

# Every Man for Himself

PILOT

by

Mike Johnston

[Mike.Johnston@me.com](mailto:Mike.Johnston@me.com)

(206) 250-7915

**COLD OPEN**

**BLACK**

Rain drums. Traffic moans.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)  
I'll never forget. When I's a kid, Pop  
would get up before the rest of us and  
get a fire goin' in our old wood stove.

The din of a waking metropolis.

**EXT. BUS STOP - DOWNTOWN SIDEWALK - DAY**

Commuters raise umbrellas. Form a line at the curb.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)  
Me and my brother would huddle around the  
stove and warm our buns in sleepers-- You  
know, PJs with feet and a zipper down the  
front. But he always left fer work waaaay  
before that stove ever even got warm. And  
that's all ya need ta know about my pop.

A METRO BUS creeps to a stop.

Air brakes *HISS*.

Doors crack.

**INT. BUS ROUTE #18 - CONTINUOUS**

Commuters board. Bring their complaints and hacking coughs.

A scraggly hobo steps onto the bus wearing a soaked army  
jacket. Gives a shake. It's INDIAN BOB (50), the best  
connected man in the city. Heads straight for the back row.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)  
Jumped the eighteen the other day, ta do  
a little networking.

Addressing us, he talks straight to the camera...

INDIAN BOB  
As any experienced hobo knows, there  
ain't no better networking than the  
public trans-po.

Flops next to RUBEN (70), an ever-befuddled transient and  
ELROY (30) reeking of conspiracy theories and booze.

INDIAN BOB  
Where ya sleeping, old-timer?

RUBEN  
The Mission.

ELROY  
They moved it, ya know.

INDIAN BOB  
Yeah. Ya hear they got free sandwiches today?

RUBEN  
Mmm. Now, what's ol' Ruben gotta do to get me one of dem free sandwiches?

INDIAN BOB  
Just show up, I guess.

ELROY  
Hope it ain't those goddamn baloney sandwiches again. They call it Canadian ham, but it's goddam baloney. I hate baloney. I ain't gonna eat it!

INDIAN BOB  
All right, man. No one said you had to.

ELROY  
Damn right. They think I don't know the difference. I ain't stupid.

RUBEN  
Yeah, yer just poor.

Ruben and Indian Bob chuckle.

RUBEN  
The Mission's hirin', ya know.

INDIAN BOB  
Who told ya that?

RUBEN  
That's right. Elroy told me.

ELROY  
I'm Elroy.

RUBEN  
Oh, yeah. No, I mean Willie. That's where I'm goin' right now, to get on the list.

ELROY  
List?

INDIAN BOB

Yeah, what list?

ELROY

Well, ya can forget about working fer Willie 'less yer on the list. It's strictly part-time, ya know.

INDIAN BOB

Good. I need ta keep my options open.

Elroy sneaks a sip from his brown bag breakfast.

RUBEN

Well, ain't nobody gonna hire ya if ya smell like a drunk.

ELROY

I am a drunk. I got no problem being a drunk.

INDIAN BOB

I prefer the term "hobo." It more accurately defines my lifestyle choices.

Ruben yanks the overhead signal cable. *Ding.*

RUBEN

First, we gotta go get you two on the list. I'm pretty tight with Willie.

As three hobos exit...

RUBEN

Those sandwiches sure sound tasty.

ELROY

And it better not be no goddam baloney.

**INT. METRO TRANSIT BASE - BULLPEN - DAY**

A natural born people-pleaser, ANDY (50) is unremarkable in every way. Sips the worst DRIP ever brewed. He's accepting of most things in life. Except maybe this coffee.

A manila folder in hand, Andy hovers over a coarse woman as she clacks away at a keyboard. It's ROSCOE (70), the fast-talking, hard-living, mother superior of the bus drivers.

ROSCOE

... And I catch you parking in the employee lot without a pass, you will be towed-- This is Central, not East Base.

ANDY

Well, I guess I could make do for a--

ROSCOE

Two weeks.

ANDY

Two weeks for what--?

ROSCOE

A parking pass.

ANDY

You're kidding.

ROSCOE

That's one thing we never do around here.  
Your transfer papers and five bucks.

Andy hands her the manila folder.

Fishes money out of his billfold.

ROSCOE

You're sure you're feeling okay?

ANDY

(looks at the coffee)  
Why, have you poisoned me?

Roscoe snatches a five dollar bill out of Andy's hand.

She jets away.

Andy struggles to keep pace.

ANDY

Is that for my parking pass--?

ROSCOE

No, my breakfast.

ANDY

No, really.

ROSCOE

Keep talking, I'll make you punch the  
buttons on the vending machine.

The walls: gray. The carpet: gray. The drivers: gray. The  
bullpen populated with wheezing and hacking drivers.

ANDY

(head on a swivel)  
Is everyone here sick?

ROSCOE  
Are you reading my mind?

ANDY  
I don't think so.

They pause at a door. Plated "OPERATIONS MANAGER."

ROSCOE  
Fine, we'll do it the old fashion way  
with words. As of now, I own you. Get  
past it-- It'll be easier on all of us.

ANDY  
You can do that?

ROSCOE  
(she can)  
Are you reading my mind now?

#### **OPERATIONS MANAGER'S OFFICE**

More gray walls. Festooned with all the trappings of a mid-level city hack. Face-down on his desk, MARVIN (40) sleeps.

Inches from his head, Roscoe lifts a computer monitor off his desk. Drops it. *BANG*.

Marvin SNAPS to attention.

Wipes fresh drool outta the corner of his mouth.

MARVIN  
I was awake!

ROSCOE  
Eh, the transfer I promised from East  
Base... Starts today... Hello?

MARVIN  
Oh -- yes -- well. Sit, sit--

Studies Andy like he's the last used car on the lot.

MARVIN  
They call me Elvis around here.

ROSCOE  
Who calls you Elvis--?

MARVIN  
Everyone calls me Elvis.

ANDY  
Why do they call him Elvis--?

ROSCOE  
No one calls him-- His name is Marvin.  
He's your new boss.

ANDY  
I thought you were my boss.

ROSCOE  
No, I own you-- It's different.

MARVIN  
(to Andy)  
Didn't catch the name--

ROSCOE  
Don't matter. This huckleberry's so  
unremarkable he should be grateful  
anyone's paying attention to him at all.

Indignant, Andy scoffs. Crosses his arms.

MARVIN  
And why am I here, Roscoe?

ROSCOE  
The downside of being you.

Slips a document out of the folder and under Marvin's nose.

They trade uneasy glances.

Marvin mumbles as he reads--

ROSCOE  
Stop reading.

Marvin scribbles a flamboyant signature. Roscoe SNAPS it out  
from under his pen the instant Marvin finishes signing.

Andy presses the top of a pen. *Click*.

She folds the form into her folder.

ROSCOE  
(to Andy)  
I need him to sign.

ANDY  
Feels like I don't have any options here.

ROSCOE  
Now you're reading my mind.

MARVIN

Whatever your name is, right now we're so shorthanded, I'd hire a blind felon if the union would let me. It's down to you or me behind the wheel, and, uh, with my obvious debilitating disability...

ROSCOE

What disability?

MARVIN

I'm narcoleptic.

ANDY

You have sex with animals?

MARVIN

No.

ROSCOE

It means he has sex with dead people.

MARVIN

No. It means I suddenly fall asleep-- That's why you're always catching me asleep in here-- It's a medical condition.

ROSCOE

(snorts)

I want a medical condition that lets me sleep at work all day.

Shoos Andy to the door with her hands--

MARVIN

Driver, can I count on you?

ANDY

I'm, um. I'm not sure about all this. I'm gonna have to talk to my union rep.

Roscoe and Marvin freeze.

ANDY

Or, well, I guess I could make do until--

MARVIN

Good man. That is all.

The door closes. Andy's face distorts through the glass.

**END OF COLD OPEN**



**ACT I**

**INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - UP FRONT - DAY**

Passengers board.

Scan passes.

Find seats deep in the bus.

NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL  
Transfer, please.

Andy rips fresh paper.

NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL  
Can I have two?

ANDY  
Sorry, one per fare, miss.

NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL  
That make you a big man? Transfers?

Her point made, she moves on.

Behind her...

OLD MAN  
Can you tell me how to get to City Hall  
from here?

ANDY  
(points)  
You bet. At University, catch the--

OLD MAN  
Oh-no-no-no, write it down. I'll never  
remember all that.

Andy does the math in his head. Leans into the intercom...

ANDY  
Excuse me, riders. Could someone assist  
this young man with directions to City  
Hall? Much appreciated.

NINE-YEAR-OLD GIRL  
(yells out)  
That make you a big man? A microphone?

Two more arrive before the doors fold closed. A plump, Latino woman with a checkered past, BINGO MARY (60) holds hands with TOMMY (10) an innocent lad with mild Autism.

Always the center of her own universe, Bingo Mary gazes over her half-glasses at Andy. He's an obvious mistake.

BINGO MARY  
(slight Latin accent)  
Who... are you?

ANDY  
The regular driver is out sick and evidently, I'm the booby prize.

BINGO MARY  
Oh, no. My Isaac is never sick.

ANDY  
I have to close the doors, ma'am.

Quietly judging him, she steps aboard. Swipes her pass.

Tommy flashes a crudely-fashioned HANDMADE PASS on a lanyard.

ANDY  
May I?

Upon closer inspection, it reads: "Tommy's Honorary Lifetime Pass on Route #9" signed by... who knows?

Andy ain't buying it.

Tommy stands confused. Embarrassed.

Riders mutter.

BINGO MARY  
Excuse me, but this is Tommy. I think maybe if you read it again, you might read it the right way.

He appreciates what she's saying.

ANDY  
Yeah, looks good, guys.

TOMMY  
That's no guy. That's Sister Bingo Mary.

ANDY  
Oh, forgive me, Sister--

BINGO MARY  
You thin'ing of a priest, dear.

TOMMY  
(to Bingo Mary)  
Where's Isaac?

Addressing the regular commuters we are about to meet...

BINGO MARY

Don't chew worry. Bingo Mary will take care of all of this until our Isaac comes back to us.

As the bus rolls, they settle on a bench up front next to DARLA (22). Any other day, she'd be as ding-y as a pinball machine on tilt but today she's anxious. Wearing dark shades.

Slowly, Bingo Mary inches Darla's sunglasses off her face. Reveals a fresh BLACK-EYE that heavy concealer fails to hide.

BINGO MARY

(concerned)

Oh, Darla.

DARLA

Does it show much?

Passengers grumble and stir.

BINGO MARY

Tell Bingo Mary you went to the police this time--

DARLA

I'm sorry.

BINGO MARY

Woman, you have to make dem listen.

DARLA

They told me they don't do a report if he's a cop. That's right, isn't it?

BINGO MARY

No. I don't think so.

DARLA

But... but don't cha think they're gonna talk to him. Don't ya think?

A slow-moving chain-reaction of OUTRAGE washes from passenger to passenger.

Darla sees she's lit a fire. She stands.

Bingo Mary stands beside her.

BINGO MARY

Enough! The police should protect her. She has nowhere else to go.

Concerned, Andy heat checks his mirror.

GITCH (60), a wizened wretch and resident wildcard...

GITCH  
Fuck the police! Waste of taxpayer money.

BINGO MARY  
Like you pay taxes, Gitch.

Catches eyes with KELLOGG (20) an overly cautious snowflake.

KELLOGG  
W-what, me?

BINGO MARY  
Yes, you, Kellogg. What is you thin'?

KELLOGG  
(realizes everyone's staring)  
You know I don't work well under  
pressure.

GITCH  
They're protecting their own!

BINGO MARY  
And so do we!

An air of royalty about him, MERRITT (50) is a graying ponytail in a tailored suit.

MERRITT  
Well, I'm sure I pay more taxes than all  
of you combined.

Did he really just say that out loud?

MERRITT  
And I say we do something about it.

BINGO MARY  
Bingo Mary is listening.

MERRITT  
A march!

GITCH  
Smash windows. Burn cop cars. Burn. Burn!

KELLOGG  
I can't be a part of anything illegal.

BINGO MARY  
(crosses herself)  
And everyone knows Bingo Mary can't do  
anymore hard time.

MERRITT

No, my office specializes in political strategy. We need to organize something for... this Saturday at noon... in front of the downtown precinct. We'll block the streets. We'll march on City Hall!

Gitch stands. PUMPS a fist.

Passengers STAND. ROAR.

GITCH

I can donate four thousand rounds of ammo, three assault rifles, Kevlar, gas masks and a case of Red Bull.

BINGO MARY

Please, Gitch. Let the rich hippie talk.

MERRITT

I'll send our demands to the Mayor.

GITCH

(claps once)  
Hot-damn, it's the 60s all over again.

The bus buzzes.

Darla pushes away tears of joy and relief.

Fear-locked into his driving, Andy stares into traffic.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

And with that, it had begun.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

In charge of every room she enters, Andy's wife GRACE (50) is a natural born rabble-rouser. She shuttles a mishmash of different restaurant TAKE-OUT CONTAINERS to the dinner table.

GRACE

Callie! Dinner!

ANDY

(whines)  
Leftovers again?

GRACE

We gotta talk.

ANDY

How about I order a pizza?

The apple of Andy's eye, his uptalking daughter CALLIE (16) bounces in barefoot from the bathroom.

CALLIE

Daddy, can you do that thing with the toilet? It's running again-uh.

ANDY

Sure, hon, after dinner. We're taking a family vote, leftovers or pizza--

CALLIE

Pizza.

GRACE

--I got laid off.

CALLIE

Mom, again?

GRACE

Laid off isn't the same as being fired.

ANDY

Leftovers it is.

Folds open take-out containers.

GRACE

Oh, and the contractor wants more money before he starts.

ANDY

What happened, Grace?

GRACE

Will you talk to him?

ANDY

(resigned)  
I'll talk to the contractor.

GRACE

They were screwing-over Rudy.

ANDY

Rudy?

GRACE

You know the girl with the thing.

ANDY

(no idea who that is)  
Hmm.

GRACE

So after I make a stink, Rudy gets her hours back. But, get this, I end up being fired. Let go-- Semantics.

ANDY

Gracie, you should just... Ah, we'll figure it out.

Grace passes Andy a serving spoon.

GRACE

How was your day?

ANDY

They put me on a new route.

GRACE

Is that why you were late?

ANDY

Yeah, it's a hike downtown and back.

GRACE

How long they expect you to do that?

ANDY

Oh, I... I don't wanna be a bother.

GRACE

Well, you have to sit 'em down. This is a bigger commitment. Is it more money?

Callie digs leftovers out of a carton.

CALLIE

Obvs, that ain't happening. Daddy, I love you, but when's the last time you ever took a stand on anything?

ANDY

Well, I...

That question hangs in the air.

GRACE

Don't talk to your father like that, missy. You're in enough trouble.

CALLIE

Please, tell him how horrible I am.

GRACE

You didn't think I'd find out?  
(to Andy)

(MORE)

GRACE (cont'd)  
The school called. Your daughter skipped class again.

CALLIE  
It was an important protest-uh!

GRACE  
Do you even know what the protest was for, or were you just there to meet boys?

Callie GROWLS.

Inspiration squirts from Andy's head...

ANDY  
I'm going to a protest.

GRACE  
No, you're not.

ANDY  
Yes, I am. Tomorrow.

CALLIE  
Right on, Dad. What's it for? What's it against?

GRACE  
Callie.

ANDY  
We're protesting police corruption.

CALLIE  
That's so cool--! Can I go?

GRACE  
You're lucky we don't ground you--

ANDY  
Of course you can go. We should all go.

GRACE  
What's gotten into you?

Andy chews the tastiest leftovers ever.

Winks at Callie.

CALLIE  
I see you, Dad.

**END ACT I**



**ACT II**

**EXT. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - DAY**

The white limestone facade has everything but castle turrets. At the entrance, two lines of a dozen RIOT POLICE IN BLACK BATTLE GEAR. Shields. Clubs. Gas masks.

Badge numbers covered.

Between them and a hastily conceived BARRICADE, stands an intern from City Hall, SOPHIE (20) dressed for clubbing.

SOPHIE  
(through a bullhorn)  
Okay, so, go away, now. Shoo. Shoo!

She's confused.

SOPHIE  
Please.

Reveal the entire protest consists of Bingo Mary, Darla, Gitch, Kellogg and a couple others wandering like zombies.

Merritt charges Bingo Mary.

MERRITT  
Uh, where is everybody?

BINGO MARY  
Yes, where the hell is everybody?

With a "FREE DARLA" sign duct taped to his wrist...

KELLOGG  
This is why I don't get involved.

MERRITT  
This is why I don't do pro bono.

GITCH  
Well, I'm ready to rock and roll.

Crushes a Red Bull can against his dome...

... That crumbles him to his knees.

Fights to his feat as Andy and Callie arrive.

The can leaves a red circle on Gitch's forehead.

CALLIE  
Oh, my god-uh, this is so lame.

ANDY

No, we're just early, honey.

KELLOGG

No, she was right the first time.

His validation and dreamy eyes, weakens Callie's knees.

MERRITT

My office sent the press release with our demands to the mayor. You people were supposed to find protesters.

SOPHIE

Yeah, your recs... That's a hard no.

DARLA

But there's a lot more people coming. Right, Bingo Mary?

BINGO MARY

How is I supposed to find protesters?

GITCH

You don't, rookie. You pay. This is complete amateur hour. Protest over!

Gitch walks. Kellogg too. The sign drags behind him.

As the protest breaks up...

ANDY

And I guess we're leaving now.

CALLIE

Who was that guy carrying the sign?

Leaning over the barricade, Bingo Mary shakes her fist...

BINGO MARY

We'll be back!

**INT. CITY HALL - ROME'S OFFICE - DAY**

The apex predator of city government, Deputy Mayor, ROME (40) sits resplendent in her achromatic office. Paints her nails red. Lectures her idealistic intern Sophie.

ROME

Oh, don't blame yourself.

SOPHIE

I don't.

ROME

It was my mistake sending you out there.

SOPHIE

Hey, I just, like, totally de-F-ed a potential stich.

ROME

I assumed sending an intern looked insulting enough to inspire violence, looting, mayhem...

SOPHIE

Cringe. Isn't government s'ppose to bring the people together?

ROME

Sounds like some liberal brain-swill regurgitated from a freshman PolySci textbook. Do yourself a favor and burn it before those ideas seed.

SOPHIE

Burn books? Woof! I thought we were the good guys.

ROME

Rrrrao! I like the fight in you, kitten.

SOPHIE

Together is good.

ROME

Together is bad. Chaos is good. Together, people are strong. They can do anything. As long as we can keep them fighting amongst each other--

SOPHIE

The people who, like, elected us--?

ROME

Or agency against agency, anything that grabs headlines and keeps the masses distracted. --Oh and a clarification, I'm appointed and you work for school credit.

SOPHIE

Hold on, they said they're coming back.

ROME

Good. We got another shot at this. We need to keep 'em divided. Keep 'em distracted. Let 'em chant. Let 'em march. Let the cops knock some heads.

(MORE)

ROME (cont'd)  
 While they're fighting amongst  
 themselves, we have cover to slip through  
 more pressing matters behind the scenes.

A THICK BINDER drops to the desk titled "REZONING OUR CITY."

**INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - BACK OF THE BUS - SAME**

Meanwhile, another plan emerges...

INDIAN BOB  
 Trust me. The sight of folding money will  
 bring 'em in thicker than swamp fog. You  
 got that kinda scratch, lady?

BINGO MARY  
 Bingo Mary works in mysterious ways.

INDIAN BOB  
 And all we gotta do is go ta this thing  
 at the police station?

BINGO MARY  
 This is true, mister Indian Bob.

INDIAN BOB  
 There gonna be sandwiches?

BINGO MARY  
 Lots of sandwiches.

INDIAN BOB  
 No baloney.

BINGO MARY  
 No baloney.

INDIAN BOB  
 Hmm, I got a pretty good network.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Andy scoops vanilla ice cream from a tub. Drops generous  
 servings into three bowls. Grace corrects his every move.

GRACE  
 ... Ten? Ten people doesn't make a  
 protest.

CALLIE  
 (pecks on her phone)  
 Mom, you weren't there. There was cops  
 and everything.

GRACE  
I've been to protests-- I've organized  
real protests. I know what you're up to.

CALLIE  
Please, tell him how horrible I am.

GRACE  
(to Andy)  
She's only there to meet boys.

Callie rolls her eyes as only a teenage daughter can do.

ANDY  
So, why'd you stop?

GRACE  
(meaning Callie)  
Oh, I'm just getting started.

ANDY  
No, I mean protesting. Why'd you decide  
to have people stop thinking of you as  
one thing... and then start thinking of  
you as something different?

CALLIE  
Yeah.

GRACE  
Well... I guess I wanted different  
things. I got pregnant.

Trades a teensy smile with Callie.

GRACE  
(to Andy)  
So you think you're an activist now?

ANDY  
Well, maybe I want different things.

CALLIE  
(into her bowl)  
Like chocolate?

Grace and Callie giggle. Andy not so much.

ANDY  
Is that funny? Am I some kinda joke? Is  
everything I do some kinda joke?

GRACE  
Andy, she didn't say that. Did you,  
Callie?

CALLIE

Daddy, you're better than vanilla.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - DAY**

Nearly a Roman legion of RIOT POLICE IN BLACK BATTLE GEAR stand intransigent behind hardened barricades. BATONS ready.

Disinterested, a hundred transients socialize. Laugh. Partake in an inexhaustible feast of WHITE BREAD SANDWICHES.

Two dozen HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS gather in protective sports gear and theater costumes. Hand-painted signs. Spelling errors a caveman would notice. PHONES recording everything.

Callie scans the crowd. Totally pulling off a sexy protester outfit. Bites her lip. Only one person on her mind.

**INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - DANGEROUSLY OVERLOADED - SAME**

Andy spies a MASSIVE CROWD at an upcoming bus stop.

BINGO MARY

We need to get them to our protest.

ANDY

Sorry, we're full.

BINGO MARY

Slow down. I's got an idea.

ANDY

Fine, but I'm not stopping.

Bingo Mary wedges through the crowded bus.

**EXT. CITY STREETS - MOMENTS LATER**

Bingo Mary wrestles open a back window.

Throws handfuls of DOLLAR BILLS from her satchel.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

Now, it's a well-known fact that folks will follow anything that leaks money.

A MAD SCRAMBLE.

People chase bills down the street as they fall.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - DAY**

The #9 BUS arrives.

Doors fold open. Humanity washes out.

RUBEN  
Okay, so where's the money?

ELROY  
Where's the sandwiches?

Indian Bob arrives.

INDIAN BOB  
They're outta sandwiches--

ELROY  
I'm being screwed again!

INDIAN BOB  
(points to Bingo Mary)  
And she has the money.

A crowd of people with FISTS FULL OF DOLLARS trail the bus.

BINGO MARY  
There's no more money. I threw the rest  
out the window to get the peoples here.

RUBEN  
Who has my money?

An AGGRESSIVE PANHANDLER (30) limps forward.

AGGRESSIVE PANHANDLER  
Princess, you better find more money,  
because my friends here, like Billy Head-  
Screws - his God-given Christian name -  
ain't having one of his good days.

Quickly, word spreads there's no more money.

AGGRESSIVE PANHANDLER (V.O.)  
And Hammer, we ain't never sure about  
Hammer. The rest of 'em... Well, I don't  
see a straight tooth in the lot.

An indistinguishable CHANT starts low.

#### **IN FRONT OF THE PRECINCT**

Anxious, Riot Police stir.

The POLICE COMMANDER (50) raises a bullhorn.

POLICE COMMANDER  
Disperse or we will clear the streets.

#### **AT THE BARRICADE**

The chant rises LOUDER. Clearer.

Students turn to identify the source. It's everywhere.

THE CROWD (O.S.)  
Twos! Twos! Twos!

Callie finds Kellogg, huffing pure fear.

She strikes a pose beside him. Stares into the distance.

CALLIE  
(plays it cool)  
Oh, hey.

Kellogg doesn't notice Callie.

#### **AT THE BUS**

As Andy steps off the bus, the crowd parts...

THE CROWD  
Twos! Twos! Twos!

... reveals TWOS (20), a goliath. No less than 400 pounds.  
Stuffs a whole sandwich in his mouth. Chews.

ELROY  
(stomps away)  
That better not be the last sandwich.

ANDY  
Eh. Why do they call him Twos?

AGGRESSIVE PANHANDLER  
It's either because he hears two voices  
in his head or he ate two people.

Twos shakes his chubby fist at Bingo Mary.

TWOS  
I see you in there, you devil. Did you  
steal my money?!

BINGO MARY  
Okay, I'm going with the two voices.

#### **AT THE BARRICADE**

Two sun-bronzed hands crack open a white bread sandwich.

ELROY  
It's fucking baloney!

Sets the world outdoor record for throwing a sandwich...



**IN FRONT OF THE PRECINCT**

... And it SPLATS into the Police Commander's face shield. Sticks. Outraged, he BLOWS a piercing whistle.

Riot Police RUSH around the barricades.

CLASH with protesters.

It's a cross between a prison riot and a zoo escape.

Deep in the crowd, Gitch shakes a lit TIKI TORCH.

GITCH

Burn! Burn it all! Burn!

**AT THE BUS**

Bingo Mary grabs Andy.

BINGO MARY

You're the bus driver. Do sumthin'.

Twos WAILS.

Rushes Bingo Mary and Andy. Lickety-split, they turn tail and run. She's quick for an older woman. Fortunately, Twos isn't.

Running for his life, someone BUMPS Andy-- Spins him.

He spots his daughter, Callie...

**AT THE BARRICADE**

... Cheek by jowl, High School Students SCREAM at police.

Kellogg cowers behind his sign. Sobs.

Oblivious, Callie fingers a strand of hair behind her ear.

CALLIE

(to Kellogg)

So-uh, what's your girlfriend's name?

At a dead run, Andy HOISTS his daughter over his shoulder.

CALLIE

Oh, no! Dad! No!

Andy spots Darla in the crowd.

Grabs her wrist.

**INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - UP FRONT - CONTINUOUS**

Andy hustles Callie and Darla on board. He closes the doors.

CALLIE

That was so embarrassing!

ANDY

Where's Bingo Mary?

DARLA

Oh, don't give that one a second thought--  
No one fights dirtier like Bingo Mary.  
Like a feral cat with a taste for blood.

**AT THE BARRICADE**

Batons. Tear gas. BEDLAM. Stuff no one easily forgets.

Fear and moonshine compete for Gitch's eyes. Swings his torch at Twos like a villager fending off Frankenstein. They dance.

Bingo Mary SCREAMS like a banshee--

Springs on Twos' back. Clamps her hands over his eyes.

He flails. Struggles.

Pries one of her hands away.

Gitch stabs the torch at his face. FIRE!

Twos panics. Spins. But Bingo Mary ain't letting go.

Ruben lifts a dollar off the ground. CACKLES. Wanders away.

Merritt STAGGERS out of the smoke. Coughs.

Stumbles over Kellogg, crying in a fetal position.

**INT./EXT. BUS ROUTE #9 - DAY**

Darla points out the window. Defensive bruises on her arms.

DARLA

Ooh, pretty. Fireworks.

Flashbangs EXPLODE. A dumpster fire RAGES. Tear gas snakes around rioters.

The bus inches through gaps emerging in the chaos.

CALLIE

This is sooooo cool.

Screams like you only hear in a slaughterhouse.

**END ACT II**

**ACT III**

**INT. CITY HALL - ROME'S OFFICE - DAY**

Rome paces.

The Police Commander and Sophie sit in chairs.

ROME

Where were our water cannons?

POLICE COMMANDER

The fire department has water cannons.

ROME

Come on now, the fire department has water cannons and you don't?

POLICE COMMANDER

Now, Rome-- I mean, ma'am. I mean, no.

ROME

Every peanut dictator in every third-world shithole's got a water cannon and we don't?! That's how you put down an insurgency.

(to Sophie)

Write this down. I want a water cannon -- even if we have to steal it outta the suicide prevention hotline budget again.

POLICE COMMANDER

Thank you, ma'am. Can I... you know--?

ROME

Get outta here.

The Police Commander skips away as fast as he can.

Scalding Sophie with her eyes...

ROME

Don't you say it-- Don't you dare. Mhnn! I want them distracted, not us. Now go get me a goddamn water cannon.

**INT. METRO TRANSIT BASE - BULLPEN - DAY**

Roscoe pushes away from a report on her computer.

ROSCOE

Well, that was a gripping read. Damage to public property, inciting a riot, endangering riders' lives.

(MORE)

ROSCOE (cont'd)  
You're a regular Russian nesting doll of  
life-altering legal liabilities.

ANDY  
So, I'm fired?

ROSCOE  
Fired? I'm impressed. Before yesterday,  
you were completely invisible. Done  
nothing. The perfect beta male drone.

ANDY  
Does everyone see me as some kinda joke?

ROSCOE  
I see you as smart enough to return to  
baseline.

ANDY  
There's a lot more to me than you think.

ROSCOE  
Not a chance. Now, look, I'm gonna do you  
a solid and fall on this grenade--

ANDY  
We need to get involved--

ROSCOE  
Negative. Scotch any idea of getting any  
more involved than you already are.  
(in her own head)  
Otherwise, I'll, like, have to start  
driving again. And then I'll have to  
start drinking again and smoking PCP. And  
then it all gets really dark from there.

ANDY  
--You'll see.

ROSCOE  
That's right, I see all. And know all. As  
far as you're concerned, I am your God.

**BUS SURVEILLANCE FOOTAGE WITH THE TIME AND DATE**

Andy marches up to the ceiling camera on the bus. Waves.  
Smiles. Swings a tire iron. STATIC.

**INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - UP FRONT - LATER**

Andy drives. The regular riders crowd near.

ANDY

People are gonna start taking us seriously-- And by us, I mean me. And by serious, I mean, no joking around.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

And that's when we all started coming together as a team. Andy told us...

Periodically, Andy mouths Indian Bob's words.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

... The only way ta take down a corrupt system is to apply enough pressure in the right spot. And what better place ta start, than Nash -- Darla's super agro cop boyfriend. But we needed someone who worked in the Police Records Department.

BINGO MARY

But we don't know no one like that.

ANDY

Well, we might not know people, but we know people who know people-- Riders on other buses who know people.

INDIAN BOB

(to camera)

You do realize this is a complete rip-off of the hobo networking system.

DARLA

Sounds complicated-- And weird.

GITCH

I think weird's what we're going for.

KELLOGG

Wait, I know someone on the Red Line who might know someone.

ANDY

There you go.

BINGO MARY

Spread the word.

**EXT. BUS STOP SHELTER - DAY**

Indian Bob negotiates with TINI (30) a short, stout woman.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

And sure enough, I found someone in records willin' ta play ball, literally.

(MORE)

INDIAN BOB (V.O.) (cont'd)  
 See, she was the catcher for the cops'  
 softball team.

**EXT. MUNICIPAL SOFTBALL COMPLEX - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

Behind the plate, Tini watches a pitch get crushed.  
 Furious, she spikes her mask and glove.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)  
 And every year they would lose to the  
 firefighters in the big charity game. And  
 evidently, there's nothin' worse than  
 losin' to firefighters.

**END FLASHBACK**

**EXT. BUS STOP SHELTER - DAY**

Tini wags her finger at Indian Bob.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)  
 She was throwin' shade on Nash from  
 memory-- Knew lots of police cover-ups by  
 City Hall. So if we could fix the game,  
 she'd give us a thick file of dirt.

INDIAN BOB  
 (to camera)  
 Her name was Tini (Teeny) somethin'. A  
 big girl for a Tini.

**INT. BUS - THE BLUE LINE - DAY**

A bookish man, JUKE (65) sits between Darla and Kellogg.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)  
 So then we got ta work on findin' the ump  
 who was scheduled ta call the game.

Over his thick glasses, Juke leers at Darla.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)  
 And he had Coke bottle glasses, so this  
 was gonna be totally believable.

**EXT. JUKE'S HOME - NIGHT**

Juke trots out his pet alligator WALLY on a leash.  
 Kellogg and Darla do their best to not be terrified.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

But Juke was a hard sell. See, his blind pet gator, Wally, was riddled with arthritis. And Juke wanted an all-city parking pass. Thought it'd be easier to walk ol' Wally if he could park anywhere.

**INT. BUS - ROUTE 283 - DAY**

Indian Bob addresses the camera from a middle seat.

INDIAN BOB

I don't get it, but whatever.

Behind him, Gitch shares a nip from his flask with MALAIKA (40). She's human hyperbole. Long nails, hair extensions and limitless attitude.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

Eventually, Gitch found someone in the department of licensing who was down for a well-paying side hustle. And it was on.

**EXT. MUNICIPAL SOFTBALL COMPLEX - THE STANDS - NIGHT**

On the far side of a chain-link backstop, the COPS play the FIREFIGHTERS in the big charity softball game.

Indian Bob turns to us. Counts on fingers...

INDIAN BOB

It was pretty simple. Malaika brings the parking pass... We slip her the cash... Juke throws the game... and Tini gives us a thumb drive with all the cover-ups.

**NEAR THE CONCESSIONS STAND**

Andy argues with Bingo Mary, Gitch, Darla and Kellogg. Hand in hand, Indian Bob and Tommy join them.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

Of course, that's nothing like what really happened.

The sound of a softball being DESTROYED...

Swings everyone's head to--

**THE FIELD**

A softball SCREAMS outta the park, straightaway centerfield and in the general direction of Cooperstown.

EXUBERANT FIREFIGHTERS stream onto the field. Celebrate.

Behind home plate, Tini spikes her catcher's mitt. Glowers.

**NEAR THE CONCESSIONS STAND**

Grace and Callie rush Andy.

GRACE  
Andy, what's going on?

ANDY  
Bingo Mary didn't get the money--

BINGO MARY  
You never told Bingo Mary it would be that much money!

ANDY  
And so Gitch couldn't get the parking pass. But that don't matter because Babe Ruth--

GITCH  
Aaron Judge--

ANDY  
Whoever--

DARLA  
It was Aaron Judge.

ANDY  
Aaron Judge just hit a walk-off home run.

KELLOGG  
(dumbfounded)  
That was Aaron Judge?

GRACE  
Wait-why is Aaron Judge on their team?

DARLA  
'Cuz they cheat.

ANDY  
So we tried, but without the parking pass, we couldn't throw the game. And that means we didn't get the evidence to lock up Darla's asshole boyfriend.

GRACE  
(laughs)  
You did all that?

ANDY  
We almost did all that.



GRACE

Andy, I have to say, I'm kinda impressed.

**THE DUGOUT**

Nash assaults a cooler with an ALUMINUM BAT.

GITCH (V.O.)

But we still gotta problem.

**NEAR THE CONCESSIONS STAND**

GITCH

Ya know Nash's goin' out drinkin' after  
the game with his hoodlum cop buddies.  
And ya know he's comin' home drunk.

Darla drops her head.

ANDY

We gotta get Darla outta her apartment.

DARLA

Oo, we should do it before he gets home.

ANDY

That's the general idea, Darla.

BINGO MARY

--I have the rectory van. And the less I  
say about that the better.

KELLOGG

Why do we think this is gonna work?

INDIAN BOB

Our last plan almost worked.

BINGO MARY

"You got to lose... to know how to win."

GRACE

Psalms?

BINGO MARY

Aerosmith, dear.

GRACE

Andy, who are these people?

**EXT. DARLA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT**

The team bucket-brigades Darla's earthly belongings into  
"Saint Jude's" rectory van. Painted loud, psychedelic colors.

BINGO MARY

Fast, not neat, people. He could be back  
anytime, now. Drunk as yer daddies on  
Christmas morning.

Andy's phone blows up.

GRACE

What's all that about?

ANDY

About twenty messages from work.

GRACE

Well, then, it must be important.

ANDY

Evidently, I can't be fired, so it's not  
that important.

KELLOGG

(hefting a box)

I dunno. Is this everything?

DARLA

Yeah, I don't have a...

The disappointment on everyone's face slows her roll.

DARLA

... A lotta stuff.

Over Darla's shoulder stands NASH (30). Tall. Athletic. And a  
skin full of beer. Chews. Spits.

She won't face him.

But Andy will. Steps in front of the group.

Nash rests an aluminum bat on his shoulder.

ANDY

(locked into Nash)

Everybody in the van.

No one budes. Resolved.

DARLA

I'm leaving ya, Nash. There was more when  
I rehearsed this in my head. But, now,  
okay. So, okay, that's it.

Walks away, never looking back.

NASH

Yeah?

ANDY  
 Yeah, she's leaving.  
 (insecure)  
 But if we took any of your stuff by  
 mistake, we'll, of course, return it.  
 Just... just stay away from her.

NASH  
 You talk a lot.

ANDY  
 (scoffs)  
 That bat... That bat make you a big man?

Nash WHIPS the bat under-hand through a car window...

CRASH!

... Everyone flinches.

ANDY  
 'K, everyone in the cars. You too, Grace.  
 Andy's back-up drifts away.  
 Nash SPITS chew like he's been doing it since birth.  
 Mugs up Andy.

ANDY  
 We got so much shit on you. Evidence  
 that's been covered up for years. Enough  
 to bury you and your whole department.

NASH  
 Hmm, and where's this shit evidence?

ANDY  
 Hypothetical evidence. I, uh. We'll have  
 the evidence... very soon.

NASH  
 You sure talk a lot.

Glances down. Balls a fist.

As Nash looks up, his eyes LIGHT.

He wheels back-- Stumbles.

Terrified, Nash scrambles away.

ANDY  
 Yeah, better run.

The sound of a prehistoric *HISS*.

And that lights Andy's eyes.

He spins--

ANDY  
(reeling)  
Oh, shit!

As the alligator, Wally lunges--

The leash slips out of Jukes hand.

Wally darts straight after Nash.

Trees him.

Hugging a limb, Nash wails.

Below, Wally circles the tree trunk.

JUKE  
(to Darla)  
Dang it, I was gonna help you pack--

Darla pecks Juke's cheek.

DARLA  
Mmmwah! You're right on time.

JUKE  
Well, better get Wally before he gives  
that poor fella a coronary.

Wally hisses at the base of the tree.

Nash cries out for help.

ANDY  
Or, take your time.

DARLA  
(aside to Andy)  
I'd kiss ya too, but your wife's here.  
Plus I think Juke's kinda crushin' on me.

Andy's phone buzzes. He digs for it.

ANDY  
An alligator's loose in the parking lot  
and that's what you're worried about?

As Andy reads a text, everyone circles.

ANDY  
Jesus, it's Isaac.

TOMMY  
What about Isaac?

GRACE  
Who's Isaac?

BINGO MARY  
Isaac's the real bus driver, missus Andy.  
We must have our Isaac back.

ANDY  
He's in the hospital.

GITCH  
Which one? I'm intimate with all of 'em.

TOMMY  
I'm going.

BINGO MARY  
We are all going.

ANDY  
(reading the text)  
Why does he want to see me?

**INT. HOSPITAL - NURSE'S STATION - NIGHT**

Andy, Grace and Callie huddle near a sympathetic NURSE (40).

NURSE  
Oh, I'm so glad you're here. He's very  
close, now, and it's so sad when there's  
no one there at the end. Are you ready?

ANDY  
For what?

NURSE  
I don't think he has any family left.

Confused, Grace and Callie stay behind as the Nurse ushers  
Andy into...

**A PRIVATE ROOM**

... ISAAC, a frail old man, sleeps in a hospital bed. He's  
wired to machines and monitors.

Andy drags a chair to his bedside.

Isaac coughs himself awake. Sees Andy's METRO TRANSIT JACKET.

ISAAC  
Well, hello.

ANDY  
Hello, I'm Andy.

ISAAC  
I know. I asked to see you.

Obviously weak, he sits up a little.

ISAAC  
You have a family, son?

ANDY  
I do. They're just outside.

ISAAC  
It's good to have a family. Someone to lean on, take care of. I never got around to a family. Guess my work was my family.

ANDY  
That sounds about right.

ISAAC  
I'm glad I got to meet you, Andy.

ANDY  
Me, too.

A gentle knock as the Nurse cracks the door open. Isaac's regular riders quietly drift in. Then Grace and Callie.

BINGO MARY  
Oh, Isaac.

TOMMY  
Wow, you're really sick, Isaac.

ISAAC  
Yes, Tommy. I am.

Tommy cups Andy's hand.

Isaac smiles at Andy.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)  
We visited for a while. Then Isaac said he was tired. He smiled and fell asleep.

#### **THE NEXT DAY**

An empty room. Quiet. The bed neatly made.

**END ACT III**

## TAG

## EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

A ferocious WATER CANNON FIGHT between the Fire Department and the Police Department. Yelling. Sirens.

Behind a riot shield, a POLICE OFFICER gets BLASTED away.

## INT. CITY HALL - ROME'S OFFICE - DAY

A newspaper lands on Rome's desk.

Headline: "POLICE COVER-UPS TRACED BACK TO CITY HALL"

SOPHIE (O.S.)  
I don't believe it.

ROME  
I know, I made my bones burying those cases.

SOPHIE  
(meaning the newspaper)  
No, I mean I can't believe they still make those things.

ROME  
A little birdie told me the crusaders who leaked this libelist trash are the same ones who sparked the riots. And they're organizing on buses.

Sophie mumbles as she types on her phone...

SOPHIE  
Crusaders. On. Buses.

ROME  
Now, Sophie, I want you to infiltrate their ranks, earn their trust and bring me back their plans.

SOPHIE  
(mumbles)  
They've got plans.

ROME  
We can't let this sidetrack our plan--

SOPHIE  
Your plan--

ROME

My plan to rezone low-income housing  
outta the downtown retail core.

Sophie stops typing. Indignant, stares up at Rome.

ROME

Oh, don't look at me like that. How much  
do the homeless contribute to society?

**INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - BACK OF THE BUS - DAY**

Indian Bob addresses the camera...

INDIAN BOB

So, last night, riding the C Line, I run  
into Willie from the Mission.

**INT. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - FLASHBACK - NIGHT**

Wearing a janitor's uniform, WILLIE (70) pushes a cleaning  
cart into a dark office.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

... And it turns out, one of his jobs is  
he's the overnight janitor at the police  
precinct where Tini works--

The lights snap on. Reveal beer cans everywhere.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

And Willie was none too pleased 'bout  
their little softball after-party.

Willie plucks a thumb drive off Tini's desk.

"NASH" written on the side.

**EXT. DOWNTOWN POLICE PRECINCT - FLASHBACK - DAY**

With heavy hands on Nash, TWO BURLY OFFICERS hustle him out  
of the building and through an angry crowd on the steps.

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)

So Merritt released the flash drive to  
the media and Nash is going ta jail.

A YOUNG MAN spits at Nash.

Misses. Hits a Burly Officer instead.

A MELEE ensues.

On all fours, Nash crawls through the crowd.



Slips around the corner of the burgeoning riot.

**END FLASHBACK**

**INT. BUS ROUTE #9 - MIDDLE OF THE BUS - DAY**

Indian Bob addresses the camera.

INDIAN BOB

We did it! We're fightin' back.

Spots Gitch hustling Sophie forward. Clutching her arm.

INDIAN BOB

Uh-oh.

GITCH

We got a spy in our midst. Caught her red-handed recordin' everything we say.

KELLOGG

(spinning out)

Saying what? What were we saying? I wasn't saying anything. Oh, Lord, I have to stop talking now. Am I still talking?

DARLA

She don't look like a spy.

SOPHIE

I'm an intern.

Stress drains out of the air.

SOPHIE

But I was spying for City Hall.

Shocked, Andy checks his mirror.

BINGO MARY

Tommy, Bingo Mary needs you to hold a few things that should not be on her person.

SOPHIE

(giddy)

Oh, but I'm totally down with what you guys are doing. Screw my boss and her plans to boot homeless out of the city--

Bug-eyed, Indian Bob prairie-dogs over a seat.

SOPHIE

I'm in.

Everyone turns to Andy.

A loaded moment.

ANDY  
Well... Welcome aboard, miss.

Bingo Mary and Darla offer her a seat on the bench.

**INT. ANDY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT**

Andy and Grace sit down for dinner.

ANDY  
... And then Sophie said she'd feed us information about the mayor's office.

GRACE  
That's great, Andy. But, I mean... you've never really done anything like this.

ANDY  
Like what?

GRACE  
Lead a revolution.

The moment catches up to Andy--

Until Callie walks in wearing booty shorts and a midriff top.

ANDY  
You know, you're right. I can't even get our daughter to dress for dinner. Callie, dear, can you put something on?

Ignoring him, Callie sits for dinner. Stares into her phone.

GRACE  
... Fortunately, Andy, I have.

That fires Andy's imagination.

GRACE  
Okay, here's the first thing we gotta do, organize... (the audio trails away)

INDIAN BOB (V.O.)  
And that's how this whole mess got started.

**END OF SHOW**