEY

I'm sure it's not a biblical verse.

HAWKINS

A preexisting personality disorder discharge. Basically it says that a soldier's medical problems are not a result of combat trauma, but from a mental disorder that existed prior to enlistment. Bottom line: the military is not on the hook for any long-term medical care.

COOLEY

So a soldier can risk years of his life, bleed for his country, but when he returns home Uncle Sam drops him like a safe. That reeks.

HAWKINS

Thousands of soldiers have been hit with Five-Thirteens. The temporary benefits they get won't allow them to get their head together. They'll have a tougher time finding work. Some turn to mercenary firms. Like Sweet did, now that his worth is measured by his kills. Blackstar's head of U.S. Operations is Skyping me back any second now. Any clue which outfit tortured Faruq?

COOLEY

No. You mentioned Blackstar. Is there any reason to suspect them?

HAWKINS

About half a billion reasons. They scored the Pentagon's largest military contract in Iraq.

The SKYPE RINGTONE WARBLER on Hawkins's computer.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Talk about timing. Privacy, please?

Cooley moves out of view of the monitor's camera. Hawkins answers the call. The stern face of NATHAN BENEKE in his office appears on the computer screen.

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

Nathan Beneke. Thank you for getting back to me.

BENEKE

How can I help you, Detective?

HAWKINS

Some background on one of your men?

BENEKE

If I can. What's the name?

HAWKINS

Sweet. First name Marlon.

We HEAR Beneke TYPING on his keyboard.

BENEKE

He was one of ours. Tough as nails.

HAWKINS

He's not your Joe anymore?

BENEKE

I cut him loose three months ago at the insistence of one of our former shrinks. She described him a loose cannon more than capable of taking work home with him.

HAWKINS

In other words he went rogue?

BENEKE

If any of our contractors takes matters into their own hands by refusing to comply with domestic and international laws, they will be held accountable.

HAWKINS

Can I have a peek at Sweet's file?

BENEKE

Normally I'd put my lawyers on you, National Security being what it is. Since he's no longer one of ours...

HAWKINS

I'll give you our Fedex account number.

BENEKE

I'll do you one better. Shoot me your e-mail address and I'll send you a P-D-F copy of his file.

HAWKINS

(types)

E-mail address... Sent. I presume doctor-patient privilege prevents your shrink from talking to me?

BENEKE

That and marital privilege.

Hawkins and Cooley exchange looks.

HAWKINS

Sigrun Arnbjörg's one of yours?

BENEKE

She was. Sweet hand-picked her to be a part of his interrogation team. It's how they met three years ago. Is there anything else?

CUT TO:

69

INT. PRECINCT/MEN'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

69

COOLEY and HAWKINS are alone. HAWKINS flips through pages of the file he printed out on Marlon Sweet.

HAWKINS

Some security consultant. Numerous letters of reprimand for excessive force, abuse of authority... Rape accusations! Well, prisoners have been known to "fall" on things. No wonder Beneke wanted distance from him. He probably spends his Fridays setting fires to baby animals.

COOLEY

What did Sigrun do for the team?

HAWKINS

She supervised the stressers Sweet implemented during interrogations to gather intel. Stress positions, sleep deprivation, solitary, ice baths...

COOLEY

All of which could have helped along the heart attack that killed Samir. This is the connection to Sharif's death. Samir recognized Sweet as his torturer at the coffee shop right before he died in front of Navid. And that sets Navid off.

HAWKINS

So, Navid goes out and shoots the wrong brother? Grasping at straws.

COOLEY

Not if he's the right brother. Eye for an eye? Brother for a brother?

HAWKINS

Revenge isn't a hall pass to commit murder. If Navid Faruq purposely sought out that boy, then Sharif's murder was wholly intentional.

COOLEY

Marlon isn't forcing Navid into a guilty plea. Navid is protecting whoever's responsible for his brother's death. His family was given financial compensation in exchange for their silence.

CUT TO:

70 INT. ANCHORAGE CORRECTIONAL/VISITORS ROOM - DAY

70

It's just COOLEY and NAVID this time.

COOLEY

I want to believe you, Navid. I'm in your corner. But this evidence stinks of premeditation. Extreme emotional disturbance, maybe.

(MORE)

COOLEY (CONT'D)

But you planned Sharif's death for months with remorseless efficiency. You stalked him like prey. You followed him, familiarized yourself with his routine, the guard job... Self defense, fabricated bullshit.

(beat)

I'm often asked what I dream about when I sleep. I dream about the countless, murdered children I've come across and I wonder what they would have achieved if they lived. The four-year-old who couldn't stop crying, drowned by his own mother, he may have discovered a cure for Parkinson's. The eight-year-old viciously raped by her father. Or Sharif. He could have been an astronaut. A historian. A parent. Listen to me because this is the job I was given to do: You are a child of God. God's children obey the law. An eye for an eye makes the whole world go blind. If you do feel justified by your actions, own it. But if you want to do this the hard way... A family is grieving the loss of their young son. You're looking to go in for a long time. It's sad. You're all Zara has now. Your mother's lived a full life. She understands death. Loss. She understands forgiveness. The best you can do right now is give your mother that one thing to remain loyal to. Give your mother her son to love. Can you do that? For her?

NAVID

(beat)

Samir never knew their names. Their name tags were taped over. He said he would never forget their faces. Especially the bastard who lead him around on all fours by a leash. No one would listen to him. The things they did to him. I couldn't get the visuals out of my head. It did something to me. Enraged me. Lenore gave me his name. I just wanted the bastard hurt. I wanted him to feel the pain I felt. For a long time.

CUT TO:

71 INT. PEGGY'S RESTAURANT - AFTERNOON 71

COOLEY sits alone eating pancakes, lost in thought.

CUT TO:

72 INT. COOLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 72

COOLEY lets himself in. He's beat. He takes off his coat and throws it on an empty chair. On the couch, LOTUS is asleep underneath a blanket. Cooley dials a number stored in his cellphone's memory.

COOLEY

Wanna talk about it?

LOTUS

(without opening her eyes)

The usual father-daughter shit.

CUT TO:

73 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - NIGHT 73

HAWKINS is in the rear of the van with a team of plain-clothes COPS on a stakeout. His CELLPHONE VIBRATES.

HAWKINS

(into phone)

Can I call you back? I'm sitting in on a stakeout.

CUT TO:

74 INT. COOLEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 74

COOLEY roots around in his refrigerator for something quick to eat.

COOLEY

(into phone)

Lotus is here.

CUT TO:

75 INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - CONTINUOUS 75

RESUME w/HAWKINS. He exhales a SIGH of relief.

HAWKINS

She needs time to cool off and remember who the parent is. Can I swing by in the morning?

CUT TO:

76 INT. COOLEY'S HOUSE/KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS 76

RESUME w/COOLEY. He sticks a plate of Sloppy Joe's in the microwave and sets the timer.

COOLEY

No problema.

He hangs up.

CUT TO:

77 INT. COOLEY'S HOUSE/BEDROOM - NIGHT 77

COOLEY is in bed, with an empty plate beside him, watching a rerun of *The Golden Girls*.

ACTOR ON TV

"It makes me want to kiss you, Josie."

COOLEY

(recites with 'Blanche')
"Mind your manners, Biff. We're at the Fourth of July picnic. The whole town is here."

ACTOR ON TV

"The hell with this town. Come away with me."

COOLEY

"But you're a drifter, Biff. I can't just pull up stakes and run off with you."

ACTOR ON TV

"Please reconsider, Josie. You're the prettiest girl in the county. I need to have your answer now. What's it gonna be?"

COOLEY

"I want you to take me, Biff!"

His CELLPHONE RINGS, causing Cooley to jump as if he had been caught in the act.

COOLEY (CONT'D)

(answers)

Yeah? ...Blake Anderson. You got something for me? ...How hard is it to set up a meet? ...What if we happen to conveniently cross paths?

CUT TO:

78 I/E. JEEP CHEROKEE - AFTERNOON

78

COOLEY sits in the driver's seat dressed in a suit under his parka, and snacking on homemade grilled cheese sandwiches. A bouquet of flowers lay beside him on the passenger's seat. He's surveilling the cemetery where Sharif was buried.

COOLEY'S POV: A conspicuous, armored SUV pulls up to the curb near Sharif's grave. A WOMAN wrapped in hooded fur coat steps out accompanied by a FEDERAL MARSHALL type who follows her to Sharif's grave. She stands at the grave while he keeps a safe distance, allowing her privacy as she quietly mourns.

Cooley grabs the flowers and gets out of the vehicle.

CUT TO:

79 EXT. CEMETERY - AFTERNOON

79

COOLEY pretends to search for Sharif's gravesite, going from one grave to another, until he finally approaches the woman. The FEDERAL MARSHALL moves in a few steps closer.

COOLEY

Is this the kid who was shot? I read about it, wanted to come.

WOMAN

It is.

MARSHALL

Sir, you mind taking several steps away from the woman?

WOMAN

He's okay. He's just here to...

COOLEY

What do you say to parents who lost a child? I choose to say nothing.

She locks eyes with Cooley. It's SIGRUN. They speak in hushed tones.

SIGRUN

Please do not attempt to contact me again. As far as you're concerned you're seeing pink elephants.

COOLEY

I know the drill. There are people concerned about you.

SIGRUN

I had to disappear. Or else I'd end up in a watery dump-site in the Gulf fifty miles off Seward's shoreline with the rest of the bodies. The man I married is not that man anymore. I just wanted to feel safe again. You think I wanted to turn on my husband? Things had been getting bad for months. Him coming home was a reminder. The arguments escalated and ended with him threatening to get his gun.

COOLEY

Which only proves how unstable he is. I saw it in his eyes when I met him. There's a lot of heat on this.

The armored SUV's DRIVER emerges from the vehicle, concerned. The Marshall follows his cue.

MARSHALL

Ma'am, is everything okay? Sir, take a few steps back, please.

SIGRUN

He's a minister. He was just...

MARSHALL

Back in the vehicle, ma'am. Now!

COOLEY

(to the Marshall)
Sir, my name is Charles Cooley...

The Bodyguard pulls his gun and aims it at Cooley.

BODYGUARD

I don't care if it's Humpty Dumpty. Down on the ground. Now! Ma'am, back to the vehicle.

Sigrun hurries back to the SUV as Cooley kneels.

COOLEY

I'm a police officer, badge number
4-7-6.

MARSHALL

You didn't see any of this, Officer
Cooley, badge number 4-7-6. You'll
be hearing from us. Very soon.

He keeps his weapon trained on Cooley until he is back inside the SUV. They peel off. Cooley catches a glimpse of the plate number. A glimpse is all he needs.

CUT TO:

80 INT. POLICE REPORT ROOM - AFTERNOON

80

COOLEY is on one of the computers fishing for information. He opens the DMV mainframe and enters the license plate number.

WOMAN (O.C.)

Officer Cooley, badge 4-7-6?

Cooley looks up. JANICE WOLVERTON is a smartly-tailored woman in her forties carrying a pair of heavy shopping bags.

WOLVERTON

The desk sergeant said I'd find you
here.

COOLEY

You must be the special-kind-of-
pain-in-my-ass I was warned about.

WOLVERTON

Assistant U.S. Attorney Janice
Wolverton. I'm dying for lunch.

CUT TO:

81 INT. PRIVATE CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

81

COOLEY and WOLVERTON sit opposite each other in the busy cafe. Wolverton is relieved to let go of her heavy bags.

WOLVERTON

I had to get this last-minute
shopping in. Since it's just me
working, my husband's become the
parent and I'm the paycheck.

A WAITRESS arrives at the table to take their order.

COOLEY

I already know what I want. Red
Chair Salad and Iced tea.

WOLVERTON

That sounds yummy. I'll have the
same, please.

Once the Waitress leaves...

WOLVERTON (CONT'D)

Who else have you talked to?

COOLEY

No one. Should I call my PBA rep?

WOLVERTON

You're a chaplain so I'll take your
word for it. Marlon Sweet's been on
our radar for some time now, for
crimes above your pay grade. Crimes
which fall under the category of
domestic terrorism, you did not
hear that from me... Having his
wife "missing" or "dead" helps us
tighten the noose around his neck.
He'll get sloppy and make mistakes.

COOLEY

You're basically telling me what I
need to hear to move forward.

WOLVERTON

I'm asking you to stop fishing.
There's too much on the line.

COOLEY

Does this have anything to do with
bodies buried in the Gulf fifty
miles from the Seward shoreline?

WOLVERTON

We sent divers. Whatever was down
there was cleaned up. When the
leash is on, Sweet's an invaluable
asset protected at all costs. But
when the leash is off...

COOLEY

Then I shouldn't be surprised
you're turning your back on him. He
did risk his life for this country.

WOLVERTON

Sweet is so wound up, his patriotic duty doesn't stop at erasing enemy combatants. He's taken out law enforcement for suspecting him, children he felt may one day grow up and seek revenge... There's only so much that can be written off as collateral damage. His wife called knowing what she was up against. We picked her up on a witness scoop, stashed her someplace safe. It's best she's presumed dead. Sweet's rep as a loose cannon and his wife's disappearance makes him both unpredictable and expendable. And if I'm his employer...

CUT TO:

82 EXT. KENAI RIVER - MORNING

82

Thick snow blankets the woods and trees on both sides of the Kenai River, resembling a winter wonderland.

We FOLLOW the MOTORBOAT as it cuts through small chunks of ice forming in the river. The MOTORIST is dressed head-to-toe in cold-weather gear, his face masked. He motors past secluded, riverfront cabins spaced along the shoreline.

The ROAR of a CHAINSAW grows LOUDER and LOUDER as he reaches the floating dock of one property,

CUT TO:

83 EXT. FISK CABIN - AFTERNOON

83

DYLAN FISK, 42, White, rugged, outdoors-y type, is cutting up firewood with his chainsaw when he sees the motorboat parking at his dock. Dylan cuts the chainsaw's power, instinctively reaches for the pistol holstered across his chest and moves tactically toward the dock. As he closes in...

DYLAN

(calls out)

HELLO? WHO'S THERE?

The MOTORIST secures his boat to the dock and then pulls off his hood and face mask. DYLAN is pleasantly surprised to see it's COOLEY.

COOLEY

You're a hard man to find, Dylan.

DYLAN

It's not like I'm out here social networking. How did you find me?

Cooley pulls a heavy duffle bag out of the boat, opens it, and pulls out a heavy stack of mail addressed to Dylan.

COOLEY

A very handsome bush pilot, whose residence is listed as your current mailing address when I ran your social. He wanted me to remind you how eagerly he's looking forward to New Year's Eve.

DYLAN

Owen has two daughters from his marriage. He spends every other weekend and holiday with them. That and his job makes his visits few and far between. It's not just the heart that grows fonder, stud.

COOLEY

Convenient he's a pilot. Since the only way here is by plane or boat.

DYLAN

Duffle bag looks heavy. Moving in?

COOLEY

Would you like me to? I'm your Secret Santa this year. I brought provisions from the supermarket.

DYLAN

I don't get a lot of company. Come in, stay for lunch. Need some help?

COOLEY

I got it. Give me the grand tour.

Cooley slings the duffle bag over his shoulder and follows Dylan off the dock. They pass the fish-cleaning station.

DYLAN

Cleaning station, conveniently located next to the river. I can scale fish and all the waste pipes out into the river, which keep the bears from paying me a visit.

COOLEY

Nice. The water off the bank is shallow, faster. You must get your run of red salmon out here.

DYLAN

The reds come in thick here. And having the river outside my front door... You should visit when it's warmer. Wake up, take the gear out, and throw your line in the water. I tell ya, there's nothing like it. Wasn't that our game plan once upon a time: couple of old men, in the river fishing, over discussions of "back in the day"?

They trudge towards the beautifully-built, stilted, log cabin home and its neighboring storage shed.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

I'm trying to live without leaving a carbon footprint. My laptop runs off the solar panels.

COOLEY

That should stop global warming.

CUT TO:

84 INT. FISK CABIN - AFTERNOON

84

DYLAN and COOLEY enter. Clean, cozy open-living space with a homesteader feel. The wood stove is the cabin's centerpiece. A refrigerator, stove and sink in the kitchen area. A bed and dining table. The low-ceiling loft can be reached by ladder. A sofa sits under the picture window overlooking the river.

DYLAN

The wood stove keeps me warm in the winter.

COOLEY

A working refrigerator.

Cooley sets the duffle bag on the dining table, emptying the dry goods from inside it, and storing items in the cabinets.

DYLAN

Powered by propane. The tanks are under the house. The chinking in the walls keeps the house airtight, and the mice out.

(MORE)

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Doors and windows are bear-proof.
The loft over your head's for
guests.

COOLEY

Running water?

DYLAN

Pumps in from the river so I'll
never run out. Check out what's
behind door number one.

He gestures to a closed door beside the kitchen. Cooley looks
inside - a functioning bathroom with toilet, shower and sink.

COOLEY

You have a shower.

DYLAN

Unlimited hot water fueled by the
propane. Plus a flushing toilet.

COOLEY

Pretty upscale for remote living.
You're really classing up these
woods. What's the building outside?

DYLAN

Storage. Wood, snowmobile, meat.

CUT TO:

85 INT. FISK CABIN - AFTERNOON

85

COOLEY and DYLAN utilize every inch of kitchen preparing
lunch. A pot of Halibut Stew is on the stove. Cooley slices
and marinates moose steaks, Dylan peels red potatoes. Both
men working with a rhythmic precision perfected over time.

COOLEY

You happy sleeping out here inside
a pile of logs?

DYLAN

You know I've always preferred the
simple life. I've taken a page out
of the homesteader's manual as per
your parents' retirement pact and
reinvented myself out here. Isn't
that what happens after a bad break-
up?

COOLEY

Ask someone older and less handsome. You and Owen... Find what you're looking for with him?

DYLAN

He's not the love of my life. But we give each other what we need. So, why are you really here? You didn't go through the trouble of tracking me down because you're feeling the holiday spirit. Or are you back to sleeping with men?

COOLEY

I wanted to see how the other half lives.

Dylan is not amused.

COOLEY (CONT'D)

I need to talk to you. Blackstar Security came up in conversation.

Dylan's eyes suddenly swell with anguish.

CUT TO:

86 INT. FISK CABIN - AFTERNOON

86

COOLEY and DYLAN eat lunch. On the table between them: Caesar salad, marinated moose steaks, and seasoned red potatoes.

DYLAN

I bailed before the quicksand got past my knees. The things I saw and heard pulling guard duty in that place kept me up nights. It goes on for months and no one says a thing, scared to say anything... The trouble I had adjusting when I got home. My mother pleaded with me to see someone. Anyone. I came to you.

COOLEY

And I behaved inappropriately, taking advantage of the situation.

DYLAN

It takes two, Charlie. I'm a grown-ass man. I let it happen. I'm not blaming you. At least we got three good years out of it. Right?

COOLEY

If you left me because I was too insecure, or aggressive because of my temper, I've been seeing a...

DYLAN

(changes the subject)
Why did you want to talk about Blackstar?

COOLEY

I may have a constitutional crisis on my hands. A watchman's act of self-preservation just escalated into American citizens held and tortured by their own government. A local gun-for-hire may have taken matters into his own hands. And I'd like to know what I'm dealing with.

DYLAN

There's a playbook Blackstar issues new hires after the ink's dry: Legal techniques for the detention and interrogation of unlawful enemy combatants. A how-to manual on abducting, illegally detaining, abusing secret detainees and how to avoid prosecution.

COOLEY

And who are these secret prisoners?

DYLAN

Not prisoners. Detainees. Geneva Convention. They are anyone withholding terrorism-related information. Their identities, location, and reason for detention are never released.

COOLEY

Weren't the gates to places like Abu Ghraib closed to prevent this?

DYLAN

Shutting down Abu Ghraib was just for show. Do you know what a black site is? A hidden location where secret detainees are ghost-trained and stashed for far more "enhanced" questioning without due process. It could be on land, sea... George W himself confirmed their existence.

COOLEY

So what happens to these ghost
detainees when questioning's over?

DYLAN

They vanish. Forced disappearances.
No one claims responsibility 'cause
there's no proof of their deaths. I
heard some were dropped from planes
into the ocean while still alive.

Cooley pushes his plate back. He can't stomach anymore. He
looks outside the window. The sun is already setting.

COOLEY

Gets late so early. I should go,
get my deposit back on the boat.

DYLAN

You staying in Soldotna?

COOLEY

At the Lodge. Gotta hit the road
early. It's a three-hour drive back
home and I have a sermon to prepare
for Sunday morning. I'll change out
my light-bulbs and save some polar
bears. Christmas is around the
corner. I should put my tree up.

DYLAN

Holidays are just another day to me
out here. Charlie, you're not in
any trouble, are you?

COOLEY

No, nothing like that.

DYLAN

Stay here tonight. For my peace of
mind. I'll show you something you
haven't seen in a long time.

COOLEY

You coming on to me, Dylan?

DYLAN

Hey. Ain't no friend like an old
boyfriend. It's the best time of
year to see 'em. When nights are
longer and the skies are darker.

COOLEY

Northern lights.

DYLAN
For old time's sake?

Cooley strongly considers Dylan's offer.

CUT TO:

87 EXT. FISK CABIN - NIGHT 87

Trees bristle in the cold wind. An ominous sheen saturates the woods. Establish.

CUT TO:

88 INT. FISK CABIN - NIGHT 88

Embers CRACKLE in the wood stove. COOLEY is in bed asleep. He reaches across the bed for Dylan. He isn't there.

DYLAN (O.S.)
Charlie, wake up.

Cooley slowly stirs to life.

COOLEY
(drowsily)
What's up?

DYLAN is awake and slipping into a sweat suit and some boots.

DYLAN
There's someone outside.

Cooley bolts up, totally awake and alert.

COOLEY
You sure? Maybe it's a animal.

DYLAN
Live here long enough you can tell the difference.

Cooley, in his underwear, jumps out of bed and gets dressed.

COOLEY
Hold on. I'm going with you.

Dylan secures his rifle.

DYLAN
You carrying?

COOLEY
My off-duty weapon.

CUT TO:

89 EXT. FISK CABIN - NIGHT

89

The darkness is near-impenetrable. COOLEY and DYLAN exit the cabin armed with their weapons, their FLASHLIGHTS piercing the formidable darkness blanketing the night. They separate and move in opposite directions circling the cabin. The thick layer of snow muffles their footsteps.

Dylan is halfway around his side of the cabin, his rifle straight-armed, his barrel-hand holding onto his flashlight. The trees seem to come alive within the flashlight's beam.

Cooley has half-circled his side of the cabin, step after instinctive step. The faintest sounds capture his attention. His eyes fixed on what his flashlight reveals in his path. Cooley and Dylan regroup behind the cabin.

DYLAN
Nothing. No footprints...

COOLEY
Living alone's made you jumpy.

DYLAN
I was so sure... Maybe it was an animal. Let's get back inside.

COOLEY
Yeah, let's. It's too 'Blair Witch' creepy out here for me.

They return inside the cabin.

CUT TO:

90 EXT. FISK CABIN - MORNING

90

COOLEY and DYLAN are at the dock hugging each other goodbye.

DYLAN
You'll come back and see me?

COOLEY
Give me 'til spring?

DYLAN
I'll be here. Careful getting home.

COOLEY

Hey, we'll do some fishing, buddy.

Cooley boards the motorboat, waves goodbye and motors away as Dylan watches him disappear around the bend from view.

Dylan treks back to his cabin. He is about to go inside when the sharp CRACK of GUNFIRE ECHOES -- Blood and skull EXPLODE from Dylan's head as he drops limply to the ground.

CUT TO:

91 EXT. KENAI RIVER LODGE - MORNING 91

COOLEY heads inside through the main entrance.

CUT TO:

92 INT. KENAI RIVER LODGE - MORNING 92

COOLEY at the front desk with the CLERK.

COOLEY

I'd like to settle up. Last name
Cooley. I'm just getting my things.

The Clerk looks up his reservation. Cooley heads to his room.

CUT TO:

93 INT. KENAI RIVER LODGE/HOTEL ROOM - MORNING 93

COOLEY lets himself in with his key. It is the slight movement of shadow that causes Cooley to draw his gun and aim it at the INTRUDER sitting on the bed. Cooley relaxes his grip on his gun when he sees who it is.

COOLEY

Marlon.

MARLON sits calmly on the bed.

MARLON

I'll spare you the small talk. You have brought considerable risk to yourself. I'm specifically warning you to seek justice elsewhere.

COOLEY

And I'm grateful you took the time to break in and set me straight?

MARLON

You can't begin to imagine what's in store for you if anybody besides myself knew how entrenched you are. Would you want to spend the rest of your life looking over your shoulder? Understand I take no pleasure in killing but I don't get off on it either. I don't enjoy it.

COOLEY

Did you just threaten me to kill me? You think you can kill me, a White cop, and get away with it?

MARLON

If I wanted you dead... You went above the call of duty for my parents when Sharif died. You were there for them when they needed someone. And that carries weight.

COOLEY

And I'm stupid enough to believe that based on your line of work? I go outside, your overwatch puts two between my eyes.

MARLON

I'm asking you nicely to put what you know out of your head. Okay? You're too young to die of a heart attack.

COOLEY

If you're willing to let me live, then what would another act of human kindness cost you?

MARLON

What would I gain? You don't know how high the stakes are here.

COOLEY

I know you can't serve two masters. The paycheck's twisted you so badly you don't know which end is up. You were a soldier. You fought for our country. And now your patriotism's for sale to the highest bidder. It's a fine line between patriots and common killers these days, I'm learning.

MARLON

Don't ever question my patriotism. I save American lives. I will not apologize for doing my job. Do you want insurgents walking the streets of our country? It's harder for you to see the big picture. Trust me. It's much bigger than Alaska.

COOLEY

Samson back at the dojo mentioned you saw action straight out of high school after you enlisted.

MARLON

Fallujah. Right after 9/11. I was assigned to interrogations. Being shot at and bombed at every other day. The gunfire, IED's, stepping over body parts... Hard to shake.

COOLEY

I have a moral objection to murder. Regardless if it's government-sanctioned. I have a bigger problem with men and women putting their lives on the line only to be short-changed by their government. You're a soldier following orders who's been dismissed as a liability. You don't have to do this anymore. Why are you doing this?

MARLON

Not significant.

COOLEY

Navid Faruq can always turn on you.

MARLON

You think you can squeeze Faruq to get to me? Son of a bitch murders my brother, people cheer him as if he committed some coup de grâce. Way I was raised, someone shoots an unarmed victim he forfeits his right to freedom.

COOLEY

Then someone's taking liberties with the law because you, my friend, should be in jail.

MARLON

Sometimes just being yourself is
punishment enough.

Cooley grabs his coat and overnight bag.

COOLEY

Best thing I can say about myself,
I always did the right thing. I'm
free to leave?

MARLON

Am I holding you hostage?

Cooley leaves the room without hesitation.

CUT TO:

94 EXT. KENAI RIVER LODGE - MORNING 94

COOLEY comes out of the hotel. He scans the area, unnerved by the possibility of being targeted for murder, before heading to the parking lot. He throws his coat and overnight bag into the trunk of his JEEP CHEROKEE, jumps inside and speeds off.

DISSOLVE TO:

95 EXT. COOLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 95

Bright Christmas LIGHTS illuminate the contours of the house. Multi-colored FLICKERING LIGHTS on the Christmas tree radiate ceremoniously in the living room window.

CUT TO:

96 INT. COOLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT 96

Half-eaten takeout pizza sits on the coffee table. COOLEY is on the couch surrounded by freshly-wrapped Christmas gifts. Cooley finishes another soda listening to Christmas MUSIC.

The DOORBELL RINGS. Who could it be at this hour? Cooley answers the door and is surprised to see it's OWEN LANDAU, a powerfully-built man, forties, his eyes red from crying.

COOLEY

Mr. Landau. What are you...?

OWEN

Owen. Please.

COOLEY
 What are you doing here? Is
 everything all right? Is it Dylan?

CUT TO:

97 INT. COOLEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

97

COOLEY is very emotional. There are tears in his eyes. OWEN moves closer towards him, puts a comforting arm around his shoulder.

COOLEY
 You found him?

OWEN
 I flew there to, you know, leave
 him his Christmas gift, check on
 him, see how he was doing...

COOLEY
 Check on him? Or check up on him?

Owen quickly recoils from Cooley.

OWEN
 How dare you? How fucking dare you?
 You know, I had a bad feeling about
 you the morning you knocked on my
 door looking for him. Yes, your
 being alone with him bothered me.
 Excuse me for being human. But the
 look in his eyes whenever your name
 comes up... I wanted to blame you
 for his death. I wish I could blame
 you. Finding him out there like
 that, frozen in the snow... Alone.

COOLEY
 I underestimated your relationship.
 And I apologize. Can I get you
 anything? Some pizza, perhaps?

OWEN
 Honestly? I'd love some pizza.

Owen helps himself to a slice. Cooley summons the courage to confess.

COOLEY
 Dylan's death is my fault. Someone
 wanted to send me a message. Remind
 me who I was dealing with.

OWEN

What? You know who killed him?

COOLEY

I do. But I can't prove it. And if I could, I don't think he'd be held accountable.

OWEN

Why the hell not?

COOLEY

I'm not at liberty to discuss it.

OWEN

So, whoever killed Dylan won't face any murder charges. Is that what you're saying? That's unacceptable. Is there anything you can tell me?

COOLEY

You mean anything that won't get you killed like it did Dylan?

OWEN

I spent a lot of time in the field when I was a Navy Seal. Not so much anymore because I have my two girls to think of. But I gotta tell you, right now, this moment, there is nothing I won't do to give Dylan some justice. What are you willing to do to avenge his death, Charles?

COOLEY

Whatever it takes. Within the law. As far as I'm concerned, he's lost every last bit of sympathy I had for him. And his family.

OWEN

Good. I'm counting on that. Because I really want this bastard's head. You play chess? Dylan and I played chess a lot. There's a defensive move in chess called castling. The only time more than one piece can be moved when it's your turn. You, he'll see coming from as far as Russia. That works in my Rook's favor. Whoever he is will pay for what he did to Dylan. I promise.

CUT TO:

98 INT. MERRILL FIELD, PRIVATE TERMINAL - DAY

98

Through the window, we see a private plane being refueled. MARLON sits in the lounge operating his iPad. He looks up in time to see HAWKINS with two STATE TROOPERS approaching him.

HAWKINS

Marlon Sweet. Come with us, please.

MARLON

Am I under arrest?

HAWKINS

We can go there. On your feet.

The Troopers confiscate his things as Hawkins cuffs Marlon.

MARLON

You wanna tell me what I'm being arrested for?

HAWKINS

The murder of Dylan Fisk. Despite popular belief, Chuck Cooley is not the type to lie back and take it up the ass. Marlon Sweet, you have the right to remain silent. Anything you say can and will be used against you in a court of law...

They escort Marlon out of the terminal.

CUT TO:

99 INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S/CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

99

COOLEY (in uniform) and HAWKINS enter and find IRENE rising from the conference table with a lawyer, COREY MURDOCK.

IRENE

Officer Cooley, Detective Hawkins, this is Corey Murdock, attorney for Stillwater Security and Risk Assessment, Mr. Sweet's employer. He's here on Mr. Sweet's behalf.

MURDOCK

I'll keep it brief. My client's presence is required in Jordan. Without revealing too much, a security detail's cover has been blown behind enemy lines.

(MORE)

MURDOCK (CONT'D)

His skills as an interrogator are urgently needed to locate them.

COOLEY

What does this mean?

HAWKINS

It means they're waving the flag and Sweet's walking.

MURDOCK

My client is a federal contractor protected from prosecution during all official operations.

COOLEY

Is that code for Diplomatic immunity?

IRENE

I'm sorry, Chaplain. But there will be no indictment filed against Mr. Sweet. On behalf of the District Attorney's office I apologize for any inconvenience we caused your client.

MURDOCK

Thank you. American lives are at stake. Have a Merry Christmas.

On that note, Murdock leaves the office.

COOLEY

You've prosecuted with much less, Irene.

IRENE

You heard him. This office has no jurisdiction. And if I'm charging someone like Sweet, I need more than circumstantial evidence.

HAWKINS

You know Stillwater Security is a front for the Toolshed. It's one of their most played-out aliases.

COOLEY

What is the Toolshed?

HAWKINS

Toolshed's the final frontier. The heavy-duty dark lords.

(MORE)

HAWKINS (CONT'D)

These mother fuckers you contract to send into Satan's battlefields. Toolshed's who you call for jobs legit PMF's like Blackstar can't do. Black ops. And off the books.

IRENE

How do you know all of this?

HAWKINS

I keep my ear to the streets. And I explored all of my options when I left the marines. Very thoroughly.

COOLEY

And Marlon Sweet works for them.

HAWKINS

Let's not question his motivations without questioning our country's.

COOLEY

You know he's gonna come after me.

HAWKINS

You did declare war on him when you had him arrested. You're unfinished business to him now. Don't worry, Chuckie. You know we got you. Irene, you and yours coming to my Christmas party tomorrow night?

IRENE

Who do you think's doing all the cooking at my house tonight and tomorrow? Is Happy Hour still on?

HAWKINS

You bet. What about you, Chuckie? What are your Christmas plans?

COOLEY

Deliver toys to the children at Anchorage Regional in the morning. Christmas service at the Elks Lodge. Dinner at my sister's...

HAWKINS

Audrey's catering my Christmas party tomorrow night. You may as well come. You shouldn't be alone.

CUT TO:

100 EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

100

HAWKINS walks COOLEY to his car.

COOLEY

Why did you become a cop?

HAWKINS

I can't sing and I won't steal. You know I'm in Marlon Sweet's corner. I'm very defensive when it comes to our military. He's been in combat since he was eighteen, a kid just following orders. In some ways he's still in it. But he's beyond the point of no return. The best way to help him is to put him down. I'm sorry. But no man should spend his life living in fear, looking over his shoulder. He made it clear he won't stop at just you. Those you care about, they'd be at risk too.

COOLEY

Still talking me down off the ledge? I'm good, Rennie. I'm on solid ground now. I got this.

Cooley gets into his car. Hawkins watches him drive off.

CUT TO:

101 INT. GUN RANGE - DAY

101

The TARGET, a silhouette of a human head and torso, flutters in the air as it's riddled with bullets. Each shot tightly grouped in the shoulder and upper thighs. The gun is empty. COOLEY turns to the police firing range's FEMALE COACH once he clears his chamber, keeping it aimed down range.

COOLEY

Clear.

COACH

Are you re-qualifying?

COOLEY

Putting him down long enough to cuff him.

COACH

And long enough for him to shoot back at you.

COOLEY
Some of us became cops to save
lives, you know.

CUT TO:

102 EXT. SWEET HOUSE - MORNING 102

A Car Service BENTLEY turns into the driveway. The suited DRIVER gets out, crosses to the front door and KNOCKS. MRS. SWEET answers the door. The Driver's possesses a pleasant, non-threatening demeanor.

MRS. SWEET
Merry Christmas. He'll be right
out.

DRIVER
I'll wait in the car, ma'am. And a
Merry Christmas to you as well.

He returns to the car and gets back into the driver's seat.
We recognize the Driver as OWEN LANDAU.

CUT TO:

103 INT. AUDREY'S HOUSE - MORNING 103

AUDREY, White, 33, is in her robe cooking up a storm. Dishes and platters cover every inch of counter and table space in the kitchen and adjoining dining room. COOLEY lets himself in using his key, hauling Christmas gifts inside.

COOLEY
Merry Christmas, sis.

AUDREY
I called you three times...

COOLEY
I was in the middle of service.

AUDREY
And left three messages reminding
you to pick up more baking pans.

COOLEY
I didn't have time. I just came to
drop these off. You had this month
and last month to prepare for
today. Why weren't you ready?

AUDREY

Wait until you have children.

COOLEY

I'm delivering Rennie's order. I'll stop at the store on my way back.

AUDREY

What good will that do me when I need them now? You have any idea how many dinners I'm preparing?

COOLEY

Free of charge? I didn't think so.

Cooley's PHONE BEEPS.

AUDREY

What do you think mom and dad will do out there in the woods all by themselves this Christmas?

COOLEY

Probably each other.

AUDREY

Thanks for putting that image in my head, Charlie.

Cooley checks his message - an attached picture message was sent: A selfie of MCKENNA wearing a SANTA HAT and making a goofy expression. Cooley shows it to Audrey.

COOLEY

Check it out. It's Witt. His last Christmas in Chicago before his big move here.

AUDREY

Just how interested is he in you?

COOLEY

Probably not as interested as you'd like him to be. So, before you put us in a hot tub together...

AUDREY

Just friends? No chance of more?

COOLEY

Audrey, it's not a coin toss.

AUDREY

Straighter than nine-fifteen, huh?
Just what this state needs -
another eligible bachelor. A good-
looking lawyer too. I'd give him a
tumble. Except I have Slater and
three kids, presumably his, coming
back from my mother-in-law's
traditional Hallelujah breakfast.

COOLEY

You'd never be accused of putting
your needs ahead of mine. And
that's why I love you, you bitch.

AUDREY

Then promise me you'll stop putting
other's needs before your own. It
would be nice if you met someone
who appreciated you and didn't need
saving. Or your savings. Last thing
I need is to help my brother pay
his mortgage because some skank-a-
zoid he fell hard for greased him.

COOLEY

Sweet Jesus, Audrey. How long ago
was that?

CUT TO:

104 EXT. SWEET HOUSE - MORNING

104

MARLON comes out of the house with his luggage saying his
good-byes to his PARENTS. OWEN helps him load his luggage
into the trunk, then they get into the car and leave.

CUT TO:

105 INT. BENTLEY (MOVING) - MORNING

105

OWEN behind the wheel. MARLON in back relaxing.

DRIVER

Where to, sir?

MARLON

Merrill Field. Let's try to get it
right this time.

Marlon tries to slip in a nap during the drive. As he drives, Owen reaches into his leather bag seated on the passenger seat. He pulls out a sharp, stainless-steel COBRA SPIKED-KNUCKLE KNIFE, made popular by its movie-namesake starring Sylvester Stallone. Owen's eyes burn with menace.

CUT TO:

106 INT. JEEP CHEROKEE (MOVING) - MORNING 106

COOLEY driving along the highway. Cooley's eyes suddenly widen. He slams the brakes - there's a loud SCREECH and a heavy THUNK! He's collided into something.

CUT TO:

107 EXT. SEWARD HIGHWAY - MORNING 107

Growing traffic is at a standstill. An Alaskan State Trooper cruises past the traffic to the scene of the accident, lights illuminating the night. COOLEY steps out of his vehicle.

Trooper STODDARD emerges from his Cruiser and surveys the scene: An injured MOOSE lying in the middle of the road in pain, bleeding, its legs broken.

STODDARD

Chaplain Charlie, you okay?

COOLEY

The moose just came out of nowhere.

STODDARD

Where are you headed?

COOLEY

I'm delivering Rennie Hawkins's party platters for my sister.

STODDARD

For the party tonight. You going?

COOLEY

No choice. The passenger train only runs once a month this time of year, so my parents have to do without me this year.

STODDARD

Looks like he's hurt bad. We have to hurry and move him off the road. Give me a hand, will ya?

Cooley doesn't move.

COOLEY
Sawyer... You'll have to dispatch
him. I'm sorry, but I don't see any
other way.

Stoddard inhales deeply, realizing what he has to do. He reaches inside his Cruiser and pulls out a SHOTGUN and HEADPHONES to muffle the shotgun's blast. He aims at the moose, locking eyes with the animal. Stoddard registers the suffering in its eyes. He hesitates, his hands trembling.

COOLEY (CONT'D)
Careful. You don't want the bullet
to ricochet and hit someone.

Stoddard lowers the shotgun.

STODDARD
I didn't think it would be this
hard. I was with Fish and Wildlife.
Protecting both people and the
natural resources... How do I bring
myself to that level to do this?

CUT TO:

108 EXT. GLENN HIGHWAY - MORNING 108

The BENTLEY coasts along the highway normally. It suddenly begins swerving erratically, across lanes, driving off the highway until it finally comes to a stop. Beat. OWEN calmly exits the Bentley. He buttons his overcoat tightly with his gloved hands and walks to Merrill Airfield in the distance.

CUT TO:

109 EXT. SEWARD HIGHWAY - MORNING 109

COOLEY gently relieves STODDARD of the shotgun and headphones.

COOLEY
Here, I'll do it. My least favorite
part of the job, but I'll do it.

Cooley puts the headphones on, then aims the gun steady at the base of the animal's skull. As his finger tightens on the trigger, WE CUT TO BLACK SCREEN.

FADE OUT.