

# **GINNY & GEORGIA**

"To Protect & Serve Whom?"

Written by

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### **PREVIOUSLY ON GINNY & GEORGIA**

This episode takes place inside of episode 10. It's set after MANG - Ginny's friend group made up of Max, Abby, Norah, and Ginny - implodes after Max learns Ginny slept with her twin brother, Marcus. However, it happens before Cordova reveals to Ginny that he believes Georgia killed her stepfather, Kenny.

Because Max is upset with her, Ginny attempts to embrace the other half of her identity and hangs out with the Black kids at her school. Even though they welcome her via Bracia, Ginny doesn't know enough about Black culture to understand what they're talking about. She doesn't feel like she fits in.

This episode happens in a time loop where Ginny gets to experience what life is like for minorities in Wellsbury who can't pass for white like she can or have a white mother who is engaged to the soon to be re-elected Mayor.

"GINNY & GEORGIA"

EPISODE 10.7

COLD OPEN

**INT. T-PSI CAVE - DAY**

Tiny windows permit a bit of sunlight to illuminate the fully furnished, decorated shed.

Sounds of someone attempting to open the door break the silence, then -

GINNY (O.S.)  
It's stuck.

BRACIA (O.S.)  
My dad keeps promising to fix it,  
but -

There's a SCREECH then the room is bathed in light, revealing the fullness of its Amethyst and Rose Gold glory.

GINNY MILLER (16) steps through the now open sliding wooden door and looks around in awe.

Two amethyst leather couches dominate the space. Rose gold throw pillows, some with embroidered giraffes - with necks stretched high and proud - accent them.

A giant, round throw rug - also amethyst - with the Greek symbols for Theta, Psi and Omega is nestled on the floor between the couches.

GINNY (V.O.)  
*Identity. How does something so  
simple, so personal end up being so  
complicated?*

Noting all the giraffes - statues, wall art, knickknacks -

GINNY (V.O.)  
*Why can't it be easy? Like "Oh. A  
sloth. I like sloths. Therefore, I  
decree that sloths shall be my  
animal henceforth and forever  
more."*

GINNY  
Your mom really likes giraffes.

BRACIA GIVENS (17) makes a beeline for a amethyst-painted filing cabinet. A silhouetted Black woman in a rose gold gown is painted on the side.

BRACIA  
She doesn't. They just come with  
the territory.

Ginny explores a giraffe statue with 1918 on its side.

GINNY  
Territory?

Distracted, Bracia flips through files in the cabinet.

BRACIA  
You know. She's a T-PSI.

No idea what that means -

GINNY  
Oh. Ye-yeah. Right. She's totally a  
T-PSI.

Bracia finds the worn notebook she was after and turns to see Ginny's confused face.

BRACIA  
Theta Psi Omega Sorority,  
Incorporated?

GINNY  
This is for her sorority? Did she  
just graduate? Some of this stuff  
looks brand new.

BRACIA  
Yeah. Her birthday was last month.  
Those are from her line sisters.

Ginny spots a book - *Sisters United in Service*. Wistfully picking it up -

GINNY  
Wow. That's cool they're still in  
touch.

BRACIA  
Of course they are. Membership is  
for life. They'll have her back  
forever.

Noting Ginny's longing -

BRACIA

You can pledge when you get to college. If you're interested.

GINNY

I don't know enough about - Are you going to?

BRACIA

My mom would love that. But God no. They make such a spectacle of themselves everywhere they go. That is *not* for me. Once you join that's who you become.

GINNY

Spectacle? Have you met *my* mom? She's so embarrassing.

BRACIA

Your mom is just one person. My mom comes with eight line sisters and a national organization. All of whom seem to be invested in being more embarrassing than the last.

Bracia hands the notebook over to Ginny.

BRACIA

Here ya go. All my notes from Mrs. Lawson's class. You'll find everything on her final in there.

Flipping through the notebook -

GINNY

You are a lifesaver. Max booted me out of our shared notes file. No way I can recreate it in time.

They step outside the door. Bracia tries to close it. No dice.

**EXT. T-PSI CAVE - DAY**

Ginny cranes her neck to check out the track the door hangs from.

GINNY

Maybe it just needs some lubricant. You have any WD40?

BRACIA  
I don't know if we do -

GINNY  
Oh! Hold on.

Ginny digs around in her bag. Finds a can.

BRACIA  
(amused)  
Who carries a can of all-purpose lubricant around with them?

GINNY  
I didn't used to. But my brother and little cousin - It was a whole thing. Involving fire and almost burning our house down. Safer to keep it with me. Out of reach.

Shaking the can, Ginny stretches up to spray the door's wheel track. She's a hair too short.

BRACIA  
Let me try.

**INT. PATROL CAR - DAY**

OFFICER FRANK DWYER (45) - the cop from the pilot - his rotund body crammed behind the wheel, rolls slowly down Bracia's street.

He spots Bracia and Ginny in the yard outside the T-PSI Cave door. They easily slide it open and closed then high five.

Off that suspicious activity, he pulls to the curb and hoists his bulk from the car to investigate.

**EXT. T-PSI CAVE - DAY**

Still holding the can of WD40, Bracia tests the door again.

BRACIA  
My dad is gonna -

The sound of huffing and puffing cuts her off. She and Ginny turn to see Officer Dwyer lumbering up behind them. The short hike across the manicured lawn has him out of breath.

BRACIA  
Are you okay, Officer?

OFFICER DWYER  
Are you two supposed to be here?

BRACIA  
Yessir. This is my house.

Eyeing the T-PSI Cave skeptically -

OFFICER DWYER  
You live in there?

BRACIA  
Oh. No, sir. This is just our shed.  
I live there.

She points to the house that's just this side of "mansion"  
across the yard.

He looks from the house back to Bracia.

OFFICER DWYER  
I need to see some ID.

Recognizing him, Ginny bristles.

BRACIA  
It's -

GINNY  
Why? Have we done something wrong,  
Officer? Or do we just "fit the  
description?"

OFFICER DWYER  
That'll be enough of that. You two  
move along. Now.

GINNY  
Move along where? She lives here.  
You move along.

Bracia's eyes widen in panic.

BRACIA  
What are you doing?

GINNY  
Standing up for our civil rights.  
We haven't done anything wrong.

OFFICER DWYER  
Look, Miss. I'm just doing my job.

GINNY

Unless it's your job to harass law-abiding citizens who are just minding their own business, I'm afraid I'd have to disagree.

His face reddens as the challenge to his authority registers. Sweat beads on his forehead.

But Ginny's on a roll. She looks past him to his patrol car.

"To Serve and Protect" are emblazoned on the door.

GINNY

Your job description is right there. To serve and protect. At this moment, you're doing neither.

BRACIA

Oh my God, Ginny. Will you stop talking!

Gesturing with the forgotten can of WD40 in her hand, she reaches out to the officer.

BRACIA

I'm sorry, Sir. I'll just go inside and get my ID.

He catches sight of the can and recoils. Unsnaps his gun holster.

OFFICER DWYER

Stop right there. Let me see your hands!

Bracia freezes. Raises her hands.

OFFICER DWYER

Drop it! I said, drop it right now!

Bracia drops the can.

Ginny rolls her eyes.

GINNY

Oh my God. You are actually insane.

OFFICER DWYER

Get down on the ground!

GINNY

What? No.



In a full fury over her defiance, Dwyer reaches for Ginny. To shove her down.

She evades his grasp.

GINNY  
Stay away from me!

Gasping for air and sweating profusely at the exertion -

OFFICER DWYER  
Stop resisting!

GINNY  
Are you kidding me right now?

He grabs the loose strap of her bag. Yanks her toward him.

GINNY  
Let go of me!

OFFICER DWYER  
Get down on the -

Officer Dwyer winces in pain. He lets go of her. Clutches at his chest instead. He drops to the ground at her feet.

GINNY (V.O.)  
*Things get real messy, real fast  
when someone else tries to tell us  
who we are. Or who we aren't. Where  
we belong. And where we don't.*

Ginny stares at him, horrified and helpless.

MAIN TITLES

**EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

MAYOR PAUL RANDOLPH (30s) and GEORGIA MILLER (30s) step out of Nick's car. Hand in hand, they head for the hospital entrance while Nick parks.

Just before the entrance, CYNTHIA FULLER and a few CONCERNED CITIZENS block their path.

CYNTHIA  
Is it true? Do we have an officer  
down in our sleepy little burg?

GEORGIA  
Officer down? Isn't that a bit  
dramatic?

PAUL

As you can see, Cynthia, I've only just arrived. I don't have much more information than you do I would wager.

She gives him a patronizing smile. Raises her voice loud enough for the others to hear -

CYNTHIA

When *I'm* Mayor, I will make it my mission to be informed at all times. Especially on matters as serious as this one.

PAUL

I'm sure you will.

NICK (20s) catches up to them.

NICK

Chief Donnelly is waiting to talk to you. Inside.

**INT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT**

All business, Georgia, Paul, and Nick stride along the corridor.

NICK

I would like to say I'm surprised that Cynthia's already here. Trying to turn this into a campaign issue. But unfortunately, I've met the woman.

PAUL

What's important now is that *we* don't turn this into a talking point. We're not here for political theater. Our job is to govern until the people tell us otherwise.

GEORGIA

We'll be completely professional.

They round a corner. Georgia stops short when she spots Ginny sitting in a chair.

CHIEF DONNELLY (56), fit and level-headed, paces nearby.

GEORGIA

Ginny? What are you - ?

Ginny launches herself at Georgia. Wraps her in a big hug.

GINNY

Mom! It was so awful. He dropped.  
Like right at my feet.

Chief Donnelly gestures for Paul to follow him.

He nods, then to Ginny -

PAUL

Are you okay?

GINNY

Yeah.

GEORGIA

We're fine. Go, go.

After one more concerned look at Ginny, he hurries after the chief.

NICK

Completely professional just flew  
right out the window, didn't it?

He squeezes Georgia's shoulder then follows the others into -

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - NIGHT**

Solemnly, the chief closes the door of the empty room behind them.

PAUL

How's Officer Dwyer? How badly was  
he injured?

CHIEF DONNELLY

That's a bit of a trick question,  
Mayor. He's in bad shape, but not  
"injured" per se.

PAUL

What does that mean? I've got  
rumors flying all over town that  
we've got an officer down. And now  
you're saying he wasn't injured?

CHIEF DONNELLY

He had a heart attack.

NICK

Oh, thank God.

Paul and Donnelly shoot him a look.

NICK

I just mean - It's a relief that no one - you know - *did* this to him. Like we don't have some crazy cop attacker running around the streets of Wellsbury.

CHIEF DONNELLY

It's still complicated - He was in the middle of detaining your soon to be step daughter.

PAUL

Oh my God. That's all we need. Detaining Ginny for what?

The chief pulls out his tablet.

CHIEF DONNELLY

I think you better just watch the bodycam footage for yourself.

**INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - NIGHT**

Georgia sits with Ginny. Concerned, she looks at Bracia who huddles to herself across the room.

GEORGIA

(forced cheer)

You girls have certainly had a day, haven't you?

GINNY

You should've seen her, Mom. Bracia is a total rock star. She knew exactly what to do. I just stood there like an idiot.

Ginny smiles toward Bracia who doesn't respond.

Noting the chill, Georgia stands.

GEORGIA

You know what? I don't see any reason why we're all still hanging around here. Is your mom on her way? You're welcome to come home with us. She can meet us there.

BRACIA

That's okay. She's in surgery.

GEORGIA

What? I thought no one else was injured.

BRACIA

No. I mean - She's doing the surgery. She'll be finished soon. I'm fine waiting for her here. It's where I practically grew up anyway.

Georgia spots Paul signaling to her.

GEORGIA

I'm just gonna go tell Paul the plan. Get Nick's keys. Then we'll go.

After she leaves, Ginny approaches Bracia.

GINNY

Are you sure? I don't feel right leaving you here all by yourself. You should come with us.

Bracia nails Ginny with a cold look.

BRACIA

No. Thank. You.

GINNY

Are you mad at me or something?

BRACIA

Your mom's waiting.

Puzzled, Ginny studies Bracia's hostile face.

GINNY

I don't understand. What did I do?

Fed up, Bracia pops off the chair.

BRACIA

I think I'll just wait in my mom's office instead.

Bracia walks away, hands still trembling from fear and fighting tears.

Leaves a confused Ginny staring after her.

**INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Bright and early, Georgia struts through the office with two cups of coffee. She beelines for -

**INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY**

- where an exhausted Paul struggles to stay awake at his desk. He still wears the clothes from the night before.

Georgia softens when she sees him.

GEORGIA

You didn't come by last night.  
Don't tell me you were here.

PAUL

Believe me. I wish I wasn't. This whole thing is a nightmare. My night - Wait. How's Ginny? She seemed pretty shaken when we got to the hospital.

GEORGIA

That was then. She's back to hating my guts and devising new schemes to torture me. But this is one battle she will not win. Mark my words.

He pulls her onto his lap.

PAUL

My money is always on you.

GEORGIA

Good. Now show me the video so we can figure out how to move forward.

PAUL

We have a plan. We're going to sit on it. I mean, the man had a heart attack. Things'll calm down then we'll quietly release it. By then, the investigation will be finished and the official report written.

GEORGIA

So you're shoving the whole incident under the rug?

PAUL

No. I'm proceeding with caution.

GEORGIA

Proceeding with caution. Covering your own ass. I've heard it both ways.

PAUL

It's not just my ass that needs covering. This thing can bankrupt the whole city. If the Givens family have a mind to sue -

Pausing to study him -

GEORGIA

So Ginny was right. It was a race thing. Didn't you check the officer's background before hiring him? He didn't just wake up one morning and decide to be a racist asshole. That shit is learned -

PAUL

Of course we checked. There was nothing there. When I say nothing, I mean squeaky clean.

GEORGIA

Too clean perhaps?

PAUL

In hindsight? Probably, yeah. We could've done more due diligence. We trusted his records when we shouldn't have. And that kind of thing can really bite Wellsbury.

GEORGIA

So what I'm hearing is that the video needs to stay under wraps until the city can credibly shift the liability onto another party.

PAUL

Lemonade, lemon pie and lemon meringue.

They share a smile and quick kiss before she hurries off.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Officer Dwyer, hooked up to all sorts of machines, lies unconscious in the bed.

PAM DWYER (39), wannabe influencer who is aging like a month-old avocado, posts up next to her husband's bedside. Broadcasts live.

PAM

It's me. Your friendly neighborhood Cop's Wife. As you can see, I'm here with him as he fights for his life after having a deadly confrontation on the job yesterday. And now, I've just received some devastating information.

DR. GIVENS (O.S.)

Ma'am. If I could just have your attention -

Pam turns the camera around to focus on an unamused DR. LOLA GIVENS (48), Bracia's mom, who patiently holds Frank's chart.

PAM

You have my attention. In fact, you have all of our attention. To catch up those of you at home - this is the woman who raised one of the little delinquents responsible for putting my Frank in this bed.

Dr. Givens bristles at the commentary. Holds onto her cool by a thread.

PAM

And now she wants to cut his chest open. She's the top surgeon in the area. Or so she claims. What do you say? Should I let her operate on my husband? Let me know in the comments.

**INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NICK'S DESK - DAY**

Nick stops the video. Turns to Georgia and Paul who'd been watching over his shoulder.

GEORGIA

Dr. Givens has the patience of a saint.

NICK

She's gonna need every bit of it. Mrs. Dwyer previously had an average of thirty views on all of her videos. This one has 38,000.



PAUL

Our plan to handle this quietly is coming apart at the seams.

GEORGIA

Your plan. Your plan to handle it. This isn't going away. We've gotta come at this head on. Cynthia's so-called vigil at the hospital is growing. And this - wannabe influencer or whatever she is - is just gonna make it worse. We've gotta fight fire with fire. It's time, Paul. You've gotta release the bodycam footage.

Paul and Nick share a look.

PAUL

I don't have it.

GEORGIA

But you can get it.

PAUL

My hands are tied. Look, Georgia, just let the official investigation wrap -

GEORGIA

How long is that gonna take? Ginny told me what happened. Surely the video backs her up. More importantly, it'll put a lid on this crackpot before she boils over.

Georgia pauses. Frowns at Paul.

GEORGIA

Wait. Are you keeping it under wraps to protect this cop?

PAUL

Of course not. I'm trying to protect everyone. Dwyer, Ginny. There are folks out there who'll blame her for antagonizing him.

GEORGIA

That's ridiculous. She antagonizes me every day and yet here I stand.

He smiles and takes her in his arms.

PAUL  
Yes. But you're special. Very  
special indeed.

They kiss.

Nick clears his throat.

NICK  
It's great how the two of you feel  
oh so comfortable publicly  
displaying your affection around  
me, but what are we gonna do about  
our newest viral sensation?

GEORGIA  
I think it's time we find ourselves  
some anti-viral.

**INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY**

Dr. Givens makes notations in Frank's chart.

Georgia peeks in the room.

GEORGIA  
Oh. I was just looking for Mrs.  
Dwyer. They told me she was here.

DR. GIVENS  
Not for a while now. Something  
about needing a keyboard to better  
engage with her followers.

Fully entering the room -

GEORGIA  
Yeah. We saw that video - Oh! Where  
are my manners. I'm Georgia Miller.  
Ginny's mother. And I am pleased to  
make your acquaintance.

Dr. Givens ignores the outstretched hand.

DR. GIVENS  
I know who you are.

Clocking the chill, but forging ahead anyway -

GEORGIA  
I just wanted to commend you for  
how well you handled having a  
camera shoved in your face.

(MORE)

GEORGIA (CONT'D)

And the things she said? I would have straight lost it. Her husband would've had a roommate.

DR. GIVENS

Yes. Well, that's your privilege isn't it?

That brings Georgia up short.

DR. GIVENS

You're permitted to show anger when somebody hurts your child. You don't have to stoically push down all the fear - the terror of knowing that he was on the verge of shooting your baby. You get to object without being labeled and *dismissed* as an Angry Black Woman.

Georgia gets real serious, real fast. Her eyes slide to the unconscious man in the bed.

GEORGIA

He was about to shoot them?

DR. GIVENS

*I* don't have that option. Instead, I have to save the life of the man who would've ended my child's without a second thought. He'll recover and go right back to terrorizing all the people of color in Wellsbury like nothing ever happened.

GEORGIA

What do you mean "go right back to?" He's done this before?

Dr. Givens turns tired eyes on her oblivious patient.

DR. GIVENS

But that's just what it means to live in America for Black people. Complicated. Constantly called upon to save people who hate us. Who consider us less than human. And heaven forbid we serve with less than a smile on our faces and a song in our hearts.

Dr. Givens returns her attention to Georgia. More defeated than accusatory -

DR. GIVENS

But I don't expect you to ever understand that. If you had, you would've given Ginny "The Talk." Taught her how to survive an interaction with the police. None of this had to happen.

Off that sad declaration, Dr. Givens leaves.

Georgia remains rooted in the room. She gives Frank a speculative look.

GEORGIA

Sounds to me like we might have ourselves a bee.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

The vigil CROWD continues to grow. Cynthia remains at the heart of things. Basking in all the attention and loving it.

Everybody present is white. Judging by this crowd, not a single person of color lives in Wellsbury.

Georgia steps outside the doors. Pauses to take in the expanding disruption. Spots Cynthia.

Cynthia catches Georgia watching her. Smirks a tiny bit before returning her expression to super concerned.

Georgia slides on her sunglasses. Strolls away.

**INT. DWYER HOME - DAY**

Pam grins across from Cynthia in her nearly professional podcast studio. They wear headphones and speak into serious mics while Pam works a completely unnecessary sound board.

PAM

We're back with Cynthia Fuller. Mayoral hopeful in Wellsbury's upcoming election.

CYNTHIA

Keeping my fingers crossed.

PAM

You certainly have my vote. The support you've given me in this trying time is truly appreciated.

CYNTHIA

It is my honor to support our first responders. Those who keep us safe. Even in the face of unimaginable danger. I just wanted you to know that you have a whole community behind you. All praying for your husband's speedy recovery.

PAM

Thank you, Cynthia. I know I will sleep much better once we have a mayor who believes in being tough on crime in office. Lately, we've become infested with thugs. Right under the nose of Mayor Paul Randolph. Wouldn't you agree?

Cynthia squirms. Uncomfortable with the dehumanizing turn the conversation has taken.

CYNTHIA

I think it is absolutely awful what your family is going through. I just want you to know that we are here for you. And Vote Cynthia Fuller for Mayor.

**INT. GINNY'S BEDROOM - DAY**

Ginny wakes up to her phone flooding with notifications. She sits up groggily and scrolls through them. After a few nasty comments register, she bolts up.

GINNY

What the -

**INT. MILLER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Georgia bustles about, fixing breakfast. AUSTIN (8), sits at the island and munches on a waffle.

Showered and dressed, Ginny stomps in. Beelines for the refrigerator.

Eyeing her -

GEORGIA

Whoa now. Who done pissed in your Cheerios already today?

Wordlessly, Ginny slides her phone to Georgia. She's almost too surprised to catch it. The notifications continue rolling in.

GEORGIA

What in the - ? Nappy headed ho?  
Hood rat? Who are these people? Why  
are they saying - Whoa - ! Oh no.  
We're getting this shut down. Today.

Ginny plucks the phone from Georgia's shocked fingers.

GINNY

How, Mom? By asking to speak to the  
manager of the internet?

AUSTIN

What's a nappy headed ho?

GEORGIA

Somebody has to do something. Those  
comments are - vile.

GINNY

They're just online randos.

GEORGIA

So why are you stomping around here  
dripping hurt feelings everywhere?  
And how did they know to tag you  
specifically?

GINNY

Abby.

GEORGIA

That little -

GINNY

Just forget it, Mom. She's mad. And  
has every right to be. If not for  
that stupid podcast - Mrs. Dwyer  
really has it out for me. Bracia,  
too. It's almost like nobody knows  
that we **saved** her husband. 'Cause  
Paul keeps sitting on the bodycam  
footage. It's so unfair.

Ginny drops a yogurt, banana and bottle of water in her bag.  
Heads for the door.

GEORGIA

Maybe you should stay home today,  
Peach.

AUSTIN  
I wanna stay home!

GINNY  
And give Abby the satisfaction? No way.

Ginny, face determined, marches out the door.

Georgia watches her go. Worried. She puts on a happy face for Austin.

GEORGIA  
Alright, kiddo. Go grab your stuff.  
We gotta scoot.

He shoves the rest of his waffle in his mouth and bounds out.

Once alone, Georgia grabs her phone and navigates to Pam's podcast. Listens.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY**

The Cynthia-led vigil still goes strong. It's taking on the feel of a protest with a few people holding signs in support of cops.

It's getting rowdier and mostly populated by OUT OF TOWNERS.

ABBY (16) makes her way through the crowd, proudly sporting a Back the Blue shirt and clearly looking for someone.

SAMANTHA (16), trudges along after Abby, unnerved by the shouting people around her.

SAMANTHA  
I didn't know this is what you meant when you said you wanted to hang out.

ABBY  
Isn't it great! So much better than shopping. We can do that anytime. How often will we get to be part of history?

Spotting her target, Abby forges ahead.

Raising her sign and shouting -

ABBY  
Get well soon, Officer Dwyer!

Abby "bumps" into NORAH (16) who endures the vigil next to her mother, BEV (40s).

NORAH

Oh. Sor -

Seeing who it is -

NORAH

What are you doing here?

ABBY

You know how I love to support our first responders. They have such a dangerous job.

NORAH

Oh my God. Are you following *my mom* on Instagram? Is that how you knew I was here?

Finally close enough to overhear Norah's question -

SAMANTHA

Wait. We were never going shopping were we?

ABBY

(ignoring Sam)

You blocked me. I just really need my best friends back.

Eyeing Abby's shirt -

NORAH

Nice, Abby.

ABBY

You really think I'd side with Ginny? After what she did? Look at us. You won't even talk to me. I'm pretty sure Max wouldn't care if I died. All because of her. So yeah. I'm backing the blue on this one.

**EXT. HOSPITAL DOORS - DAY**

ELLEN BAKER with twin teens in tow, MARCUS and MAXINE check out the crowd in surprise as they exit the hospital.

MARCUS

Who are all these people?



ELLEN

Just concerned citizens, I suppose.

MARCUS

Citizens of what? I've never seen any of these people before in my life.

MAXINE

That's because you have a concussion. Your memory's bound to be shit, asswipe.

ELLEN

Hey! Can't the two of you be civil. I know it's a big ask, but just while we're in public.

MAXINE

I don't even know why I had to come. It was his stupid checkup. All because his equally stupid brain told him to drive a motorcycle without a license.

Looking him over with a critical eye -

MAXINE

Good thing you landed on your face. It was an improvement.

He glares at her. Then his gaze strays behind Maxine. Where he spots Abby, Norah and Sam in the crowd. Pointing them out -

MARCUS

Oh look. I recognize them. Your former besties, right?

Maxine scans the crowd. Her eyes lock with Norah as she mouths, "Sorry."

Abby stares back defiantly.

Marcus gloats -

MARCUS

Guess my memory's not that bad after all.

MAXINE

It absolutely is. We don't know them.

With a dramatic flip of her hair to hide her hurt, Maxine stomps off toward their car.

Ellen turns an exhausted look on Marcus.

ELLEN

Is it really too much to ask not to torment your sister?

Marcus affects a confused look.

MARCUS

Brain injury. I have a sister?

He saunters after Maxine. Ellen blows out a frustrated breath and follows them both.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - PARKING LOT - DAY**

Watching the Baker family leave, Abby rolls her eyes.

ABBY

She is so dramatic. Why'd we -

She turns back to Norah who is shepherding her mother away in the opposite direction.

ABBY

Fine. Ready to hit the mall, Sam?  
If ever there was a time for some retail therapy -

She looks around for Sam, but she's gone, too. Abby finds herself all alone in the crowd.

**INT. DWYER HOUSE - DAY**

Georgia browses the framed family photos covering the walls of the modest living room. Dwyer ancestors in police uniforms go back generations.

Georgia does a double take then pauses to look closer at one photo in particular.

INSERT PHOTO

A MAN, the spitting image of Frank, wears an original badge. He poses with a captured SLAVE who has a chain tight around his neck.

BACK TO SCENE

GEORGIA

What the - ?

PAM

Here we are.

Georgia spins from the wall as Pam brings in a tray of coffee. Despite her horror, Georgia finds a smile.

GEORGIA

You didn't have to go to all this trouble.

PAM

Oh. No, no. No trouble at all. Besides, it's only fitting to receive a member of the mayor's staff with the appropriate hospitality.

As Georgia moves toward the couch -

GEORGIA

You've got quite a family lineage there.

PAM

Frank comes from a long line of cops. Going all the way back to the very first police force in America.

Georgia's eyes stray to the slave photo.

GEORGIA

You don't say.

PAM

It's all he's ever wanted to be.

Pam's worry pokes through her bravado for a bit.

PAM

I don't know what he'll do if he doesn't recover from this. If he can't be a cop anymore. It'll destroy him.

GEORGIA

Well, we are all praying for a speedy recovery.

Georgia slides a napkin toward Pam who dabs at a tear.

GEORGIA

I know this is such a tough time.  
But I really must a favor of you.

PAM

Anything I can do to help.

GEORGIA

I would be ever so grateful if you'd  
stop calling my daughter a thug and  
a criminal on your podcast. She was  
at a friend's house to pick up some  
homework when your husband - uh -  
stopped by.

Pam freezes. Takes a really close look at Georgia.

PAM

That was *your* daughter? Oh. Now  
things are making sense. Why Mayor  
Randolph is refusing to release the  
bodycam footage. He's protecting  
his future step daughter.

GEORGIA

It would seem that way, wouldn't  
it. But actually, no. He's  
protecting your husband. From what  
I understand, the video doesn't  
show him in the best light.

PAM

From what you - Get out of my  
house! How dare you come in here  
and disparage my husband like this.  
He is a good man. A hero. Yet here  
you sit spouting lies.

Georgia remains seated. She'll go when she's ready.

GEORGIA

At least I had the decency to speak  
with you in private. Meanwhile, you  
have been very publicly maligning  
my child. It's resulted in some  
pretty vile, racist attacks.  
Against Ginny and Bracia, too.

PAM

Good.

Georgia eyes the woman's stern face. Shuts up. No way she's  
gonna get through to Pam.

Standing and heading for the door -

GEORGIA

Again. I appreciate the hospitality.  
And urge you to reconsider your  
actions. These things have a way of  
circling back to bite us in the ass  
when we least expect it.

PAM

Is that a threat?

GEORGIA

Certainly not. Just sharing some  
wisdom born of experience. Having  
had my own ass bitten more times  
than I'd care to count.

Pam ushers Georgia through the door and onto the -

**EXT. DWYER HOUSE - FRONT PORCH - DAY**

Pam is already closing the door as Georgia steps outside.

PAM

I appreciate your concern, but I'm  
just fine. And Frank will be, too.

The door closes in Georgia's face. She stares at it.

GEORGIA

We'll see about that.

**INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - GEORGIA'S DESK - DAY**

Frustrated, Georgia hangs up the phone and rubs her temples.  
Nick notices.

NICK

Maybe your accent's on the fritz?

GEORGIA

Every single reference was glowing.  
Every last one. To hear them tell  
it, the sun rises and sets on the  
man's ass.

NICK

Maybe they all really do like him.

GEORGIA

So why did he leave? Wellsbury is a hell of a pay cut from Boston PD. No, no. Something forced him out. I can feel it.

NICK

Okay Miss Cleo. But we'll still need more than a network of psychics to put us in the clear.

GEORGIA

Look at you. Channeling a nineties baby. But no. It's not just a feeling. It's the way that none of them - not a single one - inquired about how he's doing after the heart attack. But they were really chatty about what a great cop he is. A very polite closing of ranks.

NICK

What did you expect? The Blue Wall is impossible to scale when one of their own is at stake.

GEORGIA

Oh, Nick. Don't you know by now that I've scaled walls tougher than this one.

With a smirk, she grabs her purse and sweeps from the office.

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

Pam, in a car that's seen better days, eases to a stop at the curb. She studies the house - awed by the size. She gets out of her car as if drawn.

**INT. GEORGIA'S CAR (DRIVING) - DAY**

Georgia spots Pam checking out Bracia's house. Recognizes the longing on her face.

**EXT. UPSCALE NEIGHBORHOOD - FLASHBACK**

YOUNG ZION hurries around a beat up car that's definitely out of place in the wealthy area.

He tries to open the door for YOUNG GEORGIA, but she beats him to it.

She looks around, awed by the huge homes with well manicured lawns that surround them. Her expression mirrors Pam's.

YOUNG GEORGIA

This is where you grew up? Why would you ever leave?

Young Zion stares at the house. His usual carefree demeanor replaced with the heavy weight of trepidation.

YOUNG ZION

You haven't met my parents yet. Ready?

Hand in hand, they head for the door.

**END FLASHBACK**

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

Georgia eases to a stop near Pam who still stares at the house. Jealousy all over her face.

Rolling down the passenger window -

GEORGIA

It's a beautiful home, isn't it?

Pam whirls around at Georgia's voice.

PAM

I wouldn't know. This is the place where my Frankie almost died. I just needed to see it for myself.

Seeing right through the lie -

GEORGIA

I get it.

Noting Georgia's skepticism, Pam pulls out her phone. Frames herself in a shot with the house in the background.

Instantly concerned -

GEORGIA

Are you sure you wanna do that? It is private property after all. I'm no lawyer, but I would imagine that you'd need permission from Dr. or Mr. Givens to film here.

PAM

Nonsense. I'm standing on a public sidewalk that *my* taxes pay for. If I need closure, then so does my audience. It's not the Christian thing to do to deny them.

GEORGIA

Okay, then. You have a good day.

Worried, Georgia eases away from the curb.

She checks the rearview just as Pam whips out a selfie stick and reframes her shot.

GEORGIA

This cannot be good.

She glances at her car's navigation screen. Boston is listed as her destination.

**INT. BOSTON PRECINCT - DAY**

Georgia, all fancy sunglasses and big smiles, saunters up to the DESK SERGEANT on duty.

GEORGIA

Hi there. I'm Georgia Miller. I work for Mayor Paul Randolph up in Wellsbury. You wouldn't happen to be the charmer I spoke with on the phone the other day, would you? I called about Officer Frank Dwyer and his distinguished service record here.

DESK SERGEANT

Look lady. I already told you everything I can. His files aren't even here anymore.

GEORGIA

Oh really. Where might I be able to find them?

DESK SERGEANT

Try the U.S. Attorneys Office. Up the street.



**INT. CAFETERIA - DAY**

From the line Ginny, with her jacket hood up to be inconspicuous, spots Bracia.

She sits alone, huddled in what she hopes is a forgotten corner of the cafeteria.

Some KIDS happen by Bracia.

KID  
Killed any cops today?

They laugh and move on.

Bracia ignores them. For a moment. She gives up and stands.

Her eyes meet Ginny's as the same kids walk right by her without a word.

JACKIE (17) and WES (17), two other Black kids from the school, rush in. Find Bracia.

JACKIE  
We're so sorry. Mr. Janis would NOT stop talking. Are you okay?

BRACIA  
I am now.

She turns away from Ginny.

Not accepting the dismissal, Ginny strides over to them.

GINNY  
I'm sorry about those jerks.

Bracia eyes her. All is not forgiven.

BRACIA  
Thanks.

Ginny stands there. Wanting to connect, but has no idea how to break the ice.

Wes considers Ginny -

WES  
No one's been harassing you? You just out here all by yourself?

GINNY  
I'm used to being alone. I thought I had friends, but -

Her gaze strays to the table where Maxine laughs it up with Norah, JORDAN (16), HUNTER (16), PRESS (17), and BRODIE (17).

GINNY

I was wrong.

WES

It really do be your own people.

JACKIE

Why don't you sit with us? I mean, Bracia's still mad you almost got her killed, but you didn't. And she'll get over it.

Jackie playfully nudges Bracia who cracks a smile despite herself. Nudges back.

Frowning Bracia's direction -

GINNY

I didn't - I mean. That wasn't my - I'm so sorry. Is that why you've been avoiding me?

BRACIA

Don't even sweat it, Ginny. I get it. Your mom's white. Of course she wouldn't give you "The Talk."

GINNY

"The Talk?" Oh no. She talks to me about sex all the time. I really wish she'd be less open.

WES

Not that "Talk." The one about how to survive interactions with cops.

GINNY

There's a whole "Talk" for that?

Wes, Jackie and Bracia all exchange patient looks.

Jackie pulls out a chair.

BRACIA

C'mon, girl. You've got a lot to learn.

Before Ginny can move, a glob of mac & cheese smacks Bracia right in the face.

Stunned, the group looks up to see a bunch of JOCKS winding up to launch more food their way.

The group of Black kids flee to -

**INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY**

Jackie helps Bracia wipe up the mess. Ginny and Wes feed her more napkins.

JACKIE

This has gone on long enough. You know what you have to do.

BRACIA

No. If I tell my mom she'll have an army of T-PSIs dogging my every move. They have a habit of making every molehill a mountain. This will die down.

WES

Jackie's right. We can't keep being your bodyguards.

Gesturing with a napkin full of mac & cheese -

WES

Mostly because we suck at it.

GINNY

The T-PSIs?

BRACIA

My mom's line sisters. They'll sweep in here. Take over.

GINNY

If that's what it takes to stop this harassment. Oh my God. You're totally making me quote my mother right now, but "when you get yourself a bee: sting first."

BRACIA

What does that even mean?

GINNY

It means we don't run from bullies.

**INT. BLUE FARM CAFÉ - DAY**

Packed house.

Intern, ESTEBAN (20), gregarious Latino, scrambles to serve customers seated at tables while Joe roves between the bar and serving tables.

Ginny works the register and To Go orders. There's a line out the door.

A group of GUYS step up to the counter.

GINNY  
(distracted)  
How may I help you?

GUY  
Whoa! Look. Don't get to see many  
cop killers in the wild like this.

He chuckles with his buddies.

Unamused, Ginny waits until he's done.

GINNY  
Did it take you the entire distance  
between here and the door to come up  
with that or are you just parroting  
someone marginally smarter?

GUY  
What'd you say, you fucking half  
breed?

GINNY  
I said -

Joe sweeps over -

JOE  
Tables six and twelve have orders  
up. Can you give Esteban a hand?

Eyeing the guy -

GINNY  
Of course.

Though still radiating attitude, Ginny heads for the back.

JOE  
What can I get you?

GUY  
 Red pepper hummus on whole wheat  
 pita. To Go. And -

Looking at his friends -

GUY  
 - Four waters.

Joe rings up the order and moves to the refrigerated case to fulfill it.

Cynthia, eyeing the many customers, bypasses the line and sidles up to Joe with a smile.

CYNTHIA  
 Business is good, huh.

Joe's eyes slide from the guy to the unmanned bar -

- Then to Esteban who scrapes his tip in pennies off of a table and cleans up the remains of six meals.

- Back to Cynthia.

JOE  
 Yeah. It's been great.

Plopping her purse on the counter to search for her wallet -

CYNTHIA  
 Well, I hope you remember who  
 brought you all this extra business  
 when it's time to vote for Mayor.

He delivers the order to the guy.

JOE  
 That's two seventy three.

The guy swipes his card and marches out with his friends in tow.

JOE  
 I will certainly - vote.

Missing the nuance and cutting off the next CUSTOMER -

CYNTHIA  
 I'm in a bit of a rush today. Pack  
 up a Chicken Waldorf to go for me?

JOE

Oh. I'm so sorry, Cynthia. We're all out.

Now he has Cynthia's full attention.

CYNTHIA

What? What do you mean? All out? Of everything? How is that possible?

JOE

What can I say? Lot of new customers being served.

Just then, Ginny walks by with a Chicken Waldorf salad for a nearby table.

Cynthia eyes it.

CYNTHIA

I thought -

JOE

Last one. But delivery is scheduled in a few days. Try back then.

Annoyed, Cynthia shoves her wallet back in her purse and storms out. The best she can anyway with all the people milling about.

Joe smiles at the next customer.

JOE

Apologies. How may I help you?

**INT. MILLER HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY**

Ginny, still unable to shake off the half breed comment, faces off with Georgia.

GINNY

Ugh! Why can't you just release the video. So everyone knows what actually happened?

GEORGIA

Paul says it's not in your best interest. I trust him.

GINNY

Of course you do. Why did I think it would be any different here?

(MORE)

GINNY (CONT'D)

This is what you do. It's who you are.

GEORGIA

What's that supposed to mean, *Virginia?*

GINNY

It means that once you meet a new man, to hell with your children, *Georgia.*

Furious, Ginny storms out. Nearly bowls Paul over as he brings in take out.

PAUL

Whoa. What'd I miss?

GEORGIA

Just another episode of how I'm ruining her life. Wait. Actually, it's you who's ruining her life this time.

PAUL

Me? What'd I do?

GEORGIA

It's what you're not doing. Release the video, Paul. The fallout can't be worse than what's happening right now.

PAUL

You know I can't do that. I thought that would change if I were able to get Frank's files from the U.S. Attorneys, but they're stonewalling me, too.

He puts the bags of food on the counter to give Georgia his full attention.

PAUL

Look. This is my Buttigieg Moment.

GEORGIA

Your what?

PAUL

Pete Buttigieg can be appointed to high offices, but he'll never be elected.

(MORE)

PAUL (CONT'D)

Not after he fumbled the response to one of his officers shooting an unarmed Black man when he was mayor. I can't afford a rash decision here. I need the Black vote behind me to ever hold a National office.

GEORGIA

Oh. That's your priority?  
Protecting your future.

PAUL

No. I'm protecting *our* future. Think about it, Georgia. I can put a stop to this kind of thing nationwide. But I gotta get there first. And that starts with how I handle this.

He pulls her into an embrace.

PAUL

Trust me. The moment I figure out how to neutralize the police union, he's gone. We'll release the bodycam footage and everyone will finally see Ginny and Bracia for the heroes they actually are. But we have to do it right.

Georgia relaxes in his arms.

GEORGIA

Heroes, huh?

PAUL

You'll be so proud of her once you see the video.

GEORGIA

I already am. Even if she is bound and determined to put me in an early grave.

**INT. BRACIA'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - NIGHT**

Bracia struggles to wash the remaining cheese sauce from her braids without destroying them. The more she washes, the more they loosen.

Lola strides in with a stack of freshly laundered towels. Both look surprised to see one another.



BRACIA

Mom! I thought you had rounds.

DR. GIVENS

What happened to your hair?

BRACIA

Nothing. Just a little food mishap.

Dropping the towels to inspect Bracia's hair -

BRACIA

No. Mom. Stop. It's not a big deal.

Lola lifts Bracia's chin. Forcing her to meet her eyes.

DR. GIVENS

Is this because of what happened  
with that cop?

BRACIA

It's fine, Mom. It'll blow -

But Bracia breaks down and cries. Lola pulls her into a hug.

DR. GIVENS

It's okay, baby. Mama's gonna take  
care of it.

BRACIA

Oh God. Please don't do anything  
crazy. I'm begging you. They'll  
forget about this soon enough.

But Lola's face is hard and determined as she protectively  
holds her little girl close.

#### **INT. SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY**

Twenty BLACK WOMEN of various ages, all decked out in  
amethyst clothing surround Bracia.

They all wear rose gold sashes with the Greek letters for  
Theta Psi Omega across the front.

They march along, in lock step, forcing the HIGH SCHOOLERS  
out of their path.

The kids record this novel, yet intimidating, spectacle on  
their phones.

Bracia looks mortified.

PRINCIPAL DAVIES barrels out of his office just as the group of T-PSIs come to a halt nearby.

PRINCIPAL DAVIES

What's the meaning of this? Who are all of you? You're not permitted on school grounds without prior approval.

Every last one of the T-PSIs freeze like statues with the exception of CAITLYN DEVERS (43). She's the bad bitch at the front who wishes a ninja would.

CAITLYN

Caitlyn Devers, Esquire. We're here to deliver Lola Givens' updated visitor list. And witness your receipt. Misha will be sitting in with Bracia until further notice. Since you've been unable to adequately protect the children in this school from bullying and harassment, we'll do it ourselves.

Ginny, in awe of the spectacle, inches through the crowd of students to get a good look at Bracia's army.

Davies, acutely aware of all the cameras filming him, finds a smile.

PRINCIPAL DAVIES

This is not how we do things -

Caitlyn counters his fake smile with her own.

CAITLYN

It's how we're doing things today.

She hands him the list. He reads, gulps. Looks at MISHA (32), the soror nearest Bracia -

PRINCIPAL DAVIES

You're Secret Service?

The teens surrounding them buzz that a Fed is in the building.

MISHA

Yessir. And I will be accompanying my niece at all times until the situation has been resolved to my satisfaction.

Maxine leans toward Norah to whisper -

MAXINE

They're like Skull and Bones, but  
so much sexier.

PRINCIPAL DAVIES

This is unprecedented. I'll have to  
check with our district lawyers.

CAITLYN

Do that. And have them call me.

She hands him a card.

With that, she turns to address the lines of Black women  
surrounding Bracia.

CAITLYN

Sorors!

SORORS

Teeee -

The Sorors execute a slow about face in their three inch  
amethyst heels timed with the high-pitched call.

SORORS

PSI!

They snap to attention. March out, leaving an embarrassed  
Bracia behind with Misha.

In awe of the women, Max attempts a slow turn like theirs.

MAXINE

Teeee -

The SOROR bringing up the rear stops and stares Maxine down.

REAR SOROR

No, ma'am. You haven't earned that.  
Cross first, call second.

Maxine stands frozen in place as the Soror rejoins the line.

Turning to a stunned Norah -

MAXINE

Oh my God. I almost died. Wasn't it  
great!

But Norah's eyes remained glued to Misha. More specifically,  
the gun holstered on Misha's hip. Snuggling closer to Jordan -

NORAH  
It's all great, Max.

**INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY**

Nick watches student video of the T-PSIs at school over Paul's shoulder.

NICK  
We've been fielding calls from  
concerned parents all afternoon.

Paul runs it back to Caitlyn introducing herself -

CAITLYN (V.O.)  
Caitlyn Devers, Esquire -

Pausing the video and switching to a search engine -

PAUL  
Why do I know that name?

Nick sucks in a breath as the results pop up.

NICK  
(reading)  
"Prominent Civil Rights Attorney."  
"Never lost a case." "Another big  
settlement." Is it just me or are  
we in more trouble than we first  
imagined? This woman could take  
down a little town like ours just  
for shits and giggles.

PAUL  
Yes, Nick, she could.

Paul clicks on Caitlyn's page on a site similar to LinkedIn.

NICK  
Why don't you sound more worried?

After clicking through Caitlyn's connections for a bit, Paul sits back with a smile.

PAUL  
Because - a woman like Ms. Devers  
doesn't succeed the way she has  
without a wide ranging network.

He pops up from his desk and heads for the door.

NICK

Where are you going?

PAUL

Why make an enemy when you can make a friend? And maybe - just maybe - we can tap into that new friend's network to get us by the guard dog at the U.S. Attorneys Office.

**INT. BRODIE'S BASEMENT - DAY**

Maxine, Norah, Jordan, Hunter, Brodie, Press, Abby and Samantha all hang out. Drinking and smoking and being idiots in general.

Maxine attempts the T-PSI slow turn again. She looks ridiculous. Freezes with the realization -

MAXINE

Oh my God. I'm appropriating their culture, aren't I? Shit. Why did you guys let me do that?

JORDAN

To be fair, I had no idea what you were attempting to do.

She smacks him with a pillow.

MAXINE

But they were so cool right? I've never seen anything like that before. The way they just stormed in. Told Mr. Davies how it was gonna be. So hot.

NORAH

I don't know. They were kind of frightening. And angry.

HUNTER

Don't you think you're falling prey to stereotypes right now?

NORAH

No. No, I don't.

HUNTER

Bracia and Gin -

MAXINE

You mean Bracia and "she who shall not be named ever again in life?"

HUNTER

You are so weird. People have been pretty terrible to **Bracia** since the incident. They're just protecting their own.

NORAH

By marching in uninvited and making demands? And that Fed. I just don't feel safe with a gun around.

BRODIE

I think it's kinda hot to have a chick from the Secret Service roaming our halls.

MAXINE

So hot.

HUNTER

Be real, though, Norah. Is it really the gun you object to or the abundance of **Black** women?

JORDAN

Whoa, Hunter.

NORAH

I am **not** being racist.

HUNTER

Didn't say you were. But you've always seemed pretty invested in living out the "model minority" stereotype. Maybe there's some latent anti-Black views that've come along with it. I mean, don't you pride yourself on being "**one** of the good ones?"

Brodie sits next to Hunter and takes the drink from his hand.

BRODIE

Annnddd you are officially cut off.

HUNTER

Seriously, though, Norah. For you to be one of the good ones, doesn't that mean that every other minority must inherently be bad? That **I'm** bad?

NORAH  
That's not true -

HUNTER  
I'm just saying, it's not quite the  
compliment you think it is. 'Cause  
what happens when you mess up?

Seeing how upset Norah is getting, Maxine steps in.

MAXINE  
Ah! I'm bored. It's time to dance!

She cranks up the music and pulls Norah to her feet. They  
dance off the heavy conversation.

#### **INT. BRACIA'S HOUSE - DAY**

Music, laughter and lots of chatter fill the tastefully  
decorated, open floor plan home. The ladies of T-PSI joke,  
eat, and chat with one another.

Bracia takes in the abject joy the sorors share with one  
another from where she sits on the floor. A SOROR sits behind  
her, sipping whiskey and rebraiding Bracia's hair.

The music changes to something like Mos Def's "Ms. Fat  
Booty".

BIG BOOTY SOROR  
Ah yeah. This my jam!

Feeling it, she does a double stomp clap then starts a stroll  
around the room. Other sorors line up to stroll behind her.

On beat, they flick their hair and perform intricate steps  
and claps in sequence, creating their own rhythm that  
compliments the song.

Big Booty Soror throws up the T-PSI sign - one hand forms  
half a triangle while the other completes the triangle with a  
tilted fist and upstretched pinky.

The doorbell RINGS.

REAR SOROR  
I got it.

She sets her drink down and leaves the room.

Bracia eyes her mother who dances with Caitlyn and Misha.  
They all have some moves. The happiness on Lola's face makes  
Bracia smile.

Rear Soror returns with Paul in tow.

There's a metaphorical record scratch as the ladies spot the white man in the room.

Instantly on guard -

DR. GIVENS

Mayor Randolph. To what do I owe  
the pleasure?

Someone actually does turn off the music as all eyes swing to him. It's so quiet a mouse's fart would startle everyone.

PAUL

Might I have a word with you and  
Ms. Devers? In private.

Lola and Caitlyn share a look. Then -

DR. GIVENS

Of course. This way.

Before he follows them, he approaches Bracia.

Misha tenses. Ready to spring.

Paul squats so he's eye level with Bracia. Super sincere -

PAUL

I am so sorry you're going through  
this. A hero like you deserves so  
much better. Please know that I'm  
doing everything I can to resolve  
the situation.

BRACIA

Thank you.

Paul stands to follow Caitlyn and Lola to another room. They close the door behind them.

**INT. MILLER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Ginny stealthily creeps down the stairs. Peeks in the -

**INT. MILLER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

- Where Paul, Georgia, Caitlyn and Nick wade through stacks upon stacks of files.



**INT. MILLER HOUSE - NIGHT**

Satisfied that they're unaware, Ginny snatches up Georgia's keys and slips out the front door.

**INT. MILLER HOUSE - DINING ROOM - NIGHT**

Caitlyn flags the files for review while Nick catalogs.

Paul lifts more onto the table from a box while Georgia eyes the whole operation.

GEORGIA

Your soror in the U.S. Attorneys  
Office really came through.

CAITLYN

It's what we do.

PAUL

(heavy sigh)

They really hid all this from us.  
We'd have never hired him had we  
been aware - I'm for damned sure  
this will never happen again. The  
people under my care deserve better.

Caitlyn eyes him. Impressed and surprised by it.

**INT. GEORGIA'S CAR (DRIVING) - NIGHT**

Ginny eyes the flashing light on the gas gauge.

GINNY

What the heck, Mom? You take a  
road trip or something?

She drives a bit farther. Turns into -

**EXT. GAS STATION - NIGHT**

Ginny maneuvers around the packed station. Gets in a line.

PEOPLE recognize her and whisper.

She ignores them. Picks up her phone.

She jumps when Marcus raps on the window. Clutching her chest, she rolls the window down.

GINNY  
Are you stalking me?

He nods toward Ellen who is filling up their minivan.

MARCUS  
How are you?

GINNY  
What do you care? We were just a mistake. Remember? 'Cause I do. That's what you said.

MARCUS  
That doesn't mean I don't see how people have been treating you. The things they're saying online. It's so unfair.

Ginny softens a bit under his genuine concern.

The car in front of her vacates the pump, but she doesn't notice. She's completely focused on him.

GINNY  
It's been so insane. Not just online anymore - If only they knew the truth.

MARCUS  
What are you talking about?

GINNY  
We - well, Bracia mostly - saved that guy's life. And now we're branded as cop killers? How did we kill someone who isn't dead? Make that make sense.

Ellen finishes up her transaction. Looks around for Marcus. Panic rising -

ELLEN  
Marcus?

He remains focused on Ginny.

MARCUS  
I just want you to know - I'm around. If you want to - you know - talk or anything. I don't want you to - **do** - anything.

Before Ginny can respond, Ellen rushes over. Relaxes when she sees the two of them talking.

ELLEN

Hi Ginny. Marcus, we have to go.  
We're holding up the line. Um - So  
are you Ginny.

Ginny looks at the empty pump.

GINNY

Oh. Right.

She eases forward, but has to slam on the brakes when a car swerves around her and parks willy nilly at the pump.

GINNY

What the hel - eck?

She censors herself in Ellen's presence.

ELLEN

Well, that was uncalled for. See  
ya, Ginny.

Ellen returns to the mini van as a QAREN (40s), complete with the official hair cut of Qarens, makes her way to the pump and inserts her card.

GINNY

Um - I believe I was next.

QAREN

And I believe I have better things  
to do than watch a cop killer make  
eyes at her boyfriend.

MARCUS

That's not very nice, ma'am. Ginny  
didn't do anything wrong.

Qaren struggles to get her card to work. She rubs it on her yoga pants and tries again.

QAREN

Really? Then why is the mayor hiding  
the bodycam footage, if not to  
protect his soon to be step daughter?

GINNY

Paul isn't hiding anything. He's  
waiting for the investigation to  
conclude.

QAREN  
Of course he is.

After another swipe on her yoga pants, she finally gets the card to read. Turns her back on the teens, ending the conversation and to pump her gas.

ELLEN  
Marcus. We have to go. Your father is waiting.

MARCUS  
(to Ginny)  
I'm here. Regardless of - you know - Other stuff.

He heads toward Ellen in the mini van. Pauses by the pump. He looks mischievously between Ginny and Qaren. Cancels her transaction.

Ginny giggles as he salutes then gets in the van with his mother. Ellen drives away.

Ginny maneuvers to another empty pump while Qaren tries to figure out why hers no longer works.

**INT. NORAH'S HOUSE - DAY**

Norah, still upset over the T-PSI invasion and conversation with Hunter, paces the kitchen while Bev preps to cook a chicken. Not a single seasoning in sight.

NORAH  
It was just really unnerving. And nobody else seems bothered - Maxine thinks they're amazing. But what if they wanted to hurt us?

BEV  
I'll get to the bottom of it tomorrow with Principal Davies.

NORAH  
Thanks, Mom.

Bev stops the dinner prep to caress Norah's cheek.

BEV  
You never need to thank me, Norah. I didn't rescue you from a 3rd world Asian country just to lose you now. We raised you to be one of the good ones.

(MORE)

BEV (CONT'D)

I just hate to think who you'd be  
if we hadn't opened our home to  
you.

Bev returns to cooking so she misses Norah's hurt look.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

Cynthia leads a chant -

CYNTHIA

Back the Blue! Back the Blue!

The crowd chants with her, until their phones all start  
PINGING in their pockets.

Folks are getting tagged on a video left and right.

INSERT BODYCAM FOOTAGE

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

Bracia, working from above, does chest compressions on  
Officer Dwyer.

BRACIA

Call 9-1-1.

GINNY (O.S.)

Oh-my-God-Oh-my-God. Yes. Hi! We  
need some help here. A cop just -  
what happened to him?

BRACIA

Heart attack. I think. He's not  
breathing.

GINNY

Uh - Heart attack. My friend is I  
don't know - Pressing on his chest.

BRACIA

The first aide kit's just inside  
the door. Put the phone on speaker.

After a moment, Ginny enters the view of the bodycam.

BRACIA

The rebreather is in the side  
pocket. You have to be his lungs.

Ginny fishes it out.

BRACIA

Over his mouth and nose. Then just breathe through the tube.

GINNY

I can't do this.

BRACIA

I can't stop compressions until more help arrives. You have to.

Ginny, eyes terrified, does as instructed.

The girls work tirelessly for a long stretch.

They only stop when PARAMEDICS come into view and take over. One radios in -

PARAMEDIC

We've got an officer down.  
Transporting now.

Officer Dwyer is loaded up on a gurney. Wheeled to the ambulance and loaded inside.

Just before the doors close, the paramedic leans out.

PARAMEDIC

I think you girls may have saved his life.

**EXT. HOSPITAL - DAY**

The crowd is silent, watching and re-watching the footage. Some begin to walk away.

Seeing her campaign advantage disappear -

CYNTHIA

Are you all really going to fall for this? For this - this cheap, political stunt organized by the Mayor's office.

BEV

You called them cop killers, Cynthia. They tried to save him. From a heart attack.

CYNTHIA

Ask yourself why this footage is just now being made available.

Bev waves her off as she leaves.

CYNTHIA

Elect me! You deserve a mayor who  
won't result to cheap theatrics.

But she's lost them. Every last member of her audience  
returns to their vehicles and drives away.

**INT. MILLER HOUSE - FOYER - DAY**

Ginny gallops down the stairs, heading for the front door.

Georgia pops up in her path, blocking her.

GEORGIA

I know what you did. How you did it  
and who you did it with.

GINNY

What are you talking about? You  
sound like a crazy person.

GEORGIA

Better to sound like one than  
actually be one. I can't believe  
you stole my car -

GINNY

Borrowed -

GEORGIA

Broke into my office -

GINNY

The key was on the ring.

GEORGIA

And leaked that bodycam footage.

GINNY

Good. You shouldn't believe it  
because I didn't do it.

Georgia stares at Ginny, disappointed. Holds up her phone.

A still of Ginny clearly at Georgia's desk recording the  
monitor with her phone is on the screen.

GEORGIA

We had cameras installed after  
Cynthia broke in, ya little idiot.

GINNY  
Cynthia broke into your office?

GEORGIA  
She got it in her head that I was  
embezzling from the city.

GINNY  
(gaping)  
Were you?

GEORGIA  
We're talking about you right now.  
Have I taught you nothing?

GINNY  
Does Paul know?

GEORGIA  
I'm no amateur. Make sure you  
delete the file from your device  
**and** the cloud.

With a shake of her head, Georgia strides toward the kitchen.

Ginny checks her phone.

Georgia pauses in the doorway -

GEORGIA  
I'm proud of you, Peach.

**INT. NORAH'S ROOM - NIGHT**

Norah, conflicted, sits at her desk, laptop open to a birth  
family search website.

BEV (O.S.)  
Norah, honey?

NORAH  
Yes?

BEV (O.S.)  
Don't forget - Tomorrow you have  
skating. It was rescheduled.

NORAH  
Got it, Mom.

She enters credit card information. Begins her search.



**INT. BLUE FARM CAFÉ - DAY**

Bracia, sans bodyguards, gives Ginny a big smile as she steps up to the counter.

BRACIA  
Hot chocolate. Extra marshmallows,  
please.

While Ginny rings her up -

GINNY  
No T-PSI entourage today?

BRACIA  
That's what they do. Handle  
business, then disappear into the  
ether like they were never there.  
Still, there's something nice about  
knowing I have someone to call.

As Ginny pours the drink, she spots Marcus outside. He salutes and walks away.

Smiling to herself, but handing the cup to Bracia -

GINNY  
I know what you mean.

Bracia swipes her card then looks Ginny in the eye.

BRACIA  
Thank you.

Catching on that she's referring to the video leak, not the drink, Ginny nods.

GINNY  
My pleasure.

Bracia leaves as Pam self-consciously slinks inside.

Bracia gives the woman a quick, inexplicable smirk then continues about her business.

PATRONS spot Pam and whisper among themselves.

Pretending not to notice, she strides to the counter to order and comes face to face with Ginny.

Pasting on her best customer service smile -

GINNY  
How may I help you?

Avoiding eye contact at all costs -

PAM  
I'll take a low fat latte with a  
splash of honey.

Ginny rings up the order and sets about making it.

Meanwhile, a YOUNG MAN with a messenger bag slides up behind Pam.

YOUNG MAN  
Mrs. Pamela Dwyer?

Turning around -

PAM  
Yes?

He presses an envelope into her chest.

YOUNG MAN  
You've been served.

Before she can respond, he hurries away.

Puzzled, she opens the envelope.

PAM  
What the - ?

Ginny slides the drink across the counter.

GINNY  
That'll be six fifty.

PAM  
Six - ? That's more than double  
what it usually is.

GINNY  
It's the spiteful bitch markup.

Pam huffs. Looks to Joe who aggressively minds his own business.

PAM  
Well? Are you just going to let her  
talk to me like that?

Joe looks between Ginny and Pam. Then perks up like he hears a voice from the back.

JOE

What's that, Esteban? Oh yeah. Be right there.

He hurries off, leaving Ginny and Pam on their own.

Ginny stares the older woman down.

Pam casts a look around the café.

All eyes are on them.

She plops down a \$10 bill and snatches her drink.

PAM

Keep the change.

Ginny smiles innocently.

GINNY

Thank you. Come again.

**EXT. BLUE FARM CAFÉ - DAY**

Pam steps outside and takes a good look at the envelope's contents. Looking like her head is about to explode, she stomps off down the street.

**INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY**

Abuzz with town business. Everything comes to a screeching halt when Pam slams the door open and storms inside.

PAM

Where is he?

She barges into -

**INT. PAUL'S OFFICE - DAY**

- where Paul and Chief Donnelly go over paperwork.

Pam slams the envelope down on Paul's desk.

PAM

I'm being sued.

Paul and Donnelly exchange puzzled looks.

PAUL

I'm sorry to hear that.

An awkward silence settles in the room.

PAM  
Well?

PAUL  
Well, what?

PAM  
I want you - the city of Wellsbury -  
to take care of it. After all, my  
husband was on duty when all this  
happened. We have qualified  
immunity.

PAUL  
I see.

He opens the envelope and reads the filings. Packing it back  
up again, he slides it across the desk at her.

PAUL  
Had. Your husband was fired this  
morning.

PAM  
What?

PAUL  
And this lawsuit names you - not  
your husband - for the harm you  
caused Dr. Givens and her family  
with your podcast. Also qualified  
immunity does not extend to spouses.

PAM  
You fired my husband?

PAUL  
Yes, I did, Mrs. Dwyer. And do you  
want to know why?

Paul pulls out a thick file and drops it on the desk with a  
thump.

PAUL  
He was specifically asked about any  
investigations into his conduct as a  
peace officer and somehow forgot to  
mention all of this. But thanks to  
Dr. Givens and her really impressive  
network of sorority sisters, we were  
able to dig all this up from the  
U.S. Attorneys Office.

She eyes the stack of complaints.

PAM

He amassed a lot of haters. People he'd arrested who were just out to get him.

PAUL

I considered that. But the thing I just can't get beyond is the fact that all of those "haters" seem to be people of color.

Indicating the size of the stack.

PAUL

Now that's just statistically improbable. Especially when combined with reports from people of color in our community who've been harassed by him almost from his start date. Are they just haters, too?

She looks to Chief Donnelly to back her up.

PAM

Come on, Chief. You know how it is.

He sits silently instead.

PAUL

Your husband was hired to protect and serve the citizens of this town. He did neither. In fact, he made it unsafe for the citizens who don't share our skin tone. Consider yourself lucky that all he is, is fired.

Pam snatches the envelope up and turns to find that Georgia's been filming the whole thing.

GEORGIA

You've got a lot of social media names to change. "An *Ex*-Cop's Wife" has a lovely ring.

**INT. MILLER HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT**

Ginny walks in to find Dr. Givens in a serious discussion with Paul. Bracia and Georgia listen in.

GINNY  
What's going on?

PAUL  
Dr. Givens was just about to give us all "The Talk." I'm invested in seeing that what we just went through never happens again.

GEORGIA  
And you might learn a little something. For when you're forced to deal with other jurisdictions.

Ginny takes a seat.

DR. GIVENS  
Your one and only goal is to survive the encounter. Let the courts sort out everything else later.

GINNY  
But what about our rights?

BRACIA  
You don't have any rights when dealing with someone who doesn't see you as human.

That sobers Ginny. The conversation continues under -

GINNY (V.O.)  
*Identity. If ever there was a relationship status that's complicated... I want to define who I am. Who I will be. But others are determined to do that for me. And decide if I deserve to be protected from harm or not based on who they think I am. It's exhausting. But I'll play along. For now.*

Pull out of the room, through the window and end on tree leaves fluttering in the soft breeze.

One leaf detaches and floats off down the street.

END OF EPISODE