

DOMESTIC AFFAIRS
Pilot

written by

David Pinckney

TEASER

INT./EXT. ALBERTO'S HOME - NIGHT

Outside the door of Alberto's home, a squad from the San Francisco SWAT stands at the ready, silent.

Without a sound, the SWAT COMMANDING OFFICER motions one of his members with a ram to stand at the ready in front of the door. The Commanding Officer looks to the rest of his crew. They're ready. He knows it. He gives a nod and then no sooner does the ram make contact with the door shattering it.

The SWAT team floods the house and they split up to cover the house. No words are said, just confidence in their teammates.

In the living room two men are sitting on the couch watching tv until they get the scare of a lifetime as SWAT members rush the two.

MAN 1

Whoa-whoa-whoa-hold up!

The two men are taken to the ground by SWAT members.

MAN 1 (CONT'D)

What the hell, man?

A group of SWAT members are kicking in doors all the way down the hallway and checking the rooms. Each room that they find that lacks an occupant they quickly motion to move to the next room. This is a well-oiled machine.

They move to the next room. It looks empty, but something isn't sitting right with one member. He walks in. A teammate follows. The silence is barely cut by their footsteps. They get to a closet door. One member swings the door open, the other without a moments notice, through sheer reflex, sees another MAN in the closet grabs him by the shirt and takes him to the ground as well.

The team continues down the hall. A SWAT member turns the corner. The SWAT member up front is met with a man holding a gun and without any hesitation the SWAT member disarms the man and brings him to the ground.

MAN 2

What's your deal? I didn't do anything! Get off me.

As MAN 2 is being taken to the ground the rest of the members press forward. Determined.

They get up to the closed door of an office. They stop. One member leans against the door to listen. Inside some rustling can be heard.

With one swift, good kick to the door, a member of the SWAT team breaks down the door and the remaining squad flood in.

In the room, in front of his desk, is ALBERTO. He lacks the kind of fear you'd expect, but the anger is clearly there.

COMMANDING OFFICER
(yelling, intimidating)
Get on the ground! Get on the
ground!

Alberto gets on his knees, hands behind his head as a member of the SWAT team goes behind him ready to cuff him.

ALBERTO
All right. All right. Jesus. You
guys make such a goddamned
production out of this.

As Alberto is being handcuffed, Commanding Officer makes a call on his radio.

COMMANDING OFFICER
We got him.

ALBERTO
You mind? We're talking here! Who
you callin'?

Commanding Officer raises his gun to Alberto.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)
Real nice.

At that moment, ANDERSON, walks in. Dressed in a suit and tie, holding his favorite glock by his side.

ANDERSON
Alberto. Do you think we could have
a minute?

Anderson is all too impressed by his own entrance, Alberto on the other hand is far less amused.

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Alberto, in handcuffs, is sitting at the interrogation table. Anderson and PHIL are are trying to squeeze out all the information they can. We can tell that it has been a slow and exhausting process for all parties involved.

ALBERTO

Look. For the last time. I have no idea who this guy is! You can ask me again in hour, a day, next freakin' christmas, but it'll all be the same! I have no idea.

PHIL

That so?

Alberto's exasperation gets the best of him.

ALBERTO

Christ almighty. Yes! Same as I told you last night! Lord in heaven give me strength to deal with these morons!

PHIL

You a God fearing man?

ALBERTO

Yeah. A healthy amount of fear gets you wrapped tight in his graces. At least so I thought.

Alberto finds himself yelling to the sky.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

You see me here? Mind doing something or you just do damn busy for me!

Anderson chimes in, trying to bring the conversation back down to earth.

ANDERSON

All right, all right, let's just take it down.

ALBERTO

What? I can't leave the man a message? He's God! You'd think he'd have a cell phone or something.

ANDERSON

How about we run through the facts again, okay?

Anderson takes a seat and opens up a folder. Inside there are all sorts of pictures of a dead body: the body of Rick Stephens.

ALBERTO

Yes, yes, the architect.

ANDERSON

Rick Stephens. Found dead around 10pm in the back ally of a strip club.

ALBERTO

Classic.

ANDERSON

Mind sticking with me on this?

Anderson flips through some of the files, finds an autopsy report of Rick Stephens.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Cause of death as anyone can imagine were the two slugs to the chest and one to the head. So, here we are on day two of interrogation. We got a body and a suspect who's only alibi is "I was at home when it happened."

ALBERTO

Yeah. Yeah that's the truth. Which leads me to wonder why'd you even come for me in the first place.

Phil walks over to the table and takes a seat. He flips through the folder and pulls out an image of a gun.

PHIL

This look familiar? Found it out back buried behind your house.

ALBERTO

Alberto doesn't take this lightly.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

You found...WHAT?

PHIL

Why don't we level the playing field, huh? We got you and you know we've got your buddy Warren. He's told us a lot about you. He's told us a lot about this, but we want to hear from you. How long have you had this?

ALBERTO

That is not my gun.

PHIL

The whose is it then? Might as well tell us, running it for prints as we speak.

ALBERTO

I don't snitch. Not on my crew.

PHIL

So, you do have a crew?

Alberto doesn't answer.

ANDERSON

You know what you're up against here? A murder charge. Now, those don't go so easy. It'd be in your best interest to tell us what you know.

Phil nudges Anderson and gestures to the back of the room: he wants a private word.

Anderson slides the photo of the gun forward.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

We're gonna have a word. Why don't you take this and think on it for a minute, okay?

Anderson goes over to Phil near the back of the interrogation room. The whisper to have a private word.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

What's up?

PHIL

Let's just nail this guy.

ANDERSON

We can't. Don't have enough on him to make it stick.

PHIL

What do mean?! We've got him!
Murder weapon stashed in his
backyard--

ANDERSON

Alleged murder weapon.

PHIL

Known associates with confirmed
suspects in the crime and a wrap
sheet so long I promise you we can
hang him with it.

ANDERSON

We do this by the books. We play
our cards right and we're looking
at keeping this guy off the
streets. Just--c'mon, calm down.

PHIL

Man... So, you really don't think
we got enough to pin him?

ANDERSON

We got to back him into a corner
here. Get a confession. Get
something that we can use to buy us
more time. Forenstics may take a
day or so, but after that...

PHIL

After that we got nothing to keep
him here.

ANDERSON

We've been gunning for this guy for
a long time and he always finds one
way or another out of this. We do
this clean. We do this right, okay?

PHIL

Yeah.

Anderson gives Phil a fairly stern look. Clearly they've been
down the path of keeping it "straight and narrow" before.

ANDERSON

You sure?

PHIL

Yes. Anderson. I'm not that guy
anymore.

ANDERSON
I know I just-- I know...

As their conversation continues, Alberto is thinking to himself. He's confused for several moments, until he clearly has an epiphany.

Anderson comes back to the table and sits down.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Sorry about that.

ALBERTO
I'll tell you what I know.

ANDERSON
Seems like a rather sudden and dramatic change of heart?

PHIL
Ten to twenty inside gen pop with San Frans lowest common denominators'll do that to ya.

ALBERTO
Look, I didn't kill no one. Let's get that straight right now. But I think I know who did.

ANDERSON
Who?

ALBERTO
Fletcher. Warren's brother. See, Fletcher came by my place the next day bragging about laying out some guy on the street. He said it was him and two other guys.

Anderson is caught off guard.

ANDERSON
You sure just three?

ALBERTO
Look. I'm just saying what I was told. He was acting real shady when he came to my place, probably stashed the gun there himself.

PHIL
Seems convenient.

ALBERTO

How about you ask him yourself?
Ever Friday he makes a drop at the
Silver Hills Strip mall. Right in
front of that froyo place with that
creepy-ass mascot.

There's a long beat.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

I'm telling you guys! Every friday,
same guy, he's dropping a bag of
whatever makes that guy tick. Go
get him! Tomorrow! I'm sure he's
got something to say!

Anderson and Phil exchange looks before grabbing their items
and leaving the room

INT. SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

Anderson and Phil stand outside the interrogation room. The
two seem almost nervous to admit to each other that they kind
of buy Alberto's story.

There's a moments pause before the silence gets to Phil.

PHIL

So, what're you thinking?

ANDERSON

I don't know. I mean, could be a
lead or he could just be leading us
on. Can't just ignore a potential
fact though. Make sure we got the
right guy, you know?

PHIL

Maybe we have what we need already.
Maybe what we need is sitting right
there in that room.

ANDERSON

Look, I'm just saying we need to
think this through. Besides,
Alberto's story conflicts with
Warren's.

PHIL

Go figure. They're criminals.

ANDERSON

Yeah, but there's something off about this. Warren's alibi was disproven which then puts him at the scene of the crime. And more importantly, it puts him in a position where the truth is his only clear option. He knows anything else that gets disproven would just get him slapped with a murder charge.

PHIL

Not sure I'm following your point. Warren said when they got in the alley this guy was already dead. So either he's telling the truth or he killed him.

ANDERSON

But you heard that Alberto said there were three people in that alley.

PHIL

And Warren said four...

Phil has a light bulb moment.

PHIL (CONT'D)

Which adds a more likely option.

ANDERSON

That they are trying to cover for someone.

PHIL

But who?

Anderson thinks this over as RACHEL, Anderson's and Phil's boss, comes over to the two. She's stressed, something's getting to her.

RACHEL

What do we got guys? And please tell me it's something good.

ANDERSON

Sorry. We haven't got anything back from the lab yet but we hope to have something soon.

RACHEL

I got a judge and an attorney pushing down on us hard on behalf of Alberto. They understand that so far all of our evidence is circumstantial and want him either charged or released in 24 hours.

ANDERSON

Damn.

RACHEL

Yeah. "Damn" is right. I get you got your work cut out for you but I can't buy you anymore time. You two need to come up with something and you need to do it quick.

PHIL

Don't worry, Rachel. We'll...well we'll do something.

Rachel walks past the two in a hurry.

There is a silence that draws between the two as they realize all they now need to accomplish in 24 hours.

ANDERSON

Let's meet up at Silver Hills tomorrow. See if we can find this Fletcher and ask him some questions.

INT. ANDERSON'S HOME, LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

GRACE, Anderson's wife, sits on the couch watching television as we here the opening and closing of a door offscreen.

Anderson walks into the room behind Grace and with a kiss on the head, he greets her.

GRACE

Hey.

ANDERSON

Hey. Sorry I'm late again.

GRACE

Got a plate for you ready in the kitchen.

Anderson walks to the kitchen that's just off the living room to get his plate of food.

ANDERSON
Parker in bed already?

GRACE
Just missed him.

Anderson's clearly disappointed. He's missed seeing his son. Again.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I told him you'd make time to pick him up from school tomorrow. It'd be real great if you could. It'll make him happy.

ANDERSON
Yeah. Yeah, of course.

Anderson takes his plate of food, with a drink, and works his way back into the living room to sit beside his wife.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
This is good, hun.

GRACE
Surprised?

ANDERSON
No, I-- It's... It's just good.

GRACE
You're too easy.

ANDERSON
Hard to tell when you've got that lawyer "trap-you-in-a-corner" tone down.

GRACE
I've got years of experience breaking people on the bench. Could say it makes me an expert at this sort of thing.

The conversation hits a lull as Anderson continues to eat his food. Though, after a little while, Grace turns down the television and turns to Anderson.

GRACE (CONT'D)
So? You ever gonna tell me?

Anderson pauses. His demeanor changes as he stricken with a bit of anxiety.

ANDERSON

Yeah. Yeah. I handed it in yesterday.

GRACE

Well? How'd she take it?

ANDERSON

You know Rachel. Didn't make too much of a big deal out of it. Think she's a little disappointed.

GRACE

I'd expect as much. You've worked there for so long. Did she try and get you to stay?

ANDERSON

I mean... No. I guess we just...haven't really talked about it. Handing in my resignation in the middle of this investigation put more on her plate than I think she wanted.

GRACE

(aggitated)

Call me selfish, but I was thinking this could be good for us.

Anderson's been through this before and he just doesn't want to do this again.

ANDERSON

I know. Okay. I know. Can we just not do this again. Just one night?

Grace centers herself.

GRACE

Sorry. Look. I know how much you like your job but...your son hasn't seen you all week and that's becoming the norm. I barely see you. We just need to be a family and...

ANDERSON

No. You're right, I get it. I'll be out in two weeks. Hopefully we nail the guy before then. Getting close I think.

GRACE

How close? Any new leads?

ANDERSON

A few. Tracking someone new now.
May lead us to the killer.

GRACE

Oh? I don't know. Sounded to me
like you've got all you need all
ready.

ANDERSON

Guess we'll see.

GRACE

Either way. Don't stress yourself.
The investigation, finished or not,
just come home to us, okay? We miss
you.

EXT. SILVER HILLS OUTLET MALL - DAY

Anderson and Phil stand at a table outside at the strip mall
in front of the local coffee shop drinking their favorite
blends of coffee, trying to blend in and not attract any
unwanted attention.

From where they stand they can see the froyo store and are
keeping a close eye for anyone that meets up in front of the
store.

Out front of the froyo store is that creepy mascot. One that
has all of Phil's attention.

PHIL

Swear that thing's the stuff of
nightmares.

ANDERSON

Don't lose sight of why we're
here.

Anderson nonchalantly surveys the area.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Should be here any minute.

PHIL

What's our play?

ANDERSON

Nothing big. No spectical. We just walk up to him, ask him for his name and if it matches up we take him in.

PHIL

And if it doesn't?

ANDERSON

Let's just hope it does, okay?

Phil's attention is captured by a man (JUNKIE) standing in front of the froyo store, next to the mascot.

Phil gestures towards Junkie as Anderson turns to look.

PHIL

Guess we're about to find out.

ANDERSON

We don't know that's Fletcher. Could be the buyer.

PHIL

You see how close he's standing to that freaky mascot without batting an eye? Ten bucks says the mascot's the buyer.

Phil gets a "how could this not be him" look and posture.

PHIL (CONT'D)

You and me both know you've gotta be on something to get in that thing every weekend without going homicidal yourself.

Anderson shrugs. Could be plausible.

Anderson and Phil, together, begin to walk toward Junkie trying not to attract any attention, thinking that they may have found Fletcher. Though as they approach, Junkie notices them and clearly begins to get a little antsy.

Junkie makes eye contact with Anderson and Phil, then with the mascot. The mascot looks at the Junkie and then the other direction to Anderson and Phil and gets the feeling something's going down and he doesn't want to be in-between the two parties. The mascot shakes his head disapprovingly, turns around, walks in the store fed up. He is not paid enough for this.

Junkie bolts, knocking over everything and everyone in his path. Anderson and Phil immediately go from a hurried walk to an all-out-run, trying to not knock over anyone or anything that Junkie hasn't already.

Anderson and Phil split with Anderson keeping behind Junkie. Junkie is picking up anything he can and throwing it back at Anderson who is trying his best to dodge out of the way as well as keeping them from hitting other people.

With the Junkie's attention on Anderson as he's running, he doesn't see Phil coming up from the side.

Phil tackles Junkie and they both hit the ground hard. Junkie is trying his best to get out of Phil's hold, but gives up as Anderson comes up, gun drawn.

Phil let's go of Junkie and is in pain, but knows that the situation has come to a close.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT, INTERROGATION ROOM -
AFTERNOON

Junkie is sitting, handcuffed, at the interrogation table. Opposite of him are Anderson and Phil. Junkie is nervous. Real nervous. This wasn't how his day was supposed to go. What makes him even more on edge is the almost serene calm the two agents interrogating him have.

JUNKIE

C'mon man I'm telling you the truth! I'm not lying, I swear!

PHIL

And I'm sure that once we run you through the system and I.D you, it'll confirm that as well.

JUNKIE

Wait. Y-You're running me through the system?

ANDERSON

Standard procedure. Why? There a problem with that?

Junkie gets even more agitated.

JUNKIE

No-no-no please, don't do that! Look--Look, I'm telling you I'm not this Fletcher guy. I'm not. Really!

ANDERSON

We'll see in time, but for right now why don't you tell us why you were at Silver Hills today.

Junkie is searching for his words.

JUNKIE

I uh... I was working a business deal. And uh... I was waiting on an associate. We were only there because I like doing business in public, you know? Safety in numbers.

ANDERSON

So, you don't trust this associate of yours?

JUNKIE

I do. I did. His side job just isn't what it used to be.

ANDERSON

And what is it now?

Junkie doesn't respond.

PHIL

Why don't you tell us who your associate is? Got a name for us?

JUNKIE

He uh--He never really gave me his name.

ANDERSON

You two do "business" and he didn't give you a name?

PHIL

What kind of business do you guys do then?

Junkie thinks to himself long and hard before coming up with what he believes, clearly, is a good cover.

JUNKIE

Knitting?

Junkie looks on hoping that the two bought it. He points to his hat.

JUNKIE (CONT'D)

I made this. Yeah. YouTube. That's where I learned how to--how to knit. It's really dexterous. Helps with the carpal tunnel you know?

Anderson and Phil look at each other, trying real hard not to laugh.

A knock on the door brings the conversation to a halt.

ANDERSON

Excuse us.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT, HALLWAY - AFTERNOON

The pair get up and walk to the door and open it revealing WHITNEY. The two walk out into the hallway and see that she is holding a report.

ANDERSON

Whitney. What'd you got for us?

WHITNEY

Pulled his record and ID'd him. Turns out he's telling the truth. He is not Fletcher. Victor Oblerton is his real name.

ANDERSON

Okay, well who's to say Fletcher is even a real name? Could be this guy's fake name or whatever.

WHITNEY

Well. Alberto claimed that Fletcher was Warren's brother, so to cover our bases we pulled family history on Warren and he does in fact have a brother named Fletcher and this guy isn't him.

PHIL

Shit...

ANDERSON

This guy's the buyer...

WHITNEY

It ain't over yet. Not only does Fletcher have confections that'd make any one of us blush, you'll never guess whose prints we found on the supposed murder weapon found at Alberto's home.

PHIL

Fletcher's.

WHITNEY

And as far as we can tell, it looks like they tried to do a print transfer and pin it on Alberto. We've got half and smeared attempts of Alberto's prints applied to the gun.

ANDERSON

Dammit.

WHITNEY

Yeah. Pro tip. You gonna transfer a print, the key's baby powder. Wrap sheet this long you'd think they'd stumble upon that on a Life Hack article somewhere.

Anderson can't believe what he's hearing. His head drops.

ANDERSON

Alberto was set up.

PHIL

So. What's that mean for us?

ANDERSON

It means we got the wrong guy.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO POLICE PRECINCT - AFTERNOON

Alberto is a free man with, apparently, a chip on his shoulder as he taunts Anderson and Phil who are standing at the top of the steps. He's laughing and throwing legal threats around without a care in the world while Anderson and Phil stand there and take it because what choice do they have?

ALBERTO

I'mma own you guys! Yeah! See you guys don't even have a chance against my lawyer! I've seen him do things man! He makes laws and shit! You'll see!

Phil leans over to Anderson.

PHIL

We really letting this idiot go?

ANDERSON

All our evidence is circumstantial.
Don't have a choice.

Alberto begins to walk down the sidewalk, still as pompous as ever.

ALBERTO

Next time you see me, I'm gonna be arresting your ass! I know my rights!

Anderson turns to Phil.

ANDERSON

We need to sort this out fast.

PHIL

Fletcher may be our key here.

Anderson gets real serious and almost too quiet.

ANDERSON

And, the way I see it, Alberto isn't all that smart, but I'm willing to bet that as criminal, running with the people he runs with, he knows a set up and he sees one.

PHIL

And he just got setup.

ANDERSON

We don't find Fletcher before he does then there's a good chance when we see Fletcher he'll be bagged and tagged.

The weight of the situation falls on them heavily. If the pressure wasn't on the verge of crushing them, the weight of Rachel's voice most definitely does.

RACHEL

This just got a whole lot uglier. My office in ten, okay?

ANDERSON

Yeah. Yeah we'll be there.

Rachel walks back in, in a huff. Anderson and Phil can tell their day just got much worse as they walk in.

INT. RACHEL'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Rachel is leaning up against her desk talking, rather disappointed, with Anderson and Phil who are standing opposite of her.

RACHEL

Let me tell you how things are going for us, okay? We have a dead man whose case needs to be shut and I need it shut fast because there's a whole line of dead guys waiting to have their case shut too. And the people above me? What they think is that I have 2 detectives who can't get evidence to stick on a convicted felon and who bring me the wrong suspect for interrogation. Twice. Their words not mine. But guys, I'm sinking here. They have a point, we got to move and we aren't looking like we have a grip on anything.

ANDERSON

The case isn't as simple as we had originally thought.

RACHEL

Anderson, we expect it to be complicated. That's why you two are on it! Now, c'mon guys we need to think. What do we do here? We ideas and we need to come up with them quick.

ANDERSON

Well, let's hold on here. There is no real rush. This sort of thing takes time.

RACHEL

No rush? If you what you say is true, we don't have Stephen's murderer which means we still have a murderer on the streets and the significance of Alberto being released isn't lost on me either.

ANDERSON

How is this any different than other cases? We follow the leads, we find the guy, we do it by the book.

RACHEL

Because if you leave the precinct before we charge someone with the murder of Stephens, they are going to make me turn the case over to another agency.

ANDERSON

What?

RACHEL

Look. We've had problems here, you know this, and what the board is seeing here isn't making them happy. They don't think we can live up to their standards.

PHIL

Turn over the case? Tell there's no reason, I'll take the lead. I've been on this since day one. I can handle it once you leave.

There is an awkward pause. Rachel is searching for delicate words to ease into this unexpected offer.

RACHEL

The board...they won't let you take
lead I'm sorry.

Phil gets really agitated. The situation in the room is
getting more tense and for Phil it's getting personal.

PHIL

What more do I have to do to prove
myself, huh? One mistake, just one!

RACHEL

It wasn't just one. You know that
as well as I do. You were just
caught once. There's a difference.

PHIL

For the hundredth time, I'm not
that guy anymore.

RACHEL

I know that. We know that. But they
don't know that. The only reason
you were got taken off the bench is
because this guy vouched for you
and said he'd take you on as
partner.

The room begins to calm.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

Now look. I'm not trying to be the
hard-ass here, okay? But the
pressure is coming down and this
case doesn't just affect us three,
it's now the case in-which the
board with define this precinct.
Good or bad. And right now, this
case is spiraling out of control
and I need you two to your
damnedest to grab the reins.

ANDERSON

We need to organize a manhunt.
Fletcher is the missing link here.

PHIL

Him and a potential fourth
assailant that Alberto and Warren
my be trying to cover for.

RACHEL

Perfect. Set it up. It's gonna be a
long night.

Phil exits the room and Rachel goes to take her seat. Anderson is lost in thought until Rachel snaps him back to reality.

RACHEL (CONT'D)
Anderson? You good?

ANDERSON
Oh. Yeah, sorry...Just gotta make a phone call.

Anderson takes out his cellphone and exits the room.

EXT. SILVER HEIGHTS MIDDLE SCHOOL -AFTERNOON

Grace sits in her car as the school bell rings and kids pour out of the double doors at the top of the school steps.

PARKER, her and Anderson's son, rushes over to the car. Opens it and hops in.

GRACE
Hey, kid! How was school?

PARKER
Good. Where's dad?

GRACE
He...he had to stay late at work again

PARKER
Oh...

Parker is clearly disappointed, Grace sees this.

GRACE
(gesturing to the trunk)
Hey. Know what I got back there?
Stopped at the grocery store and picked up some taco kits.

Parker starts to brighten up.

PARKER
Taco night?

GRACE
I think that can be arranged.

PARKER
What about cake? Can cake be arranged?

GRACE
Tacos and cake?! You drive a hard
bargain.

INT. ANDERSON'S HOME, ENTRANCE - AFTERNOON

Grace walks in the house holding a couple bags of groceries and mail in one hand with Parker by her side.

She turns and gives the grocery bags to Parker.

GRACE
Guess who's on "put away duty"!

Parker takes the bags as Grace walks the other way towards Anderson's office flipping through mail.

GRACE (CONT'D)
When you're done, get that homework
out okay? I'll be in to help once I
put dad's mail away.

INT. ANDERSON'S HOME OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Grace enters Anderson's office flipping through mail. She approaches his desk and places his mail into a bin he has on his desk.

She turns to walk out when a folder on the desk catches her eye. The label on the folder reads "Garces, Alberto". A thought rushes through her head, before she shakes it off and walks to the door. As she arrives at the door, that thought comes rushing back. She closes the door and goes back to Anderson's desk and flips open the files.

Graces begins to thumb through the files and read the information that she has no business having. While she's reading files on the desk, she mistakenly wakes up the computer that's in front of her. We see that a password screen is up.

Grace stares at the screen, frozen, lost in thought again.

She knows the log in information but hesitates to enter it until some self-righteous nature takes over. She enters in Anderson's user name and password.

No sooner than when the password is entered, sensitive information about Alberto and the Stephens case litter the screen. She begins to read it and cross check it with information she has in the folder in front of her.

If that wasn't enough, she finds herself digging through her own briefcase and pulling out files and begins to crosscheck it against the other files.

Before she finishes up, she gets caught up by a file on the screen. Her eyes pass over the page over, and over, and over. She takes out a notebook from Anderson's desk, and begins to right down information in it. Once done, she rips out the piece of paper, reviews it, places it in her pocket and hurriedly puts his office back the way she found it.

Grace exits his office.

INT. PRECINCT BULLPEN - LATE AFTERNOON

Anderson stands with a whiteboard behind him that houses a host of information on the Stephens' case. Pictures of Warren, Alberto, and, naturally, Stephens litter the board. In front of him are about 10 police officers and detectives, with Phil also there in the crowd.

ANDERSON

You all know the case we have at hand. Stephens' murderer may still be out on the streets of our city and we need to work to bring him in. We need to make this quick, we're on borrowed time here.

Anderson attaches a silhouette of a head with a question mark on its face to the whiteboard behind him.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

When we started this case, we were confident there were three people involved. Now, we are potentially trying to find a fourth. This is where you guys come in. Half of you will hunt down this mystery fourth and make heads or tails if this guy actually exists or not.

OFFICER 1

What do we have to go on to find this fourth?

ANDERSON

The honest answer? Pretty much nothing. Retrace the steps, start from the beginning.

(MORE)

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Coroner places the time of death within twenty minutes of the body being found which means who did it was in that alley. Find some clues, ask frequent visitors to the Golden Arches, anything.

OFFICER 1

Could be a wild goose hunt.

ANDERSON

Could be the lead we're missing.

Anderson that puts up images of 4 rundown looking shacks.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Now the other half of you will help both myself and Phil. Our objective is to find Fletcher. We are currently sending an officer to Fletcher's registered address but we do not have any reason to believe he is there. Why? Well. Warren was also not at his home when he was arrested and we have reason to believe that Alberto was in the process of leaving when we picked him up. So, where was Warren then?

Anderson circles one of the shacks on the board.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Right here. An abandoned, condemned shack. It lacks curb appeal and utilities, but it's selling points are it's off the grid and it's within 10 miles of Warren, Fletcher, and Alberto's homes as well as within the same distance to the murder scene. Same with these other three as well. I believe them to be safe houses, places for them to hide close to home until the heat dies down.

OFFICER 2 flips through his paper work.

OFFICER 2

"You" believe them to be? I don't see any of these shacks in the docs, where'd you get this?

ANDERSON

If what you're trying to ask is if these are verified. No. I got these at home off the record. But it's what I'm giving you and that's going to have to be good enough.

PHIL

C'mon guys, it's good enough him, it's good enough for me. I trust him.

OFFICER 2

(to Phil)

Well, I don't trust you.

There is an immediate thickening of the air. Anderson beings to temper it. This strikes a nerve with Phil.

ANDERSON

That's not my concern. These are your orders and this the game plan.

The room takes in the moment. Anderson, noticing the lull in conversation, aims to dismiss the room.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

We got any questions?

No response.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

All right. Get your things, hit the streets. Let's go.

INT. FLETCHER'S SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

The room is dark, pitch black. The only sound we hear is the sound of a chain being pulled and the sound of an engine trying to start.

FLETCHER

C'mon.

The engine starts up fully this time. Lights in the house start to illuminate as the generator kicks into high gear. The lights reveal what looks like a makeshift living room and FLETCHER standing relieved and winded next to a generator.

Fletcher looks around for a moment before sitting down on an old couch in this, boarderline, disgusting room. He gets comfortable on the couch, letting the day slip on by.

That is, until he hears a noise. He's on full alert. He gets up slowly and reaches for the gun on a near by makeshift coffee table made of dirty pizza boxes and even dirtier magazines.

He stops and lets out a big sigh of relief when he sees that it's Alberto who walks in.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Christ, man! Scared the hell out of me.

Alberto doesn't say anything as he walks closer towards Fletcher who's completely let his guard down.

FLETCHER (CONT'D)

Hey uh-- What're you doing here? I heard you got pinched.

ALBERTO

Surprised?

FLETCHER

Well. Yeah. I mean, that kind of news isn't something people in our line of work like to hear. You're my partner.

ALBERTO

Oh, we're partners?

Fletcher can tell something's up. He keeps trying to discreetly look at his gun, but he knows there is no way he can get to it in time.

FLETCHER

Yeah.

ALBERTO

Yeah? Okay, because way I hear it your brother ratted me out, Fletcher

Fletcher starts to get nervous.

FLETCHER

What? No, he'd never--

ALBERTO

Cops even found the murder weapon at my house. Exactly where they were told to look.

Alberto gets in real close to Fletcher. Fletcher is in a tough spot.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

But here you are, telling me that we're partners. Am I missing something?

FLETCHER

Man. I don't know what you heard, but I don't know what you're talking about. The three of us, we're in this together.

Alberto, still aggressive, takes a step back to give some breathing room. Fletcher is still on edge, not daring to make any moves.

ALBERTO

We have a pretty sweet gig going on you know? Three guys, a couple a safe houses to hide out in until the heat dies down, and enough assholes in this city, *my city*, who want to pay us to take someone out.

Alberto pauses for a moment, almost letting his guard down. Fletcher starts to go for his gun but stop immediately as Alberto turns to him and gets in close again.

ALBERTO (CONT'D)

Then you had to go and mess it all up. You planted a gun on me?

FLETCHER

No. No, we just--

ALBERTO

You just what? Needed to make sure if someone went down you two had an out?

FLETCHER

C'mon! Alberto, listen we just need--

ALBERTO

No,no,no,no. I'm done listening.

Alberto pulls out a gun and puts it up against Fletcher's head. Fletcher, obviously, freaks out.

FLETCHER
I'm sorry! God! I'm so sorry! Just-
-I can explain! I can--

BANG! Alberto pulls the trigger.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. PRECINCT BULLPEN - DAY

The office is in total disarray. An office more hectic would be impossible to imagine. Naturally, Anderson is tense, almost irate as he's trying to divulge information and at the same time receive it from his co-workers.

ANDERSON

All right everyone who was looking for Fletcher is now looking for Alberto. All the new personal you're teaming up with the other crew to hunt down our mystery man. Don't know what I'm talking about? Then find someone, figure it out, and go!

At a nearby desk WORKER1 hangs up the phone, panicked and worried.

WORKER1

We got the media on the line, Anderson. What'd you want to do?

ANDERSON

No. No media. If he sees that we're investigating Fletcher's murder, he's going to run. Alberto doesn't know we know about the safe houses!

WORKER1

What should I tell them?

ANDERSON

Literally anything but the truth.

Worker1 picks back up the phone and goes back to the conversation.

Phil hustles over to Anderson who's looking over some paper work someone has brought to him.

PHIL

(to co-worker)

S'cuse me. Can I borrow him?

Anderson excuses himself to talk with Phil.

PHIL (CONT'D)

We did some more digging on those houses.

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)

Turns out one the houses was actually bought out a few months back and the plot has been bulldozed.

ANDERSON

So, he's going to end up in one of the other houses.

PHIL

That's the hope. He's not going to go home after what he did to Fletcher, even if he doesn't know we're after him.

ANDERSON

Right. Others in his circle may come looking for him when Fletcher doesn't show his face for awhile.

PHIL

Thinking the safe house isn't just for hiding from us.

ANDERSON

The crowd he runs with? I'm sure only a select few know about the safe house.

PHIL

How do we want to play this?

Anderson thinks things over for a moment before his concentration is broken completely by Rachel. She storms in making a B-line for Anderson.

Phil moves out of the way because it's clear to him if he doesn't she's just going to push him straight over.

RACHEL

And what the hell do you call this?

ANDERSON

Rachel. We've got some leads and we just need-

RACHEL

I'm not thinking you are really grasping the situation here, guys! Do you really understand the heat that we are getting? Do you truly understand?

ANDERSON

We just need to bring in Alberto. He's connected to the Fletcher's murder so we need to press him hard this time.

RACHEL

First it was Warren. Then it was Alberto, then it was Fletcher, and now it's Alberto again. You aren't filling me with an abundance of confidence, Anderson.

Phil steps in.

PHIL

Look. We're narrowing down where Alberto could be. We got it down to potentially two places.

RACHEL

Then you two are going to stake those places out. You call me if you see anything. Anything at all.

ANDERSON

You got it.

RACHEL

Find him. Do it now.

Rachel walks away.

INT. ANDERSON'S CAR - NIGHT

Anderson is sitting in his car outside of one of the safe houses. It's dark and he's lost in thought. The day has really worn down on him.

He looks over at the house and sees no discernible movement nor hears any noise. The boredom is starting to get to him and he tries to find a comfortable position in the car.

As he sits there and stares off into space his phone rings.

It's Phil.

PHIL

Anything?

ANDERSON

Nothing.

PHIL
Jesus... Sure hope you're right
about these safe houses.

ANDERSON
If I didn't know any better, I'd
say that sounded like doubt.

PHIL
"Doubt"? You? The one and only ace
detective? Now, who could do a
thing like that?

The two exchange a laugh.

INT. PHIL'S CAR - NIGHT

Phil is surveying the safe house from a distance while
talking on the phone with Anderson.

PHIL
You gonna miss this?

INTERCUT BETWEEN ANDERSON AND PHIL

Anderson continues to survey the safe house. No change.
Nothing at all.

ANDERSON
Probably... Not even sure what I'm
going to do when I leave.

PHIL
You've no exit plan?

ANDERSON
Haven't thought that far.

PHIL
Gotta be nice that you can up and
quit a job and have no place to be.
I'd be begging on the streets
inside of two months were I in your
position.

ANDERSON
I'm sure Grace and I'll make do.

PHIL
Lawyer money is a whole different
kinda tax bracket I aspire to be
part of.

ANDERSON

It's nice.

PHIL

Always thought Gracey married
beneath her. You can tell her I
said that.

ANDERSON

The last thing I need is another
thing she's right about. You ever
try to argue with a lawyer?

PHIL

Yeah. That's why you're my baby
sitter.

The conversation hits an abrupt halt. Anderson's not 100%
sure how to take Phil's joke.

PHIL (CONT'D)

It's fine, man, c'mon just laugh
it's a joke.

ANDERSON

Yeah, well... I don't think of
myself as your baby sitter. We're
partners. Equals.

PHIL

Not the way they see it. Sometimes
I wonder if I should have just
stuck to my guns and filled a
formal confession.

ANDERSON

You'd be in jail if you did.

PHIL

Well, shouldn't I be in there now?

A silence interrupts them again.

PHIL (CONT'D)

It just...pisses me off you know?
My mistake put the whole precinct
in jeopardy.

ANDERSON

They knew what they were doing when
they let you off.

PHIL

Let me off? They didn't just let me off they looked the other way. It makes the whole trust thing a little difficult.

ANDERSON

You were falsifying evidence, Phil. This is hardly the blame of one side here.

PHIL

Yeah, I know. That guy was just going to walk away on a murder charge? I just wanted to take him down so badly. But even still. When I tried to do the right thing, they just looked the other way. My lawyer even told me to not submit a confession until I know they are going to try to charge me.

ANDERSON

The precinct was as desperate as you were I guess. But the board feels they know the "kinds of people" that work there now. Kind of blacklisted all of us.

PHIL

All the more reason I should of submitted the formal confession. Can't believe I still have this job to be honest.

ANDERSON

I'd imagine they think you have leverage over them. They fire you, you go public with the truth. It's a mess.

PHIL

So, they keep me and pair me with the one guy they feel can do no wrong. They even told me the reason they put me with you is that even though I'm a bad apple they don't think I'll "turn you rotten".

Anderson collects his thoughts.

PHIL (CONT'D)

As by the books as you are, how can you stand being with me?

(MORE)

PHIL (CONT'D)
How can you stand the precinct
knowing what they did?

ANDERSON
Honestly--

Just then Anderson looks over at the house and thinks he sees something. But can't quite tell.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
Whoa, whoa, hold on, hold on.

PHIL
You got something?

There's more movement by the house, Anderson is sure of it. He picks up the binoculars that are on the dash and uses them to get a closer look.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You say the word and I'll be over
there with a SWAT team.

ANDERSON
Let me just...

Anderson looks hard and he gets a clear view. His heart sinks, he doesn't believe what he is seeing. The person he sees lifting a window and breaking into the safe house is Grace, his wife.

Anderson loses himself. He doesn't even know where to begin. He's so lost in this (what he hopes to be) dream that he doesn't initially hear Phil on the phone.

PHIL
Whatchya you got? See anyone?

There is a long pause. Anderson thinks over his answer.

ANDERSON
N-no. Sorry just thought I saw
someone.

PHIL
Jeez. Thought we'd finally get some
action.

Anderson is shaken.

ANDERSON
I need to call you back. I'm going
to check in with my wife.

PHIL

Sure thing. Just touch base soon
all right?

Anderson hangs up the phone, collects his thoughts, and gets
out of the car.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. ALBERTO'S SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Gun drawn, hands shaking, head spinning, Anderson walks up to the window he saw Grace go in. He leans up on the side of the window and looks in trying to conceal himself yet get a view of what mess he could be walking into.

Inside he sees nothing but a dirty, dusty kitchen with some overturned chairs.

Alberto climbs in through the window.

Walking slowly and listening intently, Anderson cautiously progresses through the safe house. Curiously, Anderson doesn't hear a thing. No speaking, no footsteps, barely even hears his own breath. The house is as silent as it can be, almost impossibly so, for having potentially three people in the home.

Anderson gets to the doorway between the kitchen and the living room and again leans to one-side to peer in and reveals nothing but a couch and small coffee table. On the coffee table there is some paperwork.

As Anderson enters the living room, the paper work catches his eye. There is a piece of paper with a picture and information on Rick Stephens.

To avoid adding his finger prints to the scene, Anderson uses his gun to shift some papers out of the way and sees more information on Stephens and even sees some mail made out to Alberto.

As Anderson is looking through the paperwork he hears a noise. It's gone in an instant causing him to think he may have imagined it. He goes back to reading some of the paper work and hears a loud CRASH!

ALBERTO

(off screen)

What the hell do you think you're doing?!

The noise gets louder as the commotion goes from an isolated noise to an ongoing event.

Anderson loses all regard for stealth and begins to run towards the noise. He darts down the hall to one of the interior rooms and kicks open the door.

ANDERSON
SFPD! Everybody down on the ground!

The room goes still, but even so it seems like Anderson's legs are about to buckle. He sees something he never thought he'd have to witness. In front of him is Alberto on his knees, hands in the air with Grace pointing a gun at his head.

Grace's eyes show it all, she never truly prepared for a run in with her husband.

GRACE
Anderson...

Anderson is breathing heavy he's not responding.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Anderson? Anderson, are you with me? Honey?

Anderson staggers back.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Honey. Look, I know this must be a shock but--

Grace raises her other hand out to him to be comforting, but immediately pulls back as Anderson, actually out of fear, points the gun at her.

Grace takes a deep breath and calms herself but keeps the gun on Alberto.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Calm down, Anderson. Tell me honey, tell me what do you wanna do? What do we do here?

Anderson can barely speak. He can't muster more than a whisper.

ANDERSON
Back up.

GRACE
I can't hear you. I'm going to need you to speak up.

No sooner than the words come out of her mouth does Anderson explode with anger shoving his gun at Grace.

ANDERSON
(yelling as loud as he
can)
I said BACK UP!

Grace doesn't move. She gets very clear and very stern.

GRACE
I can't do that. Anderson, I have
to finish this.

ANDERSON
The hell you can't.

ALBERTO
Who the hell is this chick?

Grace pushes the gun into Alberto's head.

GRACE
(to Alberto)
You think this is the time?

Anderson advances with the gun toward Grace. Grace stares
straight down Anderson's barrel into his eyes.

There's a tension between the two that is unmistakable. The
room goes silent.

Anderson begins to shake.

ANDERSON
What are you doing?

Grace doesn't respond right away. She's thinking it over, but
she's not thinking fast enough for Anderson.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)
What you can't hear me again? I
asked you 'what are you doing'?

GRACE
I'm finishing something that should
have been finished long ago,
Anderson.

She looks at Alberto.

GRACE (CONT'D)
I'm going to put him down.

Alberto tenses himself. Anderson lurches forward to stop
Grace.

ANDERSON

What does that have to do with anything?

GRACE

Are you kidding me? You find me here with a gun pointed at a handcuffed man and you can't figure out what Stephens has to do with this? I thought you were a detective.

ANDERSON

Grace. Please. Let's go. W-we can talk about this at home.

GRACE

At home? Really? We just walk away from this like nothing happened? Maybe through in a marriage counseling session just to really drive the drama home? No Anderson. We take care of this right now.

ANDERSON

You're not thinking straight.

GRACE

Stop! Just stop! You don't know me anymore, Anderson. Your gone ALL the time. All the time. And you still agasint all odds think you know everything about me. You don't. You don't know him, you don't know me, you barely know your own son and you sure as hell don't know Stephens.

BEGIN FLASHBACK:

EXT. RICK STEPHEN'S HOME - AFTERNOON

RICK STEPHEN'S and his WIFE are standing just outside their front door, Rick about to leave for the day in his best suit and holding a briefcase.

GRACE

(v.o.)

You know Rick Stephen's the way the court system wants you to know him.

(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

The mild mannered, loving husband who worked hard to provide for his family everyday he walked outside his front door.

Rick and his wife exchange a kiss then begins to walk towards his car that's parked outside in the driveway.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

Everyday. The same thing, every single day he walked out those doors. Briefcase in hand, a kiss goodbye, and a hop in the best car a mid-life crisis can buy.

Rick pulls out of the driveway and begins to drive off.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

But Stephens didn't always go to the office.

EXT./INT. ROSA'S HOME - AFTERNOON

Rick parks in the drive way and gets out of the car. He walks towards the front door.

GRACE

(v.o.)

Sometimes he'd pay a visit to Rosa Richards.

ROSA opens the door and welcomes Rick in with a hug and a smile. The two walk back into the house.

We soon find them in the living room arguing. Rick clearly upset.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

An affair's the easy part. The hard part is when life throws a curveball and the person you're having an affair with is pregnant with your child.

The conversation starts to escalate between Rosa and Rick. The two now in a screaming match.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

That's not something you can hide.
(MORE)

GRACE (CONT'D)

So he gets mad. They both do. The funny thing about being mad is you never see it coming, never know exactly how you're going to react in the heat of the moment.

In the middle of the conversation Rick pushes Rosa away in anger. He immediately looks like he's consumed with guilt for getting physical. Rosa can't believe what just happened. Rick, ashamed turns to leave but Rosa goes from shock to anger and rushes at Rick. In the process she trips and hits her head on a near by coffee table, bleeding out. Convulsing on the floor. Rick is horrified.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

Rick can't take another life. He's rich, not bold. The two rarely go hand-in-hand.

Rick takes out his phone and dials 9-1-1 but before he hits the call button on his phone he looks down at Rosa...the secret is between the two of them... Rick closes his phone without calling 9-1-1.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(v.o)

One thing leads to another and now Rosa's on the floor bleeding out and it's him, her, and a secret only the two of them know. A secret is much easier to keep when you're the only one who has it. So, he doesn't call for help. He let's her, and his child, die alone on the floor of her home.

INT. RICK'S HOME OFFICE - NIGHT

Rick is on the phone frustrated and angry, pacing back and forth.

GRACE

(v.o.)

But now, Rick knows a guy. You know this guy too. Warren.

INT. ROSA'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Warren is in Rosa's home putting her body in a black bag and cleaning up the blood around the living room.

GRACE

(v.o.)

He's the clean up guy. The guy that makes it like it never happened. But these guys have a fee.

EXT. SOME ALLEY - NIGHT

Warren is on the phone with Stephens.

GRACE

(v.o.)

In person cash exchange. That's always how these things go down. They have a chat. They set up a time. Everything's going by the books.

EXT. BACK ALLEY OF THE GOLDEN ARCHES - NIGHT

Warren, Fletcher, and Alberto are all walking down the alley looking real shady.

GRACE

(v.o.)

These jobs are shady with even shadier people and Warren's not dumb he brings back up just in case.

Warren, Fletcher, and Alberto go down the alley and see Rick Stephen's body on the ground. They look at each other confused, not understanding what happened as they hear a noise and look. They can't see who or what it was, but a trash can gets knocked over and they can hear foots running from the scene.

GRACE (CONT'D)

(v.o.)

I'd been tailing Stephens for sometime. A few anonymous tips hit my desk here and there in hopes that'll help me with a case I'm working. Some tips put me on to a missing girl and Stephens. He arrived late but, I got the job done.

END FLASHBACK:

INT. ALBERTO'S SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Anderson can't believe what he's hearing. He's finding it hard to even stand up straight. Grace, though, is as calm as ever.

ANDERSON

What do you mean..."you got the job done"?

GRACE

What do you think it me--

ANDERSON

Grace ANSWER THE DAMN QUESTION.

GRACE

I killed him, Anderson. I killed Stephens.

Anderson has lost all sense of being at this point. He musters the strength and points to Alberto.

ANDERSON

And what about him? What are you after him for?

GRACE

He's done more than you know. I'm sure of it and he has at least the murder of Fletcher on his hands.

Grace gets real stern all of the sudden and she pulls out her gun.

ALBERTO

Hey, hey, hey what are you doing with that? What are you doing?

ANDERSON

Grace put that down. We do this by the books. We're good people, Grace.

Grace points the gun at Alberto.

GRACE

But he's not.

Grace shoots Alberto in the throat. He's gargling blood. Anderson is mortified.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Why shouldn't he suffer the way he
made others suffer? The way
Stephens made others suffer?

Anderson is frozen. Grace looks at Alberto in the eyes.

GRACE (CONT'D)
It's only fair.

Grace points the gun at Alberto's head and pulls the trigger,
killing him dead.

The room goes still. Completely and totally silent.

There is a long, long pause until the silence is broken.
Anderson's cell phone rings.

After a few rings Anderson musters the strength to answer. He
puts it to his ear.

PHIL
(on phone)
Hey man. Rachel's pushing hard and
sending some more agents our way to
do a sweep of the safe house. No
more stakeouts. She wants me to
meet up with you and the rest of
the crew that'll be showing up
there. Pain in the ass I know.
We'll be there in about 10 mins.
You cool?

Anderson takes a moment and then finally struggles out an
answer.

ANDERSON
Yeah. See you soon.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. ALBERTO'S SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT

Grace is hastily opening up a big, black bag as Anderson stands dazed in disbelief.

GRACE

Okay, we're going to need to get rid of him. I'm going to need your help.

Anderson doesn't move. He's frozen, trying to wake up from this nightmare.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Anderson. You need to un-cuff him.

The words slowly find their way into Anderson's head as he starts to come to and un-handcuffs Alberto from the pipe.

With the bag unraveled, Grace starts to drag the body towards the bag.

GRACE (CONT'D)

You get his legs.

Anderson hesitates.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Tell me, Anderson, how do you want to spend the rest of your life? In a cell?

He shakes his head.

GRACE (CONT'D)

Then get his legs and help me.

Anderson helps carry the body to the bag.

The two of them manage to get the body in the bag and tie it off.

Anderson's sick. He looks around and just doesn't see a way out of this.

ANDERSON

His blood's everywhere. How are we gonna--they're going to see this.

GRACE

In my bag. You'll find a bottle of-

ANDERSON
And your fingerprints. Did you
touch anything?

GRACE
Anderson it's fine.

ANDERSON
(stern, scared)
Are they *anywhere*?!

Grace pauses for a moment and composes herself, hitting a somber tone in hopes to calm Anderson's nerves.

GRACE
I didn't put my hands on anything.
But please, understand, your
partner is on his way here and we
still have work to do.

Grace gestures to a bag in the corner of the room.

GRACE (CONT'D)
In that bag is a bottle of solvent.
Use it to wipe down the blood. When
you're done meet me out back.

Anderson, as if not in control of his body, walks over to the bag as Grace drags the body out of the room.

Anderson uses the bottle and pours the solution all over the blood stains and uses a rag that was in the bag to wipe it down.

Just as he finishes, the dark room starts to light up with red and blue flashes of light.

His heart sinks. He runs out of the room to get to Grace.

EXT. ALBERTO'S SAFE HOUSE - NIGHT.

Grace is out behind the house, her car a few yards away, as Anderson rushes outside. It's dark, but the flashing blue and red lights wash over her making Anderson all the more on edge.

Grace motions him over and Anderson quickly complies.

ANDERSON
Phil's here. You need to go.

GRACE
Help me get him in the trunk, then
go and stall Phil.

We hear the door of Phil's car slam shut. Anderson and Grace lock eyes.

GRACE (CONT'D)
Let's go.

Grace and Anderson hustle and get the body in the trunk of the car.

Anderson immediately turns to run to the front of the house to stall Phil.

As he gets around to the front of the house Phil, on edge, gun drawn, gets startled by Anderson's sudden appearance.

PHIL
Jesus. Man, it is too dark out to
be jumping out at people.

Anderson tries to shake off the events of the night, but in doing so he doesn't find himself responding to Phil.

Phil goes to question him as they hear the sound of Grace's trunk slamming shut.

PHIL (CONT'D)
You hear that?

ANDERSON
Yeah. Could be anything.

The two start to slowly walk around the house to investigate. Once they arrive behind the house, they see nothing. Grace's car is gone. Anderson's relieved.

PHIL
Could of sworn...

ANDERSON
My have been something for down the
way. Been here for hours. Did a
sweep of the house and found
nothing.

PHIL
All right. Quiet night I guess. I'm
gonna give Rachel a call.

Phil walks away to make the call. Anderson stares out into the woods trying to take it all in.

EXT. RIVER - NIGHT

Grace's car pulls up to a river far removed from any civilization as far as we can tell.

She gets out of the car and pops the trunk. Quickly, she drags Alberto's body out of the car and then shoves it into the river.

She watches the body drift away and sink.

The moment though, even through all of her putting on a brave face, weighs very heavy on her and she tries to conceal her emotions that are trying their best to burst at the seams.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT, EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Anderson finds himself on the opposite side of Evidence Clerk's, CHUCK, desk. Chuck is handing Anderson two evidence bags, one of Warren's evidence containing a gun and another of Alberto's with another gun.

WHITNEY

Here ya go. Two big ol' bags of evidence.

ANDERSON

Thanks.

Anderson begins to walk out but is stopped by Chuck's question.

WHITNEY

You know we already ran some test on those? Did you get 'em? I mean, they were pretty thorough. Ran 'em myself, so you know...well you know.

ANDERSON

Yeah. Yeah I got them. Just some things aren't adding up and I'd like to double check some of the findings.

WHITNEY

Sure thing.

Anderson exits the evidence room.

INT. SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT, ANDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Anderson is sitting behind his desk on the phone. Both guns are pulled out of their evidence bags. The windows of his office have the blinds closed.

ANDERSON

(intermittently pausing to
hear his wife on the
phone)

They're going to keep pushing until they nail someone for this and if I can make sure--If I can get them off you and our family... No, I don't think you understand, Grace! I put together a task force to find you before I knew--before I knew who you really were.

Anderson hangs up the phone. He takes it all in, he's about to do this...he's about to go against everything he stands for and forge some evidence.

After much, much, hesitation, Anderson musters the strength to pick up a near by bottle of powder and pour a little bit Warren's gun. He blows of some excess powder and then takes a piece of tape and pushes it on the powder hard before removing it. He looks at the tape and sees a complete and clear finger print. He places that piece of tape on Alberto's gun and removes it leaving a powder mark in the shape of a fingerprint.

He's transferred the finger print. He's not proud, but he knows he's done it well. He cleans off both guns and puts them back in their evidence bags and picks up the phone.

ANDERSON (CONT'D)

Yeah, it's Anderson. Can you send someone to my office, I need some evidence re-scanned. Thanks.

He hangs up and gives a long, disapproving look at the two bags of altered evidence.

EXT. SAN FRANCISCO POLICE DEPARTMENT, LOUNGE - AFTERNOON

Anderson and Phil are eating lunch together outside. Anderson has barely touched his food and Phil can barely stop eating long enough to talk.

PHIL

Seriously, we need to go sometime!
Just me and you! Boys on the prowl.

Anderson doesn't respond. He's lost in thought. Phil attempts to get his attention.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Hello? You there? Signal gettin'
through?

Anderson snaps to.

ANDERSON
Yeah. Sorry. We--uh--we're
prowling. Prowling where?

PHIL
The new arcade! It just opened up.
Me and you. Air Hockey, angry
parents wanting their kids to have
a turn, and cup full of quarters
that says "Hey lady, I'm here for
the long haul."

ANDERSON
Pretty sure they use cards now.

PHIL
Dammit. Sure takes the drama out of
it. Was ready to shake the cup in
their face and everything.

Anderson finds himself lost again. Phil, again, brings him back down to earth.

PHIL (CONT'D)
Buddy, you okay?

ANDERSON
Yeah, I just uh--

Just then Rachel shows up with a report in hand and delivers it to Anderson who looks through cautiously.

RACHEL
Seems like your hunch was right. We
re-ran the evidence and the gun
that was buried at Alberto's did
have something we missed.

Phil bares a look of pure confusion, but Anderson can't bring himself to look at Phil.

PHIL
How's that possible? What'd we
miss?

RACHEL

Seems like there was another fingerprint. Warren's. With his alibi busted placing him at the scene of the crime and having his fingerprints on a weapon he just so happened to know where it would be that also matches the type of gun used to kill Stephens, looks like he's going to go away for a long time.

PHIL

So we had him all along.

RACHEL

Seems like it.

PHIL

How can we be sure Fletcher's not the one you did it? We have two sets of prints and an inconclusive results when we tried to match the bullet with the gun.

RACHEL

Warren's list of crimes precedes him. Him and his brother both knew exactly where to find a gun that had badly applied fake fingerprints clearly trying to frame Alberto. The evidence stacks against him. And with Fletcher dead we can't exactly bring him in for questioning. Someone's gotta be the fall guy and Warren drew the short straw. May not keep him away, but it at least keeps him in jail without bail until a trail is set. For all the past crimes he's gotten away with, I think he deserve it.

PHIL

Alberto's still out there though. Bit of a loose thread.

Anderson shows no emotion. He's having a real hard time making eye contact with anyone.

RACHEL

Well that's the thing. There's a good reason you guys couldn't find Alberto.

The color from Anderson's face drains as he almost too aggressively responds.

ANDERSON

He was gone. He must've skipped town.

RACHEL

If only he were so lucky. His body was found by some fishers. We don't have any leads yet, but looks like you two got some more work to do.

Rachel leaves. Anderson can barely breath. The world around him seems to come crashing down. Phil, unaware of what's going through Anderson's mind, gives him a friendly nudge excited to take on their new task.

PHIL

Looks like we're at it again! You ready?

Anderson stares blankly. His life has just gotten a whole lot more complicated.

END ACT FIVE