

Detroit Made
"Pilot"

by

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INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

OFFICER TONYA WALES (30s), African American, is on the witness stand in full Detroit Police Department dress uniform.

MARYEE (O.S.)
Is that when you pulled your
weapon?

OFFICER WALES
I had it unholstered but I was not
yet pointing it at the suspect.

INT. STOREFRONT CHURCH - DAY [FLASHBACK]

MARYEE GABRIEL (21), of mixed cultural backgrounds, part African-American, part Anglo-American, in a tailored white pant suit, a Wayne County Assistant Prosecutor's badge around her neck, descends the basement stairs.

She holds a pistol down to her side.

CARMELLA'S VOICE (O.S.)
Tell me Shaka ordered you to torch
Justice's house. Tell me!

Maryee peeks around the corner and sees CARMELLA (35 but looks 50), Anglo-American, in short shorts, a tank top and stripper heels. She holds a gun on WILLIE K (30s), African American, wearing raggedy clothes and work boots, hands tied with rope.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Maryee, in her tailored white pant suit, approaches Officer Wales who is on the witness stand.

MARYEE
Could you clearly see the victim
at this time?

OFFICER WALES
The suspect was in my line of
sight. I could see him and his
weapon.

INT. STOREFRONT CHURCH - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Maryee, pistol to her side, watches from around the corner as Carmella interrogates Willie K.

WILLIE K
His place on Lyon, torch it. I
won't say a word.

CARMELLA
That house burned last year!

Willie K remembers and curses silently.

Carmella consults a crumpled piece of paper titled
'INTERROGATING WILLIE K'. She takes a deep breath and shoves
the paper back in her shorts' pocket.

CARMELLA
Give me one reason not to shoot
you right now.

Willie K WHIMPERS.

CARMELLA
What's he planning next? What
police officers are in his pocket?
Does he have someone from our
family on his payroll?

WILLIE K
He don't trust me that much. You
gots to know I'm just the muscle.

Carmella waves her gun in his face. Willie K SOBS.

CARMELLA
The only muscle on your body's the
one you lyin' out of, Willie K!

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

A female JUDGE on the bench. A JURY off to the side. ATTORNEYS
and a gallery full of SPECTATORS, mostly COPS and REPORTERS.
African American FAMILIES sit in the front rows.

Maryee faces Officer Wales directly.

MARYEE
Did you tell him to drop his
weapon?

OFFICER WALES
Three times.

MARYEE
And when he didn't do as
instructed?

OFFICER WALES
I shot the suspect.

MARYEE
The victim--

OFFICER WALES
The suspect--

MARYEE
But there was no weapon recovered
at the scene.

A male DEFENSE ATTORNEY stands behind his table and addresses
the judge.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
Objection, your honor. The
assistant district attorney has
not asked a question. Again. And
this particular point has been
brought up--

He consults a legal pad.

DEFENSE ATTORNEY
--eleven times in four days.

JUDGE
Move it along, Ms. Gabriel.

INT. STOREFRONT CHURCH - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Maryee moves toward Carmella and Willie K.

WILLIE K
(sobbing)
I don't wanna be no snitch...

MARYEE
Step back, Carmella.

Carmella steps back.

Maryee approaches Willie K and pulls the trigger.

One bullet.

Willie K is dead.

CARMELLA
Damn, boss.

Carmella crosses herself, then Willie K. She tucks her gun in the back of her shorts.

CARMELLA

I known Willie K a long time, he would've told me anything if I'd have just given him a blowie. I was just tryin' to scare him into talkin' on account've I'm wearin' shorts and the cement would've tore up my knees.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Maryee faces Officer Wales.

MARYEE

Officer Wales, to the best of your recollection, what happened to Devon Hughes' weapon that evening?

OFFICER WALES

I don't know.

MARYEE

Is it possible he never had one?

INT. STOREFRONT CHURCH - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Carmella and Maryee stand over Willie K's body.

CARMELLA

I think he was gonna tell me someone from the family is working for Shaka. That's like a betrayal, Maryee. Why didn't you let him talk?

There's an awkward SILENCE. Then...

CARMELLA

I know you had two mommas before I come along. Miles is the penultimate ladies' man--

MARYEE

Ultimate--

CARMELLA

But I do know how to take care of you. Let me.

Maryee heads toward the stairs.

MARYEE
 (mostly to herself)
 Separation of church and state.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Maryee walks out of the courtroom. OSCAR CAVANAGH (25), Anglo American, in a snappy suit and wheelchair, waits for her, all smiles. He rolls next to her as she walks down the hall.

OSCAR
 Ms. Child Prodigy racks up another win. And gets a bad cop off the streets to boot.

MARYEE
 I don't think she's bad, just negligent. That's why I went for involuntary manslaughter instead--

A FEMALE REPORTER catches up to the pair.

REPORTER
 ADA Gabriel, care to comment on this win?

INT. STOREFRONT CHURCH - DAY [FLASHBACK]

Maryee starts up the basement stairs.

MARYEE
 (mostly to herself)
 Separation of church and state.

Carmella drags Willie K's body off the couch and yells up to Maryee.

CARMELLA
 Word on the street is Justice is gonna meet RICO. No separation of anything no more, boss. You gotta get her out of jail.

Maryee turns around and is in Carmella's face in an instant.

MARYEE
 This turf war will be the end of us, Carmella. We all need to quit fucking up!

Maryee stomps back up the stairs.

APPLE GABRIEL (55), African American, gaunt, in a house dress and slippers, waits at the top, an oxygen tank at her side.

APPLE
Time to take off the suit, girl.

Apple takes a hit of oxygen. Maryee smooths out her jacket.

MARYEE
My suit's just fine.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Maryee looks at the reporter.

MARYEE
No comment.

Maryee and Oscar move on. The reporter retreats.

OSCAR
You're allowed to crow a bit for
the good guys.

Maryee checks her phone. She notices a speck on the cuff of her suit jacket. Upon closer inspection it looks like dried blood.

MARYEE
Sometimes it's hard to tell the
good guys from the bad guys.

INT. STOREFRONT CHURCH - NIGHT

Maryee, still in her white pant suit, enters the storefront which serves as a makeshift church sanctuary. A young GIRL plays AMAZING GRACE on a keyboard. Several WOMEN straighten up folding chairs, pick up bibles, SING and HUM along.

Apple packages cookies at a table in the back. BAILEY GABRIEL (12), African American, in pigtails, works on her homework.

Maryee sits down next to Bailey and sets down her phone. Bailey hands a piece of paper to Maryee, she reads it.

The girl finishes her song. In between hits of oxygen, Apple passes out cookies to the women.

APPLE
Jesus was with us tonight.
Wednesday Freddie McGee is going
to give her testimony and you do
not want to miss it. Seven sharp.

The women nod and leave. Apple uses her oxygen.

APPLE
You miss fellowship because you
were getting Justice out of jail?

MARYEE
Putting a negligent cop behind
bars.

Maryee hands the paper back to Bailey.

MARYEE
You need a conclusion, every story
needs an ending.

BAILEY
Even a stupid story about
volcanos?

MARYEE
Especially a stupid story about
volcanos.

Bailey plays with Maryee's phone, taking selfies.

BAILEY
Can you take me to get an iPhone?

Maryee looks from Bailey back to Apple like, really?

BAILEY
What if I pay for it? You just
hafta give me a ride.

Bailey pulls a wad of cash out of her pocket.

MARYEE
Where did you get that, Bailey
Anne Marie?

BAILEY
I earned it.

MARYEE
How?

BAILEY
Dealing.

Apple grabs her oxygen tank. Maryee steals herself.

MARYEE
Dealing what?

BAILEY
 Five card stud. Chicago High.
 Follow the Queen. Texas Hold 'Em.
 Mom says I can run my own game
 some day.

Maryee's beyond relieved. Bailey's confused.

APPLE
 Praise the Lord!

BAILEY
 It's all in the wrist. And you
 have to be smart. Mom says I'm
 smart like you, Maryee.

Maryee smiles at Apple. Okay, they can handle poker.

BAILEY
 And some of it's from selling
 weed. Auntie June said she'll get
 me more tomorrow.

The relief is gone.

INT. RITE AID PHARMACY - NIGHT

Maryee stands in line, lost in thought. A disgruntled FEMALE CLERK raises her voice.

CLERK
 Apple Gabriel. Last call.

Maryee shakes herself out of it and steps up to the counter.

MARYEE
 That's me.

CLERK
 Have you had Dilaudid before?

MARYEE
 Apple has, my grandmother. We're
 familiar with it.

CLERK
 Four hundred seventy two dollars
 and seventeen cents.

Maryee stares at the number on the cash register.

MARYEE
 (to herself)
 Fuck.

CLERK
Four hundred--

MARYEE
Yep, got it. Oh, and this too.

Maryee drops a pregnancy test on the counter.

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Maryee works in an office bullpen crammed with desks and various PERSONNEL. Oscar rolls his wheelchair toward her. He tosses a stack of files on her desk.

Maryee's cell phone BUZZES. She ignores it.

MARYEE
Did you talk to the senator's office? We have to get the petroleum regulations bill approved in the committee--

OSCAR
Let's win the case first, then work on changing the laws.

MARYEE
We're running out of time. She's getting sicker...and I drank that water almost every day growing up.

OSCAR
No one's running out of time. We've got this.

He wheels away, Maryee smiles and watches him for a moment. Her phone BUZZES again. She reads the text.

APPLE (TEXT)
911 - come now

EXT. STOREFRONT CHURCH - DAY

Apple sits on the step and breathes oxygen from her mask. Maryee paces in front of her.

MARYEE
From the apartment too? Or just the church space?

APPLE
No such thing as half-evicted.

MARYEE
Where's June?

APPLE
That child is touched.

MARYEE
He can't legally evict you without
a court order.

MR. SYLVESTER (70s), steps out from next door.

MR. SYLVESTER
I can get a court order for you
all creating mayhem. The last
straw was when that white lady
dragged that man in there kickin'
and screamin'.

APPLE
Eavesdropping son-of-a-bitch.

MARYEE
Mister Sylvester, let's figure
something out. Something
beneficial for all of us.

MR. SYLVESTER
This officer of the court shit you
try to pull, Miss Maryee? It's not
gonna fly. You'd have to arrest
your whole family along with me,
and yourself too. I suggest you
just get on with finding Miss
Apple here a new place to lay her
head.

Mr. Sylvester goes back inside and SLAMS HIS DOOR.

INT. COURTROOM - DAY

The sound of a BANGING GAVEL echoes.

The room is crowded with NOISY onlookers. Dozens of CORPORATE LAWYERS on the defendant's side. Maryee, Oscar and Wayne County PROSECUTOR SANDRA BOLIN (50s), African American, sit on the prosecution's side.

JUDGE CAROLYN DONALD (50s) is beyond serious. She BANGS HER GAVEL once more for good measure. She addresses the room.

JUDGE DONALD
 You all will be quiet or you all
 will leave.

The CROWD settles down. The judge addresses the lawyers.

JUDGE DONALD
 The defendant has filed another
 motion to prolong this case until
 I'm retired--

JEFFREY FRANKS (40s), Anglo American, in an expensive suit,
 stands.

JEFFREY FRANKS
 Your honor, I don't think--

JUDGE DONALD
 Well that's good to know,
 counselor. Motion denied.

Franks sits down. He winks at Maryee like it's all good.

JUDGE DONALD
 We'll start with opening
 statements. Ms. Bolin?

Sandra stands.

SANDRA
 Ms. Gabriel will deliver the
 county's opening remarks, your
 honor.

Sandra sits. Judge Donald looks intrigued. Maryee stands. She
 walks toward the all-African American jury. Six MEN, six WOMEN
 of varying ages.

MARYEE
 Good morning. My name is Maryee
 Gabriel and I'm an assistant
 prosecutor here in Wayne County.
 Thank you all for being here
 today, for being a part of this
 very important case. I know you
 don't really have a choice--

A few LAUGHS and nods from the jury box.

MARYEE
 --but I appreciate your service
 nonetheless. Because this case is
 important, to our city, to our
 communities, and to our families.
 (MORE)

MARYEE (CONT'D)

It affects our lives, every single day. And it is literally a matter of life or death.

She moves from one end of the jury box to the other, making eye contact with the jurors.

MARYEE

Over the course of this trial I will prove to you all, without a shadow of a doubt, that Huron Petroleum--

She looks directly at Jeffrey Franks. He grins like a Cheshire cat.

MARYEE

--knowingly and continually, for decades, poisoned the citizens of Detroit. Hundreds of citizens that we know about, including Apple Gabriel, my maternal grandmother.

Oscar smiles at Sandra. Sandra nods back, fuck yeah.

INT. MARYEE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Maryee opens her eyes and sees MILES LUDWIG (45), Anglo American, well dressed and cleanly shaven, standing over her. She springs from her bed and grabs a baseball bat. He puts his arms on her shoulders. She shakes him off, holding the bat so he has to stand away from her.

MILES

Put the bat down, Gibby. My melon ain't a fastball.

MARYEE

What do you want?

In the bed Bailey rolls over. Maryee and Miles freeze. But Bailey's sound asleep. They continue to talk in WHISPERS.

MILES

I'm not sure you understand how hard running a criminal enterprise is.

MARYEE

There's a learning curve. I'll give you that.

MILES

You gotta pull that fucking cunt from the inner circle. She's got her nose where it does not belong.

MARYEE

Which fucking cunt are you talking about?

MILES

Amorita.

MARYEE

Rita's family. Don't talk about her that way.

MILES

No she's not. Her stupid ass father got shot and Apple got weepy.

MARYEE

Anyway...

MILES

Justice will have a fucking conniption when she finds out.

Maryee twirls the bat like come on, spit it out.

MILES

She got into it with Shaka's lady friend at the track. And Shaka's already burned down one of our houses. At this rate, there'll be nothing left for Justice to come back to.

MARYEE

And yes, I know. I'm supposed to wave my magic lawyer wand and get my mother out of jail. But I'm a prosecutor, not a magician.

MILES

Baby girl.

MARYEE

Why do even you care, Dad? She hates you. Like honest to God tells me all the time she dreams of putting a bullet in your temple. Or worse.

MILES

There's a fine line between love
and hate, Maryee. It's passion
either way.

EXT. ABANDONED LOT - NIGHT

Maryee waits down the street from the Greektown Casino. She's dressed in black, Detroit Tigers hat pulled down low on her forehead. She checks her phone: 3:09AM.

A Mustang convertible rolls into the lot, EMINEM blaring from the speakers. AMORITA 'RITA' HERNANDEZ (35), Hispanic, looking much younger than her years, dressed for a night on the town and wearing sunglasses, is at the wheel.

RITA

Get in, boss! Let's hit the
blackjack tables!

SILENCE from Maryee who stands ten feet away.

Rita waits a beat then gets out of the car.

MARYEE

Did Shaka follow you here?

RITA

Nah, I'm good.

Maryee looks closer at Rita's face. Rita has a split lip. She takes off Rita's sunglasses. Rita has a black eye. Maryee touches Rita's side.

RITA

Ow. Hey.

MARYEE

Yeah, you're good.

RITA

Shaka's bitch thinks she's Detroit
'cause she's black. Bitch was born
in fucking Windsor. She has a
fucking accent, aye. She ain't
Detroit.

Maryee is silent.

RITA

Fucking Miles, I knew he couldn't
keep his mouth shut.

MARYEE

Shaka's woman? Really?

RITA

Shaka won't do nothing else, he don't know you popped Willie K.

MARYEE

Are you drunk? High? Because you cannot be this stupid sober.

Carmella and JUNE GABRIEL (40), African American, who just looks mean, walk toward Maryee and Rita. June is immediately in Maryee's face.

JUNE

What the fuck did you do, little girl?

CARMELLA

(to Rita)

Ooh, chica, you need a t-bone for that eye. Or peas! Frozen peas work so good!

JUNE

You start a war and don't even tell us?

MARYEE

(to June and Carmella)

I didn't call you two here to incite a riot. Family meeting.

This phrase incites a pavlovian response. The women move into a semi-circle. Phones are silenced. Attention is focused on Maryee. June isn't happy to do it but she joins the others.

MARYEE

I didn't start any war. We've been butting heads with Shaka for as long as I can remember. About turf, inventory, everything. So for the time being, stay clear of his hangouts. You have one directive: earn.

CARMELLA

Aye aye, boss!

MARYEE

No more pills or pot, that's amateur shit. Cocaine is our focus.

(MORE)

MARYEE (CONT'D)

Target older black males and white females.

JUNE

Really, Ms. Prosecutor?

MARYEE

That's the population who buys the most crack. Your tax dollars commissioned the study.

RITA

Oh say does that star-spangled banner yet wave.

JUNE

I think I need to take over till my little sister's back with us.

RITA

You were born two minutes before Justice, Jesus H. Christ.

JUNE

Woman, SHUT. UP.

MARYEE

Justice isn't running things and neither are you, June.

JUNE

My boy died for this family. I'm next in line, you all know it.

RITA

Ruben was stabbed in the back trying to steal a dime bag off the girl he was raping.

CARMELLA

Ooh.

June is in Rita's face.

JUNE

No charges was filed! You talk about the dead that way? My dead? I'll take you down--

MARYEE

(commanding)

Shaka is coming after us.

(MORE)

MARYEE (CONT'D)

Him and anyone else who thinks
we're vulnerable. And you know why
they think we're vulnerable?
Because we goddamn are.

Maryee gets into the driver's side of Rita's Mustang.

MARYEE

Go make some money. And Amorita?

Rita glares at her but doesn't say anything.

MARYEE

Learn how to fight back.

Maryee drives off, gravel spitting up in the Mustang's wake.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Maryee sits at a table in a conference room and talks on her phone.

MARYEE

(into phone)

Have a paralegal get copies of the
Whistleblower Protection Act. For
all of us.

(beat)

We'll protect her as long as we
can. Don't worry about Franks
right now.

(beat)

I've got this meeting, afterwards.

She ends the call and turns in her chair to face FBI Agent
DELORES CAVANAGH (55), Anglo American, dark pant suit, hair
short, standing across the room.

DELORES

You have a whistleblower, in the
Huron case?

MARYEE

I'm not at liberty to discuss--

DELORES

I was simply making small talk...

Delores sits down across from Maryee.

DELORES

Justice has been charged with prostitution, trespassing, public urination, indecent exposure, resisting arrest, and possession with intent to distribute.

MARYEE

My mother is not guilty of any of the crimes she's been accused of.

DELORES

I don't give a rat's ass about Justice.

Maryee LAUGHS. She is exhausted and this hits her hard. She LAUGHS and LAUGHS. Delores lets her, for a moment.

DELORES

You want her out? Give us something.

MARYEE

You want me to rat out a known drug kingpin and then go back to my family, who lives four blocks from him, and tell them, sorry, we'll probably wake up dead.

DELORES

Your flair for the dramatic will serve you well in the courtroom.

MARYEE

If I give the FBI Shaka, what do I get?

DELORES

Your mother's freedom.

MARYEE

Not enough. We need protection.

DELORES

Justice doesn't sell heroin, we're not going after her.

MARYEE

Immunity.

DELORES

Why would you need--

Maryee puts a hand up.

MARYEE

While I'm feeding you intel. For me and my family.

DELORES

Who do you actually consider family? Because I cannot authorize immunity for dozens of corner girls and their--

MARYEE

Seven, including me. The language needs to be specific. And if there's any issue at all, WitSec.

You can almost see Delores counting in her head.

DELORES

Just seven?

MARYEE

Just seven.

DELORES

(shakes her head)
Lawyers.

EXT. WAYNE COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Miles waits outside of the jail. JUSTICE GABRIEL (40), African American, in a tee, boxer shorts and a pair of prison-issue flip flops, walks out the door, right past Miles. He jogs to catch up with her. They walk side-by-side for a block. Then...

JUSTICE

She sent you?

MILES

No. But I came anyway.

Miles has to hustle to keep up.

MILES

Our baby's doing good, real good.

JUSTICE

I need to go after his money myself. We don't have enough to get through the month much less build a nest. Maybe a side job...

MILES

Justice, love, I think the prison system has you a little mixed up about reality. Shaka's big time. We need to lay you low and get back on our feet.

JUSTICE

I need to get back on top. Remind them how important I am to this family. My family.

Miles considers this for a moment.

MILES

What's the job?

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Maryee works at a conference table across from Oscar. His phone BUZZES with a text.

OSCAR

(off the phone)

It's for rent, and it's cheap!

MARYEE

(completely distracted)

You're moving?

OSCAR

The church on Graitot. For Apple, her fellowship. Beautiful, abandoned--

MARYEE

Wait--

She sets down her pen and looks at him.

MARYEE

What are you saying?

OSCAR

My dad had his staff get into it. It's no big thing, really. But the place is Apple's if she wants it. There's a house on the property, an old parsonage. It'll have to be fixed up but it's totally affordable.

MARYEE

You never stop hustling, do you?

OSCAR
We can get the keys tomorrow.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Judge Donald sits behind her desk, in her chambers, in street clothes. The corporate lawyers, Jeffrey Franks, Maryee, and Sandra crowd into the office.

JUDGE DONALD
This can't be good news, can it?

SANDRA
Your honor--

JEFFREY FRANKS
Your honor--

The judge looks at the lawyers. Franks demurs to Sandra.

SANDRA
The United States Office of Special Counsel is working with us to determine the veracity of the witness's claims. We cannot, in good conscience, provide the witness' identity to the defendant until that is complete.

JEFFREY FRANKS
This so-called whistleblower should have been made available for deposition during discovery.

MARYEE
We did not have access to the witness at that time, your honor.

JEFFREY FRANKS
(under his breath)
Bullshit.

SANDRA
Tamara Huda is our contact at the Office of Special Counsel, your honor. We'll leave her information with your clerk.

JUDGE DONALD
Mr. Franks, your request for access to this witness is denied, at this time. Ms. Bolin and Ms.

(MORE)

JUDGE DONALD (CONT'D)
 Gabriel, your request for a stay
 is granted. We'll reconvene in
 fourteen days.

INT. GRAITOT CHURCH - DAY

A group of WOMEN and CHILDREN, including Carmella, Rita, June, Maryee and Apple fill the church. Pews are scrubbed, floors are swept. Apple, who passes out cookies, pulls her oxygen tank along. Oscar rolls by and steals a cookie. She lets him.

APPLE
 In just a matter of days I went
 from a storefront apartment to a
 house. Movin' on up!

She kisses his cheek as Maryee watches. The moment is broken by someone POUNDING on the church doors. A woman opens the doors and Justice drags a bleeding, unconscious Miles inside.

JUSTICE
 HE'S BEEN SHOT!

Women help Justice pull Miles inside. Maryee scrambles down.

MARYEE
 What the hell happened?

June slaps Miles' cheeks. His eyes open. Barely.

JUNE
 Get towels, shirts. Something to
 stop the bleeding. Anything.

MARYEE
 WHAT THE FUCK HAPPENED?

Towels appear. They put them on Miles' stomach. The group crowds around Miles, including the children. Oscar jumps in.

OSCAR
 Kids, let's wait outside for the
 ambulance. Someone's called for
 one, right?

Dead SILENCE.

OSCAR
 No, never mind, not what we do
 here, got it. So, outside?

Maryee gives him a grateful look. He leads the kids out of the church. Justice sits in a pew, head in her hands, shaken.

JUSTICE

We went after Shaka's game.
We...we hit his stash house on
Seven Mile. There didn't used to
be security...

APPLE

Boy's gonna die.
(to Maryee)
And Shaka will retaliate.

Maryee looks around at the scene. She heads out of the church.

INT. QUINTON'S HOUSE - DAY

Maryee is shoved onto a dilapidated couch by an armed MAN. Four more armed MEN surround the couch. But she looks only at QUINTON (21), African American, wearing a Wayne State tee and drinking a McDonald's drink.

QUINTON

You come into my house, after what
your mother did, and ask for a
favor? I know you're not stupid,
but you're acting dumb as fuck
right now.

A long SLURP on his straw.

ARMED MAN 1

(laughs)
Dumb as fuck.

The others LAUGH. Quinton looks at them sideways. They stop.

MARYEE

You owe me, Quinton.

QUINTON

How'm I supposed to play this
though? Jesus himself couldn't
talk my Pops into letting this
beef with Justice go.

MARYEE

I just need him not to shoot any
more members of my family today.
That's all.

QUINTON

Is Miles dead?

MARYEE

I don't want the town.

QUINTON
 You've always been an
 overachiever, Maryee. Since
 kindergarten when you took your
 macaroni necklace home and made
 the teacher a salad.

They share a LAUGH, one they've shared over a lifetime.

MARYEE
 Will you help?

QUINTON
 What's in it for me?

Maryee stands. The armed men cock their guns.

MARYEE
 Put your motherfucking guns down
 and get out of my goddamn face.

Maryee's phone RINGS. One man moves his gun closer to her head.
 Quinton does not tell him to put it down. Maryee answers her
 phone as if there was not a gun to her temple.

MARYEE
 (into phone)
 June, I do not have time to deal
 with your--

Maryee's face changes. Quinton motions and the men put their
 guns down.

MARYEE
 (into phone)
 Which hospital?

She ends the call.

QUINTON
 Miles?

MARYEE
 No.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Two male FBI AGENTS approach Maryee in the parking lot.

MARYEE
 Not a good time, gentlemen.

FBI AGENT 1
 Never is.

FBI AGENT 2
Agent Cavanaugh authorized a wire.

He holds out a small black box.

FBI AGENT 1
I'm sure you've had some
experience--

MARYEE
My grandmother is waiting for me.

FBI AGENT 2
There's a situation near
Louisville. This is time
sensitive.

FBI AGENT 1
Set a meet with your contacts and
let us know the specifics.

INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Maryee sits in Apple's room, the black box in her hands.
Thinking, barely listening.

APPLE
Yes, I want you to put away the
sons-a-bitches but a rat? You know
I don't condone that, girl.

MARYEE
Yes, ma'am.

APPLE
A rat's a rat, even if it is a
good cause. You don't turn on your
people. Even if your people are
big oil. She made her bed, she
needs to lay in it, alone.

MARYEE
Yes, ma'am.

The door opens and a young man, RANDALL (20s), enters. He's in
low slung jeans, a heavy puffy jacket. He leaves the door open.

APPLE
Jesus almighty. Your Grandma
Mildred would've had a fit if she
knew you can't even knock before
you enter an old lady's room.

Maryee is on her feet, ready for action.

APPLE

Just a little business, settle down Maryee. Randall here lives nearby. Pass me my bag.

Maryee hands Apple her purse. The young man hands Apple a wad of cash. She thumbs through it. Maryee stares incredulously.

APPLE

Tell your mama if she needs anything else, she's to call me first. I don't want to hear she's been asking around on street corners again.

He takes the semiautomatic pistol in a Ziplock baggie that Apple holds out.

APPLE

Go on now, before the doctor comes in and gives you a poke.

The young man leaves. Maryee's DONE.

MARYEE

Bailey dealing drugs on the bus, cards at recess. You selling semi-automatics from your hospital bed. Everyone goin' around telling everyone about Willie K! Is this how you did it back in the day? Right out in the open? Not giving one shit? WHAT THE ACTUAL FUCK?!

APPLE

Girl, this is your story now. And you're the one who said every story needs an endin'. You alone can make sure yours is a happy one.

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sex. Hot, loud, and then Maryee climaxes and rolls off the guy. She lays back against the pillows and smiles.

Her phone BUZZES. She reaches toward the bedside table. She reads the text.

QUINTON (TEXT)

I'm worried about you, E. Don't mistake that for a fucking love sonnet or anything but call me.

Maryee types: *A sonnet is 14 lines with a formal rhyme scheme. You are certainly no Shakespeare.*

He types: (broken heart emoji)

Maryee smiles. The guy COUGHS. She turns to face Oscar.

MARYEE

I have to go.

OSCAR

What about dinner?

MARYEE

It's Bailey. Raincheck.

She gathers her clothes. She misses her badge which is on the floor just under the bed.

INT. GRAITOT CHURCH - NIGHT

Maryee enters the sanctuary. Carmella sits on the altar. June paces down front. Rita and Justice enter from a side door.

MARYEE

Family meeting.

They sit in the pews with Maryee standing in front of them.

MARYEE

First order of business. We need to take care of the women who've been looking after Miles. He's alive because of them.

Carmella writes something down on a pad of paper.

CARMELLA

Got it, boss.

Maryee looks at her like, well, okay now.

MARYEE

Secondly, we've got to figure out how to replace the revenue we've lost with the racetrack. Apple needs seventeen thousand dollars--

JUSTICE

My mother has insurance!

MARYEE

Apple has Medicaid which covers some costs but nothing related to clinical trials. And since we've had to beg to get her into this already full trial, we're footing the bill.

CARMELLA

When do you have to have the money for Apple's experiment?

MARYEE

The *experimental trial* starts in less than two weeks. It's a good thing after her fainting spell.

RITA

Is it gonna work?

JUNE

It's an experiment, dumbass! We don't know!

MARYEE

Lost revenue ideas, go.

JUNE

Fucking Shaka. He don't own the track.

MARYEE

He does, for now, so figure something out. Third, I need intel on Shaka, his crew, anyone else running anything in the city. I don't care how small or how unimportant you might think it is. Knowledge is power.

Nods from everyone but Justice.

MARYEE

That's it. Keep your phones on.

CARMELLA

Maybe a prayer?

No one wants to disagree, given where they are. They all lower their heads.

CARMELLA

Lord Jesus, please watch over Miles. He's a good man, real good.

(MORE)

CARMELLA (CONT'D)

I mean, I married him he was so good.

Justice kicks Carmella.

CARMELLA

And anyway, we just wants him to live. So praying for that and Ms. Apple, that she find the strength--

APPLE (O.S.)

--to run your sorry asses out of this here room.

Everyone looks up. Apple stands at the back of the room, oxygen tank by her side.

APPLE

I've got a meditation class in the morning. Need to set up. Those yuppies come in from all the other zip codes, twenty-five dollars a head. I'm gonna get this family right one way or another. Maybe sell some blessed candles and some other shit too. To those who come in to experience a certain Detroit-ness in their lives.

EXT. GRAITOT CHURCH - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

Justice grabs Maryee's arm before Maryee can descend the steps.

JUSTICE

You've done your job, baby. You can step down now.

Maryee looks her mother up and down.

MARYEE

You don't make the decisions anymore.

JUSTICE

I'm the head of this family--

MARYEE

NO. You pissed off someone who could get RICO charges filed on you. So now you're just a liability.

(MORE)

MARYEE (CONT'D)
The sooner you realize your place,
the better.

Apple opens the church doors and pulls her oxygen tank through.
She looks from Justice to Maryee.

APPLE
How long will Miles be recoverin'
in my new house?

MARYEE
A while longer. Vanessa's with him
tonight. She was an RN at Ultimed
before it closed down.

Apple nods. Maryee leaves.

Justice takes out her phone and begins a new text to Shaka.

INT. WHITE CASTLE - NIGHT

Maryee sits in a booth, a tray of untouched food before her.

MARYEE
I miss you.

Quinton sits across from her.

QUINTON
That party, last month, I was
shocked to see you there.

MARYEE
I'm not allowed to have fun?

QUINTON
College at sixteen, an assistant
D.A. at twenty-one, so no. You're
obviously not.

MARYEE
I like to let my hair down on
occasion.

QUINTON
(intimately)
I'm just glad you let it down with
me.

They share a moment. And then Maryee breaks it.

MARYEE

Does your dad know you ran into me?

QUINTON

That's one way of putting what we did.

Maryee waits. Quinton shakes his head.

QUINTON

He's not exactly your number one fan.

MARYEE

Think he'd sit down with me, talk about Justice and Miles and the mess they made?

QUINTON

He's a busy guy.

MARYEE

He's got people to do most of it. I've seen some of their work firsthand.

QUINTON

He's overseeing some new shipments.

MARYEE

I just need him to understand--

Quinton's phone BUZZES and he looks at it.

QUINTON

Can we finish this tomorrow? I have to meet someone. I promise--

MARYEE

No promises. Not this time.

He gets up, kisses the top of her head. Lingers for a long moment. Her eyes are closed. He leaves.

She watches the restaurant door shut behind him and then looks down the front of her t-shirt at the microphone taped between her breasts.

INT. APPLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maryee sits on the floor in the dark next to the couch where Apple sleeps. Maryee removes a flip phone from its packaging.

She types in a phone number and then: *This is client 1977 - meet is set for first day of the month, 5pm.*

She presses send.

A COUGH comes from the bedroom. She looks into the room, sees a figure move in the bed. VANESSA, the nurse, tends to the figure.

Maryee snaps the phone in half and takes out the SIM card.

INT. BLACK SUV - DAY

Maryee and Delores ride in the backseat. An FBI AGENT drives.

DELORES

Your wire from the meet with Quinton gave us nothing. I need to pick up Shaka now.

MARYEE

I'm finessing him--

DELORES

Oh, it sounds like you've finessed him fine. So now you need a different source.

MARYEE

I don't know every single gang member in Detroit. I'm going to need some time--

DELORES

Time's up. Twenty-nine people overdosed just outside of Louisville last night. Local LEOs say the heroin was doused with fentanyl. And it came from Detroit. They call it Brown Sugar. You know who the primary source of Brown Sugar in Detroit is Maryee. Testify and I can protect you.

SILENCE for a long moment.

MARYEE

I wasn't seeing Oscar when I, when
I saw Quinton at that party.

DELORES

If Justice goes down, will you be
able to tell yourself you did
everything you could to help her?

The SUV slows to a stop.

DELORES

I can give you twenty-four hours
to decide. And tell Apple to save
her strength and quit filing the
serial numbers off her product.
Scientists found a way around that
amateur shit.

INT. GRAITOT CHURCH - NIGHT

Rita, Carmella and June lounge on the sanctuary steps, Maryee
stands in front of them. No one looks happy.

RITA

Since when do you collect rent at
family meetings?

CARMELLA

I've been trying to come up with
ideas for re-ve-nue. Even got a
thinkin' cap.

She puts on a Detroit Lions hat with a flourish. June yanks it
off her head and throws it across the room.

MARYEE

No more street girls doing your
collections. We're pulling ranks.

Carmella sits up straighter.

JUNE

Fuck.

MARYEE

No one goes near any place Shaka's
crew might be.

RITA

That's like, all of Detroit.

MARYEE

Clear your inventories, tonight.

JUNE
We're trying.

MARYEE
And my percentage increases by
twenty as of this moment.

SILENCE.

MARYEE
We start moving a new product
tomorrow night.

CARMELLA
Better purses? I'm tired of those
Coach-ettas. I can't move them at
the beauty sa-lons. Everyone goes
to that outlet mall in Howell--

MARYEE
Heroin.

SILENCE again. And then...

JUNE
Shaka deals heroin.

MARYEE
Blacks are more often non-
injecting heroin users so we'll
focus on that, given our proximity
to them.

June stands up.

JUNE
You've gone crazy, child. I think
I'd better take over--

MARYEE
You will never run this family,
June. Get that through your
goddamn skull. I pay your rent. I
buy your groceries. I found your
mother a place to live. And now
you've got Bailey dealin'. You're
lucky I don't slit your throat
right here on this altar.

CARMELLA
Ooh.

RITA
Junie. Tsk. Tsk.

June grabs Maryee's hair.

JUNE

You don't call me out over a fucking twelve year old. And this church cover is tired as fuck. You hear me?

Maryee pulls her head away from June and punches June in the face. Carmella and Rita GASP. June doubles over. Maryee kicks her down, then kicks her in the ribs. Carmella pulls Maryee away. Rita hides a smile, poorly.

CARMELLA

(to Maryee)

You alright, baby girl?

JUNE

I'm the one who got hit! Jesus, Carmella!

MARYEE

(to June)

You don't fucking look at Bailey.

(to all of them)

Apple's treatment is our priority.

Rob a goddamn bank if you have to but contribute.

Nods from Carmella and Rita. June holds her broken nose.

EXT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

Maryee walks toward the building just as Jeffrey Franks exits.

JEFFREY FRANKS

We had a meeting and you send roller boy?

MARYEE

I'd imagine the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission would love to hear about your sensitivity to people with disabilities. Maybe even open a file on you, Mr. Franks.

JEFFREY FRANKS

I've had a file since before you were born, sweetheart. Are we getting to depose your whistleblower or not?

MARYEE

I haven't deposed the witness yet either. When I know more, you, and Judge Donald, will know more.

JEFFREY FRANKS

You're too smart for this penny ante government bullshit, Maryee.

He hands her a business card.

JEFFREY FRANKS

My personal cell. Let's talk.

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Maryee and Oscar wait in front of Sandra's desk in her office. Sandra reads a piece of paper and speaks without looking up.

SANDRA

What's the hold up?

OSCAR

Fear of death. The witness claims there is blood on the company's hands.

SANDRA

Someone needs to reassure this person that--

MARYEE

We'll do our gosh darn best? This corporation has deep, deep pockets. How do we realistically promise the witness protection when we know full well we have limited resources?

Sandra looks at Maryee. Fire in both of their eyes.

SANDRA

Go to D.C. tomorrow like we planned and assure the witness we can offer protection.

INT. QUINTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maryee sits on the couch. No armed men in sight. She checks down the front of her shirt, the wire is in place. She straightens her shirt as Quinton plops down next to her.

MARYEE

I wanted to ask you something the other night but you had to run and--

QUINTON

Yeah, I, I didn't want to hurt your feelings, but my girlfriend was waiting at school for me to pick her up. We go to Wayne State together and--

MARYEE

Did you have this girlfriend in December? When we--

QUINTON

It wasn't that serious then.

Quinton's ARMED MEN run out from the back of the house.

ARMED MAN 1

Raid!

ARMED MAN 2

They have a fucking tank!

The door is kicked in and armed FBI AGENTS swarm the house.

FBI AGENT 1

On the ground!

FBI AGENT 2

Hands where we can see them!

FBI AGENT 3

Are there any weapons on the premises?

Maryee is forced facedown on the floor, Quinton next to her.

MARYEE

A fucking girlfriend.

EXT. QUINTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

Oscar holds up her badge. Maryee takes it from him.

MARYEE

I was hoping I wouldn't have to tell Sandra I'd lost it.

OSCAR
Cleaning lady found it under the
bed. I was gonna hold it hostage
until you came over again but--

He looks around at the SWAT TEAM, FBI AGENTS, FLASHING LIGHTS,
Quinton in the back of a police car...

INT. POLICE CAR - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

Quinton sits in the back, handcuffed, door open. Delores stands
in front of him.

DELORES
I could have you on a plane to
Paris or Tahiti within the hour.

QUINTON
Just serve my father up on a
platter.

DELORES
He's a bad man, Quinton. We both
know that. You're a baby. You're
just beginning. Testify and go
make a life for yourself.

QUINTON
What if I give you someone else?

DELORES
I'm not messing around here.

QUINTON
On my phone, a recorded
conversation. Someone big.

DELORES
Not admissible. Michigan is an all
party state.

QUINTON
Sullivan versus Gray, nineteen
eighty-two.

DELORES
You weren't even born in nineteen
eighty-two.

QUINTON
Someone mentioned it to me once.
Just look it up.

DELORES
 (humoring him)
 Okay, so who is he?

QUINTON
 Who said it's a he?

Delores and Quinton both look over at Maryee.

EXT. QUINTON'S HOUSE - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

Oscar watches Delores. Maryee watches Quinton.

OSCAR
 So you and me, that's just another
 step on the ladder to a job with
 the feds? Get in good with me,
 meet my mom...

MARYEE
 I had no interest in working with
 the FBI. But she can
 be...persuasive.

Sandra approaches them.

SANDRA
 Oscar, give us a minute.

Oscar leaves without a look back.

SANDRA
 Explain why you were scooped up in
 an FBI raid.

Delores joins them.

MARYEE
 Ask Agent Cavanaugh.

DELORES
 Gabriel is helping me with an
 investigation.

Sandra and Delores face off.

DELORES
 My suspect claims Maryee might be
 involved. I'd like to give her a
 chance to clear her name.

Delores faces Maryee. Maryee knows her time's up.

DELORES

When we spoke yesterday--

MARYEE

I told you I'd investigate. And I did. I have corroboration that Shaka killed one of his own men, Willie K.

DELORES

What's your evidence?

MARYEE

Talk of an eyewitness, the murder weapon, the body--

SANDRA

And why not bring this to me?

MARYEE

(off Delores)
Leverage.

INT. U.S. OFFICE OF SPECIAL COUNSEL - DAY

Maryee and Oscar sit across from TAMARA HUDA (30s), Bangladeshi American. ESTHER SVAGR (40s), Anglo American, paces the conference room.

MARYEE

You know the protocols are in place, Esther.

ESTER

These people don't care about protocols. This is about billions of dollars. I'm just a mosquito for them to swat away.

MARYEE

We won't let them do that.

TAMARA

What you're doing, it's going to save lives, Esther.

Maryee looks at Oscar like, help out would ya?

Oscar writes on a legal pad and slides it over to Maryee: *You seem to do just fine on your own.* Maryee refocuses on Esther. She thinks for a minute, then...

MARYEE

What if instead of keeping your identity a secret as soon as you testify your face is splashed across the media. Your life may be hell for a few months, lack of privacy, all that but...

Tamara is on board.

TAMARA

But they can't touch you then. You're famous. The woman who brought big oil to its' knees. It could work.

ESTHER

Could?

MARYEE

You want to do the right thing? This is it.

INT. BLACK SUV - NIGHT

Maryee sits next to Delores in the front of the SUV at the curb of the arrivals gate at Detroit Metro Airport.

MARYEE

If he hasn't given you the files yet, he doesn't have them.

DELORES

He's not going to go to jail for you.

MARYEE

My family sells dime bags when they can get them and--

Delores SNORTS but let's the comment pass.

MARYEE

--his father is a drug kingpin.

DELORES

I can keep Quinton locked up but I don't want him. Shaka's smart but you're smarter. Get to him through Justice.

MARYEE

I'd rather leave my mother out of this.

DELORES

And I'd rather you weren't breaking my son's heart.

They look out the passenger side window to where Oscar waits.

EXT. DETROIT METRO AIRPORT - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

A late model sedan waits at the end of the arrivals gate.

INT. LATE MODEL SEDAN - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

SHAKA (42), African American, wearing a button down shirt and khakis, sits in the back. He taps away on an iPad and looks up just long enough to see Delores stow Oscar's wheelchair in the back of the SUV, get in the driver's seat and drive away.

Two MEN sit in the front seat.

SHAKA

Put the word out. Fifty K for Maryee. The G-lady is another ten.

INT. APPLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Maryee enters the kitchen. Apple, Justice and Bailey sit around the table, eating.

APPLE

Make yourself a plate, girl.

Justice smiles at her daughters and for a split second Maryee relaxes. She fixes herself a plate.

BAILEY

Grandma says you're a rat!

Maryee drops the plate. China shatters. Food spills. Justice jumps to her feet to help clean up the mess.

APPLE

Don't worry, those are just Dollar Tree specials, not the good china. And I did not say your sister was a rat, Bailey Anne. I said she's got a rat. Big difference.

But Apple does give Maryee a sideways look like, right?

MARYEE
 (recovering)
 We call the person a
 whistleblower. It's someone who's
 trying to help.

APPLE
 You can call it whatever you like
 but a rat's still a rat.

She takes a hit of oxygen. Justice turns her back to Apple and Bailey and WHISPERS to Maryee.

JUSTICE
 This person gonna help get that
 company that hurt her?

MARYEE
 Yes.

JUSTICE
 Go whistleblower, go.

INT. MARYEE'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

The BUZZER RINGS CONTINUOUSLY as Maryee approaches the door. She's in her pjs, ready for bed.

MARYEE
 Coming! Jesus.

She opens the door and looks at Oscar. He's holding a bottle of Crown Royal and a bag of pretzels.

OSCAR
 Can I buy you a drink?

INT. APPLE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Justice sits by Miles' bedside as he sleeps. She stares at a text chain on her phone:

JUSTICE (TEXT)
can we talk?

SHAKA (TEXT)
anytime, babe

She looks over at Miles. Then she texts:

JUSTICE (TEXT)
30 mins, I'll come to you

EXT. GRAITOT CHURCH - DAY

It's a family picnic. ADULTS and CHILDREN mill about. Maryee delivers lemonade to Miles, who rests in a chaise lounge. She smiles at Oscar over Miles' head, they share a moment.

MILES
(to Oscar, off Maryee)
Lock that shit down, boy.

Apple wrangles her oxygen tank cord out from around two children.

APPLE
(loudly)
Let's say grace before the young
ones eat us out of house and home.

Everyone gathers. Apple closes her eyes. Mothers nudge their children to get them to keep their eyes closed.

APPLE
Lord, we are beyond grateful. For
family. For the abundance you show
us. May you continue to protect
us. Remind us that you are the one
who provides. Amen.

Kids go back to chasing one another. Adults fill their plates and settle in. LAUGHTER and CHATTER fills the air.

INT. GRAITOT CHURCH - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

The LAUGHTER and CHATTER flows through the sanctuary windows. Justice kneels at the altar, head bowed, praying.

JUSTICE
Lord, I wanted so much more. For
me and for her.

EXT. GRAITOT CHURCH - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

Maryee settles into a lawn chair next to Oscar.

OSCAR
Your grandma leads a pretty
inspiring worship service, even
for this lapsed Catholic.

MARYEE
There's a lot about my family you
don't know yet.

OSCAR

My father's a politician. My mother's an FBI agent. Our skeletons have skeletons.

MARYEE

There are things I need to tell you, and things I can't.

OSCAR

Plausible deniability. First year stuff at Stanford. Got it.

He kisses her and the sound of Justice CLEARING HER THROAT interrupts them.

JUSTICE

Can we talk?

Maryee follows Justice through the crowd.

EXT. BACK OF GRAITOT CHURCH - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

June, Rita and Carmella wait. Justice joins them. Maryee stops and looks at her crew.

MARYEE

Didn't realize I'd called a family meeting.

JUNE

Realized or not, here it is.

CARMELLA

I'm just glad we're all back together, one big happy--

JUSTICE

(to Maryee)

You gave them Shaka.

MARYEE

Who are you talking to?

JUSTICE

But set aside Shaka for a moment and let's focus on the fact that you gave someone up.

RITA

To the Federales? Ah, Maryee.

JUNE

We don't need no po-po dealing
with our shit.

JUSTICE

You're a rat, baby. Plain and
simple. And I didn't raise you to
be a rat.

MARYEE

You have no idea what you're
talking about.

JUSTICE

And Shaka on top of it all. My
Shaka.

MARYEE

So now we're getting to it. What
you're really upset about. Your
high school crush maybe getting
pinched because he's a thug.

Justice pulls a gun on Maryee. Maryee doesn't flinch.

Then...

REVEAL: Carmella, June and Rita have all pulled their guns and
have them trained on Justice.

APPLE (O.S.)

What part of 'no guns at the
goddamn picnic' did you women not
understand?

Apple pulls out her own gun. Trains it on Justice. Oxygen tank
still at her side.

REVEAL: Everyone at the picnic gathered behind Apple, watching
this unfold. Without lowering her gun...

APPLE

(over her shoulder)

You all go back and eat now. This
is family business.

The crowd disperses at Apple's urging. The guns are still
trained on Justice.

JUSTICE

He put fifty K on your head,
Maryee. You did something.

MARYEE
 (to Justice)
 If Shaka goes down, it's because
 he got caught.

Maryee turns and walks away. Justice lowers her gun. The others follow suit.

Maryee heads toward Oscar, who turns and leaves. Maryee starts after him but Apple puts a hand on her arm.

APPLE
 Give him a minute to breathe,
 girl.

INT. RACETRACK - NIGHT

In a restroom stall, Shaka fucks Justice. It's cramped and not entirely comfortable but they both seem to be getting off.

And then Justice puts a hand on his chest and stops him...

SHAKA
 Woman?

JUSTICE
 I need a favor.

SHAKA
 I thought that's what this was?

He moves toward her, she stops him again...

JUSTICE
 Meet with Maryee. And me. We hafta
 figure this all out.

Resigned that they're going to talk about this NOW...

SHAKA
 We're not working together.

JUSTICE
 I know. But we can't kill each
 other either. So?

He kisses her passionately and she kisses him back.

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Maryee and Oscar work side-by-side. Finally...

MARYEE

If you'd just let me explain--

OSCAR

Plausible deniability.

MARYEE

But you didn't answer my texts last night and I know you need an explanation.

OSCAR

I need to finish these questions for Ester before her deposition.

MARYEE

My mother likes to play gangster, always has. They carry guns and--

OSCAR

You carry a gun.

MARYEE

So do you but in a different capacity. Trust me when I tell you there was no truth to what was being said.

OSCAR

Got it, women with guns were all making stuff up. Can we focus on Ester now? Her and Tamara will be here the day after tomorrow.

INT. SKYSCRAPER - DAY

Oscar stands in the Mayor's Office and looks out the window at the riverfront down below.

OSCAR

I don't think she's killed anyone.

THOMAS CAVANAUGH (50s), Anglo American, in an expensive suit, sits on a large desk, and shells and eats pistachios. He is the spitting image of Oscar in thirty years.

THOMAS

Not a ringing endorsement of the girl you're fucking, son.

OSCAR

The reason I'm here...

THOMAS
If she's got ties to organized
crime or anything nefarious--

OSCAR
Should I just go to internal
affairs?

Another pistachio...and then he stands.

THOMAS
Let's get to work.

INT. FBI FIELD OFFICE - DAY

Maryee paces around the conference room as Delores shuffles
through a thick folder.

DELORES
The audio files prove you're
stupid but not indictable.

MARYEE
Comforting.

DELORES
So give me the corroboration for
Willie K's murder.

MARYEE
My witness wants immunity.

DELORES
You all and your immunity deals.
Too much television.
(beat)
Is this the real deal, Maryee?

MARYEE
It'll get you exactly what you
want.

INT. GRAITOT CHURCH - NIGHT

Carmella fills her over-sized bra with packets of heroin from a
box under the altar in the sanctuary. Over in the pews, Rita
files her nails and Maryee types on her phone.

CARMELLA

I got this client, I should give him a punch card he's by so often, and he loves criss-crossing which is perfect because I still haven't moved all my snow and now that we's got horse he can really go to town.

June bursts through the doors, in a rage. Apple and Justice follow June, unaffected by her rage.

JUNE

MOTHERFUCKER, THIS IS THE LAST STRAW.

Maryee continues to type. Rita continues to file.

MARYEE

Supplies are with the communion bread.

June stops in front of Maryee, arms crossed, shaking with rage.

JUNE

(to Maryee)

THE LAST FUCKING STRAW, YOU MOTHERFUCKING CUNT.

Apple takes a hit from her oxygen tank.

MARYEE

(to Apple, off Justice)

She's back?

APPLE

We're figurin' things out.

MARYEE

(to Carmella)

Carmella, frisk my mother and her bat-shit sister.

Carmella tries to pat down June. June GROWLS.

Carmella quickly moves on to Justice. She lingers over Justice's breasts and backside. Justice lets her, for a moment, then indicates that's enough.

MARYEE

Family meeting.

JUNE

NO.

MARYEE
I wasn't askin'.

JUNE
You strike a deal with the feds
and you get immunity for these
bitches and NOT ME?

Carmella and Rita look at Maryee like WHAT THE FUCK?! Apple
shakes her head.

MARYEE
How the fuck did you think I got
Justice out of jail? Penny ante
shit on Shaka for her freedom.

RITA
That's it? Shaka?

CARMELLA
We trust you, boss but--

MARYEE
Just Shaka, it's basically my job.
No one has to worry, hence the
immunity.

JUNE
For you, Apple, little sister,
baby Bailey, Rita, Carmella, hell
even Miles. And you can't bear to
add my name to the list. Flesh and
fucking blood.

MARYEE
Actions have consequences.

June stares Maryee down but blinks first. June storms off and
calls out--

JUNE
I'm done. Consider us ALL fucking
enemies.

MARYEE
I always have.

Maryee speaks to Carmella.

MARYEE
(off June)
Like white on rice. At least until
she cools down.

Carmella SIGHS and heads out after June.

MARYEE

Now, what did you want, mother dear?

JUSTICE

Walk Bailey to school with me tomorrow, so we can talk.

MARYEE

Just us?

JUSTICE

Just us.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY

Maryee, Justice and Bailey walk toward the school. The adults drink coffee.

BAILEY

McDonald's has pancakes.

JUSTICE

You goin' to school, girl.

BAILEY

But you two get to hang out all day!

MARYEE

I'm going to work.

Shaka approaches the women. Maryee is PISSED.

SHAKA

Good morning, ladies.

JUSTICE

Good morning.

SHAKA

Maryee, it's lovely to see you again.

Bailey gives Maryee a look like this does not seem right.

BAILEY

How do you know us?

JUSTICE

See you this afternoon, butter bean.

Bailey begrudgingly walks toward the entrance with the other KIDS.

BAILEY
Bye, Maryee.

Maryee has yet to take her eyes off Shaka. Justice leads them away from the school entrance where no one can overhear them.

MARYEE
(to Justice)
You knew I'd never bring a weapon
to a school.

SHAKA
This is just a discussion.

MARYEE
So my mother's going to collect
her bounty dead or alive.

JUSTICE
Shaka's been in charge a long
time.

MARYEE
My entire life.

JUSTICE
Tell her 'bout some of your
conquests, Shaka. Explain to her
how you've done it.

SHAKA
From what I've heard, your
daughter's no slouch in that
department. Just ask Willie K,
well you can't now can you.

The moment Justice hears 'Willie K' she spills coffee down the front of her shirt. All of her coffee. As if on purpose.

Shaka pulls a handkerchief from his back pocket and hands it to Justice. She pretends to pat herself.

SHAKA
You got my son locked up. You
think you can move more H than me.
Next time you might lose more than
a house, young one.

JUSTICE
Now, this was supposed to be a
peacemakin' discussion.

SHAKA

If you know what's good for your family, you'll get mine out of lockup.

He walks away. Maryee walks away in the opposite direction.

JUSTICE

Fuck.

EXT. DETROIT STREET - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

A black SUV pulls up to Maryee and Justice. Delores flings the back door open.

DELORES

Get in.

Maryee gets in. Justice crowds in after her. The car moves.

DELORES

(to Justice)

You couldn't wait twenty minutes for caffeine?

Justice pulls a wire and pack out from under her shirt. Maryee shakes her head, like I should've known.

MARYEE

So that's how June found out.

DELORES

(to Maryee)

I thought sharing your immunity deal might convince your mother. And it did.

MARYEE

(to Justice)

And you just had to tell your sister.

JUSTICE

That bullet was half out the chamber. The look on her face made up for a lot I've put up with over the years.

DELORES

Deal with the melodrama on your own time, ladies. Justice, this did nothing for us.

Justice smiles slyly at Maryee.

JUSTICE

Shaka trusts me. I'll get him next time. Now let me out before anyone sees me.

The SUV stops. The DRIVER hands Justice a fresh wire and pack.

DELORES

(to Justice)

Fix this.

Justice opens the door and gets out. Maryee waits a beat.

MARYEE

(off Justice)

This isn't going to end well.

DELORES

But it has to end, and the sooner, the better.

MARYEE

Meet me at my office at seven.

EXT. MIDDLE SCHOOL - DAY [CONTINUOUS]

Maryee hurries to catch up with Justice. They round a corner and run into June. She's selling to a male KID (13).

Maryee just can't...

MARYEE

(to kid)

Get to class.

The kid runs off with his money. June's eyes alight with rage.

JUNE

You gonna reimburse me for that sale?

JUSTICE

You're selling dime bags at a middle school on your own. What's happened to you?

Maryee and Justice continue on. June yells after them.

JUNE

Look what's happened to you two. Meeting with feds right out in the open. Word might get around. Say, to Shaka.

Maryee and Justice exchange looks.

INT. HOSPITAL - DAY

Justice sits in a chair next to Apple who lays uncomfortably on an exam table in a paper gown in a doctor's office.

JUSTICE

I don't want to have to take out
my own sister.

Apple tries to find a comfortable position.

JUSTICE

Did you hear me?

APPLE

I ain't done nothin' but hear you
since you got sprung, Justice.
Nothin'.

JUSTICE

She can't keep up this shit.
Selling at Bailey's school.
Breaking off from the family.
Threatening to take up sides with
Shaka.

APPLE

Your sister is just talkin'. She
has always tried to go after
whatever it is you want.

JUSTICE

She never went after Miles.

APPLE

Praise the Lord Almighty himself.

DOCTOR ELIZABETH ELLIOT (40s) enters the room. She sits on a stool in front of Apple.

DOCTOR ELLIOT

I'll be frank, Apple. You're test
results are not as good as we'd
hoped.

JUSTICE

My daughter put a down payment on
the experimental study last week.
Brought cash by and everything.

DOCTOR ELLIOT

We have some decisions to make.

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Delores and Maryee stand in Sandra's office.

DELORES
Some decisions are above my pay
grade.

MARYEE
She'll testify. You have my word.

DELORES
In open court?

CARMELLA (O.S.)
I'll strut through that buildin'
like I own it.

REVEAL: Carmella sitting behind Sandra's desk, feet up on it.

DELORES
We'll go over her testimony a
hundred times, every single
detail.

MARYEE
And Quinton?

DELORES
We'll have him released tomorrow.

Delores heads out of the office.

DELORES
If this doesn't work out, it all
comes back on you Maryee.

INT. GRAITOT CHURCH - DAY

It's early. Miles, Rita, Carmella, Justice, Apple, they all
look like they just rolled out of bed. Maryee looks like she's
been going for hours and is just getting started.

MARYEE
We're taking up a collection for
Rita's girl's family, Anna Maria.

RITA
God rest her soul.

Carmella crosses herself.

MARYEE

And if anyone comes across Ellis and feels so inclined to take out their grief...think bigger picture. Diplomacy first.

RITA

So I'm supposed to talk out my grief?

MARYEE

And if you can't, let me help.

CARMELLA

Aye, aye, captain.

MARYEE

Next, we have a timeline.

JUSTICE

For what?

MILES

Can't Justice just fill me in? I need more sleep, baby girl.

Seriously, they won't shut up.

MARYEE

Shaka's crew should be movin' out of some of their territories soon. Make some new friends. Shit like what happened between Ellis and Anna Maria cannot keep happening. We have to make our presence known.

Apple doesn't like what she's hearing.

RITA

You gonna get us killed, boss.

MARYEE

Just the opposite, I'm gonna run this mother.

INT. COURTHOUSE - DAY

Judge Donald sits behind her desk, in her chambers, in her street clothes. The corporate lawyers, Jeffrey Franks, Maryee, and Oscar crowd into the office.

JEFFREY FRANKS

We have a witness to add to our list, your honor.

JUDGE DONALD

This couldn't have been done via email?

JEFFREY FRANKS

We felt the prosecution might be resistant so we thought we'd get it all out in the open from the start.

Maryee looks at Oscar, this seems odd...

JEFFREY FRANKS

The defense would like to add Esther Svagr to--

MARYEE

Your honor!

OSCAR

No!

Judge Donald looks intrigued. She puts up a hand to quell the outrage.

JUDGE DONALD

One at a time. Explain.

Jeffrey Franks looks like the cat who ate the canary. Maryee and Oscar exchange looks again. They have to...

OSCAR

She's our whistleblower, your honor.

MARYEE

She's under federal protection.

JUDGE DONALD

Well, it's certainly all out in the open now, isn't it?

INT. PROSECUTOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Maryee and Oscar work side-by-side. The rest of the office is empty. Maryee looks at the clock, it's almost eight. She packs up her things.

MARYEE

Are we okay?

OSCAR
We're fine.

Maryee rummages around in her bag. She finds the pregnancy test. She stares at it for a moment and then finds her keys.

MARYEE
I've got a thing tonight but
dinner tomorrow?

OSCAR
Bailey?

MARYEE
Always.

She kisses him on the cheek and heads out of the office.

INT. SHAKA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Quinton enters the living room. It's a nice house, inside. MEN and WOMEN mingle, eating, drinking. Shaka holds court, telling what appears to be a very funny story. LAUGHTER erupts.

And then people notice Quinton and the room grows QUIET. Shaka moves to him and they embrace.

QUINTON
Can we talk? Outside?

Shaka nods to some GOONS in the corner, they stay put. Quinton leads Shaka back the way he came.

EXT. SHAKA'S HOUSE - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

Maryee, in a tailored grey pant suit, her Wayne County Assistant Prosecutor's badge around her neck, has a gun trained on the door as Quinton and Shaka exit. Shaka doesn't flinch.

MARYEE
This turf war ends. NOW.

SHAKA
Young one strikes again. What you
don't know--

MARYEE
I know I leave here with a real
cease fire or with the murder
weapon in the People versus
Quinton Bester.

SHAKA

You think I keep him around after this?

MARYEE

An assistant district attorney walked him out of his cell after he plead down from several felonies. He made the only choice he could.

Maryee moves closer to Shaka. The gun pointed at his heart.

MARYEE

Truce?

SHAKA

You are your mother's child.

MARYEE

But I'm my own woman.

INT. MARYEE'S CAR - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

Maryee dials her phone as she gets in. She talks to Justice on speakerphone.

MARYEE

He says he's on board.

JUSTICE'S VOICE

Then he is.

MARYEE

For your boyfriend's sake, I hope you're right.

INT. SHAKA'S HOUSE - NIGHT [CONTINUOUS]

Shaka enters, followed by Quinton who now has a busted up face and looks like Shaka just killed his dog. Everyone goes silent.

SHAKA

That fifty K for Maryee Gabriel? Scratch that.

Quinton's face brightens.

SHAKA

It's now one fifty. GET IT THE FUCK DONE.

EXT. GRAITOT CHURCH - NIGHT

Maryee walks around back, pistol at her side. She sees ELLIS (20s), Anglo American, hands and mouth bound with duct tape. Rita stands near him.

RITA

Ellis here fell for the I wanna
blow you line. It's easier to get
'em taped up when their dick's
already out. Diplomacy ain't a bad
idea, boss.

Maryee approaches him and pulls the trigger.

One bullet.

Ellis is dead.

END OF SHOW