

"T H E L A S T C O P"

written by

Adam J. Nadworniak

Final draft

Address
Phone
E-mail

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FADE IN:

1 OVER BLACK

The HUM of surveillance drones. Metallic sirens.

VOICE (V.O.)
Stay safe. Report trauma.
Dial 8-1-1 for Crisis Response.

SUPER: THE CITY — 2045

2 EXT. CITY COUNCIL CHAMBERS — NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Civic glass gleams. Protestors swarm both sides of barricades:

"ABOLISH NOW!" vs. "SAVE OUR STREETS!"

3 INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS — CONTINUOUS

Packed gallery. Reporters. CRT volunteers in polos.

At the dais: AVA BLUME (40s) — radiant, charismatic, Black, always smiling. Her LAUGH punctuates almost every line.

AVA
We cannot police our way to safety.
We must build it.
Crisis Response Teams—neighbors
trained to help, not harm.

ANGLE ON: Back row. STEVE MAHONEY (52, then) in uniform. Jaw tight.

Beside him: SARAH (20s) with baby LUCY in her arms.

COUNCIL PRESIDENT
The motion to dissolve the police
department passes. Eight to three.

REACTION SHOT: Cheers, boos, gasps.

Steve rises and walks out.

CUT TO:

4 EXT. CITY HALL STEPS - LATER

Ava at microphones, haloed by flashbulbs.

AVA
(laughing lightly)
We've replaced force with
compassion.
And it will work.

HOLD ON her smile - unwavering.

SMASH CUT TO:

5 EXT. APARTMENT HALL - NIGHT (YEARS LATER)

CRT team responds to a domestic disturbance.

Pepper spray, clipboards, trembling hands.

CRT LEAD
Sir, we're here to help-

DOOR BURSTS OPEN. A MAN lunges with a knife.

The taser (light-stun) barely tickles him.

The CRTs scatter, scribbling notes.

A neighbor FILMS.

CUT TO:

6 EXT. SKYLINE - NIGHT

Rotting towers. Gang banners. Trash fires.

NARRATOR (V.O.)
Twenty years ago, the council
abolished the police.
They called it liberation.
A bold experiment in peace.

FLASH CUTS -

- CRT vans frozen at bloody alleys.
- Teens spray bullets while CRTs cower.
- Graffiti: NO BADGES, NO CHAINS, ONLY GANGS.

NARRATOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)
But peace never came.
The gangs filled the void.

DISSOLVE TO:

7 INT. SMALL HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lucy (7) runs around wearing Steve's oversized police hat.

They play "cops and robbers."

She hides behind a chair, giggling. He mock-arrests her.

Steve hands her a wooden police car.

STEVE
My father gave me this when I
dreamed of being a cop.
It's not about the badge.
It's about who you protect.

LUCY
Then I'll be a helper who can fight
too.

HOLD ON her smile.

8 INT. STEVE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (PRESENT)

CLOSE ON: Family photo — Sarah and Lucy at a pier.

Steve (72) drinks in silence. News drone on holoscreen:

ANCHOR (ON SCREEN)
...another Crisis Response Team
slaughtered in the West Block.
Officials urge more community
listening sessions.

STEVE'S HAND trembles.

9 INT. BEDROOM CLOSET - NIGHT

Steve opens a steel trunk:

- Old uniform.
- Tarnished badge.
- Tactical armor.
- Guns.

ANGLE ON: His hand stroking the badge.

10 INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

SCRATCH at the window. A BURGLAR slips in, knife drawn.

BURGLAR
Old man's got nothing worth
stealing.

He reaches for Lucy's photo.

Steve pulls a .44 Magnum revolver from a drawer.

STEVE
Go ahead. Make me nothing.

The burglar lunges.

Steve FIRES. Deafening.

Burglar smashes back — dead.

HOLD ON Steve's hands shaking around the revolver.

CUT TO:

11 TITLE CARD:

"T H E L A S T C O P"

MUSIC STING: Low, metallic.

12 EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

CRT van idles. Two workers kneel by a bleeding man.

A pack of THUGS creep forward.

GANG LEADER

What's the plan, doc?

Gonna talk us to death?

BOOM! Gunfire tears them down.

From shadows: Steve - uniform, armor, rifle.

STEVE

Go home.

You're not built for this.

CUT TO:

13 EXT. STREET - LATER

Graffiti walls: CRT = Cops Reduced to Tears.

Overhead drones project: COMMUNITY HEALING IS MANDATORY.

Steve SHOOTS one out of the sky.

14 INTERCUT - SATIRICAL BROADCASTS

- COMMERCIAL: PeacePatch™ gum. Side effects: moral paralysis.

- PSA: CRTs hand out stress balls during gunfire.

- NEWS PANEL: Council smiles, ticker scrolls homicide spikes.

15 EXT. GANG BAR - NIGHT

Neon. Smoke. Mural of DISCORD - cracked smile mask.

Steve enters. Music dies.

BARTENDER
(grinning)
Grandpa cop crawled back from the
grave.

Steve SHOOTS his leg. Silence.

STEVE
I'm here for Discord.

THUG
Nobody sees-

HEADSHOT.

Bar ERUPTS. Gunfight.

16 INT. GANG BAR - CONTINUOUS

HANDHELD CHAOS.

Steve moves like a machine: shield, rifle, brutal takedowns.

Bodies hit the floor. Blood on neon.

17 EXT. STREET OUTSIDE BAR - NIGHT

Steve stumbles out, bloodied. Lights a cigarette.

Behind him: the bar burns.

OVERHEAD DRONES swarm.

ANCHOR (V.O.)
Breaking - vigilante terror in the
East Quarter.
An elderly man in a police uniform-

CLOSE ON Steve's glare.

STEVE
I'm not done yet.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

21 INT. STEVE'S SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Basement lit by a single bulb. Weapons lined like ghosts.

Steve cleans his rifle, weary.

He drifts into sleep.

22 NIGHTMARE - FLASHBACK

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT (YEARS AGO)

Steve and his partner MIKE (40s) move tactically.

MUZZLE FLASH! Mike takes the bullet.
His BADGE CLATTERS on tile — loud, echoing.

From the shadows: Discord's distorted LAUGH.

23 INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Steve jolts awake. Soaked in sweat. Revolver in hand.

He paces, chest heaving.
The faint HUM of drones filters in through walls.

CUT TO:

24 EXT. DINER - DAY

A greasy spoon. Neon half-dead.

25 INT. DINER - CONTINUOUS

Table of OLD EX-COPS. Pot-bellied, grey, broken.

Steve enters. The room falls silent.

EX-COP #1
Look who crawled out.

EX-COP #2
Trying to get yourself killed,
Mahoney?

STEVE
Already am.

EX-COP #3
The badge don't mean a thing.
It's a coffin nail.

Steve sips coffee. Alone among his own kind.

26 EXT. CITY - VARIOUS (MONTAGE)

- CRTs attempt to stop a gang fight with pepper spray.

They're hacked down.

- Rookie CRT (22) films himself: "I'll change the world."

SMASH CUT TO: His corpse in an alley.

- Ava Blume LAUGHING gently at a CRT funeral.

- Discord's cracked grin sprayed over CRT memorial walls.

27 INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Steve sits, bleeding. Sarah tapes him up.

SARAH
You missed birthdays. You missed
everything.
Now you show up when it's too late.

STEVE

I thought the uniform made me a
father.
It made me absent.

SARAH

And now it's gonna make me an
orphan.

She rips tape tight, making him flinch.

CUT TO:

28 INT. NEWS STATION - NIGHT

Anchor reports, smug.

ANCHOR

The Last Cop has escalated violence
by forty percent—

CRASH! Gang boss storms set, gun drawn.

GANG BOSS

This is Discord's city.

He EXECUTES the anchor live.

29 EXT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Steve watches the feed on a cracked holo-tablet.

STEVE (V.O.)

If they want war... they've got one.

He straps on heavier armor.
Gears up for escalation.

30 EXT. SUBWAY TUNNELS - NIGHT

Graffiti glows in blacklight.

Teens chant around a victim — initiation.

Steve SMASHES in, shield first. Chaos.

HE CUTS DOWN ATTACKERS, SAVES MARCUS (16).

MARCUS
Who the hell are you?

STEVE
The guy who's gonna keep you alive.

31 INT. SAFEHOUSE - LATER

Marcus, arm bandaged, scans the arsenal.

MARCUS
You were a cop.

STEVE
Still am.
Difference is, now I answer to no
one.

Marcus notices the photo of Lucy.

MARCUS
She yours?

STEVE
My granddaughter.

MARCUS
My mom calls every night to ask if
I'm safe.
I tell her yes.
(beat)
I lied tonight.

Steve tapes his arm. Their silence is heavier than words.

32 MONTAGE - STEVE & MARCUS

- Steve teaches Marcus to shoot.
- Marcus flinches at recoil.
- Together they raid a gang stash house.
- CRTs watch from vans, ashamed.
- Graffiti spreads: THE LAST COP IS REAL.

33 INT. CRT FIELD CLINIC - NIGHT

Lani (30s) sutures wounds. CRTs stagger in, bloodied.

CRT TRAINEE
They had machetes.
We had worksheets.

The room goes quiet as Steve enters, Marcus behind him.

LANI
Weapons aren't allowed in—
(sighs)
Screw it. What do you want?

STEVE
Locks.

LANI
We tried to be locks.

STEVE
You're bandages. He's tourniquet.

She studies him, then hands over a drone transponder.

LANI
Piggyback our net.
I can blind cameras thirty seconds
at a time.
That's all we've got.

STEVE
Thirty's plenty.

34 EXT. OVERPASS - DAWN

Steve and Marcus overlook the city.

Sirens rise in layers.

MARCUS
So what's the plan?

STEVE
Cut off the head.

The sun glints off his badge.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK.

41 MONTAGE - "THE CITY TIPS"

- CRT vans roll out, bright polos, nervous smiles.
- Standard issue: pepper spray, one-shot PeacePak tasers (light stun), mediation worksheets.
- Supervisor leads chant: "We see you, we hear you, we care for you."
- SMASH TO NIGHT: the same team, butchered on asphalt.
- Ava Blume LAUGHS softly on a morning show: "We stumble forward."
- Discord's cracked grin sprayed over rooftops.

42 INT. NEWS STUDIO - MORNING

Ava radiant under soft lights. Her grin unbreakable.

ANCHOR

Critics say CRTs are failing.
Deaths are rising—

AVA

(laughing lightly)
Change is noisy.
When a bone resets, you hear it.
But it heals stronger.

ANCHOR

And the vigilante?

AVA

Another noise.
We do not fear noise.
We orchestrate it.

Her LAUGH lands like a bell. Audience smiles with her.

43 INT. DISCORD WAR ROOM - NIGHT

Steel cathedrals. Holographic city map.

Masked DISCORD presides, distorted voice, low cackle.

DISCORD
One old badge steals our air.
We take his.

Circles flare red on the map: clinics, convoys, safehouses.

DISCORD (CONT'D)
(laughing)
Bleed the city.
Then sell the tourniquet.

44 EXT. PROJECT HOUSING - NIGHT

Steve and Marcus storm a drug lab. Tight corridors, traps.

STEVE
Check corners. Don't celebrate
clears.

They breach. Charges blow. FIREBALL roars into the skyline.

45 INT. POLITICAL DONOR DINNER - NIGHT

Crystal, linen, banners. Ava works the room, glowing.

AVA
(to banker)
Crisis creates market discipline.
(laughs)
We're aligning incentives.

FIXER
Peacekeepers™ contract votes next
week.
You'll have the votes.

AVA
(smiling, laughing
lightly)
The city will ask for us.

46 EXT. STREET SHRINE - DUSK

Rookie CRT's memorial: flowers, polo shirt, selfie printout.

Marcus stares at the photo.

MARCUS

He thought he could talk them down.

STEVE

Maybe he could.

If he'd brought a lock with the
key.

47 INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Steve maps supply nodes, drone nests. Marcus watches.

STEVE

You choke a city by choking its
routes.

He's choking us.

So we take his throat.

MARCUS

Discord's not just one guy.

STEVE

Masks aren't either.

48 INTERCUT - CRT SLAUGHTER MONTAGE

- CRTs mediate rival crews over "court access."

Pepper spray fizzles. A machete flashes. Screams.

- Body cam: dying CRT whispers, "We did everything right."

- Dashboard ticks UP as fatalities scroll beneath.

- Ava at a podium, LAUGHING warmly at CRT funerals.

49 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Steve ambushes a Discord convoy. EMP pops drones.

Motorcycles crash. Van seized.

Inside: ledgers, a transponder key.

STEVE
Follow money. Find men.

50 INT. CRT FIELD CLINIC - NIGHT

Steve drops the transponder on Lani's desk.

STEVE
You still blind drones?

LANI
Thirty seconds at a time. Not miracles.

STEVE
I'll make thirty enough.

She studies him. Hands a fresh battery pack.

LANI
Try not to make me a eulogy.

51 INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Sarah tapes Steve's ribs. He winces.

STEVE
I thought the uniform made me a father.
It made me absent.

SARAH
I needed a dad. Not a cop.

She notices the wooden police car in his pocket.

SARAH (CONT'D)
If you die with that toy, it dies with you.
Give it to someone alive.

52 EXT. INDUSTRIAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT

Drone-jammed fight.

Lasers sweep walls.
Steve triggers Lani's 30-second blind.

Lasers wink out. They sprint.

Marcus grazed by a bullet. He presses on.

53 INT. DISCORD WAR ROOM - LATER

Discord watches pirated feeds of Steve's corridor fight.

He LAUGHS, distorted, low.

DISCORD

He evolves.
So do we.

54 EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Ava unveils Martyrs' Garden for CRTs.

REPORTER

What about The Last Cop?

AVA

(laughing)
The city is resilient.
We go where the pain is, and..
(laughs again)
...stay until it laughs with us.

Crowd LAUGHS nervously.

55 EXT. BRIDGE APPROACH - NIGHT

Steve and Marcus in a beat-up armored car.

They smash into a Discord convoy hauling munitions.

EMP pops. Bullets fly. Fire roars.
They carve through, grab hard drives, peel off.

56 EXT. HIGHWAY OVERPASS - NIGHT

SECOND CONVOY blindsides them.

RPG hits.

Armored car FLIPS, tumbling down.

Steve crawls out, battered.

Marcus DRAGGED away by Discord's soldiers.

57 EXT. ROOFTOP - SAME TIME

Discord watches from above.

DISCORD

(shouting, distorted)

You want your city back, old man?

Come take it!

His LAUGH rattles the night.

58 EXT. DRAINED RESERVOIR - DAWN

The wreck smolders.

Steve claws up the embankment, burnt, bleeding.

STEVE (V.O.)

They wanted a kinder city.

They forgot to tell the wolves.

59 INT. PRECINCT 13 - ARMORY - MORNING

Gutted husk of a building.

Slogan defaced: TO SERVE AND TO NEGOTIATE.

Steve pries a rusted door. Finds a secret hatch.

60 INT. SUB-ARMORY VAULT - CONTINUOUS

Rows of sealed crates. Old riot tech.

Steve cracks them: EMP lance, riot HUD, drum mags.
Finds an exo-brace: MULE.

He powers it. Brace locks to his spine.
HUD flickers: HELLO, OFFICER MAHONEY.

He slides his badge into a chest slot.
For the first time in years - he smiles.

61 INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT

Weapons polished. CRT body cams stacked like trophies.

Steve sprawls on a cot, drifting into uneasy sleep.

62 NIGHTMARE - FLASHBACK BLEND

- Partner MIKE takes the bullet again.
- He falls... but when Steve reaches, it's LUCY in his arms.
- She wears his oversized police hat. Wooden car in her hand.
- Discord's LAUGH echoes across the dream.
- Lucy: "Grandpa, help!" Steve is paralyzed.

STEVE SCREAMS—

63 INT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT (PRESENT)

Steve smashes awake.

Drives his fist into a cracked mirror - shattering it.

Bloodied knuckles. Reflections split like shards of himself.

Marcus stirs on a cot.

MARCUS
You dream loud.

Steve says nothing. Tapes his fist. Cleans his revolver.

64 INT. NEWS STUDIO - DAY

Ava Blume beams at an interviewer.

INTERVIEWER

Some say the Last Cop is a symbol
of resistance.

AVA

(laughing softly)
Symbols are cheap.
Results are markets.
Markets always laugh last.

Her LAUGH warm, inviting... unsettling.

65 INTERCUT - DISCORD TRANSMISSION

Discord's hologram flickers above gang soldiers.

DISCORD

We don't fear order.
We sell it.
(laughing)

The LAUGHS sync - Ava's chuckle, Discord's cackle.

Two sides of the same grin.

66 EXT. STREET SHRINE - NIGHT

Candles, wilted flowers. CRT names painted on walls.

Families kneel. Steve lingers in shadow.

Ava's motorcade rolls past. She lowers a window, LAUGHING
with reporters.
Steve's grip tightens on the wooden police car in his pocket.

67 INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shelter cots stacked, room dim.

Sarah tends survivors. Steve limps in, armored, scarred.
She freezes.

SARAH
Why are you here?

STEVE
To try again.

He sets the wooden car on the table.

STEVE (CONT'D)
Dad gave it to me. I gave it to
Lucy.
All it did was gather dust.

SARAH
Or remind her you cared.

He looks shattered. She softens.

SARAH (CONT'D)
You can't save her.
But you can stop leaving more
orphans.

For the first time, she doesn't push him away.

68 EXT. OVERGROWN RAIL YARD - NIGHT

Floodlights sweep. Soldiers in formation.

On a stage: MARCUS bound, gagged, bruised.

Discord's symbol projected overhead.

DISCORD (V.O.)
Bring me the fossil.
Or I burn the boy.
(laughing)

69 INT. CRT FIELD CLINIC - COMMAND NOOK - NIGHT

Steve huddles with LANI. Holo-map of the rail yard.

LANI
They're expecting you. It's bait.

STEVE
Good.

LANI
I can blind their drones. Thirty
seconds.
That's all.

STEVE
Thirty's plenty.

70 EXT. RAIL YARD PERIMETER - NIGHT

Steve crouches, armored, EMP lance humming.
Breath clouds in cold air.
He keys the mic.

STEVE
Blind them.

LANI (V.O.)
Three... two... blind.

Spotlights STUTTER. Yard plunges half-dark.

71 EXT. RAIL YARD - CONTINUOUS

Gang soldiers whirl, disoriented.
Steve SPRINTS in. Shield up. EMP frying drones.
He smashes through, brutal efficiency.

72 EXT. RAIL YARD STAGE - CONTINUOUS

Marcus kneels on stage, eyes wide.
Steve slices ropes. Marcus tumbles free.

MARCUS
Knew you'd come.

STEVE
I hate being predictable.

They fight shoulder to shoulder.
Explosions tear the yard.

73 EXT. RAIL YARD - CHAOS

The MULE brace sparks, overloaded.

Steve powers through anyway, carving a path out.

Discord's laugh booms over loudspeakers.

74 EXT. ESCAPE ROUTE - RAIL YARD - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Marcus sprint through wreckage.

Smoke, fire, bodies.

They disappear into shadows.
Discord's voice lingers, LAUGHING, carried by speakers.

75 EXT. SAFEHOUSE - NIGHT (AFTERMATH)

Marcus slumps against a wall, battered but alive.

Steve loads mags in silence.

MARCUS
What if she's right?
Ava.
What if this is all noise?

Steve doesn't answer.
He just shoulders the EMP lance.

76 INT. NEWS BROADCAST - DAY

Ava on screen, radiant.

Her laugh syncs with Discord's distorted chuckle, intercut.

The audience LAUGHS along with her.
A nation grins in fear.

77 EXT. ROOFTOP - DUSK

Steve stares out over the city.

Badge glinting faintly in the last light.

STEVE (V.O.)
If she laughs, the city obeys.
If I stop her laugh... maybe the city
hears itself again.

78 EXT. RIVER DOCKS - NIGHT
News drones circle.

Projected holo: Marcus on his knees again.

DISCORD (V.O.)
Come, fossil.
Bring the badge.
Bring your death.

Steve watches from the shadows.
Silent. Decided.

79 EXT. WATER AUTHORITY - ESTABLISHING - DAWN

A brutalist bunker by the poisoned river.

Rust towers. Turbines humming deep underground.

Steve approaches, armored, MULE brace humming.
This is it.

80 INT. WATER AUTHORITY - PERIMETER HALLS - DAY

Abandoned corridors.

Steve slips through shadows, EMPs cameras, kills grids.

He moves like a ghost toward destiny.

CUT TO BLACK.

81 EXT. WATER AUTHORITY - DAWN

A brutalist bunker by the poisoned river.

Rust towers and turbines grind below.

Steve and Marcus crawl through reeds.

STEVE

Not all of it. Just the head.

He presses an EMP puck into Marcus's palm.

STEVE (CONT'D)

Elevators. Use it. Then run.

Marcus nods.

82 INT. WATER AUTHORITY - PERIMETER HALLS - DAY

Abandoned control rooms. Lights flicker.

Steve ghosts down the hallways.

EMP lance crackling.

He triggers thirty-second blackouts one after another.

83 INT. DISCORD WAR ROOM - SAME TIME

Discord's soldiers arm up. Screens flood with Steve's news footage.

DISCORD (O.S.)

The fossil comes.

(laughs)

Let him.

Soldiers CHANT his laugh.

84 INT. WATER AUTHORITY - TURBINE HALL - DAY

A cathedral of steel and floodlights.

Dozens of Discord soldiers circle.

High above, in a glass nest: DISCORD.

DISCORD (V.O.)
Welcome home, officer.

MASSIVE GUNFIGHT.

Steve storms through, shield up. EMP frying drones.

85 INT. CONTROL NEST - CONTINUOUS

Steve grapnels up, smashes through glass.

Discord steps forward - mask blank, voice distorted.

He tosses Steve a blade.

DISCORD
Let them see you lose with honor.

Laugh rattles the chamber.

86 EXT. CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

Steve and Discord duel, blade against blade.

Brutal, close-quarters.

Discord fast, theatrical.
Steve direct, vicious.

Armor shreds. Blood splatters.

87 CLOSE ON - DISCORD PINNING STEVE

He RIPS the badge from Steve's chest.

DISCORD
The last holy relic.

He holds it up for drones. The city watches live.

STEVE

Agreed.

88 INT. CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

Steve SLAMS the spare EMP puck into Discord's mask.

BWOOOM! Sparks. Mask FRIES.

The mask clatters to steel.

89 REVEAL - AVA BLUME.

Smiling. LAUGHING even now.

AVA

Finally.

Gasps ripple across the city through live drone feeds.

90 DEBATE - AVA VS. STEVE

AVA (CONT'D)

I engineered the vacuum. Someone
had to fill it.
Better an adult.

STEVE

With children's blood.

AVA

With accountability. The gangs were
chaos.
I made them a utility.
We monetized risk.
Safer than you ever were.

STEVE

You took my granddaughter.

AVA

Collateral.
(laughing)
(MORE)

AVA (CONT'D)
Do you want a world that works, or
one that feels good?

STEVE
I need you to fall.

91 EXT. CATWALK - CONTINUOUS

Steve pulls the catwalk release.

The platform TILTS. Ava clings, laughing even as she slips.

AVA
If I die, they canonize me.
If I live, it gets better.

STEVE
Better costs too much.

He pries her fingers loose.
She PLUMMETS into the turbine maw.

92 INT. CONTROL DECK - MOMENTS LATER

Steve staggers, bleeding.

Marcus rushes in.

MARCUS
You did it.

STEVE
No, kid.
We just killed the commercial.

93 CONTROL DECK - CONTINUOUS

Steve jacks into the system.

Uploads Ava's contracts and Peacekeeper deals.

Every screen in the city floods with evidence.

STEVE (TO THE CITY)
You wanted no cops.
You got something worse.
Don't bring back anything that
looks like me.
Bring back laws.
Bring back neighbors.

94 EXT. CITY - VARIOUS LOCATIONS - DAY

- Families in bodegas weep, watching feeds.
- Teens lower rifles, unsettled.
- Councilors vomit in boardrooms.
- CRTs quit en masse.
- Lani stitches wounds in a clinic, jaw hard.

95 EXT. WATER AUTHORITY - EXIT - DAY

Steve limps out, Marcus beside him.

Both scarred, alive.

News drones hover, silent.
The city watches.

96 CLOSE ON STEVE'S FACE

Exhausted. Haunted.

But resolute.

97 EXT. RIVERFRONT - DUSK

The skyline bleeding red in sunset.

Steve drops into a crouch, clutching his badge.

He pockets it. Walks off.

FADE OUT.

101 MONTAGE - CITY REACTIONS - DAY

- Tribunal feeds blast across holo-screens: Ava's contracts scrolling, Peacekeepers™ invoices exposed.
- Protesters STORM City Hall. Councilors resign live on cam.
- CRT vans abandoned in alleys, sprayed with graffiti: NO MORE BANDAGES.
- Peacekeepers™ roll in, slick new logos: TEMPORARY STABILIZATION FORCE.
- Lani keeps working in a clinic, exhausted, jaw hard, still stitching wounds.

102 INT. SARAH'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Shelter emptied, cots stacked. Sarah slumps at the table.
 Door creaks. Steve enters, scarred and limping.
 He sets the wooden police car on the table.
 For once, no words. Just the toy between them.

SARAH
 (soft)
 You kept your promise.
 Not to save her.
 To fight for her.

Steve nods, eyes wet.
 She lets him hold her hand.

103 EXT. RIVERFRONT - DAWN

Sarah scatters Lucy's ashes into the poisoned water.
 Wind whips her hair.

Steve and Marcus stand behind.

MARCUS

I'm sorry.

Steve kneels. Presses the wooden car into Marcus's palm.

STEVE

Don't salute me.

Don't grow up to be me.

MARCUS

Then who?

STEVE

Useful.

Marcus nods.

104 EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

A block once ruled by gangs. Now kids chalk hopscotch.

A CRT van rebranded COMMUNITY HARM UNIT passes by.

Steve, in plain clothes, carries a bag of screws and a hammer.

He climbs a ladder, fixes a broken streetlight.

NEIGHBOR

You still fix things?

STEVE

Sometimes.

105 EXT. SKYLINE - CONTINUOUS

Sunlight breaks through haze.

WIDE SHOT: Steve on the ladder, a dot against a city learning to breathe again.

FADE OUT.

TITLE CARD:

T H E L A S T C O P

TAGLINE: "No one is coming. So we did."