

UNTITLED LAPD

Pilot

Written by  
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ACT ONE

INT. BARBER SHOP - MORNING

SFX: BUZZING. We're CLOSE ON the face of **Ronald BUSTAMANTE** -- 24, intense, a perfectionist, five-hundred sit-ups a day, zero friends to speak of (which is fine by him). We PULL BACK to REVEAL a BARBER putting the final touches on Bustamante's CREW CUT. The barber shuts off his CLIPPERS, brushes off his customer, hands over a MIRROR. Bustamante proceeds to examine himself from ALL ANGLES. It's beyond meticulous. Finally--

BUSTAMANTE

Keep going.

The barber rolls his eyes, then grabs BIGGER CLIPPERS. He switches them on, but we hear a CAR ENGINE, then CUT TO:

EXT. SPAGO - MORNING - SAME

CLOSE ON a Mercedes pulling away from the curb, REVEALING **Jared Segal ("ENCINO")** -- 23, an escapee from business school and suburbia, yet still sporting a 60\$ haircut. EXITING the restaurant, he's in his head at the moment, oblivious to his MOM (50s, a menopausal, *maj jong* playing, fashionista) chattering to his fiancée STEPHANIE (22, Valley Girl turned Westside chic), and equally oblivious to his DAD (50s, self-made, all-business) chattering on a cell phone.

ENCINO'S MOM

Of course you do. It poured at my nephew's reception in July. You never know.

ENCINO'S DAD

I'm not worried about the bank. We'll put up the second in cash if we have to.

STEPH

What do you think, honey?  
(off Encino's blank look)  
For the wedding? Tent or no tent?

ENCINO

Oh. Either way.

PARKING VALET

(hands Encino CAR KEYS)  
Have a good day, sir.

ENCINO

(confused, calls after him)  
Excuse me. These aren't my keys.

ENCINO'S MOM

(smiling at her son)  
Happy graduation.

ENCINO'S DAD

(into cell)  
Call you back.

STEPH

Oh my god...

Encino turns, sees what Steph sees: a glistening PORSCHE 911. Clearly thrown, he looks to Steph, who whispers back--

STEPH (CONT'D)

I had no idea.

ENCINO

Dad...I can't go to work in this.

ENCINO'S DAD

Don't be afraid of admiration.

ENCINO'S MOM

Photo op!

Steph moves in close to Encino. As mom readies her camera--

ENCINO'S DAD

Steph, you tell Mister Modesty there'll be plenty more perks when he gets this job out of his system and comes to work for me.

The comment hits Encino like a knife wound. OFF the camera FLASH, we MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. CULVER BLVD - MORNING - SAME

--a flash of GLARE in the SUNGLASSES of **Michael DAVIS** -- 22, black, ripped, grin etched in stone, a guy whose charm and ego both run on overdrive 24/7. He's JOGGING, struggling to keep up with Caitlin KING -- also 22, surfer-girl blonde and sexy as hell, with an angry streak apparent even as she plays romantic. As they hit a RED LIGHT--

DAVIS

All right. This was good. Back to bed.

KING

(smiles)

Back to your own bed. One night stand ends at daylight.

DAVIS

Who said anything about a one night stand?

He moves closer, only centimeters from her. A kiss is imminent. But a CELL PHONE breaks the spell. She removes the ringing phone from his jacket, looks at the SCREEN.

KING

Who's Lulu?

DAVIS

Don't worry about it.

KING

Do I look worried?

Green light -- she takes off.

DAVIS

We're still running?

He chases after her, passing an idling truck's side MIRROR, in which we RACK FOCUS, revealing--

INT. BATHROOM - EAST L.A. HOME - MORNING - SAME

--the mirror REFLECTION of **Marisol VEGA** -- 21, attractive, determined to succeed, despite an upbringing that was sorely short on ego-stroking. Just out of the shower, wrapped in a towel, she stares herself down -- scared as hell. Then sotto--

VEGA

Nobody knows you're scared but you....  
Nobody knows you're scared but you.

A beat. Overcome with nausea, she bolts for the toilet. Her head lowers OUT OF FRAME to PUKE, as we CUT TO:

INT. DINER - MORNING - NEXT

Bustamante's head pops up INTO FRAME, not from a toilet but from the LA Times CROSSWORD. He's vaguely annoyed to be interrupted. We REVEAL a WAITRESS with a plate of food.

WAITRESS

Veggie omelet, sliced tomatoes.

BUSTAMANTE

I asked for whites. That clearly has yolk in it.

WAITRESS

You want him to make it again?

BUSTAMANTE

I'd like him to make what I ordered...

She walks away in a huff, grabs a knife to SCRAPE off the food, but the sound we hear is SCREECHING TIRES. We CUT TO:

EXT./INT. WILSHIRE BLVD / PORSCHE - MORNING - SAME

Encino speeds down the street in his \$100,000 new toy. He drives aggressively, pissed, determined. A beat. He suddenly makes a HARD TURN into a USED CAR LOT.

EXT. USED CAR LOT - MORNING - NEXT

Encino, standing with a bewildered SALESMAN, eyes a row of nondescript economy cars. He indicates a dusty sedan.

ENCINO

That one looks fine.

USED CAR SALESMAN

Hold on. You want to trade a newborn, nine-eleven Carrera for an eighty-seven Jetta?

ENCINO

If it's not a problem.

USED CAR SALESMAN

(beat, thrilled)  
Coffee?

INT. 7-11 - MORNING - SAME

ECU: COFFEE pouring into a TO GO CUP. We REVEAL Davis as the pourer. Next to him, the grim STORE CLERK, female, 50s, cleans up a spill. Davis watches her a beat, takes a sip.

DAVIS

Mmmm. Excuse me. Did you make this pot?  
(off clerk's nod)  
This is one kick-ass cup of coffee.  
I mean it. I'm impressed.

The clerk chuckles to herself and walks off.

KING (O.C.)

The coffee here bites.

We PAN OVER from Davis to the SODA MACHINE right next to him, REVEALING King. She's filling a BIG GULP with regular Coke.

DAVIS

Awful. But she needed a pick-me-up.

King smiles to herself -- the guy's a bit of a sweetheart.

KING

What're you following me around for? Go home.

DAVIS

You can't kick someone outa 7-11.

KING

This is my 7-11, I'm here every day, you're not welcome. Go.

She's fucking with him. Davis is not used to this kind of attitude. Smiling, he throws up his hands and EXITS, handing a few bucks to the now-cheerful cashier along the way.

Watching him go, King -- tearing into a pack of Devil Dogs -- dials a number on her CELL. Waiting for an answer, she takes note of a WIRY GUY entering the store. As she keeps an eye on him suspiciously wandering the aisles--

KING (CONT'D)

It's me. Graduation was yesterday. What happened to you? I don't know why you even bother to say--

She stops short as Wiry Guy shoves a GUN in the clerk's face.

WIRY GUY

Open the safe! Do it!

He swings the gun around, daring the CUSTOMERS to make a move. But as he returns to threatening the clerk, King scans the aisle, takes a KETCHUP BOTTLE, removes the cap. OTHERS watch in disbelief as she sneaks up and -- when the perp momentarily lowers his gun -- holds the bottle to the back of his skull.

KING

Put the weapon on the counter. Now.

Thinking there's a gun at his head, he complies. The clerk grabs the gun. Wiry Guy turns, sees the bottle. He's furious.

WIRY GUY

Bitch!

He LUNGES at her. King SMASHES him across the face with the bottle, collapsing him into a beef jerky display and SPLATTERING ketchup everywhere.

KING

Officer Bitch.

(then to stunned clerk)

This is when you call 9-1-1.

OFF the clerk, thankfully kissing the VIRGIN GUADALUPE CHARM dangling from her neck, we MATCH CUT TO

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM - MORNING - LATER

an IDENTICAL CHARM, which we REVEAL to be in the hands of Vega. She's seated on the floor of a DIFFERENT BATHROOM -- this one worn, nondescript. KNOCKING on the door jars her out of a meditative moment.

VEGA

One sec.

She pockets her charm and stands, catches her reflection in the MIRROR. We now see she's in a POLICE UNIFORM. *Sotto--*

VEGA (CONT'D)

Nobody knows but you.

Steeling herself, she exits the bathroom into

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - HALLWAY/PIT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Even at 9am it's a MADHOUSE in here. A pasty white LUNATIC in only a SPEEDO shouts gangsta rap from a HOLDING CELL. A COP seated opposite a BIKER DUDE argues over the phone with his ex-wife about carpool. A handcuffed TRANSGENDER HOOKER flutters his/her tongue at Vega, who wades into a migrating MOB OF OFFICERS. *Ad libbed* greetings as she falls in with Davis, Encino, and Bustamante -- all, like Vega, in long-sleeve uniforms. They stick out from the senior officers ("SALTS") who wear short sleeves and the casual air of vets.

DAVIS

This where we supposed to be?

ENCINO

Can't get an answer out of anyone.  
Can't get anyone to look at me.

They glance around. Encino's right. As if they're invisible.

VEGA

Isn't there one more of us?

BUSTAMANTE

That surfer girl.  
(to Davis, Encino)  
From your section.

DAVIS

(feigned nonchalance)  
King. Haven't seen her.

They enter into--

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - ROLL CALL ROOM - MORNING - NEXT

Home room, LAPD style. Cops pour in and take seats. As the four rookies start to do the same--

ROLL CALL COP #1  
Boots up front!

ROLL CALL COP #2  
Boots up front!

It's echoed in an erupting CHORUS. One cop sees the rookies' confusion and benevolently whispers to them.

ROLL CALL COP #3 (BIG STEVE)  
Boot equals rookie equals front row.

They all move up front. **Sergeant Bill JAMESON** -- 38, an in-your-face force of nature, despite bullet fragments in his hip that left him with a barely noticeable limp -- enters holding a large PINK BOX, scans the front row and settles on Encino.

SGT. JAMESON  
This has gotta be you.  
(reading off card)  
To Jared and his classmates, some  
sweet treats for your first day on  
the job. Love, Steph.

The room goes wild. "Ja-red! Ja-red!" Encino closes his eyes -- this isn't happening. Jameson takes out a CUPCAKE for himself, bites in as he puts the box in Encino's lap.

SGT. JAMESON (CONT'D)  
Alright, alright. Pipe down for the  
Lieutenant.

The cops comply for **Lieutenant Susan WEATHERLY** -- 35, no make-up, a natural and winning leader, tough but empathic, a young cop's biggest ally. As she speaks, consulting a PRINTOUT, the Boots sit at attention, Encino TAKING NOTES. The Salts CHAT in whispers, play SUDOKU, one appears ASLEEP.

LT. WEATHERLY  
Three alarm fire, friends. Armed  
robberies are already up from yesterday  
and I haven't even had my oatmeal.

Weatherly continues as a SERGEANT hands PRINTOUTS to each Boot. A Salt kicks Davis's chair and the Boots realize -- take one printout and pass the rest back.

LT. WEATHERLY (CONT'D)

Couple jobs appear related.  
Specifically, three male Caucasians with firearms hit Denny's on Culver and P&J Liquor on Jeff between five and six a.m. No shots fired but a Denny's employee was assaulted. We need this crew off the streets today.

The DOOR OPENS and in walks KING, hair wet and in a SHORT-SLEEVED UNIFORM. Heads bobble as she casually makes her way to the front row to join her colleagues.

LT. WEATHERLY (CONT'D)

Better news, an attempt at 7-11 on Culver was put out when the perp was disarmed by an Off-Duty, who was kind enough to grace us with her presence.

King grins, unfazed. The other Boots stare -- King did what?!?

LT. WEATHERLY (CONT'D)

Other news -- you'll notice a fresh coat of graffiti in Cholo turf-- likely Shoreline Crips. They do nice work, so enjoy, but expect repercussions.

(then)

Car assignments are posted. Training officers will be riding with our new crop of Probationers, delivered fresh from the Academy. They've had their twenty-four hour summer vacation--

(off King)

--or twenty-five hours--so they're rested and ready for action. Officers Marisol Vega, Michael Davis, Ronald Bustamante, Jared Cupcake Segal--

(as Encino cringes)

--and resident Dirty Harry, Caitlin King.

BARCLAY

Take it off!

The line earns **Officer Dean BARCLAY** -- 27, ripped muscles, Terminator shades, resident prick -- a few chuckles.

LT. WEATHERLY

Excuse me, Officer?

BARCLAY

Just meant she's in the wrong uniform. Sergeant.

LT. WEATHERLY  
Keep it to yourself.

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - HALLWAY - NEXT

ON THE MOVE toward gear checkout, the Boots surround King.

VEGA  
What happened?

KING  
I was in the place and this wanna-be  
bad-ass jammed a .38 in the cashier's  
face. I took him out.

ENCINO  
With your side-arm?

KING  
No -- with a Heinz bottle.

The Boots exchange glances, can't tell if she's serious.

DAVIS  
You know, I was by that 7-11 right  
around then. Didn't see a thing.

KING  
Probably too busy checking yourself  
out in a mirror.

We see at least Encino picking up romantic tension here.

VEGA  
Sounds like a great bust.

BUSTAMANTE  
Not really. You don't intervene when  
you're off-duty unless loss of life  
is imminent -- right in the manual.

KING  
I'll have to pick one up.

Some smartly dressed **DETECTIVES** getting COFFEE spot the  
passing Boots. One, **ERIC VEGA** -- 28, competitive, never the  
recipient of a helpful hand and not about to offer one --  
calls out derisively:

DETECTIVE VEGA  
Boot parade. Shoulders back, Vega.

Vega ignores him, picks up her pace. King catches up to her.

KING

You already know a detective?

VEGA

Barely.

OFF King's confusion--

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - HALLWAY/KITROOM - NEXT

Sgt. JAMESON loads up ENCINO with GEAR. The rest of the Boots hover, waiting their turn among the other cops.

SGT. JAMESON

Club. Pepper spray. Taser gun and charger. Beanbag rifle, and ammo. Shotgun, and ammo. Side-arm .45, and ammo. .38, ankle strap, ammo.  
(then to Boots)

These are not toys, children. They really go bang bang.

As the next cop steps in to get gear, Encino, arms overloaded with weaponry, turns to his fellow Boots.

ENCINO

Is anyone else about to throw up?

We see Vega, for one, relates to the sentiment. OFF the Boots -- reality setting in...

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - DOWN THE HALL - NEXT

All geared-up cops, now including Encino and King, approach the ASSIGNMENT BOARD. King sees MADISON next to her name. Standing behind her is "**BIG STEVE**" Madison, 30. Big he is, and sort of a goof, but in a charming way that proves effective on the beat. He takes King by surprise.

BIG STEVE

Badge says Madison but really it's just Big Steve. Which is not bragging so much as what the other guys call me. Feel free to do the same at your leisure....You, uh, lose your sleeves in the wash?

KING

What?

BIG STEVE

Just as an FYI, Boots usually wear formal dress until told otherwise.

KING

Yeah. But it's hot as hell out.

They walk off, crossing paths with Davis, who tries but fails to make eye-contact with King. Encino catches this.

ENCINO

You two left the party together.

DAVIS

Lotta people were leaving.

ENCINO

Then you happened to be in that 7-11?

DAVIS

(smiles, deflecting)

You all of a sudden make detective?

ENCINO

Check it out. Partners.

Davis sees their names listed together on the board. As does Bustamante, who's joined them. Davis and Encino low-five, as--

LT. WEATHERLY

Ready when you are, guys.

(off their surprise)

What, you thought I'd let two P-1s out on their own? I'm short training officers -- you're both riding with me. That was cute, though.

She walks off, chuckling. Bustamante, checking the board for himself, smirks condescendingly. OFF the underwhelmed guys--

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - ROLL CALL ROOM - MORNING - NEXT

Bustamante finds **Officer Pete DECK** -- 38, been-there-done-that (and done it very well) -- still in his seat, still apparently NAPPING. An awkward beat, then--

BUSTAMANTE

Officer Deck? Bustamante.

DECK

Shotgun.

Deck tosses KEYS in the air, never opening his eyes. OFF Bustamante -- taken aback, catching the keys.

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - OUTSIDE THE MEN'S ROOM - SAME

Vega stands, gear bag in hand, waiting. Passing her are Detective Vega and partner **Linda MARCHAND, 33, who looks like a teacher but has more street-smarts than pretty much anyone.**

DETECTIVE MARCHAND  
Marisol, right? I'm Linda. Your brother has crap for manners.

SFX: a loud FLUSH. Vega responds, only half-kidding.

VEGA  
He admitted having a sister?

DETECTIVE MARCHAND  
Who you riding with?

Barclay exits the Men's Room, BARKS at Vega while buckling up.

BARCLAY  
Señorita! We doing this?

A shared look between the women -- Señorita?

DETECTIVE MARCHAND  
Lucky you.

Vega heads after Barclay. Marchand turns to her partner.

DETECTIVE MARCHAND (CONT'D)  
You're a real sweetheart.

DETECTIVE VEGA  
I'm supposed to give out special treatment?

EXT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - PARKING LOT - MORNING - NEXT

Now all lugging gear, the five Boots exit into the lot, other cops crisscrossing, still ignoring them. SQUAD CARS shimmer in the near distance. They pause, taking in the moment.

ENCINO  
Well....This is us before.

VEGA  
Before what?

ENCINO  
I don't know. Everything.

Another beat. He's right -- they all know it.

DAVIS  
Beers tonight?

KING  
Why wait?

BUSTAMANTE  
Show some respect.

He walks off, the others scrutinously staring after him.

ENCINO  
He's really that guy?

VEGA  
All I saw for nine months...

Everyone's WALKIE RADIOS suddenly come to life:

*RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.)  
211 in progress on Abbot Kinney,  
address transmitting.*

LT. WEATHERLY  
(from across lot)  
Davis! Segal! King!

The Boots race off. Cops throw gear bags in trunks, start up their cars, and tear out of the lot. Game on.

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BOUTIQUE - VENICE - MORNING - NEXT

Two SQUAD CARS careen up to a funky-chic store. Weatherly, Davis, Encino, King, and Big Steve fly out, guns drawn. The OWNER, 50s female, and a hip CLERK, 20s female, wave them over.

BOUTIQUE OWNER  
They went out the back!

LT. WEATHERLY  
Describe them.

HIPSTER CLERK  
Three white guys in ski masks!

BIG STEVE  
Guessing those are off by now.

He and King race up the alley. As they follow Weatherly inside, Encino leans in to Davis--

ENCINO  
Crew we heard about at roll call?

DAVIS  
Hell if I know...

EXT. ABBOT KINNEY BOUTIQUE - BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Big Steve and King sweep the alley, checking a dumpster, under cars, etc. Scanning the area, King locks on a rotating SECURITY CAMERA two storefronts down. As she indicates--

KING  
Camera.

BIG STEVE  
Get the tape.

Big Steve pulls his radio as he enters the back door.

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-A9 [VEGA/BARCLAY] - MORNING - SAME

Barclay and Vega cruise through a low-rent neighborhood.

*BIG STEVE (O.S.)  
(radio transmission)  
14-A7. Responding units securing the  
perimeter. Will update with status.*

As they approach GRAFFITI TAGGED BUILDINGS--

BARCLAY  
Banger mumbo jumbo goes up,  
somebody's gonna pop somebody....  
Matter of time before they pop each  
other into oblivion, Iraqi-style.  
Was up to me, I'd firebomb the  
whole neighborhood.  
(off some graffiti scrawl)  
Know what that means?

VEGA  
What?

BARCLAY  
I got no freaking clue. Thought  
you would -- looks Español.

Vega rolls her eyes -- can't even look at this schmuck.

*RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Four-fifteen on Emerson, man with a  
knife, address transmitting--*

VEGA  
 (off laptop screen)  
 Mile up.

Barclay switches on the SIREN, guns the gas.

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-A4 [BUSTAMANTE/DECK] - MORNING - NEXT

CRUISING an eclectic Venice block, windows down, Bustamante and Deck watch and listen. Everyone they pass -- from YUPPIES camped in front of Peets to HOMELESS shopping cart-pushers to shirtless SURF DUDES -- takes note of their presence. Some HOOKERS recognize Deck and wave to him. He unwraps a piece of GUM, tosses the WRAPPER on the ground, amid many others. Bustamante notices, thinks "of course."

*BiG STEVE (O.S.)*  
*(radio transmission)*  
*Premises are secure. Units L20 and A7 remaining on sight.*

BUSTAMANTE  
 Help those guys?

DECK  
 Too much sausage there already.

*RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.)*  
*Battery Domestic Violence in progress, Mar Vista residence. Available units please respond.*

As Bustamante reaches for the radio mic--

DECK  
 (off laptop, dismissive)  
 Been there twice this week.  
 They're frequent flyers. Pass.

OFF Bustamante -- eager to do something already.

EXT. MARKET - EMERSON AVENUE - MORNING - SAME

A charming grocery in this middle class neighborhood. Vega and Barclay exit their car, looking squeamish. We REVEAL, on the sidewalk, a chubby NAKED GUY holding a knife in one hand, a wad of cash in the other. An alarmed GROCER and CUSTOMERS hover amid fruits and vegetables. Naked Guy sees the cops.

NAKED GUY  
 ¿Cómo puede hacer torta sin plátanos?

RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.)  
 14-A9 please confirm status.

VEGA  
 (off Barclay's look)  
 He needs bananas. To bake a cake.  
 (then into RADIO)  
 14-A9 on site. Suspect is armed  
 and...naked.

We CUT TO VARIOUS BOOTS, who react with confusion (Bustamante) and/or amusement (King, Davis and Encino). BACK AT THE SCENE:

BARCLAY  
 He drops the knife, he gets bananas.

VEGA  
 (to Naked Guy)  
 Caiga el cuchillo y consigue plátanos.

Barclay dangles bananas. Naked Guy considers a beat, then drops his knife. Vega grabs it. Barclay immediately dumps the bananas and pulls his handcuffs. Outraged, Naked Guy JUMPS BARCLAY. The two flail around. Some teenage BYSTANDERS are in hysterics. Vega herself stifles a chuckle.

BUSTAMANTE (O.S.)  
 (radio transmission)  
 14-A9. Do you need backup?

VEGA  
 (into radio)  
 Negative. We're under control.

BARCLAY  
 The hell are you waiting for?!

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-A4 [BUSTAMANTE/DECK] - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

BARCLAY (O.S.)  
 (in b.g. over radio)  
Club him!!!

Concerned, Bustamante glances at Deck, who shrugs, unfazed.

EXT. MARKET - EMERSON AVENUE - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Vega holsters her radio and grabs onto the man, which allows Barclay to pull himself free. As he forcefully cuffs the guy, Vega trying to help, Barclay shouts angrily at her--

BARCLAY  
 You call yourself a cop?! You're  
worthless!

He drags Naked Guy to the car. OFF Vega--

INT. ABBOT KINNEY BOUTIQUE - MORNING - SAME

Trendy clothes, jewelry, knickknacks. Some racks are knocked over. A display case is smashed, glass shards strewn everywhere. Encino takes notes as Davis interviews the clerk.

DAVIS

How much they get?

HIPSTER CLERK

Eighteen hundred cash, plus jewelry.  
Guy knew right where the safe was.

ENCINO

(to Davis, *sotto*)

Let's crosscheck the alarm company  
with the other jobs.

(then to clerk)

You seen anyone built like these  
guys poking their heads in the  
store, looking in the window?

Davis glances over at King, who we see fast-forwarding through the security tape on a handheld VIDEO PLAYER. NEXT TO HER, Big Steve takes a YUPPIE CUSTOMER's statement.

YUPPIE CUSTOMER

I said "I don't even work here." And  
the coked up guy totally shoves me--

BIG STEVE

(sympathetically)

That is rude, criminal behavior.

King rolls her eyes. UP FRONT, the emotionally fraught owner, surveying the damage, vents to Weatherly.

BOUTIQUE OWNER

Ten in the morning, waving guns!  
This store is my life...

LT. WEATHERLY

I understand your frustration.

BOUTIQUE OWNER

Nothing will be the same. My  
insurance will skyrocket. I barely  
make a profit now. How do I pay  
rent, support my children--

She starts to HYPERVENTILATE. Weatherly helps her sit down.

LT. WEATHERLY

Take it easy, ma'am.

(owner starts WHEEZING)

Ma'am, are you asthmatic?

(she nods, points to counter)

Madison -- come hold her up.

Weatherly bolts for the owner's PURSE, finds an INHALER. She rushes it to the woman, who sucks in. Again. Seems to help. King approaches Weatherly, plays the VIDEO. ONSCREEN, a BROWN SEDAN stops far down the ALLEY, only half in frame.

KING

Time code matches the hit. Drives off in two minutes. Camera doesn't pick up who's getting in or out.

ENCINO

Could be the Denny's crew.

LT. WEATHERLY

Thought of that, but the masks are new--

ENCINO

True. But it's the same number guys, they knew where the safe was, assault matches up....Feels like a pattern.

*RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.)*

*211 on Pershing, three armed suspects  
in brown Mercury Cougar--*

KING

Car from the tape.

DAVIS

Pattern? Binge is more like it.

The Boots trade looks as Weatherly pulls out her radio.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - HOLDING AREA - DAY - LATER

Sgt. Jameson is mid-argument with a PERP in a holding cell.

HUNGRY PERP  
You can't starve me! It's  
constitutional!

SGT. JAMESON  
Unconstitutional! Think before you  
speak!

Vega enters, holding her blanket-covered, naked attacker. She  
locks him to a bench, then turns to Jameson.

VEGA  
Excuse me. John Doe forms?

SGT. JAMESON  
What for?

VEGA  
He doesn't know his name.

SGT. JAMESON  
(scoffs, then to Naked Guy)  
Hector.  
(off his look)  
Don't mess with my Boot.

He opens a drawer full of BANANAS, tosses one to Naked Guy,  
who drops his blanket to catch it. As Jameson walks off--

SGT. JAMESON (CONT'D)  
Getcha some pants.

We hear a RADIO TRANSMISSION off Sgt. Jameson's desk:

*SKY SIX (O.S.)  
14-A units, this is Sky Six. No  
sign of a brown Mercury Cougar.*

EXT. PALMS BLVD MOTEL - DAY - SAME

Big Steve and King follow a motel MANAGER from the office to  
one of the guest rooms. Big Steve clicks on his RADIO.

BIG STEVE  
Roger that, Sky Six. Keep us posted.

He clicks off. The manager turns to the cops.

MOTEL MANAGER

It's every week with this guy. You don't pay, I tell him, you leave.

They arrive at the unit. Big Steve knocks on the door.

BIG STEVE

Open up, please. Police.

A beat. The door cracks open. It's a three-year-old BOY.

BIG STEVE (CONT'D)

Hey big fella--

PAXTON (O.C.)

(angry shout)

Back inside!

King flinches at the harsh tone. The kid disappears back into the room. A half-dressed, unshaved man, PAXTON, 30s, approaches the doorway.

PAXTON (CONT'D)

What?

KING

(forcefully)

How about you calm down.

BIG STEVE

(distinctly diplomatic)

Mr. Paxton, the management has informed us of a payment delinquency situation. Can we resolve this?

As dialogue continues, King glances INSIDE. Clothes and junk everywhere. On the bed, the boy and a baby SISTER huddle in their MOTHER's lap. The sullen woman avoids King's stare.

PAXTON

They don't deserve my money. The place is a pit. There's mold even.

MOTEL MANAGER

Maybe you should take out the trash.

PAXTON

MOTEL MANAGER

Maybe the housekeeper should! You don't let her in! How's--

BIG STEVE

Knock knock.

Paxton, the Manager, and King all turn to Big Steve -- huh?

BIG STEVE (CONT'D)  
Knock knock.

MOTEL MANAGER  
(beat, confused)  
Who's there?

BIG STEVE  
Sherwood.  
(off Paxton's silence)  
I'm waiting, Mr. Paxton.

PAXTON  
(rolls eyes)  
Sherwood who.

BIG STEVE  
Sherwood be nice not to make an  
arrest here. Whatayasay?

A beat. Paxton chuckles to himself, more exasperated than amused, pulls out some CASH, which he hands to the manager. King can't believe Big Steve's lame tactic paid off.

PAXTON  
We done?

The manager nods to Big Steve -- it's all there. Paxton starts to close the door, but King stops him, calls inside.

KING  
Excuse me, ma'am. Everything okay?

PAXTON  
Now you're gonna harass my family?

He shuts the door. King looks to Steve -- what the fuck?

KING  
We should bust him. Did you see in there? It's neglect or something.

BIG STEVE  
I saw a mother sitting quietly with her kids. Can't arrest a guy for being an a-hole.

He heads off. OFF King, frustrated, reluctantly following--

EXT. THE COUNTER BURGER STAND - DAY - SAME

Cop central. We PAN ACROSS ONE TABLE -- where Weatherly, Deck, Big Steve and other Salts chow down and talk -- to the NEXT TABLE over, where the Boots are. We see Bustamante has removed his bun and eats his burger with a fork. Vega is absent.

BUSTAMANTE

Transmission was choppy but sounded like Barclay dumped Vega at base.

DAVIS

Maybe that's lingo for something. Doesn't mean she's in trouble.

BUSTAMANTE

Doesn't mean she isn't.

ENCINO

(on his cell phone, *sotto*)  
Of course they liked it, just... maybe don't send me stuff at work.

DAVIS

I'll take another vanilla cream...

Annoyed, Encino turns further away from the group.

BUSTAMANTE

Least they made a cuff. This clown and I just drive around in circles.

King, until now distracted, turns to Bustamante.

KING

Could you get laid or something?  
Stress case.

BUSTAMANTE

Davis looks like he relieved some stress recently. Maybe I can get a referral.

KING

(thrown, then)  
Your best bet's finding a slutty chick who doesn't care about personality.

King leaves the table. Davis glances at Encino.

ENCINO

I didn't say a thing!

DAVIS  
(so much for discretion)  
You did now.

AT THE SALT'S TABLE, King approaches Big Steve.

KING  
Can I grab the keys? Left my  
notepad in that motel office.

BIG STEVE  
We'll swing by after.

KING  
(not to be denied)  
I'm done. It'll take me a minute.

BIG STEVE  
Suit yourself.

He hands her the keys, turns back to the Salts. OFF King--

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-A4 [BUSTAMANTE/DECK] - DAY - LATER

Bustamante still drives, Deck watching the streets, when--

*RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.)  
Battery Domestic Violence at Mar  
Vista residence. Available units--*

BUSTAMANTE  
Same call as before. We gotta take it.  
(off Deck's silence)  
This is crazy. What if someone's hurt?

DECK  
You're killing me, Dudley. Pull over.

Bustamante complies, turns in annoyance to Deck -- what?

DECK (CONT'D)  
You wanna take the call, be my guest.  
But first you gotta do the report.

BUSTAMANTE  
And how am I supposed to pull that  
off without being there?

DECK  
You write, I'll dictate. Ready?

OFF Bustamante -- dubious, but ready.

EXT. MOTEL - DAY - SAME

Big Steve exits a SQUAD CAR, waves to the driver, who takes off. We REVEAL King, standing with Paxton. He's in HANDCUFFS.

BIG STEVE  
What happened?!

KING  
(holds up BAGGIE of pot)  
He's holding an ounce, easy. No wonder he's late on his bill.

BIG STEVE  
(aside, sotto)  
And you found this how?

KING  
Grabbed my pad in the office, then heard a disturbance and entered--

PAXTON  
You heard nothing.

KING  
--the premises. Nobody asked you! Cannabis was in plain sight. I cuffed pothead and radioed in.

PAXTON  
This won't stick, bitch.

KING  
Wow, twice in one day. Lucky me.

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-L20 [WEATHERLY ETC.] - DAY - SAME

Weatherly, Davis, Encino, patrolling the Westchester area.

BIG STEVE (O.S.)  
(radio transmission)  
--partner retrieved narcotics on site. Transporting the perp now.

LT. WEATHERLY  
Seems King's quite the hound dog.

DAVIS  
Definitely has some...animal instincts.  
(glances at Encino, then)  
So what's up, Sergeant? You married?

LT. WEATHERLY  
That's what you ask your boss day one?  
(rolls eyes, beat)  
(MORE)

LT. WEATHERLY (CONT'D)

What's up is I'm in the process of divorcing a vice detective from 77th....Which is why I transferred out of there last summer.

ENCINO

You worked 77th?

LT. WEATHERLY

Four years. All bangers, all the time....Either of you settled down?

DAVIS

(chuckles)

Yeah, with my grandma, on her couch. At least till I can put down first and last someplace.

ENCINO

Hey, man -- I got room if you wanna crash with me. You just gotta put up with my fiancée's incense.

Encino's cell RINGS to the tune of a Gwen Stefani song.

ENCINO (CONT'D)

(embarrassed)

And her favorite ring tones.

*RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.)*

*211 in Westchester, suspects in green SUV eastbound on Jefferson--*

DAVIS

Damn. Think it's the same perps?

LT. WEATHERLY

Different car. You never know...  
(into radio mic)  
14-L20 responding.

She guns the gas. The guys are way thrown by the speed.

ENCINO

Code 3?

LT. WEATHERLY

Siren sends the getaway packing.  
Hit the yelper at intersections.

Encino complies as they cross through a red light, when--

DAVIS

SUV!

A GREEN EXPLORER passes by them. Weatherly swings an expert U-TURN and the Explorer takes off. Now Weatherly floors it.

LT. WEATHERLY  
Siren! Call it in!

Encino gets on the mic -- adrenaline pumping, almost giddy.

ENCINO  
 Code 3! Code 3! Oh man--

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-A9 [KING/BIG STEVE] - MORNING - SAME

King chuckles to herself listening to the hacky performance.

*ENCINO (O.S.)  
 (radio transmission)  
 --okay...14-L20 in pursuit of a  
 green Ford Explorer, eastbound...  
 no, now northbound, right?*

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-L20 [WEATHERLY ETC.] - DAY - CONTINUOUS

ENCINO  
 Yeah, northbound on Sepulveda! Okay.

He clicks off the radio, senses Weatherly looking at him.

LT. WEATHERLY  
 (re: Encino's radio voice)  
 We've gotta work on that.

INT. MAR VISTA HOUSE - DAY - SAME

Bustamante stands between an ELDERLY MAN and WOMAN.

BUSTAMANTE  
 Are you injured, Mister Hanley?

ELDERLY MAN  
 She thinks she can get all rough on me! I didn't do nothing!

ELDERLY WOMAN  
 Just cause you say you didn't don't mean you didn't! I see you with her!

ELDERLY MAN  
 Hot tubbing isn't fornication!

Elderly Woman grabs a LAMP, SWINGS at her man. Trying to disarm her, Bustamante glances at Deck, regretting having dragged the Salt here. We hear transmissions over the RADIO.

LT. WEATHERLY (O.S.)  
Westbound on Culver. We need sky  
support -- awaiting squad units.

KING (O.S.)  
This is King. 14-A9 approaching.

DECK  
(to Bustamante)  
Take your time. Not like we're  
missing anything.

ANGLE ON the completed INCIDENT REPORT in Deck's hand. We see "Mid-70s Male alleges assault by Mid-70s Female..." Deck crosses out "70s," writes in "80s."

EXT. CULVER BLVD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Squad car 14-A9 flies around a corner and falls in line behind 14-L20. Yet another squad car appears behind them.

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-A9 [KING/BIG STEVE] - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Big Steve's driving like a demon, calmly HUMMING. King glances at him curiously. IN THE BACK, Paxton is flipping out.

PAXTON  
What the hell is this? Let me out!

BIG STEVE  
Momentary detour. Keep your pants on.

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-L20 [WEATHERLY ETC.] - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As they fly over a road bump, Davis pipes up from the back--

DAVIS  
If you get 'em onto Lincoln, should  
be bumper to bumper this time a day.

LT. WEATHERLY  
I'm not exactly guiding this pursu--

BULLETS rocket through the windshield. The cops dive for cover.

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-A9 [KING/BIG STEVE] - DAY - CONTINUOUS

King, Big Steve, and Paxton flinch on hearing gunfire.

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-L20 [WEATHERLY ETC.] - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The guys scramble to get out their guns. Weatherly, laying low, keeps pedal to metal.

LT. WEATHERLY

Find out where the chopper is!

ENCINO

(into radio mic)

14-L20 is under fire! We need a  
twenty on sky support!

In back, Davis, now drenched in sweat, sees BULLET HOLES pummeled into the seat only inches from him.

EXT. CENTINELA AVE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

We see TEACHERS leading a class of PRE-SCHOOL KIDS -- all holding onto a rope-line -- across the street. The Explorer careens around the corner, swerving by the horrified group and flipping onto its side, then sliding a hundred yards.

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-L20 [WEATHERLY ETC.] - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The car whips around the corner. Kids and teachers everywhere.

ENCINO

Watch it!

Weatherly slams the brakes. The car skids to a stop, just feet from the twice-panicked class. Seeing the THREE PERPS fleeing on foot from the SUV, the cops bolt from the car and--

EXT. CENTINELA AVE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

--sprint down the street. AHEAD IN THE INTERSECTION, two of the perps brazenly CARJACK a sedan, tossing the DRIVER in the street and speeding off. The THIRD PERP, who is injured, tries to run, but the cops are quickly in range, guns drawn.

DAVIS

Freeze! Down on the ground!

Weatherly, helping the driver, shouts as King sprints up.

LT. WEATHERLY

Call it in! White Honda Civic!

The guys, heaving from the run, cuff their perp. One down.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - DUSK - LATER

We see through GLASS into an INTERROGATION ROOM, where the captured perp is questioned by Detective Marchand, Jameson observing. But the perp is not talking.

DAVIS (PRELAP O.S.)

When those rounds hit, swear to god--

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - LOCKER ROOM - DUSK - LATER

No frills in here. The NEXT SHIFT changes into uniform while our Boots and others change into civvies.

DAVIS

--almost peed my pants!

ENCINO

(off Davis's damp uniform)

Almost?

DAVIS

That's sweat.

ENCINO

Uh-huh.

DAVIS

Smell it!

ONE ROW OVER -- the women are changing...

KING

So what'd you do rest of the day?

VEGA

Booked the perp. Then nothing.

KING

That blows.

VEGA

Barclay's a jerk, but I should've taken it more seriously.

KING

He was jumped by naked banana man.

Vega chuckles -- fair point. The light moment is broken when Weatherly enters, locks on King.

LT. WEATHERLY

I need you.

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - HOLDING AREA - DUSK - NEXT

Weatherly is face to face with King. Big Steve is here too. In b.g., a LAWYER talks to Paxton through cell bars.

LT. WEATHERLY

This lawyer's ready to issue a press release saying a Pacific officer broke into a family's motel room to fish for evidence. Is that accurate?

KING

Broke in? The door was open...

LT. WEATHERLY

Report says you heard fighting. Wife and another guest say that's false.

(off King's silence)

Write the guy up for misdemeanor possession and release him immediately. You officially have a discipline file. And if you are even one second late to another roll call, you'll be suspended. Is that clear?

KING

Yeah.

LT. WEATHERLY

The year's called Probation for a reason. Some make it, some don't.

(then to Big Steve)

Handing out car keys? Bad idea.

She bolts off. A beat. King turns to Big Steve, forceful.

KING

Those kids looked like hell, and that wife....The guy needed a wake-up call.

BIG STEVE

(walking off)

Don't ever lie to me again.

OFF King--

EXT. COP BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Plain-looking spot on National. Our five Boots approach the door.

BUSTAMANTE

I still say this is a bad call.



KING  
(to Encino, mocking)  
Code 3!!! Code 3!!! Oh my god!!!  
I'm in a real car chase!!!

Laughter from the others. Encino smiles, embarrassed.

ENCINO  
I was pumped.

DAVIS  
Makes two of us. Not every day a  
brother with a gun gets to chase  
three white boys and be in the right.

VEGA  
(chuckles)  
Especially white boys in Pacific.  
Rules out mosta the gangs.

ENCINO  
Hey, we're cops, we're criminals.  
Whitey's just like everyone else.

BUSTAMANTE  
(flags down BARTENDER)  
Four buds and--  
(to Encino)  
--a what?

ENCINO  
Belvedere martini, olives and dirty.

He gets strange looks from the others, bartender included.  
Barclay, Deck, and a few other Salts approach the Boots.

BARCLAY  
Out back. Let's go.

OFF the Boots -- out back?

EXT. COP BAR - BACK ALLEY - NIGHT - NEXT

The Salts face off with the suddenly nervous Boots. Deck  
holds an open DUFFLE containing TASER GUNS.

BARCLAY  
As you see, four tasers -- three  
out of juice, one live.  
(off live taser jolt)  
Hello. All right, then.

He mixes up the guns, sets the bag on the ground. The Boots stare back -- you've gotta be kidding. A beat.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

You Boots think you can roll into a Salt Bar like it's TGI Fridays? You wanna play with the big boys and girls, fine. Let's play.

Seeing her smug BROTHER wander out emboldens VEGA. She grabs a gun, aims it at herself and FIRES. Nothing. Encino smiles, impressed at Vega's courage. As she heads back in the bar--

VEGA

Good game.

BARCLAY

That's disappointing. Next?

BUSTAMANTE

(to Davis, sotto)

It's all good. Just be cool.

Point taken. Davis steels himself, pulls a gun and shoots at his arm. BAM! Knocks him on his ass. The Salts bust up.

DECK

Ouch.

INT. COP BAR - NIGHT - LATER

Big Steve now mans the KARAOKE mic -- does a killer Manilow. Encino and Vega have returned to their drinks at the bar. As Vega curiously eyes Encino's martini--

VEGA

You fit in here about as much as me.

ENCINO

(chuckles)

You're the one who just stood up to all those Salts. I'd say you fit in pretty good.

It's a throwaway comment, yet to Vega it means a lot.

Davis wanders down a back HALLWAY where he plants himself outside the LADIES ROOM. He rubs his sore arm -- still hurting. King comes out, sees him hovering.

KING

Unless that taser knocked your wee-wee off, wrong bathroom.

He smirks, takes her by the hand. She initially resists, but he gives a tug, leading her through a DOOR into--

INT. COP BAR - STORAGE ROOM - NIGHT

--where he puts her up against the wall. King smiles.

KING

What would Lulu say about this?

DAVIS

Would you give it up about Lulu? I just took 50,000 volts. I almost got killed today! I'm lucky to be here.

KING

I was kidding. And you're lucky to be here anyway.

Davis smiles at this. It's not clear to him whether King was in fact kidding, but at the moment it doesn't matter. They start to MAKE OUT. It's hot. That is, until we hear a CELL PHONE. Different ringtone from the morning.

DAVIS

That's right -- now the tables turn. Let's see which boy toy that is...

KING

(grimaces, then answering)  
Hello? ... This is her...

King's expression shifts to concern. Without giving Davis another look, she walks out. OFF Davis -- what the hell?

INT. COP BAR - NIGHT - SAME

Vega sees her brother by himself. A beat. She approaches.

VEGA

Thanks for the support out there.

DETECTIVE VEGA

Support for what? That's nothing. You get on the wrong side of a senior officer, you're DOA.

VEGA

You know what, Eric? Don't hide behind your cop bullshit. You can't stand that I'm here. Period.

DETECTIVE VEGA

I don't know why you're here.  
First mom bails, now you. You're  
supposed to be home with dad.

VEGA

He's not my responsibility anymore  
than he's yours!

DETECTIVE VEGA

Tell that to yourself all you want.

He walks away. OFF Vega--

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - NIGHT - NEXT

A sullen King walks with a NIGHTSHIFT SERGEANT.

KING

You need something signed?

NIGHTSHIFT SERGEANT

No, he's not under arrest. He  
showed up looking for you.

They reach the HOLDING AREA, where KENNY KING, 46, is slumped  
in a chair, drunk, holding a giant TEDDY BEAR.

KENNY KING

There she is. Happy graduation.

He proudly holds out the bear. She doesn't take it.

KING

Let's go.

KENNY KING

Yes, sir, officer, sir.  
(following her out)  
I was gonna be at that ceremony,  
had it in my book, ready to go.  
But turned out I was intoxicated.

KING

What are ya now, dad?

OFF King-- heard it all before...

INT. ENCINO'S HIGH-RISE CONDO - NIGHT - NEXT

Davis follows Encino in the door. The huge place is sparsely  
furnished, but magnificent. Davis is beside himself.

DAVIS  
Dude -- what is up?!

ENCINO  
It's my parents'. I just live here.

DAVIS  
Hold up. You're parents own this place?

ENCINO  
(beat, trying for casual)  
They own the building.

DAVIS  
(shouting)  
GET THE F-!

Encino indicates "keep it down." Davis tries his best.

DAVIS (CONT'D)  
You been rich this whole time?  
Where'd you grow up, Beverly Hills?!

ENCINO  
Encino.

DAVIS  
What the hell are you a cop for?!

ENCINO  
Great, you too? I want to be a cop.

DAVIS  
Whatever. Rich boy.

Encino rolls his eyes. We hear LAUGHTER. The front door opens behind them -- Steph, with JONATHAN, 29, wearing Armani.

STEPH  
No way! I thought you'd be  
crimefighting all night long!

She hugs Encino, then focuses quizzically on the unfamiliar black man in the room, taking pains to keep her smile intact.

STEPH (CONT'D)  
Hi there.

ENCINO  
Michael Davis, Stephanie Berkowitz.  
And her boss, Jonathan.

DAVIS

Nice suit.

JONANTHAN

Thanks....Well, just dropping off.

Looks pretty safe in here.

(laughs, then to Steph)

See you at eight. Bring two copies of the presentation. Officers.

STEPH

Oh. Jon--

She takes off the OVERCOAT she had on, hands it to Jonathan.

JONANTHAN

Right. See ya.

He waves to the group and heads out. The remaining three look at each other. An awkward beat.

ENCINO

Davis is gonna crash here for a while.

STEPH

(beat, fake smile)

Great.

OFF Davis -- still mesmerized at his surroundings.

INT. KING'S APARTMENT - NIGHT - SAME

A depressed King chucks the teddy bear onto her bed. She takes out her CELL, scrolls names to Davis. She's about to Send, thinks better of it and tosses the phone aside. She reaches in her pocket, pulls out a bunched-up TISSUE. She removes a clump of WEED, presumably pinched off Paxton's stash. She grabs a PIPE and MATCHES from her nightstand, loads and lights, inhaling like a pro. A beat. She pulls the bear close to her.

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - MORNING

All present for roll call. A sergeant hands out incident reports, which today the Boots know to pass back.

LT. WEATHERLY

We made a good get yesterday, but the rest of our perp's crew is still hard at work. Latest is a warehouse in the Marina, 5:20 am. Assaulted a guard, cashed out and fled in a blue Navigator.

In the front row, Davis raises a hand. Everyone stares.

LT. WEATHERLY (CONT'D)

Yeah?

DAVIS

Navigator wasn't reported stolen?

LT. WEATHERLY

Nothing crossed my desk. What's your point?

DAVIS

Just, all the cars used in these jobs, not only can't we find 'em, none of the owner's are missing any of 'em. How do you pull that off over and over?

LT. WEATHERLY

It's a good question.  
(glances at Marchand, then)  
Also this a.m., Cholos sprayed bullets into a Shoreline house party, wounding three and pissing off many more.

As Weatherly continues, King looks to Davis -- good call.

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - HALLWAY/KITROOM - MORNING - NEXT

Hustle bustle as all cops gear up. Our Boots are huddled together in line.

DAVIS

I'm saying perps're doing something right. Feels like professionals.

ENCINO

I don't know. If you're smart, you don't pull this many jobs in a day.

VEGA

They could be junkies...

BUSTAMANTE

Or just desperate. To keep taking that kind a risk, you need cash bad.

LT. WEATHERLY  
(at front of line)  
Robbery teams -- we're not just  
talking surveillance. Use your  
resources. You're on a long leash.

As Davis brushes up next to King, he speaks *sotto*.

DAVIS  
Where'd you disappear to? I waited  
in that closet for an hour.

KING  
You did?

DAVIS  
Couple minutes, at least.

DESK SERGEANT  
(crossing through crowd)  
Who's Davis?  
(off Davis's signal)  
Lulu called.

Chuckles and catcalls as he hands Davis the MESSAGE. Davis rolls his eyes, can't believe the hell this chick's causing. He tries for eye contact with King, but she avoids his look.

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-A7 [BUSTAMANTE/DECK] - MORNING - NEXT

Deck drives today. He and Bustamante cruise a seedy block.

BUSTAMANTE  
We looped this block three times.  
How about moving on already?

Deck ignores this, spots a DEALER (ROCCO) exiting a BUS.

DECK  
There we go -- cuff the ugly guy in  
the hat.

BUSTAMANTE  
Really?

DECK  
Put him in back.

EXT. MAIN STREET - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Bustamante exits the car, then catches up to the oblivious guy and grabs him from behind.

ROCCO  
What're you doin?!

Bustamante decides not to field that one, puts Rocco in back.

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-A7 [BUSTAMANTE/DECK] - MORNING - NEXT

An emotional Rocco is mid-protest as Deck drives.

ROCCO  
I didn't do nothing!

DECK  
Tell the judge. I heard otherwise.

Rocco starts to CRY. Bustamante has no idea what's happening.

ROCCO  
C'mon, man! You know one more  
strike and I'm done!

DECK  
That is a tough law, Rocco. Hmm.  
Maybe we can help each other out.

ROCCO  
(thrown, tears streaming)  
We can?

DECK  
Maybe. Whataya know about these  
robberies in Venice, Mar Vista...

ROCCO  
Robberies? Nothing.

DECK  
Really. That's too bad.

ROCCO  
No, man, hold on! I know other  
stuff! ... I know somebody's  
dumping boosted cars down in Playa!

DECK  
Boosted cars are used in robberies,  
Rocco. Gotta think outside the  
box. Where in Playa?

ROCCO  
That's all I heard, I swear it.

BUSTAMANTE  
(to Deck, *sotto*)  
Wetlands, right?

OFF Deck -- not bad for a Boot...

EXT. PLAYA DEY REY WETLAND PRESERVE - DAY - NEXT

A police TOW TRUCK driver chains the chassis of a submerged vehicle, then tows out a BLUE LINCOLN NAVIGATOR. Next to it, still-dripping, is the brown Mercury from yesterday morning's robberies. Deck, Bustamante, and Rocco observe.

DECK  
(indicating)  
Marina, Abbot Kinney and Pershing....

BUSTAMANTE  
So this is where they end up. But where do they come from?

DECK  
Got plates and VINs. We'll find out.  
(then)  
Think we're even, Rocco. You be good.

Deck indicates to Bustamante, who uncuffs a relieved Rocco. He eyes the desolate surroundings.

ROCCO  
You're not giving me a lift?

DECK  
I could. Could also change my mind..

Rocco bolts for the hills. OFF the cops--

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-A9 [VEGA/BARCLAY] - MORNING - SAME

Barclay and Vega cruise west toward the BEACH. We hear Vin Scully announcing -- Barclay has a non-reg RADIO in his lap.

BARCLAY  
(pissed, off game)  
You're swinging at crap!

Vega betrays no emotion, eyes scanning the street, sidewalks. They turn a corner and she immediately locks in on something.

VEGA  
Up on the right.

FROM HER POV: a dozen GANGBANGERS drinking, goofing off, with music blasting in a BEACH PARKING LOT. We see OCEAN in b.g.

BARCLAY  
Sonofabiatch.

They approach the lot. Barclay stops the car at the entrance. We see Bangers casually toss joints and pour booze out.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)  
Take care of this.

VEGA  
What, by myself?

BARCLAY  
I'm in the bottom of the 8th. You say you're ready to be a cop? Be a cop.

Vega stares daggers, but Barclay isn't even looking at her.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Masking nerves, Vega exits the car and approaches the group. The Bangers ignore her. Finally, she calls out to them.

VEGA  
You are in violation of assembly ordinance 1309. Please disburse.  
(beat, completely ignored)  
Please disburse.

The LEAD BANGER turns from a conversation, approaches Vega.

LEAD BANGER  
Tell you what, *caliente*, I'll disburse. Soon as you sit on my face.

LAUGHTER and HOWLS from the Bangers. Vega then sees SIX MORE BANGERS approaching from the beach. She glances back at the squad car -- has no idea how to contend with this.

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-A9 [VEGA/BARCLAY] - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

Barclay sees the growing group of Bangers messing with Vega -- more than what he had in mind for her.

BARCLAY  
Goddamn it.

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - MORNING - CONTINUOUS

As Barclay rushes toward Vega and the Bangers, gun drawn--

BARCLAY

Back away from the officer!

The lead Banger holds his position. Barclay switches off a BOOMBOX, then marches up to the leader.

BARCLAY (CONT'D)

Spread your legs.

LEAD BANGER

(as Barclay body searches)

Ooh, baby. Maybe he wants to sit on my face.

More laughter. Vega, hand on holster, turns to Barclay, *sotto*.

VEGA

Did you call for backup?

Barclay ignores the question, gets inches from the Banger.

BARCLAY

Walk away or we take you in.

The Banger stays still. As Barclay reaches for his cuffs, we cut to VEGA'S POV: through the crowd, she sees a gun pulled. Vega instantly draws her own gun, trying to lock on the MOVING TARGET. BANG! Barclay goes down. Vega FIRES BACK. It's a blur, but she sees a second gun and FIRES MORE SHOTS. Two Bangers drop. Vega swings her gun in all directions--

VEGA

Get down! Get down!

Some do, others run. With Barclay bleeding and unconscious next to her, and two other bodies slumped in the sand nearby, Vega frantically pulls her walkie--

INT. ALL SQUAD UNITS - MORNING - SAME

In rapid fire sequence, we CUT TO Davis, Encino, and Weatherly; King and Big Steve; Bustamante and Deck, reacting as they hear--

VEGA (O.S.)

(radio transmission)

Code 3! Officer down! Beach parking lot 27! I need three ambulances! Code 3!

We then CUT BACK TO the CRIME SCENE. OFF Vega--

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. BEACH PARKING LOT - DAY - MINUTES LATER

AMBULANCE DOORS SLAM OPEN as EMTs and OFFICERS load Barclay -- gurneyed and IVd -- into the vehicle. NEARBY, other EMTs load one Banger, while a CORONER zips the BODY BAG of the other. TWENTY COPS are on the scene. Davis and Encino erect a yellow-tape perimeter, push back the growing CROWD--

DAVIS

You gotta move back, people. Move.

Big Steve, King, Weatherly and others are taking statements, while Deck and Bustamante bag WEAPONS and CASINGS.

DECK

.357 Mag, two shells. .45 ... Not seeing shells for this one--

INSIDE A SQUAD CAR, Vega, gripping her Virgin Guadalupe for dear life, watches the activity outside.

*RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.)*

*All units. 211 in progress--*

BACK IN THE PARKING LOT, Weatherly steps away from her witness, pulls her WALKIE to hear the broadcast.

*RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.) (CONT'D)*

*--the residence. Shots fired, victim is down. Code 3.*

LT. WEATHERLY

What is going on?!  
(scanning area)  
Deck! Madison!

EXT. PARKING LOT - BY THE SQUAD CARS - DAY - MOMENTS LATER

Deck, Bustamante, Big Steve, King, Davis, and Encino hustle toward their vehicles. Weatherly addresses Davis, Encino.

LT. WEATHERLY

I'm overmanned here, so hitch a ride and back these guys up.

ENCINO

(seeing Vega in car)  
Does she need help?

LT. WEATHERLY

I'm on it. Go.

Several of the Boots throw waves to Vega before piling into their cars. We STAY WITH Weatherly, who approaches Vega, speaks gently to her through the open car window.

LT. WEATHERLY (CONT'D)

How are you?

VEGA

(shrugs, a beat)

When'll we know how he is?

LT. WEATHERLY

I don't know....I'm gonna need you back at the station, there'll be a debriefing. Want me to call your brother to pick you up?

VEGA

I can drive myself.

OFF Vega -- trying to hold it together.

EXT. VENICE CANALS - DAY - NEXT

Blaring SIRENS. Two squad cars fly over topsy-turvy streets and BRIDGES, pulling up to a double-lot MANSION. A panicked MAN stands in the driveway, SHOUTING. As the cops unload--

VENICE HOME FATHER

We need a goddamn ambulance!

INT. VENICE MANSION - DAY - NEXT

A stunningly furnished home. Big Steve, Encino, and King rush to a HYSTERICAL WOMAN cradling the head of a TEENAGE BOY shot in the chest and shoulder. Blood is everywhere. Encino is jarred by the gruesome scene, but quickly moves in to help.

BIG STEVE

(to King)

Check the rooms.

VENICE HOME MOTHER

Oh my god, oh my god...

ENCINO

How long has it been?

VENICE HOME FATHER

Almost ten minutes.

ENCINO

What's his name?

VENICE HOME FATHER

Brian.

ENCINO

Okay, Brian. Help's coming, buddy.  
You're gonna feel some pressure...

He takes off his BELT and ties it around the kid's torso, creating a makeshift tourniquet. Big Steve gives his own and Encino uses it as well. Deck *et al.* come in from the back.

DECK

We're clear.

BIG STEVE

Okay, sir, we need to radio in to get units looking for who did this. I need a description--

VENICE HOME FATHER

Two guys, white guys...

BIG STEVE

--with masks? Ski masks?

The father nods. The cops exchange glances. King spots and retrieves a SHELL CASING.

DECK

Did they have a vehicle?

VENICE HOME FATHER

I think, in the alley. Didn't see.

DECK

(to Bustamante, King)  
Walk the street for IDs.

As the Boots exit--

BIG STEVE

What happened in here?

VENICE HOME FATHER

They came in through the back. One held a gun on my wife and me, the other ransacked the bedrooms. Our son came in the front--

VENICE HOME MOTHER

Brian!

We see the boy SHAKING VIOLENTLY.

DAVIS

He's in shock.  
(grabs a throw pillow)  
Put this in his mouth.

Encino does. The kid is flailing about. It's scary as hell.  
Both parents are sobbing now. Encino cradles Brian close.

ENCINO

Easy, Brian. It's okay, buddy.

EXT. VENICE MANSION - DAY - SAME

An AMBULANCE speeds over the bridge. King points to the house. As she and Bustamante walk in search of witnesses--

KING

You heard the make. And the shells match the rounds that hit the squad. Course it's the same perps.

BUSTAMANTE

I don't know. Home invasion's a different deal.

KING

We got units up and down the retail district. I'm the perps, I start looking for new targets. Cruise out here, see a fat house with screen door in the back...

BUSTAMANTE

So what -- it's our fault this kid got shot?

KING

I'm just saying, you pull the black and whites, put in unmarked units, undercovers on corners, you lure 'em in, maybe they never drive out here.  
(sees Bustamante's impressed)  
What?

BUSTAMANTE

Not bad. For a slutty chick who doesn't care about personality.

KING

(laughs, defensive)  
I wasn't talking about myself.

BUSTAMANTE

You were if you been with Davis.

King ignores this, now scrolling on her CELL PHONE. Bustamante considers holding his tongue, but it's just not his nature.

BUSTAMANTE (CONT'D)

Can't use personal cells on shift.

KING

(whatever)

So file a report.

INT. SQUAD CAR 14-A9 [VEGA] - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Shellshocked Vega drives alone, numb to the world. Her cell phone is RINGING, but she ignores it. Just drives.

EXT. VENICE CANALS - DAY - CONTINUOUS

King hangs up, frustrated not to get through.

INT. VENICE MANSION - DAY - NEXT

The paramedics have Brian stabilized. As they pack up--

VENICE PARAMEDIC

Pressure's stable, organs okay...

(to Encino)

Nice work.

The mother starts crying all over again, hugs the father. As the EMTs wheel Brian out, Deck, Davis, and Steve assisting--

DAVIS

(to paramedic, indicating)

Step around. Got a shoeprint here.

As the parents follow, the husband turns back to Encino.

VENICE HOME FATHER

Thank you.

Encino nods. Left alone, his hands and uniform soaked in blood, he finally catches his breath -- dazed, overwhelmed.

EXT. VENICE CANALS - DAY - SAME

King and Bustamante, still on foot, spot a WOMAN standing on a PORCH, holding a baby and eyeing the cops. King approaches.

KING

Excuse me. There was a shooting.  
Did you see anyone suspicious?

VENICE CANALS WITNESS

I heard a car race by. I thought I  
heard an accident.

Bustamante's scans the street, locks in on a U.S. MAILBOX.  
It's visibly dented. As the cops move closer--

BUSTAMANTE

They sideswiped it.

King spots something, approaches nearby bushes. Bustamante  
in the meantime examines car PAINT on the mailbox.

KING (O.C.)

Hey.

He turns. King holds a broken SIDE MIRROR -- we see the  
color matches the paint on the mailbox. King smiles.

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - LATER

Vega sits opposite an INVESTIGATOR we haven't seen before.  
Weatherly is present as well.

DEP'T INVESTIGATOR

Who made the call to approach the  
gang members?

VEGA

(beat, considering)  
We decided together.

Weatherly stares at Vega, catches her eye.

DEP'T INVESTIGATOR

Did you decide together to break  
protocol and not call for backup?

VEGA

I...I don't know.

DEP'T INVESTIGATOR

Did anyone shoot at you, Officer?  
Or even aim a weapon at you?

VEGA

Does it matter? They shot my partner.

DEP'T INVESTIGATOR  
A witness stated you fired first.

VEGA  
That's wrong!

The investigator studies Vega, then glances at Weatherly.

LT. WEATHERLY  
Okay, Officer, that's all for now.  
We have to put you on a desk for  
the time being. It's regulation.

OFF Vega, her heart sinking even further.

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Vega exits the room with Weatherly, who speaks to her *sotto*.

LT. WEATHERLY  
If Barclay got you into this mess,  
you have to say so.

They share a look, then Weatherly reenters the room. Vega stands there a beat, defeated. When she finally turns, she's surprised and moved to see Encino waiting for her.

VEGA  
What're you doing here?

ENCINO  
I had to change clothes, saw you  
here, figured I'd.... Are you okay?

Vega lets the question lie -- doesn't know the answer. Encino feels the urge to embrace Vega, but settles for putting a hand on her shoulder.

ENCINO (CONT'D)  
You're gonna be. You gotta hang in.

VEGA  
(beat)  
They took my gun.

OFF these two colleagues--

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - LOCKER ROOM - MINUTES LATER

On-the-fly DEBRIEFING as FIFTEEN COPS -- all Boots and their partners included -- change out of uniform into PLAIN-CLOTHES. Weatherly, with Marchand, shouts to be heard.

LT. WEATHERLY  
 Sorry to kill the lunch hour,  
 people. Everyone called back is  
 officially a plain-clothes unit  
 until further notice.

As Marchand speaks, we CUT AWAY to DAVIS at his LOCKER. He comes across LULU'S MESSAGE while changing, pockets it.

DETECTIVE MARCHAND  
 Navigator and Cougar Deck and  
 Bustamante dug up were boosted from  
LAX parking lots. Top of that, a side  
 mirror Bustamante and King recovered  
 at the Venice 211 belongs to a Maxima  
 boosted from another LAX lot. Same  
 goes for yesterday's Explorer.

As she continues, Deck and Detective Vega speak, *sotto*.

DECK  
 Maybe our perps are commuters...

DETECTIVE VEGA  
 Boost from a long-term lot, could  
 go days without getting flagged.

Deck nods agreement -- smart caper.

BACK ACROSS THE ROOM

LT. WEATHERLY  
 Captain wants surveillance in every  
 airport lot. Other units will roam.

Vega, the one cop not changing clothes, listens intently as--

LT. WEATHERLY (CONT'D)  
 A word on Officer Barclay. He's in  
 ICU, scheduled for surgery tonight.  
 Anybody who knows someone he'd want  
 informed, let me know.

OFF the group -- no one having the slightest clue.

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - HALLWAY - DAY - NEXT

The now plain-clothed cops pour out of the locker room. We see Davis on his cell, message slip in hand, speaking sotto.

DAVIS

Listen, girl, I'm sorry to do this on a message....That was a bustin weekend, no doubt, but it's been a year almost. I'm a cop now, and it's gotta be all straight and narrow....

NEARBY, Bustamante catches up to King.

BUSTAMANTE

You called this play two hours ago. Maybe you should be Captain.

KING

Whoa. You have a nice side?

Bustamante almost smiles. BEHIND THEM, Weatherly approaches Davis and Encino.

LT. WEATHERLY

I have to run point, and we've got a lotta ground to cover, so I'm putting you in your own unit. Anything goes sideways, call for backup.

(to Davis, re: Encino)

Keep him off the radio.

She walks off. For Encino, the last comment stings, but it doesn't stop him from low-fiving his buddy. Free at last.

INT. UNMARKED CAR (KING/BIG STEVE) - DAY - NEXT

Silence in the car as Big Steve and King head west on Century toward LAX. A beat. He finally speaks, as if remembering--

BIG STEVE

I should go see my cousin.

KING

Now?

BIG STEVE

No, just, you know, memo to self.

(beat, then)

Sweet guy, my cousin, but not a genius. He's so dumb he thinks Cheerios are donut seeds.

(getting no reaction)

(MORE)

BIG STEVE (CONT'D)

Big drinker, too. I got him in a rehab program couple years back, excellent facility. Now he's doing the twelve-step thing--

KING

(realizing)

You know what? Don't. Just mind your own business.

Big Steve nods to himself -- got it. A beat.

BIG STEVE

I, uh...I respect you trying to protect those kids yesterday.

King says nothing, but we see she appreciates the comment. Big Steve pulls the car into an LAX LONG-TERM LOT, punches for a ticket and they drive in.

INT. ICU - DAY - SAME

Barclay lies unconscious, hooked to countless machines. Vega enters and tentatively approaches him. A beat, as she watches her jerk of a partner resting peacefully. She takes out her Virgin Guadalupe, places it in his hand. OFF Vega--

INT. UNMARKED CAR (BUSTAMANTE/DECK) - LAX LOT #2 - DAY - SAME

PARKED amid a thousand other cars, Bustamante scans the lot from the driver's seat. Next to him, Deck sits reclined, shades on, presumably awake but possibly not. Over the RADIO--

*BIG STEVE (O.S.)*

*Unmarked 14-A9 taking position.*

BUSTAMANTE

(into radio)

14-A4 holding position.

(beat, as other units  
check in via radio)

Maybe we should do a walk around.

DECK

Suit yourself.

Bustamante shakes his head, can't take it anymore.

BUSTAMANTE

What is your problem? You made a good call before, still your butt's been in that seat since I met you!

Deck casually turns to the Boot.

DECK

You wanna move the car, move the car. We see something, I will gladly extract my butt from the seat. We do a walk around, know what we look like? Two cops doing a walk around.

Bustamante nods begrudgingly, getting it, as

WE SMASH TO:

EXT. LAX LOT #3 - DAY - SAME

Davis and Encino are doing a walk around, which is exactly what it looks like they're doing. As they scan the lot--

DAVIS

So your lady's running all hours with Armani boy and you're cool with it.

ENCINO

They work together.

DAVIS

That's how it starts.

(off Encino's look)

I'm just saying, partner to partner. She don't look like a cop's wife.

ENCINO

Probably why she got engaged to a real estate developer.

DAVIS

What happened to him?

ENCINO

Realized the city didn't need another mini-mall....So I entered the academy.

(then)

My family thinks I lost my mind.

DAVIS

I think you lost your mind.

ENCINO

Come on. You signed up just like me.

DAVIS

I signed up for fifty-two thousand bucks.

Encino ignores this, now focused on TWO WHITE GUYS a couple rows away. Damn if one of them isn't slimjimming open a car!

ENCINO

Get the car.

He SPRINTS toward the perps, who start the car and SPEED OUT of their parking spot just as Encino reaches them. Davis pulls up and Encino jumps in the car. They follow the ESCALADE, which breaks right through the PAYBOOTH GATE.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED UNITS/CENTURY BLVD - DAY - CONTINUOUS

As Davis swerves around cars, SIREN blaring.

DAVIS

Call it in.

(off Encino's hesitance)

I'm a little busy! Call it in!

Encino grabs the radio, takes a calming breath. As he transmits, we CUT VARIOUSLY TO Deck/Bustamante, King/Big Steve, and Detectives Vega and Marchand, the last two surveilling Main Street. All throw their cars into gear on hearing the report.

*ENCINO (O.S.)*

*(steady, professional)*

*Code 3, 550 in progress. Unmarked unit 14-A6 in pursuit of suspects--*

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - WATCH COMMANDER DESK - DAY - SAME

Weatherly and Jameson stand over their ASSIGNMENT MAP as Encino continues transmitting. We see Weatherly is impressed -- the kid pulled it together.

LT. WEATHERLY

Roll everyone in southwest.

Jameson rushes the MAP to the RADIO DESK. Weatherly's expression shifts to less-impressed when she hears Encino's Gwen Stefani RING TONE transmitting over the radio.

INT. UNMARKED CAR (DAVIS/ENCINO) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Encino frantically digs out his cell, jams the power button. Davis is flying, holding close to the Escalade, skidding around PEDESTRIANS, scaring the shit out of his partner. In b.g. we hear Radio Dispatch recruiting backup for the Boots.

ENCINO

Could you not kill anyone?!

DAVIS

I say they're heading for the Promenade. Which is not good.  
 (taunting the perps)  
 No way you're taking Fourth...

EXT. WESTBOUND ON BROADWAY - DAY - CONTINUOUS

We see other UNMARKED CARS, including Deck/Bustamante and King/Big Steve, falling in line behind Davis/Encino. As the Escalade swings a wide right onto FOURTH STREET--

INT. UNMARKED CAR (DAVIS/ENCINO) - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Davis is hooting and hollering as he follows the Escalade.

DAVIS

Somebody don't know their traffic patterns! End of the line, fools!

Sure enough, it's bumper to bumper. The Escalade slams the breaks. The perps jump out, firing off a DOZEN ROUNDS at Davis/Encino's windshield. The Boots dive down, then--

EXT. FOURTH STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

--roll out of their car, weapons drawn, ready to return fire. But there are PEDESTRIANS everywhere, many screaming. The perps take off, sprinting up 4th, Davis and Encino following.

INT. UNMARKED CAR (BUSTAMANTE/DECK) - DAY

The cops are wedged between Davis/Encino's car and King/Big Steve's behind them. Deck turns to King/Big Steve, shouting--

DECK

Back up!

EXT. FOURTH STREET/THIRD STREET PROMENADE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The UNMARKED UNITS flip around and take off around the corner. UP THE STREET, the perps weave in and out of traffic on foot, traversing cars and benches, Davis and Encino close behind. They reach THE PROMENADE just as Bustamante/Deck's and Big Steve/King's cars fly around the corner along with others.

The perps split up: One runs into the Promenade. Encino has a clear shot at him, but hesitates, and suddenly the perp is obscured in the crowd. Encino runs after him, waving Big Steve/King around to block off the other end of the mall.

The other perp runs into a side ALLEY. Bustamante sees this and drives after the guy down the narrow alley, sending TRASH CANS flying left and right. When the perp hops a fence, Bustamante stops the car and jumps out. Deck shouts after him.

DECK

Stay in sight! Wait for backup!

But Bustamante, already over the fence and down the alley, never responds. Deck grabs the radio, shaking his head. Shit.

EXT. THIRD STREET PROMENADE - DAY - SAME

Davis catches up to Encino, who is desperately looking around.

DAVIS

Where is he?!

ENCINO

I don't know! Damn it!

OFF Encino -- staring into a sea of people.

EXT./INT. ALLEY/APARTMENT - DAY - SAME

Bustamante chases his perp down yet another SIDE ALLEY. There's about a fifty yard gap between them when the perp suddenly cuts left and disappears. Bustamante reaches the spot, gun drawn, turns and finds a STAIRWAY leading to APARTMENT UNITS. Full of adrenaline, he clicks on his RADIO.

BUSTAMANTE

14-A7. Requesting backup in the west alley north of Arizona. Suspect is on site.

RADIO DISPATCH (O.S.)

*Backup en route. Hold your position.*

A beat. Seeing no one coming, he climbs the stairs -- gun out front, sweating bullets. DOWN A HALLWAY, he punches open an AJAR DOOR. Across the shadow-filled LIVING ROOM, a dazed and bleeding YOUNG WOMAN is propped up by the jittery PERP, who uses his hostage as body armor, jamming a gun into her cheek. The perp smiles, wild-eyed.

PERP

How are ya.

OFF Bustamante--

END OF ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. THIRD STREET PROMENADE - DAY - NEXT

At first glance it's business as usual -- various PERFORMANCE ARTISTS, hundreds of SHOPPERS, meandering HOMELESS, loitering SKATEPUNKS, etc.

But in QUICK CUTS we REVEAL: SQUAD CARS blockading every alley; SNIPERS discreetly positioned on BUILDINGS; a HELICOPTER circling; and all departing foot traffic siphoned through one exit, where Davis scrutinizes every passerby. As a WHITE GUY IN SUNGLASSES crosses his path--

DAVIS

Hold it. Glasses off, please.  
 (the guy complies, Davis  
 sees it's not a perp)  
 Thank you. Keep moving.

NEARBY, some OFFICERS push back NEWS VANS, while Weatherly surveys the scene, talking on her walkie.

LT. WEATHERLY

Of course be thorough, but use your judgment.

EXT. URBAN OUTFITTERS - PROMENADE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Big Steve supervises a SEARCH UNIT, Encino at the point.

BIG STEVE

(into walkie)  
 Keeping it stealth. Fast sweep through, on to the next store--

As he continues, King, next to Encino, indicates a GUY.

KING

In the shades...

ENCINO

(shakes head no)  
 Bigger than that--

EXT. ALLEY - DAY - SAME

An UNMARKED CAR and three BLACK AND WHITES are parked haphazardly. OFFICERS silently check doorways and side-alleys, guns drawn. Deck clicks on his WALKIE, speaks *sotto*.

DECK

Bustamante.....Bustamante, come in.

EXT. THIRD STREET PROMENADE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Davis glances in concern at Weatherly as Deck continues.

*DECK (O.S.)  
(radio transmission)  
Bustamante. Need a twenty on you...*

DOWN THE STREET

Encino and King exchange looks as they hear Deck's typically cool demeanor shift toward urgency.

*DECK (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(radio transmission)  
Come on, Bustamante--*

INT. APARTMENT UNIT - DAY - SAME

Bustamante remains in a standoff -- his gun trained on the perp, whose own gun is still pressed in the hostage's cheek.

*DECK (O.S.)  
(radio transmission)  
--I need your twenty....Bustamante!*

As the tense Boot reaches for his radio, the perp screams--

PERP  
Don't do that!

He's wired, nearly choking his hostage. Bustamante takes his hand off the radio, not at all sure of his next move.

EXT. ARIZONA AND THE PROMENADE -- DAY - SAME

The search team crosses the street, Big Steve on walkie--

BIG STEVE  
Clear from Wilshire to Arizona.  
We're crossing south on the--

Camera pans to ENCINO, scanning the crowd-- stroller MOMS, a MIME painted silver, posse of TEENS, but then BACK-- he locks in on a MAN IN A CRISP GAP SWEATSHIRT exiting a BARBER SHOP with a BUZZ CUT. Clothes and hair aside, the face clicks. Encino starts walking toward him. King sees, taps Big Steve.

KING  
Check it out.

BIG STEVE  
 (calls out)  
 Segal?

Encino stays focused, starts to JOG. The suspect notices and breaks into a sprint. Encino tears after him down the block.

BIG STEVE (CONT'D)  
 (into walkie)  
Code 3! Move in!

All hell breaks loose. PLAIN-CLOTHES COPS and SQUAD CARS speed in from everywhere. The CROWD scatters -- first in confusion, then panic when the PERP goes for broke, FIRING OFF rounds at Encino.

Horrified screams, people diving for cover. Suddenly DAVIS PUMMELS THE PERP from the opposite direction, as Encino, King and others converge in a pile-up. Davis pulls Encino out of the tangle as others cuff the perp.

ENCINO  
 (trace of annoyance)  
 I had him.

DAVIS  
 No doubt.

Exchanged smiles. Encino moves in to take charge of his perp.

INT. APARTMENT UNIT - DAY - SAME

The standoff continues, guns aimed, the hostage terrified.

BUSTAMANTE  
Put the gun down. This is done.

PERP  
 No it's not! You're gonna get on that radio and tell your partner you chased me out to Second Street.

BUSTAMANTE  
 I can't do that.

PERP  
Do it.

BUSTAMANTE  
 It's not happening. You gotta--

The enraged perp now aims his gun at Bustamante.

PERP

Do it!

BANG! The perp lunges back against the wall, chest gushing blood. He drops dead. The hostage screams. Startled Bustamante turns and sees Deck in the doorway.

DECK

You all right?

Palpably relieved, Bustamante nods, thankful for the save. As he goes to the hostage--

DECK (CONT'D)

My butt moves after all. So maybe next time you'll wait for me.

We see Bustamante knows Deck is right -- the Boot almost got himself killed. The cops help the hostage up. Caper closed.

EXT. PROMENADE - SANTA MONICA BLVD EXIT - DAY - NEXT

The cavalry packs up: SWAT members board their VAN; cops reopen the street, Encino puts his perp in a squad unit. Davis spots King near her car, considers, then decides to approach--

DAVIS

So. Coffee date at 7-11?

KING

What're you doing?

DAVIS

What?

KING

Why do you keep coming after me like you're into me or something?

DAVIS

Because I'm into you.

She rolls her eyes, walks off. He catches up.

DAVIS (CONT'D)

What's with that?

KING

(in his face, firm, sotto)  
I do not wanna be messed with, okay?  
I don't let myself be messed with --  
ever.

(MORE)

KING (CONT'D)

So you wanna see where this goes,  
fine, but if it's some kinda  
game...if I end up another Lulu  
whose calls you duck -- I will kick  
your black ass!

She stares daggers, but under it is vulnerability, hope.

DAVIS

That was sweet. I'm all warm and  
fuzzy right now.  
(getting no reaction)  
I hear you, all right? You're not  
a Lulu. Call me and see for  
yourself. I'll pick up like that.

He smiles. And this time, she smiles back.

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - HALLWAY/PIT - DUSK - NEXT

End of shift. NEW COPS coming in as others clock out. A  
BICYCLE DETAIL returns as if from the *Tour de France*. A  
disheveled WOMAN yells at Jameson in Russian. Same old.

Through GLASS, we see into an INTERVIEW ROOM where ENCINO'S  
PERP is being questioned by Detectives Vega and Marchand.  
DOWN THE HALL, Davis, Encino, King and Bustamante fill out  
incident reports. Vega's here too, in body if not in mind.

BUSTAMANTE

They shorted their distributor a  
kilo of pure. He gave 'em two days  
to pay it off.

KING

Guy's naming all sorta names.  
Captain's gotta like that.

ENCINO

(to Vega)  
You saw Barclay?

VEGA

(nods)  
Gotta go back, take his ID and  
stuff....He doesn't look good.

She walks off, her colleagues watching, concerned for her.  
The DESK SERGEANT approaches Davis.

DESK SERGEANT

Mister Popular -- you got a visitor.

OFF Davis, not expecting anyone--

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - LOBBY - DUSK - NEXT

Davis enters and stops in his tracks. Dead-center in the otherwise empty room is LULU - 21, great lips, way pissed off. But Davis is focused on her extremely pregnant stomach.

LULU

How's this for straight and narrow, policeman?

DAVIS

Lulu.

LULU

Lulu? That's all you got? This is yours. And don't start denying up and down, cause the DNA's gonna back me. I got a lawyer and a judge and everything. You better start picking up the goddamn phone.

She exits. Davis stands frozen. The Desk Sergeant, as the lone witness to the exchange, turns to the Boot.

DESK SERGEANT

Congratulations.

OFF Davis--

INT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - LOCKER ROOM - DUSK - SAME

Vega is at Barclay's locker, retrieving his wallet, clothes, etc. The locker is surprisingly tidy. There's a magazine CUTOUT of Yosemite National Park taped to the door.

Detective Vega finds his sister retrieving Barclay's things.

DETECTIVE VEGA

Thought you should know -- inquiry's being kicked up to the Chief's office. Prints from the second gun don't match the deceased.

The news is overwhelming to Vega. (Bustamante, approaching his locker, can't help overhearing some of this exchange.)

VEGA

Meaning what? He was unarmed?

DETECTIVE VEGA

Mighta been. It'll probably be in the paper tomorrow.

(MORE)

DETECTIVE VEGA (CONT'D)  
(beat, then sincerely)  
Sorry, Mari.

VEGA  
(stares him down, pointed)  
Don't be. You're way too late.

She heads for the exit. OFF Detective Vega--

EXT. PACIFIC AREA STATION - PARKING LOT - NIGHT - LATER

Vega sits in her CAR, pumping the gas, but the engine won't turn over. Already in a fragile state, she shouts angrily.

VEGA  
Damn it!

She slumps back, defeated. Bustamante pulls up next to her.

BUSTAMANTE  
Come on.

INT. BUSTAMANTE'S CAR - NIGHT - NEXT

Bustamante and Vega drive in silence. A beat.

VEGA  
I don't know if I can do this job.

BUSTAMANTE  
Course you can.

He glances over, surprised to see tears streaming down Vega's face. A beat, Bustamante searching for words.

BUSTAMANTE (CONT'D)  
Hey -- they tested us, profiled us, they ran us hard for months....They wouldn't graduate you if you couldn't handle it.

VEGA  
I don't know. I wanted it so bad. Wanted to show people I could do this....Maybe I fooled them. Fooled myself.

BUSTAMANTE  
(considers, then)  
I never doubted I could do the job. Signed up day I turned twenty-one. Then today, finally put to the test, gun in my face, hostage....  
(MORE)

BUSTAMANTE (CONT'D)

I froze up. If I was in your shoes,  
chances are I'd be dead. You're  
alive.

He puts an arm around her. Vega rests her head on him,  
surprised to feel so comforted by this unlikely source.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT - NEXT

As Brian dozes, his exhausted mom chats quietly with Encino.

VENICE HOME MOTHER

--something about the amount of  
oxygen, but it was negative.

ENCINO

That's great.

Brian stirs, opens his eyes. Mom smiles.

VENICE HOME MOTHER

Hey baby. Look who's here. This  
is the officer who saved you.

ENCINO

Good to see you, buddy.

Brian nods in gratitude. OFF Encino, glad he's a cop--

INT. HOSPITAL VISITOR AREA - NIGHT - NEXT

Encino joins Bustamante, Davis, King, Vega, Big Steve, Deck,  
and Weatherly -- all in civvies, talking, waiting. Deck is  
refilling his coffee cup when Bustamante approaches.

BUSTAMANTE

I didn't thank you back there.

DECK

Goes around, comes around. You'll  
get me out of a jam tomorrow.

ACROSS THE ROOM, Davis looks preoccupied. King joins him.  
They speak *sotto*, feigning nonchalance for the bystanders.

KING

You look weird....I scared you off  
already. Unbelievable.

DAVIS

You didn't scare me off. We're good.

He forces a smile -- happy about King, but still reeling from the bomb Lulu dropped on him. NEARBY, Vega spots the SURGEON, bee-lines for him. The Salts follow, Boots hanging back.

SURGEON

Lot of swelling around the brain.  
He'll need to go under again in a  
few days. But he'll pull through.

The collective relief among the group is palpable. Then--

DECK

Will he still be an a-hole?

SURGEON

You can see him in an hour or so.

The mood lightened, the Salts exchange words, while Vega returns to the Boots. King gives Vega a hug. Bustamante and Encino each hang close to Vega as well, but their awareness of each other keeps them both at bay. This could get messy.

Finally, the Boots collapse onto the couch and floor.

ENCINO

Two days down.

VEGA

Feels like two months.

BUSTAMANTE

(beat, then)  
We should get dinner.

KING

And lunch.

DAVIS

I got a number for pizza. Encino,  
this is on you, right?

Encino shoots back a "what the fuck?" look. We PULL BACK as dialogue continues, the five new cops -- suddenly a family of sorts -- settling in for the evening.

END OF EPISODE