

THE SHIELD

"Stop Loss"

A Spec Script

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FADE IN:

OPENING CREDITS

INT. BATHROOM DOORWAY -- NIGHT

WE HEAR - a DOG BARKING like crazy. Then - a THUD - a horrible WHIMPER - and the CRASH of breaking glass.

YVETTE, late 20's, white, terrified, crawls across the tiles dragging a TELEPHONE behind her. She cowers under the sink.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Where'd you go?!!

YVETTE

(turning to the hallway)

Anna! Come to mommie.

HALLWAY

Scared stiff, ANNA, 6 - dangles a dirty TELETUBBY doll from her fingertips. Her eyes dart from her mama to the RUMBLING SOUND of SOMEBODY coming up the stairs in a hurry.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

You up here?!!

YVETTE

It's okay, baby, come be with mama.

Anna steps closer.

We HEAR - the RUMBLE of furniture moving downstairs.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

That's right, come on in.

We SEE - a FIGURE nearing the top of the stairs.

Anna looks back once more, then darts into Yvette's arms.

YVETTE

Kicks the door shut and reaches for the knob. Just as she locks it, the door nearly comes off its hinges with a LOUD THUMP - SOMEBODY outside hellbent on breaking in.

Yvette dials the phone.

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)

9-1-1. What is your emergency?

YVETTE
He's trying to kill me!

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Who's trying to kill you, ma'am?

Anna starts to cry.

YVETTE
And my baby!

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
You have a child with you? Is there
anyone else in the house?

Another SLAM into the door from the outside. We HEAR the
wooden frame begin to CRACK.

YVETTE
Jesus Christ, send somebody over,
he's right here!

9-1-1 OPERATOR (O.S.)
Who's right here?

YVETTE
My husband!

The line goes dead.

YVETTE (CONT'D)
Hello? Hello?

Just then, the door SMASHES open, bits of wood and plaster
flying all over the bathroom.

A LARGE WHITE MAN, out of breath, steps into the bathroom.

We find his hands: the severed PHONE CORD in one, a BLOODY
serrated MILITARY KNIFE in the other.

SMASH CUT TO:

TEASER

EXT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

A SQUAD CAR SCREECHES to a stop on an otherwise quiet
neighborhood street.

DANNY (O.S.)
1-Tango-13 arriving on scene, Code
2. Request immediate backup.

This NEIGHBORHOOD is the first step-up for lower-middle class
families in FARMINGTON trying to escape the gangland gunfire.

Most people here own their homes and take pride in the fact that a police squad car on the street is a rare sight.

DANNY and JULIEN pounce out of the squad car and head for the front gate of the chain-link fence surrounding the house.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Julien, go around back and secure a rear egress.

(drawing her PISTOL)

I'll take the front.

Julien eyes her gun.

JULIEN

If this is a domestic, shouldn't we just knock and request entry?

DANNY

Not when a 9-1-1 gets cut off. Caller said it was her husband. These things can get ugly.

Julien pulls out his pistol.

JULIEN

I'll go around back.

DANNY

Julien -

(beat)

There's a kid in there too.

We follow Julien around the side of the house.

LIGHTS pop on inside the surrounding HOMES. Curious LOOKY-LOOS peer through the windows.

EXT. BACK PORCH -- CONTINUOUS

Julien edges around back, scanning the windows of the HOUSE. The back fence GATE is open, SQUEAKING in a light wind.

Touching the fence, Julien catches movement in a NEIGHBOR'S HOUSE - a petrified WOMAN in the window. They make eye contact. She points a finger to the back yard.

INT. HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Danny pushes open the door, her eyes darting back and forth.

DANNY

Police coming in.

Not a peep in the place. But it's a wreck.

THE KITCHEN

The table's overturned, blocking the doorway. FOOD drips down the CABINETS. Broken plates on the floor.

HALLWAY

Danny steps toward the staircase. We HEAR a soft WHIMPERING coming from upstairs.

EXT. BACK PORCH -- NIGHT

Julien whips out his MAGLITE. Bracing his 9MM with the light, he scans the backyard.

The light cuts through the darkness. Nothing. He steps inside the fence. Trips over something with a CLINKING SOUND.

He trains the light on the ground...to find a large CHAIN for a dog in a pool of BLOOD.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS -- CONTINUOUS

Danny reaches the top of the stairs, leading with her pistol.

DANNY

Police on the floor. The house is surrounded. Anybody up here?

The WHIMPERS become louder, echoing from the bathroom.

THE BATHROOM DOOR

Is cracked open, casting a narrow BEAM OF LIGHT into the hallway. Approaching the door, we see the TOES of a WOMAN'S FOOT...and then an ANKLE...and finally, a PAIR OF PANTIES wrapped around her calf.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Julien slides open a glass door and steps into the living room. He eyes a few PHOTOS on the shelves: ANNA, smiling with missing teeth...a SHOT of YVETTE and a MAN IN UNIFORM.

DANNY (O.S.)

Julien! Find a blanket and bring it up here, now!

INT. HOUSE - BATHROOM -- CONTINUOUS

On Julien as he enters the room, a child's BEDSPREAD in his hands. His eyes widen as he takes in the scene.

JULIEN

Oh, Jesus...

Danny snatches the bedspread and wraps it around Yvette, TEARS running down her cheeks. Clothes all over the floor.

YVETTE

(sobbing)

Why'd you take so long to get here?

DANNY

(to Julien)

Clear off for a minute.

Danny looks Julien in the eyes. He trembles at the sight of Yvette on the floor - crying and clearly violated.

DANNY (CONT'D)

Backup should be here. Link up with them and make sure the house is clear.

Just then, MOVEMENT behind the shower curtain. Julien quick-draws and steps over Yvette. Yvette shakes her head slowly. Danny puts a finger to her lips and draws her weapon.

With one hand near the edge of the shower curtain, Julien looks to Danny for the signal. She nods, and he rips open the curtain to reveal -

ANNA

Curled in a ball with her Teletubby.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Julien with a couple of UNIS by the sliding glass door.

UNI

Now why did he have to go and off
Cujo?

JULIEN

Better question is why'd he take the
body? Get some spots in the yard
and see if anything comes up.

UNI

(nodding to Danny)

That what your T.O. said to do,
rookie?

JULIEN

That's what I said to do. First on
the scene takes command until relieved
by detectives -

The Uni mock-salutes and steps out the glass door.

UNI

Next time I won't leave my training
manual on your momma's nightstand.

Julien shakes his head and turns to see Danny with Yvette and Anna on the couch. Yvette looks like train wreck.

DANNY

Julien, can you take little Anna
someplace quiet?

Julien comes over and touches Anna's hand. Anna curls up and buries her head into Yvette's armpit.

YVETTE

It's all right, baby, go on with the
nice man. He's not gonna hurt you.

Julien gently pries Anna from her mama's breast.

JULIEN

Hey there. Wanna show me your room?

Anna looks to mama for approval.

YVETTE

It's all right, go on.

Julien leads her away by the hand.

YVETTE (CONT'D)

(to Danny)

I told her stay in the bathtub. No
matter what happens. She didn't see -

DANNY

What did happen up there? From the
looks of it, he was pretty rough.

YVETTE

(breaking down)

My husband - wasn't always like this -

Julien listens as he heads for the stairs.

DANNY

You called 9-1-1 and said he was
trying to kill you.

YVETTE

(sobbing)

He got angry. We had a fight. I
was scared. But he wasn't really
gonna kill me...

Danny's not buying it. Halfway up the stairs, Julien stops.

JULIEN

Mrs. Paris, did you have a dog chained
up out back?

YVETTE

Yeah. Why?

INT. HOUSE - ANNA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Anna and her Teletubby collection. Julien sits on the bed.

ANNA

I got the yellow one, the red one...

JULIEN

Wow, they're pretty.

Anna drops about five DOLLS on the bed next to him.

JULIEN (CONT'D)

Sweetie? Does your daddy always get angry like that?

Her attention is focused on the dolls.

ANNA

My favorite's the blue.

JULIEN

You ever see him like that before?

ANNA

He was gone for a very long time.

JULIEN

How about before your daddy was gone?

ANNA

Mommie told me he's not my real daddy.

INT. HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Yvette draws on a cigarette.

YVETTE

Elmo was supposed to be a guard dog.
He was a gift.

DANNY

A gift from who?

YVETTE

A friend. Welcome home present when
me and Anna moved back to LA from
North Carolina about six months ago,
after I stopped hearing from him.

DANNY

You two aren't living together?

YVETTE

He shipped off almost two years ago,
right before he was supposed to E.T.S.

DANNY

Ma'am?

YVETTE

That's what they call getting out.

Danny looks confused.

DANNY

Was he doing time?

YVETTE

(cracks a sad smile)

Just about. He's Army. His
enlistment was up, but they put a
stop-loss on him.

More confusion on Danny's face. Danny looks around the house,
sees MORE COPS inspecting the MESS in the KITCHEN.

DANNY

This "stop-loss" piss him off? He
did a real number on this place.

YVETTE

(shaking her head)

You're never gonna find him.

DANNY

We have some of the best detectives
in the Department, we'll catch him.

YVETTE

Your detectives better than a Green
Beret?

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

An hour later. DUTCH and CLAUDETTE confer with Danny.

DUTCH

So you got a break-in and entry,
assault, cruelty to an animal, and a
rape, but the victim's not pressing
charges?

DANNY

She's scared to death, Dutch.

JULIEN

(coming down the stairs)
Anna's finally asleep.

CLAUDETTE

Anna? The happy couple's kid?

Danny nods.

JULIEN

Kid says he's not her father.

News to Danny.

DANNY

That's not what Yvette says.

DUTCH

Tell you what. You've got the rapport
with her, read her a gentle riot act -
obstruction, the standard bit - and
see if she'll agree to a pregnancy
test.

CLAUDETTE

A pregnancy test?

DANNY

(insulted)
You forgetting who's the victim here?

DUTCH

Sergeant Slaughter here comes home
from the war, finds out mommie's
been bad, not once, but twice, and
throws a fit. Decides it's time to
mark his territory.

JULIEN

That's what you're calling rape now?

DUTCH

I'm just trying to give the D.A.
plenty of ammo when this gets to
court - and a motive is a motive.

Danny heads for the -

LIVING ROOM

DANNY

(disgusted)

Remind me to thank myself for turning
you down on that dinner offer. I'd
hate to see any more of your ideas
for mating rituals.

DUTCH

(calling over)

I don't emulate these monsters, I
just study them - so we can all sleep
a little safer!

The other UNIS milling around smirk at Dutch's bravado.
Julien on Dutch's heels as he enters the room.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

(to Julian, embarrassed)

What?!

JULIEN

This guy, Paris. He's no joke.

DUTCH

Neither are the detectives at
Farmington's finest. Pay attention
Lowe, you might learn something.

JULIEN

Learned something when I put a call
into his unit at Fort Bragg. Seems
Army C.I.D.'s got his number too.

DUTCH

Well they take AWOL pretty seriously -

JULIEN

AWOL's only the half of it.

Claudette is intrigued.

DANNY

Looks like he wasted about two dozen
Iraqi civilians back in April.

CLAUDETTE

On purpose?

DANNY

A bus wouldn't stop at a checkpoint.
Messed him up pretty bad.

JULIEN

Then he disappeared.

DANNY

Staff Sergeant Noah Paris, Special
Forces, graduated top of his class
in SERE school.

DUTCH

SERE? English, please - or cop, at
least.

DANNY

Survival, Evasion, Resistance, and
Escape. It's what he does best.

(beat)

Do you still want me to talk to her
about that pregnancy test?

OFF Dutch scratching his head like a jackass -

EXT. DURANGO ON STREET -- DAY

STRIKE TEAM swerving and moving fast. SHANE at the wheel,
LEMONHEAD shotgun, RONNIE in back. HEAVY METAL on the stereo.

LEMONHEAD

What you make up in speed you lose
in style. Pursuit's a finesse thing-

SHANE

Remember the deal: you look, I drive.
I didn't sign up for no director's
commentary.

BRAKE LIGHTS coming up fast. Shane swerves into the oncoming
lane, causing all sorts of havoc.

LEMONHEAD

You woulda kept your eye on that
Chevy, we coulda broke right and be
two blocks ahead by now.

SHANE

Coulda, woulda, where's the shoulda?

Shane swerves back into the right lane, cutting off an IRATE
DRIVER. Middle finger in the window. Shane returns fire,
holding his badge to the window.

SHANE (CONT'D)

(to the Irate Driver)

Up yours!

LEMONHEAD

We get another phone-in to Central
on our plates this month-

RONNIE

Will you two just Goddamn get married
and be done with it?

LEMONHEAD

There he is!

ON THE SIDEWALK

DETECTIVE VIC MACKEY running with a full head of steam.

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

Looks like you owe me a hundred spot.

SHANE

Sees him.

SHANE

Damn, didn't know the old man could
run that fast.

LEMONHEAD

Double or nothing he wants to kick
your ass.

SHANE

(pounding fists)
You're on.

EXT. SIDEWALK -- CONTINUOUS

Vic tears up the street, bumping past PEDESTRIANS.

VIC

Police, move! Outta the way!

Vic sees the Durango pull up alongside him, Lem hanging out
the window.

VIC (CONT'D)

It's about time!
(to Shane)
Hey numb-nuts. After we get him,
you're mine.

LEMONHEAD

(ribbing Shane)
Tell you what, I'll give you the
hundred if you let me watch.

SHANE

Come on Vic, get in!

VIC
Told this prick I was gonna run him
down and that's what I'm gonna do.

UP THE STREET

A GUY on a BIKE turns a corner.

VIC (CONT'D)
Bang a right just past that taco
stand.

INT. DURANGO -- CONTINUOUS

Shane sees the TACO STAND on the next block.

SHANE
Get in the truck, Vic.

VIC
Bang a right. You heard me!

Then - Vic cuts a hard right and disappears down a STREET.

RONNIE
You heard him.

EXT. ALLEY -- DAY

JAMAL, 20s, pumps the pedals on his HARO BMX bike like a man possessed. He's sweating bullets and carries some kind of heavy load in a nylon BACKPACK.

Suddenly, desperation floods his face: an eight-foot high wooden fence blocks his only way out.

OVER HIS SHOULDER

The Durango screams around the corner and into the alley.

JAMAL

Skids the Haro into the fence with a CRASH.

INSIDE THE DURANGO

Shane grips the wheel.

SHANE
Just follow my lead.

RONNIE
That's what I'm afraid of.

SHANE

(turning)

I'm the reason he took off on Vic.
He's mine 'til Vic gets here.

Through the windshield, we SEE - Jamal, like a deer caught in headlights, coming up FAST. Jamal quickly takes the pack off his back.

LEMONHEAD

Watch out!

Shane turns back around, hits the brakes.

THE DURANGO

Screeches to a stop about six feet in front of Jamal, who digs furiously through his backpack.

SHANE

Explodes from the Durango and approaches Jamal.

SHANE

I gotta replace these rims 'cause of
you-

Lem steps out, followed by Ronnie, GOLD SHIELDS clipped to their belts. Jamal's still got his hands in his pack.

JAMAL

There a problem, Officer?

SHANE

Cut the crap, J. Where's the damn
coke?

JAMAL

I told you. I've diversified.

LEMONHEAD

Let's see your hands, J.

Shane pulls out his 9.

SHANE

Then we'll be needing a refund.
Where's our money?

JAMAL

No need for firearms, Officer.

LEMONHEAD

(getting antsy)

Your hands, J!

SHANE

200 G's, Jamal! Where's our freaking money?

JAMAL

There was a shake-up in management.

Jamal whips out a shiny new M4 ASSAULT RIFLE, cocks it. Military issue. Strike Team boys weren't expecting this.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

Hostile takeover. Now drop that thing like it's hot.

We HEAR - the fence shaking. Shane eyes something. Smiles.

Jamal looks up. All he sees is a sky filled with Vic Mackey.

Vic comes down on Jamal HARD. THUMPS to the ground, drops the M4 to the pavement.

VIC

Running on my turf is one thing, but pulling hardware like that on my guys, on my streets.

Slams him into the fence.

JAMAL

Easy, Vic - I wasn't gonna use -

Vic's right HAND like a pair of pincers on Jamal's THROAT.

VIC

Shut up! If I wanted to hear from you I woulda slipped a twenty spot in your panties.

He tightens his grip on Jamal's throat.

VIC (CONT'D)

We made a deal with the Iceman. 200 Grand.

JAMAL

(gasping)

Don't tell me you don't know. C-Dog and his boys pushed in.

VIC

Then Ice pushes back.

JAMAL

Where you been, man? Ice got capped!

LEMONHEAD

Goddamn it!

RONNIE

Vic, uh - we emptied the coffers on that one.

VIC

What? Tell me you're joking.

LEMONHEAD

That was the whole fund - everything.

Vic is too pissed to even deal with this news-flash. He lets go of Jamal's throat. Shane steps in.

SHANE

Where's our money?

Not a word from Jamal. Shane pulls out his PISTOL.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Let me do it, Vic.

Vic looks Shane in the eye.

VIC

This was your deal. Jamal was your boy. His blood's on you.

Shane raises the gun to Jamal's head. Lem and Ronnie just stand there, shaking their heads.

JAMAL

W-wait. I got about 50 G's left.

VIC

50 G's?! Where's the other buck fifty?

JAMAL

I had to make a move.

SHANE

What do you mean?

JAMAL

Ice goin' down wasn't no gangbanger brawl, is was a damn *coup d'etat*.

SHANE

Coodie what? Talk American.

JAMAL

The product, the labs, the boys on the street - they took over the whole operation.

VIC

And the cash?

JAMAL

I hadn't made the drop yet. I was still sittin' on your two hunney.

VIC

(enraged)

And you didn't call, didn't think we'd find out?

JAMAL

You bad Vic, but you ain't no C-Dog. I had to lay low. Almost a month. Finally hollered at an old crew I used to roll with. My boy Shark.

SHANE

Come on, J, I need a happy ending.

JAMAL

Shark's got the line on this white dude that just came back around with some product to move.

Jamal's eyes dart back and forth from Vic to Shane.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

I used the 150 to make a down payment. T-turn you all a profit, get your money back-

VIC

That why you packing the heavy artillery?

(re: the M4)

Need to cover your back from C-Dog?

JAMAL

Yes and no. That's a sample - of your new investment.

Vic and Shane can't believe it.

JAMAL (CONT'D)

You all about to own over 400 Colt M4 Carbines. Street value almost half a mil.

(smiling for approval)

Me and Shark can get it to the streets. And we just takin' 20 percent.

OFF Vic, realizing he just dug himself a little deeper --

INT. THE BARN - BULLPEN -- DAY

Dutch and CLAUDETTE sit across from each other.

CLAUDETTE

You were right. The p-test came up positive - looks like she's been carrying for almost 12 weeks.

DUTCH

I had a hunch she was messing around. She's won't say a word about Paris, so maybe the father-to-be might point us in the right direction.

CLAUDETTE

In the meantime, I put a request in to the Army for his personnel records. Might shed some light on why Paris is here in Farmington.

Dutch looks up - sees Yvette enter the station. She looks better, but still a mess. He gets up to meet her.

DUTCH

Excuse me.
(calling over)
Mrs. Paris? Right this way.

OFF Dutch, greeting her by DISPATCH.

EXT. SQUAD CAR ON STREET -- DAY

Julien's driving, Danny next to him.

JULIEN

Danny. Does this - ever get to you?

DANNY

Only if I let it.

JULIEN

That girl. Anna.

DANNY

She didn't see anything.

JULIEN

But to have to sit there, and hear your momma-

DANNY

She didn't see it. And neither did you. Or me. And that's about the only way I can get up every morning and keep coming back.

They roll up to a GARDEN-STYLE APARTMENT COMPLEX. An ASIAN MAN, LEE, meets them at the curb.

EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX -- DAY

Danny and Julien head for the FRONT DOOR, while the man tags along behind them.

DANNY
 (to Julien)
 You go with Mr. Lee, I'll try the neighbors'.

Danny knocks on a FRONT DOOR, while Julien follows the man into his APARTMENT.

DANNY (CONT'D)
 Police. Open up, please.

INT. LEE'S APARTMENT -- DAY

ASIAN MAN
 I hear funny sound, like "clack-clack."

JULIEN
 Like a gun?

ASIAN MAN
 Like "clack-clack."

JULIEN
 Then why do you think there were shots fired?

ASIAN MAN
 Look.

He points to TWO distinct HOLES in his WALL. Julien steps up to the holes, tries to look through the wall.

JULIEN'S POV

We can BARELY SEE - what might be a MAN slumped in a chair.

JULIEN
 (on the radio)
 Danny! Take the door down! I'm coming in.

We follow Julien, running out of LEE'S APARTMENT, to-

DANNY

Kicking the NEIGHBOR'S FRONT DOOR.

JULIEN (CONT'D)
 Clear out the way!

Julien barrels into the door, CRASHING into-

INT. NEIGHBOR'S APARTMENT -- CONTINUOUS

On Julien as he enters the LIVING ROOM. His face says it all: fear, disgust, anger.

We SEE - a hint of what Julien sees: BLOOD splattered on the wall, and a YOUNG MAN, 20s, sitting in the middle of it all: two BULLET HOLES in his forehead.

Julien has trouble breathing. Drops his hands to his knees.

Danny, all business, her pistol at the ready, sees-

A TRAIL OF BLOOD

On the floor, leading to-

THE BATHROOM

Where she finds SOMETHING in the tub: a HUGE DEAD DOG.

INT. THE BARN - INTERROGATION ROOM #1 -- DAY

Dutch across from Yvette. Claudette stands, arms crossed.

DUTCH

So this stop loss thing. Why don't you tell me what that's all about?

YVETTE

It's an army policy. You can read about it on the internet.

DUTCH

I want to hear it from you.

Yvette doesn't say a thing. Looks at Claudette.

CLAUDETTE

How about the dog?

YVETTE

I told you, Elmo was a gift.

DUTCH

He was a guard dog, wasn't he?

Yvette stays quiet, holding something within.

CLAUDETTE

We know you're hiding your baby's father, but you're only putting him in harm's way.

DUTCH

We're gonna find out what Noah Paris's doing in Farmington and we're gonna find him. And you can either help us - or be an accessory to whatever he's up to.

Yvette crosses her arms. Claudette leans on the table.

CLAUDETTE

Before he did it - before he did it with your little girl right there scared to death in the bathtub - what did he say to you? How did he scare you - this bad?

Before Yvette can answer, a KNOCK at the door.

CAPTAIN DAVID ACEVEDA

Motions Claudette and Dutch over.

CLAUDETTE (CONT'D)

(pissed)

Now?

DAVID

Now.

INT. THE BARN - OBSERVATION ROOM -- DAY

David with HARRY HAMILL, clean-cut, wearing a fitted no-name polo shirt and Dockers. A small gun and unfamiliar BADGE clipped to his belt.

Behind them, is a VIDEO MONITOR, where we SEE - Yvette sitting in the interrogation room by herself.

Dutch and Claudette enter.

DAVID

This is Special Agent Harry Hamill, US Army Criminal Investigation Division.

Dutch shakes his hand. Claudette nods.

DUTCH

No uniform?

HAMILL

C.I.D. Agents are plain clothes Army Warrant Officers.

DAVID

Special Agent Hamill was sent here to assist in the case-

HAMILL

(interrupts)

Well that's not entirely accurate,
Captain, but thanks for the intro.

(beat)

Think of it as the other way around.
Although AWOL, Sergeant Paris is
still US Army personnel, and I'm
here to bring him back. My jurisdic-

DUTCH

(interrupts)

I read your manual. AR 195-1, if
I'm not mistaken. Actually
highlighted the part that said, C.I.D.
Agents are to maintain "constant
liaison and cooperation" with civilian
authorities.

HAMILL

Sergeant Paris isn't your typical
perp.

DUTCH

Thanks for the warning, but
Farmington's not your typical town.

Claudette hints a smile.

HAMILL

He moves fast. I can help you stay
a step ahead of him.

DUTCH

We've got a pretty good handle on
things here, but I am looking forward
to seeing your case files. So if
you'll excuse us, right now I've got
an investigation to-

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey Dutch. Excuse me, Captain.

Dutch turns to see the DESK SERGEANT holding a piece of PAPER.

DESK SERGEANT

You on that Army-guy case?

Dutch eyes Hamill.

DUTCH

Yeah. Why?

DESK SERGEANT

Danny just called in. Reported a
homicide shooting of a -

(MORE)

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)
(reads from the paper)
Kyle Paris? Turns out he's your
guy's younger brother.

A look of dismay falls across Dutch's face.

HAMILL
Got a pretty good handle on things,
huh?

Without answering, Dutch turns and exits. Claudette, David,
and Hamill exchange glances.

Dutch appears on the MONITOR. We SEE - him say something to
Yvette, as she breaks down in tears, clutching her belly.

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. PARKED DURANGO -- DAY

Vic and Lemonhead up front. Shane's next to Ronnie, who's counting CASH in back. Jamal's Haro in the way back.

Lemonhead breaks the awful silence.

LEMONHEAD

Vic. Shane here messed up pretty bad bringing Jamal into the picture. I mean, he kinda screwed us.

Shane rolls his eyes.

SHANE

And that's why we're gonna set things straight with this deal here.

VIC

Shut it, Shane.

LEMONHEAD

But guns - I mean, after the deal, they gotta go somewhere, right?

RONNIE

Back on the streets-

LEMONHEAD

It's arming the enemy. We gotta face these punks some day, and when we do we're gonna be outgunned.

RONNIE

It ain't worth it.

SHANE

I hate to be the one to catch you all up on current events, but we're at a zero balance in the old retirement fund-

VIC

Will you all just shut up so I can think?!

(turning to Shane)

Especially you. You're the last person I'm taking hot tips from about now!

LEMONHEAD

(relieved)

Thank God.

RONNIE

Vic? It's all here. Fifty grand.

Ronnie hands Vic the bag of cash. Vic opens his door.

VIC

Lemonhead, hop out. You're with me.

LEMONHEAD

(confused)

Okay, Vic.

VIC

The deal's on.

LEMONHEAD

What?

RONNIE

We're doing this?

Vic unclips the SHIELD from his belt. Pulls another BAG out from under the seat.

VIC

(to Lem)

Lose your shield.

(to the others)

The rest of you, toss 'em in here,
and stick this in the spot.

Vic steps out, leans back in the car. Tosses Shane the bag.

VIC (CONT'D)

(to Shane)

And my way is the only way.

EXT. AQUEDUCT -- CONTINUOUS

Vic slams shut the door of the Durango, parked in the middle of a dry aqueduct. In the distance, we SEE - SKATE PUNKS busting moves on the structure's sloped walls.

Lemonhead follows Vic over to Jamal, standing about ten yards away from the Durango. Jamal's hands and feet are cuffed.

VIC

Your boys are late.

JAMAL

You work out ya'll's family squabble?

VIC

Here's a reminder, skinny.

Vic head-butts Jamal. Jamal drops to his knees.

VIC (CONT'D)

You misappropriated my investment funds.

JAMAL

C-Dog was gonna kill me!

VIC

And what do you think I'm gonna do?

JAMAL

You're a cop, man!

VIC

Cop? What makes you say that? You see a badge?

He lifts his shirt. Nothing on his belt.

VIC (CONT'D)

How about you, Lem?

Lemonhead looks Vic in the eye. Reads him.

LEMONHEAD

(pulls out his gun)

I'm clean 'cept for this gat right here.

Lem levels the pistol at Jamal's head.

LEMONHEAD (CONT'D)

So this is it, right? We're doin' him right here?

JAMAL

What about ya'll's money?

VIC

This isn't about the money. This is about respect.

JAMAL

I respect you, man! That's why I was trying to hook you up. But I had to keep a low pro! If C-Dog caught me with your money-

VIC

So instead you made a move with my cash and now I gotta roll with some thug I don't know.

Vic grabs Jamal by the EAR. He leans in real close.

VIC (CONT'D)
 (whispering with venom)
 Let's just be clear on one thing:
 from now on, there's only one guy
 you need to be worried about.

Jamal cranes his neck to look into Vic's piercing eyes.

VIC (CONT'D)
 And you're looking right at him.

Jamal shuts his eyes, tears streaming down his cheeks.
 Suddenly, a CELL PHONE rings. Vic checks the caller ID.

VIC (CONT'D)
 Goddamn it. The appointment.
 (answers)
 Let me explain.

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- DAY - INTERCUT

CORRINE MACKEY furious on the other end of the phone.

CORRINE
 There's no more explaining, Vic.
 Matthew is starts his treatment today
 and we owe the doctor \$20,000!

VIC
 Yeah, well, that's the thing I'm
 working on right now.

Jamal opens one eye, looks to Lemonhead.

LEMONHEAD
 Don't ask me.

CORRINE
 It's one thing to be selfish bastard
 to me, Vic, but there comes a time
 when I.O.U. aren't gonna cut it
 anymore with these people!

Just then, a cloud of DUST appears at the entrance to the
 aqueduct. A white LINCOLN NAVIGATOR. Ground effects and
 darkened windows all around.

VIC
 Corrine. I gotta go. It's important.

CORRINE
 Don't you dare shut me off-

BACK TO SCENE

Vic clicks off the phone.

VIC
 (to Lem)
 Put the gun away.

JAMAL
 (relieved)
 You got some stuff to take care of,
 please, don't mind me.

Vic stands up, pulling Jamal to his feet. Vic nods to Lem.
 Lem removes the cuffs.

VIC
 Get up. We go by my rules or I hand-
 deliver you to C-Dog. Got it?

Jamal nods.

The Navigator rolls up. Out spill four tough THUGS. Head
 of the pack is SHARK, dressed in all white, topped off with
 a white BANDANNA. Silver shades.

SHARK
 And who said the black man is the
 cause of all the trouble in this
 fine city these days?

He smiles, revealing a mouth full of SHARPENED TEETH.

SHARK (CONT'D)
 You keeping some strange company
 lately, Jamal.

Jamal fakes being cool.

JAMAL
 This-this the man I told you about.

SHARK
 Looks like a punk driving that beat-
 up rig.

VIC
 And by the looks of your ride I gotta
 think you have a helluva stubby prick.
 (smiles)
 Now we making a deal or what?

SHARK
 Depends on if my white boy wants to
 do business.

VIC
 Do you dress him in the morning before
 school too?

SHARK

Hey now Mr. Clean, I'm just screening
the clientele.

VIC

Well, I only do business face to
face, so I guess you'll be making
the introductions too.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

Danny, Dutch, and Claudette step into the crime scene. Hamill
tags along.

HAMILL

"Stop loss" is a wartime policy that
prevents soldiers from getting out,
even if their enlistment is up.

DUTCH

That's gotta be popular among the
troops.

HAMILL

Enough to make a man insane.

CLAUDETTE

If it was our man, gaining entry was
not a problem.

DUTCH

Probably happy to see his big brother
home from the war.

Through the window, Dutch sees Julien pacing out back.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

(to Danny, re: Julien)
What's with him?

DANNY

Had to take a time-out.

Dutch nods. Then, back to business-

DUTCH

Look how he's sitting-

CLAUDETTE

No signs of a struggle.

DANNY

By the BATHROOM doorway.

DANNY

You all should take a look back here.

INT. APARTMENT - BATHROOM -- DAY

Revolted, Dutch inspects the carnage in the tub. Hamill hovers over Claudette's shoulder. Danny by the doorway.

DUTCH

Well at least we found Elmo.

CLAUDETTE

And I bet the father of Yvette's new baby in the other room.

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM -- DAY

They stand over the body of Kyle Paris.

DUTCH

(to Danny)

Neighbor didn't hear any shots?

JULIEN (O.S.)

No. Sounds like he used a silencer.

Dutch looks over to see Julien, looking like a new man.

DUTCH

Good to have you back, Officer Lowe.

(beat)

Note the tight shot group.

Claudette peers around the back of Kyle's head.

CLAUDETTE

Quite the exit wound back here.

DUTCH

What caliber do you think caused a hole like that?

CLAUDETTE

(shaking her head)

Nothing I've seen on the streets in a while.

Hamill moves in close. Like he's onto something.

DUTCH

(turns to Danny)

Can I see the shell casings?

DANNY

Crime scene's intact, Dutch. What you see is what you get.

Dutch looks around the floor of the room. Clean, except for the blood. Hamill squats near the couch.

HAMILL
5.56, I'm guessing.

DUTCH
Huh?

Hamill drops to his hands and knees, looks under the couch.

HAMILL
The caliber. 5.56 millimeter.

DUTCH
No way. 5.56's a pee-shooter. With
exit wounds like that-

HAMILL
(to Danny)
Can I see your maglite?

Danny looks to Dutch. Dutch nods. Hands it over.

UNDER THE COUCH

Light flashes on something shiny. Hamill's hand reaches it.

BACK TO SCENE

Hamill stands back up. Flips Dutch the shell.

HAMILL (CONT'D)
Standard issue ammo. US Army.

Dutch drops the shell into a PLASTIC BAGGIE like a hot potato.
Claudette and Dutch exchange glances.

HAMILL (CONT'D)
If you want, I can trace the lot
number, find out where it came from.
(beat)
As long as that doesn't interfere
with your investigation, of course.

DUTCH
(deflated)
Uh - yeah. That would be great.

INT. THE BARN - DAVID'S OFFICE -- DAY

David puts his phone on the receiver.

DAVID
Detective Wagenbach will be up here
in a moment.

Hamill sits across from David.

HAMILL

Thank you. I'd rather you both be here to hear this.

David's ASSISTANT, LITA VALVERDE, pops her head in holding a piece of PAPER.

LITA

You've been getting calls from Channel 7, Captain.

DAVID

I'm actually in the middle of something right now.

LITA

There's a reporter from "Eyewitness Nightly" asking some strange questions.

DAVID

Lita. If I were alarmed by every strange question we received I wouldn't accomplish a whole-

LITA

(interrupts, pissy)
I did some checking. This reporter, Martin, he broke the story that ended Albemarle's run for mayor in '02.

A look of concern falls across Hamill's face.

HAMILL

(to Lita)
What kind of questions?

Dutch walks in. Lita drops the paper on David's desk.

LITA

He wants you to call him.
(re: Hamill)
Who's he?

DUTCH

You want to see me, Captain?

David grabs the piece of paper. Crumples it up.

DAVID

He wants to talk to me, you tell him he can come down here and take a number.

Lita exits. Dutch leans against a file cabinet.

DAVID (CONT'D)
 (to Hamill)
 Tell him.

HAMILL
 The serial numbers on that ammo.
 They turned up hot.

Dutch gives a look: "And?"

HAMILL (CONT'D)
 An incident at one of our armories.
 Some weapons and ammo seem to be,
 ah, unaccounted for.

DAVID
 How much is "some?"

HAMILL
 Enough to outfit an army.

DUTCH
 Let me guess: Army's keeping it hush.

HAMILL
 This is a PR nightmare. Paris was
 already pretty bent about the whole
 stop loss thing, but when he was
 refused counseling by his command
 for the shooting incident, plus some
 problems at home-

DUTCH
 He may have been pushed over the
 brink.

DAVID
 What connections does Paris have
 with the arms dealing community here
 in LA?

HAMILL
 That's what I'm trying to find out.

INT. THE BARN - BRIEFING ROOM -- DAY

We follow David to a PODIUM, where he turns to face about
 three dozen DETECTIVES and UNIFORMED COPS, including Dutch,
 Danny, Julien, and Claudette.

DAVID
 Clean off your desks and clear out
 your schedules. Until we find this
 man, we are all on the same case.

Dutch passes a stack of PHOTOGRAPHS around the room.

ANGLE ON PHOTO

NOAH PARIS. Handsome, 30s, white, no-nonsense. Wears a GREEN BERET and army fatigues. Intense gaze.

DAVID (CONT'D)

His name is Staff Sergeant Noah Paris. He paid an ugly visit to his estranged wife last night and he's the prime suspect in a murder earlier today.

BACK TO SCENE

The Detectives pass the photo around.

DAVID (CONT'D)

But what we're most worried about is that he might be sitting on an arms deal that could turn our streets into a war zone.

David nods to Dutch.

DUTCH

Paris is a Green Beret. The real deal. And make no mistake about it, he's armed and very dangerous.

DAVID

Detective Wagenbach is point man in the hunt. He has leads and marching orders for each of you-

The Officers grumble and gather their stuff.

DAVID (CONT'D)

Now listen up. No one rolls out of here without a partner.

David spies Lita taking notes. Makes eyes contact.

DAVID (CONT'D)

My number one priority is the safety of my officers and the citizens of Farmington. Body armor, a double load of ammo, and backup on all calls.

David walks to the back of the room. Dutch takes over.

DUTCH

All right. His weapon of choice seems to be a pretty nasty knife and army-issue ordnance. We're gonna have his face plastered up on the six o'clock news-

DAVID

Finds Lita, who's sitting next to Claudette in the back.

DAVID

I see you're taking notes. If you could put that into a press release-

LITA

(over)

I'll do it, Captain, because that's my job. But don't take me for granted.

Shed turns back to her note-taking. Claudette leans over.

CLAUDETTE

Notice who's not here?

David looks around the room.

DAVID

Strike Team. Where's Mackey?

CLAUDETTE

Gave me some b.s. about a surveillance op, said he couldn't be here.

DAVID

I put out a directive to my detectives-

CLAUDETTE

Don't you get it, Captain? Vic Mackey is gonna do what Vic Mackey wants to do unless you do something about it.

INT. NAVIGATOR -- SUNSET

On Vic, sitting in the middle of two Thugs in the back seat. The bag of cash between his legs. RAP MUSIC pumping. Shark riding shotgun up front. Vic turns his gaze to-

THE SIDEVIEW MIRROR

We SEE - one of SHARK'S BOYS at the wheel of a VAN, the Durango trailing about 50 feet back.

INT. DURANGO -- CONTINUOUS

Lemonhead driving, Shane in the passenger seat. They follow the VAN and the Navigator.

EXT. LOW-RENT NEIGHBORHOOD -- CONTINUOUS

A neighborhood that might have been a middle class haven a half-century ago, it's now a white trash outpost in the 'hood.

The Navigator rolls down a STREET lined with beat-down RANCH HOMES and comes to a stop. The Durango pulls up behind.

The Van parks backwards in the DRIVEWAY.

EXT. NAVIGATOR IN FRONT OF RANCH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

A cell phone RINGS.

SHARK
 (answering)
 Yo.
 (listens)
 A'ight.

SNAPS the phone shut.

SHARK (CONT'D)
 (turns to Vic)
 You and me. We goin' in.

VIC
 I don't step without my back.

SHARK
 Chill, Clean. My posse stayin' put
 too.

Shark hops out of the Navigator, followed by one of the Thugs and Vic, carrying his bag. Vic looks around the place: not his usual territory.

He motions over to Lem in the Durango that he's going in. Lem gives him a thumbs up.

Above, the SKY darkens.

INT. RANCH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Vic and Shark step inside. The place is completely empty. No furniture, no nothing.

VIC
 Getting sketchier by the second.

SHARK
 You high-strung, Clean. You know
 that?

VIC
 Call me "Clean" again and you'll be
 choking on those teeth of yours.

They step through a narrow hallway into-

INT. RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

An olive-green SLEEPING BAG on the floor. A green RUCKSACK leaning against the wall. Two empty bottles of WILD TURKEY.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

I hope that's the rest of my payment
in that bag.

Vic turns to see a tall, chiseled, WHITE MAN stepping in from another room. Strapped across his chest is an M-4 RIFLE. He's a dead ringer for the guy in the MUGSHOT we saw back at the Barn: SERGEANT NOAH PARIS.

Vic eyes him up and down.

VIC

It might be. Where're the guns?

PARIS

Open the bag so I can see.

VIC

(to Shark)

Tell 'im I'm clean.

A look from Vic: don't go there with the "Clean."

SHARK

I don't know you either, bro. Do
what he says.

Vic's getting pissed. Paris puts his hand near the trigger. Vic sees this. Opens the bag and rests it on the floor.

VIC

There. Now let's see these guns.

PARIS

Frisk 'im, Shark.

Shark steps over to Vic, but Vic gives the evil eye. Vic pulls up his shirt and reveals the 9 mil in his pants.

VIC

Let me save you the trouble. Personal
protection. And unless you're gonna
drop that cannon, I'm keeping mine.

Vic and Paris stare each other down. Shark steps away.

PARIS

Fair enough. Follow me.

Vic grabs the cash. They walk into-

INT. RANCH HOUSE - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Empty, except for racks of assault rifles.

PARIS

34 racks, 12 per. Factory direct.

Paris removes a rifle from the nearest rack.

PARIS (CONT'D)
 Buttstock collapses like so-
 (SNAPS it short)
 Total length less than 30 inches,
 providing a hell of a lot of
 concealable firepower at only six
 and a half pounds fully loaded.

And inserts a magazine with a CLICK.

PARIS (CONT'D)
 Takes standard 30 round mags. 5.56.
 (offers it to Vic)
 Here. Cop a feel.

VIC
 No thanks. Like to steer clear of
 the front lines.

PARIS
 Coulda fooled me.

SHARK
 (eyes a silencer)
 I could use one of those.

PARIS
 Silencers are extra.

VIC
 All right. We through sniffing each
 other out? I came here to make a
 deal.

PARIS
 Money's here, the weapons are yours.

VIC
 (to Shark)
 You ready to move these street-side?

SHARK
 Lend me some muscle, we be outta
 here in a flash.

INT. BARN - BREAK ROOM -- NIGHT

Dutch shakes the machine for a CANDY BAR. Hamill enters.

DUTCH
 Got stuck...

HAMILL
 Command's getting a record of his
 SATPHONE usage in Iraq.

DUTCH
SATPHONE?

HAMILL
Satellite phone. In a combat zone a soldier might get 5 minutes a week to talk to people back in the world.

DUTCH
Tell me, what it's like over there?

HAMILL
In Iraq? Like nothing you've ever seen...brings out the best and the worst in you all at the same time.

Dutch sees a DETECTIVE delivering some news to Claudette. Suddenly the Bullpen spins into a flurry of ACTIVITY.

HAMILL (CONT'D)
And when guys been through what he's been through, when they come home...

CLAUDETTE
(bursting in)
Got a sighting of our man in the middle of some kind of deal. I.D.'ed from his mugshot on the news.

DUTCH
How far away is he?

CLAUDETTE
Fifteen minutes. Ten, if I drive.

We follow them leave, joining a parade of COPS grabbing SHOTGUNS and BULLET PROOF VESTS, and heading to the door.

DUTCH
Wait a minute. Where the hell's Mackey?

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DRIVEWAY -- NIGHT

Vic supervises his Strike Team boys and Shark's thugs load the van with the rifle racks. The racks are a two man carry: Strike Teamer on one end, thug on the other.

Vic chuckles to himself at the unusual cooperation. Sweating from the weight, Lem loads a rack on the van and catches up with Vic on his way back to the house.

LEMONHEAD

We could use those pythons, Vic.

VIC

(low, sarcastic)

Love to, but I'd blow my cover.

Something VIBRATES in Vic's pocket: his BEEPER. Checks it. Notices Lemonhead doing the same. RAY-RAY, the thug carrying the other end of his rack, takes notice.

RAY-RAY

There a party going on or something?

LEMONHEAD

Bite me.

AT THE VAN

Ronnie organizes the racks inside. Pulls out his beeper. Shane checks his as he drops off a rack.

Heading back to the house, Shane shows Vic his BEEPER.

VIC

(to Shane)

Keep working. I'll check it.

SHANE

(whispering)

It's a Code Three.

VIC

Keep working. I'll check it.

Vic walks over to the van, pulls out his cell phone and dials.

VIC (CONT'D)

(to Ronnie)

How many more to go?

RONNIE

We're about halfway there, Vic.

INT. THE BARN - DISPATCH -- INTERCUT

FRANKIE, the DISPATCH SERGEANT, answers the phone.

FRANKIE
Farmington Police...Detective Mackey?
Been trying to reach you all day.

VIC
In deep on a surveillance job,
Frankie. Radio silence since dawn.

FRANKIE
Not watching strippers again, are
you Mackey?

VIC
Hardly-
(eyeing the racks)
This one's pretty much by the book.
(beat)
So what's up with the Code Three?

FRANKIE
This Army guy wacked his younger
brother and now we've got him cornered
making some kind of weapons deal.
An "all hands on deck" kind of thing.

VIC
Sounds enticing. I guess I'll make
an appearance. Got an address?

FRANKIE
4553 Clarendon. Know the 'hood?

BACK TO SCENE

The NUMBERS on the MAILBOX he's standing next to read: "4553."

VIC
I might've been there a time or two.
Thanks for the info.

He snaps the phone shut, dashes over to the van.

VIC (CONT'D)
You're done Ronnie. Take the Durango
and put some distance between us.

RONNIE
What's going on, Vic?

VIC
Just do what I say!

Ronnie jumps out. Shane and Ray-Ray come out with another rack, followed by Lemonhead.

VIC (CONT'D)

(to Lem)

How many are left in the house?

LEMONHEAD

About six, I think.

VIC

Double-time, but be ready to un-ass this place at the drop of a hat.

RAY-RAY

Damn. Now I know something's up.

LEMONHEAD

Relax. He's always like this.

RAY-RAY

All I know is my ass ain't moving any faster than this.

Vic's CELL PHONE rings.

VIC

(on phone)

What now?

INT. LAWYER'S OFFICE -- NIGHT - INTERCUT

A stiff in a suit calmly sits at his desk. Corrine seated in front of him.

SUIT

Detective Victor Mackey?

VIC

Who the hell is this?

SUIT

My name is Allen Levintsky of the law firm of Levintsky & Levintsky-

SHANE

Vic, we're kinda in the middle of something here.

VIC

(to Shane)

Where's Jaws?

Shane points inside. Vic heads in.

INT. RANCH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS - INTERCUT

VIC
(on the phone)
Now what's this about?

SUIT
I'm calling to give you notice of my
client's intent to file a Temporary
Restraining Order against you-

VIC
Who the hell is your client?

SUIT
Your ex-wife.

Vic finds Shark.

VIC
(to Shark)
The cops are coming.

SHARK
Oh, shi-

SUIT
I'm sorry?

BACK TO SCENE

VIC
(on phone)
You can stuff that TRO up your ass,
smarty. Tell Corrine the money's
coming.

Vic snaps the phone shut. Steps up to Shark.

SHARK
Old Lady getting anxious?

VIC
(quietly)
Who the hell you set me up with?

SHARK
What you mean, man? He's cool.

PARIS (O.S.)
Something going on I should know
about?

Off Vic stiffening as we SEE - OVER HIS SHOULDER - Paris
entering, his weapon at the ready.

INT. CLAUDETTE'S SEDAN ON STREET -- NIGHT

LIGHT whirling on the dash, Claudette hauls ass at the wheel.

Through the windshield, we SEE - a parade of SQUAD CARS, lights flashing.

Claudette changes lanes, nearly cutting off a squad car. Dutch grips the dashboard.

DUTCH
(to Claudette)
A signal would help.

CLAUDETTE
I don't say a word when you drive.

DUTCH
All right. Talk to me, Hamill.

IN THE REARVIEW

We SEE - more SEDANS and SQUAD CARS - and Hamill in the back.

HAMILL
His SAT-PHONE usage came in on my Blackberry. Besides family in the area, he buzzed a mobile phone registered to a Darnell Robbins multiple times.

Dutch flips open his cell phone. Speed dials.

DUTCH
(on the phone)
Yeah. Wagenbach here. Run a check on a Darnell Robbins. See if he has any connections to the gun trade in town. Okay-bye.

CLAUDETTE
ETA two minutes.

Off an amped-up Dutch loading a SHOTGUN --

INT. RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Vic stands with his arms open, eye-to-eye with Paris. Shark to the side, not liking being in the middle of all this.

PARIS
Why you packing a cop-issue 9 mil?

Shark slowly steps away.

VIC

You're gonna shoot me 'cause I like a nice gun? You might as well waste Shark here too, 'cause he turned you on to me.

SHARK

Screw this, we cuttin' out.

VIC

(turning)

Not with my guns you're not.

PARIS

(raising his rifle)

Neither of you are going anywhere.

Just then, Shane pops his head in.

SHANE

Vic! We got lights coming up the street.

(sees the standoff)

Interrupting something?

VIC

(calm, steady)

Just wrapping up our deal. How we doin' out there?

SHANE

Lem's got the last rack going in right now.

Shane hangs on.

VIC

(to Paris)

Let's you and me forget this little misunderstanding, 'cause I'd rather not be here when the LAPD arrives.

Vic doesn't wait for an answer.

VIC (CONT'D)

(to Shane)

The van rolls now. Lemonhead drives.

SHARK

No, that ain't -

VIC

Your boy rides shotgun. That's my retirement fund riding in that van.

(to Shane)

You stay with me. I need someone sharp covering my back.

Relieved, Shane nods, then turns for the door. We follow him out the FRONT DOOR --

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - DRIVEWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Where he reaches Lem, Ray-Ray, and the others by the van.

SHANE
Vic wants you to take the van.

LEMONHEAD
Where?

Lemonhead and Ray-Ray jump in.

SHANE
Wherever Shark's stocking this stuff 'til he can move it. Call when you get there.

RAY-RAY
I know the place, come on.

Shane moves in close to Lem.

SHANE
(quietly)
Things go haywire, you're gonna have to do that guy.

He nods to Ray-Ray. Lem hears him, but doesn't say a word.

The Driver and the others from the Navigator look clueless.

DRIVER
What about us?

SHANE
Well I sure as hell wouldn't be standing around here.

They head for the Navigator on the street. As Lem starts the van, Shane sees a huge COP MOTORCADE turn up Clarendon.

SHANE (CONT'D)
Gotta go, now! Now!

As the van screeches away, Shane turns and runs back to the house. He nearly crashes into Shark, who's making a bee-line for the Navigator, M4 in hand.

SHARK
Yo! Wait up!

EXT. LOW-RENT NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET -- CONTINUOUS

With the LEAD SQUAD CAR no more than 200 yards away, Shark jumps into an open door of the Navigator as it rolls by. Shark slams the door shut.

SHARK

Ya'll about to leave me.

INSIDE CLAUDETTE'S SEDAN

DUTCH

(shutting his cell)

That was Vendrell from Strike Team.
Got a tip-off our guy's still inside.

CLAUDETTE

'Bout time they show up to work.

He sees the Navigator take off following the van, grabs his radio HANDSET.

DUTCH

(on radio)

Lead two squad cars, peel off and follow the white Lincoln Navigator and that piece of crap van.

(beat)

All other units converge on the house.
Suspect's still inside.

INSIDE LEAD SQUAD CAR

A UNI, KNOX, at the wheel, his partner, MONAGAN, on the radio.

MONAGAN

1-Tango-19, roger.

INSIDE DANNY'S SQUAD CAR

As Julien drives, Danny works the radio.

DANNY

1-Tango-13, roger.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Claudette's sedan rolls up, followed by half a dozen SQUAD CARS and SEDANS, lights flashing. COPS and DETECTIVES pour out of their cars and take up firing positions behind cover.

LIGHTS pop on in NEIGHBORS' HOUSES all around. In the SKY above, a POLICE HELICOPTER SPOTLIGHTS the neighborhood.

David pulls up in his sedan, jumps out, and finds Dutch.

DAVID
Wagenbach. I'm assuming command.

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)
Captain Aceveda!

A slick-looking REPORTER, MARTIN, followed by a CAMERAMAN.

MARTIN
Is it true you gotta real-life Rambo
roaming the streets of Farmington?

Off David, his hand blocking the LIGHT shining in his face.

INT. RANCH HOUSE - LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Shane meets Vic and Paris inside.

SHANE
Did what I could to throw them off.

VIC
Good. There's still time to get out
the back before they're set.

PARIS
Or we defend ourselves.

Paris heads for a side BEDROOM.

SHANE
(re: Paris)
We gotta get him outta here. He'll
I.D. us if they ever catch him.

VIC
That's why these things usually end
tragically.

He raises his fingers - shaped like a pistol - to his temple.
Lip-synches, "boom," lowering his hand.

Suddenly, the SOUND of a RIFLE FIRING. Vic and Shane drop.

SHANE
That us or him?

Vic rolls to his side, pulls his GUN, and gets to his feet.

VIC
Him, but it won't be long 'til this
place is ventilated pretty good.

EXT. LOW-RENT NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET -- CONTINUOUS

A UNI is rocked backwards by the impact, BLOOD spattering on
a DETECTIVE kneeling next to him.

Another UNI grabs his throat, gurgling BLOOD as he falls to his knees, and then to his face with a splat.

DAVID

Everybody down! This man's a sniper!

He drops to the street and finds himself next to Martin, holding up his MICROPHONE, the Cameraman a few feet away.

MARTIN

Is it fair to say that violent crime is out of control Captain?

DAVID

You're gonna experience some violent crime first-hand if you don't get that camera out of my face.

(gets to his knees)

Return fire! Aimed shots only!

INT. RANCH HOUSE - BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

As Vic stands in the doorway and levels his gun at Paris in the window - A BARRAGE of gunfire rips through the windows and walls, throwing shards of glass, debris, and dust everywhere, not to mention dozens of bullets.

Suddenly, Shane tackles Vic to the ground, rolling into -

INT. RANCH HOUSE - THE HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Where Shane ends up on top of him.

SHANE

Vic! Vic! You all right?

Dust all over his face, Vic opens one eye. Then the other.

VIC

We gotta get out of here.

SHANE

Now you're talking. They get him?

We HEAR - the M4 firing again. Shane tries to move.

VIC

Forget him. We gotta go. They find us in here we got a whole lot of explaining to do.

More RETURN FIRE from the COPS outside.

EXT. VAN ON STREET -- NIGHT

Pedal to the metal, Lem grips the wheel with white knuckles.

IN HIS REARVIEW

We SEE - the Navigator, followed by the two squad cars.

RAY-RAY

Yo. We goin' to make it out of this?

LEMONHEAD

That's what I keep telling myself.

EXT. NAVIGATOR DRIVING ON STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Shark leans up to the window. The lead squad car catches up on the right side, barreling along at 60 mph.

DRIVER

Yo Shark, they right up on us.

SHARK

(raising his rifle)

I see 'em.

We SEE - Knox signaling them to pull over.

KNOX'S POV

The Navigator's tinted back window rolls down, revealing a smiling Shark and his new TOY.

MACHINE GUN FIRE rips into the squad car, knocking out the front left wheel. Knox cries in pain and loses control of the car as it crashes into the Navigator.

EXT. DANNY'S SQUAD CAR DRIVING ON STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Danny reaches her arm over to Julien.

DANNY

Hit the brakes!

THROUGH THE WINDOW

We SEE - the COLLISION up ahead rushing towards us as we careen forward, brakes SCREECHING. The squad car and the Navigator tangle up in a spinning waltz, ramming a line of PARKED CARS before stopping in the middle of the STREET.

Julien manhandles the wheel as the car SQUEALS to a halt. A brief moment of silence. Danny and Julien catch their breath.

JULIEN

(dazed)

We lost the van.

DANNY

Keep your head in the game. This is where we're at. Right here.

Julien nods. Off Julien, snapping to --

EXT. RANCH HOUSE -- NIGHT

Still a war zone. And under the LIGHTS of Martin's camera, David's in command. He ducks over to Dutch, Claudette and Hamill, flanked by a group of UNIS.

DAVID

Claudette. Take over support. Dutch.
These houses have back doors. We'll
flank him from behind.

Dutch eyes the camera behind David: is this just a show? Nodding, he grabs a few UNIS, and WE FOLLOW him running a wide arc to the right. All along, shots still ring out back and forth from the HOUSE to the STREET.

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - BACK YARD -- CONTINUOUS

Dutch and the Unis set up under cover. David hunches down with them. Martin and the Cameraman not far behind.

DUTCH

Keep an eye on that door. We'll
move when he starts shooting again.

There's movement at the DOOR.

UNI

Somebody's coming out.

DUTCH

Wait for my signal -

The door opens, and a dusty FIGURE stumbles out from the darkness:

VIC MACKKEY, followed by Shane.

Stunned looks on all the cops' faces. Rage on David's.

HAMILL

That's - not him.

Off Vic, realizing things just went from bad to worse --

SMASH TO BLACK:

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - BACK DOOR -- NIGHT

Nearly blinded by the camera light, Vic steps outside. Dutch, David, Hamill, the camera crew, and the Unis watch in amazement.

DUTCH

Vic?

(to the others)

What the hell's he doing in there?

David sees the cameraman step even closer.

DAVID

Must've responded early to the call.

(under his breath)

This better be good.

VIC

He's still in there, armed to the teeth.

UNI

I don't hear any more shooting coming from the house.

Dutch looks to David.

DAVID

Get Mackey. Clear the house.

The Unis dart over to the house, covered by Dutch and David. One stops to attend to Vic. The others head inside.

SHANE

He'll be alright.

Once the Unis duck inside, Dutch and David quickly step over to Vic, followed by the camera crew.

VIC

Jesus Christ, Aceveda, didn't you get the signal my men were already inside?

DUTCH

How could you possibly have-

DAVID

(aware of the camera)

Strike Team was conducting a - surveillance mission - just two blocks over when the call came out.

VIC
 (nodding)
 Yeah. That's it.

UNI (O.S.)
 The place is clear!
 (stepping out)
 We checked it from top to bottom.
 He's gone.

Off Dutch, David, and Vic exchanging worried glances --

EXT. CRASH SITE -- NIGHT

Julien and Danny take cover behind the open doors of their squad car. Their guns trained on the wreckage in front of them, it's hard to tell what's what.

DANNY
 Knox! You all right?

JULIEN
 No one's moving.

MONAGAN (O.S.)
 (from the wreckage)
 He's messed up pretty bad.

DANNY
 Monagan? That you?

MONAGAN (O.S.)
 Yeah. I got a pulse on him. I'm coming out.

Movement coming from the wreck.

JULIEN
 That him?

DANNY
 I can't see.
 (hollering)
 Monagan?

A FIGURE. Stumbles around the wreck. Steps into the flashing light. Wearing all white. Something in his hand. The M4.

JULIEN
 It's a gun!

SHOTS RING OUT. Shark drops like a rag doll.

A smoking pistol trembles in the half-light. Julien shudders as he sees what he has done: Shark, dead, in a growing pool of BLOOD.

EXT. LOW-RENT NEIGHBORHOOD STREET -- NIGHT

With the energy of a twisted red carpet premiere, POLICE PHOTOGRAPHERS snap pictures, TV CAMERA CREWS shine their LIGHTS, PARAMEDICS load WOUNDED OFFICERS into arriving AMBULANCES, and UNIS string POLICE TAPE between the SCENE and growing crowd of LOOKY-LOOS.

David and Vic cut through the scene, finally getting some space from Martin and his camera.

DAVID

No guns and Paris gets away. Pretty nice bust, there Mackey.

VIC

I told you. Paris already made the deal with this punk, Shark, by the time we arrived.

DAVID

Shark?

VIC

Yeah, Shark. I sent Ronnie and Lemansky after the van with the guns and me and Shane went in to take down the perp. Woulda got him, if you hadn't turned that place into a goddamn firing range.

DAVID

This stinks, Mackey. I don't know what you and boys have been up to, but your story better start making sense. This man's a murderer, a war criminal, an arms dealer, a rapist-

This is all news to Vic. And it shows. But Vic can still play ball --

VIC

And this can't be looking good for you with that reporter's head sticking halfway up your ass.

Before David can answer, Dutch breaks through the crowd, followed by Hamill.

DUTCH

Danny and Julien caught up with his accomplices in the Navigator.

VIC

What about the van?

DUTCH

Got away.

Thank God.

VIC

Damn it.

DUTCH

Knox took a few rounds. Monagan got dinged up in the crash.

VIC

How they doin'?

DUTCH

They'll live.

DAVID

And the suspects?

DUTCH

Not so lucky. Two of them died in the collision, but Julien had to take the last one out when he pulled an assault rifle on him.

HAMILL

Darnell Robbins-

DUTCH

A.K.A. Shark.

Vic sneaks a hint of a smile. David realizes Vic's story is starting to hold up.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

A mid-level gun runner and Paris's link to the streets here in Farmington.

HAMILL

(to Vic)

Any idea how Paris got away?

Vic shoots him a "who the fuck are you" stare.

DUTCH

Getting away is what he's trained to do.

VIC

Better question is, where's he going?

DUTCH

Yvette.

Vic's cell phone RINGS.

VIC
 (answers)
 Lemonhead. Be prepared to cover our
 tracks.

Snaps the phone shut.

VIC (CONT'D)
 Who's Yvette?

Dutch rushes over to his sedan, followed by Vic and the
 others.

DUTCH
 The wife. That's where he's going.

DAVID
 Don't you have her in protective
 custody?

DUTCH
 (stepping in his car)
 All we have's a squad car patrolling
 her neighborhood!

VIC
 I'm going with Dutch.

DAVID
 You're injured.

Just then, Ronnie breaks through the crowd.

RONNIE
 Vic. Catch!

Tosses Vic his SHIELD. David eyes this suspiciously,
 following Vic around to the passenger's side. Before David
 can say anything -

VIC
 I'll get this guy, recover the guns-
 (nods over to Martin)
 And get you campaign PR that money
 can't buy.

DAVID
 What's in it for you?

VIC
 Some breathing room.

He eyes Claudette, making her way through the crowd. David
 follows his gaze.

DAVID

I understand the importance of
autonomy. I'll do what I can.

VIC

(getting in the car)
And I'll get you that headline.

Off Vic, slamming the door shut --

INT. VAN PARKED IN WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT

Lemonhead clicks off his phone.

RAY-RAY

What'd he say?

Nothing from Lemonhead. Then -

LEMONHEAD

Get out of the van.

OFF Ray-Ray, surprised to see Lem's GUN aimed right at him.

INT. HOUSE -- NIGHT

The FRONT DOOR bursts open. Vic and Dutch step inside, guns
drawn.

Dutch splits off, clears the KITCHEN and LIVING ROOM. Comes
back around, points upstairs.

INT. HOUSE - UPSTAIRS -- MOMENTS LATER

Vic and Dutch reach the top of the steps. Dutch nods to one
of the bedrooms. Vic cautiously enters. Dutch proceeds to
the end of the hall, reaches the door and -

INT. HOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Steps inside. Darkness blankets the room. SOMEONE on the
bed. It's Yvette, lying still.

DUTCH

Ms. Paris? -- It's Detective
Wagenbach -- Yvette?

She stirs. Sees Dutch and nearly screams.

DUTCH (CONT'D)

Your husband. He's loose-

YVETTE

Noah?

DUTCH

Yes, Noah.

YVETTE

Noah? Is that you?

DUTCH

No it's -

Then he realizes. Slowly turns his head. In the doorway, silhouetted in the hallway light: Noah Paris.

Dutch moves his pistol --

PARIS

Don't even think about it.

He levels his rifle on Dutch's chest.

PARIS (CONT'D)

Drop it.

DUTCH

(lowering his gun)

Easy now.

PARIS

Easy nothing. I did my duty, served my tour. They wanted to send me back again. To that hell. Just so my baby brother could bang my wife -

YVETTE

Oh, Noah.

PARIS

Now I catch you again, this time with a cop.

DUTCH

It's not what you think.

He steps forward, raises the rifle.

PARIS

I know what I think -

A GUNSHOT. ANOTHER. Paris crumples. ANOTHER.

PARIS'S POV

Vic Mackey stares over his smoking gun, his GOLD SHIELD glimmering on a CHAIN around his neck.

Paris falls.

YVETTE

Noah!

Vic sees the BAG of CASH strapped over Paris's shoulder.

VIC
Dutch, take her into the girl's room.

YVETTE
Is he dead?

PARIS
(gasping)
Baby -- I been dead a long time.

Dutch stands there uselessly for a second.

VIC
Dutch. Now!

Dutch snaps to, moves quickly. Yvette screams with disbelief and horror. Dutch shuttles her into Anna's room.

Vic's shield dangles in front of Paris's face.

PARIS
You're a cop.

Vic reaches into the bag, pulls out five stacks of ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS, stuffs the money into his pockets.

VIC
Yeah. I'm a cop.

Vic searches Paris. Finds his DOG TAGS, dripping with blood.

PARIS
And I'm a soldier.

This reaches Vic. He pulls his hands away, covered in blood.

INT. HOUSE - ANNA'S BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Vic creaks the door open.

VIC
I'm gonna put the call in. You hang tight with these two.

Dutch holds the girl and her crying mother in his arms.

EXT. HOUSE - FRONT LAWN -- NIGHT

Vic staggers out of the house. A lot weighing on his mind. Pulls a stack of hundreds from his pocket. BLOOD SPATTERS on the bills. After a moment, he pulls out his cell, dials.

VIC
(on the phone)
The deal's a bust.

INT. VAN PARKED IN WAREHOUSE -- NIGHT - INTERCUT

Ray-Ray with his hands spread on the van. Lem covers him with his pistol.

LEMONHEAD

(on the phone)

What about our money?

VIC

I got some of the down payment back,
but those guns gotta be in evidence
by tomorrow morning.

LEMONHEAD

What're we gonna do about the
retirement fund?

VIC

We're gonna start over, that's what.

LEMONHEAD

What about Shark's boy?

VIC

(ponders for a sec)

Let him go.

LEMONHEAD

Let him go? What if he I.D.'s us?

VIC

Enough blood's been spilled today.

Vic SNAPS his phone shut.

INT. CORRINE'S BEDROOM -- MORNING

Corrine Mackey awakes from a bad dream with a gasp. There's
a FIGURE standing in her doorway. She rubs her eyes.

It's Vic. He nods to her belly. She looks down. Two stacks
of bills. 20 grand.

OFF Corrine watching Vic disappear --

SMASH TO BLACK:

THE END