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THE SHIELD

"Pilot"
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THE SHIELD

"Pilot"

#100

CAST LIST

Vic Mackey	MICHAEL CHIKLIS
David Aceveda	BENITO MARTINEZ
Claudette Wyms	CCH POUNDER
Holland "Dutch" Wagenbach	JAY KARNES
Danielle "Danny" Sofer	CATHERINE DENT
Julien Lowe	MICHAEL JACE
Shane Vendrell	WALTON GOGGINS
Curtis "Lemonhead" Lemansky	KENNETH JOHNSON
Terry Crowley	REED DIAMOND
Wanda Higoshi	TAMLYN TOMITA
Corrine Mackey	CATHY CAHLIN RYAN
Ronnie	DAVID REES SNELL
Connie Riesler	JAMIE BROWN
Desk Sergeant Nathan Peterson	MICHAEL AUTERI
Lonnie Reborg	DENIS FOREST
Jenny Reborg	CHELSEY COLE
Jose Garcia	YANCEY ARIAS
Dr. Bernard Grady	JIM ORTLIEB
George Sawyer	BRIAN BOONE
Moses Hernandez	JUAN GARCIA
Lamar Tilton	PAGE KENNEDY
Booty	JODIE L. GULLETT
Fran	AMY BOLLENBACHER
Hooper	JEREMIAH W. BIRKETT
Monty	MICHAEL REID MACKAY
Ponyboy	MAX PERLICH
Janet	ANDREA MARCELLUS
Two-Time	JAY LYNCH

THE SHIELD
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FADE IN:

OPENING CREDITS

1 INT. BARN - DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY 1

CAPTAIN DAVID ACEVEDA, 34, Hispanic, cerebral, ambitious, the boss of this squad house -- at least in theory. WANDA HIGOSHI, P.D. Press Liaison, 30's, attractive, smooth, walks with him.

WANDA

Read the prepared statement, and then ask for questions. And expect Hanratty to ask about the Wilkie Gardens bust.

DAVID

Deflect, but don't deny.

WANDA

Right. You got your notes?

DAVID

Don't need 'em.

He opens the door for her, and the two of them walk out into --

2 INT. BARN - BULLPEN - DAY 2

A SMALL PODIUM is set up in front of a few seats. SIX PRINT REPORTERS and THREE PHOTOGRAPHERS there. Wanda steps up.

WANDA

Thanks for making the trip, fellas.
 And now here's Captain David Aceveda.

David steps up to the podium, looking relaxed, in control. He speaks directly to the reporters, a reluctant master at this.

DAVID

Thank you, Wanda. The Farmington District of Los Angeles, which I have been commanding for the last four months, has traditionally been one of the most dangerous and crime-ridden areas of the city. Some reporters have gone so far as to label Farmington a "war zone".

SMASH CUT TO:

TEASER

3 EXT. CITY STREET CORNER - INTERCUT 3

BOOTY, a black teenage drug dealer, rules this roost with a few PALS, makes sales in broad daylight.

Suddenly, Booty and his pals take off in different directions. A moment later, an unmarked POLICE VAN roars up, SCREECHES to a halt. Three plain clothes cops in LEVIS and LEATHER JACKETS jump out in pursuit of Booty and the others.

VIC MACKEY, 36, white, leads the way. He's intimidating, yet personable. Gregarious, but with an occasional mean streak.

He's followed by two of his men, CURTIS "LEMONHEAD" LEMANSKY, 26, white, weight room warrior, SHANE VENDRELL, 33, devoted to Vic, a mean streak without panache, and RONNIE, mid-20's, white.

The camera stays on the driver of the car, TERRY CROWLEY, 30, quiet, intense, as he watches the chase unfold.

BACK ON DAVID AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE, intercutting --

DAVID

I'm proud to announce that murders, rapes, armed robberies and many other violent crimes have decreased dramatically in this district in the last six months.

BACK IN THE ALLEY

Booty still has a good lead as guides Vic and his boys through an open market knocking things over.

BACK ON DAVID AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE

DAVID

Under my direction, law enforcement officers now participate in neighborhood outreach programs.

BACK IN THE ALLEY

Booty turns the corner, swallowing dimebags, Vic, Shane, Lem and Ronnie hot on his tail.

BACK ON DAVID AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE

DAVID

Already the effect is being felt by local families. Mothers feel safer as they shop for groceries.

4 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

4

As Vic, Lemonhead and Shane appear, Booty swallows the last bag -- smiles.

BOOTY

Too late, G-men.

Booty smiles, victorious. Vic delivers his signature smile -- a riveting combination of his charismatic and sadistic sides.

BACK ON DAVID

DAVID

With the continued help of community leaders and ordinary citizens, we can make the Farmington District a safer home for all of us.

BACK ON ALLEY

Vic punches Booty in the gut. Hard. Booty doubles over. Vic unbuttons Booty's pants, pulls them down to his ankles.

BOOTY

What the fu -- ?!!

Vic spits out his gum on Booty.

VIC

That's for running, asshole.

(beat)

Get up.

Vic yanks down Booty's underwear, revealing A BAG of dope taped to the bottom of his balls.

BOOTY

What the hell, man?

Vic reaches into his pocket, retrieves a crime scene glove, puts it on --

VIC

Hey, look at that, Booty. Looks like you got some kind of third nad going down there. Let me get that for you.

BOOTY

No way!

Vic rips the tape off, causing Booty an inordinate amount of pain. He goes full fetal on the ground.

BOOTY

Aahhh! Shit! Shit!

LEMONHEAD

I got an evidence bag here somewhere, boss.

CONTINUED

VIC
No. That's okay, I got it.

As Vic slides the dope bag into his INNER COAT POCKET, Booty flip-flops in agony in the background. As he pulls Booty up and leads him away --

VIC
Come on. Come on.
(to watching
neighbors)
Buenos dias!

BACK ON DAVID AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE.

He smiles warmly at the reporters, putty in his hands --

DAVID
Any questions?

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

5 INT. RUNDOWN TENEMENT HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

5

A NAKED DEAD WOMAN lies on the floor, her eyes open, but empty. Various stab wounds account for the pool of blood she lies in. A GREEN OVEN MITT covers her genitals.

DUTCH (O.S.)

Christ. You do not see a pair like that every day.

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)

It's called rigor.

DUTCH (O.S.)

Rigor or no rigor, that's a serious rack.

REVEAL the two people talking -- Detective CLAUDETTE WYMS, 45, black, stately, wise, and Detective HOLLAND "DUTCH" WAGENBACH, 36, professionally cocky, socially awkward.

CLAUDETTE

You wanna give 'em a squeeze?

DUTCH

How much time we got before the M.E. shows up?

Officer DANIELLE "DANNY" SOFER, 28, white, a woman toiling in a man's world, appears in the doorway.

DANNY

Victim's sister's outside, wants to know what happened.

CLAUDETTE

Dutch is in charge of all potential criers.

DUTCH

Thanks.

Dutch heads for the front door, Danny following.

DUTCH

You the first one here?

DANNY

Yeah, me and Julien got the call.

CONTINUED

DUTCH

Last few weeks, dead bodies seem to follow you around.

DANNY

Yeah. I'm a real fun time gal. Any notions on this one?

DUTCH

(showing off)

Nature of the wounds, we're definitely looking at an inexperienced underachiever type. Covering up the genitals says he was ashamed at what he did... Family member, boyfriend. This one'll break easy.

OFF her, not totally unimpressed --

6 EXT. RUNDOWN TENEMENT HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

6

The camera follows Dutch onto the porch, the L.A. SKYLINE in the distance. JANET, 30, white trash, is restrained by Officer JULIEN LOWE, 26, former jock, stoic, religious.

JANET

...go! Let me go! Goddamnit! Get out of my way!

JULIEN

No one's allowed inside, ma'am.

Janet starts swatting at Julien, her arms flailing wildly. Dutch emerges from the house, grabs Janet, subdues her.

DUTCH

Miss... Miss, I need you to calm down.

JANET

Who are you?

DUTCH

Detective Wagenbach.

JANET

Is she dead?

DUTCH

There's a young woman inside, we haven't determined her identity.

JANET

This is my sister, Nancy's, place.

DUTCH

Like I said, we don't know who she is yet.

JANET

Long blond hair? Pretty?

CONTINUED

DUTCH
That sounds like her.
(sells sincerity)
I'm sorry.

Janet sobs inconsolably. Her cries sound almost like an animal in unbearable pain. She falls to her knees, hugs Dutch around the legs, cries into his waist, bobbing back and forth in agony.

Unfortunately for Dutch, to the assorted POLICE PERSONNEL watching from the street, it looks as if she's giving him head. Dutch looks around uncomfortably at his snickering workmates. He lifts a weak-kneed Janet to her feet.

DUTCH
Uh... Uh, ma'am?

JANET
(hysterical)
Where's Jenny?

DUTCH
Jenny?

JANET
Nancy's little girl. Where is she?

Dutch turns and runs into the house as Danny and Julien lead Janet away.

DANNY
Come with me.

7 INT. RUNDOWN TENEMENT HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

7

Claudette circles the kitchen, working the crime scene in her mind, as Dutch strides in, a sly smile on his face.

DUTCH
Guess what's missing?

Dutch shows Claudette a school photo of JENNY REBORG, 8 years old, cute as a button. Claudette takes in the image, unloads a knowing sigh.

CLAUDETTE
Aw, shit, son.

DUTCH
I know. Just got interesting.

8 INT. BARN - SERGEANT'S DESK/ENTRANCE - DAY

8

And now we get our first good look at the Farmington District Squadhouse, more commonly referred to as "The Barn". Cramped and bustling. Vic leads the rest of the team inside. Lemonhead and Terry drag a dazed Booty.

CONTINUED

VIC

Hey, Sarge.

Vic and his boys get BUZZED in.

VIC

Thanks.

9 INT. BARN - BULLPEN - DAY

9

Vic, Shane and Ronnie head for the Strike Team Room as Lemonhead and Terry escort Booty to BOOKING --

VIC

(to Shane)

I'm gonna hit the head, I'll see you in the clubhouse.

Shane opens a door, goes into a room, closes the door behind him. We see a handwritten sign on the door -- "Strike Team Only! Everyone else knock! (That means you, asshole!)"

Vic splits off, is intercepted by Wanda as David talks one on one with a reporter, gets his picture taken in the background.

WANDA

Hey.

VIC

Hey, doll.

WANDA

Just in time. I've got some reporters here. You feel like talking?

VIC

Nah.

WANDA

You sure? Gilroy and the Chief are going to push this story really hard. Your team deserves a lot of the credit.

VIC

Nah. Let the Poster Boy do his thing.

WANDA

Talk to ya.

Wanda smiles, charmed, exits, as Vic heads off towards the BATHROOM, where he finds an "Out of Order" sign on it. As he winds his way around various cubicles, towards the Women's Room, he spots the passing DESK SERGEANT, NATHAN PETERSON, coming out of the kitchen eating some messy food.

VIC

Peterson, the john's still not working?

CONTINU

PETERSON
 (deadpan)
 Plumber must've gotten lost.

VIC
 (to the whole room)
 Look, the city wants to thank us for
 a job well done, how's about making
 sure we don't all have to cram into
 the same goddamn stall?

Cheers and applause, especially from the female employees.

David, at his office door now, free of reporters and
 photographers, calls out to Vic.

DAVID
 Vic, can I see you?

VIC
 Give me a sec.

DAVID
 I need you now.

VIC
 I'm taking a piss... provided a spot
 in the ladies' room opens up. I got
 my fingers crossed.

DAVID
 Now.

VIC
 (humors him)
 Aye, aye, Captain.

Vic follows David up the stairs.

10 INT. BARN - BOOKING - DAY

10

Terry and Lemonhead are booking Booty. Booty's not happy about
 the current situation.

BOOTY
 Get off me..

LEMONHEAD
 Have fun in here, bro.

11 INT. BARN - DAVID'S OFFICE - DAY

11

David and Vic with two other men, already seated. MIGUEL, 19,
 gangbanger, and his attorney JOSE GARCIA, 35.

DAVID
 (to Vic, re: Miguel)
 You remember Miguel Estellana?

CONTINUED

VIC
 Sure. Miguel's a piece-of-shit drug dealer with the 25th Street Coronas.

Miguel doesn't blanch at this description.

GARCIA
 (to David)
 This is the kind of attitude you foster under your command?

DAVID
 (to Vic)
 Mr. Estellana's attorney, Jose Garcia.

VIC
 (dismissive)
 I know Jose. He represents a bunch of piece-of-shit drug dealers.

GARCIA
 What I do is insure my clients' rights aren't violated by thugs like you.

DAVID
 Mr. Estellana claims you used excessive force during his arrest.

VIC
 Really?
 (to Miguel)
 Is that what you claim, Miguel?

Garcia nods to Miguel, who unrolls his sleeve to reveal a garish purple/black bruise circumnavigating his bicep.

VIC
 That's some hickey. Boyfriend give you that?

MIGUEL
 Nah, essa, you did it. With some pliers.

Vic takes this in. After a moment.

VIC
 I don't recall any pliers. I do remember the eight dimebags of pure H we nabbed you with, though.

GARCIA
 A search we'll be contesting with Judge MacCallister.

VIC
 (to David)
 Sorry, but I'm drawing a blank on this whole pliers thing. Feel free to ask any of my guys, but... I don't think they'll remember it that way either.

CONTINUED

Garcia rises from his seat, indicates for Miguel to do the same.

GARCIA
You're a disgrace.

VIC
That's funny. I don't recall signing
up for ethics class from a scumbag
drug lawyer.

Garcia turns, exits, followed by Miguel. Vic turns to David.

VIC
That all or can I go take that piss?

DAVID
So Miguel is lying?

VIC
Anything to stay out of jail.

DAVID
Fourth complaint since I came here.

VIC
Lucky for me you don't believe 'em.
Keep smiling for the cameras... see
what you can do about getting the
men's john fixed.

Vic turns and exits. David watches him go, no love lost.

12 EXT. CITY PARKING LOT - DAY

12

Claudette and Dutch get some food from a CHIP TRUCK, eat
burritos on the way to the Barn

CLAUDETTE
I stopped listening to you five
minutes ago.

DUTCH
I'm just saying, our UNSUB's
disorganized, probably a record, not
a history of violence.

CLAUDETTE
UNSUB?

DUTCH
Unidentified Subject.

CLAUDETTE
You mean the killer?

DUTCH
Yeah.

CLAUDETTE
Then just say that. Christ.

CONTINUED

Dutch spots Danny and Julien getting out of their squad car.

DUTCH

You think Danny'd go out with me?

CLAUDETTE

Danny?

DUTCH

I read a study, says over forty percent of female law enforcement meet their spouses on the job.

CLAUDETTE

You want to start dating again, fine. But why chase after a uni cop from our own station? That's just lazy, son.

DUTCH

Get her out of uniform, I bet she's a knockout.

13 INT. BARN - SERGEANT'S DESK/ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

13

Claudette and Dutch enter, continue to talk.

CLAUDETTE

Sign up for dance classes, take out an ad, join a book club. But for God's sake, show some imagination. Geez. No wonder your wife left you.

DUTCH

Hey. Hey, Lucy had intimacy issues unrelated to me.

CLAUDETTE

Right, unrelated to you.
(to the desk
sergeant)
Buzz us, Sarge.

They're buzzed in and continue into --

14 INT. BARN - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

14

DUTCH

You're such an expert, how come both your husbands left you?

CLAUDETTE

Sure as hell wasn't for a lack of imagination.

As they head towards their desks

DAVID

We got a missing kid?

CONTINUED

DUTCH
Jenny Reborg. Eight years old. We
found her mother stabbed to death.

DAVID
Any leads?

CLAUDETTE
We're following some things up.

DAVID
What do you got so far?

Claudette and Dutch exchange a look. They're not used to David asking about cases.

DUTCH
Girl's father is a crackhead.
Personal nature of the crime, his
daughter missing, he's gonna be our
guy.

Danny passes by, goes into the kitchen. Dutch's eye follows her more than the continuing conversation.

CLAUDETTE
We also got a neighbor saw Ponyboy
Harris banging on the dead lady's door
yesterday.

DAVID
Who's Ponyboy Harris?

CLAUDETTE
Local fence. Bit of a fancy. I've
collared him three or four times
personally.

DAVID
If you guys need anything run down,
just ask. I want to help.

Claudette and Dutch take his offer in.

CLAUDETTE
Thanks, Captain.

David nods, and as he heads out of earshot --

DUTCH
Since when does he get his hands dirty?

CLAUDETTE
Can't blame a guy for trying.

Dutch shakes his head, goes into --

15 INT. BARN - KITCHEN - DAY

Danny, alone, sips a cup as Dutch approaches, his professional bravado suddenly replaced with social awkwardness.

DUTCH
Danny, hey.

DANNY
Hey.

DUTCH
How's the coffee? Usual police issue?

DANNY
Pretty much.

DUTCH
There's a shock, huh?

She smiles. Dutch is gaining some confidence --

DUTCH
Hey, uh... Listen, I don't, I don't know what your plans are like, but --

VIC
-- Hey, lookie here, Shane. It's the lady-killer.

Dutch whirls around, sees Vic with Shane.

VIC
Dutch Boy. What's this I'm hearing about some dead girl's sister blowing you at the crime scene?

SHANE
Dutchman, going to town.

DUTCH
You guys are sick.

VIC
Us? Hey, you're the one getting your pipe smoked by a grieving relative not ten feet from the body.

DUTCH
She was upset. I was comforting her.

VIC
Oh, hey, hey, you don't have to tell me about the different stages of grief. There's denial... anger... sucking you off.

Shane starts pantomiming like he's getting a blowjob, head back, eyes closed.

CONTINU

SHANE
 (as he grinds)
 "Oh. Ahh. If you think of anything
 else, just call 9-1-1 and ask for
 Detective Blow Me."

Vic laughs heartily. Dutch sneaks a look at Danny,
 increasingly humiliated and pissed off.

DUTCH
 Excuse me.

VIC
 (loving it)
 Detective Blow me...

Too furious to speak, Dutch walks off. Shane follows him out.

SHANE
 Dutch, what? Come on. Don't be so
 sensitive.

DANNY
 That was real classy.

VIC
 Oh, come on, Dutch Boy thinks he's a
 notch above the rest of us, I'm just
 bringing him back down to earth.

DANNY
 That's big of you.

Vic sidles up to Danny.

VIC
 Hey, uh, I gotta go run an errand, but
 I was thinking you and I should hook
 up for a drink later on tonight.

DANNY
 Oh yeah? Is your wife coming?

VIC
 Damn, she can't make it.

DANNY
 Damn, neither can I.

VIC
 Hey, since when did you get morals?

DANNY
 Always had them. Sometimes I just
 lose track.

VIC
 Really? How's about you lose track of
 them tonight?

CONTINUED

DANNY
Yeah, I don't think so.

VIC
Hey, you want me to back off, all you
gotta do is tell me it wasn't great.

She looks around, unsure of how to respond to that. It was
great. After a moment, Julien appears.

JULIEN
You ready?

Danny locks eyes with Vic. He smiles, the cat who ate the
canary.

DANNY
(to Julien)
Yeah.

As Vic watches her exit --

16 INT. UNMARKED CAR/EXT. CARWASH - DAY

16

Terry sits in the driver's seat watching --

TERRY'S POV --

Vic and Shane meet with RONDELL ROBINSON, black, 20's. They
seem to be on good terms. After some conversation, Vic
exchanges a street handshake with Rondell. Vic and Shane head
back to the car. Rondell moves off in the opposite direction.

Vic and Shane get in the back of the car, close their doors.

VIC
Back to the Barn.

TERRY
Who was that?

VIC
Guy I know.

Case closed. As Terry drives off --

17 EXT. ECHO PARK - DAY

17

David rises from a park bench as Terry approaches him.

TERRY
I went through the books. The guy I
saw Mackey talking to is a drug dealer
named --

DAVID
-- Rondell Robinson.

CONTINUED

TERRY

Right.

(off David)

You suggesting Mackey's working for a drug dealer?

DAVID

I'm suggesting the drug dealer's working for Mackey.

TERRY

What?

DAVID

Robinson's main competition is a guy named Two-Time. Mackey's been taking out all his dealers, giving Robinson a monopoly. Monopoly means profits go up for Robinson, street violence goes down for Mackey.

(beat)

And I want you to help me prove it.

TERRY

(after a moment)

Okay.

David nods his head to a CAR parked at the edge of the park. A MAN gets out of the car, approaches them. He wears a sharp suit. He's mid-30's, Hispanic. Terry paces, concerned.

TERRY

Who's he?

DAVID

Moses Hernandez. We went to S.C. together. He's in Justice.

MOSES HERNANDEZ arrives at the two of them.

DAVID

Moses, this is Terry.

MOSES

It's good to meet you.

Moses offers his hand, Terry doesn't shake it.

TERRY

(to David)

I didn't agree to be the star witness in a Federal Case.

DAVID

The friends Mackey has in the department, Federal's the only way we're going to nail him.

Terry resumes pacing, running it in his head.

CONTINUED

TERRY
I go outside the department to rat out another cop, my life's not worth crap in L.A.

DAVID
(to Moses)
He's right. It's too dangerous. He can't pull it off.

TERRY
I didn't say I couldn't pull it off.

DAVID
I know. I just meant you'd need some assurances of an upside to all this.

TERRY
(catching on)
Such as...?

DAVID
Such as a guarantee of a job in Justice, when it's all over.

TERRY
You think I want to be an errand boy in some Alaskan outpost?

MOSES
You pick the city then.

TERRY
Okay. Try the home office in D.C. And I'm gonna need moving expenses.

MOSES
Sure.

TERRY
Plus a car. And a nice big fruit basket. I'm giving up my life, you guys gotta give me something back.

MOSES
I can make it happen.

TERRY
Oh, okay. Well, no offense, I'd like it in writing. Today.

DAVID
Let's be clear here, Terry. We're talking about making a case that puts Mackey behind bars for a long time. Because if we only wound him, his friends upstairs will crush both of us.

TERRY
Yeah. I know what I have to do.

DAVID

Good.

TERRY

Now, I know what I'm getting out of this. What are you getting out of this?

DAVID

I just want a dirty cop off the street.

TERRY

You want to be mayor someday, you better learn how to lie a hell of a lot better than that.

Terry turns and walks away. OFF David --

18 EXT. DRIVEWAY - DAY

18

PONYBOY, a wiry white man in his 30's, opens the back doors of a van. It's filled with numerous VCR boxes. Ponyboy grabs some boxes, turns to carry them into his house, when --

CLAUDETTE (O.S.)

Ponyboy!

Ponyboy drops the boxes on the cement driveway, breaking the contents inside. Claudette stands there with Dutch.

PONYBOY

God damn, Claudette. Look what you made me do!

Claudette looks inside the van at all the boxes.

CLAUDETTE

What is all this stuff?

PONYBOY

That? That's, that's... that's just a big bunch of VCRs I stole from uh, Circuit City.

19 INT. BARN - CAGE - DAY

19

Claudette puts Ponyboy in the pokey, closes the door. They talk through the wire -- much more cordial than adversarial.

PONYBOY

I don't know anything about that girl. Be real. You know me. Come on.

CLAUDETTE

What were you doing at Nancy Reborg's house yesterday?

PONYBOY

I was looking for her old man, Lonnie.

CONTINUED

CLAUDETTE
Lonnie's not living there any more.

 PONYBOY
I know that.

 CLAUDETTE
You ever find Lonnie?

 PONYBOY
Know Bunny Jenkins? Said he was using
at this crackhouse run by a guy named
Monty. I was gonna head there after
I unloaded the VCRs, which is when you
showed up.

 CLAUDETTE
Okay. Good.

 PONYBOY
Good. Well, now let's talk about how
you and me are gonna work out this
Circuit City misunderstanding.
 (off her leaving).
Claudette? Claudette?

20 INT. BARN - STRIKE TEAM ROOM - DAY

20

A poker table dominates. A little dorm room fridge. Shooting
range targets on the walls. Vic plays cards with Shane,
Lemonhead, Terry and Ronnie. Claudette sticks her head in --

 CLAUDETTE
Vic.

 VIC
What?

 CLAUDETTE
You know a crack house run by some guy
named Monty?

 VIC
Yeah. Sure, it's on... Crescent, just
west of 7th. Why?

 CLAUDETTE
I gotta pick up some smoke hound there.

 VIC
No can do. Monty gives me dirt, I
give him safe passage.

 CLAUDETTE
This guy might have something to do
with the missing girl.

 VIC
Alright, I'll go get him myself.
Cards suck anyways.

CONTINUED

Vic folds his hand, rises for the exit.

LEMONHEAD
Oh, come on, Vic.

VIC
No. I gotta go.

21 INT. CRACK HOUSE - DAY

21

Dark. Disgusting. Sheets covering the windows. People either passed out or smoking crack. MONTY, 20's, white, gaunt, sits staring off when there's a KNOCK. HIS DOG starts BARKING.

MONTY
Shut up.

He checks to see who it is.

MONTY
Vic.

VIC
Open.

As Monty opens the door --

MONTY
(to the barking dog)
Shut up.

Vic enters.

VIC
Lonnie Reborg. He here?

MONTY
In there. There a problem?

A couple KIDS run behind Vic. He glances at them, slightly annoyed, but he's got business.

VIC
Show me.

Monty leads Vic into the back and up the stairs. Vic seems oddly unconcerned with the addicts littering the house.

22 INT. CRACK HOUSE - BACK ROOM - DAY

22

Monty and Vic enter. Vic points to a semi-comatose man lying amongst the squalor.

He goes over to LONNIE REBORG, white, early 30's, on the downside of addiction, slaps his face twice.

VIC
Okay, Lonnie. Let's go. Come on.
Rise and shine.

CONTINUED

Vic pulls him up on his feet.

LONNIE
(barely decipherable)
Stop that.

VIC
Let's go.

MONTY
What'd he do?

As Vic drags him out into the hallway, they're cut off by the same two kids. Vic can't hold it in anymore.

VIC
You got kids here?

MONTY
It's teacher institute day.

VIC
Where's their mom?

MONTY
Buying supplies.

VIC
Jesus Christ, Monty. You can't have kids running around this place.

MONTY
What am I supposed to do?

VIC
Stick 'em in a back room. Rent The Lion King.

MONTY
Someone stole the TV.

VIC
Then buy 'em some crayons for Christ's sake.

(beat)
Just keep them away from this shit.

As Vic drags Lonnie away --

23 INT. BARN - INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - DAY

23

As seen on a grainy video monitor. A simple card table sits in the middle of the room. Three folding chairs. Claudette and Dutch occupy two of them. Lonnie Reborg, shirtless, sits shaking in the last one, crashing from his high.

CLAUDETTE
Think back, Lonnie. You killed your wife last night.

CONTINUED

LONNIE
Why do you keep saying that?

CLAUDETTE
'cause that's the God's truth, son.
You can't lie to God.

DUTCH
Or the crime lab. Her blood's all
over your shirt.

The camera pulls back to reveal that we're in --

24 INT. BARN - OBSERVATION ROOM - INTERCUT

24

Where David watches the action on the monitor.

LONNIE (V.O.)
I don't even got a shirt.

DUTCH (V.O.)
It's evidence now.

CLAUDETTE (V.O.)
Where's Jenny?

LONNIE (V.O.)
Jenny?

CLAUDETTE (V.O.)
Your daughter. Where is she?

LONNIE (V.O.)
I just went there to pick her up.

INTERROGATION ROOM #1

Wider now, no longer on the video feed. Only one door leads out. The walls are bare. A small VIDEO CAMERA perched in an upper corner of the room.

CLAUDETTE
Where is she?

LONNIE
I needed her.

CLAUDETTE
You remember killing Nancy? You
remember the knife?

LONNIE
I just went there for Jenny.

CLAUDETTE
Think, Lonnie. You went over there.

LONNIE
I said that.

CONTINUED

CLAUDETTE
To get Jenny.

LONNIE
She's half mine.

DUTCH
Nancy made you angry.

LONNIE
She wouldn't let me take Jenny.

DUTCH
You didn't mean to kill her. She made
you do it.

LONNIE
I wouldn't kill no one.

CLAUDETTE
Think, Lonnie. What'd you do to Nancy?

LONNIE
I don't feel good.

CLAUDETTE
Concentrate. What happened to Nancy?

LONNIE (V.O.)
I don't...

CLAUDETTE (V.O.)
Keep trying.

LONNIE (V.O.)
I'm trying.

LONNIE
I went there to get Jenny.

CLAUDETTE
Yeah?

LONNIE
(beat, sweating)
Nancy tried to stop me.

CLAUDETTE
Keep going, Lonnie.

LONNIE
She had a knife.

A beat.

CLAUDETTE
What then?

LONNIE
I took it away from her...

CONTINUED

Lonnie looks off in the distance, almost as if he was witnessing some far off event. After a couple moments, his eyes well up. He starts bawling uncontrollably.

CLAUDETTE
What is it? What is it, Lonnie?

LONNIE
I killed her. I killed my sweet Nancy.

CLAUDETTE
And where's Jenny?

LONNIE
What'd I do that for?

DUTCH
Uh... 'cause you like crack?

LONNIE
My daughter...

DUTCH
(to Claudette)
I told you from the start this guy did it.

CLAUDETTE
Where is she?

LONNIE
I sold her.

David, appalled, watches on the monitor.

CLAUDETTE
Sold her...? Sold her to who?

LONNIE
He gave me two hundred bucks.

CLAUDETTE
Who did?

LONNIE
This guy. He likes girls.
(through tears)
How come... how come nobody stopped me?

CLAUDETTE
I don't know.

Claudette turns and looks up at the TV camera at David in the Observation Room.

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

25 INT. GEORGE'S HOUSE - DAY

25

Claudette and Dutch enter the patio area, approach the main door. Dutch tries the door, it's locked.

DUTCH

Search warrant!

Immediately, Dutch bashes through the window with his gun, reaches in and unlocks the door. Claudette and Dutch pour into the room, guns drawn. They see --

GEORGE SAWYER, mid 20's, sitting at the kitchen table feeding a spoonful of babyfood to his wheelchair-bound, confused MOTHER, 60's. She rocks back and forth, unaware of any intrusion.

CLAUDETTE

George Sawyer?

George nods timidly. Claudette flashes her badge.

CLAUDETTE

Where's Jenny Reborg?

As the mother continues rocking obliviously --

26 INT. BARN - INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - DAY

26

Claudette and Dutch square off against George Sawyer. Claudette throws a few crude magazines on the table in front of George.

CLAUDETTE

"Sexy School Girls", "Jane at Fifteen". This is quite the reading list.

GEORGE

Where's my mother? It's time for her medication.

DUTCH

I'll make a call, make sure she gets her meds.

CLAUDETTE

(to Dutch)

If you want to hold this pervert's hand, be my guest.

CONTINUED

Claudette turns and exits.

DUTCH
(friendly)
Can I get you a cup of coffee?

George nods. Dutch goes out the door, closes it behind him. Claudette stares with disgust at George as she drops his magazines on the table in front of him.

27 INT. BARN - BULLPEN - DAY

27

Dutch searches various drawers of his desk. Agitated, he lifts some papers from his messy desk, tosses them back down. He tries to play the good sport, in spite of his annoyance.

DUTCH
Okay, who took my Ding Dongs?

Vic passes by, on his way to the bathroom, holding the sports section.

VIC
Problem, Dutch Boy?

DUTCH
I had some Ding Dongs here, they're gone now.

VIC
Ding Dongs? What are you, in kindergarten?

DUTCH
Look, I got a suspect whose profile screams "organized, humiliation driven offender" which means he won't crack easy, which means I've got an interrogation that's probably gonna go all night, which means I need my Ding Dongs.

(off Vic's smirk)
And you took 'em, didn't you?

VIC
Right. 'cause I can't make it through the night without eating one of your precious Ding Dongs.

DUTCH
Stay away from me, and stay away from my desk.

Claudette appears.

CLAUDETTE
We got an interview. What're you all riled up about?

CONTINUED

DUTCH
 (pointing at Vic)
 He took my Ding Dongs.

CLAUDETTE
 (to Vic, serious)
 Oh, come on, son. Fork over his Ding
 Dongs.

Vic merely laughs, goes into the bathroom.

DUTCH
 You know, my old squad, people had
 respect for other people's personal
 property.

CLAUDETTE
 Oh man, forget it.

DUTCH
 How come everybody loves this asshole
 so much?

As Claudette walks Dutch off towards Interrogation --

CLAUDETTE
 Look, let's go, we've got an
 interview. I think I saw some
 Twinkies up in the Break Room.

DUTCH
 It's not the same thing.

28 INT. BARN - INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - DAY

28

George is sitting patiently. Dutch enters.

DUTCH
 Here's your coffee.

GEORGE
 When you gonna call about my Mom's
 pills?

A Uni enters and hands Dutch some papers. He signs a couple
 things as he talks.

DUTCH
 In a minute.

GEORGE
 I got nothing to hide.

DUTCH
 I know.
 (a beat)
 Hey, uh... tell me something. You
 think there's something wrong with gay
 people?

CONTINUED

GEORGE
Something wrong?

DUTCH
In the head. You know. With queers.
I mean, you think they, uh, got a
screw loose?

GEORGE
I don't know.

DUTCH
Not so long ago, the medical community
classified homosexuality as a
disorder. Called it an illness.

GEORGE
Yeah?

DUTCH
Now scientists think maybe it's
something genetic makes people gay.

GEORGE
So?

Dutch hands off the papers to the waiting Uni.

DUTCH
(to Uni)
Uh, to Booking.
(to George)
So if God made them that way, who are
we to say they're wrong for doing the
things they do?
(beat)
It got me thinking. What if
scientists discover there's a gene
that predisposes some people to be
attracted to young girls?

A pause. George takes the bait.

GEORGE
You think there is? In some people?

DUTCH
Why not? And if scientists discover
that gene, then... well... then, then
maybe people won't think it's so wrong
to have sex with underage girls.

GEORGE
Maybe not.

A pause.

DUTCH
Forgot to call about your Mom's pills.

As Dutch exits --

29 EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

A couple beater cars parked on blocks. Car parts, tools lie all around. A pair of FEET stick out from under a '87 Le Baron. A pair of HANDS reach into frame and pull the feet out, revealing Miguel.

MIGUEL

Hey!!!

He looks up, sees Shane, who drops his feet to the ground. Vic emerges from behind him.

VIC

How's the car running, Miguel?

MIGUEL

It's leaking oil.

VIC

Yeah, well these old cars always need a lot of work.

(looks around)

Must be a pretty handy guy with all these tools lying around.

SHANE

No pliers though.

VIC

Miguel's not too fond of pliers.

SHANE

I can't say as I blame him.

VIC

Where's your lawyer, Miguel?

MIGUEL

I don't know, esse.

OFF an increasingly nervous Miguel --

30 INT. BARN - BULLPEN - DAY

30

David waits outside the Women's Restroom. Vic emerges, David intercepts him.

DAVID

Miguel Estellana's dropping his complaint against you.

VIC

Told you it was bogus.

DAVID

I'd like your incident report first thing tomorrow morning.

CONTINUED

VIC
Sure. Be a couple days. I got something on the back burner.

DAVID
It's not a request. Tomorrow morning.

Vic smiles, fully in control.

VIC
You'll get my report in a couple of days. Maybe a week. You don't like the time table, take it up with Gilroy.

DAVID
I don't have to. In this building, I'm in charge.

VIC
Well maybe in your own mind, amigo. But in the real world, I don't answer to you. Not today. Not tomorrow. Not even on Cinco de Mayo.

Vic turns on his heel and walks away as David watches, the eyes of the station on him --

31 EXT. APARTMENT-LINED STREET - DAY

31

Cheap apartments line the street. Danny and Julien approach a couple stewing anxiously -- HOOPER, 20's, black male, short and skinny and FRAN, 35, white female, overweight. They stand by a Lexus, its tires slashed.

DANNY
You call for the police?

HOOPER
Yeah. About two and a half hours ago.

DANNY
What's the problem?

HOOPER
What you think the problem is? Look at my goddamn tires.

JULIEN
Someone slashed your tires?

HOOPER
Was the real police busy today?

Danny and Julien exchange a look.

DANNY
Any idea who might have done this?

FRAN
Lamar. He's my ex.

CONTINUED

HOOPER

Hey, I see he wasn't handling his responsibilities as a man. I see that, I got no choice but to step in.

JULIEN

Did you witness this Lamar slash your tires?

HOOPER

Oh yeah, bro, I got the whole thing on tape. Come on, man, the brother's dumb, but he ain't stupid.

FRAN

Are you gonna go arrest him?

JULIEN

We'll talk to him. In the meantime, can you think of anyone else who might have slashed your tires?

HOOPER

Like who?

JULIEN

Maybe a business associate?

HOOPER

Business associate? What? You trying to imply something?

JULIEN

Nah. I'm just wondering why you got a thirty thousand dollar car with five hundred dollar tires parked outside of a four hundred dollar a month apartment?

OFF an offended Fran and Hooper --

32 EXT. SOCCER FIELD - NIGHT

32

Hispanics play soccer under the lights. On the field side, a young black drug dealer, DMITRI, conducts business through the fence separating the field from the stairs leading to the street. His current customer is a hooker named CONNIE, white, 19 going on 45. She's with a friend.

Suddenly Vic appears.

VIC

(to the girl)
You. Go to work.

Reaching the top of the stairs, Vic confronts Dmitri through the fence. Dmitri knows it's not worth running.

CONTINUJ

VIC
Dmitri. Heard you got paroled. See
you got your old job back.

DMITRI
Man, I'm just temping for somebody who
got the flu.

VIC
Hand it over.

Dmitri hands over the drugs he has.

VIC
Uh, uh, uhh. Bankroll too.

DMITRI
C'mon, Mackey, that's just my playing
around coin.

Dmitri realizes he's not going to win this battle, pulls out
his wad of cash, hands it to Vic.

DMITRI
This ain't right.

VIC
Get lost.

DMITRI
Yes, sir.

Dmitri skedaddles to the derogatory whistles of the players.

VIC
(to Connie)
What'd I tell you last week? No more
free passes, right?

CONNIE
I know.

VIC
Well, let's go. Come on.

Vic hauls her down the steps to the street, where they have
some privacy.

VIC
Any news on Two-Time's party?

CONNIE
It's definitely on for Saturday night.

Vic offers her Dmitri's drugs, holds them just out of her
reach. She trains her eyes on the bag of coke while she talks
to him.

VIC
You sure? 'cause I got to be sure.

CONTINUED

CONNIE

Well, he called up Ringo and asked for his four best girls for Saturday night.

(taking the drugs)
Guess I got left off the list.

VIC

You look like you lost some weight. You been eating?

CONNIE

Sure. After business hours.

VIC

Look, I give you some money, you skip a couple of tricks, get yourself some soup?

CONNIE

I don't need your money, Vic.

VIC

Here. You look thin.
(hands her a twenty
from Dmitri's roll)
Get some soup.

CONNIE

Don't worry about me, Vic. I get by.

VIC

Where's your boy?

CONNIE

With my mom.

Vic peels off three more twenties, gives them to her.

VIC

Here. Get him some soup, too.

CONNIE

You're sweet, Vic.

VIC

Hey, go see your son.

As Vic pockets the rest of the cash, walks away --

33 INT. BARN - INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - NIGHT

33

Still Dutch and George. George is exhausted, his head on the table as Dutch talks and writes on a piece of paper.

DUTCH

I got a daughter. Fourteen next month. She's got a couple of friends like to come over to the house. Hang out, do homework, that kind of thing.

CONTINUED

GEORGE
I don't know anything about that
missing girl.

34 INT. BARN - OBSERVATION ROOM - INTERCUT

34

David and Claudette are still watching Dutch interrogate George.

DUTCH (V.O.)
You know who Britney Spears is?

George's head slowly rises up from the table.

GEORGE (V.O.)
I've seen videos.

35 INT. BARN - INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - INTERCUT

35

DUTCH
My daughter's got these friends like
to dress up like Britney Spears.
Tight jeans. Cutoff T-shirts.

(beat)

Thirteen years old.

(beat)

She's uh, she's got this one friend...
Natalie... I'm telling you... I know
I shouldn't be thinking the kind of
things I'm thinking... but the way
this goddamn girl looks?

(beat)

I mean, she may not be a woman yet,
but you can't call her a girl either,
you know what I'm saying?

A pause.

GEORGE
(smiles)
Thirteen's a good age.

A beat. Dutch nods.

DUTCH
Yeah. Yeah, I bet it is.
(beat)
Hey, can I get you some more coffee?

As Dutch leaves the room --

36 INT. BARN - OBSERVATION ROOM - INTERCUT

36

David and Claudette.

DAVID
I didn't know Dutch had a daughter.

CONTINUED

CLAUDETTE

He doesn't.

David's impressed. After a moment goes by --

DAVID

What's your take on Vic Mackey?

CLAUDETTE

How do you mean?

DAVID

You know what I mean.

CLAUDETTE

I hear things. But as long as Mackey's producing on the street, he's got friends. Gilroy. Even the Chief.

DAVID

So he's bulletproof, huh?

CLAUDETTE

From you? Yeah.

A beat, as David takes this in.

DAVID

I know what everybody here thinks. I'm a test taker. I didn't earn it on the street. Came time to name a new captain, I was the right color at the right time.

A beat. That is what people think.

CLAUDETTE

You think taking on Mackey's gonna change people's minds?

DAVID

I'm just talking.

CLAUDETTE

Right now, Vic Mackey must look like a mighty big catch to you. Do the smart thing, though, son. Cut bait.

DAVID

It doesn't bother you, the things he does?

CLAUDETTE

I don't judge other cops.

DAVID

Mackey's not a cop. He's Al Capone with a badge.

CONTINU.

CLAUDETTE

Al Capone made money by giving people what they wanted. What people want these days is to make it to their cars without getting mugged. Come home from work, see their stereo still there. Hear about some murder in the barrio, find out the next day the police caught the guy. And if having all those things means some cop roughs up some nigger or some spic in the ghetto, well, as far as most people are concerned, it's don't ask, don't tell.

(beat)

How you figure on changing that?

OFF David considering --

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

37 EXT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

37

A black man in his 20's, LAMAR TILTON, tosses his trash in a dumpster. Danny and Julien approach, train their flashlights on him.

DANNY
Lamar Tilton?

LAMAR
Yeah.

DANNY
We're investigating some vandalism to
a car owned by your ex-girlfriend.

LAMAR
You mean the tires I slashed?

Danny and Julien exchange a look, then back to Lamar.

DANNY
Yeah.

JULIEN
You admit to vandalizing the car?

LAMAR
Sure, why not?

DANNY
How 'bout 'cause the car isn't yours?

LAMAR
I gave that skank fifteen hundred
dollars on the down payment. Day
after she makes delivery, she kicks me
out, then gives the car to this
scrawny bitch she's been balling on
the side.

DANNY
Your point being?

LAMAR
My point being fifteen hundred
dollars. Shit. The way I figure it,
that at least makes the tires mine.
(off them)
Look, you tell that bitch, she got a
problem with that, she know where I am.

38 INT. BARN - BOOKING - NIGHT

38

Julien catalogues Lamar's property. Lamar's still flabbergasted by his situation.

LAMAR
This is all wrong, man.

JULIEN
Jewelry.

Lamar is loaded with the stuff. All gold and platinum. First comes all the rings.

LAMAR
You see that new guy she's with?

JULIEN
Yeah, I saw him.

Off come the necklaces.

LAMAR
Then you know the kind of prick I'm dealing with here. Hey, so where's the love?

JULIEN
Bible. Galatians, Chapter Seven, Verse Six: "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

LAMAR
You can stop with the sermon, Grandma.
(earrings come off)
When am I getting out of here?

JULIEN
Soon as you arraign and you post bail.
You got anything else?

Lamar lifts up his shirt to show there's nothing else.

LAMAR
How much bail gonna be?

JULIEN
Two, three hundred.

LAMAR
Three hundred dollars? I don't got that kind of cash.

Julien looks at him, then the pile of jewelry, then back to him.

JULIEN
How you able to afford all this jewelry, then?

LAMAR
I don't got to explain myself to you.

CONTINUED

OFF Julien, still constantly amazed --

39 INT. BARN - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

39

Exhausted, George has broken. He's telling it all to Dutch.

GEORGE (V.O.)

Lonnie knew I liked 'em young. He needed money.

40 INT. BARN - INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - INTERCUT

40

GEORGE

Said I could do whatever I wanted to his girl for two hundred bucks. When he brought her by, it was obvious she was like seven, eight years old.

DUTCH

Was that a problem?

GEORGE

I told Lonnie I like 'em twelve or thirteen. Like you were talking about. Developed a little?

DUTCH

You must've been disappointed.

GEORGE

Yeah, but Lonnie'd already spent the money. So, even though I didn't want her, the girl was... you know... she was still mine.

41 INT. BARN - OBSERVATION ROOM - INTERCUT

41

David and Claudette as they watch George on the monitor.

DUTCH

So you got rid of her.

GEORGE

Hey, I don't hurt them. I like 'em to like me. Romantic-like. Things just didn't work out this time.

DUTCH

What'd you do with her?

GEORGE (V.O.)

I traded her.

DUTCH

You traded her?

CONTINU

GEORGE

To this doctor I met on the internet. He likes 'em seven or eight. He came right over, picked her up.

DUTCH

You traded her?

GEORGE

I was out two hundred dollars.

DUTCH

Well, what'd this doctor trade you?

GEORGE

A girl to be named later. You know, like the kind of trades ball teams make.

DUTCH

Right.

42 EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

42

Summer barbecue. We're in Vic's back yard. Vic works the grill. The whole Strike Team is here as well -- Shane, Lemonhead, Ronnie and Terry. A boat is parked nearby. Wives, girlfriends, kids in the b.g. Terry sidles up to Vic as he flips burgers.

TERRY

Nice boat.

VIC

Thanks. I take the kids up to Lake Powell every year. You know, fishing, swimming.

TERRY

Sounds great.

VIC

Well, two weeks vacation doesn't make up for a year of double shifts, but... The kids really look forward to it.

Vic's wife, CORRINE, mid 30's, petite, approaches, holding a TODDLER.

CORRINE

How's the meat coming?

VIC

Five more minutes you can bring out the buns.

CORRINE

Great. Did you tell Matthew he could keep a spider in his room?

CONTINUED

VIC
That's for a school project.

CORRINE
If that thing gets loose...

VIC
It won't.

CORRINE
Yeah, well, it better not.

VIC
It won't.

As Corrine walks back into the house --

CORRINE
Better not.

As his daughter runs toward the pool readying to jump --

VIC
Hey, hey what did I tell you about
jumping in the --

But she does jump in. Vic turns back to Terry.

VIC
They grow up too quick. Especially
the job we got.

Terry makes his play.

TERRY
What you're doing, though, it has to
be done.

VIC
You think?

TERRY
Absolutely. My dad was a cop. He
admired guys like you.

VIC
Well, those were some honest to
goodness men back then, huh?

TERRY
Guys like Captain Aceveda... he'll
never understand.

VIC
What do you expect from a damn quota
baby?

A beat.

CONTINU

TERRY

I think I could be a lot more useful to you. You know, do more than just drive.

VIC

Yeah?

TERRY

Yeah. I mean, I know why you've been reluctant to include me. You got a team. They watch out for each other, knows how the other guy's gonna move. They'd kill to protect each other. It's all about trust, otherwise you end up dead.

Vic nods, perhaps a little impressed.

VIC

Yeah.

OFF Vic, considering this --

43 EXT. BACK YARD - DAY

43

Just the Strike Team now, sitting at a picnic table, their plates polished off.

VIC

Up 'til now, Two-Time's been impossible to nail. Never keeps drugs at his place. Until tonight.

LEMONHEAD

Yeah, what's so special about tonight?

VIC

He's gearing up for a big bash tomorrow night. He's got a bunch of coke he's handing out as party favors. It's our one chance to nail him with the goods.

SHANE

Lock and load, baby.

VIC

This is not going to be any beauty pageant, ladies. He's got steel enforced doors, which means we gotta go through a window and we gotta be fast before he starts flushing.

SHANE

Knock, knock. Who's there? Strike Team, Mr. Drug Dealer...

CONTINUED

VIC

Hey, and on top of that... Terry here's losing his cherry tonight. He's coming with us.

SHANE

Whooh! Terry's gonna lose his cherry. Welcome aboard.

LEMONHEAD

Terry's cherry.

SHANE

Congratulations.

VIC

Hey, hey, hey. Remember, the team comes first. We take care of each other, alright?

(beat)

Cheers.

SHANE

Cheers.

OFF Terry, finally in --

44 INT. BARN - INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - DAY

Claudette and Dutch circle DR. BERNARD GRADY, respectable looking, composed, indignant.

CLAUDETTE

We just have a few more questions, Mr. Grady.

DR. GRADY

Dr. Grady.

CLAUDETTE

Right. Dr. Grady.

DR. GRADY

And I have a practice to attend to. Patients to see. So charge me with something or release me.

CLAUDETTE

Do you know who Jenny Reborg is?

DR. GRADY

No.

CLAUDETTE

George Sawyer says he gave Jenny to you for the purposes of having sexual intercourse.

DR. GRADY

I don't even know the man.

CONTINUED

CLAUDETTE
You tell us where Jenny is, we'll get
the D.A. to make a favorable offer.

DR. GRADY
Charge me. Or release me.

CLAUDETTE
We'll see what we can do.

Claudette exits. When Dutch is alone with him --

DUTCH
Tell me something, as a man of
science, I'd like your opinion. Is
homosexuality genetic or environment?

DR. GRADY
Latest studies suggest it's genetic.

DUTCH
Really? Just the way they are. Can't
help themselves, huh?

DR. GRADY
I see where you're going with this.
Don't waste my time. Or yours.

DUTCH
I've got plenty of time.

DR. GRADY
I'm bored. Charge me or release me.

45 INT. BARN - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

45

David and Claudette inside as Dutch enters.

DUTCH
This guy's definitely a
domination/control pedophile.

DAVID
Is he capable of killing her?

DUTCH
Fits the profile. I'll let him sit
for a couple hours, go at him again.

CLAUDETTE
Couple hours? We got a girl missing
since yesterday morning. Who knows if
she's got food or water?

DUTCH
I can break this guy by the end of the
day.

CONTINUED

CLAUDETTE

You can take all week, there's no way this sick pecker's gonna talk.

DUTCH

Look, I know what buttons to push with this guy. I'm smarter than he is.

CLAUDETTE

This is not a quiz show, Dutch. Lose the ego. Think about Jenny Reborg.

DUTCH

I am. You got a better plan?

CLAUDETTE

Yes. Let him go.

DUTCH

(incredulous)

Let him go?

CLAUDETTE

Then we tail him.

DUTCH

We lose him, first thing he's going to do is kill her, dump the body.

They look at him on the monitor, sitting like he's in Central Park on a cloudless day.

DUTCH

I can break this guy.

CLAUDETTE

Your way will get her killed!

DUTCH

So will yours!

David can't contain his frustration and anger any longer. He slaps a chair out of his path and storms out.

46 INT. BARN - CLUBHOUSE - DAY

46

Vic and his gang going over some crude sketches of a house floor plan on the poker table. Vic looks up curiously.

VIC

...anywhere in here.

SHANE

What about attack dogs?

LEMONHEAD

I hate dogs.

David flings the door open without knocking, looks at Vic.

CONTINUED

DAVID
I need you.

47 INT. BARN - INTERROGATION ROOM #1 - DAY

47

Dr. Grady alone. The door opens and Vic strolls in, a grocery bag in his hands. He takes a seat opposite Dr. Grady, puts the grocery bag down on the table. Vic leans back in his seat.

DR. GRADY
And who are you?

No answer. Dr. Grady turns to the camera in the corner.

48 INT. BARN - OBSERVATION ROOM - INTERCUT

48

THE MONITOR

Dr. Grady looks directly into camera.

DR. GRADY
Who's he?

REVEAL

David, Claudette and Dutch watching the monitor.

CLAUDETTE
(to David)
You know what you're doing, son?

David doesn't answer, merely watches the monitor.

BACK TO INTERROGATION ROOM #1

DR. GRADY
What's in the bag?

Vic takes out one item at a time, places them in a row on the table. First comes a LIGHTER. Then a FIFTH of SCOTCH. Then a PHONE BOOK. Finally, a RAZOR BLADE. Vic puts the bag on the floor.

DR. GRADY
What's that stuff for?

VIC
(calm)
It's what I'm going to use to get you
to tell me where Jenny Reborg is.

A pause, then Dr. Grady laughs, still confident. Vic smiles back at him, friendly more than sinister.

DR. GRADY
Your turn to play "bad cop"?

CONTINUED

VIC

Nah. Good cop and bad cop left for the day.

(leans in)

I'm a different kind of cop.

Dr. Grady looks back into the camera, suddenly nervous.

DR. GRADY

I'm ready to see my lawyer now.

VIC

Later, later, later. Right now, it's just you and me.

DR. GRADY

(re: the camera)

People are watching us.

VIC

I've got a little girl back at home. Eight year old daughter. Name's Cassidy.

(beat)

What do you say I bring her down here, let you stick your dick in her? How'd you like that?

DR. GRADY

What?

VIC

You know, suck her tits a little bit, maybe.

DR. GRADY

Not interested.

VIC

So you'll nail some other guy's little girl, but not my Cassidy? What's up with that, man? I'd like to take a look at this Jenny for myself. See what she's got that my Cassidy doesn't.

(beat)

I'm sure you can arrange that.

DR. GRADY

I don't know where the girl is.

VIC

Her name is Jenny Reborg. I'm giving you one chance to let me know where you're hiding her.

DR. GRADY

I'm sorry. I wish I could --

Vic leaps out of his chair, punches Dr. Grady in the throat, knocking him backwards to the floor. Scared shitless, Dr. Grady looks into the camera --

49 INT. BARN - OBSERVATION ROOM - INTERCUT

49

ON THE MONITOR

DR. GRADY
He hit me! You're the police!

As Vic calmly takes the phone book from the table and heads for Dr. Grady --

The monitor goes black.

REVEAL

David's FINGER on the power switch. Dutch is pissed, betrayed. He walks out. Claudette stares at David, not the guy she thought he was. David just stands there, at peace with his decision.

Claudette just shakes her head, then leaves as well.

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

50 INT. BARN - BULLPEN - DAY

50

Claudette and Dutch sit at their respective desks. They don't say a word. David paces, looking for any sign of Vic. After a few moments, Vic emerges from Interrogation. David, Claudette and Dutch all converge on him.

Vic shows a slip of paper to David.

VIC

He's got a basement apartment under a fake name. Jenny's there alone. Last he knew, she was still alive.

David snatches the paper, stares at it, transfixed. He looks up at Vic, who returns his gaze, knowing David's in his debt.

After a moment, David turns and heads for his office. Dutch looks angrily at Vic.

VIC

You got something to say, Dutch Boy?
Huh? Like "thanks for solving my case?"

Dutch walks off towards Interrogation, leaving just Claudette with Vic.

VIC

Just glad I could help.

Claudette watches as Vic turns and heads back for the Clubhouse.

51 INT. APARTMENT - DAY

51

Claudette, Dutch and David burst into the apartment. The living room is empty. Claudette goes down some steps into --

52 INT. APARTMENT - BACK ROOM - DAY

52

No one sees her. They hear a sound, realize it's coming from behind a closet door.

CLAUDETTE

Jenny.

Dutch tries the door. But it's got a pad lock on it. David finds something to break it with.

CONTINUED

DAVID
Watch out. Watch out.

He wacks at it a few times.

DAVID
Come on. Come on, goddamnit. Come on!

Finally it breaks. David pulls back the lock, opens the door, sees JENNY REBORG, sitting on the floor, scared out of her mind.

David reaches for Jenny, who instinctively recoils from him. Claudette takes over. She goes to Jenny.

CLAUDETTE
It's okay, baby. Jenny. Jenny,
you're safe now, sweetie. You're safe
now.

Claudette puts her arms around the scared, defenseless Jenny. As she looks up at Dutch and David --

53 INT. BARN - CAGE - NIGHT

53

Some of the inmates are making noise. A Uni slams his baton against the cage to get them to step back.

CRIMINAL
No way, man. I ain't got to listen to
you.

54 INT. BARN - BULLPEN - NIGHT

54

Dutch approaches his desk. Danny intercepts him there.

DANNY
Hey Dutch, heard you found your
missing girl.

Dutch looks up, is pleasantly surprised to see her.

DUTCH
Yeah. Guy turned out to be a
domination/control sociopath, had her
locked in this uh... cage thing.

DANNY
Good thing you took him out.

DUTCH
Yeah.

But Dutch can't really take pleasure in how this one ended. He changes subjects.

DUTCH
So, uh... what are you doing here?
Your shift was over this morning.
(more)

CONTINUED

DUTCH (cont'd)

(beat)

As I... Right?

DANNY

Wickman and Greenwalt called in sick.
Me and Julien had to work a double.

DUTCH

I hate doubles.

DANNY

I'm on my way home now.

DUTCH

Listen, uh... I was gonna grab a beer
with some of my old buddies from
Sunset... in case, uh, you wanted to
tag along.

DANNY

That'd be great.

DUTCH

Great.

DANNY

Oh. But I'm not free.

DUTCH

Oh.

DANNY

Tonight. I mean, my friend, Betsy,
set me up on this blind date. It's
probably gonna be a nightmare and --

DUTCH

Nah. Sounds like fun.

DANNY

So some other time, okay. I mean, I'd
love to, um, go out with you and the
guys and stuff... and hear some of the
old stories.

Danny sniffs the air.

DANNY

What's that smell?

DUTCH

What?

DANNY

You don't smell that?

Dutch takes a whiff -- whoa.

DUTCH

Oh, man. Yeah.

CONTINUED

Dutch opens a drawer in his desk. He recoils from the stench.

DANNY
Oh. What is that?

DUTCH
It's dog shit!

It's true. We see a big pile of dog shit sitting at the bottom of his desk drawer.

DUTCH
Jesus Christ!!! Alright!

This draws the attention of everyone in the squad house, who clamor to get a look. Vic approaches the commotion.

DUTCH
Alright, whoever did this, better clean it up right now!

Dutch spots Vic laughing, heads for him.

DUTCH
Oh, it's you, isn't it? You clean this up, or I'm gonna shove it down your throat.

VIC
Hey, hey. You got the wrong guy. But I promise you, I am not gonna rest until the culprit is brought to justice, buddy.
(addresses everyone)
Hey, attention everyone. I'm declaring this an official crime scene. Nobody leaves here without providing a stool sample.

Everyone laughs except Dutch and a mildly sympathetic Danny.

55 INT. BARN - BALCONY - NIGHT

55

Claudette and David lean over the edge watching what's just transpired.

DAVID
Some prank, huh?

CLAUDETTE
Yeah.

DAVID
You know, I once heard about this old cop tradition. Anytime someone in the squad started getting a big head, some other cop would put dog crap in his locker. Or desk. Remind him he's just one guy. Part of a team.

CONTINUED

A beat.

CLAUDETTE
You heard about that, huh?

David nods. And Claudette smiles -- as much a confession as David's going to get out of her. Claudette walks away as --

MUSIC

The incessant beat of Kid Rock's "Bawitdaba" accompanies the following --

MONTAGE

56 INT. BARN - BULLPEN - NIGHT

56

POWER SHOT of the Strike Team, exiting their room, ready to kick some ass. As they make their way towards the exit --

DUTCH, on his hands and knees, scrubs his desk drawer, wearing gloves. When he sees the Strike Team exiting, he pauses his scrubbing, watches them file through. He's pissed.

As they leave the building, Dutch goes back to work. He grabs a bottle of disinfectant from his desk, sprays it in the drawer, then goes back to scrubbing.

57 INT. CLAUDETTE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Claudette opens the door, enters. Almost immediately a YELLOW LAB leaps up excitedly on her. Claudette lets the dog lick her face incessantly. Finally, breaking it off, Claudette grabs a leash and a Ziplock bag. As she puts the leash on the Lab --

58 EXT. CITY PARKING LOT - NIGHT

58

The Strike Team, game faces on, load up and pile into an unmarked van. As Lemonhead slides the door closed --

59 INT. DAVID'S HOUSE - NIGHT

59

David sits in a rocking chair, reading reports in one hand, feeding a bottle to his half-sleeping BABY in his lap with the other. David looks from his work to the baby, her face a picture of serenity. He smiles, then goes back to his work.

60 INT. UNMARKED VAN - NIGHT

60

The STRIKE TEAM GUYS pump themselves up like football players before the big game. Shane loads a few guns and cracks jokes. Lemonhead rocks rhythmically back and forth, listening to music on his headphones. Ronnie loads his gun. Vic glances from team member to team member. Terry drives, the picture of focus. The van hurtles through the streets, past --

- 61 EXT. STREET - NIGHT 61
Where Connie works the sidewalk, waiting for a john, her skimpy outfit little help against the elements.
- 62 INT. DANNY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT 62
Danny looks at herself in a mirror. She wears a dress and for the first time we see Danielle, the woman, not Danny, the cop. Dutch was right. She is a knockout.
She puts some lipstick on, slips it back in her purse. She pulls her SERVICE GUN from her purse, contemplates, then places it in a dresser drawer and closes it.
She reacts to a doorbell. She answers the door. Her DATE stands there. He looks a little squirrely. She smiles, indicates for him to wait a second.
She goes back around the corner, retrieves the gun from the drawer, slips it into her purse. She rejoins her date and exits, closing the door behind her.
- 63 EXT. UNMARKED VAN - NIGHT 63
The Van rolls silently to a stop, lights off. The Strike Team disembarks, skulks through the darkness towards their objective.
- 64 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 64
Ronnie puts the ladder up against the house, landing the top of it near a small window. He goes up first, followed by Lemonhead.
- 65 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT 65
The owner of the house, TWO-TIME, black, 20's, a drug dealer, sits on a chair playing a video game. His naked GIRLFRIEND sits on his lap, unsuccessfully trying to divert his attention from the game.
- 66 EXT. HOUSE - NIGHT 66
Ronnie swings a ram through the window. As soon as it breaks, Ronnie goes through the window, falling to the floor below. As Lemonhead starts to follow --
- 67 INT. HOUSE - NIGHT 67
Two-Time and the girlfriend hear the sound of people breaking into the house. As Two-Time pushes her off his lap and rises to his feet, worried --

TWO-TIME

Get up.

CONTINUED

Chaos reigns. Strike team members storm the place. The naked girlfriend tries to clear up some of the coke, runs into a bedroom. Lemonhead and Ronnie chase her. Meanwhile, in --

68 INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

68

Two-Time shoves cocaine in his toilet and flushes. He looks back at the locked door which is being kicked in. He grabs a gun from the floor, trains it towards the door which comes flying off its hinges.

Vic and Shane enter, Two-Time fires, missing Vic by a few feet, driving them back. Vic and Shane fire back, sending a combined eight rounds into Two-Time. He goes down.

Vic and Shane enter cautiously, Terry right after them, watching their back.

Vic kicks Two-Time's body. He and Shane kneel down. Vic feels for a pulse. He's gone.

Vic takes Two-Time's gun in his hand, picks it up. Vic and Shane exchange a knowing look.

Vic whirls and points the gun at Terry just as he turns to face them.

Surprise registers on Terry's face as Vic PULLS THE TRIGGER.

The BULLET enters just below Terry's left eye. He goes down.

Terry looks up at Vic and Shane as they hover over him, Terry's eyes searching for answers.

Vic cocks his head, looks directly into Terry's eyes, not revealing anything.

Terry's eyes go dead as Vic just shakes his head.

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END