

UNTITLED GABRIELLE UNION PROJECT

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* 10202 West Washington Boulevard * Culver City, CA 90232 *

ACT ONE

INT. MISSION MARKET - DAY

CONVENIENCE STORE TURNED WAR ZONE -- BULLETS FLY -- GLASS SHATTERS -- A CLERK (20s, TERRIFIED) HUDDLES ON THE FLOOR.

A TWEAKER with a NOSE RING fires a REVOLVER while his buddy with BLUE HAIR hurdles the counter to pilfer the register.

NOSE RING
Get the money. Let's go!

We find SYD BURNETT (30s, razor sharp instincts and the confidence to follow them) and NANCY MCKENNA (30s, skills honed in the military but governed by emotion) crouched behind a bullet riddled shelf -- RELOADING.

SYD
You can't seriously blame me for this.

MCKENNA
I told you it was a bad idea to run a personal errand on duty but, no --

SYD
There's no way I could have known --

MCKENNA
(mocking)
Come on, McKenna... It'll just take a second --

SYD
Is that how you think I sound?

CLICK -- CLICK! They expertly push clips and chamber rounds.

SYD (CONT'D)
My voice is sexy. Mellifluous.

MCKENNA
Spell that.

SYD
Is all this attitude 'cause I'm missing your family book club?!

Syd stands up from behind the shelf.

MCKENNA
Damn it, Syd --

SYD
(mellifluous)
LAPD. Drop the gun.

Nose Ring spills shells while fumbling through a reload.
McKenna steps out from behind the shelf --

MCKENNA
Don't make me shoot you. Then I'll
have to stay late doing paperwork
and I'm not bailing on book club.

SYD
You just talk about books, right?
Just you and your family... talkin'
about books.
(to Nose Ring)
Have you ever heard of anything
like that?

Behind the counter, Blue Hair pulls the Clerk to his feet and
jams a gun to his head.

BLUE HAIR
Drop your guns!

Syd and McKenna swap aims, one on Nose Ring, the other on
Blue Hair -- unspoken synchronicity.

MCKENNA
Don't do that! Don't minimize it.
What's so important you're bailing
on meeting my family... again?

SYD
Does it matter?!

MCKENNA
We're gettin' shot at over this!

Nose Ring and Blue Hair share a look. Are these women crazy?

SYD
Fine! I got a date, okay?! You
happy now?

MCKENNA
Was it so damn hard to be honest?

Syd steps toward Nose Ring. McKenna's gun tracks Blue Hair.

SYD
Yes, because of how you get.

BLUE HAIR
Shut up a minute so I can think!

Syd and McKenna take a step closer.

NOSE RING
That's close enough.

MCKENNA
How do I get?

Another step. Blue Hair's freaking out. Moves his aim from the Clerk to McKenna. BANG! McKenna buries a round in Blue Hair's shoulder. Nose Ring raises his revolver but Syd lunges forward and knocks it away as she executes a quick combo ending with a PISTOL WHIP. He's down, but --

Blue Hair pushes the Clerk away. Levels the gun with his good arm. WHAM! McKenna jumps over the counter and lays him out. SLAMS his head against the CALIFORNIA LOTTO display for good measure.

SYD
That's how you get.

McKenna cuffs Blue Hair and stands to find Syd putting a box of 5 HOUR ENERGY SHOTS on the counter --

MCKENNA
This is what we stopped for?!

SYD
I gotta be up for my date. He
certainly will be.

McKenna comes around the counter; phone to her ear calling the station. Syd motions the scared Clerk to his feet.

CLERK
Anything else?

SYD
Yeah, a pack of Tropical Fruit
Bubblicious...

MCKENNA
And some Skittles.

Off the familiar line; the two bad-ass women standing shoulder to shoulder, we SMASH TO:

TITLES

EXT. LOS ANGELES - MORNING

LOW ANGLE on the HOLLYWOOD SIGN. The letters fill the frame as an LAPD chopper flies over. This is the Bad Boys universe.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - MORNING

Early morning surfers. The Santa Monica Pier. TRAFFIC. Cars pull to a stop as a light turns RED. Then --

BANG BANG! Gunshots ring out. A LUXURY SUV screeches out onto the PCH. It grinds alongside cars, pushing its way up to the light and speeding out into the intersection. The back is open, GROCERIES spilling into the street as the SUV sideswipes a Tesla and skids across the double yellow.

ONCOMING TRAFFIC jams on their brakes. A 5 TON can't make the stop in time. BRAKES SQUEAL. BURNT RUBBER. And... CRASH! Head-on collision. The PCH is a mess of WRECKED CARS and DISTRAUGHT PEOPLE. A BURLY MAN rushes over and yanks the SUV door open.

BURLY MAN
What the hell is wrong with you?

ANGLE INSIDE to reveal a terrified eleven year old boy, LOGAN SMITH (resourceful but fragile). He looks to the back seat.

LOGAN
Tina needs help.

The Burly Man pulls open the back door to find TINA (20s, kind eyes) dead from a fatal gunshot wound.

BURLY MAN
Somebody call the police!

INT. SYD'S LOFT - MORNING

ANGLE ON: Syd's face nestled into an Egyptian cotton pillowcase. Her eyes ease open as sun washes over her from the floor to ceiling windows of her downtown penthouse.

Syd rolls over, looks at REGGIE (20s, all abs) asleep beside her. Checks the time on her Movado. Why's he still here? Syd stands out of bed; naked. The camera traces her body, intimate but not sexual, landing on SCARS marring her torso. Her fingers graze them; a reminder of a previous trauma.

Syd spots remnants of her wild night: 5 HOUR ENERGY SHOTS, FEATHERS, CANDLES. POP WIDE: to take in the luxurious loft as Syd crosses through the kitchen to hit BREW on her fancy coffee machine before heading for the bathroom.

INT. MCKENNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING

McKenna wakes to find her husband, PATRICK MCKENNA (30s, midwestern heartthrob) already dressed in SCRUBS.

MCKENNA
Nope. You're on kid duty.

She clicks her bedside lamp on, reaching past a pair of DOG-TAGS hanging from the lampshade. Patrick leans in for a kiss. Not a peck, a real one.

PATRICK
I gotta cover Finn's rotation. But
I have a few minutes.

MCKENNA
I haven't brushed.

PATRICK
So?

McKenna looks at Patrick's puppy-dog eyes. She loves this guy, but she's just not in the mood right now.

MCKENNA
Not now, Patrick. I just woke up.

ISABEL (O.S.)
Dad! Ryan's bleeding!

PATRICK
(exasperated)
Of course he is.

INT. MCKENNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

A modest, Valley Glen three bedroom house. McKenna emerges in a ratty bathrobe. ISABEL (12, blossoming) pounces.

ISABEL
He got blood on my homework!

RYAN (9, rambunctious but delicate) rounds a corner with his nose pinched between two fingers.

MCKENNA
You okay, Ry?
(she looks him over)
Go see your dad.

Ryan rushes to Patrick as Isabel waves a blood-flecked page of homework at him.

ISABEL
You're so stupid.

RYAN
Am not!

PATRICK AND MCKENNA
He isn't stupid.

Patrick presses a cold towel to Ryan's nosebleed.

RYAN
Thanks, dad.

PATRICK
 I knew that peds rotation would pay
 off eventually. Now, I gotta go.
 Have a great day at school guys...

McKenna follows him through the cluttered room to the door.

PATRICK (CONT'D)
 We'll pick up where we left off
 tonight.

MCKENNA
 Tonight?

PATRICK
 It's on the calendar. You forgot.

MCKENNA
 I didn't forget. Have a good day.

PATRICK
 You too. Be safe.

MCKENNA
 Always.

She shuts the door and we SMASH TO:

THE BEDROOM: McKenna sits on the bed looking at her phone.
INSERT THE SCREEN: A calendar more cluttered than her house.
 She clicks a PINK BOX, expanding the headline: OVULATION -
 SEXY NIGHT!

McKenna breathes a deep sigh as the SOUNDS OF ISABEL AND RYAN
 SQUABBLING rise outside her bedroom door.

INT. SYD'S LOFT - MORNING

Syd exits the bathroom dressed for the day. Fly, as always.
 She finds Reggie standing at the kitchen counter, about to
 help himself to her coffee in a ceramic mug.

SYD
 To-go cups are right there --

Sure enough, there's a sleeve of DIXIE GO-CUPS beside the
 machine. Reggie pours a mug anyway. He's smooth.

REGGIE
 I thought I'd stay a while. Cup of
 coffee. Read the paper. Talk.

Not smooth enough. Syd pours the coffee from his mug into a
 Dixie cup. She's showing him the door when her phone RINGS.

SYD
 Last night was fun, but...

MCKENNA (PRELAP)
You gotta go!

I/E. MCKENNA'S SUV - SCHOOL - MORNING

McKenna yells at a MINIVAN that's holding up the school drop-off line. The line inches forward. Ryan and Isabel hop out. McKenna watches as they shuffle toward the school gates. A HUSKY BOY and his FLUNKY set in on Ryan.

HUSKY
Cryin' Ryan. You gonna have an
asthma attack in P.E. again?

FLUNKY
I bet he pees his pants in the lab.

The boys shoulder past Ryan, who wells with tears but soldiers on. McKenna's heart breaks. Then she clocks Isabel nearby, ignoring the whole thing --

MCKENNA
Izzy! Isabel, come here!

Isabel's eyes couldn't roll any harder. She walks back.

ISABEL
You're embarrassing me.

MCKENNA
Those boys were teasing your
brother.

ISABEL
I'm not his bodyguard.

MCKENNA
Yes. You. Are. You two are a
team. You have to have each
other's back. Got it?

ISABEL
Yeah. Got it.

MCKENNA
Go make sure he's alright. And...
(softens)
Have a good day.

HONK! Now McKenna's holding up the line. She mouths an apology to the rearview. Her phone RINGS as she pulls away.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - CRIME SCENE - DAY

EMERGENCY VEHICLES, YELLOW TAPE, pissed off COMMUTERS stuck in bottle-neck traffic. McKenna arrives, FLASHING LIGHTS on the underside of her sun-visors. Syd pulls up on a DUCATI.

SYD
How was family book club?

MCKENNA
Fine.

SYD
So... still mad then?

MCKENNA
I'm not mad.

They approach CAPTAIN THOMAS HIRSCH (40s, walks with a forearm crutch) as two other detectives arrive, BEN WALKER (30s, white, comes from money. Smart man, smarter mouth.) and BEN BAINES (40s, black, a blue collar, self-made man).

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
Morning, Captain.

BEN WALKER
Damn. What's she so mad about?

MCKENNA
What?! I'm not mad.

BEN WALKER
There was a tone.

MCKENNA	SYD
No tone. I'm not mad.	I bailed on family book club.

BEN BAINES	BEN WALKER
You say <u>family</u> book club?	Who does <u>family</u> book club?

MCKENNA
What are the Bens doing here? I thought this was our case?

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
I need my four best detectives.

BEN WALKER
So when do the other two get here?

SYD
Cute, but check yourself. We been partners four months and closed as many cases as you have in seven.

BEN WALKER
Tell you what. Close the case, other team does the paperwork.

SYD
Deal.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
If you're gonna have a pissing
contest, don't do it on my shoes.

MCKENNA
Why all the manpower?

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
Video went viral: cute kid crashing
through traffic trying to save his
nanny. Went from a homicide to a
media circus real fast. City
Hall's got a close eye on this one.

Hirsch motions to Logan, sitting in the back of an AMBULANCE.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH (CONT'D)
The kid is Logan Smith. Pretty
shaken up. He's got an over-worked
single mom who's out of town on
business. No luck contacting her
yet. No other family. Just her...

Hirsch taps a CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER on the shoulder and he
steps away, revealing Tina's lifeless body in the SUV.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH (CONT'D)
...his nanny. 'Til we get ahold of
Logan's mom, Claire, DCFS is gonna
babysit. I'll take him back to the
station until they send an agent.
Find whoever did this and find 'em
fast. And somebody get ahold of
this kid's mom!

INT. AUSTRIAN AIRLINES FLIGHT 831 - DAY

A put-together executive (40s, jet-lagged) lifts her bag into
the overhead. INSERT the LUGGAGE TAG: CLAIRE SMITH.

Claire slides into her first class seat. A BUSINESSMAN takes
the seat beside her. Her phone RINGS. INSERT PHONE: BLOCKED
NUMBER. Claire considers answering. It's been a long day;
she'll deal with whatever this call is about later. She
silences the call and powers down her phone.

BUSINESSMAN
Long trip? I know the feeling.

CLAIRE
I just want to get home.

She looks out the window, her weary reflection staring back.

EXT. PACIFIC COAST HIGHWAY - CRIME SCENE - DAY

Syd and McKenna approach Logan; sitting with a UNIFORM COP.

UNIFORM
Kid won't talk to me.

SYD
We got it, thanks.

McKenna sits next to Logan. Without a word, she pulls a pack of SKITTLES out of her jacket. Opens it. Eats a couple before offering some to Logan. Syd holds her hand out too. They all quietly eat candy for a beat. Waiting. Then --

LOGAN
Am I in trouble?

MCKENNA
No. None of this is your fault.

SYD
You were so brave.

LOGAN
Not brave enough. Tina's dead.

MCKENNA
You can still help her. Tell us what happened.

BACK WITH THE BENS: as they scrutinize the crime scene.

BEN WALKER
Scattered groceries. Trunk open.

Baines leans into the SUV. Rifles through a reusable grocery bag. Finds what he's looking for: a crumpled RECEIPT.

BEN BAINES
How about we start where she did?

EXT. MALIBU GROCERY STORE - PARKING LOT - DAY

The Bens enter the lot to find Syd and McKenna already there; standing over the TIRE-MARKS where the luxury SUV peeled out.

BEN BAINES
How'd you know...?

BEN WALKER
What the hell?

MCKENNA
We asked Logan.

SYD
The kid! He's eleven, not stupid.

BEN BAINES
So what are we looking for?

Syd scans nearby buildings. Spots a MARIJUANA DISPENSARY.

SYD
That. Ganjapreneurs are super
paranoid. Gotta have cameras.

BEN WALKER
Ganjapreneur? Is that DEA jargon?
You're LAPD now. We call 'em
budtenders.

Syd and McKenna head for the shop. The Bens follow until --

MCKENNA
It doesn't take four to canvas a
weed shop. Go find your own lead.

BEN BAINES
Hey Burnett, don't miss book club
anymore. It makes her so mad.

MCKENNA
I'm not mad!

INT. THE HANG 10 COLLECTIVE - DAY

Syd silences a call on her cell as she enters. INSERT THE
SCREEN: DAD. She catches up to McKenna, at the counter with
the budtender, KRISTIEANNE (60s, white hippie with dreads).

MCKENNA
Kristieanne here is happy to upload
her security footage to a drive.

KRISTIEANNE
Anything for LAPD.

SYD
Anything? How about an eighth of
that Silver Surfer over there?

MCKENNA
Are you kidding?

SYD
Absolutely not. It's good, right?

KRISTIEANNE
Dank, earthy; yet with a buzzy
energy for a productive mindset.

SYD
Productive. Just how you want a
mindset to be.

Syd pays for the weed as Kristieanne hands McKenna a CANNABIS-
LEAF SHAPED JUMP DRIVE.

MCKENNA

Let's just go.

EXT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - ROBBERY/HOMICIDE - DAY

Establishing LAPD HQ. 100 W. 1st St. Ten stories of shimmering steel and glass wrapped in white concrete.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - ROBBERY/HOMICIDE - DAY

5th floor. Detective bureau. Robbery/Homicide bullpen. Syd and McKenna's desks face each other, each woman sitting at their computers. McKenna's desk is cluttered with FAMILY PHOTOS of Patrick and the kids. *Note: No baby photos. These pics only go back three years.* Syd's desk is sparse.

SYD

You get it up yet?

MCKENNA

Sounds like you last night.

SYD

You got jokes now? I thought you were mad.

MCKENNA

I'm not mad, it's just... You gotta meet my family sometime. It's important.

SYD

Damnit!

MCKENNA

Why's it such a big deal?

SYD

No. Reggie.

Reggie, the rookie from the night before, steps up. Awkward.

REGGIE

Hey. Last night was... You must have felt it, too.

SYD

I was very clear, Reggie. All sex, no strings. You said you could hang, so hang.

REGGIE

But...

SYD

Bye, Reggie.

Reggie leaves, tail between his legs.

MCKENNA
 Seriously? You're dippin' into the
 motor pool?

SYD
 Drop it.

MCKENNA
 I mean, taking office supplies is
 one thing. But this --

SYD
 Just play the video.

Syd comes around to watch over McKenna's shoulder. ON THE VIDEO: TWO LATINO SUSPECTS approach Logan's SUV while Tina loads groceries. Tina feels the looming presence and hustles to the open, rear passenger door. BANG BANG! Suspect #1 shoots Tina. She falls into the SUV. Then, as the two suspects approach, the SUV suddenly speeds away.

MCKENNA
 Two carjackers trolling Malibu
 think they spot an easy target.
 Driver tries to run, they shoot.

Syd looks across the bullpen at Logan, sitting beyond the glass of Captain Hirsch's office.

SYD
 Only they didn't count on a kid
 being in the car... Tough kid.

ON THE VIDEO: As the suspects flee, the camera catches a clean shot of Suspect #2's arm. He has a TATTOO SLEEVE.

SYD (CONT'D)
 Pretty distinctive ink.

Back at her computer, Syd pulls up the LAPD TATTOO DATABASE --

SYD (CONT'D)	MCKENNA
Send me the --	Done.

ON SYD'S SCREEN: A screen grab of TATTOO SLEEVE pops up. Syd runs the photo against the database. IMAGES of BANGERS AND THEIR TATTOOS fly by until... a match! A PHOTO of VICTOR MORALES (30s, covered in tattoos and scars).

SYD
 Victor Morales. No last known
 address, but he runs with the
 Eastside Riders.

ON THE VIDEO: McKenna freeze frames on the rear bumper as the suspects' car flees the scene. No plates, but --

MCKENNA
Chevy body. Triple unit rear light assemblies. It's a '69 Caprice.
(off Syd's stunned look)
I'm kind-of a gearhead. Something you'd know if you took the time --

SYD
How does this help us?

MCKENNA
We need to search DMV records for a '69 Caprice registered to a Boyle Heights address.

SYD
Eastside Riders territory.

MCKENNA
But DMV warrants take forever.

SYD
I know a guy. Come on.

Syd is halfway to the door. McKenna hurries after.

INT. OMNITECH - PLAYA VISTA CAMPUS - DAY

A booming tech start-up with all the fixin's: coffee bar, feng shui, high-end workstations, underdressed millennials. CLOSE ON two huge eyes behind COKE BOTTLE GLASSES. FLETCHER (6'11", short sleeve button-down, John Salley) munches a slimy TOFU SNACK and masterfully hacks code at his station.

SYD (O.S.)
Fletcher. Fletcher?!

He holds up a finger, "Wait." Takes a slurp from a BIG GULP. POP WIDE to reveal Syd and McKenna waiting over his shoulder.

FLETCHER
You came to me.

MCKENNA
You sure he can even do it?

SYD
Fletch used to do this kinda stuff for us back in Miami. I kinda missed him when he jumped coasts.

FLETCHER
Yeah? Lemme take you to the Lakers game. I know a guy.

SYD
I said 'kinda.'

FLETCHER
(to McKenna)
What about you?

SYD
She's married. I'm surprised you
didn't see the ring.

McKenna gets a good look at his glasses.

MCKENNA
I'm surprised you can't see my
blood-type with those things.

FLETCHER
Detectives always got jokes. Here.

Fletcher pulls up the DMV DATABASE. A few keystrokes, then --

FLETCHER (CONT'D)
I got one '69 Caprice at a Boyle
Heights address. Registered to
Sylvia Morales.

SYD
Looks like Victor put his car in
his mama's name.

MCKENNA
Wanna bet he still lives with
mother dear, too?

SYD
Owe you one, Fletch.

FLETCHER
(as they leave)
How bout dinner then? Call me.

EXT. VICTOR MORALES' HOUSE - GARAGE - DAY

Syd and McKenna cautiously approach the front of the house. As they near the porch, they spot the CAPRICE on a portable mid-rise scissor lift in the garage. GUNS UP.

INT. VICTOR MORALES' GARAGE - DAY

Syd and McKenna enter the dark garage. VICTOR bounds out swinging a WRENCH at Syd's head. Syd dodges. A down and dirty scrap ends with Victor sprawled out under the lift; Syd on top with a knee in his gut.

SYD
Where's your partner?

VICTOR
What partner?

SYD
We got you on video, genius. We know you didn't shoot the girl, your boy did. If you don't tell us where he is, I'm gonna drop this busted-ass Chevy on your head.

MCKENNA
(overacting)
She'll do it. She's crazy!

Syd cuts a look. DOUBLE TAPS the lift control, dropping the car a few inches. Both McKenna and Victor are surprised.

SYD
Where is he?

She double taps the control again, dropping the car more.

VICTOR
Yo, you better stop her!

MCKENNA
That's enough.

She drops the car more. It's getting dangerous. Victor tries to push Syd off. She bears down --

VICTOR
I don't know. Come get your girl!

SYD
I need a name!

MCKENNA
You'll kill him!

SYD
What good is he if he doesn't talk?

MCKENNA
Just tell her!

VICTOR
I don't know!

SYD
Fine --

Syd jams the controls and actually DROPS THE CAR! Victor screams. McKenna gasps. And the car slams onto a JACK Syd discreetly slid into place moments before. Victor yells --

VICTOR
Frankie Cruz, you psycho!

As Syd pulls Victor to his feet --

MCKENNA
Why didn't you tell me it was a bluff?

SYD
Cause you have no poker face.
(to Victor)
Frankie Cruz. Where is he?

VICTOR
He went to finish the job.

MCKENNA
What's so special about that car?
(realizing)
Unless it's not the car...

SYD
Son of a bitch. He's after Logan!

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO**I/E. MCKENNA'S SUV - STREET - DAY (DRIVING)**

Syd and McKenna moving fast with Captain Hirsch on bluetooth.

MCKENNA

Logan's the target! They're not carjackers, they're kidnappers!

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - HIRSCH'S OFFICE - DAY - INTERCUT

Captain Hirsch sits at his desk; Syd and McKenna on speaker.

SYD

You gotta keep the boy close. We caught one of the suspects. He gave up his partner Frankie Cruz, the shooter. They weren't jacking the nanny's car, they were trying to kidnap Logan.

MCKENNA

Cruz is sitting on the station, waiting to ambush Logan when he gets far enough away.

Captain Hirsch shouts to the bullpen --

CAPTAIN HIRSCH

Get an APB on that DCFS car! All hands, now! Find that kid!

MCKENNA

(realizing)
He's already gone!

SYD

Where's Family Services HQ? That's where he's headed.

McKenna cranks the wheel and jams the gas.

I/E. DCFS AGENT'S CAR - HOLLYWOOD - DAY (DRIVING)

The DCFS AGENT (40s, kind) tunes the radio. Scans past Inner Circle's "Bad Boys" before landing on a CURRENT HIT. Logan rides silently in the back; staring out the window.

DCFS AGENT

What kinda music do you like?

(silence)

We got cool toys at the office.

LOGAN

Video games?

The Agent frowns. His eyes flick to the rearview. A SQUAD CAR pulls up behind, lights flashing. The Agent pulls over.

ANGLE: The sideview as a UNIFORM COP approaches. He arrives; non-regulation belt buckle at the driver's window. The cop peers in, gun in hand. REVEAL: a DAGGER TATTOO between his eyes. He cracks a menacing smile through the window. This is FRANKIE CRUZ (30s, prison-built body with intense eyes).

CRUZ

Open up.

The Agent hits the locks as Cruz grabs the door handle. He's reaching for the gearshift when Cruz shatters the glass with his GLOCK. Logan screams!

CRUZ (CONT'D)

This kid has already caused me
enough trouble today.

VROOM! McKenna's SUV fishtails onto the scene, lights flashing. Cruz turns and fires a couple rounds at the SUV. Enough time for the Agent to throw the car in gear and drive.

I/E. MCKENNA'S SUV - STREET - DAY - INTERCUT (DRIVING)

Syd's got her gun out. Tries to lower her window --

SYD

What the hell?

MCKENNA

Sorry. Child lock.

Cruz, pissed, races back to his squad car and PEELS OUT; headed a different direction than Logan. Syd spots a MOTORCYCLE COP approaching; responding to the gunfire. Opens the door and is half out while McKenna's still moving --

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

What're you doing?

SYD

Go get Logan. I'll get Cruz.

Syd jumps out while McKenna follows the Agent's car. Syd sees Cruz's squad car turning onto HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD. Flags the motorcycle cop over. He pulls off his helmet to REVEAL: Reggie, the smitten rookie.

REGGIE

Syd, is that you?

SYD

Really?! I need your bike.

REGGIE

What? No. I --

SYD (CONT'D)

He's getting away! Just get
off the damn bike.

She's already on and gunning the throttle as Reggie hops off the back. Reggie's jaw drops as Syd cuts through traffic.

WITH LOGAN: Peering out the back window as McKenna speeds up behind; her RED AND BLUES flashing. The Agent guns it --

LOGAN
It's the cops.

DCFS AGENT
So was the last guy.

WITH MCKENNA: trying to keep pace with the DCFS Agent's car.

MCKENNA
Come on, man.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD - DAY - INTERCUT

Syd guns it, weaving through traffic until she catches up to the squad car. Cruz swerves at her, forcing Syd into ONCOMING TRAFFIC. It takes all of Syd's concentration to dodge the oncoming cars while keeping pace with the squad car. She levels her gun at Cruz, but can't get a clean shot.

WITH MCKENNA: as she floors it to pull up beside the speeding Agent. She rolls down the window; holds up her BADGE.

MCKENNA
LAPD! Pull over!

WITH LOGAN: Scared. Looking out the window.

LOGAN
I know her! She's a real cop!

The Agent slams on the brakes. So does McKenna. Both cars SCREECH to a stop.

WITH SYD: Flying through oncoming traffic when A PAIR OF OPEN-AIR HOLLYWOOD TOUR BUSES bear down on her. Nowhere to go, Syd speeds up and SHOOTS THE GAP between the buses! She threads the needle, but is crestfallen when she comes out the other side and realizes she's lost Cruz's squad car.

BACK WITH MCKENNA: as she pulls Logan's door open and wraps the boy in a hug. He breaks down in tears.

LOGAN (CONT'D)
I want my mom!

MCKENNA
I know. We'll find her. It's gonna be alright. I promise.

BACK WITH SYD: as she returns on the motorcycle to find Reggie sitting on the curb, waiting. He stands.

SYD
 Thanks for the ride. Nice bike.
 (awkward beat)
 We cool? You still wanna hang out?

REGGIE
 Nah... I think I'm good.

Syd nods. Not the first time she's scared a guy off.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - ROBBERY/HOMICIDE - DAY

Captain Hirsch regroups with Syd, McKenna, and the Bens.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
 Cruz dumped the car in the LA river basin. It was from Hollywood Picture Cars. Rented with cash like the uniform. He's still in the wind. Burnett, McKenna... take Logan to the Eagle Rock safe house.

SYD
 Kid duty? Because we're women?

THE BENS
 Yep.

CAPTAIN HAYES & MCKENNA
 Yep.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
 We found Logan's mom. Claire Smith boarded an Austrian Airlines flight outta Cyprus about three hours ago. We're getting word to her through TSA, but now that we know Logan's a target...
 (to the Bens)
 I want you to get into her life. Figure out if she's on the level. City hall's rubber stamped the OT. Until this thing is solved, Logan is under 24 hour police protection.

As the Bens roll out to follow their lead --

BEN WALKER
 You're gonna have fun doing our paperwork when we close this thing!

INT. HOSPITAL - RESIDENT'S LOUNGE/LOCKERS - DAY

Patrick tosses a soiled lab coat into a biohazard bin. Grabs his cell out of his locker. Listens to a voicemail --

MCKENNA (VOICEMAIL)
 Hey. I'm sorry but I gotta cancel our night. Something came up at work. It's gonna be a long one.
 (MORE)

MCKENNA (VOICEMAIL) (CONT'D)
 My mom's watching the kids 'til you
 get home. Don't wait up.

Disappointment washes over Patrick.

INT. REUTHER SECURITIES LLC - HALLWAY - DAY

A RECEPTIONIST leads the Bens toward the double glass doors of the CEO's office. They pass a door marked CLAIRE SMITH. It's dark except for the BLUE GLOW of a computer screen.

INT. REUTHER SECURITIES LLC - REUTHER'S OFFICE - DAY

A sleek office with a penthouse view of Century City. JAMES REUTHER (40s, laidback millionaire) stands to greet the Bens.

REUTHER
 My secretary told me what's going
 on. Have you found Claire?

BEN WALKER
 Not yet. Did she ever mention the
 Eastside Riders?

REUTHER
 The street gang? No.

BEN BAINES
 And she's been in Cyprus...?

REUTHER
 A couple days now. Routine due
 diligence. She's an executive
 account manager. Does this sort of
 trip twice a month.

BEN BAINES
 Anyone been in her office?

REUTHER
 I couldn't say. Why?

BEN WALKER
 Her computer's on. We'll need to
 see her files.

REUTHER
 Sorry. I gotta ask for a warrant.
 (off Ben's raised brow)
 It would be bad for business if
 word got out I shared confidential
 client files without a compulsory
 warrant. Anything else I can do?

BEN WALKER
 (as they leave)
 We'll be back with that warrant.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - EVENING

A small Eagle Rock bungalow. McKenna steps to a window. Peels back the curtain to spot TWO PLAIN CLOTHES COPS in an unmarked car across the street. She looks back into the next room where Syd is teaching Logan self-defense. It's sweet.

WITH SYD AND LOGAN: Syd takes Logan's hand. Gently unballs his tightly clenched fist. Closes it with proper form.

SYD
Like this. So you don't break your thumb. Now, show me again. Good.

LOGAN
I'm not strong enough.

She stands behind Logan and holds him by his shirt collar.

SYD
You don't have to be. Big guys tend to rely on power. The key is to play into their strength. Fake pulling away, then when they yank back, jump into it. Plant your elbow right in his junk.
(Logan smiles at 'junk')
You get into any trouble, this should get you out.

BACK WITH MCKENNA: who watches, impressed. This is the most she's seen her partner connect with anyone. Ever. RING! Syd's phone breaks up the moment. McKenna listens as Syd discretely answers the call.

SYD (CONT'D)
What is it? Sorry, I... Dad, slow down. I can't. No. I'm with a witness. You WHAT?! Okay. OKAY!

She hangs up. Returns to Logan and takes a knee.

SYD (CONT'D)
Alright, Bruce Lee. There's something I gotta go do.

LOGAN
You're leaving me?

MCKENNA
What's going on? Is your dad okay?

Syd flinches at "dad." Doesn't like that McKenna heard that.

SYD
(to Logan)
I'll just be gone a minute.
(MORE)

SYD (CONT'D)
 Why don't you hang onto my watch?
 Keep it safe for me.

She slides her Movado onto his wrist. It's too big, but sets him at ease.

SYD (CONT'D)
 As much as that thing cost... Now
 you know I'll be back. You're in
 good hands with McKenna.

Logan plops onto the couch, looking at the expensive watch hanging on his wrist. Syd heads for the door. McKenna catches up and grabs her by the arm.

MCKENNA
 What's so important it can't wait?

SYD
 Take your hand off me.

MCKENNA
 Just talk to me. This partnership
 can't work if you don't let me in!

SYD
This is why I won't meet your
 family. We do the job, we go home.
 Your personal life is yours, my
 personal life is mine. Mine. This
 is important. Trust me, I wouldn't
 go if it wasn't.

MCKENNA
 Trust you?! How?!
 (calming)
 Just... let me help you.

SYD
 You can't. I get it, you're a
 great mom. But I don't need a mom
 right now, I need a friend who
 knows when to back off.

MCKENNA
 You're not just bailing on me this
 time, you're bailing on Logan. He
 trusts you and you're leaving him --

SYD
 With you. Supermom. Now, let go.
 (McKenna doesn't flinch)
 Nancy, let me go.

McKenna complies; pissed off as the door slams behind Syd.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. JOSEPH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

OPEN ON: a FRAMED PHOTO of Syd with MARCUS' FAMILY. ANOTHER of Marcus, Theresa, Syd, and Mike on South Beach. THEN Syd and Marcus as kids at an LAPD fundraiser circa 1985 with MOM, looking distracted, and DAD, in his DRESS BLUES. SMASH TO:

Dad, JOSEPH BURNETT, (60s, some hard living through some harder years) pouring bourbon into a dirty glass. KNOCK KNOCK! He pulls the chain and opens the door. Syd lingers --

SYD JOSEPH

Did you find him? Syd -- Come in. Sit down.

Syd follows Joseph inside. He swigs his drink before putting it down on a stack of books beside more family PHOTOS.

SYD
You said you got intel --

JOSEPH
Like you asked. Well asked would
be putting it mildly. Demanded --

SYD
This was the deal. You want a relationship, I need help. It's not my fault it's like this.

JOSEPH
That's your mother talking.

SYD
Don't. You don't get to talk about
her. Just tell me. Is Petrov in
L.A.?

JOSEPH
Sit down, Sydney.
(she does)
These people... this is serious.
Petrov is a damn ghost story
criminals whisper in the dark.

SYD
I don't believe in ghosts.
Somebody tortured me. Shot me and
left me for dead and I'm pretty
sure it was a real, live man named
Mikhail Petrov.

She spits the name like hot poison. Joseph grabs his drink --

SYD (CONT'D)
You're scared. You found him.

JOSEPH
No. But I found someone who can.
An old C.I. says Ray Sherman has
been running his mouth about being
on Petrov's payroll.

He moves to a bureau cluttered with yellowed newspapers and
old file folders. Hands Syd a surveillance photo of RAY
SHERMAN (40s, a hustler in a slick suit).

SYD
Ray Sherman. How do I find him?

JOSEPH
He owns a nightclub. Really just a
front for some new outfit looking
to move into L.A. He's hard to pin
down. Travels a lot. But word is
he'll be at the club tonight.

SYD
That's why you called.

JOSEPH
I know what you aim to do.

SYD
Don't act like you know me.

Syd stands to leave. Joseph's voice stops her at the door.

JOSEPH
Your mom took you kids to Miami and
I let her. That was a mistake and
I'm tryin' to make up for it. You
may not know me, but I know you --

SYD
Yeah? Where'd you get those
pictures? Did Marcus send 'em or
did you print them off Facebook?

JOSEPH
Nothing good lies at the end of
this. Just let it go.

Joseph goes back to refill his glass.

SYD
That's a nice speech for a guy
falling off the wagon, but I know
damn well if you didn't want to see
the man who did this...

She lifts her shirt, showing the WEB OF SCARS on her torso.

SYD (CONT'D)
...get what's coming to him, you
wouldn't have called me in the
first place.

With that, she's out the door.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

McKenna and Logan play Bananagrams. A key hits the lock.
Logan's eyes flick to the door, McKenna's to the WALL CLOCK.

MCKENNA
Don't worry, it's just the Bens.

The Bens enter carrying a large box.

BEN WALKER
Changing of the guard. What's up
little man?

Logan looks to McKenna. He's scared.

MCKENNA
You're in good hands. Don't tell
them I said this, but the Bens are
the best cops on the force... if
you don't count me and Syd.

BEN BAINES
Where's your darker half?

BEN WALKER
We figured you guys would be
braiding each other's hair and
singing into a wooden spoon by now.

LOGAN
You guys are partners with the same
name? That's stupid.

McKenna smirks. High-fives Logan.

BEN WALKER
Nothing stupid about video games!

He pulls a PLAY STATION from the box. Logan smiles and goes
with Walker to set up the game as Baines talks to McKenna.

BEN BAINES
Seriously, where's Burnett?

MCKENNA
She left.

BEN BAINES
Cap know?

MCKENNA
Yeah. It was an emergency.

BEN BAINES
You really gotta get better at lying.

MCKENNA
Damnit.

BEN BAINES
You guys okay?

MCKENNA
We'll see. Take care of him.

BEN BAINES
Go home to your family. The mom's plane doesn't land for a couple hours. You got some time.

INT. MCKENNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Patrick mutes the Lakers/Cavs game to answer his PHONE.

PATRICK
You okay?

I/E. MCKENNA'S SUV - SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT - INTERCUT

McKenna sits in her SUV, cell to her ear.

MCKENNA
Yeah. Ended up on a protection detail.

PATRICK
Ended up or volunteered?

MCKENNA
What's that supposed to mean?

PATRICK
Nothing. Just... I thought today was gonna be the day. But between this morning not working out and you cancelling tonight...

MCKENNA
I had to work.

PATRICK
You've been working a lot lately.

MCKENNA

And...

PATRICK

It's okay if you're having second thoughts. It's just... we're not getting any younger.

MCKENNA

You mean I'm not getting any younger.

PATRICK

That's not what I meant. Trying for a baby is a big deal. It's okay if you have cold feet.

MCKENNA

I just... had to work!

Patrick frowns; nobody knows a McKenna lie better than him.

PATRICK

We'll talk when you get home.

MCKENNA

Sure.

McKenna hangs up.

INT. RAY SHERMAN'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

THE CAMERA MOVES through the crowded club. Music thumping. Sex in the air. WE LAND ON Syd in a stunning dress; taking a shot at the bar. Her eyes are fixed across the room where Ray Sherman is holding court in a VIP booth.

WAITRESS (O.S.)

Here you go.

REVEAL a SEXY WAITRESS prepping bottle service. Syd slips her a wad of cash. The Waitress gives Syd her tray. Syd adjusts the dress to show more leg. Turns and struts to the VIP all sex and confidence. She owns the room.

AT THE VIP: Syd puts the booze on the table. Lingers as she leans over Sherman. She's got his attention.

RAY SHERMAN

You don't work here. I'd remember you... Ray.

SYD

Nice to meet you, Ray. You look like the man to know.

RAY SHERMAN
Yeah? And what brought you over,
Ms...

SYD
I'd like to get to know you.

I/E. MCKENNA'S SUV - MCKENNA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

McKenna idles in front of her house. She shakes her head.
Knows she should just go in. Instead, makes a call.

MCKENNA
Yeah, it's McKenna... I need a
personal favor... Ping a cell...
Sydney Burnett.

INT. RAY SHERMAN'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Syd is sitting on Sherman's lap. CLOSE as she leans in and
nibbles his ear.

SYD
Somewhere private we could go?

RAY SHERMAN
It's my club, sweetheart. We can
go wherever you want.

INT. RAY SHERMAN'S NIGHTCLUB - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Sherman leads Syd into a velvet-lined room; a room designed
for sex. He makes a show of closing the door for privacy.
Sits on the red, leather bench that lines a wall.

RAY SHERMAN
Don't get shy on me now.

He pats the seat beside him. Syd straddles him instead --

SYD
Don't worry. I won't.

Syd jams a DERRINGER under Sherman's jaw.

RAY SHERMAN
What the f -- [uck]?!

SYD
Tell me everything you know about
Mikhail Petrov.

RAY SHERMAN
What do you think this is, bitch?

SYD
 A derringer...
 (aims the gun lower)
 On your sack, bitch. You work for
 Petrov. How do you contact him?
 (silence)
 Where is he?
 (a stare down)
 Start talking or I swear to God
 I'll shoot your dick off and then
 burn this club to the ground.

EXT. RAY SHERMAN'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Decked out club-girls and underdressed dudes are being held up by a condescending BOUNCER (30s, a hulking velvet rope Nazi). McKenna approaches, BADGE in hand.

MCKENNA
 LAPD.

BOUNCER
 Warrant?

MCKENNA
 Excuse me?

BOUNCER
 You think I'm out here just to keep
 these chicken heads from goin' in?

McKenna looks him up and down.

MCKENNA
 Oh, I see. You thought I was
 asking. Let's try again. If you
 don't move, I'm gonna use the big
 knife you have tucked in your boot
 to compensate for the small penis
 in your pants to cut that precious
 rope and let the entire block into
 your little club.

BOUNCER
 Good luck with that.

McKenna steps forward. The Bouncer puts a firm hand on her shoulder. She smiles, that was the contact she needed. She grips his hand and TWISTS his wrist -- the pressure point causing him to cry out until -- JAB -- McKenna jams two fingers against his exposed throat. The Bouncer clutches his neck, gagging. McKenna helps him to the ground gently.

MCKENNA
 Breathe, big guy. You'll be fine.

McKenna pats his cheek before checking his boots. No knife.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
I guess I misjudged you.

She stands, thinks about it, then crouches back down. Sticks a hand in his pocket.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
Nope...
(pulls out a BIG KNIFE)
I was right.

She cuts the VELVET ROPE. Leaves it dangling as she enters.

BACK WITH SYD: Sherman smiles despite Syd's gun on him.

RAY SHERMAN
Funny thing about this room.
Sometimes I like to relive the
stuff that happens in here. And
sometimes; girl as fine as you...

SYD (realizing) Cameras!	RAY SHERMAN (CONT'D) ...the fellas like to watch.
---	--

Syd jumps back as THREE LARGE MEN, Sherman's bodyguards, burst in. They draw WEAPONS. Syd manages to disarm and drop the first one. Now she's holding TWO GUNS. But there's three guards plus Sherman. She can't cover them all. The first guard gets to his feet with a second GUN from his ankle. Sherman is impressed.

RAY SHERMAN (CONT'D)
I don't know you from those other
hoes out there but I can tell
you're trouble. I'm about to do my
employer a favor. You might've
just got me a raise.

A quick call on his cell --

RAY SHERMAN (CONT'D)
Yo. Tell the DJ turn it up.
(the music thumps louder)
Somebody hot this chick.

Nobody moves. Syd is sweating, her finger grazing the derringer trigger. The three bodyguards look at one another.

BODYGUARD 1
Go ahead.

BODYGUARD 2
Me? I thought he meant you.

BODYGUARD 3 All you dog.	BODYGUARD 1 You do it.
-------------------------------------	-----------------------------------

Syd and the three cowards stand off. It's a guessing game who will man up and pull the trigger. Then --

McKenna barges in; gun up, badge in hand.

MCKENNA

Damn, it's a party! Looks like everybody got all dressed up. You got your suits on. Fancy... guns. Syd's got her legs all out.

SYD

What the hell are you doing? How'd you find me?

MCKENNA

I'm a detective, it's what I do. Hear that? LAPD. And unlike my partner, I was sure to radio the station and let all the other police know I was coming. So if anything happens to us...

RAY SHERMAN

She's police?

MCKENNA

Come on. Let's go.

Syd doesn't move. Eyes locked on Sherman, her chance for answers slipping away.

RAY SHERMAN

I don't know what you want. But you better be careful, because you just might get it.

Syd slowly backs away and exits with McKenna.

INT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The Bens and Logan are playing a violent video game.

BEN BAINES

Just don't tell McKenna we let you play this. She scares me.

Walker heads to the restroom, passing a window on his way. He glances outside at the unmarked car; the two cops stationary in their seats. Walker talks into a RADIO.

BEN WALKER (INTO RADIO)

How's the view, fellas?

(silence)

Dave, you copy?

Baines looks up, clocking Walker's concern. Pauses the game.

LOGAN

Hey!

BEN BAINES

One sec, Logan.

BEN WALKER (INTO RADIO)

Car 31, do you [copy] --

CRUZ (RADIO) (O.S.)

Send out the boy, nobody else dies.

EXT. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT - INTERCUT

The two cops in the unmarked car are dead in their seats. SHADOWS shuffle by the car. REVEAL a HALF DOZEN BANGERS armed to the teeth, lining up behind Frankie Cruz who holds a radio in one hand and an M-16 in the other.

CRUZ (INTO RADIO)

You don't, it's gonna get real bad.

INSIDE: The Bens hustle Logan into a crawlspace and take fortified positions. They lock and load. Baines is on his phone with Captain Hirsch while Walker buys time with Cruz.

BEN BAINES

We got six men. Heavily armed. It's gonna be bad, Cap. Hurry!

BEN WALKER (INTO RADIO)

Counter offer for you, Cruz. Turn yourself in and I'll get you some soap on a rope for your stay in Chino. Totally undroppable.

OUTSIDE: Cruz nods to an associate aiming a shoulder mounted RPG! He pulls the trigger and -- SHOOM -- launches an OG-7V FRAGMENTATION ROUND into the wall of the safe house --

INSIDE: KABOOM! The Bens dive for cover as the WALL EXPLODES from the outside. Baines is trapped under rubble and dust, his phone knocked from his hand. Walker tries to free him, but sees a pair of ARMED BANGERS storming inside. BANG BANG - - Walker drops them.

BEN BAINES

Leave me! Get the kid!

Walker hustles back to where they stashed Logan.

BEN WALKER

We gotta move. Stay close!

Walker takes Logan by the hand and moves toward a rear exit. An ANGRY BANGER steps over his fallen homies and opens fire with an ASSAULT RIFLE! Walker wraps Logan in his arms, twisting him away from the gunfire. Walker takes two rounds in the back and falls to the ground.

Cruz steps in and shoots the Angry Banger in the back of the head. The THREE REMAINING BANGERS are stunned.

CRUZ
Idiota! We need the boy alive.
 (sees the others)
 One percent finder's fee. That's
 1.5 mil split four ways now.
 You're welcome.

Logan crawls out from under an unconscious Walker. The Bangers grab him. They drag him away, SCREAMING, as Baines struggles to pull himself out from under the rubble.

I/E. MCKENNA'S SUV - RAY SHERMAN'S NIGHTCLUB - NIGHT

Syd and McKenna climb in and slam the doors.

SYD
 Why did you do that?

MCKENNA
 What? Save you? What were you
 doing in there? What do you want
 with Ray Sherman? Just talk to me.

SYD
 That was really stupid. You
 could've been killed.

MCKENNA
 Yeah? You too.

SYD
 I mean it. Why'd you come for me?

MCKENNA
 At the house. You said you don't
 need a mom. You need a friend who
 knows when to back off.

SYD
 Yeah?

MCKENNA
 You didn't say partner. You said
 friend. Friends know when not to
 back off. If this is gonna work,
 no more secrets. We have to trust
 each other.

Syd just takes it in. Undecided. McKenna's phone rings --

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
 Hey, Cap --
 (to Syd)
 The safe house!

ANGLE ON: McKenna's tires burning rubber as she peels out.

I/E. SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Syd and McKenna are the first on the scene of the bullet riddled war zone. Large SHELL CASINGS litter the ground. Guns up, they step through the shattered wall, clearing corners and calling out for --

 SYD
Logan?!

 MCKENNA
Walker? Baines?!

 BEN BAINES (O.S.)
Over here!

Syd rushes over to help Baines out from under the rubble. He's covered in dust and has a minor cut on his head; pissed off but he'll live. Across the room, McKenna is cradling Walker. He's been shot. She finds his pulse then radios --

 MCKENNA
Officer down, I need an ambulance!

 BEN WALKER
It's not that bad, is it?

He tries to lighten the mood with a bloodstained smile. It is that bad. Syd and Baines rush over; Baines using his jacket to stem the bleeding from Walker's gunshots.

 SYD
What the hell happened here?

 BAINES
Cruz and a small army.

 MCKENNA
Where's Logan?!

Walker's look says it all. Baines takes over applying pressure to his partner's wounds. SLO-MO as McKenna stands, blood and dust streaking her face. The MUSIC swells. Syd spots something on the ground: her Movado. She picks it up, looking to McKenna. Beyond the pain and loss in their eyes is something else -- DETERMINATION.

 SYD
Shit just got real.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOURINT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - ROBBERY/HOMICIDE - NIGHT

Tension in the air as McKenna and Ben Baines scour banker's boxes full of FINANCIAL DOCUMENTS. Syd paces behind them on her cell. Hirsch enters; pissed.

CAPTAIN HIRCH

We got three dead bangers, two of our own in the morgue, and Walker in the ICU. Someone explain to me how this went from a dead nanny on the PCH to World War 3! How did my safe house get compromised?!

MCKENNA

We ID'd one of the dead bangers. Turns out his cousin works for the landscaping company LAPD contracted for the house. He just got picked up headed down the 405 for the border. He sold us out.

BEN BAINES

Cruz mentioned a finder's fee. A million and a half dollars.

MCKENNA

Lotta money to dangle in front of a guy making ten bucks an hour.

SYD (INTO PHONE)

I owe you one.

(hangs up)

Logan's mom, Claire, is dirty. If you follow these transactions her boss sent over far enough back... Anyone familiar with reverse money-laundering?

BEN BAINES

Yeah, you turn non-cash assets into clean money for dirty people.

SYD

I saw this all the time at the DEA. Cartels need money for bribes, weapons, you name it. They can't carry huge amounts of cash so they set up legitimate accounts run by a third party... Claire.

MCKENNA

But you said the money's legit. So whose cash is it?

SYD

That's the thing. It was the cartel's money to start with. Look at these transfers of non-cash assets: land deeds, stock liquidations, debt conversions. All fake.

BEN BAINES

It's all drug money.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH

So Claire is moving money for a drug cartel?

MCKENNA

Rumor has it the Sinaloa Cartel has been outsourcing to local L.A. gangs. Franchising like McDonalds.

BEN BAINES

Gangs like Cruz's Eastside Riders.

SYD

I called a friend at the DEA to see if any cartel heavies are moving through L.A. Turns out Sinaloa's own Hector Salazar got off a jet in Burbank about an hour after the second attempt to grab Logan.

Syd holds up her phone. INSERT THE SCREEN: a SURVEILLANCE PHOTO of SALAZAR (40s, well-dressed) stepping off a jet.

MCKENNA

Which would explain the upgrade in manpower and ordinance when they hit the safe house.

BEN BAINES

So Logan's mom is cleaning their money. Why take Logan? And where?

MCKENNA

Let us work on the where. I got a lead on the scumbag who sold the military grade ammo we found, and I'd love to ruin his night.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH

Logan's mom lands at LAX in thirty. Baines and I will see if she can fill in the why. I know this is personal...

(a look to Ben)

...but the priority here is finding Logan. We do it right, we get our revenge at the same time.

INT. THE ARMORY - NIGHT

Half gun store, half shooting range; a haven for Second Amendment nuts. Syd and McKenna enter and approach KEITH (40s, MAGA hat) as he cleans a disassembled M9 Beretta. McKenna slaps an evidence bag down on the counter; a CASING from outside the safe house. Keith barely glances at it.

KEITH
That a shell casing you got there,
Detective McKenna?

MCKENNA
A 5.56mm armor piercing M995 casing
to be exact. In the Army we called
them "black tips."

KEITH
Huh. Was that 'cause they had
black tips on 'em?

MCKENNA
Keith --

KEITH
Me and you had an understanding.
Me and her don't have [shit] --

MCKENNA
Intel for the occasional blind eye.
That was the agreement. But that
ended the second your hardware was
used against LAPD!

That catches Keith by surprise. Tries to cover.

KEITH
Dunno what you're talking about.

SYD
Last chance to do this friendly.

KEITH
What're you gonna do? You're cops.

Syd and McKenna share a look. Game on.

SYD
You're right, it's not like I could
shoot you. Not when LAPD tracks
every round I fire.

MCKENNA
What if you fired his gun?

SYD
That'd work. But it's in pieces.

MCKENNA

I used to know how to do this...

McKenna starts assembling the weapon on the counter as Syd eggs her on. Keith is starting to look nervous.

SYD

Damn, girl...

MCKENNA (CONT'D)

Like riding a damn bike...

KEITH

What the hell, McKenna?

MCKENNA

Were you not listening? Two cops are dead. A child is in danger. So if you don't tell us where the crew who bought this ammo is by the time I'm finished, my partner's gonna pull this trigger.

SYD

Hell. Yes.

MCKENNA

Five seconds, Keith.

KEITH

You're bluffing!

MCKENNA

I can't bluff. It's a whole thing.

SYD

It'd be your word against ours. And we're cops!

KEITH

You can't...

MCKENNA

Out of time!

She finishes the M9 and jams a loaded clip into it. Hands it to Syd who cocks the hammer and aims at Keith.

KEITH

I met one guy, okay?! One guy!

SYD

I need a name.

KEITH

Salazar!

SYD

Hector Salazar? Where is he?

KEITH

He's staying at The Peninsula!

Syd ejects the clip and clears the chamber.

SYD
Real talk. I was gonna shoot him.

MCKENNA
That's why I kept the firing pin.

McKenna holds up the PIN before pulling out her cuffs and motioning for Keith to turn around.

INT. PENINSULA HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

A LARGE MEXICAN MAN in a suit stands guard outside a suite as Syd approaches. Flashing a smile as she struggles to unlock a door across the hall.

SYD
I hate these stupid keycards.
Would you mind giving me a hand?

The guard approaches. As he does, McKenna steps up behind and jams her gun in his back.

MCKENNA
Oops.

Syd unlocks the door and throws it open as McKenna pushes the guard into the room. Syd snags the gun from his holster as he passes. She waves both guns at him, motioning him into the bathroom, then tosses him her cuffs.

SYD
Cuff yourself to the drain pipe.
(off his reluctance)
Boy, don't make me come in there!

INT. PENINSULA SUITE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Syd and McKenna enter, guns out. They sweep the front room of the suite. Champagne on the table. A DRESS on the floor.

INT. PENINSULA SUITE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Syd and McKenna burst into the bedroom to find JEN (20s, a sexy escort) standing in her underwear and SALAZAR laying on top of the bed in a pair of silk boxers.

SYD
LAPD, don't move!

Salazar lunges toward his jacket on a nearby chair. McKenna cuts him off, leveling her gun in Salazar's face.

MCKENNA
She said don't move.

SALAZAR (IN SPANISH)
I don't speak English.

MCKENNA (IN SPANISH)
Shame. You're still under arrest.

SALAZAR (IN SPANISH)
I want a lawyer.

McKenna, frustrated, slaps cuffs on Salazar.

INT. LAX - TOM BRADLEY TERMINAL - NIGHT

Captain Hirsch and Ben Baines wait as the flight from Cyprus de-boards. Claire charges off the plane. She's followed closely by TSA; her cellphone DINGING with a flurry of missed emails and texts. Hirsch badges the guards.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
Claire? I'm Captain Hirsch of the
Los Angeles Police Department.
This is Detective Baines. We need
to talk about your -- [son.]

CLAIRE
Where's Logan? TSA said you had
him.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
We did, but --

CLAIRE
Did?! What are you saying?

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
If you'd just come with us.

CLAIRE
I'm not going anywhere! What's
going on?! Where's my son? I got
this call and then --

She looks at her phone. Claire releases a soul shattering
WAIL. Her legs give out. Baines catches her. The phone
clatters to the floor. INSERT: Claire's cell. A photo of
LOGAN WITH A KNIFE TO HIS THROAT and a text: "10 am. \$\$\$ or
(DEATH EMOJI). No cops."

I/E. PENINSULA SUITE - FRONT ROOM - BALCONY - NIGHT

UNIFORM COPS fill the suite. Pull back to the balcony where
we find Jen, the escort, in a chair; wrapped in a bathrobe
and chewing on her fingernails. Syd sitting next to her.

SYD
What's your name?

JEN
Jen. Am I in trouble?

SYD
Depends.

Jen picks up a VIAL OF WEED and rolling papers from the table.

JEN
It's for my anxiety.

SYD
No judgement.

Jen's hands tremble. Syd takes the materials from her and, to Jen's surprise, rolls the joint for her.

SYD (CONT'D)
Here's the deal, Jen. The man who hired you is involved with some bad people who did a very bad thing. I need to know if you saw or heard anything that might help us.

JEN
Like what?

SYD
Did he mention meeting anyone? Or going anywhere?

Syd hands Jen a veteran-rolled joint, then flicks a BIC for her. Jen eyes Syd suspiciously --

SYD (CONT'D)
For your anxiety.

JEN
You're a cop, right?

Syd takes a hit off the joint to show it's cool. Passes it.

JEN (CONT'D)
He hired me for the whole night. Said he was meeting someone at the Grand Havana Room. Wanted an American girl on his arm.

SYD
You catch a name?

A UNIFORM sticks his head out from behind the sliding door. Syd hides the joint behind her chair.

UNIFORM

You want me to take her downtown,
Detective?

SYD

It's alright, officer. I got her.

The uniform sniffs the air. Puzzles at the weed smell.
Leaves. Syd takes one more hit and stands.

SYD (CONT'D)

Wait till everyone leaves, then get
an uber. And try to make better
choices.... this is garbage weed.

Just before Syd reaches the door --

JEN

He was meeting a guy named Reuther.

I/E. MCKENNA'S SUV - STREET - NIGHT (DRIVING)

McKenna at the wheel. Syd on a bluetooth call --

SYD

Claire's boss, James Reuther, is
the one working with the cartel.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - ROBBERY/HOMICIDE - INTERCUT

Captain Hirsch and Ben Baines are huddled around Baines' desk
with Claire, who's eyes are red from crying.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH

You need to hear this. Claire,
please tell them what you told us.

CLAIRE

For the last few months, I'd seen
some irregularities in a few
accounts. Small stuff, but it
added up over time. I flew to
Cyprus for some "know your
customer" diligence, and while I
was there I decided to freeze the
accounts until I could sort it out.
I was just doing my job. Then they
started calling. I thought it was
just a client pissed about poor
returns. I was gonna report it --
(emotional)
It's my fault they took my son,
isn't it? It's my fault!

SYD

The accounts you froze were
Reuther's cartel money and now they
want it back.

MCKENNA

Reuther threw you under the bus
with the cartel and sent us a bunch
of cooked books to make you look
dirty. This is his fault, not --

CLAIRE

I'll do whatever they want! I'll
unfreeze the accounts, I just want
my son back! Why are we still
sitting here talking?! Go find
him! Find him!

Baines tries to comfort Claire. She's beside herself.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Just do something!

SYD

Cap, take us off speakerphone.

(he does)

Logan's running out of time. We
need Reuther to talk now.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH

He'll lawyer up the minute he sees
a badge.

SYD

I have a plan to get him to talk.
But I need to know everything
Claire knows about those accounts.

MCKENNA

This place we're headed is a boys'
club for new-money dudes looking to
measure dicks after work. How you
gonna get Reuther to talk?

SYD

I'm gonna show him mine's bigger
than his.

INT. GRAND HAVANA CIGAR CLUB - NIGHT

Syd walks through the club like she owns it. Heads turn as
she cuts through the smoke filled room to the back where
Reuther sips on a single malt. Syd, oozing confidence,
slides across from Reuther --

REUTHER

I think you have the wrong table.

SYD
 (to a waitress)
 Don Julio Real. Neat.
 (back to business)
 Hector Salazar won't be joining you
 this evening. The organization has
 sent me instead.

REUTHER
 Now I know you have the wrong
 table.

SYD
 You lost our money. Unless I get
 assurances you're going to make it
 right, the next representative they
 send will be far less civil.

Syd holds Reuther's gaze like an all-in poker pro. Then --

REUTHER
 I didn't realize the cartel works
 with people of your... demographic?

SYD
 My employers don't see the world in
 black, white, and brown. All they
 see is green. As long as the
 Cyprus account is frozen, they only
 see the money you owe them.

REUTHER
 Owe?! I'm doing all I can to fix
 this. I bought Cruz an arsenal.

SYD
 You think we didn't have guns?

REUTHER
 I gave him a place to stash the
 kid. What more do you want?

Got him! She slaps her SHIELD down onto the table --

SYD
 Answers. Where is Logan?

Reuther's jaw drops. He's fucked.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - ROBBERY/HOMICIDE - NIGHT

Syd, McKenna, Hirsch, and Baines. Tired, but pushing
 through.

BEN BAINES
 Claire's losing it. She's ready to
 call Cyprus and unfreeze the funds.

MCKENNA

That money being frozen is the only reason Logan is still alive.

BEN BAINES

That and the fact that Walker took a bullet for him! We gotta get these guys.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH

Reuther's agreed to cooperate for leniency. He'll give us Logan's location, but SWAT can't go into a hostage situation blind. Too risky. They're off the table until we get eyes on the kid. Suggestions?

SYD

We go through with the exchange. Reuther can vouch for a U.C. Once we spot Logan, call the cavalry.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH

Short notice to get a new undercover up to speed. And I'm not sending Claire in to add another hostage to the mix. What else we got?

SYD

Sending someone in undercover is the only play and we all know it.

MCKENNA

Syd, I don't think you can pass for Logan's mom.

SYD

No. But you can.

As McKenna realizes she's about to walk into the lion's den --

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. MCKENNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Syd and McKenna enter the morning chaos of the McKenna home. Patrick's toasting waffles, Isabel searches for her bag, Ryan's shirt is on backwards. Things ramp up as Ryan sees --

RYAN Nancy's home!

ISABEL Nancy!

SYD
(quiet to McKenna)
'Nancy?!'

Not now. MCKENNA

Ryan and Isabel run to greet McKenna who takes a knee, gives hugs, and helps Ryan turn his shirt around.

ISABEL	RYAN
I can't find my bag!	Did you catch the bad guys?

MCKENNA
Check the hook in the closet. And
we're working on it.

Ryan looks up at Syd, who gives him an awkward wave.

RYAN
Is that her?

Patrick approaches with two mugs of steaming coffee for them.

PATRICK
Nice to meet you, I'm Patrick.

SYD
Syd Burnett. I've heard a lot
about you.

PATRICK
The waffles are burnt and the
coffee's bad but help yourself.

MCKENNA
We're still on the clock. Gotta
get back soon. Just came home to
grab some clothes.
(notices something)
Ryan, is that a bruise on your arm?

Ryan runs off to his room. McKenna looks to Patrick.

PATRICK
He's fine. I asked Ms. Metzger.
Boys being boys.

McKenna turns to Isabel, who found her bag. Syd observes.

MCKENNA
Where were you?

Isabel looks down at her feet, feeling guilty. McKenna goes off to check on Ryan.

SYD
He getting bullied?

Syd crouches to her level. Waits until she's ready to talk.

ISABEL
Nancy wants me to stick up for him
but I don't want to get in trouble.

SYD
I get it. But when it comes to
family, sometimes the rules don't
apply. My brother, Marcus. Man,
does he work my nerves. But no
matter how much he bugs me, he
always has my back.

We find McKenna around the corner, listening. She's never
heard Syd mention even having a brother.

ISABEL
Easy for you to say. You're cops.

SYD
Doesn't matter. Once, I got in
trouble and Marcus flew all the way
to Cuba to save me. There was a
whole crew of... bullies... armed
to the teeth and Marcus took them
all on. That's what family does.
You ride together, you die
together. For life.

ISABEL
You know I'm twelve, right? Plus,
they're boys and I'm a... girl.

SYD
Damn right.

INT. MCKENNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

Syd looks over McKenna's shoulder as McKenna rifles through
her closet.

SYD

All the mom jokes I make and your step-kids call you 'Nancy?'

MCKENNA

We got two hours 'til the exchange, you wanna focus?

(Syd's look says "no")

They had a mom. I'll always be Nancy to them, but that doesn't mean they don't love me.

SYD

You coulda said something.

MCKENNA

Truth time? I kinda like the mom jokes. When I met Patrick, Isabel was eight. Ryan was five. Their mom had died the year before. Izzy was having trouble focusing on school. Refused to do homework. Understandable, but the school can only cut so much slack. So I instituted a rule. Once a week we all sat and read together to prep her for a test on Charlotte's Web.

SYD

Family Book Club.

MCKENNA

It grew from there. Became a way to check in with each other. Food, music; occasionally the kids invite close friends. They love it now. But I'll never forget how it felt when I first told Izzy she had to sit and read in front of the whole family. She screamed that she hated me. But I could tell that she knew... I was looking out for her. I held my ground and it worked. That's when I became a mom.

Syd considers that as she steps to the closet.

SYD

You have some dope clothes. Why don't you ever wear any of this?

MCKENNA

That's what you're thinking about?! I'm about to walk into a room full of cartel hitmen and even if I can convince them I'm Claire, Logan has to play along or we're both dead!

SYD
 You love cars but drive a POS. You
 got style but show up to work
 lookin' like... you.

MCKENNA
 (grabs a short dress)
 I went from wearing this, to having
 two kids. Not two babies... kids.
 Not a lot of time left for... me.

SYD
 Maybe you should make some.

On cue, Ryan enters with his hand stuck in his mop of hair.

RYAN
 Nancy, I got syrup on me.

MCKENNA
 And miss out on all this?

McKenna means it. Syd watches as she lovingly tends to her son. She may like nice clothes, but she loves being a mom.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH (PRELAP)
 Doesn't get any realer than this.

EXT. BEACHFRONT HOME - DAY

Establish a sprawling, expensive oceanfront property nestled a hundred feet from the ocean on the Santa Monica boardwalk.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH (PRELAP)
 Logan is being held in a Santa
 Monica beach house...

The CAMERA FLYS SIX BLOCKS AWAY to --

EXT. MOBILE COMMAND POST - DAY

The LAPD MOBILE COMMAND TRUCK is parked a safe distance from the beach. At the back, the team locks and loads getting prepped to roll out. McKenna is dressed to impress. Syd and Baines wear BULLETPROOF VESTS marked LAPD. Hirsch preaches --

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
 ... a stone's throw from one of the
 city's most crowded tourist
 attractions. A dozen hostiles with
 enough firepower to level a city
 block.

A TECH slips a PENDANT NECKLACE over McKenna's head. She speaks softly into the pendant and gets a thumbs up from the Tech. She's wired. Reuther stands by, looking nervous.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH (CONT'D)
 Mr. Reuther will escort McKenna inside, under the guise of unfreezing the accounts. As soon as she's got Logan out of harms way, she'll signal. Once we light the fuse, you'll have sixty seconds before SWAT breaches. Arrest who you can. Bag the rest.

Baines shoves a LAPTOP BAG into Reuther's arms and leads him away. McKenna hands Syd her gun.

SYD
 Once Logan sees it's you, he'll play along. You got this.

McKenna nods. No turning back now.

INT. BEACHFRONT HOME - DAY - INTERCUT

The door opens to reveal McKenna and Reuther. A THUG gestures them inside, then closes the door behind them. Takes Reuther's bag and gives them a pat down. All good.

MCKENNA'S POV: she walks behind Reuther into the living room. Along the way, no less than TWELVE CARTEL THUGS looking her over. She clocks a STOCKPILE OF WEAPONS. Sawed-off shotguns. Tech-9s. Even HAND GRENADES. Cruz waits for them at the table. The Thug hands Cruz the laptop.

CRUZ
 Where's the money?

WITH LAPD: Syd, Baines, and Hirsch listen in with HEADSETS.

REUTHER (RADIO)
 In Cyprus. Where it belongs.

IN THE HOUSE: Cruz vibrates with adrenaline.

CRUZ
 Belongs here. For the boy.

REUTHER
 She froze the account. An innocent mistake that she's going to undo.

Cruz glares at McKenna, who forces herself to look away. Playing the part of the scared mother. Not a stretch.

REUTHER (CONT'D)
 If I may?

Cruz nods, and Reuther goes to the computer.

REUTHER (CONT'D)
I need Claire to authorize the transaction.

MCKENNA
Where's Logan?

CRUZ
After.

MCKENNA
No. I want to see my son first.

Tension as the thugs wait an excruciating beat for orders.

CRUZ
Get the boy.

WITH LAPD: Hirsch looks to a SWAT COMMANDER.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
Ready your team.

IN THE HOUSE: A thug brings Logan in; terrified. McKenna prays. Then --

MCKENNA
Hi baby. Mommy's here.

Logan reacts. Confused. Unsure.

WITH LAPD: The SWAT COMMANDER waits for the order.

BEN BAINES
He's gonna blow it.

SYD
You send that team now, they'll kill him.

BEN BAINES
You don't, they all die!

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
Hold your team!

IN THE HOUSE: Cruz looks back at McKenna, her eyes locked on Logan's. What's he gonna do?

MCKENNA
It's gonna be alright. I promise.

LOGAN
M... Mom. I wanna go home.

CRUZ
You've seen the kid. Now get the money.

REUTHER
I need your password, Claire.

McKenna goes to the computer and types.

REUTHER (CONT'D)
Just another minute and we're done.

McKenna gestures for Logan and the thug walks him over. As they pass Cruz --

CRUZ (IN SPANISH)
When it's done, kill them both.

McKenna manages to suppress a reaction.

MCKENNA
This will all be over soon.

WITH LAPD: Syd ditches her headset.

SYD
That's the signal.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
Breach, now!

IN THE HOUSE: Reuther keeps typing. A thug nudges him.

THUG
Yo, what's taking so long?

Cruz clocks a BEAD OF SWEAT running down Reuther's face. Something's up. He steps toward Logan.

MCKENNA	CRUZ
Stay away from him!	Get the kid!

A thug grabs McKenna from behind as Cruz grabs Logan by the scruff of his neck. McKenna slips out of the thug's clutches and drives an elbow into his throat.

CRUZ (CONT'D)
Kill her!

McKenna dives behind a kitchen counter. The thugs draw down, when -- BOOM! The front door explodes! SWAT storms into the house, Syd and Baines close behind. Reuther dives under the table. Cruz retreats with a grip on Logan's shirt.

The thugs OPEN FIRE. Baines shoots back. Syd slides behind the counter next to McKenna and hands back her gun. McKenna is covered in dust and debris.

MCKENNA
This is why I don't wear nice
clothes to work.

SYD
But you look so good!

McKenna clocks Cruz dragging Logan toward a bedroom.

MCKENNA
Cover me!

Syd lays down suppressing fire as McKenna gives chase. After dropping a pair of thugs, Syd follows --

INT. BEACHFRONT HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

McKenna and Syd burst into the room to find a balcony door open. Santa Monica sand just a short drop below.

SYD (INTO RADIO)
Suspect with a hostage on foot.
Headed south toward the pier!

McKenna and Syd leap off the balcony to the beach.

EXT. SANTA MONICA BOARDWALK - DAY

Cruz yanks Logan along. Syd and McKenna sprint after them. A squad car rolls up, funneling Cruz and Logan onto the pier.

EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY

THE GIANT FERRIS WHEEL, RINGING ARCADE GAMES, BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE everywhere. Syd and McKenna fight through the crowd. Cruz and Logan reach the end of the pier. Trapped.

MCKENNA
LAPD! Don't move!

Cruz uses Logan as a human shield as Syd and McKenna move in.

CRUZ
Back off or we're all going up!

Cruz is holding a GRENADE! The gathering crowd screams. Cruz yanks the pin with his teeth. Spits it at the cops while keeping a grip on the trigger.

CRUZ (CONT'D)
You shoot me, this goes off!

Syd and McKenna trade a look. An unspoken moment.

SYD
Logan, remember what I taught you?

Logan is terrified. Doesn't fully trust Syd.

SYD (CONT'D)

Hey. I got you. I'm not going
anywhere.

Logan lunges forward. As predicted, Cruz YANKS back on his neck, but Logan leaps with it, driving his ELBOW straight back into Cruz's gut; the blow allows Logan to slip free.

BANG! McKenna sends a bullet screaming right through the dagger tattoo on Cruz's face. Clean headshot. The kind of slo-mo action that Bad Boys is known for as the spring flies out of the grenade. Syd's already moving, sprinting toward Logan as the live grenade bounces on the pier. McKenna rushes back toward the crowd --

MCKENNA

Grenade! Get back!

Syd closes the gap as fast as she can. Logan watches, wide eyed as the grenade rolls to a stop at his feet. He closes his eyes. Syd leaps, TACKLING LOGAN over the railing.

KA-BOOM! McKenna dives for cover as the grenade EXPLODES! She turns to see a smoldering crater in the pier. Races to the railing. McKenna peers over the side. Scanning the water. Nothing. Then... Syd and Logan splash to the surface. Alive and well. McKenna breathes a sigh of relief.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX**EXT. SANTA MONICA PIER - DAY**

The aftermath. POLICE TAPE and LOOKIE-LOUS. An EMT checks Logan out in the back of an AMBULANCE as Claire holds his hand. Tears streak her face. Captain Hirsch sits with them.

CLAIRE
I'll testify. Whatever it takes.

CAPTAIN HIRSCH
That means witness protection.

CLAIRE
A fresh start will do us good.

Claire wraps her son in a hug as McKenna and Syd approach. He finally pulls away from her loving embrace.

LOGAN
I lost your watch.

SYD
You did? Then what's this?

Syd flashes her Movado at Logan. His face erupts into a smile. He leaps to his feet and wraps Syd in a hug.

LOGAN
Thank you!

MCKENNA
Oh yeah, it was all her.

Syd reaches up and pulls McKenna down into a group hug, Logan's arms straining to reach around them both.

INT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - ROBBERY/HOMICIDE - DAY

Ben Baines sits at his desk as Ben Walker, arm in a SLING, enters. He expects a hero's welcome, but --

BEN BAINES
You're back just in time. We lost.

BEN WALKER
I can't do paperwork. I only got one good hand!

BEN BAINES
You'll have to make do with your other hand. And also do the paperwork.

EXT. LAPD HEADQUARTERS - ROOFTOP - DAY

Syd stares at the red glow of an L.A. sunset as McKenna approaches holding a pair of BEER BOTTLES.

MCKENNA

Here you are. You missed Hirsch's debrief. Reuther's turning state's evidence. Salazar's going down.

SYD

He'll bounce back. Cartel always does. What about Logan?

MCKENNA

He's gonna be okay. You really connected with him. It was nice.

SYD

I'm good with kids. They don't want much from you. Just the moment. I owe you an explanation.

MCKENNA

You don't owe me --

SYD

I'm in L.A. to find the man who killed me.

MCKENNA

(stunned)

So we're just gonna dive in.

SYD

Five years ago, I had everything I wanted. I was on a fast track at the DEA. I had a fiancé...

MCKENNA

You were engaged?

SYD

He had this spark that I couldn't resist. Always knew how to make me smile... He proposed in front of my brother. They were partners. Life was good.

Syd allows herself to get lost in the memory for a moment.

SYD (CONT'D)

I was looking into a man named Mikhail Petrov. I guess I got too close. I don't remember much about that night; only what the doctors told me. I was kidnapped.

(MORE)

SYD (CONT'D)
Tortured. Gut shot and left to
die. Technically I did. Flatlined
for two minutes. All I remember is
waking up in the hospital,
feeling... empty. I...

Syd can't finish the words as her hand instinctively goes to
her scars. ON HER BELLY.

MCKENNA
You were pregnant.

SYD
I hadn't told him yet. Never did,
but it drove us apart anyway.

There's more, but Syd shakes off the painful memory.

SYD (CONT'D)
Petrov disappeared after that.
Went underground. I've been
looking for him ever since.

MCKENNA
(filling in the blanks)
You think he's in L.A. The DEA
wouldn't let you investigate your
own shooting, so you traded in your
badge for an LAPD shield.

SYD
Ray Sherman knows where Petrov is.

MCKENNA
You may be right. But I can't let
you go after him. Not alone. And
I know, you don't wanna be friends.

SYD
Want's got nothing to do with it,
McKenna. I can't.

MCKENNA
Yeah right. "Can't" is the only c-
word that offends Sydney Burnett.
You CAN have friends. You CAN meet
someone new. You CAN start over.

SYD
That part of me doesn't work
anymore. It's... broken.

MCKENNA
We've done some wild stuff the last
four months. But this right here,
right now, is the first time I've
ever seen you scared.
(MORE)

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
 (Syd is silent)
 Look, I got your back on this Ray
 Sherman thing. But no more
 secrets. Deal?

McKenna offers Syd a beer. She accepts.

EXT. LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

FLYING OVER the lights of the City of Angels at night.

INT. MCKENNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

McKenna, in her bathrobe, and Patrick are prepping for bed.

MCKENNA
 You were right. I was having cold
 feet about trying for a baby. The
 thought of putting my career on
 pause, of putting my body through
 that... it scares me.

PATRICK
 You don't have to apologize. I
 understand. If you can't...

MCKENNA
 That's the thing. I just needed a
 reminder that I can. And if my
 calendar's right, we're still in
 the window.

ERIC	MCKENNA (CONT'D)
The window? The ovula --	The ovulation window.

McKenna drops the robe to reveal a silk nighty. Patrick
 forgets English as McKenna pounces on him. Between kisses --

PATRICK
 For the record, you still do it for
 me in sweatpants.

MCKENNA
 This isn't for you. It's for me.

INT. JOSEPH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Joseph answers the door to reveal Syd, wearing all black.

SYD
 I need to borrow your car.

JOSEPH
 Something wrong with your bike?

SYD
 Is that a no?

Joseph fishes the keys out of his pocket. Hesitates.

JOSEPH
My C.I. told me what you pulled the
other night. I told you. These
people are dangerous.

SYD
You said you would help. Has that
changed?

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - INTERCUT

Syd stands in a darkened alley. Lights a match and sets the
corner of the MATCHBOOK aflame.

JOSEPH (V.O.)
Sherman won't talk as long as he's
got people protecting him. You go
to war with him, that's a bell you
can't un-ring.

Syd drops the burning book into a puddle. WOOF! Flames race
along the ground toward a door hanging half off the hinges.

BACK IN THE APARTMENT: Syd holds out a hand.

JOSEPH
He's got an army. You're just one
woman.

SYD
Damn right.

Joseph reluctantly hands over the keys.

IN THE ALLEY: Music up as Syd walks toward Joseph's parked
Pontiac. As she gets in and drives away, PAN UP TO REVEAL:
Ray Sherman's nightclub, deserted for the night. BOOM! IT
BURSTS INTO FLAMES! As the club burns we, CUT BACK TO:

THE APARTMENT: Joseph takes a long pull of brown liquor from
his grimy glass as he dials his cell.

JOSEPH
I gave her the file like you said.

CLICK! Joseph hangs up. Goes to sip his drink but then,
angry at himself, he HURLS his glass across the room.

INT. MCKENNA'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

The music continues as McKenna wakes next to Patrick. With a
coy smile, she climbs on top of him for round two.

INT. SYD'S LOFT - BEDROOM - DAY

Syd wakes next to an empty space on her mattress. We clock more evidence of a wild night. TOYS. CANDLES. She's happy to have the solitude... until Jen, the escort from the Peninsula, enters with a mug of coffee. Syd can't believe it.

JEN
Hey, sleepy-head! What would you say to brunch?

SYD
I have somewhere to be.

INT. MCKENNA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

McKenna opens the door to see Syd holding a box of donuts.

SYD
Breakfast looks like a handful around here so I thought I'd help. It's not exactly game-night, but...

MCKENNA
Donuts aren't exactly breakfast but... I'll take it!

Syd steps into the chaos of a McKenna morning. Patrick pours coffee while Ryan helps himself to donuts. McKenna notices that Isabel is still in pajamas.

MCKENNA (CONT'D)
Why aren't you dressed?

PATRICK
I didn't want to put anything extra on your plate yesterday, but Isabel was asked to stay home today. Apparently she took exception to a boy in Ryan's class. She hit him.

Before McKenna can process that, Syd high fives Isabel.

SYD
Atta girl!

McKenna's cell rings. She checks the number, then excuses herself. As soon as she's out of ear shot --

MCKENNA
You're not supposed to call me.

EXT. RAY SHERMAN'S NIGHTCLUB - DAY - INTERCUT

Ray sits in the back of a TOWNCAR across the street from the smoldering remains of his nightclub.

RAY
We need to talk about your partner.

MCKENNA
Our arrangement is over --

RAY
Don't act brand new. You're lucky
I didn't out you last night. Push
comes to shove... I need to know
you got my back.

MCKENNA
You don't own me.

RAY
What I know? Of course I do.

MCKENNA
(familiar... desperate)
Ray...

RAY
Say it.

McKenna grits her teeth. She's backed against a wall.

MCKENNA
I have your back.

BACK AT MCKENNA'S HOUSE: McKenna has finished her call and returns to find Syd sitting at the table with Patrick and the kids. Syd looks up. McKenna smiles. Maybe she can bluff after all. Syd sips her coffee as McKenna stares at her partner. So much for "no more secrets." SMASH TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT