

COLE
I'm just leaving, sir -

ELLINGHAM
You wanna be shitcanned before the
investigation?? Cause that's
what'll happen if you don't lay
low, it'll be outta my hands.

Cole looks over and is alarmed to see Riley standing on the
grass with Becks, watching this exchange.

ELLINGHAM (CONT'D)
If you knew the position I'm in -

End

COLE
I'm sorry, sir. I'm gone.

Cole moves over to Riley.

RILEY
You got suspended?

Cole nods reluctantly...

RILEY (CONT'D)
When did that happen?

COLE
Day I dropped you off.

RILEY
(taken aback)
But you said...

COLE
Riley, listen -

RILEY
No... When are you going to start
being honest with me?? About... I
don't know... Anything??

Dejected, Cole has no idea what to say...

RILEY (CONT'D)
There's girls here... Complete
strangers, who are telling me more
about mom than you ever do...

COLE
Let's talk about this at home.
Please.

ELLINGHAM (CONT'D)

You do all the work. Neilson gets
the credit for the collar.

COLE

Works for me.

ELLINGHAM

You're not gonna wait for the quid
pro quo?

COLE

I just want to get this guy. My
daughter goes to school here.

ELLINGHAM

Yeah, yeah, whatever the fuck. You
scratch my balls, I scratch yours,
okay? I'm gonna set up a cozy
little dinner with you, me and the
commish. Listen to his bullshit
stories, tell a few of your own,
and maybe he makes sure this IA
jazz on you goes nowhere. Can you
do that?

COLE

Yes. Thank you, sir -

ELLINGHAM

Don't thank me. Nab this fucking
psycho before he carves up any more
little girls...

End

OFF Cole -

INT. DINGY APARTMENT. SUBURBS. NIGHT.

ZACH GREEN sits in an apartment almost as skeezy as he is.
Engrossed in *Project Runway*, eating Doritos. Orange crumbs
litter his impressive paunch.

THE DOOR BURSTS OPEN. ARMED POLICE burst in, followed by GREY
who waves a warrant in his face.

GREY

Evening Zach, don't get up.

ZACH

What the fuck is this?

GREY

We need to know about Lotus.