

# Rogue

by Matthew Parkhill

PILOT

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EXT. ABANDONED DOCKS, OAKLAND, CALIFORNIA. NIGHT.

A WOMAN stands on an abandoned dock, surrounded by the skeletons of broken-down cranes. She looks across the bay to the lights of San Francisco, shimmering like a promise. Pulls her black leather jacket tight around her, feeling the cold.

This is GRACE BROGAN - 30s. Beautiful. Focused. Alone.

She hears FOOTSTEPS. Someone approaching from the shadows.

GRACE  
(on edge)  
Jimmy?

The footsteps stop. She peers into the darkness. Into the streetlight steps a portly, BOOKISH MAN in his 50s. TONY ALLEN. He sniffs, wipes his nose with a pristine handkerchief. He's got a cold. In a foul mood.

TONY ALLEN  
Jesus, you know how long it took me  
to find this place?  
(sniffs)  
Fucking cold.

GRACE  
Where's Jimmy?

TONY ALLEN  
You've got me. That okay?

Beat. Grace not happy about this. She turns, walks away from the water, into the shadows. He follows.

CUT TO:

GRACE leads Tony down an alley between ABANDONED FACTORIES.

TONY ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Thought they'd razed this shithole  
to the ground.

She comes to a rusty old door, tries to open it. It won't budge.

TONY ALLEN (CONT'D)  
Wanna hand?

She ignores him, slams into the door a couple of times til it gives way. She enters. Tony Allen follows.

INT. ABANDONED FACTORY. NIGHT.

Grace leads Tony across a cavernous factory, rusting hulks of heavy machinery litter the floor. She heads to the far wall.

TONY ALLEN

Here?

She looks around, looking for something, knocks several times on the wall, not sure what to do. We see a tiny pinhole security camera high up in the corner, hear bolts being unlocked. The wall OPENS to reveal a heavily fortified door. Two ARMED CHINESE HEAVIES waiting there. They nod at Grace.

CUT TO:

The heavies escort Grace and Tony Allen down steep metal stairs, along a dark, cramped corridor, through another fortified door, down more steps - descending deep into the bowels of the earth. Tony sniffing.

TONY ALLEN (CONT'D)

This place stinks.

They pass a room crammed with GRUBBY SLEEPING BAGS laid out on the floor. Grace picks up on this, doesn't react. At the end of the corridor they step into a MASSIVE ROOM -

Rows upon rows of naked, underfed CHINESE MEN, WOMEN & CHILDREN. Hard at work on a production line for ILLEGAL PHARMACEUTICAL DRUGS.

The stench, the cramped inhuman conditions, the clear suffering of the workers almost stops Grace in her tracks. A vision of hell. But whatever shitstorm of emotions she's going through, she doesn't let it show, barely misses a beat as -

A CHINESE MAN (50s) approaches them. This is CHEN. Thin. Balding. Tatty suit. Speaks in broken English.

CHEN

Mr Drake... thank you for coming.

GRACE

Mr Chen... this is Tony Allen.

CHEN

What?

Chen's demeanor changes. He's pissed.

CHEN (CONT'D)

You told me Drake be here. You try to fuck me? You think I idiot? I deal with Drake.

TONY ALLEN

You can deal with me. You need distribution? We're golden. If not... I got a stinking cold, so...

He waits for Chen's response.

Suddenly we hear SHOUTING in Mandarin. A dispute on the production line between TWO WOMEN. A GUARD breaks it up, BEATING one of the women to the ground.

It's too much for Grace. She wants to intervene. Chen glances at the disturbance, then back at Grace. Staring at her. Challenging her to say something. She doesn't.

Chen waits for the fight to die down, addresses Tony Allen.

CHEN

Twenty per cent.

GRACE

Fuck that, we said thirty.

CHEN

You say you bring Drake.

GRACE

What's it fucking matter who I bring? You want to shift your pills, that's the price.

CHEN

Twenty.

TONY ALLEN

Twenty-five.

GRACE

No fucking way, this is my deal.

She walks away. Stops. Looks back at Tony.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You coming?

Tony smiles at Chen, shrugs.

TONY ALLEN

Feisty little thing, ain't she?

He starts walking away with Grace.

CHEN

(calling them back)  
Okay okay... thirty.

Grace stops.

CHEN (CONT'D)

After I meet Drake. And you fuck me? I fuck you right back.

Grace looks past Chen to the human misery of his factory.

EXT. ABANDONED FACTORY, OAKLAND DOCKS. NIGHT.

Grace and Tony Allen emerge from the factory.

GRACE  
(sarcastic)  
That went well.

TONY ALLEN  
This stays between me, you and  
Jimmy. No-one else needs to know.  
Got it?

Beat. Grace can sniff something's not right.

GRACE  
Yeah.

Tony Allen wipes his nose, walks off.

INT. GRACE'S CAR, OAKLAND DOCKS. NIGHT.

Grace gets into her Lexus. Takes a moment. Sitting in the dark.

INT/EXT. GRACE'S CAR, OAKLAND - DRIVING. NIGHT.

Grace drives through the rough, blue-collar streets of West Oakland. It's late. Deserted. She keeps glancing in the rearview mirror, checking if she's being followed.

CUT TO:

GRACE DRIVES across the San Mateo bridge, across the bay. Still keeping an eye on her rearview mirror.

CUT TO:

GRACE DRIVING - except now she's in the middle-class suburban streets of Sunnyvale, leaving the grime behind. She SPEEDS UP towards a roundabout, runs a stop sign, races all the way around, drives back the way she came. Checks the rearview. No-one following her.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, SUNNYVALE. NIGHT.

Grace pulls into an alley in a slightly rougher part of Sunnyvale. The neighbourhood only half-gentrified. She gets out. Walks down the alley, checks no-one's around, climbs a wooden fence.

EXT. BACK GARDEN, SUNNYVALE. NIGHT.

Grace creeps through a back garden towards a darkened house, retrieves a key from under a rock.

INT. KITCHEN, GRACE'S HOUSE, SUNNYVALE. NIGHT.

Grace enters the kitchen, leans back against the door. Finally she can breathe. Coming up for air.

The home is an image of domesticity - kids' drawings on the fridge, toys everywhere. She peels off her leather jacket, can't wait to get it off.

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE, SUNNYVALE. NIGHT.

Grace creeps through the silent house. A ghost in her own home. She climbs the STAIRS, walks down the HALLWAY, past a closed bedroom door with *Stay Out!* on it.

Another door is ajar, letters spelling out *Sam's Room*. A night-light glows within. Grace peeks inside, sees her 7-year-old son (SAM) fast asleep. The room's a mess, clothes all over the floor. Grace allows herself a little smile.

She goes into the room, silently tidying up, picking up clothes, folding them, bringing a little order to the place.

SAM (O.S.)

Mom?

Grace turns around. Her little boy half-asleep.

GRACE

Sweetie, I didn't mean to wake you.

SAM

Are you home?

Grace sits on his bed, tenderly stroking his hair, staring at him with love.

GRACE

Sshhh... it's okay sweetie, go back to sleep...

She kisses him. Sits with him as he drifts off.

INT. GRACE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Grace enters. Her husband Tom (30s) asleep. She sits on the bed, her back to him. Exhausted. All she wants to do is lie down. Tom wakes.

TOM  
 (quiet)  
 Hey.

GRACE  
 Hey.

He puts his hand on her back, comforting her.

TOM  
 You okay?

GRACE  
 Just needed to come home.

TOM  
 Are you staying?

GRACE  
 I can't.

She takes his hand. Squeezes it. Gets up and walks out.

EXT. GRACE'S APARTMENT, OAKLAND. NIGHT.

Grace pulls up outside her apartment in an affluent Oakland neighborhood.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Grace enters a modern, sparsely decorated apartment.

She takes her Walther PPK from her jacket, puts it on the table. Pours herself a glass of vodka. Sits down. Doesn't touch the vodka. Just stares at her gun.

INT/EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL CLASS ROOM. DAY.

End of day bell rings. Excited 7-YEAR OLD CHILDREN race from the room.

TEACHER  
 Don't run!

SAM lags behind at his desk, in his own world. The TEACHER watches him fiddle with his bag, smiles to herself.

SAM  
 Bye, Miss Jackson.

TEACHER  
 See you tomorrow, Sam.

WE FOLLOW SAM into the CORRIDOR, humming to himself as he wanders OUTSIDE into brilliant sunshine.

Sam gets to the gates, sees a FIGHT kicking off further down the street. He watches, fascinated, as we -

MOVE TOWARDS THE FIGHT - TWO BOYS in a nasty scrap, egged on by a frenzied crowd. One of the boys pulls a knife, lunges for his opponent, the crowd going wild, when suddenly GUN SHOTS ring out. Three, maybe four. No one knows where they're coming from.

People SCREAMING, scattering, running for their lives.

Once the dust has settled we find SAM, lying on the sidewalk nearby. Not moving. Blood seeping from the back of his head.

HARD CUT TO:

COPS SEALING OFF the street, the place is now a CRIME SCENE.

DETECTIVE BUDDY WILSON (40s) pulls up in an unmarked car. His car's a mess, like him. As he gets out LIEUTENANT WILLIAM RIGGS approaches him - 50s, gruff, an easy authority about him.

RIGGS

You need to look at this.

Riggs leads Wilson over to the covered body, nods to a UNI who lifts the sheet. Wilson sees Sam's face. Recognizes him.

WILSON

Shit. Oh fuck.

RIGGS

Where is she?

Wilson doesn't have an answer.

RIGGS (CONT'D)

Well that's fucking great.

INT. CORRIDOR, HIGH SCHOOL, SUNNYVALE. DAY.

The FEMALE PRINCIPAL hurries down a corridor, concern written all over her face. She stops outside a classroom door, looks through the window to see TOM teaching his History class. He's enthusiastic, engaged, holds his students' attention.

The Principal knocks on the door. We watch from a distance as Tom comes out, don't need to hear her words as she tells him the terrible news. Tom falters, reaches to the wall for support.

INT. MAJOR CRIMES, OAKLAND POLICE DEPARTMENT. DAY.

A busy, cramped, under-funded and under-staffed office. Through the windows of a smaller office in the corner we see Riggs at his desk, Wilson with him, deep in conversation

INT. RIGGS' OFFICE, OAKLAND PD. DAY.

Riggs & Wilson - tired, deflated. Hard day.

RIGGS

Did I not tell you to keep a tight rein on her?

WILSON

It's not my fault, what am I supposed to do? She doesn't call in.

Riggs unimpressed.

WILSON (CONT'D)

We could pick up Jimmy, bring her in that way?

RIGGS

I can't jeopardize this whole operation, I got too much riding on this.

(beat - frustrated)

Set up a bust, make it look good.

INT. VIEWING ROOM, MORGUE. NIGHT.

Tom stands in a viewing room, looking through an internal window at Sam's covered body on a trolley. He nods. A PATHOLOGIST'S ASSISTANT lifts the sheet from Sam's face. Tom doesn't move. Doesn't flinch. Can't take it in. Numb.

EXT. STREET, SAN FRANCISCO. NIGHT.

Grace waits outside a fancy restaurant on a busy street.

In amongst the crowd she spots a man approaching. 50s. Handsome, elegantly dressed in a sharp suit and cashmere coat. JAMES DRAKE. He smiles warmly when he sees her, an effortless charm about him. Cultured and thoughtful.

JIMMY

Have you eaten?

GRACE

No.

Jimmy studies the wine list in the window.

JIMMY

Huh... they've got a 2005 Marcassin Chardonnay... this place just went up in my estimation.

GRACE

Are we eating?

JIMMY

You hungry?

GRACE

I could eat.

(beat)

Why didn't you meet with Chen? He wasn't happy.

JIMMY

I don't like meeting new people, Jacks. You were the exception.

GRACE

I'm flattered.

Jimmy's distracted, looks over to a TURKISH MAN heading their way - OSMAN DURAN (40s).

GRACE (CONT'D)

Who's that?

JIMMY

Osman Duran, from Minneapolis. He's got product he needs to ship West, he wanted a meet. If I'm moving Chen's pills, there's no point my trucks coming back empty.

GRACE

Were you going to tell me about this? Chen's not even in the bag, you don't think we should -

As Osman Duran gets closer, TWO DETECTIVES emerge from the crowd and hurriedly escort him away.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Shit.

JIMMY

I don't need this right now.

Jimmy walks off. Grace follows, as TWO OTHER DETECTIVES come round the corner, heading towards them. One of them is Wilson.

Jimmy takes a detour into A CLOTHING STORE. Grace follows. They quicken their pace, heading for an EMERGENCY EXIT. The two cops coming after them.

Jimmy bursts through the door into a SERVICE CORRIDOR, Grace following. They now start RUNNING. The cops in pursuit, gaining ground. Jimmy barrels round a corner. Grace follows as -

Wilson SLAMS HER INTO THE WALL. Grace KNEES HIM in the balls. He goes down in agony as the SECOND DETECTIVE arrives, shoving her into the wall, restraining her. She struggles as he cuffs her.

JIMMY looks back before disappearing through a fire door. They're alone.

WILSON  
(winded)  
Jesus, Brogan!

GRACE  
Get these off me.

WILSON  
You went off the reservation.  
You're supposed to fucking call.

He undoes the cuffs.

GRACE  
What the fuck is going on?

WILSON  
Duran was bait. We're pulling you out.

GRACE  
What? Not now, I'm this close.

Wilson finding this hard to say -

WILSON  
It's Sam.

She pauses, changes gear.

GRACE  
Is he okay?

Wilson doesn't answer. She can read his face.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
He's okay, right? Tell me he's okay.

She grabs him, shoves him against the wall.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Tell me he's okay!

**OPENING TITLES** - HOME MOVIES from the Brogan and Drake households. Two separate families messing around on bright Summer days, both with young kids. Happier, innocent times.

**CARD - FOUR MONTHS LATER**

INT. GRACE'S HOUSE, SUNNYVALE. DAY.

SAM'S BEDROOM - empty, all his things as he left them. We see shots of the other EMPTY ROOMS in the house, find GRACE IN THE KITCHEN, ironing. She looks a shadow of the woman we met before the titles. Hollowed out by grief.

She stops. Stares at the iron as it rests on Tom's shirt. It starts to burn. Grace doesn't move. Just watches the iron burn through the shirt. Starting to smolder.

EXT. ALLEYWAY, SUNNYVALE. DAY.

A group of TEENAGERS hanging around one of the rougher parts of Sunnyvale. Smoking. Drinking.

Grace pulls up in her car, gets out, strides towards the group like she's about to make an arrest. A couple of them make mocking noises, pretending to be scared.

GRACE

Get outta here. Now.

They just grin at her, making her feel like an idiot. They're not going anywhere.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Get in the car.

She addresses a girl in a black hoodie, who's smoking. All fuck-you attitude. This is EVIE (13).

EVIE

I don't think so.

Evie fronting Grace out for the benefit of her friends.

GRACE

Put that out.

EVIE

What you gonna do, arrest me?

Grace snatches the cigarette from Evie's mouth, grabs her by the arm, marches her to the car.

GRACE

You should have been home hours ago.

EVIE

Get off me! Mom! Get off!

Grace puts her daughter in the car like a criminal, gets in and screeches out of there.

INT. KITCHEN, GRACE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Evie's by the open fridge, guzzling a bottle of soda. Grace enters. It's raw between them.

GRACE

I can fix you something to eat?

Evie ignores her, puts down the soda, brushes past her mom. Grace listens as Evie stomps angrily up the stairs, SLAMS her bedroom door. Grace closes her eyes for a moment, sighs. She replaces the lid on the soda, pours herself a large glass of wine from an open bottle in the fridge.

We HEAR the front door open. Tom enters, puts down his teacher's satchel. He looks exhausted.

TOM

Hey.

GRACE

Hi.

They barely look at each other. Too much pain between them.

TOM

How was your day?

He notices his burnt stripped shirt. Picks it up. An iron-shaped hole in the middle.

TOM (CONT'D)

Never did look good in stripes.

His half-hearted attempt at levity falls flat.

TOM (CONT'D)

You wanna get take-out?

GRACE

Not hungry. You go ahead.

She takes the glass of wine, walks to the back door.

TOM

Gracie -

Grace doesn't stop. Heads on out.

EXT. REAR GARDEN, GRACE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Grace walks past a broken trampoline to the shed at the bottom of the garden. Through the kitchen window we see Tom opening a beer. Grace takes out a key, unlocks the shed door.

INT. SHED, GRACE'S GARDEN. NIGHT.

The place is a shrine, crammed with old case-files and boxes. Grace opens a file - full of past cases. She starts flicking through gruesome MURDER SCENE PHOTOS. CLOSE ON A DEAD MAN'S FACE.

CUT TO:

ANOTHER DEAD MAN'S FACE, this one not a photo. We recognize it as TONY ALLEN (from the first scene). We're in -

EXT. ALLEYWAY, EAST OAKLAND. NIGHT.

A cordon being set up around a crime scene. CSI setting up their unit. Lieutenant Riggs walks to the dead body with DETECTIVE NICHOLAS FLEMING - mid 20s, fresh-faced, keen to impress.

FLEMING

They shot him at such close range  
his shirt caught on fire.

RIGGS

We have an i.d.?

FLEMING

No sir, not yet.

CUT TO:

DETECTIVE WILSON ducks under the police tape, heads over to Riggs and Fleming. Riggs is not pleased to see him.

WILSON

Lieutenant. Hear you could use a hand.

RIGGS

How's special vics treating you?  
You meet a nice child molester? You  
gonna settle down?

WILSON

Don't make me beg.

RIGGS

Expenses fraud, concealing evidence -

WILSON  
 Allegations. Disciplinary board  
 didn't hold up a single one.

RIGGS  
 You're a liability, Wilson.

Riggs walks away - conversation over. Wilson looks at the  
 body.

WILSON  
 Tony Allen.

Riggs stops. Fleming looks up.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
 Jimmy Drake's book-keeper. Keeps a  
 low profile. Or at least he did.

RIGGS  
 (to Fleming)  
 Why am I getting this from him and  
 not you?

WILSON  
 Multi-grain Cheerios. 2%. Five  
 spoonsful of sugar.

RIGGS  
 What are you talking about?

WILSON  
 Jimmy's breakfast. Every day.  
 Smooth fuck's got a sweet tooth.  
 Come on Lieutenant, let me back in.

Riggs considers it. Resigned.

RIGGS  
 You shadow Fleming. He keeps an eye  
 on you.

WILSON  
 That's bullshit, I rank him -

Riggs walks away. Wilson humiliated. Turns to Fleming, who's  
 staring at him.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
 (pissed)  
 What?!

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE, OAKLAND HILLS. NIGHT.

A black Mercedes pulls up outside a large suburban house.  
 Jimmy Drake in the passenger seat.

The driver is LLOYD MILLER - 40s, an over-inflated sense of self-importance and a whiny voice. They sit there for a moment.

LLOYD  
You okay?

JIMMY  
Wait here.

CUT TO:

JIMMY KNOCKING on the door. A woman (ELIZABETH ALLEN, 50s) answers. She's been crying. He hugs her.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
I am so sorry -  
She starts THUMPING HIM.

LIZ  
You're a bastard, James Drake, a  
fucking bastard!

He holds her tight, absorbing the blows, until they subside.

JIMMY  
Lizzie, I need to get into his room.

INT. TONY ALLEN'S HOME OFFICE. NIGHT.

Smiling, happy photos of Tony and Elizabeth with their two girls. Jimmy in a moment of reflection as he stares at a photo of himself and Tony on a fishing trip.

He searches the desk, the drawers, gathering a lap top, flash drives, hard disks, when LLOYD ENTERS, catching Jimmy off guard.

JIMMY  
I told you to wait in the car.

LLOYD  
You need anything?

JIMMY  
Wait in the car.

Jimmy clearly up to something. Lloyd leaves.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(to himself)  
Shit.

INT. UPSTAIRS, GRACE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Tom comes out of the bathroom, ready for bed. Heads down the hall towards the main BEDROOM. Walks right past the open door, enters the STUDY/SPARE ROOM where a pull-out sofa is made up.

EXT/INT. GARDEN SHED. NIGHT.

Grace working inside - a solitary light in the darkness. She finds something, circles names and dates in a murder file.

INT. OAKLAND POLICE DEPARTMENT. DAY.

Grace walks down a CORRIDOR carrying the file from her shed, passes the Major Crimes Unit. (Through the window of the closed door we see Wilson pinning up photos of Tony Allen's corpse.) Grace enters a SMALLER OFFICE. It's empty. She tries logging into a computer, but it rejects her password.

GRACE

Shit.

MITCH (O.S.)

What are you doing?

Grace looks up to see DETECTIVE LUCAS "MITCH" MITCHEL - 40s, black, softly spoken, precise. Something gentle about him.

GRACE

Where is everyone?

Mitch doesn't answer. Embarrassed.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What, so now the Special Task Force is down to you? Sam's case becoming an embarrassment to the Department, so they kick it into the long grass? So much for no stone unturned.

MITCH

It's not like that.

GRACE

Come on Mitch, we both know you haven't broken a case in years. What do they keep you around for, charity?

An uncomfortable beat. Maybe Grace has gone too far. She opens the file she brought from her shed.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Remember Phil Baker, carved up his brother Christmas Day, 'bout ten years back? I put him away.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

He leapt out of the dock to get to me, remember? He was out on parole two weeks before Sam was shot. I just found you a suspect, you want it wrapped in a bow?

MITCH

Baker's on community service at Alameda County juvy home. Staff there have him working the day Sam was shot.

Grace deflates. Another lead crashes into a dead end.

MITCH (CONT'D)

Stop torturing yourself. You're not responsible for Sam's death.

GRACE

Says you.

MITCH

And if he wasn't the target?

GRACE

(been over this)  
- yeah yeah -

MITCH

- you don't listen. What if he was actually caught in the crossfire? An accident. A tragic, senseless accident.

Grace doesn't answer. Mitch sits down. Grace notices a report on his desk, something in it catching her eye. She picks it up. Reads it.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(don't get mad)  
Grace -

She starts for the door, taking the file with her.

MITCH (CONT'D)

(come back)  
Grace!

INT. RIGGS' OFFICE, OAKLAND PD. DAY.

Grace storms into Riggs' office, followed by Mitch.

GRACE

Sir -

RIGGS  
 What are you doing here?  
 (to Mitch)  
 What's she doing here?

GRACE  
 (re the report)  
 Were you going to tell me?

Riggs stares daggers at Mitch.

MITCH  
 She took it off my desk, sir.

GRACE  
 Tony Allen gets taken out? Blended-  
 metal bullets, 2mm striations,  
 exact same bullets that show up in  
 my son's shooting -

RIGGS  
 Brogan, look -

GRACE  
 I want in. This is our first real  
 lead, I want in on the case.

RIGGS  
 You're on leave.

GRACE  
 You think Jimmy's not going to find  
 Tony Allen's killer before we do?  
 And you better fucking believe me,  
 sir, when he does, this guy will be  
 no use to us.

RIGGS  
 I can't do it, Brogan, I'm sorry.  
 You're too close to this thing. Go  
 home. We'll keep you updated.

GRACE  
 My legend's intact, Drake still  
 trusts me -

RIGGS  
 I said go home.

OFF GRACE - no way she's going to change his mind.

EXT. OAKLAND DOCKS. DAY.

WE MOVE PAST A CONTAINER SHIP being loaded, towards the OFFICES of EVERGREEN SHIPPING.

MOVE INSIDE to a BUSY OFFICE, a hive of activity. TWO RECEPTIONISTS manning the ringing phones.

Continue along a CORRIDOR - OFFICES on either side. The first is the Head Office of DREAM HOLIDAYS, posters on the wall advertising exotic holiday destinations - WALT MAYWEATHER and SEAN GALLAGHER both busy on the phone.

We pass another Head Office - EVERGREEN OFFTRACK BETTING, LLOYD MILLER on the phone. Continue past the Head Office of STERLING DRY CLEANERS, CHARLIE CAULFIELD on the phone.

All these guys are in their 40s/50s, dressed in smart suits, some with ties, some without.

The last room we pass is the Head Office of LUXURY CAR IMPORTS, flashy posters of Mercedes and BMWs on the wall. In here, feet up on the desk, smoking a cigar, watching internet porn with the sound off, is ALEX - 20s. As flashy as the cars.

As we reach the end of the corridor, JIMMY DRAKE comes in the BACK DOOR.

JIMMY  
Feet off the desk.

Alex does as he's told.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
(calls out)  
Let's do this.

Jimmy turns, walks back OUTSIDE as the other guys follow, ACROSS A YARD towards stacks of SHIPPING CONTAINERS.

They walk INSIDE A CONTAINER. Walt closes the door behind them as Sean turns on an arc light. The container is sound-proofed, thick foam attached to the walls and ceiling. An armchair at one end.

Jimmy sits. The others remain standing.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What have we got?

SEAN  
Karabas just moved into two more chop shops on the East side, he's got his hands full, doesn't make sense for the fucknut to try something like this.

Jimmy looks to Walt.

WALT

All quiet on the Chechen front.  
They've never beefed with us. Even  
if they wanted to rock the fucking  
boat, why pick on Tony?

ALEX

(puffing on his cigar)  
It's a declaration of war.

JIMMY

Put that thing out.

Alex stubs it out. Chastened.

ALEX

It's fucking Bekim, I'm telling  
you. Fuckin' Turks, man, been  
movin' on our corners.

JIMMY

Our corners?? Listen to you,  
Stringer Bell.

Dismissing Alex, he turns to Charlie.

CHARLIE

Fucking gooks are on the march,  
they shot up that chink dope house  
over on Regent last week.

WALT

Cocksuckers are growing some balls  
under those hydroponic lights.

SEAN

I don't buy it, fucking gooks know  
the cost of a war.

JIMMY

And why Tony?

Lloyd shoots Jimmy a look.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What?

Tension between these two.

LLOYD

Well who was closer to you than  
him?

Everyone looks to Jimmy, waiting for him to make a decision.

JIMMY

All right.

ALEX  
What are we gonna do?

JIMMY  
We're going to get back to work.

The gang exchange quizzical looks - *what the fuck?!*

ALEX  
Right people, you heard, let's go!

Alex trying to demonstrate his authority. Of which he has none. Walt opens the container door and the others head back to the office.

JIMMY  
(to Alex, leaving)  
What's the matter with you?

Alex calling after Jimmy, sheepish.

ALEX  
Dad -

Jimmy ignores his son. Lloyd catches up with Jimmy. Uneasy between these two.

LLOYD  
Anything you want to tell me?

Jimmy waits for Lloyd to continue.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
At Tony's place, you were looking for something...

Jimmy - stony silence. Lloyd plows on regardless, like an annoying kid.

LLOYD (CONT'D)  
I mean, if it had something to do with Tony gettin'... you know... it would be helpful if we knew is all I'm saying...

Jimmy arrives at the office. We hear a phone ringing.

JIMMY  
Isn't that your phone?

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL. DAY.

Grace sits in her car across from the school gates, staring at the spot where Sam was shot and killed. Just staring. Utterly still. Lost.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT, OAKLAND. NIGHT.

Grace enters. The place untouched since she was last there.

CUT TO:

BATHROOM - Grace splashing cold water on her face. Pulls back her hair. Stares hard in the mirror.

CUT TO:

BEDROOM - Grace reaches into the wardrobe, takes out her black leather jacket, puts it on over a tank top.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO. NIGHT.

Grace walks down the street, approaches a HIGH END RESTAURANT. Pauses by the door, steels herself.

INT. HIGH END RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Grace enters, walks to a private section in the back where JIMMY is having dinner alone, a fine bottle of red wine on the table, his head buried in *American Caesars*, by Nigel Hamilton.

He looks up. Sees her standing there. Doesn't react, keeps his poker face. She sits opposite him.

GRACE  
I heard about Tony.

Jimmy doesn't respond.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You two went back... I'm sorry.

She waits for Jimmy to say something.

JIMMY  
Four months and that's all you have to say to me?

GRACE  
You want me to start with "how are the kids"?

JIMMY  
Where've you been?

GRACE  
Laying low. Not that I had much choice after that fucking Duran bust. You know you could've helped me out instead of leaving me high and dry.

JIMMY

I kept tabs, they had nothing to hold you on, you didn't see time.

GRACE

No fucking thanks to you.

A tense beat. Has she overplayed her hand? They lock eyes, neither of them giving anything away.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(re the wine)

How's the Kistler?

JIMMY

Disappointing. I'd heard great things about the 07.

GRACE

Yeah well, nothing lives up to its promise.

JIMMY

Not a ounce of romance in you, Jacks.

GRACE

Really? That's what you think?

He allows himself a half smile, pours her a glass of wine, can't help but like this woman.

INT. KITCHEN, GRACE'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Grace refilling her large wine glass, dressed in college sweatshirt and Converse sneakers. Unwashed dinner plates in the sink. She drinks. Sees Tom watching her from the doorway, a look of disapproval on his face. She shoots him a look back - *don't say a word.*

Tom grabs a beer.

TOM

Thought you'd be home for dinner.

Uncomfortable beat. Grace building up to something.

TOM (CONT'D)

What?

GRACE

Riggs called. I went to see him.

Tom knows exactly what this means.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What am I supposed to do, he's my boss.

TOM

You're not ready. I'll tell 'em that myself.

Grace can't look him in the eye.

TOM (CONT'D)

You said yes, didn't you? What about your promise to Evie? You said you were done.

GRACE

I am. I will be. They need me, Tommy. It's my job.

TOM

It's not your job, it's an addiction.

GRACE

- that's bullshit -

TOM

- and after all it's -

EVIE (O.S.)

- put us through you still can't leave it alone -

Evie at the door, surprising them.

TOM

Honey, sorry, we were -

GRACE

- we're just talking, baby -

EVIE

- Don't you put that on me, I wasn't the one fucking another teacher!

GRACE

(stop)

Evie -

EVIE

- That's not what this is about - No? Well that's convenient, isn't it? -

We realize Evie's giving both sides of their clearly well-worn argument, word for word. Grace and Tom look on in shock as she builds to a crescendo. An angry, explosive monologue.

EVIE (CONT'D)

- Maybe if you'd been around a little more - Don't you dare, don't you dare, you fucking coward! - You think I don't think about what I would do different, you think I don't think about that every single day!?

She stops. Breathless. Grace and Tom stare at her, dumbfounded. Deeply ashamed. Evie marches out of the room, runs upstairs. Grace and Tom look at each other - *what the fuck have we done??*

INT. EVIE'S BEDROOM. NIGHT.

Evie on her bed. Wipes her eyes to stop herself from crying. A knock at the door.

EVIE

No!

Grace enters.

EVIE (CONT'D)

I said no.

Grace stands before her. Humbled.

GRACE

Baby, I'm sorry.

EVIE

You're going back, aren't you? The great disappearing act that is my mother.

GRACE

It won't be for long, I promise.

EVIE

Oh good, another promise, I'll add it to my collection.

Evie glares at her. Defiant. Grace feeling utterly useless.

INT. BEDROOM - GRACE'S APARTMENT, OAKLAND. NIGHT.

Grace taking her 'Jackie clothes' from the wardrobe, methodically laying them out on the bed. A sharper, harder edge than what she wears as Grace.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM - Grace reaches up into the chimney, takes down a plastic bag.

She sits at the table, takes out a driver's license and credit cards from the bag, all in the name of JACQUELINE FISHER. She lays them out carefully on the table in neat, organized rows. Then she does the same with several burner cellphones and SIM cards - an addict going through a preparation ritual.

CUT TO:

KITCHEN - Grace opens the fridge. It's empty. She opens the freezer. Nothing in there except a bottle of vodka. Grace stares at it for the longest time.

EXT. STREET NEAR OAKLAND DOCKS. DAY.

Grace and Jimmy coming out of a COFFEE SHOP with two coffees. They walk and talk, heading for the Evergreen Shipping Offices at the Docks.

GRACE  
Chen's still looking for  
distribution.

JIMMY  
The pharma guy?

GRACE  
He wants to ship in bulk, his  
current set up can't handle it.

Jimmy not convinced.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You have any idea how much the  
trade in counterfeit meds is gonna  
be worth in a few years time?  
Chen's your entry point into an  
untapped market.

A CUTE YOUNG COUPLE walking towards them hand-in-hand. Grace exchanges a smile with the woman as they pass, turning her head, notices a BLACK NAVIGATOR coming up behind. It SPEEDS UP -

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Jimmy!

Grace THROWS HERSELF ON JIMMY, tackling him to the ground as -

BAM! BAM! BAM! SHOTS FIRED from the Navigator. It SCREECHES away.

SCREAMS coming from the FEMALE passer-by, crouching over her dying boyfriend, hit in the crossfire.

Grace grimaces. Looks at her shoulder. She's bleeding.

CUT TO:

FORCEPS DEEP IN GRACE'S SHOULDER WOUND, searching for the bullet -

INT. DOCTOR'S OFFICE, HIGH-RISE BUILDING. NIGHT.

Grace sits on a desk as a DOCTOR rummages around in her shoulder. Sucking up the pain.

GRACE  
Ow!

DOCTOR  
Sorry.

Jimmy at the window, looking out at the city lights across the Bay, talking on his cell.

JIMMY  
(into phone)  
... I'm fine, I'm fine... it's okay... all right calm down, you tell them I'm fine... see you later.  
(he hangs up)  
Can't believe I didn't see it coming.

GRACE  
I'm the one bleeding and you're feeling sorry for yourself?!

Jimmy stares at her. A searching, questioning look. Makes her uncomfortable.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
What?

Without warning the Doctor yanks out the bullet.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Ow! Fuck!

She takes the mangled bullet, cleans the blood off.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Lucky charm.

EXT. STREET NEAR OAKLAND DOCKS. NIGHT.

A BODYBAG ZIPPED UP over the YOUNG MAN caught in the driveby. Fleming looks on grimly. Wilson approaches.

WILSON  
Doesn't add up. There should be casings everywhere. Spray and pray, standard procedure, they'd use a MAC-10. You gonna say anything?

Fleming watches the body loaded into the ambulance. Wilson refers to a CSI team working further down the sidewalk -

WILSON (CONT'D)

They found more blood down the street. Looks like someone else got clipped. That's our silver lining, since you ask.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE, OAKLAND HILLS. NIGHT - ESTABLISHING.

A beautiful large house in the tranquility of the hills.

INT. STUDY, JIMMY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

An oak-panelled study. Floor-to-ceiling books, mostly history, biographies of titanic men - Julius Caesar, Alexander The Great, Genghis Khan, Ghandi.

Jimmy opens a 2001 Beringer Cabernet Sauvignon. Alex watches.

ALEX

You get a look at them?

JIMMY

No.

Jimmy's cell rings. He sends it through to voicemail, pours his wine.

ALEX

You can't keep ignoring the crew dad, the boys want to talk to you.

JIMMY

You tell them to sit tight, I'll handle this.

Alex clearly has something on his mind.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

What?

ALEX

They're worried about you. First Tony, now this. It's a fucking siege.

Jimmy takes down a book, *The 900 Days: The Siege Of Leningrad* (by Harrison Salisbury).

JIMMY

Read a book, learn what a fucking siege is.

Alex puts the book down, ignores the slight.

ALEX  
They're nervous, dad, 'specially  
Lloyd.

Jimmy shoots him a hard look.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Maybe you're taking your eye off  
the ball, getting distracted.

JIMMY  
He said that?

ALEX  
I mean, business is in the tank.

JIMMY  
It's the fucking recession, it's  
hitting everyone.

ALEX  
You've been preoccupied, dad. You  
don't think people are noticing?  
You're not -

JIMMY  
What? The man I once was? It'll  
happen to you one day.  
(angry)  
You tell those fucking pricks I  
will handle this. Understand?

ALEX  
I got it, I got it.

Tense beat.

JIMMY  
Come here.

Jimmy hugs his son.

ALEX  
I was worried about you.

His cell rings.

JIMMY  
It's Max.

Alex bristles, as Jimmy answers the phone.

INT. PRISON CELL. NIGHT.

A sparse, tidy prison cell. No pictures on the wall. Law books lined up neatly on the shelves. MAX DRAKE (mid 20s) on a cellphone. He's well spoken. Has his father's good looks.

MAX

Dad, I just heard -

INTER-CUT BETWEEN JIMMY AND MAX - Jimmy happy to hear Max's voice, more relaxed than we've seen him with Alex. Something not lost on Alex as he watches the call.

JIMMY

I'm fine. I'm fine.

(beat)

It's good to hear you.

MAX

You need anything?

JIMMY

I should be asking you that. How's it going in there?

INT. MITCH'S CAR, WEST OAKLAND STREET. NIGHT.

Mitch sits in his old beaten-up VW, listening to BB King. A knock on the window. He winds it down, kills the stereo.

It's Grace. She looks shattered.

MITCH

Wanna tell me what I'm doing here?

GRACE

Trying to salvage your career.

She hands him a zip-lock bag, wincing from the pain in her shoulder. Inside is the mangled bullet.

MITCH

You okay?

GRACE

You can either report me, or put that through ballistics and cover for me.

MITCH

And why would I do that.

GRACE

Because you might finally break a case. Wouldn't that be something?

Before he can say anything, she's walking away, disappearing into the night, leaving him staring at the bullet.

EXT. BAR PARKING LOT. DAY.

A BOARDED-UP BAR on a two-lane highway heading out of town. A CSI TEAM AT WORK in the muddy parking lot. Wilson walks Fleming along twin sets of tire tracks in the mud.

WILSON

Five days ago Tony Allen's cellphone switches off for the last time, right here. Place has been closed for months, but the tire tracks are fresh. Two cars pull in, one set of footprints.

FLEMING

Meaning?

WILSON

I gotta do everything for you?

FLEMING

A meet? A hand-over?

WILSON

Forensics found something in the 'prints. Smells like fish paste.

FLEMING

What kind of fish?

WILSON

What kind of fish? Are you fucking kidding me?

INT. FORENSICS LAB, OAKLAND PD. DAY.

Wilson enters the lab, a forensic scientist lifting fibers from a sweater. This is ASHA (27, Asian).

ASHA

Nuoc Mam.

WILSON

Excuse me?

ASHA

It's a Vietnamese fish sauce, for dipping.

WILSON

I had an ex who was Vietnamese. Exotic dancer. Five foot nothing in heels.

Asha looks at him blankly - not interested. She hands him a file.

ASHA  
The results from the driveby, the  
blood on the sidewalk. One of ours.

WILSON  
(double take)  
Sorry?

ASHA  
(reads from the file)  
Grace Brogan?

Wilson can't have heard that right. He checks the report. And there it is - DNA RESULTS... *DETECTIVE GRACE BROGAN*.

EXT. GRACE'S HOUSE, SUNNYVALE. NIGHT.

Wilson walks up to Grace's front door, rings the bell. Drags on a cigarette.

Tom answers. These two don't like each other.

TOM  
What?

WILSON  
I'm looking for Grace, she home?

TOM  
I thought she was with you.

It falls into place for Wilson.

TOM (CONT'D)  
Is she okay?

WILSON  
Yeah... yeah... she's fine... my  
mistake...

He walks away, leaving Tom confused. Wilson grinning like the cat who ate the canary.

INT/EXT. MERCEDES GL550, SAN FRANCISCO - DRIVING. DAY.

Grace is driving Jimmy into San Francisco's FINANCIAL DISTRICT. Her shoulder's painful. Jimmy's on edge, jumpy, keeps looking in the side mirror.

GRACE  
My shoulder's shot to shit and I'm  
the one driving?

JIMMY  
Stop moaning.

GRACE

Oh I'm sorry, did I take a bullet for you?

JIMMY

You're dangerous to be around.

GRACE

Funny.

JIMMY

Every time I see you, something goes wrong. First, Duran gets busted, then I get shot at?

Grace can't tell if he's joking. The mood turns a little tense.

GRACE

What am I doing here, Jimmy?

Beat.

JIMMY

How did you meet Chen?

GRACE

We've been over this.

JIMMY

So go over it again.

GRACE

You think Chen's behind it?

JIMMY

Far as I'm concerned, right now, everyone's a suspect.

He doesn't say *including you*. He doesn't need to.

GRACE

I brokered a drop of candy, through San Diego, hidden in medicinal clay and microwave mashed potatoes. Chen provided the clay. He was starting up his knock-off meds, so I -

JIMMY

Blue Mustang.

Grace checks the rearview mirror.

GRACE

I don't see it.

Jimmy looks again. The car has gone.

JIMMY  
 I'm fucking seeing things now?  
 (beat)  
 We're here. Pull over.

Grace pulls up near the plush offices of Vanguard Investments.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
 Wait here.

He gets out. The Blue Mustang pulls up behind and Lloyd jumps out, hurries after Jimmy. WE STAY IN THE CAR with Grace as Lloyd accosts Jimmy.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
 You fucking followed me??

LLOYD  
 Vanguard Investments? What the fuck,  
 Jimmy? I thought business was down.

JIMMY  
 Get back in your car.

LLOYD  
 You keeping something from us?

JIMMY  
 Don't make me say it again, Lloyd.

LLOYD  
 Whatever you got going on in there,  
 whatever it was you had with Tony,  
 he's gone. I mean, this gets out, I  
 don't know what the others are going  
 to make of it.

Jimmy takes a moment.

JIMMY  
 You think I'd leave you out in the  
 cold, Lloyd? Keep this to yourself  
 and we'll talk later.

LLOYD  
 I can do that. I can do that, man.

Jimmy goes inside. Lloyd watches as Jimmy enters a BOARDROOM, shaking hands with several BUSINESSMEN, smiles all around. Jimmy takes his seat at the head of the table. The door closes.

Lloyd walks back to his car as -

UNI(O.S.)  
 Brogan?

Grace is STARTLED as a UNIFORMED OFFICER taps on her window.

UNI (CONT'D)

Thought that was you. I heard about -

She winds down the window a crack, staring dead ahead.

GRACE

(quiet)

Fuck off, I'm working!

Just as -

LLOYD WALKS PAST the car. He clocks Grace, then the cop. Lloyd walks on.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Fuck. Fuck!

EXT. GRACE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Grace walks to her apartment. Hears footsteps behind her. She increases her pace, hurries to her door, opens it as someone RUSHES UP behind her. Grace quickly slips inside, SMASHES the door back into her would-be assailant.

WILSON

Ow! What the fuck?!

It's Wilson, on his knees, holding his face.

INT. KITCHEN, GRACE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Wilson holding an ice pack to his reddening cheek. Pissed. Grace opens some pain killers, her shoulder wound hurting.

WILSON

You're back in with Jimmy, aren't you?

Grace's lack of reaction tells him all he needs to know. She swallows the pills.

WILSON (CONT'D)

You really thought no-one would find out? Interfering with a homicide investigation, misuse of police property, I could have you arrested.

GRACE

What do you want?

WILSON

Results. I need to get back on Riggs' good side.

GRACE  
Here's an idea - do some work.

WILSON  
Why, when you're going to do it for me. You give me what you get on Drake and I'll turn a blind eye to whatever little vigilante sideshow you got running here.

Grace is cornered and she knows it.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Let's start with the driveby. I know you were there.

Grace stubbornly silent.

WILSON (CONT'D)  
Fine.  
(gets out his cuffs)  
Grace Brogan, I'm arresting you on suspicion of obstruction of justice -

GRACE  
Oh fuck off.

She scribbles a license plate number on a piece of paper, hands it to him.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Driveby was a hit on Jimmy. They have no idea who's behind it. That's the plate.

Wilson smiles, moves closer, touches her face, making his slimy move.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Get your fucking hands off me!

She shoves him away. Wilson SLAPS HER FACE.

WILSON  
You need me, darlin', you remember that.  
(goes to the door)  
Oh, I'd go home and see that charming husband of yours. He really had no idea you were moonlighting.

She glares at him. Wilson grins, leaves.

INT. LIVING ROOM, GRACE'S HOUSE, SUNNYVALE. NIGHT.

Tom at the table, marking school work, bottle of beer at his side.

He looks up. Grace is standing in the doorway, watching him. She seems vulnerable somehow. She wanders over, drinks his beer. A slight wince from the pain in her shoulder.

TOM  
What is it?

GRACE  
Nothing. It's a sprain.

TOM  
Let me take a look.

He gets up, tries to take off her jacket. She pulls away.

GRACE  
I'm fine... really.

That huge gulf between them again. Grief ever present. Corrosive.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I'm sorry... that you had to find out from Wilson.

Tom says nothing.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
They had a lead in the case. I tried to get in on it, but they shut me out.

TOM  
So you followed it anyway.

GRACE  
I didn't have a choice.

TOM  
You have a choice. She's sleeping upstairs.

GRACE  
Don't make this about Evie.

TOM  
Don't make this about her??

GRACE  
This is about justice for our son.

TOM  
Keep telling yourself that.

GRACE  
What's that supposed to mean?

TOM  
You think it's going to make you  
feel any less guilty?

GRACE  
Fuck you, Tommy.

An angry beat.

TOM  
(an olive branch)  
I don't want to fight.

Grace softens.

GRACE  
I am so fucking tired.

He opens his arms, holds her. She lets him. Sees something on  
the table which distracts her. Picks it up. It's a PROSPECTUS  
for a High School up in Ferndale, California.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
What's this?

TOM  
They've got an opening.

GRACE  
Ferndale? That's like four hours  
outside the city, how are you going  
to make that commute?

Tom doesn't say anything.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
You're going to move there?!

TOM  
I'm just thinking about it.

GRACE  
Were you going to talk to me?

TOM  
That's rich coming from you.

GRACE  
What about Evie?

TOM  
Well I couldn't leave her here,  
you're not exactly around to look  
after her.

GRACE  
I won't allow it.

TOM  
You won't allow it?

GRACE  
Please, Tommy, don't do this.

Tom doesn't say anything. Grace's cellphone vibrates with a message. She checks it.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Fuck, I gotta go.

TOM  
Course you do.

GRACE  
Don't do anything, not until we've talked. Please.

Tom nods - *okay*. She leaves.

EXT. JIMMY'S HOUSE, OAKLAND HILLS. NIGHT.

Jimmy pulls up at home, gets a call on his cell. It's Lloyd. He sends the call to voicemail.

JIMMY  
You fuck.

EXT. BAR, OAKLAND. NIGHT.

Lloyd stumbling out of a bar, been drinking, leaving a message on his cell.

LLOYD  
Jimmy. Call me. We gotta talk. This is fuckin' serious, man. Call me.

EXT. STREET, OAKLAND. NIGHT.

Grace waits on a deserted street. Mitch pulls up. She gets in his car, pulls her shoulder as she opens the door. Mitch notices her wince.

GRACE  
You're late.

Mitch produces a file. Grace grabs it but Mitch won't let go.

MITCH  
Where did you get the bullet?

Grace doesn't answer.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
I'm sticking my neck out for you.

GRACE  
You getting a taste for real police  
work, Mitch?

She's clearly in pain. He gently lifts her jacket, sees the  
bandaged shoulder wound. She doesn't stop him.

MITCH  
Christ.

GRACE  
It was meant for Jimmy Drake.

MITCH  
You're back in? How did you  
persuade Riggs?  
(beat)  
He doesn't know? Jesus, Brogan,  
you're out there on your own?! Have  
you lost your mind??

Grace pulls out her painkillers, pops a couple.

GRACE  
I need your help, Mitch. I don't  
have anyone else.

Mitch considers it for a moment, lets go of the file, letting  
her have it. She scans the ballistics report.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Blended-metal bullets, 2mm  
striations.

MITCH  
Third time they've shown up. Tony  
Allen, Drake -

GRACE  
- and Sam.  
(beat)  
Thank you.

She goes to leave.

MITCH  
Brogan.  
(she stops)  
Watch yourself.

His concern for her is the first sign we've seen that these  
two might actually get along. She smiles, grateful, gets out.

EXT. LLOYD'S HOUSE, OAKLAND HILLS. DAY.

Lloyd coming out of his house, kisses his WIFE goodbye.  
REVEAL JIMMY in a beat-up Chevy Camaro (not his regular car)  
further down the street, watching.

INT. RIGGS' OFFICE, OAKLAND PD. DAY.

A tired Riggs buried in paperwork in his cluttered office.  
Wilson enters. Riggs carries on working, doesn't look up.

RIGGS  
How's Fleming working out?

WILSON  
It's like wearing an ankle monitor.

RIGGS  
That's the idea.

WILSON  
That driveby over on Webster?  
Someone was taking a shot at Jimmy  
Drake.

RIGGS  
We should get them target practice.

Wilson hands him the LICENCE PLATE number he got from Grace.

WILSON  
The plate of the suspect vehicle.

Riggs looks up. He's paying attention now.

RIGGS  
Where d'you get this?

WILSON  
A CI I been working. Car's registered  
to a Michael Grant. Name's a non-  
starter, but the address is some dope  
house on Colby, DEA raided it two  
weeks ago.

RIGGS  
(taken aback)  
This is... this is... good work.

Takes everything he has to actually pay Wilson a compliment.

WILSON  
Appreciate that, Lieutenant.

Wilson leaves, smiles to himself.

INT/EXT. CAMARO, OUTSKIRTS OF OAKLAND - DRIVING. DAY.

Grace driving Jimmy out of the city in the old Camaro.

GRACE  
I'm starting to feel like your  
driver.

JIMMY  
What can I say, I like having you  
around.

Jimmy's quiet, reflective, staring out at the countryside as  
it passes by.

GRACE  
Why would Chen move against you? He  
needs you.

Beat.

JIMMY  
You ever wanted kids, Jacks?

The question comes out of nowhere, blindsides her. She takes  
a moment.

GRACE  
I... I don't think I'd make a very  
good mother.

JIMMY  
I doubt that. Max gets out start of  
next month. My youngest. You never  
met him, did you?

GRACE  
No.

JIMMY  
You two would get along. He's a  
good kid, he just...  
(trails off)  
I don't know, as a parent, you  
never know if you're getting it  
right.

Grace has no idea where this is going.

GRACE  
Everything okay, Jimmy?

Jimmy doesn't answer. They drive on in silence.

EXT. COUNTRYSIDE. DAY.

The Camaro drives down a deserted country road.

CUT TO:

INSIDE THE CAR -

JIMMY

Take a left up ahead.

They're approaching an ABANDONED QUARRY. Grace turns down a DIRT ROAD.

GRACE

What we doing here?

Jimmy doesn't answer. Doesn't look at her. Grace getting a bad feeling.

JIMMY

This'll do.

They pull over on the side of the track near an abandoned WORKMENS' HUT. Jimmy puts on a pair of leather gloves, gets out. Grace watches him in the mirror as he walks behind the car.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You going to sit there?

She gets out, surreptitiously checking for an escape route. Jimmy opens the trunk. Inside - gagged, bound and unconscious - is LLOYD.

As the sunlight hits his face he starts to come round. He sees Grace, tries spitting out the gag, trying to speak.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Shut up, Lloyd.

Lloyd desperately trying to warn Jimmy about Grace (he saw her with the Uni Cop earlier). She's about to be unmasked when -

She SMACKS LLOYD ACROSS THE HEAD with an old wrench, knocking him out cold.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

That's one way of doing it.

Jimmy FIREMAN LIFTS Lloyd out of the trunk, dumps him by the edge of what we now reveal as a HUGE QUARRY PIT - way at the bottom is a deep, dark lake.

He pulls a Glock 9 from his jacket. Looks down at Lloyd. Sighs. Like he doesn't really want to be doing this.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Here.

He hands Grace the gun.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You do it.

She takes it, hesitates -

GRACE

Jimmy, I...

She doesn't move. He waits, then -

Takes back the gun. BAM! SHOOTS LLOYD IN THE HEAD.

Grace flinches. Desperately trying to keep her nerve. Jimmy gripping the gun tightly. Tense. Like he's getting ready to shoot again.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Jimmy -

He leans back against a rusting oil drum. Sweating. Breathes out. Looks at the surrounding countryside. It's so peaceful.

JIMMY

You ever see Death of a Salesman?  
Willy Loman, that was my dad. Ran a  
hardware store his whole life, worked  
his fingers to the bone, always  
thought people looked down on him.  
Died a bitter, disappointed man.

Grace has no clue what to say to this stream of melancholy. She's nervous as hell, keeping an eye on the gun Jimmy's clasping.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

You spend your whole life trying to  
get somewhere, you never stop to  
think maybe you're already there. I  
wish I could've told my dad that.  
There is no "there" to get to.

He looks tired. Lost. Vulnerable.

He goes into the Hut, pulls out a heavy chain, starts wrapping it around Lloyd's legs.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Gimme a hand.

She helps him. Together they ROLL the body over the edge of the quarry, waiting for the distant SPLASH as it hits the water far below.

He throws the gun in after. They look down into the dark lake. Quiet for a moment.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Shit. It's Alex's birthday. He's having a party tonight, I forgot all about it. You should come.

GRACE

Really, Jimmy? I don't think I'm -

JIMMY

Nonsense. Who else am I going to go with?

He walks back to the car.

INT. BATHROOM, GRACE'S APARTMENT. NIGHT.

Grace taking a long, hot shower, trying to wash it all away - the filth, the pain.

INT. DRESSING ROOM, JIMMY'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Jimmy putting on a beautiful shirt in his dressing room. Rows upon rows of made-to-measure-suits. He puts on his jacket. Studies himself in the mirror. Still a catch.

EXT. GRACE'S APARTMENT, OAKLAND. NIGHT.

Jimmy waits by his Mercedes. Grace exits her apartment. All dressed up. Takes his breath away.

EXT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT, EDGE OF TOWN. NIGHT - ESTABLISHING.

INT. HIGH-END RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Alex's birthday party in full swing. Sumptuous buffet. Free bar. 70s soul music. Everyone kicking back. Jimmy's crew (Charlie, Sean, Walt) are there. Alex with a couple of BEAUTIFUL GIRLS on his arm. We notice a PRETTY BLOND watching him from across the room, doesn't like what she sees.

Jimmy enters with Grace. Alex clocks Grace looking stunning - wow! Jimmy walks over to his son, embraces him.

CUT TO:

LATER - Everyone in a good mood, fuelled by the alcohol. Alex flirting heavily with Grace.

JIMMY - watching Grace and Alex. She catches his eye. He smiles at her, raises his champagne. The gracious host.

EXT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Jimmy and his CREW exit the restaurant, head round the back, out of sight of the road. Grace walks with Charlie and Alex, both drunk.

GRACE  
(to Charlie)  
PPK all the way.

CHARLIE  
Oh sure that's a good enough gun,  
for a pussy. Now this -

Charlie pulls a handgun from his belt

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
- Baikal 1ZH-79. From Russia with  
fucking love. Light, reliable, they  
designed these puppies to fire tear  
gas pellets, packs a sweet punch.

Grace takes it from him, weighs it up, ejects the clip, checking the smoothness of the action. Alex drapes his arm around her.

ALEX  
I could watch that action all  
night.

GRACE  
You couldn't handle the kick.

Jimmy comes up behind, puts his hand on Alex's shoulder.

JIMMY  
Having fun?

The tone is innocent, but Jimmy's clearly telling Alex to back off. Alex takes his arm from Grace.

ALEX  
Great night, Dad. Great night.

Grace uses the distraction to slip a BULLET from Charlie's clip into her jacket pocket, so quick no one sees. She snaps back the clip, hands the gun to Charlie.

GRACE  
Each to her own.

She nods to Jimmy, thanking him for getting rid of Alex.

CUT TO:

THE CREW gathered around Jimmy.

JIMMY  
Anyone seen Lloyd?

Shrugs all round - they've no idea.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Christ, least he could do is show up.

He doesn't miss a beat, truly a brilliant actor.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
So we have a development. The fuckers who took a pop at me, I have the license plate -

GRACE REACTS TO THIS - a momentary, involuntary reaction, but maybe enough to give her away. She looks away, then back at Jimmy. He's staring straight at her. He definitely saw something.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Registered to an address...  
(reads from a note)  
Colby Street. DEA says it used to be a dope house.

WALT  
That's the *Nguyen* (pronounced *Win*) brothers' place.

SEAN  
They own that fucking chink restaurant over on Franklin.

CHARLIE  
Fuckin' told you it was the gooks. Cocksuckers.

ALEX  
We let them in, didn't we? We didn't think they'd get fucking greedy? I say we hit them. Fuck the party, let's saddle up and fucking hit 'em right now! Come on, who's fucking with me?

Alex is drunk. His Wild West enthusiasm is embarrassing. No one says anything. No one looks at him. Jimmy ignores him, the deepest cut of all.

JIMMY  
All right, keep your wits about you. We do this thing right. No-one moves until my say.  
(beat)  
Go back inside, have a good night.

They head back. Leaving Alex alone. Feeling foolish.

INT. RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Back to the party. A PRETTY WOMAN trying to engage Jimmy in conversation. He's not interested. Looking around for Grace. Can't see her.

INT. WOMEN'S BATHROOM/HIGH-END RESTAURANT. NIGHT.

Grace splashing water on her face. Trying to calm her nerves. Stares in the mirror. Damn shoulder hurting again. She pops a couple of pain-killers. EXITS the bathroom to find JIMMY waiting for her nearby.

JIMMY  
Been looking for you.

GRACE  
Sorry?

He has to lean in close to be heard above the loud music.

JIMMY  
I said I was looking for you.

GRACE  
I could use a drink.

JIMMY  
I bet you could.

At least that's what she thought she heard him say. Hard to tell over the music.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
You're not all you pretend to be,  
are you Jackie?

His eyes drilling into her. *Does he know?* A jagged edge of sexual tension, suspicion and fear.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
When I gave you the piece, you  
couldn't do it, could you?

She's at a loss for words.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
What am I going to do with you,  
Jacks?

Her heart thudding against her chest. She has to take control of the moment. She leans closer, kisses him on the lips...

He kisses her back, pulls her INTO THE BATHROOM. Kissing each other hard. He pushes her up against the wall. Urgent. Passionate. Going at each other. Grace losing herself in him. He undoes his pants. She hitches up her dress as -

A WOMAN WALKS IN -

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Out, out, OUT!

The woman bolts from the room. Grace and Jimmy breathless. The moment broken. She can't look at him. She pulls down her dress, hurries out. Jimmy left standing there, dishevelled, pants around his ankles.

INT. MITCH'S HOUSE, OAKLAND. NIGHT.

Mitch in his pajamas, making a hot chocolate in the KITCHEN of his modest home. Disturbed by a knock at the door. He opens it. Grace stands there, in her party dress. She's a mess.

CUT TO:

MITCH'S KITCHEN - Grace sitting down. Mitch hands her the hot chocolate he made for himself.

GRACE  
Thank you.

She cups her hands tightly around it. Wretched.

MITCH  
What happened to you?

She doesn't answer. Doesn't want to say. She pulls the bullet from her jacket pocket that she took from Charlie's gun, puts it on the table.

GRACE  
It's from one of Jimmy's crew. Can you run it?

MITCH  
You think the move against Drake was an inside job?

Grace shrugs.

GRACE  
They have the license plate, Mitch.

MITCH  
What?

GRACE  
Jimmy has a mole in the department, no other way he could know.

MITCH  
Jesus, Grace, you have to get out of there.

GRACE  
I tried to buy myself some time. I  
think I made it worse.

She starts to break down.

MITCH  
Hey... hey...

He hugs her, comforting her.

GRACE  
I don't know what the fuck I'm  
doing.

Tears flowing freely now.

INT. ALEX'S HOUSE, OAKLAND HILLS. DAY.

TWO GIRLS running riot, screaming, chasing each other through  
a large, comfortable suburban home. Alex comes downstairs in  
T-shirt and trunks. Hungover. Half-asleep. Looks terrible.

ALEX  
Hey! Hey! Enough with the noise!

The girls ignore him.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Hey, enough already!

They carry on shrieking.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Cathy!

Alex's wife emerges from the kitchen. CATHY. Mid 20s. (This  
is the pretty blond we saw watching Alex at the party.)  
Beneath the smiling, polished exterior lies the power behind  
the throne. A real Lady Macbeth.

CATHY  
Girls!

The girls stop instantly. Alex shuffles into the KITCHEN,  
pours himself some coffee, irritated. Cathy puts away the  
groceries.

CATHY (CONT'D)  
So you are getting up today.

ALEX  
(head hurts)  
Ugh.

CATHY  
What crawled up your ass?

He looks into the other room, makes sure his daughters aren't listening.

ALEX  
He won't listen to me.

CATHY  
Who?

ALEX  
Dad.

CATHY  
Again with this?

ALEX  
He humiliates me in front of everyone, I swear he fucking enjoys it.

CATHY  
You wannabe taken seriously? Stop whining, go out there, prove yourself. Make them listen. Stop waiting on daddy's permission.

OFF ALEX - Cathy's sharp words hitting home.

EXT. DESERTED PART OF OAKLAND DOCKS. DAY.

A car waits in the heavy rain. Jimmy's Mercedes pulls up alongside. Jimmy gets out, hurries into the other car. WE STAY OUTSIDE - can't see the driver, can only make out snippets of the conversation through the rain.

DRIVER (MALE)  
Jimmy.

JIMMY  
You're supposed to keep me informed.

DRIVER  
About what?

JIMMY  
Surveillance, CI's, anyone working us from the inside, you're supposed to keep me fucking informed.

DRIVER  
I do. That's what I do.

JIMMY  
You have no one under with us?

DRIVER  
No... I mean, I don't think so.

JIMMY  
 You better be fucking sure, for  
 your sake.

Jimmy gets out, hurries back to his car.

INT. CORRIDOR, OAKLAND PD. DAY.

Riggs storms down a corridor, away from a closed OFFICE DOOR,  
 pokes his head into MAJOR CRIMES.

RIGGS  
 Anyone seen Wilson?

INT. MEN'S BATHROOM, OAKLAND PD. DAY.

Wilson taking a piss, whistling to himself, doing up his fly  
 when RIGGS BURSTS IN, furious -

RIGGS  
 You self-serving son of a bitch!

He shoves Wilson against the wall.

WILSON  
 What the fuck!?

RIGGS  
 You've got a UC in with Drake?!

WILSON  
 What are you talking about?

RIGGS  
 DON'T FUCKING LIE TO ME!

Wilson's bullshit protests are silenced. He's busted.

RIGGS (CONT'D)  
 Who is it?

WILSON  
 Brogan.

RIGGS  
 You fuckin asshole. She's been  
 compromised. Find her. And you better  
 pray she comes out of this alive.

Riggs storms out. Wilson's kicks the sink, trying to rip it  
 from the wall.

WILSON  
 FUCK!

INT/EXT. GRACE'S CAR, HIGH SCHOOL, SUNNYVALE. DAY.

Grace sits in her car, watching the gates. (Note: this is not Sam's school.) Her cell rings. She recognizes the number, answers.

GRACE  
Yeah.

MITCH  
(over phone)  
The bullet from Jimmy's crew, it matches the others. Looks like Jimmy's got trouble on the inside.

Grace doesn't respond.

MITCH (CONT'D)  
Brogan?

GRACE  
Yeah.

MITCH  
What are you going to do?

GRACE  
I don't know.

She sits in silence. Adrift. Sees EVIE coming out of the school with her FRIENDS.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Gotta run.

CUT TO:

Evie lighting up a SMALL JOINT, takes a drag, coughs harshly.

GRACE (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
Evie.

She turns round, sees her mom coming across the street.

EVIE  
Shit.

She stubs out the joint on the wall, trying to preserve as much as of it as possible. Grace arrives, smells the smoke.

GRACE  
Is that pot??

INT. GRACE'S CAR, OUTSIDE EVIE'S HIGH SCHOOL. DAY.

Grace stares at the joint sitting on the dashboard. Evie scowling at the injustice of getting caught.

EVIE

What do you want, mom?

GRACE

I wanted to see you, do I need a reason?

EVIE

That's usually the way it works, yes.

GRACE

Has dad talked to you, about moving?

EVIE

Yeah.

GRACE

And?

EVIE

And what?

GRACE

How do you feel about it? Do you want to go?

Evie shrugs - couldn't care less.

GRACE (CONT'D)

What if I couldn't come with you?

EVIE

Couldn't?

GRACE

Just for a while. There's things I need to finish here.

Evie says nothing.

GRACE (CONT'D)

That's it?

EVIE

What do you want me to say, Mom? That I'll miss you? I already miss you. You're never around. Even when you're here you're not here.

Grace - stung.

EVIE (CONT'D)

You always cared more about Sam than you did about me.

GRACE

That's not true.

EVIE

You still do and he's dead.

GRACE

Is that what you think? Baby, I love you so much, you have no idea.

Grace reaches out, tenderly touches her daughter's cheek. Evie won't look at her.

EVIE

My friends are waiting.

Evie takes the joint from the dash.

GRACE

You are kidding?

Grace takes it off her and Evie gets out of the car. Grace, tears in her eyes, watches Evie walk away.

She finds a lighter in the glove compartment, lights the joint, takes a hit. Sits back, closes her eyes - escaping this whole nightmare for one brief moment.

INT. HIGH SCHOOL CLASS ROOM. DAY.

Grace stands by the teacher's desk in front of an empty room. Tom enters, surprised to see her. She's agitated.

TOM

Gracie? You okay?

GRACE

Please don't go. Evie, I'm losing her, I don't know what to do...

Grace losing it.

TOM

Okay.

GRACE

Don't go -

TOM

All right, forget about Ferndale. But you have to let this whole thing go. It's killing you, Gracie. Come home. You do that, we stay.

Grace collects herself.

GRACE  
Okay. I'll come home. We'll talk.

Even now, she's reluctant to give in.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
I'm gonna get my shit.

An uncertain smile between them.

INT. MAJOR CRIMES, OAKLAND PD. DAY.

Wilson stands over a TECHIE as he tries to GPS Grace's phone on his computer. Riggs comes over.

RIGGS  
Can you find her?

TECHIE  
Switched off. Nothing I can do.

INT. GRACE'S APARTMENT, OAKLAND. DAY.

Grace comes into her apartment, goes into the BEDROOM, pulls a bag from the wardrobe. Starts packing.

She hears the TOILET FLUSH from her ensuite bathroom. Freaks her the fuck out. She pulls her gun, trains it on the bathroom door as -

JIMMY steps out. Not the slightest bit fazed by the gun pointing at him.

JIMMY  
Are you going to use that thing?

GRACE  
(lowers the gun)  
You scared the shit out of me.

Jimmy looks at the half-packed bag on her bed.

JIMMY  
Going somewhere?

INT. MITCH'S OFFICE, OAKLAND PD. DAY.

Mitch at his desk trawling through paperwork. Riggs and Wilson hurry in.

RIGGS  
You speak to Brogan lately?

Mitch assumes they've found out he's been helping Grace, assumes he's in the shit.

MITCH  
About what?

RIGGS  
I don't give a fuck about what,  
have you spoken to her?

MITCH  
Yeah. I spoke to her 'bout an hour  
ago, we were just -

RIGGS  
On what number?

Mitch gets out his cell to check Grace's number.

MITCH  
She switches numbers so often, I -

RIGGS  
Call her.

INT. BEDROOM, GRACE'S APARTMENT, OAKLAND. DAY.

Jimmy & Grace - tense between them.

GRACE  
I need to get away for a bit, come  
up for a little air.

JIMMY  
Do I suffocate you?

GRACE  
No, Jimmy, it's not that, I just -

Her CELLPHONE rings. Makes her jump. It's lying on the bed.

JIMMY  
A little nervous there, Jacks?  
(beat)  
Answer it.

GRACE  
It's okay, I can -

The phone stops ringing.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
What did you want, Jimmy?

He doesn't answer. His hard stare unnerving her. The phone rings again.

JIMMY

Someone really wants to talk to you.

She diverts the call to voicemail. He's watching her closely.

JIMMY (CONT'D)

Call Chen.

GRACE

What?

JIMMY

He wants to meet, let's meet him.

GRACE

Now?

JIMMY

You know what, you can call him from the car, tell him we're on our way.

GRACE

I don't even know if he's around.

JIMMY

Only one way to find out. I'll drive for a change.

He steps aside - *after you*. Still with that charming, killer smile.

INT/EXT. WILSON'S CAR, OAKLAND - DRIVING. DAY.

Riggs and Wilson RACE across the city.

RIGGS

We don't have any houses over this side.

WILSON

She never stayed in one of ours, took out her own.

RIGGS

Jesus, she's a piece of work.

EXT. GRACE'S APARTMENT, OAKLAND. DAY.

Jimmy and Grace walk to his car. She notices the gun tucked into his belt. She's ready to make a run for it.

Jimmy takes her arm, opens the car door for her. She has no choice but to get in. We hear a SCREECH of tires a few blocks away.

INT/EXT. WILSON'S CAR, OAKLAND - DRIVING. DAY.

Wilson screeches into GRACE'S STREET. No sign of Grace and Jimmy. He pulls up outside her apartment

INT/EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - DRIVING. DAY.

Jimmy drives Grace past the docks.

GRACE  
Chen's sweat farm is back that way,  
Jimmy.

Jimmy doesn't say anything.

INT. HALLWAY, GRACE'S APARTMENT BUILDING, OAKLAND. DAY.

Wilson and Riggs hurry down the hall. Wilson hammers on the door. No answer.

WILSON  
Fuck.

Riggs leans against the wall, can't believe this is happening.

INT/EXT. JIMMY'S CAR - DRIVING. DAY.

Jimmy heading out of the city. A tense, nervous silence.

He looks over at Grace. She keeps her eyes fixed on the road.

CUT TO:

JIMMY DRIVING - Grace sees the turning ahead for the ABANDONED QUARRY where they brought Lloyd.

GRACE  
Jimmy -

Jimmy doesn't say anything, turns onto the DIRT ROAD, bumping along the track towards the deep, dark lake.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Jimmy, what are we doing here?

Grace trying to hide her rising panic.

GRACE (CONT'D)  
Jimmy, listen -

JIMMY  
Always did love it out here.  
So peaceful, don't you think?

GRACE  
Look, I -

JIMMY  
It's okay...

He's calm, almost soothing.

JIMMY (CONT'D)  
Everything's going to be okay...  
Grace.

He called her Grace. He looks over at her. Like he's sorry for what he's about to do. She can't look at him. She's terrified.

They drive on in a deathly silence.

CUT TO BLACK

END PILOT