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FADE IN:

EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

A police radio CRACKLES, calls roll in as --

An LAPD HELICOPTER swoops into frame, providing us a God's-eye view of Los Angeles. The radio calls build, overlapping into a fevered cacophony as we --

EXT/INT. MUSTANG BULLITT - NIGHT

A MUSTANG BULLITT - the Steve McQueen car. OK, wrong color, a classic, spots a corner MINI-MART, still open and pulls up.

EXT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

The street is quiet, empty of people and traffic.

LETTY "**Pippa**" ANDERSON, 40s, a *fashionably-dressed detective; albeit, sexy*, climbs from the Mustang Bullitt. A head turner for either sex. A true police professional: direct, no bullshit, Jack Webb would've married her.

INT. MINI-MART - NIGHT

Pippa enters, she gives the STORE OWNER a nod, then heads over to the beer cooler in the back corner.

Pippa opens, pulls a six pack off the bottom shelf.

She's about to head off with it when she realizes it's leaking, one of the bottles broken, beer dripping onto one of her sexy heels.

PIPPA

Aw, hell.

Giving her shoe a shake, she bends down, puts the leaking sex pack in the cooler, as she grabs an unbroken one the bell at the front door JANGLES. Suddenly -

ROBBER

Open the goddamn register!! Do it!! Do it!!

Pippa freezes. Keeping low she looks up at the CONVEX MIRROR in the rear corner of the store, waving a gun --

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A HOODIED ROBBER, standing over the store owner.

ROBBER  
Hurry up, bitch!

Suddenly a bottle flies across the store, CRASHING in the back. The robber spins around at the noise towards the rear of the store, and --

BLAM BLAM... Pippa put three bullets into him from the side aisle. The Robber hits the floor, dead.

As the store owner stands frozen in fear, Pippa walks up, checks the Robber's pulse.

Pippa turns to the store owner, brushes her jacket aside, flashing her gold detective's shield.

PIPPA  
You heard me hell, 'police!  
Freeze!' Right?

The terrified store owner nods her head.

**INT. MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT**

It's dark.

Detective FRANK VIOLA, 30s, a muscular black man, is having sex with a dirty blonde. He is doing her from behind. The only identifying mark is the LABRYS tattoo on her shoulder.

He's staring at the badge around his neck, slapping up against her *prodigious* bootie... back and forth like a pendulum, it GLEAMS, too.

Becoming increasingly hypnotized -- half-listening to the voice in his head.

MAN (V.O.)  
Yeah, yeah... I've heard the speech. Listen, I get it. Like everyone else, you spend ninety-percent of the time staring at her ass. She draws you in. But you can't trust her. The things she's done, to this department... you have a bright future ahead of you, Frankie. But only if you don't get too close.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

Believe me, I've seen plenty of careers get flushed down the toilet because of Anderson. Don't be another causality...

WOMAN (O.S.)

GODDAMMIT! Stop staring at my ASS and fuck me!

Frank snaps out of it, panting, furious, even. He stars again. The woman's back into it.

WOMAN

Yeah. Oh yeah. Hmmm-hmmm.

FRANK

You're screwing with me.

PIPPA

Frankie, you sure talk a lot for someone with such a big dick.

FRANK

I mean it, we're this close to screwing everything up. Just got word IA's got a snitch on our side.

She looks back st him, sweaty mane covering her face.

WOMAN

How do you know?

FRANK

The FBI's warning its people not to share information with our office. It's probably them. Some junior G-man looking to make a name for himself, but if they find out about me -- we're both dead.

WOMAN

Maybe you should pull out.

FRANK

I can't. I'm too close.

WOMAN

Now be quiet and fuck me!

He doubles his efforts and really starts pounding away, as he lurches towards climax...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WOMAN  
(SURPRISED AT THE FORCE) Oh shit,  
yeah. Jesus Christ, what the  
fuck?! Back door!

FRANK  
Sorry. It slipped.

He doesn't adjust.

FRANK  
(stoked)  
Oh yeah, oh yeah, oh...

WOMAN  
Some holes can't be filled.

FRANK  
Yeah, which ones are those?

WOMAN  
The ones we dig for ourselves.

**INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

Frank's muscle man's car pulls in, slides into a parking space. He gets out. Without warning a SHADOWY FIGURE steps out of the darkness, a 9mm clithed in a black gloved hand.

Three SHOTS EXPLODE, REVERBERATE off the concrete walls. He crumbles to the floor, dead on arrival. The unknown killer turns, walks calmly out into the balmy Los Angeles night.

**EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT**

A POLICE HELICOPTER FLIES over Los Angeles.

The never-ending cacophony of the police radio echoes as the ever-present eye of law.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - NIGHT**

A misty late winter rain slicks the streets.

A Dodge Charger races through traffic with a plethora of flashing BLUE-and-REDS, *Quite possibly the coolest "Ghost POLICE car" on the planet.*

**INT. PIPPA'S GHOST CRUISER - NIGHT**

In-dash touch-screen. Under the seat, a compartment, A *FOLDED SPAS 12 SHOTGUN* with clips. Hanging in the back, an iconic "*SFPD*" windbreaker.

*SERGEANT LETTY "Pippa" ANDERSON, 40s, a dirty blonde. Sexy club skirt and top. A PO shield and gun holstered on her hip. All legs this girl, a head turner for either sex. But despite the hooker regalia, she's a true police professional: direct, no bullshit, Jack Webb would've married her.*

**EXT. APARTMENT COMPLEX - NIGHT**

The street is a full-on crime scene: Yellow tape, forensic techs, looky-loos. SQUAD CARS, ect...

Detectives JOHN STARK, 30s, a smug, resentful prick. A bully, ducks under the tape, crosses to --

Pippa, just getting out of the arriving "Ghost Cruiser." A *LABRYS TATTOO* on her shoulder.

JOHN

What? You take a wrong turn on the freeway and get lost?

*There's an air of hostility between them.*

*Pippa shrugs on her jacket - an LAPD windbreaker -*

*As they head into the parking garage, the run into --*

*CAPTAIN WENDELL LEE, 50, black, conservative, tough, by the book, escorts POLICE COMMISH ROBERT BARNES, 50s, distinguished and imposing.*

Barnes stares at Pippa, not happy.

BARNES

Anderson. I thought you were on Administrative leave.

CAPT. LEE

Mayor Panabaker had her re-instated her, sir. Probationary period. We're short handed, not to mention she's a former FBI criminal profiler, our in-house psychologist. And one of my best homicide detective.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIPPA

You look disappointed.

BARNES

I want that leash kept tight on her.

Pippa senses the snark, throws him a fuck you smile.

**INT. PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT**

The usual crime-scene PLAYERS move about, taking measurements, FLASH pictures, dusting for prints.

Pippa is down next to the Muscle man's car beside Frank's bloody, chalked-line body. Detective

BRYCE WALCOT -- mid-40s, rumpled, cynical, receding hairline, taking notes.

BRYCE

Why is it when I see you I feel like I wanna scream sexual harassment.

Pippa almost cracks a smile at this.

PIPPA

Bryce. Nice to see you.

Detective SAMANTHA (SAMMY) RUBENSTEIN, 40s, steps up behind them; a gregarious back country cougar with a fondness for men, and liquor.

BRYCE

One in the head, one in the heart, point-blank range.

PIPPA

Very professional.

BRYCE

Shrapnel exit wounds everywhere.

CAPT. LEE

Black Talons.

PIPPA

Cop-killer bullets. I know I'm suppose to feel pain and rage whenever a cop dies. Strange, I don't feel any of that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They exchange looks.

CAPT. LEE

No love lost here, I take it?

Chief of Police GLORIA FLYNN, 50s, approaches. A starched woman in a starched uniform. A striking and commanding presence.

CAPT. LEE

Chief,

CHIEF FLYNN

Mayor's not happy. Cops always go national. I'll issue a short statement. Send all reporters to the PIO.

BRYCE

Two guns on the body -- shoulder rig and ankle strap. He never had time to make a move.

PIPPA

Killer was lying in wait.

SAMMY

Wallet untouched. Definitely not a hold up.

PIPPA

You're looking at a cold, calculated professional hit.

CAPT. LEE

John, you can handle the homicide angle. Anderson, Frank is yours.

JOHN

Now look. This is a homicide thing. My boys can handle it.

CHIEF FLYNN

Viola was a cop. It's an automatic for IA. Period!

JOHN

This one of those situations where you claim to be here to help but you're really just here to step on my toes?

Fuck the niceties. Pippa gets in his face.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

PIPPA

You gotta a problem with that?

CHIEF FLYNN

Enough you two. Anderson keep John informed.

**INT. FRANK'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

Lots of grey, black leather. Masculine.

Bryce holds a framed photo of Frank, in full dress uniform, saluting proudly as he receives a cross-shaped Distinguished Service medal.

Pippa rummages through desk drawers.

BRYCE

What turns a good cop bad?

PIPPA

Ego.

BRYCE

Interesting answer.

Bryce searches a file cabinet.

PIPPA

A little power, a little authority, a drive to be the best -  
- throw in a dash of self-hatred, a double shot of adrenaline and a few huge bags of cash --

PIPPA

-- and stir constantly until it comes to a boil.

Pippa notices something peculiar on the wall, freshly painted plaster. Bryce looks around the room.

BRYCE

Try this.

A SLEDGEHAMMER. Bryce hands it to Pippa, resolute.

Pippa lifts the sledgehammer and winds up -- SMASHING the wall. Once, twice. Drops to her knees, ripping back the plasterboard.

Inside the wall, stacked between the studs -- BUNDLES OF SHRINK-WRAPPED HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BRYCE

Jesus!

A KNOCK on the door. They turn to find -- Capt. Lee and Chief Flynn standing in the doorway -

CAPT. LEE

Listen up. The Chief? She wants a full court press on this.

**INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

MAYOR PATTY PANABAKER -- 40s, well-dressed, refined, attractive sits at the desk in her richly-appointed office. She stares at her cell phone a long moment, troubled by the document she reads...

She hits DELETE, and the image disappears. But not the troubled look in her eyes.

She activates the SPEAKER PHONE on her desk.

VOICE ON PHONE

Yes, Ma'am?

PANABAKER

Hi, Jarod, it's me. Can you connect me with Chief Flynn.

Patty sits there a moment, stares at a framed photo: abeaming MAN (45, doughy), her husband and three kids.

VOICE ON PHONE

I have Chief Flynn.

*Intercut with....*

**INT. CHIEF FLYNN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Nice, neat, and clean. Family photos.

Some personnel files thrown down on the Captain's desk. Flynn faces, conversing on her speaker phone.

CHIEF FLYNN

Sergeant Anderson has certain talents. She also has some irritating qualities. Independence is one of them. She doesn't report in as often as I would like.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYOR PANABAKER

Find her.

**INT. LAPD - COUNSELING OFFICE - DAY**

In the outer office, the receptionist is gone.

Chief Flynn walks in, non too happy, approaches the a inner office door, A placard reads: Sergeant Letty "*Pippa*" Anderson, PhD - Police and Public Safety Psychotherapist'....

**INT. POLICE STATION - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY**

Her office is modern but not stark, various awards and diplomas in psychiatric medicine line the walls.

Flynn barges in, surprised to find --

Pippa is fixing her tie. She's in uniform, no duty belt. No pants like officers, but a skirt, sensible heels. It's sexy with being obvious.

PIPPA

I'm still on desk duty.

CHIEF FLYNN

Did I say anything.

PIPPA

Chief, what can I do you?

CHIEF FLYNN

For one, start answering your phone. Didn't know you have Mayor panabaker on speed-dial.

CHIEF FLYNN

If I didn't know any better, I'd say you two are in love.

The sudden silence is unnerving.

Pippa shifts through a stack of files on her desk, hands one to Chief Flynn who peruses the folder.

PIPPA

We're just friends.

(re: file)

Officer Rio's psych eval.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF FLYNN

Can you fix him?

PIPPA

He didn't open up much but he did take some tests. He has suicide tendencies and a very high violence curve...the cold truth is that he fits the tragic pattern that you hear about on the news where a man kills all the members of his family than turns the gun on himself.

CHIEF FLYNN

That's your recommendation to terminate him.

She gives Pippa another unreadable look, then nods...

PIPPA

Up to about a year ago he was a pretty good cop, even when you and the boys upstairs tried to save his bacon by transferred him from homicide to robbery, but it didn't work out --

PIPPA

Because he's too unstable.

CHIEF FLYNN

Sergeant. In my office. Now.

PIPPA

Yes, ma'am.

**INT. CHIEF OF POLICE OFFICE - DAY**

Chief Flynn enters, agitated. Pippa is right behind.

She tosses a file across her desk. The insides spill out in front of Pippa.

WOMAN

The case they were building against him. We checked the usual -  
- drugs, missing contraband...  
Though there's never a money trail until now.

WOMAN

Why? Why would he go bad?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN

Bitterness, maybe. I dunno.  
There're a lot of theories why a  
cop goes bad. Usually, it's just  
greed. The grass is greener... One  
thing we do know -- rarely does a  
bad cop operate alone. He could've  
had a partner or partners.

A beat. Chief Flynn switches gears.

CHIEF FLYNN

You want a Union rep?

PIPPA

What for?

CHIEF FLYNN

We have to investigate you.

PIPPA

What? Why?

CHIEF FLYNN

She's filed a police brutality  
complaint against you. Look, I  
don't think you did this. But  
you'd have to be blind to see how  
this looks. Under the  
circumstances I'd normally put you  
on administrative leave.

A beat, off Pippa's incredulous look.

CHIEF FLYNN

But I'm not. But i do recommend  
that you speak to an attorney.

**INT. LAPD - COUNSELING OUTER OFFICE - DAY**

The receptionist is gone. SUSAN BAKER, a middle-aged  
POLICE ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT approaches Pippa's office.

**INT. LAPD - COUNSELING OFFICE - DAY**

In the outer office, the receptionist is gone.

John approaches the a inner office door, A placard reads:  
Sergeant Letty "**Pippa**" Anderson, PhD - Police and Public  
Safety Psychotherapist'.....

**INT. PIPPA'S OFFICE - DAY**

John barges in, surprised to find --

Pippa is fixing her tie. She's in uniform, no duty belt. No trousers, but a skirt, pantyhose, sensible pumps.

JOHN

Sorry, I lost track of time.

PIPPA

Boundaries, John. I'm the department's in-house staff psychologist, not part of your posse. You show up at your appointment times -- not before, not after.

Pippa grabs a file from a cabinet, sits across from John.

PIPPA

Detective Stark you're here because you're required to. Might as well make the best of it.

JOHN

I thought I was.

PIPPA

Isn't there something you want to talk about.

She catches him admiring her legs, tucks them under her desk.

JOHN

Okay. I was thinking about something on the drive over here.

PIPPA

Good.

JOHN

What do yo think?

PIPPA

I think you should consider taking some time off. Regulations are very generous.

JOHN

What am I going to do? Sit at home and watch porn?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIPPA

You've just been through a highly traumatic event. Losing a partner in the line of duty --

JOHN

And what about you? You were fucking him.

She gives him a knowing look; she's been doing this for a long time.

PIPPA

Whether you want to acknowledge it or not, you're going to have to deal with this one way or another.

JOHN

Are you telling me I have to take my days?

PIPPA

I haven't decided. Anything. When I do I'll let you know. Get out.

**INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS SQUAD ROOM - DAY**

A LARGE GREASE BOARD - a grid crammed full of open cases.

**INT. LOS ANGELES POLICE DEPARTMENT - HALLWAY - DAY**

Place is buzzing with cops and hookers, drunks, petty crooks, but the main buzz is the cackle of the police radio and phones ringing off the hook

Pippa steps off of the elevator. She's in uniform, no duty belt, no pants, either, but a skirt and sensible heels. All the guys are ogling her.

An OFFICER turns to his partner, mouthing, 'SO HOT!'

Pippa is like a statue -unmoving watching -- a curvaceous woman joking with detectives -

*MARLA PETALLIDES, a hot MILF, 40s, the face for the cover of "Glam Belleza Latina, lots of bare leg, designer "fuckme" pumps, The inappropriate snugness of her sheath dress matches her tightly wound personality.*

*She carries a bosca leather briefcase- An Assistant D.A. badge hangs around her neck.*

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Detective PAUL MELROSE, 20s, self-consciously hip and full of himself, joins her.

PIPPA

Who is that?

DET. MELROSE

Assistant District attorney Marla Petallides. She's part of the DA's police corruption task force. And we have orders to cooperate fully.

DET. MELROSE

I didn't know you were into that. We could have a threesome. I know this Persian chick who'd be up for that.

PIPPA

I'm never going to fuck you. You know that, right?

DET. MELROSE

You're a user and a cock tease.

Their eyes meet. It's a surprise to her.

A sly smile is exchanged. She is distracted by Marla's presence. Marla, as well, finds it difficult not to pay attention to Pippa.

DET. MELROSE

You nervous?

PIPPA

Only of rejection... excuse me...

Pippa heads her way. *The residual sexual tension between them, still palpable.*

MARLA

Sergeant Letty "pippa" Anderson. Yes, I know who you are... I read your file...makes for interesting bedtime reading.

PIPPA

And you are... Marla Petallides. I'm glad to meet you.

MARLA

Yes, I could see you tryin' to make up your mind.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED: (2)

Pippa smiles, she's more intriguing by the moment.

MARLA

Actually I was coming to see you.  
I wanted to follow up on the frank  
Viola case. You got a minute?

PIPPA

I'll make it.

**INT. PIPPA'S OFFICE - DAY**

They sit, talk.

MARLA

YOUR REPORT... I read it... your  
missing something...

PIPPA

Like what?

WOMAN

I'd like an update.

PIPPA

It's still in the early stages.  
The wheels of justice move slow.

WOMAN

Yea, right? That why you're  
dragging your feet?

WOMAN

I understand you found sixty  
thrusand dollars in his car?

PIPPA

That information is officially  
none of your business.

WOMAN

Please. We have the jurisdiction  
to investigate any crime we see  
fit.

WOMAN

Anything else you can tell me?

PIPPA

We can talk about it over dinner.  
Or is that a no go...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA

Look, I was thinking we should keep this relationship strictly professional.

MARLA

There' just too much possibility of conflict of interest.

WOMAN

You moved up through the ranks pretty fast.

PIPPA

(jokingly)

It's not who you know, but who you blow.

WOMAN

Be careful who you say that too,

PIPPA

Oh I forgot. You like busting cops for a living.

PIPPA

I'm not embarrassed to put bad cops bejind bars.

PIPPA

What? You got some other police corruption angle on this case?

WOMAN

No comment.

PIPPA

You got any evidence at all?

WOMAN

No comment, Sergeant.

PIPPA

Are you investigating me...

MARLA

Of course not....

PIPPA

I'm sure you have heard rumors.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MARLA

Um, I don't put any stock in rumors. Lord knows there's been enough about me that aren't true.

PIPPA

Like what?

MARLA

I don't wear panties...

WOMAN

Super cop! You've got the best arrest record in the whole damn division! You've gotten more accommendations than I want to count, including the medal for distinguished service.

WOMAN

I know all about it. What everybody conveniently overlooks is that you've been accused twice by defendants for --

PIPPA

I was cleared both times, Mrs. Xxxx. Totally groundless allegations.

WOMAN

So you're a card carrying member of the good-old-boy club. I never expected that from you.

Pippa takes exception to that.

PIPPA

Now just a second --! What I'm trying to say --

WOMAN

-- It's pretty damn obvious what you're trying to say. Forget it, give it up, sit down, shut up.

PIPPA

How come a deputy District attorney in an official corruption strike force is suddenly so interested in a routine case.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

WOMAN

It's like I said, we have the jurisdiction to investigate any crime we see fit.

PIPPA

Not all cops are dirty...

PIPPA

I know this great little Italian place in east L.A.. You'll love it.

**INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

An empty white lined dining room, with a handful of not-so-savory types smartly dressed.

An ANCIENT ITALIAN MAN greets Pippa.

**INT. RESTAURANT - BACK ROOM - NIGHT**

She enters a yet moodier, darker back room.

There is a faded Don shrouded in shadow sitting at the table. This is SID JANIRO. 40s --Italian, top-of-the-line Armani suit, *straight out of a Scorsese flick*, smoking a stogie.

MICHELANGELO. He is smartly dressed and seems to be younger than expected

MARLA

Please. The only thing bigger than your ex-boyfriend's mouth is his cock. They were going to get Frank to roll-over on you. That's right.

PIPPA

IA was about to throw a deal at him? And what then, he was just going to walk?

MARLA

Hh-huh. But then they pick him up on other charges. It's win-win. But the funny thing is I told him they can't catch you! They'll never catch you. You're unfucking-touchable!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARLA (CONT'D)  
C'mon, you should celebrating.

**EXT. MEN'S CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY**

A forbidding fortress of stone and steel.

**INT. MEN'S CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - DAY**

Pipa sits at a plain counter in front of a metal-mesh barrier, or glass, reacts to the CRASH of steel doors opening and closing.

After a beat, ROCCO, 20s, hot, menacing, a repeat ex-CON appears on the other side of the mesh. He's not a nice man but smiles. She's the best thing he's seen in years.

PIPPA  
Sergeant "pippa" Anderson.

ROCCO  
I should have known. Toi bad  
you're not teh cop who busted me.  
I'd snapped you like a toothpick.

PIPPA  
You talk pretty big for a guy in a  
cage.

Malevolent grin, then...

ROCCO  
A bitch with attitude. I like  
that.

PIPPA  
Let's skip past the foreplay,  
shall we? Wht if i give you a  
crack at the cop who put you here?

ROCCO  
Now I know I'm dreaming.

PIPPA  
Sit down, mr. Ramos.

He eyes her with interest, spins the chair around,  
straddles it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PIPPA

You testified at your trial that the arresting officer -- detective Frank xxxxxxxx -- may have booked less money into the evidence than he actually took from you.

ROCCO

Yeah. So? And he's dead.

PIPPA

You got anything to say about that?

ROCCO

He's dead.

A beat.

ROCCO

Sure. It's all in the trial transcripts, Nobody believed me. Why should I think anything's changed?

PIPPA

Because I'm here talking to you.

ROCCO

I don't mean to be blunt -- but it's the only way I know how to be. What's in it for me?

PIPPA

Probably not a lot. It's not grounds for appeal. But if you give me something I can use -- I'll report you're cooperation to the DA's office and the parole board.

ROCCO

Oh you can do better than that.

ROCCO

Why? Why you? Why now?

PIPPA

It's personal. I know Frank was a rogue. But so is his silent partner. I think you know who they are. And I want to take him down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCCO

I know guys who'd do that for a few packs of smokes.

PIPPA

You help me bust him -- what If I could arrange a conjugal visit.

His eyes light up.

ROCCO

In that case -- I'll tell you somethings that'll curl that dirty blonde hair of yours. After I curl your toes.

ROCCO

.and I'll tell you whatever you want to know.

PIPPA

Whatever I want?

ROCCO

And more.

**INT. CHIEF FLYNN'S OFFICE - DAY**

Chief Flynn, Mayor Panabaker are in a heated disvussion with Pippa.

CHIEF FLYNN

Are you fucking kidding me?

MAYOR PANABAKER

Pippa -- you're way over your head with this thing.

CHIEF FLYNN

I don't like it, either.

PIPPA

You don't have to.

A beat.

PIPPA

If you're not going to allow me this conjugal visit, than I'll just go over you head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYOR PANABAKER

No, you're not. You don't run this office.

PIPPA

No, but I do know the President of the Police Union. Very intimately. And in the last ten elections, the candidates the union endorsed for D.A., and Mayor won.

CHIEF FLYNN

Sit down, Detective!

PIPPA

Did you hear what I --

CHIEF FLYNN

I said; sit down!

Pippa complies, realizes she's gone a bit too far.

PIPPA

Capt. Listen.

CHIEF FLYNN

No, you listen. You're going off the word of a convicted felon. Do you understand you could compromise the whole investigation?

MAYOR PANABAKER

Seriously, Pippa. This feels more like a personal vendetta! You're not even extended family.

PIPPA

Look, nothing's going to happen. At least not what you're thinking. In exchange for some info I agreed to talk to the D.A. And put in a good word at his parole hearing. Capeesh?

**INT. PIPPA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The police scanner continues it's chatter; Pippa peruses case files, diligently taking notes...

There's a KNOCK at her door. It startles her. Pippa goes to the door, checks the peephole...

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Then opens it revealing Mayor Panabaker. She goes to her and they hug.

PIPPA

Hey. Come on in.

They sit on the couch, look at each other... and for the briefest moment her professional focus turns personal.

PIPPA

You must hate me.

MAYOR PANABAKER

Of course I don't hate you. I shouldn't have ambushed you like that, either.

A beat.

MAYOR PANABAKER

I was surprised. I don't know why... We've been intimate long enough. Are you...? The president of the Police Union?

PIPPA

No. I didn't make this decision lightly.

**INT. VISITOR ENTRANCE - NIGHT**

An hour after sunset.

Pippa, overnight bag, groceries, enters through a large double gate. More CHIRPS as the first gate closes and the other door opens.

**EXT. CORRECTIONAL FACILITY - PRIVACY COTTAGE - NIGHT**

A small cottage in the shade of the prison.

**INT. PRIVACY COTTAGE - NIGHT**

Pippa in a drab Motel 6-like room.

Two FEMALE GUARDS, one going through her overnight bag. Bypasses hygiene products, condoms.

FEMALE GUARD

Step over here and raise your arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pippa complies as a FEMALE GUARD pats her down. Her eyes seem to linger... a beat.

FEMALE GUARD

There is no audio or visual recording. There is no monitoring... no outside intervention. However...the panic button is located just inside the front door should you require our assistance.

FEMALE GURAD

And for security reasons, you're not permitted to leave the premises until tomorrow -- 6 a.m. Unless said panic button is activated

They leave. She inspects the room again. Small dining table, sits, tries to scoot her chair in. Can't. It's bolted to the floor. Great. The dingy BED.

The front door opens. And there is Rocco. Suddenly. A guard behind him. The door closes behind him. And...

PIPPA

I've hot him.

CAPT. LEE

Just a guess -- we're talking about xxxx and his partner?

PIPPA

Had a nice little chat with Rocco ramos.

CAPT. LEE

That name suppose to ring a bell?

PIPPA

Not homicide, but he was quite the Vice Division poster child a few years back.

CHIEF FLYNN

Right. He was one of those coke dealers who accused fran of shaving evidence.

CAPT. LEE

So what'd your bad guy have to say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PIPPA

You're not going to believe this. But Frank was on Jesus Montoy's payroll. And I think his silent partner still is.

CHIEF FLYNN

You're right. I don't believe it.

PIPPA

Look, Frank made his whole record on taking down Montoy's competition -- but everytime we'd get close to busting him, he comes clean.

CAPT. LEE

You're saying what? They're trading information for fun and profit?

PIPPA

That's exactly what I'm saying.

CHIEF FLYNN

That's a stretch that Frank was in a conspiracy with one of the biggest drug suppliers in east L.A.. You're drawing lines where there are no dots.

PIPPA

You want dots? Check this out-- I followed John. Know where he went? Straight up Jesus Montoya's driveway.

BRYCE

Concentrate our focus on him.

SAMMY

You think he could have killed Frank?

PIPPA

No doubt about it. Cops are taught to shoot like that.

MAN

Three people killed in less than 20 seconds. No witnesses,

Assistant District Attorney, PETER CALLAHAN -- mid-30s, movie star good looks, Italian suit -- addresses the jury.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

Sammy escorts Pippa towards the dead couple

MAN

Over here. Romeo and Juliet.  
Married, but not to each other.  
The manager said she'd show up her  
once a week.

PIPPA

Probably wrong place, wrong time.

BRYCE

That's how we figure it too.

Detective FRANK VIOLA, 30s, a muscular black man, is having sex with a dirty blonde. He is doing her from behind. Her panties are off but her bra is still on. The only identifying mark is the LABRYS tattoo on her shoulder.