

# **THE HARROWS**

Pilot

Written by

Andrew Thalheimer

Story by

Robert Kulb

&

Andrew Thalheimer

*"Police forces are notorious cauldrons of a unique culture, even though it could be best typified as a 'pack of lone wolves.'"*

- David Corbett, *The Art of Character*

*"There is nothing more degrading than the friendship of wolves."*

- Marcus Aurelius

**EXT. PHILLY'S LOVE PARK - NIGHT**

A light snow falls. An INTOXICATED MAN AND WOMAN circle the famous LOVE sculpture, screaming and arguing.

A COP approaches -- DANI HARROW (24), strong and confident. Her short hair hidden under a knit beanie. Just three years on the job but she carries herself with a breezy poise.

She sticks her fingers in her mouth and lets out a piercing WHISTLE. The combative couple looks over.

Dani points to the Woman.

DANI  
You, stand over here with me.

The Woman complies but doesn't stop yapping.

WOMAN  
He said he was gonna kill me!

MAN  
Bitch, I still might.

DANI  
You are not helping yourself, sir.  
Stand still, and stop talking.

The Man throws his head back in frustration and exhales. But he complies too.

**SEVERAL YARDS BEHIND DANI**

a SLOPPY COP (40s) in a baggy uniform ambles toward the scene.

**DANI**

Dani spreads her arms out and looks to the LOVE sculpture.

DANI  
See, isn't this nice? Love.

WOMAN  
Yeah, but he's still got a gun  
on him!

The Sloppy Cop, now in earshot, DRAWS HIS GUN. The Man puts his hands way up in the air.

Dani looks behind her, motions for Sloppy Cop to put the gun down.

DANI  
Everything's cool.

SLOPPY COP  
He's got a gun. Pat him down.

MAN  
I have a permit for it.  
It's valid.

DANI  
That's very good. I'll take a look  
at it. I'm still gonna have to pat  
you down.

The Man nods and reaches behind his back. As he comes out with  
his wallet--

SLOPPY COP  
GUN!

Dani starts to turn her head as--

**BANG BANG BANG**

A bullet hits Dani in the back.

In SLOW MOTION we hear more GUNSHOTS and see Dani plunge face  
first into the snow-dusted concrete.

FADE TO WHITE.

## T H E H A R R O W S

FADE IN:

**INT./EXT. JACK'S EL CAMINO - DAY**

Snow pelts the windshield.

JACK HARROW (50s) merges onto a highway and GUNS it. He settles  
in around 80mph, weaving through traffic. Snowy conditions be  
damned. In sweatpants and a flannel, he looks like he just  
shoveled a driveway.

**INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - DAY**

Jack sits with his head in his hands, surrounded by cops. The  
center of attention, as usual, but right now for a much  
different reason.

TOMMY KOVACS (40), jarhead to the core, sits next to Jack, bouncing his leg up and down. This is as placid as Tommy gets. He jumps up when the DOCTOR enters.

TOMMY

Yo, Jacko. Doctor's here, pal.

Jack looks up.

DOCTOR

We removed the bullet, and she's stable.

TOMMY

Whoa whoa whoa, doc. They said she was hit twice. You find the other bullet? What the hell. I told you, Jacko. This hospital's a fuckin' joke.

DOCTOR

Her vest stopped the other one.

Tommy shakes the doctor's hand.

TOMMY

Sorry, doc. Go ahead. Sorry. I'm just...she's like my niece, ya know?

DOCTOR

The bullet entered her shoulder. It missed major arteries, but damaged the joint and a lot of the soft tissue in there. She'll need to see an orthopedic surgeon and has a long road ahead. She's also got a concussion and some facial injuries, but they'll all heal. At this point, the chances look good for a full recovery.

Jack nods his thanks and buries his head in his lap. Cops come over CONGRATULATING Jack. Tommy pats his back.

#### **INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Dani sits up in bed. Jack is asleep in a chair at her bedside. His stocking feet are propped up on another chair.

DANI

Dad.

Nothing.

DANI

Daddy.

Jack is out cold.

Dani motions across the room to Tommy.

DANI

Pull off his socks.

Tommy grins, but shakes his head -- no way. Dani makes a pouty face and motions to her fucked up shoulder.

DANI

But Uncle Tommyyy.

TOMMY

Already milking this. Very shrewd,  
young lady.

With each hand, Tommy pinches the tips of Jack's socks and  
YANKS THEM OFF.

Jack BOLTS UP, knocking over a chair. He SHOVES Tommy against  
the wall and holds a forearm to his throat as

Dani LAUGHS HYSTERICALLY.

Wide-eyed, Tommy stares at Jack.

TOMMY

Your feet hangup is out  
of control.

Jack lowers his arm and catches his breath.

DANI

I've seen his feet like five times  
in my life.

JACK

Feet are foul.

A KNOCK on the door. Tommy goes to see. A moment later--

TOMMY

You have another visitor. Up  
for it?

(whispering)

The commissioner.

Dani pulls the blanket up to her neck.

DANI

Why?

JACK

Photo op, I'm guessing.

TOMMY

That'd be correct.

Jack shakes his head in disgust.

JACK

Might as well get it over with.

DANI

Yeah, fine.

Tommy leaves the room. Comes back in with the COMMISSIONER. He promptly hands his phone to Tommy.

COMMISSIONER

Officer Harrow, PPD's newest hero.

Dani strains out a grin. The Commissioner stoops beside the bed, leaning into Dani.

COMMISSIONER

Dad, do you want to lean in?

Jack leans into the picture. Tommy snaps a few photos, hands the phone back.

COMMISSIONER

That's great. Well I hope you're recovery goes quickly. We're here for you every step of the way. And when you return--

TOMMY

Tit job.

COMMISSIONER

We don't use that term anymore, sergeant. But yes, you name your destination. Keep this discreet of course.

DANI

Of course. Thank you, sir.

COMMISSIONER

No, no. We thank you.

Commissioner turns to leave.

DANI

One question. How exactly am I  
a hero?

COMMISSIONER

You were injured in the line of  
duty, in the course of subduing an  
armed assailant. The very  
definition of heroism.

Commissioner shakes her hand and leaves.

DANI

*In the course of subduing an armed  
assailant. That's some spin.*

TOMMY

Would you rather -- *Promising  
young female cop shot in the back  
by a soup sandwich?*

DANI

That's what happened.

TOMMY

The suspect pulled his gun. You  
were hit by friendly fire, yeah.  
But you might've been killed if  
not for backup arriving.

Dani shakes her head -- *No, this is all wrong.*

DANI

So instead a civilian gets killed.

JACK

I'll take that deal every day.

TOMMY

Let your supervisors and FOP  
lawyers worry about the fine  
print. You don't need that stress.

Dani looks at Jack.

JACK

You need to take care of yourself.

Dani sinks her head back into the pillow.



**MONTAGE - VARIOUS**

A) INT. REHAB FACILITY - Dani holds up her arm as if taking an oath. She slowly rotates it downward.

B) INT. DANIELLE'S APARTMENT - Dani repeats the motion, now holding a weight.

C) INT. AWARDS CEREMONY - Dani, back in uniform, holds up her arm in that familiar way, this time she's actually being sworn in -- to some bullshit something or other police organization.

D) EXT. FIELD - Dani, in a puffy K-9 BITE SUIT, charges through a field. A German Shepherd, at full speed, heads right for Dani. The dog LEAPS, snout first, and sinks its teeth into one of the puffy sleeves. Dani crashes to the ground.

E) INT. CAR - Dani, in gaudy makeup and a short skirt, climbs into the passenger seat and shuts the door.

DRIVER

What're your rates?

She looks over at the driver.

ZIIIIIP. Dani looks down at the driver's lap with disgust.

DANI

Fuuuck this. Vice can eat a dick.

She flings open the door and dashes off.

F) EXT. POLICE BOAT - Dani, lounges in boardshorts and a bikini top -- her gnarly shoulder scarring in full view. Several other cops, all in bathing suits, drink beers and play poker. Someone hands a margarita to Dani. *Now this is a "tit job."*

**END OF MONTAGE****INT. COURTROOM - DAY**

Dani in the witness stand.

JUDGE

Thank you, Officer Harrow. You may step down.

Dani walks down the center aisle of the courtroom. A cop in uniform gets up from the gallery and follows after her -- OFFICER PAGLIANO (late 30s), a hulking SWAT wannabe with an over-pressed uniform and over-tanned skin.

**INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - DAY**

Pagliano comes up behind Dani.

PAGLIANO

Harrow.

Dani stops, turns.

PAGLIANO

Are you Jack's daughter? The one who got shot?

DANI

Yep.

PAGLIANO

An honor.

Pagliano shakes her hand.

PAGLIANO

Everyone calls me Pags.

DANI

You're in the 24th?

PAGLIANO

Yep. Long time. I've known your dad something like fifteen years. Somehow he never mentioned how gorgeous his daughter was.

DANI

Well, fifteen years ago I was in third grade, so...

PAGLIANO

Not anymore though.

DANI

You should be a detective, I guess. Nice to meet you. Pags.

Dani speeds up her walk.

PAGLIANO

Real quick. I don't want to keep you. But I just wanted to mention that your father...he's had a rough go of it lately.

DANI

You mean his partner disappearing?

(MORE)

DANI (CONT'D)

Yeah. It's rough on me too. He's like my uncle.

PAGLIANO

This investigation is gonna get messy. Jack understands that. I'm sure you do too.

Dani stops walking. She and Pagliano stare at each other.

DANI

Investigation? Messy?

PAGLIANO

Your father hasn't mentioned any of this?

DANI

Mention what?

Pagliano acts sheepish, putting a finger to his mouth and creeping backward. He grins.

PAGLIANO

I've said too much.

*He said exactly how much he wanted to say.*

DANI

I'm sorry, I'm confused.

PAGLIANO

That's the thing about messes.

DANI

Hmm, maybe so. I gotta get going. Nice meeting you.

Dani starts down the hall. Pagliano tags alongside her.

PAGLIANO

And the other thing about messes is, when you mess with them, you get messy.

DANI

Detective and...poet?

Pagliano grins the white boy grin that has earned him goodwill his whole life. Not from Dani.

PAGLIANO

Just make sure your father  
knows that.

DANI

Messes make you messy if you mess  
with them. I'll pass it on.

Pagliano gently grasps Danielle's wrist, makes eye contact.  
Dani's eyes widen and nostrils flare.

PAGLIANO

Make sure you do.

Dani shakes out of Pagliano's grip and walks off without him.

**EXT. POLICE BOAT - DAY**

Anchored at sea. Dani and her fellow Marine Unit cops hoist  
something up the side of the boat.

They get it over the side and sprawl it on the deck. It's a  
decomposed corpse. Ghastly. All green and black. Eyes and lips  
long gone. Stomach distended and translucent, like an  
overstretched balloon.

The cops stand around, absorbing the grotesque sight.

**KWOOOOOSH**

The corpse's stomach EXPLODES, sloshing guts all over the cops.

**INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Jack sits on one side of a long table. On the other side -- a  
panel of cops in white shirts with silver oak leaves on their  
shoulders. The Brass.

One WHITE SHIRT slides a form toward Jack.

WHITE SHIRT

With this early exit bonus, you'll  
make more than your current base  
salary. Sign it, Jack. And ride  
off into the sunset.

JACK

I'm not ready to go.

WHITE SHIRT

It's for your own protection.

JACK  
It's for the department's  
protection. You think Tommy is  
going to be a black eye for you.

WHITE SHIRT  
Going to be? He's been fired twice  
and keeps getting reinstated. His  
career is already shit. And now,  
with a grand jury empaneled--

Another white shirt CLEARS HIS THROAT. Jack looks over.

JACK  
Like I haven't heard those rumors.  
It's no secret the Feds are after  
him. I don't know what that's  
about, but it has nothing to do  
with me. I won't be a black eye  
for the department.

WHITE SHIRT  
Don't take this as a personal  
attack, but there isn't a single  
unit, squad, or supervisor in this  
whole department who wants your  
baggage.

JACK  
It's Tommy's baggage.

WHITE SHIRT  
And you're carrying it.

JACK  
I guess I'll continue to.

Jack slides the form back across the table.

**INT. ARROW DINER - DAY**

Jack stares off, a little thoughtful, a little glum. Dani  
studies her father.

DANI  
What's it like riding solo after  
all those years with one partner?

JACK  
Kinda nice to be alone. With  
my thoughts.

DANI  
But you hate thoughts.

JACK  
I have a lot to think about right now. The Brass is trying to force me out. But, the side effect of that is an early pension.

DANI  
Are you really--

JACK  
Hell no. Retired at 52, can you imagine? Your grandfather would eat his gun if he hadn't already.

Dani gives Jack the scowl he deserves.

A SERVER sets a bottle of CHOCOLATE MILK in front of Jack and an entire breakfast platter in front of Dani.

She douses her plate with ketchup.

DANI  
Do you know Pagliano?

JACK  
Yeah, total fuckboy.

Dani smiles wide.

JACK  
Why, did you meet him?

DANI  
Yeah, at court. Pags.

JACK  
What'd he say?

DANI  
Just that he's known you for a while.

JACK  
Did he ask you about Tommy?

Dani bides her time, chewing a full 32 times. Finally--

DANI  
No. Why?

Jack takes a napkin, carefully wipes down his milk bottle.

DANI

Is he on another bender? Have you heard from him?

JACK

Just that one text last week. He's safe, I'm pretty sure. That's about all I know. Do you think you'll stick with the Marine Unit?

DANI

I've been missing patrol actually. I'm a people person, ya know?

JACK

Don't you want to be somewhere less...volatile. Like PAL. You're good at sports and great with kids.

DANI

PAL? Why don't I just lead a Girl Scout troop?

JACK

Hey, that'd be great.

Jack savors his first sip of chocolate milk.

DANI

Why aren't you eating?

JACK

Oh, I never eat here.

DANI

What? We always used to come here.

JACK

That was before Jamie Gonzalez.

Dani, shoveling egg whites into her mouth, looks up with curiosity as something catches Jack's eye THROUGH THE WINDOW--

A BLUE BEEMER, idling out front.

Jack's seen it before, and he's sure as shit gonna see it again. He POUNDS his fist on the table.

Dani looks out the window, spots the Beemer.

JACK

Sorry. Old man shakes. So, Christmas Eve, '07 I think.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

Jamie comes in and kills three of his boys. Just one, two, three.

Jack points a FINGER GUN at the bar seating area.

JACK

Right over there. Ding. Dang. Dong. One bullet in each head. Impressive marksmanship actually. Then Jamie skedaddled.

DANI

So a triple homicide happened here?

^-\\_(\u2713)\\_/- and Dani keeps eating.

JACK

I get to the crime scene and what to my wondering eyes should appear? The manager -- taking the muffins and scones and shit from the counter, unwrapping them, and putting on fresh saran wrap.

Dani's fork stops midway to her mouth.

JACK

Not three feet away from the brain matter.

Dani plinks down her fork. Slides the plate away.

JACK

I'm proud of you, baby girl. You made it further into that story than most people.  
(chuckling)  
This is on me.

Jack stands up, throws down a \$20.

**INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - DAY**

Dani pokes her head in, looks from side to side. All clear. She enters, in full uniform. Walks cautiously past the rows of lockers.

Metal CLANGS from the SHOWER AREA. Dani makes her way toward the sound.



**SHOWER AREA**

Dani appears in the entryway.

In the center of the room stands a MAN (60s) wearing goggles and a full-body NYLON APRON, covered in BLOOD.

Right beside him -- a DEER CARCASS hangs from the ceiling. The man hacks at the hind quarters with a SAW.

DANI  
Hello, sir.

She takes a single step forward.

NYLON APRON  
Officer Harrow. What can I do for you?

DANI  
You're too generous, sir.

NYLON APRON  
You earned it.

DANI  
Hardly. But I do have something to ask.

NYLON APRON  
Like I said, you earned it.

DANI  
I'm looking to get back in patrol.

NYLON APRON  
The department is your oyster and you want to go back to patrol? You still have the fire, do ya?

DANI  
I'm just a people person.

NYLON APRON  
Patrol, I always say, is the most noble and humble place for an officer. The patrol officer is but a zookeeper.

Dani scrunches up her face -- *Eh, I don't really like that terminology.*

NYLON APRON  
 With a front row seat to the  
 greatest show on earth.

DANI  
 Not to be rude, sir. But that's  
 the circus. Which is disbanding,  
 finally.

NYLON APRON  
 What?!

DANI  
 They're down at the Riverfront  
 this week. Last time ever.

Nylon Apron takes a moment to lament this.

NYLON APRON  
 Let me guess. Liberals?

DANI  
 The elephants died.

Nylon Apron stares off for a long beat. Dani takes a tiny step  
 toward him.

DANI  
 I was thinking, my father -- he  
 works in the 24th.

Nylon Apron raises his goggles.

**INT. HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

A grinning Dani exits the locker room carrying a Ziploc bag of  
 bloody venison steaks.

**INT. JACK'S KITCHEN - NIGHT**

An old blender struggles to pulverize its contents.

Jack picks up a renegade almond from the counter and pops it in  
 his mouth.

A cellphone RINGS. He takes the call in the other room while  
 the blender continues its mission to turn almonds into  
 gazpacho...

...for a few long beats.

Jack storms back into the kitchen, PISSED.

He bangs at the buttons on the blender, trying to turn it off. A few SPLASHES escape from the top.

He holds the phone up to his ear.

JACK  
This isn't a joke. She  
starts tonight?

Jack tosses his phone on the counter.

JACK  
Fuck!

He glances over at the blender. The gazpacho drips. Drips. Drips.

**EXT. JACK'S EL CAMINO - NIGHT**

Jack goes to his car, in uniform. He looks ACROSS THE STREET -- the Pesky Blue Beemer, idling.

Jack salutes the car with both middle fingers.

**EXT. DISTRICT PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

Dani stands by the open hood of a POLICE SUV, holding an oil dipstick. Jack approaches, puts his arm around Dani.

JACK  
The Officers Harrow.

DANI  
It's weird, right? But cool  
though. Right?

JACK  
(re: the oil dipstick)  
Good girl. You wouldn't believe  
how often these engines seize.

DANI  
Seriously? This takes two minutes.

JACK  
Bunch of toads. Females, mostly.

DANI  
Do you have empirical data to back  
that up, Dad?

JACK  
You're in college for one semester  
you start coming at me with that  
shit. I just know, all right.  
Veteran intuition.

Jack opens the driver door. Dani shuts the hood.

JACK  
For the record, I'm not saying  
that female cops are toads. I'm  
saying that most cops who don't  
check the oil are female.

Dani holds her hand out for the keys.

JACK  
You don't know these streets yet.

DANI  
Intuition.

Jack grins, gives her the keys.

JACK  
Did you check for contraband?

DANI  
Yeah, just a Zero bar wrapper.

JACK  
Zero bar?

DANI  
White on the outside, nuts on the  
inside. I don't like them.

JACK  
Huh. Run inside and sign us out a  
parking ticket book, will ya?

DANI  
Just one?

JACK  
It takes me a year to use that.

Jack watches until Dani gets inside then he pops the hood again. Shining his flashlight, he reaches his arm down wherever he finds enough space.

**INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT**

Jack stretches across the driver seat, shining his light into the air vents. Something's in there. Jack RIPS off the vent.

JACK  
I fuckin' knew it.

PAGLIANO (O.S.)  
The hell are you doing?

Jack bolts up to find Pagliano by the open door.

JACK  
Being thorough.

PAGLIANO  
How ya holding up?

JACK  
Well enough. I'm focused on my daughter now.

PAGLIANO  
I figured. Weird timing, isn't it?

JACK  
Yeah? How?

PAGLIANO  
Your partner of ten years goes completely off the grid. Meanwhile, you're out here on the street with your daughter. I'm just saying...

Jack climbs out of the SUV.

JACK  
You mean my daughter who was shot last year and worked her way back and chose to return to patrol and serve the citizens of the city she loves?

PAGLIANO  
Only--

JACK  
Huh, Pags? Is that the daughter you're talking about? Answer me, Pags.

PAGLIANO  
 Shut up and listen. I'm saying,  
 only three people ever work  
 Sector-18. Two are standing here,  
 and the other one is AWOL.

Jack glances back into the SUV -- ZEROING IN ON THE AIR VENT.  
 He leads Pagliano to the back of the vehicle.

JACK  
 Sector-18. So it's about that?

PAGLIANO  
 Like you don't know.

JACK  
 Leave me out of your shit.

PAGLIANO  
 This is still very much your shit.

Jack comes face to face with the younger, beefier Pagliano.

PAGLIANO  
 You know I'm just fucking with ya.  
 But that's your partner facing  
 time. Your brother. Your  
 daughter's uncle. I hope you don't  
 forget what he did for you. I sure  
 don't.

JACK  
 Everybody thinks they know  
 everything. Nobody knows anything.

PAGLIANO  
 I guess we'll see.

Pagliano leaves. Jack returns to the AIR VENT.

Sticks his hand inside, straining to grasp something. Finally  
 gives a good YANK and comes out with a small BLACK DEVICE. He  
 examines it, then stares off for a moment.

He holds the device up to his mouth--

JACK  
 (whispering)  
 You're wasting your time,  
 dick-brains.

He examines the device closer. Chuckles.

JACK

GPS.

He pockets the device and pops the air vent back in place.

**INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT**

Dani drives, reciting to herself--

DANI

B street. B, B. Oh, Ormes!  
Rosehill. C. Arbor. Boudinot.

JACK

Balloon knot you mean.

DANI

Gross.

JACK

If you're gonna replace Tommy,  
you're gonna have to laugh at  
gross things.

DANI

Boudinot. Hurley. D.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

24th District, report of a  
carjacking, 1800 block of Cambria.

JACK

Head over there.

Dani switches on the LIGHTS and SIRENS. Jack promptly turns off the siren.

JACK

Why are you using that one?

DANI

Everybody uses that one.

JACK

Exactly. They cancel each other  
out. Use the Jason Bourne. Nobody  
else does.

Jack flicks a switch. It's a slower ROO-WOO...ROO-WOO

JACK

See?

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

That European jawns that you always hear in Germany or Brussels or whatever.

DANI

I've never seen the Bourne movies.

JACK

What?!

DANI

Sorry. What's after D street?

JACK

Gransback. But it only runs a few blocks. Take a break, Rain Man. If you even get that joke.

DANI

What about that story you told me? That time a truck had you pinned in the alley.

JACK

And that dumb shit rookie was driving circles around the block?

DANI

I'm not letting that happen.

JACK

You need to turn left here.

DANI

Crap.

Dani starts the turn too late, slamming Jack into his door.

**EXT. CAMBRIA STREET - NIGHT**

Several parked cruisers, lights whirling. Dani and Jack walk to their SUV.

DANI

Green '04 Civic. New York Mets bumper stickers.

She taps her temple, storing away the info.

DANI

Do you remember Jennifer Weston, from high school? She plays Mrs.

(MORE)



DANI (CONT'D)

Met now.

JACK

Yeah, Jennifer. I think so, yeah.

Jack DEFINITELY remembers Jennifer.

DANI

Ew. You only remember her  
huge boobs.

JACK

No!

Dani gives a sideways look at her father. Jack looks  
down, ashamed.

JACK

I always tried to ignore them. But  
they were gigantic.

DANI

So big, right?

And then EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

JACK

Oh shit. It's about to get lit.

Dani holds up her glowing phone.

**EXT. WAWA - NIGHT**

The regional convenience store serves as a generator-powered  
BEACON OF LIGHT and keeper of cold beverages.

The Harrows exit the store. Jack digs into his bag. Hands a 5-  
Hour Energy to Dani. Dani waves it off.

JACK

I know you're not new to this job.  
But this isn't like your downtown  
foot beats. Summer is always  
hotter in the ghetto. Now they've  
lost TV and A/C, what do you think  
that does?

Jack again offers the tiny bottle to Dani.

DANI

No thanks. They're full of junk.

Jack chugs his own.

**EXT. RANDLE'S CORNER - NIGHT**

The distinctive GRINDS and SPARKS of a stubborn LIGHTER. A small FLAME finally appears, illuminating the COIN SLOT of a newspaper box. A few quarters drop in.

A homeless man, DUMB RANDLE (60s) opens the door to the box. takes out a newspaper. Scans the front page. Tosses it into a trash can.

He takes out the entire stack and drops it into the trash.

**EXT. FIREHOUSE - NIGHT**

The Harrows walk up to the open garage doors. KIARA ROBINSON (30s) goes to greet them, rubbing her hands together.

KIARA

Manna from the Lord above.

JACK

Ooooh, about that.

KIARA

Don't do this to me, man.

JACK

The gazpacho spoiled. I'll get you next time. Where's your power?

KIARA

Krinski went for some petrol. The generator was bone ass dry.

JACK

Females?

KIARA

What's that supposed to mean?

DANI

He's trying to be funny by referencing something he said earlier. But since you didn't hear that earlier thing, the joke won't land. Also, it's sexist.

Dani punches her father in the arm. Kinda hard.

KIARA

Damn, Jack. Your new partner's brutal.

JACK  
She's been roasting me ever since  
she could talk.

Kiara reaches for Dani's hand.

KIARA  
Kiara. Your Jack's daughter?

DANI  
Danielle. Or Dani. Whichever,  
I'm breezy.

KIARA  
Jack. Danielle. Are you an  
alcoholic or something?

JACK  
Her mother named her. Rest  
her soul.

KIARA  
I didn't know. Sorry to hear that.

DANI  
She's alive. I live with her.

Dani glares at Jack, who's grinning.

JACK  
Do you think you could spare your  
hydrant wrench and some sprinkler  
caps? I want to make it rain in  
the hood.

KIARA  
For sure. That's a really nice  
thing to do. And let me go get  
those caps right now for you. See,  
I like to follow through on  
things.

Jack scratches his throat in a very "fuck you" kind of way.

**EXT. NARROW STREET - NIGHT**

A residential street barely wide enough for a single car. A  
gaggle of tweens run around waving SPARKLERS.

People congregate outside of their row homes. Smoking,  
drinking, commiserating. Tiny inflatable kiddie pools in the  
streets. Water cascading from hydrants.

Pagliano barrels down the street in his cruiser.

PAGLIANO  
 (via his PA system)  
 Clear the street.

Some people move onto the sidewalk. Many still remain. Pagliano REVS his engine. Parents snatch their children from harm's way.

PAGLIANO  
 Get out of the damn street!

He PLOWS DOWN THE STREET, running over anything in his path -- lawn chairs, bottles, cans.

Inflatable kiddie pools EXPLODE, splashing water onto the sidewalk folks. Young children CRY.

A LITTLE GIRL stands in her bathing suit, wet hair covering one side of her face. With one eye, she stares at the extinguished SPARKLER in her hand.

**EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT**

Jack, wielding the large wrench, mounts the sprinkler cap on a fire hydrant. Dani watches.

DANI  
 When a car gets stolen, I usually,  
 you know, look for it.

JACK  
 What do you mean look?

DANI  
 Look. *Mira*, look.

JACK  
 Thank you for putting it in the  
 vernacular. Yeah, we're on the  
 lookout for it.

Jack stands back as the hydrant spews a FOUNTAIN of water. Kids and adults rush toward it for some sweet relief.

DANI  
 But I mean specifically look.

JACK  
 We each have our own way of doing  
 things. You have the gung-ho, few  
 years on the job approach. That's  
 fine. But it can lead to tunnel  
 vision. A narrow perspective. This  
 job is absurd.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

And it's dysfunctional. So be happy when you get a decision as simple as this: What's gonna do more good? Opening these hydrants or finding one car?

DANI

That car was taken at gunpoint.

JACK

*Point of simulated weapon.* We don't know if it was a gun or a pickle in their pockets.

DANI

I'm going to look for it.

Dani starts back to the SUV.

JACK

So you're going to drive around looking for it?

DANI

Yep.

JACK

What have you been doing? Driving around and not looking?

Dani turns to see an especially smarmy Jack.

**INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT**

Dani drives. Jack looks out his side window.

JACK

You see what was going on at that corner back there?

Dani steals a glance in his rearview.

JACK

That won't help you.

DANI

No, I didn't see anything.

JACK

You don't have your night vision yet. Make a U.

Dani jerks the steering wheel.

**EXT. RANDLE'S CORNER - NIGHT**

The old homeless man from earlier, Dumb Randle, stands by the same newspaper box. Jack and Dani approach.

JACK  
Dumb Randle, how goes it?

Dumb Randle stands up tall and stiff to SALUTE Jack. Jack salutes in return.

Dani stands by, intently watching the exchange unfold like it's theater.

JACK  
What ya got there, pal?

Dumb Randle shakes his head, zips his lips.

JACK  
Come on, let's see it.

Randle opens the newspaper box. STEAM billows out. A WHOLE CHICKEN sits on a tray. Several Sterno cans beneath it.

Dani grins. Jack shakes his head.

JACK  
Randle, Randle, Randle.

Randle hangs his head in shame.

JACK  
That chicken is way too big for  
this box.

Randle tears off a leg, hands it to Jack. Jack bites into it.

JACK  
(blech!)  
It's so dry. Did you  
even marinate?

Dumb Randle just stares. Blinks. Stares some more.

JACK  
Well what seasoning did you use?

Randle takes a handful of tiny salt and pepper PACKETS from his coat. Jack shakes his head and opens the door to the box.

JACK  
That's not going to cut it, pal.  
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

First off, you need to use something smaller, like Cornish game hens. They'll cook more evenly. And you should try a nice citrus marinade. Maybe with some coriander and ginger.

Dumb Randle nods with interest. Dani looks at her father.

DANI

Are you kidding me? This is an open flame, in public property, in the middle of a heat wave.

Dani pulls out her citation book. Jack smacks it.

JACK

Around here, we don't enforce this stuff.

DANI

I do.

Jack slaps her citation book. She growls.

JACK

It's Sterno. There's no danger. This is my call.

Jack lets the door of the box slam shut. Dumb Randle throws his arms up in frustration.

Randle grabs his change cup from the ground and fishes out a few quarters. He drops them in the slot, reopens the door, and gently closes it.

JACK

Oh, I'm sorry.

Jack pulls change from his own pocket, plinks it into the cup.

JACK

Okay, Randle. Try that marinade.

Jack moves to leave. Randle holds up a finger -- *one moment*.

Randle reaches into the trash, comes out with a shred of newspaper. He plucks the pen from Jack's shirt pocket.

Randle scribbles on the paper, folds it up, and gives it to Jack. Jack drops a \$20 bill in Randle's cup.

**INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT**

Dani, driving, glances over at the paper in Jack's hand.

**Not safe  
Eyes watching**

DANI  
What's that mean?

JACK  
Randle's usually a top source of goings-on around here. But he also has schizophrenia, so...

Dani watches as Jack looks in his SIDE MIRROR, paranoid himself.

DANI  
Can you tell me about Uncle Tommy? I'm hearing all sorts of weird stuff.

JACK  
Maybe it's best if you don't refer to him as 'Uncle' around here. Not for a little while anyway.

DANI  
It's that bad?

JACK  
I just don't want you getting treated unfairly.

DANI  
So what'd he do?  
(off Jack's look)  
You can't just keep this from me.

Dani cruises past the corner of the NARROW STREET.

A few neighbors wave their arms, flagging down the cops. Dani starts to turn down the street.

JACK  
Park it here. This street wasn't built for 21st-century vehicles.

Dani parks as a CONCERNED MOTHER trots over, carrying a toddler on her hip.



**EXT. NARROW STREET - NIGHT**

The Concerned Mother leads the Harrows down the street. She motions toward the EXPLODED POOLS.

CONCERNED MOTHER  
He damn near ran over the kids.

DANI  
You had the street blocked?

CONCERNED MOTHER  
You ain't seen the power out? We got kids burning up.

JACK  
It's local custom.

DANI  
No, of course. You gotta keep those kids cool. Children and elderly. What number was on the cruiser?

CONCERNED MOTHER  
A few of them sent it down there.  
(yelling, down the street)  
Yo, what number was that cop car?

A HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL makes it's way toward the COP CAR, followed by a loud POP. Jack covers his head. Dani crouches down and unsnaps her holster.

JACK  
It's just fireworks. It's okay.

Jack lightly rests his hand on Danielle's shoulder. Dani snaps her holster and puts her hand to her forehead.

JACK  
It's okay.

DANI  
I know.

Several more squeals/pops/sparks. BOTTLE ROCKETS explode against the SUV.

Dani spots the source of the rockets -- an outstretched ARM poking around the corner. Dani runs toward it.

JACK  
I'll pass your complaint up the chain, ma'am. He'll be dealt with.

CONCERNED MOTHER  
What about the car number?

Jack hurries back to the SUV, yelling over his shoulder--

JACK  
Won't be necessary.

CONCERNED MOTHER  
I want them pools replaced!

**AT THE SUV**

Dani has a young BOY, 11, by the arm.

DANI  
What's your name?

JACK  
Raymond. Chronic curfew violator.

DANI  
How old are you, Raymond?

JACK  
Eleven.

DANI  
So should we take him home?

JACK  
It's that or process him. But  
studies show nine out of ten times  
it'll be the wrong choice.

Dani looks down at Raymond and SIGHS.

**EXT. RAYMOND'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Raymond's FATHER stands at the front door, his hand gripping the back of Raymond's neck.

Dani joins Jack by the SUV.

DANI  
I'm not locking up a child my  
first night back on the street.  
Was that the right choice?

JACK  
Beats me. It's more like a long-  
term study.

DANI  
Like, using longitudinal data.

JACK  
What classes have you  
taken anyway?

DANI  
English comp and study methods.

JACK  
You're pretty smart now, huh?

DANI  
You're the one who begged me to go  
to college after high school, now  
you're making fun of me?

Jack shrugs. He tosses the 5-hour Energy to Dani.

JACK  
Here, drink this.

DANI  
Jesus, no. This is like when  
Denzel makes Ethan smoke Angel  
Dust, except way lamer.

JACK  
At least you've seen that movie.

**INT. TRAN'S PHARMACY - NIGHT**

TRAN sprays Windex on the glass doors. He holds the door open  
as Dani and Jack exit, each carrying large shopping bags.

Tran nods profusely and shakes both of their hands.

**INT/EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT**

At the end of the NARROW STREET, Jack and Dani hold out the  
shopping bags. A few neighbors approach and take the bags.

One neighbor reaches inside and comes out with a box -- AN  
INFLATABLE POOL.

JACK  
Courtesy of the department.

Nods of gratitude. The neighbors wander off.

Dani starts driving. Jack taps at his phone.

DANI  
You paid for those.

JACK  
They don't have to know that.

DANI  
That was cool of you and all, but  
we should report the complaint.

JACK  
If we filed every complaint,  
that's literally all we'd do. And  
they'd still never get their pools  
replaced.

DANI  
Some complaints are  
worth reporting.

JACK  
You're free to, darling. But what  
matters is they have their pools  
back.

Jack thumbs his phone. On the screen: image search results for  
"MRS. MET."

Dani hits the lights and sirens. Makes a SCREECHING U-TURN.  
Jack looks up from his phone.

JACK  
What?

DANI  
The car. The stolen Civic.

JACK  
(cautioning)  
Lots of green Civics around.

DANI  
With Mets stickers?

JACK  
(into radio)  
24-18. We're in pursuit of that  
stolen Civic. Occupied twice.

The Civic makes a sharp left. Dani follows.

As the Civic nears the end of the block it SLAMS on its brakes.  
Both front doors SWING OPEN. The DRIVER and PASSENGER bail.

The Civic continues rolling across the

**T-INTERSECTION**

and SMASHES into a parked car.

Dani jerks the SUV into park. She and Jack chase on foot.

JACK  
 (into radio)  
 24-18. We're in foot pursuit. Two  
 males. One white, one black.  
 (short of breath)  
 Black ball caps, both.

The thieves run in opposite directions. The Harrows do the same.

**EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT**

The Driver climbs a fence and runs down the PITCH BLACK alley. He stays close to the backs of the buildings. Tries a few doors -- predictably locked.

He spots a BUILDING ahead with a few LIGHTS ON. The REAR DOOR is propped open.

The Driver enters and tries closing the door, but the bottom SCRAPES against the ground. He leaves it as is.

**INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS**

The Driver finds himself in a huge KITCHEN. He sees a pot heating on the stove. He takes out a GUN, holding it by his side, and creeps into the--

**LOCKER ROOM**

The Driver spots FIREFIGHTER JACKETS in the open lockers.

DRIVER  
 (whispered)  
 Fuck me.

He starts to back out of the room, but hears footsteps from the kitchen. Sees a wavering BEAM OF LIGHT.

The Driver stows his gun in the pocket of a firefighter jacket.

**KITCHEN**

Dani, with her gun and flashlight aimed, enters the

**LOCKER ROOM**

She sees the Driver, wearing a firefighter's jacket.

DANI  
Get your hands up!

The Driver puts his hands up and steps toward Dani.

DRIVER  
Whoa, officer. What's going on?

DANI  
Stay there.

DRIVER  
In here pointing guns and shit.

DANI  
Nobody ran through here?

DRIVER  
No, ma'am. Cool if I put my  
hands down?

Dani studies him. Sweaty, but not suspicious for this night. Especially because he's wearing a heavy ass jacket.

DANI  
Is Krinski back with the Shawarma?

DRIVER  
Uh. No, not yet I don't think.

Dani grins slyly.

DANI  
Turn around. You're under arrest.

DRIVER  
Man, for what?

DANI  
Carjacking, I'm gonna say.

DRIVER  
This is bullshit.

As the Driver turns, he lowers one arm...

DANI  
Keep your hands up!

Just as the Driver sinks his hand into his pocket--

--a FOREARM SLAMS into the side of his head, courtesy of Kiara.

The Driver drops to the ground. His GUN skitters across the floor. Kiara digs her boot into the Driver's back as Dani retrieves the gun.

KIARA

Now I want Shawarma.

With SHAKING HANDS, Dani fumbles to unsnap her handcuff case.

**EXT. FIREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Dani loads the Driver into the back of a POLICE WAGON. The Passenger is already inside.

DANI

I don't get it. Why stay in the neighborhood with a stolen car?

The Driver and Passenger look at each other and shrug.

DRIVER

Where else we gonna go?

Dani glances over at her father.

**EXT. T-INTERSECTION - NIGHT**

Dani and Jack return to find the Civic is gone.

DANI

Where's the car?

JACK

Well I'll be dicked.  
 (into radio)  
 24-18. It seems our stolen Civic  
 has been re-stolen. No flash on a  
 suspect at this time.

A STREETLIGHT crackles and buzzes overhead. Dani looks up.

**EXT. HORSE STABLES - NIGHT**

Jack and Dani stand by a stable door with the TOP HALF open. They're speaking to: THE CISCO KID, 50s, black, with a horseshoe mustache and white cowboy hat.

JACK

The Cisco Kid used to maintain the stables for our police mounted unit. Now he runs an after-school program, teaching kids how to ride horses, take care of them, shovel shit. Good character-building stuff.

DANI

Where do they ride?

CISCO KID

Same place you drive. No laws against it. Isn't that right, Jack? This here's the Wild West.

JACK

What's the word on the frontier? Any black hats on the prowl?

Cisco Kid glances at Dani.

CISCO KID

(to Jack)

Talk in private?

JACK

It's okay.

CISCO KID

I gotta apologize, partner. I'm gonna have to disassociate for the time being. The block's too hot.

Cisco Kid points a FINGER GUN directly at Jack.

CISCO KID

You're too hot. It's that stuff going on with Tommy.

JACK

That's already getting around?

CISCO KID

Tommy's shit isn't some new discovery. Whoever didn't know, sure did after his little yuppie pal got gunned down last month. But now it's all out in the open. I'm already hearing whispers about subpoenas.

Jack feels Dani's eyes boring into him.



JACK

It sounds like people around the way know more about this than me.

CISCO KID

Nobody wants to hitch their wagon to your horse. So to speak. They don't know who you're in with.

JACK

I'm just me, Kid.

CISCO KID

But if you took up with a crook, or donned the black hat a time or two...maybe you got to own that.

DANI

Um, what is going on?

Jack holds up his hand -- a very clear *STOP*. Dani stews.

CISCO KID

There's a storm brewing, partner. And I ain't trying to get caught in it. You take care of yourself.

Cisco Kid shuts the stable door. Dani stares at Jack, awaiting an explanation. Instead she gets--

JACK

(chuckling)

I've had a lot of doors shut in my face. Never a barn door.

Dani ignores her father and walks back to the car.

**EXT. LAYLA'S CORNER - NIGHT**

WOOP-WOOP (that's the sound of da police).

LAYLA (40), a well kept but garishly dressed prostitute, strolls over to the passenger side window of the

**INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - CONTINUOUS**

Layla taps her painted nail extensions on the window. Dani looks over to Jack. *What do I do?*

JACK

Roll it down.

Dani rolls it down a few inches.

JACK  
All the way. It's fine.

LAYLA  
Who's this?

JACK  
That's my daughter. Danielle.

Layla shakes Dani's hand.

JACK  
First night as partners. Got  
anything for us?

LAYLA  
You got anything for me?  
(whispers)  
What about that good stuff?

Dani shoots a *WTF?* look at Jack who's smiling his ass off.

JACK  
It spoiled. Sorry. How  
about these?

Jack leans over and holds his phone up to Layla.

JACK  
Savory stuffed crepes.

LAYLA  
Eh. I'll just take IHOP.

JACK  
I'm offended.

LAYLA  
You wanna know the corner sitch?

JACK  
Layla, I love ya. Everyone else  
has been freezing me out.

Layla blows a kiss.

LAYLA  
Rocky's corner has been a ghost  
town since the shooting. But B and  
Clearfield was hopping earlier.  
Subs and dope I heard.

JACK  
Hold on. Subs and dope?  
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
Isn't that the Yuppies' corner?

LAYLA  
Still is far as I know. Choco chip waffles, please. And none of that runny maple. I want that thick ass, fake ass fructose seeerup.  
(to Dani)  
You make sure.

DANI  
Yes, ma'am.

Jack is lost in thought.

**INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT**

From a distance, Dani and Jack observe a drug corner.

DANI  
I'm sick of all this whispering and shit about Tommy. And now you? Are you involved? You need to tell me what the Cisco Kid was talking about.

JACK  
I honestly don't know.  
(off Dani's burning rage)  
And I don't know what trouble Tommy is in. Or why it's Federal. But I do know that he was friendly with the people at this corner. The Yuppies. The dealers.

DANI  
So it's all about drugs. What an idiot. Why's he such an idiot?

JACK  
No. It's not about drugs. Not only anyway.

DANI  
How do you know?

JACK  
Because the DEA is just about the only federal agency who hasn't been sniffing around. That's why I'm confused.

Jack points to an obvious hand-to-hand drug deal. The Yuppies aren't very good at this.

JACK  
And that's all you're getting. You may not think so, but I'm protecting you.

Dani's all right with that. For now.

JACK  
I protect my partner.

She and Jack observe the two BUYERS walk down the block. Jack drives to

#### **THE NEXT STREET OVER**

and SPEEDS down the block.

DANI  
What about the dealers?

JACK  
Thanks to your last minute transfer, I've been up for 36 hours. I'm not trying to work overtime tonight.

Jack slows down as he watches the buyers shuffle down an EMBANKMENT into

#### **EXT. "THE TRACKS" - NIGHT**

A literal drug DEN.

Nestled amid abandoned, overgrown train tracks. Broken furniture, trash, and syringes carpet the ground.

The two spindly buyers, CLYDE and BOBBY (both 30s) sit on a grungy mattress. Clyde takes out a length of rubber tubing.

Jack and Dani mosey over. Clyde and Bobby stare up at them.

JACK  
Hiya, fellas.

CLYDE  
I'm sorry.

Bobby nods in agreement. Jack shines his flashlight on the mattress, illuminating the baggie of heroin.

JACK  
Weren't you just in treatment?

CLYDE  
A month ago. It didn't work.

JACK  
Why do you come right back to this hood? You know it's only trouble.

CLYDE  
Where else am I gonna go?

JACK  
Gonna have to take you boys in.

The buyers SIGH.

CLYDE  
I understand, sir.

JACK  
Stand on up.

The cops handcuff the buyers.

JACK  
(to Dani)  
Sometimes there's a loose syringe on their person. I don't want to do a pat down without my kevlar gloves. I left them in the car.

CLYDE  
No, sir. We're careful.

JACK  
I'm careful too.

Dani starts back to the SUV. Once she's out of earshot--

JACK  
I know you fellas are careful. Now listen. I may have a deal for ya if you can answer some questions about the Yuppie corner.

BOBBY  
I don't know nothin'.

JACK  
Not a good start.

CLYDE  
I know some things.

JACK  
That's better. The corner you bought this heroin, how long have they been selling dope there? Wasn't it always just weed?

CLYDE  
Shoot, has to have been a few weeks...at least. Around when Roger got killed.

JACK  
Who's Roger?

CLYDE  
Roger Klotz. That's what everybody called him. The Yuppie kid with the haircut. You know, shaved on the side and then combed over. Super nice dude.

Jack is visibly shaken.

JACK  
That was over heroin?

CLYDE  
I only use it. I don't really keep up on the politics.

JACK  
You remember my other partner?

BOBBY  
Jarhead.

JACK  
Yeah, that's him. What've you been hearing?

CLYDE  
Sir, I'm sorry to trouble you. But I have to go to the bathroom. Number shit, sir.

JACK  
Can you hold it?

*Hell no.*

JACK  
Bobby, do you want to go to jail?

BOBBY  
No.

JACK  
Good.

Jack uncuffs Bobby. Dani returns with Jack's gloves.

JACK  
(to Bobby)  
Take your friend into the bushes  
and help him with his dope shits.

DANI  
Uh, what?

JACK  
You're not in Kansas anymore,  
baby girl.

CLYDE  
There's nothing to wipe with.

Dani pulls a WaWa napkin from her pocket.

BOBBY  
That's too small.

JACK  
Find something. Use his underwear.

CLYDE  
Please hurry!

Bobby pulls down Clyde's pants. Jack and Dani turn their backs  
and take a few steps.

DANI  
How do you know everyone?

JACK  
The 'hood gets real small  
after dark.

A cacophony of intestinal GROWLS, Clyde's YELPS, and Bobby's  
DRY HEAVES. And then--

TIRES SCREECHING

GLASS BREAKING

METAL TWISTING

**THE STOLEN (AND RE-STOLEN) GREEN CIVIC**

Pitched downward at 45 degrees, caught between a tree and the embankment.

As Dani and Jack approach, a young boy crawls out from the driver's side floor.

DANI  
Raymond? Are you okay?

Raymond looks down at himself. Shrugs. *Yeah, I guess.*

Dani grasps his arm. Jack brings himself eye level with the boy. Raymond stares at him.

Jack opens his mouth to speak but closes it. He just shakes his head and stands up again.

Clyde and Bobby wander over, gaping at the wreckage. Jack UNCUFFS Clyde.

JACK  
You two get outta here. Get help.

Bobby runs off. Clyde bows with gratitude and waddles off.

DANI  
You're letting them go?

JACK  
You're greedy. Besides, Raymond here isn't escaping the law again.

Dani looks down at Raymond and SIGHS.

**INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT**

Dani is slumped in the passenger seat while Jack drives.

DANI  
Since I came back on the job, I have this constant doubt. Like no matter what I do, it's going to be wrong. I thought I'd be back in my element in patrol. But I don't know if I can still do this.

JACK  
I'm proud of you just for trying. You know how many cops get injured on the job and milk a city salary for decades, riding some desk?

(MORE)



JACK (CONT'D)  
 You're not like that. Because you  
 took this job for all the right  
 reasons. I know you can still do  
 this.

Jack squeezes Danielle's hand. Dani looks at her father. She's  
 not gonna cry, she's not gonna cry, she's not gonna cry.

JACK  
 But you don't have to. And I'll  
 still be proud.

She's crying.

A high-pitched WARBLE comes over the radio. Dani perks up, rubs  
 her teary eyes. Amid all her doubts and fear, she's still  
 eager.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
 All units be advised, silent alarm  
 tripped at Tran's Pharmacy.

JACK  
 Fuckin' Tran.

DANI  
 (into radio)  
 24-18, we're right around  
 the corner.

JACK  
 Nah, Tran's is always bullshit.  
 And we have a juvenile prisoner.

DANI  
 You stay with him. I'll just run  
 in and clear it.

Dani flicks the Jason Bourne SIREN.

**EXT. TRAN'S PHARMACY - NIGHT**

Jack waits in the SUV. Dani heads for the entrance.

DANI  
 (into radio)  
 24-18 on location.

Dani's hand rests on her holster.

**INT. TRAN'S PHARMACY - NIGHT**

Lights on, no cashier. Dani UNLATCHES her holster.

**EXT. TRAN'S PHARMACY - NIGHT**

Pagliano pulls his car alongside Jack's. Dani's voice blares from the radios--

DANI (O.S.)  
24-18, there's nobody here. I'll  
check in back.

Jack and Pagliano converse through their open windows.

PAGLIANO  
Tran's probably pinching a loaf.

JACK  
Are you the one who had a pool  
party earlier?

PAGLIANO  
Why? Complaint?

JACK  
Yeah, asshole. How about don't be  
an asshole. Just once in a while.

PAGLIANO  
Or what? You gonna tell on me?

JACK  
Question my loyalty again and see  
what happens next.

Pagliano just laughs.

PAGLIANO  
Has your daughter mentioned me?

Jack shoots him a look -- *leave me alone.*

PAGLIANO  
Relax, old man. Just thought she  
might have.

JACK  
Don't go near my daughter.

PAGLIANO  
(chuckling)  
Why, will I see what happens next?

JACK  
You'll feel it.

**INT. TRAN'S PHARMACY - NIGHT**

A MOP dunks into a bucket of water.

**DANI**

looks in the direction of the sound. She sees a head moving down an aisle. She turns down her RADIO. Gets low, aims her gun.

**DOWN THE AISLE**

A TRAIL OF BLOOD. The wet mop smears it around.

Tran slowly mops the floor. He's in some kind of STUPOR.

Propped up against a shelving fixture is a SECURITY GUARD--

--covered in blood, wriggling his legs, trying to sit himself upright.

Dani approaches. Tran doesn't register her presence, just continues mopping.

Dani makes eye contact with the Guard. The Guard WHEEZES and GURGLES and grasps at his chest.

MUZAK on the store stereo seems to grow LOUDER. Dani keys her shoulder mic.

DANI  
(into radio)  
There's been a shooting. The  
guard's shot. Uh, uh...send medic.

Dani kneels beside the Guard. They make eye contact.

DANI  
Where are you shot?

PANTING and WHEEZING. The Guard's uniform drenched in blood -- origin impossible to discern.

Dani's hands hover near the Guard's torso.

DANI  
Uh. Gunshot wound. Apply pressure.  
Fucking where?!  
(MORE)

DANI (CONT'D)  
(into radio)  
Send medic!

Jack and Pagliano appear at the end of the aisle.

JACK  
Holy ghost.  
(into radio)  
24-18 to dispatch. Expedite medic.  
We have a gunshot victim here.

Jack joins Dani by the Guard.

Dani SNAPS her fingers -- an idea. She points at Pagliano.

DANI  
Go to the baby aisle and get some  
diapers. The overnight kind.  
(off Pagliano's blank stare)  
Hello? Okay? Repeat that.

PAGLIANO  
Yeah, baby aisle. Diapers.

DANI  
The over--

PAGLIANO  
Overnight kind. Yeah.

DANI  
Go!

Pagliano obeys.

Dani rips open the Guard's uniform shirt. She takes out her knife, cuts the Guard's t-shirt. BLOOD spills from his torso.

JACK  
Jesus. Just...wait for medic.

Tran splashes his mop against Jack. Jack springs up. He puts an arm around Tran and leads him away from the crime scene.

Dani takes off her own uniform shirt. She uses it to wipe the Guard's torso.

She looks for the entry wound -- there are several.

Jack again kneels beside her.

JACK  
You don't have to do this.  
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)  
 We don't have the equipment. You  
 don't even have gloves.

Jack puts his hand on Dani's forearm -- trying to guide her  
 away. Dani shakes him off.

DANI  
 Then get me some!

Pagliano returns with the diapers. Dani rips open the package.  
 Unfolds one and presses it against the leaking torso.

DANI  
 (to Jack)  
 Keep unfolding. Get them ready.

Dani tosses a BLOODY DIAPER on the floor. Jack holds out a  
 fresh one. He watches his daughter with something resembling  
 awe.

Pagliano stands at a distance, watching. Tran and his trusty  
 mop shows up again. He bumps into Pagliano.

PAGLIANO  
 Snap out of it!

Pagliano rips the mop away from Tran and flings it across  
 the store.

Tran snaps out of it. Kind of. He HOOOOOOOOWLS -- a guttural,  
 inhuman sound of pain and mourning.

Pagliano grabs Tran and shakes him.

Jack looks over at this new commotion. He marches over and  
 SINKS HIS FIST into Pagliano's square jaw.

**EXT. BAYFRONT PATIO - NIGHT**

Tommy stands by the water's edge, toasting the end of a CIGAR.

ON THE BAY, a SPEEDBOAT approaches at a distance. Tommy exhales  
 a smoke ring while keeping an eye on the boat. It shines a  
 SPOTLIGHT toward the bayfront properties.

The boat nears and Tommy sees, emblazoned on the side -- NAGS  
 HEAD POLICE.

TOMMY  
 Oh fuck.

The spotlight smacks Tommy in the face. He shields his eyes.

**INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT**

Tommy goes to a set of FRENCH DOORS. He sticks his hand into a plastic jack-o'-lantern, and comes out with a FLASHBANG.

He swings open the doors, and steps out onto the balcony.

**EXT. TOMMY'S SAFEHOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

Two FBI AGENTS look up to see Tommy on the balcony.

TOMMY  
I'm on vacation. Stop  
harassing me.

Tommy HURLS the flashbang into the street. As one might expect--

FLASH! and BANG! Windows on nearby cars SHATTER.

**EXT. BAYFRONT PATIO - NIGHT**

Tommy charges outside and HURLS a laptop into the bay.

**INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT**

Tommy talks on the phone while pacing in front of the patio door, like a caged animal.

TOMMY  
They're here for real, Jacko. They  
have an arrest warrant.

The big bad jarhead begins to WHIMPER.

TOMMY  
It's for real. Where are you, man?  
Come on, answer the phone!

The SPOTLIGHT illuminates him. He steps away from the doors.

**EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

The two FBI agents stand by their Chevy Tahoe, surrounded by a legion of police cars and SWAT vehicles.

MALE AGENT  
So much for doing it quietly.

FEMALE AGENT  
The yokels came to party.

A SWAT TANK barrels down the street.

**INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT**

Tommy sits on the floor with his legs crossed. He's decked out in RIOT GEAR from throat to toe.

FEMALE AGENT (O.S.)  
We have an arrest warrant, Mr.  
Kovacs. Let's do this quietly.

Tommy looks down at his phone, checks for a message notification. Nothing. He tosses it aside. Stands up.

He pulls on his riot helmet and crouches down. Beats against his chest a few times.

TOMMY  
Fuck you! Come and get me!

FEMALE AGENT (O.S.)  
You grant us permission?

TOMMY  
Door's unlocked, bitch.

The double doors EXPLODE INTO SPLINTERS. A SWAT team rushes in and TACKLES Tommy to the ground.

**EXT. TRAN'S PHARMACY - NIGHT**

Crime scene tape. A local news van. A huddle of cops. Dani sits on the bumper of an ambulance, dazed.

Jack comes over.

JACK  
Glad to be back on the street?

DANI  
Greatest show on earth.

JACK  
I have to get out of here. Tommy  
just got arrested.

DANI  
I'm sorry, Daddy.

Jack kisses her on the forehead.

JACK  
I'll make sure you get a  
ride back.

He hands Dani the bottle 5-Hour Energy. She grins.

JACK  
You're gonna be here a while.

Jack leaves. Dani opens the bottle and takes a sip.  
She grimaces.

**INT. JACK'S EL CAMINO - DAWN**

The GLARE of the rising sun attacks Jack from all angles.  
Squinting, he pulls down the visor. Puts on sunglasses -- no  
help. Plays with the visor's positioning, smacking it around.

He's getting frustrated. We all are. Finally, he RIPS the visor  
down. So satisfying. He glances in his REARVIEW.

JACK  
All right then.

Jack pulls over.

**EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAWN**

Jack leaves his truck and walks back to the

**PESKY BLUE BEEMER**

The tinted driver's window rolls down to reveal: a woman with a  
HUGE AFRO and a man with a FAUX-HAWK, both in TAILORED SUITS.

Jack holds out the two GPS trackers.

HUGE AFRO  
Why don't you keep them.

JACK  
Who are you?

HUGE AFRO  
The dawn of a new  
motherfuckin' age.

Jack slowly extends his hand.

JACK  
Jack.



They shake.

**EXT. DELAWARE RIVERFRONT - DAWN**

The Pesky Blue Beemer zips past the factories, docks, and shipping terminals -- blue collar Philly starting its day.

The Delaware river reflects the rising sun. Against an orange sky, THREE SILHOUETTES lumber along:

Elephants.

FADE TO BLACK.