



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 staring at his phone, which is playing a VIDEO - it's a podcast on YouTube.

The podcast shows a MAN (30's-50's) TALKING to a GUEST (Man 30's - 50's) - they're TALKING about generic, far-right conspiracy theories, and the "problems with wokeness."

Tim stares at the video, completely engrossed in it.

The sound of a CAR snaps him back to reality. He sets his phone down and grabs the radar gun from the passenger seat - he holds it in front of him.

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

Tim's demeanor shifts - he immediately straightens up and locks in - he 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, watches the cop pull in behind him in his rearview mirror. He's inquisitive, empathetic, and he always tries to do what he thinks is right.

Jaheim taps the steering wheel impatiently - he 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.

Rap MUSIC can be heard playing from the car's stereo.

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

Jaheim presses a button on the stereo, and turns the MUSIC off.

JAHEIM

Officer-

TIM

License, ownership, and proof of insurance.

JAHEIM

I'm-

TIM

License. Ownership. And proof of insurance!

Jaheim takes a deep BREATH, and forces himself to calmly reach into the glove compartment - he withdraws his documents, and 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.

JAHEIM

Hello, Mrs. Johnston, it's-

TARA (V.O.)

Jaheim? Where are you? Are you close?

Jaheim looks around, and avoids the question.

JAHEIM

How's she doing?

TARA (V.O.)

Not good... she's very anxious!

JAHEIM

It's important you encourage her to stay calm. Have you contacted the father?

TARA (V.O.)
He's on a business trip. I've tried
calling about a hundred times, but
it just goes to voicemail.

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
(to Tim)
I'm-

TIM
Hang up the phone!

JAHEIM
(to Tim)
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
documents.

JAHEIM
Officer, I'm a doctor-

TIM
Sure you are... Never heard that one
before.

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

TIM (CONT'D)
Wait 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 phone rings for a beat, then the call ends.

EXT. ROAD - NIGHT

JAHEIM

I need t-

TIM

You need to wait 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 is heard.

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

He stands facing Jaheim within arms reach of his own car, the driver-side door still open.

TIM

Get back in your vehicle!

Jaheim continues walking towards Tim.

JAHEIM

LISTEN-

TIM

BACK IN THE VEHICLE!

Jaheim moves to within 10 metres of Tim.

JAHEIM
I NEED TO GET-

Jaheim moves to within five metres of Tim - he pulls his gun and points it at Jaheim.

Jaheim freezes.

Slowly, he raises his hands in the air, palms towards Tim.

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT (CONTINUOUS)

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

EXT. 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. This is very dangerous for the baby.

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 cannot afford a lawyer.

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

INT. COP CAR - NIGHT

As he sits in the driver's seat, his phone lights up, it's mom calling a third time.

Tim notices and picks up the phone.

TIM
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! Dr. Rigondeaux's on his way. 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
(to mom)
He's with me. We'll be there soon.

TARA (V.O.)
Wait, why is-

Tim hangs up the phone and 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
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.

She gives Tim a weird look, but it fades as soon as she sees Jaheim.

TARA

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 hand 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.

TIM (CONT'D)
What's going on?

Tim briskly trots in front of the paramedics, attempting to stop them, but they just push him aside and continue towards the door.

PARAMEDIC
Out of the way.

As they enter the room, Jaheim exits.

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
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 TOOK AN OATH!

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

JAHEIM (CONT'D)
I just lost a patient. Your sister
lost her son... and you think I
would...

He can't bring himself to finish that sentence.

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, confusion, and irritation.

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 front 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.