

SIDNEY GRIMES

written by
Brian Helgeland

June 14, 2010

"Sidney Grimes"

FADE IN:

INT. HALLWAY - FEDERAL PENITENTIARY - VICTORVILLE - DAY

Looking through a STEEL BAR DOOR. Pitted, punitive. As CREDITS roll: Columbia Pictures Presents:

The SHAPES of TWO MEN (full out of focus) coming toward us. The one in the lead is wearing all khaki. He's a few steps ahead of the other who's in blue.

Stepping into focus as he stops at the bars: SIDNEY GRIMES. His face gives nothing away. Not a goddamn thing.

GUARD (BLUE)
Man on discharge!

A beat before the steel bar door BUZZES open and Grimes is passed from the first guard to a second.

PROCESSING COUNTER

A THIRD GUARD looks across at Grimes.

THIRD GUARD
Last name.

GRIMES
Grimes.

THIRD GUARD
First name.

GRIMES
Sidney.

The third guard pulls a FINGERPRINT CARD marked: Grimes, S. The Guard sets Grimes' thumb over a small print scanner. As a light flashes across...

SIDNEY GRIMES

Across another counter. Changed now into civilian pants and shirt. He takes two small manila envelopes from a tray, opens one, shakes a gold WEDDING BAND into his palm. He matter-of-factly slips it on his ring finger, then opens the other. It holds a SMALLER WEDDING BAND on a thin GOLD CHAIN.

As he slips the chain over his head...

A GREYHOUND BUS TICKET

Is set on the counter. One way Victorville to Los Angeles.

FOURTH GUARD'S VOICE
One bus ticket to inmate's place of
conviction. Eleven dollars gate
money for lunch.

A \$10 and a \$1 are placed on top of the bus ticket.

CUT TO:

EXT. RELEASE DOOR - FEDERAL PRISON - VICTORVILLE - DAY

A stark door in a monolith of concrete. It opens and Sidney Grimes steps into the sunlight. Stands there like Lazarus.

A second INMATE follows. Young, skinny, Chicano - LUNA - In his Pendleton shirt and khaki pants, it's his lucky day, too. They walk toward a waiting Federal Department of Prisons VAN.

CUT TO:

INT. PRISON VAN - POWERLINE ROAD - DAY (ROLLING)

Passing enormous electrical towers. Luna watches over his shoulder, happy to see the prison get smaller behind them.

LUNA
Fuck. You.

He smiles over at Sidney. Grimes does not interact.

LUNA (CONT'D)
How long were you down?

Grimes doesn't answer. Luna slides on some sunglasses.

LUNA (CONT'D)
C'mon, man, what is it? Top secret
or something?

But Grimes doesn't feel like talking.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREYHOUND BUS STATION - VICTORVILLE - DAY

Train tracks, a river and a dozen of BUSES. In case you're not getting the hint, those are at least three ways out of town. The 4th is a BLACK LINCOLN TOWN CAR idling there.

The DRIVER switches off the TALK RADIO, leans forward as...

The prison van arrives, lets off Luna and Grimes. No 'bon voyage' from the guards as they pull away.

LUNA
(watching them go)
Fuck. You. Too.

Grimes is already walking toward a bus. Just a hitch in his groove as he sees the Driver standing outside the town car holding up a card across which is written: Grimes.

The Driver glances at the back of the card. A fax of a photo of Grimes is paper clipped there. Sidney ten years ago.

DRIVER
Mr. Grimes?

Grimes' answer rests in the mere fact he stops. Luna bringing up the rear.

DRIVER (CONT'D)
I'm here to drive you.

GRIMES
Yeah?

DRIVER
Wherever you want to go. It's
courtesy of...
(checks back of card)
...Of Mr. Roman Cahill.

GRIMES
(resumes past him)
Tell Roman thanks, but I already
have a bus ticket.

DRIVER
(calls after him)
Seriously?

Grimes holds up the bus ticket as he makes for a bus.

GRIMES
I earned it.

The Driver watches after him. Luna slides alongside.

LUNA
So long as it's a free ride, man,
I'll take it. One of my girls was
supposed to be here, but, I think
Mapquest fucked her, you know?

The Driver gives Luna a brief 'drop dead' look, gets back in the town car. As the locks click down.

CUT TO:

INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DAY

Grimes sits. Takes up two empty seats. Luna follows, takes up the two empty seat across the aisle and one row up. He looks back over his shoulder, trying to figure Grimes out. Good luck. And as the air brakes WHOOSH...

CUT TO:

EXT. SHOTS OF THE BUS - FREEWAY - DAY

Various rolling shots as the opening credits finish up with:
Written & Directed by Brian Helgeland...

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. GREYHOUND BUS - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Inside the bus Grimes stares ahead. Introspective with a vengeance. Luna is looking out the windows, head on a swivel, finally sees some scenery he recognizes.

LUNA
Fucking Boyle Heights, man.
(to Grimes)
Home, huh?

GRIMES
I'm from Oxnard.

LUNA
(grins)
You know what I mean, *ese*.

As they roll through the pretzel of the 5, 10 & 110 INTERCHANGES, Luna getting nervous.

LUNA (CONT'D)
I did my time in prison well. Got my G-E-D, huh? No one in my family ever got their G-E-D before.

Downtown rises around it as the bus angles off onto the 7th Street off-ramp... Luna really nervous now.

LUNA (CONT'D)
You got someone waiting?
(no answer)
Is that top secret, too? That's cool; I don't know if I do either.
(looks ahead)
But I'm hoping.

CUT TO:

EXT. GREYHOUND STATION - DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

The bus stops. People get off. Luna gets off, looks around -
- There! His *ruka*. PENELOPE. She almost knocks him over as
she jumps in his arms. As Luna holds on, tries not to cry...

Grimes gets off. He considers Luna for a wistful beat before
continuing on his solitary way.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAIR PARK AVENUE - EAGLE ROCK - DAY

Late afternoon sun streams down the street. A hybrid SUV
pulls up the driveway of a sweet little CRAFTSMAN HOUSE. A
YOUNG MOM & DAD get out. The mom retrieves the Huggies while
the dad unstraps an 18-MONTH OLD from its car seat.

DAD
(concentrating)
Jeez, Houdini couldn't get out of
this thing...

But the young mom has lost track of what's going on. Because
she's seen THE MAN standing out on the sidewalk.

Of course, it's Sidney Grimes. He stares up at the house --
through it almost. Unaware of the family in the driveway.

YOUNG MOM
Hon...

The dad follows her gaze over to Grimes. Seems a little
weird. Dad hands the baby off to mom and steps over.

DAD
Can I help you?
(Sidney looks over)
Are you okay?

GRIMES
Yeah, sorry, I used to live here.

As the dad relaxes at this...

CUT TO:

INT. CRAFTSMEN LIVING ROOM - LATE AFTERNOON - DAY

The front door lock clicking open. The young mom and dad
leading Sidney inside. Gracious hosts.

DAD
We bought it six months ago. From
the Stoville's. Did they buy it
from you?

GRIMES

Ten years ago.

DAD

They were nice people.

GRIMES

I never met them.

Sidney looks down to where a handrail comes down off stairs going up. There's a STAINED GLASS detail between the rails.

MOM

I love that glass. Do you know the story behind it?

GRIMES

It was a present. For my wife.

MOM

You should have brought her with.

GRIMES

She -- She's not alive.

He attempts a smile to let her know it's okay, but it's really to cover something raw digging its way up. He looks back to the glass. The mom and dad exchange a look.

MOM

Can I get you something to drink?

GRIMES

Just a glass of water. Thanks.

Happy to do it, mom heads off with the baby. It looks back over its mom's shoulder at Sidney as it goes.

A flood of memories pummel Grimes. Looking about he takes a step back, steps on a SQUEAK toy. The dad grins.

DAD

It's like land mines in here. You got kids?

For just a second Grimes looks like he might cry. Then something grim and determined takes its place and...

Grimes heads up the stairs.

DAD (CONT'D)

Um, uhh, hey --

CRAFTSMAN 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

A man on a mission, knows exactly where he's going, Grimes reaches up, pulls on a CORD which brings down a folding set of ATTIC STAIRS. BANG as the end hits the floor!

CRAFTSMAN ATTIC SPACE

Grimes crosses, stops at the CHIMNEY. Pressing his cheek to the bricks, he reaches around into the tight space behind. It takes a moment to find what he's looking for, and then --

He pulls out something wrapped in an OILY RAG. Unfolds it to reveal a heavy looking 9MM. As he stuffs it into his belt...

2ND FLOOR HALLWAY

The dad gets out of the way as Grimes comes pounding down the stairs, continues past him.

CRAFTSMAN

Grimes exits. And then the dad is at the door watching him go. The mom. Relieved to see the tiger leave their house.

CUT TO:

EXT. UPSCALE STREET - ENCINO - TWILIGHT

An adults only party underway. Two VALETS parking cars. 'Oldies' thump down from the house and get out of the cars.

Standing in the shadows of the foliage across the street -- watching -- Sidney Grimes. As he sinks back out of sight...

CUT TO:

EXT. CHILDRESS BACKYARD - ENCINO - TWILIGHT

RAY CHILDRESS at his barbecue. People mingling by the pool beyond. An expansive patio can barely contain the six burner/pizza oven/sink/wood and gas barbecue with outdoor TV. Must've cost 40 grand. Childress checks on the tri-tip.

The chicken's going, steaks are on deck and you'd have to look close to see what a tough sonuvabitch RAY CHILDRESS really is... He looks up as MRS. CHILDRESS steps over. As tough in her own way as he is.

MRS. CHILDRESS

I'm looking for an E-T-A.

CHILDRESS

You can't rush a tri-tip, honey.

MRS. CHILDRESS
Not on the food; on you. Let
Carlos finish up here.

CHILDRESS
Okay, okay, send him down.

He grabs tongs, starts flipping chicken. As she goes...

MRS. CHILDRESS
Don't burn them.

CHILDRESS
I burn them I ruin the party; when
was the last time I ruined a party?

And she's gone. Bachman-Turner-Overdrive coming out of the
rock speakers around the pool. Childress singing along.

CHILDRESS/BTO
*You ain't seen nothin' yet. B-Baby,
you just ain't seen nothin' yet.*

He's unaware of the man stepping forward from the gloom of
the far backyard. He must've come over the wall. Sidney
Grimes: the 9mm gripped firmly in his right hand.

Childress finally clocks him. An 'oh fuck' moment if there
ever was one. It's obvious Childress knows exactly who he's
looking at and so does Grimes. Finally...

CHILDRESS
When did you get out?

GRIMES
This morning.

Grimes raises the 9mm. Childress is more mad than anything.

CHILDRESS
Didn't think you'd come so quick.

Childress glances to the grill counter. Tucked among the
barbecue tools: a REVOLVER. He must've thought something.

CHILDRESS (CONT'D)
I had a goddamn good life.

As Childress drops the tongs, goes for the gun. BOOM, BOOM!

ANGLE FROM ACROSS THE YARD

Childress sprawled dead. Grimes walks back the way he came.

The peripheral party sounds glitch, people not sure what they just heard. And as Sidney walks past camera and disappears into the dark, the speakers still blast....

CUT TO:

INT. BEAT-UP SEDAN - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT (ROLLING)

Slouched in the front passenger seat, phone pressed to his ear: ROMAN CAHILL. Roman is hard, sly and brave.

ROMAN
(into phone)
Yeah that's right. This is Cahill.
(a beat)
What? What do you mean he got on
the bus?

Driving is DOCKERY. HARDWICK is in back staring out the window. METCALF beside him. They look sledgehammer tough.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
(another beat)
That's what he said?
(last beat)
Yeah of course I know I still gotta
pay for the fucking car... Yeah
thanks for nothing.

He clicks off, grins to himself, talks to himself.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
He earned it... Classic Grimes.

DOCKERY
Roman, they're stopping. Pizza
Hut.

Through the windshield: a BLUE HONDA ACCORD pulls into the parking lot. Roman eyeballing it. We are in the midst of a rolling surveillance that just stopped rolling.

Roman watches as (after parking nose out) JUNKIES DAVE and STEVE get pumped inside the Accord. Dave alternately striking himself in the chest, bopping Steve on the shoulder.

Dockery looks over as a SECOND BEAT-UP SEDAN pulls up across the street, exchanges looks and nods with more SLEDGE HAMMER MEN sitting inside.

Roman looks back at Hardwick who's lost in thought.

ROMAN
Earth to Hardwick. Wake up!

As Hardwick snaps out of it, Steve and Dave exit the Accord.

DOCKERY

The engine's still running.

Steve and Dave pull up BANDANAS as they ENTER THE PIZZA HUT. Roman is quite serious all of a sudden.

ROMAN

Take 'em on the way out.

Roman pulls a POLICE BADGE out from under his shirt, lets it hang from its chain across his chest as he exits the sedan.

STREET

MOVE WITH Roman who hand-signals the cops in the other sedan as he crosses the street. As he looks ahead he has a view through the storefront through which he sees: one of the masked junkies PISTOL-WHIPS the COUNTERMAN.

Junkies Dave and Steve bang out the front door. As they appear, the second unmarked sedan squeals forward from the corner through the intersection.

Dave and Steve dive into the Accord, lurch forward only to find the exit blocked by the skidding sedan.

ACCORD

Smoke pours off the wheels as Steve throws it in reverse. They don't even see Dockery jump the first sedan over the curb as it crosses the sidewalk into the lot and -- The Accord rear ends it, T-bones it on the driver's side.

Junkie Dave stands out the sunroof and lets loose with a gun in each hand BLASTING AWAY as...

STREET

RETURN FIRE comes from two different directions.

The Accord's rear bumper pinwheels loose and away as Steve fishtails the Accord free of the sedan. Dave is still up out of the sunroof turret firing away.

The Accord swings toward the freedom that is Vanowen ahead. Steve blinks his eyes at...

ROMAN

Waiting calmly in the street, holding his left hand out to stop traffic even as he raises his right gun hand.

Steve bears down on Roman as Roman fires on Dave. Dave firing back.

STREET

Dockery leans out from the sedan window, unloading. L-A-P-D across the back of his windbreaker.

The Accord's side windows blowing out: Steve taking glass in the side of the head, jerking the wheel even as --

Roman hits sunroof Dave roughly in the color bone.

The Accord slams into the back of a CONCRETE BUS BENCH and Dave is launched -- Hits the street at Roman's feet.

As Roman rolls Dave over, cuffs his hands behind his back...

ROMAN (CONT'D)
(pissed; muttering)
We all discharged. You know what that means? It means I have to get a supervisor down here.

Beyond the others are pulling Steve from the Accord. As Dave becomes aware that the BLOOD pumping out onto the street just in front of him is his own.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
It means we all have to fill out discharge incident reports.

JUNKIE DAVE
I don't want to die, man!

Roman rolls him back over, reaches in, looks for the artery.

ROMAN
Fuck no. You know how many reports that is?

Roman presses down on Dave's errant artery with his thumb, immediately stops the flow of blood.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
You're not gonna die, asshole.

Roman gives Dave a very meaningful nose-to-nose look.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
But you are going to stop robbing Pizza Huts.

CUT TO:

INT. AISLE 6 - THE DO-IT CENTER - SUNSET BOULEVARD - NIGHT

Grimes stands staring at a shelf of GARDEN HOSES. He pulls one out, then casts a sidelong look up and down the aisle.

No one here but him. Grimes pulls out the rag-wrapped gun he shot Childress with and shoves it deep into the back of the shelf. Then replaces the coil of hose. As good a place as any to hide a murder weapon. As he starts down the aisle...

CLOSE ON MECHANICS SOAP

The lid is popped off a tin. Fingers scoop a handful of the thick goop. We're now in...

AISLE EIGHT

Grimes rubs the soap between his hands as he walks.

CUT TO:

LISA BELL

In a RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL ROOM. Downtown LA can be seen out the 30th floor window, but if you're looking at that there is something wrong with you.

Seen from behind, sweat glistening on her back, Bell is on top and serious about what she's doing. The MAN on the bottom reaches back for the headboard as he grunts in pleasure. He kinda can't believe his eyes as she looms over him. And her Blackberry BUZZES like a sonuvabitch.

It stops. Starts again. On the night stand. She finally glances over, spots the name: FOWLER.

BELL

Shit...

As she leans forward to get it, he comes out of her.

MAN

No, don't -- Fuck...

BELL

(answering phone)

What is it?

FOWLER'S VOICE

Ray Childress is dead.

BELL

When?! Where?!

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - FIRST STREET LAPD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT (SAME)

In a white shirt and shoulder holster, RON FOWLER is 50, a straight arrow. On the phone, CITY HALL out the window.

FOWLER
Fifteen minutes ago. At his house
in Encino. Someone walked in, shot
him, walked back out.

INTERCUT:

As Bell completely forgets what she was just doing...

BELL
Jesus... We should make sure Roman
Cahill has a very good alibi. You
at the office?

FOWLER
Yeah. Where are you?

BELL
Five minutes away. I'll pick you
up out front.

We end on Fowler as he hangs up.

CUT TO:

INT. ROOM - RITZ-CARLTON - NIGHT

The man watches from bed, forgotten as Bell pulls on her
skirt, tucks in her blouse. LA glitters beyond.

BELL
Sorry, work emergency.

This sits a beat as he realizes something.

MAN
I don't even, what do you do?

BELL
I'm a cop.

As the man reacts, she's in her shoes, reaching for the door.

MAN
Hey, um, will I see you again?

She looks back from the half-open door. A wistful beat. She
finally just shakes her head. As the door clicks shut...

CUT TO:

EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - ECHO PARK BOULEVARD - NIGHT

A run-down shit place. Grimes checks the address, heads in.

INT. LOBBY - ECHO PARK HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

There's a front desk. A SLOGAN on the wall: Responsibility Begins With You. The NIGHTMAN looks up as Grimes steps over.

NIGHTMAN

Can I help you?

GRIMES

I'm assigned here. Name is Grimes.

The nightman reacts, looks past him. Grimes looks over his shoulder, sees a plainclothed DETECTIVE and a UNIFORMED COP standing from chairs against the wall.

DETECTIVE PHELPS

LAPD, Mr. Grimes. Detective Phelps. You want to tell me where you've been the last few hours?

Grimes stares at him a beat, memorizing his face.

GRIMES

Walking.

DETECTIVE PHELPS

Walking where?

Another guy steps over from a different angle. SAFARIS.

SAFARIS

Lou Safaris, your parole officer. This is not how you wanted your first day free to go.

Grimes looks from Safaris back to the Phelps.

GRIMES

Just walking.

Safaris makes a spinning gesture with his finger: "turn around." Grimes just stares at him.

SAFARIS

Case you missed the memo, a parolee is still in the custody of the DOC. Waiving your search and seizure rights is a condition of parole.

Grimes turns, sets his hands on the front desk, stares straight through the nightman as Safaris pats him down.

DETECTIVE PHELPS

You shoot anyone tonight, Sidney?

No answer. No gun either from the pat down.

DETECTIVE PHELPS (CONT'D)
Turn around, hold out your hands.

Grimes holds them up as Phelps runs a swab around the web of Grimes' thumb across his palm, the back of his hand. Done, he places the swab in a plastic bag the uniformed cop holds.

SAFARIS
You fired a gun, we're gonna know
it, you dumb mutherfucker.

CUT TO:

INT. RAMPART STATION HALLWAY - NIGHT

Fowler talking to a uniformed COP, turning to Bell as she comes down the hall to join him.

FOWLER
They're down in three. Brought the
guy in five minutes ago.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM THREE - NIGHT

Where half a dozen COPS watch through the one way glass into the INTERROGATION ROOM where Grimes is shackled to a steel chair. Detective Phelps hangs back as a BULLET-HEADED DETECTIVE sits across from Grimes.

BULLET-HEAD
(over speakers)
Did you kill Ray Childress?

RAMPART INTERROGATION ROOM

BULLET-HEAD (CONT'D)
Did you kill the cop who put your
sorry ass in prison? You walk in
his backyard put a bullet in him?
(a beat)
So far you're not saying no.

Grimes doesn't say a word, doesn't acknowledge the guy.
Bullet-head gets right in his face.

BULLET-HEAD (CONT'D)
Childress was a friend to a lot of
cops around here. He did good and
he made good. He was where a lot
of us hoped to end up one day.

GRIMES
Where's that? Dead?

Furious, Bullet-head flashes a vicious look to Phelps. Catching the drift, Phelps steps in front of the room's monitor camera. As he covers it --

Bullet-head wings a vicious shot into Grimes' side. Grimes sucks wind, but Bull-head also hurts his hand. As he tries to shake the pain away...

OBSERVATION ROOM

A wide attitude berth is given as Bell and Fowler arrive. A SURLY COP mouthing 'I-A' to a YOUNGER COP. Another cop 'toggles' the speaker switch back and forth to warn the cops in the interrogation room.

FOWLER
(recognizes him)
I'll be. Sidney-goddamn-Grimes.

Bell looks to Fowler, obviously doesn't know who Grimes is.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
(low)
Scumbag ex-cop. Before your time.
I'll fill you in after.

DETECTIVE PHELPS
(over speaker)
Where'd you dump the gun, Grimes?

No answer from Grimes. Fowler addresses the room.

FOWLER
When did he get out?

SURLY COP
This morning. Victorville.

FOWLER
What do they got so far?

SURLY COP
No alibi, no murder weapon. But he
aced the ferrozine test.

INTERROGATION ROOM

Bullet-Head still rubbing his hand.

GRIMES
Hit with your palm, not your fist.
You won't hurt your hand that way.

DETECTIVE PHELPS
I get it, Grimes. You come out a
prison all the way on, is that it?
(MORE)

DETECTIVE PHELPS (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Did you kill Ray Childress?

No answer. Phelps leans in, tries to catch Grimes' eye.

DETECTIVE PHELPS (CONT'D)

Am I annoying you?

GRIMES

No, just hope it's not contagious.

DETECTIVE PHELPS

What's that?

GRIMES

How goddamn stupid you are.

OBSERVATION ROOM

Bell tries not to smile. And as Grimes looks past Bullet-Head at the one way glass, he seems to look right at her.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

(over speaker)

Book me or release me. And the next question you got, ask it with a lawyer in the room.

CUT TO:

EXT. RAMPART STATION - 6TH STREET - NIGHT

The front doors open and Grimes exits. A free man.

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - RAMPART STATION - NIGHT

Bell and Fowler sit across from each other. Bell with coffee, Fowler eating Boston Creme Pie.

FOWLER

I was on the team that arrested Grimes. 2001. We got a tip he had drugs and cash in his garage. We found about fifty grand worth of heroin inside a spare tire. Forty in cash in a toolbox.

BELL

Should have pled home improvement. Was he working narcotics?

Fowler smiles over a forkful of pie.

FOWLER

Not only was he working narcotics, he was in Ray Childress' narcotics crew. Grimes was a young cop doing buy busts. Junior man. He said Childress set him up. The judge did not agree.

BELL

What did you think?

FOWLER

There were rumors about Childress even back then, but Grimes was two months behind on his mortgage plus a dealer IDed him as a guy who'd broke in and hijacked him. Took his dope and the cash and split.

He eats another forkful, muses as he chews.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

Anyhow, it didn't matter. Deep into the trial. Just before it was going to the jury, Grimes changes his plea to guilty. He confessed.

BELL

He make a deal with the DA?

FOWLER

If he did it was a shit one. He still got ten years which is what he would've got off a jury guilty.

BELL

So he serves, steps out into the free world and goes gunning straight for Childress. Jesus.

FOWLER

Jesus got nothing to do with it.

Bell thinks it over. Fowler eats. They both look over as Detective Phelps enters with Roman on his heels. Roman questioning him, Phelps answering, but annoyed.

BELL

Maybe Roman's trying to confess.

FOWLER

Grimes and Roman graduated the academy together. Best friends back in the day.

Bell processes this information.

BELL

Let's see, 2001. Roman was in Vice busting prostitutes then.

FOWLER

When he wasn't dating them.

They watch as Phelps shrugs, hasn't got the answer Roman wants. Phelps heads off with his coffee.

BELL

Roman's old buddy kills his current enemy. Interesting.

CAFETERIA LINE

Jello. Pie. Old school except for the yogurt. As Roman considers his choices, Bell steps up alongside him.

BELL (CONT'D)

Got a question for you.

Roman pushes his tray down the rail. Bell follows.

ROMAN

Internal Affairs has to fill out a form to talk to me, doesn't it?

BELL

It's off the record. You think Sidney Grimes killed Ray Childress?

ROMAN

I have no idea.

BELL

You think he killed Childress on your behalf or his own? Or was it a two birds one stone thing?

Roman looks over the sandwiches, tries to find the best one.

BELL (CONT'D)

I heard you made a big bust tonight. You got an alibi for before you reported in? Got an alibi for Childress' T-O-D?

ROMAN

Think the egg salad's still good?

BELL

I'd like to believe it was you. In my hubris I'd like to believe I squeezed you a little too hard, that you panicked...

ROMAN

Squeeze me a little too hard,
you'll be the first to know it.

(winks)

I made LA a safer place tonight.
You should try it sometime.

She watches as he walks away.

CUT TO:

SIDNEY GRIMES

Does push-ups. Stripped to his boxers. These are not 'get-in-shape-time-to-tone-up' jobs. These are righteous prison push-ups. These are hate-the-world push ups. These are survival push-ups. This is the mortification of self. We are in a for shit 8x10 room. A bed, a dresser and a window.

Bleeding incongruously over it, an operatic SOPRANO singing a song which will haunt the rest of the film. We hear it in bits and burst, distorted and with sudden clarity: "*O mio babbino caro, Mi piace, è bello è bello, Vo'andare in Porta Rossa a comperar l'anello!*" Emotional, strange.

Grimes' arms pump; his back glistens with sweat. We see a dozen small ROUND SCARS along his back ribs where a prison screwdriver once stitched its magic. Mixed with the music now: a VOICE. Soft, intimate:

CARLY'S VOICE

I adore you, Mr. Blue. It's always
good to see someone so beautiful.

At his breaking point, the last few push-ups are borne from rage. Despair. Done, Grimes rolls to one hip, catches his breath. He is one hard looking motherfucker.

Standing, he surveys his domain. He steps over, examines the flimsy lock on the door. You could just about pop it by pulling on the knob.

Grimes pushes his bed across the floor, doesn't stop till the foot of the bed is jammed right up against the door. Satisfied, he turns off the light, climbs into bed. He stares at the ceiling, listening to the late night traffic.

And as we get inside his head...

CARLY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(laughs softly)

If I surrounded you, would you
surrender? Would you give yourself
to me absolutely?

And we're aware that someone is in bed alongside him. Not for real, but in his head. We feel her more than see her. Grimes never looks over, though we occasionally see an elbow, a hand, feel the pressure on the mattress, hear the voice.

CARLY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

(laughs softly)

Remember Baja? I thought I looked so pretty when we were there. Forever ago. You know everything's gonna be okay, don't you? Even though I'll never look like that girl again. Okay I'll stop. Even though talking to you is as close as I can get without touching you. Hey, Mr. Blue. You think someone's blood stays alive even when their heart stops pumping it? I do.

Finally, as Grimes pulls his pillow up around his ears.

CUT TO:

EXT. HARBOR VIEW CEMETERY - EARLY MORNING

An odd mixture of bird's singing and the low boom of ship's unloading in San Pedro Harbor below. A CARETAKER comes out of his SHACK, points Grimes off in a direction.

GRIMES

Walks through the cemetery, past endless headstones, at home among the dead. Toward the end of his journey, he hesitates.

Ahead, a MAN stands before a grave, his back to Grimes. It seems to be his destination. The man turns at Grimes' footsteps on the gravel path. It's Roman.

ROMAN

Hey, man...

Roman steps over, hugs him. It's an awkward moment, but a moment nonetheless. As it ends...

ROMAN (CONT'D)

How the fuck are you, Sidney?

GRIMES

Glad to be out, Rome.

Roman nods, considers this, considers where they are.

ROMAN

Yeah. Tell that to Childress, huh?

Grimes doesn't answer. Instead, asks:

GRIMES

How'd you know I'd be here?

ROMAN

I didn't. It's Thursday.

(shrugs)

I come here every Thursday. Try to at least.

Roman gestures to a headstone. Grimes looks. Carly Grimes. Born in 1973 and died in 2001. Ten years ago. Grimes' heart catches in his throat. Roman gives him a moment, then:

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I came to see you a few times.
Always the same. Visit refused.

GRIMES

Didn't feel like seeing anyone.

ROMAN

For ten years?

Grimes just doesn't answer, looks down at the stone. So does Roman. Something weirdly dangerous about it as we feel Roman being very physically aware of Grimes.

GRIMES

You still a cop?

ROMAN

What else? SIS working out of the 77th. I follow armed robbers around all day.

GRIMES

You shoot 'em on the way out?

ROMAN

We call it a hot take down, but something like that.

(starts laughing)

My demons are running the show, man. I'm just along for the ride.

Grimes looks back at him. An uncomfortable beat.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Remember when we used to roll patrol? The night shift days?

(no answer)

Gotta confess, I used to try to get to your place early while you were still asleep. Just to talk to her alone for five minutes. Then she'd bring you your coffee and... "

(MORE)

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Rise and shine, Mr. Blue!"
(a beat)
Then she'd make me swear to look
after you. God, she was something.

Grimes doesn't answer, but the words are not lost on him.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Never saw a man go from being so
lucky to... so fucked.
(a beat)
What are you going to do?

GRIMES
About what?

ROMAN
You know, the day after tomorrow?
The future, man.

GRIMES
I hadn't figured on being there.

ROMAN
Well, you're gonna be. So you
better start thinking about it.
(shrugs)
Anything I can do, you got it.

GRIMES
No offense, Roman, but you can
leave me here in peace.

Roman nods, absolutely gets it.

ROMAN
You want me to -- I can wait up
there -- Give you a ride back? You
got a bus ticket out of here, too?

Roman smiles. A little of that rawness seeping out of Sidney.

GRIMES
Take off, huh?

ROMAN
Right. Good to see you, man. I
mean, Christ.

Roman takes a few steps backwards. As he turns to go...

GRIMES
Hey...

ROMAN
What?

GRIMES

I know you took care of her at the end. Thank you.

Roman waves it off. Takes a beat to soak the tableaux in.

ROMAN

Redemption's out there somewhere, Ace. You find it, you let me know where I can get some.

As he goes, we stay with Grimes. Jericho's walls fall. Grimes steps up, sinks to his knees before the stone. Her name now at his eye level. Carly. Grimes whispers:

GRIMES

I'm here, baby. Tell me what to do.

ROMAN

Walking away. Putting space between them. He casually reaches into his belt under his jacket, pulls out a cocked BERETTA. Easing the hammer back down, he returns it to his shoulder holster. A few more steps and he stops, looks back.

Sees his old friend Sidney Grimes. On his knees. His head resting on the cool marble of his wife's tombstone. Hard to say what Roman's thinking as he turns, continues on his way.

CUT TO:

EXT. NURSING HOME - CULVER CITY - DAY

Bell parks her car outside a NURSING HOME. She gets out, heads for the entrance, passing several OLD MEN who sit watching traffic go by from a little sitting area.

OCTOGENARIAN

You can't park in a red zone, young lady.

BELL

I'm a police officer, sir.

OCTOGENARIAN

You got an ID?

Humoring him, Bell digs out her badge, holds it up.

OCTOGENARIAN (CONT'D)

Doesn't say anywhere on there you can park in a red zone.

BELL

It's a badge. It's understood.

He checks her out as she enters, looks back to his boys.

OCTOGENARIAN
That's a policeman?

CUT TO:

INT. PATIENT ROOM - NURSING HOME - CULVER CITY - DAY

Bell sits in a chair looking at her father, who's in bed singing to himself. FRANK BELL is handsome, 62, and suffering from early onset Alzheimer's.

FRANK BELL
*Show me the way to go home. I'm
tired and I want to go to bed. Had
a little drink about an hour ago...*

Frank stops, his chin dipping down like he fell asleep. Bell answers a text on her Blackberry. Beyond, a NURSE'S AIDE makes one of the three other empty beds in the room.

NURSE'S AIDE
Is Mr. Bell your father?

BELL
Yes he is.

NURSE'S AIDE
So young. It's such a shame.

Bell doesn't answer.

NURSE'S AIDE (CONT'D)
He has Alzheimer's, right?

Annoyed, Bell stops texting, looks over.

BELL
Yeah. Early onset they call it.

The Aide shakes her head as she tucks in the sheet.

NURSE'S AIDE
God, it's so wrong.

Bell starts to answer, stops herself. She looks at her father a beat more, tries to see past his dementia.

BELL
You know how I knew there was
something wrong with him? He
forgot to feed his dog.
(a beat)
When you get it this young it can
be hereditary so...
(MORE)

BELL (CONT'D)
(to Frank)
Maybe one last thing you left me
with, huh?

The Aide's not sure what to say.

NURSE'S AIDE
Almost done. Be outta here in a
second.

She continues working. Bell sits quietly. Frank nods. Dust
motes float through a slash of light that splits the room.
The Aide tries to salvage the moment, smiles at Bell.

NURSE'S AIDE (CONT'D)
He's a very sweet man.

BELL
Oh yeah, yeah...

Bell very dark as she softly addresses him.

BELL (CONT'D)
You're a real prince. Aren't you?

It hangs in the air with the dust motes and we...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - HALFWAY HOUSE - DAY

Luna wraps his knuckles on a closed door. A beat and it
opens six inches. Grimes on the other side.

GRIMES
What's up?

LUNA
We got jobs, Mr. Grimes.

As Grimes considers this.

LUNA (CONT'D)
Damn, I forgot to ask about the
muthafucking health plan.

CUT TO:

INT. BANK OF AMERICA - GLENDALE - DAY

A BRINKS GUARD crosses the with an empty hand truck. We
follow him as he exits, stop at the desk of the...

BANK MANAGER. She's filling out some paperwork. Past her
and beyond, the Brinks Guard gets into an ARMORED CAR. It
pulls away, exiting frame. We stay on the manager as...

VOICE
EVERYONE ON THE FLOOR NOW!

She looks up. Three ARMED MEN have entered the bank. In dark clothes, neoprene masks pulled up over their faces. Two wear black, the third camo. Two carry H&K SUBMACHINE-GUNS, the third a PISTOL. All wear gloves. As they precisely space themselves across the lobby, people begin to get down.

MACHINEGUN #1
(muffled by mask)
Arms out! Hands on the floor!

One MAN moving too slow is KNOCKED sprawling to the floor.

As the manager scrapes her chair back, starts to move for the floor, Pistol (camouflage mask) zeros in, starts toward her.

PISTOL
Not you. Up.

Before she can rise, he yanks her to her feet.

PISTOL (CONT'D)
Vault keys.

She hesitates and - WHAM! - He backhands her viciously across the mouth. But stays measured.

PISTOL (CONT'D)
Vault keys.

Blood running out both nostrils, she opens a desk drawer, fishes out a set of keys.

Pistol grabs her by the wrist, pulls her along. As he crosses the lobby, he picks up an escort in Machinegun #1.

Machinegun #2 vaults up onto the counter of a teller window. He stands, head on a swivel, playing 'centerfield'. A pro.

VAULT DOOR

Hands shaking, the manager gets the key in the lock. She has trouble muscling up the mechanism. Pistol reaches across, yanks it up, pushes in the door to reveal a small pallet of shrink wrapped \$100 BILLS.

LOBBY

Machinegun #2 cups his hand over his EAR MIC as he listens to RADIO TRAFFIC. He shouts over his shoulder.

MACHINEGUN #2
I got units responding to a silent alarm!

Even as he shouts it, Pistol and Machinegun #1 appear out the vault, each carrying a heavy canvas sack across the lobby.

CUT TO:

EXT. BANK OF AMERICA PARKING LOT - GLENDALE - DAY

As they exit the bank, a SQUEAL of tires. A 1995 BMW 5-series barrels up, stops hard. The three bank robbers pile in. Before the doors have closed, they are rocketing across the parking lot and fishtail a left out onto Lexington Drive.

BMW

We're looking over several sets of shoulders through the windshield as they speed through traffic. It's 70 mph in a 35 mph zone. No one says a word. Not an 'oh shit', nothing.

CORNER OF LEXINGTON & ORANGE

As the BMW shudders a left turn onto Orange -- Through the windshield, they bear down on a JAYWALKER. They swerve around him, suddenly slowing way down.

CALIFORNIA AVENUE

They turn at the speed limit, fitting in now as they travel 100 yards, turn into...

A PARKING GARAGE

The BMW parks in a spot. We're low on the ground; all we see are feet as doors open and four men exit. Quickly, but with no panic, nothing to draw attention. Two carry the bags.

We stay on pistol. We know it's him because we see him shove the pistol down into the small of his back. His other hand holds the neoprene mask. He gets into a WHITE SEDAN even as we hear other car doors open and close around him.

WHITE SEDAN

In the backseat over his shoulder as he flips on a POLICE SCANNER and backs out. "211 in progress."

PARKING GARAGE

Four cars exit the garage the first three all turn left onto California. The white sedan turns right.

WHITE SEDAN

Rolls the speed limit. We feel more than see Pistol pull off his jacket toss it in the back. Sirens. A PATROL CAR speeds past, turns a hard left ahead. Amazingly, Pistol follows it.

We see other patrol cars blocking the intersection ahead as the one that just passed him pulls into the parking lot of...

THE BANK OF AMERICA

Pistol is returning to the scene of the crime! We exit the car, over his shoulder as he steps out. A YOUNG PATROLMAN stepping toward him.

YOUNG PATROLMAN

Sir, move your car. This is a crime scene.

PISTOL'S VOICE

It's okay.

We see the back of his BADGE as he holds it up. We reverse to show the man holding it is Roman Cahill.

ROMAN

LAPD.

CUT TO:

INT. LOBBY - BANK OF AMERICA - DAY

The patrolman leading Roman in. The police have huddled all employees and customer to one end of the lobby. Several woman are CRYING, hugging each other.

ROMAN

Listen! We are going to interview you and get you home as quick as possible! You are safe and sound!

Something big and comforting about the way he takes charge. And he continues straight toward the bank manager he struck. She sits in a chair holding a wad of paper towels to her bloody face. Another woman rubs her back.

Roman kneels down in front of her, his face a foot from hers.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You okay?

She nods, her eyes welled with tears. He reaches over...

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Let me see.

She lowers the wadding. He very gently examines her, smiles.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

It hurts worse than it looks. Did you see what they looked like?

BANK MANAGER

They had masks.

(starts to cry)

I thought they'd kill me.

He takes her in his arms. As she hangs on...

ROMAN

Shhh... It's okay, sweetheart.

Shhh... Everything's okay.

CUT TO:

EXT. MOM & POP MUSIC STORE - ECHO PARK - DAY

Luna stands on the sidewalk cooling his heels. Finally looks back over his shoulder.

Through the glass he sees: Grimes talking to a CLERK behind the counter. Grimes is describing something. He swings a forefinger like he's 'conducting'. He's not 'describing' something; he's 'la-la-la-ing' something.

The clerk just shrugs and shakes his head, has no idea. A beat and Grimes is headed for the door. As he hits the sidewalk, Luna already has to hurry to catch.

LUNA

You find what you were looking for?

Grimes shakes his head. They're passing Echo Lake, Angelus Temple ahead. As they cross a side street, Luna cranes his neck looking for something he isn't seeing.

LUNA (CONT'D)

You know what else we can't find?
Wherever the fuck it is where
supposed to be working

GRIMES

(pointing)
Sunset's that way.

They keep walking. After a bit...

LUNA

Know what I'm thinking of, man?

Luna pulls a rolled up CATALOG from his back pocket.

LUNA (CONT'D)

Santa Monica College. Huh?
Business major.
(a few more steps)
So? What do you think?

SIDNEY

I don't really see you in a cap and gown, but, go for it.

They reach SUNSET BOULEVARD. Grimes looks right then left.

GRIMES

There.

Grimes starts left with Luna catching up. Ahead: the SUNSET AUTOSPA car wash. Guys with rags in their hands.

LUNA

It's gonna be a long day, dude.

GRIMES

Better get that college application filled out.

As Luna nods, a TRICKED OUT LEXUS pulls up, matches their walking speed. CASTRO, a serious gangbanger with a little Master Po beard leans out the window of the passenger seat.

CASTRO

Hey, *Flaco*! What's up, man!

Luna looks like he'd rather it was anyone else in the world.

LUNA

Hey, Castro. You know. Sunny day, on my way to work. It's all good.

CASTRO

Where were you last night. We threw you a party. You don't show up for your own party?

LUNA

Got a curfew, man.

CASTRO

Curfew?!

The guys in the Lexus all LAUGH it up. Luna stares ahead grimly, marches ahead grimly. Grimes still with him.

LUNA

That's right. And now I gotta work, man.

CASTRO

Where you working?

LUNA

(points)
Car wash.

Castro rests his chin on his forearm, darkly amused.

CASTRO

But you already got a job, Skinny.
Hasta La Meurte, huh? We take that
fucking shit serious.

Luna nods, doesn't answer. Grimes finally looks over at Castro (they never stop walking). Castro takes exception. Some serious guy-eye-contact-shit going on.

CASTRO (CONT'D)

What are you looking at?

Grimes just shakes his head. 'Nothing'. Passing on the confrontation, he continues on his way into the car wash parking lot. Luna stops, waiting on Castro.

CASTRO (CONT'D)

Who's the fucking *gabacho*?

LUNA

Ex-con, man. Same as me.

CASTRO

(mocking)

Same as you... Same as all of us.

The guys in the Lexus all agree.

CASTRO (CONT'D)

Be smart, man. Huh?

LUNA

Trying to be. I gotta go to work.

Luna quickens his pace.

CASTRO

Do good, huh?! Get some tips!

The boys all laugh as the Lexus SCREECHES a hard U-turn, hauls down Sunset back the other way.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET AUTOSPA - SUNSET & ALVARADO - DAY

Luna catches up with Sidney coming out of the car wash shack.

LUNA

I'm fucked, man. *Hasta La Meurte.*
Until death. That's how you leave
a gang.

Grimes tosses him a rag continues past; Luna is exasperated.

LUNA (CONT'D)
What the fuck am I telling you for?

CUT TO:

EXT. KUSTOM - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - DAY

A pimp my ride enterprise. We're across and down the street from it. Inside a very plain CHEVY CAPRICE. Fowler behind the wheel, Bell alongside. She smokes a cigarette.

BELL
Bank records say this place is
turning a profit. I don't buy it.

Fowler unwraps the foil off a POP TART, offers her one.

FOWLER
It's a two pack.

BELL
(waves it off)
Pop Tarts'll land right on my ass.
(puffs cigarette)
But smoke. It just drifts.

As Fowler bites into one, the security gate at Kustom starts to roll back. They watch as a stem-to-stern tricked out ESCALADE rolls out. Roman behind the wheel.

He turns, heads down the street; the Caprice follows.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET AUTOSPA - SUNSET & ALVARADO - DAY

Luna walking toward Grimes, tosses him his rag.

LUNA
Lunch, baby. I got five bucks in
tips and there's a Mickey-D's
around the corner.

Grimes tosses Luna back his rag and his own.

GRIMES
I'll take a rain check. Got
something I gotta do.

LUNA
(watches him go)
You got a half hour to do it.
(a beat)
The fuck's a rain check?!

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL LA - DAY

One of those clapboarded LA houses never swallowed up by apartment building. The Harbor Freeway looms beyond as PITBULLS patrols a chain link pen nailed to the side.

A sofa on the porch. A grizzled 33-year-old sitting there. BURGESS. As tough as they fucking come. He frowns at the white man crossing the street toward him. It's Grimes.

Burgess moves his hand to the butt of a .38 between the cushions. Grimes holds a section of NEWSPAPER in his hand.

GRIMES

I'm looking for Burgess.

BURGESS

Ain't no Burgess around here, white. All we got is Farm Dog Crips. So keep strollin'.

GRIMES

I was in Victorville with your cousin.

Burgess considers his options, his hand still on the .38.

BURGESS

Got a whole mess of cousins.

GRIMES

This one's Little Nate. Like I said, Victorville.

A beat as Burgess chews his bottom lip, considers.

BURGESS

You Grimes? You the boy Nate said was coming by?

Grimes nods. Burgess considers a beat.

BURGESS (CONT'D)

Pull up your shirt.

Grimes pulls up his shirt. Even more white skin on display.

BURGESS (CONT'D)

Turn so I can see.

Knowing what he's looking for, Grimes turns to display the screwdriver stab scars on his side.

BURGESS (CONT'D)

Little Nate said he owed you. That what he owed you?

ANGLE FROM INSIDE HOUSE

Someone watching through the screen as Grimes lowers the shirt, steps up on the porch.

GRIMES

Ten years ago I went up on a felony possession charge.

PORCH

GRIMES (CONT'D)

A dealer named Eddie Rowland copped a deal with the DA. Pled down a strike three felony, a life sentence to 15 months in exchange for saying I ripped him off.

BURGESS

I'd make that deal all day long.

GRIMES

A week after he got out, Eddie Rowland got killed in a drive-by. Unsolved. Wrong place at the wrong time. Unless you say different.

Burgess laughs, genuinely thinks this is funny.

BURGESS

Little Nate being my cousin and him owing you don't mean I gotta confess to no murder.

The door bursts open and some 18-year-old KID steps out, a PISTOL aimed about three feet away from Grimes' head.

KID

Step back the fucking way you fucking came, mutherfucker!

Grimes just blinks.

BURGESS

Yo, put it away, Superman. It's all friendly.

The kid glances back to Burgess who nods his head. As he lowers the pistol --

WHAM! Grimes buries his fist in the kid's face. Once. Then arcs in an elbow. CRACK. The kid lands in a heap. Grimes takes the gun away, holds it where he can see it.

GRIMES

You point this at a man's head, you pull the trigger. Understand?

That said, Grimes wings the gun into the WEEDS of the side yard. Burgess watches it all, amused.

BURGESS

(laughing again)

Okay, white, okay. It was like this. Eddie Rowland lived in the neighborhood. Man comes and pays good money. Man says to make it look like a drive-by. Simple.

GRIMES

Does the man got a name?

BURGESS

Barack Obama.

Grimes holds out the newspaper.

GRIMES

Was that him?

Burgess takes it. An LA Times metro section article on Childress getting killed. A PHOTO OF CHILDRESS. Burgess looks it over a beat, shakes his head as he hands it back.

BURGESS

No. But the man who 'employed' me was the police.

GRIMES

How did you know?

BURGESS

By looking at him. Same way you know I'm a gangster.

GRIMES

That's it?

BURGESS

That's it. That's all being tight with Little Nate in Victorville gets you.

GRIMES

Thanks for your time.

Grimes starts off. Burgess looks to the kid trying to sit up, chuckles to himself.

BURGESS
Thanks for my time...
(calls out)
White!

Grimes turns back.

BURGESS (CONT'D)
Few years later I saw him. At a
goddamn hot dog stand. He didn't
see me. Dog I was rollin' with
knew his name. It was like Dallas
or Denver, a city or some shit.

GRIMES
Roman? Was it Roman?

BURGESS
I believe it was.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET AUTOSPA - SUNSET & ALVARADO - DAY

Luna dries a fender. The seedy looking MANAGER steps over.

MANAGER
Where's your buddy? Lunch break's
over.

LUNA
No entiendo.

MANAGER
Cut the shit. I know you speak
English.

Even as he glares at Luna, Grimes walks past with a rag and
starts wiping down the car as well.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
Hey! What don't you understand
about a half hour lunch? Huh?

Grimes doesn't answer, just keeps wiping.

MANAGER (CONT'D)
You don't have a job, means you
violate parole. Understand? Hey,
I'm talking to you, jack-off!

Grimes straightens, considers him. A daunting consideration.
The manager looks away. Grimes goes back to work. The
manager takes gives Luna a face saving look and then goes.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. PARKED CHEVY CAPRICE - SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

Still following the Escalade. Bell flips through an old file as Fowler drives.

BELL

Grimes served patrol first two years with a Sgt. Eugene Smith.

FOWLER

Good man. Retired to Arizona.

BELL

Spent the next three with one Roman Cahill.

(scanning)

Nothing earth shattering, but they made... Jeez, a lot of arrests together.

FOWLER

Which one was Starsky and which one was Hutch?

THE ESCALADE

Glides, weaving effortlessly through slower traffic.

BELL'S VOICE

They go separate ways, working different squads.

FOWLER'S VOICE

Trying to make bones for sergeant.

THE CHEVY CAPRICE

Hangs a couple of cars back.

BELL

Then Grimes ends up with Childress and it all goes south.

(scanning file)

They search his house. Arrested for felony possession. Some three strike dealer named Eddie Rowland testifies Grimes ripped him off. At first Grimes says he was set up, then he changes his plea to guilty. Gets ten years in Victorville.

FOWLER

He's stopping.

Fowler pulls to the curb, stops as they watch the Escalade pull into the SUNSET AUTOSPA.

SUNSET AUTOSPA

Grimes looks up as Roman hops out of the Escalade. Tossing his keys to an attendant, Roman walks past Grimes without saying hello. As he disappears into the MANAGER'S OFFICE...

CHEVY CAPRICE

Bell and Fowler exchange a look.

MANAGER'S OFFICE

From the outside looking in. Roman sits across from the manager. Roman is doing all the talking. Just once the manager looks out to where Grimes dries another car.

THE ESCALADE

On the wash line. Leaving the soapy ribbons behind. Getting blasted by the rinse jets.

CHEVY CAPRICE

Bell watches Grimes with something approaching disgust.

BELL

You believe that guy was once a
cop?

INT. MANAGER'S OFFICE - SUNSET AUTOSPA - DAY

We're inside now as the manager considers TWENTY \$100 BILLS spread across his desk. Roman checks his watch.

ROMAN

You can play with it later.

THE ESCALADE

Luna drives it over from the washer, hops out. As he and Grimes starts to wipe it down, Roman emerges from the manager's office, beelines Grimes.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Sidney you're a one man chain gang.
(no answer of course)
Get in.

Roman gets behind the wheel. A beat and then Grimes gets in the passenger seat. He stares at an exasperated Roman.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

What are you doing here? You're
Sidney fucking Grimes.

GRIMES

State of California says I'm
parolee number 6-3-4-4-4-9. They
say I need to prove employment to
stay outside instead of in.

ROMAN

Fuck the State of California.

Roman hits the gas. The Escalade jumps as they screech out
of the lot leaving Luna standing watching, rag in hand.

ESCALADE

Roman tosses Sidney a handful of check stubs.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Your pay stubs for the next three
months. Don't give them to your
parole officer all at once.

CHEVY CAPRICE

Fowler pulls out after them (it's a follow not a chase).

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHORT STOP BAR - 1455 SUNSET - DAY

Not a big crowd at 10 in the morning, but it's open. Very
charming even if it was once the scene of the crime for
countless alcoholic cops. Roman and Grimes enter.

ROMAN

First wife lasted three years.
Second one just short of two.

GRIMES

You've been married twice?

Roman grins, holds up 3 fingers.

ROMAN

Third one lasted six months. You
would'a liked her. She was your
kind of girl.

GRIMES

What kind is that?

ROMAN

Righteous.

Roman spreads his arms to encompass the room.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Remember this place? Not really a
cop bar anymore. But everything
changes. Except you.

The two men consider each other a moment.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
When was the last time you had a
drink?

GRIMES
(shrugs)
Before I went up.

ROMAN
Nothing in prison? None of that
good pruno? Tomato soup wine?

BARTENDER
Hey, Roman.

The BARTENDER is in a leather halter, has a sexy Cherokee
feather thing going. Roman leans across the bar, kisses her
on the mouth.

ROMAN
What keeps people together, baby?

BARTENDER
Don't know.

He kisses her again, winks.

ROMAN
It's fear. The same thing that
keeps 'em apart.

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVY CAPRICE - PARKED ACROSS FROM THE SHORT STOP - DAY

Window down as Bell smokes a cigarette. She drags with a
vengeance, pulling the smoke down to her toes.

BELL
Two crooked cops. Childress
established, Grimes stepping on his
toes. They lock horns. Childress
is smarter; sends Grimes up.
Grimes gets out, proves two things.
One, he holds a grudge. And two,
he does not waste time.

Fowler doesn't look convinced.

FOWLER

Or Grimes is new to the crew.
Figures out it's dirty. Childress
can't suborn him, so he sets him
up. That's how Grimes testified.

BELL

Until he changed his plea.
(Fowler shrugs)
All cops are guilty, Ron. You're
the only honest one I ever met.

Fowler nudges her, points out the bartender on her way over
on spiked heels. She carries a tray with TWO GLASSES OF BEER.

BARTENDER

Compliments of the gentlemen
inside.

Bell takes a last drag of her cigarette, spears the butt down
into one of the glasses. It extinguishes with a hiss.

BELL

Fuck off. Or I'll do it for you.

The bartender turns and heads back, beer glasses rattling.

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHORT STOP - DAY

Boilermakers. Roman drops his shot into his beer, raises it
to Grimes then downs half of it. Grimes' shot and beer
remain untouched on the bar.

ROMAN

Christ, you are wound up tight.

GRIMES

What do you want, Roman?

ROMAN

I want Sidney Grimes. Back in my
life. It has been a goddamn lonely
decade without you.

The bartender returns with the tray.

BARTENDER

Fucking ballbuster, man.

Roman clocks Bell's cigarette in the glass, grins.

ROMAN

That's my girl.

GRIMES

How long has IA been on your back?

ROMAN

Two years. This chick digs me,
just doesn't know how to express.

GRIMES

They building a case or do they
just not understand the job?

ROMAN

I could hand you a line of bullshit
about excessive force complaints,
but truth is, Sidney...

(big sigh)

I am bad, a crooked, mutherfucking,
no-good thug with a badge. As
guilty as Satan himself.

(points skyward)

But I still give glory to God.

As Grimes appraises his old friend...

ROMAN (CONT'D)

It's all your fault. With you gone
there was no one to keep me on the
straight and narrow.

GRIMES

Is that what I did?

ROMAN

(nods)

You and Carly. You guys were my
role models.

GRIMES

Right. Me and Carly. Let me ask
you something.

Something deadly in the request and Roman clocks it.

ROMAN

Shoot.

GRIMES

Eddie Rowland. The dealer who
testified against me.

ROMAN

Yeah I know who he was.

GRIMES

Did you have him killed?

A beat. And then Roman nods. Yes.

ROMAN

I mean, what the fuck are friends for? He helped send you up. I apologize for the week of free breath he drew by the way.

GRIMES

What about Childress? Why didn't you kill him?

ROMAN

Childress? A top cop? Too hot. Besides I was saving Childress for you. I mean shit, Sidney, I figured you'd want him.
(starts laughing)
You were never much for forgiving.

GRIMES

I just do anger better than pain.

ROMAN

I'll put it on your tombstone.

Tension easing, Roman finishes his drink, points at the bar.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Look at that.

He points out the three MOISTURE RINGS his glass has left. Intersected like mini-Olympic rings. He points each one out.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

The past, the present, the future. But the circles intersect. The past and the future, present and the past, present and the future.

Sidney just stares at him.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

But in the middle they all come together. Right there. The nexus.

GRIMES

Is that what that is?

ROMAN

That's where we are. That's where life is.

(a beat)

You think God knew what he was doing when he made us?

(MORE)

ROMAN (CONT'D)

If he did, it means he forgave us right from the start. Hell, it means there's nothing to even forgive. It means we can own who the fuck we are.

GRIMES

One more time, Rome, what do you want?

ROMAN

I want you to come work for me.

GRIMES

What, I'm gonna work stake out? You gonna get me back my badge?

ROMAN

How about I get you your life back? You already crossed the line. You just gotta learn how to live on the other side. Cause this ain't a cop bar no more and you ain't no cop no more either.

Sidney wipes his palm across the bar, taking the water rings with it. With a snap of his wrist, he flicks the water to the floor. Looks down at the drops.

GRIMES

You were always full of shit.

ROMAN

What I am is a guy with a crew and that crew is short a man. Come on, Sidney. Unless you tell me you got something left to lose.

Roman like an eager kid. Grimes considers. Finally...

GRIMES

Okay.

ROMAN

Okay?

Sidney nods. Roman claps his hands together.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Now you're talking!

Roman hands Grimes his beer, takes Grimes' shot, raises it.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

To Sidney and Roman! It's about goddamn time.

Roman clinks Grimes' glass. They both take a stiff drink.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE SHORT STOP - DAY

Bell and Fowler watch as Grimes and Roman exit. Roman nudges Grimes, points them out. Bell and Grimes lock eyes. Just happens. Like two thirds of a love triangle meeting for the first time. The spell is broken as...

ROMAN

Hey, Bell! What's it like being a cunt twenty-four hours a day?

BELL

You're the expert. You tell me.

As Roman and Grimes continue on their way, we end on Bell and Fowler. Fishing out a cigarette, she breaks it in half by accident, flings the whole pack at the windshield. Fowler watches her will herself to calm down. Finally:

BELL (CONT'D)

I want to bust him.

FOWLER

Roman'll screw up. We'll get him.

BELL

I mean Grimes. Bust Grimes. He's the fresh blood we need on this.

CUT TO:

EXT. ECHO PARK BOULEVARD - DAY

Luna on his way home. The halfway house on the block ahead. He slaps the rolled college catalog in his palm as he walks. In a better mood than this morning. Until --

Castro's tricked out Lexus comes SCREECHING, FISHTAILING around the corner behind him. Clocking it, Luna takes off at a dead run down the sidewalk.

The car passes him before SLAMMING to a stop. As Luna cuts across the street, the boys pile out and jackal after him. Luna coming right at us. The boys filling frame behind him as they hunt him down. Hands reach out and --

-- Down Luna goes. A moment later they have him slung up against a chain link fence. As he bounces off it, they punch him back into it. Castro strolls over, no running for him. As he watches them work Luna over...

ESCALADE

Roman's dropping Grimes off.

ROMAN
You like this car? I'll get one
made up for you.

GRIMES
Not my style.

They see Luna getting beat up. Roman's going to roll past.

ROMAN
Somebody pissed somebody off.

GRIMES
Stop the car.

Roman stops. Castro and his boys all turn as the brakes chirp. Castro spots Grimes, starts strolling over.

CASTRO
What the fuck you looking at now?

Roman holds his BADGE out the window. Castro stops short.

ROMAN
My amusement is a temporary state
of grace as far as you fellas go.

CASTRO
Just looking after some business.

ROMAN
Look after it someplace else, Paco.

Castro's eyes flash dark. He turns, heads for the Lexus, literally WHISTLING for his road dogs to follow. They do.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
(watching; to Grimes)
God bless, gangbangers. I paid for
my house up in Big Bear off them.

As the Lexus rolls out...

GRIMES
Talk to you later.

Grimes starts to get out of the car.

ROMAN
Hey...

Roman takes out a cash wad, peels off maybe \$1,000, holds it out. Grimes just stares at it. Finally, Roman sticks it in Grimes' shirt pocket.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

God love you, Sidney. No one else will.

LUNA

Hands on his knees, ass against the fence, he leans over as the blood drips off his nose onto the sidewalk. Beat down, he looks up as Grimes steps over. Escalade headed off.

GRIMES

You okay?

LUNA

What the fuck do you care, man?

Grimes consider him, then reaches down and picks up the Santa Monica College catalog from the dirt where it fell. He wipes it off, holds it out. Luna wants to cry, but doesn't. Instead, he reaches out and takes it from him.

As Grimes continues toward the halfway house...

CUT TO:

INTERNAL AFFAIRS CAPTAIN BOWLIN - IN HIS OFFICE

BOWLIN sits before a dozen commendations and a bank of photos of himself. He flips through a thick FILE, pausing here and there, but mostly flipping. Bell and Fowler across from him.

BELL

Sir, if you could, back up.

CAPTAIN BOWLIN

Excuse me?

Impatient, she stands, leans across to flip back a few pages. Captain Bowlin leans away. She doesn't see him check out her ass, but Fowler does. As Bowlin feels his eyes, he gives him a grin. Fowler's expression stays dead neutral.

BELL

Right there.

Annoyed, he looks down. She sits. Bowlin reads until...

CAPTAIN BOWLIN

Raymond Childress is dead. Dead and before that retired, correct? I once served with Childress on a joint narcotics task force.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN BOWLIN (CONT'D)

Does that put me in this file, too?
The subject is Roman Cahill.

BELL

We think Cahill was laundering cash through Childress' security business. Hardwick, Metcalf, Dockery, all the men in Cahill's crew are listed as part time employees. They're all pulling down 30K a year.

CAPTAIN BOWLIN

A lot of cops work security jobs for Childress. He built a good business. All it proves is the city doesn't pay enough.

BELL

Cahill owns a custom car business. Ray Childress loaned him the money to start it up. So far Cahill hasn't paid back a dime. It's classic money laundering.

CAPTAIN BOWLIN

Or one man cutting another man slack.

(a beat)

How long have you been on this?

FOWLER

Two years. On and off.

CAPTAIN BOWLIN

And you're aware of IA policy? To complete all investigations within a 4 to 6 month period?

FOWLER

Bottom line, Sir: Cahill's a risk to the community, the department and to himself.

Bowlin sets down the file, picks up another one. It also says ROMAN CAHILL. It's his official record.

CAPTAIN BOWLIN

That's not what it says here. This says top 5% in convictions and arrests. This says Distinguished Service Medal, Two Police Stars and one Police Medal for Heroism.

As Fowler and Bell exchange a frustrated look.

CAPTAIN BOWLIN (CONT'D)
Two years and you haven't got
enough direct evidence here to even
recommend administrative leave.

Captain Bowlin flips through the file, holds up a page.

CAPTAIN BOWLIN (CONT'D)
Are you really going after him for
'*developing personal relationships
with informants*'?

BELL
He provides prostitutes with heroin
in exchange for sex. Should I have
just written blow job? A field
plea bargain? Would you understand
then?

CAPTAIN BOWLIN
Sergeant, you are out of line.

Fowler makes a sign to her below desk with his hand: DESIST.

FWLER
Cahill's worked narcotics, vice and
intelligence. By request. The big
three in the temptation department.

CAPTAIN
So he's a cowboy. He likes the
action. But he's filed financial
disclosures and come up clean.

Bowlin picks up another piece of paper, disgusted by it.

CAPTAIN BOWLIN
And now you want to drag Sidney
Grimes into it? Disgraced
policeman? Murder suspect?

BELL
He connects this. He'll get us
Cahill; I know it.

CAPTAIN BOWLIN
(sarcastic)
You want to grant him immunity on
the Childress homicide? Grimes is
circumstantial. And circumstantial
is only admissable if it logically
relates the subject officer to the
alleged misconduct.

BELL
We've read the manual, Sir.

CAPTAIN BOWLIN
Read it again!

BELL
 Are you saying to drop it?

CAPTAIN BOWLIN
 I'm saying prove it. Objectively
 and in a timely manner. I'll give
 you two more weeks to wrap this up
 one way or the other. That's all.

CUT TO:

INT. AMOEBA RECORDS - SUNSET - DAY

Grimes stands at a listening station, HEADPHONES on. A CLERK
 stands alongside, forefinger ready. Grimes shakes his head -
 The Clerk advances to the next track - Grimes -shakes his
 head again - The clerk advances - And so on. Until --

Frustration growing, Grimes tosses the headset down on the
 rack and stalks out. As the Clerk watches him go...

CUT TO:

INT. KUSTOM - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Where rides are pimped and no expense is spared doing so. We
 follow the Escalade in from outside. Roman gets out, pulls
 two big garbage bags from the back. Move with him as he
 crosses his shop, half a dozen GUYS at work.

ROCKET, as tall as he is wide, holds a JOYSTICK remote unit,
 uses it to 'BOUNCE' a '62 Chevy Impala convertible across the
 garage floor. A beautiful ride. Rocket bouncing himself as
 music plays from the car's stereo.

ROMAN
 Hey, Rocket! Careful how you clown
 that rag, man.
 (as he passes)
 And check the dump; she's coming
 down too hard.

As Rocket rolls his eyes behind Roman's back.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Don't be rolling your eyes either.

As Roman continues...

ROMAN'S OFFICE

Metcalf watches Dockery bang on a PINBALL MACHINE. Hardwick
 in the corner, chews a nail.

METCALF

Fighting dogs is a whole different thing. At least Roethlisberger believes in something.

DOCKERY

What the fuck's that?

METCALF

Chasing young tail.

A KLAXON on the pinball machine as Dockery hits triple bonus.

DOCKERY

Mike Vick's just a competitor. And that spills over. That's all.

METCALF

Tell that to fucking Rin Tin Tin.

Roman enters.

ROMAN

In the beginning was the deed.

There's a big table. Roman dumps one and then a second bag onto it: the BANDED CASH from the bank heist.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Crime does pay.

Metcalf steps over and sets a CASH COUNTER on the table. As he starts breaking bands, ruffling the bills through...

Hardwick steps to the table, picks up a banded stack.

HARDWICK

How are we gonna clean it, Roman?
Now that Childress is dead, huh? I mean, what the fuck?

Metcalf and Dockery exchange a look. It's a good question.

ROMAN

Can you enjoy this moment for it's own merits? Can you assume I understand the problem and am fucking working on it?

Hardwick tosses down the cash in disgust.

HARDWICK

This is shit till it's clean.

ROMAN

I said I am on it.

HARDWICK

You gotta front me some cash.

ROMAN

(steps to Hardwick)

I don't 'gotta' do anything for you, Hardie.

HARDWICK

My fucking old lady is breathing down my neck, okay? I need some money? You guys can charge me fucking interest if you want to.

Roman's not happy with Hardwick. Metcalf and Dockery look concerned as well.

HARDWICK (CONT'D)

Oh fuck it.

Hardwick storms out. As the three cops exchange looks.

CUT TO:

INT. EMPLOYEE REST ROOM STALL - KUSTOM - DAY

Hardwick sits on the closed toilet cooking a SPOON OF HEROIN. On the wall behind him is taped a magazine photo of a tricked out OLDS CUTLASS. Across it someone has written with a Sharpie: Jerk off to this. Hardwick draws up the syringe. As he rolls up one pant leg, the main bathroom door opens.

Hardwick pauses as feet cross the floor. Suddenly, his stall door IS KICKED IN revealing Roman. Hardwick drops the syringe as Roman grabs him by the throat, hauls him up.

HARDWICK

-- the fuck, Roman?!

ROMAN

What're you doing?!

HARDWICK

It's my business.

ROMAN

Not when we count on you it's not.

HARDWICK

(pushes him off)

I can handle it.

ROMAN

Know what happens if they bust you?

HARDWICK
It'll be my problem.

ROMAN
No! My problem! IA, that fucking
bitch Bell, they'll offer you a
deal. They'll wire you up; they'll
have you roll on me. End of story.

Hardwick would rather look for his syringe. Roman steps
back, watches him with contempt as he casts about.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
No one can count on a junkie. The
shit always comes first.

Hardwick finds it, looks up at Roman from the bathroom floor.

HARDWICK
I'm not a junkie.

ROMAN
And my grandma wears army boots.
(mocking)
Oh please, Roman, front me some
cash. Let me pay interest.

Roman squats down, looks Hardwick dead in the eye.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Never want anything more than you
want self-respect. Look at you.

Hardwick breaks down, starts to cry. Roman reaches out,
rests his hand on his shoulder.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
You want help, man? I am here.
But you gotta want it.

CUT TO:

SIDNEY GRIMES - IN HIS ROOM

PUSH-UPS. His punishing prison regimen. Deep, nose to the
fucking floor. The voice in his head:

CARLY'S VOICE
Hey, Mr. Blue. You know what
happened today?

And the distorted SOPRANO bleeds in: *"Sì, sì ci voglio andare!
e se l'amassi invano, andrei sul Ponte Vecchio ma per
buttarmi in Arno!"*

JUMP CUT TO:

GRIMES

On his back in bed, its frame pushed in front of the door. Grimes stares up at the ceiling lost in thought. Again as before, we feel rather than see, someone in bed beside him.

CARLY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

I broke a glass. Except I didn't know if it was a dream or not. But I cleaned it up anyway because I thought you might step on it like remember that time on our honeymoon? But it must've been a dream. The glass that is.

A woman's hand reaches over, an IV taped into the back of it. The hand rests by Grimes' shoulder. Ghost-like.

CARLY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Oh, Mr. Blue, I don't like feeling this way. All inside out. It's not what I planned. But know what they say? If you want to make God laugh, tell him your plan... It's so random. That's what's so obscene about it. I mean, it's not like asking someone to dance. Picking someone. You know? It picks you. And everything that's so important disappears. Even a glass. Even a scar on your foot.

A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. Grimes snaps to. The hand is gone. The KNOCK still there.

GRIMES

Who is it?

SAFARIS' VOICE

Your parole officer. Open up.

Grimes is not happy. He reaches to the bed for his shirt. As he puts it on, we hear a KEY IN THE LOCK.

The door is pushed open, but catches on the bed that's been pushed in front of it. We see Safaris as he sticks his nose through the crack. As he shoulders it to little effect --

-- Grimes pulls the bed back away across the floor.

Safaris enters followed by Bell and Fowler. Safaris makes the "turn around" gesture with his finger.

SAFARIS

Against the wall.

Grimes grudgingly acquiesces. Assumes the position. Safaris steps up behind him, looks to Bell; he's waiting on her.

BELL

What were you and Roman talking about today?

GRIMES

(facing wall)

I don't think I got your name.

BELL

Bell.

GRIMES

Let me guess. Your first name is sergeant.

A beat. Traffic outside. Bell looks to Safaris, nods.

In full view of Bell and Fowler, Safaris pulls a BAGGY of CRYSTAL METH from his own pocket. As he performs a few perfunctory pats down Grimes' back...

SAFARIS

The 4th Amendment has forsaken you, Grimes. And you need a shower.

Safaris reaches into Grimes' pants pocket, 'pretends' to find his own baggy. Obviously just a dumb show as he dangles it in front of Grimes' face.

SAFARIS (CONT'D)

To top it off, you are officially in violation of your parole.

Grimes turns, leans back against the wall. Contemptuous.

BELL

So what were you and Roman talking about today?

Grimes looks over at Fowler who's back by the door. Fowler looks away. Not very proud of what they are doing.

Safaris starts to drift around the room, looking it over.

BELL (CONT'D)

Please take this very seriously. Cooperate and you will stay on the street. Don't and you won't.

GRIMES

You're as bad as the cops you go after.

BELL

And you're a choir boy, right?
Know what you're gonna do for me?

Safaris lifts the mattress, looks under it.

BELL (CONT'D)

You are going to cozy up with
Roman. Like the good old days.
You are going to tell me everything
you find out. You are going to
wear a wire when I tell you to.
You are going to do all that and
more or you go back to prison.

As Safaris pulls open another drawer of the dresser...

SAFARIS

You had snitches when you were a
cop, didn't you? How does it feel
to be someone's snitch?

BELL

What's it gonna be?

Safaris pulls out Grimes' car wash PAYSTUBS, realizes...

SAFARIS

What the Hell?! Pay stub for next
week, the week after, and the week
after that.

(to Grimes)

Sonuvabitch.

BELL

(realizing)

Roman's a good buddy, huh?

Safaris reaches in the drawer for Grimes' wallet.

SAFARIS

What else you got, Grimes, next
week's winning lottery ticket?

(looks through wallet)

One state ID... Too much fucking
cash... What's this?

He pulls out a wallet-sized PHOTO. Grimes goes even colder
than he already is. A photo of CARLY GRIMES: a disarming
candid shot of her smiling at something.

SAFARIS (CONT'D)

Or should I say, who's this?

GRIMES

Put it back.

SAFARIS

Say please, fuck-face.

He waves it at Sidney -- Sidney moves past Bell to take it. As Safaris jerks it away, the photo is TORN IN HALF.

A beat and Sidney Grimes goes clean off. Grabs Safaris by the throat and rams him back through the dresser. Holds him against the wall -- WHUMP! And WHUMP! And WHUMP! Until --

Fowler flies in from the left, tries to pull him off.

As Grimes takes another swing -- WHUMP! -- Bell digs her thumb up into Grimes' carotid in a blood choke. A moment and Grimes drops.

Fowler tends to Safaris. Blood pouring out of his broken nose, a wide split across the bridge.

FOWLER

Hold still.

Fowler grabs the pillow from the bed, shakes the PILLOWCASE off of it. He bunches it up, presses it over Safaris' nose.

Fowler turns back to Grimes who's groggy but coming around.

Bell picks up the two photo pieces. She looks at it a beat, back to a coughing Grimes, over to Safaris. Jesus.

Safaris lurches to his feet. He waves Fowler off, lowers the pillowcase to look in the dresser mirror. Holy shit. He turns, looks at Grimes who manages to get himself sitting.

SAFARIS

You fucked up, you dumb bastard.
Your ass'll be in County tonight
and Victorville by tomorrow noon.
Hope you had a nice parole, you
Neanderthal mutherfucker.

The words ring out. Grimes looks over at Bell.

GRIMES

I'm all yours.
(to Safaris)
Guess I gotta stay on the street to
be any use.

Safaris looks to Bell who just shrugs: *sorry*. As Safaris stalks out of the room...

Grimes looks from the pieces of the photo Bell holds to her. She offers them to him. As he gently takes them from her...

CUT TO:

EXT. MACARTHUR PARK - LOS ANGELES - SUNSET

A familiar beat-up sedan rolls 7th STREET. Metcalf behind the wheel, Roman alongside. Hardwick and Dockery in the back as they turn down the ALLEYWAY between Grand View and Lake...

METCALF

Who called it in?

Dockery 'counts' buildings they pass...

ROMAN

I got it through Rollins in intel.
It's street sourced, but he vouches
for it. They'll be there.

DOCKERY

...six...
(points)
This one here.

Metcalf stops. All four of them crane their necks to take in the back of a crap five-storey APARTMENT BUILDING.

ROMAN

These guys are Honduran. MS-13.
Bonafied mad dog *locos*.
(checks post-it)
Pineda and Caliez. Real Mayan
motherfuckers. Came to town mule-
ing in drugs. Stuck around long
enough to do a bank yesterday in La
Cresenta. Should be cash and all
kinds of delicious shit in there.

Hardwick's attention perks at that.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Not to mention some serious strap
so stay sharp.

They GRUNT they will be as they all pile out. Metcalf pops the trunk as he exits. They all pull out SHOTGUNS. As Dockery adjusts the Velcro on his 'POLICE' emblazoned KEVLAR VEST and they start for the back entrance...

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND VIEW APARTMENT STAIRWELL - SUNSET

A 60-year-old LATINO WOMAN on a 3rd floor landing, bouncing a crying TODDLER on her hip as she lights a Virginia Slims. The flame never reaches the butt as she sees Roman and the Boys advance up from the lower landing.

Roman places a forefinger across his lips. *Shhh...* He stops by her as the boys continue up. He smiles at the toddler, chucks its chin. Distracted, it stops crying. To her:

ROMAN
Vamanos, Abuelita...

She does as she's told. As she disappears through the 3rd floor fire door, Roman follows the boys up to the...

4TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Dockery points at the THIRD DOOR down.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
(whispered)
Whose turn on point?

Hardwick raises his hand. Roman nods as they take up positions on either side of door number three.

Dockery aims his shotgun at the door lock and knob.

Hardwick crouches low like he's in the starting blocks. Metcalf lined up to follow behind him.

Roman counts down from three with his fingers. At 'one' --

BOOM! Dockery blows a 16-inch hole in the door and frame where the lock now used to be.

Hardwick barrels through --

4TH FLOOR GRAND VIEW APARTMENT

Hardwick's head on a swivel. No one in the darkened room. The sound of La Raza 97.9 coming out of the kitchen ahead. A light on in there. It's about now...

Hardwick realizes he's entered the room without any back up.

4TH FLOOR HALLWAY

Shotguns racked, but no one has moved an inch to follow.

4TH FLOOR GRAND VIEW APARTMENT

Hardwick looks back over his shoulder, realizes he's alone.

HARDWICK
Oh shit...

A SHAPE emerges from alongside a high WALL HUTCH. Pistol aimed at the back of Hardwick's head - above his vest.

BLAM! Hardwick is put down like a dog.

The man (WOODY) holding the gun is as far from Honduran as you can get. Caucasian, head-shaved with a goatee. In a tank top and leather motorcycle pants: a real one percenter. He hovers over Hardwick a beat before, over his shoulder:

WOODY
Your boy's down.

ROMAN'S VOICE
You got three coming in.

Roman leads the way. Dockery and Metcalf follow. As they lower their shotguns to at ease, Woody gestures to Hardwick.

WOODY
He's like Buddha now. Don't want nothing. Don't need nothing.

Roman kneels for a closer look. Hardwick is very dead.

ROMAN
You don't mess around, do you, Woody?

WOODY
No, I do not. And unlike the Buddha, I need to get paid so...

Roman stands, hands over a thick wad of crisp \$100 BILLS.

ROMAN
Fifteen grand.

Woody counts, slow ruffling the bills across his thumb.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
You going back to A-Z?

WOODY
(still counting)
Straight to Phoenix. Gotta renew my Suns season tickets.

Woody finishes his ruffle, shoves the cash wad in his pants.

WOODY (CONT'D)
It's always nice doing business with you, Cahill. But...
(grins; re: Hardwick)
I wouldn't want to work for you full time.

ROMAN
Preacher told me Jesus died for my sins. I told him, he needs to get back here and die for 'em again.

As Woody laughs... CHA-CHUCK. He turns to see Metcalf point his shotgun. He has time to think *'oh shit'*, but not say it.

BOOM! -- Woody flies -- Dead before he hits the ground.

Dockery crouches to retrieve the cash from Woody's waist.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Don't touch it!

(explains)

Came from the Glendale B of A. We just caught the bastard who pistol whipped that poor bank manager.

He pulls out his own camouflage neoprene mask from his pocket, tosses it on the sofa. Looks to Metcalf, winks.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

We cut loose Hardie and solve a bank robbery at the same time.

METCALF

You are too smart, Sergeant.

Sounds in the hall. Doors, voices in whispered Spanish.

ROMAN

Lock it down out there. I'm gonna call it in.

Dockery and Metcalf exit. We hear them call "*POLICÍA!*" as Roman considers Hardwick. Sitting down by the body, Roman takes the mic for the police radio off his shoulder.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

(into mic)

This is Sergeant Cahill. Badge number 3-0-1-3. I have an officer down. I need an EMS unit to 4-0-2-8 South Grand Street. Fifth floor.

He actually sounds distressed. He sets a hand on Hardwick's chest almost like he's steadying himself. As he does...

Woody's pistol raises shakily. Fuck, he ain't dead. Roman blinks, staring down the barrel. We rack past to Woody, blood spills from his lips as he tries to say something.

DISPATCHER'S VOICE

(over radio)

Sergeant Cahill, this is CDC, please confirm that address.

Woody's hand shaking worse; the pistol spills out of it. Roman kicks it away, scoots back, but Woody is dead at last.

ROMAN
(near tears)
4-0-2-8 South Grand. I have a Code
fucking 3! Get down here...

CUT TO:

LITTLE STUFFED ANIMALS

About twenty of them, stuffed between the windshield and the dashboard of a car. Over it we hear the sounds of a couple making out. Sounds serious. And we're on --

ECHO PARK BOULEVARD - SUNSET

Down the street from the halfway house. Luna and his girl from the bus stop, Penelope, make out, leaned up against the side of her FORD FIESTA. Hot and heavy for a city street. The stuffed animals bear witness. Finally:

PENELOPE
I gotta go, baby. I'm gonna be
late for work.

He looks at her, really flipped for her.

LUNA
Someday, there ain't gonna be no
late. Not for us.

They kiss again, softer now. Then become aware of Grimes coming down the street. His eyes on them. As Luna grins.

LUNA (CONT'D)
Hey, meet my friend. Except he's
not my friend, right? Sidney, this
is Penelope.

Grimes stops, considers her a beat before.

GRIMES
My pleasure.

LUNA
(grins)
No, man, she's my pleasure. You
get your own.

PENELOPE
Nice to meet you, Sidney.

As she put out her hand -- An aborted SIREN WHOOP, cherry lights flashing as a police UNMARKED pulls up.

As Detective Phelps gets out, Luna look to Grimes.

LUNA
Who'd you kill now, ese?

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - FIRST STREET LAPD HEADQUARTERS - TWILIGHT

FILES on the table. NOTES. Surveillance PHOTOS: ROMAN & CHILDRESS at Starbuck's. Bell takes a sip of coffee, sets it down as her hard line RINGS. She answers:

BELL
Bell here.

WALLACE'S VOICE
Sergeant Bell. This is Frank Wallace. You left a message?

CUT TO:

INT. HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

FRANK WALLACE at his desk. Law books on the shelves. Wallace is about 60, gray at the temples.

BELL'S VOICE
Thanks for calling me back. You retirees are hard to find.

INTERCUT THE FOLLOWING:

WALLACE
Not retired. Just teaching instead of doing. How can I help you?

BELL
Ten years ago you prosecuted a case down here. A cop named Grimes, Sidney. Felony drug possession.

WALLACE
I remember it.

BELL
Just before it went to the jury, Grimes changed his plea to guilty.

WALLACE
That's right.

BELL
Except he got nothing in return. He still caught ten years.

WALLACE

That's wrong. Mr. Grimes did get something in return. He got to pick his place of internment.

BELL

Victorville?

WALLACE

He wanted to stay near his wife. So she could visit.

BELL

I'm not sure I understand.

WALLACE

I had a strong case. The jury most likely would have convicted. But you never know with a jury. At the end, Grimes copped a deal: guilty plea for Victorville. His wife was dying. Cancer I think. He was afraid he'd end up in federal prison in South Carolina, Oklahoma, somewhere out of state. That sick, his wife might not make it to visit him. So he pled guilty.

BELL

I understand. I think. Thank you, Mr. Wallace.

WALLACE

Happy to help.

Bell clicks off, types something into her laptop. The screen shows the LA Times OBITUARY DATABASE. She types, hit return.

A photo of CARLY GRIMES. The date: just under ten years ago. Bell scans the highlights: *Born in Torrance. Died after a long illness. Donations to the American Cancer Society. Survived by a husband Sidney.*

Bell studies Carly's photo. A strange moment until --

The door opens: Fowler standing there with a very serious look on his face.

BELL

What happened?

FOWLER

John Hardwick is dead.

BELL

Line of duty?

Bell picks up a surveillance photo: Roman & Hardwick.

FOWLER

Yeah, SIS followed an armed robbery suspect to an apartment building. Suspect shot Hardwick as they attempted to arrest him.

BELL

And the suspect?

FOWLER

Dead. No witnesses except for those involved.

As she thinks about this a beat.

FOWLER (CONT'D)

There's something else going on.

BELL

I'm listening.

FOWLER

Phelps brought Grimes in again.

BELL

For what?

FOWLER

Don't know, but he's got him down in line-up even as we speak.

CUT TO:

SIDNEY GRIMES - POLICE LINE-UP ROOM

Standing with THREE OTHER MEN. Grimes stands in the three spot. As the men look generally toward the one way glass.

LINE-UP OBSERVATION ROOM

Detective Phelps in here with the young Dad from Eagle Rock. The one who bought Grimes' house. He points at Grimes.

DAD

Number three.

DETECTIVE PHELPS

You sure?

DAD

Absolutely. Look, what did this guy do?

The nervous Dad 'jumps' as the door opens and Bell and Fowler enter. As Phelps looks over...

FOWLER
Can we talk to you?

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - FIRST STREET LAPD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Bell, Fowler and Phelps in an intense, but low discussion.

PHELPS
I had my team scour all arrest and incident reports from the time Grimes was released until Childress was shot. I got a young kid on my team - he'll make lieutenant before I ever do -

FOWLER
Get in line.

PHELPS
My witness inside filed a report about a strange man in his house. Kid on my team matched the address to the address of Grimes' old house. Witness just IDed Grimes.

BELL
Are you saying Grimes went to his old house before...

PHELPS
Before he killed Childress, yeah. Apparently he went up in the attic, came back down and left.

FOWLER
Did he take anything?

PHELPS
Witness doesn't know. I say, he had a gun stashed up there. Gun that killed Childress.

BELL
What are you gonna do?

PHELPS
I'm gonna hold him and sweat him.

BELL

Let's work together on this.
Grimes is the key to something
bigger than Childress.

PHELPS

Not to me, he's not.

The door opens. The young Dad steps out.

DAD

Can I go now?

PHELPS

Please step back inside, sir.

As he starts to shrink back in --

BELL

Excuse me. This man, did he force
his way in your house.

DAD

Actually, I invited him in, but...

BELL

(to Phelps)

You got nothing. Work with us and
we'll share everything. We'll get
you Grimes.

DETECTIVE PHELPS

And what do I gotta do?

Before they can answer...

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - FIRST STREET LAPD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Grimes sits across the desk from Bell.

BELL

What's Roman been up to?

GRIMES

Nothing. He says he wants me to
work for him; he hasn't said doing
what.

BELL

That's it?

GRIMES

That's it.

BELL

Well, he's got that custom car place. Maybe he's going to put your car washing skills to use.

He doesn't answer, does not come close to rising to the bait. She holds up a file: Grimes, Sidney.

BELL (CONT'D)

Your old service file. You used to be quite a hotshot cop.

GRIMES

Used to be. A lot of used to be's.

BELL

Were you a dirty cop?

GRIMES

That's what everyone said.

BELL

You, too. You pled guilty.

Grimes shrugs, isn't going to defend himself. She knows better though.

BELL (CONT'D)

We're never going to be on the same side. Even so, I'm sorry about the other day. Your wife's photo.

Grimes shrugs, no big deal.

BELL (CONT'D)

You have it on you? Can I see it?

Grimes carefully removes the two pieces from his wallet. It's still torn in two. Bell grabs a roll of scotch tape.

BELL (CONT'D)

May I?

GRIMES

You don't have to.

BELL

Oh, believe me.

He gives them up reluctantly. She sets the two halves of Carly's photo on the desk, works them together.

GRIMES

She kind of makes more sense to me torn in two.

BELL

Shut up.

He watches as she sets the pieces back side down. Lines them up, tape them together. The tear barely noticeable.

BELL (CONT'D)

If you put tape on this side, it won't look as good.

GRIMES

I agree. Thanks.

She studies Carly a beat, hands her back over, sits.

BELL

Would you mind telling me something about her?

He doesn't answer at first, carefully returns the photo to his wallet, his wallet to his pocket. Then...

GRIMES

She was how I knew which way north was. Once you know that, everything else falls into place.

Bell wonders at such sweet words from a not so sweet man.

BELL

I'll take your word for it. The men I meet all point south.

GRIMES

Maybe that's what you want.

BELL

Maybe... You know, Grimes, you don't seem to me like a guy who cares if he goes back to jail. Should I be worried?

Grimes assumes it's a rhetorical question. It might as well be a 'yes'.

BELL (CONT'D)

Let me know when Roman gives you your job description.

She steps over, opens up the door.

BELL (CONT'D)

You're free to go.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIRST STREET LAPD HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

The front doors open and Grimes exits. A free man.

CUT TO:

SIDNEY GRIMES - IN HIS ROOM

Seen from above as he pistons himself up and down in the moonlight. No rest for the weary, the wicked or Sidney Grimes. As we descend on the screwdriver punch-hole scars:

CARLY'S VOICE

Sometimes I think about you out there. What you'll be like after I go.

SIDNEY - HIS BED

As he drops back in a sweat.

CARLY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

And you're alone. So quiet.

For the last time, someone gets in bed beside him. Her. Again, he doesn't react and we only see edges.

CARLY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

Still believing in me... How long can one heart go, Mr Blue? How long can you look for me after I'm gone? When it's only parts of me?

His despair absolute, Grimes closes his eyes.

CARLY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

If I were you I'd start over. No matter how it hurts. Cuz hurting's just being afraid. That's what I'd do, Mr. Blue. I'd get on a jet plane. Just buy a ticket.

Grimes doesn't see the pale hand reach over --

CARLY'S VOICE (CONT'D)

It don't matter where.

As the fingers brush the scars on his side --

Grimes sits up. Of course, he's alone. And he shifts an odd emotional beat: the despair turning to something darker.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - SOUTH CENTRAL CLAPBOARD - NIGHT

Burgess in a wife beater, roused out of his slumber by the incessant BARKING of the PITBULLS outside. Shit...

CUT TO:

EXT. PORCH - SOUTH CENTRAL CLAPBOARD - NIGHT

Burgess rumbles out the front door carrying a SAUCEPAN full of water. He leans over the side flings it on the dogs. As they quiet, he sets the sauce pan on the rail.

Burgess gets out a pack of smokes, pops a cigarette in his mouth. As he strikes a match, he hears a creak on the porch behind him, turns to find...

Grimes -- Aiming the 9MM that killed Childress at him.

GRIMES

(re: match)

Don't let me hold you up.

Burgess finishes lighting up. He takes a puff, exhales.

BURGESS

What do you want?

GRIMES

I don't think you told me everything.

BURGESS

Yeah? News to me.

GRIMES

Tell me the story again.

BURGESS

(re: sofa)

Mind if I sit?

Grimes shakes his head, doesn't mind. As Burgess sits, his hand goes between the cushions (shielded by his body).

GRIMES

It's not there.

Grimes lifts his shirt. The .38 seen earlier between the cushion is stuck in his waistband. Burgess smiles wistfully.

BURGESS

What story was it you want to hear?

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - SOUTH CENTRAL CLAPBOARD - NIGHT

The 18-year-old Kid who drew on Grimes earlier opens the fridge, bathed in light as he scans, pulls out a coke. He looks like he just woke up, too.

He pops it, has a sip, before he becomes aware of VOICES outside. MOVE WITH him as he walks into...

THE LIVING ROOM

Sees through the window where Grimes points a gun at Burgess and BOOM! -- Shoots him dead.

MOVE WITH the kid as he dashes into a SECOND BEDROOM, retrieves his GUN from a dresser. Then moving again as he charges back out, hits the --

PORCH

Gun raised. Burgess sits dead, Grimes nowhere in sight...

CUT TO:

INT. ESCALADE - ECHO PARK BOULEVARD - DAY

Parked down the street from the halfway house. Roman behind the wheel, Dockery and Metcalf sprawled in back. Stake-out. Metcalf starts to say something, stops. Finally...

METCALF

Seriously, how long do we sit here?

ROMAN

You got someplace else to be?

Metcalf half-heartedly flips him off, goes back to watching.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I learned to wait from the best. Sidney was a master. On stake out, he'd just settle in. Like cement. Prison must've been a breeze for him. I'd have gone out of my mind. But Sidney? The man knows how to wait. Because he's already there.

DOCKERY

What the fuck does that mean, he's already there?

ROMAN

It means, he's like a spring. But set years ago. The tension never left. Every molecule strained and pulling for as long as it takes.

METCALF

So he's fucking patient. Is that what you're trying to say?

ROMAN

Prison must've gone by like that.

Roman 'snaps' his fingers.

DOCKERY

Can you stop talking about prison?

ROMAN

Hey, that's where you two are gonna end up if Bell gets her way.

METCALF

Us two? Where are they sending you, to club-fucking-med?

ROMAN

I'm not going to prison. I'll goddamn blow my own head off first.

DOCKERY

Hey hey --

There's Grimes walking home with a bag of groceries.

STREET

Grimes walking toward the halfway house. He turns as:

ROMAN'S VOICE

Sidney!

Roman steps up.

ROMAN

How you doing?

Grimes shrugs, holds up his groceries; he's doing fine. As he looks past Roman toward the Escalade...

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Heard you got picked up last night.
Picked up and let go.

GRIMES

It was that homicide cop making sure I know he's thinking about me.

ROMAN

I heard you talked to Bell, too.

GRIMES

Same story. Everybody wants to be friends.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

She mention me?

Grimes nods. She did.

ROMAN

Okay, I know you got it covered. Look, I gotta lay low a couple of days. Got a funeral to go to. But I'll be in touch.

He turns to go, then looks back.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You okay? You got enough money?

Grimes nods, stands there watching as Roman heads off.

CUT TO:

INT. GRIMES' ROOM - DAY

Grimes gets down on the floor. He sets himself, palms down, ready to start some push-ups when --

VOICES in the hall, shouts in Spanish. Over it all Luna's: *Mutherfucker! BOOM!* A slam against the wall. Grimes moves for the door, open it to find...

THE HALLWAY

Castro's gangbangers from the Lexus tangle with Luna. CASTILLO has Luna by the throat, POMPEO tries to tie up his arms as Luna throws punches back at them. As two heavy shots to the gut quiet Luna down...

GRIMES

Get off him.

As Grimes takes a step forward, he finds Castillo's 9MM raised and an inch from his face.

Blood runs from Castillo's nose. Crazy-eyed, he seems a breath away from blowing Grimes' head off.

Pompeo leans over Luna who has slid down to the floor.

POMPEO

You got the message?

Luna doesn't answer. Pompeo cuffs his ear.

LUNA

Simon. I got it.

Pompeo heads out, walks right past Grimes whose eyes never leave those of Castillo. Finally, Castillo 180's around Grimes, the 9MM aimed at his face the whole time. When he's on the other side, he follows his compatriot. As they go...

Luna sits, his head in his hands, trying not to cry. Grimes looks unsure. Like he's probably done all he can and should just leave him there. As an afterthought...

GRIMES

You okay?

LUNA

What the fuck do you care, man?

Luna pulls out his wallet. Grimes starts for his own door. Glancing back, he sees Luna pull out a PHOTO of his girl: Penelope. Like the one Grimes carries of Carly.

Grimes' world slips a little off its axis.

GRIMES

Hey...

Luna looks over, wipes his snotty nose at the same time.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

They do something to your girl?

LUNA

They took her, man. They fucking took her. They said I could join back up with them if I want her.

Grimes looks at him, really measuring him.

GRIMES

Beats the car wash.

LUNA

(shakes his head)
Fuck that gangbang shit. 'Sides I crossed the line. You don't know these guys, man. They'll fuck her sideways just cuz I took too long to come around, you know?

Luna shoves his wallet and photo in his pocket, lurches to his feet. As he starts past, Grimes blocks him.

GRIMES

Where are you going?

LUNA
I'm gonna get a gun, man. I'm
gonna go get my girl. Or fucking
die trying.

They regard each other. Whatever test of character that
exists in Sidney Grimes' mind... Luna just passed it.

CUT TO:

INT. AISLE 6 - THE DO-IT CENTER - SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

Grimes walking down with purpose. Luna a bit behind, a bit
confused, not to mention urgent for action.

LUNA
What the fuck are we doing here?
We gonna go get her with a fucking
socket wrench --

Grimes pulls out the hose coil, retrieves his 9 MM.

LUNA (CONT'D)
Oh...

CUT TO:

EXT. 7TH STREET - DAY

A Ford Fiesta pulls to the curb at the southeast corner. The
dashboard stuffed animals still there as Grimes and Luna look
across at PASEO CHAPIN, a Guatemalan restaurant. A familiar
tricked out Lexus is parked in front. After a long moment:

GRIMES
Give me the picture.

Luna reaches in his wallet, hands him the photo of Penelope.
Grimes scary right now. He slides it into his shirt pocket.

GRIMES (CONT'D)
You sure you can handle yourself?

LUNA
Just because I wanna get out of the
gang don't mean I didn't know what
I was doing when I was in it.

CUT TO:

INT. PASEO CHAPIN - DAY

Marimba music plays as Castro eats. He's eating alone at a
table for two, chewing as he listens to Castillo and Pompeo
(standing over him) tell him how it went down with Luna.

Suddenly he's looking past them...

CASTRO

Trucha.

They turn, see what Castro sees: Luna has come through the front door and is headed toward them. Their hands all go to where their guns are, but they don't show them.

CASTRO (CONT'D)

Que 'onda, Luna?

LUNA

Not much. Just came to get my old lady back from wherever you stashed her, huh?

Castro smiles, nods to Castillo who does a subtle PAT-DOWN of Luna (considering they're in a restaurant and all.)

CASTRO

Does that mean we can count on you?
That you understand your co-mit-
ment?

(Luna nods)

Wish it was up to me. I love you,
man. But you gotta talk to Villa.
He's got her. That's where she is.

LUNA

Let's go then.

Castro holds up a forkful of *Mole de plantanos*.

CASTRO

You want some banana?

Luna shakes his head, doesn't. Castro eats it instead.

CASTRO (CONT'D)

Hmmm. Fucking Guatemalans got
their shit down, wey.

Sucking something off one tooth, Castro stands, drops some money on the table. As they all head out...

CUT TO:

SIDNEY GRIMES - 7TH STREET

Watching from the Fiesta as they exit. Castro, Castillo and Luna pile into the Lexus as Pompeo continues away on foot. As the Lexus pulls away, Grimes follows a few cars back.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEAT SHOP OFFICE - DAY

Behind a desk, VILLA leans back in his WHEELCHAIR, hands crossed over his forehead. His legs useless, strapped in, a permanent condition. A gold Rolex on one wrist, platinum on the other. Tattooed across one forearm: Perdóname Mi Madre. The other: Hasta La Muerte.

Through the glass behind him: the WORK FLOOR. Honduran, Salvadoran and Guatemalan WOMEN run 1000's of yards of material through a 100 industrial SEWING MACHINES.

VILLA

I'm talking about weight, *Carnal*.
And you bring a fucking briefcase?
You understand what weight means?

Villa stares across at a WHITE GUY in a very sharp suit. He's got a second SHARP SUITED boy with him. Villa's got JUMBO with him. Guy must weigh 300 pounds. Who knew Dickie's made an Eisenhower jacket this big?

WHITE GUY

Mr. Villa, if you'd listen to me --

An aluminum BRIEFCASE sits on the desk.

VILLA

Listen to you?! Any fucking
closer, *Bolillo*, I'd be inside your
motherfucking mouth!
(a tense beat)
So tell me. I'm all ears.

WHITE GUY

(grabs case)
This is just the first installment.

He pops it open. It's packed with banded \$100 BILLS.

WHITE GUY (CONT'D)

After that we'd like to make this
run once a week. That's how we say
weight where I come from.

Villa grins like the devil. The white guy and sharp suit grin back. But Jumbo doesn't know what a smile is.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN PEDRO STREET - DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

Industrial. A lot of hard work going on around here. The tricked out Lexus turns off the street, stops in front of a roll up steel door. As Castro leans on his horn --

-- Grimes' drives past in the Fiesta, pulls to the curb, parks in front of the two other cars parked ahead.

LEXUS

Luna clocks Grimes ever so subtly. Castro leans forward, looks up at the surveillance camera above the roll up.

CASTRO

(waves)

Come on, mutherfucker.

As the door starts to roll up.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEAT SHOP - DAY

The Lexus rolls in from the street, stops alongside racks of CLOTHES ON HANGARS waiting for the trucks. All those sewing machines make a lot of noise. As Castro, Luna and Castillo pile out, they are met by GYPSY.

GYPSY

Hey, Castro...

(spots Luna)

Oh shit!

Luna just gives him a flat dead eye.

CASTRO

Is he here?

GYPSY

In his office.

Luna follows Castro's gaze over to where the office sits in the corner. We see Villa and the boys through the glass.

Gypsy slaps a button on the wall. The garage door starts to roll back down. Gypsy watches Luna's back as he heads toward the office flanked by Castro and Castillo.

GYPSY (CONT'D)

I wouldn't wanna be you, man.

As Gypsy starts back to wherever he came from, we let him go because we're too focused on Grimes as he ROLLS IN under the door just before it hits the floor.

He rolls to a crouch, moves along using the Lexus as a shield. He looks through the window, spots Luna on his way, then shifts to track Gypsy who is headed through the racks.

CUT TO:

GYPSY - AMIDST THE RACKS

Seen from behind and we're closing quick...

VOICE

Hey...

Gypsy turns to find the barrel of the 9MM placed against his forehead. Grimes at the other end. Gypsy is slackjawed, not to mention cross-eyed as he focuses on the gun.

Grimes pats him down, relieves him of a GLOCK. Shoving the spare gun in his belt, Grimes then reaches in his pocket, holds up Penelope's photo. He whispers:

GRIMES

Where?

Gypsy's eyes go from it, to the gun, then to Grimes. As Grimes cocks back the hammer.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEAT SHOP OFFICE - DAY

Where four heavy bags of COCAINE have been set on the table. White Guy has scooped out two even measuring spoonfuls from a 5th. As he pours METHANOL into one...

The door opens and Castro leads in Luna followed by Castillo. Villa grins as he clocks Luna. And as he steps up...

VILLA

Hola, Luna.

CUT TO:

GRIMES

Frog marches Gypsy to a door in the back. A key dangles from a lock. Gypsy turns it, opens it to reveal...

PENELOPE. Sitting on the floor of a broom closet. Wrists tied, her left eye is black, her arms bruised. But all in all, she's very much alive.

Grimes blinks. Then brings the gun down once very hard. As Gypsy drops, Grimes follows him, brings the gun down twice even harder. As Penelope starts to her feet...

CUT TO:

CLOTHES RACKS

Not far from the roll up door. Grimes leading Penelope, stops in the midst of the garments. A good place to hide.

GRIMES

Stay here till we come get you.
Got it?

She nods, a mixture of terrified and hopeful.

CUT TO:

INT. SWEATSHOP OFFICE - DAY

Whatever happened in those test spoons has the White Guy very excited. As Sharp Suits loads the cocaine blocks into a black Ralph's recyclable grocery BAG...

VILLA

Once you step on it, you're gonna
be a rich white mutherfucker.

WHITE GUY

I already am... a rich white
mutherfucker.

VILLA

Right. You wanna stick around?
We're gonna have a party.

He pounds a fist on one of his useless legs.

VILLA (CONT'D)

Fucking weird, I can still get it
up, but I don't feel it when I cum.

(to Luna)

When we bring your *ruca* in here,
you know what I'm gonna do to her?

Luna moves at him. He's grabbed by Castro and Castillo.

Sewing machines suddenly loud as the door bangs open: A
FLOOR RUNNER stands in the doorway obscured by the big PILE
OF CLOTHES he carries.

VILLA (CONT'D)

What the fuck? Get that shit out
of here.

The clothes hit the ground at the runner's feet revealing
Grimes: the 9MM he used to kill Childress in his right hand,
the Glock in his left. One against six, but no one else has a
gun out yet.

(Castillo, Luna and Castro are to Grimes' right. White Guy
and Sharp Suit are to his left. Villa and Jumbo face him.)

VILLA (CONT'D)

Who the fuck are you?

Grimes looks at Castro.

GRIMES
(re: Luna)
Let him go.

No one makes a move to obey. After a beat...

Grimes SHOOTS Castro in the leg. He goes down howling.

Everyone starts to move for their guns, but no one quite gets there as Grimes takes a step forward, the 9MM aimed straight at Villa while sweeping the room with the Glock.

Luna jerks away from Castillo. He slides over, takes the Glock from Grimes.

LUNA
She okay?

Grimes nods. Luna looks to Villa.

LUNA (CONT'D)
Fuck. You.

Villa's hand creeps to the SAWED-OFF SHOTGUN in his lap.

VILLA
I'm here, Luna. Nothing between us
but air.

That's when Sharp Suit suddenly draws and things go haywire.

Grimes shoots Sharp Suit even as --

Luna and Castillo fire at each other. Castillo down.

Villa brings up the shotgun. Sawed off, but the end still catches the lip of his desk -- BOOM! The front of the desk blows out right between Grimes and Luna.

Grimes exchanging FIRE with White Guy who goes down.

Jumbo rushing forward. BANG! BANG! Luna fires two point blank rounds before Jumbo slams into him and they both smash through the cheap sheetrock wall.

Villa has the double barrel aimed high on Grimes, has him dead to rights. As Villa smiles and the trigger starts in ---

-- Grimes collapses himself to the floor -- BOOM! -- the pellets blow through the glass behind where Grimes once was.

On the floor, Grimes finds himself staring through the hole in the desk at Villa's chest. BANG! BANG! Hit in the chest, the impact rolls Villa back until he hits the wall.

LUNA - SWEAT SHOP FLOOR

Extricating himself from under Jumbo's dead body. Women on the floor screaming, abandoning their sewing machines. As Luna stands, a young GANGBANGER is running up from somewhere else. Luna raises the Glock. Young blood turns and runs.

THE OFFICE

Grimes kicks wounded Castro's gun from his outstretched hand, he steps to the desk. Closing the lid on the briefcase full of CASH, he tosses it to Luna as Luna reenters.

Grimes picks up the sawed off, shoves it in the Ralph's bag with the cocaine. Grimes carries that. Spotting CAR KEYS spilled out of Sharp Suit's pocket, he scoops them.

GRIMES

Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. SWEAT SHOP FLOOR - DAY

Grimes and Luna do a double-time trot, head into...

THE CLOTHES RACKS

...And Penelope. As she whips her arms around Luna's neck --

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN PEDRO STREET - DOWNTOWN LA - DAY

The metal door rolls up. Grimes, Luna and Penelope exit. Frantic sweat shop girls are filling the street further down.

Grimes leads the way to the Fiesta.

GRIMES

Get as far from L.A. as you can.

LUNA

(hefts briefcase)

What about this?

Penelope's already getting in on the passenger side.

GRIMES

See how far it'll take you.

(re: Ralph's bag)

I keep this.

Luna looks at his new best friend. May never see him again.

LUNA

I'm gonna send you a postcard.
You're gonna be proud. I promise.
This is a good thing you done.

Grimes waves him off, doesn't want to hear it.

GRIMES

I used to think words were
important. But they're bullshit.
The only thing that matters is what
a person does.

Luna gets in. Rolls down the window even as he starts it.

LUNA

All the same I'm telling you, I'm
gonna find a way to get that
fucking cap and gown.

GRIMES

You do, I'll come watch you
graduate.

Time to go. They both regard him: she all beat-up, he
covered with sheet rock dust. He regards them back.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

Get the hell out of here.

Luna nods. Grimes scoots back as they tear off. He watches
after them a beat, then holds up the car key he took off
Sharp Suit, presses down on the remote.

Across the street a BMW 5 series CHIRPS, flashes its lights.

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST LAWN CEMETERY - DAY

A POLICE FUNERAL. Dress blues, badges covered in black
ribbons. SIX PALLBEARERS including, Dockery, Metcalf and
Roman stand at attention around Hardwick's flag draped COFFIN
as a BUGLER finishes 'Taps'.

BELL

Watches. In her POLICE UNIFORM as well, standing in the
front row of a throng of LAPD who have shown up.

GRAVESIDE

Dockery and Metcalf fold the American flag. Hand it to Roman
who walks it over to a woman dressed in black.

She is HARDWICK'S WIDOW. She stands with TWO CHILDREN (6 & 8) a little apart from the other family mourners. As Roman exchanges condolences with her we can't hear them until...

WE CUT IN BETWEEN THEM

Mrs. Hardwick taking the flag, head bowed.

MRS. HARDWICK
(very softly)
I need that money, Roman.
(looks up)
I need Johnny's share.

Roman smiles sadly. You'd never know what the conversation is unless you were standing right with them.

ROMAN
We'll talk about this later, okay?

MRS. HARDWICK
Tonight.

He embraces her in an apparently sympathetic hug.

ROMAN
(into her ear)
What time will the kids be in bed?

MRS. HARDWICK
(into his)
Nine-thirty... And Roman, God help
you if you don't make me cum.

He takes a step back, rests his hands on her shoulders. A squeeze of reassurance and support.

ROMAN
(louder)
You can count on me.

BELL

Watches as Roman returns to Dockery and Metcalf. Arriving from somewhere else, Fowler slides up alongside her. They lean forward, speak low as a SOLOIST sings *Amazing Grace*.

FWLER
They just named Hardwick's killer
as a suspect in the Glendale B of A
robbery last week. Bank manager
IDed the mask found at the scene.

As Bell considers the implications...

FOWLER (CONT'D)

They recovered fifteen thousand dollars. Serial numbers line up with B of A's. That leaves 175,000 still outstanding.

Bell's eyes glued to Roman as she jumps to a conclusion.

BELL

You thinking what I'm thinking?
There's dirty and then there's filthy.

FOWLER

SIS isn't exactly a desk job. It could've happened like they said.

As Roman feels her eyes on him....

CUT TO:

EXT. FOREST LAWN PARKING LOT - DAY

Leaving, Roman, Metcalf and Dockery receive sympathetic pats on the back, embraces from some of the rank and file. Finally they extricate themselves and start across the lot. MOVE WITH them as they're followed by many sympathetic eyes.

DOCKERY

This day can't end soon enough.

And then someone angles in. To their left and just ahead of them. Bell. As she walks, looking ahead, not at them:

BELL

Know what I love about being a cop?
The deck is stacked. A criminal has to get away with every crime they commit. But the cops, we only have to catch them once. I'll take those odds every time.

(turns on them.)

Did Hardwick's habit finally catch up with him?

Roman stops. Dockery and Metcalf exchange looks.

BELL (CONT'D)

That's the rumor. I mean, that he was having some problems.

(to Metcalf)

What's Roman going to do, Metcalf?
When you start drinking too much?

METCALF

Hey, fuck you, bitch.

ROMAN

Whoa, whoa. Shhhh. You guys go;
I'll catch up.

As they head off, Roman steps back to face her.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

It's a bad day all around. And you
flatter yourself if you think you
can make it any worse.

BELL

I'm not aiming at this day, Cahill;
I'm aiming at your life.

ROMAN

You love to bust cops, huh?

BELL

Dirty ones.

ROMAN

How about your old man? Would you
have busted him? He was a dirty
legend. Crooked as they come. Is
that where all your task
orientation comes from? Daddy
didn't love you enough?

(sudden thought)

Oh wait -- He loved you too much.
Is that it? The tender mercies of
Frank Bell? Your father was a bad
cop and you grow up to bust them.
You don't need to be a psychiatrist
to figure that one out.

We wish he wasn't, but he's getting to her. A beat and...

ROMAN (CONT'D)

I'll give you this much. You're an
even better hater than I am and
that's saying something.

DOCKERY & METCALF

By the Escalade, watching Bell head off as Roman approaches.

METCALF

What are we gonna do, Roman?

ROMAN

How about we figure out how to
attend another police funeral.

CUT TO:

INT. GRAND AVENUE CLASSICAL MUSIC STORE - DAY

Grimes stands before the PATIENT OWNER, a 60-year old woman. She listens as he tries to approximate a tune. The WALT DISNEY CONCERT HALL can be seen through the store window.

GRIMES

Baa-baa-ba-ba-ba-baaa-ba... Ba-ba --

She recognizes, starts singing the same song in rich SOPRANO:

PATIENT OWNER

O mio babbino caro...

The most excited we've ever seen him, Grimes starts jabbing his finger in the air.

GRIMES

That's it! That's it!

The owner very pleased with herself.

CUT TO:

INT. BMW - PARKED ON GRAND AVENUE - DAY

Grimes sitting in the parked BMW. His finger presses the CD into the player. He clicks forward to track 8. The LED screen IDs it as: 08 O Mio Babbino Caro. Time lengthens; and out of the ambient silence:

DAME KIRI TE KANAWA

O mio babbino caro...

So beautiful. So loaded. He's been waiting ten years for this moment, ten years to hear this transporting music. And it fills the car, takes him away. His eyes well. Grimes squeezes them shut. And tears trickle down, more in deliverance than despair.

CUT TO:

INT. AISLE 6 - THE DO-IT CENTER - SUNSET BOULEVARD - DAY

Grimes turns the corner, the Ralph's bag in hand. Coast clear, he pulls out the garden hose, slides the Ralph's bag as far back as it will go. Then the 9MM. Then Luna's shotgun. As he shoves the hose coil back in front...

CUT TO:

INT. CHEVY CAPRICE - ROLLING DOWN SUNSET - NIGHT

Fowler drives. Bell beside him. They follow: a CADILLAC ESCALADE a few cars ahead. It changes lanes to the inside. Fowler also changes lanes, keeping another car between them.

Fowler sets an elbow on the wheel to tear open an ALMOND JOY.

FOWLER
Remember Scooter Pies?

BELL
No.

FOWLER
That was good stuff. Scooter pie
and a coke, you could run all day.

He offers 1/2 his Almond Joy. As she shakes her head... The Escalade pulls to the curb where Grimes waits.

FOWLER (CONT'D)
Bingo.

They continue past as Grimes get inside --

THE ESCALADE

Roman behind the wheel. He's pulling away as the door shuts.

CHEVY CAPRICE

Pulled to the curb. Fowler lets the Escalade leapfrog them before pulling out to follow. Over their car SPEAKERS...

ROMAN'S VOICE
You hungry?

GRIMES' VOICE
No.

ROMAN'S VOICE
Tell me your thirsty at least.

A wiretap in the car!

FOWLER
Radio Roman is broadcasting.

A hundred yards ahead: the light turns red.

THE ESCALADE

Headed east in the slow lane, traffic bunching for the red light at Silver Lake Boulevard. Roman checks his REARVIEW.

ROMAN
Wish me luck.

GRIMES
With what?

ROMAN
Flippin' this bitch --

Roman guns it. As they launch at the rear end of the car in front of them -- Roman whips left across the outside lane just ahead of a car that was alongside him a moment ago.

CHEVY CAPRICE

Braking for traffic, caught off guard as Roman whips a U-turn into oncoming traffic. As cars swerve around the Escalade and it then takes off with them -- Fowler moves to follow -- His front fender clipped by the car alongside him. It stops, blocking him. Bell hits the HORN.

ROMAN

Grinning as he watches in his REARVIEW. Looking ahead an instant before he turn a BLISTERING LEFT. Grimes hangs on.

CAPRICE

Bell watches over her shoulder as they disappear. She pounds her fist on the dash. Then...

ROMAN'S VOICE
(over speaker)
Hey, Bell, you there? Just admit,
dude, you lost to the better man.

THE ESCALADE

Roman reaches up, tears back a corner of the car's roof panel. He tears loose a WIRE, a MINI-MIC at the end of it.

ROMAN
They crossed the line when they
start fucking with my car.

Roman opens the window, feeds it to the wind and as they lean into another hard, rubber-ripping turn --

CUT TO:

INT. THE SHORT STOP BAR - 1455 SUNSET - NIGHT

The jukebox pounding out the intro to "Rocky Mountain Way" by Joe Walsh. Metcalf and Dockery exchange looks as Roman marches Grimes over to their booth.

ROMAN
Boys, meet Sidney Grimes. Sidney,
meet the boys. This is Doc
Dockery. Been with me six years.

They shake hands. Dockery not buying Grimes yet.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 (moving on)
 Tommy Metcalf. Package deal with
 Dockery. They graduated the academy
 together, same as you and me.

Metcalf does not offer his hand. Stares hate instead.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Hell now comes in two new flavors.
 (a beat)
 For Chrissakes, Met...

Metcalf finally puts out his hand. Grimes shakes it. They
 sit in the booth. Roman clocks the music.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 I love this fucking tune.
 (to the boys)
 You guys put this on?

Dockery shakes his head, grim. Metcalf just stares.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Okay, now that we're all new pals
 having a good time...

Roman grabs a paper bar menu, draws a map as he talks.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 There's crash pad downtown. Over
 on Santa Fe by the LA River. Two
 Mayan motherfuckers are hold up
 there. Pineda and Caliez.

He adds 'two X's' as he says the names.

METCALF
 (on cue)
 Who called it in?

ROMAN
 Rollins in intel. These dudes are
 Honduran. Bonafied mad dog *locos*.
 MS-13. Came into town mule-ing
 drugs. Stuck around to hit a bank
 yesterday in Inglewood. Should be
 cash and all kinds of delicious
 shit in there.

Roman trades a long look with Grimes who has no idea this is
 much the same spiel Hardwick heard before he died.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Not to mention some serious fire
 power. A four man job. You in?

GRIMES

I'm in.

Roman grins, raises his glass. He sets it down empty. He looks to the bar. The place is crowded.

ROMAN

Who do you gotta fuck to get a beer around here?

GRIMES

(standing)

What're you guys drinking? Round's on me.

METCALF

Bud Lite.

DOCKERY

Heineken.

ROMAN

I'll have whatever you're having, partner. Peas in a pod.

They watch as Grimes goes. The speakers reach Walsh's FUZZ WAH SOLO. Roman plays 'air guitar'.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You know what? This riff is like how my mind works!

Roman bends out a note, looks to Metcalf.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You ever fuck to this?

Metcalf shakes his head. Roman looks over his shoulder, sees Grimes ordering at the bar.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You don't know what you're missing.

CUT TO:

EXT. CLUB LOUNGE - RITZ CARLTON HOTEL - NIGHT

The 23rd floor bar. All that shit below looks like a Christmas Tree from up here. Bell sits at the bar. Staring out the window, absentmindedly clicking her fingernails on a glass of red wine. Looking like some exiled, isolated Queen.

Until... The BARTENDER steps over, sets an amber-filled SHOT GLASS down in front of her.

BARTENDER

From the gentleman. He thought you
might need something stronger.

As the bartender backs away, Bell looks over to a LONE MAN
across the way. Subtly handsome, not lacking in bravado, he
raises his own shot glass in greeting.

Bell considers him. Inscrutable. Only she knows what she's
thinking: only she knows where the future lies.

CUT TO:

EXT. KUSTOM - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Closed for the night. But SOMEONE CLIMBS the chain link
fence the surrounds the little car lot. Seen in silhouette
as they arc a piece of old over the concertina wire on the
top. Slithering over, dropping to the ground on the inside.

It's Grimes. He walks over to the garage wall, where a box
is mounted. He hits a button and the fence gate begins to
roll back. Move with Grimes as he exits to where...

The BMW he stole idles. Grimes gets in. As he drives into
the lot and we wonder what the Hell he's up to...

CUT TO:

EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

Grimes walking home. It is late. As he heads up the steps,
he's watched from...

THE DARK SIDE OF THE STREET

A CAR parked there. Young Blood from Villa's sweat shop
behind the wheel. Another GANGBANGER beside him. Castro
holed-up in the back seat. As they trade deadly looks.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - HALFWAY HOUSE - NIGHT

Dead quiet until Young Blood and the Gangbanger round the
corner. Quietly step to Grimes' door. Both armed and
looking very dangerous. A nod and they jam through into --

GRIMES' ROOM

Guns raised, but there's nothing to shoot at. It's empty.

HALLWAY

Young Blood and the Gangbanger steps back out. A confused
look up and down's the hall and then...

YOUNG BLOOD
Fuera de aquí.

As they head back the way they came...

GRIMES' ROOM

The window pulled open from outside. Grimes out in the branches of the ratty eucalyptus. As he climbs back in...

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY - BELL'S HOUSE - HOLLYWOOD KNOLLS - NIGHT

Bell's car pulls in. She gets out. As she crosses the little lawn to her house (a cottage really)...

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - BELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sets her gun and holster, cell and badge on the side table. A lot to carry, it all hits with a thud. As she continues...

INT. KITCHEN - BELL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Bell enters. Dark until she opens the fridge. She pulls out a can of beer. She elbows the door shut, pops the top even as she turns to find --

Roman sitting at her kitchen table!

BELL

Shit!

Roman doesn't move a muscle. Hands flat on the table. He doesn't say a word, doesn't need to. A beat and...

Bell drops the beer, moves hard back the way she came, only to find Metcalf blocking the doorway.

JUMP AHEAD TO:

EXT. ROMAN'S HOUSE - SHERMAN OAKS - MORNING

ESCALADE in the driveway. Another day another dollar.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - ROMAN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Roman in front of the bathroom mirror. His hair still damp from the shower, he's in pants and an unbuttoned shirt. As he leans forward to clip some nose hairs...

CUT TO:

INT. LIVING ROOM - ROMAN'S HOUSE - SHERMAN OAKS - DAY

The pool visible through three sets of French doors. Roman enters, passing through when for no particular reason... He stops, takes in the room a moment. Frowning, picking up on a subtle vibe in the air. He tries the handle on the first French door - locked. The second - locked. Third - unlocked. A beat as he considers this. Finally dismissing it, he locks the door.

Retrieving his clip holster from a sideboard, he exits. The room almost seems to exhale in relief at his departure.

CUT TO:

EXT. PAY PHONE - DOWNTOWN - DAY

Grimes at a pay phone.

BELL'S VOICE

This is Bell. Leave a message and I'll return.

As the phone message BEEPS.

GRIMES

It's Grimes. I need to talk to you. Um, I'll try at your office.

He hangs up. Moving with him, we see he's across from...

THE FIRST STREET LAPD HEADQUARTERS

As he heads that way...

CUT TO:

INT. INFORMATION DESK - LAPD HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A CLERK sets down the phone, looks at Grimes.

CLERK

Sergeant Bell isn't in yet.

Grimes pulls an ENVELOPE from his jacket, hands it over.

GRIMES

Would you make sure she gets this?
Or her partner to give to her?
It's very important.

CLERK

Could you sign the register please?

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN STREET CORNER - DAY

Grimes stands there waiting until a DODGE MAGNUM pulls up. Grimes gets in the back and they roll out.

DODGE MAGNUM

Metcalf behind the wheel. Roman looks back at Grimes all alone in the backseat. He grins at him before handing him a 9MM. As Grimes gives it the once over...

ROMAN

Remember, brother? How this used to feel? Getting ready to go in.

GRIMES

That was doing good; this is doing bad. Not exactly the same thing.

ROMAN

Same coin. Just flip it over.

GRIMES

Where's Dockery?

ROMAN

Meeting us there?

METCALF

(aggressive)

That okay with you, boss?

Grimes leans forward as he shoves the gun down into the small of his back. He and Roman very close.

GRIMES

Just like to know the game plan.

CUT TO:

EXT. PALMETTO STREET (DOWN FROM SANTA FE) - DAY

By the LA RIVER. The Magnum pulls to the curb behind a SHIT SEDAN. Dockery gets out of it, meets them as they exit.

DOCKERY

They're there. Second building up. There's a back way in.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEY - DAY

They come up in single file. Dockery leads followed by Roman, Grimes and Metcalf. All have guns in hand. The tinny sound of music can be heard behind a steel door: La Raza 97.9

ROMAN
(whispers)
Who's turn on point?

Dockery raises his hand. Roman nods, then shows two fingers to Metcalf, three to Grimes. As Dockery opens the door...

INT. WAREHOUSE SPACE

The music louder, but still far away. This place is abandoned, desolate. Dockery leads the way to what amounts to a HOLE IN THE WALL. A deep breath and he ducks through to the left. Metcalf follows ducking through to the right.

Grimes follows them.

ANOTHER SPACE

Grimes aiming the gun at a shape in the gloom about fifty feet ahead. Dockery to his left, Metcalf to his right.

Roman behind him, he sets his gun firmly between Grimes' shoulder blades.

ROMAN
Never turn your back on a man with
a gun... Hands up.

Grimes raises his hands. Roman takes his gun. Metcalf aims at Grimes as well.

Dockery, meanwhile, steps to the wall, flips a switch. One hard light comes up revealing the shape in the gloom is...

Bell. Handcuffed to a metal chair. Gagged. Very much awake. Grimes obviously didn't expect this.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
All those years you were inside, I
felt like I had to live for both of
us. Now, it may be unfair, but
you're gonna have to die for the
both of us.

Grimes just stares back at Bell. No reaction to speak of.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
You're a parole who got pushed too
hard. And Bell's the cop who
pushed you. What we're going to do
is make it look like you shot her
and then she shot you. Nice, neat,
end of story.

Roman holsters his own gun, steps around to face Grimes.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Wanna hear a sweet one? Ray
 Childress' was my fucking partner,
 my money launderer.

Grimes just a blank stare. Roman looks back to Bell.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Just the way you thought. We fell
 out. Sidney did me a favor when he
 pulled the trigger. Saved me the
 trouble.

Roman sets the gun he just took from Grimes almost to Grimes' forehead.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Who do you think tipped Childress
 off all those years ago? That you
 were on to him, huh? Me. It was
 me. All to get a shot at beautiful
 Carly Grimes. Love and war, right?
 She had no idea I set you up. And
 I thought I'd have years to show
 her how I felt about her. And what
 does God do? He gives her fucking
cancer.

(to Metcalf)
 You believe that shit?

Roman then places the barrel of Grimes gun against Grimes' forehead and pulls the trigger --

CLICK. Grimes' only concession is a blink.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Did you really think I was going to
 let you walk in here with a loaded
 gun?

The space charged with impending doom. And then:

GRIMES
 No.

ROMAN
 (not following)
 No what?

GRIMES
 No, I didn't think you'd let me
 walk in here with a loaded gun.

Uttered with supreme matter-of-factness. Roman frowns.
 Grimes still stares at him. Looks through him, in fact.

GRIMES (CONT'D)
Ten years, Rome. I had a lot of
time to think.

ROMAN
Yeah? I bet.

GRIMES
But I wasn't sure till I talked to
Burgess.

ROMAN
Is that right?

GRIMES
I know what you did. I know you
tried to have me killed in prison.
I know everything.

Roman ever so slightly unnerved. A first for him.

ROMAN
Good for you. You know, I carry
the same photo in my wallet you
carry in yours. You think you got
a monopoly on pain?

GRIMES
There's plenty to go around.
You're gonna see every bit of it.

ROMAN
How do you figure that?

GRIMES
You guys must've read the police
report. The sweat shop downtown.
A few days ago?

Grimes like a cat that ate a 200 pound canary.

GRIMES (CONT'D)
I took six pounds of dope out of
there. Maybe seven.

ROMAN
Did you?

A little viciousness seeps into Grimes' voice.

GRIMES
One of the dealers had a BMW. I
parked it in your lot at Kustom
last night. That's what the
cops'll find first. That'll get
them the warrant for your house.

ROMAN

My house?

GRIMES

That's where the dope is. Planted
in your house.

Roman tries to process. Metcalf and Dockery exchanging a
very concerned look. Bell would applaud if she could.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

So's the gun that killed Childress.
Same gun that shot up that sweat
shop. Same gun that killed
Burgess. It's all in your house.

Roman blinks at him, still processing. Grimes vicious.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

Just like it was planted in my
house. All those years ago.

METCALF

What the fuck is he talking about?

Roman steadying as his mind whirs.

ROMAN

I knew it this morning at my place.
I knew I was breathing someone
else's air.

GRIMES

Good luck finding it.

WHUMP! Roman pistol whips Grimes. He goes down in a heap.

ROMAN

And what cop is supposed to go in
there to find it all, huh?

(re: Bell)

I bet she's sitting right there.

GRIMES

Her partner'll know any minute, if
he doesn't already.

METCALF

Roman --

ROMAN

Just hold on!

Roman takes out his cellphone, dials. As someone answers.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Hey, Rocket, you gotta do me a
 favor quick... Listen to me! Go
 out in the lot. Tell me if there's
 a BMW out there.
 (a bated breath)
 Get rid of it!

As Dockery and Metcalf react, Roman listens, then...

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 I don't care! Just move it out of
 there! Now!

Roman clicks off.

GRIMES
 It gets worse.

A beat. Roman digs a foot into Grimes.

ROMAN
 Do I gotta guess?

GRIMES
 My parole buddy, my car wash
 partner, I don't show up to see him
 at some point today, he delivers to
 the cops everything I know.
 Including a tape of the meeting
 last night. At the bar. Your car
 wasn't the only thing wired.

DOCKERY
 Christ, Roman --

ROMAN
 Doc, hold your fucking mud!

As the boys exchange panicked looks, Grimes finds himself
 looking at Bell. She gives him a look like 'really?'. He
 gives her back a subtle head shake 'no'.

Roman looks from Dockery to Grimes, to Metcalf.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Get some cuffs on him.

CUT TO:

EXT. WAREHOUSE ALLEY - DAY

Roman and Dockery covering Grimes and Bell who both have
 their hands cuffed in front of them. Bell's gag is out.

The Magnum pulls into the alley, Metcalf behind the wheel.

ROMAN
(to Dockery)
Give me your keys.

Dockery gives him his car keys.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
Get the fucking tape, take care of
the kid and we meet back here.

DOCKERY
Where are you going?

ROMAN
To clean out my fucking house.

BELL
Least you don't have to worry about
prints.

Roman gets in her face.

ROMAN
I'm gonna kill your partner if he
shows up.
(winks)
See you soon.

CUT TO:

INT. DODGE MAGNUM - DAY (ROLLING)

Metcalf driving. Dockery watching Bell and Grimes over the
back of the front seat. Bell looks like she's about to say
something, stops. Finally, staring out the window.

BELL
You know I'm always right. Always.
About everything. People hate it.
(a beat)
I even annoy myself. But you...
(looks at Grimes)
I don't think I've ever been so
upsidedown wrong about anything in
my entire life as I was with you.

DOCKERY
Stop - talking.

Dockery looks over at Grimes who looks at him. A deadly
bemusement is the best way to describe it.

DOCKERY (CONT'D)
You too.

CUT TO:

EXT. ECHO PARK BOULEVARD - DAY

Dockery and Grimes out of the parked Magnum. Dockery drapes a jacket over Grimes' cuffs to hide them. As they start for the halfway house...

DOCKERY

This guy better be there.

GRIMES

You never know who's hanging around.

INT. CAR - PARKED OPPOSITE - DAY

Young blood behind the wheel, reacting as he sees Grimes.

YOUNG BLOOD

Yo, Castro.

Castro leans forward from the backseat, see Grimes as well.

INT. DODGE MAGNUM - DAY

Metcalf watching Grimes and Dockery disappear inside the halfway house. A beat and then Young blood is getting out of a car down the street along with a badly limping Castro. Then from another car: THREE gangbangers we'll call HOWLERS.

As they all head for the halfway house...

Metcalf doesn't know what to think.

METCALF

Who the fuck are those guys?

BELL

Look like Jehovah Witnesses to me.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - HALFWAY HOUSE - DAY

Grimes coming around the corner followed by Dockery. Dockery has his gun out now. Grimes stops outside his own door, looks to Dockery who nods. Grimes knocks.

GRIMES

Hey, Luna. It's me, Grimes.

But out of the corner of his eye, he's watching Young Blood and Castro coming around the corner as well.

Their guns come up -- Grimes drives his shoulder into his own door -- As Castro starts spraying bullets down the hall...
BANG-BANG-BANG!

Young Blood caught in the crossfire as Dockery FIRES back.
Dockery hit - Firing back. Castro goes down. Dockery down.
Grimes through the door into his room as the howlers pursue.

GRIMES' ROOM

Grimes smashing through the window as the three howlers and Young Blood enter a beat later.

EXT. HALFWAY HOUSE - DAY

Grimes drops to an overhang below. WHUMP! So far so good, but MUZZLES FLASH above, BULLETS CHEW the stucco around him.

Two hard steps and he leaps into the EUCALYPTUS TREE out front. Still getting fired at -- Losing his grip and --

MAGNUM

Metcalf and Bell reacting to gunfire coming from the upstairs window. Then to --

THE SIDEWALK

Grimes falls the last 8-feet to the ground. Lands FLAT ON HIS BACK -- UMPHH!

Wind knocked out of him, trying to get it back, when the first howler hits the branches overhead. BANG! A round slams down next to him, Grimes is on his feet and running.

MAGNUM

Metcalf agog as the howlers drop one-two-three from the tree. They take off in pursuit about sixty feet behind...

GRIMES

Hands cuffed, but he motors. More gunfire, bullets whizzing by. He leaves the sidewalk, pounds across the street, bangs through a narrow alley between two houses. The howlers on his heels. And --

MAGNUM

Tearing out to try to follow.

PARALLEL STREET

On Grimes as he crosses. A horn blares, brakes screech as a car (entering frame left) locks it up to keep from hitting him. One of the howlers leaps, two steps across the hood of it and back down again.

And here comes the Magnum fishtailing around the corner.

And we're in a PARKING LOT as we lead Grimes across. BANG! BANG! They fire wildly behind him as they chase -- and we reverse behind him to show we are in --

THE DO-IT CENTER PARKING LOT

-- As Grimes ducks through the just opening front doors and the howlers scoot through after him --

MAGNUM

Skidding to a stop in the parking lot. Metcalf not knowing what to do. Bell trying the door handle. It's locked.

INT. AISLE 6 - THE DO-IT CENTER - DAY

GUNFIRE. A round chews through lawn & garden supplies on either side of the aisle 6 and -- Here comes Grimes skidding around the corner. Hauling ass. His destination ahead: the hose coils. The lead howler appears behind, raises a TEC-9.

Grimes baseball slides to the hoses, rips the particular coil loose as the Tec-9 lets rip. And Grimes grabs Villa's sawed off, twists around and BOOOM!

As the lead howler goes down, he drops the Tec-9. It clatters to Grimes who scoops it up as howlers two & three rumble down FIRING -- and RAT-A-TAT-TAT -- They die as well.

CUT TO:

EXT. DO-IT CENTER PARKING LOT - DAY

Metcalf standing outside the Magnum, gun held to his side. Bell looking out the passenger side window. As Metcalf takes a few tentative steps forward.

Grimes exits with the shotgun.

As Bell starts to climb over the seat...

Metcalf fires. Customers ducking for cover as Grimes fires back. BOOM! Metcalf goes down.

Bell out the door of the Magnum. Kicking Metcalf's gun away, she pats him down, finds the handcuff key. Grimes steps up.

BELL

You okay?

She unlocks her cuffs, goes about unlocking his. As soon as Grimes is uncuffed, he moves to the Magnum, gets behind the wheel. As she runs around to the other side, the lock clicks down. She pounds a fist into the glass.

BELL (CONT'D)
I'm coming with you!

GRIMES
You're not.

And he's tearing out. Bell cursing, watches after him a beat before going back to Metcalf. As she finds his CELLPHONE...

CUT TO:

INT. ROMAN'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - SHERMAN OAKS - DAY

Roman pulling apart the room. Shambles. Dumping out drawers and clattering to the floor - the GUN that killed Childress. Roman just stares at it and --

CUT TO:

INT. ROMAN'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SHERMAN OAKS - DAY

Roman wreaking havoc on the living room sideboard. Pulling out drawers -- Looking into the spaces. Nothing --

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - ROMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

He looks in the microwave -- Nothing. Opens the oven door... A Ralph's bag! Full of COCAINE. Sidney wasn't fucking kidding. As Roman considers it.... the doorbell RINGS.

Roman draws his gun. MOVE WITH him down the hall. Gun at his hip, he checks the peephole then opens the front door...

THE PORCH

To nothing. Nobody. What the fuck? And then from inside -- the sound of GLASS BREAKING. Fuck!

Roman shuts the door, walks carefully, smoothly back through the entryway and into...

THE LIVING ROOM

No one there. But the glass on the third French door has been smashed. It's partially swung open. Someone's in the house. Roman dead still, listening for a clue -- Nothing. He looks to the bar doors leading to...

THE KITCHEN

State of the art. More French doors look out on the pool. Roman enters through the bar doors, leading with the gun. He sweeps the room with his eyes.

A CREAKING SOUND behind him. Roman wheels and fires: BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! Through a closed door.

Stepping up, holding the gun with both hands, he kicks the door in, enters...

A LARGE PANTRY

Several CANS have been blown apart on the facing wall, but that's all. A solid BUTCHER BLOCK in the center of the room. Roman arcs around to check behind it -- Nothing.

Roman heads back out -- As we lead him into...

THE KITCHEN

He has no idea that behind him - tucked in a recess between the pantry door and the bathroom stands GRIMES. Shotgun held across his chest. Roman finally tweaks. As he wheels --

WHACK! Grimes brings the butt of the shotgun up under Roman's chin! Roman drops the gun, staggers. Grimes grabs him, sends him forward SMASHING straight through --

The French doors and out to...

EXT. SWIMMING POOL - DAY

Roman sprawls to the deck. Grimes stepping through the shattered door after him. Swings his leg back and --

WHUMP! The air leaves Roman's lungs. And WHUMP again!

Roman collapses. Grimes tosses the shotgun aside, hauls Roman to his feet and rushes him back WHAM against the outdoor fireplace.

Holding him up with his left hand, Grimes wings his right elbow into Roman's face, Once, twice, three times, real prison style. Roman gagging, spitting teeth.

Grimes grabs him by the shoulders, flings him forward sprawling near the edge of the pool. Grimes looms: a beat passes. Finally, Roman looks up, grins through the blood.

ROMAN

Can you really die of a broken
heart? You're standing there,
Sidney, but is anything left alive?

WHAM! Another kick. And Grimes follows him down, grabbing him by the throat, forcing him back over the edge. Shoving Roman's head and shoulders back UNDER THE WATER of the pool.

Roman reaches up blindly, grabs at Grimes, but to no avail. And as his struggles lose force and it dawns on us that Grimes is going to drown him -- Sidney suddenly stops.

He hauls a sputtering Roman out of the water. Flipping him, he sets a knee in Roman's back, takes his wallet. Rifling it, he finds Carly's photo. Tossing the billfold away, disgust rising, Grimes stands, pockets the photo.

Retrieving the shotgun, he sits on the edge of a chaise lounge and waits. He stares ahead, not at Roman who is finally breathing again, sitting at the edge of the pool.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

What the fuck you waiting for? Get it over with.

(bent grin)

See if it gives you a hard on.

GRIMES

I'm making a citizen's arrest.

Grimes reaches in his shirt, shows Roman the mini-mic end of the WIRE he's been wearing.

GRIMES (CONT'D)

You got the right to remain silent.

ROMAN

Come on, fucking shoot me.

GRIMES

You're not gonna like prison, Roman. You're going to struggle.

(a beat)

You need to stop existing there and that's going to be hard for you. You take up so much space.

ROMAN

I am not fucking going to prison.

Roman starts to stand. Grimes clubs him back down.

GRIMES

Childress needed to die. You need to rot in a hole. End of story.

A final settle and then Roman switches gears:

ROMAN

It's a mutherfucker. Isn't it?

GRIMES

What?

ROMAN

Being here. Without her.

Grimes looks at him. And if these two share anything this entire time, it's right here. In this moment. Finally...

GRIMES

She was never yours to be without.

The moment is over. Roman shifts gears.

ROMAN

You know, I didn't kill Carly, Sidney. Childress didn't kill her either. You wanna know who killed her? You did. You let your world touch hers.

(a beat)

She was so busy trying to keep you out of jail, she ignored what was wrong with her. By the time she went to the doctor? Too fucking late. All because of you.

Grimes takes Roman's words on stoically. If that's Roman hitting back he's gonna have to hit harder.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You would have been proud of her those last few days. Still beautiful, still with that goddamn strength of hers. Until the morphine really clocked her out. And me sitting in that fucking dead room playing that dumb opera song of hers, over and over. While she said goodbye to you.

Roman crying now. And Grimes still stoic as they memorize each other's faces into dust.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

You really think you got nothing left to lose, don't you?

And Roman plays his last card.

ROMAN (CONT'D)

Carly's here. She's right in the other room. She's been waiting for you. Ten long years.

Somehow Roman is telling the truth. As Grimes wonders how...

CUT TO:

INT. SCREENING ROOM - ROMAN'S HOUSE - DAY

A projection screen on the wall. Roman leads, obviously in a lot of pain. Grimes follows, carries the shotgun.

ROMAN

She made the tape a week out from the end. But I figured, fuck him, he's never seeing it. Here it sits.

Roman opens an equipment cabinet. Grimes raises the shotgun.

GRIMES

Slow.

Roman powers up the equipment, reaches for an old VHS tape. He wags it at Grimes before sliding it into the VHS player.

ROMAN

Look at all this shit. I don't even watch TV, but I had to spend the cash somewhere.

The screen comes to life. It's washed out, low-res, but there she is: CARLY GRIMES. Sitting in a chair in a hospital day room. Wearing a knitted newsboy hat over her bald radiated head. Eyes big, mouth big, everything else small and sunken. She's already halfway to being a ghost.

CARLY

Is it on?

ROMAN'S VOICE (VIDEO)

It's on.

CARLY

You can cut out the bad ones? I only want him to see the best one.

ROMAN

(to Grimes)

I never got around to it. This is what we like to call raw footage.

Grimes isn't listening. Carly looks right at him.

CARLY

Hey, Sidney. Hey. I just want you to know that I'm not afraid...

She pauses, tears roll big and fat down her cheeks.

CARLY (CONT'D)

I screwed that up. Turn it off.

The image frazzles a moment, then comes back on. Take 2.

ROMAN

Look at that. She'd break the devil's heart in two.

CARLY

It's running?

ROMAN'S VOICE (VIDEO)

Uh huh. Take your time.

She looks at Sidney, takes a deep breath.

CARLY

Hey, Mr. Blue. Remember when I gave you that name? I knew you didn't like it. But what else was I gonna call you? You were always so sad at first and I could never figure it out. It would really confuse me, remember? And then you told me why. Because you could see how it was pushing us apart. And you made it bring us close together instead. Mr. Blue.

She pauses, fights what is overwhelming. Tries to hold it together, it's heart wrenching. And for Grimes, a kind of awful miracle. She's here, with him. Always looking at him.

And as Roman's presence is pushed to the back of his mind, Roman is very aware of the fact. He sidelong a glance at Grimes, gauges the distance between them.

CARLY (CONT'D)

The other morning I woke up and I thought I saw your jacket. On the chair in my room and I thought you were here. But... I'm not afraid. It's like I'm in the back of a car, looking out the window. And you're out in the street. Getting smaller and smaller. And I keep thinking, as long as I keep going straight, I'll always be able to see you, no matter how small you get.

And as she starts crying again -- ROMAN (timing it) MOVES -- Wings a roundhouse into the side of Grimes' neck.

As Grimes staggers, Roman mauls him. The shotgun clattering to the floor. Grimes drops to a knee. WHAM! WHAM!

Roman grabs the gun and as Grimes lurches back up, Roman clubs him down. He looms, aims the shotgun at his head.

ROMAN
Son of a bitch.

Grimes' eyes flicker open. He could care less about Roman, his eyes looking to the screen as Take 3 begins...

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Tell her goodbye, you fuck.

As Roman goes to pull the trigger, Grimes weakly bats the barrel away. Roman aims again. Grimes bats again and -- BOOM! The blast blows a hole in the floor.

Roman digs a toe into Grimes' head.

ROMAN (CONT'D)
 Don't do that.

As Roman aims again, we rack focus past him as BELL ENTERS THE ROOM, her service revolver aimed dead on Roman.

BELL
 Drop it.
 (as Roman reacts)
 Now.

Keeping the gun on Grimes, Roman grins at Bell.

ROMAN
 Know what my problem is, bitch?
 God help me, but I keep operating
 under the assumption that life can
 have a happy ending.

Then looking hard to Grimes, finger tightening on the trigger to kill him -- BANG!

Bell shoots Roman dead.

She kneels beside Grimes.

CARLY
 Are you okay?

Whatever's wrong with him, he shakes it off, sits up to watch the screen. Carly finally has it all together.

CARLY (CONT'D)
 All my life there were things I
 wanted. But the only thing I ever
 needed was you. Sidney. With me.
 Your love next to mine. And now
 you gotta let me go, baby. But not
 in that rage you're gonna be in.
 God, I know how you're gonna be
 when you get out.
 (MORE)

CARLY (CONT'D)

Full of blame and guilt and needing someone to forgive you. Ray Childress better hope he's dead, right? Or moved to China. But you gotta let all that go. Cuz you go that way, it'll kill you. You'll be left for dead. And I don't want my baby left for dead. I want my baby to live. You gotta live. For me, for you, for us. There's life out there. I know how you are, but I know you can see it, too. You don't need forgiving. Not for loving me. So please live. Because I love you, Sidney Grimes. I love your guts and I'm asking you to live. It's the only way this'll make sense. Okay?

She kisses her fingers, extends them out.

CARLY (CONT'D)

It was sweet seeing you again.
(gulps)
Good bye, love...

GRIMES

(whispered)
Good bye...

Carly looks past camera now, sniffs back a tear:

CARLY

That's the one...

She reaches toward camera. Past it. And as she turns off the camera... The screen goes to static. And for just a beat this is a holy place.

Bell reaches out to touch Grimes on the shoulder. Her hand never quite gets there though. And...

WE CUT TO:

EXT. ROMAN'S HOUSE - SHERMAN OAKS - DAY

Grimes, hands cuffed, is guided by Fowler into the back of a DETECTIVE'S CAR. Fowler puts his hand on the top of his head so he won't bump it. As Grimes pulls his legs in, Fowler closes the door. He looks over as Bell steps over.

BELL

I want to take him in. I brought in a lot of dirty cops, Ron. I want to see how it feels to drive in an innocent one.

Fowler gives her a look. She gives him one back. Knowing its hopeless, Fowler tosses her the car keys.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S CAR - ROLLING THE SAN FERNANDO VALLEY - DAY

Bell behind the wheel. Grimes very quiet in the back.

BELL

This is messed up.

(a beat)

This is why cops have no friends.
Not even other cops. This is why
nobody likes a cop. Especially IA.

GRIMES

Is that what you want? People to
like you?

BELL

I wouldn't mind if you did.

Grimes, in his indomitable style, doesn't answer.

BELL (CONT'D)

I'm racking my brain, but I don't
see how you're gonna avoid going
back to prison.

(a beat)

I actually think the drugs could
stick with Roman. And maybe even
Childress. Any one of them we
could get around, but the totality
of it... I don't know.

He doesn't answer as she turns left onto MAGNOLIA.

BELL (CONT'D)

You're gonna need to get your story
straight that's for sure.

Finally, Grimes speaks.

GRIMES

I'm not going to lie.

BELL

What do you mean?

GRIMES

I'm gonna tell the truth. I'm
wired that way.

It hangs there a beat.

BELL
Your wife must've had her hands
full with you.

As Bell pulls to the curb, stops the car. Sidney can only wonder why as she exits the car. A moment later, she's opening the back door, unlocking his handcuffs.

BELL (CONT'D)
Get out.

He does as he's told, finds himself looking across at...

EXT. GREYHOUND STATION - NORTH HOLLYWOOD - DAY

BUSES coming and going. To all four corners.

Bell holds out about \$150 in cash.

BELL
It's all I got.

GRIMES
What are you going to say happened?

BELL
Oh, unlike you, I can tell lies all
day long.

Grimes reaches out, takes the dough. They regard each other. So much to say, but where would you start?

GRIMES
Thank you.

She waves it off.

BELL
So what are you going to do?

He considers, shrugs...

GRIMES
I spent the last ten years thinking
time only made sense backwards.
That everything was memory, regret.
But if you don't have a future,
it's all just chaos.

BELL
Yeah, but what are you going to do?

He starts to answer, shakes his head.

GRIMES

Words are bullshit. I just got done
telling someone that the other day.

BELL

Try me. I need to know what I'm
turning loose on the world.

GRIMES

The only thing I was ever good at
was being a cop. So...

BELL

(confused)

Yeah, but, how would you...

GRIMES

I don't know. Unofficially. In
spirit. I'll send you a postcard
when I figure it out.

A beat. That's all there is. Grimes turns and heads toward
the bus station. Leaving town the same way he got into it.

BELL

Hey Grimes!

He turns, looks back.

BELL (CONT'D)

I'm no expert, but I think north's
that way.

She points. And he smiles for the first and only time.

And as she watches him go...

CUT TO:

EXT. GREYHOUND - VENTURA FREEWAY NORTH - DAY

Grimes staring out the window as the bus rolls. Headed
north. Next stop somewhere. As we let him go...

The End.