

BOMB THREAT

written by

QUEEN OF ENGLISH

A disgraced cop finds his daughter strapped to a bomb in the back of his squad car and must hunt down the trigger before it detonates.

FADE IN:

INT. TASHA'S LIVING ROOM - MORNING

RICH "HAM" CUNNINGHAM is asleep on the sofa with a blanket over his body.

His police badge is on the coffee table, next to a *Jack Daniels* bottle with a few drops left.

There's a *Barbie* posted on the edge of the table as if she's staring at Ham.

Ham's ex, TASHA (30s), watches him from the kitchen with disdain as she packs a lunch.

ADDISON, their 6-year old daughter, comes crashing into Ham. She swipes the covers off his body.

He rises like a zombie, hungover.

ADDISON

Daddy! Daddy!

HAM

I'm up.

Ham's a veteran cop, a few pounds overweight and a few weeks overdue for a shave.

She flips on the TV which lands on a local weather report already in progress.

ON TV: METEOROLOGIST standing before a weather map.

METEOROLOGIST

Possibly one to two inches. We'll keep you posted as we learn of any school closings. Back to you...

Tasha yells from the kitchen.

TASHA

Are schools closed butterbean?

Addison shrugs as she flips to a Cartoon Channel.

Tasha grabs the remote from Addison and turns back to the weather report, watching the Chryon scroll.

ADDISON

Mommy, turn back.

TASHA

Addy, school's open. Go get ready.

Addison scurries to her room.

Tasha picks up the *Jack Daniels* bottle which makes her robe open, exposing her breast.

She tightens her robe, but there's no sexual chemistry left between she and Ham.

HAM

Don't start. I was just celebrating the case.

TASHA

I need you to pick her up if they close schools early. Can you do that?

HAM

I'm meeting with my lieutenant today. I should finally get a full check next week. I'll be able to move out.

TASHA

Good. You can catch up on child support.

He neatly folds the blanket and hands it to her.

Addison's back and dressed for school, except she's wearing plastic princess dress-up shoes and no socks.

HAM

Addy, it's winter. Come on.

ADDISON

I'm not cold, daddy.

HAM

Put on your boots and I'll walk you to the bus stop.

She runs off. He grabs her red overcoat and *Barbie* backpack from the coat rack and grabs her lunchbox.

She's back in no-time.

He helps her with her coat and they exit.

EXT. SUBURBAN NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

Students are escorted by their Parents.

Ham and Addison pace the sidewalk towards the bus stop.

ADDISON
Daddy, are you going back to work.

HAM
That's right.

ADDISON
Mommy says you're moving out.

HAM
Don't worry, I'm not moving far.

They arrive to the bus stop.

He kneels down and looks in her beautiful brown eyes.

HAM (CONT'D)
You enjoy all the time we're
spending together, don't you?

Addison nods and gives him a big bear hug before bounding the bus steps.

His eyes follow her as she sits in the first seat next to the window.

Ham doesn't recognize the SCHOOL BUS DRIVER.

HAM (CONT'D)
You new?

SCHOOL BUS DRIVER
It's my new route.

This doesn't sit well with Ham.

The door closes and the red Stop Sign folds into the bus.

Ham and Addison wave goodbye.

INT. PRECINCT - LATER

Ham strolls past his unit of Vice Cops. They are no longer his friends.

CADE, Ham's former partner, speaks to him soto.

CADE

Hope the transfer is approved.

Ham ignores, entering his lieutenant's office. He closes the door behind him as nods his head in disgust.

INT. LT. FULTON'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

LT. FULTON is finishing up a phone call.

Ham helps himself to a seat, staring at the walls to calm his nerves.

Lt. Fulton hangs up his phone.

LT. FULTON

Welcome back, Ham.

HAM

Thanks, Lieutenant. The transfer?

LT. FULTON

It wasn't approved. Guess the case cast a dark cloud over your record.

HAM

But I was acquitted. On all charges.

Lt. Fulton accesses his safe. He removes a *Glock* and hands it to Ham.

LT. FULTON

Still. You'll stay here, run the Harbor for a while. Get your good name back.

HAM

Tourists?

LT. FULTON

Be grateful.

HAM

I am. But the beat, though?

Lt. Fulton hands him keys to a squad car.

LT. FULTON

It's in the back. I'm sure it needs gas and a clean.

Ham gets up to leave.

LT. FULTON (CONT'D)
Hey, don't pay them no mind. You'll
win them back, too.

HAM
I won't hold my breath.

Ham exits.

EXT. PRECINCT BACK LOT - LATER

Rows of squad cars are parked like a dealership.

Ham paces the row searching for his number. The key remote
isn't working.

He locates the car and climbs in.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ham turns the ignition, but the engine doesn't turn over.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

He pops the trunk and pulls out the gas can.

EXT. PRECINCT PETRO SELF-SERVER - LATER

Ham fills the gas can to the brim.

EXT. SQUAD CAR - LATER

Ham pours the gas in the tank.

As he shuts the hood, Cade is there, lurking.

HAM
Shit! Cade.

CADE
You fucked us over.

HAM
Listen man, they wanted me to take
a plea. I didn't. I didn't say
shit. I don't know how they found
out.

CADE
You fucked us.

Cade spits on the ground and storms off.

INT. ADDISON'S CLASS - LATER

There's moderate class chatter. The TEACHER is at her desk watching Addison and the other First Graders coloring at their desks.

Addison raises her hand to get her TEACHER'S attention.

TEACHER
Yes, Addison?

ADDISON
I have to go to the lavatory.

TEACHER
Okay, but hurry back. We're leaving school soon.

Teacher gives Addison the wooden hall pass and Addison exits.

Teacher looks out the class window at light snow flurries falling.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Alright Class, start tidying up your desks.

The First Graders put their coloring utensils away.

INT. SCHOOL ADMIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

The SECRETARY and her Admin Staff prepare for early dismissal.

Ham enters and signs the Sign-out clipboard.

HAM
Here to pickup Addison Ham.

SECRETARY
Have a seat, Mr. Ham, I'll call her teacher.

Secretary speaks into *Walkie* as she continues what she was doing.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)
Early release for Addison Ham.

INT. FIRST GRADE CLASS - SIMULTANEOUS

Teacher settles down the First Graders who are putting on their outer wear.

She summons the KID closest to the door who's coat is already zipped.

TEACHER
Run to the lavatory to get Addison.

Kid takes flight out the door.

Teacher hurries to the door and projects down the long corridor.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Hurry back!

She watches as the Kid speed-walks on the linoleum floors and into the girls' lavatory.

The Kid returns moments later without Addison.

KID
She's not in there.

TEACHER
Stay here. If anybody leaves this room, yell.

Secretary runs down the hall to check the lavatory herself.

She returns moments later, in a panic.

She fumbles the *Walkie* as she reaches for it.

TEACHER (CONT'D)
Alright Class, everybody have a seat for a moment.
(into the *Walkie*)
Addison is not here.

SECRETARY (O.S.)
Where is she? Her dad is waiting.

TEACHER
(searching for better words)
I don't know.

INT. ADMIN OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Two more PARENTS have filled the small office, signing the clipboard.

Ham is sitting in one of the uncomfortable chairs, unbeknownst.

One of the Parents sniffs.

PARENT

You smell that? Is something burning?

The FIRE ALARM blares and Students from every corner of the school file down the hall.

SECRETARY

I'm sorry, Mr. Ham. There's been a mix-up.

HAM

Mix-up?

Secretary walks into the hall to direct the kids.

Ham follows her out the door.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - CONTINUOUS

Ham shoots down the hall, weaving through the throngs of Schoolkids.

He passes Addison's class, unbeknownst.

INT. VARIOUS CLASSROOMS - OTM

He goes from room to room of empty classes.

INT. SCHOOL HALL - OTM

He flees down the hall, passing the Secretary and out the front door.

He manhandles the Schoolkids, searching for her red overcoat and Barbie backpack. But at this moment, there are a sea of them.

He searches his pocket for his phone. It's not on his person. He runs to his squad car.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

He grabs his phone off the seat. It has 1% charge remaining.

He dials Tasha anyway. Her line just rings; she doesn't answer.

HAM

Shit! Tasha, listen, Addison left school or something I don't know. I'm going to find her. I don't have much charge so...

The beeps with a low battery notification.

He reaches for the CB, but the cord's been cut.

The Mobile Data Terminal loads a message.

ON SCREEN: YOU HAVE 30 MINUTES TO ARRIVE TO THIS ADDRESS OR ADDISON DIES.

HAM (CONT'D)

The fuck is this?

The screen goes Black, then a map appears.

He punches buttons on the terminal, but he doesn't have control.

He throws the gear in drive and speeds off, nearly clipping a yellow school bus.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

Snow blankets the pavement. The squad car tires skate onto the interstate.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

He takes his eye off the road to reach for his phone that's fallen into the fold of the passenger seat.

The car swerves, but he regains control.

Ham dials Lt. Fulton's number, but his phone goes dead.

He flips on his wipers.

Traffic up ahead. He has to stop short before slamming into the rear of the sedan ahead.

A THUMP is heard from the backseat.

He throws the gear in park and folds his arm across the seat to see what fell.

It's Addison.

A bomb is strapped to her frail body - like a utility or life jacket.

Her lips are sealed with duct tape.

Her muffled voice is screaming.

HAM

Oh my God! Shit!

He jumps out the car and swings the rear door open.

By now the HORNS of passenger cars behind him HONK in unison at the green light.

He's afraid to touch her.

Ham slowly peels the duct tape off. It leaves adhesive on her caramel cheeks.

HAM (CONT'D)

(stammering)

Who did this?

Addison can't speak. She's crying uncontrollably. Her eyes - drifting. She's terrified.

HAM (CONT'D)

Addison, who did this!?

He goes from CAR to CAR begging for a phone. Cars move around his as he approaches their windows.

HAM (CONT'D)

My daughter. Please help. I'm a cop. I need your phone.

Nobody cares to listen to what he's saying - or care.

He runs back to his car to check on Addison.

She's there, helpless.

HAM (CONT'D)

Keep still. Daddy's gunna... Oh, God!

A BLACKED-OUT SUV pulls up to the bumper of the squad car. Ham strolls to the tinted driver's side window. He only sees his reflection staring back.

He knocks on the driver's window.

HAM (CONT'D)

Yo, you know about this? I'mma cop!
Roll down this fucking window.

The rear window rolls down.

Ham reaches behind his back, but before he can grab his gun, a 2-barrel is grazing his temple.

Ham eases back, shooting his hands in the air.

Cars just pass by, Drivers unaware what they're actually seeing.

Ham takes stock of whatever he can inside the vehicle. He can't make out the driver, though.

MASKED MAN

(muffled)

Remove your gun. You know how this works.

Ham slips his gun from the small of his back.

He flips it so the butt is face-up. Eases the gun to Masked Man.

He grabs Ham's gun.

ON SQUAD CAR

Addison's blonde hair spills out of the back seat.

ADDISON

Addison! Don't move!

ON HAM

Ham's instinct to catch her kicks in.

ON MASKED MAN

Masked Man reveals the trigger to the bomb.

BACK ON HAM

Ham stops in his tracks.

MASKED MAN

You have thirty minutes to get to
your destination.

He rolls his window up.

The SUV cuts into traffic and blasts through the red light.

Cars skid into the icy intersection, missing the Black SUV.

Ham sprints to the squad car. Eases Addison back into seat.
Fastens the seat belt around her waist.

HAM

Stay awake. Don't close your eyes,
Addy, okay?

Her eyes are gazy, but she nods.

He shuts the door as gently as his can.

He checks his watch. He has 27 minutes.

He surveys the area, taking note of the Traffic Cam.

He storms over to a HOOPTIE. Blunt spoke oozes out the
cracked window.

Ham recognizes the driver - a BANGER whose face is covered in
tats.

Banger plucks ashes from his blunt that lands on Hams boot as
he approaches.

HAM (CONT'D)

Hey bro, lemme borrow your phone.

DRIVER

Bro? Pig, fuck you.

HAM

Please, my daughter's in trouble.

Banger blows the smoke in Ham's face.

DRIVER

I don't give a fuck, Nigga. You
sent me up on some bullshit. Bitch
ass.

Banger passes the blunt to his PASSENGER.

HAM

I'm begging you. I'll make it right. You got a gun on you.

PASSENGER

Oh, he on that bullshit. Peel out, yo.

Banger rolls his window up and drives through the green light.

Ham flags down an approaching yellow school bus.

The School Bus Driver from earlier pushes her window out as Ham flashes his badge.

HAM

You got a CB?

School Bus Driver extends the CB to Ham.

SCHOOL BUS DRIVER

Nobody's answering. The line's jumbled. Is everything okay?

HAM

(into CB)

Hello!

Nothing. He gives it back.

HAM (CONT'D)

You got a phone? It's an emergency.

SCHOOL BUS DRIVER

Sure. The screen's cracked.

School Bus Driver hands him a dated *Android*. He checks his watch - 20 minutes.

SCHOOL BUS DRIVER (CONT'D)

The password is 9932.

He's already running to the squad car and jumps in the driver's seat.

He flips on the sirens and skirts through the street light.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

HAM

Addy, don't worry. Daddy's gonna take care of this.

The squad car dodges traffic, jumping the shoulder.

The cars aren't obeying the SIRENS. He honks the HORN to get their attention.

He swipes the PHONE, but can't remember the code. He presses numbers, but no access.

HAM (CONT'D)

What's the fucking password! Fuck!

A stalled PICKUP TRUCK is up ahead. But Ham doesn't notice.

He continues punching numbers on the phone for the password.

The phone's locked.

His periphery catches the Pickup Truck. He swerves to miss it, but clips the side.

He weaves back onto the highway and coasts.

He checks Addison, who's slumped over.

HAM (CONT'D)

Addy! Stay up! Addison.

She comes-to.

HAM (CONT'D)

Addison, listen to Daddy. Stay up.
Don't close your eyes. You in the
seat belt tight?

He punches the steering wheel.

Ham pulls the squad car to the shoulder and shuts off the SIRENS.

He gets in the back with Addison. He rocks her.

HAM (CONT'D)

Daddy's here. I'm so sorry Addison.

The phone rings.

He gets in the front seat and answers.

HAM (CONT'D)

Hello, hello?

LT. FULTON (ON SPEAKER)
Ham, what's going on? Ms. Jones,
the school bus driver told us
you're in some trouble.

HAM
(sotto)
They got Addison.

LT. FULTON (ON SPEAKER)
Who got Addison? Speak up, Ham.

HAM
Addison, there's a bomb strapped to
her.

LT. FULTON (ON SPEAKER)
Where's she? Is she with you?

HAM
I don't know who's doing this.

LT. FULTON (ON SPEAKER)
Pull it together. I got your
location. I'm sending the squad
now. Tell me what you know.

HAM
I only have ten minutes.

LT. FULTON (ON SPEAKER)
Can you stay where you are?

HAM
No, I gotta get to the location.

LT. FULTON (ON SPEAKER)
I'm clearing the road.

The WHIRR of a CHOPPER above the squad car.

LT. FULTON (ON SPEAKER) (CONT'D)
Ham, do you have any idea who would
do this?

Ham merges into traffic and follows the navigation.

HAM
The shit I did? I gotta go.

LT. FULTON
Ham, don't hang up. Describe the
bomb for me.

EXT. EXIT RAMP - CONTINUOUS

The squad car bears right off the ramp.

The road becomes desolate, covered in black ice.

A dead DEER blocks the road.

The squad car merges onto an embankment.

The CHOPPER follows above.

INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS

Ham's distraught.

ON TERMINAL SCREEN: An arrow to turn right.

Ham turns down the road. He recognizes the area.

HAM

Damn.

He parks the squad car.

EXT. ROADSIDE MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

There's a withering, cross-shaped wreath. A dilapidated teddy bear. Deflated balloons. A heart-shaped picture of a young, black teenage BOY.

Ham grabs Addison out the back seat and stands before the memorial.

He's carrying the industrial bolt cutters.

He kneels before the memorial, gripping Addison.

Ham waves the CHOPPER away.

The bomb is activated. The CLOCK is counting down THREE MINUTES. TICKING.

He looks Addison square in her eyes.

HAM

Do as daddy says. You hear me?

Addison reluctantly nods.

HAM (CONT'D)

I'm gunna remove this vest. It may hurt, but just bear with me. When I remove this, I want you to run as far way from this car as you can. You hear me?

ADDISON

(sotto)

Um hm.

HAM

You hear me, Addison?

ADDISON

Yes.

He pat her pockets then embraces her like it's his last, lamenting through tears.

He's lost a MINUTE.

He takes the bolt cutters. Splices through a BLACK WIRE.

He braces himself. The clock continues counting.

He randomly selects the YELLOW WIRE.

He closes his eyes as the sheers clip through the wire.

The clock continues. A minute, thirty.

He slides the utility jacket off her shoulders and through her frail body. Down to her ankles.

HAM

Lift your legs, Addy.

Her boot strap gets stuck in a wire.

The clock's at a full minute.

Ham peels the wire off the strap.

The clock's down to 40 seconds.

Addison gently removes her feet from the utility jacket.

ON ADDISON'S FEET

Addison's boot CHOP through the snowy brush with the speed of any 6-year old.

THE BOMB DETONATES yards away.

Addison plummets into the snow.

ADDISON

Daddy!

An ARM scoops her up by the waist.

Her little legs kick and flail as she's toted away, crying.

A nondescript MAN carts Addison away.

Addison is tossed in the back of a crew cab pickup truck.

EXT. ROAD - CONTINUOUS

The pickup truck skids away leaving track marks in the snow.

EXT. ROADSIDE MEMORIAL - CONTINUOUS

A blazing FIREBALL envelopes Ham.

A CLOUD of carbon dioxide smothers his lifeless remains.

His body is covered in soot and debris as the snow surrounding him melts.

SIRENS in the distance grow closer.

Cade tosses the fire extinguisher and checks Ham's wrist for vitals.

Ham doesn't have a pulse.

CADE

Stay with me, Cunningham.

Cade smacks Ham's cheek with his palm.

Ham's not responding.

CADE (CONT'D)

Ham! Can you hear my voice?

He pumps Ham's chest, it doesn't expand.

CADE (CONT'D)

One, two.

Cade knows this CPR attempt is a futile exercise.

CADE (CONT'D)

Come on, come one!

Cade slumps down to regroup.

He cradles Ham's lifeless body as COPS and MEDICS descend on the scene.

A Medic peels Ham out of Cade's arms.

Lt. Fulton approaches.

LT. FULTON
Where's the girl?

INT. PICKUP TRUCK - LATER

The nondescript Man is now revealed. This is LEE BROCK, a black man in his 40s. He's the older version of the teen pictured at the memorial.

He keeps an eye on Addison from the rear view mirror. She's lying across the backseat, trembling.

EXT. URBAN SUBURB - CONTINUOUS

The car drifts down a snow-laced blue collar neighborhood street.

It turns into the driveway of a modest home with a for sale sign in the yard.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

LEE carries Addison out of the car.

ADDISON
I want my daddy.

LEE BROCK
Yes. He said he'll be here soon. He has some police business to handle.

INT. HOME

Lee navigates through the kitchen to an immediate door leading down the basement.

He descends the steps, still carrying Addison who's more comfortable than she should be.

ADDISON
I have to go pee.

LEE BROCK
Shhh, okay.

INT. BASEMENT

There's only one way in and out. It's vacant, but as small as a prison holding cell.

There's a sleeping bag, bottles of water and nothing else.

Lee Brock places Addison on her feet and escorts her to...

INT. POWDER ROOM

Lee Brock immediately closes the door. Addison LISTENS to his feet step away from the door.

Addison sits on the toilet.

ADDISON
Can I have some tissue?

LEE BROCK (O.S.)
Yeah, sure. One sec.

Addison HEARS his feet stop up the shallow steps. She remains on the toilet wading her feet to and fro.

She waits, taking stock of her surroundings.

After a short while, she LISTENS to Lee Brock run down the steps.

A gentle KNOCK on the door before it's cracked open and napkins FLY through it.

The door is immediately shut.

Addison collects the tissues.

INT. BASEMENT

Lee Brock sets up a *Kids Meal* and the coloring book it comes with. He then rolls out the sleeping back.

Addison appears.

ADDISON
I want my daddy.

LEE BROCK

It's okay, Addison. He's tied up at work. He just called and said he'll be here very soon.

ADDISON

Is my mommy coming, too?

LEE BROCK

He didn't say. Here, have some food. Here are some coloring books. Before you know it, your dad will be here. Okay?

Addison sits and takes a couple of fries.

LEE BROCK (CONT'D)

I have some chores and then I'll come back and check on you.

Lee Brock storms up the steps. Addison can HEAR CLICKS of LOCKS as the basement door is closed.

INT. LEE BROCK'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

On the mantel, there are photos of Lee Brock's son in various stages of his short-lived life.

Lee Brock is sitting on his recliner watching sports highlights on his TV.

Lee's wife, DANA and their two young DAUGHTERS enter with groceries.

They dump the bags on the counter that overlooks the living room.

His daughters leap on his lap.

DAUGHTERS

Dad. Hey!

He embraces them both with tickles. They peel away.

DAUGHTERS (CONT'D)

Dad, can we play downstairs?

LEE BROCK

Ask mom.

They both look at Dana, pleading.

DANA
For a little while. Dinner will be
ready soon.

They shoot through the door down the basement.

Dana puts away the groceries.

DANA (CONT'D)
What's bothering you?

LEE BROCK
Just tired.

DANA
You hear what happened to Officer
Cunningham?

Lee Brock is noticeably quiet.

INT. BASEMENT

Unlike Addison's basement, this one's full of containers
along the walls, shelves and is a makeshift laundry room.

The girls play with their old toys.

EXT. LEE BROCK'S HOUSE - LATER

A fleet of COPS surround every corner of the property with
Cade leading the way.

Cade bangs on the front door.

INT. LEE BROCK'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lee Brock dumps his head, knowing what's next.

Dana removes a hot pot from the stovetop fire.

DANA
What on earth!?

CADE (O.S.)
Mr. Brock, open up!

LEE BROCK
Get the girls.

Dana opens the door to the basement, and yells.

DANA

Girls, come up stairs now!

Lee Brock walks to the front door as the bangs continue.

Dana sits their daughters on the sofa.

The front door swings open. Cade's first in as the other Cops bum-rush the door.

Cade presses a search warrant against Lee Brock's chest and surveys the house.

DANA (CONT'D)

What's this about?

CADE

Where's the girl, Brock? Huh?

LEE BROCK

The girl? What girl?

The Cops go from ROOM to ROOM, intentionally destroying the property in the process.

Cade cuffs Lee Brock.

Dana panics.

DANA

This is insane. Why won't you leave us alone?

The girls are crying hysterically. Dana sits next to them, rocking and soothing them as they watch their dad being apprehended.

Dana grabs his phone from the coffee table and records.

LEE BROCK

Record this, Dana. Let the world see the cops that killed our son - what they're doing to our family.

A Cop returns from downstairs to fill in Cade.

COP

All clear.

Lee Brock is shuffled outside and stuffed into a squad car. Dana follows close behind, leaving the girls on the sofa.

EXT. LEE BROCK'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Dana's capturing footage. Their neighbors are on their porches spectating.

DANA

Look at them. They killed our son and got away with it. But they're not done. They're continuing to harass us. Dirty cops.

Cade slams the door with Lee Brock inside.

Lee Brock looks through the window as Dana continues to record.

Cade surveys the neighborhood. He takes notice of the vacant property next door, but nothing registers.

He approaches Dana.

CADE

Your husband had something to do with my partner's death and I'm going to prove it. And I'll implicate you and your kids if it comes to it.

He smacks the phone out of her hand. It plummets to the ground, cracking the fiberglass shell.

DANA

(to the neighbors)
Look what he did!

CADE

Oh, I'm so sorry. Clumsy.

Cops spill out the house, noticeably empty-handed.

Cade climbs into his squad car and jets off.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Addison is lying on her stomach coloring.

She flips over and digs into her pocket. She pulls out a cellphone - the school bus driver's cellphone.

She attempts to unlock it to no avail.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Lee Brock sitting alone, cuffed to the steel table.

Cade enters and places a pad and pen before Lee Brock.

LEE BROCK
My lawyer here yet?

CADE
I have a right to hold you. Do yourself a favor and write it all down. Tell us everything while negotiations are high.

LEE BROCK
The image of the police in this city, whew. All the corruption?

CADE
We know it's you. Cop shoots your kid and gets off. You sue the police department and lose. I can see why you're pissed. Where'd you leave the girl?

LEE BROCK
What girl?

CADE
I'll give you some more time.

Cade exits before he loses control.

OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM

He bumps into Lt. Fulton.

LT. FULTON
Hey, Mrs. Tinsley's here to pick up her phone. It's not listed on the evidence sheet.

CADE
Who the hell is Mrs. Tinsley?

LT. FULTON
The school bus driver.

Cade hurries to his desk. Lt. Fulton follows closely behind.

CADE'S DESK - CONTINUOUS

Cade searches his desk for the evidence sheet and confirms the phone is missing.

CADE
I didn't find no phone. Not in the car or on Ham. Son of a bitch. The kid's got it.

LT. FULTON
Or in the woods. I'll send a crew back out there.

Lt. Fulton carts off to his office.

Cade pitches a pencil to a TECHIE huddled with COPS by the coffee bar.

TECHIE
Hey!

CADE
I need to find a phone.

TECHIE
What's the number.

They looks at the School Bus Driver who's just standing around waiting.

CADE
Ma'am?

SCHOOL BUS DRIVER
Ms. Tinsley.

CADE
Ms. Tinsley, what's your number?

EXT. LEE BROCK'S DRIVEWAY - LATER

Cade oversees a team of FORENSICS COPS rifling through Lee Brock's pickup truck and their minivan. They bag evidence as they go along.

Dana's got a tighter grip of her phone, recording the raid.

Cade approaches Dana, looking directing into the camera.

CADE
Your husband's responsible for my partner's murder, and I'm going to prove it. He was at the scene when my partner died.
(MORE)

CADE (CONT'D)

We know the girl was here. I hope you have enough money saved because you're going need a very expensive lawyer.

One of the Forensics Cops pops his head out the car, flashing a receipt.

FORENSIC COP

General store receipt.

Cade grabs it.

CADE

It's faded.

FORENSIC COP

The receipt number's intact. Bet they can pull the records, find out what was purchased.

Cade gives it back to him gently, to conserve the evidence.

He notices something next door that he hadn't noticed before.

He walks closer. There are tire marks up the driveway.

He returns to Lee Brock's driveway and examines his tires.

CADE

Son of a bitch!

FORENSIC COP

What?

CADE

These tread marks match to you?

FORENSIC COP

I'm on it.

The Forensic Cop takes another with him to examine the tread marks.

Cade makes a call on his cell.

CADE

Lieutenant, I need a warrant for next door.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Addison is shivering in her sleep. It's dark and cold and roaches are crawling on the cement floor.

She hears a LOUD BANG that frightens her awake.

The BANGS continue. They're coming from upstairs. She hears muffled noise, maybe her name.

ADDISON

Daddy?

The basement door is SMASHED off the hinges.

Cade bounds down the steps for Addison. She's in a daze, lying there.

CADE

Addison? It's okay, it's okay.

She's terrified.

ADDISON

I want my daddy.

CADE

I know, I know. Are you hurt?

She shrugs.

He lifts her frail body up, noticing the phone next to her. He carries her up the stairs as a TEAM OF COPS make their way passed them.

EXT. LEE BROCK'S HOUSE - LATER

The neighborhood is covered in siren lights and ticker tape.

Tasha forces her way passed the ticker tape to collect Addison from Cade.

TASHA

Oh my baby. Mommy's here.

Tasha scoops Addison away from Cade, clutching her tightly.

Dana looks on from her porch, coddling her own daughters. She carts them inside and shuts the door.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Cade enters to find the pad with a full confession. He snatches the pages out and shreds them to pieces.

Lee Brock folds his head as shards of paper are tossed into the air like confetti.

Cops pass Cade to collect Lee Brock.

COP

Lee Brock, you have the right to
remain silent. Anything you say or
do will be...

Cade stands there exhausted, but relieved.

FADE OUT.