

REBEL

Written by

KATE LANIER and JOHN SINGLETON

Based on script by Amani Walker

REVISIONS BY
John Singleton

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INT. MERCHANT'S SALOON - EAST OAKLAND

Mix of black and white patrons: Golden State Warriors and Oakland Raiders posters cover the walls (with a few smaller A's pennants scattered here and there.)

Behind the bar, a quiet, closed-mouthed giant, JED (mid 40s, African-American) pours shots, lost in his routine.

His eyes dart up.

A BLACK WOMAN'S NATURAL HAIR, BACKLIT among the colored lights of the bar. We follow her from behind as the camera swings around to the front of her face and we get our first look at...

REBEL, early 30s, bad-ass, gorgeous, sexy. Oakland tough.

A woman of few words, she does not suffer fools lightly.

Rebel hits the bar surveys the patrons.

REBEL

Got what I need Jed?

JED

(pushing her a shot)

Fa sho. Why you think I called you?

(quietly)

What you have for me, Rebel?

She leans forward... like she might hand him something illicit. She pushes a piece of paper across the bar to him. He picks it up, reads along as she quietly recites.

REBEL

"We are beautiful people/with
African imaginations/full of masks
and dances and swelling chants/with
African eyes and noses and
arms/though we sprawl in grey
chains in a place/ full of winters
when what we want is sun."

(a beat)

That's Amiri Baraka

JED

Amiri Baraka. Nice. Yeah, my
lady'll like that. I appreciate it,
sis. Making me look smarter, turns
her on.

Rebel looks around once more, they notice the HIPSTERS with ever-present slouchy hats nearby. Rebel and Jed share a look.

JED (CONT'D)
They're everywhere now.

REBEL
Well, where is he, bruh?

JED
Side room. Drinking with the
newbies. Entertaining them.

She downs her shot. Gets up and quietly taps the bar before
making for the side room.

JED (CONT'D)
Stay safe, now.

Rebel gives him a respectful nod.

CUT TO:

EXT. MERCHANT'S SALOON - SIDE ROOM - NIGHT

Rebel steps into the doorway of the side room.

LANGFORD HARVEY (white, 40s, conservative-looking business
attire) holds court surrounded by other upscale types. He
spots Rebel. A beat as they look at each other...there's real
fear in his eyes. Plays it off, defiant.

LANGFORD
Cole! What the hell do YOU want
now?!

REBEL
I think you best take a walk with
me before I embarrass you in front
of your 'lil friends here.
(motions with her hand)
Come on Langford, let's go.

LANGFORD
(defiant)
I will not.

REBEL
Tell you what, I'ma give you 'bout three
seconds to step my way, or I'll crack ya
head open and drag you out.

FRIEND#1
Langford, this a girlfriend of
yours? She's sexy! Excuse me, honey
chile! Do you do BDSM? Cuffs?
Cropping? I have a whole package.
Full dungeon.

(MORE)

FRIEND#1 (CONT'D)
 (Indicates with fingers)
 Big money!

THEY ALL LAUGH. Rebel does NOT. She sucks her teeth, then steps forward.

INT. MERCHANT'S SALOON - BAR AREA - NIGHT

Langford holds his bruised head as Rebel collars him from behind, he is HANDCUFFED. She is followed by the men Langford was drinking with, all ANGRY. Friend #1 IS THE MOST VOCAL, holding his stomach and bruised face.

FRIEND #1
 You have no right! You are in violation of the law! You never identified yourself as a policeman! STOP!!!

REBEL
 Shut your face!

LANGFORD
 Why are you on me? I beat that charge!

REBEL
 The courts couldn't convict your rapist ass but I've been watching you, and Miss Delacroix told me you've been stalking her.

Rebel pulls her phone.

REBEL (CONT'D)
 Mack? Requesting back-up. Yeah, I got him. It don't matter, Mack, just get over here.
 (she turns to the crowd of angry white men)
 Now I'ma say this once, you need to fall back, y'all making me nervous and in fear for my life. That being the case I may need to put some bullets in y'all and stand my ground. So what's it gonna be?

They all back up.

REBEL (CONT'D)
 Now Langford, what is it, man? You and I know you hurt her. Don't we? They didn't convict you, but you can't help yourself to go looking her in the eyes after all the pain she's seen?

LANGFORD

I have no idea what you're talking about.

Rebel pulls out her phone, scrolls through pictures.

REBEL

Look at yourself following Miss Delacroix on Telegraph. This is you standing in line at Starbucks while she got a coffee. Here's your leering face following her up the street until she ran into BART to get away from your creepy ass. Lemme ask you, do any of these pictures look like you're honoring the court-appointed mandate of staying away from this lady?

LANGFORD

I see a coincidence.

REBEL

My eyes see parole violation. Guess you gonna see firsthand what it's like to get fondled against your will once you hit lockup.

EXT. MERCHANT'S SALOON - NIGHT

An unmarked Crown Vic screeches up to the bar.

Rebel's partner, MACK (30s Irish-American) enters, running to the scene.

INT. MERCHANT'S SALOON - BAR - NIGHT

He looks down at Langford, bloody, and Rebel - at a booth, chillin and shakes his head?

MACK

You couldn't wait for me? Thought we had a plan? Jesus Christ. What is your damn problem?

Rebel gives him a cool look and a shrug.

REBEL

Just worked out this way.

They both haul him to his feet and pull him, staggering, to the waiting car.

MACK

Classic Rebel. Half the department is gonna love you for this, the others will be calling for your badge.

REBEL

Doesn't that happen every week Mack? Gimme some.

He smiles, pounds her.

SMASH CUT:

EXT. COLE HOME - EASTMONT NEIGHBORHOOD, DEEP EAST OAKLAND

A lowslung bungalow home, a bit rundown, dead lawn and bars on the window, like many on the street.

Rebel exits her car with best friend CHEENA, who is Chinese, sassy as all hell.

REBEL

Just admit you sold out and we good.

CHEENA

"I learned to make my mind large, as the universe is large, so that there is room for contradictions." Poet of MY people, Maxine HK!

(off her LOOK)

Whatever! I'm gonna be macking now. Pullin' in big bank with stock options. Tech is my come up.

REBEL

Do ya thing, girl. I ain't mad at you.

CHEENA

Is your dad in a good mood? The last Sunday dinner I had with your family was a show.

REBEL

It'll be fine, trust me.

Rebel sees FOUR YOUNG BLACK MEN in front of her father's home. The heaviest one, BRIM pushes his friends back to show respect and let her pass.

BRIM

'Sup Rebel?

REBEL

Hey, Brim. I know y'all ain't here for Sunday dinner. Watching my 'lil brother's back?

BRIM

You know how I do!

Rebel and Cheena pass. The young men look at them. Brim motions to them.

BRIM (CONT'D)

Respect... That's a bad one right there.

CUT TO:

INT. MR. COLE'S HOME - EVENING

The family home Rebel grew up in with her Father and brother. On the wall is formal military portrait of Rebel with her purple heart. Her younger brother, MALIK (20, charismatic) is arguing with Mr. Cole, their father (mid-50s, tall, strong but a broken man.)

MALIK

Daddy! Daddy! Pops! I'm not hearing you!

MR. COLE

Don't raise your voice to me, boy!

MALIK

You the one loud talking! I can't say nothing cause the only voice you listen to is ya own! Hi Rebel!

MR. COLE

Sit ya ass down and eat! Becca tell your brother something! Folks think they grown till they find out they ain't and wanna act childish.

CHEENA

(mutters)

Your people.

MALIK

(smiles)

Yeah, we crazy, Cheena, all of us... I'm out! (hugs Rebel) Bye sis!

REBEL

(casual)

You going sit on Brim's steps?

MALIK

Naw I ain't going to Brim's I'll be by Eddie Boe's place outside.

REBEL

Lemme eat, I may come through. Be careful out there.

Malik dashes out the front door, joins his friends.

MR. COLE

You gonna let him leave?! After I cooked all this?

REBEL

Daddy, calm down. Let's just relax and have a nice dinner. He'll be back, you can't put a chain around the boy's neck.

LATER:

There's silence as everyone sits and eats, not saying a word. Cheena and Rebel exchange LOOKS: she frowns, just subtly shakes her head. BLUES TUNES from from Mr. Cole's stereo. Lattimore's "Lets Straighten It Out".

MR. COLE

(to Cheena)

Cheena, don't take this the wrong way, but you 'bout the smartest and finest Oriental I ever known.

Cheena looks at Rebel. Holding her tongue.

CHEENA

Is he for real?

Rebel smiles. Enjoying the exchange.

MR. COLE

Yeah I'm real. I used to have a see this Chinese girl back in the day, stayed down in Castro, had hair near down her back to her butt. That was before Becca's mama.

CHEENA

Uh, Mr. Cole. Oriental is not an appropriate term, we've talked about this.

MR. COLE

(not paying attention)

Ol' girl kept saying she wasn't Chinese, called herself Taiwanese.

(MORE)

MR. COLE (CONT'D)
I say you look Chinese, why you
call yourself that?!

CHEENA
They are different countries, and I
was born here, bruh.

MR. COLE
I don't mean to offend ya,
sweetheart. Just happy you and
Becca close still. I always used to
tell her choose smart friends and
maybe they good qualities rub on
you.

He rises to a bar, pours himself a glass of HENNESSEY. Tilts
bottle towards them. They decline politely.

MR. COLE (CONT'D)
Some cognac to go with my brown liquor music!

REBEL
Don't pay him any mind. He likes you.

CHEENA
If I slap the crap out your daddy
would you be pissed at me?

REBEL
No. Be my guest.

Mr. Cole comes back to the table.

MR. COLE
My kids are fairly intelligent,
they get it from me. Besides all
that brain power, we have another
gene in our family, a special thing
in our blood going way, way back...
My daddy, Becca's momma and her
people... instead of thinking.. We
just ...act out... you never know
what us Coles is capable of... back
in Louisiana, where we all from, we
had to have that to survive... some
"fie-ya" that let other folks know
we can go there. Bayou people.
Creole folk, we all mixed up with
French, Indian and some Eye-Talian
way back in us. With all that human
gumbo you never know what part will
come at ya.

He drinks, lets the liquor roll in his mouth.

REBEL

(smiling)

Daddy! I just spent the whole time driving over here trying to convince Cheena we wasn't all crazy, and look what you doin'. Ruining all my hard work.

Cheena clears her throat.

CHEENA

I'm actually having an amazing evening.

Rebel laughs.

MR. COLE

You think it's funny, Rebel?

Rebel turns to her father. Serious, mood change.

MR. COLE (CONT'D)

Let ya brother leave Sunday dinner. You too busy for us. I'm the only one trying to keep this family together, but you know what? I don't need none of y'all. You can leave me alone... you and Malik.

He gets up and leaves the table.

Rebel frowns comes back hard at her father.

REBEL

You always telling us to stop feeling sorry for ourselves and be about something! Don't be mad at us for living our lives! Malik is just trying to find his way!

MR. COLE

Go ahead, live ya life. Save me the trouble trying to pull something together every Sunday or when you feel like dropping by to see somebody.

REBEL

Do you hear yourself Daddy? YOU THE ONE THAT NEED TO GO LIVE YA LIFE. You don't go anywhere or do anything! You doing what you told us not to do when you was whippin' our asses as kids! Grow up, yourself, Daddy!

He turns his back and stalks towards his room.

MR. COLE

Clean the table, Becca. Let yourself out after.

Rebel and Cheena look at each other. Rebel shakes her head.

REBEL

Don't say nothing.

Cheena holds her hands up high. "Not my business".

EXT. THE BLOCK - MURDER DUBS/EAST OAKLAND - NIGHT

Rebel, behind the wheel of her car, cruises down the street, eyes peeled. Everyone's out on this hot summer night trying to catch a breeze. Action all about.

Suddenly she spots who she's looking for: Malik and his partners who picked him up. They're outside, having a smoke. Rebel narrows her eyes, makes a U-turn and parks right at the corner, hops out. Malik's face lights up when he sees her.

MALIK

Rebel, what's up, sis? Sorry 'bout daddy.

REBEL

(sweetly)

Don't even trip on him.

He steps away from his friends. One dude makes a comment about how good Rebel looks. Malik flashes.

MALIK

Hey nigga that's my sister, blood!

REBEL

(loudly)

Pump ya brakes. I appreciate the compliment 'lil man, but I'd probably break you in half. C'mon 'Lik, I'm gonna buy you a drink.

MALIK

Hey we was 'bout to go to Texas' spot to party there.

REBEL

(cool, playing)

Texas, who Texas?

MALIK

Just some dude, we call him that 'cause he from Houston.

REBEL
You drinking with me. Let's go.

She gets out, puts her arm around Malik, ushers him to the car. Shouts back to his crew.

REBEL (CONT'D)
(playful)
Me and my baby brother gonna pour
up tonight! See y'all lata!

Malik exchanges a glance with his friends: What can he do?
It's his big sister.

INT./EXT. CAR/STREET

Rebel and Malik walk to her car.

They exchange a LOOK.

REBEL
NO. Daddy didn't send me.

He flashes her his most genuine, charismatic smile.

MALIK
(smiles)
I don't care if he did.

MALIK (CONT'D)
Where we headed?

REBEL
My place. We can get a drink there.

CUT TO:

EXT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - FAIRFAX, EAST OAKLAND

A working class neighborhood with nicer and not-so-nice areas, but a good community feeling (though still a fair amount of iron bars). Rebel's building is older and boxy, mixed in with single-family homes and not far from the trying-to-revitalize shopping street.

INT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rebel and Malik are in her place. They are mid-conversation.

MALIK
Hold up... turn that off.

She does as he reaches for a flash drive he's put on his key chain.

MALIK (CONT'D)

I want you to hear something.

He goes over to her computer, inserts the flash drive. Clicks on the icon that says MALIKMUSIC.

A nice beat rips from the computer speakers; drums and bass ... followed by a soulful melody. Rebel nods along as she listens.

She looks at Malik and smiles as the song hits the break and the singing voice turns up; it's heartfelt, poetic.

MALIK (CONT'D)

(excited)

Check this out, even when it look like I'm hanging with my folks and not thinking about my music, I'm still on my music game.

REBEL

Uh huh. Sure, bruh.

Malik shifts around, he's so wired.

MALIK

Alright.

(thinks)

When I'm with my crew, I get inspired, the dirt we see and do.

(Rebel's eyes flash)

Sometimes. I make beats and melodies in my head... record 'em on my cell. Streets is inspiration, sis.

REBEL

How you doing at the Academy?

MALIK

Real talk? I make more music out in these streets than in my classes. I'm bored in that conservatory, learning theory and composition. Thinking of quittin' school.

REBEL

I'ma just let you sit there and tumble in ya brain how much sense that makes. None.

MALIK

Rebel, Daddy ain't like you and me. I love 'im, but he got weak. Still broken about momma.

REBEL

She was always stronger than any of us. But that's beside the point.

She puts an arm around him.

REBEL (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna lecture ya ass. We all make our choices in this world. But I'ma hit you with this like momma would... If you blow your scholarship to that music school, after everything I did to get it... You gonna be hella sorry! Look in my eyes 'Lik.. Am I lying? Love you man, but don't chump ya life away.

Malik reaches over and gives her a big hug, visibly exhales. He's calmer, reaches for a joint behind his ear. He lights it and inhales deeply. Offers it to Rebel.

REBEL (CONT'D)

C'mon 'Lik. You know they got me pissin'!

Malik starts cracking up.

MALIK

Man, sis! Can't enjoy nothing being Super Homicide Girl.

REBEL

I do my thing when I need to.

A new song plays in background. Rebel takes note.

REBEL (CONT'D)

This you, too?

Malik nods. Rebel smiles widely in approval.

FADE OUT.

INT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Malik is fast asleep on Rebel's couch. Rebel quietly picks up the phone.

REBEL

Daddy? Yeah, he's over here, spending the night.

(a beat)

I don't wanna get into all of that right now... Daddy...

(MORE)

REBEL (CONT'D)
 DADDY, don't start with me. All you
 need to know is he's safe.

She presses END CALL, slowly shakes her head, reaching out to
 gently touch Malik on the shoulder. He opens up his eyes.

REBEL (CONT'D)
 I'm going out for a bit. Left you
 the spare keys. Just lock up if I'm
 not back.

He nods, turns back over and falls asleep. Rebel watches him
 sleep for a long tender beat, then gets up and throws on a
 jacket.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. RUBY ROOM - DOWNTOWN OAKLAND - NIGHT

Pounding dance music, somewhat muffled: the walls are
 scrawled with graffiti, etched names and numbers.

The BOUNCER nods to her, clearly knows her.

BOUNCER #1
 What it do, Rebel?

REBEL
 It do just fine. What it look like?

BOUNCER #1
 I think you'll find what you're
 looking for tonight.

She nods, all cool and aloof as she enters.

INT. RUBY ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We TRACK her as she walks down the hall, flashing red lights
 illuminate her strut, strobe lights freeze frame her.

As she heads towards the bar, a young MAN (African-American,
 6'4", tough guy stance) falls in step with her. She barely
 looks at him.

MAN
 You free, Rebel?

She gives him a quick once over. Smiles slightly.

INT. REBEL'S LOVER'S PLACE - LATE NIGHT

Candle light. We see quick flashes of skin on skin, slick with sweat: we're watching Rebel and the MAN have sex, moving rhythmically. There's a tone of domination to what's going down. She responds with pleasure. He reaches his hands out, about to encircle her neck, when she reacts, quick fire, and blocks him.

REBEL
(serious)
Do NOT put your hands on my neck.

He backs away, but continues going at it. His hand reaches out, clutches the night stand by the bed. We see Rebel's GUN, HOLSTER and DETECTIVE BADGE resting there. As they both climax, the night stand shakes... then becomes still. Rebel stands up, done, not interested in anything more. He turns to her, gazes longingly.

MAN
C'mon, baby. Stay awhile.

She shakes her head.

MAN (CONT'D)
Please, Reb. Just lie here with me.

Rebel is NOT feeling it. She stands up, pulls on her pants and reaches for the gun, expertly holsters it, and hangs the badge 'round her neck.

REBEL
Got to work.

He nods.

MAN
We been doing this for a hot minute. I don't even have your number. I go to that place just to hope I run into you. You never even say my name when we ...

She just looks at him, cool as ice, shutting him down.

REBEL
If I need to, I'll find you.

And then she turns and walks out of the bedroom, not looking back.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST OAKLAND - MORNING

MUSIC UP as Rebel heads down the block - her natural hair an even halo in the morning sun. She's bad-ass, working her fierce, cutting edge style as she nods to a shop OWNER, tips her chin at a beat COP cruising by. This is a rough part of town, and Rebel owns it.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - LATER

Rebel struts in, greetings all around: she's well-respected, even a little feared. JAMES IVERSON, a young black officer, nods to Rebel.

JAMES
(smiling)
Hey Rebel, took one out huh?

CHARLES GOLD (older, police lieutenant) steps out of his office. They greet each other. He's a friend and mentor.

CHARLES
(under his breath)
Detective Cole, aka Rebel, the human tornado. Did ya really have to lay the man out like school clothes, lady?

Rebel cracks a smile, she's on the move.

REBEL
Something like that, Lieutenant.
(dour)
Good evening, Captain.

Just then the department head, FRANK (White, 60s) motions Rebel over.

FRANK
Charles gets all smiles while you serve me stink eye? William Langford is in the hospital.

Rebel just looks at him like "So What?"

REBEL
I'd lay money he has the best health insurance available.

FRANK
You wanna tell me there was self defense involved in that arrest?

REBEL

Definitely. One of his friends attempted to solicit me into a sexual act. I feared bodily harm.
(she moves on, turns)
Is that all, Frank?

FRANK

You're incredible, Cole, you know that?

REBEL

So I've been told.

FRANK

You and Mack are gonna cover the East side tonight, track the suspects in that Lopez homicide.

REBEL

Thought we were gonna work the Temescal case?

FRANK

After what you did with Langford Harvey, you don't get to be around any white people tonight. No Temescal.

Frank leaves. Rebel doesn't say a word, but we register her cool displeasure.

REBEL

(sarcastic)
I feel punished.

Charles catches it. Shoots her a LOOK: don't rock the boat. Rebel bites her tongue.

CHARLES

(whispers)
You only get away with that 'cause you cute.

She purses her lips, gives a quick nod.

JIMMY, a tall, handsome blonde cop walks past, smiling widely at Rebel.

REBEL

Nice teeth, Jimmy.

JIMMY

My brother is a lucky man, Rebel. You should be my partner.

REBEL
I don't think that would work.

INT. UNMARKED CROWN VIC - NIGHT

Rebel is driving with her partner, Mack. She's focused on the street. Mack is running his mouth.

MACK
Explain this to me, you're a woman... What do chicks mean when they say "there's something different about you?", then they don't return your call?

REBEL
Means it was a bad date.

Looks at his cell. He's on TINDER. SCROLLS through women's faces.

MACK
I changed my picture. She was the only one who hit me back since I signed onto this thing. Well, one was a tranny, but that doesn't count. Was so bored the other night, almost hit that one back.

Rebel gives him a sideways look.

MACK (CONT'D)
It was a joke. Well, halfway... I get lonely.

A beat as Mack leans in close.

MACK (CONT'D)
How long's it been? Since we, you know, got together?

REBEL
(under her breath)
Months.

MACK
And, you've been divorced over a year. I know you don't have a boyfriend right now. Why not?

Rebel shoots him a look like: drop it.

REBEL
For real, Mack? You wanna go here?

MACK
 (with feeling)
 Yeah, let's go there. Tell me.
 What have you been doing when the
 urge comes on? Who do you go to?
 Not me. I thought we had great
 chemistry.

Rebel looks at him. Despite everything, he really has a thing for her.

REBEL
 (quietly)
 Mack. I'm sorry. You're a sweet
 guy, really.
 (a beat)
 You were just something to do at
 that moment. It was a mistake.
 Leave it be.

Wounded, Mack's about to respond when a call comes in over the radio.

RADIO (O.S.)
 Shots fired. Alley behind the
 Safeway on the 800 block of State,
 10 - 32. Suspect is a black male.

REBEL
 What else?

MACK
 Let the beat deal with it, we got
 our possible suspects to look
 after.

REBEL
 We're right here.

Mack sighs, responds to the call.

MACK
 (repeating)
 10-4. Headed to scene. Detectives
 Cole and McIntyre responding.

She slaps the light on top of the car and they take off.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY WAY - EAST OAKLAND

Rebel and Mack pull up, the lights of their car catch a shadowy FIGURE running, gun in hand. Mack and Rebel jump out.

MACK
 (into handheld)
 We need back-up now! 800 block of
 State. Alley behind Safeway.

REBEL
 (shouting)
 STOP!! DROP the GUN! Get on the
 ground!

MACK
 STOP! DROP YOUR WEAPON!

REBEL
 Drop it! On the ground, on the
 ground!!! Turn around slowly!!
 Hands behind your head!

The FIGURE STOPS on a dime on Rebel's orders. He turns, still in darkness. Holds HANDS HIGH over his head, gun in right hand. He is still at least 200 feet away. Walking forward now. The shadowed figure throws the gun forward.

Rebel cocks her head, curious.

MACK
 Get on your knees now!

The young man steps forward, we can't see his face.

MALIK
 (in shadow)
 You gonna shoot me?

Malik steps into the light, still over a 100 feet away.

MALIK (CONT'D)
 Your own brother? Whatsup, Mack?

Rebel brings her gun down. Shrugs.

REBEL
 Malik! Boy, what you doing out here
 with a gun, man?!

MALIK
 I just picked it up! We was out
 here with Texas and some folks,
 'bout to hit this spot... when...
 these dudes started shooting!
 Then...

Rebel looks to her left. Mack still has his gun drawn on Malik.

REBEL
 Mack, put down your service. It's Malik.

MACK

I see him, Rebel! Tell him to get down on his knees.

REBEL

Dude, that's my brother, he's not gonna do nothing! He tossed the piece!

MALIK

Mack! It's me! You know me! Malik! This isn't even my gun, man! Look, man!

Malik walks forward when...

**** The following happens SIMULTANEOUSLY. ****

- Mack, nervous. Shoots at Malik. BLAM!

- Rebel is SHOCKED. She turns her gun on Mack, then DOWN to his LEG. She shoots. Mack goes down in pain.

- Rebel looks down at Mack then towards her brother. Is he dead?

REBEL

Malik! You hit?! You good?!

Malik on pavement, then rises into frame. Nervous, shaken.

MALIK

Damn! Yeah, I'm straight! He tried to kill me! Thanks, Rebel, you saved me. I'm sorry, sis.

Rebel rushes over to Mack's side. He is in pain, screaming.

REBEL

We gotta get you to the hospital.

MACK

You're a bitch, you know that?

REBEL

Well this "bitch" is gonna make sure you walk again. So relax. I'll get you to the car and the ER. I'm sorry, Mack.

(looks towards Malik)

Malik! Stay right there. I have to cuff you, man! This is all gonna work itself out.

MALIK

(sees something)

I love you, sis.

FOUR POLICE CARS screech up. Police men jumping out 30 feet away... We see what they see.

REBEL with Mack helping him to the car... and Malik now 100 feet away, his hands clearly in the air.

REBEL sees it, as well, she's a split second too late.

REBEL
Wait!!! Wait!!! He's unarmed!

POLICEMEN rushing past Rebel, they OPEN FIRE on Malik.

She's powerless to stop them, her service gun in her hand as she watches several of her colleagues murder her baby brother.

Tears fall from her eyes. She stands there, powerless, then walks forward past the cops, moving them out of the way. She falls to Malik's bullet-ridden, lifeless body. Rebel drops her gun. She holds Malik and cries.

FADE TO BLACK.

INT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Malik's lifeless body is on view. In repose.

We reveal a small memorial gathering of the immediate family and a few friends. There's silence as we can hear murmured cries. Cheena sobs into a tissue. Mr. Cole wipes his eyes.

Rebel, her face, she's in total shock.

She hides her eyes behind DARK SHADES.

Mr. Cole is emotional, shaken. His hands are fidgety.

Rebel looks over at her father. She motions with her hand, touches his palms softly. He looks to her, tries to shake off his vulnerability.

Daughter and Father bond for a moment. THEN...

Mr. Cole smiles a painful grin.

MR. COLE
(laughs, uneasy)
You... You know this is YOUR fault right?

REBEL
Daddy, calm down. Let's not go there.

MR. COLE

When you first started in all that police business, after your discharge. And 'Lik was like twelve years old and started acting all mouthy, like ya momma, and mannish, like me. I told you to take his 'lil ass down to the station and put him in a cell! Maybe that woulda scared him into listening to somebody! The streets got his ear, and we lost him! Our boy is gone now.

He's unsteady on his feet.

REBEL

(whispers)

Keep your voice down!

MR. COLE

(loud, losing it)

You don't tell me what the hell to do Bernadette! It's your fault, too! My only son is gone!

REBEL

Daddy! This is me, Rebecca! I'm not momma!

Mr. Cole looks at Rebel. His eyes register clarity, then embarrassment. Rebel puts her arms around her father and leads him out of the church.

As they pass the pews of mourners, grieving and trying not add to this embarrassing moment, we find TERRANCE JENKINS, otherwise known as TJ, classic black handsome, tall muscular build, brown soulful eyes. This is REBEL's ex-husband.

EXT. FUNERAL HOME - DAY

Rebel stands with her father. Mr. Cole is still emotional. Rebel is on the verge of tears herself.

MR. COLE

I'm sorry Becca, it's no one's fault. It's like I'm living a nightmare I always knew might come my way.

REBEL

We both tried to protect him from the world, Daddy. Cuts my heart out too that he's gone.

MR. COLE

My girl.

They hug warmly. Rebel sheds a tear over her father's shoulder, then looks to see TJ standing yards away letting her have the moment with her father. Mr. Cole turns notices as well.

MR. COLE (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Be nice to the man. He still loves you.

TJ comes forward gives Mr. Cole a pound shake, then a long hug. Mr. Cole then motions for Rebel in a THREE-WAY EMBRACE.

MR. COLE (CONT'D)

GI JOE and GI JANE. Be thankful to have somebody that is really there for you, despite all your bad qualities. If somebody willing to put up with you knowing what they know, then you need to keep your heart open 'cause there ain't many folks that find that person in they lifetime.

Mr. Cole moves himself away and pushes Rebel and TJ together, then the estranged couple is hugging.

Mr. Cole walks away.

Rebel and TJ break their embrace.

TJ

How are you holding up, Reb?

REBEL

Barely. I can't wait to get Daddy home, go out get a drink.

TJ

You need anything?

REBEL

Yeah, yeah... I need a lot... but I think your new woman would have a problem with that.

They turn and TARSHA, TJ's fiance is there at the doorway.

TJ waves. Rebel smiles at him. Tarsha is too far to hear...

REBEL (CONT'D)

You got that one trained huh? Wave ya hand and she just stays put, won't move a step.

TJ
Oh, please.

REBEL
Never had it like that with me,
huh? If she comes over here, I
might just slap her down to the
ground offa GP.

Rebel smiles at Tarsha from afar. TJ WAVES AGAIN.

TJ
One second, baby.
(turns to Rebel)
I'm here for you, Rebel.

He walks back to his new lady.

TARSHA
How is she? What she say about me?

TJ
Nothing. Come back inside.

Rebel is left alone.

DISSOLVE TO:

CAPTION: A FEW WEEKS LATER

INT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

MUSIC CUE: FOUR TOPS "Bernadette", low-sounding from Rebel's
Pandora radio.

Rebel lays on her couch. Half dressed, hung over.

REBEL'S FACE: Eyes closed. We hold on her, in REM sleep, eyes
darting under closed eyelids...

We hear the sounds of WAR, high-caliber weapons in action,
helicopter blades, road bombs going off.

EXT. PASHAWAR PROVINCE - AFGHANISTAN - DAY

Rebel in Army fatigues, she salutes.

THE BUSH

Suddenly, we see Rebel running low, behind several other
soldiers.

Rebel looks up sees a HELICOPTER take fire from a handheld missile. The copter is HIT exploding, falling to the desert in the distance. She shakes her head, still in uniform and close to the dirt, Rebel cries, then pulls out a BOTTLE, produces small cup. The other troops look up at the falling 'copter, she offers them a drink.

REBEL
That brown liquor make you forget
it all, bruh. We gonna get 'em!
(she drinks)

BACK TO REBEL in present time... still sleeping. Her LIPS purse.

We see MALIK die in a hail of bullets. His body falling SLO MO.

REBEL'S EYES crack open she looks up and sees a SHADOWY FIGURE standing over her... We don't see the face just the outline of her body, hips and well-manicured nails, Rebel's mother BERNADETTE COLE.

BERNADETTE
Not you fault baby, don't carry it
all on your shoulders.

INT. REBEL CAR - NIGHT

Rebel is driving, and DRINKING. She pours hard brown liquor in a small cup, SHE LOOKS UP.

A DIESEL TRUCK HEADLIGHTS!

REBEL'S FACE: We hear the sounds of a fatal accident, screams and cries. Rebel opens her eyes, partly. Bernadette stands over her, still OUT OF FOCUS, shadowy.

BERNADETTE
Don't end up like me, Becca.

EXT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - REBEL'S DOOR - DAY

Cheena arrives at the door.

CHEENA
Rebel?! Rebel, open up girl, I got the
brethren food!

INT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - DAY

Rebel sits up adjusts herself. She is alone. HEARS Cheena knocking.

Rebel opens the door, falls back on the couch, in a heap.

Cheena enters, looks around, reacting to the mess revealed, empty LIQUOR BOTTLES, BROKEN PICTURE FRAMES, FURNITURE UP ENDED. The place looks as if a tornado went through it.

Cheena sits on the couch, silent. Rebel follows her gaze.

Rebel rises and starts CLEANING her apartment.

As Rebel cleans we flash back to the how the mess was created.

Rebel picks up LIQUOR BOTTLES... FLASHBACK TO:

Rebel drinking straight from the BOTTLE. Throwing it across the room.

Rebel ambles across the living room: FLASHBACK TO:

Rebel DRUNKEN, barely able to stand, crying....

REBEL

Malik. I'm sorry, baby bro.

Rebel adjusts some furniture, a chair, and end table. FLASHBACK TO:

Rebel having an angry TANTRUM. She TRASHES her own place. Cursing and screaming in anger.

Silence. Rebel and Cheena still cleaning.

Rebel looks to Cheena. Cheena crosses to her. They HUG each other.

CHEENA

Take a bath, cow, you stink! I'm putting the Warriors game on.

Rebel manages a smile.

CUT TO:

INT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

Rebel takes a shower. Cries then sucks it up, her face wet, but a resolve comes over her.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - THE STEPS - DAY

Rebel steps out sits on the apartment steps. Watches life go on around her. She sees a POLICE CAR turn the corner slowly, rises goes into the house carefully.

INT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

DOLORES

(on speaker)

Rebel. It's Dolores, yeah me, you probably have a lot of people calling you. I wanted to make sure you were doing better, say can I come see you soon? Something's on my mind...

Rebel cuts it off, listens to the next message.

STEPHANIE (O.S.)

This is Stephanie. Your lawyer, remember me? We can't file a counter claim if you don't SHOW UP for your own hearing! Internal Affairs will easily come to their own conclusions unless you fight this, Rebel. So call me, please.

DOLORES (O.S.)

Rebel. This is Dolores again. I know you're dealing with your own big issues. But... I need help. Thought of you. You haven't answered any texts so I thought I'd call another time. Call me back, I'd appreciate it.

The messages end. Rebel sits there looking into space.

She rises turns on the T.V. on her way to the kitchen.

NEWSCASTER

(on TV)

Not since Oscar Grant have tensions been so high here in Downtown Oakland, where protesters have been gathering to ask for action against the officers who shot and killed 20-year-old Malik Cole. Cole's sister, Detective Rebecca Cole, is under investigation for the possible friendly fire shooting of her partner, fellow detective Thomas McIntyre. Were her actions intentional or an accident? Many questions remain in this bizarre turn of events.

REBEL'S WINDOW

We see Charles, James, and HECTOR, a Mexican newbie cop approaching.

THE KITCHEN

Rebel drinks from a carton of ORANGE JUICE. She smells some cheese, decides it edible, then takes bites then SPITS it in the sink. Hears knock at door.

PEEPHOLE P.O.V.: WIDE LENS: CURVED IMAGE.

Charles and friends.

CHARLES

Rebel? I know you're there.
Your shadow crossed the peephole.

REBEL

What's the deal, Charles?!

CHARLES

Deal is you have a hearing in an hour. I'm making sure you get there on time.

REBEL

Today?! Now?! I can't. Not going.

CHARLES

Rebel, pull it together. (SILENCE)
Well, you better get dressed and show up, otherwise we ain't gonna be the next ones coming to your door. And they will want to break it down drag you out for all eyes to see. You know what happens then, come on Reb. Get dressed. I got you a coffee and a breakfast burrito.

Rebel manages a small smile.

INT. CHARLES'S CAR - DAY

Rebel rides in back with Charles as James drives and Hector rides shotgun.

JAMES

You have half the department going at each other over this situation. I get it... Most of us do.

HECTOR

But we can't get too vocal, otherwise they start treating us... Different.

REBEL

Any more than they did before?

CHARLES

Madhouse down there now.
 Truth be told, Mack was always
 kinda off in his head. Him and
 Jimmy, look like inbreds.
 Plain talk? You acted so he
 wouldn't kill Malik. If you wanted
 to take Mack out you wouldn't have
 aimed for his leg. Reality of the
 situation is, media sees it as cops
 shooting cops, black woman shooting
 white man, your brother dying the
 way he did. Common sense all out
 the window at this point.

Rebel doesn't say anything.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

The only thing you have going for
 AND against you is your record...
 great police work... questionable
 methods. But we're here for you.

EXT. OAKLAND COURTHOUSE - DAY

Half protest, half party. MASSIVE CROWD on the courtroom steps.

Rebel walks with Charles, and the other two cops. OFFICERS on
 the edge of the crowd throw SHADE at Rebel's escorts.

Cameras flash in REBEL'S FACE. She looks worn out, exhausted.
 Someone shoves a MIC in her face she pushes it away.

Rebel raises a FIST UP. THE CROWD CHEERS.

They enter into the courtroom.

NEWSCASTER

No words from Detective Rebecca
 Cole, who has just arrived for a
 hearing on the shooting of Officer
 Thomas McIntyre which resulted in
 the death of Malik Cole.

INT. OAKLAND COURTHOUSE - DAY

Rebel sits with her COURT-appointed lawyer STEPHANIE PARKER,
 green to her profession, younger than Rebel.

Stephanie looks over at the other side of the room, which is
 full of COPS. Rebel's former colleagues, obviously gunning
 for her. Rebel follows her gaze and sees....

Jimmy is mean-mugging her. Next to him is Mack, who looks
 forward.

Rebel scans the rest of the room, very few smiling faces here. The world is against her.

As Rebel looks forward, Mack, her former partner eyes her, then his brother stares with hatred in his eyes.

JUDGE

In the case of Detective Rebecca Cole vs. The People, there are extenuating circumstances and an ongoing internal investigation of this incident by Oakland's police department. In lieu of the results of the department's findings, the court is leveling a charge of attempted murder on Detective Rebecca Mone Cole towards Detective Thomas McIntyre. Count two, assault with a deadly weapon, Count Three, Assault causing Serious Bodily Injury, Count Four, Interfering With A Police Officer in the Line of Duty.

Rebel tries to keep her composure as the other half of the courtroom explodes with muted cheers, a hungry lynch mob.

Mack puts his head down.

JUDGE (CONT'D)

Defendant to be held in custody pending bond.

Rebel rises. Looks to the Bailiff, who comes forward.

STEPHANIE

Stay strong, Rebel. We will get you released on bond. I'll make sure you get out of there quickly.

REBEL

Where you gonna find the money to get me out? They are gonna to kill me in lockup.

She turns to face to BAILIFF, then puts her hands out to be CUFFED. Rebel's face. She tries not to wince at the tight cuffs.

Rebel is led away. Jimmy, Mack's brother shouts at her, grandstanding.

JIMMY

See this man?! He was YOUR partner! He trusted you!! You bitch!

Rebel looks at Jimmy, and then Mack, who struggles to stand. Then she turns her head walking forward.

INT. HOLDING CELL - DAY

Rebel sits in a police holding cell.

Outside the BARS several cops hover, curious.

COP #1
How's it feel on the other side,
Cole? Bet ya never thought you'd be
in the cage huh? Why are you so
quiet? Not mouthy now, huh?

COP #2
Hey, leave her be! Keep ya head up, Rebel.

Jimmy comes rushing into the BULLPEN. Makes his way to the cage where Rebel sits. Presses his face onto the bars.

JIMMY
(smiling)
Priceless. Just perfect.

REBEL
Jimmy, I'm sorry about Mack.
But I had a brother, too. And he's gone
now.

JIMMY
Listen, you black bitch! You won't
even make it to trial! We are
pulling your whole card! My brother
is damn near crippled.

REBEL
My brother is dead.

JIMMY
Whose fault is that?!

REBEL
(pissed)
I ain't 'bout to be called too many
more bitches no more by you! You wanna
come at me? Be ready, 'cause I sure as
hell will be!

CHARLES
Get the hell back!

JIMMY
Eat balls, Chuck! She's a traitor!

Mack ambles forward in crutches, watching the drama unfold.

CHARLES

To who?

Jimmy looks back and forth to Rebel, Charles and then the other Black officers. White ones come forward.

JIMMY

I see what's going on here.
Kiss my pale ass!

Then he backhands Charles, Charles punches Jimmy full on, he goes flying. Soon the whole bullpen is fighting black on white, pro Rebel and against.

Mack goes close to the bars motions to Rebel.

MACK

Sorry about Malik. Doctor says I'll
walk again.
(he looks at the mayhem)
You always did like to start
trouble, huh Rebel?

Mack steps away. Rebel watches the cops all fighting.

Rebel takes a seat and puts her head against the wall.

Closes her eyes.

CUT TO BLACK

INT. CELL - NIGHT

Rebel adjusts herself as TWO ROUGH-LOOKING LADIES are lead into her holding cell.

ROUGH CHICK #1 looks to the officer who ushers them inside. Rebel clocks the interaction.

ROUGH CHICK #1

Hey, hey, pretty lady. You smell
good. Nice shoes. What they get you
for? Parking ya Mercedes in the
wrong place?

ROUGH CHICK #2

She's a cop. Remember me? Saw you
at Dee Dee's a few times, drinking.
You have a Chinese fish you hang
tight with. Y'all married now?

REBEL

Not yet. I'm available.

ROUGH CHICK #1

Oooh well damn, we got a chance.
Exciting.

THE POLICE BULLPEN around the corner... is mostly empty, a couple of cops watching, snickering at what they have designed by placing these two women in the cell with Rebel.

REBEL

I'm real... open... Open to put my foot in your asses if you don't stop running ya damn mouths in here.

The TWO WOMEN react surprised, then they go TOUGH, READY!

Rebel stands.

REBEL (CONT'D)

Listen up, I'll make this easy for y'all I know someone told you to come in here and mess with me. But look into my eyes.. Those men really are just making things bad for y'all. Mood I'm in now.. Makes me wanna cave somebody's head in. If you want to go there, I'm ready. While y'all bleeding and screaming in pain, they gonna be over there laughing they asses off. So why don't you both just relax and keep your distance from me right now. Keep ya mouths shut while you're at it.

The TWO WOMEN look at each other then across the room at the cops who probably told them to rough up Rebel then they turn to Rebel and smile. They chill.

Across the bullpen, the cops are pissed.

INT. COP BAR - NIGHT

Mack sits drinking. His brother Jimmy arrives. The place is filled with off-duty cops and other service types.

Mack is tipsy, nursing a shot of whiskey.

JIMMY

Easy, easy there, baby bro. No more for you, this is your last one.

MACK

(drunk)
Don't ... don't tell me what to do, Jimmy!

JIMMY

You're making a fool of yourself
and embarrassing me.

MACK

You selfish ass, do you see what
I'm going through here?

JIMMY

I see you need to pull yourself
together. Listen Mack, things
happen. Beating yourself up over a
kid who probably was going to end
up a casualty in the street anyway
is not the solution.

MACK

I knew this kid, Jimmy. Played
hoops with him a few times. He
wasn't a knucklehead, he had a
good heart. I just, I can't
understand why I shot at him.

People near them are starting to pay attention.

JIMMY

Keep your voice down.

MACK

I don't see color. I see crime.
Malik wasn't a criminal.

JIMMY

Get it out of your head.... You
were twisted up over SheNayNay,
your partner! She had your brains
scrambled, poor judgment, women do
that... I dunno about "tha sistas",
but all the women in my life make
my blood boil and give me a
headache once they get too close.
And you have to sit in the car with
one all night.

MACK

You don't understand her like I do.

JIMMY

Oh God, you have feelings for her,
don't you? Chick puts a hot one in
your leg, almost cripples you, and
you still want her? What a wuss.

Mack gets angry and launches at Jimmy. Falls, breaks up some
chairs. Jimmy waves his hands.

JIMMY (CONT'D)
 It's alright. My brother had one
 too many. Come on Tommy, we're
 leaving.

He picks Mack up and they head for the door.

EXT. CELL - DAY

Rebel is released as Charles walks her to the front. He slips her a book of poetry by Ishmael Reed. She smiles, grateful. He squeezes her shoulder.

CHARLES
 Was worried about you. Any idea who
 posted bail? You have rich friends?

Rebel's thinking, then she turns the corner sees someone and cracks a small smile.

REBEL
 Only one.

DOLORES, white, mid 30s, former beauty queen, looks over at Rebel. They walk to each other and embrace.

REBEL (CONT'D)
 Dolores? Why?

DOLORES
 'Cause you're my friend.

Rebel throws her a suspicious look.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 And I need your help, badly.
 Besides, it's a private matter...
 I can't reach out to a stranger.

CUT TO:

INT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - BATHROOM - DAY

REBEL dries herself post shower, dons a robe and enters her kitchen where Dolores is making tea.

DOLORES
 Boxes upon boxes of nice teas here
 and none of them opened.

REBEL
 Haven't been in a tea mood in a
 long time. So what's the deal,
 cheerleader? Trouble in paradise?

DOLORES
Yes, actually. Bill's been... off.

REBEL
How so? What's his behavior been like?

Dolores's cell phone rings. She hides it, then continues.

DOLORES
Weird. Different. Not him. It's a feeling. Just a strong intuition. It's not one thing I can point to-

REBEL
Gimme some details Dolores. Be clear.

DOLORES
(lowering her voice)
Sometimes he hovers over me, like, while I'm sleeping, or he thinks I am. And I can feel this rage, like he's getting up the nerve to, you know, do something to me.

REBEL
(skeptical)
Okay...

DOLORES
Am I losing it?

REBEL
For now, let's assume you're not crazy.

Dolores leans forward.

DOLORES
And... he bought a gun. I mean, there's nothing illegal about buying a firearm but why does a CPA need one?

Rebel becomes alert: we can see that this information clinches it for her. She shifts subtly, curious now.

REBEL
A gun? What kind of gun?

DOLORES
I don't know.

Rebel raises her eyebrows.

REBEL
Can you show it to me?

INT. DOLORES'S HOME - LAKE MERRITT, OAKLAND - DAY

West side of the lake. Upscale home in a very nice neighborhood.

Dolores and Rebel arrive.

DOLORES
Bill? Bill, are you here?

Dolores nods. They walk upstairs.

BEDROOM

Dolores hesitates, then walks over to a back hall closet. We can hear her pushing things aside: she finally comes out with a case.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
He doesn't know I know.

Rebel opens the case and starts taking pictures of a lethal-looking Glock. She gets a shot of the serial number on her phone.

REBEL
Glock 17, 9mm short recoil-operated
locked breech semi-automatic...

Dolores just stares.

REBEL (CONT'D)
Anything changed in your marriage?
Fights? He slappin' you around?

DOLORES
No, nothing like that. He acts all
sweet and lovey, but it feels fake.

REBEL
Money troubles, financial distress?

DOLORES
No, we've both been working
steadily. And, you know, I've got
my trust from Grandma.

Rebel nods.

REBEL
God bless Grandma Wallace!
Alright, Dolores. Lemme see what I
can figure out.

Dolores looks up at her.

DOLORES
 You have legal fees right? I can
 pay you. Seriously.

REBEL
 Look, D, you've done enough. I got
 this... I just need to tread light
 on it. I'm high profile right now.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOLORES' HOME/INT. CHEENA'S OFFICE

As Rebel talks to Cheena at her office. VIA FACETIME.

On either side we see each woman on the other's phone.
 INTERCUT.

REBEL
 (looking at Cheena)
 You're on deck, Chee. They
 suspended me. I won't have the same
 access to the systems I need...

CHEENA
 I'll hold it down. All I need is a
 name and a cell phone number, and I
 can dig deep.

REBEL
 She's serious, and I'm curious.

Cheena looks at her.

CHEENA
 What does she think he's up to?

REBEL
 Who the hell knows what that man's
 REALLY doin'! She feels threatened.
 Dolores may be overacting, but I
 wanna find out, at least give her
 some peace of mind.

Cheena nods.

CHEENA
 Easy cheesy. Men leave trails all
 the time. Just like dogs pissin' on
 trees. They can't help it.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - LATER

Rebel meets Cheena at her door. Rebel drinking tea.

CHEENA
Told ya!

REBEL
What you got for me?

CHEENA
BOW! Check that out! Why do all married
men still wanna date?

She pulls up a file marked PRIVATE that shows a "dating" site with nearly pornographic shots of various Asian girls and a number to call for in-person dates.

CHEENA (CONT'D)
He's definitely been hitting the
porn and some call girl sites.
Goin' some three years back.

REBEL
Typical husband. Keep digging.

Rebel pours tea; Cheena looks at the mug. Feels the heat.

CHEENA
Thanks... Can't stay long... just
started this job. You gonna get me
fired.

REBEL
Say, look into Dolores' stuff as well.

CHEENA
Why?

REBEL
She was being a little shady. I
mean, for Dolores. Her cell rang
and she hid it.

Cheena tilts her head. And?

REBEL (CONT'D)
Dolores was expecting a call. She
didn't glance to see who it was,
she knew exactly who was hitting
her and didn't want to answer or
have me see the caller ID.

CHEENA
Ooo. Smart, Rebel. I'll see if I
can pull up phone records-

REBEL
Yeah, do that. And meet me tonight
at Daddy's?

CHEENA
Cow, are you serious? I am not
going over that crazy man's place
any more. I know he's your father,
but damn.

Rebel stops what she's doing, takes a deep breath.

REBEL
C'mon. Please. I need you, Cheena.
Can't face this shit alone. He's
grieving.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. COLE FAMILY HOME - DAY

Cheena arrives at the Cole home. Mr. Cole, it seems, is in a better mood. UPBEAT SOUL MUSIC PLAYS from his stereo. FRANKIE BEVERLY AND MAZE "Happy Feeling".

MR. COLE
Hey Cheena. Looking Dragon Lady!

Cheena follows Mr. Cole into the kitchen where she finds Rebel FRYING FISH.

Cheena is surprised. Rebel takes the filets, breads them in FLOUR and places them in the pan. Mr. Cole is animated, but it all feels a little forced.

MR. COLE (CONT'D)
Things getting back to normal,
Becca in here burning. See here,
Dragon Lady, right here is catfish,
Lake Charles, Louisiana-style. My
little girl done grown up knowing
how to make this.

Mr. Cole dances off into the next room. Tipsy and dancing to BLUES MUSIC. Little Walter "SAD HOURS".

CHEENA
Fish and grits? Rebel, what're we
celebrating?

REBEL
Nothing. Makes him feel good. Me
being ... domestic.

MR. COLE
Rebel! Watch the fish now, baby!

REBEL

Daddy stay out the kitchen! I got
this move! Drink ya liquor!

He leaves again, holding his hands up. Drunk, happy being
scolded. He dances in doorway.

MR. COLE

Love that brown liquor music.

REBEL

My daddy wants to turn me into my
momma! You see why I left here?

CHEENA

Nice apron, Reb. Cute.

REBEL

Shut up, Chee. Or I'll put ya hand
in this grease.

Mr. Cole changes a CD in his stereo then goes towards the
front door. We hear the music, it's MALIK'S MUSIC.

THE KITCHEN

Rebel looks up from cooking and hears her brother's music.

MR. COLE (O.S.)

Becca! Get ya glass! Cheena, get
one too! Come out here!

Rebel turns off the fire, takes the PAN off the stove.

INT. MR. COLE'S HOME - PORCH - NIGHT

Rebel and Cheena join Mr. Cole on the porch. The music plays
in the background.

MR. COLE

Let me pour one for our Malik.
Hopefully he's looking down on us
from high, making the music he
loved.

Mr. Cole pours liquor on the porch, Rebel follows suit.
Cheena looks onward. Rebel gestures she has something to add.

REBEL

To my baby brother, Malik. You are
pure in heart and soul. You will
forever be a part of us.

Rebel pours. Mr. Cole hugs Rebel.

REBEL (CONT'D)
Let's eat!

CUT TO

INT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - EARLY MORNING/DAWN

Cheena is sitting waiting for Rebel, she peers through the window. We hear the scattered noises of press people offscreen.

CHEENA
How do they find out where you live?

Rebel enters, pulls the curtains aside, looks out at the media gathered in front of the building.

REBEL
They pay cops, the court, whatever they need to do.

CHEENA
Big time now, Reb. Make sure your makeup is straight and eyebrows on fleek for them cameras.

REBEL
For real, Chee?

CHEENA
How you gonna handle these cameras stalking you everywhere?

REBEL
I'll handle them. Seriously. Let them take my picture-

CHEENA
Wait, wait! If they see you they'll see me! How do I look?!

REBEL
Fine as hell.

CHEENA
Really?!

REBEL
No. But let's go see what Bill's up to.

She gets up and heads to the door, pauses.

REBEL (CONT'D)
Ready?

Cheena nods.

As soon as Rebel opens the door, she's met with the insistent faces of a few REPORTERS and PHOTOGRAPHERS shouting questions and taking pictures as they push in.

REPORTER #1

... Rebel, do you feel that the officers who shot your brother were justified in-

REPORTER #2

-any progress being made in the incident the night-

REPORTER #3

-most people feel your brother was murdered based on his race, can you comment-

She slams the door, leans up against it. Cheena curses under her breath in Mandarin.

EXT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - REBEL'S CAR - DAY - A MOMENT LATER

Rebel and Cheena push through REPORTERS to the car and jump in, slamming the doors on the still questioning reporters.

INT./EXT. REBEL'S CAR

As Rebel puts the car in gear, the reporters and photographers gather by the front hood, leaning in: she can't go forward.

REBEL

(to Cheena)

Hold on.

She pops the car in REVERSE, pulling down the block and away from the crowd. She's speeding, driving backwards as traffic on the one-way street nearly smashes into her. She expertly weaves backwards, in between cars and around corners. Cheena clings to her seat, scared.

REBEL (CONT'D)

Calm down, I got this!

Cheena's sweating it until Rebel spins out in a intersection; Cheena screams as she smoothly jumps in to DRIVE, hitting the gas and jumping forward into traffic.

She and Cheena look at each other and suddenly start laughing, relieved and grateful to have pulled off their escape.

CHEENA
You are a crazy ass heffa!

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. DOLORES' HOME - EARLY MORNING

Rebel and Cheena are sitting in Rebel's car, talking quietly while they watch the house.

CHEENA
Dang, Rebel. How do you know he'll come out this early?

REBEL
Dolores says he's been leaving at 7:30 AM when he doesn't actually get into work 'til 9:30. Wonder why?

CHEENA
Uh hello? The man's gonna get his thing thing wet before hitting the office.

REBEL
With who, though? And is he willing to do something to Dolores to be with the other woman? If there is one.

CHEENA
Listen, I've got to get to work at 8 myself. Would love to play *Murder She Wrote* but I got make my mark for these stock options. Hit you if I find anything else.

Cheena gets out, heads for the BART station.

CHEENA (CONT'D)
(mouthing back to Rebel)
STAY SAFE!

She takes off. Rebel waits for a beat and then sees:

Dolores' husband, BILL, late 30s, white, handsome, steps out and gets in his car and pulls out of the driveway. Rebel puts her car in gear, slowly follows him.

EXT. STREET - SAME

Rebel keeps a tail on Dolores' husband, watches as he pulls down a small street in Brookfield, a bad part of East Oakland.

Clocking the place he enters, Rebel drives past, parks half a block away from Bill's car, watching as he steps to the house. He buzzes a ringer on a small building, tucked above a run-down fast food joint. He's let in and Rebel gets out of her car, popping an extra LENS on her iPhone.

REBEL'S P.O.V.

Looking up, Rebel sees Bill appear in an apartment on the second floor. He's framed by a dingy window, and as we watch, a PETITE ASIAN WOMAN appears at his shoulder. He kisses her tenderly and gently takes a small INFANT from her arms.

CLOSE ON: Rebel as she takes photos on her iPhone, zooming in for shots. We see the modified iPhone zoom into Bill and his secret family.

REVERSE ANGLE: From the inside of the apartment with Bill and Asian woman in FG we see Rebel from a hidden position taking the photos.

BACK TO REBEL.

REBEL scrolls through her phone photos.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN OAKLAND

Rebel in her leather trench, walking her cool stride. She rounds a corner and stops. Checks an address. Looks up at a six-story office building. She walks on.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. OFFICE BUILDING - LATER

Rebel is waiting outside, just down from the office building. She sees Dolores step out of the building and look up and down the block.

A car pulls up and Dolores gets in; a MAN is driving but we can't see who it is.

Rebel quickly types the plates down into her phone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - LATER

Rebel is sitting on her couch drinking tea. Cheena paces, in front of her computer, pointing to the screen. Rebel shows Cheena a picture of the gun Bill bought.

REBEL

We need to figure out who this gun's registered to. Can't do this without the police database. That gun's overkill, for sure.

CHEENA

(pointing to her screen)

A year ago, he bumps up her life insurance to 1 million from 3 hundred K. This after he keeps hitting up the same girl on the Hot Asians site. He also texts the same number numerous times that year and throughout 2015, belonging to one Kristina Kwan...

Rebel nods.

REBEL

Who now has his baby. Bill and Dolores never had any children. She's not going to take this well.

CHEENA

So? It's obvious! He got a little something-something on the side AND a child. He wants to do away with Dolores and be with new family.

Rebel nods, thinking.

CHEENA (CONT'D)

What? WHAT?

REBEL

Something about this bothers me. Man getting a gun like that... he wants to do away with his wife. But that's a gun for a whole lot more than just one woman.

CHEENA

Maybe he bought the best, most expensive gun he could. Wants to make sure he does the job right. He just wants her dead. Good and killed.

REBEL

(coolly)

That may be the story but it's not the whole shebang.

(a beat)

Gonna need to call in a favor.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

As Rebel walks in, the loud chatter of officers and detectives STOPS. Everyone stares at her, a traitor in their midst. Rebel keeps walking towards Charles's office, as Jimmy walks by, "accidentally" elbowing her HARD. Rebel hesitates, but doesn't go off.

JIMMY
Moving target...

Jimmy glares at her, points his fingers, like a gun, right at her.

Rebel points a GUN finger back at Jimmy, then turns her hand and raises her MIDDLE FINGER at him.

REBEL
Isn't that how you like it, Jimmy?!

Some cops laugh.

Just then Charles sticks his head out.

CHARLES
Things were starting to get calm again... And you show up.

He pulls Rebel into his office, looks around at all the other cops' faces.

CUT TO:

INT. CHARLES'S OFFICE

Rebel exhales, sits on the desk.

CHARLES
When you leave, everybody is gonna be up my ass asking why you came walking back in here.

A beat, Rebel catches his eye and nods.

REBEL
Tell them I came to get advice on my IA meeting. Which I don't need. I do need a favor, Charles. Can you run plates for me? And registration for this gun?

She shows him the picture of Bill's gun with the serial number.

Charles shoots her a look.

CHARLES

Rebel! You are outta ya damn mind.

She writes down a number from her phone.

REBEL

Chuckie, please? Handle this for me.

CHARLES

Don't call me Chuckie.

Charles sighs. Then looks at the numbers, goes to the computer.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

Plates are assigned to Ahmed Zirnof.

REBEL

Any priors? Anything?

CHARLES

Couple of outstanding tickets. Nothing major. He's been here on asylum from Chechnya. He's got dual citizenship.

Rebel's mind is racing. More of the puzzle she's trying to piece together. She writes something down and stuffs it in her pocket. Charles searches again, looking at the gun's serial number.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

The gun's registered to one Donald Worth.

REBEL

(taking note)
Not Bill.

CHARLES

Who's Bill? What are you into now? Why aren't you just staying home reading your spiritual self help books?

REBEL

Shout at me!

CHARLES

What?!

REBEL

Argue with me. So they won't think you're in cahoots with me.

CHARLES
 YOU'VE CAUSED ENOUGH TROUBLE IN
 THIS DEPARTMENT FOR A LIFETIME!
 DON'T COME HERE ANYMORE! I HAVE
 ENOUGH DAMN PROBLEMS ON MY HANDS AS
 IT IS WITHOUT DEALING WITH YOUR
 BAGGAGE!

REBEL
 (smiling)
 I'm leaving now. Chuckie.

CHARLES
 GET OUT! Out now! You're making my
 blood pressure go up with this
 mess.

Rebel leaves. The cops watch her exit.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM

Late night, Cheena and Rebel are going over the pictures on
 the computer that Rebel's taken of Dolores and Bill.

Rebel points to a stack of papers.

REBEL
 (changing gears)
 Hand me those?

Cheena looks at the pile.

REBEL (CONT'D)
 I got an IA interview tomorrow.

CHEENA
 Are you serious? You want me to
 come with you?

REBEL
 Naw I'm solo on this one.

CHEENA
 You nervous Rebel?

REBEL
 I look nervous to you?

Cheena doesn't answer. Rebel gets up goes to kitchen pours
 tea. She is nervous.

DISSOLVE TO

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Rebel sits next to STEPHANIE, her court-appointed lawyer.

Across from her, two INTERNAL AFFAIRS investigators with their files and notepads. They're flustered, nervously throat-clearing.

IA #1

Um... yes, well, while the judge has formally filed criminal charges, it's important that the department determine exactly what happened the night of July 12th. There's a possibility of an... alteration of the courts charges, depending on our investigation.

Rebel sighs, resigned.

REBEL

If something different comes from IA, then I get a lesser sentence, is that what you're saying?

They nod, unsure.

REBEL (CONT'D)

But no matter what I cop to, you planning on frying me on both sides, right?

IA#1

We just want to get the facts clear, Detective.

Rebel nods. Shoot, ask away.

IA #2

Detective McIntyre claims that you intentionally shot him to save your brother, and the four other police claim that Malik Cole was armed and about to fire on them.

REBEL

Negative, that's NOT what happened. Mack actually fired on an unarmed civilian who'd dropped his weapon-

IA #2

Your BROTHER, Malik Cole-

STEPHANIE

That point is irrelevant. Ms. Cole is making a claim pursuant to the code of police conduct-

REBEL

-that you don't FIRE on an unarmed civilian.

IA #1

So let's go over the events on July 12th at around 11 PM when you fired your weapon.

REBEL

Malik dropped the weapon as ordered. Moments later, Detective McIntyre fired on Malik after we both asked him to get on his knees. Malik's hands were in the air. The weapon was at least ten feet in front of him, and Mack still fired upon him. So, I pointed my gun at my partner's left femur, pulled the trigger and took him down.

STEPHANIE

Okay, wait! That's undetermined-

IA #1

Sorry, THAT is admissable.

REBEL

Mack fired at Malik, my brother, who, I repeat, was an unarmed citizen. He would have murdered him in cold blood. Wasn't gonna let that happen. Not on my watch. So I injured my partner, yes.

The Investigators look at each other. Stephanie looks defeated.

IA #1

So you admit you were intentionally trying to cause grievous physical harm to a fellow officer?

STEPHANIE

I object to that use of-

IA #1

Fine. You admit you used your weapon to injure another officer, your partner?

IA #2

And you're saying you were only motivated by your duty to follow the law?

REBEL

Correct. Code of conduct says to protect the citizen at all costs. Police don't get a murder pass to go with the badge, even when some think they do.

The two investigators LOOK at each other.

IA #1

You do realize you're confessing to a felony crime?

IA #2

A crime that carries heavy jail time?

REBEL

I do... IF I'm convicted. But when an Oakland jury of my peers finds that I WAS doing my duty and hears these facts....

STEPHANIE

-then no criminal charges will stick.

The IA lawyers are stumped. A beat, IA#2 clears his throat.

IA #2

(goads her)

Is it possible you watched your younger brother die because it was his OWN fault?

IA #1

Wasn't it HIS choice to run off holding a loaded weapon-

REBEL

(taking the bait)

That's not what occurred. You keep misrepresenting the facts. He picked up a gun someone else had fired, and he deserved to die for that?

(cool)

It's a much deeper problem than you could possibly understand, sitting behind a desk, doing what you do... not facing the fear and terror that every cop feels everyday, always ready for trouble from a civilian of color. You don't think I KNOW?

(MORE)

REBEL (CONT'D)

I was out there, night and day. And I'm black as anyone on the street, but even me, I felt that urge to look at all of them as potential trouble. But Mack? He KNEW Malik! Record this! My partner Detective McIntyre had met my brother on several occasions, but still he was willing to murder him in cold blood because Malik wasn't a person to him anymore...he was nothing... a perp. A problem that needed to be dealt with by putting him in a grave.

(deep sigh)

So don't give me your bullshit theories as to WHY my brother died.

IA #1

(trying to intimidate)

Do you realize how this is gonna reflect on the department?

REBEL

Think I give a damn? Wait til I get acquitted, or y'all get what you really want and throw my ass in prison. I guarantee this whole damn city will burn down to the ground! Folks was hella mad before this mess! I followed the letter of the law and shot my partner for justice these folks don't ever get.

Both IA investigators are taken back, flustered.

REBEL (CONT'D)

What else you wanna know? You boring me. I got things to do and places to be.

STEPHANIE

Can we get back to questioning?

IA #1

(looking at his notes)

Okay, okay. Let's discuss your relationship with your partner, Detective McIntyre. Any previous conflicts?

REBEL

Mack? Nah.

IA #2

No personal issues? Vendettas? Rivalry?

REBEL
Nothing like that.

IA #1
Sexual harassment of any sort?

REBEL
(a beat)
Nah.

They nod, quickly write a couple of notes. Rebel looks at them suspiciously.

REBEL (CONT'D)
Are y'all going there with this?

IA #1
You had a consensual sexual
relationship with him? Didn't you?

Rebel sighs.

STEPHANIE
Absolutely not. She's not admit-

Rebel touches Stephanie.

REBEL
No, lay it out on the table. Me and Mack?
Once. Maybe twice. Wasn't any big thing.

There's a pause. The two investigators exchange KNOWING looks. Stephanie shakes her head.

IA #2
And this sexual relationship, did
it contribute to-

STEPHANIE
I'm going to object to this line of
questioning. We need to look at my
client's mental state the night of
the shooting. I'm bringing into
question-

Rebel is boring holes with her eyes into these two guys. She is steps away from exploding.

IA #2
Fine. Ms. Cole? On the night of the
12th, what would you say your
mental health status was?

REBEL
Would that be BEFORE or AFTER the
police on the scene murdered my
unarmed brother?

A beat as the two IA investigators exchange a glance.

REBEL (CONT'D)

Can we talk about the fact that four cops fired on a 20-year-old kid, AFTER he dropped his weapon? Can we talk the hell out of that one?

IA #1

(flustered)

We're... we're trying to determine the exact truth-

REBEL

No! This is what you do... What you people always do. You hear the truth, what's irrefutable fact, and you want to twist it! Twist, change, work it until it's the truth you want! What works for you!

Everyone can see that Rebel's losing it. She stands up, done.

STEPHANIE

Alright. I think we're done here for now-

Before she can say more, Rebel storms out.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

SLO MO DISSOLVES of Rebel, her leather trench pulled tight around her, walking through East Bay streets, troubled, lost in thought.

CUT TO:

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Two people making love. Softly, loving, mutual passion. Rebel's face comes into FOCUS.

Rebel is in ecstasy, she SMILES, as she runs her arms over a MAN'S MUSCULAR SHOULDERS and back.

They both fall to the BED, REVEALING TJ, her ex-husband.

REBEL

If I went to jail, would you come give me conjugal visits?

TJ
 You in one place? All the time?
 Ready for me? What you think?

REBEL
 Well, they ain't locking me up.
 I'ma beat this watch.

TJ
 I hope so, babe. ...What have you
 been doing with your time?

REBEL
 Private case. It's interesting. I
 never thought about it, but after
 this all blows over I may go into
 business, investigation work.

TJ
 Any money in it?

REBEL
 Shhhh, is there? Most of the
 detectives do it as a side job.
 City don't pay us nothing. This my
 first time, feels free, different.
 I make my own rules. What's wrong?

He's clearly been avoiding this.

TJ
 (reluctant)
 Thinking about moving back east.

Rebel looks at him. Concerned.

TJ (CONT'D)
 Moved out here for you. Now that we
 not together, why am I still here?

REBEL
 Do what you gotta do. She coming
 with you?

TJ shakes off that one.

REBEL (CONT'D)
 (smiles)
 You ain't going nowhere, bruh.

TJ
 You know we can't keep doing this, Reb.
 She saunters over falls into his arms. Lovingly.

REBEL

I know. But it works for now...
right?

TJ says nothing. They kiss.

EXT. GRAND LAKE FARMER'S MARKET - DAY

Outdoor weekly market in a nice, almost bucolic neighborhood on the west side of Oakland. Lots of fresh vegetables, fruits, etc.

Bill and Dolores walk together, smiling and chatting.

Rebel and Cheena follow behind them. Cheena's in full P.I. mode, trying to go incognito.

REBEL

Am I crazy? Does Dolores look worried, bent outta shape scared to you?

CHEENA

No way. Happily married, seems to me. How're you gonna get her alone?

REBEL

We're friends. I'm emotionally unstable remember?

Cheena falls back, watches as Rebel slides up to Dolores, looking all teary-eyed.

CLOSE ON: Dolores and Bill as Rebel approaches them, is embraced by Dolores.

REBEL (CONT'D)

(crying)

I'm hurting. Don't know if I can hold it together. Can we talk?

Dolores leads Rebel away.

BILL

I'm going to buy some of these fruits, honey.

As soon as he's gone, Rebel drops the sad sister act.

REBEL

What's going on, Dolores? Is there something you're not telling me?

DOLORES

What? No! I've BEEN trying to talk to you but I haven't been alone.

REBEL

In your message, you said I needed to come by tonight.

DOLORES

I meant watch the house. Not HERE. I have a feeling Bill's gonna try something tonight.

REBEL

(deadpan)
Really.

DOLORES

C'mon, Rebel. I'm serious! You've got to help me-

Rebel leans in.

REBEL

All smiles playing lovey dovey with hubby... Don't try and play me, Dolores. There's something you're not telling me. I feel it.

DOLORES

Nothing! I swear...

Just then, Bill comes back. Rebel immediately snaps back into bereft sister mode, wiping her eyes. Bill hovers, waiting as the two friends embrace and Rebel steps away, walks back to Cheena.

REBEL

C'mon. Let's bounce. We need to follow them for a while, get a clearer picture of what's going on here.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. GRAND LAKE FARMER'S MARKET PARKING LOT - DAY

Rebel and Cheena watch Dolores and Bill exit the FARMER'S MARKET and head to parking lot.

Bill walks Dolores to a car then.... They kiss and hug half-heartedly. Dolores gets in the car and starts it up.

REBEL

They're not leaving together?! You follow him in your car! I'm on her ass!

SOON...

INT. REBEL'S CAR - DAY

She follows Dolores.

REBEL
Damnit, Dolores... what the hell
are you up to?

EXT. STREET - DAY

Dolores pulls into a parking lot of a GROCERY STORE.
Rebel is close behind. Rebel watches, opens her cell.

EXT. DOLORES'S HOME - DAY

Cheena answers her cell.

REBEL (O.S.)
What's hubby up to?

CHEENA
He's at their house, nothing
special.

INTERCUT.

REBEL
This chick doin' a Rachel Ray,
shopping for gourmet stuff.

Cheena sees something that catches her eye.

CHEENA
Uh oh... Rebel I think you need to
get over here. Forget Dolores..

REBEL
Why? What's the deal over there?

CHEENA'S P.O.V.: AHMED, Dolores' boyfriend jumps out of the
car and goes to the back of the house and enters.

Cheena is nervous, she feels a chill going down her spine.

CHEENA
Another guy showed up.

THE STEPS

AHMED takes a glance around rings the doorbell then PULLS out
a SHARP KNIFE.

Bill answers the door... Ahmed rushes forward, BLADE forward.

INT./EXT. CAR/ DOLORES' NEIGHBORHOOD - MOMENTS LATER

Rebel zooming to the house.

REBEL
What's he doing now!

INTERCUT:

CHEENA
He's leaving. I heard screams,
Rebel... a man, Bill screaming in
pain. What should I do?

REBEL
Call the police! Hit 911!

CHEENA
Okay, okay. I'll do it!

MOMENTS LATER:

REBEL'S P.O.V.:

We can see Dolores' home up the block. Two police cars have pulled up and armed cops kick the door down and go in. We recognize James Iverson and other cops from the station.

Rebel pulls up, jumps out.

CHEENA (CONT'D)
You can't go in there! You're not a
cop anymore!

REBEL
Watch me!

She starts running towards the house. Cheena hangs behind.

INT. DOLORES' HOME - CONTINUOUS

Rebel bolts for the door, TWO COPS turn their guns on her.

REBEL
What the hell. Drop those services!...
Derek?!

DEREK, black, early 20s. Brings his weapon down.

DEREK
Why are you here?

REBEL
Cause I just am! Move, bruh!

As Rebel walks in, she looks down, steps over a pool of blood, then another one, smeared, leading towards the kitchen.

REBEL (CONT'D)
 Watch the blood. Matter of fact
 stay at the door and don't touch
 anything. You know the drill.

Rebel looks room to room, then down following that trail of blood.

REBEL (CONT'D)
 (holding in emotions)
 Bill?!

THE KITCHEN

ANGLE ON: the kitchen floor. It's covered in blood, blood smeared on drawers and cabinets. Lying in the middle of the floor in a lake of blood is Bill. Dead.

Watching her steps, Rebel kneels down and examines Bill, taking careful note of his condition. Rebel looks into Bill's lifeless eyes... and...

FLASHBACK

SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE

Rebel flashes to Malik being shot in a hail of bullets. She sees herself holding her brother LIFELESS FACE in her arms.

Rebel comes out of it, looks around. Rookies in the doorway.

DEREK
 You know him?

REBEL
 His wife is a friend of mine.

DEREK
 Gold is here.

Charles, and other officers, pop into the doorway. See Rebel.

CHARLES
 What are you doing here?!

Rebel shakes her head looks down at Bill's lifeless body.

REBEL
 (looking him over)
 Multiple stab wounds to the heart,
 kidneys, liver. His throat's been
 cut.

CHARLES

Rebel. Go. Leave. Tell me later.
Nobody moves 'til forensics get in
here.

Charles pulls Rebel along, she whispers.

REBEL

(stunned face)

Ritualized murder, stabbings and
then the throat is slashed.
Methodical, gangster technique.
Look up anything you might have on
local Chechen groups. His wife was
into something that got him killed.
I was helping her; she was afraid.

CHARLES

You need to get out of here before
Frank shows up. Or he's gonna have
to take a statement from you.

DISSOLVE TO:

SOON:

The house is surrounded by POLICE CARS, an AMBULANCE,
SPECTATORS.

REBEL SITS IN HER CAR WITH CHEENA WATCHING THE MAYHEM AROUND
DOLORES' HOUSE.

Dolores arrives, walks towards house.

Rebel watches the detectives give her the news and the EMTs
roll Bill's body on a gurney.

Dolores SCREAMS and cries HYSTERICALLY. They console her.

REBEL

She look real or acting?

CHEENA

No. I see pain on her face.

REBEL

Doesn't mean she didn't have him
murdered. Dolores could've already
known he knocked up the side chick.
She's stepping out on her own and
needs a permanent solution.

CHEENA

Rebel, think for a second, remember East Oak High. Dolores was a lousy actress, never made it as a lead in any plays. She took madrigals and couldn't sing; so, she was in the back row... I know... she's not acting.

REBEL

What did I get myself into? Is she trying to set me up, then?

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. REBEL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Rebel makes tea, paces. Cheena listens and taps on her laptop.

REBEL

I see it like this, Bill gets a heater 'cause he knows Dolores is into it with some new guy.

CHEENA

Who's putting it down on his wife, and could kill him, as well.

REBEL

Exactly. Dolores can't dust the side chick 'cause there is a baby involved, but she's willing to sacrifice her husband. But why would Dolores bring me into this?
(tastes tea)
UGH! Burnt my tongue!

She throws the mug across the wall, smashing it. Starts looking around cabinets. Cheena calmly stands starts picking up the pieces of broken mug.

REBEL (CONT'D)

I need a real drink!

CHEENA

No you don't, Reb. Just pop breaks. Relax. No liquor. You're getting back to your old self now. Stay clear and solve this. It'll take your mind off jail and stuff.

Rebel fumes.

REBEL

On the real, if Dolores set me up after all the other stuff I'm dealing with.. I'ma crack Becky's head wide open.

EXT. DOLORES' WORK PLACE - BUILDING - DAY

Rebel waits, watching for Dolores.

Just then Dolores steps out, she's clearly shaken up. Her hair is messy, and she fumbles for a cigarette.

The man she'd been with earlier, the Chechnyan, steps to her. He tries to put an arm around her, kiss her. But she pushes him away. They start arguing. Rebel talks to herself as the next few scenes unfold.

REBEL

(to herself, Chechen accent)

What you think bitch?! You said you want us to be together always, right? So, I carved him up nicely. Now, you are mine... We be together forever. NO? 'Til we go rot in prison...

(doing Dolores)

I didn't know you would actually do something so horrible! I'm soooo turned on by how dangerous you are... Please take me and ravage my body! I never had a man kill for me before. Your loving is worth spending the rest of my life in jail for!

(regular Rebel)

Oh, Dolores, what the hell have you gotten hooked up with? He's gotta be Mr. Stabber. Put him with the murder weapon. Case closed.

Ahmed, grabbing Dolores by the arm and leading her to his waiting car. She's clearly still pissed and upset...but she goes with him.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - BERKELEY

Rebel stays behind the Chechen's car as he speeds up, passing through different neighborhoods. Through the back window we can see them in silhouette, arguing.

REBEL
 Crossing through Berkeley...
 Dolores' momma lives over here in
 Kensington.

They follow narrow, quaint streets until they arrive at a beautiful ivy-covered cottage.

REBEL (CONT'D)
 Hmm. She's been staying here since
 the murder. Makes sense.

The car pulls up and Dolores gets out, slams the door and goes inside.

REBEL (CONT'D)
 Who should I stay with? Mr. Stabber
 or Becky the Husband-Slayer? Ugh,
 okay, Dolores...

REBEL CLOCKS THE CAR LICENSE...

INT. DOLORES' MOTHER'S COTTAGE - CONTINUOUS

Rebel walks in without knocking. Dolores, startled, jumps.

REBEL
 Who is he?

DOLORES
 Jesus. Rebel. What are you doing
 here? You scared me-

REBEL
 I'll give you something to be
 'fraid of! Accessory to murder!

DOLORES
 I don't need you anymore! Go away,
 Rebel!

Rebel gets angry, stands over Dolores, a step away from damaging her.

REBEL
 Go away?! Trick! You put me out
 there, too! I'm not going down
 because of your bullshit!

DOLORES
 Well, I'm firing you.

REBEL
 Spoiled brat. Look at me!

Rebel gets in her face grabs her by the arms.

REBEL (CONT'D)

You can't buy me, Dolores! And I'm two steps away from twisting your ass up. The cops will want to know if you had Bill murdered. Did you?

DOLORES

No...

REBEL

I swear, don't lie to me.

DOLORES

No... I loved Bill. I made a mistake! It was a fling! Ahmed. He's dangerous. Never did I think this man could be sooo... brutal, cruel...

REBEL

Did you know Bill started a whole new family, so you had him killed?

Dolores perks up, this is news to her.

DOLORES

(through tears)

What? What are you talking about, Rebel?

Rebel lets go of Dolores and shoves her down into the chair.

REBEL

Brace yourself. Sit there, tell me everything about this lover and I'll let you know what I've discovered about Bill.

Dolores starts to cry once more.

CUT TO:

INT. MERCHANT'S SALOON - NIGHT

Jed is tending bar. Cheena and Rebel sit close. Around them, a group of loud, drunk college kids shout at each other.

REBEL

So. She's scared of Bill. Bill's cheating and maybe gets nervous she's going to find out. She starts talking to a security guard at the office, Ahmed Zirnoff, who's a regular building guard and Chechnyan refugee.

CHEENA

The guy with her we followed?

REBEL

Right. She tells him she wants to hire him privately, to watch out for her. The guy never finds anything. Instead, he goes for it, and then, you know, one thing leads to another, and they start an affair. The beginning of the end for Bill. Cause now our Chechnyan friend is not just jealous but protective.

CHEENA

She tells the lover about the gun?

REBEL

She tells him. Yeah.

CHEENA

And Bill ends up dead.

REBEL

Right.

CHEENA

So. What now?

One of the drunk college kids recognizes Rebel. Points.

COLLEGE KID

Hey! I know you! How'd I know you?

Rebel tries to ignore him.

COLLEGE KID (CONT'D)

You were on the news! Police protest, right?

He raises a fist.

COLLEGE KID (CONT'D)

I'm down with that! Black Lives Matter!

Jed shoos him away, motions for him to leave Rebel alone.

REBEL

Now, I find the evidence, that knife he used on Bill. Let alone LOVERBOY himself.

Cheena peers at Rebel, worried.

CHEENA
You won't let one go huh? All for
your special Becky piece.

REBEL
Dolores? I told you about us?

CHEENA
Cow, I know it all! You tell me
everything.

REBEL
Long time ago. Was exploring.

Jed comes over. Pushes a mug of tea over to Rebel.

JED
Mint tea?

He smiles as she cups the hot mug carefully sips, THINKS.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. HEGENBURGER - COLISEUM AREA - NIGHT

Charles eats a burger, looks over his shoulder Rebel is
there. Charles looks around then starts walking.

CHARLES
How can you be so sure she didn't
have her husband killed?

REBEL
I know, I saw it in her eyes.

CHARLES
Only reason I'm here is I know
telling you to stand down on this
isn't going to work. Plus you
should be aware they wanna call you
for a statement on this.

REBEL
I just need an address. To go with
the license.

He sighs, goes to throw his remaining burger away, but Rebel
grabs it. Starts chowing down.

REBEL (CONT'D)
I'ma snatch this dude up, bring him
in, end of story.

CHARLES

Rebel. Just turn whatever you've got over to me. Let us do the snatching.

Rebel chews. Keeps walking, not saying anything.

CHARLES (CONT'D)

You need counseling, something is missing in you, lady.

REBEL

What you mean?

CHARLES

The charges? Everyone in the department wants your head, now this?

REBEL

Charles, I can't wrap my brain around any of that right now... If it comes, it's gonna go down. I see my baby brother's face every time I close my eyes at night, and I hear his voice in my head all day. I'm not crazy, and I ain't gonna let them drive me that way. This thing... I know can't nobody scoop this joka the normal way.

CHARLES

How you figure?

REBEL

Common sense says, he's a refugee. He's not here for the milk and honey, you feel me? Working a bum job. Back home he was prob'ly tortured, grew up in a war situation. He's a survivor, and he's gonna go to any lengths to survive. I'll get 'im, bring 'im to you.

Silence between them.

CUT TO:

EXT. MELROSE NEIGHBORHOOD, EAST OAKLAND - NIGHT

Rebel waits outside of a rough-looking building. Streets are empty. A cold wind blows and she wraps her jacket tight.

She waits and then AHMED, Dolores' boyfriend appears. Looks both ways before he starts walking. Rebel follows behind, keeping a good half block between them.

He makes a couple of turns... and then disappears down a side street. Rebel hesitates, then follows.

EXT. ALLEY WAY - CONTINUOUS

Rebel comes to the edge of the alley. Ahmed's shadow casts against the wall, smoking. Rebel kicks a can and Ahmed causally walks to the edge of the alley.

Rebel clocks him one to the jaw. He falls like a ton of bricks Rebel is on him like white on rice. Blows to the face.

REBEL

Why'd you kill Bill? You gonna tell me? Speak!

Ahmed opens his bloody mouth to speak as Rebel turns

TWO MEN standing behind her.

REBEL'S P.O.V.: As a pipe swings at her face and everything goes-

BLACK.

INT. BASEMENT - NIGHT

We FADE UP on Rebel's face. Her forehead swells with a knot. Her arms are stretched above her: she's trussed like an animal, hanging from a pipe.

Ahmed and his two friends stare at her, speak quietly in Russian. One of the men, SCAR, who has a scarred face, indicates to Ahmed to talk to Rebel. Finally Ahmed addresses her, speaking in heavily accented English.

AHMED

Who are you? Why you follow me, eh?

Rebel doesn't say anything, just groans. Ahmed slaps her, HARD.

AHMED(CONT'D)

Answer me!

She quickly looks around the room, taking everything in: there are guns and knives, stacks of unidentifiable material. A couple of pressure cookers. All kinds of hardware and bags of animal manure. Scar follows Rebel's gaze.

SCAR
 (in Russian)
 You dumb asshole! She's seen too
 much! Kill her and dump body in
 Bay!

Scar steps forward hits her hard, in the stomach.

AHMED
 Tell us something, it will hurt
 less before you sleep forever, eh?

Rebel exhales, hurting. Stares at them for a beat.

REBEL
 Lemme down, I'll talk.

Ahmed chuckles.

AHMED
 Funny. You make jokes.

The men speak amongst themselves, light cigarettes. They're arguing.

They all motion to leave. Ahmed slaps Rebel as he exits.

And then they're gone.

Rebel, who's been just hanging, starts to shimmy up and down the length of the pipe, testing her strength against it. It won't give.

We CLOSE ON the raw pipe Rebel is hanging from: a joint by one end has some sharp, unfinished threading. She finds the spot and starts furiously working the ropes that bind her wrists against it.

As she works, her gaze takes in everything... settles on a pile of...

REBEL'S P.O.V.: On top, is a map of Oakland. A route down one of the MAIN streets is marked in RED.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT - MOMENTS LATER

The guys come back, and they're still arguing. Rebel just hangs quietly but we can tell that the two other men are mad at Ahmed, motioning to HER: Rebel is a problem that he brought on them.

What they don't see is that Rebel's ropes are just about threadbare. SHE STRAINS AND SUDDENLY HER HANDS FALL APART.

She grabs hold of the pipe and swings out, kicking Ahmed hard before landing on the ground. The other two men turn on her ...but she's ready!

Rebel punches and kicks, using everything she can find: grabbing a shovel she spins, knocking a gun out of Scar's hand as he fires at close range barely missing her. On the floor, Ahmed pulls his KNIFE throws it at her as Rebel is about to go for the gun. She dodges the knifethrow, gets the gun and throws two shots at Scar, wounding his arm. Scar runs away in pain.

Rebel is left with Ahmed and the friend on floor. Ahmed rises to get up, Rebel nods with her head. That wouldn't be a good idea. Friend on floor is looking up Rebel kneels down and she pistol whips him, knocking the guy out cold.

Then she looks to the knife Ahmed threw at her... It's stuck in a cabinet. She looks at the knife, then Ahmed.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BUILDING - RUSSIAN HIDEOUT - VERY LATE NIGHT

Rebel emerges from the basement in the street with a gun on Ahmed.

Crowds of neighborhood people watch.

REBEL
Someone call the police.

Scar watches from behind crowd, holding his arm. He gestures to some others and they hurry off quickly.

EXT. RUSSIAN STREET - EARLY MORNING

The police arrive, some familiar faces including Jimmy and Charles. Jimmy comes in with fire on Rebel. Pulls his gun.

JIMMY
Put down the gun!

REBEL
Shut the hell up, Jimmy, come put the cuffs on this guy!

She's standing there holding Ahmed by the hair.

JIMMY
(brings his piece down)
You are a civilian now. Who's this guy?

REBEL
He's a terrorist.

JIMMY
What do you have?

CHARLES
He the one?

Rebel produces the murder weapon, KNIFE covered in cloth.

REBEL
I'm sure this will match the
homicide at Dolores' place. Jealous
lover here, wife had no knowledge
of her husband being a target. But
that's not what concerns me.

EXT. BUILDING - RUSSIAN HIDEOUT

We watch as Rebel walks with Charles, Jimmy and a team of
cops into the building.

INT. STAIRS - DAY

Rebel descends the stairs showing them where it is... nearby,
further back, Jimmy watches. A fellow cop gestures.

COP
Could pop her one in the head right
now.

JIMMY
Would if I could. Give her a pass,
for now.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

The same room where Rebel was held captive. Only now
everything is gone. There are no more boxes, bags of
fertilizer, pressure cookers etc.

All evidence of Ahmed and his friends is gone.

REBEL
It's all been cleaned up!
Fertilizer, hardware. Pressure
cookers. Maps! They have something
big planned!

JIMMY
Maybe you set all this up to
distract attention from the fact
that you're a traitor!

REBEL
Listen to yourself.

They start arguing. Charles motions for them to pipe down. Rebel takes note of her being surrounded by cops, some familiar faces other strangers. They look at her with contempt. As they begin to peel off she goes..

REBEL (CONT'D)
Hey, hey! Wait! Wait! Y'all need to hear this out... Some of you know me, others may have heard things. I know even before this... incident happened with my partner, I wasn't exactly the favorite in the department before. Whether y'all hated me or bore with the way I acted in the past, you know I did good work. I'm not police any more, I may never be in uniform again. But I know when right is right. You may feel like I betrayed you as a family... THE BADGE by doing what I did... well lemme set y'all straight on something... WE ARE NOT FAMILY. THIS IS A JOB!

They start peeling, back up the stairs. Rebel goes on.

REBEL (CONT'D)
Name of the game is do ya job well!

Soon, it's just Rebel, Charles, a few others.

INT. CORNER BAR - SAME

Rebel is talking to Charles in the hallway by the bathroom, away from the din of the bar.

REBEL
Nothing? Nothing's there? Goddamn.

She shakes her head pissed.

REBEL (CONT'D)
Made it worse, didn't I?

CHARLES
There are traces of fertilizer.
Suspect won't open his mouth.
Blades being checked as the murder weapon, seems likely, so that will stick.

REBEL
 (not listening)
 I just gotta get this dude Scar.

CHARLES
 Can you just go home, read poetry,
 or watch reality shows? Please
 promise me you won't try and take
 these people on alone, Rebel.

Rebel looks at Charles and backs away...

CHARLES (CONT'D)
 Don't do it Rebel! Rebel?!

She's gone.

CUT TO:

INT. BUSINESS OFFICES - UPTOWN OAKLAND - DAY

Dolores' work place, a business consulting firm. Rebel storms in, shouting Dolores' name, opening doors and interrupting meetings.

REBEL
 Dolores... Dolores!?

People have popped their heads out of cubicles.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Everyone stares as Rebel busts into a conference room, interrupts a formal-looking meeting there and drags Dolores out by the arm.

DOLORES
 (to everyone)
 It's okay! I know her!
 (under her breath to Rebel)
 Rebel!! You can. Not. Do. THIS!

She pushes her way past the group, now standing, and follows Rebel into the hallway.

DOLORES (CONT'D)
 What?! What is it? Now?

REBEL
 Where's my check? Friend.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Rebel gets in Dolores' face: Dolores is spitting mad, but Rebel is determined and calm. She smiles.

REBEL
Change up that mad face D, I just saved you from a life behind bars.

DOLORES
You like doing this to me? Don't you?

REBEL
I'm just doing me.

DOLORES
You get off on riling me up.
Thank you for handling Ahmed.
I just hope his friends don't come after me.

REBEL
That's why I'm here.

DOLORES
You don't want your money?

REBEL
Of course I want my money, but this business is ongoing. Where can I find your man's friends? All of them.

Dolores pauses. Looks at Rebel, who's insistent.

DOLORES
(quietly)
There's a restauraunt, a Russian Ukraine place on K Street-

Rebel turns to leave.

REBEL
I'll be seeing that check soon, Dolores. Don't piss me off.

DOLORES
HEY! Rebel... you are going to get a SWAT team or something on these guys right? An Army? They are dangerous people.

Rebel is gone.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. UKRAINIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A seedy, hole-in-the-wall spot decorated with pictures and flowery table cloths. It feels like a thrown together, back door operation but the food must be good because it's crowded. Tables of people, families, are eating under Russian signs and menu specials that include Vodka and Pierogis.

We TRACK THROUGH the restaurant down a hallway to a SMALL ROOM behind the kitchen.

Under a single dim light bulb, Scar and his BROTHER, a man with a very similar build, are staring at the Oakland map, talking heatedly.

WE can clearly see a ROUTE marked in red, the same map Rebel saw in the basement when she was held there.

We recognize the other two men who stand against the wall and watch the door. A bottle of vodka is open and they pass around shots as they talk.

We move PAST THEM and out a window to the back alley of the restaurant where we see-

EXT. ALLEY WAY - CONTINUOUS

Rebel, hidden in a doorway, resting her hand against the butt of high powered semi-automatic. The gun is almost as big as she is...

Rebel looks around, listens, and waits... then she walks across the street into the restaurant...

INT. UKRAINIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Rebel walking up that hallway. Gets to that door.

BAM! Rebel kicks in the door.

Scar, his brother and the other men look at her with surprise.

REBEL unloads the gun BLAM! BLAM! BLAM!

The men fall offscreen.

There is one left, he is afraid, shivering in fear.

REBEL
Have a seat.

Rebel opens her cell phone.

REBEL (CONT'D)

Charles, I'm going home to write some poetry. Here's the first line 227 East K STREET. I see bomb materials, manure, fuses, a man begging for his life, while three others wish they had theirs. Sooner you get here, quicker I can be home with my tea and poetry. See ya soon, Chuckie.

SHE SMILES. CLICK.