

Neighborhood Watch

By

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EXT. THE DISTRICT -- NIGHT

We are greeted with a PERSON running down a dark street. Their pace indicates they are running from something or someone.

They look back to see OFFICER TANYA BRIGGS -- 29 -- thick African-American -- rounding a corner -- her pace catching up to him, no cop equipment on her.

The person rounds the nearest corner and increases their lead, if they can --

THE DISTRICT -- SCHENECTADY STREET -- MOMENTS LATER

The Person rounds the corner -- knocks over a JOGGER -- rolls and continues moving, not seeing if they're okay. The illuminated area shows us his face: young, good-looking but a guilty face.

This is Anthony Green, aka "B-STILL", a criminal fixture in the community. He has done everything from drug sales to prostitution in "The District" and everyone knows him.

OFFICER BRIGGS

I'm going to kick your ass when I
caatch you!

B-STILL

You wish, bitch!

They push on to --

THE DISTRICT -- KINGSTON AVENUE SUBWAY STATION

The latest train has just dropped off passengers at the subway stop. A few people come out of each of the two entrances separated by a short walk.

The last one out is a young guy named CORDELL HAYES-WHITMAN (26, African-American smart guy), a cook working in Manhattan.

He's just gotten off work, and he's watching a cooking video on YouTube as he walks home, his knife bag on his back.

He crosses the street with other people to continue walking along the side street and they wait at the corner for the light to change.

He spots a pretty YOUNG WOMAN (beautiful African-American) among the crowd, their eyes lock -- smiles. Attraction.

THE DISTRICT -- TROY AVE

"B-Still" is starting to get tired, Officer Briggs the same but catching up. They run around the populace, who move out of the way quickly.

A CAUCASIAN MAN walking tries to apprehend "B-Still" -- he gets a shoulder bump -- B-Still stumbles.

The distraction helps Officer Briggs get on his heels, she reaches out to grab him -- "B-Still" finds another gear, increases the gap, avoiding the arrest.

They both approach Kingston Avenue, "B-Still" is now low on luck. He looks back to see where Briggs is: a few feet. His legs are burning.

THE DISTRICT -- KINGSTON AVE

The light is especially long tonight. The traffic is becoming lighter, so Cordell decides to cross. He puts the phone in his pocket, content to listen to the audio so he can pay attention to crossing.

He puts his hands in his pants pocket -- feels something strange. He grabs whatever, pulls it out: a piece of moldy bread. He laughs, because his co-workers decided to play a joke on him.

He goes to throw the bread away. He turns back around to leave -- "B-Still" BREEZES by him, full speed, almost hitting Cordell.

CORDELL
(to "B-Still")
Slow down, bro!

He never saw her. Cordell and Officer Briggs collide -- both hit the ground HARD.

The BYSTANDERS that didn't walk across the street, including the Young Woman, gasp at the collision, some even go to help the two of them.

BYSTANDER #1
Damn, y'all cool?!

BYSTANDER #2
That collision was bad, man!

BYSTANDER #3
It's okay, Officer! Stay still!

Officer Briggs is helped up to her feet -- quickly collapses. She grips her ankle on the ground, now bent to the side. \

The Young Woman helps Cordell up, who holds his wrist.

YOUNG WOMAN
Are you all right?

CORDELL
(shaking wrist)
Umm, yeah, I think so! That really hurt, though!

Cordell looks over and sees Officer Briggs laying on the ground, in pain from her ankle.

Cordell and the Young Woman walk over, the crowd looking at them.

CORDELL (CONT'D)
Is she all right?

YOUNG WOMAN
(disgusted)
Oooh! She snapped her ankle bones.

BYSTANDER #3
Yo, she needs help!

Cordell steps forward to Briggs' side, bends down. He sees her tears, tensed face.

CORDELL
I'm sorry!

Briggs grabs his shirt, screams out in pain. A giant crowd begins to form from the nearby populace.

Briggs uses Cordell to raise up to see her ankle --

OFFICER BRIGGS
(struggling)
My foot. I need you to take my shoe off, please.

CORDELL
I don't think I....

OFFICER BRIGGS
(screaming)
Please!

Cordell takes a deep breath, takes off his knife roll.

YOUNG WOMAN
What are you going to do?

Cordell unfurls his knife roll -- his impressive set of Japanese and German knives.

YOUNG WOMAN (CONT'D)
You a serial killer for a living?

CORDELL
(smirk)
No. I cook at an Asian place in the Village....that's cool!

OFFICER BRIGGS
Really?!

Cordell signals apology, grabs his pairing knife -- sharp, gleaming blade.

CORDELL
Okay.
(to Young Woman)
Ummmm.....

YOUNG WOMAN
"Mina".

CORDELL
Mina. Hold her hand.

Mina nods, gets into position.

BACK OF CROWD

A patrol car arrives. The Officer jumps out -- skinhead, menacing, he'd kick your ass for breathing wrong.

OFFICER RICK STEIN -- 32 -- jumps out and surveys the area -- backup is definitely needed.

OFFICER STEIN
Shit!

He gets on his walkie --

OFFICER STEIN (CONT'D)
*"2-Franklin-39, requesting
assistance with crowd control at
Eastern and Kingston.*

Officer Briggs screams out -- Officer Stein walks up on the crowd --

OFFICER STEIN (CONT'D)
 (yelling)
*"10-13, 10-13! Officers need
 assistance! 10-13!"*

He opens his gun holster, begins to fight his way through the crowd, to protests.

OFFICER STEIN (CONT'D)
 All right! Everyone, BACK! I SAID,
 "BACK!"

MIDDLE

Cordell is about to begin the process.

CORDELL
 Ready?

Officer Briggs nods, squeezes Mina's hand.

Cordell draws the knife to the shoe -- Officer Stein arrives, sees the knife, draws his gun.

OFFICER STEIN
 Drop the knife!

The crowd backs away from the unstable officer, his gun aimed for a kill.

OFFICER BRIGGS
 Ricky....

OFFICER STEIN
 Drop it now!

Cordell sees the gun, stands up, arms raised. Mina does the same.

OFFICER STEIN (CONT'D)
 Last time!

BYSTANDER #5
 Yo, the boy tryna save her life!

OFFICER STEIN
 Shut up!

BYSTANDER #5
 Man, screw you!

OFFICER STEIN
 Back off!

BYSTANDER #5
Y'all ain't nothing but pigs! Ol'
"bacon ass punks"!

The tension is raising with chants of "bacon". Officer Stein's gun is shaking as he takes two steps forward.

CORDELL
Look man, I was only taking off her
shoe. She broke her ankle.

Officer Stein sees the ankle, grabs his radio --

OFFICER STEIN
*"Central, repeat "10-13", Officer
down. One suspect: young, Black
Male, knife in hand. Engaged!"*

CORDELL
What?!

More protests. Stein's becoming more stressed.

OFFICER STEIN
Everyone SHUT UP!

The crowd lets him have it with more chants.

More cop cars arrive, OFFICERS swarm through, pushing people back, a riot can kick off any moment.

CORDELL
I'm dropping the knife.

Cordell bends down, Stein's gun on him.

He puts the knife on the ground, stands back up.

OFFICER STEIN
Kick it away!

Cordell does.

OFFICER STEIN (CONT'D)
That's a good boy!

BYSTANDER #5
"Boy"?

OFFICER STEIN
On your knees, interlock your hands!

BYSTANDER #5
 Bro, don't do nuttin' this bitch
 says!
 (to Stein)
 Faggot ass Police!

OFFICER STEIN
 You want to be next?

BYSTANDER #5
 All you "District" cops are punks.
 Straight like that.

OFFICER STEIN
 One more word....

Some of the arriving Officers get to the scene, trying to
 calm Stein. Bystander #5 twists his face more.

BYSTANDER #5
 His friends show up now!

A FEMALE OFFICER tells him to be quiet -- he gives her the
 finger.

OFFICER STEIN
 Down!

Cordell looks back at Officer Briggs and Mina -- Officer
 Briggs lets him know to do it.

Cordell obliges as Officer Stein and his brethren move in to
 check on Briggs and arrest Cordell.

INT. THE TIMMONS BEDROOM -- MORNING

SFX: R&B PLAYING

ANNIE TIMMONS (33, Black, beautiful) and her husband TROY
 TIMMONS, JR. (34, Black, muscular) are half asleep.

Troy sees his wife not fully covered -- puts the blanket over
 her, as he always does -- she smiles.

SFX: BANG ON THE DOOR

Their son RANDELL (8, precocious little man) runs in and
 jumps up and down on the bed, his daily routine.

ANNIE
 Jesus, he got into the sugary cereal
 again!

TROY
"Randy".....

He ignores him, jumping still, looking at his parents.

Troy turns to his son, gives him his "look" -- Randell gets off the bed and leaves the room.

ANNIE
Thank you for that!

TROY
No problem. Now.....

Troy's hand move under the covers, to entice his wife.

ANNIE
No, Troy!

TROY
(playfully)
It's "Opposite Day"!

ANNIE
(laughing)
Oh, really? Then: "Don't go play
with yourself!"

Annie leaves out of the bed in her pajamas into the bathroom.

Troy lays down, thinking about something -- it brings a smile to his face.

DINING ROOM -- LATER

The family is getting ready for the day. Troy is dressed for his construction job eating French toast sticks, his belt on the table.

Annie is in her MTA bus driver uniform, making a cup of coffee to take with her.

She walks over to Troy, takes his belt off the table, places it on the floor, sits down at the table.

TROY
(to Annie)
Sorry, honey!

ANNIE
Mm-hmm. Every morning, though.....

Troy shrugs.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Hey. I want to ask you something.

TROY
Yeah?

ANNIE
What if I wanted another baby? We're doing well now, what with my increase at work, and you being moved up to "Assistant Foreman".....

TROY
(chewing)
I don't know, babe. That position is only temporary. I'm really trying to go "Private".

ANNIE
"Private"?

TROY
Yeah.
(wipes mouth)
I've been thinking about starting my own company.

ANNIE
Really!

TROY
Yeah. I found a nice piece of land out in Queens I can set up as a base of operations, I have made a lot of connections on various City jobs, and they all fuck with me.....

RANDELL (O.S.)
What is "fuck with me"?

Randell has walked in on his parents talking, and of course, he repeats what he hears.

TROY
(covers face)
Oh, man.....

Annie shakes her head, turns to Randell.

ANNIE
We don't say that word here.

Annie looks at her husband, who mouths "My bad" -- she gives him a dirty look.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Look, we'll talk about this
"Company" later. We've got to go.
Can you pick up "Randy" from Dawn's
later? Tiffani's going to watch him.

TROY
Cool.

Annie kisses her husband goodbye, Troy fist bumps his son, watches them leave.

EXT. STERLING STREET -- MINUTES LATER

Their neighborhood is a beautiful narrow block, evident of the affluence the area has experienced over the last 10 years, with new multi-racial neighbors.

She waves at some of her neighbors: Caucasian, Indian, who wave back. Further down the block, she passes MRS. HAYES (70s, Black grandmother), a depressed look on her face.

ANNIE
(happy)
Hey, Mrs. Hayes!

Mrs. Hayes looks up, a sad expression on her face, like she's been crying.

MRS. HAYES
Oh. Hi, Annie.

RANDELL
Hi, Mrs. Hayes.

Mrs. Hayes looks at Randell, his toothy smile elevating her spirits a little.

MRS. HAYES
(slight smile)
Hello there, Randell. How's my
"Champ"?

RANDELL
Good.

ANNIE
You okay, Mrs. Hayes?

MRS. HAYES

(to Annie)

Not really. I had just come from the
"3-6".

ANNIE

The cops? Why? You get mugged or
something?

MRS. HAYES

No, nothing like that. Them cops
arrested Cordell yesterday,
something about assaulting a police
officer and weapon possession.

ANNIE

(confused)

That don't sound like Cordell. That
man was well raised, and he wouldn't
attack the Police like that.

MRS. HAYES

And, I told them that. They told me
he knocked down a cop, and despite
witnesses, they still sticking to
that story. I just paid his bail.
He'll be home later.

ANNIE

Is he okay?

MRS. HAYES

Didn't talk to him. But, now I don't
have my mortgage payment for the
month, because of them crooked sons
of.....

ANNIE

(reassuring smile)

We'll help out, Mrs. Hayes, Troy and
I.

MRS. HAYES

Don't go to no trouble for me,
child.

ANNIE

You helped us with Randell, we'll
help with Cordell.

Mrs. Hayes acknowledges the help, moves on her walk home,
Annie watching.

EXT. THE 36TH PCT. -- MOMENTS LATER

Your typical NYPD precinct house: unassuming without the two signature green lights on the outside.

THE LOBBY

Inside is different -- cops milling about, taking prisoners in or working on paperwork. The commotion is a testament of how busy the area "The District" is.

CAPTAIN OBERON'S OFFICE

Inside, a brooding CAPTAIN OBERON -- old salty Caucasian man -
- looks over a monthly arrest record, rubbing his chin.

With him is Police Commissioner PETER FRYE -- heavy-set
Caucasian man -- sitting in front of his desk, a smile on his
face.

COMMISSIONER FRYE

Good work, Captain! These numbers
are quite impressive!

CAPTAIN OBERON

(puts paper down)

Yeah. My officers do good work.
Enough crime around here to keep us
busy.

COMMISSIONER FRYE

What about that arrest you made the
other night? That kid who hurt your
officer?

CAPTAIN OBERON

Kid's getting out on bail. Officer
Briggs is recovering at Saint
Peter's.

COMMISSIONER FRYE

I heard it was a "chase down".....

CAPTAIN OBERON

Yeah. Some punk named "B-Still" that
operates around here. Apparently,
Briggs and her partner were pursuing
him for peeing in the street.

COMMISSIONER FRYE
Not exactly the type of charges I
need.

CAPTAIN OBERON
(confused)
What do you mean?

Commissioner Frye gets up, walks around Oberon's office of
awards and police paraphernalia. He turns to his Captain --

COMMISSIONER FRYE
You'll be the first to know: I'm
running for Mayor. I plan to
announce next Friday.

CAPTAIN OBERON
(slight smile)
Congratulations, Peter.

COMMISSIONER FRYE
Hmm.
(looks out window)
As great as that is, I need a solid
foundation to run on.

CAPTAIN OBERON
Well, under your leadership, crime
in the city is down 27% since last
year.

COMMISSIONER FRYE
Not enough. Brooklyn is a hotbed of
illegal activity, and especially in
"The District". Been that way for
years.

CAPTAIN OBERON
But, you said our numbers.....

COMMISSIONER FRYE
(to Oberon, serious)
I need you to make more arrests.
Vagrancy, "stop and frisk", goddamn
littering, I don't care. I need "The
District" to be my platform for a
"cleaner, safer New York".

CAPTAIN OBERON
We'll try.....

COMMISSIONER FRYE
Don't "try"! "DO IT"!

Commissioner Frye leaves the office, Captain Oberon thinking on what he said. He goes to a phone on his desk --

CAPTAIN OBERON

Sergeant, I want you, the Lieutenant
and all Team Leaders in my office in
5.

He hangs up.

THE TIMMONS HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Troy is busy giving fidgety Randell one of his signature haircuts. Annie is watching TV News while knitting a blanket she's started 4 months ago, a girl's name etched into it.

TROY

(to Randell)

Boy, stay still, or I'll mess you
up.

RANDELL

Yes, Dad!

ANNIE

(to Troy, concerned)

Why do you insist on giving that boy
haircuts? You're no barber.....

TROY

(to Annie, side eye)

How'd you think I got through
school? I gave all my boys cuts.

ANNIE

Mm-hmm. And, now most them are bald.

TROY

(kisses teeth)

You're a funny one.

Annie smiles as she turns back to the TV.

The NEWS ANCHOR reports on a story about an arrest of a couple who double parked on a street a few blocks away, a few tickets on their vehicle.

ANNIE

(astonished)

Really?

TROY

City's strapped for cash nowadays.

ANNIE

Yeah. No wonder they raised our property tax.

TROY

Can't help it.

ANNIE

Did you pay Tiffani for Randell?

TROY

Yup, even threw in a little extra for her, since it's "Prom Season".

ANNIE

Wow. To think, that girl's 16 now, about to graduate in June. You know Dawn said she got into a school upstate?

TROY

Good for her. She needs to get out of here. This place swallows up the "bright lights".

ANNIE

Yeah. By the way, Mrs. Hayes said Cordell's court date is at the end of the month. You know they want to give to plead to a year?

TROY

For an accident?

ANNIE

Yeah. They were trying to catch that fool "B-Still", and the cop crashed into him and got hurt. They said he had a knife out.

TROY

(shaking head, stops
clipper)

Okay, buddy. You're done. Go wash up and get ready for bed.

RANDELL

Okay.

Randell gets off the stool, runs upstairs. Troy grabs a broom, sweeps up the few hairs in the room.

ANNIE

I want to go support him.

TROY
(sweeping)
Cool.

ANNIE
Can you come, too?

TROY
Can't afford to take off right now.
We have a big job coming up, and
they need "all hands on".

ANNIE
Okay.

The parents finish their tasks in silence.

EXT. THE SMITH APARTMENTS -- MINUTES LATER

The warm Autumn air lends itself to a beautiful night. This part of "The District" is part of the problem: crack vials around on the ground, bullet holes on apartment buildings and numerous bright lights and police patrols.

AN APARTMENT STOOP

"B-Still" sits with his friend PLAYER -- young Black teen -- his chain glistening in the light.

PLAYER
Yo, I'm hungry.

B-STILL
So, go get food!

PLAYER
I'm broke.

B-STILL
You're always broke.

PLAYER
Whatever. I'm out.

Player leaves to go get food. He passes by TWO MEN in their early-30s in street gear walking up to "B-Still".

"B-Still" sees the men coming -- they flash a "signal" of some sort -- "B-Still" gets up and walks down the steps.

B-STILL
What's up? How much you want?

The Two Men look at each other --

MAN #1
About \$50.

MAN #2
(smiling)
Yeah. \$50. Been a long day at UPS on
the truck.

B-STILL
Whatever, man. Don't need the life
story.

B-Still walks around the steps to a darkened area -- opens a
box -- takes out some weed bags -- returns to the two men,
who are now looking at their cell phone.

B-STILL (CONT'D)
(angry)
Yo, man. No phones near me.

MAN #2
(looks up)
Chill, bruh!

Man #1 holds up the phone -- two girls, one black, one white,
are fighting in the street.

MAN #1
Latest "World Star".

B-STILL
Here.
(hands over weed)
\$50.

Man #1 puts his phone away for a wallet -- opens it.

B-STILL (CONT'D)
Dog, let's go. I'm hungry.

Man #1 takes out 2 \$20s and a \$10, hands it to "B-Still".

B-STILL (CONT'D)
Right. Peace!

The Men walk off -- "B-Still" sits back on the stoop -- takes
out his own phone.

One of the Men suddenly yells, claps twice --

B-STILL (CONT'D)
Damn tweakers.

He returns to his phone -- he does it again --

B-STILL (CONT'D)
(looks up)
What the.....

A swarm of cop cars surround the entrance to the apartment complex. Officers jump out, run toward him.

B-STILL (CONT'D)
Shit!

B-Still jumps off the stoop, runs through the complex, Officers in pursuit.

APARTMENT COMPLEX -- COURTYARD

"B-Still" runs through the courtyard, kids are playing, people walking around. The Officers - 8 - race after him.

APARTMENT BUILDING #2 -- FACADE

"B-Still" reaches an area of 4 apartment buildings hidden by low orange lights.

He tries the doors of each building until the door for #2, the "South Building", is found to be propped open -- he races inside.

Seconds later, the Officers arrive, looking for "B-Still".

They split up into pairs to go into each building. Two BLACK OFFICERS enter #2, guns drawn.

FLOOR 4

"B-Still" is on the 4th floor now, heading somewhere.

APARTMENT 4R -- EXTERIOR

"B-Still" rings the doorbell, pounds the door of an apartment with a black door.

APARTMENT 4R -- LIVING ROOM

The apartment is old-school with the furniture, but immaculately clean.

TIFFANI'S BEDROOM

A gray and blue bedroom houses TIFFANI ANDRESON -- 16 -- black -- in a school t-shirt and pajama pants doing her homework of Advanced Chemistry.

SFX: DOORBELL, POUNDING ON DOOR

Tiffani turns to the door, not sure who would be beating down the door like that. She leaves the room.

LIVING ROOM

Tiffani comes out to the living room, the doorbell still ringing. She looks through the peephole -- "B-Still" is looking away for the cops while ringing the bell.

Tiffani opens the door -- "B-Still" jumps into the apartment -- SLAMS back the door.

FLOOR 4

The Officers reach the fourth floor just as the door slams.

They approach 4R with caution, not knowing if "B-Still" has a weapon. One Officer reaches for their radio --

OFFICER #1

"8-Adam-72, suspect has entered
fourth floor rear apartment,
possibly occupied. Request backup in
South apartment structure. Over!

A garbled affirmation prepares the Officers to enter the premises --

TIFFANI'S BEDROOM

"B-Still" pushes Tiffani into her bedroom -- shuts back the door. Tiffani is more upset than scared.

TIFFANI

What the hell you doing here?

B-STILL

Chill, "Tiff"! I came by to see my
friend.....

TIFFANI

Like hell! What'd you do now?

B-STILL
Nothing! I just need to chill....

SFX: BANGING ON DOOR

The cops outside are ready to enter --

OFFICER #2
"B-Still", this is the "NYPD"! Come
out with your hands up, or we're
breaking down this door!

Tiffani mutters "sonofa", B-Still goes by her window,
convenient with a fire escape.

TIFFANI
I heard you smacked yo' girl again!

B-STILL
"Bitch", get off my back!

TIFFANI
(upset)
"Bitch"?! Cool, "my nigga"! Now
about I just let them cops beat yo'
ass....

Tiffani goes to let the cops in -- "B-Still" grabs her,
throws her on the bed --

TIFFANI (CONT'D)
Hey!

He pulls out a black .38 revolver from his waist.

B-STILL
Shut up, yo!

TIFFANI
(scared)
All right, all right.

"B-Still" goes back to the window, opens it --

FLOOR 4

The Officers take their mark -- they swing open the door of
the apartment.

They back away, in case. Officer #1, nervously breathing,
relays hand signals to Officer #2 -- she enters first, gun
up, #1 close behind.

TIFFANI'S BEDROOM

"B-Still" has the window open, the cold air wafting inside.

B-STILL

Yo: you bet' not tell nobody I was
here!

TIFFANI

Okay. Just go!

B-Still begins his climb out the window -- Tiffani gets off the bed to shut the window.

APARTMENT 4R -- LIVING ROOM

The Officers make the trek through the living room to Tiffani's door -- Officer #2 accidentally knocks over a vase -
- it crashes to the ground.

TIFFANI'S BEDROOM

The crash is heard through the door -- they both look at it.

B-STILL

Shit!

(loud)

FUCK THE POLICE!

"B-Still" raises his gun -- Tiffani ducks as he fires six shots at the door.

4R LIVING ROOM

The shots alert the cops -- they scatter away from the door.

OFFICER #1

Damn it!

OFFICER #2

Are you hit?!

OFFICER #1

No, but now I'm pissed!

Officer #1 turns to the door -- fires half their clip into the door, Officer #2 only 3 shots.

Silence, only the smoke from the holes in the door are seen, the sizzle of the wood heard.

They approach the door --

TIFFANI'S BEDROOM

They break the door open -- find the window open, its curtains blowing in the wind.

Officer #2 runs in to check -- no sign of "B-Still" --

OFFICER #2
Shit! We didn't get him!

Officer #2 gets on the radio --

OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)
"8-Adam-72, suspect escaped via a fire escape on the fourth floor of the South building. Alert ground units of development, over!"

SFX: GARBLED RESPONSE

Officer #1 enters the room -- looks down on the floor -- blood.

OFFICER #1
Partner, you sure you didn't get hit?

OFFICER #2
(turns to Officer #1)
Man, I told you I --

Officer #2 sees her -- Tiffani -- behind the door --

OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)
Oh, shit!

Officer #2 rushes over to her, Officer #1 closes the door.

Tiffani, her eyes open, but no life. Multiple gunshot wounds (5) are in her chest and neck --

OFFICER #1
That sonofabitch killed her! Call it in!

OFFICER #2
How do you know?

OFFICER #1
Because I do!

OFFICER #2
Look at those wounds. The entry was
her back.
(breaking down)
We killed this girl!

Officer #1 gets up, slaps his partner.

OFFICER #1
Get it together! When those
Detectives get here, you better not
look guilty, got it?!

Officer #2 stares off -- Officer #1 squeezes them, looking
for affirmation.

OFFICER #1 (CONT'D)
Let me hear it!

OFFICER #2
Yeah. Got it!

OFFICER #1
Now, call it in!

Officer #2 shakily grabs the radio --

OFFICER #2
"8-Adam-72".....

We are given a final glance at Tiffani's eyes -- cold,
snatched of life.

INT. REGAL HOTEL -- BREAK ROOM -- 30 MINUTES LATER

A small, cramped break room for hotel employees houses DAWN
ANDRESON -- 37 -- light skin Black woman -- on her break as a
Room Attendant watching a movie on her smartphone with pink
headphones on.

She is Tiffani's mom, and her world is soon going to come
crashing down.

A MANAGER (heavy-set white woman) enters the room, a
sympathetic look on her face. Se stares at Dawn laughing at
her movie, unaware of her presence.

The Manager goes over to her, sits down. Dawn looks at her,
takes off her headphones.

SOUTH BUILDING -- AN HOUR LATER

Police activity is large here. Residents from all over have converged here to find out what happened, POLICE having a tough time getting them under control.

APARTMENT 4R

COPS and DETECTIVES comb through Dawn's place, looking for clues. Dawn, still in her uniform, is with her head down in her lap being consoled Annie, who rubs her back, her face evident of her crying.

A TEAM from the Medical Examiner's Officer takes Tiffani's body out in a black bag -- Annie gasps, alerting Dawn, who rushes up to her daughter -- an ASIAN COP stops her.

ASIAN COP

Ma'am, no. I'm sorry!

DAWN

That's my baby, goddammit!

The Team takes Tiffani away -- Dawn yells for her, Annie and the Asian Cop having a hard time restraining her.

ASIAN COP

MA'AM!

ANNIE

DAWN!

Dawn turns to her best friend -- drops in her arms, crying.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

I know.

ASIAN COP

Ma'am, I'm sorry, but this is an active scene. I need you to take her out of here, please!

Annie acknowledges, leads Dawn out, passing by more Officers and Detectives coming in.

EXT. SOUTH BUILDING -- MINUTES LATER

Annie and Dawn walk out to the sea of people and media trying to get the best look.

The Police lead them away, amid the cameras and REPORTERS asking Dawn questions.

They hit the corner and jump into a livery taxi and speed away.

INT. THE TIMMONS BROWNSTONE -- LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Dawn is finally asleep, Annie covering her with a blanket. Troy enters the room --

TROY
How is she?

ANNIE
Done.

Annie gets off the couch -- hugs her man -- leads him upstairs, turning off the light for Dawn.

BEDROOM

The couple enter the bedroom, sit on the bed.

TROY
(sympathetic tone)
Are you going to be okay?

ANNIE
I don't know, Troy! I just don't know.

TROY
But, it just makes no sense. Why would "B-Still" shoot her? They grew up together, right?

ANNIE
I don't have an answer. Look, I need a favor.

TROY
Anything.

ANNIE
Dawn's house is off-limits for a couple days, according to Police. Can she stay here?

TROY
Of course, babe!

Annie kisses him on the cheek -- begins crying. Troy holds her, Annie cries like she's lost a child.

TROY (CONT'D)
Let it out!

Annie does, cleans herself up and looks at her husband -- a concerned loving look in his face.

She kisses him on the lips -- they fall on the bed.

ANNIE
Make love to me.

TROY
What?

ANNIE
I need it. Please!

Troy looks into his wife's eyes, sees the desire amidst the hurt. He nods, Annie goes to turn off the bedroom light.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NEXT MORNING [EARLY]

Dawn is awake, scrolling through pictures of her and Tiffani from a recent outing to Coney Island. They're smiling, having fun, a great mother-daughter relationship.

Annie, in her robe, comes downstairs to check on her.

ANNIE
Hey. How are you?

DAWN
Okay, I guess. Tossed and turned for most of the night.

ANNIE
(sits down)
Want some coffee?

DAWN
(smiling refusal)
No, thanks.

Dawn continues scrolling through her phone -- Tiffani's graduation photo pops up as Annie sits down.

DAWN (CONT'D)
(smiling)
You know what?

Annie waits on her --

DAWN (CONT'D)
 I found myself calling Tiffani's
 phone this morning, making sure she
 was up, getting ready for school,
 like I always do every morning.

Dawn zooms in on her face --

DAWN (CONT'D)
 (laughing)
 It went to "Voicemail": "This is Ms.
 Tiffani Andreson! Please leave
"

A tear escapes Dawn -- she drops her phone.

DAWN (CONT'D)
 Annie.....

Annie grabs her friend, who begins bawling in her arms again
 like the previous night.

DAWN (CONT'D)
 My baby's gone!!!

Annie soothes her, not much else.

INT. CAPTAIN OBERON'S OFFICE -- FIVE DAYS LATER [MORNING]

Captain Oberon is with Commissioner Frye, reviewing the City
 Medical Examiner's report: the two Officers' bullets were the
 cause of Tiffani's death.

COMMISSIONER FRYE
 (upset)
 HOW COULD THEY? A simple arrest, and
 they mess it up like this?!

Oberon puts down the report, rubs his face.

COMMISSIONER FRYE (CONT'D)
 This.....this can cripple my
 campaign. "Rogue Cops"! "Severe lack
 of procedure"! My God, Oberon!

CAPTAIN OBERON
 Sorry, sir!

COMMISSIONER FRYE
 I am staying away from this. Those
 cops are to be put on desk duty, and
 they will go on trial!

Oberon nods in agreement -- Frye leaves.

EXT. A CHURCH -- NEXT DAY [AFTERNOON]

A packed church. Grievors and the neighborhood come out to say "goodbye" to Tiffani one last time, her closed white casket on display in the front.

Annie and Troy console Dawn as the PALLBEARERS carry her casket outside to the hearse. Dawn takes condolences as she's led to her limo with Annie and Troy.

INT. THE TIMMONS BROWNSTONE -- LIVING ROOM -- LATER

Some of the audience came back to the Timmons' place for the repass.

JERRY GREGGS (black middle-aged schoolteacher) and his wife VERA (heavy set black woman) talk with Dawn on the couch, Jerry trying to cheer her up with jokes, Dawn trying to smile.

KITCHEN

Troy is putting up the last of the food in their fridge as Annie throws paper plates and plastic cups away.

TROY
That was a good service.

ANNIE
Yes, sir!

TROY
Dawn was a real trooper in there.
Her eulogy was really good.

ANNIE
She spoke from the heart. Tiffani was like her twin. It was easy for her to articulate Tiffani's life.

TROY
Yeah.

Troy closes the refrigerator, turns to his wife.

TROY (CONT'D)

(sighs)

I know this may be inappropriate,
but I went to the bank before the
funeral today.

ANNIE

Why?

TROY

(happy)

The "business idea"? I got an "Early
Approval" for a loan for the land.
They need a couple months to look
over everything on my end.

ANNIE

(icy)

If this is what you want.....

TROY

Why the icy attitude??

ANNIE

My best friend just lost her
daughter, and you're worried about
some stupid land for a
business.....

TROY

(elevated voice)

Whoa! Whoa! First off.....

ANNIE

(scolding)

Keep your voice down!

TROY

(soft tone)

First of all: I feel for Dawn, but
I'm not stopping my life and taking
care of my family because of one of
our friends. Two, as my wife, our
needs trump the outside world.

ANNIE

Troy.....

TROY

Nah.

(grabs Annie's hand)

You're my priority, and Randell.
Dawn is "secondary".

ANNIE

(sighs)

I know, but for now, let's just be there for her. I support you 100%, you know that. It's just a lot to take in right now.

Annie goes into the living room, leaving Troy to ponder their conversation.

INT. BEDROOM -- MORNING [SUNDAY]

Troy is fast asleep in bed -- laughter from downstairs wakes him up abruptly. He turns over as Randell comes in and does his bed jumping routine.

RANDELL

Morning, Daddy. We have visitors!

TROY

(half-asleep)

Boy: down!

Randell keeps going -- Troy does "The Look" -- Randell stops and runs out. Troy yawns and leaves the bed, his boxers and t-shirt prominent.

SFX: CLAPPING

Troy's facial expression conveys his slight anger at the noise this early.

LIVING ROOM

Troy, now in sweatpants, arrives downstairs to find Annie, Dawn, Jerry, Vera and KATRINA WILLIAMS -- 30 -- natural black woman and District Councilwoman -- eating a big spread of breakfast provided by Katrina.

KATRINA

(sipping coffee)

So, it's a great development. As much as I don't like "B-Still" ruining our neighborhood with his drugs, he shouldn't go down for something he didn't do.

ANNIE

So, when is this press conference?

KATRINA
It should start.....

Katrina looks over to see Troy in the entrance, not happy about the amount of people in his house this early. Katrina stands up, alerting Annie to her husband --

ANNIE
(sweetly)
Morning, Troy!

Katrina walks over, extends her hand --

KATRINA
(smiles)
Sorry, Mr. Timmons. We didn't mean to awaken you. I'm Katrina Williams, Councilwoman for this area.

Troy shakes her hand.

TROY
Yeah. My wife told me to vote for you in the last election. Said you were a "young voice needed for the community."

KATRINA
(smiling)
I appreciate the kind words.

Annie comes next to her husband, kisses him on the cheek, easing his animosity.

ANNIE
I'm sorry, too. We just got overly excited.....

TROY
(looks at the food)
Got any saltfish over there?

KATRINA
(smiling)
Yes, sir! Food is courtesy of my friend's Jamaican restaurant on President. Best in Brooklyn.

TROY
Cool.

Troy walks over, says "Good Morning" to the others, makes himself a plate.

Katrina sits back down with Annie and the group to start talking again.

DAWN

It's been a crazy two weeks.

VERA

Yes. How are you coping?

DAWN

It's tough. I had Tiffani's organs donated, got all her furniture out and sent to charity.....the ones that weren't damaged by gunfire, and I'm going to have the room repainted and turned into a storage room.

JERRY

Can't believe this is still happening. She was my brightest middle school student.

ANNIE

But, at least now, they'll get what they deserve and Dawn will have permanent closure.....

TROY (O.S.)

(eating)

Sorry, but I have a question!

Everyone turns to Troy, who is stuffing his face with his full plate of food.

ANNIE

(embarrassed)

Troy: napkin!

Troy realizes his gluttony -- puts down his plate, grabs a napkin, swallows and wipes his mouth. He turns back around, smiles at everyone --

TROY

Sorry. Food's really good!

KATRINA

(smile)

I'll let Ms. June know!

TROY

So, I was saying: who is "getting what they deserve"?

Katrina looks at her watch --

KATRINA

It's time. Annie, if you would...?

Annie nods, turns on the TV to a news station. On-screen is the outside of the "3-6", REPORTERS, cameras and mics ready.

Oberon walks outside -- Reporters lob questions. He looks at the camera, deeply sighs.

EXT. 36TH PCT -- CONTINUOUS

Oberon has to deliver his speech, his face red from the cold air or his inner rage, we don't know.

OBERON

Please, everyone.....

The Reporters calm down, only sounds are the cameras taking pictures.

OBERON (CONT'D)

(sighs)

As you know, we had an incident a few weeks ago at "The Smith Apartments", where a young woman was killed in the process of arresting a criminal. We have the Medical Examiner's report and it indicates.....

Oberon flinches, looks at the Reporters, waiting on his words.

OBERON (CONT'D)

Sorry. A little tired. As I was saying, the "M.E." Report indicates that the bullets that killed Ms. Andreson did not come from the criminal, but from two of my Officers.

Reporters start throwing hundreds of questions at him --

OBERON (CONT'D)

(yelling)

The two Officers have been on desk duty for the past 10 days, but now I have no choice to now have two of my best Officers arrested on "Criminally Negligent Homicide" and "Official Misconduct" charges. Thank you.

Oberon goes back inside, ignoring the questions.

LIVING ROOM

Annie turns off the TV, the rest of the group process what Oberon just said.

JERRY

(sighs)

At least they told us the truth, for once!

VERA

They could have at least told Dawn in person first before announcing that.

ANNIE

Katrina, did you know this?

KATRINA

I heard rumors from a friend at "One PP", but I didn't want to say anything until it was official.

DAWN

It's fine. At least I know now what happened that night.

Dawn takes a long, deep breath -- begins rubbing her temples.

TROY

Are you okay, Dawn?

DAWN

(to Troy)

Yeah, Troy! Just getting a bad headache. I think imma go!

Dawn gets up, goes to the front door.

Katrina gets up as well.

KATRINA

Well, I need to go to my office. Would you like a ride?

Dawn obliges, they leave together.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Goodbye, everyone. Annie, we'll talk!

ANNIE

Okay.

The door opens, closes.

INT. A COURTROOM -- DAY [5 MONTHS LATER]

A packed courtroom: Police on one side, all in uniform, the two Officers and their 3 LAWYERS at their table. The other side is people close to Dawn, including Annie and Katrina.

The two Officers from the night of the shooting were on trial for 1 month and got convicted of their charges, and today is "Sentencing".

JUDGE HILLERMAN -- old Caucasian man -- enters the courtroom -
- all rise and sit.

JUDGE HILLERMAN

Good morning, everyone. I'll make this quick: we are here to commence sentencing for Officers Nicole Sullivan and Vernon Armstrong, convicted of 1st Degree Criminal Negligent Homicide and Official Misconduct. Will the two Officers rise?

The Two Officers and their Lawyers stand up, all their faces look defeated. The Officers know once he gives them their terms, they'll have targets on their backs.

JUDGE HILLERMAN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

After reviewing the entire case again and listening to the statements presented by both sides, I still can't believe you two Officers could be so callous and reckless with your job and training.

The two Officers put their heads down, their Lawyers talk to them privately.

JUDGE HILLERMAN (CONT'D)

A young beacon of the community is now dead and a community still reels from its impact, I shouldn't wonder. A "normal" case like this? I would put you in jail for "natural life", letting you reflect on how many people you have affected.

But, as Officers, I have taken your service into account, but it can't be excused.

JUDGE HILLERMAN (CONT'D)
I hereby sentence you both on the charge of "1st Degree Criminal Negligent Homicide" to a term of no less than 25 years --

Dawn's side cheers loudly -- The Judge bangs his gavel for order -- they quiet down.

JUDGE HILLERMAN (CONT'D)
Thank you. To the charge of "Official Misconduct", I sentence you to one year to run concurrent with the other charge.

OFFICER SULLIVAN begins crying -- a FEMALE LAWYER consoles her with words.

JUDGE HILLERMAN (CONT'D)
But, I cannot woefully put two Officers in prison, putting them with the animals that would murder innocent children without a second thought. You've lost your jobs, pensions and respect in the community already. I hereby commute your sentences to "Time Served" and make you both free people. So is my decision!

The Judge bangs the gavel -- uproar from both sides: the Officers' side is in jubilation, Sullivan and Armstrong are shaking the hands of the Lawyers.

Dawn and Annie look on in stunned silence as their "entourage" convey their anger at the verdict.

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE -- MINUTES LATER

Reporters and the Officers and their Lawyers are discussing the verdict.

Dawn and Annie leave the courthouse with their people, most of the Reporters went to them.

They hurl questions at Dawn -- she ignores them as she makes her way down the steps with Annie -- they are confronted by the Officers, solemn faces on.

OFFICER SULLIVAN
Ms. Andreson.....

Dawn locks eyes with the Officers, Reporters have their mics on the meeting --

OFFICER ARMSTRONG
We want to apologize.

DAWN
Listen.....

Someone yells "Fuck the Police" -- throws a water bottle at the Officers -- they cover up.

The Entourage try to get to the Officers, pushing past Dawn and Annie -- Police Officers meet them -- a mini riot breaks out.

Dawn and Annie are taken away by a couple of Officers as the crowds get more violent -- arrests are made, people and Officers hurt.

INT. THE TIMMONS HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM -- EVENING

Troy is eating cereal watching the TV News on the couch, the report of the "riot" is the top story.

Annie comes in, tired from the day, entering the living room.

ANNIE
Hi, Troy!

Troy turns back to his wife, chewing.

TROY
(mouth full)
Hey, honey!

Annie just shakes her head. She puts her purse down and takes off her coat --

ANNIE
Where's Randell?

TROY
(swallowing)
Doing his homework upstairs. What's up with these teachers? They have 6-year-olds doing 2-page essays?

ANNIE

The charter school curriculum. They want to try to advance the students.

TROY

Hmm. Anyway: I see you all had fun today.

ANNIE

Huh?

TROY

Look on the TV.

Annie walks in the living room and finds the coverage of the "riot" on TV. She sits on the couch --

ANNIE

That-that was the others.

TROY

12 cops and 7 civilians hurt, 3 arrested.

ANNIE

People are hot about Tiffani.

TROY

I love how people want to care about a girl after she's dead.

Annie looks at her husband with incredibility --

ANNIE

Troy! How can you say that?!

TROY

How can't I?! This is another "Black Lives Matter"-type of bullshit that this neighborhood doesn't need.

ANNIE

You know what?! I'm going to let you have it, because I'm tired and I have work in the morning.

TROY

Whatever!

Troy continues watching the news as Annie goes upstairs.

INT. MTA BUS DEPOT -- LOCKER ROOM -- AFTERNOON [NEXT DAY]

Annie has just finished her shift and is getting dressed to go home.

The door opens -- TRACY JONES -- 42 -- "Pro-Black" woman -- enters, taking off her hat so her dreads can drop down.

TRACY
I hate "School Duty".

ANNIE
(smiling)
Hey, girl!

Tracy walks to her locker next to Annie's, opens it to many different stickers of Africa and "Pro-Black" paraphernalia.

TRACY
I hate high school kids. Yelling,
fighting, sex talk. Who's raising
these kids today?

ANNIE
The world outside the home?!

TRACY
I hear that.

Annie closes her locker and sees the locker door --

ANNIE
You know, I never noticed how much
"black" stuff you have.

TRACY
Yeah. I love my people, even if they
spawn "Satan".

Annie sees one sticker for "Black Lives Matter" --

ANNIE
Huh.

TRACY
What?

ANNIE
The "Black Lives Matter" one.....

TRACY
What about it?

ANNIE
Nothing. I had a fight with my
husband about it.

TRACY
Most people don't understand the
message....the "real" one.

ANNIE
Maybe.....

One other sticker catches her eye: "Baldwin Neighborhood
Watch".

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(confused)
"Baldwin Neighborhood Watch"?

TRACY
Yes, ma'am. I'm part of my
neighborhood watch. People out on
Long Island seem to care about their
safety and their streets.

ANNIE
Really? You don't utilize the Police
a lot?

TRACY
It's rare around us. I mean, they
patrol, but they don't really save a
lot. For the amount of taxes my
husband and I pay, we have a vested
interest in our well-being.

Annie's mind is fixated on her words --

TRACY (CONT'D)
(confused)
Annie, are you alright?

ANNIE
(snaps out)
Yeah, yeah. Just thinking. Listen,
can you give me some more info on
that?

TRACY
Of course.

Annie ponders on a plan of action for the neighborhood as she
finishes getting ready to leave.

INT. A CONSTRUCTION OFFICE -- NEXT DAY

Troy waits inside a trailer office in his dirty construction clothes. He is anxious, nervous twitching his right foot.

The office door opens to Troy's boss LEONARD -- 41 -- Black muscle man -- his head pokes out, smiling.

LEONARD
Yo, Troy! Come in!

Troy gets up, enters the --

LEONARD'S OFFICE

Leonard's office is plain beige with a chair and "teacher's desk".

Troy and Leonard sit down.

LEONARD
You wanted to talk to me about something?

TROY
Yeah. I have been thinking about going "private" for a while, and I just got funding for it.

LEONARD
Congratulations.

TROY
Thanks.

LEONARD
So, this means you're leaving us?

TROY
Eventually. I got an "Early Approval" and just wanted to know if you could help me get some documents or leads to get permits.....

LEONARD
(smile)
Say no more, Troy. Let me make some calls. I can get you some starter permits, applications for grants, even some smaller companies that you can get supplies from.

TROY
Wow. Thanks a lot!

Troy gets up and shakes Leonard's hand.

LEONARD
Just remember me if I lose my gig
here!

Troy nods and leaves out the office. All seems to be going right for Troy.

EXT. STERLING STREET -- EVENING

Troy and Randell are walking down their street towards home, Troy looking over his son's test score of "96" for spelling.

TROY
(happy)
Good job, "Little Man". "96" is real good.

RANDELL
(pouting)
I missed "golden". I knew that one.

Troy smiles at his son's competitiveness --

TROY
We all fail sometimes, but there's a lesson in every failure.

RANDELL
I guess.

TROY
Next time, I'll help you study, okay?

Randell looks at his Dad -- gives a big smile and starts jumping up and down.

TROY (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Okay, okay. Chill! Ya mama will think I gave you sugary snacks again.

They continue walking home.

EXT. TIMMONS BROWNSTONE -- CONTINUOUS

Troy and Randell see PEOPLE entering the house, talking amongst themselves --

TROY
What the hell.....

Troy catches himself with Randell looking at him --

TROY (CONT'D)
(sighs)
Let's go, Randell!

They walk up the steps to --

THE TIMMONS HOUSE -- LIVING ROOM

Troy and Randell are greeted with different RESIDENTS from the block talking amongst themselves, walking towards their backyard.

TROY
Go on upstairs and do your homework,
okay?

RANDELL
I'm hungry, Daddy!

TROY
I'll call you later for that. Go on
now!

Randell goes upstairs to his room, Troy drops his bag on the table, heads outside to the voices talking.

BACKYARD

Troy enters the backyard, to a large table of food and Katrina, Annie and Dawn talking to everyone at the front.

Troy stays in the back and watches the proceedings.

KATRINA
So, this idea presented by Annie is
a wonderful idea. Our newly formed
"Neighborhood Watch" program will do
what the police of the "3-6" haven't
done: bridge relations between the
blocks and have concerned residents
help curtail the negative activity
out here.

ANNIE

With the equipment we got off eBay,
such as the windbreakers and the
flashlights, we can start taking
care of our own.

Troy scoffs in the back -- loud enough for most of the people
to turn to him, including Annie. He walks into the house --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Um, you guys continue. I'll be back.

Annie jogs into the house after Troy, Dawn now talking.

LIVING ROOM

Troy enters the living room, plops down on the couch, shaking
his head.

Annie enters seconds later --

ANNIE

(smiling)

Hey, babe! I didn't hear you come
in.

TROY

(to Annie)

Why are all these people in my
house?

ANNIE

You mean "our house"? We're having a
meeting!

TROY

So, y'all are about to become the
"Police"?

ANNIE

No, Troy. We decided to patrol our
neighborhood since the cops aren't
doing a good job.

TROY

So you say. You feel that unsafe?
Why don't we move?

ANNIE

That's not the point, honey! This
"Tiffani" situation just highlights
their inability to do a job.

TROY
Oh, my God.....

ANNIE
What?!

Troy stands up and faces his wife, prepares to say something to her -- he just scoffs and goes to the stairs.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
Where are you going? We're not done!

TROY
To take care of my...."our" son!
He's hungry!

ANNIE
But we have plenty of food here....

Troy goes to the steps --

TROY
RANDELL! Come down! We're going for
pizza!

Randell runs down the stairs into his father's arms -- he sees Annie --

RANDELL
Hi, Mommy!

ANNIE
(forced smile)
Hi, baby! How was school?

RANDELL
Good. I got a "96" on my spelling
test! I missed "Golden".

ANNIE
Great!

Troy and Randell begin walking out --

ANNIE (CONT'D)
What time are y'all coming back?

Troy stops --

TROY
When they're gone, text me!

Troy and Randell leave -- Annie puts her head down.

INT. BEDROOM -- LATE NIGHT

Annie, wrapped in a sheet, is deep in thought. She looks at TNT other side of the bed -- no Troy. She turns out the light.

LIVING ROOM

Troy finishes locking the house up. He sees the light go off -
- makes a move for upstairs, then thinks better.

He lays on the couch, begins reading something on his phone.

INT. DINING ROOM -- MORNING [THREE DAYS LATER]

Troy eats his daily: French toast sticks before heading to work. He and Annie haven't spoken in three days.

Annie comes down and goes to move his belt -- it's not there, it's on the floor this time.

Annie goes to the kitchen for some coffee --

ANNIE

Can you get Randell from school,
please?

TROY

Why? It's your day.

ANNIE

Today is our first patrol and we all
want to be visible to the community.

TROY

(gets up)
Whatever!

Troy drops his plate off in the sink, leaves the house with his tools.

Annie drinks her coffee, a tear drops in her cup.

EXT. THE DISTRICT -- NOSTRAND AVENUE -- AFTERNOON

Around 12 Residents of "The District" are at the corner of Annie's street, waiting for her and Dawn to show up.

They all are wearing navy blue windbreakers, sparking interest from people passing by them, both good and bad.

A couple of TEEN BOYS (basketball players) make their concerns vocal.

TEEN BOY #1
Who these weirdos, man?

TEEN BOY #2
Don't know. Could be cops, or punk
ass Traffic Police!

The Residents look at them --

TEEN BOY #1
Whoever, they still look frickin'
dumb!

They laugh loudly as they keep walking. They all look amongst themselves, wondering about the problem with their look.

Annie and Dawn come to the corner, carrying boxes. They set them down on the ground, look over their "team".

ANNIE
(smiling)
Hello, everyone.

Everyone exchanges pleasantries.

DAWN
Everyone have enough energy? We will
be out for a while.

Annie passes out water bottles from the box to everyone. She then pulls out a map she printed out of the area from her pocket --

ANNIE
For now, we will patrol in "3-Man"
teams. Each team will work a sector
of "The District". I will run the
sector here. Dawn has the South
Sector, up to Atlantic. We need
leaders for the North and the West.

Vera and Jerry step up to take claim to each.

DAWN
Cool.
(passes out maps)
Stay in communication with everyone
via the Group Chat we set up last
night. Remember the rules: don't
engage in anything dangerous and no
"Citizen's Arrest".

ANNIE

And, engage the community. We can only grow if we have the support of the people. Our numbers can only grow with their support. Have fun.

Everyone rallies and they move to their respective sectors.

Annie and her two partners CECILY ("Midwestern" white woman) and FRANZ ("gentrified" black man) move out.

Troy and Randell stop at their corner and watch her leave, Troy shaking his head and they continue home.

INT. THE BEDROOM -- NIGHT

Troy is reading up on tax abatements for his new company on his phone.

Annie enters the room, exhausted from walking around the neighborhood for hours.

ANNIE

Hey, Troy!

Troy ignores her -- she begins taking off her jacket and clothes. He looks up at her finally --

TROY

Had fun playing "Cop"?

ANNIE

(kisses teeth)

Troy, I'm not in the mood.

TROY

Whatever!

Annie climbs into the bed, grabs a book of criminal justice laws on her table, begins reading.

Troy looks at her getting into it, turns over and goes to sleep. Annie looks at him, continues back into the book.

EXT. THE DISTRICT -- KINGSTON AVENUE [2 MONTHS LATER]

The same corner that Cordell was arrested that night. Annie watches the foot traffic pass by, as Franz talks with KIDS about what they're doing.

FRANZ
(smiling)
What do you guys want to be when you
grow up?

KID #1
A pilot!

KID #2
A teacher!

KID #3
A rapper. One of the "conscious"
ones, though!

Annie smiles at the ambition from the Kids. Cecily comes from
the nearby corner store with a large plastic bag.

CECILY
(jubilant)
Hot food up!

Annie turns to her, receiving a foil-wrapped sandwich.

CECILY (CONT'D)
Hey, Franz: your hot turkey
sandwich!

Franz excuses himself from the Kids, who leave to go play,
reunites with his team.

Cecily hands him his sandwich and the team walks back on
patrol.

CROWN STREET

The team walk along, passing the RESIDENTS of the street, who
wave to them.

CECILY
I guess we're really making a
difference.

ANNIE
(eating)
Yes. A little presence can change
the mood of people.

FRANZ
And, the blocks look cleaner,
especially on mine. It's like we're
adding respect as well.

ANNIE

Yes sir. And, Katrina's told me
crime is down 27% since we began.

CECILY

Cool beans.

SFX: FEMALE SCREAMING

A BLACK FEMALE (20s, beautiful) runs across the street a
block away, nearly hit by a car pulling out.

A beat -- "B-Still" runs after her. The team drop their food
and chase after them.

DEAN STREET

The Black Female trips over her own feet, falls against a
fence. She gets up -- "B-Still" kicks her back down --
brandishes a knife.

BLACK FEMALE

Baby, stop!

B-STILL

"Baby"? I'm "Baby" now?! After you
steal from me?

BLACK FEMALE

I was broke. I needed money....

B-STILL

For that bum-ass weave you bought?

He kicks her --

B-STILL (CONT'D)

Ho, you dead!

ANNIE (O.S.)

Hey!

B-Still turns to Annie's team, running down the block --

B-STILL

Back off!

Annie and the team stop short when they see the knife.

BLACK FEMALE

(teary)

Help me!

FRANZ
Look, "brother", it's not worth it.

B-STILL
"Brother"? Man, if you don't get yo'
"faking NY" ass up outta here.....

ANNIE
Anthony, put down the knife.

"B-Still" look s at Annie --

B-STILL
I know you. You Tiffani's mom's
friend. The bus driver.

ANNIE
Yes....

B-STILL
I heard about you. You tryna play
"Police".

A RESIDENT (old Black woman) uses her cellphone to call the
Police. A YOUNG BOY (black) passing by takes out his
cellphone and begins recording.

ANNIE
Put down the knife!

B-STILL
Back off!

A cop car races down the street, screeches to the incident --

"B-Still" slickly throws the knife away, out of their
purview. Two Officers, MASON and DUDLEY (Caucasian "tough
guys") emerge, pissed off.

MASON
The hell's going on here?!

ANNIE
Nothing, Officer! Just a
misunderstanding.

The Black Female jumps up and runs to the Officers --

BLACK FEMALE
(crying)
That asshole hit me! Arrest his ass!

B-STILL
Bitch!

"B-Still" makes a move for her -- Officer Dudley steps up, unhooks his gun holster -- "B-Still" backs up.

B-STILL (CONT'D)
Pussies gon' shoot me?

ANNIE
Anthony.....

OFFICER MASON
(to Black Female)
You say he hit you?!

B-STILL
Only after she scratched my neck.

"B-Still" turns his neck -- long red marks are shown to the Officers.

OFFICER MASON
You did that?

BLACK FEMALE
Yeah, but.....

Officer Mason grabs the Black Female -- slams her on the hood of the car, handcuffs her.

BLACK FEMALE (CONT'D)
(angry)
What the hell.....??

FRANZ
Hey, Officer: that's not right.

OFFICER DUDLEY
Hey: SHUT UP!

CECILY
You're hurting her!

The Black Female screams in pain -- Officer Mason loads her into the squad car. She tries to fight the door being closed -- he grabs his pepper spray -- sprays her in the face -- slams the door shut, locking the vapors in.

ANNIE
Hey: that's not right! Open a window or something!

OFFICER MASON
(to Annie)
You telling me how to do my job, "ho"?

ANNIE

"Ho"? You racist piece of.....

Officer Mason walks over to Annie -- a confrontation is on the horizon -- Officer Dudley gets his partner.

OFFICER DUDLEY

Chill, partner! We got one. Let's get the other punk and get back to "the house".

Officer Mason dials back a little bit -- takes out his other pair of handcuffs for "B-Still" --

B-STILL

Y'all ain't taking me in! Kiss my ass on that, for real!

The Officers move toward "B-Still" -- the trio of Annie, Franz and Cecily step in front of "B-Still".

OFFICER MASON

Get outta the way!

CECILY

You're not arresting anyone else today.

FRANZ

Yeah!

B-STILL

(arrogant)

Oh shiiiiiiiit! Yo, y'all cops ain't got shit on my "Committee". "For the people....and "F the NYPD"!"

ANNIE

Anthony.....

The Officers and the members of "The Committee" are at an impasse --

OFFICER MASON

Let's go, Dudley! I don't feel like filling out two reports.

The Officers walk to their cars -- open their doors and wind down their windows before pulling off, the Black Female screaming in the back, kicking the gate.

B-STILL
 (laughing)
 Oh, man! We showed them, and that
 bitch!

Annie turns to "B-Still" -- slaps him in the face, part of
 which was for Dawn and Tiffani.

B-STILL (CONT'D)
 "Ho", you crazy?!

ANNIE
 I don't give a damn if your name is
 "B-Still", "B-Gone", or Anthony, you
 are done with your ways around these
 parts. Take that over to East New
 York or Brownsville.

B-STILL
 Man, who are you talking to like
 that? I'll mess your whole life
 up.....

CECILY
 We just saved your miserable tail!

"B-Still" looks back at Cecily --

B-STILL
 (mocking)
 "My miserable tail"?! Jeez, you
 "gentrified" Brooklyn folk.....

ANNIE
 The point is, we are trying to
 protect the citizens of this
 neighborhood, and I'd rather have an
 easier time of it without you or
 your drug ushers running around.

B-STILL
 I been here longer! I can stop your
 little "Committee".....

He takes his knife and pretends to cut his throat --

ANNIE
 (takes out cellphone)
 Maybe I should call them back here,
 say you threatened my friends and
 me.

Annie begins dialing --

B-STILL
Aight, aight! Chill! I don't want to
get "Zimmerman'd"!

ANNIE
We got a deal, then?

B-STILL
I got a better one: I like how you
stood up to Police for me. I tell
you what: how 'bout I kick you
something for the trouble?

"B-Still" pulls out a wad of cash tied with a rubber band.
It's around \$3,000.

B-STILL (CONT'D)
(crafty smile)
I notice your uniforms could use an
upgrade.

Annie looks at her jacket, ripped on the side. Franz and
Cecily's aren't much better.

B-STILL (CONT'D)
You let me and my boys continue
selling, I sort of...."fund" you,
tell people about what you doing.
Hell, we'll even do a "designated"
section.

Annie sees the cash -- it could help.

ANNIE
(kisses teeth)
No! That's my offer: leave or else!
Let's go, guys!

The three "Committee" members walk off, leaving "B-Still"
putting away the money and nodding.

ANNIE (CONT'D)
She really is a "goody-goody"! Bitch
crazy for standing up to Police
still. I ain't messing wit' her no
more!

"B-Still" walks off.

INT. LIVING ROOM -- NIGHT

Troy is on the couch, Randell sleeping covered by a sheet. They have food containers on the coffee table. On TV, the "10:00" News coverage is playing containers on the floor.

TROY
(yawning)
Annie's working late.
(waking up Randell)
"Randy": wake up! Time to go
upstairs.

Randell stirs awake, yawning as well. He has drool on his mouth --

TROY (CONT'D)
Ewwwww.

Randell wipes it off. The "Social Media" segment starts with its anchor LUISA VELASQUEZ (beautiful Latina woman).

ANCHOR
"I'm Luisa Velasquez with your
"Social Media Scene"! Tonight, I had
a lot of great videos and tweets to
show you guys, but we just received
this exhilarating video taken just a
few hours around Dean Street in
Brooklyn: an incredible standoff
between Police and citizens. Warning
is issued for graphic language.

She begins to play the video -z

TROY
(gets up)
I'm going to put this food away and
lock up down here. Go on up for bed.

Troy leaves to his task. Randell sits up and watches the TV -- begins jumping up and down on the couch, excited about something.

RANDELL
Mommy! Mommy! Mommy's on TV!

THE KITCHEN

Troy is washing the plates, the sounds of water drowning out the excitement from Randell. He sees a small photo of him and Annie from years back -- happy.

TROY
What happened to us?!

He puts away the last dish and turns off the water -- he
hears Randell --

TROY (CONT'D)
(shaking head)
Jesus, that boy don't listen.....

Troy leaves to the --

LIVING ROOM

Troy enters the Living Room -- sees Randell jumping up on the
sofa --

TROY
(upset)
Boy, you've lost your mind! Get off
the sofa! You'll wear it down!

Randell gets off, runs to Troy, grabs his hand --

RANDELL
Mommy, Mommy!

TROY
Your mother came home?!

RANDELL
No.....

Randell drags Troy to the view of the TV, sees Luisa talking
about the video.

TROY
Randell, I'm in no mood right
now.....

RANDELL
They're going to play Mommy again,
Dad.

TROY
What.....

RANDELL
Look.

The two men look on the TV as Luisa replays the video again
to end her segment.

Troy watches in horror as Annie squares off with the "3-6", being defiant and nearly getting arrested.

RANDELL (CONT'D)
Daddy, I thought you said the Police
were here to help, and what is a
"ho"?

RANDELL (CONT'D)
That policeman called Mommy that?

RANDELL (CONT'D)
Uh-huh. And, what's "racist"? Is
that like someone who runs?

Troy just stares at the TV, no words can describe the look he has on his face right now.

EXT. TIMMONS BROWNSTONE -- 20 MINUTES LATER

Troy sits on the steps, only a t-shirt and sweatpants on a cool night. He waits for Annie, pending the whole time thinking of what to say to her.

Annie walks up to the house, tired, her feet aching. After "the incident" with the cops, she just wants to crawl into her bed. She sees Troy sitting --

ANNIE
(smiling)
Hey, baby!

She enters and shuts the gate. She starts her climb up the stairs --

ANNIE (CONT'D)
(frowning)
Why are you out here without a shirt
on? It's cold out here and you can
get sick. Come on in, and I'll make
you a cup of cocoa or something
before I go to bed.

TROY
Whatever.

ANNIE
What's wrong with you?

Troy looks at his wife, finally finding the words --

TROY
Had fun today?

ANNIE

It was mostly uneventful. Lot of walking, talking with people.....

TROY

Getting into it with the cops?

Annie pauses for a moment --

ANNIE

Look, Tory.....

TROY

I don't wanna hear it!

Annie stops at the door and turns to Troy, who turns to face her --

TROY (CONT'D)

Wanna know my day? I'll tell you: had a great day at work. Lunchtime, I got a call for a meeting with the bank to discuss my "Approval Loan" for the end of the month.

ANNIE

Congrats, honey!

TROY

I ain't done.

Annie waits --

TROY (CONT'D)

I pick up my son from school. We go to "Cold Stone". He had an "Apple Pie" ice cream thing, me just a cone.

ANNIE

Troy, I'm tired. Where is this going?

Troy stands up and walks to be face-to-face with Annie --

TROY

There was no food in the house.....again. Not even meat thawed out so I can at least make something for us. So, I order Thai food from the place over on Franklin.

My son and I are discussing things and having a grand ol' time, and I even let him stay up past 9.

ANNIE

So, he's wired. It's fine. It's Friday, so he can crash the weekend.

TROY

Oh, I'm not worried on that. The news comes on, that "Social Media" segment with the hot anchor?

Annie frowns her face --

TROY (CONT'D)

She said she had "videos for the public, but one particular video she just had to play....." twice! Guess what it was.

ANNIE

Troy, I can watch it tomorrow. I "DVR" the news now.

TROY

Great. You can see yourself over and over again.

ANNIE

What are you talking about?

Troy takes out his phone, pulls up Facebook and a post about Annie's interaction with the Police. The post had over 4 millions hits in 6 hours and over four thousands "Shares" and "Likes".

TROY

Then, I had to explain to our son what a "ho" is and what is the definition of "racist", not to mention why, after we taught him that Police are supposed to help, why they are arguing with his Mother.

ANNIE

Troy, not my fault. They wanted to arrest "B-Still" and I defended.....

TROY

Wait, wait, wait! "B-Still"? You got into it with Police, almost get arrested your damn self, maybe even shot, because of "B-Still"?

ANNIE

Troy, you don't know the story.....

TROY

Annie, I'm sorry, but let tonight be the last night of this "Committee" bullshit for you. It's too much now.

ANNIE

You don't tell me what to do!

TROY

That ring there on your finger? Kind of elevates my opinions more than when we were just screwing around.

ANNIE

You know what? I'm going to chalk this up to my being tired, but it sounded like you ordering me to do something.

Troy just throws his hands up --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(scoffs)

You have the right idea: you don't need a shirt, because you obviously need to cool off! Goodnight!

Annie goes into the house before Troy says another word. He leans on the door -- bangs his head on the door, thinking about the

INT. OBERON'S OFFICE -- 2 DAYS LATER

Oberon's at his desk, looking over Frye's campaign posters with his name on it. He seems pleased.

Frye and his CAMPAIGN ADVISOR (middle-aged Asian man) enter the office, not happy, the Advisor working off an iPad.

OBERON

Hello, Peter.

FRYE
(incensed)
Take a memo, Mr. Advisor: find
suitable replacement for Oberon,
since he can't even run a
neighborhood.

CAMPAIGN ADVISOR
Duly noted, sir.

OBERON
What? What's wrong?

FRYE
Have you checked the social media
accounts for the NYPD?

OBERON
I don't pay attention to that. It's
all drivel and the occasional
arrest.

FRYE
Jokes!
(to Campaign Advisor)
Show him!

The Campaign Advisor shows him the footage of the altercation
with Annie the other day, along with the overwhelming support
for "The Committee" and the mostly negative for NYPD.

OBERON
Oh no!

FRYE
"Oh no", indeed! I told you to get
those degenerates under control.
Now, I have someone usurping your
authority? Maybe you've lost
it.....

Oberon looks at Frye, a look that can kill the dead.

FRYE (CONT'D)
Maybe I need to remove you from
Command.

OBERON
(hands back iPad)
I'll take care of this.

FRYE

No. I will! Organize a sort of "Police-Community Meeting" at the elementary school. We'll draw this "Committee" out and impress upon them their actions will not be tolerated.

OBERON

I'll handle it.

FRYE

Oh, I know you will, which is why I'll be there, as well.

Frye and the Campaign Advisor leave Oberon still in disbelief.

INT. ELEMENTARY SCHOOL AUDITORIUM -- A WEEK LATER

A huge turnout for what will many think will become a hotly debated evening.

Frye and Oberon, in their full uniforms, sit at a table with a mic discussing something. Katrina is "Moderator", setting up her notes at the podium in the middle of the stage.

Applause alerts them to seeing Annie, Dawn and "The Committee" entering the room and walking down the aisle.

RESIDENTS lucky enough shake their hands as Annie and Dawn walk to the stage and to Frye and Oberon. Their members take seats in a designated area on the right side.

STAGE

The 4 Leaders meet for the first time.

FRYE

(stands up, insincere smile)

The famous "Committee". A pleasure.

OBERON

(stands up, extends hand)

This is Commissioner Frye and I'm Captain Oberon.

The women shake their hands and introduce themselves and walk to their tables and remove their jackets.

Katrina finishes at the podium, walks over to them --

KATRINA
(smiles)
They look real nervous.

DAWN
They should be. They're fostering
the bullshit around here.

ANNIE
Dawn!
(to Katrina)
How is this going to work, anyway?

KATRINA
A simple, "run-of-the-mill" debate.
I'll be running it and you just need
to sell your case of helping the
community. The declining figures on
crime will do the rest.

Annie nods and Katrina leaves to the podium. She takes the
mic to get everyone to settle down --

KATRINA (CONT'D)
Good evening, everyone! My name is
Katrina Williams, Councilwoman for
this district.....

Sporadic applause.

KATRINA (CONT'D)
Thank you for that. The purpose of
this gathering tonight is to open a
channel of dialogue between
representatives of the "36th
Precinct".....

Responses aren't favorable. Frye whispers something to Oberon
-- he nods in acknowledgment.

KATRINA (CONT'D)
Please, everyone. Let's keep the
responses to a minimum so we can
keep the meeting running smoothly.
As I was saying, we are here to open
dialogue with the Police and "The
Committee", a start-up "Neighborhood
Watch" program off the heels of the
tragic police involved shooting that
occurred a few months back.
Representing "The Committee" are its
two founders, Ms. Dawn Andreson and
Mrs. Annie Timmons.

Applause.

KATRINA (CONT'D)
First, we shall allow Commissioner
Frye and Captain Oberon to have 2
minutes to address the room.

FRYE
Thank you, Ms. Williams. As your
Police Commissioner, I take great
pride in keeping our New York
streets safe, especially here in
"The District"....

Rings of jeering commence --

KATRINA
(taps mic)
Folks: please. Respect the floor!

The crowd calms down --

KATRINA (CONT'D)
Sorry. Continue.

FRYE
Thank you. I know, as the Police,
relations within black communities
are tumultuous, at best, but I am
aiming to change that. So, I hope
that we can build better
relationships, even once I become
Mayor. Thank you!

Sporadic applause --

KATRINA
Thank you, Commissioner Frye. Now,
we ask that "The Committee" use
their two minutes to explain their
platform.

Applause. The bias is real here.

DAWN
Thank you all for that! My name is
Dawn Andreson, one of the founders
of "The Committee" and along with
Annie and our volunteers, we are
aiming to curb the violence in our
neighborhood so it doesn't take away
"our lights": our children.....

The crowd begins chanting "Tiffani" -- Dawn chokes up a little bit --

KATRINA
(taps mic)
Folks!

The crowd quiets down --

ANNIE
For too long, we've had the "3-6"
Officers use and abuse their
powers.....

OBERON
I take offense to that statement!

The crowd starts up again -- Katrina tries to regain order, to no avail.

OBERON (CONT'D)
This is what we get: we try all day
and night keeping "The District"
safe.....

FRYE
Oberon.....

OBERON
(to Oberon)
No. This needs to be said:
(to Crowd)
My Officers risk their lives keeping
the drug dealers, the scammers, the
delinquent school kids off the
streets so you residents can walk
relatively safe. I don't know what
you want from us.....

ANNIE
A little accountability would be
nice.

Cheers --

OBERON
(to Annie)
"Accountability"? Who has
"accountability" for my partner,
Ricardo Esteves, gunned down in the
same building as Ms. Andreson's
daughter, thanks to a crackhead on a
binge?

Who has "accountability" when the residents didn't assist in finding his killers?

FRYE

Oberon: control yourselves!

Oberon leans back in his chair, trying to get his composure.

FRYE (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for that, but to you, Ms. Andreson and Mrs. Timmons: your "Committee" is not sanctioned by the NYPD, and so your actions, including the other day, impede our abilities to police, so I am respectfully asking you to end your crusade before it gets out of control.

The crowd waits for the "Committee's" answer -- Dawn grabs the mic.

DAWN

No way!

Explosions of applause cause Oberon and Frye to leave. Chants ranging from "Committee" to "Us Vs. Them", to even a "Black Lives Matter" chant rain out.

Dawn looks satisfied, Annie looks a little worried.

SCHOOL HALLWAY

Frye and Oberon are walking towards the street.

FRYE

Find out where their jobs are, homes, families. They screwed with the wrong one.

Oberon nods.

EXT. THE TIMMONS HOUSE -- BACKYARD -- TWO DAYS LATER

Troy, Annie and Randell are enjoying the spring weather in the backyard, Troy grilling dinner, the flames roaring up high --

ANNIE

Troy, you're trying to burn the house down?

TROY
Fire is flavor.

RANDELL
(laughing)
Daddy: do it again!

TROY
Okay.

Troy moves the food away, grabs the lighter fluid, squirts it on the fire -- the flame roars up again. Randell claps for joy -- Annie just shakes her head.

ANNIE
Troy.....

TROY
It's for the boy.

Troy puts all the food on a tray and brings it to the table. They all grab and start eating --

TROY (CONT'D)
So, anyway, how's your "Committee" doing?

ANNIE
(side eye)
You're actually interested?

TROY
(sighs)
I'm actually interested. Might as well know what you're up to out there at night.

ANNIE
Well, we're getting more people wanting to volunteer. So much that we are creating applications, to weed out the ones just looking for fame.

TROY
Seems smart.

ANNIE
And, that meeting the other day with the cops seemed to get us more support.

TROY

That's great. Look, I know I was harsh at the beginning, but I understand now how you're helping and all I can do is my best to support you.

ANNIE

Well, I appreciate that, honey. So, how about you volunteer as well? We could use a few more men.

TROY

Let's not go too fast now.

ANNIE

Figured I'd try.

RANDELL

(to Annie)

Mommy, you're never home anymore. Is "The Committee" more fun than me and Daddy now?

ANNIE

(eating, smile)

No, baby. You and Daddy are fun. It's just my job now.

RANDELL

(confused)

"Now"? You got fired from the bus company?

Troy starts laughing, spitting out his corn -- Annie glares at him.

TROY

I'm sorry, but that was unexpectedly funny.

ANNIE

I'll bet.

(to Randell)

"Randy", I'm still a Bus Driver. "The Committee" is my second job, and I help people as well.

RANDELL

Yay. More money. Can I get some action figures?

ANNIE

What.....?

TROY

Yeah. With your "new income", I need some paint for the downstairs room. I think "Majestic Blue" would be perfect.

Annie looks at her two men as they talk amongst themselves. They look up at her -- smiles.

TROY (CONT'D)

And a vacation!

RANDELL

And a vacation!

The family laughs.

INT. AN MTA BUS -- A WEEK LATER

Annie is eating her lunch on her break before she starts her route again in "The District".

She is texting Dawn about getting more volunteers, so they can ease back on patrols.

ANNIE

(eating, texting)

I don't think we're at that point yet. Too many people make us look like a militia.

Dawn responds --

"Okay. I just think it'll be better for us to be more of coordinators and assign Team Leaders.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(texting)

Maybe.

Annie finishes her sandwich and leaves the bus.

OUTSIDE THE BUS

Annie walks to a nearby garbage can next to a tree to throw out her trash.

ANNIE

(texting)

I like the "Team Leader" idea.

A BLACK COP and a MIDDLE EASTERN COP "walk the beat". They look and see Annie -- the Black Cop takes out a picture from his shirt pocket, shows it to the Middle Eastern Cop -- he acknowledges.

SIDEWALK

She takes out her half-full water bottle and drinks -- she spits it out.

ANNIE

Jeez. I hate warm water!

Annie throws the bottle in the trash --

BLACK COP (O.S.)

Hey! That needs to be recycled.

Annie turns to the Two Officers glaring at her over something everyone does.

ANNIE

What?

The Black Cop walks over to the can --

BLACK COP

That water bottle is recyclable. The can is on the corner.

Annie sees the can for recyclables down the block --

ANNIE

Sorry, but I need to start my route again.

MIDDLE EASTERN COP

Not until you remove the bottle from the can and place it down there.

BLACK COP

NOW, TIMMONS!

ANNIE

(confused)

How do you know my name?

BLACK COP

We know a lot about you!

Annie sees where this going -- the Two Officers get closer to her --

MIDDLE EASTERN COP

As a City Employee, we think you would know better. What if kids were watching?

ANNIE
 (laughing)
 Y'all are not serious right now?

BLACK COP
 Do we look like we're playing?

A crowd begins emerging around seeing the "altercation".

ANNIE
 Fellas, I'm sorry. This? We don't
 need this. I'll just remove it.....

Annie goes and takes out the bottle -- the Middle Eastern Cop
 smacks it out of her hand.

MIDDLE EASTERN COP
 Littering now? You'd do that in front
 of us?

ANNIE
 (scoffs, under breath)
 Unbelievable.....

BLACK COP
 What'd you say? "To hell with us?!"
 Okay.....

The Black Cop takes out his cuffs --

BLACK COP (CONT'D)
 Guess you should get someone else to
 drive your route now.

ANNIE
 Y'all arresting me....over a bottle?

MIDDLE EASTERN COP
 No. For attempted assault.

ANNIE
 Holy.....

MALE VOICE (O.S.)
 (deep gruff voice)
 Annie, what's going on?

They all turn to a group of BUS DRIVERS led by GARFIELD
 (older Black man) coming over to see what the problem is.

ANNIE
 (to Garfield)
 I'm all right, guys. These cops and
 I just have a misunderstanding.....

BLACK COP

No "misunderstanding"; you are being arrested for "Littering" and "Attempted Assault of a Police Officer".

GARFIELD

Try again! We've been watching you for the past few minutes, and y'all been harassing my co-worker.

BLACK COP

Look, let's just let us do our jobs.

BUS DRIVER #2

You're not taking her in!

BUS DRIVER #3

Let her go, before there's trouble!

MIDDLE EASTERN COP

Who said that?!

GARFIELD

(steps up)

Look, let her go! Give her a dumbass summons or something.

BLACK COP

(threatening)

Or what?!

Garfield and the Black Cop are nose-to-nose, daring the other to make that move --

MIDDLE EASTERN COP

Whatever! Let's go, partner!

The Black Cop looks back at his partner -- motions that it's done -- he turns back to Garfield, who hasn't moved --

BLACK COP

(to Annie, sneering)

Fuck you and your "Committee"!

ANNIE

(soft smile)

Just trying to help!

The Cops leave to their squad car and enter, starting it up. Annie turns back to Garfield.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Thanks, y'all. Really!

BUS DRIVER #4
We got you, Annie!

BUS DRIVER #2
Cops are crazy out here.

GARFIELD
What was that about?

ANNIE
I'm part of the neighborhood watch
in "The District".

GARFIELD
I heard about you guys. You're doing
good work.

ANNIE
Well, appreciate.....

BLACK COP (O.S.)
HEY, TIMMONS!

The group turns to the Cops driving slowly by -- the Black
Cop in the "Passenger" seat.

BLACK COP (CONT'D)
You forgot your trash, "Trash"!

He throws the water bottle at Annie -- it hits her in the
chest, water splashing her in the face.

The Cops speed away as the Bus Drivers protest, Garfield
running after the car.

Annie walks away to a nearby gate and begins wiping away the
water, crying.

EXT. A DINER -- NEXT DAY

Frye, Oberon, and a young woman named ZEDRA (Italian "beauty
queen) exit and begin smoking, except Zedra.

OBERON
That was a good lunch.

FRY
(smiling)
Because it was free.

Oberon nods.

FRYE

How are we on that "situation"?

OBERON

My Officers rattled her at her job,
but she still went out on patrol
last night. Foiled a purse
snatching, I heard.

FRYE

Hmnh. They are really annoying.

(to Zedra)

How are we on our "thing", my
favorite niece?

ZEDRA

(smiling)

Well, Uncle Pete, I did a "Hard
Credit Inquiry" without alerting the
three monitoring services. I can't
do that again.

FRYE

Hmm. And?

Zedra pulls a file folder out of her purse and hands it to
Frye.

ZEDRA

Luckily, they "Direct Deposit" their
checks into my bank, so I went under
the pretense of verifying a
transaction. I've got addresses,
occupations, credit history, and
something very interesting.

OBERON

What?

ZEDRA

Her husband Troy? He put her on a
loan application for a plot of land
that is in our "Early Approval"
pool. He has a meeting coming up
this Friday with our "Head Banker".
It looks like he's gotten his line
of credit.

OBERON

I don't like this, Peter. We're
going after this woman's family now.

FRYE

I don't give a damn! She is messing up my election bid and it's out of control now. She's too "visible" now. We inadvertently made her a "symbol". Touching her now would make us look vindictive.

ZEDRA

Do you need me for anything else?

FRYE

Is there a way we can deny his application?

ZEDRA

Not without getting caught. Only the "Head Banker" can approve applications like that, and it's at his discretion.

FRYE

Damn.

ZEDRA

(evil smile)

Except, I have his password and access to his system. He's been training me to become a "Personal Banker"....and been my lover. Consider it done.

FRYE

(to Oberon)

You can always count on family. Remember that, my friend.

Frye laughs evilly and they walk away, leaving Oberon who looks out to the street and a BLACK FAMILY walking, looking happy with their son.

INT. BROOKLYN STATE SAVINGS AND LOAN -- FRIDAY MORNING

A busy morning inside the bank. Troy enters, in a suit, feeling upbeat. Today, he gets his line of credit, or so he thinks.

Troy walks up to a "Reception" podium in the middle and a Young Woman writing --

TROY

(smiling)

Good morning.

The Young Woman looks up -- Zedra.

ZEDRA
(smile)
Yes. Good morning.

TROY
Hi. I'm here to see a Mr. Gwynn. My
name is.....

ZEDRA
Troy Timmons. Yes. You're his only
appointment today. Please.

Zedra leads him to --

MR. GWYNN'S OFFICE

Inside, MR. GWYNN (good-looking Caucasian man) is taking off
his suit jacket and getting ready for his day.

Zedra opens the door --

ZEDRA
Mr. Gwynn, Mr. Timmons is here.

MR. GWYNN
(to Zedra, smile)
Thank you, Zedra.

Troy enters, Zedra shuts the door. The two men shake hands --

MR. GWYNN (CONT'D)
Mr. Timmons, a pleasure.

TROY
Thank you for meeting with me.

MR. GWYNN
No problem. We aim to please and get
our clients loans for anything they
so desire.

EXT. THE CONSTRUCTION SITE -- CONTINUOUS

Leonard arrives at the site with the company's COO (Black
man)

He says "Good Morning" to the WORKERS going inside.

A darkened sedan's doors open and two ANTI-CRIME OFFICERS
(Black) emerge and walk up to him.

ANTI-CRIME OFFICER #1
Mr. Timmons?

LEONARD
Nah, man. I'm his boss Leonard.

ANTI-CRIME OFFICER #2
Our mistake. We need to Troy
Timmons.

LEONARD
Well, he's taken the morning off to
handle some personal business. He'll
be back later.

ANTI-CRIME OFFICER #1
Well, do you know where he is,
currently? We need to speak with him
regarding an investigation.

LEONARD
"Investigation"?

C.O.O.
What is this in reference to?

ANTI-CRIME OFFICER #2
A "criminal" investigation.

Anti-Crime Officer #1 hands Leonard a card.

ANTI-CRIME OFFICER #2 (CONT'D)
Have him call us.

The two Officers leave, the C.O.O. whispers something to
Leonard, and he walks in by himself.

Leonard looks again at the card, has a distressed look on his
face.

MR. GWYNN'S OFFICE

Mr. Gwynn looks over Troy's application on his computer,
tapping his pen on his chin.

TROY
Everything all right?

MR. GWYNN
(to Troy, assured smile)
Oh, yeah. Just reading over some
accompanying documents.

We pull employment histories, credit reports, housing info of all listed on the application, to establish a suitable line of credit.

TROY

Oh.

MR. GWYNN

(typing)

Okay. Where did you say this land was again?

TROY

Long Island City. By the border to Greenpoint.

MR. GWYNN

(to Troy)

Right. Nice area for a construction business.

TROY

Yeah. I was going to take an area in Staten Island for less, but it's too far.

MR. GWYNN

And, no one like Staten Island, anyway,

Troy doesn't laugh at the joke; Mr. Gwynn returns to the computer.

Troy looks at his phone: sees it's "11am".

MR. GWYNN (CONT'D)

All right. The computer has finished processing. Let's hope for the best.

Mr. Gwynn clicks his mouse and the computer runs its algorithms -- it denies Troy's request, citing negative inquiries from TEN years ago.

MR. GWYNN (CONT'D)

(sighs)

I'm sorry, Mr. Timmons. The loan has been denied.

TROY

(astonished)

What? Why?

MR. GWYNN

According to this, you have some negative inquiries on your credit history.

TROY

I mean, that was post-college, when I was struggling finding a job, but those should have been gone from my history.

MR. GWYNN

I hear you, but considering our business loans, we use a different criteria than for say, mortgages or car loans.

TROY

(silent)

Wow!

Mr. Gwynn gets up, extends his hand --

MR. GWYNN

(sincere tone)

I'm really sorry, Mr. Timmons. I wish we could have done more.

Troy stands up and shakes his hand, exits.

BROOKLYN STATE SAVINGS AND LOAN -- MAIN FLOOR

Troy, head down, leaves the bank. Zedra watches him, an evil smile on her face as she texts Commissioner Frye about the "success".

EXT. THE CONSTRUCTION SITE -- LATER

Leonard is outside, drinking a coffee. He is waiting for Troy to arrive.

A "Lyft" car pulls up -- Troy emerges. He sees Leonard --

TROY

Hey, Leonard. Sorry. My meeting went a little long, but I'll quickly change.....

Troy begins entering the site --

LEONARD

Troy!

Troy stops -- he turns to Leonard -- pulls out the business card from the cops.

LEONARD (CONT'D)
Two "Anti-Crime" officers were
looking for you.

TROY
(looks at card)
Why?

LEONARD
You tell me. Everything okay?

TROY
Yeah. I haven't had any run-ins with
Police.

LEONARD
Hmm....

TROY
(puts card away)
Well, thanks for letting me know.

LEONARD
The "C.O.O." is here on-site.

TROY
(joking)
Well, I'll buff up my "Wolverines"
before he sees me.

Troy starts back in again --

LEONARD
Troy, you don't have to worry about
that.

Troy stops --

LEONARD (CONT'D)
The "C.O.O." Was present when the
cops came.....

TROY
(sighs)
And?

LEONARD

(sighs)

He said....until you get this sorted out, I have to indefinitely suspend you, effective immediately. I'm sorry.

Troy's heart is in his throat. First, the bank, now this.

TROY

(soft)

Can I get my stuff?

LEONARD

Yeah. I'll walk in with you and walk you out.

The two men walk in, Leonard placing his hand on Troy's back.

INT. TIMMONS BROWNSTONE -- LIVING ROOM -- EARLY AFTERNOON

Annie is going over her next round of applications for "The Committee" at the table. She has applications sorted in three piles.

ANNIE

I need a break.

She puts down the application in her hand, rubs her eyes. The front door opens --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Dawn?

Troy enters --

TROY

Nope!

Annie turns to her husband --

TROY (CONT'D)

What's up?

ANNIE

Troy? What are you doing home? I thought you were going to work.

TROY

Funny thing: I got fired today!

ANNIE

What?! What happened? Layoff?

TROY

I wish.

Troy comes over, sits down and produces the business card for Annie.

TROY (CONT'D)

Two "Anti-Crime" cops went to the site looking for me about some criminal investigation I'm somehow implicated in.

ANNIE

About what?

TROY

Damned if I know. But, the "C.O.O." was there and heard everything and decided I'm not worth the headache.

ANNIE

God, I'm sorry, Troy. Well, at least you have the bank loan.....

Troy puts his head down, indicating he didn't get the loan, either.

Annie slams her fist down on the table --

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(shaking head)

This is all about "The Committee". They're going after me through you...

TROY

How do you figure? I'm not even part of that.

ANNIE

(sighs)

I had an incident the other day with two "District" cops. Coupled with the viral video, I think they've realized they can't get to me and decided to go after my family. Assholes. Baby, I'm sorry.

Troy grabs his wife's hand, wipes away a renegade tear that escapes her eye.

TROY

(smiling)

Babe, it's okay.

It's not your fault. It's a constant war against Black Men with the Police. I'll be fine.

ANNIE

What are we going to do about money now?

TROY

I asked the Union if there were any open positions anywhere. A lot of "3-Day" openings, but it's a significant drop in money. Against my beliefs, I'll apply for "Unemployment" to keep a steady stream of money coming in while I look for another "Foreman" position.

Annie looks at her husband, smiles.

TROY (CONT'D)

Now, that's what I like to see. My baby's better.

Annie grabs a blank application, hands it to Troy.

ANNIE

You need to do something in the meantime.

TROY

You're not serious.

ANNIE

We could use more men and we are thin on the "Day Shift".

Troy looks at his wife, then the application, then back at Annie --

TROY

(sighs)

Where's a pen?

Annie produces one -- Troy begins filling out the application. He looks up at his wife -- winks -- she smiles.

EXT. THE TIMMONS BROWNSTONE -- NEXT MORNING

Troy walks out of the brownstone for his first day of "Neighborhood Watch". He is sporting a t-shirt, sneakers and jeans for the warm day.

ANNIE (O.S.)

Troy?!

Troy turns back to Annie, dressed for work. She is holding one of the "Committee" windbreakers in her hand.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Forgot something?

TROY

Do I have to wear that?

ANNIE

(hands up)

"Solidarity"!

Troy puts on the jacket and kisses Annie on the cheek.

ANNIE (CONT'D)

Dawn and the group will be on Rogers. She'll set you up.

TROY

All right.

(sighs)

Time to play "Security Guard".

ANNIE

Troy.....

Troy smiles as he walks down the stairs and down the sidewalk, Annie watching.

A YOUNG MAN (Black athlete) sees Troy with the jacket on --

YOUNG MAN

Yo, you in "The Committee"?

TROY

Uh....yeah. First day!

YOUNG MAN

That's what's up. Y'all really cleaned up 'round here. Thanks to y'all, my little bro can walk home safe now, and my Pops even stopped his plans for moving us to Jersey. Appreciate you, my guy!

Troy watches the Young Man walk away, and looks at Annie -- salutes her and walks away.

Annie smiles and reenters the house.

INT. KATRINA'S OFFICE -- LATE AFTERNOON

A small neighborhood storefront office has Katrina and Annie looking at the Internet on a projector.

Katrina plays various videos of different newscasts across the country, most showing people starting their own "Committees" in different cities across the country, even as far as the UK and China.

KATRINA

Whoo, girl! You all really started something. We've got politicians talking about your efforts, and people want to interview you.....

ANNIE

No interviews. We didn't get into this for fame.

KATRINA

So, tell CNN "No".

ANNIE

Yes, ma'am.

KATRINA

And "The Breakfast Club"?

ANNIE

Katrina...

Katrina nods and continues playing the interviews, Annie looks on at how her efforts are sparking change.

INT. COMMISSIONER FRYE'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

Frye, in a three-piece suit, watches the same compilation of videos, incensed.

Oberon, also in a suit, is more discouraged than incensed.

FRYE

48% now. My God! What the shit?

OBERON

It's worse than anticipated?

FRYE

"Worse than anticipated"? You anticipated this?

No answer --

FRYE (CONT'D)

I have the Mayor down my throat about creating a "task force" that encompasses this degenerates. Damn Liberals! Social Justice bullshit!

OBERON

What do you want done?

FRYE

A "task force".

OBERON

You're bowing to the Mayor?

FRYE

A "task force".....to take them all down.

OBERON

Our best efforts only make them stronger.

FRYE

Let me show you my "best efforts".

Oberon picks up the phone, calls someone --

FRYE (CONT'D)

Can I speak with Daniel Reed?
Thanks!

(pause)

Danny? Peter Frye! Listen, I have an investigation in "The District" on-going, and it's drug-related. Cocaine. Yup. Listen, I want to turn off the facilities at some addresses. I'll fax them over. Yeah. I got a court order. Yes. And, can you do the water as well? Right. Can you make that call for me? Appreciate it. Thanks.

Oberon hangs up. He writes a quick note, passes it to Oberon -

-

FRYE (CONT'D)

This is a friendly Judge. Go see her, and ask for a back-dated court order for....one month. Since they won't stop, we'll stop themselves. Go!

Oberon leaves to find the Judge, Frye returns to the videos, Annie's picture makes him more mad.

INT. THE TIMMONS HOUSE -- KITCHEN -- THREE DAYS LATER

Troy is underneath the sink, checking the hot water line.

Annie is standing over him waiting for his word -- Troy emerges --

ANNIE

Well?

TROY

It ain't the pipes. The boiler works, so I'm not sure.

Randell walks in --

RANDELL

Daddy, is the hot water working again?

TROY

Not yet, buddy.

ANNIE

I'm going to call the company. I know we paid.

Annie dials the number for the water company -- Dawn calls mid-dial --

INTERCUT ANNIE/DAWN

ANNIE (CONT'D)

(on speakerphone)

Hey, Dawn!

INT. DAWN'S KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Dawn is in her white kitchen, filling a pot with water to boil. She has no hot water as well.

DAWN

Hey. My landlord ain't shit!

Randell looks up at Annie, smiling at the cursing.

ANNIE

Dawn: I have you on "Speaker".

DAWN
Randell is there, huh?

Annie leaves the Kitchen --

LIVING ROOM

Annie walks through the room to the window, looks out to the block -- turns off "Speaker".

DAWN
Sorry, girl! Didn't realize.

ANNIE
It's all right. What about your
landlady now?

DAWN
I haven't had hot water for 2 days.
I asked the neighbors; they have it.
I asked the landlord, and he said it
has something to do with my "pipe
connectors". He needs to call some
specialist from out of town.

ANNIE
Same thing here. We just lost our
hot water this morning.

DAWN
I don't know. I have to boil hella
water, and fill my tub up.

An alert on her phone prompts Annie to look at her phone -- Cecily, Franz, Vera have texted her, saying their utilities aren't working, Cecily even saying her landlady has asked her to move out because of some "trouble" she's brought.

DAWN (CONT'D)
Annie?

ANNIE
(back on phone)
Umm, I'll-I'll call you back.

Annie hangs up, sees something alarming: two Cop Cars driving past, slowing down in front of the house, then speeding away.

EXT. NOSTRAND AVENUE -- TWO DAYS LATER

Annie and Troy are walking home with groceries. The weather is beginning to get cooler with the Fall.

They still have no hot water, and now, they're having problems with rolling blackouts.

TROY

I called up the power company. They said the transformer is probably shorting out. They put out a "Work Request Ticket" for us.

ANNIE

All right.

TROY

I don't get it. First the water, now the electricity.....

ANNIE

It's obvious, Troy.

They turn the corner--

STERLING PLACE

The couple turns on their block.

ANNIE

Oberon and the Cops.

TROY

Huh?

ANNIE

(sighs)

Ever since that "Town Hall" we attended, it seems like they've been ratcheting up their efforts to shut us down.

TROY

You're saying the Cops are screwing with us intentionally.

ANNIE

It started with two Cops trying to arrest me.....

TROY

(stops walking)

Whoa, whoa! You almost got arrested?

ANNIE

(stops walking)

A few weeks back, while on-duty.

TROY

And, you decided not to tell me this?

ANNIE

I didn't want you to go do something dumb.

TROY

Wow! So, you don't even give me the choice to react! Thanks, "Ann". For real. Thanks.

ANNIE

Troy, I'm sorry, okay? I should have told you.

TROY

What else you holding back, huh?
(puts groceries down, arms folded)
Come on. Decide how I should react.

Annie looks in her Husband's eyes --

ANNIE

"The Committee" may have indirectly gotten you fired.

TROY

I figured that out. You start this movement, I get fired, then lose out on a loan I had in my hands? In a war, they won't mess with the Leaders, but your Army? That white girl had to leave, and Vera ain't been 'round, either. Plus, I been feeling like these Cops following us around on our patrols, watching our every move.

ANNIE

Yeah. You're right.

TROY

What else?

ANNIE

I'm.....pregnant. Two months.

Troy looks shocked. The Couple stare at each other.

INT. KATRINA'S OFFICE -- TWO DAYS LATER [EVENING]

Troy is stone-faced sitting in the office, Annie holding his hand. Dawn, Franz and Jerry stand.

Katrina holds the court orders and a folder containing the investigation from the "Task Force".

KATRINA

It's a nightmare, guys. The "3-6"
really wants you all disbanded.

DAWN

I haven't had hot water for almost
two weeks and I'm having problems at
work. Cops showing up looking for
me, taking to my co-workers about
me, my boss talking about putting me
on "Per Diem".

JERRY

And, I've had Cops parked outside my
house taking pictures, scaring my
wife.

KATRINA

I understand.

TROY

(icy)
So, what are you going to do about
it?

ANNIE

Troy.....

TROY

(to Annie)
Nah. She needs to hear this.
(to Katrina)
You have just as much complicity as
us in this. We're losing utilities,
I have a son that we have to boil
water just for him to take a bath, I
lost my job, my wife attacked by
rogue-ass cops. What's up?

KATRINA

Mr. Timmons, I understand your
frustrations, and I'm trying to help
you out.

TROY

I bet yo utilities are safe.

KATRINA

Troy, I'm sorry.

JERRY

It's not good enough, Katrina. We are losing membership by the day, for fear of reprisal.

DAWN

I know you wanted to see this succeed, but we can't go on like this, worrying what the "next level" is.

KATRINA

You're right. I think the best tactic for us is to speak with the "3-6", come to a compromise, but I won't do it unless it's all agreed.

Everyone looks around, acknowledges to go forward. Katrina picks up the phone, calls Oberon.

KATRINA (CONT'D)

Can I speak with Capt. Oberon? It's Katrina Williams, Councilwoman in "The District".

Annie leans on Troy's shoulder, him whispering encouraging words to her.

OUTSIDE KATRINA'S OFFICE

An "NYPD" van, lights on full, a number of OFFICERS waiting outside the door.

Oberon and Frye watch and wait for "The Committee" to come out and surrender.

The door opens -- Katrina leads them out, Officers cuffing each one and placing them in the van. Katrina walks up to the Commanding Officers --

KATRINA

Thank you for not having the Press outside here.

OBERON

We just want this ordeal over.

Frye walks to the van, looks at his "enemies". He flashes them an evil smile and slams the doors shut.

EXT. 36TH PCT. -- MINUTES LATER

The van pulls up, Frye's car right behind. Throngs of REPORTERS converge on the van as it leads everyone out, bombarding them with questions like they are "common criminals".

Frye and Oberon take over the questioning as the group is led into the Precinct for processing.

INT. COURTROOM -- TWO MONTHS LATER

"The Committee" sits at the "Defendant" table, with their LAWYER (33, Black male), looking nervous. Oberon and Frye are in the Galley, along with supporters of "The Committee" and Reporters.

Judge Hilleman is presiding over their case. The DISTRICT ATTORNEY (older White female) calls each one of the Defendants up and asks them questions. They give their answers and leave.

KATRINA'S OFFICE

Katrina and her friend, a PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR (Black female) speak about her findings.

The Private Investigator shows how the court orders were illegally obtained, thanks to the CLERK of the "friendly Judge" breaking down.

COURTROOM -- NEXT DAY

The Defense Lawyer presents the Court with the report findings of the Investigator, the Judge glancing over at Oberon and Frye as he peruses it.

He calls for a "Recess" to examine the report.

EXT. THE COURTHOUSE STEPS -- TWO DAYS LATER

"The Committee" exits the Courthouse, happy. They were acquitted of their charges and had their utilities restored.

They field questions from Reporters, Annie at the forefront as "Leader".

COURTHOUSE -- HALLWAY

Oberon and Frye are read their "Miranda Rights" by another CAPTAIN. They are led away to cells.

EXT. 36TH PCT. -- CONTINUOUS

Different Officers are led out in cuffs, including the racist cop that arrested Cordell, and the two Officers from the "Bus Stop" incident. They are placed in 2 vans.

BROOKLYN STATE SAVINGS AND LOAN -- MAIN FLOOR

Zedra is led out in cuffs, as well, her crying.

The Bank Manager talks with DETECTIVES from the SEC about her involvement in Troy's application denial.

EXT. THE TIMMONS BROWNSTONE -- SIX MONTHS LATER [MORNING]

Troy is getting help putting a ladder on his new "Sprinter" van from his employee DEDAS (older Hispanic man). They shake hands and Troy begins wiping off some dirt from the van.

TROY (V.O.)

Since the court date, "The Committee" sued the City for turning off our utilities illegally and unlawful arrest. We planned to drag it out as long as we could, but they caved and granted us our lawsuit, with provisions. We aren't allowed to disclose the amount received, but let's just say: it was SIGNIFICANT.

JERRY'S HOUSE

Jerry and Vera are leaving for work.

JERRY (V.O.)

With our portion of the money, we decided to finish up our school year and become "traveling teachers". We love "The District", but we felt it was time to do something new.

EXT. DAWN'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Dawn looks over her album of pictures sitting on steps of her new house.

DAWN (V.O.)

With my portion and the "Wrongful Death" suit I filed against the "NYPD", I moved out of the building and into a house a few doors away from Annie and Troy. I also started a scholarship in Tiffani's name for black students wanting to go into "Criminal Justice". We need more of "us" out there and hoping for change.

Dawn looks up and waves at Troy -- he waves back as he continues wiping down his truck.

Dawn walks down the block to Annie's --

THE TIMMONS HOUSE

She walks up the stairs and rings the bell. Randell opens the door, with his school clothes and bookbag. Dawn pinches his cheek -- Randell smiles and looks back at Annie, carrying a baby wrapped in a blanket.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Troy and I took the most damage of "The Committee". In addition to Troy losing his job, I was asked to step down from my position and voluntarily quit. My rep negotiated for me to receive my full 20-year pension even though I haven't even hit 10. We used the bulk of the money to start "Timmons Construction" and pay off Ms. Hayes' mortgage. Cordell is doing better, though he had to have his record sealed for future opportunities.

COURTROOM

Inside, Oberon and Frye listen to Zedra testify against them in open court. They both have a discouraged look on their faces.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Frye and Oberon went down for their roles, plus misuse of power. They were stripped of their ranks, fired and lost their pensions. I hear they both took positions at a management firm in the City.

UTICA AVENUE

A POLICE SERGEANT (Black man) hands out assignments to OFFICERS and CITIZENS wearing "Committee" windbreakers. They have been upgraded with yellow trim, "Committee" printed on the back, and their names on front.

ANNIE (V.O.)

Katrina and the new Police Commissioner started a "pilot program" with "The Committee", to help bridge relations between the Police and the neighborhood. The opening day of applications, we had over 1,000 applicants for 50 spots, even teenagers.

The squads fan out to a line of cars and move out.

NEW YORK AVENUE

Two "Committee" members walk along patrolling. "B-Still" comes around the corner, stares at them, at their jackets. He salutes them and walks along.

ANNIE (V.O.)

"B-Still" calmed down his drug trade, but gets a sale in every now and then. We are trying to get him to change, but it's a struggle.

THE TIMMONS BROWNSTONE

Troy finishes wiping the truck and races up the steps to Annie. He smiles at her, then his new baby girl FABIANNA. He kisses Annie on the lips, Dawn on the cheek and takes Randell to the van.

The women watch the men enter the van, and pull off, honking the horn. Annie and Dawn enter the house just as two "Committee" members patrol the block.