

"Amped"

By Vince Gilligan & Frank Spotnitz

January 13, 2004

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

A pump shotgun stands upright in its bracket. Atop a mobile data terminal sits a takeout soda cup. A hand snags it.

OFFICER KENNETH MENCK slurps his Coke, rolls the ice-cold cup against his forehead. He drums his steering wheel, waiting.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - CONTINUOUS

"To Protect and to Serve" is on the black-and-white's side. It idles in front of a modest stucco home. Above, palm trees stand out against a night sky pink with light pollution.

We're in Los Angeles. Except for a distant, rumbling string of jumbo jets on their way into LAX, the evening is quiet.

A second cop exits the house, hurries to the parked cruiser. He carries something under his jacket and giggles with joy.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

This second officer, DAVE COYLE, plops into the passenger seat. Like his partner, Coyle is early 30s, barrel-chested. Typical uniform cop. Big personality.

COYLE

You ready for this?

Grinning, Coyle holds up an ancient brown BASEBALL contained inside a clear plastic box. Menck squints at the autograph.

MENCK

Lou Gehrig. Right on.

COYLE

"Right on?" Lou Iron Horse Gehrig.
With certificate of authenticity.
Condition of signature, six out of
a possible ten, condition of ball --
(grabbing it back)
Don't open it, you simpleton. God.
Who raised you?

MENCK

How much?

COYLE

That's the best part. Talked him
down to fifteen hundred.

MENCK

(dry)

Fifteen hundred. For a baseball.
Wow, Dave. Well played.

COYLE

(smiling)

It's worth five times that. Dude
needed some quick cash. I happily
obliged.

Coyle admires his new treasure -- sets it on the dashboard.
Menck chunks the Crown Vic into drive and pulls away.

MENCK

Well hell, s'all gonna be Monopoly
money sooner or later, right?

COYLE

That's the spirit. You freakin'
sad sack.

Despite the way they rag each other, it's clear these two are
the best of friends. Coyle calls dispatch on the radio.

COYLE

6-A-44 is westbound on Sunset at
Normandie. We are end of watch.

EXT. HIGH OVER HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS

As seen from a helicopter.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

6-A-44, end of watch. Good night.

We pace the cruiser, which motors along below us. LA is LA.
Nothing about it seems different. Nothing looks unfamiliar.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Light traffic. The car rounds a corner onto a side street.
It's even quieter back here. No one's in sight. Save for...

... A MAN walking smack-dab in the middle of the street.

His back is to us. Our headlights cook him up bright, but he
doesn't turn around. He doesn't go any faster -- just keeps
wandering along, blocking our path.

MENCK

Now what the hell is this?

This guy's one big motherfucker. Age and race indeterminate. He's dressed for dumpster diving, or maybe cat burglary. Something else about him -- he's got strange MOTTILING along the back of his bald head, down his spine. Very odd.

Menck gives a short BOOP of the siren. No response at all. Coyle snorts and picks up the mike, calls out over the PA.

COYLE (AMPLIFIED)

Get outta the street.

(no reaction)

Outta the street, you stupid booch!

Still nothing. Coyle clicks off, fuming.

COYLE

I do not like insouciance.

MENCK

Wait a minute. Check out his ear.

We see it -- the big man is MISSING most of his LEFT EAR. Seeing this, Coyle goes from cocky to leery. Menck, too.

COYLE

Aw, man. Think that's Timex?

MENCK

Gotta be, right? K9 unit's dog came back with the dude's left ear. Gotta be Timex.

COYLE

Aw damn, man. Timex.

(a beat)

Whaddya say?

Menck gives a nod. Off the two cops, steeling themselves:

EXT. SIDE STREET - CONTINUOUS

The big man -- TIMEX -- keeps walking, seemingly oblivious. The cruiser whips around him in the left lane and speeds past as if to depart. But then Menck throws it into a squealing J so that the cruiser winds up blocking Timex's path.

Coyle and Menck climb out and cautiously move to intercept the man. Their hands rest on their batons.

MENCK

Sir, you are under arrest. Please lace your fingers behind your head.

We're still behind Timex, who cocks his head oddly and stands his ground. We don't see his face throughout what follows.

COYLE

He's asking you nicely.

(off the silence)

Alright, you know what? Bring on the S-H, 'cause I got the I-T.

Coyle moves to take hold of the big man and turn him around. No dice. With a GROWL, Timex flings him against the car.

Menck reacts fast, diving for a tackle. He can't bring the guy down, try as he might -- his heels just moonwalk the pavement as if he's trying to push around a refrigerator. Timex hammers his back with both big fists.

The two cops double-team their suspect. Nothing pretty. After a short, wild fight they seem to be losing, they fell the big man like a tree. Timex still won't give up.

Out come the batons. Silhouetted by the cruiser's headlights, both cops beat the living hell out of the guy.

Lots of panting. CLOSE - HANDCUFFS get snapped on tight.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

As seen through the steel mesh divider, Timex slumps in the dark back seat. Menck drives. He and Coyle check themselves for damage, gingerly touching their bruises.

COYLE

Takes a lickin' and keeps on tickin'. Friggin' A-straight. How you doing back there, buddy?

Timex leans forward. In the on-and-off light of passing streetlamps, we finally get our first real look at the man.

He's a MONSTER. That's the only way to describe it. He was human once, but now... he's got yellow eyes. Blue-black gums. The skin around his eyes has some kind of disturbing -- almost shivering -- high-speed TWITCH to it, but otherwise his expression is unblinking and dead.

We've never seen anything quite like him. He is simply goddamned FREAKY.

The cops aren't the least bit thrown by his appearance, however. Coyle sees him staring at the BASEBALL on the dash.

COYLE

Lou Gehrig. The Iron Horse. With certificate of authenticity. You know Gehrig?

Silence. Timex gives a little upward thrust of his head that looks pretty much like a nod.

COYLE

Yeah? You a baseball fan?
 (off Timex's nod)
 Dodgers? You like the Dodgers?
 (off his nod)
 Right on. Minkie, this guy's alright.

MENCK

Says you. I hate the Dodgers.

COYLE

(to Timex)
 Minkie's obviously an idiot.
 You're alright, man. I'm sorry we had to tune you up.

Timex slowly sinks back in his seat -- back into the darkness, into silhouette. Menck slurps his soda, drives.

A beat of silence. Now... Timex starts to GRUNT softly.

MENCK

What's he doing back there?
 (to Timex)
 Hey! You better not be pinching tootsie rolls in my back seat!

GROWLING, louder. Straining. And now, a loud SNAP of STEEL.

COYLE

Oh hell. He broke the cuffs.
 Minkie, he broke the cuffs --

Suddenly -- WHAM! Two big feet swing up, kicking the bejeezus out of the steel screen dividing the front from the back seat. The screen bulges toward us. A second kick.

COYLE

Minkie, pull over! --

Too late. A third huge KICK. The screen breaks loose, slamming straight into us, obliterating our view.

EXT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Out of control, the cruiser speeds into the side of a parked car with a huge CRASH. The airbags pop. Metal and glass fly and tinkle on the pavement.

Then, silence, save for a tripped car alarm. Two big work boots hit the asphalt. Timex runs away from us without a look back, disappearing into the night.

Radiator steam rises. The passenger door gets worked open. Coyle climbs out, unsteady on his feet. He looks to a dazed Menck. Seeing that they're both more or less okay, they turn their attention up the street. No sign of Timex.

MENCK

Insouciance.

Coyle notices something at his feet. He bends down, picks up the two broken halves of the clear plastic BOX that formerly enclosed the Lou Gehrig baseball. The baseball is gone.

COYLE

Aw, dammit.

(looking all around)

Aw, dammit. He even took the certificate of authenticity. You son of a...

Coyle hurls the box, bellows into the darkness.

COYLE

YOU STUPID AMP-HEAD BOOCHIE! --

Off this, our first taste of a brave new world...

END TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. LOS ANGELES - VARIOUS VIEWS - DAY

Hazy and sunny. Overpopulated. Car capital of the world. As seen from a distance, this is the Los Angeles we're all accustomed to. This is NOT some dark, post-apocalyptic land. Angelyne still has her billboards, there's still a Starbucks on every corner. Geeky, hopeful, myrmidon-like TV writers still overdo the scene direction and use too many adjectives.

You get the picture. It looks exactly like our Los Angeles. But only from a distance.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - DAY

A low, 70s-era brick box on Wilcox. A faded Tercel turns into the employee lot. PAIGE MOSCAVELL, early twenties and attractive, climbs out. She wears civvies, pulls a garment bag out of the back seat. The nervous excitement she works to hide says "first day on the job."

Heading into the building with her bag, she lets two UNIFORMS pass. They're struggling mightily with a handcuffed MONSTER. Not Timex -- this is a different monster, different looking. Plus, she's a WOMAN. However, she does share with Timex the traits of yellow eyes and black gums.

She's a wild, HOWLING creature, fighting the two uniform cops the entire way. She's as strong as a man, and scary.

UNIFORM COP

I swear to god I'll put that prune head of yours through a wall, you piss-eyed bitch.

This sight gives Paige pause. *What am I getting myself into?* Off her, continuing into the station:

INT. HOLLYWOOD STATION - DAY

A hallway leads to a booking area, and beyond it, a large bullpen with desks. It's Grand Central in here -- lots of uniform cops, detectives, non-sworn secretaries and office workers. Every race, creed and persuasion of human.

Lots of human arrestees, too -- car thieves, gangbangers, junkies, prostitutes. Just what you'd expect. But salted in among these folks are a handful of MONSTERS, all in custody.

This place will always be a loud mess of activity, people coming and going, often in a hurry. Paige takes it in, a bit overwhelmed. She finds the DESK SERGEANT.

PAIGE

Hi. Officer Paige Moscovell, reporting for duty. Here's my --

DESK SERGEANT

Yeah. Here, fill this out.

The Sergeant, busy, not unfriendly, hands her a clipboard and goes back to talking on the phone. A banged-up Coyle and Menck enter behind Paige, Menck noticing her favorably.

MENCK

(under his breath)

Who's the new poo-butt? Yeeow.

Coyle looks too, but his mood is still grim from last night. A weathered but handsome detective, MARK JACOCKS, calls out.

JACOCKS

Hey Coyle! Good news! We found your Lou Gehrig!

Jacocks tosses a baseball, which Coyle eagerly catches. His smile turns to a frown as he checks the signature.

COYLE

Oh, friggin' hilarious.

LAUGHTER in the bullpen. Menck grabs the ball, reads aloud.

MENCK

"Dear Coyle -- don't lose me again, you schmuck! Love, Lou."

COYLE

(to the detectives)

Least I work for a living! Buncha desk monkeys in your clip-on ties.

Jacocks and the other detectives laugh and go OOOOH. It's all good-natured on everyone's part. We'll remember Jacocks, though. There's something flint-hard behind his eyes.

The boss, CAPTAIN SOBEK, mid-40s and somewhat Gray Davis-ish, steps out of his office.

CAPTAIN SOBEK

Everybody, your attention, please.

DESK SERGEANT

Listen up for the Captain! --

The place quiets down. Sobek holds up a MEMO for all to see.

CAPTAIN SOBEK

Memo from Deputy Chief Shimura.
This was prompted by complaints
he's received from the community
oversight board.

(reading aloud)

"Slang and derogatory terms for
mutated individuals are not and
will not be tolerated by this
department. No employee of the
LAPD shall refer to such
individuals as," and here I quote:
"Amp Heads, Boilers, Boko Grandes,
Bolos, Boochies, Chicken Skins,
Cob Mouths, Dobies, Ducrots,
Foamers, Fuglies, Johnny Choads,
John Q. Mutant, Jojo the Dogfaced
Taxpayer, Klingons, Piss Eyes,
Prune Heads, Scabbos, Scab Hogs,
Scabby Hayes, Screaming Yellow
Monkeys, Wattle Jobs, Wrinkly-Dinks
or Zits."

Throughout this litany, stifled GIGGLES and guys making faces
at one another. Sobek, expecting as much, plows through.

CAPTAIN SOBEK

Are we clear? Zero tolerance,
people, and I am not kidding.
Acceptable nomenclature is "mutated
individuals" or "mutational
actives." Or better yet, your
"friends and neighbors."

As the Captain segues into another subject, suddenly --

-- AAAAAHHHH! The female monster, or ACTIVE, we saw earlier
suddenly goes absolutely APESHIT in the background. Cuffed
to a bench and awaiting booking, she skins her hand right out
of her handcuff, sending blood spattering against the wall.

The two uniforms are on it quick, but she sends one crashing
through a window. She LEAPS OVER the other one -- it's as if
she has springs for legs. She's heading for the front door.

Beefy cops put themselves in her path, to no avail. She's
making straight for wide-eyed Paige, who instinctively grabs
a TROPHY CUP off a shelf. Before Paige can swing it...

... Detective Jacocks, expertly flipping a police BATON on its lanyard, swings like Sammy Sosa, folding the active in half. A second, teeth-rattling baton UPPERCUT lays her out.

Everything gets quiet again. Cold-as-ice Jacocks gently takes the trophy cup from Paige's hands and puts it back on the shelf. To a couple of uniforms:

JACOCKS

Gentlemen, could you take our...
"friend and neighbor" to a cell?

Frosty sarcasm, aimed squarely at the Captain. Off Jacocks, clearly the Dirty Harry of this precinct, we PRELAP:

SPICER (V.O.)

They're not all violent.

CUT TO:

A BLACKBOARD

Before it stands DETECTIVE ROBERT SPICER. He's mid-30s, handsome and substantial. Soft-spoken. Not hard-edged like Jacocks, he'd nonetheless be an even match for the man.

SPICER

Even the ones who are don't always mean to be. They're not thinking straight. They're... confused. That doesn't make them bad people. It's just what the mutation does.

As he speaks to us, we slowly PULL BACK to reveal...

INT. ELEMENTARY CLASSROOM - DAY

Spicer stands before twenty cute KIDS, age eight. He has their full attention, and that of their TEACHER, as well. This is an upscale, Warner Avenue-type school.

Spicer's partner stands here too -- both their names are on the blackboard. DETECTIVE KATRINA CABRERA is a bit younger than Spicer and just as professional. Though she dresses to downplay it, the letters H, O and T spring to mind.

SPICER

Who here knows somebody who's changed?

Three little hands out of twenty go up. Of the three:

FIRST KID

Our mailman. He changed.

SECOND KID

My uncle did. He says everybody's gonna change, only they don't know it yet.

THIRD KID

That's not true! He's a liar!

The kids are nervous, start to fidget. Teacher shushes them.

SPICER

He's not a liar, that's just his opinion. These days there's a lot of opinions floating around, but nobody knows anything for sure. Some people think these mutations have something to do with a comet that passed by earth three years ago. Other people think they're caused by rays from outer space, or maybe something that's gotten into the drinking water. Still others think this is evolution. Have you talked about evolution in class?

Several kids nod.

SPICER

Your teacher's probably told you that scientists say we're evolved from apes. Well, some scientists think we may be evolving again. And that's what we're seeing now.

(a beat)

That's the way it is with this condition, AMP. A-M-P, it stands for "Aggressive Mutagenic Partitive." That's a mouthful, huh?

(off their smiles)

Essentially, that's a lot of big words to say nobody knows what we're dealing with.

The kids listen, rapt. Spicer would make a good teacher -- he doesn't talk down. He studies their anxious faces.

SPICER

The main thing I want you to remember is, there's a lot of smart people trying to make sense of this. I believe they will. Soon. Meantime, we all have to go on with our lives. We can't live in fear.

Off Cabrera, also listening, her expression hard to read:

INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Minutes later. Construction paper art on the walls. Spicer and Cabrera round into view, heading for the exit.

CABRERA

You paint a rosy picture.

Spicer considers.

SPICER

Can't let 'em lose hope.

Cabrera gives him a little smile, not meant for him to see. She respects this man greatly, we'll come to learn.

Cabrera's cell phone RINGS. She answers it.

CABRERA

Cabrera --
(listens a beat)
Yeah, we'll take it.

Her look tells Spicer it's something big. Off this:

CUT TO:

EXT. BODEGA - DAY

A mom & pop corner grocery. Malt liquor posters in the window are faded blue by the sun. Parked black-and-whites and police line tape tell us it's a crime scene.

An unmarked sedan pulls up -- Spicer and Cabrera.

INT. BODEGA - DAY

Coyle and Menck, the first responders, have secured the place and are looking around, careful not to disturb evidence. Spicer and Cabrera enter the PROPPED OPEN door behind them.

COYLE

Hey.

(indicates the place)

Remember the last Superbowl party?
This is where I bought the beer.

SPICER

Wow. What else might we find
interesting?

MENCK

The dead guy behind the counter.

The detectives look. Lots of BLOOD, spattered and pooled.
~~The source of it, a MAN in his 60's, lies flat on his back.~~

CABRERA

Oofah. Shotgun to the throat?

COYLE

Look closer.

Careful not to step in the blood, they lean down to see.

CABRERA

Ah, god. Bite marks.

COYLE

Figure some big, honkin' prunie
with teeth like this.

(mimes with fingers)

Friggin' monsters. Cold blooded,
man. Hey Bob, you hear about my
Gehrig ball?

SPICER

Yeah, that's some tough luck, Dave.
Any witnesses? To this, I mean?

Menck, standing in the open door of a cooler, studying the
Gatorade and letting the freezer smoke pour out around his
ankles, snorts mirthlessly.

MENCK

Kidding, right?

COYLE

Anyways, we took the liberty --

Referring to the dead man's WALLET, he hands it to Cabrera.

COYLE

Ruben Gureghian. Owns the place,
lives in Los Feliz with his wife.

MENCK

Southall and Gilnitz are on their
way to do the notification.

CABRERA

(checking the wallet)
Fulla cash.

Spicer opens the register, checks the drawer. Lots of green.

SPICER

Same here. Which would seem to
rule out robbery as a motive.

COYLE

Aw man, one time we seen this booch
at the ATM machine, eatin' twenty
dollar bills like lettuce! They're
so wigged out, who can tell?

Half-listening, Spicer finds a plain white ENVELOPE tucked in
the register. Wearing latex gloves, he carefully slices it
open. It's fat with still more CASH. He counts it.

SPICER

One thousand dollars. That's some
good eating.

Coyle shrugs. Hunkered low, Cabrera notices a strip of DUCT
TAPE hanging loose beneath the register counter.

CABRERA

What do you figure this is?

Spicer squats down, pulls at it with his gloved finger.
The tape shows the faint outline of a TRIGGER GUARD.

SPICER

I'd say it's where Mr. Gureghian
kept a little holdup insurance.
Small-frame revolver, probably.
(miming the draw)
He didn't get to it fast enough,
unfortunately.

CABRERA

(to Coyle and Menck)
I don't guess you found a pistol.

The two uniforms shake their heads. Off Spicer, thinking:

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

A typical evening. Sunset Boulevard a few miles east of the Strip looks exactly the same to us. The people are human.

The strange and monstrous ACTIVES, we'll come to learn, mostly keep a low profile. They maybe make up only four or five percent of the population, besides.

A police cruiser motors by, in no particular hurry.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Paige Moscovell rides in the passenger seat, wearing her fresh new uniform. Her TRAINING OFFICER, a competent and amiable cop, is behind the wheel.

TRAINING OFFICER

Always looking. Always scanning -- look in every car, peek in every window. Be nosy. You wanna train that sixth sense to work for you. That Spiderman thing -- WEEEEEEEEEE! You know what I'm talking about?

PAIGE

I think so. Always on the alert.

TRAINING OFFICER

Exactly. It'll keep you alive. Here, take this.

He reaches to open the glove box, hands her a CASSETTE TAPE.

TRAINING OFFICER

You didn't get it from me, alright? But I want you to listen to that. That's the complete dispatcher tape from the Mount Olympus shootout.

PAIGE

Mount Olympus..?

TRAINING OFFICER

Please don't tell me you haven't heard of this. God, they should be teaching this at the Academy!

(sighs)

Okay, two years ago. Early days.

(MORE)

TRAINING OFFICER (CONT'D)

Most of us hadn't even laid eyes on an active yet, much less knew what to call 'em if we saw one. Detective Spicer was still a patrol officer then. You met Bob Spicer?

Paige shakes her head no.

TRAINING OFFICER

You will. Spicer and his partner were in a basic just like this. They get a call -- home alarm going off at some rich jagoff's house up in Mount Olympus. Cat or squirrel, you know, typical nothing call. Except it wasn't. It's an ambush.

(a beat)

Spicer's partner was driving. He's got one foot on the pavement when these things attack. Two of 'em -- kill him instantly. Slice him open here to here. Right through his vest. Yank him right out of the driver's seat.

Paige listens intently. Here inside the dark car, it has the feeling of a ghost story told around a camp fire.

TRAINING OFFICER

A third one's on Spicer. Rips a chunk out of his shoulder the size of a golf ball. Still, Spicer manages to draw with his weak hand. Bam! Puts a round in its eye.

(appraising her)

So, what's Spicer do next?

PAIGE

He... calls for backup.

TRAINING OFFICER

Well yeah, but where's his partner?
(off her silence)

The other two amps are dragging his partner away. So Spicer, bleeding like a spigot, pops loose the shotgun and goes after 'em.

Chases 'em up a steep hillside, weeds like out of a Tarzan movie. Chases 'em a half a mile. Kills both of them -- but not before they do another forty stitches' worth of damage to him.

(MORE)

TRAINING OFFICER (CONT'D)
Air unit finally finds him, half
dead, guarding his partner's body.

Paige is stunned and respectful. That's a lot to live up to.

TRAINING OFFICER
Listen to the tape. You'll hear
him panting like a bastard, but the
man is frosty. The whole time.
This is a cop's cop.
(changing the subject)
Ohhh, look what we have here.

We've pulled up at a stoplight behind a fancy BMW 7-SERIES.
We can make out the silhouette of the DRIVER, alone in his
car. The mishapen outline of his head tells us he's ACTIVE.

TRAINING OFFICER
Scab city, out on the town in an
eighty thousand dollar Beemer.
What's wrong with this picture?
(a beat)
Run his plate, wouldja?

Paige types the license plate into their MDT. The Training
Officer frowns at what comes back, dissatisfied.

TRAINING OFFICER
Bupkis. Know what that means...
(off her uncertainty)
Gotta find a reason to pull him.

PAIGE
(studying the car)
The left brakelight is out.

TRAINING OFFICER
Now you're talking.

He fires up the light rack and BOOPS the siren.

EXT. HOLLYWOOD STREET - NIGHT

The sedan pulls to the curb, the cruiser right behind it.
The Training Officer climbs out, quietly instructs Paige.

TRAINING OFFICER
Hang back where you can cover me.

Paige nods. We stay back here with her as her partner goes
to talk to the driver. We hear him ask the creature for his
license and registration.

Paige stays frosty, trying to do her job right and keep an eye on everything. Now, she notices... the sedan's dead brakelight FLICKERS briefly to life. It BLINKS on and off in an irregular staccato, then goes dead again.

Paige, her sixth sense working overtime, eases closer and gives a light RAP-RAP-RAP on the trunk lid with her knuckles.

A beat. A faint BOOMP sounds from inside. Paige swallows hard and smoothly draws her pistol, keeps it low at her side.

PAIGE
Officer Shibano? --

Shibano, her T.O., notes her drawn gun. He sees her indicate the trunk. He turns back to the driver -- who, though we glimpse him only briefly, is the most horribly mutated active we've yet seen (every MUTATION is different, we'll learn, because every individual's DNA is unique).

Instantly, Shibano draws his gun, aims at the man's head.

TRAINING OFFICER
Shut the engine and gimme the keys.
(off the man's hesitation)
GIMME THE KEYS! NOW!

The driver shuts off the engine, hands over the remote key. Eyes squarely on the driver, Shibano flings it to Paige.

While her partner is busy with the driver, Paige finds the little button on the key. Nervous as hell, her gun at the ready, she pops the trunk. She opens it with a slow CREAK.

Her eyes go wide. She lowers her gun.

Curled inside the trunk is a fourteen year-old BOY. His legs and arms are hogtied. Duct tape covers his mouth. He's frightened out of his mind, but he's alive.

TRAINING OFFICER
Paige, whaddya got? Whaddya got?!

Off Paige, unsure how to answer...

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM + HALLWAY - DAY

The active driver from last night is in custody now, double-cuffed to a table in a small room. Detective Jacocks leans over him, interrogating. The driver stares into space.

He is truly hideous to look at. But we have to imagine as much as we see, because we're watching him from a distance, through one-way glass, and Jacocks often obstructs our view.

~~PULL BACK to reveal we're out here in the hallway with Paige, watching through the observation window. Paige is like a kid at the zoo, studying the polar bears. So fascinated is she that she barely notices when Spicer comes up beside her.~~

Spicer stares inside, too. While he's appraising the driver:

SPICER

Great first day.

PAIGE

Thank you, Sir.

SPICER

My first shift, I spilled chocolate
milkshake all down in my holster.
You're gonna make us look bad.

(off her smile)

Bob Spicer. Welcome to Hollywood.

Paige's eyes widen when she realizes who this is.

PAIGE

Paige Moscavell. It's good to...
a pleasure to meet you, detective.

She shakes his hand. If Spicer notes her sudden deference, he pretends not to. He indicates the driver.

SPICER

What's his story?

PAIGE

He's not saying much. His name is
Andrew Litvak, no police record.
He's a millionaire -- at least he
used to be. Some kind of big real
estate entrepreneur. As for what
he wanted with a fourteen year-old
boy...

CABRERA
Raincheck. Thanks.

Paige smiles and nods, walks off. Cabrera watches the young rookie for a moment, then packs up her stuff to go home.

Cabrera glances at Spicer, studies him unseen.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

We DRIFT through this space, our eyes adjusting to the dark. It's a woman's apartment -- tasteful and well-kept. There's nothing that couldn't have been bought on a cop's salary.

We hear SPRINGS CREAKING. We drift toward the bedroom.

ANGLE - IN THE BED

DISCREET ANGLES -- a woman's naked back. She's straddling her lover. We ARC around to the front, carefully, so as not to show the naughty bits -- and reveal this is CABRERA.

Breathing hard, sweaty and satisfied, she rolls off and lies in bed. She lies silent, staring into space. A beat.

CABRERA
You sure you're okay?

JACOCKS (O.S.)
Well, hey. You tell me.

That VOICE. Is that who we think it is? Sure enough, we REVEAL... JACOCKS lying beside Cabrera. *Surprise!*

CABRERA
That's not what I'm talking about.
You're just... awful quiet tonight.

Jacocks plumps the pillow under his head, gets comfortable.

JACOCKS
You think I did the wrong thing.
Shooting that active.

CABRERA
You did what you thought was right.

JACOCKS
Spoken like a true politician's daughter. But I know you're with Spicer on this.

Cabrera's silent. Jacocks smiles wistfully.

JACOCKS

Still. You're with me, not him.

Jacocks slowly rolls over to kiss her. Cabrera kisses him back, wraps an arm tight around him. Their passion is as undeniable as it is unlikely.

CUT TO:

EXT. CATHOLIC HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

Familiar mission-style architecture. Quiet -- just crickets chirping under the moonlight. An SUV pulls to a stop in front. Spicer, in jeans, steps out of the truck, alone.

INT. CATHOLIC HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

This is the place we recall Joseph Blau would have wound up, had he lived. Spicer walks the hall, his footsteps clicking. He pauses before one particular room, then goes inside.

ANGLE - AS SEEN FROM THE HALLWAY

Spicer silently pulls up a chair, sits down beside an ACTIVE FEMALE RESIDENT asleep in her bed. We stay at a distance -- we can't see much of the young woman's face.

Her wrists are STRAPPED to the steel bedframe. Spicer puts a hand atop her hand and just sits with her. In FOREGROUND...

... A STAFFER softly closes the door, not wishing to disturb. As she does, a name card swings into view: "CYNTHIA SPICER."

CUT TO:

EXT. BASEBALL DIAMOND - NIGHT

TWIN BOYS, still in uniform from a Little League game, throw a ball back and forth on an empty field. NIGHT LIGHTS blaze.

Menck sits alone on the bleachers, watching his two sons.

MENCK

Keep that elbow above the shoulder,
Matthew!

Coyle appears, carrying a six of beer. He, like Menck, is wearing his civvies. He unsnaps two cans, gives one to his partner as he sits beside him. They both drink and watch.

COYLE
Geez. Your kids throw like the
Andrews Sisters. No offense.

MENCK
(irritated)
There were three Andrews Sisters,
Dave -- nor were they identical.
That doesn't even make any sense.

Coyle shrugs -- whatever -- and drinks his beer. A beat.

COYLE
Some shift.

Menck nods. He can drink to that. They tap cans.

Out on the field, one of the twins throws the ball wild.
It flies out of sight into thick HEDGES. Gone.

SECOND TWIN
Dad! He did it again!

The boys are about to hunt for it, but Coyle stops them.

COYLE
Hold up, guys!

From his pocket, Coyle produces the blackened GEHRIG BALL.
His once-prized possession. Coyle looks to Menck, who smiles
appreciatively. Coyle winds back and PITCHES it to the boys.

THE TWINS
Thanks, Dave!

They start playing catch again with the blackened ball.
Coyle watches the twins play, takes another pull on his beer.

COYLE
Minkie, you're one lucky man.

Menck, his mind on many other things, nods.

On the two friends, drinking their beers, watching the ball
fly back and forth, we...

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END