

DEPUTY

EPISODE 101:  
'GRADUATION DAY'

Written by  
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COLD OPEN

INT. BILL'S FACE, A BIT WEATHERED, STOIC, THOUGH NOT UNKIND

**DEPUTY BILL HOLLISTER**, a man out of time. An era before masculinity became toxic. Bill's spent his career kicking down doors, and stepping on corns. Same urban swashbuckling that earned him The Medal Of Valor now makes him a liability.

**UNION REPRESENTATIVE (O.S.)**

Before this board makes its final recommendation, consider Deputy Hollister's career as a *whole*, his numerous commendations, citations, including *The Medal of Valor*.

INT. BOARD OF RIGHTS TRIBUNAL - HALL OF JUSTICE - CONTINUOUS

REVEAL: Bill standing before his **BOARD OF RIGHTS TRIBUNAL**, comprised of LASD brass and civilian oversight, seated on a raised platform bearing the COUNTY SEAL, looking down at him. **COMMANDER JERRY LONDON** presiding, a political apex predator.

**COMMANDER LONDON**

Deputy Hollister's storied history with this department is well-known to this board. Equally well-known is his a history of recalcitrance, insubordination, and disregard for the chain of command.

(beat)

Which is why the matter before us today, his refusal to participate in a joint operation with *Immigration and Customs Enforcement*, is so troubling.

**UNDERSHERIFF HAMA**

Mounted Enforcement is a crucial component of that operation. And you don't get to decide--

The unguent **TERRY HAMA**, LA undersheriff...

**BILL HOLLISTER**

Let me tell you something.

**UNION REPRESENTATIVE**

Bill, please.

**BILL HOLLISTER**

I've been doing this twenty years. Never took a dime. Never put my hands on somebody unless I had to.

(MORE)

**BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)**

Never pulled the trigger when there was another way. You wanna hunt gangbangers, human traffickers? I'm your huckleberry. But I am not herding people into pens for you or anybody else.

Bill nods toward a sepia **PHOTOGRAPH** of **HORACE HOLLISTER** on the wall, among the other relics, old star, rusted cuffs.

**BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)**

I swore the same oath he did. Didn't swear it to you. I swore it to *them*. I gave my word I'd protect them. And I don't give a pinch of dry turd how they got here.

**COMMANDER LONDON**

(pictures, artifacts)

You realize he's not a model for modern policing, right? These are literally *relics* from another era.

**UNDERSHERIFF HAMA**

Much like yourself.

Bill's expression barely changes. But the temperature drops.

**BILL HOLLISTER**

Tell Bradford if he wants my badge, he knows where to find me.

Bill looks at that **PICTURE** of **HORACE**, then turns his back on the board, the bullshit, and walks out, right toward us...

**BILL HOLLISTER (V.O.) (CONT'D)**

*I come from a long line of lawmen.  
My great, great, great granddad was  
the first Los Angeles Sheriff's  
deputy killed in the line of duty.*

Bill's face. The last of his breed. And he knows it.

**EXT. LA COUNTY SHERIFF'S STABLES - MAGIC HOUR**

Seething sun cuts the dust, kicked by Bill's mud-spattered HEAVY DUTY TRUCK, BLACK & WHITE, Dualie, LA Sheriff's LOGO on the door, towing the MOUNTED ENFORCEMENT DETAIL's multi-horse TRAILER, pulling into the stables. Been a long day...

**BILL HOLLISTER**

*He was shot by bandits right off  
Sunset, just a cattle trail then.*

(MORE)

BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)  
*Say it was a hell of a gunfight.  
 But there's no plaque, nothing to  
 mark the spot where he died. It's  
 one of those hot yoga places now...*

Leading horses down the ramp into their stalls. Calm. Trust.

BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)  
*My dad used to say Los Angeles  
 doesn't want us here. Every summer  
 it tries to burn us out. Winter  
 comes it tries to bury us in the  
 mud. And every few years it tries  
 to shake us off its back. I don't  
 know. Maybe it's still sore at us  
 for taking it from the Tongva...*

Bill gently brushing his PARTNER, a handsome buckskin named CHANCE. As close to meditation as either will ever come. Then Bill's **RADIO** crackles. Frantic radio traffic. Overlapping broadcasts: --**IN PURSUIT OF 211 SUSPECTS--SHOTS FIRED! SHOTS--**

--Bill jogs outside. Sirens. Close. He disconnects the trailer. Rotors. A **SHERIFF'S HELICOPTER** roars overhead, racing toward the pursuit. Bill hops in the TRUCK, floors it.

**EXT. WILD LA SHERIFF'S PURSUIT - SAME**

Sheriff's **BLACK & WHITES** pursue an **ARMORED CAR** down an ALLEY.

UNIT 260	UNIT 77
260 SAM suspect is southbound through the alley west of Delarosa--	--approaching 104th street--

That **ARMORED CAR**'s rear door swings OPEN and **CISCO** (faced halved by a kerchief) raises an **C39 MICRO AK** and **BRACKABRACK--** Turns the WINDSHIELDS of the **BLACK & WHITES** to *crushed ice*, DEPUTIES to DUCK. **CRASH!** Airbags. Deputies shaking it off...

**I/E. ARMORED CAR - SAME**

ROBBERY CREW. Behind the wheel, shot-caller: **OSCAR VILLALOBOS** (AKA DEMON) a 13th STREET veterano, tattoo-covered, hard as scrimshawed whalebone. Riding shotgun: **K-TRACHO** hails from Laketown Mafia. (2) gunmen in the back: **CISCO** and **PELON**, both from L.O.N. (LOS OSOS NEGROS). CISCO pulls his kerchief down.

CISCO  
 Gotta ditch this car.

Villalobos takes them down another alley, this one narrower, the armored truck pulverizing abandoned couches, trash cans--

**EXT. WITH BILL IN HIS TRUCK - PARALLEL PURSUIT - SAME**

Bill's a block over, behind the wheel of his TRUCK, keeping pace with the ARMORED CAR, stalking his prey...

BILL HOLLISTER (INTO RADIO)  
MED 16 in pursuit. Westbound 104th.

DISPATCH (OVER RADIO)  
Uh, unit in pursuit. Verify you  
said *Mounted Enforcement Detail...*

BILL HOLLISTER  
Yehaw.

Bill guns the truck, swerves on to the sidewalk, a linebacker taking an angle, the big diesel rams through a cyclone fence, plowing through a condemned building, blasting out the back--

**EXT. MOUTH OF THE ALLEY - CONTINUOUS**

Bill stomps the brakes, exits the truck, DETACHING the HOOK from the WINCH on the truck's front bumper, YANKING slack off the winch-drum like a deep sea angler, whipping the **HEAVY STEEL CABLE** around a **TELEPHONE POLE** to set the hook, running back in the truck now, throwing it into REVERSE, stomping the gas, acrid smoke boiling out of the squealing tires as--

**I/E. ARMORED CAR TOWARD THE LA RIVERBED - SAME**

Villalobos sees the heavy CABLE leap into sudden view, stretched across the mouth of the alley--

VILLALOBOS  
*What the--*

--Villalobos SLAMS the BRAKES --Too late. The steel cable taut as a garrote when the grill of the armored car *crunches* against the cable like a boot hitting a tripwire, youth and exuberance meeting age and treachery at 50 mph--

--Force enough to YANK Bill's TRUCK sideways, tires barking as the ARMORED CAR pitches FORWARD, rear wheels lifting off the deck as momentum and a high center of gravity cause the ARMORED CAR to SUMMERSAULT over the cable, tumbling as over teakettle into the **LA RIVER...**

Villalobos SCRAMBLES out with a **CANVAS DOCUMENT BAG**, sees BILL walking down the cement bank...

VILLALOBOS (CONT'D)  
...Hollister.

Bill already has his REVOLVER leveled at him...

BILL HOLLISTER  
Hey, Oscar.

--That's when CISCO pops out the BACK, betting on his AK-47 over Bill's wheel gun --**BLAM!** And loses. Thank you for playing, Cisco. Villalobos takes the opportunity to Br'er Rabbit into a CULVERT. Bill whirls on Pelon and K-Tracho...

BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)  
You want some of it?

They don't, fingers interlace behind shaved, tattooed heads.

**EXT. LA RIVERBED - SCENE OF ARMORED CAR CRASH - LATER**

Shimmering riverbed a crime scene, scattered with sodden DOCUMENTS. Techs flitting about. Uniforms scooping up soggy Invoices. Pay-In Slips. Debit notes. Transfer vouchers.

**RACHEL**  
Just keep underestimating him.  
His capacity for treachery.

**DEPUTY RACHEL QUINN.** Meticulous. Workaholic. Knee-deep in a nasty divorce, and her partner, **DEPUTY RUDY VASQUEZ**, semi-closeted geek, boyishly handsome, *secretly in love with her.*

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Never liked me to talk about work,  
now the bastard won't shut up about  
it in these custody hearings.

**RUDY**  
Wait, who are we talking about?

RACHEL  
My ex husband.

RUDY  
My cousin said he'd break his legs  
for five hundred? I talked him down  
to a case of Corona. Good deal.

She smiles. He'd do anything for that smile. They see **BILL.**

BILL HOLLISTER  
Running point on this, Rach?

RACHEL  
Looks that way. One of the guards  
got lucky, took two in the vest.  
The other guy not so much.

BILL HOLLISTER  
Well, I'm no detective, but *Pelon*,  
and the artist formerly known as  
*Cisco* there. Both from L.O.N.

RUDY  
*Los Osos Negros*.

BILL HOLLISTER  
But the guy riding shotgun claims  
*Laketown Mafia*. Driver opted for a  
trip to Wonderland.  
(nodding to the culvert)  
But I know him. **OSCAR VILLALOBOS**.  
Call him *Demon*. He's 13th Street.

RACHEL  
*Enemigos* all. You ever heard of  
three rival gangs working together?

Bill shakes his head.

RUDY  
Maybe it's the score. Rich enough  
they put aside their differences.

Rachel frowns at the papers littering the riverbed...

RACHEL  
I don't see any cash...

Rachel picks up a drifting document from **BANAMEX, LTD.**

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
...Banamex.

**EXT. DESCENDING INTO THE LA RIVERBED - CONTINUOUS**

ROTORS ripple the river as a **HELICOPTER** lands in the  
riverbed, disgorging (3) **SUITS**. Our friend Undersheriff **HAMA**.  
**JULIUS FABIAN**, our vainglorious DA. And ancient **JUDGE MASON**.

JULIUS FABIAN  
Deputy Hollister. I'm District  
Attorney Julius Fabian.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 And I'm not saying another word  
 without my union rep present.

The suits trade brief, baffled looks. Who's on first?

BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)  
 You don't get to ambush me after a  
 deputy involved shooting. It's in  
 the MOU. You guys want to grill me?  
 I get to have my union rep present.

JUDGE MASON  
 I don't understand. Did you...?

Mason glances over at Cisco's body facedown on the concrete.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 Union rep.

JULIUS FABIAN  
 But that's not why we're here.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 You were just in the neighborhood.

HAMA  
 We're here because Sheriff  
 Bradford...

BILL HOLLISTER  
 If Bradford thinks his flying  
 monkeys can intimidate me into  
 retiring, he can kiss my ass.

HAMA  
 Sheriff Bradford suffered a heart  
 attack earlier this afternoon. He  
 was pronounced dead at 1535 hours.

Bill reacts.

<p>JULIUS FABIAN          And as it happens, the Los          Angeles County Charter...</p>	<p>JUDGE MASON  <i>Which is 170 damn years old.</i></p>
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JULIUS FABIAN  
 County Charter states that in the  
 event that a duly elected Sheriff  
 dies in office, then the longest  
 serving member of his *mounted posse*  
 shall serve as *Acting Sheriff* until  
 a new sheriff can be elected.

BILL HOLLISTER  
You gotta be kiddin.

JUDGE MASON  
God help us, I wish I was.  
(sighs)  
Raise your right hand.

RACHEL  
I don't believe this.

*I, William Hollister, do solemnly swear, that I will support  
the Constitution of the United States...*

BILL HOLLISTER  
That it?

HAMA  
That's it. You're The New Sheriff  
of Los Angeles County.

BILL HOLLISTER  
You're fired.

Hama's stunned, staring. Bill walks back to his horse as we  
crane up and away from the latest carnage he's wrought...

**TITLE CARD: DEPUTY**

**ACT ONE**

**I/E. THE REYES ADOBE - HOLLISTER'S HOUSE - NEXT MORNING**

Establishing. **BILL HOLLISTER**. Wife **PAULA REYES**. Daughter  
**MAGGIE** in Paula's ancestral home, Reyes Rancho, most of its  
acreage consumed by suburbs over the last hundred years.

**INT. BILL AND PAULA'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS**

Bill's donning his **DRESS UNIFORM**, which still fits, frowning  
as his wife **PAULA** pins the new **BRASS STARS** to Bill's collar  
with *surgical* precision. She's a **TRAUMA SURGEON**.

BILL HOLLISTER  
I don't know what I was thinking.  
Well, actually I do. I wanted to  
see the look on Hama's face. But I  
can't do this. I can't be  
responsible for twenty thousand  
deputies. The jails. The port.

PAULA

Lift your chin a little.

BILL HOLLISTER

Sheriff's an elected official.  
Millions of people vote him in.

(his stars)

I'm wearing these because of some  
obscure rule no one remembers on a  
150 year old piece of paper.  
Probably says to pay me in tallow  
or pigs or something.

PAULA

Oh, no. However are you going to  
keep me in the lavish lifestyle to  
which I'm accustomed?

BILL HOLLISTER

This is like that *Brady Bunch* where  
they make Greg a Rock Star, just  
because he fits the suit. I'm  
Johnny Bravo. That didn't end well.

PAULA

You ask me, whoever wrote that rule  
knew exactly what they were doing.  
Don't hand the job over to a judge  
or lawyer. Send a lawman. Someone  
who's actually done the work. I  
think you're exactly what they  
need. Whether they know it or not.  
You were born to do this, Bill.

Bill's eyes pulled to the **PICTURE** of **BILL** and his partner  
**STEPHEN BLAIR**, young deputies, 20 years ago, before...

BILL HOLLISTER

Don't know what *he'd* think of this?

PAULA

Your new gig?

BILL HOLLISTER

No. I know what *he'd* think of that.  
He'd be laughing his ass off.

(tighter)

But I don't know if *he'd* want his  
son following in his footsteps.  
Kind of doubt it. Considering they  
lead to *Forest Lawn*...

She touches her husband's face, closes her eyes, like a  
subtle faith-healer, trying to draw the old grief out...

INT. KITCHEN - MINUTES LATER

Bill walks into the kitchen, his daughter **MAGGIE**, shoveling cereal and texting one-handed. Bill noticing the lower hemispheres of her butt are visible below her jean shorts.

BILL HOLLISTER

Whoa. Whoa. Hold on. No way you're going to school dressed like that.

MAGGIE

Like what?

BILL HOLLISTER

Like a feral Kardashian. Like you escaped from some post-apocalyptic truck-stop harem.

(off her look)

Those aren't Daisy Dukes. Those aren't even Miley Cyruses. They lack the requisite surface area. That's a *sash* with delusions of grandeur. No. Absolutely not.

PAULA pulls Bill aside as Maggie escapes to the living room.

PAULA

Remember how we talked about picking our battles?

BILL HOLLISTER

Yeah, and I'm picking this one.

PAULA

What're you gonna do, arrest her?

BILL HOLLISTER

I'm thinking about it.

MAGGIE (O.S.)

Russian Mafia's out front.

EXT. REYES ADOBE - SAME

A **BLACK SUV** in their driveway. Bill walks out his front as a compact lesbian supermodel in a smart pantsuit exits the driver's side. She can't be much older than his daughter.

BILL HOLLISTER

I help you with something?

**DEPUTY BREANNA BISHOP**, Sheriff's DRIVER/SECURITY DETAIL, here to pick him up. Smart. Sarcastic. Quietly badass.

BISHOP  
I'm your driver. Deputy Bishop.

BILL HOLLISTER  
Bill Hollister. Sure you're old enough to drive, Deputy Bishop?

BISHOP  
Ah, dad jokes.

BILL HOLLISTER  
I'd prefer to drive myself.

BISHOP  
Not an option, I'm afraid. I'm also your personal security detail.

BILL HOLLISTER  
You're kidding.

**ON THE VERANDA:** PAULA and MAGGIE sip their coffee, watching this war of wills unfold. Bishop more than a match for Bill.

PAULA  
This is going to be good.

BILL HOLLISTER  
You're what, a buck-oh-five after a big breakfast? All due respect, Deputy. I don't need a bodyguard.

BISHOP  
I come with the stars, Sheriff.

They head for the vehicle. Bill opens the driver's door and stands beside it, as Bishop opens the rear door for him...

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
What're you doing?

BILL HOLLISTER  
Uh, I'm opening the door for you. It's the polite thing to do.

BISHOP  
This isn't a date, Sheriff.

MAGGIE  
Oh, I like her.

Maggie and Paula subtly click coffee mugs, watching Bill and Bishop awkwardly switch places. Bishop to the driver's door, Bill to the rear door. Then they open their doors at the same time, like they're turning missile keys. And climb in.

I/E. SHERIFF'S COMMAND VEHICLE THROUGH LA - MINUTES LATER

Bill surrounded by **MONITORS**: real-time feeds DASH CAMS, BODY CAMS. FLIR (Forward Looking Infrared) on department helicopters. RADIO TRAFFIC from all over LA. A MOVING MAP...

BILL HOLLISTER  
What's all this stuff for?

BISHOP  
Mobile Command Center. Think of it as your Air Force One. Run-flat tires. Armor plating. Nothing short of direct hit from a rocket launcher could take us out.

DISPATCH (FROM SPEAKER)  
*All units, 211 in progress, GO2 LIQUOR, 1400 Eastern Ave...*

BILL HOLLISTER  
Hear that? 211 in progress. We're four blocks away.

BISHOP  
Hooking bad guys isn't your job anymore.

BILL HOLLISTER  
The hell it's not. I'm the goddamned Sheriff, aren't I?  
(off her look)  
Ride to sound of the guns, Deputy.

Bishop sighs, shakes her head, and FLOORS it...

BISHOP  
Yes, sir.

**CUT TO:**

EXT. SHERIFF'S TRAINING ACADEMY - HOURS LATER

Graduation Day. Tight groups of excited **RECRUITS** hustling toward the parade deck. A **LONE RECRUIT**, with a somber aspect and slighter build, taking another angle, toward...

The MEMORIAL WALL. Placards with the NAMES of FALLEN DEPUTIES. Our lone recruit, **DEPUTY JOSEPH BLAIR**, takes off his white glove, reaching up to touch one of the placards, his bare fingers gently tracing the name **STEPHEN BLAIR**. Joseph closes his eyes, sighs heavily. The weight of it.

JOSEPH  
*...You're a lot to live up to.*

Fingers sliding off as he turns away, and sees **PAULA REYES**, his Godmother, slowly walking up the stairs to meet him.

PAULA  
 Thought I might find you here.

JOSEPH  
 Had a couple minutes. I heard the New Sheriff's running late. Apparently, he stopped to take down a 211 suspect on the way here.

PAULA  
 Of course he did.

Joseph pulling the glove back over his right hand. The tan and green uniform hangs on Joseph's whippet frame. **PAULA** straightens his tie for him, much like she did for Bill.

PAULA (CONT'D)  
 I'm proud of you. So is Bill.  
 (off his look)  
 Your mom here?

Joseph shakes his head.

PAULA (CONT'D)  
 She'll come around.

JOSEPH  
 I doubt it.

**EXT. PARADE PADDOCK/STAGE - MINUTES LATER**

Paula on stage next to The Sheriff's empty chair, fanning herself with a program, sees Bill jogging to the stage. **PAULA** doesn't miss much. Certainly not that **TEAR** in his pants.

PAULA  
 Just can't help yourself, can you?

As Bishop unobtrusively slips into her seat behind them.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 Paula. This is Deputy Bishop.  
 Practically perfect in every way.

PAULA  
 My heart goes out to you, Deputy.

Bagpipes for JOSEPH and his **ACADEMY CLASS 9-19**. Bright-eyed and buzzcut, snapping left-face, Bill sees **JOSEPH** in uniform.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 (sotto to Paula) *God, he looks so much like...*

PAULA (CONT'D)  
 I know.

**EXT. TRAINING CENTER - MOMENTS LATER**

Bill at the podium. 40 academy graduates looking up at him.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 Shoulda been, Sheriff Bradford up here. He and I had our differences, but end of day we wore the same star, makes us family...  
 (clears his throat)  
 That's what happening today. You're becoming part of a family. With it's own traditions. And skeletons. And it's gonna be hard for some people to understand the choice you've made. The commitment. But look to your left and right. They're your family now, and they *will* understand. Always. You can count on them. And you better make damn sure they can count on you.

**EXT. PARADE PADDOCK - AFTER THE CEREMONY**

Handshakes and pictures. The new graduates jostling and joking, young and proud and eager. Crowd cutting a swath for The Sheriff, as BILL and PAULA approach JOSEPH. Bill and Joseph smile. Bill goes in to hug. Joseph extends his hand.

JOSEPH  
 Sheriff.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 Proud of you. And I know your dad, if he could've been here...

JOSEPH  
 Thanks.

Bill nods, letting Joseph return to his fellow recruits.

PAULA  
 (seeing **LAURIE**)  
 I didn't think she'd make it.

**LAURIE**, Stephen's widow, Joseph's mother, biting back emotion, screwing up her courage, to hug her son. Breaking character only when she sees Bill over Joseph's shoulder.

**EXT. TRAINING CENTER - MOMENTS LATER**

Last of the pictures snapped. Joseph turns to walk back to his classmates. And as soon as he does, LAURIE turns on BILL.

BILL HOLLISTER  
Means a lot to him that you came.

LAURIE  
That's not why I came. Joseph wants to be his father. But he isn't. He isn't up to this. And you know it. I came to ask you to fire him.

BILL HOLLISTER  
I can't do that.

LAURIE  
--Yes you can. You're the Sheriff. And you're his Godfather. You're supposed to look out for him. Just like you were supposed to look out for my husband. He was your partner. And you let him die.  
(hits Bill like a bullet)  
If you care about Joseph, you'll run him out of this godforsaken department before he gets killed.

Laurie walks away. Paula subtly squeezes Bill's arm...

PAULA  
She's just scared, Bill.

BILL HOLLISTER  
Yeah, she's scared. But she's not wrong, Paula... About any of it.

**END ACT ONE**

ACT TWOI/E. HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY

Establishing. Modern. Glass and steel.

INT. ELEVATOR - SAME

Bill and Bishop riding up the elevator together...

BISHOP

You ready?

BILL HOLLISTER

Nope.

INT. ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES - CONTINUOUS

Bishop and Bill exit the elevator in tandem, stepping out into the LA Sheriff's Department administrative offices. A gauntlet of BRASS and CIVILIANS watching them walk past. A few nodding, smiling. A few more scowling.

BISHOP

Scowlers you can trust. Cards on the table. Smilers you gotta worry about. Just cuz a dog can shake hands doesn't mean he won't bite.

BILL HOLLISTER

Thought we're all on the same team.

BISHOP

Ho, boy.

BILL HOLLISTER

We're not?

BISHOP

You've got no idea what you're walking into here. Tenth floor's like the yard in Chino, while you're talking to one dude, his buddy slips behind you with a shank, turns your liver into pâté.

Right on cue, **COMMANDER JERRY LONDON** pops out of his office like a target in a Hogan's Alley, startling Bill. \*London's the same guy who berated him at his Board in our cold open.

COMMANDER LONDON

Bill! Welcome. See Bishop's showing you around.

BILL HOLLISTER

Yeah.

COMMANDER LONDON

Great. Great. Listen, I know where most of the bodies are buried around here, so if you have any questions, don't hesitate, okay?

BILL HOLLISTER

Appreciate it.

COMMANDER LONDON

Once you get settled, we're just about to kick off that joint operation with Immigration and Customs Enforcement. You're expected to address the troops.

BILL HOLLISTER

...That's today?

(Commander London nods)

Okay.

Bill and Bishop share a look and move on.

BISHOP

Knows where most of the bodies are buried, because he buried them. That was him bucking for Undersheriff. He wants your job.

BILL HOLLISTER

Yeah, Jerry and I go way back.

Bill walking down the corridor toward the big **SHERIFF'S OFFICE**. But Bill continues walking *past the office*, down the hall. Bishop reacts, hustling to catch up with him.

BISHOP

That was your office.

BILL HOLLISTER

I know. Believe me. Called on the carpet enough times over the years.

BISHOP

Well, aren't you going to go in?

BILL HOLLISTER

What the hell for? No crooks in there. No witnesses. No victims. Unless Villalobos is hiding under the desk, there is currently nothing in there that interests me.

Bill picking up the pace now, walking with purpose to...

**INT. PARKING GARAGE - MINUTES LATER**

Massive staging area for the **LASD's** joint-operation with **ICE**. Vehicles. Paddy wagons. Uniforms. Raid jackets. Everyone quiets down as Bill moves to a position to address them all.

BILL HOLLISTER

Guys hear me alright?  
(thumbs up in back)  
They told me I'm expected to give a speech to kick this thing off. What they didn't tell you is they were probably gonna fire me for refusing to participate in it.

Commander London looks like he swallowed a tire iron.

BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)

This isn't a political statement.  
It's just the opposite.  
(to ICE)  
I respect that you have a job to do. But ours is different. And people need to know it, regardless of how they got here. Because if they're afraid to come to us for help, we're gift-wrapping about million victims for every thug in town to prey on with total impunity. I'm sorry. But I'm canceling the operation.  
(Bishop reacts)  
Deputies. You are dismissed.

Shouting. ICE OFFICIALS furious. SAC PRESTON charges Bill.

SAC PRESTON

You can't do this, Sheriff. You realize the man hours that went into coordinating this?

BILL HOLLISTER

Don't blame you for being pissed. Come back with *specific targets*.  
(MORE)

BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)  
But we're not taking part in any  
sweeps. Not while I'm sheriff.

SAC PRESTON  
Here's hoping that won't be long.

Preston storms off. Bill heads in the opposite direction.

BISHOP  
You're like the Ned Stark of the  
Los Angeles Sheriff's Department.  
(Bill shrugs)  
Not a Thrones fan, huh?

Stepping into the elevator.

BILL HOLLISTER  
Never made it through the first  
season. Ned's the good guy, right?

Bishop looks at him as the elevator doors close.

**INT. SHERIFF'S HOMICIDE BUREAU - BULLPEN - MOMENTS LATER**

Bill and Bishop walking through the buzzing bullpen. Seeing  
Bill, Detectives stop and stare, not sure how to react...

BILL HOLLISTER  
Hell're they all staring at?

BISHOP  
The Sheriff doesn't usually come  
down here. I don't think Bradford  
ever set foot in this place.

BILL HOLLISTER  
Just wanna follow up on that  
armored car thing yesterday.

**INT. RACHEL'S DESK - HOMICIDE BULLPEN - SAME**

Rachel at her desk. Framed PHOTOS of KEVIN. Soccer. Santa.  
School art projects up in her cubicle. No dad in evidence.

BILL HOLLISTER (O.S.)  
How's it going?

Rudy and Rachel practically jump out of their seats, startled  
by the sight of Bill, The New Sheriff, standing there.

RACHEL

Fine. Uh, how can I help you, sir?  
Sheriff? What do we call you now?

BILL HOLLISTER

Bill. That the manifest?

Rudy hands over the printout.

RUDY

Yeah, you were right. Armored car  
carried no cash. Just documents,  
from **BANAMEX**. Bank in Century City.

Rachel skimming the manifest...

RACHEL

Pay-In Slips. Debit notes. Credit  
notes. Transfer vouchers. Maybe  
they hit the wrong truck.

BILL HOLLISTER

Villalobos isn't that stupid. Those  
gangsters say how they cliqued up?

RUDY

They called it *The New World Order*.

BILL HOLLISTER

Doesn't sound like a one-off. Who's  
calling the shots?

RACHEL

That's the thing, I don't think  
those knuckleheads even know. I  
mean, if you had something going,  
would you trust either one of *them*  
with the whole picture? No, I think  
Villalobos was like a *cut-out*.  
Between the moron twins and...  
*Mexican Blofeld*.

RUDY

Find Villalobos, we can ask him.

BILL HOLLISTER

I'll call my buddy in Majors.

**I/E. DEPUTY CADE WALKER'S PLAIN CAR - FAST - DAY**

Sirens. Screeching tires. DEPUTY **CADE WALKER** swerving through  
traffic. French Connection, lights flashing in the grill of  
his unmarked car. Cade's a former Marine. Afghanistan. 8  
years sober. He works MAJORS - The Delta Force of the LASD.

**BLACKBURN**

Want you to know, you die in a horrible crash, you're my partner and... Well, I'll complete this mission myself, if I have to.

Cade's partner, Deputy **AARON BLACKBURN**, gripping his oh-shit handle as they swerve out into oncoming traffic and then swerve *back* into the lane at the last minute. We think they're on their way to an emergency. Which they are...

**CADE**

You're disgusting.

Blackburn's cellphone chirps. He answers it mid-swerve.

## BLACKBURN

*Boom shaka laka.*

**BILL** calling from **SHERIFF'S HOMICIDE**.

## BILL HOLLISTER

Laka boom boom.

Bishop, Rachel and Rudy staring at Bill.

## CADE

That Bill? Shouldn't he be out kissing babies or something?

## BLACKBURN

Cade wants to know--

## BILL HOLLISTER

--I heard him. Tell him he can kiss my ass.

## BLACKBURN

(to Cade)

You can kiss his ass--*WATCH IT!*

Swerve. Screech. Horns.

## BILL HOLLISTER

I call at a bad time?

## BLACKBURN

Perfect time. We're just on our way to inseminate Cade's wife.

## CADE

We? Man, it sounds gross when you say it like that.

## BILL HOLLISTER

Remember OSCAR VILLALOBOS?

## BLACKBURN

*Demon* from 13th Street?

BILL HOLLISTER  
 He's good for murder. Gone to  
 ground somewhere. Still got a  
 snitch in 13th Street, right?

BLACKBURN  
 Walking the streets of glory.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 Sorry to hear that.

BLACKBURN  
 I think FISKE has a friendly in  
 County. Supposed to be pretty tight  
 with Villalobos, if memory serves.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 Thanks, brother.

**INT. PRE-OP - FERTILITY CLINIC - MINUTES LATER**

STAFF and PATIENT stare at Cade rushing down the corridor,  
 Viking beard and sleeve tattoos. Cade finds his wife,  
**TERESA**, gown and cap. Not their first **IN VITRO APPOINTMENT**.

TERESA  
 Cutting it a little close.

Cade rushes to her side and kisses Teresa's forehead. Tender.  
 She hands him a clipboard, arrow stickers indicating where...

TERESA (CONT'D)  
 Initial next to all the stickers.  
 (Cade scrawling...)  
 Place is starting to feel like a  
 casino. And we're just two rubes  
 who think we've found a system.  
 (pointing)  
 Sign and date at the bottom. Ten  
 percent success rate for women  
 between thirty-five and forty.  
 After forty it drops down to--

Cade slides the pen back under the clip with authority.

CADE  
 --You're wrong. We've got a *fifty*  
*percent* chance.

TERESA  
 How the hell do you figure that?

CADE

Because *everything* is. Fifty fifty.  
Heads or tails. Binary. Either  
happens or it doesn't. All those  
numbers aren't us. They aren't now.  
And *us now* is all I care about.

(off her look)

And I've got my *lucky charm*...

He pulls a **MARINE CORPS ZIPPO** from his pocket.

CADE (CONT'D)

Saved my ass in Afghanistan.

Pressing it into her hand as the NURSE approaches.

NURSE

All done? Okay, I'll take that.

She hands Cade a sealed plastic cup in a sterile baggie.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Instructions are on the cup.

Cade starts to stand.

TERESA

In other news, I finally heard back  
from the county. And we're  
approved. We've officially  
qualified to be Foster Parents.

(off his look)

I thought you'd be happy.

CADE

I grew up in the system. I know  
what it takes to survive in there.  
You have to grow claws, and you end  
up using them on the people trying  
to help you...

TERESA

Yeah, but those people aren't us.

Cade smiles, kisses her, starts to head down the hall...

TERESA (CONT'D)

Oh, and I'd prefer you not conceive  
our first child looking at porn.

CADE

You want to come in with me?

**CUT TO:**

I/E. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - ESTABLISHING - DAY

Establishing. The largest county jail in the country.  
Underfunded. Overcrowded. Smells of piss and fear-sweat.

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - DEPUTIES' WORKOUT ROOM - SAME

Clanking weights. Swole deputies getting swoller between shifts. Grizzled veteran, **SENIOR DEPUTY JERRY FISKE** on the bench putting up six big plates, old man strong. Fisk's CELLPHONE chirps. He sets the bar down, sits up, huffing.

FISKE

Fiske.

BILL HOLLISTER (ON PHONE)

Jerry. It's Bill.

FISKE

You really know how to win friends  
and influence people, you know it?

BILL HOLLISTER

You heard, huh?

FISKE

Place is high school with guns.

BILL HOLLISTER

I'm trying to track down Oscar  
Villalobos. Blackburn says your  
friendly might have some intel.

FISKE

Done.

BILL HOLLISTER

Got to ask another favor. Big one.  
Kid coming out of the academy,  
headed your way. Joseph Blair.

FISKE

Stephen's kid? Christ, we're old.  
You want me to look out for him?

BILL HOLLISTER

(deep breath)  
I want you to fire him.

FISKE

What?

BILL HOLLISTER

His evals. Un-sat him across the board. I'll take care of the rest.

FISKE

I don't think I can do that, Bill.

BILL HOLLISTER

Kid doesn't have it in him, Jerry. And I can't...

(bear)

Please, I can't lose them both.

Off Fiske's look...

**INT. 3000 FLOOR OF MEN'S CENTRAL - LATER**

Academy-fresh, our probationary Deputy **JOSEPH BLAIR** follows **FISKE**, down the tier of the **3000 FLOOR** of **MEN'S CENTRAL**. **MURDERERS** and **GANGBANGERS** pace behind bars like big cats.

FISKE

3000 Floor. Where we house our most violent inmates. *Gasser's Alley*.

Fiske is Joseph's TRAINING OFFICER, like having a personal drill instructor as a tour guide through a haunted house...

FISKE (CONT'D)

These knuckleheads know how to jam the locks, keep them from latching, so the door *looks* closed, but they can slide it open easy. And then you're in a world of hurt.

(off Joseph)

So treat every door on the tier like it's unlocked, same as you treat every gun like it's loaded.

Joseph passes each cell, trying not to transmit his fear...

JOSEPH

Why do they call it Gasser's Alley?

FISKE

What they call it when they launch urine and feces at you through their meal slots. *Gassing*.

(off Joseph)

It's a nice way to catch Hepatitis. Not a mouth-breather. That helps.

Off Joseph's look, following Fiske to...

INT. MEN'S CENTRAL - K6G - THE GAY WING

Fiske shows Joseph **K6G**. Rows of bunks creatively decorated with magazine collages, even posters. There's a sense of community here. It's like a slumber party for 400 inmates.

FISKE

This is **K6G**. Gay Wing. Different vibe here. These guys get kicked around in the street. But in here, pressure's off. Nobody hassles 'em.

(off Joseph)

Trouble is now we got hardcore gangbangers lying and saying they're gay just to get in here. So we're coming up with a series of questions to trip them up.

JOSEPH

Like what?

FISKE

Like what's the cover charge at The Apache? What's the name of Michael Beck's character in *Xanadu*?

JOSEPH

What's *Xanadu*?

This overheard by **YAH-YAH**, a striking transgender inmate.

**YAH-YAH**

(gasps elaborately)

You mean to tell me you've never heard of *Xanadu*? The Citizen Kane of Roller Skate Rock Operas?

FISKE

Yah-Yah's kind of the den mother of **K6G**. Yah-Yah, meet Deputy Blair.

Yah-Yah extends her hand, as though expecting him to kiss it.

FISKE (CONT'D)

Friends of mine lookin for *Demon*.

YAH-YAH

He know he's hot?

FISKE

Definitely.

YAH-YAH

*First* place I'd try is FS-13 hood.

FISKE  
FS-13? Come on...

YAH-YAH  
Counter-intuitive, I know. But  
there's this *New World Order*.  
Everything's upside down. Old  
enemies are now allies. His  
dealer's down there... *Sombra*.

FISKE  
*Sombra?*

She nods. Joseph speaks out of turn.

JOSEPH  
How do you know so much about him?

YAH-YAH  
*Pillow talk, darling.*  
(smiles coquettishly)  
But as usual, Deputy Fiske, this  
information doesn't come *free*.

Joseph sees some INMATES have creatively cut their counties  
into gowns, miniskirts, lining up between the bunks, their  
makeup and hair done, like models cueing up for the catwalk.

YAH-YAH (CONT'D)  
You're judging the fashion show.  
(off Joseph's look)  
Price of admission, sweetheart.

Yah-Yah hands them each a PAPER PLATE. The three of them  
stand side by side, holding up their plates as contestants  
strut past. The plates all have **10** written in magic marker.

JOSEPH  
Everybody gets a perfect score?

YAH-YAH  
World has special teeth to grind up  
people who are different, Deputy  
Blair. We all lost on the outside.  
But in here, baby? Everyone's a  
winner, just for surviving.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. UNINCORPORATED EAST LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

Tagging telling us we're in *FUERZA SALVATRUCHA* territory.  
Sneaker fruit.

Small houses cheek by jowl on tight lots barely big enough to hold them, chain link fences. KIDS playing street soccer, tolling the game for a **TACO TRUCK**.

BLACKBURN (O.S.)  
Fiske's friendly says Demon's holed  
up in yonder dope pad...

I/E. TACO TRUCK - CONTINUOUS

**RUDY** behind the wheel, dressed in a greasy work shirt. **RACHEL** in the back of the truck with **BLACKBURN** and a **STRIKE TEAM** from **MAJORS**. Elite cops who look like criminals, so they can blend in hunting LA's most dangerous game. \*Like **VILLALOBOS**.

RUDY  
I'm not buying it. Demon's 13th  
Street. This is FS 13 hood. See  
under *Hatfields and McCoys*.

BLACKBURN  
Fiske swears by him. Her.

RACHEL  
...New World Order, huh?

**CADE** walks past the truck, heading for the **TARGET LOCATION**. A sagging bungalow, bald lawn, surrounded by a bedlam fence.

RACHEL (CONT'D)  
Damn. I'd sell that guy dope.

Cade looking skittish, furtive, itchy, a Golden Globe performance as the suffering addict looking to score at...

I/E. TARGET LOCATION - BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

Bed sheet curtains finger-parting allowing a *SOLDADITO* from *FUERZA SALVATRUCHA* to clock **CADE** heading to the **FRONT DOOR**, the guy has a sawed-off **SHOTGUN** across his lap, turning to call to a half-dozen **FS GANGSTERS** inside the house, watching TV, popping **FENTANYL** from blister-packs. Guns everywhere.

SOLDADITO  
(*en español*)  
[Customer.]

Playing dominos with **SOMBRA**, the resident shot caller, is **VILLALOBOS**, road rash, **CANVAS DOCUMENT BAG** close at hand.

SOMBRA  
[See what he wants.]

The soldadito presses his shotgun MUZZLE flush to the door as he opens it a crack. CADE holds up a fistful of bills. Guy lowers the shotgun, opens the door wide enough for Cade to...

...TOSS in a **FLASH-BANG!** --**BOOM!** Blinding light. Shock tinnitus. Cade, Blackburn, and the team charge through the fatal funnel and flow into the room with MP5s. Red lasers.

The boys from *Fuerza Salvatrucha* go all in. A chaotic close-quarters gunfight. **VILLALOBOS** and **SOMBRA** fleeing toward...

**THINK FIRST-PERSON SHOOTER - HEADING DEEPER INTO THE HOUSE:**

Chaos. Cade and Blackburn going after them, clearing corners in heel-toe hurry. Cade *yanking* Blackburn back as BULLETS punch through drywall, light slant through at odd angles.

CADE

Aaron!

Cade seeing Blackburn's **HIT!** And sagging down the wall...

BLACKBURN

...I'm okay.

My ass he is. Cade cocks back and HURLS himself, ball-peen shoulder first through the perforated wall--

--In a *Hey-Fucking-Koolaid* CLOUD of pulverized DRYWALL, Cade landing on his side on the floor, FIRING up at **VILLALOBOS**--

--shooting him in the thigh. Villalobos drops, clutching his thigh, as Cade regains his feet, pivoting to acquire...

--**SOMBRA** crouching behind his **TWO CHILDREN!** Drywall beginning to settle, the room's details resolving. Bunk beds. Toys.

Asshole's using his own screaming kids (\***BOBBY** and **CALLI**, ghostly dusted with powdered drywall) as a makeshift ballistic shield as Sombra FIRES at CADE! **BRACK-BRACK-BRACK!**

Rounds are THUMPING up Cade's vest toward his head as Cade puts the red dot between the F and S on Sombra's forehead... **BAM!** On Cade for the trigger pull. That's where the action is. On his face. Trying so hard to conceive with Teresa, now forced to dump a father in front of his **TWO CHILDREN...**

**END ACT TWO**

ACT THREEINT. HALL OF JUSTICE - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Massive. Wood-paneled. BILL at the head of a huge table, facing his first staff meeting like a firing squad. ATTORNEYS. CAPTAINS. More ATTORNEYS. COUNTY OFFICIALS with titles he's never heard of and names he'll never remember.

COUNTY COMPTROLLER

Received some relief from Prop 47, which as you know reduced several felonies to misdemeanors and...

BILL HOLLISTER

Kick a bunch of ass-- inmates loose? Yeah, I'm familiar.

COUNTY COMPTROLLER

Yes, well, as I said, Prop 47 did provide some relief from overcrowding but not enough. If current trends continue, Men's Central Jail will be sixteen million over budget by the end of the fiscal year.

BILL HOLLISTER

Oh, well, we should probably do something about that...

They stare at him. Commander London gloating. Then Bishop leans down to *whisper* something in Bill's ear.

BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)

Thank you. Now, where were we? Oh, right, *Men's Central*. I plan to meet with the governor to ask him to declare a state of emergency, shake loose some federal money.

Commander London pales. Bishop stifles a smile.

BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)

And before we move on, I'm calling an audible. Four rival gangs participated in that armored car robbery yesterday. Kind of cooperation's unheard of. They're calling it *The New World Order*.

(blank looks)

(MORE)

BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)

That doesn't concern anybody?  
Eighty thousand gangmembers in Los Angeles County? If somebody's playing Genghis Khan we're looking down the barrel of an insurgency.

COMMANDER LONDON

That's not the sort of thing we usually address in staff meetings.

BILL HOLLISTER

Well, maybe we should start. I want gang coppers from every agency in the county at the next meeting. We need to start sharing intel.

COMMANDER LONDON

...Yes, sir.

BILL HOLLISTER

What's next?

COUNTY COUNSEL

We've been discussing our list of 44. Risk Management has compiled a list of 44 deputies most likely to incur civil lawsuits. We plan to transition them out of the field.

BILL HOLLISTER

You want to pull 44 deputies out of the field? Because you're afraid they might get sued? How do you decide who makes the list?

COUNTY COUNSEL

Well, anyone with sixteen or more categorical uses of force within a three year period, for one.

Bill's doing some mental math.

BILL HOLLISTER

I think... Am I...?

COUNTY COUNSEL

Right at the top.

Bishop stifles a grin. Then Bill's phone BUZZES. A **TEXT** from RACHEL. [**DEPUTY INVOLVED SHOOTING. BLACKBURN DOWN.**] And Bill's up from his chair and rushes out, phone to his ear.

BISHOP

Uh, meeting adjourned, I guess.

Then she hurries out after him.

**INT. CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS**

Bill on the phone with RACHEL.

BILL HOLLISTER  
How bad?

RACHEL  
He's conscious. Breathing.

BILL HOLLISTER  
Where are they taking him?

RACHEL  
City General, I think.

BILL HOLLISTER  
They should take him to County.

RACHEL  
That's across town. Rush hour.

BILL HOLLISTER  
Don't move. I'm sending a chopper.  
The best trauma surgeon in the  
country's at county and I happen to  
know she's on duty tonight.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - ESTABLISHING - MINUTES LATER**

Saturday night in the ER. Barely-controlled chaos. DR. PAULA REYES brisk-walking the corridor with JEFFREY, her resident. They both wear HAWAIIAN SHIRTS to mask blood spatter.

PAULA  
Tell me about the guy in three?

JEFFREY  
With the broken arm? I think it's  
self-inflicted. He's already  
hinting about a scrip for oxy.

PAULA  
Subtle. You're learning. Give him a  
couple of Advil and kick him.

RADIAH the head nurse intercepts them.

RADIAH  
Air ambulance inbound. Gunshot  
wound. He's a *Sheriff's Deputy*.

Off Paula struggling to control her reaction as we...

**SLAM TO:**

**INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MOMENTS LATER**

Paula snapping on her gloves as PARAMEDICS breathlessly *shove* the **BLACKBURN'S GURNEY** through the double doors.

PAULA  
Welcome to County General.

Her matter-of-fact tone meant to restore some sense of order.

PAULA (CONT'D)  
How can I help you this evening?

Blackburn moans behind his oxygen mask...

PARAMEDIC  
GSW, right upper chest.

PAULA  
Vitals?

PARAMEDIC  
Stable.

PAULA  
Hollow point?

CADE (O.S.)  
Copper jacket. Nine millimeter.

Paula glances at **CADE**, slipped in when she wasn't looking.

CADE (CONT'D)  
They tend to fragment against bone.

PAULA  
No kidding. And you are?

BLACKBURN  
(muffled)  
...A huge pain in my ass.

CADE  
His partner.

PAULA

This is the part where you wait in the hall. Deputy. I got this.

Cade STUFFS his **LUCKY ZIPPO** into Blackburn's pocket and reluctantly leaves just as Paula is stepping back to let Jeffrey cut away Blackburn's blood-soaked shirt, then sidestepping the mobile X-ray rolling in, while maintaining reassuring eye contact with Blackburn, snapping her fingers.

PAULA (CONT'D)

Stay with me, partner. Today's your lucky day, apart from being shot, I mean. Because we're running a special on penetrating injuries.  
(stethoscope to his chest)  
Deep breath.

Blackburn takes a deep, rattling breath, coughs. Paula turns, calling out to Radiah...

PAULA (CONT'D)

Have them prep the OR. Let's get him stable and get him upstairs.

**INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER**

Bill and Bishop rushing down the hall to find Cade pacing outside the doors like an expectant father.

BILL HOLLISTER

How is he?

CADE

I don't know. They kicked me out.

**INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - SECONDS LATER**

Bill slips into the room unnoticed, seeing Paula and her team hard at work, stabilizing Blackburn. Just then, PARAMEDICS wheel in a **SECOND GURNEY!** This one bearing **VILLALOBOS**, restrained, struggling and cursing.

PAULA

Who's this?

PARAMEDIC

The shooter.  
(everyone reacts)  
Left leg.

Villalobos is still fighting as Paua lifts the pressure pad from Villalobos' leg wound. It's spurting.

PAULA

Okay then, this gentlemen is rapidly *exsanguinating*. Type him, please. He's gonna need a refill.

Villalobos continues to struggle. Paula grabs Villalobos by his ear and twists it like a movie schoolmarm...

PAULA (CONT'D)

Hey, dummy, knock it off!  
(Villalobos freezes)  
Or you're gonna bleed to death.  
(to Radiah)  
Have them prep another room for *Mr. Ants-In-His-Pants* here.

Two teams of doctors and ER nurses working simultaneously, on VILLALOBOS and BLACKBURN, cop and criminal, lying side by side. Radiah's on the phone, now turning back to Paula...

RADIAH

Tough to get a table tonight.  
(off Paula)  
They've only got one OR available.

Paula turns to Radiah, sees **BILL**, which only makes this worse, because Paula knows she has to make a **choice** here.

PAULA

Deputy's got more left in his tank.  
(sighs)  
Take the bad guy up first.

Everyone REACTS for a frozen caesura. Then Paula's team in motion, wheeling Villalobos to the elevator. Bill is livid.

BILL HOLLISTER

Wait a minute, what?! Am I conscious? You're taking him first?

And Paula breaks character for the briefest second, long enough to register Bill's betrayal. This violation.

PAULA

Call security. Have this man escorted off the premises.

Off Bill and Paula, facing off. Bill storms out.

**END ACT THREE**

ACT FOURINT. BILL AND PAULA'S BEDROOM - NEXT MORNING

Both Bill and Paula look worn out, Bill getting into his uniform. Paula getting into her running gear. Tension.

BILL HOLLISTER  
We gonna talk about this?

PAULA  
You really want to go another round? After last night?

BILL HOLLISTER  
Not really.

PAULA  
You violated my trust. Questioned my judgement in front of my colleagues. And do you know what the worst part is?

BILL HOLLISTER  
Sounds like you're gonna tell me.

PAULA  
The worst part is you don't even know why. This wasn't about Blackburn. It's about Stephen.

BILL HOLLISTER  
I don't blame you for Stephen.

PAULA  
No, you blame yourself.

That lands on Bill.

PAULA (CONT'D)  
Take it from one who knows. All roads lead to *Forest Lawn*. We just get our short little span of years and then something gets us. I mean, this isn't even our world anymore. It belongs to Maggie. And Joseph.  
(off Bill)  
And we can try to prepare them for what's out there. But we can't protect them. Not really. That's not your job. It's God's.  
(MORE)

PAULA (CONT'D)  
 Who do you think you are anyway?  
 You're just a man, Bill.

She leaves him alone with that, heading out for her run.

**EXT. IN FRONT OF THE HALL OF JUSTICE - DAY**

Press conference. **BILL** at the podium, a nest of hostile microphones. Cameras like cannons. REPORTERS shouting over each other. LONDON and JULIUS FABIAN also present.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 Deputy Blackburn suffered a gunshot wound to his upper chest. He's expected to make a full recovery...

FLASH TO:

**INT. K6G - GAY WING - MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - SAME**

JOSEPH and FISKE grudgingly escort the hulking, scowling VILLALOBOS in his orange counties to an open bunk in K6G.

BILL HOLLISTER (V.O.)  
**The subject of the arrest warrant, OSCAR VILLALOBOS, was treated for his injuries and transferred to Men's Central Jail.**

The other inmates stare. Yah-Yah watches him stalk past.

YAH-YAH  
 Well, there goes the neighborhood.

BACK TO SCENE:

BILL HOLLISTER  
 The second suspect, REFUGIO GARZA, was pronounced dead at the scene.

REPORTER 1  
 Sheriff, we've hearing reports the second victim's *children* were present when your deputy executed--

BILL HOLLISTER  
 --Victim? You mean the drug dealer from FS-13? Guy who shot my deputy? You're confused. Term you're lookin for is *asshole*. And nobody executed him. Garza called the play.

(MORE)

BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)

Here's a good rule of thumb for dealing with the police. Don't shoot at us and we'll get along famously.

COMMANDER LONDON

(sotto to Fabian)  
*Christ, he just handed them a 30 million dollar settlement.*

JULIUS FABIAN

*Somebody better shut this down now.*

REPORTER 2

Sheriff, isn't that exactly the kind of attitude that drives a wedge between law enforcement and the Hispanic community?

BILL HOLLISTER

No. Actually, you're doing that. Some of these neighborhoods, people fled countries where cops hooked them up to car batteries, so of course they're scared of uniforms. But that's not us and I think most of you know it. You didn't come here to find out what happened. You came for clicks and controversy.

(directly the camera)

*Estamos aquí para ayudar, para protegerte de aquellos que se aprovechan de ti. No tienes que tener miedo. Soy el nuevo sheriff y yo trabajo para ti.*

**We are here to help, to protect you from those who take advantage of you.**

**You do not have to be afraid.**

**I'm the new sheriff. And I work for you.**

Everyone stares for a moment. Reporters. Bishop. London and Julius. Then Bill turns and walks away from the podium...

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Bed rest doesn't suit BLACKBURN. He looks like an animal caught in a trap. CADE enters, tosses FLOWERS in his lap.

BLACKBURN

I assume those are from Teresa.

CADE

They're from me. You okay?

Blackburn tosses Cade back his **LUCKY ZIPPO**.

BLACKBURN  
Might die of boredom. You?

CADE  
Nothing happened to me.

Beat. Blackburn knows his partner better than that.

BLACKBURN  
He didn't give you a choice.  
Probably did them a favor.

CADE  
They're going into the system.  
Might as well toss 'em down a well.

BLACKBURN  
You don't know that. Maybe they'll  
get lucky, land with nice people.

Cade looks at him.

CADE  
You're nuts.

BLACKBURN  
Would you know the hand of God if  
you felt it? Probably just feels  
like coincidence, right? Or irony.

CADE  
Kind of meds are they giving you?

BLACKBURN  
So happens you and Teresa just got  
approved. And from what little I've  
gleaned, nobody's gonna understand  
what these kids have been through  
better than you. If you and your  
sister had landed with people like  
you and Teresa, different ballgame.

Off Cade, struggling with the memories, the guilt.

**EXT. TAQUERIA ESTRELLA - DAY**

Taco stand. Fifty gallon barrel grills. Spooled meat.  
Styrofoam plates. Cloudy horchata. Locals bellied up to the  
grill. Eating on wobbly white plastic patio furniture.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 These are the best street tacos in  
 Los Angeles County...

BISHOP seated at a plastic table. Bill brings over two plates of street tacos. *Carne Asada. Lenguas.* A greasy olive branch. Bishop dubiously eyes the bug zappers working overtime.

BISHOP  
 I'll take your word for it.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 What? You a vegan or something?

BISHOP  
 Just a big believer in the County  
 Health Inspector's grading system.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 How's the Health Inspector supposed  
 to grade it when it only appears  
 here when the moon is full. It's  
 like the *Brigadoon* of taco stands.

BISHOP  
 Exactly.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 Deputy Bishop, where I come from,  
 it's considered an insult not to  
 break bread with your partner,  
 especially when he's buying.

BISHOP  
 We're not partners, Sheriff. I work  
 for you.

BILL HOLLISTER  
 Break bread with your boss then.

She frowns, squeezes lime juice over the taco. Takes a bite.

BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)  
 See?

BISHOP  
 Okay... That's pretty  
 incredible.

They chuckle companionably.

BISHOP (CONT'D)  
 You're good at this, you know.  
 (Bill reacts)  
 Maybe because you never wanted the  
 job in the first place, so you  
 don't care about losing it.

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Bradford was too busy covering his own ass to do anything else.

BILL HOLLISTER

They'll hold an election soon enough. And I can go back to doing what I was born to do.

BISHOP

Sure you weren't born to do this?

BILL HOLLISTER

You sound like my wife.  
(sore subject)  
What about you? You seem like you're destined for bigger things.

BISHOP

I used to work at The Pentagon.

BILL HOLLISTER

You're kidding?  
(she's not)  
How'd you wind up here?

BISHOP

I fell in love.

BILL HOLLISTER

Continue.

She looks at him like, *you really wanna hear this stuff?*

BISHOP

Two months in we realized the bi-coastal thing wasn't gonna work for us. You guys were hiring.  
(off Bill)

Telling me you've never heard that old joke, What's a lesbian bring on her second date? A U-Haul.

BILL HOLLISTER

I don't get it.

BISHOP

Guess it's a joke about how women are supposedly wired for monogamy.  
(shrugs)  
Men maybe not so much.

BILL HOLLISTER

Well, I knew I wanted to marry Paula the moment I laid eyes on her. Maybe I'm a U-Haul lesbian.

BISHOP

Good one, Dad. How'd you guys meet?

BILL HOLLISTER

I got stabbed. She sewed me up. I asked her to dinner...

(sighs)

We're in kind of a standoff now.

BISHOP

My parents were stubborn too. After my mom died, he really beat himself up about all the time they lost to dumb fights. This is time you may want back someday, Sheriff.

Off Bill...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SHERIFF'S HOMICIDE BUREAU - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Rudy has opened the **CANVAS DOCUMENT BAG** that Villalobos took with him when he leapt from the armored car. Spreading the DOCUMENTS out on the conference table, with no basis for organizing them. Rachel walks in, frowning at the mess.

RUDY

Any luck with Villalobos?

RACHEL

(shakes her head)

Lawyered up. How bout you?

RUDY

Me? Just a proud son of LA Unified investigating... *remittances*.

(beat)

What's a remittance?

RACHEL

It's like a wire transfer. Foreign workers sending money back home.

(reading)

All from BANAMEX, in Century City, all to people in *Ciudad Juarez*.

RUDY

Two thousand. Garcia. Six thousand.  
Ramos. Fifteen hundred to Cruz.

RACHEL

A steady stream of small  
transactions. Private parties.  
Nothing big enough to arouse  
suspicion, tip off regulators.

(realizing)

If you wanted to launder money for,  
the cartels say, this would be a  
nifty way to do it. Thing is, these  
kind of numbers, this kind of  
volume, the financial institution  
would have to be in on it.

She taps the **BANAMEX** logo on the document...

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Who's there CEO?

Rudy googles BANAMEX CEO on his phone. A headshot pops up.

RUDY

Chandler McManus.

RACHEL

Let's chat with *Chandler*.

**INT. K6G - GAY WING - MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - NIGHT**

After lights out. **JOSEPH** making his rounds. Walks between the rows of bunks, the same route the models took for the fashion show, sees a drop of **blood**... Then another. And more. He follows the trail around the bunks to a dogleg where...

**YAH-YAH** collapsed against the wall, her breathing labored and shallow, blood on her gown. A SHANK buried between her ribs. Joseph squats in front of her, squeezes her shoulder.

YAH-YAH

(weakly)

...*Joseph*.

JOSEPH

I'll get some help.

Yah-Yah shakes her head with great effort.

YAH-YAH

...*No* ...*Behind*.

Yah-Yah passes out. Villalobos' BIG TATTOOED ARM hooks around Joseph's throat! Dragging him backward, Joseph's kicking and struggling desperately, reaches over...

And pulls the SHANK out from between Yah-Yah's ribs and STABS it down through Villalobos' FOOT. Villalobos HOWLS, reaching down for the shank.

Joseph grabs it first. They struggle for it, the shank skitters across the floor and drops through a grating.

Enraged, Villalobos PUMMELS Joseph...

#### **INT. MAIN TIER - MOMENTS LATER**

It's coordinated. (2) **FS-13 GANGSTERS** (one from the shootout at Sombra's pad) now cross the common area and **ATTACK** a CRIP! They pummel and kick him. His homies rush to his aid and...

The brawl spreads, communicating like a Rube Goldberg zombie outbreak. Everywhere inmates turn on each other. A **riot!**

#### **ALL OVER THE FACILITY:**

ALARMS blare. DEPUTIES donning riot gear, hustling down corridors to the main tier with SHIELDS and TEAR GAS...

#### **INT. CHECKPOINT - CONTEMPORANEOUS**

VILLALOBOS, now wearing JOSEPH'S UNIFORM, the kid's shirt sleeves like sausage casings around his huge arms, but otherwise Villalobos just looks like another deputy hustling down the corridor, wincing with a slight limp, right past the CHECKPOINT. To freedom...

**END ACT FOUR**

ACT FIVEI/E. RACHEL AND RUDY'S UNMARKED SEDAN - DAY

West Hollywood. RACHEL and RUDY driving, turning up a long, private driveway, approaching...

RACHEL  
That's Chandler's place.

EXT. MANSION OVER SUNSET BOULEVARD - CONTINUOUS

A 8,000 SQUARE FOOT mansion above Sunset in West Hollywood with an infinity pool you could see from space. The home of BANAMEX Chairman and CEO **CHANDLER McMANUS**.

RUDY  
You don't miss it?

RACHEL  
Miss what?

RUDY  
Being rich.

RACHEL  
I wasn't. My ex was. No, I don't miss it. We didn't have a prenup.

RUDY  
Seriously? So you could have...

RACHEL  
Ever had a hundred dollar steak?

RUDY  
No.

RACHEL  
Tastes like a steak.

INT. MANSION OVER SUNSET BOULEVARD - MOMENTS LATER

Knock. Knock. **CHANDLER McMANUS** opens the huge door. He has a fresh BLACK EYE. Rachel and Rudy trade looks.

RACHEL  
Mr. McManus?

CHANDLER

Yes.

RACHEL

I'm Detective Quinn. My partner, Detective Ramos. We tried you at the office, but they said you...

CHANDLER

Yeah, I, uh, slipped on one of my daughter's toys and...

RACHEL

May we come in?

CHANDLER

It's not a great time, actually.

RUDY

Maybe that's why you haven't asked us why we're here. What's that you have behind your back, man?

Chandler tentatively reveals it, pointed at the floor--

RUDY (CONT'D)

--GUN!

Rudy and Rachel charge in. Rudy wrenches the gun away and slams McManus against the wall. Rachel draws her Glock when she sees the toppled furniture. Glassware broken. A struggle.

RUDY (CONT'D)

Who else is here?

MCMANUS

Just my wife. I swear.

RACHEL

(calling out)  
Mrs. McManus!

MCMANUS

I thought you were one of them.

RUDY

Who?

MCMANUS

He was wearing a uniform, badge, I thought he was a deputy sheriff.

Mrs. McManus stumbles foal-like into the living room. Her eyes red and swollen with tears, but otherwise unhurt.

MCMANUS (CONT'D)

He said no police. Or Debbie's...

As Mrs. McManus runs to collapse into Rachel's arms.

MRS. MCMANUS

*Please God! Please! He took Debbie!  
Please! He has my LITTLE GIRL!*

Rachel and Rudy trade looks...

**INT. INFIRMARY - SAME**

Joseph's left eye the color of iodine, practically swollen shut. But it's Joseph's pride that's terminal.

BILL HOLLISTER

This whole thing was coordinated. The riot. All of it. Choreographed to facilitate his escape. We've never seen anything like this before. This kind of cooperation, among rivals, it's unprecedented.

JOSEPH

Don't make excuses for me, Bill.  
(beat)  
You know, I just wanted to, to honor my dad. His sacrifice. But I never had any business putting his badge on in the first place. And I think you know it. Don't you?

Bill looks at Joseph.

BILL HOLLISTER

I thought I did. I tried to run you out, Joseph. I even asked Fiske to fire you.

JOSEPH

...Why? Why would you do that?

BILL HOLLISTER

Because I couldn't stand it if anything happened to you. I was his partner. Me. I was supposed to have his back. And I've been wearing it for the last twenty years. Your dad wasn't much older than you are. And I swear to Christ, I see him right now, looking back at me through your eyes. I was wrong about you.

(off Joseph)

Hear me, Joseph? You do have what it takes. You survived.

(MORE)

BILL HOLLISTER (CONT'D)

And I refuse to allow you to feel sorry for yourself. Because he wouldn't want that. And I do not accept your resignation. Because the only way you can dishonor his memory now is by quitting.

Joseph turns away from Bill. Bill walks out.

**INT. THE MCMANUS MANSION - LATER**

Bill and Bishop arrive. Circus. Nondescript SEDANS. **FBI AGENTS** in suits and RAID JACKETS. Temporary shades erected. Rudy and Rachel meet Bill and Bishop in the driveway...

RACHEL

McManus has been washing cartel money, billions, through Banamex Financial in Century City. Cartels got the idea he's been skimming, which he has. That armored car robbery? It was a surprise audit.

Bill reacts.

RUDY

Cartel hired local talent to pull it off. Rival gangs ready to toll their beefs for a chance to play for the majors.

BILL HOLLISTER

*New World Order*. They find what they were looking for?

RACHEL

What matters is making McManus *think* they did. Spooked him into a confession.

RUDY

Villalobos breaks out of County, takes the little girl. Tells McManus cough up twenty million.

BILL HOLLISTER

Or they kill her. Hence the Mitt Romney impersonators.

RACHEL

Kidnapping. FBI's jurisdiction.

Now, crossing the driveway, heading toward Bill is...

**AGENT BOWES**

Must be the *Nuevo Sheriff* in town.  
 (extends his hand)  
 Russ Bowes, Special Agent In Charge  
 of the Bureau's LA Office.

**BILL HOLLISTER**

Bill Hollister. Anything we can do.

**AGENT BOWES**

For now? I don't want to offend  
 you, but you can help by staying  
 out of our way. This is what we do,  
 Sheriff. We'll take it from here.

**BILL HOLLISTER**

All do respect, cousin. You can  
 have the press conference all to  
 yourself. I don't like 'em anyway.

**AGENT BOWES**

So I've heard.

**BILL HOLLISTER**

I just want the kid home safe. And  
 Villalobos back in custody. And  
 neither of those things is gonna  
 happen if you cut us out of this.

**AGENT BOWES**

Boy, if I had a nickel for every  
 time I've heard that speech from a  
 local tough guy with a shiny badge  
 and a bruised ego... Thanks, but  
 I'll take my chances, Sheriff.

Agent Bowes heads back into the house.

**BILL HOLLISTER**

(spits, sotto)  
*Guys couldn't track an elephant  
 through ten feet of fresh snow.*

**BISHOP**

Sheriff? A word.

Bill nods. The others drift out of earshot.

**BISHOP (CONT'D)**

A cartel kidnapping? And the FBI  
 wants to take it off your hands.  
 Sheriff, that's a gift.

(off Bill)

(MORE)

BISHOP (CONT'D)

We don't want to be the agency of record when they find this kid's remains. Because that's how this ends. With corpse-sniffing dogs and a tearful press conference. Odds of finding this kid alive are...

CADE (O.S.)

**Fifty-fifty.**

Cade walking over.

CADE (CONT'D)

We'll either find her or we won't. No reason not to be optimistic.

BISHOP

(to Cade)

Who taught you math?

BILL HOLLISTER

Bishop, I know what the smart play is here. It's just that I like to do dumb things. And we've got a better shot than the FBI.

(beat)

Look, I don't know if I was born to be sheriff. But I was born to catch bad guys. And I know the only way to do this job is to not care about losing it.

Bill smiles as 'task force' coalesces around him...

BISHOP

Okay... Okay, Sheriff. I'm in.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. MEN'S CENTRAL JAIL - DEPUTY'S LOCKER ROOM - LATER**

Joseph is cleaning out his locker, trying not to make eye contact with any of the other DEPUTIES, as he stuffs his gear into a duffle, when SENIOR DEPUTY FISKE, walks over...

JOSEPH

Bill told me, how he asked you to fire me. Saving you the trouble.

SENIOR DEPUTY FISKE

He tell you why I didn't do it? Because I think you're gonna be a hell of a deputy.

Joseph takes that in. Then Fiske hands Joseph one of Yah-Yah's PAPER PLATES with the '10' on it in magic marker.

SENIOR DEPUTY FISKE (CONT'D)

Oh, Yah-Yah wanted me to tell you she's okay. And to give you this.

Fiske leaves. Joseph looks down at the '10' plate is folded like a card, fancy script inside... ***Everyone in here's a winner, just for surviving. Hugs and Kisses - Yah-Yah.***

Off Joseph's face...

**INT. INMATE INFIRMARY - MINUTES LATER**

Joseph walks in to find Yah-Yah bandaged. Blood transfusion. She sees Joseph's face and smiles companionably.

YAH-YAH

Well, ain't we a pair?

JOSEPH

Boyfriend's a jerk.

YAH-YAH

Story of my life, kiddo.

JOSEPH

The other day, when Fiske asked you. You said the *first place* you'd look for him was Sombra's pad.

YAH-YAH

And look where it got me?

JOSEPH

What's the *second place* you'd look?  
(Yah-Yah hesitates)  
Please. He kidnapped a little girl.  
Wearing my father's badge.

YAH-YAH

Meth factory. East of Llano Del Rio, off the Pearblossom Highway.

SMASH TO:

**EXT. BILL ANSWERS HIS PHONE...**

BILL HOLLISTER

Hollister.

JOSEPH

Bill, I think I know where she is.  
No, I know I do. The kid. Debbie.

BILL HOLLISTER

How?

JOSEPH

I talked to Fiske's source. Her  
info was good last time, right?

BILL HOLLISTER

Where?

JOSEPH

I'll tell you on the way.

**CUT TO:**

**EXT. RANCH - PEARBLOSSOM HIGHWAY - NIGHT**

Their PLAIN CARS parked behind a STABLES, the border of this ranch affording their best vantage. Horses nicker in their stalls. As Bill, Bishop, Rachel, Rudy, Cade, and Joseph, belly out like lawmen of old and crawl to the edge of a rock plateau overlooking the COMPOUND, nestled among the jagged tusks of rock on the martian landscape beyond the wind farms.

BILL HOLLISTER

Bad country.

Bill peering through BINOCULARS at the assemblage of trailers and fallow cars, somehow resembling a POW camp, patrolled by at least a dozen SINALOAN COWBOYS with AKs...

BISHOP

How do we know she's in there?

Bill hands his binoculars to Bishop...

BILL HOLLISTER

Your ten o'clock. Trailer second  
from the left, next to the blue  
pickup. See it?

BISHOP

(adjusting)  
Got it.

BILL HOLLISTER

First window on the south side.

**BISHOP'S POV:** Binoculars finding the **BACKPACK** hanging out the window by one strap. Sequins glitter in the moonlight...

BISHOP  
S.O.S. Smart kid.

CADE  
It's a tactical nightmare. One road in. See us coming a mile off.

RUDY  
Call SEB. Go in heavy.

RACHEL  
Yeah, welcome to Ruby Ridge.

JOSEPH  
Take us hours to hike down.

Bill turns back to the STABLES, then to his posse.

BILL HOLLISTER  
Joseph, I know you can ride. How bout the rest of you?

Off their looks...

BISHOP  
Yeah.

CADE  
A little.

RACHEL  
Summer camp.

RUDY  
Merry-go-round at Griffith Park.

BILL HOLLISTER  
Good enough.

**EXT. DEER TRAIL THROUGH THE ROCKS - LATER**

Bill rides point, leads the team, clopping stolidly, stealthily through the jagged labyrinth of rock. Rachel and Rudy riding double, with Rudy in back, arms around her waist.

RACHEL  
That better be your Glock.

RUDY  
Sure. Totally.

BILL HOLLISTER  
Wide open for a good forty beyond  
these rocks. Nothing for it.

BISHOP  
So what do we do?

BILL HOLLISTER  
Ride like hell. Straight at them.

CADE  
Bitchin.

RUDY  
You're kidding. He's kidding.

Bill draws his pistol.

BILL HOLLISTER  
You're all welcome to come along.

*Hyah!* Bill spurs his horse to a hard GALLOP, then to a flat-out RUN across open ground. Joseph riding next to him. One by one, the others catch up to ride five abreast, kicking up contrails of dust across the moonlit desert...

**EXT. COMPOUND - CONTINUOUS**

And our heroes hit the compound like the horsemen of the apocalypse, BLASTING their way to the trailer with the backpack dangling from it. Think *The Searchers 2.0*

BILL HOLLISTER  
Try to draw some of them off!

Bishop and Cade peel off like two F-18s leaving formation. Rachel and Rudy's horse trips, sending them both tumbling. Joseph rides straight for the trailer. Bill reins his horse.

RACHEL  
Don't wait for us! Get the kid!

Bill rides on as Rudy pulls Rachel to her feet. Her ankle buckles. She drapes her arm over Rudy's shoulder, hobbling along as Rudy pulls her behind a truck, FIRING on the move.

RUDY  
This better be turning you on.

RACHEL  
Immensely.

Heat in a dusty trailer park. Or *The Alamo*. Cade and Bishop shooting on the move, finding cover behind...

CADE

(peeks in a window)

Bishop. You do realize we're hiding behind a meth lab, right?

BISHOP

Yep.

Bishop's fast-foraging, a half-empty can of solvent. A rag.

BISHOP (CONT'D)

Light me?

Cade pulls his **LUCKY ZIPPO** and lights her rag. She tosses it through the window. And they make a run for it, just as--

**KA-BOOM!** Night into day.

Bill's riding hard to catch up with Joseph, who's already hopped off his horse, sprinting headlong for the trailer.

BILL HOLLISTER

*Joseph--*

--**BOOM!** A bullet bites through Bill's bicep, knocking him off his horse, as Joseph **KICKS** in the door and charges in alone.

### INT. TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Dark. Cramped. Joseph can see DEBBIE by the burbling light from the fire raging outside. She's hugging her knees.

JOSEPH

It's okay--

--**VILLALOBOS** *BURSTS* from the darkness, *slamming* Joseph against the wall! He's still wearing Joseph's uniform shirt, unbuttoned. Joseph's gun skitters away and the fight's on.

Like two guys fighting in a phone booth, lit only by fire outside. Their battle reflected in Debbie's wide EYES...

Villalobos is kicking the shit out of the kid, again--

--Until the light catches the **STAR** on Villalobos chest.

His father's STAR--

--And Joseph's rage and pride turns the tide of battle and he pummels Villalobos to the floor, chest heaving...

**EXT. TRAILER - SECONDS LATER**

Bill whirls, fans the hammer, dropping two bad guys, turns back to the trailer in time to see Joseph step out, carrying little Debbie in his arms, a triumphant smile on his face...

**CUT TO:**

**INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - MORNING**

The night's chaos starting to burn off. The staff starting to burn out as the graveyard shift draws to a close. Everybody looks exhausted. None more than DR. PAULA REYES walking the corridor (not so briskly now) with JEFFREY, her resident.

JEFFREY

I don't know how you manage this every night.

PAULA

One problem at a time.

RADIAH the head nurse approaches.

RADIAH

We got another GSW. Superficial.

PAULA

Jeffrey, you're up.

RADIAH

(to Paula)

I think you better take this one.

Off Paula's look.

**INT. EMERGENCY ROOM - CURTAINED CUBICAL - MOMENTS LATER**

Paula draws the curtain aside and sees BILL holding a dressing to his bloody arm. Shocked to see Bill.

BILL HOLLISTER

Hey.

She peels back the dressing. Superficial indeed.

PAULA

Where'd this happen?

BILL HOLLISTER

Lancaster. Long story.

PAULA

Lancaster? And you drove all the way here to get treated?

(suspicious)

Didn't have to go and get yourself shot just to garner sympathy. *I'm* sorry would've done the trick.

BILL HOLLISTER

I'm sorry.

PAULA

Well, you're going to have to wait. Several patients ahead of you.

Bill smiles, knowing he's forgiven...

BILL HOLLISTER

Of course, Doctor. I understand.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. CADE AND TERESA'S BEDROOM HOUSE - NIGHT**

--Cade's EYES SNAP OPEN. Teresa stirs next to him, but does not wake. She's learned to sleep through his nightmares...

**INT. HALLWAY - SECONDS LATER**

Perimeter check. Only way he can get back to sleep. Cade pads blearily down the hallway toward the kids' room, peaks through the slightly open door to check on them...

**INT. KID'S BEDROOM - SAME**

Twin beds. The room generically appointed because they didn't know what the kids were into. **CALLI** is sound asleep. Her brother **BOBBY** is sitting upright in his bed, just watching his sister sleep. It's an eerie scene, like something out of *Paranormal Activity*. But not to Cade. For Cade it's *deja vu*.

CADE

My sister and I had the same arrangement. Places we grew up, I didn't want anybody sneaking up on her. So we slept in shifts.

The boy just looks at him.

CADE (CONT'D)

But this isn't one of those places.  
You understand? You're safe here.

Then Bobby speaks the first words he's uttered...

BOBBY

You're the one who shot my dad.

Cade's caught off guard. Didn't think the kid recognized him.  
Cade doesn't try to bullshit the kid. What good would it do?

CADE

Yes.

BOBBY

Then I'm going to kill you.

No tears. Just a statement of fact. Cade is taken aback.

CADE

I'm sorry you lost him. And I'm  
sorry for everything that happened  
to you before that.

(beat)

He didn't give me a choice. He was  
going to kill me and I wasn't going  
to let that happen. Now, you want  
to avenge him. I don't think he's  
worth it. But you're entitled, I  
guess. But here's the thing. You  
can't kill me. Not now. You're too  
small, too weak. And I'm too good.

**ANOTHER ANGLE:** Teresa is listening just outside the door...

CADE (CONT'D)

I used to kill guys for a living. I  
was a sniper in the Marine Corps.  
I'd watch my targets for a long  
time first. Learn their habits,  
best place to take them. Maybe you  
can do that with me. Stay here with  
us, where you can keep an eye on  
me. Meantime, we'll take care of  
you and your sister. And we won't  
let anyone hurt either one of you.  
That way you can watch me, wait for  
your shot. Sound like a plan?

BOBBY

Okay.

A kid again, agreeing to a broccoli for Oreos transaction, then Bobby rolls over, and allow Cade to pull the comforter up to his shoulders. Cade settles back into the little chair, contemplating these two wounded warriors by the thin light of the nightlight. TERESA rests her hand on his shoulder. Cade reaches up to squeeze it, without taking his eyes off them.

BILL HOLLISTER (V.O.)  
*My dad used to say there are no  
 victories on the job...*

**INT. MEN'S CENTRAL - 3000 FLOOR - DAY**

JOSEPH and Fiske walking the tier, Joseph not swaggering exactly, but moving with new confidence. Command presence. His father's BADGE back on his chest, where it belongs.

BILL HOLLISTER (V.O.)  
*Just the fight, and it never ends.*

**EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - DAY**

Rachel and Rudy picking her SON up from school in their unmarked car, Rudy clocking Rachel's transformation from tough detective to tender mom, hugging her son...

BILL HOLLISTER (V.O.)  
*You're blessed if you wake up with  
 another chance to make it right...*

**INT. REYES ADOBE - MORNING**

Morning routine. Coffee and Eggs. Only this time Bishop's having coffee and talking with Paula and Maggie. Bill walks in, wearing those BRASS STARS a little easier now.

BILL HOLLISTER (V.O.)  
*...Another chance to force the  
 world to be a little nicer.*

He kisses Maggie and Paula and he and Bishop walk out the front door, silhouetted in the doorway by Elysian light...

BILL HOLLISTER  
 Hey, how'd you like to be my new  
 undersheriff.

BISHOP  
 I'll think about it.

**END OF EPISODE**