

NANCY

Pilot

“In Dreams Begin Responsibility”

Written by

Paul Attanasio

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EXT. DAY. MARGUERITE POINDEXTER LAMOTTE ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

RAIN comes down in sheets as CHILDREN emerge at the end of their school day to be gathered up by their PARENTS, or GRANDPARENTS, or other CARETAKERS, some huddled under umbrellas, some in a carpool lane snarled in the surrounding traffic, some just getting soaked.

MADISON DE LOS ANGELES, 10 years old, pretty and bright-eyed, in a raincoat and pink plastic boots, looks anxiously at the rain. There is no parent at the door to collect her. She says goodbye to her friends and, suddenly smiling, rushes headlong into the rain, splashing her way through the giant puddles...

WATCHING HER is a middle-aged man in a sedan. He does not appear to be there out of kindness. As Madison splashes down the block, another man climbs in, dripping wet.

The first man signals and the second man follows his gaze to Madison...The second man nods and the driver pulls out...

WATCHING THEM is an LAPD OFFICER in his squad car...This is OFFICER ADAM REED, 30s, clean-cut and handsome. He pulls out to follow the sedan...

FOLLOW Madison as she turns onto another block, skipping in the puddles...She sings to herself -- "Back to You" -- Selena Gomez -- completely oblivious to the drama unfolding around her...And who wouldn't be -- at ten years old?...She kneels to look at her reflection in a puddle...

REVEAL the sedan creeping up on her...Inside, the second man takes out a GLOCK, rests it in his lap...PAN UP TO REVEAL the large yellow block letters on his sleeve -- "ICE" -- Immigration and Customs Enforcement...

A WOMAN, early 20s, beautiful and anxious, waits in her car, parked at a RENDEZVOUS POINT -- in front of a BODEGA -- around the block from the school. She checks her watch. This is MARIA DE LOS ANGELES -- Madison's mother.

REED'S POV -- PAN TO DISCOVER Maria getting out of her car, pulling up her hood against the rain, looking for Madison -- did something happen?...Then she notices the squad car -- notices Reed -- locks eyes with him...Suddenly agitated, she ducks into the alley behind the bodega...Calls out...

MARIA

Madison!

Madison appears from behind a dumpster, giggling...Playing hide and seek...

MADISON
Try and catch me, Mamá!

MARIA
Madison! *Sal de la lluvia!*

Madison cavorts in the puddles...Maria chases her...Then watches the sedan turn into the alley...A sixth sense kicks in -- or is it paranoia? Who are those men?

MADISON
Catch me catch me catch me --

MARIA
Ahora.

Her tone freezes Madison -- the opening for her mother to scoop her into her arms and carry her into the bodega...

In front of the bodega, three more sedans have converged on Maria's car, each with two hard-looking ICE agents inside...Waiting for Maria to return...They watch as Reed u-turns to park behind Maria's car...Gets out to inspect it...

ICE AGENT #3
(to walkie talkie)
Can anyone tell me what's going on?

Then Maria emerges from the bodega, holding Madison in her arms...She notices Reed inspecting the car...

MARIA
Madison, get in the car.

Maria opens the rear door and buckles Madison in the back...Turns as she closes the door and notices the ICE AGENTS piling out of their cars and approaching...

ICE AGENT #3
Maria de Los Angeles, you are illegally in the United States and subject to deportation.

OFFICER REED
She's already under arrest.

ICE AGENT #3
For what?

OFFICER REED
Broken tail light.

Reed stares at them with contempt -- takes his heavy flashlight -- breaks her tail light.

Looks among the ICE agents -- dumbfounded, then angry. Off Madison in the back seat, wide-eyed and taking this all in,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. PARKER CENTER

BLAKE SULLIVAN, 20s, is the Chief's PRESS SECRETARY, meaning she focuses less on substance than on how things look. She herself still looks like the California dream girl of her days at USC. As she zips through the bullpen, KEN ROSEY, 30s, SPEECHWRITER, chases after her. As rumpled, insecure, short and chubby as Blake is polished, confident, tall and fit. His job is to channel his boss's inner life and get it on paper.

BLAKE

...The woman's name is Maria de Los Angeles -- she's an undocumented immigrant. The officer is Adam Reed. When he saw that ICE agents were about to deport her, Reed took it upon himself to arrest her.

KEN

For what?

BLAKE

A broken tail light.

KEN

He took her in for that?

BLAKE

Which *he* broke.

(beat)

Now it's a standoff. ICE won't leave.

KEN

Well, that's a great --

BLAKE

The swearing-in ceremony is tomorrow, Ken.

KEN

-- not such a great --

BLAKE

The first female police chief in the history of Los Angeles -- *that's* a great story.

KEN
I'm glad you brought that up,
because I'm writing her speech --

BLAKE
An *uplifting* story about progress
in gender relations.

KEN
-- having never met her --

BLAKE
I arranged a helicopter flyover. I
arranged *bagpipes*.

KEN
-- and I'm still looking for that
personal --

BLAKE
A cop in New York told me she's a
lesbian.

KEN
So maybe open with a funny anecdote
about cats?

BLAKE
With sharp elbows.

KEN
Sharp elbows, well, that's New
York.

BLAKE
Do you know how hard it was to find
twenty-four people in the City of
Los Angeles who can play bagpipes?

KEN
No one works harder than you,
Blake.

BLAKE
And make sure they're racially
diverse?

They reach the office of DON LOOPER, 50s, the CHIEF OF STAFF,
pulling on a windbreaker and strapping on his gun. His
phlegmatic manner might lead you to slight his brains. His
job is to keep the trains running while the Chief performs
the political aspects of the job. The STANDOFF between the
LAPD and ICE plays out on local news on a TV.

LOOPER

Protestors -- maybe three thousand.
(to Ken)

Prepare a statement. "Sanctuary city" means we don't turn over people in our custody to ICE. It doesn't mean we actively interfere with their investigations. Pending an investigation et cetera. The Chief stands behind her cops.

KEN

It is my special gift to authoritatively say nothing.

LOOPER

(quoting Matthew)

"Well done, good and trustworthy slave."

KEN

The Mayor will have something to say about this.

LOOPER

Blake, find out what line the Mayor's taking.

BLAKE

Does this mean the Chief's swearing-in ceremony is going to be cancelled tomorrow?

LOOPER

Ask her.

(beat)

She's already down there.

As Looper exits, off Blake,

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. BODEGA -- NEAR VERMONT SQUARE

The rain has stopped. A large, loud MOB, chanting "Set Them Free!", surrounds the ICE agents, hunkered in their cars, in turn surrounding Reed's squad car. RIOT POLICE and MOUNTED POLICE form a cordon against the increasingly unruly mob. NEWS VANS and HELICOPTERS. From the squad car, Madison looks out, afraid. A bottle flies high in the air and smashes near the ICE agents. Is this going to turn into a riot?

In this chaos find ABIGAIL NANCY, 48, who everyone calls simply, "Nancy," who is about to become the first female Chief of Police ever in this city. She has the New Yorker's gift to be tough and sarcastic while remaining likable. More than anything, she loves being a cop.

MARTY MILLER, 50s, the DEPUTY CHIEF for Constitutional Policies, confers with ICE. His job is to keep his cops on the right side of the law. Mostly interested in his hobbies as he coasts toward a pension. He and Nancy start to walk...

MARTY

...They won't budge.

NANCY

"Budge" is a funny word. It's only something people won't do.

MARTY

Well, they won't.

NANCY

Once you stop not budging, it's not like you then budge.

MARTY

They say those are their orders.

NANCY

You wouldn't say, for example, that they're going to budge to the hospital when this mob budges past the police cordon and this turns into a full-blown riot.

MARTY

Their boss's name is Weathers.

NANCY

Do you think you can get Mister Weathers to budge down here?

MARTY

I'll try.

NANCY

Offer him some of that marijuana you grow in your backyard.

MARTY

The law says six plants.

NANCY

Does the law say I can be out here
without a security detail?

MARTY

I'll get right on it.

NANCY

It's nice to see you again, Marty.

MARTY

Welcome to Los Angeles, Chief.

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. COFFEE SHOP -- NEAR VERMONT SQUARE

A TECH TEAM wires up comms while SECURITY sets itself at the doors, across the street, on rooftops...Nancy's team -- Marty, Looper, Blake, and Ken -- mill about on their phones -- talking to reporters, to City Hall...Nancy settles in a booth, rummages in her purse as a WAITER takes her order...He speaks with an accent of indeterminate origin...A hundred languages are spoken here...Welcome to Los Angeles...

NANCY

...I'll have a coffee regular.

WAITER

Turkish coffee is the best coffee.

NANCY

Three creams three sugars. I don't
care what nationality it is.

Blake slides into the booth, opens her MAKEUP COMPACT and offers it to her...

BLAKE

Here. Use mine.

Nancy, who wears no makeup, fixes the compact with a look.

NANCY

I was looking for my Nicorette.

BLAKE

Chief, the Mayor's office asked
that you hold off making any kind
of statement --

NANCY

The office asked. Is this like
"Beauty and the Beast" where the
furniture talks?

BLAKE

The Deputy Mayor. For Homeland
Security --

NANCY

Are we being invaded?

BLAKE

-- and Public Safety.

NANCY

Tell the Deputy Mayor "Public
Safety" is the job of the police.
I'm sure he'll find another way to
keep busy.

(beat)

Mister Weathers!

(beat)

Can we clear the room, please, so
Mister Weathers and I can talk
privately?

REVERSE ANGLE

BOOG WEATHERS, 50s, beefy and red-faced, enters in an ICE
windbreaker, spoiling for a fight -- something Nancy sizes
up...The room clears and Weathers sits in the booth. Once
he's sure they're alone, he launches into a tirade.

WEATHERS

We are law enforcement officers --
just like you -- just like you --

NANCY

I think we skipped the
introductions. I'm Abigail Nancy.
Usually just Nancy. The last person
to call me Abigail was my father.
Who died when I was five.

WEATHERS

That woman may be a very nice
woman. She might be Mother Theresa.
She still entered the country
illegally and under the law --

NANCY

I agree with you.

WEATHERS

-- under the --

The fact that Nancy agrees with him throws him. In mid-oration, he loses his place...

NANCY

I'm a cop. You're a cop. My father was a cop. We enforce the law because that's how we serve the ones that need our protection most. Poor people -- underserved communities -- that's who needs the law enforced. Which in this city includes over half a million undocumented immigrants.

(beat)

Sometimes we die doing it -- like my father did.

Weathers gets confused...Is she a liberal or a conservative?

WEATHERS

That patrolman deliberately interfered with our arrest.

NANCY

We need to properly investigate that. Which is not going to happen tonight. What *is* going to happen tonight -- *because* we're cops -- is we'll defuse that bomb out there so that everyone goes home safe.

(beat)

And if I determine that the officer exceeded his authority, he will be disciplined. You have my word on that.

With grudging respect, Weathers shakes her hand. Off Nancy,

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. BODEGA -- NEAR VERMONT SQUARE

Chanting "No Justice, No Peace," the crowd surges against the police cordon...Fearless, Nancy moves past (and through) this mayhem...Inside the cordon, Looper quietly orders Reed out of the car, leaving Maria and her daughter alone in back...Weathers orders ICE to stand down...When Nancy opens the door, Maria instinctively moves to protect her daughter...

NANCY

Ms. De Los Angeles, I'm Abigail
Nancy. Call me Nancy. Are you okay?
(off her look)
Hablo español solamente un poco.
¿Hablas ingles?

MARIA

What's going to happen?

NANCY

Do you understand you're under
arrest? Your daughter can't stay
with you?
(she nods)
Do you have a relative who can come
pick her up?

Maria shakes her head. Then she starts to cry...

MARIA

What's going to happen to Madison --

NANCY

I have a daughter myself. She's
grown up now.

MARIA

-- but if I'm sent home to Mexico --

NANCY

Slow down. First we have to take
you away from here -- where it's
dangerous -- and take you and your
daughter to police headquarters --
where it's safe. And stay calm.

Nancy smiles. Then Maria smiles. She has a beautiful smile.

MARIA

I understand.

NANCY

If we can't find a relative, I'm
the Chief of Police, I'll
personally take responsibility for
Madison. I promise she'll be safe.
(beat)
Madison, do you want to ride in a
police car?

Madison smiles. She and Maria climb out...On an instinct, Nancy lifts Madison in her arms as they pass the ICE agents who had encircled them, toward the Chief's waiting SUV...Seeing this, the crowd's anger dissipates...The moment is captured by the media and a hundred cell phones...

MARIA

You're the Chief of Police?

NANCY

I think somebody made a mistake.

Maria laughs. Off Nancy, not laughing,

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. MAYOR'S SUV

BUDDY BYERS, 40s, the MAYOR of Los Angeles, rides in his official SUV with TRENT DUDIK, 40s, once his driver and now DEPUTY MAYOR for Homeland Security and Public Safety. Buddy is handsome and likable, with zero rough edges. His casual demeanor and emollient manners belie his true nature, which is petty, vengeful, quick to take offense, and cutthroat.

ON THE TELEVISION

The scene we just saw plays out on camera, then segues to a standup by a local TV news REPORTER...

REPORTER (O.C.)

...The new Chief called it quote "a win for mothers." A potential tragedy resolved by a simple act of kindness. Reporting live from Vermont Square, this is Abreshima Tabatabaei, KCAL 9 News.

ANCHOR #1 (O.C.)

Rain and then this.

ANCHOR #2 (O.C.)

Glad everyone's safe.

Buddy mutes the TV...

BUDDY

I thought she wasn't going to make a statement.

DUDIK

Technically, it's not a statement.

BUDDY

She walks fearlessly through a violent crowd of protestors and emerges with a little girl in her arms, having defused the crisis, not even being sworn in as Chief yet, and that's not making a statement?

DUDI K

It's a compelling image.

BUDDY

You admit that it's making a statement.

DUDI K

You're the Mayor.

BUDDY

Didn't we talk about this?

DUDI K

Sure. She's making a statement.

BUDDY

But you told them no statement.
(beat)
Didn't you -- ?

DUDI K

We heard she had sharp elbows.

BUDDY

Trent, I want you to think before you speak, for your own good, because when you say these stupid things, it hurts you, and me, because we're trying to make people think you're smarter than you actually are.

(beat)

I'm not judging you. We celebrate the differently-abled. It's about perception.

DUDI K

Did you ask her about her sexuality?

BUDDY

When?

DUDIK
In the interview.

BUDDY
What does her sexuality have to do with it?

DUDIK
Well, gay people are more independent-minded, by definition, because they're diverging from the majority view.

BUDDY
So I just fired the previous Chief of Police for texting dick pics to the Chief of Traffic Enforcement, police officers were discovered running a prostitution ring with an underage girl with a learning disability, a consent decree placed the department under the control of Federal judge who explicitly obligated me to hire a qualified woman, of which there are about three in the entire country, and you think it would have been a good idea to ask her in the interview if she was a lesbian?

A long beat.

DUDIK
It explains a lot.

Buddy shoots Dudik a look: really? Dudik looks away, sheepish. Buddy thinks as he looks out the window.

BUDDY
Have her come in an hour before the swearing-in. We need to talk.

Dudik looks at him. Off Buddy,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. NANCY'S OFFICE -- PARKER CENTER

A ceremonial suite on the top floor, cluttered with boxes from New York waiting to be unpacked. The balcony overlooks City Hall. Nancy settles Madison in front of a large TV that has probably never played "Sponge Bob Square Pants" before.

NANCY
...I'll set you up here and then I
have some things I have to do.

MADISON
Okay.

NANCY
Your mother said there's no
relatives here in Los Angeles who
could come get you? Nobody? A
cousin? An aunt?

MADISON
No.

NANCY
An uncle -- a *tío*?

Madison shakes her head. Ken enters with a GARMENT BAG.

KEN
This is your dress uniform for
tomorrow.

NANCY
Are you my body man?

KEN
Ken Rosey, speechwriter.

He extends his hand. She shakes it.

NANCY
Hello, Ken Rosey, speechwriter. Why
are you bringing me my uniform?

KEN
If I could spend five minutes with
you -- to add a personal touch to
the --
(off her look)
Three minutes.
(beat)
One good minute.

Nancy unzips the garment bag.

NANCY
Wool?

KEN
Yes.

NANCY

What's the weather tomorrow?

KEN

Santa Ana winds. Nineties.
 (quoting Raymond Chandler)
 "Meek little wives feel the edge of
 the carving knife and study their
 husbands' necks. Anything can
 happen."

NANCY

There's a kid in here, you know.

KEN

In the LAPD, to wear a dark, heavy
 worsted wool suit on the hottest
 days is a point of pride.

NANCY

Pride or fungus?
 (beat)
 Where's the gun belt?
 (beat)
 I'm a cop. I carry a weapon.

KEN

Perhaps a sexy little Beretta?

Ken exits.

NANCY

(after him)
 I trained on the Glock.

ANGLE ON MADISON on the sofa -- her feet don't reach the
 floor -- she looks at her shoes as she kicks idly.

MADISON

There was a man who would come who
 said he was my tío.

Nancy turns to her. Off Nancy, taking this in,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. LOOPER'S OFFICE

Reed sits opposite Looper as he interrogates him.

REED

...When I spoke to Ms. De Los Angeles she also could not produce a valid registration.

LOOPER

And you usually run somebody in for a broken tail light?

REED

That is in the officer's discretion, sir.

Nancy enters briskly. Before they can rise, she sits.

NANCY

Sorry I'm late. Sit down, gentlemen.

(beat)

Officer Reed, what were you thinking?

REED

It was a valid arrest.

NANCY

That's not an answer.

REED

Did I know ICE was down there? Every day they're down there. It's disgusting. A grade school! They stake out these little kids so they can arrest their mothers when they come to pick them up.

NANCY

You arrested her so that ICE couldn't?

REED

I did nothing wrong. Nobody in the city thinks I did anything wrong except the LAPD. Which I think is a very interesting commentary on the state of affairs.

NANCY

Why was your car outside your area?

Reed colors, as if he's been caught. Looper didn't realize Reed was outside his area. Nancy got up to speed quickly.

REED
It's my old area.

NANCY
And?

REED
I don't always stick to my area.

NANCY
So no special reason?

REED
It's a valid arrest. If you want to suspend me, suspend me. The union will back me up. I have nothing else to say.

Reed crosses his arms. A look between Nancy and Looper.

NANCY
Mister Reed, I will say that you are an unpersuasive idealist. You're dismissed.

With a nearly imperceptible smirk, Reed exits. Looper gets up and closes his door.

LOOPER
Do you trust him?

NANCY
He's hiding something.

LOOPER
Yeah.

NANCY
Can I trust *you*?

Looper takes a beat. Returns to the other side of his desk. Finds whiskey in his bottom drawer. Pours a glass for each of them. Hands one to Nancy. Sits on the edge of his desk.

LOOPER
When I was Chief of Staff for your predecessor, I knew about an affair he was having with a subordinate -- one of them. I became aware of it because the woman told me about it and asked me to keep it a secret.
(beat)
I did not report it. In fact I tried to hide it.

Nancy takes a beat.

NANCY
And who knows?

LOOPER
My wife.
(beat)
I'm not a talker.

Nancy takes a beat.

NANCY
I don't know anyone here -- just
Marty -- we were at the Kennedy
School together years ago -- I
didn't bring anyone from New York.
I thought it was more important to
keep people who knew the department
than to have people who knew *me*.
(beat)
Anyway I'm not that complicated.

LOOPER
All right.

They share a smile.

NANCY
There was a bomb down there tonight
built out of rage, and
righteousness, and the breakdown of
any kind of normalcy in how we
treat each other. And I had to
defuse that bomb.

LOOPER
And you did it.

NANCY
So you think it's over.

LOOPER
You're on the front page of the
paper rescuing this woman from ICE
and holding her kid in your arms.
All we know about her is she broke
the law at least once to get in the
country when she was twelve years
old yet somehow has no relatives in
Los Angeles. That's a lie. ICE was
so gung-ho to get her that they
wound up in a standoff with LAPD,
but they say it was routine.

(MORE)

LOOPER (CONT'D)

That's a lie. And Reed says it was just a traffic stop that he made while nostalgically wandering his old area. That's a lie. So I wouldn't say you defused the bomb. I would say you threw your body on top of it.

A look between them.

NANCY

And if I fail, it'll be twenty years before they give another woman this job.

(beat)

Thanks for being straight. It goes a long way with me.

She finishes her drink. As she exits, off Looper,

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. NANCY'S OFFICE

Nancy returns to her office only to find "Sponge Bob" still playing, unwatched, and Madison GONE. Blake enters.

BLAKE

A woman came for her.

NANCY

Who?

She hands Nancy a note...

BLAKE

I wrote it all down.

(beat)

From Child Protective Services.

(beat)

Where are you going?

NANCY

I promised that mother I would protect her daughter. We keep our promises, right?

A look between them. Off Nancy,

FADE OUT.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. NIGHT. CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES

JACKIE BELL, 40s, large and dominant, maneuvers her bulk behind her desk in her windowless office. She wears leggings and a T shirt, that reads, "The Older I Get, the More Everyone Can Kiss My Ass." Madison alongside. Nancy opposite.

JACKIE

...We look for a relative. No relative -- find a foster family -- right -- this time of night? Children's shelters are all full.

NANCY

You're sure?

JACKIE

This city's got sixty-three thousand kids living on the street.

NANCY

Then where will she go?

JACKIE

Have to put her somewhere.

NANCY

I promised her mother I would take responsibility for her. I *promised*.
(beat)
Did you hear that?

Jackie works on her computer...

JACKIE

I see some lips moving but as long as you're on the other side of that desk, nobody's hearing a word you say.

NANCY

I am the Chief of Police of the City of Los Angeles.

JACKIE

I don't care if you're Angelina Jolie.

Nancy and Madison exchange a look. Nancy turns to Jackie.

NANCY
I will take her myself.

JACKIE
You?

NANCY
Yes. I'll take her home with me.

Madison looks hopefully to Nancy, who smiles at her. As if it were the Thirteenth Labor of Hercules, Jackie opens her desk drawer, takes out a pen and a pad with forms on it...

JACKIE
Are you a relative?

NANCY
No.

JACKIE
Married?

NANCY
Divorced.

JACKIE
Address?

NANCY
I'm staying at the Airport Hilton.
(beat)
Until I find a place.

Jackie puts her pen down. Returns to her computer.

JACKIE
Little girl, I'm putting you on a bus. A social worker's gonna meet you on the other end. There's room in a shelter in Sacramento.

NANCY
What just happened?

JACKIE
You expect me to release this little girl in your custody -- not a relative, not married, and living in a hotel?
(beat)
And that is why Brad Pitt left Angelina Jolie.

(MORE)

JACKIE (CONT'D)
 Because she thought the whole world
 revolved around her.

Nancy struggles a beat. Another look between her and Madison.

NANCY
 I'll call my daughter. She's a
 school psychologist. Owns her
 house. Married. Her husband is an
 engineer -- he makes an excellent
 living. They have an eight year old
 child and a Golden Retriever.

With a weary sigh worthy of the sufferings of Job, Jackie
 turns to Nancy. Tears off the old form and begins a new form.

JACKIE
 Her name?

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. PARKER CENTER

KATE WELCH, 30, carries Madison, hustles to a parked Range
 Rover. She seems to be everything her mother is not -- soft
 where her mother is hard, quiet where she is commanding. Deep
 down, she's every bit as stubborn.

KATE
 ...When were you going to call me?

NANCY
 I wasn't going to call you.

KATE
 So you only called me because you
 needed help.

NANCY
 You told me not to call you.

KATE
 "This was a win for mothers" -- is
 that really what you said?

...Kate opens the door and straps Madison into the booster
 seat...We can see her husband, HENRY FENDER, 30, behind the
 wheel. A Google engineer with a hipster's bushy beard.

NANCY
 Hi, Henry.

Henry waves weakly.

HENRY

Hi, Nancy.

KATE

Since I don't remember you ever
being a mother.

Kate closes the back door...

NANCY

You know, the swearing-in is
tomorrow.

KATE

Maybe give another speech on
personal responsibility in lieu of
actually taking any.

NANCY

Why don't you come?

Kate says nothing. Opens the front door and climbs in.

KATE

(sharply, to Henry)
Can we go?

As the SUV pulls away, Madison watches Nancy through the
glass...Off Nancy,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. NANCY'S ROOM -- AIRPORT HILTON

Wearing an NYPD sweatshirt, Nancy tries on her dress pants in
the mirror. Turns to see how her ass looks -- makes a face --
not happy with that at all. Then the doorbell rings and Nancy
answers it -- a WAITER delivering room service.

NANCY

You can just put it on the coffee
table.

WAITER

One bottle of Sauvignon Blanc and a
side of mashed potatoes.

The Waiter exits. Nancy takes off the pants, folds them over
a chair. Pours the wine, sits crosslegged on the couch as she
turns on the TV. In the distance, a plane takes off. Off this
lonely image,

CUT TO:

INT. MORNING. CITY HALL

On a TV, MILT LEAKEY, 60s, the former Police Chief and now a Fox News pundit, blows hot on the Vermont Square siege. A swaggering martinet and self-styled "ladies' man." A former liberal who survived being shot in the head (he still bears this scar) to emerge as a right wing hero.

LEAKEY (O.C.)

...Now this *mamasita* may look like the pretty lady on the hot sauce bottle, but these gang girls work as drug couriers, they buy guns, they hide guns, they even do violence themselves.

FOX ANCHOR (O.C.)

Is she in a gang?

LEAKEY (O.C.)

When an angry mob makes the rules, that's mob rule. The new Chief let her emotions get the better of her instead of doing her job.

WIDER TO REVEAL BLAKE watching the TV, having gotten to City Hall early that morning to supervise preparations for the swearing-in ceremony, Ken alongside her.

KEN

Thank you, ex-Chief Leakey, for greeting your successor with that schmear of stereotypes and clichés.

BLAKE

He's good on TV.

KEN

I guess.

BLAKE

If he wasn't, it wouldn't be a problem. But it is a problem -- *my* problem -- *I'm* her Press Spokesman -- her predecessor says she sucks and he didn't even wait for her to be sworn in. And one of the bagpipe players has herpes.

KEN

He's being a jerk face.

BLAKE

Nobody likes the bearer of bad news, Ken. She doesn't like me already.

(beat)

Chief Leakey liked me.

KEN

You don't really wish Chief Leakey was still Chief.

BLAKE

You mean do I like "Me Too"?

KEN

I mean did you like "Me Tarzan"?

BLAKE

I would sit on his desk but not on his lap.

KEN

You know where to draw the line.

BLAKE

I knew where I stood. I don't know where I stand with her.

KEN

Maybe you could talk to Leakey. Get him to back off.

She takes this in.

BLAKE

I like that you use words like "jerk face." It makes me think there might be a future for us.

KEN

Really?

BLAKE

Like as a second marriage for both of us. When I'm not really hot anymore and willing to settle for just a nice guy, but you still think I'm a trophy.

Blake exits. Ken takes this in a beat.

KEN

Great!

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. ELEVATOR -- AIRPORT HILTON

Nancy rides in her dress uniform. Enter AMANDA ROY, 30s, good-looking. A specialized nurse, dressed for a meeting, in town for a convention. Can't help but notice Nancy in her dress uniform. Or maybe more than that?

NANCY

How do I look?

AMANDA

Impressive.

NANCY

Not tired?

AMANDA

I like when people say I look great for how tired I must feel.

NANCY

I'll take it.

AMANDA

Do you like the Glock?

NANCY

You like to shoot?

AMANDA

I'm from Michigan. I grew up hunting. And I like to feel safe.

NANCY

What do you think of L.A.?

AMANDA

(sotto)

We're not like this in Michigan.

They share a laugh. As they exit, off Nancy, did something just happen?

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. MAYOR'S OFFICE

In her dress uniform, Nancy sits uncomfortably with Buddy and Dudik. There is a piano in the office (on which Buddy likes to play show tunes). Dudik pours coffee...

BUDDY

...Your ex-husband -- he's an actor?

NANCY

It was an amicable divorce.

BUDDY

Your lawyers must hate you.

NANCY

He's coming today.

BUDDY

And he plays a cop on that show?

NANCY

"Zombie Shift."

DUDI K

It's pretty realistic.

NANCY

Except he eats brains.

BUDDY

Keep moving or get eaten.

(beat)

Clif Bar?

NANCY

I always do my public speaking on an empty stomach.

Buddy tears into a Clif Bar...

BUDDY

I just wanted to talk to you about what happened yesterday because -- not to make you nervous, but -- everyone's watching you.

NANCY

That comes with the job.

BUDDY

Who gets blamed? Me. That's just reality.

(MORE)

BUDDY (CONT'D)

Especially if I want to contribute on a national level -- I mean, I wanted to be Rodgers and Hammerstein, so what's President of the United States next to "South Pacific"?

DUDIK

What the Mayor means is we need to work together.

NANCY

I think what he means is, if anyone is going to be on the front page, it's going to be him.

Buddy shoves the rest of his Clif Bar in his mouth. Balls up the wrapper. Chews as he reaches toward a shelf...

BUDDY

I'm going to give you a book. Don't be put off by the title.

He hands it to her.

NANCY

"So People Say You're An Asshole?"

BUDDY

Forget the title. There's even a whole chapter on defensiveness. In New York everybody fights all the time. Here people are nice.

Nancy hands it back to him.

NANCY

I'll get the audio book.

BUDDY

That's very L.A.

NANCY

Mister Mayor, that situation last night was a hop, skip and a jump from a full-blown riot.

A look between Buddy and Dudik, who hands her documents --
BANK RECORDS -- Nancy takes the pages and scans them.

DUDIK

The bank records for Maria De Los Angeles show she was getting weekly payments of a thousand dollars -- up till a month ago.

NANCY

Where did you get these?

BUDDY

Not where. Why?

NANCY

You need a warrant to get bank records.

DUDIK

A sixth grade education -- no job -- where's she get a thousand a week?

BUDDY

If somebody brought this to me -- thinking I wanted to hurt you, which, you know, why would I want to hurt you? I appointed you! -- right? -- then it's out there -- for anyone to find.

DUDIK

If she's a gang member or a prostitute -- it's not compassion anymore -- it's incompetence.

Buddy shrugs. Grins.

BUDDY

Welcome to the Big Leagues.

CUT TO:

EXT. LATER. GRAND PARK -- NEAR CITY HALL

A sunny day for the swearing-in. BAGPIPES play "Scotland the Brave." Nancy sits with MICHAEL WELCH, 40s, her ex-husband. The handsome, charming, and generous, if also unreliable and erratic, father to their daughter, Kate, who resembles him. They have an easy intimacy, as if they were still married.

MICHAEL

...Did you find a place yet?

NANCY

I'm staying at the Airport Hilton.

MICHAEL
Stop being so cheap.

NANCY
It's fine.

MICHAEL
Buy a house.

NANCY
I don't know why I can't stay with
Kate.

MICHAEL
Ha!

NANCY
Why is that a terrible idea?

MICHAEL
Because you carry a gun?

NANCY
They have a huge guest house in the
backyard.

MICHAEL
How do you even know that?

NANCY
I was there --

MICHAEL
When the baby was born?

NANCY
Just till I find a place.

MICHAEL
The baby is eight.

NANCY
-- and one other time.

MICHAEL
Buy a house. Go look this weekend.

NANCY
I'll probably be fired in six
months.

MICHAEL
You can flip it and make a lot of
money.

NANCY

The Mayor doesn't want me. They had to hire a woman. Because I stood up to the NYPD ten years ago about sexual harassment, which killed my career at the time, and now I'm a "feminist icon." I would rather have those ten years back. I can't even eat a sandwich without eating it for "all women." Sometimes I just want to eat a sandwich.

MICHAEL

There is actually very good pastrami in Los Angeles.

A look between them. She allows herself to be vulnerable with him. He smiles warmly at her. She squeezes his hand.

NANCY

Thanks for coming today, Michael.

As a helicopter flyover ROARS overhead,

CUT TO:

EXT. LATER. GRAND PARK -- LOS ANGELES

Nancy takes the oath and Buddy pins the BADGE on her -- a magnificent object that represents all she has worked for...Emotional, she turns to the crowd, and all eyes are upon her -- the Mayor and Dudik, Looper and the rest of her staff, Michael. Now she is on the line. Who can she trust?

NANCY

The preacher tells us, "To every thing there is a season." A time to break down and a time to build up. A time to gather stones together. In this city, on this beautiful day, this is our time to heal.

Nods and even some "amens." A warm look between Nancy and Ken: he nailed it. Off the Mayor, watching her warily,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. DAY. CROSSROADS SCHOOL -- SANTA MONICA

Madison eats lunch with LUNA, 8, Kate's daughter, near the playground, a few days since the arrest. Madison has been going to Luna's school, where Kate works as the psychologist. At the other end of the table, Kate eats lunch with BETH, Madison's fifth grade teacher, and a friend. While Kate eats, she watches the girls.

KATE

...Henry's really changed. When I married him, he was a goofy guy who liked to code and play video games. And I was writing a novel. And we didn't have Luna.

BETH

How long has it been like this?

KATE

He's sleeping in the guest house.

BETH

What did you tell Luna?

KATE

I must sound like a brat. He's a very good provider. But he leaves in the morning before Luna wakes up and comes home after she's in bed.

Kate glances over and sees Madison sucking her thumb...

BETH

I read a book where this couple had sex every day for a year -- even if one of them had the flu. And all their problems went away.

...turns back to Beth, having missed her last comment.

KATE

How long has Madison been sucking her thumb?

Beth shrugs. Kate looks back at Madison, a very worried and anxious child, still sucking her thumb. Off Madison,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. CONFERENCE ROOM

Nancy convenes her staff. As all arrive, enter ERIC DECKER, 30s, the ambitious DEPUTY CHIEF for Special Ops -- SURVEILLANCE, predictive policing, and SWAT.

NANCY

...Am I the only one here who likes a detective story?

(beat)

Come on, people. I can't hold Maria indefinitely. What do you have?

LOOPER

Weathers admitted to me that this wasn't a routine detainment. He says Maria is related to this guy. José Hernández. Arrests for assault, armed robbery, firearms...

Looper passes around a HEAD SHOT...JOSÉ HERNÁNDEZ, with his shaved head, facial tattoos, and "Viva Zapata!" mustache, looks to have been created by nature for his fifteen minutes of fame on Fox News.

MARTY

Look, we shouldn't be cooperating with ICE on any of this.

LOOPER

Marty --

MARTY

I'm here to keep you guys on the right side of the law. "Sanctuary city" is the law.

KEN

Is this a head shot?

LOOPER

He's also an actor, apparently.

NANCY

Is there any chance the thousand dollars a week came from him?

LOOPER

ICE didn't want Maria --
(with photo)
-- they wanted this guy --

NANCY

And do you think we might have more luck finding this José Hernández than ICE did?

LOOPER

I asked Deputy Chief Decker to join our meeting. He's in charge of surveillance and also all of our computerized policing.

DECKER

We have multiple cameras in the Vermont Square area.

MARTY

Nancy, the Mayor didn't show you these bank records to get you to do something -- in my opinion --

NANCY

He wants me to drop it?

MARTY

Why wouldn't you?

NANCY

Because we're cops. We start with the facts.

DECKER

After the standoff -- if he does know Maria -- he probably went underground.

Nancy takes a beat.

NANCY

He's an actor.

Looks all around. Off Nancy, as she smiles to herself,

CUT TO:

INT. LATER. NANCY'S OFFICE

Reading, Nancy returns to her office to find someone waiting inside: ARTURO SANCHEZ, 40s, a peacock in a bespoke suit and cowboy boots, who gets his wavy hair styled every day.

ARTURO

Chief Nancy, I'm Arturo Sanchez. I'm a friend of the Mayor.

NANCY

I haven't hired an assistant yet.
And, as you can see, I'm still
unpacking boxes.

ARTURO

Old habits die hard -- I was in and
out of this office all the time
with the old Chief. You have the
best view of City Hall.

Nancy sits at her desk.

NANCY

What can I do for you?

ARTURO

As I said, I'm a friend of the
Mayor --

NANCY

As you said.

ARTURO

I'm also a lawyer who represents
Officer Adam Reed.

(beat)

May I sit?

Nancy gestures for him to sit.

NANCY

I'd think he'd be represented by
the union.

ARTURO

The Latino community is upset that
he's under any suspicion at all --
a mother with a small child -- as
far as we're concerned, he's a
hero.

NANCY

Mister Sanchez, we have a process.

ARTURO

As a newcomer, I'm not sure you
understand that process.

NANCY

If the officer is suspended, you'll
have ample opportunity to make your
arguments.

ARTURO

The officer has a right to notice. Then the law gives him time to respond. At that point, he can demand a hearing before a Board of Rights. The law states five months as a goal -- it could take longer.

(beat)

This investigation is a roach motel. You get in and then you can't get out.

NANCY

Thanks for the free advice. I'm late for a meeting. Close the door on your way out.

(beat)

Knock first next time.

Nancy exits. Off Arturo,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. WAITING ROOM -- CASTING OFFICE

An open call for "Zombie Shift." A dozen identical ACTORS, Latinos in their 30s with shaved heads, facial tattoos, and "Viva Zapata!" mustaches. Discover among them JOSÉ HERNÁNDEZ, as he labors over his sides, reciting his lines...

HERNÁNDEZ

"Let me get this straight. I steal your dope, I beat the piss out of your -- " "I beat the piss out of your -- "

An Actor beside him pitches in. He, too, has a shaved head and "Viva Zapata!" mustache, but also a Juilliard T-shirt.

ACTOR

"Mule boy."

HERNÁNDEZ

Thanks.

ACTOR

What I do is, I fold a hundred dollar bill in the crack of my butt. Then I know something the casting director doesn't.

The CASTING ASSISTANT enters with a clipboard.

CASTING AGENT
José Hernández?

ACTOR
Hey, man. Just be real.

Hernández enters the room.

HERNÁNDEZ
Can I have a moment?

Hernández faces the wall, closes his eyes, does vocal exercises. As he does, four COPS surround him. As he opens his eyes and turns, sees the cops, off Hernández,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM -- PARKER CENTER

Through one-way glass, we can see the COPS who arrested him questioning Hernández. WIDER TO REVEAL Nancy and Looper, conferring on the other side of the glass.

NANCY
...So she's not in the gangs?

LOOPER
He laughed when they asked him that. He said Maria is like a PTA Mom. The only time he sees her is at Christmas.
(beat)
Then I found this on Facebook.

Looper shows Nancy a FACEBOOK PHOTO of Maria and Hernández, in Santa hats, by the Christmas tree.

NANCY
Facebook?

LOOPER
I honestly think that's the lead ICE was working with.

NANCY
That's dumb.

LOOPER
You can't call ICE dumb. They're very sensitive.

NANCY
So where did the thousand dollar
payments come from?
(to Looper)
What?

LOOPER
I didn't say anything.

NANCY
You gave me a look.

LOOPER
There was no look.

NANCY
Sometimes no look is a look.

LOOPER
Remind me to come to work in
sunglasses.

NANCY
We don't have enough for a warrant.
(off his look)
And no, I do not want you tracing
those bank transactions without a
warrant.

LOOPER
Then we're back to square one.

NANCY
Decker said he has cameras all over
Vermont Square. I want to know why
Reed was out of his area.

Off Looper, watching Nancy exit,

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. DAY. RICE MANSION -- BEL AIR

Nancy moves to ring the doorbell, but before she can, the door opens as MAYA, 20s, a young, stunning yoga teacher and lifestyle "influencer," in exercise clothes, moves to exit.

MAYA

Oh, hey. You must be the Chief. I'm Maya.

NANCY

Call me Nancy.

Maya starts to adjust Nancy's posture...

MAYA

Pull your shoulders up. Now roll them back. Put your hands out like you're holding a platter. Now rotate them back. How does that feel?

NANCY

Wow.

(beat)

What was *I* doing?

MAYA

Charlie's out back by the pool. Have a great day!

As Maya exits, a HOUSEKEEPER escorts Nancy toward the back. Off Nancy, walking with her improved posture, as she takes in the understated luxury and the art on the walls,

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. RICE MANSION -- POOLSIDE

CHARLOTTE RICE, 40s, is a Federal District JUDGE. The word most often used to describe her is "enigmatic." She wears tinted glasses to avoid migraines. Everyone calls her Charlie. Under the consent decree with the Federal government she supervises the LAPD. A BUTLER pours coffee and exits.

CHARLIE

...This house once belonged to King Vidor. My parents lived here for sixty years. When my mother died, she left it to me.

(MORE)

CHARLIE (CONT'D)
Fancy digs for a Federal judge.
(to Butler)
Do you think you could bring -- ?

BUTLER
Something sweet?

CHARLIE
As long as Maya's not in the house.
(beat)
She keeps me young. But sometimes
I'd rather get old.

NANCY
It's been quite a week.

CHARLIE
The department is a mess. Otherwise
they wouldn't need me to supervise
it. Don't take it personally.
(beat)
Anything new? Besides what I read
in the papers?

NANCY
Maria received weekly payments of a
thousand dollars -- we don't know
from who --

CHARLIE
And how do you know that?

NANCY
Because the Mayor gave me the bank
records.

Charlie takes a beat.

CHARLIE
Remember: Buddy's not just the
Mayor, he's descended from Mayors.
He grew up at the kitchen table
watching his father stick a knife
in people's backs.

NANCY
Why is he pushing me to drop this?

CHARLIE
You weren't his choice.

NANCY
But he appointed me.

CHARLIE

You were *my* choice. I got three votes on the Police Commission and he had to go along with it.

(beat)

He'd rather you fail quickly so he can get someone new to get this crime rate down. Violent crime is up five years in a row. It's going to kill him politically.

NANCY

I can deal with two bosses -- both of whom are complicated people --

CHARLIE

I'm enigmatic. You're complicated.

NANCY

My concern is that the bank records came from someone inside the police department.

CHARLIE

You made yourself part of the story.

NANCY

All I did was pick up a little girl because she was scared.

CHARLIE

Now you can't win. The Latino community and the abolish-ICE people have already made Reed a hero. Milt Leakey and those people look at Maria and see brown hordes coming to rape your sister and behead sweet old Granny.

NANCY

So this crisis isn't the problem.

(beat)

I'm the problem.

CHARLIE

Buddy wants to know that you're tough enough to do this job.

(beat)

Are you?

NANCY

"Tough enough" sounds like "man enough."

CHARLIE

I'm sure that's not the first time
you've dealt with that.

NANCY

What does tough enough look like?

CHARLIE

How do you know Buddy didn't get
those bank records from me?
(seeing the Butler)
Aaah, cookies!

As the Butler serves cookies and Charlie digs in, off Nancy,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. FOX NEWS -- MAKEUP ROOM

TIGHT ON a long embrace redolent of Aqua Velva, Four Roses,
chewing tobacco, Binaca, acid reflux, and what the Japanese
call *kareishuu* -- "old person smell." WIDER to reveal Blake's
frozen smile as MILT LEAKEY, 60s, returns to his makeup
chair. In person, Leakey is both more waxen and more feeble
than the cable news warrior we met on camera earlier.

BLAKE

...We all miss you, Chief Leakey!

On his table, he has a PHOTO pulled from the Web -- Reed at
the beach, shirtless, his smile dazzling, his muscles
rippling, and his chest hair dewy from the surf...

LEAKEY

This is for the broadcast today.
Look at him.

BLAKE

Yes, that image went viral --

LEAKEY

-- those "abolish ICE" people --

BLAKE

-- which is why I wanted to talk to
you --

LEAKEY

He's a good boy. Look at those abs.
That is one hundred per cent prime
LAPD cop.

BLAKE

Maybe we could all -- you know --
take the temperature down?

LEAKEY

I used to look like that.

BLAKE

I came to the hospital every day.
Remember?

LEAKEY

A conservative is a liberal who's
been shot in the head.

BLAKE

That's so witty!

LEAKEY

Well, it's what happened.

(beat)

And if I had died, I'd be rolling
in my grave now to see what's
happened to the LAPD.

BLAKE

The thing is, so many of us who
were so loyal to you are still
there. Not that I'm saying you left
us -- but you did -- you left us.

Blake starts to cry...

LEAKEY

Come here, Sweet Cakes.
(to Makeup Artist)
Can you excuse us?

The Makeup Artist and Blake share an EYE ROLL as the Makeup
Artist exits.

BLAKE

...And when you attack the new
Chief day after day --

LEAKEY

Sweet Cakes, come sit on my lap.

Instead, she sits on the ledge under the mirror...

BLAKE

I'm her Press Spokesman. You gave
me that job. I only ever thought
I'd be a weather girl.

LEAKEY

I saw you at an SC game.

He moves to place his hand on her thigh...

BLAKE

Haven't I been like a daughter to you? Like your own daughter?

"Daughter." His eyes flicker with distaste as he lifts off his hand.

LEAKEY

You never believed what those women said about me, did you, darling?

She shakes her head. Wipes her tears...

BLAKE

I always knew before what the right thing was -- because you would always do the right thing --

Her tear-stained face. Leakey has an overwhelming desire to ride to her rescue on a white stallion. And then fuck her.

LEAKEY

Maybe I can take it a little easy on her -- at least for a couple of weeks. So you don't get blamed.

BLAKE

Oh, Chief Leakey!

She throws her arms around him. CLOSE ON BLAKE, over his shoulder, as her smile drops and she checks her watch,

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. CITY HALL

Buddy and Arturo walk and talk.

BUDDY

...How many tables have you sold?

ARTURO

We're getting there.

Buddy pauses at a BUS BENCH that reads, "ACCIDENTES," with a smiling photo of Arturo and a phone number for Firma Sanchez.

BUDDY

You crossed the border as a kid in *huaraches* made from an old tire. Now every poor person in the city is wearing your face on his ass.

ARTURO

It's the American Dream.

BUDDY

"In dreams begin responsibility." Yeats wrote that.

ARTURO

I'll look it up.

BUDDY

Like the responsibility to sell tickets for this fundraising dinner.

ARTURO

Why did you put this Latina girl in jail?

BUDDY

No no no no no. Our officer arrested her so that she *wouldn't* be detained by ICE.

ARTURO

My people didn't go to Oxford like you. All they see is that this beautiful girl is still in jail for nothing and the daughter is living with who? Some Anglos.

BUDDY

I've been good to you, Arturo. I put you on my Ethics Commission, which was, you know, a stretch.

ARTURO

Well, "Latino Man of the Year" is also a stretch. If you want me to fill a room with a bunch of Mexicans at five hundred dollars a head, you gotta let that girl out.

A look between them. Buddy heaves a heavy sigh.

BUDDY

Look at this day. It's like this in
January. Can you imagine if I was
Mayor of Minneapolis?

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. DECKER'S OFFICE -- PARKER CENTER

Decker has a high-tech office to go with his high-tech
portfolio. Nancy looks over his shoulder. On a monitor,
SURVEILLANCE IMAGES of Reed...

DECKER

...We used Palantir. Reed spends a
lot of time in his old area around
Vermont Square.

(beat)

Then we found these.

...More images of Reed and Maria together...They don't appear
intimate, but they do clearly know each other...

NANCY

So before he arrested her, Reed and
Maria knew each other.

DECKER

It supports that he deliberately
interfered with the ICE detainment.

NANCY

When do these contacts start?

DECKER

About a month ago.

NANCY

Which is when the thousand dollar
payments stopped going into Maria's
account.

(off screen)

Wait a minute -- what's Reed doing
with Arturo Sanchez?

...Decker rewinds to an image of Reed with none other than
Arturo Sanchez...

DECKER

Isn't that his lawyer?

NANCY

Before the arrest?

Decker types and clicks...Finds more images of Reed with Arturo...Who bosses him -- shoves him -- passes him an envelope which looks like it might be stuffed full of cash...

DECKER

I wonder what's in that envelope.

NANCY

And when do these contacts start?

DECKER

About a month ago.

Nancy takes a seat opposite Decker.

NANCY

Can you trace the thousand dollar payments to Maria?

DECKER

Without a warrant?

NANCY

Arturo Sanchez doesn't handle police misconduct cases -- he's an ambulance chaser -- he inserted himself into this. Now he shows up with Reed -- maybe even paying him off -- a month ago -- the same time that Reed leaves his area and starts to follow Maria.

DECKER

Then the payments are the final piece in the puzzle.

NANCY

I won't ask you if you already traced those bank records.

(beat)

But if I was going to do something that would damage the department, I expect you'd stop me.

Like a real-life trust game. A look between them. Then Nancy exits. Off Decker, as he sinks in his chair and exhales.

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. WELCH HOUSE -- MARINA DEL REY

Modern but cozy, with smart furniture, some built by Henry himself. With a bowl of popcorn, Kate answers the door.

It's Nancy. Past her, Kate notices a COP from her security detail as he takes a seat on the porch.

KATE
I made a plate for you. The show's about to start.

NANCY
Is Dad here?

Luna runs in, excited. Then backs away, holds Kate's skirt.

LUNA
Mommy, who is that?

KATE
Grandma.

LUNA
That's not Grandma.

KATE
Other Grandma.

Luna runs away. Nancy follows Kate into the kitchen...

CUT TO:

INT. CONTINUOUS. KITCHEN

An eat-in cook's kitchen. Luna's art and family photos. Kate takes the foil off the plate and puts it in the microwave...

KATE
I have to talk to you about Madison.

Nancy sinks into a chair, exhausted.

NANCY
Is everything all right?

KATE
No. I don't think so.
(off microwave)
This will be ready in two minutes.

NANCY
What's wrong with Madison?

KATE
She's very fearful. She sucks her thumb. She wets her bed.
(MORE)

KATE (CONT'D)

One night Luna wasn't home -- she couldn't be alone -- she came and slept in my bed. She won't take her clothes off in front of me...

(beat)

It's just a lot of warning signs.

NANCY

Kate, just tell me.

KATE

I think she was being sexually abused.

A look between them. Nancy looks stricken.

NANCY

Jesus, Mary and Joseph. What's wrong with people?

KATE

Use a mitt. Sometimes the plate gets hot.

Kate picks up the popcorn again and brings it inside. As Kate exits, off Nancy, rubbing at the weariness in her brow,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. FAMILY ROOM -- WELCH HOUSE -- MARINA DEL REY

A ritual every week to watch "Zombie Shift." As he cuddles on the couch with Luna and Madison, Michael whoops and talks back to the screen, as if he's at a horror movie in Brooklyn. Henry in a chair, distracted on his phone.

MICHAEL

Lady, don't go in there!

Kate sets down the popcorn

LUNA

Grandpa, I think we saw this one.

MICHAEL

I don't think so.

KATE

It's a rerun.

MICHAEL

What are you saying -- you're bored?

HENRY
(looking at phone)
I find the second time around you
can really appreciate the nuances.

Kate listens as the microwave beeps...Then beeps again...

MICHAEL
Where's Mom?

Then the loud sound of SNORING...Kate gets up...

CUT TO:

INT. SAME TIME. KITCHEN

Kate enters. Opens the microwave and takes out Nancy's dinner. Nancy snores in her chair, her head tilted back. Kate moves to put a blanket on her. Suddenly Nancy wakes up...

NANCY
I'll take care of it.

...Then just as quickly, her eyes close and she's asleep again. For Kate, it's that moment when the huge, scary figure of her childhood -- still so much a part of her internal psychodrama -- is replaced by the frail, imperfect woman of present-day real life. Off Kate, as she tucks Nancy in,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. NIGHT. JAIL -- VISITOR'S ROOM

Maria in her orange jumpsuit. Nancy shows her photos of Madison...Tears well up in Maria's eyes...

NANCY

...That's my granddaughter with her. She's eight. They're sharing a room at my daughter's house.

MARIA

Your daughter is so pretty.

NANCY

She looks like her father.

MARIA

Madison looks so happy.

NANCY

Who was Madison's father?

This question takes Maria by surprise. And it's a question she doesn't want to answer.

MARIA

I don't know.

NANCY

You were fourteen years old when Madison was born. You don't remember?

MARIA

It was just something that happened.

NANCY

Maria, you were a little girl -- almost the same age as Madison.

(beat)

Was it the same man who brought you into the country?

MARIA

Please, if you let me go, I promise I won't do it again --

NANCY

Do what again?

MARIA
Just let me go. Please.

NANCY
We know that you were getting a
thousand dollars a week in your
bank account.
(beat)
Did that money come from Madison's
father?

MARIA
Yes.

NANCY
And why did it stop?
(beat)
Was it because you left?
(beat)
Did you leave him a month ago?

Maria takes a long beat.

MARIA
He won't let me. He even sent the
police to watch me.

NANCY
Officer Reed.

Maria nods.

MARIA
He said he can send me away to my
country whenever he wants -- that's
what he told me -- he can keep
Madison here.

NANCY
Does Madison know he's her father?

MARIA
He tells her to call him *tìo*.

Nancy takes a beat.

NANCY
Had you tried to leave before?

MARIA
Yes. Once.

NANCY
Why did you try to leave now?

Maria looks down.

MARIA

This man knew my family. He always said I was so pretty -- that there would be a better life for me. When I was twelve years old he paid the smuggler to bring me here.

(beat)

I can tell -- by the way he looks at her -- it's changed -- how he touches her --

NANCY

-- You mean Madison --

MARIA

She is almost my age -- the age I was -- I know as soon as she comes into her time he will do the same thing.

NANCY

Maria, it's possible that he already has.

(off her look)

You do not owe him your place in this country. You do not owe him your daughter. You do not owe him your silence.

(beat)

I've been there.

(beat)

Tell me his name.

A look between them. Maria looks away. Nancy takes her hand.

NANCY (CONT'D)

Was it Arturo Sanchez?

Maria looks up, as if the name itself terrifies her. She looks to Nancy for reassurance. Then she nods. Off Nancy,

CUT TO:

INT. DAY. CONFERENCE ROOM -- PARKER CENTER

Flanked by Looper, Marty and Decker, Nancy sits with Weathers. Looper and Decker on the other side, waiting for orders. She looks at the photo of gang member José Hernandez.

NANCY

...Mr. Weathers, my secret wish for you is that you don't go to work every day just to deport some little girl's mother.

(beat)

So we're going to give you the man you really want.

MARTY

Chief, according to the sanctuary city policy --

NANCY

Does this city look like a sanctuary right now?

MARTY

Not much.

NANCY

So let's take a break with that.

(to Decker)

It's a straight trade. ICE gets the collar. You get the glory. Maria comes off your priority list and goes back to being one of the half million undocumented immigrants who make this city run.

WEATHERS

That scene in Vermont Square made us look like clowns. I have a direct order to arrest Maria or I'll lose my job. This comes from the top -- I mean the tip-tippety-top -- from Washington.

NANCY

Well, then, Mister Weathers, you will have to deal with your boss, which I'm sure these gentlemen will tell you is the fun of the job.

Looks all around. Then Looper laughs. And Weathers laughs.

WEATHERS

All right. You have a deal.

They shake hands. Off Nancy,

CUT TO:

EXT. DAY. JAIL

A rally outside the jail calling for Maria to be freed, with the chants and placards: "Let Her Go" and "No Justice, No Peace"...Arturo is one of the leaders of the rally...

A CHEER goes up as Maria emerges from the jailhouse...The crowd surges forward...Arturo moves to join them when suddenly two DETECTIVES grab him by the arm...

DETECTIVE #1

Arturo Sanchez, you are under arrest.

As they lead him away, they HANDCUFF HIM...Angry, he turns to exchange a look across the distance with Maria...Then past Maria, he sees Nancy in the doorway. He curses her as he's led away. Then Maria turns to exchange a look with Nancy.

MARIA

Thank you.

Then Kate arrives with Madison and she runs into her mother's arms. Maria and Madison are swept away by the crowd. As Nancy looks on, knowing that justice has been served,

CUT TO:

EXT. NIGHT. NEAR SUBWAY

Ken walks Blake to the subway station.

BLAKE

...You told me to go see him -- I did -- I got him to back off --

KEN

Well, he has backed off.

BLAKE

She didn't even notice.

KEN

Do you want to get a drink and talk about it?

BLAKE

I have to take a shower. I spent the whole day smelling like Milt Leakey.

KEN

The Japanese call it *kareishuu*. Old person smell.

BLAKE

I think it's Aqua Velva.

KEN

Did something happen?

BLAKE

He hugged me too long. He smelled my hair. I cried.

(off his look)

It's an eye roll. It's how it is with these guys.

KEN

I don't think you need to make him feel like he might sleep with you to make your point.

BLAKE

And yet why are you here being nice to me, Ken?

A beat.

KEN

Because I like you?

BLAKE

If you get fired, you go back to living on your trust fund and then you're a *guy* who some other *guy* will give a job to. If I get fired, I'm sleeping on my mother's boyfriend's couch in Pacoima.

KEN

I just think you're better than that.

BLAKE

Thanks for walking me to my train. It was both romantic and patronizing.

As she exits, off Ken,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. RESTAURANT -- CHINATOWN

PAN TO DISCOVER Dudik and Marty, meeting over Chinese food on the dark and empty second floor, lit mostly by an aquarium.

DUDIK

...I thought you were going to help us with this.

MARTY

Do you know how hard it was to get those bank records?

DUDIK

Marty, we can get our own bank records. You said you would help with *her*.

MARTY

I knew her ten years ago.

DUDIK

Did you sleep with her?

MARTY

Is that how you amuse yourself at night?

DUDIK

Marty, we put you in an accelerated pension program that will net you a million dollars over the next five years -- over and above your salary. And I noticed on your Instagram that you bought a condo in Cabo.

(beat)

But we can pull you out of that program, too.

MARTY

You're such a --

DUDIK

Wasting away again in Margaritaville. With a mortgage you can no longer pay.

MARTY

I've known cops like this before. They have to know what happened. And they'll go twenty years like that. Until they know.

(MORE)

MARTY (CONT'D)

And I'll say "Congratulations, you solved the case, everyone's dead." But they *know*. That's what matters to them.

Dudik takes this in a beat.

DUDI~~K~~

We made a mistake with her, didn't we?

Off their looks,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. NANCY'S OFFICE

Nancy wraps up with Looper. Having finished her long day, she pulls on her coat, turns off the lights. He follows her into the hallway.

LOOPER

...One more thing. What are we doing about Officer Reed? Even if he didn't know the whole story, he still interfered with ICE. Are we really going to drop it?

Nancy takes a beat.

NANCY

To suspend him would just take money away from his family.

(beat)

Where's he live?

LOOPER

Santa Clarita.

NANCY

And what's the farthest station house from Santa Clarita?

LOOPER

Harbor?

NANCY

Transfer him to Harbor. To an administrative detail. Nine to five.

LOOPER

Rush hour.

NANCY

The officer will have four hours a day in traffic during which he can contemplate the privilege of wearing this very warm and scratchy uniform.

LOOPER

Good first week.

He salutes her. As she exits, off Looper,

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. AIRPORT HILTON -- BAR

Amanda has just finished telling a funny story, and she and Nancy, having found each other at the bar, now laugh together over a drink. A game is on the TV and a piano player plays cocktail music in the lounge.

AMANDA

...These were the calls we used to get at the nurse's station.

NANCY

People are funny.

AMANDA

You think it's funny?

NANCY

Don't you?

AMANDA

That's when I decided to go back to graduate school.

NANCY

I don't know why I ever *left* graduate school.

Amanda finishes her glass of wine.

AMANDA

I'm going to have my second glass of wine in my pajamas.

(beat)

Interested?

A long look between them.

NANCY

That's the nicest offer I've had in a long time.

AMANDA

Then take it.

NANCY

I'm just not good at this.

AMANDA

It's not an exam.

NANCY

The sad truth is, I'm at the point in my life where I'd rather have the extra hour's sleep.

The hurt of rejection. Amanda tries to hide it.

AMANDA

It was really nice meeting you, Nancy.

She takes Nancy's hand and kisses her on the mouth. A look between them that says, You are making *such* a mistake. Then Amanda exits. Off Nancy, why am I such a jerk?

CUT TO:

INT. NIGHT. AIRPORT HILTON

Nancy gets off the elevator, fishes in her purse for her key... Arrives at her room to discover Kate there, sitting on the floor, waiting for her.

KATE

My marriage is falling apart.

NANCY

Oh, Kate. Everyone has a rough patch.

KATE

I don't think that's what this is.

NANCY

Did you have a fight?

KATE

I want you to come stay with us.

Nancy sits on the floor next to her daughter.

NANCY
Are you sure?

KATE
My therapist says I need to learn
how to let go. I'm holding onto
things with Henry from when we were
still in college. Because I never --
(beat)
-- you never --

NANCY
It's okay, Kate.

KATE
How can I forgive someone I don't
even know?

A look between them. Kate starts to cry. Nancy hugs her.

NANCY
Who I was -- I didn't know --
either -- I didn't know who I was.
(beat)
I wish I could have saved you and
your father all that pain.

KATE
Is that what love is?

NANCY
A wish?

KATE
Like a wish more than a real thing.

She squeezes Kate's hand. Kisses her forehead.

NANCY
Let me go pack.

Nancy gets up, enters her room. Off Kate,

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END