

UNTITLED FEMALE BUDDY COP MOVIE

Written by

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EXT. SUBURB OUTSIDE CHICAGO - DAY

A white van sits idle on a quiet suburban street. Suddenly the back door busts open and several AGENTS run toward a house. Agent SARAH ASHBURN leads the pack in her FBI jacket, holding a 12-gauge shotgun. She's in her 30s, smart-looking, pretty, confident. Maybe too confident.

At the front door, Ashburn swiftly gives hand signals to AGENT SANDERS next to her. He heads right. She GRABS his shoulder and pulls him back.

AGENT ASHBURN

This--

(she does signal again)

-- means go left. Read the manual
sometime.

He rolls his eyes and goes left. She turns to the OTHER AGENTS next to her.

AGENT ASHBURN (CONT'D)

(quietly)

On three.

She signals-- one... two... three. She KICKS the front door open. They charge inside...

INT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

They find three ITALIAN-AMERICAN MEN playing SCRABBLE.

AGENT ASHBURN

On the ground! Now!

They climb onto the floor as agents begin searching.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - 15 MINUTES LATER

Having secured the house, Ashburn steps outside for some air while agents continue the search inside. She sees her reflection in an SUV window. Her hair is a sweaty mess. She makes sure no one's looking and then quickly starts to fix her hair in the window, licking her fingers and matting down flyaways.

Suddenly, the window rolls down revealing an AGENT on the other side.

AGENT

Agent Ashburn?

Ashburn tries to muster up authority.

ASHBURN

Yes. What. What is it?

AGENT

I'm on the line with McBree- you want both vehicles towed?

ASHBURN

Yes. Of course. And... hurry it up. Don't have all day.

She walks back inside.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ashburn scans the living room. Agent Sanders approaches.

AGENT SANDERS

They're still finishing upstairs but looks like the place is clean. Guess your theory had some holes.

A few agents smile smugly to each other, Ashburn catches this. She looks over at the scrabble board. The letters are sloppily placed with a few nonsense words like "STLAEILIC".

ASHBURN

You think it's clean, huh?

NEARBY AGENT (O.C.)

(quietly annoyed)
Oh, here we go.

ASHBURN

(to the Italians)
You guys play a lot of scrabble?

The Italians nod.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

You know stlaoeilic isn't a real word. You just let that one through? Or maybe you just threw some letters down in a hurry.

They stare.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Guys, you should've pretended to be doing something believable. Like hiding cocaine.

Ashburn KICKS the table over, revealing a door in the floor. She opens it and finds bricks of cocaine. She smiles.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
By the way, you could've used
"oscillate".

Ashburn walks out.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Ashburn walks proudly past the other agents and hops in the passenger seat of the BLACK SUV. She looks awesome.

INT. BLACK SUV

Ashburn slams the door shut dramatically.

ASHBURN
(smacks dashboard)
Let's go.

Ashburn looks - there's no one in the driver's seat.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
(to herself)
Damn.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE

The agents look at the SUV as Ashburn waits in the passenger seat proudly staring straight ahead.

INT. CHINESE RESTAURANT - LATER

Ashburn enters a loud, crowded restaurant. She approaches a CHINESE HOSTESS and hands her a credit card.

ASHBURN
Hi, I'm picking up. It's under
Ashburn.

LOUD LAUGHTER from the center of the dining room. Ashburn looks over and sees her FELLOW AGENTS eating together. They're having a great time and she clearly wasn't invited.

Ashburn accidentally makes eye contact with Agent Sanders who mouths the words, "Oh shit". Two of the agents avoid eye contact by pretending to read the menu again.

One agent points out an outlet on the wall to another agent who feigns interest in it.

She pretends not to see and takes her food from the hostess.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Thank you.

(louder)

Gotta meet some friends!

The hostess looks startled.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

(quietly)

Sorry.

Ashburn heads out.

INT. ASHBURN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ashburn enters a clean apartment and throws her keys on the counter. Moving boxes are everywhere, it's not really a home, more of a temporary situation.

INT. ASHBURN'S APARTMENT - LATER

Ashburn works at her computer. She pets a big ORANGE CAT on her lap and feeds him a piece of her food. From outside, a neighbor's screen door opens.

NEIGHBOR (O.S.)

Pumpkin! Here kitty!

Ashburn immediately picks up PUMPKIN, tiptoes to her back door and quietly lets the cat out.

Her phone rings.

ASHBURN

(answering)

Ashburn. Hello, sir. Well, thank you very much. Absolutely, I was planning on taking the first flight back in the morning. See you then.

She hangs up and smiles.

EXT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - 935 PENNSYLVANIA AVE - D.C

Ashburn walks into the J. Edgar Hoover building, hair down, looking polished.

INT. FBI HEADQUARTERS - 3RD FLOOR

A beautiful, wood-paneled office. The head of the Criminal Investigation Division, JAMES HALE, talks on the phone. Ashburn sits and gazes at his wall filled with prestigious framed medals and photos of Hale with key figures including President Obama.

HALE

(on phone)

Uh huh. Then what's the problem?
Well just burn them all to death
and let them see where their God is
then.

Ashburn looks horrified. He slams the phone down.

HALE (CONT'D)

Termites in the new house. Been a
nightmare.

(then)

Anyway, I'm sure you've heard I'm
moving to Assistant Director in a
few weeks.

ASHBURN

I have heard and may I say that is
well-deserved.

HALE

And as everyone knows, I'm looking
for my replacement. I know
everyone knows because every god
damn agent keeps smiling at me.

Ashburn looks at Hale with the most serious face possible.

HALE (CONT'D)

(looking at her file)

Now you've had one hell of a career
here.

(chuckles)

Caught the Red Falls killer on your
ninth day, that's unbelievable.
Just a regular Clarice Starling.

ASHBURN

Oh, I don't know about that. It is
interesting how many people say
that though.

HALE

Look, I won't beat around the bush.
You're being considered.

(MORE)

HALE (CONT'D)

But there's a feeling you're not a team player.

ASHBURN

What? Well whoever said that is wrong and incompetent.

HALE

Come on, Ashburn. It's no secret none of the other agents like you.

This stings.

ASHBURN

I wasn't aware of that.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

I truly find that hard to believe.
(reading her file)
I have countless comments here of arrogance, competitiveness, showmanship. One review here mentions that you one-upped a drug sniffing dog.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

He completely missed the crawl space! I'm trying to find twenty kilos of cocaine while that clown's looking for snacks.

Hale sighs.

HALE

Look. You're good. We obviously both know that. And you get results, how can I complain when you always get results?

He taps his fingers on the desk and thinks.

HALE (CONT'D)

Tell me what you know about him.

Hale slides a surveillance photo across the desk. It's a Russian man in his late 50s with creepy calm eyes.

ASHBURN

Viktor Sokolovskii? Also known as the Russian Butcher, came to the US in 02', started drug rings in Chicago, New York, Miami, last seen in 2009 after...

HALE

After the most embarrassing raid in F.B.I. history. God damn guy knew about our wiretap the entire time. Fucking humiliating. He's been a symbol of our failure for the past ten years. Witnesses missing, informants chopped into pieces.

He slides her GRUESOME PHOTOS of dismembered bodies. Ashburn tries not to wince.

HALE (CONT'D)

Then he just jaunts on back over to Russia and we can't do shit. Guy stays so hidden, he's like a ghost. But here's the good news.

He taps on the Sokolovskii photo.

HALE (CONT'D)

This picture was taken in New York six days ago.

Ashburn perks up.

ASHBURN

Who's on this? Is his ID confirmed?

HALE

That's what I'm assigning you to find out. Something's going on. Six dealers in Brooklyn turned up dead last week. Go see if it's his work.

ASHBURN

Sir, I will have Sokolovskii in a maximum security prison by the end of the day.

HALE

Alright, just take it down a notch.

(leans in)

Listen, if it's him then something big is happening. Get ahead of it. He's here and then he's gone, I don't think I have to tell you that. And I don't want to be embarrassed again. Good luck, Ashburn. Consider this a final exam for the job.

Ashburn smiles and thinks about her future. Then realizes she's looking at the photo of a GRUESOMELY BUTCHERED MAN and quickly stops smiling.

EXT. BROOKLYN - EAST FLATBUSH - REGENT PLACE - DAY

A ghetto street. A middle-aged MAN pulls his Lexus up to a 22-year-old PROSTITUTE.

PROSTITUTE
(approaching Lexus)
Hey baby, how's it going?

Down the street... Detective ERIN MULLINS (30s) watches this from her old beat-up car. She sighs and shakes her head.

DETECTIVE MULLINS
(under her breath)
Son of a bitch.

From the PDA...

POLICE DISPATCHER
Hey Mullins. Captain wants to know when you're coming in.

DETECTIVE MULLINS
(into radio)
I don't know, tell him sometime between now and whenever the fuck I want.

In the background, we hear the faint voice of the captain.

POLICE DISPATCHER
Captain says what's the point.

More faint voice. Static.

POLICE DISPATCHER (CONT'D)
He didn't want me to say that.
(static)
Or that. Over.

EXT. EAST FLATBUSH - REGENT PLACE - MOMENTS LATER

The John hands the prostitute a hundred dollars.

THE JOHN
Now look, I want to be romanced--

Mullins appears in the window.

MULLINS

How's it going in here?

He looks at her outfit- army jacket, fingerless gloves, black converse.

THE JOHN

Oh, I don't want any drugs. Thank you though.

She holds up her police badge.

THE JOHN (CONT'D)

Shit. Hey, good thing I said no, right?

He laughs nervously.

MULLINS

What a funny mix-up. Let me see some ID.

He pulls out his WALLET, she grabs it. She rummages through it and pulls out a FAMILY PHOTO.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

This your wife?

THE JOHN

Yeah.

("explaining")

But we haven't been hitting it off lately.

She lets out a depressed sigh and puts her forehead against the car.

MULLINS

Truly awful.

She continues to rest her head in silence.

THE JOHN

Um... are you... ok?

MULLINS

(lifting head)

Step out of the car.

THE JOHN

Wait, look, I was just giving her a ride home.

DETECTIVE MULLINS
Oh yeah? Just helping out? You
gonna give him a ride too?

She points to a HOMELESS MAN sprawled out on the street face
down.

THE JOHN
Uh, sure.

DETECTIVE MULLINS
I mean, everyone's giving rides
now, how about I give you a ride?
To the fucking police station! Get
out of the car.

Mullins pulls him out of the car.

THE JOHN
Ow! Jesus!

EXT. EAST FLATBUSH - E 21 ST & REGENT PLACE - LATER

Around the corner, local pimp and dealer, TERRELL ROJAS,
smokes and sits on a lawn chair. Mullins pulls up with The
John in the backseat.

MULLINS
(yelling out her window)
Hi, Rojas! Did I take some
business? Sorry about that.

ROJAS
Hey, I told you! I don't know
those girls! I just chill out on
this corner.

MULLINS
So you decided to sit where all
these prostitutes work?
Interesting choice of resting spot.

ROJAS
Prostitutes? I thought those two
were on a date. Looked to me like
love was happening.

MULLINS
You are a god damn liar and one day
I'm going to take you down like the
piece of shit that you are!

ROJAS

I don't know why you so obsessed with me. What you need is a vacation. Get down to Sandals or some shit. Get your groove back, girl.

He takes a drag. Mullins looks closer.

MULLINS

What is that?

He looks. They both realize it's a JOINT.

ROJAS

Oh shit.

He throws down the joint and takes off running down a narrow alley. Mullins hops out of her car and chases after him.

Rojas runs onto a busier street, Mullins gaining on him. She knocks PEDESTRIANS out of her way. They pass a BUSINESSMAN.

BUSINESSMAN

Hey that homeless woman is chasing that man!

He turns a corner. Mullins sees him climbing a fire escape. She grabs the bottom of the ladder, climbs after him. They get halfway up and she pulls his foot hard, causing them both to crash down on the street.

Rojas gets up and limps off, Mullins limps after him. It's now the slowest chase ever. People almost walk along side of them.

She passes a UPS WORKER holding a small package. She grabs it and throws it at Rojas. He stumbles. She tackles him. She searches him and finds a small ziploc baggie of cocaine.

MULLINS

Whoa! It's not even a Saturday!

ROJAS

That's not mine!

MULLINS

It's not? Oh, then go on ahead.

He starts to climb away, she pulls him back.

MULLINS (CONT'D)
(handcuffing him)
Ah, I was just joking. You're
going to jail.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - NEW YORK CITY

Ashburn pushes through the double doors. She sees the back of a FEMALE DOCTOR IN A LAB COAT and a POLICE OFFICER standing over a body on a slab, chopped into pieces.

ASHBURN
Well, this was certainly a message.
Hopefully the neighborhood isn't
too frightened. I wouldn't want
anyone to...
(pleased with herself)
Go to pieces.

She smiles to the doctor then quickly realizes it's no doctor but the victim's wife wearing a white coat.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Wait, you--
(realizing)
Are you family? Oh god, you're
family. I'm so sorry. I'm really
sorry.

The officer escorts the distraught woman out of the room.

INT. CORONER'S OFFICE - LATER

Ashburn pushes out of the double doors and throws a pair of rubber gloves in the trash. She pulls out her phone and dials.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - MANHATTAN - 57TH FLOOR

An awkward analyst in his 40s sits in a cubicle. This is MICHAEL LEVY. His phone rings, he answers.

LEVY
This is Levy.

We intercut between Levy and Ashburn walking out of the coroner's office.

ASHBURN

I need a list of every dealer in an eight mile radius of where the bodies in the east river were found.

LEVY

Oh. Ok.

ASHBURN

Highlight the guys in Brooklyn then send it to this number.

LEVY

(looking at screen)

Actually a dealer was just brought into the 70th precinct. Terrell Rojas.

ASHBURN

Perfect. Get me the address and everything on him.

She hangs up. Levy sits quietly.

LEVY

(to himself)

I don't know who that was.

EXT. BROOKLYN

Mullins drives, eating out of a fast-food bag. She sees a parking spot near the precinct. She pulls up to parallel park but another car SWOOPS in.

MULLINS

(mouth full)

What the fuck?

Ashburn gets out of the parked car. She walks past Mullins.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

I was parking there!

Ashburn just smiles, flashes her badge like "you understand", and keeps walking.

INT. BROOKLYN - 70TH PRECINCT

A busy police station. Pretty grimy. Ashburn enters confidently. People take notice- she looks important. She sees an OFFICER.

ASHBURN

Where can I find Captain Woods?

The officer points to CAPTAIN WOODS, mid-50s, grey hair, stress lines, currently pouring coffee and rubbing his temples.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Captain Woods?

CAPTAIN WOODS

I can't deal with this right now.

ASHBURN

I haven't said anything.

CAPTAIN WOODS

I didn't mean to say that out loud.
How can I help you?

ASHBURN

I'm Sarah Ashburn, I'm with the
FBI. We got intel you recently
brought in a dealer, Terrell Rojas.
I need to speak with him.

CAPTAIN WOODS

Yeah, he's right there.

He points to Rojas in a holding cell.

CAPTAIN WOODS (CONT'D)

But Detective Mullins brought him
in and she isn't back from lunch
yet.

ASHBURN

That's fine, she won't be
necessary.

CAPTAIN WOODS

Well, we're not really allowed to
go near her prisoners.

ASHBURN

Allowed? You are the captain,
right?

CAPTAIN WOODS

Yes, of course I am. But she gets
mad.

ASHBURN

Frankly, it doesn't matter. I have jurisdiction and every second we stand here is interfering with a federal investigation. So open his cell and be so kind as to show me to an interrogation room.

Captain sighs and motions for an OFFICER to open up Rojas holding cell.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Ashburn sits at the table and pulls out some files.

ASHBURN

(reading his file)

Terrell Rojas. Local pimp.
Extortionist. Small-time drug
dealer.

ROJAS

I had a joint and a little bag of
coke. Since when is that illegal?

ASHBURN

Always. The answer to your
question is always.

ROJAS

Fine but I ain't no dealer.

ASHBURN

Then what's happening in this
picture?

Ashburn drops a surveillance photo on the table of Rojas handing a bag of COCAINE and taking CASH from ANOTHER MAN.

ROJAS

That man dropped his bag of sugar
and I returned it to him. He in
turn gave me a reward.

ASHBURN

I hope a judge buys that. Because
what we're talking about is
criminal sale of a controlled
substance in the first degree.
That's up to twenty-five years in
prison along with fines.

ROJAS

Twenty-five years?! Who cares about fines?! I want a lawyer.

Rojas rubs his face.

ASHBURN

You can get a lawyer but just so you know, I'm not interested in throwing you in jail.

ROJAS

What then?

ASHBURN

Well, did you know that six dealers in the area are dead? Usually when that happens, that means someone has taken over. But I think you know that. I think these guys paid you a visit and I think you're working for them. And I want you to tell me about them. They never have to know we talked.

ROJAS

Yeah, right. There's no way I'm ending up chopped into motherfucking pieces.

ASHBURN

I could protect you. You'd be my personal informant. I help you, you help me.

Rojas sighs.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Let's start here- where are they from?

ROJAS

I don't know, they're some crazy ass Russian dudes.

Ashburn nods. She pulls out her notebook and pen.

ROJAS (CONT'D)

I met a few of their guys once, but I get my shit from a girl, Tatiana, some bitch over on Newkirk Avenue. I don't know, I go to this bitch's house every other sunday, she hooks me up.

Ashburn strains to nod supportively.

ROJAS (CONT'D)
 She's Russian, got brown hair,
 brown eyes, I don't know how tall
 the bitch is though.

ASHBURN
 And this young woman's name is
 Tatiana?

ROJAS
 Yeah, yeah, yeah, that bitch.

Ashburn shakes her head and keeps writing.

INT. BROOKLYN - 70TH PRECINCT

Mullins walks in and sees the empty holding cell. She looks
 around at the other OFFICERS in the station.

MULLINS
 (to the room)
 Why is this empty? What did I say
 about going near my prisoners?

Ashburn walks out of the interrogation room as the captain
 approaches Mullins.

CAPTAIN WOODS
 (points to Ashburn)
 Actually she needed to talk to him,
 she's with the FBI.

Mullins recognizes her.

MULLINS
 Of course she is.

ASHBURN
 Excuse me?

CAPTAIN
 She just needed to ask him a few
 questions. I tried to stop her.

Mullins looks at him. He's trying.

MULLINS
 Alright, that's fine. But no more.

ASHBURN

No, actually, there will be more.
I'm making a deal with Rojas.

MULLINS

What are you talking about? What deal?

ASHBURN

I'm talking about immunity. He's no longer your problem.

A recently hired MALE OFFICER stands at the COFFEE MACHINE nearby. He reaches over and pokes Mullins arm.

MALE OFFICER

Hey, we're out of coffee.

He turns his back to her and casually butters his bagel. Mullins stares at him.

MULLINS

What the hell are you telling me for?

MALE OFFICER

So you can quit the gossip hour and refill it.

Nervous murmurs. Officers discreetly walk away from him.

MULLINS

What the fuck?

OTHER OFFICER (O.S.)

He's new!

Ashburn notices Captain Woods is already halfway to his office.

MULLINS

(moving toward him)

Hey. I don't make your fucking coffee.

MALE OFFICER

Alright, take it easy, sweetheart. I didn't realize it was that time of month.

He turns and laughs to his buddies but they're all gone. He looks around confused.

Suddenly, Mullins KICKS him in the chest knocking him into the coffee machine and several shelves that all come crashing to the ground. She jumps on him and squeezes his mouth.

MULLINS

Talk to me that way again!

She brings her elbow down on his chest.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Talk to me that way again,
motherfucker!

She brings her elbow down again.

OTHER OFFICER (O.S.)

Just take it! She's showing mercy!

CAPTAIN WOODS

(yelling from his office)
Someone break this up!

Five officers manage to pull her off him, with one of her limbs still trying to kick at him as they pull her away. Ashburn watches this in shock.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - LATER

Mullins stands at the captain's desk. The captain and Ashburn are seated.

CAPTAIN

I've talked to their guy in charge,
I've talked to the commissioner,
there's nothing I can do.

Mullins looks around his office.

CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

Come on, Mullins.

ASHBURN

What is she doing?

CAPTAIN

(sighs)
She's looking for my balls.

MULLINS

Hmmmm, it's like they never existed
at all!

Ashburn gets up.

ASHBURN

Well, thank you, I better get going.

MULLINS

Oh you're all done ruining other people's busts for the day? Closing up shop?

ASHBURN

Come on, you only had him on possession. How long were you hoping to keep him on that?

MULLINS

Any amount of time that keeps him from going right back out there and selling coke and forcing those girls to sell themselves. Who's so important that you're after? Bin Laden?

ASHBURN

You do know Bin Laden is no longer...

(never mind)

Look, my case is highly classified and you just don't have the clearance-

Mullins SNATCHES Ashburn's folder from her hand and opens it, revealing the Sokolovskii photo and his file.

MULLINS

Who's Viktor Sokolovskii?

ASHBURN

Oh my god!

Ashburn snatches it back.

MULLINS

(back to Captain)

You need to do something for once.

ASHBURN

(shuffling her file)

I can't believe you did that.

CAPTAIN

(to Mullins)

They've got jurisdiction. What do you want me to do?

MULLINS

I want you to not be so god damn disappointing like everyone else.

Mullins heads toward the door and storms out.

CAPTAIN

Sorry about that. She has a real thing with dealers.

(rubbing his temples)

This job is destroying me. Do you know how old I am?

ASHBURN

I don't know... sixty-two?

CAPTAIN

I am forty-three years old.

ASHBURN

Oh. Wow.

(then)

Well, look, this is a real problem. I can't have her running around talking about this case.

CAPTAIN

Don't worry. She's just gonna go blow off steam. Actually, I should tell my wife to set the alarm.

He picks up the phone and dials.

ASHBURN

I need to be sure, do you know where she could've gone?

CAPTAIN

(covering phone)

Probably O'Flanagan's down the street. It's a little divvy. You might want to wear a vest.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A seemingly empty, dark warehouse. An SUV pulls up. TWO HENCHMEN in leather jackets escort a nervous ALBANIAN MAN in a suit into a seemingly empty warehouse.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

A pale 45-year-old Russian in a black leather jacket walks toward the office. This is VADMIR CHZOV.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE

A man stands in the corner of his office polishing a knife.

VADMIR CHZOV
How'd it go?

The man turns around. It's SOKOLOVSKII.

SOKOLOVKSII
We'll go with the Colombians. I
didn't like doing business with
him.

VADMIR
I'll make the call.

Vadmir exits revealing the Albanian on the ground in front of Sokolovskii in a puddle of blood.

Sokolovskii sits.

A beat.

Sokolovksii pushes a button on his intercom.

SOKOLOVKSII
(to intercom)
At some point, someone needs to
take this body away.

EXT. O'FLANAGAN'S BAR

Ashburn walks down the street and sees a closed up run-down bar. A HOMELESS man sleeps against it.

ASHBURN
(to homeless man)
Excuse me, is this O'Flanagan's?
Do you know how long it's been
closed down?

The door swings open revealing a lively bar inside.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Huh.

She walks up to the door and opens it. The homeless man gets up and walks in with her.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Oh you're a patron. Ok.

INT. O'FLANAGAN'S BAR

It's an old dive bar filled with DRUNK MEN in their 60s. Ashburn approaches Mullins at the bar alone drinking whiskey, Mullins sees her.

MULLINS
The coat check is over there.

ASHBURN
Great, thanks.

She starts walking over before realizing it was a joke and comes back and sits down.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Alright. I know you're angry. You've probably been trying to nail Rojas for awhile. But this guy I'm looking for is on a whole other level of evil. I mean he has personally butchered over thirty-six people that we know of. Look at this...

Ashburn shows the graphic butchered body photo to Mullins. A WOMAN HOLDING A TODDLER walks by and sees them.

WOMAN
(walking by)
Hey, I have a kid here.

ASHBURN
Oh, I'm sorry--
(realizing)
Wait, this is a bar.

The woman keeps walking. Ashburn turns back to Mullins.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
I'm asking you to keep quiet about it. We tried to get him in '09 but it was completely botched. I can't have a repeat of that.

Mullins thinks.

MULLINS

2009? That's when my brother went to jail.

ASHBURN

Sure. We all have something that year.

MULLINS

Can I see that picture of him?

ASHBURN

The good news is, you don't have to. I got it under control. And I'll get him, that's a promise. So, we good here?

Ashburn gives Mullins a condescending and awkward pat on the back.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Great. Ok.

Ashburn goes to pick up her bag. Mullins discreetly pushes a DRUNK WOMAN next to her. The drunk woman looks at a WOMAN passing by.

DRUNK WOMAN

Watch it.

She pushes her, the woman pushes back. They start pushing each other. Ashburn looks up.

ASHBURN

(separating them)

Ladies, ladies, cool it.

They stop. Ashburn realizes it's the mom from earlier.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Hey, your kid's over there.

Mullins hands Ashburn her bag.

MULLINS

Better get out of here, it's pretty dangerous.

ASHBURN

Yeah, I think will. Well, good luck to you.

Mullins watches Ashburn head off pleased.

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND - LATER THAT EVENING

A prisoner in his early 30s reads a book in his cell. This is JASON MULLINS. Detective Mullins walks up.

MULLINS

Was this the Russian guy you were dealing for?

She holds the SOKOLOVSKII PHOTO up to the cell. Jason sits up and looks closer.

JASON

No.

MULLINS

You're lying.

JASON

I don't know that guy. So let it go.

Mullins studies him.

MULLINS

Interesting.

Mullins starts to walk away. Jason hops up to the bars.

JASON

Wait.

She stops.

JASON (CONT'D)

Leave that one alone. Seriously, he's bad news.

Mullins looks around his cell.

MULLINS

Place looks great. Very you.

She walks off.

INT. RIKER'S ISLAND - MOMENTS LATER

Mullins passes the GUARD.

MULLINS

One blanket? What is this? Abu Ghraib? Get some more blankets in there.

She exits.

INT. BROOKLYN - 70TH PRECINT - NEXT MORNING

Ashburn enters the bustling precinct. She walks over with an OFFICER to Rojas in his holding cell.

ASHBURN

I'm transferring you to our field office. I'll question you further there.

ROJAS

More questions? That psycho was on my grill all morning.

ASHBURN

What psycho? Detective Mullins? What was she asking?

ROJAS

She was asking about that picture. Girl needs a vacay.

Ashburn frantically searches her bag. The picture is gone.

ASHBURN

What did you tell her?

ROJAS

Where that bitch lives.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NEWKIRK AVENUE - LATER

Ashburn drives with Rojas in her back seat.

ROJAS

That's the building. And that's her beat up piece of shit right there.

Ashburn parks behind Mullins car.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NEWKIRK AVENUE - LATER

Mullins stares at a shady apartment building. Ashburn taps on her window. Mullins pulls out her gun.

ASHBURN

(ducking)
Jesus!

Mullins gets out of the car.

MULLINS

(putting gun in holster)
Never approach me if I'm not
expecting you.

ASHBURN

Are you an animal? Listen, I tried
to ask you nicely. If you don't
stay out of this, I'm going to have
you suspended.

MULLINS

Suspended?
(she thinks)
I might actually already be
suspended.

ASHBURN

Then I'll have you sequestered.

MULLINS

You'd need approval from someone
way higher up than you to do that.

ASHBURN

I'll call my superior right now.

MULLINS

Narc.

Ashburn walks back to her car and dials her phone. We
intercut between Ashburn and Hale in his office.

HALE

(answering phone)
Hale.

ASHBURN

It's Ashburn. Sir, I'm going to
need authority to have a police
officer sequestered who is hurting
this investigation.

HALE

How is he doing that?

ASHBURN

(to herself)
The doctor was a woman.
(clears throat)
Well sir, she's asking questions,
trying to run her own operation--

HALE

Ashburn, why is working with local authorities a problem for you?

ASHBURN

I understand how this sounds coming from me but this person might actually be insane. Right now I'm watching her take recyclables out of the garbage can. But not like in a green way, in a "she's going to sell them" way.

HALE

This person might have info you need. Resources. Ashburn, this is making me think everyone is right, and I'm crazy for considering you as my replacement. Just fucking get it done.

EXT. BROOKLYN - NEWKIRK AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

Ashburn walks back over to Mullins.

ASHBURN

I have decided you have resources and knowledge of this area that could provide useful.

MULLINS

Sorry your little plan got rejected. But I'll work with you. Just as long as we both understand this is my case.

ASHBURN

But that's not true at all.

Mullins thinks.

MULLINS

Alright. Let's do this.

She heads toward the building.

ASHBURN

Actually, I'm going to need you to sit out here with him.

Ashburn points to Rojas. Mullins looks at Ashburn's 6-year-old Camry.

MULLINS
Whoa, this your car? Must be nice.

ASHBURN
Yeah, I guess so...

Mullins opens the backseat. She handcuffs Rojas to the inside of the car.

MULLINS
There.

ROJAS
Crack a window at least.

Mullins cracks open his window a tiny amount.

MULLINS
How's that? Feel the breeze?

She slams the door.

ASHBURN
(looking at her notepad)
Ok, Tatiana Puchkina. Unit 602.

MULLINS
(to Rojas)
After you help her with this, I'm
throwing you in jail.

ROJAS
(to Ashburn)
You said I have immunity! What the
hell?

ASHBURN
That's not true, she's not doing
that.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING

Ashburn and Mullins walk up the stairs of the extremely shady and run down building. They pass a MAN who yells at them in an unidentifiable language.

ASHBURN
That's not a language.

On the next floor, there's an EXTREMELY LOUD FLUORESCENT LIGHT. A RANDOM DOG runs past them. Ashburn jumps.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Oh god, this is horrifying.

Mullins shrugs.

MULLINS
It's alright.

They reach the sixth floor. A LARGE ALBANIAN WOMAN swings open her door and empties a pot of boiling water right out onto the hallway. Ashburn looks at Mullins who doesn't seem to think that's weird.

They keep walking and reach 602. Mullins goes to knock, Ashburn stops her.

ASHBURN
Remember, I'm leading this thing so I'll be asking all the questions. And don't mention Sokolovskii.

MULLINS
Alright. You don't either.

Ashburn knocks on the door. Silence.

ASHBURN
Might not be home.

An ELDERLY WOMAN exits next door with her grocery stroller.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Excuse me? Have you seen the woman that lives here today?

ELDERLY WOMAN
I haven't seen anything.

MULLINS
Lady, I'm looking at you and I'm seeing a big fucking liar.

ASHBURN
Whoa, I'm sure she's not--

ELDERLY WOMAN
Alright, I saw her go in about five minutes ago.

ASHBURN
Well.

Mullins POUNDS on the door.

MULLINS

Open up or we're breaking the door
down!

The door swings open. It's a pissed off TATIANA, late 20s, scantily clad, giant gold hoop earrings, thick Russian accent. Her nose is red and pupils dilated.

TATIANA

What do you want?

ASHBURN

Tatiana Puchkina? We're here to
ask you a few questions.

TATIANA

Come back later.

She goes to shut it but Mullins sticks her foot in the door.

MULLINS

Now is better for us though.

INT. TATIANA'S LIVING ROOM

Tatiana stretches out on the couch and motions toward a couple of crates for them to sit on.

ASHBURN

(sitting)

Thank you. That's very kind. So
Tatiana, have you lived here long?

TATIANA

I don't know, two, five years now.

ASHBURN

One or the other? Ok. What do you
do for a living?

MULLINS

I know what she does for a living.

ASHBURN

Let's just ease into this--

Tatiana sniffs and rubs her nose.

TATIANA

What do you know?

MULLINS

I'm looking at your apartment right now and I know you're into some serious shit. Because the money around this place is coming from somewhere.

TATIANA

I don't know what you're talking about.

Ashburn looks around Tatiana's shitty apartment confused.

ASHBURN

Neither do I--

MULLINS

Yeah? Where'd did you get that fancy little device?

Mullins points to a standard printer next to an old computer.

TATIANA

Office Depot.

MULLINS

Like I said. The money's coming from somewhere.

ASHBURN

Alright, that's fine.

(to Mullins)

Remember what we said?

(back to Tatiana)

Tatiana? We have a bit of a situation. There's evidence that indicates you have been supplying cocaine and heroin.

MULLINS

Yup.

ASHBURN

We have an eye witness that will testify--

MULLINS

Damn right we do. Tell her what else.

Ashburn clears her throat.

ASHBURN

(in Russian)

Perhaps we can continue this conversation in Russian. We can protect you. You don't have to be afraid.

MULLINS

This is rude.

ASHBURN

(in Russian)

But right now, in our eyes, you're the head of all of this. Tell us otherwise and you won't have to do life in prison.

TATIANA

(in English)

I don't even understand what your saying.

MULLINS

Great Russian.

ASHBURN

Hold on, that was perfect Russian.

TATIANA

I mean I don't understand what you talking about, why I go to life in prison when I don't do shit!

ASHBURN

So she understood what I was saying-

Mullins leans in.

MULLINS

Tatiana, let me get real here. You look you've been throwing shit up your nose all day. And listen, I get it. I'd love to do some smack right now. We could sit here and snort it all day long, watch some cartoons and call it the perfect fucking day. Mix in some Ritalin? Heaven on earth. I'll camp out all week for tickets to that show.

ASHBURN

What is this? "Training Day"?

MULLINS

But you know what? The shit's not legal. And you've been rolling deep in this and now you gotta talk.

TATIANA

Like I said to her. I don't even understand what you're saying.

Tatiana puts her cigarette out. Ashburn notices the ashtray is filled with Virginia Slims with lipstick on the edge except one is a Marlboro with no lipstick.

TATIANA (CONT'D)

I think it's time you leave.

Tatiana heads to the front door, Mullins following.

MULLINS

Yeah well, we were leaving anyway. I was going to say it right before you did.

Ashburn makes sure Tatiana isn't looking and throws the Marlboro in a plastic sandwich bag and walks behind them.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - LATER

Ashburn and Mullins walk back down the stairs away from Tatiana's apartment.

MULLINS

What'd you take?

Ashburn looks surprised Mullins caught that.

ASHBURN

I noticed a cigarette butt that wasn't her's. Gonna to bring it to forensics, run the prints. Maybe it's the guy she gets the re-up from.

MULLINS

Forensics, huh? Sounds high tech.

ASHBURN

Police departments have them too.

Mullins shrugs.

MULLINS

Well, unrelated I stole these.

She pulls out some matches with a symbol of a white tiger on them.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

It's a Russian nightclub in South Brooklyn. You never know, could be his too.

ASHBURN

Let's find out.

Ashburn pulls out another sandwich bag and Mullins throws the matches in.

MULLINS

I just gotta grab my jacket.

Mullins pulls out her keys, opens the door to an APARTMENT, and enters.

ASHBURN

Wait, you live here?

INT. MULLINS APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Mullins apartment is a mess. Ashburn looks at boards covering the windows.

ASHBURN

Wow, your windows are boarded up?

MULLINS

I have the windows but just no window blankets.

ASHBURN

Curtains? You mean curtains?

Ashburn walks over to a shelf. She sees a face down FRAMED PHOTO. She picks it up- it's a family photo. 12-year-old Ashburn with parents and four brothers. Everyone in the photo looks angry. Mullins walks up.

MULLINS

That's my family. They're all terrible people.

ASHBURN

I'm sorry. Which is the one in jail?

MULLINS

(pointing)

That one. My brother Jason.
Actually, he just got out today.

ASHBURN

Wow. That's a big deal.

Mullins walks over and opens a mini-fridge.

MULLINS

Do you want something to eat? I
didn't finish my sub from the other
day.

ASHBURN

No, I'm fine. Thank you. I hope
this doesn't sound rude. But
aren't you terrified living here?

MULLINS

They should be terrified about me
living here.

She opens up a cabinet filled with weapons including a MARLIN
1894CB rifle, a SMITH & WESSON MODEL 59 pistol, a futuristic
looking FN PS90 gun, an AK-47 rifle, a COMBAT KNIFE, and a
BROWING AUTO-5 shotgun.

ASHBURN

Oh my god.

Ashburn picks up a RPG-7 GRENADE LAUNCHER.

MULLINS

Haven't been able to use that much.

Ashburn picks up a SMALL BLACK BOX.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Be careful with that one.

ASHBURN

What is it?

MULLINS

Small bomb.

Ashburn gently places it down in horror.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Got it off ebay.

ASHBURN

You keep this in your home? Where you sleep?

MULLINS

It only has like a seven foot radius. I sleep over there.

She points to her bedroom maybe nine feet away.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Ready to go?

ASHBURN

Yes please.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - 26 FEDERAL PLAZA - MANHATTAN

A FORENSICS EXPERT walks over and hands Ashburn a folder.

FORENSICS EXPERT

Alright. You got two sets of prints. First one's a real nut job-

He types into a computer. Mullins photo appears on the screen.

FORENSICS EXPERT (CONT'D)

Assault, arson, homeless in 2003--

He recognizes Mullins standing next to the screen and jumps.

FORENSICS EXPERT (CONT'D)

Oh god.

ASHBURN

Um, that's fine, what about the other prints?

He types again. A photo of a LARGE RUSSIAN MAN appears on the screen.

FORENSICS EXPERT

(reading)

Ivan Roschin. 6'3. 250 pounds. Veteran of Russia's Special Forces. Several priors including extortion, domestic abuse, sexual assault.

ASHBURN

No current address?

FORENSICS EXPERT

No. But those two were the only sets of prints on the matches.

ASHBURN

Well. Let's go to the White Tiger.

Her and Mullins walk out.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

(jokingly)

I gotta check out the rest of your file.

MULLINS

No, no. That's an invasion of privacy.

ASHBURN

Oh, of course.

INT. ASHBURN'S CAR - LATER

Ashburn's car sits in the parking lot of a night club with a neon White Tiger sign. Mullins sits in the passenger seat with Rojas in the back. She goes through his cell phone.

ROJAS

Give me back my phone!

MULLINS

(looking at phone)

Wait, this is a good one, Rojas... "Bitch, where the fuck is you? Late for the forpth time this week." I mean that's just good manager skills right there. No one can take that away from you.

ROJAS

Why am I here? They're going to see me with you guys. I'll be dead by morning.

MULLINS

Frankly that's not soon enough.

ROJAS

Fucked up.

Ashburn climbs into the driver's seat.

ASHBURN
Perimeter's clear.

ROJAS
Hey, you. You said you'd protect
me. These dudes are gonna see me.
Plus I'm about to starve to death.
You can't legally starve me. I
will file a long ass report.

INT. DINER - TEN MINUTES LATER

Rojas sits at a diner table awkwardly handcuffed to the
bottom. Mullins stands next to him holding a menu.

WAITRESS
No. No way. You can't just leave
a prisoner here.

MULLINS
He's fine.

Mullins scans the menu.

MULLINS (CONT'D)
What's the worst thing you got on
here?

WAITRESS
Scrapple is pretty bad.

MULLINS
What's that?

WAITRESS
I don't even know. It's like a
mush of pork scraps with cornmeal
and flour or something.

MULLINS
He'll have that. Alright, I'll be
back in an hour or so. No
beverages.

EXT. WHITE TIGER - HOUR LATER

Mullins and Ashburn watch the club. A few COUPLES and small
groups of YOUNG PEOPLE head into the club, but no sign of
Sokolovskii.

They sit in silence. Ashburn finally breaks the ice.

ASHBURN

So... how long you been a cop?

MULLINS

(sharply)

Why?!

ASHBURN

Whoa, ok. Maybe I'll just tell you a little about myself first. I've been at the bureau for about eleven years. I'm actually up for a promotion to an S.A.C. They run the division.

Mullins nods.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

To be honest, this is probably happening sooner than usual. I mean, I'm already GS-15 and the people I graduated from the academy with are probably still GS-13. But it's because I solved a pretty big case early on.

Mullins doesn't ask.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

You see, I caught the Red Falls Killer.

MULLINS

I remember seeing that on the news.

ASHBURN

Well, it was a big story.

MULLINS

Yeah, but that guy was innocent though.

Ashburn stares at Mullins.

ASHBURN

What do you mean, "yeah but that guy was innocent though"?

MULLINS

I don't know. I saw him talking on the news. I can tell when someone is lying. And that guy wasn't lying.

ASHBURN

You can't just casually say that. I built my entire career around this. He's been in jail for a decade.

MULLINS

Oh. You can't get him out?

ASHBURN

No, I can't get him out. You saw one interview on the news and you think you know he was innocent? Please. I tracked him. Studied him. Interrogated him face to face.

MULLINS

I don't know what to tell you, I'm intuitive.

ASHBURN

Alright. Let's play a game.

MULLINS

Seems like a weird time.

ASHBURN

It's related to what we're talking about. Two truths and a lie. I tell you three things about myself and you tell me which is a lie.

MULLINS

Sounds good.

ASHBURN

Ok. I am an only child--

MULLINS

Are they all going to be this obvious?

ASHBURN

What? Fine. Here we go. I can run a mile in under five minutes. I was born and raised in Bedford, New York. And I got into Harvard Law but turned it down.

MULLINS

All of those are lies.

ASHBURN

Nope. I'm actually from Connecticut. Guess you aren't that intuitive.

Ashburn smiles, pleased with herself.

MULLINS

First of all, I think you rounded down on that mile. Maybe you were ten seconds over then over time it was five minutes then it felt good to say under. And Harvard Law. I don't know. Something's not right.

ASHBURN

It's absolutely right.

MULLINS

You sure you weren't put on a wait list? Feels like you were and then said you didn't want to go before you could be rejected.

Ashburn stares at her.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Probably been telling that one so long you started to believe it right? Yeah.

(sees something)

Oh look. We got some action.

Mullins points to a group of RUSSIAN MEN climbing out of an SUV, including IVAN ROSCHIN. He enters the club.

ASHBURN

There he is, I'm going in. Wait in the car.

MULLINS

(already getting out of car)

Sure.

INT. WHITE TIGER

Ashburn and Mullins enter. WHITE TIGER MURALS everywhere, lots of bling, an ICE BAR, and dated club music blasts.

ASHBURN

Wow this is...

ASHBURN (CONT'D) MULLINS
...so tacky. Real pretty.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Yeah.

INT. WHITE TIGER - BAR

Ashburn and Mullins stand near the ice bar. The BARTENDER hands Ashburn a soda.

ASHBURN
Just keep your eyes peeled and
don't stand out.

Ashburn leans against the ice bar and jumps.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Oh that's cold.

She looks and realizes she spilled some soda on her shirt.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
(wiping off soda)
Great. I'm going to run to the
bathroom. Let's split up and do a
perimeter of the interior. Meet
back here in twenty.

Mullins nods.

INT. WHITE TIGER

Ashburn waits in line for the bathroom. Only one GIRL is in front of her.

The door finally opens, a WOMAN comes out. The girl goes in. FIVE OF HER FRIENDS walk over and go in with her. Ashburn throws her hands up. Ashburn sees another hallway. She looks around the corner for another bathroom.

AROUND THE CORNER...

Ashburn sees a metal door at the end.

INT. WHITE TIGER - BAR

Mullins walks through the club. She finds a spot near that gives her a view of the whole first floor. She looks around and accidentally makes eye contact with GUY WHO THINKS HE'S RYAN GOSLING.

He's not attractive but wears a nice suit. He drinks scotch alone at the bar and stares at her. He slowly saunters over.

MULLINS
(under her breath)
Shit.

She turns her back to him and scans the room.

GUY
How's it going?

Mullins ignores him.

GUY (CONT'D)
When I first saw you, I thought she seems really angry. But maybe you're just not having a good time.

MULLINS
What? This is how you talk to people?

GUY
Sometimes. I like interesting people. Tell me. How are you interesting?

MULLINS
You want me to tell you how I'm interesting? What the fuck is wrong with you?

Guy looks offended.

GUY
Ah. Don't like men?

MULLINS
(looking in their vicinity)
Sure, are there any around?

GUY
You don't gotta be so rude. We could have some fun together. I get kind of an animal vibe from you.

Mullins pulls out her gun.

MULLINS
Buddy, I will shoot you in your face.

He backs up and walks away. Mullins sips her drink nervously as she watches him walk over to the bouncer.

INT. WHITE TIGER - BAR

Mullins looks for Ashburn. She finds her talking to a Russian man PAVEL (40s) near the bar. They speak in Russian and he lets out a hearty laugh.

ASHBURN
(seeing Mullins)
Hey, this is Pavel! He knows Ivan!

MULLINS
(playing along)
Great!

ASHBURN
I was just telling him how Ivan and I have a mutual friend.

PAVEL
He's probably in the back room.

ASHBURN
Oh. Do you know anyone with enough pull to get us in there?

PAVEL
I could get you girls in there.
(winks)
Follow me.

INT. SECURITY ROOM

SECURITY sits in front of a monitor displaying Mullins. He rewinds footage and freezes it on Mullins showing her gun. VADMIR stands behind him and looks.

VADMIR
Have we seen her here before?

SECURITY
Not that I know of. Want me to have her removed?

VADMIR
No.

INT. WHITE TIGER - BACK HALLWAY

Ashburn and Mullins follow Pavel toward the metal door. Behind them, Vadmir approaches with two LARGE BOUNCERS.

VADMIR
Where you headed, Pavel?

PAVEL
I was just gonna bring these girls
in the back to see Ivan.

VADMIR
Ivan's in the basement. We'll take
them down.

Vadmir and Pavel share a look. Ashburn catches this.

PAVEL
Oh ok...

Pavel turns back to Ashburn but avoids eye contact.

PAVEL (CONT'D)
They'll uh show you, I gotta get
back in.

Pavel walks back into the club. Mullins looks over at Ashburn - something's not right.

VADMIR
Right this way, ladies.

Vadmir points to creepy, dark narrow basement stairs. Ashburn sees another LARGE RUSSIAN waiting by the dark stairwell. She sees a BATHROOM next to him.

ASHBURN
(putting on a smile)
Do you mind if we use that bathroom
first? The women's line for the
other one was huge.

Vadmir smiles.

VADMIR
Of course.

Ashburn and Mullins head into the bathroom.

INT. WHITE TIGER BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ashburn and Mullins enter and Ashburn quickly grabs a BROOM and pushes it in the handle.

ASHBURN
Something's off. We've been made.

Ashburn tries to open a WINDOW that won't budge.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Make some noise.

Mullins quickly turns on all the faucets and starts coughing. Ashburn grabs a bathroom mat and holds it against the window. Mullins flushes a toilet. Ashburn then THROWS her elbow into the bathroom mat, shattering the window. She uses the mat to push out the big pieces, clearing enough space to crawl out.

EXT. WHITE TIGER - PARKING LOT

Ashburn and Mullins crawl out the window. They pass a group of RUSSIAN THUGS smoking in the back and act casual. As they climb into Ashburn's car, Vadmir walks around the side.

MULLINS
Go, go, go.

Ashburn drives off. Mullins looks back and notices someone in particular within the Russians smoking...

Her brother Jason.

INT. ASHBURN'S CAR

Ashburn pulls her car up to Mullins' building. Mullins looks gloomy.

MULLINS
(climbing out)
You don't have to stop.

ASHBURN
What? Wait!

Ashburn stops abruptly.

MULLINS
Oh thanks.

She sits for a moment.

ASHBURN
You alright?

MULLINS
I saw my brother in there.

ASHBURN
Really? Where?

MULLINS
Out back. Smoking with the
Russians.

ASHBURN
That's great news. We have a link.

MULLINS
Jesus. Nice comfort.

ASHBURN
I'm sorry but this is huge. We
have talk to him tomorrow, where
can we find him?

MULLINS
He's probably at my parent's house.
But it's been almost a year since
I've been there. I can't go back.

ASHBURN
Oh, I'm sure it would be fine.

MULLINS
Well. I'm the one that put him in
jail.

ASHBURN
I could just go alone.

MULLINS
What? You think I shouldn't go
now?

ASHBURN
No, I mean that stuff happens to
everyone.

MULLINS
Has something like that happened to
you?

ASHBURN

Sure. I mean, I remember when I was nine, I was going to the movies with my dad and he jaywalked. It was the first time I recognized he was breaking the law and it really bothered me-

Mullins just gets out of the car.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

(nodding)

Yeah.

Ashburn rolls down the window.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Hey, tomorrow. We'll take a little trip out to Fort Greene and see your family.

MULLINS

How do you know where my family lives?

(realizing)

Did you look at the rest of my file?

Ashburn freezes.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Oh, I don't like that at all.

Mullin walks off.

ASHBURN

Well, sorry.

(yelling after her)

Alright then. See you tomorrow!

Ashburn sees a SHADY MAN approaches her.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Wait, be careful-

The shady man gives Mullins twenty dollars.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Oh you know him? He owed you money? Ok.

Ashburn drives off.

INT. WHITE TIGER

Vadmir walks through the metal door into the backroom.

INT. WHITE TIGER - BACKROOM

Vadmir walks over to Ivan and another HENCHMAN. He hands them a screen shot of Mullins and Ashburn from the security camera.

VADMIR

Who is this? She says she knows you.

IVAN

I don't know her.

VADMIR

Talk to our friends in the department. Find out who they are.

Ivan and the other henchman get up and leave.

INT. MANHATTAN - ASHBURN'S APARTMENT - NEXT MORNING

Ashburn walks out of her bedroom wearing flannel pajamas. She walks into the kitchen and pours herself a cup of coffee. She reaches into the refrigerator and grabs some milk. Taped on the fridge door is a photo of Ashburn with a big smile holding up her former neighbor's orange cat for the camera.

INT. ASHBURN'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Ashburn walks into her living room. It's filled with her stuff in boxes. She sips her coffee and stretches her neck.

MULLINS (O.S.)

Nice place.

Ashburn screams. She dives next to her couch, pulls a gun out from under a cushion, and rolls back up with her gun leveled. She looks out and sees Mullins sitting in the corner of the room reading.

ASHBURN

What the hell?! I almost shot you!

MULLINS

Not really.

ASHBURN

What are you doing here?! Are you--
are you going through my stuff?

MULLINS

It's not fun when someone invades
your privacy is it?

ASHBURN

This is so different!

Mullins looks sincerely curious.

MULLINS

How?

ASHBURN

Because this is insane!

MULLINS

So you were pretty cool in high
school?

ASHBURN

Sure. Why are you asking?

Mullins holds up a page from an old high school yearbook with
a picture of Ashburn as a teenager. She was painfully nerdy.

MULLINS

Because you weren't.

ASHBURN

You're going through my old
yearbook?

MULLINS

You only have two signatures and
they're both from teachers. And
even one of those just says "Have a
good summer".

ASHBURN

I was busy!

MULLINS

(looking through)
I bet. You were in every club.
Three by yourself.

ASHBURN

Ok, maybe I didn't go to parties or date or have friends but I got into a top school and am really successful and who has the last laugh now.

MULLINS

I feel like I do. Alright, see you at the station.

(points to her curtains)

That's pretty neat.

Mullins takes Ashburn's coffee cup and walks out with it.

EXT. MULLINS FAMILY'S HOUSE - STREET

Ashburn and Mullins walk up to the house. Ashburn sees a banner through the living room window "Welcome Home Jason!"

As they get closer to the door, Ashburn hears how loud it is inside, people talking over each other at the dinner table.

Ashburn rings the doorbell. PETE (46), her oldest brother, answers the door.

PETE

Oh great, this asshole.

MULLINS

Just take it easy.

Her DAD, brothers MARK, PETE, MICHAEL, sit at a dining room table with their girlfriends GINA and BETH.

MARK

Well, well, well. Look who it is.

Mark stands up.

MARK (CONT'D)

You back to arrest someone else? I saw mom throw her can of diet soda in the garbage instead of recycling. Are you here to take her in?

MULLINS

No but if she starts dealing cocaine then we have a different story!

He walks over to the DAD.

MARK

Oh, yeah? Well Dad spliced some cable from the neighbors. So we should get his fingerprints, right?

He walks behind his brother PETE.

MARK (CONT'D)

And Pete here has downloaded over ten thousand songs illegally on the internet.

ASHBURN

Actually, he really shouldn't be doing that--

Mark ignores her and points to MICHAEL.

MARK

And just the other day, Michael stole a laptop from work. You gonna arrest these guys too?

ASHBURN

Seriously, she could. All of these things are illegal.

Mullins' MOM enters from the kitchen holding a tray. She sees Mullins and drops it on the table.

MULLINS

Oh, here we go.

MOM

What... kind of animal... throws their family in jail?

ASHBURN

(extending her arm)
Hi, I'm Sarah--

MULLINS

How am I the animal? Your son was dealing coke and he's your golden boy?! What do I have to do to win your affection? Murder a child?!

Gina, a 24-year-old wearing a halter top and tight sweatpants chimes in.

GINA

You should never arrest your family.

MULLINS
Who the fuck are you?!

PETE
That's Gina!

MULLINS
You tell Gina to shut her mouth
before I strangle her on the dinner
table!

DAD
(to Pete)
Erin's right! This is a family
matter!

PETE
Why you mouthing off to my
girlfriend, now?!

DAD
She wears sweatpants to your
mother's dinner!

Mayhem. Everyone yells at each other. Jason appears in the front door behind Mullins and Ashburn holding a grocery bag.

JASON
Welcome back.

MULLINS
Bag of drugs?

JASON
Nope.

MULLINS
We need to talk.

Mullins points to a chair in the middle of the fight.

MULLINS (CONT'D)
(to Ashburn)
Have a seat.

Ashburn awkwardly sits.

INT. MULLINS FAMILY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Mullins talks to Jason.

MULLINS
I'm glad to see you out.

JASON

Thanks. I can't tell you what it's like to see a sunset again-

MULLINS

Yeah, alright, why were you at the White Tiger?

JASON

How did you know I was there?

MULLINS

I know everything. I also know you did time because you were afraid to rat out Sokolovskii. Are you working for him again?

JASON

No.

Mullins stares at him.

JASON (CONT'D)

They sent someone for me, they want me to start working for them again. I told them I'm trying to just get a job and lay low.

MULLINS

Is that what you're going to do?

JASON

I want to. But Erin these aren't really guys you can say no to. I wish I wasn't on their radar but I am.

MULLINS

Listen to me. I'm going to take them down. But you gotta give me something. If you don't know where Sokolovskii is, tell me anything about his operation.

JASON

I really don't know where Sokolovskii is. The highest up I ever dealt with was his number two. His name is Vadmir Chzov, he ran everything under him. He's a really bad dude. Again, I don't think you should be going after this.

MULLINS
Sure, fine, what else?

JASON
I think there's a shipment soon.

MULLINS
What kind of shipment? When?

JASON
I don't know the details. But it sounds like it's gonna be big.

She nods. Then starts searching his bag of groceries.

JASON (CONT'D)
It's not a bag of drugs.

INT. MULLINS FAMILY'S HOUSE

Ashburn sits in the middle of the parents fighting now.

MULLINS MOM
(re: her husband)
This one telling me I have to get my tubes tied like he can't just get his own business in order-

DAD
Why are you saying this?! There's no link between that statement and anything we're talking about!

Ashburn looks out the window and sees the brother Mark now outside in an unrelated yelling match with the NEIGHBOR.

INT. WAREHOUSE - OFFICE - NIGHT

Sokolovskii sharpens a knife at his desk. Vadmir enters with a HENCHMAN in tow.

VADMIR
It's all set. Cárdenas and his men will be at the drop-off.

Sokolovskii studies Vadmir's face.

SOKOLOVKSII
Is there a problem?

VADMIR

Two girls came by the club. Turns
out one's a cop, the other a fed.

SOKOLOVKSII

Were they alone?

VADMIR

Yeah.

SOKOLOVKSII

So kill them.

Vadmir nods.

A beat.

SOKOLOVKSII (CONT'D)

Seriously, someone needs to get rid
of this body.

The BODY FROM EARLIER still lies in front of his desk.

SOKOLOVKSII (CONT'D)

You know I can't just call a
fucking cleaning lady, right?

Vadmir looks at the henchman.

HENCHMAN

I'll take care of it.

SOKOLOVKSII

You're going to join him, if it's
not fucking taken care of soon.
This is getting fucking ridiculous.

HENCHMAN

Yes, sir.

INT. BROOKLYN - 70TH PRECINT

The station is pretty empty, just a few officers on duty.
Ashburn and Mullins look at Vadmir's mug shot on a large
screen.

ASHBURN

Look at that. It's our friend from
the club.

(reading)

Oh, he sounds fun.

(MORE)

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

He once beat a man to death in the middle of a crowded restaurant and managed to intimidate all forty-two witnesses.

Mullins sighs.

MULLINS

These guys aren't going to leave my brother alone.

ASHBURN

We'll get em. We just need to find out where this drop-off is.

Mullins nods. She looks really depressed. She pulls out her gun.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

No, don't!

Mullins puts her gun on the desk.

MULLINS

What?

ASHBURN

Oh. I thought- never mind. Hey, I almost forgot. I have a little pick me up.

Ashburn hands Mullins a bag.

MULLINS

What's this?

ASHBURN

Just something I thought you needed.

Mullins pulls out some CURTAINS.

MULLINS

Huh. That's cool. I guess I can use them for something.

ASHBURN

Like for your windows, right?

MULLINS

Sure. Alright, I need a drink. Let's go.

ASHBURN
 (looking at watch)
 It's pretty late.

Mullins looks at her like she's crazy.

MULLINS
 It's 12:15.

ASHBURN
 Yeah. Exactly.
 (off Mullins look)
 Fine, I'll get a drink. But just
 one drink.

INT. O'FLANAGAN'S BAR - NIGHT

The bartender hands Mullins and Ashburn six shots.

ASHBURN
 I said one drink.

Mullins grabs an empty pint glass and pours three shots into it.

MULLINS
 There you go.

ASHBURN
 Fair enough.

They drink.

INT. O'FLANAGAN'S BAR

Ashburn argues with a DRUNK OLD MAN while Mullins stares ahead eating DISCO FRIES at the bar. Ashburn uses wild gestures.

ASHBURN
 Listen! I don't know if there's a
 god! That's not what I'm saying--

DRUNK OLD MAN
 -- If I want to carry a gun in a
 park, that is my right--

ASHBURN
 (pounding hand on bar)
 --what I'm talking about is a
 problem with religion--

MULLINS

(eating)

You're having completely separate debates.

INT. O'FLANAGAN'S BAR

More drunk.

ASHBURN

It's hard, you know? I know we aren't supposed to say it but being a woman in this field is hard.

Mullins sighs and looks around.

MULLINS

Man, there is just no one else to talk to.

ASHBURN

It's a real boys club.

MULLINS

Well, I'm sure your personality also has something to do with it.

ASHBURN

Yeah.

(realizing)

Oh. You know, that's not fair. As a woman you have to maintain a wall. That's the only way. You have to have this presence that's cool, tough, and in charge.

MULLINS

And that's a presence you feel you've achieved?

ASHBURN

See. You got the wall. The wall that keeps everyone out. Don't leave me hanging here.

MULLINS

I guess I have the wall.

ASHBURN

Of course you have the wall!

(pounding bar)

We both have a wall.

She's groggy. She looks at her hand - it's poorly bandaged in scotch tape and bar napkins.

Ashburn looks around. She reaches to the curtains on the window and opens them. DAYLIGHT.

ASHBURN

Oh my god.

Extremely hungover, Ashburn slowly makes her way over to Mullins dealing cards at a round table.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

How long have we been here?

(smacking her lips
together)

Was I smoking cigarettes?

MULLINS

(looking at her cards)

Yeah you kept taking them out of
people's mouths and smoking them.

ASHBURN

Oh that's really gross.

She sees her jacket in the center of the table surrounded by money.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Why is my jacket in the pot?

MULLINS

(quietly)

Don't worry, you'll get it back.

(to table)

Alright, show what you got.

She looks at all the hands.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Oh.

She looks at Ashburn and shakes her head "no".

ASHBURN

Great.

Ashburn looks through the curtains again.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

It's so bright out, why are we
still here?

MULLINS
 (counting her leftover
 money)
 Because I needed you coherent
 before we go outside. Check out
 the back booth, far corner.

Ashburn casually glances. In a shadowed corner of the bar sits Ivan Roschin. He sits with another HENCHMAN. Ashburn turns pale. She sits down next to Mullins.

ASHBURN
 How did they find us?

MULLINS
 I don't know.

Ashburn looks back and they're gone.

EXT. O'FLANAGAN'S PARKING LOT

Ashburn and Mullins walk outside into the alley. Ashburn looks in the reflection of a window and sees the henchmen behind them.

ASHBURN
 (quietly)
 They're behind us. Man, they're
 big.

MULLINS
 (quietly)
 Ok, listen. I'm sure you've
 trained in whatever fancy arts but
 I grew up with four brothers so I
 learned to fight dirty and use what
 you got.

Mullins suddenly grabs a garbage can and HURLS it at Ivan.

Ashburn uses Krav Maga training and land a swift KICK knocking a GUN out of the other henchman's hand.

Mullins rips a side view mirror off a car and throws it at her opponent. Then picks it up and throws it again.

Ashburn's opponent grabs her wounded hand. She SCREAMS. She punches him in the throat, then grabs his neck and throws him onto the ground. She keeps her foot on his neck as Mullins is in some kind of strange wrestling deadlock with her's.

ASHBURN
 Do you need help?

MULLINS

No.

Mullins struggles to reach for a half empty soda on the ground and flings it toward Ivan's face.

Suddenly, an SUV drives by. Another HENCHMAN in the passenger seat FIRES A MACHINE GUN at Ashburn and Mullins. They dive for cover. As the SUV drives off, Ashburn and Mullins see Ivan running off in another direction.

ASHBURN

Come on!

They run after him.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - 18TH AVE METRO STATION

Mullins and Ashburn chase him down the subway stairs.

INT. SUBWAY STATION

Ashburn draws her gun.

ASHBURN

Freeze!

Ivan grabs a TINY WOMAN and holds her in front of him. He realizes she's only covering half of him and pushes her away, grabbing a LARGER WOMAN.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Leave her alone!

MULLINS

You asshole!

He drags her to the top of some stairs then grabs her by the face and throws her onto the subway track. Ashburn gasps and runs over and helps the woman up. She looks over and sees Ivan run into the SUBWAY TUNNEL. Mullins and Ashburn run after him.

INT. NEXT SUBWAY STATION - AVENUE I

Ashburn and Mullins run out of the tunnel, crazed. She sees the henchman climbing on the platform. Ashburn climbs quickly onto the platform with ease. She grabs Ivan.

ASHBURN
(pinning him down)
Gotcha now, didn't I?

She looks behind her and sees Mullins struggling to get on the platform.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
(pulling out handcuffs)
Come on, Mullins.

A TRAIN HORN. Ashburn sees in the distance the lights of a train approaching.

MULLINS
(struggling)
My pants are stuck on something.

TRAIN APPROACHING FAST. Ivan struggles to get out of Ashburn's grasp. Ashburn hangs onto Ivan's foot trying to get away while she reaches to help Mullins.

She successfully helps Mullins up while still hanging onto his foot. Mullins gets up just as the train approaches. Ashburn finishes cuffing him.

MULLINS (CONT'D)
You would've let him go to help me,
right?

ASHBURN
Um yeah, because I'm not a terrible
person.

Mullins walks off as Ashburn watches her confused.

INT. 70TH PRECINT - INTERROGATION ROOM

Ivan waits at the table.

INT. OTHER SIDE OF GLASS

Mullins and Ashburn study him.

ASHBURN
This could take same time. I'm
going to need the room alone with
him. I use a technique that
involves empathy, bonding, and
repetition.

MULLINS

How long does that take?

ASHBURN

I don't know. Maybe twelve hours.
Hopefully less. I have to find out
what drives him. Money? Family?
I need to find that spark.

MULLINS

Or we could just beat him with this
phone book.

ASHBURN

No. For so many reasons. But just
be patient. It's crucial that you
are patient. If you enter the room
you could break the bond we form.

MULLINS

Ok.

ASHBURN

Do you understand how important
this is?

MULLINS

Yeah.

ASHBURN

And you will be patient?

MULLINS

Yes.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM

Ashburn enters holding two cups of coffee.

ASHBURN

Coffee?

He's silent.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

I probably drink more coffee than I
should--

Suddenly, SMASH! A phone book is thrown hard at Ivan.

MULLINS

When's the shipment?!

ASHBURN

What the hell? You couldn't wait ten seconds?!

The henchman laughs. They look at him.

MULLINS

Something funny?

IVAN

It doesn't matter what you stupid girls do. I'm not talking.

MULLINS

Kind of sounds like you're talking right now.

IVAN

You know what I mean.

ASHBURN

Well, tell me. Who'd be upset if you talked?

IVAN

Let me tell you a story. It's about a man in Russia who talked. His name was Sergei Novikov. The police arrested him, he didn't know what to do. So he talked. They didn't kill him at first. No, you see, first, they murdered his mother. Then his uncle. Then his girlfriend. They left them each in their homes so when he went there for help he would find them that way. He had no one. They even dug up the grave of his dead father so Sergei and broke apart his skeleton so Sergei would know that he would not rest in peace. They continued this way until Sergei would want to take his own life. But then right before he hung himself, they still got him and butchered him.

MULLINS

Seems show-y.

ASHBURN

Well, Ivan, I wouldn't want that for you. But if you won't talk to me, I can't help.

Ivan leans in.

IVAN
Fuck you. I'm not talking.

He spits at Ashburn.

ASHBURN
Charming.

Mullins turns to Ashburn.

MULLINS
(quietly)
Let me get a little tough with him.

Ashburn thinks.

ASHBURN
Alright. Nothing crazy.

Mullins walks over and sits on the table in front of him.
She pulls out her gun and aims it at his lap.

MULLINS
I'm going to shoot you in the dick.

ASHBURN
Whoa! I said nothing crazy!

IVAN
Yeah, right. You can't do that.

MULLINS
Difficult, yes, but luckily I'm a
great shot.

ASHBURN
Mullins-

Mullins turns back to Ashburn.

MULLINS
(quietly)
Don't look, I'll need you to pass a
polygraph.

Ashburn jumps up.

ASHBURN
No, you're serious?! No, no, no,
no! You can't do it!

Ivan notices Ashburn is sweating, she really looks nervous. This makes him nervous.

IVAN
No, you can't--

MULLINS
Oh but I can. Here, let's make it fun.

She pulls out a REVOLVER. She places one bullet in the cylinder, aims it at him and pulls the trigger.

IVAN
Holy fuck, ok! I don't know when the shipment is yet! Only Vadmir knows, he hasn't told us! Ok?!

Mullins rolls the cylinder again.

MULLINS
And where can we find Vadmir?!

IVAN
He-- he lives on East Houston, 313, apartment 401!

MULLINS
What's the zip code?!!

ASHBURN
We don't need that!

Mullins hops up.

MULLINS
No we don't. Let's go.

Ashburn follows her out.

IVAN
Sokolovskii knows who you are. You're already dead.

Ashburn looks disturbed.

INT. PIZZERIA UNO'S

Ashburn and Mullins sit at a crowded Pizzeria Uno's and read the menus. It's a little tense.

ASHBURN

I got all the bugging equipment ready, but we just need to wait until morning for the warrant.

MULLINS

(re: menu)

Man, these prices.

ASHBURN

How does Sokolovskii know who we are? You haven't been talking to other people about it?

MULLINS

I put it in my Christmas letter.

ASHBURN

This is really bad.

They sit in silence for a beat.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Why would you think I wouldn't help you up the platform?

MULLINS

I don't want to get into this.

ASHBURN

It's just a calm conversation between two adults.

Mullins thinks.

MULLINS

I don't know. You like to win things.

ASHBURN

Hmmm. Ok. I hear what you're saying. I feel I'm not trusted. Perhaps you have a general trust issue? Probably cynicism?

MULLINS

Is belittling someone a quality you think people find attractive?

ASHBURN

See, that's not helpful. I'm trying to have an honest conversation and I'm starting my statements with "I feel".

MULLINS

Ok. "I feel" you're being an asshole.

ASHBURN

Well "I feel" that you've worn that shirt everyday this week. And "I feel" that turning it inside out does not make it a new shirt.

They sit quietly.

MULLINS

It does though.

ASHBURN

Interesting, I disagree.

Commotion nearby.

WOMAN (O.C.)

Help! He's choking!

Ashburn looks over and sees a MIDDLE-AGED man choking at his table. Ashburn quickly runs over and gives him the heimlich.

ASHBURN

It's not working. Something is caught.

She lays him down on the ground. Ashburn leans over him and looks at a WAITER.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

I need a sterilized knife and a straw!

The waiter runs off as Ashburn starts feeling his neck.

MULLINS

Wait. Why do you need those things?

ASHBURN

I'm doing an emergency tracheotomy.

MULLINS

No! You can't do that!

ASHBURN

If he goes three minutes without oxygen, he will die!

MULLINS
Have you done this before?!

ASHBURN
Technically no but I'm confident I
know how.

MULLINS
This is some serious only child
shit.

The waiter returns with the knife and straw. Ashburn feels
for the soft spot on his throat.

ASHBURN
The cricothyroid membrane...

She places the knife to this throat.

MULLINS
Oh my god--

Ashburn cuts in, slicing apart the skin opening up the neck.

MULLINS (CONT'D)
That is so fucking gross! Stop it!

ASHBURN
Stay calm!

Ashburn sticks her finger inside.

MULLINS
No! Get out of there!

Ashburn makes another incision, she turns the knife 180
degrees.

MULLINS (CONT'D)
Don't do that! No one should do
that!

Blood starts bubbling up.

MULLINS (CONT'D)
What is that?! That can't be
right!

ASHBURN
Uh, it's fine...

MULLINS

What do you mean "uh it's fine"?!
Where's your unwarranted
confidence?!

Ashburn starts putting the straw in. Blood starts coming out of the straw.

ASHBURN

Oh god.

MULLINS

I thought you knew what you were
doing!

More blood pours out as Ashburn tries moving the straw around.

INT. MICHAEL LEVY'S APARTMENT

Michael Levy sits quietly at home watching television. His phone rings, he answers.

MICHAEL

This is Levy.

Horrific SCREAMS from a crowd are heard from the other end. Michael sits up.

ASHBURN (O.S.)

I NEED INFORMATION ON A TRACHEATOMY
STAT--

(to someone off phone)

I'M TRYING! I'M TRYING!

The phone hangs up. Michael sits quietly.

EXT. PIZZERIA UNO'S

A PARAMEDIC talks to Mullins and Ashburn as an ambulance is loaded up.

PARAMEDIC

(to Mullins)

Good thing you pulled that piece of
steak out of his throat. Saved his
life.

He then looks straight at Ashburn.

PARAMEDIC (CONT'D)

Though due to new complications, he will be in surgery for the next ten hours.

ASHBURN

His trachea was in a weird place.

PARAMEDIC

Yeah, you've said that a lot already.

The paramedic hops in the ambulance and it drives off. Mullins looks at Ashburn who doesn't return eye contact.

ASHBURN

(pointing to her neck)

Most tracheas are right here. His was more... here...

(switching topics)

Well, we better get going.

EXT. VADMIR'S BUILDING - NEXT DAY

Ashburn and Mullins sit in her car. They watch as Vadmir exits his building, hops in an SUV, and drives off.

ASHBURN

Let's go.

INT. VADMIR'S APARTMENT

Ashburn opens the door, Mullins behind her. She takes a DECODING DEVICE off the door knob and carefully closes the door behind her.

ASHBURN

Don't touch anything. Everything has to be exactly how it was.

Ashburn pulls out a DIGITAL CAMERA and starts taking pictures of everything.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

They often set traps. It can be as small as a piece of lint moved.

INT. VADMIR'S LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ashburn pulls the TV stand from the wall. She then pulls out an extremely small drill and drills a hole in the back of the stand. She then places a miniature BUG in the hole.

She pushes the stand back against the wall. Then pulls out a sandwich bag of DUST and sprinkles it over where she touched.

INT. VADMIR'S APARTMENT

Mullins waits by the front door as Ashburn backs up slowly, using a SMALL RAKE to remove any foot prints on the carpet.

INT. ASHBURN'S CAR

Ashburn and Mullins watch as the SUV pulls up and Vadmir walks inside.

ASHBURN

Now we wait.

She looks over, Mullins is eating a banana.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Where'd you get that?

MULLINS

Oh. I brought it from home.

ASHBURN

You would never have fresh groceries at home. Did you take that from inside?! Oh my god!

MULLINS

I don't like your tone!

ASHBURN

Well, great. That's just great.

MULLINS

It's fine.

INT. ASHBURN'S CAR - HOURS LATER

Ashburn and Mullins look bored. They hear what sounds like a Russian sitcom with a laugh track. Vadmir laughs along heartily.

MULLINS

I can't keep listening to this.

ASHBURN

It's actually pretty funny, the main guy is a shoe cobbler but-

MULLINS

I get it. You know Russian.

Ashburn thinks.

ASHBURN

What if we get him talking?

MULLINS

How?

ASHBURN

Let's use Rojas.

MULLINS

No way. I'm telling you right now, he can't be trusted for anything.

ASHBURN

What if a shipment is happening right now? We miss that shipment, we miss Sokolovskii.

MULLINS

I don't know.

Ashburn is already starting her car.

ASHBURN

It's a good plan. I'm glad you agree.

MULLINS

I don't agree at all.

ASHBURN

I'm happy we see eye to eye on this.

INT. 70TH PRECINT - BROOKLYN

Mullins and Ashburn sit at a table with Rojas.

ASHBURN

So you're gonna call Tatiana and tell her you got a lot of buyers.

(MORE)

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

What are you supposed to say when you want more? Is there a code?

ROJAS

I'm supposed to ask if she's got any friends coming to town.

ASHBURN

Make the call.

MULLINS

Speakerphone.

Rojas sighs and dials his cell phone.

TATIANA (O.S.)

Hello?

ROJAS

Sup gurrrrrrrrrrrrrrrl. Your friends coming to town soon?

A beat.

TATIANA (O.S.)

Let me call them and find out.

ROJAS

Cool, let me know.

Tatiana hangs up.

ROJAS (CONT'D)

(getting up)

Glad I could help. I gotta run.

MULLINS

Oh ok, bye Rojas! Have fun tipping them off! Sit the fuck down.

Mullins kicks a chair toward him.

INT. ASHBURN'S CAR

Ashburn and Mullins sit in the front seat listening, Rojas in the back. They hear a KNOCK at Vadmir's door. Then footsteps until sounds of a door opening.

VADMIR (O.S.)

Come in.

Door slams shut.

HENCHMAN (O.S.)
Tatiana called. She wants to know
if more's coming in.

VADMIR (O.S.)
Yeah, tomorrow.

HENCHMAN (O.S.)
Where we going?

VADMIR (O.S.)
La Guardia, 2:15. Flight lands on
the east Tarmac, tail number HK-197-

Ashburn smiles at Mullins and starts writing down the
information.

INT. ASHBURN'S CAR - OUTSIDE LA GUARDIA - NEXT DAY

Ashburn and Mullins sit in their car with Rojas still in
back. Ashburn looks out with binoculars. There's no sign of
Sokolovksii or any of his men.

ASHBURN
Where they hell are they?

Mullins sees a plane with tail number HK-197 has just landed.

MULLINS
It's here.

ASHBURN
And there's still no sight of him?
Maybe they're hanging back.

MULLINS
Or maybe they know we're here and
this is all bullshit.

BAGGAGE HANDLERS start pulling luggage off the plane and onto
a cart.

ASHBURN
We can't let that baggage go.

The HANDLER finishes packing up the cart. Ashburn hops out
of the car.

EXT. LA GUARDIA AIR FIELD - EAST TARMAC

Ashburn and Mullins approach the baggage cart. Ashburn
waves her badge to the HANDLER.

ASHBURN

Hold on.

Ashburn puts on rubber gloves and searches the first piece of luggage. Nothing. Same for the others.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

It's clean.

Mullins marches over to Rojas. She brings him over to the luggage.

MULLINS

Nothing here, Rojas. No sight of Sokolovskii. Or any of his men.

ROJAS

That's weird.

MULLINS

This a set-up? You give them any kind of hint?

ROJAS

No!

ASHBURN

This shipment is happening somewhere.

Nearby, the engine of another small plane roars as it gets ready to leave.

Mullins grabs Rojas arm and walks him over to the back of it. She HANDCUFFS him to the back of the plane.

ROJAS

What are you doing??

Mullins walks over to ANOTHER AIRPORT EMPLOYEE and grabs his traffic batons.

MULLINS

(to employee)

Take a walk.

Mullins walks to the front of the plane and points the batons forward. The plane starts slowly moving. She walks along side of it.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Tell us what happened, Rojas.

ROJAS

I don't know shit! I heard what
you heard!

The plane picks up a little speed. Rojas has to walk faster
to keep up. Mullins and Ashburn walk along side of him.

ASHBURN

Mullins...

MULLINS

(talking over engine)
Plane's picking up some speed here,
Rojas!

ROJAS

Ok! Ok! I tipped them off! When
you ask when their friends are
coming in, it's a flag!

Ashburn pulls out the handcuff keys, Mullins stops her.

MULLINS

Where's the shipment?!

The plane picks up more speed.

ROJAS

I don't know!

MULLINS

I'm really out of shape, Rojas!

ROJAS

Oh my god! Ok! It's a boat!
There's a shipment coming in from
Colombia right now!

MULLINS

Where?!

ROJAS

The Brooklyn Marine Terminal!

MULLINS

How do you spell that?!

ASHBURN

I know how to spell that!

Mullins uncuffs him and he drops to the ground. Ashburn and
Mullins run back to the car as the small plane takes off
behind them.

INT. ASHBURN'S CAR

Ashburn and Mullins hop in the car.

ASHBURN
We'll never make it in time.

MULLINS
(confidently)
Hot ride like this? We'll get
there in no time.

Ashburn looks confused as she starts her standard Toyota.

EXT. BROOKLYN MARINE TERMINAL - TWENTY MINUTES LATER

A giant CARGO SHIP sits at the port. WORKERS put remaining boxes from the ship onto a LARGE TRUCK and shut the door.

NEARBY, Sokolovskii, surrounded by his three henchmen, shakes hands with a Colombian man CARDENAS, also surrounded by three henchmen. They each walk back to their SUVs.

Vadmir puts out a cigarette and hops into the SUV. The SUV drives off, the truck following. Everyone's gone.

Moments later, Ashburn's car speeds into the port. They hop out of the car. She looks at the cargo ship.

ASHBURN
Stay here, I'm going to try to get
a look inside.

Mullins waits in the car as Ashburn runs low to the ship.

EXT. BROOKLYN MARINE TERMINAL - DOCK

Several WORKERS load shipments onto the ship. Ashburn hides behind a a giant box where only one worker stands near the entrance. She sees an EMPTY BEER BOTTLE on the dock. She grabs it and throws it far in the opposite direction. The worker wanders over to take a look. She quickly runs onto the ship.

INT. CARGO SHIP

Ashburn walks down a narrow hallway inside the boat with her gun drawn. She turns the corner. She sees FOUR MEN WITH MACHINE GUNS. She freezes and backs up.

INT. CARGO SHIP

Ashburn walks back the way she came in. A MAN WITH A MACHINE GUN is now there. She draws her gun but then sees ANOTHER MAN WITH A MACHINE GUN. She thinks about it but then puts her gun back down. She goes down another corridor.

INT. CARGO SHIP

Ashburn walks down another hallway. She turns a corner and bumps into Mullins. Ashburn jumps.

ASHBURN

(quietly)

Where'd you come from?

MULLINS

There's another door this way. This place is filled with machine guns. We should've loaded up at my place. I could've used my bomb. This is devastating.

ASHBURN

There's only two this way, we can get them, let's go back--

FIVE MEN WITH MACHINE GUN pass by in that direction. They quickly lean up against the wall.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Never mind. Let's try going back your way.

INT. CARGO SHIP

Ashburn follows Mullins down the hall. Ashburn looks around the corner and sees THREE MEN WITH MACHINE GUNS. Ashburn gives Mullins the signal for "go left".

MULLINS

(quietly)

What is that shit?

ASHBURN

(quietly)

Just go left.

INT. CARGO SHIP

They reach a dead-end. Ashburn sees a small ladder going up a level. They climb up.

INT. CARGO SHIP

Ashburn and Mullins climb onto another hallway. They walk along and see ahead EIGHT MEN WITH MACHINE GUNS. They look at each other.

ASHBURN
(quietly)
Back the way we came.

Mullins looks down the ladder. THREE MEN WITH MACHINE GUNS are now in that direction. Mullins looks at her and shakes her head no.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
(quietly)
I'm calling for back up.

Ashburn tries dialing but no reception. She sees another ladder and notions to it.

INT. CARGO SHIP - DECK

Ashburn and Mullins climb onto the deck of the back of the ship, sweating from all the ladders.

ASHBURN
(climbing out)
Why is it so windy?

They look around. The ship has left port. It's significantly far from shore.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Oh no. We're at sea. No. No.
No.

Ashburn tries dialing her phone again. No reception.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Try your phone.

MULLINS
It got shut off again.

ASHBURN

Oh my god. There's a million
people with machine guns.

Two more GUARDS appear across the deck. Ashburn and Mullins
go back down the ladder.

INT. CARGO SHIP - LARGE SUPPLY CLOSET

Ashburn and Mullins sneak into a large supply closet.

MULLINS

Do we swim?

ASHBURN

I couldn't even make that, let
alone you.

MULLINS

Arrogant even in a panic?

ASHBURN

It's fact! Plus we'd freeze to
death.

MULLINS

What the hell do we do?

Ashburn looks around the room. There's enough food and jugs
of water...

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE CARD: 6 Days Later.

FADE UP ON:

EXT. PORT - UNKNOWN LOCATION - SIX DAYS LATER

Ship is docked in what looks like a third world country.
Mullins and Ashburn sneak off the side off the boat with
their guns drawn looking like hell. They walk along the
dock, disheveled, and pass a sign that says "PUERTO DE
CARTEGENA, COLOMBIA". Ashburn freezes. Then keeps walking.

INT. AIRPLANE - NEXT DAY

Ashburn and Mullins sit on a plane. Ashburn and Mullins sit
in silence.

ASHBURN

Well, that embassy lady was very nice.

MULLINS

I don't want to talk about it.

ASHBURN

We're going to have to at some point.

MULLINS

We should've taken down every person on that ship.

ASHBURN

It was impossible, you know that.

MULLINS

Well, we're never gonna take down Sokolovskii then. Also, you should've listened to me about Rojas.

ASHBURN

Oh come on, I didn't have a choice.

MULLINS

Of course, you're never wrong. You're the worst.

ASHBURN

Alright, you're just lashing out now. Let's just go back to silence for the rest of the flight.

A flight attendant passes.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Excuse me- how much longer until we land?

FLIGHT ATTENDANT

Just a little over four hours.

ASHBURN

Great.

MULLINS

I hope you don't have to go to the bathroom. Because I'm not getting up.

Ashburn sighs.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - 26 FEDERAL PLAZA

Agent Ashburn passes security. She passes the hallway, several AGENTS stare. She keeps her head low.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - 57TH FLOOR

Ashburn sees James Hale walking down the hall with TWO OTHER AGENTS in her direction.

ASHBURN

Sir, what are you doing here?

He reluctantly stops.

HALE

Well, I've come to clean up your mess.

ASHBURN

I'm sorry--

HALE

No, no, it's my fault. I realize now I wasn't clear about the assignment. What I said was find Sokolovskii and don't embarrass the bureau. What you heard was lose Sokolovskii and embarrass the bureau.

ASHBURN

I think we can still get him.

HALE

How so? Shipment's gone. Sokolovskii has no reason to stick around. Do you have any idea of his whereabouts?

ASHBURN

Not yet.

HALE

You're off the case, Ashburn. By the way, your informant, Terrell Rojas, is missing.

ASHBURN

We can track his phone--

HALE

Phone's turned off. Probably dead.
Great work, Ashburn.

Hale keeps walking with the other agents.

EXT. MULLINS FAMILY'S HOUSE - STREET

Jason Mullins walks to his car wearing his nicest button down shirt, holding a manila folder. He drives off. He doesn't see it, but a black SUV follows him.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - 57TH FLOOR

Michael Levy sits in his cubicle, typing on his computer. He looks up and sees Ashburn approach from down the hall. He smiles and wonders who this attractive woman is approaching him.

ASHBURN

I need everything you have on the
Red Falls Killer.

LEVY

(instant disappointment)
Oh god, you're the woman from the
phone.

ASHBURN

Send the files up to my office.

Ashburn turns and starts to walk away.

LEVY

Hey, I know you aren't on the case
anymore but fyi another dealer was
hit.

ASHBURN

Who?

LEVY

Some guy...
(reading screen)
Jason Mullins.

INT. KINGS COUNTY HOSPITAL

Ashburn enters a crowded EMERGENCY ROOM. She walks up to a
DOCTOR.

ASHBURN
Jason Mullins?

DOCTOR
Are you another member of the
family?

ASHBURN
No, I'm with the FBI.

DOCTOR
(relieved)
Thank god. He's in an induced coma
right now but he's stable.

ASHBURN
So he's still alive?

DOCTOR
For now.

INT. KINGS COUNTY HOSPITAL

Ashburn walks through the intensive care unit and sees
Mullins sitting on a bench in the hallway. Ashburn sits next
to her.

MULLINS
My mom said he was going to a job
interview. Went through his things
and it's true, he had some resumes.
They were terrible resumes, he
listed prison. But he wasn't
dealing. They just wouldn't let
him move on.

ASHBURN
I'm sorry.

MULLINS
We have to take him down.

ASHBURN
It would be really to hard to find
him now if he's even still around.

MULLINS
So? Let's imagine he is. What if
we piss him off? What if we take
down every one of his dealers and
confiscate all his shit? He
wouldn't be able to lay low then,
he'd have to come after us.

ASHBURN

I'm not on the case anymore.

MULLINS

So? I've never been "assigned" a "case" anyway.

ASHBURN

So the FBI is a little different, I can't just go rogue. I'm sorry, I wish I could help.

MULLINS

That's ok. I'm used to hearing that.

Mullins gets up and walks off. Ashburn watches her go. Conflicted.

INT. ASHBURN'S APARTMENT - THAT NIGHT

Stacks of files on the coffee table marked "RED FALLS KILLER". Ashburn looks distressed as she reads one.

INT. MULLINS APARTMENT

Mullins puts up PHOTOS of dealers on the wall. Her entire wall is covered. It's a little overwhelming.

INT. ASHBURN'S APARTMENT

Ashburn pulls out her old yearbook. She reads the other teacher's signature: "See you next year! - Mrs. Montgomery".

INT. MULLINS APARTMENT

Mullins tries to adjust her new curtains. They fall. She just takes the other ones down too.

EXT. BROOKLYN - CROPSEY AVE - APARTMENT BUILDING - NEXT DAY

Mullins sits in her car and watches two DEALERS hurry in.

INT. BROOKLYN - CROPSEY AVE - DEALERS APARTMENT

Mullins stands outside an apartment door with her gun drawn. She leans against the wall and takes a deep breath.

Suddenly she turns to the door and KICKS it open. Inside, the two dealers cut COCAINE at a kitchen table.

MULLINS
On the ground, now!

They slowly climb onto the ground as she pulls out handcuffs.

MULLINS (CONT'D)
Put your hands behind your head!

GUN CLICK. A THIRD DEALER stands behind her holding a gun at her head.

THIRD DEALER
I think it'd be much more better if you did.

ANOTHER GUN CLICK. A gun is behind his head. It's Ashburn.

ASHBURN
"More better"? Drop the gun, idiot.

Mullins smiles. Ashburn tosses Mullins some handcuffs.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Let's get a move on. We got a lot of scumbags to visit.

INT. MANHATTAN - LOWER EAST SIDE - DRUG DEALERS APARTMENT

TWO DEALERS sits cutting cocaine. Mullins and Ashburn STORM in guns drawn.

MULLINS
On the ground now!

Ashburn handcuffs the dealer as a few POLICE OFFICERS start confiscating the drugs.

ASHBURN
You have the right to remain silent, anything you say can and will be used against you in the court of law-

As Ashburn finishes reading their rights, Mullins approaches the second DEALER.

MULLINS
(to dealer)
Game's over.
(MORE)

MULLINS (CONT'D)

But we're going to let you go so
you can tell your friend
Sokolovskii that we're looking for
him.

ASHBURN

We can't really let him go.

MULLINS

(still looking at dealer)
Fine, you'll let him know from
prison.

INT. BROOKLYN - CROWN HEIGHTS - ANOTHER DEALERS APARTMENT

Mullins and Ashburn search another APARTMENT where TWO MORE
DEALERS sit, handcuffed.

A few OFFICERS search with a DRUG SNIFFING DOG. The dog
roams around sniffing slowly. Ashburn watches him
impatiently. Finally she walks over to the wall and tears a
poster down revealing a hole holding BAGS OF HEROIN.

ASHBURN

(pointing out drugs to
dog)

There. There.

Ashburn sighs and starts walking out.

MULLINS

Showed him.

ASHBURN

Someone has to.

INT. BROOKLYN - CANARSIE - ANOTHER DEALERS APARTMENT

A dealer sits bagging coke. The doorbell rings. He answers
the door. Mullins stands holding a pizza box in one hand but
a gun in the other pointed at him.

DEALER

(puts his hands up)
What the hell?

Mullins tosses the pizza box on the ground as Ashburn walks
in after her.

ASHBURN
(to Mullins)
What was the point of the pizza
box?

Mullins shrugs.

MULLINS
On the ground!

They get on the ground, Ashburn starts cuffing them.

MULLINS (CONT'D)
And you're going to tell
Sokolvoskii that Detective Mullins
was here and she said he is a god
damn pussy.

DEALER #1
Oh, I'm not saying that.

MULLINS
(to the other dealer)
Ok, you say it.

DEALER #2
It's your funeral.

Mullins nods at Ashburn.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - 26 FEDERAL PLAZA - MANHATTAN

Levy notices a BLINKING LIGHT on a tracking board. He looks
around and picks up the phone.

INT. ASHBURN'S CAR

Ashburn and Mullins climb into her car, talking.

ASHBURN
-- we need to find out if any of
this is working--

Ashburn's phone rings, she answers.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
(into phone)
Find out if any of the dealers we
brought into the 70th precinct have
had any visitors.

Levy writes this down.

LEVY
Wait, I called you.

ASHBURN
What is it?

LEVY
Rojas' phone just turned on.

ASHBURN
Interesting.

LEVY
(quietly)
Also, Hale has been asking where
you are.

ASHBURN
Oh, Hale wants to know where I am?
Tell him I'll come back when I'm
good and ready.

Mullins gives an "amp it up" gesture.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Yeah, I'm busy cracking skulls!

Mullins gives a "turn it down" gesture.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Leave out the second part.

She hangs up.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Rojas phone turned on.

Ashburn pulls the info up on a GPS map.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
What's in this area?

MULLINS
Nothing much. Bunch of warehouses.

ASHBURN
If he's alive, why would he
suddenly turn on his phone? Is
this a set-up?

MULLINS
Yup. Looks like we pissed
Sokolovksii off.

INT. MULLINS APARTMENT

Mullins and Ashburn put on vests and go through Mullins' weapons cabinet. Mullins slowly puts the small black bomb in a backpack.

 ASHBURN
No. No. No.

 MULLINS
Yes.

INT. MULLINS APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Ashburn loads a cool looking gun.

 MULLINS
Do you want something to eat before we go? I have a sandwich I haven't finished from subway.

 ASHBURN
Is that the same one you offered a week ago?

 MULLINS
Or we could get something on the way.

 ASHBURN
I'm fine.

EXT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

A large seemingly empty warehouse.

 MULLINS
Man, this looks shady as hell.

 ASHBURN
Let's park down the street.

EXT. DOWN THE STREET FROM WAREHOUSE

Ashburn and Mullins get out of the car. They run along the fence, guns drawn.

They reach the warehouse and lean against the wall. Ashburn looks around the corner. She sees the back of a GUARD one foot away. She quickly leans back against the wall. She looks at Mullins.

Mullins knocks on the wall. The guard looks curious. As he looks around the corner. Mullins STRIKES him in the face with the back of her gun. He falls to the ground.

ASHBURN

What if he just worked for the warehouse?

Mullins thinks.

MULLINS

No, this has been abandoned for years.

ASHBURN

That's good.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Mullins and Ashburn enter. It's filled with BOXES but otherwise empty.

INT. WAREHOUSE

They turn a corner and see ROJAS tied to a chair, he looks beaten.

VADMIR (O.C.)

So nice to see you again.

They look over. Vadmira and three henchman stand behind him holding guns.

VADMIR (CONT'D)

(to Ashburn)

Pass over your weapons.

Suddenly the guard walks past them, holding his bloody nose. Mullins grabs him and points a gun at his head.

MULLINS

Pass your weapons.

VADMIR

Shoot him, what do I care. He works for the warehouse.

MULLINS

Oh.

GUARD
(scared)
Please, I have a family.

MULLINS
Sorry.

Ashburn points her gun at Vadmira.

VADMIR CHZOV
Be careful. I will shoot your
informant in the head right now.

MULLINS
Thank you.

ROJAS
Aw come on! They've kept me here
all week torturing me to find out
what I told you!

MULLINS
Bullshit.

Mullins looks at Ashburn. She's hesitating.

MULLINS (CONT'D)
He's still working for them.

ROJAS
I'm not! She's crazy. You know
she's crazy.

ASHBURN
(to Mullins)
I can't just let them shoot an
informant point-blank.

MULLINS
Why would he still be alive? He's
lying.

ASHBURN
You were wrong about the guard.

MULLINS
I'm not wrong about this. He is
lying. Give them our weapons,
we're dead. Trust me.

ASHBURN
I'm sorry.

Ashburn holds up her gun.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Alright.

(to Mullins)

Come on, give me your gun.

Mullins sighs and hands over her gun.

VADMIR

And the other guns. And your phones. Put them in the bag and slide it over.

Ashburn opens up the bag and puts the guns and phones in it. She slides the bag over to their feet.

VADMIR (CONT'D)

Very good.

ROJAS

Thank you.

Rojas he puts his hands in front of him- untied.

ROJAS (CONT'D)

Ah. Dumb bitch, you should've listened to Mullins.

ASHBURN

I did.

Rojas looks confused. A CLICK from the backpack. Ashburn pushes Mullins and the guard as...

EXPLOSION. Vadmir, Rojas, and the henchmen are blasted.

Mullins lays on the ground coughing. The guard is crawling away. Mullins sees Ashburn holding her ankle.

MULLINS

I guess that was more than seven feet. You alright?

ASHBURN

I think I broke something.

She tries to stand up.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Yup. Oh god that hurts.

Mullins helps her back down.

MULLINS

I'll call for backup.

Mullins runs over to the site of the explosion and pulls out a melted cell phone and tries dialing.

MULLINS (CONT'D)

Yeah, that's not gonna work. Stay here, I'll be right back.

ASHBURN

There's a PA in the car. Glove compartment.

Mullins grabs her gun from the pile and runs off.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Mullins runs to the door. She looks outside and sees an SUV pull up.

Two henchmen get out of the front seat and light up cigarettes. She looks at the empty lot between her and the street where the car is parked. They'd surely see her run through it.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Mullins looks through the warehouse. She sees the guard hiding in the corner.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Mullins talks to the guard at the door. He's terrified.

MULLINS

I will cover you. But I need you to run across that lot.

GUARD

Please just leave me alone. I don't want to do this.

MULLINS

I'm sorry but you gotta do this. I will have my gun aimed at them. Our car is parked to the right.

She hands him keys.

GUARD

I can't.

MULLINS
Don't be such a pussy.

GUARD
What?! I'm going to die!

Mullins takes a breath.

MULLINS
You can do it. You're going to
pull this off and live a long and
happy life.
(forces herself)
Believe in yourself.

The guard doesn't catch this but she makes a face like that's
the worst thing she's ever had to say.

GUARD
Ok. Ok, I'll do it.

INT. WAREHOUSE

Ashburn sits trying to make a splint for her leg out of
warehouse scraps. She hears TWO MEN enter.

MAN #1
This is a fucking mess. Find the
girls.

She painfully pulls herself further into a shadowed area.

She listens to them walk away. The footsteps stop. She
listens. Suddenly from behind her:

MAN #1 (CONT'D)
(staring down at Ashburn)
Well, here's one.

Ashburn looks up... it's SOKOLOVKSII.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

Mullins hides behind a corner. She points her gun at the
SUV. There's only one henchman now. Mullins looks confused.
She waves for the guard to run. He hesitates.

MULLINS
(annoyed)
Just fucking go-

She stops herself. Then instead smiles and gives him a thumbs up.

He runs.

He's halfway through the parking lot. Suddenly the henchman notices and jumps in his SUV and starts driving after the guard. The guard looks back at the SUV and runs as fast as he can, terrified.

Mullins aims her gun at the SUV and fires several times. A shot hits through the rear window. The SUV suddenly swerves past the guard and crashes into a tractor. The guard clutches his chest and keeps running. Mullins smiles.

Then a gun is pointed at her back.

INT. WAREHOUSE OFFICE

A henchman drags Mullins into an office. Ashburn sits already tied up. Sokolovskii stands sharpening some knives.

SOKOLOVKSII

I saved you a seat.

The henchman pushes Mullins over to the chair and ties up her wrists and ankles.

SOKOLOVKSII (CONT'D)

Do any other agents or officers know that you are here?

MULLINS

I only told your mom.

ASHBURN

(not worth it)

Worth it.

Sokolovksii walks over to a collection of knives that range from a BUTCHER KNIFE to a TINY KNIFE.

He picks up the TINY KNIFE.

ASHBURN

Good choice.

MULLINS

Yeah, pick that one.

SOKOLOVKSII

It's a small blade but also the sharpest. I can do more with it.

He walks over to Mullins.

ASHBURN
Hey, just leave her alone.

SOKOLOVKSII
Ok, I'll start with you.

ASHBURN
Oh.

Henchman sticks his head back in and whispers something to Sokolovskii.

SOKOLOVKSII
Ladies, I'll be back in one second.

MULLINS
No rush.

SOKOLOVKSII
(to Ashburn)
Actually, maybe you could hold this for me.

Sokolovskii STABS Ashburn in the leg with the knife. Ashburn SCREAMS. Sokolovskii walks out.

MULLINS
Is that the busted leg at least?

ASHBURN
No!!!!!!

Mullins notices something on the floor.

MULLINS
Oh man, what the fuck is that?

The BODY FROM EARLIER still lies on the floor.

ASHBURN
(gasping)
You were right by the way. I was looked over some evidence... I think the Red Falls Killer might be innocent.

MULLINS
Did you tell anyone this before you came on this life threatening mission?

ASHBURN
No.

MULLINS

So you might be taking this secret
to the grave?

A beat.

ASHBURN

God dammit.

MULLINS

I'm sure we'll be fine. Things are
looking up.

ASHBURN

Alright. Turn your chair around.
You can cut your ropes with this
knife.

Mullins shuffles to turn her chair so her back is facing the
front of Ashburn. She puts her wrist over the blade.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

You have to pull the knife out.

MULLINS

Isn't that going to hurt?

ASHBURN

Just do it.

MULLINS

Alright. Don't scream.

Mullins pulls the knife out.

ASHBURN

(quiet screaming)

Ahhhhhhhhhhhh!

Mullins uses the knife to cut her rope off. Finally her
hands are free.

MULLINS

Got it!

She shuffles her chair over to cut Ashburn's hands free.
Then she cuts Ashburn's ankles free. She's about to cut her
own ankles free when they hear Soklovskii coming back.
Ashburn grabs the knife.

ASHBURN

Pretend we're still tied.

Ashburn puts her hands behind her back.

MULLINS
The knife was in your leg.

ASHBURN
So?

MULLINS
So... you have to put it back.

Ashburn looks at her leg and the knife. She looks at the door.

She puts the knife over the wound and stabs it back in.

ASHBURN
(quietly screamed)
Motherfucker!

She only has the knife halfway down. She tries to push it down further. The doorknob turns. Then--

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Oh fuck this.

Ashburn pulls the knife up and THROWS it as the door opens. It hits the henchman in the neck. He drops to the ground.

Sokolovskii stands behind him. Ashburn looks disappointed.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)
Man.

Sokolovskii pulls the knife out of the henchman's neck and comes toward Ashburn. Ashburn looks around the room and just starts using everything she can, Mullins-style.

First she grabs a MUG and THROWS it at him. It hits his neck, knocking the wind out of him. She grabs a jar of pens and THROWS that at him. Meanwhile, Mullins rolls off her chair and works on untying her knot.

Sokolovskii comes back at Ashburn. Ashburn grabs Mullins chair and knocks him across the face with it. She then grabs another pen off the desk and stabs him in his hand holding the knife.

Ashburn THROWS HERSELF on top of him. She lays on the ground next to him and puts him in a CHOKE HOLD. His face turns bright red and struggles. Finally he stops fighting back. Ashburn checks his pulse. Then she lets go.

Mullins helps Ashburn up. Mullins reaches down and grabs a gun from the dead henchman. She helps Ashburn hop to the door.

MULLINS
You sure Sokolovskii is dead?

ASHBURN
Yeah, I checked his pulse.

Mullins looks back and sees Sokolovskii REACHING FOR A KNIFE. She SHOOTs him with the gun three times. Ashburn looks at her.

MULLINS
Just to be safe.

They keep moving forward.

ASHBURN
He was still alive, wasn't he?

MULLINS
He's dead now. All that matters.

EXT. WAREHOUSE

POLICE and FEDERAL AGENTS swarm the outside of the warehouse. The guard stands wrapped in a police blanket talking on a cell phone.

GUARD
(into phone)
Honey, some female terrorists took
over the building, but I'm safe now-

Mullins helps Ashburn over to an ambulance. Director Hale approaches.

HALE
Nice job, Ashburn.

Ashburn stops and looks at him.

HALE (CONT'D)
Sir, we have to reopen the Red
Falls Killer case.

He looks at her confused. She keeps walking, pained.

MULLINS
Good for you.

ASHBURN
I thought that would feel good.
That felt awful.

MULLINS

I know.

INT. KINGS COUNTY HOSPITAL - ONE WEEK LATER

Mullins sits next to Jason in his hospital bed. He's awake. The rest of the family is also in the room celebrating under a banner that reads "Wake up, Jason!" Everyone is getting along.

JASON

You got him, huh?

Mullins smiles.

MULLINS

I got him. So, did you have weird dreams?

JASON

No but I feel like I heard you swearing at the doctor a lot.

MULLINS

Yeah, I was pretty angry.

JASON

Hey, thanks for the blanket.

The curtains Ashburn gave her are tossed nicely over Jason's bed.

INT. HOSPITAL - LATER

Mullins steps out of Jason's hospital room and dials her cell phone. A nurse walks by.

NURSE

No cell phones.

Mullins flashes her gun and keeps dialing. The nurse quickly walks off.

INT. ASHBURN'S NEW OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Ashburn opens boxes in a nice corner office. Her phone rings, she hits speakerphone.

ASHBURN

Ashburn.

We intercut between Ashburn and Mullins at the hospital.

MULLINS

Hey. Just wanted to let you know that Jason woke up.

ASHBURN

Oh, that's great news!

MULLINS

You all set up in the new digs?

ASHBURN

Yup. Pretty sweet office. I'm glad I decided to stay where all the action is at.

Behind Ashburn is a view of Manhattan.

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

Hey, I have some good news. We are releasing Mark Mason.

A beat.

MULLINS

Who the fuck is that?

ASHBURN

Oh the accused Red Falls Killer I arrested.

MULLINS

Oh cool.

ASHBURN

(smiling)

Yeah, it feels really good.

MULLINS

Real killer still out there though.

ASHBURN

(deflated)

Well, that's true.

(then)

Anyway, there's a case I'm working on now I wanted to talk to you about. You around tomorrow?

MULLINS

Sure. You'll probably need help, you don't know these streets.

Ashburn smiles.

ASHBURN

That's true. Let's grab something to eat first. I'll come by the station at 11:30. There's a place even better than Pizzeria Unos.

MULLINS

Doubt it. Hey did you get my package?

*

Ashburn sees a package and starts opening it.

ASHBURN

Oh I haven't opened this yet. What is it?

MULLINS

Small bomb.

ASHBURN

What?! Oh.

Ashburn pulls out her yearbook.

MULLINS

I signed it.

ASHBURN

Oh, that's really sweet.

Ashburn opens it. It just says "FUCKING NERD".

ASHBURN (CONT'D)

(nodding)

Yup.

MULLINS

Alright, I'll see you later.

Ashburn hangs up and smiles. Behind her, in the middle of all the frames is a FRAMED PHOTO of Ashburn and Mullins at a bar smiling and drinking a beer together.