

RETRIBUTION

by

Somersby

FADE IN:

EXT. THE PALACE SPORTS ARENA - NIGHT

It's raining. Hard. Rain pelts the pavement in sheets. Lightning splits the overhead black. THUNDER rocks the street.

The after-game CROWD streams from the arena, clambering into cabs, racing for the parking lot.

TWO BOYS

stand beneath an awning, prepping to make a dash for it.

NOAH BELLWOOD, 17, has that thin look common to boys newly sprouting into manhood.

Noah's 15-year-old brother, WYATT, is fresh-faced and chubby. He wears a Detroit Pistons jersey over a tee shirt.

NOAH

Ready?

Wyatt's about to commit, then--

WYATT

Wait.

He pulls off the jersey, tucks it under his tee. He looks to Noah, nods.

Noah sprints off, Wyatt follows.

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

The boys zigzag around vehicles that are already creeping for the exit. Noah suddenly halts, looks to Wyatt. He's lost his bearings.

NOAH

Where's the car?

Wyatt's stumped. He looks around, spots their vehicle.

WYATT

There!

They race toward it.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A late-model minivan eases into the traffic that crawls past the arena.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - NIGHT

Cars are at a standstill. A police cruiser, lights flashing and SIREN WAILING, zips along the shoulder heading toward other flashing lights in the distance. An accident ahead.

INT. MINIVAN - SAME

Noah's at the wheel. Red brake lights extend as far as the eye can see. MUSIC BLASTS FROM THE CAR RADIO.

Noah pulls a cell phone from his pocket, hits speed-dial.

INT. BELLWOOD HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

TECCA BELLWOOD, 40s, sits cross-legged on the bed reviewing case files. File folders are scattered everywhere.

Tecca is a head-turner -- or used to be. She's still pretty, but her natural radiance has been dulled by time and stress.

The PHONE RINGS. She checks her watch, looks at the display screen on the telephone. She smiles.

TECCA
(into phone)
Hey, sweetie. The game over?

INTERCUT: TECCA AND NOAH

NOAH
(into phone)
Just ended.

Noah motions for Wyatt to turn down the radio.

NOAH (CONT'D)
We'll be home soon as soon as we can, but it's probably gonna take awhile.

A CAR HORN HONKS. Tecca reacts.

TECCA
Noah, tell me you're not driving.

NOAH
We're hardly moving, Mom. It's a parking lot out here.

TECCA
We've been over this umpteen times. You can't be on the phone when you're behind the wheel.

NOAH

Sorry.

TECCA

It's a simple fix. Give the phone
to your brother.

NOAH

Okay, Ma. Point made.

Tecca catches herself. Noah's right, she's being
unnecessarily overbearing.

TECCA

...Just be careful, Noah.

NOAH

(grins)

Only cause you say so.

Wyatt points to an exit with little traffic.

WYATT

Look.

NOAH

Where's it go?

WYATT

Who cares? It's moving.

NOAH

(into phone)

Gotta run. Don't wait up.

TECCA

Let me say good-night to Wyatt--

Too late, Noah's gone.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

A seedy, rundown part of town. Rain continues to hammer the
pavement.

A DETROIT POLICE CAR

cruises slowly along the street, passes--

A CONVENIENCE STORE.

Lots of graffiti outside, hard white light inside -- and the
only place open for blocks.

As the cop car moves off, we HEAR THUMPING. A repetitive,
low, window-shaking BASS BEAT.

The source of the thumping -- A TWEAKED OUT LOWRIDER -- rolls to a stop on the street opposite, and perpendicular to, the convenience store.

If the rain didn't make it impossible to see who's in the vehicle, the heavily-tinted glass would.

INT. LOWRIDER - SAME

-- through the lowrider's windshield we have an unobstructed view of the convenience store.

As the wiper blades squeegee away sheets of water, we catch fleeting glimpses of who's inside the store: A middle-aged SHOPKEEPER bagging items for a lone CUSTOMER.

EXT. LOWRIDER - CONTINUOUS

The ENGINE SHUTS OFF, the headlights go dark, THE MUSIC STOPS. A moment later, the wipers are reactivated. Whoever is in the car wants to see out.

INT. MINIVAN - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Noah, edgy, uncomfortable, scans the unfamiliar neighborhood. He hands Wyatt his cell phone.

NOAH

Map me a way outta here.

WYATT

Get me a street name.

EXT. STREET

The minivan slows, Noah's window powers down.

INT. MINIVAN

Noah peers out, looks to a street sign that dangles from a lamppost.

THE STREET SIGN

-- shot to pieces.

INT. THE LOWRIDER - NIGHT

Through the intermittent swish of wiper blades, we watch as the customer steps out of the store and disappears into the night.

THREE PAIRS OF FEET,

in oversized high-tops, step out of the car onto the puddled pavement.

EXT. STREET - SAME

--the minivan approaches another street corner, slows.

INT. MINIVAN

Noah powers down the window, glances up at the street sign. It's been tagged -- stylized initials spray-painted over whatever words the sign once held.

NOAH

The hell--? This is nuts. I'm turning back.

WYATT

No, keep going. It's gotta come out somewhere, right?

Noah considers. Good point.

EXT. STREET

--and the minivan continues into the rain-sopped night.

INT. BELLWOOD HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Tecca drops a tea bag into a cup, pours in hot water.

SOMEONE OPENS AND CLOSES THE FRONT DOOR. Tecca tenses, takes a breath.

MARC BELLWOOD, Tecca's husband, enters. He's trim, taut. His hair, what's left of it, is buzzed short. A concession to balding. But it looks good on him.

Tecca glances at Marc, goes back to what she was doing. There's tension in the air.

MARC

Hey.

She says nothing.

MARC (CONT'D)

It's really coming down out there.

(beat)

The boys get home?

She shakes her head.

TECCA
They're stuck in traffic.

MARC
You waiting up?

She doesn't respond.

MARC (CONT'D)
Tecca, they'll be fine. Noah's a
good driver.

TECCA
I want to wait up... I'm something
of an expert at it.

The dig is not lost on Marc. He gestures a surrender, won't
be drawn in.

MARC
Your call. I'm gonna hit the hay.

He lingers, looking to connect. No use. He turns, heads for
the hallway -- stops, glances back at Tecca.

MARC (CONT'D)
'Nite.

He exits, leaving Tecca alone with her tea. She pours it down
the sink.

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - NIGHT

A figure stands watch in the doorway, hoodie pulled low.
Let's call him HOODIE #1.

Through the window we make out two other hooded figures,
bandanas covering their faces. HOODIE #2 points a gun at the
petrified shopkeeper, while HOODIE #3 scoops cash from the
register.

Hoodie #1 watches a minivan approach. A block away, far side
of the street. The turn indicator flashes.

INT. MINIVAN

Noah steers the vehicle toward the curb.

WYATT
What d'ya doing?

NOAH
Screw this. I'm asking for
directions.

EXT. THE CONVENIENCE STORE

Hoodie #1 locks eyes on the minivan. He slides a hand into his jacket pocket.

INT. MINIVAN

Wyatt catches sight of the figure standing in the doorway.

WYATT
What's with the gatekeeper?

Noah looks, evaluates, shrugs.

NOAH
Trying to keep dry, I guess.

He stops the vehicle, pushes the gearshift to "P", keeps the motor running.

NOAH (CONT'D)
Be right back.

He jumps out, starts across the street.

Wyatt's eyes track from the figure in the doorway to the store window -- but it's hard to see through the rain-smeared side window of the minivan.

He scooches to the drivers seat, powers down the window, looks to the lighted store interior--

WYATT'S POV - THE HOODED FIGURE

behind the counter stuffs cash into his pocket. Without warning, he slugs the shopkeeper. Viciously.

The shopkeeper slumps to the floor. The two thugs turn, make for the door.

It doesn't take a second for Wyatt to figure out what's going down.

WYATT
Noah! STOP!!

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE

Wyatt's voice can't cut through the heavy rain.

Noah, head down, races toward the store.

Wyatt jumps out of the minivan, yells as hard as he can--

Noah looks back. At the same moment--

HOODIE #1

pulls a handgun from his pocket.

BLAM! A blinding MUZZLE FLASH. Noah crumples.

Hoodie #2 and Hoodie #3 exit the store, see Noah. All eyes track to Wyatt.

Wyatt is immobile, frozen in place.

Hoodies #2 and #3 hightail it for the lowrider, Hoodie #1 racks a bullet into the chamber, starts toward Wyatt.

LIGHTNING FLASHES, THUNDER SHAKES THE STREET. Wyatt is startled back to the moment.

He panics, turns for the minivan, throws himself through the open door -- slams down on the gearshift. Wheels spin. The minivan fishtails forward.

BLAM! BLAM! The minivan's windows shatter. Hoodie #1 rushes toward the escaping vehicle. He FIRES AGAIN.

THE MINIVAN

swerves out of control -- slams into a telephone pole -- rocks to a stop.

Hold for a long moment, as we--

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CONVENIENCE STORE - LATER

The rain has let up. Emergency lights from half a dozen cop cars glisten off the wet pavement.

LIEUTENANT JACOB BRANT,

53, Ojibwe, watches as a gurney with a covered body is pushed toward a waiting ambulance. Rugged and imposing, Brant's weathered face is testament to a life where nothing has come easy.

INVESTIGATOR FRANCO MARIETTI, 34, steps out of the convenience store, pockets his notebook.

Nattily dressed and good looking, Marietti is a better womanizer than he is a cop. And he's an excellent cop.

MARIETTI

Shop owner says there were two. One black, one white. Both in hoodies and bandanas.

BRANT

What color?

MARIETTI

I told you. One black, one white.

Brant's not in the mood. He seldom is. Marietti grins.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)

Says it's a blur. He doesn't recall.

BRANT

Half a dozen gangs are dug in down here. All got their colors.

MARIETTI

Dobbs is pulling the video. Probably won't give us much. Hoodies and bandanas are pretty much the dress code this part of town.

A COP IN UNIFORM approaches. Young, eager to fit in.

UNIFORM

Got IDs on the two vics, chief.

Brant burns a look at the officer. The cop instantly realizes his gaffe, blanches.

BRANT

How 'bout you call me what my mama calls me.

UNIFORM

Sir?

BRANT

Lieutenant Brant.

The cop looks to Marietti. Marietti looks away, stifles a grin.

UNIFORM

Yes, sir. Lieutenant Brant, sir.

Brant waits, then--

BRANT

You got something to tell me about those boys, Officer?

UNIFORM

(looks to his notes)

It appears they're brothers. The one in the street is Noah Bellwood, the one behind the wheel is Wyatt Bellwood. Both from the same address in Grosse Point. No priors from what we can tell... Got a car heading over to talk to the family.

BRANT

(to Marietti)

What are a couple of wealthy white kids from the Point doing in this neighborhood?

MARIETTI

Looking for a score, what else?

BRANT

Those boys look like users to you?

MARIETTI

Since when is anything like it seems?

The uniform holds up a clear plastic evidence bag.

UNIFORM

And they had these in their pockets. Ticket stubs. Seems they went to the Pistons' game tonight.

BRANT

Do they have cell phones?

UNIFORM

One does.

BRANT

Find out who he talked to recently. Might tell us what they were doing here.

The cop turns, starts to leave--

BRANT (CONT'D)

How long has the kid been driving?

The cop stops, turns back.

UNIFORM

Lieutenant?

BRANT

The one behind the wheel. He's a newbie, right?

UNIFORM

No, sir. SOS got nothing on him.

BRANT

And the boy in the street?

UNIFORM

Got his Level 3 in April. The vehicle is registered to a Tecca Bellwood, same address.

Brant considers, nods. The uniform heads off. Brant surveys the scene.

BRANT

What time did the rain start?

MARIETTI

'Round 9:30. Why?

BRANT

Our hoodie-boys would've tracked wet shoes into the store. Gangbangers got a thing for designer trainers.

(and before Marietti can ask--)

Crisp prints. See what forensics comes up with... And get me a report on the slugs they pull from those kids.

Marietti moves off, Brant watches the ambulance pull away. That THUMPING BASS BEAT RISES, as we--

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A row of ramshackle houses pinched together. Front doors and windows heavily barred.

NEW DESIGNER TRAINERS,

a pair of spiffy high-tops, step from a car onto the sidewalk. A second later, the car door closes and the unseen vehicle drives off.

TILT UP TO REVEAL -- PHILLIP ("GYRO") BURGESS, 19, black, in a ball cap and open hoodie. An elaborate tattoo -- a hissing cobra set to strike -- rises up his neck to just above the jaw line.

Despite his effort to look fearsome, his eyes hide a tiny flicker of boyish charm.

He throws a watchful eye up and down the street, makes his way up the walk to the front door.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

JASMINE, mid-40s, sleeps on the sofa in front of the TV. She stirs awake.

JASMINE

Baby, that you?... What time is it?

GYRO

Late.

She reaches for the remote, flicks to an all-night news channel, checks the time.

JASMINE

It's 3:30. And you just gettin' in?

He steps into the adjacent small kitchen, grabs a soda from the fridge.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Where you been all night?

GYRO

Out.

JASMINE

I know you been out. I want to know whatcha been doin'.

GYRO

Nothin'

JASMINE

That's a long time to be doin' nothing.

GYRO

Driving 'round is all.

She extends a tired arm.

JASMINE

Come on, baby. Give your mama a hand.

He takes both Jasmine's arms and pulls her gently to her feet. A familiar routine.

Jasmine rests her hands on his shoulders, holds him with a look. Her face saddens.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Baby, why d'you go mark your skin like that? You got such beautiful skin, such a beautiful face... I swear if anything were to happen to you--

(beat; suddenly angry)
How you ever gonna get a job looking like that? With that... that thing creeping all up the side of your face?

He holds her look, cracks a smile. A nice smile it is, too.

GYRO

Yeah. Cause it's the only thing keeping me from being President.

Jasmine softens, draws him into a hug.

JASMINE

What about them night classes, baby? You could learn a trade, learn to weld.

GYRO

Don't wanna be no welder, Ma. I do alright.

He retrieves a wad of bills from his pocket, peels off a strip, folds them into her hand.

JASMINE

What's this?

GYRO

Couple dollars.

JASMINE

More'n a couple of dollars. You got all this driving round?

Gyro flops on the sofa, finds the remote, flips channels.

GYRO

Card game. Got lucky s'all.

She holds the cash in her hand for a moment, slides it into her housecoat pocket.

JASMINE

(re: the TV)
Not too loud, baby. Wake your sister.

She heads down the hall to her room. Gyro flips channels again. Stops on a news channel.

ON THE TV

-- where a REPORTER does a remote from a crime scene. Police cars and an ambulance outside a convenience store. In the b.g., Lieutenant Brant confers with uniformed OFFICERS.

REPORTER

...The names of the two victims
have not been released pending
notification of next of kin--

Boring. Gyro hits the remote. THE CHANNEL CHANGES TO A SPORTSCAST, a recap of scores and highlights from the night's basketball games... He settles back, watches.

CUT TO:

INT. LIEUTENANT BRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

TIGHT ON A SCREEN

-- but it's not sports highlights we're watching, it's a video of last night's holdup at the convenience store.

VIDEO: *Clipped, grainy, time-stepped images. Two thugs -- one white, one black -- in hoodies, yellow-green bandanas pulled high on their noses. One trains a gun on the terrified shopkeeper, the other loots the register.*

When the register is empty, he slugs the shopkeeper. The shopkeeper crumples, the thugs flee...

THE IMAGE FREEZES.

BRANT (O.S.)

The V-Boyz.

Brant is at his desk, Marietti to one side. An attractive black officer in uniform controls the image on the laptop. This is OFFICER LYNETTE DOBBS.

DOBBS

You sure?

BRANT

Their colors.

DOBBS

Chartreuse? Seriously? How badass can these punks be?

MARIETTI

It's supposed to be the color of snake venom or some damn thing.

DOBBS

Snake venom is clear.

MARIETTI

'Pretty sure none of these punks
majored in zoology.

(he smirks)

'Sides, transparent bandanas are
kinda self-defeating when you're
knocking off convenience stores.

DOBBS

Bite me.

He chuckles. She hits a couple of keys on her laptop--

DOBBS (CONT'D)

This from outside, over the doorway.

A grainy video feed from a low-quality camera shows a wide
angle of the store's entrance and the street. The pelting
rain does nothing to enhance the view.

VIDEO: *Rain teems. A hooded figure watches the street.*

MARIETTI (O.S.)

Nice, Dobbs. D'ya pull this off
your Etch-A-Sketch?

DOBBS

nonchalantly raises a middle finger.

VIDEO: *Noah rushes into frame, looks back over his shoulder.
The hooded man pulls something from his pocket. A MUZZLE
FLASH. Noah drops.*

*At the same time, the two hooded men from inside race out of
the doorway and quickly disappear off-camera. Hoodie #1 racks
a bullet into the chamber, steps into the street, past Noah's
body, and out of view.*

Dobbs strikes a key, THE IMAGE FREEZES.

BRANT

So we're looking for three.

DOBBS

Seems so.

She turns back to the computer, taps a few keys--

DOBBS (CONT'D)

And this from a roof-cam on the
warehouse half a block away.

She hits a final key, a new camera angle -- a view of the
street -- appears on her laptop.

VIDEO: *From a distance, we see two of the hooded figures running across the street. They disappear out of view.*

Hoodie #1 raises his gun, hurries toward Wyatt. At the same moment, Wyatt scrambles back to the minivan, jumps in. It fishtails forward.

A MUZZLE FLASH. THEN ANOTHER. Hoodie #1, gun leveled, runs toward the fleeing vehicle. Another MUZZLE FLASH. The minivan slams into the telephone poll... Hoodie #1 runs off in the same direction as the other two thugs...

Dobbs STOPS THE VIDEO.

BRANT

Explains why the youngster was behind the wheel.

MARIETTI

That's the best footage we got?

DOBBS

'Fraid so.

BRANT

See if IT can do anything with the tape from the store. I wanna see those faces. Eye color, facial hair, a fucking zit, anything.

(to Marietti)

Franco, pull everything we got on the V-Boyz. And put an ear to the ground, see if anyone's bragging about offing those two kids.

Marietti nods, stands.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Anything on the boy's cell phone?

MARIETTI

Innocuous text messages mostly. Teenager stuff. Sports, chicks, who's doing who, that sort of thing.

DOBBS

'Bout the same thing we'd find on yours.

MARIETTI

Yeah, pretty much.

(to Brant)

We're still checking out everybody he spoke to in the last 48 hours.

Marietti heads for the door, flashes Dobbs a smile.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)
See ya, gorgeous.

He exits, she shakes her head.

DOBBS
If he wasn't so damn cute I'd bust
his ass for sexual harassment.

She closes her laptop, starts for the door.

BRANT
Dobbs.

She stops, looks back.

BRANT (CONT'D)
You busy?

DOBBS
I can make time. Why?

BRANT
I have to talk to the parents.
I could use the company.

The shit job. She lobs him a lethal look.

DOBBS
You're a pussy, Lieutenant.

INT. SUPERMARKET - DAY

TREY BROWN, 26, white, tattooed, muscled, in a sleeveless tee, pushes a shopping cart down an aisle, eighteen-month-old MAX in the kiddie seat.

Trey slows, checks out the shapely derriere of a pretty black STORE CLERK stocking cans on a shelf. She notices, smiles.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)
What the hell you gawking at?

SYLVIA,

22, approaches from the end of the aisle, tosses a bag of disposable diapers into the cart.

If her style wasn't so "street", there's a good chance Sylvia might be pleasingly pretty. But her overworked hair, tight top and leggings insures her hard look matches her attitude.

The clerk rolls her eyes, gets back to work.

SYLVIA
You better look away, bitch. An'
you roll them eyes at me again
you're gonna find my shoe up your
punk ass.

TREY
Give it a rest, Syl.

SYLVIA
Jesus, Trey. She must be all of
sixteen.

INT. SUPERMARKET - CHECK OUT - MOMENTS LATER

Trey unloads items from the cart onto the checkout conveyor.
Canned goods, toilet paper, diapers, a couple of six packs, a
bottle of whiskey.

Sylvia pulls a copy of PEOPLE from the rack, drops it next to
the booze.

TREY
Put it back.

SYLVIA
Screw you.

TREY
You don't need it.

SYLVIA
But you need beer and Jack?

TREY
I said put it back.

She knows that tone. And the look. She relents, tosses the
magazine to one side.

The female CASHIER, 50s, tracks the tattoos on Trey's arm,
stops at the hissing cobra that runs from bicep to neck to
jaw line. She lifts her eyes, finds Trey glaring at her.

CASHIER
...Cute baby.

EXT. BELLWOOD HOUSE - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A comfortable home in an equally comfortable neighborhood.

INT. BELLWOOD HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SAME

Tecca and Marc, both pale, worn, cried out, sit in separate chairs. Brant and Dobbs are on the sofa, opposite.

BRANT

Did your sons have any reason to be
in that part of town?

Tecca is silent, stares ahead.

MARC

Noah got turned around, that's all.

BRANT

Did they have friends or
acquaintances in the neighborhood?

MARC

Of course not.

BRANT

Did either of them ever mention the
V-Boyz?

(off Marc's puzzled look)

A street gang in that area. We're
pretty sure they were involved.

MARC

What are you suggesting? You think
Noah and Wyatt knew these thugs,
these hoodlums--?

DOBBS

We realize these questions must be
unsettling--

MARC

Unsettling?... My sons are dead.
Murdered by a bunch of lowlife,
thieving cowards. For you to imply
that they could possibly fraternize
with, or even know these... these
fuckers--

He stops, caught somewhere between an eruption and a
breakdown. Brant lets him have a moment before speaking.

BRANT

We have no reason to believe your
sons knew these people, Mr.
Bellwood. But we do have to look at
every possibility before ruling it
out. Even the unsettling ones.

Marc breathes, settles, tries again.

MARC

Noah's a new driver--

(catches himself)

He was still learning to navigate
the main thoroughfares. I shouldn't
have let him drive. I should have
taken the boys to the game myself.

TECCA

(subdued, without emotion)

You weren't home.

MARC

...What?

TECCA

You weren't home. How could you
have taken them to the game? You
weren't home.

The words hang in the air. Marc doesn't respond. Brant and
Dobbs trade looks, a clue to leave. They stand.

BRANT

Again, we're very sorry for your
loss.

DOBBS

We'll see ourselves out.

They start for the front door.

TECCA

Lieutenant.

Brant stops.

TECCA (CONT'D)

These gang members, these V-Boyz,
if you believe they killed my sons,
why haven't they been arrested?

BRANT

It's not quite that clear-cut,
ma'am. Their faces were covered. We
don't know yet which of them were
involved. We need evidence,
something that'll stand up in
court.

She holds his look, then--

TECCA

Do you have children, Lieutenant?

He shakes his head.

TECCA (CONT'D)
Then you can't understand what it's
like to lose them.

BRANT
No, ma'am... And for that I'm
grateful.

EXT. BELLWOOD HOUSE - SAME

Brant and Dobbs move along the walk toward the car.

DOBBS
Was that typical?

BRANT
Meaning?

DOBBS
They don't seem too united in their
grief, that's all. They both
referred to the boys as *my* sons.
Why not *our* sons? Seemed almost
intentional.

BRANT
They're hurting... And my guess is
they've been hurting since before
any of this shit happened.

EXT. TENEMENT BLOCK - DAY

A string of decaying tenement high-rises pushed back from the
street.

A matte black Mercedes-Benz rounds a corner, slows.

THREE TEENS linger in front of the buildings. One, a lanky
lad in baggy pants and oversized T-shirt, a fresh bruise on
his face, moves to the vehicle as it stops at the curb.

The passenger window powers down. The teen makes an exchange
with someone in the front seat.

EXT./INT. A CAR - SAME

--farther down the street, an unmarked cruiser is sandwiched
between parked vehicles. Marietti inside, watches.

With the drug deal done, the Mercedes moves on. Marietti
waits for it to pass before exiting his vehicle.

The teens huddle, about to divvy up the buy. One looks up, sees Marietti heading their way. Like a shot, all three are in motion.

So is Marietti, hot on the heels of--

DELROY HARRIS,

the buyer. Delroy cusses, knows he's the target. He rockets toward--

THE BACK QUADRANT

-- an asphalt quad with rusty swings and a basketball court. A group of HOMIES shoot hoops.

Delroy tears past an abandoned grocery cart, upends it. Then a trash bin. Then an empty stroller. A MOTHER swears a blue streak.

He vaults over a bench, races across the basketball court, heads for a hole in the perimeter fence.

The homies turn their attention to the chase.

Delroy clears the fence, looks over his shoulder -- Marietti is gaining.

Delroy tosses the packet of drugs, races for the back door of a high-rise on the other side of the quad.

INT. TENEMENT HIGH-RISE - CONTINUOUS

Back corridor. Delroy caroms off walls, ricochets around corners. Marietti mere seconds behind.

FRONT LOBBY

Delroy explodes from the hall, crashes into a WOMAN standing by the elevator. They both go down. He's on his feet in a flash, throws himself at the front door--

A hand grabs his collar, propels him into the nearest wall. Marietti grabs Delroy's wrist, locks it behind his back. Delroy puffs and wheezes.

DELROY

What I do? I didn't do nothing!

MARIETTI

Then why you running, asshole?

DELROY

I didn't recognize ya, man. Thought you was trying to mug me.

(MORE)

DELROY (CONT'D)

This is a fucking dangerous neighborhood 'case you hadn't noticed.

MARIETTI

Buying crack violates your probation, Delroy. And you know what that means.

DELROY

No-o, man. No. I didn't buy nothing from nobody. Search me if you don't believe me. I got nothing.

Marietti pulls a handkerchief from his pocket, shakes it open. Inside is a small packet.

MARIETTI

You dropped this.

DELROY

What? No! That ain't mine.

MARIETTI

Willing to guess your prints are all over it. And if it's what I think it is, you'll be back in juvie in time for bed count.

DELROY

Shit.

MARIETTI

'Course, I could make all this go away.

DELROY

Why would you wanna do that?

MARIETTI

I need info.

DELROY

(low, serious)

You crazy, man? I can't be seen talking to you.

MARIETTI

This ain't a negotiation, Delroy.

Delroy gives him a look, anger mixed with desperation.

DELROY

Not here.

Marietti pulls out his cuffs.

EXT. TENEMENT HIGH-RISE - BACK DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Marietti escorts the cuffed Delroy out the door, stops--

The basketball homies, alpha-tough and menacing, stand like a wall before them. Delroy doesn't waste a second--

DELROY

A Benjamin to anyone with balls
enough to cap this prick!

Marietti has his firearm out in a flash, keeps a tight grip on Delroy.

MARIETTI

You gentlemen might wanna think
about stepping back a tad.

FIG, a squat bulldog of a punk, anoints himself group leader.

FIG

An' if we don't?

Marietti says nothing, considers. Not a lot of options.

FIG (CONT'D)

You best let the brother go.

MARIETTI

Two things: One, that ain't gonna
happen--

(waggles his weapon)
--And two, unless I'm sadly and
recklessly mistaken, I'm the one
with the gun.

He looks from man to man -- breathes a little easier. He's not mistaken.

FIG

(snorts)

Whatcha gonna do? Shoot us all?

Marietti calmly beads his weapon on Fig.

MARIETTI

Just you. I figure everyone else
will too busy wiping off brain-
splash to worry about running
interference for Delroy.

The planted image has the desired effect. The others fidget, shuffle away from Fig. Fig tries to keep up his cocky facade. It ain't working. He steps back.

Marietti pushes Delroy past the group.

INT. MARIETTI'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Marietti drives, Delroy sits cuffed in the back seat.

DELROY
I don't know nothing about those
white boys getting shot.

MARIETTI
Come on, Delroy. You gotta do
better than that. You don't help
me, I can't help you.

Delroy stares out the window, conflicted. Then--

DELROY
Okay, but none of this came from
me.

Marietti checks out Delroy in his rear-view. The kid is
stressed.

DELROY (CONT'D)
Promise, man. I'm serious.

Marietti nods.

DELROY (CONT'D)
Heard 'bout some nigga trying to move
a piece. Word is it comes with heavy
baggage.

MARIETTI
Got a name?

Beat. Delroy looks at Marietti's eyes in the rear-view, gives
a reluctant nod.

EXT. THE CEMETERY - DAY

An overcast sky. MOURNERS have gathered for Noah and Wyatt's
burial.

Tecca and Marc are seated adjacent to twin graves where two
caskets are set to be lowered into the earth. A MINISTER
recites a dirge from a prayer book.

Tecca is both expressionless and motionless, lost in a world
of inconsolable grief.

The caskets begin their synchronized descent. It's more than
Marc can bear. A cry birthed somewhere in the pit of his
stomach finds voice.

He buckles forward, heaving, wailing. Others rush to his aid.

TECCA

stares vacantly ahead, seemingly unaware of the commotion next to her.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - ESTABLISHING - DAY

A low rent high-rise. A beat to establish, then we're quickly inside--

THE 10TH FLOOR HALLWAY

-- where Brant and Marietti, Kevlar vests, guns drawn, move furtively along the dingy corridor, arriving at--

APARTMENT 1023.

Marietti slips to the far side of the door, back pressed to the wall. Brant tucks close to his side of the door, raises a fist to knock, when--

THE DOOR TO 1022,

the apartment directly opposite, creaks open.

Marietti reacts -- pivots to a firing position, locks on--

A GIRL, 6,

in the doorway. This is ROSIE. Detached, curious. A television plays loudly from somewhere inside.

Marietti unnerved, breathes, lowers his weapon.

Brant looks to the girl, puts a finger to his lips -- the "ssh" sign -- then steps across the hallway. He gently guides her back inside the apartment, draws the door closed.

DING!

An elevator arrives on the 10th floor.

DANTE BOOKINGS, 29,

steps into the hallway. He's black, bulky, the right weight for a man six inches taller. His head is down, eyes fixed on his cell phone as he reads a text. He looks up, sees--

Brant and Marietti with guns aimed squarely at him.

MARIETTI

FREEZE!

THE DOOR TO APARTMENT 1022

again pops open. Rosie peeks out, eager to see what's happening.

The momentary distraction is all Bookings needs. He turns, hightails it for the stairwell.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)

Shit!

Marietti and Brant take off after him.

THE STAIRWELL

Bookings crashes onto the stairwell landing, double-times it down the steps -- yanks open the door to the 9th floor as he passes.

MARIETTI AND BRANT

race onto the landing, stop, listen. SILENCE. No movement, no racing footsteps. Then--

SLAM!

The DOOR BELOW BANGS SHUT. Marietti and Brant rocket to the 9th floor landing. Marietti doesn't stop. He pulls open the door, bolts into the corridor.

Brant remains on the landing, still as a statue, ears piqued--

A second later, there it is -- the RAPID CLATTER of FOOTSTEPS FRANTICALLY RACING DOWN THE STAIRS. Brant gives chase.

EXT. THE APARTMENT BUILDING - FIRE EXIT - DAY

Ground level. Bookings crashes out the door. He races forward, then suddenly pulls up. And we see why--

DOBBS

stands poised in front of him, a pistol aimed at his chest.

DOBBS

On the ground. Now!

Bookings sizes her up, hesitates.

DOBBS (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna tell you twice.

And it's clear she won't. Bookings begrudgingly goes to the ground.

Brant charges out the door, sees Bookings splayed on the pavement, Dobbs cuffing him.

He bends over, drops his hands to his knees, sucks in air like a drowning man.

WOMAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)
You didn't find the weapon.

INT. BRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

The voice belongs to hard-nosed Prosecuting Attorney CASSIE OWENS, 50s. Marietti is also in the room.

BRANT
We will.

OWENS
You don't have the luxury of time, Jacob.
(off Brant's look)
The Governor has a seventy-six approval rating in Grosse Point, and he wants to keep it that way.
(then, to drive home the point--)
If you think his office hasn't been breathing fire down my neck, think again.

She looks to Marietti.

OWENS (CONT'D)
So with no gun, we have nothing to suggest Dante Bookings had anything to do with the shootings.

MARIETTI
He runs with the V-Boyz. We know they were involved.

OWENS
You know three people wearing their colors were involved. I need more than that to build a case.
(to Brant)
See that Mr. Bookings gets released.
(heads for the door)
Let's try to keep this from becoming just another headline about police incompetence, shall we?

And she's gone. Marietti looks to Brant.

MARIETTI
Tell me again whose side she's on..?

DOBBS,

steps into the doorway, holds up a file folder--

DOBBS
Analysis of the video from inside
the convenience store.

Brant signals for her to come in.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
Good news, bad news. IT couldn't
isolate any facial characteristics
on the two perps, not surprising
given what they were wearing and
the quality of the video...
However, they did manage to match
their body types -- height, build,
reach, that sort of thing -- to 22
profiles in the database--

MARIETTI
There go our weekends.

DOBBS
--then narrowed it down to eight
based on the highest percentage of
in-common characteristics.

MARIETTI
Guesstimates at best.

She fires a look at Marietti.

DOBBS
You have something better to go on?

MARIETTI
(smiles)
Not a damn thing, sweetie.

DOBBS
(to Brant)
It gets better. Four of the eight
are currently doing time. Three at
RMI, one at Milan.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
Two others--
(to Marietti)
your boys Ty Stanley and Keeshawn
Yates -- made parole a few months
back and promptly fell off the
grid. Probably fled the state.

MARIETTI

Good. Let 'em be a pain in someone else's ass for a change.

BRANT

So we're looking at two.

Dobbs nods, cracks a satisfied smile.

DOBBS

And both of them are V-Boyz.

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

A beat to establish, then--

INT. WARGA & SANDERS LAW OFFICE - HOWARD WARGA'S OFFICE - DAY

Tecca sits across the desk from HOWARD WARGA, 60s, one of the senior partners at Warga & Sanders LLP.

HOWARD

Don't be in a rush, Tecca. Not on our account. Your caseload has been picked up by the other associates. Take as much time as you need.

Tecca offers a weak smile.

TECCA

I'm fine. Really.

He's not convinced.

HOWARD

Why not part-time? A day, maybe two a week at most.

Tecca says nothing. Howard leans forward, concerned.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

What you and Marc have been through takes time to... to process. To recover from. There's no need to further stress yourself out. Feel free to work back into things at your own pace.

TECCA

I'm ready now. I want to come back.

Howard looks at her for a long moment, then relents.

HOWARD

Okay. You're call. Welcome back.

EXT. GROSSE POINT YACHT CLUB - NIGHT

A row of well-appointed yachts and powerboats bob gently in slips along the floating dock.

INT. YACHT - GALLEY - SAME

Marc Bellwood, eyes red from weeping, glassy from the Scotch he's drinking, sits alone at the small table.

He pours himself another shot, downs it, pushes himself onto wobbly feet.

He flips up the top of the bench seat, finds a flare kit, wrestles it open. A fluorescent orange 12 gauge flare gun lays atop neat rows of cartridges.

He lays the flare gun on the table, scoops out the cartridges, then finds what he's looking for -- a double action revolver and a box of ammo.

He cradles the gun in his hands, stares at it, eyes fixed in troubled contemplation.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Brant sits facing Gyro and Jasmine. Thirteen-year-old REEVA stands at one end of the couch.

GYRO

--I was driving around.

BRANT

Who with?

GYRO

Friends.

BRANT

Gangbangers?

Jasmine glares at Brant.

JASMINE

You need to understand something, Lieutenant. The boys in this neighborhood don't join gangs because they want to. They join cause they got no choice. They sure as hell can't depend on the Detroit Police Department for protection now can they?

(pointedly)

And they don't give up names to the police 'less they got a death wish.

Brant lets her words sink in, looks back to Gyro.

BRANT

I need someone who can verify where
you were and what you were doing.

JASMINE,

fidgets, her mind in overdrive.

MARIETTI (PRE-LAP)

I'll ask again. Where were you on
the evening of the 14th?

INT. TREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Marietti sits facing Trey and Sylvia. Sylvia holds baby Max
who's sound asleep.

TREY

Where was I, Syl?

MARIETTI

How 'bout I hear it from you, Trey.

TREY

That the night it rained?

Marietti says nothing.

JASMINE (PRE-LAP)

What time was it?

BACK TO - GYRO'S HOUSE

BRANT

Ma'am?

JASMINE

What time were those boys killed?

BRANT

Some time after eleven. Why?

JASMINE

Then Gyro couldn'a had nothing to
do with it. He was here. He was
home that night by ten o'clock.

Gyro's eyes dart ever-so-briefly at his mother. The glance is
not lost on Brant.

SYLVIA (PRE-LAP)

Max had a fever.

BACK TO - TREY'S APARTMENT

MARIETTI

Miss... I'd like to hear it from
Trey.

TREY

What she said. Max had a fever. Syl
had to work, so I stayed with him.

JASMINE (PRE-LAP)

You remember don't you, baby?

BACK TO - GYRO'S HOUSE

JASMINE

(to Gyro)

I asked you to help your sister
with the dishes.

(to Brant)

She's in bed by 10:30 on school
nights. It was before her bedtime.

Brant looks to Reeva.

BRANT

Is that true?

JASMINE

'Course it's true.

BRANT

(to Reeva)

Was your brother here last Monday
evening?

Reeva glances at her mom.

JASMINE

It's alright. Tell the man.

Reeva looks at Brant, nods.

BRANT

(to Gyro)

You didn't go out again that night?

Gyro shakes his head. Stalemate.

MARIETTI (PRE-LAP)

(unconvinced)

You stayed home and babysat?

BACK TO - TREY'S APARTMENT

TREY
Yeah. Why wouldn't I?

MARIETTI
Can anyone other than Sylvia vouch
for that?

TREY
Sure.
(smirks)
You can ask Max.

Trey flings his feet defiantly onto the coffee table.
Marietti's eyes track to Trey's shoes. New trainers.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The same 10th floor hallway from earlier.

MUTED MUSIC from inside apartment 1023.

The door opens. MUSIC SPILLS INTO THE HALLWAY. Dante Bookings
steps out, closes the door, heads for the bank of elevators.

Across the hall--

THE DOOR TO APARTMENT 1022

opens. Little Rosie peeks out. She watches as Bookings waits
at the bank of elevators.

DING.

He steps into the elevator. The doors slide shut.

Nothing much else to see. Rosie shuts the door.

STAY ON ROSIE'S DOOR

for a long moment. Then--

DING. A SECOND ELEVATOR arrives on the 10th floor.

WE'RE STILL ON ROSIE'S DOOR

as FOOTSTEPS APPROACH. Then--

KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK on the door across the hall.

WE'RE STILL ON ROSIE'S DOOR

...as it now opens a crack. Rosie's young face peers through.
She peeks across the hall, curious, taken.

Again KNOCK, KNOCK, KNOCK. The MUSIC from inside Booking's apartment STOPS.

WE HEAR A DOOR OPEN, then A WOMAN'S VOICE--

WOMAN'S VOICE

...Yes?

BLAM! BLAM!

Two loud, rapid gunshots. Rosie recoils in stunned silence,
eyes as big as saucers.

FOOTSTEPS RACE FOR THE STAIRWELL.

...and the door to Rosie's apartment slams shut.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jasmine watches out the front window as Brant gets into his vehicle. Drives off.

She wheels round, glowers at Gyro.

JASMINE

Where d'you get the money?

GYRO

What money?

JASMINE

The money you gave me that night.
And don't tell me it was from no
card game, neither.

GYRO

I won it. In a poker game. What's
the fucking problem?

JASMINE

Watch your mouth.
(to Reeva)
Go to your room. Do your homework.

REEVA

I did it already.

JASMINE

(snapping)
Don't matter! Get to your room!

Reeva knows better than to argue. She hurries off.

Jasmine directs an angry finger at Gyro.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

You tell me if you had anything to do with holding up that store and shooting those two boys. You tell me right now. And you tell me the truth or as God is my witness I'll turn you over to that man myself.

GYRO

I had nothing to do with it!

JASMINE

Then where d'you get the money?

GYRO

I told you.

JASMINE

How can you be playing cards if you was driving around?

GYRO

We played cards then went cruising. Big fucking deal.

JASMINE

(she erupts)

Two dead white boys from Grosse Pointe is a big fucking deal. You best get that into that head o' yours.

(re: Brant)

That man don't care if you done it or not. His job is to find someone to blame. And right now, he's fixing to blame you.

Jasmine stares at him long and hard, pivots, stomps off.

INT. BRANT'S CAR - TRAVELING - NIGHT

Brant's CELL PHONE RINGS. He answers.

BRANT

(into phone)

Brant... When?... On the way.

He flips on the vehicle's flashing grill lights and siren. Steps on it.

INT. DANTE BOOKING'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

An active crime scene. FORENSIC SPECIALISTS in Microguard coveralls and overshoes work the room. The bloodied body of a black woman lies slumped on the floor near the door.

Marietti is on the scene as Lieutenant Brant steps into the apartment.

MARIETTI
(re: the body)
Jonelle Douglas, 25. Dante
Booking's live-in girlfriend.

BRANT
Who made the call?

MARIETTI
The guy in ten-o-five. Said he
heard two shots but didn't see
anything.

BRANT
How 'bout the rest of the neighbors?

MARIETTI
Dobbs is canvassing the floor now.
Brant squats near the body, studies her face.

BRANT
Any theories?

MARIETTI
On *who*, no. On *how*, yes.
(steps to the front door,
demonstrates)
She was shot here, in the doorway.
Close range. Knock, knock. Bang,
bang. ...Could be the shooter was
expecting Bookings to answer.

BRANT
A vendetta?

MARIETTI
It's gotta be gang related. Shooter
comes looking for Bookings, she
opens the door, he panics. Game
over.

Brant looks back at the body.

BRANT
It is possible she was the intended
target.

MARIETTI
Possible, sure... but how probable?

BRANT
Does Bookings have any priors for
domestic violence?

MARIETTI

You really think he had something to do with this?

BRANT

Let's not rule him out yet. Get the ballistics on this ASAP, see if it's the same gun used on the Bellwood boys.

Officer Dobbs enters, notebook open.

DOBBS

Thirty apartments on this floor. Nineteen had at least one person present all evening, and the only one saying they heard shots is the guy who called it in. If anyone saw anything, they're not saying.

MARIETTI

Why do we fucking bother...?

Brant ponders, moves to--

THE HALLWAY

-- looks at the door to apartment 1022, Rosie's apartment. It's cracked open just a sliver. Brant's eyes track down--

A TINY EYE

peers back at him.

The door quickly closes. Brant can't help but smile. He knocks.

Dobbs steps into the hall behind Brant.

DOBBS

I tried already. No answer.

Brant knocks again. Nothing. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out a pack of gum, keeps his eyes on the door.

BRANT

Would you like a stick of gum, Officer Dobbs?

DOBBS

Thanks, I'm fine--

BRANT

Juicy fruit. It's good.

The door cracks open. Brant extends the gum to Rosie.

BRANT (CONT'D)
(to Rosie)
Are you allowed to have gum?

She nods.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Here. Go ahead.

She reaches out for it just as--

The apartment door swings open. Rosie's mother, HANNA, 30s, gaunt, hostile, stands in the doorway. She reaches for Rosie ...track marks on her arms. She hisses at Brant.

HANNA
You got no right.

BRANT
Your daughter?

HANNA
I don't have to say nothing to you.
(to Dobbs)
Or to you.

Before she can usher Rosie inside and close the door--

DOBBS
CPS will be interested to know how
you got those marks on your arms.

Beat. That changes everything.

HANNA
...What d'you want?

BRANT
I want to talk to her.

Brant crouches so he's eye level with Rosie. He takes her hand, places a stick of gum in it.

BRANT (CONT'D)
...I'm Lieutenant Brant. What's
your name?

HANNA
It's Rosie. She don't talk.

DOBBS
Why not?

HANNA
That's the million dollar question,
ain't it? She used to. She just
stopped.

Dobbs and Brant exchange a look. It's not lost on Hanna.

HANNA (CONT'D)

Screw you. Think whatever you want,
but it ain't nobody's fault but her
own. Doctors call it selective
something or other.

DOBBS

Selective mutism.

BRANT

Can she sign?

(off Hanna's blank look)

Does she understand sign language?

HANNA

It's bad enough she's a damn mute,
I ain't having her act like a
little retard too.

Brant speaks gently to Rosie.

BRANT

There was a commotion tonight
across the hall. A lot of noise.
Did you see or hear anything,
Rosie?

HANNA

She didn't see or hear nothing.
Neither one of us did.

Brant maintains eye contact with Rosie for a long moment,
let's the question linger.

ROSIE

holds his look. It's almost as if Rosie wants to tell him
something. Then--

HANNA (CONT'D)

We done here?

Brant relents, breaks the look with Rosie. He hands Hanna his
card.

BRANT

If you remember anything...

Hanna takes the card, scoffs.

HANNA

Like that's gonna happen.

She pulls Rosie inside, slams the door.

EXT. GROSSE POINT YACHT CLUB - NIGHT

A car pulls into the quiet parking lot, stops. Its headlights go dark.

INT. YACHT - SAME

The upper hatch to the companionway slides open. Marc climbs down the steps into the cabin/galley area, grocery bags in hand.

He pulls a fresh bottle of bourbon from a bag, pours himself a stiff one.

TECCA (O.S.)

Are you living here now?

Marc starts, swings round -- and finds his wife seated in the shadows.

MARC

Damn it, Tecca. You trying to give me a heart attack?

He waits for her to say something, then--

MARC (CONT'D)

Of course you are.

Lifts his glass.

MARC (CONT'D)

I don't suppose you want one of these?

She eyes the number of empty liquor bottles on the galley counter.

TECCA

Looks like you've been going at it pretty hard.

MARC

I've earned it.

Marc takes a hearty swig, sits at the galley table.

MARC (CONT'D)

Why are you here?

TECCA

To find out if you plan on coming home.

MARC

You don't want me there. I don't
want to be there. What's the point?

He looks down at his drink. She makes her way to the table.

TECCA

Why didn't you take the boys to the
basketball game?

MARC

What?

TECCA

You told the police you should've
driven them to the game. Why didn't
you?

MARC

Why are you asking me this?

TECCA

Because I have a right to know.
Noah and Wyatt would still be alive
if you had been with them, if you
had been driving.

(re: the empty bottles)

It's not that you haven't asked
yourself the same thing. You're
clearly torturing yourself over it.

He shrugs helplessly.

MARC

I don't know. I should have. I came
here instead.

TECCA

With her?

Marc grimaces. He's been through this before.

MARC

Of course not. Why do you keep
going there? How many times do I
have to apologize?

Tecca is silent.

MARC (CONT'D)

I came here that night to be by
myself.

(pointedly)

You don't know how difficult you
are to be around.

TECCA

Is that your excuse? For everything?

He shakes his head, surrenders with a gesture.

MARC

No. No excuse.

She watches as he drains the glass.

TECCA

Is this what you're going to do
now? Drink yourself to death?

He shrugs, pours himself another.

MARC

It's an interim plan. It'll do
until something better comes along.

He looks at her.

MARC (CONT'D)

And what about you? How do you dull
all the noises in your head?

TECCA

I don't. They're what keep me going.

Marc manages a smile -- then his face darkens. He takes
another swig.

MARC

I could kill them, you know, and
not think twice about it.

(off Tecca's look)

Those fucking shits that murdered
Noah and Wyatt. The V-Boyz. It's
all I can think about.

She says nothing. Marc fights to keep himself from weeping,
emotions pried loose by the alcohol.

MARC (CONT'D)

It's not right that they can get
away with this.

Tecca watches Marc blink back tears.

TECCA

You should try and get some rest.

She turns, starts for the stairs.

MARC

Tecca.

She stops, looks back.

MARC (CONT'D)
Where do we go from here?

She shakes her head. She has no answer.

INT. TREY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A BABY CRIES somewhere in the apartment. A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Sylvia steps out of the bedroom, checks the peephole, quietly cusses to herself. She opens the door.

SYLVIA
Now what d'you want?

Marietti is in the hall accompanied by a COP in uniform. The cop holds several large, empty evidence bags. Marietti flashes a warrant.

MARIETTI
Trey's running shoes. All of 'em.

SYLVIA
Can't this wait? I'm trying to put the baby down.

Marietti pushes past her, followed by the uniformed cop.

MARIETTI
We'll be quiet as a mouse in a cathouse.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - DAY

Gyro opens the door. Dobbs is on the porch with another UNIFORMED COP.

DOBBS
Do you run?

GYRO
(confused)
...What?

DOBBS
You know, exercise. A young man your age must like to get out for a jog now and then.

GYRO
Yeah, so?

She holds up the warrant.

MARIETTI

Take the day off. We need your runners, including the ones you're wearing.

EXT. OUTDOOR MARKET - DAY

A gray-haired white woman, CARMEN, selects fruit and veggies at the outdoor stalls. Every one of her sixty plus years shows on her face and in her posture. She's just doing her best to get by.

She pays for the produce, heads off.

EXT. BUS STOP - LATER

A bus pulls to the curb. Several PASSENGERS alight, including Carmen.

EXT. TENEMENT BLOCK - DAY

Carmen shuffles along the street, passes Delroy and TWO TEENS killing time and smoking dope.

DELROY

Hey, Granny. Looking to buy some kush?

The trio cackle and hoot. Delroy makes a jerking off gesture with his hand. More hoots.

Carmen looks away in disgust, continues to the lobby.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - SAME

Carmen makes her way up the dimly-lit, graffiti covered stairwell.

INT. 5TH FLOOR HALL - SAME

The hall is as bleak and grimy as the stairwell. Carmen shuffles toward her apartment door.

SOMEONE'S POV - CARMEN

from the far end of the hall, watching her.

CARMEN

at her apartment door. She digs out her keys... senses eyes. She looks to the far end of the hallway where--

THE DOOR

to the stairwell CLOSES WITH A LOUD BANG.

Carmen starts. Squints, tries to see if someone is in the shadows, then hurries to put the key in the lock.

She pushes open the apartment door, steps inside, but not before peeking down the hall again. Nothing. She closes the door.

INT. CARMEN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

A TEAKETTLE WHISTLES. Carmen turns off the burner, pours water into a small teapot.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Carmen looks to the front door. Spooked. Doesn't move.

Another KNOCK AT THE DOOR.

Carmen slowly moves to the front door, looks through the peephole... She relaxes, a quizzical look on her face. She unclasps the door chain, turns the dead bolt.

SHE PULLS OPEN THE DOOR TO CAMERA

so that the door now FILLS THE FRAME. We hear Carmen's voice from the other side of the door--

CARMEN O.S.)
Can I help you..?

BLAM!

A DEAFENING GUNSHOT, followed by the sound of CARMEN'S BODY DROPPING TO THE FLOOR.

FOOTSTEPS HUSTLE TOWARD THE STAIRWELL.

INT. BRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Several reports lay open on Lieutenant Brant's desk.

Brant sits behind the desk, eyes closed, concentrating. Trying to connect the dots.

Dobbs appears in the doorway.

DOBBS
Lieutenant..?

Brant keeps his eyes closed.

BRANT
No match on the running shoes.

DOBBS
I heard.

BRANT
And the bullet that killed Jonelle Douglas did not come from the same weapon used on the Bellwood boys.

He opens his eyes.

BRANT (CONT'D)
There's a connection there somewhere, I'm certain of it.
I just can't see it.
(sighs)
Are we chasing phantoms?

DOBBS
Not all phantoms.
(off Brant's look)
Dante Bookings is downstairs. He walked in off the street. Says he wants to talk.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Dobbs laptop is on the interview table. Dante Bookings sits on one side, Brant on the other. Dobbs stands nearby.

BRANT
You disappeared after your girlfriend was killed.

BOOKINGS
I got spooked.

BRANT
Why?

BOOKINGS
Why d'ya think? Whoever shot Jonelle was gunning for *me*.

BRANT
Have you given someone reason to want you dead?

BOOKINGS
There's always somebody you're gonna piss off, Lieutenant. You should know that more than most.

Beat.

BRANT

Did you kill Jonelle Douglas?

Bookings shakes his head.

BOOKINGS

We were talking 'bout maybe getting married.

BRANT

Did Jonelle have enemies?

BOOKINGS

No. None. She wasn't like that. She was sweet, outgoing. She didn't even like me hanging with the V-Boyz. Said I was too old for that shit.

BRANT

Maybe the V-Boyz didn't like to hear that.

BOOKINGS

I never told them.

BRANT

The convenience store robbery. What do you know about it?

BOOKINGS

I know you're trying to hang it on us. But that nickle and dime shit's not our thing. 'Specially on home turf. It's a sign of disrespect. V-Boyz would never do that.

BRANT

Perps were wearing your colors.

BOOKINGS

Then they're fucking wannabes. Or they're just trying to pin that shit on us.

Brant looks to Dobbs. She steps forward, hits a key on the laptop. It's the footage from the convenience store robbery.

VIDEO: The grainy, clipped, time-stepped images from inside the convenience store we saw before.

DOBBS (O.S.)

Recognize anyone?

She hits another key.

THE IMAGE FREEZES.

--Two thugs racing for the door.

Bookings studies the screen, shakes his head.

BOOKINGS

Hard to make out, right? Those are
our colors alright, but that don't
make 'em V-Boyz.

(studies the screen)

Ain't nobody I know.

The door to the interrogation room opens. A YOUNG OFFICER
appears in the doorway, an urgent look on her face.

YOUNG OFFICER

Lieutenant? You're needed.

Brant nods, throws a consoling glance at Bookings.

BRANT

I'm sorry about Jonelle.

EXT. TENEMENT BLOCK - DAY

Police cars are parked in front of the tenement block, roof
lights flashing.

INT. TENEMENT BUILDING - 5TH FLOOR HALL - SAME

Marietti meets Brant as he steps into the hallway. The two
walk toward Carmen's apartment.

Forensic specialists mill about the hall and around Carmen's
apartment.

BRANT

What do we have?

MARIETTI

(looks at his notes)

Carmen Felipez. Sixty-six. Widow.
Been living here forever. Neighbor
says she pretty much kept to
herself. We're trying to track down
family.

BRANT

Anything missing from the apartment?

MARIETTI

Still checking, but her wallet was
on the kitchen table, money still
in it...

(MORE)

MARIETTI (CONT'D)

Looks like she answered the door
and was shot at close range.

BRANT

Same as Jonelle Douglas.

MARIETTI

And if I had to guess, with the
same weapon.

Brant takes a moment to think, then--

BRANT

Call Dobbs. Have her search for a
link between the two. I want to
know if they were related, if they
worked together, knew the same
people, used the same hairdresser.

(beat)

Just who the hell are we up
against?

EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Marietti steps out of the building, glimpses Delroy lurking
with the others.

Marietti walks toward them. The lads disperse, not wanting
anything to do with him.

MARIETTI

Delroy.

Delroy stops, turns, props himself against a wall, doing his
best to look tough defiant.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)

You know anything about what
happened here?

DELROY

Heard some old lady got shot. But
you knew that already.

MARIETTI

See anybody leave in a hurry?

DELROY

Wasn't looking.

Marietti puts a hand on the wall, leans over him.

MARIETTI

You stiffed me on Dante Bookings.

DELROY
What're you talking about?

MARIETTI
You told me Dante Bookings was
trying to unload a hot weapon. You
remember saying that don't you,
Delroy? But now I'm beginning to
think you were sending me down the
bunny trail.

DELROY
I told you what I heard, that's
all.

A WINDOW-SHAKING BASS BEAT, MUFFLED, COMING FROM INSIDE A CAR
catches their attention.

Delroy and Marietti turn, see the tweaked out lowrider. It
slows in front of the building -- but it's impossible to see
who's inside through the tinted windows.

Delroy is immediately tense.

MARIETTI
(re: the lowrider)
Who's that?

DELROY
How the hell would I know?

The driver guns the motor, drives off. Delroy pushes off the
wall, storms away.

INT. YACHT - GALLEY - NIGHT

Marc dons a leather jacket, checks his look in the mirror.
Not nearly as tough as he's aiming for, but it'll do.

He blows wind into his cheeks, steels himself -- and
retrieves the flare kit from under the bench seat.

INT. MARC'S BMW - NIGHT

Marc opens the door, slides in, places the flare kit on the
passenger seat. He starts the car.

EXT. GROSSE POINT YACHT CLUB - PARKING LOT - SAME

The BMW cruises out of the near-empty parking lot.

DOWNTOWN STREETS

The BMW motors along a busy downtown street, turns onto another main thoroughfare.

The vehicle slows at a corner, turns onto a quiet side street, then again onto another out-of-the-way street.

INT. MARC'S BMW

Marc scans the neighborhood as he drives, looks up to see--

A STREET SIGN

dangling beneath a street light, shot to pieces. The same one we saw earlier.

EXT. STREET

As the BMW drives on, we recognize it as the seedy part of town Noah and Wyatt were in.

INT. MARC'S BMW

Marc slows, looks to--

THE CONVENIENCE STORE

Marc knows what happened here, quells his emotions. He drives on.

EXT. LIQUOR & LOTTO SHOP - NIGHT

A dump of a place located on a corner lot. Barred windows -- and gaudy signs for cheap booze, check cashing services, and large pizzas for under \$5.

Marc slows, stops across the street beneath a street light. He settles in, watches a trickle of traffic go in and out of the shop.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Marc, still watching, waiting. The driver's seat slightly reclined.

He continues to watch as CUSTOMERS enter and exit the store. No one piques his interest.

DISSOLVE TO:

LATER

Marc nodding off. The traffic in and out of the store is negligible. Suddenly--

GANGSTA RAP seeps from an approaching car. Marc rouses, pulls himself up, watches as--

A MERCEDES-BENZ,

matte black, tinted windows, stops in front of the shop.

All four doors open and FIVE GANGBANGERS pile out. Three of them sport yellow-green bandanas tied around their heads as sweatbands or kerchiefs.

The driver, JULIO (22), slim and muscled, looks across to the BMW, sees Marc's face through the glass. Mark holds his gaze.

Marc watches as they turn and step into the liquor store. He reaches for the flare kit on the passenger seat, pulls it open. He rummages for the revolver.

IT'S NOT THERE! FUCK!

Marc empties the kit on the passenger seat, double checks. Comes up empty. No gun. No bullets.

TAP! TAP! TAP! A KNOCK on the driver's door window. Marc starts, turns--

JULIO,

face close to the window, glares at Marc.

The four other gangbangers take up positions around the car.

JULIO
Out of the car.

Marc doesn't move, glowers back. If he's scared, it doesn't show.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Out!

Marc stays put. Julio pulls up his shirt, reveals a Glock tucked in his waistband.

Marc relents. He pushes open the door so hard that Julio has to skip back.

JULIO (CONT'D)
O-oo, we got ourselves a tough guy.

Marc says nothing.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Why you sittin' here, tough guy?
You doin' business here? 'Cause if
your doin' business in the 'hood,
that makes it our business.

DOUBLE D, one of the other gangbangers, opens the passenger door of the BMW, lifts the 12 gauge flare gun from the passenger seat.

DOUBLE D
The hell is this?

JULIO
(to Marc)
You heard the man, what is it? Some
kind o' Nerf gun?

He laughs, leans in close.

JULIO (CONT'D)
You doing business on our turf with
a Nerf gun, tough guy?

MARC
It's a flare gun you dumb fuck.

Julio is blindsided by Marc's audacity. He pulls the Glock from his waistband, racks a bullet into the chamber, jabs the barrel into Marc's cheek.

JULIO
You got some balls, mister. You
know who we are?

Marc glares defiantly, nods. He knows.

JULIO (CONT'D)
Then you need to show some respect.

MARC
All the respect in the world and
you'd still be a dumb fuck.

Julio steps back, flabbergasted... maybe even impressed. He cackles cynically, slides the Glock back into his waistband. He looks to Double D.

JULIO
Gimme the Nerf gun.

Double D throws the gun to him. Julio checks it out, clicks it open, motions to Double D. Double D grabs a cartridge off the front seat, throws it to him.

Julio loads the cartridge, snaps the gun closed.

JULIO (CONT'D)
So tell me, tough guy. Can this
Nerf gun kill a man?

Marc stares stoically at Julio for a long moment, nods.

MARC
From that distance, yes. The flare
would rip through his skin, shatter
his ribs, and burn white hot on his
insides for seven seconds...

Julio's expression hardens.

JULIO
Sweet.

He extends an arm, aims the gun at Marc.

JULIO (CONT'D)
What if I shot him in the face?

Beat.

MARC
Don't know.

Julio puts a finger on the trigger, peers down the short
barrel of the flare gun. Seconds tick by. Marc doesn't
flinch.

Julio suddenly jacks the gun skyward, fires.

A fireball rockets heavenward, bathing the street in a
luminous orange-red hue.

He tosses the gun to the ground, steps toward Marc.

JULIO
You're one twisted bitch, you know
that?

Julio turns, struts to the Mercedes. The others follow.

Mark watches as they hop in the car and speed away. He slumps
against his car, drained, played out.

INT. POLICE STATION - GENERAL WORK AREA - MORNING

COPS talk on phones, copy notes, work on computers. Offices
line one wall.

Brant steps off the elevator, makes his way toward his
office. Dobbs spots him from her desk, grabs a clipboard,
hurries to fall in step.

DOBBS
I found a connection.

BRANT
Good morning, Dobbs.

DOBBS
(smiles)
Sorry. 'Morning, Lieutenant.

As they pass an open office door, Dobbs yells in--

DOBBS (CONT'D)
Franco, you'll want to hear this.

They keep moving. Marietti hurries out of his office, catches up.

MARIETTI
What's up?

DOBBS
Carmen Felipez is grandmother to Roberto Felipez. He runs with the V-Boyz.

MARIETTI
I've tangled with him. Assault, guns, drugs, the usual crap. She must've been proud.

DOBBS
Roberto's mother od'd when he was four, no father in the picture, so Carmen raised him. She was his only family.

BRANT
So you think someone is targeting people close to them.

DOBBS
Bingo. It's weird, I know.

She flips a page on her clipboard.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
Ballistics confirms what you suspected -- the same gun killed both women.

MARIETTI
That's crazy. Gangbangers go after other gangbangers, not their girlfriends and families. It's like an unwritten rule.

DOBBS
...Looks like the rules have changed.

INT. WARGA & SANDERS LAW OFFICE - HALL - DAY

A DOOR

--the top half inlaid with frosted glass on which is painted the words FILE ROOM in neat gold-colored script.

The door opens. A cart loaded with active case files is pushed into the spacious hall by KENNY the file room clerk.

Kenny is uncomplicated (read: simple) diligent, fastidious and upbeat.

He pushes past offices that line both sides of the hall.

INT. TECCA'S OFFICE - SAME

A small, bright office. Tecca sits at her desk in front of a computer and three stacks of active case files. Her mind is clearly elsewhere.

She looks up as Kenny pokes his head into her office.

KENNY
Hiya, Mrs. Bellwood. Busy?

She offers a pleasant smile.

TECCA
A little overwhelmed, Kenny. But I'm catching up. Slowly.

KENNY
You need anything? Coffee, tea?

She holds up a takeout coffee cup.

TECCA
All set. Thanks.

He motions to the stacks of file folders on her desk.

KENNY
You want me to log and file those for you?

TECCA
(a playful grimace)
I'll be needing these for a while yet, I'm afraid.

He nods, steps into the hall, looks back at Tecca.

KENNY

Okay. See you later, Mrs. Bellwood.

He waves sweetly, then continues down the hall with the cart.

Tecca pulls a handful of file folders from her desk, hurries to the office doorway. She peeks in the direction that Kenny went.

TECCA'S POV - KENNY

rounding a corner with his cart.

She checks the other way. The coast is clear.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tecca walks quickly down the hall, past open office doors, eyes fixed straight ahead. She reaches the file room door at the end of the hall, takes a glance back, then steps inside.

INT. FILE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Tall file cabinets line every wall. A large table sits in the middle of the room -- a place for attorneys to sort and check material before logging it out.

A desk and log book are next to the door.

No one else in the room. Good.

Tecca checks the top file folder for a case number, hurries to the cabinet. She opens a drawer, fingers through the files, inserts the folder.

She does the same for the next folder. And the next. And the next. She checks the case number on the remaining two file folders. Heads for another cabinet--

KENNY (O.S.)

I can do that for you.

Tecca starts, looks to Kenny near the door. He smiles.

KENNY (CONT'D)

Taking out or putting back?

Tecca has to think fast.

TECCA

...Uh, actually neither.

(off Kenny's confused
look)

(MORE)

TECCA (CONT'D)

I was going to take these two, but
you know what? I won't need them
till later. Probably not at all.

She pulls open a cabinet drawer.

TECCA (CONT'D)

Not sure what I was thinking.

Kenny's looks suddenly anxious.

KENNY

I'd prefer if you let *me* file
those, Mrs. Bellwood.

Tecca jams both folders into the cabinet drawer, pushes it
shut.

TECCA

All done. Thanks, Kenny. You're a
peach.

She breezes past him out the door.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - DAY

Lieutenant Brant walks up the steps to the barred front door,
knocks. A moment later Jasmine opens the inner door. Brant
nods a greeting. She scowls.

JASMINE

What do *you* want?

BRANT

I'd like to speak to Gyro.

JASMINE

What for?

BRANT

I'd like to ask him a few questions.

JASMINE

He had nothing to do with that
shooting.

Brant holds her look, nods.

BRANT

It's starting to look that way.

That's enough to soften her just a little. She holds his
look, then turns, yells into the house.

JASMINE

Gyro! Someone hear to see you.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - LATER

Brant and Gyro sit on the front steps.

GYRO

--I can think of all kinds of guys who'd come after us, but only if, you know, we infringed on their turf, their business, shit like that.

BRANT

Any reason they'd come after girlfriends and grandmothers?

GYRO

Uh-uh. That's just fucked up.

BRANT

There's no situation where family might be fair game?

GYRO

(thinks, then--)

Well, say my girlfriend ratted out some guy in another crew and they found out -- but even then, it'd more 'n likely be me who took the hit for not keeping her in line, know what I'm saying?

Brant nods. Beat.

BRANT

So what's your girlfriend's name.

Gyro looks at him blankly.

GYRO

We were being hypothetical, right?

Brant smiles.

JASMINE (O.S.)

Lieutenant?

Brant looks back. Jasmine looks out through the bars.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Would you like some iced tea?

Brant stands.

BRANT

That's very kind, ma'am. But I'm heading out.

He looks to Gyro.

BRANT (CONT'D)
We don't know who or what we're
dealing with yet. Until we do, tell
you mom and sister to stay alert,
okay?

Gyro nods. Brant heads down the walk to his car.

INT. TREY'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Trey watches TV. Sylvia steps into the room from the hall, hastily readying herself for work. She wears a fast food restaurant uniform and cap, fixes hoop into her earlobes.

SYLVIA
He's asleep. Finally. Don't let him
stay down for more than an hour or
he'll take forever to get to sleep
tonight.

Grabs a jacket, heads for the door, looks back.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Did you hear what I said?

Trey doesn't respond, caught up in whatever is on TV.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)
Trey!

TREY
Jesus, Syl. What?!

SYLVIA
(why bother?)
...I'm going. I'll call later.

His eyes never leave the TV. She steps out the door--

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

--and into the hallway.

ANGLE ON SYLVIA

from the stairwell. Someone is watching. And WE ARE WATCHING THROUGH THAT SOMEONE'S EYES.

...We watch as Sylvia walks down the hall to the elevator checking texts on her phone... WE MOVE QUICKLY, STEALTHILY DOWN THE HALL BEHIND HER...

...She pushes the elevator button... We draw close... watching as she opens her purse, rummages for something... A tube of lip gloss...

We're directly behind her. She TURNS, STARTS, GASPS... She takes us in... relaxes... smiles, then laughs heartily...

SYLVIA

Omygod! You scared the bejeepers out of me.

DING! The elevator doors open. We follow Sylvia into the elevator, then--

FAST CUT TO:

HALLWAY

as the elevator doors slide shut. A second passes. Then another. Then from inside the descending elevator, TWO SHOTS--

BLAM! BLAM!

EXT. TENEMENT BLOCK - DAY

The lowrider rumbles to a stop on the street that runs past the tenement block where Delroy stands waiting.

Delroy walks to the curb. The passenger window powers down.

Two men are in the car. KEESHAWN YATES, black, slim, menacing, sits behind the wheel. TY STANLEY, white, shaved head, creepy, is in the passenger seat.

Ty motions for Delroy to get in.

Delroy opens the back door, slides in. The lowrider drives off.

INT. THE LOWRIDER - TRAVELING - DAY

TY

Saw you yapping to Marietti.

DELROY

Some old lady got shot is all. He wanted to know what I saw. Told him I saw shit.

Ty looks over his shoulder at Delroy, glowers.

TY

He ask about those boys from the Point?

Delroy nods. Keeshawn looks at him through the rearview.

KEESHAWN

What d'you tell him?

DELROY

Nothing. I put him on to Dante Bookings.

(grins)

Figured it'd be a nice touch, seeing he's a V-Boy an' all.

Ty and Keeshawn say nothing. Delroy senses the tension.

DELROY (CONT'D)

Everything's cool, man. Marietti doesn't know squat.

Ty slaps the dashboard. Hard. He turns, looks back at Delroy.

TY

All you had to do was be a lookout. You said you could handle it, but you turned it to shit.

CUT TO:

FLASHBACK: INT. THE LOWRIDER - NIGHT

It's pouring rain outside. The engine is off, but the wipers slap away sheets of water from the windshield.

Through the front window we can see the hard white light from inside the convenience store.

Keeshawn and Ty are in the front seat. Delroy is in the back, fidgety, high as a kite. Ball caps and hoodies (not yet up.) Yellow-green bandanas round their necks.

Ty pulls a gun from the glove box, passes it to Delroy.

TY (CONT'D)

You ever held a piece before?

DELROY

(scoffs)

What d'you think?

KEESHAWN

Yeah, the piece between his legs.

Delroy ignores the remark.

TY
 (re: the gun)
 Anyone comes near, flash the bean-
 shooter. That'll make 'em fuck off
 fast enough.

Keeshawn catches Delroy's face in the rearview, throws a look
 of concern to Ty.

KEESHAWN
 How high is he? Looks like he's in
 another fucking world.

Ty looks back at Delroy.

DELROY
 Don't worry 'bout me. I'm wasted,
 but in a good way, man. Shit
 settles me down, puts me in the
 zone...

He stuffs the gun into his pocket, steels himself.

DELROY (CONT'D)
 Come on, let's go, let's do this.

Through the windshield we see the lone customer step out of
 the store and hurry off into the night. Ty gives Delroy a
 hard look.

TY
 Don't fuck up.

Keeshawn turns off the wipers.

Hoodies are pulled over ball caps, bandanas go over noses --
 and they step out of the car.

...AND OUT OF FRAME.

STAY INSIDE THE CAR

...Pelting rain drums the roof.... The blurry hard light
 emanating from the convenience store window is all that can
 be seen through the rain-smeared window.

...Moments pass... Then--

...The refracted beams of a vehicle's headlights cut through
 the rain... then slow to a stop... somewhere close by...

...Another moment passes... Then another... The only thing we
 hear is the soothing, hypnotic pounding of rain on metal...

Then--

BLAM! A BLURRED FLASH ON THE STREET... Then nothing... Then--

LIGHTNING WASHES THE STREET WHITE. THUNDER BOOMS, rocks the car... Shadows dash across the street toward us... A split second later--

Those headlight beams streak past the windshield, speeding, swerving...

BLAM! BLAM!... Then--

*A SICKENING THUD. METAL SLAMMING CONCRETE. GLASS SHATTERING.
...BLAM!*

...Then silence... just the rain beating on the roof...

THE FRONT DOORS FLY OPEN

Keeshawn and Ty throw themselves in the car, freaked.

KEESHAWN

FUCK!

The back door is yanked open. Delroy jumps in.

DELROY

Go, go, go!

Ty spins around, blazes a fist over the seat, slams it into Delroy's head. BAM!

Delroy folds over onto the seat, out cold.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. THE LOWRIDER - TRAVELING - DAY

DELROY

Dude came out of nowhere. I showed him the gat, but he kept coming. I had no choice. And I couldn't let the other dude just take off. But it's all good, right?

KEESHAWN

Bullshit. You were in the zone, said so yourself. Only it was the fucking Twilight Zone!

Ty motions to Keeshawn to pull over. The lowrider comes to a stop.

TY

Get out.

STREET - SAME

Delroy slides out of the lowrider. Ty looks up at him from the front seat.

TY

Shit ever goes down on this, we ain't taking the fall for you, Delroy. Best you just disappear.

DELROY

...What?

TY

I said disappear. We don't want to see you around no more. Make yourself scarce. Simple as that.

Delroy's not sure if he's joking -- then quickly realizes he's not.

DELROY

(panics)

No way. I can't. I got no coin, I got no place to go!

TY

You'll figure something out. You'd better. Cause if we see you again, we won't be giving you a second chance.

The lowrider pulls away leaving Delroy scared... and totally screwed.

EXT. TREY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Cop cars, roof lights flashing, crowd the street.

INT. TREY'S APARTMENT - SAME

Trey, pale and in shock, is on the sofa. Brant sits on a hardback chair opposite him. Marietti stands behind Brant.

BRANT

Who are the V-Boyz at war with?

TREY

We're not... Turf disputes, sure, all the time. But nothing that's gonna spark a guy to shoot your lady... 'Sides, there are eighty, ninety guys in the V-Boyz.

(MORE)

TREY (CONT'D)

Does this clown really think he's gonna take out that many mothers, wives and girlfriends..?

BRANT

Is there someplace you can send the baby?

TREY

Why, you think this asshole will try and hurt Max?

BRANT

It's possible.

Trey digests the thought.

TREY

Fuck...

(beat)

I guess he can stay with my mother.

BRANT

Not a good idea.

(off Trey's look)

Your mother's at risk too.

Trey's expression says it all. He can't believe it.

TREY

...Shit.

INT. TECCA'S OFFICE - DAY

The office door is closed. Tecca is at her desk.

A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Marc peeks in.

MARC

Hey. Have a minute?

She motions him in.

TECCA

Sure.

He closes the door behind him, sits.

TECCA (CONT'D)

What's up?

MARC

I just wanted to see how you're doing?

She's not buying it.

TECCA

You came all the way here to ask me
that? Phone's not working?

Marc shrugs.

MARC

Okay, I was in the neighborhood.

She looks at him, reads his face.

TECCA

How about you tell me why you're
really here.

Busted. He surrenders with a gesture, sheds the pretense.

MARC

My gun is missing.
(off her look)
I bought a gun for the boat,
remember?

She shakes her head, puzzled.

MARC (CONT'D)

We rented Dead Calm. You freaked.
You said you'd never get on the
boat again unless we had something
more lethal than a flare gun.

The penny drops. Tecca smiles.

TECCA

Oh, right. It did give us a helluva
scare, didn't it?
(then--)
There's got to be a hundred spaces
to stow things on that boat. You
probably misplaced it, that's all.

MARC

No. It was in the flare kit. Now
it's gone.

TECCA

Are you sure?

He nods.

TECCA (CONT'D)

Have you notified the police?

MARC

What? No...! Nothing else is missing.
There's no sign of a break-in--

TECCA

Then it must be still there, Marc.
It can't simply have walked away on
its own.

He concedes.

MARC

No, of course not.
(beat, then--)
I was almost killed the other night.
(off her look)
I went for a drive to where... to
where the boys had been.

TECCA

Why would you do that?

MARC

I was hoping to run in to some of
them. The V-Boyz. And I did. I
thought I had the gun with me, in
the flare kit... It sort of went
belly up from there.

TECCA

Oh my God, Marc. Are you okay?

He nods.

MARC

It was stupid, I know. But I just
needed to do something. The thought
of those creeps being out there
living it up while Noah and Wyatt
are...

He tears up, let's the sentence hang. She looks at him sadly.

INT. BRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

A think tank is in session. Brant, Marietti and Dobbs.

MARIETTI

--My gut tells me it's not another
gang. It's a vigilante. I'm almost
sure of it.

DOBBS

Unless we're dealing with a total
psychopath -- and I'm not ruling
that out -- whoever is doing this
is doing it for a reason.

BRANT

Revenge is a reason.

MARIETTI

Revenge for what? And why target family members and loved ones? If I want to hurt somebody, does it make sense to go after someone they're close to?

BRANT

It does if you want that person to feel the same pain they made you feel.

A beat as the point sinks in. Marietti and Dobbs look to Brant.

DOBBS

...What are you saying? You think Marc Bellwood could be involved in this?

BRANT

Stranger things have happened.

DOBBS

It's a helluva leap from grieving parent to serial killer, don't you think?

BRANT

Three women have been killed in rapid succession. What they have in common is that each was closely connected to one of the V-Boyz. Grandmother, wife, girlfriend... The shootings began shortly after those two boys were buried... And after I told the Bellwoods that the V-Boyz were responsible for their deaths.

Marietti and Dobbs understand the implication.

MARIETTI

You told them what we all believed at the time. I would've said the same thing. Maybe the V-Boyz were involved. We just don't know.

BRANT

It's looking less and less likely.
(beat, then--)
Two of those women opened their doors to a stranger. The third got into an elevator with him. Why?

MARIETTI

They trusted him.

DOBBS

You certainly wouldn't consider
Marc Bellwood intimidating or
threatening. He's clean cut, he has
a nice face, friendly looking--

MARIETTI

He's white.
(off Dobbs look)
Yes, I said it.

She concedes.

DOBBS

He's white. He looks trustworthy.
He could be a therapist, or a
veterinarian--

BRANT

Or a cop.
(off Dobbs look)
A woman might open her door or get
into an elevator with a cop. Could
be he passed himself off as one.
(beat)
We should pay him another visit.

DOBBS

Wait, wait... That little girl.
Rosie. She may have seen the
shooter.

MARIETTI

What good is that if she doesn't
speak?

DOBBS

She can nod her head, she can
point... If she saw Marc Bellwood
before, surely she can let us know.

Brant nods his approval.

BRANT

Good.
(to Marietti)
Have him come in tomorrow. Be careful
not to spook him.
(to Dobbs)
Get Rosie and her mother in here at
the same time. I want Rosie to see
Marc Bellwood.

INT. BUS TERMINAL - NIGHT

Delroy lingers near the ticket counter. He scans FACES in the waiting area, looking for an easy mark.

He turns to the ticket counter, watches as a MAN pulls cash from a wallet, lays it on the counter in exchange for bus tickets for him and his WIFE.

Delroy's eyes track the wallet as the man returns it to the inside pocket of his sports jacket.

The couple pick up their bags, head for a door to the departure ramp.

Delroy locks on them, moves to intercept, his eyes fixed on the wallet-sized bulge in the man's jacket.

WHOMP! Delroy plows into the man, shoots a hand into the jacket, grabs the wallet.

AND DROPS IT!

The man is immediately aware of what's happening.

MAN

Hey!

Delroy searches the floor, sees the wallet.

MAN (CONT'D)

Thief!!

Suddenly all eyes in the bus terminal are on him. A UNIFORMED SECURITY GUARD heads in his direction.

The woman plants a foot on her husband's wallet, glares at Delroy. If he wants it, he'll need to go through her.

Delroy hesitates -- then turns, makes a beeline for the exit.

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET - NIGHT

A wide thoroughfare lined with bars and restaurants.

Delroy meanders along the sidewalk, anxious and hungry.

As he approaches a street corner, he spots the lowrider cruising the street going in the opposite direction.

Delroy retreats into the shadows of a storefront, watches as the vehicle passes. He keeps an eye on it, sees it pull to the curb a block away.

Ty Stanley and Keeshawn Yates get out of the lowrider, head into a nearby bar.

Delroy crosses the street, heads in the direction of the bar.

EXT. BAR - SAME

Delroy peers through the front window.

A bar, pool tables, and cubicles along one wall. Not very busy.

Ty and Keeshawn turn from the bar, beers in hand, and head to a vacant pool table.

Delroy steps away from the window, hurries to the parked lowrider. Pulls at the passenger door. Locked.

He waits for a passing PEDESTRIAN to clear, pulls a pocket knife from his jacket, shock-bangs the window with the blunt end. The glass splinters, crumbles into a thousand pieces.

Delroy elbows through the remaining glass, unlocks the door, pulls it open. He leans in, slams open the glove box.

NO GUN! SHIT!

He runs a hand beneath the passenger seat. Comes up empty. Stretches across to the driver's seat, frantically checks under it.

Yes! The weapon he used on the Bellwood boys. He pockets the gun, hops out of the car, and hightails it across the street.

He disappears down the first cross street he comes to.

EXT. RAY'S PIZZA - NIGHT

A small, out-of-the-way place on a quiet street.

Delroy approaches, looks through the window. No customers, just a guy behind the counter putting together a phone order. This is RAY.

Delroy looks up and down the street. No one visible. Satisfied, he pulls a yellow-green bandana from his hip pocket, fits it round his neck, pulls it up over his nose.

INT. PIZZA SHOP - CONTINUOUS

Delroy pushes through the door. The BELL OVER THE DOOR TINKLES. Ray turns to see--

DELROY

facing him across the counter, the gun pointed at him.

Ray takes it in stride. He's been through this before.

RAY
Would you mind getting that thing
out of my face?

Delroy motions toward the cash register.

DELROY
Open it. I want all the bills.
Everything. You keep the coins.

RAY
That's mighty generous of you.

He moves to the register, taps it open, starts pulling bills
and laying them on the counter.

DELROY
Keep your hands where I can see
them.

RAY
You can't pull this shit at a bank?
They're fucking insured. You think
I'm insured? This comes outta my
pocket, outta my children's mouths,
ya prick.

Delroy spots a pizza sitting under a heat lamp.

DELROY
And gimme a couple of slices.

Ray burns him a look.

RAY
You want that for here or to go?

DELROY
Just do it and make it snappy.

The front door opens, the BELL TINKLES. Delroy swings his gun
round to--

JULIO AND DOUBLE D,

two of the V-Boyz we met outside the liquor store. Julio
quickly sizes up the situation.

JULIO
What's going on, Ray?

RAY
What's it look like? I'm being held
up by one of your boys, that's
what's going on.

Julio looks at Delroy, appraises him.

JULIO

No way. This wanksta ain't no V-Boy.

RAY

You don't say.

CLICK-CLICK. A shotgun shell is pumped into a chamber.

Delroy swings his gun back to the counter where Ray has a sawed-off shotgun aimed at his head.

Delroy's eyes widen in panic.

DELROY

Okay, okay... No need to freak out.

Ray motions with the shotgun. Delroy places his weapon on the counter.

JULIO

pulls a gun from his waistband, aims it at Delroy. He steps close, pulls the bandana from Delroy's face.

JULIO

Delroy..? What the fuck are you doing?

Delroy says nothing, looks to the floor.

JULIO (CONT'D)

I see what you're playing at, Delroy.

He points to a CCTV camera on the ceiling behind the counter.

JULIO (CONT'D)

You do the crime, a V-Boy does the time. Is that it?

DELROY

No. No, man. Not at all.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. THE PIZZA SHOP - CONTINUOUS

MUZZLE FLASHES -- accompanied by A SERIES OF LOUD REPORTS -- as Ray and Julio blast away.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Marc Bellwood finds a spot to park. He exits his car, makes his way along the sidewalk.

He pulls his cell phone from his pocket, hits speed-dial, puts it to his ear.

MARC
(into phone)
Hey, I'm a block away.

INT. TECCA'S OFFICE - SAME

TECCA
(into phone)
You're coming here?

INTERCUT - MARC AND TECCA

MARC
(checks his watch)
Yeah. For eleven o'clock.

TECCA
First I've heard of it.

He stops in his tracks.

MARC
You are at the police station, right?

TECCA
The police station? No, why would I be?

MARC
They called me. I thought they would have called you too.

TECCA
Who called?

MARC
He said his name was Marietti. He asked me to come in and see Lieutenant Brant. I thought they had new information about the case... but that can't be it. They wouldn't tell me and not you.

Concern clouds Tecca's face.

TECCA
No, of course not.
(beat)
...Did he mention anything about the recent shootings?

MARC

What shootings--?

(then--)

Sorry, I haven't read a newspaper
or listened to the radio since...
since the thing with the boys.

(laughs weakly)

I guess I just don't give a shit
anymore.

TECCA

Marc, you may need representation.

That catches him off-guard.

MARC

What...? No, why would I?

TECCA

Because they're not bringing you in
to talk about the weather. I'll
send someone over. Better yet I'll
come myself.

INT. POLICE STATION - GENERAL WORK AREA - DAY

Rosie sits at Dobbs desk contentedly busying herself with a
coloring book and crayons. Dobbs is on a chair next to her.
Rosie's mother Hanna sits impatiently to the side.

HANNA

Jesus, how long are you gonna keep
us here? It's not like I don't have
a life, you know.

Dobbs responds for the umpteenth time...

DOBBS

Just a few more minutes, I promise.

Hanna groans. Marietti approaches, a file in hand.

MARIETTI

Can I talk to you for a sec?

Dobbs excuses herself, steps away from the desk.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)

Have you seen this?

He hands her the file. She opens it, reads.

DOBBS

Delroy Harris..?

Marietti nods.

MARIETTI

The crazy kid tried to rob a pizza shop. Got himself blown away by the owner and an "armed citizen" who happened into the store... The citizen vanished. No video. Owner says the security cameras have been on the fritz for weeks.

DOBBS

Natch.

MARIETTI

What makes this interesting is that Delroy was wearing the V-Boyz colors.

DOBBS

But he's not--

MARIETTI

No, of course he's not. He's too dodgy even for them... I'm waiting for forensics to confirm what I think I already know about the weapon.

(taps the file)

I betcha that little cretin was the shooter at the convenience store.

Marietti moves off. Dobbs returns to her desk just as Brant enters, Marc Bellwood at his side.

Brant throws a surreptitious glance in Dobb's direction as he guides Marc to a vending machine to buy coffee -- a ploy to keep Marc in Rosie's eye-line for as long as possible.

Dobbs speaks quietly to Rosie.

DOBBS

Rosie, have you seen that man before?

Rosie looks up, looks in the direction that Dobbs indicates. She thinks, nods.

DOBBS (CONT'D)

You have?

(then--)

Of course. That's Lieutenant Brant. You met him at your apartment, right?

Rosie nods. Goes back to her coloring.

DOBBS (CONT'D)

What about the other man? The gentleman with Lieutenant Brant. Have you ever seen him before?

Rosie looks, shakes her head, goes back to her coloring book.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
Take a good look, Rosie. It's very important.

Rosie looks at Marc, squints, shakes her head. She goes back to coloring. Dobbs sighs quietly.

DOBBS (CONT'D)
Thank you, sweetheart. That was excellent.

Dobbs catches Brant's eye. Shakes her head.

HANNA
Can we get the hell outta here now?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - 1ST FLOOR LOBBY - DAY

The elevator doors open. Hanna and Rosie step off, head for the front doors. At the same moment--

TECCA

steps through the glass door and into the lobby. As she makes her way across the lobby, she passes--

HANNA AND ROSIE.

Rosie halts in her tracks, eyes locked on Tecca. She watches as Tecca stops at the front desk, makes an inquiry.

The OFFICER at the desk directs Tecca to the elevator.

Tecca looks back. Sees Rosie staring at her. Tecca smiles, continues into the elevator... Cute kid.

Hanna reaches the front door before realizing Rosie has stopped halfway across the lobby. She shouts to her.

HANNA (CONT'D)
Rosie! Move it! We'll miss our friggin' bus.

Rosie turns, runs to catch up with her mom. There's fear in her eyes.

INT. LIEUTENANT BRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Brant sits behind his desk. Marc has settled into one of two chairs facing Brant.

MARC

-- I'm not quite sure why I'm here,
Lieutenant.

BRANT

I suppose you've heard about the
murders of the three women, all of
whom were connected in one way or
the other to the V-Boyz.

MARC

No, I didn't. Well, Tecca mentioned
something about it this morning,
but I've been... well, out of the
loop.

A TAP ON THE DOOR. Tecca lets herself into the office.

Brant stands.

BRANT

Mrs. Bellwood.

TECCA

Tecca, please. Sorry I'm late.

Brant is taken aback.

BRANT

There's really no need for you to
be here. This interview really only
concerns your husband.

She gives him a hard smile, sits on the chair next to Marc.

TECCA

That's why I'm here. I'm Marc's
counsel.

She places her business card on his desk. He picks it up,
looks at it.

BRANT

I was unaware that you were an
attorney... Tecca.

TECCA

Well you're aware now, Lieutenant.
So what was it you wanted to talk
about?

Brant forces a smile, sits.

BRANT

I was telling Marc about the recent
murders, the three women--

TECCA

Yes, yes. I heard about it on the news. Terrible.

(then--)

And what does any of this have to do with Marc?

BRANT

(how can he put this?)

...Well, we want to ensure we can eliminate him from consideration.

TECCA

Eliminate him from consideration?
You mean as a possible murderer?

Brant has no way of making this less uncomfortable. He doesn't say anything.

TECCA (CONT'D)

(fumes)

Are you out of your mind? Do you actually think he could possibly have anything to do with those killings?

MARC

Honey, it's okay. He's just doing his job.

BRANT

(to Tecca)

I understand this is upsetting--

TECCA

You clearly understand nothing, Lieutenant. This is so egregious as to be unbelievable.

Brant allows a moment for the tension to settle, then presses on regardless.

BRANT

Do you own a handgun, Mr. Bellwood?

MARC

A handgun?... Yes, I do.

BRANT

Is it registered?

MARC

Actually... no. I don't think I ever got around to doing the paperwork.

TECCA

We didn't feel it was that important
since we have no plans to use it.

BRANT

Not even for target practice?

TECCA

Not even for target practice.

BRANT

Did you buy it from a licensed
dealer?

Marc looks to Tecca.

TECCA

No, Lieutenant. I encouraged Marc to
buy one for our boat. A spontaneous
reaction to a scary video we watched.
He purchased the gun from a friend.

BRANT

What's your friend's name?

MARC

He's just a buddy from the yacht
club. Look, I don't want to get him
into any trouble, Lieutenant... You
can understand that.

Brant nods, plays the good guy.

BRANT

You wouldn't mind bringing the gun
in so we can examine it, put it
through a couple of tests?

Tecca and Marc exchange looks.

MARC

I can't. I can't seem to find it.

Brant lets the sentence hang.

BRANT

When did you see it last?

TECCA

Are all these questions necessary?
Hasn't he -- haven't we been
through enough already?

Brant waits for Marc to respond.

MARC

...A day or two after the funeral,
I think. I was drunk, confused,
angry. I dug it out of the flare
kit. That's where I kept it. I
thought I'd go after those jerks
who killed Noah and Wyatt--

TECCA

Marc, don't say another word.

MARC

(to Brant, quickly)
I didn't do anything with it. I
swear. I just *thought* about doing
something.

BRANT

What happened to the gun?

MARC

I put it back in the flair kit...
At least I thought I did. But I
was... like I said, pretty drunk.
I don't know where I put it. I may
have thrown it in the lake for all
I know.

INT. POLICE STATION - GENERAL WORK AREA - LATER

Dobbs looks up from her desk, sees Marc and Tecca step out of
Brant's office and make their way to the elevator.

She rises, heads to Brant's office.

INT. BRANT'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

DOBBS

What's she doing here?

BRANT

Apparently, she's his attorney.

DOBBS

He lawyered up?

Brant nods.

BRANT

And I have a feeling it wasn't his
idea.

He picks Tecca's business card off the desk.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Do me a favor.
(hands the business card
to Dobbs)
Check her out.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

An SUV rolls to a stop at the curb, Tecca behind the wheel. She looks across the street to a house. Small, not well maintained, barred windows and door.

She checks the house number with information on a pad in her hand, gets out of the car.

EXT. SHELBY HOUSE - NIGHT

The door opens. A boy, MICKEY SHELBY, 14, looks out at Tecca through the bars. All attitude. A gangbanger in training.

MICKEY
Yeah?

Tecca smiles.

TECCA
You must be Lincoln's brother.

MICKEY
Yeah? Why's that?

TECCA
I remember reading Lincoln has a brother, that's all. About your age.

MICKEY
Where you be readin' that?

TECCA
In his case file.

Mickey doesn't like the sound of that.

MICKEY
You a cop?

TECCA
Lawyer.

Mickey says nothing.

TECCA (CONT'D)
Is your mother home?

MARIA, mid-40s, appears next to Mickey. She gives Tecca a hard look.

MARIA
Whatever you're selling, we ain't
interested.

Tecca flashes a business card, passes it through the bars.

TECCA
Tecca Bellwood. My firm represented
your son about a year ago.

MARIA
So?

TECCA
I've been asked by the firm to find
out how Lincoln has been doing
since the acquittal.

Maria's not buying it. Tecca changes tack.

TECCA (CONT'D)
Okay, my bosses want to generate
some publicity from the pro bono
work they do for the community.
I drew the short straw. They want
me to come up with a couple of
"good news stories", that sort of
thing... If you could help me out
by answering a couple of questions,
I'd really appreciate it...

Maria holds her look for a moment, then pushes open the bars.

MARIA
If it's good news you're looking
for, honey, then you've come to the
wrong place.

Tecca steps inside. Maria closes the inner door.

STAY ON THE DOOR

...as a moment passes. Then another. Then--

GUNSHOTS. Two of them... Another moment passes before the
door opens and Tecca appears. She closes the door, pockets
her business card, hurries off.

DOBBS (PRE-LAP)
You want to hear something
interesting?

INT. LIEUTENANT BRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Brant looks up. Dobbs stands in the office doorway.

DOBBS

In the last three years, the law firm of Warga and Sanders have taken on nine cases involving the V-Boyz. All pro bono. They won more than they lost. But that's not the interesting part. What's interesting is who was being defended in those cases.

A light goes on in Brant's head. He sits up.

BRANT

Let me guess. Dante Bookings, Roberto Felipez, and Trey Brown to name three.

DOBBS

Correct.

BRANT

Was Tecca Bellwood involved with the cases?

DOBBS

Doesn't appear so. She may not have even been aware of them at the time. But she has access to the files.

BRANT

And those files contain the names and addresses of the families of the accused.

DOBBS

(nods)

You won't find them by looking under V-Boyz in the phone book.

Brant's CELL PHONE RINGS.

BRANT

(into phone)

Brant.

(beat; his expression is suddenly troubled)

...Shit. When?

He looks to Dobbs.

BRANT (CONT'D)

Is there a Lincoln Shelby on that list?

DOBBS
There is. Why?

BRANT
He got home an hour ago and found
his mother and brother shot dead.

BRANT (CONT'D)
(into phone)
We've been chasing the wrong fox,
Franco. It's not Marc Bellwood.
It's Tecca.

Brant hops to his feet, heads for the door. Dobbs right behind.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

It's the office tower where Tecca works. Brant's car, grill lights flashing, rolls to a hard stop outside the building.

Marietti is already there. He waits at the curb.

Brant and Dobbs spring out of the car. All three hustle toward the lobby.

MARIETTI
Forensics confirmed that the gun
found on Delroy Harris is the same
one used to kill Noah and Wyatt
Bellwood. Looks like that little
shit was the shooter. And get this,
the same gun was used 4 years ago
in a gas station hold-up. Cashier
took a bullet in the shoulder. Gun
was never found -- but Ty Stanley
and Keeshawn Yates were id'd and
took the hit for it.

DOBBS
Delroy, Ty and Keeshawn. That's our
three at the convenience store.

INT. WARGA & SANDERS LAW OFFICE - DAY

Brant, Dobbs and Marietti storm into the office. Brant flashes his badge to the startled RECEPTIONIST.

BRANT
Tecca Bellwood's office. Where is
it?

RECEPTIONIST
Around the corner. Third one down.

As they start toward it--

RECEPTIONIST (CONT'D)
But she's not there.

That stops them.

BRANT
Where is she?

RECEPTIONIST
I don't know. She called and said she
had to take care of a few things.

MARIETTI
I bet she does.

Howard Warga steps out of a nearby office, takes in the
scene.

HOWARD
Howard Warga, senior partner. Is
there something I can do for you?

BRANT
You can show us the case file for
every member of the V-Boyz your
firm has represented.

Brant shows Howard his badge.

HOWARD
You should know better than that...
(off Brant's badge)
Lieutenant. Attorney-client
privilege is sacrosanct. I'll need
to see warrants... And frankly,
you'll be hard-pressed to find a
judge who would even think about
issuing them.

BRANT
We have reason to believe Tecca
Bellwood has killed five people and
has intentions to kill more. All
the victims are closely linked to
the V-Boyz you've defended.

MARIETTI
She believes the gang is responsible
for the murder of her sons.

Howard blanches.

HOWARD
Tecca? I'm sure there's some
mistake. That's not possible.

BRANT

The five were all murdered within the past two weeks. We know she's getting her information from those case files.

DOBBS

When did Mrs. Bellwood return to work?

Howard, stymied, looks to the receptionist. The receptionist quickly leafs through the pages of a day planner on her desk. She looks up. Not good news.

RECEPTIONIST

...Two weeks ago.

Howard turns, starts down the hall.

HOWARD

Kenny! The file room! Now!

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

As they stream out the front door, Brant gives instructions to Marietti.

BRANT

Take the lead on Ty Stanley and Keeshawn Yates. Check recent addresses, places they frequent, and any family and friends who might harbor them. Put it over the air. The more eyes we have looking, the quicker we'll tag 'em.

Marietti nods, continues to his car. Brant and Dobbs jump into Brant's car. The cars speed off in different directions.

INT. BRANT'S CAR - TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

Brant is thinking hard, covering all the bases.

BRANT

Get those locations to dispatch pronto. I want a patrol car sitting outside each address. Let everybody on that list know what's happening. Tell them to stay put.

(then--)

And tell them not to open the door to anyone, especially to a woman.

Beat. A smile spreads across Dobbs' face.

BRANT (CONT'D)

...What?

DOBBS

Bet you never had reason to say
that before.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - DAY

Jasmine rushes around, grabbing bottled water from the
fridge, keys from the counter, a sweater from the closet.

Reeva waits by the door wearing her school backpack. Gyro
watches TV from the sofa.

REEVA

Mama, I'm late. We have to go now.

JASMINE

Coming, I'm coming. You have your
lunch?

REEVA

(growls)

Ye-es! Why can't I go to school on
my own?

JASMINE

You heard what that Lieutenant told
your brother. Some fool is out
there shooting people.

REEVA

(rolls her eyes)

No one's gonna shoot us.

Jasmine stops, fires a look at Reeva.

JASMINE

And you know that how? You some kinda
psychic? Some kinda know-it-all?
Cause if you are, you can damn well
give me the winning lottery numbers
for tomorrow night.

(beat, smiles)

...Yeah, that's what I thought.

REEVA

Why would anyone want to shoot us?

JASMINE

Girl, people who go 'round shooting
other people for no reason do it
because they have no reason. They
cray-cray!

THE PHONE near the sofa RINGS.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - STREET - SAME

Tecca's car pulls to the curb a few houses down.

INT. TECCA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

She double checks the house number, pulls a notepad from her purse, gives it a glance.

INSERT - THE NOTEPAD

A list of names and addresses. Five of the names have lines drawn through them. The next names on the list, Jasmine Burgess and Reeva Burgess do not.

Tecca returns the pad to her purse, checks to see that the revolver is ready to go. She snaps the purse shut, reaches for the door handle -- and stops cold.

TECCA'S POV - A POLICE CAR,

a blue & white Detroit Police Department cruiser, rolls around the corner and stops across the street from Gyro's house.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - SAME

Jasmine slams the phone down, panicked, terrified.

JASMINE

(to Reeva)

Get away from the door!

REEVA

(whines)

We have to go-o!

Jasmine rushes to Reeva, pushes her away from the door. She turns, secures the dead bolt. Gyro sits up.

JASMINE

We're not going anywhere. We're on some kind of list! Some sort of revenge list.

(to Gyro)

Remember that law firm that represented you when you had to go to court?

GYRO

Yeah. What about it?

JASMINE

A woman who works there, a lawyer,
is the mother of those two boys
from Grosse Point.

Gyro tries to process the information.

GYRO

What's that got to do with us?

JASMINE

You're a V-Boy. She believes the
V-Boyz killed her sons.

GYRO

I told you I had nothing to do with
that.

JASMINE

(screams)

It don't matter to her! Don't you
get it? She's aiming to kill the
people closest to every V-Boy she
can locate. Some gangbanger made
her suffer, now she's gonna make
them suffer the same way. An eye
for an eye... The woman wants
retribution!

INT. MARIETTI'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Marietti drives through a rundown section of town. He looks
out over unkempt, decaying houses, shuttered businesses, cars
that have been stripped and abandoned. Graffiti and gang tags
everywhere.

As he passes a schoolyard, he spots the parked lowrider.
Something familiar about it.

FLASHBACK: EXT. TENEMENT BUILDING - DAY

Marietti has a hand on the wall, leaning over Delroy.

A WINDOW-SHAKING BASS BEAT catches their attention.

Delroy and Marietti look, see the tweaked out lowrider.
Whoever is inside is watching them. Delroy tenses.

MARIETTI

Who's that?

DELROY

How the hell would I know?

END FLASHBACK.

INT. MARIETTI'S CAR - TRAVELING - DAY

Marietti steers the car to the curb.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Tecca's car is still parked on Gyro's street, Tecca in the front seat watching...

INT. TECCA'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Her eyes are fixed on the officer in the cruiser. He talks on the police radio.

Tecca watches as he steps out of the car, starts across the street to Gyro's front door.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Jasmine and Reeva start. Gyro rushes to the front window, peers out.

OFFICER JACK ROONEY speaks through the closed door.

ROONEY'S VOICE

Officer Rooney, Detroit Police. No need to open up. I want to let you folks know I'm parked right across the street, so you can relax a little. Okay?

GYRO

(to Jasmine, confirming)
Yeah, there's a cop car out there.

Jasmine breathes a sigh of relief.

JASMINE

(to the door)
Thank you, Officer.

She joins Gyro near the window, peeps out, watches as Rooney walks back to his car. Looks to Gyro.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

Never thought I'd be happy to see the police at my door.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Before he opens the car door, Rooney looks up and down the street -- and something catches his eye.

He heads toward Tecca's parked car, hits the button on his lapel mic as he walks.

ROONEY
(into mic)
Two-six-three... over.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
(filtered through radio)
Go ahead two-six-three.

ROONEY
(into mic)
The plate number on that gray SUV.
Please repeat.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE
(filtered)
Roger, two-six-three... Alpha-alpha-six-niner-alpha-zeero.

ROONEY
(into mic; a realization)
She's here. Her car is here!

WHIP PAN TO TECCA'S CAR.

But Tecca is no longer in the front seat!

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - BASKETBALL COURT - DAY

A blacktop rectangle with rusted hoops sits at the far end of an expansive, dirt-strewn schoolyard.

Ty Stanley and Keeshawn Yates, shirtless and heavily tatted, play one-on-one.

MARIETTI (O.S.)
So what did you do, give Delroy
fifty bucks to be a lookout?

Ty and Keeshawn stop, see Marietti approaching.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)
If you knew anything about Delroy,
you would've known you could get
him for half of that. But you don't
know Delroy. And that's why you're
in this mess.

Ty or Keeshawn don't say anything. Marietti signals for the ball. Ty biffs it to him. Hard.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)
Cause if you knew Delroy, you'd
never have put a gun in his hands.
(MORE)

MARIETTI (CONT'D)

He was always too high, too loony,
too unpredictable. I'm half
surprised he didn't shoot the two
of you.

KEESHAWN

You care to let us know what the
hell you're jabbering about,
Marietti?

Marietti deftly dribbles the ball toward the hoop. Keeshawn
and Ty don't move, just watch. Marietti halts beneath the
basket, looks back at them.

MARIETTI

Let's see what you got.

Marietti takes the ball outside the 3-point line, sets.
Keeshawn and Ty trade looks, prepare to defend.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)

Did you know Delroy got himself
killed?

Judging by their muted reactions, they didn't.

Marietti charges toward the basket, dekes niftily around
Keeshawn, throws a shoulder into Ty.

Ty bounces off him, crashes to the blacktop. Marietti leaps,
rolls the ball perfectly off a finger tip into the basket.

Ty burns him a look, gets to his feet.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)

He held up a pizza shop with the
same gun he used to shoot those two
kids from Grosse Point.

Keeshawn's eyes dart to Ty. It's not lost on Marietti.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)

The same gun you used in that gas
station heist a while back.
Remember?

TY

We did our time for that. As for
the gun, I got rid of it years ago.
Threw it in the Detroit River if I
remember.

MARIETTI

Hm. Then it's interesting how it
still has your prints all over it.

Marietti lobs the basketball to Ty. He holds onto it.

TY

If you had anything on us you'd be calling for back-up and hauling us away in handcuffs. But you're not. Know why? Cause you know the same thing we know. It was the V-Boyz who did that job.

MARIETTI

They do a lot of bad shit, but I know they didn't rob that convenience store. That was you. And it was you who put the gun into Delroy's hands.
(a lethal glare)
It's on you that those kids are dead.

Keeshawn is suddenly edgy.

KEESHAWN

You arresting us?

Marietti thinks, shakes his head. Ty flashes a snarky smile, guffaws.

TY

Cause you got nothing, Marietti!
Just like I said.

MARIETTI

Nah, it's not that. It's more like I'm tired of dealing with shit. I don't wanna waste my time on you two anymore. Sexual assault, B&E, guns, dope, attempted murder, car theft... Really, what haven't you two been charged with? And yet here you are. Un-fucking-believable.

(he snorts)

I arrest you now, I'm willing to bet you'd get two years, maybe three for the robbery. Even less with a good lawyer. Then you're back on the street and I'm busting my tail all over again... Where's the sense in that?

He turns and heads back toward the perimeter fence, throws a wave in the air.

Ty and Keeshawn are stunned -- elatedly so.

AT THE PERIMETER FENCE

Marietti stops, looks back. Ty and Keeshawn are back to playing basketball. This time with a lot more spring in their steps.

Marietti retrieves his cell phone, hits speed-dial.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Hey, Dobbs... You have a couple of
phone numbers I need.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - DAY

Jasmine sits on the couch, her arm around Reeva. Both shaken and unnerved. Gyro looks out the front window.

JASMINE
Stay away from the window.

GYRO
She won't do nothing with a cop car
out there.

A NOISE from the back of the house. Jasmine starts.

JASMINE
What was that?
(to Gyro)
Did you lock the back door?

GYRO
It's always locked.

Reeva shows panic.

REEVA
I put the trash out this morning.

JASMINE
Did you bolt the door?

REEVA
Yes, I think... I'm not sure.

JASMINE
Gyro, go check.

He starts down the short hall. Stops.

TECCA

stands in the hall gripping the double action revolver.

Jasmine and Reeva look back, shriek blue murder. They rocket off the sofa.

Gyro backs into the living room, followed by Tecca, gun raised.

TECCA
You must be Gyro.

GYRO
You must be the crazy bitch killing
people.

Gyro looks to his mother standing protectively in front of
Reeva, then back to Tecca.

GYRO (CONT'D)
You need to shoot somebody, shoot
me. Leave them out of this.

TECCA
That sort of defeats the point, Gyro.

GYRO
And what fucking crazy point is that?

TECCA
Killing you would make them suffer.
That's not what I want. They'd have
to live with the senseless loss of
a loved one for the rest of their
lives. Like me. Why would I do
that? It's you who I'm going to
make suffer... By killing them.

Reeva whimpers, clutches her mother tightly.

GYRO
Look, lady, I had nothing to do
with what happened to your sons!

TECCA
You're a V-Boy. That's good enough.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

A fleet of police cars are now on the scene, along with a
Special Response Team personnel carrier.

HALF A DOZEN SRT OFFICERS huddle near their vehicle receiving
instructions from their unit commander SGT. GIBSON.

A SHARPSHOOTER takes up position on the roof of the SRT truck.

Brant's car, SIREN BLARING, grill lights flashing, comes to a
screeching halt. Brant hops out of the car. He's met
immediately by Officer Rooney.

BRANT
You called it in?

ROONEY

Yes, sir. When I arrived I let the occupants know I was out here. When I came back to the car, I caught sight of her SUV. Must've been there when I drove up.

Brant looks to the house.

BRANT

Do you think Tecca Bellwood is in there?

ROONEY

Something's not right. We heard screams coming from inside a minute ago.

BRANT

Gunshots?

ROONEY

No, sir... Not yet.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE THE SCHOOLYARD - DAY

Marietti's car is parked outside the perimeter fence. Marietti sits behind the wheel, waiting.

INT. MARIETTI'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Marietti looks through the chain-link fence to the distant basketball court, sees Ty and Keeshawn still shooting hoops.

Something in his side view mirror catches his eye. A line of cars approaching. Five, six, maybe more.

Marietti looks and sees at least that many cars coming from the other direction.

He opens the car door, steps out.

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE THE SCHOOLYARD - CONTINUOUS

The cars stop, park haphazardly on both sides of the street.

Doors open, feet hit the pavement. We see what Marietti sees--

V-Boyz. Dozens of them. Including most of the V-Boyz we have already met.

A mix of ethnicities. Some sport colors, all have a cobra tattoo on their necks. And, at the moment, all bear a take-no-shit attitude.

Dante Bookings and Trey Brown take the lead. The gang circle around Marietti.

Marietti nods in the direction of the basketball court.

MARIETTI

There they are.

TY AND KEESHAWN

continue to mess about on the court, unaware of the crowd on the other side of the perimeter fence.

Marietti speaks to the group.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)

Ty Stanley and Keeshawn Yates started this whole thing. They masqueraded in your colors, they recruited Delroy Harris as lookout, they gave him a gun. They were taking down a mom and pop store on your turf when those kids from Grosse Point happened by. Delroy murdered them in cold blood... And their intention was to let the V-Boyz take the fall for everything.

Marietti looks from Dante to Trey.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)

It was the mother of those two boys who shot Jonelle and Sylvia.

BOOKINGS

Why?

MARIETTI

Because she believes your gang took her sons... So she took something of yours.

BOOKINGS

(vexed)

Where is she?

Marietti shakes his head.

MARIETTI

I'm giving you one gift horse here, Dante. That's all you're getting.

BOOKINGS

Jonelle and Sylvia are dead. Someone needs to account for that.

Marietti lets the sentence hang, then nods in the direction of the Ty and Keeshawn.

MARIETTI

Take it up with them.

Dante holds his look, then turns. Marietti watches as Dante and Trey lead the V-Boyz through the opening in the fence and into the schoolyard.

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - BASKETBALL COURT - CONTINUOUS

Ty has the ball, Keeshawn defends. Ty starts to move around Keeshawn, but Keeshawn is suddenly distracted.

Ty looks, sees what Keeshawn sees -- the horde of V-Boyz marching toward them from across the schoolyard. A beat to realize what's transpiring... then the two men take flight.

Like a wolf pack on the hunt, the V-Boyz are instantly in motion.

They spread out... surround them... cut them off... hem them in... Ty and Keeshawn find themselves trapped. No way out...

EXT. STREET - OUTSIDE THE SCHOOLYARD - CONTINUOUS

Marietti has no interest in observing what's next. He gets in his car, speeds off.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - SAME

Gyro, Jasmine and Reeva are on the sofa.

Tecca peeks out the window, sees the cops, all armed, crouching behind police cars.

JASMINE

They know who you are. There's no getting out of this.

Tecca moves away from the window.

TECCA

I have no intention of getting out.

JASMINE

I'm sorry about your sons. But you ain't gonna bring them back by going through with this.

Tecca looks at her blankly.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

You're a smart woman... or maybe you're just damn crazy, I don't know. But ask yourself how those boys of yours would feel if they knew what you were doing.

TECCA

(screams)

They don't feel anything! They can't, they're dead!

A beat. Jasmine speaks again, this time softer.

JASMINE

You don't think I worry that the same thing could happen to Gyro every time he leaves the house? Violence and death is a fact of life in this neighborhood. Your boys were at the wrong place at the wrong time. I'm sorry for that... But 'round here, it's always the wrong place, the wrong time... News flash: You ain't the first mother to lose her babies.

REEVA

Mama, don't.

JASMINE

The woman needs to hear this.

(to Tecca)

Most of the mothers I know have lost a child. Some more than one. I've been one of the lucky ones... You don't think they feel the same pain you're feeling? They're angry, too. Like you. But killing people? Killing innocents? How's that gonna change things? How's it gonna make things right?

TECCA

Don't kid yourself. No one's innocent.

Jasmine glowers.

JASMINE

I don't believe you qualify to be the judge of that.

The HOUSE PHONE RINGS, startles everyone on the sofa. It RINGS again. Jasmine, Gyro and Reeva look to Tecca.

It RINGS again.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
...That call's gonna be for you.

ANOTHER RING. Tecca keeps the gun trained on the three, picks up the phone.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - STREET - DAY

Brant listens for some response. Nothing.

BRANT
(into phone)
Mrs. Bellwood..?
(then--)
Tecca, it's Lieutenant Brant... Is everyone alright in there?

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TECCA
(into phone)
For the moment, yes, Lieutenant.
But we both know why I'm here.

INTERCUT: BRANT AND TECCA

BRANT
Tecca... the V-Boyz were not involved
in the deaths of Noah and Wyatt.

TECCA
Of course you'd say that.

BRANT
I'm telling you the truth. We found
the weapon. The young man who shot
your sons is dead. He was killed
attempting another robbery...

Tecca says nothing.

BRANT (CONT'D)
We know the identity of all three
of the suspects. None of them are
V-Boyz.

Tecca processes the information, remains silent.

BRANT (CONT'D)
Tecca..?
(beat)
Tecca? Did you hear what I said?
(MORE)

BRANT (CONT'D)
The V-Boyz are not implicated in
any way whatsoever.

Beat.

TECCA
I don't believe you.

Another long moment of silence...

TECCA (CONT'D)
You told me it was the V-Boyz who
killed Noah and Wyatt.

BRANT
The information we had at the time
indicated as much... We were wrong.
I was wrong... We've since learned
the men were masquerading as V-Boyz
to divert us, to throw us off. But
it wasn't them.

And the implication of what he's just said begins to sink in.

TECCA
...Do you know what I've done?

Beat.

BRANT
I do.

She looks suddenly dazed, lays the phone in its cradle.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Brant listens to the dial tone, hits END CALL, and
immediately presses speed-dial.

INT. MARIETTI'S CAR -TRAVELING - CONTINUOUS

Marietti's CELL RINGS. He looks at the display, picks up.

MARIETTI
(into phone)
I'm on my way.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

BRANT
(into phone)
Swing by the yacht club. I want
Marc Bellwood here.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - SAME

Tecca is unnerved, unsteady, discombobulated. Jasmine appraises her for a long moment, figures it out...

JASMINE

It wasn't the V-Boyz.

Tecca says nothing.

JASMINE (CONT'D)

That's what Lieutenant Brant just told you, isn't it. You've been shooting people, dishing out payback, but you got it all wrong.

Tecca glares, her head spinning, her world once again out of control. Jasmine's right -- she got it all wrong.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - STREET - SAME

Sgt. Gibson approaches Brant, indicates the sharpshooter on the roof of the SRT vehicle.

SGT. GIBSON

I've got a man with a bead on your perpetrator, Lieutenant. Just inside the front window. She seems plenty agitated. And she's got the hostages lined up on the sofa like ducks in a shooting gallery... Your call.

Brant nods, contemplates.

BRANT

Let's give it a little time.

TYRESE

(really?)

You sure?

BRANT

No... But let's do it anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - STREET - LATER

Marietti's car approaches, comes to a stop.

Marietti and Marc Bellwood exit the vehicle, spot Brant, move quickly to him. Marc is pale, shaken.

Brant has his cell phone in his hand.

BRANT (CONT'D)
I want you to talk to her.

MARC
And say what?

BRANT
Whatever you can to get her to stop
what she's doing and give herself
up.

MARC
I don't think I'm the one to
convincer her, Lieutenant...
We haven't been especially
communicative lately.

Brant indicates the sharpshooter on the roof of the truck.

BRANT
He's the alternative.

Marc understands. Brant hits speed dial, hands the phone to him.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

The PHONE RINGS. Tecca looks at it, doesn't move. She hasn't moved in minutes.

It RINGS AGAIN. Jasmine, Gyro and Reeva exchange looks. The PHONE RINGS AGAIN.

JASMINE
Somebody wants to talk to you.

It RINGS AGAIN.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
You want me to answer?

Tecca shakes her head.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Marc hands the phone back to Brant.

MARC
She's not picking up.

BRANT
(to Marietti)
Get us a couple of vests.

CUT TO:

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Everyone starts. Tecca looks to Jasmine, motions with the gun.

Jasmine moves to the front door, pulls it open. Marc and Brant are on the other side of the bars in Kevlar vests. They see Tecca across the room.

MARC

Tecca... I know what you're feeling.
I do. I wanted to kill those punks.
If I had had the gun with me that
night, who knows how things would've
ended..?

TECCA

It wasn't the V-Boyz.

MARC

(gently)
I know... All the more reason for
you to end this now. Put down the
gun, Tecca. Let this family be.
There's just not room for any more
grief.

BRANT

We can get you help. But you need
to put down the gun.

TECCA

No one can help me.

MARC

That's not true. You acted under
duress, you weren't yourself.
There's a whole firm of lawyers who
will work their butts off for you,
Tecca. There's a way out of this--

TECCA

Stop it! There's no defense for
what I've done.

JASMINE

steps toward the bars, grasps the latch, releases it.

Tecca immediately whips the gun around, aims at Jasmine.

TECCA (CONT'D)

What are you doing?

JASMINE

(calm)
I'm taking my family out of here.

She waits for a reaction from Tecca, but there's none.

Jasmine pushes the barred gate open. Brant and Marc step back. Jasmine looks to Reeva and Gyro.

JASMINE (CONT'D)
Come on, let's go.

All three look to Tecca. A beat. Tecca holds Jasmine in her sights for a moment -- then lowers the weapon.

Reeva and Gyro scamper out the door. Jasmine gives Tecca a final look -- this one softened with a hint of empathy. She follows Gyro and Reeva outside.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - FRONT STEPS - CONTINUOUS

SRT officers usher Jasmine, Gyro and Reeva quickly away from the house. Brant motions for Marc to go with them.

Marc gives Tecca one last lingering look, turns, and follows the others down the steps.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Brant steps cautiously into the living room.

TECCA
What will happen to me if I
surrender?

BRANT
If..?

TECCA
I haven't surrendered yet,
Lieutenant.

BRANT
Give me the gun, Tecca--

TECCA
Answer the question.

BRANT
I don't know... You'll be charged,
you'll be given a psychiatric
examination to determine if you're
fit to stand trial... There's no
telling how it will play out.

EXT. GYRO'S HOUSE - STREET - CONTINUOUS

The sharpshooter still has his rifle fixed on the front window, his eye on the scope.

Sgt. Gibson looks up at the sharpshooter.

SGT. GIBSON
If that looney tune makes any
sudden moves, take her out.

The sharpshooter's index finger caresses the trigger guard.

INT. GYRO'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

TECCA
Do you believe in the afterlife,
Lieutenant?

BRANT
What, like heaven and hell?

She nods.

BRANT (CONT'D)
I do... I picture heaven as an
endless grassy plain with herds of
buffalo and wild horses.
(he smiles)
Like in Dances with Wolves, only
better... And without the cavalry.
(beat)
Hell is Detroit.

TECCA
Are you afraid to die?

BRANT
I'm not sure. I guess I picked a
strange profession if I am. I try
not to think about it... What about
you?

She nods.

TECCA
Very much. I'm afraid of what's
next. Especially now. Especially
after what I've done... I have to
ask you something. It's important
you tell me the truth. Will you
promise to do that?

BRANT
I suppose so.

TECCA

No. I want a guarantee. Your word on all you hold holy and loving and sacred. It's important to me... You tell me the truth and I'll surrender the weapon.

Brant considers, then--

BRANT

I can do that.

TECCA

Did you tell me the truth when you said none of the V-Boyz were involved in Noah and Wyatt's deaths.

BRANT

I did.

She sighs, smiles sadly.

TECCA

I was really hoping you were lying.

BRANT

Now your turn. Put down the gun.

TECCA

One more question. You're still bound to tell the truth, okay?... Is there a rifle aimed at my head?
(off Brant's confused look)
Outside. Is there a sniper with a rifle trained on me?

Brant's puzzled.

BRANT

...Why are you asking?

TECCA

Just answer, Lieutenant.

BRANT

There is.

Brant suddenly realizes her intention.

BRANT (CONT'D)

No, Tecca don't--!

In a flash, she raises the revolver, aims it at Brant--

BRANT (CONT'D)

Tecca! No!

-- A bullet shatters the front window, targets Tecca in the head!

Blood sprays, brain splatters. A killshot. She drops to the floor.

Brant reacts wordlessly. Startled, saddened... He sighs, dips his head, closes his eyes...

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. GREAT PLAINS - DAY

Gently rolling grassy plains stretching as far as the eye can see. A herd of buffalo graze contentedly in the foreground. Wild horses run and cavort in the distance. We take in the scene for a long moment... Then--

MARIETTI (V.O.)
Suicide by cop.

INT. BRANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Brant's eyes spring open.

Brant is at his desk, sees Marietti stepping into the office.

MARIETTI
Nothing you could have done.

Marietti gives him a concerned look, sits on the corner of Brant's desk.

MARIETTI (CONT'D)
You okay..?

BRANT
Tired, rundown and underpaid. But aren't we all.
(beat)
They found Ty Stanley and Keeshawn Yates. Beat up, tied up, stripped naked and near dead.
(with a look to Marietti)
Seems the V-Boyz got wind of what they'd been up to.

MARIETTI
No kidding. What goes around comes around my granny used to say. Gotta say, it couldn't have happened to a couple of more deserving pricks. Where are they now?

BRANT

Under guard at the Henry Ford. Be a couple of weeks before either one will be well enough to appear in court. But they will.

MARIETTI

Glad to hear it.

Marietti stands, starts for the door.

BRANT

Hey, Franco.

Marietti stops, turns back, Brant looking at him.

BRANT (CONT'D)

...Nice work.

SMASH TO BLACK.

-THE END-