

SCRIPT TITLE

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM NIGHT

A dark room. Street lights glow off the walls. Sirens BLAST from the outside. TARA, 30s, thick skinned, tom boy, lays in bed, throws a pillow over her head. FEMALE DISPATCHER comes across the police scanner.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Two eleven in progeess. All
available officers to assist at five
hundred and twelve Detroit street.

Tara throws a pillow.

TARA
Dammit!

Tara walks to her desk. She starts searching frantically through the mess on it. The phone startles her.

TARA (CONT'D)
Hello?

POLICE CHIEF, deep voice, bellows from the other side.

POLICE CHIEF (O.S.)
Tara, I need you to get to the
liquor store on Detroit. And make
it fast!

TARA
I heard Chief and I'm on the way.

Tara grabs the clothes from the floor. She pulls them on, slips on her black boots and grabs her badge from the mess on the desk. The door slams behind her as she runs down the rickety wooden stairs.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NIGHT

The wind catcher her black curls and whips them into her face as she enters the city street below her apartment. She puts her hair into a tight bun as she hails an oncoming taxi.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

TARA
Five twelve Detroit.

MALE TAXI DRIVER, 50's salt and pepper beard, blue baseball cap.

TAXI DRIVER

Yes, ma'am.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

The taxi screeches to a stop. Tara gets out. Red and blue lights flash across the onlookers faces. Tara glares beyond the signs into the store. Her hands drop to her hips and she shakes her head.

TARA

What an idiot.

A loud sigh comes from her mouth as she walks past the cruisers. She hesitates and then opens the door to the liquor store.

INT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

MALE CLERK, 20's, hand in the air, pale face.

TARA

Are you okay?

CLERK

I think so.

Tara looks over by the freezers. NOAH, 25, torn jeans, black leather jacker, stand there, gun in hand.

TARA

Noah!

NOAH

Tara?

TARA

Yes it's Tara, dumbass. Did you think that being the little brother of a cop would give you a free pass to the rob the liquor store?

NOAH

I'm sorry. I needed the moeny. I don't get help from mommmy and daddy like you do princess.

TARA

Do you know how this makes me look?

NOAH

It's always about you, huh? And what people think about you? I don't give a shit how this makes you look.

TARA

Seriously?

Noah looks at Tara as he runs his hand through his thick, black curls. He points the gun at the clerk with the other.

TARA (CONT'D)

Regardless, now I have to arrest my little brother.

Tara reaches into her pocket and pulls out hand cuffs.

NOAH

Like hell you are!

Noah dashes for the back door. Tara chases him. He darts behind a rack of Bud Light.

TARA

Noah, stop running. You know I'm faster and I'll catch you. Give up.

NOAH

Stop kidding yourself. You can't catch me on your best day.

Noah laughs. Tara crouches down and pulls out her gun. She creeps slow down the wine aisle. She gets closer to where Noah hides.

TARA

Keep telling yourself that. Don't make me do something I don't want to Noah.

NOAH

You wouldn't dare.

She sneaks up behind Noah, jumps on his back and pulls im to the ground. She pushes her knee into the middle of his back and grabs both arms. She pulls them behind his back. Noah fights hard, but she tightly cuffs his hands.

TARA

Gotcha!

She stands up and radios the other officers.

MALE OFFICER, 30's, decorated uniform, enters the liquor store and grabs Noah by the arm.

OFFICER
Thanks for your help.

TARA
Anytime.

NOAH
Some sister you are.

Noah laughs and spits in Tara's face. She wips it off before anyone sees.

TARA
Some things will never change.

EXT. LIQUOR STORE - NIGHT

Tara looks ahead of the lights and sees her taxi still awaits. She watches as hte officer walks Noah to the cruiser and pushes his head down to guide him inside. She walks over to the taxi.

TARA
I never told you to wait.

TAXI DRIVER
You didn't need to.

TARA
Well, thanks.

INT. TAXI - NIGHT

Tara stares out the window from the back seat. Street lights refelct off the window as the cab flies by them. Tara rubs her temple.

TAXI DRIVER
Are you okay?

TARA
Yeah, I'm fine.

TAXI DRIVER
You don't seem fine.

TARA

I promise I am. Thanks.

The taxi stops in front of her apartment building.

TAXI DRIVER

Not that anything I have to say
matters, but regardless, love him
anyway.

A single tear slides down her face. She wipes it with her
sleeve.

TARA

Thanks. That means a lot. Maybe you
are right.

She reaches up to give him a wad of cash.

TARA (CONT'D)

Thanks again for waiting.

TAXI DRIVER

I can't accept that. Just pay it
forward. Have a good night.

She stuffs the cash back into her pocket.

TARA

Are you sure?

TAXI DRIVER

Yes I'm sure. Have a good night--

TARA

--Tara. My name is Tara. You too.

She shoots him a sincere smile and opens the door. She shuts
the door behind her and starts to walk to her building. She
turns to smile again but the taxi is gone.