

Brew City  
“Pilot”

by Wendolyn Calhoun

"Pilot of No Return"

TEASER

INT. POLICE HQ, CONFERENCE ROOM, - DAY

The Midwestern office decor in this red brick hall hasn't changed in decades. Ten eager new RECRUITS gather with coffee and donuts around the table. They're welcomed by COMMANDER HOWARD MARTELL, age 55 but could easily pass for 45... light cocoa skin but could easily pass for white.

HOWARD

Ladies and gentlemen. Welcome to Milwaukee Police Department's elite Internal Affairs division. You were selected as officers in this honorable group because you are special... especially qualified to ferret out the corruption plaguing our police department in this struggling city.

Tall, intimidating MAYOR CELESTE TURNER, 55, enters with an ENTOURAGE of ASSISTANTS and DEPUTIES. The Recruits beam with excitement.

MAYOR TURNER

Please, stay seated. I heard Commander Martel was in the building. Had to say hello. Fine looking recruits here.

HOWARD

All starting today. Any advice for them?

MAYOR TURNER

As you may know, I was an Internal Affairs officer before moving to City Hall. It's most important that you are meticulous. Keep a detailed journal of your investigations. You'll see enough drama to write ten novels.

(CONTINUED)

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HOWARD

It is definitely soap opera material. Human behavior is all about habit patterns. You must track these patterns in yourself and others.

There's one beaming face among the Recruits: AMES CRAWFORD, late 30s, a long-haired brunette with American exotic features... Black mixed with some Native American blood probably a little Anglo in her too. Doesn't matter. She's too lovely to categorize. Move in on AMES' eyes then reveal...

INT. CRAWFORD BROWNSTONE, HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Ames' eyes coming into focus through the lens of her computer desktop camera. She's in her pajamas, adjusting the video on herself. Her house is cozily decorated by Target, Sears, and Levitz. Her office is crowded, but organized.

AMES

Okay. Ames Crawford video journal here. Entry number one. Hang with me now, people. I have to go backwards before I can go forward.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN, MILWAUKEE, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Gliding over snow dusted ripples, we fly toward the wintry rust belt city rising in the distance.

AMES (V.O.)

Milwaukee, Wisconsin. I was born here, and I'll probably die here. I thought about making a break for Chicago or New York or some place full of promise, but...

We perch on a shoreline park bench next to Ames. She's bundled in a black coat. Her face is dusted with frost. Cold breath billows between her chapped lips. She tips a funeral urn nestled in her lap, releasing a handful of ashes into her glove. She tosses the grey at the lake, but many of the flakes scatter in the wind.

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

...Those fantasies washed away the day my husband Mitch died.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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AMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Odds are my legacy will settle  
 into the cauldron of Lake  
 Michigan, just like his... because  
 my stories come from right here,  
 in Brew City.

Ames' mourning is STARTLED by a CHORUS of EMERGENCY  
 VEHICLE SIRENS approaching on the street behind her.

She turns to watch as we take FLIGHT, chasing the hot  
 pursuit of police cars.

EXT. STREETS OF MILWAUKEE, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

We hover above flashing patrol car lights, catching  
 glimpses of the city. The chase ramps up into a furious  
 red blur.

AMES (V.O.)  
 I'm not an ordinary widow. I  
 loved a cop.

The red blur melts into flames belching from --

EXT. DILAPIDATED APARTMENT BUILDING, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

A ghetto hell of fire, snow, and smoke. FIREMEN escort  
 WAILING FAMILIES draped in wet blankets from the doors of  
 the inferno up the sidewalk to safety.

EXT. ALLEY, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - CONTINUOUS

Milwaukee COPS clear the alley with guns drawn. They  
 race on foot through the slush.

Find OFFICER MITCH CRAWFORD, 36, fit, rugged, and focused  
 -- running with the Blues.

AMES (V.O.)  
 My husband was my hero.

Mitch trips on a broken beer bottle. He slowly tumbles  
 to the gravel. He catches his breath. The boots of  
 fellow cops pass him. He rises, checks his back. No  
 Blues behind him... only smoke and flames.

THEN, a MALE SHADOW leaps from a fire escape and hits the  
 ground. Mitch lifts his weapon. The Shadow bolts in the  
 opposite direction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Mitch runs after him, recognizing the Shadow as a suspect armed with a rifle. He FIRES, misses. He HEARS GUNSHOTS behind him, sees COPS approaching from the rear. He leaps behind a dumpster, trying to avoid friendly fire.

A RIFLE BLAST. Blood spatter on gravel. Mitch slides down the dumpster, clutching a wound in his chest, gulping for air.

ANOTHER BLAST. A bullet hole erupts in his forehead. His eyes drift shut.

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

His ending is where my story  
begins.

**MAIN TITLES.**

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE.

EXT. CRAWFORD BROWNSTONE, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Drift down from a blue sky sprinkled with perfect puff clouds to a modest brick row home. The front doors and windows are protected behind **thick security bars**. This is the real urban America: BARKING DOGS, barbed wire, and brown-bagged liquor central.

AMES (V.O.)

I became a widow about six months ago. They say my wounds are still fresh.

A couple of BAGPIPE PERFORMERS play "Amazing Grace" on the front sidewalk. UNIFORMED POLICE OFFICERS and SHARPLY DRESSED FUNERAL GUESTS greet, hug and file upstairs into the home.

INT. CRAWFORD DINING ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

The table hosts a Midwestern buffet: macaroni salad, cheese cubes, meatballs, and other assorted platters of comfort food. Mingling Guests help themselves to bites piled high on plastic plates, and cups of keg beer.

Uniformed CAPTAIN KYLE McDAVID, late 40s, approaches Ames as she places a platter of roasted chicken on the table.

KYLE

You shouldn't be on your feet today.

AMES

It's fine, Captain. I'd rather keep busy.

KYLE

My wife's a decent hostess. You've met her, haven't you?

AMES

I met Kristi at the charity picnic.

KYLE

She's here somewhere. I'll send her to the kitchen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMES

I can, you know, I can handle it.

Kyle takes Ames' hand. He launches into his politician's swagger.

KYLE

Sweetheart, Mitch may be gone but you're still family. He was one of the finest police officers ever to work in District Eight. We're going to look after you. We're going to raise a trust fund for your kids. I'm going to personally see to it that Mitch did not die in vain.

Guarded Ames smiles weakly, offers him something to make him let go of her hand.

AMES

Well, then, Kristi can help slice the meatloaf.

KYLE

(nods)  
I'll find her.

Kyle leaves passing Howard (looking two years thinner) in a custom suit.

HOWARD

Mrs. Crawford?

AMES

Yes.

HOWARD

Commander Howard Martell, Internal Affairs. Your husband and I grew pretty close over the past year and I hope you don't mind me checking in on you from time to time.

AMES

I don't mind.

HOWARD

Take my card, ma'am.

Ames takes his business card.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMES

Sure, sure. Please call me Ames.

HOWARD

Ames. I've heard a lot of wonderful things about you. Let me know if you need anything -- carton of milk or a get out of jail free pass -- I do it all.

AMES

(smiles )

Thanks, I will, um, call you sometime.

EXT. CRAWFORD BACK YARD, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Tipsy KRISTI McDAVID, late 20s, fills a red plastic cup with whiskey and takes a big swig. She's a buxom blonde - a former University of Wisconsin cheerleader/sorority sister/party princess. She passes the cup to VICTORIA REYNOLDS, mid 20s, who takes a small sip. Unlike Kristi, Victoria's a natural beauty wearing just a hint of makeup, a stylish bob haircut, and men's trousers.

KRISTI

Is Rochelle here?

VICTORIA

She sat behind me in church, but I didn't see her after the service.

KRISTI

(sighs)

Figures.

Kristi takes the cup from Victoria, chugs it down, COUGHS.

VICTORIA

I'm sure Rochelle has a decent excuse.

KRISTI

Mitch was her husband's partner. She should friggin' be here. Probably had to get a bikini wax.

They SNICKER like schoolgirls. Kyle APPEARS. Kristi stands up straight, flips her hair off her face.

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KRISTI (CONT'D)

(busted)  
Yes, dear?

Kristi hands the plastic cup back to Victoria.

KYLE

Victoria, you look lovely as  
always.

VICTORIA

Thank you, Captain.

KYLE

(to Kristi)  
Are you sober?

KRISTI

(burps)  
Yes.

Victoria stifles a laugh.

KYLE

Ames needs some help in the  
kitchen. I told her I'd send you  
in.

KRISTI

Of course. That's me: *the happy  
helper.*

VICTORIA

I'll help too.

Victoria heads inside. Kyle clutches Kristi's arm before  
she can escape.

KYLE

Get it together.

KRISTI

I am together.

KYLE

You're an embarrassment.

KRISTI

Let go of me.

KYLE

You're my wife. Set an example.

INT. CRAWFORD KITCHEN, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

CLOSE ON: slices of meatloaf being carefully placed on a serving platter by dark brown FINGERTIPS attached to the expertly manicured hands of ROCHELLE BROWN, early 40s. Rochelle is arguably the most sophisticated woman in all of Milwaukee. She's not rich, but she's definitely posing -- hence the black Chanel suit and Gucci shoe knock-off attire.

Ames takes a seat at the 50s kitchenette, SIGHS from exhaustion.

ROCHELLE

The texture of this loaf is absolute perfection.

AMES

It was my grandmother's recipe.

ROCHELLE

I'm saving a slice for myself.

Kristi and Victoria enter.

KRISTI

Look who finally showed up.

ROCHELLE

Ladies, back from whatever trouble you've been getting into...

VICTORIA

We're here to help --

Kristi reaches inside the refrigerator.

KRISTI

-- ourselves to the beer.

(Turns to Ames)

What'll it be? Amber or Dark?

AMES

Amber. Thanks.

Kristi tosses Ames a beer, hands bottles to Rochelle and Victoria. They all join Ames at the table. Kristi leads a toast.

KRISTI

To new beginnings.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They TOAST. We MOVE IN on Ames' face.

AMES (V.O.)  
I'm not an ordinary widow. I  
loved a cop... and that makes me  
one of them.

We MOVE around the table: studying Kristi, Victoria, and Rochelle's faces.

AMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
A cop's wife... a cop's lover... a  
cop's ex. Until Mitch's wake, I  
had avoided this sisterhood.

INT. CRAWFORD HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Ames addresses the computer desktop camera.

AMES  
I didn't need any friends. I have  
two demanding kids who take all  
the energy I can give.

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Back at the shoreline park where Ames scatters Mitch's ashes into the lake.

AMES (V.O.)  
But, the grief almost killed me.  
And when the cop lovers asked me  
to join their group, I thought it  
was the right thing to do. At  
least I wouldn't have to mourn  
alone.

EXT. CRAWFORD FRONT STOOP, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - TIME LAPSE:  
SUNSET TO NIGHT

Guests slowly leave the wake, hugging and saying good-byes.

INT. CRAWFORD BEDROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - NIGHT

As the MURMUR of wake Guests continues downstairs, Ames steals away in her bedroom, locking the door behind her.

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CONTINUED:

She catches a breath at her dresser vanity mirror, brushes her hair, and applies Chapstick. She HEARS SNIFFLES and WHIMPERING. She slowly rises, checking the floor on the other side of the bed where OFFICER RYAN BROWN, 40s, is CRYING. Ryan's handsome caramel face is buried in his white tank top. He's wearing cop uniform pants. He's finished off a bottle of Vodka that's rolling next to his feet.

AMES

Ryan. You want to get on the bed?

Ryan nods. Ames lifts Ryan up. He tumbles onto the bed, dragging her with him.

RYAN

Stay with me.

AMES

I'm here.

RYAN

Don't leave.

AMES

I won't.

Ryan trembles, CRIES.

RYAN

I let him down, Ames.

AMES

No, you didn't.

RYAN

I'm his partner. I left him behind. I should have gone back for him.

AMES

You didn't know. How could you have known?

RYAN

It wasn't right. What they did to him... wasn't right.

Ames cleans his face with tissue. He KISSES her cheek.

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CONTINUED: (2)

RYAN (CONT'D)

You're such a good woman. You  
deserve better than this.

Ames holds him, rocks him.

RYAN (CONT'D)

I'm here for you.

AMES

I know you are.

Ryan kisses Ames' lips. His feelings for her are much more than friendship. She longs for him... but not now, not like this. She gently pushes him down on the mattress.

AMES (CONT'D)

Sleep it off.

RYAN

I'm an idiot...drank too much.

AMES

I'll check on you later.

Ryan rolls onto his side.

RYAN

Good night.

She covers him with a blanket and leaves.

INT. CRAWFORD KITCHEN, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - NIGHT

Wasted Kristi is slumped in a chair. Victoria sits next to her eating a plate of desserts. Ames washes dishes.

KRISTI

(slurred)

Tomorrow night is pizza night.

VICTORIA

Yeah, bring your kids to Kristi's house. We'll have a couple of pies --

KRISTI

-- and wine.

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CONTINUED:

VICTORIA

And hang out.

AMES

Sounds fun.

Ames stares at Kristi and Victoria.

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

I wasn't naïve. I knew these  
women had baggage. I just had no  
idea how damaged they could be...  
or how they learned to cope...

Ames turns, stares through the kitchen window towards  
the...

EXT. CRAWFORD BACKYARD, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - NIGHT

... where Rochelle leads Captain Kyle by the hand to the  
side of the tool shed, kissing him passionately.

AMES (V.O.)

Or how twisted their lives had  
become.

INT. CRAWFORD HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Ames addresses the computer desktop camera.

AMES

And I sure as hell didn't know how  
I would fit in, even if I wanted  
to. Then again, who am I to judge  
their lives?

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Ames among the other I.A. Recruits, jotting down notes as Howard lectures.

HOWARD

Cops want you to hate them. They depend on you judging them. They know if you're judging your suspect, you are removing yourself from his or her experience and pushing your investigation away from that suspect's truth.

EXT. FORD ELEMENTARY SCHOOL, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MORNING

A brick fortress extended by rows of temporary pre-fab trailers. Hurried PARENTS drop off STUDENTS before the morning bell.

AMES (V.O.)

Getting to know the other cop's wives and lovers came easily. We all had something in common: our children.

Ames walks with her son, JORDAN, 6, and her daughter STACEY, 9, to the playground classroom line up. She runs into Kristi with her daughter, BETHANY, 9.

KRISTI

Morning.

AMES

Hi.

KRISTI

Bethany this is --

BETHANY

I know her. That's Stacey Crawford. She's in Mrs. Wheeler's class. She plays flute in the orchestra with me.

STACEY

(shyly)

Hi.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTI

Stacey's coming over for pizza tonight.

BETHANY

(confused)

Is your dad a cop?

Stacey nods sheepishly.

AMES

He was.

JORDAN

He's in heaven now.

BETHANY

Oh.

JORDAN

I'm Jordan.

STACEY

My little brother.

The BELL RINGS. Bethany and Jordan take off for class.

BETHANY

See you tonight.

JORDAN

Okay!

Stacey clutches Ames.

STACEY

I don't feel good.

AMES

Honey, you're fine.

STACEY

I'm gonna throw up.

AMES

Go to class and if you still feel bad have the nurse call me, alright?

Stacey nods. Ames kisses her cheek.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMES (CONT'D)

You'll be fine.

Stacey heads to class. Kristi lights a cigarette,  
COUGHS.

KRISTI

How are you doing?

AMES

Well, you know, um, yeah.

KRISTI

(hands her a card)

Here. Take my business card for  
candles and crap I never sell.  
Our address is on the bottom. See  
you at six-thirty.

AMES

(nods)

See you.

EXT. DISTRICT EIGHT POLICE STATION, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

A tired, institutional community nexus that's smaller  
than the neighborhood pub. Ames walks up the cracked  
steps.

FEMALE VOICE

Ames!

Ames turns and see the voice belongs to LACY JOYNER,  
early 30s, a detective in Milwaukee PD exercise sweats  
built like a middleweight boxing champ.

AMES

Hi, Lacy.

Lacy shakes her hand vigorously.

LACY

You getting together with my  
girlfriend tonight?

AMES

Ah, your girlfriend?

LACY

Victoria. She said you're having  
pizza with the girls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMES

Yeah.

LACY

Good. Pump her full of fuckin' wine and pizza for me, would ya? I'm going to the Bucks game with some of the guys and I don't want any shit from her for staying out late.

AMES

Right.

LACY

What the hell are you doing here?

AMES

I'm taking care of Mitch's locker.

INT. STATION, LOCKER ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Lacy leads Ames inside a musty, creepy alcove lined with combination lockers.

LACY

He's number two-nineteen. I'll keep a look out for ya in case any of these clowns decide to go commando. They walk right out of the showers butt naked to their lockers. I'm telling you, this place is a wildlife animal park.

AMES

Thanks.

Ames unlocks Mitch's locker, blindly fills a police duffle bag with its contents.

LACY

So, how you doing?

AMES

I'm hanging in there.

LACY

Going to counselling?

AMES

Not yet.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LACY

You should do it. That shit's free, you know. Take every benefit they offer you.

Ames finds a locked metal box.

AMES

Oh... he must have another key somewhere.

LACY

It's for his guns. Check his sock drawer.

AMES

You think? I wash all of his socks and I've never seen keys in there.

LACY

Anything important a badge wants you to find after he's gone, he'll hide in the sock drawer at home.

Ames SHUTS the LOCKER.

AMES

I'll check.

LACY

Hey, if Victoria starts bitching about having a baby tonight, don't encourage her, alright?

AMES

You two thinking about kids?

LACY

I'm not, but she is, and -- trust me, we're not ready, so don't go jumping on the baby bandwagon with the rest of those chicks. Got it?

AMES

I see.

LACY

Best part about being a lesbian is not getting pregnant. Am I right or am I right?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Off Ames' uncomfortable reaction.

INT. CRAWFORD BEDROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Ames rummages through Mitch's sock drawer. Finds nothing unusual. She dumps the drawer empty, socks tumble to the floor. CLING. A ring with one small key hits the hardwood.

She takes the key and opens his locked metal box.  
Inside: a nine millimeter semi-automatic pistol, ammo,  
and folded confidential police files.

AMES (V.O.)

His first back up gun.

INT. CRAWFORD HOME OFFICE - DAY

Ames holds the gun, addresses her computer desktop camera.

AMES

I was with him the day he got it.  
He took me to the range and showed  
me how to shoot it.

INT. LOCAL FIRING RANGE, *TEN YEARS AGO* - DAY

A gritty, down home mom and pop shop. Mitch stands closely behind Ames, showing her how to properly hold the gun. She steals a kiss from him. He steps back as she FIRES a round.

AMES (V.O.)

Something about firing that gun  
really turned me on.

INT. CRAWFORD BEDROOM, *TEN YEARS AGO* - DAY

Ames straddles Mitch in their bed, removes her sweater. They rough and tumble in a fit of playful foreplay.

LATER, their bare bodies make love beneath the sheets with all the tenderness of newlyweds... and on the night stand, the sexy nine millimeter.

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CONTINUED:

AMES (V.O.)

I credit that semi-automatic for  
jump-starting my daughter Stacey's  
conception.

EXT. MILWAUKEE P.D. FIRING RANGE - DAY

An upscale, fairly new facility. Ames FIRES Mitch's GUN  
SIX TIMES in a row with the confidence of a professional.  
She pushes the button to automatically fly her target  
paper forward, then inspects her perfectly clustered  
hits. Howard appears next to her.

HOWARD

Excellent work, Ames.

AMES

Thanks.

HOWARD

You're a rising star around here.

AMES

I'm trying.

HOWARD

We've never had a cop widow in  
Internal Affairs before you, and  
I'm starting to think we've just  
tapped into the best hidden talent  
pool in the city.

Ames tacks up her next paper target and flies it down the  
range.

AMES

You probably don't want too many  
women like me in I.A., sir.

HOWARD

How so?

AMES

(whispers)  
You wouldn't have any cops left on  
the force, sir.

Ames FIRES her GUN.

INT. CRAWFORD HOME OFFICE - DAY

Ames holds the gun, addresses her computer desktop camera.

AMES

Of course, I'm going to investigate every case I'm assigned equally and fairly, but my husband's case is a very special one. It won't be done until I say it's done.

Ames places the gun in her desk drawer.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

A DOORBELL RING.

INT. CRAWFORD BROWNSTONE, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - NIGHT

Ames checks the front door peephole. She's holding Mitch's nine millimeter gun behind her back. She sees Kristi, Bethany, Victoria, and Rochelle outside carrying pizzas, wine bottles and sodas.

AMES (V.O.)

The first time I hung out with the women of Brew City it was pretty memorable.

She checks the clock. It's 7:15.

AMES (CONT'D)

Oh, no.

Ames OPENS the DOOR.

AMES (CONT'D)

I forgot.

KRISTI

(coldly)  
We don't appreciate being stood up.

VICTORIA

(smiles)  
We brought the party to you.

The Ladies enter, notice the gun in Ames' hand.

ROCHELLE

Hope you don't mind.

VICTORIA

It's not a good idea for you to be alone. You know, so soon after losing Mitch.

KRISTI

Could you put the Glock away while we eat?

AMES

Sorry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Stacey and Jordan bound downstairs and greet Bethany.

VICTORIA  
Who's hungry?

KIDS  
Me!

ROCHELLE  
Let's do this. I'm starving.

AMES  
(flustered)  
I lost track of time, and --

KRISTI  
Put the gun away. Have some wine.

AMES  
Right.

Ames stashes the gun in the coat closet.

INT. CRAWFORD DINING ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - LATER

Pizza crust left overs and dirty napkins. The Ladies relax at the table while the Kids play video games on the floor of the adjoining living room.

Kristi HICCUPS, fills her wine glass until the bottle is empty.

KRISTI  
Did anybody want more vino?

The Ladies exchange glances: *Kristi's drunk again.*

ROCHELLE  
It's all yours.

VICTORIA  
(softly)  
As usual.

KRISTI  
A ninety-nine point wine for under ten bucks -- now that's what I'm talkin' 'bout.

Rochelle's CELL PHONE RINGS.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ROCHELLE

I have to take this.

(On phone)

Hello.

Rochelle exits to the kitchen.

KRISTI

Who in the hell is so important  
and why on earth are they calling  
HER?

VICTORIA

Maybe it's work.

KRISTI

She's a high school English  
teacher, not Michelle Obama.

VICTORIA

Relax.

AMES

How's school going, Victoria?

VICTORIA

I'm having a good semester. I've  
got this handsome study partner  
for art history. Too bad he's a  
he.

KRISTI

You're the most hetero homo I've  
ever met.

VICTORIA

I've got bisexual tendencies.

KRISTI

Make a choice for God's sake.

AMES

I've thought about going back to  
school. I really like journalism  
and ---

KRISTI

--- Shhhhh! Listen. Rochelle's  
bitchin' and moaning about  
something.

They eavesdrop.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ROCHELLE (O.S.)  
 (Yelling)  
 Because I'm sick of being an  
 afterthought!

An awkward beat.

AMES  
 Doesn't sound like work.

Rochelle enters, grabs her purse.

ROCHELLE  
 Personal emergency. Ames, thanks  
 for the lovely evening. Call me  
 if you need anything. Ladies,  
 I'll be in touch.

Rochelle exits.

VICTORIA  
 I'm guessing it's the ex-husband.  
 (To Ames)  
 Do you still talk to him?

AMES  
 Yeah, we're friends. Most of my  
 friends are, um, guys.  
 (Fearlessly)  
 Who's Rochelle seeing these days?

KRISTI  
 (venomous)  
 Anybody will do.

Ames regards her.

KRISTI (CONT'D)  
 She wishes she could have a  
 relationship.

EXT. CRAWFORD BACK YARD, **SIX MONTHS AGO (WAKE NIGHT)**

The night of Mitch's wake is fresh in Ames' mind. She remembers stares through the kitchen window at Rochelle and Kyle kissing passionately by the tool shed.

KRISTI (V.O.)  
 But, ain't got the guts...  
 (hiccup)  
 To be a policeman's wife again.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

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

She can't handle the  
responsibility.

INT. CRAWFORD LIVING ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - LATER

Ames and Victoria stand over the couch, holding a blanket  
and a pillow.

VICTORIA

This one is the irresponsible one,  
if you ask me.

AMES

She seems so angry.

VICTORIA

She's a drunk.

REVEAL: Kristi sprawled on the couch, drooling through a  
drunken slumber. They prop her head with a pillow,  
remove her shoes and cover her with a blanket.

INT. CRAWFORD HALLWAY, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - LATER

Ames and Victoria chase the Kids down the hallway.

AMES

Bedtime, bedtime little people!  
Let's move.

INT. STACEY CREWFORD'S BEDROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO*- LATER

Ames slides Stacey into bed. Victoria tucks Bethany into  
the adjoining trundle.

BETHANY

Her pajamas don't fit me. They're  
too tight.

VICTORIA

Maybe a big T-shirt?

Ames tosses Victoria a T-shirt from Stacey's dresser.

AMES

That should fit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BETHANY

My daddy is going to be mad. I  
didn't call him to say good night.  
What if something happens to him?

Ames and Victoria share a look.

AMES

Say your prayers and we'll call  
him first thing in the morning,  
okay?

BETHANY

Okay.

(Beat)

My mom's gonna get a hang over.  
Make her drink some water...  
three big glasses full.

Ames and Victoria try not to reveal their concern, but...

AMES

OK. Good night, sweetheart.

BETHANY

Night.

INT. CRAWFORD BEDROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - LATER

Ames and Victoria share a bowl of popcorn in front of the  
television.

VICTORIA

Kids are amazing.

AMES

They can be.

VICTORIA

You regret having kids?

AMES

Never. I'd be lost without Stacey  
and Jordan.

VICTORIA

Where are your parents?

AMES

They were killed in a car accident  
when I was in high school.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMES (CONT'D)

My grandmother filled the void for a while, but by the time I went to college, I was on my own... then Mitch came along, and well...

VICTORIA

Wow. You're really all alone now, aren't you?

A long beat.

AMES

I don't feel like talking.

VICTORIA

You didn't want to have pizza with us tonight, did you, Ames?

AMES

I honestly forgot.

VICTORIA

Do you have any friends?

AMES

My kids are my friends.

VICTORIA

I keep asking Lacy for kids and she's blowing me off.

AMES

It's pretty complicated for you people.

Victoria's offended: *you people.*

VICTORIA

What do you know about being gay?

AMES

Nothing.

VICTORIA

Have you ever been this close to a lesbian before -- in your house, in your bedroom, on your bed?

AMES

No.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

VICTORIA  
Are you scared?

AMES  
No, I have a gun.

VICTORIA  
You bitch.

They LAUGH.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)  
You're a loner.

AMES  
Not really.

VICTORIA  
Time for a change.

AMES  
I hope you get to have children,  
Victoria. Then you'll understand  
that mothers are never really  
alone.

VICTORIA  
Finally. I was starting to think  
that Lacy had gotten to you.

AMES  
What do you mean?

VICTORIA  
She told Rochelle and Kristi not  
to encourage my *motherhood urges*  
behind my back. I swore that if  
she'd gotten to you, I'd break up  
with her. I'm like her plaything  
when the boy's club has had enough  
of her -- and I'm bored with her  
righteous lady cop act.

INT. CRAWFORD LIVING ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MOMENTS LATER

Ames hugs Victoria good-bye for the evening.

AMES (V.O.)  
I don't have friends because  
they're too complicated.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Their dramas become your dramas  
 and the next thing you know,  
 you're knee deep in somebody  
 else's shit.

Victoria leaves. Ames HEARS HEAVING.

INT. CRAWFORD LIVING ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - CONTINUOUS

Kristi VOMITS off the side of the couch onto the rug.  
 Ames rushes to her, props her over one shoulder, and  
 drags her to --

INT. CRAWFORD BATHROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO*- CONTINUOUS

Ames wraps Kristi around the toilet, placing her head  
 over the bowl.

AMES (V.O.)  
 I've got enough of my own  
 problems.

Kristi pushes away from the bowl and curls into a fetal  
 position, asleep on the floor.

INT. CRAWFORD BEDROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - LATER

Ames lies awake in bed, stroking the nine millimeter gun.

AMES (V.O.)  
 I don't need anybody else's.

She TURNS OFF the night stand LAMP. Moonlight.

EXT. CRAWFORD STOOP, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MORNING

A bundled NEWSPAPER SMACKS against the front steps.

INT. CRAWFORD KITCHEN, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MORNING

A COFFEE POT fills with fresh black brew.

A SPATULA scrambles eggs in a hot skillet.

BACON SIZZLES in the microwave.

Bathrobe-draped AMES stares through the sink window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMES (V.O.)

But for some odd reason... it  
still feels right when somebody  
else needs me.

INT. CRAWFORD BATHROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MORNING

The room slowly spins around Kristi huddled next to the toilet. She opens her eyes and SHIVERS from the chill of the cold tile floor.

INT. CRAWFORD KITCHEN, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MOMENTS LATER

Ames pours two cups of hot coffee. She places one on the table in front of Kristi. Kristi studies the cup, BURSTS into BREATHY TEARS.

Ames turns away from her, and gazes through the sink window. She LISTENS to Kristi's SNIFFLES until the SOUND is unbearable, offers her a tissue.

Kristi pulls Ames to her body for an embrace.

KRISTI

I'm a horrible mother.

Ames SIGHS, allows herself to hold Kristi.

AMES

You had a rough night.

KRISTI

Every night for me is a rough  
night.

Ames pulls away.

AMES

You need to eat something.

Ames makes plates for both of them.

KRISTI

Where's Bethany?

AMES

She's upstairs sleeping. I  
thought I'd give them fifteen more  
minutes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ames sits at the table with their plates, starts eating.  
Kristi moves her eggs around the plate with her fork.

KRISTI

I can't stop drinking.

AMES

I see.

KRISTI

I don't know what to do.

Ames sits back in her chair, watching Kristi BLOW HER  
NOSE.

AMES

It's none of my business, but... I  
think you should go to a  
professional.

KRISTI

Who?

AMES

Well, years ago I had some  
trouble. Not with booze. I  
smoked weed. At first it was to  
help me fall asleep, then I smoked  
to wake up, then I just smoked  
wherever and whenever. I knew it  
was a problem when I started  
scheduling my days around my bong  
hits.

KRISTI

Yeah, first it's one drink, then  
it's ten drinks and next thing I'm  
hugging a toilet somewhere.

AMES

I went to see Dr. Richard  
Shockley. He has an office  
downtown, but he also sees people  
at his home over on Jefferson.  
It's best you go to his house.  
It's discreet.

KRISTI

He give you drugs? I mean, to  
help you kick the addiction.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

AMES

No. He gave me hope.

The DOORBELL RINGS.

INT. CRAWFORD FRONT DOOR, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - CONTINUOUS

Ames OPENS the DOOR. Livid Kyle BARGES IN.

KYLE

Where is she?

AMES

In the kitchen.

KYLE

And my daughter?

AMES

Upstairs.

Kyle storms upstairs, leaving Ames hanging.

AMES (CONT'D)

Come on in, Captain.

INT. CRAWFORD LIVING ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MOMENTS LATER

Ames straightens Stacey and Jordan's clothes, loads lunch bags into their backpacks. She holds them next to her, a lioness protecting her cubs.

Kyle drags Kristi by the arm out through the front door. Bethany follows them.

Kristi catches Ames' eyes on the way out: *help me.*

The FRONT DOOR SLAMS SHUT.

INT. CRAWFORD BEDROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MORNING

The CLOCK on the dresser TICKS LOUDLY. It's 10 AM.

Ames sips coffee on the floor rug, thumbing through the confidential files from Mitch's lock box.

AMES (V.O.)

Misconduct reports. Sexual harassment claims.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMES (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
 Internal affairs investigations.  
 The dates were only months before  
 Mitch's death, and he signed all  
 of them.

INT. CRAWFORD BROWNSTONE, HOME OFFICE - DAY

Back in present time, Ames is much more confident now.  
 She fingers her badge as she addresses her computer  
 desktop camera.

AMES  
 I know more about my husband now  
 that he's dead, than I did when he  
 was alive. It's pretty common for  
 cops to have secrets. Their  
 instinct is to protect the people  
 they care about and that usually  
 means a code of silence. I  
 remember trying to talk to him the  
 night he signed this report.

INT. CRAWFORD LIVING ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - NIGHT

Mitch is on the couch watching a Bucks game. Ames  
 massages his shoulders.

AMES  
 You're incredibly tight.

MITCH  
 Yep.

AMES  
 Work stuff?

MITCH  
 Uh-huh. A little lower, babe.  
 Yeah, right there.

AMES  
 What's going on?

MITCH  
 The usual.

A long beat of silence. Ames is uncomfortable.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMES (V.O.)

The usual, he said. There's nothing "usual" about signing a misconduct report against your boss.

INT. CRAWFORD HOME OFFICE - DAY

Ames addresses her computer desktop camera.

AMES

(reads the report)

"Captain Kyle McDavid followed me into the men's room. He forced me against the back wall and told me that his interactions with Officer Pruitt were of a private nature and none of my business."

INT. POLICE STATION, MEN'S ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Details from the report Ames is reading come to life. Kyle has Mitch pinned against the wall.

AMES (V.O.)

"I was angry and maybe I over-reacted, but..."

MITCH

She says you slept with her.

KYLE

She's lying.

MITCH

She came to me with bruises on her back.

KYLE

I didn't touch her.

MITCH

It's one thing to have an affair with a rookie. It's another thing to beat the shit out of her.

KYLE

If she comes to you again, send her to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MITCH

Look, I didn't go to IA. I would never do that. They came to me and I'm sure I'm not the only person they questioned.

Kyle collars Mitch, grits his teeth.

KYLE

You don't know anything about this, Mitch. Keep your mouth shut or I'll shut it for you.

INT. CRAWFORD BROWNSTONE, HOME OFFICE - DAY

Ames addresses her computer desktop camera as she SMACKS the report on her desk.

AMES

The code of silence is a poison. It kills the souls of every cop I know. It seeps into all of their relationships and destroys their ability to trust anyone. That's why I choose Internal Affairs. That's why every cop on the wrong side of the law should fear me. I know their dirty little secret. And I'll find truth in their silence.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN, MILWAUKEE - DAY

Ames jogs along the shoreline in police department issued sweats. She's a few feet ahead of the other I.A. Recruits in her group. She passes HOMELESS PEOPLE, MOTHERS pushing BABY strollers, and ELDERLY MEN feeding birds. The WIND HOWLS. It's sunny and cold.

AMES (V.O.)

The difference between me and these other Internal Affairs newbies? I'm willing to do whatever it takes to make cops do the right thing. Usually that means I'll go after the things they love most. That's how I went after Captain Kyle McDavid. I showed his wife, Kristi, a way out.

EXT. DR. SHOCKLEY'S HOME OFFICE, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Ames' old brown Volvo pulls up and parks in front of a handsome brick Tudor. Ames helps weak Kristi out of the car.

AMES

The side walkway leads to a back door gate. His office door is on the left.

KRISTI

Thank you for this.

Kristi hugs Ames.

AMES

Kyle is wrong, Kristi. Don't forget --

KRISTI

I won't.

AMES

-- Don't forget to tell Dr. Shockley everything he's done to you. He's here to listen. He's here to help, alright?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Kristi nods.

AMES (CONT'D)  
Sure you feel alright?

KRISTI  
I'm good.

INT. DR. SHOCKLEY'S HOME OFFICE, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Worn, comforting inviting. Diplomas and awards clutter the walls.

DR. RICHARD SHOCKLEY, early 50s, reviews paperwork at his desk. We discover Kristi, arms folded across her chest, sitting quietly on the couch across the room.

RICHARD  
Your husband is a very well-respected man. We shared a table at the Mayor's Christmas charity luncheon.

He smiles warmly at Kristi. She strokes her left arm obsessively.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
Can I offer you some water, coffee maybe?

KRISTI  
No, thank you.

RICHARD  
He showed me a picture of your daughter. He was proud of his family.

Kristi stares at her shoes.

RICHARD (CONT'D)  
How long have you been married?

KRISTI  
(bitterly)  
Ten years.

Richard jots this down.

RICHARD  
When did you start drinking?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

KRISTI

In college.

RICHARD

You have a long list of symptoms here. Have you ever been treated for depression?

KRISTI

No.

RICHARD

But you're taking Xanax.

KRISTI

For panic attacks.

RICHARD

I see.

He notices Kristi stroking her arm.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

You take the Xanax with alcohol?

KRISTI

Sometimes.

RICHARD

Painkillers?

KRISTI

Vicodin sometimes.

RICHARD

Who's writing your prescriptions?

KRISTI

I don't need a prescription.

A beat. Richard meets her eyes.

KRISTI (CONT'D)

You can get those pills anywhere in this town, doctor.

RICHARD

What happened to your arm?

KRISTI

I fell.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CLOSE ON: Kristi's left arm. It appears swollen.

REVEAL: Richard flexing her left hand. She winces with pain.

RICHARD  
(disbelieving)  
You fell?

Kristi nods. Richard gently fingers the hair back from her face.

KRISTI  
Kyle... beat me.

RICHARD  
First time?

KRISTI  
(no)  
All the time.

RICHARD  
(softly)  
Let's get you fixed up, alright?

KRISTI  
(relieved)  
Alright.

INT. CRAWFORD HOME OFFICE - DAY

Ames working on a current video diary entry.

AMES  
(into her desktop  
camera)  
Knowing that Captain Kyle had  
threatened my husband and was  
beating his wife was all the fire  
I needed to start asking  
questions. What else was he  
capable of doing?

EXT. LAKE MICHIGAN, MILWAUKEE, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Ames sits on a park bench next to Lacy who's scanning Mitch's confidential files.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LACY

Mitch was being harassed by Kyle McDavid.

AMES

It's bad enough Kyle had an affair with a rookie, but he beat her up. I know Mitch must have been really upset about it... although he didn't discuss it with me.

LACY

Cops never talk about this shit. They can't.

AMES

What should I do?

LACY

You need to request Mitch's death report.

AMES

How do I do that?

LACY

Come to the station with me. I'll give you the paperwork.

AMES

I can't go back to that station.

LACY

It's your right to know how your husband died.

(huffs)

I'd be mad as hell if I was you.

AMES

I know how my husband died. He was shot by a junkie in an alley.

LACY

They're always shot by a junkie in an alley.

Off Ames' uneasy revelation.

INT. POLICE STATION, BULLPEN, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - AFTERNOON

Lacy loads papers from her printer into a manila envelope. She walks towards the...

INT. POLICE STATION, WOMEN'S ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - CONTINUOUS

... where she meets Ames at the sinks. They wait while a WOMAN exits. Lacy hands Ames the envelope.

LACY

I called in a favor at the lab. I put a rush on his ballistics analysis.

AMES

Thanks, Lacy.

LACY

Shut up about it.

AMES

Okay.

LACY

My ass is on the line here but if there's a cobra in our district, I need to know about it. I'll do whatever it takes to smoke him out.

AMES

A cobra?

LACY

If Kyle silenced Mitch, then nobody's safe. You hear me?

AMES

I hear you.

EXT. POLICE STATION, PARKING LOT, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Ames pulls out in her Volvo, heads up the street.

AMES (V.O.)

I learned a big lesson about Internal Affairs on that day: proximity is everything.

INT. AMES' CAR, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - CONTINUOUS

Ames stops at a red light. She spies Kyle driving Rochelle in his Escalade across the intersection. She makes a right turn, following them.

AMES (V.O.)

All I needed was the courage to  
put myself near the action.

EXT. FRENCH BISTRO, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MOMENTS LATER

Ames watches Kyle and Rochelle get out of the Escalade and walk to the bistro. Ames focuses on Rochelle.

AMES (V.O.)

I promised myself I wasn't going  
to get wrapped up in other  
people's affairs...

EXT. FRENCH BISTRO, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MOMENTS LATER

Ames watches Rochelle give Kyle a peck on the cheek, then enter the bistro.

AMES (V.O.)

But now, all of their business is  
my business. Kyle the cobra would  
never suspect me... the cop's  
widow to be the one to bring him  
down.

INT. FRENCH BISTRO, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MOMENTS LATER

A romantic white table cloth room with private booths and a long mirror backed bar.

Ames sits alone at the bar, watching the mirrored reflection of Kyle and Rochelle flirting across the room.

AMES (V.O.)

Rochelle's dalliance didn't faze  
me. Cops are notorious for  
juggling wives and lovers.

She focuses on Rochelle in the mirror, then removes her cell phone from her purse, dials. RING. RING.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTORIA (PRELAP)

I was so happy you called me.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD PARK, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - AFTERNOON

Ames and Victoria watch Stacey and Jordan having fun on on the playground.

AMES

You told me not to be alone.

VICTORIA

But you weren't sure about me, were you?

AMES

I'm not sure about anybody right now.

VICTORIA

Understandable.

AMES

I saw Lacy at the station.

VICTORIA

I heard you cleaned out Mitch's locker. Must have been difficult.

AMES

I saw something else too. Weird.

VICTORIA

What?

AMES

Is Rochelle friends with Kyle?

VICTORIA

Yeah, absolutely.

AMES

Maybe more than just friends?

VICTORIA

You mean?

AMES

She's seeing him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

VICTORIA

Maybe. Probably.

AMES

Does Kristi know?

VICTORIA

Kristi suspects.

AMES

And you know too?

VICTORIA

It's not my business.

AMES (V.O.)

Translation: code of silence.

INT. CRAWFORD BROWNSTONE, HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Ames with her computer desktop camera.

AMES

Brew City women all know what's up -- and the fact that they keep things quiet to protect their husbands and lovers is a given. Plain and simple. If you want to get to them to talk, you have to let them know that whatever they're hiding will come back to haunt them.

INT. CRIME LAB, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Ames follows Lacy down a long hallway. Photos of crime scenes, blown up fingerprint analysis posters, and cases of guns line the walls.

Ames follows Lacy into the --

INT. CRIME LAB, BALLISTICS, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - CONTINUOUS

A walk-in closet office with a shooting test tank, cabinets full of ammo, and clean cut FRANK TAGLIETTI, late 20s. Lacy locks the door behind them.

LACY

Frank. This is Ames Crawford.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMES

Hello.

FRANK

Sorry about your husband.

AMES

Me too.

FRANK

I'm up to my ears in hot rushes today so let me get down to the nitty gritty.

LACY

Hit it.

Frank shows photographs and illustrations of the details he's describing.

FRANK

Some of these are graphic, OK?

AMES

OK.

FRANK

Mitch was shot twice. The first shot hit his leg and took him to the ground. The incident report says it came from the suspect's rifle. Not true. It was a nine millimeter standard issue bullet. The report says the second cap that entered his head and killed him was from another suspect's sawed off shotgun. Bullshit. The second bullet seems to be from the same weapon as the first.

AMES

The report is wrong?

FRANK

It's still an open case. Possible friendly fire, especially the first shot to the leg.

LACY

But the second shot to the head?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

FRANK

That's where this gets funky.

AMES

Who wrote this report?

FRANK

Signed by Captain Kyle McDavid.

AMES (PRELAP)

I need to know who shot my husband.

EXT. CRIME LAB, PARKING LOT, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Lacy walks with Ames.

LACY

The incident report lists all of the officers on duty that night. I could ask a few questions, you know, to guys I trust.

AMES

I don't know how you can trust anyone around here. I don't.

LACY

Ames, you're getting all worked up over some speculation that --

AMES

That one of you killed my husband.

LACY

One of us? Me? Come on now. Let me help you get to the bottom of this.

AMES

You want to help. Really.

LACY

Yes.

AMES

Why?

LACY

Because it's the right thing to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMES

There's something you're not  
telling me.

LACY

What?

AMES

Thanks for the offer, but I've got  
this.

LACY

If Kyle is covering up your  
husband's murder, you're in way  
over your head.

Off Ames...

INT. AMES' CAR, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MOMENTS LATER

Ames drives down a residential street. She parks, then  
searches her purse. She uncovers Howard Martell's  
business card. She dials her cell phone, listens.

FEMALE VOICE (O.S.)

(From phone)

Internal Affairs. How may I  
direct your call?

AMES (V.O.)

In that moment I knew my destiny.

HOWARD (O.S.)

(on voice mail)

This is Officer Howard Martell of  
Milwaukee Police's Internal  
Affairs. Please leave a detailed  
message at the tone.

BEEP.

AMES

Officer Martel. Ames Crawford.  
We met at my husband Mitch's  
funeral. I need to see you.

INT. CRAWFORD LIVING ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - NIGHT

Ryan bear hugs Stacey and Jordan together. Ames sips  
tea, watching his affection towards her children.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JORDAN

I'm not tired.

RYAN

Go to bed like your mother says.

STACEY

Good night, Uncle Ryan.

RYAN

I'm not your uncle.

STACEY

Yes, you are.

RYAN

No, I'm not.

Stacey hugs Ames, bounds upstairs.

AMES

(to Stacey)

Brush your teeth.

JORDAN

I'm not going.

RYAN

Yes, you are.

Jordan tackles Ryan.

JORDAN

Make me.

AMES

That's enough, Jordan.

JORDAN

Bring it on, old man!

RYAN

You little punk --

Jordan races upstairs with Ryan on his tail. Ryan stops midway, pretending to be out of breath.

JORDAN

Slow old fart! Senior citizen!

AMES

That's enough.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Jordan's gone. Ryan LAUGHS quietly.

RYAN

They're doing alright, huh?  
Better than I thought they'd be  
doing.

AMES

Not really. Stacey complains  
she's sick and Jordan's  
aggressive.

RYAN

And you?

AMES

I'm lonely.

RYAN

What about your new girlfriends?

AMES

I'm not one of them.

RYAN

How's Rochelle treating you?

AMES

Cordial. Cold. Do you still talk  
to her?

RYAN

Of course, she sees Isaac every  
other weekend. I have to be civil  
for a couple more years. He'll go  
off to college and then I can  
finally stop suffering through  
Mother's Day brunches.

AMES

The joys of divorce.

Ryan sits next to Ames, puts his arm around her.

RYAN

Listen, the other night after the  
wake... I was wasted. But, I  
meant what I said.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

AMES

Mitch adored you. He said you were more than a partner. You were his brother.

RYAN

I meant that kiss too. I know it's not right... too soon and all that, but I haven't been with anyone since Rochelle left me, and well, you're the only person I would even think of --

Ames kisses him.

AMES (V.O.)

Being with Ryan wasn't the smart thing to do or the right thing to do. It was the only thing to do.

EXT. CRAWFORD FRONT STOOP, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - LATER

Ames kisses Ryan good-bye, watches him leave.

AMES (V.O.)

If anybody might tell me exactly how my husband died, Ryan would.

INT. CRAWFORD HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Ames at her computer.

AMES

I know how this looks. How could I sleep with my husband's partner so soon after his death? Yeah, I know...it's not right. But I don't regret it, at least not yet.

Ryan appears behind Ames. His bare chest is ripped. He's only wearing boxers.

RYAN

You coming to bed soon?

AMES

As soon as I'm done with this entry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RYAN

You talking about me on there?

AMES

It's a private diary.

RYAN

I don't want I. A. coming after  
me.

AMES

(hugs him)  
I.A. has already got you, baby.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. POLICE HQ, CONFERENCE ROOM, - DAY

Howard prepares for the day's lecture. Ames shows up early, bright-eyed.

HOWARD  
Officer Crawford.

AMES  
Sir.

HOWARD  
How's training going for you.

AMES  
Very well, sir. I started my diary and it's been very helpful.

HOWARD  
In what way?

AMES  
Processing Mitch's death... and what happened to Kyle.

HOWARD  
You have regrets?  
(off Ames' no)  
Good. I have big plans for you. I can see you taking over for me one day.

AMES (V.O.)  
Big plans. Taking over. I didn't go looking for this work. It came looking for me.

INT. CRAWFORD FRONT DOOR, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

A SOFT KNOCK.

KRISTI (O.S.)  
Ames...

Ames OPENS the DOOR. It's Kristi: one black eye, one bloody ear, one swollen lip, one wrist in a cast.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMES

What happened?

Bethany enters, wraps her arms around Ames' waist.

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

Kristi McDavid. The captain's wife... came to me one day: sober... beaten and frail. She had gone to the hospital to get checked out.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO*- DAY

Richard stands next to Kristi as a NURSE examines her wrist.

AMES (V.O.)

When the doctors found a wrist fracture, she was trapped at the hospital for hours...

EXT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL PLAYGROUND, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Bethany swings next to a concerned TEACHER who keeps checking her watch.

AMES (V.O.)

... And when no one came to pick up Bethany, her teacher contacted Captain Kyle.

Angry KYLE storms onto the playground. He gratefully shakes the Teacher's hand, then scoops Bethany up into his arms.

INT. MCDAVID HOME, HALLWAY, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - NIGHT

Pottery Barn perfect decor sullied by its inhabitants. Bethany cowers on the floor next to the locked bedroom door, listening and crying. We move through the wall into the...

AMES (V.O.)

And when Captain Kyle heard she saw a therapist and went to the hospital... Well, all hell broke loose...

INT. MCDAVID HOME, BEDROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - CONTINUOUS

Where Kyle hovers above Kristi. Her wrist is in a splint and soft cast.

KYLE  
What did you tell them?

KRISTI  
That I fell. But...

KYLE  
You did fall.

KRISTI  
After you hit me.

KYLE  
You told them I hit you?

KRISTI  
They didn't believe me.

KYLE  
You're a liar.

KRISTI  
I learned to lie from you.

KYLE  
Don't talk back to me.

KRISTI  
I know about you and Rochelle.

KYLE  
She's working on a project for me.

KRISTI  
A project? Since when is your  
dick a project? If you think I'm  
going to sit back and let you get  
away with this one, you're wrong.

Kyle PUNCHES Kristi's mouth.

KRISTI (CONT'D)  
I hate you.

Kyle SMACKS Kristi to the ground. Blood trickles from her ear. She stands and LUNGES for him.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMES (V.O.)

It was my fault for meddling in  
Kristi's business. I had to do  
something.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MORNING

Kristi has her vitals checked by a NURSE. The Nurse  
leaves the room revealing Ames with Howard. He's writing  
notes onto a legal pad.

HOWARD

Have you thought about the  
consequences of filing this report  
against your husband?

KRISTI

He'll kill me, Howard.

HOWARD

You know, we have procedures in  
place for crisis situations. I  
can arrange for some confidential  
marital counselling.

KRISTI

I don't want him anywhere near me.  
I don't want him anywhere near my  
child.

Howard nods compassionately.

HOWARD

I see.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY, *SIX MONTHS AGO* - MOMENTS LATER

Ames walks with Howard, trying to gather her wits.

AMES

What would it take for me to join  
IA?

HOWARD

Academy graduation, special  
assignment training... And guts.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AMES

I want to work with you.

HOWARD

Well...

AMES

I think that's what Mitch would want me to do.

HOWARD

I see.

AMES

I know cops, Howard. I know them internally and externally.

HOWARD

My wife loves to say that she knows me better than I know myself.

Ames hands Howard an large envelope.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

What's this?

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM, POLICE HQ, *THREE MONTHS AGO* - DAY

Ames sits across from Howard and TWO INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICERS. The contents of the envelope are spread across the table: Mitch's death report, Kyle's misconduct reports, Mitch's coroner photograph, ballistics reports, etc.

AMES

My husband's death was not because of friendly fire. He was murdered by one of the cops on duty that night. I believe Captain Kyle McDavid was involved.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

HOWARD

Based on the evidence we have here, gentlemen, I'm recommending that Captain McDavid be suspended with psychiatric treatment while we investigate the battery charges Ms. McDavid has filed against him, as well as the circumstances surrounding Officer Mitchell Crawford's death.

IA officers nod in agreement.

HOWARD (CONT'D)

Ames, if you're still interested, we want you in Internal Affairs.

EXT. DISTRICT EIGHT POLICE STATION - DAY

Ames, sharply dressed in a dark suit, slowly strides up the steps to the front doors. A sea of UNIFORMED COPS rush past her, beginning their shifts for the day.

AMES (V.O.)

I expect to face enemies with hero complexes...

INT. STATION, AMES' OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Howard opens the door to a sparsely furnished corner office. Ames enters and ceremoniously takes a seat behind the desk. Howard hands Ames a case file which she opens to see a photograph of Lacy Joyner in uniform.

AMES (V.O.)

... execute tough investigations

INT. CRAWFORD BROWNSTONE, HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Ames addresses her desktop camera, holding a joyful photograph from her wedding of Mitch embracing her.

AMES (V.O.)

... And except difficult truths.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF SHOW