

SAFE HARBOR

"Whatevs"

by Jason Richman

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4TH Revised Network Draft

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INT. LIQUOR STORE - DAY

A mom-n-pop place. POP (Asian, 50), sits behind the counter scratching a lottery ticket. The door JINGLES but Pop's too wrapped up to notice. As Pop realizes he's won fifty bucks --

GUNMAN (O.S.)
Empty the register.

-- he looks up at a terrifying sight - A GUNMAN, face shrouded in DAZZLE-CAMO paint, applied in geometric shapes, seemingly warping his features, making him appear almost alien. Off this haunted marauder --

GUNMAN (CONT'D)
You can keep the scratcher.

SMASH TO:

THE SUN - glinting off the iconic Korean Friendship Bell pagoda, perched high on the Palos Verdes bluffs, hearing --

BELLAROSA (V.O.)
How lucky are we...
...to live in a place like this.

As we RISE to behold -- THE PACIFIC OCEAN. Blue. Infinite. Catalina island glows off-shore, farther than it appears.

EXT. SOUTH BAY - DAY - VARIOUS TABLEAU SHOTS OF:

LONG BEACH: People frolic in the sand and surf --

BELLAROSA (V.O.)
Sunshine, fresh air...

PORT OF L.A.: Cruise and Container ships cued up --

BELLAROSA (V.O.)
People come here from all over.

SAN PEDRO: Storefront signs in different languages --

BELLAROSA (V.O.)
Every race, color, and creed...

WILMINGTON: Moving down a street of quaint homes --

BELLAROSA (V.O.)
This is our little paradise.

AS WE SETTLE ON: The HARBOR DIVISION POLICE STATION --

BELLAROSA (V.O.)
And I've done my best to keep it
that way. My whole life...

INT. HARBOR STATION - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

CAPTAIN ARTHUR BELLAROSA (60'S), tough and sage, addresses a room full of officers and staff, listening, rapt as --

CAPTAIN BELLAROSA
So I thank you for your service and
your commitment. And I leave you
with something my training officer
told me my first day on the job.
At some point, you're gonna walk
into the worst moment of a person's
life. But it can also be the best.
You'll be the difference between
those two outcomes.
(fighting emotion)
Keep being the difference out there--

The cops RISE to salute Bellarosa, who walks to the back where TWO IA SUITS wait. He flashes a smug grin --

CAPTAIN BELLAROSA (CONT'D)
Do it by the book, boys.

-- then oddly, he places his hands behind his back. You can hardly hear over the chorus of cops, now BOOING as --

IA SUIT
Captain Arthur Bellarosa, you have
the right to remain silent.
Anything you say can and will be
used against you...

Off Bellarosa, being lead away in cuffs, PRELAP:

ORI (V.O.)
This isn't my angry voice, Ellis!

INT. CLOVERFIELD HOUSE - BEDROOM - DAY

ORIANA 'ORI' CLOVERFIELD (35), struggles to cinch her hair into a low-bun while crimping her neck to hold the phone --

ORI
This is my running-late-and-in-no-
mood-to-discuss-your-secretary-
picking-our-son-up-from-school
voice! ...Why?
(MORE)

ORI (CONT'D)
I don't know, maybe it has
something to do with me finding the
two of you, where was that again?
Oh yeah, IN OUR BED! Ellis, ELLIS!
Don't you dare cut me off...!

WE SMASH TO:

CHOP! A knife cuts a sandwich. Widen to see it's A LOCAL TV
MORNING SHOW as a CELEB CHEF leads a cooking demonstration --

CELEB CHEF (ON TV)
You want to cut corner to corner...

INT. CLOVERFIELD HOUSE - KITCHEN - VARIOUS SHOTS - DAY

HANDS expertly slice the same sandwich - corner to corner.

CELEB CHEF (ON TV)
Then you want to remove your
chilled cucumbers...

HANDS remove chilled cucumbers from the fridge --

CELEB CHEF (ON TV) (CONT'D)
Add your dill vinegar dressing.

HANDS spoon out dressing, mimicking the CELEB CHEF perfectly.
And as the wine toting LADY HOST (45) laments --

LADY HOST (O.S.)
Boy, that sure seems complicated.

PAN UP to find the HANDS belong to ANGELO (11), Ori's
precocious son. He rolls his eyes at the screen --

ANGELO
Yeah, Jill, after three glasses of
wine, verbs seem complicated.

At that moment, Ori emerges in a police uniform.

ORI
Okay... how do I look?

ANGELO
Like a cop.
...Who's been yelling at dad.

She smirks. Angelo hands her a brown bagged --

ANGELO (CONT'D)
BLT.

ORI
Yum! Sounds --

ANGELO
Beet, Lentil and Tofu.

ORI
(crestfallen)
-- healthy.

ANGELO
Sorry mom, but everybody knows cops
eat like crap and you'll never meet
a man if your ass gets fat.

ORI
I already have a man, honey. He's
a great kid, an amazing chef, and a
sport for going along with this.

ANGELO
Don't get all huggy. I'm just
hoping to score an X-box out of it.

Their attention is drawn to the TV as an ANCHOR reports on --

ANCHOR (ON TV)
...the beleaguered Harbor Division
whose Captain was indicted last
week for corruption. The latest in
a series of scandals leaving trust
between the department and the
community at an all time low...

ANGELO
(wary)
You sure you really want this job?

INT. HARBOR STATION - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

A morning briefing. LT. PETE DAYGLER (55), old salt, hard
edged Watch Commander, addresses a room full of cops --

DAYGLER
Ladies and gentlemen, let's welcome
the department's newest recruit,
Officer Oriana Cloverfield --
(off Ori, bashful)
-- who gave up a high paying
corporate legal profession for a
low paying career with you losers!

Laughs all around. Somebody coughs out --

COP (O.S.)

MILF!

DAYGLER

Okay, settle down. Let's start
with what's on everybody's mind.
The new captain...

(amid Booooos)

He won't be named for another week.

COP (O.S.)

Maybe it'll be you, L-T!

Everybody CHEERS! Ori has to smile at the spirited group --

DAYGLER

Sorry, new command always comes in
from outside. But I know we're all
gonna be on our best behavior when
he shows up, aren't we?

(off grumbles)

Good. Now on to police business...

Daygler nods to a board, displaying various surveillance
camera shots of the DAZZLE-CAMO robber we saw earlier.

DAYGLER (CONT'D)

Our boy struck again last night.
Chico's liquor on Pacific. In and
out in thirty seconds. I.D. is
looking unlikely, given the face
paint so we're going to have to amp
up our response time. You get that
2-1-1, you go in hot. Let's pull
this nut-burger off the street.
Okay, Detective Anahmi, you're up.

DET. JUSTIN ANAHMI (35), strides up. One look at this slick,
plain clothes cop and you know he rides alone. He flips the
board, revealing mug shots of menacing, tatted Latino men.

ANAHMI

Most of you are familiar with these
cuties, our friendly neighborhood
street gang, the Varrios Locos -
who have managed to get their hands
on four keys of freshly smuggled
cartel coke. A big step up for
them and bigger problem for us if a
new drug corridor opens up down
here. My C-I tells me they plan to
offload the stuff tomorrow morning.
Short notice, I know, but I'm gonna
need some units for the bust.

DAYGLER

Barkley, Holdenkamp, Chizo -- you
and your partner wives are on the
detail.

ON OFFICER EZME CHIZO (*Chee-zo*) - (25, Latina, tightly
wound), hides her worry at this news. But her partner, ALVIN
DEETS DIETRICH (26, black, boyish) clocks it. Then, sotto --

DEETS

You gonna say something?

CHIZO

About what?

DEETS

(*Seriously?*)

Your brother, what do you think? --

CHIZO

I think you should shut your hole.

Off Deets, shaking his head in annoyance, we SWING TO:

DAYGLER

That's all for now. Keep your eyes
open, watch your butts, and let's
make a difference out there...

As the cops disperse, Daygler approaches Ori --

DAYGLER (CONT'D)

Picked a hell of a week to start.

ORI

Apparently. Rowdy bunch.

DAYGLER

And loyal. Cops don't like change.
Ah! Here he is. Your field training
officer, Sergeant Frank Griffiths.

Ori turns to the COP, (45), hair a bit too mussed, face a bit
too sun-kissed. As Daygler peels away --

GRIFF

Call me Griff.

ORI

Griff. Okay. I am... really looking
forward to working with you and
learning the ropes and I just want
you to know that I'm gonna pull my
weight one thousand percent.

GRIFF
 Whatevs. Car's out front.

And he goes, leaving Ori thrown as Anahmi approaches --

 ANAHMI
 Hey, there. I just wanted to
 welcome you to the department.

 ORI
 Thanks. Anahmi, right?

 ANAHMI
 But people call me Anahmi of One.

 PASSING COP
 No one calls him that!

 ANAHMI
 Listen, if you want the inside
 scoop on this place, I know a quiet
 spot, great wine, killer record
 collection, and an ocean view
 that'll take your breath away.

 ORI
 (suspicious)
 Would that quiet spot also be your
 apartment?

Anahmi flashes a smile impervious to rejection.

 ANAHMI
 Or we could go out someplace.
 (handling her a card)
 My number. Call anytime. Text
 anytime. Key word is...

 ORI
 (when pigs fly)
 Anytime. Got it.

Ori gets about three steps and is cornered by a model-esque
Asian woman, (25), blunt, bold bangs frame her stoic face --

 GENELLE
 Genelle. Dispatch. You'll be
 hearing tons of me, so...

Ori stands there, waiting for the rest... which never comes.

 ORI
 Okay. Great. I'm --

GENELLE
Cloverfield. Unit 507. I'll know
where you are, when, with who, so --

ORI
So..?

GENELLE
So stay away from my boyfriend!

Genelle swipes Anahmi's card from Ori, rips it in half, then
walks off, passing --

OFFICER CHARLIE SCOODERERRO (37), total hunk... of few words
and oblivious to all the women checking him out while his
partner, STANLEY MUDD (36), likable and loyal, laments --

MUDD
No alcohol, no hot baths; this in-
vetro thing is killing me. And
these boxers Sarah's got me in?
It's like gravity's pulling my boys
toward the Earth's core.

CHARLIE
You have been walking kinda funny.

MUDD
Worst part is, until I raise my
sperm count, she won't make her
famous tzatziki!

CHARLIE
I love Sarah's tzatziki.

MUDD
My procreation ain't just a 'ME'
problem, partner. Can't you talk
to her? My wife'll listen to you --

Passing Daygler's office --

DAYGLER
Charlie! A minute?
(as Mudd follows)
Alone.

Mudd looks on through the glass like a puppy who's owner tied
him up outside a store as Charlie enters DAYGLER'S OFFICE --

DAYGLER (CONT'D)
Your paperwork has been approved.

Charlie's relief is barely perceptible. As is his fear.

DAYGLER (CONT'D)
You sure you want to do this?

CHARLIE
Don't want to, sir. Have to.

DAYGLER
Okay, son. But it's in the system
now. You know word's gonna get out.

A bit apprehensive, Charlie nods then exits to --

MUDD
What was that about?

CHARLIE
Nuthin'.

Off Mudd, suspicious - *Didn't look like nuthin'*, we PRELAP:

GRIFF (V.O.)
Quite a mystery.

INT. GRIFF'S CRUISER - ON PATROL - DAY

Griff drives Ori through the Streets of Long Beach.

GRIFF
You leaving a cushy job for this.

ORI
You mean helping people? Doing
something that actually matters?
What's so strange about wanting to
make a difference?

GRIFF
Just saying, it's a big life
change. Divorce makes people do
crazy things.
(off her glare)
Ring finger tanline. Dead giveaway.

ORI
Separated. Eight months. And not a
factor. Go to the same office, sit
at the same desk long enough, you
realize there must be more to life.

GRIFF
Still, kinda late in the game to be
starting on patrol. I'm guessing
there's more to that story.

ORI
(utterly offended)
And what about your story, deputy
dinosaur? Three stripes and still
a beat grunt.

GRIFF
Is that what you see?

ORI
I don't think you want to know what
I see.

GRIFF
And I don't think you want to bite
the hand that writes your training
report.

ORI
Whatevs...

GENELLE (V.O.)(DISPATCH)
415 in progress, 600 north Elm.
Man in Santa suit with sword...

Ori picks up the radio --

GRIFF
What're you doing?

ORI
Responding to the call.

GRIFF
(hanging up the radio)
Yeah, I don't do calls. My thing
is revenue generation. So what do
you say we write some tickets? Look
at that. Busted tail light, nine
O'clock. Like manna from asphalt.

Ori watches, irritated, as Griff *WUP-WUP!* pulls the car over.
She grabs her citation pad and as she opens the door --

ORI
You coming?

GRIFF
I'm here to observe.

Off Ori's eye roll, Griff pulls out a crossword puzzle --

GRIFF (CONT'D)
Five letters, young oak, hmh...

INT. CHIZO'S CRUISER - ON PATROL - DAY

Chizo drives. Deets gazes out the window, brooding --

CHIZO

You wanna spit it out before you
have a stroke?

DEETS

You've been bitching about your
brother hanging around the Locos.

CHIZO

He grew up with some of those guys.
They're his friends. That's all...

DEETS

They just put you on the NARC
detail. It's a conflict.

CHIZO

It's not your problem.

DEETS

Hell, it isn't. I'm on track for
detective. But if I know you're
worried he'll get swept up in that
bust and you go and say the wrong
thing that might tip him off, then
me knowing what you know makes me
accessory to cop treason!

CHIZO

You think I'm that dumb?!

DEETS (CONT'D)

I'm not saying that --

CHIZO

Then what are you saying? Ten
words or less, for once.

DEETS

I know you, partner! You get a
look when you're about to do
something you shouldn't. I'm
warning you. Don't go near him
until this sting goes down.

CHIZO

My brother makes his own stupid
choices, alright? I ain't his
mommy. And you're not mine.

GENELLE (V.O.)(DISPATCH)

All units, 2-1-1 in progress, Alma
Market, Code 3, Code 3.

CHIZO & DEETS
Face paint freak!

Deets hits the color bars, Chizo pulls a uey, as we SMASH TO:

EXT. ALMA MARKET AND LIQUOR - DAY

Mudd, Charlie and another cruiser pull into the lot, sirens whirling. They exit their vehicles. Charlie and Mudd draw and split, moving toward the store with unspoken unity.

As they sidle up to the entrance... the DAZZLE CAMO GUNMAN bolts from a back door, taking them off guard --

MUDD
Go get 'em, Charlie!

Charlie, the designated badass, bolts after the guy like a Rottweiler. The others fade in the B.G., trying to keep up. The Gunman darts toward a bunch of cars cued up at a light. As Charlie closes, drawing his weapon, the Gunman yanks a man from a YELLOW FORD TAURUS, jumps in and drives off --

But Charlie is relentless, keeping on the jacked car, which drags some in traffic. As Charlie gains, he glimpses part of the Gunman's warped face in the cracked driver's side mirror.

The Gunman's eyes WIDEN, as if stunned to see this Terminator of a cop on his tail. He floors it, SWERVING onto the sidewalk, blowing an intersection, nearly t-boning an SUV, which SKIDS, careening - SMASHING - into a lamp post.

The pursuit becomes a rescue as Charlie bolts toward the SUV, now, finding A YOUNG WOMAN trapped inside. A downed power line flails overhead, sparking leaking fuel. The SUV LIGHTS UP! The Young Woman bangs on the window, SHRIEKING --

YOUNG WOMAN
Help me! PLEASE...!

Charlie takes his mag light to the glass but it won't bust. The SUV fills with smoke. The woman coughs, GASPING now. Thinking fast, Charlie rips out the SUV's antenna --

CHARLIE
Cover your eyes!

She does. Charlie flexes the antenna back and lets it SNAP! A CRACK ripples up the window. Charlie elbows out the glass. He reaches in and yanks the Young Woman out --

WOMAN
Thank you! Thank you...!

As he carries her away, the SUV IS ENGULFED IN FLAMES! The woman collapses in Charlie's arms, sobbing, clinging to him --

CHARLIE

You're okay. I got you.

Cruisers SCREECH up, including Chizo and Deets, who attack the fire with extinguishers. Mudd and other cops arrive on foot. They literally have to PRY this woman out of Charlie's arms. As they lead her off, she reaches back for him --

CHARLIE (CONT'D)

Yellow Ford Taurus, plate number
Bravo-Tango-7-7-2-Victor-Romeo.

MUDD

Somebody call it in!
(checking Charlie over)
Sorry, partner, these boxers really
slow a man down. You okay?

CHARLIE

(seething)
He got away.

MUDD

We'll get 'em. Matter of time.

OFC HOLDENKAMP

Good going, Charlie. And so you
know, we're behind you all the way.

The gaggle of cops pat him on the back. As they move on --

MUDD

Behind you for what?

Charlie shrugs, *Beats Me*. But off Mudd, starting to wonder --

EXT. SAN PEDRO - FRONT STREET - NEXT DAY

ON A PINK MERCEDES - Ori is at the window, writing a ticket. The LADY DRIVER (60, pink sweatsuit), clutches a Pomeranian (pink sweater), which growls at Ori as its master rants --

LADY DRIVER

I'm entitled to an attorney!
We know our rights, don't we,
Prancy?

ORI

It's just a speeding citation,
ma'am, you're not under arrest.

LADY DRIVER
All the crime in this city; don't
you have anything better to do?!

Off Ori - *Clearly* - we hear a loudspeaker CRACKLE --

GRIFF (O.S.)
Officer Cloverfield, don't forget
the VIN number!

Ori shoots dagger eyes at Griff, who's in the cruiser --

GRIFF (O.S.) (CONT'D)
And never turn your back to the
driver. Aaaaanything can happen.

Ori can barely contain her irritation. But as she hands the
Old Lady the ticket - she clocks a YELLOW SEDAN driving past.

INT. GRIFF'S CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

Griff does his crossword. Through the windshield, we see Ori
hauling ass back to the cruiser. As she jumps in --

ORI
Yellow Taurus, heading South!
(off Griff, *So?*)
The face-paint freak?!

GRIFF
You sure?

Off her death glare, Griff starts up and pulls away. CUT TO:

EXT. SAN PEDRO/INT. GRIFF'S CRUISER - DAY

THE CRUISER pulls behind the Yellow Taurus, far enough to
avoid being noticed but close enough to see --

ORI
Bravo-Tango-7-7-2... plate's a
match -- it's him!

GRIFF
(into radio)
Unit one-seven, heading East on
Ninth, requesting assistance --

But the Taurus TEARS AWAY. Exhilarated, Ori hits the siren --

ORI
Here we go!

Griff chases, siren wailing. They approach an intersection --

ORI (CONT'D)
Soccer Mom, three O'Clock..!

GRIFF
I see it!

He SWERVES, arcing around a mini-van full of kids --

ORI
Open lane on your right --

GRIFF
I'm the mentor, you're the mentee!

ORI (CONT'D)
Just trying to be helpful.

GRIFF
QUIET WOULD BE HELPFUL!!

And we GO AERIAL, tracking the chase from above, hearing Ori notifying dispatch as the Taurus pulls onto --

ORI (V.O.) (INTO RADIO)
Suspect heading West onto the
Vincent Thomas Bridge, alert Port
Police, we're coming in hot --

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

The chase heads into the massive port complex. The two cars swerve amid the maze of containers, like X-Wing fighters in an asteroid field. The Taurus turns down a massive pier --

GRIFF
That's a dead end. He's toast!

As if reading Griff's mind, the Taurus slows enough for the Gunman to bail out. Ori releases her safety belt --

ORI
We got a runner!

GRIFF
Wait for backup..!

But she's already out the door. Griff's about to follow, but sees the Taurus rolling toward *FLAMMABLE* propane tanks, men working behind them. Griff speeds up, tapping the bumper, diverting the Taurus, preventing an explosion as we SMASH TO:

ORI - sprinting after the Gunman across the yard, dodging cargo Semis, which BLOW past in organized chaos.

The Gunman climbs onto a MASSIVE CONTAINER CRANE, which is moving. Workers clear a path as Ori chases him to -- A STAIRWELL, narrow and nearly vertical. As they charge up, THE ENTIRE BAY rises behind them like a huge post card; Palos Verdes to Bluff Beach to the red stacks on the Queen Mary.

They reach the midway control platform, tiering high over the water. Footholds are treacherous. Architecture literally moves around them as the crane pulls containers from a ship.

The gunman jumps a guard rail. Ori goes over but gets SNAGGED HARD -- hung up on her utility belt. She dangles awkwardly. *FUCK!* As she struggles to right herself --

The Gunman turns, revealing our first close look - AND IT IS SCARY. The face-paint bends his features, giving him a monstrous appearance as he approaches Ori -- WITH A GUN. Ori's heart POUNDS! She furtively reaches for her weapon. He tics his head - *Nah-ah*. And now she's at his Mercy.

GUNMAN
(sensing her fear)
I'm not a killer.

ORI
Then drop your weapon. We can talk
this through...

Oddly, he finds that humorous. But the gallows smile fades as he peers down at the matchbox cop cars gathering below --

GUNMAN
I can't go back.

With that, he turns and walks away. Ori draws on him --

ORI
Stop!

But he doesn't.

ORI (CONT'D)
I will shoot you, Sir!

But she doesn't as he reaches the very end of the CRANE ARM, extending high over the water. He peers down at the ocean, white-capping below. And just like that -- *Holy Fuck!* --

ORI (CONT'D)
Noooo!

He steps over the side. Off Ori, EYES SHELL-SHOCKED WIDE! --

END ACT ONE

ACT II

EXT. PORT OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

A helicopter circles above. Ori watches a hive of cops and techs, processing the Yellow Taurus. Griff approaches --

GRIFF

Dock worker just showed up for his shift. His locker was pried open, his coveralls and hard hat were missing. The Perp's wet jacket was found in a trash bin nearby. We're thinking that's how he slipped out.

ORI

He wasn't going to be taken in. He was willing to die.

GRIFF

Man gets desperate, in his mind, he didn't have a choice. But you did.
(off her sharp look)
You kiss your son this morning?
Tell him you loved him? Could have been your last chance. You should have waited for help.

Deets emerges from the pack of cops around the Taurus --

DEETS

Carjacking victim arrived 15 minutes ago. He was directed to search his vehicle; front seat, rear, glove, trunk, side panels...

CHIZO

We get it, Deets. The point..?

DEETS

Everything in the car belonged to the owner, except --
(exhibiting plastic bags)
Two dollars, thirty eight cents in change, a pair of cheap shades, a Butterfinger I estimate to be five-eighths consumed. ...Oh, and what appears to be a grocery list, on a crumpled piece of stationary, embossed... "Harbor Senior Living."

GRIFF

Way to save the best part for last, kid.

INT. HARBOR SENIOR LIVING - RETIREMENT HOME - DAY

Ori, Griff and a detective, BEEKMAN (50, Brooklyn transplant), follow a Filipina NURSE down the hall.

NURSE

He must have made three trips,
carrying all those groceries.
She's stocked up for a month.

The Nurse opens a door to a room, where -- an ELDERLY WOMAN lies convalescing amid CASES OF GROCERIES. Ori glances at the crumpled *Harbor Senior Living* stationary --

ORI

Yep, all this stuff is on the list.

NURSE

Alicia Ortega. Poor thing, the home was going to evict her but her son settled the bills.

GRIFF

In cash, I'm guessing.

NURSE

He comes everyday. Stays for hours.

BEEKMAN

Mrs. Ortega, we'd like to find your son. We just want to talk to him.

Mrs. Ortega glares at them through cloudy eyes --

MRS. ORTEGA

You said that last time. Took him away, just to talk. Never brought him back. Get out.

Off our cops, trading eyes, we CUT TO:

INT. HARBOR STATION - NIGHT

ON A LATINO MAN. Widen to see it's a mug shot on a board as Daygler convenes cops and detectives for a manhunt meeting.

DAYGLER

James Ortega, forty-five. Thirty years back he robs a market on 18th and blows the cashier away. He does a three dime bid, gets paroled six months ago and picks up where he left off. So what's his next move?

DEETS

Can't go back to his mother. I'm
him, I lay low and get loaded.

BEEKMAN

No substance use. P.O. says he was
trying to go straight, get a job --

CHIZO

Disclosure regs; murder doesn't
look so good on an application.

ORI (O.S.)

He said he didn't do it.

Amid laughs, eyes shoot to Ori, who we didn't know was there.

GRIFF

All cons say that, Cloverfield.

ORI

Maybe we should give the old case
another look. Might be something
there. Witness, a contact...

DAYGLER

(no one asked you)
Thanks for your input,
officer --

ORI (CONT'D)

-- He was 15 when he went
away. Who can he turn to
now? Maybe he looks up an
old friend --

DAYGLER

-- Maybe you should have pulled the
trigger when you had the chance!
Ortega's a convicted killer. I
hope no one else dies because you
didn't do your job.

Harsh words. Off Ori, all eyes on her --

INT. HARBOR STATION - ANAHMI'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Detective Anahmi is at the Locos, gangster board, prepping
for the bust. Deets knocks on the door --

DEETS

Excuse me, sir. I don't know if
you know, or if anybody told you or
if you heard --

ANAHMI

Cut to the chase, Deets, I'm busy.

DEETS

I'll be trying for Detective soon.
Recommendation from you would look
pretty good to the brass.

ANAHMI

Sure. We nail the Locos tomorrow
morning, it'll look even better.

Off Deets, conflicted now, eying Locos' faces, we CUT TO:

~~VATOS LOCOS~~ - tattoo'd on a man's arm. He is DANIEL (20),
at a door, pausing to pull down his sleeve before he enters --

INT. FIRST GRADE CLASSROOM - NIGHT

PARENT NIGHT is written on a blackboard. LILLY (7, adorable),
stands, trying not to look at her paper as she recites --

LILLY

I'm proud because she wants to keep
me safe. And also everyone else.

Lilly looks over at her proud mom, Chizo, who smiles, seeing
her brother, Daniel, slip in amid the parents.

LILLY (CONT'D)

So, if you're scared or need help,
call my mom. Her number is 9...
(looks at paper)
1 - 1.

Amid charmed laughs and applause, we CUT TO:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Chizo, Daniel, and Lilly walk the hall amid parents and kids.

DANIEL

How'd you memorize all that?
You're the smartest niece I got.

LILLY

I'm your only one, silly.

As Lily runs off, Chizo sees the LOCOS gang tattoo, creeping
out from Daniel's sleeve. She tries to bite her tongue, but --

CHIZO

Oh, Daniel... I, uh, need you to
drop Lily at school tomorrow.

DANIEL
Sorry, I'm busy tomorrow.

CHIZO
At eight a.m.? Doing what?

DANIEL
...Helping a friend move.

CHIZO
What friend?

DANIEL
You don't know him.

CHIZO
Cause he's your imaginary friend?
(off Daniel's annoyance)
I thought we talked about you going
back for your degree.

DANIEL
You were doing all the talking.

She YANKS up his sleeve, revealing the tattoo. Heads turn --

CHIZO DANIEL (CONT'D)
When did you get this? Keep it down...

CHIZO
(in hushed tones)
You see any old Locos walking
around out there? You run with a
gang, you got an expiration date.

DANIEL
They're my friends --

CHIZO
They're thugs! You think because
they give you a gun, it makes you
somebody? You throw your life away
while the guy at the top gets rich.

DANIEL
Like your Captain? He gave you a
gun -- he got pretty rich.

CHIZO
It's not the same --

DANIEL
Tell yourself that. There's two
gangs in this town, us and you.

CHIZO

And we're always gonna win. Walk away.

DANIEL

What would that make me? I love you, Ez, but I swore an oath. Just like you.

Daniel goes. Off Chizo, heartbroken, we CUT TO:

INT. HARBOR STATION - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Mudd and Charlie enter, surprised to see (*HIS*) graffiti'd on Mudd's locker while Charlie's is tagged (*HERS*).

MUDD

The hell is this about?

CHARLIE

Don't know.

MUDD

Of course... you don't know.

Mudd opens his locker, stewing -- then SLAMS IT SHUT!!

MUDD (CONT'D)

I think you do know! Something's going on here. You gonna make me guess..?

Charlie stares back, stoic. Mudd's eyes flare - *Well?*

CHARLIE

I'm not sure how to say it.

MUDD

Now you got me worried. Is it cancer, a brain tumor?

CHARLIE

It's not that --

MUDD (CONT'D)

Whatever it is, you know I'll help you through it, so you might as well just rip off the --

CHARLIE

I'm transitioning.

MUDD

What, you're... you're moving to another department?

CHARLIE

No. Another gender. Department
has agreed to cover the insurance.

And it's a SLOOOOOOW dawning for --

MUDD

Are you saying you wanna be a..?

CHARLIE

Yeah.

Mudd's eyes drift to the graffiti'd *HERS* - then back to
Charlie, who nods, just a tic, but it's confirmation.

MUDD

Okay, I mean, we've ridden together
what, twelve years? Always had each
other's backs, close as brothers...

(but then)

And THIS is how I find out? From a
god damn locker?! And apparently,
me, your own partner, is the last
guy on the force to know about it!

CHARLIE

I'm sorry --

MUDD

Sorry don't cut it! They used to
call us Bert and Ernie! What the
hell are they gonna call us now?!!

Mudd storms off, leaving Charlie feeling like shit. As he
gazes at his locker, marked *HERS*, we CUT TO:

INT. HARBOR STATION - RECORDS ROOM - NIGHT

A file clerk, JOE (50), sits at the counter, swiping profiles
on Tinder. But he pockets it as he sees --

DAYGLER

Evening, Joe. I need the arrest
record on a James Ortega. Goes
back thirty years.

JOE

And thirty minutes too late. One
of your officers just took it out.

DAYGLER

(eyes narrowing)
Which Officer?

INT. ORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ori sets ORTEGA'S FILE on the counter, along with her keys. We follow her into THE DINING ROOM to see -- Angelo asleep at the table, where he's prepared a veritable feast - gone cold.

Emotion surges in Ori, Griff's words ringing - she almost didn't come home at all. Angelo stirs, squinting her in --

ANGELO

What's wrong?

ORI

Nothing, sweetie. I'm just happy to be home. Sorry I missed dinner.

INT. ANGELO'S ROOM - LATER

As she tucks Angelo in --

ANGELO

Dad called.

ORI

Was he mad? Cause I texted. And you were only alone a few hours...

ANGELO

I wasn't alone. I was with Nina Chin; a math major, working on her PHD. She plays frisbee golf, builds robots, and uses her babysitting money for micro lending.

ORI

He bought it..?

ANGELO

(totally)

You're welcome.

ORI

I'm surprised he didn't ask for her number. Crap. That slipped out.

He smiles, she smiles - then she turns down the lights --

ANGELO

When you were late, I was worried. That something bad happened to you. But I know if something did, it would mean you helped someone who really needed it.

Ori takes a raw, speechless moment, which she cannot hide.
Tears gather in her eyes as she gazes at Angelo, amazed --

ORI
Sometimes I really doubt myself.
Then I look at you and I know I did
at least one thing right. I love
you so much, honey.

ANGELO
Love you, too.

She kisses him on the cheek, and we CUT TO:

INT. CLOVERFIELD HOUSE - ORI'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Ori sits down on her bed. She opens the ORTEGA FILE to: OLD MUG SHOTS of JAMES ORTEGA (15), young and scared. Ori flips through the arrest report, her eyes flaring at a name --

SGT. BELLAROSA -- in old typewriter print, as we CUT TO:

INT. HARBOR STATION - ENTRY HALL - MORNING

CAPTAIN BELLAROSA'S PORTRAIT - still hanging on the wall.
Ori eyes it as she follows Griff out the door and into the lot, walking toward their cruiser --

ORI
When you started, back in the day,
ever hear anything about Bellarosa?
...Sloppy police work, cutting
corners... strong-arming suspects?
(off his look)
I'm hearing rumors.

GRIFF
From who?

ORI
(beat, confesses)
I saw Ortega's arrest report.
Bellarosa got the collar and the
confession. It wasn't *by the book*.

GRIFF
Things were different back then.

ORI
People don't change. He just got
arrested for taking a bribe to help
some rich CEO avoid a drug rap --

GRIFF

Which hasn't been proven. And I wouldn't go talking smack about him out loud. Bellarosa was a father figure to most of these cops.

ORI

Just trying to do my job.

GRIFF

Your job is to do what I tell you. Besides, the past is irrelevant. Ortega is a menace.

ORI

I wonder what he might have been if he didn't go away. Just sayin'.

EXT. WILMINGTON DOCKS - STAGING AREA - DAY

Under a canopy, Anahmi WHITE-BOARDS a briefing for 20 cops in tac-gear, Chizo and Deets among them. The U.S.S. Iowa, a WWII Battleship, now a floating museum, looms in the B.G.

ANAHMI

Four kilos of coke trading hands deep in Varrios territory; surprise is everything.

Anahmi tacks up a mug shot of a face-tatted Latino man (30) --

ANAHMI (CONT'D)

Alejandro Vasquez, AKA, Baby Joker. King of the Locos. Usually keeps his hands clean, so this'll be a rare opportunity to grab him.

DEETS

Rules of engagement?

ANAHMI

Hopefully we catch these punks with their Dickies down. Remember, Locos take their blood oath seriously. One starts popping off, they'll all jump in... then it's death by cop.

Off Chizo, in a world of worry, we SWING TO Deets, whose eyes she's clearly avoiding as --

ANAHMI (CONT'D)

Alright, let's stay on point and take some bad guys off the street.

EXT. EAST WILMINGTON - DAY

The historic El Mercadito Market. FOUR VEHICLES are parked in the lot. Gangsters and buyers, faced off for a coke deal. A huge mural of Chavez and Zapata rises behind them. Suddenly-

A CHORUS OF SIRENS. Gangsters scatter like a rack of pool balls. But police vehicles flood in, disgorging cops, faces hidden in balaclavas.

As hands go up, find DANIEL, scanning the masked cops until he locks eyes with one, a woman -- HIS SISTER. He gives her a knowing, smug look. DEETS CLOCKS IT as Anahmi walks up --

ANAHMI

Get em on the ground!

Daniel is thrown down. As thugs are cuffed, the Locos' face-tatted leader, BABY JOKER (30) grins up at Anahmi --

BABY JOKER

I didn't do it.

ANAHMI

Didn't do what?

BABY JOKER

I don't know, kemosabe, but
whatever it is, it wasn't me.

ANAHMI

We'll see about that. The Ford.
Coke is in the spare.

A Narc-cop pops the trunk. He daggers the spare, sawing a hole in the tire, pulling out four white bricks. He knives the cake, does a tongue-tap -- then looks at Anahmi.

NARC COP

Tastes like... Pop Rocks.

Amid gangsters, laughing now --

BABY JOKER

Maybe they should call you Anahmi
of NONE!

ANAHMI

They were tipped off.

As Anahmi storms away in a fury, we SWING TO CHIZO as DEETS GLARES HER DOWN, suspecting she's responsible.

END ACT TWO

ACT III

INT. HARBOR STATION - STAIRWELL - DAY

Ori sits on the steps, ORTEGA FILE in her lap, obviously not wanting to be heard as she talks on her cell to --

ORI

...Yes, Mr. Alvarez, I know it was 30 years ago but you were the only witness to the shooting in that market. After you identified Mr. Ortega in the line-up... You never I.D.'d Ortega? Are you sure..?

Off Ori, thinking there's more to Ortega's story --

INT. HARBOR STATION - DAY

Anahmi's team rolls in, post bust. Deets catches up to Chizo. As he tugs her into A SIDE HALLWAY --

DEETS

You see your brother last night?

CHIZO

So what if I did?! --

ORI enters from the stairwell. Hearing hushed tones around the corner, she tries to leave but the DOOR LOCKS behind her.

DEETS

Bellarosa just got indicted! New captain comes in, he's gonna put this place under a microscope! --

CHIZO

I tried to talk him into going back to school and he told me to stay the hell out of his life. That's it. ...You want a goddamn transcript?! I didn't tip him off.

DEETS

Or you did and you don't even know it. Should've kept your mouth shut.

He goes. The tough girl front fades as Chizo slides against the wall. A raw, vulnerable moment, interrupted by --

ORI

Sorry... Door locked me out.

As Ori crosses, Chizo wipes the snuffle and, oddly, smiles --

CHIZO

What'll you do if this doesn't work out? You know... being a cop.

ORI

Go back to my old job, I guess.

CHIZO

Must be nice, having something to fall back on. This is pretty much my chance. To set an example for my kid. Make my parents proud. My whole world is tied to this badge --

(darkening)

So anything you might have heard down here, snooping around in the dark, it *stays* in the dark. Am I coming through, baby girl? You keep out of my way, we'll be just fine.

Off Ori, getting the message loud and clear, we CUT TO:

EXT. VILLA RIVERA APARTMENT BUILDING - LONG BEACH - DAY

Mudd and Charlie pull up in front of the iconic, deco building. Mudd's phone buzzes. He looks at it, irritated --

MUDD

Four hundred dollars for a semen rinse?! Tsch! Department pays to cut your balls off but won't cover mine for one lousy tune-up.

CHARLIE

We need to talk about this --

MUDD

Now he wants to talk about it.

INT. VILLA RIVERA - HALLWAY OUTSIDE PENTHOUSE - DAY

An argument bleeds through a door. While Charlie knocks, Mudd listens to the neighbor, MRS. SAUNDERS (50'S) --

MRS. SAUNDERS

They've been at it for hours! --

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S. THROUGH DOOR)

STAY AWAY FROM ME..!

Alarmed, Mudd tries the knob - LOCKED! All it takes is a nod to Charlie, who KICKS open the door and they rush into --

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Opulent. Amid Louis XIV furniture and sports memorabilia, find THE MILTONS (60'S both). HENRY, monied and manicured, pleads with his wife LIBBY, distressed, on the terrace, too close to the railing, which is not high enough, because --

HENRY
(seeing the cops)
She's drunk..!

Mudd brushes past, approaching the balcony --

MUDD
Easy, now... why don't you step in
off the terrace?

LIBBY
He slept with the neighbor!

HENRY
Libby, it was one night --

MUDD
You're not helping, sir!

HENRY
Thirty years ago!

Charlie sees another glass door to the terrace off the kitchen, behind Libby. As he sneaks around --

MUDD
You don't wanna do this, Libby. You
jump, there's no taking it back...

LIBBY
You think I'd kill myself over him?
He hurt me. This is payback!

She holds out what appears to be --

MUDD
A baseball card..?

HENRY
1948, Stan Musial rookie card. One-
twenty at auction --
(off Mudd, *Big Deal*)
THOUSAND!

LIBBY
You betrayed me, Henry. All these
years... our beautiful life, it's
all built on a lie! Any closer and
the rookie jumps!

She TEETERS PERILOUSLY against the rail now as Charlie sidles up to the sliding kitchen door, BUT IT'S STUCK!

MUDD

Libby...

(re: Henry)

Sometimes people do dumb things.
They wish that they could take them
back, or tell the truth. But by
the time they find the words, it
feels too late.

On Charlie, moved, as if Mudd is channeling their issue.

MUDD (CONT'D)

(re: Libby)

And some people, they want to
forgive, but they're afraid if they
let their guard down, they'll just
get hurt all over again.

(off Libby, crying now)

This isn't about a baseball card.
It's about all the pictures on your
wall. Children, grandchildren,
years of beautiful memories. Do
you really want to throw all that
away for a thirty-year-old mistake?

Charlie gets the window open but steps back as Libby seems to concede. Then, as she turns back inside - she STUMBLES - dropping the card, and we SWING TO:

HENRY

Noooooooooo!

IN SLO-MO, as Henry blows past Mudd, reaching for the card as it floats over the side. Henry almost goes over too, but he's JERKED by Charlie, who anchors Henry as he watches his card flutter down like a leaf toward Ocean Blvd.

Libby turns to Henry, tears welling, realizing *My God* --

LIBBY

I almost lost you. ...Can you
forgive me?

Shell-shocked himself, Henry looks at her a long beat, then --

HENRY

No. ...because it's me who should
be asking for forgiveness. You're
the last person in this world I'd
ever want to hurt. I love you and
I'm sorry.

(MORE)

HENRY (CONT'D)

What we have is more important than
a stupid baseball card.

Looking a little guilty now, Libby reaches into her blouse
and pulls out THE STAN MUSIAL CARD. Then sheepishly --

LIBBY

I switched it. When you weren't
looking.

HENRY

You always were too smart for me.

With that, Henry embraces her. Off Mudd and Charlie,
watching the Milton's reconcile, we CUT TO:

INT. VILLA RIVERA BUILDING - ELEVATOR - LATER

Mudd and Charlie watch the floor indicator count down.

CHARLIE

So... we good?
(off Mudd's confusion)
What you said up there. I thought --

MUDD

I don't know what the hell I was
saying. I was trying to stall till
you got to her. I am curious
though, when you said Denise left
you out of the blue, for no reason,
was this the real reason?
(off Charlie's silence)
So you told HER?! That's precious.
Are girls even still your thing?

CHARLIE

(anger growing)
Yeah, Mudd.

MUDD (CONT'D)

Straight, then? A lesbian?
I mean, what is this gonna
make you?

CHARLIE

Myself. For once in my life.

MUDD

So all these years on the job, the
vacations with me and Sarah, you
weren't you? Then who was that
guy? Hell, guess he wasn't even a
guy, was he? All this time I've
been living a god damn lie! --

Charlie loses it and SLAMS Mudd against the wall --

CHARLIE

Welcome to the club! I tried to
tell you. A hundred times!

MUDD

You should have tried harder! --

CHARLIE

Maybe you didn't want to accept it!

MUDD

You didn't trust me enough to give
me a chance! Did you? No. So how
can I trust you? What else haven't
you told me, Charlie? You gonna
hit me now, is that it? Hmn...
(petulant)
Doesn't seem very ladylike, does
it...

Off Charlie, RAISED FIST trembling with anger, we CUT TO:

INT. GRIFF'S CRUISER - DAY

Parked roadside. Ori is on the phone. Griff listens, amused.

ORI

I'd really prefer you didn't bring
her to open house. No, Ellis, it's
not about me. How do you think
Angelo feels? She's half your age.
...Do NOT put me on hold..!

But he does. Ugh! Ori sits there in a huff, as --

GRIFF

Almost done using your son to get
back at your ex? You have five
more tickets to write before lunch
if we want to make quota.

ORI

I brought my lunch. And I'm not
using my son, thank you. His
father's gone off the rails.

GRIFF

Or, he's just moved on... and
you're still on hold.

ORI

(clicking off her phone)
I'm NOT on hold. And don't say --

GRIFF

Whatevs...

ORI

Yeah, what-freakin-evs! Describes you to a tee. Maybe it should go on your car door instead of *protect and serve*. Why do you even bother to put on a uniform in the morning?

GRIFF

Cause nothing makes me happier than moments like this.

ORI

And nothing's sadder than an old, cynical, burnt out cop phoning in the job.

A brutal reproach that cuts Griff deep, maybe because he knows it's true. Off these two, clearly on the outs --

INT. MARIO'S MEXICAN RESTAURANT - DAY

A cop joint in San Pedro. Charlie, Mudd, Chizo, and Deets, all of them peeved, sit at a table, crunching greasy tacos. Mudd eyes a bunch of LBC cops at the next table, snickering --

CHIZO

Pass the hot sauce.

Deets slides it down. Chizo doesn't even look at him.

DEETS

You're welcome.

Which annoys her. Griff sits and digs in, ignoring Ori, who stands there, no room at the table. She clears her throat.

Mudd begrudgingly scoots over. Ori squeezes in, opening the lunch Angelo made her, revealing, yeah, a bento box. All TACO-CRUNCHING stops as Ori splits her chop sticks and digs into --

MUDD

The hell is that?

ORI

(sheepish/not sure)
Tofurky teriyaki, sea-weed... something or other, and a home made cabbage dumpling... thing.

Which, yes, is in the shape of a tin star. With a smily face.

DEETS
(not impressed)
Adorbs.

ORI
If my kid didn't make it, I'd be
code 3 on the taquito special.

CHIZO
No one says that, Rookie. We don't
do radio code word association.

ORI
Sorry, I was just making conver--

MUDD
It's your first week. Don't talk
like you're one of us --

Only now, do we notice Mudd has a BLACK EYE --

GRIFF
What happened to your face?

MUDD
Domestic call. Some wacko lady
took a swing at me.

CHARLIE
(simmers, then)
I have to use the restroom.

As Charlie heads off, an LBC cop, CRUMB (30, prick), cracks --

CRUMB
Which one are you gonna use..?
Men's or Ladies?

Charlie stops, hiding his anger and hurt, unaware that --
MUDD is silently roiling, building to a CAT 5, listening to
the LBC cops laugh, until... Mudd stands. Walks over.

CRUMB (CONT'D)
You got a problem?

MUDD
No one talks shit about my partner
but me.

Crumb stands. Now, they're nose to nose --

CRUMB
What are you, his bitch?

MUDD

No, but I'm about to make you mine.

Five fellow LBC OFFICERS stand behind Crumb. Mudd senses something then looks over his shoulder, surprised to see all our guys standing at his back now.

The joint goes quiet, everybody watching -- the cook, the busboy, MARIO, the owner. Mudd smiles and turns away --

CRUMB

Thought so...

-- then wheels back, landing a punch on Crumb's jaw. A beat -- then they charge each other and a full fledged COP FIGHT breaks out. Like two rival gangs, which is ironic, as a few gang-bangers, having lunch, kick back and watch the show --

Deets tackles one over the table. An LBC cop KNEES Griff in the stomach. Chizo has an LBC chick-cop in a headlock --

CHIZO

You like this, baby girl?

Charlie grabs a cop then shoves his face into the salsa bar, splattering food everywhere as Ori squares off with a dude --

ORI

You gonna hit a woman? That gonna make you feel like somebody? Huh?

The guy lowers his hands. She wheels around, delivering a roundhouse kick, sending him SPINNING. Amid the melee,

MARIO crawls behind the counter, picks up the phone, then looks over at the busboy at a loss, cause --

MARIO

It's all cops. Who do we call?

Off cops fighting, trashing the place, we CUT TO:

INT. HARBOR SQUAD-ROOM - DAY

Our bedraggled crew is lined up before a very ticked off --

DAYGLER

Cop fight. Imagine that... on the evening news! Mario has agreed not to press charges. But with all the trouble this department is facing, somebody's gotta pay. So I want to know now... who started it?

Stone faces. But then, seeing Mudd stepping forward --

ORI
It was my fault.

All eyes shoot to Ori. Daygler laughs at the thought --

DAYGLER
You? Why?

ORI
My bento box, sir.
(off Daygler's confusion)
My lunch? An LBC officer made a
derogatory remark, which I took as
a personal attack against my son.

DAYGLER
What's your son have to do with it?

ORI
He made the lunch in question, sir.
My fellow officers attempted to
calm me down, but I threw the first
burrito, initiating a food fight
that became a fight, fight, sir --

MUDD
That's a crock, Lieutenant. I
started the whole thing over --

CHARLIE
Nice try, Partner. It's my fault.
They're all just covering for --

CHIZO
Me, sir. Those smug LBC
pricks are always talking
smack. Sometimes you get
pushed you push back --

DEETS
One of those losers dated my
sister. Badge or no badge,
when a man disrespects your
sister, you gotta -

DAYGLER
ENOUGH! Can't bust you all, so
I'll just have to divide the
damages by seven idiots who can't
even get their story straight!

He nods, *Beat It*, and they're all too happy to disperse.
Daygler catches Ori on her way out --

DAYGLER (CONT'D)
Cloverfield. Anything in Ortega's
arrest report you care to discuss?
(As Ori stiffens)
(MORE)

DAYGLER (CONT'D)

I went looking for the file after you made the suggestion. I uh, didn't want to admit you might be right in front of all the guys... given you're a rookie and all.

ORI

A few inconsistencies. No surprise, given your old captain, Bellarosa, was the arresting officer.

DAYGLER

Is that right? We're gonna release Ortega's photo to the press.

ORI

That should draw him out, sir.

DAYGLER

Or box him in. Nice try, taking the blame for all that. I love it when cops stick up for cops, but, honey, you're bullshit needs work.

Off Daygler and Ori, perhaps making peace, we CUT TO:

INT. DINER - DAY

Ortega sits, unassuming, eating at the counter. His eyes drift to a TV, narrowing as he DIALS INTO a photo of --

ANCHOR

Ex Harbor police captain Arthur Bellarosa was arraigned today on six counts of corruption. Claiming the D-A's case hinges on unreliable evidence, his attorneys are expected to file a motion to have the charges dismissed.

We sense rage, dark and personal, brewing in Ortega as --

ANCHOR (CONT'D)

In other news, police are asking the public's help in locating this man, James Ortega. He is considered to be armed and dangerous...

As ORTEGA'S FACE flashes on screen, the WAITRESS becomes alarmed. She whips around but ORTEGA IS GONE, his meal half eaten. Off a few bills and a QUARTER still SPINNING --

END ACT THREE

ACT IV

INT. COP BAR - NIGHT

Packed house. Walls laden with cop memorabilia. Our whole team, Sans Griff, cheers as Ori chugs down a beer, then --

DEETS

To Cloverfield. Consider yourself initiated.

Even Chizo tics her head in respect as Anahmi approaches Ori.

ANAHMI

Hey. Been waiting for that call.

ORI

Yeah, been a little busy.

Ori spots Genelle coming through the door. Anahmi doesn't --

ANAHMI

How about you, me, on my buddy's boat in Catalina with a case of beer, two masks, one snorkel.

ORI

Why one snorkel?

ANAHMI

We can practice the buddy system.

ORI

I take it the old captain was pretty lax in the sexual harassment department --

ANAHMI

Whoa...! Big scary word for a little fun, don't you think?

ORI

You know what they say; one man's fun is a woman's 280D-section four conduct code complaint.

ANAHMI

Harassment..? Come on, really?

ORI

In the ballpark. But don't take my word for it, ask your girlfriend.

Anahmi turns and sees --

GENELLE
Ex-girlfriend.

ANAHMI
Babe, I was just being friendly --

But Genelle goes. As Anahmi chases her out, Mudd walks up. Charlie is a few stools over. Clearly, Mudd knows he's in ear-shot and is trying to communicate to Charlie by proxy as --

MUDD
Listen, Cloverfield, I uh, I want to apologize for what I said at lunch. I can get a little snappy when I'm in a bad mood... say things, hurtful stuff, sometimes, I don't mean. Buy you a beer?

ORI
Sure.

MUDD
(to the bartender)
Two more of what she's having.

CHARLIE
Alcohol is bad for your motility.

MUDD
(annoyed now/to Bartender)
Make one of those a diet soda.

CHARLIE
(sheepish)
Caffeine. It's on the list.

MUDD
Fine. Water. Christ.

And now it's awkward again. Charlie fights through it --

CHARLIE
Mudd... I should have been clear with you a long time ago. I don't know why I wasn't. But I was wrong. You backing me up today made me realize that. So... thanks.

MUDD
Cop code, Charlie. I wasn't doing it for you.

Still hurt, Mudd goes, signaling their issue is not resolved. Ori hands Charlie her beer. He chugs it in one gulp, then --

ORI
Mudd'll come around.

CHARLIE
Partner is like a spouse. Betray
trust, it's hard to get back. I put
my life in his hands a hundred
times but I couldn't tell him this?
What does that make me..?

ORI
Human. Imagine that. Sometimes
we're afraid the people we're
closest to will reject us.

That makes perfect sense, dawning on Charlie like revelation.

ORI (CONT'D)
Thankfully, I don't have that issue
with my partner.

CHARLIE
You should cut Griff some slack.

ORI
Seems to me, slack is the last
thing he needs more of.

CHARLIE
Griff isn't lazy, he's scared to
get involved again.
(off Ori, Again?)
Hands down, he was always the best
cop on the squad. Till about five
years back, he responded to a
call... Domestic disturbance.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

A half-empty liquor bottle tips over, draining onto a half
eaten Pizza. The cathode flicker of a TV shifts the light as -

CHARLIE (V.O.)
*Another drunk at it with his wife.
Could get five of those, some
nights. Pretty routine... Until
the guy pulls out a gun.*

A HAND pulls a pistol from a drawer --

CHARLIE (V.O.)
*As Griff's trying to get his hands
on the weapon --*

We reveal GRIFF, tormented. He sits down in a chair, staring at the gun he just pulled from the drawer --

CHARLIE (V.O.)
...struggling for control of it,
the gun fires. A round goes
through the wall, killing an eight
year old girl, sleeping in her bed.

We get the sense Griff's been at this place before, reliving the event over and over in his mind. And with a you-can-do-it-this-time look, Griff RACKS the slide.

CHARLIE (V.O.)
I guess he felt if he hadn't
responded to the call, or if it had
been some other cop, that little
girl might still be alive.

We go TIGHT ON GRIFF'S EYES as he SQUINCHES THEM shut, expecting at any moment to hear the BANG that will finally end the haunting, but just as he's about to pull the trigger -

- A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. Off Griff's exasperation, Seriously?

INT./EXT. GRIFF'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Griff opens his door to find --

ORI
Shit timing, I know. Look, I uh...
regret what I said... earlier.
About you being a burnt out..? --

GRIFF
-- I remember, thank you. That's
what you came to tell me, that
you're sorry?

ORI
Hey... sorry is not my specialty --

GRIFF
I noticed.

ORI
(struggling to concede)
And you were right. About me taking
this job after my separation. I
guess sometimes the worst thing
that happens to you... is also a
second chance in disguise. To make
a change... be who you want to be.

Though he barely shows it, the words land hard on Griff. An awkward nod - *G'night*, and she turns. But then --

ORI (CONT'D)
Oh, yeah... Acorn.
(off his bewilderment)
Your crossword. Five letter word
for young oak.

A not so awkward smile now, and she goes, no clue she may have just saved his life. But it's not lost on Griff, who heads inside, pausing a beat as he looks at his gun.

GRIFF
(has to laugh)
Acorn. Whatevs...

Off Griff, stowing the gun in a drawer, at least for tonight -

INT. HARBOR STATION - DAY

Chizo POUNDS on a vending machine. Anahmi approaches --

CHIZO
If I had a nickel for every quarter
this bastard stole, I'd be --

ANAHMI
(cutting her off)
Why didn't you tell me?

CHIZO
Tell you what?

She takes another swing at the machine. He GRABS her wrist.

ANAHMI
You're really gonna play dumb with
me, Cheez-whiz?

CHIZO
(can only figure)
Deets...

ANAHMI
I didn't hear it from him. After
you rolled out, we ran prints on
everyone at the bust. Imagine my
surprise when your brother's name
came back.

CHIZO
You gonna tell Daygler?

ANAHMI

Why pour salt in it? Baby Joker
sold the coke to the East Prophets.
Only he cut it with detergent.

CHIZO

...He ripped 'em off?

ANAHMI

Now the Prophets want Loco blood.
In a few days, your brother's gonna
be on the front lines of a cross-
town gang war. ...Sorry.

Off Chizo, looking like she might be sick --

INT. GRIFF'S CRUISER - ON PATROL - DAY

Griff and Ori shuttle an ARRESTEE (Man, 45) to booking.

ARRESTEE

Thisuz prolice brudalify. A man
can't even ride his bricycle..?

GRIFF

Not on the freeway, sir. In the
wrong direction. While intoxicated.

ORI

Hey, check it out. On the corner --

-- Ahead, waiting at a crosswalk, they see a GIRL (8). But
Bellflower Blvd is three lanes each way and --

GRIFF

You believe this world we live in?
No one stops for a kid.

Griff pulls center lane and lights up the color bar, holding
traffic. He waves at the little girl, but she doesn't budge.

GRIFF (CONT'D)

Unbelievable. You want to handle
this?

As she opens the door --

ARRESTEE

I think I'm gonna brarf.

ORI

(to Griff)

There's a plastic bag in the trunk.

GRIFF

On second thought, I'll take the kid.

ORI

And I get the puker. Naturally.

EXT. BELLFLOWER BLVD - CONTINUOUS

Griff approaches the little girl. She stands there thumbing her knapsack straps, shy face under a tress of hair.

GRIFF

It's okay, honey. You can cross.

But when she looks up, GRIFF sees this little girl's face and goes dizzy. His breathing quickens. Clearly, she has triggered unwelcome memories and Griff is instantly SUCKED BACK into the worst moment of his life.

The Little Girl looks at him curiously. And though he is gazing back at her, his eyes are somewhere else -- some dark place he's been running from for so long. As she reaches out her hand, it's all he can do to stare at it --

LITTLE GIRL

My mommy always said that a policeman would help me.

Hesitant, even frightened, perhaps, Griff finally takes HER HAND IN HIS -- and a strange calm comes over him, like he's just latched onto a lifeline. What happens next is some kind of magic moment.

A pair of BLACK BOOTS and a pair of TINY PINK SNEAKERS step off the curb as Griff begins to walk her across the street.

Ori, all those drivers, and even the drunk suspect in the back seat are mesmerized by this hulking cop and this little girl walking hand in hand. Someone films on a cell phone.

The sight is otherworldly. As they get to the other side, the girl stands on her toes and kisses Griff on the cheek.

LITTLE GIRL (CONT'D)

Thank you, officer.

GRIFF

(nearly losing it)

You're welcome. Be safe now...

He watches as she runs off, joining a bunch of kids. As Griff heads back across the street, something amazing happens.

All those drivers start LEANING ON THEIR HORNS. It takes us a moment to realize it's an L.A. ovation, a spontaneous flash mob tribute. But Griff doesn't even seem to notice.

INT. CRUISER - MOMENTS LATER

He gets back in the car. Buckles in. Ori looks at him funny.

ORI
You're smiling.

He scrunches his face, even he thinks it's strange. Then --

GENELLE (DISPATCH) (V.O.)
All units, 214, house alarm, 996
Alton Road, Palos Verdes, Code 2 --

Ori looks at Griff, waiting for his orders. She grins when he grabs the radio, knowing he's found something lost --

GRIFF
Unit 507 en route.

Off Ori, hitting the color bars, we CUT TO:

EXT. PALOS VERDES ESTATE - SUNSET

Ori and Griff speed down a street of large homes toward a mob of POLICE LIGHTS. We FOLLOW THEM out of the car, rushing past cruisers on the lawn, up the steps and through the door --

INT. SPANISH HOUSE - DAY

We hear CHAOTIC SHOUTING as Griff and Ori move down a hallway corked with cops, guns out. Ori notices photos of BELLAROSA and FAMILY on the walls as Griff stops at the doorway of --

A LARGE LIVING ROOM - where we see Mudd, Charlie, Chizo, and Deets among the ten or so cops, looking down their sights --

MUDD
Drop your weapon!

CHIZO
Put it down, NOW!

-- at a very desperate Ortega, half hidden behind the piano, with a gun to Bellarosa's head.

ORTEGA
Get back! I'll kill him!

BELLAROSA
Shoot this punk! Do it! Do it!

It's total melee and hair-trigger tense, everybody shouting --

DEETS
Put the gun down!

ORTEGA
I swear, I'll kill him!!

MUDD
Drop it!

BELLAROSA
Take the damn shot, already!

GRIFF
Why the hell does he come after
Bellarosa..? Payback?

ORI
(putting it together)
Justice. He blames Bellarosa for
destroying his life. Lemme talk to
him!

GRIFF
(grabbing her arm)
Are you crazy? Get back to the car!

But she throws off his hold and walks into the room,
heightening the bedlam - someone is definitely going to die --

ORTEGA
I'll shoot... I swear!

MUDD
(to Ori)
Get the hell out of here!

ORI
Put the guns down! --

BELLAROSA
Kill this lunatic!

DEETS
Will someone get rid of her?!

ORI
That's an order!!

CHIZO
Cloverfield, are you insane?!!

ORI
No, I'M YOUR CAPTAIN!

AND THEN THERE WAS SILENCE... of the pin drop kind. Ortega,
gun trembling, ironically says what they're all thinking --

ORTEGA
You don't look like no Captain.

Off Ori, staring at all the cop-eyes being traded, no one
quite sure what to make of this, we --

END ACT FOUR

ACT V

INT. SPANISH HOUSE - NIGHT - AS BEFORE

-- only worse as Bellarosa tries to push Ortega off. Ortega cocks the hammer. COP GUNS TWITCH!

BELLAROSA

What the hell are you waiting for?!

The cops look at Ori, on edge and uncertain, a lethal combo --

DEETS

Call Daygler!

ORI

Daygler doesn't know!

CHIZO

So we're just supposed to take your word for it?

A vase falls off the piano - SMASH! - startling everyone --

BELLAROSA

Do your goddamn job!

ORTEGA

I'll kill him! He' dead!

MUDD

Got a bit of a situation here,
Cloverfield..!

Griff drifts forward, leaning into Ori --

GRIFF

I think you're gonna need to
convince them you are who you say
you are.

ON ORI - mind racing amid a phalanx of guns, life and death hanging on her next move, we CUT TO:

EXT. LAPD POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

A sleek, imposing, marble building, we hear a phone RING --

SECRETARY (V.O.)

Chief Casey's office. Yes, Ma'am,
I'll put you through.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - NIGHT

CHIEF BEN CASEY (55, distinguished), stands, overlooking a sea of lights that is his dominion. His speaker box CLICKS --

CHIEF CASEY

Ori? How are things shaping up
down there?

INTERCUT - BELLAROSA'S HOUSE - Ori is in the midst of this
standoff, holding her phone, which she has on speaker --

ORI

Oh... it's early yet, sir, but, I'm
getting a sense of things.

CHIEF CASEY

Angelo like his new school?

ORI

Warming to it, sir.

CHIEF CASEY

Good. Now what can I do for you?

ORI

Well, sir, I've decided to make the
announcement a little earlier than
anticipated.

CHIEF CASEY

As I said when I asked you to take
this assignment, you have my full
support. Congratulations, Captain
Cloverfield. They're as lucky to
have you as I am sorry to lose you.

ORI

Thank you, sir.

She hangs up. Now everybody is floored. Ori steps into the
line of fire, between the cops and Ortega. With an air of
authority, she stares down her once fellow officers --

ORI (CONT'D)

Lower your weapons.

BELLAROSA

That is NOT protocol!! --

ORI

-- Bellarosa was the arresting
officer. He faked a lineup I.D.,
doctored a witness account, and
forced Ortega's murder confession --

BELLAROSA

She's lying. She altered the
arrest report! --

ORI	BELLAROSA (CONT'D)
How many more confessions did	You're gonna believe her?!
he fake?! How many Ortegas	Shoot this son-of-a bitch! I
are rotting in prison..?	AM YOUR GOD DAMN CAPTAIN!

ORI
NO SIR! Not anymore.
(Off Bellarosa, stunned)
Now you're just a man with a gun to
your head. How does it feel?

Ori turns to the cops, *What's it gonna be?* Everybody's torn, until -- Charlie lowers his gun. Mudd and the others follow. Ori slowly approaches Ortega, who is tense and emotional, gun barrel to Bellarosa's head - but he clearly recognizes her.

ORTEGA
I did good in school. I was gonna
go to college. I was just a kid.
(re: Bellarosa)
He tricked me. Said if I just
admitted to it, I could go home.
He took thirty years from me!

ORI
That doesn't justify any of this.

ORTEGA
(*but you don't understand*)
I saw him on the news! They said he
was going to fight the charges. I
couldn't let him get away with it!

ORI
You pull that trigger, you'll get
your revenge. Hand me the gun,
you'll also live to see it. I'll
help as best I can.

ORTEGA
Why should I trust you?

ORI
It's me who's trusting you, James.
Just by standing here. You told me
you weren't a killer. Prove it.

She holds out her hand, palm up. Ortega reluctantly hands her his gun. In seconds, the cops have him in custody.

Now everybody kinda stands there, stunned -- except Anahmi, who, for obvious reasons, furtively backs out of the room. Off Ori, a veritable blue wall glaring back at her --

INT. HARBOR STATION - SQUAD-ROOM - NEXT DAY

ON A PHOTO OF ORI in uniform under a headline: *HARBOR GETS NEW CAPTAIN*. Find our hero cops among the rank and file, assembled for morning roll, as Deets reads the article --

DEETS

Cloverfield joined the force at 25 as a patrol officer, following in her father's footsteps.

MUDD

High paying legal profession, my ass. She was always a cop --

DEETS

She distinguished herself, rising through the ranks in LAPD's...
(with disdain)
Internal Affairs Division.

CHIZO

Figures. How many good cops you think she had to bring down to make captain? I never trusted that rat.

Deets nods to Ori in the doorway. She's obviously heard everything. All eyes on her now. You could hear a pin drop. In stark contrast to Bellarosa's exit earlier, as Ori walks through the room, Chizo turns her back in protest.

Other cops follow suit in what amounts to a group snubbing. Ori gets to her office, seeing the word R-A-T graffiti'd in grease pencil on the glass. She stares at it a beat, then --

ORI

Mudd! In my office.

Instinctively, Charlie goes with until Ori specifies --

ORI (CONT'D)

Alone.

Now, it's Charlie who hangs back, watching, worried.
INTERCUT: ORI'S OFFICE as Mudd enters.

ORI (CONT'D)

Got a call from personnel this morning about your request... for a new partner?

MUDD

Yes, Ma'am. I know you're busy, but I appreciate you taking care of --

ORI
I'm denying it.

MUDD
Excuse me?

ORI
The request. My answer is no.

MUDD
Then I'll put in for a transfer --

ORI
I'll kill it. I have pull with the Chief, obviously. I can't afford to lose you, Mudd. You're a good cop... but your partner makes you a better one. Work it out or quit.

Mudd roils, then walks back through the squad room, passing --

CHARLIE
What was that about?

MUDD
(in a huff)
Nuthin'.

We pick up Daygler, following him into ORI'S OFFICE. As he sets down files --

DAYGLER
Crazy business, last night. You were pretty impressive, from what I hear. And the whole Captain thing, well... quite a surprise. You have the department's full support.

ORI
No I don't.

He concedes with a nod - *Maybe Not* - as his eyes drift to the RAT graffiti on the glass.

DAYGLER
Want me to..? --

ORI
Leave it up. I don't blame them. But like you said, cops don't like change. They weren't about to roll out the welcome mat for a new captain. This was the only way to get an honest lay of the land.

(MORE)

ORI (CONT'D)
And a look under the rug.
(as Daygler stiffens)
I talked to the DA. There's a good
chance Ortega's murder conviction
will be overturned.

DAYGLER
Sounds like a happy ending.

ORI
(loaded)
Not for everyone. Bellarosa knew I
had Ortega's arrest record.

DAYGLER
I'm not sure what you're implying --

ORI
-- That it was an old case nobody
cared about until I started asking
questions. Old man's going on trial
for corruption, a forced confession
might be the nail in his coffin.
You warn him it's out there... at
least he's prepared to fight it.

DAYGLER
That makes me dirty?

ORI
No. Just loyal to your old
captain. I can respect that. But
I can't work with it. Leave your
shield on my desk, you'll walk with
your pension and your reputation.
Fight me on it, you may lose both.

Knowing every cop is watching through the glass --

DAYGLER
What is this, a public execution?

ORI
I'm into transparency.

Daygler tosses his badge on her desk. Oddly, he smiles, call
it begrudging respect. She's offering mercy and he knows it.

DAYGLER
Good luck, Captain.

Amid shocked faces, Daygler exits the squad room. Ori gives
Griff the nod - *Next Victim*. As he walks to her office --

DEETS
It's a massacre.

INT. ORI'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Griff enters, seeing Ori holding a file. She reads --

ORI
"Problem with authority. Tendency
not to follow protocol. Obstinate.
Reckless. Officer Cloverfield shows
promise, but is her own worst
enemy." Didn't hold back, did you?

GRIFF
How well can you really know a
person in four days?

As he begrudgingly lays his badge on her desk --

ORI
What are you doing?

GRIFF
...Getting fired?

ORI
Yeah, we could go that route. Or,
apparently, a watch commander
position recently opened up here.

GRIFF
(utterly mystified)
Why me?

ORI
I need someone who will tell me the
truth, you need a second chance.
You promise to keep me honest and
I'll expect you to do better. How
does that sound?

He nods - *Fair Enough* - but then, hesitantly --

GRIFF
Ain't gonna be easy getting these
people to trust you.

Ori locks eyes with Chizo --

ORI
Then let's start with the person
who trusts me the least.

Off Griff, wondering what she means, we CUT TO:

INT. GRIFF'S CRUISER/EXT. EAST WILMINGTON - DAY

Oddly, Griff and Ori are back on patrol in gang territory. Bangers on the street eye them as they pass. Ori spots a cherry '68 El Dorado Caddy at the head of a hot rod convoy.

ORI
Light him up.

WUP!-WUP! They close on the Caddy, pulling it over, forcing the entire vehicle train to the side of the road.

This time Griff gets out, covering Ori as she walks to the Caddy, finding bangers inside - all in funky suits. At the wheel is the smug leader of the Varrios Locos --

BABY JOKER
Que paso, mama?

ORI
Sir, I'm going to need your license and registration and ask you to step out of the vehicle.

BABY JOKER
What for?

ORI
Step out of the vehicle, sir.

Vexed, Baby Joker hands her his papers and gets out --

BABY JOKER
You better hurry up with this bull-shit. We're late for a wedding.

ORI
Yeah, sorry, but you're not going anywhere until you fix this.

BABY JOKER
Fix what?

ORI
No wipers, for one thing.

BABY JOKER
Wipers? It don't rain in L.A.

ORI

Butterfly steering wheel as opposed to circular. Suspension's been lowered, violating clearance standards. No muffler, no front plate, side reflectors are the wrong color...

BABY JOKER

Is this a joke?!

GRIFF

Safety is no laughing matter, sir. According to the California vehicle code, this car is not street legal.

ORI

I'm guessing the same goes for all these other vehicles.

BABY JOKER

I'm filing a harassment complaint with the new captain, bitch!

ORI

Go ahead. You're talking to him... *bitch.*

Only then does Baby Joker notice the BARS on Ori's collar. His sly grin bears a hint of respect now --

BABY JOKER

You got balls coming down here, just the two of you.
(menacing)
Custer had balls, too.

A tick of his head and 30 gangsters get out of their cars.

ORI

You want a war, or you want to get to church on time? Balls are in your court.

Ori doesn't blink. Griff furtively palms his gun until...

BABY JOKER

What do you want?

ORI

Not what. Who?

Off Baby Joker, bewildered, we CUT TO:

INT. CAR/EXT. WILMINGTON - NIGHT

Deets drives. Chizo stares out the window. Both are in after work civies. As they pull up to a small house, Chizo shoulders her duffle, reaches for the car door, but then --

CHIZO

I know you've been working hard for the whole detective thing. I'd never want to screw that up for you. I put you in an awkward position --

DEETS

Damn right, you did.

CHIZO

So you forgive me or what?

DEETS

Helps if you say your sorry first.

CHIZO

DEETS (CONT'D)

I just did. It was implied -- It ain't the same --

CHIZO

Why do you gotta be such a punk? --

DEETS

Why do you gotta be so stubborn?
You're like a goat.

Which sparks unexpected laughter from Chizo --

CHIZO

It's not goat, you jackass... it's mule. Stubborn as a mule.

Though he fights it, Deets starts laughing too, in what amounts to a reprieve for these two. But then, earnestly --

CHIZO (CONT'D)

Sorry. Alright? For real...

Deets considers, then holds out his fist. They trade a complex-fist bump, ending in a tight hand-clasp that lingers a beat too long -- signaling a sexual tension they hide well.

CHIZO (CONT'D)

Thanks for the lift, partner.

A smile, and she gets out. As Deets drives off, Chizo walks to her door, keys the lock then hears CRUNCHING LEAVES. She turns, seeing her brother, Daniel, his face black and blue --

CHIZO (CONT'D)

What happened..?!

DANIEL

You had to stick your nose in it!

CHIZO

I don't know what you're talking about --

DANIEL

DON'T LIE TO ME! They jumped me out! I'm a disgrace. It's what you wanted, right? There goes Danny, he used to run with the Locos... till his big sister found out. It's my life, Ez! I got my own plan to be somebody I wannna be! And you don't have to like it.

CHIZO

Daniel, I had nothing to do with this --

DANIEL

BULLSHIT! Your Captain talked to my Captain. Why else would she do that?

Daniel goes, troubled but safe - for now. Off Chizo, wondering if she was wrong about Ori, we CUT TO:

INT. ORI'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Ori sits at the table, smiling until Angelo sets down --

ANGELO

Kale six ways.

ORI

I know you mean well, honey, but this meal is making me feel very insecure about my body image.

ANGELO

It's merely preventative. Swear.

As he spoons out food, she gazes at him, vulnerable, then --

ORI

Can I ask you something? You don't have to answer if you don't want.

ANGELO

Is this gonna be one of those
awkward *peer pressure* talks?

ORI

No. It's gonna be one of those
awkward *divorce* talks.

ANGELO

Thank the lord.

ORI

Do you think I'm using you as a
pawn to get back at your father?

ANGELO

...You want the truth?

ORI

Oh god. Thirty-five and bitter.
I'm one of those women.

ANGELO

I get angry about it too,
sometimes. I miss how things were.

ORI

(truly brokenhearted)
Me too, baby. I know it's hard.
You can always talk to me about it.
And I never want you to feel like
you have to pick a side.

ANGELO

I don't. But, to be honest...
(off Ori, worried now)
Through this whole thing? I've
kinda been on your team.

Ori could cry. Then, tentatively, as if she's testing her
own waters --

ORI

And how do you feel about your dad,
you know, being with someone else?

ANGELO

Marissa isn't so bad. If you can
get past that annoying laugh. She's
always telling dad how smart he is.
He needs that. But you don't...
(off her look)
You need someone you can count on.

Off Ori, unable to contain her gracious smile, we CUT TO:

INT. BAR - NIGHT

GRIFF sits on a stool, nursing a beer, half eying the local news, until - *Holy shit, is that?* It is -- a grainy, cell-phone video of some cop walking a kid across the street, as --

ANCHOR WOMAN (V.O.)(ON TV)
Given the recent trust gap with
police, South Bay commuters were
treated to a much needed breath of
fresh air yesterday...

BARTENDER
They should give that cop a raise.

Everyone watches, but no one can tell it's Griff. He can't help but laugh. His smile fades, however, as a man sits down a few stools over. We recognize the man immediately as --

BABY JOKER
Put on a nice show today, acting
like the new captain's bitch.

He passes an envelope to Griff under the bar --

BABY JOKER (CONT'D)
For the tip-off. Losing four keys
would have put us out of business.

And we realize it wasn't Chizo who tipped-off the Locos.
Griff passes the envelope back.

GRIFF
Tip was on the house. I'm done.

BABY JOKER
That silence is me chuckling.
You're in the front office, now,
Ese. This shit is just beginning.
We got stuff on you. Careful, or
you could end up on the news, too.

And he goes. Griff eyes the TV, feeling a fraud. It might as well not be him. Knowing a world of trouble awaits, he takes a dispirited swig from his beer as he sighs out a gallows --

GRIFF
Whatevs...

AND WE END PILOT