

1-8-7 DETROIT

Pilot Episode

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Mandeville Films/Television
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1-8-7 DETROIT

Pilot

ACT ONE

FADE IN ON:

INT. PALACE OF AUBURN HILLS ARENA - NIGHT

Verite' style, we're following a Caucasian Detective (FITCH), and a few other detectives, through a concourse tunnel into -- A PACKED ARENA where a Detroit Pistons basketball game is on. They meet uniformed cops waiting at the top of an aisle.

UNIFORMED COP

He's in row F, 32 Jersey.

Two detectives head to the next aisle as Fitch spots a white suspect in the stands wearing a Piston's jersey, number 32.

And now we're following Fitch and the cops down the aisle toward the suspect. Detectives also come from the other side. As cops cut into his row from both ends, the suspect freaks and starts climbing over seats, making his way down.

And now the whole chase is playing out on the JUMBO-TRON in front of 25 thousand fans.

The suspect gets to the court, running through the game. Pistons Guard Richard Hamilton comes out of nowhere and clothes-lines the suspect, dropping him. Ironic, cause, he IS number 32. In seconds, Fitch is on the guy, cuffing him.

FITCH

Lawrence Tate, you're under arrest
for the murder of Kenneth Small.

Fitch throws a nod up at Hamilton - 'Thanks'. Hamilton fist pumps Fitch and the whole stadium ERUPTS IN CHEERS!

Fitch stands up with the suspect and turns, WALKING RIGHT INTO THE CAMERA. He leers at the lens, irritated, and warns--

FITCH (CONT'D)

Stay out of my face!

And as he drags the suspect past us, BUMPING THE CAMERA, we realize we are watching a polished, edited documentary television series.

A DRIVING GUITAR RIFF cuts in, that's right, the kick-ass opening of Kiss's, "DETROIT ROCK CITY" blares as we CUT TO OUR INTRO:

THE ICONIC DETROIT SKYLINE. Sun glints off the skyscrapers as a Narrator's objective '*Frontline*'-esque voice, tells us-

NARRATOR (V.O.)

1-8-7 is the police radio code for homicide. Block for block, Detroit has more homicides than any city in the U.S. For the people who live here, it's a fact of life. But for the men and women of Detroit's Homicide unit, it's their life's work.

The full band KICKS IN and now we know we're in for a ride. As the skyline becomes silhouetted, its buildings MORPH into letters that spell out our title--

1-8-7 DETROIT

EXT. AERIAL OVER DETROIT - NIGHT

We are high over the city - looking down. And what we're about to hear, is unfolding somewhere in that unknowable tangle of lights below. OVER PICTURE, a 911 dispatcher fields a call from an eerily calm man. His voice is hard to make out, so the conversation is subtitled--

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

911, what's your emergency?

MAN (V.O.)

Woodrow's Drugstore. They're some people shot up in there.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

How many people, sir?

MAN (V.O.)

I don't know.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

Did you witness the shooting?

(long beat)

Sir, did you see the..?

MAN

I didn't see BLEEEEP!

CLICK - the man hangs up, and we-

CUT TO:

A PHOTO OF A BABY, still in the womb. And just when we're thinking this is some kind of forensic nightmare related to that 911 call, we hear--

MAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
That's him! The king. Heir to the throne, comin at you in 3-D, baby!

INT. CAR - MOVING FAST

ON AN AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN (MID-20'S) He's in the passenger seat, and as he holds the baby photo up to his boyish, indomitably optimistic face, he gushes-

AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN
Don't he look like me?

We FREEZE briefly on his goofy expression as text appears:

'DETECTIVE DAMON WASHINGTON, Detroit Homicide - first day.'

WASHINGTON
Due date was last week so my first day on homicide could be his first day in the world. Crazy! Yeah, you'll know when he comes too, cause you're gonna hear this...

Washington cups his ear and we hear - a 'ROCKABYE BABY' ring tone. He laughs, showing us his cell phone-

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
That's the 'Call of the Child.'
Most beautiful song in the world,
ain't it Partner?

ON FITCH, who we met earlier, behind the wheel -- trying not to look like this schmaltz is making him nauseous. We FREEZE briefly on his awkward expression as text appears:

'DETECTIVE JOSEPH FITCH, 18 years Detroit Homicide.'

Stay on Fitch, clearly uncomfortable in front of the camera-

WASHINGTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)
I used to patrol East Detroit in uniform, so coming out here on my first homicide is kinda poetic. This man's gonna show me the ropes. Highest clearance rate in the unit. Look up 'solved' in the dictionary? That's right, you see his face.

Fitch gives the wheel an Indian burn - how much can he take?

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
He's like Yoda with a badge. The
Duke of dicks. The Maestro of...

FITCH
We're here.

STROBES AHEAD. Washington goes serious. And in an overly
confident tone, as if to mask his newbie nerves, he pledges--

WASHINGTON
This case is as good as cleared.

EXT. PHARMACY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Police out front. Over picture, we hear a man VOMITING--

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. PHARMACY - CONTINUOUS

Fitch and a room full of cops look off. A moment, then
Washington RISES INTO FRAME, wiping his mouth.

WASHINGTON
Sorry...

Cops trade stunned looks, 'Can you believe that shit?' But
Fitch turns his attention to what made Washington so sick.

A BODY sprawled awkwardly on the floor. In a white lab coat.
A uniformed COP fills Fitch in.

UNIFORMED COP
He owned the pharmacy. David Sung.
Shot once in the head.

FITCH
Sneaker print in the blood here.
Unless one of your guys was wearing
high tops... should be our suspect.

UNIFORMED COP
Second victim's behind the counter.

Fitch exits frame revealing WASHINGTON GLARING at the body.

BEHIND THE COUNTER - MOMENTS LATER

Fitch looks down at a second body, an African American woman,
also in a white lab coat.

UNIFORMED COP
Shannon Hibbit, twenty eight.
Worked the late shift.

Fitch sees blood-spattered NURSING TEXTBOOKS on the counter-

FITCH
Gave her time to study.

UNIFORMED COP
Yeah. Senseless.

And as the cop walks off shaking his head, we go CLOSE ON
FITCH, intensely troubled by this victim-

FITCH
Can you give me some room, please?

And just when we're wondering who the hell he's talking to,
he turns to CAMERA, searing, looking dead at the lens-

FITCH (CONT'D)
BACK. UP.

CUT TO:

INT. MOVING CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD - we're rolling down a dilapidated
street. Shops boarded up. Windows smashed. We hear-

LONGFORD (O.S.)
Washington Boulevard was one of the
first streets in the world that
Edison rigged with electric lights.

ON AN AFRICAN AMERICAN MAN (MID-50'S), in the passenger seat-

LONGFORD (CONT'D)
I love this city.

FREEZE briefly on his sage face as text appears:

'SGT JESSE 'LONG HAUL' LONGFORD, 30 years Detroit Homicide.'

LONGFORD (CONT'D)
Got a vehicle in the river off
Belle Island. Used to camp out
there when I was a kid. Not a
place you wanna be after dark,
these days. I've been a cop in
Detroit so long, when I started...
half the suspects were white!

ON HIS PARTNER - AN INDIAN MAN (35) -- driving. The signal CLICKS as he turns the corner, passing the OLD FORD PLANT.

MAJAN

My family came over twenty years ago. Dad got an engineering job at Ford. In another twenty years all the cars will be made in India. My kids'll probably have to move back to get a job. Full circle.

He chuckles. FREEZE briefly on his genial face:

'DETECTIVE AMAN MAJAN, 7 years Detroit Homicide.'

EXT. BELLE ISLAND PARK - DETROIT - NIGHT

Longford and Majan walk across the grass toward a cluster of police lights. The grand BELLE ISLE CASINO ROTUNDA rises, lit up in the B.G. The Detroit skyline visible across the river as Longford reflects soulfully for us-

LONGFORD

You get this feeling walking up on a scene, not knowing what your gonna find. I don't know, it's like, 'la notte è appena iniziata.' The night has just begun. Gonna miss that feeling when I retire.

Majan ribs his melodramatic partner--

MAJAN

You won't miss it in winter when I'm freezing my nuts off and you're in your house in Tuscany sipping Chianti. How do you say, 'Cry me a river' in Italian?

EXT. BELLE ISLAND PARK - DETROIT - MOMENTS LATER

A NEWS HELICOPTER overhead. Longford, Majan, and a bunch of cops watch a TOW TRUCK pull a red Corvette out of the river.

MAJAN

57 Vette. Roman red. Classic.

HARD CUT TO:

LATER - LONGFORD AND MAJAN circle the Corvette with flashlights. A water-logged body slumped in the seat.

MAJAN (CONT'D)
Male Caucasian.

LONGFORD
Probably came out here to score.
He gets high, veers off the road.

MAJAN
(looking closer)
Got a gunshot. Side of the head.

LONGFORD
Driver's side window's busted.

Longford swishes his flashlight around the grass-

LONGFORD (CONT'D)
No glass, no tire tracks. How does
he get into the water?

MAJAN
The 57 had a fiberglass body.
Pretty light. Strong current...

LONGFORD
Think he could have gone in
somewhere up river and drifted
here?

Majan nods, and we--

HARD CUT TO:

LATER - Majan and Longford go through the man's belongings.
Majan matches the man's business card against the license-

MAJAN
Michael Rostin. Divorce attorney.

LONGFORD
They tend to create a lot of angry
people.

CUT TO:

EXT. PHARMACY - LATER THAT NIGHT

WITH A LATINA DETECTIVE, (30), crossing the street toward the
pharmacy. Though sexy-beautiful and plenty aware of it, she
also carries a discernible edge you don't want to mess with.
As she gets to the door, she tells us-

LATINA DETECTIVE

I grew up three blocks away. You just pray when you walk in to one of these that it's no one you know.

And we FREEZE briefly on her as text appears:

'DETECTIVE ARIANA SANCHEZ, 5 years Detroit homicide.'

CUT TO:

INT. PHARMACY - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Fitch is at the register, going through receipts. Sanchez approaches, stepping over the vomit-

SANCHEZ

Shooter must have been jonesing pretty bad, he threw up all over the place.

FITCH

That wasn't the shooter.

He throws an irritated nod at Washington behind the counter.

SANCHEZ

No way.

FITCH

Way.

ON WASHINGTON - at the shelves, counting pill bottles against an inventory manifest. He stops, looking solemnly at FAMILY PHOTOS on the wall of TWO YOUNG AFRICAN AMERICAN KIDS, his voice cracking with emotion as he thinks out loud-

WASHINGTON

Right now those kids are sleeping. Waiting for their mother to get home. Makes you think... there's never just one victim. There's everyone left behind.

LATER - FITCH IS AT THE REGISTER - on the phone now. Sanchez is nearby, conferring with a COP.

FITCH

You're sure? Okay, thank you Ma'am. Sorry to disturb you.

He hangs up and glances at a receipt.

FITCH (CONT'D)

Last credit card transaction was authorized at 8:23 pm. Card holder says she was the only customer in the store. Everything was normal when she left.

SANCHEZ

9-1-1 call came in at..?

UNIFORMED COP

8:47.

And it's an oddly humorous caught-on-camera beat, as they stand there, silently doing the math in their heads. Then-

SANCHEZ

Twenty-four minute window.

Washington walks up.

WASHINGTON

Two cases of Oxycontin missing. Looks like a drug robbery gone bad.

FITCH

Male was shot once in the head; female victim was shot five times. Overkill, don't you think?

WASHINGTON

Maybe the guy was high.

SANCHEZ

Or she was targeted.

FITCH

Shooter enters. Fires one shot at Mr. Sung. She would have seen him. Why doesn't she run?

SANCHEZ

She knows him. She's trying to reason with him.

Fitch nods at Sanchez - a subtle show of respect-

FITCH

Storefront is glass. Canvass the area; maybe somebody saw something.

And as the detectives peel off, we STAY on the UNIFORMED COP, who turns to the camera, warning criminals everywhere-

UNIFORMED COP

You kill somebody in the city of Detroit, you'd better pray. Not for forgiveness. Not to God, cause God can't help you...

As he talks, we pull focus, ZEROING IN ON FITCH across the room now - kneeling over Shannon Hibbit's body.

UNIFORMED COP (CONT'D)

You'd better pray your case doesn't land on his desk. Cause he will not sleep. He will not eat. He will not take a BLEEEP until he finds you.

EXT. BELLE ISLAND - LATER THAT NIGHT

We're watching like voyeurs, through the back window of a police cruiser, as Longford consoles the dead lawyer's shell shocked wife, MRS. ROSTIN-

MRS. ROSTIN

I told him not to drive that car.
It was too flashy.
(crying now)
He was such a good person.

She leans on Longford's shoulder, sobbing. Longford, who doesn't sense the camera watching, is clearly shaken.

ON MAJAN, seeing the coroners begin to remove the body from the Corvette--

MAJAN

Hey! Seriously guys... in front of his wife?

They stop. Majan gazes at his partner, making sure we know-

MAJAN (CONT'D)

She demanded to be brought to the scene. There's nothing worse than telling a person that someone they love is gone. Never gets any easier.

EXT. COTTAGE HOUSE - NIGHT

AT A DISTANCE, we see Fitch and Washington at the door. A Caucasian woman (60'S), answers in a robe, just awoken - alarmed by this late night visit from police.

FITCH
Ma'am, we're detectives from the
Detroit Police Department...

WOMAN
Oh my god, what happened?

FITCH
Can we come in and talk, Ma'am?

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

FITCH AND WASHINGTON sit across from the woman, JUNE ROLAND.
She looks at them like she knows what's coming-

FITCH
So, you're her mother in law.

JUNE ROLAND
Ex. She and my son divorced about
two years ago.

FITCH
Shannon lives here with you?

JUNE ROLAND
And the kids...

We hear a CREAK! CAMERA follows it, finding A SMALL BOY
(6), mixed race, his worried face peering out of a cracked
door. June Roland puts on a smile-

JUNE ROLAND (CONT'D)
It's okay honey, go back to bed.
I'll be in in a little. It's okay.

The boy makes eye contact with Fitch, then the door eerily
closes, swallowing his face. June Roland looks at Washington
who awkwardly avoids eye contact. Fitch sighs, subtle-

FITCH
Ma'am... Shannon was found deceased
at work this evening... she was the
victim of a homicide.

June Roland closes her eyes and starts crying -- silently.

FITCH (CONT'D)
I know this must be incredibly
difficult, but I'm going to have to
ask you some questions.

She nods, trying to be strong.

FITCH (CONT'D)
Are you aware of anyone who would
want to harm Shannon?

She shakes her head, 'No.'

FITCH (CONT'D)
Had she been seeing anybody..?

JUNE ROLAND
Alvin. Alvin Green... for about a
year. They're... they WERE very
happy. He adores the kids.
He's going to be so devastated.

FITCH
And Shannon's children... your
son's the father?

JUNE ROLAND
Yes.

FITCH
What's your son's name?

JUNE ROLAND
James.

FITCH
James Roland?

She nods. Fitch shoots Washington a look, like he should be
writing this down. Washington fumbles to open his note pad.

FITCH (CONT'D)
Where is your son, now?

JUNE ROLAND
In prison. Those poor children...

FITCH
Mrs. Roland, do you have any
relatives or someone who can help
you with the kids right now?

She nods, her face taking on an infinite sadness, her entire
universe shattered. Her anguish only seems to fuel Fitch-

FITCH (CONT'D)
Ma'am, I'm very sorry for your...

JUNE ROLAND
What do I tell them? How can..?

FITCH
Ma'am..? Ma'am, look at me...

She looks up at Fitch, calmed some by his strong eyes.

FITCH (CONT'D)
Those kids are going to be okay.
And I promise you I'm going to find
the person who took Shannon's...

A 'ROCKABYE BABY' ring-tone BLARES, interrupting Fitch's vow.
A stunned June Roland, Fitch, CAMERA; all turn to Washington,
who looks like a deer caught in the headlights-

WASHINGTON
Sorry... I'll... step out.

OFF FITCH, 'Are you fuckin kidding me?!'

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. STATION - SQUAD ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

WE'RE ON A CLOSED OFFICE DOOR - a placard reads: '*LT. MAUREEN MASON*'. Though we can't see what's going on inside the office, both Fitch and Lieutenant Mason are mic'd.

MASON (V.O.)
Sounds like an honest mistake.

FITCH (V.O.)
It sounded like a god-damn clock
radio went off in his pocket! He's
incompetent.

MASON (V.O.)
You said that about your last
partner.

A phone RINGS. Mason answers, aggravated-

MASON (V.O.) (CONT'D)
What is it, Mrs. Dryden... She
what? Alright, hold on please.
(then)
Joe, we are undermanned. It's only
his first day. Give him a chance.

FITCH (V.O.)
Why the hell should..?!

MASON (V.O.)
BECAUSE I SAID SO!

A thick beat - then the door opens and Fitch exits, jilted at finding the camera in his face. As if sensing his angst, CAMERA BACKS UP, letting him pass, revealing--

LT. MASON, an AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN, (40'S) behind her desk. She carries that look - overworked and underpaid.

MASON (CONT'D)
 (into phone, exasperated)
 She's a teenager, Mrs. Dryden, they
 tend to listen to music at a high
 volume... You don't have to call
 the police, I am the police.

Mason gets up and pushes the door SHUT. And text appears:

'LIEUTENANT MAUREEN MASON, 15 years Detroit Homicide.'

CUT TO:

WASHINGTON - at his desk, on the phone with his wife.

WASHINGTON
 I'm not mad, baby, I want you to
 call me. Next time'll be for real
 for sure. Okay, love you too.

He hangs up and looks at that BABY PHOTO as he let's us know--

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)
 False alarm. Pre-mature
 contractions. Again.
 (he sighs, then)
 Day seemed to go pretty well. A
 few bumps, but all in all..? I
 think I made a good impression...

A detective walks by and DRY HEAVES, mocking Washington's episode at the pharmacy. On nearby detectives, laughing.

Washington hangs there, trying to play it off, but his unsteady grimace tells us even HE knows he's not off to an auspicious beginning.

EXT. STREET - DETROIT - LATER THAT NIGHT

In the case of the dead lawyer, we're on a street along the river. Police cruisers block traffic. Officers walking the ground with flash lights.

WITH LONGFORD AND MAJAN - on the shoulder where an aluminum barrier is broken. Red fiberglass debris scattered around.

MAJAN

Roman Red. Same color as the lawyer's Corvette. Looks like he tore off a piece of panel when he went through the barrier.

LONGFORD

Straight over the bank and SPLASH!

Majan looks off at the BELLE ISLAND CASINO ROTUNDA, about five hundred yards down river.

MAJAN

Current carries him all the way to Belle Isle.

COP (O.S.)

Hey! Found glass over here!

We follow Longford and Majan out into the middle of the street where a COP has a flashlight beam on SPARKLING WINDOW SHARDS. Majan looks up, seeing a traffic light.

MAJAN

Our victim stops at the light. Shooter approaches the vehicle; BANG! Through the window.

LONGFORD

Victim's at a stop. How does he get in the river?

HARD CUT TO:

LATER - AS MAJAN AND LONGFORD walk briskly toward an office building across the street, Majan informs us that-

MAJAN

There's a security guard in this office building, here. We're gonna talk to him. Maybe he saw something.

We follow Longford and Majan as they enter the building lobby where a SECURITY GUARD waits for them--

SECURITY GUARD

(rattled)

Officers, I just rolled back the security footage... I got it all.

LONGFORD

Excuse me?

SECURITY GUARD

We have a perimeter security camera. It caught the whole thing on tape.

Longford and Majan trade a look, and we CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE BUILDING - LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER

Longford and Majan watch a security monitor. The GUARD rolls footage and we see a 57 Corvette coming to a stop at a light.

MAJAN

There's our victim.

They watch, riveted, as a white pick-up pulls behind the Corvette. A man gets out, a hat shadows his face as he walks to the Vette's driver's side window - reaches in his pocket.

And though our detectives know it's coming, the GUN MUZZLE FLASH makes them FLINCH. The shooter gets back in the truck then rams the Vette, pushing it through the barrier. As he pulls away, the Security Guard FREEZES the tape on the TRUCK-

A MORBID SILENCE. They all stare at the screen, seemingly mortified, until-

LONGFORD

(clinically)

Looks like a Chevy...

MAJAN

Nope. Ford F-150. You can tell by the fog lights in the valance.

Now it's Longford who busts his know-it-all partner-

LONGFORD

He's like Rain Man when it comes to cars. Let's get patrol looking for this vehicle.

MAJAN

Yeah, a white Ford pick-up with possible front end damage.

(sarcastic)

Can't be too many of those in Detroit.

But then they trade a serious and daunted look and we know, this one's gonna be tough.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

C.U. OF A PILE OF VOMIT

on a desk. PULL BACK TO FIND WASHINGTON grimacing at it. As he picks it up in one piece, we realize it's just a gag prop.

And now we see the CAMERA is capturing this from across the room as snickering DETECTIVES pass between LENS and Washington. Washington sits down at his desk and drops the fake vomit in the trash can. Then, his desk phone RINGS-

WASHINGTON
(answering)
Washington...

FITCH (O.S.)
Having a baby. Must feel really
special...

Washington looks over and we go WIDER to see Fitch is calling from the very next desk. But oddly, Fitch looks straight ahead like he's talking to someone else-

FITCH (CONT'D)
Of course, there are over six
billion people in the world. Every
one of them was a baby. So when
you put it in perspective, how
special can it be?

Washington glares at him in disbelief, then, into the phone-

WASHINGTON
We've had serious infertility
issues.

FITCH
And I'm moved. Truly. But if that
cell-phone goes off again in my
presence you're going to have
serious career issues. Also, I
don't like you very much.

Fitch hangs up and stewes a moment. Then, as if the conversation never happened, he swivels to face Washington-

FITCH (CONT'D)
Check on James Roland?

Completely thrown, Washington fumbles through papers-

WASHINGTON

Uh...yeah, I talked to Corrections. He was arrested in Detroit last year on a Class Three B and E. Nothing violent, but it was his second offense. He's doing fourteen months at Standish. Due out in three.

FITCH

What about her boyfriend?

WASHINGTON

Alvin Green. I spoke to him. He was at work all night. His time line checks out.

Fitch nods - then SANCHEZ walks by. Fitch, unaware the camera is watching, subtly tracks her across the room. She just as subtly throws a look his way as she sits at her desk.

We go TIGHT ON SANCHEZ, other detectives walk through the frame as she picks up the phone-

SANCHEZ

Boorman, it's Sanchez. Listen, I'm working that pharmacy double... Yeah, pretty brutal stuff. We're looking for four cases of Oxy; anything hits the street, you'll let me know..?

INT. MORGUE - LATER THAT NIGHT

WITH LONGFORD AND MAJAN, staring at MICHAEL ROSTIN'S BODY, the attorney, lying on an exam table. They look up, seeing-

A PRETTY WOMAN, entering (35) but looks like 25. Cat glasses, hipster vibe, last thing you're thinking is Medical Examiner. She is DR. SHELBY CORK, and she has a mean BRUISE on her-

MAJAN

What happened to your face?

DR. CORK

I was going after the jammer but she crossed over and C-blocked me. Total rink rash.
(off their puzzled looks)
Roller derby.

They nod - 'Oh', like they knew that. She hands them a tray with a BULLET SLUG in it.

DR. CORK (CONT'D)

It bounced around in there, but I found it hiding under the cerebellum.

Obviously farsighted, Longford holds the slug at arms length.

LONGFORD

Can't really make the caliber...

MAJAN

Looks like...

CORK

Nine millimeter.

MAJAN

I was totally gonna say that.

LONGFORD

9 mil. That means we missed a bullet casing out on the street. Let's go get it.

As they head out, she calls after-

DR. CORK

Did you get that house in Tuscany?

LONGFORD

I'll know tomorrow.

INT. STATION - SQUAD ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

ON A LARGE GREASE BOARD - a grid crammed full of open cases.

MASON (O.S.)

We speak for those who can no longer speak for themselves.

ON LT. MASON, sidearm prominently clipped to her belt. She nods to the grease board, telling us what they're up against-

MASON (CONT'D)

Since the homicide rate went up, we had to add columns. They don't make felt markers fine enough to write any smaller, so we've sorta hit capacity.

(sighs)

Get 'em solved, make room for the next one. We might be the last assembly line in Detroit.

FROM ACROSS THE SQUAD ROOM - We're on the pantry where Washington and Sanchez fix coffee, unaware CAMERA is watching-

SANCHEZ

It's a personality quirk. He's not so good one on one...

WASHINGTON

The man's a mental patient. I mean, he's sitting right next to me. He can't speak to me like a normal person..?

SANCHEZ

So talk to him about it.

WASHINGTON

Damn right, I'm gonna.

SANCHEZ

(eyes widening)
Here's your chance.

Washington stiffens - then whips around in a panic--

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Made you look.

Washington smirks - 'Very Funny.' Sanchez goes dead serious-

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Let me tell you something about Fitch...

She looks at him blankly. One-one-thousand. Two-one-thousand. Three-one-thousand. Then--

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

That's about what I know. And I've been here five years. There's no pictures on his desk, he doesn't hang out after work, nobody really understands him and nobody tries. Why? Because he gets results. If I were you, I'd just suck it up and be grateful you got some one like Fitch watching your back.

WASHINGTON

Easy for you to say, where's your partner?

All sympathy drains from Sanchez's face-

SANCHEZ

Two weeks ago my partner was walking his kid to school and he dropped dead of a brain aneurism.

Washington stands there with an idiotic look on his face.

WASHINGTON

Hey, I'm really sor...

But she exits, leaving him with his foot in his mouth.

WITH FITCH - at his desk - on the phone-

FITCH

She didn't have problems with anyone in class? Okay, if you think of anything, you have my number. Sorry to call you so late.

HARD CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER - FITCH talks to camera, painfully uncomfortable in front of it.

FITCH (CONT'D)

Shannon Hibbit's wounds would, uh... indicate something personal. To me. You know, someone that knew her. So I'm calling her classmates. From college. To see if it was someone that knew her, or... that she knew... of... in school.

He squints - 'That didn't come out right.' Then he just gets up and walks out of frame.

CUT TO:

THE MOON - over Detroit. We go FAST MOTION. Car lights stream through the streets as the moon arcs down three hours worth.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Where the Corvette went into the river. The crime scene is closed down. Longford and Majan scour the road with flashlights. Majan finds--

MAJAN

Here we go!
(but then)
Strike that. It's a 45.

LATER - ON LONGFORD, kneeling in the gutter, finding-

LONGFORD
I got it. Wait. Wait. Nope. 22.

MAJAN
This is what happens when you look
for bullets in Detroit. Let's call
it a night.

LONGFORD
Chi dorme non piglia pesci. Those
who sleep don't catch any fish...

Majan looks over at the camera and rolls his eyes-

MAJAN
Have you met my partner, Inspector
Berlitz? I got nine more months of
this...

Longford stands, A CASING on the end of his pencil-

LONGFORD
Here we are! Oh, baby. Nine mil
and fresh. Can smell the powder.

Majan walks over and takes a look-

MAJAN
Let's hope we can pull a print.

INT. STATION - SQUAD ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

FOLLOWING MASON down the hall as she muses for the camera-

MASON
It's three a.m. I got a parent
teacher conference in five hours.
Second one this month.

She stops at the elevator, then turns back, looking over the
cubicles, seeing Fitch and Washington at their desks-

MASON (CONT'D)
You feel guilty being here, then
you see that, and you feel guilty
going home. Doing this job...
being a single mother...
(stepping onto elevator)
I think my kids understand.

She doesn't know she's biting the inside of her lip - a tell.

And as the doors close, we--

CUT TO:

EXT. STATION HOUSE - DAWN

A car rolls up. Sanchez gets out and opens the rear door, pulling out a CAUCASIAN MAN in cuffs.

INT. STATION - SQUAD ROOM - LATER THAT MORNING

Fitch, Washington, and Sanchez look at a monitor showing the Junkie sitting alone in the interrogation room--

SANCHEZ

Marcus Mosier, picked up on a parole violation. Cops found this and called me.

She hands Fitch a large pill bottle of-

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Serial matches the batch of Oxy stolen from the pharmacy.

WASHINGTON

See?! I knew it was a drug thing!

Eying the camera, Fitch subdues his annoyance - smiles.

FITCH

Let's go find out.

Washington follows them toward the interrogation room. Sanchez goes in, Fitch follows, closing the door in Washington's face. OFF WASHINGTON - awkwardly snubbed, we--

CUT TO:

A BLACK & WHITE VIDEO MONITOR - MOMENTS LATER

Fitch and Sanchez sit across from Marcus Mosier. He wears a perma-grin as he obsessively scratches his arm-

FITCH

Mr. Mosier, how're you doin today?

The man rocks in his seat, staring into space. Fitch and Sanchez trade a look - 'He's wasted.' Then-

Fitch holds up the pill bottle. He shakes it like a maraca, moving it side to side until Marcus locks on to it with his eyes. Fitch centers. And now, Marcus is focussed on him-

FITCH (CONT'D)
Where'd you get this?

MARCUS
Found it. In Elmwood park.

FITCH
When?

MARCUS
Yesterday afternoon.

Fitch scratches something on a piece of paper, covering it with his hand. He shows it to Sanchez. She nods, then--

FITCH
Let's review. Yesterday you're skipping through a park in the HOOD; it's broad daylight, junkies and dealers everywhere you look, and you happen upon a bottle full of Oxycontin, just laying there in the grass like a dog turd. On a scale of one to ten, ten being totally believable, this is how good that lie was...

He holds up the paper - a giant '0' written on it.

SANCHEZ
We know that bottle wasn't in the park yesterday. That bottle was stolen from a pharmacy last night.

FITCH
You know where you are Marcus?
This is Homicide!

MARCUS
(really nervous now)
Homicide..?

SANCHEZ
Two people were killed in that pharmacy.

FITCH
And right now the only suspect we have is YOU!

MARCUS
I didn't kill nobody...

SANCHEZ

A junkie who broke parole and just lied to the police.

FITCH

How long do you think that trial lasts?

SANCHEZ

Ten minutes, life sentence, we get to Hong's in time for lunch.

FITCH

LIFE! Say it with me, Marcus, LIFE!

Marcus freaks, stands, pacing, obsessively scratching his arm-

MARCUS

Alright. Straight up... Pooch sold it to me!

SANCHEZ

What's Pooch's real name?

MARCUS

We ain't on a real name basis.

FITCH

Where do we find him?!

MARCUS

You gotta call him...

SANCHEZ

What's his number?

Marcus stops in front of the video camera, so his torso is engulfing the monitor-

MARCUS (V.O.)

I don't know. I wrote it down on a napkin. I swear, I don't have it.

WASHINGTON leans in to the monitor, watching Marcus scratch his arm. Seeing something the others can't, he presses the intercom button, his voice ECHOES in the interrogation room-

WASHINGTON

On his arm... there's something on his arm...

Marcus turns as Fitch drags him back, forcibly laying his arm on the table - and now Fitch sees it too-

FITCH
Is this Pooch's number..?

Marcus stares back at him fearfully, then-

MARCUS
You tell him I gave it to you, I'm
dead, man.

ON WASHINGTON, watching the monitor as Fitch gives him an approving nod, subtle, but Washington beams, 'Redemption.'

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

DETECTIVE JOHN SMITH

steps off of the elevator and walks through the squad room. First thing you notice is his BLURRED FACE. Then you notice all the women in the office ogling him as he walks by. A woman turns to her co-worker, clearly mouthing, 'SO HOT!'

INT. SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Smith jokes with detectives - all mugging for the camera-

DETECTIVE 1
(pointing to Smith's face)
You're looking at the 'model
officer'. Literally.

In the B.G., we see Fitch watching Sanchez, who is smiling at Smith like a school girl.

MASON
That's what makes him so effective;
no one ever suspects a face that
pretty could belong to a cop.

They laugh - FREEZE on Smith's BLURRED FACE as text appears:

*'DETECTIVE JOHN SMITH, undercover unit. Years on force?' A
beat, then - 'Confidential'*

CUT TO:

LATER - SMITH is on a phone. Fitch, Washington, and Sanchez are gathered round listening in as a phone RINGS. In the B.G., two office girls gawk at Smith from the copy machine.

POOCH (V.O.)
Yeah...

SMITH

Pooch.

POOCH (V.O.)

(suspicious beat, then)

Who's this?

SMITH

Yogi. Listen, man, I need...

POOCH (V.O.)

Where'd you get my number?

SMITH

Huh?

POOCH (V.O.)

Who gave you my number?

SMITH

Chicklet.

POOCH (V.O.)

I don't know no Chicklet.

SMITH

You know Little D?

POOCH (V.O.)

Everybody know Lil D.

The Detectives laugh. As if she were talking about the prom king, Sanchez glows as she tells us-

SANCHEZ

Most popular street names in Detroit. Every neighborhood either has a Chicklet or a Little D.

(gushing)

Genius.

PULL FOCUS, in the B.G., we see Fitch roll his eyes-

SMITH

D says you got some Oxy. Can you hook me up?

POOCH (V.O.)

What're you driving?

SMITH

Green Celica.

Another long beat. Sanchez crosses her fingers-

 POOCH (V.O.)
 Gran Liquor on Warren. Gimme two
 hours.

Sanchez high-fives SMITH, and we--

CUT TO:

INT. FITCH'S CAR - LATER THAT DAY

Fitch and Washington, parked at a distance, watch Smith,
 waiting in his Green Celica in a liquor store parking lot.
 Aggravated, Fitch looks at his watch.

CUT TO:

SANCHEZ - in a car, parked up the block, muses out loud-

 SANCHEZ
 Pooch is forty-five minutes late.
 I worked patrol, vice, narcotics.
 Hands down, dealers are the worst.
 Never on time. Prostitutes..?
 Very punctual. Guess when time is
 money, you don't mess around...

Radio traffic crackles in-

 COP (V.O.)
 I got a suspicious Brown Buick
 Regal heading South on 14th.

Sanchez sees the Buick coming down the road-

 SANCHEZ
 Fitch, he's coming your way.

BACK WITH FITCH AND WASHINGTON - watching the Buick as it
 drives by the liquor store lot - slows - then keeps going.
 Washington picks up the radio-

 FITCH
 Hold tight, he's just doing a lap.

Washington leers at him - then, sure enough -- the Buick
 makes a U-turn. Fitch gets on his radio-

 FITCH (CONT'D)
 Okay, he's circling back. When the
 undercover takes off his hat, we
 move.

The Buick pulls into the lot. Smith gets out of his car. He walks over to the Buick and leans on the window sill.

FITCH (CONT'D)
 (into radio)
 Wait for it.

SANCHEZ (V.O.) (OVER RADIO)
 Hold up, we got metro...

Fitch and Washington see a police cruiser slow on the street.

FITCH
 (into radio/urgent)
 Dispatch, I have a cruiser on 14th
 and Warren about to interfere with
 an operation, I need you to call
 him off immediat...

But it's too late, POOCH spots the cruiser and drives away from Smith, who yanks off his hat, waving it furiously - and now THERE'S A CHASE ON!

Fitch tears off, pulling in behind Pooch's vehicle. And what happens next is chaos. The door opens up on the Buick and Pooch bails out on foot - but he leaves the car running - heading toward a Dollar Market FULL OF PEOPLE-

Washington bails out of the car, going after Pooch and we CUT HARD TO:

A B&W DASH-MOUNTED-CAM from the police car behind Fitch's vehicle, seeing the CAMERAMAN go out after Washington.

It then follows Fitch as he tears after the driverless vehicle, clipping its tail, fishtailing it in order to stop it before it slams into the storefront.

HARD CUT TO:

WASHINGTON chasing Pooch on foot. The CAMERAMAN PANTS trying to catch his breath as he trails Washington down the street. Washington is a pit-bull, charging after Pooch - over a chain link fence - through a back yard and out of sight.

CAMERA RUNS through the yard, around a house, finally finding-

Washington straddling Pooch on a front lawn. Pooch fights. Washington impressively wrestles him into a submission hold.

WASHINGTON
 Where're you going, Pooch?!

POOCH

I don't know no Pooch!

WASHINGTON

Really? Then why's his name
tattooed to your neck?!

As Washington struggles to cuff Pooch, an awkwardly funny situation unfolds as we hear – ROCKABYE BABY'. An 'OH SHIT' look on Washington's face. Could this timing be any worse?

Unable to get a hold on Pooch, Washington cuffs his foot to a plastic kiddie slide. He stands, answering the phone in a pant-

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Honey..? You sure? Feel any
discomfort in your pelvic area..?
Then it's just a false contraction.

And now Washington's stress is beginning to show-

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

Honey, I love you, but you gotta
understand, this is my first day...

And she's obviously giving him an earful of hormonal hell because he can barely get a word in edgewise-

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

I know it's our first baby, baby,
but...

As he tries to reason with his wife, the absurd circumstances escalate behind his back as Pooch tries to get away, dragging the whole plastic slide apparatus with him down the street.

And poor Washington has no idea because his wife is absolutely giving it to him. We can hear her HIGH PITCHED SQUAWK-RANT bleeding out of his phone. But it's just about all he can take, cause he finally cracks, yelling-

WASHINGTON (CONT'D)

No, all I'm saying is don't call me
again until the water breaks!

He hangs up, frustrated, then turns, seeing Pooch - 'Shit!' He charges after, tackling him ungracefully just as cruisers are pulling up--

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. STATION - SQUAD ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

ON WASHINGTON - apprehensive-

WASHINGTON
I don't know, man...

ON FITCH - assured-

FITCH
Your collar, your interview.

ON MASON AND SANCHEZ - looking not so sure-

WASHINGTON
(psyching himself up)
Okay. Alright... I'm gonna slay
this fool.

Washington takes a fast, deep breath. He shakes loose, then walks around the corner. Mason turns to Fitch--

MASON
No weapon, no prints... Things are
looking mighty circumstantial right
now. We need a confession.

FITCH
I know what we need.

ON THE MONITOR NOW - Washington walks in the interrogation room and sit down across from Pooch, who sips a soda.

WASHINGTON
Okay, Pooch, how're you doin today?

POOCH
BLEEP you.

Washington CRICKS his neck, keeping his composure-

MASON
This guy is out of his league, Joe.

But Fitch doesn't answer - he's focussed on the monitor.

WASHINGTON
You wanna tell me where you were
last night?

POOCH

Thought you knew, Peaches. I was
BLEEPING your wife in the BLEEP
And after that she BLEEPED my BLEEP
and I BLEEPED all over her BLEEPS!
I'd Fabrize that bed if I were you.

WASHINGTON

(losing it)

You know where you are BLEEP-hole?!

POOCH

I know where YOU are. NOWHERE..!
You ain't got BLEEP on me, punk.

Washington displays an embarrassing lack of control as the
interrogation turns on him, becoming an all out BLEEP-FEST.

POOCH (CONT'D)

Look at you, green as a BLEEPIN
Martian. What is this, Training
Day? You BLEEPITY-BLEEP-BLEEPER.

The other detectives wince at that one - 'That hurts.'

SANCHEZ

See? Now this makes me want to
throw up.

POOCH

We're done.

WASHINGTON

Not till I BLEEPING say we're done!

POOCH

I can stop you with one word.
Let's count it down; three,
two.. one....

WASHINGTON

You're not calling the shots,
G! You best start helping
yourself...

POOCH

LAWYER!

And Washington goes quiet. Pooch grins, defiant.

SANCHEZ looks at her watch-

SANCHEZ

That was quick.

MASON

Great. Why the hell'd you send him
in there?

FITCH

I want this guy to think he's
smarter than us.

MASON

Apparently he is smarter than us.
He just invoked his right to an
attorney. We can't question him
anymore.

FITCH

I don't need to question him.

And with that, Fitch walks around the corner and--

ON THE MONITOR - Washington sees Fitch enter. He gets up and
exits frame. A moment, and WASHINGTON comes around the
corner to pats on the back from other detectives-

SMITH

(blatantly sarcastic)
Awesome, man.

SANCHEZ

Textbook.

Mason LEERS at Washington, who grimaces - 'Sorry.'

BACK ON THE MONITOR - Fitch sits down across from Pooch. He
puts his chin on his hand and stares at Pooch, unblinking-

POOCH

What is this, the silent treatment?
You wanna have a staring contest?
Fine, go ahead. Enjoy yourself.

Fitch doesn't move a muscle. A long beat, then-

MASON

The hell is he doing?

ON THE MONITOR - FITCH stares at Pooch. Pooch laughs.

WE GO FAST MOTION ON THE MONITOR - POOCH shifts in his seat -
Pacing. Stretching. All the while, FITCH is like a statue -
unmoving as AN HOUR OF TIME CODE passes on the monitor.

-INTERCUT OUR DETECTIVES, now sitting in chairs, watching.
Smith nods off, almost falling over in his seat.

ON THE MONITOR - finally, Pooch breaks the silence-

POOCH

Okay, you're freaking me out. You gonna charge me? Then charge me. At least get me another soda.

Fitch glares back - motionless-

RESUME FAST MOTION - Pooch's hands move wildly, he gets up, sits down - his voice a garbled stream of TREBLE BABBLE as 20 MINUTES OF TIME CODE PASS and then we slow down-

FITCH is still staring, frozen. But Pooch is now talking -

POOCH (CONT'D)

Christmas morning. No heat. No toys. Mama's all screamin, "Get your shoes on!" Baby's cryin, four hour bus ride up to Standish. Wait in line for two hours, then we get in there, the old man looks at me, you know what he says? "Stay in school, son. Stay in school." Can you believe that?

RESUME FAST MOTION - Fitch still - Pooch moving - talking - Sanchez enters and hands him a box of tissues, she exits, and we SLOW DOWN to find Pooch is now crying-

POOCH (CONT'D)

You don't know how hard it is out there, man. It's hard...
(wiping away tears)
I can't do it, no more, a'ight?
Straight up; I took the Oxy, I did.
(eyes to heaven)
I'm sorry, daddy. I'm sorry...

INTERCUT - OUR DETECTIVES - watching the interview - ecstatic, trading high fives. Washington looks on stunned. Mason excitedly informs us-

MASON

Pooch just put himself inside the pharmacy. That's huge.

ON THE MONITOR - realizing he just incriminated himself-

POOCH

Wait, hold up yo... I didn't kill no one. Those people were dead when I walked in there. I was at the Indian Casino, I swear!

But it's too late. And Fitch, having never uttered a single word, gets up and walks out to pats on the back.

MASON

Nice job, Joe.

Smith, face blurred, excitedly points at Fitch-

SMITH

Marathon man right here... a friggin legend, this guy.

Sanchez shoots Fitch a subtle grin. Everyone's riding high-

CUT TO:

LATER - WITH MAJAN, as he sits on Sanchez's desk.

MAJAN

I hear somebody's getting a new partner next week. A Texan.

SANCHEZ

(dreading it)

Yeah, six years Dallas homicide; you just know he's gonna show up in a ten gallon hat.

MAJAN

Look on the bright side;
(indicating himself)
finally cowboys and Indians will be on the same team.

She laughs. Then - Longford walks by without stopping-

LONGFORD

Bullet that killed our lawyer might finger the shooter. They pulled a partial thumb off the casing...

And Majan is on his heels, following Longford. CUT TO:

A DYNAMIC AFRICAN AMERICAN fingerprint analyst, THE PRINCE OF PRINTS (30'S). And you just have to smile at this guy's spirit as he mugs for the camera-

PRINCE OF PRINTS

That's my ten most wanted. FBI's got theirs, I got mine.

ON 10 ENLARGED FINGERPRINTS taped to the wall like a gallery. As he preps the print, Longford and Majan proudly inform us--

LONGFORD

They don't call him the Prince of
Prints for nothing.

PRINCE OF PRINTS

That's right, baby. Do the crime,
you best leave nothing behind;
finger prints, palm prints, foot
prints, ass prints, you name it,
I'll claim it. I am the MC of the
FPDB. The Ace of Trace, that's me.

CUT TO:

INT. INDIAN CASINO - SECURITY ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

ON a very solemn Fitch and Washington - looking at video
surveillance of Pooch at a card table. A TIME CODE READS-

WASHINGTON

8:51 P.M.

Fitch turns to the CASINO GUARD overseeing the monitor bank-

FITCH

Is this accurate?

GUARD

To the second.

WASHINGTON

The pharmacy homicides happened
between 8:23 and 8:47. At the time
of the murders, Pooch was still at
the casino. Guess he was telling
the truth...

Aggravated, Fitch brushes past CAMERA and walks out the door-

BACK ON THE MONITOR BANK - where we see Fitch storming
through the casino from nine different angles.

INT. STATION - SQUAD ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

ON THE PRINCE OF PRINTS - smiling wide-

PRINCE OF PRINTS

There it is!

ON HIS COMPUTER - a photo and rap sheet of a Caucasian man-

PRINCE OF PRINTS (CONT'D)

James Roland. Twenty eight.

ON MAJAN AND LONGFORD - a SPARK in both their eyes--

And now we're on the move, FOLLOWING THEM briskly down the hall to THE BIG BOARD. They look up at - JAMES ROLAND'S name-

MAJAN

James Roland. Eliminated as a person of interest in the murder of Shannon Hibbit.

LONGFORD

He just got a hell of a lot more interesting, didn't he?

INT. FAST FOOD RESTAURANT - LATER THAT DAY

Washington sits down with a burger combo. He bites into his burger - and then - his phone rings. He answers, mouth full-

WASHINGTON

Washington...

FITCH (O.S.)

You lost control of that interview.

WIDEN TO SEE IT'S FITCH, calling him from across the table. Fitch eats his lunch, not even looking at Washington.

FITCH (CONT'D)

It's not about what you know, it's about what they THINK you know, and the more you lose your cool, the more they know you don't know anything. Hold on a sec.

Fitch covers the mouthpiece then looks up at Washington-

FITCH (CONT'D)

Pass the ketchup?

Washington glares at Fitch a beat - then passes the ketchup.

FITCH (CONT'D)

Thanks.

Fitch pours ketchup on his plate as he gets back on the phone-

FITCH (CONT'D)

Control is everything. If you can't handle a suspect, ask for help. Don't ever forget that.

Fitch hangs up and goes back to his meal. Washington puts down his burger, appetite gone. Then, his phone RINGS. He looks at Fitch, sure it isn't him calling again, he answers-

WASHINGTON

Washington...

(listens, then to Fitch)

James Roland's print just came up in another homicide.

FITCH

James Roland's in prison.

WASHINGTON

He made parole yesterday.

Off their incredulous faces, we - SMASH CUT TO:

FOLLOWING SANCHEZ, running down the hall. She barges into Mason's office. Majan and Longford are there. Mason is on the phone, furious-

MASON

...no, but when Department of Corrections tells me a guy's in prison, I gotta trust he's not down the street having a slice...!
Twenty four hour clerical backlog?
Really, that's your explanation?!!

She cups the phone and looks up at Sanchez - 'What?'

SANCHEZ

You're not gonna believe this; units responded to a homicide. Victim was shot outside his office. They found a White Ford PICK-UP at the scene. He was James Roland's parole officer.

They all trade eyes. Then, into the phone-

MASON

Your clerical backlog just killed somebody!

She slams the phone down, then turns to the others, grave-

MASON (CONT'D)

We got a spree killer.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. STATION - SQUAD ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

The entire squad room gathered. Sanchez is at a grease board drawing out time lines-

SANCHEZ

Okay, 7:13 last night, James Roland tracks down his ex-wife's divorce attorney, Michael Rostin; following him home from the office. He catches him at a light, shoots him and runs his vehicle into the river where it's discovered three hours later. Around 8:30 P.M., James Roland enters Woodrow's pharmacy. Kills the pharmacy's owner, David Sung, 'wrong place wrong time', then kills his ex-wife, Shannon Hibbit. Around 10 this morning, James Roland is waiting in the Detroit Metro Parole office parking lot. His parole officer shows up for work... James Roland commits homicide number four, leaving his white Ford pick-up at the scene.

WASHINGTON

I don't get it, this guy was a two time nonviolent offender.

MASON

Yeah, well he's on a rampage, now. Something made him snap.

FITCH

Time line's too precise. He planned it inside. Sit in a prison cell long enough; alone in your head; crazy thoughts start making sense. He acted on them the second they let him out. We should get a unit over to June Roland's house.

MASON

Longford, Majan, head to the parole office, see what you can find. Sanchez, distribute his photo to Detroit PD. I want every uniform on the street looking for this man.

HARD CUT TO:

JAMES ROLAND'S RAP SHEET PHOTO

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
James Arthur Roland. Wanted in
multiple homicides. Caucasian, five-
nine, 147, eyes are blue.

INTERCUT - VARIOUS POLICE CRUISERS, patrolling the street.

DISPATCHER (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Suspect should be considered armed
and dangerous.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTDOOR PARKING LOT - LATER THAT DAY

A SIGN reads: 'DETROIT METRO PAROLE OFFICE PARKING ONLY.'

A crime scene in progress. As Longford and Majan search a
WHITE PICK-UP TRUCK, a uniformed cop approaches -

UNIFORMED COP
The parole officer's vehicle is
missing. A blue Ford Focus.

Longford walks to the front of the truck, which is mangled
and tainted with red paint. A pool of oil under the vehicle.

LONGFORD
That must have happened when he ran
the Vette off the road.

Majan opens the glove box, pulling something out--

MAJAN
Uh oh. This isn't a good sign!

EXT. STATION - SQUAD ROOM - LATER THAT DAY

FOLLOWING WASHINGTON - he enters Mason's office, finding
Fitch sitting across Mason's desk-

WASHINGTON
Files came over from the attorney's
office. Shannon was granted sole
custody of their two children.
Parole officer testified at the
hearing, probably sealed the deal.

MASON
Roland's getting his revenge.

Fitch's cell RINGS. He answers--

FITCH

Fitch...

INTERCUT MAJAN - looking at the note-

MAJAN

I found an old family photo in James Roland's truck. Roland, Shannon, and the kids. There's writing on the back. All it says is, "Together Forever."

BACK ON FITCH - looking grave as he turns to Mason--

FITCH

He's trying to get his family back.

WASHINGTON

Why does he kill his ex-wife?

FITCH

Murder suicide; it's the only way they can all be together.

(on the move)

He's going after his kids!

And Washington rushes after him. OFF MASON'S WORRIED FACE, we see family photos on her desk of her two daughters.

CUT TO:

INT. JUNE ROLAND'S HOUSE - LATER - EVENING

Fitch and Washington walk through the house - now ransacked. A COP tells Fitch and Washington-

COP

Came over here as soon as we got the call. Place was already tossed. Entry was made through a back window.

WASHINGTON

(to camera)

We sent out a car, hoping to find June Roland and the kids here, but... we may have been too late.

ON FITCH, finding a pile of photos strewn on the floor. He picks up a HAPPY PHOTO of JAMES ROLAND AND THE KIDS. Another of JUNE ROLAND AND THE KIDS.

ON ANOTHER UNIFORM, COP 2, walking in-

COP 2
Neighbor has some information.

HARD CUT TO:

OUTSIDE - Fitch and Washington interview an OLD LADY-

OLD LADY
June left last night. Said she was going to a friend's who could help her look after the kids. It's so awful, what happened to Shannon...

FITCH
She tell you where she was going?

OLD LADY
No. But Shannon's boyfriend, Alvin; he would know. He came and helped her with the bags.

HARD CUT TO:

FOLLOWING FITCH AND WASHINGTON back to their car-

WASHINGTON
(on the phone)
Alvin Greene's not answering.
(looking at his pad)
1-4-7, Trent Ave. That's all the way across town...

FITCH
(already on his phone)
Majan, you still at the parole office..? Good, Shannon Hibbit had a boyfriend, Alvin Greene. He knows where the kids are and James Roland may be looking for him. 1-4-7 Trent Ave... Yeah, you're closer... Okay, meet you there.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALVIN GREEN'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Longford and Majan pull on Kevlar vests, watching as SWAT cops move on the house. Two SWAT officers sidle the front door. They pound on it.

SWAT OFFICER 1
POLICE, open up. POLICE!

No answer. The officers turn to Longford and Majan.
Longford nods, then - They KICK IN THE DOOR and rush inside.

INT. ALVIN GREEN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

On a photo of ALVIN GREEN, AFRICAN AMERICAN, and Shannon, arm
and arm. Pull out WIDER to a mess - furniture toppled, etc.

LONGFORD
Roland may have forced Mr. Green to
go with him.

Majan kneels down, looking at BLOOD on the wood floor-

MAJAN
Still wet. They can't be more than
five, ten minutes aw...

A CRACK-CRACK-CRACK echoes distant, faint but ominously
distinct - GUNSHOTS. Everybody trades eyes - and then we're
following them, running out the door-

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Longford, Majan, and two cruisers pull up to an intersection
where an accident has just occurred. As they get out, we see
Fitch and Washington pulling up-

MOMENTS LATER - The Detectives talk to a driver.

DRIVER
He runs the light and hits me. I
get out to see if he's okay and he
friggin' takes a shot at me.

LONGFORD
Can you give us a description?

DRIVER
Yeah, white and crazy!

AN AFRICAN AMERICAN WOMAN comes forward, a pedestrian.

WOMAN WITNESS
It was the same car my son drives.
A blue Ford Focus. And only one of
those fools was white.

The detectives trade a wary look, and as they scramble to their vehicles, Majan is on his radio-

MAJAN

Blue Ford Focus heading east on Mack Ave. Suspect may have a hostage in the vehicle...

CUT TO:

MINUTES LATER - FITCH and WASHINGTON - IN A CAR - prowling the streets. Washington let's us know-

WASHINGTON

What we have here is kind of an all hands on deck situation.

CUT TO:

WITH LONGFORD and MAJAN - BACK IN THEIR CAR - MOVING

Majan drives, but both eye the street as they tell us-

MAJAN

Every cop in Detroit is now looking for this vehicle. Alvin Green may be a hostage...

LONGFORD

Not only are we worried about his personal safety...

MAJAN

But we suspect he's the only one who knows where June Roland and the kids are.

LONGFORD

So we'd like to find him in one...

(seeing a)

PIZZA MAN! PIZZA MAN!!

He grips the arm rest as Majan SWERVES hard, narrowly missing a car with a PIZZA DELIVER sign on the roof. Then, calmly-

MAJAN

I saw it.

LONGFORD

Yeah, you saw it after I told you. The way you drive... where do you think you are, Calcutta? Gesu che scopa Cristo!

INTERCUT - HELICOPTER VIEW - the searchlight scours the street. VARIOUS SHOTS of squad cars - trolling the streets.

SANCHEZ - in her vehicle, joining the hunt. CLOSE ON A PHOTO OF A COP IN UNIFORM, clipped to her visor as she tells us-

SANCHEZ

My partner hated my driving, so I never had to watch the road and keep a look out at the same time. He used to call me 'Shotgun'...

A BLUE CAR WHIPS PAST her going the opposite way. She looks over her shoulder, directly into camera and SHOUTS--

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

HOLD ON!

She RIPS a U-turn. As she races to catch his tail lights ahead, Sanchez barks into her radio--

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

I gotta Blue Ford Focus heading East on Temple, approaching Cass!

The Ford Focus swerves. Sanchez takes the corner and is fast after him. CAMERA ZOOMS through the windshield, focussing on a head, bobbing in the passenger seat of the fleeing vehicle.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

That must be the boyfriend.

The Ford Focus runs a red light, almost hitting cross traffic - Sanchez slows - then goes through after him, SIREN WAILING.

And just when she pulls onto a straight away, catching up to the suspect, something unbelievable happens - the passenger door of the Ford Focus swings open, and...

A MAN - rolls out of the car and into the road. Sanchez has to SWERVE HARD to keep from hitting the guy as he tumbles like a rag doll toward their vehicle.

A parked car comes on fast - SMASH! Sanchez plows into it, careening up onto the curb and toward a vacant shop window. Sanchez's vehicle SMASHES through the window then crashes into empty shelf racks. The camera lens SPIDER CRACKS.

INTERCUT - FITCH as the call comes over the radio-

DISPATCHER

Officer involved, 2423 Temple...

We see the intensity on Fitch's face as he pins the gas, racing to the scene, knowing Sanchez is in trouble. It's amplified by Washington, who's looking at Fitch, sensing it.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

Fitch and Washington arrive at the scene just as other cruisers are pulling up.

CAMERA GOES OUT WITH WASHINGTON, following him, pushing through the civilians who are clustered around - ALVIN GREEN, lying in the road - a bloody mess.

CUT TO:

CAMERA POV THROUGH A CRACKED LENS - from the back seat. Though it's dark, we see Sanchez in the front seat, hand on her head. She looks over her shoulder at the CAMERA--

SANCHEZ

You alright?

CAMERA MAN (O.S.)

...think so...

The BACK DOOR OPENS, CAMERA TURNS to find FITCH. We see the Camera Man's hand reach out beyond the lens, grabbing Fitch's hand. The CAMERA MAN grunts as Fitch pulls him out.

Then, CAMERA turns on Fitch, now trying to open Sanchez's door. Sanchez is in the passenger seat - dazed.

SANCHEZ

I'm stuck.

Fitch turns to CAMERA and reaches out--

FITCH

Lemme borrow that.

CAMERA POV as it swings wildly toward the passenger window.

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

There's gonna be glass!

CAMERA POV as Sanchez turns her face away. CAMERA POV SWINGS back, then LAUNCHES toward the glass, like a battering ram-- SMASH! And we go to BLACK. OVER BLACK WE HEAR--

FITCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I got you. Here we go.

We hear GRUNTING. Then, a relieved sigh.

FITCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)
That's gonna need a few stitches.
You okay?

SANCHEZ (V.O.)
I am now. Thanks.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - LATER THAT NIGHT

Longford, Majan, and a shit load of cops are clustered around a blue Ford Focus. A helicopter is in the sky, search light scanning the yards in the neighborhood.

MAJAN
(on his cell phone)
Yeah, we found the car. He's on foot. Who knows, maybe he stole another vehicle.

Longford crawls out of the car-

LONGFORD
(shouts)
What's the status on the boyfriend?!

INT. CAR - MOVING - LATER THAT NIGHT

Washington drives, following a speeding ambulance. We can hear Fitch, who's mic is also picking up the paramedic.

FITCH (V.O.)
Alvin. ALVIN. I know you can hear me...

PARAMEDIC (V.O.)
I have a faint pulse, pupils dilated. Unresponsive--

FITCH (V.O.)
Where are Shannon's kids...?

PARAMEDIC (V.O.)
Hey! You shouldn't be in here..!

FITCH (V.O.)
Can't you give him something to wake him up?!

PARAMEDIC (V.O.)
He's gonna die if you don't get the
hell out of the way!

FITCH (V.O.)
Stop!
(a beat, then)
STOP THE VEHICLE!

The ambulance slows, but before it even stops, its rear doors
fling open and Fitch jumps out, running toward us. As the
ambulance takes off, Fitch gets in the passenger seat-

FITCH (CONT'D)
Station!

WASHINGTON
What'd he say?

FITCH
Nothing. He ain't gonna make it.

WASHINGTON
Jesus, shouldn't we follow him?

FITCH
For what?! I don't work for the
dead, I work for the living.

CUT TO:

A PHOTOGRAPH

of JUNE ROLAND and the TWO KIDS that Fitch took from her
apartment.

MASON (V.O.)
We are asking anyone with
information on the whereabouts of
June Roland and these children...

And we see Mason making this plea before a crew of local news
cameras, broadcasting the feed live across Detroit.

MASON (CONT'D)
To please contact law enforcement
immediately. We believe they are
in imminent danger.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - LATER - NIGHT

MOVING ACROSS cubicles, detectives answer RINGING phones-

DETECTIVE 1

No, sir... She's Caucasian, the kids are African American...

DETECTIVE 2

Ma'am, this line is for emergency calls only...

WASHINGTON STANDS, visible above the cubicles. He's snapping his fingers - hailing everybody over. AS WE APPROACH, he cups the phone-

WASHINGTON

I got a family friend of June Roland's who just saw the news report at work. She says June and the kids are staying at her apartment.

FITCH

Let's get 'em on the phone.

WASHINGTON

There's no land line there. She only has a cell and she's at work.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

We're with Longford, Majan, Washington, Fitch, and a bunch of cops, standing outside a door on the ground floor. Fitch knocks!

FITCH

Police. Open the door, please.

He knocks again. A moment, then - WE HEAR -- A SHOTGUN PUMP-Washington CHARGES FITCH, knocking him out of the way, just as- BOOM! Shotgun Pellets splinter the door-

CAMERA JOLTS as the cops dive for cover. Camera finds - Fitch, glaring at Washington like he wants to say something, but he's shell-shocked and speechless -

WASHINGTON

I guess he's already here.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

ON A WINDOW - a curtain draws back. A child's face appears, peeking out.

ON A MASS OF POLICE ACTIVITY outside the building. The entire area cordoned off. Helicopters hover overhead. Swat-

ON FITCH - looking at the little boy, who seems to be looking back at him - just like he did at June Roland's house. And we GO EVEN CLOSER, seeing that INTENSITY on his face.

CUT TO:

ON WASHINGTON - walking through the scene, informing us-

WASHINGTON

Going on two hours, here. The rest of the building's been evacuated. James Roland has blockaded himself inside. Really scary stuff.

CUT TO:

NEWS MEDIA VANS AND REPORTERS

AS WE FOLLOW SANCHEZ into their midst with a few uniforms, she worries-

SANCHEZ

The suspect could be watching us on TV, so it's very important we keep the cameras clear of the scene.

COP

We want everybody two blocks North! Let's go... everybody!!

A COMMAND AREA - NIGHT

WITH Mason, Fitch, Longford, and Majan confer with a HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR, (50'S), he looks like a car salesman. Department brass and a Swat Commander also present.

MAJAN

He hasn't made good on his note, yet.

MASON

Maybe he's coming to his senses.

FITCH

I don't know, I think time is our enemy here. We have to take control; get him out of his head.

NEGOTIATOR

Okay, so let's open up a line of communication.

CUT TO:

WE'RE FOLLOWING Fitch and the Negotiator through police lines-

FITCH

Keep talking about his family. Connect him to his kids...

NEGOTIATOR

I know how to do my job.

FITCH

I'm just saying...

NEGOTIATOR

(stressed)

I know what you're saying, Joe. Okay? Do you know what I'm saying?

CUT TO:

MOMENTS LATER - THE HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR is behind a cruiser, speaking through a megaphone-

NEGOTIATOR (CONT'D)

James! We're going to leave a phone by the door with some dinner. I know you and your family must be hungry. I promise, no tricks here, James. We just want to talk...

PULL FOCUS ON - an unarmed SWAT OFFICER scrambling across the parking lot to the door. He places a box and a tray of drinks on the mat, then quickly runs out of the line of fire.

It's a tense few moments as everybody waits to see what will happen. Then - the door opens and a SCARED LITTLE BOY appears. We hear a man's unintelligible SHOUTING from inside-

Unnerved, the little boy picks up the food. Then drops the drink tray. Milk shakes SPLAT over the doormat. He seems to stare at it for a moment - it's heartbreaking.

INTERCUT - OUR VARIOUS DETECTIVES, looking on helpless.

MASON

Jesus... Poor little thing.

The boy goes back inside with the box, closing the door.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - COMMAND AREA - LATER THAT NIGHT

Our detectives listen on headphones as the Negotiator talks to a distressed James Roland. His words subtitled--

JAMES ROLAND (V.O.)

Leave us alone...

NEGOTIATOR

James, I can't do that until those beautiful kids of yours are safe.

We can hear a woman YELLING in the B.G. (Unintelligible)

FITCH

That's his mother.

MASON

She isn't helping any.

JAMES ROLAND (V.O.)

Just go away. They're gonna be with me forever. It's over.

All the detectives trade looks - 'The fuck does that mean?'

NEGOTIATOR

What are you saying, James? It's not over. Come on, don't talk like that in front of your kids. I know you love them.

JAMES ROLAND

I don't want to talk to you anymore.

NEGOTIATOR

I just want to help you...

JAMES ROLAND

You're not helping me!

NEGOTIATOR

James... Let's calm down and talk about this, okay? Nothing needs to be decided right now...

But then - a SHUFFLE on Roland's end of the line and -

SMASH! The phone comes through the window, hitting the pavement, smashing into pieces. And everybody is stunned. As they take off their headphones, demoralized--

FITCH

I'm going in there to talk to him.

A beat, then-

HOSTAGE NEGOTIATOR

Joe..? Have we forgotten what happened the last time you knocked on that door?

SANCHEZ

It's a bad idea.

FITCH

It's the only viable idea.

MASON

No way. This man has already killed four people...

FITCH

There are two kids in there. KIDS! I looked 'em in the eye! I made a promise. They've already lost their mother. What are we going to do, wait here til he loses it?

LONGFORD

Fitch is right. This guy looks out that window at us, how do you think he sees this ending? I think Fitch can get through to him.

MAJAN

I agree. Fitch could sell a black lady a sun lamp. He brings half the magic he uses in an interrogation, we got a real shot.

Fitch trades eyes with Longford and Majan, total respect between them. A POLICE CAPTAIN looks at Mason-

POLICE CAPTAIN

Your call.

OFF MASON, contemplating this difficult decision, we-

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - LATER THAT NIGHT

CAMERA FOLLOWS FITCH as he walks out from behind the wall of cruisers into the open. He raises a megaphone-

FITCH
James...! James... Ja...

But the sound is muted. Fitch jiggles the switch then turns, revealing his angry face--

A SWAT GUY trots out, handing him a new megaphone. It FEEDS BACK. Fitch adjusts the volume, then announces--

FITCH (CONT'D)
James! My name is Detective Joseph Fitch. I'm coming to the door. I'm unarmed. I'm just... gonna walk to the door real slow.

Fitch sets down the megaphone. He walks steadily toward the motel room, hands raised some. CAMERA STOPS, showing us there are some places it won't go. And as he walks away from the lens, we get a sense of just how vulnerable he is.

Fitch gets to the door. His mic makes him sound present-

FITCH (CONT'D)
I'm here, James. I'm at the door and I'm gonna come inside now. And it's okay, cause I know you wanna talk to somebody. All we're gonna do is talk a little.

INTERCUT - Our detectives, looking on. It's tense as hell-

SANCHEZ
(to herself)
Come on... this is insane.

And Fitch enters. As soon as the door closes behind him, SWAT moves in, sidling up to the door - on the roof - like dark shadows, ready to barge in at the first signal.

CAMERA ZOOMS THROUGH A SPACE IN THE CURTAIN - picking up people moving, but we can't tell who is who, so it only adds to the claustrophobia and tension.

*NOTE - Fitch is mic'd, so WE hear everything. And what we hear is chaotic - so everyone but Fitch is subtitled.

JAMES ROLAND (V.O.)
What do you want?!

FITCH (V.O.)
To talk, James..!

JAMES ROLAND (V.O.)
Why does everyone wanna talk,
there's nothing to talk about!
It's too late!

The kids are SCREAMING--

KIDS (V.O.)
Daddy! DADDY!

JUNE ROLAND (V.O.)
For god's sake, James... don't you
know what you're doing to these
children?!

FITCH (V.O.)
Let's put the gun down, James.
James..?!

We get the sense that all hell is going to break loose.

ON MASON - looking over at the SWAT COMMANDER--

SWAT COMMANDER
Just say when...

FITCH (V.O.)
It's not too late, James. I know
it feels that way...

JAMES ROLAND (V.O.)
You don't know...

FITCH (V.O.)
I do...

JAMES ROLAND (V.O.)
DON'T LIE TO ME!

JUNE ROLAND (V.O.)
Why are you doing this?! Look at
you! Look at yourself!

FITCH (V.O.)
(yelling)
JUNE, GIVE HIM A BREAK!!

Suddenly, it goes quiet. A moment, then--

FITCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I do know, James. I know. I know what it's like. You loved somebody so much you don't know why they caused you so much pain. And that pain just builds inside until you snap. It's like you're a passenger in a car that's speeding out of control. But then you wake up and it's you behind the wheel. You did these things. And you think, no matter what happens now... it can never be undone. I've hurt people, James. My wife, my kids...

ON OUR DETECTIVES - listening via headphones. Trading eyes.

FITCH (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Most days I can't even get up, thinking about the things I've done. Some days I think it would be easier just to... end it. But I got these pictures on my wall. Think of the pictures, James. I brought you one. Look at these kids. LOOK AT THEM! They're the same kids in this picture. And that's you, their father. All you wanted was to be there for them. And now you're all they have. We can't change the past, James. But we can choose what happens next.

A long silent beat, then, we hear a man crying--

JAMES ROLAND (V.O.)

Don't come any closer...

FITCH (V.O.)

Give me the gun, James...

JAMES ROLAND (V.O.)

Stop...

FITCH (V.O.)

I'm not going to stop...

JAMES ROLAND (V.O.)

God forgive me...

And then - silence. A LONG BEAT. And the apartment door opens. Swat officers train weapons on the dark doorway as-

JAMES ROLAND appears arms raised. Fitch behind him, nudging him out. Roland gets about two steps -- SWAT tackles him to the ground. The kids come running out--

Cops swoop in and shuffle them and June Roland away. James Roland cries as he struggles to pull something from his pocket. He drops it, and as the cops carry him away--

Fitch looks down seeing it's an old photo of JAMES, SHANNON, AND THE TWO KIDS. And we realize it's the photo Majan found in Roland James' white pick-up truck. We know this because Fitch turns it over, seeing the handwritten words:

"TOGETHER FOREVER."

CUT TO:

EXT. HENRY FORD HOSPITAL - LATER THAT NIGHT

As we establish the huge hospital complex, we hear--

SANCHEZ (V.O.)

Looks like Alvin Green is gonna make it. Came out of surgery and asked to see the kids.

INT. HOSPITAL - WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

June Roland sits on a couch, watching the children play.

ON SANCHEZ - solemn, in the doorway, holding two Teddy Bears. She looks at the kids, but speaks to camera.

SANCHEZ

You go out there every day; putting in these hours, trying to make a difference. Sometimes you wonder if you're even making a dent. But moments like this; it's like proof.

(she smiles)

You know it's worth it.

She puts on a smile and hands the kids the Teddy Bears.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Hey guys, look what I found...

CUT TO:

INT. STATION - SQUAD ROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

Majan stirs his chai tea, watching Longford on the phone. From the look on his face, the call is not going well.

LONGFORD
 Hanno preso l'offerta? Capisco.
 Si. Grazie.

He hangs up, looking sullen, like a ghost.

MAJAN
 What's up, partner... you didn't
 get the house?

LONGFORD
 No... I did.

And it's a bitter-sweet moment for Longford, who is utterly conflicted as he looks around the squad room at all his comrades. This has been his life. Majan, sensing his angst, puts a reassuring hand on Longford's shoulder, and we--

CUT TO:

FROM ACROSS THE SQUAD ROOM - We're looking at WASHINGTON - gazing up at the BIG BOARD, contemplating it all. Fitch walks up beside him and we GO CLOSER-

WASHINGTON
 Hell of a first day, huh?

FITCH
 Every day feels like the first.
 One of the perks of working
 homicide... it never gets old.

WASHINGTON
 All that stuff you said in that
 motel room; you know, about hurting
 people you love and feeling like
 you want to end it... is that true?

FITCH
 (thinks, then)
 It was true when I said it.

Washington looks at him, not sure what to believe. But he knows he shouldn't push.

WASHINGTON
 Well, I'm beat, man. Thought this
 day would never end.

FITCH
 What makes you think you're done?

Washington shoots him a look - 'Huh?'

FITCH (CONT'D)

Rookie always does the paperwork.
Have it at the D.A.'s office in two
hours.

And just as Washington looks like he may vomit again, Fitch smiles for the first time, and we realize he's joking.

Fitch takes an eraser-bar from the tray on the grease board. He hands it to Washington, who is stunned by this offer-

FITCH (CONT'D)

You earned it.

Washington nods, clearly honored. His face carries the gravity of what this means. And then, in one clean swoop, Washington clears the case from its column on the BIG BOARD.

CUT TO:

ON MASON - LOOKING AT A MONITOR - where James Roland sits in a holding room. Cuffed. Slouched over, sulking.

MASON

Well, we did our part. D.A. Wants
an immediate arraignment, so we'll
transfer him to Corrections.

(sighs)

Another night in D-town.

CUT TO:

LATER THAT NIGHT - A HOLDING ROOM DOOR OPENS

Fitch and Washington emerge with James Roland. He's in cuffs. We FOLLOW the two detectives as they escort him down the hall toward the elevator where two uniforms wait.

Roland is catatonic as they turn him around to transfer cuffs. And in the midst of the transfer, something happens. And what happens, happens fast-

ROLAND BREAKS FREE. A jarring scuffle. It's hard to make out what's going on. CAMERA is now running down the hallway toward the action as Roland wrestles a sidearm from one of the uniform cops - and we hear a CRACK!

WASHINGTON recoils, SHOT! As he falls to the floor in a blur-

CAMERA DROPS for cover, still capturing the chaos as-

Fitch and those uniform cops draw - CRACK-CRACK! CRACK! They fire, hitting--

JAMES ROLAND, who goes down hard. The two other cops pile on top of him, wrestling his arms into a submission hold.

WASHINGTON is not moving. And now we're hearing-

MAN'S VOICE 1 (O.S.)
OFFICER DOWN!

ON A DETECTIVE - heated, rambling into his radio-

DETECTIVE
502, homicide unit... we need
immediate assistance..!

ON A SECRETARY - knelt behind her desk, watching in horror - hands cupped over her mouth.

ON MASON, charging out of her office, taking in the madness, her gaze falling-

ON FITCH - kneeling on the floor beside Washington as cops start flooding in. And amid this total FUCKING CHAOS - through all the legs rushing to and fro-

Fitch eerily turns and looks into the camera - and it's like he's the only one in the room. And by the look on his face, we can see this camera is suddenly an intruder.

A swell of intensity grows in his eyes until he reaches out and swipes at the camera-

WE GO TO BLACK

And over all the SOUNDS OF CHAOS, radios, voices, etc - we hear the ring-tone chime - "ROCKABYE BABY."

Washington finally gets that call...

END OF ACT FIVE

THE END