

FADE IN:

INT. COIN LAUNDRY - NIGHT

TRAN NGUYEN, 20s, slouches against a dryer in a stupor.

Fit, handsome Lieutenant JAMES AVERY, 40s, charges in, gun drawn.

Two OFFICERS in riot gear follow him.

JAMES

Tran Nguyen!

Tran rouses and reaches for his handgun.

JAMES

Police! Freeze!

Tran shoots at James.

The bullet misses James and wings an Officer.

James shoots the gun out of Tran's hand. The gun rolls end-over-end through the air and slams into a laundry basket.

James cuffs Tran.

INT. MANNY'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

MANNY, a tough dopehead, dangles cocaine before STONEY, a dim man, both in their 40s.

Stoney hungrily indulges, then pauses to enjoy the effect.

MANNY

Do it.

Stoney steadies himself and walks to a rabbit's cage.

Two bunnies peacefully chew greens.

Stoney reaches in and pulls one out by its ears.

He picks up a long knife and, laughing like a maniac, rips the rabbit from head to abdomen.

The rabbit screams, wiggles, then dies.

Stoney collects the rabbit's blood in an Army helmet.

Manny watches without emotion.

SATURDAY

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

James picks up a trash basket.

KATIE AVERY, 14, washes dishes and chews gum.

KATIE

I don't see why we can't get a dishwasher.

JAMES

Work builds character.

KATIE

That's so lame, Dad.

James heads out the back door with the trash.

Phone rings; Katie grabs it.

KATIE

Speak to me, girlfriend - it's Saturday! Oh, sorry. Dad!

James pokes his head back in.

JAMES

For me? Imagine that.

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Mayor BILLY ROY WATSON, 40s, with an oversized, oversprayed hairstyle, picks cockleburrs off FRECKLES, a hound dog, as Sheriff HARLAND POLK, 20s, speaks into the phone.

HARLAND

Avery? This is Sheriff Polk
in Riverview. Governor said I
should give you a holler. We
got us two dead men.

The Mayor picks up a magazine with brown juice on it.

MAYOR

He pooped on my Scientific
American.

HARLAND

Good dog. Them prunes work.

EXT. AVERY BACKPORCH - DAY

James, in police uniform complete with pistol, carries
Katie's bags to the back porch.

His convertible is parked in the driveway.

Katie drags up the steps.

KATIE

I could stay home, Dad. I'm
not a baby.

JAMES

No, but you're only fourteen,
and this way I won't worry.

KATIE

Grandpa snores. I won't get
any sleep.

GRANDMA AVERY and GRANDPA AVERY, both late 60s, open the
door.

GRANDPA

Hey, Katydid.

GRANDMA

Hi, baby.

JAMES

She's not a baby, Mom.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

James and Katie come in with Grandma and Grandpa.

GRANDMA

I just made coffee.

JAMES

No time, Mom.

GRANDPA

Sit down, Jimmy, have some pie.
Major Case Squad crap can wait.

Grandpa proudly displays a crumbly, juicy mess. Katie grimaces.

KATIE

Grandma, what happened?

Grandma nudges her.

GRANDMA

Grandpa made it.

James' eyes brighten, and he grins widely at his father.

Grandma hands James a cup of coffee anyway. He sips it.

GRANDPA

Hey, hotshot, it ain't easy
making pie. You try it.

Grandpa cuts the pie into four huge pieces and hands Katie a plate. She gingerly takes a bite.

KATIE

It's good.

GRANDPA

Of course, it's good. What'd
you think?

KATIE

Got ice cream?

GRANDPA

Now you're talking.

Grandpa goes to the freezer. James snitches a bite of Katie's pie.

JAMES

Wrap mine up. I'll eat it on the way.

GRANDPA

Oh, yeah, now he wants some.

Grandma reaches into a cabinet for a pie container.

GRANDMA

You're going to get ulcers, Jimmy.

Grandpa sits at the table with Katie and dishes up hearty servings of ice cream.

GRANDMA

Now that's enough ice cream, you two. You'll get bellyaches.

Grandpa speaks with ice cream in his mouth.

GRANDPA

Nah. But I might have to belch. Uh, oh, here comes one.

Grandpa belches. Katie giggles.

James puts the ice cream carton in the freezer.

GRANDPA

I can't help it. I'm lactose intolerant. I saw it on TV.

Grandma hands James his pie. He kisses her cheek.

KATIE

How long will you be, Dad?

James takes a bite of Katie's ice cream.

KATIE

School's in three days, and I still have to get clothes, remember?

JAMES

Might be a week, Katie. I don't know. Be good.

He kisses the top of her head.

KATIE

Mom always shopped the sales.

Awkward silence.

JAMES

I know, hon.

GRANDPA

Solve it fast, son, and then we'll go fishing.

They clasp hands.

GRANDPA

Be careful.

JAMES

Always am.

Grandma puts her arm around Katie's shoulder.

GRANDMA

After my kick boxing lesson, we'll shop, Katie. You can show me what you like.

JAMES

No bare midriffs. Nothing low cut, you know, in front here.

GRANDMA

Go, Jimmy.

JAMES

No see-through. And no tight
jeans.

Grandma pushes his shoulder and sends him toward the door.

JAMES

I wouldn't go, but I have a new
officer.

GRANDPA

Got your pie? It's good.