

**CATHEDRALS OF SIN**

Created and Written

by

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**NEW ORLEANS MOVING PICTURES Co.**

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CATHEDRALS OF SIN

In a world...

FADE UP:

SFX: LIGHT BREEZE FLIES AS A METROPOLIS TRIES TO BREATHE...

FADE IN:

CAMERA: FLIES OVERHEAD AND DOWN THROUGH CLOUDS TO REVEAL A SWEATY, MASSIVE CITY JUNGLE...

EXT. NEW ORLEANS CITY TRAFFIC (PRESENT DAY) - DAY

The Big Easy is alive with hot, angry, bumper-to-bumper rush hour traffic.

CAMERA: TRACKS CITY TRAFFIC OVERHEAD AND LOCKS ON OUR POLICE CRUISER

CUT TO:

INT. OUR POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Peering from the backseat through the prisoner cage, we see OUR NEW ORLEANS POLICE DEPARTMENT (NOPD) OFFICER (mid-40's) pilots alone, but we can't see his face. He checks the computer, the radio, and dash display with fighter pilot intensity.

SFX: THE RADIO SQUAWKS POLICE TALK

Reaching with his left knee to steady the steering wheel, our officer checks his SCUBA DIVING WATCH worn on the inside of his left wrist. Rotates the bezel to zero-out.

He checks his badge, pen, and nameplate, LAF-something, to square-away his uniform. Everything in its place.

EXT. CITY TRAFFIC/NEXT TO OUR POLICE CRUISER - DAY

ANGRY MAN (mid-50's) in a business suit, driving a BMW, flips-off the driver in front of him and lays on his horn, to only look over his left shoulder, out the driver's side, to see our Officer in his police cruiser.

The man freezes, an ashen-white look pops onto his face...

SFX: CRASH!!! CAR HORNS!!! YELLS!!! [ETC]

The Angry Man rear-ends the car in front of him.

Our cruiser just passes by without a care, as the Doppler sound of the Angry Man screams in pain.

INT. OUR POLICE CRUISER - DAY

With his right, scarred, memorial wrist-banded hand, our Officer retrieves two cigars in a Ziploc plastic bag laying on the cockpit floor. 'Navy-something' the band reads.

Our Officer adjusts his gun belt. The leather creaks. Sweat rolls down the back of his neck. Down the channel of a horrible injury scar.

The wind blows like a wet torch through the windows.

SFX: URGENT ALERT SQUAWKS ON RADIO! BEEP. BEEP. BEEP.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Metro East units, two-eleven now.  
Boudreaux's Chicken Shack, thirteen  
three-ninety, one, three, three,  
nine, zero, Chef Menteur Highway.  
Three suspects armed with semi-  
automated handguns inside location.  
R-P states he's sitting across the  
street at Gator Gas and it appears  
a white sedan with one driver-  
occupant is idling in front of the  
restaurant. Responding units?

SFX: POLICE SIRENS AND GROANING HIGH-PERFORMANCE POLICE PURSUIT INTERCEPTOR ENGINES CHOKE THE UNITS' AIRWAYS

20M41 a "Mary" motorcycle unit, guns through the rushing wind surrounding his transmission.

UNIT 20M41 (RADIO)

Twenty-Mary-forty-one code three in  
two.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Twenty-Mary-forty-one code three in two.

Our Officer reaches down. Turns the police radio up. Presses the window buttons till the windows fall short an inch from closing. Turns the air conditioning off.

20A53 a two-man "Adam" patrol unit, jumps in on their horses.

UNIT 20A53 (RADIO)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-three code three in ninety seconds.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-three code three in ninety.

Our Officer opens the Ziploc bag with his scarred right hand, pulls a cigar and zips the bag back up one-handed. His memorial band reads:

CU: "GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN 9/11"

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-seven code three ninety seconds out.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-seven code three in ninety.

AIR 7 SKYKNIGHT (RADIO)

Air-seven SkyKnight ten-ninety-seven. Thirty seconds.

SkyKnight's blades give away its presence across the radio traffic.

Pulling a cigar cutter from his shirt pocket, with both forearms calmly steering, he cuts the cigar end. It hits the floorboard.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Air-seven SkyKnight on-scene in thirty.

UNIT 20A51 (RADIO)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-one code three in thirty.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
Twenty-Adam-fifty-one code three in  
thirty.

He smells the leaf of his cigar as he drags it across his  
nose.

SFX: SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE FLYING CLOSER

Our Officer reaches down, turns on his LIGHTS AND SIREN to  
stop traffic at an intersection. We pull out to block  
traffic.

DISPATCHER (RADIO) (cont'd)  
All units, panic alarm just  
signaled at location.

Trapped inside the prisoner cage, we see the traffic come  
to a stop at the intersection. Look right. Look left.

TWO UNITS fly by -- lights and sirens screaming. Trash and  
dirt sucked into the trailing vortex.

POLICE DRIVER of second unit through intersection palms a  
'thankful hand' out the driver's side window towards our  
Officer for the traffic safety-block.

Our Officer politely reciprocates with the unlit cigar  
between his fingers.

SFX: SKYKNIGHT SCREAMS OVERHEAD WITH HER BLADES THUMPING

Our Unit slowly drives away through the intersection as he  
turns off the lights and siren. We are not going to the  
armed robbery call today. The calvary is already on the  
way, down range, with a whole lot of hurt coming.

The radio squawks with impending danger.

AIR 7 SKYKNIGHT (RADIO)  
SkyKnight ten-ninety-seven over  
location. Suspects exiting  
restaurant. One... Two...

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
SkyKnight ten-ninety-seven.  
Suspects exiting location. Two  
suspects SkyKnight?

AIR 7 SKYKNIGHT (RADIO)  
Shots fired. Suspects fired into  
the restaurant. Front glass is  
blown out. It appears--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Beat. Dead air. Radio crackles.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
All units. SkyKnight reports shots  
fired into restaurant. Suspects  
have fired into the restaurant.

SFX: SIRENS PUNCH THROUGH RADIO TRAFFIC/CONFUSION

UNIT 20A51 (RADIO)  
Twenty-Adam-fifty-one ninety-seven.

Our Officer reaches down and turns the radio up just a  
little bit more. It's getting hot. Real hot.

UNIT 20A51 (RADIO) (cont'd)  
(screaming into radio)  
We're taking rou--

SFX: GUNSHOTS CAN BE HEARD OVER THE RADIO TRAFFIC

AIR 7 SKYKNIGHT (RADIO)  
Twenty-Adam-fifty-one is engaged.  
Taking rounds.

Our Officer reaches for the computer. Punches a few keys  
and an on-screen map zeroes-in on the 211 (Armed Robbery)  
location. Maybe we're going after all?

He slowly puts the cigar back into his mouth. Bites down.

UNIT 20A51 (RADIO)  
Twenty-Adam-fifty-one in pursuit.  
Suspects fired upon us. Unit was  
hit, not us.

Beat. Dead air.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
All units, twenty-Adam-fifty-one is  
in pursuit. Twenty-Adam-fifty-one?  
Direction?

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO)  
Twenty-Adam-fifty-seven ninety-  
seven.

UNIT 20A53 (RADIO)  
Twenty-Adam-fifty-three ten-ninety  
seven.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

AIR 7 SKYKNIGHT (RADIO)  
 SkyKnight is on the pursuit. Twenty-Adam-fifty-three and fifty-seven should setup a perimeter at the location.

UNIT 20M41 (RADIO)  
 Twenty-Mary-forty-one in pursuit behind twenty-Adam-fifty-one. Heading eastbound Chef Menteur.

Our Officer reaches into his uniform shirt pocket to retrieve a Navy-emblazoned Zippo lighter. He flicks the top open. No flame.

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO)  
 Twenty-Adam-fifty-seven, roll Fire Rescue. We have some people down inside the location.

(beat)  
 Dispatch? Place the call.

UNIT 20A53 (RADIO)  
 Twenty-Adam-fifty-three setup on the northeast corner.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
 Twenty-Adam-fifty-seven, placing the call. Standby.

AIR 7 SKYKNIGHT (RADIO)  
 SkyKnight. Pursuit eastbound Chef Menteur now passing Industrial.

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO)  
 Twenty-Adam-fifty-seven it looks--

A screaming woman can be heard over 20A57's radio.

Beat. Dead air. Radio crackles.

Our Officer closes and flicks his habit open again. No flame. Driving steady in rush-hour traffic. Jammed.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
 Twenty-Adam-fifty-seven go.

Beat. Dead air.

DISPATCHER (RADIO) (cont'd)  
 Twenty-Adam-fifty-seven go.

CONTINUED:

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO)

Standby.

The woman is still screaming over 20A57's radio.

AIR 7 SKYKNIGHT (RADIO)

SkyKnight. Pursuit heading eastbound ninety over Bayou Sauvage.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Pursuit eastbound highway ninety over Bayou Sauvage.

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-seven. We have a witness from the restaurant--

The same screaming woman can be heard while 20A57 is trying to broadcast.

AIR 7 SKYKNIGHT (RADIO)

SkyKnight. Suspect vehicle just T-C'd at ninety and eleven. They hit the gore point.

ECU: OUR OFFICER FLICKS HIS HABIT TO PAY-OFF WITH A BURST OF FLAME

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

All units, SkyKnight is reporting suspect vehicle T-C'd at highway ninety Chef Menteur and highway eleven, uh, at the gore point.

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-seven. We have a female employee from the restaurant who states there is another suspect in the bathroom. Twenty-Adam-fifty-three hold your position.

Cross-traffic on the radio causes confusion.

UNIT 20A53 (RADIO)

Fifty-three roger.

AIR 7 SKYKNIGHT (RADIO)

SkyKnight. Suspect's vehicle just caught fire.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Standby units. Keying-up over each other. Twenty-Adam-fifty-three?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

UNIT 20A53 (RADIO)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-three is holding position.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-three is holding his position. SkyKnight? Ten-nine?

AIR 7 SKYKNIGHT (RADIO)

SkyKnight. Suspect's vehicle just caught fire. Roll Fire Rescue. Highway ninety, Chef Menteur. Highway eleven.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

SkyKnight, standby, Fire Rescue being notified.

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-seven, looks like we'll need a dog.

The woman can be heard crying over the radio.

ECU: OUR OFFICER EXERCISES THE JAWS OF HIS LIGHTER MIMICKING A DOG

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

All units, parish-wide, K-9 unit come up on frequency for twenty-Adam-fifty-seven on a 2-11 now.

The radio is silent for a split second.

AIR 7 SKYKNIGHT (RADIO)

SkyKnight. Foot pursuit. Twenty-Mary-forty-one and twenty-Adam-fifty-one.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Additional units for foot pursuit come up on frequency.

UNIT 20M48 (RADIO)

Twenty-Mary-forty-eight code three.

20M48 is also a motorcycle unit with wind and siren running through the mic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
Twenty-Mary-forty-eight code three.  
T-C location is gore point, highway  
eleven and highway ninety.

UNIT 20M48 (RADIO)  
Mary-forty-eight roger.

UNIT K939 (RADIO)  
Dispatch. K-nine-thirty-nine.

An excited police dog is barking incessantly over the  
radio.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
K-nine-thirty-nine, twenty-Adam-  
fifty-seven is requesting  
assistance at Boudreaux's Chicken  
Shack, thirteen three-ninety, one,  
three, three, nine, zero, Chef  
Menteur Highway, cross of Michoud.  
Possible two-eleven suspect still  
inside location.

UNIT K939 (RADIO)  
K-nine-thirty-nine, roger. Code  
three. Have twenty-Adam-fifty-seven  
switch over to L-Tac four.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
Twenty-Adam-fifty-seven switch over  
to L-Tac four with K-nine-thirty-  
nine.

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO)  
Fifty-seven roger.

Still in rush hour traffic, out of the action, our Officer  
switches over his radio to Local Area Tactical Channel four  
to drop-in.

SFX: CLICK. CLICK. BEEP.

UNIT K939 (RADIO)  
K-nine-thirty-nine is 'by on L-Tac  
four.

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO)  
Hey, Sheppard, LeBlanc here. We had  
a hot two-eleven go down at  
Boudreaux's Chicken Shack--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The female employee is heard screaming away over the radio traffic background. Still keyed-up--

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO) (cont'd)  
(in the background)  
Lady?! Shut the fuck up!

She stops. Whimpers.

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO) (cont'd)  
(continuing)  
And I have a female employee witness who says she thinks there's a suspect holed-up in the bathroom. We've locked our perimeter. What's your E-T-A?

UNIT K939 (RADIO)  
Ask her if I can get some free chicken fingers. And some barbecue sauce.

20A57's mic opens. The woman becomes apoplectic--

UNIT 20A57 (RADIO)  
You better hurry up because the place is gonna burn down if Fire doesn't show-up soon. The fryers are boiling over.

UNIT K939 (RADIO)  
Roger.  
(beat, redneck-speak)  
Hey mistuh? Can I get me some chicken for my dawg? Please mistuh?

Our Officer is pulling into the police station parking lot driveway as he turns the radio back to the main frequency. Enough of that craziness for one day.

SFX: CLICK. CLICK. BEEP.

Reaching out the window with his cigar hand, he punches in his security access code to the massive iron security gate. Success. It opens. The victory cigar is waiting to be lit.

UNIT 20A51 (RADIO)  
Dispatch. Myself and twenty-Mary-forty-one are holding two suspects at gunpoint. Request assistance.

Our Officer taps the brakes. Hold. We going now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNIT 20M48 (RADIO)

Twenty-Mary-forty-eight ten-ninety seven at pursuit termination. Eleven and the ninety. You can hold additional units rolling.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-one? Do you still need assistance?

Pause in radio traffic. Crackle.

The security gate starts to close.

DISPATCHER (RADIO) (cont'd)

(repeating)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-one? Do you still need assistance?

UNIT 20A51 (RADIO)

Negative. Mary-forty-eight is here. We're going to need traffic stopped southbound highway eleven, westbound highway ninety. We've got traffic stopped eastbound ninety.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Twenty-Adam-fifty-one, ten-four. Will contact State Police. Standby.

AIR 7 SKYKNIGHT (RADIO)

SkyKnight will stay on-scene until code four.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Ten-four. SkyKnight will stay on-scene until code four.

We finally pull-up to our parking spot, stop, turn and back in.

Its a method. Transmission in park. The trunk opens. The car radio is turned-off. He types-in his ending mileage and logs off the computer. Checklist precision.

The engine is shutdown. He steps out of the cruiser.

The SHOTGUN is unlocked and pulled from its restraint.

CAMERA: FOLLOWS LOW, BOOT LEATHER FROM BEHIND

SFX: THE FAINT CRACKLE OF HIS HOLSTERED RADIO CAN BE HEARD

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Our Officer's hands reach inside the trunk to unload TWO BERETTA 92F 9MM HANDGUNS inside a TACTICAL COMBAT BAG. A back-up SMALL PISTOL is pulled out of his left front pocket.

STATION PA

Twenty-Mary-fifty-five contact the desk for traf-- Correction, twenty-Mary-fifty-three, contact the desk for traffic.

The combat bag is filled with every police device needed. A place for everything and everything in its place.

He unloads the shotgun and puts the shells in holding slots in his bag.

He pauses.

STATION PA (cont'd)

All units. Code four at pursuit termination with Air 7 SkyKnight. Three in custody. Ten-fifteen.

He switches his radio off, zips the bag closed. Pulls it out. Shuts the trunk. A method to everything.

CAMERA: LOW ANGLE TRACKING OUR OFFICER FROM BOOT LEVEL

Shotgun at port-arms, police tactical bag in hand, our officer walks towards the back entrance of the police station.

INT. POLICE STATION/REAR POLICE ENTRANCE - DAY

The door flings open, sunlight barges in, and our Officer's combat boot blocks it open. The tactical bag is picked-up again.

NUMEROUS OFFICERS, TRUSTEES, CIVILIANS walk about the station. [ETC]

SFX: COMBAT BOOTS ON THE TILE FLOOR. CLUMP. CLUMP.

He walks down the aisle. Stops and hands the shotgun to the ARMORER through a safety chute walled with safety glass.

The armorer waves a 'thank you' for securing the weapon.

The buzz of officers coming and going is reflected in the glass.

INT. POLICE STATION/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Our Officer walks down the aisle of lockers to his, yet notices...

WS: ANOTHER OFFICER IS STANDING IN FRONT OF HIS LOCKER WITH THE LOCKER DOOR OPEN, HE'S HIDDEN FROM VIEW, SAVE FOR HIS BOOTS SEEN AT THE BOTTOM BEHIND THE DOOR

Our Officer sets his gear down on the bench.

SFX: FAINT CALL OF THE RADIO CAN BE HEARD OVER THE STATION'S PA SYSTEM

We hear whimpering. Crying?

Our Officer s-l-o-w-l-y pushes the locker door, closing it to see...

OUR OFFICER  
Hey... Mark?  
(slowly pushing locker door  
closed)  
Anthony?

Crying.

As the locker door closes, it reveals OFFICER ANTHONY MARK WILLIAMS--

SFX: BANG!!!

MS: OFFICER WILLIAMS' HEAD EXPLODES UPWARDS. BLOOD AND BRAIN MATTER SPLATTERS THE CAMERA

His body unceremoniously CRASHES to the locker room floor.

MS: OUR OFFICER IS COVERED IN BLOOD AND MATTER. EVERYTHING MOVES TO SLOW MOTION.

SFX: OUR OFFICER'S HEARING IS COMPLETELY BATTLEFIELD-MUFFLED

He falls back against the lockers, breathing heavily. Breathe. Breathe. Heavier. Heavier.

Young Officer Anthony Mark Williams (was 25-years-old) in full uniform just took his own life by inflicting one gunshot to the head underneath his jaw.

SFX: OFFICERS RUNNING DOWN THE CORRIDORS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RUNNING OFFICER (O.S.)  
I heard a shot! I heard a shot!

STATION PA  
Shots inside the station. Shots  
heard inside the station.

A HERD OF OFFICERS, guns in hand, round the corner of the lockers to see our Officer almost hyperventilating and frozen against the lockers.

Blood is splattered everywhere. Rocks of brain matter everywhere.

SFX: CRUNCHES UNDER THEIR BOOTS

OFFICER NO. 1	SERGEANT
Holy shit man! Fuck!	Fuck man! Fuck!

SERGEANT (cont'd)  
(to our officer)  
Are you hit?! Are you hit?!  
Jacques?! Are you hit?!

The Sergeant (mid-40's) in uniform, pats him down to see if he's hit.

JACQUES  
(shaking his head 'no',  
whispers)  
No. No.

WS: CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL OUR OFFICER

Our veteran officer JACQUES "JAX" LAFITTE (mid-40's) in full uniform now dressed in brain matter and blood is glued to the lockers. Petrified.

OFFICER NO. 1  
Call Fire Rescue!

OFFICER NO. 2  
(disturbed, resigned)  
He's dead man. He's fucking dead.

OFFICER NO. 1  
Fucking call them anyways!

SERGEANT  
Someone check Lafitte. See if he's  
hit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The Sarge moves down to see if he can help the fallen officer. Anything. Something. There's no life left. The Sarge's face gives it away.

OFFICER NO. 1

(strained)

You hit Jacques? Come on man, you hit?

Jacques is shaking his head 'no' but it is not an acknowledgement. It's a denial of what just exploded.

HIS HEARING IS GOING DEAF, RINGING to everything and everyone. His heartbeat is beating his head.

OFFICER NO. 2 (O.S.)

He's dead, man. His head's gone.

Jacques is being checked over for any wounds.

MS: JACQUES' FACE IS COVERED WITH BLOOD AND BRAIN MATTER

They're checking him for trauma. He's paralyzed. He's breathing heavily. Ears ringing.

CU: JACQUES' FACE

He is trying not to hyperventilate.

ECU: JACQUES' FACE CRIES BLOOD. PAIN.

WHITE OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. MUD HUT/AFGHANISTAN - DAY

It is quiet in a foreign land. Too peaceful. Light wind.

An ox is tied-up to a tree. Dead. Chicken carcasses are scattered about. Things are broken about. Things are dead.

The mud hut appears to be scarred with war damage.



INT. MUD HUT/AFGHANISTAN - DAY

A SMALL NAVY MILITARY TEAM of FIVE cautiously enters the mud hut. Dust is settling. Heat is increasing. The wind is angry.

Bullet holes give way to sunlight punching through.

DEAD ENEMY INSURGENTS line the floor. Death gasps its last.

A younger military-Jacques walks past a young POINT MAN hunting for a specific enemy insurgent amongst the dead. Not that one. Not that one, either.

This one.

Jacques turns over a bullet-riddled insurgent to reveal...

CU: HIS FACE UNDER A PAKUL HAT

He jumps back. Turns around. Sees his unit's lasers aimed at him. Dead aim on his heart.

He looks over in the corner of the mud hut and sees a CATHOLIC NUN (early-20's) in white, holding a BABY basked in bullet-hole sunlight poking through.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEACH HAMMOCK - DAY

Jacques jolts from his nightmare, swinging in a hammock by the ocean. The ocean sound is peaceful. Calming.

He looks around. No one notices.

A BIKINI-CLAD HOSTESS, twin of the Catholic Nun, comes over to offer him a drink on her tray. Her shadow falls over Jacques.

He looks up.

BIKINI HOSTESS  
Would you like a baby, sir?

Jacques is speechless.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sun burns.

WHITE OUT.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

**TITLE: 3 MONTHS LATER**

A peaceful air falls over the police station. It's a good day to come back.

The station crawls with activity. Police activity.

JACQUES (V.O.)

If I ever needed someone to tell me this wasn't a good idea, it would be me. Ten years in the Teams down range was enough. I wasn't a lifer. Just a fighter for my country. A warrior by trade. Being a street cop should be easier. Guys doing six tours to only come home and be blown-up by some kiddie-bangers for what? I always told myself... If it ever got so bad, you wanted to eat your own gun... It was time to pack-up. The worst crime is blowing yourself up. Eating your gun. They haven't invented a holster with a crystal ball. The bad guys win. For what?

INT. POLICE STATION/LOCKER ROOM - DAY

Jacques walks-in and pauses at the end of the bench to his locker. A hard pause. Looks down the row of lockers.

There's ANOTHER OFFICER just finishing dressing-out in front of Officer Williams' former locker. Jacques spots his boots poking out from below the door.

Pause.

Three months wasn't long enough to quell these feelings. These nightmares. Not nearly long enough.

The officer closes the locker door, looks up...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER NO. 3  
(startled)  
Oh, hey. What's up?

JACQUES  
(muted)  
Hey.

The officer passes by Jacques, head bowed politely. He knows who Jacques is and why he's back.

MONTAGE:

JACQUES' LOCKER. OFFICER WILLIAMS' FORMER LOCKER.

JACQUES SITS, ALONE AT THE END OF THE BENCH, STARING.

JACQUES TURNS THE COMBINATION TO HIS LOCKER. PAUSES, AS IF HE ALMOST FORGOT THE COMBO. DOES HE WANT TO OPEN IT? CLICK. IT OPENS.

HE METHODICALLY DRESSES-OUT. SLOWLY. PLACES EVERYTHING ON THE BENCH. IT'S NOT REALLY FEELING RIGHT AGAIN, BUT JACQUES'S A VETERAN.

JACQUES PULLS OUT A FRESH UNIFORM, STILL IN THE DRY CLEANING BAG. HE RIPS THE PLASTIC BAG OFF AND TOSSES IT DOWN THE BENCH. NOTICES SOMETHING.

HE WALKS SLOWLY OVER TO THE PLASTIC. STUCK TO IT IS A PICTURE.

ECU: IT'S JACQUES' NAVY AFGHANISTAN UNIT

He clips it back up to his locker wall, with his scarred fingers, next to his many service ribbons.

A Navy Combat Action Ribbon and Purple Heart ribbon with one gold star, showing two awards, sit on the top shelf. Jacques has definitely seen combat action.

SFX: THE LOCKER DOOR SLAMS HARD. REVERBERATES.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION/HALLWAY/WATCH COMMANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

The police station's veins course with hard activity. Jacques passes the Watch Commander's Office and through the window we see LIEUTENANT JIM WILSON (mid-40's), sharp uniform, leader.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Hey! Lafitte!

Jacques pauses and comes back to the office door.

JACQUES

(smiles)

Hey, L-T.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Glad you're back. I'm getting thin on Training Officers for Night Watch.

JACQUES

Can we make this the last one?

LIEUTENANT WILSON

What? You thinking of retiring? Come on, man. You just got back.

JACQUES

Don't know, yet.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Listen. I know it's been tough in the Bahamas...

JACQUES

(laughs)

The natives were good to me. Very good.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

I can tell by that tan.

(awkward pause, probing)

You thinking of taking the Sergeant's Exam?

JACQUES

(inhales)

I don't know, L-T. Don't think I'm cut-out to lead anymore. You gotta know when it's time to not go down range anymore.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Pause.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

If you can lead in fire fights in Afghanistan, Jacques, you can certainly lead in the mean streets of New Orleans.

JACQUES

(nervous laughter)

I...

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Listen. I need good T-O's. Take this Trainee, give us another good one and let's talk after. Its only six months... You didn't burn-up all your comp time yet, did you?

JACQUES

Naw. Still got some banked.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Train this one, give us another good officer, and maybe we can get your tan serviced again.

(switching gears)

It's getting bad out there, Jacques. We need more good guys with guns in this world. The bad guys are kiddie-bangers--

JACQUES

(finishing)

Sporting heavy fire power. Saw it in the big sand box, too. Teens.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

(resigning)

Yeah, the weaponry is getting bigger.

(pause)

I just need more good cops on the streets, man. I'm not giving up quite yet. A lot has changed since we grew-up on the Westbank, Jacques. A lot has changed among the ranks.

Memories.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)  
 (changing gears)  
 Hey, look. Your Trainee's name is  
 White. Jennifer White. I would've  
 sent you her jacket, but I didn't  
 want to interrupt your, uh, sun  
 tan.

L-T reaches back over to his desk, grabs Trainee White's  
 jacket and tosses it to Jacques.

CU: TRAINEE JENNIFER WHITE'S TRAINING JACKET

JACQUES  
 (laughs)  
 I'll go over it tonight.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE STATION/SECURED PARKING LOT - DAY

Jacques tosses the jacket to TRAINEE JENNIFER WHITE (mid-  
 30's) a fresh, athletic, black female officer right out of  
 the academy.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 (confused)  
 Sir?

JACQUES  
 Go over your jacket tonight and  
 brief me tomorrow.

Jacques is walking over to his cruiser while Trainee White  
 stands in the middle of the parking lot, gear staged around  
 her and training jacket in hand.

Frozen. Confused.

A TWO-MAN POLICE CRUISER sneaks up on her and blows its  
 emergency horn.

SFX: FFFONK!!!

Trainee White throws the jacket, papers flying, and  
 stumbles back to the hood of another cruiser.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 (barking)  
 Leave my Trainee alone!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They drive right by her. Laughing.

JACQUES (V.O.)

There's only three type of cops in the streets. Those on-the-take... And those going-to-be-on-the-take. Sin is rewarded in the streets. Only difference between the good guys and bad guys? Badges. They got guns. We got guns. They have uniforms... Criminals make the best cops. And cops... As for me? I've seen enough of this crap. Sin... I don't know why I came back.

OFFICER NO. 4

(laughing)  
I can't breathe!

OFFICER NO. 5

(laughing)  
Pick up your papers Trainee.

OFFICER NO. 4 (O.S.)

(laughing)  
I can't breathe!

Trainee White is almost crying. Papers everywhere. She starts to pick them up. She's chasing them in the wind.

Jacques is shaking his head. What has he gotten into? Again?

He pops the trunk open and leans a little too early. Clip goes his head. Out of timing. Maybe he's been tanning too long?

JACQUES

(sotto voce)  
Grrr.

Rubbing his head, Jacques looks up to see that Catholic Nun standing in the middle of the police parking lot with a baby.

He just stares. He's the only one who notices.

She stares at him. Baby in arms.

She walks straight for him--

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. OUR POLICE CRUISER/TRUNK - DAY

Trainee White walks up, almost pouting. Jacques comes to.

JACQUES

Here. Give me the shotgun.

He checks to see if it's loaded. Trainee White doesn't know what to do but just stand there.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Listen up. Never, ever, load the shotgun in the station. Always load it at the trunk.

(looking directly at her)

Do you understand me Trainee?

TRAINEE WHITE

(timidly)

Yes. Yes sir.

JACQUES

If you A-D in the station, you're going to put a whole lot of hurt on people. If you accidentally discharge the boomer in the trunk, you'll just get days off for killing the car's ass.

TRAINEE WHITE

(stunned)

Yes sir.

Jacques continues his gear checkout with a warrior's precision.

JACQUES

Un-holster your weapon, drop the magazine into your left hand. Set the magazine down on the bag. Pull your slide back, lock it and drop the round on top of the bag.

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes sir.

Trainee White un-holsters her weapon, presses the release button and the magazine drops straight away into the trunk. She quickly picks it up. Now what?

JACQUES

(perturbed)

Put the magazine down.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

She drops it back into the trunk.

Jacques leans over, retrieves the magazine and places it on the bag like he told her.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Finger off the trigger and rack  
your slide back. Lock it.

TRAINEE WHITE  
Yes sir.

The sun is not giving up today. She's sweating now. Racks the slide back and the chambered round drops into the trunk. The slide flies forward.

JACQUES  
(frustrated)  
Hand me your weapon.

She follows his orders.

He inspects her standard issue Beretta 92F 9mm service weapon.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Your weapon is dirty. How do you  
expect to go home alive at night if  
your weapon hangs in a fire fight?

TRAINEE WHITE  
I--

JACQUES  
Shut up.

Her eyes get pancake wide. Reality check, Trainee.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
(handing her weapon back)  
Pick up your magazine, load your  
weapon.

She picks up the magazine and gingerly slides it into the magazine port of her weapon. Click. She pulls the slide back, locks it, releases the slide and a round is chambered.

He pushes her arm down into the trunk, just in case it accidentally discharges.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)  
(commands)  
Safety on.

She clicks the safety on.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
(pointing at single round)  
What are you going to do with that  
round? Throw it at the dirtbags?

TRAINEE WHITE

I--

JACQUES  
Shut up. Pull your magazine and  
load the round on top.

She pulls the magazine again, this time careful not to drop  
it. Sets it down and puts the sole round on top of the side  
of the magazine.

She looks at her Training Officer. She did it, right?

Jacques just shakes his head. You have got to be kidding  
me?

JACQUES (cont'd)  
How are you going to shoot more  
than one round if your magazine is  
sitting there?

She's lost. She's frozen.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Put the round in the magazine and  
reload your weapon.

Pop! The light bulb finally goes off and she gets it.

TRAINEE WHITE  
Oh! Oh--

She quickly puts the round back into the magazine, reloads  
the weapon and just stands there.

JACQUES  
Safety on, holster your weapon.

TRAINEE WHITE  
Yes sir.

She holsters her weapon.

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

If you want to survive in the streets Trainee, you need to be able to combat load your weapon, while being fired at... With broken fingers.

JACQUES (V.O.) (cont'd)

There are two beasts, Trainees fight from Day One... The streets... And the other two-thirds. Odds are already stacked against them. My job is to make sure they go home at night... Alive. After sign-off... They get to decide which confessional they want to be in. Which sins they want to commit.

Combat training time. Jacques then proceeds to quick draw his weapon.

He releases his magazine into his left hand, puts it down on top of the bag, racks the sole round out, locks the slide, grabs the round before it falls inside the trunk, grabs the magazine with his left hand, loads it back into his weapon, releases the slide, drops the magazine into his left hand again, feeds the sole round back into the magazine with his left fingers and reloads it into his weapon.

Trainee White just stands there -- stunned.

JACQUES (cont'd)

You must be able to do this, without killing yourself or anybody else, at least the good guys, before I sign you off of training? Do you understand Trainee?

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes sir.

JACQUES

(poignantly)

This was a test. You failed. But you receive no grade because you weren't combat-trained in the academy. You were trained by wannabe Marine Drill Instructors who taught you to fear them, not save your life. You're not penalized.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes sir.

JACQUES

I will train you to survive in the streets. I will train you to go home at night alive.

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes sir.

JACQUES

Am I black?

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes sir...  
(confused)  
Uh--

JACQUES

No, Trainee. I'm white. You're black.  
(pause)  
Let me check your gear. Turn around.

Jacques proceeds to check her gear and makes sure she is squared-away.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Get in the car. We'll fix you later.

He watches her go over and get into the car on the passenger side -- the Bookman's side. The Bookman always writes the paper and books the bad guys and gals.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Watch your--

TRAINEE WHITE

Ouch!

JACQUES

--head.  
(sotto voce)  
Gets them every time.

Jacques slams the trunk shut.

INT. OUR POLICE CRUISER - DAY

We are on patrol in the prisoner's cage. Back in Jacques' and his brand spanking new Trainee's police cruiser. The radio is jumping.

**TITLE: PATROL TRAINING DAY 1**

Trainee White covertly glances over to see Jacques's hands on the wheel.

ECU: JACQUES' HORRIBLY SCARRED HANDS

She gets it. It must've been his fingers which were broken.

JACQUES  
 (bangs steering wheel)  
 Damn! Damn! Damn!  
 (pause)  
 Crap!

TRAINEE WHITE  
 (jumping)  
 Sir?

JACQUES  
 (shaking steering wheel  
 back and forth)  
 Crap! They had to screw me.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 (puzzled)  
 Screw you, sir?

JACQUES  
 They just had to screw with me.  
 (pause)  
 They sent me a fucking nigger.

Whoa! Time out. Trainee White is stunned. Her eyes pancake.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 (confused)  
 Sir?!

JACQUES  
 They sent me a fucking nigger and  
 to boot... A fucking female. I  
 don't deserve this shit.  
 (yelling at her)  
 I don't deserve this shit!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Trainee White looks like she wants to jump out the window. Begins to cry. Her Training Officer is psycho.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 (banging steering wheel)  
 Crap! Crap! Crap!  
 (screaming)  
 A fucking nigger! You hear me?! A  
 nigger!

Trainee White can't take it anymore and explodes!

TRAINEE WHITE  
 (crying, screams)  
 I'm not a fucking nigger! Stop  
 calling me a nigger! I fucking  
 worked my way through the Academy  
 with this shit and I'm certainly  
 not going to take it from you.  
 You, you... You fucking cracker!

Whoa, Nelly! Jacques looks over at her -- stunned. It's about to get real.

EXT. ABANDONED PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Jacques spins the police cruiser into a vacant parking garage. Slams on the brakes. Her head hits the door glass.

He slams the transmission into park and turns off the car.

He jumps out.

JACQUES  
 Get out!

She falls out.

He's pacing. She's stumbling.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 (screaming into the garage)  
 Fuck me! A fucking nigger! A nigger  
 they sent me!

Echo, echo.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 (loses it, yelling)  
 Stop calling me a fucking nigger,  
 motherfucker! You fucking white  
 cracker ass cracker.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAINEE WHITE (cont'd)

You fucking fuck!

(fuming)

I didn't leave law school to spend  
a year of my life to fucking be  
called a nigger by my T-O! You  
fucking motherfucking cracker!

Pause.

Dust is settling. The voices echo into the parking garage.

She's fuming. Breathing heavily.

Jacques slowly marches with intent towards his Trainee.

She steps into a combat stance. Fists balled. Bull snot  
coming out.

He slowly moves into her face 'Marine Drill Instructor  
style.'

JACQUES

(soft voice)

How the fuck -- Trainee -- do you  
expect to survive in the streets...

When you blow your top at someone  
calling you a nigger?

(pause, politely)

Huh, motherfucker?

(pause)

Answer me... Nigger?

Wait. What? She's frozen. Breathing heavily.

Pause.

Jacques breaks into a silly, stupid, mocking dance. Half  
Michael Jackson, half rapper. Beat-boxing. Sounds like "I'm  
Bad."

JACQUES (cont'd)

(singing, arms out MJ-  
style)

Nigguh wassup? I'm bad.

(looking directly at her)

Wassup my nigga?! I'm bad.

She is still breathing heavily.

What's going on here? Her Training Officer has wigged-out.

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)

(singing)

I slap my bitch. I slap my 'ho. I  
slap my face.

(slaps his face)

Ouch.

(pause, 'air slaps' her)

I slap my nigga. I'm bad.

TRAINEE WHITE

(angry)

You're fucking with me?

JACQUES

I slap my bitch. I slap my  
'ho. I slap my...(shakes finger 'no',  
'air slaps' her again)

I slap my nigga.

TRAINEE WHITE (cont'd)

You're fucking with me?

(resigns)

Fuck.

JACQUES

(correcting)

Sir.

TRAINEE WHITE

(frustrated)

You're fucking with me... Sir?

JACQUES

I slap my bitch. I slap...

Okay, he stops. She gets his point.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Oh, I'm not fucking with you  
Trainee.

(rapper-style, mocking)

I ain't fucking with my nigga. Oh,  
no. Nots meez. Not po' little  
cracker ass crackerhead me.She wants to laugh, but she's so mad he got to her and she  
doesn't want to admit it.

JACQUES (cont'd)

(mocking)

You fucking fuck?

(throws his hands up)

What the fuck?

Pause.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 Here ends this lesson. You failed.  
 (happily)  
 Let's get some ice cream!  
 (Eddie-Murphy-mocking)  
 Ice cream! Let's get some ice  
 cream! Ice cream!

Jacques walks over, gets in the patrol car and starts it up.

He looks through the windshield at his dejected Trainee, still huffing and puffing. Fist curled.

He reaches over, grabs the PA MIC...

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 (commandingly)  
 Trainee White. This is the police.  
 Put your hands down. Get in the  
 car. We're going to get some ice  
 cream.  
 (Eddie-Murphy-mocking)  
 Ice cream! Ice cream!

She unclenches her fists, slowly walks over. She bends down to look into the Bookman's window at her crazy T.O. She gets in just giving him the evil-eye.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 (still on PA)  
 Watch your head. This is a bumpy  
 ride. Thank you for riding  
 crackerhead roller coasters. Have a  
 nice day!

Jacques steps on the gas.

She flies back into the seat. The passenger door slams closed.

Spinning tires on pavement.

JACQUES (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 (questioning)  
 Crackerhead... Cracker ass cracker?  
 Is that like an Oreo? I love Oreos.  
 Especially with milk. But I likes  
 me some white milk. I wonder if  
 they'll have Oreo sprinkles for my  
 ice cream? [ETC]

Welcome to the means streets, rookie.

EXT. CITY STREET - DUSK

Our patrol training unit drives off away from camera through a busy intersection, only seconds after to have TWO CARS COLLIDE behind them.

THE CRASH drivers get out, yelling and screaming at each other. [ETC]

Just another day in The Big Easy.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OUR POLICE CRUISER - DUSK

Back in our cruiser, on patrol, and some business needs to be done as we pull up to...

EXT. ICE CREAM PARLOR - DUSK

It's time to get some ice cream, as the man says. Our Patrol Unit is out back working as a lean-to for our Training Officer and Trainee as they enjoy their treat.

JACQUES

What is wrong with you?

TRAINEE WHITE

What, sir? What do you mean 'What's wrong with me?'

JACQUES

You left law school for this crap?

Long pause.

JACQUES (cont'd)

(staccato)

Five words. What. Were. You. Think. In, Trainee?

TRAINEE WHITE

(transfixed state)

Half-way through my first year I realized law school wasn't for me. I wanted to do something with my life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

Why didn't you become a postal worker? They have guns, too.

TRAINEE WHITE

I wanted to help--

JACQUES

(cutting-off)

Save the world? Good luck with that. This world isn't worth saving. Save yourself instead.

Another long pause. Jacques senses something's up with his Trainee. Looks over.

FLASHBACK MONTAGE: AT THE WHITE'S HOUSE ON THAT NIGHT

TRAINEE WHITE (O.S.)

My husband... My ex-husband... Was cheating on me while I was at night school.

JACQUES (O.S.)

How did you catch him?

TRAINEE WHITE (O.S.)

(nonchalant)

I came home early on a Monday night. Wanted to surprise him during football.

JACQUES (O.S.)

Surprise him?

TRAINEE WHITE (O.S.)

I... I... I dressed-up in this hot lingerie outfit with nothing but a coat over me.

JACQUES

(eating away)

Was it that cheap lingerie stuff?

She just glares at him.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Some guys like classy, expensive lingerie. I'm just sayin'.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAINEE WHITE

I came in the back entrance. The back door was open. That was odd. We just had a small house. I saw the game on.

(pause)

And I saw her on him. Right in front of the T-V.

Jacques looks over at her. She's definitely not liking telling this story, nor her ice cream anymore.

TRAINEE WHITE (O.S.) (CONT'D)

I was paralyzed. I couldn't breathe. My chest was about to explode. I could hear my own heartbeat. She just kept grinding him and grinding him and grinding him.

She squeezes her ice cream cone. Busts! Jacques goes to the trunk to get some wet wipes. Every good cop has some.

TRAINEE WHITE (cont'd)

(beat)

She was my next door neighbor. Patty and I grew up together. We were cheerleaders together. I guess you could say we fucked the same guy together.

JACQUES

That's fucked up.

TRAINEE WHITE

He's a lawyer, too. A lawyer. He was putting me through school. Law school.

(long pause)

I left. They never saw me. Came home at my normal Monday night time. He was so delighted to see me. He wanted to fuck and I just told him I was sick. I was sick. I threw-up in the kitchen sink.

(beat)

In the morning, I fixed him breakfast, kissed him off to work and thirty minutes later called a moving company.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

Damn Trainee, you don't mess around.

TRAINEE WHITE

I had everything thrown in the pool.

JACQUES

(stunned)

You had the moving company throw everything in the pool?

TRAINEE WHITE

Moving companies are mostly ex-cons. They loved the cash. They felt sorry for me. Even told me they'd 'fuck him good' was their quote. There had been enough fucking for one twenty-four hour period. So I passed.

(pause)

All I took was my clothes, my family heirlooms, looked over my shoulder... And never looked back.

JACQUES

What did you do with the ring?

TRAINEE WHITE

I put it right where they were fucking.

JACQUES

(staccato)

Nig-ger.

He looks at her face. She's stone-faced.

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes. Yes he was.

(pause)

I packed everything I had, moved out of Los Angeles to New Orleans. I lived a charmed life. At least I thought I was. Now I have nothing. That's why I need this job.

Jacques takes notice.

CONTINUED:

JACQUES  
 (changing gears)  
 Rule... Anything discussed in the  
 confessional...

He points to the cockpit.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 Or close to it... Stays on the  
 street.  
 (beat)  
 Roger that, Trainee?

She nods her head 'yes.'

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 Roger-up, Trainee.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 Yes, sir.

He closes the trunk.

The unit pulls away--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OUR POLICE CRUISER/FRENCH QUARTER PURSUIT - DUSK

Our patrol cruiser pulling away down the street. Back  
 inside the cockpit, or confessional, the radio bursts open.

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)  
 Ten-thirty-three.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
 Metro South units standby,  
 emergency traffic. Ten-thirty-three  
 go.

The siren and engine racing of 30A14 chokes their radio  
 transmission.

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)  
 Thirty-Adam-fourteen is in pursuit  
 of a green Honda sedan, failure to  
 yield, possible D-U-I. Heading  
 river-bound Esplanade from  
 Carrollton. License one Sam Boy  
 George two two two.  
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO) (cont'd)  
Appears to be two occupants. Road  
conditions good. Speed--

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
(cutting-off)  
Units to assist?

Jacques and his Trainee jump on their horse. He reaches up  
and pulls his seat belt down. Click.

JACQUES  
Put your seat belt on.

His Trainee quickly pulls down the seat belt and the  
tensioner locks. Clunk.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Slowly. Slowly.

She pulls slowly this time as Jacques revs the engine up.  
Click.

UNIT 30A21 (RADIO)  
Thirty-Adam-twenty-one, code three  
in thirty. Northbound Broad from  
Canal.

Jacques revs-up the engine. It groans.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
Thirty-Adam-twenty-one, code three  
in thirty. Northbound Broad from  
Canal.

JACQUES  
Pick-up the mic and say, 'Thirty-  
Tom-ninety-one, code three in forty-  
five.'

Their assigned unit today -- 30T91. She pensively grabs the  
mic.

TRAINEE WHITE  
(markedly)  
Thirty-Tom-ninety-one, code--

JACQUES  
Press the key.

Crap.

CONTINUED:

TRAINEE WHITE  
 (pressing key this time)  
 Thirty-Tom-ninety-one, code three  
 in--

JACQUES  
 (cutting-off)  
 Thirty.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 Thirty.

The engine is racing. Wind is blow-torching hard into the windows.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
 Thirty-Tom-ninety-one, code three  
 in thirty.

JACQUES  
 Hit the lights and siren.  
 (pause)  
 Below the radio. Big knob. Turn  
 right two clicks.

It's on! Lights and siren. We're rolling Code 3.

The high-performance police pursuit engine is groaning.

Jacques grabs the mic...

JACQUES (RADIO) (cont'd)  
 Thirty-Adam-fourteen, thirty-Tom-  
 ninety-one, we'll pick you up at  
 Broad and Esplanade.

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)  
 Roger Jacques.

UNIT 30A21 (RADIO)  
 Thirty-Adam-twenty-one, thirty-Adam-  
 fourteen, we'll spot you at Broad  
 and Esplanade.

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)  
 Roger Bobby.

The pursuit is on. Units setting-up to intercept.

Jacques and his Trainee approach on Broad Street towards Esplanade Avenue from the north.



CONTINUED:

30A21 is approaching from the south on Broad Street and is in sight across the intersection.

Lights and sirens from both units are piercing nightfall.

Pedestrians are scrambling to get out of the intersection.

We hear 30A14 coming. Their siren. They're coming. Starting to see the rotator lights.

JACQUES (RADIO)

Thirty-Tom-ninety-one ninety-seven  
Broad at Esplanade.

Jacques points across the dashboard, signaling Trainee White where 30A21 is stationed.

UNIT 30A21 (RADIO)

Thirty-Adam-twenty-one ninety-seven  
with Tom-ninety-one, Broad at  
Esplanade.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

Thirty-Tom-ninety-one and thirty-  
Adam-twenty-one ten-ninety-seven,  
Broad and Esplanade. Standing by  
for intercept.

They're stopped. The radio crackles. No transmissions.

Pause.

There they are. 30A14 in full pursuit, lights and siren, of a green Honda sedan -- traveling at fifteen miles per hour. Tops.

JACQUES

(sotto voce)

What the...

They pass southbound, slow-speed right between Jacques, his Trainee, and 30A21.

What's going on here?

30A21 pulls in right behind 30A14 and Jacques pulls in right behind them.

A Honda -- towing three police cruisers in its wake.

They're in pursuit at fifteen miles per hour. A slow-speed pursuit.

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER/BROAD AT ESPLANADE - NIGHT

30A14 is pursuing a green Honda with two occupants. Jacques and Trainee White with 30A21 are practically forming a police pursuit Second Line through the Quarter.

Lights and sirens are BLARING.

Revelers on balconies begin to throw beads at the cars. It's sort of Mardi Gras.

Camera flashes blinding them.

JACQUES

Roll-up your window. Inch shy.

Trainee White rolls her window up. Inch shy. Click. Doors lock.

Drunks are pounding the hoods of the units as they slow down. Beer starts to splatter through the window cracks.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Roll 'em up all the way. If we take rocks and bottles, we're out.

Jacques reaches down and blasts the airhorn. That clears the crowd.

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)

Thirty-Adam-fourteen. Suspect's vehicle turned into the Quarter. Decatur from Esplanade.

Pause.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)

All units. Per Watch Commander, terminate pursuit.

Dead air. Radio transmissions stop.

DISPATCHER (RADIO) (cont'd)

All units. Per Watch Commander, terminate pursuit.

Dead air, again.

The green Honda unexpectedly turns out of the Quarter into the French Market.

JACQUES

Fuck it. Let's get out of here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jacques turns out of the Quarter, too. The other units have the same idea.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
All units. Per Watch Commander,  
terminate pursuit. Acknowledge.

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)  
Thirty-Adam-fourteen roger. We're  
ten-eight.  
(faintly over radio)  
Fuck!

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
Thirty-Adam-twenty one?

UNIT 30A21 (RADIO)  
Thirty-Adam-twenty one roger. We're  
ten-eight.

30A14 and 30A21 clearly are pissed, but they follow orders and peel off.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
Thirty-Tom-ninety-one. Per Watch  
Commander, terminate pursuit.  
Acknowledge.

JACQUES  
(slam-grabs the mic)  
Roger! Thirty-Tom-ninety-one, ten-  
eight.

He slams the mic back into its dash clip.

EXT. FRENCH MARKET - NIGHT

Jacques pulls off from the pursuit, turns the corner and--

SFX: CRASH!!!

Runs right into the suspect's vehicle. The Honda doubled back.

JACQUES  
(to White)  
Get out! Get out!

Jacques reaches over, shuts the siren off and they jump out of the patrol car. Lights flashing away.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The passenger door opens and out rolls LIZA MINNELLI onto the pavement. Drunk, in drag and very male.

The driver doesn't exit.

What the hell is going on here?

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 (drawing his weapon)  
 Let me see your hands! Show me your hands!  
 (sotto voce)  
 What the fuck?

Trainee White draws her weapon and levels it at Liza Minnelli rolling around on the street.

Jacques has the driver in sight.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 (commanding)  
 Driver?! Show me your hands!

Liza spreads out like an X in the middle of the street.

JACQUES (cont'd)	TRAINEE WHITE
(to White)	(commanding)
Cuff that one.	Cross your legs!
(to driver)	
Driver?! Show me your hands!	
Do it! Do it now!	

Liza obliges.

TRAINEE WHITE (cont'd)  
 (commanding)  
 Put your left hand on top of your head! Do it now!

Liza follows directions well. Jacques is impressed with his Trainee as he holds the driver at gunpoint.

TRAINEE WHITE (cont'd)  
 Put your right hand behind your back! Do it now!

Liza is doing good.

She approaches Liza, holsters her weapon, knee in the back.

LIZA MINNELLI  
 Oommppff!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAINEE WHITE

Shut the fuck up.

Ratchet. Click. Ratchet. Click. Handcuffed. Jacques is very impressed. Shakes his head in approval.

TRAINEE WHITE (cont'd)

Get up fucker.

Liza stumbles up as White helps him.

Jacques turns his head back to the driver and...

SFX: WHIZZZ!

Right by his head flies a bottle!

SFX: CRASH!!!

The bottle shatters behind Jacques.

Too late to fire. Jacques holsters his weapon and the drivers's door flies open.

The fight's on with MARILYN MONROE. Drunk, in drag and very male.

She, or he, is slurring his words and yelling at Jacques.

MARILYN MONROE

You fucking pig! Get the fuck off  
me! I'm not fucking you!

White attempts to stuff handcuffed Liza into the back seat of the patrol car and now she, or he, is struggling with her.

This is turning to shit. And fast.

Marilyn rolls over, reaches up into the side pocket of the car. A small TIRE IRON is poking out.

Jacques reaches back for his PR-24 police baton. It's not there!

His hand slides down and he grabs his flashlight.

Pulls it and--

SFX: SMASH!!!

Strikes Marilyn's hand. Crush!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MARILYN MONROE (cont'd)  
 (in pain, yelling)  
 Aarrgg! You fucking pig! I'm going  
 to fucking kill you!

Wrong words.

Jacques stuffs his flashlight back into his holster pocket  
 in his pants.

He swiftly reaches for his cuffs and fights them onto  
 Marilyn.

Finally! She's, he's, cuffed.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 I need help!

Jacques runs around the patrol car, grabs Liza and knees  
 him right in the thigh.

LIZA MINNELLI  
 Aarrgg! Motherfucker!

Liza collapses and they stuff her, him, into the backseat.

Door slams and Jacques runs over to Marilyn. White follows.

They grab Marilyn and stuff him into the backseat.

JACQUES  
 (breathing heavily)  
 You okay? You injured?

TRAINEE WHITE  
 (breathing heavily)  
 No. I think... No. I'm okay. You  
 have blood on you.

Jacques looks and he's got blood stains randomly on his  
 uniform.

JACQUES  
 What the hell was that all about?

He looks and notices he's bleeding from nasty street burns  
 on his arms.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 Thirty-Tom-ninety-one, code four.  
 Suspects in custody. Ten-fifteen  
 two times.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Have thirty-Adam-fourteen meet us  
to the rear of the French Market.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
Ten-four. Thirty-Adam-fourteen.

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)  
Thirty-Adam-fourteen go.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
Thirty-Adam-fourteen meet thirty-  
Tom-ninety-one to the rear of the  
French Market. They're ten-fifteen  
two times.

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)  
Roger. Have them go to L-Tac six.

DISPATCHER (RADIO)  
Thirty-Tom-ninety-one switch to L-  
Tac six with thirty-Adam-fourteen.

JACQUES  
Tom-ninety-one, roger.

Jacques and Trainee White are standing outside the patrol  
car. Jacques has got blood all over him.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
(to White)  
Turn the spots on them.

She walks over, turns on the spotlights and points them  
into the prisoners in the backseat -- Marilyn and Liza.  
They're stars now!

Jacques reaches down and switches his radio over to the  
Local Area Tactical frequency six.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Tom-ninety-one 'by on L-Tac six.

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)  
Hey Jacques. What's up?

JACQUES  
I have your suspects and vehicle.  
They T-C'd into us.

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)  
You're sh...  
(pause)  
What's your twenty?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES  
We're to the rear of the French  
Market.

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)  
Roger. In route.

JACQUES  
Hey Travis?

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)  
Yeah.

JACQUES  
Do blondes or brunettes have more  
fun?

UNIT 30A14 (RADIO)  
Ten-nine?

Jacques smiles and throws the mic back into the car.

He walks over to the suspect's vehicle and looks into the  
side pocket. What was Marilyn going for? Bingo. A small  
tire iron.

Jacques bends over, picks-up the blonde Marilyn Monroe wig  
and tosses it off-screen to--

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. FRENCH MARKET/REAR - NIGHT

A rather portly, OFFICER TRAVIS LEBLANC (mid-30's), sweaty,  
(Unit 30A14) catches the blonde wig from Jacques. A very  
young OFFICER MICHAEL LASHAY (mid-20's) his partner, fresh  
off training, has a dumb look on his face.

OFFICER TRAVIS LEBLANC  
What the fuck is this?

LeBlanc shows it to Lashay.

JACQUES  
Come here.

Travis has a stupid look on his face. Jacques motions him  
over to his patrol car. Lashay follows.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 (pointing)  
 That's your driver. Marilyn Monroe.  
 And that's Marilyn's passenger,  
 Liza Minnelli.

LeBlanc looks into the backseat of Jacques' patrol car and yes, there sits handcuffed, Marilyn Monroe and Liza Minnelli. Albeit, in drag and a post-arrest mess.

OFFICER TRAVIS LEBLANC  
 What the fuck?

OFFICER MICHAEL LASHAY  
 What the fuck?

JACQUES  
 That's what I said.

Pause.

OFFICER TRAVIS LEBLANC  
 (barks)  
 Trainee White?

She comes running over.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 Yes sir?

OFFICER TRAVIS LEBLANC  
 Would you tell me if your Training  
 Officer is punking me? Or, is he  
 holding your eval over your head?

Jacques laughs.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 No sir.

OFFICER TRAVIS LEBLANC  
 No, you wouldn't tell me, or no,  
 he's not holding your eval over  
 your head?

JACQUES  
 (to White)  
 Don't answer that.  
 (to LeBlanc)  
 Stop sweating my Trainee you  
 bastid. There's your suspects. Tack-  
 on an attempted two-forty-five with  
 Ms. Monroe. Here.

Jacques hands Officer LeBlanc the tire iron. Assault with a  
 Deadly Weapon.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER TRAVIS LEBLANC  
Running from the PO-lice. T-C'd.  
Into the PO-lice. In drag. Drunk.  
And assault, excuse me, attempted  
assault with a deadly weapon on a  
peace officer to boot. Man. Man.  
Man. Y'all be screwed. Figuratively  
speaking.

JACQUES  
Apparently they are.

LeBlanc laughs and motions his partner Lashay over to pull  
them out of Jacques' patrol car.

OFFICER TRAVIS LEBLANC  
You better head over to Charity to  
get those arms looked at. No  
telling what kind of infestations  
are growing on the streets of the  
Quarter.

Jacques laughs.

JACQUES  
(to White)  
Kill the spots.

Trainee White goes to turn off the spots shining into the  
back seat, TO ONLY blind the CAMERA--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CHARITY HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

The SURGICAL LIGHT FLASHES INTO The camera.

Jacques wears his off-duty uniform, jeans, boots with  
T-shirt off, gun and badge handy. His arms are gauze-  
wrapped. He is being attended to by a young, hot DOCTOR  
LANDRY (mid-30's), blonde, blue, tall, built. Strangely  
familiar to him.

She's examining x-rays. Bad x-rays. X-rays of his neck with  
pins and plates.

Turning to Jacques, she notices the wound running down his  
neck. Examines it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR LANDRY

Are you having any issues with your neck?

JACQUES

Not anymore.

DOCTOR LANDRY

I mean... How did... Do you mind--

JACQUES

(cutting her off)

An enemy insurgent in Afghanistan sniped me from behind. The round deflected off my HumVee door, broke into pieces and got buried in my neck. Messed me up a little.

DOCTOR LANDRY

(pointing to x-rays)

That looks more than a little.

JACQUES

Have me met somewhere before?

DOCTOR LANDRY

What happened to him?

JACQUES

Who?

DOCTOR LANDRY

The insurgent?

Pause.

JACQUES

I cut his head off.

Whoa. She stops. Pause. Continues.

Leaning in, she shines her mini-light into his eyes.

DOCTOR LANDRY

Tilt your head back a little. If you can. Please.

(beat)

Have you been, or have you ever been diagnosed with a post-traumatic stress disorder?

He stares at her.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR LANDRY (cont'd)  
Have you been, or have you ever  
been diagnosed with a traumatic  
brain injury? Mild? Major?

He still stares at her.

DOCTOR LANDRY (cont'd)  
Look. I'm just trying to make sure  
you're okay.

JACQUES  
Yes. And, uh, yes. Mild.

DOCTOR LANDRY  
Tilt your head back, again, please.

Jacques follows her directions and sneaks a peek at her  
breasts bulging out of her top as she moves-in close.

The light seems to be fading out.

JACQUES  
Doc? Have we...  
(fading)  
Hey, doc?

DOCTOR LANDRY  
Yes, Jacques?

JACQUES  
(fading)  
Uh... I...

DOCTOR LANDRY  
Would you like salvation Jacques?

Jacques looks up at Doctor Landry. She steps back to reveal  
the Catholic Nun holding a baby.

The OVERHEAD LIGHT FOCUSES bright on Jacques as--

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. OUR POLICE CRUISER - DUSK

**TITLE: PATROL TRAINING DAY 2**

The setting SUNLIGHT splashes into the moving cockpit of  
Jacques patrol car with his Trainee in the bookman's seat.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jacques arms are bandaged with inconspicuous sport wraps.

We're back in the prisoner's cage for the ride and Trainee White gets another day in lessons from cruising the mean streets of New Orleans.

JACQUES

Did you tell anyone about your arrest last night? You know? How you arrested Marilyn Monroe and Liza Minnelli on your first day out of the gate.

TRAINEE WHITE

(dazed)

I... I... I'm still trying to figure out if I dreamed it or not.

Jacques laughs.

TRAINEE WHITE (cont'd)

How are your arms?

JACQUES

Scratches.

TRAINEE WHITE

Those are more than scratches. I saw them last night. What did the doctors say?

JACQUES

She asked me if I wanted...

Salvation?

PAUSE.

JACQUES (cont'd)

They just said keep the bandages clean and the wounds clean. No fighting with drag queens. The usual.

His Trainee laughs.

EXT. JAX LIQUOR MART - DUSK

Our Training Unit spins by one of the local stop-n-robs.

Jacques spots a training lesson, or just trouble?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

You see that?

TRAINEE WHITE

Uh, what? No, sir.

JACQUES

Those two subjects in front of my liquor store?

Trainee White looks up at the lighted sign.

WS: JAX LIQUOR MART SIGN

TWO MALE BLACK STREET HOODS (early 20's) all dressed in their street uniforms are standing next to the front entrance. Smoking blunts. New shoes. New ball caps. Same crimes.

Jacques drives around the corner heading to the back of his liquor store.

TRAINEE WHITE

(shocked)

That's your store?

JACQUES

Naw. I just like the name. Besides, they shoot at you less when you're driving around in one of these.

(changing gears)

We're going to go around the block and pull-up in the back. We'll walk-up on them from the inside of the store. If any one of them bolts, only chase the one I'm chasing? Capeesh?

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes sir.

JACQUES

Let the other one go. Odds are better two-on-one.

(correcting)

'Roger that' for me. 'Yes sir' for them others... Until you get off training. 'Yes sir,' in public with the non-criminal types.

(sarcastically)

The lovely taxpaying citizens.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes sir.  
 (beat)  
 Uh, roger that.

JACQUES

You remember that speech they gave you in the academy when they said, 'When you get out into the streets, someone is going to tell you forget everything you learned in the Academy, this is the way it's done?'

TRAINEE WHITE

(hesitatingly)  
 Uh... Yes.

JACQUES

And do you remember they said, 'Don't listen to them. Remember what we teach you?'

TRAINEE WHITE

That's about right. Yeah.

JACQUES

There's a reason they're driving a desk and getting in your face for not shining your shoes. Keeping your uniform sharp is professional pride. Going home alive at E-O-W is your number one goal. Nothing else.

(beat, staccato)

End of Watch. Go. Home. Alive.

(beat)

Besides. Those pricks won't even show up for your funeral.

(beat)

Roger that Trainee?

TRAINEE WHITE

Roger that, sir.

Jacques laughs.

JACQUES

(sotto voce)

Roger that. Go, home, alive.

They continue to maneuver up to the rear parking lot of Jax Liquor Store, trying not to tip-off the rest of the thugs in the neighborhood.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 Petty Officer Jones. Built like a  
 cannon. Never forget his voice. You  
 never do. Not your D-I. He ended up  
 in the Teams. When he got back from  
 his final Afghanistan hitch, he  
 signed up with N-O-P-D. Navy Cross.  
 Two Purple Hearts. The night before  
 he was to report to the Academy...  
 Two street thugs blew him up at an  
 A-T-M. He hadn't even put his card  
 in yet. Ambushed. For what?

EXT. JAX LIQUOR MART/REAR PARKING LOT - DUSK

Jacques cautiously pulls the Training Unit, blacked-out,  
 into the back parking lot. It's calm. Typical night?

JACQUES

Always look at that back entrance  
 to any location you pull-up on. If  
 you see someone duck in quick,  
 there's a pretty good chance you  
 just rolled-up on a two-eleven.

(beat)

You do know what a two-eleven is,  
 huh, Trainee?

TRAINEE WHITE

(perturbed)

An armed robbery, sir. Roger that,  
 sir. Sir? Roger?

JACQUES

No. It's a seven-eleven that got  
 robbed of five bucks.

TRAINEE WHITE

That's not even funny.

JACQUES

Work with me Trainee. I'm trying  
 out new material.

They pull into the furthest parking spot, backing against  
 the wall. Out they go. Let's see what's up.

JACQUES (cont'd)

See those security cameras up  
 there?

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

He points to surveillance security cameras on the store walls.

TRAINEE WHITE

(looking)

Yes.

JACQUES

The storekeep knows you're here. If this place is being jacked, they'd know you were here, too.

They walk up to the back door, which is wide open.

Jacques waves-off his Trainee from entering right away.

They stand outside next to the back door. Jacques leans in.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Listen first. If it's quiet, back away. Better to setup on the building, broadcast it, and wait for assistance.

TRAINEE WHITE

Roger that.

Jacques hears noise consistent with a busy liquor store on a fading day into night. [ETC]

JACQUES

You go first.

TRAINEE WHITE

(eyes pancake)

What?!

JACQUES

Don't worry. I've got you covered. When they shoot you, I'll catch you and return fire.

She's frozen.

JACQUES (cont'd)

(motioning)

Go. Go.

She slowly walks in. Stops. Walks. Stops. Walks.

INT. JAX LIQUOR MART - DUSK

She walks in, hesitantly. Jacques is right behind her. He pushed on the bathroom door as they pass. No tension on the door. No one coming out.

They walk right out into the middle of the store.

MARTY (mid-60's) balding, portly, nice guy, the storekeep, is smoking a cigar, wearing a New Orleans Saints football jersey, No. 3. Behind Marty is a bank of security monitors.

MARTY

Hey, hey guys! Wassup?

SFX: TRAINEE WHITE'S RADIO SQUAWKS UP

A MALE WHITE (late-20's) street hood, long stringy hair, pale complexion, baggy running suit, red high-tops, pops out from behind an aisle. He sees Trainee White, his eyes pancake and he drops his bottled drink.

SFX: CRASH!!!

The bottle shatters all over the floor and he bolts out the front door.

White jumps towards the front door after him.

JACQUES

(to White)

No! No! Back door! Back door!

Jacques and his Trainee beat feet.

EXT. JAX LIQUOR MART/REAR PARKING LOT - DUSK

Out the back door, they turn the corner and see the Hood, unaware, bolting at them.

Jacques grabs his Trainee by the arm and pulls her back around the store corner.

The Hood turns the corner and Jacques just plants his Size 12 combat boot into his chest. OOmppff! He goes down WWE-style.

JACQUES

Benny! Wassup my nigga?

BENNY, our Hood, is a piled-wreck. He's just another street hood with chest pains.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENNY

(breathing heavily)

Aarrgg! What the fuck man?! Why'd  
you have to kick me?! Awww!

Benny is rolling around on the ground like an NFL mike-back  
just nailed him, helmet first. Chest caved.

Trainee White is staring. Studying.

JACQUES

Officer White. Go setup on that  
corner and watch the front door.

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes sir. Er, roger that, sir.

Jacques just shakes his head. She'll get the hang of it.

Trainee White is just out of ear shot at the corner of the  
store. She stands there looking around.

JACQUES

Hey, Benny. Who's your buddies?

BENNY

What buddies? Awww...

JACQUES

Your two brothers at the front  
door?

BENNY

I don't have any brothers, dude.

Pause.

JACQUES

(pointing to the ground)

You dropped your heroine, Benny.

BENNY

(confused, rolling around)

What heroine? Dude, you tripping.

JACQUES

(pointing)

It's right there. Right next to  
you.

Benny is lying on the ground, on his back and looking. All  
he sees is dirt and grass. Nothing. No heroine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BENNY

What the fuck? I don't see nothing,  
dude. Awww...

Jacques moves to right over Benny. He s-l-o-w-l-y bends down on his right knee and leans into Benny. Their faces are a foot apart. The night lights beat down on them.

JACQUES

Listen-up turd. You see that  
Officer over there?

Still huffing and puffing, Benny looks over at Trainee White.

She's staring right back at him. Just staring.

JACQUES (cont'd)

She's my brand, spanking new  
Trainee. Hell, she's just out of  
the Academy. She can't even get in  
and out of the car without banging  
her head.

Benny is just eye-locked on Jacques.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Now. If you don't cough-up your two  
bros, I'm going to un-holster my  
gat and fire-off a round into the  
ground right next to your head.  
Don't worry. I won't hit ya. You'll  
go temporarily deaf. We don't want  
to get anyone shot around here, now  
do we?

Benny looks over to Jacques's gun in the holster.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Then, I'm going to grab you by the  
neck and fall over on the ground,  
flopping like a fish out of water.  
You ever gone fishing, Benny?

Benny shakes his head 'no.' What the Hell is going on?

JACQUES (cont'd)

Of course not. You're a street  
turd. You've never seen a fish.  
Everyone in this city block is  
going to hear that gunshot.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (CONT'D)

My Trainee is going to pee herself and start running towards us with her gun out. I'm going to pull you on top of me, reach down and grab my combat knife, the one with the jagged edge...

(with a growl, leaning in)

And then shove it into your gut. You won't die at first. That's the idea. Then while my pissy-Trainee is still running over here to shoot you, I'm going to shove my knife up through your gut and split your ribs wide open. You'll bleed-out in this dirt lot, Benny. When you bleed-out, you feel like you're on fire. Your gut will burn. It'll all go down in about sixty seconds. Tops.

(pause)

Don't worry... Dude. I'm a professional.

Jacques s-l-o-w-l-y reaches for his Beretta 92F.

Screw that!

BENNY

(scared-crying)

They're new in town, dude! They're from Chi-town! I don't know their names! Don't hurt me, dude!

(half crying)

Don't hurt me.

Jacques pops his safety strap off his holster.

JACQUES

What's their names, Benny?

BENNY

I don't know! I don't know!

JACQUES

Come on, Benny. You want to make like a fish?

(making fish lips)

BENNY

Man, I just know they go by T-Dawg and Choo-Choo.

Pause. Hmmm...

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

What the fuck? Are they smiley meal toys?

BENNY

No, dude. That's all I know. They go by T-Dawg and Choo-Choo. They from Chicago. I hear Choo-Choo comes at you like a train.

JACQUES

What do you mean 'comes at you like a train?'

BENNY

Before he get up in yo face he yell, 'Choo! Choo!'

Pause. What the H?

JACQUES

(shaking his head)

You hoods get stupider and stupider by the day.

(mocking)

Choo-fucking-choo.

Jacques reaches into his back pocket and palms a small plastic bag. He looks around the lot. Scanning.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Put your hand out on the side.

BENNY

(starts crying)

Dude, don't kill me. I don't want to--

JACQUES

(cutting off)

I'm not going to kill you, Benny. Put your hand out on the side. Palm up.

Benny s-l-o-w-l-y stretches his arm out on the ground, palm out.

Jacques leans over and palms a small plastic bag of a white powdery substance into Benny's open hand. Jacques squeezes Benny's hand closed. Knuckles crack.

BENNY

Awww!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

Disappear for two weeks, Benny.  
Capeesh?

BENNY

(indignant)

Two weeks?! Dude I can't--

Jacques makes fish lips to get his point across.

BENNY (cont'd)

Alright dude. Alright. Stop fishing  
me.

JACQUES

Get out of here.

Benny gets up, falls down, looks at his gift, gets up and  
stumbles off.

Jacques motions Trainee White over to him.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Two weeks, Benny!

BENNY

Yeah dude! Two weeks! [ETC]

He scurries off.

TRAINEE WHITE

I didn't see those two dirtbags we  
saw earlier.

JACQUES

Dirtbags?

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes.

(pause)

I learned dirtbags from you.

JACQUES

Damn. I'm good. Real good.

(changing gears)

How about an ice cream?

White gives him a disgusted look. Ice cream is sort of a  
bad word with her.

JACQUES (cont'd)

What? You don't like ice cream.

Man, I love me some ice cream.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They start walking back towards 'his' liquor store to get some ice cream.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
I wonder if they've got Oreo  
sprinkles ice--

SFX: CRASH!!! CAR HORN!!!

MAD DRIVER  
You stupid motherfucker! What the  
fuck are you doing?! You dumb  
bitch! Why are you stopped in the  
middle of the street?! [ETC]

Jacques and his Trainee look over to see TWO CARS in a  
WRECK. MAD DRIVER (mid-50's), man in a suit, rear-ended the  
other with a FEMALE (early-20's) driver.

Jacques grabs White and they duck back into 'his' liquor  
store avoiding the fracas.

INT. JAX LIQUOR MART - NIGHT

Jacques reaches into the cooler and grabs two cases of ice  
cream sandwiches.

JACQUES  
(to White)  
Grab two bags of ice.

White looks at him, puzzled. She motions towards the  
accident outside.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
(mocking as Sgt. Schultz)  
I know nothing! I see nothing!

She just shakes her head and smiles.

MARTY  
(mopping the floor)  
Hey Jacques! Good to see ya. What  
was all that commotion about?

Jacques sets down the case boxes on the front counter and  
begins to cut them open with his Benny-gut-knife.

JACQUES  
Throw all these into one of those  
styrofoam thingies and cover it  
with ice.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

MARTY

You got it Jacques.

JACQUES

Just another street turd. Nothing.

Marty goes around the counter. White walks up with the ice. She looks at him, puzzled.

JACQUES (cont'd)

(as Sgt. Schultz)

I know nothing. I see nothing.

(changing gears, to Marty)

Hey, Marty. You ever seen those two street hoods before that were hanging out front?

MARTY

I noticed them earlier today. I ain't never seen them before.

JACQUES

Saw them out front. They're gone now. If they come back, text me.

Jacques pushes some money Marty's way. Exact change, too.

MARTY

You got it Jacques.

(pushing the box of ice cream to Jacques)

Your kids will be happy to see you.

JACQUES

Thanks Marty. Remember. If they come back.

MARTY

You got it babe.

TRAINEE WHITE

Kids?

Jacques and his Trainee head on out with the ice cream.

EXT. JAX LIQUOR MART/REAR PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jacques and his Trainee SWAT-scurry over to their patrol car, pop the trunk and set the styrofoam cooler inside.

They desperately try to avoid being seen by the CAR WRECK PARTY, as they get in their ride.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

As soon as Jacques slams his door shut, Mad Driver man dressed in his bright blue seersucker suit walks up on them, as if he needs to pee. Really bad.

MAD DRIVER  
(breathing heavily)  
Did you see what happened? Excuse me? Officers? I need a police report. Did you see what happened?

Jacques instinctively grabs the radio mic off the dash hook.

JACQUES  
One moment, sir.  
(faking radio call)  
Roger Squad 51. Starting an I-V, D-5-W T-K-O P-D-Q.  
(to Mad Driver)  
I'm sorry, sir. We have a dead baby not breathing call. You wouldn't want that baby to breathe now, would you?

MAD DRIVER  
Uh... No, no. Can't you call someone first to get out here? I'm a taxpayer you know.

PAUSE.

Trainee White is frozen. Jacques just stares at the 'taxpayer.' Oh, no he did-unt.

Long. Pause.

JACQUES  
Yes, sir. Right away, sir.  
(faking radio call)  
Dispatch, Squad 51. We're going to need Fire Rescue, Gage and DeSoto with a biophone, two tow trucks and can we get some air support?

Mad Driver looks away over at his car mess party.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
(grabs his nose)  
Roger Squad 51. En route.

Mad Driver looks back. Smiles. Trainee White just stares. Her T.O. is crazy. Jacques did not just do that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)  
All done, sir. They're coming.

MAD DRIVER  
(impressed)  
Thank you. Thank you. It's about  
time we get Officers like you in  
this city. What's your name  
Officer? I have some connections at  
City Hall.

JACQUES  
Webb, sir. Jack Webb. Two Bs.

MAD DRIVER  
Well, thank you Officer Webb.

JACQUES  
Sergeant. Badge number 7-14.

He points to his two Chevrons on his left sleeve, covering  
his badge number, which shows he's a Senior Training  
Officer, not a Sergeant.

MAD DRIVER  
Yes. My apologies. Sergeant...  
Webb.

Jacques turns on the lights and sirens, spins tires on  
pavement and rides off.

Mad Driver is left standing alone in the parking lot.

Waiting. And waiting.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SEVENTH WARD - NIGHT

Jacques and his Trainee drive down orangey-lit streets.  
Solo. Half the street lights are out. The other half are  
next. It's not even safe for the police. And they have  
guns.

Jacques blacks-out the patrol car.

TRAINEE WHITE  
Are we looking for anything in  
particular?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

Yes.

TRAINEE WHITE

Would it have to do with the ice cream?

JACQUES

Yes.

TRAINEE WHITE

And kids?

JACQUES

Yes.

They're slowly cruising the streets. No more than five miles-per-hour.

Jacques slams on the brakes, slams the transmission into park, grabs the keys and bails out.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Get out! Get out!

He bails out, scurries around to the trunk and drops down. His Trainee follows with her weapon drawn.

TRAINEE WHITE

I don't know what's going on!

JACQUES

If I were shot and unconscious, where would you tell the calvary to come? Tick tock Trainee.

She just looks around. Lost.

TRAINEE WHITE

The street signs are missing.

JACQUES

But not the streets. Come on Trainee. I'm bleeding-out.

(grabbing her sleeve)

I need medical attention. \*Cough\*

\*Cough\* Tick tock Trainee.

(pause, he lies down)

We're being shot at! I'm bleeding-out Trainee!

She is melting down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jacques crawls up and pops the trunk, reaches in behind his head and grabs an ice cream sandwich to eat while he's 'dying.'

JACQUES (cont'd)

I'm dying over here Trainee. Dying,  
I tell ya. Mmm.

TRAINEE WHITE

I would broadcast for help. For  
assistance. The G-P-S will locate  
us and can be broadcast out to the  
other units.

JACQUES

(eating)

Did they tell you in the Academy  
the G-P-S broke?

TRAINEE WHITE

No.

JACQUES

(munching)

Well, it's broke now. I'm dying  
Trainee. \*Cough\* Tick tock. Mmm.

TRAINEE WHITE

I would attend to your wounds first  
and get us out of the line-of-fire.

Pause the ice cream.

JACQUES

Damn, Trainee. There may be hope  
for you after all. You're half  
right and half wrong. But I don't  
know which half. Pull us out of the  
line-of-fire first, then tend to my  
wounds. Situational awareness. Know  
where you are at all times. You  
might have to ride by yourself one  
day. What would you do then?

(changing gears)

Okay. I'm healed. Miraculous. It's  
a miracle. A miracle I tell ya!

Jacques gets up, spreads his arms wide to the heavens. Goes  
into the cockpit and turns on the lights but no siren.

His Trainee just stands there. What the hell?

Flash. Flash. Over. And over.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 (to White)  
 Standby Ghost Rider. The pattern  
 will be full.

In this 7th Ward neighborhood which could frighten the  
 darkness, it comes alive with kids. School kids.

Kids of all colors of the rainbow.

They come running out of their houses from all corners of  
 the street.

It's ice cream time with Uncle Jacques!

The windows open up. They come alive with neighbors yelling  
 'hi' to our peacekeepers.

MISS ROSA (early-70's) an elderly black woman, everyone's  
 grandmother, comes creaking out of a house with her cane.  
 She's following her grandkids.

MISS ROSA  
 (laboring)  
 Hiya Mistuh Jacques.

JACQUES  
 Hi Miss Rosa. How y'all doing  
 tonight?

Jacques's Trainee finally figures it out. She's passing out  
 ice cream sammiches to the kids.

MISS ROSA  
 Well, you know... I thought I was  
 going to miss you tonight, Jacques.  
 Looks like you have a new partner?  
 Yes?

TRAINEE WHITE  
 (correcting)  
 Trainee, ma'am.

MISS ROSA  
 Well, hello Miss Trainee. Pleasure  
 to meet you.

Jacques smiles at his Trainee. A good lesson learned  
 tonight.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 Nice to meet you too, Miss Rosa.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MISS ROSA

I took a bus all the way across town tonight, Jacques. A mighty nice bus driver. New. He was getting off his shift and I sat in front. We just chatted about the good life, you know. It was nice. Yes. Mm-hmmm.

JACQUES

How's all the kids doing, Miss Rosa?

MISS ROSA

Well, Jacques... So far, so good. It's going to be in a few years when they be getting into trouble. Me having to keep them out, that I'm worried about. Mm-hmmm.

JACQUES

Just let me know if you need my help, Miss Rosa. Text message me.

Jacques casts a slow, intense gaze over the street scene. The kids. His Trainee. Miss Rosa. Life. Searching.

MISS ROSA

(laughs)

Oh, Jacques. I haven't figured out how to do them new kids' things.

JACQUES

Then just call my number. You still have it?

MISS ROSA

Oh, yes sir. It's on the side of the ice box. Mm-hmmm.

TRAINEE WHITE

Looks like they ate them all.

MISS ROSA

(to the kids)

Y'all pick up your trash now.

Kids all around, 'Yes, Miss Rosa.' [ETC]

MISS ROSA (cont'd)

How much do I owe you, Mistuh Jacques?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

Just a hug, Miss Rosa.

MISS ROSA

Oh, well... Yes. I can do that. Mm-hmmm.

They hug and Jacques helps her long journey back to the sidewalk. Trainee White packs-up.

Jacques cautiously peers over his shoulder. But, for what?

JACQUES

Alright Trainee. Let's mount-up.  
(to the kids)  
Was it good?

They all jump 'yes!' High-fives all around. [ETC]

Even Trainee White gets in on the action. [ETC]

'Thank you Uncle Jacques!' can be heard by all. [ETC]

JACQUES (cont'd)

Alright. Everyone head on back inside. Be safe. Be happy at school. And be sure to study, now.

A round of 'byes' [ETC] fade into the distance as our peacemakers drive off into the coal black night.

INT. OUR POLICE CRUISER/SEVENTH WARD - NIGHT

Jacques has a nice smile on his face. His Trainee doesn't seemed too stressed now.

JACQUES

You get a C for that lesson.

TRAINEE WHITE

A 'C?' What?

JACQUES

Yes. Because you didn't immediately say you'd attend to the wounded and take safe cover. And because I was bleeding-out. In the street. Like a dog.

TRAINEE WHITE

You said take you to safe cover and then attend to your wounds.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JACQUES

Okay. C-plus.

TRAINEE WHITE

I just kept feeling like someone was watching us.

Pause. He looks over at her.

JACQUES

Good instincts there Trainee. They were watching us.

TRAINEE WHITE

Who?

JACQUES

The street turds in that neighborhood. They were there.

TRAINEE WHITE

I didn't see them.

JACQUES

I did. I'll show you some next time.

TRAINEE WHITE

How could you see them?

JACQUES

They were there. Trust me.

TRAINEE WHITE

Weren't you afraid they'd do something?

JACQUES

Do what?

TRAINEE WHITE

Like, like... Take some pot shots at us or something? I don't know.

JACQUES

There's only two things in life I'm afraid of. One of them is a man with a gun pointing it at me.

Sinks in.

TRAINEE WHITE

What's the second thing?

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

What I would do next.

(pause)

If they would've shot at us, those kids, maybe hit one of us, the mighty Wrath of God would come down in force -- Metro. They would be out here and they would shakedown every street turd, every dirtbag they could find. Tear apart every stick of furniture they could find. Tow every car in this neighborhood. Shoot a few gangster pit bulls. Revoke some paroles. They'd get beaten for G-P.

TRAINEE WHITE

G-P?

JACQUES

General principles.

TRAINEE WHITE

Isn't that illegal?

He glances over, intense, at his Trainee. Looks back.

JACQUES

If you're going to save the world Trainee, you've got to save it one street at a time.

TRAINEE WHITE

You told me this world wasn't worth saving. Save yourself instead.

Jacques gazes over at her.

JACQUES

(smiles)

I lied.

TRAINEE WHITE

Great.

JACQUES

(sotto voce)

Or, I'm lying to myself.

JACQUES (V.O.) (cont'd)

There are a lot of things illegal in this life. In my book, pounding street turds ain't one of them.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 That's my sin. Two-thirds of those  
 kids tonight... They don't have any  
 father figures in their lives. A  
 third are going to die before they  
 hit twenty-five. A third are never  
 going to make it out of high  
 school. And a third are either  
 walking dead, or going to be dead.  
 Or just future warrant services.  
 Keep the dirtbags out of there...  
 Maybe those kids will have a  
 chance. A fucking chance at life.

TRAINEE WHITE (O.S.)  
 Do you think they have a chance?

JACQUES (O.S.)  
 Nope.

TRAINEE WHITE (O.S.)  
 (confused)  
 I... I don't understand. Then why  
 try at all?

They head in for End of Watch -- E.O.W.

WS: CAMERA SEES THE REAR END OF POLICE CRUISER DRIVING AWAY

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FRENCH QUARTER - NIGHT

WS: CAMERA SEES FRONT END OF A B&W CAB DRIVING TOWARDS LENS  
 The streets are lonely. It's late. They need more company.

INT. TAXI CAB - NIGHT

As usual, Jacques takes a cab over to his favorite watering  
 hole, with his favourite cabbie, SAMANTHA ARCHER (mid-  
 30's). She's too young to be a cabbie. Beautiful. Brunette.  
 Blue eyes. British. Out-of-place. But comfortable.

SAMANTHA (O.S.)  
 I... I... I just told him--

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (O.S.)  
 (cutting-off)  
 What did you tell him?

SAMANTHA  
 I told him I wasn't dating anyone.  
 I don't think he was that into me.

JACQUES  
 Oh, trust me, Sam... He wanted to  
 get into you alright.

SAMANTHA  
 (giggles)  
 Jacques! Ya git.

JACQUES  
 True story.

SAMANTHA  
 I think when I told him I was a  
 cabbie--

JACQUES  
 (cutting-off)  
 And not a model?

SAMANTHA  
 Yeah, right. When I told him that,  
 he just disappeared into the loo  
 and never came back. Like my ex--

They laugh.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
 Fuck all. I can't help it if my ex-  
 took off with his nanny. I bank my  
 cabbie earnings... Then I'll decide  
 if I want to move back to London.  
 My Visa doesn't expire until next  
 year.  
 (pissed)  
 I hope his dick falls off.

JACQUES  
 (laughs)  
 Loo boy?

SAMANTHA  
 Him, too. Ya git.

SFX: CRACK. CRACK. PAUSE. CRACK. GO THE FAINT, DISTANT GUN  
 SHOTS

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES  
Did you hear that?

Jacques instinctively glances down at his diver's watch.

ECU: HE SETS THE BEZEL ZERO MARK TO 11:53 P.M.

SAMANTHA  
Yes, I did. You taught me well,  
Jacquesy. I heard three gun shots.  
I think they came from lake-side of  
the Quarter. That's why I keep my  
windows down.

JACQUES  
Yep. Sounds about right.  
(switching gears)  
You keep driving a cab, sooner or  
later, someone's going to try and  
take you down.

SAMANTHA  
(pulling her gun out,  
Southern accent)  
'Oh, don't you worry your purdy lil  
head, darlin'. My friends H and K  
and I here have an agreement.'

Samantha proudly shows off her H&K P30 9MM PISTOL.

JACQUES  
(laughs)  
And what pray tell Cher is that?

SAMANTHA  
Shoot first, then get my fare.

They share a laugh.

Destination has arrived. Time to drink and relax.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
Ring me on the mobile when you're  
ready.

JACQUES  
(sliding out)  
Will I get lucky tonight?

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA

Ya git. I'm armed just like you.  
I'm on to you, you American Coppers  
and, and your ways. Not like our  
British Bobbies.

They laugh again, for now.

Jacques steps out. Shuts the door. Pulls some cash to pay.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

Save your money sailor. Pay me at  
the end of the night.

JACQUES

Of all the cabs in the world I've  
been in, I had to hear that from  
yours?

SAMANTHA

Later sailor.

She drives off waving. Jacques glances at her through the  
driver's side mirror. She returns the favor.

EXT. MOJO BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Jacques stands on the sidewalk, smiling. Looks at his  
money.

JACQUES

(sotto voce)

Save your money sailor. Geet a long  
little dawgie.

INT. MOJO BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Jacques moseys into his haunt with a smile, some cash and a  
thirst. And some hunger.

LLOYD LANCASTER (early-60's), hunk of a man, our bartender,  
has seen worse days. A Marine Vet, former boxer, now bar  
and grill owner. He always makes you feel at home.

The Southern swamp music jukebox is in rare form.

LLOYD

Hey, hey! Jacques! Where you at,  
babe? Glad to see you've come back  
to civilization.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A handful of 'Hi Jacques' can be heard 'round. [ETC]

JACQUES

You call this civilization?  
 (shakes Lloyd's hand)  
 Where you at, Lloyd?

LLOYD

Just doing the good Lord's work.  
 Handing out salvation one drink at  
 a time.

SFX: HONK! HONK! GOES THE B&W CAB OUTSIDE

Our local Catholic priest FATHER TOM (early-60's) blonde,  
 blue, is hidden at the bar.

FATHER TOM

(sourced)  
 I'll drink to that.

He puts his drained drink down and heads out to his cab  
 driven by MICKEY (mid-50's) scroungey, ball-capped cabbie.

LLOYD

(yelling)  
 Hey, Mickey! Make sure Father Tom  
 makes it inside! I'll keep your  
 fare at the bar!

MICKEY

You got it, Lloyd! Abita. Ice cold.

FATHER TOM

(Catholic-crossing Lloyd)  
 Bless you my son. Bless you.  
 (Catholic-crosses bottle)  
 Bless you too, Mr. Jameson.

JACQUES

Don't I get blessed too, Father?

FATHER TOM

(Catholic-crosses Jacques,  
 completely  
 unintelligible)  
 Yes my son... Mary... Full...  
 Grace...

He's a mess, but Father Tom makes it to the cab. Mickey  
 helps him in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

Tough day at the office. Looks like you've handed out a few lifetimes of salvation tonight.

LLOYD

That man has presided over too many funerals in his days. St. Peter will understand. If not, you and I can storm the gates when we get there.

JACQUES

(laughing)  
Speak for yourself there, mister.

LLOYD

(serious)  
I saw enough death in Gulf-one to fill several lifetimes.

Lloyd pours two Jameson shots.

JACQUES

Amen, brother. Amen.

They slam and bam the shot glasses.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Ahhh!

LLOYD

Ahhh!

LLOYD (cont'd)

Usual?

JACQUES

(smartly)  
Roger that, Marine.

LLOYD

(writing ticket)  
New York. Medium rare. Baked potato with butter and cheese. Side salad with Italian.

JACQUES

Make it British.

LLOYD

Huh?

JACQUES

(smiles)  
Italian. Italian's good.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LLOYD

Order up!

Lloyd hands in the ticket to DALE THE COOK (mid-30's), clean-cut, rail thin. A good ole boy with a smile a mile wide.

Jacques scouts the targeting opportunities wearing short skirts tonight.

LLOYD (cont'd)

Where were we? Oh, yeah.

Lloyd pours two more Jameson shots.

JACQUES

Forward deployed, sir.

LLOYD

Don't 'sir' me mister. I worked for my living in the Marines.

They slam and bam just like Marines and sailors do.

LLOYD (cont'd)

OOoRah!

JACQUES

OOoRah!

The night slows by. Fun for all who enter the Mojo.

ALMOST TWO HOURS goes by. The cigar ashes pile-up for Jacques and Lloyd.

All of a sudden the po-po comes in. TWO NEW ORLEANS POLICE DEPARTMENT officers enter the Mojo. Female officers.

Jacques looks over his shoulder, sees them.

JACQUES (cont'd)

(mocking, drunk)

Uh, oh. It's five-oh. It's the po-po. You ain't got nothing on me Officers. Nothing.

He proceeds to spread eagle, leaning on the bar, ready for frisking. The patrons are laughing.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Officers? I have a concealed weapon. If you reach down to my left knee, you can feel the end of it. And I must warn you. It's loaded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LLOYD

Y'all want water or sodas?

OFFICER BLACK (mid-30's) a hard-core blonde female NOPD officer steps forward. Her partner waits at the door.

OFFICER BLACK

Just two waters please.

(to Jacques)

You okay there, Lafitte? You can't push that bar very far in your condition.

JACQUES

(resigning)

Damn. I was hoping to get some action. Or do you bat for the other team?

OFFICER BLACK

(smiling)

Ha, ha. Funny. I think the action is over for a few more hours. Picked-up a stiff couple hours ago. Scored some O-T. Looks like a drug buy went to shit, but they left the money and the drugs.

JACQUES

When did this go down?

LLOYD

(handing the waters)

Here you go, Black.

OFFICER BLACK

Thanks, Lloyd.

She slides Lloyd, two bucks. He drops them into the Father Tom Church donation jar.

OFFICER BLACK (cont'd)

(to Jacques)

Around twenty-three-fifty-three 9-1-1 calls came in. We just came over to get some water. Take a quick break.

Jacques glances down at his watch. Zeroed-out the time at 11:53 p.m. He heard those shots.

JACQUES

Any I-D?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER BLACK

Not really. Coroner's I-D. Some witnesses said the victim's name was Benny something.

JACQUES

Whoa. Wait. Benny?

OFFICER BLACK

Yeah.

JACQUES

White guy? Long stringy hair? Red high-tops?

OFFICER BLACK

Yeah. You know him?

JACQUES

Damn. Damn. Damn.

(beat)

That's sound's like Benny alright. Crap. I just F-I'd him tonight.

OFFICER BLACK

You did a field interview with him tonight?

JACQUES

Yeah. Over at Jax Liquor Mart. There were two street turds I'd never seen before hanging out front. When my Trainee and I went to squeeze him, he said they were from out of town. Chicago. One called T-Dawg and the other Choo-Choo.

OFFICER BLACK

Choo Choo?

JACQUES

That's what I said.

OFFICER BLACK

We can't get anyone to cough-up anything. They all clammed-up. One witness said they think they heard some yelling, 'Benny' and 'Choo-Choo' before they heard the shots.

(to Lloyd)

You think we could get two more waters to go?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LLOYD

No problem, ma'am.

JACQUES

How'd they do him?

OFFICER BLACK

Two in the chest. One in the head.  
In the back. Looks like they rolled  
him over first.

JACQUES

Benny have a gat?

Lloyd hands them two more waters. Two more bucks in the  
Father Tom Church donation jar.

OFFICER BLACK

(to Lloyd)

Thanks.

(to Jacques)

We didn't find one. Neither did  
homicide. All he had was about four  
hundred in cash and some heroine.  
Oh, and a bus ticket.

JACQUES

California?

OFFICER BLACK

Yeah. How'd you know?

JACQUES

Where I'd go.

(beat)

Damn. I was hoping to get more  
intel from him. He's always been  
good for it.

(beat)

Hey, thanks Black. I appreciate it.

(beat)

Sorry about that whole concealed  
weapon thing... And batting thing.

OFFICER BLACK

That's alright, Lafitte. We  
would've come up empty-handed  
anyway.

Lloyd laughs. Her partner at the door cracks-up. She  
smiles. Pats Jacques on the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

You know. That's harassment Oc-cifer. Soon as my lawyer gets out of lock-up--

LLOYD

(cutting-off)

Y'all be safe out there!

The two officers leave with a smile. Thanks for coming.

As time passes too fast on an off-night, ANOTHER HOUR SLOWS BY.

JACQUES

(wobbling)

Cut me off, Lloyd. Time for my limo to arrive.

(dialing his mobile)

What's the damage Marine?

LLOYD

Twenty-five. Even.

JACQUES

That's odd. Here's forty. That's an even number. This joint is overpriced, anyways. And the service sucks.

Jacques stuffs two twenty dollar bills into his friend's shirt as Lloyd just laughs.

JACQUES (cont'd)

(to Samantha on mobile)

Yes. I needs me a pickum me up ride. Cuz I'm drunk.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAB - NIGHT

A GROUP OF DRUNK COLLEGE KIDS are falling off of Samantha's chariot.

SAMANTHA

(teasing)

Sorry, pal. I'm all full up with drunks tonight.

ONE KID (early-20's) takes a nose dive out and her skirt flies up around her boobs, ass in the air, for all the world to see.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
 (to the kids)  
 Don't throw-up in my cab! I'll make  
 you eat it!

INT. MOJO BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Lloyd's cleaning up and Jacques is...

JACQUES  
 I promise I won't throw-up in your  
 cab. Promise.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAB - NIGHT

The door slams. The drunks are out.

SAMANTHA  
 Not you, you git. I'll be there in  
 a sec. You better have exact change  
 this time, mister.

She hangs up on him.

INT. MOJO BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Just about everyone's gone. It's winding down.

JACQUES  
 I... Uh... Hello? London calling.

LLOYD  
 She coming?

JACQUES  
 Roger that. She wouldn't leave me  
 alone. With you. I heard about you  
 Marines.

LLOYD  
 Yeah. Beats sleeping on the  
 sidewalk huh, Chief?

JACQUES  
 That's Senior Chief Petty Officer  
 to you mister.

LLOYD  
 Don't call me mister...

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 Don't call me mister...

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Yeah, yeah. I know.

LLOYD  
For the road?

Lloyd fires-off two last shots of Jameson. Slam and bam they go.

JACQUES  
OOoRah!

LLOYD (cont'd)  
OOoRah!

SFX: HONK! HONK! GOES THE SAMANTHA CHARIOT

JACQUES  
I'm ten-eight, Lloyd.

LLOYD  
Looks more like you'll be ten-seven. Be safe my friend.

Lloyd lets him out and locks behind.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAB - NIGHT

Jacques opens the door and falls into the back seat face down. Feet sticking out. Door open.

SAMANTHA  
Hey, hey! No drunks sleeping in my back seat.

JACQUES  
I'm not drunk. I'm just misunderstood.

SFX: CAR HONKS!!! BEHIND HER

Car lights illuminate the unfortunate situation.

SAMANTHA  
Yeah! Yeah!

She gets out and bends Jacques legs up. Wraps the seat belt around them so they won't fall. Closes the door. Quickly.

SFX: CAR HONKS!!!

She jumps in and takes off. Fast.

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

Fuckers.

(mocking)

Where you headed, sailor?

JACQUES

(mumbles)

Straight to hell, the way I'm  
going.

SAMANTHA

How 'bout we start at your house?

JACQUES

Roger that, London.

Samantha drives off into the dark night with her prisoner.

EXT. JACQUES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Samantha pulls her ride into the driveway, all the way to  
the back, hidden away from the street.

She helps the drunk one out.

SAMANTHA

Oomppff. I can tell you're full.

JACQUES

I only had one drink officer.

SAMANTHA

One drink too many, ya git.

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE - NIGHT

Samantha unlocks the back door, lets herself in, lights on,  
then retrieves her drunk leaning against the wall. The cab  
looks parked for the night.

JACQUES

How much do I owe you, miss?

SAMANTHA

Oh, you owe me alright, mister.  
Here, just go into the kitchen.  
Get something. I'm going to the  
loo.



CONTINUED:

JACQUES

Ah, ha! And then you'll disappear!  
I've got your number.

Samantha giggles, walks away.

Jacques digs around in the fridge. Door wide open. He's using it as a crutch.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Where's my Abita? Oh. Thought I was going to have to fire the hired help.

Jacques grabs an Abita beer and some Zapp's potato chips.

Closes the fridge to REVEAL Samantha has stripped-down to her thin lingerie. Wozzers.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Whoa. Sweet mermaids of the sea.

The Zapp's chips bag flips over in his hand and spills all over the floor.

She just laughs.

SAMANTHA

(smiling)

I'm here to collect, sailor.

JACQUES

I, uh, er, ummm... I seem to be short tonight, Miss--

SAMANTHA

(cutting-off)

Not when I'm finished with you.

JACQUES

Rut roh, Raggy.

Samantha shows a soft, sexy side and sashays over to Jacques. He's stone, cold, frozen. Chips everywhere.

They kiss as best a sauced Jacques can, only to land in bed.

Good night. Sleep tight. If you can.

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE/BED - DAY

It's Jacques' day off. Thank God because he'd be a wreck.

His eyes pop open. Slowly. Maybe more like slide open.

What's that wonderful smell? He gets up, grabs his jeans, heads to the kitchen.

SAMANTHA

Good morning, sailor.

JACQUES

Wow. I, uh, er, ummm... Did night last--

SAMANTHA

Yes. I screwed your brains out. That's why you're speaking in tongues.

(seductively eating  
sausage)

I'm just that good.

JACQUES

(sotto voce)

Thank you God.

SAMANTHA

Oh, he didn't have anything to do with it. But you certainly knew his name.

(beat)

You eat. I already did. I'm going to shower.

Jacques grabs some breakfast.

Samantha saunters over, kisses him on the cheek, drops her (his) shirt top and walks Jaybird nekkid off into the shower.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

(without even looking)

Close your mouth darlin'.

WS: JACQUES JUST STANDS THERE IN THE KITCHEN, GAWKING

SFX: THE SHOWER SHOOTS ON

Jacques perks-up. He heads over to the bathroom with his morning meal on a plate. Stares.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
 (looking around curtain)  
 I'd ask you in but I'm in a bit of  
 a rush. I've got to make some runs.  
 (closes curtain)  
 Eat your breakfast.

JACQUES  
 (sotto voce)  
 Thank you God.

It's been a good morning. Jacques could get used to this.

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE/BED - DAY

Jacques just happened to find his bed again.

Samantha walks over, kisses his forehead, gently puts his  
 legs back up on the bed and drapes the blanket over him.

She drops her towel. Dresses and poof. She's gone.

ECU: JACQUES FACE. PEACEFUL. AT EASE SAILOR.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. MUD HOUSE/AFGHANISTAN/HAMMOCK - DAY

ECU: JACQUES FACE

Jacques is swinging in a hammock.

SFX: OCEAN WAVES, SURF AND SEAGULLS ARE BIZARRE

It is quiet in a foreign land. Too peaceful.

That dead ox is still tied-up to a tree. Chicken carcasses  
 are scattered about. Things are broken about. Things are  
 dead.

The mud hut is definitely scarred with war damage.

Our Catholic Nun has returned, looking and sounding  
 strikingly similar to Samantha. She steps in.

CONTINUED:

CATHOLIC NUN

Jacques?  
(beat)  
Jacques?

JACQUES

Yes?

Jacques looks up from his hammock into the sun, wearing just the jeans he wore this morning, blocked by the shadowy figure of our Catholic Nun.

CATHOLIC NUN

Jacques? Would you like salvation?

JACQUES

(choked)  
I...

CATHOLIC NUN

Salvation, Jacques. Are you looking for salvation?

He's confused. The Catholic Nun drops her habit to reveal a completely nude shadow of Samantha.

CATHOLIC NUN (cont'd)

I'm here to save you, Jacques.

JACQUES

I... Help...

What's going on here? He starts to breathe heavily.

SFX: A BABY STARTS TO CRY

SFX: A GARBAGE TRUCK SLAMS TRASH CANS INTO ITS BELLY

Jacques awakes. Sits up. Turns, to look into the window.

His REFLECTION MIRRORS HIS BLOODY FACE from Officer William's suicide.

MATCH DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. COFFEE SHOP/PARKING LOT - DUSK

ECU: JACQUES FACE. THINKING. PONDERING.

Jacques is staring off into the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**TITLE: PATROL TRAINING DAY 41**

**TITLE: 139 TO GO**

Trainee White walks up with Southern refreshments.

                  TRAINEE WHITE  
Here's your iced tea. Plain.

                  JACQUES  
Thanks. Plain it is. Sweet tea.  
Yuck.

                  TRAINEE WHITE  
You okay?

                  JACQUES  
Don't know.

                  TRAINEE WHITE  
That makes me feel safe.

                  JACQUES  
(laughs)  
We're ten-eight Trainee. Let's go  
save the world.

                  TRAINEE WHITE  
One street at a time?

                  JACQUES  
Roger that.  
(beat)  
Damn. I'm good.

Jump in the ride and let's go.

INT. OUR POLICE CRUISER - DUSK

White is driving. She has reached that level in her training. Jacques is the Bookman. Just another training night. Or, is it?

                  TRAINEE WHITE  
I've never been to an Officer's  
funeral before. Just what I see on  
TV. Movies.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

(solemn)

Trust me. You don't ever want to go to one.

TRAINEE WHITE

Cop funerals must be rare. Military funerals--

JACQUES

(cutting-off)

Yes.

(beat)

That's just the way it is. You have to go. A cop's got to have a bad memory. Got to forget and go on.

TRAINEE WHITE

Do you forget?

JACQUES

You never do.

TRAINEE WHITE

How long have you known him? Had?

JACQUES

Twenty-five-year-old Officer Anthony Mark Williams straight out of college was my last Trainee. I signed him off two weeks earlier.

White can't hide her shocked look. Long pause. Thought.

TRAINEE WHITE

I heard through the grapevine you didn't want me as a Trainee.

JACQUES

Yep.

TRAINEE WHITE

Can I ask you a question? And have it not count against my eval? I mean--

JACQUES

(cutting-off)

I could give a rats ass Trainee whether you're black, or a woman.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)

When the lead is flying, and I'm sucking the dirt off a curb, I really don't care who I'm fighting next to so long as we're fighting the same enemy. The same enemy. My job is to keep you from getting killed while on-training.

(beat)

What happens after I sign you off...

(pause)

Is up to you.

Jacques starts rubbing his scarred hands.

TRAINEE WHITE

How did--

JACQUES

(cutting-off)

Man. You're just full of questions tonight, huh Trainee? Concentrate on the windshield and what's out there. There's your problem.

Awkward pause.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Alright. My bad. I shouldn't have said that. I'm training you to ask questions. To develop critical thinking skills. Street survival skills.

(resigning)

Most of these Officers out here don't have anything other than a high school diploma. Which means they read and write at an eighth-grade level. Levels the playing field with the street turds.

TRAINEE WHITE

I'm a law school dropout? That's got to count for something?

JACQUES

(smiles)

That you are. That you are, Trainee.

(beat)

The good guys have to win. The bad guys have to lose. It's just that simple. No more. No less.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DISPATCHER  
Thirty-Tom-ninety-one.

JACQUES  
(grabs the mic)  
Thirty-Tom-ninety-one.

DISPATCHER  
Switch to L-Tac six with thirty-Tom-  
forty-one.

JACQUES  
Roger. Switching.

Jacques switches over the radio frequency.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Thirty-Tom-ninety-one's 'by on L-  
Tac six.

30T41 is a TWO-MAN TRAINING UNIT, with a surprise.

30T41  
Hey, Lafitte. I've got a package  
for you. Two.

JACQUES  
Two? What's your twenty?

30T41  
Saint Jo's.

JACQUES  
Roger. En route.

TRAINEE WHITE  
What's he got?

JACQUES  
Dunno. We'll find out.

Long pause. She turns the unit around heading to St.  
Joseph's Church.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
We got ambushed. An R-P-G shot  
through my M-4. Shattered it. Cut  
through an ox, twenty feet away.  
Broke my right hand. Shattered  
three of my fingers on my left  
hand. I drew my M-9 and got back  
into the fight.  
(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 Congratulations. You get a Purple  
 Heart. Oh, here's another for that  
 other one.

She absorbs what he's saying. She might not understand it  
 now, but maybe she will before her training ends.

JACQUES (V.O.)  
 As long as I've been in the  
 streets, some of the things you  
 learn about people... Your partner,  
 your Trainee... In the  
 Confessional. Are their fears.  
 Their lies. Their sins. I've heard  
 things not even spouses have heard.  
 Courts have heard. Even priests  
 have heard. But, one thing's for  
 certain. The more time you spend in  
 this Confessional... The more sin  
 you see. The more it's rewarded.

We're rolling. What's the package? Or, packages?

EXT. SAINT JOSEPH'S CHURCH - NIGHT

Our Training Unit 30T91 pulls-up to the ole SAINT JOSEPH'S  
 CHURCH. A landmark of an era gone by. Praying for some  
 relief from the elements of time.

OFFICER T-BOB MILLET (ME-lay) (mid-40's) of 30T41 is the  
 T.O. -- the Training Officer. His Trainee is OFFICER SMITH  
 (mid-20's), fresh, clean cut, right out of the Academy.

Jacques and his Trainee get out to see TWO STREET TURDS  
 sitting on the curb, handcuffed. The turds of course aren't  
 happy.

OFFICER MILLET  
 Hey, Jacques.

JACQUES  
 What's up, T-Bob?

OFFICER MILLET  
 (to the turds)  
 Hey, uh, dummy number one?

The turds look at each other.

OFFICER MILLET (cont'd)  
 You. The one in the red jersey.  
 What's your name?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Dummy No. 1, MICHAEL JORDAN (mid-20's), black, 'hood, speaks up.

MICHAEL JORDAN  
Michael Jordan.

JACQUES  
(laughs)  
Right. You're lying.

OFFICER MILLET  
What's your street name nigga?

Dummy No. 1 hesitates. Steams.

MICHAEL JORDAN  
(sotto voce)  
Choo-Choo.

OFFICER MILLET  
What? Come on nigga. Speak up.

MICHAEL JORDAN  
Choo-Choo, motherfucker.

Choo-Choo has Jacques' full attention now. Jacques marches in slow motion over for polite introductions.

JACQUES  
Choo-Choo?

MICHAEL JORDAN  
Yeah. What?

JACQUES  
(smiling)  
Choo-fucking-Choo.

MICHAEL JORDAN  
Yeah. So, what motherfucker?

JACQUES  
I hear you yell Choo-Choo before  
you get up in someone's face.

MICHAEL JORDAN  
Yeah. So, what? They know who they  
fuckin' with.

JACQUES  
Where's your boy...  
(pause)  
Benny?

CONTINUED:

Whoa. Choo-Choo's eyes pancake.

MICHAEL JORDAN

Man, I don't know no one name's  
Benny. You trippin'.

JACQUES

(pointing to Dummy No. 2)  
This your bitch?

Dummy No. 2, TERRENCE DAWSON (mid-20's), black, 'hood, same  
criminal, now has to talk.

TERRENCE DAWSON

Nigga. I ain't no bitch.

JACQUES

Ain't what I heard on the streets,  
T-Dawg.

Pause.

TERRENCE DAWSON

Man. How you know my name?

JACQUES

You just told me, turd.

TERRENCE DAWSON

Man, fuck you and your nigga bitch.

No. He just did-unt.

JACQUES

Oh, I wouldn't call her nigga if I  
were you. She gets all Choo-Choo  
'n' shit.

(beat)

Officer White?

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes, sir?

JACQUES

One of these turds called you a  
nigga. A nigga bitch, to be  
precise.

White comes over to the turds on the curb. Stares them down  
like her ex-husband was sitting there. Twice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)

(to the turds)

Now, Officer Millet and I are going to go chat a bit. Y'all be nice.

(to White)

Don't shoot anyone until we get back.

TRAINEE WHITE

Roger that. Hollow points or buck shot?

JACQUES

(pleasantly surprised)

I say we go with buck shot this time. Takes longer to bleed out. Burns the gut.

MICHAEL JORDAN

Y'all some fucked up niggas.

TERRENCE DAWSON

Yeah. Yo.

JACQUES

Ah! You used the N-word again. That'll go down on your permanent record.

Trainee White and Trainee Smith watch the Turds on a Curb, while Jacques and Millet take a meeting in the alcove of the holy St. Jo's.

OFFICER MILLET

We jammed them sitting in the doorway here.

JACQUES

In front of a church?

OFFICER MILLET

Go figure. We shook them down. Came up empty.

JACQUES

Search the area?

OFFICER MILLET

My Trainee looked around. Really not anywhere to dump anything.

JACQUES

They're working a caper. My Spidey-sense is up. They probably blew-up a source of mine some weeks back. I've just got nothing solid.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

OFFICER MILLET

They're clean. They don't come back with any wants or warrants. My Trainee ran them.

Jacques gives Millet a weird look.

OFFICER MILLET (cont'd)

Don't bust my balls, Lafitte. My Trainee's squared away.

JACQUES

They have valid I-D?

OFFICER MILLET

(handing I-Ds to Jacques)  
Yeah. Valid fakes. I bet if we fingerprint them, they'd pop.

JACQUES

Right. No dope on them?

OFFICER MILLET

Naw.

JACQUES

Damn.

Beat. Jacques hands the IDs back.

OFFICER MILLET

(measured)  
Now, if you want--

JACQUES

(cutting-off)  
I want to do them dirty. Straight up.

(beat)  
No gats?

OFFICER MILLET

If they had gats, I think they would've run. Dumped them. They were just sitting here, back under the alcove.

JACQUES

In Saint Jo's of all places.

OFFICER MILLET

(smiling)  
Maybe they've found religion?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

Naw. It's when they're on Death Row  
when they find another religion.

(beat)

Crap. We've gotta kick 'em?

OFFICER MILLET

Yeah. I don't have anything on  
them.

(measured)

You know if--

JACQUES

(cutting-off)

Brother, thanks for the heads-up.

Jacques pats Millet on the shoulder for a good job. He  
knows where the conversation was heading. Walks away.

OFFICER MILLET

(disappointed)

You got it. They'll pop on  
something. Just not tonight.

JACQUES

(turns back)

But what? Why are they all the way  
down here from Chicago?

OFFICER MILLET

Maybe they got one-way tickets  
courtesy of Chicago P-D?

JACQUES

Maybe so. They make more than us.

They laugh, walk over to the Turds on a Curb.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Yo. Choo-Choo? My good friend  
Officer Millet has decided to let  
you two fine, upstanding gentlemen  
go. But only for tonight.

MICHAEL JORDAN

Cuz you ain't got nothin' on  
us motherfucker.

TERRENCE DAWSON

Yeah. Yo.

JACQUES

Well, now. We've reached the  
motherfucker word count limit for  
one night. Officer White?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)

If you hear any one of these street turds say motherfucker just one more motherfucking time, you have my motherfucking permission to shoot one of these motherfuckers. In the balls. But just one. Use the buck shot rounds.

(beat)

I'll let you decide which one to shoot.

(beat)

Oh, and for extra points. Remember, one of them called you a nigger. Bitch, at that.

The Turds on a Curb eyes pancake. White steps up. Smith steps up.

Jacques heads over to his unit. Millet follows.

OFFICER MILLET

You can run some shit, Jacques.

(beat)

I've got a bad feeling about letting them go. You know, I can--

JACQUES

(cutting-off)

Me, too. But we've got nothing.

(resigns)

Mo-ther-fuck-er.

(beat)

They blew-up one of my snitches. He was good intel, too. They probably have dumped bodies before. Certainly that Choo-Choo turd. He definitely has done his own people. Maybe not any civilians. Street turds. Yeah.

OFFICER MILLET

How do you know?

JACQUES

It was the look in his face when I mentioned, Benny. I could tell he knew we were on to him, but couldn't pin anything. I could tell he's pulled the trigger a few times. That other turd T-Dawg probably couldn't even hold his own piss in a fire fight.

(to White)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Officer White?! Let's roll.  
(to Millet)  
Thanks for the heads-up, T-Bob.

TRAINEE WHITE  
(leans over to the turds)  
Later, my niggas.

White jumps in the cockpit and we're 10-8 -- In-Service -- as the peacekeepers say.

Millet and Smith un-handcuff and let the street turds go. Shuffling down the street. Still new shoes. Still new ball caps. Same old crimes.

INT. OUR POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

White at the helm and Jacques in the Bookman seat. Trying to stretch the night out.

TRAINEE WHITE  
I was talking to Officer Millet's Trainee, Smith. He was telling me Millet was going to 'spot,' his word, some pot on them to take them in.

JACQUES  
(ignoring)  
It wouldn't matter. They had good I-D, no wants or warrants. Cite and kick.

TRAINEE WHITE  
Smith said before they called us, Millet was going to spot them and throw their I-Ds away. That way--

JACQUES  
(cutting-off)  
That way they could take them in for fingerprinting. Wrong.

TRAINEE WHITE  
Smith said the only reason Millet didn't was because that T-Dawg actor said Choo-Choo's name out loud and they heard it. That's why Millet called us.



CONTINUED:

JACQUES

(serious)

Listen up, Trainee. I'm going to teach you a valuable lesson. If you forget everything I teach you, you will remember this.

(beat)

Those were fake I-Ds. Good ones at that. That gave those turds clean wants and warrants. We all know they're dirty. Hell, even they know they're dirty. But you absolutely, positively do not spot or move evidence on anyone. You hear me?

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes... Er, roger that.

JACQUES

You don't move evidence from a back seat passenger to the front seat driver to make an arrest, just to tow the damn car. You don't plant evidence just so you can take a peek at their A-FIS file. See if you get lucky. If you aren't good enough at your job to catch them dirty, you're on the wrong side of this cage. They have no laws except the laws of the street. We have laws.

(beat)

Those three types of cops I told you?

TRAINEE WHITE

Yes?

JACQUES

Millet is in the two-thirds... On-the-take. No one wants to do their damned homework to pop him. Maybe the feds will do him one day. Not one day too soon.

Pause.

TRAINEE WHITE

Three, you said.

JACQUES

Three what?

CONTINUED:

TRAINEE WHITE  
Three types of cops.

JACQUES  
Yeah.

TRAINEE WHITE  
What's the third type?

Jacques just stares out the window.

JACQUES (V.O.)  
For what she's been through, I have to give my Trainee a lot of credit. Hell of a lot of crap to get this far... Not given up. We swear an oath, raise our right hand, to our country... We go kill terrorists because we love freedom more than they love to die. We keep our nose clean in school, in college. Another oath to become an upstanding Officer in our community... To only find out the laws we fought for over there aren't worth shit here because even the cops and politicians break them. Those two-thirds... They become a cop so they're not little people anymore. They get to push people around because they have a badge and a gun. I know cops who have had their badges shoved up their asses. They get an honor guard funeral either because they made a fatal error... Or Karma caught up with them. Every time you see one of those pictures, those pictures with a cop in uniform in front of the flag, you have to wonder... Did they make a fatal mistake... Or did Karma finally catch up with them? Their sins. There are a lot of dirty cops that make it to retirement.

JACQUES  
You see that parking garage?

He points out the window to a tall parking garage. Empty.

TRAINEE WHITE  
Yeah?

CONTINUED:

JACQUES  
Head to the top.

TRAINEE WHITE  
Roger that.

White has no idea what's going on, but she's on training.

EXT. PARKING GARAGE LOT - NIGHT

They pull to the top of the parking garage. It's a clear night. Bright city skyline. Clear training for tonight.

JACQUES  
Turn the car off. Get out. Pop the trunk.

Out they go, the car is off.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Give me your pen.

She hands him her pen. He walks to the trunk.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Come over here.  
(beat)  
You see this?

TRAINEE WHITE  
My pen?

JACQUES  
Tonight, this is contraband. Dope.  
Heroin. Pot. Whatever.

He places it into the trunk on top, plainly visible. Closes the trunk.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Go sit in the driver's seat. Shut the door.

She complies. He walks up on her, pulling on the trunk lid for surprises.

MONTAGE: INTERCUTS WITH FLASHBACKS MIMICKING THE TRAINING SCENARIO BUT YOU CAN'T SEE THE FACE OF THE OFFICER

CONTINUED:

ECU: COP'S MOUTH MIMICKING JACQUES STORY

JACQUES (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 'Good evening, ma'am. License and  
 registration, please.'

Ah. She gets it now. Patrol training. In your face.

JACQUES (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 While the driver is looking for  
 their reggg, you watch their hands,  
 first. Hands kill. Then you scan  
 the vehicle with your flashlight  
 for contraband. Contraband is the  
 key to unlocking all the doors.  
 It's a cop's keyless entry.

She hands Jacques some faux papers. Noddin' 'yes' along the  
 way.

MONTAGE: THE FACELESS OFFICER INSPECTS THE VEHICLE

JACQUES (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 You head back, always watching the  
 driver. And the trunk for Jack In  
 the Box. You run them. Nothing  
 comes back. Squeaky clean.  
 (beat)  
 But... For some reason, I just  
 don't like you. Maybe you just  
 committed Contempt of Cop. A felony  
 in most cop's minds. You tell them  
 to step out.

MONTAGE: THE FACELESS OFFICER WAVES HER OUT. OUT SHE COMES.

JACQUES (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 Tell them to move over to the curb,  
 away from traffic. Remember, drunks  
 will take you out faster than  
 bullets.  
 (beat)  
 You ask...

ECU: COP'S MOUTH MIMICKING JACQUES

JACQUES (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 'Excuse me, ma'am. You don't mind  
 if I search your vehicle, do you?'  
 She fidgets. I'm a big, bad cop.  
 (MORE)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 I've got a badge and gun. You say,  
 'I'm sure everything is okay,  
 ma'am. We'll just check for  
 terrorists and you'll be on your  
 way.'

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 She says 'yes'--

TRAINEE WHITE  
 Bang. You get the dope.

JACQUES  
 You're picking up, Trainee. Very  
 good.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 What if she says 'no?'

MONTAGE: FACELESS OFFICER MIMICS JACQUES' STORY

WS: FEMALE DRIVER IN A DRESS UNKNOWINGLY EXPOSES HERSELF ON THE CURB TO THE FACELESS OFFICER

JACQUES (O.S.)  
 You tell her to sit down on the  
 curb. If she's wearing a dress, you  
 get a little perv show. But you  
 already know this because you saw  
 her flash you as she got out of the  
 car. You search the car anyways.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 But that's an illegal search.

JACQUES  
 Bingo. You're getting there.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 You find the dope, joint and... So  
 what? It's an illegal search.

JACQUES  
 Then Trainee... Then you become a  
 fantasy writer. All that training  
 in the Academy is thrown out the  
 window. You write an Academy Award-  
 winning report saying you saw the  
 joint in the ash tray, side pocket,  
 dash, whatever--

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

                  TRAINEE WHITE  
                  (cutting-off)  
                  Yes. But, you didn't?

MONTAGE: FACELESS OFFICER STANDING NEXT TO PATROL CRUISER.  
FEMALE DRIVER IS CRYING ON THE CURB.

                  JACQUES  
                  What is she going to do? Admit she  
                  had the pot, but the big bad cop  
                  moved it? Who's going to believe  
                  her? I'm an upstanding Police  
                  Officer. A war Vet. Two-time Purple  
                  Heart target. She's a dooper. Who's  
                  going to believe her?

MONTAGE: FACELESS OFFICER WAIVES THE DRIVER OVER. GROPE HER  
OFF-PATROL CAR CAMERA, ON-MIC

                  JACQUES (cont'd)  
                  You only learn this from dirty  
                  cops. Stay away from dirty cops.  
                  Stay away from those two-thirds.  
                  I'm saving you a step.  
                  (beat)  
                  Once you feel that rush of becoming  
                  a fantasy writer, the real power  
                  kicks in. It becomes a drug. It  
                  becomes your sin. Some can't kick  
                  the habit. Some have had the habit  
                  all along. Before they became a  
                  cop. Maybe they got their asses  
                  kicked in school. Bullied. This is  
                  payback. Now I get to bargain with  
                  her. Lying is rewarded in the  
                  streets, Trainee.

ECU: THE MOUTH OF THE FACELESS COP MIMICKING JACQUES

                  JACQUES (O.S.) (cont'd)  
                  'If you don't want to go to jail'--

                  TRAINEE WHITE (O.S.)  
                  (cutting-off)  
                  But, she wouldn't. It'd be a cite  
                  and release?

                  JACQUES  
                  Raawg. She doesn't know that.  
                  Power. Lying is rewarded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ECU: THE MOUTH OF THE FACELESS COP MIMICKING JACQUES

JACQUES (O.S.) (cont'd)  
 'How 'bout you give me a little  
 something-something to make this go  
 away?' More power. Lying...

MONTAGE: FEMALE DRIVER SQUATTING DOWN, GIVING THE FACELESS  
 COP A BLOWJOB

TRAINEE WHITE (O.S.)  
 That's disgusting.

JACQUES (O.S.)  
 Happens every single day of the  
 week all across this glorious law-  
 abiding nation of ours. Law-abiding  
 nation. The more drugs you pop, the  
 more fancy cop toys the department  
 gets from the feds. The spoils of  
 the War on Drugs.

MONTAGE: CAMERA PULLS BACK TO REVEAL THE FACELESS COP IS NONE  
 OTHER THAN OFFICER T-BOB MILLET. SMILING. JOKER-STYLE.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 (pointing out positions)  
 Come here. Different setup. Same  
 sin. Three people in the car. Back  
 seat actor has some heroin. Once  
 you shake them all down, you move  
 the dope to the driver, hook them,  
 and then tow their car just because  
 they looked at you wrong. Contempt  
 of Cop. A felony. A sin.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 Contempt of cop isn't even a crime.  
 It's--

JACQUES  
 (cutting-off)  
 The most heinous crime you can  
 commit on a cop. Well, except for  
 killing them. I'm not saying that's  
 right. If you're in the two-  
 thirds... It's a felony. A sin.

TRAINEE WHITE  
 But wouldn't the back seat actor  
 testify for his friend?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

And say what?

(acting out, rapid fire)

'Oh, I'm sorry Mr. Judge. That's not my friend's heroin. It's mine. That very bad cop stole it off of me and planted it on my friend.'

(beat)

Meanwhile, the driver, who has poor friend-choosing skills by the way, has his car towed, spends a few nights in jail until he can bail out. Then has to pay to get his car back. He's probably lost his job by now for not showing up. A few hundred plus in the hole. Oh, and fight-off an arrest with a Public Defender who's probably a functioning heroin addict themselves. They'll succumb to the weight, plead out and if they're smart, work on their friend-choosing skills. Congratulations! You're now a second class citizen in America.

MONTAGE: OFFICER MILLET, AGAIN, DIFFERENT SCENARIO, GETTING A BLOWJOB FROM A GUY IN A SUIT, JUST LIKE THE FEMALE DRIVER DID

JACQUES (O.S.) (cont'd)

And in the end, Mr. Bad Cop gets away with another one. You want to go back to being a lawyer now? Save the world, Trainee?

TRAINEE WHITE

(overwhelmed)

I... Uh...

JACQUES

When you make training, if I sign you off, you're going to run into these Bad Cops, sooner or later. You're just going to have to decide what side of that cage you want to be on.

(pointing at the cage)

This side? Or, this side?

Pause. She needs to absorb this.



CONTINUED:

TRAINEE WHITE

I have got to have this job. It's all I have left. I have nothing but this job. I can't risk that. I, I've got to have this job.

JACQUES

It's hard to do the right thing sometimes, but you just have to do it. Doing the wrong thing is easy. Someone's going to tell you the bad guys are going to get away unless you do it their way.

(beat)

A bad actor will always be a bad actor. You just catch them another day. Game over for today. Game on for tomorrow.

(beat)

Badge and gun power... It's a drug. If you never take that first hit, you never become addicted. You have addicts all around you. You're an alcoholic who works as a bartender who can never take a drink.

Pause. Sinks in.

JACQUES (cont'd)

You have any family for support?

TRAINEE WHITE

I never knew my dad. My mom died of a drug overdose when I was in high school. That's where I met my ex-. He was on the football team. I don't even know if I have siblings... Cousins.

JACQUES

That's messed up.

(beat)

Ice cream?

TRAINEE WHITE

Naw.

JACQUES

Come on. Let's slow roll.

TRAINEE WHITE

Slow roll?

INT. POLICE CRUISER - NIGHT

Trainee White is at the helm and they're cruising the dark, mean streets of New Orleans. Looking for nothing.

MONTAGE: JACQUES, IN UNIFORM, IN COURT, TAKING OATH, UNDER EXAMINATION

JACQUES

If a P-D ever goes up against me in court, it's my college education, Purple Hearts, rah-rah-rah shish boom bah patriotism against loser with poor friend-choosing skills. Who wins?

(beat)

Their only shot is for the driver, dummy number one, and dummy number two, to roll over on heroin boy. Maybe heroin boy throws-up on himself? Cops to it. D-A just might boot the case.

TRAINEE WHITE

But, Mr. Bad Cap still wins.

JACQUES

You learn fast, Trainee. Sins are rewarded in the street once again.

He lets that sink-in to her.

JACQUES (cont'd)

By the way.

(pause)

That was a true case.

TRAINEE WHITE

What?!

JACQUES

True story.

TRAINEE WHITE

What was the final outcome? I mean--

JACQUES

(cutting-off)

Mr. Bad Cop?

CONTINUED:

TRAINEE WHITE

Yeah?

JACQUES

He was in the closet.

TRAINEE WHITE

Doing what?

JACQUES

(blank stare)

He was gay.

TRAINEE WHITE

So? Gay?

JACQUES

The car he stopped was full of gay guys looking for a fun night out. Just a bunch of friends with a little hair-Oh-ine. Dummy number three copped to the dope, the others backed his play and the D-A dropped the charges.

TRAINEE WHITE

And Bad Cop?

JACQUES

Feds jumped on him. Not right away. He threw-up on himself. They went to file on him. Then... Never did. Spent two years off the force. Sued to get his job back. With back pay.

TRAINEE WHITE

Wait. What? And back pay?

JACQUES

Oh, he sued alright. Got his job back. And back pay. With interest.

TRAINEE WHITE

(indignant)

Sued for what?!

JACQUES

Discrimination.

Pause. She thinks. Bingo.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRAINEE WHITE

(resigns)

Because he was gay.

JACQUES

Mr. Bad Cop worked the system. The Sheriff was up for re-election. He threw the gay community a bone, pun intended, for their votes. Mr. Bad Cop gets his job back. Sin got rewarded. Meanwhile, that car of guys got screwed because of Mr. Bad Cop and dummy number three. Second class citizens now. Arrest records for their parting gift.

TRAINEE WHITE

(beat)

Where is he working now? Mr. Bad Cop?

JACQUES

Probably in Hell.

TRAINEE WHITE

I don't get it?

JACQUES

D-E-D. Dead. Died of AIDS.

Pause.

TRAINEE WHITE

Karma.

JACQUES

You pick-up fast, Trainee.

(beat)

He still got his honors funeral and a fancy picture with a flag.

MONTAGE: CAMERA PUSHES-IN ON FRAMED PICTURE OF FALLEN OFFICER, IN CHURCH

JACQUES (cont'd)

(checks his watch)

Look at that. Time flies when you're trying to save the world. Let's head in.

Lots to think about for our Trainee.

CONTINUED:

They head in for End of Watch -- E.O.W.

Jacques grabs the computer, punches up a page.

CU: COMPUTER SCREEN

MATCH CUT TO:

INT./EXT. POLICE CRUISER/POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - NIGHT

JACQUES

Mileage?

TRAINEE WHITE

One-thirty-two-fifteen. Plus five.

CU: COMPUTER SCREEN. JACQUES LOGS MILEAGE. LOGS OFF.

They get out. Pack out their gear. Good job. Good night.

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

The rear parking lot door opens. Jacques follows his Trainee in and drops the shotgun off with the armorer.

He looks up and the armorer has a strange look on his face.

Jacques smiles. Turns. His Trainee is stopped by the Watch Commander's office. Suits everywhere. Something is up.

Officers walking past Jacques throw a stare at him.

Something is definitely up.

Jacques walks down the hallway to the Watch Commander's office. In what seems like slow motion. And forever.

INT. POLICE STATION/HALLWAY/WATCH COMMANDER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Trainee White is white. Jacques doesn't like this.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Lafitte? Step in.

Jacques does. Silent. As do two suits. DETECTIVE DEWEY (mid-40's), suit, shoes, government issue. DETECTIVE KETCHUM (mid-40's), mirror image government issue.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)  
Jacques, this is--

DETECTIVE DEWEY  
Officer Lafitte? I'm Detective  
Dewey and this is Detective  
Ketchum. I-A-B.  
(hands him papers)  
You're being sued along with the  
department for an arrest last--

Jacques is spinning through the pages.

JACQUES  
(cutting-off)  
Is this that hook my Trainee and I  
made over in the French Market?  
Those cross-dressers? This is  
Leblanc's and Lashay's arrest.

DETECTIVE DEWEY  
Yes. Officers Leblanc and Lashay  
are being--

JACQUES  
(cutting-off)  
Not on here? Just me, my Trainee  
and the department?

DETECTIVE DEWEY  
They are being reassigned--

LIEUTENANT WILSON  
I'll take it Detective.

DETECTIVE DEWEY  
Uh, a few more things, Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT WILSON  
Negative, detective. You're done  
here.

DETECTIVE DEWEY  
(pleading)  
Lieutenant--

LIEUTENANT WILSON  
Hey, detective? You and your  
partner beat feet. Your work is  
done here. I've got the handle.

DETECTIVE DEWEY  
We'll be in touch.

CONTINUED:

Dewey and his partner Ketchum turn and leave. They walk over to Trainee White.

LIEUTENANT WILSON  
Close the door, Jacques.

Jacques does and looks over at his petrified Trainee. She's just standing there. The Internal Affairs Bureau suits are boxing her in.

Jacques holds a finger up. 'Just one sec.' You'll be okay.

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)  
Jacques...

Jacques' a Veteran. War and cop. He's figured it out.

He pulls his badge off. Sets it down LT's desk.

He un-holsters his weapon. Sets it down on L-T's desk.

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)  
You want a receipt?

JACQUES  
If I can't trust you...  
(fake smiles)

LIEUTENANT WILSON  
I'll stick it in your locker.

JACQUES  
Anything else?

LIEUTENANT WILSON  
You want me to call a rep?

Jacques just stands there.

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)  
Listen, Jacques. I know this sucks.  
I'll call a rep. You go home. I  
talked to the Captain and she said  
paid vacation for you.

JACQUES  
What about my Trainee?

LIEUTENANT WILSON  
She's probationary. She's got to  
work the desk to get a check.  
(pause)  
I'll be easy on her.

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

She's a good kid. She needs this job, L-T.

(beat)

She doesn't have anybody.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Go dress out. I'll take care of her. If you take off... Just call-in. Call-in on-shift. Only check-in with me.

(beat)

Hell, if you hit the Bahamas, they have to talk to you by phone.

Besides, the parish pays for all the legal, attorneys.

JACQUES

Leblanc and Lashay?

LIEUTENANT WILSON

I've got to pull them in. They're working desk till further notice.

JACQUES

(looking at papers)

It's just me, White and the department?

LIEUTENANT WILSON

I was shotgunned thirty minutes before you came in. Captain is okay. She said just follow protocol.

Jacques turns to walk out. Opens the door.

JACQUES

(to White)

You'll be okay Jennifer.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Hey, Jacques?

Jacques leans back in.

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)

Be good to yourself.

Jacques flashes a fake smile.

L-T is disgusted. He waves Trainee White in with the I-A-B suits.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

Jacques walks the longest walk of his life to the locker room.

Slow motion.

INT. POLICE STATION/LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Jacques is alone.

MONTAGE:

JACQUES OPENS HIS LOCKER

CHECKS HIS FLAT BADGE AND ID. LEAVES IT.

UNCEREMONIOUSLY RAKES THE LOCKER CONTENTS INTO HIS BAG

GRABS HIS AFGHANISTAN PICTURES, MILITARY RIBBONS.

GRABS A PICTURE OF HIM AND SAMANTHA

PULLS ANOTHER ONE OF HIS BERETTAS. PUTS IT IN HIS BACK WAISTBAND

BOOTS OVER HIS SHOULDER

SLAMS LOCKER CLOSED. FULL OF UNIFORMS.

WALKS OUT

Screw this crap.

EXT. POLICE STATION/SECURED PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jacques leans against a cruiser.

Lights pull-up. It's Samantha.

Jacques waves at the security camera.

The large iron security gate opens.

CONTINUED:

He throws his bags in to the trunk. Boots, too.

The back door slams and they're off.

INT. SAMANTHA'S CAB - NIGHT

Samantha drives. Jacques thinks. It's a lonely night.

She stares at him through the rearview mirror.

He gazes out the window. Lost.

Not a word is said.

EXT. MOJO BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Samantha pulls up.

Jacques gets out.

SAMANTHA

Hey, sailor?

JACQUES

I will.

She smiles, drives off. Slowly. Eyeing Jacques through the outside mirror.

He's dejected.

INT. MOJO BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

The jukebox is low. The TVs are on.

Jacques walks in. Saunters.

LLOYD

Jacques! Where you at, babe?

JACQUES

Abita. Jameson.

LLOYD

(laughs)  
The usual?

JACQUES

Naw, Lloyd. Lost my appetite.

CONTINUED:

LLOYD

Whoa. What's up brother?

JACQUES

Besides being sued, relieved of  
duty and losing my Trainee?

LLOYD

Somebitch.

JACQUES

Yep. Somebitch.

Lloyd pours two shots. Draws a beer.

LLOYD

I'll join ya.

They slam and bam. Per usual. But not happily.

LLOYD (cont'd)

Where's Sam?

JACQUES

She's working. If I pass out--

LLOYD

(cutting-off)

Like I wouldn't call her. Ya  
bastid.

JACQUES

(laughs)

Maybe you should just bury me out  
back.

DALE THE COOK

(pointing at TV)

Hey! Hey! Lloyd! Jacques!

Lloyd grabs the remote and turns up the volume.

INT. ACTIONLIVENEWS STUDIO (TV) - NIGHT

ActionLiveNews anchor CHAD JOHNSON (mid-50's), anchor desk  
material, reads the teleprompter.

CHAD JOHNSON (TV)

We have breaking news coming out of  
the New Orleans Police Department  
tonight alleging police brutality.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHAD JOHNSON (TV) (cont'd)  
 Shocking details are emerging about the alleged beating of two men at the hands of N-O-P-D officers last month. In a lawsuit filed today, two men in their twenties are suing the N-O-P-D and Officers Jacks Lafitte and Jennifer White.

TV ON-SCREEN: JACQUES AND HIS TRAINEE'S ID PHOTOS

Jacques raises his hand to acknowledge the crowd. He's watching through the bar mirror. Eases the pain.

JACQUES  
 It's J-A-C-Q-U-E-S you glow tube assholes.

The on-screen titles misspell his first name 'JACKS' as if to add insult to injury.

CHAD JOHNSON (TV)  
 The lawsuit reveals shocking details and the identities of the two men are being withheld pending court appearances.  
 (turns to another camera)  
 Our ActionLiveNews Team is covering this live from N-O-P-D headquarters. We go live now to our ActionLiveNews reporter Candy Kane. Candy, can you bring us up-to-speed.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS POLICE DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS (TV) - NIGHT

ActionLiveNews reporter CANDY KANE (early-30's), bubble-headed bleach blonde, is standing outside. Yes, her name gives her away.

CANDY KANE (TV)  
 Yes, Chad. In my hands I have the shocking lawsuit filed against N-O-P-D Officer Jacks Lafitte and Officer Jennifer White. Officer Jacks, er rather Officer White, Officer Lafitte, is a twenty-two year veteran of the force, a Training Officer and Officer White was his Trainee.  
 (MORE)

CONTINUED:

CANDY KANE (TV) (cont'd)  
 Officer Lafitte had returned last year from deployment in Afghanistan with his Navy unit. It's unclear whether he was just sitting on a boat or actually saw combat action.

Jacques and Lloyd are disgusted at the thought. [ETC]

CHAD JOHNSON (TV)  
 Candy? Can you tell us why the two plaintiffs are not identified in this shocking lawsuit?

CANDY KANE (TV)  
 Yes, Chad. Chad I have the plaintiffs' attorney a mister Theodore Wilson the third.

THEODORE WILSON IV (TV)  
 That's the fourth.

THEODORE WILSON IV (mid-60's), lawyer, drunk-type, disheveled, scummy, as typical.

CANDY KANE (TV)  
 Yes, of course. Can you tell us why your clients are left off the lawsuit?

THEODORE WILSON IV (TV)  
 My clients were not left off the lawsuit. Their names have been redacted. Are currently in seclusion and fear for their safety. They--

CANDY KANE (TV)  
 (cutting-off)  
 Why do they fear for their safety?

THEODORE WILSON IV (TV)  
 When you bring a lawsuit against the N-O-P-D and an Officer who has been in a combat zone in Afghanistan it's better to be safe than sorry. [ETC]

LLOYD  
 What the fuck is this assjack talking about?  
 (to Jacques)  
 What the hell did you do to these guys?

CONTINUED:

JACQUES  
(sarcastic)  
Thanks.

LLOYD  
Crap. You know what I mean,  
Jacques.

CANDY KANE (TV)  
Have you determined how much money  
you want?

THEODORE WILSON IV (TV)  
This isn't about money. We aren't  
suing just for money. My clients  
have sustained numerous life-  
threatening injuries at the hands  
of these Officers and we need to  
get them off the street. My clients  
are brave and have-- [ETC]

LLOYD  
Turn this crap off! Damn asshats.

Lloyd turns the TVs off. Cranks the swamp music up.

JACQUES  
I'll have the usual now.

Lloyd begins to write-up the usual ticket. He pulls a  
bottle of Jameson over for another pour.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Leave the bottle.

LLOYD  
Roger.

The hours slow by. A couple. Per usual it's Lloyd and  
Jacques closing the place. Jacques is three sheets to the  
wind.

JACQUES  
I just told him I'd train this last  
one and we'd see.

LLOYD  
See what?

JACQUES  
See where I was headed.

CONTINUED:

LLOYD  
You're over twenty?

JACQUES  
Yeah.

LLOYD  
Jacques? Just punch-out, brother.  
Come help me until you find where  
you're headed. I could use a little  
time off. Maybe I could head to the  
P-I and pick me up a bride? I've  
been looking for a break for a  
while anyways.

JACQUES  
I don't know nothing about  
bartending there, Lloyd. Drinking?  
Sure.

LLOYD  
Listen. I'll hook you up. Think  
about it.

SFX: KNOCK, KNOCK GOES THE GLASS.

It's Samantha outside peering in.

LLOYD (cont'd)  
Looks like your chariot is here.  
(beat)  
Y'all doing good since she moved  
in?

Lloyd comes around from the bar to let Jacques out.

JACQUES  
Well, she's got a gat and I've got  
a gat. No one's been shot yet.

LLOYD  
(chuckles)  
She gonna stay?

JACQUES  
It's up to her.  
(looking at Samantha)  
She's the best thing that's  
happened to me in a long time,  
Lloyd. The best thing.

Jacques heads out.

CONTINUED:

LLOYD

Be safe brother. Just leave it  
open. You think about what I said.

(beat)

Hey, Sam.

SAMANTHA

Hi, Lloyd. Thanks.

EXT. MOJO BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Jacques leaves the door open to be hugged and kissed by a  
New Orleans cabbie. He gropes her butt a little. She tries  
to smack his evasive hand.

Off-duty already, she helps him into his chariot. By help,  
he falls face down in the back seat.

JACQUES

(mumbling)

I got rights officer!

SAMANTHA

Anything you say can be held  
against you.

JACQUES

Your boobies.

SAMANTHA

Ya git!

(beat)

Feet inside, mister.

Jacques bends his knees. The back door slams shut. Her door  
slams shut.

WS: REAR OF SAM'S CAB

CUT TO:

CU: LEFT RED TAIL LIGHT SHINES INTO THE LENS. CAB PULLS AWAY.

EXT. MOJO BAR AND GRILL/BACK ENTRANCE - NIGHT

The car stops a few feet away. Wait. This is not Sam's cab.



CONTINUED:

All four doors open and out step FOUR DARK MEN. Four bad men. Mid-20's, smell of 'hood on them.

The car is still running. Doors stay open.

They gallop one at a time inside the bar.

INT. MOJO BAR AND GRILL - NIGHT

Lloyd is going over his nightly clipboard behind the bar.

In come the four dark men.

LLOYD

Uh, oh, hey. Sorry y'all. Grill's shutdown for the night.

Well, look who it is? The dim bar light reveals Choo-Choo and T-Dawg with TWO OTHER STREET TURDS dressed in street uniforms.

T-DAWG

You got something to drink, yo?

LLOYD

Uh... The bar's closed.

(pause)

Yo.

Lloyd senses they aren't here for socializing and drinks.

WS: THE REFLECTION FROM THE BAR MIRROR GIVES AWAY LLOYD'S GAT IN HIS BACK WAISTBAND

He steps back against the back bar to conceal it.

OUT WHIPS A GUN aimed by T-Dawg. Choo-Choo is behind him.

T-DAWG

Where is that bitch Lafitte, yo?

Lloyd pauses. Strategizes. It's life and death now.

He throws a glance over to the back entrance bathroom as a ruse.

T-Dawg and Choo-Choo catch that glance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

T-DAWG (cont'd)  
Where is he motherfucker?  
(beat)  
There, yo?

CHOO-CHOO  
I got this bitch now.

Lloyd throws that glance, again, at the bathroom. A 'scared' glance as a ruse.

Choo-Choo slowly walks over to the bathroom. He motions the other turds to get to the back door.

T-Dawg steps to the bar, sees the Father Tom Charity jar and smashes it with his gun.

SFX: CRASH!!! GLASS AND COINS EVERYWHERE

The turd scoops-up the cash. Leaves the coin.

LLOYD  
Listen. I don't want any--

T-DAWG  
Shut up bitch.

LLOYD  
Just take the money. I haven't counted it yet.

T-Dawg walks over, sees the cash drawer closed and motions Lloyd over to open it.

Lloyd steps up with clipboard in hand. T-Dawg presses his gat against Lloyd's chest.

Pause. Eye lock. Lloyd hits the 'No Sale' button.

Lloyd steps back TOWARDS THE CAMERA -- his gat in sight -- back waistband.

T-Dawg claws at the cash, still pointing his gat at Lloyd.

Lloyd sees T-Dawg doesn't 'have' it. That kill look. Jacques was right.

T-DAWG  
(sweating)  
Move, motherfucker and I'll bust a cap in yo ass.

Choo-Choo motions the other two thugs to the back bathroom.

CONTINUED:

LLOYD  
(at the bathroom)  
Jacques!

SFX: CRASH!!!

Choo-Choo kicks-in the bathroom door! It flies back. He kicks it again.

T-Dawg glances over at the bathroom and Choo-Choo.

This is Lloyd's chance he made happen. Out whips his Colt .45! They see it.

Lloyd donkey kicks T-Dawg to the floor.

It's on!

SFX: BARRAGE OF GUNFIRE!!!

Lloyd gets the drop on one thug. Man down. Hard. Head shot.

Lloyd ducks and dives to the end of the bar.

Choo-Choo and T-Dawg are firing and begin to back out.

SFX: THE BACK ENTRANCE DOOR FLIES OPEN

Lloyd rolls over to the back hallway. One last chance.

Tap, tap!

SFX: BANG!!! BANG!!!

The other street turd goes down through the back door, flat on his back. Pops off one last round in the air.

SFX: TIRES SCREECHING. CAR SWERVING. DIRT/ROCKS FLYING.

And the escape car is gone. Choo-Choo and T-Dawg made it out.

Lloyd scrambles after them out the back entrance.

They've escaped into the night cover. He looks down at the two dead street turds.

Lloyd 2. Street Turds 0.

Wait. He looks down. He's been hit and bleeding out.

SFX: FOOTSTEPS. PEOPLE COMING TO HELP. SIRENS.

CONTINUED:

Lloyd falls. Gaspng. Holding his chest.

A MAN runs over to help.

CU: AMBULANCE TIRE PULLS INTO FRAME ON THE PAVEMENT. DOOR OPENS.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. JACQUES' HOUSE/DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

CU: SAM'S CAB DOOR OPEN. SHE STEPS OUT.

She opens the back door.

There's her dead body -- Jacques. On his back.

SAMANTHA

I'm not carrying you inside, mister. You're just going to have to get inside yourself. Or sleep out here all night.

JACQUES

No! Don't leave me. I'll confess!

SAMANTHA

Confess to what?

She leans inside the back seat and Jacques pulls her down on top of him.

JACQUES

I confess I'm in love.

SAMANTHA

Oh, really? With who?

JACQUES

Myself!

SAMANTHA

(smacks him)

Oh, you are so in trouble, mister. Get up.

They 'walk' into the house.

EXT. JACQUES' HOUSE/STREET - NIGHT

WS: TWO SHADOWY FIGURES CROSS THE LENS

SFX: DISTANT TRAIN HORN. TWICE. CHOO. CHOO.

They're being watched. It doesn't look good.

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE/KITCHEN - NIGHT

Jacques stumbles in. Sam just laughs.

SAMANTHA

Take your shirt off, ya git.

She helps him. Puts his gun down on the kitchen counter. He pulls out an extra magazine and puts it down.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

I'm going to go change. You just steady yourself there sailor.

JACQUES

Raawg.

Jacques flips his cowboy boots off his feet. Stumbles. Falls down. Recovers. Tries again.

Jacques teeters into the fridge. Grabs an Abita beer. Stands back up. Fridge door open.

OUT go the lights. Samantha screams!

The Abita beer bottle SHATTERS in Jacques hand!

SFX: GUNSHOTS JET THROUGH THE KITCHEN. WHIZZZ! WHIZZZ!

Jacques dives to the floor.

The kitchen is under assault. They're under assault!

Jacques crawls through the broken glass. Rolls over and reaches up to get his gun and magazine.

Blood streaks paint the floor. Debris everywhere.

JACQUES (cont'd)

(screaming)

Sam! Sam! Get down!

EXT. JACQUES' HOUSE/STREET - NIGHT

Game on!

Jacques bolts out the back door. Bloody. Gun and extra magazine in hand.

Runs barefoot along the neighbor's hedge for concealment.

A RED SEDAN, hoodish, lights out is revving in the middle of the street. It's them!

Look who it is! T-Dawg and Choo-Choo are retreating while firing into Jacques' house.

Double-tap!

SFX: BANG!!! BANG!!!

Two in the pump house for T-Dawg. He's trying to make it to the escape ride.

Choo-Choo turns and fires off an automatic weapon cleaning the top of the hedge.

Jacques dives for life.

Choo-Choo stumbles into the driver's seat. T-Dawg is trying to get into the back seat.

Double-tap!

SFX: BANG!!! BANG!!!

T-Dawg's head explodes from behind. He drops like dead weight.

Choo-Choo floors it.

SFX: TIRES SCREECHING. CAR SWERVING. DEBRIS FLYING.

CHOO-CHOO  
(screaming)  
Choo-Choo motherfucker! Choo-Choo!

He fires a final clip towards Jacques. The escape car isn't moving fast enough.

Jacques rolls over behind a phone pole. Blood all over his chest and back. He unloads his magazine into the getaway car.

CONTINUED:

SFX: BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!  
BANG! BANG! BANG!

Empty! Jacques reloads his extra mag. Escape car getting traction.

SFX: BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!  
BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG!

Empty! Choo-Choo screeches out. Bullet holes everywhere.

Jacques looks down at his Beretta. Slide is back. Out.

Glass in his back. Blood streaming. Slowly.

He rolls over. Stares up to the night sky. Arms stretched out to his side in a cross.

SFX: SIRENS IN THE DISTANCE ARE COMING

Jacques next door neighbor MARY (mid-20's) dark long hair, cute, nice, wearing all white, runs over to help.

MARY

Jacques! You okay?

(crying)

Oh my God! Oh my God!

Jacques' chest is full of glass. Blood. He's breathing heavily.

A SMALL HOLE in his side chest coughs up blood.

MARY (cont'd)

(crying)

Jacques? Help is coming. God is coming! Please don't die, Jacques!

JACQUES

Mary? Put your hand here. Press. Hard.

He grabs her hand. Presses it down on the bullet hole.

CU: MARY HAS A STIGMATA BLOOD SPOT ON THE BACK OF HER HAND AS DOES JACQUES.

Jacques' other hand has the mark of stigmata, too.

Mary becomes our Biblical Mary.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)  
 (painfully)  
 Ahhh!

Jacques is FIGHTING NOT TO PASS OUT. Pain. Breathing.

MARY  
 Jacques? What do you want me to do?  
 What do you want?

Jacques is SLOWLY GOING DEAF from the trauma.

SFX: HELOS, COMBAT YELLING, SIRENS, CROWD

MARY (cont'd)  
 Jacques? I'm here. You are safe  
 with me. Come to me.

He looks up. The street light forms a halo around her head.

MARY (cont'd)  
 What do you want, Jacques? Is it  
 salvation? Do you want to be saved,  
 Jacques?

SFX: FAINT BABY CRYING

Is he dying?

JACQUES  
 (choking)  
 Yes. I want...

MARY  
 Only you can save yourself,  
 Jacques. Save yourself. And  
 salvation is yours.

She stands up and the STREET LIGHT BLINDS him.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. CHARITY HOSPITAL/OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

The BLINDING BLUE OPERATION LIGHT HITS Jacques. Doctor Landry is in hospital scrubs. Surgery. Jacques is hallucinating.



CONTINUED:

DOCTOR LANDRY

You're going to be okay. Salvation  
is yours, Jacques. You can save  
yourself.

CU: THE OXYGEN MASK COMES OVER JACQUES FACE

SFX: BEEPS. HEARTBEAT. BREATHING. BABY CRYING.

DOCTOR LANDRY (cont'd)

Salvation. Salvation is yours,  
Jacques. [ETC]

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SALVATION - DAY

Jacques is suspended on his back, arms out to his sides, in  
the white cloudy environs draped in a red cloak.

He has a gun in his right hand. For what?

Surrounding him in a circle are 12 FEMALE NUDE FIGURES  
draped in white see-through cloaks. Their faces are  
darkened.

They are silent.

He rotates and each of the 12 figures lightly touch his gun  
as it comes around.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BEACH HAMMOCK - DAY

Jacques is swaying slowly in his hammock, again. Asleep.

SFX: OCEAN BREEZE AND WAVES. SOME SEAGULLS.

Over walks a shadowy figure in a bikini, again.

His sunlight is blocked, again. He looks up.

SAMANTHA

Can you see the light?

CONTINUED:

JACQUES  
(waking)  
Yes.

SAMANTHA  
Do you know what you want?

JACQUES  
Yes.

SAMANTHA  
What is it you seek, Jacques?

Pause. Double pause.

JACQUES  
A Butchie burger and fries.  
(beat)  
Abita.

SAMANTHA  
We're a bit far from New Orleans,  
for that, sailor. But I think I  
know a good place.

JACQUES  
Are we dressed?

SAMANTHA  
I don't think they'll kick us out.  
We'll just go with the natives.

Samantha leans over to help Jacques out of the hammock. The wounds are healing and he's sore. He groans.

JACQUES  
I could get used to living here.

SAMANTHA  
We've only been here two weeks and  
you want to move here already?

JACQUES  
(looks around)  
Seems like I've been here forever.

SAMANTHA  
Let's go eat sailor boy.

CONTINUED:

They walk -- s-l-o-w-l-y -- down the beach to get some Butchie burgers. Fries. And some beers.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE - DAY

Jacques and Sam are back to civilization.

His mobile rings.

CU: CALLER ID - JIM WILSON

JACQUES

Hey, L-T.

LIEUTENANT WILSON (PHONE)

Hey, Jacques. You back okay?

JACQUES

Yeah. We got back late last night.

LIEUTENANT WILSON (PHONE)

Can you meet me at the station around fifteen-hundred?

JACQUES

Sure. What's up?

LIEUTENANT WILSON (PHONE)

Just meet me there.

JACQUES

Raawg.

L-T hangs up.

SAMANTHA

What's up?

JACQUES

L-T wants to meet at the station at fifteen-hundred. That's three P-M for you civilians.

SAMANTHA

Ya git! I know. I got a fancy watch like yours.

Samantha shows her matching dive watch just like Jacques.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA (cont'd)

We need to go to Charity to get your check-up at noon. And we need to go make some groceries, as you Yanks say.

JACQUES

Yats.

SAMANTHA

Yats. Yanks.

JACQUES

Them is fighting words, missy.

SAMANTHA

You're done with fighting, mister. You have enough holes in you. And this one needs to be closed.

As she stuffs a beignet into his mouth, powdery sugar flies, and she walks off to get ready.

He grabs it out of his mouth. Powder smile on his face.

JACQUES

That's right. If I get any more holes, I won't be able to drink beer again. I'll leak. That would be a tragedy.

SAMANTHA

Come on my holey sailor. I'll drive.

They head on out to his doctor's appointment.

INT. CHARITY HOSPITAL/EXAM ROOM - DAY

Jacques is sitting on the exam table and Sam is staring out the window.

Doctor Landry walks in.

DOCTOR LANDRY

Hello, mister Lafitte.

(to Sam)

Hi.

(to Jacques)

Have you managed not to get yourself shot since I operated on you, what...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOCTOR LANDRY (cont'd)  
 (checks clipboard)  
 A month ago?

JACQUES  
 It wasn't me. They started it.

DOCTOR LANDRY  
 Yes. Of course. That's what my  
 nephew says.

She exams his wounds. He is ugly black-n-blue on his ribs.  
 Healing scratches all over his chest and back.

DOCTOR LANDRY (cont'd)  
 So far, so good.  
 (ordering)  
 No extreme sports, swimming, weight-  
 lifting. Follow-up with me in a  
 month. Take your meds.  
 (to Samantha)  
 He needs his bandages changed  
 daily.

SAMANTHA  
 Straight away.

SFX: BLAMMM!!! FLIES OPEN THE EXAM ROOM DOOR

Everyone jumps!

Well, look who it is?

LLOYD  
 Incoming!

Lloyd flies-in on his motorized wheelchair. Oxygen tank, IV  
 and all.

DOCTOR LANDRY  
 Sir?!

LLOYD  
 The Marines have landed!

Lloyd coughs. Laughs.

JACQUES  
 Lloyd! Ya old bastid! Nice wheels.

LLOYD  
 When did y'all get back into town?

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA

Late last night. Red eye.

DOCTOR LANDRY

Mr. Lafitte? I'll send a nurse in to wrap you up. Check-out with the front desk. See me in a month. And try not to get shot anymore in the meantime.

JACQUES

Sure thing, doc. Thanks.

Doctor Landry turns to leave. Not fast enough.

LLOYD

Doc? Please? When are we getting married?

DOCTOR LANDRY

You and your partner over there seem to collect a lot of bullet holes. Oh, look.

(she checks her clipboard)

Charity's preacher has the day off. Maybe next time.

She pats him on his back. Strolls out. The door shuts.

Lloyd just gawks.

LLOYD

I'm in love.  
(to Jacques)  
Did you see that ass?

Jacques laughs. Ouch.

SAMANTHA

Lloyd! Ya git.  
(beat)  
What am I going to do with you two?

JACQUES

You can't shoot us. We'll leak.

Lloyd drives over to the window.

LLOYD

(to Jacques)  
How're you doing, Jacques?

CONTINUED:

JACQUES  
I'm getting there.

LLOYD  
(to Samantha)  
How's he treating ya?

SAMANTHA  
I'm keeping him in-line.

LLOYD  
(looking out window)  
It's a nice day.

JACQUES  
Hey, Lloyd. How are you doing  
brother?

Pause. Thoughts.

LLOYD  
That's my last tour, Jacques. I saw  
enough killing...  
(tears-up)  
Did enough killing in the Big Sand  
Box. I survive all that crap and  
almost buy the farm in my own damn  
bar. In my own damn neighborhood.

JACQUES  
You got two confirms, Lloyd. I got  
one. The other turd is in the wind,  
if he's smart. Probably back in Chi-  
town. They found the car. It was  
full of blood, so I'm sure he got  
hit. Hell, maybe he's gator bait in  
some ditch.

LLOYD  
Doc Hot Cheeks told me I'd probably  
be out of this thing in a month or  
two. Be honest with you, I sort of  
like driving around--

SAMANTHA  
(cutting-off)  
Crashing into things?

LLOYD  
(laughs)  
Yeah.

Pause. More thoughts.

CONTINUED:

LLOYD (cont'd)

It's time for me to punch-out,  
Jacques. I need to take my  
retirement, marry Miss Hot Doc and  
go someplace... Travel. I love the  
Mojo but... It's...

(beat)

You think any about what I said?

JACQUES

I...

SAMANTHA

What? Think about what, Lloyd?

LLOYD

You didn't tell her?

SAMANTHA

Yeah. Tell me what, Jacques?

JACQUES

Well... We...

LLOYD

I told him he should just retire  
from the force. He's got his  
military retirement and police  
retirement coming. Told him he  
could come help me at the bar  
until--

SAMANTHA

(cutting-off)

I think that's a great idea, Lloyd!

Sam gives Lloyd a big British hug.

LLOYD

See? Listen to the smart Brit,  
Jacques.

JACQUES

I...

LLOYD

Listen. You take over the Mojo and  
let's work a plan out where you buy  
me out. Pay it off as you go.

(to Samantha)

Sam? Quit that damn cabbie job  
before you get taken down. You and  
Jacques would do great.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

LLOYD (cont'd)

(to Jacques)

Please, Jacques? I don't want to leave the Mojo with someone I don't know.

SAMANTHA

Jacques? This--

JACQUES

(cutting-off)

Give me a week. Let me sit down and figure something out.

LLOYD

You got it brother.

JACQUES

You still open?

LLOYD

Yeah. Dale hired another cook and he's holding down the fort for me. He's a great guy, Jacques. I'd hate to see him go.

Knock, knock. Our nurse MS. MARY (mid-20's), professional, cute, scrubs, very familiar looking, steps in to wrap Jacques back up.

MS. MARY

There you are Mr. Lloyd. I've been looking all over for you. This ain't no NASCAR speedway.

LLOYD

Ms. Mary is my angel.

MS. MARY

Let me wrap you up Mr. Lafitte and we can get you on your way.

JACQUES

Thanks. That crazy guy in the scooter is scaring me.

Ms. Mary helps get Jacques bandaged-up so they can leave.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CHARITY HOSPITAL/HALLWAY - DAY

Lloyd is driving away with Ms. Mary following him.

LLOYD  
Call me, Jacques!

JACQUES  
Roger that, Marine.

Sam and Jacques check out at the front desk and walk towards the exit.

Our Catholic Nun steps forward to Sam. She has a baby in her arms.

CATHOLIC NUN  
Isn't she cute?

SAMANTHA  
She's adorable.

CATHOLIC NUN  
Your daughter will be adorable.

SAMANTHA  
(nervously laughs)  
She's cute.

Sam walks away looking back over her shoulder towards the Nun.

The Nun is gone.

Jacques is already waiting outside.

JACQUES  
What's up?

SAMANTHA  
Uh... Nothing.

She looks again over her shoulder. Nothing.

They head off. Jacques has to make it to the station by 3 p.m. That's 1500 for you military types.

EXT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Samantha drops Jacques off for his meeting with L-T.

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA

Message me.

Jacques nods, heads inside.

INT. POLICE STATION/PUBLIC ENTRANCE - DAY

Jacques waves at the young DUTY OFFICER behind the ballistic glass.

The deputy pushes a button, the front entrance door unlocks.

He walks in.

INT. POLICE STATION/HALLWAY/WATCH COMMANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Jacques walks into the Watch Commander's office.

Lieutenant Wilson has a stern look on his face.

Our 'friends' Detectives Dewey and Ketchum stand.

DETECTIVE DEWEY

Officer Lafitte. You're under arrest.

Jacques face drops.

DETECTIVE DEWEY (cont'd)

Turn around place your hands behind your back.

JACQUES

Go fuck yourself.

Dewey and Ketchum move in to grab Jacques.

L-T shoves Dewey into Ketchum. It's a scrum.

Everyone around the Watch Commander's office freezes. What's going on?

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Get the fuck off him, jackass. Just go into the fucking booking room and get this shit over with.

JACQUES

What the fuck is going on?

CONTINUED:

DETECTIVE DEWEY

You're being arrested for Assault  
Under Color of Authority.

JACQUES

For what? For those cross-dressing  
fucks?

DETECTIVE DEWEY

Yes. We're going to print you,  
picture and you can see the judge  
to get your bond.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Detective Dewey? I'm going to print  
him and you and your sidekick can  
sit outside and wait.

DETECTIVE DEWEY

Lieutenant? I'm going to warn you  
not to get involved. I'll make a  
call if you don't let me do my job.

Oh, no he did-unt. L-T is pissed. Teeth-gritting. Jacques  
has never seen him like this before.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

(stepping into Dewey)

Listen up, puke. You see those bars  
on my collar? That means I get to  
fuck you. You're a boot Sergeant in  
a suit looking for your first big  
bust. This is fucking bullshit and  
you know it. I don't know whoever  
sent you down here, but I promise  
you... I'm going to make it painful  
for them.

(beat)

You feel me boot?

DETECTIVE DEWEY

I want the booking slip with the  
bond date set.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

There ain't going to be a bond.  
I'm going to O-R him.

DETECTIVE DEWEY

You can't release him on his own  
recognizance. That's out of  
protocol.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Yeah, boot? How many times have you taken the lieutenant's exam? I get the final say after booking.

(beat)

You feel me?

DETECTIVE DEWEY

Lieutenant, I'm putting this down in my report.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

You go right ahead. Be sure to put down in your report how you threatened a superior officer. Then shove it up your ass.

DETECTIVE DEWEY

I didn't threaten a--

LIEUTENANT WILSON

(cutting-off)

Try me.

(pause)

Come on, Lafitte.

L-T and Jacques walk down the hallway to the booking area.

All eyes slowly watch them. The echo of their footsteps are deafening. Everyone gets the Hell out of the way.

INT. POLICE STATION/BOOKING AREA - DAY

L-T marches in with Jacques quickly behind him.

The two young JAIL OFFICERS are frozen.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

(sternly)

Are there any prisoners not locked down in here?

JAIL OFFICER NO. 1

Uh...

LIEUTENANT WILSON

(barks)

Are there any prisoners not locked down in here? Do you understand my question?

CONTINUED:

JAIL OFFICER NO. 1  
Yes, sir. No, sir.

LIEUTENANT WILSON  
(barks)  
Which is it?

JAIL OFFICER NO. 1  
There are no prisoners in here,  
sir. They're all locked down.

LIEUTENANT WILSON  
Get out. Lock the back door and get  
out.

JAIL OFFICER NO. 1  
Sir?

LIEUTENANT WILSON  
(barks)  
Lock the back holding door and take  
a break until I call you back!

JAIL OFFICER NO. 1  
Yes, sir.

Jail Officer No. 1 locks the back holding area, isolating  
the prisoners from L-T and Jacques.

JAIL OFFICER NO. 2  
Lieutenant? Should we bring our  
paperwork with us?

L-T just stares him down.

JAIL OFFICER NO. 2 (cont'd)  
Yes, sir.

That's it. Everyone is getting the Hell out.  
The main door shuts. It's just L-T and Jacques.  
Silence. Cold. Echo. Tile.

LIEUTENANT WILSON  
Here.

L-T hands Jacques a fingerprint card.

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)  
I'm not printing you. Print  
yourself.

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

Thanks.

Jacques turns to do what he's done hundreds and hundreds of times. This time it's for him. Humiliation.

He fills out the card. Prints himself.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Let me take your picture and we can get you out of here.

L-T stands behind the booking camera.

MS: LT WILSON'S FACE AS HE...

FLASH. That's it. Jacques is officially booked with a crime.

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)

This is fucked-up bullshit.

JACQUES

Thanks, Jim.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

I'm getting a unit to take you home. Fuck those suit pricks.

They walk back to the Watch Commander's office.

L-T tosses the booking slip and fingerprint card at Detective Dewey. They hit the floor.

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)

Here. Get the fuck out of my station.

Dewey slowly bends over and picks them up. The two detectives walk off.

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)

(barks)  
Watch Desk?!

WATCH DESK OFFICER (O.S.)

Yes, sir?

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Pull in an Adam unit to make a run.

CONTINUED:

WATCH DESK OFFICER (O.S.)

Yes, sir.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Drink one for me. Or, two.

JACQUES

Thanks.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Watch your back, Jacques. I don't know what's going down but this is some bullshit.

L-T turns around to walk back into the Watch Commander's office.

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)

(barks)

What's everyone looking at? Get back to doing some cop shit.

Slowly the station returns to some type of normalcy.

INT. POLICE CRUISER/ADAM UNIT - DUSK

Jacques is getting his ride from a TWO-MAN ADAM UNIT. He's in the prisoner cage. The police radio crackles. He sits back there. Silent.

A text message comes in. It's his Trainee Jennifer White.

Can U meet me?

Jacques types...

Meet me at Mojos

She replies...

K

JACQUES

Hey, can you drop me off at Mojo's over on Decatur?

INT. MOJO BAR AND GRILL - DUSK

Jacques strolls in. The bar patrons are working Dale.



CONTINUED:

DALE THE COOK  
Where y'at, Jacques?

JACQUES  
Hey, Dale. You holding up?

DALE THE COOK  
Oh, yeah. We're hanging in there.  
Just want Lloyd to be okay. This is  
his, uh--

JACQUES  
(cutting-off)  
Saw him earlier today. He's doing  
fine. Chasing nurses.

DALE THE COOK  
Uh, saw her come in earlier.

Dale points to Jennifer White sitting outside. Alone.

JACQUES  
How about a Jameson on the rocks?  
Double. Chilled.

DALE THE COOK  
You got it.

JACQUES  
Hey, Dale?  
(pause)  
He'll be okay.

Dale smiles. Pauses. Pours. Concerned.

Jacques slowly strides over to Jennifer's table.

Something's off. Jennifer seems to have been crying.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Hey, Jennifer. You alright?

JENNIFER WHITE  
I...

She's a mess. She's smoking. Hands shaking. He sits.

JACQUES  
I didn't know you smoked.

JENNIFER WHITE  
I don't. I only smoke in bars.

CONTINUED:

JACQUES  
(looking around)  
Okay. Working the desk is stressful?

JENNIFER WHITE  
They took me off the desk.

JACQUES  
Wait. You still getting paid?

JENNIFER WHITE  
Yes. But...

JACQUES  
What's going on?

Pause. Takes a drag.

JENNIFER WHITE  
Did they arrest you?

Jacques leans back. This is getting tense. What's up?

JACQUES  
Yep. But you already knew that, didn't you?

JENNIFER WHITE  
I... Yes.

Pause. Another drag.

JACQUES  
Did Dewey and Ketchum get to you?

JENNIFER WHITE  
(averting)  
I... No... It's...

The new WAITRESS (mid-20's) cute, cleavage, clueless, walks up and serves Jacques.

JACQUES  
Thanks.

He takes a big swig. He cuts his cigar.

SFX: ANGRY SNAP!!!

She jumps. It's cigar time. This is going to take a while.

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Step out back while I smoke this.  
Looks like a long smoke session.

She follows him out back into the alley. It's dark.

Jacques turns on a dime, bumping into her. Motions for her to put her arms up. He's going to search her for a wire.

She starts to whimper. He's not sure if she's wired. He grabs her cigarette and throws it.

He lights his cigar. Rotates it. She softly cries. He's staring at her over the end of the cigar. Eye to eye. It's lit. He makes 'small' talk just in case.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
I was wondering how things were going with you. I hadn't heard from you in a while.

Jacques begins to grope every crevice Jennifer White has on her body. He grabs everything. She tolerates it. Painfully. Whimpering.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
I figured you were catching up on some sleep, from your training. You know? Reading a lot.

He reaches straight down the front crotch of her jeans. Her eyes pancake. He grabs everything.

And out comes a WALTHER PPK .380 HANDGUN. It's her's. He recognizes it.

He puts it in his back pocket for safe-keeping. We see his Baretta in his back waistband, too.

She's clean.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
(whispering)  
They got to you. Didn't they?  
(beat)  
Did they take you off the desk?

JENNIFER WHITE  
I got a call today. It was from the Day Watch Desk. I was told not to come in.

CONTINUED:

JACQUES  
Did they tell you why?

JENNIFER WHITE  
No.  
(beat)  
Not at first.

JACQUES  
What do you mean 'not at first?'

JENNIFER WHITE  
I asked if I was still going to get  
paid. They said they didn't know. I  
had to contact division in the  
morning. They said I had to--

JACQUES  
(cutting-off)  
Who called you?

JENNIFER WHITE  
I don't know. I didn't recognize  
her voice. Day Watch.

Jacques is studying his 'Trainee' and his cigar.

JENNIFER WHITE (cont'd)  
About an hour after... They showed  
up.

JACQUES  
Who?

JENNIFER WHITE  
Detectives. Ketchum and Dewey.

JACQUES  
They showed-up at your house?

JENNIFER WHITE  
Yes.

JACQUES  
Did they tell you not to talk to  
me?

JENNIFER WHITE  
Yes.

JACQUES  
But you're here.

CONTINUED:

JENNIFER WHITE

I... It's--

JACQUES

(cutting-off)

Why were they there, Jen?

JENNIFER WHITE

I saw everything. I was there. It didn't happen the way they said. I told them that.

JACQUES

Our hook in the French Market?  
Those cross-dressers?

JENNIFER WHITE

Yeah.

Pause. He reaches behind her, grabs her butt and squeezes out the cigarette box. Looks inside. Nope. No wire either.

He shakes the box and out pops a cigarette. He holds it up to her mouth. Her lips quivering. She licks the cigarette out of the box.

SFX: CLINK THE ZIPPO LIGHTER GOES

He lights her cigarette. She takes a big drag.

JACQUES

How did they say it went down?

JENNIFER WHITE

They said you just lost it. Post traumatic syndrome, or something. They said you took out your flashlight and beat Marilyn Monroe.

She laughs, almost crying. Jacques just grins.

He backs off of her. They relax a little in the alley.

JACQUES

You did tell them he threw a bottle at my head, then tried to grab a tire iron out of the side seat? Didn't you?

JENNIFER WHITE

I told them. They wouldn't listen.

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

What do you mean 'they wouldn't listen?' I signed-off on your report. You did give it to Leblanc and Lashay?

JENNIFER WHITE

Yes. Leblanc. Yes. I did. It had your signature on it, too.

JACQUES

I'm missing something here, Jennifer. What did they tell you?

Pause. Drag. Another drag.

JENNIFER WHITE

They told me it didn't happen that way.

JACQUES

What the fuck, White? You were there. I was there. What the fuck did they tell you?

JENNIFER WHITE

Dewey said you made up the bottle thing and planted the tire iron.

JACQUES

What the fuck? That motherfucker. You were there. Didn't you see him throw the bottle?

JENNIFER WHITE

I heard the bottle crash. Didn't see him throw it. But, yeah.

JACQUES

He threw a damn beer bottle, Jen! What did they do to you?

JENNIFER WHITE

They made me write-up a supplemental saying I saw you plant the tire iron.

She starts crying. More.

JACQUES

(enraged)  
Son of a bitch!  
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Those motherfuckers! You know I  
didn't plant a tire iron.

JENNIFER WHITE  
Yes. I know. I know.

Jacques bashes the side of the metal box on the bar.

JACQUES  
Then why the fuck did you sign a  
fucking supplemental report?

She looks right at him. Cigarette in mouth. Deep drag.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Jennifer? Did they tell you... Did  
they tell you, you wouldn't be  
signed-off training?

She starts to cry. Noddin' 'yes.'

The rain starts to whisper at them.

JACQUES (cont'd)  
(staccato, steaming)  
Did they tell you, you wouldn't be  
signed-off training?

She's stilling noddin' 'yes.'

JACQUES (cont'd)  
Say the words, Jen! Say it!

JENNIFER WHITE  
(crying)  
Yes.

JACQUES  
And they told you, you'd lose your  
job?

JENNIFER WHITE  
Yes.

She's balling. Drops her cigarette into a tiny puddle.

JACQUES  
Shit! Shit!

Jacques grabs an empty beer bottle and hurls it at the alley  
wall.

SFX: SMASH!!!

CONTINUED:

The rain starts to talk louder.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Shit! Jennifer?! Do you know what this means? You are fucking my career. My retirement. You were there. None of that shit happened! You know it.

JENNIFER WHITE

(crying)

I need this job. I've got nothing.

JACQUES

And you're going to fuck me over for it?! You're going to fuck me?!

Jacques stares down White.

JENNIFER WHITE

(crying)

I need this job. I've got nothing. No one.

JACQUES

And you're going to fuck me along the way?! What the fuck is wrong with you?!

Rain tries to drown both their sorrows, now. They're getting drenched.

JENNIFER WHITE

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

He leans into her. Inches from her face. Her back against the alley wall.

JACQUES

Why didn't you just tell the truth?! The truth is your shield, Jennifer! Have you not learned a fucking thing I've taught you, Trainee?

JENNIFER WHITE

I need this job. I just--

JACQUES

(cutting-off, indignant)

And fuck mine?! Just fuck my career?!

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JENNIFER WHITE  
I... I can't... I'm sorry.

She squeezes out from him, runs off into the night.  
Splashing puddles. Drenched.

Jacques is beside himself and the rain. Alone.

JACQUES  
(yells)  
Thanks for fucking me!

He just stands there. He doesn't know what to do.

The rain can't wash this away.

He walks down the alley. And keeps walking.

EXT. JACQUES' HOUSE - NIGHT

The rain fully owns the night, now.

Jacques walks up to his front door. Pauses.

He looks through the front window to see Sam asleep on the  
sofa. TV is going.

CU: FROM INSIDE THE HOUSE, WE SEE HIM. RAIN WASHING DOWN THE  
WINDOW GLASS. ON JACQUES' FACE HIS PAIN SHOWS. RAIN SHADOWS  
BECOME TEARS.

He knocks. Sam jumps up. Looks. And runs to the door.

It flies open...

SAMANTHA  
(crying, hugs him tight)  
Jacques! I called and called. The  
Lieutenant said something was  
wrong. To talk to you.

JACQUES  
It'll be okay.

SAMANTHA  
What's going on, Jacques? I'm  
worried to death.  
(beat)  
I can't go back, Jacques. I want to  
stay with you. I want to stay.

CONTINUED:

JACQUES  
It's nothing with you. It's me.

SAMANTHA  
What? What Jacques?

JACQUES  
I need a shower. Hot.

She hugs him tight and won't let him go.

Slowly they go inside. The door slowly shuts.

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE/BED - DAY

It has been a long, long night. Jacques sits up to see his reflection in the window. He looks calm. No blood.

MONTAGE:

JACQUES SITTING ON THE EDGE OF HIS BED

SAM WRAPPING FRESH BANDAGES FOR HIM

JACQUES DRESSED SITTING ON THE PORCH SWING

JACQUES AND SAM SITTING IN THE SWING

JACQUES AND SAM LYING IN HAMMOCK OUT BACK IN THE YARD

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE/KITCHEN - DAY

They're back in the kitchen. It's quiet. They're trying to digest what's happened. She fixing something to eat.

JACQUES  
Will you come visit me in prison?

SAMANTHA  
Don't even joke about that. Stop.

JACQUES  
They allow conjugal visits.

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA

(smiles)

That would mean you'd have to marry me. As soon as I told them I'm getting married to a criminal, I'd be deported back to merry ole London. Cheers.

JACQUES

We can go on the lam.

SAMANTHA

Oh, really? Like Harry Met Sally?

JACQUES

More like Thelma and Louise.

(beat)

You be Louise. You have a bigger rack.

SAMANTHA

Jacques! You git!

She throws a hand towel at him. Comes over and kisses him. Hugs him. He looks over her shoulder to the TV in the living room.

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jacques goes over and turns the volume up on the TV.

JACQUES

Hold. On.

INT. NEW ORLEANS POLICE DEPARTMENT HEADQUARTERS (TV) - DAY

A live press conference is beginning. The room is frantic. Breaking News scroll at the bottom of the screen.

**ACTIONLIVENEWS BREAKING NEWS: NOPD OFFICER ARRESTED**

REPORTER (TV)

We're awaiting the arrival of Chief Block Connor. If you have just tuned-in, the New Orleans Police Department arrested a 22-year Veteran of the force, Jacks Lafitte.

CONTINUED:

**NOPD OFFICER JACKS LAFITTE ARRESTED**

REPORTER (TV) (cont'd)  
Officer Lafitte is a Navy  
Veteran with two tours in  
Afghanistan.

JACQUES  
If you're going to crucify  
me, at least get my fucking  
name right.

REPORTER (TV)  
As we said earlier, last night,  
Officer Lafitte was arrested...  
We're going live to Chief Connor.

The press room is filled with REPORTERS, GAWKERS, CAMERAS.

CHIEF BLOCK CONNOR (mid-60's) short, one size too large for  
his suit, balding with a comb-over, steps up to the press  
podium. Takes out his speech. Smiles like a politician.

CHIEF CONNOR (TV)  
(clears throat)  
Good afternoon. Last night, the New  
Orleans Police Department and it's  
outstanding Internal Affairs Bureau  
arrested Officer Jacques Lafitte  
and charged him with one count of  
Assault Under Color of Authority.  
After a very long and involved  
investigation, it was determined  
Mr. Lafitte had planted evidence  
during an arrest in order to effect  
such arrest and therefore had  
severely beaten our victim.

JACQUES (O.S.)  
This is insanity. This is complete  
bullshit.

Sam comes over and hugs him.

CHIEF CONNOR (TV)  
We are a professional police  
department and as Chief of this  
organization, I will not tolerate  
planting evidence and lying on  
police reports. I want to commend  
the officers--

SFX: SLAM!!! THE PRESS ROOM DOOR FLIES OPEN

FIVE PEOPLE in suits, in the press crowd, stand up and  
throw papers at Chief Connor. The OFFICERS on stage lurch.

CONTINUED:

FIVE PEOPLE (TV)  
 (yelling)  
 Chief Connor! You've been served!  
 [ETC]

All Hell breaks loose in the press room. Reporters yelling. Cameras trying to get a shot. [ETC]

JACQUES  
 What the Hell?

A HIGH-RANKING POLICE OFFICER (mid-50's) in uniform, one size too large for that uniform, looking at the papers, walks over, leans into Chief Connor to whisper something.

CHIEF CONNOR (TV)  
 We're going to have to end this here. Thank you for coming. Be sure to vote for me in the election this week. Number three on your ballot.  
 [ETC]

Chief Connor is whisked away by his HANDLERS and PRAETORIAN GUARDS.

JACQUES  
 What the hell just happened?

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - DAY

SFX: BUZZ! BUZZ! GOES THE FRONT DOOR BUZZER

Jacques and Sam turn and stare at the front door. They walk over, look out and open the door to...

JACQUES  
 What's going on?

Jennifer White is standing on the porch with FOUR OTHER PEOPLE, all dressed in suits. They look sharp. Ready for work.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON (mid-30's) beautiful, a strong-looking, sharp-dressed black woman is next to Jennifer.

JENNIFER WHITE  
 Jacques? This is--

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
 Mr. Lafitte? My name is Lavonia Washington. May we come in.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES

Sure. The day's young. I need more surprises.

The entourage comes in. Jennifer passes with her head down.

SAMANTHA

Does anyone need anything to drink?  
I'll make some more coffee and tea.

Jacques walks over, mutes the volume on the TV. Sam heads to the kitchen.

JACQUES

Y'all look like lawyer-types.

JENNIFER WHITE

Jacques? This is my graduating law class. I mean, if I graduated. I mean... I haven't slept--

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

(cutting-off)

May I call you Jacques?

JACQUES

Please do. I've been called worse.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

(handing her card)

My card. Jacques, these are my partners. Benjamin Xavier...

BENJAMIN XAVIER (mid-30's) well-dressed, handsome black man, holding a huge law brief case.

He steps up, nods and shakes Jacques' hand.

BENJAMIN XAVIER

Mr. Lafitte.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

Jackson Batiste...

JACKSON BATISTE (mid-30's) well-dressed, exquisitely loudly dressed, gay, handsome black man, holding another huge law brief case.

He steps up, nods and shakes Jacques' hand.

JACKSON BATISTE

Mr. Lafitte, sir.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
And Elizabeth Louise Burgundy.

ELIZABETH LOUISE BURGUNDY (mid-30's) white, well-dressed, smoking hot, long hair, legs and heels for days, holding another huge law brief case.

She steps up, nods and shakes Jacques' hand.

ELIZABETH LOUISE BURGUNDY  
Hello, Mr. Lafitte.

JACQUES  
Please. Everybody grab a seat. This looks serious.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
Were you watching?

JACQUES  
The press conference?

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
Yes.

JACQUES  
Looked more like 'Let's Make A Deal.'

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
That's why we're here.

Sam comes out with some tea.

SAMANTHA  
Coffee's on the way. Tea, anyone?

The partners raise their hands. She serves them.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
Jacques, at nine-o-five this morning we filed in federal district court a lawsuit against Chief Connor, the department and Detectives Dewey and Ketchum. Including the two, uh, gentlemen you two arrested in the French Market. Jennifer explained to me, to us, about her being coerced, threatened, by Dewey and Ketchum. She has expressed her willingness to testify against them in court.  
(MORE)

CONTINUED:

LAVONIA WASHINGTON (cont'd)

(beat)

And to testify in your defense.

Jacques glances over to Jennifer. She nods her head 'yes.'

JACQUES

My defense?

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

Yes.

JACQUES

Why are you doing this? I don't get it.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

The truth, Jacques. Jennifer wants to save her job.

(pause)

There's just one question I need answered from you.

JACQUES

What's that?

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

Do you need a lawyer to represent you?

SAMANTHA

(gleefully)

Yes! I'm sorry. Yes. Yes he does.

She spills the tea.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

Do you currently have representation?

JACQUES

No. No, I don't.

(pause)

What she said.

Ms. Washington's partners start pulling out papers.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

We'll need you to fill out some paperwork. And we'll need to debrief you to get our strategy solidified.

(CONTINUED)



CONTINUED:

JACQUES

Wait.

The partners stop the paperwork rustling.

JACQUES (cont'd)

It's a Trainee against two Veteran  
detectives. She doesn't have a  
rat's chance.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

Mr. Lafitte, let me explain  
something to you. I am a black  
woman. And if you haven't noticed,  
Jennifer is a black woman, too. And  
she's told me all about how you  
train.

JACQUES

I wouldn't believe half of it.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

I believed all of it.

Pause.

JACQUES

All of it?

He looks at Jennifer.

Here goes the sell...

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

Mr. Lafitte, this department has a  
highly publicized racial bias  
problem. This poor little black  
girl, probationary Police Officer,  
was just doing what she was told by  
two rogue white Officers.  
Threatened with her job.

This just got serious.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON (cont'd)

And a white Officer, her Training  
Officer, a highly decorated Navy  
Veteran, Purple Heart winner--

JACQUES

(cutting-off)

Recipient. It wasn't a competition.  
Even though it was.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

(continuing)

A Purple Heart recipient, Veteran Police Officer who has seen it all, in war and peace time, is going to testify to the real way things are done in the big bad New Orleans Police Department. Someone who has been there. Seen it.

Jacques surveys everyone in the room. Sizes them up.

JACQUES

Do you really think any of this is going to fly? Do you really want to go back, Jennifer?

JENNIFER WHITE

I need this job. I worked hard for it. I want this job.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

Let me put it to you this way Mr. Lafitte. These are my partners. I trust them with my life. We all went to law school together. Graduated together. We didn't stay up going on 24-hours now just to put on a show for you.

JACQUES

24-hours?

JENNIFER WHITE

After last night, at Mojo's, I went to Lavonia's house. I didn't know what to do. I told her everything.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

I called the team in--

JACKSON BATISTE

(cutting-off)

Oh, boy did she call us in. Remind me not to leave my phone on when I go to bed.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

We spent the night at my house pulling together this plan of action and lawsuit. We had this filed first thing this morning.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LAVONIA WASHINGTON (cont'd)  
 As soon as Chief Connor and the  
 department lawyers have a look at  
 the suit, I'm certain they'll call.  
 Then the real ass-kicking can  
 start.

JACQUES  
 Man, I like your style Ms. Lavonia.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
 Then sign on.

JACQUES  
 Y'all look rather young to be  
 scumbag lawyers.

Pause. Sam smacks his shoulder.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
 My father is a retired federal  
 judge. He's my mentor. We'll do  
 just fine. He is of-counsel and his  
 name is first in our firm.

JACQUES  
 Yay, dad. What's the name of the  
 firm.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
 Washington and Washington.  
 (beat)  
 He taught me the first casualties  
 in war and courts is the truth.

JACQUES  
 Roger that.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
 He also taught me, Jacques, to use  
 truth as my shield.

Pause, to sink in. Jacques looks over at Jennifer.

SFX: LAVONIA'S MOBILE PHONE RINGS

Caller ID:

NOPD Downtown

LAVONIA WASHINGTON (cont'd)  
 It's N-O-P-D. They can wait. We're  
 busy. It's game time Mr. Lafitte.  
 (MORE)

CONTINUED:

LAVONIA WASHINGTON (cont'd)  
Did I waste my and my partners'  
time coming here?

PAUSE.

JACQUES  
How much is all this going to cost  
me? Y'all are wearing some mighty  
fine suits.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
These are thousand-dollar  
Louboutins, Mr. Lafitte.  
(beat)  
They look stylish when kicking  
balls.

JACQUES  
Lou-bah-what?

SAMANTHA  
Oh, my... I would die for  
Louboutins.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
Girlfriend knows what I'm talking  
'bout.

SAMANTHA  
Jacques? I love you. This is your  
fight.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON  
Are you ready to sign-up, Mr.  
Lafitte?

JACQUES  
(deadpan)  
Last time someone asked me that, I  
ended up on a bus at midnight to  
boot camp.  
(pause, claps his hands)  
Let's pop some smoke.

Pause. Everyone looks around. What did he say?

JACQUES (cont'd)  
That's military-speak for let's get  
down range.

ELIZABETH LOUISE BURGUNDY  
I think Mr. Lafitte is ready to  
sign.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ELIZABETH LOUISE BURGUNDY

(beat)

My dad is a retired Marine.

JACQUES

OOoRAh. Where do I sign?

The team sets-up for battle. Courtroom battle. TV battle.

MONTAGE:

THE TEAM IS SPREAD OUT ALL OVER THE TABLES, SOFAS.

EVERYONE'S GETTING A BITE TO EAT WHILE WORKING

JACQUES AND JENNIFER ARE ACTING-OUT THE ARRESTS

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE/LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The team has been working all day. Food, dishes everywhere.  
Trash cans over-flowing. Sam cleans-up.

MONTAGE:

THE TEAM IS SLOWLY GETTING RAGGED FOR LACK OF SLEEP

JACQUES LETS EVERYONE OUT FOR THE NIGHT, EARLY MORNING.

JACQUES

Jen? You should stay tonight. Sam  
will set you up.

JENNIFER WHITE

Thanks, but I should go.

LAVONIA WASHINGTON

You should stay, Jen. We're a team  
now. You need support.

Support? She's never really had that in life before.

JENNIFER WHITE

Okay. Yes. I'd love to stay.

The legal team heads out. Tired. Energized. Prepped. Ready  
for battle.

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE/SPARE BEDROOM - NIGHT

Sam sets Jennifer up in the spare bedroom for the night.

SAMANTHA

If you need anything, we're down  
the hall. Fresh towels in the back  
bathroom.

JENNIFER WHITE

Thanks, Sam. Thanks for everything  
you and Jacques are doing for me...  
For us.

SAMANTHA

Jacques is the strongest, brightest  
soul in my life. He doesn't give  
up. You--

JENNIFER WHITE

(cutting-off)  
Shouldn't either.

SAMANTHA

Night.

JENNIFER WHITE

Good night.

They share a strained laugh.

Sam closes the door and heads back to Jacques' and her  
bedroom.

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE/BED/BACKYARD - NIGHT

Sam peeks in the door. Jacques is dead to the world. She  
squeezes in next to him.

All is well, tonight. For now.

WS: CAMERA PUSHES IN ON OUR SLEEPING COUPLE. TILTS UP TO THE  
WINDOW TO REVEAL A HELO SEARCHLIGHT IN THE BACKYARD

SFX: POLICE P.A. SYSTEM BELLOWS OUTSIDE

P.A. VOICE (O.S.)

Officer Lafitte?! Officer Lafitte?!  
Come out with your hands up. This  
is the police.

CONTINUED:

Jacques jumps from the bed, looks outside to see the night sun search light, dives to the floor.

JACQUES  
(to Sam)  
Get down! Get down!

SAMANTHA  
Jacques! What's going on?!

JACQUES  
Get to the back. Get down on the floor with Jen. Do it! Do it now!

Sam, half naked flies down the hallway to Jen's room.

P.A. VOICE (O.S.)  
Jacques?! We know you're in there. Come out the front door with your hands up or we'll send in the dog.

SFX: THE HELO OVERHEAD IS DEAFENING

JACQUES  
What the fuck?!

He is combat breathing. Heavy. Restrained.

P.A. VOICE (O.S.)  
Come out with your hands up.

SFX: CRASH!!! TEAR GAS CANISTERS FLY THROUGH THE WINDOWS. CRASH!!! CRASH!!!

Glass flies everywhere.

Jacques rolls over on the floor, glass in his just fixed body is picked-up like a lint roller.

JACQUES  
Awww!!!

He's in pain. Again.

Jacques reaches his gun locker.

SFX: LOCKER BEEP, BEEP, BEEP

He punches in his code, grabs his Beretta, checks it is loaded, and grabs a spare, full magazine.

CONTINUED:

P.A. VOICE (O.S.)  
Lafitte?! Don't make us come in  
there. You can't escape, Jacques.

SFX: THE FAINT CRY OF A BABY CAN BE HEARD IN THE P.A.

This is it! This is his time! There's no turning back now.

Jacques busts out of the back door, down the steps. The  
night sun zeroes-in on him.

He turns the corner and runs to the street. Down range.

Tactical laser pointers light him up. Right in his 10 Ring.

Jacques begins to fire at the lasers!

SFX: A CRYING BABY CAN BE HEARD OVER THE P.A. WITH A POLICE  
DOG BARKING

Jacques fires! Fires again!

SFX: CLICK! CLICK!

There are no rounds being fired from his weapon.

He fires again!

SFX: CLICK! CLICK!

He's dreaming. Nightmare. His weapon is not firing rounds.

It just clicks. Clicks, again. And again.

The metal hammer slams down and down.

MONTAGE:

SAM PECKINPAH SHOOT-OUTS WITH THE METRO UNIT

LASERS AIM AT JACQUES, BUT NO ROUNDS ARE FIRED

JACQUES FIRES POINT BLANK INTO THE FACELESS METRO UNIT

POLICE DOG BARKING AT JACQUES

JACQUES FALLS ONTO HIS BACK



CONTINUED:

THE METRO UNIT MARCHES IN ON HIM IN A DRUM CIRCLE

NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOR MARY STEPS OVER HIM, BABY IN HANDS,  
WEARING A WHITE NUN'S HABIT

SFX: THE DEAFENING NOISE OF THE HELO, DOG, YELLING

MARY

(whispering)

Jacques... Jacques. Have you  
decided? Do you want to be saved?

Jacques looks up to see a STREET LIGHT HALO around her  
head. He's laying on his back, arms spread to his sides.

MARY (cont'd)

Salvation is yours, Jacques.  
Salvation is yours.

WS: CAMERA OVERHEAD -- THE METRO UNIT SURROUNDS MARY AND  
JACQUES. LASERS STIGMATICALLY-TRAINED ON HIS HANDS AND FEET.

MARY (cont'd)

Save yourself. You can save  
yourself. Get up, Jacques. Get  
up... Get up, Jacques.

FLASH FRAME TO:

EXT. MUD HUT/AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Jacques is inside the Mud Hut without his insertion team,  
standing over dead insurgents.

We hear his team outside yelling to 'hurry.' [ETC]

He sees the Catholic Nun, who looks just like Mary, holding  
a baby. Crying.

He grabs the Nun by her habit to escape.

JACQUES

Let's go! Go! Move! Move! Move!

The three exit the Mud Hut to gunshots all around.

Jacques is hit in the leg!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JACQUES (cont'd)

Awww!!!

They disappear behind cover fire from his support team.

FLASH CUT TO:

EXT. JACQUES' HOUSE/BACKYARD - NIGHT

The back door flies open and Jacques, half-dressed, bursts out and down the stairs, crashing to the yard.

All we hear are frogs and crickets.

He's just stunned. Covered in wet grass. Lying there in the yard.

INT. JACQUES' HOUSE/BED - NIGHT

Sam looks up for him. Peers out the window and sees Jack sprawled-out on the lawn.

She runs out, half-dressed.

SAMANTHA

What the Hell are you doing?

PAUSE.

JACQUES

I... Uhhh... Ummm...

They just look at each other.

She walks down the steps to him.

SAMANTHA

Come on. Get up ya git.

And in comes...

JENNIFER WHITE

What is going on? Everything okay?

SAMANTHA

He... Uhhh... He's...

JACQUES

I... Uhhh... Ummm...

JENNIFER WHITE

Now I know why y'all got problems.

CONTINUED:

SAMANTHA  
Y'all?!

JACQUES  
Y'all?!

They get up to go back inside.

Crazy night.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. SAINT JOSEPH'S CHURCH - DUSK

The majestic church reaches for the heavens as the sun sets over The Big Easy.

Jacques found his salvation. It was inside him all along.

EXT. NEW ORLEANS CITY TRAFFIC - DUSK

The Big Easy is alive with hot, angry, bumper-to-bumper rush hour traffic.

EXT. POLICE STATION PARKING LOT - DUSK

The station is jumping with activity. Cop activity. Jacques and L-T, both in civvies, relaxed, are leaning on a few patrol cars. Thinking. Talking.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

I don't know. Well, I do know. As soon as the investigation is over... Awww, I don't give a shit if the feds file on them. A consent decree is coming one day. Hell, they'll probably get re-assigned and given an award.

(mockingly)

'Detectives of the Year.'

(changing gears)

I do know I'm cashing-in my comp time, my vacation time and punching out. Getting the Hell out.

JACQUES

Whoa. Retirement? I never thought I'd hear those words come out of your pie hole.

They share a laugh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LIEUTENANT WILSON

It's not like when we ran the neighborhood on the Westbank, Jacques.

JACQUES

You can always come work for me.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

I'd drink all your profits the way my life is going. Ha! My alimony is up next month and I'm a free man. Free, I tell ya!

A car pulls up outside the gate and HONKS. A BEAUTIFUL BLONDE FEMALE DRIVER (mid-40's) smiles and waves at L-T.

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)

My ride.

JACQUES

Jim? Lookatchoo.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Hey...

They shake hands. Bear hug.

JACQUES

Yeah... I know. Ya bastid. Get out of here before I pop ya for loitering.

LIEUTENANT WILSON

Watch your back, man.

He jumps in his ride with the beautiful blonde and as a parting shot he flips the bird...

LIEUTENANT WILSON (cont'd)

Fucking cops!

Some of the uniforms turn around in the parking lot to notice, to only go back to work.

And just like that, off Lieutenant Jim Wilson goes. Into pre-retirement. To a better life.

EXT. POLICE STATION/SECURED PARKING LOT - DUSK

UNITS begin to march out to their cruisers as Night Shift begins for the New Orleans Police Department.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

**TITLE: TRAINING DAY 1**

**TITLE: 179 TO GO**

CU: BOOTS WALKING ACROSS PARKING LOT

Gear is stashed in the back, in the trunk.

TWO OFFICERS get in their ride. Doors slam, radios crackle, and the cruiser takes off.

EXT. SIDEWALK OUTSIDE POLICE STATION - DUSK

Jacques in his civilian uniform exits the back gate, looks left, then right, and starts to walk down the sidewalk with a gear bag in his hand.

A MARKED PATROL UNIT spots him and pulls up from behind.

Lights him up and pops the police horn.

POLICE P.A.

You! With the bag. Stop. Drop the bag on the sidewalk and put your hands up.

Jacques just shrugs. Smiles. Drops his bag. Puts his hands in the air. They got the drop on him.

POLICE P.A. (cont'd)

Reach for the stars, mister!

Jacques starts jumping up and down. Reaching for the stars. He's smiling. He knows that voice.

POLICE P.A. (cont'd)

Dance for me.

Jacques starts to moonwalk. He spins to reveal...

The Patrol Unit pulls along side and we see Training Officer Jennifer White with a young OFFICER TRAINEE JENNIFER CHUNG (mid-20's), Asian, fresh, fit, and crying. Crying?

JACQUES

(smiling)

Officer White. Look who we have here.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Her Trainee is still whimpering.

JENNIFER WHITE

Can you believe they gave me a  
chink Trainee?! And a female chink  
Trainee to boot?! Named Chung!  
Chung-shit--

JACQUES

(cutting-off, laughs)  
Oh, I see where this is going.

The Trainee is trying not to cry. She sniffles.

JACQUES (cont'd)

Tough it out Trainee. Your goal is  
to make it home alive.

TRAINEE CHUNG

Yes, sir. I will, sir. Thank you,  
sir.

JENNIFER WHITE

A damned chink-woman Trainee?!  
First day!

Trainee Chung tries to stop sniffling.

Jacques just shakes his head, side to side.

JENNIFER WHITE (cont'd)

(changing gears)  
Hey, Jacques... Uhhh...

JACQUES

Yeah.

(pause)

Yeah.

(beat)

Hey, stop by sometime and grab a  
bite. Have a drink or two. Bring  
your hot friends. It's good for  
biz.

JENNIFER WHITE

(laughs)

I will. Thanks.

(changing gears)

STOP crying Trainee! Damn chinkies!  
And a woman... Chung-pow! Chung-  
shit! [ETC]

CONTINUED:

And the tires spin as the Training Unit pulls away from the curb.

Jacques smiles. Jennifer White has passed training. She'll make a great T.O.

He picks his bag up and continues walking.

Walking away from police life. To civilian life.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. JACQUES' HOUSE/FRONT - NIGHT

Jacques steps out of a CAB, pays the fare, grabs his bag and heads in.

NOISES. Voices.

He hears voices in the backyard.

Jacques silently sets his bag down on the front deck, pulls his COLT .45 ACP and slowly goes down the side of the house.

He turns the back corner and...

EXT. JACQUES' HOUSE/BACKYARD - NIGHT

Sitting around a kettle fire is NOAH "MURPH" MURPHY (mid-40's), former Navy SEAL, bearded, chiseled fit in civvies. JOHN PAUL "J.P." DIETZ (mid-40's), former Navy SEAL, bearded, too, chiseled fit in civvies. JUDE MARCUS (mid-40's), former Navy SEAL, clean-shaven, clean-cut, in civvies, and LUKE "AXE" AXELSON (mid-40's), former Navy SEAL, clean-shaven, in a shirt, slacks and loose tie, chiseled fit.

They're all drinking some Abita beer.

Jacques spins the corner and--

JACQUES

FREEZE! If any of you move, I will shoot you and drink all your beer.

Jude spits his beer out his nose.

They all start laughing.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MURPH

Holy cow. How the Hell are ya,  
Jacques?

JACQUES

Trying to keep the thugs out of my  
backyard... Drinking my beer.  
Murph...

LUKE AXELSON

I got a receipt! I got a receipt!

They all laugh. Hugs and hellos all around.

JACQUES

Axe... J.P....  
(laughs)  
Jude...

MURPH

We got the call, Jacques.

Pause. They all move still.

JACQUES

I figured. Since y'all are here.  
It's been a while.

SFX: BACK DOOR OPENS

Sam comes out to join them.

SAMANTHA

Hey... Hi, guys. Just got in from  
the bar.

JACQUES

Hey, babe.

She kisses him.

SAMANTHA

Look what showed up in the post.

JACQUES

Mail?

SAMANTHA

That, too.



CONTINUED:

CU: POST CARD PICTURE OF LLOYD WITH A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN SOME FAR AWAY TROPICAL PLACE

The note reads...

LLOYD (V.O.)

"If you don't send me that monthly check, I'll hunt you down. Your bud, Lloyd."

Jacques laughs.

JACQUES

Sam, this is Lieutenant Commander Noah Murphy.

SAMANTHA

Hey...

MURPH

(shakes Sam's hand)  
Former. Hi, I'm Murph.

JACQUES

Jude Marcus. Petty Officer. First Class. Corpsman.

SAMANTHA

Hi...

JUDE MARCUS

Jude... Sam.

JACQUES

Another misfit, John Paul, J.P., Dietz. Petty Officer. First Class. Gunner's Mate.

SAMANTHA

J.P...

J.P.

Sam.

JACQUES

Luke Axelson. Axe. Petty Officer. First Class. Photographer's Mate.

SAMANTHA

Hi, Axe.

(pause)

Y'all must be Jacques' frogs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They all laugh.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
Ya git! That's what you said.

JACQUES  
SEALs. All honorably discharged.  
Navy's loss.

MURPH  
We like frogs, too.

They laugh.

SAMANTHA  
It was a slow night. I'm going to  
head in. Do you SEAL frogs need  
anything? Beers?

Laughs, around.

SAMANTHA (cont'd)  
(to Jacques)  
You're in big trouble mister.

She kisses him on the cheek and heads back inside.

AXELSON  
Wow. Look at you with your bad  
self.

J.P.  
Lemme guess. She's independently  
wealthy and has a problem with her  
eyesight?

JACQUES  
Oh, she's rich alright. Richer than  
money.

Pause. Long, uncomfortable pause. They all look at each  
other.

MURPH  
You're the last one, Jacques.

AXELSON  
We're all in.

J.P.  
Roger that.

CONTINUED:

JUDE MARCUS

Roger up, Jacques. We need you.

He looks back at the house as Sam goes inside.

He looks around at his old team.

JACQUES (V.O.)

So is this my way out of Cathedrals  
of Sin?

Jacques saved himself. The Truth really was his shield all  
along.

WS: CAMERA PULLS BACK AS OUR TEAM SITS AROUND THE FIRE OF  
LIFE

FADE OUT.

THE END