

**TORCHED**  
"Pilot"

by

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**EXT. HALLOWEEN SUPERSTORE - NIGHT**

The store is engulfed in flames. FIREFIGHTERS work to extinguish it. This is one hell of a fire.

FADE TO:

**EXT. HALLOWEEN SUPERSTORE - DAY**

A TELEVISION REPORTER on the scene, the store smolders in the background. FIREFIGHTERS continue to work.

TELEVISION REPORTER

With Halloween tomorrow, city officials are reminding residents to be on alert. With a third of the city's fire companies shut down since last year, Detroiters need to be reminded that nine-one-one calls will be routed to the closest service agency but that response times may be slower than normal given the holiday.

**INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY GYM - DAY**

ELIZABETH "MAC" MACGOVERN (39), Anglo-American, fit, lays on the ground, feet on a stability ball. She lifts her butt and tries to ignore the television report about the fire that plays in the background. The male physical therapist, LANE TRENT, (20s), eggs her on.

LANE (O.S.)

Contract your abs more. That's it.  
Lift your butt higher. Raise your hips.

Mac breaks a sweat. She sees the fire on the television in her periphery.

LANE (CONT'D)

Come on. I only want your shoulders touching the ground.  
Okay, hold it. Hold it.

She holds the position. As he says 'down' she collapses.

LANE (CONT'D)

And down. Now back up.  
(MORE)

LANE (CONT'D)  
 With the brace gone it's important  
 to keep those muscles tight, Mac.

She pretends not to watch the fire on the television.

LANE (CONT'D)  
 (off the television)  
 Wish you were there?

Mac closes her eyes for a moment. She wills her body back into position. Lane puts a hand out to steady her.

MAC  
 I've got this.

He nods and backs up an inch.

LANE  
 Contract your abs and lift.

She goes through the exercise again.

LANE (CONT'D)  
 You've only been back on the job  
 three weeks. Pace yourself.

Lane lays back on his elbows.

LANE (CONT'D)  
 So it's eighty degrees out this  
 weekend, right? And I can't mow my  
 lawn.

Mac could give a shit. She concentrates on raising her butt.

LANE (CONT'D)  
 'Cause my buying a few gallons of  
 gas in a can is apparently gonna  
 be the end of the world.

MAC  
 Just the end of Detroit.

LANE  
 Come on. This Halloween hysteria's  
 ridiculous. The night before  
 Halloween is really that bad?

Mac holds the pose and grits her teeth.

MAC  
 There are about five hundred fires  
 every month in Detroit.

(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)  
 Devil's Night rolls around and  
 that number triples. Been that way  
 since before you were born. Mow  
 your lawn next weekend.

Lane straightens out Mac's back.

LANE  
 (a twinkle in his eye)  
 I thought it was 'Angel's Night'  
 now?

MAC  
 It'll always be the devil's city.  
 We're just trying to put out the  
 goddamn fires.

**EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

Black smoke pours out of the steeple. Mac sits in her car and  
 breathes as if she's in labor. She closes her eyes and arches  
 her back. There's a KNOCK at her window.

MAC  
 (through the window)  
 Give me a sec.

She opens one eye and looks out at Police Chief DELMAR HALEY,  
 JR. (42), African American. She closes her eye. He KNOCKS  
 again. Mac rolls down her window.

DELMAR  
 All hands on deck.

She gets out of the car slowly. He watches her.

DELMAR (CONT'D)  
 You get cleared this morning?

MAC  
 Workin' on it, boss.

They walk toward the church. News vans, REPORTERS, SPECTATORS  
 crowd in. FIREFIGHTERS work. POLICE OFFICERS work. The  
 television reporter pushes a microphone toward Delmar.

TELEVISION REPORTER  
 Police Chief Haley, is Detroit  
 heading for a weekend like back in  
 1984? Will we hit eight hundred  
 fires in a three-day period again?

DELMAR

(to the camera)

Detroit's finest are working round the clock to keep this city safe, just as they always do. Stay vigilant though, if you see something, say something. Call nine-one-one or your local police station.

Mac approaches a male FIREFIGHTER with an ax who waits.

FIREFIGHTER WITH AX

Fire's in the chimney. No vertical ventilation needed.

MAC

Then why'd they call you guys?

FIREFIGHTER WITH AX

Pastor's a VIP. Probably gives money or some shit.

Delmar motions for Mac.

DELMAR

Chimney was cleaned last week, this wasn't an accident. This is your first priority.

MAC

I got a backlog of cases, and I'm still only a 'consultant'. Until the paperwork goes through I've got no support, not even a desk.

DELMAR

But you've got a job. Do it.

Delmar goes back the other way. Mac approaches a FEMALE CADET and a MALE CADET who wind hose.

MAC

Arson. MacGovern. Who was first on?

MALE CADET

Patrol. Then us, ladder forty-two.

MAC

Then let your captain know I'll be back when the heat's out.

FEMALE CADET

We all know it was set. Kids,  
drunks, homicidal maniacs, doesn't  
much matter.

MAC

It matters.

MALE CADET

I'll let the captain know. She's  
doing a cursory sweep now.

MAC

Always a good idea.

Mac turns away.

FEMALE CADET

No shit.

Mac turns back to them.

MAC

Excuse me?

MALE CADET

Lighten up, Jaz.

FEMALE CADET

So this paper pusher can tell us  
how to do our jobs?

MAC

Exactly, *Cadet*.

Mac joins Detective ALEX TAYLOR (late 20s), Mexican American,  
in a suit, who types on his phone within earshot.

TAYLOR

Meow.

MAC

How was your day off, *Detective*  
Taylor?

TAYLOR

I'm pretty sure I bombed.

MAC

You said that last time.

TAYLOR

And I did.

(MORE)

TAYLOR (CONT'D)

If the LSATs are any indication,  
I'm not going to do well in law  
school.

MAC

You've got the looks to be a  
prosecutor, you're golden.

TAYLOR

New gig treatin' you well?

MAC

Peaches.

He looks up from his phone.

TAYLOR

I still can't believe psych  
cleared you. I mean, you gotta be  
*crazy pissed*. You save three  
people then crush your spinal cord  
ridin' the rig. Where's the karma  
in that?

Mac pats him on the shoulder as her phone RINGS.

MAC

Good Catholics like you don't  
believe in that New Age shit.  
(off her phone)  
Third call today.

TAYLOR

It's not gonna stop anytime soon.

He watches her walk away.

MAC

(without looking back)  
Keep lookin' at my ass, Taylor.

He grins and goes back to his phone. Mac walks toward her car.

Something in a pile of leaves catches her eye: a white  
handkerchief. She pulls on a pair of gloves, opens an evidence  
bag and drops it in.

**EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

Toys litter the front yard, minivan in the driveway. Flames  
shoot up from the back of the house.

A FIREFIGHTER unrolls a hose. Mac looks at the uniform and then at the fire engine. It's not Detroit city-issue.

MAC  
Ypsilanti?

YPSI FIREFIGHTER  
Guess you guys needed some backup.

The paramedics work on a MOTHER. A LITTLE GIRL sobs. Mac bends down to comfort her. It hurts but she hides it.

LITTLE GIRL  
Pickles ran under my bed.

Mac heads to the fire engine. The Ypsi firefighter watches.

MAC  
Turnout gear?

The firefighter points to the truck's cabin.

#### **INT. BURNING HOUSE - DAY**

Mac, in full gear, watches as a small CREW in the back spray flames. She moves toward a child's bedroom.

Water drips everywhere, everything burned or covered in soot.

#### **EXT. HOUSE - DAY**

The little girl smiles from the back of the ambulance with a kitten in her arms. Mac strips off her gear and hands it to the Ypsi firefighter.

MAC  
You came all the way from Ypsi for this?

YPSI FIREFIGHTER 2  
Detroit burns down, you all move to our 'hood. Can't have that.

Mac hands him her helmet as her phone RINGS again.

#### **INT. MAC.'S CAR - NIGHT**

Mac drives, eats a sandwich, and yells into the car's speakerphone at her ex-husband, CHARLIE.



MAC  
 Jesus Christ, you're really doing  
 this, Charlie?

CHARLIE  
 (through speakerphone)  
 If I had any other choice, you  
 think I wouldn't make it?

His words slur together. He's CRYING.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 (through speakerphone)  
 I always wanted to be the provider  
 for our family.

Mac finishes her sandwich as she pulls up in front of the  
 Halloween Superstore from the news earlier.

MAC  
 Tell your lawyer to set a date and  
 I'll fit it in.

She hits several buttons on the car's dashboard. She attempts  
 to get out of the car. She grabs her back and WINCES in pain.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 (to herself)  
 Shit. Shit shit shit.

CHARLIE  
 (through speakerphone)  
 I'm still here, Lizzie.

She ends the call, grits her teeth and gets out of the car.

**EXT. HALLOWEEN SUPERSTORE - NIGHT**

The fire is out. FIREFIGHTERS and POLICE OFFICERS finish their  
 work. A crowd of ONLOOKERS gather. Mac heads for where the  
 front door used to be. Taylor steps out of the store.

TAYLOR  
 Fancy meetin' you here.

Mac follows him into the store.

MAC  
 It took 'em long enough to send me  
 on this call.

TAYLOR  
They didn't call detectives in  
either, hence our earlier meeting.

MAC  
Hence?

TAYLOR  
L-SATS. My vocabulary's collateral  
damage.

**INT. HALLOWEEN SUPERSTORE - CONTINUOUS**

Taylor wades through the rubble and water and heads toward the back of the store. Mac follows. They stop next to a female firefighter, TINA CONYERS (21), in sooted gear.

TAYLOR  
(to Tina)  
Tell the pretty lady what she's  
won, Tina.

Tina motions down at the floor.

TINA  
He, she, they were gone when I got  
here. Dead, I mean.

TAYLOR  
(to Mac)  
I think it's her first dead body.

Mac moves closer to the BODY.

MAC  
Smoke inhalation? Burns?

TAYLOR  
Bullet in the left arm.

Taylor's phone RINGS, he moves away to answer it.

MAC  
So this case might have legs.

TINA  
What'dya mean?

Mac investigates the area and focuses on the wall.

MAC  
We make arrests in less than  
fifteen percent of arson cases.  
(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)  
 We do a little better with  
 murders. Combine the two? Happy  
 Devil's Night to us.

TINA  
 My captain says we're not allowed  
 to use that term.

MAC  
 Your captain sounds like an ass.

BETTY (O.S.)  
 You'd know, Lieutenant.

Mac looks up at Fire Captain BETTY WILLIAMS (55), African  
 American, in full gear.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
 (to Tina)  
 When you finish up here, head back  
 to the rig. Sergeant Michaels will  
 have your orders.

MAC  
 (to Betty)  
 You're not in the Marines anymore,  
 Captain.

BETTY  
 Made you what you are today,  
 MacGovern.

Betty leaves and Mac cuts a piece of wood from the wall. She  
 slips it into an evidence bag. Tina watches.

TINA  
 Devil's Night's like, what, an  
 urban legend?

MAC  
 You wanna call close to a thousand  
 fires in sixty hours an urban  
 legend, be my guest.

Tina watches Mac work.

TINA  
 (off body)  
 I thought he, or she, was still  
 alive when I got in here. Her or-

Taylor rejoins them.

TAYLOR

His. Male.

TINA

His shirt wasn't on fire but it had started to degrade, it might have been made of this fabric, aramid-

MAC

He was wearing Kevlar?

TAYLOR

A vest. Which is more telling than flashing colors or tats.

TINA

He was in a gang?

MAC

How do you know about aramid?

TINA

The Learning Channel. I'm obsessed with it. Especially anything having to do with crime or fire or awful animal births.

MAC

(to Taylor)

So it was a body dump.

TAYLOR

Nice theory. But for now we clear out.

MAC

I've got hours of work-

TALYOR

Hazmat's call. Someone found a barrel in a store three doors down. Meth lab. We're done till morning, at least.

Mac pulls out a digital camera and snaps pictures of the scene. Tina continues to watch Mac.

TINA

If you need any extra help, or anything, I'd be willing.

MAC

(distracted)

Sure.

Tina heads out.

TAYLOR  
(to Mac)  
Groupies already?

Mac shakes her head and takes a step. Pain flashes across her face. Taylor turns to her. She covers with a smile.

TAYLOR  
You got game, Mac.

**INT. MAC.'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

KATIE MACGOVERN (18), Anglo American, not thin, rummages through a drawer in the kitchen. She yells down the hall.

KATIE  
Conor! Mom said there were pizza coupons. Did you see them?

CONOR MACGOVERN (17), Anglo American, built like an athlete, enters the kitchen.

CONOR  
Mom'll order when she gets home.

Katie pulls out a brochure for the police academy.

KATIE  
Your buddies gonna let you apply?

Conor takes the brochure from her. She continues to rummage.

CONOR  
It's mom's. She's gotta go through the academy to become official and all that crap.

KATIE  
You can't bang if she's a cop.

CONOR  
I don't.

She pulls out a coupon, finally.

KATIE  
You should tell your gang that.

**EXT. MAC.'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Mac's car sits in the driveway of a small ranch-style house. The dome light inside the car is on.

**INT. MAC.'S CAR - NIGHT**

Mac has her phone pressed to her ear. She leans back, eyes closed, in the driver's seat.

MAC  
 (into phone)  
 I cannot do this tonight, Charlie.  
 Put down the bottle and go to bed.  
 (beat)  
 Just lie down and shut your eyes.  
 Things'll be better in the  
 morning.

She pulls her coat closer. The movement makes her wince.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 We'll figure it out. They don't  
 hate you, no more than they hate  
 me. They're teenagers. Yes,  
 tomorrow. I love you too, Charlie.

She ends the call and opens the car door but physically cannot get out. She shuts the car door. She looks at the clock on the dashboard: 4:04 AM.

She moves the lever on the seat and it eases back. She grabs a ski hat from the backseat, pulls it on her head, and shuts her eyes just as the passenger side door opens. Taylor slides into the car.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 Do you have a GPS tracker on me?

TAYLOR  
 I don't sleep, you don't sleep,  
 we're made for one another.

He moves the lever on his seat and slides it back. They both stare at the car's ceiling.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
 Petroleum ether, from a camping  
 stove some tweaker was using out  
 back.

MAC  
 Out back of where?

TAYLOR

Ignites real easy. And when it does, a bomb goes off. All over your crime scene. That you haven't finished processing yet.

MAC

The Halloween Superstore?

TAYLOR

Think murderers sleep? I'd like to sleep.

**EXT. MAC.'S HOUSE - DAY**

Mac is asleep in her car, alone, in the driveway.

**INT. MAC.'S CAR - DAY**

The clock on the dashboard: 6:48 AM.

Mac's phone RINGS. She grabs for it but hits the car door. She opens her eyes and remembers where she is. She pulls the lever and eases her seat into the seated position.

KATIE (O.S.)

(through the car window)

She's alive.

Mac looks out the window and sees the faces of Katie and Conor. She rolls down the window.

MAC

Get in, I'll drop you at school.

The kids get in the car. Katie is dressed like a slutty rockstar. Conor wears normal clothes.

CONOR

You didn't come home last night.

MAC

Technically I did, especially if Dad asks.

Mac looks at Katie, notices her outfit.

MAC (CONT'D)

Katie, what are you wearing?

CONOR

She obsessed over it all night.

KATIE  
It's Halloween.

MAC  
You're allowed to dress like this  
at school?

KATIE  
I'm not breaking any dress code  
rules, I checked.

CONOR  
Rendering me blind should count  
for something.

Katie punches Conor. He smiles. She sulks. Mac takes a deep  
breath and puts the car in gear.

**EXT. HALLOWEEN SUPERSTORE - DAY**

Mac gets out of her car as Taylor walks toward her. She pulls a  
messenger bag out of the backseat.

TAYLOR  
You look like hell.

MAC  
And a bright cheery good morning  
to you too.

They walk toward the rubble, post explosion.

TAYLOR  
Hazmat cleared us an hour ago.

Taylor and Mac badge their way into the rubble.

**EXT. HALLOWEEN SUPERSTORE - DAY**

There are no walls, just charred pieces of wood and steel. Mac  
pulls files from her bag and goes to where a wall used to be.

MAC  
The vapor pressure of the  
accelerant was high but not that  
high. The piece of the wall I  
sampled yesterday had remnants of  
turpentine on it. When the heat  
dissipated, the gas reverted back  
into its' original state: liquid  
turpentine.



TAYLOR  
And that means?

MAC  
The arsonist used paint thinner to  
start the fire.

TAYLOR  
Is that unusual?

MAC  
Yeah. Gasoline is cheaper and  
easier to acquire.

TAYLOR  
Half of the garages in this town  
probably have a can of turpentine  
in them.

MAC  
But ya gotta know that it's good  
for starting fires before you can  
use it.

She spreads out large copies of photos she took the day before,  
matching them to their approximate place in the room. The  
photos are written on and marked up.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Look at this one.

She holds a photo out to Taylor. In the picture the body lays  
on the floor.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Look at the wall above the body.

She points out lines on the photo where the fire burned and  
where it stopped.

MAC (CONT'D)  
That's where they sprayed the  
accelerant.

Taylor looks at her other photos.

TAYLOR  
These aren't all of this crime  
scene.

She takes another file from her bag and hands it to him.

MAC  
Six weeks ago.  
(MORE)

MAC (CONT'D)  
Fire set in an abandoned apartment  
building. The accelerant?  
Turpentine.

TAYLOR  
Body?

MAC  
No.

TAYLOR  
Could just be a Halloween  
coincidence, mi amiga.

MAC  
I think it's a pattern.

TAYLOR  
You've been on this job five  
minutes and you've taken to  
spotting patterns?

MAC  
I've been on the job fifteen  
years.

Taylor pops a stick of gum in his mouth.

TAYLOR  
I'll see what I can find out about  
the turpentine.

**INT. ENGINE CO. 77 FIREHOUSE - DAY**

Mac stands in front of a desk in the fire captain's office.  
Behind it sits Betty, head in her hands.

BETTY  
(through hands)  
How long have I been captain of  
this house?

There's silence.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
It's not a rhetorical question,  
Mac.

MAC  
Less than a year.

BETTY

And during that year, how many Devil's Nights have I presided over?

MAC

I'm guessing just the one last night.

BETTY

And how many fires were there last night?

MAC

I don't know, sir, ma'am, I don't know.

Betty picks her head up, stands, opens a desk drawer, pulls out a lint roller and attacks her uniform.

BETTY

Fifty-seven. Down from years past, certainly. But up from last year's eighteen. Up a lot. You caught five yesterday, respectable number for a fire investigator.

Mac nods. She has no idea where this is going.

BETTY (CONT'D)

But you're not a fire investigator yet are you, Mac?

MAC

I'm working with HR and the police department-

BETTY

I know, medical evals and all that before you start the academy. But that's not what I'm talking about.

MAC

Ma'am?

Betty turns to face Mac.

BETTY

You caught five fires in addition to the backlog I'm sure you're more than aware of. One of those five has a dead body attached. You're not cleared for heavy duty.

(MORE)

BETTY (CONT'D)

And yet you went into a fire to  
rescue a dog.

MAC

A cat.

BETTY

Right.

Mac's tired of the bullshit.

MAC

Tell me what you want.

BETTY

I want you to clear your cases and  
stay out of burning buildings.

Mac nods.

BETTY (CONT'D)

Don't bullshit me, MacGovern. I'll  
throw your ass back on disability  
and you'll be done with this  
department or any other in the  
city. Got it?

MAC

Yeah.

BETTY

Any spinach?

She bares her teeth at Mac. Mac looks and gives her a reluctant  
thumbs up. Betty leaves the office.

**INT. ENGINE CO. 77 FIREHOUSE - DAY**

Mac sleeps sitting up at a table, paperwork spread all over.  
Tina sits across from her, eats yogurt, and studies the  
paperwork. Mac SNORES and wakes herself up.

TINA

My bunk's empty if you wanna  
crash.

Mac takes a moment.

MAC

I'm fine.

TINA

Did you know turpentine comes from a tree that's related to the pistachio plant?

Mac takes the paperwork from Tina.

MAC

I'm working.

TINA

Isn't it strange how the fire in the Halloween store burned more quickly but at the same temperature as the fire in the apartment building? Maybe our little fire bug's getting better at lighting them.

Mac wants to be pissed at Tina but is intrigued. She looks at the files Tina's pointing at.

MAC

So the accelerant in the first fire was diluted, it didn't spread the fire as quickly.

Tina finishes her yogurt and smiles at Mac.

TINA

I told you I'd be helpful.

**EXT. LIBRARY - DAY**

FIREFIGHTERS work on the roof of the building. The fire's almost out. Mac fills out paperwork in the parking lot.

TINA (O.S.)

Lieutenant MacGovern! Lieutenant MacGovern!

Mac looks up. Tina rushes toward her, stops, takes a breath.

TINA (CONT'D)

Bodies.

MAC

How many?

TINA

Three. One's wearing a vest, the others have tattoos. The fire barely touched them this time.

Mac puts on her fire hat and follows Tina toward the library.

MAC  
Tina?

TINA  
Yeah?

MAC  
For the love of God, call me Mac.

**INT. LIBRARY - DAY**

Mac picks her way into the room. She looks at the bodies, then at the char lines along the walls. Tina stands back.

MAC  
It looks like the same M.O. as the  
Halloween store.

TINA  
(a little too happily)  
A serial murderer arsonist.

They look at one another. Mac dials 'Taylor' on her phone.

**EXT. LIBRARY - DAY**

Taylor and Mac eat messy sandwiches on the hood of her car, the case files open around them.

TAYLOR  
So it's not about the fire, it's  
about the bodies?

MAC  
It might be both. The first fire  
didn't have a body. The pattern's  
not concrete yet.

TAYLOR  
That's not what you said this  
morning.

MAC  
I was sleep deprived.

Taylor raises his eyebrows at her.

MAC (CONT'D)

I caught a few winks while  
shuffling paperwork, all refreshed  
now.

TAYLOR

You and your refreshed self should  
find a shower.

Mac eats her sandwich with gusto.

MAC

What did you find out about the  
turpentine?

TAYLOR

Apparently you can't tell what  
batch it's from, that shit only  
comes true on TV. I'm looking into  
how many stores sell the stuff in  
the vicinity but it could be an  
old batch, sittin' around for  
years.

MAC

What about the bodies?

TAYLOR

Four vics, waiting on gang  
affiliations. Narco's checking  
their angle, maybe a sale gone  
bad. Not much tying them together  
at the moment.

MAC

Except bullets and burns.

Taylor finishes his sandwich and slides off the car hood.

TAYLOR

Let me know when you've added to  
your little pattern.

**INT. ENGINE CO. 77 FIREHOUSE - DAY**

Mac jogs on the treadmill in the main room. Tina flops down on  
the couch and flips through television channels.

MAC

Pick something.

Tina stops on a movie, *Hall Pass*, mid-scene in which actors  
look at surveillance camera shots on a screen for a moment then  
she flips the channel.

MAC (CONT'D)

Go back!

Mac gets off the treadmill and is gripped by pain. Tina jumps to help her. Mac starts to protest, stops, accepts Tina's arm and steadies herself.

MAC (CONT'D)

That movie.

Tina flips channels backward.

TINA

Owen Wilson fan?

Mac watches the screen for a moment then turns to face Tina.

MAC

I need to look at the surveillance videos and any news footage.

TINA

Because the arsonist might be in the crowd-

MAC

-watching.

TINA

Awesome.

Mac heads out of the room.

TINA (CONT'D)

I mean that in a scientific, crime solving way. You know that, right?

**INT. MAC.'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Mac studies surveillance and television news footage from the recent fires. Mac notices Katie standing before her in her pajamas, the slutty rockstar make-up remnants on her face.

MAC

I thought you were asleep?

KATIE

I was studying.

Mac is still engaged in the surveillance videos.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Mom?



Mac notices Katie's tears. She moves the computer away. She slides over on the couch and pulls Katie down next to her.

MAC  
What's going on?

KATIE  
I didn't get into State.

MAC  
I thought you were only doing early admission at U of M and Saint Mary's.

KATIE  
I really wanted State. I wanted to surprise you. That's where Grandpa went.

Mac pulls Katie closer and looks across the room where she can barely make out a photo of a man and a little girl.

MAC  
It doesn't matter.

KATIE  
It does.

MAC  
You've worked so hard, don't let one rejection letter-

KATIE  
Five. I asked Conor for the money for the others. I didn't get into any of them.

MAC  
Where'd Conor get that kind of money?

Tears roll down Katie's cheeks. Mac wipes them away.

MAC (CONT'D)  
(moving on)  
It's only early admission, there's still regular admission.  
(beat)  
He would have adored you.

Katie gets off the couch.

MAC (CONT'D)  
Pancakes for breakfast? Chocolate chip?

Katie walks down the hall. Mac goes back to her computer.

She clicks back and forth between several videos open on the screen. She clicks faster and faster and there it is: the same WHITE MALE in a white tee shirt and jeans at both fires.

She leans back and fist pumps the air.

Katie watches from down the hall.

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Mac stands across the table from a PAROLE OFFICER in an interrogation room.

MAC

And you're positive that he was with you?

PAROLE OFFICER

We were over two hours behind that day. He was either with me or in the waiting room until five fifteen.

Mac leaves the interrogation room and enters the

**SQUAD ROOM**

Taylor steps out of another interrogation room. They watch the WHITE MALE from the surveillance videos in the room Taylor was in through two-way glass. He air drums against the table like he's playing in a band.

MAC

He didn't say anything?

TAYLOR

One word: lawyer. Then started drumming. Maldito televisión, now even the stupid ones know something.

MAC

Either my parole officer's in on it or your guy's telling the truth.

TAYLOR

So why the hell was he at my scenes?

**INT. POLICE STATION - DAY**

Mac walks into the interrogation room where the guy drums.

MAC

Your parole officer's got a this  
receptionist, texts all day long.

He looks up at Mac. The drumming slows slightly.

MAC (CONT'D)

I was there over an hour and she  
never once looked up. You sign in,  
watch her a bit, leave, come back,  
she never notices you.

The drumming slows even more.

MAC (CONT'D)

You like to watch, don't you?

The drumming stops.

MAC (CONT'D)

You watch, no crime in that.  
You're a wannabe but you've never  
been jumped in. So tell me, you  
see anything?

WHITE MALE

Like you said, no crime in  
watching.

MAC

Just a color, give me a color. You  
know what I'm talkin' 'bout. What  
were they wearing?

He drums some more, though quieter.

WHITE MALE

You gonna let me go?

MAC

In about five minutes your parole  
officer'll walk you out. No one'll  
think it's anything but a parole  
violation if they see it.

A beat.

WHITE MALE

White.

Mac nods and exits. She enters the

SQUAD ROOM

and looks at Taylor.

MAC

White at the church, white at the Halloween store, white at the abandoned apartment building.

TAYLOR

I knew about the church hankie but what about the others?

MAC

M.E. found white cloth in the teeth of the Halloween body and when I went back through the apartment file there was a handkerchief at that scene too. Happy yet?

TAYLOR

I'm a gigglin' fool.

**EXT. ENGINE CO. 77 FIREHOUSE - DAY**

FIREFIGHTERS arrive back from a call. Mac hollers to Betty who gets off the truck and puts gear away.

MAC

Any surprises?

BETTY

Plugged chimney flue. Never a surprise.

MAC

I'm working a theory.

BETTY

Your hypothesis isn't my concern.

MAC

I know.

BETTY

Most people are grateful we don't find bodies.

Betty moves away. Mac's phone RINGS. She puts it to her ear and then yells to Betty.

MAC

I've got a body at Grand River and Temple!

BETTY

Bully for you.

**EXT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Taylor sniffs his jacket in the middle of a burned out warehouse. Smoke and water everywhere but no flames.

TAYLOR

I'm really tired of the dry cleaning bills I'm incurring following you around.

Mac kneels over a BODY covered with a sheet and makes notes. She occasionally rubs her back. She's in no mood.

MAC

Then solve the case.

Taylor sidles up next to the medical examiner, Doctor AGATHA SMALLS (41), Greek American, who writes on a chart.

TAYLOR

Mac's working on a theory we've got a serial murderer slash arsonist in our midst. You seem much too intelligent to agree with her, Doctor.

MAC

You tell me this guy wasn't shot somewhere else and dumped here to burn, I'll kick my theory to the curb.

AGATHA

This isn't your primary.

Taylor bends down next to Mac.

TAYLOR

Through and through?

AGATHA

Leg shot, bled out.

TAYLOR

Dead before he arrived here?

AGATHA  
Not likely.

TAYLOR  
Vest?

MAC  
Just a tat, East Side Avengers.  
And yes, it's spelled wrong - 'E'  
vengers.

TAYLOR  
There's only one shop left that  
does east side ink. I'll get an ID  
and text you. You're going to?

She motions around the room.

MAC  
Follow the fire.

TAYLOR  
(to Agatha)  
Until we meet again, Doctor.

MAC  
Get out of here, GQ.

He winks at Agatha and leaves.

**INT. ENGINE CO. 77 FIREHOUSE - DAY**

Betty signs paperwork at her desk. Mac sits across from her.

BETTY  
A serial arsonist.

MAC  
I'm not one hundred percent sure.

BETTY  
Then go.

MAC  
Well, it's just this last fire-

BETTY  
I need evidence, facts, and a  
suspect. I need to be able to  
present all of that to my boss  
later today. So if you don't have  
that.

MAC

We have a lead on the gang that may be involved.

BETTY

We cannot let these assholes burn down our city. Again. We could all end up on the chopping block.

MAC

Detective Taylor and the M.E. know it's a priority.

Betty sets the paperwork aside.

BETTY

Remind me why I hired you.

Mac nods and gets out of the chair slowly. Betty watches her as she leaves the office.

**EXT. POLICE/FIRE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Mac walks toward the parking lot. Delmar and POLICE OFFICIALS walk toward the building. Delmar stops, lets the others pass, and turns to walk with Mac.

DELMAR

What do you have on the church?

MAC

We've got a theory.

DELMAR

This is top priority.

Mac opens her car door.

MAC

I've got a lot of top priorities, Delmar.

He softly grabs her arm and stops her from getting into the car. He looks around. Mac shakes his hand loose and gets in the car. He gets in the passenger's side.

MAC (CONT'D)

I've got work to do.

Delmar leans over and kisses her. She kisses him back. This has happened before. Mac is the first to pull away.

MAC (CONT'D)

Like I said, work.

DELMAR

I did it. I left Juliet. I'm staying at a hotel.

Mac looks like she's been shot. She can't believe it.

DELMAR (CONT'D)

I don't want to move in, not right away. Maybe we can meet each other's kids first. Dinner.

Mac stares out the window. She has no words.

DELMAR (CONT'D)

Elizabeth, we talked about this. It was time.

MAC

Get out of my car.

Delmar gets out. Mac puts the car in gear and drives off.

**INT. WAREHOUSE - DAY**

Mac compares photos to the walls. She flips through her files. Tina kneels next to her.

MAC

This is gonna take a while, don't you have something better to do?

TINA

I'm coming off a thirty-six hour shift, like I have a personal life.

MAC

You got overtime?

TINA

Everyone did. For Angel's Night.

Mac rolls her eyes.

MAC

See these patterns?

She points out the burns on the walls in the photographs. They rise slightly to the left.

MAC (CONT'D)

Now look at this wall.



Mac points out the burns on the wall in front of them. They rise slightly to the right.

MAC (CONT'D)  
It's the same accelerant in both fires, in all of them, but the burn pattern is different.

Tina mimes throwing accelerant onto the walls with one hand and then the other.

MAC (CONT'D)  
One of our arsonists is left-handed, one's right-handed.

TINA  
How does that help narrow it down?

MAC  
It doesn't.

**EXT. FEDERAL RAILROAD ADMINISTRATION BUILDING - DAY**

Part of the building smolders. FIREFIGHTERS work. Mac paces. Taylor stands fifty feet away near his car and types on his phone. REPORTERS swarm Betty as she approaches.

REPORTER 1  
Is the man dead?

BETTY  
The *federal employee* has second degree burns on his hands but he'll recover.

REPORTER 2  
Do the police have the arsonist in custody?

BETTY  
I have nothing more at this time.

Mac heads toward Taylor.

TAYLOR  
I'm thinkin' Zef's for lunch. Two for one coneys.

Delmar approaches them.

MAC  
This day just gets better and better.

DELMAR  
Detective Taylor. Lieutenant  
MacGovern.

MAC  
So when someone's burning up gang  
bangers they don't care. But one  
fed and it's the top story.

DELMAR  
How's your back?

Mac shoots Delmar a look that could kill.

POLICEWOMAN (O.S.)  
Chief Haley?

Delmar nods at Taylor and walks away.

TAYLOR  
Have you known the chief long?

MAC  
I gotta get to Katie's school.

**INT. CASS TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Mac sits across from a female GUIDANCE COUNSELOR in an office.

MAC  
There must be one college out  
there for her.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
She set her expectations so high  
and, well, now she's slipping even  
further behind.

MAC  
Tell me what to do.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
She's failing anatomy. She  
shouldn't even be in the class, we  
recommended against it last  
spring.

MAC  
She made a choice, I supported  
her. You supported her.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
I did but now I'd like to switch  
her into something a little more  
manageable.

MAC  
She's not stupid.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
No one is saying that. We're fully  
aware of her learning disability,  
and she's one of the hardest  
working kids I have ever met.

MAC  
She struggles so much and it comes  
so ridiculously easy for Conor.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR  
He's a whole other meeting.

They smile tiredly at each other.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR (CONT'D)  
Ultimately, it's her choice. But  
if you could give her a little  
shove toward an easier class.

The bell RINGS.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR (CONT'D)  
College isn't for everyone. And if  
Katie realizes that sooner, rather  
than later, it might help her.

Mac watches students flood the hallway.

#### **INT. MORGUE - DAY**

Mac watches an empty hallway. Then she turns and faces the BODY  
on the table. Agatha flips pages in a chart.

AGATHA  
The railroad fed who survived, a  
friend over at Henry Ford said his  
burns are consistent with falling  
into a fire.

MAC  
The report says he fell down a  
flight of stairs trying to get  
outside so it matches.

AGATHA  
And no other victims?

Mac points to the body on the table.

MAC  
What about him?

AGATHA  
He was your first find. Twenty-  
two, otherwise healthy. Kevlar  
vest stopped a bullet to the  
chest.

She pulls the sheet down to expose bruising around his heart.

AGATHA (CONT'D)  
But the arm wound did him in.

She points out the bullet wound to his left arm.

AGATHA (CONT'D)  
He had skin under his nails,  
likely from a physical  
altercation. We'll run samples.

MAC  
He was dead before the fire,  
right?

AGATHA  
Still not one hundred percent.  
Just like the others. I'll run a  
few more tests on tissue samples  
to be conclusive.

MAC  
ID?

Agatha pulls a piece of paper from the chart.

AGATHA  
Carter Leiter. Mother's coming in  
this afternoon. Do you want to  
talk to her?

MAC  
(too quickly)  
No.

AGATHA  
Also, he had fresh ink.

MAC

He was examined at the scene, it wasn't marked in the notes.

AGATHA

Inside left thigh. Seems to me he should've got his money back.

She moves the sheet. On the thigh is an 'E' vengers tat.

**INT. LAW OFFICES - DAY**

Mac sits at a conference table across from her ex-husband, Charlie MacGovern (41), Anglo American, in a suit. The MEDIATOR, a man in his 50s, waits.

MAC

It's been six years, Charlie.

CHARLIE

My lawyer said the statute of limitations on spousal support is a gray area.

MAC

Six years.

MEDIATOR

This is our third attempt at mediation. Mister MacGovern is petitioning the court for twelve hundred dollars a month, to expire when he gains full-time employment equivalent to that of his previous position.

MAC

You have to move on, you're never going to be a big shot at GM again.

MEDIATOR

Missus MacGovern-

MAC

It's Lieutenant.

MEDIATOR

Lieutenant MacGovern, please address your comments to me. We've been over-

CHARLIE

I was contacted by a head hunter last month.

MAC

Fantastic! We're done here then, right?

MEDIATOR

If you both could just-

Mac gets up quickly. She stops in pain. She closes her eyes and sits back down.

CHARLIE

The kids need a better apartment when they come to stay. And I can't keep asking my mom for groceries.

MAC

Food stamps?

CHARLIE

Lizzie, come on.

MAC

They haven't stayed with you since you lost custody.

MEDIATOR

So you both agree that no settlement can be met? You'll both have to appear before a judge.

SILENCE. The mediator gets up.

MEDIATOR (CONT'D)

Someone from my office will be in touch.

He leaves.

CHARLIE

How did we get here, Lizzie?

Mac gets up, more slowly this time.

MAC

I believe I drove my new-issue Dodge Charger and you took the bus.

**EXT. CHURCH - DAY**

There is evidence of the fire. Mac stands off to one side. Detroit mayor, CLIVE HORTON (50), African American, talks to REPORTERS. He is flanked by Betty and Delmar.

CLIVE HORTON

We're as strong a city as we've ever been and I guarantee our investigators will find the person or persons responsible for these fires. And if they can't, I'll personally see to it they no longer work for the city of Detroit, and all of you.

Delmar catches Mac's eye. She moves to the back of the church.

CLIVE HORTON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

...I have a few minutes for questions before...

Taylor joins her. They walk the perimeter.

TAYLOR

The mayor gives good speech.

MAC

He's running for governor on the platform of let's tear it down and start over from a bigger office.

TAYLOR

Glad to see you're not taking it personally.

She stares up at the chimney.

MAC

It wasn't a chimney fire. They thought it was.

TAYLOR

But you think it was set.

MAC

I'll put it in my report for the mayor.

TAYLOR

You haven't filed a report since you started.

MAC

He doesn't know that.

TAYLOR

You went to the morgue without me.

MAC

I didn't know we were going steady.

TAYLOR

Those bodies in the library, all 'E' vengers. Patrol rounded up some of their associates. You want in?

MAC

I'll come by in a few hours.

Taylor watches Mac stare at the church before moving away.

**INT. ENGINE CO. 77 FIREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Mac sits at the table with her paperwork. She writes out a list. Tina dumps bags of food on the table.

MAC

You an orphan? No home? No one who wants to see you?

TINA

No one I want to see.

Mac takes a sandwich and goes back to her paperwork.

MAC

Remember the first person, body, we found?

TINA

He was wearing the Kevlar vest.

MAC

And ink, 'E' vengers. East side.

TINA

Taylor said the 'E' vengers don't usually wear vests.

MAC

You're friends with Detective Taylor now?

TINA

I'm pretty sure he's being nice to me just to get in good with you.



MAC

And you didn't bother to tell him that was a ridiculous plan? Good girl.

TINA

So what's the vest mean?

MAC

It means he knew he was going into trouble.

TINA

But he didn't go in expecting fire.

MAC

Do we think the person who killed him went in expecting fire? Turpentine's not a traditional accelerant.

TINA

Maybe it was a crime of opportunity.

MAC

That means we're not really looking for an arsonist so much as a bunch of lucky thugs.

Mac sits back, relaxed for a moment.

**INT. POLICE CAR - DAY**

Delmar drives on the freeway. Mac rides shotgun.

DELMAR

Tell me what I can do to make it up to you.

MAC

You really think this is about the mayor and his little speech?

He pulls the car over to the shoulder and parks. She turns to say something and he kisses her passionately. He pulls her shirt out of her pants. She stops him.

MAC (CONT'D)

Don't use our sex life to try and fix this.

She gets out of the car.

**EXT. SIDE OF THE ROAD - CONTINUOUS**

Mac leans against the car, Delmar approaches her but doesn't look at her. He looks at a spot on the ground.

DELMAR

Imagine getting a call, being told someone you're in love with is dying. And all you're supposed to do, according to department etiquette, is send flowers, make a call to the family. They thought you might die, Elizabeth. And guess what I had to do? I had to walk into a goddamn budget meeting.

MAC

You knew who I was when we started up.

DELMAR

The hell I did! I didn't know anything about you! That's why people start a relationship, to learn all that stuff. To change, to grow.

MAC

So I'm supposed to change who I am because you left your wife?

DELMAR

Yes!

Mac walks around and gets in the driver's side of the car. Delmar doesn't move. Mac rolls down the windows.

MAC

Get in or I'm leaving you here.

Delmar gets in.

**INT. POLICE CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Mac drives off. Delmar stews.

DELMAR

We're not done talking about this.

MAC

If there's one thing in this world I know, it's that.

Mac's phone RINGS. She grabs it off her waist and answers.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 MacGovern. What's the address?  
 Cass Tech High School?

Mac throws the phone at Delmar, flips the lights and SIRENS on, and hits the gas.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 Call the station, find out what  
 they know about the fire at Cass  
 Tech.

**EXT. CASS TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

FIREFIGHTERS rush the school. STUDENTS run from the building. Chaos. Mac runs the best she can toward the building.

MAC  
 (to anyone)  
 Is it contained? Injuries?

FIREFIGHTER WITH LADDER  
 We're ventilating.

Delmar catches up with her. Mac grabs gear off a truck.

DELMAR  
 What the-? Elizabeth, no.

MAC  
 I need to go inside. Now.

DELMAR  
 There are dozens of competent men  
 and women here.

MAC  
 Do not feed me your PR bullshit.

Her back spasms. He helps her sit on the step of the truck. His phone RINGS and he moves away. Mac's phone CHIMES. New text. [Note: texts are in italics.]

KATIE (TEXT)  
*Can't call - all I get are busy  
 signals. Can't get out.*

MAC (TEXT)  
*Where are you?*

Her phone CHIMES again.

KATIE (TEXT)  
*Hall outside library.*

Mac spins around, sees Betty and yells to her.

MAC  
 My kid, she's outside the library.

Betty looks at her like she's crazy. She holds up her phone.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 She texted me.  
 (to nearby FIREFIGHTERS)  
 Library, go!

BETTY  
 (to FIREFIGHTERS)  
 Check in with the guys in that  
 area first!

Mac takes deep breathes.

MAC (TEXT)  
*They're coming.*

She waits. Nothing.

MAC (TEXT) (CONT'D)  
*I love you. Help's on the way.*

She watches the flames across the top of the school.

**EXT. CASS TECHNICAL HIGH SCHOOL - DAY**

Katie sits in the back of an ambulance, oxygen mask to her face. Mac holds her hand. Conor jogs up to them.

CONOR  
 What? Are you? Mom?

MAC  
 She's okay. Smoke inhalation but  
 not bad. She was trapped by the  
 library but they got her, all of  
 them, out.

Conor takes it all in.

MAC (CONT'D)  
 You okay? Wait, where were you?

Conor looks at Katie. She looks away.

CONOR  
I went off campus for lunch.

Mac doesn't believe him. Delmar, Betty, Clive Horton and an AIDE approach. Conor sits down next to Katie.

MAC  
(to Conor)  
We're gonna talk later.

The aide whispers to Clive. REPORTERS and cameras close in.

CLIVE HORTON  
(to Mac)  
We're all so glad your daughter is okay, Lieutenant.

The aide whispers to Clive again.

CLIVE HORTON (CONT'D)  
And your son.

Mac just nods. Delmar and Betty try not to roll their eyes. Clive turns to the cameras.

CLIVE HORTON (CONT'D)  
We'll know soon whether or not this terrible tragedy is a part of the recent string of events-

MAC  
(to Clive)  
This isn't a *string of events*, this is a war!

The cameras catch all of this.

MAC (CONT'D)  
We've got suspects, gangs full of them. If you'll just give us the manpower and the money we need-

Betty puts a soft hand on Mac's shoulder. Mac stops. Betty turns to the cameras.

BETTY  
I think we all share Lieutenant MacGovern's concern and we're all doing everything we can to keep our city safe. Thank you.

Clive nods at Mac and walks away. Delmar follows.

Mac notices a group of GIRLS watching the FIREFIGHTERS work. All wear either white skull caps or white sweatshirts. She looks at Conor's school uniform: navy and khaki.

She sends a text message to Taylor.

MAC (TEXT)  
*Link between Cass Tech fire and  
 Evengers. Will follow up with you  
 later.*

Betty looks Katie up and down.

BETTY  
 (to Katie)  
 Tough like your momma, good.

She walks away. Mac turns back to the kids as Charlie hurries up to them, disheveled, barely holding it together.

CHARLIE  
 Jesus!

KATIE  
 I'm okay.

Mac and him share a moment and then her eyes turn to ice as she realizes...

MAC  
 You came to their school drunk?!

**INT. MAC.'S HOUSE - NIGHT**

Mac hands Katie a glass of ice water as Katie lies on the couch. Conor and Charlie enter the house with pizza boxes.

CHARLIE  
 One red, one white. And  
 breadsticks, just for you, Katie-  
 bear.

Mac walks into the kitchen, Charlie follows her. She gets plates and napkins.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
 I can stay the night if you've  
 gotta get back to work.

MAC  
 We're fine.

They WHISPER argue.

CHARLIE  
You're always so pissed at me.  
Even with all of this.

MAC  
You were drunk this afternoon.

CHARLIE  
I'd had a few beers.

MAC  
The handcuffs they issued me  
aren't just for looks.

CHARLIE  
Go ahead.

Katie and Conor and sit down at the table.

CONOR  
Red or white, Dad?

CHARLIE  
I'm not staying, I just wanted to  
make sure Katie-bear was okay.

He kisses the tops of both their heads. Mac watches him.

CHARLIE (CONT'D)  
(to Mac)  
Call me if she needs anything.

He leaves. Mac sits down. Her phone RINGS. She looks at the  
caller ID: Delmar. She hits ignore.

MAC  
(to Conor)  
A slice of each, I'm starving.

Mac watches Katie.

KATIE  
I'm okay, Mom.

MAC  
You really are, aren't you?

Mac's phone RINGS again. She looks at the caller ID: TAYLOR.  
She throws the phone across the room onto the couch.

**INT. POLICE/FIRE HEADQUARTERS - DAY**

Mac stands in front of a large room of at least 100 firefighter CADET STUDENTS. She points to the screen where a photo of the Halloween Superstore fire looms.

MAC

I've been able to use the skills I gained from my time in the department to determine certain things about each fire I investigate.

She points to the wall in the photo.

MAC (CONT'D)

For instance, look at this wall, the burn patterns are much more severe than any other in the room. That helps to determine point of origin.

FEMALE CADET STUDENT

Was the person who died the one who set the fire?

MAC

No, he was dead before the fire started.

MALE CADET STUDENT

How can you be positive?

MAC

The medical examiner's autopsy.

Mac flips open the case file.

MAC (CONT'D)

According to the report I got from the M.E. this morning, the victim's lungs showed only trace amounts of cyanide and a mixture of other combustion products-

Mac stops. Something's not right. She flips pages.

FEMALE CADET STUDENT

How would combustion products get into the lungs if the person was already dead?

MAC

They wouldn't.



Mac dials 'Taylor' on her phone.

MAC (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
Meet me at HQ.

**INT. POLICE/FIRE HEADQUARTERS - MOMENTS LATER**

Taylor and Mac stand in a hallway. Each holds files and paperwork and they talk over top of one another.

MAC  
The second body had evidence of thermal damage in his lungs. Not a lot but enough.

TAYLOR  
The first vic had traces of carbon monoxide in his.

MAC  
Lucky number three had thermal damage too, and pulmonary irritation.

Taylor reads over her shoulder.

TAYLOR  
Agatha made a note that it was unusual but not unheard of. So it's possible...

MAC  
...they were all alive when they went into the buildings.

TAYLOR  
The *burning* buildings. But it doesn't make sense. The fires didn't kill them.

MAC  
The fires covered up the deaths, or tried to. It tells us that our primary scenes were somewhere very close to each fire. That the flames and smoke had started before the triggers were pulled.

TAYLOR  
That's risky, even for these dumbshits.

MAC  
Fire is noticeable. They must've known they had only minutes to clear the scene.

TAYLOR  
I'll get uniforms to canvas.

MAC  
But that doesn't explain the fire at the railroad building. No body, no cover-up, no tag.

TAYLOR  
Eighty thousand abandoned buildings. Half a million lost jobs. Forty percent of streetlights don't work. Pendejos gonna do shit. Gives us a reason to come back to work tomorrow.

Taylor grins at Mac.

MAC  
You look like an idiot.

TAYLOR  
It's a good break.

Mac watches him grin. She can't help it, she smiles too.

**EXT. HALLOWEEN SUPERSTORE - DAY**

Mac and Taylor walk around the back of the rubble. Uniformed OFFICERS watch over a crime scene littered with discarded shingles. They clear out as Mac and Taylor approach.

TAYLOR  
Fire had thrown shingles on it.  
Fifty pounds or more.

He points to an area cordoned off. The dirt is dark.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Dried blood. And the casings I found belong to a Lorcin pistol, 380 caliber. Cheap at most of your corner stores.

MAC  
Who's it belong to?

TAYLOR  
Did belong to one Dion Grand.  
'Hundred Grand' was his street  
name.

MAC  
Was?

TAYLOR  
Killed in a prison fire three  
months ago. Set by a captain in  
the 'E' vengers.

MAC  
Who's ring did Dion wear?

TAYLOR  
It was white.

He smiles at Mac.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)  
Kaji. New gang that's looking to  
make a mark. Mostly wannabes. Lots  
of Asians, Japanese. Some whites,  
one Mexican so far.

MAC  
So Dion was Asian?

TAYLOR  
Nope. Black.

MAC  
I don't get it.

She flips through a file. Taylor talks with the uniforms. She  
walks the crime scene and reads the file again.

MAC (CONT'D)  
His brother wasn't his brother.

TAYLOR  
How so?

MAC  
It mentions a brother in his file.  
But his police interview refers to  
a foster brother. Maybe his  
brother's Asian.

Mac heads out.

**INT. MAC.'S CAR - DAY**

Tina rides shotgun. Mac pulls up in front of a youth center.

TINA

I can't believe the captain let me come, this is so exciting. Did you know that the Lorcin is the most frequently traced handgun by the ATF?

MAC

You have to stop talking to Taylor.

They watch as Taylor pulls up next to them and gets out of his car. Mac and Tina follow suit.

**EXT. YOUTH CENTER - CONTINUOUS**

Taylor shoots Mac a look, like not her. She motions for Tina to stay back, and then moves closer to Taylor.

MAC

Google Translator filled me in on what 'Kaji' means.

TAYLOR

Really? Couldn't get to 'Crazy Asian Pyromaniacs' on your own?

MAC

Crazy's not really in the phrasing.

Uniformed OFFICERS enter the building, guns drawn. SCREAMS and sounds of furniture being knocked over. The first officer out pushes a WHITE BOY.

MAC (CONT'D)

Asian gang, huh?

Officers push out various handcuffed GANG MEMBERS: Mexican, Black, White. A tiny ASIAN BOY (13) comes out next. Mac puts a hand up to stop him.

MAC (CONT'D)

(to boy)

You Dion's foster brother?

ASIAN BOY

They burn him, we burn them. Simple, bitch.

Last out is an officer pulling two white BOYS, in handcuffs.  
One is Conor.

OFFICER 1  
(off Conor)  
This one keeps asking for his  
phone call.

Taylor is next to Mac. He takes Conor's arm. Mac is frozen.

TAYLOR  
(to the officer)  
I've got him.

**INT. POLICE STATION BOOKING - DAY**

Mac and Charlie sit in reception. Mac shifts uncomfortably.

CHARLIE  
It's been hours, Lizzie.

MAC  
You can go, I'll wait.

He gets up and walks away. Mac puts her head in her hands.

CHARLIE  
Here.

Charlie hands her a cup of water. He pulls a bottle of Advil from her purse and opens it. She takes the pills from him, swallows them and puts her head back in her hands.

**INT. ENGINE CO. 77 FIREHOUSE - NIGHT**

Tina, Betty and Mac silently dress in the locker room. When the fire alarm RINGS, Tina jumps to action and is out of the room like a shot. Betty stops next to Mac and pulls on gear.

BETTY  
(off Tina)  
Conyers has a head on her  
shoulders but she can't lift worth  
a damn.

MAC  
Usually got the opposite problem,  
huh.

BETTY  
If you can use her, take her.

MAC  
Are you serious?

BETTY  
She never shuts up about you, not  
since day one, when you...

Mac waits.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
She was in the rig when you...

MAC  
I don't remember her.

BETTY  
You remember much about that day?

Mac is silent.

BETTY (CONT'D)  
I'm just sayin, the girl's like  
you, she's got places to go  
besides into a fire.

Betty leaves. Mac stands at her open locker. It still holds her  
fire gear. She looks at a picture tacked on the inside of the  
door. It's her about age 12, her father, and her mother.  
They're laughing.

Delmar comes up behind her.

DELMAR  
You never did tell me what's so  
important about that picture.

MAC  
It was the last day the world was  
okay.

They're silent for a long moment. Then Mac slams the locker  
door shut. She turns to face Delmar.

MAC (CONT'D)  
I'm not in love with you.

She walks away.

**INT. PHYSICAL THERAPY GYM - DAY**

Mac runs on a treadmill as Lane stands next to her.

LANE  
And that's five. Let's stretch.

She runs faster.

LANE (CONT'D)  
Mac, you're gonna hurt yourself.

She runs faster.

LANE (CONT'D)  
It's about pacing. If you're in  
this for the long haul you've got  
to take it in pieces.

MAC  
All I've got are pieces.

She stops and sits, painfully, down on the floor. Lane helps  
her. She lets him.

END OF SHOW