

NATURAL LAW

A One-Hour Television Pilot

Written by Nick Marini

Logline: A detective with deep ties to his Boston neighborhood of Mattapan investigates a childhood friend who's wanted for murder, but uncovers a real estate fraud conspiracy that threatens to displace his entire community.

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. MATTAPAN SQUARE - NIGHT

Mostly empty streets. PANHANDLER shakes a cup at a bus stop.

SUPER IN/OUT: "MATTAPAN. BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS"

Grimy streets shine from a recent shower. Streetlights expose greasy puddles and soaked trash in the gutter of the road.

A GROUP OF BOYS shuffle down the street, sipping 40s of malt liquor. Some walk their bikes. One BOY tosses an empty bottle into the road. It SMASHES. Glass races across the pavement.

Most businesses have closed. But one tiny takeout spot, PIT STOP BARBECUE, bustles with a late-night drunk crowd.

INT. PIT STOP BARBECUE - NIGHT

Some CUSTOMERS wait in line, all African-American except one:

BLAKE HUDSON, 26, the drunkest of the late-night crowd. He's tall with some heft. He's got a manicured crop of short brown hair and a patch of chest hair is visible with the top three buttons of his iron-pressed button-down deliberately undone.

Blake sticks out but carries an air of brash confidence. He stares at the low-cut shirt of a full-figured clerk, ZOE LOPEZ, mid-20s, as she puts orders together.

After a beat, it's Blake's turn to pick up his order.

BLAKE

(winking)

Thanks, babe. Maybe next time we
share it? My place?

Zoe isn't impressed. She rolls her eyes and turns her back. Blake seizes the opportunity to glance at her ass. He grabs his food and turns for the door.

AHMAD FULLER, 30, a chunky employee with dreadlocks and patchy facial hair pokes his head through the kitchen window.

AHMAD

Yo Zoe. I'm gonna take a smoke.

ZOE

Be quick.

EXT. MATTAPAN SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

Blake stumbles outside and pulls from a flask. The plastic bag of food swings as he meanders down the sidewalk. Ahmad FLICKS a lighter onto his cigarette. He watches Blake.

A hulking HOODED MAN appears on the sidewalk behind Blake. He picks up his pace to gain ground on Blake.

Blake marches under a streetlight, then ducks into an alley to take a piss. Now he's out of Ahmad's line of sight.

Hooded Man approaches Blake from behind, quietly. He carries a knife. Blake is too drunk to notice, doing his business...

...Hooded man pushes Blake against the brick wall and PLUNGES the knife into Blake's back. Blake lets out a MUFFLED SHOUT.

HOODED MAN

Think you'll fuck us, little bitch?

Hooded Man whips the knife to Blake's chin. SLITS HIS THROAT.

Blood sprays on bricks. Blake GURGLES, chokes on his blood.

Hooded Man yanks Blake's head back for maximum damage. Blake's neck SQUELCHES and he slumps to the pavement.

CLOSE ON BARBECUE: Blake's food spilled on the pavement. A fly lands on the sauce. It jumps onto his still-warm body.

INT. MATTAPAN - PRIME GAS STATION - NIGHT

CLOSE ON PHONE SCREEN: long, slender fingers scroll through images of naked women, hovering over the screen. Most are blond and fake-looking.

A fly BUZZES and lands on the phone screen.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: ANDY BILLINGS, 25, stares at his smart phone. He stands inside an enclosed clerk's booth by the pumps. He's tall and wiry, with a greasy mop of dark hair and feeble chin stubble. His dark eyes reflect light from his phone. He wears a hoodie over an old t-shirt, both too big for him. He swats at the BUZZING fly.

The tattered booth has a cracked window. Duct tape covers the split. Harsh fluorescent lights illuminate the station.

He goes after the fly again, annoyed. A black SUV pulls up to a pump. A very attractive female CUSTOMER steps out and approaches him.

CUSTOMER
Fifty on three?

Andy eyes the fly. She TAPS the tempered glass expectantly.

Andy finally looks at her - and gawks. He jumps back to attention, as if compensating, and closes his phone. He takes her twenties and SLAMS his fist on the register. It POPS open and he snatches a ten.

ANDY
Nice night, huh?

Customer looks around, checks her phone. Fly BUZZES.

ANDY (CONT'D)
You fill up here often? I haven't
seen you before.

She chews her gum, shakes her head. Andy looks at her.

ANDY (CONT'D)
(enthusiastic)
Ok, I'm here three days a week. 3am
to 3pm. It's a long day, but-

CUSTOMER
You got my change?

Andy shuts up but doesn't hand her the change. THE FLY catches his attention. It's right next to the transfer hole.

He lashes out-

SLAMS his hand on the window. Customer flinches. Andy opens his hand to reveal the squished fly.

CUSTOMER (CONT'D)
You gonna give me the change?

Rushing, Andy pulls an Almond Joy off the rack and slides it through the transfer hole with the change. He winks at her.

ANDY
On the house.

Customer looks down at the change and the candy bar. She sees-

CLOSE ON CANDY BAR: The dead fly squished onto the wrapper.

Customer grabs the change. But leaves the candy bar.

CUSTOMER
What is wrong with you?

Andy stares at the dead fly, embarrassed.

A squad of police cars ROAR by the station, sirens WAILING.
Andy stares at the lights. Red and blue reflect off his face.

EXT. MATTAPAN SQUARE - CRIME SCENE - NIGHT

CRIMINALIST SNAPS a photo of Blake's body. COPS and forensic
TECHNICIANS collect data. An unmarked police car pulls up.

DETECTIVE WALKER ST. THOMAS, 37, African-American, steps out
and straightens his skinny tie. His suit is a slim fit on his
well-built frame. With perfectly-trimmed short hair and
intense eyes, he's handsome and vigorous. He has hard
masculine features but speaks with a LISP that *almost*
undermines his authority.

DETECTIVE ROGER STONE, 45, white, steps from the passenger
side. Roger has a slight frame, a bit short and messy. He has
big soft eyes, a thick mass of dark hair and perpetual five
o'clock shadow. He looks like he needs a good night's sleep.

ROGER

Too many people, man.

(to an officer)

Can we clear some of these people
out, please? We got a job to do.

WALKER

(teasing)

Don't kid yourself, Roger. Only use
WE if you plan on doin something.

ROGER

This really the time? Play nice.

WALKER

You wanna solve this or keep
complaining?

They duck under the police tape and stare at Blake's body,
covered in blood and contorted. Roger kneels over the body.

ROGER

Fatal is a large upward swipe.
Killer split him open, probably
tugged back on his head.

WALKER

This is more than a mugging...

OFFICER PRICE, white, early 20s, muscular and clean-cut,
green and eager approaches the detectives.

OFFICER PRICE

Vic's name is Blake Hudson. Twenty-six. License says Connecticut, but he rents in Southie at one of those new high rises. Got a lady at Pit Stop Barbecue says he orders there all the time. Saw him tonight.

Roger perks up.

ROGER

Anyone else see anything?

OFFICER PRICE

She's the only one that spoke up. Got a cook and a janitor with nothin to say.

WALKER

Let's talk to her.

Officer Price walks the detectives through the crowd to where Zoe waits, puffing a cigarette under a streetlight in front of the store.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Miss, I'm Detective St. Thomas. And my partner, Detective Stone.

Zoe looks at them, bored and impatient to leave.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Did you know the victim?

ZOE

Kind of. Boy comes in to order food late. Always drunk, like, making eyes and whatever.

WALKER

You ever see him outside of work?

ZOE

Hell no. He'd still try, though.

ROGER

You see anyone leave with him? Or follow him out?

ZOE

No. I gave him his food, he stumbled out, drunk. Boy's a fool.

ROGER

Didn't see anything suspicious? A person or group hanging around?

ZOE

Mm, no. It's usually dead around here this time of night.

WALKER

Ok. Thank you miss. Here's my card. Call if you remember anything else.

They leave Zoe with Officer Price and walk back to the car.

ROGER

This isn't a regular hold up.

WALKER

Gang stuff maybe? The boy could have been buying from them.

ROGER

Could be. Too violent for a mug.

WALKER

Someone knew how to slit a throat.

Walker OPENS the driver's side door. Roger checks his phone.

ROGER

Ellerby wants a word.

WALKER

(stepping into car)
Doesn't she always?

INT. POLICE STATION - ELLERBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

At the station, Walker and Roger sit at the desk of SGT. KATHY ELLERBY, African-American, 50. She's a hard-ass, tall, thin and broad-shouldered. She has her hair pulled back in a tight bun. Her face reveals years of fighting losing battles.

ELLERBY

You ruled out a mug. What ya got?

ROGER

M.E. could give us a blade profile.

ELLERBY

We know a huge knife almost cut this kid's head off. Nobody saw anything? Cameras?

ROGER
Nothing. Stabbed in the alley.

Ellerby leans back in her chair and SIGHS.

ELLERBY
A dead bro in Mattapan Square. Not
the attention we need right now.

Walker is silent, avoiding eye contact.

ELLERBY (CONT'D)
Why you so quiet, Walker?

WALKER
Kid shoulda stayed in Southie.

ELLERBY
Don't get defensive about your home
turf. The violence is uncanny.

Ellerby stands up and paces, eyeing Walker. He remains
slouched in his chair, watching her.

ROGER
Alright. Vic rents in Southie,
hangs out there, chases girls...But
why's he in Mattapan?

WALKER
(sarcastic)
Property value's climbing...

Ellerby SIGHS again and sits back at her desk. She opens a
file and pulls out a few MUGSHOTS. All are young and African-
American.

ELLERBY
Start with Orchard Park and
Franklin Field. I think it's too
far for the Wendover crew.

WALKER
Kids at Orchard Park didn't do
this. He could have been pushing
weight for Franklin Field and got
screwy with his numbers. But they
usually go with gunplay.

ROGER
They've been laying low recently.

ELLERBY
So you'll start with Franklin?

Walker slides a particular mugshot to his side of the desk.

WALKER

Yeah. I'll solve your case of the
dead yuppie.

ELLERBY

Don't fool around with this...

Walker taps the mugshot.

CLOSE ON MUGSHOT: A man, about 35, grim with short hair,
JULIUS GOODMAN. He has hard eyes and a muscular neck.

Walker slides it over to Roger. Ellerby leans in to see it.

WALKER

Julius Goodman. Solid contact in
Franklin Field. Ain't been caught
up in much for a while, but he
hangs with'em. We go way back.

Ellerby packs up the folder and stands, checking her phone.

ELLERBY

Get to it. Check with the M.E.
before you call it quits. Roger, go
with him on this one. I gotta go.

Walker mocks a military salute as she exits. Roger stands.

ROGER

Franklin Field's your sweet spot.

WALKER

Let's see what the pricks're up to.

INT. SQUAD CAR - FRANKLIN FIELD - LATE NIGHT

Walker (driver's side) and Roger (passenger) sit in the squad
car outside a row of darkened triple decker houses, each unit
with a shabby front porch. They watch the house, and see:

REG HOLMES, late 20s, African-American, short with a messy
beard and skinny frame, sips a 40 in the side yard.

WALKER

That's Reg. Lives on the first
floor. Got cookouts out back. Bet
the Franklin crew's home tonight.

Reg gets a phone call, puts the phone up to his ear.

ROGER
Lot of your old friends are a
problem for you, aren't they?

Walker looks at him and SCOFFS at the prospect.

WALKER
Serious? I'm a problem to them.

Walker steps out, grabs a flashlight. Roger trots to keep up.

EXT. TRIPLE DECKER - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Reg sees them. He jams the phone in his pocket. Looks toward the back. Music BUMPS from the backyard.

WALKER
Hoo, baby! How we doin tonight
Reggie? Chewin fat with the wifey?

Walker CLICKS on the flashlight and approaches Reg.

WALKER (CONT'D)
Don't worry, ain't here for ya'll.

REG
Man, get outta here.

WALKER
We just wanna chat.
(aiming the light)
What the wolves doin tonight?

Walker brushes by Reg. Roger follows, glancing around.

EXT. TRIPLE DECKER - BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

The detectives walk through the darkened side yard. FIGURES shift above them on a second-story porch.

Walker WHISTLES as he steps through the gate of a chain link fence. He flashes the light around the scene:

Five Franklin Field GANG MEMBERS sit in the back yard. They drink and smoke weed. Music continues to BUMP.

WALKER
Sup fellas? Sausage fest tonight?

A charcoal grill smokes. He beams the light in the face of each guy. They don't flinch, and continue to smoke and drink. Roger and Reg come up behind Walker.

REG
Get outta here, man.

Walker turns and beams the light in Reg's face.

WALKER
Lookie here, Mister I-Don't-Give-A-Fuck. Regular Saturday night, Reg?

ELLIS RAWLS, late 20s, burly and bald with a thin goatee, stands and flicks a blunt toward the detectives.

ELLIS
Chu want, Walker?

WALKER
Swingin by, Ellis. Seen Julius?

ELLIS
Nah man. Ain't seen him.

WALKER
Got a dead white boy in the Square.
You know anything 'bout that?

MURMURS from the crew. Ellis opens the grill and flips meat.

ELLIS
We don't know shit about that.

WALKER
No? Orchard Park then?

ELLIS
Just mind our business. Right Reg?

Walker nods, and turns to Reg. Reg looks at his shoes.

WALKER
Reg, since you were so nice to let us in...Have you seen Julius?

Reg looks at Ellis. Ellis glares back from the glow of the coals in the grill.

REG
Yeah. I seen him.

Roger steps forward.

ROGER
Well?

REG

I ain't sayin shit! Fuck ya'll!

Ellis smiles and shakes his head. Walker nods and spits.

WALKER

Good looks, Reg.

Reg brushes by Walker to join the others around the grill.

ELLIS

Fuck outta here, Walker. Ain't got
shit for you.

WALKER

Ya'll take care, now. Be seein ya.

Walker FLICKS the light off and marches away from the yard.
He lights up a cigarette. Roger eyes the group and follows.

EXT. TRIPLE DECKER - FRONT YARD - CONTINUOUS

Back by the car, Walker smokes a cigarette, thinking.

WALKER

If things are low right now, they
wouldn't risk it on some kid. I
knew they wouldn't say nothin, but
now they know we digging. Bet
Reg'll crack when he ain't with'em.

Roger thinks for a beat—

ROGER

So what's the deal with Julius?

Walker pulls a drag from the cig.

WALKER

Like I said, man. Old buddy of mine
I talk to for Franklin Field
bullshit. Grew up round here. Ended
up like Ellis and those fools.

ROGER

If you go to him so much why
haven't I heard of him before?

WALKER

Spooks when I bring other cops.
Sometimes he don't even trust me.

Walker OPENS the door to the car and pulls a final drag.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Julius plays tough like all of 'em.
But he helps his gram. Knows mine.

ROGER

He graduate from Gram 'Liza's?

WALKER

Nah. Dotty raised him ok. He just
got pulled in anyway.

ROGER

How's he gonna help?

WALKER

Ain't a gun guy. Got pinched when
he was fifteen for holdin up a
liquor store. Ain't touched one
since. With a second gun charge,
he'd go away til he's gray. Bet he
knows who uses knives, though.

Walker flicks his cigarette. Roger looks down at his phone:

ROGER

Medical Examiner has a profile for
us. Let's stop there before we go
home. Getting too late for me.

WALKER

Why, things with the wife worse?

ROGER

Pff...you want a wife only 'bout
half the time, man.

WALKER

The other half?

ROGER

Shit. Just wanna spend it with you,
darlin.

Walker CHUCKLES and gets into the car. SLAMS the door shut.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Walker and Roger stand over the body of Blake Hudson with DR.
DEAN ISAACS, 69. His gray hair is in a pony tail, his beard
shaggy. He peers over thin glasses. He removes latex gloves
and takes off his surgical face mask. He BREATHES DEEP.

DR. ISAACS
Killer is much bigger than Blake
Hudson. Fatal incision was done
with a steady hand, deliberate.
Evidence of a clip point blade.

ROGER
Kinda knife is that?

WALKER
Bowie knife. Popular with gangs.

DR. ISAACS
Not too popular. Most Bowie usage I
see is from Mattapan or Roxbury.

Walker and Roger think this over.

ROGER
Is Julius a big guy?

Walker looks at him.

ROGER (CONT'D)
Said he's no guns. Goes knives?

WALKER
Don't mean nothin. Better chance
he's got info 'stead of evidence.

Roger says nothing, he just lets his point settle.

WALKER (CONT'D)
Don't make it him. Julius wouldn't
do it without good reason.

ROGER
Could be one. Said he's always
around when things happen. Now he's
a ghost? Julius got Bowie priors?

Dr. Isaacs looks at the detectives and offers a quick nod.

WALKER
Fuck, man, let's do the work before
we start making arrests.

Walker takes off. Roger nods back at Dr. Isaacs and follows.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. MATTAPAN - ELIZA'S HOUSE - DAY (ESTABLISHING)

Bright morning sun shines on an old double decker house. It's worn, but has charm. A well-kept porch with flowers and two rocking chairs. BLACK LIVES MATTER sign in the front lawn.

INT. ELIZA'S HOUSE - ENTRANCE WAY - DAY

School photos of young boys line the walls. All African-American, various ages, from various time periods. Some display red memorial ribbons pinned to the frame.

ELIZA (O.S.)
So what's at work. Tell me.

WALKER (O.S.)
Got a murder in the Square.

A small wooden end table. Flowers. Plaques. An old, faded family photo with a young man and woman, taken decades ago.

ELIZA (O.S.)
Local?

INT. ELIZA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Walker sits at the kitchen table with his foster mother, ELIZA DOUGLAS, early 70s. She has glasses and short, mixed-gray hair pulled into a tiny bun. She's short and frail, but still physically capable - she moves with vigor, an internal energy radiates outward.

WALKER
Connecticut license.

Eliza stands and tries to collect Walker's dishes.

WALKER (CONT'D)
Gram, I got it.

He snatches the dishes. At the sink, he turns the faucet ON.

ELIZA
You and Roger both?

WALKER
Yeah, we on it.

Eliza doesn't quite want to ask, but goes ahead:

ELIZA
Anybody we know?

Flowing WATER rinses the breakfast plates clean.

WALKER
Not yet. We thinkin Franklin Field.

ELIZA
That still Ellis Rawls' turf?

WALKER
Mhmm. He still runs the ship.

Eliza opens the Boston Globe and flips to the METRO section.

WALKER (CONT'D)
Roger thinks it's Julius. But we
haven't been able to find him yet.

Walker rubs his forehead. Puts the dishes on a drying rack.

ELIZA
Saw his gram at Lambert's Market
yesterday. You try her place yet?

Walker dries his hands. Leans in, pecks Eliza on the cheek.

WALKER
Was going today, of course.

ELIZA
Mhmm.

Walker picks up his briefcase, places his gun in his side holster. Puts his sport coat on. He looks tired, stressed.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
You're doing the right thing.
Remember that.

Walker bites his lip and nods.

WALKER
I know, Gram. I know.

ELIZA
I'll see you tomorrow. Got class at
ten a.m. You'll drive me?

Walker leans in for another peck and he's out the door.
Eliza's eyes skim over the police reports.

EXT. PRIME GAS STATION - SQUAD CAR - DAY

Walker pulls into Prime Gas, Roger in shotgun. Walker exits, glances down the block to Pit Stop Barbecue: not open yet.

ROGER
Hey. Get me a Mounds?

WALKER
Mounds? The hell?

Roger shrugs. Walker approaches Andy in the clerk's booth.

WALKER (CONT'D)
Andy. What you still doin here?

ANDY
Hey Walker. On a double.

WALKER
Mm. Make that paper. Lemme get
Newports. And...a Mounds?

Andy nods. Walker glances back to Pit Stop, then leans in.

WALKER (CONT'D)
You see anything last night? Anyone
running, something suspicious?

ANDY
Nah. Pretty quiet night.

Andy BANGS the register. It POPS open, but he doesn't touch the cash. He pushes the candy and cigs through the slot. Walker tries to slide a twenty through but Andy waves it off.

ANDY (CONT'D)
You know your money's no good here.

WALKER
Thanks bud.

ANDY
Have a good day, Walker.

Walker WINKS, grabs the goods and heads back to the car.

EXT. PIT STOP BARBECUE - DAY

In daylight, the tiny Pit Stop Barbecue blends into the row of one-story brick shops that line Blue Hill Ave. Other shops are open, the area BUSTLES with activity: horns HONK. Music BUMPS from old cars. The detectives step out of the car.

EMMETT FULLER, 30 and dirty, piss drunk, stumbles out of Pit Stop with a styrofoam container of last night's barbecue.

Walker and Emmett catch sight of each other and LOCK EYES.

EMMETT

Whatever you heard I ain't done it.

A wide smile spreads across Walker's face.

WALKER

Emmett Fuller. Isn't even noon.
What you doin in the sunlight?

Emmett starts to stumble away.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Hold on, now. What's that food?

EMMETT

Ahmad started work. Cleanin. Gives
me leftovers.

WALKER

Ain't that sweet. He in there now?

Emmett stumbles away MUMBLING to himself.

ROGER

Haven't seen *that* motherfucker in a
while. When he get out?

WALKER

God knows. His brother's inside.
Guessin he was on last night.

INT. PIT STOP BARBECUE - CONTINUOUS

Walker and Roger step inside. They see:

Ahmad Fuller, the dreadlocked employee from the opening, mops
the floor before opening time.

WALKER

Still helpin the twin I see?

Ahmad looks up and winces at the detectives.

AHMAD

Man, you two? Not today...

WALKER

Just wanna ask a few questions
that's all. You work last night?

AHMAD

I'm still here, ain't I?

ROGER

Everyone working doubles these
days, huh?

AHMAD

And we still ain't gettin by...

ROGER

We missed you yesterday. Only
talked to Zoe. She's not here, huh?

AHMAD

Hey I told ya'll I didn't see
nothin. I told that youngin cop.

Ahmad keeps his head down and mops the floor.

WALKER

Mmkay. Didn't see anybody we would
know? Nobody from like, Franklin?

Ahmad hesitates his motion, so slightly. Walker picks it up.

WALKER (CONT'D)

(prying)

What you see?

AHMAD

Ain't seen nothin. Get out.

Off Roger and Walker: Walker doesn't want to go there, but—

WALKER

The twin come by often?

Ahmad looks up at them with bitterness in his eyes.

AHMAD

Why you gotta be like that.

ROGER

You really want us poking around?

Ahmad thinks for a beat. But then he gives in.

AHMAD

Man. I saw Julius.

WALKER

Goodman?

Off Roger's emotionless face.

AHMAD

I's smokin a butt. Saw him hangin.

WALKER

What was he doing in the rain?

AHMAD

Lighting up? Chillin? I don't know.

Roger looks at Walker who senses the gaze. He turns to Roger:

WALKER

This don't mean shit.

AHMAD

I ain't saying he did it.

Roger turns and walks out. Walker turns back to Ahmad.

WALKER

Take care of Emmett.

Ahmad swipes the mop across the floor, smears dirt and water.

INT. SQUAD CAR - OUTSIDE PIT STOP - CONTINUOUS

Walker gets into the driver's side and SLAMS the door. Roger stares straight ahead and OPENS his Mounds. Beat.

WALKER

Don't mean Julius did it.

ROGER

How's he not our guy.

WALKER

Hard evidence. There's none.

Roger CHEWS the candy bar. Looks out the window.

ROGER

He's a big guy. Got the priors.
Ahmad saw him at the spot. C'mon
Walker. I know he's your old bud...

Walker STARTS the car. A GROUP OF BOYS walk their bikes in front of the squad car. Walker watches them. They're rowdy, learning the ways. Walker rubs his forehead, distressed.

WALKER

Let me look into something. Alone.
I'll drop you off and go.

EXT. MATTAPAN - DOTTY'S HOUSE - DAY

Rough neighborhood. An old double decker house sits in the sun, run down with a haggard front porch. Needs a paint job.

Walker BANGS on the front door. A tiny dog ERUPTS.

SHUFFLING behind the door. Then: DOTTY GOODMAN appears, mid 60s. She's a large woman, bald, carries an oxygen tank with the tubes in her nostrils and a cig between her fingers.

DOTTY

Is that...Walker St. Thomas? Oh,
come in, son, come in.

WALKER

(softly pleading)
Dotty Goodman. Get that oxygen tank
away from that goddamn cigarette.

She pushes open the SQUEALING storm door, stomps on the cig.

DOTTY

(chuckling)
Don't cuss at me boy.

INT. DOTTY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Dotty shuffles through the messy house, dragging her oxygen tank. COUGHS. The tiny dog, Bunky, YIPS at Walker's heels. Walker gives Bunky a look that says: I wanna STOMP you.

DOTTY

Quiet, now Bunky. This a friend.

WALKER

He ain't as nice as BeBe, huh?

DOTTY

Ha! Julius loved that dog. 'Member
BeBe? Ya'll got along so well. You
were so young then.

Walker takes in the scene. Clothes, clutter, dishes everywhere. House is a disaster. Sun seeps through dirty blinds. A pile of mail on the coffee table. Walker sees:

CLOSE ON MAIL: Envelopes with words "EVICT PREMISES."

Dotty spills into the patchy sofa. WHEEZES.

WALKER
How you been, Dot?

DOTTY
Oh, alright. Day at a time.

WALKER
Came by to check on you and Julius.
Been a minute since I seen him.

She COUGHS. Belabored, painful. Her body shakes.

DOTTY
Ain't you sweet. He hasn't been by
for a few. Supposed to help with my
gutters. All this rain, damn fool.

WALKER
What's new around here?

DOTTY
Diaz Corner Store got ripped down,
you believe that? For apartment
rooms, they told me. I can't afford
the prices at that new shop...

WALKER
Yeah, stuff poppin up more and more
round here. Always something new.

DOTTY
Always seems to be new places to
live goin up, but damn if I know
who the hell can pay to live in'em!

Off Walker, eyeing the bills. An overflowing ash try.

WALKER
You sure you been good, Dot?

She sees what he means.

DOTTY
Been better, can't lie. I struggle
with bills, tryna keep this house.
Can't refinance or get a loan.

WALKER
Damn Dot. I didn't know the
struggle was like that.

DOTTY
Everythin's a hustle around here.
It's more than just mortgages.

WALKER
(sympathetic)
Pressure's on, I get it. Julius
can't help?

Dotty SNORTS. It leads to another COUGH.

DOTTY
Walker, we both know Julius' way of
helpin ain't the help I need.

WALKER
So what you gonna do?

DOTTY
I looked into a reverse mortgage.

Dotty INHALES. Bunky sniffs the oxygen tank.

DOTTY (CONT'D)
But. Then this boy came by a few
days ago. Said he could lower my
mortgage payments fast. Said I'd
finally get the relief I need.

Walker looks at her, immediately suspicious.

DOTTY (CONT'D)
Told me my credit was too poor to
refinance. Damn truth. So he'd put
my home in the name of his company
for a short while, until the loan
went through, then they could
refinance my mortgage. He was a
bright boy. Talkative and helpful.

WALKER
Wait, Dot, you signed your home
over to this man?

DOTTY
Just til the loan *modification* go
through.

WALKER
The loan what?

Walker's eyes keep searching the house as he listens. On a
side table, he sees a framed photo.

CLOSE ON PHOTO: Walker and Julius as boys, standing with bikes in the front yard of Dotty's house.

Off Walker's face soaking in the old image.

DOTTY

He was very kind and understanding.
Brought everything over here for me
to sign, too. Didn't have to leave.
(chuckles)
Shoulda seen the stack of papers.
But my next bill should be lower.

WALKER

(rising alarm)
Who was this boy? Was he local?

DOTTY

Didn't seem it. College type.
Handsome, too.

WALKER

Did you tell Julius about this?

DOTTY

Sure did. Them eviction letters got
us both concerned. Boy hasn't been
around since I talked to Julius.

Walker thinks, clenching his jaw. His mind races.

DOTTY (CONT'D)

Julius told me he'd find him and
get some answers for me. Now
neither of'em around, damn it.

This hits Walker. His eyes go wide as he takes out his phone.

WALKER

Dotty. Look careful. This that boy
came by your house?

CLOSE ON PHONE: Screen shows the photo ID of Blake Hudson.

She squints at the phone. Beat. Recognition in her eyes.

DOTTY

That's him!

Walker's heart sinks. It's visible in his face.

WALKER

Do you have anything from this man?
Any of the papers you signed?

DOTTY
(shaking her head)
He took all the papers with him.
But I do have a business card.

Dotty looks around. She struggles to get up. Walker stands to help her, looking at the mess. Bunky starts to YELP at him.

DOTTY (CONT'D)
Here she is.

Dotty hands Walker a small business card. He looks at it:

CLOSE ON CARD: Blank except for a name: "Darrel White."

WALKER
Darrel White? This what he said his
name was?

Dotty nods. Walker pockets the card. Bunky BARKS.

WALKER (CONT'D)
Thanks Dot. I gotta run. If you see
Julius, call me. Just wanna know
what he's been up to. And if
anybody comes by about that boy or
your house, you let me know.

DOTTY
Sure thing. Visit again soon now.

Walker storms out. Bunky chases him to the door. YELPS at him through the window, his tiny eyes reflecting window light.

INT. DORCHESTER BAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON POOL TABLE: the balls are racked. SMACK! The cue ball erupts the neat triangle pattern.

Walker sits at the bar, nursing a beer. An empty shot glass sits next to his pint. The light is low in the bar. So is the ceiling. It's pretty empty. The pool PLAYERS shoot silently.

Roger walks in and shakes off the rain. He grabs a seat at the bar next to Walker. BARTENDER comes over.

ROGER
(to the bartender)
Somethin cheap, and a shot for him.
(to Walker)
So. What you got?

Walker stares at his glass: beer froth seeps down the side.

WALKER

We need to find Julius.

Bartender sets down Roger's beer, who immediately sips. Then he shares a look with Walker. Roger isn't about to rub it in.

Bartender pours a shot for Walker, who downs it stone-faced.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Blake came by Dotty's house.
Scammed her somehow.

ROGER

How do you know?

WALKER

She knew him from a picture. Said
Julius went lookin for him. Dot
hasn't seen either of them since.

Two WOMEN (30s) step inside. They catch Roger's eye.

WALKER (CONT'D)

I put'em away. But what good does
it really do? It's bigger than
them.

ROGER

It's bigger than you, man.

WALKER

That's what Gram tells me. Don't
feel right. I'm tied too close to
this place, man.

ROGER

You help the ones who deserve it.

WALKER

Baggin Julius is gonna be tough.
Known him a long time. We been
though a lot, growin up.

ROGER

Listen. Can't have people like that
out there. You wanna help the Pan,
gotta get rid of shit like that.

Walker's not convinced. He shakes his head and takes a sip.
Roger steals a glance at the women again. Makes his pitch:

ROGER (CONT'D)

C'mon. Nothin like a couple Dot
rats for a self-esteem boost.

Walker CHUCKLES, shakes his head again.

WALKER
You're fucked up, man.

ROGER
Kat's about to move out. See if I
still got it. We drawing lines now?

The detectives gather their drinks and approach the women.

EXT. DORCHESTER BAR - NIGHT

Rain mists, swirling in the wind under a streetlight.

Walker, with one woman on his arm, stumbles out of the bar.
They practically trip into Walker's car. STARTS. Drives off.

A HOMELESS MAN shambles down the street, SCREAMING:

HOMELESS MAN
A, E, I, O, U! I, O, U! AHH-

EXT. MATTAPAN - PRIME GAS STATION - NIGHT

Silence. The night is still and wet. Andy sits motionless in
the clerk's booth.

CLOSE ON BOOTH: A sticker near the teller's window reads -
"Cashier does not have safe code."

INT. PRIME GAS STATION - NIGHT

Silent. Andy's eyes gaze intently, unblinking, at something.

He stares at the split in the glass. A droplet of water seeps
through the crack. Andy BLINKS. BREATHES.

INT. / EXT. PRIME GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

A red pickup pulls into the station and parks near the booth.
The bed's full of old furniture, half-covered with a tarp.

A huge man steps out, ATTICUS EARL JEFFERSON, 50s. He's
barrel-chested, towering, fills every bit of his flannel and
light-washed jeans. He dons a beige cowboy hat and walks up.

He speaks slow in a southern accent with a confident swagger.

ATTICUS
You work long shifts, son?

Andy's eyes are glazed over. He looks at Atticus.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)
Look at ya, trapped in that box.

Atticus SNAPS his fingers. Andy breaks from his daze. Atticus LAUGHS, deep and slow.

ANDY
Sorry?

ATTICUS
You get bored son? What do you find
yourself thinkin bout back there?

ANDY
This and that.

ATTICUS
Hm. Always having nothing to think
about must get to ya after a while.

ANDY
Guess I haven't thought about it.

ATTICUS
I learned life's quite a long drive
if you got nothin to think about.

A blank stare from Andy. Is he nervous? Or dumbfounded?

ANDY
Would you like to play the lotto?

ATTICUS
No, thank you. I tend to take
different kinds of chances.

ANDY
Um. Ok.

A banged-up 90s Cadillac sedan pulls in and IDLES at a pump
near the road.

ATTICUS
What do you do for fun?

ANDY
I, I go to work. I like TV.

ATTICUS

I know. But what gets ya moving? Is it the bees or is it their sting?

ANDY

I don't think I-

ATTICUS

For me it's their honey. The honey and the wings.

Andy isn't sure how to take this. He looks intimidated. Beat.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

You got Red Man Plug Chew?

ANDY

(fumbling)

Oh, ah. No, we don't have that brand here, sir. You'd have to go across the street to find that.

Atticus tips his cap. The sedan continues to IDLE.

ATTICUS

Be seein ya.

Atticus jaunts back to his truck and drives into the parking lot of the 7-11 across the street. Andy eyes the sedan.

IN./EXT. PRIME GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Two hoods step from the car, DOOK and SWIFF, mid 20s. Dook's skinny with scraggly curls and pockmarks on his face. Swiff's bulky with dreads tied in an elastic. Both wearing oversized sweatshirts, they walk up to the booth. Andy's on edge.

DOOK

I want Newports. And Bubblicious.

Andy turns to grab the cigs. Swiff takes out a small handgun.

Andy turns back and freezes with his eyes on the gun. Beat.

ANDY

Um. What flavor of Bubblicious?

Swiff keeps the gun pointed at Andy, suddenly enraged.

SWIFF

Open up, fucker, 'for I smoke you!

Dook sprints around the booth. Andy's eyes go wide. A BANG on the back door. Andy trips over himself trying to get it open.

SWIFF (CONT'D)
I'mma count to three!

Andy struggles with the back door but finally gets it open. Dook KNOCKS Andy on the nose. He falls back and BANGS his head on the counter.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PRIME GAS STATION - LATER

Andy comes to, dazed and slouched on the floor. Blood from his nose smears his teeth. He tries to make out the scene:

Swift BANGS the gun on the safe in feeble attempts to get it open. The cash register is empty. So is their pillowcase. Andy shakes off the pain and sits up.

DOOK
Swift, just blast it!

ANDY
No! Don't shoot the safe!

Andy struggles to stand. Swift and Dook turn to look at him.

SWIFF
Why the fuck not?

ANDY
They tell us it's bulletproof.

Dook and Swift look at each other and consider this.

DOOK
Man, it ain't bulletproof. Just blast it and see.

ANDY
It'll ricochet! It could hit us!

Dook pulls out a buck knife and approaches Andy.

DOOK
Then open it for us white boy...

Andy puts his hands up, begging Dook with his eyes.

ANDY
They don't tell us the code.

SWIFF

Yeah right, Dook. Make him give it.

Dook looks up at Andy and studies his scared eyes.

DOOK

Don't think he lyin. Just blast it.

Andy slowly shakes his head. Swiff looks down at the safe. PSYCHS himself up to pull the trigger.

Andy backs up against the counter. Dook keeps the knife pointed at Andy, but watches Swiff.

DOOK (CONT'D)

C'mon Swiff. Blast it.

Swiff EXHALES and aims the gun. Dook and Andy wait for the shot... BANG! DING! CRACK!

The bullet bounces off the safe and slams into the tempered glass, forming a new bullet hole next to the duct tape. Everyone FREEZES. Their eyes search each other for injuries.

The splintered bullet hole hovers next to Andy's ear. It missed his head by inches. Beat.

DOOK (CONT'D)

Damn!

Andy snaps. He lets out a guttural GROAN, grabbing the knife from Dook's ashy hands. He JAMS it into Dook's shoulder.

Dook YELPS, backs away. Swiff's eyes go wide. He points the gun at Andy. Andy reaches a hand up to the gun—

BANG!

An errant shot EXPLODES the light in the booth.

Andy rips the gun from Swiff's hand. It falls to the floor. Swiff goes for the gun but Andy goes for Swiff. He wraps his hands around Swiff's neck and they STRUGGLE.

Swiff PUNCHES Andy. But Andy doesn't flinch and HEAD BUTTS Swiff, who stumbles backward.

EXT. PRIME GAS STATION - CONTINUOUS

Their struggle spills outside the booth. Dook stumbles toward the car and gets in the passenger side. Swiff runs after him and gets behind the wheel. They peel out, tires SCREECHING.

Light peeps through the new bullet hole. Glass glints around the gun on the ground.

Andy WHEEZES, bruised, bloody. Pure adrenaline pulses through his veins, a complete rush. He looks across the street:

Atticus watches. He puts his cell phone in his pocket and grabs the plug. He rips off a huge bite, paper and all. CHEWS. Tips his cap at Andy, SPITS, and walks to his truck.

Stunned, Andy BREATHES heavy. Two SQUAD CARS SCREECH into the lot with lights flashing. OFFICER LAMBO, 40s, chubby, gets out and unclips his gun. With caution, he approaches Andy.

OFFICER LAMBO

You ok, bud? We got a call about an armed robbery. Which way they go?

Andy stares into space but manages to lift a hand in the direction Dook and Swiff drove off. Officer Lambo turns to Officer Price, stepping out of the other car.

OFFICER LAMBO (CONT'D)

(motioning)

Went south, call it in!

Officer Price gets back in his car and RACES off. Officer Lambo kneels down and looks Andy square in the face.

OFFICER LAMBO (CONT'D)

Bud, you hurt?

Andy offers only a meek nod, his eyes averted from the cop.

OFFICER LAMBO (CONT'D)

You ok?

Andy's BREATHING slows and he finally makes eye contact with Officer Lambo. His lips peel back into a blood-smeared smile.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. / EXT. SQUAD CAR - MOVING - DAY

The next morning, Walker drives Eliza through Mattapan. She looks out the window at triple decker houses passing by.

ELIZA
Poor Dotty.

WALKER
Ain't right.

Walker looks tired, anxious and hungover.

ELIZA
Ain't nothin new either. Scammin.

WALKER
What do you mean?

ELIZA
Walker. Real estate fraud is as much a part of Mattapan as Blue Hill Ave.

Walker pulls up to a light and listens.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
It's built into the history of this place. Boston tried to keep white folks from skippin town or movin to suburbs. So they funneled us here in the 70s.

A HOMELESS MAN shuffles across two lanes of waiting cars as the light turns green, holding up traffic. A driver HONKS.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
But now the city's hot again.
Money's comin in.

Walker drives over potholed streets, passes rows of houses.

ELIZA (CONT'D)
The time's come to kick us out.

Walker mulls this over for a beat.

WALKER

Still think you know this place
better than the people who run it.

ELIZA

Ha! Don't see 22 boys roll through
your home over 40 years and not
learn a thing or two bout how a
place operates.

WALKER

Fair enough.

ELIZA

Neighborhoods change. People move.
Thing is, these rich folks can
change they mind. Poor folks can't.

WALKER

So someone changes it for'em.

ELIZA

Mhmm. Tidra certainly knows the
state of things these days.

WALKER

That's what I'm hopin. See what
she's got to say about it. Been too
long since I seen her. Roger better
be on time.

ELIZA

Tidra's been busy since ya'll broke
up. Doesn't just teach no more.
Runs an education and leadership
program. Got her own office, too.

WALKER

Movin on up, huh? Good for her.

ELIZA

Sure nobody's thankin her for it.

Walker pulls into a mostly empty parking lot. A sign out
front reads: "Mattapan Boys & Girls Club." It's a low-lying
brick building across from an abandoned mechanic's garage.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

I know you're conflicted about
pinching Julius. You should be.
That boy's a victim of the system,
always has been. But be careful
pokin around in this scam business.
There's no one person to catch.

Walker puts the car in park. Eliza opens the door and steps out of the car. Walker follows her.

WALKER

Thanks Gram. Lemme know if you need a ride later.

Walker and Eliza walk into the club.

INT. BOYS & GIRLS CLUB - OFFICE - DAY

Roger and Walker sit with SENTIDRA (Tidra) WILKINSON, 35, professional with bright eyes and long braids in business attire. They're in a cluttered office. It's poorly lit with an inspirational poster on the wall.

TIDRA

Been a broker for ten years now. But this shit's why I want to go to law school. It's nothin new in Mattapan. Specially with the poor and elderly. They target the disabled, too. Anyone with a mortgage in arrears, they sweet talk their way into snatching the deed to the house.

ROGER

How they manage that?

TIDRA

When folks can't make mortgage payments, they'll listen to what you tell'em. Credit can't get them a loan, so they sign the deed of the house over to the scammer, who promises lower payments. They say "give us the deed, we'll get you a loan." It works *stunningly* well.

WALKER

How's there not a paper trail?

TIDRA

There is. But it's long, and complicated, and most victims can't afford all the legal fees.

Off Roger, sharing a quick glance with Walker.

ROGER

What happens once they get a deed?

TIDRA

They flip the house. Fast. Then the eviction seems legal. Sometimes, law enforcement only shows up to actually toss the victim outta their own home. Cuz on paper, the deed thieves own it. Victims often don't speak English, or can't communicate what happened.

Walker thinks for a beat and pulls out the card from Dotty.

WALKER

This motherfucker used a fake name on Dotty.

TIDRA

Bet it's listed as an employee of some shell company. And his real name isn't attached to anything.

ROGER

Shell company? Sorry, we don't know shit about this stuff.

TIDRA

They use shell companies to cover their tracks from the IRS. Launder the cash. LLC's get a lot of protection as private companies.

WALKER

This is fucked up, man.

TIDRA

Ain't much different than redlining or blockbusting from the 60s and 70s. This just a 21st-century scam cuz they can extend a paper trail.

EXT. BOYS & GIRLS CLUB - DAY

Roger and Walker head to the car.

WALKER

No doubt Blake swiped Dotty's deed and Julius came after him.

ROGER

Any way we can get those Franklin guys to squawk? You said Reg would?

WALKER

I'll call him and dangle some coin.
He's our best shot to get Julius.

EXT. PRIME GAS STATION - DAY

Andy stands in the booth and stares at the fresh duct tape over the new bullet hole. He's still banged up. He scrolls through his phone, glancing over more naked women.

A tan 2000s sedan pulls into a pump. Andy straightens, on alert now. Before he can see who gets out, from the side-

ATTICUS (O.S.)

Afternoon, son.

Andy JUMPS in shock. He gathers himself and peers at Atticus.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

Came to see if you were alright
after that episode the other night.
Don't believe I ever got your name.

ANDY

Um. I'm Andy. I'm ok I guess. Did -
did you call the cops for me?

ATTICUS

I did.

ANDY

Thank you very much, sir-

ATTICUS

Stop that. You had it well under
control. Quite extraordinary in the
moment. To be honest, you didn't
even need the help at all.

Andy is taken aback by the compliment.

ANDY

Thanks...

ATTICUS

Gotta say, I'm impressed with your
resolve. Quick-thinking. Strength.
Wherewithal. It was truly uncanny.

ANDY

Guess I didn't know I had it in me.

ATTICUS

Few people do. Until they see it.
And it appears, it was the sting.

ANDY

What's that?

ATTICUS

To get ya movin. Just took a sting.

Andy nods, unsure of what to say.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

I got a proposition for you son.
After seeing that display of
courage the other night, and
considering my need for help, I'd
like to extend an offer your way.

ANDY

Oh, no sir I'm really ok—

ATTICUS

You ain't even heard the proposal.

Andy shuts up.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

I run an operation. A lucrative
one. We're a sort of security
group. My associates and I own some
properties around this area.

He motions to the surrounding Mattapan neighborhood.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

I need some help keeping tabs on
them. I think you'd be a great
addition to our team, what with
your guts and your resourcefulness.

Atticus extends a hundred dollar bill to the transfer slot
with a number scrawled in sharpie.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

Call that number and say your mom
gave you permission to go on the
field trip. We'll give you
instructions. And lots of work.

Andy, stunned, looks at the crumpled bill with the number.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

There's plenty of money to be made,
Andrew. Life wasn't meant to be
spent in a box like ya are now.
That's where we end up. So why not
live a little, *outside*, the box.

That deep, slow LAUGH from Atticus. He tips his cap and walks away. Andy watches him go. The sedan from earlier is gone.

EXT. MATTAPAN CEMETERY - DAY

Walker and Roger stand outside the squad car at the New Calvary Cemetery. There's not another soul in sight.

ROGER

You ready to do this if we get a
spot on Julius?

WALKER

It do what it do, man...

Roger opens a package of peanuts. Walker takes a drag.

ROGER

So you and Tidra, ah...

WALKER

Man don't even think about it.

ROGER

What? I wasn't saying I'd-

WALKER

We dated a long time ago. Keep your
grubby paws off *something* please?

ROGER

Alright. Well good luck goin after
her again...

Walker SCOFFS. Reg peddles an undersized BMX bike down the hill toward the detectives with his hood pulled tight over his head.

WALKER

Reggie! Thanks for showin, man.

Reg remains silent as he pulls up next to the detectives. Roger produces a roll of twenties.

WALKER (CONT'D)
Aight. You know the deal. Gimme
somethin on Julius. A location, or
who he been with. We got cash.

REG
Don't want no cash.

Roger and Walker aren't sure how to take this...

REG (CONT'D)
My girl's locked up at Suffolk. I
want a *reduced sentence* for her.

ROGER
What the fuck?

Roger starts to put the bills back in his pocket—

WALKER
What're you talkin bout, Reg.

REG
Like I's said. I want her out.

Walker rubs his forehead, tries to wrap his head around this.

WALKER
Reg. Think about what you're askin
me. How could we agree to that?

Reg glances back and forth at them, unsure of himself.

WALKER (CONT'D)
We don't — we have no authority
over that. Even if we recommended
it, there's no guarantee we could
strike a deal with prosecutors.

ROGER
That's ridiculous. It's impossible.
Shit takes way too long, anyway.

Reg is embarrassed at their dismissal. He hardens up again.

REG
Man you want info on Jules or not?

Roger shakes his head at Walker. Reg gets ready to walk.

REG (CONT'D)
Fuck ya'll then! I'm out.

Tension BUILDS with Walker. His face goes hard.

WALKER

Reg!

He grabs Reg by the scruff, lifts him and DROPS him on the hood of the squad car. Reg CRIES OUT. Walker grabs him close.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Reggie. I know a cuppa *hard*
motherfuckin guards, that'll fuck
your bitch like you never could, if
you don't gimme something real
right fuckin now.

Walker is suddenly huge and imposing, using the full extent of his size. There's fear in Reg's eyes. He believes Walker.

WALKER (CONT'D)

I ain't playin.

Walker holds Reg tight. Reg looks to Roger for help, but Roger won't make eye contact, he just chews his peanuts.

WALKER (CONT'D)

(gritting teeth)
The fuck is Julius.

Walker slides his hands up to Reg's collar. Reg WHEEZES.

REG

He's at the Heights, man. Second
floor, with his homie from inside.

Walker releases Reg and pushes him to the ground. Roger throws the cash at Reg. The detectives get in the car as Reg scrambles to pick up the bills before they blow away.

REG (CONT'D)

Fuck ya'll! Ya'll are pigs, yo!

Walker PEELS out of the cemetery.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Walker and Roger follow Ellerby through the hectic station.

ELLERBY
How solid is this Heights tip, St.
Thomas? You're asking a lot.

WALKER
We might be on limited time,
Sergeant. My contact is for real.

Ellerby looks at Roger for help. He stands fast with Walker.

ROGER
Seemed solid...

WALKER
You think I'd call to pinch a
friend if it wasn't legit?

A concerned look from Ellerby. She SIGHS, but succumbs.

ELLERBY
I'll call Judge Mayfield for the
warrant. Stone, call a team. Don't
go alone this time St. Thomas. You
better pull through.

WALKER
C'mon, always do Sergeant.

Ellerby walks off again. Roger darts away to make the call.
Walker has a silent moment to himself among the CHAOS,
thinking about the decision he's made.

EXT. MATTAPAN HEIGHTS APARTMENT - FRONT LOT - DAY

A dog BARKS somewhere in a quiet afternoon. Two squad cars
pull up to Mattapan Heights, a low-income housing complex.

The campus consists of a few wide, four-story ex-hospital
buildings converted to housing units. The lawns are brown and
faded and a few old cars sit in the parking lot.

Walker and Roger pull up in their own squad car. They step
out, both wearing bullet proof vests.

INT. MATTAPAN HEIGHTS - APARTMENT UNIT - DAY

A lo-fi beat BUMPS in a spare corner apartment. Blunt smoke hazes the air. JULIUS GOODMAN, 35, the hulking hooded man from the opening, rolls a blunt. Two Franklin Field gangsters, KWAME and BUTCHIE (32), maybe recognizable from the cookout earlier, play video games in the living room.

Julius hears a car DOOR CLOSE. Suspicious, he gets to his feet and walks to a side window overlooking a parking lot.

JULIUS POV: He sees Walker and three OFFICERS outside. Some put on bullet-proof vests, others already have them on.

JULIUS
Shit! Walker gotta tip!

They all scurry to attention, dropping the controllers. Kwame and Butchie stash some weed in the couch cushions.

EXT. MATTAPAN HEIGHTS APARTMENT - FRONT LOT

The three other officers, Price and Lambo, and now RYANS, also mid-20s, wide-eyed and eager, step out and wait for instructions.

WALKER
(to himself)
Jules don't make it a scene man.
(to other officers)
Aight. Follow my lead. Price, come with me and Roger. Ryans stay out front. Lambo go out back.

The officers burst into motion. Walker leads Roger and Officer Price into the building.

INT. MATTAPAN HEIGHTS APARTMENT - LOBBY - CONTINUOUS

They march through the lobby, badges displayed, wearing bulletproof vests. A WOMAN carrying groceries is startled at the sight of them rushing through.

INT. MATTAPAN HEIGHTS - APARTMENT UNIT

Julius searches for an exit. He eyes the back balcony as an escape route.

JULIUS
Be chill. Just hold'em up long enough so I can split out the back.

Kwame and Butchie glance at each other, uneasy.

INT. MATTAPAN HEIGHTS - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY

Walker stands outside the door. Officer Price and Roger wait behind him. Walker turns to them and speaks quietly:

WALKER
We just here for Julius. That's the goal. Stay cool.

INTERCUT - HALLWAY/APARTMENT UNIT

Julius peaks out a back window to see Officer Lambo waiting.

Walker KNOCKS on the door three times, hard.

WALKER
Julius! Open up. Know you in there.

Kwame scrambles up to the peep hole.

KWAME
Man, fuck off. No Julius here.

WALKER
(to Kwame)
We gotta warrant.
(calls out)
We comin in anyway, Julius. Just come out.

Julius slides the balcony door open. He eyes Officer Lambo again, then climbs onto the concrete rim and jumps.

EXT. MATTAPAN HEIGHTS - BACK LAWN - CONTINUOUS

Julius HITS the ground and pulls a sloppy tuck-and-roll move. He stands up but WINCES in pain. Officer Lambo sees him and points his weapon at Julius.

Officer Lambo approaches, reaching for cuffs. Julius doesn't hesitate. He jumps at the shorter, chubby Officer Lambo, grabs the hand with the gun and TWISTS his arm, forcing him to drop the weapon. Before Officer Lambo can cry out, Julius CLOCKS him in the face with a huge haymaker.

INT. MATTAPAN HEIGHTS - APARTMENT UNIT - DAY

Kwame cracks open the door.

Walker presses his hand on the door, but Kwame holds fast. Officer Price unclips his weapon.

KWAME

Julius ain't here, can't help you.

Walker looks at Roger, who offers only a half-hearted shrug.

Butchie storms up to the door.

BUTCHIE

Man, we told ya'll! Fuck off!

Walker takes a DEEP BREATH and KICKS IN the door.

Kwame falls back as Officer Price barges into the room with his gun drawn. He points his weapon at Butchie.

WALKER

Easy! Easy!

Butchie KNOCKS Officer Price in the face. Officer Price releases and errant SHOT into the apartment.

Roger charges in, shoves Butchie onto the kitchen table and cuffs him.

Officer Price grabs Kwame and shoves him to the floor. He puts a knee in Kwame's back and punches him repeatedly.

Walker looks at Officer Price in disbelief.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Chill the fuck out, man!

ROGER

Go after Julius. I'll handle this!

With a frustrated GROAN, Walker takes off toward the balcony.

Officer Price continues to BEAT Kwame. Roger lunges toward Officer Price and tries to pull him off.

BUTCHIE

(to Officer Price)

Get off him! He unarmed! He chill!

MARVIN (O.S.)

Yo! He wildin! This footage!

Roger — still struggling with Officer Price — turns and sees MARVIN (17) standing in the doorway with his cellphone out, filming the beating.

ROGER
(to Marvin)
Get the fuck outta here!

EXT. MATTAPAN HEIGHTS - BACK LAWN - DAY

Walker jumps from the balcony and lands in a more controlled tuck-and-roll.

WALKER'S POV: Officer Lambo lies motionless on the lawn.
Julius runs off down the street.

Walker stands and sprints at a full clip after Julius.

EXT. MATTAPAN NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Julius runs with a limp. Two BOYS (13, 14) hold sodas and GAWK at Julius sprinting by.

Walker gains on him. He blows by the boys, less than one hundred yards behind Julius.

EXT. MATTAPAN NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - CONTINUOUS

Julius finally stops running. He bends over and WHEEZES.

Walker stops. They're thirty feet apart in the middle of a side street. Julius removes his T. He's got a black beater underneath. He's taller and more built than Walker.

WALKER
Here we are, Jules.

Julius PANTS, lifts his beater to wipe sweat from his brow.

WALKER (CONT'D)
I know what happened. He scammed
Dotty, I get that. You come in
today, we might could do somethin
bout that.

Julius keeps his eyes fixed on Walker. Walker grips his gun.

JULIUS
Fuck you, man. You don't know shit.

WALKER
Come with me, man. Ain't worth it.

JULIUS

Only reason you could get me right
now, is that badge you got. And
those fools that come with it.

Julius takes off his do-rag, revealing a close buzz cut. He
spreads his arms out.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Why don't we do this the regular
Pan way. Man to man. If you still
man enough.

Walker glares at him. He lowers his pistol.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Just like we used to do. Member our
first scuffle? We were ten? Twelve?
I was mouthin off in the lot. You
was quiet. Always nervous bout that
lisp you carry round. Came outta
that with respect for you though.

WALKER

Hell you gonna do? Limp to freedom?
Cops'll be here any minute.

The two men stare at each other. Birds CHIRP in the pleasant
day in the neighborhood.

JULIUS

I'll take my chances. If I'mma go
to jail at least I kicked your ass.

Beat. Walker tosses the gun. He slowly unclips his vest and
undoes his tie.

WALKER

Toss that knife you got. Know you
got a Bowie.

Julius CHUCKLES. He reaches into his belt and tosses the
knife. It CLATTERS on the pavement.

Walker steps up to Julius, fists raised. He circles around
him as Julius stays loose and bites his lip.

Julius THROWS a punch. Walker dodges and RETURNS. CONNECTS.

Julius straightens up. They exchange heavy, impactful BLOWS.
Julius connects a few in a row. He moves in on Walker.

Julius KNOCKS Walker close-range.

Walker takes the punishment. Blood and drool drip from his open mouth. He keeps a feeble hand up in defense.

Julius takes a moment to BREATHE. Walker doesn't hesitate, PUNCHES up through Julius. To his head, to his body. Back to Julius' head, hard.

Julius falls. Walker moves in on him and PUNCHES him hard in the face. Walker turns Julius onto his stomach and presses a knee into his back. Walker SPITS blood on the pavement.

Julius MOANS. His eye is cut and already swelling. Walker gropes for his cuffs, barely able to see what he's doing. Like a reflex, he slaps the cuffs on Julius.

Roger slowly approaches the scene, cautious with his gun drawn. He looks at the two men in the street.

ROGER

Walker! You good?

Walker WHEEZES. Julius is barely conscious. Walker GROANS and pushes off Julius to shakily get to his feet.

WALKER

Roger. Arrest this motherfucker.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Eliza hustles through a crowded night at the hospital. Despite her frail frame, she glides through the hallways.

She passes a PATIENT (50s) in a hospital gown wandering the hallways HUMMING to himself. He's got blood on him and is inexplicably covered in dirt. His bare ass is exposed, too.

INT. HOSPITAL - WALKER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Eliza opens the door and rushes to Walker, who sits up in the hospital bed. He's bandaged, but alert. The TV plays silently in front of him, but he's got a thousand yard stare.

ELIZA

Walker. The hell you get into?

WALKER

Gram. I'm fine. I'm alright.

Walker pecks her on the cheek.

WALKER (CONT'D)

I put Julius away, Gram.

ELIZA

Figured that's what it was. Got in soon as I could after they called.

WALKER

Starts with Dotty gettin scammed. Julius comes at Blake to send a message and look what I gotta do.

ELIZA

Ain't like that, Walker. Don't give Julius the right to kill a man.

Eliza squeezes his hand. Roger appears in the doorway.

ELIZA (CONT'D)

This stuff's bigger than you. It all ladders up to god knows who.

WALKER

I can't stay away from this scammin business now. I gotta dive in.

ELIZA

(smiles)

I can still tell ya to be careful.

Roger gently CLEARS his throat. They look at him.

ROGER

Sup, bud. You doin ok?

Walker starts to stand, but he WINCES.

WALKER

You here to drive me?

ROGER

Ellerby told us to take the night. Got damage control with that Price video leaking. Wants us to lay low.

Walker stands in his boxers and limps to his clothes.

WALKER

Gotta get to interrogation.

ROGER

Hey slow down. I'll put you on your ass again if you aren't careful.

Walker gingerly steps into his pants and CHUCKLES.

WALKER

Knock you silly even still, boy.

Patient from earlier sprints by the doorway, his gown flapping behind him, chased by frantic ORDERLIES.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Late at night, Andy sits in a dark room on his ratty couch with his eyes glued to the TV. Infomercials BLAST on the screen. Empty pint bottles litter the dirty living room.

His shirt and pants are off and his phone rests on his pale belly. Empty take-out containers sit on either side of him.

He holds the 100-dollar bill from Atticus. He grabs his phone and DIALS.

ANDY

(into phone)

Hi. Um, yeah. So, you know.

Silence. Andy waits. Then he repeats the phrase from Atticus.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(into phone)

So. My mom told me I could go on the field trip.

SHANE (V.O.)

(over phone)

Tomorrow night. Wait for a tan car.

CLICK.

Andy's mind races. He grabs a half-finished pint of rum and polishes it off. Then he leans back to let sleep take over.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Walker stands in the dark doorway, dressed in his slim-fit suit and tie again. He's got a busted lip and some bandages on his face. He looks like he's in pain.

Julius sits in a metal chair cuffed to the table. He's worse than Walker, with an eye swollen shut and cuts on his face.

WALKER

I need to know who scammed Dot.

Julius looks at Walker and offers only a hateful scowl.

WALKER (CONT'D)

I remember. I's fourteen. Got caught with an eighth of mids on Ames. Cops started givin me shit. I mouthed back, of course. It was goin somewhere bad. Dotty happened to drive by. Pulled up, talked cops down. I got out with just a ticket. She drove me home. And paid it.

Julius doesn't break his scowl. Walker leans on the table.

WALKER (CONT'D)

I wanna catch these pricks as bad as you do. But you gotta gimme somethin. I need to know what you found, who was involved.

JULIUS

You ain't gettin shit from me.

Walker INHALES and tries to keep himself together.

WALKER

You gonna do it like that?

Julius SPITS on the ground and looks away from Walker.

WALKER (CONT'D)

Talked to Tidra. She said there's nothin we can do to help Dot. Paper trails run too deep. I know she can't afford the legal fees. And now you got your own. Only time the law steps in is to toss her outta her own home. Legally, they own it.

Julius turns to look up at Walker.

WALKER (CONT'D)

If you gon be like this. And they need a police to go down there, just know I volunteered for it.

This sinks in and Julius cracks. He SCREAMS and tugs at the cuffs with all his strength, POUNDING on the table. The cuffs CUT into his wrists, drawing blood. Walker watches him go.

His rage gives way to tears. Defeated, he EXHALES.

WALKER (CONT'D)

What you got for me, Jules.

Julius PANTS, letting the tears drip down his face.

JULIUS

There's a lot of 'em, man. I got a sense they like, an organization.

Walker nods. He likes what he's getting from Julius.

WALKER

Dotty's gonna lose her home. But I can make some calls to buy us time. You gonna work with me to save Dot?

JULIUS

Yeah. I'll work with you.

Walker starts to move out of the room.

JULIUS (CONT'D)

Tried to solve it my way. Was doin it. As usual, law got in my way.

Walker stops in the doorway.

WALKER

If that help you sleep at night.

Walker leaves the room.

INT. POLICE STATION - OBSERVATION ROOM

Walker steps from the interrogation room and looks at Roger and Ellerby. They stand at a counter, facing the one-way glass.

Ellerby offers Walker a slight nod. Walker marches away silently.

Roger and Ellerby turn back to look at Julius, sitting in the chair with his hands cuffed to the table.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN.

EXT. CEMETERY - CEREMONY - DAY

The next morning, Walker and Roger wait in the squad car outside Blake Hudson's funeral. They watch white people mourn under a gloomy sky among green grass and headstones.

WALKER

Who's gonna wanna talk to us on a day like this?

ROGER

Mm. They're thinking, we got the prick who killed him, why we here?

Beat. Roger's eyes wander, surveying the scene. He taps Walker on the shoulder and motions toward:

A Jeep Wrangler with Connecticut plates sits in the cemetery road, far from the ceremony. Two BROS (20s) smoke pot inside.

WALKER

(smirking)

Nice. Let's see what's up.

They hop out of the car as the ceremony dissipates. Blake's MOTHER (50s) SOBS alone before a fresh grave.

EXT. CEMETERY ROAD - CONTINUOUS

They come up behind the car, which has a sticker of a kid pissing on a Yankees logo. Roger TAPS the window. The bros see the cops and SCRAMBLE inside the car. The driver's side window rolls down and Roger peaks in.

ROGER

How we doin fellas?

Walker BANGS on the passenger side window, STARTLING them.

ROGER (CONT'D)

Whatcha got there? Mind if my partner searches the car?

BRO #1

Shit...

WALKER

Hoo, you fucked up now!

Walker motions toward a blunt in Bro #2's hand.

WALKER (CONT'D)
Look at that Roger. Fatter than
butch ankle, baby.

Bros cover their faces with their hands.

ROGER
You boys are looking at serious
fines. We'll have to take you in.

GROANS from the bros. A twinge of desperation in their eyes.

WALKER
Takin it across state lines. Ya'll
are fucked. Lemme bag'em Roger!

ROGER
Hold on, maybe they can help us.

WALKER
Fuck that lemme book these fools!

BRO #2
What can we do? Please!

Walker BANGS the roof of the Jeep. Roger smirks.

ROGER
Can you tell us who Blake was
working with the last few weeks.

BRO #2
Tyler Knight! Our buddy lives in
Southie. Just started working
together. Real estate or something.

Walker and Roger lock eyes. Roger jots down the name.

WALKER
You know. We can still book'em.

BRO #2
Please! We told you!

Walker snatches the blunt and STOMPS it in the dirt.

WALKER
Fuck off.

Walker winks at Roger and they jaunt back to the squad car.

INT. MRS. BILLING'S HOUSE - DAY

Andy unlocks his mom's front door and steps inside with an overstuffed laundry bag. The bruises have faded on his face.

ANDY

Ma! Here with my laundry!

MRS. ANGELA BILLINGS, 60, shuffles into the room, short and stocky with stringy hair and a fleshy face. She wears big clothes and has warm eyes. She carries a box of ladyfingers and puts on a big smile.

She motions to a full casserole dish on the side table, gives him the box of cookies, and takes his bag of laundry.

MRS. BILLINGS

Fresh lasagna for dinner the next few days. I'll get your clothes started. How're things?

Andy opens the ladyfingers and chomps into one. She brushes his face and brings the laundry to the machines off the kitchen. Andy looks at a photograph of himself on the table.

ANDY

I just feel, kinda tired. Like I'm living in a box or something.

MRS. BILLINGS

What?

ANDY

Ah, I don't know. Just kinda, worthless, I guess.

MRS. BILLINGS

Oh honey, you work too much. And after the other day! I'll pack extra ladyfingers for you and make those yogurt treats you love.

Andy scratches his head, a little frustrated.

ANDY

No, it's - I'm meeting someone tonight. Guess I'm nervous.

Mrs. Billings spins around from the machines with a smile.

MRS. BILLINGS

A date?!

Andy scratches his head again, flustered at the thought.

ANDY

Oh no, not that.

Mrs. Billings narrows a soft glare over her reading glasses. Andy goes into the living room and plops on the couch. The house is neat and conservative. Patterned curtains line the windows, the stiff couch has a blanket draped over the back.

Andy turns the TV on and cranks the volume obnoxiously LOUD. He searches the channels until he finds Dr. Phil. He leans back on the couch and shoves another ladyfinger in his mouth.

ANDY (CONT'D)

(calling to his mother)

Ma! Dr. Phil is about to start.

Watch it with me?

Mrs. Billings walks in with a smile and sits next to Andy.

EXT. SOUTHIE - TYLER KNIGHT'S APARTMENT - DAY

Walker and Roger stand in the doorway facing TYLER KNIGHT. Tyler's 26, tall and broad-shouldered with a stringy man-bun and a thin beard. He still wears his funeral attire.

ROGER

Can you tell us anything about the people Blake was working for?

TYLER

We met them at a job fair. Sounded like a solid gig. Like a cross between real estate and sales.

Walker listens closely as Roger jots notes.

ROGER

They give you anything? How'd you get in touch with them?

Tyler disappears into his apartment. He returns with a card.

TYLER

They just gave us this card with a number to call if we wanted in. I never called, but Blake did.

ROGER

You talk to him about it?

TYLER

Didn't really get the chance to...

Walker takes the card. A phone number is scrawled on it.

WALKER

Thanks, bud. I'mma keep this.

TYLER

Sure, man.

ROGER

Thanks. We might be in touch.

The detectives walk down to the car. Walker OPENS his door.

WALKER

Let's run this goddamn number.

INT./EXT. SHANE'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

The old tan sedan from earlier pulls in front of Andy's house. Atticus sits up front next to SHANE MCDERMOTT, 33. His hair is shaved on the side and long on top, pulled into a tiny bun perched atop his head. He's covered in ink, with a tattoo under the buzzed hair on one side of his head. He smokes a cig and looks at Atticus.

Andy steps right out and walks to the car. Atticus nods at him and Andy gets in the back. Shane takes off.

ATTICUS

Evenin Andy.

Shane looks at Andy in the rearview. He's missing some teeth.

SHANE

So. New kid. Sup.

Andy offers only a weak nod to say hello.

SHANE (CONT'D)

You know what you're gettin into?

Atticus holds the handle above the passenger door as Shane drives. They head into the outskirts of Mattapan.

ATTICUS

Andy. This is Shane. What he means is, this might not be exactly what you expect. But tap into that part of ya that activated the other night, you'll do just fine. Earn a bit more than the gas station too.

Shane eyes Andy suspiciously. Andy GULPS. They pull up to a dilapidated triple decker in Mattapan. Atticus turns to Andy.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

Job is simple. You and Shane are to remove an illegal tenant occupying our company's property.

(motions to triple decker)

Bring him in the car, we'll take him to the homeless shelter where he belongs.

Andy looks at the faded, looming house. Shane flicks his cigarette out the window and SPITS.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

Then you'll collect your cash.

Andy BREATHEs deep. Shane is twitchy. He grabs a small baggy of white powder, scoops a bit with his key and SNORTS.

ANDY

That's it?

Shane LAUGHS, revels in the high and steps out of the car.

SHANE

Let's see what you're made of.

EXT. MATTAPAN - TRIPLE DECKER - CONTINUOUS

Shane and Andy walk up to the house. Atticus watches from the car. Andy looks at Shane: He's stocky, in a Carhartt jacket and a ripped T. He's got a shamrock tattoo on his neck.

Shane BANGS on the door. Nothing from inside. He BANGS again.

Impatient, he takes out a loaded key ring and picks the right one. Andy looks around the neighborhood, nervous, but there's no activity. A dog BARKS somewhere.

The door CLICKS and Shane EASES it open. The house is dark inside. Shane looks at Andy.

SHANE

Tenant's old. But stay ready.

INT. TRIPLE DECKER - CONTINUOUS

They step inside. The house is in squalor. Rodent feces, old clothes and various trash litter the floor.

SHANE
Mister Cordoza?

Nothing. Andy covers his nose. They step carefully through the sparse living room. Andy sees a kitchen doorway. He makes out a shadow moving in the moonlight inside the kitchen.

He grabs Shane's arm and points to the doorway. Shane sees it, too. As they move to the kitchen, Shane steps on a CREAKY floorboard.

Beat. Movement in the kitchen. LEO CORDOZA, 70s, geriatric and wheelchair-bound, struggles through the doorway wielding a baseball bat.

CORDOZA
Get the hell out my house! Told
ya'll to stay away!

He swings the bat and HITS Shane hard, who YELPS and falls. Andy moves in on Cordoza.

Andy wrests the bat from the old man's hands. Shane gets up.

Andy bites his lip and INHALES. He RIPS Cordoza from the chair. He struggles back, getting some shots on Andy.

SHANE
Drag'im out!

Cordoza falls to the floor, unable to use his legs. Andy drags him across the dirty hardwood. Cordoza SHRIEKS but Shane POPS him in the mouth.

Shane bends and grabs his legs. They march out of the squalid apartment. Andy is stone-faced with a determined glare.

EXT. TRIPLE DECKER - CONTINUOUS

At the car, Shane drops Cordoza's legs and opens the door. Andy struggles to stuff him inside.

Atticus CACKLES in the front seat. Shane POPS Cordoza and they shove him inside. Shane and Andy jump in the car - Shane behind the wheel, Andy in back with Cordoza. They PEEL out.

INT. SHANE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS (MOVING)

Atticus hands Andy some duct tape.

ATTICUS
Wrap him up so he don't wail.

Andy PULLS out some tape and wraps it around Cordoza's mouth.

SHANE

Damn. He stinks like a dog!

ATTICUS

We're bringing him to the pound.

Andy GASPS in the back seat. His eyes are intense, he has that RUSH again. Shane speeds along.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

You did good, Andy.

Shane looks in the rearview.

SHANE

Fucker fought back. Andy popped him and started dragging him out.

Atticus nods. Shane pulls into the homeless shelter. Andy looks at Cordoza's wild pleading eyes. He opens the door.

SHANE (CONT'D)

Kick him out! Let's go!

Andy jumps out of the car and runs around to Cordoza's side.

EXT. HOMELESS SHELTER - CONTINUOUS

Andy YANKS Cordoza out of the car and onto the ground, then hops back in the car. He SHUTS the door and they SPEED off. Cordoza rolls on the pavement.

The small lot of the homeless shelter is quiet and motionless, lit by a single streetlight. Mr. Cordoza MOANS.

INT. POLICE STATION - ELLERBY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Walker sits slouched in his chair. Roger paces around the office. They're both anxious and on edge.

WALKER

Scam is legit. And we got a number to track now! We can find somethin.

ROGER

We gotta be on this, Sarge.

Ellerby CHEWS her gum furiously as she listens.

ELLERBY

Is this good use of detective time?

Walker's frustration mounts.

WALKER

Course it is! This the real deal!

Roger keeps his cool and speaks steady.

ROGER

It drove Julius to violence. We got reason to think it's not isolated.

WALKER

It's a damn organization.

ELLERBY

How do you know? Based on the word of a criminal? How can I sell this to the captain, to use half my detective team on an alleged real estate scam? At a time like this? We got video of Price beating the shit out of an unarmed black man, on *your* call to the apartment!

Walker BOLTS up, furious.

WALKER

Man FUCK this! I'mma do this shit on my own damn time.

Walker storms out of the office. Roger steps up to her desk.

ROGER

We're looking into this number. I really think we got something.

He walks out. Ellerby watches them go, concerned.

INT. SHANE'S CAR - NIGHT (MOVING)

Shane drives through the city. Atticus turns to Andy again.

ATTICUS

I'm pleased. That was a smooth eviction. You handled it well.

Andy is visibly shaken. But there's satisfaction in his eyes.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)

How do you feel?

Andy INHALES, his only response is to match Atticus' gaze. Atticus turns back around and counts bills in the front seat.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)
You passed initiation, Andrew.

Shane looks at Andy, who breaths HEAVILY, feeling the rush.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)
After a few more assignments like
that you'll play with the big boys.

Atticus turns and gives Andy his brightest southern smile.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)
Deed liftin.

Atticus extends a few rolled up hundreds to Andy.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)
Deed liftin takes skill. A silver
tongue, if you will. You gotta know
what people need. What gives them
relief. Then you capitalize.

Shane pulls up to Andy's place. Andy looks at his house.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)
You relieve them of their burden in
a way. Think about it.

Andy takes the cash, opens the door and steps out.

ATTICUS (CONT'D)
We'll call ya when we have another
job. We'll do a full shift.

ANDY
A full shift?

SHANE
Night ain't over for us. More work!

Shane BUMPS another key, lights a cigarette and PEELS OUT.

EXT. ANDY'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Andy watches them go, standing in the quiet street. He SNIFFS the cash and BREATHEs DEEP. He walks toward his house.

INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Andy flips the light on and walks to the couch. He PLOPS down and EXHALES again. He flips on the TV and CRANKS the volume, another random infomercial.

He grabs a plastic take-out bag and YANKS it over his head. The bag reads: "Thank you for coming."

Andy grabs the belt off his waist and tugs his pants down. He wraps the belt around his neck and BREATHES deep. He stretches the belt until he WHEEZES. He starts to stroke himself. The veins in his neck look like they're about to burst.

The bag presses tight over his mouth. Andy GASPS, MOANS. He strokes faster and faster until his GROANS become a solid, single DRONE.

He EXHALES and unclips the belt, whips the bag off his head and INHALES deeply. Infomercials BLAST on the screen. His glazed eyes see nothing, he just sits there and PANTS.

INT. POLICE STATION - WALKER'S DESK

Walker has the card from Tyler in front of him. He begins typing on his computer when Roger SPRINTS up to him.

ROGER
I just got a call...

INT. DOTTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's dark. WHIMPERING echoes through the house. The contorted body of Bunky lies in a heap. There's blood on his fur.

Dotty's oxygen tank is tipped over on the floor. Her nostril tubes snake along the hardwood. WHIMPERS turn to WHEEZING.

Dotty kneels against a wall. Her head is arched toward the ceiling.

CLOSE ON GUN: Someone holds a handgun and points it toward Dotty. She continues to look at the ceiling.

DOTTY
(praying)
Go forth, faithful Christian. May
you live in peace on this day.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Shane holds the gun. He takes aim.

DOTTY (CONT'D)
(praying)
May your home be with God, with
Mary, the Virgin Mother—

BANG! Dotty's head jerks and she slumps to the floor. Shane COUGHS and puts the gun back in his belt.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT

Ellerby stands with a hand over her mouth. Pure sadness in her glossy eyes as she stares at:

Julius sits in a holding cell. He's just heard the news. Behind the heavy door and cement, he opens his mouth in a silent scream. He POUNDS the wall in pure agony.

INT. DOTTY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Roger crosses his arms and looks at the floor with a blank face. Forensic TECHNICIANS busily collect evidence.

Walker is emotionless as he watches the scene unfold. Technicians FLASH photos. Walker stares at the body.

WALKER
This a cover up.

Roger puts his hand on Walker's shoulder.

ROGER
Ellerby knows. This is our way into
the case.

Walker shakes his head. He hasn't taken his eyes off Dotty.

WALKER
Julius is gon mobilize the troops.

Roger nods in agreement.

WALKER (CONT'D)
It's bigger than me. But I keep
feelin smaller and smaller.

FADE OUT.

END OF PILOT