



10-11 IN PROGRESS

Written by

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**INT/EXT. COP CAR - NIGHT**

TIM (30's), a white cop, sits in his squad car, nestled along the side of the road. He's ambitious and power-hungry - a professional bully.

He's slumped against the seat, scrolling on his phone - on the screen is a picture of Tim with his arm around a woman - the post is from 2020.

Tim looks at the photo longingly.

The faint sound of a CAR is heard in the distance, it's getting closer. Tim lazily reaches for a radar gun on the seat next to him.

He points it in front of him, as the car, a blue Chevy, speeds past. It reads: 106 km/h on the gun. The driver is a white MAN (30's - 60's).

Tim SIGHS and sets the gun down.

He goes back to scrolling - the posts are more recent now - he sees the same woman with a different man - he's athletic-looking, and Black. It's an engagement post.

Tim scowls.

The sound of another CAR snaps Tim back to reality. He tosses his phone onto the passenger seat and grabs the gun again - he holds it in front of him.

It reads: 104 km/h, as the car, a black Mercedes, speeds past. This time, the driver is a Black man, JAHEIM (30's - 40's).

Tim drops the gun, and flips a switch on the dash - the sirens BLARE and the lights flash.

Tim pulls his car out from his hiding spot and pursues the Mercedes.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

The Mercedes pulls over to the side of the road, as the cop car parks behind it.

**EXT/INT. ROAD - NIGHT**

Jaheim, taps the steering wheel impatiently. He's inquisitive, empathetic, and he always tries to do what he thinks is right.

Jaheim EXHALES as he checks the clock on his dashboard. There is a sense of urgency to his demeanor.

**EXT/INT. ROAD - NIGHT**

Tim gets out of his car and walks towards the Mercedes. He moves slowly and deliberately.

He approaches the driver-side window and motions for Jaheim to roll it down, which Jaheim does.

JAHEIM  
Officer-

TIM  
License and registration.

JAHEIM  
I'm-

TIM  
License. And registration.

Jaheim clenches his jaw and grips the steering wheel so tightly his knuckles lighten.

He reaches into the glove compartment and withdraws his documents - he hands them to Tim.

Tim takes the documents and walks away.

Jaheim sits for a beat - he looks at the clock - he taps his fingers for a beat - he looks at the clock again.

Jaheim looks in the rearview mirror - Tim is sitting in the driver's seat, typing on the laptop mounted on the dash.

Jaheim pulls his phone out of his pocket and makes a call.

TARA (V.O.)  
Dr. Rigondeaux? Are you close?

JAHEIM  
How's she doing?

TARA (V.O.)  
Not so good... she's very anxious!

JAHEIM  
Try to encourage her to stay calm.  
Have you contacted the father?

TARA (V.O.)  
 Liam's out of town on business.  
 I've tried calling about a hundred  
 times, but there's no answer.

Tim walks back to the car, ticket in hand - he sees Jaheim talking on the phone as he approaches the driver-side window.

TIM  
 What are you doing?

JAHEIM  
 I'm-

TIM  
 Hang up the phone!

JAHEIM  
 You don't understand-

Tim reaches for his gun, but doesn't draw it - he just rests his hand atop it.

TIM  
 HANG IT UP!

Jaheim notices and hits the end call button - he turns the phone towards Tim so he can see, then tosses it on the passenger seat.

Tim hands Jaheim the speeding ticket, but keeps his license.

JAHEIM  
 Officer, I'm a doctor-

TIM  
 I don't give a shit what you are.  
 Stay here! I'll be back with  
 another ticket for distracted  
 driving.

**INT. COP CAR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

Tim's phone lights up - it's a call from his MOM (60's). Her picture is a smiling, white lady. The call ends.

**EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

JAHEIM  
 I'm on my-

TIM  
STAY! HERE!

Tim turns and walks back to his car.

Jaheim fidgets anxiously in his seat - he looks at Tim in the rearview mirror.

Tim is sitting in his car, staring at the laptop.

Jaheim sticks his head out the window.

Tim continues typing on his computer, there's no sense of urgency to him.

Jaheim looks at the clock on his dash, and takes a deep BREATH - he opens his door, and gets out of the car.

**INT/EXT. ROAD - NIGHT**

A car door CLOSING can be heard.

Tim looks up and sees Jaheim walking towards him - he springs out of his car.

TIM  
Get back in your vehicle!

Jaheim continues walking towards Tim.

JAHEIM  
LISTEN-

TIM  
BACK IN THE VEHICLE!

JAHEIM  
I NEED TO GET-

Tim pulls his gun and points it at Jaheim.

Jaheim freezes.

**INT. COP CAR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)**

Tim's phone lights up again - it's another call from Mom.

**INT. ROAD - NIGHT**

TIM  
On the ground. Now!

Jaheim gets on the ground.

Tim scurries over to Jaheim and kneels beside him.

Tim pulls Jaheim's right arm behind his back and slaps a handcuff onto his wrist.

Jaheim winces in pain.

JAHEIM  
Listen, officer. I'm an  
obstetrician.

TIM (CONT'D)  
You're being detained for  
obstruction.

Tim finishes cuffing Jaheim - he stands him up, and marches him towards the cop car.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)  
I'm on my way to a medical  
emergency involving a women  
who's twenty-three weeks  
pregnant.

TIM (CONT'D)  
You have the right to retain  
and instruct counsel without  
delay, You may call any  
lawyer you wish. Legal Aid is  
available if you do not know  
a lawyer or cannot afford  
one.

Tim shoves Jaheim in the back of the car, then walks around and gets in the driver's seat.

As he sits down, his phone lights up, it's mom calling a third time.

Tim notices and picks up the phone.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Mom, it's not a great-

TIM'S MOM (V.O.)  
Kendra's gone into labour!

TIM  
What? ...She's only five months-

TIM'S MOM (V.O.)  
I know! The hospital sent Dr.  
Rigondeaux, but he's still not  
here. Can you call-

TIM  
Wait, what was the name?

Tim looks down at the ID on the dash - it reads: "Jaheim Rigondeaux."

TIM'S MOM (V.O.)  
Dr. Rigondeaux.

Tim turns to look at Jaheim in the back seat - they share a look.

Tim's eyes widen and his face pales.

TIM  
(into phone)  
I have eyes on Dr. Rigondeaux.  
We'll be there ASAP.

Tim springs out of the car - he opens the door and grabs Jaheim, pulling him out of the car and unlocking his cuffs.

Tim vaults back into the driver's seat - it's the fastest he's moved during the entire interaction.

Jaheim runs back to his car and gets in.

As he does, Tim pulls up next to him with the sirens flashing.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Follow me!

Both cars peel out.

**EXT. HOME EXTERIOR - NIGHT**

Tim and Jaheim both pull into the driveway of a moderately-sized home.

Tim jumps out of his car and opens the door for Jaheim, who goes inside.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

They are greeted by TARA (60's), Tim's mom,

TARA  
Oh thank god! She's in here.

Tara leads Jaheim towards a door at the end of the hall.

Tim attempts to follow Tara and Jaheim inside, but Jaheim puts his hand on his chest, stopping him.

JAHEIM  
You need to wait out here.

TIM  
No way, that's my sister.

Jaheim scowls.

JAHEIM  
Do you want me to explain to her  
why it took me so long to get here?

Tim stops trying to follow Jaheim, who disappears through the door.

**INT. HOUSE - NIGHT**

MONTAGE:

- Tim stands with his hands on his hips.
- Tim paces anxiously.
- Tim sits on the stairs, with his hands covering his mouth.

END MONTAGE

**INT. HOUSE - MORNING**

Tim sits on the stairs, leaning at an awkward angle, sleeping.

Two paramedics walk into the house past him towards the room at the end of the hall, waking Tim as they walk by.

TIM  
What's happening?

The paramedics ignore Tim, who follows them to the door - as they enter, Jaheim exits the room.

He looks ragged, as if he's aged significantly over the course of the night.

Tim looks at Jaheim expectantly, his face is a mask of conflicting emotions; equal parts hope and despair.

TIM (CONT'D)  
How's the baby?

Jaheim looks at him and his mouth quivers - his expression turns into a scowl.



JAHEIM  
He... didn't make it.

Jaheim brushes past Tim, whose face contorts into an expression of rage.

TIM  
You did this on purpose!

Jaheim stops and turns around.

JAHEIM  
What did you say?

Jaheim stalks towards Tim - his demeanor is different than it's been up to this point, he's aggressive.

TIM  
You heard me! You did this to get back-

JAHEIM  
I just lost a patient, your sister lost her son, and you think I would...

Jaheim stops just inches from Tim - the two men stand face-to-face.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)  
I took an oath!

Jaheim and Tim stare each other down.

Tara walks out of the room, closing the door behind her. Her expression is a mix of grief and confusion.

TARA  
Is everything okay?

Jaheim finally breaks his stare with Tim, and turns to respond to Tara.

JAHEIM  
Yes, Mrs. Johnston. I'm sorry I couldn't do more to help your family tonight.

Tara's eyes well with tears. She nods and goes back into the bedroom.

Jaheim turns and marches towards the door. Before he reaches it, he pauses and shakes his head, as if he physically can't leave without saying more.

He turns to face Tim again.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)  
You want to know what I can  
guarantee?

Tim looks at Jaheim blankly, waiting for him to continue.

JAHEIM (CONT'D)  
You preventing me from getting here  
sooner... didn't fucking help.

Jaheim turns again and storms out of the house.

Tim's expression is sullen - he looks like he's about to be sick.

He slowly takes a seat on the stairs, grappling with the consequences of his actions.

OFF Tim.

FADE OUT.