

THE ROOKIE
by Alexi Hawley

ACT ONE

EXT. MAIN STREET. FOXBURG, PA - MORNING

Picturesque, but not a tourist town. People here work hard for their living. JOHN NOLAN, 43, sits in his pickup, waiting for the bank to open. Nolan was voted "most likely to succeed" (and "best hair!") in high school, but found the universe had other plans. Now he stares at his Final Divorce Decree, wondering how he got here. *

KNOCKING on the car window breaks the moment. STACY, 42, the bank manager, smiles with genuine warmth: *

STACY
Bank's open, John.

INT. BANK - MORNING

Nolan and Stacy walk. There's history here: An angsty tween romance. A genuine friendship. *

STACY
So... Happy Divorce Day.

NOLAN
That's not a thing.

STACY
It should be. When mine went through, I took the boys to Disneyland.

NOLAN
That's different. Pete was bad news since high school. We all tried to warn you.

STACY
But he was such a good kisser.

They reach the stairs. Head down -- *

INT. BANK. SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES - CONTINUOUS

STACY
So what's the grand plan now you're single, and Henry's off at college? *

NOLAN
Chippendales. Or the NFL. I haven't decided.

Two keys open his safe deposit box.

(CONTINUED)

STACY

I'd go with stripping. Less risk of
an ACL tear. Although the way you
dance...

They share a smile. She turns to leave. *

NOLAN

I bought a self-help book. *
(she turns back) *
I made the cashier put it in a brown *
paper bag. I can't bring myself to *
open it. How did I get here? *

STACY *

I think the healthier question is: *
Where do you go now? *

NOLAN *

Well, thanks, cause that one's a *
total mystery. People keep telling me *
I've started "the next chapter of my *
life." But all the pages are blank. *
(off her) *
And don't tell me it's mine to write. *

STACY *

(she was) *
I wasn't. But it is. *

She hugs him tight. *

STACY (CONT'D)

You're a good man, John Nolan.
You'll figure it out.

She heads upstairs. Nolan puts the Decree in the box. Looks *
at his gold WEDDING RING. It's been on since he met a girl, *
and the stick turned blue. He struggles to get it off. Puts *
it in the box. A last look. Then he shuts it away forever. *

INT. BANK - MORNING *

Busy with customers. Nolan heads for the exit. Lost in *
thought. UP AHEAD: TWO CRUEL MEN enter the bank in long *
coats. Nolan frowns, sensing danger as THEY PULL GUNS -- *

PISTOL

Everybody on the floor! Now!

PISTOL whips the guard down as SHOTGUN FIRES into the air. *
Chaos. The thrill of fear as Pistol charges Nolan -- *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PISTOL (CONT'D)

Get down! Get down!

He shoves Nolan to the floor -- other customers dropping --
as Shotgun jumps the counter -- throws a bag at the teller.

SHOTGUN

Fill it. Hurry up!

PISTOL

Who's the bank manager?!

Stacy raises her hand. Pistol grabs her, yanking her towards
the vault. She falls --

PISTOL (CONT'D)

Get up, bitch --

He HITS her with the gun -- blood *Pollocks* the marble.

NOLAN

(rising)

Hey!

Now the gun is pointed at him.

PISTOL

Get back down! Now!

NOLAN

(ignores him, to Stacy)

Are you okay?

She nods. Pistol sticks his gun in Nolan's face --

PISTOL

Do you wanna die?

NOLAN

No.

He sinks back down to the floor, helped by the gun barrel.
Then he sees Stacy reaching to push the silent ALARM. Pistol
starts to turn -- about to catch her --

NOLAN (CONT'D)

BUT --

He rises -- driven by instinct -- no idea what comes next --

NOLAN (CONT'D)

But -- honestly -- have I even
really lived?

Pistol comes back for him. Nolan steels himself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

NOLAN (CONT'D)

I mean, my whole life's been about
being responsible. Playing it safe.
Doing what's expected, rather than
what I want.

As he talks, he's surprised to find the clarity he's been
desperate for.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

This bank robbery's the most exciting
thing that's happened to me in years.
Is that sad? It sounds sad --

Pistol HITS him, knocking Nolan to the floor. Kicks him --

SHOTGUN

(to Pistol)
Hey! The vault!

Pistol gives Nolan a last kick. Through the window, Nolan
sees TWO COPS (M/F) sneaking up. Pistol turns back for Stacy -
- about to see them -- Nolan forces himself to rise again --
the fighter who won't stay down --

NOLAN

Not that you're in a position to
judge. Clearly, your life hasn't
turned out how you wanted. Unless you
wanted to be bank robbers. In which
case, you're living the dream --

Pistol charges Nolan -- murder in his eyes -- WHAM: The front
door flies open -- the cops burst in --

COPS

Police! Drop your weapons!

BAM: Nolan knocks Pistol's gun up as he FIRES -- knocks his
ass OUT as Shotgun chooses life -- dropping his gun -- cops
taking him to the floor. Nolan takes a step towards Stacy.
His legs give out. He sinks down next to her.

NOLAN

Well, chapter two certainly started
with a bang.

STACY

That -- you -- were really --

NOLAN

Stupid?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

STACY

Brave.

MORE COPS flood the bank. Nolan watches them, mesmerized as they cuff the robbers, take control of the scene. And in that moment, Nolan sees his future. He looks at Stacy.

NOLAN

How do you think I'd look in uniform?

A HIGH ENERGY SONG kicks in, launching us to:

EXT. LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA - MORNING

QUICK CUTS: The beach, Beverly Hills, Koreatown, Inglewood. Diversity super-sized, in location and population.

CHIEF GRIFFIN (V.O.)

Ladies and gentlemen, I'm proud to introduce the LAPD's newest recruits.

EXT. LOS ANGELES. POLICE PLAZA - DAY

Applause. Three rows of GRADUATING CADETS -- dress blues, caps, white gloves -- stand at attention. We MOVE PAST young faces until we find Nolan, the oldest by almost two decades, hair shorter, eyes determined. CHYRON: *Six Months Later.*

CHIEF GRIFFIN

You are the best, the brightest --
(eyes catch Nolan)
-- and the most determined. Tomorrow morning you will begin your careers as police officers --

Nolan offers a subtle fist bump to the rookies on either side of him: LUCY BENITEZ, 27, an energetic risk taker, and JACKSON WEST, 23, African American, a confident legacy.

CHIEF GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

How you show up on your first day will set the tone for your entire rookie year --

PRE-LAP: HONKING and CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NEXT MORNING

Lucy pushes her classic -- a/k/a broke ass -- '66 Stingray up the street, desperate not to be late. Motorists pull around.

BLAZE

Hey, mama. You need help?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She looks over to see BLAZE, 30s, sketchy AF.

LUCY
Keep walking.

Instead, he heads towards her -- the last thing she needs.

BLAZE
That's a nice ride. I think I'm'a
have to take it off your hands.

LUCY
(he's an idiot)
You're gonna steal my car? That
broke down two blocks ago?

BLAZE
Yeah. Maybe take you for a spin, too.

He shows her a GUN. Tucked into his pants. She stops pushing.

LUCY
What is that? A .380? 9mm?

BLAZE
It's a Glock.

LUCY
Yeah, that's the manufacturer, not
the caliber. And you got it off a
banger round the way who sold you the
shiniest junker he had, cause he knew
you couldn't tell the difference. My
gun, on the other hand --

She shows him the quick draw holster on her belt.

LUCY (CONT'D)
-- is kept in an LAPD issued holster,
rather than tucked into my pubes. And
it was just cleaned this morning. So
you can either lie on the ground, or
we can quick draw and see whose gun
shoots better. Spoiler alert: It's
gonna be mine.

A moment, then Blaze lays down on his stomach.

INT. MID-WILSHIRE STATION. FRONT DESK - DAY

BAM. Lucy strong-arms Blaze inside. Heads for the desk cops,
and SERGEANT WADE GREY, 50s, Watch Commander.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Grey passed *too old for this shit* a decade ago, but he's fiercely protective of his people.

*
*

LUCY

Excuse me, I'm Lucy Benitez. I'm starting today. This guy just tried to steal my car. And threatened to rape me. Oh, and I took this away from him.

She puts the gun on the desk. Grey eyes it.

*

SGT. GREY

You're showing up on your first day with a bust?

*

LUCY

Yes, sir.

*

SGT. GREY

(not bad)

Welcome to the LAPD. Roll call in ten.

*

*

*

A UNIFORM takes Blaze away as Lucy disappears through the inner doors. ANGLE ON: Nolan entering the precinct, unaware.

*

*

NOLAN

Officer John Nolan, reporting for assignment.

*

*

*

SGT. GREY

Where's your arrest?

(off Nolan's confusion)

Locker room's down the hall. Third door on the left. Roll call in ten.

*

*

*

*

*

INT. STATION - HALLWAY - MORNING

*

Nolan counts doors. Opens the third one and steps into --

*

INT. STATION - UTILITY CLOSET - CONTINUOUS

*

Oops. Nolan turns to go, but the door locks behind him. Fuck.

*

INT. STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

*

Sgt. Grey gathers a dozen cops, including ANGELA SONG, 35, Korean-American, and TALIA BISHOP, 31, African American.

*

*

TALIA

What's going on?

*

*

(CONTINUED)

KNOCKING from inside the utility closet.

*

NOLAN (O.S.)

*

Hello?

*

The cops burst out laughing. Then Song spots:

*

SONG

*

Captain. Twelve o'clock.

*

Cops scatter as CAPTAIN ZOE ANDERSEN, 41, walks up the hall with Jackson, in uniform (our other rookie at graduation). Zoe is confident and charming, but there's steel underneath.

*

*

*

JACKSON

*

I hope I won't get any special treatment because of my father.

*

*

*

CAPTAIN ZOE

*

I'd like to say no. But he's the Commanding Officer of Internal Affairs. Cops are going to give you some leeway.

*

*

*

*

*

KNOCKING draws their attention. *What the?* Zoe opens the utility room door, revealing Nolan.

*

*

NOLAN

Thanks.

*

(steps out)

*

I'm running late for roll call, and I made a wrong turn, and I cannot screw up on my first day --

*

*

*

*

He notices Jackson now, shaking his head, but it's too late.

*

CAPTAIN ZOE

You must be my oldest rookie.

NOLAN

Your --

(realizing, oh shit)

And you must be my Captain.

*

CAPTAIN ZOE

Zoe Andersen. Officer West, here, mentioned you're from Pennsylvania. What brought you to the LAPD?

*

*

NOLAN

I wanted to join the best.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACKSON

And we were the only department
who'd take a man of his experience.

Nolan shoots him a look: *You're not helping.*

CAPTAIN ZOE

Lucky us. Hopefully you're a better
cop than you are a navigator.

She walks away. OFF: Nolan, *shit*, we CUT TO:

INT. ROLL CALL ROOM - MORNING

Rowdy with patrol officers. Song and Talia sit with fellow
P3, TIM BRADFORD, 38, *the training officer you don't want*.
Nolan enters, now in uniform. Sarcastic clapping for the
rookie locked in the closet.

TIM

Hold up. Nobody told me it was bring
your dad to work day.

SONG

Front row, Boot.

TALIA

Move.

Nolan hurries to the front, cops staring at him like he's
Bigfoot. He sits between Lucy and Jackson.

LUCY

A closet?

NOLAN

I don't wanna talk about it. Cop at
the desk punked me.

LUCY

You mean him?

She indicates Sgt. Grey, entering like he owns the place.
Nolan's heart sinks.

SGT. GREY

(entering)

All right. Knock it off. We got some
new blood this morning --

(eyes Nolan)

Well, some of it's not that new --

(laughter from the cops)

Yesterday, you all got the *Kumbaya*
speech from the Chief. Well, mine's a
lot more Old Testament. The exulted
NYPD has forty thousand cops.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)

LAPD's got nine, operating in a city almost twice the size. Which makes us bad ass. But it also means we shoulder a heavier burden.

*
*
*
*

He moves to look down at the rookies.

*

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)

In your previous lives, you could afford to make a mistake. But not here. You make the wrong call on the street, and you die. Or worse, you get a civilian, or fellow officer killed. This is a weight unlike any you've ever carried. And there is no shame in realizing that it's too heavy for you.

*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*
*

His eyes find Nolan. Then he smiles, becoming *good cop*.

*

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)

All right. It's time for the Training Officer match game. Our contestants are Lucy Benitez, who made her first arrest before clocking in for work.

*
*
*
*

Surprised, Nolan and Jackson look over. Lucy hides a smile.

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)

Jackson West, who broke every one of his father's records at the Academy. And John Nolan, who was born before disco died.

*
*

TALIA

(sotto)
Ten bucks Song gets the legacy.

SONG

Bring it. Kid's just the kind of layup I need to make detective-trainee.

*

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)

And the winners are: Officer Bradford, who gets our overachiever. Officer Song, who gets our legacy.

*
*
*
*
*

SONG

Yes.

*

SGT. GREY

Which leaves Officer Bishop -- our youngest T.O. -- to ride with the forty year old rookie.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Nolan meets Talia's eye, nods. Gets nothing back. *

SGT. GREY (CONT'D) *

That's it. Listen to your T.O.s. Keep
your head on a swivel. *

(as everyone exits) *

Officer Bishop, I need a private word
with your rook.

TALIA

(surprised)

Sure thing.

(to Nolan)

Meet me outside the kit room. *

She exits, leaving with the last of the patrol officers.

SGT. GREY

Enjoying your little adventure so
far?

NOLAN

Yes, s--

SGT. GREY

I don't care. I don't like
you, Officer Nolan. It's not
personal. I hate what you
represent: A walking mid-life
crisis. The LAPD isn't a
place for you to "find
yourself." I believe if you
succeed, my house will be
flooded with middle-aged
losers looking for some kind
of *Eat, Pray, Love* path to
reinvention. And that'll get
my people killed. And I will
not let harm come to my
people. Do you understand? *

NOLAN

Sir, with respect --

SGT. GREY

Kit Room's that way.

OFF: Nolan, *what a way to start his first day...* *

INT. STATION. KIT ROOM - MORNING *

Talia watches Nolan stagger out, loaded down like a pack
mule, two shotguns, two beanbag guns, cameras, etc. *

TALIA *

What'd the watch commander want? *

NOLAN *

To wish me luck. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALIA

Boot, this relationship's gonna get off to a bad start if you lie to me.

She heads down the hall. He follows.

NOLAN

Sgt. Grey does not appear to be a fan of my presence in the Department.

TALIA

Cause you're old AF? Well, I don't give a damn about your age, Officer Nolan. I wonder if you're gonna have trouble being taught by a black woman.

NOLAN

Ma'am, six months ago, I packed everything I own in a U-Haul, and drove out here to become a cop. I'm at an age where my peers are all senior officers or retiring. Which means I don't have time to waste. So if you can teach me how to be a great cop, then I'm a sponge, ready to absorb everything you have to offer.

TALIA

Bit of an over-sharer, huh?

NOLAN

I heard partners are supposed to have a special bond.

TALIA

We're not partners.

She pushes through the door --

EXT. STATION. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Talia heads for their SUV. Nolan struggles to keep up.

TALIA

I'm your T.O. And my job is to teach you how to be a patrol officer. If you fail to learn, or aggravate me, I will send you and your U-haul back to Pennsylvania --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOLAN

It was a rental --
 (off her)
 I get your point.

She points to their patrol vehicle.

TALIA

This is your shop. Do not call it a
 car. It is where you work. First
 check the exterior for damage. Then
 the backseat. Has a suspect left
 anything. Money, drugs, a dookie --

As Nolan leans in to look, we FOCUS PAST HIM to Tim and Lucy,
 in the midst of setting up their shop. It's not going well.

TIM

Why aren't you taking notes? I will
not be saying this twice --
 (she digs for a pad)
 You think I'm impressed cause you
 picked some low hanging fruit on
 your way to work, Officer Benitez?

LUCY

No, sir --

TIM

Damn, straight. You're gonna
 have to prove you belong in
 my shop.

PAST THEM: We find Song and Jackson already in their vehicle.

JACKSON

Then I set the cameras and pair the
 mics on our belts. And we're done.

SONG

(impressed)
 You're making my job easy, Officer
 West.

JACKSON

I've wanted to be a cop since I was
 in kindergarten. I'm just psyched the
 big day's finally here.

SONG

Well, then, let's get to it.

She starts the car, drives out PAST TIM, still berating Lucy--

TIM

No. Do it again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

-- then PAST Nolan and Talia. We STAY WITH THEM as Talia starts the engine. Ready to roll. Looks to Nolan.

TALIA

Nervous?

NOLAN

Filled with the kinetic energy of anticipation.

(off her)

A little. It goes away, though, right?

She laughs. Pulls out. OFF: Nolan, PRE-LAP FIGHTING. CUT TO:

EXT. LA BREA TAR PITS - DAY

TWO DADS are ugly-fighting as their wives and kids freak out. A chaotic crowd films it with their cell phones. The WHOOP of a siren as Song and Jackson arrive.

SONG

Make a path.

Jackson follows, eyeing the unruly crowd. And now we see something we don't expect. Anxiety. For all his bravado, Jackson is afraid. JACKSON'S POV: Everything heightened. Loud. Chaotic. He loses sight of Song as she moves to separate the fighters. He shifts to find her, fighting sensory overload -- BAM -- a TRANSIENT bumps him. The rookie stumbles -- panics, pulling his TASER --

JACKSON

Hey! Stop! LAPD!

The man turns, lurching back at the legacy. BZZZT: Jackson FIRES. The man falls, stunned. The crowd reacts. Song turns --

SONG

What the hell?!

JACKSON

I -- he -- assaulted me.

But she sees the panic in his eyes. OFF: Song, *what the fuck happened to her perfect rookie?*

INT. TALIA AND NOLAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Talia driving. Nolan is scanning their surroundings, trying to see his new city with a cop's eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALIA

You married, Officer Nolan.

NOLAN

Not anymore. I got the new-life hat
trick going. New town. New job. New
relationship status.

TALIA

Sounds exhausting. And I've got a
hyperactive six year old.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

7-Adam-15 possible battery in
progress, 1401 South Sycamore.
Address has history of domestic
calls. Be aware husband is an MMA
fighter.

NOLAN

(into radio)

7-Adam-15, Roger. Show us in route.

EXT./INT. MODEST HOUSE - DAY

Nolan and Talia exit their patrol vehicle.

NOLAN

How do you wanna do this?

TALIA

Show me what you got.

So Nolan takes point. His first act as a police officer. *Is
he ready? Only one way to find out.* He bangs on the door.

NOLAN

LAPD. Open up, please.

A moment, then the door opens on the Mountain's bigger
cousin, CARLO, 32. Whoa. Nolan fights the urge to step back.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Sir, we got a call about a
disturbance.

CARLO

Neighbors should mind their business.

He crowds Nolan, blocking the doorway. Behind him is his tiny
wife, REY, 28 (who shows no signs of abuse).

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOLAN
Ma'am, are you all right?

CARLO
She's fine.

NOLAN
Can you step outside, sir?

CARLO
No.

This is the moment. When things will go sideways. Talia watches Nolan -- how will he handle Carlo's *show of force*?

NOLAN
You're trying to make weight, huh?

CARLO
What?

NOLAN
I wrestled in college. I can see the plastic peeking out from under your sweat suit. Nothing my girlfriend hated more than when I was trying to get down to fighting weight. It's like my misery was contagious.

Carlo nods. Catches himself. Nolan leans in, privately.

NOLAN (CONT'D)
I got some tips if you want them.
Better the wife doesn't hear.

A moment, then Carlo steps out. Talia meets Nolan's eyes: *You got this?* He nods. She steps --

INT. MODEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Rey is small, but fiery, in no need of rescue.

REY
I'm fine.

TALIA
Did he hit you?

REY
Please. Don't let the size fool you.
My husband's a pussy. Working my last nerve, bitching about making weight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

REY (CONT'D)

He needs to suck it up and win a
fight, or I'm outta here.

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - SAME

Nolan with Carlo -- the edge gone.

NOLAN

How long you been married?

CARLO

A year.

NOLAN

I was married twenty. Learned the
hard way that empathy is the
toughest thing to hang onto. But you
can't take your frustrations out on
her --

CARLO

You got it wrong. She's the one
who throws down. Girl's got a
crazy temper.

NOLAN

(skeptical)

Meaning what? She hits you?

CARLO

Nah. She knows better than that.

But Nolan senses his discomfort. Is the big man lying?

NOLAN

Look, I'm not here to judge. I want
to help if I can --

TALIA

(exiting the house)

We good out here?

CARLO

Yeah. We good.

Nolan hesitates, unsure whether to push. Then nods to Talia.

TALIA

(into her radio)

7-Adam-15 Code 4.

(to Carlo)

Don't make us come back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They head for their unit as Carlo goes back inside. *

NOLAN *

What do you think? *

TALIA *

That we'll be back. *

As they climb in their unit, we PRE-LAP: *

TIM (V.O.) *

Where are you right now, Officer Benitez? *

INT. TIM AND LUCY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Lucy shifts to look for a street sign. *

LUCY *

Uh. Santa Monica and -- *

TIM *

Too slow, Boot. What if you had to call for help? Or -- *

BAM -- FOCUS PAST HIM through the windshield as -- a battered gardener's PICKUP swerves to avoid a car. The tailgate flies open -- a LAWNMOWER soars out -- HITS the Audi behind it. Shit! Tim swerves around the accident -- hits lights and siren -- the pickup stopping. *

EXT. WILSHIRE BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

Tim waves Lucy to secure the pickup -- checks the shaken driver of the Audi. *

TIM

Are you all right? Don't move. Ambulance is on the way.

(into his radio)

7-Adam-21 TC Santa Monica and La Brea, need an additional unit, and an RA for a male, head injury, conscious and breathing.

He heads for the pickup, THREE MEXICAN IMMIGRANTS inside.

TIM (CONT'D)

The hell is wrong with you? You're lucky you didn't kill someone --

DRIVER

Por favor, no hablo ingles --

TIM

Don't pull that crap with me-- *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY
 (to the Driver, in
 Spanish)
*[License and registration, please.
 Do it quick, my partner's pissed.]*

The driver hands Tim his license and registration.

TIM
 Tell him it's immigrants like them
 who make Americans like you look
 bad. If it were up to me we'd send
 them all back by catapult.

Lucy is thrown. The driver looks at her to translate.

LUCY
 (in Spanish)
*[He said you're getting a ticket for
 failure to secure your load. And you
 should do a better job maintaining
 your vehicle in the future.]*

The driver gives Tim a thumbs up. Tim frowns. *

TIM
 Officer Benitez, a word. *

They step away from the vehicle. *

TIM (CONT'D) *
 Do I strike you as a man who means *
 what he says. *

LUCY *
 Yes, sir. *

TIM *
 Entonces, ¿por qué cambiarías las *
 palabras que salen de mi boca? *

Lucy pales. He understood every word she said. *

TIM (CONT'D) *
 Everything is a test, Officer *
 Benitez. And you just got your first *
 "F." I know what you're thinking: Was *
 the casual racism a test, too? Or *
 just the Spanish. Unfortunately for *
 you, there's no way to know. Now go *
 run his info while I cycle through my *
 list of demeaning punishments. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TIM (CONT'D)

The first one really sets the tone,
so I gotta get it right.

OFF: Lucy, *mortified*, we CUT TO:

INT. NOLAN AND TALIA'S CAR (MOVING)

Nolan looks to Talia, deciding whether to say something.

TALIA

What?

NOLAN

Back at the house, the guy hinted his
wife was abusive, but I didn't push.

If he's expecting sympathy, he's out of luck.

TALIA

Worst thing you can do is think but
not act. You have to trust your
instincts. Even if I ultimately tell
you they're wrong --

DISPATCH (V.O.)

7-Adam-15 re-respond to 1401 South
Sycamore. PR called back. Situation
has escalated. Battery in progress.

Nolan's heart sinks.

TALIA

That was fast.

She hits lights and sirens. OFF: Nolan, *is this his fault?*

EXT. MODEST HOUSE - DAY

Neighbors on the lawn. Screaming from inside.

REY (O.S.)

What did you tell them?

CRASH. Talia and Nolan charge across the lawn, drawing their
weapons. Nolan's heart is pounding as Talia kicks the door -

INT. MODEST HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Nolan is right behind Talia as they move through the house --
following the sounds of VIOLENCE -- burst into the DINING
ROOM to find: Rey on Carlo's back, like a monkey, STABBING
him in the neck and chest as he crashes around. Holy shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nolan charges in, yanks Rey off Carlo -- who collapses -- as Rey slices at Nolan with the knife. He barely avoids the blade -- throws her -- CRASH -- into a glass hutch. She falls, stunned. Nolan kicks the knife clear. Cuffs her.

TALIA

You all right?

NOLAN

(he's not)

Yeah.

*

TALIA

(into radio)

7-Adam-15, Code 4. Need an RA at
1401 South Sycamore, victim not
conscious, not breathing.

Nolan stares at Carlo's lifeless face, a guy he was talking to only minutes ago, now his first dead body.

*

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOEXT. MODEST HOUSE - DAY

Now a crime scene. TIGHT ON NOLAN, still shaken by Carlo's murder. He watches as TWO DETECTIVES lead Rey, in cuffs, to an unmarked car. Talia approaches, knows exactly what's up. Shows us why she's such a good T.O.

TALIA

Even if you had said something, a guy like that was never going to admit a woman was kicking his ass. At day's end, we're just referees trying to keep citizens from acting on their worst instincts.

NOLAN

You're just trying to make me feel better.

TALIA

Oh, no, believe me, if you screwed up, I'd tell you.

Her phone RINGS. She steps away to answer

TALIA (CONT'D)

Hello?

PRINCIPAL (V.O.)

Mrs. Bishop, it's Tom Hill from Oakwood.

A wave of anxiety. She moves further away from the scene.

TALIA

Is Jacob okay?

PRINCIPAL

Yes. And no. His behavior hasn't gotten better. I'm afraid you're going to need to find him a new school.

TALIA

Wait. He's a smart kid. You told us you could teach him -- there's gotta be something else you can try.

PRINCIPAL

I'm sorry. Today's his last day.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He hangs up. She fights to hold it together. The CAMERA RE-FINDS NOLAN as Sgt. Grey approaches from his car. *

SGT. GREY *

Tough first call. How you holding up? *

NOLAN *

I'm fine, sir. *

They watch as the coroner wheels out Carlo's BODY BAG. *

SGT. GREY *

Believe it or not, I'm trying to help you, Officer Nolan. Not everyone's cut out for this work. It takes guts to realize when that "not everyone" is you. *

He heads for the coroner. OFF: Nolan, we HEAR the WHOOP of a siren and CUT TO: *

EXT. PICO BOULEVARD - DAY *

Three hard-edged men are shooting the shit when Lucy and Tim exit their squad car. The men turn to walk off, but Tim focuses on the nastiest looking one -- GHOST HEAD, 40.

TIM

Ghost Head. Not so fast, my man.

Ghost Head holds up as Tim and Lucy approach.

GHOST HEAD

This is harassment.

TIM

What? No. It's just good customer service. Like a frequent flyer program for our repeat customers. (to Lucy)

Search him, Boot. *

Lucy eyes the large ex-con. Looks back to Tim. *

LUCY *

This is another test, right? I put my hands on him without probable cause, and you make the game show buzzer noise, and tell me I failed. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM

Oh, you already failed. Your probable cause is a known felon consorting with undesirable elements. Now search him.

*
*
*
*
*

LUCY

(shit, to Ghost Head)
Turn around. Grab the wall.

*

GHOST HEAD

Make me. Boot.

Lucy stares at him for a hard moment. There is no doubt if she puts her hands on this guy, they're going to fight. Fuck it -- she puts hands on him. BAM -- he takes a swing at her. A straight-up brawl follows -- Ghost Head getting in good shots -- Lucy giving them back. Tim makes no move to help.

*

TIM

Keep your hands up, Boot. Don't let him get on top of you.

*

Then Lucy flips Ghost Head onto his face. It hurts. A lot. She puts her knee in his back. Cuffs him.

*
*

LUCY

(breathing hard)
You're. Under. Arrest.
(to Tim)
That was the test.

*

TIM

Yep. I needed to see how you handled yourself. Now read him his rights, so we can hand him off and go to lunch.

*

OFF: Lucy, *this fucking guy*, we CUT TO:

EXT. FOOD TRUCK ROW - DAY

Crowded. Tables set up. Nolan, Lucy and Jackson buy food for their T.O.s, who hang at a table in the b.g. FOCUSED ON: The stunned rookies, each trying to process what happened.

*
*
*

LUCY

So. How'd your first mornings go?

*

FLASH TO: the taser shocking the transient. BACK TO:

*

JACKSON

Good.

*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FLASH TO: Rey stabbing Carlo. BACK TO:

NOLAN

Yeah. Good. You?

FLASH TO: Ghost Head trying to kill Lucy. BACK TO:

LUCY

Great.

But we know better. ANGLE ON: THE P3s at their table, holding nothing back.

SONG

He gave a homeless guy *the five second ride on our first call.*

TIM

(amused)

Kid got the best scores in the history of the Academy. And he's a DOJ. If he can't hack it on the street, who do you think's going to get blamed?

TALIA

You don't need to seem so happy about it.

TIM

I'm not. It's just, we've all got rookie burdens to overcome.

SONG

What, Tim doesn't care for his female Boot? I'm shocked.

TIM

Hey, I don't have an issue with women. But a bad female is worse than a bad male. And that's a fact.

TALIA

I think Song would disagree.

BACK ON THE ROOKIES: Lucy sneaks a look at Jackson and Nolan. Admits:

LUCY

My T.O.'s straight-up trying to get me killed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JACKSON

(relieved)

I had to taze a guy. It was
hardcore.

*
*
*
*

They look to Nolan, expecting him to come clean, too. FLASH
TO: Carlo's body bag being wheeled across the yard. BACK TO:

*
*

NOLAN

(lies)

Smooth sailing so far for me.

*
*
*

He notices Talia step away for a phone call. She seems upset.
Nolan takes a covert step closer, eavesdrops.

*

TALIA

Baby, this is serious... I'm at
work, too --

*

She looks over. Nolan makes himself busy, helps carry the
food to the table.

*
*

TIM

You didn't forget the hot sauce, did
you, Boot?

Lucy dumps a handful of packets on the table as Talia comes
back. Nolan hands her a bag. She takes out a burrito --

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Wilshire units, Male caucasian, blue
t-shirt, brown pants attacking cars
with a bat. Hollywood and Highland.
Code 3.

*

NOLAN

(cool, into radio)

7-Adam-15 responding.

TALIA

(about to take a bite)

You did not just buy that call.

TIM

You done it now, Boot.

SONG

Nobody messes with Bishop's
lunch.

*

Talia jams her food in the bag. Heads for the car.

NOLAN

(following)

I'm sorry. I thought --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TALIA

Don't think. And don't ever buy a
call without asking me first.

*

Over this we hear the SCREECH of tires -- CUT TO:

*

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY

CHAOS. A man with a BAT (let's call him UNICORN MAN -- you'll
see why in a sec) is attacking cars in the intersection.

UNICORN MAN

Where is he?! What have you have
done with him?

*

*

Nolan and Talia exit their shop. Traffic now at a standstill.

TALIA

Sir, you need to put down the bat.

He waves it at them.

UNICORN MAN

They're all around us! Hiding in
plain sight!

*

*

TALIA

Tase this guy so I can get back to
my burrito before it gets cold.

Instead, Nolan steps closer, just out of reach of the bat.

NOLAN

Sir, what's going on?

UNICORN MAN

The unicorn. He's laughing at me.

*

Unicorn? Nolan exchanges a look with Talia. She motions to
his taser. He ignores her, takes a step closer to Unicorn
Man.

*

*

*

NOLAN

Sir, we can help. But you have to
put the bat down first.

*

UNICORN MAN

You're trying to trick me.

NOLAN

No, sir. Is there medication you
should be taking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNICORN MAN

It was stealing my thoughts. I had to lock it away. My wife doesn't understand. Won't let me see him.

*

BEHIND THEM, Tim and Lucy arrive.

TIM

What's the hold up?

TALIA

Nolan's a talker.

NOLAN

Look, I can help with the unicorn. I've hunted them before. But you have to put down the bat first. Please.

*

Unicorn Man hesitates -- starts lowers it --

*

NOLAN (CONT'D)

That's right. Just put it down --

Unicorn Man lays the bat on the ground -- Yes! -- and takes off running -- Shit! Nolan takes off after him.

*

TIM

(to Lucy)

Go get him.

Lucy sprints off in pursuit as the T.O.s jump in their units to pursue. ANGLE ON: NOLAN chasing Unicorn Man. The first fifty yards were pure adrenaline. Now it's starting to suck. Suddenly, Lucy sprints past Nolan like he's standing still.

LUCY

Too slow, *papi*.

What? Shit. Nolan pours on the speed -- HONK! -- A semi-truck almost kills him. Nolan barely jumps back as -- UP AHEAD -- Unicorn Man makes a hard turn. Lucy behind him. Nolan clocks a shortcut -- over a fence -- he attacks it -- trying to go over the top. But his foot breaks through. Gets STUCK. Fuck. He struggles to free himself as --

Lucy tackles Unicorn Man. Cuffs him as Talia and Tim land. Climb out as Nolan gets free, hurries over.

*

TALIA

Way to represent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

UNICORN MAN

(desperate)

Let me go. I have to find him. The unicorn took him. He needs me.

*

TALIA

Who needs you?

UNICORN MAN

Lucas. I can't find him.

Uh oh. Talia digs into UM's pocket. Pulls his phone. The screen is filled with frantic messages from UM's wife. Shit. Talia hits redial.

*

TALIA

Ma'am, this is Officer Talia Bishop -
- I'm with your husband now -- no,
your child isn't with him --

(to Unicorn Man)

Sir, where is your son?

UNICORN MAN

(crying)

I don't know. I only left him in the car for a minute. But the Unicorn hid him.

*

A wave of vertigo hits Nolan. He looks up at the sun beating down.

*

*

NOLAN

We gotta find that car.

The CAMERA PULLS UP AND UP: showing us how impossible a task that's going to be in the chaos of Hollywood, filled with thousands of cars.

*

*

*

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEEXT. HOLLYWOOD - DAY

The unforgiving SUN beats down as an LAPD AIRSHIP thunders over Hollywood. BELOW we see a half dozen LAPD Units on different streets, searching. *

TALIA (V.O.)
Suspect vehicle is a grey Toyota Corolla. License plate Kilo One Seven Echo Bravo. *

INT. LUCY AND TIM'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Scanning the street.

LUCY
When did he pick the boy up?

TIM
Couple hours ago.

INT. JACKSON AND SONG'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

JACKSON
And we're sure the kid's still in the car?

SONG
I hope not. It's almost 90. Inside of that car's gonna be an oven. *

INT. NOLAN AND TALIA'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Nolan is coming out of his skin, looking for the car. *

NOLAN
There's gotta be a better way than just driving around.

TALIA
We got an airship and six cars working a grid pattern. There are no fancy tricks in patrol. *

NOLAN
We have to find him.

TALIA
No.
(off his surprise)
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALIA (CONT'D)

Pray someone else does. Seeing a
dead kid changes you.

We see that land on Nolan, then he spots a Toyota. *

NOLAN

There!

Talia swerves to a stop. Nolan rushes to look inside the
Toyota. It's empty. He checks the license plate. It's not
right. Fuck. For a second the fear overwhelms him. Then he
spots A UNICORN. Painted on the side of a truck in the
adjacent PARKING LOT. *

He takes off running. Feet pounding the asphalt. Praying with
every fiber of his being: *Don't be dead. Don't be dead.* He
reaches the car. Sees the boy in his car seat, not moving.
Talia smashes the driver's window, pops the locks. A wave of
heat hits Nolan as he dives in to free the boy. Pulls him
out. A terrifying moment of stillness, then the little boy
starts crying. *Thank God.* *

OFF: Nolan, holding the kid close, tears in his eyes, we --

TRANSITION TO: *

INT. STATION. ROLL CALL ROOM - NIGHT *

Talia is writing her end of day report on Nolan. (T.O.'s
write these every day for six months.) Grey approaches. *

SGT. GREY *

Quite a first day. *

TALIA *

Yes, sir. *

SGT. GREY *

Hope you're not pulling any punches
on Nolan's evaluation. *

TALIA *

Sir, if it wasn't for Officer Nolan,
we wouldn't have found out about the
boy until it was too late. My report
reflects that. *

SGT. GREY *

Do you know why young people are the
ones recruited to be cops and
soldiers? *

(MORE) *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)
 Because they don't know anything.
 They don't understand how brutal
 life is...

*
*
*

CUT TO:

*

INT. STATION. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

*

Nolan sits in front of his locker, as tired as he's ever
 been. A lifetime of adrenaline and emotion in twelve hours.

*
*

SGT. GREY (V.O.)
 ...How devastating grief can be.
 They don't know enough to be afraid.
 But Nolan does.

*
*
*
*

Nolan tries to rally. Opens his locker -- a tri-fold BROCHURE
 falls out. It's for a Beauty School, a post-it note on it:
Your next career. Nolan stares at it, then stuffs it back in
 his locker. Starts to change.

*
*
*
*INT. STATION. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Jackson and Lucy wait as Nolan appears in street clothes.

*

LUCY
 Hey, we're going out to celebrate
 our first day. You in? Or is it past
 your bedtime?

*
*
*

NOLAN
 I've got plans with the landlords.

JACKSON
 You're choosing old folks over us?

NOLAN
 My college roommate's not "old
 folks."

PRELAP:

BEN (V.O.)
 Seriously, I get tired opening a jar
 of pickles...

INT. BRENTWOOD. HOBART HOUSE. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

A dinner party is underway led by BEN HOBART, 43, African
 American, a high-energy slacker who married rich, and his
 lovely wife, APRIL, 41.

*
*
*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN

...I can't imagine chasing a crazy
guy through traffic.

Laughter from the dozen wealthy, botoxed guests at the table. *

VARIOUS GUESTS

(cross-talk)

I could never be a cop. Those
uniforms are so unflattering -- That
animal deserves to be in prison,
abandoning his child like that -- *

THE CAMERA PUSHES down the long table on Nolan, eyes down,
eating his food, as the cross-talk continues. *

VARIOUS GUESTS (CONT'D)

I flash my boobs to get out of a
ticket. Works every time -- stepping
all over our civil liberties -- *

The sound begins to fall away as we get closer to Nolan. *
FLASH TO: Nolan running towards the Toyota, feet pounding the *
asphalt, terrified what he might find. BACK TO: *

APRIL

... would you like some more salmon,
John? John? *

Nolan realizes she's talking to him. *

NOLAN

What? *

EXT. HOBART HOUSE. BACKYARD - NIGHT *

Lights sparkle off the pool. Nolan sits in front of the guest
house (where he lives). Ben sneaks out of the main house,
party still going strong. *

BEN

You all right? *

NOLAN

Yeah. No. Your friends are horrible. *

BEN

They're April's friends. I have to
get high just to tolerate them. *

He drops down next to Nolan. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BEN (CONT'D)

One might think you'd be in a better mood given the ass you kicked today.

NOLAN

Pretty sure it was my ass that got kicked.

BEN

You cuffed a psycho. Saved a kid. What am I missing?

NOLAN

I got lucky. What happens next time when I'm not?

BEN

Look, it's only natural to feel overwhelmed. Six months ago you were living a completely different life. You sunk everything into coming out here. And it's not like you have a Plan B if you fail --

NOLAN

Is this supposed to be a pep talk?

BEN

I'm getting to it. You've always been a protector, John. The only reason I survived UPenn was because you *Samwise Gamgee'd* my ass through four years. And when Grace got pregnant -- most guys would have bailed. But you abandoned your dreams and got a job, built a family, raised a great kid. Well, now it's your turn. To do what you've always done best. And I have zero doubt that you'll do it.

A moment between two old friends.

NOLAN

Nice save.

BEN

Thanks. Now can I tempt you back inside with some organic Kale chip cookies?

OFF: Nolan, yuck, we CUT TO:

INT. AUTO REPAIR SHOP - NIGHT

After hours. Lucy is working on the engine of her '66 Stingray. Jackson sits in the driver seat, working on a beer.

JACKSON

This is not what I had in mind. We need to blow off some serious steam. *

LUCY

I hear Hector gets pretty wild. *

REVEAL: HECTOR, 40, ample belly hanging out of an oil stained shirt as he works on a car. *

JACKSON

Pass. *

LUCY

You ever think of doing something else? *

JACKSON

No way. My family's been cops since the 1940s. *

LUCY

Funny. My people have been on the other side for almost as long. *

JACKSON

I spent my whole life preparing to be a cop. Ride alongs instead of sports. Shooting range instead of music. Last year of middle school, my dad comes into my room all serious, tells me he thinks I'm ready. I brace myself, praying to God that I don't hear my father use the word "vagina," instead he hands me a copy of the California Penal Code. Tells me I've got two weeks, and then the quizzes start. And every time I fail, an X-Box game is going in the trash. Well, screw him, cause I didn't fail once. *

(then) *

You got that thing fixed yet? *

LUCY

(finishes working)
Try it. *

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He cranks the key. The engine ROARS to life.

JACKSON

Time to celebrate. Dance club or
dive bar?

LUCY

I think I'm going to head home. Read
over the manual again. I don't have
a *Daddy on the Job*.

INT. NOLAN'S PICKUP (MOVING) - NIGHT

*

Nolan drives the streets, lost in thought, lights playing
across his face.

*

*

INT. BRENTWOOD RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Busy. Nolan enters, tells the slinky HOSTESS.

NOLAN

I'm just going to the bar.

He heads over, only to find Captain Zoe there, dressed to
kill. A double take.

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Captain?

CAPTAIN ZOE

Officer Nolan. Are you stalking me?

NOLAN

No. I swear. I live around the
corner. In my friend's guest house.

CAPTAIN ZOE

How very L.A.

NOLAN

Tell me about it. I'm in a constant
state of sticker shock. You here
alone?

CAPTAIN ZOE

Waiting on someone.

NOLAN

Can I buy you a drink while you
wait?

CAPTAIN ZOE

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

But there's chemistry between them. Both feel it.

NOLAN

How about I buy myself one, and wait with you?

CAPTAIN ZOE

Not a good idea.

*

NOLAN

You being my boss, and all.

*

*

CAPTAIN ZOE

Exactly. Sends a bad signal.

*

*

A sweaty man in a shiny suit, LLOYD, interrupts.

LLOYD

Excuse me. Are you Zoe?

It's clear from Zoe's face that this is someone she swiped right on. And that she's now regretting that decision.

NOLAN

Sorry, friend, her name's --

*

CAPTAIN ZOE

Hannah. And we were in the middle of a conversation. Hope you find her.

*

*

Lloyd frowns, uncertain, but moves away.

CAPTAIN ZOE (CONT'D)

That was mean. Right?

*

NOLAN

You want me to invite him back over?

CAPTAIN ZOE

Don't you dare.

He laughs. OFF: Zoe, laughing, we CUT TO:

INT. NOLAN'S HOUSE. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sex. At first we think - holy shit - Nolan hooked up with his Captain. But then we see that it's Lucy. Holy shit. OFF: the reveal...

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUREXT. SANTA MONICA STAIRS - EARLY MORNING

The OCEAN sparkles in the near distance. CRANE DOWN TO FIND Nolan and Lucy climbing the stairs to Adelaide Drive. Nolan's breathing hard. Lucy is not.

NOLAN

And people. Do this. For fun?

LUCY

Don't be a wimp. This is the only outside activities we can do without worrying someone from the department will see us.

They reach the top. TRAINERS work out their clients on the 4th street median.

NOLAN

Maybe we should stop being so secretive. We're two months in. *

LUCY

Look, it's sweet you want to go steady, but you don't have to worry what dating a cop'll do to your reputation. *

NOLAN

My reputation needs all the help it can get with Sergeant Grey. *

LUCY

You're being a little dramatic. It's only day two.

NOLAN

We're at different stages of life. To you, the future is wide open. To me, it's the shrinking mouth of a tunnel, and my car's having engine trouble -- wait, that sounds wrong. *

LUCY

If you think you've got a harder road in the department cause you've been alive longer, than all I can say is *your privilege is showing*. You're a novelty item right now. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY (CONT'D)

But in thirteen months, you'll be a P2, and cops'll treat you like just one of the guys. But I'll still be a Latina who needs to prove herself to every new cop I work with.

*
*
*
*
*

NOLAN

Well, now I feel like an asshole.

*
*

LUCY

Good.

*
*

She puts her arms around him. A kiss.

*

LUCY (CONT'D)

Today's gonna be a better day. I promise.

*

INT. STATION. ROLL CALL ROOM - MORNING

CLOSE ON: A BROCHURE for Nursing School on Nolan's chair. Nolan picks it up as Grey enters, his face deadly serious.

*

SGT. GREY

All right. Settle down. I just got sent a disturbing video. Honestly, I've never seen anything so horrific in all my years on the job. So prepare yourselves.

*

A look between the rookies. WTF? ON SCREEN: Dashboard and Body Cam Footage plays of Nolan and Lucy chasing Unicorn Man. Nolan knows what's coming. Steels himself as ON SCREEN he gets caught in the fence. LAUGHTER fills the room. Nolan grits his teeth.

*

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)

Such grace and athleticism has never before been seen in the LAPD.

The video rewinds and plays again. While Lucy doesn't join in the laughter, Jackson does.

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)

Is that a gazelle wearing the blues? The majestic Cheetah?

JACKSON

No, it's Officer Dumptruck.

Renewed laughter from the vets. Jackson beams. Nolan burns.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SGT. GREY

Now watch how Officer Benitez
executes a perfect flying tackle.

APPLAUSE from the cops. Lucy tries to meet Nolan's eye, but
he stares straight ahead.

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)

Seriously, that arrest is a thing
of beauty. All right. Fun's over --

He motions and FLYERS are handed out.

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)

This is a BOLO for Mr. Vance Selby,
who violated his parole yesterday.
Selby did two years for attempted
homicide with a claw hammer. This
guy's as brutal as they come, so
call for backup if you see him.
That's it.

As everyone goes to work, we CUT TO:

INT. STATION. KIT ROOM - MORNING

Nolan, Jackson and Lucy are gathering their gear.

NOLAN

(to Jackson)

What the hell was that back there?

JACKSON

What? You can't take a joke?

Nolan gets in his face.

NOLAN

I don't get a free pass like you.
I'm busting my ass, here, trying to
prove myself.

JACKSON

You want to prove yourself -- be a
cop -- catch a bad guy.

He shoves past Nolan, walks out, passing a pissed Tim.

TIM

(to Lucy)

Hey, Boot! What's the hold up?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Lucy looks to Nolan -- can't offer comfort without revealing their relationship.

TIM (CONT'D)

NOW, BOOT.

She hurries out. OFF: Nolan, we CUT TO:

INT. NOLAN AND TALIA'S SUV - DAY

In the Station parking lot. Nolan stares at the BOLO. Makes a decision, using the IN CAR COMPUTER to access SELBY'S RAP SHEET. A decade's worth of assaults and armed robberies. Under KNOWN ASSOCIATES is a name, DARIUS LAWSON. Nolan writes down the address. The passenger door opens revealing Talia --

NOLAN

Hey, so I was looking into the BOLO
Grey handed out --

TALIA

I'm gonna stop you. Be on the
lookout means just that. We're not
detectives. We handle radio calls.
Police the streets.

NOLAN

Right. But --

TALIA

You're not hearing me, Officer
Nolan. Put the BOLO back in your
pants, and get ready to go to work.

Her phone RINGS. She checks the ID. Steps away from the car to answer, closing the door.

TALIA (CONT'D)

(agitated)

I know it's expensive but we don't
have another choice....

Nolan covertly inches down the passenger window.

TALIA (CONT'D)

... I need help. You keep putting
this all on me. But I can't handle
it alone.

She hangs up. Climbs back into the car.

NOLAN

Everything okay?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALIA

Fine.
(then)
My son has developmental issues.
Some days... I think I'm the worst
mother in the world.

NOLAN

Can I offer a hard-earned lesson?
Back in the day, I thought I was
going to conquer the world. And then
the stick turned blue. Making peace
with that was the hardest thing I
ever did. You might not get the
parenting experience you dreamed of,
but if you let go of the dream, and
embrace the mess, you might be
surprised at how rewarding it can
be.

OFF: Talia, unexpectedly moved, we CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC BOULEVARD - MORNING

A PORSCHE has been pulled over. Song and Jackson stand to the
side as Jackson writes the ticket like an old pro.

SONG

So how did you feel about your first
day?

JACKSON

Great.

SONG

(delicately)
Sometimes it can be difficult
transferring the classroom to the
streets. So if you have questions
about anything, just ask.

JACKSON

Of course. You know, I was singing
your praises to my dad last night.

He sneaks a look at her to see how that lands.

JACKSON (CONT'D)

He checked the wait list for
Detective Trainee, and you're right
at the top. I can ask him to put in
a good word if you want.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He heads back to the Porsche to give the ticket. OFF: Song, *how the fuck does she handle this?* PRE-LAP:

*
*

DISPATCH (V.O.)
7-Adam-19, one male Hispanic, one
caucasian female harassing patrons...

EXT. FAIRFAX BOULEVARD (MOVING) - MORNING

Tim's driving. Lucy triggers the radio as Dispatch finishes:

DISPATCH (V.O.)
Wilshire and Highland in the 7-11
parking lot.

LUCY
7-Adam-19, responding.

EXT. 711 - MORNING

Tim and Lucy roll up. Two raggedy junkies, TATE and AIMEE, 30s are aggressively panhandling customers. Tim and Lucy get out of the car to approach. Then Tim sees the female junkie's face. He falters.

*
*

LUCY
You all right?

*

It's like he's seen a ghost, his hard edge shattered.

*

LUCY (CONT'D)
Do you want me to --

*

TIM
Aimee.

He steps towards the junkie. Tate intercepts him.

*

TATE
Yo, Officer. It's cool --

Tim goes right through him, bouncing Tate off the building. Lucy steps up to keep him there as Tim reaches Aimee.

TIM
Aimee --

AIMEE
Get away from me. I wasn't doing
anything wrong.

TIM
It's me. It's Tim.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

We see it penetrate the haze. She panics.

AIMEE

No.

She tries to push past, but he grabs her, tears in his eyes.

TIM

It's okay. Don't go. I've been trying to find you. To make sure you're okay. Are you okay?

AIMEE

Get off me --

TIM

Please. I just want to help --

She rips away and takes off. Tate scrambles away. Lucy lets him go, focused on Tim.

LUCY

Do you want me to go after her?

He doesn't answer. Can't. Climbs into the car. She hesitates, then moves to get in on the passenger side.

INT. TIM AND LUCY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Tim stares straight ahead, struggling to get on top of his emotions. Lucy sits in silence. Unsure what to do. *

TIM

That was my wife. *

Lucy is shocked. *

TIM (CONT'D)

I haven't seen her in three years. *

LUCY

I won't tell anyone. *

TIM

You're damn right you won't. *

But the anger is just a mask. *

TIM (CONT'D)

I thought she was having an affair. Coming home late. Making excuses. I didn't realize it was drugs until the hook was in deep. They say an addict isn't ready to stop until they reach their lowest point. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TIM (CONT'D)

But she never got there -- even as
she dragged me down so far I
couldn't breathe.

*
*
*

He breaks off, unable to say more.

*

DISPATCH (V.O.)

7-Adam-19, what is your status?

*
*

Tim pulls himself together.

*

TIM

(into radio)

7-Adam-19, Code 4.

*
*
*

Without another word, Tim pulls out, back on the job, a tentative bond forged between rookie and T.O.

*

EXT. NARROW STREET - DAY

BASS is thumping as Nolan rolls up the block. He checks the address on his palm. Slows in front of a house. A party is underway inside. Music pumping. A dozen EX-CONS spilling out into the side yard, open containers in plain sight.

*
*
*
*

NOLAN

I spy several violations of
California penal codes.

TALIA

You really want to jack up a house
full of hard cases over some penny-
ante misdemeanors?

NOLAN

You saying we can pick and choose
which laws we follow?

She stares at him, then throws open her doors.

TALIA

You get me shot, I'm gonna be pissed.

They head for the yard, conscious of hard eyes on them --

EXT. SIDE YARD - CONTINUOUS

Talia walks in like she owns the place.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALIA

Gentlemen, far be it from me to interrupt your celebration, but you're going to have to turn down the music and keep your drinking confined to the house.

Under this, Nolan checks the BOLO, scans the crowd, looking for Selby. Doesn't see him. He looks into the side door. Sees a WOMAN scoop drugs into a kitchen drawer. Nolan steps --

INT. LAWSON HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

DARIUS LAWSON, 30, charming with an edge, intercepts Nolan.

DARIUS

There a problem, Officer?

NOLAN

This your house?

DARIUS

Yeah --

NOLAN

You seen this guy around?

He holds up Selby's BOLO as Talia enters --

DARIUS

Detectives came by yesterday. I told him I haven't seen Selby since before he went away.

Talia realizes what's going on. WTF?

TALIA

(to Darius)

Give us a minute.

She maneuvers Nolan out of earshot.

TALIA (CONT'D)

(furious)

Are you kidding me? You didn't drive us by this house randomly, did you?

NOLAN

No, ma'am. I checked Selby's file. This guy's a known associate.

*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TALIA

And detectives have already been here. So you disobeyed an order, and put us in jeopardy, for nothing.

*

NOLAN

Maybe. But the detectives didn't have the leverage we do.

Nolan steps into the kitchen. Reveals the drawer of drugs.

*

NOLAN (CONT'D)

Are you sure you don't know where Selby is?

*

*

*

OFF: Darius, uh oh, we CUT TO:

EXT. NARROW STREET - DAY

Nolan and Talia head for their unit. Talia's still pissed, but Nolan's energized. He texts Lucy: "I found my bad guy."

*

INT. TIM AND LUCY'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

As Tim drives, Lucy's phone BUZZES with another text: "Selby is staying on 24th near Arlington." Lucy texts back. "We're two blocks from there." She looks over at Tim.

*

LUCY

Sir, I just got a location for our BOLO. 24th and Arlington.

TIM

What? How?

LUCY

Officer Nolan --

TIM

Are you serious? That's like giving me stock tips from a monkey.

But then he softens -- just a little.

TIM (CONT'D)

Give me the address. They'll need back up.

*

*

EXT. 24TH STREET - DAY

Lucy and Tim drives past a one story house.

TIM

That's it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUCY

Bishop and Nolan should be here shortly.

TIM

All right. We'll set up in the alley behind. In case Selby's here, and rabbits.

They reach the corner. Turn. Up ahead, the mouth of an alley:

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Tim and Lucy's patrol vehicle turns into the long alley. Up ahead, they see THREE MEN standing by the open trunk of a car. One is VANCE SELBY, 30, neck tats, psychopath adjacent.

LUCY

That's our guy. Selby.

Tim stops ten yards from them (the cars nose to nose).

TIM

Call it in. Backup, airship, supervisor.

LUCY

(into her radio)

7-Adam-19, show us code six on BOLO suspect Selby in the alley between Arlington and Cimaron, south of 24th. Requesting backup, airship, and supervisor.

INT. NOLAN AND TALIA'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Nolan's heart leaps as he hears Lucy say Selby's name.

NOLAN

They got him.

(into radio)

7-Adam-15, show us responding.

As Nolan swings a turn, we CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Tim and Lucy climb out of the car, hands on their weapons. Lucy starts to come around her open door --

TIM

No. Stay here till we clear them from that car.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ANGLE BEHIND Selby and the two men (PHOENIX and KAMERON), REVEALING that inside the open trunk are dozens of weapons - including several AR-15s. Selby was in the process of buying one when the cops pulled up.

TIM (CONT'D)

LAPD, gentlemen. Step away from the car, and show me your hands.

SELBY

Is there a problem, officer?

TIM

There will be if you don't show me those hands.

SELBY

(quietly, to others)

Those all loaded?

PHOENIX

What good's a gun ain't loaded?

TIM

Get those hands where I can see 'em!
Now!

Selby grabs an assault rifle. Shit! Tim and Lucy pull their weapons -- too late -- as Selby OPENS FIRE. Bullets tear through the car as Tim FIRES BACK -- gets HIT -- goes down -- Lucy FIRES as she retreats behind the trunk -- bullets chasing her as the other two men grab weapons and FIRE.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NOLAN AND TALIA'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

LUCY

(into radio)

Officer down! Shots fired! Alley
between Arlington and Cimaron, south
of 24th!

*

Nolan hears the GUN BATTLE RAGING on Lucy's open channel. Pins the pedal to the floor, heart in his throat - knowing that he sent her after Selby.

LUCY takes incoming more incoming FIRE as --

END OF ACT FOUR

*

ACT FIVEEXT. LOS ANGELES - DAY

HELICOPTER SHOT: NOLAN'S POLICE VEHICLE SLIDES through a turn below us, racing to save Lucy. We leave it behind as we crest several rows of houses to find THE GUN FIGHT.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

Chaos on the ground. BULLETS Fly. ON LUCY: Pinned behind the car. She leans out. Sees Tim down on the ground by his open door, BLOOD pooling around him. She FIRES a few shots then ducks out to grab Tim, pulling him back behind the trunk as RETURN FIRE pounds the car. She tears open Tim's shirt. Blood pours from under his vest. She applies frantic pressure --

ON SELBY: Reloading. Behind him Phoenix and Kameron hear the approaching SIRENS.

PHOENIX

We gotta bug.

The two gun sellers scramble for Selby's nearby car -- BLAM -- Kameron goes down -- shot in the back by Lucy --

PHOENIX ditches his partner, jumping into the car as Selby RETURNS FIRE, sending Lucy ducking for cover --

Phoenix ROARS up the alley (away from Lucy). Just as we think he's going to escape, Nolan and Talia's car invades the alley, cutting off escape. Phoenix swerves -- CRASHES into a dumpster. Talia is out the door -- pulling a stunned Phoenix free -- cuffing him --

NOLAN

You good?

TALIA

Yeah --

She starts to say more, but Nolan is already running down the alley towards Selby and Lucy. Shit.

ON LUCY: Bullets pound the car -- FIRE starts to pour out of the engine block -- quickly spreads -- she's gotta go. She grabs Tim -- starts to drag him away from the car --

ON SELBY: Taking aim at Lucy -- has her dead to rights -- BLAM BLAM BLAM -- bullets impact around Selby as NOLAN charges from behind -- FIRING -- Selby's turns -- SPRAYING BULLETS -- Nolan dives away --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ON SELBY: Bailing. BLOWING OPEN a gate behind him. Escaping into a backyard. Nolan goes to follow -- but Talia yanks him back -- saving him as Selby FIRES back through. Holy shit.

TALIA (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Suspect heading through residence
towards 24th street.

INT. LAPD AIRSHIP - MORNING

Thundering through the sky.

PILOT
Copy. Airship is one minute out.

EXT. 24TH STREET - MORNING

Selby runs onto 24TH STREET as Song and Jackson's cruiser slides to a stop on the street. Selby FIRES at it. Song and Jackson bail out -- taking cover as bullets chew up the car.

Song pulls her gun. Looks over at Jackson, but he's frozen in fear. She looks out to see Selby running the other direction. FIRES. Hits him in the leg. He stumbles. HOSES DOWN the car, sending Song to the ground as Selby escapes between houses --

NOLAN AND TALIA burst onto 24th street. See Song pointing after Selby. They pursue --

EXT. ARLINGTON AVENUE - MORNING

Selby limp-runs out onto the street. A SEMI waits at the light -- signs pointing to the 10 Freeway. Selby mounts the runner, throwing open the passenger door, invading the cab with his gun just as --

THE AIRSHIP arrives overhead. Down below, there's no sign of Selby. Only traffic moving through the (now) green light.

PILOT
Airship on scene. No sign of
suspect.

NOLAN AND TALIA run onto Arlington, hunting for Selby. But he's gone. OFF: Nolan, *shit*, we hear a BANG and CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL. EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

EMTs rush Tim's gurney through the doors, Lucy follows, Tim's blood staining her uniform. A NURSE stops Lucy as they breach the inner doors -- disappear inside. OFF: Lucy, shattered:

INT. HOSPITAL. EMERGENCY ROOM 1 - NIGHT

Tim is lifted onto the table, medical personnel cutting his clothes off. As they prep him for surgery, we CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL. WAITING AREA - DAY

Nolan and Talia enter. Sgt. Grey intercepts them. *

SGT. GREY
What the hell happened?

TALIA
Selby got away. But we'll find him.

NOLAN
How's Officer Bradford?

SGT. GREY
In surgery. This is your fault,
Nolan. I heard they got the Selby
tip from you. *

TALIA
Sir, Officer Nolan and I --

NOLAN
No, he's right. I pushed this. If I
hadn't, they wouldn't have driven
into an ambush.

SGT. GREY
You're done. Get out of my sight.

TALIA
Sergeant --

NOLAN
(stopping her)
No. It's okay.

He turns and walks out of the waiting room.

TALIA
The guy ran into the line of fire to
save Officer Benitez.

SGT. GREY
Doesn't change anything --

TALIA
The hell it doesn't. You show the
guy on his first day that he's not
wanted, he's going to swing for the
fences to prove he belongs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SGT. GREY

You saying this is my fault?

TALIA

I'm saying there's plenty of blame
to go around. *EXT. ALLEY - DAY *Now a crime scene. Nolan stands among the crime scene
personnel, punishing himself by staring at the sea of shell
casings -- the blood pool blackening in the sun. All because
of him. He suddenly can't breathe. Turns away. Fighting to
get on top of the guilt before it destroys him. *INT. HOSPITAL. WAITING AREA - DAY *

Lucy sits in a chair, lost. Song approaches. Sits. *

SONG

How are you holding up? *

LUCY

Have you heard anything? *

Song pulls a wet wipe from her belt, gently wipes Tim's blood
off Lucy's cheek. *

SONG

No, but he's a tough S.O.B. He'll
pull through. *She spots Jackson in the hallway, mimicking gunfire with a
couple UNIFORMS. *

SONG (CONT'D)

Excuse me. *

She moves towards Jackson -- *

JACKSON

We both engaged. But I'm pretty sure
I hit him -- *

Song grabs the legacy. Pulls him away -- *

JACKSON (CONT'D)

Hey -- *

SONG

Don't do that. Even if you weren't
full of crap, a cop got shot. More
could have died because you froze. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SONG (CONT'D)

I should've read you the riot act
yesterday at the Tar Pits. You're
not ready to be a cop. And you won't
be until you can admit you're
scared.

*
*
*
*
*

She walks away, leaving Jackson stunned.

*

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

*

TECHNICIANS are bagging evidence from Selby's car. Nolan sees something in one of the bags. It cuts through the grief.

*
*

NOLAN

Wait a second. Can I see that?

*
*

He takes the bag. Inside is an inhaler. Nolan turns the bag to examine the label. OFF: him, mind racing...

*
*INT. HOSPITAL. WAITING AREA - DAY

*

Nolan charges in. Spots Captain Zoe standing with Sgt. Grey.

*

NOLAN

Selby's got a baby mama.

CAPTAIN ZOE

What?

SGT. GREY

I told you, you're done --

NOLAN

There was an infant inhaler in
Selby's car. I used them all the
time when my son was little. I
called the pharmacy listed. The
mom's name is A'Ja Strief. She lives
on West 40th, near the Coliseum.

*
*
*
*
*

CAPTAIN ZOE

(to Grey)

Call S.W.A.T. Get 'em going.

SGT. GREY

Screw that. Tim's under the knife in
there. It's our job to take down the
guy who shot him.

*
*
*

A moment, then Zoe nods.

CAPTAIN ZOE

Saddle up.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

NOLAN

Captain, I want to go --

SGT. GREY

Forget it --

CAPTAIN ZOE

Take him with you. He earned it.

Grey doesn't like it, but he doesn't argue.

SGT. GREY

Bishop, Song, we got a bead on Selby. Let's go.

LUCY

I'm coming.

Talia wants to tell her no, sees the look in her eye. Nods.
Song looks for Jackson, doesn't see him.

SONG

(into her radio)

Officer Jackson. Where are you? Time to go to work. Officer Jackson --

INT. BATHROOM. STALL - DAY

Jackson's hiding. He hears Song's radio call. Picks up the radio as if to answer, but then shuts it off.

EXT. EXPOSITION PARK - NIGHT

HELICOPTER SHOT flying over the museums and the Coliseum, focusing on a block of houses on the far side.

INT. A'JA'S HOUSE. LIVING ROOM - DAY

A child CRIES in the other room. Selby's in pain as A'JA STRIEF, 26, African American, examines the bullet wound.

A'JA

I think the bullet's still in there.
You need to go to the hospital.

She's frantic to get him away from her baby.

SELBY

Forget it. Do what you can.

He grits his teeth as she pours Tequila on the bullet hole.

*
*
*
*

*

EXT. A'JA'S HOUSE - DAY

Here come our cops led by Sgt. Grey -- Nolan, Talia, Song and Lucy moving silently up the street, weapons drawn. Grey motions -- Song and Lucy peel off around the side of the house -- heading for the back. *

We STAY WITH Grey, Nolan and Talia as they reach the front steps. Grey peeks inside. Gets a glimpse of Selby in the living room as A'Ja rises and goes into the kitchen.

SGT. GREY
(into his radio)
Suspect is in the living room. Get
ready to breach --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. A'JA'S HOUSE. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Song and Lucy reach the back door, only to find it has a metal security gate.

SONG
Back door's a no go. You wanna wait
for SWAT?

SGT. GREY
No. We're going --

He KICKS the door as --

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)
LAPD!

INT. A'JA'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Talia and Nolan charge inside to see Selby escaping into the kitchen. Nolan is right behind him to see --

INT. A'JA'S HOUSE. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Selby grabs A'Ja, puts a butcher KNIFE to her throat, using her as cover -- cabinets at his back.

SELBY
I'll kill her! Back up!

NOLAN
Drop the knife! Drop it!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Nolan doesn't have a shot (and he's in the doorway, blocking Talia from entering). Grey appears in the side doorway (to the dining room). But he doesn't have a shot, either.

SELBY
(sees Grey)
Back up!

NOLAN
(heart in his throat)
Selby, don't do it. Nobody has to die here.

SELBY
Are you kidding? I shot a cop --

Nolan spies Song and Lucy through the kitchen window -- in the backyard. Trying to find an angle on Selby but he's hidden by the cabinets.

NOLAN
I get it. You got nothing to lose. I know the feeling. Granted, on a smaller scale. But if you're going to kill anyone, kill me.

*
*
*

He lowers his gun. *What the fuck is he doing?*

SGT. GREY
Nolan --

Nolan ignores him, reaching out to place his weapon on the kitchen island, tantalizingly close to Selby.

NOLAN
You brought a knife to a gun fight, Selby. I'm offering you the chance to remedy that. All you have to do is let her go and take me.

*
*
*
*

Selby eyes the weapon. A siren song. Inches towards it.

INTERCUT WITH:

EXT. A'JA'S HOUSE. BACK YARD - NIGHT

Song and Lucy see Selby's shoulder appear as he inches out to get the gun.

SONG
One more step...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSIDE: Time stands still, then Selby lunges for the gun -- BLAM -- Song FIRES -- Selby staggers -- hit in the back -- the knife coming away. Nolan pulls A'Ja to the floor as Grey and Talia FIRE -- killing Selby. *

OFF: Nolan, holding A'Ja tight, we start an EMOTIONAL SONG...

INT. HOSPITAL. INTENSIVE CARE - NIGHT *

Tim lies there, full of tubes. But he's alive. REVEAL: Nolan sitting at his bedside. *

INT. TALIA'S HOUSE. JACOB'S BEDROOM - NIGHT *

Talia strokes her son's hair while he sleeps. *

EXT. HOMELESS ENCAMPMENT - NIGHT *

Lucy, in civilian clothes, makes her way through, looking for Tim's wife, Aimee. She spots her by a trash fire. Moves to talk to her. But Aimee runs. *

EXT. STATION. PARKING LOT - NIGHT *

Song, in civies, makes her way to her personal car. She slows when she sees someone standing next to it. Jackson. *

JACKSON
(the hardest thing he's
ever done)
I'm scared. *

EXT. LOS ANGELES - MORNING

Another blue sky day in the City of Angels. The SONG ENDS on: *

INT. STATION. LOCKER ROOM - MORNING *

Nolan stands in front of his locker, staring at his uniform. Now that he knows what it takes to be a cop, *does he have the strength to put it back on?* A NOISE turns him. *

SGT. GREY
You know why I do this job, Officer
Nolan? *

NOLAN
Cause you're a people person? *

SGT. GREY
(a slight smile)
No. Some might say I do it for
glory. Or redemption. *

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)

But they'd be wrong. This job is my
calling. And I have a responsibility
to protect it from those who are
unworthy.

NOLAN

(means it)

I understand.

SGT. GREY

So I will haze, harass and humiliate
you every chance I get in the hope
that you choose to abandon your
misguided quest.

NOLAN

And if this job is actually *my*
calling?

SGT. GREY

Then nothing I do to you will
matter.

He exits. OFF: Nolan, we HEAR the chaos of roll call and:

SGT. GREY (V.O.) (CONT'D)

All right. Let's get to it.

INT. STATION. ROLL CALL ROOM - MORNING

Filled with cops. Grey at the front.

SGT. GREY

I'm circulating a hospital schedule
for Officer Bradford, who should be
out of intensive care today. If you
can spend time after your shift, I'm
sure he won't appreciate it.

Laughter. Then Nolan enters in uniform. All eyes turn to him.

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)

You're late, Officer Nolan.

NOLAN

Sorry, sir. It won't happen again.

A moment between them, the first hint of respect. Then:

SGT. GREY

All right. There was a car jacking
last night on Western and Wilshire.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SGT. GREY (CONT'D)

Description matches the crew we've
been hunting. So hunt harder...

END OF EPISODE

*