

THE INTERCHANGE

by

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Blackness.

Pounding music -- something awesome.

Heavy breathing.

Gunshots.

UP ON:

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Maggie Ortiz, 30, Puerto Rican, badass, is killing bad guys.

She runs through a rubble strewn warehouse, shooting at black-masked figures in tactical gear.

She slides behind an oil drum which vibrates as it absorbs shot after shot.

She takes a deep breath, risks peering around the edge of the drum. She sees a big open area -- no cover. A shot ricochets off the drum and she pulls her head back.

She draws a second pistol, holds one in each hand. Takes three quick breaths to psych herself up.

She suddenly springs to her feet and sprints across the open floor, her arms outstretched, shooting at figures on either side of her.

She shoots her guns dry just as she reaches cover. Drops the guns, dives headfirst over a fallen locker, hits the ground rolling, and comes up in a crouch.

She draws a tiny gun from her boot. Takes careful aim at a red light on the far wall. We can't see what it is, but it's an impossible shot -- no way she can shoot that far with a pistol.

But she does.

The light turns from red to green, and an alarm sounds. Maggie stands up. So do the "dead" bodies. They take off their balaclavas to reveal impressed and rueful faces.

It was a training exercise.

Maggie struts through the warehouse, checks her watch--

MAGGIE

Shit.

--and walks a little faster.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FBI OFFICE - DAY

Maggie, changed into professional clothes but still a little sweaty, walks through an open office. She wears a gun and an FBI badge on her belt.

As she walks, people wordlessly hand her paperwork -- it's stylized, almost a dance routine, until her arms are completely loaded with papers.

She heads toward her desk, which is buried under mountains of paperwork.

She passes an absurdly attractive Indian agent. He's tall and built and looks like a Disney prince. This is Agent Singh (30s).

He smiles at her and she melts a little bit.

SINGH

Hey.

MAGGIE

Ho. I mean, hello. Hi. Hi and hello.

Singh doesn't miss a beat. He grins at her.

SINGH

Hey-ho.

Maggie blushes and keeps walking.

A smile creeps onto her face.

SINGH (CONT'D)

(calling after her)

Hey Maggie!

She freezes. Then turns.

SINGH (CONT'D)

As long as you're up do you mind grabbing me a coffee?

Her face falls.

MAGGIE

Of course. Let me just--

She drops the papers onto her desk, where they vanish among so many others. She sits down and logs in to her computer.

She stares at it, glossy eyed, and sighs.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Illinois State Trooper Andie Bradley, white, 30s, sits slumped in her cruiser, glassy eyed, in an almost identical posture to Maggie.

She's parked under a freeway interchange, watching the sparse mid-day traffic go by.

With the easy competence of an expert, Andie rolls a joint. She looks at it lovingly and pulls out a lighter.

Just then, a shitty red sedan blows by. The radar gun on Andie's dashboard reads "147". Andie thinks for a minute, then decides to ignore it.

She sparks the lighter and is just about to light the joint when her radio crackles. It startles her into dropping the joint between the seats.

RADIO (V.O.)

Trooper Bradley, this is dispatch,
do you read?

Andie is trying to reach the joint, without success.

RADIO (V.O.)

Trooper Bradley, do you read?

She sighs heavily, and looks at the radio - weighing her options.

She picks up her radio.

ANDIE

(into radio)
This is Bradley.

RADIO (V.O.)

We have reports of a red 2002
Toyota Corolla speeding toward
Chicago, have you seen it?

Andie considers, then:

ANDIE
 (into radio)
 No. Nope. Don't think so.

She keeps digging for the joint.

A new voice comes on the radio. This is Phyllis, Andie's boss.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)
 God damn it, Andie, I'm looking at
 your car right now.

Andie bolts up and looks around, a little paranoid. Decides it's a bluff, flips the bird with both hands. Waves around her middle fingers.

ANDIE
 (into radio)
 What am I doing?

Phyllis can't see her.

PHYLLIS (V.O.)
 Get after it or you're fired.

Andie gives up.

ANDIE
 (into radio)
 Fine.

She flips on the sirens, puts the cruiser into gear, and peels out.

EXT. ILLINOIS FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Andie flies down the freeway, weaving in and out of the sparse traffic. She's an incredible driver.

She catches up with the Corolla and pulls it over.

EXT. RED COROLLA - MOMENTS LATER

Andie's standing next to the car. Inside it are a couple of African-American teenagers, Nate (17) and LaShawn (16). They're well-dressed and polite.

ANDIE
(on autopilot)
You got any idea how fast you were going?

NATE
About 65, officer?

ANDIE
No.

NATE
Speedometer said 65.

Andie laughs.

ANDIE
You're a funny kid. You got any weed?

The kids don't know how to react.

NATE
What?

ANDIE
You heard me. Little shits made me drop my joint.

LASHAWN
We don't have any weed.

Andie leans into the window.

ANDIE
If you give me your weed I won't give you a ticket.

NATE
Aw, hell nah.

LASHAWN
That's entrapment, lady.

ANDIE
For fuck's sake, you were going 147 in a 65 - that's a three hundred dollar ticket, easy. Plus, I was sitting in a construction zone - automatic double fine. Do you have six hundred dollars of weed in you car? Should I call backup?

Nate and LaShawn look at each other.

NATE
We ain't got shit.

Andie loses her shit.

ANDIE
GIVE ME YOUR FUCKING WEED.

The guys look at each other like, "Is this bitch crazy?"

LASHAWN
Just do it, man.

NATE
Shit. Fine.

He reaches down his pants and hands her a dime bag.

NATE (CONT'D)
Here.

Andie takes it, totally cool again.

ANDIE
Thanks, kid. You're alright.

NATE
You ain't gonna give us a ticket?

LASHAWN
Shut up, man!

ANDIE
Nah, that shit's complicated. No
one ever thinks about it, but--

A thought strikes her.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
(re: the weed)
This any good?

NATE
The best.

Andie grins.

ANDIE
You're alright.

She taps the roof of their car twice and saunters back toward
her cruiser.

INT. RED COROLLA - CONTINUOUS

Nate and LaShawn are stunned.

LASHAWN

The fuck just happened?

Nate starts the car and they drive off.

ROLL CREDITS

Over the credits:

--Andie walks back to the police cruiser and gets in

--Maggie does paperwork

--Andie rolls a new joint

--Maggie brings Singh a cup of coffee

--Andie smells the joint and smiles

--People drop more paperwork on Maggie's desk

--Andie lights the joint.

She's *just* about to take a toke when--

A MASSIVE EXPLOSION rocks her car.

She drops the joint between the seats.

ANDIE

Mother *fucker*.

Main title:

"The Interchange"

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON FBI OFFICE - DAY

Maggie dutifully continues paperwork by the light of her desk lamp. She lays her pen down and her head on her arm.

GIBSON (O.S.)

ORTIZ!

Maggie jumps out of her seat.

MAGGIE

Yessir.

GIBSON (O.S.)

Get into my office.

Maggie smooths her hair and heads to the voice.

She stands in the doorway of Agent Gibson's office. He is a gruff man in his mid 50s. His eyes are sharp and his muscles toned. He sports a well-groomed mustache.

MAGGIE

You wanted to see me, sir?

GIBSON

Pack a bag, we're heading to Chicago.

MAGGIE

Excuse me, sir?

Gibson sighs heavily - she has annoyed him.

GIBSON

(condescendingly)

There's been an explosion. It's been deemed the work of terrorists. We've been called in to investigate, so I chose you as part of the team.

Maggie is taken aback. She takes a seat across from Gibson.

MAGGIE

Thank you, sir! I won't let you down! I'm ready for the field, I promise.

GIBSON

I'm sure you are. All my men are. But I'm bringing you because you keep such great notes. All your files are so organized. All the guys want you to keep their case files.

Maggie's eyes get dark.

MAGGIE

Plus I make good coffee.

GIBSON
Great coffee. And where would the
investigation get without coffee?

He waits for an answer.

MAGGIE
Not very far.

GIBSON
That's right. Not very far. Let's
stick to our strong suits.

MAGGIE
Yes, sir.

Gibson goes back to paperwork.

GIBSON
(without looking up)
You're dismissed.

Maggie walks out off the office.

INT. CHICAGO FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Gibson stands in front of a group of FBI Agents and Chicago
PD. Andie sits in the last row - not paying attention.

GIBSON
Based on the location of the bomb,
and outstanding threats from our
ISIS pals, this is the work of some
nasty Islams - jihadi urban-turban
types.
(to Singh in the first
row)
No offense.

SINGH
I'm Indian, sir.

GIBSON
(not sure he believes him)
Right. So, let's get out there and
catch us some rag-heads.
(to Singh)
No offense.

Singh shakes his head.

The group starts to stand, Gibson arranges some papers.

ANDIE
(from the back row)
There weren't any Arabs at the
scene.

Everyone sits back down.

GIBSON
Terrorists are sophisticated, Miss -

ANDIE
Agent Bradley. Seriously, though.
It looked like a big ass redneck
explosion gone wrong. Coulda been
my fucktard brother, honestly.

GIBSON
Are you saying your brother has
ties to Islamic terrorism?

ANDIE
What? No. I'm saying this looked
local. Like, I think we're
overreacting bringing in the FBI.

GIBSON
This is terrorism! There is no
overreacting to terrorism!

ANDIE
Whoa, dude, chillax. I'm just
saying this doesn't seem like
terrorism to me.

Gibson's neck vein throbs.

MAGGIE
(interjecting)
I think she's wondering how we *know*
this is radical Islamic terrorism?

GIBSON
Because this is a TERRORIST ACT!
We respond quickly and harshly to
terrorism. Are you questioning our
tactics, Ortiz?

MAGGIE
No, sir, I just -

Gibson's usually loud voice grows louder and more intense as
he becomes more heated.

GIBSON

You just, what? Want the CIA to handle all the hard stuff? Because I don't think that's a good idea! I was stationed in New York, Ortiz.

MAGGIE

I'm sorry, sir. That must have been a hard day.

GIBSON

What?

MAGGIE

Nine Eleven, sir. I can't imagine.

GIBSON

Oh. I was in San Francisco at the time. Attacks like that wouldn't happen on my watch. I don't see these monsters as humans! Islam is coming for us! AND WE ARE READY!

SINGH

Maggie's right though, sir, we don't *know* -

GIBSON

You want to follow up that idiotic theory, Singh.

SINGH

No sir.

GIBSON

I didn't think so. Do you Ortiz?

MAGGIE

I don't know. I -

GIBSON

You don't know!
(pointing at Andie)
You!

ANDIE

Me?

GIBSON

Yes you. You and Ortiz are in charge of following up on "other leads".

ANDIE
I'm not a detective -

GIBSON
Shut up and take your orders. You
two fucking deserve each other.

MAGGIE
Yes, sir.

GIBSON
(to Singh)
That girl's brother goes to the top
of the list.

SINGH
Yes, sir.

Singh turns and shrugs at Maggie.

Maggie sadly watches them walk away.

ANDIE
So - can I go home now?

MAGGIE
No! We have to follow up on your
hillbilly theory.

ANDIE
Shit.

INT. DUNKIN' DONUTS - DAY

Andie and Maggie are at the front of the line. Maggie's
still fuming.

ANDIE
(to Maggie:)
You want anything?

MAGGIE
(too loudly)
No!

Everyone in the shop looks at her.

ANDIE
Jesus.
(to the teen behind the
counter:)
Two coffees.
(MORE)

ANDIE (CONT'D)
(to Maggie:)
You need a coffee.

MAGGIE
(still too loud)
I don't need--

She glances around. Lowers her voice.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
I don't need anything, except to be
back on the case.

ANDIE
Uh-huh.

Their coffee is ready.

DUNKIN' DONUTS TEEN
Two coffees.

Andie gets them.

ANDIE
Thanks.

She hands one to Maggie.

MAGGIE
I don't want it.

ANDIE
Take the fucking coffee.

She does. They go to a booth and sit down.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
(reasonably)
Let's start over. I'm Andie.

MAGGIE
You got me kicked off the case!

Andie finally loses her cool.

ANDIE
(whisper-yelling)
Look, bitch, I'm on hour ten of
this shit and I don't get overtime!
I just wanna go home and smoke a
joint, but instead I've gotta be
here with you.

MAGGIE
(whisper-yelling right
back)
Don't lump me with Dunkin' Donuts,
this was your idea!

ANDIE
You too good for Dunkin' Donuts,
you preppy bitch?

MAGGIE
EVERYONE'S TOO GOOD FOR DUNKIN'
DONUTS.

Everyone looks at them again.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(general apology)
Sorry.

They sit in silence. Maggie closes her eyes and does a deep breathing exercise. It looks weird.

ANDIE
The fuck are you doing?

MAGGIE
Re-centering.

Andie glances around, embarrassed.

ANDIE
Well can you not do it in public?

Maggie opens her eyes. She's centered. Looks a little glassy.

MAGGIE
OK. We're going to make the best
of this. If there's any chance
that this wasn't radical Islamic
terrorism, we're going to find out.

The door of the store opens and Nate and LaShawn, the guys whose weed Andie stole at the beginning, walk in.

Andie sees them and sinks down in her seat.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
What are you doing?

Andie nods at the newcomers.

ANDIE
(whispering)
I stole their weed.

MAGGIE
(too loud again)
You stole their weed?!

ANDIE
(hissing)
Shut up!

But it's too late -- Nate looks over and sees Andie.

NATE
Hey!

ANDIE
Shit.

Nate and LaShawn walk over to their booth.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
Howdy.

NATE
What the fuck, lady. I thought you
were cool.

Andie's taken aback.

ANDIE
I *am* cool.

LASHAWN
If you're so cool, then why the
fuck did we get a ticket?

NATE
You said if we gave you our weed we
wouldn't get a ticket--

MAGGIE
You said *what*?

NATE
But we got home and--

People are starting to stare at the confrontation. Maggie notices.

MAGGIE
Let's go outside.

EXT. ALLEY BEHIND DUNKIN' DONUTS - MOMENTS LATER

The four of them stand by some dumpsters.

NATE

We still got a ticket!

ANDIE

Look, kid, I told you I wasn't gonna give you a ticket, and I didn't. I can't help it if some other bitch--

MAGGIE

Do you have any idea how unprofessional this is?

LASHAWN

Yeah, you said we weren't gonna get a ticket and then we did.

MAGGIE

No, I mean--

LASHAWN

How 'bout you pay the ticket for us?

ANDIE

I'm not paying--

NATE

But you said--

Andie draws her gun. Nate and LaShawn throw up their hands

LASHAWN

Jesus!

ANDIE

Look, kid, I said I wasn't--

Maggie grabs the gun and punches Andie in the face. The boys burst out laughing.

NATE

Aw shit!

ANDIE

(holding her face)
What the fuck?

MAGGIE

(furious)

What the fuck yourself! You know why I don't like you? Because you're *part of the problem!* You're abusing the power of your badge!

Andie looks a little contrite.

ANDIE

(re: the gun)

It's not loaded.

MAGGIE

(in disbelief)

Your sidearm isn't loaded.

ANDIE

No, Jesus, I'm not gonna *shoot* anybody. What the fuck is wrong with you?

NATE

OK, look, can we go? Today we almost got shot and yesterday we almost got blown up.

Maggie's face lights up.

MAGGIE

You saw the explosion?

NATE

Yeah, sure, we saw that shit.

MAGGIE

(to Andie:)

You didn't say that there were witnesses!

LASHAWN

Well how was she gonna say that, she'd just stole our weed.

MAGGIE

What did it look like? The explosion? Did you see anything suspicious?

LASHAWN

Nah, man, it looked just looked like a bigass redneck explosion.

MAGGIE

What does that mean?

LASHAWN

Just, you know, like some shit rednecks would do. Bigass fireball and shit.

MAGGIE

Forensics said it was an improvised, "household objects" bomb.

NATE

Yeah, sure, if you're the sort of dumbass white dude who calls a gas can a household object.

MAGGIE

(to Andie:)

We need to report this! I'm calling Gibson -- we can bring them in for questioning--

NATE

Aw hell no. C'mon, man.

Nate and LaShawn take off running. Maggie starts to chase them. Andie doesn't

MAGGIE

(to Andie:)

Come on!

ANDIE

What's the point?

MAGGIE

They saw the explosion!

ANDIE

Forensics is going over that explosion with a fine tooth comb. There's nothing a couple of stoned kids can add.

Maggie hesitates.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Look, if it'll make you feel better why don't we go look at the blast site.

MAGGIE

...Fine.

EXT. PARKING LOT - DAY

Andie leads Maggie to her cruiser. Andie's still holding her face.

ANDIE

I can't believe you punched me.

MAGGIE

I can't believe you pulled a gun on two kids.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Andie drives. Maggie sits uncomfortably next to her.

MAGGIE

It smells like weed in here.

ANDIE

I dropped a joint. That's why I took the weed. They made me drop mine.

MAGGIE

You're making it worse.

EXT. BLAST SITE - DAY

The women duck under the yellow police tape and look around.

ANDIE

What are we looking for?

MAGGIE

Clues!

ANDIE

God help us.

MAGGIE

Why is there a difference between a redneck explosion and a jihadi explosion?

ANDIE

...Is the setup for the worst joke in the world.

MAGGIE
I'm serious.

ANDIE
Have you ever seen a redneck
explosion?

MAGGIE
No, have you?

ANDIE
I'm married to one.

Maggie sees something in the wreckage. She walks over to it and picks up a plush children's toy. It's singed and soot-blackened.

MAGGIE
Oh Jesus -- was there a child...?

Andie sees the toy.

ANDIE
Turn it over.

Maggie does, and we see that it's a lamb. It's cute, but there's something on its forehead. Maggie rubs the dust off and sees "MAGA" stitched in red.

MAGGIE
Huh.

She keeps turning it over. Stitched on the bottom of its left front paw is a Confederate flag. On the right front paw is a swastika.

Maggie clutches the adorable plush to her chest.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Is nothing sacred?

ANDIE
Yeah.

MAGGIE
Who would do this?

Andie laughs.

ANDIE
Spent a lot of time on the coasts,
huh?

MAGGIE

Yeah.

ANDIE

Fucking rednecks.

MAGGIE

You know who--?

ANDIE

I mean, not specifically -- but sure, it's the mascot of a local white power group.

Maggie looks at the lamb again, horrified.

MAGGIE

Effing rednecks.

She starts hurrying toward Andie's cruiser.

ANDIE

Where are you going?

MAGGIE

We've got a lead! We need to follow it up!

ANDIE

Hang on, Columbo. You do what you want, but I'm going home.

MAGGIE

You can't go home!

Andie jingles her car keys.

ANDIE

Can't I?

Maggie makes a dash for the cruiser, but Andie gets there first. She dives inside and locks the doors.

MAGGIE

Come on!

Andie pretends not to be able to hear. She starts the engine.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

How am I going to get home?

ANDIE

Uber!

She drives off.

Maggie stands staring after her, holding the white power lamb.

MAGGIE

Shit.

She pulls out her phone.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Maggie sits on her bed with her laptop in front of her. Fast food wrappers litter her bed.

As she types into her computer, we see the words show up in a search bar above her head.

She types: "white power groups" and is directed to the FBI list of thousands of names. She narrows the search to "white power groups: midwest" and comes up with still thousands. She narrows it to "white power groups: midwest: cook county" and only a dozen or so populate the screen.

She clicks on some: Klan photos, men in military tactical gear, bald men with swastikas. She shuts her computer.

She looks around the room.

She opens the computer up again, and flips to an internet search tab. She types "white power lamb cook county" a photo of the little lamb populates, next to a photo of seven gangly white hick men, and one black man showing off American flag tatoos.

Behind them is a gun store sign: "Bare Arms". On either side of the words are flexing biceps - one with an American flag, the other with a confederate flag.

Zoom in on "Bare Arms" and back out to:

EXT. BARE ARMS - DAY

Maggie gets out of a black suburban, and looks at the storefront.

Andie's cruiser pulls in next to her. She rolls down her window.

ANDIE

It's too early for this shit.

MAGGIE
It's ten a.m.

ANDIE
Too early.

MAGGIE
Get out of the damn car.

Andie does. They both look up at the sign.

ANDIE
Classy.

Maggie heads towards the store.

INT. BARE ARMS - MOMENTS LATER

A bell rings as the door opens.

A dirty white man in his early 40s wearing a trucker cap and overalls with no shirt. He smiles at the women.

JAXX
We got some live ones.

He looks Andie up and down.

JAXX (CONT'D)
Damn, I've got my sights on you.
And I got thousands of sights.

He raises his hands, at all the guns. Both women look at him with disgust.

JAXX (CONT'D)
That didn't do it. I've got more.
(he cycles through pickup
lines)
I'd let you handle my weapon. I've
got a twelve inch barrel to show
you. I'd shoot my load in you.
I've got a bullet, and your the
primer so do your job and blow.

MAGGIE
Okay, that's enough.

Andie flirts back.

ANDIE
This your store?

JAXX
Damn right it is.

ANDIE
It's so...big.

JAXX
Yeah. Got a range in the back too.

ANDIE
I like the name. What's yours?

JAXX
I'm Jaxx.

MAGGIE
Jaxx what?

JAXX
Jaxx none-of-your-damn-business.

ANDIE
I'm Andie, that's Maggie.

JAXX
Want to see my tatoos?

He flexes his biceps showing off tatoos that match the ones on the sign.

ANDIE
That's hot.

JAXX
Yeah.

MAGGIE
What do they mean?

Jaxx looks at her like she's an idiot.

JAXX
(showing the American
Flag)
My country.
(showing the Confederate
flag)
And my brothers. You got a
problem, lady?

ANDIE
Not at all. She thinks they're hot
too, don't you?

MAGGIE

Sure.

ANDIE

You really got a twelve inch barrel
to show me?

Maggie shoots her a look.

Jaxx gulps.

JAXX

Right this way.
(calling behind him)
You wanna see some lady guns?

MAGGIE

(under her breath)
What are you doing?

ANDIE

(under her breath)
Getting information! What are you
doing?

MAGGIE

(under her breath)
Being an officer of the law.

Andie rolls her eyes.

ANDIE

I wanna see all your guns.

He leads the women to a section of the store labelled
"Women". There are twenty or so pink guns lined up.

Andie fingers one of them suggestively.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Tell me about this one.

Jaxx watches her fingers, and gulps again.

Maggie picks up a pink revolver.

JAXX

Whoah whoah woah. I'm gonna need to
see some identification.

MAGGIE

Excuse me?

JAXX

Before you touch that gun. I'm gonna need to see some identification.

MAGGIE

Yeah. I heard you. What did you mean?

JAXX

I don't want to be responsible for arming illegals.

He reaches for the revolver.

Maggie grabs his hand and flips him onto the ground.

She flashes her badge.

MAGGIE

FBI, you creep.

ANDIE

Maggie!

JAXX

You fucking bitch!
(to Andie)

You didn't really want to see my weapons.

ANDIE

Not really.

JAXX

Bitches!

Maggie lets him up off the floor. He hops up and brushes himself off.

JAXX (CONT'D)

Get out of my store.

ANDIE

Now, Jaxx.

JAXX

No, I'm refusing service and not just 'cuz you're a Mexican, but because I know my fuckin' rights.

MAGGIE

We just want to ask you a few questions.

ANDIE

I think you fucked that one right up.

Maggie shoots her a look.

JAXX

Get out, or I'm calling my friends, you c-

ANDIE

I wouldn't do that. She actually loads her gun, dude.

Maggie opens her blazer to show him her firearm.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Let's bounce.

Maggie shoots one more look at Jaxx.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Come on.

The bell dings as they leave.

JAXX

(yelling out the door at them)

That's right. You cuck snowflake cock suckers.

EXT. BARE ARMS - MOMENTS LATER

Andie gives him the bird.

MAGGIE

That could have gone better.

ANDIE

You think?

JAXX

(still yelling from inside)

You as police is why we gotta arm ourselves. Second amendment baby! Feminist libtards!

MAGGIE

I'm Puerto Rican.

ANDIE
I don't think he cares.

Andie gets into the driver's seat.

MAGGIE
Yeah yeah. Back to your place?

Gets into the car.

Andie shrugs and revs the engine.

EXT. ANDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

Andie pulls up in front of her house and the women get out of the car.

Andie's house is picture-perfect. It literally has a white picket fence.

MAGGIE
(off the house)
Wow.

ANDIE
What?

MAGGIE
Nothing. Just -- not what I expected.

INT. ANDIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The inside of the house is well-ordered and picturesque.

ANDIE
(calling)
Tom?

TOM (O.S.)
Out back!

Andie continues through the house to the back door. Maggie follows. They push through to--

EXT. ANDIE'S BACK YARD - CONTINUOUS

Andie's husband, Tom, is burning leaves with their kids.

Tom is a potbellied redneck in his 40s. He's shirtless, wears cargo shorts and flip-flops, and has a goatee.

Their kids are Dan (12) and Joe (9). They're half-feral, also shirtless, also wearing cargo shorts.

MAGGIE
There we go.

ANDIE
What?

MAGGIE
Nothing.

TOM
Hey, babe! Who's the Mexican?

MAGGIE
I'm Puerto Rican.

TOM
Sure. I'm Tom.

MAGGIE
Maggie.

TOM
Nice to meetcha, Maggie! There's
some beer in the cooler.

Andie's already grabbed a couple. She tosses a Budweiser to Maggie.

ANDIE
Here, have some America.

They sit down in folding lawn chairs and watch the bonfire.

TOM
So how'd it go at the gun show?

ANDIE
Badly.

TOM
Sorry, babe.

The women moodily sip their beer.

MAGGIE
(to Tom)
Hey. What does a "bigass redneck
explosion" look like?

Tom turns to her, his smile a mile wide.

TOM
Well, Maggie-who's-not-Mexican, let
me show you.

ANDIE
Oh no.

MONTAGE:

--Explosion follows explosion - Tom explains each one and
proudly shows the accelerant.

--Tom and the kids are covered in soot.

--Andie has removed her shoes, and has her bare feet up on a
cooler. She sips her beer in her lawn chair and looks
generally unimpressed. She claps every once in a while.

--Maggie flinches with each explosion, and looks on in
wonderment. The kids flock her and she laughs at them.

--Maggie's phone rings.

END MONTAGE

MAGGIE
(into phone)
Hello?

SINGH (O.S.)
It's Singh. You'd better get back
to headquarters -- there's been
another attack.

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Gibson's talking at FBI and Chicago PD officers.

GIBSON
Listen up, cowboys. You heard
forensics -- this new attack is by
the same fuckin' camel jockeys who--

Maggie's hand is in the air. She looks like an eager middle-
schooler.

GIBSON (CONT'D)
What is it, Ortiz?

MAGGIE

Sir, Trooper Bradley and myself have reason to believe that it's a white supremacist group behind the attack, and not jihadis.

GIBSON

ARE YOU FUCKING STUPID?

MAGGIE

No, sir, but--

GIBSON

Then why would you come into my briefing room with this bullshit?

Now Singh's hand is in the air.

GIBSON (CONT'D)

What, Singh?

SINGH

Well, sir, I just think that--

GIBSON

Do we pay you to think, Kumar?

SINGH

Actually, you do, sir.

GIBSON

Then think smart and shut the fuck up.

SINGH

Yes, sir.

GIBSON

Now as I was saying, these sand loving towel headed--

CUT TO:

INT. CHICAGO FBI HEADQUARTERS - LATER

The briefing's over, and everyone's trickling out of the room.

Singh walks over to Andie and Maggie.

SINGH

Hey Maggie?

MAGGIE
Ho. *Shit*. Hi.

SINGH
Hey-ho.

Andie watches the exchange with amusement.

SINGH (CONT'D)
Look, I think you're onto something. The whole jihadist angle isn't really playing out.

Maggie's tongue-tied, but manages a shaky

MAGGIE
Thanks.

ANDIE
Don't thank him!

SINGH
Hi, we haven't been properly introduced, I'm Agent Singh--

ANDIE
I know who you are, you pussy.

SINGH
Excuse me?

ANDIE
You heard me. Maggie's out there busting her ass at the expense of her career and you're sitting around like a total fucking pussy doing whatever bullshit Gibson tells you.

Maggie and Singh both gape at her.

SINGH
Uh-- I was just going to say that I think I can get you approval to infiltrate the group.

MAGGIE
That would be *amazing*. Thank you!

Singh smiles winningly.

SINGH
Hey, I figure I owe you for all that coffee.

He swaggers off. Maggie gazes after him.

Andie snaps her fingers in front of her face.

ANDIE
Hey. Earth to Maggie.

MAGGIE
What?

ANDIE
How the fuck are you gonna
infiltrate a white power group,
chica?

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ANDIE'S HOUSE - DAY

While Andie and Maggie watch, Singh outfits a shirtless Tom with a wire. Tom's belly and chest are really hairy, and Singh keeps getting the tape stuck in the hair.

SINGH
Sorry.

TOM
What?

SINGH
I have to re-tape it.

TOM
OK, but--

SINGH
I'm gonna count to three.

TOM
Hey man, wait--

SINGH
Ready? One--

He yanks the tape off. It brings a clump of hair with it.

TOM
AARGH!

SINGH
Sorry about that. Hang on, let me--
No, shit.

He yanks off a second piece of tape. Tom screams again.

TOM

Stop!!

Singh looks up at him.

SINGH

I told you to shave.

TOM

Do I look gay to you?

SINGH

Jesus, OK. Let's try this--

TOM

Not that I've got anything against them.

SINGH

Who?

TOM

The gays. I think Danny's gay, and I love him just the same.

DAN (O.S.)

(yelling)

I'M NOT GAY, DAD!

TOM

We love you no matter what, son!

DAN (O.S.)

(with middle school angst:)

God.

Singh mis-places the wire again.

SINGH

Oops.

TOM

Don't--

Singh does.

TOM (CONT'D)

OW! Jesus!

Maggie finally intervenes.

MAGGIE
Maybe I should take this over.

Singh hands her the wire.

SINGH
Be my guest.

Maggie wires up Tom with dextrous ease.

MAGGIE
So all you need to do is get Jaxx
to admit to the bombings, and tell
you if there's going to be another
one.

TOM
(sarcastic)
Oh, is that all?
(then:)
How do we know he'll talk to me.

Andie pats him affectionately.

ANDIE
Just be yourself, baby.

Maggie finishes up with the wire.

MAGGIE
There we go.

TOM
I sweat when I'm nervous. Is that
gonna be a problem?

SINGH
Nothing to be nervous about --
you'll be fine.

ANDIE
He sweats when he's not nervous,
too.

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE - NIGHT

Maggie Andie and Agent Singh sit with headphones around their
necks, talking to Tom.

MAGGIE

Remember Tom, you don't have to do this.

ANDIE

What are you talking about, of course he does. How else are you going to infiltrate a white power group?

MAGGIE

We'd find a way.

SINGH

Not quickly.

Maggie shoots him a dirty look.

ANDIE

You're gonna be fine, babe. I'm sure you'll fit right in. Ooh! Tell 'em the one about the rabbi.
(chuckling to herself)
I know I shouldn't encourage you. But that one's a winner. It'll get you in.

Tom nods. He kisses his wife.

He goes to open the back of the van.

MAGGIE

No!

Tom looks at her.

ANDIE

Through the driver's door, babe.

Tom lumbers through them. He squeezes into the front seat. He is breathing heavily, and it is reflected in the trio's headsets.

He sits in the front seat a second catching his breath.

MAGGIE

Good, god, what have we done?

Tom waves out the window.

REDNECK #1

(from outside)

Sweet ride, man! How much you packing back there?

TOM

Hey!

He hops out of the car.

Singh Maggie and Andie sit silently. Listening.

TOM (CONT'D)

Hey, man. I'm Tom. First time at one of these things.

REDNECK #1

Joe. You're gonna love it man. It's powerful to have a brotherhood.

TOM

I bet.

The sound crackles.

MAGGIE

What is that?

SINGH

Sweat.

INT. BARE ARMS - MOMENTS LATER

Tom looks around at the gun shop. It is now decked out in American flag bunting. A ripped African-American man is up the ladder hanging more.

TOM

I see you have the help here still.

He laughs. Joe doesn't.

JOE

No man. That's Davonte.

DAVONTE

Did I hear my name? Oh! Hey, Joe!

JOE

Hey, Davonte. Ready for the meeting.

DAVONTE

Just about.

He comes down the ladder.

Tom stares at him.

 DAVONTE (CONT'D)
You here for the meeting?

 TOM
Yeah. Are you?

 DAVONTE
What's that supposed to mean, man?

 TOM
I don't know it's just -

 DAVONTE
What? I'm black? You think blacks
can't take the red pill?

INT. SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

Maggie Tom and Andie hold their headphones to their ears.
Davonte is still talking, but the words are crackling.

 MAGGIE
What is happening?

 DAVONTE (V.O.)
You think black Americans can't
recognize the threats to our
liberties that immigrants, cucks
and social justice warriors pose?

INT. BARE ARMS - CONTINUOUS

 DAVONTE
Hey, Jaxx?

Jaxx comes in from the back room.

 JAXX
'Sup my brother.

 DAVONTE
This clown thinks a black man can't
be a nationalist.

 JAXX
What the fuck dude. This is my
brother.

 DAVONTE
Fuck yeah.

TOM
Like, actually your brother or - ?

JAXX
Yeah, like actually my brother.

Jaxx throws an arm protectively around Davonte.

DAVONTE
And blood runs thicker than color,
isn't that right?

JAXX
Couldn't have said it better.

Tom Joe Jaxx and Davonte stand in silence for a moment.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE

Maggie Andie and Singh look nervous at the silence.

INT. BARE ARMS

The men all stare at each other.

TOM
Well. I feel like I got off on the
wrong foot. I want to join the
American Dawn.

Davonte throws up his hands.

DAVONTE
Whoa man!

JOE
Hold up.

JAXX
(conspiratorially)
We don't use that name outside of
the safe space, dude.

TOM
Well, shit. I just can't do
anything right. I'm kind of
nervous.

Jaxx leads Tom to the back of the store.

JAXX
We get that, man. What's your
name.

TOM
Tom Bradley.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The trio groan.

MAGGIE
Not your real name!

ANDIE
Fuckin' A.

INT. AMERICAN DAWN HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

TOM
(wide eyed)
Holy fuck.

He looks around at the white power extravaganza around him.

JAXX
This here is the safe space. Here
we can be the American Dawn.

DAVONTE
Illiana chapter.

The American Dawn is undiscerning in their hate. They have just about every hate group flag represented on the walls - swastikas, and white power fists, and burned rainbow flags etc.

JAXX
I gotta get this meeting started,
but D here will show you around.

Jaxx heads to a podium at the front of a dozen chairs.

There are six other men mingling around the chairs.

JAXX (CONT'D)
We are calling this meeting to
order. We have a new member. Tom
Bradley.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

ANDIE

They really are going to remember
his name.

MAGGIE

This was a terrible idea.

ANDIE

He's fine.

The microphone is really crackling now.

MAGGIE

What is happening?

SINGH

He told us he was sweaty.

INT. AMERICAN DAWN HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

JAXX

To call this the hundred and thirty
fourth meeting of the American Dawn
Illiana Chapter to order, we will
sing the fight song.

The men begin a chorus of a very racist hymn.

MEMBERS

(singing)

Upon the glory of our race,
Turn thy blue-eyed Aryan face
Behold the coming of our time
The march of whiteness reigns
sublime.

They take a collective breath and continue on.

MEMBERS (CONT'D)

(singing)

The darkness shall now dissipate
The master race shall claim its
state
Upon the throne we'll take our seat
With the slaves about our feet.

Tom looks on in shock.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE

The microphone squeaks and squeals as they listen to the song, sung poorly. They hear only a few words at a time.

MEMBERS V.O

Be still and know that I am white,
 be still and know that I am white,
 be still and know that I am white.

Andie laughs.

SINGH

What is this shit?

MAGGIE

We have to get him out of there.

ANDIE

No, no. He's fine.

The sound crackles.

INT. AMERICAN DAWN HEADQUARTERS

The chorus ends, and the Tom is about to sit. The group takes a deep breath and dives into verse three.

MEMBERS

(singing louder)

Fear no more the lesser blood
 Untainted we'll cross through the
 mud
 Our women safe, our children pure
 Until at last our future's sure.

Be still and know that I am white,
 be still and know that I am white,
 be still and know that I am white.

Tom looks around at the dutiful followers. He notes particularly Davonte, who sings passionately about being white.

Verse three ends, and Jaxx moves on.

JAXX

(wiping a tear from his
 eye.)

Beautiful!

(MORE)

JAXX (CONT'D)

Our next order of business is to give ourselves a pat on the back. Our first two explosions were successful.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The sound is now just a high pitch whine. With an occasional word.

MAGGIE

We have to start an extraction.

JAXX V.O.

- call us stupid -

ANDIE

Sit your ass down. They are in a literal Arms store. You'll get him killed.

MAGGIE

This is not protocol, Andie, we have to get him out.

JAXX

- start world hunger-

INT. AMERICAN DAWN HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

Tom tries to surreptitiously pull his phone out of his pocket to take pictures of Jaxx's visual aide.

JAXX

The next one is a doozy of an explosion.

There is a photo a giant explosion under an over pass.

He flips the board and we see the wreckage of cars strewn across the site.

The crowd nods and gives verbal approval.

JAXX (CONT'D)

And we are going to make it impossible for those coastal libs to dismiss our worth.

He shows a photo of overflowing grain bins.

DAVONTE

Amen!

He flips to a picture of a black woman with a mess of kids around her.

JAXX

When our hard work gets shipped off
to feed hypocritical race-deniers
and crack-whore babies on welfare,
we have the constitutional right to
fight back.

He flips to a picture of hipsters eating avocado toast.

Cheers from the men.

JAXX (CONT'D)

When our crops can't reach these
fuckers, they'll have to take us
seriously.

He flips to another photo of car parts exploding.

Tom looks truly horrified.

He raises his hand.

TOM

Can you tell me what exactly you
are trying to do?

He rubs his chest -

INT. SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The rubbing reverbs. All three of them pull their headphones away from their ears.

MAGGIE

This is enough.

She begins arming herself.

INT. AMERICAN DAWN HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

JAXX

We are going to blow up interchanges and railway stations making it impossible for trucks and trains to make it across the country. The other chapters are taking care of other major cities.

TOM

That sounds difficult. How can I help?

JAXX

What?

TOM

How can I --

INT. SURVEILLANCE VEHICLE - CONTINUOUS

The crackling stops long enough for them to hear

TOM V.O.

- help?

MAGGIE

Oh my god. We're going in.

Andie grabs Maggie.

ANDIE

Leave him be. He is going to be fine.

Maggie shakes her off, and runs towards the building. Guns drawn.

Singh gets out behind her

ANDIE (CONT'D)

(to Singh)

Where are you going?

SINGH

I've got to help her.

Andie sighs. She picks up a gun, and shoves the magazine in.

INT. BARE ARMS - MOMENTS LATER

Maggie crouches from gun rack to gun rack across the store.

Singh is close behind her.

The front door bell rings.

Maggie and Singh's head's snap.

They see Andie enter the store.

Maggie leaps over the counter, Singh follows suit. Andie hoists herself onto it inelegantly, and tumbles over the other side.

Maggie listens at the door.

JAXX

(muffled through the door)

And we aren't going to let no
outsiders come in and ruin what we
got!

The men cheer.

Maggie puts up three fingers.

Two fingers

One finger.

Maggie whips open the door.

MAGGIE

Freeze!

All the men turn and look at her.

TOM

What are you doing here?

MAGGIE

We came to rescue you.

TOM

I don't need rescuing!

DAVONTE

(to Tom)

You brought the cops?

TOM

No, I -

JAXX
It's the Mexican! You're
trespassing! You know what
trespassers get?

Jaxx pulls out a shotgun from behind his podium. Every American Dawn man pulls out a gun or two, and cocks them at Maggie.

Tom hits the deck.

Singh and Andie stand beside Maggie, just inside the door.

Joe takes the first shot - it hits Singh in the arm.

SINGH
Agh!

He grabs his arm, and fires back.

Maggie shoots at the men. One in the hand, another in the leg.

Andie runs into the fray, to get Tom.

ANDIE
Come on, Tom.

TOM
They're shooting at me.

ANDIE
I know it, we have to get out of
here.

A man points his gun at Tom. Andie's gun isn't loaded, so she throws it at his face.

He grabs his nose and stumbles back.

She retrieves her gun.

The couple run to the door and past Singh and Maggie.

Maggie and Singh continue shooting, as they back out of the doorway.

INT. BARE ARMS - CONTINUOUS

The four of them dive over the counter, and take cover. Shots ring out around them.

MAGGIE
On my count. One.

ANDIE
Three.

Everyone crouch runs to the door as quickly as possible.
Singh and Maggie shoot in slow motion behind themselves.
The bell on the door dings in slow motion.

EXT. BARE ARMS - CONTINUOUS

In real time now, the quartet sprints to the car.
Tom stops, and breathes hard.

TOM
I can't - go on without me.

ANDIE
Are you fucking kidding me! Get
your ass in gear, Bradley!

She tackles him to the ground, as a bullet whizzes by.
Maggie sees them on the ground, she sprints back.
She and Andie take Tom under the arms and hurry him to the
van.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
I told you he was fine.

MAGGIE
He's not now.

ANDIE
That's because you made him run! He
hasn't done that since 2005.

Andie and Maggie throw Tom into the back of the van, where
Singh is already waiting. They slam the doors shut.

Andie heads to the driver's seat, Maggie to the passenger
seat.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
You need to learn to trust other
people, dude. And chill the fuck
out.

Bullets ricochet off the van.

MAGGIE

You wouldn't feel that way if Tom
was actually asking for help.

ANDIE

But he wasn't!

Andie peels out of the grass lot.

Tom notices Singh's wound.

TOM

Hey, guys.

ANDIE

Shut up, Tom.

Andie checks the mirrors and notices a platoon of pickup
trucks following.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Damnit, they're following us. Had
to get in a firefight with
militant gun-toters.

MAGGIE

I was rescuing your husband!

ANDIE

He didn't need rescuing!

Tom looks at Singh's shoulder again.

SINGH

It's alright. I'll be fine.

Singh presses the wound, and yells in pain.

Tom passes out.

Andie is driving like a maniac. Swerving down the road.

MAGGIE

You aren't the officer in charge!
This was my call to make!

ANDIE

You made a call alright. A FUCKING
SHITTY ONE!

Singh lightly slaps Tom with his good arm. Tom stirs.

SINGH
Guys. Really.

ANDIE AND MAGGIE
Shut up!

Andie swings violently onto a new road, and swerves to the side.

ANDIE
We'll walk from here.

MAGGIE
You can't be serious.

ANDIE
I am. And I don't want to hear from you again.

MAGGIE
Fine.

ANDIE
Great. Tom, we're leaving.

SINGH
He's passed out.

ANDIE
Goddamnit.

She redoes her seat belt and swerves back onto the road, throwing Maggie into the dashboard.

Singh and Tom slide into the side of the van.

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - LATER

Maggie and Singh drive back toward headquarters.

Singh is pale and sweating.

MAGGIE
Are you alright?

SINGH
Fine, fine.

He passes out.

MAGGIE
Singh? Singh!

She floors it.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

The van screeches to a stop outside the ER. Maggie jumps out, runs to the passenger door, and drags Singh out.

CUT TO:

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Singh wakes up in a hospital bed. Maggie is sitting next to him, looking anxious.

SINGH

Hey-ho.

MAGGIE

You're awake!

SINGH

What happened?

MAGGIE

The bullet hit an artery, you almost bled out in the van.

Singh tries to move, winces.

SINGH

Ow.

MAGGIE

There's a morphine drip. Press this button when the pain gets too severe.

Singh grabs the button, presses.

SINGH

God yes.

He passes out.

A nurse comes in. Sees Maggie staring lovingly at Singh.

NURSE

He'll be fine, ma'am. You should
get some sleep.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Andie's drinking a beer on the couch.

Tom paces.

TOM

I mean, shit, baby, they're
talking, like, large-scale carnage!

ANDIE

She's such a fucking...

TOM

What? Who?

ANDIE

Maggie. She could've got you
killed.

TOM

Baby, did you hear what I said? We
gotta stop 'em.

ANDIE

I'm off-duty.

She takes a swig of beer.

TOM

You don't get it. I saw stuff --
papers, maps, plans for bombs.
Someone has to--

ANDIE

That's what the FBI's for.

INT. CHICAGO FBI HEADQUARTERS - DAY

The next day. Maggie's in Gibson's office. Gibson isn't
happy.

GIBSON

What the fuck were you thinking,
Ortiz?

MAGGIE
Sir, we had good intel that--

GIBSON
Don't bullshit me!

MAGGIE
I'm not, sir! We had reason to believe that--

GIBSON
What reason?

MAGGIE
There was a plush toy, sir--

GIBSON
Jesus Christ.

MAGGIE
Sir, you ordered me to investigate alternatives to radical--

GIBSON
Don't tell me what I ordered, God damn it! You're off the case, Ortiz -- I mean completely off. Get the next flight back to DC.

MAGGIE
My things--

GIBSON
Fuck your things! We'll send 'em after you. I want you out of sight and out of mind, you hear me?

MAGGIE
Yes sir.

INT. MAGGIE'S HOTEL - DAY

Maggie walks sullenly down the hotel corridor. She tries to open her door, but the key card doesn't work. She tries again. It still flashes red. She tries again. It doesn't work.

She punches the door.

Her phone rings. It's Andie. She hesitates, then ignores it.

She tries to pick the lock. It doesn't work.

Her phone buzzes. She checks the message.

ANDIE (V.O.)
(voicemail)
Hey, uh, Tom won't shut up about
whatever the hell he saw. He said
I had to call you, so, uh, I'm
calling. And now I'm done.

She hangs up.

Hold on Maggie's face.

CUT TO:

INT. ANDIE'S HOUSE

Andie and Tom are watching TV.

The doorbell rings. Andie gets up from the couch and opens the door.

Maggie stands on the step.

Andie glares at her, then walks back into the house.

Maggie follows through the open door.

Andie throws herself down on the couch.

TOM
Hey Maggie!

MAGGIE
Hey Tom.

TOM
You stop 'em yet?

MAGGIE
Stop who?

TOM
(to Andie)
See?

Maggie looks from one to the other of them.

MAGGIE
What's going on?

TOM

Andie says the bombings aren't her problem.

MAGGIE

What bombings?

TOM

The ones that are gonna happen -- the ones Jaxx told me about.

MAGGIE

Why didn't you tell me?!

TOM

Tried.

ANDIE

(to Maggie)

What are you doing here?

MAGGIE

I got kicked off the case.

ANDIE

You were already kicked off the case.

MAGGIE

No, I mean, I got sent home. I'm not supposed to be here. Gibson locked me out of my hotel.

Andie laughs despite herself.

ANDIE

That seems...excessive.

MAGGIE

Yeah.

ANDIE

So when's he taking them down?

MAGGIE

Taking who down?

ANDIE

The American Dawn.

MAGGIE

He's not.

ANDIE
What?!

MAGGIE
Yeah.

TOM
See?!

Andie scowls.

TOM (CONT'D)
Look, I'm not crazy about this shit
either, but if we don't do
something they're gonna kill a
bunch of people.

MAGGIE
Tom, I'm going to be real with you.
That wasn't much of a pep talk.
But I'm in. Let's stop these white
power sons of bitches.

TOM
Yeah!

Andie rolls her eyes.

MAGGIE
Also, I need to stay with you.

ANDIE
God damn it.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARE ARMS - EVENING

Maggie and Andie sit in the bushes on the side of the
building.

ANDIE
So, what do we do now?

MAGGIE
We wait until the store closes.

ANDIE
The store doesn't close until six.

MAGGIE
Yeah.

ANDIE

It's not even five yet. We're just hanging out in the bushes for an hour?

MAGGIE

Yes.

ANDIE

Lucky for us, I brought refreshments.

Andie pulls out a coffee thermos.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Want some?

MAGGIE

Is it coffee?

ANDIE

Nope. Boxed wine.

MAGGIE

No thanks, I'm on the job.

Andie waves the canister at Maggie.

ANDIE

You sure? It's gonna be longer than an hour. Because he's not just gonna leave when the store closes. He'll have to do like, closing up shit.

Maggie looks at her confused.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

You rich bitch, you never worked retail did you?

MAGGIE

No, I never worked retail. I went from high school to college to grad school to the Bureau.

ANDIE

Where did you go to school?

MAGGIE

Undergraduate?

Andie nods.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

In New Haven.

ANDIE

What kind of horseshit is that?
What school?

MAGGIE

Yale, and then my masters at
Stanford.

ANDIE

So you're like, super smart.

MAGGIE

I don't know about that. Where did
you go to school?

ANDIE

I didn't. I graduated high school,
worked as a waitress. Got knocked
up and then got my associates
degree at community college.

MAGGIE

With kids? That's impressive.

ANDIE

I don't know about that.

She smiles ruefully at Maggie.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

So you never had a real person job?

MAGGIE

What is that supposed to mean?

ANDIE

I just mean, you don't really know
what it's like to be a regular
citizen. No wonder you don't know
how to chill out.

MAGGIE

I do too.

ANDIE

Sure. Because you study that.
It's part of your bureau training.

MAGGIE

I know what it's like to be a
regular person.

(MORE)

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

I'm the first in my family to go to college. My parents don't speak English. My brother is a busboy at a restaurant in the Bronx.

ANDIE

No shit?

MAGGIE

Yeah. So I understand the working class. I just don't understand this shit.

She points at the building behind her.

ANDIE

Yeah. You and me both.

Andie hands her the canister top full of boxed wine. Maggie takes it.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Cheers.

MAGGIE

Cheers.

ANDIE

So English is your second language?

MAGGIE

Third actually. I spoke Spanish at home, and Cantonese on the streets. I didn't learn English until I started school.

ANDIE

Shit.

MAGGIE

Then I learned French and German in high school, and Farsi in college.

ANDIE

That's a fuckton of languages.

MAGGIE

Yeah. I'm good at languages. It's why I got put on the Joint Terrorism Task Force, and ended up here.

ANDIE

So you're super smart, smokin' hot,
and can shoot bad guys real good.
What do you suck at?

MAGGIE

Ah. Ask my mom.

ANDIE

I can't, I don't speak Spanish.

MAGGIE

Touche.

ANDIE

I don't know French either.

She smiles at Maggie.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Just kidding.

MAGGIE

Mom wants me to have what you've
got.

ANDIE

I doubt that.

MAGGIE

Seriously! And to be honest I kind
of want it too.

ANDIE

The fat husband, ungrateful kids
and soul crushing mortgage.

MAGGIE

(laughing)
Yes, actually. All of that.

ANDIE

And I'd rather speak six languages.

Maggie laughs.

A gust of wind picks up and something rustles.

Andie picks it up.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Fucking rednecks.

She hands the paper to Maggie.

It has a hand drawn cartoon on it: figures under the I-90/94 interchange, a big explosion, cars upside down. Two of the figures high fiving, one with a Confederate flag on his arm, the other with an American flag.

MAGGIE

We have to get inside. See what else they've got.

As if on cue, Jaxx comes out of the building.

Andie and Maggie crouch lower into the bushes.

Jaxx is whistling the American Dawn hymn. He tosses a bag into the back of his truck.

He pulls out a giant ring of keys and locks the store.

Maggie looks at her watch - six on the dot.

Jaxx begins to sing loudly, and hops into his truck. He drives away.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)

So much for closing up, miss working class.

ANDIE

You got me there.

They sneak around the front of the store.

Maggie tries jimmying the lock to no avail.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Hold my boxed wine.

She passes the canister to Maggie. She easily opens the front door.

The bell dings. They both jump.

MAGGIE

Just the bell.

ANDIE

It seems so cheery for such a hateful slime ball.

They go inside the store.

Maggie heads to the "women" section. She grabs the pink pistol.

She is going to holster it but -

ANDIE (CONT'D)

I like where you're head's at, but
he'd definitely notice.

They hop over the counter, and head into the American Dawn Headquarters.

They look around at all the white nationalist paraphernalia.

MAGGIE

Jesus Christ.

The women look around the warehouse.

Andie steps on a spring, and a cardboard "perp" pops out across the room.

Maggie shoots it three times.

Andie throws herself on the ground.

She goes to check out the cardboard dummy. There's a shot in his head and two in his chest.

ANDIE

Nice shot.

Maggie breathes hard.

MAGGIE

Let's find what we can and get out
of here.

Maggie begins looking on the podium.

Andie heads to a desk near the cutout man.

They hear the door bell ding. Both women freeze.

Andie dives into a set of lockers.

She realizes it is full of dirty clothes. She makes a face, and plugs her nose.

Maggie hides in a stack of ammo boxes - she pokes her head over the top and sees -

Davonte sauntering into the headquarters.

She ducks her head back down.

He sings and dances to himself across the big room.

He looks around and shakes his head at all the walls.

He heads s to the desk Andie was rifling at.

Andie's POV through the locker doors:

Davonte flips through the papers, and takes several out of the pile.

He puts them into a bag.

He pulls out a gun, and shoots the cardboard cut out man three times, and re-holsters his weapon.

Still singing and shimmying, he heads out of the room.

Maggie is breathing heavily.

The bell dings again.

The women come out of hiding.

Andie gasps in the fresh air.

ANDIE

I don't get paid enough for this
shit.

Andie checks the cardboard man.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

He's not as good a shot as you, but
this guy is definitely dead.

Maggie looks a little shaken.

MAGGIE

What was he doing here?

Andie shrugs.

ANDIE

Tom told us they had a black
member.

Andie and Maggie both go to the desk.

They check out all the pages but -

MAGGIE

Nothing here.

ANDIE

He took all the good stuff.

MAGGIE

Oh well, we've got this.

She holds out the crude cartoon.

ANDIE

Sure do.

MONTAGE:

-- Andie and Maggie build a string board on Andie's walls, Tom prints out pictures of the members he saw.

-- They do research on the interchange. Also on other interchanges.

-- Tom and Maggie blow stuff up in the backyard.

-- Maggie joins some message boards.

-- They dress Dan in a mini KKK costume, and snap some pictures. They post to the board.

-- Andie sits and looks the Bare Arms with binoculars. She pulls out a joint, but decides against it.

-- Maggie texts Singh a picture of the cartoon.

-- The string board grows.

-- Maggie eats dinner with the Bradley family.

-- Maggie checks more message boards.

-- Andie and Maggie run practice drills in the backyard.

-- The string board fills up more. There is still a big question mark over the date and time of explosion.

END MONTAGE.

INT. ANDIE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Andie and Maggie sit on the couch. They're surrounded by papers, file folders, empty pizza boxes, and empty Budweiser cans. Andie's laptop is on the coffee table.

Andie grabs a new beer and hands one to Maggie. They open them. Andie holds hers up in a toast.

ANDIE
Here's to failure.

Maggie raises her beer. They're both a little drunk.

MAGGIE
Failure.

ANDIE
And death.

MAGGIE
Yeah.

ANDIE
Think it'll be our fault?

MAGGIE
Nah.

She does, though.

They drink.

Then, Andie's laptop dings. Maggie grabs it.

ANDIE
What is it?

MAGGIE
A new post on one of the message
boards.
(reading:)
"The big event is on for tomorrow.
A new American Dawn is coming. D."

She looks at Andie.

ANDIE
Jesus. Is he really that fucking
stupid?

CUT TO:

INT. BARE ARMS - BACK ROOM - SIMULTANEOUS

Jaxx and Devonte are sitting in front of a computer.

JAXX
Jesus, D, are you really that
fucking stupid?!

DAVONTE

What, man?

JAXX

You just told the world when we're gonna attack!

DAVONTE

I'm sorry, man, I was just excited!

Jaxx pats him on the shoulder fraternally.

JAXX

I know, man, me too. It'll be alright. It's too late to stop things now, anyway, even if we wanted to. We'll just have to bring along a little extra firepower, that's all.

INT. ANDIE'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

ANDIE

Tomorrow. We ready for this?

MAGGIE

We'll need backup. I can't tell Gibson, though -- he thinks I'm in Washington.

ANDIE

What about Singh?

MAGGIE

I'll text him.

She does.

ANDIE

(calling)

Hey Tom!

TOM (O.S.)

What?

ANDIE

Me and Maggie are gonna go take down the skinheads and save the day!

TOM (O.S.)

Have fun!

MAGGIE
We can't actually take down anyone
with my one pistol.

ANDIE
I've got an idea.

INT. STATE TROOPER OFFICE - NIGHT

Andie and Maggie walk into the office.

The front desk lady tries to stop them, but Andie blows past.

She walks up to an office, and throws the door open.

There is no one sitting at the desk.

ANDIE
Shit.

MAGGIE
Who is supposed to be here?

ANDIE
My boss. Phyllis. I had a whole
speech and everything.

Andie sits in one of the chairs.

A fat woman of middle age waddles in with a snickers.

PHYLLIS
(Yelling)
Samantha, who is in my office?

FRONT DESK GIRL O.S.
I don't know.

PHYLLIS
(Yelling)
What did I say about letting random
people into my office?

A pause.

FRONT DESK GIRL O.S.
Don't.

PHYLLIS
(Yelling)
That's right! Don't.

Andie pops up from her seat.

ANDIE

Phyllis.

PHYLLIS

Agent Bradley? What are you doing?
I didn't approve overtime.

ANDIE

I know, but I need a favor.

Phyllis waddles to her desk.

PHYLLIS

You're not one to be asking for
favors. I have half a mind to drug
test you while you're here.

ANDIE

Phyllis listen. I know you don't
like me, and you think I'm a
slacker and maybe I am.

Maggie looks appalled at this speech.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

But you and I both know, I bring in
more revenue in tickets than any
other single officer.

PHYLLIS

That's true.

ANDIE

Heck. I bring in more ticket
revenue than the rest of this
precinct combined, so I think you
do owe me a favor.

PHYLLIS

(sighing)

Okay. I'll sign for some overtime.

ANDIE

No!

INT. ARMORY - MOMENTS LATER

Phyllis flips on a light.

PHYLLIS

Make sure you sign anything you
take out.

She shakes a clipboard at Andie and Maggie.

Phyllis leaves the room.

MAGGIE

Doesn't she need my credentials?

ANDIE

Nah. We'll just put my badge number on the sheet.

Andie starts pulling kevlar vests, guns and ammo.

Maggie looks at the sheet. It is haphazardly filled in.

MAGGIE

How often do they do inventory?

ANDIE

For god's sake, Ortiz, no wonder no one let's you in the field. Do you want some guns or not?

Maggie joins her, and starts pulling gear off the shelf.

EXT. INTERCHANGE - DAWN

Andie's police cruiser pulls into an open area under the interchange. It's littered with old crap -- hills of gravel, dumpsters, burned out cars, etc.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Andie and Maggie are decked out. They each wear a helmet, pads and kevlar vests. The back seat holds a pile of guns.

Maggie points to some cover.

MAGGIE

Park behind there -- we can watch the road without being seen.

ANDIE

Don't tell me what to do.

She parks where Maggie told her to, and turns off the engine.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Now what?

MAGGIE

We wait.

They wait.

ANDIE
I wish I had a joint.

MAGGIE
Me too.

Andie looks at her in surprise.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
(defensive)
I'm fun!

They wait in silence.

ANDIE
And we have *no* idea when these
fuckers are coming?

MAGGIE
You know as much as I do.

Pause.

ANDIE
What did Singh say?

MAGGIE
He didn't respond. I'm sure he'll
send help.

Pause. Andie rubs her bullet proof vest.

ANDIE
Kevlar itches like a motherfucker.

Time passes.

A lot of time passes.

Quick cuts: the women shift uncomfortably as the sun comes
up. Morning traffic starts.

CUT TO:

EXT. FREEWAY - MORNING

A column of coal-rolling, white power pickups drives down the
freeway, looking like the least eco-friendly military convoy
in the world.

There's something big and metallic in the bed of the lead truck -- we don't know it yet, but it's a bomb.

INT. JAXX'S PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

A MAGA/white power lamb sits on his dashboard. Next to it is a CB radio.

Jaxx grabs the handset.

JAXX
(into radio)
Alright, my brethren, prepare yourselves. Today's the day we show those cuck libtards who's boss. Let's show a little white pride!

He flicks a lever and black smoke shoots out of his exhaust pipe.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

We hear raucous shouts, as the thirty or so pickups all let out plumes of black smoke.

INT. JAXX'S PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

JAXX
(into radio)
God bless America, Elvis, and the master fucking race!

He guns the engine.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - DAY

Maggie and Andie watch the morning rush hour traffic get worse. In the distance they hear a rumbling, and see a rising cloud of black smoke.

MAGGIE
What is that?

ANDIE
That, my sheltered friend, is what a convoy of assholery looks like. Time to lock and load.

They get out of the car.

EXT. WASTELAND UNDER THE INTERCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

Maggie's phone buzzes.

MAGGIE
It's Singh.

ANDIE
About time. Are they on their way?

Close on Maggie's phone. The text says: "Sry, on morphine, just got this. U ok? Peace."

MAGGIE
Shit.

She hands the phone to Andie.

ANDIE
Son of a bitch.

MAGGIE
If you want out, I understand.

ANDIE
Fuck that. Let's go huntin' rednecks.

She cocks her shotgun.

EXT. WASTELAND UNDER THE INTERCHANGES - MOMENTS LATER

They crouch down behind some scrub.

The pickups, led by Jaxx, pull into the wasteland.

MAGGIE
Not exactly low-profile.

ANDIE
They're white - who's gonna report them?

INT. JAXX'S PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

JAXX
(into radio)
Fan out behind me. I'll arm the bomb, then we'll get the fuck out of here. If anyone comes, waste 'em.

Jaxx parks directly below the interchange and gets out of his truck.

EXT. WASTELAND UNDER THE INTERCHANGE - CONTINUOUS

Jaxx is wearing cargo shorts, an American flag T-shirt, and a MAGA trucker cap.

He has a pistol in a belt holster, and an assault rifle slung over his shoulder.

He walks around to the back of his truck and we get our first good look at the bomb. It's a MacGyvered-looking piece of shit -- it looks like a big freezer with a timer strapped to it.

Maggie and Andie are on their stomachs, looking over the crest of a mountain of gravel.

MAGGIE
(whispering)
What *is* that thing?

ANDIE
Ten bucks says it's full of gas.

MAGGIE
Fuckin' rednecks.

Andie smiles at her proudly.

ANDIE
That's my girl.

Jaxx hops up next to the bomb.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
Should we rush him?

MAGGIE
Wait.

Davonte has gotten out of his truck and walks toward Jaxx. He draws his gun.

ANDIE
What the hell?

Davonte points his gun at Jaxx.

DAVONTE
Freeze, motherfucker.

Jaxx turns around.

JAXX
D, what the fuck, man? We're on a
schedule!

Davonte pulls something out of his pocket. It's a badge.

DAVONTE
Chicago PD, asshole. Hands up.

The other American Dawn-ers jump out of their pickups, guns drawn, but Davonte yells at them:

DAVONTE (CONT'D)
Stay where you are or I shoot his
white ass!

JAXX
You're a cop?

ANDIE
He's a cop?!

JAXX
You tole me you were my long lost
brother!

DAVONTE
Bitch, I ain't your brother -- I'm
black.

JAXX
I thought you were devoted to the
white cause!

DAVONTE
Did you not just hear me?

Jaxx has been slowly approaching Davonte. He makes a sudden lunge and knocks the gun out of his hand.

MAGGIE
That's our cue.

Maggie and Andie jump up and run at Jaxx.

ANDIE
Freeze, motherfucker!

WHITE SUPREMACIST #1
It's the Mexican bitch and the
dyke!

WHITE SUPREMACIST #2

Get 'em!

The line of white supremacists start shooting at them.

The women hit the deck.

ANDIE

Jesus that's a lot of assholes.
Cover me.

Maggie does, while Andie makes a run for Jaxx's truck. The Dawn-ers keep shooting at Andie, some shots getting uncomfortably close to the bomb.

DAVONTE

STOP SHOOTING, ASSHOLES! IT'S A
FUCKING BOMB!

The shots stop.

Maggie takes three quick breaths, like we saw at the beginning of the movie, and makes a run for it.

The shots resume. She shoots back as she runs, taking out a couple of the shooters. She slides behind Jaxx's truck.

ANDIE

You OK?

MAGGIE

Fine, you?

ANDIE

I'm good!

MAGGIE

(calling out)
Drop your gun, Jaxx!

JAXX

Fuck you, dyke-ass libtard cuck
bitch!

Davonte headbutts Jaxx in the face. Jaxx drops his gun and Davonte picks it up. He points it at Jaxx.

JAXX (CONT'D)

(broken nose)
Son of a bitch!

DAVONTE

(to the women)
All clear!

As they come around the side of the truck, one of the Dawners take a shot at them. It shatters one of Jaxx's taillights.

JAXX
FUCKING STOP IT!

WHITE SUPREMACIST #3
Sorry, boss!

ANDIE
What do we do?

MAGGIE
I'm not sure.

DAVONTE
Isn't the FBI coming?

MAGGIE
They can't make it. Isn't the Chicago PD?

DAVONTE
Guess they didn't get my message.

WHITE SUPREMACIST #4
Hey boss, should we just shoot the bomb?

JAXX
NO!

ANDIE
One of these fuckers is gonna shoot the bomb. When it comes to explosions rednecks just can't help themselves.

DAVONTE
We need to get out of here.

ANDIE
OK, come on -- I'm driving.

MAGGIE
Why do you get to drive?

ANDIE
'Cause I called it!

Andie jumps into the driver seat and turns on the truck. Maggie hurries around to the passenger side.

Davonte starts to drag Jaxx around, too, but Jaxx pulls a knife out of his boot and stabs Davonte in the shoulder.

Davonte screams and lets Jaxx go. Jaxx runs toward the line of pickups, while Maggie helps Davonte get into Jaxx's truck.

Andie revs the engine and they peel out, spraying gravel. Andie whips the truck in a donut, and they start barreling right toward the line of white supremacists.

DAVONTE

Bomb on board! Bomb on board!

ANDIE

Relax.

The Dawn-ers scatter as the truck blows through them. Andie finds a gap between two of their pickups, and they tear through, knocking off both side view mirrors.

Jaxx is running toward the trucks.

JAXX

Get after them!!

He jumps into one of the trucks, and the Dawn-ers follow in hot pursuit.

EXT. FREEWAY - CONTINUOUS

Jaxx's truck, with the bomb still in the back, is closely pursued.

INT. JAXX'S PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

Andie's grinning from ear to ear.

ANDIE

This truck is amazing.

MAGGIE

I think my teeth are going to rattle out of my head.

ANDIE

(to Davonte)

Hey, man, you OK?

Davonte's looking at the knife in his shoulder.

DAVONTE

I mean, I got a motherfucking bowie knife in me. But otherwise, yeah, I'm cool.

ANDIE

I can't believe you're a cop.

DAVONTE

Wait, you didn't know?

ANDIE

No, man! We totally thought you were one of them!

DAVONTE

(shocked)

But...I'm *black!*

Maggie's on the phone.

MAGGIE

(into phone)

Singh! Singh, can you hear me? Yeah, we got the bomb. ...The bomb! Yeah! Where should we take it? What?! Wait, don't-- Shit.

She looks at the phone. Singh hung up.

ANDIE

What?

MAGGIE

He's still on morphine.

ANDIE

Where should I take this thing?

They look at Davonte.

DAVONTE

What are you looking at me for? I don't know! I was promised a sea of officers if I got this far.

The Dawn-ers are gaining on them. One truck pulls up on either side of them.

ANDIE

They're boxing us in.

MAGGIE

Where are they taking us?

ANDIE

I dunno, but there's not much I can do about it without blowing us up.

DAVONTE

They're herding us back to Bare Arms. There was supposed to be a post-bomb barbecue there -- place is gonna be a fuckin' white power Disneyland.

Not sure what else to do, Andie just keeps driving. The chase has turned into a convoy -- they're being escorted.

MAGGIE

How'd you infiltrate the group?

DAVONTE

Told that dumbass I was his long lost brother.

ANDIE

And he bought that?

DAVONTE

Turns out he's as dumb as he looks.

MAGGIE

What about the other bombings?

DAVONTE

They only happen if this one does.

MAGGIE

Then we have to make sure it doesn't.

EXT. BARE ARMS - DAY

The parking lot is filled with middle-aged white dudes in MAGA hats, drinking beer and barbecuing.

The trucks come into sight, and they let out a cheer.

INT. JAXX'S PICKUP - CONTINUOUS

The drivers on either side of them start signaling for them to slow down.

MAGGIE

They want us to slow down.

ANDIE

What's gonna happen if I do?

DAVONTE

They'll haul us out of here and
kill us, then go back and blow up
the interchange.

ANDIE

Yeah, that's what I thought.

The other trucks, including the one Jaxx is in, pass them and
park in the parking lot.

Andie looks at the store.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

Maggie?

MAGGIE

Fuck it.

Andie floors it, straight toward the store.

The trucks on either side veer away.

ANDIE

Jump!

She opens her door and jumps out. Maggie and Davonte do the
same. They hit the pavement and roll.

Maggie rolls to a crouch and draws her gun. She takes
careful aim as the empty truck flies toward the store.

She fires at the bomb.

In a spectacular explosion, truck, bomb, parking lot, and
store go up in flames. When the wreckage clears, there's
nothing left of Bare Arms, the barbecue, or Jaxx.

Maggie, Andie, and Davonte lie in the road, breathing
heavily.

Maggie starts to laugh.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

What are you laughing at?

MAGGIE

That was a bigass redneck
explosion.

FADE TO:

EXT. BARE ARMS RUBBLE - EVENING

Andie Maggie and Davonte sit on the end of an ambulance with silver blankets.

Andie is drinking a juice box.

A Chicago PD car pulls up, and Davonte hops off the tailgate.

PARAMEDIC

Excuse me, sir.

DAVONTE

I'm fine. I gotta go talk to my partner. See why she didn't have my back.

He trots towards the police car.

PARAMEDIC

Sir!

ANDIE

Hey - got anything to spice up this juice box?

The paramedic shoves a cookie at her.

ANDIE (CONT'D)

I was thinking whiskey, but cookies will do.

Maggie and Andie sit in companionable silence.

They watch Davonte tell his partner - a beautiful woman in her early thirties - about his eventful day.

MAGGIE

He looks a lot more useful in the retelling.

ANDIE

He has all the respect I can give. That very black man believably infiltrated a white nationalist group.

MAGGIE

(unconvinced)

Yeah -

ANDIE

You couldn't even buy a gun properly!

Maggie laughs.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
Damn I've put in a lot of overtime.

MAGGIE
Sorry. You miss your kids?

ANDIE
Fuck no. I was just thinking of
all the comp time I can take now.
Barbados, here I come.

A black SUV rolls up.

Singh hops out of the back, his arm in a sling.

He runs over, and kisses Maggie, lifting her off the tailgate
and onto the ground with his good arm.

MAGGIE
Hey, ho.

SINGH
Sorry. It's the morphine.

ANDIE
I don't think so.

SINGH
Not entirely, but the morphine
helps.

MAGGIE
Thank God for morphine.

Singh kisses her again.

GIBSON O.S.
Ortiz!

Maggie snaps out of Singh's arm and looks at Gibson.

MAGGIE
Yes, sir.

GIBSON
Why didn't you call this in?

MAGGIE
You thought I was in Washington,
sir.

GIBSON
Yeah, but you could have gotten
yourself killed! And what would we
have done then?

MAGGIE
Made your own coffee, sir.

Gibson chuckles.

GIBSON
(suddenly serious)
I don't appreciate the sass.

MAGGIE
Of course not, sir.

GIBSON
How about I leave you here. Let
you find some real terrorists.

ANDIE
Weren't these real terrorists?

GIBSON
Of course not. These were just a
couple of lone wolf renegades.

Andie takes a breath to respond -

MAGGIE
(cutting her off)
I'd be honored sir.

ANDIE
You seem like a whiskey man, Agent
Gibson.

Gibson looks at her.

ANDIE (CONT'D)
Got any to make this apple juice
worth drinking?

Singh pulls Maggie to the side of the ambulance.

SINGH
So you're staying in Chicago?

MAGGIE
For now. You heading back to DC?

SINGH
For now.

Maggie nods.

Singh kisses her again.

MAGGIE
Bye.

SINGH
For now.

He heads back to the SUV with Gibson.

ANDIE
So long lover boy?

MAGGIE
For now.

She waves to the car.

Andie hops off the end of the ambulance.

Maggie hops off, too, and they start walking.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Where we going?

ANDIE
I need a joint.

They keep walking. Behind them, the white power crater gently smokes.

CUT TO:

EXT. INTERCHANGE - DAY

Andie's police cruiser, patched and re-painted, sits parked.

INT. POLICE CRUISER - CONTINUOUS

Andie and Maggie sit in the cruiser.

Andie expertly rolls a joint. She lights it, hesitates, and offers it to Maggie.

Maggie thinks, then takes it.

She takes a hit and hands it back.

Andie reverently raises it to her lips and is just about to take a drag when a shitty red Toyota Corolla blows by.

Startled, Andie drops the joint between the seats.

ANDIE
No. Fucking. Way.

The radio crackles.

PHYLLIS (O.S.)
Bradley, God damn it --

Maggie picks up the radio.

MAGGIE
(into radio)
Say no more, dispatch. This is
Ortiz and Bradley. We're on it.

She hits the sirens.

We pull back as they pull out.

FADE TO BLACK.