

# MANHUNT

EPISODE 101

"PILOT"

by

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FADE IN:

**INT. HANK'S BAR - HOTEL STILLWELL - NIGHT (DAY 1)**

TIGHT ON: A MURKY GLASS; HALF-FULL OF CHEAP RED WINE.

A HAND reaches for the drink: HARRY DRAPKIN (60), White, unkempt, bohemian, down on his luck.

He knocks back the burgundy like tap water.

Rooted within the ground floor of a crumbling DOWNTOWN SRO, the bar is a thin passageway; dim, smoky, haunted by yellowing PHOTOGRAPHS of OLD LOS ANGELES.

The LAKERS finish a rally on TV.

Drapkin watches with disinterest.

MAVIS (40s), White, a touch past her prime, sidles over, reaching for a bottle of Night Train. She moves to pour as:

Drapkin covers his glass with an outstretched palm.

Mavis arches an eyebrow.

DRAPKIN

I gotta meeting in the morning.

She glances at the glass.

MAVIS

A meeting?

DRAPKIN

Yeah. They're... publishing my novel.

LAUGHTER RINGS OUT as a group of TWENTYSOMETHINGS in Lakers gear enter. They brush past Drapkin, jostling him, heading for the BACK ROOM.

TWENTYSOMETHING GIRL (O.S.)

*Bartender!*

MAVIS

Just a second.

Mavis reaches out, touching his arm. Their eyes connect.

MAVIS

Congratulations Harry.

She smiles, walks off.

His eyes follow her, landing on:

Two of the TWENTYSOMETHING GIRLS. They giggle next to the Jukebox. Holding out their CELLPHONES. Snapping pictures of themselves, their smiling faces.

Drapkin eyes them as their FLASHES POP.

They look up and see him watching. They laugh again, retreating back to their pack of friends.

Drapkin's smile fades. He absently reaches for his glass, swirling the AIR that remains within.

He looks down at it. Empty. *Right*.

BEAT. As he contemplates. FINALLY:

He stands, shaking off his RUMPLED TWEED BLAZER and exiting.

HOLD ON THE EMPTY GLASS.

CUT TO:

**INT. SWAT LOCKER ROOM - RAMPART DIVISION - NIGHT**

TWO EYES. A BEAD OF SWEAT PERCHED ON THE END OF AN EYELASH.

It falls in SLOW MOTION.

DAVID COFIELD (30s), built, bearded, longish brown hair, sits alone at the end of a wooden bench that splits two rows of lockers. He's fully dressed in TACTICAL SWAT GEAR.

SOUND BREAKS IN: MALE VOICES CHATTER, LAUGH OVER EACH OTHER: HIS FELLOW OFFICERS READYING FOR BATTLE. GETTING HYPED.

ON THE BENCH: SHUNK! Cofield digs a TACTICAL KNIFE into the cheap wood. DRAGGING IT. Carving a circular pattern. Spiralling OUT from its center...

SUTTON (V.O.)

LISTEN UP!

CUT TO:

**INT. SWAT TANK - REAR HOLDING - BEFORE DAWN**

VROOOM! THE TANK RATTLES AND SHAKES.

STRIKE TEAM COMMANDER WARREN SUTTON (40), broad shoulders, USMC tats, looks down the LINE of SWAT OFFICERS, getting prepped as the tank vibrates over broken city streets.

SUTTON

The Occidental cul-de-sac is one way in, one way out, coming off a "T" intersection that feeds back into the trap.

SLOW PUSH ON: DAVID COFIELD. Vacant.

SUTTON (O.S.)

That means: our only access point is from the base of the complex, through the central parking courtyard off Sunset and Bellvue.

Sutton thrusts a CLIP into his MP-5. CLACK!

SUTTON

Hayakawa. You're our Echo Sniper. Set up at an elevated position on the South East corner of the block.

SWAT SNIPER ALEX HAYAKAWA (40s) Asian, clean cut, nods.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

Two-by-two Teams will move up the levels. Guginos. Rios. You're Bravo Team, you roll level three.

STRIKE TEAM OFFICER PHIL GUGINO (30s), packs a lipper of Kodiak. He hands the dip can to: STRIKE TEAM OFFICER ERNESTO RIOS (30s), Latino, shaved head.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

Solano. Griffin. Delta Team, you mirror our position along the west-tower catwalk and await my signal.

SWAT OFFICER TERRY SOLANO (30s), tattoos, thick goatee, bashes forearms with SWAT OFFICER JAMES GRIFFIN (30s), Black, collected.

SWAT OFFICER KELLEN POLK (30s), Black, stocky, kisses a SILVER JESUS PIECE.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

Polk, you're moving with me and... Cofield -- !

COFIELD looks up, snapping out of his trance.

SUTTON (CONT'D)

You, me and Polk are Alpha Team. So you stick to my fucking hip and cover my six. You copy?

COFIELD  
Yes sir.

SUTTON  
You ready for this?

Cofield swallows. Unsure. Then:

COFIELD  
(hard)  
YES SIR.

HOLD ON COFIELD.

CUT TO:

**EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - BEFORE DAWN - ESTABLISHING**

AN LAPD CHOPPER EXPLODES ACROSS THE ORANGE SKY; LOS ANGELES spreads below like an egg cracked over the basin, oozing towards the black waters of the Pacific.

CUT TO:

**EXT. RAID COMPLEX - ANGELINO HEIGHTS - THAT MOMENT**

The SWAT TANK quietly creeps into position. The neighborhood is dark, SIRENS drifting in the air, dogs BARKING in the distance. The COMPLEX rises up into the hill. Dark. Menacing.

Silver DAWN-LIGHT barely cracks the northern mountain line.

The SWAT and STRIKE TEAM OFFICERS file out of the tank. Cofield follows Sutton, leading the eight man team to a SLATTED METAL GATE.

Griffin breaks the lock with bolt cutters. Solano yanks it open. The teams file into a CEMENT COURTYARD and splinter into groups of TWO.

Solano and Griffin move LEFT, Cofield and Polk RIGHT, flanked by Sutton. Gugino and Rios head to a third STAIRWELL within the MAIN TOWER.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - 660 OCCIDENTAL - THAT MOMENT**

Hayakawa sets up: unfurling a REMINGTON 700 SPS SNIPER RIFLE.

The cross-hairs hover over the COMPLEX as the SWAT TEAM snakes up the stairs. Hayakawa places a small LEATHER BIT between his teeth and bites down.

**EXT. RAID COMPLEX - LEVEL TWO - CONTINUOUS**

Cofield, Polk and Sutton exit onto an open-air BREEZEWAY.

Across the courtyard on the WEST-TOWER CATWALK: Solano and Griffin set up outside an APARTMENT DOOR.

THE TEAMS MIRROR EACH OTHER AT BOTH DOORS: Polk / Griffin cinch K-TOOL DEVICES onto the locks, inserting a crowbar and prying the face of the dead bolt free. They disengage the bolt with a metal rod and prepare to breach the doors.

SUTTON

(radio)

Delta Team. We are go for breach.  
On my mark. Three... Two...

BOOM! TATATATATATAT!

Griffin and Solano tighten as GUNFIRE EXPLODES THROUGH THE WINDOWS!!!

THEY TAKE COVER.

Across the courtyard Polk, Cofield and Sutton hunker down behind the slatted wooden guardrail.

SOLANO

Motherfuckers!

(radio)

We got live hostiles here  
Commander!

The windows hum with lead projectiles. Flooding out into the courtyard. Puckering the building's stucco facade.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - 660 OCCIDENTAL - THAT MOMENT**

Hayakawa searches the DARK APARTMENT WINDOWS for HOSTILES. Nothing. JUST BURSTS OF YELLOW LIGHT.

SUTTON

(radio)

Echo. Do you have a visual?

WHOOSH! THE CHOPPER BUZZES PAST.

HAYAKAWA

Negative! I got nothing up here!

**EXT. RAID COMPLEX - WEST-TOWER CATWALK - CONTINUOUS**

Solano and Griffin pull FLASH BANG GRENADES from their vests. Inside the apartment, they can HEAR the hostiles dropping clip and reloading. They yank their PINS...

**ANOTHER ANGLE:**

Cofield and Sutton watch as: POP POP POP BANG! The GRENADES detonate within the apartment, followed by Solano and Griffin charging in. GUNFIRE. Sutton turns to Polk.

SUTTON  
Cross over and cover them! Cofield,  
on my ass! Let's MOVE!

**INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER**

Sutton and Cofield enter the LEVEL TWO STAIRWELL AS:

TATATAT! Gunfire rains down from above.

TWO HOSTILES fire AK-47s BLINDLY THROUGH THE SLATTED METAL STAIRS. Sutton and Cofield DIVE BACK, flat against the wall.

SUTTON  
Stupid fucks are gonna ricochet  
back on themselves!

TATAT-TAT-TATATAT! They continue emptying clip.

SIZZLING BRASS SHELLS clatter down through the light shaft.

Cofield's eyes are FUCKING SAUCERS.

GUGINO/RIOS (O.S.)  
Lower your weapons! Now! Do it now!

UPSTAIRS: BANG BANG! TWO BODIES hit the landing with a THUMP.

GUGINO (O.S.)  
Alpha Team! You down there?

SUTTON  
TWO MOVING!

As Sutton moves forward: a HOSTILE spins around the bannister of the stairs BELOW THEM. COFIELD swings his MP-5.

BANG! BANG!

Cofield's bullets clip the man's SHOULDER and ARM. Knocking him to the floor, disabled.

Sutton turns, leveling his weapon on the WOUNDED HOSTILE AS: KELLEN POLK, rushing up the stairs, slams his knee into the hostile's back, cuffing him.

Sutton turns to Cofield.

SUTTON

Next time: shoot him in the fuckin'  
head.

CUT TO:

**INT. TRAP UNIT - LEVEL THREE - MOMENTS LATER**

BANG! FORCED ENTRY BALLISTICS rip through THE TRAP HOUSE DOOR.

Sutton, Cofield, Gugino and Rios enter in tight formation.

MP-5s are out and up.

WOMEN SCREAM! Diving in all directions. Dressed in ratty clothes, hands covered in black rubber gloves, breathing through DUST MASKS.

The room is FILLED with CHEAP STOVES. Large CAULDRONS bubble. A table in the middle is strewn with BAKING PANS full of shimmering CRYSTAL METH.

The WOMEN cower beneath the tables as Gugino and Rios split off.

Cofield moves with Sutton to a DOOR along the EASTERN WALL. They try the knob. UNLOCKED. Cofield rips open the door as Sutton charges into:

**THE BACK ROOM:**

Lit by a FLICKERING TELEVISION: CARTOONS.

ATOP THE TELEVISION: A CIGARETTE, docked in an ashtray, STILL LIT. The SMOKE twists into the air...

O.S. CLANK! They move hard into:

**THE BATHROOM:**

Where TWO LEGS are slithering out the window up towards the ROOF.

**EXT. RAID COMPLEX - ROOFTOP - DAWN**

Sutton slides out the window onto an iron safety ladder. He begins climbing the rungs. Lunging onto the slatted tile roof and giving chase as:

ORLANDO PEREZ (40s), Latino, the resident CARTEL CHEMIST, scuttles across the broken terra-cotta.

In the distance, the SUN IS RISING, flooding purple and gold light across the city.

Cofield jumps onto the ladder, losing his footing for a moment. His boot slips, rendering him hanging by one glove from the steel rung, a SEVENTY FOOT DROP beneath him.

DOWN BELOW: A PINK NEON MARQUEE "PARADISE MOTEL" GLOWS.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - 660 OCCIDENTAL - THAT MOMENT**

Hayakawa catches a glimpse of Cofield hanging through his scope. He pulls back.

HAYAKAWA

Bravo, Delta, we need a Go Team on  
Level Three, roof of the Trap,  
Cofield and Sutton are in pursuit!

**EXT. ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS**

Sutton charges forward. HE SLIPS. Tumbles across the slippery tile; his MP-5 clatters towards the edge and gone.

Perez springs on Sutton as he scrambles to his feet.

Perez throws a quick gut punch, then one to the nose. Sutton returns a shot to the chin, tackling him. They tumble over each other, exchanging vicious, animalistic blows.

Sutton tosses Perez towards the ROOF'S EDGE. With some separation he flashes to his BOOT, retrieving a DROP GUN and leveling it on his target.

Cofield pulls himself up the ladder, suddenly frozen, as an LAPD CHOPPER blasts overhead.

ON HIS POV: PEREZ heaves, out of breath, rising to his feet, his hands up in surrender.

Sutton smiles. Holding Perez's gaze. He spits some blood on the tile. Pulls his cuffs, slipping his gloved-fingers into them like BRASS KNUCKLES.

Perez's arms curl behind his head, assuming the position as:

SUTTON

Teach you to hit a fuckin' cop.

Sutton moves forward and... WHAM! He jabs Perez in the THROAT with the iron cuffs, sending him reeling towards the EDGE OF THE ROOF.

PEREZ SCREAMS AS HE PLUNGES BACKWARDS!

FLOATING THROUGH THE AIR...

SMASH! HE EXPLODES INTO THE NEON SIGN BELOW.

ANGLE ON: Cofield. Looking on in disbelief as Sutton turns, THEY LOCK EYES.

The sun rising in the distance. The CHOPPER returning above, wind kicking up across the rooftop...

HOLD ON COFIELD.

CUT TO:

BLACKNESS...

**INT. DRAPKIN'S APARTMENT - HOTEL STILLWELL - MORNING (DAY 2)**

CRUNCH! Drapkin pulls apart two rickety SLATTED DOORS. He stares at something, still in his towel, his hair wet and combed back over his scalp.

ON HIS POV: A CRISP WHITE SHIRT.

Housed in DRY-CLEANER PLASTIC. It's the lone item of clothing in his otherwise messy closet.

**INT. DRAPKIN'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER**

Drapkin stands before a dirty mirror tucking in the white shirt. He moves to fit an awful PAISLEY TIE around his neck.

The apartment is cramped, cluttered, musty, hundreds of BOOKS stacked along the baseboards.

Photos from the world's MOST VIOLENT REGIONS paper the walls: Drapkin with REBEL ARMIES, PHOTO JOURNALISTS, LEADERS OF MEN, etc.

He gazes at himself in the mirror. Finishing the tie. Frowns.

He turns grabbing his TWEED BLAZER off the floor. Pulls it on. Rubbing a WINE STAIN on the lapel.

He rips off the TIE, tossing it on the floor. Then turns on a dime, making a bee-line out the door.

BEAT. THEN:

The door opens. Drapkin enters, scoops the tie off the floor and stuffs it in his jacket pocket. SLAM!

CUT TO:

**INT. DRAPKIN'S CADDY - ANGELINO HEIGHTS - MORNING**

BOAT CADILLAC. TOP DOWN. JAZZ WAILS.

Drapkin drives Sunset. The wind in his face.

UP AHEAD: POLICE LIGHTS FLARE.

Drapkin turns into the lights.

OFF HIS LOOK: FIREMEN and EMTs remove ORLANDO PEREZ'S BODY from the neon wreckage atop the PARADISE MOTEL.

The scene is a cluster. Police everywhere. Neighborhood people watching. Shock and awe.

Drapkin continues driving, looking down at the TIE on the passenger seat. THEN: The car CREAKS to a stop.

Drapkin angles the mirror back to the SCENE.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CRIME SCENE - PARADISE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

Drapkin pushes through the crowd, cutting around its far edge, bumping up against POLICE TAPE.

A LATINO TEEN shoots VIDEO on his IPHONE. Harry notices.

DRAPKIN

Pretty good picture on those things  
huh?

The Teen shrugs.

Drapkin opens his own late-model FLIP PHONE.

He scans through the settings, finding its never-used CAMERA.

**ANOTHER ANGLE:**

OFFICER PETER SACHS (20s), White, RADIO PATROL, stands in front of his POLICE CRUISER working crowd control.

Sachs jaws on a stick of gum, as Drapkin muscles his way forward through the onlookers.

DRAPKIN

Howya doing Officer?

SACHS

Fine.

Drapkin notices his GOLD NAME-TAG.

DRAPKIN

Sachs, like the store on Fifth  
Avenue right?

SACHS

I guess.

DRAPKIN  
What happened here?

SACHS  
Sink hole.

DRAPKIN  
A sink hole huh?

SACHS  
That's right sir. If you could step  
back from the tape.

DRAPKIN  
Lemme just...

Drapkin flips open his phone. Clicks a photo.

SACHS  
There's no photography without a  
press pass sir.

DRAPKIN  
Of what? The sink hole?

SACHS  
Please move along.

DRAPKIN  
Lotta muscle out today. Lot. Of.  
Muscle.  
(beat)  
My geology is a little rusty, but  
it seems like the sink hole  
phenomena erodes from below.  
Whereas this? This is as if  
something FELL from up top there.

Sachs steps forward. Right up on him now.

SACHS  
Move along asshole.

Drapkin smiles, hands raised in surrender.

He melts back into the crowd.

**ANOTHER ANGLE:**

Drapkin pushes towards the other end of the POLICE TAPE.

He notices a SCUFFLE taking place at the rear of the SWAT  
TANK. The SOUND of VOICES rising over each other.

Drapkin moves forward.

**ANOTHER ANGLE:**

OFFICER SUTTON throws COFIELD up against the vehicle, knuckles cinched around his Kevlar collar.

SUTTON  
Cofield, listen to me goddamnit!  
Just stay cool, keep your fuckin'  
head!

COFIELD  
I know what I saw - !

THEY BOTH LOOK UP: Noticing HARRY DRAPKIN shooting a cellphone video from the tape-line.

He throws them a little WINK.

Cofield shoves loose, storming off around the Tank, as Sutton straightens himself.

He glares at Drapkin. Then turns and walks away.

ANGLE ON: THE CELLPHONE: SNAP! Drapkin shuts it.

CUT TO:

**EXT. CRIME SCENE - PARADISE MOTEL - CONTINUOUS**

A DARK BLUE CROWN VIC creaks to a stop.

A MAN emerges from the car: I.A.B. DETECTIVE SEBASTIAN REYES (30s), Latino, handsome, fresh-faced.

He straightens his wool trench, looking across the hood at:

HARRY DRAPKIN, walking back to his car, still scanning the images on his phone.

They notice each other for a BEAT then keep moving, both going about their day.

Reyes pushes past the CROWD, beneath the POLICE TAPE, held up by OFFICER SACHS. They shake hands.

REYES  
I'm impressed Petey, didn't know  
you could handle ribbon duty?

SACHS  
Jesus. You too? I'm getting it from  
all angles today.

REYES  
Yeah, me too...

Reyes lights a smoke. He looks down the line at OFFICER GINA GONZALES (30s), Latina, pretty, tough.

She finishes speaking to a citizen, then turns, catching Reyes staring at her.

SACHS  
Eyes off my partner Seb.

REYES  
That's: eyes off my partner  
*Detective Reyes.*

SACHS  
Tough pill to swallow. You being  
with the rat squad.

REYES  
Like I had a fuckin' choice.

He drags the smoke, something deeper behind his words.

**ANOTHER ANGLE:**

ON COFIELD: He sits on the curb. Face sodden. He looks up.

HIS POV: Sachs and Reyes jawing. Laughing like old buddies.

**ANOTHER ANGLE:**

Reyes tosses his smoke. Stamps it out beneath his shoe.

REYES  
So, you see what happened?

SACHS  
All I know is the hump took a  
header off the roof. Pretty big  
case for the new kid on the block,  
ain't it?

REYES  
This is the Los Angeles Police  
Department Petey. They know talent  
when they see it.

Reyes winks, heads toward the SWAT TEAM gathered on the far side of the scene. Sachs calls after him:

SACHS  
See you Saturday?

Reyes nods. Gives the THUMBS UP over his shoulder.

CUT TO:

**INT. PENINSULA PUBLISHING - LOBBY - LATER THAT MORNING**

PHONES RING. PEOPLE BUSTLE BACK AND FORTH.

Drapkin enters TYING HIS TIE. He speed-walks towards the reception desk. Dabbing sweat from his brow with the tie.

DRAPKIN

Harry Drapkin for Dalia Schafer.

The RECEPTIONIST frowns.

**INT. PUBLISHER'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

DALIA SCHAFFER (late 50s), White, attractive, severe, comes around the desk and tentatively hugs Drapkin. A kiss on the cheek.

SCHAFFER

Harry. How are you?

DRAPKIN

Fantastic, y'know, I'm just, *doing what I do*. It's great to see you, Dalia, you look incredible, maybe, it's your hair? Something different...

She shrugs, smiling. They sit.

SCHAFFER

So... The book.

DRAPKIN

I know what you're gonna say, *it's late*, I just needed, time, to find the right tone, I -

SCHAFFER

It's going to be a pass.

DRAPKIN

What's that?

SCHAFFER

We're passing. I'm sorry.

The color drains from Drapkin's face.

Dalia pushes his MANUSCRIPT across the desk.

SCHAFFER

I'm trying to find you somewhere in these pages. But I can't. This isn't you?

DRAPKIN

How can it not be me? It's, I'm *me*.

SCHAFFER

I promised them Harry Drapkin:  
Pulitzer Prize winner coping with  
post 9/11 America; shades of  
Bukowski's *Factotum* -

DRAPKIN

That's what this is!

SCHAFFER

Harry. They've been knocking down  
my door trying to re-coup the  
advance -

DRAPKIN

So nobody upstairs is willing to  
step out of Y.A. territory? That  
it? Maybe I make the protagonist a  
werewolf -

SCHAFFER

Oh please...

DRAPKIN

No, no Dalia, he's a *werewolf* now.  
We'll send him to prep school in  
Switzerland. How 'bout it? We'll  
have the whole marketing team  
jumping right out of their five-  
thousand dollar suits - !

SCHAFFER

Harry! This *thing* you turned in?  
It's six hundred pages without a  
cohesive narrative -

DRAPKIN

It's a stream of consciousness  
piece -

SCHAFFER

It's a stream of self-pity!

DRAPKIN

And what the fuck was Bukowski!?

(beat)

Look. Can't you bring in an editor?  
Take a second opinion? I'll make  
adjustments --

SCHAFFER

It's not about the book anymore!  
You think I have sit-down meetings  
with every writer we pass on?

This stings. Dalia softens.

SCHAFFER

What happened, at your old place?  
Your forwarding address is some  
week-to-week Hotel now?

Drapkin shifts awkwardly.

DRAPKIN

I had a dispute... With the  
neighbors. They had this dog. I  
gave it some Xanax. But. It's fine.  
I'm living downtown now, so what?

She stands, rounding the desk and sitting next to him. She  
picks up his BOOK. Looking him in the eyes.

SCHAFFER

I care about you. This isn't who  
you are. You need to get back to  
YOUR work. On the street.  
Investigations. Doing what you did  
before. Look, I'm -

DRAPKIN

Sorry?

Drapkin stares daggers.

DRAPKIN

Don't be. The whole business is  
going to shit anyway...

He swipes his book from her lap. Storming to the door.

SCHAFFER

Good luck Harry.

Drapkin stops. Almost looking back... BEAT.

He pushes through the doors. SLAM!

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM A - RAMPART PRECINCT - NIGHT**

David Cofield sits alone.

The door clicks open. DET. REYES enters with TWO CUPS OF  
COFFEE, a FILE tucked beneath his arm.

He pushes a cup across to Cofield, who looks down at the murky brown liquid. Doesn't touch it.

REYES  
Sebastian Reyes. I'm I.A.B.

He extends a hand, Cofield doesn't reciprocate.

REYES  
That your official position?

Cofield thinks.

COFIELD  
*Reyes...*

REYES  
That's correct.

COFIELD  
How long you been with the company,  
Detective?

REYES  
Shade over eight years.

COFIELD  
They have this saying, around the  
department: *slow to climb, quick to  
fall.*

REYES  
I'm unfamiliar.

Cofield nods. Staring hard.

REYES  
You know what I do officer?

COFIELD  
I know what you're supposed to do.

REYES  
And what's that?

COFIELD  
Crucify dirty cops.

Reyes grins.

REYES  
If these walls could talk, right?

COFIELD

Something like that. But I'm guessing a guy like you, a *fast climber*, you sit way up on that tower and choose whichever side's a softer political landing.

REYES

Then why do you think I'm here?

COFIELD

Because I witnessed a cop commit murder. And I'm planning to write on it.

Reyes nods.

REYES

I think we need to get something straight: you're a witness, not a perp. My JOB is to get the truth behind whatever went down up on that rooftop. That's all this is.

COFIELD

That's all this is?

Reyes looks at him sideways, then cracks the file.

REYES

Your file says you were taken off medical leave, six weeks ago. After an incident in the field: "Relieved of duty pending evaluation and clearance by Dr. James Quan, LAPD Psych Department..."

COFIELD

And I was cleared. I passed every test they put me through -

REYES

Dave. You've been around long enough to know: the kinda dirt you're throwing, people are gonna start reaching for shovels -

COFIELD

I saw what I saw. I'm a GOOD COP.

REYES

So is Warren Sutton. Guy is in the next room devastated. And he's got six COPS backing his play: that Orlando Perez FELL from that roof during a foot pursuit.

Cofield takes this in. His gaze cold, never breaking.

REYES

Try to look at this thing from my perspective Dave. What would you do, if you were me?

Cofield grits his teeth.

COFIELD

It's David.

REYES

What?

COFIELD

My name. It's David.

REYES

Okay. *David...*

Cofield leans back, his eyes glazing, shutting down.

Reyes watches him, searching his eyes, trying to understand what he's dealing with.

CUT TO:

**INT. INTERROGATION ROOM B - SAME TIME**

TIGHT ON: WARREN SUTTON. IN SHOCK. A different version of the hard-ass we met earlier. CAPTAIN SEAN DONLAN (50s), ex-street cop turned house-cat, sits at the table with him.

SUTTON

He was scambiln' Cap. Clawing at that fuckin' ceramic tile. Next thing I know? I'm looking up and it's cracking beneath his feet...

Sutton lights a cigarette and inhales deep.

CAPTAIN DONLAN

You need to know: I got David Cofield next door sticking hard to a story that has you tossing Perez -

SUTTON

That's BULLSHIT. I mean who you gonna believe?

Donlan rests a hand on Sutton's shoulder.

CAPTAIN DONLAN

Whichever way it happened up there, the prick had it coming.

SUTTON

That's not how I get down Captain.  
Not the way we do things in my  
unit.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARKING LOT - RAMPART PRECINCT - NIGHT**

CAPTAIN DONLAN (O.S.)

David! Hold up a second!

COFIELD walks to his car across the dark lot. He pops the trunk, laying his police duffle within. Slams it shut.

CAPTAIN DONLAN

You okay?

COFIELD

You tell me?

CAPTAIN DONLAN

You need to understand, right now,  
your credibility is in the toilet.  
There's only so much I can do to  
protect you -

COFIELD

Protect me from WHO Cap?

CAPTAIN DONLAN

You know what I mean.

COFIELD

I'm the cleanest cop in five  
divisions. The fuckin' truth is  
coming out on this. If I need to  
watch my six -

CAPTAIN DONLAN

That's not what I'm saying! But  
David, between Allison, your little  
extended vacation. How clean are  
you? Really?

COFIELD

Don't talk to me about that shit! I  
stepped up and took my lumps on  
that. I DIDN'T HIDE!

CAPTAIN DONLAN

David -

COFIELD

If you're not with me, Cap, you're  
with THEM.

Cofield shoves past Donlan and gets into his car. VROOOM. He peels out of the parking lot into the night.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TATE HOME - SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - NIGHT**

GLUB GLUB GLUB. Cofield's car powers down across the street. The quiet middle-class neighborhood is fast asleep. Only the dim roar of PLANES landing at Burbank International breaks through the silence.

**INT. COFIELD'S CAR**

He stares out at one particular HOUSE. It's fallen on hard times. The front lawn is strewn with weeds. The once pristine stone path is now overgrown and lost.

Cofield pops the glove box and removes a BOTTLE OF PILLS.

ON THE LABEL: ZYPREXA / OLANZAPINE

PHYSICIAN: DR. QUAN

He stares at the label. Mulling his self-worth. Then flips the bottle over his shoulder, where it hits the floor and rolls under the rear seats. He leans back, closing his eyes.

FADE OUT:

**INT. TATE HOME - BEDROOM - DAWN (DAY 3)**

The room is dark. Dappled with orange light, just breaking through the cheap muslin blinds. Somewhere, a ROOSTER CROWS.

TIGHT ON: ALLISON TATE (30s), White, tired, her eyes crack open as the SECOND CROW rings out.

Inches from her face, within the rumpled bed: a LITTLE GIRL, CHRISTINE TATE (6), adorable, sprawled across the pillows.

Allison slowly moves, careful to not wake her.

She stands, pushing aside the blinds. Light floods in.

Outside, her MEXICAN NEIGHBOR huddles in his small, cement-pit backyard; coaxing his birds awake with hand-fulls of corn. He sees Allison in the window and waves.

She politely nods, turning back to the now-illuminated bedroom. She takes a moment to watch her daughter sleep, then rounds the bed, sitting, placing her hand on Christine's chest.

Her eyes slowly open. She rubs them with miniscule fists.

ALLISON  
Time to get up.

**INT. KITCHEN - TATE HOME - LATER**

The TELEVISION rambles in the background. MORNING NEWS.

Christine sits on a chair, too high, her legs dangling, as Allison enters in colorful NURSE SCRUBS. She kneels to her daughter, taking a TINY FOOT into her hand.

Christine's TOES are covered in RED MAGIC MARKER. Allison looks up.

ALLISON  
What happened here?

CHRISTINE  
I painted my toes. Like you.

Allison nods. Laughing a little to herself as she pulls SOCKS onto her daughter's feet.

CUT TO:

**EXT. TATE HOME - SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - MORNING**

Allison and Christine exit. Al turns, locking the heavy deadbolts on the safety gate. There are TWO. One is polished, freshly installed. Behind her, the iron gate CREAKS.

CHRISTINE (O.S.)  
Daddy!

Allison's throat fills with panic as she turns to find:

COFIELD. Standing in the small, ramshackle garden; Christine jumping into his arms. He picks her up, kissing her cheek, smiling ear to ear.

COFIELD  
How's daddy's little girl? My pretty lady?

She GIGGLES. Allison swallows hard. Moving towards them.

CHRISTINE  
Mommy look!

COFIELD  
*Mommy, look!*

Allison smiles weakly.

CHRISTINE

(whispers)

I painted my toes just like mommy.  
Wanna see?

ALLISON

Next time Crissy. Okay? Let's wait  
in the car so mommy can talk to  
daddy -

CHRISTINE

But I wanna show daddy now!

ALLISON

I know... Come on...

Allison pulls Christine from Cofield's grasp. He steals one more kiss on her cheek. Allison walks her to the beat-up STATION WAGON at the curb. Hustles Christine inside.

ALLISON

Here we go, climb on in...

COFIELD

Bye baby.

SLAM. Allison turns.

ALLISON

What are you doing here?

She squares her shoulders, blocking his access to the wagon.

COFIELD

This is my house.

ALLISON

It WAS your house.

COFIELD

Please Al, I, I just need to talk  
to you for a second.

ALLISON

You can't, David, you, this is what  
a restraining order DOES. It makes  
it so you can't just show up here  
and lay your shit on us.

She begins walking around the wagon.

COFIELD

Hold on. Wait a second!

He grabs her arm. She SMACKS HIM. Fire in her eyes.

Christine watches from the car window.

ALLISON

I will NOT! You don't live here anymore! The cops will drag your ass in if I make the call -

COFIELD

They're looking for a reason right now Al. They're watching, and I think I'm being followed, okay -

ALLISON

There's no one out there David.

COFIELD

I saw something, I *witnessed* something on the job and they want me to bury it, they're asking me -

ALLISON

So?

COFIELD

So? So, what *so*? What does that mean?

ALLISON

So, for once just do what you're TOLD. For your family.

She marches toward the driver's side. Cofield gives chase.

COFIELD

What kind of example is that for my daughter, Al? You want her to, to grow up thinking her father is a liar? A criminal? Is that what you want her to think?

Allison unlocks the door.

ALLISON

She doesn't know WHAT to think of you David.

She slams the door. Starting the car. Cofield watches them drive off: Christine's FACE pressed against the glass. Her eyes large.

HOLD ON: COFIELD. As the car disappears into the morning, leaving him alone, standing in the street. Shrinking into the distance.

CUT TO:

**INT. RAMPART PRECINCT - BULL PEN - DAY**

Cofield moves through the halls. His face chiseled granite. People stand, looking at him as he marches past them. On a mission.

**INT. CAPTAIN DONLAN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Cofield SLAMS HIS REPORT down onto the desk with force.

COFIELD

I'm a good cop Sean.

He exits the office. Donlan stares down at the REPORT.

FADE OUT:

**INT. DRAPKIN'S APARTMENT - HOTEL STILLWELL - NIGHT**

TIGHT ON: DRAPKIN. DRUNK. Holding his REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

He reads the last sentence, then flips it over his shoulder. It slides across the wooden floor and under the bedside table.

Drapkin picks up the last bottle of CISCO WINE. He takes a long slug. A SMALL TELEVISION above the radiator coughs out the EVENING NEWS:

TELEVISION NEWS

*An LAPD Narcotics Raid netted close to two hundred pounds of base-methamphetamine yesterday, in a daring siege on an Angelino Heights drug depot...*

ON THE SCREEN: A PICTURE OF SUTTON in his DRESS BLUES. He stares out at Drapkin. Smiling.

TELEVISION NEWS (CONT'D)

*Rampart Strike Team Commander Warren Sutton was injured during the Raid, which resulted in the death of four suspects who opened fire on Police as they stormed the compound. An LAPD spokesperson said an internal investigation is pending, but preliminary reports suggest all loss of life was deemed justifiable...*

The IMAGE cuts away.

Drapkin swivels in his chair, eyes keying on: HIS CELLPHONE.

TELEVISION NEWS (O.S.)  
*KTLA5 will continue to update you  
 as this story develops...*

He flips open the phone. Cueing-up the VIDEO of COFIELD and SUTTON arguing at the Crime Scene. PLAY.

The jittery LOW-DEF SOUND crunches through tiny speakers:

PHONE  
 (Sutton's voice)  
*Cofield listen to me goddamnit --  
 Cofield listen to -- Cofield lis --*

Drapkin sets the phone on the desk. PLAY.

He jots down a NAME on his pad. Listening closely:

PHONE  
 (Sutton's voice)  
*Cofield --*

**MOMENTS LATER:**

CRUNCH! DOUBLE DOORS OPEN.

CLICK! A NAKED LIGHT BULB SPRINGS TO LIFE.

Drapkin stands on a chair, rummaging through the tall shelf above the closet. Casting shoe boxes full of writing, slides, undeveloped photo rolls onto the floor.

Then a CAMERA goes tumbling. CRASH!

Drapkin looks down at it.

DRAPKIN  
 Shit...

CUT TO:

**INT. LOBBY - HOTEL STILLWELL - MOMENTS LATER**

SURGING THROUGH THE LOBBY: WE LAND ON DRAPKIN.

A HOPPER PAINTING. Alone in a neon-drenched PHONE-BOOTH in the middle of the night. Across his lap: THE PHONE-BOOK.

He sifts through the WHITE PAGES. Circling NAMES that might fit, crossing out others. Referencing chicken-scratch on his pad:

*Caufield. Cofield. Caulfield. Crawfield.*

CUT TO:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES RIVER - SIXTH STREET - AT DAWN (DAY 4)**

The Los Angeles RIVER trickles across the barren cement aqueduct. TWO CRUISERS are parked beneath the SIXTH BRIDGE.

Sean Donlan and C/O COMMANDER GLEN DUDZIAK (50s), tall, an aging linebacker, argue in rhythm.

COMMANDER DUDZIAK

I don't give a SHIT Sean. All I know is: the Deputy Chief has eyes on this.

CAPTAIN DONLAN

My kid's testimony won't clear the Grand Jury, Glen, I can promise you.

COMMANDER DUDZIAK

Grand jury? This department is just wriggling off a thirty year hook, all of it behind this kinda' Narco dirt -

CAPTAIN DONLAN

So MORE DIRT's the answer?

Dudziak is losing his patience.

COMMANDER DUDZIAK

Sutton's old man has his thirty with the company, he trained me, he trained a generation! You wanna look him in the eye and tell him you DID his son - over THIS?

Donlan doesn't have an answer.

COMMANDER DUDZIAK

The only one kicking dirt is YOUR boy. You say he couldn't clear the Grand Jury. So we work Cofield's head, get him to flip, and we WALK, with clean statements from all SEVEN WITNESSES on the scene. That's the play, we clear?

CAPTAIN DONLAN

Yeah. I'm on it.

COMMANDER DUDZIAK

Goddamn right.

Dudziak straightens his suit. He enters his car, tearing out into the morning, leaving Donlan standing alone in a cloud of dust and gravel.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - TATE HOME - THAT MORNING**

At the table, Allison pours a bowl of CEREAL. Douses it with MILK. She spins, slicing the CRUST off a sandwich. Wraps it in cellophane and bags it. Turning to Christine.

ALLISON  
Quick quick. Eat your breakfast.

THE TELEPHONE SCREAMS: RING. RING.

CHRISTINE  
I don't like this kind!

ALLISON  
Yes you do.

RING. RING.

ALLISON  
Hello?

**INT. DRAPKIN'S APARTMENT - INTERCUT CONVERSATION**

Light STREAMS through the blinds. Illuminating the dusty studio. Drapkin paces, cellphone pressed to his ear.

DRAPKIN  
I'm calling for Officer Cofield?

Allison balks.

ALLISON  
He... he doesn't live here anymore.  
Who is this?

Drapkin goes quiet for a moment.

ALLISON  
Hello?

DRAPKIN  
With whom am I speaking ma'am?

Drapkin circles the NAME AND NUMBER on his pad.

ALLISON  
This is Allison Tate. Who is this?

DRAPKIN

This is Officer Cofield's LAPPL rep. You know where I can reach him?

ALLISON

You don't have his cell on file?

Al turns back to Christine, removing the HALF-EATEN bowl of cereal. She dumps it in the sink.

DRAPKIN

I just took over for his previous rep ma'am. Maybe we fudged a digit in the paperwork. This is the only active number we have on file.

Al opens a box of POP TARTS. She hands Christine one.

ALLISON

I don't know his new cell number. He shoots at The Club, every morning until around nine. Maybe you can catch him there?

DRAPKIN

The, uh, Los Angeles Gun Club?

ALLISON

Yeah. Listen, if you could remove this number from his file? You won't find him here.

DRAPKIN

I understand ma'am. Thanks for your help.

Allison hangs up. She looks down at Christine, her face covered in Pop Tart FROSTING.

Drapkin stares at the CONTACT INFO: DAVID COFIELD.

CIRCLED within his pad. He grabs it off the table.

CUT TO:

**INT. LOS ANGELES GUN CLUB - SHOOTING RANGE - MORNING**

BULLETS RIP THROUGH A PAPER TARGET. BANG BANG BANG!

Cofield empties his SIG SAUER 9MM. SNAP! The weapon's slide sticks. He lowers it. HIS CHEST HEAVING. He checks his pulse, cracks his neck, trying to shake loose.

CUT TO:

**EXT. COFIELD'S CAR - PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER**

Cofield's KEY slips into the LOCK.

DRAPKIN (O.S.)  
David Cofield?

Cofield spins.

COFIELD  
Yeah? Who are you?

DRAPKIN stands at the bumper. He reaches into his pocket.

COFIELD  
STOP RIGHT THERE!

Cofield whips his 9MM from its HOLSTER.

COFIELD  
Lemme see your fuckin' hands! Up!  
Up!

Drapkin slowly removes the NOTEPAD, hands up in surrender.

DRAPKIN  
Easy shooter. I'm a journalist. I  
just want to, talk, just for a  
second --

Cofield eyes him. Assessing.

COFIELD  
Asshole...

He lowers the SIG.

DRAPKIN  
What is it with you cops and  
*asshole*? They teach that at the  
Academy or something?

Cofield turns, holsters the 9MM, toggling his door locks.

DRAPKIN  
Hey kid! I was there. The cluster  
fuck at the Paradise Motel. I'm  
here to ask you about -

Cofield wheels around.

COFIELD  
WHAT!

DRAPKIN

Humpty Dumpty. Guy they carted off to the morgue in a ziploc bag. You know him? Papers say his name was Orlando Perez. Chemist for the Sinaloa Cartel.

Cofield squares off on Drapkin. His eyes thinning.

DRAPKIN

Now, I know you and Warren Sutton weren't seeing eye to eye in the aftermath. And with the Department calling Sutton a *hero*... I'm just, I dunno, looking for another side of the story. Maybe your side?

Drapkin flips open his pad, SCRIBBLES SOMETHING DOWN and tears out the PAGE. He holds it out to Cofield.

DRAPKIN

Might not hurt to have a friend.

Cofield eyes Drapkin holding the PAGE in his hand.

It could be a trap; An olive branch; A life-preserver thrown to a drowning man.

It could be bullshit... HOLD ON COFIELD. THEN:

COFIELD

I don't need friends...

He climbs into his car.

Drapkin lunges forward, grabbing hold of the DOOR as Cofield tries to pull it shut. He blocks the path. Eyes fierce. Trained on Cofield.

DRAPKIN

Just think about it.

He flips the FOLDED PAGE into Cofield's lap, then turns and walks away.

Cofield picks up the page, crumpling it into his fist. He tosses it on the floor and starts the car.

CUT TO:

**INT. REYES CAR - RANCHO CUCAMONGA - AFTERNOON**

Det. Reyes turns a corner. Searching. Lost. His take-home Crown Vic rolls to a stop at the end of a suburban cul-de-sac. ON THE STREET:

DOZENS of similar CROWN VICS parked in gridlock. Reyes SIGHS.

SACHS (V.O.)  
Swear to God! He goes toppling over  
the edge and BOOM!

**EXT. BACKYARD - SUBURBAN HOME - MOMENTS LATER**

A BBQ is in full swing. Smoke billows up from the grill. Kids play hide and seek. Women chat over frozen drinks.

Reyes pushes through a WOODEN GATE, moving towards:

PETER SACHS, standing with a GROUP OF OFF-DUTY COPS including his partner: GINA GONZALES.

SACHS  
Motherfucker got what he had coming  
courtesy of the mighty, MIGHTY, LOS  
ANGELES P.D.!

They all WHOOP. CHEERS. Reyes arrives.

REYES  
Open and shut case huh?

GONZALES  
Our man here likes to do a little  
projecting from time to time.

SACHS  
I.A. busting balls. You're lucky  
you're family.

He claps hands with Reyes.

SACHS  
The wife is looking for you. She's  
inside with your mom cooking up a  
storm.

REYES  
At ease Officers.

CUT TO:

**INT. KITCHEN - RANCHO HOUSE - CONTINUOUS**

A LARGE CAKE, an LAPD BADGE outlined in frosting, the WORDS:  
*MARTIN REYES HAPPY 60TH!* written in blue.

SALINA REYES (50s), Latina, round waisted, unfolds the cake-  
box. Reyes enters through the sliding doors. Salina turns:

SALINA  
*Mijito...*

She moves to him and pulls him into a tight hug.

REYES

Hi mama.

Enter OLIVIA SACHS (20s), Latina, beautiful, Reyes' sister, carrying a plate stacked with BBQ CHICKEN. She sets it down, licking the sauce off her fingers.

OLIVIA

You're late Seb.

REYES

I hear you and Petey just moved out here? Sends a message.

OLIVIA

What message?

REYES

Seems like the Reyes clan's gone county. What? You can't take the heat *en la ciudad*?

SALINA

That's enough you two! Sebastian, go say hello to papa, he's back in the office.

Olivia smiles.

OLIVIA

He's been asking for you all day.

CUT TO:

**INT. MARTIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

The doors CREAK OPEN, Reyes stares into the dimly lit office, cloaked in dark wood, walls covered with PLAQUES and CIVIC AWARDS.

INSIDE: DEPUTY CHIEF MARTIN REYES (60s), Latino, the patriarch, stands behind his desk. Reyes enters, sliding the doors shut behind him.

MARTIN

Sebastian. Have a seat.

Reyes eases into a leather chair as Martin rounds the bar, pouring amber liquid into two crystal tumblers.

REYES

I thought mama had you off Tequila?

MARTIN

This is *mezcal*, from the desert agaves in Chihuahua.

He hands Reyes a glass, sitting next to him.

MARTIN

They drain the venom of a rattle snake, then place its body in the barrel as the liquor ferments. Some say it gives the mezcal healing properties...

Martin smiles. Reyes takes a sip. He coughs a bit.

MARTIN

I hear you got some kinda' *he said, she said* on your hands? You talked some sense into this guy, right?

Reyes sets his glass down on the desk.

REYES

As told, but he's got it in his head the perp was given a little *assistance* off that roof -

MARTIN

So what's your next move?

REYES

Comb through the evidence, pull their backgrounds. See what sticks.

MARTIN

What *sticks*...

Martin stands. He rounds the desk, picking up Reyes' glass and setting it on a COASTER. He sits in his desk-chair, opening a drawer and producing a FAXED POLICE REPORT.

He slides it across the desk to Reyes. Who picks it up.

MARTIN

That's a report from the Rampart Precinct, filed yesterday by your witness. This... David Cofield.

Reyes looks it over. It's clearly damning, by his reaction.

REYES

Is this in the system?

MARTIN

Not yet.

REYES

It's up to my office, how to proceed, MY findings -

MARTIN

You want to get caught up in this? On your first officer involved fatality with I.A.B.? The case is a loser Seb...

Martin stands, again rounding the desk and sitting next to his son.

MARTIN

Right now: You, me, Sean Donlan, and Glen Dudziak, are the only people who know this report exists. And none of us, NONE of us, would miss it, if it just, went away.

HOLD ON: REYES. His wheels turning.

Martin picks up Reyes' glass and presses it into his hand.

MARTIN

No one wants to make the tough decisions Sebastian. But they're what make us men.

He reaches out with his tumbler: CLINK.

Reyes stares at him. Unsure. FINALLY: He takes a drink.

CUT TO:

**INT. THE FROLIC ROOM - HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT**

COFIELD sits nursing a beer at the end of the bar.

With a CRUSHED BOTTLECAP, he absently carves the same CIRCLE PATTERN: spiralling out into the bar's soft wood.

CAPTAIN DONLAN enters, bellying up next to Cofield.

CAPTAIN DONLAN

You seen the pictures?

Donlan slides Cofield a FILE. He looks through it, pushing it back.

CAPTAIN DONLAN

He's still over at USC Med. Burn ward. Recovery unit.

COFIELD

What's your point?

CAPTAIN DONLAN

If the team hadn't pulled you off,  
you'da killed him.

COFIELD

He murdered a child. He's still  
breathing to stand trial. That's  
JUSTICE.

CAPTAIN DONLAN

Cut the BULLSHIT David!

COFIELD

I took responsibility for that  
sonuvabitch. Because, I know, what  
I did was wrong. Can you say the  
same? Tell me, it's just us, tell  
me: what kind of man are you?

CAPTAIN DONLAN

The kinda man who vouched for you.  
When the downtown brass was ready  
to leave your ass in a ditch --

COFIELD

You admitting Sutton dropped  
Orlando Perez off that roof?

CAPTAIN DONLAN

-- when they had you 5150'd on a 72  
hour hold. It was me. Kept the  
fuckin' lights on, and this is how  
you repay me? They're gonna kill  
the report. This train's passing in  
the night... The department is  
bigger than you David, it's bigger  
than whatever happened up on that  
fuckin' roof! Your career, the good  
you've done, it's BIGGER than all  
this -

COFIELD

Bigger than a man's life?

CAPTAIN DONLAN

Men die every day. Sometimes,  
they're just on the receiving end  
of something they had coming, miles  
off down the road. But make no  
mistake, with these low-down  
motherfuckers, past dirt always  
catches up with them. That's  
JUSTICE David. That's the way the  
world works.

COFIELD  
Officers of fate then, are we?

Cofield kills his beer. Thinking. He tosses a couple dollars on the bar, and leans into Donlan. Suddenly intense.

COFIELD  
Fuck you and your motherfuckin' train Captain. I'm playing this MY way. If you wanna dirty yourself up in Sutton's shit, I'll take all you soiled, fake fuckin' *police* down...

Cofield stands, his face is stone. He rips his arm away and exits.

Donlan looks down at the wooden counter, noticing the CARVED CIRCLE PATTERN left behind. He flips open his phone.

CAPTAIN DONLAN  
Sutton. It's Sean. Listen, I need your help. It's David Cofield.

CUT TO:

**EXT. HOTEL STILLWELL - DOWNTOWN - NIGHT**

Drapkin exits the Caddy. Parked in a LOT beside the Hotel. He removes a rumpled PAPER BAG, moving through the darkness:

Along the CHAIN-LINK FENCE, stepping past the ALLEY as:

MAVIS (O.S.)  
Harry hey --

DRAPKIN  
*Jesus Christ.*

Drapkin JUMPS as Mavis steps out of the ALLEY with a smoke.

MAVIS  
Shit! I'm sorry!

DRAPKIN  
No, it's, Christ, Mavis, I'm fine. Just getting, a little old. I used to be spry --

MAVIS  
Spry?

DRAPKIN  
Agile. Nimble.

MAVIS  
I know what it means, Harry.

DRAPKIN

Can I have one of those?

She hands him a cigarette. Lights it.

DRAPKIN

Fucking life-saver, these things.

MAVIS

So I'm told.

He looks at her for a moment. The light on her face.

DRAPKIN

Would you share a drink with me?

MAVIS

Well I was about to close -

DRAPKIN

No. Not at the bar.

Drapkin nods upward. She smiles.

CUT TO:

**INT. COFIELD'S CAR - HOLLYWOOD BLVD - NIGHT**

Cofield stops at a red light. The night is warm along this seedy stretch of Hollywood Boulevard.

The RADIO crackles, something catches his ear:

AM RADIO

*In Metro News today, Commander Warren Sutton of the Rampart Narcotics Special Division was awarded the Medal of Valor by the Los Angeles Police Department. Commander Sutton is a fifteen year veteran of the department, and was recently injured during what city officials are calling the largest Methamphetamine bust in the Department's history...*

Cofield's EYES FILL WITH FIRE AS:

HIS CELLPHONE RINGS: UNKNOWN NUMBER.

Cofield stares down at it. BEAT. He picks up.

SUTTON (O.S.)

David. It's Sutton. Look. Maybe things got out of hand. I think we need to talk. Can you meet me?

COFIELD

Where?

SUTTON (O.S.)

Pann's Diner, over by LAX.

Cofield thinks.

COFIELD

Thirty minutes.

**INT. COFIELD'S CAR - PANN'S DINER PARKING LOT - NIGHT**

HEADLIGHTS spray across the near-empty lot. Cofield parks. The engine dying. The car alone beneath the sodium vapor streetlights.

He looks to his left: AN UN-MARKED CROWN VIC. SUTTON'S CAR.

Cofield stares at it for a moment. He leans forward, withdrawing the keys from the ignition, as SOMETHING on the passenger-side FLOOR catches his eye: DRAPKIN'S NOTE.

CRUMPLED. STATIC. Cofield leans across, picking it up and unfolding it: HARRY DRAPKIN. 213-425-0986.

HOLD. Cofield contemplates the note.

He picks up his phone and dials...

CUT TO:

**INT. DRAPKIN'S APARTMENT - THAT MOMENT**

TIGHT ON: DRAPKIN'S CELLPHONE.

IT VIBRATES. Perched on a table near the door.

It's out of earshot. Drowned out by: CHARLIE PARKER. Filling the apartment with dissonant horns, riffs, kicks and moans.

**ANOTHER ANGLE:**

Mavis calmly peruses the PICTURES on the wall.

MAVIS

(absent)

How'd you do this?

DRAPKIN (O.S.)

What?

MAVIS

Traveling, these countries, just, searching, for atrocities.

DRAPKIN (O.S.)  
*Atrocities?*

MAVIS  
 Weren't they?

She looks at DRAPKIN. Clattering around his SEMI-KITCHEN. He sniffs a WINE BOTTLE with an inch left. Then downs it.

DRAPKIN  
 Good friend once told me: You fight  
 the story. The story fights you.  
 Only thing we can do, talking about  
 us now, *people*, is try, try and not  
 fight ourselves.

Mavis reaches out and touches one of the PHOTOS.

DRABKIN  
 In the drawer there. I think  
 there's some pot. Might be too old,  
 to smoke, I'm not much of a  
 connoisseur.

She opens the creaky drawer, pushing around UN-DEVELOPED FILM ROLLS, PAGES SCRAWLED WITH HAND-WRITTEN STORIES, THEN:

SOMETHING GOLDEN. SHIMMERING. HIS PULITZER PRIZE MEDAL.

Mavis picks it up for a moment. Staring at it. Then at Drapkin, cleaning glasses with a dirty paper towel.

Something sad comes over her.

She slips the MEDAL back into the drawer and retrieves a small BALL OF FOIL.

MAVIS  
 Got it Harry.

Drapkin CROWS as he brings her a GLASS OF WINE. They sit around the bend of his old desk. CLINK. The MUSIC FADES into a lull. Drapkin cracks open the FOIL, rolling a thin JOINT.

DRAPKIN  
 I used to, when I was, spry, take  
 the train uptown, to Showman's in  
 Harlem. We'd smoke. And we'd kick  
 back and just --

SNAP! He lights it. Sucks in. Coughs out.

DRAPKIN  
 Let it wash over...

He hands the joint to Mavis. She takes it. Staring at the curling smoke. She slowly pulls, letting the cloud roll out of her mouth.

Drapkin reaches for it. She holds it out, then moves past his HAND. The joint crashes into an ASHTRAY.

Drapkin smiles. She moves forward and takes his hand. Their eyes connect. Holding.

Mavis leans in, her lips brushing Drapkin's nose as her head rises. Kissing his forehead. Softly.

TIGHT ON: The NEEDLE on the record player. It crosses the last cut, BUMPING against the record's LABEL, a moment of intimate silence as:

BING! A VOICEMAIL CHIMES.

Mavis pulls back. Their eyes dancing together. She smiles.

MAVIS  
Good night Harry...

She stands. Gathering and heading for the door.

DRAPKIN  
What about that drink?

Harry picks up her glass. She looks back at him for a moment.

MAVIS  
Maybe next time.

She exits. The door CLICKING behind her.

Drapkin moves to the door, locking it. He picks up his phone, returning to his favorite chair. Falling into it, he takes another sip of wine, pressing the phone to his ear:

PHONE  
(Machine)  
You have ONE new voice message.  
First voice message:  
(Cofield's voice)  
I...

A LONG PAUSE. The HAIRS stand tall on Harry's neck.

PHONE  
(Cofield's voice)  
If you're still looking for my  
story. Might be something, tonight,  
something you should see. Pann's  
Diner. Inglewood. Fast as you  
can...

CLICK.

PUSH ON DRAPKIN: HE SPRINGS UP FROM HIS CHAIR.

CUT TO:

**INT. PANN'S DINER - INGLEWOOD - LATER THAT NIGHT**

DLING! Drapkin enters. Eyes searching. The restaurant floor almost completely empty. Stragglers dot the red-vinyl booths. Cofield is nowhere to be found.

A PLUMP WAITRESS hustles past with a tray of DISHES.

Drapkin follows her to the BUS STATION.

DRAPKIN  
Excuse me? Miss?

PLUMP WAITRESS  
It's seat yourself.

DRAPKIN  
If you could just, look.

Drapkin pulls his CELLPHONE. Bringing up the VIDEO.

DRAPKIN  
Have you seen this man? Tonight?

The Waitress peers at the SCREEN.

PLUMP WAITRESS  
Yeah. You just missed them.

Drapkin holds on her. Stunned.

DRAPKIN  
What do you mean *them*?

PLUMP WAITRESS  
Men from the video. Arguing like oil and water, just like on your little phone there. They was in the corner for about'a half hour. Then *poof*, they up and leave together like nothin' was wrong.

DRAPKIN  
You're sure? It was both of them. Together?

PLUMP WAITRESS  
Sure as shit. Cheap bastards didn't even leave tip...

The Waitress walks away, leaving Drapkin's head spinning.

CUT TO:

**EXT. PARADISE MOTEL - BEFORE DAWN (DAY 5)**

CHUP CHUP CHUP - THE LAPD CHOPPER HOVERS ABOVE, ITS SPOTLIGHT HAMMERING THE EARTH BELOW. WIND WHIPPING.

Reyes' CROWN VIC SCREECHES to a stop within the parking lot. He jumps out of the car, hustling across the lot to a ladder propped against one of the MOTEL UNITS: leading to the ROOF.

**ANOTHER ANGLE:**

As Reyes scales the ladder, finding: DUDZIAK and DONLAN standing over a broken, bloody BODY. Positioned in nearly the EXACT LOCATION where Orlando Perez landed days earlier.

Reyes kneels to the CORPSE:

WARREN SUTTON.

A BULLET HOLE framed between his eyes, staring off into the distance. His mouth gaping. Body shattered from the fall, the impact. Reyes looks up.

DUDZIAK

Whatever happened, it happened up there...

They all look UP: AT THE ROOFTOP WHERE PEREZ FELL.

**EXT. ROOFTOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Reyes, Donlan and Dudziak climb the steel ladder up onto the ROOF. They hike across the terra-cotta tile to its far edge, looking down at the fall. Donlan kneels.

CAPTAIN DONLAN

Looks like these tiles are loose. Sutton wasn't lying, about that anyway.

He looks back at Dudziak, then to Reyes.

REYES

That's not in my report.

COMMANDER DUDZIAK

What did you say?

REYES

We didn't... My tech, they didn't find anything missing along the roofline.

Dudziak's face turns red.

COMMANDER DUDZIAK

Listen to me, you little piss-ant,  
we got a decorated Officer down  
there with a goddamn hollow-point  
between the eyes! Understand?

Dudziak brushes past him, followed by Donlan.

CAPTAIN DONLAN

Find him. NOW.

Reyes turns, his mind racing.

CUT TO:

**INT. COFIELD'S APARTMENT - EAST HOLLYWOOD - DAWN**

BANG! The door BURSTS OPEN. SWAT pours into the apartment:

SOLANO, GRIFFIN and POLK leading the pack, GUGINO and RIOS  
with them in plainclothes. They fan out across the space.

SOLANO (O.S.)

Got something here.

The Team enters the BEDROOM: It's stripped down and barren.  
On the NAKED MATTRESS: COFIELD'S BADGE and UNIFORM laid out.

Resting on top of them: A SLIP OF PAPER. Griffin unfolds it:

GRIFFIN

"SIC SEMPER TYRANNIS"

They all look at each other.

**EXT. PARKING LOT - DODGER STADIUM - SAME TIME**

IN THE EMPTY LOT: COFIELD'S CAR. BOMB SQUAD moves on it.

**INT. COFIELD'S CAR - LATER**

CSI TECHS tear through the interior. A FEMALE CSI digs down  
beneath the REAR SEATS, coming up with COFIELD'S PILLS.

She looks at the prescription, flipping the bottle to her  
SUPERIOR. He tags and bags it.

CUT TO:

**INT. RESCUE SHELTER - TOLUCA LAKE - AFTERNOON**

TIGHT ON: A PIT BULL. Its rib-cage rising and falling.  
Panting for breath. Moving over it, we find a tear in its  
flesh. A HAND ENTERS, sewing up the wound.

Allison stares into its FRIGHTENED EYES. The VETERINARIAN finishes a stitch. Hands her his tweezers.

VET  
I'll need one more Prolene suture.

A NURSE pushes through the stainless doors. Her eyes wide. She motions to Allison.

NURSE  
It's... There's someone here for you.

**INT. LOBBY - MOMENTS LATER**

Al turns a corner at the end of the hall to find:

KELLEN POLK. Christine in his arms.

ALLISON  
What's going on?

POLK  
Al... You need to come with me.

HOLD ON ALLISON: CONFUSED, ANGRY, AFRAID.

CUT TO:

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - LATER**

Polk, Allison and Christine enter the DRAB MOTEL ROOM.

Christine runs to the bed and starts jumping. Allison looks around. The place is foul. Her face falls.

POLK  
I'll have a Black & White stationed on the corner. They're detailed through me, nobody at the department will know you're here. Just until we know it's safe.

Allison begins to cry. Polk pulls her into a hug.

CUT TO:

**EXT. LOS ANGELES CITY HALL - DUSK**

FLASHBULBS POP!

A SEA OF MEDIA BABBLE, GATHERED AT THE STEPS OF CITY HALL.

DEPUTY CHIEF MARTIN REYES, in his DRESS BLUES, arrives at a bouquet of microphones atop an LAPD PODIUM.

MARTIN

Good evening. I'm Deputy Chief  
Martin Reyes. Quiet. Please. Quiet.

Reyes stands back behind the Media. His face dark as his father addresses the crowd. He tugs on a cigarette.

MARTIN

On the night of April 12th, 2013,  
Detective Warren Sutton, a hero,  
and decorated Officer of fifteen  
years with the Los Angeles Police  
Department, was shot and killed.

The MEDIA EXPLODES.

MARTIN

Quiet. Please... Officer Sutton was  
last seen alive with LAPD SWAT  
Officer David Cofield, who has been  
officially declared missing as of 0-  
900 Hours this morning. If anyone  
knows the whereabouts of David  
Cofield, please, call the LAPD tip  
line at: 1-800-555-9000. Thank you.

Martin steps down in a HAIL OF FLASHING LIGHTS. He turns and walks off the steps, meeting COMMANDER DUDZIAK, waiting hat in hand. They exit together.

MARTIN

(sotto)

Hope you're prepared Commander. The  
goddamn circus just came to town...

ANGLE ON: SEBASTIAN REYES. He flicks off his cigarette.

CUT TO:

**INT. RALPH'S SUPERMARKET - THE VALLEY - NIGHT**

SECURITY CAM:

An UNIDENTIFIED MAN moves through the toiletries aisle carrying a basket, flipping products within.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

ENTER COFIELD. He sets the BASKET down on the floor, locking the dead bolt behind him. He begins rummaging through his products, coming up with: A PAIR OF SCISSORS.

Cofield cuts his hair SHORT; He rubs SHAVING CREAM into his scalp; He shaves his head with a BIC RAZOR; Washes up;

He strips off his dirty clothes, stuffing them in the trash;  
Removes SWEATS, a T-SHIRT, SOCKS and a HOODED SWEATSHIRT from  
the basket, pulling everything on;

He checks the mirror, HIS FACE CALM, then hits the door.

CUT TO:

**INT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - AFTERNOON (DAY 6)**

FOLLOWING: Drapkin. He trails RUBEN LABATT (50s), White, a  
tough bastard with a round gut, as Ruben bellies up to the  
bar. Wanting nothing to do with the pursuant Drapkin.

DRAPKIN

I got it worked out Ruben, all  
lined up, I just need The Times to  
back me -

RUBEN

Harry last time you came to me, I  
kicked you a thousand bucks for  
that story on -

DRAPKIN

Long Beach. The Dock Union.

RUBEN

And you never delivered!  
(to Bartender)  
Scotch neat.

Drapkin slaps an LA TIMES FRONT PAGE on the bar.

DRAPKIN

Who's on the Orlando Perez case?

RUBEN

Heard that was closed?

DRAPKIN

Closed? I gotta line on this SWAT  
rat, David Cofield, their goddamn  
P.O.I. --

RUBEN

So?

DRAPKIN

Ruben. The prick made contact with  
me. Night of the murder.

RUBEN

Like hell he did...

DRAPKIN

I can't go into detail here. I'm just, telling you now, something is happening, something big. These two had beef. I can put them next to each other the night Sutton was killed --

RUBEN

All right! Calm down. Lemme buy you a drink.

DRAPKIN

No. No. I'm good.

Ruben scratches his chin. Looking Drapkin over.

RUBEN

You're dry as an Arab's asshole aren't you? How long?

DRAPKIN

Since I caught the case.

RUBEN

What's that? Twenty four hours?

DRAPKIN

Oh fuck you!

RUBEN

No FUCK YOU Harry. You think you're the only old-timer breathing down my neck for an advance? The war's over. WE LOST. You got a story? Put it online, let the people decide. Look at that *bitch* Arianna...

(beat)

You wanna control this thing? Fuck an assignment. Be the first guy to put it out there. That's how you win.

HOLD ON DRAPKIN. As his wheels turn.

CUT TO:

**INT. CHURCH'S FIREARMS - BURBANK - NIGHT**

DING! The SHOP OWNER (40s), White, balding, wire-rim glasses, opens the register, beginning to count the cash within.

BUZZ BUZZ - THE DOORBELL RINGS OUT.

The Owner looks to a small SECURITY MONITOR. Then reaches down below, toggling the electronic lock, as the CUSTOMER pushes into the shop.

SHOP OWNER  
About to close up here in a minute.

He looks up at: DAVID COFIELD. Head shaved bald.

SHOP OWNER  
Can I help you with something?

Cofield looks him up and down.

COFIELD  
Actually, I think you can.

**MOMENTS LATER:**

CRIINK! Cofield cinches handcuffs around the Shop Owner's wrists, one arm BEHIND HIS BACK, the other BETWEEN HIS LEGS, cuffing him into a pretzel, impeding motion.

Cofield digs into the Owner's pockets, returning with a SET OF KEYS. Then his wallet. He flips it open:

CALIFORNIA DRIVER'S LICENSE.

COFIELD  
Where you parked?

SHOP OWNER  
The alley. Out back.

COFIELD  
You insured? I mean for everything.

Shop Owner nods. Cofield removes his GLASSES from his face, folding them into his pocket.

COFIELD  
In exactly thirty minutes I'll be reporting a B & E at this address. Response time in this area should be twelve to fifteen minutes. Can you stay quiet?

Shop Owner nods and nods. Staring at Cofield's GUN.

COFIELD  
Thank you. For your cooperation.

Cofield turns and starts tossing boxes of ammunition into a duffel bag. Moving fast, but calculated.

CUT TO:

**INT. LATE MODEL PICKUP - NIGHT**

COFIELD DRIVES. Twangy COUNTRY MUSIC drifts from the stereo. He steps on the gas, accelerating through a YELLOW LIGHT. CLICK. IT TURNS RED.

BEHIND HIM: A POLICE CRUISER shoots out of a blind. SIREN CLICKS ON. LIGHTS cutting into the truck's cab. Cofield carries it well. Calmly pulling to the side of the road.

He reaches for the Shop Owner's WALLET, removing the licence. He slips on the Owner's GLASSES. Staring at the ID PHOTO. Mimicking his SMILE.

IN THE REAR VIEW: TWO OFFICERS are opening their doors. Cofield quickly slips his SIG 9MM PISTOL into the seat-back pocket. He looks up:

TAP-TAP. He rolls down the window.

COFIELD

How are you tonight Officer?

He hands over the DRIVER'S LICENSE. The Patrol Officer #1 takes a good, long look at Cofield and then at the licence.

PATROL #1

Do you know why I pulled you over Mr. Church?

COFIELD

I know, I got greedy on that light back there. Just trying to make it home for a late dinner with the wife.

PATROL #1

Might not make it home at all, you keep running red lights.

COFIELD

It was stupid. I got caught in-between.

PATROL #1

If you could hand over the registration, this will just take a second.

Cofield leans across to the glove compartment. He has to search for a moment. Rummaging through the Shop Owner's junk. And it's difficult to see with the off-prescription glasses.

PATROL #1 (O.S.)

You alright in there sir?

COFIELD

Yep. Yeah. Just shouldn't let my son drive my truck. Always clutters everything to hell.

FINALLY: He Returns to the window. PATROL #1 takes the registration, nods, and walks back to the patrol car.

Cofield's face turns to stone. PATROL #2 flashlights around the TOOL LOCKER in the flatbed.

Quietly, Cofield slides his arm to the seat-back pocket. He COCKS THE HAMMER on his SIG.

**INT. LAPD PARTOL CAR - CONTINUOUS**

PATROL #1 taps the screen of his PDT. The information is clean. He looks up at: PATROL #2. Scanning the truck with his Maglight. HOLD. ALL QUIET. THEN: the ROVER chirps,

RADIO

*All units. Two-Eleven in progress at 743 North Hollywood Way. BE ADVISED: Suspects are two black males, traveling on foot.*

PATROL #1

Shit...

(radio)

Unit Fifty-Six to dispatch. We're Code One.

**EXT. LATE MODEL PICKUP**

PATROL #1 returns to the window, handing Cofield his papers.

PATROL #1

It's your lucky night Mr. Church. Go easy on those yellow lights. Okay?

COFIELD

Will do Officer. Thank you.

The OFFICERS return to their car and peel out. Cofield sits for a moment. HOLD. He starts the truck and drives away.

CUT TO:

**INT. DRAPKIN'S APARTMENT - MORNING (DAY 7)**

A JAZZ RECORD HOWLS.

ANGLE ON: THE WALL. Pinned to it: INDEX CARDS. Forming a rudimentary time-line of the COFIELD/ SUTTON/ PEREZ events.

Drapkin adds a card off of "PEREZ SCENE" and writes on it:

OFFICER SACHS. Beat. Drapkin grabs his CELLPHONE and flips through the pictures, coming to an image of SACHS.

He peers at the screen. Able to make out the SHOP NUMBER on Sachs PATROL CAR. Drapkin scribbles it on the card:

#11582

He returns to the phone, clicking to the image.

Staring down at the poor quality.

**ANOTHER ANGLE:**

Drapkin kneels by his closet, digging through junk on the floor - still there from his drunken rampage. Among the rubble: HIS CAMERA.

He picks it up - the lens is shattered.

He opens it, finding the guts tangled and in disarray.

Drapkin SIGHS. Dropping the camera on the floor.

He turns, looking back at his DESK.

PUSH IN ON: THE DESK DRAWER.

CUT TO:

**INT. CITY PAWN SHOP - ALVARADO CORRIDOR - LATER**

ANGLE ON: A 35MM DLSR CAMERA SPREAD OUT ON A BLACK CLOTH.

The ARMENIAN PAWN BROKER stands behind the counter.

PAWN BROKER

This very expensive camera.

Drapkin grabs it. Looks it over.

DRAPKIN

Where does it load?

PAWN BROKER

Huh?

DRAPKIN

The film. Where does it go?

PAWN BROKER

Digital Unit. Shoot card.

DRAPKIN

I've never, I don't know, how that -

PAWN BROKER

Card! Card! Santi come!

Drapkin sets the camera on the counter, as SANTI (13), the Broker's SON, pushes through the beads into the shop.

He picks up the DSLR and begins expertly scrolling through MENUS as Drapkin watches. Playing it cool.

Santi pops the SD CARD out, holds it up, pops it in, then flips some more SETTINGS, then POP POP POP!

Clicks off some shots of Drapkin in rapid fire.

He holds out the camera, showing Drapkin the shots on its rear VIEWFINDER. Drapkin clears his throat.

DRAPKIN

Right... Well. Looks good.

Santi nods, rolling on his HEELYS back through the beads and gone.

PAWN BROKER

You want buy?

DRAPKIN

Actually looking to trade.

He reaches into his coat, removing the PULITZER PRIZE. He sets it down on the glass. The Broker looks at him sideways.

He grabs a piece of SLATE from beneath the counter - then rubs the PULITZER across its rough surface. A GOLD STREAK is left behind.

The Broker curls an eyebrow. Drapkin nods with a smile.

CUT TO:

**INT. MEDIA ROOM - LAPD - NIGHT**

TIGHT ON: GRAINY SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE of David Cofield rummaging through the GUN SHOP. Multiple angles show him filling his bag with iron.

But we never get a solid look at his face...

Reyes and Donlan sit watching.

CAPTAIN DONLAN

Not much besides the black hoody.  
You really think it's HIM?

REYES

It's him...

CAPTAIN DONLAN

I mean, why isn't he half-way to Guatemala by now? What's he hangin' around for?

Reyes thinks about it.

REYES

(sotto)

Sic Semper Tyrannis.

CAPTAIN DONLAN

Fuck does that mean?

REYES

*Thus always to tyrants...*

(beat)

This is just the beginning.

CUT TO:

**INT. DRAPKIN'S CAR - RAMPART - MORNING (DAY 8)**

Drapkin sits, parked up the street from the RAMPART DIVISION PRECINCT. The interior of the Caddy is messy.

ON HIS POV: A POLICE CRUISER exits the PRECINCT LOT.

It bends the corner.

Drapkin scopes the SHOP NUMBER through his new SLR Camera: #11582. He smiles, checking his pad: OFFICER SACHS. #11582.

CUT TO:

**INT. DRAPKIN'S CAR - MACARTHUR PARK - AFTERNOON**

Drapkin watches THROUGH THE LENS.

LANGER'S DELICATESSEN is in his sights down the street:

A POLICE CRUISER is parked in the red zone out front.

FROM WITHIN: PETER SACHS and GINA GONZALES emerge and enter the restaurant.

Drapkin lowers the camera. Chewing a piece of gum.

He spits it out the window.

DRAPKIN  
Fuck it...

CUT TO:

**INT. LANGER'S DELI - MOMENTS LATER**

DLING! Drapkin pushes inside.

He makes his way down the aisle, taking a seat at the booth directly next to Sachs and Gonzales.

BEAT. Drapkin steals glances at the OFFICERS, who feel the uncomfortable presence instantly.

A WAITRESS arrives. Looking down at Drapkin.

WAITRESS  
What can I get for you?

DRAPKIN  
What's that?

WAITRESS  
Just wondering what you'd like, to eat, or drink...?

DRAPKIN  
I uh, don't have a menu.

WAITRESS  
It's right there.

DRAPKIN  
I'm not eating.

WAITRESS  
Well... then we need to reserve the booth for a paying customer -

DRAPKIN  
Fine. Gimme a coffee. Black.

She scowls at him, ripping the menu off the table and trotting away. BEAT. Finally, Sachs turns.

SACHS  
Can I help you with something?

DRAPKIN  
Officer Sachs? You remember me?

SACHS  
Should I?

DRAPKIN

We spoke, the other morning.  
Outside the Paradise Motel.

A dark look washes over Sachs. He moves to get up. Gonzo motions for him to stay seated.

DRAPKIN

No. Please don't. Finish your lunch, I'm just, I wanted to ask you a couple questions -

Drapkin opens his Moleskine pad, pencil at the ready. Sachs is already on his feet. He drops some CASH on the table.

SACHS

Let's roll Gonzo -

Gonzales shakes her head and stands. Sachs gathers his things as Drapkin assaults him with questions.

DRAPKIN

Please: Did you see what happened up on that roof? What was the relationship between David Cofield and Warren Sutton? Were either involved in the death of Cartel Trafficker Orlando Perez?

Sachs whips around, grabbing Drapkin by the collar. The whole restaurant goes silent.

Instantly, the CELLPHONES come out, VIDEO AT THE READY. Gonzales grabs Sachs and leans in:

GONZALES

(whisper)  
Peter. Relax.

Sachs looks around. TWENTY LENSES ON HIM.

DRAPKIN

I'll take that as a yes.

Sachs can barely restrain himself.

He turns, Gonzales following him to the door.

DRAPKIN

Officer Sachs! Did your superiors pressure you into silence? What did they offer you? What did you take Officer Sachs!

DLING! The cops are gone.

HOLD ON DRAPKIN. As a smile spreads across his face.

CUT TO:

**INT. LOBBY - SKID ROW HOTEL - NIGHT**

The DESK CLERK plays SOLITAIRE behind bullet-proof glass. Cofield enters with his LARGE DUFFLE. His HOOD UP.

COFIELD

I need a room.

**INT. HOTEL ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Cofield sits on the shabby bed. SIRENS pollute the air. People FIGHTING in the halls. He opens his duffle, sifting through the newly acquired artillery.

He removes a FEW PAGES OF SCRAWLED NOTES, sets them on the bed. Checks his teeth, skin in a dirty mirror. He removes an iPhone from his pocket, digging the SIM CARD out after it. He fits the card into its slot. The phone powers ON.

VIDEO. RECORD.

Cofield stares into the lens, blank for a moment, THEN:

COFIELD

Hey Al... It's me. David.

CUT TO:

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT**

Christine draws with crayons on the floor. Allison stands at the window. She splits the blinds. Looking down on the POLICE CAR stationed on the corner. It's more ominous than comforting.

DING! Allison's iPhone receives a NEW MESSAGE. She unlocks it: DAVID CELL. It's a VIDEO TEXT. She nearly drops the phone.

**INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Allison enters. She locks the door behind her and turns on the faucet. It runs. She sits on the toilet and opens COFIELD'S VIDEO. It begins to load, jumping out of the text message screen into Quicktime.

ANGLE ON: THE VIDEO: Cofield's face comes into focus. Barely lit within the dingy hotel room. He looks tired.

COFIELD

(via phone)

Hey Al... It's me. David.

(MORE)

COFIELD (CONT'D)

I'm trying to find the words right now. How I'm going to, tell you about all this. About what's happening. About what's going to happen. But I need to read something I wrote down, first, and then we can talk...

Allison watches. Covering her mouth. Eyes filling with tears.

**INT. REYES HOME - SILVERLAKE - CONTINUOUS**

A LIGHT ILLUMINATES a professional FLY TYING WORKSHOP.

Reyes sits, wearing a MAGNIFYING VISOR, working on an intricate NYMPH: wrapping strands of copper wire around tinsel, feathers and a HOOK.

COFIELD (V.O.)

Many of you who know me personally will be shocked when the media reports that I am suspected of committing such a heinous crime. What will come next, is an unfortunate, but necessary evil, that I will not enjoy, but must partake in to affect substantial change within the Los Angeles Police Department. And beyond...

He removes the VISOR and takes a long look at the case file sitting next him on the desk. He opens it:

A PHOTO OF THE "RAID ROOFTOP"; ITS TERRA-COTTA TILES INTACT ALONG THE EDGE.

HOLD.

**INT. DONLAN'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - CONTINUOUS**

CAPTAIN DONLAN and his WIFE sit at the table eating a plain chicken breast with a side of bland veggies. It's quiet. Awkward. His mind elsewhere.

COFIELD (V.O.)

After witnessing the murder of Orlando Perez at the hands of fellow Officer Warren Sutton, I filed a report that stated the exact details of what I had seen...

**EXT. PACIFIC DINING CAR - PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS**

COMMANDER DUDZIAK and POLICE BRASS smoke cigars as they wait for the VALET to return their cars. RUBEN LABATT and his REPORTER BUDDIES walk past. They exchange glares.

COFIELD (V.O.)

To my dismay, my superiors spurned these allegations, and buried the truth. They will tell you many things in the coming days. They will tell you that I'm crazy. This is not true.

**INT. RANCHO HOUSE - MARTIN'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

MARTIN REYES sits brooding within his office with a glass of MEZCAL. The CSI REPORT from COFIELD'S CAR on his desk. He KEYS ON the RECOVERED MEDICATION: ZYPREXA.

COFIELD (V.O.)

The truth is: I suffered from mild anxiety after an incident in the field. An incident that shook my belief in humanity. That belief was further broken upon witnessing a fellow Officer murder a detained suspect, and walk away scott free...

ON COMPUTER SCREEN: A GOOGLE SEARCH FOR ZYPREXA:

"MAY TREAT: SCHIZOPHRENIA, BI-POLAR DISORDER, PSYCHOSIS..."

**EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - CONTINUOUS**

GUGINO and RIOS play ONE-ON-ONE beneath the lights. A physical game, high intensity. They GRUNT and SHOVE.

COFIELD (V.O.)

What happened at the Paradise Motel on June 12, 2013, was an act of self-defense. Warren Sutton was sent there by LAPD Brass to assassinate me...

**INT. HAYAKAWA'S CAR - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - CONTINUOUS**

ALEX HAYAKAWA sits alone in his car. He watches the trains roll into UNION STATION. He wipes tears from his eyes. Falling into his HAND: TWO CONTACT LENSES.

COFIELD (V.O.)

I was never supposed to make it home.

(MORE)

COFIELD (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 When he attempted to subdue me, and  
 inject me with a lethal substance,  
 I fought free and fired on him  
 once. Killing him instantly...

**INT. SACHS HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

PETER and OLIVIA (REYES) SACHS have sex on top of the covers.  
 Moonlight cuts in through the windows, illuminating their  
 bodies moving rhythmic, together.

COFIELD (V.O.)  
 To his family: Warren did not  
 suffer. To the Los Angeles Police  
 Department, shame on you. SHAME ON  
 YOU for what you've made me do...

**INT. GONZALES HOME - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

GINA GONZALES reads a bedtime story to her DAUGHTER. She  
 smiles, kissing the girl's forehead, hugging her close.

COFIELD (V.O.)  
 The blood of Orlando Perez and  
 Warren Sutton is on YOUR hands...

**INT. BLUE LIGHT BAR - WEST HOLLYWOOD - CONTINUOUS**

KELLEN POLK sits sipping a cocktail. The bar is drenched in  
 BLUE NEON LIGHT. Its MALE PATRONS TALKING, LAUGHING. But Polk  
 sits alone, looking lost. He nods to the MALE BARTENDER, who  
 refills his glass with a coy SMILE.

COFIELD (V.O.)  
 You have cornered an animal and  
 forced it to bite back against  
 you...

**INT. DRAPKIN'S APARTMENT - HOTEL STILLWELL - CONTINUOUS**

A LATE-MODEL LAPTOP glows on his messy desk. Drapkin moves to  
 it, clicks onto a BLOG SITE, he's setting up an account.

The TITLE CURSOR blinks. An empty space.

COFIELD (V.O.)  
 So I will come for you, and I will  
 not stop until you clear my name,  
 and tell the TRUTH to the people of  
 Los Angeles. That I am a GOOD COP.  
 A GOOD FATHER. AND A DECENT MAN...

Drapkin scratches his stubble, fighting himself. Then types:

THE SNITCH, WORDS FROM THE L.A. UNDERGROUND.

**INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS**

ALLISON stares down at the VIDEO. The faucet still running. Tears streaming down her face. She tries to muffle her SOBS. They well up from within.

COFIELD

(via phone)

I'm sorry Al. I didn't mean to, go on, I didn't mean to do a lot of things. But I'm ready to be the man you've always wanted. I'm going to fight for you, for myself, for the first time in a long time. And no matter what happens: I'll always love you, I'll always love our daughter. You tell her that. And keep the light on for me. I'll be home soon... Love. David.

The VIDEO FREEZES ON HIS FACE. Timed out. Allison collapses on the floor in a heap of tears. The phone falls and clatters across the tile.

PUSH IN ON: THE PHONE. ITS SCREEN CRACKED.

COFIELD'S FACE FROZEN BENEATH THE SHATTERED GLASS.

HOLD.

CUT TO:

**INT. DRAPKIN'S APARTMENT - HOTEL STILLWELL - NIGHT**

TIGHT ON: THE NEEDLE OF A RECORD PLAYER.

It touches down: MILES DAVIS - "TEMPUS FUGIT"

Syncopated sounds. The snare kicks. Tapping. Rhythmic.

Drapkin's computer glows in the darkness. Illuminating his face. His eyes tired. But something sparked within.

TIGHT ON: THE CURSOR.

It BLINKS to the music. On the empty page.

The HEADER: THE SNITCH glows at the top of the screen.

BLINK. BLINK. BLINK.

Drapkin types: DAVID COFIELD

He stares down at the name. The words. He leans back. Cracking his knuckles. Scratching the stubble on his chin.

His hands move forward. Fingers finding the keys.

He types THREE CHARACTERS at the end of Cofield's name:

DOT. DOT. DOT.

CUT TO BLACK:

THE END