

"BLUE FLU"

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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

A red haze of many fires hangs over the skyline accompanied by distant SIRENS and the random crack of GUN SHOTS.

WILLIAM SCOTT (mid 20s) rugged, in a blood stained POLICE UNIFORM covered by a PLAID SHIRT, runs past a BURNING CAR, a pistol drawn.

He looks like he's ran through hell.

GEORGE (V.O.)
(shouting, angry)
You looking at me, boy!? You think
you're better than everyone else!?
Is that it!?

A distant SCREAM is heard - a CAR roars past and screeches around a corner out of sight.

MILLIE (V.O.)
(little girl whispers)
Willie! Hide! Come in here with me!
Will! Quick! Before daddy finds us!

There's the sound of a STRUGGLE then a fierce and rhythmic THRASHING being administered to a WHIMPERING CHILD.

William runs.

SMASH TO:

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - PORCH - DAY

William (2) cute as a button, Millie (8) wide eyes ringed in black, and Stanley (10) a thin wretch of a boy with a split lip and black eye, sit on the white wood steps of a squalid house, paint split and peeling, windows grimy and dull.

William pulls his knees up to his chest as an unknown MAN approaches and casts a shadow across the scared children.

MILLIE
We can't find daddy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. WILLIAM'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

William (at 22) a little less rugged, his hair neat and short, his suit basic and quite stylish but missing a tie rushes about the apartment hunting for something.

He opens cupboards, checks in drawers, hurries to the...

FRONT ROOM

He turns over the cushions on the sofa, checks laden bookshelves, and rummages through an old desk in the corner.

WILLIAM

Shit!

He rushes into the...

BEDROOM

Where LISSA (20) a pretty Irish girl with auburn hair, and bright green eyes, stands on the bed wearing one of William's shirts and nothing else.

WILLIAM

Shit shit shit.

She eyes him with amusement as he darts about checking everywhere, then laughs and bounces up and down on the bed.

LISSA

You're going to be late, superman!

WILLIAM

Thanks Lissa, you could help me you know!

LISSA

Not likely, I find this very amusing, Willie.

WILLIAM

Hey! I said don't call me--

A double take - He realizes that she's WEARING HIS TIE.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You little--

Lissa deftly leaps from the bed and runs into the BATHROOM with a giggle.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Hey! I need that!

He gives chase...

INT. WILLIAM'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lissa backs up against the wall and raises her hands.

LISSA
Ya got me, copper, I give up.

WILLIAM
The tie?

LISSA
You have to cuff me first.

William tries to grab for the tie but Lissa pulls it playfully away at the last moment.

LISSA (CONT'D)
It was in the fridge. How did it end up in there?

She dangles it above her head so he has to move close to her to reach it - he kisses her... then uses the opportunity to snatch the tie back.

LISSA (CONT'D)
No fair! This is police discrimination just because I'm an immigrant!

WILLIAM
You know, you *do* have the right to remain silent.

LISSA
Not likely, fella!

He puts the tie on as Lissa peels off the shirt and steps into the shower pulling the curtain between them.

Lissa pokes her head around the curtain.

LISSA (CONT'D)
You'll be awesome, superman.

William kisses her - she dabs soap on his nose.

INT. WILLIAM'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - DAY

William walks out of the apartment, closes the door behind him, closes his eyes and takes a deep breath.

When he opens his eyes he seems injected with a new found confidence - he strides away.

MONTAGE

- Now in a POLICE RECRUIT'S UNIFORM William tackles a brutal ASSAULT COURSE with other RECRUITS in mud and rain while being shouted at by a fierce PHYSICAL TRAINING INSTRUCTOR.
- William trains with a pistol on a FIRING RANGE in a line of other recruits, he misses more than he hits.
- William and the Recruits take notes in a LECTURE THEATRE as a thin INSTRUCTOR gives a power-point on INTERNAL AFFAIRS.
- William studies from a pile of books in his FRONT ROOM. Lissa pushes over the book pile and straddles him.
- William steers a PURSUIT CAR at speed through a chicane.
- William and other Recruits take notes in a MOCK COURTROOM as a sharply dressed ATTORNEY lectures on law. It is clear by his expression that it's confusing stuff.

INT. BAR - NIGHT

William sits with other RECRUITS; BRADLEY (24) lean with a big smile, JASON (27) a powerhouse sporting an impressive cop moustache, and TIEL (24) a petite, determined woman.

They're in their civilian clothes and putting away pitchers of beer while music plays in a lively neon draped bar.

JASON
(to Bradley)
Man, your face.

Bradley rubs his neck, obviously in pain.

BRADLEY
She caught me by surprise is all.

WILLIAM
What happened?

TIEL
Bradley was arresting some grandmother for possession but turns out she used to be a black belt in Aikido.

BRADLEY

I thought karate masters were meant to be all philosophical and Buddhist and only use violence as a last resort?

JASON

Apparently you were the last resort, chump!

TIEL

It's aikido, and yes, violence is avoided where possible, it's purely a form of self defense.

(beat)

But sometimes it's just impossible to resist using it to hurt morons like you.

BRADLEY

Well, now she's got assaulting a police officer to boot. Hey Jason, so when you gonna' shave that muskrat off of your top lip? Its squeaking at night keeps me awake.

JASON

(stroking mustache)

You're just jealous on how such a fine specimen of a man could possibly look even more manly.

CHRIS (26) a muscular African American joins them.

CHRIS

Guys.

They all welcome him, Tiel pours him a beer from a pitcher.

TIEL

Chris.

(RE: William)

This is Willie, Willie, this is Chris.

WILLIAM

It's William.

CHRIS

A pleasure, Willie. Hey, I hear that Bradley got his ass kicked.

BRADLEY

She was shorter than Yoda and had tiny fists of iron.

TIEL

Size has nothing to do with it. You should know that, Bradley.

She looks down at Bradley's crotch.

Chris laughs as Bradley smiles sarcastically back at Tiel.

WILLIAM

(to Chris)

Why weren't you at briefing? I thought sarge was going to blow a fuse.

Chris looks pissed off, he takes a long drink from his beer.

CHRIS

Some idiot screwed up my paycheck, had to go see someone in admin but got sent to about five different people all saying the same shit.

TIEL

"Not my department"?

Chris nods.

CHRIS

I have bills to pay, we all do, yeah, I don't expect to get a fortune considering I could get fired at any moment.

BRADLEY

They're watching us carefully, man, you know that. The city can't afford any more bad press.

CHRIS

Well, we're here to protect and serve, right? In return, All I ask is that they get my paycheck right. So I go up there and this snooty bitch--

(to Tiel)

Pardon me, this "horrible woman", looks down her nose at me like I just took a crap in her cornflakes! Well, excuse me if I've just asked you nicely to put in a little bit of work to put right a mistake you made in the first place!

Chris slams his pitcher down in frustration.

JASON
Hey, calm down, man.

CHRIS
I know, I know. It's the principle.
It's not just the money. I joined
to help people, not go chasing
after stuck up pen pushers.

The group reflect on that for a beat.

Jason raises his glass.

JASON
Well, rookies, here's to the
future, itchy uniforms, late
paychecks, long shifts for little
thanks and getting sued for being
shot at while making absolutely
no difference.

They all toast and laugh.

A WAITRESS brings over a tray of pitchers of beer and nachos
and places them in the middle of the friends' table.

BRADLEY
(to waitress)
Thanks, honey.

She winks at him.

TIEL
(to William)
You've been quiet tonight, you
okay?

WILLIAM
I'm fine, I just think that people
are better than that.

JASON
Really?

WILLIAM
I really do think that we make a
difference, I think we make a big
difference.

JASON
Sounds a bit naive to me. I mean,
sure, we're there to try, but the
bad guys have got bigger guns and
less to lose.

WILLIAM

I just refuse to be so negative about this.

CHRIS

Newbie blues. Get's them every time.

WILLIAM

Why the hell put on a uniform then?

TIEL

So, you're going to go out there and clean up the streets on your own? Like some Dirty Harry but with better hair?

WILLIAM

That's not what I meant. It's too complicated to debate, but I do know that I am here because I *want* to do it not just *have* to do it.

(beat)

I just really want to help people.

The men laugh but Tiel takes it on board and smiles.

TIEL

I can get behind that.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - GARDEN - DAY

Stanley (now 30) hard and handsome, works a barbecue with the help of his wife JENNIFER (27) warm and gentle, while NEIGHBORS share in polite conversation and laughter.

Bunting hangs across a fence: "CONGRATULATIONS!"

FRANK (55) a broad chested power house kisses his warm and rosy wife, ANNE (54) on the cheek, his love for her obvious.

William sits away from the main party on a SWING-SET and nurses a soda as Millie (now 28) pale and frail but with huge kind eyes takes a seat next to him.

WILLIAM

You okay? Not too crowded?

MILLIE

It's okay, I've been getting some air when I need.

(beat)

(MORE)

MILLIE (CONT'D)

You look like you don't want to be here.

WILLIAM

I'm fine, Millie. It's for me, how could I miss it?

MILLIE

I know when you're lying, William. You're awful at it.

WILLIAM

Maybe you could give me some pointers.

MILLIE

I'm trying to be a good sister.

WILLIAM

You are. I'm just sorry I don't come to visit as often. When you and Stanley moved out, I promised myself that things wouldn't change but I--

MILLIE

We should have took you with us.

WILLIAM

It's okay, Stanley was there for you and he knew I was fine here with mom and dad.

He looks over to Frank and Anne.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

They were good to us. Not many foster parents would have taken a family of three in like they did. We were lucky not to get split up.

Millie gives his hand a comforting squeeze.

MILLIE

Very lucky.

Lissa approaches.

LISSA

I got a feeling that Stanley wants to make a toast. Thought I'd give you the heads up.

WILLIAM

Shit.

Lissa kisses William on the lips and straightens his tie.

LISSA

Your public awaits.

FRANK AND ANNE

They now stand on their own and away from the other guests.

FRANK

You think he'll be okay?

He motions towards William with the tongs.

ANNE

Will you stop worrying. He was in the top ten percent at the academy. He'll do fine.

FRANK

(not impressed)

When he gets out there in the real world, grades and ribbons and trophies aren't going to protect him. He ain't tough, Anne. He should have gone for the desk job.

ANNE

You're being too hard on him.

FRANK

Look at Stanley, married with a good job.

ANNE

Being a cop is a good job and Lissa is a lovely girl.

Anne smiles and strokes Frank's greying hair which seems to calm him down.

FRANK

I just don't want him being a push over. He shouldn't let what that bastard father of their's did to them dictate his future. He let it haunt him at school, I don't want it following him.

(beat)

I mean... He ruined that girl.

Frank and Anne look over to Millie, pale and delicate.

ANNE

We did everything we could, Frank.
It's his turn now.

Stanley rings the side of his bottle with his keys to get everyone's attention.

STANLEY

Please! Can I get you all to shut
up for a minute!

(beat)

Don't make me get my brother to
arrest you all!

Everyone laughs as they quiet down and turn to face him.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Thank you, I just wanted to say a
few words for my brother, he starts
his new job tomorrow and I know the
streets are going to be a lot safer
with him on them. I remember when I
dropped him off at the academy, he
looked so small in that uniform.
But now it fits him... It suits
him.

(to William)

Get over here.

Millie and Lissa pull William to the front where everyone
smiles and lets out a small ripple of applause.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Yeah, there he is, my little
brother! Just don't get too big for
your boots, I can still kick your
ass! Anyway... You all know us...
The three Scott kids. We wouldn't
be who we are today if it wasn't
for our wonderful foster parents,
Frank and Anne.

Everyone turns to Frank and Anne to applaud and toast them,
Anne smiles and blushes, Frank waves them off.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Seriously. We wouldn't even be
here. And my little bro wouldn't be
starting his first day as a cop
tomorrow!

(beat)

A cop! Can you believe it?

(MORE)

STANLEY (CONT'D)

Everyone join me in a toast and
congratulate William on his new job
and good luck and good fortune
catching bad guys!

EVERYONE TOGETHER

To William!

Lissa kisses William.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

William and Jason, both in freshly pressed uniforms, sit in a
briefing room with twenty or so other COPS.

SERGEANT HOPPER (40s) slow speaking, tired with greying hair,
addresses the gathered Cops.

HOPPER

Okay, good morning, hope you're all
well rested and ready for the day
ahead.

(checks notes)

We have two new rookies starting
tonight, Officers William Scott and
Jason Carver, please make them feel
welcome and point them in the right
direction if they get turned
around.

Most of the Cops nod in welcome.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

Officer Scott, your FTO is going to
be Officer Norris.

NORRIS (30s) rotund, gruff, with little hair left turns in
his seat and nods at William who nods back.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

Go easy on him, Norris, show him
how we do things around here.
Officer Carver, your FTO is going
to be Officer Mallard...

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR (MOVING) - CITY STREETS - DAY

William drives as Norris rides shotgun.

NORRIS

Nice and slow, steady and calm,
make a presence known but don't be
too obvious.

(beat)

Drive casual, Willie.

They turn into some of the rougher streets where graffiti,
destitution, SREETWALKERS and GANG MEMBERS hold dominion.

WILLIAM

It's actually, William, Norris.

NORRIS

Some of the situations you face
will be quite similar to one
another, another woman with a black
eye, another missing car, another
stop n' rob, but don't get too
complacent, every day is different
if you look carefully enough.

(beat)

You get too comfortable too soon
and you'll be dead by year end.

WILLIAM

I'll do my best.

Norris looks out at several homeless JUNKIES crammed into the
doorway of a DERELICT BUILDING.

NORRIS

Son, good intentions will get you
nowhere fast. It's about the law
and nothing else, there's no room
for personal crusades out here.

WILLIAM

I'm lucky to be in a position where
I can save lives, maybe change a
few.

Norris snorts in derision which makes William laugh.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I get it, you're the jaded,
calloused and crusty old copper
trying to make an impression on the
eager green rookie. Because of all
the pain, negativity and suffering
you've experienced you've given up
on making a difference and I'm out
here chasing windmills.

NORRIS
Windmills?

WILLIAM
Don Quixote, you should read more.
(beat)
I'm not proud, I'm just optimistic.

William looks out as they drive past a group of CHILDREN playing hopscotch on the cracked dirty-grey sidewalk.

NORRIS
That's not what I meant. I've saved lives, I've changed a few too. But for every "thank you officer" I get a hundred "Fuck you officer" and "What's your badge number, officer".

WILLIAM
Complaints? I aim to be a good cop.

Norris laughs loudly.

NORRIS
You got the lecture, you heard the cases, you can be the ideal white teeth, shiny badge, perfect hair cop, by the book with a pocket full of sunshine but some citizens will love, respect and hate you all at the same time.

WILLIAM
It's the way they vent, we're the face of authority, the government and it's all the city's fault that they are where they are, underemployed, cold and afraid.

NORRIS
They would have you believe that. Listen, son, you should always question and change the things you can, but try to accept the fact that there are those that cannot or will not be changed.

WILLIAM
I think I understand.

The car pulls up outside LAU'S LAUNDRY.

INT. LAU'S LAUNDRY - DAY

William and Norris enter, the owner, LAU (50s) a hawkish and wiry Chinese man, sweeps up the remains of a broken window.

NORRIS

Good morning, Mister Lau.

LAU

(angry)

Good morning!? GOOD MORNING!? Where the fuck have you been?

NORRIS

Calm down, Mister Lau, there's no need for foul language--

LAU

(ranting)

I get robbed and call police two hours ago! Two fucking hours!

NORRIS

Robbery? Sir, we understood it was vandalism, a broken window. There was no mention of a robbery.

LAU

They stole my business when they smashes the window! Are you stupid? Fucking Latino kids did it!

NORRIS

I won't warn you again, calm down.

Norris rolls his eyes at William as Lau rants again.

LAU

Twenty years I've been here, I get cops come here too, I wash the blood out of their shirts and pants and this is the thanks I get?

WILLIAM

We came as fast as we could.

LAU

Two fucking hours!

NORRIS

Calm down!

LAU

I am fucking calm!

Lau wields his broom like a spear and thrusts it at the cops.

LAU (CONT'D)

I want justice! I want those
fucking cock-suckers caught so they
can pay for my window!

WILLIAM

Put the broom down, sir.

LAU

What are you even doing here? You
can see the window is broken, you
should be catching the fucking
vandals that did this!

NORRIS

We have to ask a few questions, now
put the broom down!

LAU

Go do police stuff you fuckers!

Lau prods Norris in the chest with the broom.

NORRIS

Sir!

LAU

Lazy fuckers do nothing! I pay
taxes and pay and pay! And you do
nothing!

He thrusts the broom again but this time William steps in,
disarms Lau and manipulates him to the floor.

LAU (CONT'D)

(in Chinese, subtitled)

Aaaagh! Cock sucking fucking mother
fuckers! My arm!

WILLIAM

You're under arrest for assaulting
a police officer and disorderly
conduct. You have the right to
remain silent...

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR (MOVING) - CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

Lau is in the back behind the cage ranting and shouting in
Chinese as Norris and William sit up front.

MONTAGE

- William and Norris attend a minor ROAD TRAFFIC ACCIDENT and try to control the two DRIVERS as they shout at each other.
- William arrests two CHILD SHOPLIFTERS (9) in a GROCERY STORE. He removes a hoard of candy from their pockets.
- William and Norris march a sky high and cuffed white-trash DRUNK to the patrol car, he is naked from the waist down and wearing a nun's veil.
- William marches a HOOKER in cuffs to the PATROL CAR, she turns and spits on William's shoe.
- William and Tiel are late at the OFFICE filling out piles of paperwork even as the JANITOR vacuums around him.
- William escorts a cuffed CLOWN to the PATROL CAR, realizes he doesn't have the car keys, Norris pulls out a spare set.

INT. VICTIM'S FRONT ROOM - DAY

William stands in a grim room scattered with junk and looks sadly upon a long dead OLD MAN (70s) in a wing-back chair.

The man is buzzing with flies, still in a stained white vest, the TV casts strange colors and shadows across his face.

GOSSIPING NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

I'm not one to complain normally
but it'd been five weeks since he
took out his garbage and I usually
see him like clockwork. Such a nice
man, I never knew his name... How
about that, fifteen years I've been
next door and never knew his name.

Norris enters and wrinkles his nose.

NORRIS

No matter what they teach you at
the academy, they can never quite
prepare you for the smell. After
the first... you'll never forget
it... no one ever forgets their
first DB call.

WILLIAM

He died alone.

NORRIS

They usually do. People are scared to even talk to their neighbors nowadays. Say hello to a kid and you're a pedophile, smile at a pretty girl and you're a pervert.

Norris studies William's expression.

NORRIS (CONT'D)

Don't take this home with you. You'll see things that will haunt you all your days and nights but try to find an outlet away from the job because if you let it, this job will consume you.

INT. WILLIAM'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Stanley and Lissa prepare a meal, Stanley cuts vegetables while Lissa checks on a roast in the oven.

LISSA

Hmm, it's done. Hey, Millie dropped by earlier.

STANLEY

Oh boy, you sure know your way around a kitchen, Will is a lucky guy.

(beat)

She's doing well. Did William get to see her?

LISSA

I called him, his cell was off.

STANLEY

Damn it.

LISSA

He just needed to catch up on some paperwork.

STANLEY

Family first. Always first.

LISSA

He knows that, it's just bad timing.

Lissa leans on the counter and draws back a heavy sob.

STANLEY
 Hey... Hey, what's the matter?
 (beat)
 It's okay, I didn't mean anything--

LISSA
 I know, Stanley, I know. I'm okay.
 She straightens back up and composes herself.

LISSA (CONT'D)
 Seriously, I'm fine.

STANLEY
 Are you sure?

Lissa nods.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
 Okay, but if you need anything...

DINING ROOM

Jennifer sets the table as William pours out four glasses of wine and Stanley and Lissa enter with the food.

JENNIFER
 That smells so good.

Jennifer seems to detect something up with Lissa but Stanley gives her a "don't ask" look.

LATER

The meal finished, Stanley, Jennifer, Lissa and William sit around the table and relax with wine and laughter.

Stanley raises a glass to William.

STANLEY
 Here's to you little brother, I'm proud of you, I really am. You're going to make captain in record time.

Lissa smiles cordially.

WILLIAM
 I'm gonna' try.

LISSA
 You don't sound confident.

WILLIAM

What?

LISSA

You sound like you're not sure. Are you sure, Will?

STANLEY

He's fine. Right, Will? Getting things done!

WILLIAM

It's rough out there. I won't lie. But, we're human beings still, right?

His anger rises, his voice gets louder.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

We have feelings and emotions and... There was this guy, right. Only, we had no evidence that he was responsible for those bruises around his six year old shoe-less daughter's neck. We had to say "have a nice day, sir" and walk away.

(beat)

How can we help?

JENNIFER

(horrified)

You informed social services, right?

STANLEY

yeah, a lot of good it did. No doubt they've got a backlog and are short-staffed. By the time they get to her, it'll be too late.

William looks to each of them, lets out a cleansing breath.

WILLIAM

Sorry, I... had a hard day.

STANLEY

You got self control, brother. I wouldn't be able to stop myself from fucking that bastard up!

The four go quiet for a reflective beat.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
He's getting old, you should visit
him. He might not have that long
left.

WILLIAM
He won't even know I'm there.

STANLEY
That's not the point. And what
about mom?

WILLIAM
Stanley--

STANLEY
He's proud of you, you do know
that, right?

WILLIAM
He gave us a roof, that's all he
gave us. He never gave us his
pride.

STANLEY
He saved our lives.

WILLIAM
I may as well never have been
there. He's always doubted me.

STANLEY
You're talking out your ass, little
brother.

Lissa starts to weep.

WILLIAM
Honey?

Jennifer puts a comforting arm around her.

William takes her hand across the table.

STANLEY
Lissa, it's okay, we're just
sitting on different sides of the
same fence.

WILLIAM
(to Lissa)
Honey?

LISSA
 I know... I mean...
 (beat)
 It's not that.
 (beat)
 I'm pregnant.

There's a long beat of stunned silence then Jennifer squeals with delight, Stanley laughs loudly.

LISSA (CONT'D)
 We're going to have a baby, Will.

Stanley slaps William on the back, he remains stunned but then beams from ear to ear with unbridled joy.

WILLIAM
 I'm going to be a daddy?

STANLEY
 I'm going to be an uncle! Uncle Stan! Millie is gonna' freak the hell out!

Jennifer takes Lissa's glass of wine from her.

STANLEY (CONT'D)
 (to William)
 You be careful out there, you've got a family to look after now.

Lissa smiles through tears at William who locks her in an embrace, kisses her gently and touches Lissa's flat stomach.

LISSA
 I thought you'd be...

WILLIAM
 What? No! I'm so in love with you right now, I'm so in love with my baby's mother!

He embraces her but Jennifer spots his flicker of fear.

EXT. WILLIAM'S APARTMENT - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Jennifer and Stanley get into their car and buckle up.

INT/EXT. STANLEY'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Stanley looks up at the apartment.

STANLEY

Did you see his face?

Jennifer nods sadly.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

I'm sure it's just the initial shock. He'll be jumping through hoops by morning, you wait and see.

JENNIFER

Maybe.

Stanley sighs as he starts the car and pulls away.

JENNIFER (CONT'D)

He's seen the stats, seen the cruel things people do to one another, even to children, and wondered how someone could bring a helpless life into a world like that.

EXT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

William and Jason knock on the door of an old house with a neat garden and white picket fence, their patrol car parked out front.

The door opens to reveal a prim OLD WOMAN (70s) who looks the two cops up and down.

OLD WOMAN

About time, I called over an hour ago.

INT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

William and Jason sit in wing back chairs as the Old Woman hands them each a cup of tea.

WILLIAM

Thank you, ma'am.

The place is bustling with CATS that crawl all over Jason who keeps pushing them away.

OLD WOMAN

I'm not one to complain usually but, well, it's the new people across the street.

William reads from his notebook.

WILLIAM

You said that you witnessed them
"waving guns around" and playing
"very loud music".

OLD WOMAN

All night, I can't sleep and
they're disturbing my lovelies too,
poor Fluffles' hair is falling out.
(to cats)
Yes, they are very bad people,
aren't they, my lovelies?

JASON

It's the part about the guns that
we've come about, you definitely
saw these guns, ma'am?

OLD WOMAN

Oh yes, well... Not exactly.

WILLIAM

"Not exactly?"

JASON

Did you see weapons or not?

William pushes a cat off of his lap and moves to the window.

OLD WOMAN

Not yet, but it's only a matter of
time! And prevention is better than
cure, right?

WILLIAM'S POV - OUT WINDOW

ACROSS THE STREET a young respectable looking BLACK COUPLE
leave their house and strap their BABY DAUGHTER into the back
of their car.

BACK TO SCENE

William turns away from the window.

WILLIAM

So there were no guns.

OLD WOMAN

Well, not exactly, but I know they
have some, their sort, they always
do, don't they!

William looks to Jason with a disgusted expression.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
Are you going to arrest them?

EXT. OLD WOMAN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Jason and William leave the house - the Old Woman stands in the doorway.

OLD WOMAN
I can't believe you're not going to do anything!

She shouts across the street.

OLD WOMAN (CONT'D)
This used to be a nice neighborhood!

JASON
Have a nice day, ma'am.

The Old Woman slams her door.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

William places his uniform, badge and other effects in the locker and retrieves his watch and wallet.

PHOTOGRAPHS of Lissa, Stanley, Millie and Jennifer and a BABY SCAN are tacked to the inside of the door.

JOE
That's one good looking family.

JOE (26) muscular with an intense gaze, occupies the opposite locker and dries himself off after a shower.

WILLIAM
Pardon me?

JOE
Sorry, man, I was just being nosey, couldn't help notice the photographs. So how long?

WILLIAM
Twelve weeks, it's Joe, Joe Myers, right?

JOE
(offers hand)
That's me, I heard about you,
you're doing okay, throwing
yourself in ass first, how are you
finding it?

WILLIAM
(shaking hands)
Hard work.

JOE
It gets a little easier. Norris is
a great FTO, he taught me too.

Joe nods at the pictures as he continues to dress.

JOE (CONT'D)
You're doing this for them, right?

WILLIAM
Kind of... And myself.

JOE
Don't let the reason become the
problem. Go home, rookie.

Joe smiles as William chuckles.

WILLIAM
And what about you?

Joe opens his locker with a shrug, the inside door, often the
place to pin photographs, is ominously bare.

JOE
This is the only family I have now.
Guess why?

WILLIAM
She left you because you were never
home.

Joe clicks a 'you-got-it-gun' and winks.

JOE
Good talking with you, Willie.

WILLIAM
You too, and it's William, why the
hell are people calling me Willie?

JOE
We're all Willies for our first
year, didn't they tell you?

Joe smiles, grabs his gear, and heads out.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - HOPPER'S OFFICE - DAY

William sits opposite Hopper who shuffles through paperwork.

HOPPER
Coffee?

William shakes his head, Hopper checks a few more pages,
clears his throat.

HOPPER (CONT'D)
You're a hard worker, diligent and
punctual. Norris says you have a
lot of potential.

WILLIAM
Thank you.

HOPPER
Someday, you may make a great cop,
but you have to learn to bend with
the wind. You need to slow down and
watch your pace or you'll get
swamped and start making mistakes.

WILLIAM
Sergeant? I don't understand, have
I done something wrong?

Hopper passes some papers across the table, William glances
over them before noticing an error that makes him turn pale.

HOPPER
An easy mistake to make, if you've
been burning the candle at both
ends what with a new family coming
and all. Your head is back at home
when it should be with you at the
desk. Keeping family matters out of
the work place is an important
skill to master. Paperwork is as
much about policing as making
arrests and catching bad guys.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry, Sergeant, this won't...
I mean... It's been a mad couple of
months trying to settle in--

Hopper cuts him off with a raised hand.

HOPPER

Son, because of a simple clerical
error, prosecution won't be able to
take this anywhere and a known wife
beater and drug dealer will get off
the hook.

William looks sick to the stomach, his lips go dry.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

Norris has been asked to keep an
eye on your report writing for a
while.

Hopper regards the disappointment on William's face.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

Just try to keep your nose clean
and your work accurate, and you'll
go far but fail to pace yourself
and you'll burn out way before
you're meant to.

William lets this sink in but it is clear he is pissed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. PAWN SHOP - DAY

William, older, tired and weathered with longer hair and
unshaven, sits behind the cage front counter surrounded by
shelves loaded with pawned stereos, TV's and other gear.

SUPER: "1 YEAR LATER"

A fidgety and nervous looking addict, JEROME (37) strolls in,
eyes darting about, sweaty brow and shifty look.

JEROME

Sup'

WILLIAM

What you got?

Jerome puts two gold watches down on the counter. William
takes out an eye glass and examines them both.

Jerome sniffs and shuffles from foot to foot, one eye on the door, the other on the watches.

JEROME

Well, man? What do you think?

WILLIAM

I think they're fake.

JEROME

What the fuck!? Nah, man, they ain't fake, that's gold right there!

WILLIAM

Ten bucks each.

JEROME

Ten fucking bucks? For solid gold watches? They're Rolex, man!

WILLIAM

Fake.

JEROME

Fuck.

WILLIAM

Look, you want the money or not? I ain't got time for this, Jerome. My boss comes back and sees this and I get fired.

JEROME

Thirty!

WILLIAM

Twenty!

JEROME

Okay okay, give me the twenty, mother-fucker.

William counts out the money and puts the two watches behind the counter.

Jerome takes the money and makes a quick exit as LUIGI (25), muscular with a thick neck, a pro-wrestler on crack, enters.

Luigi eyeballs Jerome as he cowers past him and out.

WILLIAM

Luigi. You're back.

LUIGI

No, mother-fucker, I'm an apparition.

WILLIAM

Whatever, you ready to do business or do you want to waste my time again.

LUIGI

I asked about you, nobody around knows you. but some guys out of Parkrose spoke up for you.

WILLIAM

I don't give a shit what people say about me. I'm a business man, plain and simple.

LUIGI

Right... Business.

WILLIAM

Are you gonna' buy me dinner first or just jerk me off?

Luigi's face turns cold, stalks up to the cage, glares through the wire at William and locks eyes with him for a tense beat.

LUIGI

Okay. Out back, five minutes.

William nods, Luigi strides out of the shop.

EXT. PAWN SHOP - BACK ALLEY - DAY

William enters a garbage strewn alley where Luigi waits near a battered old car.

William takes a deep breath and approaches him.

WILLIAM

Well?

Luigi unlocks the trunk and produces a brown PAPER BAG.

Luigi checks that there's nobody watching then pulls a SILVER SEMI AUTOMATIC HANDGUN from the bag and points it at William.

William takes a step back.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Whoa! Wait a minute!

Luigi doesn't see William reach for a hidden compact semi automatic pistol tucked away in the small of his back.

Luigi breaks into a broad grin and laughs. He turns the pistol around and hands it grip first to William.

LUIGI
I'm just fucking with you, man. You need to relax.

William breathes a sigh of relief then takes the pistol, he turns it over in his hands and examines it.

WILLIAM
How many and how much?

LUIGI
There's nine for now, a hundred a piece.

WILLIAM
You're selling them for a hundred each?

LUIGI
Yeah--

A POLICE CAR drives around the corner, reds and blues FLASHING, it gives a short BLAST on the siren.

WILLIAM
What the fuck!?

LUIGI
Hey! I didn't bring them here!

Luigi pulls a gun from the back of his pants and aims at the OFFICERS in the car.

The two Officers step out of the car and take cover behind the open doors, pistols drawn on Luigi.

OFFICER #1
Drop the fucking gun!

OFFICER #2
Don't be stupid! Put it down!

William turns and runs the other way just as a SECOND POLICE CAR blocks off the other exit.

Two more OFFICERS alight from the second car and aim their pistols at William, one of them is Jason.

JASON

Get down on the ground! NOW!

Luigi roars with anger, throws his gun at the wall then lowers himself to the ground, his hands behind his head, he's done this before.

William does the same.

LUIGI

Shit.

The Officers stalk forward and cuff William and Luigi.

Jason lifts William to his feet and takes him to the car.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Luigi, in a suit but still menacing, sits at the defence bench next to his DEFENCE LAWYER (34).

The JUDGE (55) considers some notes from over the top of his half-moon spectacles.

JUDGE

In the case of the state versus
Warren Leslie Jones--

LUIGI

It's Luigi, get my god damn name
right.

Luigi's defence Lawyer flinches with embarrassment, the Judge speaks louder and firmer.

JUDGE

In the case of the state versus
Warren Leslie Jones on the charge
of Felon in possession of a
firearm, possession of stolen
firearm and the sale of a stolen
firearm the jury finds you guilty
on all counts.

At the PROSECUTION BENCH a PUBLIC PROSECUTOR (32) sits next to William now clean shaven, hair short again, in UNIFORM.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
(to Luigi)
I sentence you to thirty-six months
in the state penitentiary.

William looks disappointed, Luigi glares at him with a venomous look but William shrugs it off.

JUDGE (CONT'D)
The city thanks the hard work of
Corporal William Scott and the
undercover efforts taken by
Rockwood Police Department.

WILLIAM
Thank you, your honor.

Two COURT BAILIFFS move toward Luigi who keeps his eyes on William until the last possible moment as he is taken away.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - OFFICE - DAY

William enters the room to a ripple of applause from the gathered OFFICERS including Jason, Chris and Tiel.

HOPPER
Alright, alright people, back to
work.
(to William)
Good work, Scott.

Jason shakes William's hand, the other officers take turns patting him on the back as they go back to their jobs.

JASON
Hope I wasn't too rough on you.

WILLIAM
You took the skin off my knees when
you picked me up.

JASON
Yeah, you could do with losing a
few pounds.

TIEL
Three years though.

WILLIAM

Yeah, not what I'd hoped for, two months working in that shit pit handing over a few dollars here and there to crack addicts coming in with stolen goods.

TIEL

Ah, that reminds me, we traced the owners of the two Rolexes Jerome sold you. He didn't even say thanks. Looked like the guy already had a closet full of them to begin with too.

WILLIAM

Well, he didn't thank you but I'm sure the warm fuzzy feeling you get when you return someone's property made it all worth it.

TIEL

Right.

FADE TO BLACK:

SUPER - "1 year later"

MONTAGE

- William and Lissa put their daughter ABIGAIL (2) in her bed and embrace each other, glowing with pride.
- William studies at a lap top.
- Jason chases and tackles a PURSE SNATCHER to the ground.
- Luigi is released from PRISON and jumps straight into a LOW RIDER filled with tattooed GANG MEMBERS.
- William, in a SWAT recruit's tracksuit, runs an ASSAULT COURSE with Joe.
- Luigi meets some GANG MEMBERS outside of a run down APARTMENT block and hands over a brown paper bag.
- William and other SWAT RECRUITS train at ROOM CLEARING armed with MP5 SMGs and armored in helmets and vests.
- Tiel sits in HOPPER'S OFFICE, by the body language and expressions he is obviously giving her a dressing down.

- William, Lissa and Abigail move into a NEW HOUSE. Stanley helps but struggles to carry a sofa up the STAIRS.
- Millie helps William and Lissa paint the new FRONT ROOM.
- Chris and some other COPS burst into a squalid APARTMENT and arrest several DEALERS. Some flee, others surrender.
- William and Joe along with other SWAT RECRUITS perform a BREECH AND CLEAR on a TRAINING HOUSE.
- The GANG MEMBERS gather around a table in a PUTRID KITCHEN and open Luigi's brown paper bag revealing several HAND GUNS.

EXT. ROCKWOOD CITY STREETS - DAY

William drives a PATROL CAR, a CAR in front runs a red light. William sounds the siren once, flashes the blue and reds and pulls the CAR over.

The driver is JESSICA (42), her daughter CHARLOTTE (20), dressed in a sharp suit, sits in the passenger seat.

William gets out and approaches her window.

JESSICA

(annoyed)

What's the problem, officer?

WILLIAM

Ma'am, I stopped you because you ran a red light back there.

JESSICA

It was about to turn. Sorry, I didn't see you behind me.

WILLIAM

It wasn't even yellow. "About to turn" isn't good enough, you had plenty of time to stop.

CHARLOTTE

We're in a hurry, just smack my mother's wrists and we can be on our way. Okay?

(to Jessica)

I'm going to be late for the interview, mom! I can't afford to miss this! I need this job!

WILLIAM

That's no excuse to run a red light, you would have been much later for the interview if you'd had to stop by the hospital first, right?

(to Jessica)

I need to see your license.

She rummages through her purse then the glove box.

CHARLOTTE

(to William)

You should be ashamed of yourself, you should be fired, wasting police time like this! You should be out there catching real criminals instead of harassing us. That's what this is you know, harassment! You should be out catching rapists!

Jessica finds her license and hands it to William.

WILLIAM

I just need to run your information on the computer real quick. I'll be right back.

William heads back to his car.

She looks into her REAR VIEW MIRROR.

CHARLOTTE

Asshole.

JESSICA

Just let me handle this.

William returns.

WILLIAM

(writing her up)

Everything checks out fine, thank you, Ma'am, I've issued you a citation.

JESSICA

What the hell?

WILLIAM

For disobeying a traffic control device; the red light back there.

(MORE)

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

The court date is at the bottom of the citation and if you have any questions there's more information on the back.

William hands the ticket back to Jessica but Charlotte snatches it off of her.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Have a great day and drive safely now.

(to Charlotte)

Good luck in your interview.

Charlotte throws him a sarcastic smile.

William watches Jessica and Charlotte drive away.

INT. WILLIAM'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

William, Lissa and Abigail sit at dinner, William helps Abigail as she messily spoons food into her mouth.

WILLIAM

She just got to me, you know?
Called me an asshole! She thinks I didn't hear her but I did!

(to Abigail, baby voice)

Yes she did, yes she did.

LISSA

Will! Not in front of Abi!

WILLIAM

Oh, Abigail doesn't mind.

(to Abigail)

Does she?

Abigail squeals with laughter.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Abigail loves curse words.

(to Abigail)

Don't you? Yes she does, yes she does.

LISSA

You can't let them get to you, some people are just horrible.

WILLIAM

I don't know. She just didn't get it at all.

LISSA
She wouldn't.

WILLIAM
I just wish it was more...

Lissa kisses William on the forehead.

LISSA
You've just had a bad day, that's all.

WILLIAM
A bad day? A bad day is when you're sweeping up pieces of family after a road accident or informing some mother that her child isn't coming home! Some suit shouting at me because I wrote her a ticket is not a "bad day" it's normal and I should be able to deal with it.

LISSA
Okay, Will--

WILLIAM
All that other stuff, dead bodies and murdered kids. I try not to bring it home with me--

LISSA
(sarcastic)
And you're doing a damn fine job of that!

Abigail begins to CRY, Lissa picks her up and tries to comfort her.

LISSA (CONT'D)
You can talk to me about anything that's on your mind, Will. But you have to remember that I am not them, I am not that woman in the car and I am not the media or city hall.

William reaches out for Abigail but Lissa takes her into the FRONT ROOM leaving William alone with his thoughts.

EXT. ROCKWOOD CITY STREETS - DAY

William and Jason drive through the streets in their PATROL CAR passing run down tenements and boarded up stores.

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR (MOVING) - CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

William rubs his sore neck.

JASON
Training getting harder?

WILLIAM
And then some.

Jason runs a comb through his moustache as he talks.

JASON
I tell you, brother, you get picked
for SWAT and you can kiss any kind
of spare time goodbye.

WILLIAM
I'm really getting into it, plus
the salary is a nice boost.

JASON
Well, good luck to you. What with
Lissa going back to work, I just
hope the extra pressure doesn't
take its toll.

WILLIAM
What do you mean?

JASON
The divorce rate of SWAT officers
is ten times that of regular cops.

WILLIAM
Where did you hear that?

JASON
I read a lot.

WILLIAM
You made that up. Don't make shit
up!

JASON
Think about it.

They're interrupted by DISPATCH on the radio.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

(over radio)

Eleven six five, I've got a report of a hot family-beef with a report of a possible gun involved at one eight seven three oh south east Yamhill.

JASON

(into radio)

Copy that, eleven sixty five en-route.

William sounds the siren and puts his foot down.

EXT. BRYSON STREET - HOUSE - DAY

A run down white washed and peeling house with a decrepit porch and overgrown garden out front.

William and Jason pull up slowly and cautiously - they get out and stealthily approach the house, their hands resting on the hand-grips of their pistols.

JASON

I'll check the back.

Jason makes his way around the back - William approaches the front door and knocks on it.

WILLIAM

Rockwood police. Come to the door!

A beat of silence.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Come to the door or we're coming inside!

The door FLIES OPEN and William is barged aside by Luigi, wide eyed and raging, his bulk sends William to the ground.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Police officer! Stop!

Luigi stares down at William, a spark of recognition.

William draws his pistol and points it at Luigi.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Don't.

Luigi takes off.

William aims at the fleeing Luigi, an easy target but growls in anger, rises to his feet and gives chase.

EXT. SIDE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Luigi leaps over garbage cans - sprints towards a high fence but William is right behind him.

WILLIAM

Stop!

Luigi bounds over the fence - William manages to grab his ankle but loses his grip - Luigi lands on the other side and runs into a BACK ALLEY.

William scrambles over the fence...

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Back yards meet in a maze of wood and wire fences, DOGS BARK at Luigi as he runs towards the BACK YARD of a house.

William gives chase, legs and arms pumping, determined.

EXT. HOUSE - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Luigi runs, slams through the BACK DOOR...

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Luigi crashes into a table and throws it aside like it was made of plastic - He pushes over chairs and runs into the...

INT. HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A MARRIED COUPLE watching TV scatter as Luigi barges into the room and barrels through the FRONT DOOR...

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT YARD

William sprints along the SIDE OF THE HOUSE.

Luigi emerges from the house - and is tackled from his blind side by William - William takes Luigi to ground and tries to get a grip on the immense man.

WILLIAM

Stop resisting, it's over!

Luigi roars and slams William with several powerful blows - William catches a couple of them - they roll in the dust.

The fight is brutal and desperate, William is precise and agile, he dodges and weaves away from Luigi's massive fists.

William pulls his pistol - Luigi grabs William's hands - they twist and turn fighting for dominance and the weapon.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Give up! Why are you doing this, I know who you are! Why are you fighting me? Do you want to go back to jail?

LUIGI

It'll take more than just you to take me to jail! I'm not going back!

WILLIAM

Stop being stupid, you have a choice!

LUIGI

I already know what I am. Do you know what you are?

WILLIAM

I'm a cop.

LUIGI

You sent me to prison, motherfucker! I'm going to shoot you with your own gun!

(beat)

Then, I'm going to head over to your house and kill your baby while your skinny wife watches! Then I'm going to rape and kill her too!

William's eyes go wide first with fear then with anger - He screams and head butts Luigi who staggers back and crashes THROUGH the wall of a decrepit garden SHED.

Luigi disappears out of sight under the broken wood as the shed collapses on him obscuring him from sight.

William advances slowly on the pile of wood, his pistol ready, sweat and blood dripping from his brow.

WILLIAM

Show me your hands! Show me your fucking hands, Luigi!

Luigi erupts from the pile in a shower of broken wood and with a roar of anger, a shovel raised above his head.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Drop it!

Luigi charges - William starts to back up but falls backward, tries to wipe blood from his eyes - another GUNSHOT rings out and Luigi is hit in the shoulder - he drops with a gasp.

Jason stands off to one side, his pistol smoking.

JASON

Are you okay?

William lowers his pistol, his hands are shaking.

JASON (CONT'D)

Will?

WILLIAM

Yeah, yeah... I'm fine.

Luigi groans as he writhes on the ground in pain.

LUIGI

You fucking shot me, aaaah, you mother fucker.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - HOPPER'S OFFICE - DAY

William enters, Hopper looks up from his paperwork and motions for him to sit.

WILLIAM

You wanted to see me, Sarge?

HOPPER

Yeah, sit down, Corporal.

William sits with a concerned look.

HOPPER (CONT'D)

You remember pulling a silver SUV for running a red a few weeks back?

WILLIAM

Yeah, real nice mother and daughter team, a real class act.

HOPPER

Well, they've filed a complaint about you.

WILLIAM

What? Why?

Hopper hands a report to William and reads from his own copy.

HOPPER

(reading from report)

You were... disrespectful, rude and obnoxious. According to them.

WILLIAM

That's bullsh-- That's not true, sarge.

HOPPER

I know, I know, but there's procedures for this kind of thing, son. City Hall is tired of the image the media and anybody with a cell phone are painting us with, accusing us of racial profiling, wasting resources, corruption and other BS. They want us to take every complaint seriously and follow each one through to the end.

WILLIAM

So I get a written warning.

HOPPER

Her daughter has filed a tort claim. She's trying to say that you knew she was going to be late for her interview and so you deliberately made them stay. She says she didn't get the job because of you.

WILLIAM

Unbelievable.

HOPPER

Sorry, son. But when enough people complain, chances are we'll have to take some action to make everyone happy.

WILLIAM

Apart from the poor son of a bitch just trying to do his job?

HOPPER

You'll be getting a performance log entry for the complaint which will be held on file for a year. A written warning regarding courtesy will be held in your yearly evaluation file. That's how it works sometimes.

WILLIAM

I understand.

HOPPER

Good, because how you deal with this and get back out there will also be in my report, son.

(beat)

One more thing.

WILLIAM

Sarge?

HOPPER

Luigi, his case was a 'no-complaint' by the DA's office.

WILLIAM

What the hell?

HOPPER

He had no weapon on him and the female half of the beef claimed that they weren't fighting and that there was never a gun involved.

WILLIAM

Shit.

HOPPER

Truth is we'll never know, you know we get this all the time, some wife or girlfriend more scared of him than us. Either way Luigi claims that he wasn't armed and only ran from you because you threatened to come in and assault him.

WILLIAM

He was running.

HOPPER

He claims he was running from you because you have personal issue with him.

WILLIAM

That's crazy!

HOPPER

He's threatening to sue the department for the gunshot injury and wounds sustained during the arrest.

WILLIAM

What about the weapon discharge report?

HOPPER

Not enough. The old guy who reported it has a history of calling in drunk and telling stories. We can't even prove that there was a beef that night.

WILLIAM

Shit.

Hopper sizes William up for a beat.

HOPPER

The Chief wants an investigation on the shooting for another reason. Seems your report and Jason's are just a bit different and well... He shot Luigi, but you didn't...

WILLIAM

I had the situation under control.

HOPPER

Jason thinks different. I think you hesitated. You know that hesitation costs lives.

WILLIAM

What the fuck is going on here? Jason gets in trouble for firing, I get in trouble for not firing? Is that what you're saying?

HOPPER

I just want to know; what if it had been the other way around and your partner was in danger and you had the shot?

WILLIAM

Maybe I'm just trying to avoid
sending more bodies to the morgue
is all.

EXT. STANLEY'S HOUSE - BACK YARD - DAY

Stanley cooks on a barbecue, a beer in one hand. A gathering
of FRIENDS enjoy food, music, drink, and company.

SUPER: "Three years later".

Jennifer, Millie and Lissa chat as Abigail (now 5) plays with
other KIDS.

Tiel, Jason, Chris and William are gathered together.

TIEL

(to Chris)

We're missing you at Rockwood.

CHRIS

Parkrose is good, better coffee.
You guys can't stay at Rockwood
forever!

TIEL

You get time for coffee?

WILLIAM

That's the only difference though.

CHRIS

Damn straight. Same crank calls,
same false alarms, budget cuts,
paperwork--

WILLIAM

And complaints.

JASON

(to William)

Not this load again!?

WILLIAM

It's a fact! Do you know anybody
that hasn't been getting written up
lately? Anybody who hasn't had
something in their file? And most
all of it's just BS!? Shit, even
Jason has had complaints and he's
as straight as they come.

They all nod in agreement.

CHRIS

That's true.

TIEL

But when you fuck up, you have to be held accountable.

WILLIAM

I'm not saying that we shouldn't be held accountable, just only when it's deserved.

JASON

So who decides when that is?

WILLIAM

I'm sorry, but most of the kind of people who complain have either got something to hide or get some sort of revenge for being fined for running a red light.

TIEL

It's a career hazzard, comes with the territory.

WILLIAM

But it shouldn't.

JASON

I read that it costs over a hundred thousand dollars to train just one cop.

WILLIAM

You're making shit up again, Jason, Don't make shit up.

JASON

Seriously, I read it somewhere.

WILLIAM

The truth is that were expendable pawns who could easily be replaced. There were benefits for the life shortening job we've chosen.

TIEL

Like the orange theory.

WILLIAM

Damn straight.

JASON
Orange theory?

TIEL
There's now a trend to sacrifice officers to appease the public. They squeeze the juice out of the orange and when you have all you can get... you throw away the orange and get a new one. Sacrifice the cop, get rid of him and hire a new one who's hungry for a job.

WILLIAM
It wouldn't be so bad but we're expected to perform the same duties with less budget, medical benefit and retirement plan cuts, but I could put up with all of that, even the shitty hours and zero sleep, if the public would just believe that a few bad apples does not spoil the crop.

TIEL
The public have lost faith in the police, plain and simple.

WILLIAM
I'd like to see how they get on without us.

Tiel laughs.

Jason throws William a suspicious look.

TIEL
Going on strike?

CHRIS
Too little effect, a few cops stay home.

WILLIAM
But what if they all did?

TIEL
All of them? How?

JASON
Careful, Will. I know what you're suggesting.

CHRIS
(puzzled)
Someone care to enlighten me?

Jason eyes William.

WILLIAM
It's nothing, just a theory.

CHRIS
A theory about what?

WILLIAM
What if...

JASON
Will...

WILLIAM
What if we could just find a way to show them. The public couldn't know or realize what the aftermath of the criminal element would be when they don't have a fear of being caught by the police.

TIEL
How the hell do you close the police down? Even for one night?

WILLIAM
A week. A week where crime goes unanswered.

TIEL
No police? Word gets around and there's chaos, even martial law.

JASON
This is dangerous talk, William. I want no part in it.

Jason walks away.

WILLIAM
Let alone vigilantism.

Lissa approaches and detects the tension.

LISSA
Is everything alright?

INT. WILLIAM'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lissa brushes her hair and prepares for bed as William looks up something on his iPad, already in bed.

LISSA
Jason left early.

WILLIAM
Yeah.

LISSA
What did you say to him to get him so angry?

WILLIAM
Nothing.

Lissa stops brushing and climbs into bed next to William.

LISSA
Nothing? You'll have to try better than that.

William sighs and turns to Lissa.

WILLIAM
Blue flu.

LISSA
What? What's a blue flu?

WILLIAM
Imagine that all the cops called in sick, all at the same time.

LISSA
"All" the cops?

WILLIAM
No police, for at least a night.

LISSA
God. That would be terrible, I mean, why... Why would the police do that?

WILLIAM
I don't know... Maybe because the police are under appreciated and treated like crap when all they're trying to do is help.

Lissa looks at him with horror.

LISSA

So you would endanger the public, innocent people? Just because you didn't get a pat on the back or a thank you card? That's sick!

WILLIAM

It's meant to change how the public views us, to keep them from taking us for granted! To stop them from believing the media and making us the criminals.

LISSA

And when the dust settles and the final body count is revealed, you think people will be *grateful*?

(beat)

You know that if the Captain found out about this, you could forget about SWAT... You'd get fired. And where would that leave Abigail and Me?

WILLIAM

Nobody would know who started it, you use disposable cell phones, e-mail addresses and chat rooms to coordinate it.

LISSA

Will, I can't believe I'm hearing this.

Lissa turns her back on William and puts out the light.

WILLIAM

It's just a theory, honey. Just thinking out loud. I'm just frustrated.

Lissa sighs.

LISSA

I know... I love you.

WILLIAM

I love you too.

William turns back to his I-pad.

INSERT - IPAD SCREEN

An e-mail from Tiel - "I'm in".

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

William eats a bowl of cornflakes as he watches a TV.

ON TV - A NEWS REPORTER (33) stands before CITY HALL.

REPORTER

(on TV)

...Selling out Firefighter's and Police Officer's retirement benefits in a controversial spend some are labelling a "splurge" of wasted money on art installations. This comes mere weeks after an announcement of pay freezes for all emergency service members due to so called "budget issues"...

Lissa fixes her hair, kisses William on the cheek and heads to the door.

LISSA

Don't forget to pick Abi up from Stanley and Jennifer's about five.

WILLIAM

Got it.

REPORTER

(on TV)

...Leaving for better paying departments causing a severe shortage of seasoned officers. Sources report of short staffing that, coupled with more and more officers being suspended on accusations of racial profiling without investigation or sustained charge.

WILLIAM

Shit.

LISSA

Will? Did you hear me?

WILLIAM

Five, got it. I said I got it.

Lissa turns off the TV and embraces William.

LISSA

It's going to be okay, honey.

WILLIAM

I know. You have a good day.

He kisses her then puts his bowl in the dishwasher.

Lissa sighs and leaves.

INT. SWAT BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

William sits with other SWAT OFFICERS and Joe, dressed in black SWAT fatigues and cradling MP5 SMGs at the ready.

SWAT SERGEANT HINDS (30s) buff and chiseled with a weathered face, briefs the team.

HINDS

Okay, listen up, first of all,
welcome William Scott to the team.

The other SWAT Officers pat him on the back, nod in recognition or slap him on the side of the helmet.

HINDS (CONT'D)

The situation is...

EXT. CITY STREETS - DAY

A BUS pulls in at a stop, the DRIVER (30s) a chubby woman with bright pink hair, allows several PASSENGERS on board.

HINDS (V.O.)

At approximately fifteen hundred hrs, a bus was hijacked by a gunman, thought to be alone. This is an actual incident, this is not a training scenario.

INT/EXT. BUS - CITY STREETS - CONTINUOUS

One of the passengers is an scruffy and sweaty man (late 30s), he pulls a pistol and points it at the Driver's head.

HIJACKER

Drive! Fucking DRIVE!

DRIVER

Oh Jesus in heaven, oh my god.

The Passengers scream and shout but the Hijacker waves his pistol at them.

HIJACKER
 Shut the fuck up! We can't think
 with all this screaming and
 shouting going on!

The Hijacker's eyes are wide and crazed.

DRIVER
 Okay, okay, just calm down.

HIJACKER
 I am calm! DRIVE!

The Driver whimpers and drives the bus away from the stop.

DRIVER
 Wh... Where are we going?

HIJACKER
 Keep going straight!

HINDS (V.O.)
 We believe the Hijacker has already
 executed one hostage and holds
 another fifteen on board.

One of the Passengers - a broad TRUCKER (50s) suddenly rushes
 the Hijacker from his seat but is too slow - BLAM!

The Hijacker shoots the Trucker in the heart, he staggers
 then falls to the floor, the HOSTAGES scream.

HIJACKER
 Sit down!

DRIVER
 Oh Jesus.

HIJACKER
 I am Jesus!

The other Passengers whimper and hold onto each other, one
 WOMAN shelters her five year old SON against her chest.

HIJACKER (CONT'D)
 And I am here to save you all!

EXT. UNDER FREEWAY - DAY

The bus makes a turn into a road under a busy FREEWAY and
 comes to a stop as several POLICE CARS pull in at a distance.

HINDS (V.O.)

Around ten minutes ago, the bus came to a halt under interstate eighty four, the hijacker's demands are still unknown at this time as all attempts of communication have failed.

The COPS alight from their vehicles and spread out, covering the bus with drawn weapons.

A cop on a loud hailer addresses the bus.

LOUD HAILER COP

Come out with your hands raised. We have you cornered.

The bus REVS its engine.

INT/EXT. BUS (MOVING) - UNDER FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Hijacker prods the Driver with his pistol, she puts the bus in gear and fights back tears.

DRIVER

Please, let us go.

HIJACKER

This will all be over soon and we can rejoice in heaven!

EXT. UNDER FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The bus HURTLES towards the line of patrol cars and cops.

The bus hits the first patrol car sending it spinning as cops dive out of the way.

Several cops fire upon its tires, the bus sideswipes another car and comes to a halt in a cloud of dust and smoke.

INT/EXT. SWAT TRUCK (MOVING) - DAY

Joe, William and the other SWAT Officers sit in the rear along with Sergeant Hinds.

HINDS

You okay, Will?

WILLIAM

I'm good, ready to go.

HINDS

Stick with Joe and you won't go far wrong.

JOE

We've got each other's backs.

INT/EXT. BUS - UNDER FREEWAY - DAY

The Hijacker looks out of the windows at the gathered police outside, he keeps low and uses the passengers as cover.

HIJACKER

Here they are.

DRIVER

Please, just let us go.

HIJACKER

I can't, not yet.

(re: outside)

Here they are!

EXT. UNDER FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT TRUCK pulls up - the Officers alight from the back and ready weapons.

Hinds approaches a POLICE SERGEANT for briefing.

SERGEANT

Sergeant Hinds.

HINDS

What's the situation?

INT/EXT. BUS - UNDER FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Hijacker has his eyes closed, sweating and muttering something illegible under his breath.

He aims his pistol at a Hostage - a shaking STUDENT (18).

HIJACKER

Are you ready?

EXT. UNDER FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

There's the sound of a GUNSHOT from the bus followed by SCREAMING from the Hostages, the Cops startle and focus their aim.

The door on the bus opens and the DRIVER runs from the bus and towards the line of Cops, screaming with desperate fear.

COP
Hold your fire!

SERGEANT
It's one of the hostages!

There's another SHOT then another Hostage comes running from the bus, this time a wide eyed BUSINESSMAN (30s) in a suit and long coat, a briefcase still in his grasp.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Good god, he's executing them!

DRIVER
Please help me!

SERGEANT
Hold your fire!

Several cops rush forward to grab the Driver and the Businessman then drag them into cover.

HINDS
COMPROMISE! COMPROMISE! GO!
GO!GO!

The SWAT team, including Joe and William storm towards the bus as another SHOT rings out.

Two SWAT OFFICERS push the doors open - Throw two flash-bangs inside - They CRACK with a flash of light and blow the windows out - Joe and William storm onto the bus.

INT/EXT. BUS - UNDER FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

A smoky HAZE fills the bus, coughing and whimpering is heard from within - Hinds, Joe and William scan the interior with their weapons - step over the dead STUDENT.

William looks to the right - sees the MOTHER AND CHILD cowering in the foot-well between the seats.

Joe pulls the Mother and Child to safety - Hinds and William advance deeper into the haze, Hinds at the front...

Another body on the floor - the Hijacker in a pool of blood - the pistol still in his hand - he doesn't move.

They aim their weapons at him in a high-low configuration.

JOE
 (at Hijacker)
 Show me your hands!

Another Hostage is removed from the bus by Joe and William.

HINDS
 (at Hijacker)
 Do it!

The Hijacker STIRS and GROANS briefly, his fingers tighten around the pistol.

Hinds reacts - A BURST OF FIRE from his MP5 rings out.

The Hijacker contorts, then lies still.

EXT. UNDER FREEWAY - LATER

The area has been cordoned off, FORENSICS in white suits check over the bus as the horde of HOSTAGES including the Driver and the Mother and Child, are tended by PARAMEDICS.

DRIVER
 (to Cop)
 I just ran, he shot that poor kid
 and I just went for it.

BUSINESSMAN
 (to Cop, in tears)
 He shot himself in the head! He
 killed that kid then shot himself
 in the fucking head!

Hinds, Joe and William, vests off, sit on the back steps of their truck as COPS dash about performing their duties.

JOE
 He was already dead, Sarge.

HINDS
 He moved, he went for his weapon.

Joe and William exchange worried looks.

JOE
 Yeah, he did, Sarge.

INT. HEARING ROOM - DAY

Hinds sits in a suit at a long table where various OFFICIALS in suits or uniforms look upon piles of reports and notes.

Hinds shifts in his seat, a bead of sweat on his brow as a long beat of tense silence follows.

Eventually, the greying man in the middle, COMMANDER BENSON (56), resplendent in his dress uniform, clears his throat.

BENSON
Sergeant Hinds.

HINDS
Sir.

BENSON
It is the finding of this Use of Force Review Board that you may have discharged your weapon unnecessarily. Though it is clear that the suspect had been a lethal threat, he had turned his own weapon on himself prior to you entering the bus and he was still alive, but no longer an active threat, when you discharged your weapon, effectively killing him.

A beat as Benson stares down Hinds.

BENSON (CONT'D)
Therefore, it is highly possible, no, probable that the suspect would have been unable to discharge his weapon again due to the obvious trauma he had already inflicted upon himself and that as a highly trained SWAT Team Leader and sergeant, you should have been able to determine this information in the moments before you pulled the trigger.

Hinds looks horrified as the board confer in hushed voices.

BENSON (CONT'D)
It is therefore, the decision of this board that you be suspended from duty, with pay, pending further investigation and a decision by the Grand Jury.
(beat)
Dismissed.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Joe SLAMS a fist into a locker.

JOE
Motherfuckers!

William and the other SWAT Officers look despondent.

WILLIAM
Suspended.

JOE
We were there, man, the guy moved.

WILLIAM
Actually... he looked pretty
screwed up when we found him.

JOE
So you're saying he couldn't have
fired?

WILLIAM
I... I don't know... the smoke...

Joe squares up to William.

JOE
We look after each other here,
rookie. We cover each other's Asses
and if the sarge shot the guy, he
had a good reason.

A lean SWAT OFFICER, RAMIREZ (22), steps between them.

RAMIREZ
(to Joe)
Come on, he didn't mean what you
think he meant.
(to William)
Right?

WILLIAM
Right.

Joe backs down and ruffles William's hair.

JOE
Sorry, bro, just so pissed.

RAMIREZ
We all are.

INT. SEVEN/ELEVEN STORE - NIGHT

Luigi enters, he has a slight limp, and heads up several aisles checking out the various boxes, tins and bottles.

The CLERK (22) a fresh faced Middle Eastern man eyes Luigi.

Luigi limps to the counter with a bottle of toilet cleaner which the Clerk rings through the register.

CLERK
Anything else?

LUIGI
Matches.

The Clerk produces some matches from the shelf behind him.

While the Clerk's back is turned, Luigi pops the cap off of the toilet cleaner and pours most of it over the counter.

The Clerk turns to see the mess Luigi has made.

CLERK
What in hell?

Luigi takes the matches - removes one - then strikes it.

EXT. SEVEN/ELEVEN STORE - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER COBB, a rookie (20s) fresh faced from the academy pulls up at the store - gets out, whistling a merry tune and counting a handful of change, just as--

THWOOOM! The store's windows are blown out by a BALL OF FIRE ERUPTING from within like a blooming red and orange flower.

Cobb is blown onto his back in a shower of glass - he lies there for a beat before he comes to, blinks and coughs, small cuts covering his face.

He looks up to see Luigi limping away from the flames and towards a PICK UP TRUCK.

Cobb pulls his pistol - shakily aims it at Luigi but Luigi ignores him.

COBB
P... P... Put your hands up! Get
down on the floor!

Luigi grins, gets into his own PICK UP and roars away.

Cobb looks over his shoulder at his PATROL CAR then back to the flames - Bottles of liquor POP and EXPLODE.

COBB (CONT'D)

(into radio)
Eleven Sixty-One! Get me code 3 cover! Send medical for a burn victim and ATL a lone male suspect driving a an older gray full size pickup, possible plate of Oregon, Adam George Willy Four Eight Five or Four Nine five... I... I can't be too sure.

He peers after Luigi's pick up leaving the area.

EXT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Luigi parks his truck out front and steps out.

SIRENS are heard in the distance and the glow of the burning store from a few blocks away.

Luigi jogs up the steps to the...

EXT. FIRST FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Luigi walks past a few apartment doors until he comes to one in particular and recovers some keys...

The SIRENS get louder - Luigi peers over the edge of the landing and down to the entrance below...

EXT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - CONTINUOUS

Four POLICE CARS pull up and several COPS, Tiel and Jason alight, draw their pistols and run into the stairwell...

EXT. FIRST FLOOR LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Luigi abandons his key but draws his pistol with his free hand just as Tiel and Jason crest the top of the stairwell.

JASON

Drop it!

Luigi fires off a couple of SHOTS as he runs - Jason and Tiel duck into cover - the bullets shatter against stone walls.

JASON (CONT'D)

Fuck!

EXT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

The next stairwell along - Luigi looks down and sees two more COPS at the bottom - Luigi bounds up the stairs.

Jason and Tiel enter the stairwell and head up the stairs.

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - HALL - NIGHT

Tiel and Jason enter a dirty and graffiti scrawled hallway with apartment doors running down either side.

Loud muffled HIP HOP and a DOG BARKING comes from somewhere further in but then, a muffled SCREAM comes from behind one of the doors.

JASON

There!

Tiel and Jason rush towards the sound and come to an APARTMENT DOOR - they cover it from either side.

JASON (CONT'D)

Give it up! Come out with your hands up!

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Luigi hides behind a sofa, pistol held to the head of a scared FAT WOMAN (41) beside him in curlers and bath robe.

FAT WOMAN

Pl... Please, take what you want!
Just don't hurt me.

LUIGI

Shut the fuck up!

The door is kicked open by Jason - Tiel rushes into the room as Luigi fires - Tiel is hit square in the chest, just above her bullet proof vest and goes down - Jason open FIRES on Luigi.

JASON

Tiel!

Jason's shots send sofa padding flying creating a SNOW STORM of debris as he and Luigi exchange FIRE.

Jason is hit in the shoulder - Luigi takes a shot in the upper arm - ducks back behind the sofa and reloads.

LUIGI
Fuck you, cop!

Jason looks over to Tiel lying in a pool of blood, gasping for breath, her mouth opening and closing, eyes wide with confusion and fear.

Jason drags her out of the apartment with all his strength and kicks the door closed.

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Jason drags Tiel clear.

JASON
Hold on, Tiel.
(into radio)
Officer down! Code Zero! Send back
up!

He looks down on Tiel's blood flecked pale face, her lips move as if trying to speak, but no sounds come, her eyes, once bright and vibrant, become a dull blank stare.

JASON (CONT'D)
Tiel!

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Luigi pushes the sofa against the door with a roar of pain from his bloody upper arm wound.

He stalks over to the window.

LUIGI'S POV - OUT WINDOW

Several floors up, the ground below is swarming with POLICE CARS and washed with flashing red and blue.

LUIGI
(to Hostage)
Is there a fire escape?

FAT WOMAN
It don't work, been jammed for
years!

LUIGI
Fuck!

FAT WOMAN
You've been shot.

Luigi looks down at the bleeding hole in his upper arm.

LUIGI
Not the first time.

EXT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

Surrounded by PATROL CARS, COPS and PARAMEDICS painting the street in blue and red, the SWAT TRUCK pulls up.

The SWAT TEAM appear from the back, equipped with gas-masks and balaclava hoods - impossible to tell who is who.

They storm up the steps towards the upper landings, H&K MP5 SMGs at the ready.

INT. STAIRWELL - CONTINUOUS

Some SWAT members peel away and head into the HALL, the others continue up to the roof.

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - HALL - CONTINUOUS

The first team of SWAT take cover at either end of the hall with the Hostage's apartment between them.

Several SWAT help panicked and confused NEIGHBORS evacuate apartment by apartment and herd them down the steps.

EXT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - ROOF - NIGHT

The second team of SWAT reach the roof and head to the edge.

SWAT SNIPER (O.S.)
(over radio)
One hostage, door barricaded,
window clear for go.

They deploy ropes - check their gear - nod to each other in silence - then RAPPEL over the edge.

EXT. ROOFTOP ACROSS STREET - NIGHT

A SWAT SNIPER lies prone and looks through the scope of a silenced Remington 700p sniper rifle.

SNIPER'S POV - SCOPE

The HOSTAGE'S APARTMENT WINDOW - Luigi crouches behind a kitchen counter with his hostage - the RAPPELLING SWAT descend to positions just either side and above the window.

EXT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - WINDOW - CONTINUOUS

The SWAT officers on ropes nod to each other - gesture towards the window with a fingered countdown - three - two - one...

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

The window SMASHES a FLASH-BANG thrown from outside

LUIGI

Shit!

He tries to cover his head - BOOM! - a FLASH of white.

A SMOKE GRENADE quickly follows - it churns out thick SMOKE that fills the room in an instant.

Luigi shouts in anger - eyes streaming, blood coming from his ears and nose - he FIRES randomly into the smoke as the SWAT officers enter through the window on ropes, guns at the ready.

SWAT OFFICER

Get down! Get down!

SWAT OFFICER #2

Drop the weapon!

One of the SWAT OFFICERS strides over to Luigi and smashes the stock of his SMG into his stomach - Luigi goes down.

SWAT OFFICER

What the fuck! William!

Luigi lies gasping at the feet of the SWAT OFFICER - the smoke cleared a little - the SWAT OFFICER tears his mask off - it is William, stoic and grim, he kicks Luigi's weapon away.

WILLIAM

(to Luigi)

Remember me?

LUIGI

(in pain)

Yeah, I remember you.

William leans down and whispers into Luigi's ear.

WILLIAM

How are you going to rape my wife
after I've broken every fucking
bone in your body?

William smashes his fist into Luigi's face.

The first SWAT OFFICER tears off his mask - it is Joe.

JOE

Stand down, Will.

William ignores Joe - picks Luigi up by the scruff of the neck and hurls him over the kitchen top - he slams into the refrigerator and lands in a crumpled heap.

JOE (CONT'D)

That's an ORDER!

William is about to stomp over Luigi but Joe intercepts him and body checks him aside.

JOE (CONT'D)

What the hell do you think you're
doing?

William glares at Luigi for a beat, then storms away.

EXT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - MOMENTS LATER

William barges past COPS and PARAMEDICS and towards Jason, arm bandaged, sitting in the back of an open AMBULANCE and staring into space with red eyes.

WILLIAM

Jason?

No response.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Jason, how's Tiel?

Jason finally looks at him through eyes filled with tears, he gently shakes his head.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

Rows of MOURNERS sit before an open grave lined by POLICE OFFICERS in full dress uniform.

A PORTRAIT of Tiel, smiling and in uniform graces a mass of flowers and wreaths.

Tiel's coffin, draped in an American flag, is carried to the grave by William, Bradley, Chris, Jason and other COPS.

The Coffin is lowered into the ground as the police salute, Tiel's MOTHER and FATHER (51) cling onto each other.

The Cops fold the flag and hand it to Commander Benson who then hands it to Tiel's Mother.

BENSON

My deepest condolences, your daughter was a fine, loyal, brave and dedicated police officer who saved many lives. You should be very proud.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - HALLWAY - DAY

Lissa paces as a JANITOR runs a mop back and forth.

She looks up at a glass pained door opposite her - it is signed with "Internal Affairs".

The door opens to reveal William, his tie loose, exhausted.

LISSA

Will?

He shakes his head and SLAMS the door behind him before stalking away down the hall, Lissa takes after him.

LISSA (CONT'D)

Will! What did they say?

WILLIAM

Exactly what they said they would say! Luigi, or Luigi's lawyer, has got it into their heads that I have a personal beef with him, that I have some vendetta or score to settle.

LISSA

What? How the hell can they say that?

WILLIAM

IA can say what the hell they like. I've been suspended from active duty and busted to desk duty pending further investigation.

LISSA
Oh, Will, I'm so sorry.

He calms down, Lissa locks him in an embrace, he rests his head on her shoulder, all the fight gone from him.

WILLIAM
So am I.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - OFFICE - NIGHT

The office is almost deserted. William sits at his desk and works his way through a mountain of paperwork and files.

Chris approaches and gives an empathic smile.

CHRIS
Shit, this must suck.

WILLIAM
(snaps)
You think?
(beat)
Sorry, I... What with Tiel and now this...

CHRIS
Yeah, I liked Tiel a lot, could always make me smile even when it's been the shittiest day.

William nods in silent recollection.

Chris retrieves a newspaper from under all of the files.

WILLIAM
I forgot to add the hate campaign to that list.

INSERT - NEWSPAPER HEADLINE

"POLICE BRUTALITY, UNREASONABLE USE OF FORCE UNACCEPTABLE"

BACK TO SCENE

Chris thumbs through the newspaper as William glances across the office at an OLDER COP who avoids his gaze.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
The people want me fired. Some of the officers do too. They say I stirred all this up.

CHRIS
Because of that Scum-bag Luigi?

Chris raises his voice for the benefit of the Older Cop.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
He killed a cop! One of us!

The Older Cop finishes his coffee and walks out.

CHRIS (CONT'D)
What's the fucking matter with some people?

WILLIAM
I crossed the line. It's not his fault.

CHRIS
He threatened to rape your wife, any of us in your situation would have beat the fuck out of him too.

WILLIAM
No, we hear threats like that all the time, we should be used to it, you know? Water off of a duck's back.

CHRIS
Yeah, this one woman threatened to cut off my dick just for pointing out that she'd left her car window open.

WILLIAM
I should have ignored it but... He just got to me... It seemed different this time as if he really intended to carry out his threat.

CHRIS
Look, all I know is that there's one less cop killer out there and whatever the public, city hall or some pricks here think, there are some of us who are right behind you. I know Tiel was.
(beat)
You're not alone... Whatever you're planning.

William looks around, make's sure they're alone.

WILLIAM

I don't know...

CHRIS

(whispers)

It's a good idea, maybe make some people reassess their priorities, stir up a few petitions in support of the police instead of against them. I've been thinking about it a lot, we could set up a chat-room or facebook account, organize it all from there using fake profiles.

Chris places a file on the table, adds it to the others.

CHRIS (CONT'D)

Just think about it.

He pats William on the shoulder and leaves.

EXT. CITY - SUBURBS - DAY

Jason pulls over a beige SEDAN, steps out and walks towards the driver's side.

A grizzled ELDERLY DRIVER (78) is behind the wheel.

Jason taps on the glass - the Elderly Driver winds it down.

ELDERLY DRIVER

Good morning, son, what's the problem?

JASON

You were going a bit fast back there.

ELDERLY DRIVER

Well, son, when you get to my age, you need to hurry everywhere as you don't know how much time you've got left!

JASON

(not amused)

It's no excuse, I'm going to have to write you a ticket. May I see your license please?

ELDERLY DRIVER

Now just wait a god damn minute--

JASON
Sir, your license.

ELDERLY DRIVER
I fought for this country, I've
seen things that would make your
eyeballs pop out of your head!

JASON
If you don't give me your license I
will have--

ELDERLY DRIVER
You'll "have to do" what? I'd like
to see you try!

He pokes Jason in the chest with a bony finger.

ELDERLY DRIVER (CONT'D)
This old green beret will eat you
for breakfast, son! You don't know
who you're messing with!

JASON
Right, step out of the car please.

ELDERLY DRIVER
Go to hell! I'm an ex green beret!

The Elderly Driver reaches for his car keys to start the engine - Jason reaches in and snatches the keys out of the ignition - the Elderly Driver punches Jason in the face.

ELDERLY DRIVER (CONT'D)
Right, have it your way!

Jason staggers back, a cut on his brow but he has the keys.

The Elderly Driver leans across and opens the glove box.

JASON
Stop right there!

ELDERLY DRIVER
You're going to be sorry for doing
this, mark my words! I'll show you
what this old green beret does with
people who mess with me!

Jason aims his pistol at the Elderly Driver, blood gets into his eyes - he tries to clear it away - just makes it worse.

JASON
I said stop! Don't!

INT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - HALL (FLASHBACK) - NIGHT

Jason holds Tiel's head in his lap, there's so much blood.

Her lips move but no sound comes, her eyes lose their brightness as she slips away.

BACK TO PRESENT

The Elderly Driver quickly pulls something from the glove box, turns to face Jason--

A WHITE FLASH - Tiel's blood flecked pale face, dead eyes.

BLAM! - Jason fires.

The Elderly Driver looks down at his chest - a bullet hole appears, blood begins to flow.

He has enough strength left to open the door - he falls out of the car - dead - his LICENSE falls from his dead fingers.

Jason stares for a stunned beat.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Lissa unwraps a green glass vase and sets it down on a shelf, one eye on Abigail playing with building bricks.

LISSA

Are you building? Aren't you clever!

William enters, throws his jacket over the back of a seat then holds Abigail tightly, kisses her on the head.

LISSA (CONT'D)

Daddy's home!

ABIGAIL

Daddy!

William embraces Lissa and kisses her on the neck.

WILLIAM

You smell good.
(notices vase)
Been shopping?

LISSA

You look tired.

WILLIAM

I'm okay.

LISSA

You haven't been sleeping.

WILLIAM

Just a bit stressed. It's nothing.

Lissa sighs and steels herself for a big question.

LISSA

I want you to quit.

WILLIAM

What? I can't quit.

LISSA

I don't believe you, I think you've persuaded yourself that you can't.

William moves through to the...

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

William pours two coffees and hands one to Lissa.

LISSA

Look, I know this was your dream but it's different now, the people, the job, they have you on suspension doing paperwork when you're a highly trained SWAT operative. They don't trust you!

WILLIAM

It's procedure.

LISSA

And now you're defending them for screwing with your career. It's been all over the news again, another cop was killed today and the public still bay for your blood. They want you fired, some want you to face charges. When does it end? How much is too much?

WILLIAM

Soon, okay? I have to believe, I have to believe that this will end soon, that I can get back on it. Go back to work - proper work.

LISSA

It's getting too dangerous, the public hate the police... They hate you. Nancy from over the way, crossed the street when she saw me. They all talk about me because of what happened to you.

WILLIAM

I'm sorry, Lissa, I don't know what you want me to say.

LISSA

I want you to tell me you'll be okay.

(beat)

I don't want Abi growing up without a daddy.

William pulls Lissa close but his cell RINGS, he pulls away from her and answers it.

WILLIAM

(into phone)

Chris? What's up?

(beat)

Jason? No... What--

A long beat as William listens, his expression slowly changing to horror.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yeah... Yeah, see you tomorrow.

He hangs up, looks to Lissa wistfully.

LISSA

What? What is it?

WILLIAM

It's Jason, he shot and killed some old guy he thought was reaching for a gun.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

The house is dark and quiet, William taps away on a laptop, the light from the screen illuminates his face.

INSERT - LAPTOP SCREEN

SERIES OF SHOTS - VARIOUS WEB PAGES

- "Police Brutality Allegations".
- "False Accusations Leads to Cop's Suspension".
- "Increase in Complaints" and "Reduced Benefits".
- "Officer Disciplined After Public Outcry".
- "Cop Guns Down Unarmed Elderly Veteran" a picture of Jason.
- "Public Protests Over Exonerated Crooked Cop".

EXT. ROAD JUNCTION - PATROL CAR - DAY

Chris and BANKS (24) a studious cop with thick rimmed glasses, sit in a Patrol Car watching the TRAFFIC drive by.

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Banks and Chris eat a dashboard lunch of fries and burgers.

CHRIS

All I'm saying is that because of recent shit, maybe we could ease up a bit. Let the occasional speeder or red light violation go with a warning rather than writing them up every time.

BANKS

A weak approach is a mistake, we have to maintain some semblance of order or chaos will rule. No, people are creatures of habit. They need rules as they need familiarity and the comfort that is provided by the familiar.

CHRIS

Yeah, well it may be but I don't feel very comforted right now.

(re: Banks' fries) You gonna' eat that?

EXT. ROAD JUNCTION - PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

As Banks and Chris sit and chat, a wide eyed crazy looking WOMAN (49) slowly approaches the car unnoticed.

BANKS
 Social order is important, and
 we're the front line.

The Woman draws a pistol as she nears, keeps it out of sight down by her side.

CHRIS
 (notices her)
 Can we help you, ma'am?

CRAZY WOMAN
 Death to all cops!

She raises the pistol and pulls the trigger - there's no sound - a large red spot appears on Chris' shirt.

CHRIS
 (unharmd)
 What the--

CRAZY WOMAN
 Stop the injustice!

She continues firing the WATER PISTOL - she covers them in a stream of red paint, her eyes wide with hatred.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - FRONT DESK - DAY

Chris and Banks, both covered in red paint, march the Crazy Woman into the HOLDING AREA - she struggles and shouts.

CRAZY WOMAN
 Free the innocent! Death to the
 oppressors!

Chris cuffs her to a bench then approaches the DESK SERGEANT.

DESK SERGEANT
 (to Chris)
 Eventful day?

CHRIS
 Yeah, you could say that.

Chris begins on the paperwork just as William enters with a stack of files in his arms.

CRAZY WOMAN
 (notices William)
 There he is! The harbinger of
 death! The bringer of chaos! Shame
 on you! Shame!

DESK SERGEANT

Will someone please take
her away.

Banks unlocks her and escorts towards the CELLS.

CRAZY WOMAN

I'm not going with you alone!
You'll beat me up! Let me go!
Police brutality!

William looks to Chris and the red paint on his uniform.

CHRIS

It was a water pistol, a fucking
water pistol.

Chris fills out paperwork, William notices his hand shaking.

WILLIAM

Are you okay?

CHRIS

(shaken)
She shot me with a damn water
pistol. Can you believe that?

William and the Desk Sergeant exchange a knowing look.

Jason, rough and tired, enters and shuffles past the desk
towards the LOCKER ROOMS avoiding eye contact.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

William catches up with Jason.

WILLIAM

Jason.

Jason stares into space.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Haven't seen you for a while... Not
since...

JASON

Since I shot an unarmed old man?

WILLIAM

I...

JASON

Look... I'm sorry, Will, I just
need to collect a few things.

Jason heads into the Locker room.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jason opens his locker and starts moving things into a gym bag - a mug, photographs, several books.

WILLIAM

Jason, we're behind you.

(beat)

It was an honest mistake.

JASON

I thought he was reaching.

WILLIAM

I know. Everyone's strung out right now.

JASON

No... I mean... That was my first reaction, that he was reaching.

WILLIAM

It's a normal reaction. We're trained to trust our instincts.

JASON

Why did my instincts tell me that he was reaching? Why did I just naturally assume he had a weapon in his glove box? My instincts got a man killed. My instincts are dangerous.

He looks around.

JASON (CONT'D)

I don't belong here.

Jason finishes loading his bag, smiles at William.

JASON (CONT'D)

You take care of that daughter of yours.

WILLIAM

We're there for you if you need us, Lissa wants you to come for dinner sometime, we both do.

JASON

All I could see was Tiel... She wanted me to help her. She was pleading with me...

Jason smiles weakly then leaves.

EXT. PARK - DAY

Jason, in his casual clothes but looking dishevelled, sits on a bench and watches CHILDREN and FAMILIES enjoying the sunshine, walking dogs, playing frisbee or having picnics.

Time passes - the sun sets - one by one the people leave.

EXT. PARK - NIGHT

Jason is alone.

He smiles and looks around at the lights of the city, SIRENS are heard in the distance.

He takes a deep breath.

It happens quickly - He pulls out a pistol, puts it in his mouth - and quickly pulls the trigger.

EXT. CEMETARY - DAY

William, Bradley, Chris and Joe, all in their dress uniforms, stand over a fresh grave.

BRADLEY

Fuck this shit. First Tiel, now Jason.

A new headstone reads "Jason Sherman Carver".

JOE

He couldn't take the guilt, that's what the report says anyway.

CHRIS

Yeah, well reports can lie. There's also a report that says that Will is reckless and a bad cop.

WILLIAM

Joe knows that, he helped write it.

JOE

You were out of line, Will, you
beat the tar out of that guy.

CHRIS

That prick threatened to rape his
wife and kill his daughter!

JOE

Come on, uniforms get threats worse
than that every day.

William grabs Joe by the lapels, they push and shove each
other, Chris breaks them up.

CHRIS

Come on! Not here! We have to stick
together! Show some god-damn
respect!

Joe and William break apart.

JOE

(to William)

I was just doing my job god damn
it! Will! You would have done the
same!

WILLIAM

What happened to us looking out for
each other, Joe?

William storms away, Joe goes to follow but Chris stops him.

EXT. PARK - BASEBALL FIELD - NIGHT

William, Chris and Bradley gather at the foot of some
BLEACHERS with another seven or so off duty cops, the field's
FLOODLIGHTS cast long shadows, it is otherwise deserted.

There are raised voices, swearing and complaints as they
debate with each other in no particular order.

William coughs loudly to bring the meeting to order.

WILLIAM

Please, everyone.

He looks around at the group as they quiet down.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Thanks for coming. Sorry about the secrecy but when I tell you why I've arranged this... Well, you'll understand.

CHRIS

I think I know what this is about.

BRADLEY

Well, I don't. Will?

WILLIAM

I'll get to the point, we're shovelling shit uphill with a cardboard shovel. How long can we deal with things the way they are?

IMOGEN (20s) blonde, short and athletic, speaks up.

IMOGEN

The way things are? What the hell are we supposed to do about it? It's our job to shovel shit.

CHRIS

But do we have to smile about it afterwards?

WILLIAM

You know me, I've been smashed down to a desk and on the brink of being suspended... Just like Jason was.

CARLOS (20s) A dark haired Hispanic cop is next.

CARLOS

Jason shot an unarmed man.

WILLIAM

We've all been there. We've all had to make a decision without blinking. We're all getting crapped on from high and expected to say thanks. The thin blue line is getting thinner and about to break. How can we maintain order when the people don't trust us and the brass don't respect us?

IMOGEN

Look, you had a hard time, you got treated bad and we're sorry but maybe you ought to just tough it out and take it like a man?

About half the group agree with her.

WILLIAM

I understand that this comes across like I'm just complaining, but I know that you all have experienced what I have too. I know that you've all wished you could do or say something that would make people sit up and take notice of the good that we do. We're feeling helpless, unable to defend ourselves, unable to stand up for ourselves and tell people that we care, that we are needed and that we want to do good but are unable to so because we're scared too!

They can't deny it, they soak the points up.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Everyone here knows somebody who has been busted unfairly or for no reason, it's happening all over the country.

CARLOS

So what can we do?

The question William was waiting for, he takes a deep breath.

WILLIAM

Imagine if none of us were there for a day, a week or even a month.

BRADLEY

I don't follow.

IMOGEN

(to William)

You're nuts. This is a conspiracy.

CARLOS

We could all lose our jobs.

IMOGEN

We could go to jail.

WILLIAM

Not if they don't know who organized it. We use facebook, open up alternative email accounts accessed from internet cafes or disposable phones. We become a faceless majority.

IMOGEN

It is a conspiracy.

WILLIAM

We get as many on board as possible, those cops we know are on our side and just as pissed with the treatment we're getting as we are. We're one more cut, one more false accusation or accident blown out of proportion away from catastrophe. More and more cops are leaving or dying every year. We're already short staffed and outgunned. Let's show the city; the country what that catastrophe would be like.

He looks over their faces one by one.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I know you all, I know that you all want an opportunity and I know we all have connections across the country who feel the same. I say, let's take that opportunity.

Beat.

IMOGEN

You're nuts.

The cops once again fall into loud BICKERING.

LATER

Only William and Chris remain, they sit together at the top of the bleachers and look out over the deserted field as they nurse a bottle of beer each.

CHRIS

You think we can trust them?

WILLIAM

I don't know. I hope so.

CHRIS

All it takes is one of them to try and recruit the wrong person.

WILLIAM

Also, when the time comes, who's going to crack and who's going to go the whole way? No, we have to hope that the word spreads in the right direction.

CHRIS

Well... You've stuck it out there, now we just hope the word spreads to the right people.

WILLIAM

You don't have to help. If it gets back to me, I can take the fall alone.

CHRIS

Not a chance. Tiel knew the risks.

WILLIAM

To Tiel and Jason.

They both toast.

INT. OREGON STATE PENITENTIARY - VISITOR'S ROOM - DAY

Leonard, Luigi's lawyer, sits in one of a long row of visiting booths. Luigi sits on the other side of the glass and picks up the hand set.

LUIGI

This better be good?

LEONARD

Oh, oh, it's better than that.

LUIGI

What's going on?

LEONARD

Excessive force was just the beginning. This is snowballing beyond anything I've ever seen before.

LUIGI

Get to the point.

LEONARD

I don't know if you've been keeping up on current events but the police are right in the firing line.

(MORE)

LEONARD (CONT'D)

Your mishandled arrest has caught the eye of certain higher ups and the DA has been pressured into a deal to try and cool down the situation. The city is on the precipice of a full scale riot.

LUIGI

How does that help me?

LEONARD

The DA is releasing you on bail pending Grand Jury indictment.

LUIGI

Are you kidding me? When?

LEONARD

Should take a few weeks, a month at most. The excessive force complaints have lead to a deal with the DA. All you have to do is sign an agreement assuring the city that you'll take no actions for the injuries sustained during your arrest. All they want is release from any civil suit or liability for officer Scott's actions.

Leonard leans back in his chair obviously proud of himself, he fixes his hair in his reflection in the glass.

LEONARD (CONT'D)

What can I say? It's an election year.

EXT. OREGON STATE PENITENTIARY - YARD - DAY

Luigi and COLE (26) good looking, blonde, angel faced, work out with weights as other INMATES play basketball, gather in groups or sit around under the watch of GUARDS in TOWERS.

COLE

Are you kidding me?

LUIGI

That's what he said. I'll be out before the weekend.

COLE

Shit, who else could kill a cop and get away with it?

LUIGI

(rehearsed)

It was self defence, my life was in danger, I was running from William Scott as he has some personal vendetta against me.

COLE

I hear the city is ready to blow.

LUIGI

On the brink of a riot. Seems the cops are on the edge too, a whole bunch of them quitting or getting their asses killed.

Luigi laughs but Cole is quiet.

LUIGI (CONT'D)

What's up?

COLE

I don't know, just thinking of the future, my two girls... My wife Monica. Perhaps it's time for a change. For me to change... For them.

Luigi looks at him for a beat then bursts out laughing.

LUIGI

Fucking pussy. What you gonna' change? Huh? You gonna' get a job?

COLE

I don't know... Yeah... yeah, why not?

LUIGI

Serving fries, if you're lucky. You got nothing that nobody wants. None of us have. And it's mother fuckers like Officer Scott who are the reason. They're the ones who make sure we stay where the government wants us to stay. They're the ones that make sure we're either in here, or dead.

COLE

I think there's a chance... I'm out in like, five weeks. I don't want to come back here again.

(MORE)

COLE (CONT'D)

I don't want to say goodbye to my girls again.

Luigi glares at Cole then goes back to lifting weights.

LUIGI

It's all we know. It's all we got.

COLE

Not me... Not any more.

LUIGI

If you keep fooling yourself like that, you're just as dead as Officer Scott.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

William checks his cell phone then pulls out a SECOND PHONE, a cheap disposable model.

INSERT - SECOND PHONE

A text message from "ABC123", there are other messages on the list all of from names such as "QWERTY", "ZEUS" and "1212".

He opens the text. It reads "4 is in, 8 is in, 14 is in"

William sends a text to ALL.

"4th July, midnight, falcon blue to go, falcon red to abort"

BACK TO SCENE

Lissa enters, William hides the second phone in his pocket.

LISSA

You coming to bed?

WILLIAM

Be right there, honey.

LISSA

It's late, don't be long.

Lissa kisses him on the cheek then heads UP STAIRS.

He sits at his desk and opens a drawer but pulls the drawer out of the frame and reaches into the cavity behind it.

He recovers a brown paper envelope, opens it, retrieves a MAP and other documents from inside which he unfolds on the desk.

INSERT - MAP OF USA

Covered in little star stickers, different colored marker pen symbols and words and numbers written next to lots of cities from New York to San Francisco and Wisconsin to Miami.

Next to San Francisco is the number "4". He sticks a red star sticker next to it.

BACK TO SCENE

He sticks a few more stars on the map then folds it up with the other documents and hides it back in the drawer cavity.

RADIO NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

(filtered)

A peaceful protest by a group outside city hall demanding access to police reports revealing the names of all suspended or dismissed officers on all levels, and the reasons surrounding their dismissals, turned violent today.

William moves the green vase from the shelf to his desk.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

A HORDE of a hundred or so PROTESTORS carrying banners and placards reading "We Want Truth", "Justice For All", "No Immunity" gather at the bottom of the steps chanting.

PROTESTORS (TOGETHER)

(chanting)

Law for all! Law for all!

RADIO NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

(filtered)

Following a series of officers being suspended for using excessive force when making arrests and, more recently in the Willie Scott - Warren 'Luigi' Jones arrest which has got the public calling for resignations and police charges.

A city OFFICIAL (56) leaves the hall and makes his way down the steps past a line of COPS that keep the Protestors back.

One of the Protestors hurls an EGG at the Official, it bursts on his lapel.

The Cops move forward and force the Protestors further away.

All hell breaks loose.

SERIES OF SHOTS - RIOT

- A Protestor smashes his placard over a Cop's head.
- The Cops push the line of Protestors back.
- More eggs are thrown at the Cops, some rocks too.
- The Cops fire tear gas into the Protestors.
- A Protestor is dragged to the ground.
- A Cop is struck on the head by a rock.
- A group of Protestors kick and punch out at a line of Cops.

EXT. OREGON STATE PENITENTIARY - MAIN GATE - DAY

Luigi walks from the jail's main door and to a waiting LOW RIDER full of GANG MEMBERS (18-30).

RADIO NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)

(filtered)

As relations between the police and public hit an all time low, and latest poll figures show a significant slump in city support, the tension in Rockwood is palpable. Something has to give.

Luigi is greeted by the Gang Members, one of them is RAFFI (21) a thin and wiry gangster with a scarred top lip.

RAFFI

Good to see you out, bro.

Luigi hops in the back and they drive off in a cloud of dust and loud HIP HOP music.

INT/EXT. LOW RIDER (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Raffi hands Luigi a pistol.

RAFFI

Yo, Luigi, what's first now you're a free man? You wanna' pick up some ass and get loaded?

LUIGI

Nah, man, first things first, I've got some research to do...
Unfinished business to take care of.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - GYM - DAY

William finishes off lifting weights on a bench and towels himself as he catches his breath.

The only other COP there nods at William in silent understanding then leaves just as Joe enters.

WILLIAM

Joe.

JOE

Hey... Listen, we need to straighten this out.

WILLIAM

You're right, look, I know you were just doing your job. You were right, I shouldn't have done what I did, especially with things so delicate right now.

Joe sits on the bench opposite.

JOE

If it's any consolation, I enjoyed watching that guy getting stuffed.

They share a laugh and Joe offers his hand - They shake.

WILLIAM

How are the guys?

JOE

Yeah, good, considering. They know the deal, don't worry about them. You know, a couple of them have been acting funny.

WILLIAM

Funny? Funny how?

JOE

I swear they've been meeting behind my back. I overheard your name once, they were talking about you.

(MORE)

JOE (CONT'D)

We'll share a beer and a barbecue all the time, you know that, this is not like them.

WILLIAM

I don't know what you want me to say.

William gets up and heads into the...

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

William heads to his locker, Joe is right behind him.

JOE

I think you do.

(beat)

I remember something you said, about making people think.

WILLIAM

That? I was just bitching and frustrated.

JOE

But it got me thinking.

William rummages through his locker for his things.

JOE (CONT'D)

Your silence speaks volumes, big guy.

William turns to face him, looks him right in the eye for a long beat as if trying to read his intentions.

WILLIAM

You had breakfast yet?

INT. DINER - DAY

William and Joe sit at a booth, a WAITRESS places plates of bacon and eggs in front of each of them.

WILLIAM

(to Waitress)

Thanks.

William waits until the Waitress has gone.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

(to Joe)

You're a friend and you always said that we've got each other's backs, right?

JOE

Absolutely.

WILLIAM

Have you heard of the concept of a blue flu?

JOE

I knew it! Jesus Christ, are you mad, Will?

WILLIAM

That's why I couldn't clue you in, you're blue through and through.

JOE

This is going too far.

WILLIAM

If you commit a crime to help beat crime, does that make it okay?

JOE

No, the means do not justify the ends. Whatever way you cut it.

WILLIAM

But if we continue on this path, the divide between police and public will just get wider and wider. I don't want the death of another cop to deal with knowing that I could have done something, something to change people's opinions and to earn their respect.

JOE

And you think this won't drive an even bigger wedge between us? You think that if you ignore their calls and walk by while people are getting hurt and robbed, that this will make them respect you more? Jesus, what the hell has gotten into you?

WILLIAM

If this goes ahead, they will realize how important we are, how needed we are. Joe, everyone thinks the same.

William falls silent as the Waitress tops off their coffees on her way past.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

The response has been greater than I expected, it kind of took on a life of its own. I'm not just talking Rockwood, Oregon or even the Northwest anymore.

JOE

Look, I want things to be right but... I just don't think this is the way of changing things.

WILLIAM

I think it's the *only* way of changing things.

(beat)

I could really use your help.

JOE

I don't know bud... I took an oath, so did you.

WILLIAM

It's out of my hands now, it's going to happen.

JOE

I believe that a significant change is way overdue and highly necessary. I don't know how long law enforcement can hold on in the face of declining public opinion. I understand the reasons, just not the methods.

(beat)

I'm sorry. I don't agree with what you're doing but right now I won't say anything. I won't get in the way. You have a chance to stop it.

WILLIAM

I wish I could change your mind.

JOE

So do I, my heart is telling me I should join you, but my head is telling me it's wrong. It's plain wrong.

(beat)

Good luck.

Joe finishes his coffee, shakes William's hand, then leaves.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lissa prepares for bed as William sits reading his tablet.

LISSA

Are you okay? You were quiet at dinner.

WILLIAM

Yeah.

He reads out loud from the tablet.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Two cops were shot today, they were clearing up an accident when they were hit in a drive by. They believe the accident was staged.

He casts the tablet aside.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Jesus, they're setting up ambushes, Lissa.

LISSA

Honey, have you thought anymore about what I said?

WILLIAM

Quitting? Lissa, I--

LISSA

It's okay, you've been assigned to desk duty, you're safe while you're there but soon, they'll end your suspension and then you'll be back out there--on the streets.

Lissa climbs into bed.

WILLIAM

If doing the right thing meant putting yourself in danger, would you do it?

LISSA

I don't know. If it was Abi or you, without question. But people I don't know who don't care about me... I don't know if I could. That's why I love you, you want to do the right thing.

WILLIAM

The right thing...

LISSA

What is it?

WILLIAM

What if there were a need to get a very serious and important message across? A message so critical that it could help or save millions of people from a potentially national tragedy?

LISSA

What kind of message?

WILLIAM

That we're needed.

William remains silent.

She looks him in the eye.

LISSA

If it was me. If I was that cop... I would remind myself who I am and why I became a cop. I would try to remember the reasons that I joined. I would remember the fear and pain I felt as a child and the promise I made to myself and the proud oath I took when I first pinned that badge on my shirt. Could I still be proud of myself after doing what I did? If I could, then I know I did the right thing.

WILLIAM

Even if it saved lives in the end?

LISSA

Only, I'm not a cop, I never took
the oath and never wore the
uniform.

She smiles, holds onto him and rests her head on his chest.

EXT. OREGON STATE PENITENTIARY - MAIN GATE - DAY

Cole leaves prison and cracks a huge smile as his two daughters, CASSIE (6) and RIA (10), run toward him and lock him in a huge hug.

COLE

Hey girls, I missed you so much!

RIA

Cassie drew you a picture.

(to Cassie)

Go on, Cassie, show daddy the
picture you drew.

Cassie shyly presents Cole with her drawing - the two girls and their mother and father in colorful crayon.

COLE

That is amazing, Cassie.

He embraces them both again.

MONICA (28) stands smiling near her car, the doors open.

Cole puts his girls down and locks Monica in a hug.

COLE (CONT'D)

I'm coming home.

MONICA

We have to talk.

COLE

I know... Monica, I'm not going
back in there, I promise.

Cole hugs all three girls, buries his face in Cassie's hair.

COLE (CONT'D)

I ain't ever leaving you again.

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cassie, Ria, Monica and Cole sit and eat dinner.

There's a knock on the door, Monica leaves to answer it.

COLE
 (to Cassie)
 You like it now daddy is home, huh,
 pumpkin?

CASSIE
 Lots and lots!

MONICA (O.S.)
 (at Front Door)
 Just leave! Just go away!

INT/EXT. COLE'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Monica stands in the doorway and stops Luigi from entering.

LUIGI
 I just wanna' talk with Cole,
 that's all.

MONICA
 Just leave him alone!

Cole arrives.

COLE
 It's okay, Monica, I can handle
 this.

MONICA
 (to Cole)
 Please, Cole, you promised, no more
 problems, no more... I can't take
 it again.

COLE
 I'll take care of this, please, go
 back to the girls. I'll take care
 of this.

MONICA
 Cole--

COLE
 Please. Trust me.

Monica turns to leave but turns back to Luigi.

MONICA

Don't you dare get him into any more trouble, Luigi. Don't you dare!

Monica leaves and slams the door behind her.

COLE

(to Luigi)

What do you want, man?

LUIGI

You didn't call me. You got out and didn't call.

COLE

I've been busy.

LUIGI

Yeah. I can see that.

COLE

Whatever it is, I ain't interested no more. I've got a family.

LUIGI

I wanted you with me, it's going down tomorrow tonight.

COLE

What?

(beat)

You still gonna' go for Scott?
Shit.

LUIGI

I found out where he lives, him and his bitch.

COLE

Look, man, the old me would have been there in a second, you know that. But I'm waiting to hear about a job. My parole officer is helping me.

LUIGI

You really believe that?

Cole looks dejected.

LUIGI (CONT'D)

Really?

Cole looks down at his feet.

COLE
I'm not getting involved again. I
can't.

LUIGI
Sure, Cole. But when your parole
officer fucks you over and you get
fired from the job the minute a few
dollars goes missing from the
register, you remember what I said.

INT/EXT. LUIGI'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Raffi waits in the driver's seat outside COLE'S HOUSE.

RAFFI
Is he in, bro?

LUIGI
Let's get the fuck out of here.

Raffi drives them away.

Monica watches them leave from a window.

DISSOLVE TO:

MONTAGE

- Many disposable MOBILE PHONES beep, vibrate and buzz in quick succession as they receive a text - "falcon blue".

- A FACEBOOK page with no profile picture and named "BF2015" has one post "falcon blue".

- An online CHAT-ROOM where all participants have unusual names such as "XL3455", "READY" and "PRESSURED". All of them post "falcon blue" into the chat window and SIGN OFF.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

SUPER - "4th July"

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

Lots of empty desks - Sergeant Hopper, Joe and three other COPS are all that are present.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - GARAGE - DAY

Many PATROL CARS, parked and unused.

INT. 911 CONTROL OFFICE - DAY

A 911 OPERATOR (25) tries her best, her COMPUTER flashing all kinds of lights indicate a jammed switchboard.

911 OPERATOR
(into headset)
Sir, please, we will respond as
soon as we can.

She looks across the office at another OPERATOR, also harassed, at least HALF of the desks are empty.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - HOPPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Hopper stands at the window and looks out over the city as a young COP sticks his head around the door.

YOUNG COP
Sorry, sir, I can't raise Hawkes.
Frobisher and Drake have called in
sick too.

HOPPER
That's the sixth today, what the
hell is going on?

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

William sits opposite Lissa, they eat breakfast in silence, the only sound is Abigail reading from a school book.

ABIGAIL
(reading)
Jenny loved her horses.

Stanley knocks on the back door and walks in.

STANLEY
Will? Why aren't you at work?

Lissa takes up Abigail and heads out.

ABIGAIL
Mommy! I was reading!

LISSA

Come on honey, let's go play.

William watches them walk out.

STANLEY

Will? What the hell is going on?
It's just been on the news that
there are no cops, they're all sick
or something.

WILLIAM

It's going to be okay.

STANLEY

What do you mean? Will you just
explain what the hell is going on?
You're not sick.

WILLIAM

None of us are.

STANLEY

Then... I don't understand... Why?

WILLIAM

We're making a point.

STANLEY

A "point", what point is that,
Will, that you don't give a shit?
That you've given up?

(beat)

I can't believe this, do you know
what's going to happen out there
when word gets around that there's
no cops?

WILLIAM

The point is that we are needed,
that we deserve better.

STANLEY

What the fuck is wrong with you?
You just abandoned your integrity
because they put you at a desk?

WILLIAM

It's more than that. It's been
leading to this for a long time,
even before I graduated.

Stanley looks him up and down with disgust.

STANLEY

Whatever happens today, whatever goes down... Is on you. It's your fault. I hope you're aware of that.

Stanley storms out and slams the door behind him.

William thinks for a beat and pulls out his disposable phone.

INSERT - MOBILE PHONE

William starts a new text and types in "falcon red", he prepares to send it to "ALL".

His thumb hovers over the "SEND" button, but no further.

MONTAGE

- A busy CITY STREET. Several GUNSHOTS ring out and the PEOPLE scatter and run for cover.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.)
(filtered, over phone)
We will get someone to you as soon as we can.

- The tranquility of a LEAFY STREET is disturbed by several TRICKED OUT CARS that ROAR past in a chaotic street race.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(filtered, over phone)
We will try and get a car to you as soon as possible.

- FAMILIES, DOG-WALKERS and PEOPLE on lunch breaks enjoy the sunshine but a group of HOODLUMS set off FIREWORKS.

911 OPERATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
(filtered, over phone)
I'm sorry, sir, but we're really busy and very short staffed, but we will try and get a car to you as soon as we can.

- A VAN pulls up at an ELECTRONICS STORE, two MASKED MEN get out, SMASH the window and load TVs and STEREOS into the van.

- A STORE MANAGER tries to defend his GROCERY STORE from LOOTERS. He gets SMASHED in the face with a baseball bat.

- A FRONT DOOR flies open and two broad and drunk MEN spill out onto a FRONT YARD and throw punches at each other.

- Two CARS have slammed into each other. The two DRIVERS push and shove each other as PASSERS BY stop to watch.

INT. LAU'S LAUNDRY - DAY

Four THUGS in hoods enter and march up to Lau, one pulls a gun and aims it at Lau.

THUG
Cash! Now!

LAU
Go fuck yourself!

The Thug pistol whips Lau sending him to the floor as the other two leap over the counter and empty the register.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

William watches the news from the edge of his seat, Lissa moves the green vase from William's desk back to the shelf.

ON TV - A good looking NEWS ANCHOR (32) speaks to the city.

TV NEWS ANCHOR
(on TV)
...Still no word from the Mayor though a statement has been released by Chief of Police Warner which dismisses the rumors that this is an orchestrated protest by our nation's law enforcement officers...

EXT. RUN DOWN APARTMENT BLOCK - NIGHT

FIREWORKS light up the sky, CARS race along the street and loud MUSIC pumps from the neighbor's HOUSES.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
...of which over eighty percent have called in sick and which some are calling a "Blue Flu". More reports of fighting, robbery and widespread civil unrest...

A LOW RIDER cruises the streets with several GANG MEMBERS and Raffi inside, the roof down and music BLASTING.

INT. 911 CONTROL OFFICE - NIGHT

The 911 Operator tries her best, her COMPUTER still flashing all kinds of lights.

911 OPERATOR
 (into headset)
 Okay, please calm down sir. We will try and get a car to you as soon as we can.

All around her, the few OPERATORS on duty have the same problem, constant incoming calls, switchboard in MELTDOWN.

The harried 911 SUPERVISOR (32) comes to her desk.

911 SUPERVISOR
 You hanging in there?

911 OPERATOR
 I'm backed up as far as the system allows I've got over sixty calls for service in que! All waiting for a cop and that's just me!
 (re: half empty office)
 Where is everybody?

911 SUPERVISOR
 Just try and prioritize the best you can.

911 OPERATOR
 I'll try.

MONTAGE

- Two FIRE ENGINES power down a STREET with their SIRENS blaring and lights flashing.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.)
 ...The mayor's office is expected to release a statement at any moment. The Police have admitted that they are running well below capacity with only a handful of officers on hand to deal with an ever increasing amount of burglaries, violence and other crimes....

- Four tricked out SPORTS CARS speed through the streets narrowly missing each other and weaving in and out of TRAFFIC accompanied by screeching and smoking tires and HORNS.

- Two cars SLAM into each other - one barrel-rolls in a storm of TWISTED STEEL - the other car sideswipes a STATION WAGON then slams into a WALL.

- A HOSPITAL EMERGENCY WAITING ROOM is full to bursting with shouting and arguing WALKING WOUNDED as DOCTORS, NURSES and ORDERLIES rush about trying to keep some kind of order.

- FOUR MASKED MEN in hoods barge into the FRONT ROOM of an EXPENSIVE HOUSE, one forces a scared wealthy FAMILY onto their knees at gunpoint as the others ransack the house.

- A HORDE of REVELLERS spill out of a NIGHTCLUB, FIGHTING in a chaotic riot of dozens of drunk MEN and WOMEN with three BOUNCERS futilely trying to stop it.

TV NEWS ANCHOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)

How long will this last? Nobody is saying but reports are coming in that the same is happening all over the country with hundreds of police departments virtually empty...

- A TRUCK DRIVER hooks up a thick CHAIN to an ATM, the other end hooked to his RIG - he gets in, accelerates away TEARING the ATM out of the wall in a cloud of debris and tire smoke.

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS - NIGHT

A WOMAN (21) pretty, long blonde hair and skimpy outfit, pulls up at a RED LIGHT in a silver SUV.

INT/EXT. WOMAN'S SUV - CONTINUOUS

She fixes her hair in the rear view mirror while singing along to loud RAP MUSIC with not a care in the world.

She pulls out her cell phone and checks for texts.

WOMAN

(re: text)

Ha! Silly bitch!

The passenger side door is PULLED OPEN by a pasty THIN MAN (23) in a baseball cap and sports jersey.

THIN MAN

Hey, beautiful! Give me a ride?

WOMAN

Fuck off! What the hell!?

The distraction works - her door is pulled open - she is dragged out of the car by two other MEN (20s).

EXT. TRAFFIC LIGHTS - CONTINUOUS

The Woman kicks out and struggles but is dragged into the darkness by the three men who leave the SUV sitting there - her MUSIC still playing - the doors open.

The FIREWORKS light up the area from time to time in shades of red, green and bright white.

The traffic lights turn to green.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

SUPER - "5th July"

SERIES OF SHOTS - THE AFTERMATH

- Several crashed CARS by the side of the road.
- A wrecked AMBULANCE, a VAGRANT picks through the wreckage.
- A looted PHARMACY, its front windows smashed in.
- A HOUSE in the SUBURBS, its front door wide open.
- A burned out FIRE ENGINE.
- A DEAD BODY of a half dressed MAN outside a FACTORY.

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Surrounded by a bustle of REPORTERS in a nest of microphones and cameras, the MAYOR stands on a podium flanked by several AIDES and a dozen mounted POLICE in full riot gear.

REPORTER #1

Is this is a blue flu? Yes or no?

MAYOR

Departments up and down the country are still reporting a significant amount of police officers calling in sick, but I am hesitant to say this constitutes a blue flu.

An outcry of dissatisfaction rings out as the reporters jostle for a better position.

REPORTER #2

Can you confirm any numbers of casualties or damage?

MAYOR

It is important that we show a united front to those that would take the opportunity to commit crime. Make notes of any suspicious behavior ready for when the police department returns to full efficiency as, mark my words--

REPORTER #3

People are scared! They're barricading themselves into their houses and stores are saying that they're sold out of water and canned foods!

MAYOR

Please... It's not the end of the world, we must all work together! What personnel we have, are being deployed to protect fire and ambulance crews, hospitals, emergency departments and key government buildings such as city hall and the courthouse.

REPORTER #4

Reinforcements?

MAYOR

The academy has deployed a contingent of their senior recruits. The national guard are on standby--

REPORTER #4

National guard?

REPORTER #1

You've put the city in the hands of students?

MAYOR

They are senior recruits, close to graduating and more than capable.

(MORE)

MAYOR (CONT'D)

As I said, all those who are thinking about breaking the law while this is going on had better think again as they will be found after the fact and they will face trail for every crime they commit! Thank you.

The Mayor turns and heads back up the steps towards the Hall, the reporters shout a barrage of indiscernible questions.

The police reign their horses in to stop anybody following.

The Mayor hurries up the steps, turns to one of his Aides.

MAYOR (CONT'D)

Why did this happen during an election year? This had better end soon, I want hourly status reports from all departments and also any word from the senator about reinforcements.

AIDE

Martial law? You think?

MAYOR

Another night like last night and you can expect to see tanks rolling down Powell boulevard before you've had your cornflakes.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

William sits the kitchen table nursing a cup of tea as Anne chops vegetables.

ANNE

I wish you'd brought Abigail with you! It's been so long.

WILLIAM

Lissa came last week, mom.

ANNE

I know I know, but you weren't with her again. Where is she now?

WILLIAM

She's at home. I was really busy. I'll make up for it I promise.

ANNE

Your father... Sorry, I mean, Frank... He was always too busy for this and that. It's important to give time to the things you love as before you know it, poof! It's all gone. Time has a habit of passing us by and taking opportunity with it.

WILLIAM

I know. I might not visit often but you know I love you, right?

ANNE

I know, dear. Anyway, why aren't you at work? With all these crimes going on I would have thought you'd be needed out there!

William can't look at her.

ANNE (CONT'D)

People are getting hurt, Will.
(beat)
Did I ever tell you why we adopted you?

William looks to the MANTLE and several pictures - Stanley and Jennifer, Lissa and William, Millie, Anne and Frank, lots of Abigail and a younger Frank in a POLICE UNIFORM.

ANNE (CONT'D)

When Frank saw you on that doorstep, the three of you, we just knew we had to help, something clicked. We saw three helpless souls, we had a house, a little bit of money but a desire to do good is worth more than you can imagine.

EXT. SCOTT HOUSE - PORCH (FLASHBACK) - DAY

William, Millie and Stanley as KIDS sit on the white wood steps of the sorry looking house.

William pulls his knees up to his chest as a MAN in a suit approaches and casts a shadow across the scared children.

Millie looks up at the stranger.

MILLIE

We can't find daddy.

ANNE (V.O.)

It happens when you see something terrible and know that it is within your power to make it alright. To make things okay again.

The MAN IN THE SUIT is Frank, a few decades younger and in POLICE UNIFORM.

YOUNG FRANK

There's no need to be afraid anymore. You can come with me.

BACK TO PRESENT

Anne looks out of the KITCHEN WINDOW into the garden and smiles warmly at something she sees.

ANNE

There's still time.

EXT. FRANK'S HOUSE - GARDEN - MOMENTS LATER

Still neat and tidy but now surrounded by a tall fence, William approaches Frank who sits in the shade of a parasol.

Frank looks old and frail, his white wispy hair almost gone.

William looks at Frank's gnarled hands which shake a little.

WILLIAM

I didn't think it would be this bad. But I'm going to make things right. It ends now, tonight. If the others won't stop, I'll go out there and help.

Frank smiles but still stares into the distance.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

I'm going to make it better. Between us too. I know we didn't see eye to eye all the time. I couldn't get past my real father and what he did to us. I couldn't trust you.

(beat)

I'm sorry.

He puts his hand on Frank's.

Frank faces William, tired, his hard lines have turned soft, the later phases of Alzheimer's behind his eyes.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Thank you... dad.

FRANK
Such a nice day. Did Paul leave the wood I ordered? I really want to get the floor finished before Annie gets home.

Frank gazes off into the distance again.

FRANK (CONT'D)
We sure did a good job, Paul.

WILLIAM
We sure did.

FRANK
(confused)
Did Paul leave the wood I ordered?

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - GIRL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

GUNSHOTS, dogs BARK, distant people SHOUT and SCREAM.

Cole tucks Cassie and Ria into a shared bed.

COLE
Don't let those sounds keep you awake, they're far away.

RIA
I read about some kid getting shot through his wall.

COLE
Now, don't even think like that. Nobody can hurt you here.

RIA
I know, daddy.

Cole looks to the doorway where Monica stands.

CASSIE
(quietly)
The sounds don't scare me, daddy.

Cole embraces Cassie with tears in his eyes.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

I know they're only sounds, I hear
what you all say, I hear
everything. You say that family is
the most important thing and that
daddy would never let children get
hurt if they can.

Cassie hugs Cole.

CASSIE (CONT'D)

Daddies and mommies try to make
sure children are safe.

INT. COLE'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Cole sits and flicks through the paper as Monica stands at
the window smoking.

MONICA

It's weird, not hearing sirens all
night.

COLE

(distracted)
Hmmm.

MONICA

You didn't agree to go with him,
did you?

COLE

No! It's nothing like that anymore.
He's on some sort of crusade
against the cop that arrested him.
He wants payback.

MONICA

Payback?
(beat)
My god, what did you do?

COLE

Nothing! I swear! It's the cop, he
wants... He wants to kill him.
Found his address some how, some
place over on Division.

MONICA

Shit, Cole. And he wanted you to
help?

COLE

I told him that I'm going straight.
I swear, I'm serious this time.

Monica draws on her cigarette and looks out into the night.

MONICA

Does he have kids?

COLE

What? Who? Luigi?

MONICA

The cop.

COLE

I don't know... A little girl, I think.

MONICA

Jesus Christ, Cole. You're doing nothing? You might as well be helping Luigi.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT

Lissa is wrapped in a bathrobe and sits on the bed next to William with her arms around his shoulders.

WILLIAM

You always think there's time to say what you mean to say.

LISSA

He knew. He knows. So does Anne.
(beat)
You have to go.

WILLIAM

I backed out. I didn't want to do it. I realized it was a mistake.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN (FLASHBACK) - DAY

Stanley looks William up and down with disgust.

STANLEY

Whatever happens today, whatever goes down... Is on you. It's your fault. I hope you're aware of that.

Stanley storms out and slams the door behind him.

William recovers his disposable phone from his pocket.

INSERT - MOBILE PHONE

William starts a new text and types in "falcon red", he prepares to send it to "ALL".

His thumb hovers over the "SEND" button.

This time he presses SEND.

BACK TO PRESENT

William can't look her in the eye.

WILLIAM

But it was already out of my control. Yes, I started it, but now I want to stop it I can't. It has a life of its own now.

William kisses her then straightens himself out and rises.

LISSA

Be careful.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT (PRESENT) - OFFICE - NIGHT

A couple of COPS juggle the phones which RING constantly.

Sergeant Hopper looks up from behind a mountain of paperwork, sweaty and stressed, to see William enter.

WILLIAM

Sarge.

HOPPER

What do you want? Shouldn't you be at home with whatever it is that has wiped out most of my staff?

Hopper looks him up and down with disgust.

WILLIAM

I'm here to help.

HOPPER

Carlos, Finnegan, Smith, Barker and French. Can you help them? French was set on fire for god's sake, they set him on fire!

Hopper stands and squares up to William.

WILLIAM
I'm here to work.

HOPPER
Best get out there then.

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR (MOVING) - SIDE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

William drives through the dark streets.

His phone RINGS, he answers it urgently.

WILLIAM
(into phone)
Lissa?

INT/EXT. COLE'S CAR (MOVING) - SUBURBAN STREETS - CONTINUOUS

Cole has his phone to his ear as he passes a BURNING TRUCK.

COLE
(into phone)
Officer Scott?

INTERCUT

WILLIAM
Who is this?

COLE
You don't know me but we both know
Luigi.

WILLIAM
Who are you? What do you want?

COLE
Your family is in danger.

WILLIAM
What? Who are you?

COLE
You need to get home as soon as you
can. I don't know what he's going
to do.

WILLIAM
Luigi?

COLE

Yeah. Good luck, Officer Scott.
I don't know what else I can
do.

Cole hangs up.

WILLIAM

Where is he!? Hello?

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

A few unwashed plates, Lissa's CELL PHONE on the table BUZZES
as it vibrates with an incoming call.

INSERT - CELL PHONE

William calling...

BACK TO SCENE

a DOOR leads through to the...

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The TV is on, the volume turned down - a NEWS REPORT on the
screen, an ANCHORMAN and "Second Night of Blue Flu" banner.

A DOOR leads through to the...

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS

From the FRONT ROOM to the bottom of the stairs and the stout
FRONT DOOR.

Up stairs...

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Three doors, a SPARE ROOM filled with unpacked boxes, gym
equipment and bicycles.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Abigail sleeps soundly in her bed.

Lissa has fallen asleep on a bean-bag, a book on her chest.

INT. STANLEY'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Stanley checks that the windows are secure as Millie and Jennifer settle down in front of the TV.

MILLIE

Leave that! The movie's about to start.

STANLEY

Gotta' be sure.

Stanley's cell phone RINGS, he answers.

STANLEY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Will, what's the matter? Are you okay?

INTERCUT

WILLIAM

(into phone)

I need you to get to Lissa and Abigail, take them to your house as soon as you can! She's not picking up!

Millie and Jennifer look to Stanley with concern.

JENNIFER

What is it?

STANLEY

(into phone)

Whoa whoa whoa, what the hell are you talking about? We've just locked up, Millie's here and--

WILLIAM

(into phone)

Stanley, they might be in danger, please just do this for me!

STANLEY

(into phone)

What the hell is going on?

WILLIAM

(into phone)

A guy might come to the house, he wants me. Just please, do this one thing for me.

STANLEY

(into phone)

Okay, of course, of course. I'll try and get there as quick as I can but it's chaos out there brother!

WILLIAM

(into phone)

I know, just try, please. And don't stop for anything! I'll keep trying her phone.

William hangs up, Stanley heads to the door.

JENNIFER

Stanley?

STANLEY

You two stay here, lock the door behind me and wait for me to call.

JENNIFER

Stanley? What--

STANLEY

Just do it! Please!

He kisses Jennifer on the head and rushes out.

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR (MOVING) - SIDE STREETS - NIGHT

William steers the patrol car through bends and turns, past BURNED OUT CARS and LOOTED STORES.

FROM OUT OF NOWHERE - the car is RAMMED from the side by a PICK UP TRUCK - the patrol car is SHUNTED into a wall with a scream of tortured metal and breaking glass.

William is tossed about - showered with broken glass which leaves several cuts on his face.

The wreck comes to rest jammed between the pick up truck and the wall in a cloud of steam and smoke.

EXT. SIDE STREETS - CONTINUOUS

William climbs through the shattered windscreen and onto the hood, coughing in pain and because of the smoke.

A pair of huge HANDS grabs him and drags him violently to the ground - William looks up at a BIG GUY, torn shirt, dirty jeans, ski mask and a mean set of tattoos.

BIG GUY
Get his gun.

A SKINNY GUY in a baseball cap, ski mask with black teeth showing, jumps out of the passenger side of the PICK UP with a baseball bat.

SKINNY GUY
Let's just beat the fuck out of the pig!

BIG GUY
It's coming. Get his fucking gun first!

WILLIAM
(injured)
Please!

The Big Guy SLAMS a heavy booted foot into William's stomach.

BIG GUY
Shut up!

WILLIAM
(in pain)
My wife--

The Skinny Guy laughs evilly and reaches for William's gun.

William acts - in one fluid movement he HEAD-BUTTS the Skinny Guy - snatches the baseball bat from him - hurls it at the Big Guy's legs.

The Big Guy legs go from under him - he falls hard.

The Skinny Guy howls in pain, his nose showing a bloody mess.

William rises and draws his gun on his two attackers.

BIG GUY
Whoa we were just having some fun.
Take it easy, copper.

The Big Guy reaches for the bat - William fires a warning SHOT into the ground next to the bat.

WILLIAM
(coldly) Run.

The Big Guy looks puzzled - William aims his pistol at him.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
I said run.

The Big Guy rises, turns and limps into the night, dragging his Skinny friend with him.

When they are gone, William falls against the pick up truck in pain - climbs in - tries to start it - it's dead.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Shit.

William grabs a plaid shirt from the cab - puts it on over his uniform - slides out of the cab - starts to run.

EXT. CITY STREETS - NIGHT

The opening scene - A red haze hangs over the skyline, the red of FIRES, distant SIRENS along with random GUN SHOTS.

William runs desperately through the streets, past a BURNING CAR, his pistol drawn.

He looks like he's ran through hell.

A distant SCREAM is heard - a CAR screams past at speed and screeches around a corner out of sight.

William runs, his focus on his destination.

EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

William runs to the FRONT DOOR which is OFF ITS HINGES.

The house is quiet - no lights are on - he raises his gun.

WILLIAM

No!

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - HALL - NIGHT

William enters through the FRONT DOOR - looks up the STAIRS.

WILLIAM

Lissa!? Are you there?

Pistol held before him, he looks through to the...

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The TV has been left on with the volume off - it casts a wash of blue flickering color over the room.

A SMASHED COFFEE TABLE, a BLOODSTAIN on the wall, a hand print on the door through to the kitchen.

WILLIAM

Lissa!?

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

A pool of BLOOD is on the floor, William puts a hand to his mouth and chokes back a sob, tears well.

One wall has a good sized blood splatter, the floor below the stain is hidden from view behind the kitchen counter.

William slowly makes his way around the kitchen counter to see what lies at the foot of the blood stain.

But before he gets there...

THUNK! - William falls to his knees, struck on the back of the head by something big and heavy.

Luigi stands behind him, the green glass vase in his hand.

LUIGI

Hello, copper, I've been waiting
for you all fucking night!

William passes out.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

William wakes just as Luigi finishes tying him to a chair.

LUIGI

Wakey wakey.

WILLIAM

(groggy)
What have you done to my family?

William tries to look towards the space behind the kitchen counter but can't get an angle.

LUIGI

Oh, we'll talk about them in a
minute. We've got all night and
nobody is coming. Oh, but you know
that already! All the cops are at
home! Shame you weren't earlier.

WILLIAM

Why did you do this? Why take it out on them? You fucking prick!

Luigi draws level with his face.

LUIGI

Hey! This isn't about them, this is about you and me.

WILLIAM

What do you want?

LUIGI

That's the second time I've been asked that and you know the fucked up thing? I don't know! Now that I've got you where I want you, I'm not even sure what's going to happen next! Isn't that the dumbest fuckin' thing?

WILLIAM

Lissa! Abigail! She's just a baby.

LUIGI

I said, this is about us.

Luigi slams his fist into William's stomach over and over then turns on his face, each punch like a sledge hammer to the head that leaves bloody bruises and wounds.

Luigi sits back in one of the other chairs out of breath.

William spits through the blood, his face a pulpy mess.

WILLIAM

(weak)

Lissa... Abi...

LUIGI

Everywhere I went, there you were. Every time I tried to make a buck or catch a break, you fucked it up. Every time I tried to make life a little better for me and mine, there you were screwing it up!

William groans.

LUIGI (CONT'D)
Though, I gotta' say that when you
came crashing through that window
and took me out, that was pretty
cool.

William groans but then cackles... A tortured and labored
laugh that is very painful but William doesn't stop.

Luigi begins to laugh too, he chuckles at first but then
joins in with a huge belly laugh of his own.

LUIGI (CONT'D)
(laughing)
What the fuck? You think this is
funny?

Luigi pulls his gun and places it against William's head.
William glares right back, anger showing through his wounds.

LUIGI (CONT'D)
You think this is a joke?

WILLIAM
You're the joke, Luigi.

LUIGI
I'm gonna' fucking kill you!

WILLIAM
There's nothing left that you can
take from me! Do it!

LUIGI
You want it? You want this?

WILLIAM
Fucking kill me! Do it you fucking
coward! Kill me or untie me so I
can finish what you started!

LUIGI
I'll tell you when this is over!

BLAM! Luigi shoots William in the thigh.

William screams in pain which twists into a laugh, a gurgling
bloody laugh - perhaps a little mad.

LUIGI (CONT'D)
How does it feel that nobody's
coming? Scream louder! Nobody's
coming!

WILLIAM

(in pain)

You... You're pathetic. You blame me for your failure... You don't see it! You're so busy fucking up that you can't even recognize your own failure!

William cracks up, laughing between gagging in pain.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You're just pathetic!

William calms down, the laughs fade and he looks up into Luigi's angry face with a quiet and wounded wrath of his own.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

You took my family from me so you'd better make sure I'm dead because I will hunt you down and make everything that has gone before seem like a dream compared to the nightmare I'll unleash on you!

Luigi goes to respond but realizes he can't hurt William anymore - his limited vocabulary fails him.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Now stop wasting my time.

William looks away as if ashamed of Luigi.

Luigi roars with anger and takes aim at William's head.

William closes his eyes, ready for..wanting the end.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

BLAM! a shot rings out.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Abigail sleeps soundly in her bed - Lissa has fallen asleep on a bean-bag, a book on her chest.

She awakens and looks over at Abigail, sound asleep, Lissa sighs and kisses her on her forehead before leaving the room.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Lissa prepares to make some coffee when she notices her CELL PHONE on the side.

She checks the screen.

INSERT - LISSA'S CELL PHONE

"17 missed calls".

BACK TO SCENE

She's about to call when there's a FRANTIC KNOCKING on the FRONT DOOR.

LISSA

Will?

She heads to the FRONT DOOR.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS

The KNOCKING is urgent, rapid and non-stop.

LISSA

Okay okay!

Lissa looks through the peep-hole and gasps.

LISSA (CONT'D)

Go away! What do you want?

COLE (O.S.)

(through door)

Lissa? Is that you, please, Mrs. Scott, I need to talk to you, it's a matter of urgency!

LISSA

Who are you?

COLE (O.S.)

Cole, my name is Cole.

LISSA

What do you want?

COLE (O.S.)

Please, you're in great danger! Is Officer Scott there?

LISSA
Uh... Yeah... He's here.

COLE (O.S.)
You're a bad liar. Please. I'm here
to help. I swear.

INT/EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Cole stands there, Lissa tentatively opens the door with the chain on and peers through the gap at Cole.

COLE
Thank you for trusting me.

LISSA
What's going on?

COLE
Please...

Cole looks to his left...

EXT. WILLIAM'S STREET - CONTINUOUS

Luigi's CAR turns into the road and heads towards the house.

INT/EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Cole pleads with Lissa.

COLE
Shit, he's here! We have to hide!
Let me in.

LISSA
What? Who?

COLE
Luigi, he wants to kill William.
Please let me in.

Lissa looks into his eyes then relents, lifts the chain and lets him in.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Cole slams the door shut, locks it, puts the chain back on.

COLE

This won't stop him. He's here to
kill your husband but he will
settle with you and your daughter.

LISSA

Abigail!

Lissa runs up the STAIRS with Cole hot on her heels.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lissa runs into the room and scoops up Abigail who stirs and
then cries out.

ABIGAIL

(tired)

Mommy?

LISSA

You have to be quiet, we... We're
going to play a special game, okay?

COLE

We need to get out of the house and
go somewhere safe! Is there a back
door?

There's frantic BANGING on the FRONT DOOR.

LUIGI (O.S.)

(through door)

Open the door, bitch!

LISSA

Through the kitchen!

EXT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

Luigi inserts a CROWBAR into the door frame.

LUIGI

It's okay, I've got a key!

He leans on the crow bar - the DOOR frame splinters, the door
splits open with an evil CRACK and the chain falls free.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Lissa, Abigail and Cole are at the top of the STAIRS, they
hear the door CRACK open and Luigi enter the HALL downstairs.

LUIGI (O.S.)
 (downstairs)
 Honey, I'm home!

COLE
 (whispers)
 Shit!

Lissa reaches up and pulls down the ATTIC DOOR/LADDER.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - HALL - CONTINUOUS

Luigi stalks up the stairs.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - ATTIC - CONTINUOUS

Lissa and Cole hunker down, Lissa holds Abigail close.

LISSA
 (whispers to Abigail)
 Hush, honey, we have to be real
 quiet, okay?

Abigail nods.

LISSA (CONT'D)
 Good girl.

Cole just manages to get the attic door/ladder closed as Luigi reaches the LANDING below.

Lissa reaches for her phone - it's gone.

LISSA (CONT'D)
 My phone... I must have dropped it!

Cole pulls out his phone.

COLE
 (whispers)
 No signal. Shit!

Cole pulls a pistol, Lissa flinches and pulls Abigail closer.

COLE (CONT'D)
 Don't make a sound.

LISSA
 (whispers)
 We have to confront him. Will's
 been trying to call me.

COLE

Yeah, he knows Luigi is coming for him.

LISSA

But when he gets here...

COLE

I'm sorry, Luigi is a maniac, believe me. Hiding is best.

LISSA

Please, I have Abigail. You have a gun, you have to help him!

ABIGAIL

Mommy? Who's downstairs?

COLE

I'm sorry. There's nothing I can do. I can't shoot nobody, especially in a cop's house.

LISSA

But I'm a witness. I'll stick up for you.

COLE

No offence, Mrs. Scott but if this goes wrong, I go to jail again.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - ABIGAIL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Luigi moves into the room, heads over to Abigail's bed and touches the blankets.

LISSA'S CELL PHONE is on the bed, it LIGHTS up and BUZZES from an incoming call but Luigi misses it.

Luigi checks under the bed - looks in the wardrobes then heads to the BATHROOM.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Luigi checks the room is empty then leaves.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Cole and Lissa listen to the sound of Luigi moving under them and towards the stairs.

LUIGI (O.S.)
 (below)
 Come on out, I only want to hurt
 you a little bit.

Lissa stifles a whimper.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - LANDING - CONTINUOUS

Luigi stops as if he heard her, tilts his head and stands for a long beat.

 LUIGI
 You might even like it.

He heads downstairs.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - NIGHT

Luigi moves into the room and looks about - he checks the photographs of William's family on the wall and grins.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Luigi slowly takes everything in - he touches the coffee pot - checks the BACK DOOR - locked.

 JOE (O.S.)
 Lissa! Will? Are you in there?

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - HALL - NIGHT

Luigi carefully moves towards the FRONT DOOR, his pistol raised and ready.

He has no time to react as JOE arrives at the door, his gun raised.

 JOE
 Hold it!

Luigi dodges and FIRES several shots as Joe returns FIRE and ducks into cover - a bullet hits Luigi in the hand.

Luigi runs through into the...

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - FRONT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Luigi tips over the GLASS COFFEE TABLE which smashes.

He runs through to the kitchen and leaves a BLOODY HAND PRINT on the kitchen DOOR.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Lissa and Cole listen to Joe and Luigi's muffled fight and the SMASH of the coffee table.

LISSA
Will!

COLE
(whispers)
What the fuck is going on down there?

LISSA
(whispers)
Please, He's walking into a trap!
You have to help!

COLE
I said no!

ABIGAIL
Mommy, is daddy okay?

LISSA
Then give me the gun!

COLE
No way!

LISSA
I have to do something!

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

No sign of Luigi - Joe enters carefully, pistol raised - the kitchen is empty but the BACK DOOR is OPEN.

JOE
It's over Luigi, don't be stupid.

A trail of blood on the floor tiles marks Luigi's route through the room and to the BACK DOOR.

Joe stalks towards the OPEN DOOR - he doesn't see Luigi circle around the kitchen counter and come up behind him.

Joe reaches the door and sees Luigi's discarded bloody shirt on the floor - doesn't see Luigi take aim.

JOE (CONT'D)

Oh shit.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - ATTIC - NIGHT

Lissa and Cole both jump at the sound of a GUNSHOT.

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Luigi stands over Joe on the floor with a ragged gunshot in his back - blood splatter on the wall.

Luigi kicks Joe's dropped gun away as he weakly reaches for it with fading strength.

WILLIAM (O.S.)

(downstairs)

Lissa!? Are you there?

Luigi smiles.

LUIGI

Two in one night, huh?

INT. WILLIAM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

William is tied to the chair and beaten badly with Luigi standing over him, pistol at the ready.

William looks away as if ashamed of Luigi, to where Joe lies behind one of the counters, blood pooling beneath him.

Luigi grimaces then raises the pistol to William's head and roars with anger.

William closes his eyes, ready for the end.

BLAM!

Luigi sways where he stands for a beat - he drops the pistol and looks down at his chest - a ragged EXIT WOUND is there.

William opens his eyes and looks at Luigi.

Luigi looks right back at him, confused. He sways for a beat then turns to face his killer.

LUIGI

Mother fu--

He drops to the floor, dead...

And reveals Cole standing behind him, his pistol smoking.

Lissa runs past Cole to William, Abigail in her arms.

LISSA
Will! Oh god!

ABIGAIL
Daddy!

WILLIAM
Lissa! Abigail!

Lissa grabs a kitchen knife and cuts William's ropes.

William weakly holds her and Abigail close.

LISSA
What did he do to you?

WILLIAM
I thought he'd killed you! I
thought he'd taken everything.

Stanley arrives, frantic and out of breath, Cole is gone.

STANLEY
Lissa! Will! Are you okay!
(sees body)
Oh shit!

WILLIAM
We're okay, we're okay.

William rushes to Joe and checks his neck pulse.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)
Call an ambulance!

EXT. STANLEY'S HOUSE - FRONT - DAY

Early morning, the dawn light casts long shadows and in the DISTANCE the city seems quiet but for a few plumes of smoke.

William, his wounds bandaged, steps out onto the FRONT PORCH with Lissa who carries Abigail in her arms.

William sits on the steps and starts typing into his tablet.

INSERT - TABLET SCREEN

The "BF2015" Facebook page

William types a PUBLIC WALL POST "When I started this thing..."

WILLIAM (V.O.)

When I started this thing, I had this very clear idea of why it should happen.

MONTAGE

- A COP steps out of a patrol car and approaches the driver's side of a car - the heavy set DRIVER gets out and pushes the cop to the ground before viciously beating him.

WILLIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I had been hurt by false accusations of failing to carry out my duty, a duty I had always been very proud of. I could not understand the hatred and lies about me from the people I wanted to help.

- A young THIEF, face obscured by a hood, runs out of LAU'S LAUNDRY with a plastic bag of cash and Lau hot on his heels.

WILLIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

I thought that something drastic was needed to highlight the rift between the police and the public that would also go some way to stopping the hate and even narrowing the divide that had grown between us.

- RAFFI'S LOW RIDER hurtles down the street - Raffi and his Gang Members fire AUTOMATIC WEAPONS at several pursuing PATROL CARS, Bradley drives one of them.

WILLIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)

By creating a situation where we were not there, we could remind people that they needed us and that we are their last best defense against those that would do them harm.

- Chris stands in front of the mirror in his uniform, he looks proud but catches his own eye and takes off the hat with a look of shame.

WILLIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 A duty that we carry out with pride
 and integrity.

- Two POLICE RECRUITS with white stripes about their hats stand nervously on the steps of a SCHOOL - two regular COPS approach and shake their hands as they relieve them.

WILLIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 We failed to do that this time. And
 for that, I apologize. We should
 have dealt with the negativity
 towards us in a better way and
 realized that the public, because
 of a few bad apples, felt betrayed
 by us long before we felt betrayed
 by them.

- Cole and Monica finger-paint with Ria and Cassie.

WILLIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 I call to the people of America to
 be assured that the vast majority
 of us, the rest of us, are here to
 help you...

- A MOUNTED COP (30s) points out directions to a group of JAPANESE TOURISTS.

WILLIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 To guide you...

- A TRAILER where Officer Carlos brings out a drunk DAD (35) in cuffs and dressed in dirty jeans. Officer Imogen leads a CHILD (8) in pajamas and with a black eye, out by the hand.

WILLIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 To shield you.

- The BRIEFING ROOM is almost full with COPS. Hopper enters and takes a moment to take in all of the Cop's faces.

WILLIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 In instigating the Blue Flu, I did
 not realize that I had betrayed the
 very people who I had sworn to
 protect. I had deepened the rift
 instead of healing it.

- William stands before Hopper in his OFFICE, places his badge on the desk, salutes, then leaves.

WILLIAM (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 By the time I realized this, it was
 too late to stop it for it had
 gained a life and momentum of its
 own but luckily, there were people
 around me who made me see a light.

EXT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Joe is in a hospital bed, weak and pale but alive.

He watches BREAKING NEWS on the room's TV - "Blue Flu is
 over, Officers return to duty".

Joe's concerned WIFE (35) well dressed and immaculate,
 enters, tears in her eyes.

WILLIAM (V.O.)
 This is not an excuse, I accept
 full responsibility for the last
 forty eight hours. I now call to
 all my brothers and sisters to take
 a moment to remember why they put
 on a badge and return to duty.

She cries with relief at seeing Joe, he smiles back and they
 both hold each other tightly, sobbing with relief and joy.

INT. FRANK'S HOUSE - DINING ROOM - DAY

William sits at dinner with Lissa, Abigail, Jennifer, Millie
 and Anne. Frank sits at the end of the table but seems
 distant, not entirely aware of where he is.

WILLIAM (V.O.)
 I hope you will judge what I did,
 but not why I did it. Corporal
 William Scott, Rockwood PD.

Stanley helps William serve up dinner, Millie and Jennifer
 chat and Anne bounces Abigail on her knee.

William smiles at Frank - he smiles back with a brief glimmer
 of recognition.

FADE TO BLACK:

OVER BLACK

SUPER - "6th July... The following year".

EXT. EAST POWELL STREET - HOUSE - DAY

OFFICER COBB, the young cop from the seven/eleven fire, steps out of the house and into the cold, his breath steaming, he looks pleased and proud, a faint burn scar down one cheek.

As he steps down onto the SIDEWALK he spots a group of CHILDREN (9-10) playing STREET HOCKEY.

COBB
Who's winning!?

The children wave, Cobb waves back and chuckles to himself.

COBB (CONT'D)
Play safe now, ya'll hear?

He gets into his PATROL CAR, still smiling.

INT/EXT. PATROL CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cobb gets on the radio.

COBB
(into radio)
Eleven eleven, ten-eight Willy one.

DISPATCH
(over radio)
Eleven eleven with a Willy one,
copy. Eleven eleven, 10-19 to the
precinct per your Lieutenant.

Cobb looks confused.

INT. ROCKWOOD POLICE DEPT - HOPPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Cobb stands before Hopper who flicks through a thin file.

HOPPER
Sorry, Cobb, but we've had a
complaint.

COBB
Complaint? About what, sarge?

HOPPER
The situation on E. Powell.

COBB
I've just come from there.

HOPPER

They called and said that you were
rude, condescending and that you
should "lose your badge".

Cobb looks confused and dejected.

COBB

I don't understand.

HOPPER

Neither do I, son. Neither do I.

FADE OUT:

THE END