

FADE IN

1

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - CRIME SCENE - MORNING

1

The sun is coming up on Halloween morning, casting long shadows across this block of smaller, rundown apartment buildings. Random decorations in windows and trees, and the occasional COSTUMED PEDESTRIAN color the scene.

BYSTANDERS mill about on either side of YELLOW POLICE TAPE that cordons off a section of the block surrounding one apartment building near the middle of the street. TRAFFIC squeezes its way through one lane as POLICE and EMERGENCY VEHICLES take up the remaining space.

One of the Officers directing traffic (OFFICER DELGADO) leans closer to the driver's side of an UNMARKED POLICE CAR working its way up the block. He nods and points, then straightens and yells to another OFFICER, indicating to let the car through.

The car maneuvers to double parallel park in the street, nose to nose with an ambulance. LIEUTENANT DETECTIVE JOE MERRIT rolls out from the passenger side, looking tired and disinterested. His partner, DETECTIVE MICHAEL HUNTER steps from the driver's side with a cup of coffee, taking in the scene. Joe steps around the car to stand alongside him. After a few moments of silence, Mike notices Joe.

MIKE

No coffee...? Remember to pick up after yourself then.

JOE

Whattaya think?

MIKE

Same as you. Double homicide. Can't say more 'til we get in there.

CAPTAIN (O.S.)

'Bout time you two got here.

Joe turns around to see CAPTAIN MARLON HUGHES approaching, looking tall and chilled in his long coat. Mike looks across Joe and feigns being startled.

MIKE

Oh, damn! Quick, Joe, it's the boss
- hide the booze!

Joe nods his greeting to the Captain, who gives them both a tolerant grin as he gets closer to them.

MIKE (CONT'D)

What brings you here, Captain? I don't see any news vans yet.

CAPTAIN

What have you heard?

JOE

Double homicide.

MIKE

That's it.

CAPTAIN

Yeah, that's right. Officer involved double homicide.

Joe and Mike perk up.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Sergeant Dresden from vice - you know him?

They shake their heads.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Forensics went in about twenty minutes ago, IA is on the way.

JOE

Oh, christ -

CAPTAIN

It's no big deal, they just want to take the opportunity to review the crime scene themselves before reviewing your reports-

MIKE

Who's that? Spiegman?

JOE

Sounds like Spiegman -

CAPTAIN

Spiegman and Beaumont -

MIKE

Cock and Balls -

JOE
If they're coming, why are we here?

CAPTAIN
Hey - did you kill those two in
there?

Joe shakes his head. The Captain eyes Mike.

MIKE
No -

CAPTAIN
Then the hell you care? Just do
your job and when you're done, turn
everything over to Internal Affairs
so they can do their job -

As the Captain speaks, Joe becomes distracted as a feeling
comes over him. He begins to rub the side of his forehead.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
And don't get sloppy just because
they're taking over - I don't want
any surprises biting us in the ass -

Joe freezes, suddenly panicked and confused, a deer in
headlights. He snaps his attention to the bystanders on the
far side of the crime scene, and immediately locks eyes with -

MCU - A 16 YEAR OLD GIRL IN A GREEN HOODIE glares at him from
the front of the crowd. Her determined look flips to surprise
as she realizes that Joe is looking right at her.

CU - Joe stares in shock.

CU - The girl steps backward into the crowd. She blinks back
at him as she loses herself in the press of bystanders.

MCU - Dazed, Joe moves toward the bystanders.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Hey, you listening...? Joe?

Joe stops. He looks back at both of them, and neither of them
like his expression.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
What the hell, kid?

JOE
I - she -

Mike looks across and scans the bystanders - nothing.

JOE (CONT'D)

I thought...

He notices how they are looking at him and he regains control of himself, shaking his head.

JOE (CONT'D)

Whew!

(more to himself than them)

You wouldn't believe me - hell, I
don't believe me -

He punches himself in the back of the head, bluntly knocking himself back to his senses as he circles back to the squad car and opens his side door.

Two skeptical Cops keep an eye on their friend.

He retrieves his cup of coffee and returns to them, taking a long drink, which turns into a grimacing attempt to avoid gagging. He looks at them, still watching him.

JOE (CONT'D)

Well come on, let's do this.

He moves past them towards the apartment building.

2 EXT. ALLEY - SAME 2

The Girl in the Green Hoodie navigates her way past dumpsters, stacks of pallets and discarded furniture as she moves away from the crime scene at a good pace.

3 EXT. STREET - SAME 3

She comes around the corner from the alley, walking the last block to her car. She wobbles a little, beginning to stagger as she fishes keys from her pocket. The closer she gets to her car, the more she begins to reel, as if she's drunk.

Fighting an internal struggle, she leans heavily on her car, lurches to the driver's side and manages to unlock the door.

4 INT. CAR - SAME 4

She flops into the driver's seat, exhausted, slamming the door. The interior bubble of the car is some small comfort as she grabs her head and squeezes her eyes shut.

Overwhelmed, tears stream down her cheeks as she hums her favorite song through clenched teeth.

Blood starts streaming from her nose. Her eyes snap open and she looks at herself in the review mirror.

GIRL

Oh god - oh my god, oh my -

She touches the blood and looks at her fingers, surprised, then winces as another wave overtakes her. Clenching teeth and clutching skull, tears pour down her cheeks as a long moan reverberates in her tiny car.

Her eyes pop open, reeling without focus as she draws in one long, last breath as if she's falling into a deep ocean.

All expression drains from her face and she collapses into the driver's seat. She twitches.

5

INT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - LATER

5

Mike drives as Joe stares out the window.

MIKE

Positions of the bodies, blood patterns, seems pretty clear cut.

JOE

Yeah... I don't like it.

MIKE

What? Murder suicide...? Death by Cop gone wrong...?

JOE

No-

MIKE

Then what?

JOE

I don't know.

MIKE

Well, once you turn in your report, it's not gonna be your problem any more.

JOE

Right.

MIKE

I'm calling double homicide. Let Internal Affairs take it.

JOE

Right.

Joe keeps looking out the window. Mike looks at him, knowing.

6 EXT. STREET - GIRL'S CAR - AFTERNOON

6

Officer Delgado strolls around the Girl's Car, pausing at the driver's side window. He peers in at the Girl, seeing blood on her face & hoodie. He taps her window. Again, more sharply. The girl stirs awake, momentarily bewildered, then she sees him and freezes, eyes locked with his.

He gestures for her to roll down the window.

7 INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE DEPT. BULLPEN - LATER

7

Typical, fairly modern police bullpen with desks and white boards bearing various pictures, notes, and schedules seemingly tossed randomly around the space. Some Halloween Decor brightens up the workplace.

The Captain's Office is situated into a far wall, viewing the entire bullpen. SUITS, UNIFORMS, and CIVILIANS flow in and out through doors leading to various places.

Joe and Mike have their L-shaped desks strategically positioned against one wall, making a square "desk fort" out of one corner of the room. Diagrams from a recent case remain on the white board they "requisitioned" and positioned deep in fort territory a while ago.

Mike finishes compiling documents into a folder, sorting them into proper order, making sure signatures are where they need to be. Joe finishes another round of online poker.

JOE

But the pediatrician is what I don't get. What's a pediatrician need a pistol for...?

MIKE

Have you seen kids these days? Little monsters.

JOE

Says the father of two.

MIKE

That's right - voice of experience. Why do you think I wear a vest? It's not the job, man -

Joe smiles as Captain Hughes walks up to the corner of Joe's desk and knocks.

CAPTAIN
You boys got my IA reports?

MIKE
Just putting the bells and whistles
on it now, Cap...

Mike signs off on one or two pages with a flourish, now that the Captain's waiting. Joe pauses his game and hands a folder to the Captain, still waiting for Mike.

CAPTAIN
Okay, John Hancock, that's lovely.
Hand it over.

Mike triple checks his work before closing up the folder and handing it to the Captain, who does his best to ignore the antics. He glances at both of the folders, stopping at Joe's.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
Wait a minute - what is this?

JOE
That's the last of the hard copies
for the Maru case.

CAPTAIN
Maru - What?

The Captain glances over at the White Board, seeing most of it cleared. He opens the file & flips through it.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)
That was fast. You looking for
another commendation or something?

JOE
Actually, Mike did a lot of leg
work with me, you see the interview
notes -

MIKE
Just doing my part, Cap.

CAPTAIN
Uh-huh.

SPIEGMAN (O.S.)
Are those for me, Captain?

Three heads turn to see CAPTAIN SPIEGMAN, a tall black woman who moves with grace and a purpose, and LIEUTENANT BEAUMONT, a short, stout Cajun with a punched-in face, approaching. Following just behind, another MAN IN PLAIN CLOTHES with a BADGE ON A CHAIN on his chest.

The Captain looks across all three of them, then to the folders in his hands. He selects Mike's and hands it over.

CAPTAIN

This one is, this is a different case -

MIKE

Cap's putting us in for a commendation -

The Captain seems a bit pained by this boasting, but Spiegman gives an indulgent smile, looking over Mike's completed file as she addresses the Captain.

SPIEGMAN

You spoil your men with all these commendations, Marlon - I almost wish I could move to Homicide.

CAPTAIN

No one's put in for anything yet.

Mike looks about to say something, but Spiegman manages the men like a grade school class room.

SPIEGMAN

And how about you Detective Merrit? No report yet?

JOE

Wanted to get those files for the Maru case got over to the D.A. But it's next on my list, don't worry.

SPIEGMAN

No worries, Lieutenant, tomorrow is fine. We've still got a few things to do ourselves.

Spiegman addresses the man who arrived with them.

SPIEGMAN (CONT'D)

Which way to Sergeant Dresden's desk?

The man gestures for her to follow and guides her and Beaumont off to the bullpen for the Vice Department. He gives a silent nod to the Captain as he passes. They watch them go.

MIKE

Who's that with Cock and Balls?

CAPTAIN

Stow that - show some respect.

MIKE

Okay. Who is the gentleman with Cock and Balls?

CAPTAIN

That's Captain Anwar, Vice.

JOE

I never see those guys. Friend of yours?

CAPTAIN

Can't have too many.

Joe answers his desk phone.

MIKE

Right you are, Cap. Just like with that commendation -

CAPTAIN

You ever think about working vice, Mike? Their bullpen's waaay on the other side of the station. Put in the transfer. That, I'll recommend.

JOE (INTO PHONE)

Girl? What girl...?

Mike watches the Captain walk to his office without looking back.

MIKE (WATCHING CAPTAIN)

You think he's gonna put in that commendation, Joe...? Yeah, he'll do it.

Joe hangs up the phone, thinking. He gets up to leave, giving Mike a slap on the shoulder as he passes.

JOE

Come on.

MIKE

What? Where we going?

8

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY DESK - SAME

8

Joe comes out to the front, looking around. Mike follows, confused, watching. Joe sees Officer Delgado standing near the sign-in desk chatting with a FEMALE UNIFORMED OFFICER.

JOE

Hey, uh - Officer Delgado? Hi - where is she?

OFFICER DELGADO

I put her in Interview 2. I was just bringing her some water.

JOE

You found her on the street and brought her straight here?

OFFICER DELGADO (SHRUGS)

She asked for you. Seemed like the right thing to do.

Joe looks back at Mike, troubled.

MIKE

What's up?

Joe turns back to Delgado, takes the cup of water from him.

JOE

Thanks, Officer. Uh, nice work.

Delgado nods and returns to his conversation. Joe looks towards the Interview Rooms. Mike can see Joe's agitated.

MIKE

Give me a clue, partner.

Joe gives an absent gesture and doesn't look back.

JOE

I'm gonna need you to watch this one for me, okay...?

He heads towards the Interview Rooms, leaving Mike to catch up.

9

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM #2 - SAME

9

The Girl sits comfortably as she can in the stiff chair, staring off, randomly skimming her gaze across the room. She seems almost relaxed in her composure.

She becomes more attentive, looking to the mirror at one side of the room. Taking a deep breath, she turns her head slowly from the mirror to the door.

The door opens and Joe steps halfway in. He freezes. They stare for a long moment, eyes riveted to each other.

Joe recovers himself and steps all the way into the room, letting the door close behind him. He moves cautiously, bringing the cup of water to her, leaving it on the table within her reach. They stare at each other.

Joe remembers the chair and sits down to face her. He notices the blood on her chest.

JOE

I'm Lieutenant Detective Joe Merrit. I'm leading this investigation for the moment. You can call me Joe. Did someone do that to you?

GIRL

No.

JOE

What happened?

GIRL

Nose. Nose bleed.

Joe nods - "oh". The awkward tension in the room gets thicker. Joe clears his throat.

JOE

Officer Delgado said he found you passed out near the crime scene. He said you were alone, and that you asked to see me. Is that right? You specifically asked to see me? Do you know something about what happened over there? Did you know either of those men we found?

A long silence passes between them. She watches him closely. Joe glances at the mirror and then turns back to the Girl.

He notices the way she's staring at him, concentrating. Recognizing that look, although momentarily surprised, he smiles knowingly at her.

Her focus breaks. Confused, surprised, she glances around the small room before looking at him again, suddenly a trapped rabbit. She controls her fear, but knows the game is up.

Seeing this, he softens towards her a bit.

JOE (CONT'D)

Is there anything you want to ask me?

She really seems to think about jumping before she does it.

GIRL

Do you know who I am?

Joe considers how to answer the question. There's only one way.

JOE

Yes. I knew it the moment I saw you on the street back there.

She doesn't know if she can believe him. Joe's affection for her grows throughout the rest of the scene.

JOE (CONT'D)

You are so much like your mother. It's kind of scary, but it's true. She would make that face at me sometimes - like she wants to believe me, but she doesn't yet. And then she'd just have to wait and see. But we never lied to each other. Ever. It's one of the things that made what we had so special.

GIRL

Where is she?

JOE

Oh... She's... She died. I'm sorry to have to tell you. But, you know, to be honest, that's part of the reason -

The door opens behind them and Mike leans in to Joe.

MIKE

Uh, Detective? Could I see you a moment, please?

Joe tears himself from the Girl to look back at Mike, but Mike's expression let's him know he's got to go. He looks back to the Girl.

JOE
I, uh... Give me just a second,
huh? I'll be right back.

Joe gets up and follows Mike out. The Girl's eyes follow along the wall for a few paces from the closed door. She stares, eyes fixed at the spot.

10

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM HALLWAY - SAME

10

Mike has Joe cornered and is laying into him.

MIKE
Joe, look at me. What are you doing
in there?

JOE
Mike, you gotta trust me -

MIKE
I don't trust either of you right
now.

JOE
Mike -

MIKE
Have you ever seen that girl
before?

JOE
Yes!

MIKE
Where?

JOE
In the crowd this morning at the
crime scene.

MIKE
At the crime scene? Blood all over
her and you didn't say anything?

JOE
She wasn't bloody when I saw her,
that must have happened later. I
hope she's okay -

MIKE

Are you crazy? You seriously think that's your daughter?

JOE

Yes.

MIKE

I didn't even know you had a daughter!

JOE

Neither did I -

MIKE

What? Joe -

JOE

I mean I did once, but... It's complicated -

MIKE

Well, I'm gonna uncomplicate this shit right now -

Mike moves towards the Interview Room Door - Joe stops him.

JOE

Wait, Mike -

MIKE

What, Joe? You're not in there two minutes and she's running the interview! You just handed it to her on a platter. You know you aren't going back in there.

JOE

Okay, okay. Just don't be an asshole, all right?

MIKE

You just sit tight in observation, and take a lesson. If you still want to adopt her after I'm through with her, then we'll go get a blood test, you hear me?

JOE

Come on, Mike -

MIKE

Hey, I'm not the one trying to be some stray girl's daddy.

(MORE)

MIKE (CONT'D)
 We're gonna get your head checked,
 too. Stay in observation, Joe.

11 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM #2 11

The Girl watches Mike come through the door as she rubs her forehead. He sets a folder down on the table and clicks his pen with authority, eyeing her the entire time. She doesn't seem to mind. He takes his seat and looks over a few forms.

MIKE
 My name is Detective Michael
 Hunter. Detective Merrit asked me
 to get some information on you
 while he handles another case.

GIRL
 He did?

MIKE
 Yes.

Mike holds her stare until she looks away. She doesn't seem too intimidated, though. He returns to his forms.

MIKE (CONT'D)
 What's your name?

GIRL
 Mary Anne Vandenburg.

MIKE
 How do you spell that?

12 INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME 12

Joe watches through the mirror as Mike gets the basics from the Girl. He can't take his eyes off of her as she calmly speaks with Mike.

13 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM #2 - SAME 13

MIKE
 How old are you, Mary Anne?

MARY ANNE
 Sixteen.

MIKE
 And where are your parents?

MARY ANNE

My Dad's an independent contractor.
He's out of the country right now.

MIKE

Oh yeah? What's he do?

MARY ANNE

I don't know, contract stuff?

Mike looks at her, scoring his bullshit meter.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

Independently...?

14 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME 14

Joe can't help but smile at her brass.

15 INT. POLICE STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM #2 - SAME 15

Mike is not smiling.

MIKE

You do understand you're in a
police station right now, right?
Detective Merrit and myself are
both very busy, and we are only
talking to you right now because
you may be a witness to a double
homicide. That's two people. Killed
this morning near where you were
picked up with blood all over you.
You see how you might get upgraded
to suspect here? Now, you say it's
from a nose bleed, but why would
that be? Are you on some drugs, or
involved in some other activity we
should know about? Mary Anne...?

MARY ANNE

My head hurts. I was hoping maybe
we could go to the hospital? We can
call my mom along the way and meet
her there.

Mike hesitates, a little surprised.

MIKE

Uh, sure -

MARY ANNE

And I was thinking, while we're there, maybe I could get a blood test, or a physical or something. I mean, I haven't been to the doctor in a while so I'd probably need a check up anyway.

Mike looks at her, unsure of why he's feeling uncomfortable.

MIKE

Good thinking. But let's get this over with, and then we can head to the clinic - okay with you?

MARY ANNE

Sure.

MIKE

Okay. Parents' names and address..?

16 INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM 16

Joe watches as Mike walks Mary Anne through the interview.

17 INT. POLICE STATION - VICE BULLPEN 17

The large room is similar to the homicide bullpen, only with fewer white boards and more desks crammed together. A pair of DETECTIVES (WARREN AND RAMIREZ) commiserate in one corner of the room while Captain Anwar and the I.A. team stare at an empty desk.

An IT TECHNICIAN pops up from under Sergeant Dresden's desk, hugging a computer tower to his chest as he struggles from a kneeling position to standing.

Spiegman, Beaumont, and Anwar make no effort to help him, watching as he wobbles into a pushcart, making sure he is stable before he rights himself and addresses Spiegman.

IT TECH

Okay, I'll gather up the other stuff later. I can send you the results of the diagnostic in a few hours.

Behind them, Beaumont moves folders from Dresden's desk into a banker's box, leaving behind any personal items.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Good. I want you to be thorough. If he uploaded or downloaded anything, transferred files - any of that - you can see what he did, right?

IT TECH

Well, I mean, if he used a flash drive and only worked from that drive, that might be a little tricky for me - not that using a flash drive is automatically suspicious - but he'd have to know how to clear caches and things like that to really hide anything.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Naw, he wouldn't know any of that - he could barely type. Let me know what you find, huh?

IT TECH

Sure -

SPIEGMAN

Actually, Captain Anwar, I appreciate your enthusiasm, but we will have to let you know if anything of interest turns up. Okay?

She looks from the IT Tech to Captain Anwar as she speaks, making sure they both understand that Internal Affairs will maintain jurisdiction over the investigation. Beaumont finishes filling his box and closes it.

IT TECH

Yes, ma'am.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Oh, sure, 'course - I just meant if you need anything -

SPIEGMAN

We will let you know.

The IT Tech scuttles away, pushing the tower in front of him. Beaumont nods to Spiegman, hefting the box to his chest.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Sure. Please do.

SPIEGMAN

Thanks, again, Captain.
(sympathetically)
We will try to wrap this up
quickly.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

I appreciate that.

Spiegman and Beaumont exit with the banker's box. Anwar goes to his office. He circles around behind his desk, opening a drawer or two aimlessly. He plays with the mouse, checks for any quick updates, looks out into the bullpen.

Abruptly pissed, he charges to his open door, slapping it for attention as he stands half out of his office.

CAPTAIN ANWAR (CONT'D)

Hey! Ramirez! Warren! What the hell
are you two doing?

WARREN

Thinking about some lunch, am I
right?

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Lunch? Lunch!? You kidding me!?

Ramirez and Warren stare at Captain Anwar.

CAPTAIN ANWAR (CONT'D)

One of ours falls in the line of
duty and you jokers want to talk
about take out?

RAMIREZ

Well, what are we supposed to do,
Captain? IA is running the show -

CAPTAIN ANWAR

And you don't have any cases that
need attention...?

They continue their gape. He amps up his frustration.

CAPTAIN ANWAR (CONT'D)

Put it this way, gents - if you're
not working a case, you're taking a
bereavement day to mourn your
friend and fellow Officer. If I
keep seeing your butts in those
chairs I'm writing you both up for
conduct unbecoming, got me?

WARREN

Uh, yeah, Cap -

RAMIREZ

Sure, okay, sure...

Ramirez starts to straighten up his desk self-consciously. Warren looks at Captain Anwar with a curious, tilted head.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Then why am I still seeing your
butts in those chairs? Move it!
Either work a case or work a
barstool - the bullpen's closed.

They start to hop, gathering their things, heading out the nearest exit.

CAPTAIN ANWAR (CONT'D)

Take the day, Detectives - tell the
others I'll get the next round when
I get there, all right?

18 INT. CAPTAIN ANWAR'S OFFICE - SAME 18

He circles back into his office, around his desk, looking at papers and such, drifting. He glances at the picture of his wife and children, brings his attention back to the bullpen.

He moves back to his door, pausing half in and half out.

19 INT. POLICE STATION - VICE BULLPEN - DRESDEN'S DESK 19

Captain Anwar eases into Dresden's seat, facing the desk. We stares blankly, seemingly deep in thought. Taking a quick glance around the empty bullpen, he reaches forward, sliding his hands underneath the desk.

Feeling in the space between the drawer and the desktop, his finger tips touch something. Excited, Anwar snatches a pen and uses it to sweep and maneuver out his prize.

He stares at the flash drive he holds in his open palm. He pushes the button on the side, revealing the USB connection, and closes it up again. With a quick glance around the bullpen, he gets up, pocketing the drive and dropping the pen on Dresden's desk. He moves to the nearest exit.

20

INT. POLICE CAR - DAY

20

Mike drives. Joe eyes Mary Anne in the rearview, who sits in the middle back, focused on her phone. Joe shifts in his seat so he can look back at her a little more comfortably.

JOE

Whattaya doing? Uploading pics to SnapperGram, or whatever the latest one is called?

MARY ANNE

Uh, yeah. That's the one. And that's what I'm doing. Yup.

Mike gives a smirk. Joe ignores him and tries another way.

JOE

So, listen, I'm glad you asked Officer Delgado to bring you straight to me. I would've had a hell of a time trying to find you on my own. But I gotta ask, what were you doing in that neighborhood anyway?

Mike giggles, then stifles a big laugh. Joe looks sideways at him.

JOE (CONT'D)

What's funny, Mike?

Mike smacks the steering wheel he's so excited.

MIKE

Oh, man! You remember the Department Family Barbecue where you met my girls? And they got you to help finger paint at the finger paint booth? And then that jar with the blue paint had the lid that got stuck, and you snapped it open so quick it fell out of your hands, hit the table, spun around, and splashed your whole face with blue paint? Remember that!?

Mike bursts out laughing, gleefully immersed in the memory. Joe hears Mary Anne giggling in the back seat and slowly turns his attention to her as Mike carries on.

JOE

Yeah...?

MIKE

You just stood there like a statue -
and then Lily said "Look! His ears
are all red!" And then - we were
all laughing, remember? And then
Hope said "Look Daddy! He's a Red
White and Blue Man!"

Mike leans into the steering wheel he's laughing so hard.

Mary Anne laughs along with him until she notices Joe glaring
at her. She freezes, wilting under his scrutiny.

Mike's laughter subsides, and he begins to catch his breath,
awkwardly self-conscious.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Ahem. Don't know why I'd bring that
up for no reason...

He tosses a conciliatory laugh in Joe's direction. Joe gazes
at Mike evenly. Mike focuses on driving.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Boy, if there was ever a day I
thought I'd have to take a bullet
for my girls, that was one...

Mary Anne stays focused on her mobile, avoiding Joe's glare
for another minute solid before he shifts back in his seat to
face front and talk with Mike.

JOE

Don't worry about it - No harm
done... How about some music?

Joe snaps on the radio and starts flipping through channels
before anyone can say anything.

JOE (CONT'D)

Here we go - Country all right?

MARY ANNE

Ugh - I hate Country!

JOE

What? Who doesn't love Country?

MIKE

You gotta keep an open mind, girl,
that's how you learn things.

Joe looks for any sign of irony on Mike's face. He looks at Mary Anne in the rearview mirror - she's glaring back at him and plugging in headphones. He looks back to Mike, who gives him a big forced grin. Joe looks out his side window.

JOE
I miss my dog.

MCU MARY ANNE IN THE BACK SEAT

As she ignores the two up front and types on her phone. The music from her headphones clashes with the country music.

MARY ANNE'S POV / VFX OF TEXTING

Her music drowns out any other noise as she texts back and forth:

MARY ANNE TEXT
Wow. I just met my dad, and already
I'm done.

YURI TEXT
Really!? What happened last night?
You scared me - WTF!?!?!?

MARY ANNE TEXT
He acts like he knows about me -
plus Country music!

The emoji's she chooses emphasize her disdain.

Yuri replies with a string of his own, mostly gross.

She glances up at Joe and Mike, her gaze settling on Joe as the two men talk about whatever in front of her.

MARY ANNE TEXT (CONT'D)
He says Mom died. Going 2 hospital
now 4 blood test- cu later.

She nods to herself, sliding her eyes back to the men in front. Joe looks back and catches her eye. She looks away.

YURI TEXT
Be careful, Mav.

21 INT. BAR - LATER

21

HALLOWEEN HOLIDAY FLAIR adorns the bar, walls and booths.

Captain Anwar separates himself from the guys and maneuvers around the bar. He fishes a \$20 out of his pocket and waves it in the air towards JILLIAN, the Bartender.

CAPTAIN ANWAR
 Hey Jill! Jillian! Another pitcher,
 huh?

He slaps the bill on the bar, teetering towards the bathroom.

22

INT. BAR - BACK BATHROOM HALLWAY

22

Captain Anwar rounds the corner leaning on the wall. Seeing the hall is clear, he straightens and moves directly to the payphone nestled between the two bathrooms. He quickly drops the coins in and dials. It connects almost immediately.

VOICE (O.S.)
 It's about time you got to me.

CAPTAIN ANWAR
 Uh huh. Listen - I got the drive,
 but IT's got the computer and is
 running their diagnostics right
 now. If you don't do something they
 might still be able to (click!)
 Hello...? Hello? Aaah! Ya Prick!

He slams the phone in the receiver as Ramirez comes from the bathroom. He hesitates before approaching Captain Anwar. Anwar leans against the wall lopsided, hiding the payphone with his body.

RAMIREZ
 Hey, Captain, you good...? You
 know, about earlier -

Captain Anwar makes an effort to come off the wall and approach Ramirez.

CAPTAIN ANWAR
 Hey forget it, Ramirez. Just glad
 you chose to come out with the rest
 of us - I know Ricky would've - be
 proud, you know?

RAMIREZ
 Thanks Captain -

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Absolutely, Ramirez, absolutely.
Now listen, I just ordered up us a
fresh pitcher and we got some
nachos and stuff coming -

RAMIREZ

Thank you... You all right, though?

Anwar looks at him strangely.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

It's never all right when you lose
a man. Especially when he was your
friend. But that's why we're here,
doing what we do. Right? We're
alive. We stay alive. And we
remember him. He stays alive with
us awhile longer. Our Brother lives
with us. Right here.

Anwar wobbles a little at the finish, beating his chest as he
emphasizes the last two words. Ramirez is deeply moved by the
moment. Anwar sees it. He gives Ramirez a paternal smile.

CAPTAIN ANWAR (CONT'D)

Sit back and stay awhile, huh? I be
right there...

Ramirez trundles off, Anwar straightens at the bathroom door,
watching after Ramirez. Satisfied, he gives the door a boot
and steps in like he's taking over.

23 INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN HUGHES' OFFICE - LATER 23

The phone rings just as he is about to step out the door. He
hesitates, then pivots and scoops up the phone.

CAPTAIN

Hello? Joe? What's up, son...?

24 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - SAME 24

Joe stands to one side of a sectioned off area of the wing
where family members and others - some in Halloween costumes,
others with authentic makeshift bandages - wait for various
reasons. Behind Joe, Mike sits in a chair with a notepad on
his lap, talking on his cellphone and scribbling down
information.

Holding his phone in one hand and using a cheaper earphone/microphone rig that plugs his ear directly into his phone, Joe holds the mic close and speaks softly.

JOE

I'm over at the Hospital with Mike - no, we're fine. Yes, really, listen, I called to give you an update - we're here because... We're here - well, you aren't gonna believe it, but I have a daughter. I mean, my daughter - remember when I had a daughter? Remember? She's alive and she's here. She came looking for me and she found me - can you believe that?

Joe waits for a response.

25 INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN HUGHES' OFFICE 25

Captain Hughes listens, rigid. He snaps out of it, finding a moment to draw a calming breath.

CAPTAIN

No, no, I'm here. I'm here, I just don't believe it. Are you sure she's your daughter?

26 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA - SAME 26

JOE

Yes!

He says it so loud he looks around self-consciously, finds Mike eyeing him from across the room.

JOE (CONT'D)

I mean, yeah, I'm sure, but that's why we're here - we're getting a blood test. Mary Anne didn't seem to mind - she even asked for a checkup since we're here -

CAPTAIN

Mary Anne? Who-? That's her name?

JOE

Yeah - isn't that a nice name?

27 INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN HUGHES' OFFICE 27

Hughes notices his other line is blinking. He glances at the clock, self-consciously moving himself closer to the door.

CAPTAIN
Well what does she want?

28 INT. HOSPITAL WAITING AREA 28

A bit hurt that Captain Hughes doesn't share his enthusiasm.

JOE
Uh, I don't know, I'd say maybe to meet me, for one, you know, Cap? It's not everyday your long lost daughter turns up out of the blue to say hello - wha-? What? Oh, no, I'll get that in tomorrow... You were standing right there... Right. Of course - Sorry Cap - yeah, sure thing. We'll just keep you posted then, all right-? Hello?

Joe disconnects himself and wraps the wire rig around his hand, looping it up before stowing it in his jacket pocket. Behind him, Mike approaches and nudges Joe for an update.

JOE (CONT'D)
Well, Cap knows. Not that he seems to give a shit, really -

MIKE
Huh?

JOE
I might as well told him the price of beans in Mexico - who gives a shit, right?

MIKE
Mexican Farmers.

JOE
What?

MIKE
Mexican Farmers give a shit about the price of beans in Mexico.

JOE
Are you Mexican?

MIKE

No.

JOE

Are you a Farmer?

MIKE

No.

JOE

So why do you give a shit?

MIKE

I don't.

JOE

What? Then why - you know - nope - I'm not falling for it, Mike. Not this time. This whole conversation just took three years off my life already. Please, tell me what you found out about Mary Anne.

MIKE

Okay. Well, I spoke to her Mother - Patricia Vandenburg - she confirms that Mary Anne was adopted. And she is on her way up tomorrow to pick up Mary Anne at the station.

JOE

Tomorrow, huh? What time has her Majesty set aside for us in her busy schedule?

MIKE

Depends on the traffic, but around one or two in the afternoon - it is about a four hour drive - she says she'll call when she's closer.

As Mike finishes, the Doctor approaches them from the examination room across the hall.

DOCTOR

Excuse me, Detectives...?

JOE

Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR

She's fine. A little dehydrated, but otherwise very healthy.

JOE
Good, good.

DOCTOR
She's ready to go - or are you
waiting for CPS to come get her?

MIKE
I put the call in, but we're still
coordinating -

JOE
Wait - What? You did what?

The Doctor looks back and forth at them and bows out.

DOCTOR
I'll leave you to it, Detectives.

MIKE
She's sixteen, Joe, we can't
release her on her own recognizance-

JOE
But Protective Services...?

MIKE
You got money for a hotel? Time to
assign any sort of security detail?

Joe gives him a look like: don't be stupid.

MIKE (CONT'D)
You know I hate Country music too,
right? I only backed you 'cause I
told the face paint story. I'm
taking my girls trick or treating,
so don't put more work on me
tonight, Joe. I was already gonna
put it on you anyway.

Joe looks at him, pleading. Mike caves. He straightens up,
and speaks in a completely flat, almost robotic monotone.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I think I better go to the
bathroom. I might be awhile. You
won't do anything stupid that might
make your partner look bad while
I'm gone, will you Joe?

Joe slaps him on the arm with a nod of thanks. Mike maintains
his fake monotone.

MIKE (CONT'D)

No, I can trust you. Because you owe me so big for this one.

Mike leaves. Joe looks across to the examination room.

INSERT CU - PHONE DISPLAY

YURI TEXT

RE: ur Dad -

Links to news articles about arrests, commendations. A video link catches her eye:

"DETECTIVE CLEARED IN WRONGFUL DEATH INQUIRY."

29

INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINATION ROOM - SAME

29

Mary Anne is dressed, leaning her hip against the examination table as she looks through the info on her phone.

She's about to click the link when Joe comes through the door, surprising her. They stare at each other a beat. She puts on her brave face and jumps in.

MARY ANNE

What's the word, Detective?

JOE

Doc says you're healthy and ready to go, so... You can call me Joe.

She stays where she is, watching him. He steps into the room, letting the door close behind him.

JOE (CONT'D)

We got ahold of your Mom, but she won't be here until tomorrow.

She looks away - that figures. He forces a friendly smile.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hey! Wanna get outta here? You hungry?

She looks at him, skeptical.

JOE (CONT'D)

I mean, it's either me or CPS, and they are no fun, especially this late in the day. You'd probably have to share a couch with some strange kid-

She cracks an ironic grin. Joe takes that as a good sign.

JOE (CONT'D)

Yeah, I mean, my partner wants me
to turn you over, but I told him no
way, I have room -

A bitter scoff silences him.

MARY ANNE

You mean you didn't have a choice
the last time you gave me up?

She may as well have punched him in the chest. He wilts until it seems only his eyes are left, staring at her. She cracks a little, but holds her ground. Joe finds a way to speak.

JOE

I mean that I would like you to
choose this time.

The words linger in the air. Soft, and yet a dare nonetheless. She studies him. He waits. She scoops up her hoodie, wadded on the chair, and turns back to him.

He moves quickly to the door, then remembers they are supposed to be making a discreet exit. He motions for her to wait a moment as he cracks the door and peeks.

Moving to hold the door open with his backside, he stands awkwardly robotic for a moment, motioning her through. She eyes him, already wondering if this weirdo is really her biological father.

She shrugs to herself and they're off.

30

INT. BAR - LATER

30

Captain Anwar sits to one side of a semi-circle shaped booth with SERGEANT ROSTOV - a mean looking, burly bastard. Half drunk mid-grade vodka and whiskey bottles stand sentry over a regiment of empty beer bottles.

LIEUTENANT GARNER shoves his way into the booth, pushing Rostov more to the center as he settles in. Anwar eyes him as he rights an overturned shot glass and fills it with whiskey. He knocks it back and pours another.

As he knocks that back and pours himself a third, Rostov takes note and rouses himself for another shot of vodka.

Jillian sidles up to the table and quietly changes out the empties for a six pack in a bucket of ice.

She disappears as Garner downs about a third of a bottle of beer before coming up for air. Anwar watches him patiently. Garner lights a cigarette and sets another shot of whiskey standing by. Anwar takes his cue.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

You with us, Garner? How's the other half?

Garner nods and waves his cigarette, exhaling a cloud across the room.

GARNER

Ah, Jesus, Maddy, goddamn, I spent at least an hour unwadding their panties for them - they worry about everything. I kept telling them, the schedule's fine, don't worry - look - you got L.A.'s Finest on the case! There's never even gonna be a case - even if there were, we say who does time for what because we write the reports, am I right?

ROSTOV

Right.

GARNER

Damn right! Bunch of pussies...

Rostov salutes Garner with his vodka shot, downing it like water. Garner reciprocates with his whiskey standby. He then fills Rostov's glass with more vodka, his own with more whiskey. He pauses, looking across to Anwar.

Anwar cracks a slight smile and nods to the glass in front of him. He waits, making Garner reach across the table to pour the shot for him. Garner doesn't seem to care if he splashes a little around Anwar. Most of it gets in the glass.

They all toast each other. This time, Anwar refills their glasses with a steady hand. These shots wait on standby.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

I got the C.I. drive, and Ricky's computer should be handled by now -

GARNER

Oh, Old Man finally decided to help us this time, huh?

CAPTAIN ANWAR

It's his ass, too.

GARNER

About time that got through his head.

ROSTOV

About time...

CAPTAIN ANWAR

So, what else? What else you got?

Garner taps his cigarette, leaves it in the tray, reaches in his pocket. He holds up a BLACK FLIP PHONE (BACKUP PHONE) for them to see before pocketing it again. He picks up his cigarette and beer in one hand, smoking, drinking, talking.

GARNER

Ricky got ahold of me last night. I couldn't call him back 'cause you had me babysitting MacKenzie on that goddamn... High Street -

CAPTAIN ANWAR

All right, all right -

Garner looks across the table, then leans out of the booth to yell across the bar.

GARNER

Jillian! Hey! Hey Jillian! Can we get some wings over here? And how bout some nachos or popcorn while we're waiting, huh?

Garner rights himself in the booth and finishes his beer.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Ricky used our backup phone...?

GARNER

Yeah, which, y'know, red flag right there, right...?

He digs in his pocket again, pulling out the phone and flipping it open. He dials in the code, holding it close to his chest. Anwar downs his shot. Rostov sees this and downs his too. Garner finds what he's looking for and hands the phone to Anwar as Rostov refills their glasses.

GARNER (CONT'D)

Here you go - look at this...

INSERT CU - CELL PHONE DISPLAY

A picture of Mary Anne stares back at Anwar, scared but still a little bit defiant, hoodie down and hair tossed.

GARNER (CONT'D)

Her name is Mary Anne VandenBurgh, 16 years old, and according to Ricky, she just showed up at the Doc's clinic and started asking him about how she got adopted -

CAPTAIN ANWAR

What?

GARNER

Yeah, no shit, right? Asking for parent's names and shit - He flipped out- he was already edgy, but he calls Ricky saying this girl knows things she shouldn't - it's gotta be a set up and he's gonna -

Jillian appears with munchies and another beer bucket. Garner stares slack jawed at the bounty before him.

GARNER (CONT'D)

Thank you, sweetie...

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Thank you, Jillian...

Jillian exits. Garner takes a discreet look around the room, then continues:

GARNER

The Doc tells Ricky he's gonna do the girl right there in the clinic, but Ricky gets him to smuggle her over to the apartment and they'd set it up like a runaway junkie suicide, right? Neat and simple.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Doc snatched the girl in the clinic?

GARNER

The man loved his ether. Quick, no needles, then out the back exit. But after that... we got two bodies, no stray girl.

Garner shrugs broadly - no idea whatsoever.

ANWAR

So, any idea where she is now?

Garner smiles broadly across the food at Anwar.

GARNER

That's the best part.

He takes his shot, eats his chip and drinks his beer, making Anwar wait to the limits of his patience. Garner enjoys it.

31 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LATE EVENING

31

Latches turn and light from the outside hallway floods into a modest but roomy two bedroom apartment. The layout and furnishings are pretty much what you'd expect from a bachelor in his early forties, with the exception of the dining area, which looks like the bullpen - stacks of case files framing a white board against the opposite wall, currently loaded with pictures, notes and diagrams from the Maru case.

Joe guides Mary Anne into the space, flipping on lights and gesturing where necessary, trying to keep the mood friendly.

JOE

Well, it's not the Taj Mahal, but it's home. Make yourself comfortable. Bathroom's there. There's another one through the bedroom which you can use, I'll just clean up in there and you can sleep in my bed tonight. Uh, Kitchen. TV. Couch. Remotes - you know how to work those, right?

Mary Anne steps into the space, taking it all in. Joe notices his white board and moves to take down the pictures and other more graphic details of the case.

JOE (CONT'D)

So, I was thinking I could take a day off work tomorrow and you and I could spend a little more time together. Get to know each other better. How's that sound?

MARY ANNE

Okay.

JOE

Okay. Good. Well, food should be here soon - you wanna get cleaned up in the meantime?

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

I can give you some sweats to wear.
We can throw your clothes in with
mine - I need to get some laundry
done anyway.

MARY ANNE

I really could use a shower...

JOE

Okay then -

32 INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

32

Joe flips on the faucets, letting the water run.

JOE

It takes a minute for the heat to
kick in, and then you gotta dial it
in from there.

33 INT. BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

33

Joe lays a folded beach towel on the bed. Mary Anne watches from the bathroom door as the shower runs behind her. Joe turns to the dresser at the end of the bed and slides open a drawer, pulling out a sweat shirt & matching pants. He goes to another drawer and stacks a t-shirt & an old pair of track shorts on top. He glances at her.

JOE

That oughtta do for tonight anyway.
Uh - if you don't like those you
can go through the drawers and -

He stops himself mid-sentence. He looks, and then opens the bottom right drawer, fishing out a pistol in a holster with a spare magazine next to it. He looks at her with a shrug and a smile as he secures them in his waistband.

JOE (CONT'D)

Uh - Anyway, you can change into
whatever's there - oh yeah, socks -

Joe closes that drawer and opens another, nearly empty sock drawer. Joe pauses at the sight.

JOE (CONT'D)

Huh. I really do need to do the
wash. I got office socks, and one
pair of old footies. You want the
footies? Be like slippers?

MARY ANNE

What about those?

JOE

Huh? Oh...

Joe reaches in the drawer and pulls out a pair of old grey hiking socks.

MARY ANNE

Those look warm.

Joe gets a little distant, smiling slightly at her words.

JOE

You know, I don't fold my socks this way. These are my lucky socks. My wife gave these to me one time before we were married, when we went camping. First camping trip together. We got lost in the woods, but we made it out, found our tent and had a great rest of the weekend. We always joked it was the lucky socks that got us through to the trail. So... When I finally got back from the hospital after she died, I come home to find she'd done a stack of laundry before she went in. I kept telling her to take it easy, but I find this waiting for me when I get home. And you know, of course I went through all those other clothes, but these? Well, this is kinda the last knot she ever tied for me, see? I've never undone it.

Joe struggles with a lot of emotions, including surprise at himself. He pulls himself together, dropping his lucky socks back in the drawer.

JOE (CONT'D)

So, no, you can't have those.
Sorry. Here, take the footies.

He reaches in and puts them on the stack of clothes, closes the drawer and moves to exit.

JOE (CONT'D)

Use 'em like slippers.

He leaves her to it.

She watches him exit, closing the door behind him. She moves into the space, fingering through the stack of clothes, looking around the room. It's a bit messy and looks to be just another place to flop at the end of the day.

Looking back at the chest of drawers, she notices two pictures amongst other piles of random stuff. The first is a picture of Joe on a hiking trail, kneeling with an affectionate hand scratching the back of a black labrador, seated with its tongue flopped out. Joe has a slight smile.

She moves to pick it up when she notices the other framed picture. She picks that one up and stares.

CU WEDDING PICTURE - A head and shoulders portrait of a much younger Joe leaning into a young woman whose resemblance to Mary Anne is unmistakable. They could be sisters rather than mother/daughter based off that picture. This must be her Mother. Her real, biological Mother.

Mary Anne stares, touching the face in the picture. She holds it up to her own, looking at her reflection in the mirror over the dresser. For a moment, the three of them are framed together - the newlyweds smiling in full blown marital bliss - and her, wide-eyed and curious. She tries smiling along with them as she imagines a different life.

A SHARP KNOCK on the door snaps her from her reverie.

JOE (CONT'D)
Hey Mary Anne - food's here. I'm gonna run get it.

She stares at the door, clutching the picture to her chest.

JOE (CONT'D)
Take your time, though - I'll be right back.

She continues her silence, watching as the shadow under the door frame moves off. She hears more movement and then the outside door opening and closing.

Silence consumes the empty space. The running shower seems to grow louder and louder. She shakes her head, rubbing her temple. Things quiet down a bit.

She carefully replaces the framed picture and picks up the stack of clothes, retreating backwards into the bathroom. She closes the door and we hear the lock close.

34 INT. BATHROOM - SAME 34

The sound of the shower drowns out most anything else. She turns and stares at her reflection. Suddenly remembering, she fishes out her phone and pushes a button. It beeps back.

MARY ANNE
What's the Tahj-ma Hall..?

35 TIME TRANSITION 35

36 INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER 36

The tone is relaxed, a few lights, and the dancing glow from whatever is on the muted TV. They sit on the floor on either side of a low coffee table - food trays, condiments, plates, etc., spread across the space between them.

She puts down her fork, leaning against the sofa.

JOE
What? Done already? There's plenty
of food... Pace yourself, then.

Joe watches discreetly as Mary Anne looks around the room, taking in the space, seeing how he lives.

MARY ANNE
Where's your dog?

JOE
My what?

MARY ANNE
Your dog. In the picture.

JOE
Oh, right. Yeah, he died. Old age.
I found him at the shelter and gave
him a home for his last few years.
He was a good dog.

MARY ANNE
And... The other picture? Was that
my Mom?

JOE
Yep. That's her. You see the
resemblance, right? Almost like
looking in a mirror, huh?

MARY ANNE

You don't have a girlfriend?

He shakes his head, shoves a mouthful of food in and chews. A LOUD THUMPING and INDISTINCT YELLING from the outside hallway makes Mary Anne jump to attention. She watches the door.

JOE

Sounds like he's in trouble. We got a young couple moving in a couple doors down. You might hear some of that for the next couple days.

She takes a look around the room again, this time looking for exits & hiding places. He notes this.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'll brace the door tonight, okay? Don't worry. Remember, I'm a Cop, right? Decorated Detective. Somebody'd have to be real stupid to try and break in here.

She considers this, along with what little she really knows about him. She can't contain her curiosity.

MARY ANNE

Have you ever killed anybody?

Joe hesitates, considering. Again, he takes the direct road.

JOE

Yes. Yes I have. You?

She freezes for a moment, which doesn't make Joe feel much better, but she continues before he can say anything else.

MARY ANNE

What happened?

JOE

(indicating her phone)
The way you use that thing, I imagine you already know more about it than I do. And I was there.

MARY ANNE

What happened?

Joe takes a breath as he puts down his food and gives her a measuring look.

JOE

I'm only going to talk about this with you because you're my daughter, and I want you to hear it from me. But after this, I really don't want to discuss it again. Okay?

She nods, moving closer to the table, taking another bite.

JOE (CONT'D)

I was on a case, and this guy was a real shitbag - pardon my french - and I was on this case when Ray died.

(off her look)

That's right. Rachel. My wife. Your mom. Everybody called her "Ray", because that's what she was - a ray of sunshine on a cloudy day.

MARY ANNE

How did she -

JOE

(He cuts her off)

Now, there was some talk that I shouldn't have been out there because of bereavement time and all that, but I was close. We had his name, his location - he knew we were coming for him - and Cap said to keep going, so I stayed in it and we went after that prick.

MARY ANNE

What did he do?

JOE

He was hurting young girls. About your age. He'd snatch 'em up and - and then a few days later we'd find them. And we knew it was him because of the way we found them. Sick bastard turned it into a game and was - look, do you really want to hear this? I mean -

MARY ANNE

Yes. I want to know everything.

JOE

Hell, I don't even wanna know everything, kid.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

Knowing everything is overrated, trust me... Okay, okay. So, Ray is dead, and we get this call, and it's our guy - he's actually called in looking for me to say he's got another girl...

Joe stops for a second, thinking about it.

MARY ANNE

What did you do?

JOE

We went after him, of course. We caught up to him, and... and when all was said and done we had that girl safe and sound and that sick bastard was dead.

MARY ANNE

That's it?

JOE

He put my partner in the hospital. But he recovered. He retired after that, went into private security, makes a lot more money -

MARY ANNE

And you killed that sick bastard?

JOE

I put six rounds in his chest and two in his face. The family lawyer said I was excessive and brutal and tried to sue me after the inquiry cleared me. They lost.

He digs up some more food to chew.

MARY ANNE

You ever kill anybody else?

JOE

Nope. And I wouldn't want to.

MARY ANNE

You feel bad about it?

JOE

When I think about everything he did, and was going to do - and my partner - but no, I've had my counseling and passed my psych evaluations, and I sleep just fine at night. But, like I said, he had a family. And he may have been a sick bastard, but someone loved him. Sometimes I feel bad for them.

MARY ANNE

Even if they were sick bastards too?

JOE

Well, I don't know about that, I didn't investigate them. I'd have to catch 'em before I could judge them that way, y'know? Until I know for sure you're a bad guy - or girl - you're just another civilian to me. And my job is to catch bad guys, not civilians.

MARY ANNE

Is that why you're still a Detective?

JOE

Whattaya mean?

MARY ANNE

Why didn't you get a better job like your partner did?

JOE

Hey, the public needs security, too, right? The sad fact is, there's always gonna be some scumbag trying to rob, rape, or kill some innocent civilian trying to live their lives in peace. When something bad happens, my partner and I figure out who did it and go get 'em. Sometimes we can stop them from hurting somebody else. That's the best part of the job, stopping them before anybody else gets hurt.

MARY ANNE

Wow, that's a good speech. Do you go to schools and stuff like that?

He stares for a moment, surprised that she just burst his little bubble.

JOE
What does that mean?

Suddenly aware she may have inadvertently offended him.

MARY ANNE
I - I just mean, you were so sincere just now - you really do believe all of that, you're not just saying it -

JOE
Of course not! All I've ever wanted to do was be a Detective, and here I am, serving and protecting. Even now that's what I'm doing.

She's not going to argue with him.

37 INT. POLICE STATION - IT DEPARTMENT

37

Spiegman and Beaumont slosh across a wet floor to HORACE, the IT TECH Department Head, who is drying a counter top with an already saturated towel.

HORACE
Hey Captain. Any word...?

SPIEGMAN
Looks like a prank. Maybe there's more to it, we don't know yet.

HORACE
Well, that prank nearly cost us a couple of hard drives, including Sergeant Dresden's. Per protocol, we took them to the vault in the evidence storage for safe keeping - no pun intended, huh? Needless to say the diagnostic was interrupted and we'll have to start all over after we get this mess cleaned up.

SPIEGMAN
Anything on any of the cameras?

HORACE

Well, those all feed into one server, and that's on one of the towers that went to the vault, so we'll have to check that tomorrow.

SPIEGMAN

Damn.

38

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - SAME

38

Joe digs some of the remaining food from one of the trays and plops it on his plate.

JOE

Okay, your turn.

MARY ANNE

My turn what?

As he speaks, she takes a big bite, preventing any dignified speech for several seconds.

JOE

You know. Remember, in the interview room? I told you how much like your Mother you are? It's true. Right down to her little gifts.

MARY ANNE

Gifts? What do you mean - ?

JOE

Delgado escorting you to the station. Ray would call that "pushing". That was one of her gifts. And Mike - yeah, it's a funny story, but there's no way in hell he would bring that up out of the blue like that without you seeing into his memories. "Seeing" - that's what Ray called that one. One of the side effects, though, is that they see the memories, too, right? And Mike can't keep his mouth shut sometimes.

Mary Anne stares at her food, poking at it slowly.

JOE (CONT'D)

Right? It's okay, like I said, your Mother had the gifts, too - you must have inherited them from her.

MARY ANNE

She was really like me?

JOE

Well, you're like her, but yeah, looks like it. I knew it when I saw your face earlier. Those gifts don't work on me for some reason. Ray used to look at me like that until she gave up and just accepted that I was one guy she couldn't get through to like that. She'd get so mad sometimes. But, that's why she married me - She had to be real with me. That, and I'm handsome, and one hell of a guy.

MARY ANNE

You don't have to read minds to know that's BS -

JOE

Hey!

He knows she's joking. Nice to feel the tension breaking.

JOE (CONT'D)

Don't know why, but it looks like you got stuck with that, too.

She remains silent, looking at her plate, now totally disinterested in her food.

JOE (CONT'D)

Don't keep me guessing here. What else can you do? I mean, aside from the gifts I mentioned, do you have any other gifts you're aware of...?

MARY ANNE

Maybe. I don't know.

JOE

It's okay, you can tell me. I kept my wife's secret, I can keep yours. What else can you do?

MARY ANNE

I don't know. Different things,
maybe.

Joe waits for her, but it seems like that's all she has to say for now. He leans back and takes a drink, looks at his watch.

JOE

It's okay. I don't expect you to tell me all your secrets. Don't worry about it. Tell me what you want me to know when you want me to know it, okay? Oh, and you can ask me anything, I won't lie to you. So do us both a favor and don't even try lying to me, okay? Most times you won't get away with it in the first place, but on the slim chance you get one past me, I'll find out about it. I always do.

MARY ANNE

Tell me how Mom died.

JOE

I don't want to talk about that now.

MARY ANNE

You said you wouldn't lie to me.

JOE

That's right, and I won't. Not talking about something is not the same as lying, and I'm not talking about that right now. What I am doing is going to check the laundry, and then I'll fix up the bedroom so you can sleep in there -

MARY ANNE

I don't want to sleep in there. I'll sleep on the couch.

JOE

You sure? The bed is bigger. You probably be more comfortable -

MARY ANNE

Couch is fine.

He pauses, then shrugs and starts picking up after himself.

JOE
Okay, couch is fine.

He gets up, leaving her with the rest of the food.

39 EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT

39

Random Halloween Holiday Decor on the pumps and at the cashier window make getting gas "festive".

Captain Anwar leans on the tail corner of his car as the pump fills his tank. A dark sedan with a heavy window tint pulls up to the other side of the terminal, stopping so the passenger side window faces Anwar.

Noticing this, Anwar straightens and takes an apparently casual posture as the tinted window winds down, revealing a handsome MIDDLE AGED MAN, who wears a suit like a banker.

CAPTAIN ANWAR
Well, well, well, looks like we do shop in some of the same places after all.

MAN
Muhammad. How nice to find you.

CAPTAIN ANWAR
Yeah, nice to see you, too, but it's hardly worth the trip, y'know?

MAN
Oh, I agree. But others don't. And Lieutenant Garner does little to inspire confidence.

CAPTAIN ANWAR
We've never slipped. And we aren't slipping now. None of us really know what happened. We just know we're two down and someone's out there. Garner is already on a lead.

MAN
There's talk of compensations.

CAPTAIN ANWAR
Compensations? For what? Unless they're talking about setting up a trust fund for Dresden's family there's nothing to discuss. They haven't lost anything.

MAN

Yet. We still have this last transaction -

CAPTAIN ANWAR

That's a separate issue. And it's contained.

The gas pump clicks off. Anwar goes back and makes sure he gets every last drop, making the Man wait patiently. Anwar finishes with his car and faces the Man again.

MAN

You understand, Muhammad, that in this case, I am just the messenger.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Garner's right about you guys - each of you need to unwad your panties and let L.A.'s Finest deliver what you paid for.

The Man tolerates Anwar's blunt arrogance as the Captain moves back around his car, offering one last jab before moving out of sight:

CAPTAIN ANWAR (CONT'D)

We are on the case!

40

INT. POLICE STATION - LOBBY DESK

40

Spiegman is just saying farewell to Beaumont when Horace comes running from the back to catch her.

HORACE

Captain Spiegman! Captain - !

Spiegman really doesn't want to stop, but...

HORACE (CONT'D)

So glad I caught you -

SPIEGMAN

I better be glad you caught me. What is it now?

As he speaks, Beaumont works his way to Spiegman's side.

HORACE

Well, it's kind of a good news, bad news thing, with the good news being more like a silver lining over a really dark cloud -

SPIEGMAN

Godammit, Horace, if you don't get to the point-

HORACE

The bad news is, after the fire, all of our drives went to the evidence room vault, per protocol-

SPIEGMAN

What happened?

HORACE

The vault is also where we degauss old video & audio tapes after we've digitized them for archive.

SPIEGMAN

Degauss?

HORACE

It's basically a giant magnet used to wipe information on electronic devices, and it looks like someone left it on when we stacked the servers in there for safe keeping -

SPIEGMAN

Are you telling me you wiped the hard drives?

HORACE

Accidentally - I mean, it's cramped in there, and things were a little crazy, you might recall - I'm sure whoever did it didn't even think to check if the Degausser was on -

SPIEGMAN

How bad is the damage?

HORACE

Well, Dresden's drive, the security camera server, a few others.

SPIEGMAN

Wait - you mean to say evidence for other pending cases may be gone because of this degauss thing?

HORACE

Possibly -

SPIEGMAN

Horace!

HORACE

It's hard to say how bad it is
until we can begin running
diagnostics tomorrow.

SPIEGMAN

No, Horace, that's unacceptable.

HORACE

What?

SPIEGMAN

You will get whomever else you need
and you will begin running
diagnostics immediately. I don't
care if you have to sit here all
day and all night, you will not
walk away from a full blown
shitstorm you and your team created
with this sloppy protocol bullshit!

HORACE

But, I have -

SPIEGMAN

You may well have compromised god
knows how many investigations,
including the suspicious death of
one of our own Detectives! You're
lucky I don't have you suspended
right now! You need to get that
brain of yours wrapped around
getting me some answers double
quick, you get me?

The whole front lobby is suspended in time, watching this
verbal beat down, hanging on Horace's response.

HORACE

Y-Yes, Captain. I'm sorry -

She softens, seeing that he is completely subdued.

SPIEGMAN

Don't be sorry, Horace, just do it.

He nods and moves off.

SPIEGMAN (CONT'D)

Horace - !

He stops, cringing. Straightening up, he turns to face her.

SPIEGMAN (CONT'D)

You said there was a silver lining?

He pauses, noting the bystanders still watching and pretending not to watch. He clears his throat as he approaches her. When he's within a foot from her, he lowers his voice conspiratorially. Beaumont leans in to listen.

HORACE

Yes, um, while we may have lost the footage from the cameras on the server, each camera has its own SD card to act as a back up that lasts for twenty four hours, and they don't auto-recycle for another three hours or so. I have a couple of my guys pulling the cards now.

SPIEGMAN

So we might still be able to see who caused this mess after all?

HORACE

Maybe.

Spiegman nods and considers.

SPIEGMAN

That is a silver lining, Horace. Don't let that wait, either. You're still not leaving here until I get those answers, you understand me?

HORACE

Yes, Captain.

SPIEGMAN

And Horace? You were right to lower your voice just then. Make sure you tell your team to keep quiet and pay attention from here on. No more accidents, Horace, you hear me?

He nods and leaves. She looks back at Beaumont, who looks about to say something.

SPIEGMAN (CONT'D)

Save it 'til tomorrow, Beaumont. I need a drink.

She leaves him standing in the lobby.

41 FLASHBACK/MEMORY SEQUENCE #1 41

42 FIRST PERSON (DRESDEN) POV - INT. CAR - NIGHT 42

The view is slightly distorted at the edges, but the overall memory is clear: Riding in the passenger seat, Garner is driving, wearing a huge grin, laughing. But he's not the only one - Dresden laughs too, but as this is his POV, it seems as if we are laughing and interacting with the others.

DRESDEN

Don't worry Doc, we've got a special surprise for you.

As he speaks, the focus turns from Garner to the backseat, where a SMALLISH MAN IN GLASSES (the PEDIATRICIAN) tries to look brave in front of the Cops in the front seats. As the Pediatrician speaks, our

43 POV SHIFTS FROM DRESDEN TO THE PEDIATRICIAN'S POV 43

Looking forward from the back seat at Garner maneuvering the car to park as SERGEANT DRESDEN leers back at us.

PEDIATRICIAN

You said that already, Ricky. You know I hate surprises, so if you could just -

DRESDEN

Oh, you'll like this one, Doc. Trust me.

GARNER

We're just havin' a little fun, Doc, relax. This is all pre-paid.

Garner kills the engine and the two in front exit. Moving, the Pediatrician slides out the backseat and looks around:

44 EXT. SHIPYARD STORAGE WAREHOUSE - NIGHT 44

45 POV SHIFTS FROM THE PEDIATRICIAN TO DRESDEN 45

As Dresden sidles up to Garner, already punching a code into a door lock. Looking back at the Pediatrician, who lingers by the car.

PEDIATRICIAN

What are we doing here?

DRESDEN

Come on, Doc - whattaya got to
worry about?

The door pops open. Garner yanks it wide, and Dresden moves
around to enter. As he does so, he turn to address the Doc.

46 POV SHIFTS BACK TO THE PEDIATRICIAN'S POV 46

Watching Garner disappear into the dark space. Dresden holds
the door open and waits. Behind him, lights flicker and
shine. Garner appears from behind Dresden.

GARNER

Come on, Doc. We can't stand out
here holding our dicks all day.

He disappears inside. Dresden holds the door.

Moving to catch up, the

47 POV SHIFTS BACK TO DRESDEN'S POV 47

48 INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE - SAME 48

Clapping the Doc on the back, pushing him deeper inside.

Garner is already through another door, leading the way.

Following him with the Doc in between, we weave through halls
with doors to storage rooms on either side.

Garner stops at a door, looking back and forth to get his
bearings. As we move around the Pediatrician, the

49 POV SHIFTS BACK TO THE PEDIATRICIAN'S POV 49

Dresden moves in front of us as Garner finishes typing a code
into a door. He cracks it open, then stops himself. He looks
from Dresden to the Pediatrician as he digs a couple of
"HIGHWAY BANDIT" MASKS from his coat pocket and hands them
around.

GARNER

Let's get in the spirit, shall we?

Both Dresden and Garner pull on their masks and wait for the
Pediatrician, grinning like sophomores daring a freshman.

The mask goes on, and Garner pulls open the door. Dresden sticks his head into the room and gives a quick look around before turning to us and motioning us forward.

Moving slowly towards the door, RUSTLING and SOFT, ANXIOUS WHISPERING can be heard inside.

DRESDEN

You get to pick one.

Rounding the door frame, looking into a shabby room lit by one lamp, with a beat up couch - dirty clothes, sleeping bags, and trash litter the floor. Amongst the filth, ten FRIGHTENED YOUNG GIRLS aged twelve to fifteen huddle together.

PEDIATRICIAN'S POV CONTINUES MOVING INTO THE STORAGE SPACE

Stepping further into the room, glancing over the space, then focusing on the girls. Brushing hair away from frightened faces, making one or two look up at us.

GARNER (O.S.)

See? We told you to trust us -

PEDIATRICIAN

What is this?

GARNER

They're the Leftovers. Auction's done. No one bought these girls, so they'll be sold off somewhere else.

DRESDEN

It's tonight only, but it's a thank you for us before they get shipped out in the next couple of days.

GARNER

Just don't get 'em pregnant, know what I mean, Doc?

Putting hands on the shoulders of a small young girl.

PEDIATRICIAN

Oh, no. No, we wouldn't do that.

With a light touch, moving from the shoulders to her delicate face, brushing back her hair and making her look at us.

Watching the Pediatrician examining the little girl.

PEDIATRICIAN

I think this one needs a bath.

GARNER

They're clean, Doc. They're all virgins -

The Pediatrician flares, suddenly enraged.

PEDIATRICIAN

You said I could pick one!

The Little Girl flinches back, trying to squirm away. He grips her head tightly.

PEDIATRICIAN (CONT'D)

Oh no, no, don't worry. I'm a Doctor, and I just need to make sure you're clean. You know what a Doctor is? I'm here to help you.

The Little Girl grabs his hands and tries to yank her head away. Garner steps forward, drawing his pistol and holding it between the Pediatrician and the Little Girl, right in front of her eyes. The other girls shrink back from them.

GARNER

Hey! See this? You play nice with the Doc and don't give any trouble! Or you get this! Understand?

The Pediatrician plays savior, hugging the Little Girl tight to his chest, rocking her back and forth.

PEDIATRICIAN

How dare you threaten this poor child? You stay away from her!

He stands up, picking up the Little Girl with him and carrying her to the door, speaking softly to her.

PEDIATRICIAN (CONT'D)

Come with me, child. We'll get you cleaned up -

He passes us on his way out the door.

DRESDEN

Break room is third door down on the right. There's a bathroom in there.

PEDIATRICIAN

I don't want to be disturbed. Take your party somewhere else.

Watching the Pediatrician as he finds the break room and enters, the Little Girl squirming in his arms.

Turning back to see Garner waving his pistol across the frightened faces of the remaining Girls.

DRESDEN

Whattaya thinking?

Glancing back to us with a sly smile, moving closer to them.

GARNER

They told him to pick one, not us.

He passes his hand over the tops of all their heads, giving each Girl a little smack as he passes in front of them.

GARNER (CONT'D)

I say we stay here.

They laugh together.

MARY ANNE (O.S.)

No -

Garner grabs a Girl by her hair and pushes her towards us. Dresden catches her, grabbing her hair and yanking her head back to see the terror in her eyes.

MARY ANNE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

No!

Garner grabs another Girl and pushes her onto the dirty couch. The other Girls start screaming and crying. Garner points his gun at them.

GARNER

Shut up! Nobody can hear you anyway, you dumb bitches!

Looking from Garner to our Little Frightened Girl, Dresden shows her his pistol, too, so she knows they're both bad men.

MARY ANNE (O.S.)

No! No! Nooo!

52 INT. BREAKROOM BATHROOM - SAME

52

It's a dirty bathroom fallen to neglect.

Finishing washing hands in the sink, the Pediatrician turns to the Little Girl, who sits on the toilet seat of an empty stall.

PEDIATRICIAN

Now, let's get those filthy rags
off, shall we?

The Little Girl cringes back, but there's nowhere to run.

MARY ANNE (O.S.)

NO!

Reaching for her, grabbing her filthy t-shirt at the shoulder.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

NONONONONONONONO-!

QUICK CUT MONTAGE of each of the Girl's faces in CU, afraid, crying.

INTERCUT CU Mary Anne's face, head shaking from side to side as she tries to break from the memories and wake herself up.

We hear the men laughing at the screaming and crying Girls. The Pediatrician's voice is indistinct, but patient.

53 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

53

Joe comes out of the bedroom, pistol in hand.

Mary Anne is upright, kneeling on the couch, gripping a pillow tightly in her hands like she's strangling it. Joe watches her writhe, seeming to fight with herself as she straightens, still kneeling on the couch.

She pantomimes holding a gun against the pillow and says in a husky voice:

MARY ANNE

I told you shut the fuck up, bitch.

She shoves the pillow into her crotch, grinding against it as she tilts her head back.

JOE

What the hell are you doing?

She seems to jolt out of it for a second, Joe sees tears pouring down her face. He moves to put a hand on her shoulder.

JOE (CONT'D)
Hey, hey, hey - Mary Anne? Mary Anne! Wake up! You're dreaming!

He touches her shoulder and she recoils like she was prodded.

She twists around to see Joe, but from her perspective, he's another man in silhouette holding a gun and reaching for her.

She screams a primal terror, reeling backwards off the couch and sprawling across the floor. Joe freezes, panicked.

Still separating vision from reality, she flops into a crawl and makes it down the hall to the other bathroom. Leaning into the door frame, she's able to pull herself into a standing position.

JOE (CONT'D)
Mary Anne? Can you hear me?

MARY ANNE
I hear you -

She starts trembling in fear, tears streaming down her face.

JOE
Do you know where you are -

MARY ANNE
I hear all of them. Screaming, laughing - Oh god, I feel it... I can feel what they're doing and they like it! They like it - oh, god, I'm gonna -

She reels into the bathroom and Joe can hear that she's vomiting.

JOE
Mary Anne!

He rushes to the door and looks in.

OVER JOE'S SHOULDER looking into the bathroom, Mary Anne pulls her hair from one side of her face, her head hovering over the bowl.

MARY ANNE
Oh, god...

She rests her head in her free hand, rubbing her forehead, maintaining her aim over the bowl, fighting the vertigo.

JOE

Do you know where you are, Mary Anne?

MARY ANNE

Uh, yeah, I'm puking my guts out into your toilet bowl! Just give me a min-huuuh -

She pukes again, only not so much this time.

Joe leaves her to it.

She catches her breath, wiping her mouth with her hand. That's when she notices the blood coming from her nose.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

Oh, god, not again...

Noticing Joe is gone, she grabs toilet paper and quick wipes her face, dropping the tissues into the toilet and flushing, just as he comes back with a glass of water for her.

She wipes her mouth, but she also tries to catch the blood without him noticing. Of course, it's impossible.

JOE

Is that - are you bleeding?

He takes her wrist and reveals the bloody tissue. A fresh line of blood trickles from her nose. He releases her, nudging the tissue back towards her.

JOE (CONT'D)

Okay, tilt your head back -

MARY ANNE

I know - I've done this before...

He watches her, fretting.

JOE

I should call an ambulance.

MARY ANNE

No, don't -

JOE

You said this happened before, right? You need a CAT scan.

MARY ANNE

What? No I don't - didn't Mom ever get nosebleeds?

JOE

Sometimes, but I never saw her doing what you just did -

MARY ANNE

But we were just at the hospital, remember? Totally healthy here.

JOE

You look like shit.

MARY ANNE

I feel like shit.

JOE

I'm calling the ambulance -

He moves to leave.

MARY ANNE

What? No! Joe! Dad!

He freezes at the door. Slowly, he turns to look back at her.

JOE

It's not fair you calling me that right now.

MARY ANNE

I mean it. Just give me a few minutes, okay? No hospital is going to help me fix what's happening.

Joe remains at the door, watching her, waiting for her explanation. She takes the water he's still holding and drains the glass. She passes it back to him.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

There's a lot going on up here. My head's all messed up with these different memories, but they're not my memories, and some of them can get really intense. Like just now.

JOE

Not your memories?

MARY ANNE

Don't you get it? I'm paying for what I did to those two men back in the apartment. I made them kill each other! Me! They were going to kill and make it look like I did it myself, so I pushed them to do it to each other and now they're dead and they're haunting me in my dreams and they won't stop and I can't get rid of them!

She hits herself with closed fists on either side of her head, wailing in emotional agony as tears flow again. Joe rushes to her, moving to take her in his arms.

She feels him close in around her - her eyes snap open and she reflexively resists him. But then, recognizing him and her situation, she wraps her arms around him, sobbing.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

Oh, god... Help me, please help me. Please - I see everything, I feel it like I'm doing it -

She pulls away from him, suddenly furious, remembering.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

And it's sick! They were sick bastards and I'm glad I killed them! I'd kill them again if I had the chance!

JOE

What? Whoa - slow down -

MARY ANNE

I mean it! They had these girls - oh my god, we can save them! Dad! Joe! Whatever! We can still - we have to save those girls!

JOE

Wait, wait, wait - slow down!

MARY ANNE

Oh god -

She falls back to the tissue paper, repositioning herself closer to the toilet once again, taking deep breaths.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

You know what I could really use?
My pills. This feels just like my
cramps. Only more in my head.

JOE

Where are your pills?

MARY ANNE

In my car, with all my other stuff.

JOE

Well, shit.

MARY ANNE

What about migraines? You got
anything for that?

JOE

Normally, I'd give you a shot of
bourbon.

MARY ANNE

I'll take that -

JOE

Don't have any, sorry.

MARY ANNE

Not cool, man.

54

EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

54

The complex is situated on the corner of a quiet side street
in a nice neighborhood, with a large tree shading the front
sidewalk.

Lieutenant Garner rolls to a stop in an unmarked squad car.
He holds the Backup phone to his left ear as he looks to the
computer console to his right.

GARNER

Uh-huh. Right - Hey, listen, where
did you say Merrit's address was
again...? Uh- huh. Well, guess
where the girl's phone finder took
me? That's right. He's got her in
there.

Garner watches a group of KIDS IN NINJA COSTUMES stealth
their way around the block.

GARNER (CONT'D)

I know it. Some family reunion, right? Ha! Don't we bust perverts for that kind of thing? Seriously, though, why can't I just do 'em both home invasion style?

55

INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - SAME

55

Joe and Mary Anne sit on the floor with cups of hot chocolate between them. Mary Anne leans into the wall, resting against the cabinet.

JOE

Wait a minute. I wanna circle back for a second. You said you took memories from one guy, and put them into the other guy? And he remembered them like they were his own memories?

MARY ANNE

Basically, yeah.

JOE

Wow. That is scary. I don't even think your Mother could do that. How does that work?

MARY ANNE

I don't know. All of this sort of grew inside me as I grew up. At first it was just flashes of images. Then it kinda clicked that I was seeing what people were thinking. Then I was able to see memories, and then I found I could sort of ask about things and see if they had any memories about it - that's how I found out I was adopted. That was a surprise -

JOE

Do you remember being adopted?

MARY ANNE

No, but they do. So, when I went looking for memories of me being born at the hospital, I got memories of me as a baby being picked up at a clinic instead. And the guy that sold me to them is why I'm here.

(MORE)

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

I used those memories to find him.
He's the same Doctor who kidnapped
me and tried to kill me.

JOE

That Doctor? The Pediatrician -
He's the one that sold you?

MARY ANNE

Fifty thousand dollars.

She's so matter of fact about it that Joe is genuinely taken
by surprise. She sees the way he's looking at her and nods.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

He picked me up from some older
lady and handed me off to my
parents. Then he brought back the
cash and got ten thousand dollars
for doing all of that. I still
don't know who the old lady is yet.

JOE

I genuinely thought you were
adopted, not bought and paid for
like that.

Joe takes a deep breath, considering. Mary Anne is more
relaxed, sharing.

MARY ANNE

Then I remember I was about
thirteen or fourteen when I saw Ron
cheating on Patricia - I mean I saw
one of his memories - and I wanted
her to know about it.

JOE

So you put his memory in her head?

MARY ANNE

Yeah -

JOE

Was that the first time you had
done something like that?

MARY ANNE

Yeah - I was so upset, I wanted to
tell her right away.

(MORE)

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

But she was already acting funny around me and I didn't think she'd believe me, so I thought if I could make her see what I saw - and then this one time at dinner, we were all together, and Ron was being a real dick to her, and I got so mad I was able to concentrate enough to do it-

JOE

I bet that went over well -
(she smiles a little)
Did you wait until dessert was over, or serve it up as part of the main course?

MARY ANNE

Main course, bitches! Oh, it was awkward -
(they laugh)
But screw him! Cheating on Patricia like that! She deserved better, and I wanted him to know he wasn't going to get away with it.

JOE

Wow. What's that like for you? Does it hurt?

MARY ANNE

I get a bad headache, but usually a nap will take care of it.

JOE

Usually?

MARY ANNE

Well, until I pushed those bastards to kill each other and got all their memories at once. That scared me. My nose bleeding? First time. Gross. I thought my head was going to explode. Don't know how long I passed out. When the Police Man woke me up, I saw he was at the crime scene and knew who you were, so I got him to take me to you.

JOE

How did you know I was your father?

MARY ANNE

I didn't. But the way you looked at me like you knew me, and I felt like I knew you, too. But my head was already spinning and I couldn't think about anything but getting away from there.

JOE

So you pushed them to shoot each other? Had you ever done anything like that before?

MARY ANNE

No - but they were going to kill me. I knew it. I could see it - they'd done it before -

JOE

Okay, okay. Slow down.

MARY ANNE

I was sorry and hated myself at first, but these dreams - their memories? They killed innocent girls! Packed them in shipping crates and sold them off to somewhere! They were disgusting trolls and one of them was a kid's doctor! I am NOT SORRY! I'm not!

JOE

Okay - Ssh, I get it. I don't blame you, okay? They were pieces of shit and you did what you could to save yourself -

MARY ANNE

And for those other girls - it was Justice!

JOE

Well, I can't say that yet -

MARY ANNE

What!?

JOE

Listen, don't forget I'm a Detective, too, so I have to ask questions, okay? I don't know what you saw in their heads - Just listen for a second, okay? I already said I don't blame you.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

I believe you when you say they were going to kill you, and you acted to protect yourself.

MARY ANNE

You know how they say your life flashes in front of your eyes before you die? Your whole life? It's true. I know it is, because when I did that to them, I was still connected to them when they died - I had to be to push them - Everything they saw, I saw too. I saw their whole lives flash in front of my eyes. And I can't forget it. And now in my dreams it's like I see them over and over, their whole lives right up to when they died... But now I carry their memories with me & it's like being haunted - their memories haunt my dreams and I can't make peace with them.

A silence overtakes them. Joe remembers something.

JOE

Earlier you said that there were other girls in danger, and we could save them -

MARY ANNE

Yes - I mean, I think so. The Leftovers. We gotta do something -

JOE

Okay, we will. You saw them in your dream-?

MARY ANNE

Memory! I saw it in their memories -

JOE

Okay, I believe you. Tell me everything.

MARY ANNE

Everything? Really?

JOE

Yes. I want to know everything.

56 INT. DINER - NIGHT

56

Your typical all American Diner motif, with Halloween Decorations. Through the large paned front windows, we see Garner's Patrol car parking.

He kills the engine, staggers out stiffly, and moves toward the main entrance. He stretches as he moves, tossing a beer can in the trash as he saunters in.

GARNER

Mornin' Gail. Can I get a coffee over here?

He points to a booth, but pauses to pick up sections of the paper laying on the counter before making his way over there.

Sliding into the booth with his reading material, GAIL appears and plunks a coffee cup in front of him, filling it half way.

GAIL

Eggs and toast, Hon?

GARNER

Yeah - and keep this comin', huh?

GAIL

Sure...

She's off to put in his ticket. He pulls a bottle of whiskey from his inside pocket and tops off his coffee. Stowing the pint, he puts on a pair of reading glasses, lays his smart phone on the table, and turns his attention to the paper.

INSERT CU - PHONE DISPLAY of a map with a dot marking a pinned address.

57 TIME TRANSITION INTO DAYLIGHT

57

58 EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - MORNING

58

All seems quiet in this little slice of residential paradise.

59 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

59

Mary Anne sleeps soundly on the couch, her clean clothes stacked on the table in front of her. Rustling around and the CLUNKING OF POTS AND PANS from the kitchen stirs her awake. As she comes to, she lifts herself up to look over the back of the couch to the source of the noise.

Joe steps out of the kitchen, whipping batter in a pot. He sees her head poking over the couch.

JOE

Hey kiddo - get dressed. I'm making pancakes, and then we gotta go to the station.

She flops back onto the couch, rubbing her face.

MARY ANNE

(more to herself) I'm not a kid. Why are we going to the station?

JOE (FROM KITCHEN)

What...?

She lifts herself up again, leaning over the top of the couch and calling back to him as the cooking noises continue.

MARY ANNE

I said - why are we going to the station?

JOE (FROM KITCHEN)

Oh, a few things...

There's some more clunking around, then Joe comes out from the kitchen and picks up something from the table. He moves around to face her on the couch.

JOE (CONT'D)

But before we get into that, here - look -

He hands her a picture. She stares at it for a moment, confused.

INSERT CU - PICTURE of Ray in the hospital, pregnant and smiling at the camera. A smiling NURSE in the foreground holds a transducer to Ray's swollen belly, while just behind them is a little monitor with a blurred sonogram image of a baby. Next to that, a younger Joe smiles tentatively.

JOE (CONT'D)

I remembered I had this and dug it out for you. That's your Mom and me at the hospital getting her ultrasound. You see that on the TV screen there? That's you. It's the only picture I have of the three of us together. I want you to have it.

MARY ANNE

That's me...?

JOE

Yep. Ray was so excited to have a little girl. She wanted to name you Emily, after her mother.

MARY ANNE

Emily...

Joe smiles with some affection. Then, he switches gears and breaks the mood.

JOE

Come on, get dressed. These pancakes are almost ready. We'll chow down and then we'll get going.

He's off, back to the kitchen as Mary Anne looks at each of her parents faces in the picture. She calls back to him.

MARY ANNE

Why are we going to the station?

Sizzling sounds come from the kitchen as the batter goes on the griddle. Joe's voice carries over the top of that as he yells back at her.

JOE

I got a call this morning - there was a fire -

There's some CLATTERING and CURSING, and then Joe steps out from the kitchen to look at her.

JOE (CONT'D)

There was a fire at the station last night and a bunch of files got erased, and we have to get briefed on what's happening. It's a big mess, and a lot of cases could be in trouble. Plus, I figured we could get your car out of impound and get your stuff back...

He dodges back into the kitchen, flipping the pancakes. He calls out to her from there:

JOE (CONT'D)

And then we gotta meet your mom.

MARY ANNE

Wait - what?

She stands and comes around the couch. Joe comes back out from the kitchen to talk to her. They face off.

JOE

Uh, yeah, she's driving in today to pick you up, and I figure it's good, because I was going to have to meet her anyway -

MARY ANNE

But what about taking the day off? And spending time together? And what about the girls? We still have to help them!

JOE

Well, one, I just got the call about the fire this morning, and it's a big deal, so I'm sorry, but I have to go into work. I really do want to spend time with you, though - believe that. But, technically, legally, she is still your Mom, and until you turn eighteen, she has final say on what happens to you -

MARY ANNE

Oh that is bullshit!

JOE

Hey - watch your language. And those girls? There's no way I'm taking you to a potential crime scene like that - it's far too dangerous. I'll talk to Mike about it when we get to the station, and we'll figure out what to do from there.

MARY ANNE

Oh yeah? That's it?

JOE

Yeah, that's right.

MARY ANNE

And how long is that gonna take?

JOE

As long as it takes. Now calm down and get ready to eat some pancakes -

MARY ANNE

I don't want any fucking pancakes!

JOE

Hey-!

She glares at him, body shaking from all sorts of upset. Joe actually has a moment of deciding whether to deal with her or the pancakes.

JOE (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm sorry, but there's nothing I can do about it. I have to take you in and -

MARY ANNE

And what? Hand me off to be someone else's problem? Again? You know, if this is how you treated Mom, I bet she wasn't nearly as happy as you say she was -

JOE

Hey, shut up! We loved each other - you don't know a thing about it!

She holds up the picture. He looks from it to her, not getting her point.

MARY ANNE

Look at your face. You're scared! You didn't want me! She's so happy - even the Nurse is happier than you!

JOE

That's not true -

MARY ANNE

It is true! It is! Or you wouldn't have given me away! You made her give me away and it killed her!

JOE

What?

MARY ANNE

Didn't you? That's what killed her! That's why you won't tell me what happened to her! You had to go be a good Cop, so you convinced her to sell me off to one of your dirty cop buddies and she was so sad it killed her!

JOE

That's bullshit!

MARY ANNE

You're the one who gave me away!
Admit it! It was you! You never
wanted me so you sold me! You made
her go along with it and it killed
her! Admit it!

Joe can't take it anymore and explodes.

JOE

You killed my wife! You took away
everything I ever loved! Without
her, there was no family!

She gasps in shock. It seems all the air has left the room.
Joe's fury fills the empty space between them.

JOE (CONT'D)

Yes! I was on a case! And yes! She
wanted you more than I did! But she
didn't see what I saw, every day -
what people could do to each other -
and I was scared to bring you, any
child, into this fucking mess of a
world! But we loved each other and
I believed in her. And then right
when I'm close to nabbing my guy, I
get a call that Ray's in the
hospital and it's bad.
Complications during pregnancy,
internal tearing, hemorrhaging,
massive blood loss, allergic
reactions, it gets worse and worse.
I heard they had to fight to save
you. By the time I'm there, she's
already gone. She was so pale she
looked like she was made of wax.
Like one of our guy's victims.

Mary Anne reels as if punch drunk. She leans back against the
couch and levels a cold stare at him.

JOE (CONT'D)

And right then, holding my wife's
cold dead hand, I'm given this
choice - go get this sick bastard
and do some good in this shitheap
of a world, or tuck my tail, let
him go, and start changing dirty
diapers for the rest of my life.

MARY ANNE

Oh my god, I hate you so much right now.

JOE

I never even saw you, never got to say goodbye to my wife -

MARY ANNE

Shut up -

JOE

I never got a chance to change my mind -

MARY ANNE

Oh my god, please stop talking -

JOE

And when all is said and done, looking back on it, I'd do it again!

MARY ANNE

SHUT UP!!!

She grabs her head in her hands as she screams. Joe staggers back like he's been hit with a shovel. He looks at her, dazed, surprised, blood starts pouring from his nose. His eyes roll back and he collapses in front of her.

Mary Anne stares at his crumpled body. He doesn't move.

MARY ANNE (CONT'D)

Oh god...

She looks around her, frightened. The sound of unattended food burning on the stove grows from the kitchen.

Seeing her stack of clothes, she hurries over and changes. Her green hoodie is still stained with blood, so she pulls on one of Joe's hoodies from the pile of laundry instead.

Grabbing her phone and heading for the door, she stops herself. Turning back, she ducks into the bedroom, and after some rummaging, returns with Joe's backup pistol in hand. She holds up the spare magazine trying to figure out exactly what she's holding on to when Joe groans from the floor.

She starts, aware that time is precious, but another idea makes her pause - looking from Joe to the pistol parts, she recognizes that maybe she doesn't need a gun after all.

She drops the pistol and magazine on the couch and exits.

60 EXT. JOE'S APARTMENT COMPLEX - DAY

60

The tree out front is draped in toilet paper.

Mary Anne comes out of the complex and walks down the sidewalk, putting distance between her and the building, wiping tears from her eyes. She pulls out her phone and starts texting Yuri.

MARY ANNE TEXT

My real dad is such an asshole.

ROSTOV (O.S.)

Excuse me - Excuse me, Miss...?

Mary Anne looks up from her phone to see Sergeant Rostov catching up to her. He's got a friendly smile, but she's immediately cautious.

ROSTOV (CONT'D)

Hello Miss - Don't worry, I'm a Police Man.

She starts to back away from him. He gestures for her to wait and picks up his pace.

She turns to run and thuds right into Garner, who grabs her. She looks up at his face and recoils back, but he's got her.

GARNER

Recognize me, do ya?

He clamps a dampened ether rag to her face and holds it there. Rostov puts a supportive hand on her as she succumbs.

Rostov hefts her up, flopping her limp body over his shoulder. Garner looks around the block, then leads them back to the car.

61 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

61

Smoke spills into the space from the kitchen. The FIRE ALARM is screaming, and there's KNOCKING at the door.

Joe rolls on the floor, grabbing his head. He makes it to his knees and crawls part of the way to the front door. The knocking continues, more urgently.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Joe! Joe are you in there!?

Joe makes it to his feet and staggers to the door, opening it up. His neighbor stares at him.

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)
My god, Joe! You're bleeding!

JOE
What? Oh...

Joe wipes his nose on his sleeve, still trying to get a grip.

NEIGHBOR
Do you need an ambulance?

JOE
What? No, I'm fine. No problem -

NEIGHBOR
Are you sure? Your fire alarm - I
smell smoke!

JOE
That's just pancakes. Bad pancakes.

NEIGHBOR
We heard arguing and, um - last
night and this morning - it sounded
pretty serious. Claire wanted to
call the police, but since you are
one already I told her what's the
point, right?

He gives a feeble, nervous laugh.

JOE
Right. No Fire Department, no
ambulance, everything's fine, just
gotta put out this pancake fire -

NEIGHBOR
Are you sure you're okay-?

JOE
Police business, Jerry, move along.

He closes the door on his Neighbor, leaning against it with
some relief. The wail of the fire alarm rousts him back to
the kitchen.

JOE (CONT'D)
All right, dammit, I'm coming!

He moves toward the kitchen, but notices his spare pistol and
magazine on the couch. He picks up the pistol and safety
checks it, then looks around the apartment.

JOE (CONT'D)
Mary Anne...?

He waits, listening through the fire alarm. Nothing. He's alone in the space.

62 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN 62

Moving quickly into the kitchen, Joe uses the butt of the gun to whack the fire alarm and kill it. He grabs the red hot and smoking pan by the handle and skip slides it into the sink, where he douses it with water, sending a huge gout of steam rolling through the kitchen.

He turns off the stove and looks around him, stepping into the living room.

63 INT. JOE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM 63

Joe steps out from a cloud of steam and smoke.

JOE
Fuck those pancakes anyway.

Then he notices the picture on the floor. He picks it up and stares at it.

CU PICTURE - Joe's image is crumpled into a ball where Mary Anne was clutching it, but the way it bends outward, Ray and the sonogram image are clear and unmarred.

He tries to flatten out the picture, smoothing out the creases against his thigh. Looking again, his image is all wrecked and wrinkled, but the rest of the picture survived. He stares at Ray's smile shining back at him.

64 INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY 64

Spiegman stands in front of the various Officers and Department Heads of the station. Beaumont runs a power point presentation. The climate in the room is not pleasant.

SPIEGMAN
As you can see, unfortunately, we have lost a substantial amount of information, including those pertaining to internal operations as well as current and ongoing investigations. Meaning most of you are going to have to re-do a lot of case work.

Mike's phone buzzes in his pocket and he picks it up, thankful for the excuse to leave. He walks and talks.

MIKE

Where are you, Joe? Spiegman started dropping bombs on us a half hour ago... Do what now?

65

INT. POLICE STATION - CAPTAIN HUGHES' OFFICE

65

Captain Hughes stands behind his desk, facing Captain Anwar, who stands in front of him, effectively shielding whatever Hughes is doing from outside eyes.

Hughes slides open his desk drawer and grabs his holstered pistol, securing it to his belt in a concealed carry fashion.

He looks at Anwar with very little patience left.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Dammit, Anwar, give me the flash drive and I'll add her to the list. We can toss her in with the Leftovers and be done with this whole mess.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

And what am I supposed to do while you're babysitting your favorite Detective's little girl? You're leaving me nothing to bargain with -

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Are you that ready to make a deal, Anwar? You looking to give us all up, is that it? Well, fuck you! I walked away from all this after my wife died and here I am in the shit again! We're all burned if we don't clean this up, and all you have to do is keep tabs on Cock and Balls over there. Now quit wasting my time and hand over the drive.

Hughes stands with his hand out, waiting. Anwar relents, pulling it from an inside pocket.

Hughes snatches it up and pockets it, moving around the desk to exit, leaving Anwar standing there.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

Don't know what you think you're protecting - it's my ass too.

66

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - DAY

66

Coming from different exits out of the station, Captain Hughes and Detective Hunter run into each other at the parking structure.

MIKE

Oh, hey, Cap. Damn, that woman can talk, can't she?

CAPTAIN HUGHES

You said it. Any word from Joe?

MIKE

Uh, nope. Haven't seen him. I think he said he was taking a day off -

CAPTAIN HUGHES

With Spiegman up everyone's ass? Come on.

MIKE

Where you headed then?

CAPTAIN HUGHES

You really think that girl's his daughter?

MIKE

I can't say until I see the blood test -

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Hm. Smart man. Tell him I said hello -

MIKE

I will. When I see him. Which I probably won't. Not today, anyway. You have a good day, Captain.

Mike hustles over to his car and climbs in, leaving Hughes watching after him. Once Mike is out of the lot, Hughes makes a phone call.

67

INT. BAR - DAY

67

Joe stands at the bar with a brand new, unopened bottle of whiskey and a shot glass in front of him. Jillian stands to one side, pretending to clean and ignoring Joe.

Joe looks from the bottle to the clock. It's not quite ten in the morning.

He fidgets, looking at his phone, putting it back on the bar. Watching the TV. He looks from the clock to the bottle and back again.

INSERT CU - CLOCK turns 10AM

Joe shrugs and picks up the bottle.

JOE
Double digits. Fuck it.

He cracks the seal on the bottle and starts to pour himself a shot.

JILLIAN
Hey, Joe - you catch that game last night?

JOE
Which one's that, Jillian?

JILLIAN
Oh, hell, I don't know, who's your team?

JOE
I don't really have one, Jillian.

He sets down the bottle and regards the shot glass in front of him. He can smell the whiskey from where he's standing.

JILLIAN
Really? Everybody's got a team. Some of the guys here don't wear anything but their team colors.

JOE
That a fact?

JILLIAN
Yep. You know, maybe it's their kids, or when they were kids that made them that way, but some of these guys bleed for their home team, know what I mean?

JOE
I sure do, Jillian.

He picks up the shot and moves like he's going to knock it back.

Mike intercepts it and takes it away from him, knocking it back himself. Joe watches him without making any protest.

MIKE

Thank you, Joe. Aahh - you do like the expensive stuff.

He signals Jillian over, pulling out a few bills.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hey, Jillian - good to see you - yeah, we won't be needing this anymore, but could you get us some espressos? Double for my friend here, okay?

Jillian nods, relieved to see him, she quickly clears the booze off the bar.

JOE

You're late.

MIKE

Looks like I made it on time. What caused it this time?

Joe waits for Jillian to deliver their espressos and exit.

JOE

I want to tell you about my daughter. And don't judge me, Mike, just listen.

68 INT. CLINIC - OBSERVATION ROOM

68

The room is dark and empty, with a single shaft of light spilling in from a small window in the one door to the room.

Mary Anne lays on a padded gurney, wrists, ankles, and neck strapped into place. From what little she can see, she is all alone.

Discovering that she's restrained, she becomes more afraid. Tears start to flow as she tries to keep calm. She closes her eyes and begins to sing her favorite song to herself.

69 INT. FINE DINING RESTAURANT - DAY

69

The boutique restaurant is immaculate and pretentious in that classic French Royal motif.

Dr. Colleen Nguyen excuses herself from her table and crosses over to Joe, waiting anxiously in the main foyer.

COLLEEN

Well, hello, Joe, it's been a few years - you know I don't date my clients right? No matter how long it's been -

It's a perfect ice breaker. Joe laughs appreciatively.

JOE

Heh, yeah, I know, Doc. Thanks for taking my call, here, I just - I need your help -

COLLEEN

Don't do it. You don't need it. You're bigger, better and stronger than that-

JOE

No, that's not it -

He hesitates.

COLLEEN

You sure you can't schedule an appointment? I mean, I got a hot one over there - intern studying criminal justice- has no idea how sticky he's going to get later.

Joe laughs a little.

JOE

I know, I'm sorry, I'm just panicking a bit... I met someone -

COLLEEN

Not another C.I., please tell me-

JOE

No, no, she's my daughter.

BOOM. Silence.

COLLEEN

Are you sure?

JOE

One hundred percent.

COLLEEN

Wow, Joe - that's fantastic! What's she like?

JOE

Well, I'm not sure. I mean, on one hand she's great, and smart, and she's so much like Ray it's scary. I mean, so much. But then, you know, I just met her, and then we got in an argument, and I said some things and... I failed. And now I don't know where she is. She ran away and could be anywhere -

COLLEEN

Ssh - okay, I got it. How did you find her?

JOE

I saw her at a crime scene, and then - and then she showed up at the station.

COLLEEN

Was she arrested for something?

JOE

No, no - she, uh... She came into the station looking for me.

COLLEEN

She did? By herself?

JOE

Well, Officer Delgado sort of escorted her in.

COLLEEN

Uh huh...

She checks her watch and looks back at her table.

JOE

What do I do?

COLLEEN

You tell me... Do you believe in second chances, Detective?

He has to think for a second before nodding.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

Then quit panicking, you lucky bum! Find her! Go be more than a good Cop. Be a good Dad.

JOE

Yeah... I mean, we can work this out. Whatever it is, we just gotta get to know each other, right?

COLLEEN

Sounds good so far. A rare opportunity for anybody-

JOE

Thanks, Doc. I could hug you right now.

Colleen puts up a halting hand.

COLLEEN

Ah-dop-dop - Do you see who I brought to my table? No need to confuse the Innocent Intern before I've had my fun. Next time I see you better be in my office by the schedule - but I do want to see you again - tell me how everything goes, I'm dying to know.

JOE

Okay, you got it...

COLLEEN

Now get out of here - there's an intern who needs more hands on experience waiting for me to get my hands on them.

70

EXT. RESTAURANT PARKING LOT - DAY

70

Joe hops into the cruiser where Mike is waiting behind the wheel.

MIKE

Feel better?

JOE

Yes. Yes I do, thanks partner.

MIKE

Where to now?

JOE

You know, I think I know where she might have gone.

Mike nods and pulls out of the lot.

71 INT. POLICE STATION - IT DEPARTMENT 71

Spiegman and Beaumont stride in. Horace maneuvers past other Techs and stacked equipment to wave them over to another door to a smaller viewing room.

72 INT. VIEWING ROOM - SAME 72

Not much larger than a walk-in closet, a TECHIE sits at a small editing/viewing station, logging footage from the security cameras.

Spiegman and Beaumont fill most of the space, leaving Horace to poke his head in to address the Tech at the console.

HORACE

Start with Camera Three, please?

Spiegman takes a casual interest in what the Tech is doing until the video scroll comes up. The IA Investigators look to the monitor screens mounted at eye level in front of them.

INSERT MONITOR - CAMERA FOOTAGE - a Split-Screen overhead POV looking into a storage room divided by a cage entrance.

HORACE (CONT'D)

This is the security setup looking at the evidence room. It doesn't go into the vault, but you can see who goes in and out a few minutes before the fire breaks out.

As he speaks, a man in a suit works his way around the corner and waves his way past the cage into the storage area. One of the video frames freezes, providing a pretty good image of the man's face.

SPIEGMAN

What the hell...?

Horace restrains himself from any commentary, letting the footage do the talking.

HORACE

Show us the comparison grid you made -

INSERT MONITOR SCREEN - six different still images captured from different security cameras form a timeline showing Captain Hughes making his way from his office, parking lot, evidence room, two bathrooms, and driving out of the lot.

HORACE (CONT'D)

But, this is the one that wins the prize -

CU MONITOR IMAGE - A single pic comes up: Captain Hughes holding a lit highway flare in his hand at the ground floor stairwell entrance from the parking garage.

SPIEGMAN

Are you kidding me? I know he's not that stupid...

HORACE

Nope. He's positioned himself to be hiding from where the cameras would have been, but, per protocol, we repositioned them about a month ago. Otherwise we'd never have caught him on any of these cameras.

SPIEGMAN

Protocol... Has anybody other than the four of us seen this? Anybody else know about this...?

HORACE

Just us, Captain.

Spiegman smiles. She looks at Beaumont, who nods, digging his phone out of his pocket as he squeezes himself from the room.

73

INT. CLINIC - OBSERVATION ROOM

73

The lights snap on in full fluorescent brilliance.

Still strapped to the table, Mary Anne winces against the light, slightly disoriented. She looks over and sees a head in the little window, eyes looking back at her.

The door latch unlocks, and the door swings outward. Captain Hughes steps into the room. They watch each other.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Do you know who I am, young lady?

MARY ANNE

They call you the Old Man.

He smiles.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Good enough.

He moves closer and takes her picture.

74 EXT. SHIPYARD STORAGE WAREHOUSE - DAY 74

Mike maneuvers their car past the main door to park discreetly on the other side of some dumpsters.

75 INT. CAR - SAME 75

Mike puts it in park, noticing that Joe is checking his pistol - ready to fire.

MIKE

You think we'll be needing that?

JOE

I honestly don't know. But you remember what I told you, right?

MIKE

Shit. Then I'm gonna put on a vest.

JOE

Yeah - Good idea.

Mike checks his own pistol and nods to Joe. They exit.

76 INT. STORAGE WAREHOUSE 76

Joe and Mike make their way down a familiar looking corridor. He pauses at one door, looking at the numeric lock. Mike looks from him to the lock, then down either end of the hallway, keeping a hand near his holstered pistol.

MIKE

You sure you know what we're looking for, Joe?

Joe steps back from the door, thinking. He looks up and down the hall, crossing Mike and heading further down. Watching all this, Mike takes a few steps to follow, but stops as Joe quickly returns to him.

JOE

That's the break room. This has got to be it.

He crosses back, looking at the numeric pad again.

JOE (CONT'D)

Damn.

He digs for his phone and taps a few times. Finding the code, he punches it into the lock. There's a clicking sound. Joe looks to Mike. They draw their pistols. Mike takes a ready position just behind Joe, who holds his pistol discreetly by his leg. They open the door on three.

77

INT. STORAGE ROOM - SAME

77

Looking out from the dark room, light spills in from the hall outside. Joe and Mike grimace a bit at the smell, but their expressions change once their eyes adjust.

OVER THE SHOULDER - looking between Joe and Mike, we see pairs of frightened eyes staring back at us, huddled together around a filthy couch.

MIKE

Sweet Jesus...

Joe straightens and reaches in, feeling for a light switch.

JOE

Hello... Don't be scared, we're the police. We're here to help-

The girls seem more frightened after hearing that. They cling tighter together. One of the youngest starts to cry, trying to bury herself deeper in the huddled mass.

Joe holds up his empty hand, moving to holster his pistol.

JOE (CONT'D)

It's okay, we're not going to hurt you -

Mike has his phone out. He steps backwards into the hall, letting Joe try to calm the Girls.

MIKE

This is Detective Michael Hunter, I'm going to need an ambulance - hell, get me a medical team, a crisis unit, I'll need forensics -

GARNER (O.S.)

What the fuck-!?

Mike jumps in surprise, turning to see Garner and Rostov approaching them. Joe hears Garner and looks back to Mike.

Rostov takes two long steps, drawing and firing in one smooth motion as Garner pulls his pistol.

Mike has just enough time to duck back behind the Storage Door, which, thankfully, is thick enough to stop a few bullets from catching him. He drops to a low crouch as Joe moves to assist.

Using the door as a shield, they both lean out, firing a volley from both low and high positions.

Garner ducks behind Rostov, who takes a few rounds in his chest. He drops backwards into Garner, knocking him to the ground and landing on top of him, pinning him to the floor.

Joe ducks back after firing three rounds. Mike holds his fire, looking and then springing out from his position, running at them. Joe follows him.

Garner lays on the ground, half buried under Rostov. He sees Mike coming and reaches for his pistol, dropped a few feet away from him.

Mike jumps over Rostov and puts a forearm into Garner, shoving him into the floor.

MIKE

What you tryin' to do, huh? Where you goin'? Hold still- hold still!

Joe moves up to see Rostov gasp his last breath. Mike is moving to put cuffs on Garner, who struggles.

GARNER

Get the fuck off me! Do you know who I am? Listen - listen to me! I'm a Cop too, you dumb fuck!

Mike leans into Garner, who grunts and groans against the strain.

MIKE

I know who you are, Lieutenant Garner, and I am so glad I got to be the one who got you, you piece of shit! Stop resisting! You're going to jail and I'm going to make Spiegman give me a commendation for bringing your ugly ass in.

The cuffs go on. Joe looks back to the door to see that a couple of the girls are poking their heads out.

They disappear back inside as he returns to them. He picks up Mike's phone, dropped on the ground but still connected.

JOE

Hello? Yes, this is Detective Joe Merrit. Yes, shots fired, that's right. Detective Hunter is okay, but we do have Officers down. Also, civilian children on site. We need CPS, Forensics - hell, might as well invite everybody to the party - notify the FBI while you're at it. But we need medical attention for these kids right now, understand? Prioritize the kids.

78

INT. CLINIC - PEDIATRICIAN'S OFFICE - DAY

78

Hughes watches Mary Anne from a security feed to a small monitor as he talks on the phone.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Naturally. Sure, I understand your concerns, and it is not a problem. I'm having them picked up for delivery as we speak. We're even throwing in a bonus for you with these Leftovers. No, no, another stray no one will miss. Consider it a gift, as well as an assurance that everything is under control.

His phone vibrates as new messages start to arrive. He glances at his display and all confidence drains from his face. He puts the phone to his ear.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

Hm? Oh yes. Well, Anwar wanted to be sure you're still on good terms. Sure he does. Remember, I'm supposed to be retired, right? I'm only here because he asked me to help him and his team. I'm really just babysitting for him right now. His call, not mine. Sure. Well, I'm sure he'll be contacting you shortly. Mm-hm.

He hangs up the phone and takes a long, gasping breath, as if he's just recovered from drowning. He rubs his chest, looking at his new text messages.

INSERT CU on his phone display:

TEXT #1

Pls. Contact when you return to
office. Beaumont

TEXT #2

Don't come to office- IA smells
blood.

TEXT #3

Pls. call - need to update you.
Spiegman

Hughes slams the phone against his thigh. He sits there,
stressed, trying to think. He jumps, startled as his phone
buzzes again.

INSERT CU on his phone display:

TEXT #4

Nest found - Adios

CAPTAIN HUGHES (O.S.)

Fuck!

He jumps out of his seat, pacing. He stops, looks back at his
phone, then stares off into space - he can't believe it.

Slowly, his attention turns back to the monitor, showing Mary
Anne strapped down and helpless. An idea starts in his head.

79

EXT. SHIPYARD STORAGE WAREHOUSE

79

Emergency vehicles of all kinds are stacked around the
entrance to the warehouse. Uniformed Police Officers move
quickly past Joe and Mike as they lead Garner out of the
building in handcuffs, maneuvering him towards their car.
Mike has Garner by the scruff of his collar.

GARNER

You don't understand, man. If you
don't let me go, I'm a dead man.

MIKE

Oh, no - You're going to court, I'm
going to testify against you, and
then you're going to rot in prison.

GARNER

Come on, man, one Cop to another,
think how bad this will look for
the whole department -

MIKE

No it won't. Not for me. Not Joe here, either. I might even get a new suit for your court date just to make sure I look pretty for the cameras. Whattaya think of that?

GARNER

Oh yeah, you're all such good cops, aren't you? But good cops make lousy parents - know what I mean, Joe?

Joe stops just feet away from their car. Mike holds Garner as the two face off.

JOE

No. What do you mean, Garner?

GARNER

I mean, you're out playing Hero Cop, saving all these Leftovers, but you don't have any idea where your little runaway is, now do you?

JOE

Where is she?

GARNER

Let me go and I'll-

Joe yanks him away from Mike, swinging him around and shoving him over the trunk of the squad car. Mike lets him, taking a quick look around the lot for witnesses. No one cares.

JOE

After all you've done, you think you're just gonna walk? There is no deal for you, Garner. Tell me where my daughter is right now.

GARNER

I don't know, she might be dead already-

Joe lift/slams Garner onto the trunk.

JOE

You better hope not!

GARNER

The Old Man's got her! And once he hears about all this, well, no telling what he'll do.

JOE
Who's the Old Man?

Garner cracks a wicked grin.

GARNER
And you call yourself a Detective.

Joe leans into Garner with his forearm. He looks at Mike who remains passive. Joe sees Garner's pistol in Mike's waistband. He motions for it.

JOE
Give me that.

MIKE
What?

JOE
That. That!

Mike feigns ignorance, holding his arms wide open in mock confusion. Even more irritated, Joe reaches for the pistol, pulling it from Mike's waistband. Mike just drops his arms and keeps watch. Joe shows Garner his own pistol.

JOE (CONT'D)
Now you listen to me, you sick bastard. From where I sit, you're a dead man no matter where you turn. The only question is who gets you first. And with everything that's gone down today, I could shoot you right now, say you were trying to escape, and no one would even check my report for spelling errors, you understand me?

GARNER
I got money stashed away - you could have it - save it for your girl's college -

Joe checks Garner's pistol, racks the slide, ready to fire.

JOE
Last chance, Garner. Tell me where my daughter is, or my report says I had to shoot you with your own gun because you tried to run, but wound up dying like a coward, crying for Mommy as you bled out in your own pile of shit. Three... two... fuck you, Garner -

Joe moves to put a bullet in Garner's eye. Garner breaks, squirming right and left.

GARNER

All right! All right! Fuck, Merrit, quit screwing around, goddammit! That thing's got a hair trigger!

JOE

Where is she!?

80 FLASHBACK/MEMORY SEQUENCE #2 80

81 FIRST PERSON (CAPTAIN HUGHES) POV - INT. HOSPITAL CORRIDOR 81

Rounding a corner to move through a nearly empty area of an otherwise busy Hospital. Ahead stands a DISHEVELLED MAN IN A BEAT UP SUIT AND TIE, leaning against the wall rubbing his face. He notices us and straightens up, wiping his eyes.

VOICE (O.S.)

Captain? Captain!

Turning, a UNIFORMED OFFICER approaches, anxious and a little winded from running.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

What is it?

OFFICER

Sir, we just got a call from the Tapestry Killer - he says he's got another girl.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Oh, shit.

OFFICER

He asked for Detective Merrit before leaving the message. He's daring the Detective to try and stop him before he kills the girl.

Looking back at the Man in the Suit by the door, who waits anxiously. Returning focus to the Uniformed Officer.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Okay. You give me five minutes, and then you come back and find me. Make sure you find me and deliver that same report yourself.

OFFICER

Sir?

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Don't think, just do it.

OFFICER

Yessir.

Turning away from him, walking over to the Man in the Suit.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

How's he doing?

MAN IN SUIT

He's pretty wrecked in there, Cap.
Maybe give him a few minutes...

We don't even break stride, pushing the door open and stepping in.

82 MEMORY BECOMES FLASHBACK #1 TO SIXTEEN YEARS AGO 82

83 INT. HOSPITAL EXAMINATION ROOM - SAME 83

A younger looking Captain Hughes closes the door on the Man in the Suit, standing silently for a moment. Immediately before him is a curtain providing some privacy. On the other side of that, some SNIFFLING, CRYING can be heard.

He moves the curtain aside, taking in the scene.

Joe, sixteen years younger, sits at the side of the bed, rubbing the cold hand of his dead wife, Ray. He looks up at the Captain, making no effort to move or clean himself up.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Aw, shit. I hate to see you like this, kid. My condolences.

Joe doesn't say anything. He looks back at her face. He tries to bring her hand closer to his cheek, but the rigor is already setting in and after a momentary struggle, he collapses over her, SOBBING.

Hughes moves around the bed so he doesn't have to face Joe looking like this. He puts a hand on Joe's heaving shoulder.

JOE

I don't understand. She's healthy.
She never had any problems... Why?

CAPTAIN HUGHES

No one ever knows why, son. It was just her time to go.

JOE

But what about us? We had plans - we were gonna - we -

He starts to SOB again. Captain Hughes keeps a comforting hand on his shoulder. Joe comes out of it.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh god, and now we have a baby now - I don't know - I can't - what am I supposed to do without her?

Joe holds his head, looking at her for answers that will never come. Hughes lets that question linger for a few seconds before speaking.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

It's a big responsibility. They need so much time and attention.

He takes his time, planting his seeds.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

Being a Cop and a Parent isn't easy. Especially a single Dad without any family close to town. You're all alone, now aren't you?

Joe starts to wipe his eyes, trying to get a grip.

JOE

Yeah...

Joe struggles against another burst of tears.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Have you thought about adoption?

JOE

(After a moment) What...?

CAPTAIN HUGHES

For the baby. Have you thought about giving it up for adoption?

Joe doesn't answer.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

I mean, maybe now's not the time to talk about it, but it's not a bad thing, Joe. You know my wife runs a clinic downtown for pediatrics. Remember? She helps couples who can't have children all the time. You could do some good here.

JOE

I don't know...

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Are you worried about Ray? What she might want...? Well, I'm sorry, Detective, but she can't help you now. And now you have to choose what's best for the both of you - you and this baby.

Joe is still reluctant, but thinking.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

We can help you through all of this, so all you really have to do is sign a few papers and you're done. We'll even help you with the funeral arrangements for Ray. She deserves a nice send off, right?

Joe keeps ahold of Ray's hand, but the words are having their effect, and he seems to be locking down his emotions.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

You don't have to do everything all by yourself here, son. Just say the word and you can get on with your life -

The door pushes open, and the Uniformed Officer from before shoves his way in past the Man in the Suit.

MAN IN SUIT

I said give him time!

OFFICER

I have orders - Captain Hughes, sir!

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Hey! The man is grieving here, Officer! What the hell is so important?

The Officer looks confused, but he presses on.

OFFICER

Captain, we got a message from the Tapestry Killer - he's got another girl and he says the clock is ticking.

Joe perks up immediately. The Man in the Suit - his partner - is momentarily transfixed by the sight of Ray. Hearing this, he looks to Joe, knowing too well that he won't take another break to mourn his dead wife.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Anything else...?

OFFICER

Uh, yes, sir - the call came in for Detective Merrit specifically. He's daring the Detective to try and stop him before he kills her.

Joe stands up and looks at the Officer for the first time.

JOE

Are you sure it's him? It's not some copycat, or a prank? You're sure it was him?

OFFICER

Yes, sir. He called to tell you he's got another girl and you can't stop him.

Joe looks at his partner, who drops his eyes. He would rather leave it to someone else for now. Joe feels differently.

JOE

(to Hughes) Can you make sure she goes to a good home? Good family?

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Sure, Joe, of course. My wife screens everybody who applies. We'll make sure its taken care of -

JOE

Emily. Her name is Emily.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Okay. We'll take care of everything for you, Joe. Don't worry.

Joe nods, the deal is made, for better or worse. He looks back to his wife.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)
 You're doing good here, trust me.
 Sometimes, the easiest part of
 raising a kid is putting it up for
 adoption, right?

The Officer and the Man in the Suit watch in silence. Hughes doesn't give him any more time.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)
 Now, come on, Detective, that sick
 bastard just called you out. You
 gonna let him get away with that?
 Kill another girl? How many more
 people gotta die, huh, Joe?

JOE
 None.

Joe's face becomes a mask of determination. He leans back to kiss his wife on the forehead one last time. The others watch him say his final farewell.

Then, he's off, moving with a purpose. His partner starts to say something as Joe passes, but Joe dismisses him.

JOE (CONT'D)
 I don't want to hear another word
 about it.

He leaves them standing in silence around his dead wife.

| | | |
|----|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----|
| 84 | TIME TRANSITION EFX - | 84 |
| 85 | FLASHBACK/MEMORY SEQUENCE #3 | 85 |
| 86 | FIRST PERSON (CAPTAIN HUGHES) POV - MOVING INTO A BAR, GREETING JOE, POURING DRINKS | 86 |
| 87 | TIME TRANSITION EFX - | 87 |
| 88 | MEMORY BECOMES FLASHBACK #2 TO SIXTEEN YEARS AGO | 88 |

89

INT. BAR - NIGHT

89

Joe is obviously very drunk, leaning against the bar. Captain Hughes stands next to him, looking much more in control.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

No, I told you, kid, it's a done deal. Over. She went to a good home, just leave it at that.

JOE

But what if I looked them up? I mean, I just want to see her, you know? Know she's okay...

CAPTAIN HUGHES

She's fine, son. Trust me. Better you forget the whole thing.

Hughes waves JIMMY THE BARTENDER over with some cash.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

Hey Jimmy - keep 'em coming here, will you?

The Bartender pours another shot for Joe.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

Hey, leave the bottle, okay?

To emphasize his point, Hughes pulls a few more dollars from his money clip.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

And make sure he gets a cab home, right? Thanks Jimmy.

Jimmy takes the cash and leaves. Joe sways a little and Hughes puts a hand on him for stability and comfort.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

Look, son, I can't imagine what you're going through, okay? But maybe the best way to look at this is like the kid died when your wife died. Right? You never even saw it before you signed off on the paperwork, did you? Let it go. Let it die with your wife, and you get back to being a good cop, okay? Come on, Joe, I need my best Detective back in the game. One hundred percent. Got it?

Joe looks at him through bleary eyes & nods. Hughes pushes the shot towards Joe.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

Here, kid. Now, I gotta run. Why don't you take the rest of the week off, huh? Take a break. But I expect to see you in the Bullpen on Monday, ready to go. Hear me?

90 FLASHBACK SCENE SHIFTS PERSPECTIVE TO MEMORY SEQUENCE #4 90

91 FIRST PERSON (CAPTAIN HUGHES) POV - INT. BAR - SAME 91

Watching Joe as he nods and kicks back the shot. Hughes gives him a warm CHUCKLE. Joe looks at us, unable to focus.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

You're a good Cop, Joe. You're doing good work. Trust me. You'll be okay.

Joe nods again, leaning into the bar, reaching for the bottle. We turn and leave him to his misery.

92 TRANSITION EFX FROM MEMORY/FLASHBACK SEQUENCES TO 92

93 INT. CLINIC - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY 93

Mary Anne lays on the bed, still strapped down, tears flowing.

JOE (O.S.)

Captain...?

Joe stands at the door of the observation room, pistol held at his waist. Captain Hughes is on the floor, sitting against the wall. He holds his head in one hand, elbow on his knee, wearing a dazed expression. His pistol rests in his other hand, on the floor.

Joe looks to Mary Anne, rushes to her side.

JOE (CONT'D)

Mary Anne? Mary Anne - can you hear me?

She looks at him, so frail and sad. She struggles to focus

MARY ANNE

Dad...?

Relieved, Joe moves to hug her, but the straps get in the way. He puts the pistol on the bed & goes to work on them, undoing the neck restraint and moving to her hands.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

It wasn't supposed to be like this...

Joe jumps, grabbing his pistol, distancing himself from his daughter. Hughes is still seated on the floor, looking up at Joe.

JOE

So you're the Old Man.

Mary Anne lifts her free hand and wipes her face. Hughes sees her moving.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Is she okay? I never meant to hurt her, Joe. You gotta believe me.

Joe keeps his gun on Hughes, not sure about anything.

JOE

No, just sell her off again, right? Again! How could you do that to me? Twice!?

CAPTAIN HUGHES

Oh, god, I don't know. How did it get so bad, Joe? I was a good Cop once - remember? Now it's gone... All gone. My wife... They killed my wife, Joe!

JOE

Who did?

CAPTAIN HUGHES

We tried to get out of it... She just wanted to help people. The money was just sort of a bonus - for our retirement, you know... And then we found out about the trafficking - we didn't want to be involved, but... Oh, god, I've done so many things, Joe, so many... Just thinking about it all... Remembering everything like this - I really am a sick bastard...

Joe recognizes what's happening. He looks to Mary Anne, who has her hand on her forehead, eyes closed.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)
No court could punish me enough for
what I've done...

His eyes drop to the pistol resting in his hand on the floor.

JOE
Mary Anne - Mary Anne! Can you hear
me?

CAPTAIN HUGHES
So many awful things...

JOE
Stop it, Mary Anne! Don't do this -

CAPTAIN HUGHES
God, I miss my wife...

He starts to lift the pistol at a side angle, pointing away from Joe. Joe reacts defensively, taking aim.

JOE
Stop it! Listen to me!

Hughes brings his pistol up to his ear, like plugging in a socket. He looks at Joe, terrified.

JOE (CONT'D)
Emily! Please!

Hughes stiffens, frozen. Joe recognizes his chance.

JOE (CONT'D)
Emily, listen to me - I know he
hurt you - hurt a lot of people,
but this isn't the way. Don't do it
- I know you can, but don't - let
him go...

Silence.

CAPTAIN HUGHES
I don't deserve it, Joe. I don't
deserve to live...

JOE
Emily! I told you I understand
about before - how you did what you
had to do to survive - but this?
(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

This is wrong. You don't have to do this. Let me take him in -

CAPTAIN HUGHES

I've done so many things, Joe...

JOE

And I'll see you pay for it, you son of a bitch. You're done. Put the gun down.

CAPTAIN HUGHES

So many...

Hughes angles the pistol, and drops his finger to the trigger.

JOE

Emily! Don't! If you - If you do this, then I can't be your Dad anymore!

Hughes freezes again.

JOE (CONT'D)

I mean it! Emily, If you do this, then you're no better than any of the other sick bastards I've had to take down my whole life. You'll be a killer, like them, and I'll have to treat you that way. I'll have to turn my back on you again and I don't want to - You're better than that. My daughter is better than that. Please, Emily, I gave you up once before and I've regretted it my entire life! Please! I want to make it up to you - I want to be your Dad! Please! Give me the chance to be the Father I should have been!

A long moment passes.

JOE (CONT'D)

Please, Emily...

Hughes GASPS, eyes rolling back in his head. His gun hand falls limp to the floor & his chin drops to his chest.

EMILY

Okay, Dad. I'm out.

So relieved, Joe rushes to her, taking her in his arms.

JOE

Thank you - thank you so much...

He lets her go, looking her in the eyes.

JOE (CONT'D)

I am never going to leave you
again. You hear me? Never again.

Noticing she still has one hand and both feet strapped down,
he lays his pistol on the bed and moves to release her.

JOE (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry...

Joe goes to undo the last ankle strap.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (O.S.)

Wh- what just happened?

Hughes recovers his senses and stands up, gun in hand.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

Wait - Are you telling me she's a
freak like Ray? She did this to me?
That little bitch tried to kill me!

Joe dives for his pistol as Hughes brings up his own and aims
at Emily.

CAPTAIN HUGHES (CONT'D)

Little bitch!

Shielding Emily with his body, Joe grabs his gun.

Hughes SHOOTS, hitting Joe in the shoulder as he rolls,
bringing his own pistol clear to fire. Emily reflexively
dodges away, curling up, SCREAMING.

Returning fire, JOE PUTS THREE ROUNDS INTO HUGHES, who reels
back against the wall. He looks at Joe, surprised, then so
crestfallen. He goes limp and slumps down in the corner.

JOE

Don't talk about my family, you old
bastard...

Not quite trusting he's dead, Joe keeps his pistol aimed at
Hughes a few moments longer. Smoke drifts to the ceiling.
POLICE SIRENS can be heard rising in the distance.

Emily peeks out from her huddle. She gasps at the sight of
Hughes, a bloody mess on the floor. Joe hears her and turns
to face her.

JOE (CONT'D)

You hurt?

She throws her arms around him, SOBBING in relief. They hold each other swaying and shuddering from the emotions running through each of them. Joe pulls himself together, holding her so he can look her in the face.

JOE (CONT'D)

Are you hurt? Did he hurt you?

Emily shakes her head. She notices blood and sees the wound to his shoulder. She GASPS, suddenly scared for him.

EMILY

Your -

JOE

Yeah, he winged me. It's okay. I'll be okay. Lucky shot, the Old Bastard. I'll be okay, I promise.

Joe notices the SIRENS in the background and breathes another sigh of relief.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hear that? Help is on the way. We're gonna be okay. It's over. Come on, let's get out of here.

She nods. He helps her off the bed to stand on her own. Joe notices her staring at Captain Hughes' dead body.

JOE (CONT'D)

Hey. You okay? You didn't get any of his memories trapped in you, did you?

MARY ANNE

No. I'm okay, really.

JOE

Good...

Joe takes a knee in front of her, really looking at her.

JOE (CONT'D)

Good.

MARY ANNE

I was just thinking...

JOE

What is it?

MARY ANNE

After everything you said about not killing him, why was it okay for you to do it?

JOE

Because I'm your father and I said so.

So looks at him, surprised. He cracks a smile at her.

JOE (CONT'D)

Just kidding. No, but think about it. It's going to be hard enough for me to explain why I had to shoot my boss, let alone trying to explain how and why he might've shot himself while keeping you out of the whole story. Right? Besides, like I said, I'm never gonna leave you again. So I'm damn sure not giving anybody a reason to try and take you away, either.

She nods. They hug.

94

INT. PARKING GARAGE - DAY

94

Captain Anwar pulls into a space and parks. He lifts a duffel bag from the passenger side floor and exits the vehicle, moving quickly to another car a few spaces down from him.

He pops the trunk, throws the duffel bag inside, then pauses to check another bag already there.

Satisfied, he slams the trunk closed and moves to the driver's side. As he does so, he looks over his shoulder and sees Spiegman approaching him.

Shit! He looks the other direction, and there's Beaumont, pistol drawn, headed straight for him.

He knows it's over. He pulls his gun and puts it to his head.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Take me to the FBI right now!

Spiegman draws her pistol, but keeps it at her side, signalling Beaumont. He holds his position, but keeps his pistol aimed in Anwar's direction as they negotiate.

SPIEGMAN

Put the gun down-

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Hell no! You get my pistol when we're in the Federal Building talking to their S.A.C.

SPIEGMAN

What the hell are you playing at Anwar?

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Don't call it in - don't say shit to anybody else, got me? You, me, and Balls Beaumont there take a ride right now or I put a bullet in my head and you lose everything. EVERYTHING!

SPIEGMAN

We already have Garner. We've got the phone, the flash drive -

CAPTAIN ANWAR

But you don't have me! Without me all the Big Fish get away and all this starts over somewhere else. You need me!

SPIEGMAN

Okay, okay - I just want to understand - you want us to escort you to the FBI where you intend to surrender?

CAPTAIN ANWAR

Witness protection or I'm a dead man. That's it. F! B! I! Right now!

Spiegman and Beaumont eye each other.

CAPTAIN ANWAR (CONT'D)

Right now or I blow my brains out!

SPIEGMAN

Okay. We can do that.

CAPTAIN ANWAR

You two drive. And stay off the radio - no texting - nothing until I've talked to the Feds, got it? I'll blow my brains out in your squad car, I swear to god -

Spiegman holsters her pistol.

SPIEGMAN

No need for that Captain. Come on.
We'll get you there safe and sound.
You just make sure to turn yourself
in, okay? Remember, you said so
yourself: It's this or dead.

Beaumont and Anwar keep their pistols out forming a wary,
unspoken truce as they make their way to the car.

95

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - LATER

95

The room is busy dealing with everything that's happened.

Mike brings a cup of coffee to a WOMAN IN A CONSERVATIVE BLUE
DRESS, seated at his desk. She has the prim and proper
disposition of a church school teacher. He sits facing her.

MIKE

Thank you for being so patient,
Mrs. Vandenburg, I just got a
text, they'll be here in a minute.

PATRICIA

Thank you -

MIKE

Now one thing - you said Mary Anne
has been gone for a few days now-
(off her nod)
and after all that time, you didn't
call in a missing persons report?

Patricia smiles an indulgent grin and gestures at the space
around her. Mike eyes the room, not quite understanding.

PATRICIA

I had a feeling the police would be
involved eventually, I just wasn't
sure exactly when, where, or why.
You see, Detective Hunter, I always
wanted a little princess for a
daughter. One who enjoyed fashion
and culture and maybe wanted to
dance or sing or something
artistic. But we got so much more
than we bargained for with our
daughter. A smart girl. Strong. She
was... Very surprising in many
ways...

MIKE

Surprising...?

Patricia gives him an appraising stare.

PATRICIA

Do you have children, Detective?

MIKE

Yes, I have two daughters -

PATRICIA

Oh, lucky for you. And are they what you expected when you first thought about having children?

MIKE

Uhhmm - no, I suppose in some ways, yeah, but they've definitely got minds of they're own -

PATRICIA

Yes they do. But, we love them anyway, don't we? Because that's the choice we make when we become parents- we have to love them, for better or worse, through thick and thin.

Mike smiles at her as they drink. She hates the coffee, setting it on the desk.

Joe and Mary Anne (hereafter referred to as: EMILY) approach from behind, although she recognizes Patricia immediately. Joe has a bandaged arm in a light sling.

JOE

Hey Mike -

Mike looks up from his computer. The woman jumps with a start, looking behind her.

Seeing Emily, she hops out of her chair, kneels and scoops the girl up in her arms, making a show of fussing over her.

WOMAN

Oh! There she is! Are you okay baby? I was so worried about you!

Emily gives a tolerant smile, returning the hug and letting her fuss. Mike appraises Joe, who just shrugs.

MIKE

Uh, Joe - this is Patricia Vandeburgh. Mary Anne's mother -

EMILY

It's Emily!

She says it so loudly the bullpen falls silent for a brief moment. Patricia looks at her, surprised. Emily is a little surprised at herself, too. She looks at Patricia.

EMILY (CONT'D)

I did it. Mom. I found out who I am. My name's not Mary Anne. It's Emily. Emily, okay? Not Mary Anne.

Patricia is a bit taken aback, but this has been a long struggle between the two of them, and finally there seems to be some relief.

PATRICIA

Oh. O - Okay... Okay then. Emily.

She gives a tentative smile, unsure, awkward. She looks up at Joe and stands, appraising him.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

So you must be her Father, then.
The biological Father.

JOE

Uh, yeah, that's right. I'm
Lieutenant Detective Joe Merrit.
Joe -

He puts out his hand and she gives it a little shake, still assessing him.

PATRICIA

You're injured.

JOE

It's nothing -

EMILY

He saved my life, Mom.

Patricia looks back and forth between Emily and Joe, recognizing the bond that already exists between them. Momentarily flustered, she recovers herself.

PATRICIA

Oh. Okay, then. Emily. School starts next month. We'll have to get you ready for that -

Seeing the expression on Emily's face, she changes direction.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)

So, I expect you'll want to spend the rest of your vacation with your new Father, then? (to Joe) Is that right?

JOE

Wh- yes. Yes. I mean, that is, with your approval, of course.

PATRICIA

Mm-hm.

EMILY

Please mom.

Patricia eyes him.

PATRICIA

And what will you be doing?

Emily is about to get annoyed, but Joe steps up to answer.

JOE

Well, officially I'm on medical leave, and I have a ton of vacation days on top of that, so... I was thinking we could take that time and get to know each other. You don't mind, do you, Mike?

MIKE

What? No - no, I'm gonna put in for so much overtime, Joe, go ahead and stay home with your girl. Have fun.

Joe gives Mike an appreciative smile. Emily's happy. All eyes fall on Patricia.

PATRICIA

Well... It's a long drive back and I haven't had a thing to eat. Are you hungry, Emily? Detective?

JOE

Please, call me Joe.

PATRICIA

All right. Joe. You can call me Patricia. What say the three of us go grab a bite together, hm?

(MORE)

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
You can tell me all about your adventures, and we can discuss what we're going to do with the rest of your summer vacation.

Emily nods, smiling. She looks up to Joe.

JOE
Sure - that sounds good to me.

PATRICIA
All right then.

She turns to Mike.

PATRICIA (CONT'D)
Thank you very much for your hospitality, Detective. It was very nice to meet you.

Mike stands up for the farewell.

MIKE
Glad to help, Mrs. Vandenburg. You have a safe trip home.

PATRICIA
Thank you. (to Joe and Emily) Shall we?

She leads them out, like a teacher on a field trip. Seeing this, Joe looks from Mike to Emily. Emily looks back at Joe like: yup, that's the way she is.

Joe smiles and looks back at Mike.

JOE
Thanks partner.

Mike gives a nod and a wave to both of them. Patricia waits by the door, watching.

Joe puts his arm around Emily and they walk out together, smiling.