

NO ACTIVITY

Episode 101

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EXT. SAN DIEGO DOCKS - NIGHT

Car 27 sits adjacent to the San Diego docks.

INT. SAN DIEGO DOCKS - NIGHT [GOOD SIDE]

Detectives Tolbeck (47, gormless, endearing) and Cullen (39, ambitious, frustrated), long-time partners & work spouses, maintain watch at the docks. Tolbeck looks at his hair in the rearview mirror.

TOLBECK
I need a haircut. Can you believe that?

CULLEN
... I'll call a press conference.

TOLBECK
But remember when I got this one?

CULLEN
(sighs)
...No.

TOLBECK
It was our first day here! Remember you said this was going to be the big one? We'll be on the news, the classic 'standing behind the drug bust' photo? That's why I got the haircut. But 35 nights later, it's grown out and no bust, no photo. Sad, isn't it?

CULLEN
Yes, it is sad that we've had 35 nights of boring stories and inane conversations.

TOLBECK
9 years.

CULLEN
What?

TOLBECK
9 years. We've been partners for 9 years now. I think our anniversary was last Thursday. I meant to say something, but forgot.

CULLEN
(depressed)
Jesus Christ. We've been together longer than the Beatles.

Tolbeck quite likes this.

TOLBECK
We did it. We beat them.

CULLEN

No we didn't. They beat us. They created *Sgt. Peppers, Rubber Soul*. What have we done?

TOLBECK

Hey. John Lennon may have been the walrus, but we're the war-rus.

CULLEN

That doesn't work at all. It should be *wall-rus*. 'Cuz we're the wall, stopping drugs from getting through.

TOLBECK

No I think *war-rus* is better. War on drugs.

CULLEN

You know who *would* make it work? John Lennon.

TOLBECK

Out of the two of us, who's Lennon and who's McCartney?

CULLEN

I'm Lennon *and* McCartney. You're Pete Best, the drummer they fired before Ringo.

Tolbeck suddenly notices something in the mirror.

TOLBECK

Oh my god, check this out.

Tolbeck turns his head back and forth.

CULLEN

What am I looking at?

TOLBECK

(turning his head right)
Left side. Traditionally my best side, always has been, but now look at this.

(turning his head left)
Right side! It's better!

CULLEN

Is it?

TOLBECK

Definitely. My good side has changed. Isn't that incredible?

CULLEN

I can't see it. Oh, wait up. Look straight at me.

Tolbeck stares straight ahead.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
Now slowly turn clockwise, and stop when I tell
you.

Tolbeck starts turning his head clockwise.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
Slowly. Slowly.

Tolbeck keeps turning until the back of his head faces
Cullen.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
Stop! That's it. That's your best side.

TOLBECK
I'm trying to be serious here.

CULLEN
Me too.

FATIMA (RADIO)
Car 27, please report.

INT. DISPATCH - CONTINUOUS

Fatima (24, quintessential millennial) is making her first
call.

FATIMA
(on headset)
Car 27, please report.

INT. CAR 27 - CONTINUOUS

Back in the car, both Tolbeck and Cullen look surprised.

CULLEN
(into radio)
This is Car 27. No activity. Who's that?

INT. DISPATCH - CONTINUOUS

Janice (43, mother hen of dispatch) drops into the call.

JANICE
(on headset)
Fatima. It's her first day, guys.

INT. CAR 27 - CONTINUOUS

TOLBECK
(into radio)
Ohh. Fatima. Exotic.

Cullen snatches the radio from Tolbeck.

CULLEN
(into radio)
Ah, welcome aboard Fatima. This is Car 27, and we look forward to chatting with you in the future.

Cullen nods to Tolbeck, who smiles.

CULLEN (CONT'D)
(into radio)
Actually there is some activity Fatima. Stand by... Oh no. GUN! He- chk - arh - bu - kkkkkchh - ujgh.

Cullen passes the radio to Tolbeck.

TOLBECK
(into radio)
Arhhhhhhhhhh!!!!!!!

INT. DISPATCH - CONTINUOUS

Fatima, flustered, tries to type, turns to Janice.

FATIMA
Car 27?! Janice! What do I?

Janice calmly takes the radio.

JANICE
(on headset)
Car 27, please grow up.

INT. CAR 27 - CONTINUOUS

TOLBECK
(into radio)
Sorry. Sorry Fatima.

CULLEN
(into radio)
Welcome aboard.

SMASH TO TITLES:

"NO ACTIVITY"

EXT. PORT OF SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

Aerial footage of the Port of San Diego at night.

CHYRON: "Operation Spearfish, San Diego Docks, 1:17 AM."

DEA RADIO (V.O.)

No activity yet on El Tigre Cartel's delivery. All designated units, maintain watch on-site, and report any activity. As soon as intel gives the word, we pounce. Sit tight, guys. The delivery will come. It's a waiting game.

[Note to Reader: Our characters never directly hear radio/audio transmissions from the DEA / Cartel. They are for advancing the procedural narrative off-screen. The visuals accompanying these transmissions are fast-cut, establishing shots of the relevant locations: clean, ordered world for cops/dispatch, seedier areas for criminals.]

INT. DISPATCH - NIGHT [PRIORITIES]

Janice is putting a frustrated Fatima through her paces.

JANICE

Look, you've gotta roll with that kind of stuff. Car 27 is on a big drug surveillance job; sometimes they need to blow off steam. It's up to us here at Dispatch to be bigger than the cops. Alright?

FATIMA

Really? Or maybe they could choose not to be dickheads.

JANICE

Getting mouthy doesn't solve anything either.

Fatima is tight-lipped.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Now. It's vital that you can type and talk at the same time.

FATIMA

I know Janice, like I've said, they covered all that in training.

JANICE

Exactly: training. That's not on the job. You're new to this world. This is the pressure cooker. If you can't do it here, someone dies. OK?

FATIMA

OK.

JANICE

It's not a game. You know, 89% of new dispatch recruits quit in the first month.

FATIMA

Really? That seems like an aggressively high figure.

JANICE

It's true. I mean, I don't have data to back it up, but I've been here long enough to feel that it's about right. Question is: do you want to make it?

Janice doesn't give Fatima time to answer.

JANICE (CONT'D)

Nope. You paused. That tells me everything I need to know.

FATIMA

I didn't pause. You didn't give me a chance to answer.

JANICE

You pause, people die. Now do you --

FATIMA

YES! I want to make it here.

JANICE

Better. Now, my old partner, your predecessor Tabitha--

FATIMA

Tabitha, the great, yes I remember.

JANICE (CONT'D)

She was the best in the business with the talk'n'type.

JANICE (CONT'D)

OK, Little Miss Attitude. Do you know the lyrics to *Gold Digger* by Kanye West?

FATIMA

... Yes?

JANICE

Of course you do. OK, start typing them.

FATIMA

Really?

JANICE

Go on. "She take my money when I'm in need / Yeah she's a trifling friend indeed..."

Fatima starts typing.

FATIMA

"Yeah she's a gold digger..."

JANICE

No, do that in your head. Now.

(very quickly)

Two calls come in, one is a traffic hazard on the 805 North, the other is a shark on the loose. Which takes priority?

FATIMA

Um...

JANICE

Keep typing!

FATIMA

Shark on the loose.

JANICE

OK stop.

Fatima stops typing.

JANICE (CONT'D)

The 805 North is one of our busiest roads - particularly that bottleneck at Claremont Mesa. A traffic hazard there is a major issue, Fatima. Major. Potential fatalities if not addressed.

FATIMA

I just thought a shark on the loose-

JANICE

All sharks are on the loose. OK? They live in the sea. I've never seen a harnessed shark. That's a prank call.

FATIMA

... OK.

JANICE

You've got to think. Tabitha was one of the best thinkers in dispatch. Now, how'd you do with your typing?

Janice looks at Fatima's screen.

JANICE (CONT'D)

(disgusted)

I'm sorry? What is this filth?

FATIMA

Those are the lyrics.

JANICE

No, the actual lyrics are: "Now I ain't sayin' she's a gold digger / But she ain't messin' with no broke, broke."

FATIMA

Oh yes, that's the radio version-

JANICE

Let's lose the hate speech, OK? This is your first and last warning on that.

FATIMA

Of course.

JANICE

Tabitha would've gone through the roof on this. The absolute roof.

EXT. SAN DIEGO DOCKS - NIGHT

An aerial shot of the docks settles on a shipping container.

CHYRON: "Unmarked shipping container, 1:32 AM"

CARTEL VOICE 1 (AUDIO)

(in Spanish)

The fish-food is due to dock some time tonight.

CARTEL VOICE 2 (AUDIO)

No problem. The truck is on standby.

CARTEL VOICE 1 (AUDIO)

(in Spanish)

Will your two salmon be ready?

CARTEL VOICE 2 (AUDIO)

They'll be ready.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - NIGHT [DIFFERENT STYLES]

Marco (44, tough exterior, terrible storyteller) and Angus (29, impatient, eager to please), sit in a shipping container. Marco is cleaning out his wallet.

ANGUST

Do you have to do that in here?

MARCO

(holding up his fat
wallet)

It's busting at the seams. Don't worry, I'm not leaving any clues. Cops aren't going to track us down from my old receipts and expired loyalty cards.

ANGUS

We can't leave *anything* in here. The cops are right outside the dockyards. Once we're gone, you think they won't find this?

MARCO

Yeah, you're right. Better to keep this stuff.

Marco starts repacking his wallet then notices something.

MARCO (CONT'D)

Oh, fuck.

ANGUS

What?

MARCO

My license just expired. That's a big fine if we get pulled over in the truck.

ANGUS

A big fine? What, on top of the two tons of product they'll find in the back?

MARCO

We don't know it's two tons, but yes, I could do without that fine.

ANGUS

They've organized a *truck*, OK? It's not gonna be an 8-ball. Check the phone again, the signal might drop out in here.

Marco pulls his phone from his waistband - it's a pistol-shaped iPhone case. He checks it.

MARCO

Signal is good.

ANGUS

Is the volume on?

Marco tests the ringtone. The opening bars from Stevie Wonder's *Superstition* start playing.

MARCO

(holding it up)
Yep. On vibrate.

Angus sighs.

ANGUS

How fucking long-

MARCO

The boss will call when he calls. Relax.

ANGUS

Why can't we just wait at a hotel 'til the product arrives? The Castaway is ten minutes from here and it's got a 24-hour breakfast buffet! Why do we have to be here?

MARCO

Because he wants us here, and he's paying us to be here. When you run your own cartel, you can stay in hotels with 24-hour breakfast.

(beat)

See, this is classic you. You've got to learn patience-

ANGUS

Oh fuck me, not this again-

MARCO

All I'm saying is, you need to handle yourself a little-

ANGUS

I handle myself just fine, OK? I got my style, you got yours.

MARCO

Yeah, but your style needs work. We've been working together, what, three years now? You're still maturing as a criminal-

ANGUS

There. Right there, the fact that you say 'criminal.' That's a case in point. We're different. I consider myself a gangster.

MARCO

'Gangster!' Are you in rap video? Are you "making it rain" while you sip Cristal?

ANGUS

What are you talking about?! 'Gangster' is legit!

MARCO

"Legit!" Listen to you, Dr. Dre.

ANGUS

Look, I don't question your 'tough guy' bullshit.

MARCO

Bullshit?! It works. I give 'em the classic tough guy routine. Old school.

He takes out his gun-shaped phone again, assumes a tough demeanor.

MARCO (CONT'D)
Are you talkin' to me, motherfucker?

Back to normal.

ANGUS
Yeah. See, I can't do that shit. You've got that hard face, those dead shark eyes. I don't have that.

MARCO
No, you couldn't do what I do. You're not still enough. You're all ADHD.

ANGUS
Right. So I give 'em the psycho peepers. Like this -- give me your phone.

Marco hands him the "gun." He assumes a psychotic demeanor.

ANGUS (CONT'D)
ARE YOU TALKIN' TO ME MOTHAFUCKAAAA?

Back to normal. He hands the gun-phone back.

MARCO
That is pretty good.

ANGUS
Try it.

MARCO
Me? No that's not my thing.

ANGUS
Yeah, whaddya got to lose? It's just me.

MARCO
(tentative)
Really? ... Nah...

ANGUS
Come on, live a little.

Marco tries to replicate Angus's physicality.

MARCO
Like this?

ANGUS
Kind of, yeah. Think of it like "I might be a genuine psycho, or I might be on meth - you'll never know."

MARCO
Oh, yeah. That's good.

Marco moves around a little more, trying to get the body right.

ANGUS
Yeah! Psycho peepers.

Marco bugs his eyes out.

MARCO
Like this?

ANGUS
Yeah! Yeah! Like that! Now do it!

MARCO
(way too big and spastic)
YOU TALKIN' TO ME MOTHAFUCKAAAAAA!!

Marco goes back to normal, a little self-conscious.

ANGUS
(it obviously sucked)
... Yeah. Yeah. Not too bad.

MARCO
Nah, I like my way better.

ANGUS
Totally, your way works, totally.

EXT. SAN DIEGO DOCKS - NIGHT

Car 27 sits close to the San Diego docks.

INT. CAR 27 - NIGHT [MATCHMAKER]

Cullen is bored. Tolbeck is playing on his phone.

CULLEN
I can't take much more of this.

TOLBECK
(focused on this phone)
More of what?

CULLEN
This! This detail. We're completely in the dark,
both literally and metaphorically.

TOLBECK
(still searching on his
phone)
Huh?

CULLEN

We're sitting in the dark, and given hardly any intel. *Night after night. Nothing happens. It's pointless!*

TOLBECK

I like the not knowing. Keeps it mysterious.

CULLEN

You don't want to know why they sent us to this exact spot? Where the tip-off came from? Who the DEA has inside the El Tigre Cartel--

TOLBECK

(annoyed)

Spoiler alert! I didn't know it was the El Tigre Cartel. Thanks a lot!

CULLEN

You got the briefing.

TOLBECK

I skimmed it. Why would I read the book, when I'm about to live the movie?

CULLEN

Serious question. How did you become a cop?

TOLBECK

(back to his phone search)

Was pretty easy, back then. Found her! Wow. Fatima. Social media. Check it out.

Tolbeck extends his phone, but Cullen pushes it back.

CULLEN

No, I'm not doing this again.

TOLBECK

Come on! Let me help you.

CULLEN

No more. And here's the thing: If you put this energy into your own marriage, I feel like you'd be much happier.

TOLBECK

My marriage is amazing. You look at me and I can see you're jealous of my situation. And I want that for you.

CULLEN

I'm not even going to dig into that.

TOLBECK

I've set you up with some very lovely ladies.

CULLEN
OK, let's look at them.
(counting them off)
Sarah the racist. Helen who stole my Vitamix --

TOLBECK
Allegedly. Never proven.

CULLEN
Penny, who had laryngitis but came on the date anyway and didn't speak. Connie, who proposed. Rachel the Scientologist, um, Jocelyn--

TOLBECK
She was cute. Athlete, wasn't she?

CULLEN
UFC fighter. She turned up at dinner with a black eye. Then, when the couple at the other table asked what happened, she just said 'I got hit.' And then left that gem hanging there.

TOLBECK
I see.

CULLEN
Then she says 'It was my own fault. I should've ducked.' So I jump in and say 'it wasn't me.' Of course, they don't believe me.

TOLBECK
Well, she's a fighter. That's her thing.

CULLEN
Not a fighter. Her record. 0 and 14. Lost every fight. She shouldn't be in the ring. She's a terrible UFC fighter.

TOLBECK
OK, are you done?

CULLEN
Not at all. Let's not forget Sue, who put makeup on at dinner.

TOLBECK
What's wrong with that?

CULLEN
Everything. She's supposed to do that before the date. That's the mask; the effort that should be for me. She turns up, no makeup, *then* proceeds to doll up. But I've already seen behind the curtain! She's putting that on for the waiter. I'm the one she should be impressing, turn up with the makeup on!

TOLBECK
Geez, you're a piece of work.

CULLEN
It's not me.

TOLBECK
Really? So all these lovely women are the problem? All of them? Or is it possibly just one difficult man with unrealistic expectations?

This lands on Cullen.

CULLEN
No, maybe the issue is that you are a terrible matchmaker.

TOLBECK
I feel I can tell you this, given that we're best friends.

CULLEN
Are we?

TOLBECK
Yes we are. And I say this with great love: you're an asshole.

Fatima's voice comes over the radio.

FATIMA (RADIO)
Car 27, please report. Car 27, please report.

Tolbeck makes suggestive eyes at Cullen, who grabs the radio.

CULLEN
(dead-eyeing Tolbeck)
Car 27, no activity.

INT. DISPATCH - CONTINUOUS [GENTLEMAN CALLER]

Fatima logs the check-in on her computer.

JANICE
Look, I'm sorry if I'm a little gruff today. I'm not getting much sleep. Personal problems.

FATIMA
Oh, I'm sorry. Is everything OK?

JANICE
As I just said, the problems are of a personal nature.

FATIMA
OK, sorry.

Beat.

JANICE
I'll just say it's certain issues on the home front. That's all I'll say.

FATIMA
OK.

Beat.

JANICE
With my fiance... Daryl. I'd really rather not go into details.

FATIMA
Understood.

JANICE
Other than to say that if you ever think you might get married, Fatima, make sure it's not to someone who claims to know nothing when one afternoon, a very well-dressed gay gentleman holding a bouquet flowers knocks on your front door claiming he's been having an online relationship with Daryl for the last six weeks and is leaving his family to start a new life with him.

FATIMA
Oh my god, that's horrible!

JANICE
And when your fiance insists that he has no idea who this man is, the man produces *photos* of Daryl, some of which even I've never seen before. One of him at a party in sling-back kitten heels.

FATIMA
Oh Janice, I'm so sorry.

JANICE
And make sure, Fatima, that when your fiance starts blaming your 15 year-old son of stealing his identity; make sure you kick him out of the house in no uncertain terms. Because you'll need time to think. About everything.

FATIMA
Oh Janice, that is awful.

JANICE
Anyway. That's why I'm a little tense today.

FATIMA
That's very understandable.

JANICE

I mean... I never in a million years would've picked Daryl as a gay.

On Fatima: "a gay"?

JANICE (CONT'D)

He's always been very anti the gays. Hates them, if I'm being honest.

FATIMA

Often that's the sign, though. Daryl probably hated other gay men because he hated that part of himself. He was denying his sexuality and is confronted by open homosexuality. It's like all those anti-gay preachers that turn out be secretly hitting the D big time on the side. There was that guy from Ohio --

JANICE

OK, I think I made it pretty clear this was a personal issue, and I'd prefer you minded your own business please.

FATIMA

Sure. I'm sorry. I thought... no, you're right. I'm sorry.

Beat.

JANICE

I guess I just didn't see the signs... He's always been a very generous tipper.

On Fatima, unsure whether to comment or not.

INT. SHIPPING CONTAINER - NIGHT [SNAKE IN THE BATHROOM]

Marco and Angus in the shipping container.

MARCO

(on phone)

No, no, she was gone for twenty minutes, maximum! 9AM to 2PM is too big a window! How can you expect someone to be home all day?! Forget it, I'll go with a different company, thanks for nothing.

Marco hangs up.

MARCO (CONT'D)

(to Angus)

Fuck those guys. I'm trying to get this new high speed internet stuff, right?

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

So I get my old neighbor, Bertha, to go over to my place and wait there for them. Doing me a favor. And you know what window they give me for installation?

ANGUS

9-2. I can hear you.

MARCO

Yeah! It's too big a window. She had to go to the store to get some keys cut, but she's gone for no more than twenty minutes. Unbelievable. I mean, I tried to do this myself two months ago; spent all day Saturday waiting for this guy. I wake up at ten to nine; so I didn't even go and get a coffee, I just make an instant at home because I don't want to miss this guy. Anyway, I decide that I'll clean out the garage a bit, you know, try and be productive. I got rid of all these old carpet rolls I had. Think they've been there since I moved in.

We see Angus is getting bored.

MARCO (CONT'D)

And it's this really dark, tapered shag, but with a gold fleck - never seen carpet like it. You can tell it's high quality so I've held onto it all this time, but now it's started to mold so I'm getting rid of it. Anyway, I clean all the carpet out, and rearrange the garage a bit, and that takes me to noon. Has the guy shown up yet?

ANGUS

No.

MARCO

No he has not. Then I've got Cactus Ken calling me because I promised him I'd drop off these grappling hooks. I explain I can't get over 'til after this guy comes, but he's saying he's gotta be in New Mexico tonight, and he needs them now. So finally I say fine, I'll run them over, but be outside waiting. I write a note for the internet guy, pack up the grappling hooks, but then guess what?

ANGUS

(half-hearted)

What.

MARCO

I can't find my car keys. I'm searching everywhere. Kitchen: through all the drawers; bedroom, check all the clothes I wore yesterday; bathroom: a snake had got in the window so I had to kill that; still no keys.

(MORE)

MARCO (CONT'D)

Finally find them under the cushion of the sofa.
I race out the door, speed over to Cactus Ken's -

Angus lets out a huge sigh.

MARCO (CONT'D)

What?

ANGUS

Doesn't matter.

MARCO

No, go on? What's wrong?

ANGUS

Just... Does the story end with you missing the internet guy?

MARCO

Yeah.

ANGUS

Yeah. Look... I don't want to offend you, but I gotta say, you are the master of the boring story.

MARCO

(deeply offended)

Sorry if I'm trying pass the time.

ANGUS

It's just the way you manage to linger on all the boring stuff. You spent minutes on the old carpet in the garage and then just skip over the snake in the bathroom.

MARCO

So?

ANGUS

So? The snake is the interesting bit! I don't give a shit about old carpet. You said you killed the snake?

MARCO

Yeah.

ANGUS

How?

MARCO

You just pick em up by the tail, spin them around a few times, then crack them like a whip. Breaks the spine and everything just shoots out the mouth. Kills them instantly.

ANGUS

Right. See how I was engaged then? That's interesting!

MARCO

To you maybe, I grew up in the desert. Killed probably a hundred snakes, but I've never seen carpet like that.

ANGUS

Yeah, read the room. Nobody cares about carpet. I'd rather hear a hundred 'killed a snake' stories than one 'moldy old carpet' story. Or tell me why Cactus Ken is called Cactus Ken?

MARCO

He used to smuggle heroin inside cacti.

ANGUS

Again! Fascinating! Or the grappling hooks? I wonder what they were for! All interesting material, but you somehow manage to fixate on the most boring parts imaginable.

MARCO

Anyway. I'm thinking about going with AT&T. I hear their customer service isn't as bad. I downloaded that Yelp app on my phone - but I got one of those Android ones from my sister's boyfriend, he gets old phones and wipes them, you know...

EXT. SAN DIEGO - NIGHT

Aerial shots of San Diego. We drift out into San Diego bay, where we can just make out a cargo ship slowly making its way toward the port. **CHYRON:** "2:39 AM"

DEA RADIO (V.O.)

Intel reports that the target freighter looks to be docking sometime before dawn. This is it, guys. All agents alert your teams: keep your eyes fresh and focused.

INT. DISPATCH - NIGHT [COOPER'S IMAGINATION]

Janice is on the phone. Fatima is idle.

JANICE

(on phone, annoyed)

Honey, go back to bed please... Next shift I'll get you a baby-sitter... Don't act like one then; go to bed like a responsible young man... And no more screen time...

(MORE)

JANICE (CONT'D)

Because we'll go over the data limit again...
Cooper? Go to sleep please! Thank you, good
night.

She hangs up. Turns to Fatima.

JANICE (CONT'D)

I apologize, Fatima, I try not to take personal
calls at work.

FATIMA

That's OK.

JANICE

It's just... Ever since I kicked Daryl out,
Cooper's not used to being home alone and he's
been a nightmare.

FATIMA

Oh sure, boys will be boys.

JANICE

(implying something)

Yes. Especially 15 year-old boys. With a laptop.

FATIMA

... Right.

JANICE

You can imagine what he's doing with it.

FATIMA

... Mmm.

JANICE

I mean it's obvious what he's doing with my
laptop. You know what I'm talking about. A 15
year-old boy.

FATIMA

... I don't like to assume-

JANICE

I'm telling you that's what he's doing with it.

FATIMA

... Right...

JANICE

And it's not the data I'm worried about, if you
get my meaning. It's not even the wear and tear
on the laptop. I mean, he doesn't even clean up
after himself anymore. If I ran a blacklight
over that laptop...

FATIMA

Oh..

JANICE

Not to mention the bathroom. That place would look like the opening scene of CSI Frathouse. It's disgusting.

FATIMA

Yes, it is.

JANICE

But it's natural. I get it. I was a teenager too, once. I don't mind that he does it, I just want him to stop using the internet.

FATIMA

... Right?

JANICE

Because it's all there for him, there's no challenge. Every shape, every color, every combination - he doesn't have to use his imagination in any way.

FATIMA

And... that's the problem?

JANICE

Yes that's the problem! The imagination is a muscle. Just like anything, you've gotta use it or you lose it. And he's losing it. And I'm doing whatever I can - I'm thumping on the bathroom door yelling, "Put it away Cooper, use your imagination, remember Katie Corelli at summer camp!" But he's all, "go away mom! You're ruining it!"

FATIMA

...Right.

JANICE

I just despair. We're raising a generation of mindless zombies, pleasuring themselves in front of screens.

FATIMA

... Yeah actually, there have been some studies done, that show how the proliferation of easily-accessible internet pornography, that young peoples' expectations of sex is changing rapidly. A lot of them expect that the natural ending to lovemaking is when the male finishes on the female's face or...

Fatima notices Janice is scowling at her.

FATIMA (CONT'D)

... Or... Breasts.

Silence.

JANICE
I don't really think the workplace is the preferred environment for that sort of talk, do you?

Fatima is confused.

FATIMA
...No.

JANICE
I think we should get back to work actually, I think that would be the appropriate thing to do, don't you? On your first day here?

An awkward beat. Fatima busies herself.

FATIMA
(on headset)
Car 27, please report...

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT [KIDS/MIDAS TOUCH]

Marco and Angus, as before.

ANGUS
Do you regret that you never had kids?

MARCO
I still might have them.

Angus holds his tongue.

ANGUS
Mm-hmm.

MARCO
(annoyed)
I still might! My boys are still good.

ANGUS
Are they, though?

MARCO
Hey, don't worry about my boys. They only get better with age, like a fine wine.

ANGUS
Fine wine? Or vinegar?

MARCO
Imagine a limited edition vintage Dom Perignon. That's what I got. With a firehose nozzle.

ANGUS

I can imagine the vintage and the limited edition, but that's all.

MARCO

I'm not that old, you fuck! And if I do choose to plant my seed, my son would be strong and healthy.

ANGUS

Is that so?

MARCO

Yeah that's so. Stronger and better than whatever you could manage.

They sit in silence.

ANGUS

How weird if we both had kids at the same time.

MARCO

Yeah, if you had a girl. And they grew up together.

ANGUS

No, I want a boy.

MARCO

Yeah, if you had a girl, she'd probably want to fuck my son.

ANGUS

I wouldn't let my daughter anywhere near your son.

MARCO

You could try, but she wouldn't be able to help herself. She would be begging to fuck my son.

ANGUS

Your son's a fucking idiot.

MARCO

Maybe, but he's got a prize dick. Your daughter's dumb vagina would be over the moon to house my son's beautiful dick.

ANGUS

Your son's dick is swimming with disease.

MARCO

My son's dick has the Midas Touch.

ANGUS

What does that even mean?

MARCO

It means everything my son's dick touches turns to gold.

ANGUS

And that's a good thing, is it?

MARCO

Uh, yes, that's the whole point of having a Midas Touch.

ANGUS

No, it's the exact opposite of that. It's bad. Because *everything you touch turns to fucking gold*. King Midas, right: his food, his drink, all gold; he went to hug his daughter, she turned to gold. He eventually starved to death wishing he didn't have his own Midas Touch. OK? That's the point of the story.

Marco considers this.

MARCO

Why didn't he just touch himself? Turn himself to gold. I'd do that before I starve to death.

ANGUS

I'm sure you would've handled the whole situation much better.

MARCO

You bet my son's amazing golden cock I would.

A beat.

ANGUS

You're really focusing on the penis, aren't you?

EXT. SAN DIEGO DOCKS - NIGHT

Car 27 as before.

INT. CAR 27 - NIGHT [HEAD MASSAGER / FRIZELL]

Tolbeck and Cullen sit in Car 27. Tolbeck is using a head massager.

TOLBECK

Ohhhhhhhhhh. Arhhhhhhhhh.

CULLEN

Are the noises absolutely necessary?

TOLBECK

Absolutely. You want a go?

CULLEN

Pass.

TOLBECK

Ok, do you mind doing me?

CULLEN

I think you're doing fine pleasuring yourself, there.

TOLBECK

It's great doing your own head, but it's amazing when someone else does it.

CULLEN

Fine.

Cullen starts using the head massager on Tolbeck.

TOLBECK

Ohhhhhhhhhhhh. Uggghhhhhh.

CULLEN

No. I'm not comfortable. Sorry.

Cullen stops, Tolbeck continues himself.

JANICE (RADIO)

Car 27, please report?

CULLEN

(into radio)

Car 27. No activity.

TOLBECK

Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm.

JANICE (RADIO)

What was that?

Cullen hits Tolbeck.

CULLEN

(into radio)

Nothing.

INT. DISPATCH - NIGHT

Janice talks to the guys.

JANICE

(on headset)

Not sure if you heard, but Detective Frizell passed away sadly.

INT. CAR 27 - CONTINUOUS

CULLEN
(into radio)
How?

JANICE (RADIO)
On the can.

TOLBECK
(into radio)
On the toilet?

INT. DISPATCH - CONTINUOUS

JANICE
(on headset)
Yeah. The strain, his heart gave out. It's more common than you think. Anyway. Chat later.

INT. CAR 27 - CONTINUOUS

CULLEN
(into radio)
Thanks Janice.
(then to Tolbeck)
Poor old Frizell. You OK?

TOLBECK
No.

CULLEN
Didn't realize you guys were so close.

TOLBECK
Well we weren't really, not anymore, but we went through the academy together. We always got on though, until one day, we'd just had the morning briefing, and I went to the bathroom and I walk down to my favorite stall, the second to last, same one I used everyday between, usually between about 10.20--

CULLEN
...And 10:45AM. Heard that story.

TOLBECK
Anyway, I get to my stall and it's occupied. I think that's weird, all the other stalls are free. So I just peek into the crack between the door and divider. It couldn't be more than a quarter inch gap, but all I see is Frizell's eye. We just completely locked eyes in the most intense human way possible.

(MORE)

TOLBECK (CONT'D)

It's very rare, but you know when you lock eyes with someone and it's like you can't move, the gaze just holds you, and it just buries into your soul? It was like the All-Seeing Eye of Sauron.

CULLEN

So your eyes met while he was on the toilet?

TOLBECK

Yeah.

CULLEN

For how long?

TOLBECK

A second, maybe two.

CULLEN

OK. And why is this a story?

TOLBECK

It was just an incredibly charged moment.

CULLEN

Sexually?

TOLBECK

No. Not all charged moments are sexual. It was just a profound moment that neither of us could really fathom. We kinda avoided each other after that. And now he dies on the toilet? That's gotta mean something.

CULLEN

Specifically what?

TOLBECK

Don't know.

CULLEN

Probably nothing.

TOLBECK

Maybe, or maybe something.

CULLEN

Or maybe definitely nothing.

EXT. SAN DIEGO DOCKS - NIGHT

Aerial view of hundreds of shipping containers. We move into the bay to see the lone cargo ship closing in on the port.

CHYRON: "4:02 AM"

CARTEL VOICE 2 (AUDIO)
Where the shit is the fish food!?

CARTEL VOICE 1 (AUDIO)
 (in Spanish)
It's docking at 5 AM.

CARTEL VOICE 2 (AUDIO)
*Fucking hurry! I don't want to unload this shit
 in daylight.*

CARTEL VOICE 1 (AUDIO)
 (in Spanish)
*Watch your tone, gringo. Your salmon better work
 fast, yes?*

INT. SHPPING CONTAINER - NIGHT [GOTTA PEE]

Marco is jiggling his leg. Angus notices.

ANGUS
 You're jiggling. You need to pee again?

MARCO
 Who are you, my mother?

ANGUS
 Will you please see a doctor?

MARCO
 Oh, change the record buddy! I'm not having some
 quack fingering my asshole!

<p>ANGUS Prostate cancer is the third biggest killer in men in the USA, OK?</p>	<p>MARCO (CONT'D) La la la la la la la la!</p>
--	---

<p>ANGUS A man your age needs regular checks!</p>	<p>MARCO (CONT'D) La la la la la la la la!</p>
---	---

ANGUS
 OH FINE!! Just go take a piss will you? Stop
 pretending you don't need to go!

MARCO
 I'm not going in the bucket again. I don't like
 you listening. I get shy.

ANGUS
 Just go. I won't listen.

MARCO
 No, I don't even need to pee. I'm going outside.

ANGUS

Just go in the bucket. I'll cover my ears.

MARCO

I said I don't need to pee, I'm just getting some air.

ANGUS

We shouldn't go out there unless we have to.

MARCO

'We shouldn't go out there!' 'Stop jiggling!' 'Don't get cancer!' It must be exhausting being you.

Marco starts to leave the shipping container.

ANGUS

It's still dark out. You want your glasses?

MARCO

How fucking old do you think I am?

ANGUS

You do have glasses, you crotchety fuck! I didn't imagine your glasses!

MARCO

My vision is 20/20, asshole.

Marco leaves.

INT./EXT. CAR 27 - MOMENTS LATER [SOME ACTIVITY]

Tolbeck is watching *Die Hard 3* on his phone. Cullen spots Marco wandering around, looking for a place to pee.

CULLEN

Hey, have we seen this guy before?

TOLBECK

(Looks up, squints)
Ummm... yeah, I think so.

He goes back to his movie.

CULLEN

I'm sorry, am I interrupting your movie?

TOLBECK

This is a good bit.

Cullen picks up the radio.

CULLEN

(into radio)
This is Car 27, we have activity.
(MORE)

CULLEN (CONT'D)
Unknown Caucasian male loitering outside the
target location.

INT. DISPATCH - CONTINUOUS

The ladies are startled. Something's actually happening.

FATIMA
Shit, really?

CULLEN (RADIO)
Detective Tolbeck is about to make contact.

Janice looks to Fatima: *you're on.*

FATIMA
(energized, on headset)
Ah, copy, Car 27. Proceed with caution. Units
are in the area, if required.

Janice nods, despite herself.

JANICE
Not bad. I would've said 'units are available,'
but... not bad.

Finally, a tiny win for Fatima.

INT. CAR 27 - CONTINUOUS

TOLBECK
What the fuck? Why'd you say me?

CULLEN
Go on. A little less *Die Hard*, a little more
Work Hard.

TOLBECK
We don't need to - look, he's probably dock
security.

CULLEN
He's clearly not dock security. Can you see
anything without your glasses?

TOLBECK
There's no law against walking around at night.

EXT. SAN DIEGO DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Marco, unaware he's being observed, starts peeing against a
shipping container.

INT. CAR 27 - CONTINUOUS

CULLEN
But there's a law against peeing in public.

TOLBECK
Don't be such a square, man.

CULLEN
Will you just fucking go and do your job?
Something is actually happening! Put your phone
away!

TOLBECK
OK, but you come with me.

CULLEN
Why? You think he'll piss on you?

TOLBECK
Oh fine!

He throws his phone down.

CULLEN
Thank you!

INT./EXT. CAR 27/SAN DIEGO DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Tolbeck gets out of the car.

CULLEN
Do you have everything?

TOLBECK
Ugh. Like what?

CULLEN
Badge? Flashlight?

TOLBECK
(Leans in to get them)
Yes, mom.

EXT. SAN DIEGO DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Marco leans one hand against a shipping container, straining
to get a good flow happening.

MARCO
Come on you shrivelled-up, fucking...

INT./EXT. CAR 27/SAN DIEGO DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

CULLEN
Do you have your gun?

TOLBECK
Yes.

CULLEN
(opening the glove box)
No, you don't. Because you put it in the glove box.
(handing him the gun)
Take it. Got your body cam?

TOLBECK
I'm not wearing -

CULLEN
(handing him the body cam)
Come on, Tolbeck! We gotta wear this shit. Put it on.

TOLBECK
(putting it in his top pocket)
It's too much stuff!

CULLEN
Grow up.

TOLBECK
Oh fuck off.

He starts walking off towards Marco.

EXT. SAN DIEGO DOCKS - CONTINUOUS - BODYCAM P.O.V.

We are now inside the bodycam in Tolbeck's top pocket, seeing and hearing everything from it. We hear Tolbeck's footsteps as we approach a hunched Marco, who's focussed on peeing.

TOLBECK (O.S.)
Excuse me, sir.

Marco whips around, shocked.

MARCO
What the fuck?!

TOLBECK (O.S.)
Hey, relax! Relax!

We hear the opening bars of *Superstition* from Marco's phone.

MARCO

Shit.

TOLBECK (O.S.)

What's that?! Cullen!

Marco grabs his phone from behind his waist. We hear Tolbeck's panicked breathing. The camera jiggles as Tolbeck pulls out his gun.

MARCO

The fuck are you?!

We see the (lit-up) pistol shape in Marco's hand.

TOLBECK (O.S.)

Gun! GUN!

We hear a gunshot and the sound of a body falling against a shipping container.

TOLBECK (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Oh shit!! Oh shit!! CULLEN!!!

INT. CAR 27 - CONTINUOUS

Cullen's eyes go wide, as he witnesses what's just happened.

EXT. SAN DIEGO DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

From Cullen's POV, we see Tolbeck look helplessly to him for direction.

INT. CAR 27 - CONTINUOUS

Cullen, adrenalized, checks to see if anyone witnessed anything, then quickly motions for Tolbeck to come back to the car.

EXT. SAN DIEGO DOCKS - CONTINUOUS

Tolbeck, still freaked out, starts awkwardly jog-walking back towards Car 27.

We then cut to Marco, motionless on the ground. The relative silence is broken by a message alert on his blood-spattered phone.

We close in on the screen: 5 missed calls and a new message from 'Boss': *Answer your fucking phone! The shipment is here.*

END OF EPISODE.