

THE HARROWS

Pilot

Written by

Andrew Thalheimer

Story by

Robert Kulb

&

Andrew Thalheimer

"Police forces are notorious cauldrons of a unique culture, even though it could be best typified as a 'pack of lone wolves.'"

- David Corbett, The Art of Character

"There is nothing more degrading than the friendship of wolves."

- Marcus Aurelius

INT. GOURMET KITCHEN - NIGHT

An old blender struggles to pulverize its contents.

JACK HARROW, late 40s, picks up an almond from the floor and pops it in his mouth. He's an easygoing sort in a t-shirt and Apollo Creed shorts. Jack WHISTLES in vain, the blender drowning him out. Still, he whistles.

He turns off the blender and his happy tune becomes audible.

Jack takes the blender jar to the stove and slowly pours the contents into a stockpot. White gazpacho flows out smooth and creamy and then, all at once -- PLOP!

It SLOSHES over the side of the pot. No matter, he ladles the glob back into the jar. The whistling doesn't skip a beat.

EXT. BAYFRONT PATIO - NIGHT

Standing by the water's edge, TOMMY KOVACS. At age 45, he's full of a high-strung energy so intense that he's "randomly" drug tested every few weeks. But right now he's just toasting the end of a CIGAR.

ON THE BAY, a SPEEDBOAT approaches at a distance. Tommy exhales a smoke ring while keeping an eye on the boat. It shines a SPOTLIGHT toward the bayfront properties.

The boat nears and Tommy sees, emblazoned on the side -- ATLANTIC CITY POLICE.

TOMMY

Pricks.

The spotlight smacks Tommy in the face. He shields his eyes.

TOMMY

(yelling)

I'm trying to enjoy a legally-obtained Cuban Montecristo here!

Tommy carefully sets down the cigar.

INT. GOURMET KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jack sees the patio door SLIDE OPEN.

JACK

You need a Vitamix. This is shit.

Tommy rushes past.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Tommy goes to a set of FRENCH DOORS. He sticks his hand into a plastic jack-o'-lantern, and comes out with a FLASHBANG.

He swings open the doors, and steps out onto a balcony.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Two FBI AGENTS look up to see Tommy on the balcony.

TOMMY
I'm on vacation.

Tommy HURLS the flashbang into the street. As one might expect--

FLASH! and BANG! Windows on nearby cars SHATTER.

INT. STAIRCASE - NIGHT

Jack stops on the stairs. Tommy blows past, holding a computer.

JACK
What the hell was that?

TOMMY
I'm on vacation, and I'm sick of
this harassment.

FEMALE AGENT (O.S.)
We have an arrest warrant, Mr.
Kovacs. Let's do this quietly.

Jack looks to the front door. Looks to the patio door as Tommy runs out. Looks to the stove -- gazpacho DRIPS from the pot.

EXT. BAYFRONT PATIO - NIGHT

Jack steps outside as Tommy hurls the computer into the bay.

JACK
From where I stand, this is nuts.

TOMMY
It's nuts over here too.

JACK
This looks like...this doesn't
look like anything good.

Tommy, narrowing his eyes, considers Jack.

TOMMY
Can you take your clothes off.

The fuck?

INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Jack sits in his briefs. Tommy paces in front of the patio door, like a caged animal.

TOMMY
I want that cigar.

JACK
Why are you making this worse?
Also, WHAT THE FUCK, TOMMY?

The SPOTLIGHT illuminates Tommy. He steps away from the doors.

JACK
Is this why that BMW's been
following me? Who are they?

TOMMY
Can't be certain. I've been taking
heat from FBI, DEA. ATF lately.

JACK
Christ. ATF? What'd you do?

A POLICE HELICOPTER, flies low over the bay, beaming a more powerful spotlight onto the patio. Tommy SIGHS.

TOMMY
You might as well get dressed.

JACK
You didn't really think I'd have a
wire on, did you?

Tommy goes to Jack, hugs him tight. Neck to neck.

TOMMY
I know it wasn't you, Jacko.

Jack takes solace in this.

TOMMY
Let's get that cigar.

Tommy marches away, resolute. Jack shakes his head.

EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The two FBI agents stand by their Chevy Tahoe, surrounded by a legion of police cars and SWAT vehicles.

MALE AGENT

So much for doing it quietly.

FEMALE AGENT

The yokels came to party.

A SWAT TANK barrels down the street.

INT. GREAT ROOM - NIGHT

Jack, back in clothes, has his finger on a LIGHT SWITCH.

Tommy is decked out in RIOT GEAR from throat to toe. He pulls on a helmet that reads: **P O L I C E**

He crouches into a sprinter's stance. Jack shakes his head -- *this is ridiculous.*

JACK

We'd be dead by now if we weren't cops. White cops.

TOMMY

Marks. Set. Oorah!

Jack flicks the light switch. FLOOD LIGHTS come on, drowning out the spotlight.

Tommy charges onto THE PATIO and grabs his CIGAR. He hurries back inside as BEAN BAG ROUNDS rain down. He high fives Jack, who just wants this all to be over.

Tommy plops on the sofa and relights his cigar. Jack glances at his watch. Tommy takes note.

TOMMY

I'm scared, Jacko. I knew this was coming, but...it's here.

JACK

What is this?

TOMMY

U.S. Attorney wants blood. A cop shoots an unarmed guy, he gets cleared. What's gonna happen to me? I didn't kill anybody.

JACK
Do I want to know what you did do?

TOMMY
Like I told you way back, the
Yuppies were only dealing weed. I
just provided some...guidance.

JACK
Don't make a fool of me. This
isn't just about weed.

Tommy passes the cigar to Jack. Jack looks at his watch again.

TOMMY
Why do you keep checking the time?
This is our last night, man.

Jack goes into his pocket, comes out with a handkerchief. He
unfolds it to reveal a POLICE BADGE.

TOMMY
Is this your dad's old badge? Oh
shit, I forgot Danny was
graduating tomorrow. Shit.

JACK
Today technically. In a few hours.

Tommy sets his cigar in the ash tray. He pulls his helmet on.

JACK
How do you want to play this?

TOMMY
I'm thinking Butch and Sundance.

JACK
Or...

EXT. TOMMY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

The front door opens. Jack and Tommy slowly walk out, side by
side, HANDS WAY UP IN THE AIR -- all but waving a white flag.

POP! A BEAN BAG ROUND pelts Jack in the stomach. He staggers.

YOKEL COP (O.S.)
My bad!

Jack lifts his shirt, looks down at his gut -- instant WELT.

EXT. DOWNTOWN PHILLY - DAY

A WHITE BOY in a police uniform (sans badge) kneels beside a Smart car, poking a multi-tool into the tire nozzle.

DANIEL (V.O.)
*No, I can't wait for triple
A...Smart cars don't have spares.
Please!...Thank you so much.*

DANIEL HARROW, 22. Thinks he's the smartest guy in the room but is proud of his ability to "come down to your level." He means well, but superiority leaks from his every pore.

And air leaks from his tire, in short bursts -- SS...SS...S. Impatient, he stands and looks down the street.

DANIEL
Shit.

He kneels back down, looking at the multi-tool in his hand. He pries open the KNIFE. Surveys his surroundings. And STABS the knife into the tire, dragging it across the sidewall.

A TOW TRUCK pulls in front of the Smart Car. A young woman climbs out -- MEL SWEENEY, 23. Half grease monkey, half hippie. Embroidered sunflowers on her dirty overalls.

Uncomfortable eye contact between her and Daniel.

DANIEL
I think somebody slashed it.

MEL
(re: Daniel's uniform)
No wonder.

DANIEL
Oh because people hate cops.
Hilarious.

MEL
Barely joking.

Mel attaches the towline to the Smart car.

INT./EXT. TOW TRUCK - DAY

Mel drives. Daniel's shotgun.

MEL
This is dumb.
(MORE)

MEL (CONT'D)
(off Daniel's look)
I mean dumb to keep talking about.
I don't want to ruin your big day.

DANIEL
Talking won't ruin anything.

MEL
We haven't seen each other in a
month. Then you call me the
morning of your graduation, and
you're here in uniform. It feels
like you want to start a fight.

DANIEL
Why do you always think the worst?

MEL
Why'd you call then?

DANIEL
I saw the protests on TV, and I
thought of you. Can't I miss you?

Daniel stares out the window, lost in thought.

DANIEL
I get that you have problems with
cops. But you said you couldn't
bear to see me in this uniform.

MEL
It's not the uniform -- which
looks great by the way. Or that
you work for 'The Man.' Or the
racism or any of that. Actually,
maybe it's all of that. But
mostly, I just can't be a part of
it. It's ugly. And bad. And evil.

DANIEL
Evil? Okay, just stop.

MEL
I didn't even want to start.

DANIEL
You're right. This is dumb. I
shouldn't have called.

MEL
Ya think?

Disgust washes over Daniel. He CLICKS his lock/unlock button repeatedly, like a petulant child.

Mel pulls over into the shoulder.

MEL

K, bye.

DANIEL

I'm sorry. It's a weird day for me. I didn't want to make you mad.

MEL

Yet you did. Bye.

DANIEL

You're serious?

Mel clicks the AUTO UNLOCK button and turns to Daniel.

DANIEL

Wowwww.

Daniel kicks open the heavy door.

INT./EXT. JACK'S EL CAMINO - DAY

Jack starts to roll up his window, but GLASS chips spill onto his lap -- *damn you, Tommy!*. He merges onto a highway and GUNS it, settling in around 90mph, weaving through traffic.

IN THE REARVIEW

that pesky blue BEEMER. Also speeding, also weaving.

EXT. THE PALESTRA - DAY

"The Cathedral of College Basketball" -- home arena of UPenn (suck it, Princeton). A line of police stand guard in front of the arched entrances.

The surrounding courtyard is covered with young people, sprawled on the ground, BODIES OUTLINED IN CHALK.

JASMINE FLORES, 30, struts through the crowd of PROTESTERS, with a BADGE and GUN on her belt. She doesn't have time for this shit (or any shit, ever). Her sleeveless blouse shows off a smattering of TATTOOS -- colorful mountains, a howling wolf, and a ROUTE 66 ROAD SIGN.

VARIOUS PROTESTERS

Watch out! Hey! We have a permit!

JASMINE
You have every right to be here.

A CALM PROTESTER stands up, smiling.

CALM PROTESTER
Ma'am, there's a designated
walkway over there.

JASMINE
I saw, thanks. But it's farther.

Calm Protester bows respectfully and lies back down. An ANGRY PROTESTER pops up and stands in Jasmine's way.

JASMINE
Nuh-uh.

Angry Protester doesn't back down. A few other protesters take out their phones and start recording.

JASMINE
Pro tip: hold them horizontally.
Vertical looks like shit.

Jasmine sidesteps Angry Protester, but is mirrored. Jasmine crosses her arms.

JASMINE
Sir, I kindly ask you to please
get out of my motherfucking way.

Angry Protester SPITS in Jasmine's face. Jasmine takes a deep breath as she wipes off the spit.

JASMINE
I could arrest you for assault.

ANGRY PROTESTER
Fucking arrest me then. Fascist!

JASMINE
Nah.

Jasmine takes another deep breath and LAUNCHES A WAD OF SPIT into the Angry Protester's face. He recoils.

Jasmine walks on unimpeded, with a bevy of phones following.

AT THE CURB

an UBER pulls up. The rear window rolls down to reveal Daniel, staring out at the sea of demonstrators.

Small clusters of more boisterous protesters are held at bay by barricades. Daniel zeroes in on a sign: **COPS = CONS**

Steeling himself, he opens the door.

INT. THE PALESTRA - DAY

An 8,000 seat venue, occupied by just a few hundred people. Chairs, stage, "Philadelphia Police Academy Class 390" banner. The aftermath of a boring graduation ceremony.

Cops mill about. Jack, in his patrol uniform, hob-knobs with a small group, including Jasmine.

OFFICER BREEN dawdles over (20s, 30s, 40s? nobody can tell). He's perpetually grinning regardless of the situation.

BREEN
First in his class.

Jack ignores him.

BREEN
You must be so proud. Huh, Jacko?
(off Jack's silence)
You're being very rude.

JASMINE
Yo, Breen.

Jasmine holds up her middle finger. Breen blows a kiss. Jack finally steps aside with Breen.

JACK
What?

BREEN
Tommy Kovacs.

JACK
Nope.

Jack turns to rejoin his group. Breen again inserts himself.

BREEN
I have something to tell you.

JACK
We're in a real pickle then,
because I don't want you to tell
me anything.

BREEN
 Captain Scuttleman appointed me
 district liaison for the ongoing
 federal investigation.

JACK
 Ongoing?

BREEN
 You didn't think Kovacs going down
 meant this was all over?

Jack considers this -- *No, I guess not.*

BREEN
 It's a ways away from being over.

JACK
 Where's Internal Affairs with all
 this? Why aren't they handling it?

BREEN
 It's beyond their scope.

JACK
 Then why are you handling it?

BREEN
 I'm streamlining the process,
 mainly when indictments come in.
 But if you have anything
 to...share, it starts with me.

Breen holds out a business card. Jack slaps it out of his hand.

JACK
 We work in the same building!

BREEN
 Speaking of which, your son will
 be on last out with you. Your new
 partner. Cool, huh?

JACK
 Uh-uh, no. It's like, a surgeon
 can't operate on her own kid.
 Leave him out of this.

BREEN
 Don't put that on me. You made
 your bed. Now you get to sleep in
 it...with your son.

Extreme smirking from Breen as he drops this bomb--

BREEN
Oh, and he starts tonight.

JACK
Like hell! He gets the weekend.

BREEN
My hands are tied.

JACK
You literally make the schedule,
ass-brain.

DANIEL

out of earshot, watches the exchange. He walks toward

JACK AND BREEN

Breen grabs Jack's hand and pulls him in close--

BREEN
(hushed)
I fucking know you, Jacko. You're
going down.

JACK
You don't know shit.

BREEN
Fuck you, Jacko.

JACK
Fuck you, Breen.

BREEN
No, fuck you.

JACK
House pop!

Jack slaps Breen's inner thigh. Breen doubles over in agony.

BREEN
I'm watching you, Jacko!

Daniel approaches. He and Jack walk off together.

JACK
Sorry I missed the pinning.

DANIEL
Yeah.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)
(re: Breen)
What's his deal?

The Harrows walk through--

THE PLAYER'S TUNNEL

A dark, claustrophobic walkway.

JACK
He was cleaning his gun at home
and shot himself in the dick. Got
a cush job with a desk out of it.

DANIEL
Okay, uh...I meant what's his deal
with you? Why's he watching you?

JACK
It's nothing.

DANIEL
Is it about Uncle Tommy?

Jack spins his head toward Daniel.

DANIEL
A few guys were talking about it
while we were sitting on stage. Is
that why you were late?

JACK
Yeah, I came straight from his
vacation home. Let's save this for
another time. It's your day.

DANIEL
That guy really shot himself in
the penis?

JACK
Close to it.
(beat)
Hey, remember this?

Jack cups his hands around his mouth. Daniel does the same.

JACK
Fuh--

DANIEL
KK

Jack points to the ceiling as the ECHOES REVERBERATE...

ECHO JACK (O.S.)
Fuh--

ECHO DANIEL (O.S.)
KK

They both laugh. Jack takes out the BADGE and pins it on Daniel's uniform shirt.

JACK
The Officers Harrow.

Daniel scratches his cheek, trying to conceal a big smile.

EXT. THE PALESTRA PARKING LOT - DAY

Newly-minted police officers take selfies and congratulate each other. A MEGA BRO COP, 20s, carries a stack of hats. He approaches Daniel and gives him a hat that reads: P P Δ

MEGA BRO COP
You want in the frat, Harrow?

DANIEL
(re: the hat)
What is this supposed to mean?

MEGA BRO COP
It's Greek letters. Like a frat,
but only for our class.

DANIEL
What does it say?

MEGA BRO COP
P P D, yo! The triangle is a 'D.'

Daniel points to the hat.

DANIEL
But that's an 'R'. Also that.

MEGA BRO COP
You blind? It's a P.

DANIEL
In Greek it's an R.

MEGA BRO COP
Fuckin' Harrow, man.

DANIEL
No, but I mean, it's still cool.

Mega Bro Cop snatches the hat back and bounces off.

PRE-LAP: Old school FUNK blares from a car stereo.

EXT. DISTRICT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

In front of a POLICE WAGON, two cops dance to the funk.

A lanky young guy, ANFERNEE ROSS, pops and locks. A limbic symphony. His arms and legs fly out in different directions. Hands twirling, smooth then harsh.

Beside Ross -- his obese partner KEITH GODFREY, 30s. He tries to keep up, but his bowl full of jelly has its own rhythm.

ACROSS THE LOT

Daniel stands by the open hood of a POLICE SUV, holding an oil dipstick. Jack approaches and yanks off Daniel's hat.

JACK
You don't wear this unless news
crews or the brass are around.

Daniel takes his hat and puts it back on. Jack rolls his eyes.

JACK
(re: the oil dipstick)
You wouldn't believe how often
these engines seize.

DANIEL
Seriously? This takes two minutes.

JACK
Bunch of toads. Females, mostly.

DANIEL
You have hard data on that, Pop?

JACK
I just know. Schools don't teach
intuition, college boy.

Jack opens the driver door. Daniel shuts the hood.

JACK
For the record, I'm not saying
that female cops are toads. I'm
saying that most cops who don't
check the oil are female.

Daniel holds his hand out for the keys.

JACK
You don't know the streets yet.

DANIEL
Intuition.

JACK
You got a real smart mouth.

Jack gives him the keys.

JACK
Did you check for contraband?

DANIEL
Yeah, just a Zero bar wrapper.

JACK
Zero bar?

DANIEL
White on the outside, nuts on the
inside. I don't like them.

JACK
Huh. Run inside and sign us out a
parking ticket book, will ya?

DANIEL
Just one?

JACK
It takes me a year to use that.

Jack watches until Daniel gets inside then pops the hood again. Shining his flashlight, he reaches his arm down wherever he finds enough space.

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT

Jack stretches across the driver seat, shining his light into the air vents. Something's in there. Jack RIPS off the vent.

JACK
I knew it. You little shit.

PAGLIANO (O.S.)
What ya doing?

Jack bolts up to see PAGLIANO, 30s, a hulking SWAT wannabe with an over-pressed uniform and over-tanned skin.

JACK
Being thorough.

PAGLIANO
How ya holding up?

JACK
I'm focused on the boy now.

PAGLIANO
I figured. Weird timing, isn't it?

JACK
Bad timing. Not so much weird.

PAGLIANO
Your partner of ten years is in a federal detention center. You're out here on the street with your rookie son. I'm just saying...

Jack steps out of the SUV.

PAGLIANO
Only three people ever work Sector-18. Two are standing here and the other is locked up.

Jack glances back into the SUV -- ZEROING IN ON THE AIR VENT.
He leads Pagliano to the back of the vehicle.

JACK
Sector-18? So it is about the yuppies?

PAGLIANO
Who talked, Jack?

Jack comes face to face with the younger, beefier Pagliano.

PAGLIANO
(chuckling)
You know I'm just fucking with ya. But that's your partner facing time. Your brother. I hope you don't forget what he did for you. I sure don't.

JACK
Everybody thinks they know everything. Nobody knows anything.

PAGLIANO
I guess we'll see.

Pagliano leaves. Jack returns to the

AIR VENT

Sticks his hand inside, straining to grasp something. Finally gives a good YANK and comes out with a small BLACK DEVICE. He examines it, then stares off for a moment.

He pockets the device and pops the air vent back in place.

ACROSS THE LOT

Jasmine checks her oil. Daniel approaches. He goes for a handshake but is left hanging.

JASMINE

Do you need something very
specific that only I can provide?

DANIEL

No, it's my first night--

JASMINE

Then why are you talking to me?
(yelling to the whole lot)
Hey, does anyone know why this
kid's talking to me?

LAUGHING, but no answers. Jasmine puts the dipstick back in.

JASMINE

Yeah, so nobody knows. I'm
guessing you think you can bring
your entitled ass over, and I'm
not gonna treat you like a rookie.

DANIEL

I'm just--

JASMINE

Why do you think that? Because
your daddy works here? Or maybe
'cause I'm a girl, I'll treat you
different? Or 'cause I'm gay? It
doesn't make any difference. You
get the same treatment. Now go get
me a beer, bitch.

DANIEL

Okay, so don't be friendly?

JASMINE

Not to me. And take your hat off.
You look remedial.

Daniel removes his hat and sheepishly walks back toward Jack.

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT

Daniel drives, reciting to himself--

DANIEL
B street. B, B. Oh, Ormes!
Rosehill. C. Arbor. Boudinot.

JACK
Balloon knot you mean.

DANIEL
Gross. Boudinot. Hurley. D.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
24th District, report of a
carjacking, 1800 block of Cambria.

JACK
Head over there.

Daniel switches on the LIGHTS and SIRENS. Jack promptly turns off the siren.

JACK
Everybody uses that one and
cancels each other out. Use the
Jason Bourne. Nobody else does.

Jack flicks a switch. It's a slower ROO-WOO...ROO-WOO

JACK
See? That European jawn that you
always hear when movies are in
Germany or Brussels or whatever.

DANIEL
I've never seen the Bourne movies.

JACK
Boy, you have got some weird ways.

DANIEL
What's after D street?

JACK
Gransback. But it only runs a few
blocks. Take a break, Rain Man. If
you even get that joke.

DANIEL
What about that story you told me?
That time a truck had you pinned
in the alley.

JACK
And that dumb shit rookie was
driving circles around the block?

DANIEL
I'm not letting that happen.

JACK
You need to turn left here.

DANIEL
Crap.

Daniel starts the turn too late, slamming Jack into his door.

EXT. CAMBRIA STREET - NIGHT

Several parked cruisers, lights whirling. Daniel and Jack walk to their SUV.

JACK
Tell me what we're looking for?

DANIEL
Green '04 Civic. New York Mets
bumper stickers.
(beat)
You know, I'm entranced by Mrs.
Met. Seriously, look her up.

Jack raises an eyebrow. And then EVERYTHING GOES BLACK.

JACK
Oh shit. It's about to get lit.

Daniel holds up his glowing phone.

EXT. WAWA - NIGHT

The regional convenience store serves as a generator-powered BEACON OF LIGHT and keeper of cold beverages.

The Harrows exit the store. Jack digs into his bag. Hands a 5-Hour Energy to Daniel.

JACK
Summer is always hotter in the
ghetto. Take away TV and A/C, what
do you think that does?

DANIEL
No thanks. They're full of junk.

Jack chugs his own.

EXT. RANDLE'S CORNER - NIGHT

The distinctive GRINDS and SPARKS of a stubborn LIGHTER. A
small FLAME finally appears, illuminating the COIN SLOT of a
newspaper box. A few quarters drop in.

A homeless man, DUMB RANDLE (60s) opens the door to the box.
takes out a newspaper. Scans the front page. Tosses it into a
trash can.

He takes out the entire stack and drops it into the trash.

EXT. FIREHOUSE - NIGHT

The Harrows walk up to the open garage doors. KIARA ROBINSON,
30s, goes to greet them, rubbing her hands together.

KIARA
Manna from the Lord above.

JACK
(pained)
Ooooh, about that.

KIARA
Don't do this to me, man.

JACK
The gazpacho spoiled. I'll get you
next time. Where's your power?

KIARA
Krinski went for some petrol. The
generator was bone ass dry.

JACK
Females?

KIARA
What's that supposed to mean?

DANIEL
He's trying to be funny.

JACK
Could you lend me your hydrant
wrench and some sprinkler caps? I
want to make it rain in the hood.

KIARA
For sure. That's a really nice
thing to do.

Kiara reaches for Daniel's hand.

KIARA
Kiara. You're Jack's son?

DANIEL
Yep, Daniel.

KIARA
Jack. Daniel. Are you an alcoholic
or something?

JACK
His mother named him. Rest her
soul.

KIARA
Sorry to hear that.

DANIEL
She's alive. I live with her.

Daniel glares at Jack, who's grinning.

KIARA
Let me get those caps. I like to
follow through on things.

Jack scratches his throat in a very "fuck you" kind of way.

EXT. NARROW STREET - NIGHT

A residential street barely wide enough for a single car. A
gaggle of tweens run around waving SPARKLERS.

People congregate outside of their row homes. Smoking,
drinking, commiserating. Tiny inflatable kiddie pools in the
streets. Water cascading from hydrants.

Pagliano barrels down the street in his cruiser.

PAGLIANO
(via his PA system)
Clear the street.

Some people move onto the sidewalk. Many still remain. Pagliano REVS his engine. Parents snatch their children from harm's way.

PAGLIANO
Get out of the damn street!

He PLOWS DOWN THE STREET, running over anything in his path -- lawn chairs, bottles, cans.

Inflatable kiddie pools EXPLODE, splashing water onto the sidewalk folks. Young children CRY.

A LITTLE GIRL stands in her bathing suit, wet hair covering one side of her face. With one eye, she stares at the extinguished SPARKLER in her hand.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Jack, wielding the large wrench, mounts the sprinkler cap on a fire hydrant. Daniel watches.

DANIEL
When a car gets stolen, shouldn't
we, like, look for it?

JACK
What do you mean 'look?'

DANIEL
Look. *Mira*, look.

JACK
Thank you for putting it in the
vernacular. Yeah, we're on the
lookout for it.

Jack stands back as the hydrant spews a FOUNTAIN of water. Kids and adults rush toward it for some sweet relief.

DANIEL
But I mean specifically look.

JACK
I know you're eager. But this job
is absurd. And it's dysfunctional.
So be happy when you get a
decision as simple as this: What's
gonna do more good? Opening these
hydrants or finding one car?

DANIEL
That car was taken at gunpoint.

JACK
'Point of simulated weapon.' We
don't know if it was a gun or a
finger in their pockets.

DANIEL
I'm going to look for it.

Daniel starts back to the SUV.

JACK
So you're going to drive around
looking for it?

DANIEL
Yep.

JACK
What have you been doing? Driving
around and not looking?

Daniel turns to see an especially smarmy Jack.

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT

Daniel drives. Jack looks out his side window.

JACK
Did you see what was going on at
that corner back there?

Daniel steals a glance in his rearview.

JACK
That won't help you.

DANIEL
No, I didn't see anything.

JACK
Make a U.

Daniel jerks the steering wheel.

EXT. RANDLE'S CORNER - NIGHT

The old homeless man from earlier, Dumb Randle, stands by the
same newspaper box. Jack and Daniel approach.

JACK
Dumb Randle, how goes it?

Dumb Randle stands up tall and stiff to SALUTE Jack. Jack salutes in return.

JACK
What ya got there, pal?

Dumb Randle shakes his head, zips his lips.

JACK
Come on, let's see it.

Randle opens the newspaper box. STEAM billows out. A WHOLE CHICKEN sits on a tray. Several Sterno cans beneath it.

Daniel grins. Jack shakes his head.

JACK
Randle, Randle, Randle.

Randle hangs his head in shame.

JACK
That chicken is way too big for
this box.

Randle tears off a leg, hands it to Jack. Jack bites into it.

JACK
(blech!)
It's so dry. Did you even
marinate?

Dumb Randle just stares. Blinks. Stares some more.

JACK
Well what seasoning did you use?

Randle takes a handful of tiny salt and pepper PACKETS from his coat. Jack shakes his head and opens the door to the box.

JACK
That's not going to cut it, pal.
First off, you need to use
something smaller, like Cornish
game hens. They'll cook more
evenly. And you should try a nice
citrus marinade. Maybe with some
coriander and ginger.

Dumb Randle nods with interest.

JACK
Pretty basic, but it's a start.

He lets the door of the box slam shut. Dumb Randle throws his arms up in frustration.

Randle grabs his change cup from the ground and fishes out a few quarters. He drops them in the slot, reopens the door, and gently closes it.

JACK
Oh, I'm sorry.

Jack pulls change from his own pocket, plinks it into the cup.

JACK
Okay, Randle. Try that marinade.

Jack moves to leave. Randle holds up a finger -- *one moment*.

Randle reaches into the trash, comes out with a shred of newspaper. He plucks the pen from Jack's shirt pocket.

Randle scribbles on the paper, folds it up, and gives it to Jack. Jack drops a \$20 bill in Randle's cup.

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT

Daniel, driving, glances over at the paper in Jack's hand.

**Not safe
Eyes watching**

DANIEL
What's that mean?

JACK
Randle's usually a top source of goings-on around here. But he also has schizophrenia, so...

Daniel watches Jack look in his SIDE MIRROR, paranoid himself.

DANIEL
Can you tell me about Uncle Tommy?

JACK
Maybe it's best if you don't refer to him as 'uncle' around here. Not for a little while anyway.

DANIEL
It's that bad?

JACK
I just don't want you getting
treated unfairly.

DANIEL
So what'd he do?
(off Jack's look)
You can't just keep this from me.

Daniel cruises past the corner of the NARROW STREET.

A few neighbors wave their arms, flagging down the cops. Daniel starts to turn down the street.

JACK
Park it here. This street wasn't
built for 21st-century vehicles.

Daniel parks as a CONCERNED MOTHER trots over, carrying a toddler on her hip.

EXT. NARROW STREET - NIGHT

The Concerned Mother leads the Harrows down the street. She points out the EXPLODED POOLS.

CONCERNED MOTHER
He damn near ran over the kids.

DANIEL
You had the street blocked?

CONCERNED MOTHER
You ain't seen the power out? We
got kids burning up.

DANIEL
No, of course. You're right. You
gotta keep those kids cool.
Children and elderly. What number
was on the cruiser?

CONCERNED MOTHER
A few of them seent it down there.
(yelling, down the street)
Yo, what number was that cop car?

A HIGH-PITCHED SQUEAL makes it's way toward the COP CAR, followed by a loud POP. Jack covers his head. Daniel's hand flutters near his gun.

JACK
It's just fireworks.

Several more squeals/pops/sparks. Someone is launching BOTTLE ROCKETS at the SUV.

Daniel sees the source of the rockets -- an outstretched ARM poking around the corner. Daniel runs to the corner.

JACK
I'll pass your complaint up the chain, ma'am. He'll be dealt with.

CONCERNED MOTHER
What about the car number?

Jack hurries back to the SUV, yelling over his shoulder--

JACK
Won't be necessary.

CONCERNED MOTHER
I want them pools replaced!

AT THE SUV

Daniel has a young BOY, 11, by the arm.

DANIEL
What's your name?

JACK
Raymond. Chronic curfew violator.

Daniel looks to Jack. *What now?*

JACK
Process him or take him home. He's your collar. But given the choice, rookies make the incorrect one like ninety percent of the time.

DANIEL
How old are you, Raymond?

JACK
Eleven.

Daniel SIGHS.

EXT. RAYMOND'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Raymond's FATHER stands at the front door, his hand gripping the back of Raymond's neck.

Daniel joins Jack by the SUV.

DANIEL
I'm not locking up a child. I hope
that was the right choice.

JACK
Beats me. It's more like a long-
term study.

DANIEL
Like, using longitudinal data.

JACK
Here's some data for you to input.

Jack gives the parking ticket book to Daniel.

JACK
Gotta crawl before you ball, son.

Daniel takes a pen from his pocket.

JACK
Not here.

DANIEL
Cars are parked on the sidewalk.
Pretty sure that's illegal.

JACK
Where else can they park? Head
over to Yuppie Row. They can
afford it.

Jack tosses the 5-hour Energy into Daniel's lap.

JACK
And drink this.

DANIEL
Jesus. This is like when Denzel
makes Ethan smoke Angel Dust,
except way lamer.

JACK
At least you've seen that movie.

DANIEL
We watched it in the academy. What
a joke ethics week was. They
totally left out any mention of
deontology. Can you believe that?

Jack stares at Daniel for a long beat.

JACK
You're weird.

Daniel sips from his bottle and grimaces.

EXT. RIVERFRONT SHIPPING TERMINALS - NIGHT

At water's edge, Jasmine empties a can of beer into the river.
A few TEENS watch and GROAN. Jasmine motions for another can.

JASMINE
Open it for me.

One teen takes a can from the case, pops the top.

JASMINE
You're gonna watch me empty out
every single one.

TEEN
Why you gotta be a hard ass, Miss?

The POLICE WAGON pulls up. Ross and Godfrey jump out. Godfrey
pretends to speak into his shoulder mic--

GODFREY
We've got an atrocity in progress!
(to Jasmine)
What're you doing?

JASMINE
Making them suffer.

Godfrey looks at the mopey teens. Ross picks up a can.

GODFREY
I think they've suffered enough.

ROSS
Let me guess, y'all live on Yuppie
Row?

TEEN
How do you know?

ROSS
Because you're the only kids who
can afford this Dogfish shit. And
would even want to drink it.
What's wrong with Yuengling?

TEEN

Dick Yuengling and his family are
big Trump donors.

ROSS

Really? What do I drink now?

Godfrey picks up the case of beer, takes it back to the wagon.
Jasmine looks on, incredulous.

EXT. YUPPIE ROW - NIGHT

Daniel pokes a parking ticket under a wiper blade. He walks to
the next car, speaking into his shoulder mic.

DANIEL

(into radio)

24-18 with another tag to run.

He goes to the rear of a Lexus.

INT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT

Jack thumbs his phone. On the screen: image search results for
"MRS. MET."

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Registered to a Christopher J.
Miller. 3-1-6-9 Rutledge Street.

Jack perks his head up. Looks at the car Daniel's standing by.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Scofflaw warrant for unpaid fines.

Jack gets out of the SUV.

EXT. YUPPIE ROW - NIGHT

Jack approaches Daniel.

JACK

Leave it be.

DANIEL

I've had to pay hundreds in
parking fines. Why shouldn't he?

JACK

We have more important things to
worry about.

DANIEL
(into radio)
24-18, can you send Tow.

JACK
They won't tow. They'll boot.

DANIEL
(into radio)
Make that a boot.

JACK
(into radio)
24-18, disregard.

Daniel fumes. He marches across the street, right up the steps of 3169 Rutledge. Jack SIGHS and starts after Daniel.

INT. SCOFFLAW'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jack and Daniel stand beside a BIG STRAPPED DUDE, who's sporting a hefty .45 caliber in a shoulder holster.

Nearby, Daniel observes his surroundings -- yuppie decorating, bookshelves full of college texts. But also security cameras in the corners and an alarm panel on the wall.

The scofflaw, TOFER, 21, comes downstairs.

DANIEL
Christopher?

TOFER
Tofer. What's the problem
Officer...

Tofer zeroes in on Daniel's name tag.

TOFER
...Harrow?
(to Jack)
Your son?

DANIEL
You have over \$2,000 in unpaid
parking tickets. Now you have a
warrant out.

TOFER
(chuckling)
Come on, I'll just pay them.

DANIEL
Yet you haven't.

Tofer takes out a ROLL OF CASH. Starts counting.

DANIEL
You gotta know it doesn't work
like that.

Tofer looks to Jack -- *Little help here?*

JACK
I can't help you, son.

Daniel looks at Jack. *What's going on?*

JACK
You only have one first day, so I
leave this to you. But you don't
want to get a rep in the district
for being a hammer on dumb shit.

TOFER
Dumb shit. That's what I'm saying.

DANIEL
Hands against the wall, Tofer.

Daniel takes out his HANDCUFFS. Begins the pat down.

BIG STRAPPED DUDE
You really want to do this?
(to Jack)
I suggest you call off your son.

JACK
It's his decision, big man.

Tofer gets fidgety.

DANIEL
Stand still.

TOFER
Just let me pay the fine.

DANIEL
You'll definitely pay. This
ensures it.

BIG STRAPPED DUDE
Heaven fucking help you if he gets
a scratch on him.

JACK
Take it easy, Luca Brasi.

Daniel cuffs Tofer. Big Strapped Dude makes a phone call.

INT. PRISONER UNLOADING ZONE - NIGHT

The Harrows get out of their SUV.

JACK
Wait here a minute.

DANIEL
Why?

JACK
Why? Why? When? Are you four years old? Just wait here a minute.

Jack walks over to the

INT. TURNKEY HUT - NIGHT

Jack with the TURNKEY.

TURNKEY
First night arrest. Good for him.

JACK
It's just a scofflaw, and I know the kid from around the way.

TURNKEY
You want me to schedule his arraignment with Judge 'All Charges Dismissed?'

JACK
I was thinking more like cutting him loose before he's processed.

TURNKEY
Kind of a big ask, Jack.

Jack takes out his phone. Brings up a Pinterest photo of--

JACK
Savory stuffed crepes. Next week?

Turnkey fist bumps Jack.

EXT. TURNKEY HUT - NIGHT

Jack steps out, motions for Daniel to bring Tofer in.

INT. TURNKEY HUT - NIGHT

Jack watches Daniel deliver Tofer to the Turnkey. The Turnkey removes the handcuffs. Tofer spins around, frantic.

TOFER

Please, come on. They'll kill me.
They're gonna fucking kill me!

TURNKEY

Calm down.

DANIEL

You're an adult. You obviously
have your own money. Your parents
don't even have to know.

TOFER

Not my parents, you fucking idiot.

TURNKEY

You wanna try that again, boss?

TOFER

Fuck you!

The Turnkey grabs Tofer and pushes him against the wall. Tofer
FLAILS his arms, trying to turn around.

The Turnkey CRANKS a handcuff down on one of Tofer's wrists.
Attaches the other cuff to a metal bar.

JACK

(to Tofer)

You're a moron, you know that?

TOFER

Fuck you, Harrow.

(to Daniel)

You too. Pussies.

TURNKEY

Sorry. No favors for this cat.

Daniel's eyes widen with a dawning rage.

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT

Daniel and Jack get in.

JACK
Let's get lunch.

DANIEL
What was that?

Jack plays dumb.

DANIEL
You went behind my back.

JACK
His mother's on the school board.

DANIEL
The school board has clout?

JACK
Or city council or something. I
don't know. I don't need to get
involved in another controversy.

DANIEL
Why are you lying to me?

Jack fidgets. He pulls down the visor and looks in the mirror.
Tugs at the bags under his eyes. Closes the visor.

JACK
I could go for a chocolate milk.

DANIEL
Is he a drug dealer?

JACK
He's a spoiled college boy. Like
you.

DANIEL
With an armed guard?

JACK
I told you to just leave it alone.
It was only parking tickets.

DANIEL
Is it about Tommy? Please tell me
you're not going down with him.

JACK
How many times do I have to...
(*back the fuck up, Son*)
I have nothing to do with his
shit.

DANIEL
But you're not giving me anything
here. I'm your partner now.

JACK
Learn patience.

DANIEL
There's this saying, 'When you
hear hoofbeats, they're probably
horses, not zebras?' It means--

JACK
The logical explanation is usually
the correct one.

Daniel is taken aback.

JACK
Do you know the saying, 'Things
aren't always what they seem?'

DANIEL
Sure, Pop. We have Tofer, his wad
of cash, his bodyguard, and you
fending for him. And who knows
what with Uncle Tommy. Sounds like
a stampede. And since I don't see
any zebras--
(beat)
Shit!

Daniel hits the lights and sirens. Makes a SCREECHING U-TURN.

JACK
What?

DANIEL
Weren't you looking? The car. The
stolen Civic.

JACK
(cautioning)
Lots of green Civics around.

DANIEL
With Mets stickers?

JACK
(into radio)
24-18. We're in pursuit of that
stolen Civic. Occupied twice.

The Civic makes a sharp left. Daniel follows.

As the Civic nears the end of the block it SLAMS on its brakes.
Both front doors SWING OPEN. The DRIVER and PASSENGER bail.

The Civic continues rolling across the

T-INTERSECTION

and SMASHES into a parked car.

Daniel jerks the SUV into park. He and Jack chase on foot.

JACK
(into radio)
24-18. We're in foot pursuit. Two
males. One white, one black.
(short of breath)
Black ball caps, both.

The thieves run in opposite directions. Harrows do the same.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The Driver climbs a fence and runs down a PITCH BLACK alley. He stays close to the backs of the buildings. Tries a few doors -- predictably locked.

He spots a BUILDING ahead with a few LIGHTS ON. The REAR DOOR is propped open.

The Driver enters and tries closing the door, but the bottom SCRAPES against the ground. He leaves it as is.

INT. BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The Driver finds himself in a huge KITCHEN. A pot heats up on the stove. He takes out a GUN, holding it by his side, and creeps into the--

LOCKER ROOM

The Driver spots FIREFIGHTER JACKETS in the open lockers.

DRIVER
(whispered)
Fuck me.

He starts to back out of the room, but hears footsteps from the kitchen. Sees a wavering BEAM OF LIGHT.

The Driver stows his gun in the pocket of a firefighter jacket.

KITCHEN

Daniel, with his gun and flashlight aimed, enters the

LOCKER ROOM

He sees the Driver, wearing a firefighter's jacket.

DANIEL
Get your hands up!

The Driver puts his hands up and steps toward Daniel.

DRIVER
Whoa, officer. What's going on?

DANIEL
Stay there.

DRIVER
In here pointing guns and shit.

DANIEL
You didn't see anyone run through?

DRIVER
Naw. I'd tell you if I did. Cool
if I put my hands down?

Daniel studies him. Sweaty, but not suspicious for this night. Especially because he's wearing a heavy ass jacket.

DANIEL
Is Krinski back with the Shawarma?

DRIVER
Uh. No, not yet I don't think.

Daniel grins slyly.

DANIEL
Turn around. You're under arrest.

DRIVER
Man, for what?

DANIEL
Carjacking, I'm gonna say.

DRIVER
This is bullshit.

As the Driver turns, he lowers one arm.

DANIEL
Keep your hands up!

Just as the Driver sinks his hand into his pocket--

--a FOREARM SLAMS into the side of his head, courtesy of Kiara.

The Driver drops to the ground. His GUN SLIDES across the floor. Kiara digs her boot into the Driver's back as Daniel retrieves the gun.

KIARA
Now I want Shawarma.

With SHAKING HANDS, Daniel fumbles to unsnap his handcuff case.

EXT. FIREHOUSE - NIGHT

Daniel loads the Driver into the back of a POLICE WAGON. The Passenger is already inside.

DANIEL
I don't get it. Why stay in the
neighborhood with a stolen car?

The Driver and Passenger look at each other and shrug.

DRIVER
Where else we gonna go?

Daniel glances over at his father.

EXT. T-INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Daniel and Jack return to find the Civic is gone.

DANIEL
Where's the car?

JACK
Well I'll be fucked.
(into radio)
24-18. It seems our stolen Civic
has been re-stolen. No flash on a
suspect at this time.

A STREETLIGHT crackles and buzzes overhead. Daniel looks up.

INT. 24TH DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

A hallway lit only by the glow of EXIT signs. Jack gives Daniel a stack of paperwork.

JACK
Turn this in to the corporal. I
need to go talk to shit-brain.

INT. DISTRICT LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Daniel pees into a urinal and talks, seemingly, to himself.

DANIEL
But I really do want to help
people. People at their lowest. I
know I can make a difference.

A voice emerges from a nearby SHOWER.

SHOWER VOICE (O.S.)
Ugh, gag me with a shovel. If
that's really what you wanted, why
not go build bridges in Kenya?

DANIEL
I mean, I do that too. In Guam.

CORPORAL GETHARD (40s, black) steps out of the shower. He's wearing an EYEPATCH. SCARS run along his chest and shoulder. As he starts to towel off, he points to his eyepatch.

CORPORAL GETHARD
Heard the story behind this yet?

DANIEL
You gave up your eye for wisdom?

CORPORAL GETHARD
I got it from helping people.

He raises the eyepatch, revealing a hollowed-out cavern where an eye should be. Daniel shudders.

CORPORAL GETHARD
Clinically dead six minutes.
(beat)
I guess it did bring wisdom
though. 'Cause the number one
thing I learned about this job: C-
Y-A-Y-P-A. Cover Yours And Your
Partner's Asses. We're all we got
out there. The rest is just noise.

DANIEL
Then why have the job at all?

CORPORAL GETHARD
We're humble zookeepers. With a front row seat to the greatest show on earth.

DANIEL
Not to be rude, Corporal, but that's the circus. Which is disbanding, finally.

CORPORAL GETHARD
You shittin' me?

DANIEL
They're over at Penn's Landing this week. Last time ever.

Gethard takes a moment to lament this.

CORPORAL GETHARD
How come? Liberals?

DANIEL
The elephants died.

CORPORAL GETHARD
Well, ya gotta crack a lot of eggs to make real mayonnaise.

Daniel, confused, squints an eye, as if to see things the same.

INT. BREEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The BLACK DEVICE from Jack's air vent sits on a desk. Breen picks it up. Jack watches, arms crossed.

BREEN
First of all, this is a GPS tracker, not a bug. Second, I have no idea what you're talking about.

JACK
So you didn't put it there?

BREEN
Why would I? Department vehicles already have GPS.

JACK tosses an identical device on the desk.

JACK
What about the one in my truck?

BREEN
Wasn't me. Guess you've got a
secret admirer.

FULL POWER RETURNS. Overhead lights go on. A copy machine picks up where it left off.

Breen stretches out his arms like a leader of men.

BREEN
Let there be light.

Jack studies Breen's fluorescent-lit dufus face. He takes the devices and leaves.

INT. BREAK ROOM - NIGHT

Jasmine fixes herself a coffee.

Corporal Gethard enters, holding up a YouTube video on an iPad: JASMINE'S CONFRONTATION WITH THE PROTESTER. The spitting part replays in SLOW-MO.

CORPORAL GETHARD
Your first damn day back.

JASMINE
That was restraint!

CORPORAL GETHARD
Then why am I writing memos and
fielding phone calls?

JASMINE
Sorry, Corp.

Jasmine moves to leave. Gethard opens up the refrigerator.

CORPORAL GETHARD
Just a minute. Someone put a case
of beer in here. Seized property,
no doubt, and I'm not dealing with
that blowback.

JASMINE
Fair enough. I'll get rid of it.

CORPORAL GETHARD
Properly dispose of it. And type
up an abandoned property memo.

JASMINE
Come on, it's not my beer.

CORPORAL GETHARD
It's not my spit on an SJW's face.

Ross and Godfrey, out of uniform, poke their heads in the door.

GODFREY
We're out. Thanks, Corp.

JASMINE
Where are you going?

ROSS
Corp slid us.

JASMINE
Why do they get slid? They don't even have court tomorrow. I do!

CORPORAL GETHARD
You just got back. You should be plenty well rested.

Jasmine takes the case of beer from the fridge and storms out.

CORPORAL GETHARD
Where are you taking that?

JASMINE
Properly disposing.

CORPORAL GETHARD
You better write that memo too!

EXT. DISTRICT PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Ross and Godfrey walk to their personal vehicles. A CAN hits the ground nearby, EXPLODING beer everywhere. They look back.

Jasmine launches another can in their direction.

JASMINE
Don't forget your beer, assholes!

Ross covers his head and runs to his car. Godfrey goes to a ROLLING CAN. He picks it up -- intact. Takes it with him.

INT. ARROW DINER - NIGHT

A SERVER sets a bottle of CHOCOLATE MILK in front of Jack and an entire breakfast platter in front of Daniel.

Daniel puts down his PHONE. Douses his plate with ketchup.

JACK
Who've you been texting all night?

Daniel shakes his head, starts eating. Jack grabs the phone.

JACK
Ah. Mel. It looks to be one-sided.

Daniel snatches his phone back. Jack studies his son.

JACK
Screw her.

DANIEL
Just...it's fine. I don't want to talk about it.

JACK
Now who doesn't want to talk about something upsetting?

DANIEL
Fine. Armistice?

Jack nods. He takes a napkin, carefully wipes down his bottle.

DANIEL
Why aren't you eating?

JACK
Oh, I never eat here.

DANIEL
What? We used to always come here.

JACK
That was before Jamie Gonzalez.

Daniel, shoveling egg whites into his mouth, looks up with curiosity. Jack savors his first sip of chocolate milk as something catches his eye

THROUGH THE WINDOW

The Pesky Blue Beemer, idling out front.

JACK
Look at this. All over the place
with these G-Men like I'm fucking
John Gotti.

DANIEL
Are they horses or zebras, Pop?

JACK
Armistice, huh?

DANIEL
You're right. Jamie Gonzalez?

JACK
So, Christmas Eve, '07 I think.
Jamie comes in and kills three of
his boys. Just one, two, three.

Jack points a FINGER GUN at the bar seating area.

JACK
Right over there. Ding. Dang.
Dong. One bullet in each head.
Impressive marksmanship actually.
Then Jamie skedaddled.

DANIEL
So a triple homicide happened
here?

^-_(ツ)_/^- and Daniel keeps eating.

JACK
I get to the crime scene and what
to my wondering eyes should
appear? The manager -- taking the
muffins and scones and shit from
the counter, unwrapping them, and
putting on fresh saran wrap.

Daniel's fork stops midway to his mouth.

JACK
Not three feet away from the brain
matter.

Daniel plinks down his fork. Slides the plate away.

JACK
Congrats. You made it further into
that story than most people.
(chuckling)
This is on me.

Jack stands up, throws down a \$20.

INT./EXT. COP CAR - NIGHT

Jack drives. Daniel looks up from his paperwork, gets his bearings.

DANIEL
This is the 26th district.

JACK
Righto.

DANIEL
Dammit, you're going to Mel's.

JACK
No, you are.

DANIEL
It's 4 A.M.

JACK
If she's not gonna give you the
time of day...

Jack pulls up to the curb.

INT./EXT. MELANIE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

KNOCKING from outside. Mel makes her way to the window. She looks down to see Daniel at the door. *WTF?*

EXT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Daniel talks on his phone.

DANIEL
No, I'm not effing crazy. My dad
is. He forced me.

Daniel looks over at Jack in the SUV.

DANIEL
He's looking at me. Now he's
waving. Annnnd now he's leaving.

Daniel looks up at Mel's second-story window.

EXT. MELANIE'S JUNKYARD - NIGHT

Daniel and Mel walk through the eclectic, solar-lit junkyard.

DANIEL

I'm not naive. I know the criminal justice system, policing -- it needs to change. Massively.

MEL

And you're gonna change it?

DANIEL

Kind of, yeah.

Daniel sits on the rusted-out hood of an old car. Mel stands.

DANIEL

So at the academy, we had this ethics instructor give us a hypothetical. 'A man robs a bank and kills a teller, a customer, and a guard. Now he's leading police on a chase across town. The cars fly through a residential neighborhood. The robber speeds past a playground. A moment later, a basketball bounces across the street and a kid runs after it. Another moment later, one of the cop cars, also speeding down the street, kills the kid with the ball.'

MEL

Was it true?

DANIEL

Probably, yeah. But the point was that cops want to be heroes. And they get tunnel vision when it come to catching the bad guy. I guess that's really all that most cops care about, because then the instructor asked if what the cops did, while tragic, was excusable.

MEL

Of course it wasn't.

DANIEL

Of course. But it sparked a two-hour discussion.

(MORE)

DANIEL (CONT'D)

Because in that class of 37 police recruits, most of them believed the robber was solely to blame for the child's death. They said they also would have pursued the robber through the neighborhood. Pretty much with a reckless disregard for the citizens. There was no malice in their answers. Just a messed up perspective.

Mel sits down beside Daniel and takes his hand. He flinches, but lets her.

MEL

You're a good person...

DANIEL

But you don't have faith in me?

MEL

I just...have more faith in evil.

Daniel pulls his hand away.

DANIEL

How could you keep all these feelings from me?

MEL

You worship your father.

DANIEL

Yeah, well...

MEL

How could I talk shit about police without getting into an argument?

Mel gets up. Daniel follows. They walk over to a

METAL SCULPTURE GARDEN

and stand in front of a cluster of STEEL SUNFLOWERS.

MEL

When he got arrested--

DANIEL

Your father?

MEL

I was eight.

(MORE)

MEL (CONT'D)

They came to arrest him here at the junkyard. We were working on a welding project when they came in. My dad was confused and the cops started yelling. And they knocked stuff over and they knocked him over and they took him. And one cop came over here with his nightstick and smashed up my sunflowers. He was laughing.

Mel runs her hand up the REBAR stem of the sunflower, caressing the FLOWER HEAD.

MEL

I repaired them. But they were the first things I welded with my dad.

Daniel gently runs a finger along the delicate petals.

MEL

Cops are supposed to be the good guys.

DANIEL

There are some bad ones. Like any profession.

MEL

If the good ones are so good, why do the bad ones keep winning?

Long beat. Daniel has no answer.

DANIEL

What was your dad arrested for?

MEL

A set of stolen hubcaps.

Daniel chuckles. Mel scowls. *Oh, she wasn't joking.*

EXT. WALMART PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jack walks to the SUV, a large shopping bag in each hand. He's WHISTLING the theme to *The Andy Griffith Show*.

EXT. NARROW STREET - NIGHT

Jack holds the Walmart shopping bags out the SUV window. A few neighbors approach.

One neighbor reaches into a bag and comes out with boxes of INFLATABLE POOLS.

JACK
Courtesy of the department.

Nods of gratitude. Jack drives away.

EXT. MELANIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Daniel gets in the police SUV. Jack hits the siren. Mel waves from the curb.

JACK
So?

DANIEL
She just kept talking about law enforcement being messed up.

JACK
She's right. It's fucked. It fucked itself. Thing is, it can't just go away.

Daniel looks at Mel in the side mirror as Jack drives off.

EXT. HORSE STABLES - NIGHT

Jack and Daniel stand by a stable door with the TOP HALF open. They're speaking to: THE CISCO KID, 50s, black, with a horseshoe mustache and white cowboy hat.

JACK
The Cisco Kid maintained the stables back when we had a police mounted unit. Now he runs an after-school program, teaching kids how to ride horses, take care of them, shovel shit. Good character-building stuff.

DANIEL
Where do they ride?

CISCO KID
Same place you drive. No laws against it. Isn't that right, Jack? This here's the Wild West.

Daniel cranes his neck to get a better look into the stable.

DANIEL

Why are they wearing blankets in the summer?

CISCO KID

Heat don't vex the Clydesdales as much as flying pests. The pattern keeps 'em away.

JACK

What's the word on the frontier?
Any black hats on the prowl?

Cisco Kid glances at Daniel.

CISCO KID

(to Jack)

Talk in private?

JACK

It's okay.

CISCO KID

I gotta apologize, partner. I'm gonna have to disassociate for the time being. The block's too hot.

Cisco Kid points a FINGER GUN directly at Jack.

CISCO KID

You're too hot. It's that stuff going on with Tommy.

JACK

That's already getting around?

CISCO KID

Tommy's shit isn't some new discovery. Whoever didn't know, sure did after his little yuppie pal got gunned down last month. But now it's all out in the open.

Jack feels Daniel's eyes boring into him.

JACK

It sounds like people around the way know more about this than me.

CISCO KID

Nobody wants to hitch their wagon to your horse. So to speak. They don't know who you're in with.

JACK
I'm just me, Kid.

CISCO KID
But if you took up with a crook,
or donned the black hat a time or
two -- maybe you got to own that.

DANIEL
What is going on?

Jack holds up his hand -- a very clear *STOP*. Daniel stews.

CISCO KID
There's a storm brewing, partner.
And I ain't trying to get caught
in it. You take care of yourself.

Cisco Kid shuts the stable door. Daniel stares at Jack,
awaiting an explanation. Instead he gets--

JACK
(chuckling)
I've had a lot of doors shut in my
face. Never a barn door.

Daniel ignores his father and wanders around the side of the
building, where he gets a CLEAR VIEW of the

STABLE AREA

Several horses are gathered, covered in striped blankets --
ZEBRA PRINT.

EXT. LAYLA'S CORNER - NIGHT

WOOP-WOOP (that's the sound of da police).

LAYLA, 40, a well kept but garishly dressed prostitute strolls
over to the passenger side window of the

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - CONTINUOUS

Layla taps her painted nail extensions on the window. Daniel
looks over to Jack. *What do I do?*

JACK
Roll it down.

Daniel rolls it down a few inches.

JACK
All the way. It's fine.

LAYLA
Who's the newbie?

JACK
That's my son. Danny.

Layla shakes Danny's hand. She spots his name tag.

LAYLA
He really is your boy.

JACK
Yes ma'am. First night. Got
anything for us?

LAYLA
You got anything for me?
(whispers)
What about that good stuff?

Daniel shoots a look at Jack who's smiling his ass off.

JACK
It spoiled. Sorry.

LAYLA
Damn. I'll take breakfast then.
You wanna know the corner sitch?

JACK
Layla, I love ya. Everyone else
has been freezing me out.

Layla blows a kiss.

LAYLA
Rocky's corner has been a ghost
town since the shooting. But B and
Clearfield was hopping earlier.
Subs and dope I heard.

JACK
Hold on, isn't that the Yuppies'
corner?

LAYLA
Still is far as I know. Choco chip
waffles, please. And none of that
runny maple. I want that thick
ass, fake ass fructose seeerup.
(MORE)

LAYLA (CONT'D)
(to Danny)
You make sure.

DANIEL
Just not from the Arrow.

LAYLA
(to Jack)
He's a good kid.

But Jack is lost in thought.

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT

From a distance, Daniel and Jack observe a drug corner.

DANIEL
You forced me to go to Mel's. The
armistice has ended. Tell me what
the Cisco Kid was talking about.

JACK
I honestly don't know.
(off Daniel's burning rage)
And I don't know the charges
against Tommy or why it's Federal.
But I do know that he was friendly
with the people at this corner.
The Yuppies. The dealers.

Jack points to an obvious hand-to-hand drug deal. The Yuppies
aren't very good at this.

JACK
And that's all you're getting.

Daniel's all right with that. For now. He and Jack observe the
two BUYERS walk down the block. Jack drives to

THE NEXT STREET OVER

and SPEEDS down the block.

DANIEL
What about the dealers?

JACK
I've been up for 36 hours. I'm not
trying to work overtime tonight.

Jack slows down as he watches the buyers shuffle down an
EMBANKMENT into

EXT. "THE TRACKS" - NIGHT

A literal drug DEN.

Nestled amid abandoned, overgrown train tracks. Broken furniture, trash, and syringes carpet the ground.

The two spindly buyers, CLYDE and BOBBY (both 30s) sit on a grungy mattress. Clyde takes out a length of rubber tubing.

Jack and Daniel mosey over. Clyde and Bobby stare up at them.

JACK
Hiya, fellas.

CLYDE
I'm sorry.

Bobby nods in agreement. Jack shines his flashlight on the mattress, illuminating the baggie of heroin.

JACK
Weren't you just in treatment?

CLYDE
A month ago. It didn't work.

JACK
Why do you come right back to this hood? You know it's only trouble.

CLYDE
Where else am I gonna go?

JACK
Gonna have to take you boys in.

The buyers SIGH.

CLYDE
I understand, sir.

JACK
Stand on up.

The cops handcuff the buyers.

JACK
(to Daniel)
Sometimes there's a loose syringe on their person. I don't want to do a pat down without my kevlar gloves. I left them in the car.

CLYDE
No, sir. We're careful.

JACK
I'm careful too.

Daniel starts back to the SUV. Once he's out of earshot--

JACK
I know you fellas are careful. Now listen. I may have a deal for ya if you can answer some questions about the Yuppie corner.

BOBBY
I don't know nothin'.

JACK
Not a good start.

CLYDE
I know some things.

JACK
That's better. Now the corner you bought this heroin, how long have they been selling dope there? Wasn't it always just weed?

CLYDE
Shoot, has to have been a few weeks...at least. Around when Roger got killed.

JACK
Who's Roger?

CLYDE
Roger Klotz. That's what everybody called him. The Yuppie kid with the haircut. You know, shaved on the side and then combed over. Super nice dude.

Jack is visibly shaken.

JACK
That was over heroin?

CLYDE
I only use it. I don't really keep up on the politics.

JACK
You remember my other partner?

BOBBY
Oorah!

JACK
Yeah, that's him. What've you been hearing?

CLYDE
Sir, I'm sorry to trouble you. But I have to go to the bathroom. Number shit, sir.

JACK
Can you hold it?

Hell no.

JACK
Bobby, do you want to go to jail?

BOBBY
No.

JACK
Good.

Jack uncuffs Bobby. Daniel returns with Jack's gloves.

JACK
Take your friend into the bushes and help him with his dope shits.

CLYDE
There's nothing to wipe with.

Daniel gives Bobby a WaWa napkin.

BOBBY
That's too small.

JACK
Find something. Use his underwear.

CLYDE
Please hurry!

Bobby pulls down Clyde's pants. Jack and Daniel turn their backs and take a few steps.

DANIEL
How do you know everyone?

JACK
The 'hood gets real small after
dark.

A cacophony of intestinal GROWLS, Clyde's YELPS, and Bobby's
DRY HEAVES. And then--

TIRES SCREECHING

GLASS BREAKING

METAL TWISTING

THE STOLEN (AND RE-STOLEN) GREEN CIVIC

Pitched downward at 45 degrees, caught between a tree and the
embankment.

As Daniel and Jack approach, a young boy crawls out from the
driver's side floor.

DANIEL
Raymond? Are you okay?

Raymond looks down at himself. Shrugs. *Yeah, I guess.* Daniel
grasps his arm.

Jack kneels in front of the boy. Raymond stares at him. Jack
opens his mouth to speak but closes it. He just shakes his head
and stands up again.

Clyde and Bobby wander over, gaping at the wreckage. Jack
UNCUFFS Clyde.

JACK
You two get outta here. Get help.

Bobby runs off. Clyde bows with gratitude and waddles off.

DANIEL
You're letting them go?

JACK
You haven't put enough people
behind bars tonight?

DANIEL
This isn't what I had in mind.

Daniel SIGHS and looks down at Raymond.

TURNKEY (PRE-LAP)
Prisoners!

INT. HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

A special response team of ARMED AND ARMORED GUARDS stand just outside the cell door. The Turnkey prepares to buzz them in.

TURNKEY
Hands on the wall!

DETAINEES walks to the edges of the cell, put their hands against the wall. Some look over their shoulder toward the

CENTER OF THE CELL

The door BUZZES and opens. The guards enter in a tactical formation. One guard picks up a SHIV from the floor.

The team approaches the BLOODIED, LIFELESS body of Tofer.

INT./EXT. POLICE SUV - NIGHT

Daniel is slumped in the passenger seat while Jack drives.

DANIEL
I have this constant doubt, like
no matter what I decide, it's
going to be wrong.

JACK
Normal.

DANIEL
When does it go away?

JACK
When you realize right and
wrong...are kind of tricky.

DANIEL
Come on, Pop. You can't subscribe
to moral relativism.

Jack rolls his eyes so far into his skull it makes him dizzy.

A high-pitched WARBLE comes over the radio. Daniel perks up.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
All units be advised, silent alarm
tripped at Tran's Pharmacy.

JACK
Fuckin' Tran.

DANIEL
(into radio)
24-18 we'll get that.

JACK
Tran's is always bullshit. And we
have a juvenile prisoner.

DANIEL
I'll just run in and clear it.

Daniel flicks the Jason Bourne SIREN.

EXT. TRAN'S PHARMACY - NIGHT

Jack waits in the SUV. Daniel heads for the entrance.

DANIEL
(into radio)
24-18 on location.

Daniel rests his hand on his holster.

INT. TRAN'S PHARMACY - NIGHT

Lights on, no cashier. Daniel UNLATCHES his holster.

EXT. TRAN'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Pagliano pulls his car alongside Jack's. Daniel's voice comes over their radios.

DANIEL (O.S.)
24-18, there's no cashier here.
Checking in back.

Jack and Pagliano converse through their open windows.

PAGLIANO
Tran's probably pinching a loaf.

JACK
Are you the one who had a pool
party earlier?

PAGLIANO
Complaint?

JACK
Yeah, asshole. How about don't be
an asshole.

PAGLIANO
Or what? You gonna tell on me?

JACK
Question my loyalty again and see
what happens.

Pagliano just laughs. Jack doesn't.

INT. TRAN'S PHARMACY - NIGHT

A MOP dunks into a bucket of water.

DANIEL

looks in the direction of the sound. He sees a head moving down an aisle. He switches off his RADIO. Gets low, aims his gun.

DOWN THE AISLE

A TRAIL OF BLOOD. The wet mop smears it around.

TRAN, wearing a shirt and tie, slowly mops the floor. He's in some kind of STUPOR.

Propped up against a shelving fixture is a SECURITY GUARD--
--covered in blood, wriggling his legs, trying to sit himself upright.

Daniel approaches. Tran doesn't register his presence, just continues mopping.

Daniel makes eye contact with the Guard. The Guard WHEEZES and GURGLES and grasps at his chest.

MUZAK on the store stereo seems to grow LOUDER. Absently, Daniel keys his shoulder mic.

DANIEL
(into radio)
There's been a shooting. The
guard's shot. Uh, uh...send medic.

Daniel kneels beside the guard. They make eye contact.

DANIEL
Where are you shot?

PANTING and WHEEZING. The Guard's uniform is drenched in blood, the origin impossible to discern. Daniel's hands hover near the guard.

DANIEL
Uh. Gunshot wound. Apply pressure.
Fucking where?!
(into radio)
Send medic!

Tran's mop handle bumps into Daniel's back. Startled, he whips around. Grabs the mop from Tran and flings it down the aisle.

DANIEL
Snap out of it!

Daniel gets up, pushes past Tran, and runs outside.

EXT. TRAN'S PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jasmine's car pulls up just as Daniel appears in the doorway of the store, frazzled.

The cops all exchange looks through their open windows.

Jasmine is first out of her car. She runs to Daniel, leading him back into the store.

INT. TRAN'S PHARMACY - NIGHT

Daniel and Jasmine rush down the aisle, to the Guard.

JASMINE
Holy ghost.
(into radio)
24-12 to dispatch. Send medic. We
have a gunshot victim here.

She points at Daniel.

JASMINE
Go to the baby aisle and get some
diapers. The overnight kind.
(off Daniel's look)
Daniel. Okay? Repeat that.

DANIEL
Yeah, baby aisle. Diapers.

JASMINE
The over--

DANIEL
Overnight kind. Yeah.

JASMINE

Go!

DANIEL

Sorry.

Daniel runs past Jack and Pagliano, who are trying to get Tran to sit down.

Jasmine rips open the Guard's uniform shirt. She takes out her knife, cuts the Guard's t-shirt. BLOOD spills from his torso.

Jasmine takes off her own uniform shirt, She uses it to wipe the Guard's torso while looking for the entry wound -- there are several.

Daniel returns with the diapers. Jasmine rips open the package. Unfolds one and presses it against the torso.

JASMINE

Keep unfolding. Get them ready.

Jack stands at the end of the aisle, watching.

JACK

(sotto)

Tran's is always bullshit.

Jasmine tosses a BLOODY DIAPER on the floor. Daniel holds out a fresh one.

INT. OPERATIONS ROOM - NIGHT

Jasmine enters in a blood-spotted white tee. APPLAUSE and CHEERS from other cops. Gethard puts an arm around Jasmine.

CORPORAL GETHARD

Your guard's in stable condition.

Daniel and Jack enter in sweaty white tees.

CORPORAL GETHARD

The Harrows. Big first night, huh?

JACK

Greatest show on Earth.

Daniel makes eye contact with Jasmine and quickly looks away.

JASMINE

The rookie did good, Corp.

CORPORAL GETHARD
No doubt. Have you two heard about
your scofflaw yet?

Jack shoots Gethard a knowing look. *This can't be good.*

INT. BREEN'S OFFICE - NIGHT

SLAPPY-SUCKY sounds come from Breen's mouth as he CHEWS on a grape Laffy Taffy. The door bangs open, and Jack enters.

JACK
I'm ready to talk, dick-brain.

Breen motions to a chair. Jack sits.

He looks at Breen's stupid face. His stupid jaw jutting out sideways. His stupid mouth dripping grape-tinged DROOL.

JACK
Nope. Nope, I can't do it. I just
hate you so much.

Jack storms out.

EXT. 24TH DISTRICT HEADQUARTERS - DAWN

Jack and Daniel shake hands. Daniel climbs on his BICYCLE.

JACK
I can take you home.

DANIEL
Nah, I want to stretch my legs.

JACK
All right. Well, good first night.

DANIEL
You too.

Jack walks to his truck. He reaches into his pocket. Looks down at his open palm -- the two GPS TRACKERS.

ACROSS THE STREET

Big Strapped Dude sits in his car, watching the Harrows.

INT. JACK'S EL CAMINO - DAWN

The GLARE of the rising sun attacks Jack from all angles.

Squinting, he pulls down the visor. Puts on sunglasses -- no help. Plays with the visor's positioning, smacking it around.

He's getting frustrated. We all are. Finally, he RIPS the visor down. So satisfying. He glances in his REARVIEW.

JACK
All right then.

Jack pulls over.

EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - DAWN

Jack leaves his truck and walks back to the

PESKY BLUE BEEMER

The tinted driver's window rolls down to reveal: a woman with a HUGE AFRO and a man with a FAUX-HAWK, both in TAILORED SUITS.

Jack holds out the two GPS trackers.

HUGE AFRO
Why don't you keep them.

JACK
Who are you?

HUGE AFRO
The dawn of a new motherfuckin' age.

Jack slowly extends his hand.

JACK
Jack.

They shake.

EXT. DELAWARE RIVERFRONT - DAWN

Daniel bikes past the factories, docks, and shipping terminals -- blue collar Philly starting its day. He looks out at the river, reflecting the rising sun.

Against an orange sky, THREE SILHOUETTES lumber along:

Elephants.

FADE OUT.