

TO PROTECT AND SERVE

Written by

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INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

We hear the muffled sound of a RADIO playing love songs. Two plates of half eaten bloody steak sit on the table.

The distressed face of a focused man -- ANDREW (32). He hovers over the sink as his hands scrub at the blade of a chef's knife. He grabs a nearby bleach bottle, sprays the knife then continues to scrub.

A hint of red colors the water as it flows down the drain.

He pauses, turns off the faucet, reaches for a paper towel, and dries off the knife before sticking it back in the butcher block.

Andrew walks upstairs toward the music and opens the bedroom door.

BEDROOM

A WOMAN'S BODY (33) lies on the floor in a cop uniform. Stab wounds gape on her chest. Andrew sits on the edge of the bed.

ANDREW

I told you... Now look at what  
happened. You turned me into a cop  
killer...

Andrew stares at the body and zones out before we hear the DOOR BELL RING downstairs. Andrew gets up, grabbing his gun and holster from the night stand, and walks down the stairs into the

LIVING ROOM

We can see a POLICE OFFICER through the window set in the door. Andrew composes himself tucking his gun into his waistband. He takes a deep breath, walks to the door, and opens it.

OFFICER

(chuckling)

Took you long enough. Shit, I  
didn't wake Hannah, did I?

Andrew smiles and shakes his head "no" as walks back up the stairs. He comes down dressed in a cops uniform.

ANDREW

Let's go protect and serve.

FADE TO BLACK: