

HOMICIDAL

PILOT: "TRAINING DAY"

Written by

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BRIAN (THE MICHAEL) DIAMOND

Cast of Characters

Cartwright: Lead homicide detective with Lily. Thought this job would be a lot more fun. Loves the *Shield* and *Training Day*. Drives around with a GPS system in his car because "My instincts are always wrong."

Lily Fries: Lead homicide detective with Cartwright. Attractive and by the book. She likes the job for what it is and has realistic expectations for what she does. Literal to a fault.

Sanchez: Over-confident, and uninformed. He charges into a situation head first, unaware how little he knows. Spits out cop clichés but in the wrong context. Doesn't understand why dating a suspect is bad, so long as it's off the clock. Cares about grammar, which he knows nothing about.

O'Brien: Chubby, older, and mustachioed. Has a DMV-like work ethic. Would rather be doing almost anything than work. Most likely to fall asleep during an interrogation.

Maddy: The forensics gal. She is "alternative," and snappy. Comes up with wildly complicated theories to explain painfully simple problems. Often wrong.

The Chief: Who took over for the old chief, who was recently dismissed for rampant corruption after becoming named one of Forbes' wealthiest men. This Chief is more concerned with kickball and fantasy football than solving cases. Dislikes weekend rush hour traffic, thus his rule: All cases must be closed by 3:30 on Friday.

The Mayor: She swept into office after a city-wide corruption scandal with reform promises she cannot possibly keep. Claims she will root out a billion in savings from a governing budget of a couple million. Her new goal is cracking down on city services, including the Homicide unit, looking for waste anywhere.

COLD OPEN

INT. LIVING ROOM /KITCHEN (CONTINUOUS) – DAY

A single-story home. Cluttered. White kitchen-tile floors. Clean. Clean other than this –

BLOOD. Pools and pools of it seeping off the tile, soaking into the carpet.

Lily, Cartwright, and Maddy push through some uniformed police in the living room. A woman sobs in the corner.

Maddy spots the rivers of blood.

MADDY
(stating the obvious)
Looks like blood.

She bends over and touches it.

MADDY(CONT)
Yup. That's blood.

Lily calls out to one of the cops.

LILY
Where's our guy?

COP
Bathroom.

She heads through the kitchen, following a trail of blood to the bathroom.

Cartwright checks out a box of chocolate mints on the counter. Pockets a few of them.

INT. BATHROOM – DAY

A dead body slung over the lip of the bathtub. Bloody. Lily closely inspects him. Cartwright behind her, restless.

LILY
Multiple stab wounds. Abdomen and neck.

CARTWRIGHT
(unwrapping a mint)
It's not just the growth opportunities either. It's about being a part of something bigger than yourself.

LILY

Uh-huh. A few broken ribs. There was a struggle here.

CARTWRIGHT

Matching 401K after three years. Pretty decent HMO. Did I tell you about their health and wellness plan?

LILY

(ignoring this)

Might be some trace of the murder weapon in the bone. We should show that to Maddy.

CARTWRIGHT

Their health and wellness program is amazing-

Lily finally looks up.

LILY

Can we just focus on the dead body?

CARTWRIGHT

Look Fries, you should be excited for me. This is a new chapter in my life.

LILY

You're quitting homicide to sell cars.

CARTWRIGHT

Wrong. To RENT cars.

LILY

Either way, it sounds like a step down.

CARTWRIGHT

Do you have any idea how competitive the Frugal Rent-a-Car Junior Associate Training Program is? Only 40 trainees a quarter get in.

LILY

That seems like a lot for a company whose business model is based on urinal cake advertising.

They walk out into the living room.

CARTWRIGHT

It's not about prestige, it's about the challenge. These homicides are all the same. Like this guy--some loser who gets stabbed over what? Probably drugs

CARTWRIGHT (CONT.)

or money or sexting. Just another
meaningless stat.

The woman in the corner hears this and starts sobbing
louder. Cartwright glances at her, shrugs a slight apology.

LILY

Sorry you find justice so dull.

CARTWRIGHT

Police work is so cut and dried, no
surprises. Not at all like the car
rental business. Did you know the
service economy is the fastest growing
driver of GDP?

Maddy approaches them. Highly excited.

MADDY

Okay guys, this is weird. Guess what I
found under the victim's eyelids?

LILY

Eyeballs?

MADDY

No, insect eggs! From a rare aphid.
Antropoda Hemiptera. I flipped open
the eyelids and there they were.

CUT TO: EXTREME CLOSE UP OF MADDY PULLING APHID EGGS OUT OF
THE EYELIDS WITH TWEEZERS. TECHNO MUSIC. SHE IS DELIGHTED.

CARTWRIGHT

Gross.

MADDY

It's not just gross, this type of aphid
isn't indigenous to our region. As near
as I can tell, this body has been dead
for at least 48 hours.

As Maddy talks, we spot something through the sliding glass
doors in the backyard: Uniformed cops chasing down a MAN
COVERED IN BLOOD.

O'Brien is out there too, kind-of trotting after the guy.
Barely making an effort to catch him until the Bloody Man
finally gets tazed by the cops.

MADDY

(continuing—oblivious to the
commotion outside)
And listen, it gets even weirder. The
eggs—

Before she can finish, the cops drag the now subdued Bloody Man, handcuffed, into the apartment. O'Brien follows behind them, holding up the bloody knife.

O'BRIEN

We got him. He was hiding in the backyard. Total moron.

BLOODY MAN

I did it! I killed him! I stabbed him with my knife over drugs and money! You hear that Steve, you loser? I'm glad you're dead—I don't care who knows it.

O'BRIEN

And that's how you solve a murder.

(into cell phone)

Yes, I'd like to confirm my tee time for today. 1:00.

Cartwright looks with disappointment at Lily.

CARTWRIGHT

See what I mean?

MADDY

Yeah, but guys, what about the aphids? Guys?

But everyone is on their way out the door. It's a wrap.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

INT. STATION — MORNING

Filled with bland cubes. One old computer at a work station. CRT Monitor with green letters. Floppy disk drive. Straight out of late '80s.

Lily is busy with paperwork, typing on an old word processor. Sanchez kicks his feet up on the desk, daydreaming.

SANCHEZ

We should invent something. Like Facebook.

LILY

Facebook already exists Sanchez.

SANCHEZ

I said *like* Facebook.

Lily heads over to Cartwright, holding a 5" floppy disk.

LILY

You almost done Cartwright? I have to run some reports.

CARTWRIGHT

One sec. Man, this Frugal Rent-a-Car Junior Associate application is so confusing. See, they match you up with your team members based on 29 personal qualities ensuring maximum harmony.

(a beat)

Would you define me as spiritual?

SANCHEZ

You did cry during The DaVinci Code.

CARTWRIGHT

I didn't get that movie at all. I kept thinking that one guy was dead.

O'BRIEN

(looking up from a crossword puzzle)
You mean Jesus? He is dead.

LILY

O'Brien, did you fax our overtime requests for the last case yet?

O'BRIEN

Nope.

LILY

Those requests need to go out today or we don't get paid.

O'BRIEN

What am I, the bionic man? Besides, you're closer to the fax machine.

O'Brien gestures to a fax machine that is less than ten feet away.

Takes a big bite out of an Egg McMuffin sandwich.

LILY

Am I the only one here who cares about this job anymore? We've got 15 unsolved cases right now.

SANCHEZ

It's not all about solving cases, Lily.

CARTWRIGHT

Says the guy who's never solved a case.

Cartwright and O'Brien high-five.

SANCHEZ

Dan Marino never won a Super Bowl but he still gets to do the Isotoner glove commercials. Am I wrong?

The Chief enters. Coffee Mug proclaiming him the "World's Best Detective."

CHIEF

Morning team.

CARTWRIGHT

Hey, Chief.

CHIEF

Two really, really big announcements.

O'BRIEN

We're getting back our internet access?

CHIEF

Not exactly—

SANCHEZ

They're getting rid of the pay toilets?

CHIEF

No—just listen.

LILY

This is ridiculous. How can we be expected to work under these conditions?

CHIEF

Look, I know things have been tough around here since the old Chief got, you know...

LILY

Arrested for defrauding the city?

CHIEF

Yeah...

CARTWRIGHT

Like we're the only homicide department who lost all their funding because the police chief embezzled millions of dollars.

SANCHEZ

If you think about it, the only crime he committed was getting caught.

LILY

And embezzlement.

SANCHEZ

(misunderstanding)
Right. Imbalancement.

CHIEF

The good news is we have a big kick-ball game this week against Narcotics. A chance to get back in the play-off hunt. And, on a personal note, this will be the last time we get to play with Cartwright here who, I have to say, is one of the finest first basemen I've ever had the honor of-

He starts to break down. Chokes up.

LILY

Oh come on, really?

CHIEF

(straightens up and wipes his face)
Big week guys. Let's play like champions.

He starts to head off.

LILY

I thought you had two announcements.

CHIEF

Oh yeah. We've got a body at Hu's
Chinese restaurant.

SANCHEZ

(over-correcting)
You mean whom's Chinese restaurant.

CHIEF

What?

CARTWRIGHT

Hu's is the name of the restaurant.

SANCHEZ

(still not understanding)
Good question. Whose is the name of the
restaurant?

CHIEF

Anyways, it's a probable homicide.
Since Cartwright is on his way out,
Sanchez and Lily can take this one.

SANCHEZ

Nice. Let's bag 'em and tag 'em.

He holds his fist out for a fist bump. Lily ignores him. He
slowly retracts his arm.

EXT. HU'S CHINESE RESTAURANT — DAY

Sanchez and Lily pull up in a tan '90s Ford Taurus. Lily
turns to Sanchez.

LILY

Remember to just follow my lead.

SANCHEZ

I want you to know however this goes
down, I've got your back.

LILY

We're just interviewing witnesses, so
probably not an issue.

SANCHEZ

But if things take a turn, I'm ready.

Sanchez lifts back his coat to reveal an EMPTY GUN HOLSTER.

LILY

Uh-huh.

SANCHEZ
(searching for his gun)
Damn, not again. Check the usual
places—

INT. FRUGAL CAR RENTAL — DAY

CHAD, two years out of college, gives the training pitch to a group of mostly fresh out of college kids. And Cartwright.

CHAD
First day. I know the butterflies are probably fluttering. Lots of nerves. Am I right? LOL. It's cool. It's okay. We're family here.

CARTWRIGHT
At my last job I accidentally stepped on some guy's brain on my first day.

CHAD
Uh—

CARTWRIGHT
He had been sort of shot in the head. His brain was just oozing everywhere. Like old lasagna.

Groans from the rest of the trainees. Grossed out. Chad keeps to the script.

CHAD
You know what else is sort of cool? In my training group, we did this Tuesday movie nights thing. Anyone up for *Ocean's 11* tonight?

JAIMIE, a wide-eyed 20-something Amy Adams look alike with a mouth full of metal does a little jump.

JAIMIE
That is, like, literally my favorite movie.

CARTWRIGHT
Eh. George Clooney? I find him a little...cliché.

This is very disappointing to Chad. He sighs disapprovingly.

CHAD
To clarify, the movie nights are not optional. Okay? Good. Go team!

INT. HU'S - DAY

In the restaurant lobby. The OWNER rapidly speaks in Chinese in a worried tone. Her TRANSLATOR, early 20s, pretty, translates as best she can. Lily tries to communicate—losing patience.

LILY

No, we need to see the body. The dead person.

TRANSLATOR

She says don't worry about body. We keep body.

LILY

No, no, no. You can't keep body.

TRANSLATOR

It's fine.

LILY

Not fine. Not fine at all. Are you translating any of this?

TRANSLATOR

We're out of lobster for three weeks. It's very bad for business.

LILY

What?

Sanchez, meanwhile, takes notes.

SANCHEZ

Are we talking Maine Lobster or Baja California?

TRANSLATOR

Very expensive. Hard to make profit these days.

Sanchez looks notes the HEALTH INSPECTION LETTER GRADE in the corner. It's an F that has been crudely modified to become a B.

SANCHEZ

Huh.

TRANSLATOR

You don't worry about the body. We give you free appetizers for one month.

SANCHEZ

That is so nice. Lily, isn't that nice?

LILY
(into her two-way)
We're gonna need back-up.

TRANSLATOR
You know, anything can be food.

Lily and Sanchez look at each other, concerned.

INT. FRUGAL – DAY

Cartwright and the rest of the team are behind the counter.
Getting to know each other.

JAIMIE
That's so cool that you were a cop.

CARTWRIGHT
Detective.

TRAINING KID 1
What was it like?

CARTWRIGHT
You don't even know. You know that
movie *Training Day*?

Blank looks.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT.)
Well it's just like that. You should
see that movie. "You don't like working
homicide, get the BLEEP out of my car."

More blank looks.

JAIMIE
I like podcasts.

Chad comes over to Cartwright. Pulls him aside.

CHAD
Nice work Cartwright. I love how you're
taking a leadership role with these
guys. Showing initiative.

CARTWRIGHT
I'm really committed to the program.

CHAD
Speaking of committed, that Jaimie's
pretty cute, huh? Seems like you got
some good chemistry there.

CARTWRIGHT
Her?

Cartwright studies Jaimie on the opposite end of the office. She is smacking her gum, staring into space.

CHAD

(re: Jaimie)

You could do all kinds of bad with that.

INT. HU'S LOBBY - DAY

Lily, Sanchez, some uniformed cops, and the Owner. Waiting.

SANCHEZ

So this Parkour thing I keep hearing about—is it for real? Maybe we should get on that. Go viral.

LILY

Focus on the case Sanchez.

Sanchez nods. Trying to refocus.

SANCHEZ

I think the translator woman likes me.

The Translator comes in moments later, dragging A BLOATED BODY BY THE NECK.

TRANSLATOR

Here he is. Probably died of natural causes.

SANCHEZ

So what's your deal, do you work here on weekends or—

LILY

Could you be a little more careful with that body?

The translator drops the body. Steps back while the FORENSICS GUY comes in. He starts to prep the body for testing. Sanchez kneels beside him.

SANCHEZ

What do you got?

FORENSICS

How the hell should I know? I just got here.

SANCHEZ

Give me your best guess.

FORENSICS

Dude, I have no idea. He's pretty cold.
Maybe he froze to death?

LILY

I think they were storing him in the
meat locker. We should take him to the
lab.

Sanchez looks closely at the body. His face right up
against the dead man's.

SANCHEZ

I'll see you in lock-up, punk.

He gets up and turns to some of the uniformed police,
gesturing with his thumb.

SANCHEZ (CONT.)

Book him.

Sanchez flips on his shades, confidently winking at the
Translator.

Bumps into a large potted plant. He gets caught in the
leaves and branches and painfully drags it across the
floor, trying to not interrupt his suave exit.

The police look to Lily, confused. She waves them on, as in
IGNORE HIM.

INT. STATION, FORENSICS LAB - DAY

Maddy inspects the dead body under her forensics table.
Carefully making notes. Lily next to her.

MADDY

(very clinical)

The earliest stages of spondelosis
suggested par mortem post-stress trauma
with cerebral hemorrhaging along the
ostreo surface.

(suddenly less clinical)

And that's how they knew the homeless
guy wasn't the murderer on *Bones* last
night.

LILY

That's great. What about THIS body?

MADDY

This stiff? I don't have a clue. Did he
freeze to death? He's pretty cold.

LILY

They were storing him in a meat locker.

MADDY

Then, jeez, I'm stumped.

The Chief pops his head in. Stern.

CHIEF

Maddy, I need to see you in my office.
Now.

THE CHIEF'S OFFICE

Cluttered. Billy Beane poster on the wall. The Chief is tense. Maddy, nervous.

MADDY

What's going on?

CHIEF

Here. Take a look.

He hands Maddy a sheet of paper. Serious.

MADDY

What am I looking at?

CHIEF

Be honest with me, Maddy: Am I overvaluing the Arizona Cardinal's defense?

MADDY

Is this fantasy football? Because I don't follow American sports.

CHIEF

Just use your brain. Is it worth burning a fourth round pick on a team defense? Keep in mind it's a keeper league.

MADDY

I was in a fantasy cricket league once. Last week of the season, my chinaman bowler got the batsmen to nick it to the silly mid off fielder, and then hit SIX sixes in an over. It was insane!

CHIEF

I miss Cartwright.

Lily knocks on Cartwright's door.

LILY

Chief, Mayor Durden's on TV again.

CHIEF

Again? Oh boy.

The Chief flips on a flatscreen TV on his wall.

ON THE TV

The MAYOR at the podium in some kind of town hall meeting.

MAYOR DURDEN

No more inflated government budgets. No more fat salaries for government officials or police departments with flatscreen TVs and DVD players. I pledged to cut one billion dollars from local government, and that's exactly what I plan on doing—

BACK IN THE CHIEF'S OFFICE

The rest of the staff has gathered around the TV, watching.

LILY

A billion dollars? But the city's entire budget is only like ten million.

CHIEF

Did you hear what she said about the flatscreen TV? Was that a jab at me? Because that TV was here when I arrived.

INT. FRUGAL RENT-A-CAR BREAKROOM — DAY

Cartwright in the corner of the breakroom.

Jaimie and the rest of the trainies are playing a game of 5-finger filet: One person's hand forced to the table. Another stabs a plastic knife between the fingers, trying not to hit any of them.

Cartwright watches, deeply uncomfortable.

CARTWRIGHT

(to himself)

What the...

Chad pops in front of him, out of nowhere.

CHAD

I gotta take a full-size sedan up to corporate. Let's ride.

CARTWRIGHT

I was supposed to meet with HR to set up my direct deposit this afternoon.

Chad ignores this. Tosses him the keys.

CHAD

You drive.

INT. THE SEDAN – DAY

Cartwright drives. Chad in the passenger seat. Cruising down a row of rival car rental places.

CHAD

This business is a jungle. You want something, you gotta take it. These guys...you don't think they want our 12% market share?

CARTWRIGHT

Right.

CHAD

Trust me, there's a manager in every one of these places that would love it if I didn't make it out of bed tomorrow. Love it.

CARTWRIGHT

It's a tough business. I get it.

CHAD

(getting angrier)
Do you? Do you really?

They pull up to a stoplight. A schlubby Avis employee on the opposite corner taking out the trash.

Chad makes eye contact with him. Glares. Makes like his hand is a gun and BANG! Shoots him down. Imaginary gangster style. The Avis employee looks at Chad, bewildered.

CARTWRIGHT

Maybe not.

CHAD

King Kong 'aint got nothing on me!

CARTWRIGHT

So why are we taking this car to
corporate again?

Chad stares directly at Cartwright. Pulls out a screw
driver. He JAMS the screw driver into the face of the
stereo, shattering the plastic and exposing wires.
Cartwright white knuckles the wheel.

CHAD

Busted stereo.

INT. STATION — DAY

Commotion in the office. Cameras flash. Reporters swarm. At
the center of the swarm, Mayor Durden, holding court.

MAYOR DURDEN

Operation Pork Buster means holding
people accountable. No more wasting tax
payer dollars on frivolities. I'm here
to starve the beast of big government—

She grabs a three-hole punch from the desk. Replaces it
with a supposedly cheaper two-hole punch.

MAYOR DURDEN (CONT.)

Do we really need paper with three
holes? Time to live within our means.

She punches some buttons on thermostat.

MAYOR DURDEN (CONT.)

78 degrees? What is this, Club Med?

The Chief rushes in, glad-handing the Mayor.

CHIEF

Mayor Durden, you look absolutely
radiant.

MAYOR DURDEN

Save it, Chief. I'm not here to make
nice. I'm here to help cut a billion in
wasteful city spending—

CHIEF

(hushed voice)

I thought we agreed the Sanitation
Department was taking the brunt of
that—

MAYOR DUERDON

(grandstanding)

You see what we're dealing with? This is the same sense of entitlement that gave us a police chief on Forbes 100 Richest Americans list.

CHIEF

(counter-grandstanding)

That was the old chief and we both know he was only honorable mention. Besides, we have a new regime and let me tell you, we do not tolerate wasteful spending on my watch.

A DELIVERY MAN enters with a big box.

DELIVERY MAN

I've got a box of state-of-the-art, league regulation, lycra, polyurethane, gore-tex, stay-dry kickball jerseys for a (reading from a clipboard) Chief of Homicide? Could I get your John Hancock right here? I don't want to be on the hook for the thousands of dollars these babies cost if they get lost.

The Chief lamely holds up a hand.

CLICK. A photographer takes a picture of the Chief holding the INVOICE.

INT. STATION — DAY

People at their desks working. In the background, official looking government types confiscate boxes of kickball uniforms along with the Chief's flatscreen, some desk lamps, a couple boxes of beer, and a gaudy golden statue of the former police chief on a stallion.

Sanchez enters.

SANCHEZ

Guess who got a date with the translator?

LILY

The who?

SANCHEZ

The whom.

LILY

What the hell are you talking about?

SANCHEZ

The translator from Hu's. She's the woman whom I have a date with. We're dating now.

LILY

Oh my God, you realize how inappropriate that is?

SANCHEZ

Because of the race thing?

LILY

No, but for every other reason. Do you even know her name?

SANCHEZ

Look, we're dating, not engaged.

Maddy enters from the lab.

MADDY

Her name is Annabelle Lynne.

SANCHEZ

There you go. I know her name now. Looks like things are getting serious.

LILY

(to Maddy)

Why do you know her name?

MADDY

Because I'm pretty sure she's the murderer.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT TWO

INT. FORENSIC'S LAB – DAY

Maddy, Sanchez, and Lily peering over the dead body.

MADDYY

The evidence points to strangulation,
and the translator's fingerprints are
all over the place. She totally did it.

LILY

What's the evidence?

MADDY

There's bruising to the deep tissue
near the upper tracheal tube. She must
have applied enough pressure to cut-off
the airways until oxygen literally
could no longer reach the brain. This
wasn't just murder, she enjoyed it.

LILY

We saw her dragging the body across the
floor by the neck. Would that explain
the bruising you found?

MADDY

Well, yeah, I suppose. A little. But
still—

LILY

We need something more substantive to
bring her in for questioning.

SANCHEZ

I'm taking her to Red Lobster tonight.

LILY

You think you can get some info out of
her?

SANCHEZ

Oh yeah, don't worry, I'll get some
info out of her.

(considering this)

Oh you mean about the murder? I really
don't want to talk shop on the first
date.

MADDY

You can't date her, she could be a
murderer.

SANCHEZ

Anyone *could* be a murderer. But not her. I've looked into her soul.

INT. FULL SIZE SEDAN – DAY

Chad and Cartwright cruising. Cartwright nervous.

CHAD

My parents met at Frugal. I was born into the game. It's in my blood.

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah.

CHAD

"You can shoot me, but you can't kill me."

CARTWRIGHT

Uh, are we going to corporate soon?

CHAD

You and Jaimie. I see something there. The way she looks at you. It's good.

CARTWRIGHT

I'm not sure she's even 18 yet.

CHAD

Save the boy scout act. This is the real world.

CARTWRIGHT

I used to work homicides.

CHAD

That don't mean jack. You're private sector now baby. Pull over here.

Cartwright pulls over. Chad hops out of the car with a backpack and heads over to a small, shady apartment.

Cartwright takes out his phone. Dials. One eye on Chad, banging on the door of an apartment.

CARTWRIGHT

(into phone)
Lily, it's me.

LILY

(filtered)
Cartwright, God, do I miss you.

CARTWRIGHT
Really? You miss me—

LILY
Professionally. Sanchez is a total
nightmare to work with.

CARTWRIGHT
Do you know if they've filled my
position there yet?

LILY
I think they've got an intern coming in
on Tuesdays. Why?

CARTWRIGHT
I'm in trouble here Lily. I think I'm
in too deep.

Chad yells at someone in the door. Menacing. He grabs
something and heads to the car.

Hops in. Takes Cartwright's phone, hangs it up, and throws
it in the back seat.

CHAD
Drive. Don't look back.

INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE — DAY

The Chief sits at his desk. Miserable. Lily and Maddy
enter.

LILY
Chief, still no leads on the Hu's
murder.

CHIEF
What's the point in solving murders if
you can't play kickball? No uniforms,
no team.

MADDY
We do have one possible lead.

The Chief perks up.

CHIEF
Was it Budget T's? Because I left them
three messages already.

MADDY
Not for the shirts. For the murder.

CHIEF
(disappointed)
Oh.

MADDY

This translator fits the profile.

LILY

What profile? You're in forensics, not psychology.

MADDY

But I'm a good read of people. Remember when I predicted your boyfriend would cheat on you?

LILY

The one you had sex with at the holiday party?

MADDY

Exactly. I totally saw that coming.

CHIEF

Look guys, it's almost 3:30 and that rush hour traffic isn't getting any better. Let's face it, we gave this case the old college try but you can't solve them all—

LILY

Chief, I'm not leaving until we come up with a legitimate lead. There might be a murderer out there—that counts for more than a bit of traffic in my book.

Lily walks away.

CHIEF

Says the woman with the 15-minute commute.

INT. THE RENTAL CAR - DAY

Driving in silence.

CARTWRIGHT

Are we almost at corporate?

CHAD

We're not going to corporate.

CARTWRIGHT

We're not?

CHAD

Wake-up Cartwright, there is no corporate!

CARTWRIGHT

Okay. I don't understand.

CHAD

Actually, it's a pretty cool system—
totally decentralized. All the field
offices are empowered to make their own
decisions.

CARTWRIGHT

Like a franchise system?

CHAD

No! No, not like...it's not a franchise,
okay? It's totally different.

CARTWRIGHT

If there's no corporate, what are we
doing with this car?

CHAD

I need to know I can trust you. That's
what the car rental business is built
on. Blind loyalty.

CARTWRIGHT

I thought it was built on selling
inflated insurance premiums.

CHAD

It's a little of both.

INT. RED LOBSTER - NIGHT

Sanchez opposite the translator, who is apparently named
Annabelle. Half empty bottle of wine, which Sanchez offers
to her.

SANCHEZ

Wine?

ANNABELLE

I don't drink wine. Wine is bad luck.

SANCHEZ

Man, I love that about you. You're
principled. You believe in things.

A WAITER walks by, accidentally knocking into Annabelle's
arm.

ANNABELLE

You got a problem?

WAITER

Huh?

She reaches out and grabs him by the wrist. Pulls a fork off the table.

ANNABELLE

Just give me a reason...

WAITER

Whoa, lady, I apologize.

She releases him. Demurs to Sanchez.

ANNABELLE

Sorry, I have a bit of a hot temper.

SANCHEZ

That doesn't prove anything.

INT. INITIATIVE OFFICE – NIGHT

Cartwright back at the office. Behind the desk with Jaimie.

JAIMIE

That is cool that you got to hang out with Chad all day. He's so sweet.

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah he's a real stand-up guy.

They look to the other side of the office where Chad counts bills from the register. For every \$100 he counts into the till, \$20 goes into his pocket.

Chad stares at Cartwright as he works. Ice cold. Unblinking.

JAIMIE

I don't know why we ever broke up.

CARTWRIGHT

Wait, you used to date?

Before Jaimie answers, Lily walks in.

LILY

Hey. Am I interrupting your car renting?

CARTWRIGHT

Lily, no, thank God you're here. This place is—

He looks at Jaimie, waiting for her to leave before continuing. Jaimie looks Lily up and down, then walks away.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT.)

This place is crazy. Everyone is nuts.

LILY

What's crazy is the Hu Restaurant murder. I need your thoughts on this one. We've got a dead body, indications of foul play, but no suspect. Maddy thinks strangulation but there's no hard evidence. There's this translator who is a little suspicious—

Cartwright barely listens, looking at Chad and Jaimie in a heated conversation.

CARTWRIGHT

Yeah, the translator did it.

LILY

She did? How do you know?

CARTWRIGHT

The simplest solution is always right. Occam's Razor.

LILY

But—

CARTWRIGHT

Look, here's the thing, they have this fridge here in the breakroom. There is like, 15 lbs of bologna in it. 15 lbs!

LILY

So what?

CARTWRIGHT

So that's a lot of bologna. I understand buying in bulk but—

Cartwright notices Chad and Jaime staring at him from across the office. Chad makes a slash gesture across his neck. Mouths: End it.

CARTWRIGHT (CONT.)

Uh, I should probably get back to work.

EXT. RED LOBSTER PARKING LOT — NIGHT

Sanchez walks Annabelle to her car.

SANCHEZ

Wow, what a great night, huh?

ANNABELLE

Hmm.

SANCHEZ

You know, working homicide sometimes you feel married to the job. Logging in those 30-, 35-hour weeks. Dealing with the scum of the earth. But at the end of the day, the thing people don't get is—I'm just a man. I'm human.

ANNABELLE

It's cold out.

SANCHEZ

It's crazy to say this but, I think I'm falling in love with you.

Sanchez leans in and kisses her. Awkward. Annabelle doesn't react one way or the other. Indifferent.

SANCHEZ (CONT.)

See, I knew it. No murderer kisses like that.

ANNABELLE

Murderer?

SANCHEZ

Oh, you're a suspect in an ongoing murder investigation. But that's just because your fingerprints were all over the dead body. Anyways, we should do this again.

ANNABELE

I need to go now.

She gets into her car, hurried. Clutching her purse. Sanchez turns, walks away.

SANCHEZ

Sweet girl.

The car peels out behind him.

INT. STATION — MORNING

A new day. The Chief, Chan, Maddy, Sanchez and Lily sitting around a 13" TV with Betamax VCR. Watching staticky kickball film.

CHIEF

Maybe it's better we have to forfeit. Narcotics is stacked.

ON THE TV

Bulked up Narcotic muscle heads rounding the bases. They seem roided out of their minds. Headed straight for the camera menacingly.

NARCOTICS GUY

Bad boys, bad boys! Whatcha gonna do
when Narcotics runs wild on you!

A Narcotics BASEMAN obliterates the catcher coming home.

BACK TO THE STATION

Where everyone reacts to this.

MADDY

They're cute. Why don't cute guys like
this every ask me out? Is it because I
smell like ether?

SANCHEZ

It's your boobs. They're good sized,
but you don't showcase them.
(off Maddy's look)
What? You asked.

LILY

Are we almost done with this?

SANCHEZ

Just three tapes to go—

CHIEF

(re: the tape)
We'd have to play small ball to win. No
question about it.

Sanchez, goes to grab another tape. Spots one labeled HU'S
SURVEILLANCE TAPE.

SANCHEZ

What's this Hu's surveillance tape
doing in our game footage pile? I told
everyone: DO NOT MESS WITH THE GAME
FOOTAGE.

LILY

Surveillance tape?

Lily grabs it from Sanchez.

O'BRIEN

Oh yeah, that came in yesterday.

LILY

What? When?

O'BRIEN

In the morning. I was on the phone with my real estate agent. Do you know how cheap Maldives timeshares are right now?

LILY

Why didn't you tell anybody? This has footage that could show the murder—it's incredibly valuable to our investigation.

O'BRIEN

I see your point. I don't know, I guess hindsight is 20/20.

INT. FRUGAL — DAY

A new day. The whole gang gathered around the water cooler. Cartwright enters and they all look at him.

CHAD

Missed you at movie night.

CARTWRIGHT

Sorry. I got caught up in the *Shield* marathon. Mackey is such a bad ass.

CHAD

Uh-huh. Cartwright, can you talk with Jaimie and me? Privately?

INSIDE A SMALL STORAGE ROOM

Stacked with Frugal Rent-a-car brochures and office supplies. Barely enough room for three people.

CARTWRIGHT

What's up?

CHAD

Why don't you tell us about your friend?

CARTWRIGHT

My friend?

CHAD

Your lady friend. From yesterday.

CARTWRIGHT

Lily? She's just my old partner.

CHAD

Not anymore. Jaimie is your partner now.

CARTWRIGHT

The thing is—

CHAD

This is how we roll here. You wanna keep the empire alive, you gotta repopulate the hive.

CARTWRIGHT

I should probably be renting cars...

Chad puts his hand against the door, blocking Cartwright's path out.

CHAD

Make out with her. Right now. In front of me.

CARTWRIGHT

I don't think—

JAIMIE

Chad, it's okay if he doesn't—

CHAD

Do it. Be a man.

JAIMIE

But Chad, I still have feelings for you.

CHAD

Wait, you do? Why didn't you—

She runs her hand through Chad's hair.

JAIMIE

I wanted to do what's best for the company.

CHAD

That is so hot.

CARTWRIGHT

You know, I think I might just go ahead and give my two-weeks notice now.

Chad rips off his shirt. Reveals a body full of scars. An AK-47 tattooed across his stomach with the Frugal logo.

CHAD

There's only one way out of the car rental business—

CARTWRIGHT

What's that?

Chad tears off Cartwright's name tag.

CHAD

You gotta turn in your security badge.
Talk to Marcy at the front desk.

Cartwright starts to leave. Jaimie and Chad embrace.

CHAD (CONT.)

Kill the light on your way out.

INT. STATION - DAY

Frenetic motion. Cops rushing in and out. Lily and the Chief on the phone. Sanchez, O'Brien, and Maddy watching the TV.

O'BRIEN

(regarding the TV)

I guess Maddy was right after all.

ON THE TV

The Translator in the back of the restaurant, pulverizing her victim over the head with a rolling pin. The Victim collapses under the blows.

BACK IN THE STATION

O'Brien picks up the remote and rewinds the tape, watching it over and over again. Eating a breakfast burrito.

MADDY

Don't thank me for solving this, thank the scientific method.

CHIEF

You didn't solve it. You said the cause of death was strangulation.

MADDY

I had assumed the massive fracture on the victim's skull was unrelated to his death. That was apparently not true.

Sanchez examines the tape closely. Watching the Translator beat the shit out of the victim.

SANCHEZ

She assaulted him, yes, but what did he do to deserve being assaulted by a beautiful and otherwise innocent woman? That's the burning question.

Lily hangs up the phone and walks back.

CHIEF

Any word?

LILY

Nope. She's cleared out. Place is empty. No sign of her.

CHIEF

Damn. Someone must have tipped her off.

SANCHEZ

Or maybe she's trying to clear her name by finding the real killer?

LILY

Did you say something to her?

SANCHEZ

No! Maybe she read my body language.

LILY

This is why we don't date suspects.

SANCHEZ

Okay, I get it. I see what this is about. Yes, Lily, I'll take you to the Red Lobster sometime if you want.

CHIEF

Let's chalk this up as a valuable learning experience and call it a day.

CARTWRIGHT

Not so fast—

Cartwright enters, a cardboard box in hand.

CHIEF

Cartwright, how's the car rental biz?

CARTWRIGHT

I wouldn't know. I'm a homicide detective.

SANCHEZ

That's my boy! Welcome back!

CARTWRIGHT

I realized that while the car rental business might be glamorous, my heart is in bureaucratic detective work. So why don't we close that Chinese Restaurant case together? As a team?

LILY

We just did a few minutes ago. The translator did it.

CARTWRIGHT

Oh. Well...can I have my gun back?

CHIEF

Jeez Cartwright, you already quit. I submitted the paperwork and everything. You know what a pain it is to fill out an overwrite report.

LILY

Plus I met the new intern. Bobby. He's really nice.

CARTWRIGHT

Fries, whose side are you on here?

LILY

It's not about sides—

O'BRIEN

He is a cool kid. Smart.

CARTWRIGHT

Look, this is crazy. I made an impulse decision and—okay, what if I told you I can prevent our kickball team from forfeiting tonight?

CHIEF

I'm listening...

CARTWRIGHT

We need uniforms right? Check it out.

Cartwright opens the box he's carrying. Takes out a handful of bright, colorful, and sporty Frugal Rental jerseys.

LILY

Frugal?

CARTWRIGHT

Consider them our corporate sponsor.

The Chief picks up the shirt. Feels the material between thumb and forefinger.

CHIEF

Cotton?

CARTWRIGHT

50% polyester-cotton blend.

CHIEF

Looks like someone just jumped back
into the playoff hunt.

Cartwright shakes the Chief's hand. The gang welcomes him
into the fold and we...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF ACT TWO

TAG

INT. BAR — NIGHT

The whole gang at the bar. Looking worse for wear. O'Brien ices both knees with two bottles from a bucket of beer.

O'BRIEN

They were animals. Complete animals.

LILY

I thought we played honorably, given how superior physically the men on their team were to ours.

CARTWRIGHT

What a coincidence: narcotics busts a High School HGH ring and suddenly they're kicking for the cycle.

CHIEF

They got us out of our game plan. That was the problem.

CARTWRIGHT

Back-to-back-to-back-to-back lead-off homeruns will do that.

MADDY

The more I think about it, it's possible that the victim was beaten and later strangled. We never finished watching that security tape.

SANCHEZ

If they do ever find her and she goes to jail, for a crime she may not have committed, do I wait for her?

CHIEF

That's how I met my wife. Though in her case she was definitely guilty.

Cartwright sits next to Lily.

CARTWRIGHT

Glad to have me back?

LILY

I'm happy to be working with someone who is not a complete moron, yes.

CARTWRIGHT

Come on. It's more than that.

LILY

If you're implying there is some sexual chemistry between us, you are way off base. I mean just the thought of that...I can't even imagine—

CARTWRIGHT

Okay, Jesus, point taken. I'll buy you a drink anyway.

LILY

You know we can't expense drinks anymore, right?

CARTWRIGHT

We can't. Frugal can.

He pulls out his Frugal corporate credit card. Sanchez sees this and comes over.

SANCHEZ

Yes! This is what it's all about: solving murders, misappropriating funds.

LILY

You haven't solved a murder yet.

Cartwright and O'Brien high-five at this. The Chief comes over, comforts Sanchez.

CHIEF

It's okay Sanchez, one out of two 'aint bad.

And they all join in, crowding around the bar, ready for some unethically free drinks.

CUE FLASH CUT SLIDES OF:

- A bulked up Narcotics meathead plowing over O'Brien at the plate.
- A Narcotic guy making out with a hot Narcotics girl at first base while Sanchez watches, forlorn.
- Cartwright missing a high bouncer from a Roger Clemens looking intense Narcotics dude. The Chief reacts in agony.
- The Homicide crew enjoying some Chinese takeout from Hu's in the dugout, while Narcotics dog piles and roars at home plate in celebration of their win.

FADE TO BLACK