

DETROIT RUN

By Odin Ozdil

EXT. CORNER STORE - DETROIT SUBURBS - DAY

A storefront window displays a postcard carousel with glossy photos of famous Detroit icons: cars rolling off the Ford assembly line; Motown Records; the riverfront Renaissance Center. A snapshot of the famous city of industry admired by the world once upon a time.

REVEAL the postcard stand is in a BOARDED-UP STORE that has long ago gone out of business.

ZHOOF! A bullet shatters the glass and rips through the card.

MORE GUNSHOTS from across the street.

EXT. ABANDONED CAR DEALERSHIP PARKING LOT - DAY

Taking cover behind a police car, gun drawn, is OFFICER JOHN TAYLOR (25). Tall, a natural athlete, African American, on alert. Next to him is OFFICER BRIAN KELLY (50s), white, pork belly. Kelly has a bloodied and broken nose. Both wear a bulletproof vest.

Kelly breathes hard as John checks to make sure a BULLET lodged in Kelly's vest didn't clear through.

JOHN

You're good.

Kelly's breathing comes under control. He's relieved. John shouts into his radio.

JOHN

Shots fired! Need backup! Old Cadillac dealership on Jefferson. Two men, Black. We're under fire!

DISPATCH (O.S.)

29-400. We're sending help right away.

JOHN

You all right?

KELLY

Yeah, you?

John nods. He scopes out the lot. Weeds grow through the cracked concrete. The glass dealership window panes are covered with graffitied wooden boards. A chain link fence blocks off the property from the street.

Behind a large stack of tires is TREY JONES (25), squat and compact, African American. He pokes around the corner, ducks back down, keeps his cool. He has a gun at the ready.

Huddled in fear next to him is his younger brother LOUIS JONES (18). A lankier version of his older brother, he sports a fresh black eye.

TREY
You good?

LOUIS
(panicked)
We're gonna die.

Louis clutches Trey's arm.

TREY
I'll get us out of this. Remember that time Dad came back with the bat? I showed him. Remember?

LOUIS
Yeah.

Trey scans to make sure the cops aren't advancing. He sees a SECURITY CAMERA above a sign: "PRIVATE PROPERTY: THIS PROPERTY BELONGS TO DCS. NO LOITERING."

TREY
I always got us, right? You good?

Trey pats Louis' hand, Louis releases.

LOUIS
Yeah, I'm good.

The fear in Louis' eyes betrays his words.

Trey eyeballs a rotting wooden board covering up a window into the dealership. He grabs Louis by the shoulder.

TREY
Come on!

LOUIS
Trey!

A panicked Louis barely keeps up as Trey pulls him along.

Kelly takes the opportunity to shoot, John briefly hesitant before joining in. They barely miss the brothers.

INT. ABANDONED CAR DEALERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

Trey crashes through the wooden board, landing on the dusty showroom floor, Louis right behind him.

Trey immediately looks for cover in the derelict building.

TREY

There!

Trey points to the kitchen area, pulls Louis up to his feet as they stumble behind the counter.

John, without stepping in, calls out with caution.

JOHN

This is your last chance. Put your guns down. Let's talk about it.

Trey spots another boarded-up door in the back.

TREY

We already tried talking. You put your guns down!

JOHN

Don't work like that.

TREY

(whispers to Louis)
I'm gonna give you cover, you head out the back.

LOUIS

I can't leave without you.

TREY

I'm gonna buy us time. You got this, Bro. I'm right behind you.

Louis nods. John barely pokes his head into the dealership and shouts towards the brothers.

JOHN

We can wait. We got backup.

Trey lays down fire. John promptly ducks back away from the entrance hole.

KELLY

You done talkin'?

John nods in earnest.

Louis stares at the back door but is too frozen in place to make a run for it.

Trey's gun CLICKS. Empty. He ducks back down and sees his panicked brother.

TREY

Louis! I told you to go!

LOUIS

Sorry.

ON JOHN: With the break from shooting, he jumps into the dealership, sprints across the showroom floor, finds cover across from the break room. He's got an angle on Louis.

Trey pulls Louis up to his feet.

TREY

Let's go!

John has a clean shot at Louis and fires.

CONTACT. Louis takes a bullet in the gut and goes down.

TREY

Louis!

Trey has to abandon going to Louis' side as Kelly is already inside popping off a few rounds in Trey's direction. Trey dives for cover behind an old fridge.

SIRENS OUTSIDE as additional POLICE UNITS arrive.

OFFICER (O.S.)

Move in!

From his cover spot, Trey makes eye contact with Louis. Louis groans and clutches his bleeding stomach.

LOUIS

Go.

It is not an easy decision for Trey to make.

LOUIS

(crying)

Trey, run!

Trey takes a good look at his brother, turns and runs.

EXT. ABANDONED CAR DEALERSHIP - SAME TIME

Trey crashes through the wooden board --

And is surprised to find the back of the lot is on a slope. He tumbles ten feet before smacking into some shrubs.

TREY

Damn!

He is quickly back up on his feet and running from the scene.

INT. ABANDONED CAR DEALERSHIP - SAME TIME

John jumps out after Trey while Kelly gets to work handcuffing the pained Louis.

EXT. ABANDONED CAR DEALERSHIP - CONTINUOUS

John hits the unexpected slope, losing his gun and radio as he rolls into the shrubs.

JOHN

Damn!

Every second counts. John forsakes collecting his gear and takes off after Trey, handcuffs jangling on his waist.

INT. ABANDONED CAR DEALERSHIP PARKING - SAME TIME

Kelly radios in with Louis suffering at his feet.

KELLY

Perp with gunshot wound. Medical needed ASAP. Partner on foot after second suspect.

(to Louis)

Stupid bastard. It didn't have to go this way.

Louis wails, his face contorts with pain.

EXT. GRATIOT AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

The one-on-one chase continues down the major suburban street. A mile ahead lies the downtown Detroit skyline.

With the initial sprint over, the two settle into marathon-style running. John sheds body armor to lighten his load. Trey looks over his shoulder, surprised John is keeping up.

By their form, it's apparent both are trained runners. Not merely a chase, this is a game of self-control to expend just enough energy to keep pace, hoping the other burns out first.

EXT. DETROIT - VARIOUS

The duo passes by the lives of inner city Detroiters: family BBQs in an old park, housing blocks overridden with blight, kids getting onto decades old school buses.

With downtown growing closer, Trey turns on the juice to pull ahead. John reciprocates, matching the new pace. Both breath hard, but neither are giving up.

EXT. GRATIOT AVENUE - CONTINUOUS

Entering the city limits, Trey is still ahead. They pass the hustle and bustle of a slowly recovering business block. Trey rounds a corner --

While John veers off into --

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

John flies by dumpsters, startles a homeless man.

INTERCUT:

Trey glances back to see he has lost John. With a slight smirk, he keeps running.

Up ahead is the SPIRIT OF DETROIT, the larger-than-life bronze statue of an angelic figure who watches over the city.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME TIME

For a long moment John loses sight of Trey, but the shortcut gamble pays off when John emerges onto --

EXT. CITY STREET - CONTINUOUS

The unexpectant Trey is rammed by John --

Trey goes sprawling into the street --

Gets back onto his feet --

Into the path of a BLACK CADILLAC ESCALADE. Trey makes hard contact with the grill, rolls up the hood, smashes into the windshield, flips end-over-end as he clears over the car and lands on the other side.

John is stunned. He runs out to the street to the motionless Trey.

The Spirit of Detroit looms overhead.

Trey's foot is missing a shoe. It lays nearby in the street.

EXT. CITY STREET - LATER

Trey moans in pain as he's loaded on a stretcher by TWO MEDICS and put into the back of the ambulance. His face is bruised and scratched.

TREY

Louis. Where's Louis?

MEDIC

Who's that?

TREY

My brother.

MEDIC

I'm sure he's fine. Let's worry about you right now. Do you have anyone to call?

TREY

My mama. 248-313-6311.

Medic #2 writes it down.

MEDIC

We'll have her meet us at the hospital. Can you try moving your legs for me again?

TREY

(grunts)

Did they move?

MEDIC

We'll have it all checked out at the hospital.

Trey spots John watching.

TREY

I ain't done with you. I ain't done
with you!

John turns his head away from the anger storm being directed
at him.

A squad vehicle pulls up and out steps DEPUTY CHIEF WILLIAMS
(60s), graying and commanding, African American.

WILLIAMS

Quite a run.

John nods.

JOHN

The kid at the dealership?

WILLIAMS

(gently)
He didn't make it.

John struggles to come to terms with the news. He's
overwhelmed with the shock of finding out he killed a man.

JOHN

I... he...

Williams attempts to comfort.

WILLIAMS

You saved your partner's life
today, don't forget that.

JOHN

It happened so fast. On patrol.
Routine dispatch. It just spiraled.

WILLIAMS

Don't worry, son. It happened in
the name of service. We protect our
own.

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

John, uniformed, sits on a bench outside the courtroom. He
rocks back and forth, disturbed. Holds his service stripe.
Chief Williams approaches, observes John's state. Takes a
seat at this side.

WILLIAMS

Twenty-five years on the force with
your father.

(MORE)

WILLIAMS (cont'd)

I know he isn't around anymore, but I don't need to ask him to know he'd be proud of you.

JOHN

What, proud his son killed a young black man?

WILLIAMS

No. Not Black, not young, a man with a gun. He loved family and he loved the street. And he knew that to protect one he had to do what he had to do to in the other. And sometimes that don't come easy.

JOHN

I think about how it went down, what I could have done different so it didn't play out this way.

Williams puts a hand on John's shoulder, chooses his next words carefully.

WILLIAMS

If you never want to pick up that badge and gun again, no one will blame you. But you did what you had to do in the moment, and sometimes the results are out of your control.

John glances at the courtroom doors.

JOHN

How do I go in there? How do I face Trey after what happened?

WILLIAMS

You testify why you had to do what you had to do. You're not there to make that Trey Jones, an attempted cop killer, sympathetic. His defense attorneys aren't there to protect your life in the line of fire. He gets away with taking a shot at an officer, you're endangering everyone on the force. Responsibility now falls on you to the brotherhood. That's your vow. That's where your solace lies.

Kelly enters the hallway, catches John's glance. He heads over with a big grin.

JOHN

Shit.

Kelly walks up with outstretched arms to embrace John.

KELLY

This guy. An animal! A cheetah.
(pats own stomach)
Me, a buffalo!

Kelly guffaws. Williams is tuned into just how unsettled John is. The PROSECUTOR opens the door and motions to John.

PROSECUTOR

Officer Taylor, please come in.

KELLY

Get 'em tiger-- I mean cheetah!

John peers in, sees Trey at the defendant's table sitting in a wheelchair. He takes a deep breath and walks in.

FADE TO BLACK:

INT. COURT - DAY - LATER

Trey sits in a wheelchair. John stands in the back behind the spectator gallery.

The JURY returns with the verdict. Trey's mother, PAMELA JONES (50s), supportive, anxious, leans over the gallery barrier, puts a hand on his shoulder.

BAILIFF

Please rise.

Trey glances at the bailiff. Obviously he can't comply. The WHITE JUDGE reads.

JUDGE

Trey Jones, on the charge of attempted murder of an officer of the law, guilty by unanimous verdict. Penalty, life in prison.

Pamela breaks out in tears.

TREY

Mama.

PAMELA

We're gonna get through this.

POV JURY: As the bailiff wheels him out, Trey yells at the judge and jury.

TREY

You all heard what you wanted to hear! You ain't listen to how it went down!

JUDGE

The court has indeed heard the case, Mr. Jones. You do not like the outcome of the hearing.

TREY

What about the actual murderer standing in the courtroom?

Trey settles on John with hate-filled eyes.

TREY

John Taylor, where your judgement at for killing Louis?!

JUDGE

Officer Taylor was not the one on trial, Mr. Jones.

TREY

He should be!

Pamela grabs his arm in an attempt to stop him.

JUDGE

That'll be all, Mr. Jones.

TREY

All for you. It's still happening for me!

JUDGE

Bailiff.

The bailiff handcuffs Trey to the wheelchair.

TREY

Get off me, man!

JUDGE

There's a time and place for protest.

TREY

Bitch, that ain't how protest works!

As he passes by a stiff-necked John, Trey spits at him.

TREY

Louis Jones! Never forget his name!
Louis Jones!

A shaken John leans against the wall and closes his eyes. He can hear Trey's objections as he is wheeled out of the courtroom and down the hall.

EXT. SUBURBAN DETROIT - EARLY MORNING

SUPER: FIVE YEARS LATER

John, wearing sweatpants and BLUE NIKE VAPORFLY SHOES, has worked up a nice sweat as he jogs by rows of small 1950s ranch houses. The sun pops over the horizon, freshly illuminating the sleepy suburban street.

John approaches an INTERSECTION as A GARBAGE TRUCK drives by. John turns on a speed burst as he DASHES by the truck, barely clearing the front of it. The truck BLARES it's horn. John jogs backwards away from the truck and tosses back a grin.

JOHN

I had it!

The tuck rumbles on.

EXT. PORCH - LATER

John arrives from his jog. He does some cool down exercises, takes his shoes off and leaves them on the porch mat before heading inside.

INT. PRISON - FAMILY MEETING AREA - MORNING

Trey, now 30 years old, limps over to a small table by himself. Other INMATES visit with family members.

Trey lightly cringes as he MASSAGES his leg. He cranes his neck towards the visitor entrance door. No one left in line.

He waves a guard over, who approaches, irritated.

GUARD

What do you want?

TREY

My mother is supposed to be here.

GUARD
 (smart ass)
 Think I know where your mama is?
 Think I'm your daddy?

TREY
 (feigns politeness)
 No, Sir, just she's never missed...

ANOTHER GUARD walks up to with a slip of paper and whispers in the guard's ear. The first guard's face slightly softens.

GUARD
 (to Trey)
 She died last week.

The guard hands over the CORNER REPORT. Trey is stunned.
 "CAUSE OF DEATH: HEART ATTACK."

Trey smacks his chest and YELPS. He repeats this action rhythmically and with increasing force. A WAIL creeps into the yelps. The reaction is psychotic. The other inmates and their families stop speaking and stare, disturbed. Trey continues to punch his chest and wail harder.

EXT. GREEKTOWN CASINO - LOADING DOCK - DAY

John stands by with his uniformed partner, OFFICER RAVEN HARRIS (25), a 5'3" female African American firecracker. A MEDIUM-SIZED DUFFLE BAG is loaded into an ARMOR TRUCK by two private security guards, TOM AKRON & TOM BRIDGES (50s).

JOHN
 Tom.

Tom A nods.

TOM A
 John.

RAVEN
 Tom.

Tom B nods.

TOM B
 Raven.

RAVEN
 How's Mary?

TOM A
Fatter and more annoying by the
day.

Tom B shakes his head, steps into the cargo hold with the bag.

JOHN
(under breath to Raven)
Bet you five bucks Tom B bitches
about sitting in the back again.

Tom B takes a seat, rests a shotgun on his lap.

TOM B
Why am I always in the back?

TOM A
'Cause your lazy ass likes it
better back there.

TOM B
True.

Tom A shuts him in and gets in the driver's seat.

John and Raven share a grin as they get in their police car.
Raven rides shotgun.

As he pulls out, John sees movement across the street. He
stares into a DARKENED CORNER of an alley, can't make
anything out, drives on. In the alley shadows, there's the
slight outline of an OBSCURED FIGURE.

INT. POLICE CAR - WOODWARD AVENUE - MOMENTS LATER

John and Raven tail the armored truck on the main road
leading out from Detroit to the suburbs. Raven queues up some
Detroit heavy metal and rocks out hard. John doesn't like the
music but grins from the sheer ridiculousness of his partner.

INT. PRISON - ELECTRONICS CLASS - PRISON - MORNING

Trey gazes out the third-story window beyond the prison
walls. A TRAIN chugs by in the distance. Between prison and
the tracks are TWO SEPERATE SETS OF 20-FOOT WALLS that
encircle the prison. The first is made of brick, the second
is a barbed-wire fence. ARMED GUARDS are stationed on
watchtowers alongside both.

Trey turns his attention back to the classroom. The current
lesson on the whiteboard is "CLOSED LOOP CONTROL SYSTEMS."

Trey and other prisoners are coding and soldering circuit boards. Trey raises his hand for the INSTRUCTOR (60s).

TREY

Done.

Others in the class swap quizzical glances. The instructor checks out Trey's board of wires, circuits and lights. He pushes a button, a RED BULB lights up.

TREY

Boom.

Instructor follows the wiring, confused.

INSTRUCTOR

Wait, how did you connect...

He examines it closer, confusion turns into being impressed.

INSTRUCTOR

Ah, very efficient. You got a talent.

The instructor records A+ on his grading sheet. Trey's ten previous grade assignments are all A+s.

The instructor looks around at the other inmates.

INSTRUCTOR

What am I gonna do with you for the next couple hours?

TREY

I can chill in the library.

Instructor nods, fills out a pass.

INSTRUCTOR

If you were on the outside I'd hire you in a heartbeat.

With the instructor's attention on another student, Trey covertly WRAPS METAL WIRE from a spool up and around his arm. He pulls down his sleeve to cover it up.

INT. PRISON - LIBRARY - MORNING

Trey is holed up in a corner with a large print coffee table book on Detroit history. He flips through pages covering the auto industry, city architecture, 1967 riots. He MARKS UP A MAP with distances between landmarks.

ON TV: FOOTAGE OF GEORGE FLOYD MURDER AND PROTESTS

An ELDERLY LIBRARIAN INMATE (70s) pushes a book cart and replaces books. He has trouble reaching a high shelf. Trey helps him.

ELDERLY INMATE

Thanks.

They watch the Floyd reporting.

ELDERLY INMATE

Maybe things'll change.

TREY

Too late for us.

The elderly inmate nods. He glances in approval at Trey's books.

ELDERLY INMATE

Good on ya, son. Learning about our great city. Hope we get to see it again.

TREY

I will.

INT. POLICE CAR - MOMENTS LATER

John and Raven shadow the armored truck into the secured bank parking lot. Tom and Tom get out and wave to them.

JOHN

Good old Tom and Tom.

They pull out of the lot, back onto the street.

RAVEN

This is Adam Five, we've finished delivery. Resuming patrol.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Adam Five, confirmed for patrol.

RAVEN

How much you think is in that bag?

JOHN

Casino pulled in 1.4 billion last year. Taking into account credit, I'd guess a million a day cash passing through.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Five twenty-seven, dispatch.

Raven picks up the radio.

RAVEN
Five twenty-seven, over.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Two-seven-three in progress at
McNichols and Keystone.

RAVEN
En route.

John flicks on the lights and drives off the lot.

EXT. RUN-DOWN HOME - FRONT PORCH - DAY

John and Raven walk up to the front door. John knocks. No answer. A shadow passes behind the door glass. John and Raven nod in confirmation.

JOHN
Open up. It's the police.

A WHITE MAN (40s) replies gruffly from inside.

MAN (O.S.)
Nobody home.

JOHN
Sounds like it.

John knocks again.

MAN (O.S.)
I don't have to open up. I know my
rights.

RAVEN
Actually, you do, Sir. We've
received a call about a domestic
disturbance, have to check it out.

MAN (O.S.)
I ain't call nobody.

JOHN
So maybe you're not the one that
needs help.

John motions he's going around the back. Raven nods.

MAN (O.S.)
 This my house and I said no one
 wants you here.

EXT. RUN-DOWN HOME - BACKYARD - CONTINUOUS

John approaches the back porch. In the upstairs window he
 sees a BATTERED WOMAN (25), face puffy from a fresh beating.

RAVEN (O.S.)
 We're here to help.

MAN (O.S.)
 Don't need it.

John sees the back door is WIDE OPEN.

EXT. RUN-DOWN HOME - FRONT PORCH - CONTINUOUS

Raven overhears the interaction inside.

MAN (O.S.)
 Hey! What you doing in my house?!

JOHN (O.S.)
 Get down on the ground! Back up!

RAVEN
 Shit--

Raven rattles the front door handle but it's locked.

INT. KITCHEN - SAME TIME

John has his TASER GUN drawn as an overweight man writhes on
 the floor. He struggles to stand.

JOHN
 You couldn't make it easy.

Raven rushes in gun drawn. She and John quickly wrestle the
 resistant man into cuffs. John shoves the man's face into the
 ground roughly. Raven doesn't approve, keeps tight-lipped.

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The frightened woman has locked herself in. Her eye is
 swollen, she clutches a phone. There is a KNOCK on the door.

RAVEN (O.S.)
Ma'am? It's all right now. You can
open up.

She opens the door and hugs Raven out of relief.

EXT. HOUSE - LATER

An ambulance and additional police vehicles have arrived. The abusive man gets hauled off. The battered woman sits on a stretcher with a blanket around her while a MEDIC checks her out. John and Raven get back in the car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

The heavy metal music kicks back in. Raven turns it off. They sit in silence.

JOHN
You good?

RAVEN
(distant)
Yep.

JOHN
So you're not good.

RAVEN
You rushed in there with no
imminent threat. It could've ended
really different.

JOHN
I saw someone inside in trouble.
Probable cause. Door was open.
I had to handle the situation and I
got the job done.

RAVEN
There are multiple ways to get the
job done.

JOHN
He wasn't cooperating and I took
what I believed were appropriate
measures at the time. It was legal.
(pointed)
Is there going to be an issue with
the report I should know about?

RAVEN

Don't talk to me that way. Yeah,
that guy was a piece of shit, but I
don't want to lose a partner or be
in danger because you ran in when
you didn't have to.

John crosses his arms.

JOHN

You been on the force what, a year?
I know it's not easy being new,
even more so for a woman.

Raven crosses her arms in response.

RAVEN

I like being a woman.

John sees her exposed wrist, it has a GASH with fresh blood.

JOHN

You're cut. Did you get it checked--

RAVEN

I didn't want to report it.

He nods, slightly humbled.

RAVEN

I got your back, John. But don't
play me like I'm too fresh. You're
taking risks you don't need to.

JOHN

I learned it the hard way five
years ago at a Cadillac dealership.
Take my word for it -- if you don't
get a jump on them, they get the
jump on you.

RAVEN

I don't jump for anyone.

OFFICER #2 walks up and slaps John on the back, cutting the
tension between the partners.

OFFICER #2

Hey, trying to get stabbed before
your birthday party?

JOHN

What birthday party?

Raven shoots a cold stare at the officer.

JOHN
Bro, your chances of getting
stabbed just shot way past mine.

The officer feels stupid for the mistaken reveal, backs away.

RAVEN
Just back away. Just back away.
(to John)
Play it like a surprise, will ya?

JOHN
You shouldn't have.

RAVEN
I know.

INT. PRISON - CELL - DAY

Trey finishes up some squats, the activity causes him pain. His right leg quivers. He massages it with OINTMENT, rubbing it over large surgery scars. A BELL rings.

EXT. PRISON - COURTYARD - AFTERNOON

The SUN is harsh and casts LONG SHADOWS. Trey watches as guards patrol on foot and in towers. Inmates use their free time to work out and play basketball.

Trey hobbles over to the wall, bends down near an ELECTRIC OUTLET to tie his shoes.

He looks around -- no one pays attention to him. He fishes around in the dirt until he finds the END OF A BURIED WIRE.

He unwraps a couple feet of new wire from beneath his sleeve and attaches it to the existing wire. It's enough length to extend to the outlet. He STICKS the end into the socket.

He stands up, remains unnoticed. He closes his eyes for a moment, the sun directly behind him.

An inmate dribbles the ball. BOUNCE. BOUNCE.

As the guard turns his back to the courtyard and begins his walk towards the gate --

BOUNCE. BOUNCE.

Trey moves as quickly as he can towards the far brick wall.

BOUNCE. BOUNCE.

The inmates continue to play basketball and the guards continue to patrol.

Trey squats concealed in the dark strip of shade along the edge of the wall. He digs up the other end of the buried wire. The various segments reveal he's been assembling the entire length bit-by-bit.

He removes ADDITIONAL WIRING wrapped around his other arm and attaches it to the line. It is now long enough to connect to another ELECTRIC OUTLET built into the brick wall.

He waits to connect.

The bell goes off, all the inmates line up. No one notices Trey is missing yet.

With the inmates filing in on one side, the delivery truck gate in the brick wall opens. It takes a some long seconds before the truck begins to roll through it.

Meanwhile, the second gate in the fence beyond still has a few feet left to close.

Trey makes his move -- he inserts the end of the wire into the outlet, completing a circuit that shorts out the courtyard.

A FUSE BOX BLOWS in a shower of sparks. Gates stop closing.

Everyone is startled, the guards immediately draw their guns and point at the nervous inmates.

GUARD

Get down!

The intimidated inmates immediately comply. With all the attention on the wide open area, Trey goes unnoticed as he uses the shadow along the wall to sneak around the gate.

He hides under the truck as additional guards rush in to secure the courtyard. As the last of them run by, Trey makes his best dash for it to the outer gate and slips under the two feet gap.

He emerges into the large field, heads towards the distant approaching train. Unnoticed, wind in his face, he grins ear-to-ear. He may not be moving as fast he used to, but he's never felt more free.

INT. SHOE STORE - DAY - MONTHS LATER

Trey, hair grown out, well-groomed, sweatpants, limps up to a wall of shoes on display. His gaze stops on a pair of ORANGE NIKE VAPORMAX RUNNING SHOES.

He takes off his DIRTY SNEAKERS, slips on the VaporMaxes. He laces them up. They feel good. An EMPLOYEE (20s) sees him limping around the store, approaches.

EMPLOYEE
You like the shoes?

TREY
Yeah, these are great for runners.

The employee looks at Trey's limp.

EMPLOYEE
(dubious)
You run?

TREY
You know, I guess I won't be buying these shoes.

Trey sits down, unties the shoes. The employee feels guilty.

EMPLOYEE
Sorry, bro, I didn't mean--

TREY
All good.

EMPLOYEE
Let me know if there's anything else I can help you with.

The employee, uncomfortable with the interaction and happy to get out of it, goes to greet someone else who just entered.

Trey waits until none of the employees are watching, laces the VaporMaxes shoes back up, sticks his old sneakers in the box, and walks out of the store.

EXT. PACKARD CAR PLANT - DUSK

A poster child for urban blight. The crumbling plant, forsaken since 1958, sprawls over 30 acres of land and contains dozens of various building structures. A testament to American manufacturing leadership of past and present.

INT. PACKARD CAR PLANT - DUSK

Trey pushes a cart through the eerie, long-abandoned factory floor. Scattered around are remains of picked-over industrial machinery lain dormant for decades. The massive space has a forty-foot high ceiling, broken windows and puddles of sludge formed from collected rainwater.

INT. PLANT MANAGER'S OFFICE - DUSK

Trey plops down in a dusty office chair. The room has rotting wooden furniture.

The windows of the office overlook the abandoned assembly line like a battleship bridge looking out over the flight deck of an aircraft carrier.

EXT. PORCH - MORNING

John steps outside, a SHOEBOX is placed where his shoes normally sit. A BIRTHDAY CARD with a picture of a bomb-cake reads: "THIS ONE'S GONNA BE A BLOWOUT." Under it is written: "Put these on for the greatest run of your life."

John examines the contents of the box. There's a PAIR OF ORANGE VAPORMAX SHOES, a BLUETOOTH EARPIECE, and a SMARTWATCH.

A brief moment of consideration. John looks around and can't find his regular shoes. He glances to the street, nothing out of the norm.

John tries on the new shoes.

The watch RINGS AND VIBRATES. Slightly startled, he glances down. A CALL is coming in. He picks up the watch, accepts the call and speaks into it.

JOHN

Raven? Appreciate the new kicks,
but you better not have thrown my
old shoes out.

TREY (V.O.)

Our run never ended five years ago,
John.

TREY'S FACE STREAMS LIVE onto the watch-face. Trey looks ready to cry.

JOHN
 (realizing, dread)
 Trey Jones.

No response.

JOHN
 Trey... Can you hear me?

TREY
 (voice cracks with
 emotion)
 Sorry, I'm very excited for this
 moment. It's been a long time
 coming, I almost don't know what to
 say... But I do.

INTERCUT:

INT. PLANT MANAGER'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

Trey sits in front of a desk setup with a LAPTOP AND
 ADDITIONAL MONITOR, all powered with a RIGGED CAR BATTERY.

John's face is visible on the extra monitor via the camera
 watch.

TREY
 Did you ever think about what it's
 like to run in fear? Not knowing if
 you'll survive being chased down
 like an animal? Did you ever think
 about that?

JOHN
 Are you... in prison?

TREY
 We both have questions. But you
 didn't answer mine and I asked
 first. Think you've begun to
 understand what it's like to lose
 your family, to become a cripple?

JOHN
 I never wanted what happened. To
 your brother. To you.

TREY
 And you would have done what
 different?

John is at a loss for words.

TREY

Seems you haven't thought about it enough.

JOHN

You shot at us.

TREY

And why was that? Is that another question you don't have a good answer for?

JOHN

Where are you?

TREY

So worried about where we're at. Let's focus on where we're going.

JOHN

And where's that?

TREY

Much will be answered today, John. Patience, I had to learn it all these years in prison. You see that blue mailbox?

John looks towards the USPS POSTBOX past the sidewalk.

TREY

See what's under it?

The postbox rests on four stubby metal legs. A SHOE sits between its base and the ground.

JOHN

A shoe.

IT EXPLODES!

Letters rain down as the ruptured postbox smolders. Car alarms go off. Stray cats dart away.

TREY

Your shoes have explosives in them. A wire mesh running through each shoe creates a circuit that alerts me if you try to take them off.

Trey's monitor displays a shoe schematic labeled "JOHN," and a HIGHLIGHTED DETONATION BUTTON.

TREY

And I can remote detonate the shoes
whenever I want.

The twisted gravity of the situation begins to sink in. John looks down to his shoes, frozen in fear.

TREY

You will run where I want. Do what
I say. You do not get to stop
unless I let you.

Trey sees John's heart shoot up to 160 BPM on a SCREEN WINDOW that tracks his vitals via the watch. The change in metrics makes him giddy.

TREY

He's getting it. Don't worry, the
shoes are perfectly safe, until
they're not. Now put on the watch
and pop in the earpiece.

John shakily dons the two additional accessories.

JOHN

Y-you don't need to do this. We can
talk.

On Trey's screen, John's vitals come online. Trey's voice now comes through John's Bluetooth.

TREY

You don't tell me what's what, I
tell you. The shoes ensure you
listen. Time for talking passed
five years ago. Check it: This
ain't a trial. This ain't a
confession. This is your penance
for pulling that trigger. You will
pay witness for what you did to my
brother; to me; to my family. All
in the name of the law. I'm the law
now: Law number one, no outside
communication. No calling for help.
No leaving messages on pieces of
paper, no borrowing someone's cell
phone or anything like that. This
is you and me. You got that?

JOHN

Yes.

TREY

Law number two, no vehicles. No taking cars or bikes. I had to run for my life. You'll run for yours. Got it?

JOHN

Yeah.

TREY

From now on, I'm watching you. I see what you see. I'm tracking you. Wish that pig Kelley was still alive so I could watch him fail today too.

The laptop displays Google Maps with a CURSOR representing John's position.

TREY

Law number three, the lawmaker has the right to make you do whatever the fuck he wants because he has the power. Take a step.

John doesn't move.

TREY

One foot after the other. Go on.

John slides a foot forward an inch.

TREY

That's good. Now the other one.

John slides the other foot forward a little.

TREY

Good. Baby steps. To the sidewalk. I didn't do all this to kill you here and now. But I will if my mood changes.

John gingerly steps forward, followed by another step.

TREY

Like trying on a pair in the store.

JOHN

Can we just talk--

TREY

We talk when I wanna talk. And don't try to pull any shortcut bullshit again.

JOHN

Anything you want.

TREY

(mocking)

"Anything you want." Don't be a little bitch. You've got a big day ahead of you.

JOHN

Fuck you.

TREY

Good. Let's start our game.

JOHN

What game?

TREY

(wistfully)

Man, we used to love playing video games. Louis was better. People say video games make you violent. But how many crimes don't happen because people are taking their shit out on the TV?

With a BEEP, a FIFTEEN-MINUTE TIMER appears on John's watch.

TREY

I've hidden tokens around town. Every time you find one, punch in the number and add time to your shoes. Find 'em all, you may survive the day. If it pleases me.

JOHN

How do I know--

TREY

You don't.

John looks at the timer as it counts down.

JOHN

(frantic)

Where are the tokens?

TREY

(calm)

For our first round, we go easy. My brother was born October 16th, 2002. Our mama, worry on her mind her baby daddy won't stick around, named her new son after the father's favorite hero, the greatest Detroit boxer of all time.

JOHN

Louis was named after a boxer... Joe Louis? He's dead.

TREY

And where's he honored?

JOHN

The Joe Louis Fist statue? That's where the token is?

ANOTHER BEEP and John's watch begins counting down.

TREY

You have fourteen minutes, forty seconds.

JOHN

Trey? Hello!?

A TEXT MESSAGE APPEARS on the watch screen: "GET MOVING."

John begins walking stiffly, still apprehensive in his shoes.

Trey tracks John moving very slowly on the POV screen and GPS. He SHOUTS into the microphone.

TREY

Run!

John is jolted into running. The GPS pace picks up.

TREY

Off to the races.

INT. DPD PRECINCT - DAY

Raven finishes decorating John's desk with birthday decorations. She hands a party hat to OFFICER #2. The officer puts it aside.

RAVEN

Put it on. And I better hear you singing.

The officer takes a look at her and complies.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Report of an exploded postbox in Elmwood. Units respond with caution, potential 707 in progress. 3150 Lafayette Street.

Raven's ears perk up.

RAVEN

That's John's place.

She's immediately concerned, calling John on her cell while heading out the door.

EXT. GRATIOT AVENUE - DAY

Trey tracks John's progress and vitals. He's running at an eleven mile per hour pace.

TREY

Bring it down to an eight mile pace.

JOHN

I'm good. It's only another half mile and I can--

TREY

Boy, you got no idea what else you need to save energy for today.

John slows down, despite the adrenaline coursing through his system. Trey nods in approval.

TREY

I Googled you. You ran cross country in college. I did too in high school 'til I had to drop out. Did you know that? Didn't have your training and still ran a better three mile than you.

JOHN

You're a better runner than me. I cheated cutting through that alley that day.

TREY

Telling me what you think I want to hear isn't going to cut it. I'm gonna enjoy teaching you even if it kills you.

JOHN

It wasn't personal.

TREY

It was for me. Like it is for you now.

EXT. JOE LOUIS' ARM - CONTINUOUS

50 yards ahead lies the 24-foot long majestic sculpture of Joe Louis' arm suspended by tension wires. It lives on a concrete island separated by a two lane road.

John rapidly scans the speedy cars looking for an in. Trey taunts from the Bluetooth earpiece.

TREY

Don't forget to look both ways.

Driven by both the timer and a disdain of Trey's advice, John gives up looking for a pattern and runs into traffic to take on each lane one at a time.

Cars SWERVE to avoid him. HORNS blare. He retreats.

Trey watches the screen in suspense.

TREY

Damn, John. Don't be so reckless or you're gonna ruin my plans. Focus.

John stumbles, dives through the second lane and avoids a near-miss, SCRAPING his forearms on the concrete upon impact.

TREY

Ooh!

John scrambles up to the statue, searching all around it.

TREY

Tick tock.

In the balled up part of the fist John finds the "token", a metal CHEVY HOOD ORNAMENT. He grabs it, examines. A FOUR DIGIT CODE is printed on it: 1016.

With THIRTY SECONDS LEFT, he punches in the numbers. FORTY MINUTES is added to the watch. John leans against the statue, shuddering in relief.

TREY

(amped)

Now that's how you start the show! Thought I gave you plenty of time, hope I didn't underestimate the rest of your day. Gonna be a real thrill to find out how well you know your city. Do you love it? I love it.

John breathes hard.

TREY

(irritated)

John, I asked if you love Detroit?

JOHN

I thought that was rhetorical. Yes, I love Detroit.

TREY

But you became a cop.

JOHN

Because I love Detroit.

TREY

We'll see what you love and what you hate. What you think you know, what you don't. You think you hate me. Like I'm less than human. But I had a moms.

JOHN

Had? I'm sorry. I remember her from court. Pamela. She seemed nice.

TREY

Acting like you care now. Yeah, she was a good woman. Proud. Defined herself, never let anyone dictate her identity. She was a curator at the Museum of African American History. You know that Stevie Wonder line where he sings, "Her clothes are old but never are they dirty"?

JOHN
 "Living for the City,"
Innervisions.

TREY
 That was rhetorical. Everybody
 knows that.

JOHN
 I don't know when to talk and when
 not to.

TREY
 Sounds like a familiar situation
 when talking to a cop. I'll make it
 simple for you: you talk when I
 want to hear from you. Got it, boy?

JOHN
 Yes... Sir.

TREY
 Good. See? And I even told you
 where you gotta go next but you're
 just standing there like you wanna
 blow up or something.

John plays the conversation back in his head.

JOHN
 The museum?

TREY
 Thirty-nine minutes.

John takes off running.

EXT. EASTERN MARKET - MOMENTS LATER

John runs through the large Eastern Market, a daily produce market that supplies grocery stores and families with farm-direct food. He weaves around booths, shoppers, flower stalls and forklifts.

JOHN
 How did your mom...

TREY
 Your sympathy is too little, too
 fake.

(pause)
 Heart attack.

(MORE)

TREY (cont'd)

Happens to a woman after you kill
one son and do all you can to put
the other away as long as possible.

JOHN

That was the courts.

TREY

You work for the courts.

Trey checks John's heart rate and nine miles per hour pace.

TREY

Slow it down, you're gonna burn
yourself out. Gotta leave something
in the tank.

John doesn't change it up.

TREY

I ain't messin'. Slow. It. Down. Or
I'll slow you down permanently.

John grits his teeth. It takes considerable effort to force
himself to slow down.

Trey tracks John's speed drop to seven miles per hour,
acceptable.

TREY

Good. Just another day in Detroit,
everyone runnin' for their lives.

EXT. MUSEUM OF AFRICAN AMERICAN HISTORY - DAY

John arrives winded at the large, gray, domed stone building.
The door is chained closed with a sign that reads "PLEASE
EXCUSE OUR DUST."

JOHN

It's closed!

TREY

Closed?

John points his camera at the sign for Trey to see.

JOHN

The museum is closed for
renovation!

TREY

Wasn't like that yesterday.

JOHN
"Wasn't like that yesterday?!" You
didn't think this through, did you?

TREY
(dismissive)
I thought it through enough.
Doesn't change a thing.

JOHN
Okay, it's over. I can't get in.
You can call it off. Really, you
made your point. I get it.

TREY
You don't get this is the point.
You in a problem situation and
limited time to solve it.
Eighteen minutes to be exact.

John checks his watch.

TREY
You've seen a bunch of break-ins on
the job.

JOHN
Most break-ins aren't break-ins,
they're walk-ins.

TREY
They teach you that in the asshole
academy?

JOHN
Learned that one from Dad.

TREY
Cop DNA breeding mother fuckers.
Get your ass into the building.

John runs around the building trying windows and doors.

EXT. MUSEUM OF AFRICAN AMERICAN HISTORY - LOADING DOCKS - DAY

Behind the building, workers unload crates with African
artifacts from a truck.

John waits until the workers enter the truck cargo area and
then dashes inside.

INT. MUSEUM OF AFRICAN AMERICAN HISTORY - STORAGE - SECONDS
LATER

John walks through a dimly lit empty museum corridor.

JOHN
(whispering)
I'm in, where am I going?

TREY
Do you know where you're from?

JOHN
Detroit three generations. Born in
Detroit Mercy.

TREY
Before that?

JOHN
Mississippi, I think.

TREY
Before that?

JOHN
You're talking about Africa?

TREY
Africa is a continent.

JOHN
I know that. No, I don't know where
in Africa.

TREY
My moms would say we don't know our
history so we can't love ourselves.
That's why we can't love our
community.

JOHN
You're really talking to me about
loving others?

TREY
I am.

JOHN
Where do I go?

TREY
If you're lost, what do you need?

JOHN
 (blurts)
 Your shitty clues ain't as good as
 you think they are!

TREY
 (mock insulted)
 I take great pride in my clues.
 But, if you can't hack it, then we
 can end it right here--

JOHN
 (apologetic)
 Sorry. I got frustrated. Um, let me
 think it through again. So I'm lost
 and need...

John spots a MUSEUM MAP on the wall.

JOHN
 A map.

He runs up to it.

JOHN
 What am I looking for?

TREY
 History, John. That's what we've
 been talking about.

JOHN
 The whole damn building is filled
 with history!

John scans the index and settles on "African History Wing".
 He books it.

INT. MUSEUM OF AFRICAN AMERICAN HISTORY - EXHIBIT HALL -
 MOMENTS LATER

Masks and weapons of different tribes adorn glass cases. John
 hurriedly browses looking for a token.

TREY
 The cradle of human life,
 Alkebulan, the true name of Africa.
 They didn't kidnap slaves, they
 kidnapped farmers and doctors and
 sons and daughters and brothers and
 sisters. And they did it with the
 help of our own.

(MORE)

TREY (cont'd)

Black slave catchers helping the white man. What do you think of that, officer?

JOHN

I think you can point to bad people in any group when you need to make a point, but their role obfuscates the bigger conversation.

TREY

"Obfuscates!" Son of a-- is that what's carved into Plymouth Rock mother fucker? Get outta here with your "obfuscates!"

John checks his watch: "3:00" left on the timer.

JOHN

(getting desperate)

There's hundreds of pieces in this room. Where's the token?

TREY

Yes, now you understand my difficulty. So many places I could hide it, so why would I pick where I did? Don't let the time obfuscate your focus.

John looks around, dismisses a collection of headdresses.

TREY

What seems like a world of choices is not the case. When there's only one clear choice, doesn't make it much of a choice, does it?

John examines a wall of spears.

TREY

Truth is we don't have as many choices as we believe. We ain't free. When was the last time we was free? Maybe we ain't supposed to be free or we won't even be us anymore. You ever think about that? It's our nature to be slaves. What do you think about that?

JOHN

I think I'm running around with bombs in my shoes talking about Africa like I don't know my hist--

John spots a roped off EXHIBIT ON SHOES.

JOHN

Shoes.

John runs over, rips away the velvet ropes. Only a minute left on the watch.

There are dozens of sandals, shoes and boots made of straw, wood and leather. Practical design styles ranging from grassland to dessert. Some are adorned with beads, others with feathers. A collection hinting at the varied lives and landscapes of the giant continent.

JOHN

Which one is it?!

John frantically examines items, looking for the token. He rips apart shoes with closed toes and tosses them aside.

TREY

Tsk, tsk. You're destroying our history like it doesn't mean a thing.

JOHN

You're making me!

TREY

So you're saying you don't have a choice? Your personal survival excuses criminal behavior?

JOHN

That's bullshit.

TREY

Is it, though? If the stakes feel high enough you do what you gotta do to survive. You should think more about that one.

John pulls out the TOKEN, a CHEVY HOOD ORNAMENT, from a straw shoe, just as TWO BEEFY WORKERS walk in rolling a LOG CANOE on flatbed dolly. They take in the mess John has made of the collection.

Trey spies the workers from the camera and alerts Trey through loud mumbled YELL.

TREY

You got company.

John glances up.

WORKER #1
What the?!

JOHN
Shit.

WORKER #1 uses his radio.

WORKER #1
Trespasser in the African exhibit
wing!

John quickly enters the code: 1120. He finishes punching in the final digit just as he is TACKLED by Worker #2.

The two workers pile on and hold a struggling John down. He checks his watch. He's earned an extra 30 minutes.

JOHN
You don't get it, I didn't want to
do this!

WORKER #2
Sure, buddy. Why don't we just hang
tight and you can explain this to
the cops.

Trey pipes in on Bluetooth.

TREY
Remember the rules. Get out or go
boom.

JOHN
I'd love to!

WORKER #1
So stop struggling!

JOHN
I'm not talking to you!

The workers are confused. John takes the opportunity to free an arm and SLUGS Worker #1.

JOHN
Sorry!

Trey laughs his ass off as John breaks free and squares off with the further pissed off workers.

JOHN
I gotta get out of here. I don't
have time.

TREY

I'm cool waiting for some more pigs
to have a big ol' BBQ.

JOHN

Listen, for everybody's safety--

Worker #2 RAMS John with the canoe. He falls into it as the momentum carries him and CRASHES into a display case. Glass, masks, spears, and wooden shields fall on him.

TREY

Damn!

A HALF-DOZEN OTHER WORKERS arrive on the scene. They close in on John in a semi-circle.

John crawls out of the collapsed exhibit brandishing a BONE-TIPPED SPEAR. He takes some swipes so that the workers keep their distance.

JOHN

Stay back! I don't want anyone to
get hurt!

Through the button cam, Trey has a SPEAR POV.

TREY

Tell 'em Kunta!

John glances at the GLASS WINDOWS behind him and the street beyond.

He THROWS the spear at it with all his might.

SLOW-MOTION: Everyone observes in awe as the spear sails gracefully through the air. Aerodynamic, sturdy, latent for over a century yet still as effective as the day it was constructed --

The spear EMBEDS in the thin wooden frame running between the windows.

John drops his head in disappointment.

EXT. MUSEUM OF AFRICAN AMERICAN HISTORY - SECONDS LATER

John crashes through the window, rolling down the sloping roof onto the top of a maple tree.

He catches some large branches and quickly scales down. He takes off running.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

John quickly puts distance between himself and the museum.

Trey claps.

TREY

Whooh, that was good shit.

JOHN

Good shit?! The place was closed, I ran into security and almost blew up a bunch of innocent people and priceless artifacts!

TREY

But you didn't. And now I got bad news, you lost time and you ain't gonna catch it.

SIXTEEN MINUTES on the watch left.

JOHN

Catch what?

Overhead, the MONORAIL rumbles by on the elevated track that runs in a three mile loop around downtown.

JOHN

The People Mover?

The train stops at Grand Circus Park station.

TREY

Dumb name for a dumb train that goes in a one way loop.

Before John can reach the station, the train continues on.

TREY

Built half-ass like this city.
Ghetto mover. We all on a train
with no driver unable to turn back--

JOHN

(impatient)

We all know the People Mover sucks!
So what, I'm supposed to be on that
train but I missed it? What does
this have to do with anything? With
your family story?

Trey doesn't like being interrupted.

TREY

I think you can still catch it. I think you better. Four minutes.

John picks up the pace, tails the People Mover from ground level.

TREY

And don't interrupt me again.

JOHN

I don't need your damn commentary for every--

John's watch EMITS AN EXPLOSION SOUND with an animation of a man exploding.

Startled, John loses his coordination and stumbles, barely regaining his footing, trips over some garbage bags and crashes into some trash cans.

TREY

Do I really need to remind you how close you are at any moment? Save your breath. You got a train to catch.

John holds his tongue and starts running towards the People Mover station a quarter-mile ahead. Fortunately, this part of the track has a curve in it and slows the train down.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME TIME

Trey tracks John's cursor on the map with a grin on his face.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - DAY

FORENSICS examines the area. The postbox is marked off. Chief Williams coordinates efforts.

ACROSS THE STREET Raven stands on a porch. A RING DOORBELL sits on the doorframe. She speaks into her radio.

RAVEN

You let me know the second anyone remotely matching John's description comes up.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Copy that.

The HOMEOWNER emerges with their cellphone.

HOMEOWNER

Here's the Ring video from about
twenty minutes ago.

He hands it to Raven, she watches the clip that begins with
the explosion caught in the corner of the frame.

EXT. JOHN'S PORCH - MINUTES LATER

OFFICER #3 steps out of John's apartment with John's phone
and hands it to Chief Williams.

OFFICER #3

Wherever he is, he didn't take his
phone with him.

Raven rushes up from across the street.

WILLIAMS

You get something off that porch
cam?

Raven selects clips and scrubs as she shows him.

RAVEN

Yeah, something messed up's going
down. Look at this-- John looks to
the mailbox before it blows up.
He's surprised, stands there
petrified for a bit before taking
off.

WILLIAMS

Any earlier footage of who planted
at mailbox.

RAVEN

3 A.M. Hooded figure. Looks like he
has a limp.

ON PHONE: Under cover of night, a hooded Trey, face obscured,
places a shoe under the mailbox.

WILLIAMS

Is that a shoe?

RAVEN

Looks like it.

Trey then runs up to John's porch and leaves a shoebox,
running off frame with John's shoes.

RAVEN

So what's up with the shoes? Some
guy with a limp clearly targets
John to scare him into a good run?
Even gives him some new shoes to do
it.

Williams looks back at the birthday card, focuses on the
phrase "run of your life." He's shaken with a dawning
suspicion.

WILLIAMS

Trey Jones. Man almost lost his
legs after John chased him down.

RAVEN

Heard about that. John never talks
about it. What went down that day?

KELLY

John and Officer Kelly, Kelly died
a few years back, heart attack,
they were on a routine patrol.
Caught two bad brothers--

RAVEN

(dubious)
"Bad brothers."

KELLY

The Jones brothers pulled first on
John and Kelly. There was a
firefight. John had to shoot the
little one... Louie
(proud to remember name)
There was a case. It was
straightforward.

RAVEN

(glances around)
Doesn't look straightforward to me.

Raven glares at an uncomfortable Williams as she speaks into
her radio.

RAVEN

Delta Seven, over. Get me Michigan
Correctional. I need an update on a
prisoner, Trey Jones.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Copy that, Delta Seven.

EXT. BROADWAY STREET STATION - DAY

John dodges around street musicians, a homeless man and a group of JOGGERS. He shoulder bumps an ELDERLY WOMAN and knocks her down.

ELDERLY WOMAN

Excuse me!

Her ELDERLY HUSBAND helps her up and shakes his fist.

ELDERLY MAN

That's right! Keep runnin'!

John runs up to the structure just as the train arrives overhead. He bolts inside.

INT. BROADWAY STREET STATION - CONTINUOUS

John bounds up the stairs and vaults over the turnstile. A MOTHER WITH TWO CHILDREN at a kiosk purchasing tokens shakes her head at John's disregard of payment.

MOTHER

(to children)

You see that? He's a bad man.

EXT. BROADWAY PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

The doors close as John sprints the last few yards.

John lunges, jutting out his arm just in time and manages to get it through the door. The door clamps on it, then opens to let him in. The doors close and the train pulls away.

John collapses onto a row of empty seats trying to catch his breath. The car is mostly empty except for an AFRICAN AMERICAN TEENAGE COUPLE making out in the back and a MAN (70s) in a trench coat at the very front.

TREY

Be still my Black heart! I have to say, I really didn't know if you were going to make it! Exciting shit.

JOHN

(winded)

The rules said no vehicles.

TREY

No vehicles to get where you need to go. In this case, you're exactly where you need to meet.

JOHN

Meet who?

TREY

How many options you got?

John looks to the teenagers.

TEENAGE BOY

What you looking at?

The boy suspiciously eyes John before the girl pulls his focus back on her to resume making out.

John turns his attention to the man standing at the front of the car who gazes out the front window. He approaches trepidatiously.

JOHN

Excuse me, Sir.

The man turns to John with tears in his eyes. This is FRED JONES (60). They both look at the other from head to toe --

Each wear the same model of Nike VaporMax shoes.

FRED

He was always so smart. Four years old, he let the air out of my tires so I wouldn't drive off. Guess in life, you can never really run away from your problems.

JOHN

(shocked, into Bluetooth)
This man is your father.

TREY

Is he though? He didn't wanna be. Ask him. Ask him how much he wanted to be my father. Ask him what he ever did for my moms, where he was for Louis' funeral, how many times he visited me in prison.

FRED

It wasn't always like this. After I got laid off at the Ford plant--

TREY

You ain't get laid off. They fired your ass for being a drunk! Still lying to yourself after twenty years. You smell that, John? Go ahead, take it in.

John politely inhales.

TREY

I can smell his breath from here.

FRED

Some dogs just born to bite. I could never teach you right.

TREY

How'd you try to teach me? With your hand? Or was it by knocking Louis and Mama around?

John looks into Fred's weary eyes. Fred won't even try to make a case for himself.

JOHN

He's sorry.

TREY

That was pitiful, John.

JOHN

(lying)

No, really, he is. I can see it in his eyes.

TREY

A sorry man knows what he would do different. Naw, he's just sorry his ass can't run away this time.

John spots the timer on Fred's smartwatch. There are only a couple minutes left on both their timers.

FRED

I think this is for you.

Fred hands John a FORD HOOD ORNAMENT, etched on it is the number 0527. John quickly punches it in. His timer jumps another FORTY MINUTES. He exhales in relief.

FRED

Don't suppose you got one for me.

JOHN
(horror-struck)
I never got one.

Fred nods in acceptance.

JOHN
Trey, where's his token?

TREY
No token. He got it easy. Pops just needs to punch in a six digit code on his watch.

JOHN
Where is it?

TREY
It's Louis' birthday. One try, shouldn't need more than that.

Fred clearly has no clue.

JOHN
(to Fred)
Look, you know this. Do you remember what time of year it was when Louis was born? What you were doing? Was it winter?

FRED
Son, I'd appreciate this last moment in peace if you please.

TREY
Finally, Pops faces what he doesn't know. I'm proud for you.

Less than a minute left on Fred's watch. Fred begins taking deep breaths.

John is stunned.

JOHN
(realizing)
Trey... you can't do this.

The train pulls up to the station. The doors open. Twenty seconds left on Fred's watch.

FRED
No more time. Best you get those young-ins off.

JOHN

Trey!

TREY

Last stop, any way you cut it.

John runs to the back where the teenagers are making out.

JOHN

Get off the train!

He grabs the boy by his shirt and pulls him to his feet.

TEENAGE BOY

Yo! That's it!

The boy takes a swing at John who easily deflects it and PUNCHES the boy in the stomach. The boy goes down, wind knocked out of him.

John pushes the screaming girl off the train onto the platform. He grabs the boy by the collar and drags him off the train just as the doors close.

EXT. RENAISSANCE CENTER PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

The girl tends to the groaning boy.

GIRL

Help! Help!

John looks up to see Fred looking back at him through the rear window. As the train pulls away from the station --

BOOM.

John turns away from the shower of glass and smoke. He looks back at the train as it rolls to a stop. The blackened rear end is dented outward.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - SAME TIME

The SOUND OF A DISTANT EXPLOSION draws Raven and the rest of the forensics team's attention.

Raven looks towards the city to a plume of rising black smoke.

EXT. RENAISSANCE CENTER PLATFORM - CONTINUOUS

John breathes heavy, in total shock. The traumatized kids scramble off the platform and down the stairs.

TREY
(solemn)
Better get moving. You'll have
unwanted company soon.

Trey stares at the monitors and John's zero GPS speed.

JOHN
(shock)
You killed your father. Animal.

TREY
You don't get to judge me today.
Today is your judgement.

JOHN
Sure, you get no judgement. You are
free of judgement. You poor,
innocent soul that's never done
anything wrong.

TREY
I got my judgement. I lived in hell
for five years. You ain't even
lived it for one day and look at
the murderous thoughts you're
having.

JOHN
You didn't even give him a chance.

TREY
Fred had his chance. Many. Even
today. But he failed.

JOHN
So what is it? People don't have a
chance or they do? Do I?

TREY
Today is your chance.

JOHN
Just mine? What about you?

TREY
You talkin' some bullshit now.

JOHN

You learned electronics, you made
all this happen. You could've been
a-a-

(searching)

An engineer. If you believe your
father had a choice to be better
than what he was, you do too.

TREY

We don't all start at neutral,
fool. You think you could've ended
up with my life but chose not to?
Your family would never let you.
You got support. Went to college
and ran track. I didn't have that.
I had to drop out to make payday. I
took care of Louis, 'cause he.
Wasn't. Around.

Distant SIRENS.

TREY

What'd I do that day for a world of
shit to come down on me? I'm
hanging with my bro and we happen
to catch you and that fuck in a
mood. You break a man and then
judge him by your own broken
standards. You ain't a brother. You
the man.

JOHN

Why? Why did you have me meet him
if there wasn't anything I could
do? Your pops was an asshole, fine.
So fuck him. Forget him. All that
ain't on me. A tough city ain't on
me. I'm just another man. I try to
live up to my duties. Maybe I mess
up here and there--

TREY

"Maybe you mess up?" I just caught
up with your murder record.

JOHN

You shot at us!

TREY

After you flexed on us for doin'
nothing.

JOHN

You were on private property.

TREY

It was an abandoned building. We were just hangin'.

JOHN

Not your building. We never know what we're gonna run into. Like we did. What was I supposed to do, approach with ice cream?

Sirens near.

JOHN

(spent)

I've been running all day. The marathon. The statue. The museum. This train. Please, don't make me run any more.

TREY

Bitch, be thankful you still can run. I don't have that luxury because of you.

JOHN

What do I have to do to end this?

Trey glances at the GPS, the distance markers, and John's THIRTY MINUTE timer.

TREY

You ran for my brother, you ran for my mother, and you ran for my father. Now you're gonna run for me.

JOHN

Please, what can I say to make you--

TREY

You ain't got the words. And it doesn't make a difference. Plans are already in motion.

JOHN

What plans?

TREY

Time to get mine. The city taketh, and time for the city to giveth.

JOHN

Maybe you want too much.

TREY

I want. Now unless you wanna join Fred, get your ass up. This is the big one, and you're gonna have to deliver. Then you're done.

JOHN

Free to go, alive?

TREY

No guarantees, just like on my run. I'm excited for this one, didn't know if we'd get this far. You were called to that dealership five years ago because of DCS. You know who they are?

JOHN

Detroit Casino Services.

TREY

Using the city to provide security for shitty land they still haven't developed. My family died over that call, and I want my settlement. You know what a camera can't see? What's in a man's heart, why a man had to shoot. But it's used in court like it reveals all. I've been watching you since I broke out. Greektown Casino. 5 P.M. escort. Get me the bag, you live. You fail, it ends right there.

JOHN

(stunned)

Why'd you have me go through all this if all you wanted was to rob the daily casino payout? I can do it any day of the week.

TREY

Every time I think you're smart, you're dumb again. It's not about understanding what you're a part of. How it all goes together. Understanding the risks and still having to take them. Thankfully my plan doesn't rely on your pig-head getting it.

JOHN

There are other options--

TREY

There wasn't for me, and there
isn't for you.

(leans into camera)

Now you better get moving or
there's about to be a repeat demo.

Trey disconnects. Sirens are very close as John darts down
the exit stairs to street level.

JOHN

Trey! Trey!

John gets moving.

INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY

Trey repeatedly wipes the tears from his eyes, sniffles,
fighting full out crying.

TREY

Stupid bastard. Ain't have to be
this way. Did it to himself. He had
his chance.

Trey jumps out of his chair in a rage and smacks an old lamp
off the table. It crashes into the wall and shatters. He
grunts in pain as he puts weight on his leg. He pulls up his
pant leg and applies some ointment and massages it.

EXT. JEFFERSON AVENUE - DAY

John is ducked down in a stairwell waiting for a POLICE
VEHICLE to pass.

He gets a brief glimpse of who's driving -- it's Raven. He
takes a step, fights the urge to run out to her.

The car rounds the corner and John's opportunity passes.

JOHN

Shit.

He takes off running in the other direction.

EXT. JEFFERSON AVENUE - VARIOUS

John runs through a red light crosswalk, pushes by pedestrians, avoids bike riders. He passes by stores, projects, condemned buildings and overgrown lots.

EXT. RENAISSANCE CENTER PLATFORM - LATER

The entrance area to the stairs leading to the platform is being been TAPED OFF as more police vehicles arrive by the minute. The bomb squad van is already parked out front.

Raven interviews the kids from the platform as MEDICAL PERSONNEL look them over.

RAVEN

You're certain this was the man
that pulled you off the train?

She points to a picture of John on her phone. The shellshocked teens nod.

RAVEN

Then the man on the train exploded.

The teens nod again.

RAVEN

I'm sure that was very difficult
for you both.

TEENAGE GIRL

That was real fucked up, man.

A BOMB SQUAD OFFICER descends the stairs.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER

First sweep is clean for additional
explosives. We found the body on
the train... the top half. Looks
like he was standing right on top
of the bomb. Well, more like two
bombs. Right under each foot.

RAVEN

(to teens)

You said they talked. So they knew
each other?

TEENAGE GIRL

I dunno.

TEENAGE BOY
They had them same shoes, though.

RAVEN
Oh?

TEENAGE BOY
Orange VaporMaxes. Both dudes were wearing 'em.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
We have someone from Michigan Correctional.

Raven picks up her radio.

RAVEN
Delta Seven, over. Patch me through.

BOMB SQUAD OFFICER
What're you thinking?

RAVEN
Reviewing. John's shoes found near the exploded mailbox where John captured Trey Jones, why? Shoes he swapped out for some orange VaporMaxes? A man wearing the same shoes then blows up from his feet...

CORRECTIONAL EMPLOYEE (O.S.)
Michigan correctional.

RAVEN
This is Officer Harris, DPD. I wanted to inquire about an inmate, Trey Jones.

CORRECTIONAL EMPLOYEE (O.S.)
Guess you ain't get the memo. Trey broke out a couple months ago. Crazy smart exploding shit. Wired our grid to blow. We're still repairing. Gonna cost us at least...

Raven lowers the phone.

RAVEN
(disbelief)
John's got explosive shoes on.

DETECTIVE

For real?

RAVEN

I think so.

The detective grabs his radio.

DETECTIVE

APB on Officer John Taylor.

Raven looks down at the semi-healed cut on her wrist.

DETECTIVE

John Taylor is code six. Apprehend
if seen--

Raven grabs the radio from the Detective.

RAVEN

(into radio)

Belay that.

DETECTIVE

We have to act--

RAVEN

Yes, but with caution. Because
that's our job too.

(into radio)

Anyone spots John Taylor, they
should not engage. Same goes for
Trey Jones. Radio in immediately if
you spot either. I repeat they
should not engage.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Attention all units, APB on Officer
John Taylor and escaped convict
Trey Jones. Profiles available on
all mobile terminals. Code ten, do
not engage. Repeat, code ten, do
not engage. Stay clear and notify
immediately.

DETECTIVE

So now we wait?

RAVEN

No, we investigate. All Nike
VaporMax shoe sales in town since
Trey broke out.

DETECTIVE

How do you know he didn't get them
online or another city?

RAVEN

I don't, but it's a lead. Let's get
on the phone to every store that
sells shoes in town.

DETECTIVE

That's 100s of stores.

RAVEN

Then we get everyone to start
calling now.

EXT. GREEKTOWN CASINO - DAY

John is in a full body sweat as he rounds corner, the casino
in the distance a half mile ahead. His pace is slowing down.

TREY

You slowin'.

JOHN

I need water.

TREY

Truck leaving the casino in ten.

JOHN

Can't do it in the casino lot. Too
secure and too much backup. I'll
wait for the truck to turn onto
Beaubien. It's the most deserted
stretch of the ride. I got time for
water.

TREY

You give and you get.

JOHN

Give what?

TREY

Tell me why you're a cop. 'Cause
Daddy was a cop and you want to be
like him?

JOHN

You don't want to hear it.

TREY

You tell me the truth, I'll let you hydrate.

JOHN

To Dad, being a cop meant equality.

TREY

To have white people power.

JOHN

No, to be able to arrest white people too. To be able to use the law fairly.

TREY

You think the law is fair.

JOHN

I didn't become a cop to reform the law. I didn't become a cop to solve America's racial problems. I became a cop to help people.

TREY

Did you help me the day you shot my brother? You didn't stop being a cop after that day, did you? What'd your brother officers tell you after you killed Louis? It was you or that kid? You didn't have a choice.

John silently jogs.

TREY

What would they have said if you were hanging out on some Tuesday, minding your own business, got approached like you were a piece of shit, assaulted, and when you defended yourself, you ended up crippled. Would they say "you had it coming"?

JOHN

God, end this, Trey. Please, I'm begging you. I've been through enough. We both have.

TREY

(somber)

There is no "enough" John.

(MORE)

TREY (cont'd)

Life doesn't stop until it's over.
Get a drink.

John collapses at the side of a house and turns on a hose.
Laps it up with giant gulps. Coughing as he drinks too fast.

JOHN

(catches breath)
Why wouldn't you have me do this
first? When I was fresh.

TREY

You'll probably fail. Dangerous
stuff heisting a money truck. I
wanted to make sure you had a good
run and felt at least some of what
I felt. Now it's bonus round for
me. Employment prospects ain't
great for an escaped convict with
murder on his hands. I'll need help
for a fresh start.

JOHN

So add armed robbery to the list.

TREY

Nah, it's more like legged robbery.
I'm tracking you.

JOHN

I know.

TREY

With GPS.

JOHN

I said I know.

TREY

On my screen.

John clenches his teeth.

TREY

Because I'm tracking you with your
bomb shoes.

JOHN

(loses cool)
I'm gonna fucking find you and
break your fucking neck!

Trey cracks up at John's empty threats.

JOHN

(into Bluetooth)

And if this was really about your brother, then it would be about setting up a kid's running fund or something and not about a money truck. So if you want your payout, stop talking shit in my ear and let me do the job.

TREY

(sinister)

You're breaking, John.

(laughs)

I like it!

John fumes, doesn't respond.

INT. DPD PRECINCT - DAY

Chief Williams oversees a room with a DOZEN PEOPLE on the phones. They are staff from all parts of the department including cops and admin. They read off a SCRIPT, working their way through a LIST OF SHOE STORES.

STAFF (VARIOUS OVERLAPPING)

(into phone)

Hi, I'm calling from the DPD. I'm looking for any information regarding the sale of orange Nike VaporMax shoes in the past two months. We appreciate your cooperation in this urgent matter.

OFFICER #4 calls out from his desk.

OFFICER #4

I think I got something. Says someone matching Trey's description stole a pair about month back.

EXT. GREEKTOWN CASINO - LOADING DOCK - DAY

Tom and Tom emerge with the daily bag and walk towards the armored truck.

TOM B

Where're John and Raven?

TOM A

DPD radioed no officers available today. Wonder what's going down.

Tom B gets into the cargo with the bag and shotgun. Tom A shuts him in and gets in the driver's seat.

INT./EXT. ARMORED TRUCK - BEAUBIEN STREET - MOMENTS LATER

John, huddles behind some bushes, silently waits for some TEENS to pass by.

TREY
(anxious)
Any minute... there!

John takes a deep breath, runs out in front of the truck.

TOM A
Whoa!

Tom A hits the brakes, Tom B barely hangs onto his seat.

John, haggard, sweaty, scratched up, all smiles, gives a big friendly wave.

An irritated Tom B calls from the cargo hold.

TOM B
Why'd you stop like that?

TOM A
It's John.

JOHN
Hey, Tom!

Tom A calls out to John.

TOM A
What's going on?

John approaches, overplaying being casual. A suspicious Tom rolls the window down.

JOHN
Glad I caught you! You wouldn't believe the day I've had.

TOM A
Where's Raven?

JOHN
Raven... yeah, she's with the car. It's broken down. You're good with cars, right? Can you come check it out?

Trey shakes his head at John's unconvincing performance.

TREY
They drive off, you done, son.

TOM A
Why aren't you in uniform?

Tom B can't see John from the inside rear compartment.

TOM B
What's going on?

TOM A
Something's off.

TOM B
Keep driving. We got a timetable.
He can call for a tow.

Tom A puts the car back in gear to drive off. John freezes, wings his next play --

JOHN
I saw Mary with Tom.

TOM A
What? When?

John leans closer to the window.

JOHN
I'm sorry, bro, we all see it. She practically wants you to walk in on them so she can end the charade.

A bewildered Tom A turns to Tom B.

TOM A
(doubtful)
You been with Mary without me?

TOM B
What?!

Tom B looks like he is about to object, then --

TOM B
Look man, I been going through a hard time. Frankly, so is she. You haven't exactly been supportive. Of either of us.

John is surprised and relieved at the reveal of information.

Trey drinks a Faygo Cola and slaps the table, enjoying the unexpected disclosure.

TREY
You know his wife was cheating?

JOHN
(whispers)
No, shut up.

TOM A
(hurt)
You're like my brother.

TOM B
I'm sorry. I never thought it would
get so complicated.

Tom A has his back turned to John to speak to Tom B through the separation grate. John takes his opportunity to reach in and grab Tom A's gun and point it at Tom A's head. Tom B witnesses.

TOM B
Tom!

TOM A
You shut the fuck up! You don't get
to talk--

JOHN
Don't move.

Tom A freezes.

TOM A
(scared)
What the fuck, John?

JOHN
(To Tom B)
Put the shotgun down back there.
Unlock the back.

Tom B complies.

JOHN
Good. Both hands though the grate.

Tom B sticks his wrists through the grate.

JOHN
(to Tom A)
Strap him.

Tom A ties up Tom B's hands.

JOHN
Out. Slowly.

John steps back to let Tom A open the door and step outside.

JOHN
To the back.

John keeps the gun trained on Tom A as he opens up the back. The shotgun lies on the floor. Both Tom A and John eye it.

JOHN
You're not fast enough. No bending over. Kick me the bag, Tom.

TOM A/TOM B
Which Tom?

JOHN
(irritated)
Doesn't matter.

Tom B kicks it out. Tom A looks at John with hate in his eyes.

TOM A
Fucking thief. Fucking Black bastard.

JOHN
(shock)
Really? You gonna show you're a racist when I got a gun pointed at you?
(pissed)
Kick out the fucking shotgun.

Tom A kicks it out, still glaring at John. John slams the back door closed, secures it by shoving the shotgun through the shackles.

He looks around. No witnesses.

TREY
Yo, get the fuck out. And let me see you toss the gun. Can't be having that when we meet.

John tosses the handgun into the bushes. He slings the bag over his shoulder and flees the scene.

INT. SHOE STORE - DAY

Raven interviews the shoe store employee.

EMPLOYEE

And when I turned my back to help another customer, he walked out wearing the new shoes. Left his old ones behind.

RAVEN

(hopefully)

You don't still have the old shoes do you?

EMPLOYEE

Threw 'em away.

RAVEN

(deflated)

Oh.

EMPLOYEE

(thinks)

They may actually still be in the bin if you want me to check. We don't empty that one too oft--

RAVEN

Yes!

INT. BACK ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Raven watches as the employee digs through an old dusty trash can in the corner. He pulls out the Vapormax shoe box packaging and Trey's old shoes.

EMPLOYEE

Here they are.

Raven quickly makes a call.

RAVEN

Chief, tell the lab I'm rushing in priority evidence for examination.

(pause)

Trey Jones' shoes.

EXT. CASS AVE - SAME TIME

Having gotten far enough away from the heist, John stops for a breather near some projects.

JOHN
Think I'm clear.

He pants.

TREY
Lord have mercy, I was happy just having you run 'til you fucked up, gave up, or blew up -- but I should've bet your stubborn ass woulda kept going. Whoo! I'm starting to believe fate's gettin' me that money for my troubles.

Trey looks John over. Slight empathy breaks through.

TREY
How you holdin' up, you nigger thief?

JOHN
You painted me a vilified Black man. You happy? Whatever side of the gun I'm on, I'm a Black man. Is that what you wanted to hear today?

TREY
That's good, but you're still just a cop. I told you, today is penance.

JOHN
So I give you the money and we're done? I live.

TREY
Deliver and done. You keep your life. Been a long day. We ain't straight, but respect, you been through a lot.

JOHN
Where's the meeting point?

TREY
The church of our great city.

JOHN
Trinity Luthern?

TREY
You think our God is in that church? This is Detroit. What tower do you think we worship here?

John looks into the distance at the FIVE SKYSCRAPER COMPLEX jutting into the sky, dwarfing all other buildings in sight.

JOHN
The Ren Cen.

John's watch beeps. Twenty-five minutes.

JOHN
Come on, that's a hefty pace still.
Let me walk it. I'll deliver. I've
done it all, you gotta show some
mercy.

TREY
(dumb-dumb mocking voice)
Okay. Sure, I'll do that.
(incensed)
I don't have to show you anything.
Real power is not having to show
mercy. Now bring me my money or
you'll be another stain on the side
of the projects.

JOHN
Fuck! Fine, I'm coming.

He takes a deep breath, begins his jog towards the skyline.

INT. PACKARD PLANT - OFFICE - SAME TIME

Trey stands up, stretches. Proud of himself, he closes the laptop, checks his phone, opens an app. It's got the mobile version of the desktop application with the on-screen detonation button.

INT. POLICE LAB - DAY

The LAB TECH examines the treads of Trey's shoe under a microscope as Raven anxiously watches over his shoulder. He pulls out a small gray stone and smiles.

LAB TECH
Gravel!

Raven isn't quite as excited. The lab tech drops the gravel under a CHEMICAL READER. The results are instant.

LAB TECH
Pretty standard composition.
Sandstone, limestone, basalt.
(MORE)

LAB TECH (cont'd)

I'd say weathering like this took about fifty years. It's been coated in lignin.

RAVEN

Am I supposed to know what that is?

LAB TECH

No, but I do, or else I wouldn't be good at my job. Lignin is a polymer that reflects UV rays. They treat gravel with it for rooftops in order to prevent roofing material from becoming brittle over time.

RAVEN

So a flat rooftop building covered with gray gravel built fifty years ago...

They draw the same conclusion simultaneously.

RAVEN

Ren Cen.

LAB TECH

Ren Cen.

EXT. BRICKTOWN - SAME TIME

John jogs through the revitalized block. Hipsters hang at wine bars, ice cream shops and breweries.

John's on fumes. The day catches up with him. He runs at the pace of a slow walk, weighed down by the bag of money.

TREY (V.O.)

Home stretch, boy. You ai't gonna make it at this pace. Don't lose it now.

Trey's voice drowns out. John has no fight left in him and is on the verge of collapse.

TREY (V.O.)

Keep up. You ain't done yet. I ain't done with you yet.

John's not hearing him. None of it matters. Exhaustion is setting in.

TREY (V.O.)

Keep moving. Just got this last bit... I'm gonna have to hold to my word. Don't wanna blow it, but I will, don't you doubt it.

The pep talk isn't working. John is out of form. His breathing is the loudest thing he hears. He rounds the corner. Arms hanging at his sides. Like a hazy vision --

DOZENS OF DISABLED MARATHON PARTICIPANTS IN WHEELCHAIRS coming at him from the opposite direction. Attached to wheelchairs --

INSPIRING FLAGS: "IT'S ABOUT ENDURANCE, NOT SPEED." "THE RACE IS AGAINST YOUR MIND." "ALL YOU'VE GOT, AND THEN MORE." "WHATEVER YOU'RE GOING THROUGH, KEEP GOING."

They wave to him and cheer. They're all smiles as they pass by. He manages a small wave.

Inspired by their spirit, a cathartic calm kicks in. The new mental juice isn't enough to get him speeding by any means, but it's enough to halt his decline.

He gets focused. Does what he can. Keeps up the new pace.

Trey is impressed with the slight uptick in speed and steadiness.

TREY (V.O.)

Damn. You just score some cocaine?

INT. RENAISSANCE CENTER - WINTERGARDEN - DAY

John arrives at the atrium entrance to the massive complex of interconnected skyscrapers. An indoor courtyard is framed by windows five stories high. Palm trees reach up to a glass ceiling. The view looks out over the Detroit river at Windsor, Canada.

A JAZZ TRIO plays for those sitting at public tables. A food court, classic car collection and shopping kiosks populate the floor space. If this were the first impression someone had of Detroit, they'd believe they were in a modern, upscale city -- circa 1980.

TREY (V.O.)

Never been to Canada. I'll have to visit sometime. Naw, I already don't like that idea anymore. Where should I go with my money?

JOHN

(huffs)

Hell.

TREY (V.O.)

Nah, too many blue boys there.

John's GPS places him just a dozen yards away from the token. He has ten minutes left on his watch.

JOHN
Could've used these extra ten
minutes at more convenient times
today.

As John approaches the location, he realizes it's right where the jazz band is playing under one of the palm trees. JAZZ FEST banners and decorative lights add to the ambiance.

John steps right into the middle of the trio and begins poking around looking for the token.

BASSIST
Hey, man!

DRUMMER
Yo, whatchya doin'?

JOHN
(mumbles)
Sorry, just looking... I don't
see...

John double checks the watch GPS. He's right on the coordinates.

JOHN
I'm here. Where are you? I have
your cash.

John shakes the bag.

BASSIST
(confused)
What cash?

TREY (V.O.)
Things are looking up.

JOHN
Don't you want it? Take it!

The bassist hesitantly reaches out for the bag, John smacks his hand away.

TREY (V.O.)
Looking up, John. Up.

John's gaze rises upward five stories to the atrium ceiling where A LINE-UP OF CLASSIC CARS are suspended and slowly rotate like slow-motion ceiling fans. The FIFTH FLOOR LANDING is split in half between the rotating cars.

TREY

Higher.

Through the atrium glass, John finally spots --

EXT. ATRIUM - CONTINUOUS

Trey stands on the exterior frame of the glass atrium.

INTERCUT: TREY/JOHN

JOHN

Christ.

TREY

Ten minutes left.

JOHN

How do I--

TREY

Fifth floor landing.

JOHN

Why are you still playing these games, man?

TREY

'Cause it bothers you. And I have my escape routes. Stop thinking, move.

John roars in aggravation, heads to the stairs, bumps people aside, expending another burst of anger-fueled adrenaline.

TREY

That's right. You my bitch to the end. I'm gonna miss this day, John. Most definitely gonna be watching these re-runs for years. You better believe this shit's on video.

The day of running has stressed John's muscles. The stairs are painful for him and he moves slow. Each step is effort. He briefly pauses, huffs, keeps going.

EXT. REN CEN ROOFTOP - DAY

Raven emerges from the elevator room onto the half-acre rooftop covered in gravel. She has a panorama view of the city, facing away from the Detroit River and atrium.

INT. ATRIUM CEILING - DAY

John arrives at the top floor of the atrium. Light pours in from above as the jazz band plays on below. A RED 1967 CADILLAC COUPE DEVILLE rotates just beyond the banister.

On the other side of the mobile, a LADDER DROPS from the atrium ceiling. Trey descends.

John finally faces his tormentor. The only thing separating them is the rotating cars.

TREY

Ready for the last token, John?

Trey holds out A CADILLAC HOOD ORNAMENT.

INT. ATRIUM GLASS CEILING - SAME TIME

The finned classic car slowly rotates between John and Trey. Trey attaches a BASKET to the trunk. He then holds out the phone detonator in one hand, the token in the other.

TREY

When the basket comes around next, you toss in the money. I see you do that, I place the token on the hood.

JOHN

And then I'm free.

TREY

If that's what you want to call it.

John doesn't like the answer.

JOHN

What does that mean?

John holds the money bag out over the edge, threatening to drop it. Trey motions with the phone in his hand.

TREY

I been had this shit planned out for years.

(MORE)

TREY (cont'd)
 You ain't gonna figure some way out
 now. So put the money in the
 fuckin' basket.

John again finds himself marching to the beat of Trey's drum.
 As the DeVille swings around --

He tosses the bag in the basket and holds his breath --

Trey sees John do so, places the Cadillac ornament on the
 hood.

Each party eagerly awaits the rotation to finish for
 delivery.

INT./EXT. ATRIUM GLASS CEILING - SAME TIME

John snags his token off the hood.

Trey grabs his bag.

John punches in the number. His counter jumps up FIFTEEN
 MINUTES.

JOHN
 You said this was the last! What's
 this fifteen minute bullshit?!

TREY
 Don't you know, John? It's the
 fifteen minutes of our run before
 you pushed me in front of that
 Cadillac. You earned your life
 today, but I'm still gonna take
 your legs. There's a lower setting.

JOHN
 Trey! We had a deal! I'm begging
 you. I'm sorry. Please!

TREY
 (through tears)
 It's gonna be okay. There's nothing
 you can do.

JOHN
 (sobbing)
 Don't say that. Don't say that.

John's timer ticks down.

JOHN
 (bucking up, pleading)
 Trey, listen, you can stop this.

Trey is wiping away his tears, affected by the moment.

TREY
 I know your pain. I been in your shoes.

JOHN
 And I've been in yours!

TREY
 (solemn)
 Not yet, brother. And you still can't understand, until you cross to the other side. Until you've run your guts out. After you've done everything you can. And it's still not enough to escape your fate.

John, unable to breathe, helplessness in his every fiber, drops to his knees in agony.

JOHN
 I know that's what happened to you. God, you don't have to do it to someone else on purpose.

ANGLE ON: Raven arrives at the rooftop ladder, gun drawn, aims down on Trey's head --

John sees her before Trey --

JOHN
 No!

Trey looks up and sees Raven, eyes wide, freezes.

JOHN
 Don't shoot! Raven!

Raven has Trey dead in her sights.

RAVEN
 I got him clean!

Raven has her finger as tightly on the trigger as one can without pulling it.

JOHN
 Don't. It's okay. We're working it out.

Raven is single-mindedly focused on Trey.

JOHN

Pulling that trigger is going to cause more problems. You don't want to rush in without reading the situation. You told me that. I'm telling you, there's another way through this.

Like a statue slowly coming to life, Raven lowers the gun. She begins to tremble with the relief of what was avoided, yet still unsure if it was the right choice.

Trey breathes again. He KICKS the ladder away so Raven can't descend, ducks out of Raven's line of sight.

Trey calls out.

TREY

You saved me, John?

JOHN

I want to save both of us. Just turn these things off, man. Please, can you do that?

TREY

(conflicted)

That wasn't the plan.

JOHN

There's no plan, man. We fuck up, we try. I'm out there every day, dealing with the mentally ill, domestic disputes, breaking up fights. I gotta keep up my defenses. I have to make decisions. You do too. You ain't been perfect. Life's a tough break on everyone.
(weakly)

Let me go. You don't want to hurt anyone else. I know it.

Trey doesn't have a response. He smacks his chest in frustration and yells.

JOHN

It's okay. We can both be okay.

Trey is torn. John is calm.

JOHN

Trey. Look at me. Over here.
Please.

They make eye contact.

JOHN

You think being a cop is defined by having power over people. I get it, for you, that's what it is. What it's been from your dad, from all the authority over you. I should've intervened more that day. But I supported my partner. And the law gave me cover, in the street and in the courtroom. I get room to mess up. You don't.

TREY

I wanted you to taste it. To know what it feels like.

JOHN

Making people do things by taking their power doesn't feel how you think it does, does it? We can't hear each other when we're not equal, when we're forcing the other person into a corner. I'm just getting to understand that better. That day with you, I failed to see a man in a difficult position. I failed to see myself in a brother. We can fix that, starting now.

Trey looks at the phone in his hand.

JOHN

Let's end it this time better than the last, okay? Nobody dies. You got power and you can use it how you want.

Trey navigates his phone to John's shoes, brings up the disarm button. John trembles in anticipation.

JOHN

Are you doing, it? Did you stop it?

Trey, convinced enough, goes to deactivate John's shoes.

Sirens pull up to the atrium entrance. Cops rush in on the ground level.

Trey's looks over the railing. His finger paused right above the command to turn off the shoes. His eyes can't hide his mounting fear. He nods in accepting his fate.

TREY
And we're back.

JOHN
Trey, deactivate me!

TREY
You think all those boys down there
gonna let me go?

JOHN
(to Raven)
Tell 'em to stand down.
(to Trey)
I'll protect you. I'll do
everything I can.

TREY
From the courts, too?

JOHN
Turn 'em off.

Trey holds out his phone. He shifts into survival mode.

TREY
Anyone follows me, you know I'll do
it.

JOHN
I know you're scared. You're right
to be. But it can play out in a way
that works out better for everyone.

Trey shakes his head, can't go there.

TREY
Gotta run.

Trey turns and bolts down the fifth floor hallway.

RAVEN
Don't let him get away!

Trey disappears around the corner hallway.

JOHN
He's on the other side. I can't do
anything--

RAVEN

Do whatever you need to do!

JOHN

But he's--

RAVEN

John, run!

John's gaze settles ahead on the rotating DeVille --

He climbs up the banister, uses all he's got left and LEAPS --

Lands on the trunk of the hanging car, stressing the JOINT bolting it to the central arm, causing it to SWAY --

John rolls off, barely grabbing the fender, hanging on for life to avoid plummeting five stories --

DISLODGED METAL PIECES fall onto the retreating crowd below. The jazz concert is instantly over as band members abandon their instruments and scramble out of the way.

Using the momentum of the swinging car, John releases his grip and just barely catches the banister of the opposite landing. He heaves himself over and glimpses Trey round the far corner.

The momentum of the car swing BREAKS ADDITIONAL SAFETY JOINTS and swings into A NEARBY HANGING CAMARO --

KICKING OFF A CHAIN REACTION THAT CAUSES THE ENTIRE SUPPORT STRUCTURE FOR ALL THE HANGING CARS TO COLLAPSE!

40 tons of Detroit history in the form of Pontiacs, Cadillacs, Oldsmobiles, and Chevys rain down like steel missiles onto the crowd below. Citizens and police run for their lives as the cars pound into the ground, the band instruments get decimated.

INT. FIFTH FLOOR HALLWAY - DAY

Trey, still holding the phone, reaches the end of the hallway, a glass window looking out over the Detroit River. He opens the door to a stairwell --

A charging John SLAMS an unprepared Trey, crashing through the window --

JOHN

When I first started on the job, I didn't use to think we needed to roll up like we do, but you didn't make it easy. You escalated, and the day I met you is when I learned that's how we gotta do.

TREY

And when you come at us like that, that's how we gotta do. All this and you ain't really learn tho.

JOHN

All this and you still think you just a victim.

JOHN

Take some responsibility.

TREY

Take some responsibility.

They're both disgusted with the other, half-heartedly squirm, give up again.

JOHN

How we do ain't working out so great for either.

TREY

Seems so.

The timer clicks down. 90 SECONDS LEFT.

TREY

Shit, not like this.

With the last of his strength, Trey maneuvers his legs to get his feet up against John's chest.

John yelps.

JOHN

What're you--

TREY

(strained)

Ain't goin' out with your ass on top of me for the damn world to see.

Trey begins to LEG PRESS JOHN UPWARD.

Slowly John's shoulder approaches the top of the rebar.

John yells in pain. Can't do much to help. He tries to use a free hand to grab the rebar between and himself push up.

The veins in Trey's face and neck pop out. He fights for every centimeter. His legs shake.

John grabs Trey's leg, helps steady it. Both strain from the pain of exertion.

The two men look into each others' eyes. Trey's bent legs violently tremble. He is exhausted and can barely keep John lifted.

John begins to tilt more towards the side of Trey's scarred leg, causing unequal weight distribution.

John, totally spent, gives Trey permission to give up.

JOHN
Just let go.

TREY
I can't... let go.

With a final push, Trey uses his bad leg to heave John up and off the rebar.

John, free of the impalement, falls over and rolls towards the phone --

He grabs it and hands it to Trey, who DEACTIVATES John's shoes just in time.

John looks over at Trey who lays on his back, pained, staring up at the sky and MUMBLING indecipherably, but for the words "Louis" and "Mama."

On his back, John kicks off his shoes, looks at his bloody, torn socks. He wiggles his toes, also looks up at the clouds.

Four stories below, MORE POLICE CARS pull up.

Raven emerges on the far side of the rooftop, runs across the gravel to John.

EXT. DETROIT - VARIOUS - DAY

DETROIT MONTAGE:

-Shopkeepers open their stores.

-Couples purchase coffee and dessert from the Greektown pastry shops while musicians play blues on the street corner.

-An African American family walks on the riverwalk by the Underground Railroad Memorial.

-A cross-cultural spectrum of outer-suburb families arrive at the baseball stadium. African American, white, Latino, Arab, Jewish, Asian, wearing jerseys and barely keeping excited children in check.

Detroit can be a beautiful, peaceful place, and on this day, it is.

INT. JOHN BEDROOM - DAWN - ONE YEAR LATER

The first rays of sunlight break in through a crack in the window shades and land on a shirtless John's face. He opens his eyes, looks up at the ceiling. A SCAR lays on the upper-right part of his chest.

INT. PRISON CELL - SAME TIME

Trey, shirtless, lays in bed on his back, a matching SCAR below his left collarbone.

Trey turns and looks out the window. His mind is active, but he is more thoughtful than angry.

EXT. PORCH - MOMENTS LATER

John quietly steps outside and laces his shoes.

The air is crisp. The street is empty. He goes for a jog.

As he arrives at the nearby intersection, a GARBAGE TRUCK approaches. He has enough time to book it across the street --

But he slows and jogs in place, WAITS PATIENTLY for the truck to pass.

Once the coast is clear, John crosses the street and continues his run.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. CORNER STORE - DAY - FLASHBACK

The postcard carousel in the boarded-up store sits untouched - it's once again the day of the gunfight that altered the lives of John, Trey and their families forever.

INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Rookie John (25) rides shotgun as Kelly drives. They scope out the mostly desolate, run-down neighborhood. Kelly, almost fatherly, leans over and straightens John's collar. John focuses on some bird shit on the window as they pull up to --

EXT. MINIMART - CONTINUOUS

THREE AFRICAN AMERICAN MEN (20s) roughhouse and drink 40s out front. They immediately sober up and eyeball the cop car.

JOHN

Why are we stopping here?

KELLY

Free coffee for officers. You want?

JOHN

I'm not taking from small businesses.

KELLY

Shit son, we're giving. This guy wants us to come 'round. That's why he gives away coffee. You think it's worth coming into this area to save a buck on black sludge?

As Kelly walks up to the store, the three men leave. John sees through the window that the AFRICAN AMERICAN store owner is elated to see Kelly. Kelly throws a "see what I mean" look back at John.

John watches as Kelly gets a coffee from the owner and shares a laugh.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

We have a 602L, old Cadillac dealership on Jefferson.

JOHN

Copy that. We'll swing by.

Kelly gets back in the car with TWO COFFEES.

KELLY

Got ya one.

JOHN

Loiterers at the old Cadillac dealership. Why does that even get a response?

KELLY

All that property's been bought up
by the casinos. Gotta train the
neighborhood to respect the
property before they develop it.

EXT. ABANDONED CAR DEALERSHIP PARKING LOT - DAY

Trey (25) and Louis (18) sit on a curb. Louis sports a fresh
black eye. Trey lectures Louis while Louis picks at some
grass growing through the patchy concrete.

TREY

You can't let 'em knock you.

LOUIS

There was three of 'em. They jumped
me.

TREY

You can't let 'em jump you.

LOUIS

Don't matter, I ain't walking that
way again.

ANGLE ON: A security camera mounted to the wall of the
dealership watching the brothers.

TREY

A'ight, so you start walking to
work the longer way for a while.
Then what happens when they decide
they want that other street too?
Then what you gonna do?

LOUIS

(upset)

What am I supposed to do, Trey?
Fight 'em all?!

TREY

You ain't gotta do shit but hold
yourself right and they won't fuck
with you. They don't fuck with me.

Trey pulls out a PISTOL from his belt and holds it out.

Louis is taken aback. He doesn't seem comfortable with the
gun being offered.

TREY

Now, you don't ever have to use
this. I can even hang onto it for
you until--

Louis grabs the gun with zeal. Trey is surprised.

Louis clearly enjoys holding it. He's already sitting up
straighter, empowered.

TREY

Damn, when'd you become a little
gangster? Alright, let's learn some
basic safety before someone gets
hurt.

A bit drunk and feeling loose, Louis throws his empty beer
bottle at the dealership.

INT. PATROL CAR - SAME TIME

As John and Kelly round the corner to the dealership, they
hear glass SMASH. They exchange a solemn look.

WHOOP-WHOOP. Warning sirens on.

LOUIS

Oh shit.

TREY

Toss it. Stay cool.

Louis tosses the gun into a nearby shrub before they are in
the line of sight of the police car.

John and Kelly roll up to the fenced off dealership property,
blocking the damaged entrance gate.

KELLY

Good day, gentlemen.

Trey remains tight-lipped.

LOUIS

H-hi, Officer.

Kelly sizes Trey up. He knows who the weak link is.

KELLY

(to Louis)

You hear anything just now?

LOUIS

N-no, Sir.

KELLY

That's interesting because I heard something. Officer Taylor here heard something. Isn't that right?

JOHN

Uh, yeah. Yeah we heard some glass--

KELLY

So how is it we heard something, and you didn't? 'Cause it sounded like it came from right about here.

LOUIS

Uh, I-I, uh.

Louis is a nervous wreck, at a loss for words. Trey can't stand the compromised position his little brother is in.

TREY

I guess we wasn't listening.

Kelly nods, this is the attitude he was waiting for.

KELLY

I guess you ain't hearing me.
(to John)
Back me up.

Kelly pops out of the car. John is immediately in position behind him with his hand on his holster.

KELLY

You talking like you own this property. This your property?

Trey ain't backing down, looks Kelly in the eyes.

TREY

Naw, owning property ain't my thing.

KELLY

So you aren't supposed to be here.

TREY

As much as you.

KELLY

Wrong.

Kelly points to his badge.

KELLY
Get down on the ground.

Louis immediately drops near the shrub. Trey doesn't.

TREY
(To John)
Brotha, what you doing?

Kelly looks to John, John knows his allegiance is being tested.

JOHN
Don't pull no brotha card here,
brotha. You know you ain't supposed
to be here.

Kelly approves, gets behind the resistant Trey.

TREY
Man, we ain't do nuthin'!

KELLY
You done plenty.

TREY
We was just talkin'.

KELLY
Trespassing and refusal to comply.
We're past talking.

He roughly takes Trey down to his knees.

KELLY
You think you been smart since we
pulled up. But you're not. You're
stupid.

LOUIS
Trey!

TREY
Stay cool, Bro.

JOHN
(to Louis)
Eyes on me.

Kelly gives Trey's face a good shove into the concrete. Trey throws his head back and SMASHES Kelly in the nose.

KELLY

Fuck!

John pulls his gun.

Kelly fully mounts Trey's back, puts him in a choke hold. Trey struggles. John trains his gun on Trey.

JOHN

Do not resist!

LOUIS

Trey!

Trey is having a hard time breathing. Blood from Kelly's nose runs onto his head and face.

KELLY

You can't make it easy, can ya?

LOUIS

Leave him alone!

Kelly glares at John to keep Louis under check.

JOHN

(to Louis)

Hey! I told you, eyes on me. Don't worry about him.

Trey can't take his eyes off his gasping brother.

LOUIS

He's choking him!

JOHN

He's gonna be fine.

LOUIS

Look at him! Does he seem fine?!

John looks at Trey, eyes rolling up, teetering on the verge of unconsciousness. John tightens his jaw, conflicted about saying something.

JOHN

He chose the hard path.

It's all the time Louis needs to pull the gun out from the shrubs and point it at Kelly and John.

LOUIS

Stop! Just stop!

Everybody freezes. John and Trey are both horrified at the turn of events.

ANGLE ON: The DCS security camera sees "all."

EXT. CORNER STORE - DAY

SOUNDS OF GUNFIRE from across the street. A bullet SHATTERS the storefront glass and RIPS through the postcard stand.

OFF-SCREEN: More SHOTS and yelling as the situation devolves.

FADE TO BLACK:

THE END.