

FOR WARNER BROS. ONLY

THE CLOSER



Episode #3

“Show Yourself”

Written by

Wendy West

Directed by

Michael M. Robin

A Shephard/Robin Production in Association with
Warner Bros. Entertainment, 4000 Warner Blvd., Burbank, CA 91522

© 2005 Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

This script is the property of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc. No portion of this script may be performed, reproduced or used by any means, or disclosed to, quoted or published in any medium without the prior written consent of Warner Bros. Entertainment Inc.

THE CLOSER
Episode 103 - "Show Yourself"

ACT ONE

AS WE FADE IN:

We HEAR, as though through headphones, a woman, upset:

SHY GIRL(O.S.)
Cada dos horas. No es justio.

BLACK becomes DAWN. No constellations are visible; in this city, we save the stars for the streets. We SWIRL DOWN...

SHY GIRL (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Lil' Mousy was my future.

SANCHEZ (O.S.)
Did you belong to him?

SHY GIRL (O.S.)
I was goin'to.

Morning light absorbs the harsh glare of...

EXT. MAC ARTHUR PARK - DAWN (DAY ONE)

...FOUR CRIME SCENE LIGHTS; they deluge the southeast corner of the park with light. BLACK-AND-WHITE PATROL CARS are there, as is the S.I.D. VAN. We MOVE ALONG...

Crime scene tape decoratively wrapping the park as a present for the cops. Looky-loos lean in, watching...

DIP TO BLACK

EXT. MAC ARTHUR PARK - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

The last body zipped into a BLACK BODY BAG before it's loaded into the Coroner's Van.

SHY GIRL (O.S.)
They were just here to kick it, you know?

COLOR DRAINS from the image of the Coroner's Van. We PUSH INTO the black and white image until the screen is a patchwork of BLACK AND WHITE PIXELS.

DIP TO BLACK

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

PULL BACK from the image, which is now ON SCREEN in the surveillance van. We've tapped into the park's security cameras in order to see from our van.

FIND folded among the bulky equipment D.C. BRENDA JOHNSON. DET. TAO and BUZZ, are also cramped inside the van. One side of BRENDA'S HEADPHONES are turned away from her ear -- this is how we've been hearing Sanchez, who is wearing a mic.

DIP TO BLACK

EXT. MAC ARTHUR PARK - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

The CEMENT PICNIC TABLE where three members of the East Side Catorce were shot is littered with FIVE OR SIX BOTTLES OF BEER. Some bottles are empty; some will never get finished.

SHY GIRL (O.S.)
We had a 40, smoked some good mota
before he left.

NUMBER CARDS dot the beer bottles, LETTER CARDS show where two Catorce members were shot. The third was hit running away from the table. A LETTER CARD, "C," in the BLOODY DIRT marks where he died...

SANCHEZ (O.S.)
And what time was that, about?

DIP TO BLACK

EXT. MAC ARTHUR PARK - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

A DEPT. OF SANITATION DUDE scoops the blood-soaked DIRT into a RED BIOHAZARD BAG. DET. GABRIEL kneels down beside him for an update. We continue MOVING ALONG...

SHY GIRL (O.S.)
Six? Lil' Mousy got home from the
Pen at like eleven en la mañana.

DIP TO BLACK

EXT. MAC ARTHUR PARK - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

FIND DET. FLYNN studying the pattern of bullets when a young (no more than sixteen) light-skinned gangbanger named GUERO, walks briskly past him. Guero has a shaved head and a large "14" freshly tattooed on his neck. He TAKES US TO...

...DET. SANCHEZ speaking with SHY GIRL. She wears her hair in pigtails even though she's too old for it. GUERO interrupts--

GUERO
(to Shy Girl)
Callate, chocha! Vete a la casa.

She does as she was told and leaves, trying not to cry. Guero starts to follow when Sanchez stops him.

SANCHEZ
You're new, ese.

GUERO
(makes hand sign for East
Side Catorce)
I been puttin in work six months,
vato.

SANCHEZ
Got your stripes?

Guero starts to walk away, dissing Sanchez.

GUERO
Chavala...

SANCHEZ
This park used to be mine.

Guero stops.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)
Sanchez.

GUERO
I hearda you. Guero.
(then)
Lil' Mousy was one of my brothers.
Mi sangre. And I'm going to kill
the next Joker I see.

And off Sanchez, we...

DIP TO BLACK

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

We hear Guero's threats continue as Brenda squints at the MONITOR.

BRENDA
Detective Tao, can you read this?

She runs her finger along the TATTOO covering Guero's forearm.

TAO
"Trust No Bitch."

BRENDA
At least he's not afraid to be up
front with his feelings.

GUERO (ON MONITOR)
We been fighting for this park for
two years. It's ours. And now our
blood's all over it.

Brenda presses a button on her mic, speaks to Sanchez,

BRENDA
Sanchez, who were the dead ones
dating? Did any of those women
switch sides?

SANCHEZ (ON MONITOR)
Your bitches, they down with you?

We PUSH INTO the black and white monitor Brenda watches and
the image FLOODS with color...

EXT. MAC ARTHUR PARK - DAWN - CONTINUOUS

Guero shifts his weight from foot to foot.

GUERO
We don't keep no hood rats.

BEHIND HIM, PICK UP DET. PROVENZA who's just arrived, as he
joins Flynn. They walk to the picnic table where S.I.D.'s are
removing the NUMBER CARDS.

FLYNN
Bullets didn't spray. Each "victim"
died from a single shot to the T-zone.

He indicates the space between his eyes, a.k.a. the T-zone.

PROVENZA
Don't learn to shoot like that on
the streets. Too bad he only got
three of them.

FLYNN
We should give the killer a medal
for cleaning up the neighborhood.
Why is Priority Homicide here?

PROVENZA
I guess a triple homicide's our
automatic invitation.

FLYNN
These are not Priority murders.

PROVENZA
(looking around)
Where is Scarlett O'Hara?

FLYNN
The only thing she was getting out
of our homies here was different
ways they'd like to 'do her.' She's
in the van.

PROVENZA
We should process all our scenes
this way.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - MORNING

There's a shave-and-a-haircut KNOCK. Gabriel leans in the door.

GABRIEL
Department of Sanitation's all
done. Can we release the scene?

BRENDA
Sounds good to me.

Brenda unplugs her headphones, bringing SILENCE to the small
van. She stands, stretches. Watches ON THE MONITOR:

A Uniform unwraps the CRIME SCENE TAPE. Most of the Looky-loos
have gone; a few Homeless Guys wait to reclaim their trees and
benches. Among these people, one stands out: an OLDER BLACK MAN
with an erect military posture. He carries a small SCOPE and
walks to where the bodies used to be. WE GO TO HIM...

EXT. MAC ARTHUR PARK - MORNING

COLONEL D.B. WALTER paces the distance from the third body to
the picnic table. He turns to the south and takes his small
SCOPE -- we see now that it's a rifle scope -- and eyes the
roofs of the nearest buildings.

POV: RIFLE SCOPE

Through the cross-hairs, we see the roof of the building on
the right is obscured by trees. But there is a clear sight to
the roof of the Park Plaza Hotel.

The cross-hairs follow DOWN the stories of the building until, at street level, we observe a FIGURE coming toward us.

RACK FOCUS and see that it's BRENDA.

RESUME EXT. MAC ARTHUR PARK

Brenda approaches the Colonel.

BRENDA
Excuse me, sir. May I help you?

WALTER
Depends who you are.

BRENDA
(BADGING him)
Deputy Chief Brenda Johnson.

Col. Walter shows her his GOV'T ID.; looks Brenda in the eye. He looks everyone straight in the eye.

WALTER
Colonel D. B. Walter, United States
Marine Corps, retired.

He says nothing more. So with more of an edge, she repeats...

BRENDA
May I help you?

WALTER
Did you have any witnesses?

BRENDA
Why are you here, sir?

WALTER
How many shots did they hear fired?

BRENDA
I asked why you were here.

WALTER
Three, right? And did the shootings
happen around eight last night?

BRENDA
Let's get one thing straight: this
is not the place of your questions.
This is the place of my questions.

WALTER

Let's get one thing straight: I'm not answering any of your questions unless you answer mine.

BRENDA

It is a crime to withhold material information about a homicide, Colonel Walter.

WALTER

It's not a crime to withhold my opinion.

BRENDA

And what would that be?

WALTER

In my opinion, the shooter was on the roof at the Park Plaza Hotel. You might not believe me because you won't find any casings there.

(then)

I'll ask your next question for you: How do I know that? Because in my opinion, we are not dealing with an ordinary shooter. We are dealing with a sniper. And snipers are trained to be invisible.

(then)

I believe I can help you find him.

BRENDA

How could you do that?

WALTER

I think I was his first instructor.

BRENDA

You know his name?

WALTER

No.

(then)

But he's my son.

Brenda takes this in. As do we.

BRENDA

And you don't know his name?

WALTER

I haven't seen or heard from my boy
in over a year. I thought he was
dead... until these killings
started happening.

BRENDA

There've been more than this?

WALTER

Yes. And, back to my opinion, he'll
do it again. I think, if we help
each other, we can stop him. Leave
the killing to the gangs. But we'd
have to keep my opinion about a
sniper from the media. Otherwise,
we both lose control of this case.

BRENDA

I don't make deals with someone
I've just met at a crime scene.

WALTER

(hands her his CARD)
Get to know me.

He heads off in the direction of the PARK'S FOUNTAIN, which
has just sprung to life.

Brenda watches him go, then turns her attention to the roof of
the PARK PLAZA HOTEL.

POV: BRENDA'S BINOCULARS

It is indeed a clean sight to the picnic table where the
three men were shot. We're...

EXT. ROOF OF THE PARK PLAZA HOTEL - MORNING

Brenda drops her BINOS, looks at the park unaided. Hear the
SOUNDS of the city coming to life. Gabriel is at her side.

She looks at the sight lines from the roofs of the other
buildings. Re: the building to the left,

BRENDA

Trees block the view of the park
from over there...
(looks to the right)
And that roof offers no protection.

Brenda then looks around this roof: it has a three-foot-lip
and a few antennas rise up from its gravel top.

GABRIEL
Good eye, Chief.

Brenda examines the roof. Sure enough: no trace of anyone having been there. No cigarette butts. No indentations in the gravel.

BRENDA
There has to be some trace of the shooter. If Mr. Nobody even was here.

GABRIEL
Not even a Mr. Nobody leaves nothing behind.

BRENDA
I want every last pebble on this roof processed by S.I.D.

GABRIEL
You got it, ma'am.
(then)
How did you know to come up here?

BRENDA
(considers what to reveal)
Lucky guess. The only way up to this roof is through the building. Let's see if they have security tapes.

Tao arrives weighted down with equipment -- the department's OUTDATED LAPTOP and BULKY VIDEO CAMERA. He's winded from climbing three stories. He joins Brenda at the roof's edge. Reaching for the camera....

TAO
This looks like a good place to shoot from.

BRENDA
I don't think you're the first person to have that idea.

Tao sets up his tripod probably not too far from where the shooter set up his. Tao aims his lens at the park.

POV: TAO'S CAMERA

The cement of the picnic table is white as bones.

THE PARK BECOMES ANIMATED

THREE GREY SILHOUETTES materialize: Lil' Mousy sitting atop the table; Big Mousy to his left; Payaso to the right.

TAO (V.O.)

The shooter waited until he had the protection of night. His first victim was probably Lil' Mousy -- the guy sitting on top of the table. He was the easiest target.

A SHOT is fired from the roof of the Park Plaza Hotel. A RED LINE illustrates THE BULLET'S trajectory.

The bullet hits the silhouette on the table in the head. The silhouette falls back, arms splayed across the table. PULL BACK and we're...

INT. MURDER ROOM - DAY

Tao's computer simulation fills the ROOM'S SCREEN. He sits in the back, with his LAPTOP.

IN THE SIMULATION

Big Mousy, the silhouette to the left of the dead body, reaches for a GUN at his waist as Payaso's silhouette stands.

TAO (V.O.)

From the way the bodies fell, you can see some time elapsed between shots.

Another red line darts from the roof, aimed at Big Mousy's head. The red line -- the bullet -- PAUSES in mid air.

IN THE ROOM

Tao addresses the troops.

TAO

Not much time, but enough so that the other two victims had a moment to react.

Tao presses a button and...

IN THE SIMULATION

The bullet resumes its trajectory to Big Mousy's head. It hits; he falls. Payaso's silhouette starts to run.

TAO (V.O.)

They had time to be afraid.

The last bullet comes from the roof. Hits Payaso in the back of the head as he tries to run away. The silhouette collapses.

IN THE ROOM

Brenda steps in front of the projection of the computer simulation. It covers her face, briefly, before Tao turns it off and the florescent LIGHTS FLUTTER ON.

BRENDA

Three match-grade precision bullets were found -- 168 grain, dove-tailed hollow-point .308s. They left small entrance wounds and grapefruit-sized exit wounds.

(looks to Sanchez)

Detective Sanchez, how many sharpshooters did you see in your years on the Gang Intelligence Team?

SANCHEZ

(leaning against a wall)

None.

BRENDA

What's the lay of the land?

He walks over to a whiteboard that contains a CITY MAP and a PHOTO DIAGRAM of the power structures ("the family tree") within each gang.

SANCHEZ

The victims were not veteranos, but they weren't just jumped in, either. They were in the middle management of the East Side Catorce. This is a Latino gang that claims the blocks...

(shows on the map)

...from east 14th street to Wilshire. MacArthur Park is where their territory overlaps with another gang called The Jokers.

(then)

They're similar gangs. Both deal pot, rock, H. and recently, both branched out into firearms.

BRENDA

So they wouldn't have any trouble getting the gun?

SANCHEZ

No one would. It's probably an H&S Precision Pro 2000.

(MORE)

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Used by SWAT and available on the internet. But there's no one in The Jokers -- no one in either gang that shoots like this. No new members, no old members.

FLYNN

So there's a sniper on the loose.

BRENDA

That's one way to say it.

(to Gabriel)

Any luck with the surveillance tapes?

GABRIEL

The Park Plaza Hotel had a cooking convention in the lobby. There were a lot of people there yesterday. A lot.

BRENDA

Flynn, would you please check those tapes. See if any of the faces pop out at you. I think we may be looking for someone with military or police training who also has a record. Lt. Provenza can help you.

(as Provenza moans)

Sgt. Gabriel and Lt. Tao, it was probably picked up on the street, but check and see who's bought an H&S Precision Pro 2000 in the last year. That's internet and retail.

POPE enters. The room comes to a stop. Pope nods to Brenda.

POPE

Press conference. I want Sanchez to do it.

SANCHEZ

(heavy Hispanic accent)

Do you wan' me to do it in Espanol?

POPE

Couldn't hurt. C'mon.

BRENDA

Wait wait wait.

(nods to Pope)

In the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Pope and Brenda, pas de deux.

BRENDA

If you go on the air and tell Los Angeles to be on the look out for a sniper, it'll be D.C. all over again. People won't get out of their cars to get gas.

POPE

(she has a point)

The press already assumes this is a gang shooting. Does it help you to let them go on thinking that?

BRENDA

Well, but the East Side Catorces are going to retaliate against the Jokers.

POPE

You can't have it both ways, Brenda. Which would you rather?

BRENDA

(after a beat)

Okay. Gang violence escalates.

Pope exits. Off Brenda's conflicted expression, we cut to:

A PHOTO:

Another East Side Catorce lies face up in the dirt, single shot to his head, half his brains on the sidewalk.

FRANNY (O.S.)

That's Shorty you have there. It wasn't an important murder...

INT. HOMICIDE ANALYSIS - DAY

Brenda with FRANNY SEVILLE, our homicide analyst. Brenda's reviewing TWO CASE FILES. One features that brainy PHOTO next to that dead guy's MUG SHOT. He was called "Shorty."

FRANNY

...at the time. Single vic. Gang territory.

She shrugs. Brenda looks at both the CRIME SCENE PHOTO and the MUG SHOT of the other victim.

BRENDA

And this other one, "Topo"?

FRANNY

Same deal.
(then)
What is that perfume?

BRENDA

I'm not wearing any.

FRANNY

Oh.

BRENDA

Why? Do I smell?

FRANNY

No. I mean yes. But good. We didn't find any casings or bullets at either scene. I can't explain the casings, but the bullets have such velocity that they either disintegrate on contact or go through the head and deep into whatever's behind the target.

(then)

What about your shampoo?

BRENDA

I don't know. It was on sale.

CAPT. TAYLOR stops by. Stands in the open doorway.

TAYLOR

(indicating Franny)

Using my homicide analyst again, I see.

BRENDA

Captain Taylor, didn't you think these two gang killings--

TAYLOR

Which two? Gang killings account for sixty percent of the homicides in this city.

BRENDA

East Side Catorce. Happened last month. Two vics killed the same way: single bullet to the head...?

TAYLOR

A Catorce gets shot? He usually did something worse than the guy who shot him.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

And the shooter'll probably get taken care of by the Jokers. It's a two-fer. Garbage in, garbage out.

BRENDA

Would you be saying this if the victims were black?

The temperature in the room changes. Taylor grows calm, very still -- that too-stillness of anger.

FRANNY

I can go.

BRENDA

No.

Yes.

TAYLOR

Franny goes. Taylor is her boss.

TAYLOR

These boys kill cops. So when they turn up dead I don't think black, brown, yellow, or white. The only color I see is blue. The gangs didn't start because of the police. They won't end because of the police. We just contain them.

BRENDA

So investigating these murders is a waste of time.

TAYLOR

How you allocate your resources is up to you, Chief.

Taylor exits. Brenda watches him go. Thinks for a moment. Thinks about the one person who does care.

INT. BRENDA'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Outside her office, we see the Murder Room is empty, except for the cleaning crew.

Brenda sits across from Col. Walter. He sits with perfect posture and, like James Duff, radiates power. Col. Walter taps his Marine Corps RING on the chair as they take a beat to size each other up.

WALTER

I was glad to get your call.

BRENDA

I know the esteemed place women hold in the military. Pretty gutsy for you to come to a girl for help.

WALTER

Well, you kept the press out of this. So you know what you're doing here. And your reputation cancels out your gender. Seven years in the CIA, four years in D.C., three and a half years Atlanta P.D. One marriage that... didn't end well. And your father was a Captain in the Army. So you know the drill.

BRENDA

Well, I've gotten to know you a little, too, Colonel.

(checking her NOTES)

Your most famous shot was from a moving boat on the Mekong Delta. Blew off the head of an enemy sniper from 900 yards. You had 72 confirmed kills in Vietnam, 9 short of the record.

WALTER

You got my military file.

BRENDA

It was a big help.

She holds up a FILE that is completely redacted. Blacked out page after blacked out page.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

So I Googled you.

WALTER

Did you get my son's files as well?

Brenda reads from a LESS-REDACTED MILITARY FILE. Shows the Colonel (and us) a PHOTO of D.B. Walter Jr.

BRENDA

Master Gunnery Sargent D.B. Walter Jr. was in a sniper unit as part of the invasion of Afghanistan. He was sent home in the spring of 2003. Because?

WALTER

(a beat)

The road to his advancement was closed.

BRENDA

Could you be more vague?

WALTER

The important thing you need to know is that two months after he came home, a stray bullet killed his wife, Donna. She was a social worker. Shot by an East Side Catorce. Wonderful girl. Wonderful.

BRENDA

Is her case still open?

WALTER

Yes. Still interested in my opinion?

BRENDA

Very.

WALTER

That's why my son's doing this. You people can't find the guy who killed her. And he won't stop now until every Catorce is dead.

BRENDA

Why didn't your son seek revenge immediately?

WALTER

Thought the LAPD was going to do it's job. He waited. Nothing happened. Last Christmas he walked out of the house and never came home. Set off to fight this war.

BRENDA

Tell me how you can help me.

WALTER

You'll never find my boy on your own. He's behind enemy lines now. Disguised within that community. But I can tell you how he thinks. Might even be able to figure out who he plans to kill next.

BRENDA

I need your son's complete military records. Ones that aren't redacted.

WALTER

I want a list of every known East Side Catorce. Their names, their addresses.

BRENDA

I want your records, too.

WALTER

Only if...

BRENDA

I'll give you the lists.

INT. PARKER CENTER - ELEVATORS - NIGHT

Brenda walks the Colonel to the elevators. He carries a THIN MANILA FOLDER with the gang lists inside.

BRENDA

What are you hoping to get out of this? Helping me find your son?

WALTER

If you get to him first - without me there -

(the Colonel takes a beat)

My wife died fourteen years ago. And you know what it's like. Moving from post to post. Base to base. Your family becomes everything. My boy is all I have left. And I'm pretty sure - if I'm there when you find him, we can take him alive.

The elevator arrives, doors open.

WALTER (CONT'D)

So. Partners then?

BRENDA

Partners.

Walters enters the lift. Brenda watches as the doors close on their uncertain future.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 2)

Brenda stops by. She stands in the open doorway to Taylor's office. She does not enter. Taylor doesn't look up.

TAYLOR
Well? I know you can talk.

BRENDA
I need your help.

TAYLOR
(delighted)
Again?

He takes his reading glasses off. Gives her his full attention. She shows him Walter Jr.'s military PHOTO.

BRENDA
Does this face look familiar?

He waves her in. She approaches his desk. He takes the photo.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
His wife was shot in 2003, spring.
She was a social worker checking on
a foster kid when she was hit by a
stray bullet.

TAYLOR
I remember the case. What was the
last name?

BRENDA
Walter.

TAYLOR
Don't think so...

INT. ROBBERY HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

Taylor pulls down a thick BINDER, looking for...

TAYLOR
It was Quinn. Donna Quinn. She kept
her maiden name.

We see a PHOTO of DONNA QUINN: smiling and wholesome and forever twenty-two.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Looks like several East Side
Catorces were interviewed but...

BRENDA
Nothing?

TAYLOR
Nada.

BRENDA
Her husband came to see you.

TAYLOR
(surprised she knows)
As a matter of fact, yes. He wanted
to know why we weren't doing more.
We offered a reward, set up a tip
line. Re-canvassed the neighborhood
again. I told him I didn't know
what else to do.

BRENDA
How did he act? Was he angry, did
he lash out at you?

TAYLOR
No. He was very calm. Very
respectful. Just like his father.

BRENDA
(surprised)
When did you meet his father?

TAYLOR
Must've been January 2004. He came
to report his son missing. Asked to
speak only to me. Wanted to go
straight to the top.

BRENDA
And...? Did you look for his son?

TAYLOR
I filed the missing persons report.
But we never found the boy. Or even
the car he'd been driving. He was
definitely licensed to carry a gun -
- many guns -- and... I... well, I
assumed he killed himself.

INT. TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

She follows him into his office. He goes round to his desk.

TAYLOR

The suicide rate for returning vets is somewhere in the seventeen percent range. I looked at his father and thought, "Here's a guy who would rather believe his son is missing than think the boy took his own life." Never underestimate the power of grief.

BRENDA

But if we assume his son's alive, and is seeking revenge for his wife's murder.... Five Catorces are dead. I believe Walter Jr. would stop this killing spree if he knew that he'd already shot her killer -- which I'm sure you'd prefer, Captain -- or that we'd made an arrest... which would also make you look good.

TAYLOR

(uncharacteristically)
What do you need?

BRENDA

A Catorce that'll talk to me.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE PANTRY - DAY

Colonel Walter heads toward the restaurant, wearing a RED SWEATSHIRT.

PROVENZA (O.S.)

Told you he was stopping for lunch.
Still fuzzy to me why we're on him.

He walks with A PAL FROM THE GAS COMPANY, who wears BLUE GAS CO. COVERALLS and A BLUE BASEBALL CAP. They pause before the restaurant. The Gas company guy looks like he doesn't want to come in. Colonel Walter holds up a hand. Two fingers. They enter the restaurant famous for its French Dip sandwiches.

FLYNN (O.S.)

I'm not sure this is more fun than the cooking convention.

PULL BACK and FIND Flynn and Provenza parked across the street.

INT. FLYNN'S SURVEILLANCE CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They've got a blown-up DMV PHOTO of Colonel Walter. They're also as rumpled as their suits.

PROVENZA

I don't know about that. Did you see the guy selling steak-knives?

FLYNN

There were like four of them.

PROVENZA

I'm talking about the ones that came in the nice butcher block. They cut through cans. And they have this deal where you buy one--

Provenza's phone RINGS LOUDLY. "Somewhere Over the Rainbow" is his ring tone. He looks at the I.D. Sighs.

PROVENZA (CONT'D)

This woman is going to drive me crazy.

(on phone)

Provenza here... hello Chief... Uh-hum. The Colonel just stopped for lunch... Yep... Nope... We don't plan on losing him, ma'am... That's why we're sitting here.

He presses the "OFF" button on his phone. Through the window on the driver's side of the car, we see the Gas Company Man with blue overalls and blue baseball cap exits the Pantry.

PROVENZA (CONT'D)

My ex-wife used to call me like that. State the obvious.

FLYNN

Which ex-wife was this?

PROVENZA

Number two and number four. I forgot how annoying she was and married her twice.

FLYNN

Did you divorce her or did she...

PROVENZA

Don't get bogged down in technicalities.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE PANTRY - DAY

The MAN IN BLUE OVERALLS turns the corner and we PAN UP to see it's COLONEL WALTER, who's exchanged clothes with his friend.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Gabriel waits with JESUS GARCIA, a.k.a. PATO. He's a mean-looking Catorce veterano who is about twenty-seven -- ancient in gang years. Pato can sense Gabriel's unease and rides him.

PATO
(like a black gangster)
Whazzup, my brother? Lookin to buy
some blunts? Where's yo' ho at,
nigger? Cuz I can tell you da
Original Gangster, yo.

Tao passes by, hears that. Gabriel looks upset.

GABRIEL
I am not your brother.

PATO
Don't like Mexicans. I could tell.
Watch your back, brother--

Finally, Sanchez rounds the corner, intercepts.

SANCHEZ
Jesus.

PATO
(re: Gabriel)
Where'd you get this fool, man?
Come with the new job?

Sanchez pulls Pato away from a fuming Gabriel.

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - DAY

Tao finds Pope standing over the monitors, operated by Buzz. Tao looks to Pope but says nothing. Not sure how to say it. Pope reads on Tao's face that something is terribly wrong.

POPE
Prolonging it isn't going to make
it any better. Spill.

TAO
It seems that Colonel Walter has
evaded surveillance.

Gabriel enters, still pissed off.

POPE
Who's Colonel Walter and why is he
under surveillance?

TAO
Someone the chief wanted us to
follow. Maybe I should tell her.

POPE
(indicates monitors)
No. No. She and Taylor are playing
nice for a change. Let's just enjoy
the moment, shall we?

ON THE MONITOR: Brenda and Sanchez sit at the table across
from Pato. Taylor leans against the wall behind them.

PATO (ON MONITOR)
Que pasa, Julio...

WE PUSH INTO the monitor, and GO TO THEM...

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Pato indicates Brenda and Taylor as he speaks to Sanchez,

PATO
You need your mommy and daddy to
watch out for you, man? Can't come
in here by yourself? Or, is he...
(re: Taylor)
That other one's daddy? The fool?
They look alike.

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Gabriel shakes his head, rolls his eyes. Tao turns to him,

TAO
Don't sweat it, Original Gangster.

GABRIEL
Please... O.G., if you must.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Brenda begins.

BRENDA
Mister Garcia--

PATO
(imitating her accent)
"Meeester Garcia..."
(to Sanchez)
Ella es tan bonita cuando no abre
la boca.
(to Brenda)
Speaky Spanish?

Brenda places DONNA QUINN'S PHOTO in front of Pato.

BRENDA
Likey prison? Spring, 2003, this
woman, Donna Quinn, was shot.

PATO
I don't know about that.

TAYLOR
Witnesses saw a gangster Cutlass
speeding away from the house.

PATO
Every homie in the city's got a
Cutlass. That don't mean nothing.

BRENDA
Your brother...
(checks file)
Martin Garcia, "Mosca," had a car
like that registered to him.

PATO
Preguntas, preguntas -- hay un hombre
who just was buggin' me about this.
Buggin' a couple of us.

BRENDA
What did that man look like?

PATO
(indicates Taylor)
Like that mayate there. Pero mas
taller, atletico. Firme.
(mimicking her accent)
Do you like your men that color?

Brenda ignores him, taking in the answer...

SANCHEZ
Enough, Jesus. Tell us who shot that
woman. And speak in English, you
speak perfectly good English.

PATO

Bitch is dead. Rest in peace.

SANCHEZ

We're not saying you did it, but you were there.

PATO

No man. Spring, 2003, I was riding the beef. I was in County, man. Wayside.

BRENDA

She was shot March 22. You were released four days before.

TAYLOR

And the person that lived in the house where she was shot? He was rumored to have killed your cousin. So he had some payback coming.

PATO

Sounds like you know more than I do, so why you asking me all these questions?

BRENDA

Because the Jokers didn't do the shootings in the park. Your friends were killed by a sniper.

PATO

No way.

SANCHEZ

Same guy shot Shorty and Topo, too.

TAYLOR

Think about it: one shot to the head. Each of them.

BRENDA

It's retaliation for Donna Quinn's death.

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

This is all news to Pope. He turns to Tao.

POPE What is she talking about? (off Tao's shrug) Who was she having followed again?	BRENDA (on MONITOR) Now we don't know who's next on his list, but if that sniper wants you, he's going to get you.
--	--

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

BRENDA
Unless you tell us who killed her.

TAYLOR
Think of your homeboys. You can
save their lives, not just yours.

BRENDA
We can get you somewhere else to
live. We'll get your whole family out
of here in about an hour. If you're
sick of the life, here's your out.

Pato says nothing. His PHONE RINGS.

SANCHEZ
Think of your hija. Your abuelita.
Isn't she in the hospital, man?

PATO
Shit, no one knew the black bitch
was even there--
(answering his phone)
Homie...

His face falls. He stands.

SANCHEZ
What's up?

PATO
I gotta go. We're just talking,
right?

SANCHEZ
Wait. Tell us--

PATO
Am I under arrest?

BRENDA
No.

PATO
It's too late. Later, Sanchez.

He speeds out of the room, bypassing Pope, who makes his way in.

POPE
Another Catorce's dead.

SANCHEZ
That must be the call Pato got.

POPE
Who is Colonel Walter, USMC?
(off their nonresponse)
Flynn and Provenza lost him.

Brenda puts a hand up to her forehead.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Pope steps out of the interview room with Brenda.

BRENDA
(nauseous)
Will. I may have made a big mistake.
I may have given a list of known
Catorces to the killer.

POPE
You "may have?"

BRENDA
Plus their addresses.
(off Pope's stunned
expression)
I may have led our suspect right to
his next victim.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

To white. As we MOVE ALONG the whiteness, we see that it's a white TARP thrown over a body.

OFFICER LURIE (O.S.)
Guy lived in this building. His
street name was Vaquero -- Cowboy --
but I'm waiting for an ID.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ON BIXEL STREET - NIGHT

But the tarp isn't long enough to conceal the THICK RIVER of SLUDGY BLOOD that oozed from the dead homie's head. One or two good chunks of SKULL and BRAIN MATTER wait to be picked up.

OFFICER LURIE (O.S.)
He was killed by a single--

We go from the brain matter to a pair of good shoes belonging to BRENDA. She finishes OFFICER LURIE's sentence--

BRENDA
Single shot to the head.

Brenda looks around, at the black & white patrol cars, at the apartment building in front of her, at the faces looking down. She sees ACROSS the street:

Another tall APARTMENT BUILDING. It offers a clear sight to the dead body. She looks DOWN each story of the building until her eyes land at street level, where she sees a man in blue Gas Co. coveralls looking at the roof. It's COL. WALTER. He turns toward the body. And that's when he and Brenda make eye contact.

OFFICER LURIE
Somebody briefed you already?

She ignores him, moving immediately to the edge of the crime scene. The Colonel stands on the other side of the tape.

BRENDA
How'd you get here so fast?

WALTER
Police scanner.

Brenda looks him up and down. She doesn't buy it.

WALTER (CONT'D)
You don't have to believe me--

BRENDA

I don't.

WALTER

I haven't lied to you yet, why would I start now?

BRENDA

Because you found your son. Or... because you did this.

WALTER

You had me followed. You know I didn't.

BRENDA

You deliberately evaded surveillance. You paid some guy from the Gas Company 200 bucks to swap clothes with you.

In the distance, shouts in Spanish -- "Viva Las Catorces..."

WALTER

I didn't kill this--

BRENDA

I'm bringing you in for questioning.

Then -- POP POP POP -- the sound of gunfire -- but not like it is in the movies. Here, it sounds like firecrackers going off. The Colonel MOVES to protect Brenda--

WALTER

Get down!

Two Uni's shout at each other then take off down the street. Officer Lurie runs past them.

Brenda, crouched, looks at The Colonel, who has covered her. The crime scene tape has come undone but remains between them. Brenda looks at Walter's arms around her, protecting her. Slowly, he pulls back.

INT. POPE'S OFFICE - DAY

Brenda in Pope's office. Pope holds up the smiling school PORTRAITS of two Latinos, no more than nine years-old.

POPE

This is the fallout from "trusting" your suspect.

(MORE)

POPE(CONT'D)

Four people killed last night,
including these two young boys.

BRENDA

I know. Believe me, I know.

POPE

I heard Taylor's side of this, too.

BRENDA

I'm sure you did.

POPE

Why weren't you seriously
considering the possibility that
the son was dead? That the Colonel
was also the shooter?

BRENDA

I don't know.

POPE

Well, I do. Every time you see
someone in uniform, or someone who
used to wear one, you go all weak
in the knees. A guy puts a little
American flag in his lapel and
throws his shoulders back and
suddenly you think it's your dad.

BRENDA

All right, Will. I may have made a
mistake. Okay? Please.

(a beat; re: the pictures)

What are you going to tell the
press about these little boys?

POPE

That two kids died last night is a
tragedy, yes. But what's going on
between The Catorces and The Jokers
is an ongoing war. Which gives you
some time to break this guy in
half. And that's what I expect you
to do.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

Colonel Walter sits across from Brenda, straight as a board.
Brenda has a collection of FILES next to her on the table.

BRENDA

You don't have a police scanner in
your car.

(MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)

So you either knew where the next crime was going to take place - in which case you are not sharing information with me, as you promised to do - or you're killing these Catorces yourself. In retaliation for the murder of your daughter-in-law and the suicide of your son.

WALTER

(shrugging)

You think I did it, just hold me here until the next murder.

BRENDA

(angry)

I have no intention of waiting around for someone else to die. We're getting to the truth right now, Colonel. This instant. Would you like to know how?

(off Walter's blank stare)

Either you prove to me that you're not involved in these murders, or I'm walking out of here and calling the FBI, the CIA and Homeland Security. And I'm going to tell them I have a military-trained sniper in my interview room who's using the citizens of Los Angeles for target practice.

WALTER

How am I supposed to prove I'm not -

BRENDA

That's your problem.

(a beat; nothing)

Okay.

Brenda rises. Walks to the door.

WALTER

Wait, wait, wait.

(standing)

Please.

Brenda pauses.

Walter reluctantly reaches beneath his coveralls and pulls out PASSPORTS and other DOCUMENTS.

WALTER (CONT'D)

Two first class tickets from L.A.X.
Our passports. Mine and his. Going
to South Africa. Okay? Here. Here.

Walter throws the papers on the table.

Brenda picks them up and looks at them.

WALTER (CONT'D)

I - I was trying to find him before
you did. Get him out of the
country. I admit it. Is that good
enough for you?

(dignified pleading)

My boy's not a murderer. He's a
soldier. And who is he killing? The
enemies on our streets.

Brenda lays out the CRIME SCENE PHOTOS of the boys' bodies.

BRENDA

Let me introduce you to Miguel and
Luis. They were also killed last
night. Why? Because they were
standing next to a Joker whom the
East Side Catorces decided to blow
away in retaliation for your son's
attacks. Look at them Colonel. Two
nine-year-old boys. Are they our
enemies, too? Or are they just
collateral damage? Acceptable
losses in your son's private war?

(off Walter's distress)

Will this stop him? Innocent lives
lost while he goes about exacting
his revenge. Probably not.

(throwing more PICTURES on
the table)

The road to your son's advancement
was closed you said. Why? Because
U.S. forces mistook celebratory
gunfire at an Afghanistan marriage
ceremony for a hostile attack. A
group of American soldiers ended up
shooting every member of the
wedding party. Including women and
children. Your son was there.

WALTER

That - that was an accident.

BRENDA

We'll see if the press agrees with you.

WALTER

I thought we - wait. I've proven that I-

BRENDA

What you've proven, Colonel, is that we're not partners. That you don't have any intention of helping me catch your son. That you're trying to help him escape. And, frankly, sir? Though I may understand that? It's a very bad idea. Your son is unstable and heavily armed. You were at the crime scene of his last victim before I was. You knew. You knew who he was going to kill. Tell me how you knew or I call in the federal government. Not only that, I'll contact every broadcast network, every cable news channel and every newspaper in the country. I'll plaster your son's face across television screens and front pages everywhere on earth. We'll turn this into the biggest manhunt of the 21st century.

WALTER

(shaky)

Don't - don't smear him. Don't make my boy out to be a monster.

BRENDA

Don't let him kill again. Don't withhold information from me.

Walter bows his head, boxed in. Defeated. Brenda forces herself to continue.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Identify the next target. Give me the current alias of your son.

Walter looks up at her, struggling to contain his feelings.

WALTER

You're good at what you do.

The Colonel straightens a bit.

WALTER (CONT'D)

And we go on doing it, don't we?
What we're good at. You. Me. My
boy. We're all hunters, aren't we?
And at some point, our training
kicks in, and it cancels out
everything else.

(a beat)

Except being a parent.

(directly to her)

When you go after him, take me with
you.

BRENDA

I can't do that, sir.

WALTER

Don't leave me here. Please.

BRENDA

No more stalling, sir. Help me or I
go elsewhere.

WALTER

My boy is not a monster. Remember
that, when you get to the end of
this. He would *never* purposely take
an innocent life.

(a beat)

Do you have surveillance tapes from
the Park Plaza Hotel?

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - DAY

Col. Walter and Brenda sit beside Buzz, who scrolls through
the videotape at double speed.

ON THE MONITOR: INT. PARK PLAZA HOTEL SWAP MEET - DAY

All kinds of people walk up and down the make-shift aisles of
the cooking convention.

IN THE ELECTRONICS ROOM

Col. Walter sees something. All of a sudden, he leans forward.

WALTER

Wait. Can you stop the tape?

(as Buzz complies)

Go back a little...

ON THE MONITOR: INT. PARK PLAZA HOTEL SWAP MEET - DAY

A black man in a DASHIKI walks toward the camera passing through the buyers and purveyors of the cooking convention, swinging a KNAPSACK, bumping into a Mailman. The Dashiki's eyes are covered; it's hard to see his face.

WALTER (O.S.)
Freeze it there.

IN THE ELECTRONICS ROOM

WALTER
Is it possible to see that enhanced?

BUZZ
You got it.

He presses a few buttons and...

ON THE MONITOR

The Dashiki Man's face is much bigger. We see him walk past the Mailman again.

IN THE ELECTRONICS ROOM

Brenda watches the Colonel's face. The Colonel leans in close, studying the frame. And sighs.

WALTER
That's not him. I can only assume my son learned the hotel so well that he was able to avoid the cameras. All right. The victims.

The Colonel reaches for his WALLET. Inside, folded among the bills, is a faded PHOTO clipped from the newspaper.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Some months after Donna died an article ran in The Times with this photo. Some rap star was introducing a new line of clothing, said his inspiration came from the streets.

We see the PHOTO: Ten East Side Catorces make gang signs, show off their tats.

WALTER (CONT'D)
Look how fat and happy they are. It infuriated my son. Infuriated me.
(MORE)

WALTER (CONT'D)

(takes a pen, moves from
left to right, X-ing off
faces)

First victim: Shorty. Next: Topo.
Big Mousy, Lil' Mousy, and Payaso.
Somehow he knew they'd all be
together. Vaquero.

There are four Catorces left in the photo. One face we don't
know, and next to that: "Pato," a.k.a. Jesus Garcia. Col. Walter
points to the face we don't know.

WALTER (CONT'D)

This guy is next. Name's Hector
Vasquez. "Toker."

INT. POPE'S OFFICE - DAY

Brenda on Pope's ass.

POPE

No way.

BRENDA

A man's life is in danger--

POPE

This guy -- "Toker" -- spent two
years in juvie for assaulting his
mother, jacked two cars and who
knows what else. I'm not giving you
SWAT -- I'm not giving you anybody
else -- to protect a gangbanger.

BRENDA

But my team is my team, right?

POPE

Have you ever breached a house?

BRENDA

What if Taylor helps me?

And off Pope's surprised reaction, we cut to:

INT. MURDER ROOM - DAY

Brenda speaks to Taylor,

BRENDA

Will you take tactical?

Taylor, a little surprised, nods -- you bet.

The room's in motion. PHOTOS of Walter Jr. and Toker dominate the Murder Board.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Hey everybody. I remind you that our sniper, Walter Jr., was trained by the best. But he's out to kill the Catorces, not us. We'll surround this Toker guy, and anticipate the shot. Toker lives at 113 Lucas Avenue. Far as we know, he's alone. All attacks have happened under the cover of night, which gives us forty-five minutes.

(then)

Taylor's been kind enough to head up this operation.

As she hands the ball off to Taylor, no one can really believe...

FLYNN

(to Provenza)

She's delegating?

PROVENZA

(looks out window)

What do you know. Pigs can fly.

TAYLOR

When we surround the house, wait for me to give the go signal. Flynn, I want you to be my high eye on the building across the street. And make sure you're wearing your vests.

(then)

Let's move it!

As they head out, Sanchez stops Taylor. Loud enough for Brenda and Gabriel to hear, Sanchez says (about Gabriel)...

SANCHEZ

Maybe it would be better if we left the O.G. here.

TAYLOR

You underestimate him.

Sanchez nods, follows Taylor out. Gabriel turns to Brenda,

GABRIEL

Do you want me to stay back?

BRENDA
You heard Captain Taylor.

GABRIEL
USC may be in South Central, but it didn't exactly prepare me to work there. I was trained to be a white man.

BRENDA
So was I. Get over it.

GABRIEL
Am I riding with you, ma'am?

BRENDA
(heading the other way)
I'll meet you at the house.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Brenda, on the move, glances into the electronics room. She can see Col. Walter hasn't moved from watching the surveillance tape. Brenda then enters...

INT. ELECTRONICS ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Colonel looks up from the tape, still defeated.

Brenda puts a comforting hand on his shoulder. Walter looks up at her.

BRENDA
I promise you, sir, I will do everything in my power to bring your son in alive.

She stares at him for a moment, then turns and exits.

The Colonel sits for a moment. Then straightens. Stands. Goes back to the controls on the media console and turns back on the screen. Hits rewind and once more freezes the somewhat blurry picture of the Dashaki Man walking through the lobby of the Park Plaza hotel...

...and off the Colonel's reaction, we...

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. PARKER CENTER - DAY

Brenda exits to find FRITZ waiting for her beside his Toyota Avalon. He brightens when he sees her.

FRITZ
Hey beautiful.

She's all business. She kisses him so fast on the cheek her lipstick doesn't have time to make an impression. She beelines past him and dives into the back seat.

FRITZ (CONT'D)
I'll drive.

INT. FRITZ'S CAR - DAY

Fritz puts the KEY in the ignition.

FRITZ
What do you feel like? Drive-thru?

He looks in his rearview mirror. Brenda hunches down on the seat; not even her hair is visible to the outside.

BRENDA
Oh, whatever -- sounds good. Hey, watch the doors and tell me if a tall black man is leaving.

Fritz looks.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
He's got perfect posture, he's 6'2"...

FRITZ POV:

Sure enough, Col. Walter heads out of Parker Center.

RESUME

FRITZ
Is he coming to dinner with us?

BRENDA
No. This is actually less about us going to dinner and more about a joint operation between the FBI and the LAPD.

FRITZ

Okay. Should I ask what it's about
or be pleasantly surprised?

BRENDA

I think pleasantly surprised.

FRITZ

Is this official?

BRENDA

Well, of course it is. We're
just... a little behind on our
paperwork is all.

Fritz, watching the Colonel, tells Brenda,

FRITZ

He's pulling out of the lot.

BRENDA

Could you follow him, please. And
be extra careful because he's good
at detecting surveillance.

Fritz starts the car and his Navigation System springs to
life. A disembodied WOMAN'S VOICE welcomes him.

NAV. SYSTEM (O.S.)

Hello, Mr. Howard. The time is 7:32
PM. Your location is 34 degrees
North by 118 degrees West.

BRENDA

Who is that?

FRITZ

I call her Tara. I think it's the
same woman who does voice mail.
She's my navigation system.

BRENDA

I have got to get one of those.

Fritz looks in the rear view mirror to see Brenda.

FRITZ

(gunning the accelerator)
I must really like you.

EXT. STREET - MOVING - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Fritz tails the Colonel, switching lanes to keep up with him.

INT. FRITZ'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

We HEAR but do not SEE Brenda. Fritz, eyes on the road,

FRITZ

You know what I would've done. I would've put an auto-trak on his car or a GPS homing device on his wallet or--

BRENDA (O.S.)

We don't have FBI money -- that's why I'm crouching in the back of a Toyota!

(then)

What's he doing? Do you think he knows he's being followed?

Fritz studies the traffic.

BRENDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Don't look directly at him!

Fritz turns in his seat to look at her.

BRENDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Don't look at me, either!

FRITZ

You know, when I imagined you in my back seat, this isn't what I had in mind.

(then)

He's slowing down... he's stopping.

EXT. 113 LUCAS AVE. - DAY

Taylor and his men surround Toker's house.

Taylor looks to Tao. Tao has his GUN drawn, as does everyone except Taylor. Tao looks to Sanchez, gets a thumbs up. Sanchez looks to Gabriel -- thumbs up. Gabriel, swallowed by his BULLET-PROOF VEST, looks to Provenza -- gets a nod. Provenza nods to Tao. Tao gives Taylor thumbs up. Taylor looks...

ACROSS THE STREET

Where Flynn is ATOP the apartment building. No sniper visible, Flynn gives thumbs up. He's got Taylor covered.

EXT. HOUSE ON WEST 4TH STREET - DAY

Out of the car, the Colonel scans the rooftops nearby. He approaches the modest house. Knocks.

INT. FRITZ'S CAR - DAY - CONTINUOUS

Fritz reports back to Brenda.

FRITZ
He's knocking on the door of a house.

EXT. 113 LUCAS AVE. - DAY

Taylor approaches the door. Knocks. A Young Man answers the door.

INT. FRITZ'S CAR - DAY

A little girl answers the door.

FRITZ
Now he's speaking to a little girl.
And he's getting back in his car.

BRENDA (O.S.)
Stay on him.

FRITZ
Okay. But who the hell is he? I feel the need for a briefing.

EXT. HOUSE ON WEST 4TH STREET - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The Colonel pulls away from the curb. Fritz starts his car up, follows him.

EXT. 113 LUCAS AVE. - DAY

The mood is dramatically different. GUNS are relaxed. People return to their cars. Flynn has made it down from the roof.

FLYNN
She set us up.

GABRIEL
No, she didn't.

PROVENZA
Then where is she?

FLYNN
She was never planning to show.

TAYLOR
You know, I had her all wrong.
(after a beat)
She's an even bigger bitch than I
thought she was.

INT. FRITZ'S CAR - DAY

Fritz, focusing on the road, grows very serious.

FRITZ
I don't know about this. Your
colonel could have a rifle in his
back seat or something. Uh-oh...

BRENDA (O.S.)
What? What is it?

FRITZ
I think - I think he's winking at
me.

We SEE her now when her PHONE starts RINGING. She struggles
to find it while staying crouched down.

BRENDA
Fritz! Come on.
(into phone)
Yeah?

EXT. 113 LUCAS AVE. - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Gabriel stands on the lawn, clutching his PHONE.

GABRIEL
(into phone)
It's Gabriel...Toker's in County.
He was busted two days ago.
(we hear exasperation in
Brenda's voice)
Didn't even cross my mind to check...
no, his cousin told us. Word is
everyone on the street knew.

INT. FRITZ'S CAR - DUSK - CONTINUOUS

Brenda grips her PHONE.

BRENDA
Jesus said The Colonel was out on
the street talking to these guys.
He must've known.
(MORE)

BRENDA (CONT'D)

(slams phone shut)

Damn it!

FRITZ

What?

BRENDA

I knew it. He lied to me.

FRITZ

You want me to turn around? 'Cause he stopped his car again -- I think.

BRENDA

"You think?"

FRITZ

I'm driving parallel -- he stopped or parked his car on the last block.

BRENDA

Then let me out!

Fritz LOCKS the doors.

FRITZ

Not unless you keep your phone on.

She makes a big show of opening her phone. Punches three buttons. His phone RINGS. He answers, delighted.

FRITZ (CONT'D)

You have me on speed dial.

The doors UNLOCK.

EXT. FRITZ'S CAR / STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Fritz barely slows the car to a stop when Brenda throws open the door. He yells to her--

FRITZ

I'll park the car and meet you.
Wait for me--

Tell a charging bull to stop, it'd be easier. Fritz's car SPEEDS around the corner. Brenda, carrying her PHONE, runs to the next block and sees...

GOOD SAMARITAN HOSPITAL

Looming, as hospitals do. She runs closer, passes the Colonel's car. She looks at the buildings around the hospital.

ACROSS THE STREET

From the hospital: a mail truck is parked between an office-supply building and a bank. It's a little late to be delivering mail.

As she's moving toward the truck, Brenda's mind races--

BRENDA
(into phone)
He wasn't looking at the guy in the Dashiki. He was looking at the mail man.

FRITZ (O.S.)
What mail man?

She runs to the truck, lifts open the back door.

INT. MAIL TRUCK - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

It's empty.

Brenda climbs **INSIDE** the truck, moves toward the driver's seat. She searches around and finds...

A POSTAL WORKER'S ID. It's Walter Jr.'s face, but not his name.

BRENDA
I should have known. I should have known. What would a mailman be doing walking across the floor of a cooking convention?

EXT. MAIL TRUCK - NIGHT

Brenda climbs out of the truck and scans both buildings -- the office supply building and the bank. The truck is equidistant from each. Each offers a clear sight to the hospital. Which one did Walter Jr. choose? Brenda looks between the two buildings.

BRENDA
(on phone)
Damn it. I'm going into the bank.

INT. BANK STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Brenda races up the stairwell to the roof, PHONE in hand.

BRENDA
Hello? Fritz?

No reception. Hands shaking, she drops the phone, then her PURSE. Draws her GUN. She truly is alone.

POV: RIFLE SCOPE

Through the cross-hairs, we see: JESUS GARCIA. Smoking. Pacing the hospital parking lot. It is a clean sight to him.

REVEAL

EXT. BANK ROOF - NIGHT

WALTER JR. leans away from the RIFLE SCOPE to look at his target with both eyes. He wears the same mail man uniform we saw on tape.

BRENDA

Cracks the door, slicing the pie. She sees Walter Jr., trains her GUN on his back.

BRENDA

Police! Put your hands in the air!

Without turning around to even see who it is, Walter Jr. freezes for a moment, putting both hands in the air.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Step away from the gun.

He does.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Put your hands behind your head and kneel to the ground.

As he does so, he starts to turn around.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

Freeze! Don't move! Do not turn around. Do not turn! Stop!

But he does. And as he moves, he slides one hand from behind his head down his neck, down toward his back -- suddenly --

A SHOT RINGS OUT

Walter Jr. jerks to the left and drops to the ground. Dead. One shot to the head.

BRENDA

has both hands on her gun, which is still aimed right at him. But she didn't fire the shot. She glances to the right -- in the direction where the shot came from -- then moves toward Walter Jr.'s body. Sees what he was reaching for--

A SECOND GUN

that he had harnessed to his back. It lies on the roof, inches from his lifeless hand.

She looks again to where the shot came from--

THE OTHER ROOF.

Colonel Walter must've chosen to run up the office supply building. From there, he had a perfect sight to this roof. He could see his son was seconds away from killing Brenda.

The Colonel shot his son.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Colonel Walter!

But he is nowhere to be seen.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Colonel Walter, show yourself!
(then)
I know you're here. Don't leave me!

FRITZ

pushes through the door to the roof, breathing heavily. He takes in the sight: Brenda standing over the dead body, calling out into the empty night.

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Please... Colonel Walter!

And we SWIRL UP to the sky...

BRENDA (CONT'D)
Show yourself...

The buildings of Los Angeles a centrifuge spinning round in the starless sky.

FADE OUT.

END OF EPISODE