

UP NORTH (PILOT)

Written by

B. Van Randall

P.O. Box 7955 Bloomfield Hills, MI 48302
(734) 389-4376

TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. VAUGHN FAMILY HOME - DAY

The year is 2007. Detroit, Michigan's Eastside. Vaughn Sagat bangs on the door to the bathroom in a overcrowded three bedroom flat. Vaughn is a seventeen year old, African American, high school student. He is light skinned and has a lot of hair. Debbie Sagat is also a light skinned African American. She is forty years old.

VAUGHN SAGAT

What the hell you doing in there?

DEBBIE SAGAT

Language!

VAUGHN SAGAT

She been her ass in there all morning mama! I gotta take a shower!

DEBBIE SAGAT

Kyra come out the bathroom! Other people have to get in there too!

Kyra yells from inside the bathroom. Kyra is a sixteen year old African American female with light skin. She is Vaughn's younger sister.

KYRA SAGAT

I ain't even been in here that long!

VAUGHN SAGAT

You's a damn lie! You been in there all morning!

DEBBIE SAGAT

Language Vaughn!

Vaughn beats on the door more.

Vaughn's father Earl comes walking out of his bedroom. Earl is a tall African American man with a deep voice and ruggedly handsome features. He is a mechanic and his hands show his trade.

EARL SAGAT

The hell y'all making all that noise for?

VAUGHN SAGAT

Kyra tying up the bathroom all damn morning!

DEBBIE SAGAT

I done told you about ya language.

EARL SAGAT

You heard ya mother. You not too old to get your ass beat son.

Kyra finally opens the door.

VAUGHN SAGAT

Bout damn time! Move!

Vaughn pushes Kyra out of the threshold, enters the bathroom and closes the door aggressively behind himself.

KYRA SAGAT

I need my comb out of there! And my mirror!

Kyra turns to her father.

KYRA SAGAT (CONT'D)

Daddy would you tell him to let me get my comb and mirror out of there?

Vaughn opens the bathroom door and tosses Kyra's comb and brush out then quickly closes the door.

Kyra's mirror hits the ground and breaks.

KYRA SAGAT (CONT'D)

Why would you do that? You so stupid I hate you!

Kyra vents and hits on the bathroom door.

EARL SAGAT

That's enough now! Y'all not about to stress me out this early in the morning!

Earl digs in his pocket and pulls out a five dollar bill. He hands it to Kyra.

EARL SAGAT (CONT'D)

Here. Go and buy you a new mirror. I'll deal with your brother later.

KYRA SAGAT
Thank you Daddy!

Kyra kisses Earl on the cheek.

Kyra walks out the front door and on to the porch.

Kyra's friend Erica is on the front porch. She is wearing shorts and a tank top style shirt. Erica is a sixteen year old African American female.

ERICA
I ain't think you was ever going to come outside.

KYRA SAGAT
Hey E. How long you been out here?

ERICA
A long time!

KYRA SAGAT
Well hey...I got a lot I be doing sooo, yeah.

ERICA
Whatever! You ready?

KYRA SAGAT
Yep but I got to stop and get a new mirror on the way. My retarded ass brother just broke mine.

A boy named Brayden, who is about Kyra's age, walks past the house while Kyra and Erica are standing on the front porch.

BRAYDEN
What up doe Kyra?

Kyra and Erica look as Brayden walks by. Kyra has a smirk smile on her face. Erica is looking with disgust.

KYRA SAGAT
Hi Brayden.

Brayden walks and talks to Kyra.

BRAYDEN
You doing camp this summer?

KYRA SAGAT
I don't know...I might. Why?

BRAYDEN

(Smiling)

I don't know. Just asking. Hope you do though.

KYRA SAGAT

Is that so?

Brayden cuts his eyes over to Erica.

BRAYDEN

Hey Erica.

ERICA

Boy please! Don't talk to me.

KYRA SAGAT

Erica!

ERICA

What?

Brayden laughs.

BRAYDEN

Aight den.

Brayden keeps walking.

KYRA SAGAT

(Smacking lips)

Ugh-Uuuuugh...Why You gotta be acting like that?

ERICA

Girl whatever! Brayden know I don't fuck with him like that.

KYRA SAGAT

But why though? What he do to you?

ERICA

He get on my nerves. Ever since he started rolling with them Harper Boys he think he the shit. And what you see in him anyway? You too smart to be falling for the same ol' hood nigga wit a little pocket change.

KYRA SAGAT

Girl whatever. He cute.

ERICA
Yeah cute and dumb.

KYRA SAGAT
(Laughing)
Whatever he is not dumb!

ERICA
Ok...if you say so. Camp? Please
y'all don't even go no where. You
just be up at the damn school and
it be hot as hell cause they cheap
asses don't even have no damn air
conditioning.

Across the street a neighbor named "Knock Knock" looks out of
his front window. He has a gun in his hand.

KYRA SAGAT
Dang! What's wrong wit you today?

ERICA
It ain't what's wrong with me. It's
what's wrong with y'all... "camp."
That just school on a low ass
budget girl.

Kyra laughs.

KYRA SAGAT
Whatever!

Erica tries to hold back a smile.

ERICA
Naw you whatever.

Kyra and Erica step down a couple more steps. Erica is
standing in the walkway and Kyra is standing on the second to
last step looking down at Erica.

Kyra's brother Lucas steps out of the front door. Lucas'
nickname is Lucky. Lucas is a tall slender kid. He is light
skinned like his brother Vaughn and Sister Kyra. Lucas is
nineteen years old.

Erica notices Lucky and begins to blush.

ERICA (CONT'D)
Hey Lucky.

Kyra looks at Erica with disgust.

LUCKY
What up doe E? Sup Sis?

KYRA SAGAT
Hey Lucky.

LUCKY
Where y'all headed too?

ERICA
Eastland. You want to come?

LUCKY
Naw..I don't fuck with Eastland.

KYRA SAGAT
Naw that ain't it. Eastland don't
fuck wit him.

Kyra laughs.

LUCKY
Man, whatever.

ERICA
What's wrong with Eastland?

KYRA SAGAT
He can't go. They banned him.
Always up there fighting and other
shit.

Lucky ignores Kyra and continues looking down the street and
swinging his fist together.

ERICA
I mean...if you was protecting
yourself then I don't see the
problem.

Kyra rolls her eyes.

KYRA SAGAT
Weren't you the one just trying to
tell me about Bray...

ERICA
Hush now Chile. Don't hate.

KYRA SAGAT
MmmHmmm...

Knock Knock (aka Knock for short) comes bursting out the
front door of his home diagonally across the street.

KNOCK

I can't believe you Lucky. You bold enough to have yo ass out here in broad daylight.

LUCKY

Gone wit that bullshit today Knock ain't nobody got time for what you talkin'.

KNOCK

Oh you don't nigga?

LUCKY

No Mothafucka I don't!

Kyra's Mother and father here the loud aggressive talking from inside the house.

DEBBIE SAGAT

Who is that out there yelling?

EARL SAGAT

I don't know. Sound like Lucky though.

DEBBIE SAGAT

Who he talking to?

Earl looks out the window. Debbie looks out behind him.

EARL SAGAT

Him and Knock going at it again. Let me get out there and stop this shit.

LUCKY

I said take yo stupid ass home Knock. Ain't nobody steal nothing from you!

KNOCK

I got yo stupid ass on camera Lucky! You bitch ass niggas think you was just gonna come up in my shit and rob me? With no mothafuckin' masks on? Y'all got to be the most stupidest mothafuckas out here.

LUCKY

Man fuck yo bitch ass cameras nigga! And fuck you! Do somethin'.

Knock reaches into the pocket of his hoodie and pulls a hand gun out.

Earl walks out onto the front porch.

EARL SAGAT
Lucky get yo ass in the house!

Knock fires one shot in Lucky's direction.

Everybody gets quiet. Knock's eyes get big.

Debbie screams from inside the house and runs out the front door.

Vaughn hears the gunshot and then the scream from inside the bathroom.

Debbie pauses on the front porch to assess who was hit.

Kyra looks down and realizes that she is bleeding from her stomach.

Erica's face frowns up and is over come with fear. She reaches out to Kyra.

KYRA SAGAT
(To Erica)
E?

Vaughn comes out onto the front porch with nothing but a towel on. He is still wet from his shower.

Kyra collapses in the arms of her father.

Debbie runs down the stairs, rushing toward Kyra.

Vaughn stands frozen and in shock. The world around him is inaudible. He sees only his sister bleeding out and everybody chaotic and frantic around her.

DEBBIE
(Screaming)
Kyra!

FADE OUT.

Main titles

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET CORNER/DETROIT EASTSIDE - NIGHT

It's Spring of 2007 in the city of Detroit. Saturday night. It is the first warm night of the year. A bunch of people are standing around witnessing the police canvas the area to ask bystanders questions. A shooting has just taken place. Red and blue lights flash and illuminate the night. Sirens can be heard in the distance. Uniformed police officers work to control access to the area. Plain clothes gang unit detectives wear vests with "Detroit Gang Squad" patches. The Gang Squad detectives wear their badges on chains that hang around their necks. The police officers are indifferent to the situation. Some of them laugh and joke as they stand on scene. Three young black teens are being made to sit on the curb by two white and two black Gang Squad detectives. A black Chevy Impala with blacked out windows pulls up to the scene. A burly, middle aged, black male detective (Ruffin), and an older white male Special Agent (Coffer) exit the vehicle. Both Ruffin and Coffer are wearing vests and jeans with long sleeved shirts underneath. Coffer appears to be unsure of himself. Ruffin presents like this is just another day at the office for him. One of the other Gang Squad detectives (Miller) walks up to Ruffin.

MILLER

Hey Sarge.

RUFFIN

Hey hey. You good?

MILLER

Yeah I'm good. Just tired as fuck. Working that second job over at the casino is killing me.

RUFFIN

I feel it. How's the fam?

MILLER

Good man. Good.

RUFFIN

Good man. That's good.

(Off Coffer)

This is Special Agent Coffer. He's Taylor's supervisor.

MILLER

Oh yeah, ok. Nice to meet you.

Miller holds his hand out for Coffer to shake. Coffer reaches to shake Miller's hand.

COFFER
Likewise. But please call me Will.

MILLER
Ok ok. Will it is then.
(Off Ruffin)
Where's Taylor?

COFFER
Family emergency. But he'll be out tomorrow.

MILLER
Oh ok. Cool...cool.

RUFFIN
Coffer will be riding out with us for a while as well.

MILLER
Is that right?

COFFER
Yeah yeah. Figured I'd get out here and see what all this gang squad stuff is about ya know?

Miller looks at Coffer analytically. There is an awkward silence.

RUFFIN
Anyway. What we got here?

The three of them start to walk toward the scene.

MILLER
Black male. 19 years old. DarMario Parks aka Bounce.

Ruffin pulls out a notepad and writes the info down.

RUFFIN
Date of birth?

MILLER
Let me see here.

He looks at his notepad.

MILLER (CONT'D)
7-4-88

Ruffin notates the date of birth.

RUFFIN

Ok.

MILLER

And, shot with 9 mm handgun it appears. Shell casings were found. Multiple shots fired. Not sure how many hit the victim.

RUFFIN

Not sure? He still on scene?

MILLER

No. Fucker is still alive. Well for the moment at least. On his way to Detroit Receiving now.

RUFFIN

Any witnesses?

MILLER

Come on now Sarge. You already know. Ain't nobody saying shit. This is Harper boy territory. They'll handle this in their own way more than likely.

RUFFIN

Next gang related murder will probably be that of our perp here.

MILLER

That's how it goes.

RUFFIN

(Off the three youth on the curb)
What's their story?

MILLER

Ain't seen shit, don't know shit, don't owe you shit, fuck the Po Po shit.

RUFFIN

The usual.

MILLER

Mmm Hmm...

RUFFIN

Warrants?

MILLER
Running them for that now. Waiting
for a reply.

RUFFIN
Good.

MILLER
Yep yep.

RUFFIN
Detroit Receiving you say?

MILLER
Mmm Hmm.

RUFFIN
Who rode over to question the
victim?

Miller pauses. He doesn't have an answer.

MILLER
You know I...I don't know.

Miller turns to another detective.

MILLER (CONT'D)
Hey Lew?

LEWIS
Yeah?

MILLER
Who road over with that 10-14 for
that 10-51?

LEWIS
Fuck if I know.
(Off Smith)
Do you know?

Smith shrugs. Ruffin stands confused and embarrassed.

RUFFIN
(Through his teeth)
You mean to tell me that we have a
living victim on the way to the
hospital and no one went with him
to interview him to see if you can
get a name?

Ruffin shakes his head and walks away toward his car. Coffer
is caught off guard but immediately follows.

MILLER
Where you going Sarge?

RUFFIN
To Receiving!

MILLER
What should we do with these guys?

RUFFIN
Whatever you want!

Ruffin and Coffe enter the Impala.

CUT TO:

INT. DETROIT RECEIVING HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Ruffin and Coffe enter the ER. They show their badges to the armed security police officer. The security police officer examines their credentials and allows them in.

SECURITY POLICE OFFICER 1
Go head.

RUFFIN
Thank you.

COFFER
Thanks.

Ruffin pulls his neck badge out to ensure it is visible. Ruffin walks up to the information desk. He pulls out his notepad.

RECEPTIONIST
Can I help you?

RUFFIN
You most certainly can. I am
looking for a Parks. First name
DarMario.

The receptionist looks at her computer screen. She types a few things on her keyboard.

RECEPTIONIST
(Without looking away from
screen)
Date of birth

RUFFIN
 (Off notepad)
 July 4, 1988.

RECEPTIONIST
 Yep. We have him in the trauma
 unit. 3B. But he may be in surgery
 already.

RUFFIN
 Thank you.
 (Off Coffe)
 Let's see if we can get a name at
 least.

Ruffin and Coffe head to 3B.

CUT TO:

Ruffin and Coffe stand over DarMario's dead body. Ruffin's
 face looks like he is in deep thought. Coffe looks
 traumatized.

COFFER
 Oh my God.

RUFFIN
 Hm?

COFFER
 He's just...Dead.

RUFFIN
 MmHm.

COFFER
 Just like that? Just...dead.

RUFFIN
 MmHm.

COFFER
 But how?

RUFFIN
 What do you mean how?

COFFER
 I mean like...he was just alive.

RUFFIN
 Yep. The opposite of dead.

Coffer removes his glasses and wipes his face with his left hand. He replaces his glasses and nervously folds his arms. He is at a loss for words.

COFFER
(Off body)
But how?

Ruffin cuts his eyes over at Coffer.

RUFFIN
He was shot Coffer.

Ruffin turns to Coffer.

RUFFIN (CONT'D)
Is this your first time seeing a
dead body?

Coffer pauses and thinks.

COFFER
Outside of family funerals?

RUFFIN
Outside of that. Yes.

COFFER
Well yeah. I mean...yeah.

RUFFIN
You going to be ok?

COFFER
Oh yeah, yeah...I'm good. I'm good.

Coffer and Ruffin go back to looking at the dead body.

RUFFIN
Fuck it. It's homicides problem
now.

COFFER
I just don't see how...

Ruffin, agitated pulls a pen from his pocket and clicks it and points it at the hole in the dead man's chest.

RUFFIN
You see that?

COFFER
Yeah.

RUFFIN

That's a bullet wound. He was shot.

COFFER

But the hole...it's so small...How could that kill him?

RUFFIN

Well...That's a hole that isn't supposed to be there Coffe.

(Off body)

That's all it takes. One tiny whole to drain and kill the entire body.

CUT TO:

INT. DETROIT POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The room is open and working desks for all of the detectives are all over the room. Each desk is filled with papers. Crude law enforcement humor and paraphernalia hang on the walls. The space is dated. The chairs and desks are mismatched. Not many of the desks match. Ruffin walks into the office with a file in his hand. He approaches another detective's (Briggs) desk with a menacing smile on his face. Briggs looks at the file in Ruffin's hand. Briggs is an African American male. Middle aged. Medium built.

BRIGGS

You better not! You better fucking not bring that shit over here! If you do your mother's a \$2.00 whore.

RUFFIN

\$5.00. I told you I was born in a 7 mile brothel.

Ruffin slaps the file on Briggs' desk.

BRIGGS

That explains your taste in women.

Briggs exhales and grabs the file.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this?

RUFFIN

Gang shooting turned homicide.

BRIGGS

Fuck me!

RUFFIN

I keep trying but you keep playing hard to get.

BRIGGS

Fuck off! Any witnesses?

Ruffin doesn't answer. Briggs cuts his eyes over at Ruffin.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

No witnesses? Gang shooting? How do you know it's gang related?

RUFFIN

Cause. I've arrested Bounce before.

BRIGGS

Bounce?

RUFFIN

DarMario Parks. Aka Bounce. It took me a minute to remember him. It's been a while. And I've been stressed. I arrested him as a juvenile back in the day.

BRIGGS

Says here he died at the hospital?

RUFFIN

Yep.

BRIGGS

You get a chance to talk to him?

RUFFIN

Nope. Brotha was dead by the time we got there.

BRIGGS

We?

RUFFIN

Me and one of those alphabet boys. Taylor's boss.

BRIGGS

I know Taylor. He's cool.

RUFFIN

Yeah. Taylor's not bad. Honest.
That's rare in a fed.

BRIGGS

Feds want to come play gangland
huh?

RUFFIN

Yep. Until the shit hits the fan. I
think Bounce's body shook him up a
bit.

BRIGGS

Who? Taylor's boss?

RUFFIN

Yeah him. Coffey.

A junior detective (Peters) hurries into the room to address Ruffin. He is a young skinny white guy wearing a baseball cap and has a scruffy beard. He has on jeans and a polo shirt.

PETERS

Sarge! I think we might have a
break in that shooting from last
night.

RUFFIN

The Parks case?

PETERS

Yep. Gang Squad is heading over to
the Lark and Strong area now. They
got a warrant for Lil Man now.

RUFFIN

Lil Man?

PETERS

Yep.

RUFFIN

Darrius Reeves?

PETERS

I think that's his name.

RUFFIN

That little trigger happy
mothafucka. Been trying to get him
for awhile.

PETERS

Well we got two witnesses saying
Lil Man shot Bounce.

RUFFIN

That don't make sense though. They
both Harper Boys. They from the
same set.

Peters shrugs.

PETERS

Ain't like it ain't happened
before.

RUFFIN

True.

Ruffin thinks to himself.

RUFFIN (CONT'D)

(Off Briggs)

Lil Man...when these mothafuckas
going to start being real men and
not "lil" men?

Briggs packs up his stuff to head over.

BRIGGS

I don't know. Never, probably.
Let's go.

RUFFIN

Go where? This yo shit. Bounce is
dead.

BRIGGS

You going for moral support.
Besides you can fill me in on what
you know on the way.

RUFFIN

It's all in the file.

BRIGGS

Man don't try and act like you
don't want to come. You just said
you been chasing Lil Man.

Ruffin exhales.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)

Let's go.

RUFFIN

I ain't staying long. I been up all night.

BRIGGS

Yeah yeah. Let's go.

CUT TO:

INT. DHS OFFICE OF INVESTIGATIONS - DAY

Coffer exits the elevator on the 5th floor of the federal building in Detroit. He walks up to the door and waves his ID card in front of the reader to unlock the door. GSA posters, posters about Federal employee benefits and TSP posters hang in the hallway. Coffer enters a busy office with Special Agents milling about. Some are wearing business casual attire. Others are in jeans and t-shirts. Coffer walks past Taylor's desk. Taylor is a 28 year old African American male with a neatly trimmed beard and low cut groomed hair.

TAYLOR

Sup Boss?

COFFER

Uhhh...nothing much. Can you uh...come see me in my office when you get a chance?

TAYLOR

Sure thing.

COFFER

Thanks.

Taylor looks over at Desi who is sitting in a cubicle across from him. Desi is a white male with dark features and a beard. He is physically fit and wears glasses. Taylor gives Desi an inquisitive frown. Desi shrugs. Taylor locks his computer and heads over to Coffer's office.

TAYLOR

What's up Will?

COFFER

(Removing jacket)

Uh...close the door. Close the door.

Taylor closes the door.

COFFER (CONT'D)
(Proceeding to sit.)
Have a seat. Have a seat.

Taylor sits.

TAYLOR
What's up Will?

COFFER
You can't go back out there?

TAYLOR
Go back out where? To my desk? Why
what's wron...

COFFER
No No..not back out *there*, to your
desk. Back out *there*. With Detroit
Gang Squad.

TAYLOR
(Agitated)
And may I ask why not?

COFFER
Well because I am shutting it down.
I've already spoken with the ASAC
and it's been agreed that the
Detroit Gang Squad mission is not
our mission.

TAYLOR
With all due respect Sir I have to
say that's bullshit.

COFFER
Taylor now you...

TAYLOR
Do you know how long it has taken
me to rebuild the trust with those
guys over there? Months Will!
Months! And you all just want to
pull the plug? For what?

Other agents in the office can hear Taylor getting louder. It
attracts their attention.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
They were reluctant to even let me
in and work with me because they
knew our agency would pull some
shit like this!

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

And I assured Sergeant Ruffin and all his guys that things were different. We wouldn't bail.

There is a pause.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

I mean what the fuck happened. I was off one day and you telling me something went that wrong in one day that you pulling me?

The two men try and over talk each other.

COFFER

I am not required to tell you anything or report to you. I said we shutting it down we shutting it down end of story.

TAYLOR

What really happened huh Will? What went so wrong in one day after months of building good rapport...huh? Huh?

COFFER

I am saying no. And that is an order whether you want to follow it or not. Follow it. If you don't I'm writing paper.

TAYLOR

Write yo mothafuckin' paper I don't give a fuck! This is some bullshit!

COFFER

Take it up with the ASAC Taylor. If you feel so strongly about it. He's going to tell you the same thing.

TAYLOR

What is it Will? Huh? Give me a straight fucking answer! For God sake give me a straight fucking answer! What happened?

There is a pause. Coffe sits back in his chair staring at Taylor.

COFFER

It's not our mission.

TAYLOR

How is it not? We are DHS OI Gang Unit are we not? Or is it just a fancy patch that we like to put on the back of our jackets and vests? Huh?

COFFER

Our mission is long term complex investigations with a mission of dismantling high level gang organizations.

TAYLOR

Oh come off it! Come off it Will!

COFFER

Look I don't owe you an explanation to be honest. I say we shutting it down then we shutting it down end of story really.

TAYLOR

How the fuck are we supposed to get to the big level if we don't fight with the boys in the trenches? Huh? Can you suburbanite bred mothacukas give me an answer to that?

COFFER

Oh come on! Here we go!

TAYLOR

Naw, give me an answer Will? How in the fuck do we work gangs without working hand in hand with the city's gang squad?

COFFER

We're not about to be running the streets doing jump outs at 2 and 3 in the morning chasing neighborhood hoodlums and street thugs around with DPD and one of us ends up getting shot over some bullshit.

The two men pause.

TAYLOR

Sergeant Ruffin called me and told me that he was concerned about you after y'all visited the Parks kid. Is that what this is all about?

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Did that shit shake you up or something? Cause that's normal if it did. Doesn't mean we have to shut down our entire role in the game.

There is another pause.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Will?

COFFER

It's done. We're out. That's final.

TAYLOR

(Standing up)

So you say. This'll be going up the chain. Wasting my God Damn time! Nope! I'm not the one.

COFFER

Whatever you feel you need to do.

TAYLOR

Oh I know.

Taylor opens the door and swings it open hard. He leaves it open after he walks out. Coffe sits back in his desk agitated. He hits the desk. Taylor storms out and past co-workers who are pretending to not have heard the commotion.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Bullshit!

INT. BRIGGS CAR - DAY

Briggs is driving his black Crown Vic. Ruffin is sitting in the front passenger seat. The two are headed to an address that Lil Man is reported to be held up at.

RUFFIN

By the time yo ass get there, they gonna have Lil Man in custody already.

BRIGGS

Whatever. Least of my concern right now. I'm just hoping to keep my damn case together. Harper boys are hard to get people to testify against.

RUFFIN
 Why do I let you talk me into shit
 like this?

BRIGGS
 Ahhhh...you know you miss this
 shit.

RUFFIN
 I really don't.

BRIGGS
 Then why you here then?

Ruffin has no words.

BRIGGS (CONT'D)
 Exactly.

Briggs laughs. Ruffin smiles and looks out of the window.

RUFFIN
 (Imitating Mitch)
 I luv-da game...I luv-da hustle.
Belly.

BRIGGS
 What fool?

RUFFIN
 (Imitating Mitch)
 I luv-da game...I luv-da
 hustle...That's the line from
Belly.

BRIGGS
 Fool that ain't no *Belly*! That's
Paid In Full. Where you been?

RUFFIN
 That ain't *Belly*? You sure?

BRIGGS
 Negro, yes! "I luv-da game, I luv-
 da hustle" is from *Paid in Full*.
 "Makes dick hard like Rottweiler"
 or some shit like that is from
Belly.

RUFFIN
 Yeah I remember now. *Belly* is the
 one with the dope intro. With Nas
 and shit?

BRIGGS
Yeeeah...that's it.

Detective Briggs commences to singing *Back to Life* by Soul II Soul.

RUFFIN
You the homicide detective but I'm
taking you to jail if you keep
killing my eardrums.

BRIGGS
Man whatever. I had a R&B group
back in the day.

RUFFIN
A R&B group?

Ruffin's phone rings. Ruffin pulls it out without looking. He looks at Briggs.

BRIGGS
Hell yeah.

RUFFIN
What was y'all called?

Ruffin looks at his cellphone.

BRIGGS
We was The Smoooves.

Ruffin starts to laugh out loud.

RUFFIN
The Smoooves?

Ruffin laughs more.

RUFFIN (CONT'D)
No wonder you became a cop! Hold
on.

Ruffin answers his phone.

BRIGGS
Kiss my ass. We was good.

RUFFIN
(Shaking his head)
Hello?

Special Agent Taylor is on the other end.

Intercut -- Phone Conversation

TAYLOR

Hey Sarge.

RUFFIN

Hey Taylor. What's the word?

TAYLOR

Man...over here dealing with some major bullshit.

RUFFIN

What's wrong?

TAYLOR

Look man. I just wanted to give you a heads up. They trying to pull me.

RUFFIN

Pull you? They who?

TAYLOR

Coffer is saying the ASAC. But I think it's all him. What the fuck happened man?

RUFFIN

Fuck if I know. Shit. Mothafucka was wiggling out when we was in the hospital and he seen that Parks kid in there dead.

TAYLOR

That's it?

RUFFIN

That's it. Nothing else happened. The rest of the night was oddly quiet. But he kept asking over and over again "how did he die from such a small hole." I kept telling him it's because it's a hole that ain't supposed to be there. When I flipped the body up and he seen the exit wound is what really did it for him I think.

TAYLOR

See. This that shit. This why straight out of college feds be a problem.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

Everybody needs to have some police experience before becoming a fed so we don't have to deal with shit like this.

RUFFIN

I feel you.

TAYLOR

But don't worry. Ima' put this shit to bed quick. It ain't over. Ima' send it up the chain.

RUFFIN

Well let me know. I know it's not on you either way.

TAYLOR

Bet that. I'll keep you in the loop.

RUFFIN

Alright Brotha'. Stay safe.

TAYLOR

You do the same.

RUFFIN

Peace.

Detective Ruffin and Taylor hang up. Taylor pauses on his end. Frustrated. He thinks for a second and then exits. Ruffin and Briggs continue on.

BRIGGS

Fuck was that about?

RUFFIN

That new fed that we been working with. He called to let me know they pulling him. His boss got shook up over that Parks killing.

BRIGGS

I told you that shit wasn't gone last. It never does.

RUFFIN

I like him though. He might pull it off. They may let him stay.

BRIGGS

Don't hold your breath.

RUFFIN

I won't.

EXT. LIL MAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Briggs and Ruffin pull up to the scene. Law enforcement has the house surrounded. Gang Squad Detectives hang back. Detroit Police Special Response Team (S.R.T.) is in position and ready to enter. A camera crew is nearby filming. Ruffin and Briggs exit the vehicle. They walk up to a couple of Gang Squad detectives Miller and Lewis along with two others.

MILLER

Sup Sarge?

RUFFIN

Fuck you two doing out here?

MILLER

Gettin' in on the action. You?

RUFFIN

Same.

Ruffin looks around.

RUFFIN (CONT'D)

(Off Busy Boy and two
other goons)

Looks like we weren't the only ones
interested in how this shit is
going down.

Ruffin gestures, with a lifting of his chin, for everybody to look at Busy Boy and two goons leaning against a car. Busy Boy's real name is Carlos Brenna. He is known around the neighborhood for being a real hitter. The two goons he is with (Pep and Yippie) are known too.

BRIGGS

They must've got word it was Lil
Man too.

RUFFIN

MmmHm.

MILLER

We beat him to it.

RUFFIN

Lil Man don't even know we saved
his life today.

BRIGGS

Today.

Ruffin laughs to himself with a quick grunt. Thinking about the poetry of that statement from Briggs.

RUFFIN

Hmph.

MILLER

Bounce and Busy Boy were cool right?

RUFFIN

That was his Ace. They did a lot of time together.

BRIGGS

(Off Busy Boy)

And the cycle continues.

RUFFIN

(Off Miller)

Y'all need to be getting home. Get some sleep.

MILLER

Not me. I gotta get over to my second gig at the casino.

LEWIS

Me too.

RUFFIN

Fuck! Does everybody work at the fucking casino?

LEWIS

Pretty much.

MILLER

Everybody except you. You know the job don't pay us enough. I got hoes.

LEWIS

In different area codes!

Miller and Lewis laugh.

RUFFIN

Yeah ok.

MILLER

You should put in a resume.

LEWIS

Naw. Sarge making that big money now. And I know he gunning for Lieutenant.

RUFFIN

Yeah right. Ain't nobody trying to be a lieutenant.

LEWIS

Yeah whatever. You ain't got to lie to me Sarge. We need a good lieutenant around here.

Ruffin doesn't respond. He looks off down the street.

RUFFIN

So they brought the S.R.T. out huh?

LEWIS

Fuck yeah.

MILLER

I don't blame 'em. That's what they get paid the extra bucks for.

LEWIS

Damn right. And Lil Man a shooter too.

Ruffin looks over at the film crew.

RUFFIN

(Off film crew)

Who the fuck are they?

They all look over.

MILLER

Oh that's the First 48 Baby. We bout to be on TV.

RUFFIN

TV?

MILLER

Hell yeah!

LEWIS

Murder capital!

BRIGGS

Check it out. The boys are moving.

A flash bang goes off. S.R.T. can be heard yelling police commands. A door is hit hard several times. S.R.T. continues yelling "Police" and telling the occupants to open the door. The door is breached. A second flash bang goes off. A gunshot is heard. A woman starts screaming. Police can be heard yelling and commanding for people to get on the ground.

RUFFIN

What the fuck? Was that a gun shot?

BRIGGS

Nah...probably another flash bang.

RUFFIN

Nah man. That was a shot. Somebody screaming.

Across the police radio an officer inside the house calls out a shots fired distress call.

RADIO OFFICER

Shots fired! Shots fired! We need an ambulance to Lark and Strong. Victim is approximately seven years old. Black female.

DISPATCH

Ambulance is being dispatched to your location.

All of the officers standing around converge onto the house.

Busy Boy, Pep and Yippie get in their vehicle and pull off.

CUT TO BLACK.

EXT. LARK AND STRONG - DAY

Sitting on a curb crying is a Detroit Police Special Response Team officer (Barry Leis). Two S.R.T. Officers (Rice and McDonald) try and console him and calm him down.

RICE

It's going to be ok Barry.

BARRY

I...I didn't mean to kill her. I didn't mean to shoot...I...I just...

MCDONALD

Hey, you shhh...It's good...it's good. Don't make any statements right now buddy. It's going to be ok.

BARRY

(Sobbing and almost indecipherable)

She was just a little girl and I didn't mean to kill her I was just and I couldn't see...

RICE

Look...look. You didn't kill anybody. The little girl is in an ambulance and on her way to the hospital. She was breathing. She'll probably pull through.

Barry sobs.

RICE (CONT'D)

You couldn't see and she grabbed your gun correct?

Rice looks over at McDonald. McDonald's eyebrows furrow a bit.

BARRY

What? No...I was just in there. And I could see and it was dark and I couldn't tell if it was...

RICE

Barry, Barry...look at me. Look at me.

He grabs Barry. Looking around cautiously.

RICE (CONT'D)

The Aunt...she reached for you correct? Grabbed your gun?

Barry understands what Rice is getting at.

RICE (CONT'D)

This is important Brother. Did she or did she not grab your gun?

BARRY

(Hesitatingly)

She...she grabbed my gun.

RICE

Good. That's right Brother. She grabbed your gun.

McDonald looks around nervously.

RICE (CONT'D)

(Off McDonald)

Get him over to the hospital.

(Off Barry)

Hey Buddy? Don't be alarmed. I am going to take your gun. McDonald is going to get you to the hospital. I think you may be in shock. Ok?

Barry doesn't answer.

RICE (CONT'D)

Ok.

Rice carefully removes Barry's weapon from the holster.

RICE (CONT'D)

Go ahead and get him over there.

McDonald moves in close.

MCDONALD

(Off Rice)

What the fuck was that?

Rice nervously looks around.

RICE

Relax man. I'm just trying to help him remember.

MCDONALD

No you're fucking coaching him on what to say. That woman never grabbed his gun. You're going to get him hemmed up worse on a simple accidental discharge.

RICE

Their not going to indict a cop. Not one working in the line of duty. Just chill. Get him over to the hospital and tell them to get some drugs in him ASAP.

Rice slaps McDonald on the shoulder. McDonald doesn't look happy.

RICE (CONT'D)
We never leave a Brother behind or
out to dry. Right? Right?

McDonald doesn't answer. Internal Affairs Investigators
(Walker and Vance) walk over in Barry and Rice's direction.

WALKER
Excuse me? We need to talk to
Officer Leis.

RICE
I'm sorry. I'm sorry. Officer
McDonald needs to get Leis to the
hospital right away. He was
hyperventilating. I believe he is
in shock from what happened.

VANCE
What hospital is he taking him to?
I'm not sure but if you give me
your number I'll be sure to let you
know as soon as I know.

Barry sits in an unmarked car with McDonald. He leans his
head against the window and stares out in anguish. He can
hear Rice talking to the investigators.

RICE
How's the little girl doing? Is she
going to pull through.

Walker and Vance look at each other.

WALKER
The little girl is dead. She was
pronounced upon arrival.

Rice looks back at Barry in the car. Barry starts to sob
more. McDonald's engine starts and the two of them pull off.

CUT TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

INT. EASTIDE DETROIT CORNER - DAY

Busy Boy, Pep and Yippie roll up on a couple of young African
American males standing on a corner in front of a liquor
store. Busy Boy lowers the driver's side window and gestures
for one of the teens to come over.

BUSY BOY

Ayo!

One of the teens (Markwane Donaldson aka Kwane) walks over to the car with a cool bounce.

KWANE

Sup Busy? Pep? I see you Yip. Y'all niggas riding?

BUSY BOY

Somethin' like that. Just left Lil Man's spot.

KWANE

For real? Y'all lowered that niggas temp?

BUSY BOY

5-0 got there before we did. Niggas had him surrounded.

PEP

Think they shot that nigga.

KWANE

For real?

BUSY BOY

Naw they ain't shoot him. I think they shot somebody else though.

KWANE

Damn! Who?

BUSY BOY

Don't know yet. We ain't stick around.

KWANE

I feel it.

BUSY BOY

Why don't y'all boys keep it low for a few days. If that punk mothafucka didn't get shot then that means he got locked up. We gotta be cautious. Just in case he start trying to save himself. You feel me?

KWANE

Naw, yeah I feel you. But you think Lil Man would snitch?

BUSY BOY

I ain't think Lil Man would be
stupid enough to kill Bounce. But I
was proven wrong wasn't I?

KWANE

No doubt. No doubt.

BUSY BOY

We just gotta let this nigga's shit
cool down for a few days. See where
shit is at.

KWANE

Word.

BUSY BOY

Y'all niggas good?

KWANE

We good.

BUSY BOY

Bet it up.

Busy Boy prepares to pull off.

KWANE

Oh and on that other thing.

BUSY BOY

MmHm...

KWANE

It's done.

BUSY BOY

Ok. Good.

Kwane backs up. Busy Boy raises his window up and pulls off.

PEP

So what you going to do about Lil
Man.

BUSY BOY

I ain't worried about Lil Man. He
already served up you feel me?
Ain't nobody I can't reach. Not
even the President, Nigga.

Busy Boy, Pep and Yippie drive off.

CUT TO:

INT. ASAC OFFICE - DAY

ASAC Wright, Special Agent Taylor and GS Special Agent Coffey are in a meeting in Wright's office. We hear Taylor presenting his case before we see him.

TAYLOR

Sir, I've been working to rebuild our relationships with state and local law enforcement for months. To be quite honest, before I got here Detroit PD and the State boys were not looking to work with us. I had to convince Sergeant Ruffin that I wouldn't be another fly by night participant. And I haven't been. Until now.

WRIGHT

I understand your concern. But your GS is raising some valid issues.

TAYLOR

Like what Sir?

WRIGHT

Well...He's saying that we aren't getting any significant federal level investigations from doing jump outs on the city in the early morning hours. We only open ourselves up for having an incident.

TAYLOR

An incident? Like what a shooting? Come on now! We can have an incident driving home! Didn't we just have an agent get killed while checking up on his new construction home? Randomly shot and car stolen by that crazy escapee mothafucka... I mean we are police right? Or did I miss something?

WRIGHT

You aren't bringing in any significant cases. Your arrest stats are down. We are expending resources and for what? We could be using you elsewhere. Utilizing resources elsewhere.

Taylor sits back in his chair feeling defeated for a moment. He looks over at Coffey who is sitting quiet and staring at Taylor with his brow furrowed. Taylor rolls his eyes at Coffey.

TAYLOR

All this because he saw a dead body
and it freaked him out.

WRIGHT

Excuse me?

TAYLOR

He didn't tell you?

WRIGHT

Tell me what?

TAYLOR

He went out with Sergeant Ruffin
and they went to the hospital
and...

COFFEY

Ruffin and I had to go interview
DarMario Parks to see if he could
identify who shot him. By the time
we made it there Parks was dead.

TAYLOR

(Off Wright)

Parks was dead and he was done with
being a real police officer!

COFFEY

Fuck you Taylor!

Taylor smiles.

WRIGHT

Quiet! Quiet!

Wright sits back in his chair exhausted by the discussion. Wright looks up at Taylor. Taylor senses that Wright is going to concede.

TAYLOR

Sir...if we pull out now...consider
that our agency will never be able
to entrench itself with any of the
state and local law enforcement
agencies in Detroit ever again.
Especially for Gangs and violent
crime investigations.

Wright sits quietly for a moment.

WRIGHT

I had a meeting with the second level supervisors of all of the agencies. State and local and federal. Right now the Detroit Gang Squad and a few other programs are planning on coming together under Operation H.E.A.A.T. Stands for High Enforcement Activity Area Task-Force. The Mayor and the Governor are leaning on the heads of these departments and agencies to help come up with a solution to the high level of gun violence and murders in the city. H.E.A.A.T. is part of the plan. At least through the summer. They are looking to target gangs and quell gun violence in particular areas.

Taylor and Coffer look confused.

TAYLOR

I'm sorry Sir I don't know what you are getting at...

WRIGHT

I'm saying that I will let you continue this little experiment you have going on with DPD and the Gang Squad...for now. But if you haven't developed a major federal level investigation by the end of summer you will be pulled and our resources expended elsewhere.

Taylor holds back his excitement.

TAYLOR

Thank you Sir.

Taylor stands with his eyes on Wright. He turns his head and then his body toward Coffer.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

(Off Coffer)

I won't let you down.

Taylor winks at Coffer. He walks out of Wright's office.

COFFER

You just gave that little prick way too much confidence.

WRIGHT

Well...sometimes we need that confidence to get some shit done around here. I haven't seen anybody in this office work harder than that kid. Let him be. He's young and full of piss and vinegar. Besides, if he succeeds...you and I could see promotions out of it. God knows you need the help to make your lazy ass look good.

Coffer shakes his head.

CUT TO:

INT. DETROIT RECEIVING HOSPITAL - DAY

Barry sits in a hospital bed inside a room for observation. The doctors have given him an I.V. McDonald walks in with a cup of coffee in hand. Barry is in a hospital gown now. He is laying in the bed staring at the TV but doesn't appear to be watching it.

MCDONALD

How you holding up Champ?

BARRY

I've been better.

MCDONALD

I understand. This is some heavy shit. Take your time man. Take all the time you need. Just let the truth come back to you man.

Rice enters from behind McDonald. McDonald hears him before he sees him. Rice's voice startles McDonald.

RICE

Ahhh...the truth is overrated. It's not what you know...it's what you can prove. Isn't that right Barry?

BARRY

If you say so.

RICE

No Sir. The law says so. We are keepers of Lady Justice's royal and precious jewels.

Rice completes his room entrance.

RICE (CONT'D)

Knights of her royal court.

Rice winks at McDonald.

RICE (CONT'D)

And sometimes the keepers have to do what needs to be done to keep shit in order. How you doing Brother?

BARRY

Terrible. I heard on the news today that the little girl died. Everybody is talking about it. Everywhere.

RICE

Nah...it just feels that way because it's weighing so heavy on you. I haven't heard a soul talking about it. What about you McDonald? You heard anything?

McDonald doesn't answer.

RICE (CONT'D)

I haven't heard shit.

BARRY

I can't say that lady grabbed my gun man. I just...I just can't...I'll just tell the truth...At least I'll be able to live with myself.

RICE

(Agitated)

Do you know what they do to police officers in jail Barry? Huh?

Barry doesn't answer.

RICE (CONT'D)

You can only imagine huh? Well...whatever you're imagining. It's ten times worse.

Barry hangs his head low and starts to frown.

RICE (CONT'D)

Listen...I know. I know it hurts.
I mean a person died. An innocent
person died. But Brother, listen
you have to let that go. You have
to. Because if you don't. If you
don't tell the I.A. the right
thing. You will go away for a very
long time. Your wife, your
kids...will move on without you.
Imagine that... Imagine Trish
getting fucked by her new
man...huh?

MCDONALD

Rice!

RICE

Or better yet that new big dick
motherfucker tiptoeing into your
daughter's room at night after he's
fucked Trish to sleep.

Barry is breathing hard and heavy.

BARRY

Fuck you!

RICE

Huh?

BARRY

Fuck you! You Motherfucker!

Rice rushes back into Barry's face.

RICE

That's right get mad! Get angry!
And do what you need to do to
protect you and yours. You hear me?
You hear me Brother?

Rice grabs Barry's face.

RICE (CONT'D)

You fucking hear me...

BARRY

Get off me.

RICE
(Grabbing his face again)
That's right! Fire it up! HaHaaaa!

BARRY
Fuck you!

Rice laughs. McDonald witnesses with no words.

RICE
Besides...look at it this way. That little girl lives in the worst part of the fucking city. If she didn't die by your bullet, chances are she was going to die by one of those niggers' bullets one day anyway.

MCDONALD
Ok that's enough Rice!

Barry whines.

BARRY
Why would you say that? Why would you say such a thing?

RICE
Ok ok...maybe that was a little too far.

He pauses.

RICE (CONT'D)
But you know I'm right Bud!

MCDONALD
Get the fuck out of here man!

Rice laughs and exits.

RICE
Ok I'm going. I'm going. But hey Barry...remember Trish. Remember your daughters.

MCDONALD
Go on!

RICE
Alright, alright, I'm leaving I'm leaving.

Rice leaves.

MCDONALD

Don't listen to that shit.
Sometimes that guy acts like he's
off his meds.

BARRY

That little girl. The one I
shot...she...she was the same age
as Gabby. My little girl. My
little girl is the same age.

MCDONALD

I know man. But you can't focus on
that right now. Take this time to
get your mind right and your story
straight. You hear me?

BARRY

Yeah I hear you.

MCDONALD

You hear me?

BARRY

Yes! I hear you!

MCDONALD

Alright good.

McDonald proceeds to exit the room. Barry stops him.

BARRY

Hey ah, McDonald.

MCDONALD

Yep?

BARRY

You're Christian right?

MCDONALD

I grew up with a Catholic mother,
Baptist father. But yeah...what
about it?

BARRY

You think God...would you know
forgive me if...you know, like
certain parts of the, the
uh...situation get a little
switched around a little bit. I
mean...I can't go to jail.

MCDONALD

I ever tell you why I fell away
from church?

BARRY

No...you didn't. We never discussed
it.

MCDONALD

Confession.

BARRY

Confession? What about it made you
fall away?

MCDONALD

It bothered me that some of the
worst of the worst people on the
planet would be allowed to do their
dirt and as long as they would
confess their sins or repent...all
would be forgiven and they would go
to heaven too. Something about that
just never seemed fair and it never
seemed practical.

BARRY

I see what you mean.

MCDONALD

I mean they would never really be
held accountable. So as long as
they repented or confessed before
the ticker stopped ticking.

The two pause. There is a quick moment of silence.

MCDONALD (CONT'D)

That's why I became a cop. At least
I could help hold them accountable
in this life.

McDonald walks off. Barry is left laying in the bed thinking.

CUT TO:

INT. WARD HOME - DAY

Deuce Ward (Danica Ward's Father) is a 27 year old African
American man with locks. He is slim but muscular. ShaLonda
"Londa" Ward (Danica Ward's Mother) is a 26 year old African
American woman who also wear locks.

She is slim and attractive but she has lived a hard life and works a lot of hours. Lauren Ward (Danica Ward's Auntie) is a 28 year old African American woman. She is full figured, very outspoken and no-nonsense. She is Deuce's older sister. All three of them live in the home. All three walk through the front door of their home. Lauren pauses when she steps into the home and sees the sofa that Danica was asleep upon sitting in the living room stained with blood. Londa walks in right behind Lauren. Deuce comes in last. All three of them stand for a moment staring at the sofa.

DEUCE

I'll get that out of here.

Deuce removes his shirt which has blood on it. Londa holds back tears.

LAUREN

I'll get the mop.

The three of them commence to cleaning the house. Lauren scrubs Danica's blood from the floor. Deuce single handedly carries the blood stained sofa to the curb. Once he gets the sofa to the curb. He sits down on it. He is exhausted. He looks over and notices his daughter's blood stain on the sofa. He runs his hand over the blood stain slowly. He begins to sob uncontrollably.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. SAGAT FAMILY HOME - NIGHT

Debbie Sagat is sitting on the front porch in a rocking chair. Vaughn comes to the screen door. Debbie stares down the street. Vaughn comes out of the house. Vaughn notices that Debbie is holding Kyra's favorite pillow in her arms. Debbie is stroking the pillow.

DEBBIE

She loved this pillow. Your sister.

Vaughn slowly sits on the railing in front of Debbie's chair

DEBBIE (CONT'D)

Good thing it was washable cause if
it wasn't...baaaby...this thing
would have been filthy.

Debbie softly chuckles in between sniffles. Vaughn rubs his hands together and looks at his mother.

VAUGHN
How you doing Mama?

DEBBIE
I...I keep hoping that I see her.
Walking down the street late. So I
can yell at her about being out too
late. Accept...I wouldn't yell at
her this time. I would just hug
her. And hold her as tight as I
could.

Debbie sniffles again.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
(Off Vaughn)
You know?

Vaughn nods. Debbie looks back down the street.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
Kyra was so full of life. So happy.
Excited to just be alive. She
always found a way to see the good
in the world. And look it where it
got her. A bullet. A single bullet
to end it all. Then you have crazy
ass people like Lenny running
around here wreaking havoc on the
world. Get's shot seven damn times
and he up and running around here
like ain't nothing happen. Ha!

Thunder rumbles in the background.

DEBBIE (CONT'D)
It's going to rain.

VAUGHN
Yeah.

Debbie looks at Vaughn and tries to render a smile.

DEBBIE
How are you doing?

VAUGHN
It keeps feeling like she is here.
Alive. Like I be ready to say
something to her. But I can't. Not
anymore.

Vaughn stands up.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

I just don't get it. Straight A student. A straight up neighborhood saint. And this is how God repays her? This is how God repays you?

DEBBIE

Now come on Vaughn. This has nothing to do with God.

VAUGHN

Of course it does! He could have stopped it! He could have...HE could have saved her! But he didn't! He chose to let that one bullet take my sister out of here while these other...

Vaughn starts to cry. Debbie stands up and goes to him to embrace him. Vaughn pulls away.

VAUGHN (CONT'D)

While these other niggas get to live?

Debbie sits back down.

DEBBIE

We not suppose to question God's plan. We not...

Vaughn sits back down on the railing.

VAUGHN

Yeah well...I have a plan of my own.

DEBBIE

And what plan do you have that is going to be bigger than God's plan?

VAUGHN

I'm going to kill Knock Knock.

Debbie sits across from Vaughn. They stare at each other. Debbie doesn't give a reaction. She continues to rock slowly. Back and forth.

CUT TO BLACK.

Closing Credits