

# SUBURBAN COP

by

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ACT ONE

EXT. SAN CARLOS - MORNING

It's early, the sun rising over San Carlos, a rich, Irvine-like suburb. The churches look like banks. The banks look like yogurt shops. And everything looks new, fresh, proudly identical. In other words...

...we're as far from NYPD BLUE as it's possible to get.

We glide silently past the "Armed Response" signs, over the neon-green lawns, dodging the sprinklers popping on, past...

INT. BATHROOM - 674 WEST ROSARITO - SAN CARLOS - MORNING

...a Pilates-fit WIFE straightening her perfect hair in a mirror. Suddenly frustrated, she pulls off the wig, cries at her real hair underneath. And we float onward, through...

INT. KITCHEN - 45 EAST LA PALMA - SAN CARLOS - MORNING

...another home, past a BUSINESSMAN eating breakfast in his Ikea-perfect kitchen, working on a laptop-- or actually checking out a PORN SITE on his laptop-- as we push onward...

INT. BATHROOM - 1189 DE LA ALONDRA COURT - MORNING

...past a rail-thin MOM shoving a towel under her bathroom door, digging in a first aid kit for her stash. Suburban short stories. Little glimpses of people we'll meet later. We continue onward, gliding through...

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM - 17 SAN DOMINGO STREET - MORNING

...a master bedroom where JUDY LEMEN (31) pops into view doing furious push-ups. Sexily muscular. A dual personality: she's a single mom who loves action. Desperately trying to balance home and work. Bzzzt-- a buzzer in the kitchen. Judy is up, and--

INT. VARIOUS ROOMS - 17 SAN DOMINGO STREET - MORNING

--in a blur of JUMP-CUTS-- pulls cupcakes from the oven-- trims away the burnt edges-- decorates them with tiny baseballs--

--empties the dishwasher-- stops-- they're spotted-- damn--

--works on the dishwasher-- on her back, hands greasy--

--unplugs two charging cellphones-- one marked "home"; "work"--

--packs a Bekins box with men's things-- golf trophies, diplomas-- looks toward her wedding photo-- drops that in too--

BRENNA (O.S.)

*Mommy.*

Judy turns. Morning over.

INT. KITCHEN - JUDY'S HOUSE - MORNING

BRENNA (7) yawns. Sweet face, sweet kid; sometimes she seems 7, sometimes 30. Judy slides an egg sandwich in front of her as Brenna stares at four Bekins boxes by the door, ready to go.

BRENNA

Those for daddy?

JUDY

Yep.

(sees her sadness)

We're going to be fine. Really.

Brenna nods. Judy kisses her on the forehead, starts into...

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM - JUDY'S HOUSE - DAY

...her bedroom. Reaches into a closet-- pulls down a lockbox. Unlocks it. Takes out a Smith & Wesson handgun. What the hell? Judy checks the chamber-- unloaded-- checks two magazines-- ready. She sticks it in a gym bag. And...

INT. JUDY'S MINI-VAN - DAY

...bam-- a teacher slides open Judy's mini-van door in the school drop-off line. Brenna hands Judy a small present.

JUDY

What's this?

BRENNA

For your first day.

Judy smiles, hugs Brenna who gets out, starts toward school. Judy opens the box, finds a hand-colored SHERIFF'S STAR. Judy beams, starts to pull out when--

--erkk-- she stops fast, saves her cupcakes from flying. Winces "sorry" to a facing mini-van driver, RICHARD PALM (31), handsome, funny, athletic-- turns every head at parents' day. He smiles back-- "No problem," gestures "After you." Judy smile-- continues out. Checks the rearview mirror.

EXT. SAN CARLOS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

A wide lawn. Flowers. Could be a pretty junior college. Except for the squad cars. We hear grunts. Coming from...

INT. STATION GYM - SAN CARLOS PD - DAY

...a man and woman doing side-by-side chin-ups. Competing. Both in PD sweats. A sergeant leans in:

SERGEANT TOM  
Pamela. Your trainee's here.

PAMELA COATES (26). She continues to chin-up. The station's "hot bod." A force of nature, lots of attitude, silicone, collagen. Likes being one of the guys. The competing male cop:

MALE COP  
You'd better go.

Pamela laughs: right. Doesn't stop. The male cop finally-- *thunk*-- drops from the bar, exhausted. Pamela drops too, pats his back-- better luck next time-- exits, comes upon...

INT. KITCHENETTE - SAN CARLOS PD - DAY

...Judy quickly shoving baseball cupcakes into the station's fridge with a "DO NOT EAT" sign. Pamela frowns: Great, I've got Mommy cop here. Interrupts:

PAMELA  
Judy Lemen. I'm your Field Training Officer. Let's go.

That's it. Perfunctory as hell.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAN CARLOS PD - DAY

*Wham*-- Pamela slams her locker, pulls on her Sam Brown gunbelt, everything moving fast, Judy struggling to keep up:

PAMELA  
You get 6 months field training for detective rank one. Don't screw up, you get another 6 months--

INT. CUBICLE HELL - SAN CARLOS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

And Pamela rushes across the windowless workroom-- non-affectionately dubbed "cubicle hell"-- pointing:

PAMELA  
Booking station, evidence room, Captain's office, detective cubicles. Mine. Yours.

A cubicle. Not much. Judy barely gets a glance before Pamela pats four forms hanging in a line on a wall:

PAMELA (cont'd)  
 Our standing cases-- order of  
 importance left to right-- Rosalia  
 mall burglary ring. Open House Thefts.  
 Robotripping thefts at Rancho Bueno--

JUDY  
 Robot-tripping?

PAMELA  
 Kids getting high on Robitussin.  
 Prostitution out of the Cinnabon

Judy chuckles, but Pamela is already onto the next, pointing  
 to a half-dozen tacks on a San Carlos map.

PAMELA (cont'd)  
 Our Chesters. Sex Offenders from  
 the National database. Make a  
 point of swinging by once a week.

Judy focuses on a tack near a school.

JUDY  
 That's my daughter's...

"...school." But Pamela is off again, and we're with--

INT. JUDY & PAMELA'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

--Judy driving; Pamela reading the on-board CRT:

PAMELA  
 When we're on 11-10, check the CRT.  
 Patrol is always short-staffed.  
 (grabs the microphone)  
 Ida-seven. We'll take La Mesa.  
 We're around the corner.  
 (the radio: "Roger that")  
 Silent alarm at La Mesa Village.  
 Get to know all the Spanish street  
 names because they're everywhere--  
 Right on Coronado.

JUDY  
 They just put in speedbumps. Del  
 Toro is faster.

PAMELA  
 (looks at her)  
 Oh, right, you're local. Right on  
 Coronado.

Okay. Judy turns the corner, and-- *bah-bump*-- takes the speedbump faster than necessary, smiling slightly at Pamela's silence.

EXT. BELLAGIO SALON - DAY

*Thunk-thunk*-- Judy and Pamela get out of their car, start toward an upscale salon in a retail village. These corner malls are everywhere-- Jamba Juice, Williams Sonoma, Tommy Bahamas-- as essential to San Carlos as alleyways are to NYPD.

PAMELA

San Carlos is thick with silent alarms. Cleaning crews come in, set the alarm wrong. So talk to staff, take a perimeter check, call--

--BOOOOOM!-- we've never heard such a loud gunshot-- the salon's window explodes in shards-- Judy and Pamela hit the deck, guns out, safety glass raining around them, Pamela yelling into her hand-radio:

PAMELA (cont'd)

*Two-Edward-25! Shots fired,  
Bellagio Salon! Need back up!*

Judy is immediately alert, alive. Far from a wilting flower, she secretly loves this shit. Pamela is on her feet, running, rolling shoulder-first through the broken window onto...

INT. BELLAGIO SALON - DAY

...the salon floor, sharply whispering:

PAMELA

Stay down!

Five terrified women in smocks on the floor nod. Judy rolls through the window after her, looks for the gunmen, double-takes. One of the smock-wearing woman is a neighbor. They nod to each other-- weird. Pamela taps Judy:

PAMELA (cont'd)

Real thing. Don't shoot me.

JUDY

Same to you.

And both are on their feet, fanning out, starting toward the back. Everywhere mirrors. Like a funhouse. And--

--BOOOOOM! Another shot. A shower of acoustic tiles behind the last partition.

Pamela signals to Judy, raising three fingers. Judy nods. One-- two-- three-- and-- they're around the partition:

PAMELA  
SAN CARLOS PD! PUT THE GUN DOWN!

A red-faced HUSBAND, one-time Booster Club President, entitled, with a .22.

ARMED MAN  
STAY THE HELL AWAY-- I'LL KILL HIM--

And Judy sees "him." A PROUD STYLIST, arms crossed, attitude.

PAMELA  
PUT THE GUN DOWN-- NOW!

ARMED MAN  
I WANT AN APOLOGY! I WANT A REFUND--

STYLIST  
I HAVE NOTHING TO APOLOGIZE FOR!  
SHE SAID HIGHLIGHTS AND LOW--

ARMED MAN  
LOOK AT HER! WE'VE GOT THE ANNUAL  
CHURCH SOCIAL, AND LOOK AT HER!

Judy sees his tearful wife-- the TROPHY WIFE with the wig from the opening.

PAMELA  
YOU'RE KIDDING ME?! THIS IS ABOUT A  
HAIRCUT?! THIS IS ABOUT A MUTHERFU--!

But it's swallowed by a wall of yells, screams-- the husband raising his gun; Pamela raising her's, the stylist yelling! Suddenly, in a momentary breath, they hear Judy...

JUDY  
Is it the color or the texture?

A beat. The Trophy Wife looks at Judy. The husband takes a breath, looks at her too. It's so oddly sane.

TROPHY WIFE  
What?

JUDY  
Is it the color or the texture? I  
had the same thing last month.

Pamela shoots a look toward Judy: what the hell?

TROPHY WIFE

The color. Why?

STYLIST

That's the color you asked for! I--

JUDY

Shut up!

And the Stylist does shut up, the wife smiling appreciatively.

JUDY (cont'd)

Look, there's this great colorist  
in the San Felipe mall who can work  
miracles. When's your social?

TROPHY WIFE

Friday.

JUDY

Look, let me give you his number...

And Judy shoots a look toward Pamela who's already on it--  
creeping around the distracted husband to get a better position  
as Judy writes a number. But Pamela stops, sees--

--another pointing gun. What the hell?! Where?! Too many  
mirrors. She turns, trying to follow the bouncing reflections  
to a mall security guard: a Starsky and Hutch gleam in his eye!

PAMELA

DOWN!

BOOOOOOM!-- the guard fires-- An explosion of mirrors behind  
the husband who spins, and--

--BOOOOM!-- fires back, hitting the guard in the leg! The  
guard screams, tries to fire again, but Pamela tackles him,  
struggles with him, as--

--Judy, throwing her body over the wife, sees the husband--  
BAM-- escaping, slamming through the rear fire exit! And--

EXT. LOADING DOCK - BELLAGIO SALON - DAY

--BANG!-- Judy is out the emergency exit too, sees the husband  
jumping to the top of a dumpster, hopping a cinder block fence  
into a residential yard! And Judy is after him instantly, and--

EXT. VARIOUS BACKYARDS - SAN CARLOS - DAY

--we're high above the action-- seeing San Carlos is a maze  
of neat little postage-stamp backyards--

[This sets the tone for the show's action-- we're either closer than we're used to-- on a cop's shoulder-- or much further away-- overhead.]

The husband sprints across a backyard filled with Playskool equipment, climbs a facing fence, Judy ten steps behind-- breath coming in rushed, excited bursts. We're on her shoulder as she grabs a fence, pulls herself over into--

--a Japanese tea garden yard-- each yard a stage set-- gaining on the husband! And as the he tops the fence into the next yard, Judy grabs his shoulder, and--

--*WHOMP*-- both tumble to the lawn, struggling, fighting, when--

--*GREEERRRRRAHR!*-- a third participant-- a DOBERMAN at the end of its chain-- lunges at the two! Judy and the Husband suddenly find themselves in a chaotic, three-way fight! Dog biting Judy's blouse, the husband's throat, latching on, as--

--Judy finally gets a cuff on the Husband's wrist, drags him away from the Doberman's radius, and they slump, exhausted. Just a second of relief. When-- the husband stands, raising something-- shit-- is it the gun?!-- but--

--*THWONK*-- a figure dives into frame, slamming into the husband who tries to swing at him, but the figure parries, punches, knocks him out. Silence. Just distant sirens.

GAVIN

You alright?

GAVIN LYNCH (33). A vision of heroism. Steve McQueen solid, handsome. A lateral transfer from Baltimore. Action first, diplomacy second. Having trouble adapting to the suburbs.

Out of breath, Judy just nods. Gavin gestures to her blouse. Oh. Ripped-- shoulder and bra exposed. Unembarrassed, she covers up:

JUDY

Judy Lemen.

She offers a hand. He shakes it. Eyes her. Hair tousled over her face. Striking. A spark there.

GAVIN

Gavin Lynch. He had your gun. I just--

But Gavin stops, surprised to see in the suspect's hand-- no gun. Just Judy's handcuffs. Gavin stares at it. Oh.

EXT. LOADING DOCK - RETAIL VILLAGE - DAY

Paramedics. A local news crew. And-- CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER (42), a tanned surfer-type gone middle-aged-- think Sam Elliot. Turns to two detectives searching the alley:

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER  
Any sign of the guy's gun?

BRAD  
Still looking, Cap'.

Gavin's partner, BRAD WILKES (25), African-American suburbanite: conservative, morally certain. More Christian rock than Chris Rock. Ruttgauer starts away, joined by Gavin. Old buds:

GAVIN  
So a bad haircut, huh?

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER  
(smiles)  
Hey, we take our hair seriously here.

GAVIN  
Remind me again. "San Carlos. Great weather. Stress-free. Low crime."

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER  
You don't like the weather?

GAVIN  
My first month... a PTA knifing, a Little League homicide, beauty parlor shoot-out. Makes me nostalgic for a good old-fashioned crack war.

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER  
Hey, Baltimore still wants you back.

Ruttgauer starts off, as Gavin climbs the side of a DUMPSTER, peers down at Judy and Pamela searching the waist-high trash:

GAVIN  
No sign of the gun?  
(they shake their heads)  
You alright?

JUDY  
Me? Fine.

GAVIN  
Good job, by the way.

JUDY

Thanks.

Gavin stays there a second longer, then... leaves. Pamela stares at Judy. She shrugs:

JUDY (cont'd)

We had a moment.

PAMELA

(nods: right)

Hey, he's single.

JUDY

Did I ask?

Pamela smiles. A momentary melting of the ice. Both searching:

PAMELA

He just lateral transferred from Baltimore. Been here a month.

JUDY

I'm having enough trouble juggling work and home. The last thing I need is one more ball to juggle.

PAMELA

Or two more.

Judy laughs when-- *Aghh*-- Pamela pulls her foot from a pile of rancid MEAT--

PAMELA (cont'd)

Let's switch sides. You take the meat department.

But she sees Judy staring at her feet. What?

JUDY

It's Longs. There is no meat department.

Pamela. She looks back down at her feet, grabs a penlight, shines it in the shaded corner, sees something shiny, familiar in it. Judy kneels, looks closer. Blood, and--

--a woman's toe. Alive with ants. Nail painted pink. Pamela looks up at Judy. Shit.

END OF ACT ONE

## ACT TWO

INT. BRIEFING ROOM - SAN CARLOS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER

Moving on... A woman's left toe--

Chuckles. 18 uniformed cops at roll call. Judy and Pamela the only detectives, leaning at the back. Again, this is far from THE SHIELD, HILL STREET: clean, well-lit briefing room.

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER (cont'd)

Okay, get it all out now. Found in a dumpster at La Mesa retail village in the wake of this morning's shooting. No apparent connection between the two. As you can see, the toe--

He turns to an overhead Power Point screen. But it's blank. Ruttgauer clicks a button. Still blank.

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER (cont'd)

Sergeant?

SERGEANT TOM

Working on it, sir-- *There.*

The screen-- blank. Frustrated, Ruttgauer tosses the clicker.

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER

We're not sure if this is a freak accident or a dismembered body, but we all know how local news makes a meal of these weird cases, so until we locate the victim, we're treating it like the latter. Pamela.

PAMELA

We'll need a search of dumpsters within 5 miles of La Mesa. We checked hospitals, local businesses. No injuries consistent with a severed toe.

Judy meanwhile notices two cops eating familiar pink baseball cupcakes. Hey!

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER

Thank you, Pamela. By the way, that new face back there is Detective Judy Lemen. Eagle Rock PD five years ago, she retired to spend more time with her family. I guess she spent enough time--  
(chuckles from the cops)

(MORE)

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER(cont'd)

--she's now on a six month trainee track for full detective. Also, as an added bonus, she's local. So all those pressing questions about soccer mom culture, there's your guru.

SERGEANT TOM

Got it working, Captain.

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER

Good. Let's see it.

Everyone looks up toward the screen. Blank.

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER (cont'd)

Good job, Sergeant. How much did we spend on the system?

SERGEANT TOM

\$95,000.

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER

Just wanted to keep track.

CRASH-- everyone looks toward a lock-up window, where--

INT. RECEIVING LOCK-UP - SAN CARLOS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

--chaos. Two uniformed COPS trying to control a tweaking HIGH SCHOOLER yelling obscenities, struggling to get away!

MAYA

*Grab him, Patrick!*

MAYA SPEKTOR (26). An intelligent, cosmopolitan cop who looks like a sweet 16-year-old, but is far from sweet or 16. Her partner hurriedly struggles to pull on protective gloves:

PATRICK

*Almost there!*

PATRICK (29). A handsome, off-the-wall Captain America. Uselessly left-brained. Brawn to her brain. Fuck it, Maya body-slams the youth into a HOLDING CELL, closes the door.

PATRICK (cont'd)

Sorry about that. Kid had a cough.  
(offers her Purell sanitizer)

MAYA

I'm fine.

They start out, retrieving their guns from security boxes:

PATRICK  
You're not fine. He had a cough.

MAYA  
Patrick, I want you to watch something.

She raises her hand-- as if doing a magic trick. Licks it.

PATRICK  
*Maya! Jeez! Give me your hand--!*

No! The two struggle when Ruttgauer enters...

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER  
What's going on?

MAYA  
Nothing... sir.

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER  
I've got a break-in, needs special handling.

MAYA  
Sir, we're hoping to detective assist on the severed toe.

CAPTAIN BAUER  
No. This is a friend of Councilman Payne.  
(Maya rolls her eyes)  
It's called protect and serve, Maya. Protect *and* serve.

Behind them, meanwhile, we see Judy checking the fridge in the kitchenette-- shit-- only three cupcakes left: her "DO NOT EAT" sign altered to read "EAT ME." Great. Real adult.

INT. ROOM #8 - COUNTY CRIME LAB - DAY

The severed toe. Looking oddly pristine in a crime lab tray.

SAMANTHA  
A woman's left toe. Caucasian.

Gavin and Brad with SAMANTHA, heavysset Crime lab techie, no-nonsense. Queen of this particular kingdom.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
In her 20s. The nail polish: Chanel Candy Pink-- don't lean there--  
(Gavin, scolded)  
Applied recently-- no flaking.

Meanwhile Judy and Pamela enter, surprised to see Gavin, Brad.

BRAD

Ruttgauer wants us to tag-team it.

Pamela frowns-- great-- as Judy glances toward a turned-away Gavin. Looks good in this light too.

SAMANTHA

Decomposition and *hymenoptera* suggests the toe was severed in the last 2 or 3 days. A high preponderance of *melanin* in the skin points to a long and consistent exposure to the sun.

BRAD

Someone who works outside?

SAMANTHA

Perhaps.

GAVIN

Did you do a nail scraping?

SAMANTHA

Yep. No fiber evidence. But...  
(pulls out an evidence dish)  
I found an unusual, highly enriched soil under the toenail. "Fango" dirt and peat moss. Not native to Southern California. Italian.

BRAD

So we're talking a foreigner?

GAVIN

Or a gardener-- the dirt could be imported.

Samantha looks at Gavin. Hates when someone's ahead of her.

SAMANTHA

Maybe. Expensive gardening though. This dirt doesn't come cheap.

PAMELA

So the victim's a gardener in her 20s who paints her toenails? Great, this'll be fun.

EXT. LOS OLIVOS ESTATES - SAN CARLOS - DAY

A gated community. All McMansions. Tudor next to Spanish; Revival next to Cape Cod. In a French Chateau we find...

INT. THE YEAGER'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

...MR. and MRS. YEAGER, a pleasant middle-aged couple, sitting on their living room couch, embarrassed. We recognize Mr. Yeager from the opening: the businessman perusing the porn.

MR. YEAGER (V.O.)

I just wanted you to know. We're good, church-going people.

Maya and Patrick. Not sure what this has to do with anything:

MAYA

Okay. Perhaps you could start with what's missing, Mr. Yeager.

MR. YEAGER

Nothing's missing.

MAYA

What was disturbed?

MR. YEAGER

Nothing.

MAYA

Okay. If nothing was taken and nothing was disturbed, how do you know there was a break-in?

The Yeagers. They trade a nervous look. Maya eyes this: something weird here. Mr. Yeager finally opens his LAPTOP.

MR. YEAGER

A friend told us about this... web site. He thought we should--  
(resigned)  
Just push return.

Maya looks at him. Hits return. And-- "*Triple-X amateur sucking!*" flashes on the screen. The hardcore porn site: "Sexcum.com." A photo of a couple having sex on a couch.

MAYA

Um... I don't think I understand, Mr. Yeager. What's this have to do...?

MR. YEAGER

That's our living room.

Maya and Patrick. They look back at the screen. It is! Same couch. Same crossed swords on the wall. Everything specific, French Revival. Scrolling through the dozen photos.

MR. YEAGER (cont'd)  
 I'm a deacon at my church,  
 officers. I have a Bible Study in  
 this room every week. Right here.

Patrick eyes a stain on the couch. Moves away from it.

MRS. YEAGER  
 That's just coffee.

Oh. Patrick nods, relieved.

MAYA  
 Okay. So you're saying these two--  
 (sees a new photo, tilts her head)  
 --*three* individuals broke into your  
 house to use your living room for a  
 porn photo shoot? And you have no  
 idea why?

MR. YEAGER  
 That's correct.

EXT. LOS OLIVOS ESTATES - SAN CARLOS - DAY

Maya and Patrick exit the house. Look at each other. Laugh.

MAYA  
 Okay. Let's check with the web  
 site proprietor: "Sexcum.com."  
 Protect and serve, my ass.

INT. JUDY & PAMELA'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

Meanwhile, Pamela drives; Judy in the passenger seat, mid-conversation. Ice continuing to melt...

PAMELA  
 Yep, two tours.

JUDY  
 In Iraq?

PAMELA  
 Yep. Came back three years ago,  
 decided I didn't want to be some fat-  
 assed mini-van mom. I weighed 190  
 pounds going into boot camp--

JUDY  
 (laughs)  
 A-hundred-*ninety*?

PAMELA

Yep. That fat girl nobody talked to  
in high school. That was me.  
Military got me in shape. Paid for  
these.

(her breasts, ass)

JUDY

You're kidding?

PAMELA

Nope, they pay for plastic surgery.  
Who knew? "Be all you can be"  
means a 'D' cup.

Judy laughs, when a "Star Wars" tune plays. What the hell?  
Oh, the ring tone on her "home" cellphone.

JUDY

Sorry. My daughter programmed my  
ring tone, and I can't figure...

Judy quickly answers it to shut it up:

JUDY (cont'd)

Hello. Oh hey, Mom.

Judy shoots an embarrassed shrug to Pamela who doesn't smile.

EXT. SMITH & HAWKIN - RETAIL VILLAGE - DAY

A quaint gardening shop. Pamela is out of the car, into the  
shop as Judy lingers behind, tries to get off the phone:

JUDY

It won't be every day, Mom. Just  
bring Brenna to the station--

And Judy notices a BAKERY next door. Cupcakes in the window.

JUDY (cont'd)

Right, the team treats-- I made  
cupcakes.

(seeing Pamela in the shop)  
Look I have to go.

INT. SMITH & HAWKIN - DAY

Topiary, fountains, specialty soils. Judy goes to an unsmiling  
Pamela:

JUDY

Sorry.

PAMELA

You know how this works, right? Six months training. I decide whether you have another six months.

Judy nods contritely as a Julia-Childs-type interrupts:

SHOP OWNER

Yes, detective, I checked. We had 23 customers for "fango" in the last month.

A print out. Pamela takes it, scans it, as...

JUDY

It's a potting soil, right, ma'am?

SHOP OWNER

"Fango?" Yes, dear. Do you garden?

JUDY

No. Late nite TV. So you wouldn't use it, let's say, in a flower bed?

SHOP OWNER

Oh, no, it's much too expensive.

EXT. SMITH & HAWKIN - RETAIL VILLAGE - DAY

Pamela studies the print-out as Judy follows, distracted.

JUDY

Something doesn't make sense here. This dirt was found deep under the victim's toenail, right?

(Pamela shrugs, distracted)

Who plants a pot with their toes?

Pamela takes two steps. Stops. Looks at Judy.

INT. JUDY & PAMELA'S CAR - DRIVING - DAY

JUDY

Could she have been buried in it?

Pamela driving. Listening, thinking. Her process internal.

JUDY (cont'd)

But why would you bury someone in costly dirt? I mean, \$25 a gallon bag. Is it used for something other than gardening? Do they use dirt for bricks? Or clay? Art schools?

PAMELA  
 Wait. "Buried in it." You said  
 "buried in it. What if she was?"

Judy stares at her. Not understanding.

INT. THREE MESAS DAY SPA - DAY

An upscale DAY SPA tucked into another retail village.

INT. THREE MESAS DAY SPA - DAY

DAY SPA MANAGER  
 You want to know what's in a Mud bath?

PAMELA  
 Yes, what kind of dirt.

Judy and Pamela with a SPA MANAGER. He looks at them oddly, flips through a binder. Judy nods toward a tanning booth:

JUDY  
 The sun-damaged skin. That could  
 be why.

DAY SPA MANAGER  
 We don't seem to use just any one  
 sediment. We import a lot-- from Italy.

INT. CUBICLE HELL - SAN CARLOS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

--BANG-- Gavin, Brad, Judy and Pamela charge in:

GAVIN  
 Good work. You got a list?

PAMELA  
 Eleven day spas in San Carlos.  
 (Gavin, Brad whistle)  
 Yep, more day spas than hospitals.  
 8 in Newport Coast. 5 in Irvine.

GAVIN  
 Okay, let's check spa appointments--  
 anyone who fits the composite.

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER  
 Gavin, got a second?

GAVIN  
 Yeah, let me just--

But Gavin stops, finds two GRIM MEN waiting in his cubicle.

INT. CUBICLE HELL - LATER - DAY

Brad waits on a phone, stops a passing Sergeant:

BRAD

Hey, Tom. What's up with I.A.D.?

They look toward Gavin sitting with the grim men in an adjoining glass-walled conference room. The Sergeant shrugs.

BRAD (cont'd)

Oh, come on. I've been partnered with him a month, and I know more about my dry cleaner. If there's something I should know...

SERGEANT TOM

Look, all I know is Ruttgauer put you two together for balance.

BRAD

Great. So I'm the stable one?  
(Tom shrugs, starts off)  
I hate being the stable one.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OFF CUBICLE HELL - DAY

Gavin waits as the men, AUERBACH and HUNTLY, refer to a file.

LT. HUNTLY

In Baltimore, why did you go into anger management, detective?

GAVIN

Why? Because I was angry.

LT. AUERBACH

Why were you angry?

GAVIN

Because people were shooting at me.  
(the two don't smile)  
I didn't like the way I was taking it home. You have to be-- a certain way at work, and I realized I was being that way at home too. That's all.

LT. HUNTLY

Did Anger Management work?

GAVIN

Well, they suggested I get a less stressful job. You tell me.

Auerbach and Huntly stare at him. Open a file:

LT. AUERBACH

The salon shooting-- your arrest put the accused in the hospital. Did you know he's suing the department?

GAVIN

I heard.

LT. HUNTLY

San Carlos isn't Baltimore, detective. You can't use the same methods here, do you understand?

GAVIN

Criminals are criminals, Lieutenant. The only difference is San Carlos criminals don't think of themselves as criminals. And they sue.

The two close their files. Stand.

LT. AUERBACH

We're legally required to investigate when another officer makes an accusation, detective, so--

GAVIN

Wait a minute. Another officer made an accusation?

LT. HUNTLY

Yes, detective. Officer Lemen.

Gavin. Startled. You're shittin' me?

INT. STAFF HALL - SAN CARLOS PD - DAY

*BANG*-- Gavin ignores the sign on the unisex locker room-- its arrow pointing toward "FEMALE"-- plowing through the door.

INT. LOCKERROOM - SAN CARLOS PD - DAY

GAVIN

What the hell's your problem?!  
You have an issue, come to me!

Judy Lemen, alone in the locker room, looks up, zipping up her pants. Still in her bra.

JUDY

*Excuse me!*

GAVIN

I save your ass, and the next thing  
I know you're going to I.A.D.!

JUDY

Wait a minute. Get your facts straight,  
Cowboy. You didn't save anyone's ass--

GAVIN

The suspect was unsecured--!

JUDY

You THOUGHT he was unsecured! You  
saw I was a woman and wanted to  
race in like some--!

Gavin puts his foot on the bench, knocking Judy's gym bag over.

GAVIN

You lost control of the scene! It  
happens, but that doesn't excuse  
the fact that you went to I.A.D.--!

JUDY

Look, I don't give a good goddamn  
what you think. But I didn't go to  
I.A.D. I wrote a routine arrest  
report. I told the truth. I--

GAVIN

You know what, lady? Just go fuu--!

But he sees Brenna in a softball jersey peering in, worried:

BRENNNA

Mom? You ready?

JUDY

One second, babe. Detective Lynch  
was just leaving.

Gavin and Judy stare at each other. Out of breath. Nothing  
left to say, Gavin pushes out. Judy frowns, looks down at her  
gym bag. Zips it open. The store-bought cupcakes-- now just  
a smear of pink.

BRENNNA

What's wrong?

JUDY

What's not?

END OF ACT TWO

## ACT THREE

INT. CASA AGUA DAY SPA - DAY

Gavin and Brad. Waiting in a day spa. Eyeing the passing sexy moms. Mid-conversation:

GAVIN  
Can we talk about something else please?

BRAD  
We've ridden together four weeks, and what do I know about you?

GAVIN  
Then ask something simpler. Ask about the Lakers.

BRAD  
Don't follow them.

GAVIN  
You don't follow the Lakers? How can you *not*?

BRAD  
What? Because I'm black?

GAVIN  
Oh God! Let's just drop it.

BRAD  
I don't like hip-hop either; and I love San Carlos. If that makes me some kinda traitor to my race--

SPA MANAGER  
(interrupting them)  
Excuse me, gentlemen. Sorry it took so long. We've had quite a few mud baths.

Brad talks with the Spa Manager as we stay with-- Gavin who notices something under the closing backroom door. A rubber tip. Tan. Familiar looking. Hmmm. Gavin goes to the door, nudges it open, finds--

INT. MASSAGE BOOTH CORRIDOR - DAY

--yep-- the rubber tip is the bottom of a CRUTCH. Leaning next to a door in a hallway. Gavin goes to the door. Opens it. Finds a massage in progress. The startled Masseuse:

MASSEUSE (KELLY)

May I help you?

Gavin. He looks toward the left foot of the patron. Intact. He turns to the masseuse-- the mother we saw stuffing a towel under her bathroom door in the opening. Her left foot bandaged.

GAVIN

I think we might have something of yours.

EXT. LA HABANA PUBLIC PARK - DAY

*Tonk*-- a girl hits a softball into the outfield. Judy cheers along with other moms and nannies in the bleachers, waving to a happy Brenna in the dug-out, when--

--*bleet-bleet*-- her "work" cellphone. Damn. Judy answers...

JUDY

Hello. *When?* No, no, I'm coming in.

(hangs up.)

Mom.

SUSAN LEMEN (52). Sitting next to Judy. Unhappy at the call. A college professor; think Gloria Steinem, Susan Sontag.

SUSAN LEMEN

It's her first game, Judy.

JUDY

I know. A case I'm on; they found the victim. It should be an hour.

SUSAN LEMEN

Don't say an hour when you mean "four."

Judy frowns-- the usual guilt-trip. She kisses her mom on the cheek, starts down the bleachers to the dug-out...

JUDY

Brenna!

But Brenna is already heading out toward outfield.

RICHARD PALM

Hey, the crazy driver.

The coach. Richard Palm. The driving dad from the drop-off line. Sexy as ever. Judy smiles.

RICHARD PALM (cont'd)  
Richard Palm.

He tries to shake her hand through the cyclone fence, gets only two fingers through. She shakes his fingers, smiling:

JUDY  
Judy Lemen. Sorry about this morning. I always confuse the north and south drop-off lines.

RICHARD PALM  
Everybody does. Just flip anyone off who gets in your way.

JUDY  
(laughs)  
Oh, the snacks.

A package of granola bars. She comes around the dug-out to hand them over, sees "**Police Emergency Rations**" printed on the outer wrapping-- skkkk-- quickly tears it off:

JUDY (cont'd)  
Sorry I wanted to make something for the first day--

RICHARD PALM  
No. Granola bars are great-- healthy. You'd be surprised how many moms bake cupcakes.

JUDY  
(stares at him)  
Ha, cupcakes! Crazy.  
(yells to the outfield)  
--Brenna!

Brenna waves. Sees Judy's gesture "Have to go." Brenna nods, tries to hide her disappointment.

RICHARD PALM  
You know, my daughter, Savannah-- shortstop-- she's really been pleading for a playdate with Brenna.

JUDY  
Really? We should do that.

RICHARD PALM  
Have your people call my people?  
(Judy smiles, nods)  
Nice meeting you, Judy.

JUDY  
And you-- Richard.

And Judy starts off, looks back at him, sees he's checking her out. Judy smiles, continues off.

INT. CUBICLE HELL - SAN CARLOS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

The Masseuse, KELLY (27). Well-dressed but fidgety. A working mom on the "Suburban Slide"-- losing ground economically, but keeping up appearances. Gavin and Brad brush into the cubicle:

GAVIN  
Thanks for your patience, Kelly.  
These accident reports are a real nuisance.

KELLY  
(checking her watch)  
Actually, I just don't want to be late to pick up my kid.

JUDY  
Boy or girl?

The three turn to see Judy and Pamela arriving in the cubicle. A coolness between Gavin and Judy-- their argument still burning.

KELLY  
Boy. Leo. Two-years-old.

JUDY  
Ah, the terrible twos. I have a daughter. Seven.

Kelly smiles, as Gavin pauses, sees what Judy is doing.

BRAD  
We just wanted to review this one more time before we drive you home, Kelly. You were cutting vegetables with a sharp Fujitori knife when you accidentally dropped it on your bare foot, is that correct?

KELLY  
Yes.

BRAD  
And before you could retrieve it, your neighbor's dog grabbed your toe and ran off-- apparently leaving it in a dumpster... two miles away.

KELLY

I don't know how it got in the dumpster. That's what happened.

GAVIN

Okay. Here's the thing, Kelly: we phoned your neighbor, and--

KELLY

You phoned Tracy?!

GAVIN

Yes. And she said her dog is 13 years old-- which in dogs years is...

BRAD

Ninety-one.

GAVIN

Right-- and she said the last time her dog ran anywhere was in 2004.

Kelly looks between them. Asks Judy:

KELLY

Am I in trouble?

GAVIN

(notices the Judy connection)

No. But we did check your rap sheet, Kelly. And it says you have two priors for meth possession. We also know dealers sometimes hurt users who can't pay up, so we were wondering if you'd like to change your story.

Kelly. Silent. Gavin shoots a look to Judy: go ahead. Judy nods, kneels beside Kelly. Quietly:

JUDY

Who did this to you, Kelly?

KELLY

Look, I got hooked. Working full-time, taking care of Leo, I needed something to keep me going, that's all. But I'm clean now.

JUDY

I know you are. Look, if you don't want to press charges, that's fine.

(MORE)

JUDY(cont'd)

But tell us, so it won't happen to someone else.

KELLY

(stares at her)

It was an accident. I dropped my knife-- I-- I want to go home now.

The four cops look at each other, frown.

INT. MAYA AND PATRICK'S PATROL CAR - DAY

PATRICK

Okay, take Ted Bundy.

Maya drives; Patrick squirts Purell into his hands:

MAYA

Patrick, you're giving me a headache.

PATRICK

Five guards had contact with him. Five jailers. You know how many went on to lives of crime?

MAYA

Patrick, listen to me! The measles are contagious; the flu is contagious. EVIL IS NOT CONTAGIOUS! YOU CAN NOT CATCH EVIL!

PATRICK

As long as you sanitize your hands--  
(Maya grabs her head)  
Like, with lock-up. You put a habitual criminal in with a bunch of weekend DUIs, what happens? They go crazy. Taxpayers without a day of jail time-- swearing, fighting. How do you explain that?

MAYA

I *don't* explain that. I don't *need* to explain that.

PATRICK

They caught something! A bug, a virus, a germ. --Is *this* it?

A sweet ranch-style house. Kids on the lawn. Dad shooting hoops. A Mutual of Omaha ad.

MAYA  
 Yep, global headquarters of  
 "Sexcum.com."

INT. THE KENZO'S OFFICE-GARAGE - DAY

Quaint home-office. A pornographer's den by way of Brady Bunch. Not a porn shot in sight. A NANNY takes a 2-year-old out, leaving ANDY KENZO (30), a cardigan-wearing Andy Griffith:

ANDY KENZO  
 Thanks for waiting. We like to keep  
 our home and work life separate.  
 Could I see those photos again?  
 (Maya hands him the porn)  
 You see, we don't do content. We  
 solicit it over the web. Is this  
 from "Sex-cum" or "All Anal"?

MAYA  
 Sex-- the first.

DONNA KENZO  
 Limeade anyone?

DONNA KENZO, a sweet Donna Reed type, enters with drinks.

MAYA  
 No thanks, ma'am. Can you tell us  
 who sold them to you? The photos.

ANDY KENZO  
 Unfortunately, we have encryption  
 software to insure anonymity, but  
 let me see what I can do.

Andy crosses to his office computer as Donna pours for them:

DONNA KENZO  
 I hope you don't mind me saying-- that  
 girlish look you have, it's really in  
 high demand in our business. Have you  
 ever thought about modeling?

Maya just stares at her...

MAYA  
 No.

DONNA KENZO  
 Too bad. It pays very well.

PATRICK

How much?

MAYA

*Patrick.*

DONNA KENZO

Well, Andy and I make twice as much as we did as teachers. The year of the Paris Hilton video, we put away enough for Tyler's college fund. And we're always home with the kids.

MAYA

Gives new meaning to "Leave it to Beaver," doesn't it?

Silence. Maya's joke not going over well. As...

ANDY KENZO

I have an e-mail account, but no name. "Master Frodo" at hotmail.

PATRICK

Was it a *jpg* file? The attachment-- it'll show when the photos were taken.

Maya squints at Patrick. Where did *that* come from?

EXT. THE YEAGER'S MANSION - DUSK

MR. YEAGER

July 15th?

Mr. Yeager, with Maya and Patrick on his front stoop.

MAYA

Yes sir. That's when the pictures were taken in your living room.

MR. YEAGER

Well, my wife was home.

MAYA

You're sure? That was some time ago.

MR. YEAGER

(steps out on the stoop, quiet)  
Look, my wife-- She's... agoraphobic. She's here all the time.

Maya and Patrick stare at him.

MAYA  
 Didn't you think that might be  
 important to disclose to us  
 earlier, Mr. Yeager?

MR. YEAGER  
 I'm sorry, but it's a personal thing.  
 She's embarrassed about it.

INT. MAYA AND PATRICK'S PATROL CAR - DUSK

*Thunk--* Maya closes the car door. She and Patrick stare off.

PATRICK  
 What do you think, she was asleep  
 upstairs when they broke in?

MAYA  
 No. People don't break into houses  
 for porn shoots. That's insane. I  
 think our little shut-in is lying  
 to her husband, having little  
 parties when he's out at work.

PATRICK  
 Wow, you're cynical.

MAYA  
 Yep, the mean streets of San  
 Carlos. Someone's gotta ride them.  
 Okay, Master Frodo at hotmail, here  
 we come.

INT. JUDY & PAMELA'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

Kelly in the backseat talks on a cellphone. Night outside.

KELLY  
 Look, Mom, I know it's late. I'll  
 pick up Leo in an hour.

Judy eyes her in the mirror sympathizing as Kelly hangs up.

JUDY  
 It's hard being a single parent.

KELLY  
 Yeah. Working is the hardest.  
 (Judy nods: sounds right)  
 Just the end of the block.

JUDY

And you have to work twice as hard as everyone else just to be adequate.

Pamela looks over at Judy-- the slightest acknowledgement. Words echoing into their earlier friction.

KELLY

Actually, you can drop me here.

Kelly's voice suddenly different, more abrupt. Judy and Pamela check the mirror. Kelly staring straight ahead. A car near the end of the street. A dark BMW idling.

JUDY

What's wrong, Kelly?

KELLY

Nothing. I just want out here.

But Pamela and Judy watch as the BMW starts off, passing. Tinted windshield. No front plate. Judy looks in the rearview mirror, but it's too dark to catch the rear plate.

EXT. PLAZA MIRANDA TOWNHOUSES - NIGHT

Pamela quickly pulls into the townhouse driveway. Middle-class as San Carlos gets: street clean, but more congested. Judy jumps out to help Kelly out, her crutches. Quickly.

JUDY

Was that the person who did this?

KELLY

I said it was an accident.

Judy quickly slams the car door, and Pamela takes off after the BMW as Judy writes on a card:

JUDY

Look. If there's anything, anything at all, Kelly, phone me. Please.

Kelly takes it, starts toward her townhouse as Judy sees a 24-hour security patrol up the street. She approaches, as...

INT. JUDY & PAMELA'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

...revvvv-- Pamela skids around a corner. No sight of the BMW. Shit. Where'd it go? Dark in all directions.

EXT. PLAZA MIRANDA TOWNHOUSES - NIGHT

ROSS  
Yeah. Blue BMW. Sedan. 2007. I  
thought it looked suspicious.

The 24-hour rent-a-cop, ROSS, standing by his "Guard Tech"  
car. Muscle man. Thrilled to be talking to a cop...

JUDY  
I don't suppose you caught the  
license plate?

ROSS  
No, sorry. Too dark.

JUDY  
Ever seen it here before?

ROSS  
No, but you could check the other  
shifts. Is this about Ms.  
Schneider's boyfriend?

Judy looks up...

JUDY  
Why do you ask?

ROSS  
It's just-- I've been hearing a lot  
of shouting there lately.

JUDY  
In Ms. Schneider's townhouse?  
(Ross nods)  
Do you know her boyfriend's name?

ROSS  
Sorry. Great with cars, bad with  
names. You know, I always wanted to  
be a cop. How much do you guys make?

INT. CUBICLE HELL - SAN CARLOS POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Judy and Pamela debriefing Gavin and Brad in their cubicles:

JUDY  
He thinks this boyfriend was there  
the night the toe was cut, entering  
around 9, leaving at midnight.  
Caucasian. Five foot eight. Brown  
hair. Side burns.

BRAD

And the car?

PAMELA

Called it in. Couldn't find it.

GAVIN

Okay. Let's split up the leads.  
We'll take the BMW, you guys take  
the boyfriend. Good?

They nod, start to split up when--

GAVIN (cont'd)

Detective, do you have a minute?

Judy, surprised. He means her. Sure. She stays, braced for anything. Waiting for the others to go. Then...

GAVIN (cont'd)

Truce.

(Judy studies him)

I read your arrest report. There  
was nothing there. IAD is just  
messing with me.

Gavin offers a hand. Judy nods, shakes it. Starts off.

GAVIN (cont'd)

Detective?

(she turns back)

I'm not great at this, but... wanna  
get something sometime?

JUDY LEMEN

(smiles)

"Something... sometime"?

GAVIN

A peace offering. Thought I'd let  
you fill in the blanks.

JUDY LEMEN

(considers it)

Starbucks. Thursday, end of shift?

Good. Gavin nods. And Judy starts off, smiling to herself.

INT. BRENNA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Brenna asleep. Judy leans down, kisses her. Starts to pull away when a half-sleeping Brenna grabs her neck, hugs her.

INT. JUDY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Judy sits on her bed, sets the hand-drawn sheriff's star on the bedside table, winces as she pulls off her clothes, skin bruised. Oww-- a dark circle of purple on her thigh-- even worse on her shoulder. Oww. She rubs lotion in when--

SUSAN LEMEN

Oh my god, Judy.

Her babysitting mother at the door, coat in hand, ready to leave. Judy quickly covers up a worse bruise on her side:

JUDY

I'm fine.

SUSAN LEMEN

No, you're not. Look at you. Let dad talk to the University, please. You can work shorter hours, you can--

JUDY

I'm not going to be a campus cop, Mom.

SUSAN LEMEN

There are other jobs. There are other things you can do!

JUDY

I'm good at this!

(surprised at her passion)

I know you and dad don't understand that, but I'm good at this. I'm making a difference.

SUSAN LEMEN

And Brenna?

JUDY

This is *for* Brenna, don't you see? We live here, Mom. We-- I don't want to phone someone for help. I want to *be* that someone.

*Bleet-bleet.* Judy's "work" cellphone. She answers...

JUDY (cont'd)

Hello.

Nothing. Static. Then-- click. Judy looks at the number on the cell LCD. Confused. She doesn't recognize it. Thinking.

EXT. PLAZA MIRANDA TOWNHOUSES - NIGHT

*Knock-knock.* Judy knocking urgently at the door of Kelly's dark townhouse. No answer. Judy frowns, backs up:

JUDY  
Kelly. It's Detective Lemen.

Still nothing. Judy takes out her cellphone, hits recall, dials. Hears the ringing inside. Yep, it was her number.

A child's cry comes from inside.

Shit! Judy whips out her off-duty gun, raises a foot, and-- WHAM!-- Kicks the door. No good. Too solid. She kicks again-- again! Wood cracking. And the door jars open.

INT. KELLY'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Dark. The toddler's cry. Judy hits speed-dial on her cell.

JUDY  
1990 Las Lobos. Code two.

And she ventures in. Blue throbbing light coming from the next room. She starts toward it. Finds the TV on the floor, cockeyed, beaming light. Two suitcases being packed. And-- there-- the toddler standing crying in his crib.

JUDY (cont'd)  
It's okay, Leo... shhh... shhh...

She starts to pick him up when she hears--

--*klunk*-- then running. From the bathroom. She bangs open the door, finds the bathroom window open, screen kicked out. And... the sound of footsteps outside. She races toward the window, but can't see anything. Except--

--blood on the smoked bathtub door. She slides it open, finds... Kelly lying in a pool of blood.

JUDY (cont'd)  
1990 Las Lobos. Need paramedic assistance. Immediately!

END OF ACT THREE

## ACT FOUR

INT. ST. HELEN'S HOSPITAL - DAY

ELSBETH SCHNEIDER (45), Kelly's mom. Exhausted, eyes red. Holding Kelly's son, Leo, who coos happily. Pamela and Judy whisper respectfully in the ICU:

PAMELA

We think the assailant saw your daughter talking to the police-- and that's why he tried to kill her.

JUDY

You have no idea who it might be? Someone in a dark blue BMW?

ELSBETH

I'm sorry. Kelly has been so... private lately. She phoned me for money, but I just didn't have any.

Judy looks toward an unconscious Kelly, enveloped by a forest of IVs, oxygen masks, tubes. Sympathizing.

PAMELA

Tell us about her boyfriend.  
(off Elsbeth's confusion)  
We think she was possibly hurt by somebody she was seeing.

ELSBETH

Oh, she was serious about somebody at her church, but I never met him.

JUDY

What church was that?

INT. VINEYARD ORANGE HILL CHURCH - DAY

A young ex-leftie PASTOR studies Kelly's photo, shakes his head.

JUDY

"Kelly Schneider." You're sure?

PASTOR ART

She's not a member, but we welcome all visitors. I just don't recognize her. Excuse me.

The Pastor climbs a ladder to hang a banner as Judy and Pamela frown, disappointed:

JUDY

Maybe she was wrong about which church.

PAMELA

Or Kelly lied about going.

INT. GAVIN & BRAD'S UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Beep-- an on-board CRT laptop scrolls to a map of Kelly's neighborhood, Gavin and Brad studying it:

GAVIN

So the BMW leaves Kelly's townhouse and has two options. It either stops at another house in the subdivision, or it leaves--  
(taps at a map bottleneck)  
--here. La Terrazas.

EXT. LA TERRAZAS - DAY

"La Terrazas." A sign above Gavin and Brad who study the street. Residential bumping up against commercial. Pointing:

GAVIN

Loading dock cam.

Yep, over a Banana Republic loading dock-- the protective cover of a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA. Brad points the other way...

BRAD

ATM.

An ATM machine outside a bank. Its mirrored convex camera.

GAVIN

Drive-through.

A camera at an In & Out Burger Drive-Through station.

BRAD

Good thing about suburbia. You can't walk five feet without being photographed.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OFF CUBICLE HELL - DAY

Three side-by-side computers. Surveillance footage clicking forward on one. Gavin and Brad studying it...

BRAD

The ATM. 6:30. The moment they lost the BMW. There.

The dark BMW moving past in the street. Brad hits a key, freezes the frame. But the car's too distant. Too dark.

GAVIN

No. Try the drive-through.

The next computer. Brad pushes "play," but a driver ordering In & Out pulls into frame. Only a glimpse of the BMW through the side window.

BRAD

Useless. The loading dock.

The last computer. A high-angled b/w image clicking forward. One frame per second. Brad slowly clicks forward, forward. Both lean in. A car clicking into frame.

GAVIN

There.

Freeze-frame. The BMW leaving frame. Just a glimpse of its rear license plate. Brad maneuvers the mouse, digitally blows it up. Just a swirl of blue in the dealer's cardboard insert.

BRAD

Damn. A new car. No plate.

GAVIN

(sitting back disappointed)

Not catching many breaks.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY - RANCHO BUENA HIGH - DAY

A sign: "Rancho Buena High School." The school library.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY - DAY

LIBRARIAN

You think I did *what*?

The Hippie-ish LIBRARIAN. Forty and pony-tailed. Horrified.

MAYA

Pornographic pictures were sent from the e-mail account of "Master Frodo" and we traced that account to you, sir.

LIBRARIAN

But I never--!

(sees nearby student, quiets)

I never sent pornography anywhere. I use the web for research, that's all.

PATRICK

Does anyone else use your account?

LIBRARIAN

I log on in the morning; log off after sixth period. I guess anyone behind the desk could.

MAYA

If we give you the time of the e-mail, can you tell who was behind the desk?

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL FIELD - DAY

A P.E. class jogs around the field as an overweight TEACHER talks with Maya, Patrick:

MAYA

A kid on academic probation, works in the library. Isaac Prentice.

P.E. TEACHER

Oh, yeah, Isaac. A real headache. Let's see. There.

A kid rounding the backstop, heading in. ISAAC, a food court James Dean: bad boy sexy. He stops, sees they're cops.

MAYA

Come on, Isaac, we just want to talk, show you a picture. That's--

But Isaac takes off, running. Maya sighs, as students cheer Isaac racing past them toward the backstop. Patrick sprints after him, swinging around the backstop, finding a hole in the cyclone fencing, diving through after--

EXT. PROPERTY LINE GAP- DAY

--Isaac who races down a narrow gap between the school and the next property, slips through another hole, past--

EXT. PUBLIC PARK - DAY

--mothers and infants in a playground, looks back, sees Patrick gaining on him. Shit-- that guy's fast. Isaac darts into the street, between two parked mini-vans, when--

--WHOMP-- Maya clotheslines him with an outstretched arm! Isaac slams down onto the pavement, onto his back!

MAYA  
 Didn't they tell you to never run  
 from cops, son?

Maya coolly thrusts a knee into his stomach, flips him over.

ISAAC  
 You really a cop?

MAYA  
 Yep.

ISAAC  
 So am I.

MAYA  
 Good, then you'll know how these work.  
 (*click-- cuffing him*)

ISAAC  
 You're San Carlos, right? Phone  
 Ruttgauer. I'm a narc.

Maya. She looks up at an out-of-breath Patrick.

INT. RUTTGAUER'S OFFICE - OFF CUBICLE HELL - DAY

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER  
 Dammit, Maya, he's on loan from  
 O.C.! Of course he ran. He didn't  
 want to endanger an 8 month  
 investigation!

INT. MAYA AND PATRICK'S PATROL CAR - DAY

Maya winces on the cellphone. Nods to Patrick who frowns.

MAYA  
 Got it, Captain. *I got it!* We  
 just wanted him to ID a photo--  
 (*hangs up; to Patrick*)  
 Uncuff him. He's on some big drug  
 case.

Isaac smiles at Maya, leans forward as Patrick uncuffs:

ISAAC  
 So what's your name?

MAYA  
 Not interested.

ISAAC  
 (grins)  
 Let me see your photo.

Maya hands him the porn shots. Isaac flips through them:

ISAAC (cont'd)  
 Vice?

MAYA  
 A break-in.  
 (Isaac looks up: huh?)  
 Long story.

ISAAC  
 I don't know if this helps, but  
 this girl here volunteers at the  
 library. Brooke Tarento, our  
 student body treasurer. I voted  
 for her.

Maya nods: thanks. Isaac rubs his free wrists, studies her:

ISAAC (cont'd)  
 Ever thought of doing high school  
 work? You'd pass.

MAYA  
 I did six months undercover at Long  
 Beach. Ecstasy ring.

ISAAC  
 The Wildcats? We kicked your butt  
 at homecoming.

MAYA  
 You got lucky in overtime.

Isaac grins. Liking her. Turns to Patrick:

ISAAC  
 Hey, Terminator, they're gonna  
 wonder how I got away. I need a  
 bruise or two--

But-- WHAM-- Maya punches him happily. Oww-- Issac touches  
 his fat lip, smiles.

ISAAC (cont'd)  
 You seeing someone?

MAYA  
 Yep.

ISAAC  
 Seriously?

MAYA  
 Everything I do is serious.

And he grins, starts off. Patrick watches him go...

PATRICK  
 Guy's kinda greasy.

He offers Maya some Purell. But she shakes her head, watches Isaac go. Not bad.

INT. CUBICLE HELL - SAN CARLOS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DUSK

Judy hangs up, scratches a church off a long list, yells:

JUDY  
 That's all the churches with  
 "Vineyard" in the name. No Kelly  
 Schneider.

Pamela, in the next cubicle, yells back:

PAMELA  
 Yeah, and I'm halfway through  
 Baptist churches. Nothing.

Pamela turns to, Maya, perched against her desk, gossiping. The two close friends.

PAMELA (cont'd)  
 Isaac Prentice, the narc?

MAYA  
 Yep, you know him?

PAMELA  
 Yeah. He's cute. You two can go  
 to the prom together!

Maya punches Pamela when-- The Star Wars theme starts up in the next cubicle. Maya looks toward it, points incredulously: "You're kidding, right?" Pamela gestures Maya closer, whispers:

PAMELA (cont'd)  
 Mommy-cop. She's actually not bad.

Maya nods-- really?-- as Judy answers her "home" cellphone:

JUDY  
Hello. Oh, Richard. Hey.

EXT. LA HABANA PUBLIC PARK - DUSK

Richard at the field. Practice. Boyishly nervous:

RICHARD PALM  
Hey. I know this is last minute, but Savannah was wondering if Brenna could come by for a playdate after practice.

JUDY (O.S.)  
Umm, sure, that could work.

RICHARD PALM  
Good. And if you're free for dinner afterward. We're just having pizza, but you're welcome too.

INT. CUBICLE HELL - SAN CARLOS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DUSK

JUDY  
How nice. I might be jammed at work, but I'll see. Thanks.

She hangs up. Thinks about it. Hears Pamela mimicing:

PAMELA  
"I can barely juggle home and work, the last thing I need is to juggle one more ball."

JUDY  
It's a playdate.

PAMELA  
Right. Sounds like a playdate.

MAYA  
A playdate with benefits.  
(the two laugh)  
Give her the advice.

Pamela peers over the top of the cubicle, joined by Maya...

PAMELA  
Don't tell him you're a cop.  
(Judy frowns: come on)  
I'm serious. Men get freaked out about it. The whole authority thing. Male cop-- sexy. Female cop-- ball-buster.

MAYA

Tell him you're in real estate.

Judy laughs, shakes her head, enjoying the camaraderie of women.

PAMELA

Look, go pick up your daughter.  
I'll phone the rest of the churches.

Judy thinks about it, nods her thanks to Pamela.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OFF CUBICLE HELL - DUSK

Gavin meanwhile studies the three laptops in the conference room. Something eating at him about their useless surveillance views. He gets up, heads out to--

--the kitchenette, an idea growing. The recycling bin. Yanks off the top, finds-- newspaper. Stacks of it.

*Thwap*-- he flops the papers down next to the laptops, flips through them, finds their Automotive sections. Quickly scans the ads. No-- no-- no. There!

A dealership ad. A half-page of cars. Each with a dealership cardboard insert in the plate frame. A swirl in a field of a lighter color. Interesting.

Gavin starts up the loading dock surveillance again, concentrates on the blown-up front license plate. Out of focus, grainy, but-- a swirl of blue and red.

GAVIN

Brad!

EXT. CAR DEALERSHIP - NIGHT

"Plaza Abajo Motors." A rushed SALESMAN looks at the freeze-frame from the surveillance video. Would rather be out selling.

SALESMAN

You think this car was bought here?

GAVIN

The dealer insert is yours.

SALESMAN

Look, I'd love to help you guys, but we sell a lot of cars here.

BRAD

Look at the back of the car. The spoiler. My guess is that's not standard on the sedan.

SALESMAN

Right, it's our sports package.

BRAD

So how many blue BMW sedans with sports packages have you sold in the last month?

The Salesman sighs: okay, he'll go look.

INT. RICHARD PALM'S SUBURBAN HOUSE - NIGHT

Delivery pizza. Judy takes the last slice, eating while pacing. On her "work" phone in Richard Palm's spacious dining room...

JUDY

Smart. That was Gavin?

PAMELA (O.S.)

Yep. They narrowed it down to five cars sold in the last two months. Meanwhile we're striking out. Not a single Baptist church with a Kelly Schneider.

Richard Palm leans out of his kitchen:

RICHARD PALM

Want a beer?

JUDY

Yeah, thanks.

(into the phone)

Look, I was thinking about that. What if Kelly were going to this Church?

PAMELA (O.S.)

And the pastor's lying?

JUDY

No, these churches have twelve step programs. Maybe Kelly's in a program, tells her mom she's going to the church, but she's really just going at night-- to the A.A.--

PAMELA (O.S.)  
 --And that's where she meets the  
 boyfriend? Worth a try. Hold on.

Judy, on hold, sees Brenna and Savannah laughing on a trampoline in the yard. Judy taps on the glass, points to her watch-- time to go-- sees as Richard Palm reenters, offers her a beer.

JUDY  
 Thanks. You know, I think we have  
 the same floorplan. I'm getting a  
 deja vu feeling here.

RICHARD PALM  
 Yeah, I visit friends' houses, I  
 know exactly where the bathroom is.

They smile, klink glasses. Judy nods to her phone apologetically:

JUDY  
 Sorry. Work.

RICHARD PALM  
 What do you do?

Judy has the beer bottle to her lips. A second to think.

JUDY  
 Real estate.

RICHARD PALM  
 Ah. Must be time consuming.

JUDY  
 (frowns at her lie, nods)  
 You're a computer consultant?

RICHARD PALM  
 Yeah. Not very exciting, I know.  
 I used to be a day-trader. Every  
 second-- job, job, job. Then-- the  
 divorce-- and-- I moved here; and  
 everything was so perfect here:  
 safe-- clean, you know. So it just  
 seemed more important to be home  
 with Savannah, coaching her team.

Judy smiles, eyes him. He's sexy, but there's a slight boredom about him. Or is it stability? Where does one end, the other begin? Meanwhile, Pamela comes back on...

PAMELA (O.S.)  
 Hey, you were right!

Judy gestures apologetically to Richard as she backs away...

PAMELA (O.S.) (cont'd)  
I convinced the church secretary to talk. Not only do they have a nighttime 12-step ministry-- "Living in Faith"-- but Kelly was a member.

JUDY  
Great!

PAMELA (O.S.)  
Gotta go. We'll get this guy.

Judy smiles, hangs up, gulps her beer.

RICHARD PALM  
Big sale?

JUDY  
Yeah. --Actually, I don't know why I said that: about real estate. I'm a cop.  
(Richard stares at her)  
It's just: other cops were saying how men freak out about women being cops. And I-- it's idiotic. Forget it.

She chuckles encouragingly. But Richard doesn't, sipping his beer. Silence. And Judy realizes: he's freaking out. Damn.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Judy starts down the street, frowning. Brenna eyeing her:

BRENNA  
What? You're making a funny face.

JUDY  
Nothing. Mommy just has a big mouth.

And they continue to walk.

END OF ACT FOUR

## ACT FIVE

INT. LOCKER ROOM - SAN CARLOS PD - DAY

Start of the day. A wall of noise as women detectives, cops change. We find Pamela, Maya, Judy dressing, mid-conversation. "Argghh"-- Pamela and Maya groan accusingly.

MAYA

What happened to real estate?! You were supposed to say you worked in real estate?

JUDY

I told him the truth.

PAMELA

Congratulations. And how did that go?

Okay, Judy hesitates, and that's all it takes.

PAMELA (cont'd)

Why doesn't anyone listen to me?!

JUDY

I don't think he's right anyway.

PAMELA

You mean, he's no Gavin?

Judy frowns, starts out, as Pamela and Maya laugh.

INT. CUBICLE HELL - SAN CARLOS POLICE DEPARTMENT - DAY

Judy passes her cubicle when she stops, sees a green envelope on her desk. Goes to it. Reads the envelope. "Internal Affairs." She looks up, considering it.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OFF CUBICLE HELL - DAY

Gavin still works in the conference room when-- knock-knock. Judy at the door...

GAVIN

Hey, we talked to three of the four BMW owners. None of them were in Kelly's neighborhood, so we're down to one.

JUDY

Good. Did you get this?  
(the green envelope)

GAVIN

The I.A.D. summons? Yeah, don't worry about it. They'll ask some questions about your arrest report and drop it.

JUDY

(still bothered)  
So when did you get yours?

GAVIN

My summons? Two days ago. Why?

JUDY

The day you asked me for coffee?

Gavin looks up. Pauses. Air between them suddenly tense.

GAVIN

You're kidding, right?

JUDY

I don't know. Am I?

GAVIN

You think I asked you for coffee because-- what? To get our stories straight?

JUDY

You tell me.

The two stare at each other.

GAVIN

No. Let's leave it at this. I give you a wide berth. You give me a wide berth. Okay? Starting now.

And Gavin pushes past her, leaves.

EXT. SANTA DEL MAR SUBDIVISION - DAY

A new subdivision carved into the disappearing San Carlos foothills. Tudor mansions going up, Spanish, Cape Cod. Billowing flags outside the MODEL HOME mansion where--

--Patrick and Maya knock, wait. Opening the door is BROOKE TARENTO (18), familiar from the porn shot, but now corporate:

BROOKE

Welcome. Come right in. Here's a set-up, and I'll be right--

But her face falls, seeing in Maya's hand-- the porn shots.

INT. ENTRY WAY - MODEL HOME - DAY

BROOKE

*Why'd you come here?! My boss'll  
kill me.*

Sharp whispers. Brooke with Maya and Patrick in the entry way.

MAYA

We talked to your friends at  
school, Brooke. They said you  
worked here.

BROOKE

(to a buyer)

Welcome. Go right in.

(whispers)

Look, we were just having some  
kicks, okay. Samuel said we could  
make some money from it, that's all.

MAYA

You're eighteen, Ms. Tarento. The  
problem isn't the porn. The  
problem is the break-in.

BROOKE

What break in? I had a key.

MAYA

(trades a look with Patrick)

Did Mrs. Yeager give it to you?

But a confused Brooke sees her BOSS eyeing her:

BROOKE

Look, I have to go. Please, I  
can't lose this job.

INT. LIVING ROOM - MODEL HOME - DAY

She charges into the living room, followed by Maya, Patrick:

MAYA

You didn't do anything wrong, Brooke,  
if Mrs. Yeager invited you in--

PATRICK

Maya.

Patrick. Staring at the room.

MAYA

*What?*

Patrick nods toward the interior. And Maya looks. Stops, startled. Looks again.

The living room. It's identical to the Yeager's. Down to the smallest detail. French Revival. Crossed swords over the couch. The couch. Everything an exact copy.

REALTOR

May I help you?

A smiling REALTOR. Maya and Patrick look at her, baffled.

MAYA

The furniture. The...?

REALTOR

Yes, beautiful, isn't it? Barbara Burton does all our designs. If you like the decor, Barbara will design an original housescape for you.

MAYA

Original?

REALTOR

Yes, each housescape is 100% original. She designs all over town. I'll get you a set-up. We have special financing for our friends in blue.

And the Realtor exits. Maya and Patrick blink:

PATRICK

There never was a break-in. The porn shoot was here.

Yep, Maya nods when Brooke rushes back to them, panicked:

BROOKE

Look, I had the keys to the model, okay? I didn't break in.

PATRICK

It's alright--

BROOKE

I need this job! I'll give you anything! I'll give you someone at school!

Patrick starts to interrupt when Maya grabs his arm:

MAYA

Who?

BROOKE

There's this guy there. Isaac.  
Everyone knows he's a narc.

(Maya starts to leave)

No, wait. He's framing kids to  
cover up the fact he's dealing.

Maya. She trades a look with Patrick.

INT. BASEMENT - VINEYARD ORANGE HILL CHURCH - DUSK

"Living in Faith" reads the banner over a recovery group in a church basement. A SECRETARY starts up the aisle, goes to the last row, whispers to a man. SIMON WRENN (28), Christian ethereal. Seems to glide more than walk. Not effeminate, just muted. He turns, looks back at Judy and Pamela.

INT. CUBICLE HELL - SAN CARLOS POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

Simon, now sitting in the Pamela's cubicle, nervous.

PAMELA

You're saying the last time you saw  
Kelly was two months ago?

SIMON

Yes. She was using again and I--

PAMELA

*You'll have to speak up, Simon.*

SIMON

(tries)

She was using again, and she broke  
up with me.

JUDY

So you were her sponsor but you  
were sleeping with her too?

SIMON

I-- we were close. Look, I asked the  
Lord's forgiveness.

PAMELA

What else did the Lord forgive you  
for? Putting Kelly in a coma?

SIMON

What?

JUDY

You were there last Friday, Simon.  
We have a witness.

SIMON

I haven't seen her in months!

Judy and Pamela hear a cleared throat. Turn. Ruttgauer.

INT. RUTTGAUER'S OFFICE - OFF CUBICLE HELL - NIGHT

Judy, Pamela sit across from his office speaker phone:

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER

Go ahead, Brad, tell them.

From the speaker phone: "*Roondle rooomber rey roo rundle...*"

CAPTAIN RUTTGAUER

How much for this piece of crap?

SERGEANT TOM

(at the door)

\$85,000. But that's for *everything*.

Disgusted, Ruttgauer picks up the phone, hands it to Pamela.  
INTERCUT with...

INT. GAVIN & BRAD'S UNMARKED CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

...Brad talking into his cellphone, Gavin driving...

BRAD

I'm a member of the Vineyard  
Church. I know Simon Wrenn. He  
seems like a long shot for this.

Pamela and Judy hold the phone between them...

PAMELA

Look, Brad, he was there the night  
her toe was severed. He was  
sleeping with her. Call it an  
instinct, but he seems guilty.

Gavin motions for the phone. Brad hands it over...

GAVIN

Why don't you guys go to the  
security guard and get him to I.D.

(MORE)

GAVIN(cont'd)

Simon from a photo line-up. Then we might have enough for an arrest.

Judy and Pamela trade a look, nod. Good.

INT. JUDY & PAMELA'S CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

JUDY

Pick up, mom! I need you to get Brenna at Little League. Mom?

Judy talking on her "home" cellphone as Pamela drives. Nothing. Shit, Judy hangs up, dials a new number:

JUDY (cont'd)

Hi. This is Brenna's mom, and we both have daughters in Little League-- Oh. I didn't know that.

Judy hangs up: dammit! Thinking who to call. Who?!

PAMELA

How 'bout your guy? The coach?

Judy stares at Pamela. Thinks about. Looks at the cellphone. Dammit. She dials, as...

EXT. 19 SOUTH DE LE GUERRE - NIGHT

...a FEISTY WOMAN (60) opens her door, stares at Gavin, Brad oddly.

BRAD

Hi, ma'am, I'm Detective Davies and this is Detective Lynch. Is that your car in the driveway?

The new BMW.

OLD WOMAN

Yes. Did I do something wrong?

BRAD

No. We're just trying to locate the person who drove it yesterday on Plaza Miranda around--

OLD WOMAN

That was me. I was visiting my daughter.

Gavin and Brad trade a look...

BRAD

Are you sure? At 6:30?

OLD WOMAN

Yes. I'm there all the time.

GAVIN

Do you know a Kelly Schneider. She lives on that street?

(she shakes her head)

Anyone else on that street?

OLD WOMAN

No. Oh, well, I know the security guard, Ross. He knows me.

GAVIN

(looking up)

Ross?

OLD WOMAN

Yes. He sees me there all the time.

Gavin and Brad look at each other, and--

INT. GAVIN & BRAD'S UNMARKED CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT

--Gavin grabs the radio:

GAVIN

Ida-six. We need a twenty for Ida-seven.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

*Ida-seven is at 1683 San Benito.*

BRAD

San Benito? That's right behind the mall where we found the toe.

GAVIN

The security guard lives right behind the dumpster.

BRAD

He did it.

(realizes)

Kelly freaked out when she saw *him* on her street, not the BMW. He's the one who sent us after the boyfriend.

GAVIN

Yep. And we sent Lemen and Coates right to him.

END OF ACT FIVE

## ACT SIX

EXT. ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A new neighborhood, some houses still with dirt lawns.  
Ross's security car parked outside one house.

INT. ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Six photos being placed on a table one by one. A photo line-up. Neutral mugshots. Ross points to Simon Wrenn's photo...

PAMELA

You're sure?

ROSS

Positive.

PAMELA

Can you sign the back of it?

ROSS

(signing)

I'm sorry to hear that about Kelly.  
Any sense when she'll recover?

JUDY

Too early to tell.

ROSS

Very upsetting. You move to San Carlos  
to get away from stuff like that.

Judy and Pamela nod when their hand-radios growl with static:

DISPATCH

*Ida-seven. Request for a 10-36.*

Pamela and Judy shoot a look toward each other. "10-36?"  
Ross notices the look.

PAMELA

Excuse me.

Ross nods, eyes her as she backs away to hear from dispatch,  
while-- *Beep-beep*-- Ross hears a beep in his bedroom...

ROSS

My beeper. Be right back.

Ross starts down a hall toward his bedroom. Judy waits until  
he's gone, whispers to Pamela:

JUDY  
 "10-36?" Confidential call?

PAMELA  
 (nods, whispers back)  
 We're taking him in for questioning.  
 (Judy startled: Ross?)  
 Yeah. In Florida, he was arrested  
 for dealing coke. It's him.

*Rerrrk-- a burst of static in the bedroom. Judy and Pamela spin toward it, whisper:*

JUDY  
 Police scanner?

Pamela nods, pulls her gun. Judy too. They start toward the sound. Moving fast. And we hurry with them down...

...the hall. Dark. Judy catches sight of Ross's baby pictures on the wall. Distracted only a second, focusing on-- the bedroom door ahead. Dark. Ajar. Judy and Pamela nod to each other. Now! And--

INT. BEDROOM - ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

--they're in, Judy going left, Pamela right. Eyes darting. A gun collection in wall cabinets. A secret arsenal-- antique and new. The glow of a police scanner, *beeping*.

DISPATCH (O.S.)  
 10-29. *Emergency 10-29.*

Pamela immediately turns her gun toward the bathroom. Gestures to Judy. And both move, fast. Judy's eyes catching a zip-lock bag on the bureau filled with small baggies.

JUDY  
 Meth.

Yep, Pamela and Judy arrive at the door. The same nod, and--

INT. BATHROOM - ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

--they're in. Quick enough to see Ross's hand dropping out the open bathroom window. Shit! Judy springs to the window, sees his shadow racing toward the front of the house, yells:

JUDY  
 THE STREET!

And Pamela races through the bedroom, hall, living room, and--

EXT. ROSS'S HOUSE - NIGHT

--bang-- out the front door, seeing Ross sprinting across the lawn toward his security car--

PAMELA

FREEZE!

Ross spins. And-- BOOM-BOOM!-- two flashes of light slash across the lawn, simultaneously-- suddenly making night day-- one bullet-- shattering a window on Ross's car-- the other--

--OOOMPF-- hitting a startled Pamela! She takes ten more steps toward the curb, when-- whomp-- she falls into the street! As--

--Judy comes to the front door, appalled. Is she dead? Too much to process at once, as-- REVVVVVV! the "Guard Tech" patrol speeds down the street, the direction it was parked, and Judy runs to Pamela's body-- her hand-radio:

JUDY

Officer down. Shots fired--

But-- the car-- skidddd-- makes a sliding u-turn at the end of the street-- a moving van blocking the way-- finds traction-- starts back toward--

--Judy kneeling beside Pamela. In the street. Judy hears the squealing tires. Looks toward-- her right hand. Her gun still there. She raises it--

--Bam-- fires, the shot sounding tinny in her ears! The bullet hits the windshield. No effect. Bam again-- another tinny shot. Car still barreling.

She adjusts her stance. Surprisingly calm. Surprisingly strong. As if she had all the time in the world. Legs in a perfect firing range stance. And--

--BAM! This shot accompanied by a bigger sound-- BASHHHH! The "Guard Tech" car sliding, slamming into a parked van. And-- klunk-- the door dropping open. Ross piling out.

JUDY (cont'd)

STOP! POLICE!

Judy has the strange sensation of somebody else saying it, as-- Ross has a semi-automatic out, raised, firing--

--flit-flit-flit-- Judy doesn't even look toward the flying tar near her feet, as-- Judy, still strangely calm-- raises her gun, and--

--BOOOOM!-- a burst of red in Ross's chest. He finds this strange-- like a balloon popping in front of him. He raises his automatic again, but--

--BOOOM!-- Ross is *hit again*, and-- Judy turns, sees the last shot was Gavin's. Where'd he come from? Why didn't she hear his approaching car? Gavin and Brad race past her to Ross, grab his gun as--

--sound again floods Judy's ears-- sirens, yells, car alarms-- like a tap being turned on. She sees--

--Pamela prone on the ground. Runs to her. Judy rips her uniform open. Her kevlar vest untouched. But Judy's hand comes away wet. Blood? She flips on her flashlight, shines it at her hand. Not red, but a clear putty-like liquid.

GAVIN (o.S.)  
Silicone...

EXT. SAN CARLOS POLICE DEPARTMENT - NIGHT

GAVIN  
...The bullet hit her implant.

Gavin hangs up the phone, standing with a relieved Judy outside their cars in the PD lot.

GAVIN (cont'd)  
She's going to be fine. She's excited about going bigger.

JUDY  
(smiles)  
With Ross... Kelly owed him money?

GAVIN  
Yeah, for meth. He threatened to hurt her if she didn't pay. He ran the same business in Miami. Moved out here to start over.  
(studies her)  
You alright?

JUDY  
We always seem to end up with you asking me that.

GAVIN  
You're right.

JUDY  
I don't mind.

GAVIN

You know... about the--?

But a car pulls up. Richard Palm's mini-van. The girls in the backseat singing Hannah Montana. Smiling...

RICHARD PALM

We went for Chuck E. Cheeze.

(sees Gavin)

Oh, sorry. Want me to--

GAVIN

No, no, just heading out.

Gavin, clearly getting the wrong idea, starts off toward his car as Judy watches him longingly...

RICHARD PALM

Is that your partner?

JUDY

(takes a second)

No.

RICHARD PALM

Look, can I start over again. It just took me by surprise last night. You being a cop.

JUDY

I shouldn't have lied.

RICHARD PALM

No. I shouldn't have freaked out. It's just-- I have this thing about guns. And authority.

JUDY

(smiles)

Really? Authority?

RICHARD PALM

Leftie parents. You know. Down with the man.

(Judy laughs)

But, if you're up for it. Do over?

Judy shoots a glance toward Gavin pulling out. And she nods.

JUDY

Do over.

END OF ACT SIX