

ALYSE & I

4.

~~LAPD FUNERAL: OFFICERS in their CLASS A UNIFORMS. A flag-draped COFFIN and 14-YEAR-OLD KYLE standing beside his grieving MOTHER. Rifles firing a 21-GUN SALUTE for their fallen brother DETECTIVE BILLY CRAIG. The BOOM of the GUNS--~~

~~--BOOM! Curled around the baby, Kyle LANDS on the HOOD of PARKED CAR, shielding the baby from the brunt, spine cushioned by Kevlar, CAVING in the hood. Windows BLOW out...~~

~~EXT. KYLE LIES UNCONSCIOUS ON THE HOOD - MINUTES LATER~~

~~--Kyle JERKS back to consciousness, his arms around the BABY that isn't there, shouting away the PARAMEDICS with faraway voices, until he sees the BABY in his MOM'S ARMS.~~

~~MITCHELL~~

~~Kid's gonna be okay.~~

~~Kyle sags against the car, knees buckling in relief, sitting on the asphalt. Mitchell sits next to him, backs on the car.~~

~~KYLE~~

~~You okay?~~

~~MITCHELL~~

~~I feel gross. It's really unpleasant, shooting somebody. They teach you how to do it. Nobody tells you how it makes you feel.~~

~~He nods. She unwraps a stick of gum. He holds out his hand.~~

~~MITCHELL (CONT'D)~~

~~It's my last piece.~~

~~She sighs, tears it in half, hands a piece to Kyle, taking in the forest of smart phone cameras around the hectic scene.~~

~~MITCHELL (CONT'D)~~

~~Think you might wanna try to get out in front of this one, partner.~~

INT. KYLE AND ALYSE'S HOUSE - LATER

Kyle walks in, a little stiff, but hiding it well enough. Kyle's wife **ALYSE ARRENDONDO** standing in front of the TV, holding the DVR REMOTE like a weapon. Kyle sees **KTLA NEWS** [paused] on TV... **DARING RESCUE**. Kyle freezes. Oh, shit.

ALYSE

Know why Batman isn't married?

KYLE

My partner has a theory about that.
It involves the Boy Won--

START

PG. 1 of 7

ALYSE

--Because no woman in her right mind would put up with that.

Un-pauses the TV: *Harrowing moments caught on video today when an LAPD officer... Bystanders' cell phone VIDEO...*

KYLE

I was kinda hoping for something more along the lines of '*I'm proud of you, Kyle. I'm so glad you're okay, Kyle. Let's have relations, Kyle.*' You married a cop, you know?

Bills stacked up on the kitchen table. A checkbook...

ALYSE

I'm aware of that, yes.

KYLE

This is what you signed up for. I think Tammy Wynette said it best--

ALYSE

--That's what you're gonna go with?

KYLE

Well, I was. But now I'm rethinking it. Who's that Prussian guy who said no battle plan ever survives first contact with the enemy?

ALYSE

Helmuth von Moltke, the Elder. He also said *Strategy is a system of expedients*. You married a history teacher. This is what you signed up for. But I'm not your enemy. I'm the one who wore a yellow ribbon around my loins that whole time you were in Afghanistan, never knowing if it was gonna be you or a folded flag coming back on a plane. And now it's twelve hours instead of twelve months, which is a vast improvement, but it's still the same *Please, God, let him be okay*. But you're right. This is what I signed up for. I signed up for you. The kindest, most decent, most courageous man I've ever met.

(she touches his face)

But baby you've got a *blind spot*. You think you're chasing crooks out there, but you're not.

(MORE)

ALYSE (CONT'D)

You're chasing your father's ghost.
You were what, thirteen when he
died?

KYLE

Fourteen. But I don't see what--

She traces the '**GN353**' printed on Kyle's wrist...

ALYSE

--The anniversary's coming up,
isn't it? You push yourself so
hard, and then you push even harder
whenever it rolls around.

Family pictures on the wall. Loving father and adoring son.

KYLE

People who killed him, whoever they
are, they've already got a ten-year
head start on me. And I haven't
even made detective yet. It's
another year they're still out
there somewhere, walking free.
Another year I've let him down.

ALYSE

He just didn't live long enough to
let you down, but he would have. If
he hadn't been killed, you'd
eventually find out he had feet of
clay. Like the rest of us. He
wouldn't have lived up to your
image of him. No parent does.

(off Kyle)

And I did not sign up to watch you
kill yourself trying to live up to
the man you think you remember.

KYLE

You want me to give up chasing bad
guys so I can put on the *McGruff
The Crime Dog* costume and talk to
fifth graders about huffing?

ALYSE

Of course not.

KYLE

Good, 'cause the last guy who put
that thing on got scabies.

ALYSE

I'm just asking you to be aware
that you have a tendency towards...

PG. 357

KYLE
Stupidity?

ALYSE
I was going to say *swashbuckling*.
Maybe if you tried a little less
Charge of the Light Brigade and a
little more Battle of Troy?

KYLE
I'll work on it.

ALYSE
Thank you.
(embracing, kissing)
Oh, and *I'm proud of you, Kyle. I'm
so glad you're okay, Kyle...*

KYLE
Let's have relations, Kyle?

ALYSE
How's your back?

KYLE
Try me.

END

INT. KYLE AND ALYSE'S BEDROOM - LATER THAT NIGHT

The PHONE RINGS. Alyse rolls over and picks it up.

HOYT (O.S.)
Officer Craig? Deputy Chief Hoyt.

Kyle sits bolt upright on the bed, clearing his head.

KYLE
Uh, yes, sir. Is there a problem--

HOYT
--More of an opportunity. Meet me
at Wilshire and Hobart in twenty.

He kills the call. Kyle stares at the phone like it bit him.

EXT. DRIVING RANGE - NEON-DRENCHED KOREATOWN - 20 MIN LATER

4-STORY RANGE: BUSINESSMEN blowing off steam, clubs *hissing*.
Balls *whizz* off, return through pneumatic tubes, as KYLE
approaches the tee-station of **DEPUTY CHIEF JAKE HOYT**. Years
have transformed Hoyt, *distilled* him to the flinty,
ectothermic predator that was dwelling inside all along.

HOYT
Hey, there he is! Man of the hour!
Quite a performance today, officer.

KYLE

Yeah. I do. But you need me. Don't you, Frank? Just as much. Maybe even more. And not just because I want to solve his murder as much as you do. You need me because you want to chase this thing into its lair, but the further into the darkness you go, the harder it is to find your way back. That's what happened to Alonzo, isn't it? He got lost down there, never made it back out.

(Frank reacts)

You need someone to hold the lantern, or you'll lose your way. Is that what my dad was to you?

FRANK

Billy was more than that.

FLASH: Kyle's father's funeral. Six PALLBEARERS. We SEE that one of them is FRANK, clean-shaven, and devastated...

FRANK (CONT'D)

He was my brother.

INT. KYLE AND ALYSE'S HOUSE - LATER

Kyle walks in through his front door, back on solid ground. He finds Alyse correcting papers.

START

ALYSE

Hey.

KYLE

Hey.

Kyle embraces Alyse, like he's been gone a month.

ALYSE

Sounds like you had a long night.

(Kyle reacts)

Frank called last night.

KYLE

He did?

ALYSE

Yeah, he said they were hazing the new guy. Guess that's how they welcome you to the unit. He said you'd be late getting home. I made him promise to be gentle. And no strippers. He sounds sweet.

(MORE)

ALYSE (CONT'D)
 (Kyle gapes)
 So? How was it?

And Kyle lies, just as Frank prophesied he would.

KYLE
 You know, locker room stuff. We sat on a stakeout most of the time. But they wouldn't let me go to the can. So I peed in an Empty Big Gulp.

ALYSE
 That's gross. I swear, you cops are worse than my 8th graders.

Back to her papers. Kyle heads into the kitchen. He stops, closes his eyes, digs the KEY out of his pocket...

KYLE
 Alyse?

ALYSE
 Yeah?

Kyle turns to face his wife.

KYLE
 That's not what happened.

INT. KYLE AND ALYSE'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

Kyle and Alyse sit at the table. The KEY on the table between them. Her somber face tells us she now knows what he knows.

ALYSE
 I don't understand, why you don't just go to the department with this? Kyle, this isn't like you.

KYLE
 You were supposed to go to the prom with Brad Mossey. But he got mono. So you didn't have a date, or you would never have gone with me. Everything would've been different.

ALYSE
 What the hell does that have to do with anything?

KYLE
 Would you know the Hand of God if you felt it? I mean, at the time, it just feels like coincidence, right? Blind luck.

(MORE)

PG. 4 of 7

KYLE (CONT'D)

But there's more to it. There has to be. A Will. A Plan. That's what this feels like.

ALYSE

Like The Hand of God?

KYLE

Like it's what my father would've wanted. Or *does* want. I don't know. Something my dad said to me before he died. *Tearing down is easy. Building up is hard.*

ALYSE

So you think you're gonna what, *rehabilitate* this guy?

KYLE

I'm going to train him.

END

INT. ALLEN'S APARTMENT - LATER

KNOCK! KNOCK! Allen's home alone, as usual, hunched over his homework in poor light, stands to see through the peephole.

ALLEN

Who is it?

FRANK

Pope Francis.

Allen opens the door to see FRANK standing in his doorway. We see the BRAND burned into Allen's DOOR. **Primum Nocere.**

ALLEN

(re: the brand)

Thought that was you. What is it?

FRANK

Means your under my protection now, and everybody out here knows it.

Frank hands Allen the PASSBOOK to a 529 account.

FRANK (CONT'D)

It's a trust. Three hundred grand. You can't access it until you're 18. It'll get you through college, law school if you want, long as you don't go into criminal defense.

ALLEN

Or civil rights.