

BROADWAY AVENUE

PILOT: New York, New York

Written by

Nick Le

Based on the unproduced screenplay
"Do you swear to tell the truth?"

Written by Nick Le

Copyright(c)2024

Do not produce this teleplay
without authorization from
the original writers

congkenlle@gmail.com

1st draft: 5/12/2024

OVER BLACK

Ultimate silence spreads across the black frame, all we see is pitched black and darkness. Then we hear...

HAND CLAPPING SOUNDS--

--and CHEERING SOUNDS--

--from there, we enter--

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK - DAY

TITLE:

NEW YORK - 2017

--a big OUTDOOR stage, with a gigantic sign that says "FOR NEW YORK, FOR AMERICA". There's an MC on the stand, facing A CROWD of spectators and supporters. The MC holds the mic up, and blasts off.

MC

(into speaker)

Alright everybody, without further ado, I am proud to present...

(points to the left side)

...next president of the United States, Allan Marshall.

Supporters starts clapping and cheering, **ALLAN MARSHALL (50)** steps on stage, smiling and waving at the people. He steps up to the microphone, everything goes to silence.

MARSHALL

Thank you y'all for coming. Thank you Tom for that marvelous introduction.

(now he really starts)

We've come across a lot of things, my friends. We've come across the war in Afghanistan, I would like to remind myself of the day that changed this country forever, the day those planes crashed into our World Trade Center. When Al-Qaeda crashes those planes, I couldn't even hold back my tears. I cried for this country, I wept for this city, I shouted for New York. I SHOUTED FOR ALL OF US !!!

The supporters CHEER for Marshall.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - SAME TIME

We CLOSE ON a WINDOW, from here we can see directly at Marshall's speech, and we can hear him loud and clear from here.

MARSHALL

(from outside)

It has been sixteen years after those sons of bitches torn this city into pieces, and I assure you, I shall not let it shatter once more !!

We hear CHEERING from outside. Then we see a HAND in glove, it reaches for the window notch, and it TWISTS IT, and pushes the window out, now it's open.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

(from outside)

Our country is at war, our boys and our families are fighting for our city. When we look our soldiers, all we see are fighters, we see warriors that stands up, we see brave young men standing up for themselves, and their families. And we should be proud, because they are fighting for our peace.

We hear cheering again. Then the mysterious hand in glove sets A SCOPED RIFLE attached to a TRIPOD down by the window. Then a FIGURE kneels down, re-aligning his right shoulder to the stock of the rifle, we don't see the man's face, we only see the back of his head, and we hear him breathing gently.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK - SAME TIME

Marshall is at his best place with his speech, there seems to be a lot of potential here.

MARSHALL

I stand before y'all folks today, for one simple message. We won a war, we lost a war, but we won't give up, we'll fight on, we will fight on, and in the next hundred years, WE WOULD NEVER STOP FIGHTING !! Because we, New York city, is the greatest, and the most HONORABLE city in this country.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - SAME TIME

The Figure's finger rests on the trigger of the rifle, we can see it in a very close distance, The Figure pushes its finger towards the SAFETY of the rifle inside the sniper rifle, pushing it forward, CLICK. The safety is disengaged.

Now we see THE WHOLE FIGURE, it resembles a MAN, wearing a hoodie, and a pair of sunglasses. The Figure takes his right hand, and cocks the BOLT-ACTION mechanism on his rifle. Now the rifle's chambered.

MARSHALL (O.S.)
 (faintly from outside)
 I'm running for this year's election, and I assure you, New York. I will win, on behalf of this lovely city, and my family. Like I said before, I'm not doing this for myself or anyone, I'm winning this campaign because of y'all folks. That's right, I'm talking about you, NEW YORK CITY !! FOR NEW YORK, then next year, FOR THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA !!

Then we hear clapping and cheering from outside.

I/E. SCOPE POV. APARTMENT ROOM/WASHINGTON SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

We're seeing through the scope's POV, the figure moves his sight around, we're looking at SECRET SERVICE agents at the far left of the stage, with TWO DARK SUVs and A CADILLAC ESCALADE in the middle of the SUVs.

Then we shift our focus to the supporters down the stage, all clapping for Marshall, we shift to MARSHALL, on the stage, holding both peace symbols up in the air, also cheering.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Figure rests his hands on the trigger, preparing to squeeze a shot.

THE FIGURE
 Eat shit, you hypocrite.

The Figure squeezes the trigger.

I/E. SCOPE POV. APARTMENT ROOM/WASHINGTON SQUARE -
CONTINUOUS

We're seeing the point of view through the scope again, but this time, it's tense. MARSHALL flies back and falls on the stage, the secret service agents rushes to him, we're picking up bolt action racking sounds, then we hear two other BANGS. The secret service agents dies on site, everybody starts to run in panic.

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We're seeing The Figure's FACE, covered in a mask, with his sunglasses. We stay on him, but we're hearing TWO MORE SHOTS, BANG BANG. Then The Figure takes the rifle down, and spins the barrel off, also taking off the magazine, and puts it inside his DUFFEL bag.

The Figure starts to disassemble is rifle, in world record speed. He shoves all the parts into his duffel bag. He kneels down on the floor, and picks up FOUR SHELL CASINGS. He puts them into a ziploc bag, and shoves it inside his duffel bag.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK - DAY

People are running all over the place, screaming, and crying. We TRACK towards the stage, and we step on it, seeing the BODIES of Marshall, and his secret service agents. They're bodies are numb, and they're getting colder.

Then we see A TEAM of Secret Service agents getting up to the stage, and we hear chatters, and radio transmissions among them. We stay on the body of Marshall, with a HOLE ON HIS CHEST, and it's dripping blood on all over his shirt.

AGENTS (O.S.)

You got a twenty on the shooters
?...Lavender's hit, Lavender's hit,
request immediately medical
attention...The shot came from that
building...

Then the agents' chatter turns into echoes as we...

FADE TO:

OPENING CREDITS.

New York, New York -- by *Liza Minnelli* starts to play over the credits. Then fades in a--

SUPER:

BROADWAY AVENUE

--then as the credits continues to roll, we stick with it as the song grows louder, and then fades in another...

SUPER:

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Then as the credits finishes off with the finishing touches about the director or the writer or the producers. We then...

FADE TO BLACK.

We stay OVER BLACK, without hearing anything. Then we hear the voice of **LARRY RUSSO (32)**.

LARRY (PRELAP)
Ernest ? Ernest ?

TITLE: ONE DAY BEFORE THE SPEECH

FADE IN:

INT. PRECINCT 14 - LOCKER ROOM - MORNING

ERNEST HARRIS (35, Irish-American) stands at his locker, taking out his **POLICE CAP**, putting it on. He fixes up his **BLUE UNIFORM**, clean, and neat looking. The uniform looks freshly ironed, with the duty belt, and all the equipments on it, but we're missing something, A GUN.

Ernest reaches inside his locker, taking out his **GLOCK 19**, he checks the mag, all 15 rounds are in, he shoves it back in, and **RACKS THE SLIDE**. **LARRY RUSSO (32, Italian-American)** stands next to him, calling out for him, but Ernest seems a little deaf.

LARRY
ERNEST !!

Ernest turns to Larry, all dressed up in perfect uniform. Just waiting for him.

ERNEST
Yes ?

LARRY
Are we done here ? You've been standing there like a mannequin for the past five minutes, are we going now ?

ERNEST
Yeah, we're going.

Ernest SLAMS his locker shut, and locks it.

ERNEST (CONT'D)
Let's go.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN, NEW YORK - DAY

A POLICE CRUISER drives along the BUSY ROAD of Downtown New York, it stops at the red light, behind an ARMY of CARS and TAXIS, this must be a rush hour, since there's a lot of cars.

LARRY (PRELAP)
Last week I saw this little kid in the street, he had a twenty two caliber, he just started shooting the little piece around the whole neighborhood--

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Ernest sits by the passenger side, Larry is driving, and yapping.

LARRY
--like for real. I didn't know where did he get that .22 from, no fucking clue where. Then I got so scared, I didn't know what to do, feared that I gotta step in, so I pulled out my bug gun, the .38 caliber, and I yelled "NYPD ! DROP THE GUN". Suddenly I just realized that I haven't load the gun yet, then that kid just starts looking at me like "Bro, what the hell man?". He just starts shooting at me, but like some weird divine intervention shit like Pulp Fiction just saved my ass, like he misses every shot, mostly the rounds broke the windows of the apartments and the stores around there. I seized the opportunity immediately, I loaded the gun, and tell him to get on the ground, I got closer to him, suddenly he kicked me in the balls, I started yelling like ah.

(MORE)

LARRY (CONT'D)
Then the kids' father came over,
that was where I felt that
everything was so stupid, it was BB
gun, and it looked so real, in the
end, all I did was being too much
of a wuss.

Ernest is not even listening, he just looks out the window.

LARRY (CONT'D)
You know everybody in The Bronx
love that story right ?

ERNEST
(sarcastically)
Ain't that funny ?

LARRY
Ernest, how come you don't say
anything all the time ? Like for
the past five months already, I
haven't heard a single word from
you honestly.

ERNEST
Is that problem, Larry ?

LARRY
No, no problem at all. It's just
uh...weird.

ERNEST
How weird ?

Larry continues driving, and continues to talk also.

LARRY
Not like kinky or whatever. But at
least you gotta tell me a joke
sometimes, like you know, generate
speeches.

ERNEST
What, you want me to tell a joke ?

Larry eyebrows go up. Interesting.

LARRY
Oh yeah, I would love to hear one.

ERNEST
Alright, ready for this ?

LARRY
Fire it up.

ERNEST
Knock knock ?

LARRY
Who's there ?

Ernest starts chuckling, Larry is also smiling.

ERNEST
Shut up and drive the car. You let
a Pruis passed over us.

Larry looks back at the road, *didn't expect that*. He lets
out a deep sigh.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
All units be advised, we have 10-34
in progress in St. Mark's. Officer
needs help at 341 St. Mark's
Street.

ERNEST
(picks up the receiver)
Thirty-one Addams, en-routing to
the 10-34, 341 St. Mark's street,
copy that.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Copy that, 10-4.

ERNEST
(picks up the receiver)
10-4.
(sets it down)
Fire up the roof.

Larry SWITCHES on the SIRENS, we hear it BLARING NOW.

LARRY
Let's get some blood, honey.

EXT. DOWNTOWN, NEW YORK - CONTINUOUS

The POLICE CRUISER drives FAST, it makes a SHARP LEFT TURN,
with its sirens BLASTING OFF REALLY LOUD.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT 26 - OFFICE LEVEL - DAY

SUSAN HANSON (30, white) stands at the VENDING MACHINE, she stands and waits for her COFFEE, it's pouring down on her paper cup. Susan is wearing a T-shirt with a collar, a pair of jeans, and a leather belt. Her belt is carrying a gun holster, with a SIG P226 pistol stuffed in there. She takes up her coffee cup, and walks through across the office level.

She catches the eyes of a lot of MALE DETECTIVES, they're all pretending to read newspapers and reports, but their eyes are peeking through the papers. They're just staring at her, probably because of how beautiful she is. She's a brunette, and she looks sexy, and strong at the same time.

Then she heads over to her DESK, and sits down on her chair. She drinks her coffee, then someone knocks on her table, this is **JOHN GARETH (37)**.

JOHN

Susan, how you doing, partner ?

SUSAN

Take a wild guess, John.

JOHN

Hmm, you ghosted him again ?

SUSAN

That's another reasonable example.

JOHN

So how did it went at the bar ?

SUSAN

I met him, he's okay. We were having a blast, until he decided to become a sexist by saying that female cops won't cut it.

JOHN

That's kinda rude.

SUSAN

I mean come on, aren't we all trying ?

JOHN

Well, as for me, my boyfriend made reservations for tonight at El Coyote, you wanna stop by for a Margarita ?

SUSAN
No, thank you.

JOHN
Okay, are ya sure ?

She looks at him.

JOHN (CONT'D)
Cause I mean, how do you know ?
See, there's this app called
Tinder, and the way this app works,
is that you can find anyone that
suits your personality on it. In
this scenario, I'm on the verge of
coming out, so it would be quite a
glamorous coincidence if you know,
feeling connected.

Susan nods.

SUSAN
Okay ?

JOHN
You should try it, we can't just
pander you off to some random honey
in Brooklyn.

SUSAN
Thank you for noticing that you've
been trying to put me on blind
dates for that five months.

JOHN
Eh, it was nothing.

SUSAN
That was not a compliment.

JOHN
Okay.

Then we hear TWO FELLOW DETECTIVES from behind Susan, MITCH
(half-Mexican) and MARLON.

MITCH (O.S.)
Yo, Susan.

Susan turns around.

MITCH (CONT'D)
Why don't you tell John to keep his
faggot tone down.

MARLON

We're having migraines here, tell him if he wants to come out, he shouldn't be a cop.

They just starts chuckling at that, John feels offended, Susan just finds it normal, since she's responding to that.

JOHN

Eat shit and die, you Spanish-American bitch.

MARLON

Settle down, Lady Janie. We're just messing around.

John turns around, not facing them anymore.

JOHN

I'm so sick of that name, Susan.

SUSAN

It think it suits you.

John frowns. He walks away.

JOHN

Whatever, have fun, Susan.

SUSAN

Seconded.

John walks out.

MARLON

Why did you have to put up with him, Susan ?

SUSAN

Shut up, Marlene.

Mitch laughs, Marlon turns around to his partner, annoyed by what he's laughing at. Susan stands up, she takes up the LEATHER JACKET hanging on her chair, and walks out of the office level.

OFFICE LEVEL CORRIDOR

Susan walks along the corridor, and she approaches the elevator, she presses the button and it opens. She steps inside, face out looking at the corridor, the door shuts and we--

CUT TO:

CAFETERIA

Susan sets her plate of BLT on the table facing the window, she sets her cup of coffee down next to it. She moves to the opposite side, and pulls the chair back towards her side, and sits down.

She takes out her phone, and just starts scrolling through her tabs. Then an old man approaches her, this is **CAPT. PENNY (55, Black)**, he sets a BIG STACK OF MAILS on her table.

PENNY

You know, this must be like a week long of mails here.

SUSAN

I noticed that.

PENNY

Where you'd been last week ?

SUSAN

I was having a fever.

PENNY

You know, sick leaves must be notified, and approved by the precinct captain, which is me.

SUSAN

Didn't I gave you a call ?

PENNY

It doesn't matter, either you notify me with a signed paper, or you'll get suspended. It doesn't matter what position you're on.

SUSAN

Copy that.

PENNY

We'll stick to the fever story. But, for your information, I can't keep covering for you all the time, Susan.

SUSAN

Sorry about that.

Penny nods, he taps her shoulder, and walks away. Susan is alone now, she reaches for the stack of letters, and checks each of them.

Each of the letters have all the same topics, mostly it's all about paying rent or postcards.

She flips thru each letter, nothing interests her much, except one. A DARK RED ENVELOPE, with a note that says "Redemption will come when blood is spilled".

She takes it, she takes up the knife on the table (for the sandwich) and uses it as a letter opener. She cuts it open, and pulls the folded letter out. She flips it open, the paper is a DARK RED STYLE of paper, thick (like Christopher Nolan's style of printing paper, red screenplays).

The writings on the paper are shown in BOLD HANDWRITING, but it has the color white.

CONTENTS OF LETTER

We've done it before, we couldn't control it. The need to feel secure, it's undeniably impossible, we decided to do it again. The Candidate was supposed to bring hope, he broke his promise. A hypocrite that lies to its people, a mischievous man that guides its people into the dark ages. It was all a slippery slope, every word is based on a lie. It's time to give the people what they want, would they be proud of what will happen ? Will God ever forgive us, would He lead us out of temptation ? Or would he deliver us to the Devil ? A question awaits an answer.

At the bottom of the "letter", there's a PEACE SYMBOL, but it is TORN in half with a knife symbol in the middle.

SUSAN

(to herself)

What the hell is this ?

Then we hear a RING! She takes her phone up, and checks if anyone's calling her. On the screen it says "Unknown". Susan picks up. The person over the phone speaks with a very distorted voice, like the person's using a voice changer.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

Hello ?

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)

Am I speaking to the NYPD ?

SUSAN

There's a number for that, take a hike.

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)

Don't hang up, we're just getting started. Have you received the letter ?

Susan looks back at her table, and stares at the red letter.

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

This is not a confession of a crime, this is a prophecy from a higher power.

SUSAN

Okay, you might wanna get into the details, or I'm hanging up.

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)

Allan Marshall knows it all.

SUSAN

Come again ?

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)

Tomorrow is a great day, he'll get what he'll deserves.

SUSAN

Okay, slow down. What are you talking about here ?

UNKNOWN CALLER (O.S.)

I'm off now, I'll see you around--
(a long pause)
--oh by the way, nice jacket you have there.

We hear a beep, Susan looks around the cafeteria, everyone there just smiles, laughs, and talks to each other, looking happy together, while Susan is the only one sitting alone. From there, we--

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LATER THAT DAY

Ernest is standing in line waiting for his turn to purchase, it might take a while, since there must be 6 people waiting in line with him. Then we see the TV hanging by the top corner of the coffee shop, by the left side.

He looks up there, the TV is showing a news broadcast about ALLAN MARSHALL.

NEWS REPORTER

(on TV)

Earlier today, presidential candidate Allan Marshall gave a speech at the City Hall, accompanied by Mayor Roderick Quilty. He previously gave a speech in broad daylight at the New York City Time Square.

MARSHALL

(on TV)

I shall say no to these mindless people, that I would not back down from anything. These death threats here, they're literally just papers, they're chopping down trees just to give me death threats, why don't you guys take it and shove it up your BEEP! BEEP!

For some obvious reasons, the speech was BEEPED out in the middle of the way. That's how they cut profanity from TV SHOWS.

NEWS REPORTER

(on TV)

The presidential candidate showed no fear when responding to his death threats, especially with the concerns relates to his earlier attempts on his life. As we all know, he will be making a speech at the Washington Square park tomorrow, according to the NYPD, having a speech in broad daylight can be a foolish, and undeniably stupid choice, because the candidate would be exposed in broad daylight. However, the candidate simply responded by saying "I want to the people to be strong, and to fight for themselves, and this is why I'm doing the speech in broad daylight, because apparently, if anybody wants to make sure that I lose, that person should have done better".

Back to Ernest, he's been staring at the TV, and then he looks back at the line, it's almost his turn.

He steps up, the woman in front of him walks out of the line with her order, it's Ernest's turn now, he steps up to the counter, and orders.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)
Up until today, the city of New York cannot be more settled, Mayor Roderick Quilty expressed his trust with the election this year, calling it "the wildest, and the greatest election campaign that has ever occurred within ten years"--

ERNEST
--Can I get two espressos, extra cream please ?

The barista nods, she taps on the monitor, Ernest takes out his card.

BARISTA
That'll be six dollars.

Ernest taps the card onto the monitor, we hear a DING. Ernest steps over to the pickup counter, then the Barista hands him two big cups of coffee. Ernest takes it, and walks out to--

EXT. COFFEE SHOP, DOWNTOWN - CONTINUOUS

--to his police cruiser, with Larry leaning against it, Ernest gives Larry his coffee.

LARRY
Took you a while there.

ERNEST
It's a hell of line.

LARRY
Ain't that a bitch ?

Ernest drinks his coffee.

ERNEST
The candidate's blasting on the news there.

LARRY
Allan Marshall ? That guy's okay, he's not typically the good guy, but he's just okay.

ERNEST
I don't have a clue what he's working towards to actually.

LARRY

His campaign focuses on human rights, and anti-war. Think of like domestic abuses or PTSD, that's what he's fighting against. He's running for president this year, he was born here so why not pay a warm visit?

ERNEST

I don't know what he's doing, but he's getting a lot of death threats, maybe about eighty five of them already.

LARRY

The guy's putting himself on the front line, Ernest. It's not surprising if he's getting some "screw you" notes.

ERNEST

What's his focus?

LARRY

Didn't I told you already, he's opposing domestic abuse, and he supports anti-war. He's offering every person with PTSD psychological care, so that there won't be any domestic abuses, especially sexual abuses.

ERNEST

So he's trying to stop boys that came back from Afghan from going insane and screw their family over. Ain't that ironic ?

LARRY

Well, some people supports that, my mom is on the supporting team, she felt that war veterans needs some psychological care when it relates to how crazy they're becoming when seeing too much violence.

ERNEST

Imagine how the army guys would react to that sort of thing.

LARRY

I mean it's good for them right?

ERNEST

You know that sounds really fucked up right?

LARRY

Why?

ERNEST

Because apparently the Afghan war veteran communities are gonna get so pissed when they found out that they're the causes of domestic abuse, like the way they compare and contrast domestic abuse with PTSD sounds stupid.

LARRY

But think of it this way, dudes that went over Afghan with their heart, and went home with no soul, that's just leads the straight senseless violence, and that my friend, leads to domestic abuse. If it's not domestic abuse, it's simply just verbal abuse.

Ernest takes a sip of the coffee.

ERNEST

What I'm thinking, is that the war vets are being treated like mentally unstable junkies, it's not like in Born On The Fourth Of July where you have a guy in a wheelchair that just starts drinking, doing crack, and talk shit about the government. Some people are different, they re-adjust, they seek reconciliation, it's how it is since the 1960s. Marshall can't just have that compare and contrast theory of his on these guys.

LARRY

Well I'm not saying that--

Then we suddenly hear the DISPATCHER from the car radio...

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

All units, we have a 10-52 at Chinatown, possible domestic violence alarm. Any units available?

Ernest looks at Larry.

ERNEST
To be continued.

Ernest answers the radio hanged on his uniform.

ERNEST (CONT'D)
(into the radio)
Thirty-one Adams, show us en-route.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Copy that.

CUT TO:

EXT. CHINATOWN - LATER

The police cruiser arrives at a CONVENIENT STORE, mentioned over the radio, simply addressed as "Chinatown". We see AN OLD CHINESE COUPLE arguing with A CAUCASIAN FAMILY, with two small children. The old Chinese is YELLING AT THE FAMILY, in Chinese (of course).

Ernest and Larry steps out of the cruiser, and approaches the dispute, Larry looks around the place, everyone is GATHERING AROUND THERE, white people, Chinese people, all kinds are gathering around. The dispute is LOUD, and hard to grasp, because we cannot understand what the Chinese's are saying.

ERNEST
Alright guys, come on. Settle down,
what's going on here?

Larry points to the Chinese family, using quite a lot of force.

LARRY
Get the fuck back, okay? Back up,
you people back up!

ERNEST
Larry, chill.
(to the white family)
What's going on here, folks?

The WIFE (30) speaks up.

WIFE
This old chink just starts charging
towards my husband, he almost
pushed our kids down the street!

ERNEST

Is that what happened, Ma'am?

The HUSBAND (35) speaks up.

HUSBAND

They charged at me, what the heck was that?!

The old Chinese couples are still trying to charge up to the white family, the old Chinese wife is holding a BUTCHER KNIFE. Larry is trying to hold them back.

LARRY

You two, settle down, put that knife down! PUT IT DOWN!

Ernest looks back and forth at the Chinese couple, and the white family, he's all over the place right now.

WIFE

Officer, you'll have to take these people in, we didn't even do anything. We'd just bumped into their stand a bit and they got all mad and angry all the sudden.

HUSBAND

They'd almost killed our kids here, that's assaulting.

The Chinese Husband kicks Larry out of the way, he charges towards the white family with the butcher knife that his wife was carrying. Ernest turns around, he grabs the Chinese man's hand, and disarms him, he flips the man over, and pins him on the ground. Finally, Ernest has subdued him.

ERNEST

You're under arrest for assault.

CHINESE HUSBAND

(in Chinese, subtitled)

Get off me! We didn't do anything!

ERNEST

(into his radio)

Dispatch, make the 10-52 into a 10-34, it's an assault now. We have a Chinese man, forty-years of age, armed with a butcher knife, we're taking him in, over.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
 Thirty-one Adams, dispute settled,
 one in custody, over and out.

ERNEST
 (into his radio)
 10-4.

Ernest and Larry drags the Chinese man to their cruiser, Larry opens the door, and Ernest throws him in. The Chinese wife starts to go berserk, Larry holds him back. Both of them are screaming at the top of their lungs. The white family stood by and observes, we see more POLICE CRUISERS arriving.

Ernest finally pushes the guy in, and he shuts the door. Then we--

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT 14 - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER

Ernest sits inside his CAPTAIN'S OFFICE, opposite to him (of course) is **CAPTAIN LENNY (40, white)**.

LENNY
 What the fuck happened with the Chinese today, Ernest?

ERNEST
 It was simply a dispute that got outta hand.

LENNY
 We had an interpreter here, and the statement of the Chinese shocked us all.

ERNEST
 What happened?

LENNY
 The Caucasian couple's kids were messing around the Chinese's fish stand, the owner got mad and yelled at him, but he didn't know how to speak English, so the parents mistook it as racially motivated shits, so the husband pushed the guy off, and they had a big dispute, until the neighbors called 911, and that's where you two came in, and kind of arrested the wrong guy.

ERNEST

He was charging at the whites with a butcher knife, I was just trying to contain the situation.

LENNY

I know that, but you didn't check out what happened.

ERNEST

I don't speak Chinese. And I didn't even understand what the guy was saying.

LENNY

Look, you can't just presume that a situation is going out of hand. That Chinese guy wants to sue our asses right now because of what happened, luckily, he decided to accept a fine of four hundred dollars, and the Caucasians will also receive a warning.

ERNEST

Isn't that good?

LENNY

Ernest, I know that you were just trying to control the situation, but you'll have to look deeper. When you flipped that guy to the sidewalk, you actually started an argument.

ERNEST

About what?

LENNY

Police brutality towards Asians. That's not what we have in precinct 14 here. We do not wish for it.

ERNEST

Are you putting me on parking ticket duties?

LENNY

No, I'm not. Look, I'm just trying to remind you that you and Russo placed us in a tough spot, and I do not want this to happen again.

(MORE)

LENNY (CONT'D)

The point of cops taking dispute calls is to ease the situation, and settle both affairs. Not trying to make it even more awkward, I just want to remind you of that, it's not working for me.

Ernest nods.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Do you understand each other, Ernest?

Ernest nods again.

LENNY (CONT'D)

Okay, go home.

Ernest stands up and leaves.

INT. PRECINCT 26 - OFFICE LEVEL - AFTERNOON

Susan is typing on her computer, notice that the red letter is laying on her desk, not moving, just laying still. JOHN walks over to her, tapping her shoulder.

JOHN

Hey, I'm outta here, you done?

SUSAN

I'll stay for a bit longer.

JOHN

You sure you don't wanna join us?

SUSAN

I'm good, get outta here, Lady Janie.

JOHN

Don't call me that, okay? And see you tomorrow.

John walks away. Susan leans back against her chair, she sets her legs on the desk, trying to relax. She looks at the red letter, trying so hard not to notice it, but again, she keeps looking at it.

She takes it up, and looks at it. She guides her fingers through the paper, feeling its material, seeing if there's anything special with it. The only special about this letter, is that it's red, and it's handwritten.

PENNY'S OFFICE

Penny is holding the red letter, reading it, and analyzing it. Susan stands in front of his desk, waiting for a respond.

PENNY

Are you sure that this was sent to you?

SUSAN

You placed it on my table.

PENNY

This is a death threat here, Susan.

SUSAN

What else could it be?

PENNY

In that case, Marshall's gonna be in deep shit tomorrow.

SUSAN

He won't do an indoor speech, he's stubborn as hell.

PENNY

There's no point in showing him this, he has like over eighty-five death threat letters that looks just like this. Besides, he doesn't trust us that much, instead he trusts his secret service agents better, which I find kinda offensive since he ghosted Commissioner Lowery's advice in doing the public speech.

SUSAN

So what do we do with that?

Penny stands up, and he stares outside his WINDOW, seeing the BUSY STREETS OF NEW YORK.

PENNY

We'll sent it to him. Not sure if he actually looks at it, there's a party tonight at the City Hall.

SUSAN

Are you going, cap?

PENNY

Nope, I hate parties with white people. They can talk shit about everything in that annoying polite way.

SUSAN

That's a no then.

Susan walks out of the office.

CUT TO:

INT. PUB - EVENING

We're at a PACKED BAR now, through the windows, we can see that it's already evening. We have a WIDE LOOK of the whole bar, patrons entering and exiting. Some patrons sits at the STOOLS, some sits at the tables, some sits by the booths.

We see ERNEST (in normal clothing) sits at a booth, alone by himself, with a beer pint, and a plate of STEAK. Then someone approaches him, it's PENNY.

PENNY

Ernest.

ERNEST

Penny.

PENNY

Is this seat taken?

Ernest points to it.

ERNEST

Nah, take it.

Penny sits down, opposite to Ernest.

PENNY

How's Downtown and Chinatown treating you?

ERNEST

It's--
(pause)
--fine.

Ernest continues eating, and drinking his pint.

PENNY

We got an issue today.

ERNEST

Oh yeah?

PENNY

Someone sent us a death threat that was meant for Allan Marshall, it's red paper, and it's handwritten.

ERNEST

Show me that.

Penny gives the red letter to Ernest. He sets his silverware down, and checks the paper.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

We've done it before, we couldn't control it. The need to feel secure, it's undeniably impossible.
(sets it down)
This is poetic.

PENNY

It only make sense at the part where there's something about the candidate, which we presumed as Marshall.

ERNEST

Mischievous, hypocrite, slippery slope, temptation, and the Devil. A lot of keywords here, you wouldn't just add them randomly. This was added like a riddle.

PENNY

It sounds like it. Can you--

ERNEST

--okay, Penny. I know what you're gonna say--

PENNY

--I'm not even finished saying--

ERNEST

--I'm not helping you with this--

ERNEST (CONT'D)

I am out, I'm not in the division anymore.

PENNY

Come on, Ernest--

ERNEST

NO! I AM OUT!

Everyone in pub just LOOKS AT BOTH OF THEM, confused of why Ernest is screaming out. Then they turn around, and mind their own businesses.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

As I said, I'm done with the division.

PENNY

Ernest, if this was about your marriage, lemme tell you this, Alice didn't leave you because of the division, it's just you, it's not anybody.

Ernest looks at him, disgusted.

ERNEST

Don't even mention her name.

PENNY

Where is she now?

ERNEST

Cold Springs, married to this corporate accountant. He's nice guy, I have no problem with him, or her.

PENNY

Like I said, Alice didn't leave you because of--

ERNEST

--don't talk about my fucking ex-wife, she's happy without me fucking up her life, and I respect that, Penny.

Penny goes silent, totally speechless about what just happened.

ERNEST (CONT'D)

Now, are we done?

PENNY

We're done here.

Ernest slides the letter back to Penny.

ERNEST

I don't need this. It's yours.

Penny takes it up, and leaves the pub. Ernest continues eating his dinner. Then a cute WAITRESS walks up to Ernest, she refills his pint, Ernest looks up to her, he gives a quick smile. She smiles back at him, she taps his shoulder, and walks away from the table. From there, we--

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL, NEW YORK - EVENING

The glamorous HOTEL shines amidst the dark of the night, acting like a giant light bulb. Doormen stand outside the entrance as CARS and LIMOUSINES approaches the front entrance, we see PEOPLE in SUITS and DRESSES exiting their vehicles, and enters the Plaza Hotel, from there we--

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. PLAZA HOTEL - BALLROOM - EVENING

--a LAVISH, and SHINY ballroom. Filled with couples dancing to Por Una Cabeza played by the band on the stage. The guests are dressed up in FANCY TUXEDOS and BEAUTIFUL (and sexy) DRESSES.

Everyone's dancing, everyone's enjoying each others' company. We can see **MAYOR RODERICK QUILTY (60)** speaking to his guests, Quilty is standing with his wife, **AUDREY (55)**

QUILTY

Thank you so much for coming, guys.

GUEST

It's our pleasure.

GUEST'S WIFE

When do we get to see our potential candidate?

AUDREY

He should be here shortly, he's a man of his word, right honey?

QUILTY

He is a man of his word.

CORRIDOR

ALLAN MARSHALL walks with his GORGEOUS WIFE, **HERA MARSHALL (45)**. Hera is wearing a black gown, she looks beautiful (mentioned before) in that gown, she looks very sexy too, even though she's 45 already.

MARSHALL

Hera?

HERA

Yes?

MARSHALL

Have I ever told you that you look beautiful?

HERA

You didn't say that an hour ago.

MARSHALL

You look beautiful.

HERA

Thank you.

Hera kisses him on the cheek, he smiles, and kisses her back. Marshall and Hera hold hands as they walk through the marbled corridor, and entering--

BALLROOM

--the party inside, and then it all goes to SILENCE. Everybody in the ballroom point their eyes to the entrance of the ballroom, facing Marshall and his wife. Then Quilty and Audrey raises their Champagne glasses for them.

QUILTY

Ladies and gentlemen, I am proud to present our special guest tonight. Please welcome--

(raising his glass higher)

--Senator Allan Marshall and Mrs. Hera Marshall, a gifted lawyer.

Everybody CLAPS their hands, and CHEERS for them. Marshall and Hera walks forward, Marshall waves hello to everyone. The guests are smiling, and cheering for Marshall.

CUT TO:

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - BALCONY - LATER

Marshall and Quilty stands outside the BALLROOM'S BALCONY, drinking Champagne. They're talking about something, they're both smiling, and they both look creepy.

MARSHALL

How are we on the votes?

QUILTY

Good, you have a hundred votes now, about twenty more is enough.

MARSHALL

Has Alfonso retracted his proposition? I don't want him talking to the NYPD and the Feds.

QUILTY

Oh, Allan. I got that covered, nobody's gonna know how did we get here. You just need to relax, we're making history here.

MARSHALL

We're changing the history of this country, men and women won't have any problem in their own homes anymore, right Rick?

QUILTY

Definitely.

MARSHALL

What about Barton Vinci?

QUILTY

He agreed to your terms, he'll receive twenty per cent of the shares.

MARSHALL

Vinci's loyal, he won't talk. He might be a drug pusher, but he's a good man.

QUILTY

Jesus, Allan. I'm feeling great about this all the sudden.

MARSHALL

Just one more thing to ask you, have you checked the Irish?

QUILTY

The Irish guys are a pain in the ass, but we got them covered. No one needs to know what happened at that warehouse.

(drinks his Champagne)

What about your death threats?

MARSHALL

What about it?

QUILTY

You're not even concerned about it?

MARSHALL

I need to show the press that I'm capable of handling my own speeches, I don't need half of the NYPD up my ass every time I want to a speech.

QUILTY

Like I told you before, don't worry. We got the better half of the NYPD to ourselves. The Irishmen and Vinci only had one condition, and we provided them with our better half of the cops.

MARSHALL

As long as they generate revenue, both the cops, and the mob. They're getting richer, and richer. We're winning, and we're gonna keep it that way.

(drinks his Champagne)

And the loose ends?

QUILTY

Done.

Marshall raises his glass, Quilty also raises his.

MARSHALL

To our city, and our country.

QUILTY

To the Irishmen.

The glasses touch each other, bottoms up, and to the great city.

QUILTY (CONT'D)

How long would you be staying in New York?

MARSHALL

About a year or more, the election is gonna take a while. That's even better, right?

QUILTY

The longer, the better.

MARSHALL

In for a penny, in for a pound.

CUT TO:

EXT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - LATER THAT EVENING

A high rise apartment with shine lights from every window, the building lies within downtown Manhattan, the center and the busiest street of the city.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - CORRIDOR - LATER

We CLOSE ON an ELEVATOR DOOR, it's painted in SHINY REFLECTING GOLD COLOR, then the elevator door OPENS. MARSHALL & HERA exits the elevator, accompanied by TWO SECRET SERVICE agents. They're leading Marshall and Hera to their room.

The corridors are decorated with marbled walls and the floors are layered with rugs.

They make a sharp left turn, and into--

ANOTHER CORRIDOR - CONTINUOUS

--and they continue to walk, at the far end of the corridor we can see a ROOM with TWO BIG DOORS, painted in dark brown color. The secret servicemen goes to the door, and taps their CARD on the reader. The door OPENS automatically.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Give us a few minutes to sweep the apartment, sir.

MARSHALL

That wouldn't be a problem.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT

Yes, sir.

The two secret servicemen enters the suite, disappearing from our sight. Hera and Marshall stays by the door, staring at it. Then Hera looks at her husband, he's smiling, and he looks excited about something. Then the secret servicemen comes back from the room.

SECRET SERVICE AGENT (CONT'D)

The room's cleared. You have a good night, sir.

MARSHALL

Excellent work, thank you. Have a good night.

The secret servicemen leaves, Marshal and Hera enters the--

INT. MARSHALL'S PENTHOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

--the MODERN LOOKING, MARBLED, and FANCY living room, Marshall takes off his jacket, and sets it on the LONG COUCH. Hera also takes off her coat, and also sets it on the couch. Hera lays down on the couch, she's so tired already.

MARSHALL

Did you enjoyed the party tonight?

HERA

It was okay. Though you forgot to dance with me.

Marshall looks at her, seeing his wife on the couch, exhausted. He comes close to her.

MARSHALL

I'm sorry, Hera. Duty calls for me, I'll make it up to you.

Marshall gives her a kiss.

HERA

You're not even nervous about the speech? You could just do it in Citi Field.

MARSHALL

I'm trying to inspire people, Hera. Just like how I inspired us.

Hera is having her hands on her chest, through the V-gap of her gown.

HERA

What if the threats are real?

MARSHALL

If they want to do it--

Marshall guides his hands up her body, from her neck, to her chest, and finally, to her crotches.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

--they should have done better. Right, honey?

HERA

Yeah.

(holds his face)

Come here and give me a kiss.

Marshall climbs onto her, and he gives her a passionate kiss. Hera reaches down to his crotches, and she unbuckles his pants, Marshall reaches into her gown, and he pulls her underwear out. They look at each other, then they stop.

HERA (CONT'D)

I love you, Allan.

MARSHALL

I love you back.

Marshall flips her over, she gasps at that, but feeling great about it. Marshall slides his pants off, he flips Hera's gown up. Marshall holds Hera closer. He's getting inside her, Hera groans at the pleasure coming from behind her, she's breathing heavily, so as Marshall. They're both in the moment now, Hera is just lost for words.

HERA

(calling out in pleasure)

Oh, Allan...

Marshall leans in closer, kissing her from behind as he goes deeper inside her. Enough of this passionate mad love, from here, we--

CUT TO:

INT. ERNEST'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

--ERNEST sitting on his COUCH, watching CONTAGION (Steven Soderbergh's film). His apartment is far more DIFFERENT from Marshall's apartment. It's small, and it's homey. The living room is a small scaled living room, with the COUCH pressed against the wall, underneath a painting. The TV is a 65 Inch flat screen, could wage around 4,000\$, and it's standing on a TV CABINET.

His living room is normal, this whole apartment room is affordable, not excellent, but only affordable. Ernest is drinking a glass of ice water. He places the glass on the coffee table. Then Ernest's phone RINGS, he takes it out.

ON THE SCREEN, we see a name on the caller screen. The caller's name is "Alice". Ernest scratches his eyes, then he press answer.

ERNEST

Hello?

Then we hear Alice's SWEET VOICE.

ALICE (O.S.)
Ernest, hi.

ERNEST
Alice, how do you do?

ALICE (O.S.)
I'm good, how's your day?

ERNEST
It's--
(sighs)
--fine.

ALICE (O.S.)
Is everything okay? You sound
tired.

ERNEST
I'm okay, Alice. How's Dan?

ALICE (O.S.)
Dan's fine, he's in the living
room.

Then we hear DAN over the phone.

DAN (O.S.)
Is that Ernest? Hey, how you doing
buddy? I haven't seen you for ages,
wanna go out for a beer sometime?
My treat.

ALICE (O.S.)
He's just messing with you. Anyway,
I was wondering if you want to come
over for dinner this weekend? Dan's
making barbeque? Tom wants to see
his Uncle Ernest.

ERNEST
I'll see about it. I got pretty
tight shifts this week.

Then we hear Alice's SIGHING.

ERNEST (CONT'D)
Are you okay?

ALICE (O.S.)
I miss you, Ernest.

Ernest holds back from answering.

ALICE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
It's getting a bit late, I guess
you're going to bed right?

ERNEST
(soft)
Yeah, I am.

ALICE (O.S.)
Goodnight then. Love you, Ernest.

DAN (O.S.)
Goodnight, Ernest, see you at
barbie.

ERNEST
Catch you later.

Ernest hangs up. He sets the phone down on the coffee table, notice that on that same table, there's his badge, his phone, and a .38 Smith & Wesson Chief's Special. Ernest takes it up, rubs it, turning it back and forth around, feeling its material, and weight.

He clicks the cylinder button, the cylinder flips out. There's five holes in the cylinder, signifying that it holds five rounds in the cylinder. But if we look closely, there's already a bullet in there, so it's one out of five rounds.

ON ERNEST, he looks closely at this revolver, then he swings the cylinder shut, finally loading it. He looks at it, and we get a closer look at the gun, Ernest's finger rests on the trigger, and his thumb rests on the hammer, then he cocks the hammer, making a CLICK, the gun is even more ready to fire.

CLOSE ON ERNEST, he shows no expression, he's just staring at his revolver. Then we hear hammer CLICKING sounds again. Then we see Ernest setting the gun on the coffee table. As the GUN lays there, we can--

CUT TO:

EXT. 42ND STREET - THE POP CLUB - NIGHT

--the busy CLUB, with a lot of PEOPLE waiting in lines. Every girl there are dressed in skimpy dresses and tight clothing, making them stand out in public. Some are accompanied by their boyfriends, or just friends.

Not to mention, there's a SIGN by the club's door that says "THE POP CLUB".

INT. THE POP CLUB - NIGHT

The club is LOUD, it's blasting a song over the SPEAKERS. The song is *Attention* - by *Charlie Puth*. The song is being played, in a very, very, very, LOUD manner. With this volume of audio, we can go mute if we stayed for more than five minutes in this club. We then--

CUT TO:

THE BAR SECTION

--to see SUSAN is sitting by a table with her FRIEND, **JENNY WOOD (32)**. Both of them are dressed beautifully, and sexy on purpose, since it's a POP CLUB, and there's a lot of boys, so getting some attention would be a good idea.

JENNY

So how's work going? The NYPD treating you good, dawg?

SUSAN

I'm still alive right?

JENNY

Well, I'm doing good, thank you for asking. I got a promotion.

SUSAN

(surprised)

Ain't you? Congratulations, girl.

Susan raises her glass, and Jenny raises hers. They share a toast.

SUSAN (CONT'D)

How did you get a promotion even though you're only in the firm for only like a year?

JENNY

I have my connections, I make my way around. You know that, Susan. What bout you? Any promotions? Any mysterious cases?

SUSAN

Not right now, the whole city's going wild because of Allan Marshall, no ones' committing any murders now.

JENNY

So you just go to work, drink coffee, and jerk off by yourself at work? What about John? How's the queer doing?

SUSAN

He's having sex with his boyfriend tonight after getting blind drunk at El Coyote. Nobody likes him, I can't even stand him.

JENNY

Is it true that he once wore a friggin' dress to work?

SUSAN

That was a bet, he lost a bet, they simply made him who he really is.

JENNY

Should have sent him to Thailand, they turn faggots into women there.

SUSAN

It's fucking expensive.

JENNY

Sure as shit, be a man or kill yourself. Tell John that, if there's more faggots, there's less boys for us, remember that.

SUSAN

Come on, you don't have to be that hard.

JENNY

I don't give a shit, I'm promoted. I gotta have some standards in relationships.

Jenny looks behind Susan, there's TWO GUYS, they're looking at both of them.

SUSAN

What's up?

JENNY

Two guys are looking at us, act cold.

Susan looks at her back, the two guys are now approaching them, they must be like 30 to 40 years old. They both approach the girls, with bright demeanor.

MAN#1

How you girls' doing?

JENNY

We're good, how you guys doing?

MAN#2

We're doing great, I'm Jim.

MAN#1

I'm Greg.

Those are their names. GREG (34) and JIM (33). One note about Jim, he looks like a nerd, he's wearing a pair of glasses, and he doesn't look that big, for details, he looks handsome, and he looks strong, but not like a bodybuilder, he simply looks like someone who practices karate and Muay Thai, thin and fast.

GREG

What brings y'all fine girls down
42nd?

JENNY

We're celebrating.

JIM

What's the occasion?

JENNY

My promotion. I got promoted.

GREG

Congratulations, it's celebration
time right?

JENNY

Hell yeah it is.

GREG

Celebration calls for a
dance.

JENNY

Why not?

GREG

Let's go shall we?

JENNY

Yeah.

Greg leads Jenny to the dance floor. Susan stays behind with Jim, he sits down next to her.

JIM
So what's your story?

SUSAN
Me?

JIM
Yeah, are you here to celebrate anything?

SUSAN
No, I'm just here for my friend.

JIM
What do you do?

SUSAN
What do I do?
(he nods)
I'm a cop.

JIM
No shit?

SUSAN
Yeah, no shit.

JIM
I'm a cowboy.

SUSAN
I'm sure you are.

JIM
Would you like a short dance?

Susan goes into silent mode.

JIM (CONT'D)
I'll be gentle.

Then we hear a SONG CHANGE, we're hearing *Done for Me* (feat. *Khelani*) - by *Charlie Puth*.

JIM (CONT'D)
This song's great, wanna give it a shot?

Susan is reluctant, Jim then touches her hand.

SUSAN
Sure, let's do it.

Jim grabs Susan up, and he guides her to the--

DANCE FLOOR

--and Jim holds her close, and prepares her for the dance.

JIM
Don't rush, just be in the moment
okay?

SUSAN
Sure. Don't stomp my leg okay?

JIM
Gotcha.

The song is starting up, it's getting into its beat, and then--

--IT STARTS.

Susan and Jim starts to dance to Charlie Puth's song, Jim is the guidance man, he knows all the trick in dancing, Susan is only a newbie, she's just trying to follow Jim, as time passes, Susan is getting the hang of this, she's taking control. Jim looks thrilled, he likes this girl. They dance for a long time, note: this dance scene will go on as long as it has to.

From there, we can--

CUT TO:

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - LATER

Susan and Jim barges into the bedroom, Jim pins her onto her bed, and they started kissing passionately. Susan is enjoying each seconds that this passionate kiss takes, she unbuckles Jim's pants, and slides it off. Jim reaches to her pants, and slides it off. He holds her down, he holds her face, staring at her, kissing her more.

JIM
Wait--

Susan is still kissing him, hard.

SUSAN
--what's going on?

Then they stop--

JIM
Are we taking this too quick?

SUSAN
Just shut up.

Jim and Susan continues kissing, Susan grabs his face, she keeps nodding, Jim kisses her more, and now he's getting inside her. Jim is going deep inside her, and he's gonna go further in, until Susan feels pleasure. Jim has succeed, Susan is moaning, and groaning from the pleasure provided for her under her crotches. She kisses him more, she wants him bad.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Jim?

Jim is still in, but he stops a bit and looks at her.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
I really like you.

Jim kisses her more, and he continues his conquest. She moans louder, receiving more pleasure from him. From there, we can--

FADE TO BLACK.

SUPER: THE SPEECH DAY

FADE IN:

INT. SUSAN'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Susan is still sleeping, Jim spoons beside her, brushing her hair. Susan is naked, and she's covered in a blanket. Then she feels like someone's brushing her hair, she wakes up and turns around, surprised that Jim is still there.

SUSAN
You still here?

JIM
Where the hell else would I be?

Susan leans in and gives him a kiss.

SUSAN
Everybody would just leave after the night.

JIM
So this is not the first time?

SUSAN
Sorry about that.

JIM
Don't be, I like it.

Susan rolls over, and leans onto him.

SUSAN
Are we gonna do this more often?

JIM
That depends on you.

SUSAN
You want my number?

JIM
Sure.

Susan leans over to the bedside table on Jim's side, she's putting pressure on him when she leans over, she grabs her phone, and turns it on.

SUSAN
How bout you gimme yours?

JIM
Sure.

Jim grabs her phone, and types his number in. He gives it back to her.

JIM (CONT'D)
There you have it.

SUSAN
Thanks.

Susan leans in to kiss him again, they're sharing a moment again, until SUSAN'S PHONE RINGS. Susan picks it up, it's her ALARM CLOCK, it's time to go to work.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
Shit, I'm late.

Susan jumps off the bed, not forgetting to give Jim a kiss on the forehead. She walks inside the bathroom, Jim couldn't hide his smile when he sees Susan's body as she runs in. Then we hear Susan shouting out from the bathroom--

SUSAN (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Jim?

JIM
I'm here.

SUSAN (O.S.)
Would you like some breakfast?

JIM
Nah, I'm good. But I can use some coffee.

SUSAN (O.S.)
I'll get you some after I'm done with this.

JIM
Okay.

BATHROOM

Susan is sitting on her toilet, with a house robe. She's having her right hand covering her mouth, thinking. She's breathing heavily, then she calms down.

SUSAN
(whispering to herself)
Susan, it's okay. This is a next step for you, if a guy likes you, that's perfect.

Susan stands up and looks at herself in the mirror.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
(whispering to herself)
You're not sleeping around anymore, not like last times, you're a cop, a fighter, and not a bitch. You're a fighter, and Jim's a good nerd. And you like nerds.

She taps her face.

SUSAN (CONT'D)
(whispering to herself)
Jim, I like you.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT 14 - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

ERNEST is putting on his uniform, Larry is also putting on his.

LARRY

Today is speech day, Ernest. I can't wait to hear what that old guy has to say.

ERNEST

We're lucky today, we get to watch it on site.

LARRY

Really? How?

ERNEST

Lenny says that we're--

LENNY (O.S.)

--you two are over watching the square.

They both turn around, LENNY is standing there already.

LENNY (CONT'D)

The commissioner feels deeply offended by the fact that our patrol units aren't given the same fucking courtesy as how the secret servicemen had, so she gave the order for the patrol divisions to keep close watch of the speech for good public image.

ERNEST

That I didn't know.

LENNY

Go to work ladies, if Marshall's happy that we got his back, I'm buying you guys coffee for the next two weeks.

LARRY

Hell yeah.

LENNY

Have fun out there, and don't fuck with the Chinese like yesterday.

Lenny walks out, Ernest takes out his Glock, checks the ammo, and shoves it into his holster, then we--

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK - DAY

We're at the same STAGE that we saw at the opening, only this time, people are gathering around the place, more and more. There's a lot of SUPPORTERS with their signs that says "MAKE AMERICA GREATER".

We see the stage, then we PAN TO--

LARRY AND ERNEST standing by the FOUNTAIN. They're standing far away from the stage, which is straight in front of them, but far away. Ernest looks around the park, he sees NEWS TRUCKS, and REPORTERS surrounding the park.

INT. PRECINCT 26 - OFFICE LEVEL - SAME TIME

SUSAN is sitting at her desk, with her feet on it, relaxing. She's staring at the TV hanging by the corner of the room, and up on the wall. Everyone's staring at it, including JOHN.

JOHN

This is gonna be fun.

SUSAN

How's your boyfriend, Janie?

JOHN

He's fine, and it's John.

SUSAN

Just joking with you, sorry.

JOHN

Apologies accepted.

They're still looking at the TV. The TV is playing THE LIVE NEWS from the WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK, seeing a news reporter with her microphone, reporting live.

NEWS REPORTER

(on TV)

We're at the Washington Square Park right now, it's absolutely crowded, we're seeing a lot of supporters here. The stage, oh my God, it's huge, largest ones I've seen so far.

CUT TO:

INT. MARSHALL'S PENTHOUSE - DRESSING ROOM - DAY

Marshall is PUTTING on his SUIT, and tying his tie. He's also brushing his hair, with the help of Hera.

MARSHALL

Now I'm nervous, honey.

HERA

Come on, didn't I gave enough motivation last night?

Marshall laughs, he turns around to his wife.

HERA (CONT'D)

You're gonna make it, it's your grand day.

MARSHALL

You sure you don't wanna come?

HERA

I don't like the sounds of the microphones, I'm good at the office.

Hera wraps her hands around Marshall's neck.

HERA (CONT'D)

You're gonna make it, I guarantee you that. When you get home, I'm just gonna fuck the shit out of you, don't even ask.

Marshall kisses his wife, passionately.

MARSHALL

You're such a naughty woman, Hera. I like it.

He kisses her one last time. Then he puts on his jacket, finishing up his suit changing.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

I'll pick you up after finishing my speech.

HERA

I'll be waiting.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK - LATER

ERNEST is still looking at the stage. He looks to his right, there's no sudden movement.

LARRY

Should we get closer ? I wanna film this for the missus.

ERNEST

Sure.

Ernest and Larry walks towards the stage, passing through a few supporters and spectators. They finally stop, they have a good distance, they can see the stage perfectly from here. Ernest looks to his left, he sees the SAME REPORTER on PRECINCT 26's TV, and she's saying the exact same words.

NEWS REPORTER

(into the camera)

We're at the Washington Square Park right now, it's absolutely crowded, we're seeing a lot of supporters here. The stage, oh my God, it's huge, largest ones I've seen so far.

LARRY

No wonder why this is the biggest speech of the year.

Larry takes out his CAMCORDER, and he starts filming the place. He goes around the square, and he also film the BUILDINGS around the square.

ERNEST

Nice camcorder, what is that, a Sony?

LARRY

This is a new generation Sony RX3, it's irreplaceable.

Then we hear everybody CHEERING, Ernest looks to his right, TWO SUVs are approaching the right side of the stage, in the middle of the two SUVs is a CADILLAC ESCALADE.

NEWS REPORTER

(into the camera)

As you can see, senator Marshall has arrived at the square--

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT 26 - OFFICE LEVEL - SAME TIME

Susan and her office staffs are watching the same news channel.

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

--people are crowding over towards the motorcades, the speech is about to start, I see an MC on the stage now.

SUSAN

Alright, Allan Marshall, show is what cha got.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK - SAME TIME

Ernest and Larry are seeing the MC on the stage as he says--

MC

(into speaker)

Alright everybody, without further ado, I am proud to present...

(points to the left side)

...next president of the United States, Allan Marshall.

Larry starts filming, as Marshall steps onto the stage. ON HIS MONITOR, we see Marshall waving to the people.

Now we're hearing the exact same speech that Marshall gave at the first pages.

ERNEST

Larry?

LARRY

(still focused on filming)

Yep?

ERNEST

How long is it gonna take?

LARRY

It's gonna be long, his speeches got a record of thirty minutes, and nobody fell asleep.

ERNEST

Well, I'm gonna take a nap then.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT 26 - OFFICE LEVEL - LATER

Everybody's staring at the TV, we can hear Marshall's speech from here, but there's no need to show it. Susan feels bored, she takes out her phone, and dials someone.

JIM (O.S.)

Hello?

SUSAN

(Elvis accent)

Hello, baby.

JIM (O.S.)

Ey, Susan. How you doing?

SUSAN

I'm listening to the candidate's boring speech, what you doing now?

JIM (O.S.)

Same thing happening here, it's going wild.

SUSAN

Speaking of which, you free tonight?

JIM (O.S.)

Why? Are you asking me out?

SUSAN

Probably yes. You like Mexican food?

JIM (O.S.)

Eh, I can eat anything, you can choose. What time?

SUSAN

I got off at seven, wanna hang out? Maybe after that we can kick it?

JIM (O.S.)

I also get off at seven, we'll meet there.

JOHN

(interrupting)

Ooh, Susan's got a boyfriend.

MARLON
Leave the lady alone, Lady Janie.

MITCH
Yeah, she's not a faggot like you.

JOHN
I SAID DON'T CALL ME A FAGGOT!

John goes crazy, Mitch and John starts charging at each other, Marlon is holding Mitch back while the other detectives are holding John back.

JIM (O.S.)
Is something going on there?

SUSAN
It's just my partner, he's navigating his sexuality.

JIM (O.S.)
Ain't that something?

SUSAN
Gotta go, see you tonight.

JIM (O.S.)
Bye.

She hangs up.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK - LATER

THROUGH LARRY'S CAMCORDER POV

We see Marshall doing his speech in a very strong, and happy way.

ERNEST (O.S.)
Hey, gotta say. This speech ain't that bad.

LARRY (O.S.)
Totally, it's inspiring.

Then we PAN FROK THE STAGE, to the BUILDINGS around it, then we see that Larry is turning us back around, and facing the fountain.

LARRY (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Man, I love this camera.

Through the POV of the Camcorder, we're seeing the fountain, and the apartments behind it, then we ZOOMS in on the apartments.

We hear Larry's chuckling as he moves his camera around the apartment windows. The POV SHOT passes through an opened window, then suddenly, it stops, and it turns back around to the OPENED WINDOW, where we can see a REFLECTIVE LIGHT beaming out from there.

BACK TO SCENE

We see Larry, setting his camcorder down a bit, he looks a bit concerned.

LARRY
Uh, Ernest?

ERNEST
Yeah?

LARRY
Why is there a window opening?

Ernest turns around.

ERNEST
Probably the weather, it's hot out here.

LARRY
But there's this light beam coming out from there.

Larry points his camera up, we see through the small monitor, the beam of light flickers again.

CAMCORDER POV

We see the same OPENED WINDOW, Larry ZOOMS IN CLOSER, we can clearly see some sort of a RAIL PEEKING OUT through the opened window, that resembles something like a SNIPER BARREL.

BACK TO SCENE

Larry sets the camcorder down.

ERNEST
What's going on? You're missing the speech.

LARRY
 I think someone's pointing
 something out that window.
 (gives him the camcorder)
 Look.

Ernest takes it, we're watching the clip from the camcorder, we can still that supposed sniper barrel PEEKING OUT. Ernest looks at that building with the window, and he looks back at the stage.

ERNEST
 It's a straight line.

LARRY
 What?

ERNEST
 From that apartment to the stage,
 you can get a clear shot.

Larry and Ernest looks at the stage. They see Marshall, then we--

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT ROOM - SAME TIME

We're seeing the SAME FIGURE from the opening. He's about to squeeze his trigger, and then--

THE FIGURE
 Eat shit, you hypocrite.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT 26 - OFFICE LEVEL - SAME TIME

Susan and Penny are trying to break up the brawl between Mitch and John.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK - SAME TIME

Ernest and Larry looks at the stage, worried. Ernest looks at the same apartment again, he then reach his hand up to touch his radio.

Then we hear a BANG!

And everything goes silent, then suddenly, we hear LOUD SCREAMING. Larry and Ernest turns around, MARSHALL IS DOWN.

INT. PRECINCT 26 - OFFICE LEVEL - SAME TIME

The brawl is still going, but then we hear a BANG!

NEWS REPORTER (O.S.)

Oh God, oh my God. I've just heard
a loud shot, we don't know where it
came from. Oh my God, senator
Marshall's down, I repeat, senator
Marshall is down!!

We hear FRANTIC SCREAMING from the TV. Everybody is looking
up at it, even Susan and Penny.

SUSAN

Oh fuck.

PENNY

I gotta call Lowery.

Penny runs to his office. From there, we hear TWO MORE
SHOTS.

EXT. WASHINGTON SQUARE, NEW YORK - SAME TIME

Ernest and Larry are not running, in fact, they're staring
directly at that apartment building.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

All units, please be advised,
senator Marshall has been shot, I
repeat senator Marshall has been
shot. All units converged to
Washington Square Park.

Ernest looks at Larry, they exchange nods, he answers the
radio.

ERNEST

(into the radio)

Thirty-one Adams, we have a 20 on
the possible shooter, about a
hundred meters from the stage, it's
an apartment building, single
shooter only.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Roger, hold your positions, Thirty-
one Adams, additional units are on
their way.

ERNEST
(into the radio)
Sent in the SWAT team units, we're
going in.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Thirty-one Adams, suspect is
possibly armed and dangerous, do
not engage without further
instructions, copy?

Ernest and Larry nods, and they both draw their SIDEARMS.

DISPATCHER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Thirty-one Adams, do you copy?
Acknowledge?

WIDE SHOT from behind Ernest and Larry, they're looking at
the apartment where the shot came from.

Nevermind - by *Leonard Cohen* starts to play over background.

From there, we can--

FADE TO BLACK.

ROLL CREDITS

THE END