

# **BROTHERS BADGE**

by

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INT. GLADE RESIDENCE, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS - DAY

PAN ACROSS A WALL COVERED IN PLAQUES, MEDALS, NEWSPAPER CLIPPINGS. A PROUD DISPLAY OF A LINEAGE OF FAMILY OF COPS.

COLIN

(V.O.) All my life I've known only one thing: being a cop. Protect and serve. It runs through our bloodline like we were built for it. The badge we wear is more like our family crest: my grandfather, my father, my brother and now me.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Camera pans around the outside of a car in a alley outside City Hall. Someone is moving inside on the drivers side.

COLIN

(V.O.) One thing is for certain... it's an honorable, respected profession. Can't say that about too many things in this world anymore.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Camera comes around to the driver's side window, showing Michael in the driver's seat fumbling with his tie in the rear view.

COLIN

(V.O.) I've looked up to all these men; we always believed in the motto "crime doesn't pay..."

Beat

COLIN

But something's changed...  
Michael's changed.

In frustration Michael leans back and takes a swig from a bottle of whiskey stuck between his legs, mumbling to himself.

COLIN  
(V.O.) He used to be my hero, but  
now... He's just... different,  
different person, different cop.

Michael drinks sullenly as he looks out the window.

COLIN  
(V.O.) I suppose that's how we all  
got here.

Michael tries again and manages a rather poor knot

MICHAEL  
Damn thing!

He finishes the bottle and throws to the floor board.  
Michael opens the door and exits the car.

COLIN  
(V.O.) To this point.

FADE TO BLACK

We hear ample applause. It softens down.

TOM  
(V.O.) Thank you.

FADE IN

INT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

TOM GLADE, mid-60's, weathered, stands behind a podium in front of a small sea of seated officers, city officials and family members and smiles. Christmas decorations strung all around the room. Tom holds up his hand.

TOM  
Thank you to those in attendance  
and the men and women that have  
helped me succeed these last 38  
years.

He looks out into the audience and finds his family's table. His wife Gina, late 50's, and Colin, late 20's clean-cut. A

beautiful, young Carmen, mid 20's, sits next to Colin, holds his hand atop the table.

Tom surveys the room noting Michael's empty chair.

TOM

We are here tonight to change the guard. After 40 years of the privilege of working with the finest men and women I have ever known.

MEDIUM SHOT OF TOM

TOM

I've been there while you fought, and bled to keep this city safe.

Michael sneaks quietly through the door, moving stealthily to his seat. Tom Watches.

TOM

We've fought the gangs, the drug dealers, and corruption, patrolling our city hour after hour, keeping it a decent place to raise a family.

Michael makes it to his seat. Gina, his mother eye him, but smiles and fixes his tie.

TOM

Tomorrow, nothing changes, tomorrow you will do your job, I will be proud of you.

Applause. Michael turns to watch his father.

TOM

There's nothing more important than family.

Michael nods as his father eyes fall upon him.

TOM  
And feel I have been blessed with  
two families.

Tom reengages the room.

TOM  
One of my flesh and blood (beat)  
and one of the badge.

Colin eyes his brother, rolls his eyes. Michael holds up a cautionary pointer finger to his younger brother.

TOM  
(In the background)  
The bond that exists of family is  
more than time, stress or  
circumstances can break.

Michael reaches into his pocket and digs out his cell phone and puts it to his ear.

MICHAEL  
(Into Phone) Go.

Tom takes note of Michael's detachment from his words.

TOM  
I want to leave you with something  
that was said to me a long time ago  
something I took to heart.

Michael plugs in his other ear and leans away from the table. Carmen distracts Colin with a kiss on his hand. Tom speaking in the back ground.

TOM  
At his best, man is the noblest of  
all animals, separated from law and  
justice, he is the worst. I  
believe that rings just as true  
with family sometimes, Aristotle at  
his finest.

MICHAEL  
Carter? You there?

CARTER

(O.S.) I'm here. It's a go.

Michael looks around, finds Tom looking him in the eye. The eldest son, ducks his head down back to his conversation.

MICHAEL

OK, we're on! Don't move 'til I get there.

He hangs up, pockets his phone. Michael stands, leans into the table.

MICHAEL

(to the Table) I'm very sorry, gotta take this one. Duty calls.

COLIN

Are you serious?

MICHAEL

You sure you want to be a detective? (to Gina) Mom, I love you. Same time next week?

She nods in compliance, forces a grin.

GINA

Okay, honey, be careful.

MICHAEL

Tell Dad congratulations.

GINA

I will.

Michael makes a hasty exit. Tom watches.

TOM

We stand here together...

Tom raises his glass - officers all standing in unison lifting their glasses.

TOM  
brothers in uniform, brothers in  
strife, brothers in life, brothers  
of the badge.

Tom drinks from his glass, all in the room do the same  
repeating brothers.

TOM  
Thank you all very much.

The crowd rewards him with more applause. He steps back from  
the podium and is immediately met by a bombardment of  
handshakes and hugs from the congregation. He scans the room  
for Michael, doesn't see him. Tom drifts off for a brief  
second, produces a C+ grin, comes back and extends his small  
talk session.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Michael gently shuts the hood of his car. He's laced up in a  
bullet-proof vest, sporting a Glock in his hand. He walks  
towards us up a driveway.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

The rundown neighborhood looks as dead as the surrounding  
foliage. Cars parked in yards, overgrown grass. Michael  
approaches a trio of men in similar garb. Ready for war.  
Very swat-esque. Loud music blares from inside the house.

MICHAEL  
Status?

Jones looks up.

JONES  
(Southern accent) Three inside back  
door's boarded up.

KIRK  
No other exits.

MICHAEL

Copy that.

He looks around at all of them.

MICHAEL

We've been workin' this for a while now, we've been careful, so don't screw this up, stick to the plan. Jonesy, flashbangs?

JONES

Hell yeah, son, ready to rock and roll.

MICHAEL

Good. Take point.

JONES

Roger that.

MICHAEL

Let's protect and serve.

KIRK

(under breath) Heh heh heh, protect and serve

The triad all don ski masks, get into position outside the front door. Jones pulls a flash grenade and looks Michael in the eye. Michael nods. Jones smashes a small window pane and tosses it in. Everyone ducks. There is a loud bang and light flashes inside. Jones raises his boot and hammers it down on the door.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

The door kicks in. Jones enters, gun aimed. The other detectives follow close behind him, all battle-ready. All goes quiet except the sound of Michael's heartbeat.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT MICHAEL'S POV

ALL IN SLOW MOTION.

Michael brings up the rear, watches the group approach two black gangbangers, and one hispanic gangbanger seated at a table. They shield their eyes wincing. A black bag of money sits on the table. black gangbanger #1 focuses his eyes, stands, pulls a weapon. Carter blasts him in the chest. Kirk tackles the Hispanic Gangbanger to the ground. Michael aims his canon at black gangbanger#2.

EVERYTHING SPEEDS BACK UP.

MICHAEL

Move and I will personally put one  
in your throat! (to Black  
Gangbanger #2) Sit down!

The kid does so.

MICHAEL

Hands on the table.

He complies again with a look of utter disdain. Kirk and Jones get Kirk's captive cuffed and to his feet, throws him back into his seat.

KIRK

(to Hispanic Gangbanger) You heard  
the man.

MICHAEL

(to Ruffians ) Anyone else in the  
house?

No response.

CARTER

Aw, come on now, kiddos

Carter pulls a knife, pushing it slightly into the Hispanic kid's shoulder. He yells out. Carter cleans his clock with a hard fist to the jaw.

CARTER  
Indoor voices, son.

Michael loosens up, lowers his gun and looks at the cut on the man's shoulder.

MICHAEL  
Damn, looked like it hurt.

He leans in closer to him.

MICHAEL  
Now, I'm a firm believer in the statement 'you ask nice, you ask twice.' So, I'm gonna ask this one last time, is there anybody else in this house?

Beat.

Gangbanger shaking

BLACK GANGBANGER #2  
Nah, man, aint nobody else.

MICHAEL  
Good boy.

Michael digs through the black bag, retrieves a fist-sized bag of blow and smiles.

MICHAEL  
Bonus! (laughing)

JONES  
Gonna be a white Christmas.

He puts it back and stuffs the cash into the bag.

Jones looks evilly at the hapless men. Michael grabs the bag

MICHAEL  
Meet back at base camp.

Michael walks off.

BLACK GANGBANGER #2  
Y'all mothafuckas ain't gon' get  
away with this shit! Got no idea  
who you fuckin' with!

Jones rams the butt of his gun into the Gangbanger's face.

JONES  
Shut up!

Carter laughs

CARTER  
I'm sure we'll find out.

He removes his badge suspended on a chain behind his vest.

CARTER  
See that you piece of shit?

The Gangbanger cradles his jawline with his hands.

CARTER  
This means probable cause for  
anything that happens here, bro,  
which sucks for you.

Michael shuffles back out the door, bag in hand.

CARTER  
Didn't he tell you to keep your  
hands on the table?

The Gangbanger eyes him, spits out blood. Carter points his  
gun at him.

CARTER  
(Serious tone) I specifically  
remember my boy askin' you to keep  
your hands on the table!

He obeys, puts his shaky hands on the table.

CARTER  
Didn't you hear me? Boy!

BLACK GANGBANGER #2  
They on the table man, they on the  
table!

CARTER  
Resisting an officer of the law?

BLACK GANGBANGER #2  
(Panicking) No man, they on the  
table, what?

Jones laughs

JONES  
Suspect is becoming aggressive  
boys!

KIRK  
Jesus, Carter just pop 'em already.

Carter sarcastically motions for Kirk to do it.

KIRK  
(Dry) Wouldn't wanna spoil your  
fun.

They share a brief glare.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael throws the bag and his gear in the trunk, closes it,  
walks around to his door. We hear two gunshots. He looks  
around the street gets in the car and takes off.

CUT TO:

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAWN

Colin and Carmen lie back to back in BED, she is wearing an  
unbuttoned shirt, he is naked. Daylight creeps in through  
the window. Colin sits wide awake, staring at something on  
the wall. A framed picture of Colin and Michael from their  
youth. Carmen slowly rolls over, drapes her arms over him.

CARMEN  
You sleep at all?

Kisses his cheek.

COLIN  
Not really.

CARMEN  
There's too much on your mind?

He turns over, wraps her up in his arms, kisses her forehead.

Beat.

COLIN  
You think I should go over there?

CARMEN  
Over where?

COLIN  
To Michael's.

CARMEN  
What good will that do?

COLIN  
I dunno babe, it's just, he keeps getting further away. After him leaving Dad's retirement party, I just wonder if something's goin' on with him, you know?

She traces the design of his face with her finger-tips.

CARMEN  
Maybe it's just better not to know.

He sits up a little.

COLIN  
What do you mean?

CARMEN

I, I mean, even if he gave you some sort of reason or story, do you think it'd true?

COLIN

Michael's never lied to me before why would he start now? There's something going on.

He gets out of bed. We see him walking away behind her.

COLIN

I'm taking a shower.

She watches him cross to the bathroom no clothes on, enter and close the door behind him. Carmen lays back down, turns on her side chewing her lip in silence until the woosh of the shower cranks on.

CUT TO:

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE, BATHROOM SHOWER - MORNING

Colin rests his head against the wall tiles under the shower nozzle. Hot water cascades over him, He zones out for a moment. Steam permeates the room. Behind him we see, Carmen entering she pauses watching Colin. She drops the shirt and walks towards the shower. We see her walking away from the camera opening the shower door. Back to Colin eyes closed. The sliding door creeps open and Carmen sneaks in stealthily, chest high view of her.

CUT TO:

Rear view of her entering shower, She hugs him, kisses his back and shoulders.

CARMEN

OK, you go caught me. I just wanted you to myself a little longer.

He pivots around to face her.

Colin looks at her beauty and love and smiles. They kiss and release.

COLIN  
Is that right

CARMEN  
(Nodding)  
mm hmm

COLIN  
I'm not in a HUGE hurry or  
anything.

CARMEN  
Is that right?

COLIN  
Just saying, it's negotiable.

Carmen moves her hand down between his legs (not shown but implied)

CARMEN  
Well then, let's negotiate.

They both smile, embrace.

CUT TO:

EXT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Colin stands on a rickety porch. Beads of rain gingerly fall from the overcast skies. He knocks. Nothing. He looks about the property.

COLIN  
Michael?

Knocking again.

COLIN  
Hey Michael, open up. It's me.

He starts to knock a third time.

MICHAEL  
(O.S.) Come in!

COLIN  
(sotto)  
There we go.

He opens the door, steps inside.

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

The dwelling is messy with trash strewn about. Colin takes notes and closes the door.

COLIN  
(projecting) Like what you've done  
with the place.

MICHAEL  
(O.S.) Ah, you know, it's all about  
the feng shui.

COLIN  
Very dark ages.

Colin looks about the place.

COLIN  
Where are you?

He peers around the corner, into Michael's bedroom. From outside the doorway we see Michael, pulling on his pants barefoot with no shirt. A half-naked woman is out cold on the bed behind him. A near empty whiskey bottle sits on a small table by the bed.

COLIN  
Oh, sorry. My bad.

He backs away.

Michael walks out shutting the door to his room.

COLIN  
Who is that?

Michael walks past the other towards the kitchen. Pausing looking back.

MICHAEL  
ah, she's the result of too much  
tequila.

COLIN  
Eh, rough night on the town?

MICHAEL  
I do what I like on my nights off,  
thanks.

COLIN  
You said you were on, at Dad's  
ceremony.

Michael stiffens up.

MICHAEL  
Did I? (he pauses looking at Colin)  
We wrapped it up earlier than  
expected. Simple bust.

Michael walks off into the kitchen

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - DAY

Michael a beeline for the rusted fridge and opens it. Colin follows him in, leans on a sink packed with dirty dishes. Bugs crawl around the sink. Colin takes his hand off and rubs it clean.

COLIN  
Seemed pretty important.

MICHAEL  
Did it?

Michael eyes Colin not answering.

COLIN  
(chuckling trying to break the  
tension) Well, I hope to have hours  
like you when I make detective.  
Seems pretty flexible.

Michael turns to the fridge.

MICHAEL  
IF you make detective.

They lock eyes.

MICHAEL  
If you do, you'll understand some  
of the tolls and rewards the job  
carries with it.

Michael retrieves two cans of beer from the fridge, closes  
it with his hip, holding a can out to Colin.

COLIN  
Tolls and rewards, huh?

Michael waits.

Colin shakes his head

MICHAEL  
Suit yourself.

COLIN  
It's 9 AM.

MICHAEL  
Why are you here? Aren't you  
supposed to be patrolling  
somewhere?

Michael pops his can open, swigs it and sits at a table.  
Colin studies his brother.

COLIN  
It's Saturday.

Michael sets down his beer.

MICHAEL  
And?

COLIN  
I don't work weekends, remember?

MICHAEL

Oh, yeah, that's right, I forgot,  
bankers hours.

Colin grits his teeth and let's it go. Michael reclaims his beverage, samples it. The pair study each other. Colin joins him in sitting.

COLIN

Is everything okay, man?

Michael drinks deeply.

MICHAEL

What do you mean?

Colin swallows.

COLIN

It's just, you been distant. I know things have been tough with work. I understand-

MICHAEL

You understand?

COLIN

Yeah, I just mean-

MICHAEL

What do you understand? Huh? What do you think you understand?

COLIN

Come on Mikey.

MICHAEL

Come on Mikey? Come on Colin! Don't pretend!

COLIN

I ain't pretending!

Michael sits bolt upright his fist into the table. Colin is clearly startled.

MICHAEL  
The hell you ain't! (Michael  
breathes deep) Drop the show, I  
ain't Mom and Dad.

COLIN  
What? Show? What are you talking  
ab-

MICHAEL  
Yeah, the perfect son production! I  
know better! You got your dark side  
too! But I'm not passing judgement.

COLIN  
(Regretful) Look, I'm not-passing  
judge-

Michael gets up, takes his beverages.

MICHAEL  
Save it, Colin. This ain't a  
church, you're not a preacher, so  
save your sermon.

He polishes off the remainder of the can, chunks it in the  
trash, looks up. He opens the other beer and reclaims his  
throne.

COLIN  
I'm just trying to help, and you  
still owe Dad an explanation.

Long beat as Michael looks at Colin.

MICHAEL  
And there it is.

COLIN  
(almost pleading)  
It was his night, you knew that.

MICHAEL  
Hey, at least I showed up.

COLIN  
(growing frustration)  
Every cop in the city was there.  
You're his oldest son. It's the  
least you could've done!

MICHAEL  
I had a job to do, that happens on  
IT'S time! Something you're gonna  
have to learn!

Colin glares defiantly at Michael

MICHAEL  
Name one important decision you've  
made since becoming a cop?

Colin calms his intensified breathing.

COLIN  
To be an honest one.

Michael's glares.

MICHAEL  
(quiet menace to his voice) And just  
what the hell is that supposed to  
mean?

COLIN  
I've been hearing things around the  
department.

MICHAEL  
Is that right?

Michael's glare becomes a smoldering scary smile.

MICHAEL  
I don't give a shit what you've  
been hearing.

Colin is angry but holds it in.

MICHAEL

So, If you're done with your guilt trip visit, I've got things to do today.

COLIN

I don't know what's going on with you Michael, but I can help out.

Colin looks at Michael, Michael is impassive.

MICHAEL

Then you can let yourself out, I assume?

Colin shakes his head and walks out of.

COLIN

See you Monday.

MICHAEL

Crossing my fingers.

(OS) the front door slams. Michael stares at the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. TRAP HOUSE, CRIME SCENE - DAY

Colin and his partner, Rodriguez, late-20's, stands outside the house webbed in caution tape. Crime scene investigators trickle in and out.

RODRIGUEZ

Classic drug deal gone wrong, man.

COLIN

Maybe.

RODRIGUEZ

The way shits been goin' down here lately, par for the course, mijo.

COLIN

Doesn't feel like it. Precise, In and out. They used flash bangs.

RODRIGUEZ  
True, true, but still-

CARTER  
(O.S.) Well, well, well, the  
puppies have strayed from the  
kennel.

They turn around. Carter and Michael stand behind them.

MICHAEL  
What do we got here, boys?

COLIN  
Three dead. Neighbor called in, the  
door's been wide open all weekend.  
Multiple weapons and they used a  
flas-

Michael pats him on the shoulder.

MICHAEL  
Settle down there, Dick Tracy,

COLIN  
Michael, they used a freakin'-

MICHAEL  
Appreciate the info, now let the  
real detectives take it from here.

He winks at his little sibling, walks by him. Colin tightens his jaw up.

Carter and Michael walk past the rookies. Carter chests up to both of them along the way.

The partners hold their tongues, let them through sans drama.

EXT. TRAP HOUSE, COLIN'S SQUAD-CAR - DAY

Rodriguez and Colin make their way to the car, Colin to the driver's side.

RODRIGUEZ  
Your brother, miijo, what a guy?

COLIN  
Tell me about it.

They open their doors, get in.

DISPATCHER comes in over the radio.

DISPATCH  
(O.S.) Unit 22-10 415 reported at  
the Golden Lotus Gentleman's club  
off Buena Vista.

CUT TO:

INT. TRAP HOUSE, CRIME SCENE - DAY

Michael watches Colin, turn on the SIRENS and bolt off down  
the street through a WINDOW.

CARTER  
(O.S.) You think he knows  
something?

MICHAEL  
Nah.

CARTER  
(O.S.) Hope you're right.

Michael turns back to Carter.

MICHAEL  
He's just a little fish tryin' to  
make a big splash. That's all.

Michael looks about the scene.

CARTER  
Long as he don't try and be no  
hero.

Michael looks at the retreating patrol car and back at  
Carter already walking away.

EXT. BOOBS BUTTS AND BITCHES

Colin and Rodriguez pull up to a scene of mayhem. Two men are fighting in the parking lot and a half naked woman is on a man's back hitting him with her shoe screaming at him.

STRIPPER

You owe me five dollars!

The man is running turning to cover up.

Rodriguez is staring opened mouth at the scene

RODRIGUEZ

You have to be kidding me.

He makes the paper rock scissors gesture

RODRIGUEZ

For the stripper! (grinning)

COLIN

That's OK, she's all yours

They pile out of the car towards their respective assignments.

Colin approaches the men fighting as one man drops the other with a brutal uppercut. He sees Colin and starts backing up.

FIGHTER

Hey man now he started it, called my woman a whore

COLIN

OK, I understand but we are all going to have to go downtown

FIGHTER

No way man

COLIN

You can't just beat someone up for calling people names

FIGHTER  
I'm not GOIN!

Meanwhile Rodriguez is trying to wrestle the woman from the man she is kicking and screaming

RODRIGUEZ  
OK, Lady let's climb down off there  
OK?

STRIPPER  
This son of a bitch owes me five  
dollars!

RODRIGUEZ  
OK, let's be nice and work this  
out.

Rodriguez reaches up to pull her down and she swipes him in the mouth with her shoes busting his mouth open.

Rodriguez recoils wiping blood from his mouth.

RODRIGUEZ  
OK! Let's try not so nice.

He snaps his tazer for its holster and unceremoniously applies it to her g-stringed ass. She falls limp to the payment with a loud dull thump. The jolt also drops the man to his knees.

MAN  
Hey man that got me too!

Rodriguez looks down at the man almost angrily. But then smiles satisfied ass he looks at the stripper laying on the ground spread eagle.

RODRIGUEZ  
Collateral damage.

Colin is closing on his man, who yells

FIGHTER  
I told you I am NOT going!

The man pulls a pistol from his back pocket and levels it at Colin's face. Immediately Colin raises his hands.

COLIN

Whoa man easy.

Colin flashes his hands quickly swiping the gun from the man and pointing it at him, along with a front kick to double the man over a touch.

COLIN

Down! Get down now!

The man complies and Colin drives the man to the ground with his foot.. Hands behind your back. Colin cuffs him quickly and searches him.

He stand the man up and walks him to his unit. He looks over at Rodriguez. Standing over the now incapacitated stripper.

COLIN

Foreplay? (mockingly)

RODRIGUEZ

HAHA (Sarcastically.)

CUT TO:

INT. WALLY'S BAR - NIGHT

The owner, Wally, 60's, helps customers, restocks bottle, cleans dishes. The place is a stone's throw from hole in the wall but peppered with cheerful patrons. Colin sits in street clothes at the end of the bar on his phone smiling. Wally approaches him.

COLIN

I'm telling you, these strippers were fighting over a five dollar bill, No, they weren't attractive, I promise, on the way, right now, love you, too.

He hangs up, blushes kind of. Wally finds the nearest glass, polishes it with a towel.

WALLY  
Your gorgeous wife?

COLIN  
She sends her love, Uncle Wally.

WALLY  
I haven't seen her in ages. How is she doing?

Wally finds another glass.

COLIN  
She's doin' good. Just loves being home, you know? She told me to tell you that you would see her before Christmas.

WALLY  
I may hold her to that.

COLIN  
But what about you? How are things? Business looks good.

Wally polishes off the glass, wipes down the bar.

WALLY  
Yeah, you know, I can't really complain. Another day, another dollar. Winter's always slow. Typical season: hot, cold, dry, wet.

COLIN  
Texas for you.

Beat.

WALLY  
Yeah...

COLIN  
You seen Michael at all?

Wally flicks his towel over his shoulder, leans in closer.

WALLY

(Quiet) As a matter of fact, he came in the other night.

COLIN

Yeah?

Colin finishes his beer, scoots it towards Wally, who grabs it, trashes it.

WALLY

Yeah, he didn't look too hot either, like a damn zombie, what's goin' on with him?

Colin sits back, folds his arms.

COLIN

Don't know to be honest with you, I tried to go talk to him this weekend, no dice.

Wally leans in even closer.

WALLY

He reminds me a lot of your old man back in the day, burnin' it at both ends, Tom turned it around so can Mikey.

Colin plucks his wallet from his back pocket, thumbs through his bills. Wally dismisses his money with a wave of his hand.

COLIN

Really?

WALLY

I insist, spit it out. There's a debate goin' on up there.

He taps his temple. The young cop puts his wallet back, looks his Uncle over.

COLIN  
If it came down to it, you gotta go  
with your gut, right?

WALLY  
Absolutely.

Colin smiles.

COLIN  
Debate is over, take it easy, Uncle  
Wally.

Wally waves, turns.

WALLY  
You be safe out there, kid.

Colin sneaks some cash into a tip jar once Wally takes off,  
makes his exit.

CUT TO:

INT. WALLY'S BAR, OFFICE - NIGHT

Wally walks back into the office. Michael sits in his chair  
with a diminished bottle of scotch.

MICHAEL  
What did he want?

Wally eyes his him and the bottle.

WALLY  
This an interrogation, detective?

Michael slurps from the bottle.

MICHAEL  
Nah, just curious is all.

Wally snatches the liquor away from him.

WALLY  
Would you take it easy on that  
stuff?

MICHAEL  
Just tryin' to catch a buzz.

WALLY  
What you need is a swift kick in  
the ass.

Wally chuckles.

WALLY  
or some sleep.

Michael grins.

MICHAEL  
Well, I can sleep when I die.

WALLY  
You're a lot like your old man was,  
like talking to a brick wall.

MICHAEL  
I'll take that as a compliment.

WALLY  
I wouldn't. He wised up, Mikey, if  
he wouldn't have, he wouldn't be  
here today. A respected man.

MICHAEL  
Thanks for the unnecessary history  
lesson.

WALLY  
Unnecessary? It's necessary? I'm  
trying to tell you to stop being a  
wall.

Michael stands.

MICHAEL  
And I hear ya, just, easier said  
than done sometimes.

WALLY  
Ain't just sometimes, always.

Michael smiles

MICHAEL  
You got that right. I'll catch you  
later, Wally.

Michael shuffles past him. Wally pats him on the back.

WALLY  
Alright, kid.

The detective exits. Wally put his hands on his hips.

WALLY  
GET THAT SLEEP!

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT

Michael stumbles up some stairs to an apartment front door, knocks two times. Drunker earlier. We hear a deadbolt unlock. The door cracks open. Chain lock on the inside, still in place. Michelle stands behind it.

MICHELLE  
What do you want, Michael?

MICHAEL  
Hey, baby.

MICHELLE  
It's late.

He props himself against the door frame.

MICHAEL  
Come on, now, I came to see you,  
don't be like that. You ain't happy  
to see me?

She rolls her eyes.

MICHELLE  
I can't keep doing this late night  
bullshit.

Michelle tries to shut the door, he catches it with his boot.

MICHAEL  
Don't be like that.

She unlocks the chain, opens up.

MICHELLE  
I can't do this anymore, I have a son to take care of. We have a son to take care of!

MICHAEL  
Damn it! I take care of my son.

Michelle cocks an eyebrow at him.

MICHELLE  
How, Michael?! With money? Money isn't shit! He needs his father, not a stranger who just pays the bills!

MICHAEL  
I ain't perfect, okay! But, I'm tryin' to, I'm sorry, I'll just go.

She grabs him, tugs him inside.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Michael steps indoors, gets close to her.

MICHELLE  
(Routine) No, you're drunk, don't drive.

MICHAEL  
I'm fine.

MICHELLE  
No, you're not. Just stay.

Michelle pulls him in, shuts the door, locks it back and leads him down the hall.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Michael and Michelle lie in bed. Michael is passed out, Michelle wide awake. He holds her in his arms. Her eyes search the darkness.

CUT TO:

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT, BEDROOM - MORNING

Michelle wakes to an empty bed and the sound sizzling of bacon cooking. She sits up, stretches and sniffs the air.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT, HALL - MORNING

Michelle tip-toes down the hall towards the kitchen and looks in.

MICHAEL

(O.S.) Uh oh!

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT, KITCHEN - MORNING

Michael cradles his young, son Conner like a small airplane.

MICHAEL

Plane's comin' down! Better put out that landing gear!

He sets Conner down in his seat at the table.

MICHAEL

Boy, I hope you're hungry.

CONNER

I am!

MICHAEL

Good!

CONNER

Daddy?

MICHAEL

Yes, buddy?

CONNER

When are you gonna live with us again?

Off-guard, Michael opens his mouth to speak.

Michelle studies Michael's reaction.

MICHAEL

Well, you know buddy, I uh...

MICHELLE

(O.S.) That's something you don't need to be worrying about right now, my love.

She enters, kisses her son on the head.

MICHELLE

(to Conner) Good morning.

CONNER

Morning, Mommy.

MICHAEL

Your mom's right.

Michael grabs a plate of eggs and bacon and sets it down in front of Conner.

MICHAEL

You need to worry about eating your breakfast so you can grow up to be big and strong like me. (to Michelle) Coffee?

He spins around, pours a cup for her and hands it to her. She can't help but produce a faint trouble smile.

MICHELLE

Good morning.

He reciprocates.

MICHAEL

Morning.

His phone vibrates on the counter.

MICHAEL  
Official, police business, excuse  
me.

He snatches it, answers.

MICHAEL  
Glade.

Michelle sips her coffee, sits at the table, watches him.

CARTER  
Fat Ass Reggie says Jay got his  
walkin' papers about a week ago.

MICHAEL  
Is that right? Gives him enough  
time to get back in the game.

CARTER  
(O.S.) Exactly. Figure we ought to  
pay him a visit.

He looks at his family, smiles.

MICHAEL  
Yeah, meet me at my place in half  
an hour.

Michelle looks away, nonchalantly.

EXT. PROJECTS - DAY

Carter and Michael pull up in Carter's car. Behind them, the dreary grey hue of the sky barely competes with the exhaust from the San Antonio industrial district.

INT. CARTER'S CAR - DAY

The detectives check their weapons. Michael scans the block behind them. They get out of the car. Carter is grinning ear to ear watching as FAT-ASS REGGIE is descending the stairs outside.

CARTER  
Right on time.

MICHAEL  
Reggie's lookin' slim ain't he?

EXT. PROJECTS - DAY

Reggie identifies the cops and heads back up the stairs as fast as can.

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
(Sotto) Damn!

MICHAEL  
(O.S.) Oh come on now, Reggie.

A rhythmic clang comes from the stair rail. Reggie stops and turns. Michael taps the nose of his pistol against the rail.

MICHAEL  
Ain't no way to treat friends, is it?

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
The hell do you want?

CARTER  
Check your tone, fat-ass.

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
Don't be callin' me fat!

CARTER  
But you're fat.

Michael holds up his hand.

MICHAEL  
Okay, Let's all be civil.

CARTER  
(Under His Breath) Fat ass mother-

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
What'd you say?

MICHAEL

Look, how 'bout we all go upstairs,  
and have a nice, quiet chat with  
our boy Jay? How's that sound?

FAT-ASS REGGIE

Man, ain't never nothin' nice about  
these chats.

CARTER

Ignorant mutha- get your ass up  
there.

He motions them upstairs with his gun. Reggie stares them  
both down for a second, SIGHS.

FAT-ASS REGGIE

(Defeated) Fuck.

He heads up. They follow.

MICHAEL

And no code knocking. I think  
you're playing me, I'll bust you.

FAT-ASS REGGIE

For what?

CARTER

Don't worry, we'll think of  
something.

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Reggie stands at the door with a look of self-loathing on  
his face. Carter and Michael are behind him with guns aimed.

CARTER

Whenever you're ready, cupcake.

Reggie clenches his jaw, raises his fist, knocks. Beat.

JAY

(O.S.) Who dat?

Carter nudges Reggie with the barrel of his piece.

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
It's Reggie, nigga!

JAY  
(O.S.) Nigga, you just left.

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
I think I left my phone in there.

JAY  
(O.S.) Shit, playa.

The door opens slightly. Carter kicks the door in. Michael forces Reggie in, closes the door.

JAY  
(O.S.) What the-

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Carter throws Jay to the ground. Michael shoves Reggie down beside his friend. Both aim their guns at their detainees.

JAY  
Hey! Y'all mutha-

Michael raises his gun to Jay's face.

MICHAEL  
If you don't mind, we're doing the talking. Got it?

Jay restrains himself, sucks his teeth. Michael presses the barrel into Jay's temple.

MICHAEL  
Got it?!

Jay exhales.

JAY  
Aight!

Michael eases off, but stays aimed at Jay, surveys the place.

MICHAEL

Jay, you been out, what, a week now?

Jay remains unflappably quiet.

CARTER

Hey, you got a hearing problem, boy?

Carter pushes his gun hard into Jay's face

CARTER

You can see that right? Answer the man!

Jay glares from Carter to Michael.

JAY

8 days, 17 hours.

MICHAEL

My man, always a numbers guy, see that's kinda why we're here, Jay,

Michael pulls out a CHAIR from the table, sits close to Jay.

MICHAEL

A man with your skill-set, on the outside, I mean, a 9 to 5, am I right?!

JAY

Ain't in the game no more.

CARTER

Izzat right?

Jay keeps his eyes off Carter.

JAY

Six years in a box, makes a nigga think. Feel me?

CARTER

Oh, I'm sure you had plenty of niggas feelin' you.

Jay finally looks at him teeming with animosity. Carter puckers up at him.

MICHAEL

Even if we did believe you, which we don't, we ain't leavin' until we get a little information from you gentlemen.

JAY

Ain't got nothin' to say.

FAT-ASS REGGIE

Me neither.

CARTER

(to Reggie) No one asked you, tubbs.

Michael pulls a bag of cocaine from his pocket, flops it up on the table. Reggie and Jay eyes track the bag.

JAY

The fuck is this?

MICHAEL

Three hots and a cot my man.

FAT-ASS REGGIE

Aw, shit! They about to do us, man! I seen true detective! I can't be goin' to jail! I got a special diet!

Carter can't help but chuckle to himself.

CARTER

Special diet?! Cheeseburgers and chitlins?!

FAT-ASS REGGIE glares at Carter. Jay coolly watches Michael.

Michael stands, takes out his cuffs.

MICHAEL  
(to Carter) Cuff Reggie's fat ass.

CARTER  
Shit, you got bigger cuffs?

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
Hey, man! I ain't done shit!

Carter pulls out his cuffs.

MICHAEL  
Possession of a narcotic, (to  
Reggie) You got a lawyer Reggie?  
(to Jay) And damn, Jay, ain't this  
strikes three for you?

Michael shakes his head feigning disappointment.

MICHAEL  
Hope you enjoyed your 8 days, 17  
hours, and

Michael looks at his watch and grins

MICHAEL  
Seven minutes.

Carter rolls Reggie onto his enormous stomach.

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
Aw, come on, man! Please?!

Michael dangles his handcuffs in front of Jay's face like a pendulum. Jay's eyes narrow in on them. He turns, looks at Carter cuffing the wrists of his friend. Reggie burst into tears.

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
I can't go to jail, (Broken) I  
can't go to jail.

MICHAEL  
You know he's gonna turn you out  
and you're gonna fry.

JAY  
Aight, aight! Fuck!

Michael smiles, replaces his cuffs back into their holster.

MICHAEL  
There we go, a forum for  
discussion.

He sits again.

MICHAEL  
You're smarter than you look, Jay.  
(beat) You say you're clean, I'll  
take you at your word. You say  
you're retired, same policy, all  
that aside, I'm curious, a reliable  
source said somethin' about some  
new cats in town, you hearin'  
anything?

JAY  
Maybe, who spilled?

MICHAEL  
Well now, that falls under the  
lines of privileged information.

JAY  
Just sayin', maybe I did hear  
somethin', maybe your source is  
full of shit. Only niggas that'd  
even be knowin' that shit is...

CARTER  
Dead?

Jay abandons his speech.

Carter watches Jay sinisterly. Jay glances sidelong at  
Carter several times. Really nervous now.

MICHAEL  
Too bad about how all that went  
down, I'm assuming you mean the  
trap-house, off Benrus?

Reggie still on the floor.

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
Yo, I heard about that shit.

JAY  
Shut up, Reggie.

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
I heard those niggas got straight  
executed!

JAY  
Shut the fuck up, Reggie! Damn!

MICHAEL  
(Sarcastic) Oh, so you heard?

CARTER  
Now, who coulda done such a thing,  
and gotten away with it?

Reggie and Jay swap petrified expressions.

JAY  
That wasn't y'all.

MICHAEL  
US? Nah, we're the good guys. But,  
I did hear, though, that the  
assailants were devilishly  
handsome.

CARTER  
Huge cocks, too. Paint-can sized.

MICHAEL  
And what I do know is that the  
investigation is ours, we write  
that story, Jay, now maybe we write  
(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
that on a routine noise complaint,  
we uncover a drop gone wrong, maybe  
you don't make it into our little  
story, up to you, but me, I like to  
know how the story's gonna end  
beforehand. So, I'm gonna ask you  
one more time, what are you  
hearin'?

Carter plants his gun into Reggie's head, and eyes Jay.

JAY  
Some wetbacks been takin' over.

MICHAEL  
How many gangs?

JAY  
Just one.

MICHAEL  
(Intrigued) Is that right?

JAY  
They're for real.

MICHAEL  
Of course they are. Where can I  
find them?

JAY  
You don't. They find you.

CARTER  
(mocking) Oooh, that sounds scary.

JAY  
Y'all don't wanna mess with these  
niggas.

Carter walks over to Jay, gets in his face.

CARTER  
Nigga, you think you can tell us  
(MORE)

CARTER (cont'd)  
who we can and can't fuck with?!  
Nobody asked your damned opinion!

Michael pulls his dog off from his chair.

MICHAEL  
Jay, let's stop dicking around,  
okay, you retired or not?

They stare each other down. Michael plants his gun in Jays crotch.

MICHAEL  
You workin' for you stupid-ass  
cousin again?

Jay looks down. Michael presses the gun.

MICHAEL  
Jay, is or is he not planning a  
drop with these guys tomorrow  
night?

Jay looks up with so many questions in his eyes.

JAY  
(Baffled) How do y'all know all  
this shit?

MICHAEL  
It's the information age, man, but  
we're still missing a small, but  
crucial piece of the puzzle, the  
end to our story.

Michael presses harder

JAY  
What do you wanna know?

CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jay and Reggie's POV: Through the blinds the pair watch

Carter and Michael walk to their vehicle.

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
(O.S.) Faggots!

The detectives open their doors and get in.

JAY  
(O.S.) They don't even know the  
shit they 'bout to walk in on.

The car starts and drives off.

JAY  
(O.S.) You don't fuck with the  
Cartel.

FAT-ASS REGGIE  
(O.S.) Cartel?

JAY  
(O.S.) Yeah, let these pigs get  
stuck.

INT. PENTHOUSE - NIGHT

Several naked females sleep on a luxurious bed. Roy, a Mexican male covered in tattoos, lies in the midst of them, smokes a blunt. A cell phone rings on the night stand. Roy eyes the phone then the clock behind it. It's 2 AM. He reaches over and answers it.

ROY  
Yo.

We hear El Hefe on the phone

EL JEFE  
Perdoneme?

Roy sits up.

ROY  
Oh, lo siento, Jefe. Que esta  
pasando?

EL JEFE  
Envio esta la marcha estara listo  
en momento y lugar que acordamos.

Roy nods to himself.

ROY  
No problema, vamos estar alli.  
Teines mi palabra.

EL JEFE  
Sé que hacer. Yo sé que tú sabes lo  
importante esto es, todo el mundo.  
Negocios, mi familia, tu familia.

ROY  
Si, Jefe.

El Jefe ends the call. Roy slowly lowers the phone from his ear, tosses the phone, looks around.

CUT TO:

INT. GLADE RESIDENCE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Colin sits on the couch, in front of a big screen. Spurs basketball game on.

COLIN  
Where's mom?

TOM  
Eh, Mexican-train night.

COLIN  
What?

Tom comes in the room handing Colin a beer.

TOM  
It's dominoes, basically.

COLIN  
Sounds like an ethnic gang-bang.

TOM

Ha! I gotta use that one some time. Sure she'd love that.(beat) You talk to Mikey lately?

COLIN

Yeah, actually, I've seen him more this week than I have in a while.

TOM

Oh, well, that's good.

Colin shakes his head.

COLIN

Not really, Pop. He's been weird.

Tom takes a pull from his beer.

TOM

How so?

COLIN

He's just been so, distant, barely talks to me, and when he does it always goes sour.

TOM

I know what you mean.

COLIN

Like, maybe, what if he's in some kind of trouble? Uncle Wally said he saw him, said he looked terrible.

Tom finishes his beer.

TOM

Well, knowing Mikey, he's probably just buried in a case or something. He's a dedicated cop.

COLIN

I know, Pop. It's just (beat) he  
(MORE)

COLIN (cont'd)  
used to talk to me about that and  
now he doesn't. This isn't Mikey.

Mr. Glade grabs the remote and turns down the game.

TOM  
When you were a boy, your mom and I  
knew exactly what kind of boy we  
had. Good grades, good focus,  
always heading in the right  
direction, and now you've become a  
good man, one both of us are very  
proud of.

Colin grins, embarrassed.

TOM  
She had you pinned for a doctor or  
a lawyer, she almost had a heart  
attack the day you came and told us  
you wanted to join the academy.

Tom smiles.

TOM  
Ever since I took you on your first  
ride in the squad-car, the way your  
eyes lit up, your smile when the  
siren kicked on, I knew you were  
hooked.

Colin downs his beer, stands.

COLIN  
I still remember that.

TOM  
Your brother... I haven't been  
able to get a read on that boy,  
since he was a teen. Always into  
something and getting into trouble.  
But he always came out OK. Nothing  
to bad, just kid stuff.

Colin looks thoughtful.

TOM  
Your mother, ah, she just, has this way of gettin' through to him, a gift I never had.

COLIN  
Me either, apparently.

TOM  
You see, Mikey's always been like me, unfortunately.

COLIN  
(Lighthearted) Hey, Pop. You ain't all bad.

TOM  
I've battled some demons, in my youth, and over the years, we all do...

COLIN  
(agreeing) We all have our demons.

TOM  
I know that if Mikey were ever in any trouble, he'd figure it out.

He offers his son a toast, raises his beer.

TOM  
Cheers. To Mikey.

Colin hoists up his own.

COLIN  
To Mikey.

EXT. SIDE OF WRECKER SHOP - DAY

Roy whistles quietly while working on a camera under the eave of a wrecker shop. He finishes. Stepping down from the ladder he walks to his car. There is a laptop in the car he make a few clicks and viola, we see the parking lot from two angles from cameras hidden under the eave.

ROY  
You gotta love wireless  
internet.(He chuckles)

CUT TO:

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Michael sits in his car, in his gear from before. He holds the photo of we saw earlier of Michelle and Connor. Phone buzzes. He places the picture on his dashboard answering his phone.

MICHAEL  
I'm on the way.

Michael turns the engine over, puts it in drive.

EXT. MEET POINT - NIGHT

Michael's car pulls up to an old warehouse, Kirk and Carter are already there gearing up. Carter takes a bump. No one sees. Michael, Jones and Chavez get out of the car.

CARTER  
So this is the new guy you want in?

MICHAEL  
That's right. Chavez.

CHAVEZ  
Hi fellas

They all eye him, no one returns a greeting.

JONES  
OK, boss, what's the plan?

MICHAEL  
They're expecting two guys, Jay and Reggie. They don't what they look like. Carter, you and Kirk do the meet. Jones, you and I will circle around back to cover. Chavez, lie low in the back seat and cover them with the SAW. Easy easy.

CARTER  
Right on!

KIRK  
Roger that.

CHAVEZ  
Yes sir.

Michael and Jones walk away towards the back of the warehouse. Carter, Kirk and Chavez get in Carter's car, Carter takes another bump.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACK SIDE OF WRECKER SHOP - NIGHT

We see Jones and Michael move to set up in the weeds near the corner of the shop, guns drawn. They scan the area. Carter's car become visible coming in from the North.

MICHAEL  
(Quietly) OK, the other guys should be coming in there from the west. We'll have a crossfire if it goes bad.

JONES  
Shouldn't go bad though, right?

MICHAEL  
Shouldn't.

A car enters from the west.

INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT

Carter parks the car, turns it off. Both him and Kirk lean the seats back, slouch down and check their weapons.

CARTER  
Just let me do all the talkin'. You play the quiet game.

KIRK  
I don't know about this.

CARTER

Just be ready for anything. If I sense some bullshit, I ain't gonna hesitate. Chavez (carter says like a homeboy) you keep that fucking canon pointed away from me.

KIRK

Now, hold up, man I don't want-

CARTER

Shh! That's them.

They both look out the windshield.

CARTER

Don't worry. It's all good, aight?

Kirk studies him.

CARTER

OK, Let's go.

EXT. WRECKER SHOP - NIGHT

Kirk and Carter exit the vehicle walking towards the shop. A large truck and two cars sit outside in a V shape, surrounded by Mexicans. A well-dressed man stands in the middle. Motions for them to come closer. They do.

NEGOTIATOR

Jay?

CARTER

That's me.

NEGOTIATOR

Who is this?

The Negotiator nods slowly.

CARTER

Reggie. You're the man to talk to?

NEGOTIATOR

Where's the money?

CARTER  
Where's the perico, baby?

The Negotiator watches them blankly at them. Signals two large men over. They each bring two bricks of cocaine with them. One flips out a butterfly knife cuts into the package.

NEGOTIATOR  
First taste is free.

Carter looks to Kirk, who's practically shaking. Chavez is sweating in the back seat.

EXT. WRECKER SHOP - NIGHT

Carter clears his nostrils, swallows, nods.

CARTER  
Primo shit. (to Kirk) Get the money.

He hits the button on his keys. Kirk walks back over to the car opening the trunk.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Roy sits poised at his laptop watching the drop, the door is open, it is hot. His phone and a .45 sitting close by. As he peers at the screen it seems hard to tell, now that it is dark.

ROY  
It's so dark. Maltido.

He keeps watching.

ROY  
(sotto)pinche madre

He reaches for his phone.

JUMP CUT TO:

EXT. WRECKER SHOP - NIGHT

The Negotiator's phone rings, breaking the quiet. He reaches into his pocket to answers it.

NEGOTIATOR

Si?

He turns away from the deal in progress, head down. Kirk removes some bags of cash from the trunk, heads back.

NEGOTIATOR

Si?

The Negotiator lifts his eyes back up to Carter.

NEGOTIATOR

No probelmo. Yo tendré cuidado de ella.

He signals to the large Mexicans holding the product with a shake of his head and a rake of his hand across his neck.

NEGOTIATOR

Deal's off.

CARTER

What?

The Hispanics start loading up.

CARTER

Hey! What are you talkin' about, deal's off?!

Carter plucks a bag from Kirk.

CARTER

The money's right here! Money's here, llello's here, what's the problem?! No deal?! You lost your mind?

The Negotiator watches his crew pack up calmly.

NEGOTIATOR

Boss say's no deal, so, no deal,  
esse. Outta my hands. You should  
go.

CUT TO:

EXT. WRECKER SHOP - NIGHT

Michael and Jones watch not able to hear.

JONES

What's going on, something looks  
wrong, here.

MICHAEL

I don't know, get ready.

CUT TO:

EXT. WRECKER SHOP - NIGHT

KIRK

Come on, man. He said no deal,  
let's go.

NEGOTIATOR

You should listen to your friend.

He whistles at his crew, backing away from Carter and Kirk.  
Kirk heads for their car.

KIRK

Come on! Let's get the fuck out of  
here.

Carter stews where he stands, doesn't budge.

KIRK

Carter!

He shakes his head from side to side, doesn't even  
acknowledge Kirk.

CARTER  
No deal?! fuck that! I DON'T LIKE  
THAT ANSWER!

Carter draws both his irons, blasts the Negotiator in the face.

His muscle drops back pulling automatic weapons spraying the place down. One round glances off Chavez' body armor slicing up into his shoulder. He screams out in pain.

EXT. SIDE OF WRECKER SHOP - NIGHT

MICHAEL  
Shit!

Jones and Michael move towards group firing as they move. Michael and Jones pick off some of the attackers from behind while Carter and Kirk handle those up front.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

Roy stands eyes wide watching the carnage. He can hear the shots down the street through the open door. Roy Screams.

ROY  
Nooooo!

CUT TO:

EXT. SIDE OF WRECKER SHOP - NIGHT

The drug dealers are holing off the onslaught, and Kirk and Carter fall back. Carter sees Chavez writhing in pain.

CARTER  
Useless!

Carter hooks the SAW by its sling and pulls it to him. Leveling the weapon on the drug dealers he unloads. Hundreds of rounds pour into the crew and rounds are flying past Jones and Michael. They dive for cover.

The fire fight is over quickly. Carter stands over the

Negotiator's corpse, picks up the his cell-phone and gun and spits on the man.

CARTER

Wrong fucking answer.

Jones and Michael move in. Michael runs over to Carter.

MICHAEL

What happened?!

Carter ignores him, grabs the bag with the cocaine.

CARTER

Hurry up, man! We gotta get this shit and go. Conversation can wait.

Kirk and Jones grab the bag of money.

MICHAEL

This whole thing has been fucked!  
What happened! This isn't how it was supposed to go down, damn it!

CARTER

Well, it happened so, roll with it.

Nearby Carter hears one of the Mexicans moan on the ground. Carter puts a bullet in him. The other three detectives are horrified.

CARTER

Now we can talk, or we can bounce.  
Patrol will be here any minute.

As Carter backs up to his car he motions to Chavez.

CARTER

You better get your FNG.

Michael glares at Carter. Michael and Jones drag Chavez to the car.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTEL ROOM

The detectives load up their car, clear the scene of the crime. Roy watches the aftermath of the violence, rubs his head.

ROY

Damn.

EXT. MEET POINT - NIGHT

Jones' truck pulls to a stop along side Carter's car. Michael gets out, marches over to the passenger side of Carter's car. Kirk rolls down the window.

MICHAEL

Roll with Jones.

Kirk nods, gets out.

MICHAEL

We'll meet later, (quietly) split it up.

KIRK

OK...

Michael waits for them to pull away, Carter, chews a toothpick. Michael leans into Carter's window.

MICHAEL

You wanna try and tell me what the hell happened back there?

CARTER

Look, they were gonna end the deal, I reacted.

MICHAEL

You reacted?! No one was supposed to die this time! Remember?!

CARTER

Hey, man it was either them or us.

MICHAEL  
This is bullshit, Carter

Carter stares at him. Michael calms down.

MICHAEL  
OK, OK, we need to get the money  
back into the evidence locker.

CARTER  
OK. I'll get.

Carter leans over to look past Michael to the man in his car.

CARTER  
You better get that boy to the vet.

Grinning Carter peels off, leaving Michael in the dust, alone. Michael stares at Carter dust for a few beats. Doubt creeping into his face.

BEAT.

INT. VET'S OFFICE

DOCTOR  
How the hell did this happen?

Michael jumps to the Dr. Gun instantly out and in the Dr.'s face. Michael grabs the Dr.'s hair pulling his head back.

MICHAEL  
You're job is to fix him up! Not  
ask questions. Got it?!

Michael has the gun pressed hard against the Dr.'s mouth

MICHAEL  
Now the next words out of your  
mouth will either be yes sir, or  
your teeth which is it.

DR.  
(mumbling from gun shoved hard  
against him) Yes sir.

Michael backs off, moving to the other side of the room. He looks down to see his hand shaking uncontrollably.

DR.

Are you OK?

MICHAEL

I'd worry more about yourself if I was you.

He turns his back to the Doctor

MICHAEL

(sotto) I'm losing it.

INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT

Carter drives, does another bump, checks himself in the rear view. His reflection reveals blood-shot, glassy eyes. He takes out a cigarette, puts it in his mouth backwards, goes to light it and stops himself, chuckling. Bumps again.

CARTER

This is bullshit, Carter (mimicking Michael)

Bumps again

CARTER

Wanna tell me what happened back there?

Bumps again, and gets out his phone, muttering.

CARTER

Hey Jonesy, hahaha, where you at?

BEAT

CARTER

Right on, I'll meet you there, I can use a drink.

INT. WALLY'S BAR - NIGHT

Colin sits at the bar, consumes a beer, juke box playing

loudly. Kirk and Jones are at the opposite end. He doesn't see them. Wally comes around the corner with a rack of clean glasses catching a glimpse of his nephew.

COLIN

Loud in here.

WALLY

It's friday, it's always loud in here. What did I say?

He sets the rack down in front of Colin.

WALLY

If you're gonna be sportin' that ugly mug around here, you're gonna have to off-set it with your pretty wife.

Colin smiles.

COLIN

Apologies from both of us, then. She's working the graveyard shift at the ER.

WALLY

What is that? Some kinda play on words there?

COLIN

Hey, now, they have a fairly low mortality rate there.

WALLY

Well, that's something worth drinkin' to, I suppose. Shot?

Colin twirls the remnants of his beer around inside the bottle, nods.

WALLY

Tough week?

Wally turns around, grabs a bottle and two glasses.

COLIN  
Yeah

He sets the glasses on the bar between him and Colin, fills them, slides one to his nephew.

COLIN  
Whiskey, huh?

WALLY  
Cures what ails ya, well, unless you're an alchy or somethin'.

COLIN  
(Humored) I'll drink to that.

Wally raises his glass.

WALLY  
Cheers.

COLIN  
Cheers.

Click glasses, tap the glasses on the bar, and down the drinks.

WALLY  
You talk to Mikey at all?

Colin shakes his head no.

COLIN  
Not answering my calls or texts.  
Guess I pissed him off.

WALLY  
That's not a hard thing to do sometimes.

COLIN  
No joke.

WALLY  
Whatever it is, he'll get over it.

COLIN  
Yeah, you're probably right.

WALLY  
I'm always right, be right back.

Wally moves down the bar, tends to his customers, but keeps an eye on Jones as he makes his way over to Colin who ignores him.

JONES  
Sup, Rook?

Colin's eyes raise up to meet him.

COLIN  
Can I help you?

JONES  
Probably not, but maybe I can help you.

COLIN  
Yeah? How's that?

JONES  
(Condescending) Little free advice, see, you gotta long way to go before you can even dream of makin' detective. Steppin' on the real detectives toes like you did the other day, is just one of the many dumb-ass ways you can go about shootin' yourself in the foot.

COLIN  
Yeah? Well, if a moron like you can make detective, then I imagine anything's possible, right?

JONES  
What'd you just say?

Jones picks up Colin's bottle, starts pouring it out on the bar.

WALLY  
(O.S.) HEY!

They both look up at Wally, standing close by.

WALLY  
Not in my bar you don't!

Kirk waltzes over to the situation.

JONES  
Oh yeah, I'm sorry, Wally, just playing around.

KIRK  
Sorry about the mess, Wally.

JONES  
I'm sure the rook here would be glad to help clean it up.

KIRK  
Just leaving, anyway.

WALLY  
Right on time, then.

Kirk puts some cash on the bar top.

JONES  
You remember what I said, you hear me you little prick?

COLIN  
(Dismissively) Sure

The two detectives leave.

WALLY  
There's your tax money at work.

EXT. WALLY'S BAR - NIGHT

Jones and Kirk walk out of the bar.

JONES

Oh man I wanna stomp that kid's  
ass.

KIRK

You're lucky I didn't let baby  
Glade get a hold of you.

JONES

Hahaha, that little punk can't beat  
his pud.

They both laugh

INT. CARTER'S CAR - NIGHT

Carter watches his comrades pile into Jones' truck from  
across the street.

CARTER

(Creepy Sotto) Sup, fellas?

Checks the Negotiators gun for ammo.

EXT. WALLY'S BAR - NIGHT

From across the street Carter gets out, tucks his weapon  
into his waist and approaches the truck. He taps on Jones'  
window. It rolls down.

JONES

Where the hell have you been? We  
were about to take off. (slurring)

CARTER

Yeah, sorry, got held up with  
somethin', you got the cash?

JONES

Hell, yeah.

Jones reaches back behind the seat, pulls the bag from the  
back, sets it in the front seat.

JONES

All accounted for.

CARTER  
Good, hand it over.

JONES  
What?

KIRK  
Michael say that was cool? Where  
the hell is he, anyway?

CARTER  
He ain't here. I'm takin' it!

JONES  
Hey, I took that out of evidence  
it's gotta go back.

KIRK  
(Genuine Concern) Hey are you high?

Carter looks around, pulls the negotiators gun on them.

JONES  
WHAT THE HELL, CARTER?!

KIRK  
Put your piece up, man! We're in  
public.

CARTER  
Don't tell me what to do! GIVE ME  
THE BAG!

Jones and Kirk exchange glances

JONES  
Carter? Hey, that's not your gun.

CARTER  
Nope.

Kirk goes for his gun, Carter POPS a slug into his gut.

JONES  
WHAT THE... ?!

Carter shoots Jones in the chest.

JONES  
(fading) Why are you doin' this?

CARTER  
Sometimes, there's just no  
explanation, man.

Carter walks to the other side of the truck stands back and unloads on Kirk and Jones. The window explodes. Blood spatters all over the inside of the cab.

Carter reaches into the cab and pulls out the bag of cash.

CARTER  
All mine now.

Carter sprints over to his car, lean into the car pulling the trunk release. He holds his phone to his ear.

CARTER  
Detective Carter ID 4591, I've got  
two 10-100's at 1501 South  
Hackberry.

Carter drops the bag in the trunk, leans in and does a couple of quick bumps and close the trunk.

CARTER  
I need EMT's, blues and a bus, now.  
Just hurry.

Carter looks across the street, sees Colin investigating the scene, gun draw. Carter pulls his own weapon.

CARTER  
BACK OFF, ROOKIE!

Colin acknowledges him.

CARTER  
Already called it in!

The young cop looks on in horror and confusion.

CUT TO:

EXT. WALLY'S BAR, CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

Cops swarm the scene, tape off the area and deter onlookers. Colin watches Carter as he informs the other detectives. They make eyes. Michael pulls up, gets out and approaches them. Carter motions him over, escorts him around the scene.

CARTER

Honestly, it looks like they took shots at each other.

MICHAEL

Jesus.

CARTER

From what I can tell, Jones shot Kirk point-blank, Kirk reciprocated before gettin' popped in the head.

Carter speaks just loud enough for some of the other responders to hear, they turn slightly.

CARTER

(more quietly) Gotta wait on ballistics report, though.

Michael can hardly look, shakes his head in disbelief.

CARTER

Might have been another shooter.

MICHAEL

Who?

CARTER

Stash was gone when I found 'em. Coulda been a tracer in that bag.

MICHAEL

(Nervous) Shit.

Michael looks up, sees Colin's eyes glued to them, walks over to his little brother.

MICHAEL  
What are you doin' here?

COLIN  
Was having a drink?

MICHAEL  
You see anything?

Colin eyes Carter, out of hearing range.

COLIN  
They were both in the bar, we  
exchanged some words.

Michael stiffens up.

MICHAEL  
You did what now?!

COLIN  
(Defensive) Jones was givin' me a  
hard time.

The older brother clenches his jaw tightly.

MICHAEL  
And then what?

COLIN  
They left and a few minutes later,  
I thought I heard shots, came out  
and saw Carter. He, um, said he  
called it in. That's all.

Michael runs his hands through his hair.

MICHAEL  
Great, that help us none.

Carter makes his way over.

CARTER  
(to Colin) Hey, kiddo how 'bout you  
run on home to that pretty wife of  
(MORE)

CARTER (cont'd)  
yours, let the big boys do their  
job.

Colin glares at him, looks to Michael for support and finds none what so ever. He walks off.

They wait till Colin is out of ear-shot.

MICHAEL  
Start workin' on this other shooter  
theory.

Carter shrugs.

CARTER  
Yes, sir.

Michael rests his hands on his hips, comes in closer.

MICHAEL  
This whole operation, has been one  
big mess, and I'm havin' a hard  
time tryin' to excuse certain  
coincidences.

CARTER  
Somethin' on your mind, partner?

Michael studies him.

MICHAEL  
Just find out what happened.

CUT TO:

INT. CARTER'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Carter relaxes on his couch. The bag on his coffee table along with the cash and coke they lifted. He chops a line and snorts it sinking into the couch. The Mexican ring tone, we heard before goes off. Carter sits up, fumbles through the bag, takes out the phone and answers it. Listening.

CARTER

No. Sus amigos son muertan, papi,  
ahora, trabajas para me, chulo,  
solamente me. Comprende?

He hangs up, chunks the phone away, does another line.  
Carter grins to himself.

CUT TO:

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - MORNING

Colin suits up for work, buckles his belt. Carmen rolls over  
from her slumber.

CARMEN

When did you get home last night?

Colin doesn't look up, keeps dressing.

COLIN

There was a shooting at Wally's. I  
stuck around for a bit.

CARMEN

Oh my god,

She sits up.

CARMEN

Is everything alright?

He finally looks up with complete seriousness.

COLIN

I dunno, but I'm gonna find out.

He kisses her on the forehead.

COLIN

It'll all be fine. I tell you more  
about it tonight.

CARMEN

Okay.

She pulls him back in before he jets, plants one on his lips.

CARMEN

You be safe.

COLIN

Always am.

Colin makes his exit. We hear the door close.

CARMEN

(Lonely) Love you, too.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - MORNING

Colin and Rodriguez stand by Michael's desk as Carter walks in. Rodriguez gives Colin a warning nod as he leaves. Carter pours a cup of coffee nearby.

CARTER

Crazy shit last night, man, walkin' into a scene like that, it's a shame.

Colin doesn't respond, sitting on the corner of the desk.

CARTER

Dunno what exactly you saw, or think you saw. What you've said, or what you might say, but...

Carter stirs his coffee.

CARTER

...you're a lot smarter than I give you credit for, just be careful.

CHIEF NEAL

(O.S.) Carter! Get your ass in my office!

They both look towards the Chief. He stands in front of his office, staring at Carter. Michael is sitting in the office

behind the Chief.

CHIEF NEAL

Now!

Carter eyes Colin.

CARTER

Good talk.

Detective Shwartz eyes Carter as he walks into the Chief's office

DETECTIVE SHWARTZ

Something wrong about that one.

DETECTIVE BERRY

Yeah, what should we do about about it.

Schwartz looks at him incredulously

DETECTIVE SHWARTZ

You do your job, that's what you do about it.

DETECTIVE SHWARTZ

(under his breath) Moron

DETECTIVE BERRY

(under his breath) Dick

INT. CHIEF NEAL'S OFFICE - MORNING

Michael and Carter sit in front of the Chief's desk.

CHIEF NEAL

What the hell is goin' on with you two?

The detectives eyeball each other.

CHIEF NEAL

You both look like hammered shit,  
and I need you to keep it together.

(MORE)

CHIEF NEAL (cont'd)  
Can you do that?! Jesus H. Christ!  
We got two of our own dead,  
internal affairs crawlin' up my ass  
and to top it off, I got half the  
department scared shitless over the  
possibility of a cop killer runnin'  
loose!

They have nothing to say for themselves.

CHIEF NEAL  
You guys are my rock stars, give me  
somethin' to work with here.

CARTER  
Tryin' Chief.

CHIEF NEAL  
Don't try, do. And do it quickly,  
please?

MICHAEL  
Yes, sir.

CHIEF NEAL  
And I don't wanna hear anymore  
bullshit about Kirk and Jones  
turnin' on each other. You find  
this shooter, I don't care if you  
have to pull someone off the  
god-damn streets! (Gravely Quiet)  
Cops don't kill cops. Got me?

In unison

MICHAEL  
Yes, sir.

CARTER  
Yes, sir.

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Colin and Rodriguez go to work on their lunch at their desks. Colin, at a snail's pace. While Rodriguez inhales his

burger, his partner has barely touched his.

RODRIGUEZ  
(Mouth Full) Hey,

He gets nothing.

RODRIGUEZ  
Hey, douche bag.

Colin blinks, pays some attention to him.

COLIN  
What?

RODRIGUEZ  
Dude,  
He leans in.

RODRIGUEZ  
You alright?

COLIN  
Yeah, sorry. Kinda zoned out there.

RODRIGUEZ  
Man, what is up? I mean I know all  
this shit with Kirk and Jones is  
weird and shit, but-

COLIN  
But what?

RODRIGUEZ  
(Quietly) Between you and me, those  
two weren't exactly by the book.

Rodriguez finishes off his food.

COLIN  
I heard some stories...

RODRIGUEZ  
(Mouth Partially Full) Yeah? You  
(MORE)

RODRIGUEZ (cont'd)  
hear how they like to skim off the  
top on their seizures? How their  
evidence always goes missing, drugs  
unaccounted for?

Colin looks at Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ  
Use of force, planted evidence, you  
name it, not exactly squeaky clean,  
bro.

Colin bites into his burger.

BEAT.

RODRIGUEZ  
(Whisper) I, I know Michael was  
tight with them, but, I'm just  
sayin' what I've heard about them,  
nothing to do with your brother, or  
Carter.

Colin tosses his food into the trash under his desk.

COLIN  
Let's keep it that way.

RODRIGUEZ  
What do you mean?

COLIN  
Don't try and hear anything about  
them, the less you know, the less I  
know, the better.

He stands. Rodriguez's eyes follow him.

RODRIGUEZ  
What are you talking about, where  
are you goin'?

Colin taps his wrist watch.

COLIN  
Back on the clock.

Rodriguez looks at his food and with a look of fear he might have to stop eating.

INT. WALLY'S BAR - DUSK

A banner hangs across the front of the bar. It reads: 'HAPPY 45TH ANNIVERSARY TOM & GINA!' The place is fairly packed. Tom and Gina stand with Colin and Carmen in the middle of the friend fest, all with drinks. Wally squeezes past some people making his way to his family with a bottle of bubbly.

WALLY  
Tom, Gina, love has never looked so beautiful. Congratulations!

He pops the cork. The suds foam over the lips of the bottle. He hands it to Tom, finds Colin and Carmen.

WALLY  
Carmen! Look what the cat drug in!

He hugs her.

CARMEN  
So good to see you, Wally!

WALLY  
You know, I was startin' to think you'd run off on Colin and he just didn't have the nerve to tell me!

Her jaw drops playfully. Wally giggles.

WALLY  
Glad to see that gorgeous face of yours.

She blushes.

CARMEN  
I'm sorry for not stopping by more. I just like to give Colin his time, he needs his escape.

COLIN  
I'll drink to that.

He eyes his father, as his father takes a mean swig off the champagne bottle like a college student.

COLIN  
And apparently so will Dad.

The family takes notes, laughs. Michael has entered the bar, orders a drink and finds the others. They all see him and light up. Everyone greets him with open arms. After a myriad of toasts and hand-shakes, Michael turns to find his Colin standing behind him.

MICHAEL  
Hey.

COLIN  
(Quiet) I need to talk to you.

Beat.

MICHAEL  
Seriously?

COLIN  
Seriously.

MICHAEL  
Now?

COLIN  
Yes.

MICHAEL  
Come on, can I just decompress for a minute? It's been a long hard week.

He brushes past Colin, heads for the parents.

MICHAEL  
(Slurred) Mom, Dad, Congrats! 45 years, that's crazy. Figured Mom woulda off'd you years ago. Haha.

GINA

Aw, thank you, baby. Come give your  
mama a hug!

She grabs him, wraps him up. Tom grins.

TOM

Have a seat, son, stay and visit  
for a while.

Michael breaks away from his mother's grip, puts his hand on  
his dad's shoulder.

MICHAEL

Uh...

Looks at Colin.

MICHAEL

Yeah, why not? It's why I showed  
up.

He looks Carmen over.

MICHAEL

Hey, Carmen.

CARMEN

Hey, Michael.

MICHAEL

It's been a while. You look great!

CARMEN

Thanks! Yes it has. How have you  
been?

Michael starts to answer.

TOM

Well, now that's a great question,  
how the hell have you been, son?

MICHAEL

I'm good, Pop.

TOM

You're here one minute, gone the next. Don't call, don't come by, just wonder what you've been doing?

Awkwardness fills the air. Michael sets down his drink.

MICHAEL

Doing? I've been doing my job, you remember how all that goes? You haven't been retired that long.

Gina attempts to divert the train-wreck.

GINA

Oh, all my boys, all together. Now a days, that's all a woman can ask for.

She raises her glass. The others reciprocate.

TOM

Damn right. Sure is nice, everyone's here, together, it's become such a rarity.

Everyone drinks. Tom stares at Michael while he does.

COLIN

Yeah, you must be pretty busy.

MICHAEL

If you become a detective, you'll understand.

GINA

Boys, be nice! Michael, you know your brother will be there one day.

MICHAEL

Oh, I know. I just meant, he's too good for this job, too smart.

He smiles at Colin.

MICHAEL  
But, if y'all will excuse me,

TOM  
See? Here one minute, gone the next.

Beat.

MICHAEL  
You know, actually, I was just gonna hit the head, but you know what? I think I've already been here too long. Love you, Mom. Little bro, Carmen, y'all take care.

Wally, Michael turns, walks off.

TOM  
God damn it. (to Michael) Just like that?

His eldest son ignores him, heads for the door. Tom exchanges a look with his wife, goes after him.

TOM  
Hold on, son!

EXT. WALLY'S BAR - NIGHT

Michael nears his car with Tom on his trail.

TOM  
Michael, wait damn it!

His son obeys, pivots around.

TOM  
Son, look, I'm sorry. I just, I dunno how to handle you, what to say. I'm not sure what kind of trouble you may or may not be getting yourself into. But I-

MICHAEL  
Trouble? (laughing) You think I'm in  
trouble?

TOM  
I don't know, son, that's my point!

MICHAEL  
You know, if I was Colin, would you  
even question what I do or say?

TOM  
Come on. That's not fair, Michael

MICHAEL  
Just don't worry about me, Pop. I'm  
fine.

TOM  
Well, you sure as hell don't look  
or act like it, Cops are dying out  
there and, I just want to know  
you're okay, I don't want either of  
us to lose more than we already  
have.

Michael throws up his hands.

MICHAEL  
Okay, you know what? I'm out of  
here.

He opens his car door,

TOM  
You gotta turn it around, son.

MICHAEL  
Whatever you say, Pop.

gets in, starts the car.

TOM  
(Sotto) Turn it around.

INT. STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Loud music booms over the speakers. Strippers and cocktail waitresses saturate the place, customers not so much. Michael gets a lap-dance, next to a table covered in empty shot/cocktail glasses. She stops gyrating, pulls a small bag of cocaine out of her g-string, leads him away to the VIP section OS.

INT. WRECKER SHOP - DAWN

SURVEILLANCE CAMERA POV:

A limo pulls into frame, flashes its headlights twice.

ROY  
(Under Breath) Damn.

EXT. WRECKER SHOP - DAWN

Roy approaches the passenger side. The window rolls down. He steps in closer. A refined looking El Jefe sits in the limo. He removes his sunglasses.

ROY  
I can expl-

El Jefe brings his index finger to his lips.

EL JEFE  
Shh.

Roy shuts up.

EL JEFE  
Good

Roy watches El Jefe quietly.

EL JEFE  
Do you know, the extent of your failures? How much money you have lost me? The business opportunities, MY business opportunities that you have jeopardized?

Roy opens his mouth. El Jefe silence him with a gesture of his hand. Roy complies.

EL JEFE

There is no response you can give, that will remedy this, you have failed not only me and yourself, but your family as well.

ROY

(Matter of factly)

If you allow me El Jefe, I can fix this!

El Jefe just shakes his head.

ROY

(Continuing his only play)

Talk to Jay, find out what's goin' on?

Roy looks at El Jefe coolly.

El Jefe He puts his shades back on, pulls a gun, Roy sees the gun with a silencer and exhales.

EL JEFE

No.

The gun goes off and Roy falls.

EL JEFE

Find this, Jay character. We're cleaning this mess up now.

He hangs up.

EL JEFE

(to Driver) Take me to the airport, I hate coming to this place. It's filthy and the food is horrible.

LIMO DRIVER

Yes, sir.

CUT TO:

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Carmen lies across Colin's chest as he sleeps. Her eyes are open. She bats her lashes. Colin stirs awake. She smiles. He looks down at her head.

COLIN  
You awake?

CARMEN  
Mmmm.

COLIN  
Morning, how long have you been up?

CARMEN  
Just a little while.

Colin yawns. She sits up, looks him over.

CARMEN  
I like listening to you when you sleep.

COLIN  
Am I a noisy sleeper?

Carmen smiles.

CARMEN  
No, I meant, I can, hear your heart beat, that's what I'm listening to.

COLIN  
Oh.

He pushes up from the bed too, takes her in.

Beat.

COLIN  
You okay?

CARMEN

Yeah.

COLIN

You're a bad liar.

She smirks.

CARMEN

It's just...

COLIN

Yes?

CARMEN

I just worry about you, which would normally be a simple enough responsibility, but since I'm married to a cop, I feel like the amount of worry is, quadrupled. And, we never talked about what happened the other night, with Michael.

COLIN

That's nothing. It's fine.

She stiffens up.

CARMEN

Really? Colin, I know you, you're hiding something.

He sighs, lowers himself back down to the bed.

CARMEN

I saw Michael blow you off.

He rolls over away from her.

CARMEN

You can talk to me. I need you to talk to me. Michael may not want to listen, but I do. That's my job, baby, to be here for you, and I am,  
(MORE)

CARMEN (cont'd)  
(cajoling coaxing) you just gotta  
let me in that beautiful head of  
yours.

Beat.

COLIN  
It's not that I don't want to,  
it's...

CARMEN  
(unsure) You don't want what?

Colin rolls back over.

COLIN  
I don't, want you to be involved,  
for us to be involved with this.

CARMEN  
(a little alarmed) Involved in  
what?

His eyes water while he searches for the words.

COLIN  
I, I think I saw, those two  
detectives get gunned down, by  
another cop, another detective.

CARMEN  
What?! Was Michael involved?!

COLIN  
No, not Michael. Carter. I walked  
out of Wally's and, must have  
caught the tail end of whatever  
went down, it didn't make sense at  
the time, saw him by Jones' truck  
and he stash something in his.

CARMEN  
Oh, my god.

COLIN

Then at the station he approached me, basically told me to keep my mouth shut, the guy's crazy.

CARMEN

(Quiet Shock) Jesus, baby.

COLIN

And, I dunno what he's gonna do next, if he's gonna try and hurt me, or you, or Michael.

She hugs him.

CARMEN

Colin, you have to tell someone. If your brother won't listen, then you need to tell someone else. You're a cop!

He pulls away.

COLIN

(not angry) I know what I am, okay! But I'm looking out for my family, too. If I tell the wrong person, I'll be putting everyone in harm's way. I have no clue what Mikey and them are involved in. I just, I need some time to figure it out. Okay?

Colin gets up, walks off. Carmen remains, watches him leave, looks around and shakes her head.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFE - MORNING

Gina sits at a booth alone, next to the window. Her face beams all of a sudden. Michael's reflection traverses the glass. Michael heads to her table, gives her a kiss and sits down.

GINA

Hey, honey,

She observes her son.

GINA

Michael, you look terrible.

MICHAEL

Thanks.

GINA

Oh, stop. I'm just worried. Is everything okay?

The waitress approaches, pulls out her notepad.

WAITRESS

Can I get you anything?

MICHAEL

Just coffee, please?

GINA

(scoffing) Pfft. He'll have the breakfast special, extra bacon.

The Waitress grins, doesn't even write it down.

WAITRESS

Yes, ma'am.

WAITRESS

I'll have that right out.

MICHAEL

Thank you.

GINA

Thank you.

She scurries away. Silence fills the air. She studies him.

MICHAEL

Nothin', really, just been a few  
(MORE)

MICHAEL (cont'd)  
long nights is all, work stuff.  
Kirk and Jones... No need to worry.

She cocks an eye brow.

GINA  
(Playful) Oh, is that right? I'm  
your mother and in this family,  
worry comes with the territory. It  
was tough with your father too.

MICHAEL  
I can imagine.

Beat.

GINA  
He needs you, ya know?

MICHAEL  
Is that right?

GINA  
And you need him.

MICHAEL  
(Defensive) For what?

She looks around.

GINA  
Advice maybe, guidance, to help  
with, what you're going through.

MICHAEL  
Oh mom. Come on.

GINA  
(stern) Michael Nathaniel Glade, I  
love you, but all of this, with  
your father-

Michael's order arrives.

MICHAEL  
(to Waitress) Thank you.

WAITRESS  
Y'all enjoy.

The Glades delay their conversation until she's out of earshot. Michael sips his coffee.

GINA  
I know y'all don't see eye to eye,  
but, that's okay, it's normal.

MICHAEL  
Normal is a strong word, ma.

GINA  
Normal or not, we're a family.

Michael slowly starts eating.

GINA  
You all need to put this behind  
you.

He pauses.

MICHAEL  
I dunno if I can.

GINA  
Of course you can.

MICHAEL  
It's been this way for as long as I  
can remember. It ain't changing any  
time soon, or ever for that matter.  
You're always askin' me to change  
and conform but, what about him,  
huh? You ever ask Dad to maybe  
lighten up a little, maybe consider  
how I feel?

GINA  
Michael, he knows how you feel.

MICHAEL  
(Incredulous) Really?

GINA  
Of course he does! He's walked in  
your shoes.

MICHAEL  
Maybe, but there's just not enough  
time in the world to fix, whatever  
it is that we are now.

GINA  
(sternly) Then you make the time.  
Put everything aside and take care  
of this. It works if you work it.

Her son smirks, washes down his breakfast with his java.

MICHAEL  
You read that in one of those  
little books you used to leave on  
the back of the toilet?

He grins, she swats him.

GINA  
I'm serious.

MICHAEL  
I get that, believe me, I do.

GINA  
I know this isn't going to happen  
over night. All I'm asking, is that  
you give it some thought. See what  
that may lead to.

Michael leans back, takes a deep breath.

MICHAEL  
Okay.

She perks up.

GINA  
Really? Promise?

He sets his cup down.

MICHAEL  
Promise.

EXT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jay tromps up the stairs, fumbles with his keys, spouts off a free style flow to himself, poorly. He stops when he sees the door's ajar.

JAY  
(Sotto) Aw, hell nah!

Jay puffs up.

JAY  
Reggie! Look, nigga-

He opens the door and is met instantly with the butt of a pistol. He topples over, the door closes from within.

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S CAR - DAY

Rodriguez navigates the parking garage en route to his car, opens the door and gets in.

RODRIGUEZ  
(Sings Quietly) Come, as you are,  
as you were,

He puts on his seat belt.

RODRIGUEZ  
As I want you to be.

Adjusts his rear view mirror landing on Carter's, who sits behind the officer and pistol whips him.

SMASH-CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jay's POV: His blurry vision comes into focus. He looks down. He is tied to a kitchen chair with bailing wire. Sitting across from him is Reggie, bound to a lazyboy chair with enough duct tape to wrap a castle. His throat has been slit. An Old School Mexican stands before. His hands are gloved in latex and covered in blood. He paces over to Reggie's corpse, stabs his dead body a few times. Jay yells into his gag.

HITMAN

(Spanish Accent) Forgive me, I ran out of duct tape. Do you know bailing wire can hold up over 1500 lbs? In Mexico we use it to hold up the motors when we take out the transmissions of cars.

The hitman peers at Jay.

HITMAN

Now, I'm sure you know why I'm here, yes?

Jay calms himself, breathes deeply.

HITMAN

Perhaps, no. Perhaps you are stupid. Hmm? I'm not going to ask many questions, but I want you to give me more than enough answers. Truthful ones, not like your friend here.

The Hitman grabs a hunting knife off the table, cleans the blood off of it with a cloth. He grabs a chair, swings it over in front of Jay, sets it down and sits.

HITMAN

So, shall we begin? Hmm?

CUT TO:

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S CAR - DAY

Rodriguez comes to, tied to his steering-wheel, A bag over his head. Carter sits beside him in the parked car. The officer takes a few breaths.

CARTER  
Take it easy on that shit, you  
gonna need that air.

Rodriguez slows his breathing.

CARTER  
Besides,

Carter pulls his gun casually, attaches a silencer.

CARTER  
This shouldn't take long. All you  
gotta do is tell me what you and  
Baby Glade know.

RODRIGUEZ  
(Panicked) I don't know anything,  
man. I swear! Neither does Colin.  
We don't know shit!

Carter examines his captive, shakes his head.

CARTER  
Really?

He pulls a knife.

CARTER  
See, that just sounds like the  
wrong answer to me.

Cutting into Rodriguez's in the thigh. The officer writhes in pain screaming.

CARTER  
What did I tell you about that  
breathing, son?

Carter produces a flask, sips it, pours some over the wound.

Rodriguez screams.

SMASH-CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Hitman traces the edges of Jay's tape-gag with the tip of the knife, cuts it away and slices some of Jay's skin in the process. Jay yelps.

HITMAN

Shh.

He pulls the tape off Jay's mouth. They stare at each other.

JAY

Oh, man, please what do you want?

HITMAN

Oh, so you are stupid.

The Hitman buries the knife into the table, beside a cordless drill. It sticks in it, straight up.

HITMAN

I am here because you made a deal with Roy, who in turn, made a deal with my boss. However, you did not show up, someone else did. Hmm?

Jay swallows hard.

HITMAN

Seeeee, you know who I'm talking about and I need to know who that was. My boss is very displeased with this recent turn of events, so, talk.

JAY

I don't know what the hell you're talkin' about! I swear!

The Hitman shakes his head in disappointment.

HITMAN  
No, no, see, that just won't do.

JAY  
Are you gonna kill me?

He smiles at Jay.

HITMAN  
Of course I am, to complete the balance. You see, you and your friend here did something you should not have done, hmm, and for that there are consequences. First, you will tell me what I want to know.

JAY  
Fuck you!

HITMAN  
(disappointed) I thought you might say that.

We can see Jay is tied with the baling wire to the island of the kitchen. He reaches back but not for the knife, for the drill. The Hitman smiles and pushes the drill into Jay's shoulder. Jay roars and struggles, but the island and the bailing wire do not give. The Hitman smiles.

HITMAN  
I like the sound of that! Now, this can be quick or very, very long. I promise you, I am a patient man. So you choose...

He twists the drill bit. Jay screams pathetically. The Hitman covers Jay's mouth, puts the drill to his head.

HITMAN  
...right now, how will you die today. The knife, or the gun... or drill? Hmm?

CUT TO:

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S CAR - DAY

Rodriguez pleads with Carter.

RODRIGUEZ  
I'm telling the truth, I swear!

Carter cracks a smile.

CARTER  
Shit, are you crying? Ha. Come on,  
big man. Get your shit together.

RODRIGUEZ  
I don't know nothing!

CARTER  
That's a double-negative.

Rodriguez looks at him funny.

RODRIGUEZ  
Neither does Colin.

CARTER  
Okay, okay, I've heard this record  
before, it's getting old real fast.

Carter eyes his gun.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Hitman still holds the gun to Jay's temple.

JAY  
Wait! Okay! Wait, wait,

HITMAN  
Yes?

JAY  
It was these two cops, detectives.

HITMAN  
(Elated) There it is, the truth  
emerges. Please, go on.

JAY  
That's it. They shook us down for  
the drop details.

HITMAN  
I didn't hear any names.

He reaches for the blade still in Jay's shoulder.

JAY  
Okay! Okay, it was Glade and  
Carter, it was all them, man. We  
wasn't tryin' to cheat nobody. They  
was just hasslin' us! Threatened to  
take us to jail and shit! We got no  
beef with you! You ain't gotta kill  
me! Please?!

He stands over Jay.

HITMAN  
Oh, you see that is where you are  
wrong my friend, because, unlike  
you and your dead friend here, I am  
a man of my word.

CUT TO:

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S CAR - DAY

Carter puts the gun to Rodriguez's head.

RODRIGUEZ  
Please?! Please don't! I got a  
little girl.

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The Hitman raises his weapon.

JAY  
Please! NO!

The Hitman fires.

SMASH-CUT TO:

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S CAR - DAY

Carter shoots Rodriguez. Blood spatter coating the window.

CUT TO:

INT. JAY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Through the hole in Jay's head we see the Hitman stand in front of him. He lowers the gun, collects his things.

INT. RODRIGUEZ'S CAR - DAY

Carter sits covered in Rodriguez's blood like a distant madman. Rodriguez's corpse slumps against the door.

MONTAGE. A)- Colin arrives on the scene of his partner's murder. He pushes past other cops trying to hold him at bay.

B)- Carter enters Jay's apartment through the still-cracked door. Reggie and Jay's bodies are still where the Hitman left them. He stops in his tracks.

C)- Colin muscled his way to Rodriguez's car. Forensic specialists do their thing. The coroner wheels away Rodriguez's bagged body. Colin covers his mouth.

D)- Carter investigates for a moment, looks around, upset rakes his hands through his hair and leaves. END MONTAGE.

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE, PORCH - EVENING

Colin sits with a glass of scotch on the porch, rocks in a rocking chair. Michael's car pulls into the driveway. He gets out, walks up to Colin, who doesn't even look at him.

COLIN

Well, well, well, the prodigal son returns.

Michael notices the liquor.

MICHAEL

It's rare to see you start the day with a drink.

COLIN

Yeah, well, it's rare when your partner gets popped, in his own squad car.

His older brother lowers his eyes to the dirt.

MICHAEL

Yeah, I'm really sorry, bro.

Colin finally looks up.

COLIN

Are you now?

Downs his drink.

COLIN

'Cause, all things considered, I find that hard to believe.

MICHAEL

Hey, man, two of my friends are dead too. So yeah, I am. Now your partner's dead. 3 cops, no leads. Dammit!

COLIN

Why are you here again?

Michael clenches his jaw a little.

MICHAEL

You were the first one on the scene for Jones and Kirk.

COLIN

Minus Carter, of course.

Beat.

MICHAEL

And you didn't see anything?

Colin smiles.

COLIN  
And there it is.

MICHAEL  
What?

COLIN  
You know what? I wish you could have maybe just come by as my brother. But no, Detective Michael Glade, on the case.

MICHAEL  
Don't be a hypocrite.

COLIN  
A hypocrite?!

He stands, glass in hand, walks closer to Michael.

COLIN  
Why don't you go interrogate your partner, bro. Like I said, he beat me to the punch.

Carmen opens the door and comes out.

CARMEN  
Baby? Michael.

Neither of them speaks to her.

CARMEN  
Okay, I'll leave you two alone.

COLIN  
No, no, stay, it's nothing you don't already know.

MICHAEL  
What are you tryin' to say?

CARMEN  
I'm going inside now.

She abandons the porch.

COLIN  
Are you really that dense,  
detective?

MICHAEL  
Oh, what? You think Carter was  
somehow involved with all this  
bullshit?! Get real.

COLIN  
I AM REAL! And so was Rodriguez,  
he had a kid!

Tears mount up an attack on Colin's eyes. They repel down  
his cheeks. He tries to wipe them before they can.

Michael works his jaw torn between knowing the truth and  
denying it.

COLIN  
He was the only person I spoke to  
about any of this, and now he's  
dead, you call that a coincidence,  
Michael?! Really?!

MICHAEL  
I didn't say any of this is a  
coincidence.

COLIN  
BECAUSE IT ISN'T! They were dirty  
cops, all of you!

Beat.

MICHAEL  
You go around sayin' shit like  
this, you can't take that back.

COLIN  
I don't care, Michael, (Losing It)  
I wear a badge, just like you.  
We're brothers by blood, but you'd  
rather trust the brother you  
pounded a beat with, and that's  
(MORE)

COLIN (CONT'D)  
fine, I get that, but I already  
told you what I know and I'm done  
talking.

Colin storms back inside, leaving Michael with his thoughts.

INT. MICHAEL'S CAR - EVENING

Michael still hasn't left the area, drives around aimlessly in thought. He bangs his hand on the wheel, stops, turns around and heads back the way he came.

EXT. COLIN'S NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Carmen jogs into shot in full athletic gear. Ipod headphones in. Bullets of sweat drip down from her brow. She breathes with impressive syncopation.

EXT. COLIN'S NEIGHBORHOOD - LATE EVENING

Carmen slows, comes to a halt in front of her house, catches her breath and turns off her ipod.

THE SHOT PANS BACK A WAYS, LANDS ON CARTER'S CAR.

Carter sits inside, watches Carmen from afar. He's holding his gun.

Michael on his way to Colin's, sees Carmen jogging then spots Carter trailing her. He slowly rolls up on his car.

Michael follows Carter as he approaches Carmen Jogging.

He has a realization.

Michael speeds up and passes Carter, jumps out of his car and runs towards Carmen.

INT. COLIN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - LATE EVENING

Colin looks down at the half empty bottle in his hand and pours a shot out in the sink.

COLIN  
For you, buddy.

A gunshot rings out from outside. Tires screech. He drops the bottle down and runs off.

EXT. COLIN'S HOUSE - LATE EVENING

Colin runs out and sees Carter's car speed off. He looks to the left and sees Michael laying on the floor on top of Carmen, shot and dying.

Colin runs up and rolls Michael off of Carmen. He checks Carmen.

COLIN (CONT'D)

You okay?

CARMEN

(Shaken)

Yeah, Yeah, I'm fine.

Colin gives his attention to Michael. He's coughing up blood as he tries to talk.

Colin turns cold and grabs Michael's head.

COLIN

This ends today.

Michael grabs Colin's hand.

Colin's eyes fill with rage as he runs to his car, looking back at Carmen.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Call 911. Tell them officer down,  
office in pursuit of suspect.

Michael takes his last breathe.

He gets to his car, opens the door, shuts the door and peels out. Carmen sobs over Michael.

CARMEN

MICHAEL!

MONTAGE. A)- Colin drives like a bat out of hell. His phone hard pressed between his ear and shoulder.

B)- Carter drives casually. His phone rings in his cup holder. He ignores it. Does a bump.

C)- Colin tosses the phone into the passenger seat, lays down on the gas.

D)- Carter weaves in and out of traffic. Consistently doing bumps now. He adjusts his rear view mirror, sees Colin behind him, smiles and increases his speed.

E)- From behind Carter, Colin follows him closely, replicates his sporadic maneuvers.

END MONTAGE.

EXT. ROADS - NIGHT

Carter busts a U-turn and temporarily loses Colin. But Glade follows. The cars venture down a dark, dirt road towards a dimly lit abandoned building. Carter Stops his car and runs out. Colin, follows.

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

Carter finds the nearest door, kicks it in and enters. Colin arrives just seconds after Carter disappears. He enters the door.

COLIN

Carter?.... Where you, you dirty mother fucker?

Gun first, Colin makes his way in.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Man up, bitch.

The shadows cloak the intricacies of the inside. Colin turns the flashlight on-on is gun.

CARTER

(O.S.) What do you want, Rook?

Colin aims the light around.

CARTER (CONT'D)

(O.S.) You not man enough to face me.

The youngest Glade boy takes careful steps around the place. Beat.

COLIN

You try to kill my girl, end up killing my brother, and still don't got the stones to go toe to toe?

CARTER  
(O.S.) Toe to Toe? You're no where  
near the man your brother is.....

Carter looks up and away and smirks before firing a shot.

Colin ducks as a bullet ricochets near him.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
Was.....

Colin composes himself.

COLIN  
We all make our own beds, Carter.  
Lets do this.

In a dark CORNER Carter's silhouette posts up against the wall. A grin on his face.

CARTER  
Oh, come on, Colin, you don't want  
this, kid.

COLIN  
(O.S.) You think you know me, man?

CARTER  
I don't?

Colin inches his way through the building. His light the only beacon in the darkness.

COLIN  
You think this squeaky clean kid  
ain't got no fight in him?

Colin fires in Carter's direction.

Carter dodges and laughs.

CARTER  
(O.S. LAUGHING) Kid, you'll never  
be half the man your brother WAS.

COLIN  
You may be right... Still doesn't  
change the fact that you killed my  
brother while trying to kill my  
girl.

CARTER  
(O.S.) (Angry) THAT WAS HIS FAULT!!  
HE WAS LIKE A BROTHER TO ME!  
(MORE)

CARTER (CONT'D)  
MORE A BROTHER TO ME THAN HE'S EVER  
BEEN TO YOU!

Carter fires again.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
When did he decide to become the  
hero anyway?

Colin crouches, moving meticulously throughout the building.

COLIN  
(O.S.) What about Jones and Kirk,  
huh? Were they your brothers too!

CARTER  
Those two? They never wanted what  
was best for the family, you  
wouldn't understand.

Colin's flashlight beam becomes visible. Carter sees it  
crouching down more.

COLIN  
(O.S.) Still not ready to test your  
theory?

CARTER  
Man, doesn't even matter now....  
You fucked up everything.

The light gets closer as Colin fires almost hitting Carter.

COLIN  
Come on, Carter, I ain't shit!  
Remember?

Carter aims his gun through a crack in some crates seeing  
Colin across the room.

CARTER  
You still ain't!

Carter fires in Colin's direction. He dives for cover.

COLIN  
There we go.

Carter moves out of site.

COLIN (CONT'D)  
Why you running?

CARTER  
(O.S.) FUCK YOU KID.

Carter unloads his gun from OS at Colin. Bullets ricochet. He runs out of bullets on his last shot.

COLIN  
(Under Breath) Here we go! This is what you've been waiting for.

CARTER  
(O.S.) Didn't have to be this way, Kid. I had it all figured out, everything woulda been perfect (finally human). I never meant for anyone to get hurt, shit just happened.

COLIN  
And Rodriguez? Jones? Kirk?

CARTER  
(O.S.) I told you, Kirk and Jones just weren't on the same page. Rodriguez... just knew too much and now... so do you. You're nosey ass made all this happen

Colin catches Carter with his flashlight, fires. Carter takes cover, smiles maniacally.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
WOO! OKAY OKAY! Yeah! Haha!

COLIN hides again while flanking Carter.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
(O.S.) One of us ain't leavin Glade, you know that, right?

COLIN  
You bet your ass, sorry sack of shit.

CARTER  
(O.S.) It's all necessary! Don't you get it?! Everything I've done, your brother's done!

Carter checks out his surroundings.

COLIN  
(O.S.) You may be right.

CARTER  
Damn right I'm right.

COLIN  
(O.S.) But, he can't be involved  
now.

CARTER  
Oh yeah, cause he's dead.

Colin moves toward Carter's voice, seemly unnoticed. He's still a few yards away from the sound. We see Carter speaking into a large pipe about twenty feet long. The sound is carried down away from Carter to where Colin thinks Carter is.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
Man I just had one of them, moments  
of clarity, you know?

Colin moves quietly towards the sound, Carter watches and continues to lure Colin in.

CARTER (CONT'D)  
I made you, him. Without me, he  
wouldn't have had nothing. Just  
another do-good cop, kinda like  
you.

Colin, moves in closer.

COLIN  
Then this is all your fault.

Colin moves closer to his target raising his weapon

CARTER  
And why is that?

COLIN  
Because I know damn well Michael  
was a good man.

Colin walks in closer to the voice when He's suddenly tackled by Carter.

Colin lands on his back as Carter rolls over him.

In a quick move Colin bear crawls over Carter.

Elbowing him in the face. Blood splatters out of Carter's nose as he grapples around and over Colin, smashing his head on the concrete.

Colin gasps as he feels the impact of the blow.

Pain and anger build in his eyes.

He picks himself up and grabs Carters legs, slamming him on the concrete.

Carters head hits the dirty floor, he's dazed but not out.

They both struggle to get up as Carter grabs a pipe.

Colin looks at him in disgust.

COLIN (CONT'D)

Look at you. Can't even fight fair  
in a fist fight.

Carter swings the pipe at Colin, he ducks, punching Carter in the ribs.

Carter coughs in pain as Colin hits punches him in the face, again, again.

Carter can't take anymore.

Colin pulls the pipe from Carters hand.

Carter is barely conscious.

CARTER

You don't get it kid.

Colin pauses to give him a chance to talk.

COLIN

What?

Colin clinches the pipe.

CARTER

You'll never Underst...

Colin swings and knocks Carter in the head knocking him out.

COLIN

I get it. That's why I became a  
cop....

Sirens build and lights flash as Colin leans and slides down a pole behind him.

FADE TO:

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Three gun salute as we dolly past Colin, Carmen, Gina, and Tom... Holding on Tom for a second.

Michelle and Conner sit in the front row by the casket.

Officers bring Conner the flag and hand it to him. Conner turns from the officers and sits, strong, holding back tears.

COLIN V.O

All my life I've known only one thing:..... Being a cop. Protect and serve. It runs through our bloodline.... Like we were built for this shit.....

CAMERA BOOMS BACK INTO AN ARIEL FROM CONNER'S FACE.

COLIN V.O (CONT'D)

(cont.)

The badge is more like a family crest.... My Grandfather..... my father..... a badge once wore by my brother..... And hopefully a badge one day our kids will wear...

ROLL CREDITS.