

Every Man for Himself

Pilot

by
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COLD OPEN

BLACK

Rain drums. Traffic moans.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
I'll never forget when I's a kid. Pop
would get up before the rest of us and
get a fire goin' in our old wood stove.

EXT. BUS STOP - DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - DAY

Commuters raise umbrellas. Form a line at the curb.
The din of a waking metropolis.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
Me and my brother would huddle around the
stove and warm our buns in sleepers-- You
know, PJs with feet and a zipper down the
front. But he always left fer work waaaay
before that stove ever even got warm. And
that's all ya need ta know about my Pop.

A METRO BUS creeps to a stop.

Air brakes *HISS*.

Doors crack.

INT. BUS ROUTE #18 - CONTINUOUS

Commuters board. Bring their complaints and hacking coughs.

A scraggly hobo steps onto the bus wearing a soaked army
jacket. Gives a shake. It's INDIAN BOB (50), **the best
connected man in the city**. Heads straight for the back row.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
Jumped the eighteen the other day, ta do
a little networking.

Addressing us, he talks straight into the camera...

INDIAN BOB
As any experienced hobo knows, there
ain't no better networking than the
public trans-po.

Flops next to RUBEN (70), an ever-befuddled transient and
ELROY (30) reeking of conspiracy theories and booze.

INDIAN BOB
Where ya sleeping, old-timer?

RUBEN
The Mission.

ELROY
They moved it, ya know.

INDIAN BOB
Yeah. Ya hear they got free sandwiches today?

RUBEN
Mmm. Now, what's ol' Ruben gotta do to get me one of dem free sandwiches?

INDIAN BOB
Just show up, I guess.

ELROY
Hope it ain't those goddamn baloney sandwiches again. They call it Canadian ham, but it's goddam baloney. I hate baloney. I ain't gonna eat it!

INDIAN BOB
All right, man. No one said you had to.

ELROY
Damn right. They think I don't know the difference but I ain't stupid.

RUBEN
Yeah, just poor.

Ruben and Indian Bob chuckle.

ELROY
The Mission's hirin', ya know.

INDIAN BOB
Who told ya that?

RUBEN
That's right. Elroy told me that.

ELROY
I'm Elroy.

RUBEN
Oh. No, I mean Donnie. He said ya gotta talk to Joe, and Joe'll hook ya up. That's where I'm goin' right now.

ELROY
Don't listen to Donnie. Donnie's dumb as a hoop. Everybody knows Willie's the man.

RUBEN

Willie?!

ELROY

Donnie probably ain't even on the list.

INDIAN BOB

List? What list?

ELROY

Well, ya can forget about working fer Willie 'less yer on the list. It's strictly part-time, ya know.

INDIAN BOB

Good. I need ta keep my options open.

Elroy sneaks a sip from his brown bag breakfast.

RUBEN

Well, ain't nobody gonna hire ya if ya smell like a drunk.

ELROY

I am a drunk. I got no problem being a drunk.

INDIAN BOB

I prefer the term "hobo." It more accurately defines my lifestyle choices.

Ruben yanks the overhead signal cable. *Ding.*

RUBEN

Free sandwiches sure sound tasty right about now.

ELROY

First, we'll go get you two on the list. I'm pretty tight with Willie.

As three hobos exit...

ELROY

And it better not be no goddam baloney.

INT. METRO TRANSIT BASE - BULLPEN - DAY

A natural born people-pleaser, ANDY (50) is unremarkable in every way. Sips the worst DRIP ever brewed. He's accepting of most things in life. Except maybe this coffee.

A manila folder in hand, Andy hovers over a coarse woman as she clacks away at a keyboard. It's ROSCOE (70), the fast-talking, hard-living, mother superior of the bus drivers.

ROSCOE
 ... And I catch you parking in the
 employee lot without a pass, you will be
towed. This is Central, not East Base.

ANDY
 Well, I guess I could make do for a--

ROSCOE
 Two weeks.

ANDY
 Two weeks for what?

ROSCOE
 For a parking pass.

ANDY
 You're kidding.

ROSCOE
 That's one thing we never do around here.
 Your transfer papers and five bucks.

Andy hands her the manila folder.

Fishes money out of his billfold.

ROSCOE
 You're sure you're feeling okay?

ANDY
 (looks at the coffee)
 Why, have you poisoned me?

Roscoe snatches a five dollar bill out of Andy's hand.

She jets away.

Andy struggles to keep pace.

ANDY
 Is that for my parking pass--?

ROSCOE
 No, my breakfast.

ANDY
 No, really.

ROSCOE
 Keep talking, I'll make you punch the
 buttons on the vending machine.

The walls: gray. The carpet: gray. The drivers: gray. The
 bullpen populated with wheezing and hacking drivers.

ANDY
 (head on a swivel)
 Is everyone here sick?

ROSCOE
 Are you reading my mind?

ANDY
 I don't think so.

They pause at a door. Plated "OPERATIONS MANAGER."

ROSCOE
 Fine, we'll do it the old fashion way
 with words. As of now, I own you. Get
 past it-- It'll be easier on all of us.

ANDY
 You can do that?

ROSCOE
 (she can)
 Are you reading my mind now?

OPERATIONS MANAGER'S OFFICE

More gray walls. Festooned with all the trappings of a mid-level city hack. Face-down on his desk, MARVIN (40) sleeps.

Inches from his head, Roscoe lifts a computer monitor off his desk. Drops it. *BANG*.

Marvin SNAPS to attention.

Wipes fresh drool outta the corner of his mouth.

MARVIN
 I was awake!

ROSCOE
 Eh, the transfer I promised from East
 Base... Starts today... Hello?

MARVIN
 Oh -- yes -- well. Sit, sit--

Studies Andy like he's the last used car on the lot.

MARVIN
 They call me Elvis around here.

ROSCOE
 Who calls you Elvis--?

MARVIN
 Everyone calls me Elvis.

ANDY

Why do they call him Elvis--?

ROSCOE

No one calls him-- His name is Marvin.
He's your new boss.

ANDY

I thought you were my boss.

ROSCOE

No, I own you-- It's different.

MARVIN

(to Andy)

Didn't catch the name--

ROSCOE

Don't matter. This huckleberry's so
unremarkable he should be grateful
anyone's paying attention to him at all.

Indignant, Andy scoffs. Crosses his arms.

MARVIN

And why am I here, Roscoe?

ROSCOE

The downside of being you.

Slips a document out of the folder and under Marvin's nose.

They trade crooked glances.

Marvin mumbles as he reads--

ROSCOE

Stop reading.

Marvin scribbles a flamboyant signature. Roscoe SNAPS it out
from under his pen the instant Marvin finishes signing.

Andy presses the top of a pen. *Click*.

She folds the form into her folder.

ROSCOE

(to Andy)

I need him to sign.

ANDY

Feels like I don't have any options here.

ROSCOE

Now you're reading my mind.

MARVIN

Whatever your name is, right now we're so shorthanded, I'd hire a blind felon if the union would let me. It's down to you or me behind the wheel, and, uh, with my obvious debilitating disability...

ROSCOE

What disability?

MARVIN

I'm narcoleptic.

ANDY

You have sex with animals?

MARVIN

No.

ROSCOE

It means he has sex with dead people.

MARVIN

No. It means I suddenly fall asleep-- That's why you're always catching me asleep in here-- It's a medical condition.

ROSCOE

(scoffs)

I want a medical condition that lets me sleep at work all day.

Shoos Andy to the door with her hands--

MARVIN

Driver, can I count on you?

ANDY

I'm, um. I'm not sure about all this. I'm gonna have to talk to my union rep.

Those words bounce off their stone-cold expressions.

ANDY

Or, well, I guess I could make do until--

MARVIN

Good man. That is all.

The door closes. Andy's face distorts through the glass.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT I

INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - UP FRONT - DAY

Passengers board.

Scan passes.

Find seats deep in the bus.

NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL
Transfer, please.

Andy rips fresh paper.

NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL
Can I have two?

ANDY
Sorry, one per fare, miss.

NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL
That make you a big man? Transfers?

Her point made, she moves on.

Behind her...

OLD MAN
Can you tell me how to get to City Hall
from here?

ANDY
(points)
You bet. At University, catch the--

OLD MAN
Oh-no-no-no, write it down. I'll never
remember all that.

Andy does the math in his head. Leans into the intercom...

ANDY
Excuse me, riders. Could someone assist
this young man with directions to City
Hall? Much appreciated.

NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL
(yells out)
That make you a big man? A microphone?

Two more arrive before the doors fold closed. A plump, Latino woman with a checkered past, BINGO MARY (60) holds hands with TOMMY (10) an innocent lad with mild Autism.

Always the center of her own universe, Bingo Mary gazes over her half-glasses at Andy. He's an obvious mistake.

BINGO MARY
(slight Latin accent)
Who... are you?

ANDY
The regular driver is out sick and evidently, I'm the booby prize.

BINGO MARY
Oh, no. My Isaac is never sick.

ANDY
I have to close the doors, ma'am.

Quietly judging him, she steps aboard. Swipes her pass.

Tommy flashes a crudely-fashioned HANDMADE PASS on a lanyard.

ANDY
May I?

Upon closer inspection, it reads: "Tommy's Honorary Lifetime Pass on Route #9" signed by... who knows?

Andy ain't buying it.

Tommy stands confused. Embarrassed.

Riders mutter.

BINGO MARY
Excuse me, but this is Tommy. I think maybe if you read it again, you might read it the right way.

He appreciates what she's saying.

ANDY
Yeah, looks good, guys.

TOMMY
That's no guy. That's Sister Bingo Mary.

ANDY
Oh, forgive me, Sister--

BINGO MARY
You thin'ing of a priest, dear.

TOMMY
(to Bingo Mary)
Where's Isaac?

Addressing the regular commuters we are about to meet...

BINGO MARY

Don't chew worry. Bingo Mary will take care of all of this until our Isaac comes back to us.

As the bus rolls, they settle in on a bench up front, next to DARLA (22). Any other day, she'd be as ding-y as a pinball machine on tilt but today she's anxious. Wearing dark shades.

Slowly, Bingo Mary inches Darla's sunglasses off her face. Reveals a fresh BLACK-EYE that heavy make-up fails to hide.

BINGO MARY

(concerned)

Oh, Darla.

DARLA

Does it show much?

Passengers grumble and stir.

BINGO MARY

Tell Bingo Mary you went to the police this time--

DARLA

I'm sorry.

BINGO MARY

Woman, you have to make dem listen.

DARLA

They told me they don't do a report if he's a cop. That's right, isn't it?

BINGO MARY

No, dear.

DARLA

But... but don't cha think they're gonna talk to him. Don't ya think?

A slow-moving chain-reaction of OUTRAGE washes from passenger to passenger.

Darla sees she's lit a fire. She stands.

Bingo Mary stands beside her.

BINGO MARY

Enough! The police should protect her. She has nowhere else to go.

Concerned, Andy heat checks his mirror.

GITCH (60), a wizened wretch and resident wildcard...

GITCH
Fuck the police! Waste of taxpayer money.

BINGO MARY
Like you pay taxes, Gitch.

Catches eyes with KELLOGG (20) an overly cautious snowflake.

KELLOGG
W-what, me?

BINGO MARY
Yes, you, Kellogg. What is you think?

KELLOGG
(realizes everyone's staring)
You know I don't work well under
pressure.

GITCH
They're protecting their own!

BINGO MARY
And so do we!

An air of royalty about him, MERRITT (50) is a graying ponytail in a tailored suit.

MERRITT
Well, I'm sure I pay more taxes than all
of you combined.

Did he really just say that out loud?

MERRITT
And I say we do something about it.

BINGO MARY
I'm listening.

MERRITT
A march!

GITCH
Smash windows. Burn cop cars. Burn. Burn!

KELLOGG
I can't be a part of anything illegal.

BINGO MARY
(crosses herself)
And everyone knows Bingo Mary can't do
anymore hard time.

MERRITT

No, my office specializes in political strategy. We need to organize something for... this Saturday at noon... in front of the downtown precinct. We'll block the streets. We'll march on City Hall!

Gitch stands. PUMPS a fist.

Passengers STAND. ROAR.

GITCH

I can donate four thousand rounds of ammo, three assault rifles, Kevlar, gas masks and a case of Red Bull.

BINGO MARY

Please, Gitch. Let the rich hippie talk.

MERRITT

I'll send our demands to the Mayor.

GITCH

(claps once)
Hot-damn, it's the 60s all over again.

The bus buzzes.

Darla pushes away tears of joy and relief.

Fear-locked into his driving, Andy stares into traffic.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

And with that, it had begun.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

In charge of every room she enters, Andy's wife GRACE (50) is a natural born rabble-rouser. She shuttles a mishmash of different restaurant TAKE-OUT CONTAINERS to the dinner table.

GRACE

Callie! Dinner!

ANDY

(whines)
Leftovers again?

GRACE

We gotta talk.

ANDY

How about I order a pizza?

The apple of Andy's eye, his uptalking daughter CALLIE (16) bounces in barefoot from the bathroom.

CALLIE
Daddy, can you do that thing with the toilet? It's running again.

ANDY
Sure, hon, after dinner. We're taking a family vote, leftovers or pizza--

CALLIE
Pizza.

GRACE
--I got laid off.

CALLIE
Mom, again-uh?

GRACE
Laid off isn't the same as being fired.

ANDY
Leftovers it is.

Folds open take-out containers.

GRACE
Oh, and the contractor wants more money before he starts.

ANDY
What happened, Grace?

GRACE
Will you talk to him?

ANDY
(resigned)
I'll talk to the contractor.

GRACE
They were screwing-over Rudy.

ANDY
Rudy?

GRACE
You know the girl with the thing.

ANDY
(no idea who that is)
Hmm.

GRACE
So after I make a stink, Rudy gets her hours back. But, get this, I end up being fired. Let go-- Semantics.

ANDY

Gracie, you should just... Ah, we'll figure it out.

Grace passes Andy a serving spoon.

GRACE

How was your day?

ANDY

They put me on a new route.

GRACE

Is that why you were late?

ANDY

Yeah, it's a hike downtown and back.

GRACE

How long they expect you to do that?

ANDY

Oh, I don't wanna be a bother.

GRACE

Well, you have to sit 'em down. This is a bigger commitment. Is it more money?

Callie digs leftovers out of a carton.

CALLIE

Oh, that ain't happening. Daddy, I love you, but really, when's the last time you ever took a stand on anything?

ANDY

Well, I...

That question hangs in the air.

GRACE

Don't talk to your father like that, missy. You're in enough trouble.

CALLIE

Please, tell him how horrible I am.

GRACE

You didn't think I'd find out?

(to Andy)

The school called. Your daughter skipped class again.

CALLIE

It was an important protest-uh!

GRACE

Do you even know what the protest was for, or were you just there to meet boys?

Callie GROWLS.

Inspiration squirts from Andy's head...

ANDY

I'm going to a protest.

GRACE

No, you're not.

ANDY

Yes, I am. Tomorrow.

CALLIE

Right on, Dad. What's it for? What's it against?

GRACE

Callie.

ANDY

We're protesting police corruption.

CALLIE

That's so cool--! Can I go?

GRACE

You're lucky we don't ground you--

ANDY

Of course you can go. We should all go.

GRACE

What's gotten into you?

Andy chews the tastiest leftovers ever.

Winks at Callie.

CALLIE

I'm proud of ya, Dad.

END ACT I

ACT II

EXT. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

The white limestone facade has everything but castle turrets. At the entrance, two lines of 10 RIOT POLICE IN BLACK BATTLE GEAR. Shields. Clubs. Gas masks.

Badge numbers covered.

Between them and a hastily conceived BARRICADE, stands an intern from City Hall, SOPHIE (20) dressed for clubbing.

SOPHIE
(through the bullhorn)
Okay, so, go away, now. Shoo. Shoo!

She's confused.

SOPHIE
Please.

Reveal the entire protest consists of Bingo Mary, Darla, Gitch, Kellogg and a couple others wandering like zombies.

Merritt charges Bingo Mary.

MERRITT
Uh, where is everybody?

BINGO MARY
Yes, where the hell is everybody?

With a "FREE DARLA" sign duct taped to his wrist...

KELLOGG
This is why I don't get involved.

MERRITT
This is why I don't do pro bono.

Darla lifts a tray of appetizers and a board game box.

DARLA
I brought nibbles and Twister for later.

GITCH
Well, I'm ready to rock and roll.

Crushes a Red Bull can against his dome...

... That crumbles him to his knees.

Fights to his feat as Andy and Callie arrive.

The can leaves a red circle on Gitch's forehead.

CALLIE

Oh, my god-uh, this is so lame.

ANDY

No, we're just early, honey.

KELLOGG

No, she was right the first time.

His validation and dreamy eyes, weakens Callie's knees.

MERRITT

My office sent the press release with our demands to the mayor. You people were supposed to find protesters.

SOPHIE

(though the bullhorn)
Yeah, your recs... That's a hard no.

BINGO MARY

Merritt, how do you find protesters?

GITCH

You don't, rookie. You pay. This is complete amateur hour. Protest over!

Gitch walks. Kellogg too. The sign drags behind him.

As the protest breaks up...

ANDY

And I guess we're leaving now.

CALLIE

Who was the cute one with the sign?

Leaning over the barricade, Bingo Mary shakes her fist...

BINGO MARY

We'll be back!

INT. CITY HALL - ROME'S OFFICE - DAY

The apex predator of city government, Deputy Mayor, ROME (40) sits resplendent in her achromatic office. Paints her nails red. Lectures her idealistic intern Sophie.

ROME

Oh, don't blame yourself.

SOPHIE

I don't.

ROME

It was my mistake sending you out there.

SOPHIE

Hey, I just, like, totally de-F-ed a potentially dangerous stich.

ROME

I assumed sending an intern looked insulting enough to inspire violence, looting, mayhem...

SOPHIE

Isn't government s'ppose ta bring the people together?

ROME

Sounds like some liberal brain-swill regurgitated from a freshman PolySci textbook. Do yourself a favor and burn it before those ideas seed.

SOPHIE

Burn books? Woof! I thought we were the good guys.

ROME

Rrrrao! I like the fight in you, kitten.

SOPHIE

Together is good.

ROME

Together is bad. Chaos is good. Together, people are strong. They can do anything. As long as we can keep them fighting amongst each other--

SOPHIE

The people who, like, elected us--?

ROME

Or agency against agency, anything that grabs headlines and keeps the masses distracted. --Oh and a clarification, I'm appointed and you work for school credit.

SOPHIE

Hold it, they said they're coming back.

ROME

Good. We got another shot at this. We need to keep 'em divided. Keep 'em distracted. Let 'em chant. Let 'em march. Let the cops knock some heads. While they're fighting amongst themselves, we have cover to slip through more pressing matters behind the scenes.

A THICK BINDER drops to the desk, titled "REZONING OUR CITY."

INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - BACK OF THE BUS - SAME

Meanwhile, another plan emerges...

INDIAN BOB

Trust me. The sight of folding money will bring 'em in thicker than swamp fog. You got that kinda scratch, lady?

BINGO MARY

Bingo Mary works in mysterious ways.

INDIAN BOB

And all we gotta do is go ta this rally at the police station?

BINGO MARY

This is true, mister Indian Bob.

INDIAN BOB

There gonna be sandwiches?

BINGO MARY

Lots of sandwiches.

INDIAN BOB

No baloney.

BINGO MARY

No baloney.

INDIAN BOB

Hmm, I got a pretty good network.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Andy scoops vanilla ice cream from a tub. Drops generous servings into three bowls. Grace corrects his every move.

GRACE

... Ten people? Ten people don't make a protest.

CALLIE

(pecks on her phone)
Mom, you weren't there-uh. There was cops and everything.

GRACE

I've been to protests-- I've organized real protests. I know what you're up to.

CALLIE

Please, tell him how horrible I am.

GRACE
 (to Andy)
 She's only there to meet boys.

Callie rolls her eyes as only a teenage daughter can do.

ANDY
 So, why'd you stop?

GRACE
 (meaning Callie)
 Oh, I'm just getting started.

ANDY
 No, I mean protesting. Why'd you decide to have people stop thinking of you as one thing... and then start thinking of you as something different?

CALLIE
 Yeah.

GRACE
 Well... I guess I wanted different things. I got pregnant.

Trades a teensy smile with Callie.

GRACE
 (to Andy)
 So you think you're an activist now?

ANDY
 Well, maybe I want different things.

CALLIE
 (into her bowl)
 Like chocolate?

Grace and Callie giggle. Andy not so much.

ANDY
 Is that funny? Am I some kinda joke? Is everything I do some kinda joke?

GRACE
 Andy, she didn't say that. Did you, Callie?

CALLIE
 Daddy, you're better than vanilla.

EXT. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Nearly a Roman legion of RIOT POLICE IN BLACK BATTLE GEAR stand intransigent behind hardened barricades. BATONS ready.

Disinterested, a hundred transients, panhandlers and hobos socialize. Laugh. Partake in an inexhaustible feast of WHITE BREAD SANDWICHES.

Two dozen HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS gather in protective sports gear and theater costumes. Hand-painted signs. Spelling errors a caveman would notice. PHONES recording everything.

Callie scans the crowd. Totally pulling off a sexy protester outfit. Bites her lip. Only one person on her mind.

INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - DANGEROUSLY OVERLOADED - SAME

Andy spies a MASSIVE CROWD at an upcoming bus stop.

BINGO MARY

We need to get them to our protest.

ANDY

Where do we put 'em? We're full.

BINGO MARY

Slow down. I's got an idea.

ANDY

Okay, but I'm not stopping.

Bingo Mary wedges through the crowded bus.

EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER

She wrestles open a back window.

Throws handfuls of DOLLAR BILLS from her satchel.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

Now, it's a well-known fact that folks will follow anything that leaks money.

A MAD SCRAMBLE.

People chase bills down the street as they fall.

EXT. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

The #9 BUS arrives.

Doors fold open. Humanity washes out.

A crowd of people with FISTS FULL OF DOLLARS trail the bus.

RUBEN

Okay, where's the money?

ELROY

Where's the sandwiches?

INDIAN BOB
They're outta sandwiches--

ELROY
I'm being screwed again!

INDIAN BOB
(points to Bingo Mary)
And she has the money.

BINGO MARY
There's no more money. I threw the rest
out the window to get the peoples here.

RUBEN
Who has my money?

An AGGRESSIVE PANHANDLER (30) limps forward.

AGGRESSIVE PANHANDLER
Princess, you better find more money,
because my friends here, like Billy Head-
Screws - his God-given Christian name -
ain't having one of his good days.

Quickly, word spreads there's no more money.

AGGRESSIVE PANHANDLER (V.O.)
And Flame over there... Flame is off his
meds. And Hammer, we ain't never sure
about Hammer. The rest of 'em... I don't
see a straight tooth in the lot.

An indistinguishable CHANT starts low.

IN FRONT OF THE PRECINCT

Anxious Riot Police respond to the chanting. Stir.

POLICE COMMANDER
(through a bullhorn)
Disperse immediately or we will clear the
streets.

AT THE BARRICADE

The chant rises LOUDER. Clearer.

Students turn to identify the source. It's everywhere.

THE CROWD (O.S.)
Twos! Twos! Twos!

Callie finds Kellogg, huffing pure fear.

She strikes a pose beside him. Stares into the distance.

CALLIE
 (plays it cool)
 Oh, hey.

Kellogg doesn't notice Callie.

AT THE BUS

As Andy steps off the bus, the crowd parts...

THE CROWD
Twos! Twos! Twos!

... reveals TWOS (20), a goliath. No less than 400 pounds. Stuffs a whole sandwich in his mouth. Chews.

ELROY
 (wanders away)
 That better not be the last sandwich.

ANDY
 Eh. Why do they call him Twos?

AGGRESSIVE PANHANDLER
 It's either because he hears two voices in his head or he ate two people.

Twos shakes his chubby fist at Bingo Mary.

TWOS
 I see you in there, you devil. Did you steal my money?!

BINGO MARY
 Okay, I'm going with the two voices.

AT THE BARRICADE

Two sun-bronzed hands crack open a white bread sandwich.

ELROY
 It's fucking baloney!

Sets the world outdoor record for throwing a sandwich...

IN FRONT OF THE PRECINCT

... And SPLATS it into the Police Commander's face shield. It sticks. Outraged, he BLOWS a piercing whistle.

Riot Police RUSH around the barricades.

CLASH with protesters.

It's a cross between a prison riot and a zoo escape.

Deep in the crowd, Gitch shakes a lit TIKI TORCH.

GITCH
Burn! Burn it all! Burn!

AT THE BUS

Bingo Mary grabs Andy.

BINGO MARY
You're the bus driver. Do sumthin'.

Twos WAILS.

Rushes Bingo Mary and Andy. Lickety-split, they turn tail and run. She's quick for an older woman. Fortunately, Twos isn't.

Running for his life, someone BUMPS Andy-- Spins him.

He spots his daughter, Callie...

AT THE BARRICADE

... Cheek by jowl, High School Students SCREAM at police.

Kellogg cowers behind his sign. Sobs.

Oblivious, Callie fingers a strand of hair behind her ear.

CALLIE
(to Kellogg)
So, what's your girlfriend's name?

At a dead run, Andy HOISTS his daughter over his shoulder.

CALLIE
Oh, no! Dad! No!

Andy spots Darla in the crowd.

Grabs her wrist.

INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - UP FRONT - MOMENTS LATER

Andy hustles Callie and Darla on board. He closes the doors.

CALLIE
That was so embarrassing!

ANDY
Where's Bingo Mary?

DARLA
Oh, don't give that one a second thought--
No one fights dirtier like Bingo Mary.
Like a feral cat with a taste for blood.

AT THE BARRICADE

Batons. Tear gas. BEDLAM. Stuff no one easily forgets.

Fear and moonshine compete for Gitch's eyes.

Swings his torch at Twos like a villager fending off Frankenstein. They dance.

Bingo Mary SCREAMS like a banshee--

Springs on Twos' back. Clamps her hands over his eyes.

He flails. Struggles.

Pries one of her hands away.

Gitch stabs the torch at his face. FIRE!

Twos panics. Spins. But Bingo Mary ain't letting go.

Ruben lifts a dollar off the ground. CACKLES. Wanders away.

Merritt STAGGERS out of the smoke. Coughs.

Stumbles over Kellogg, crying in a fetal position.

INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - UP FRONT - DAY

Darla points out the window.

Defensive bruises on her arms.

DARLA
Ooh, pretty. Fireworks.

EXT. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Flashbangs EXPLODE. Tear gas snakes around rioters.

The bus inches through gaps emerging in the chaos.

CALLIE (O.S.)
This is sooooo cool.

A dumpster fire RAGES.

Screams like you only hear in a slaughterhouse.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. CITY HALL - ROME'S OFFICE - DAY

Rome paces.

The Police Commander and Sophie, anchored in their chairs.

ROME

Where were our water cannons?

POLICE COMMANDER

The fire department has water cannons.

ROME

Come on now, the fire department has water cannons and you don't?

POLICE COMMANDER

Now, Rome-- I mean, ma'am. I mean, no.

ROME

Every peanut dictator in every third-world shithole's got a water cannon and we don't?! That's how you put down an insurgency.

(to Sophie)

Write this down. I want funding for a water cannon -- even if we have to kick it outta the suicide prevention hotline budget again.

POLICE COMMANDER

Thank you, ma'am. Can I... you know--?

ROME

Get outta here.

The Police Commander skips away as fast as he can.

Scalding Sophie with her eyes...

ROME

Don't you say it-- Don't you dare. Mhnn! I want them distracted, not us. Now go get me a goddamn water cannon.

INT. METRO TRANSIT BASE - BULLPEN - DAY

Roscoe pushes away from a report on her computer.

ROSCOE

Well, that was a gripping read. Damage to public property, inciting a riot, endangering riders' lives.

(MORE)

ROSCOE (cont'd)
You're a regular Russian nesting doll of
life-altering legal liabilities.

ANDY
So, I'm fired?

ROSCOE
Fired? I'm impressed. Before yesterday,
you were completely invisible. Done
nothing. Head down. The perfect beta male
drone.

ANDY
Does everyone see me as some kinda joke?

ROSCOE
I see you as smart enough to return to
baseline.

ANDY
There's more to me than you think.

ROSCOE
Now, look, I'm gonna do you a solid and
fall on this grenade--

ANDY
We need to get involved--

ROSCOE
No. Scotch any idea of getting more
involved.
(in her own head)
Otherwise, I'll, like, have to start
driving again. And then I'll have to
start drinking again and smoking PCP. And
then it all gets really dark from there.

ANDY
--You'll see.

ROSCOE
That's right, I see all. And know all. As
far as you're concerned, I am your God.

BUS SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE

Title: "Time and Date, ROUTE #9 COACH 5150"

Andy marches up to the ceiling camera on the bus. Waves.
Smiles. Swings a tire iron. STATIC.

INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - UP FRONT - LATER

Andy drives. The regular riders crowd near.

ANDY

People are gonna start taking us seriously-- And by us, I mean me. And by serious, I mean, not a joke anymore.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

And that's when we all started coming together as a team. Andy told us...

Periodically, Andy mouths Indian Bob's words.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

... The only way ta take down a corrupt system is to apply enough pressure in the right spot. And what better place ta start, than Nash -- Darla's super agro cop boyfriend. But we needed someone who worked in the Police Records Department.

BINGO MARY

We don't know no one like that.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

Well, we might not know people, but we know people who know people-- Riders on other buses who know people.

INDIAN BOB

(to camera)

You do realize this is a complete rip-off of the hobo networking system.

DARLA

Sounds complicated-- And weird.

GITCH

I think weird's what we're going for.

KELLOGG

Wait, I know someone on the Red Line who might know someone.

ANDY

There you go.

BINGO MARY

Spread the word.

EXT. BUS STOP SHELTER - DAY

Indian Bob negotiates with TINI (30) a short, stout woman.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

I found someone in records willin' ta play ball, literally.

(MORE)

INDIAN BOB (V.O.) (cont'd)
See, she was the catcher for the cops'
softball team.

EXT. MUNICIPAL SOFTBALL COMPLEX - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Behind the plate, Tini watches a pitch get crushed.
Furious, she throws her mask and glove.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
And every year they would lose in the big
charity game to the firefighters. And
evidently, there's nothin' worse than
losin' to firefighters.

END FLASHBACK

EXT. BUS STOP SHELTER - DAY

Tini wags her finger at Indian Bob.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
She was throwin' shade on Nash from
memory-- Knew lots of police cover-ups by
City Hall. So if we could fix the game,
she'd give us a thick file of dirt.

INDIAN BOB
(to camera)
Her name was Tini (Teeny) somethin'. A
big girl for a Tini.

INT. BUS - THE BLUE LINE - DAY

A bookish man, JUKE (65) sits between Darla and Kellogg.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
So then we went ta work on findin' the
ump who was scheduled ta call the game.

Over his thick glasses, Juke leers at Darla.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
And he had Coke bottle glasses, so this
was gonna be totally believable.

EXT. JUKE'S HOME - NIGHT

Kellogg and Darla do their best to not be terrified.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
But Juke was a hard sell. He wanted an
all-city parking pass for his blind gator
Wally who was riddled with arthritis.

Juke trots out his pet alligator WALLY on a leash.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
 See, ol' Juke thought it'd be easier ta
 walk him if he could park anywhere.

INT. BUS - ROUTE 283 - DAY

Indian Bob addresses the camera from a middle seat.

INDIAN BOB
 I don't get it, but whatever.

Behind him, Gitch shares a nip from his flask with MALAIKA (40). She's human hyperbole. Long nails, hair extensions and limitless attitude.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
 Eventually, Gitch found someone in the
 department of licensing who was down for
 a well-paying side hustle. And it was on.

EXT. MUNICIPAL SOFTBALL COMPLEX - THE STANDS - NIGHT

On the far side of a chain-link backstop, the COPS play the FIREFIGHTERS in the big charity softball game.

Indian Bob turns to us. Counts on fingers...

INDIAN BOB
 It was pretty simple. Malaika brings the
 parking pass... We slip her the cash...
 Juke throws the game... and Tini gives us
 a thumb drive with all the cover-ups.

NEAR THE CONCESSIONS STAND

Andy argues with Bingo Mary, Gitch, Darla and Kellogg. Hand in hand, Indian Bob and Tommy join them.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
 Of course, that's nothing like what
 really happened.

The sound of a softball being DESTROYED...

Swings everyone's head to--

THE FIELD

A softball SCREAMS outta the park, straightaway centerfield and in the general direction of Cooperstown.

EXUBERANT FIREFIGHTERS stream onto the field. Celebrate.

Behind home plate, Tini spikes her catcher's mitt. Glowers.

NEAR THE CONCESSIONS STAND

Grace and Callie rush Andy.

GRACE
Andy, what's going on?

ANDY
Bingo Mary didn't get the money--

BINGO MARY
You never told Bingo Mary it would be that much!

ANDY
And so Gitch couldn't get the parking pass. But that don't matter because Juan Soto--

GITCH
Aaron Judge--

ANDY
Whoever--

DARLA
It was Aaron Judge.

ANDY
Aaron Judge just hit a walk-off home run.

KELLOGG
(dumbfounded)
That was Aaron Judge?

GRACE
Wait-why is Aaron Judge on their team?

DARLA
'Cuz they cheat.

ANDY
So we tried, but without the parking pass, we couldn't throw the game. And that means we didn't get the evidence to lock up Darla's asshole boyfriend.

GRACE
(laughs)
You did all that?

ANDY
We almost did all that.

GRACE
Andy, I have to say, I'm kinda impressed.

THE DUGOUT

Nash assaults a cooler with an ALUMINUM BAT.

GITCH (V.O.)
But we still gotta problem.

NEAR THE CONCESSIONS STAND

GITCH
Ya know Nash's goin' out drinkin' after
the game with his hoodlum cop buddies.
And ya know he's comin' home drunk.

Darla drops her head.

ANDY
We gotta get Darla outta her apartment.

DARLA
Oo, we should do it before he gets home.

ANDY
That's the general idea, Darla.

BINGO MARY
--I have the rectory van. And the less I
say about that the better.

KELLOGG
Why do we think this is gonna work?

INDIAN BOB
Our last plan almost worked.

BINGO MARY
"You got to lose... to know how to win."

GRACE
Psalms?

BINGO MARY
Aerosmith, dear.

GRACE
Andy, who are these people?

EXT. DARLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The team bucket-brigades Darla's earthly belongings into
"Saint Jude's" rectory van. Painted loud, psychedelic colors.

BINGO MARY
Fast, not neat, people. He could be back
anytime, now. Drunk as yer daddies on
Christmas morning.

Andy's phone blows up.

GRACE
What's all that about?

ANDY
About twenty messages from work.

GRACE
Well, then, it must be important.

ANDY
Evidently, I can't be fired, so it's not that important.

KELLOGG
(hefting a box)
I dunno. Is this everything?

DARLA
Yeah, I don't have a...

The disappointment on everyone's face slows her roll.

DARLA
... A lotta stuff.

Over Darla's shoulder stands NASH (30). Tall. Athletic. And a skin full of beer. Chews. Spits.

She won't face him.

But Andy will. Steps in front of the group.

Nash rests an aluminum bat on his shoulder.

ANDY
(locked into Nash)
Everybody in the van.

No one budes. Resolved.

DARLA
I'm leaving ya, Nash. There was more when I rehearsed this in my head. But, now, okay. So, okay, that's it.

Walks away, never looking back.

NASH
Yeah?

ANDY
Yeah, she's leaving.
(insecure)
But if we took any of your stuff by mistake, we'll, of course, return it.
Just... just stay away from her.

NASH
You talk a lot.

ANDY
(scoffs)
That bat... That bat make you a big man?

Nash WHIPS the bat under-hand through a car window...

CRASH!

... Everyone flinches.

Neighbors' porch lights wink on.

ANDY
'K, everyone in the cars. You too, Grace.

Andy's back-up drifts away.

Nash SPITS chew like he's been doing it since birth.

Mugs up Andy.

ANDY
We got so much shit on you. Shit that's
been covered up for years. Enough shit to
bury your ass and your whole department.

NASH
Hmm, and where's this shit evidence?

ANDY
Hypothetical evidence. I, uh. We'll have
the evidence very soon.

NASH
You sure talk a lot.

Glances down. Balls a fist.

As Nash looks up, his eyes LIGHT.

He wheels back-- Stumbles.

Terrified, Nash scrambles away.

ANDY
Yeah, better run.

The sound of a prehistoric *HISS*.

And that lights Andy's eyes.

He spins--

ANDY
 (reeling)
 Oh, shit!

As the alligator, Wally lunges--
 The leash slips out of Jukes hand.
 Wally darts straight after Nash.
 Trees him.
 Hugging a limb, Nash wails like a little bitch.
 Below, Wally circles the tree trunk.

JUKE
 (to Darla)
 Dang it, I was gonna help you pack--

Darla pecks Juke's cheek.

DARLA
 Mmmwah! You're right on time.

JUKE
 Well, better get Wally before he gives
 that poor fella a coronary.

Wally hisses at the base of the tree.

Nash cries out for help.

ANDY
 Or, take your time.

DARLA
 (aside to Andy)
 I'd kiss ya too, but your wife's here.
 Plus I think Juke's kinda crushin' on me.

Andy's phone buzzes.

ANDY
 An alligator's loose in the parking lot
 and that's what you're worried about?
 (reading a text)
 --Jesus.

Everyone circles back to Andy.

KELLOGG
 That don't sound good--

ANDY
 It's Isaac.

TOMMY
What about Isaac?

GRACE
Who's Isaac?

BINGO MARY
Isaac's the real bus driver, missus Andy.
We must have our Isaac back.

ANDY
(reading the text)
He's in the hospital.

GITCH
Which one? I'm intimate with all of 'em.

TOMMY
I'm going.

BINGO MARY
We are all going.

ANDY
And he-- Why does he want to see me?

INT. HOSPITAL - NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT

Andy, Grace and Callie huddle near a sympathetic NURSE (40).

NURSE
Oh, I'm so glad you're here. He's very
close, now, and it's so sad when there's
no one there at the end. Are you ready?

ANDY
For what?

NURSE
I don't think he has any family left.

Confused, Grace and Callie stay behind.

The Nurse ushers Andy into...

A PRIVATE ROOM

... ISAAC, a frail old man, sleeps in a hospital bed. He's
wired to machines and monitors.

Andy drags a chair to his bedside.

Isaac coughs himself awake. Sees Andy's METRO TRANSIT JACKET.

ISAAC
Well, hello.

ANDY
Hello, I'm Andy.

ISAAC
I know. I asked to see you.

Obviously weak, he sits up a little.

ISAAC
You have a family, son?

ANDY
I do. They're just outside.

ISAAC
It's good to have a family. Someone to lean on, take care of. I never got around to a family. Guess my work was my family.

ANDY
That sounds about right.

ISAAC
I'm glad I got to meet you, Andy.

ANDY
Me, too.

A gentle knock as the Nurse cracks the door open. Isaac's regular riders quietly drift in. Then Grace and Callie.

BINGO MARY
(a weeping hug)
Oh, Isaac.

TOMMY
Wow, you're really sick, Isaac.

ISAAC
Yes, Tommy. I am.

Tommy cups Andy's hand.

Isaac smiles at Andy.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
We visited for a while. Then Isaac said he was tired. He smiled and fell asleep.

THE NEXT DAY

An empty room. Quiet. The bed neatly made.

END ACT III

TAG

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A ferocious WATER CANNON FIGHT between the Fire Department and the Police Department. Sirens. Yelling.

Behind a riot shield, a POLICE OFFICER gets BLASTED away.

INT. CITY HALL - ROME'S OFFICE - DAY

A newspaper lands on Rome's desk.

Headline: "POLICE COVER-UPS TRACED BACK TO CITY HALL"

SOPHIE (O.S.)

I don't believe it.

ROME

I know, I made my bones burying those cases.

SOPHIE

(meaning the newspaper)

No, I mean I can't believe they still make those things.

ROME

A little birdie told me the crusaders who leaked this libelist trash are the same ones who sparked the riots. And they're organizing on buses.

Sophie mumbles as she types on her phone...

SOPHIE

Crusaders. On. Buses.

ROME

Now, Sophie, I want you to infiltrate their ranks, earn their trust and bring me back their plans.

SOPHIE

(mumbles)

They've got plans.

ROME

We can't let this sidetrack our plan--

SOPHIE

Your plan--

ROME

My plan to rezone low-income housing outta the downtown retail core.

Sophie stops typing. Indignant, stares up at Rome.

ROME

Oh, don't look at me like that. How much do the homeless contribute to society?

INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - BACK OF THE BUS - DAY

Indian Bob addresses the camera...

INDIAN BOB

So, last night, I run into Donnie from the Mission, riding the C Line. Sure, he's as dumb as a hoop...

INT. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Wearing a janitor's uniform, DONNIE (70) pushes a cleaning cart into a dark office. The lights snap on.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

... But, turns out, he's the overnight janitor at the police precinct where Tini works-- Told me Willie got him that job.

Donnie plucks a thumb drive off Tini's desk.

"NASH" written on the side.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

The thumb drive wasn't tough to figure.

Reveal the trashed office. Beer cans everywhere.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

And Donnie was none too pleased 'bout their softball after-party.

EXT. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - FLASHBACK - DAY

With heavy hands on Nash, TWO BURLY OFFICERS hustle him out of the building and through an angry crowd on the steps.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

So Merritt released the flash drive to the media and Nash is going ta jail.

A YOUNG MAN spits at Nash.

Misses. Hits a Burly Officer instead.

A MELEE ensues.

Head down, Nash crawls through the crowd.

Slips around the corner of the burgeoning riot.

INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - MIDDLE OF THE BUS - PRESENT

Indian Bob addresses the camera.

INDIAN BOB
We did it! We're fightin' back.

Spots Gitch hustling Sophie forward. Clutching her arm.

INDIAN BOB
Uh-oh.

GITCH
We got a spy in our midst. Caught her red-handed recordin' everything we say.

KELLOGG
(spinning out)
Saying what? What were we saying? I wasn't saying anything. Oh, Lord, I have to stop talking now. Am I still talking?

DARLA
She don't look like a spy.

SOPHIE
I'm an intern.

Stress drains out of the air.

SOPHIE
But I was spying for City Hall.

Shocked, Andy checks his mirror.

BINGO MARY
Tommy, Bingo Mary needs you to hold a few things that should not be on her person.

SOPHIE
But wait...

The bus grinds to a stop.

SOPHIE
(giddy)
I'm so totally down with what you guys are doing. Screw my boss and her plans to boot the homeless out of the city--

Bug-eyed, Indian Bob prairie-dogs over a seat.

SOPHIE
I'm in.

Everyone turns to Andy.

A loaded moment.

ANDY
Well... Welcome aboard, miss.

Bingo Mary and Darla offer her a seat on the bench.

The bus eases back into traffic.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Andy and Grace sit down for dinner.

ANDY
... And then Sophie said she'd feed us
information about the mayor's office.

GRACE
That's great, Andy. But, I mean... you've
never really done anything like this.

ANDY
Like what?

GRACE
Like lead a revolution.

The moment catches up to Andy--

Until Callie walks in wearing booty shorts and a midriff top.

ANDY
You know, you're right. I can't even get
our daughter to dress for dinner. Callie,
dear, can you put something on?

Ignoring him, Callie sits for dinner. Stares into her phone.

GRACE
... Fortunately, Andy, I have.

That fires Andy's imagination.

GRACE
Okay, here's the first thing we gotta do,
organize... (the audio trails away)

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)
And that's how this whole mess got
started.

END OF SHOW