



Digital Commons@

Loyola Marymount University
LMU Loyola Law School

LMU/LLS Theses and Dissertations

Spring April 2016

Bloody Sunday

Cheri Monique Shannon

Loyola Marymount University, scherimon@aol.com

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.lmu.edu/etd>



Part of the [Screenwriting Commons](#)

Recommended Citation

Shannon, Cheri Monique, "Bloody Sunday" (2016). *LMU/LLS Theses and Dissertations*. 316.
<https://digitalcommons.lmu.edu/etd/316>

This Thesis is brought to you for free and open access by Digital Commons @ Loyola Marymount University and Loyola Law School. It has been accepted for inclusion in LMU/LLS Theses and Dissertations by an authorized administrator of Digital Commons@Loyola Marymount University and Loyola Law School. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@lmu.edu.

BLOODY SUNDAY

Written by

Cheri Monique Shannon

A thesis presented to the
Faculty of the Department of
Feature Film Screenwriting
Loyola Marymount University


In partial fulfillment of the
Requirements for the Degree
Master of Arts in Feature Film Screenwriting

May 5, 2016

APPROVAL TO ADVANCE TO CANDIDACY

The following student has met all the criteria to advance to candidacy
for an M.F.A. in Fine Arts with an emphasis in Screenwriting

Student: Cheri Shannon Date: 12/8/15

Committee Co Chair (690):  Date: 12/8/15

Committee Co Chair (691):  Date: 5/5/16

Advanced Screenplay Project Title:

Bloody Sunday

Criteria for advancement to candidacy:

Student has demonstrated sufficient ability and knowledge to complete the thesis project.

Approved to Candidacy

Not Approved to Candidacy

Comments:

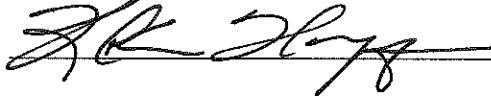
ADVANCED SCREENPLAY PROJECT APPROVAL

The Advanced Screenplay Project submitted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Fine Arts in Screenwriting submitted by the candidate fulfils the requirements and standards set forth in the University Bulletin by the Division.

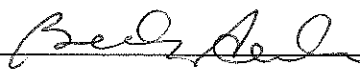
Screenplay Title: Bloody Sunday

Student: Cheri Shannon Date: 12/8/15

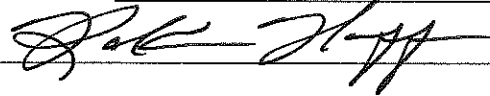
Committee Co Chair: SCWR 690 Karol Hoeffner

Signed:  Date: 5/5/2016

Committee Co Chair: SCWR 691 Beth Serlin

Signed:  Date: 5/5/16

Graduate Director: Karol Hoeffner

Signed:  Date: 5/5/2016

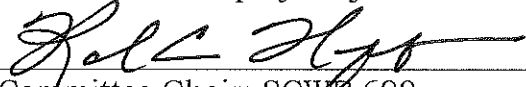
Dean: Stephen Ujlaki

Signed:  Date: 5/17/16

This feature length screenplay written by
Cheri Shannon

under the guidance of a faculty committee
from the School of Film & Television at
Loyola Marymount University, and approved
by the members of the committee, has been
presented to and accepted by the Graduate
School in partial fulfillment of the thesis
requirements for the degree of Master of
Fine Arts in Screenwriting.

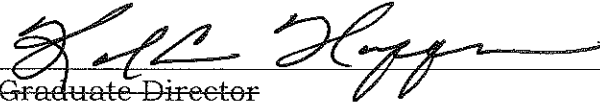
Advanced Screenplay Project Committee:



Committee Chair: SCWR 690



Committee Member: SCWR 691

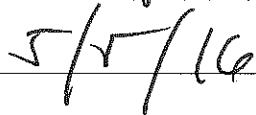


Graduate Director



Dean, School of Film & Television

Date



Bloody Sunday

A Screenplay

Presented to

The Faculty of the School of Film & Television,
Loyola Marymount University of Los Angeles, California

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree

Master of Fine Arts

By

Cheri Shannon

BLOODY SUNDAY

Written by

CHERI SHANNON

Scherimon@aol.com
443-204-5828

FADE IN

MONTAGE - STOCK FOOTAGE OF POLICE BRUTALITY

A) Demonstrators listen to speeches at Freedom Plaza at the start of the March on Washington, December 13, 2014, in Washington, D.C.

B) Black children are attacked by dogs and water cannons during a protest against segregation organized by Martin Luther King Jr. and the Rev. Fred Shuttlesworth in May 1963 in Birmingham, Alabama.

C) Tear gas rains down on a woman kneeling in the street with her hands in the air after a Aug. 17, 2014, demonstration over the killing of teenager Michael Brown by a Ferguson police officer in Ferguson, Missouri.

D) "White Coats 4 Black Lives" demonstration at Howard University College of Medicine on Dec. 10, 2014.

E) Protester holds a sign reading "White silence equals white consent" at the Millions March in New York City in December 2014.

END OF MONTAGE

CUT TO:

BLACK SCREEN

JANE ELLIOTT (V.O.)

"You didn't understand the direction- If, you white folks want to be treated the way blacks are in this society, stand?

(a beat)

Nobody standing here.

(a beat)

That says very plainly that you know what's happening, you know you don't want it for you, I want to know why you are so willing to accept it or to allow it to happen for others?"

(AN EXCERPT TAKEN FROM JANE ELLIOTT'S BLUE/BROWN EYES EXPERIMENT)

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST BOSTON NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

The Boston harbor reflects off the antediluvian buildings as they crawl up the hillside towards the thirty-Five foot statue of Madonna that looks upon the city.

The cars and taxis fight for supreme street dominance, rubbernecking through traffic. A mixture of single family and triple decker row homes, aligned the busy city streets.

The area residents bustle up and down the sidewalks towards the bus stop and subway stations, while others, whom are lucky enough, do their morning jog through Piers Park.

Neighborhood businesses open their doors and windows, welcoming in their customers.

INT. GALLAGHER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

The flowery curtains cover the small window over the sink as the sun bounces off the white walls. A television plays the morning news from the countertop.

TIMOTHY GALLAGHER, 30s, white, Irish, ex-military, suffers from undiagnosed Post Traumatic Stress Disorder, the Archie Bunker of the Police department sits at the table in his police uniform with his daughter.

He sips on a cup of coffee, glances over the top of the newspaper, and speaks in a thick Bostonian accent.

TIMOTHY

Eat up sweet pea.

ERIN GALLAGHER, 9, white, Irish, single-child, shy with a head full of curls, and the face of her fathers, yawns excessively, as she plays with the food on her plate.

ERIN

I'm too tired.

Timothy reaches over and gently rubs Erin's arm.

TIMOTHY

Sorry.

MAGGIE GALLAGHER, 30s, white, housewife, outspoken, fair, closes a sparkling pink lunch box on the kitchen counter, and sits it on the table in front Erin.

MAGGIE

What do you expect? With all the chaos last night.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 She didn't get much sleep.
 (a beat)
 It's been six months since
 Afghanistan.

Timothy gives her a stern look.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
 I've been reading up on
 difficulties that soldiers
 experience when they return home.
 Post Traumatic Stress Disorder-
 something that

TIMOTHY
 Stop.

Maggie takes in a deep breathe and let's out a sigh.

MAGGIE
 Therapy might help.

TIMOTHY
 Shut. Up.

Erin's folk hits the plate. Her face is overcome with fear.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 (To Erin)
 Sorry. Daddy didn't mean to raise
 his voice.

He touches the safety pin bracelets that she's wearing on her
 wrist.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 You're becoming a pro at making
 these beauties. My little artist.

Timothy kisses her forehead, smiles and takes a bite of her
 toast like the "Cookie Monster." Erin laughs.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 Why don't you get your stuff for
 school-

MAGGIE
 Yeah- You don't want to be late
 for the school bus.

Erin gets up from the chair, hands Maggie her plate and skips
 out the kitchen.

Maggie walks over to the sink with the dirty dishes. Timothy follows behind her.

TIMOTHY

You got some nerve bringing that shit up in front of Erin. Do you want her to think I'm crazy?

MAGGIE

I don't have to do that- You're doing a great job by yourself.

TIMOTHY

Stop playing doctor. A real man can handle his own problems-

MAGGIE

Who told you that- You're father? When it comes to measuring the character of a man, his opinion should never matter.

TIMOTHY

Don't ever bring up my father- You don't know shit about him-

MAGGIE

I know that he's given you this false sense of what a man should or shouldn't do-

TIMOTHY

Like your mother. Where is she? When was the last time you spoke to her? You definitely won't be winning any daughter of the year award anytime soon.

MAGGIE

That's even a low blow for you Timothy. You know why I don't talk to my mother.

Maggie rolls her eyes and pushes Timothy out of the way. He catches a hold of her arm, as she attempts to walk by.

TIMOTHY

I can control my behavior on my own. I just need you to stop nagging me.

ERIN (O.S.)

Mommy.

Maggie pulls her arm away, and nabs Erin's lunch box off the table.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Erin snags her backpack off the modest sofa, knocking a "Time" magazine with the image of a black teen running from an armed officer on the cover, off the coffee table onto the floor.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Maggie kisses Erin on the cheek, and hands her the lunch box.

Timothy kneels down to give Erin a hug.

TIMOTHY

No matter what happens between me and mommy, I love you. Okay?

ERIN

Okay- I love you too.

TIMOTHY

Have a great day at school.

Timothy straightens her jacket.

MAGGIE

Come. The school bus is here.

Maggie ushers her out the door. She closes the door and turns around to face Timothy.

TIMOTHY

Mags, I'm sorry.

He reaches for her hand. Maggie keeps her hand stiff at her side.

MAGGIE

I don't need you to be sorry. I need you to get help.

TIMOTHY

What about my job? If, they suspect anything, I would be terminated.

MAGGIE

I could work-

TIMOTHY

No. I want you home- You're a housewife. That's your job-

MAGGIE

Home? This hasn't been a home since you returned from war.

TIMOTHY

I told you that I can manage.

Maggie, unwilling to accept his apology, walks up the stairs.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Timothy, visibly angry walks over to a wooden cabinet, pushed against a floral colored wall. He reaches inside and takes out a metal box.

Timothy sets the metal box on the coffee table hard, and flips it open. He touches his hip, as, if placing the gun at his side.

PTSD EPISODE:

EXT. AFGHANISTAN - HELMAND PROVINCE - CITY SQ - DAY (2003)

Women and children run, screaming for cover as the Taliban open fire in the city square. Buildings made out of clay and brick are burning. Timothy, with some of his MARINE TROOPS converge onto the square, attempting to bring order.

Heavy gunfire is exchanged between the Taliban and Timothy's troop. He and the troops make an attempt to DODGE the rapid gunfire by quickly running back to the convoy.

TIMOTHY POV - With safety insight, one of the Commanders, reaches out his hand towards him. A bullet grazes his ear, hitting the Commander in the middle of his forehead.

He turns around to the direction of the bullet. A teenager from the Taliban is preparing to SHOOT again.

A car horn is heard from outside.

BACK TO PRESENT

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Timothy, startled, shakes his head and adjusts his necktie. Maggie runs down the stairs.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

MAGGIE

Did you not hear me calling you?
I told you to tell the cab that I
was coming.

TIMOTHY

I was getting my gun out for fuck
sakes-

Maggie notices Timothy motioning at his hip, as if his gun is there. Timothy fails to realize his actions and Maggie's look of concern.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I could give you a ride to pick up
your car.

MAGGIE

No. I think we need some air
between us. I need to salvage my
day.

(a beat)

My morning and night was shit.

Maggie walks out the front door. Timothy glances over the room once more before snapping his gun inside his holster and leaving.

EXT. EAST BOSTON - MAVERICK SQUARE - DAY

The SUBWAY STATION is overcrowded with hell-raising teenagers and fuming adults as the trains come and go from one colored line of the tracks to the other.

A group of SKINHEADS stand by the entrance harassing black patrons as they come and go.

Across the center square sits a rambling of dilapidated houses with a housing project as a neighbor. Some of the buildings residents, play basketball out front on the court.

INT. TIMOTHY'S POLICE VEHICLE - FRONT SEATS - DAY

JESSICA BENNETT, 30s, police officer and Timothy's partner, sits in the passenger seat, while he drives. She adjusts her necktie and hat.

Timothy scrolls through the police scanner attached to the dashboard.

TIMOTHY

Another day with the "poor us"
black people of Maverick Square.

JESSICA

Didn't you know that I'm poor and
strung out on drugs because of
slavery-

TIMOTHY

Because something that happened
over two hundred years ago is still
a problem for you.

Jessica bursts into laughter. Timothy stares out the window,
and then back at Jessica. He gives pause before asking...

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

You ready for the Mayor's rally
today?

JESSICA

Yes. And, the angry Black people.

Timothy chuckles. He picks up speed in the car, observing
their surroundings.

INT. TAYLOR MANOR NURSING HOME - TIM'S FATHER RM - DAY

A frail ELDERLY MAN with a permanent frown, JACOB GALLAGHER,
lies in the bed, covered in a hospital gown and blanket.

A BLACK NURSE, 40s, reaches for his arm to check his vitals.
He squirms in the bed, trying to prevent her from touching
him. Jacob's speech is slurred and barely recognizable.

JACOB

The only thing that you people can
do for me is wipe my ass, until
then, get me a real nurse.

The Black Nurse picks up the medical chart from his bed and
jots down his vitals. She notices urine and defecation
sliding down his leg.

BLACK NURSE

Just as I thought, the devil ain't
ready for you, and God don't want
ya.

She picks up a picture frame off the floor holding a
photograph of Timothy, and his family. She stares at the
photo.

BLACK NURSE (CONT'D)
This is the only family you got
left.

JACOB
That ain't my family.

BLACK NURSE
It's a terrible thing to grow up
without grandparents.

Jacob closes his eyes, signaling that he is done with the conversation.

BLACK NURSE (CONT'D)
I'll be giving your son a call. We
need his permission and signature
to insert a feeding tube. You've
experienced a dramatic weight lost
within the last two weeks.

JACOB
He's not man enough to sign
anything for me.

BLACK NURSE
Have a nice day, Mr. Gallagher.

She sits the photograph back on the table.

A WHITE GERATRIC NURSE ASSISTANT enters the room. The Black Nurse looks in her direction and smiles.

WHITE GERATRIC NURSE
Why does he always do this whenever
you come into his room? You would
think by now, he'll realize you're
never going to clean him up.

The Black Nurse waves good-bye to the assistant, grabs the medical chart, and casually walks out of the room.

EXT. MAVERICK SQUARE - CENTER STAGE - DAY

The predominantly large crowd of Skinheads and White, Irish residents stand at the stage, carrying signs that read: "Revitalizing The Maverick", while the black residents STAND on the outside, holding signs that read: "We will not be forced out of our homes."

Several of the Skinheads from the subway station, anxiously await their turn to incite a riot.

MAYOR KELLEY, 50s, white, Irish, burly, strong advocate for the "Revitalization Project, stands on the balloon filled stage at the podium. He waves to the crowd and addresses them in a thick Bostonian accent.

MAYOR KELLEY

The time has come to make East Boston what it use to be. Respectful. Safe. Productive. Within a year, we'll have affordable housing for all.

The White Crowd and Skinheads clap loudly.

MAYOR KELLEY (CONT'D)

No more high rises. Crime infested projects.

Mayor Kelley points to the Maverick housing project behind the square. The White Crowd chants.

WHITE RESIDENTS

Kelley! Kelley! Kelley!

Several of Boston's finest police officers are on the stage with him including Timothy and Jessica. They're positioned on opposites sides of him.

BLACK RESIDENTS

Hell no, we won't go! Hell no, we won't go!

SEAN DAVIES, 30s, white, leader of the Skinheads, wanting to make his presence felt towards the Black Residents, responds to their chanting with his Skinheads by leading a chorus of...

SEAN SKINHEADS

Boooooooooo! Boooooooooooooo!

MAYOR KELLEY

I expect resistance, but we'll do this by any means necessary.

WHITE RESIDENTS

Kelley! Kelley! Kelley!

JODY KHAN 30s, black, female, journalist, pushes through the crowd, as if she's looking for a familiar face. She bumps into...

KEVIN WHITE, 30s, black, lawyer, "Black Lives Matter" advocate, making his way to the stage.

JODY

Kevin.

KEVIN

You made it. Thanks for accepting the invite.

JODY

I hope it's worth it. I'm not to keen on covering a basic gentrification project story, nor is my Editor.

KEVIN

The Black residents need some exposure or else they'll continue to be bullied and pushed out by the Mayor and the police department, simply because they're poor and Black.

Jody gives him somewhat of a convincing smile, as he walks away.

MAYOR KELLEY

More job opportunities!
This isn't the land of the walking dead- We were born here- Raised here! This is East Boston!

The White Resident's and Skinhead's claps have turned into thunderous cheers.

WHITE RESIDENTS

SKINHEADS

Go Kelley! Go Kelley!

Kevin jumps onto the stage and snatches the microphone out of the stand.

Mayor Kelley takes a step back.

Kevin takes off his top shirt to reveal a "BLACK LIFE MATTERS" t-shirt. Jody writes away on her note pad.

Timothy rushes towards him, but Mayor Kelley waves him off and puts his hand up towards the rowdy crowd.

MAYOR KELLEY

Let him speak. Everyone, for the most part, deserves to be heard.

KEVIN

(To the White Residents
and Skinheads)
(MORE)

KEVIN (CONT'D)

You people are so eager to get us
out of this neighborhood-

SEAN

Get off the stage! We don't want
to hear it!

KEVIN

(To the Mayor)

You've taken away our recreational
centers- The libraries- And, have
closed most of our schools-
making what's left, overcrowded and
unmanageable. Now our housing?!

BLACK RESIDENT

You tell'em! They don't want us to
have nothing!

Mayor Kelley raises his hand again, signaling a peaceful
gesture. He reaches for the microphone, but Kevin refuses.

Mayor Kelley addresses him, and the agitated crowd.

MAYOR KELLEY

Change is difficult for everyone,
but I'm trying to make this
neighborhood better for you and the
people that have gotten use to
living like animals.

KEVIN

People- Not animals- Black
people. Stripping us of everything
makes sense?! You know, as well
as, I that affordable housing is
just a fancy term for high rise
condominiums overlooking the Boston
harbor.

Mayor Kelley shakes his head out of frustration. He gives
Kevin a glance over, noticing the shirt, before masking the
microphone with his hand.

MAYOR KELLEY

(whispers)

I'm not going to do this here. You
sound like an educated man. I'm
sure you know how to properly
address your issues and concerns
with the city.

WHITE RESIDENT

Hey! Get the fuck off the stage!
Baluba! I'm tired of ya. We care
about the neighborhood. Your kind
don't!

Kevin pushes the Mayor's hand off the microphone to address
the white resident.

KEVIN

I'm not African! Nor do I belong
to a tribe in the Congo, you Irish
prick- I'm a Black American. Don't
tell me what to do!

Mayor Kelley snatches the microphone from Kevin, and signals
for Timothy to remove him from the stage.

Timothy strong holds Kevin's arm. The Crowd claps and
cheers. Kevin yanks his arm away.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I'm leaving! I'm not going to fill
your quota today.

Mayor Kelley touches Timothy's arm, pulling him close.

MAYOR KELLEY

(whispers)

Arrest him- I won't be undermined.

Timothy and Jessica, follow him off the stage.

ON THE STEPS AT THE SIDE OF THE STAGE

Kevin walks in front of Jessica. Jody waits in front of him
at the bottom of the steps.

JODY

I think you got yourself a story.

Kevin nods. Jessica, still walking behind him, looks back
over her shoulder at Timothy.

JESSICA

The last thing that I needed today
was a mini MLK.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - WORK STATIONS - DAY

The OFFICERS sit at their desks in the open room as civilians
come and go. A bulletin board is covered in Boston's most
wanted.

America's and Boston's flags hang in a corner above a banner that reads: "I am my Brother's Keeper."

INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS, 60s, proud Irishman, arrogant, father figure to Timothy, embraces him as he enters the awards decorated office.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS
Great job today, Tim. I heard about that knucklehead from earlier.

TIMOTHY
No problem, boss. Another big mouth idiot pushing that black lives matter stuff. I guess the idea that all lives should matter doesn't count.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS
Nowadays, everyone has an agenda or campaign for something- Take a number.

Timothy sits in a chair in front of the Commissioner's desk, across from him. Timothy rubs his hands together. The Commissioner notices his fidgety behavior.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
What's on ya mind?

TIMOTHY
I got a call from the nursing home today. My pa-

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS
Is he dead?

TIMOTHY
Not yet. I have to make a serious decision. Go figure, he made my life a living hell and now, I have his life in the palm of my hand.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS
So what, he knocked you around a bit-

TIMOTHY

I still have the scars- I haven't seen him since I returned from my tour of duty.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

My pops did the same. We wouldn't be the tough guys that we are today, if our pops didn't do that-

TIMOTHY

My mother died with bruises and a broken heart.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

A women needs to stay in her lane and allow a man to lead. It's okay to keep your mouth shut, and do what you're told. It doesn't make you weak.

Timothy looks away from the Commissioner and stares at the floor. He slightly taps his foot.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Timmy, look at me. Look at me.

He looks up at the Commissioner, still slouched over, with glassy eyes and confusion.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

You're all he's got left. He knows that you're not weak- Hell, you were a Marine and now, you patrol this shit hole of East Boston.

Timothy livens up again. He sits up straight, and wipes his eyes.

COMMISSIONER

As a man, you have to know that we don't always know how to say, "I love ya" without it getting physical, at times.

Timothy smiles and gives a hearty laugh. The Commissioner laughs with him. He takes out two cigars from his desk, lights them, and hands one to Timothy. They smoke.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

I'm proud of ya.

TIMOTHY

That means a lot to me.

INT. OFFICERS WORKSTATION - CONTINUOUS

Jessica walks towards the coffee maker, ignoring most of her colleagues. The divide between the black and white Officers is evident as they mingle together within their perspective cliques.

AT THE COFFEE MAKER CART

Jessica makes two cups of coffee. She looks around for Timothy before noticing him coming out of the Commissioner's office. He walks over to her.

Jessica turns around and hands him a cup.

TIMOTHY JESSICA
Cheers!

JESSICA
Can you believe that rally
nonsense. Damn blockbusters.

TIMOTHY
Empty barrels make the most noise.
Who follows a guy that can't even
keep himself out of jail.

Several BLACK OFFICERS, nearby, overhear the conversation with one immediately walking over, interjecting. His peers follow behind.

MALE BLACK OFFICER
Watch your mouths- Or someone
might hand you both matching white
sheets.

A smirk covers Timothy's face and Jessica rolls her eyes.

JESSICA
If, that was supposed to offend me,
it didn't.

FEMALE BLACK OFFICER
(Loud)
Let it go. You can't reason with
racists that don't believe that
they're racists.

The conversation grabs the attention of the other Officers in the room, they anxiously await the outcome.

Timothy drops his cup of black coffee in the trashcan.

TIMOTHY

You see, I like my coffee black, no sugar, no cream. I don't discriminate when it comes to criminals and cleaning up East Boston. Poor, black, white-

MALE BLACK OFFICER

It sure feels that way-

Jessica gets in the face of the Black Male Officer.

JESSICA

By any means necessary, isn't that what your Malcolm X would say?

The Female Black Officer shoves her shoulder.

FEMALE BLACK OFFICER

His name should never come out of your mouth. Blasphemy!

Timothy tries to pull Jessica away. She laughs, after seeing how angry the Black Officers were becoming. The Commissioner hears the commotion and comes out of his office in a hurry.

He stands in the middle of the room.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

Break it up! Break it up! Get back to work.

Timothy stares down the Black Officers and walks away, but not before offering a bit of sarcasm.

TIMOTHY

(mumbles)

You heard him, Chalkys.

The Black Officers bump into Timothy and Jessica, as they walk away. The Commissioner notices.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

I mean it, hit the beat!

The Officers disperse in different directions. The Commissioner calls across the room to Timothy.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Timothy! My office.

TIMOTHY

(To Jessica)

Fuck. Be right back.

INT. NICOLE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

NICOLE STANZA 30s, black, lawyer, Maggie's bestfriend, dressed in sensible clothing, glasses, with her hair pulled up in a pony-tail, sits across from Maggie.

Maggie smokes a cigarette and drinks a beer.

NICOLE

You need to start thinking about what's best for you and Erin.

MAGGIE

I don't know what else to do.

NICOLE

I could say a lot as a lawyer, but I'm here as your friend.

Maggie shrugs her shoulders. Nicole gives her a reassuring smile.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

What you can't do is start smoking-

Nicole takes the cigarette out of Maggie's hand and puts it out.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

It's a disgusting habit.

(a beat)

You outgrow people places and things. You're not a teen mom anymore- Trying to prove to the world that you didn't fuck up your life. Timothy has always been broken. You can't fix him.

MAGGIE

I feel like I'm beating a dead horse-

NICOLE

Not sure about a dead horse, but definitely an ignorant one-

Nicole takes a sip from her beer bottle.

MAGGIE

Nicole-

Nicole gives Maggie a look that tells her that she's not apologizing.

NICOLE

I'm sure he thinks the same of me.

Nicole reaches across the table and takes her hand.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

You can always stay here until you figure out what you want to do.

(a beat)

I can't imagine what Timmy might be going through, mentally. But, if these episodes are anything like you've mentioned, I'm afraid that you or Erin might get hurt.

Maggie squeezes Nicole's hand tightly. She fights back the tears in her eyes.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Timothy stands in front of the Commissioner's desk. He closes an open chart on his desk.

TIMOTHY

Sorry about that boss-

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

That's not why I called you back in. Listen. Mayor Kelley wants to speed up this Maverick project.

The Commissioner reopens the folder on his desk, and takes out a stack of pink slips.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

These are evictions. Post them on the doors of the housing projects.

He hands Timothy the stack of pink slips with a sheet of paper.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)

Those individuals on that sheet should no longer be on the premises. If, they haven't left, it's considered trespassing at this point. I'm expecting some arrests.

TIMOTHY

We're going to need backup.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

No worries. The Sheriff's department will be on hand.

TIMOTHY

Okay, boss. Jessica and I are on it.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

I need you and Jess to pick up an extra shift this evening to get this done.

(a beat)

Tim, the Mayor and I trust that you can get this done in away that doesn't seem racially motivated.

TIMOTHY

Understood. But, I don't get this idea of walking on eggshells for the Blacks. We ain't doin nothing wrong. We're just doing our jobs. They got this entire country on their terms because Whites fear being labeled a racists.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

Timmy boy, slow down.

TIMOTHY

If, you know you're not a "Nigger" than why get upset. I mean- They don't even like Africans, but we're supposed to refer to them as African-Americans. I still don't see what was so bad about being called, "Black."

(a beat)

I can't keep up. Maybe next time Al Sharpton comes in town, I'll get a printout of "White people's etiquette to dealing with "People of Color."

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

I didn't make up the rules.

TIMOTHY

And, all the while we just have to settle for being called, "White-trash or racist."

Timothy takes the pink slips, sheet of paper and leaves.

INT. TIMOTHY'S POLICE VEHICLE - FRONT SEATS - DAY

Timothy sits in the driver's seat, while Jessica sits on the passenger side as they cruise around the neighborhood eyeing any suspicious individuals hanging on the corners.

Several of these individuals, whom happen to be Black, walk in the opposite directions as Timothy car approaches.

TIMOTHY

Blockbusters. They act like they own East Boston. No respect.

JESSICA

You're nice. More like shameless Black trash-

TIMOTHY

Potato, Po-ta-toe.

Timothy lights up a cigarette as he scrolls down the police scanner on the dashboard. Jessica looks at him.

JESSICA

I thought you quit.

TIMOTHY

It relaxes me.

Jessica slowly touches his hand. Timothy glances over at her.

JESSICA

(Snarky)

You don't have to be a tough guy around me. I won't think less of you.

Timothy, uncomfortable, pulls his hand away.

TIMOTHY

If, I had anything to talk about, I would tell ya. I don't give a shit what anyone thinks.

JESSICA

It was a joke. Sorry, I touched a nerve.

TIMOTHY

Nah, it's the coffee. Makes me edgy, but I needed it this morning.

Timothy slows down the police car, when he doesn't see a group of Black guys move off the corner.

He pulls the car over and rolls down his window.

AT THE DRIVER'S WINDOW

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 (To the group of Black
 Guys)
 Can you read the sign?

Timothy points to the sign on the front of the store. The guys look at him, and then back at the sign.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 It says, "No loitering."

EXT. MAVERICK SQUARE CORNER STORE - FRONT ENTRANCE - DAY

A flood of trash dances along the sidewalk around the group of black guy's feet. They don't budge and stare at the partially covered graffiti sign.

One of the Black Guys decides to look back at Timothy and Jessica.

RANDOM BLACK GUY
 I's sorry sir, but we can't read.

He and friends, bursts into laughter.

Jessica gets out of the police car, slamming the door. She rushes up to the guys.

JESSICA
 We're not asking. Now get the fuck
 outta here.

The same guy faces her, while the other two fall back.

RANDOM BLACK GUY
 What?! You can't talk to us like
 that-

JESSICA
 Says who? On these streets, I'm
 judge and jury.

Timothy gets out of the car. He steps onto the sidewalk.

TIMOTHY
 Problem?

Timothy places his fingertips on the top of his hip, slightly touching his taser. The Black Guys roll their eyes and walk away.

For a moment, Timothy disappears, mentally, from the scene. Jessica notices and snaps her fingers.

Timothy jerks himself back to the moment and gets in the car. He and Jessica drive away.

INT. TIMOTHY'S POLICE VEHICLE - FRONT SEAT - DAY

Timothy sits in the driver's seat and adjust the volume on the dispatch radio. Jessica STARES out the window.

JESSICA
Fuckin clowns.

TIMOTHY
They wouldn't last a minute in
Afganistan with an artillery of
guns.

JESSICA
Exactly.

TIMOTHY
Thanks again for working the extra
shift with me.

Jessica turns back around and faces Timothy.

JESSICA
Anytime.

A loud signal is heard from the dispatch radio. A red light flashes.

TIMOTHY
Break time.

JESSICA
Watcha gonna do?

TIMOTHY
I need to make a stop first- Then
heading home to put my kid to bed.
You?

JESSICA
Meeting up with some friends.

TIMOTHY
Friends?

JESSICA
You're not the only person that I
get to hangout with-

Timothy smiles, wanting to ask for more details, but afraid of the answers.

TIMOTHY
Just giving you a hard time.

JESSICA
They're family. I mean, other than
you.

TIMOTHY
Family? Now that's a foreign word
coming from you-

JESSICA
Stop.

EXT. JESSICA BENNETT'S APARTMENT - FRONT ENTRANCE - NIGHT

Timothy pulls up to the curb in front of Jessica's home.

INT. TIMOTHY'S POLICE VEHICLE - FRONT SEATS - NIGHT

TIMOTHY POV - The Skinheads, led by Sean, drink beers, smoke cigarettes and horseplay.

Sean notices Jessica and runs towards the car.

Jessica, hurriedly, jumps out the car before he can reach the door handle.

TIMOTHY
Those friends are trouble.

INT. TIMOTHY'S POLICE VEHICLE - FRONT SEATS - CONTINUOUS

Timothy's POV - Jessica looks back at him. She gives him the middle finger.

INT. TAYLOR MANOR NURSING HOME - JACOB GALLAGHER'S RM - NIGHT

The television is playing loud in front of a sleeping Jacob. He's watching a "John Wayne" western. Timothy picks up the remote control from the bed, and turns it off.

Timothy picks up the fallen picture frame of his family off the floor, and sets it back on the table. Jacob opens his eyes instinctively.

JACOB

Turn it on- I was watching it.
And, put that picture back like I
had it.

Timothy glances at the picture frame and stands at the foot of his father's bed.

TIMOTHY

I won't be long. I signed the
papers.

JACOB

You can't do that-

TIMOTHY

We've been through this before.
The courts gave me authority.

JACOB

I don't understand how- As far as,
I'm concerned, my son is dead.

Timothy, nervously, paces the floor staring back and forth at his father. His facial expressions change to anger. He shakes his "pointer" finger at his father.

TIMOTHY

I was a good boy. I did everything
that you told me to do. But it was
never good enough-

Timothy hits his chest...

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I was never good enough! I was a
Marine. I'm a Police Officer, one
of the best in my department.

JACOB

All of that- And, you were still
too weak to produce a son.

Timothy stops pacing the floor in his angry tirade and stands facing his father once more.

TIMOTHY

She has my mother smile.
(a beat)
And, she loves me for who I am.

Jacob lets out a guttural laugh.

JACOB

Poor kid. She's too stupid to realize that her father is a coward-

TIMOTHY

(Sotto)

It's better than her thinking that I'm an asshole.

JACOB

What?! I didn't hear ya- Speak up! Are you done? Tell it to someone who cares.

Timothy fights back the tears in his eyes.

JACOB (CONT'D)

I can call that Nigger Nurse back in here. If, you can't get her to wipe my ass, the least she can do is listen to your poor me story.

Timothy and Jacob stare at one another for what seems like an eternity.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Turn my tv back on.

Timothy picks up the remote control and scrolls through the channels. He stops on BET. An episode of "Good Times" is playing.

JACOB (CONT'D)

Turn back to my show. Get this shit off my tv.

Timothy throws the controller onto the bed and leaves.

INT. THE GALLAGHER'S HOME - ERIN'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Timothy sits on the canopy bed with his back against the headboard that's decorated in unicorns and my "Little Pony" decoys in the explosion of Barbie pink walls.

Erin lies down on his lap. He plays with her hair.

Timothy, still dressed in his uniform, has the book "Charlotte's Web" by E. B. White in his hand.

AT THE BEDROOM DOOR

Maggie peeks inside the room, and then quickly turns around before she's noticed.

Maggie rests her body against the wall and listens as Timothy reads to their daughter.

TIMOTHY (O.S.)
 "This is Charlotte. She's a smart
 and kind spider. She lives on a
 farm."

INT. JESSICA BENNETT'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Jessica and the Skinheads sit around the partially furnished, drab living room, looking over flyers given to them by Sean.

The coffee table is covered in beer bottles and cigarette butts falling out of an overcrowded ashtray.

SEAN
 Study them closely and carefully.

The Skinheads glance over the flyers. Sean gropes Jessica's breast and shoves his tongue in her mouth for a sloppy kiss.

Jessica pushes him off.

SEAN (CONT'D)
 Come on.

JESSICA
 Focus. Wait.
 (a beat)
 I have more names and hangouts of
 places that we can target-
 Dealers, some homeless nuisances
 and petty criminals.

CLOSE ON pictures of the Black male targets on the flyers.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 Sick of these thugs with their
 grills and saggy pants-

One of the Skinheads stands and imitate "thug" behavior. The room bursts into laughter.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
 You know the type. Harass them.
 Make them come to your block.

SEAN

Eagle Hill!

JESSICA

Make them pay for coming to the table empty handed, just to feast. They're getting bolder- I was tested earlier today.

SEAN

We have to do whatever it takes to preserve our cultures birth right. This is our country. We belong here. They're just visiting.

JESSICA

That's the only reason why I became an Officer in the first place. To maintain order. Control.

Sean points around the room. The Skinheads focus their eyes on Jessica.

SEAN

We have to protect our women, daughters from their appetite for sex- Lusting after them just to get a taste of what it would feel like to be a true American.

JESSICA

No better way to do this than to have someone on the inside.

Sean signals for the other Skinheads to leave. Jessica takes his hand and leads him to her bedroom.

INT. THE GALLAGHER'S HOME - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Maggie, dressed in a nightgown, stands in front of the mirrored medicine cabinet that hangs over the sink in the sterile, but airy space.

She washes her face and dabs it dry with a towel. Timothy comes behind her, rubs against her waist and kisses her neck.

MAGGIE

Don't you have to get back to work?

TIMOTHY

I got time.

Maggie pulls away and turns around to face him.

MAGGIE

I talked to Nicole-

TIMOTHY

Jesus! For once, can't she keep her mouth out of our relationship-

MAGGIE

I went to her- She knows people-

TIMOTHY

Well, you shouldn't have. I don't need her two cents.

(a beat)

Please, I'm on break. Can we change the subject?

MAGGIE

Fine. You know the Black Residents are saying that Mayor Kelley and the department are bullying them out of their homes.

TIMOTHY

For fucks sake- Why do you care? It's not true.

Maggie shoves him out of the way and leaves the bathroom.

INT. GALLAGHER'S MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie sits on the edge of the queen sized bed in the dimly lit room. Her foot taps the multi-colored rug. She lights a cigarette and smokes.

Timothy closes the bedroom door and stands in front of her.

TIMOTHY

Work is stressful enough. I don't come home for this crap. It's your duty-

MAGGIE

My duty? I'm a housewife. I birthed your child- Got me fuckin smokin again.

TIMOTHY

I didn't mean it that way.

Timothy sits on the bed next to Maggie. She puts out her cigarette in the ashtray on the nightstand.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

The revitalization project is demanding.

(a beat)

It's hard keeping these streets safe for you- Erin.

Timothy holds her stiff hand, she stares at him, searching for answers.

MAGGIE

I just wish that things could go back to how they use to be-

Timothy jumps off the bed, throwing Maggie's hand back onto her lap.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

When you made me feel that the safest place was being with you-

Maggie stands, facing him, not sure if she should stay or leave the room.

TIMOTHY

Goddamnit! Let it rest. I just wanted a quickie with my wife before going back to work-

Maggie reaches for his hand, but he refuses her touch.

Timothy touches the side of his hip, where he usually keeps his gun.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I'm not doing this right now.

MAGGIE

And, I'm not staying in this mess of a marriage.

TIMOTHY

What? What did you say?

Timothy grabs her by both arms and pushes her into the wall. Maggie is shocked.

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Erin sits on her bed with a box full of safety pins. She hears the thump against the wall.

Erin makes a safety pin bracelet, lies down and covers her ears. She sings, softly..

ERIN
 "Twinkle, Twinkle, little star, how
 I wonder what you are, up above the
 sky so high"-

INT. GALLAGHER'S MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Timothy shakes her forcibly. He turns extremely angry. Tears stream down Maggie's face.

TIMOTHY
 You will never leave with my
 daughter! Do you understand!? I
 knew you were working for the enemy-
 Are they outside?!- Are they
 outside?!

MAGGIE
 You're crazy!

Maggie notices the emptiness in Timothy's eyes.

TIMOTHY
 Get on the floor! Get on the
 floor! Don't move.

Maggie lies on the floor. Timothy grabs his shotgun from underneath the bed. He cocks the gun and runs over to the window.

He slowly peeks through the blinds.

PTSD EPISODE:

INT. AFGHANISTAN - HELMAND PROVINCE - CITY SQ - NIGHT

The Marine Convoy is stationed within the city limits trying to maintain order amidst the explosion of sporadic gunfire.

A heavily armed Timothy and his troop patrol the streets, providing safety for the abandoned women and children. Timothy notices a little girl kicking a ball. Fearing for her safety, he leaves his troop to return her back to her home. As he turns the corner, members of Al-Qaeda open fire.

Timothy hits the ground covering the screaming child, when his troop notices and fires back. Shells from the bullet casings fall down around his head like a rainstorm.

BACK TO SCENE

INT. GALLAGHER'S MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Maggie crawls towards him. She slowly gets up off the floor with her hands in the air.

MAGGIE

It's okay- It's okay.

Maggie reaches out and touches Timothy arm. You can see his fear.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

(Mumbles)

There's no one out there. There's no one out there.

TIMOTHY

I won't let them get me. I don't want to die.

MAGGIE

It's okay. You're here. You're here.

Maggie pulls him down to the floor. She CARESSES his face and slowly kisses him.

TIMOTHY

It's okay?

Timothy lies the gun down on the floor and touches her face. He whimpers like a baby.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. Sorry. I want to feel safe. You make me feel safe.

INT. ERIN'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Erin lies in a fetus position in bed. She continues singing softly...

ERIN

"Like a diamond in the sky"-

Maggie tip-toes inside the dark room and slides into bed with her. She holds her tightly around the waist. They finish the song together.

ERIN MAGGIE
 "Twinkle, Twinkle, little star, how
 I wonder what you are.

MAGGIE
 Mommy's here. Mommy's here.

Erin relaxes her body, and rest her head against her mother's chest.

INT. TIMOTHY'S POLICE VEHICLE - FRONT SEATS - NIGHT

Timothy hands Jessica the evictions, along with the sheet of paper of the individuals that should have moved out. They stop at a red light, as they turn the corner to the housing projects.

TIMOTHY
 Civilians will never understand
 what we go through to keep them
 safe.

EXT. HOUSING PROJECT - CONTINUOUS

Timothy's car cruises through with flashing lights on. The residents scattered in different directions.

Timothy and Jessica get out of the car. They stare at the sight before them, noticing the Sheriff department.

TIMOTHY
 Time to straighten up this mess and
 get the ball rolling.

JESSICA
 Those "Black Lives Matter" trouble
 makers are allowing these people to
 believe that they don't have to get
 out.
 (a beat)
 Staying helps support their own
 personal bullshit.

INT. HOUSING PROJECT - HALLWAY - NIGHT

The Sheriff department goes in and out of some of the first floor apartments, throwing out physical property that belongs to the Black Residents into the hallway.

A black woman yells with a crying baby on her hip. The Sheriff Officer's wave "Hello" to Timothy and Jessica.

Timothy and Jessica, slowly, walk down the hall of hostility, taking in their surroundings, as angry residents stand in their doorway.

As Timothy passes a BLACK FEMALE RESIDENT, she takes the opportunity to make her feelings known.

BLACK FEMALE RESIDENT
 You don't scare us! If, we were
 white you would never treat us this
 way-

Timothy continues walking, but decides to respond to the female resident with his back towards her.

TIMOTHY
 I guess, you're never know because
 you'll never be white.

The Black Female Resident slams her apartment door shut.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 Keep the door open, I'm sure will
 be back.

Timothy and Jessica continue rotating from the left to the right side of the hallway, slapping pick slips on doors.

They approach a door on the list.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
 They should be gone.

JESSICA
 I guess it's time to tell them to
 get the fuck out.

Jessica bangs on the door with no mercy. A BLACK YOUNG WOMAN with three small children open the door. One of the little girls, seemingly, the same age as Erin.

Timothy stares at her mother, not wanting to make eye contact with the young girl.

IN THE DOORWAY

TIMOTHY
 Ma'am, you should have move out two
 days ago.

BLACK YOUNG WOMAN
 Social Services never contacted me
 back about my new housing.

Jessica pushes the door open further.

JESSICA

Not our problem. I'm sure everyone here has the same excuse. You got fifteen minutes to get your stuff and get out.

The Young Woman looks at Timothy with pleading eyes.

BLACK YOUNG WOMAN

Please. I'm begging you.

TIMOTHY

Can you give your worker a call, now?

JESSICA

I already gave you five minutes per kid.

TIMOTHY

Jessica, wait a minute. Calm down.

JESSICA

They know how to manipulate the system.

TIMOTHY

I'm-

Jessica whistles and signals to a Sheriff to escort the young woman out of her home. She takes the clipboard from Timothy and walks away. A frustrated Timothy walks behind her.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

You didn't have to be so-

Jessica turns around abruptly. She gets in Timothy's face.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

She had children-

JESSICA

They all do- No excuse not to do your job.

Timothy and Jessica continue to walk down the hallway. He stops at the next door on the list and knocks.

JULIET CHARLES, 50s, black, opens the door dressed in hospital scrubs.

AT THE DOORWAY

TIMOTHY
Ms. Juliet Charles?

JULIET
Yes. How can I help you?

JESSICA
Our records show that you should've vacated the premises several days ago.

JULIET
I was given an extension until Monday

JESSICA
Unless you have written documentation-

Timothy pushes the door wide open.

TIMOTHY
Ma'am, were not asking. Your trespassing on government property. Get your stuff packed, now.

Juliet becomes flustered and nervous.

JULIET
My son isn't home.

INT. MAVERICK SQUARE - CORNER STORE - NIGHT

The Korean store owner comes from behind the counter and follows...

Jalen, 17, black, homeless, outspoken, bestfriend to

Parker, 17, black, mannerly, holding a basketball as they walk up and down the cramped food aisles.

They pick up various food items off the shelves, inspecting the labels.

JALEN
I can't wait to get the fuck out of here.

PARKER
You and me both. College-bound.
(a beat)
(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

My moms workin late tonight, so you can stay over. You don't have to go back to the shelter.

JALEN

Thanks. It's a shame that you're going to have to buy the snacks. Bring some help the next time you want to play one on one.

Just as Parker goes to respond, he notices the Korean store owner following them.

PARKER

Dude is straight following us-
He's not even trying to hide it.

Jalen stops walking and faces the Korean owner.

JALEN

Ain't nobody tryin to steal yo
shit!

KOREAN OWNER

You boys come in here all the time
and steal-

JALEN

Man, get the fuck out of here!
Confused ass-

PARKER

Not all Black people look alike.

KOREAN OWNER

I want you out of my store! Now!

JALEN

When I finish getting my shit! You
ought to be grateful that we're
even buying anything.

KOREAN OWNER

I call the police.

The Korean Owner runs to the back of the store and picks up the wall phone. Jalen and Parker ignore him and continue to shop.

PARKER

(To Jalen)
Fuck'em. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. JULIET CHARLES' APT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Timothy and Jessica are both walking through the apartment. A very distressed Juliet paces the floor in fear of being thrown out.

JESSICA

Listen, if you don't start packing,
I'm going to pack for you.

Jessica knocks over a handmade clay bowl, clearly made by a child, that reads, "Number 1 Mom", onto the floor. It shatters.

JULIET

Who the hell do you think you are
coming in my home destroying my
belongings?

Juliet storms towards Jessica. Timothy steps in front of her. His radio goes off with an emergency call from 911 DISPATCHER.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

We have a robbery in process at the
corner of Maverick and Chelsea
streets- Suspects describes as two
black male teens.

TIMOTHY

It's your lucky day. Please pack.

Timothy and Jessica rush out the front door.

INT. MAVERICK SQUARE - CORNER STORE - NIGHT

Jalen stands at the counter with a bunch of Tastykates Krimpets and UTZ potato chips.

JALEN

Are you going to ring me up?

KOREAN OWNER

I don't want your money. You never
pay before.

PARKER

(To Jalen)

Leave that shit and let's bounce.

Jalen throws the food at the Korean store owner.

JALEN

Bitch!

The Korean Owner points his finger towards Jalen's face.

KOREAN OWNER

You disrespectful-

JALEN

I give respect, when I get it.

Jalen and Parker run out of the store.

EXT. MAVERICK SQUARE - CORNER STORE - NIGHT

Parker phone rings, he looks at it...

PARKER

Fuck, it's my mother.

He hangs up and runs towards the park with Jalen. They notice a police car heading in their direction.

Jalen and Parker POV - They look directly into Timothy's eyes with a case of nerves and fear.

JALEN

Fuck.

PARKER

Separate.

Jalen and Parker run in different directions.

Timothy and Jessica, jump out of the car, chasing both boys on foot.

Jessica follows Parker, and Timothy runs after Jalen.

EXT. MAVERICK SQUARE - CLIFTON PARK/ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

Jalen and Parker, run into one another in the park with Timothy and Jessica gaining on them.

Breathing heavily, they run towards a fence that separates the park from an alleyway.

Timothy and Jessica, cut around a corner at the end of the park to stop them in the alley.

Jalen and Parker, climb over the fence, landing hard. They find themselves confronted by rats and dumpsters full of trash.

Timothy and Jessica corner them.

Timothy gun is aimed at Jalen. Jessica nightstick is positioned to hit Parker.

TIMOTHY
Drop your weapons! Drop your
weapons! Freeze!

Timothy and Jessica, move closer towards the boys.

JESSICA
Get on your knees! Get on your
knees!

Parker drops to his knees, and slyly presses record on his cell phone.

JALEN
No! I'm not getting on my knees!

He stares Timothy down...

PARKER
We don't have any weapons-

TIMOTHY
(To Jalen)
Get down! I won't ask again- Let
me see your hands-

Timothy is now standing at arms length, in front of Jalen with his gun drawn. Jessica stands in front of Parker.

JESSICA
(To Parker)
Why did you run?

PARKER
We didn't want to be arrested-

Jessica lifts her nightstick and comes down hard. Crack! Against Parker's arm that's holding the cellphone.

JESSICA
Slick-

His cellphone hits the ground. Parker grabs his arm in excruciating pain. He looks over at Jalen...

PARKER

Bitch! Jalen- Please get on your knees.

A helicopter flies overhead with a bright light, illuminating the entire alley.

For a brief, but short moment, Timothy is distracted by the helicopter.

Jalen believes this is his chance to play hero and prevent himself and Parker from getting shot.

He latches his hand on to the barrel of the gun, trying to point it downwards.

A struggle ensues between Timothy and Jalen.

Parker tries to stand up and help his friend, but Jessica got her own plans for him. She violently beats him unto he falls to the ground.

Sweat drips off Jessica's forehead.

Parker raises his hand in defeat.

Timothy has a strong hold on the gun. He becomes mentally unraveled, punching Jalen violently.

Both Timothy and Jalen are operating on the fear of being killed by the other.

PTSD EPISODE:

Timothy looks at Jalen and sees a teenage Al-Qaeda soldier trying to kill him.

TIMOTHY

I'm a part of the Unites States
military- Sent here on a mission!

BACK TO THE SCENE

TIMOTHY

JALEN

(To Jalen)

(To Timothy)

I won't let you kill me.

Timothy gun goes off. Jessica stands over a lifeless, bloody Parker.

Timothy stands covered in Jalen's blood, as his limp, dead body slides down the front of his uniform. He takes a step back from the body.

TIMOTHY

I told him to get on his knees.
 (a beat)
 Why didn't he get on his knees?

Timothy gives Jessica a blank stare.

JESSICA

They attacked us. I'll call
 dispatch, the Commissioner.

Timothy, still dazed and confused, stares at his blood covered hands.

Jessica picks up the cellphone off the ground, places it in her pocket and walks over to him.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

We did our job. I got this.

Jessica takes out her cellphone and walks away for a brief moment leaving Timothy alone, holding his gun, tapping his hip.

TIMOTHY POV - Jalen's dead body touches the top of his shoes with blood pouring out of his body. Jessica paces near a motionless Parker, whose body is curled in a fetus position.

Police Sirens and lights can be heard and seen in a distance.

Jessica runs back over to Timothy, hanging up her phone in the process.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Help will be arriving shortly.

TIMOTHY

Thanks for making the calls.

CUT TO:

Some of the White Officers from the station arrive on the scene.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

(To Jessica)

What's going on? I thought
 Homicide was coming-

JESSICA

They are- You know boss- He likes
 to keep a close tab on things.

Jessica runs over to the approaching police vehicle.

AT THE POLICE VEHICLE

TIMOTHY POV - The White Officers get out of the vehicle. They walk towards the victims with Jessica leading them.

While Timothy is looking over the scene, Jessica reaches her arm backwards, to allow one of the Officers to remove the cellphone from her hand.

CUT TO:

CLIFTON PARK/ALLEYWAY - NIGHT

The Homicide vehicles flashing lights and yellow crime tape, attract bystanders from near and far.

Jalen's body is covered by a white blanket and Parker is lifted into an ambulance.

Timothy and Jessica are placed into separate Homicide police vehicles.

INT. HOMICIDE VEHICLE - BACKSEAT - NIGHT

Timothy stares at the metal bars separating him from the Officers in the front seat. He turns and looks out the back window at the crime scene.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM ONE - NIGHT

BRIAN JENKINS, 40s, white, Internal Affairs Detective, detest cops that hide behind their badge to bully people, sits in front of Timothy at a gray table with paperwork.

Timothy stares out the two-sided window.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

My name is Jenkins, and I'll be handling your case.

(a beat)

Now, you know as well as I that in the court of public opinion you're already guilty. And, trust me, they don't care about you being a decorated officer.

Detective Jenkins waves his hand in front of Timothy's face.

DETECTIVE JENKINS (CONT'D)
Let's try salvaging your
reputation.

TIMOTHY
I'm not saying nothing without my
lawyer.

DETECTIVE JENKINS
Perfect. The department's attorney
will advise you in a moment. She's
next door with Jessica. I'm sure
that you're stories won't be much
different.

Timothy, nervous, still trying to hide the fact that he has
been experiencing PTSD episodes, blurts out...

TIMOTHY
I never agreed to the department's
representation-

DETECTIVE JENKINS
This is how you want to play it?
(a beat)
Timothy, I'm not the enemy here-

Timothy turns and looks Detective Jenkins straight in the
eyes.

TIMOTHY
You heard me. My own lawyer, not
the department.

Timothy grips his hands together, until they turn red.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
That kid should've did what he was
told-

Detective Jenkins slides a picture of Jalen across the table.

DETECTIVE JENKINS
This kid? His name is Jalen.
And, his friend name is Parker. He
would allow him to squat at his
house.

Timothy tries his best not to look at the picture, but he
can't help it.

TIMOTHY
You heard me. My lawyer.

Detective Jenkins stands and pushes his chair underneath the table. He leans into Timothy's face.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

I bet your partner is singing like a bird. I'll text the attorney to let her know that you're refusing her services.

Timothy continues to stare at him with contempt.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM TWO - CONTINUOUS

KEITH GARRISON, 40s, black, Internal Affairs Detective, wears his many years of service in his face and heavily worn suit, stands in front of Jessica.

He sits across from an anxious Jessica, playing with her fingernails.

STERLING LOVE 30s, female, white, attorney for the Police Department, paces the floor waiting to interject at any moment DETECTIVE GARRISON gets out of line.

DETECTIVE GARRISON

Let me get this straight. Two Black youths were resisting arrest, after robbing a store that ended with one dead, and the other unconscious.

STERLING

Your problem with my client's statement?

Detective Garrison gives the attorney a hard stare before turning his attention back to Jessica.

JESSICA

It was all done in self-defense.

DETECTIVE GARRISON

You said that you didn't see the shooting, only heard the gunshots-

STERLING

Detective, if you want to know how it is possible that my client could be 20 feet away and not see anything, just ask.

Detective Garrison grits his teeth and gestures in agreement.

JESSICA

I know Tim- Him using his gun
would be a last resort.

DETECTIVE GARRISON

And, the unconscious victim?

JESSICA

He would've attacked Tim, if I
didn't stop him.

(a beat)

I feared for my safety.

DETECTIVE GARRISON

Why not mace him?

JESSICA

I grabbed the most convenient
object.

DETECTIVE GARRISON

I would think that it would only
take one good hit. Not several.

(a beat)

Am I right?

STERLING

Not, if you're being attacked.

DETECTIVE GARRISON

I'll be in touch. It's late. Go
home.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM ONE - CONTINUOUS

DETECTIVE JENKINS

You can leave, but you'll be
hearing from me again.

TIMOTHY

Tell me something that I don't
know.

Detective Jenkins slides his card across the table.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Just in case you change your mind.

Timothy and Jessica leave out of the interrogation rooms at
the same time.

AT THE INTERROGATION ROOM DOORS

Sterling approaches him.

STERLING

Be prepared to explain to
Commissioner Williams why you
refused my services.

Sterling walks away. Timothy and Jessica nod to one another
and walk in opposite directions.

INT. THE GALLAGHER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Maggie lies in bed underneath her blanket. Timothy walks in
and takes off his uniform.

He sits on the edge of the bed. Maggie stares, waiting for
him to make a move.

MAGGIE

You alright?

TIMOTHY

A kid died on my watch. He was
Black.

Maggie crawls from under the blanket to sit beside Timothy.
He takes her hand, trembling.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I felt like I was in war again.
You know- the gunshots kept going
off.

MAGGIE

What! Oh, no. This can't be-

Timothy releases her hand and paces the floor.

TIMOTHY

I'm going to be accused of cold-
bloodied murder?

MAGGIE

Did you have to shoot him?

TIMOTHY

What kind of question is that?

Maggie gets off the bed and stops Timothy in his tracks. She
presses her hands against his chest.

MAGGIE

What kind of question is that? You know why I asked that question?

TIMOTHY

I'm scared. I need your support.

MAGGIE

There have been times I've neglected myself, while supporting you! We'll figure this out-

Timothy takes a hold of her hands.

TIMOTHY

I need a lawyer. I turned down the departments attorney because I didn't want them to find out about the-

Timothy holds his head down in shame. Maggie lifts up his face.

MAGGIE

I'll give Nicole a call.

Timothy pushes her away in frustration.

TIMOTHY

No. She hates me. She'll definitely think I'm guilty-

MAGGIE

Regardless of what Nicole thinks of you, she is fair.

(a beat)

She's your best option, your only option.

INT. THE GALLAGHER'S HOME - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Maggie paces the floor. Timothy is asleep. A loud knock is heard at the front door.

Timothy eyes shoot open. He looks at Maggie nervously.

MAGGIE

I'll get it.

INT. FRONT DOOR - CONTINUOUS

Maggie opens the door and pulls Nicole inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Nicole follows behind Maggie, holding a newspaper. She drops it on the coffee table.

Nicole and Maggie sit down on the sofa.

NICOLE
This is terrible.

Nicole points to the headline on the front page of the paper.

CLOSE ON NEWSPAPER "Black youth dead and the other hospitalized at the hands of two East Boston police officers."

MAGGIE
I'm speechless.

NICOLE
Did he tell you anything?

MAGGIE
No. Is his name in the papers?

NICOLE
Not yet, but with social media,
it's just a matter of time. It's
already spreading like wildfire.
(a beat)
And, he agreed to this-

MAGGIE
He needs the best representation.

NICOLE
That's the answer to a different
question.

Timothy walks over to the coffee table and picks up the newspaper.

He takes a quick glance and throws it back down, barely acknowledging Nicole.

TIMOTHY
Morning.

Maggie motions for him to sit down on the sofa, next to Nicole. She sits in a chair across from them.

NICOLE
I can't help you unless you help
me.

TIMOTHY

Help you? You're my attorney- You should have a plan of action.

Nicole whips her head around and stares at Maggie.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I'm not some white cop looking to murder black boys. Maggie wanted you here.

Nicole turns back around to face Timothy once more. They make direct eye contact with one another.

NICOLE

In this situation, you might want to use the term, "young men". And, is that your only reason for hiring me?

Timothy looks off in the distance. Nicole grabs her briefcase, newspaper and stands to leave. Maggie touches her arm, pleadingly.

MAGGIE

Nicole. Nicole.

Maggie gives Timothy a stern look, almost begging.

NICOLE

He needs to say it. Who knows, maybe he would like for his family to visit him in the state pen.

Nicole walks towards the front door. Her hand touches the doorknob.

TIMOTHY

You don't have to talk about me in third person.

Timothy gets up from the sofa and walks over to Nicole.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I might be a lot of things, but that ain't me. As much as, I don't want your help, I need it.

Nicole releases the doorknob and turns around to face Timothy.

NICOLE

Did you kill him?

TIMOTHY
I didn't murder him. I was
defending my self.

Nicole gives Maggie a look of concern. Timothy returns to the sofa and sits down.

Nicole walks over to the sofa, and sits down next to Timothy in between her and Maggie.

NICOLE
You have to tell me or try to
remember everything that happened,
during the struggle for the gun.
(a beat)
We have to get ahead of this-
Otherwise, the media will spin this
into another story about a white
man gunning down a poor black boy.
Not to mention, the convenience of
having a black attorney-

TIMOTHY
What?! I don't give a damn that
you're black! I just don't want to
go to jail.

NICOLE
I know that-

TIMOTHY
Why does everything have to be
about color?

NICOLE
Because that is the fabric of
America.

Timothy takes a deep breath and lets out a sigh.

TIMOTHY
I feel like I blacked out- Like I
was there, but I wasn't.

Nicole looks at both Timothy and Maggie confused.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
The helicopter was flying overhead.
Everyone was yelling. For a split
second, I looked to see if Jessica
was okay. The next thing I knew,
he grabbed the gun and it went off.

Timothy rubs his hands together until they turn red.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I didn't want to die. I have to be here for Erin.

NICOLE

Jalen tried taking the gun from you?

TIMOTHY

Yes. I guess. It happened so fast.

NICOLE

Either he did or he didn't. Jalen was unarmed. Why did you shoot him Timothy?

Timothy appears dazed and confused. Maggie feels the urge to fill the space of time of what might have happened that night. She interjects...

MAGGIE

He was over in Afganistan fighting a war- And, that same war has followed him home.

TIMOTHY

I felt scared. I just kept thinking that's what they're trained to do. Instinctively. Kill.

NICOLE

Who? A black man on the street is trained to kill? That makes no sense.

MAGGIE

Sometimes, Timothy believes that he's still over there.

TIMOTHY

For fuck sakes, Maggie! Is nothing sacred between us?

Timothy pulls away from her and stand. His back faces Nicole and Maggie.

MAGGIE

We need to confide in someone. I'm trying to help you-

TIMOTHY

So, you tell Nicole.

NICOLE

As your attorney, yes. As her friend, yes. How often does this happen?

MAGGIE

More than we would like to admit.

TIMOTHY

I was trying to handle it.

Maggie looks over at Nicole. She grabs her hand.

MAGGIE

Now you know everything.

NICOLE

Mags. This isn't good.

MAGGIE

We couldn't tell anyone.

NICOLE

You could've- You should've told me before today.

Nicole opens her briefcase and reaches inside. She takes out a folder full of papers and opens it on the coffee table.

Timothy, nervously, paces the floor.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(To Timothy)

Would you please have a seat.

Timothy sits down in the reclining chair, facing Maggie and Nicole.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Before coming over, I contacted Internal Affairs for the initial complaint. I also spoke with your precinct, specifically the Commissioner, about any work related complaints.

TIMOTHY

I get on with everybody, except a few people-

NICOLE

The Black people. In the last three months, your Black colleagues have suggested that on more than one occasion, you've created a hostile work environment-

TIMOTHY

The truth hurts.

NICOLE

No. You're intolerant of anyone that's not like you.

TIMOTHY

That kid isn't dead because he's black.

NICOLE

That has yet to be proven.

(a beat)

For the time being, I was told by the department that the Commissioner is pushing for a paid suspension. We'll find out later today.

Nicole gathers her belongings from the table.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

Don't talk to anyone. Give them my number. This is the last thing that East Boston needed.

(a beat)

I'll be back later to take you in to give your statement.

Nicole gets up from the sofa. Timothy and Maggie follow suit.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

(To Timothy)

This has the makings of a potential lawsuit, especially if these episodes to Afganistan effect your mental stability.

(a beat)

I don't like having questions that I don't already know the answers to. I'll be scheduling you an appointment over at the "Wounded Warrior Project" for therapy.

TIMOTHY

No therapy. I'm not crazy.

NICOLE

If, we can establish that these episodes are linked to PTSD, then this will free you from being charged with first degree murder.

Timothy, looking defeated, stares at the back of Nicole as she leaves his home.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Maggie makes a pot of coffee. Timothy turns on the television.

CLOSE ON THE TELEVISION "Good Morning America." An NBC NEWS ANCHOR gives the details of the story.

A picture of Jalen and Parker is in the background, while the anchor stands at the scene of the crime with the Maverick Square residents and the "Black Lives Matter" campaign.

NBC NEWS ANCHOR

Overnight, two officers found themselves in a heated exchange with two Black male teens leaving one dead, and the other in a coma. This all over an alleged robbery attempt.

(a beat)

With us is lawyer and community advocate for the "Black Lives Matter" campaign, "Kevin White".

BACK TO SCENE

Maggie looks away from the television and pours Timothy a cup of coffee. He yells at the television.

TIMOTHY

They know nothing! I'm so fuck'in tired of the media creating their own version of the truth.

CLOSE ON THE TELEVISION

The NBC News Anchor pulls Kevin over towards the microphone.

Kevin, eagerly, takes advantage of this opportunity with his campaigners behind him.

KEVIN

(Into the microphone)

How many more? When is enough,
enough? When will it matter?
Because it doesn't matter with our
sons. Maybe, when their sons are
gunned down for having skittles in
their pockets or an asthma inhaler.

(a beat)

I'm fighting for Parker because he
can't speak. But most importantly,
I will get justice for Jalen. We
want the officers jailed and
punished to the fullest extent.

The "Black Life Matters" campaigners chant and wave their
signs.

CAMPAINERS

Justice for Jalen! Justice for
Jalen!

NBC NEWS ANCHOR

We'll be back later as we find out
more details on this developing
story tonight at ten.

BACK TO SCENE

Maggie walks over and turns the television off.

MAGGIE

You must remain calm and let Nicole
do her job.

TIMOTHY

It's not you Maggie that's being
made into the bad guy.

MAGGIE

And, I wish it didn't have to be
you.

A disgruntle Timothy leaves the kitchen. Maggie dumps the
pot of coffee in the sink.

Ext. MAVERICK SQUARE - police department - day

Commissioner Williams stands on the steps in front of a group
of news reports holding microphones, as photographers flash
their cameras non-stop. Jody stands to the side taking in
every word.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

It is with deep regret that a teen was killed, during a routine stop. It's never our officers intent to shoot anyone. That is an absolute last resort. We all want the same things.

(a beat)

A safe neighborhood for our families, good schools and to trust the officers of the law. We're conducting a thorough investigation in effort to expedite these proceedings in a timely manner that will offer a sense of peace to everyone.

When Commissioner Williams finishes his speech, he is quickly ushered back into the building by his Officers. Jody and other reporters try to ask questions, but they are blocked by the Officers on the steps.

ON THE SIDEWALK

Kevin and the Campaigners approach the reporters, ready to take aim at the Police Department. Jody sneaks away before he notices, allowing her to slip inside the Police Department when an Officer lets his guard down, and turns his attention towards Kevin.

Kevin, and the campaigners from the housing project chant...

KEVIN CAMPAIGNERS
Justice for Jalen! Justice for
Jalen!

Kevin has a megaphone and a stack of fliers in his hand. He speaks through it.

KEVIN

The East Boston police department and Mayor Kelley hate Black people! Together they have violated the rights of the citizens at the housing project, as well as the number of Black male individuals arrested for petty crimes.

(a beat)

Commissioner Williams is a hypocrite! He gave that bullshit speech to hide the fact that he order his Officers to throw people out of their homes. This came from the victim Parker's mother.

Kevin gives out the fliers with the information on them. The Officers irritated by the crowds behavior and chaos decides to move everyone from in front of the building.

OFFICER

(To Kevin)

Sir, please put that away and remove yourself from police property.

KEVIN

We're on the sidewalk-

OFFICER

We won't ask again.

KEVIN

We're protected by the first amendment. I guess you'll have to arrest all us because we're not leaving.

OFFICER

Fine. Your under arrest for inciting a riot and disorderly conduct.

The Officer places Kevin's hands behind his back, while the other Officers arrest some of the other rowdy members in the crowd. The photographers take pictures of this entire ruckus.

The CROWD chants....

CROWD

No Justice! No Peace!

INT. BOSTON HERALD NEWSPAPER - JOURNALIST WORK AREA - DAY

Jody sits at her desk across from the EDITOR. She slides a photograph of Timothy and Jessica to him.

JODY

Consider that an early Christmas gift.

EDITOR

Please. And, Thank you.

JODY

Let's just say that someone at the department owed me a big favor-

EDITOR

I knew you could get it-

JODY

What about their families? This will change their lives forever.

EDITOR

And yours. This definitely puts you one step closer to becoming "Assistant Editor."

JODY

After this goes to print, I was hoping that I would be "Assistant Editor."

EDITOR

Patience.

JODY

What more do I have to do?

EDITOR

I know how I like exclusive quotes.

Jody reaches inside her messenger bag and takes out her note pad.

JODY

I got some comments from the people at the housing projects and Parker's mother.

EDITOR

My girl. Now, this story will break the internet. This just put you closer to your dream position.

The EDITOR fist bumps her, as he turns to walk away. Jody, seemingly satisfied, faces her computer and types away.

INT. THE WOUNDED WARRIOR PROJECT - THERAPIST OFFICE - DAY

The sterile room is decorated in modern furniture and academic awards.

Timothy sits across from MONIQUE 30s, white, hypnotherapist, soothing voice.

MONIQUE

I understand that you're not comfortable with therapy.

TIMOTHY
I don't trust it.

MONIQUE
Understandable. It's not easy
discussing our true feelings with
anyone, stranger or not. Whether
they're good, bad, or indifferent.

Timothy stares out the window.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
I know that Nicole brought you here
because of the case. But this
isn't about her. This is about
you.

Timothy makes direct eye contact with Monique.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)
I have an idea. Let's try
hypnotherapy, rather than talk
therapy. You can relax and get
comfortable. It will feel as if
you're in a mild slumber.

TIMOTHY
Then how will you talk to me?

MONIQUE
Through your subconscious mind.

TIMOTHY
Suppose, if I say something that I
didn't want you to know?

MONIQUE
It happens, but I will share with
you whatever information that you
disclose. And, legally because you
are here for the case, I must share
those details with Nicole.

TIMOTHY
I'm not so sure about this- trying
to get inside my head.

MONIQUE
I'm not here to hurt you or make
more problems for you. Let me
quiet some of that noise.

A trusting, but apprehensive Timothy lies back in the
reclining chair.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

I will have to record this session.

Timothy sits back up, shaking his head and rubs his face out of frustration.

TIMOTHY

Recording? I knew this was a bad idea-

MONIQUE

I have to- This is a criminal case. I know this is hard for you, but you must trust me.

Monique touches his hand.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Please, trust me.

Timothy stares at Monique for a moment before falling back on the chair. She taps him on the shoulder. He closes his eyes and relaxes.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

This session is being recorded.

(a beat)

Timothy you're back on the beat, during the day of the shooting. You're driving through the neighborhood- What do you see?

TIMOTHY

The housing project is drowning in drugs, crime and you name it. I need to clean it up.

MONIQUE

And, how will you do that-

TIMOTHY

I'm giving out evictions. The Blacks are angry- They're not trying to leave- Why can't they just go?

MONIQUE

Timothy, there's a store robbery in process, you must go.

Timothy's face is tense, his voice cracks.

TIMOTHY

I have eyes on the suspects. No!
No! Don't run! I'm chasing them
through the city square-

MONIQUE

But you went through the park-

TIMOTHY

I can't protect myself. It's too
many of them-

MONIQUE

Of who?

Timothy's expression on his face is a mixture of fear and
anger.

TIMOTHY

I can't! I can't! I don't want to
die!

Timothy whimpers, his eyes still close.

MONIQUE

You won't die. You can't die. You
have backup.

TIMOTHY

Jessica. I don't want them to hurt
her. Get on your knees! He won't
listen.

MONIQUE

Who won't listen?

TIMOTHY

The kid. The Taliban soldier.

MONIQUE

Jalen or the Taliban soldier?

TIMOTHY

He wants my gun. He's going to
kill me. I gotta get back to Erin.

Timothy whimpers loudly, rubbing his hands together.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

There's so much blood. I can't get
away from the blood.

Monique snaps her fingers.

Timothy opens his eyes, wiping the tears from his face with his hands.

MONIQUE

It's okay. You're safe. You're safe.

He appears disoriented and glances around the room until his eyes meet Monique.

TIMOTHY

I thought he was going to kill me, and the gun went off. It was in his hands.

MONIQUE

Jalen?

TIMOTHY

The Taliban soldier.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The television hangs from the ceiling right above the nursing desk. The NURSING STAFF is intrigued by what's being shown on the television. They point, cover their mouths and let out loud sighs.

Nicole, sitting in a chair near the doorway to the therapist office, tries her best to ignore them, until one of the nurses grabs her attention.

NURSE

My God! Those are the officers. I was hoping that it wouldn't be two white officers- And, one is a woman.

Nicole gets up, and hurriedly walks towards Monique's office.

INT. THERAPIST OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

AT THE DOOR

Nicole goes to knock on the door just as Monique opens it.

MONIQUE

I was just coming to get you.

Nicole enters the office and closes the door.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

Have a seat.

Nicole sits next to Timothy in front of Monique's desk.

MONIQUE (CONT'D)

I wanted to share my findings with you and Timothy at the same time.

(a beat)

I'm afraid that Timothy is suffering from an acute case of Post Traumatic Stress Disorder. If, not treated, it will become progressively worse.

TIMOTHY

If the department finds this out-

NICOLE

It wasn't cold-blooded murder?

MONIQUE

No. Timothy had an emotional breakdown. At times, it felt like he was overlapping Afganistan with Maverick square housing projects.

(a beat)

He genuinely thought that Jalen was a Taliban soldier at the time of the shooting.

NICOLE

This would reduce the charge of murder and possibly change public perception about you.

TIMOTHY

Nicole, please. I don't want this out. Maybe, you can go over the evidence once more. There has to be something to show that it was clearly self-defense.

NICOLE

Timothy. There's no recording-

TIMOTHY

You're my lawyer, do it!

Nicole gives Timothy a long stare, trying to piece together her next move.

MONIQUE

I would like to see you again.
Believe it or not, we made
progress.

TIMOTHY

I'm not- I-

Monique slides her card across the desk.

MONIQUE

Whenever, you're ready to schedule
the appointment.

Timothy looks at Nicole and then back at Monique, before
taking the card.

INT. NICOLE'S CAR - FRONT SEATS - DAY

Nicole looks over at a worried Timothy sitting in the
passenger's seat.

NICOLE

You should know that your identity
has been exposed.

TIMOTHY

The back door. I knew it. I knew
this was a bad idea.

Nicole turns on the car radio. The RADIO PERSONALITY eagerly
expresses his opinion about the case.

RADIO PERSONALITY

If, you're just tuning in the two
Officers have been identified in
the shooting death of-

Timothy turns the radio off and punches the dashboard.

TIMOTHY

You're my lawyer! Do something. I
got a family for crying out loud!

NICOLE

In this day and age, nothing stays
a secret for long.

Timothy cellphone rings. He puts the phone up to his ears
and answers.

TIMOTHY

Hello.

(Listening)

Fine. I'll inform my lawyer.

Timothy hangs up the telephone. He looks out the window.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

It was Internal Affairs. They want me to come in for questioning.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

One of Timothy's Black female colleagues from earlier sits across from Detective Jenkins, as he looks through an open file on the table.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

I'm concerned that the killing of Jalen Smith was racially motivated.

(a beat)

Several people have called my office anonymously stating that your colleagues were known to harass the Black residents of Maverick Square.

The Officer becomes fidgety in the chair.

BLACK FEMALE COLLEAGUE

I'm not exactly sure what that has to do with me.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

You're aware of the incident that took place with your colleagues, a Timothy Gallagher and Jessica Bennett, yes?

BLACK FEMALE COLLEAGUE

When something like this happens with an Officer, you're bound to find out.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

How would you describe your relationship with Timothy, Jessica?— Or their relationship with other Black Officers at your precinct.

BLACK FEMALE COLLEAGUE

I don't feel comfortable answering this question.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Why is that?

BLACK FEMALE COLLEAGUE

I have to work here and take care of my family.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Nothing you say will be held against you. Not in the court of law, or work.

BLACK FEMALE COLLEAGUE

You should probably ask the Commissioner about Timothy's colorful commentary around the office.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Let me make myself clear. Justice needs to be served, but I can't do it alone.

The Black Female Colleague looks away from Detective Jenkins. He walks over to her chair, leans down, giving her direct eye contact.

BLACK FEMALE COLLEAGUE

It was just a matter of time before something like this would happen.

INT. CHELSEA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - MAIN OFFICE - DAY

The SECRETARY sits at the desk filing papers. Students come in and out waiting for their turn to meet with the PRINCIPAL, as they sit in the brightly colored plastic chairs against the wall.

Maggie stands at the counter. She picks up a late pass for Erin.

The SECRETARY walks over to her. The PRINCIPAL comes out of her office with glasses hanging slightly off her nose. She touches the small of Maggie's back.

PRINCIPAL

We're in this together.

Maggie, unsure of how to respond to the gesture and curious about where the school got their information, casually smiles.

PRINICPAL (CONT'D)

Those people aren't going to make Timothy out to be anything, but a good man.

SECRETARY

Those two thugs probably deserved what they got.

Erin tugs at Maggie's sweater.

ERIN

Mommy, what's happening with daddy?

Maggie looks into Erin eyes, grabs her hand and rushes out of the school. The Prinicipal yells...

PRINICPAL

You have our support one hundred percent!

EXT. CHELSEA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL - CONTINUOUS

ON THE SIDEWALK

Maggie looks down at her cellphone. "THE GUARDIAN" news app flashes the pictures of Timothy and Jessica. It reads: "Breaking news."

MAGGIE

Shit!

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jessica paces the floor of the drab room covered in racist paraphernalia in a white robe, smoking a cigarette. The television plays loudly.

She points at the television, angrily, before sprewing her venom towards a picture of her mother.

JESSICA

Fuck! I did it for you! I did it for you!

Jessica rips down the confederate flag off the wall.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

Kill and rape! That's all they do. We were protecting ourselves! Why can't people understand that?

EXT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Comissioner Williams stands in front of the two-way mirror, listening to the questioning.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Timothy sits at the gray table with Nicole beside him. His leg shakes uncontrollably. Detective Jenkins walks in and sits across from them.

Nicole grabs his knee underneath the table.

Detective Jenkins slides a cup of water towards Timothy.

TIMOTHY

No, thanks.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

I just have to make you aware that just like the other night, you'll be recorded.

NICOLE

He understands.

Detective Jenkins presses the record button on the player and sets it on the table.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

It's my understanding that you and Jessica have been partners for several years?

TIMOTHY

Yes.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

I'm sure that you guys have shared many intimate details with one another. One might even suggest that the two of you would cover for each other?

NICOLE

What's your question?

Detective Jenkins gives Nicole a hard stare.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Jessica gave us her account of that night- I'm just trying to understand how does a young kid go from stealing to death within a forty-five minute time frame.

TIMOTHY

We received the notification from the 911 Dispatcher about the Armed Robbery.

(a beat)

On our way to apprehend the suspects, they took off running. I immediately parked the car. Jessica and I, pursued the individuals on foot.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

The individuals had no weapons.

NICOLE

He was operating on what was told to him by the 911-dispatcher. How the reporting was done, isn't his problem.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

What happened in the alley?

TIMOTHY

Assuming that the suspects was armed and dangerous, I confronted them with my gun drawn-

(a beat)

Jessica tackled the one kid-

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Parker.

Timothy rolls his eyes.

TIMOTHY

And, I got the other one-

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Jalen.

Detective Jenkins slides pictures of both boys on the table to Timothy.

DETECTIVE JENKINS (CONT'D)

At what point did you realize that the two youths had no weapons?

TIMOTHY

I never did.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

You never did? And, the video footage from the car?

TIMOTHY

We left the car in a distance from the alley.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Convenient. And, the cell-phone?

Timothy shrugs his shoulders.

DETECTIVE JENKINS (CONT'D)

You know we couldn't find one on either of those kids?

NICOLE

Are you insinuating that my client lifted one of the victim's cell phone?

Detective Jenkins raises his hand in a peaceful gesture.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

I'm just saying. Two teenagers in the 21st century without a cellphone.

TIMOTHY

I don't know what you want me to say-

DETECTIVE JENKINS

As a father, I can only image what this is doing to you emotionally.

TIMOTHY

I wasn't trying to hurt anyone.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Like you did in Afganistan?

Timothy's face turns pale, as if he has seen a ghost.

TIMOTHY

That was only under direct orders.

Detective Jenkins nods his head, as if he understands.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

It's my understanding that you're receiving therapy through the Wounded Warrior project? Was the department aware? Or the Commissioner?

NICOLE

My client isn't aware of what the Commissioner or the department may or may not know. However, Timothy hasn't seen a therapist on a regular basis, now or in the past.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

I stand corrected. You said that he reached for your gun during the scuffle?

An agitated Timothy stands up. He paces the floor.

NICOLE

Timothy. Please sit back down.

TIMOTHY

I told that kid to kneel down.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

He wouldn't listen?

TIMOTHY

(To the Detective)

No. They never do.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

While Jessica attacked his friend-

TIMOTHY

I'm sure that she was protecting herself.

Nicole stands and follows him around.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Of, course.

(a beat)

You like the Blacks?

TIMOTHY

What kind of question is that-

NICOLE

Detective!

DETECTIVE JENKINS

That's why you refer to them as
Chalkys, Bo-BOs- I guess the term
Nigger is too good for you-

NICOLE

You are out of line!

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Let's be honest. You saw these two
Black boys that pissed you off-

TIMOTHY

I was doing my job.

Timothy brushes his hand over his face and pushes his hair
back.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

They don't respect the brotherhood,
they don't respect the badge-

Timothy stops pacing and leans across the table and looks
Detective Jenkins in the eyes. He has a cold, hard gaze.

TIMOTHY

It's my duty to protect and serve.

He punches the table. Nicole tries to grab him, but he pulls
away. She stands in the corner, shaking her head, nervously.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Even, if it means death!

TIMOTHY

Yes, I've used those words and so
has ever red blooded Irish men in
East Boston! The Blacks aggravate
me, but so does poor white trash!
I don't like anyone that expects a
handout! And, disgrace my
neighborhood.

Timothy walks over to the double-sided window and stands in
front of it. He can't see the Commissioner, but has a
feeling that he's watching.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

You want to throw me under the bus
because I didn't accept your help?!
This was suppose to be a
brotherhood.

Timothy hits his chest.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
I'm the decorated Officer. I'm the
one you call when you want the job
done! I keep these streets safe so
that the Mayor can sit peacefully
on his fat ass at night!

Timothy walks back over to the table and faces Detective
Jenkins.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
I didn't murder anyone!

Detective Jenkins stands and smiles.

DETECTIVE JENKINS
Of, course not. The gun did.

Detective Jenkins presses stop on the recorder.

DETECTIVE JENKINS (CONT'D)
I'll be in touch with the Forensics
findings.
(a beat)
By the way, if you think having a
black lawyer and partner is going
to have any barring on your
character- It won't.

Detective Jenkins leaves the room. Timothy looks confused by
this bombshell that was just given to him.

TIMOTHY
(Sotto)
Jessica? Wait. What?

NICOLE
Thanks for leaving out the fact
that Jessica is black.

Nicole snatches up her belongings and shoves them inside her
bag.

TIMOTHY
That doesn't make sense.

NICOLE
What? The fact that you didn't
tell me.

TIMOTHY
I swear, he's just trying to rile
me up-

Nicole rolls her eyes and walks towards the door. She turns around and looks back at Timothy.

NICOLE

He succeeded. Self control. Get some.

Nicole walks out, leaving Timothy alone for a moment.

EXT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Timothy walks out of the room. Commissioner Williams stares at him, lets out a deep sigh and walks away.

Timothy stares at his back. He leans against the wall and looks down at the picture of Jalen.

EXT. THE GALLAGHER'S HOME - FRONT LAWN/SIDEWALK - DAY

News vans are parked in front of the house. The neighbors slowly walk by taking in a glimpse of the commotion.

NEWS REPORTERS line up on the sidewalk.

EXT. DRIVEWAY - MAGGIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Maggie blows her horn as she tries to navigate through the crowd of Reporters and news vans surrounding her home.

ERIN

Mommy, what's going on?

Jody, one of the first reporters to her car, bangs on the window. Maggie jumps.

JODY

Is it true that your husband has been promoting racial hate through the department?

An overwhelmed Maggie decides to back out of the driveway.

JODY (CONT'D)

Is your husband a racist? Did you know that his partner was passing for white?

Maggie backs out of the driveway, narrowly missing the reporters.

ERIN

What's a racist? And why does he
want daddy?

Maggie shakes her head in shock. She takes out her cellphone
and presses a button. The phone is on speaker.

ROSE BURNS, 70s, white, mother, grandmother, womanly curves
with head full of gray curly hair, answers the phone.

ROSE WOODS (O.S.)

Hello.

Maggie, after giving it a second thought, hangs up the phone.

INT. EAST BOSTON MEDICAL HOSPITAL - PARKER'S ROOM - DAY

Juliet, Parker's mother, sits by the bed holding his hand.
His face is severely swollen, somewhat unrecognizable.
Parker opens his eyes.

PARKER

How's Jalen?

JULIET

Rest, honey.

Detective Garrison cautiously walks into the room.

DETECTIVE GARRISON

Hello. Glad to see that he's
awake. I'm sorry, but I have to
ask him some questions.

Juliet, reluctantly, agrees. She takes the Detective to the
side of the room, away from Parker.

JULIET

He's only been conscious for a
couple of hours. I didn't tell him
that Jalen is dead. If, he gets
upset, the questioning ends.

DETECTIVE GARRISON

Agreed. The forensics results
should be back shortly.

AT PARKER'S ROOM DOOR

Kevin slightly knocks on the door. Juliet signals for
Detective Garrison to go ahead and speak to Parker.

Juliet steps into the hallway with Kevin.

EXT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

The medical staff walk up and down the corridor carrying charts, wheeling patients.

Kevin and Juliet stand against the wall.

KEVIN

You haven't returned my calls-

JULIET

And, I sincerely apologize.

KEVIN

Someone needs to speak up for Jalen, and I'm willing to do that part, but having you as Parker's mother supporting me-

JULIET

Listen. My heart goes out to Jalen and I fully support your organization and you as a Black advocate-

KEVIN

But.

JULIET

Parker needs all of my attention. I'm so angry right now. And, I'm trying really hard not to become hateful and irrational. But, she could have killed him. My only child.

Kevin takes a hold of Juliet's hand.

KEVIN

Use that anger to speak out for both boys. Let me help you. Let me represent you.

JULIET

I don't have much money.

KEVIN

I'm doing this for us, our community.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A distraught Jessica walks around the trashed room, smoking her cigarette, while her lawyer sits on the sofa.

STERLING

You need to pull it together. The department will do whatever it takes to protect you-

JESSICA

Please. They can't protect me. That kid is up and talking.

STERLING

I need you to trust the system. Trust me.

JESSICA

I want to- But-

STERLING

Parker was unconscious. We'll use the defense that he may have some delusion. And, I have some friends down in the Juvenile Justice system that can link him to some petty drug dealers. His friend, Jalen will be easier to link to illegal activity because he was homeless. And, he's not here to defend himself.

JESSICA

My world is crumbling down around me.

Sterling stands and faces Jessica.

STERLING

Listen. I get it. Your mother was raped by a Black man and punished you for it. You never had a chance. I can use that in my argument.

Jessica appears shocked and confused.

JESSICA

I have no idea what you're talking about. I'm-

STERLING

Detective Jenkins shared your background with me, and the Commissioner. No need to feel embarrassed.

Jessica shakes her head in denial. Tears stream down her face.

JESSICA

She beat me for every drop of his blood that I had in me. I prayed that she would just beat me to death.

Sterling looks at Jessica, as if she's invisible and slightly shrugs her shoulders.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

The one thing that I owned, the one thing that belonged to me was my identity. And, now they've taken that away.

STERLING

You have to figure that out for yourself. Shower. Get some rest. Stay away from Timothy. The department can't help him. When he denied my services, he turned his back on the department.

Sterling walks towards the front door. She touches the doorknob and turns back to look at Jessica.

STERLING (CONT'D)

Regardless, of what people may say about your race, I still consider you one of us.

Sterling leaves. A few minutes later, a hard knock is heard on the door.

Jessica snatches the door open.

JESSICA

Now, What?!

A distraught Timothy stares at her. He aggressively pushes past Jessica, causing her to fall against the wall.

Jessica closes the door.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Now, isn't a good time.

EXT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

AT THE LIVING ROOM WINDOW

Sean, Jessica's skinhead boyfriend, notices Timothy entering the home and decides to eavesdrop on the conversation.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessica regains her composure and walks towards Timothy.

TIMOTHY
All this time- All this time!

Timothy paces the floor, confused, pointing and shaking his finger at Jessica.

JESSICA
What do you expect me to say?

TIMOTHY
You're black- It's like you've been playing white face.

JESSICA
I've only known myself as a white woman. Nothing else- I had no choice!

Timothy gets in Jessica's face. He's so close that she falls backwards on the sofa.

TIMOTHY
We all have choices. I trusted you.

Jessica looks up at him from the sofa, fearfully. She reaches out to touch his hand.

Timothy pulls his hand away and goes back to pacing the floor.

JESSICA
You can still trust me. I would never throw you under the bus. I know how you feel about Black people-

Timothy stops in his tracks and looks over at Jessica on the sofa.

TIMOTHY

This isn't about what I think of black people. It's more about the fact that I hate liars.

Jessica slowly gets up from the sofa. Timothy continues to pace the floor.

JESSICA

I never lied to you. I just failed to tell you my truth.

TIMOTHY

I thought you were different.

JESSICA

I am. I got rid of the evidence for you. For us.

TIMOTHY

What evidence?

JESSICA

Like you didn't see that kid Parker with his cellphone.

TIMOTHY

I didn't see any cellphone.

Timothy rubs his fingers through his hair and walks over to Jessica. He pushes her against the wall again in a tight hold, preventing her from moving.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

What did you do? That's your thinking, not mine.

JESSICA

You think you're so much better than us- Me. The Commissioner.

TIMOTHY

I was spending so much time looking at the housing project as the problem, when the real problem has been staring me in my face this entire time.

(a beat)

Where is it?

Jessica refuses to answer. Her face is red with hurt and anger. Timothy releases his hold and walks towards the front door.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)
I'll figure it out myself.

Jessica determined to have the last word.

JESSICA
There he is. That's the Timothy I know. The one that put the bullet in that kids chest-

Timothy turns around. He faces Jessica.

TIMOTHY
Shut your mouth! That was an accident-

JESSICA
So was driving around falsely arresting Black people-

Timothy's face is flushed with anger, as he points back at Jessica.

TIMOTHY
There were no false arrest. I was helping the residents of Maverick Square. The less criminals on the streets, the better they sleep at night.

JESSICA
They were petty criminals set up by me. And, you never once questioned it or let them walk.

TIMOTHY
I was trying to do my job.

JESSICA
Your just another man in a uniform with mental issues.

Timothy charges back towards Jessica. She closes her eyes and tenses up.

JESSICA (CONT'D)
Hit me! You know you want to.

Timothy bangs the wall with his fist beside her face. Jessica screams. She opens her eyes.

TIMOTHY

I'm not the person that you want me to be. I might have issues, but at least I don't hate myself. Enjoy being Black.

JESSICA

Fuck you! I'm one of the lucky ones that have the option of looking like the more superior race.

Timothy walks out and slams the front door.

Tears stream down Jessica's face as she slides down the wall with a blank stare, laughing loud and awkwardly.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'm a Billy Reuben, Timmy Boy! A Billy Reuben.

INT. MAVERICK SQ COMMUNITY LAW CENTER - KEVIN'S OFFICE - DAY

Kevin sits behind the desk of a history filled room full of books and newspaper clippings that cover the wall chronicling the social injustices of Black Americans.

Nicole sits across from him with her briefcase on her lap, inhaling the surroundings.

NICOLE

What's in this for you?

KEVIN

I'm surprised it took you this long to make your way to my office.

NICOLE

I've been busy dealing with some serious accusations made against my client.

KEVIN

The East Boston police department has been a cesspool of racist attacks on Black people for years. Time and time again, they've gotten away with it.

NICOLE

So, you're using this incident to punish them all?

KEVIN

I was thirteen when it first happened to me. My father and I had just finished fishing. The entire time, he was so nervous and I didn't understand why.

Nicole bites her lips and rubs her hands together.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I had begged him to take me to the Boston Fish Pier for months. It was the best. Way better than that dingy lake we went to on a regular basis.

Kevin sits back in his chair and laughs at the thought.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I had to get a big fish- Show off to my friends, upstage my dad, but it was taking too long.

(a beat)

The next thing I know, a group of White men walked towards us. My father grab me saying, "Let's go!"

Nicole squirms in her chair, face ridden with uncomfotability.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

Evidently, I didn't move fast enough because they held me down on my knees, as I watched them take turns beating down my father like a helpless dog because Niggers weren't allowed on their pier. I ran to the police for help.

Kevin lets out an awkward laugh, as he takes down an old ticket/citation off the wall.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

And, they wrote my father and I a ticket for trespassing.

He places the ticket/citation on her briefcase.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I became a lawyer to do my part and to make sure that no Black man will ever have to get on their knees to satisfy the White man's superiority complex.

NICOLE

That's horrible. And, I'm sure every Black American can, unfortunately, share such story. But, Timothy isn't the enemy here.
(a beat)
There extenuating circumstances that I can't disclose at this time.

KEVIN

Save the fancy language. He's apart of a justice system that teaches you that Black men, people are nothing more than savages.

NICOLE

You're angry at the wrong person.

KEVIN

I'm angry at the wrong person? When will you get angry? I'm sure Parker's mother would beg to differ.

Nicole stands and gets in Kevin's face.

NICOLE

You're no better than the White people you slander, hiding behind this "Black Lives Matter" campaign to punish them for putting you on your knees. It's fucked up, I get it. But adding fuel to an already racially divided community won't get your point across.

KEVIN

Maybe. But, surely putting away a crazed animal with a gun and badge will.

NICOLE

You're no longer that kid on his knees at the pier-

Kevin glances down at his knees, and then back at Nicole. He chuckles to himself.

KEVIN

They never quite properly healed.

Nicole walks towards the office door. Kevin returns to his desk.

KEVIN (CONT'D)

I hope you can make it to Sunday's rally.

Nicole throws her hand in the air.

NICOLE

Let the judicial system do its job.

INT. EAST BOSTON MEDICAL HOSPITAL - PARKER'S ROOM - DAY

Juliet sits by Parker's bedside holding his hand, as he sleeps. Maggie walks in holding a rosary, wrapped around her hand.

Maggie slowly approaches, Juliet turns and looks at her.

MAGGIE

Hello, I'm apart of the hospital's clergy. I came to pray for him.

JULIET

Prayer definitely changes things.

MAGGIE

It's awful what happened. Those Officers-

JULIET

I forgive them. There's no place for hate in my heart.

MAGGIE

Your son could've been killed and the Officer that shot Jalen-

JULIET

I spoke with him earlier that evening, when he was evicting me from my home. He seemed hell-bent on doing his job. I know being a cop is hard, it's scary, but so is being a Black American. You should come to the rally on Sunday.

MAGGIE

Maybe. It saddens me that everything is about race.

JULIET

It saddens me that in this day and age, a Black American isn't valued.

Maggie gives her rosary to Juliet. She leaves the room.

EXT. PARKER'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

HALLWAY

Maggie leans against the wall with her cellphone in her hand. She presses a button and places the phone to her ear. The same woman from earlier answers.

INT. ROSE'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

The floral printed walls, covers years of an aging home. Family and Friends photographs, dress the refrigerator in memories of happiness.

Rose with the phone to her ear, sips on a cup of tea. Maggie can be heard, heavily, breathing.

Rose sets down the cup.

ROSE
Maggie. Please say something.
Don't hang up.

Tears stream down Maggie's face.

EXT. PARKER'S ROOM - DAY

HALLWAY

MAGGIE
Mother.

INTERCUT CONVERSATION

Rose's eyes well with tears.

ROSE
I've been waiting.

MAGGIE
It's been a long time. I'm sorry.

ROSE
No, apologies. Enough time has
been wasted.

MAGGIE

We were teenagers. He needed me- I didn't think that I could come home pregnant.

ROSE

No one ever said that you couldn't.
 (a beat)
 I wasn't disappointed because you were pregnant- I was disappointed because you stop allowing me to be your mother.

MAGGIE

I miss having you.

Rose covers her mouth, as the tears fall down her face.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Erin.

(a beat)

There's a lot going on here.

ROSE

I saw the news.

MAGGIE

I need you to take Erin for a little while.

ROSE

Of, course. I'm her grandmother. You don't need to explain or ask-

MAGGIE

I purchased her airplane ticket. I didn't tell anyone that I was sending her to you.

ROSE

It's time.

An awkward silence interrupts the conversation.

ROSE (CONT'D)

You can come home-

MAGGIE

I can't leave Timothy alone, right now.

ROSE
Whenever, you're ready.
(a beat)
I love you.

Maggie smiles and hangs up the phone.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Timothy, unsuspecting, storms into the office to the Commissioner on the telephone. He closes the door hard.

Commissioner Williams stares at him.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS
Okay, Mayor. I'll be in touch.

The Commissioner hangs up the telephone.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS (CONT'D)
To what do I owe this pleasure.

TIMOTHY
Give it to me-

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS
Why don't you have a seat. You're being irrational.

TIMOTHY
Jessica told me that she took the cellphone from that night. I know you have it.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS
It use to be a time Timmy boy when you were apart of this brotherhood. There wasn't anything that you wouldn't do to protect the shield.

TIMOTHY
You have some nerve trying to guilt trip me.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS
I made you. It was me that put you in the position of earning awards- On the track to making you detective. Hell, it was me that treated you like a son because your father can't stand the sight of ya-

TIMOTHY

This isn't about my father. This is about what's right and what's wrong.

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

I can't have people targeting my men because of some Black kid getting what he deserved. You saved the taxpayers some money from having to take care of him in prison.

TIMOTHY

I knew this was a bad idea-

COMMISSIONER WILLIAMS

Stay the hell away from this department. You're no longer one of us.

TIMOTHY

I'm not so sure that I ever was.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - EVIDENCE HOLDING AREA - NIGHT

TIMOTHY POV - He tip-toes up and down the barely lit aisles, surrounded by a cage, storing years of evidence from previous cases.

Timothy comes to a shelving area that holds numerous amounts of outdated rape kits and drug paraphernalia, when he notices a brown envelope piercing out.

Timothy reaches for the envelope when the WHITE OFFICER that Jessica handed the evidence to at the scene of the crime grabs his arm.

WHITE OFFICER

I can't let you have it.

TIMOTHY

Let me?

WHITE OFFICER

The Commissioner knew you would come here. He asked me to move it. What would Internal Affairs do if they knew the cellphone was literally under their noses?

TIMOTHY

I'm just trying to get the truth.

WHITE OFFICER

Whatever footage is on that cellphone reflects on the entire department. And, when the boys from I.A. Ask about this evidence?

TIMOTHY

I'll tell them the truth.

WHITE OFFICER

Exactly. The department ain't going down with ya.

TIMOTHY

I'm taking that cellphone.

Timothy and the White Officer fight over the envelope with the cellphone. They throw each other around the metal cage like rag dolls, knocking over evidence.

Timothy is finally able to break away and grabs a pole, hitting the Officer over the head, knocking him unconscious.

Battered and Bruised, Timothy picks up the envelope from off the floor. He takes out the cellphone and walks towards the exit.

A BLACK OFFICER waits by the door, staring at Timothy.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

I'm leaving with this phone, unless you kill me.

The Black Officer steps aside.

INT. LOGAN INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT - LOBBY - DAY

Maggie stands at the Delta concierge desk, holding Erin's hand with her "Little Mermaid" suitcase.

Erin holds onto her "American Girl Doll." Maggie kneels down in front of her.

MAGGIE

It won't be for that long.

ERIN

You promise?

MAGGIE

Yes. I'll call you every night.

ERIN

Where's daddy? Does he know that
I'm leaving?

Maggie hugs her tightly. Erin hugs her back.

MAGGIE

Of, course.

Maggie kisses her on the cheek, pulls away and stares at her.

ERIN

Do I have to leave because of the
people outside of our house?

MAGGIE

That's part of it.

ERIN

Mommy, do you still love daddy?

MAGGIE

Always. Forever. No matter what
happens that will never change.

Maggie holds Erin tightly in her arms.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I need you to be very brave. No
matter what people say or what you
may hear, be brave.

A elderly woman slowly approaches with tears of joy. Maggie
looks up and stands.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

Mother.

Rose wraps her arms tightly around Maggie.

For a brief moment, Maggie enjoys the serenity of her
mother's CARESS again.

Maggie pulls away and stares at her mother.

Erin tugs at her sweater.

ERIN

Mommy.

Rose and Maggie, burst into laughter.

MAGGIE

Oh, God. This is Erin.

Rose squeezes her cheeks.

ROSE

We have a lot of catching up to do.

Maggie picks up Erin, one last time, and hugs her tightly.

Erin whispers in her mother's ear.

ERIN

I like her mommy. I'm not scared.

Maggie puts her down, Erin reaches inside her suitcase and takes out her box of safety pins. She hands them to Maggie.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Take them. I don't think that I'll need them anymore.

Rose takes Erin by the hand, as they walk towards their gate.

Maggie watches as they walk away. She stares at the safety pins box.

EXT. THE GALLAGHER HOME - FRONT LAWN - DAY

The Police Department have placed a human barricade of Officers around the home.

A group of protesters MARCH up and down the sidewalk, holding up their signs that read: "I am Jalen, and I won't be forgotten."

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Nicole touches Maggie's hand. She wipes the tears from her eyes.

MAGGIE

Look at this shit show!

(a beat)

I can't watch television, go outside or even be a mother to my own child. And, he's not even here.

NICOLE

I know that you're hurting. But, he called me stating that he was on his way home.

MAGGIE

I hate myself for even thinking this but if Jalen were white this wouldn't even be a discussion.

NICOLE

Wrong. Timothy would be jailed, if the colors were reversed.

MAGGIE

It's just between the PTSD and the killing, my life has been held hostage.

NICOLE

At least, Erin is gone.

Unbeknownst to Maggie and Nicole, Timothy has entered the home.

AT THE KITCHEN ENTRANCE

TIMOTHY

Gone where?

MAGGIE

Away from this nightmare that you have dragged us into.

TIMOTHY

You had no right to do that-

NICOLE

Stop it! I need you guys to be a united front, at least until this is all over.

Maggie walks over to the kitchen window and looks out at the window at the growing crowd.

Timothy sits down at the table.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

This is no place for a child.

Maggie, without turning from the window interjects...

MAGGIE

She's with my mother.

TIMOTHY

I know that I've made a big mess, but I'm trying to clean it up.

MAGGIE

It pains me to think that you could have possibly killed that kid based on race-

(a beat)

But it pains me more to think that those same hands puts our daughter to bed every night.

TIMOTHY

Is that who you think I am?

Maggie turns and faces them with a face covered in tears.

MAGGIE

Maybe the PTSD and the war is bringing out stuff that was already there. I know how hard it was for you growing up.

TIMOTHY

Our marriage hasn't been the same for a number of reasons, but I need you to believe me.

Timothy places the cracked cellphone on the table. He slides it towards Nicole.

NICOLE

Where did you get this?

TIMOTHY

It doesn't matter. What matters is that you have it now.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS - DETECTIVE JENKINS OFFICE - DAY

Detective Jenkins looks over the forensics results with Detective Garrison.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Just as I thought-

DETECTIVE GARRISON

Enough for first degree murder.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

At the very least manslaughter.

DETECTIVE GARRISON

I got a full statement from Parker. Of, course it's nothing like Jessica said.

DETECTIVE JENKINS
You pick up Jessica. And, I'll get
Timothy.

DETECTIVE GARRISON
Maybe this will quiet everyone
down. They got their charges.
Good Ole justice.

DETECTIVE JENKINS
Let's hope so. Especially, that
Kevin and the Black Lives Matter
campaign.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Jessica lies across the sofa half-naked with an empty whiskey
bottle on the floor.

A hard knock is heard at the door.

SEAN (O.S.)
Jessica open up!

JESSICA
(Sotto)
For fuck sakes.

Jessica struggles to get up and open the door. Jessica opens
the door to Sean and the other skinheads.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

JESSICA (CONT'D)
I can't do this today guys.

SEAN
We can.

The guys push pass Jessica and enter her home. She closes
the door and walks into the living room.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

JESSICA
I've had a rough night- Having
nightmares about going to prison.

SEAN
Is there anything you want to tell
us?

Jessica takes a hard look at all of the guys and realizes that they may know her true identity.

JESSICA

I'm not sure what you expect me to say-

SEAN

You're a Nigger!

JESSICA

Let me explain.

Jessica starts to back away from Sean and the guys as they corner her against the wall.

IN THE HALLWAY

SEAN

You're going to pay for making the brothers look stupid.

Sean grabs her arm and pulls her towards the bedroom.

JESSICA

Please, don't. You don't have to do this.

The other Skinheads kick her, as she is dragged across the floor.

Sean throws her inside of the bedroom.

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jessica falls onto the bed. The Skinheads surround the bed, Sean closes the door.

Jessica screams.

EXT. MAVERICK SQUARE - CITY SQUARE - DAY

Kevin stands at the podium on the stage with Juliet. The Black Residents and the Black Lives Matter Campaign members hold up signs that state "I am Jalen" and "Justice for Parker."

The White Residents stand along the sidewalks and outside of the circle of Black Residents peering on with contempt.

Kevin with a somber look on his face, wears a t-shirt with both boy's faces on the front.

Kevin speaks into the microphone. He places his arm around Juliet's shoulder.

KEVIN

How many more times will our black women have to bury their son's at the hands of an orgulous White man with a gun-

The Crowd chants loudly with fists pumped into the air.

CROWD

Justice for Jalen! Justice for Jalen!

KEVIN

That believes that he rightfully owns America. A place where he doesn't want freedom to ring! He much prefers to keep it stagnant.

The Crowd chants loudly with fists pumped into the air.

CROWD

Justice for Jalen! Justice for Jalen!

KEVIN

Justice needs to be served- Not courted! And, today we make sure of it! On this glorious Sunday.

Kevin steps out of the way of the microphone, pulling Juliet by the arm towards the podium.

The crowd claps loudly.

Juliet stands in front of the microphone. She wipes the tears from her eyes.

A deafening silence comes over the crowd.

JULIET

Parker is getting stronger everyday. Keep him in your prayers.

(a beat)

For me, this isn't about race. It's humility and valuing human life. I grew up in Red Springs North Carolina in the 60s, I expected to be attacked.

(a beat)

(MORE)

JULIET (CONT'D)

I call myself doing better by moving north. Really? How far have we come? My heart breaks for Jalen. I had no idea that he had no one. They want us to be violent, so they can label us animals. Don't become what they want you to be.

Juliet steps away from the microphone and walks off the stage.

A group of WHITE RESIDENTS start chanting.

WHITE RESIDENTS

This is our home, you get the fuck out! This is our home, you get the fuck out!

Kevin gets back on the microphone.

KEVIN

We're not leaving without a fight! You attack us, we'll attack back!

The Black residents yell back...

BLACK RESIDENTS

No justice, no peace! No justice, no peace!

Someone in the crowd throws a bottle and a fight ensues. Signs are flying threw the air. People are running and screaming into the streets.

Pandemonium ensues. Police sirens are heard in the distance. Kevin tries to protect Juliet from getting hit.

Some of the residents lie on the ground battered and bruised. The police arrive spraying tear gas.

The screaming and yelling turn into coughing and choking.

The Police Department clear out the square, arresting Kevin.

INT. THE GALLAGHER HOME - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Nicole looks down at her cellphone. Timothy sits on the sofa across from her. Maggie paces the floor.

NICOLE

A race riot broke out in the square over the case.

(MORE)

NICOLE (CONT'D)

The forensic evidence is back.
Jenkins is on his way.

Timothy and Maggie shake their heads in disbelief.

A knock is heard at the door. Maggie looks at Timothy and Nicole before opening it.

Maggie opens the door to Detective Jenkins. Timothy stands and walks over to him.

NICOLE (CONT'D)

I'm right behind you Timothy.
Don't say anything until I get
there.

AT THE FRONT DOOR

Detective Jenkins handcuffs Timothy and escorts him out the house.

EXT. FRONT LAWN - CONTINUOUS

The News Stations take pictures, as Detective Jenkins rushes him to the car.

Maggie and Nicole run in the opposite direction to her car. They hide their eyes from the flashing camera lights.

INT. JESSICA'S APARTMENT - MASTER BEDROOM - DAY

Jessica sits on her bed nude, severely battered and bruised. Blood trickles down her legs.

She limps over to her closet door and covers herself in a robe.

Jessica removes her clothing out of the drawers, throwing everything into a large trash bag.

Jessica slowly walks around tidying up the room, taking down all the Nazi paraphernalia off the wall. She puts clean white sheets on her bed.

Jessica takes a square metal box from her closet and removes a gun.

INT. LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Detective Garrison cautiously walks through the trashed apartment.

He notices the open bedroom door.

AT THE MASTER BEDROOM DOOR

Jessica sits on the edge of the bed with the gun in her mouth.

DETECTIVE GARRISON

No! No!

Detective Garrison runs towards her. Jessica fires the gun.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Timothy sits at the table handcuffed, next to Nicole with Detective Jenkins across from them. Maggie sits in a corner chair taking in her surroundings.

Nicole slides Detective Jenkins the cellphone and the clinical report from Monique.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

Did you have this the entire time.

NICOLE

I just got a formal report regarding his PTSD.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

You told me that he didn't attend therapy.

NICOLE

He doesn't. He went once for an assessment.

Detective Jenkins rolls his eyes and reads over the documentation.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

And, the cellphone?

TIMOTHY

I had it-

DETECTIVE JENKINS

This entire time?

TIMOTHY

Yes. I was afraid of what might be revealed.

DETECTIVE JENKINS
Why give it up now?

TIMOTHY
I'm hoping to fix what's left of my
reputation. For me. My family.

Detective Jenkins attaches the cellphone to his laptop and presses play.

CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREEN - Jessica violently beats Parker with her nightstick. Timothy and Jalen can be heard arguing over him getting on his knees.

Timothy, Nicole and Maggie squirm anxiously in their chairs.

BACK TO THE LAPTOP SCREEN

Jalen lounges for Timothy's gun. They tussle over the gun. As they fight over the gun...

TIMOTHY POV - Jalen tries to point the gun away from himself.

PTSD EPISODE:

Timothy envisions Jalen as a Taliban soldier, and the gun goes off.

BACK TO SCENE

The video cuts off after the gunshot is heard.

Tears stream down Maggie's face. She exits the room.

Detective Jenkins cellphone rings. He answers it and walks over to a corner of the room.

NICOLE
(To Timothy)
All we can do is wait. My goal is
that you serve no jail time.

Detective Jenkins walks back over to the table. He sits down.

DETECTIVE JENKINS
I have some bad news. Jessica is
dead.

TIMOTHY
How? What? I just saw her-

DETECTIVE JENKINS
We're conducting an investigation.

An already emotional Timothy eyes well with tears. He holds his head back to stop the tears from falling.

NICOLE

So, what are we looking at?

DETECTIVE JENKINS

First degree murder and
Manslaughter can be ruled out,

NICOLE

Self-defense.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

I would have to agree, especially
after seeing the footage. But I
can't ignore the medical report.

NICOLE

We understand.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

He will be discharged from the
department, and never be allowed to
purchase or carry a gun again.
Three years probation for
withholding evidence. Agreed?

Nicole looks over at Timothy for confirmation. Timothy still distraught over hearing the news of Jessica, nods in agreement.

Detective Jenkins, unlocks the handcuffs from the table. Timothy shakes his hand.

DETECTIVE JENKINS (CONT'D)

I really am sorry about your
partner. She had a rough life
being the product of rape and now
this-

NICOLE

Maybe, she can finally find some
peace.

DETECTIVE JENKINS

The footage will be released
sometime today to all media
outlets.

Detective Jenkins leaves.

TIMOTHY

I could've listen to her.

NICOLE
Her issues were bigger than you.

Nicole and Timothy stand and leave.

INT. POLICE DEPARTMENT - LOBBY - DAY

Kevin stands with Juliet. Nicole and Timothy approach them.

KEVIN
We were just told the outcome.
(To Timothy)
You got lucky.

Timothy looks over to Juliet.

TIMOTHY
Can I please have a word with you?
Alone?

Juliet nods her head, "Yes."

KEVIN
Too bad I was unable to strip your
client of everything. Next time.

NICOLE
It seems that your rally became a
bloody Sunday.

KEVIN
Whatever it takes.

NICOLE
I learned a long time ago that life
isn't, as simple as black and
white, even when the smoking gun is
in a White Officer's hand.

KEVIN
You said it best. "I'm still stuck
on my knees."

INT. CORNER AREA - DAY

Timothy sits across from Juliet in a chair.

TIMOTHY
Sorry, doesn't seem good enough.

JULIET

I played this moment over in my head so many times of what I would say.

TIMOTHY

Likewise. I deeply regret what happened that evening. I know that I can't change what happened, but I'll do everything in power to make it up to both Parker and Jalen.

JULIET

When you first saw them that night in the alley, were you afraid of them?

TIMOTHY

Not afraid of them, but death. From being in the military to becoming an Officer, I've cheated death so many times that it has become fearful game.

JULIET

So, death feared you more than a Black man in an alley at night?

TIMOTHY

Yes.

Juliet stares into eyes, searching for honesty.

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

Would you be okay with me speaking to Parker?

Juliet hesitates before responding...

JULIET

Yes.

EXT. POLICE STATION - FRONT STEPS - DAY

Maggie stands at the bottom of the steps smoking a cigarette. Nicole and Timothy stand far behind her.

TIMOTHY

I'm going to take a taxi home. I need to clear my head and make a stop.

NICOLE
Don't go blaming yourself.

TIMOTHY
I can't promise that I won't.
(a beat)
In the meantime, can you draw up
some papers for me.

Nicole looks pleased and shocked. Timothy walks away.
Nicole runs down the steps towards Maggie.

INT. EBNEZER BAPTIST CHURCH - CONGREGATION SEATING - DAY

Parker sits in one of the pews, surround by crucifixes and
saints. Timothy sits down beside him.

Parker, slightly moves away from him.

TIMOTHY
I'm glad that you came.

PARKER
I'm still not sure, why I did.

TIMOTHY
It was never my intention for you
to get hurt or your friend to end
up dead.

PARKER
We just wanted some snacks. All my
life, my mother has constantly told
me that if you come face to face
with an Officer, just do what your
told. Too many Black boys are
dying.

Timothy stares at Parker. He stares straight ahead at the
statue of Jesus Christ.

PARKER (CONT'D)
I use to ask, why? But now I know.

TIMOTHY
I think you have the wrong idea?

Parker turns and faces Timothy.

PARKER
My dead friend would say otherwise.
We shouldn't had to kneel on the
ground.

(MORE)

PARKER (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Wasn't it enough that he was homeless? That his parents were taken from him at thirteen. He had nobody, but me and I couldn't even save him.

(a beat)

All we wanted was to get out of this fucked up neighborhood.

TIMOTHY

That was me, except I was running from my father and joined the military. There's nothing that I can say to take away your pain, but promise me that you won't allow my stupid mistake to dictate the man you become.

(a beat)

Can you tell me more about Jalen?

Parker reaches down and picks up a photo-album from the floor, along with Jalen's acceptance letter for college.

He and Timothy flip through the pictures. Parker smiles, as he points to various memories.

INT. THE GALLAGHER'S HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

Maggie sits at the table with Nicole. She caresses her fingers around a coffee mug.

MAGGIE

I had to see his mother for myself. To understand who I was dealing with-

NICOLE

Not smart, especially, since the black community wanted your husband's head on a platter.

MAGGIE

I wanted to make sure that I would be no different than her, if it were my child.

NICOLE

After today, maybe everyone involved can find some peace.

MAGGIE

I have sacrificed and sacrificed
for Timothy- And, I can't, I won't
do it anymore.

NICOLE

You stood by him, during this
entire ordeal.

MAGGIE

And, now it's time for me to be
happy. I must think about Erin
stability. She sounds so happy at
my mother's. I'm going to join
her.

A somber Timothy walks in and sits down at the table. Nicole
hands him a small group of papers. She hugs Maggie tightly
and kisses her on the cheek.

NICOLE

That's my cue. I'll call you
later.

Nicole touches Timothy on the shoulder, as she leaves. He
and Maggie stare at one another, which feels like a lifetime.

Timothy hands her the divorce papers.

TIMOTHY

I want you to be happy. And, if
that's without me, then so be it.
I just want to be able to see Erin
regularly.

MAGGIE

You're a good man, just caught up
in a bad situation.
(a beat)
You really know how to make a girl
feel guilty.

TIMOTHY

Don't pity me. I need to get my
shit together.

MAGGIE

You'll always have a friend in me.

TIMOTHY

Ever since the days of us living in
the hotel together.

(MORE)

TIMOTHY (CONT'D)

(a beat)

Just be happy Mags. You deserve
it.

MAGGIE

As do you.

INT. WOUNDED WARRIOR PROJECT - MONIQUE'S OFFICE - DAY

Timothy lies back in the reclining chair, staring out the
large glass window.

MONIQUE

Shall we begin?

TIMOTHY

Yes.

Monique slightly touches his shoulder.

MONIQUE

Close your eyes.

Monique snaps her fingers.

FADE OUT