

~~DWIGHT
Yep. You wanna watch your open
flames around her, that's for sure.

LIGHTFOOT
This new boot's on a tear around
here, Dwight. She's the one threw
out our boob lamp.

DWIGHT
Oh, really?~~

~~NO MOVE WITH Dwight as he crosses into~~

INT. MPD - BULLPEN - CONTINUOUS

-- and holds up the boob lamp.

START →

DWIGHT

You left her outside and now she's
cold. I mean, look at her.

Everyone turns and LAUGHS, and Dwight realizes he's
interrupting something -- a staff meeting of a dozen UNIFORMS
and several detectives including Whitehead and REGINALD
GREENBACK (African American, mid 40's, stout). Together they
make a motley crew -- wrinkled uniforms, hats on backwards, a
motorcycle jacket instead of dark blues. And at the front of
the room stands LT. TANYA RICE (African-American, 40s,
formidable and impossibly well put-together).

DWIGHT (CONT'D)

Oh, I'm sorry, I apologize, ma'am.
G'ahead.

LT. RICE

Thank you. As I was saying...
clocking out will be done
differently, as well. At the end of
the day, you'll upload what we call
a daily status report to the
server.

Dwight passes the bag of biscuits over to Greenback. Then
sets the boob lamp down firmly on his desk, adjusts its
lampshade lovingly. Lt. Rice watches this. She CLEARS HER
THROAT, continues --

LT. RICE (CONT'D)

With access to one another's
information, you will not only
continue to be great, General
Assignment, you will now be...
efficient.

DELTA BLUES

BING! Right on cue, Dwight's plugged the lamp in. The pink nipples glow. Laughter breaks out.

LT. RICE (CONT'D)

Okay, that's all. Let's have a brilliant day, people.

Meeting's over. Lt. Rice saunters straight over to Dwight.

LT. RICE (CONT'D)

Det. Dwight Hendricks. The one and only.

DWIGHT

Aww, shucks.

LT. RICE

In my office, please.

INT. MPD - LT. RICE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Moving boxes are stacked up neatly. Lt. Rice is at her desk. She and Dwight eye each other for a long beat. Then --

DWIGHT

Well, on behalf of the guys, welcome to General Assignment. Happy to have ya. And if you don't mind, I've got a friendly word of advice.

LT. RICE

Wonderful.

DWIGHT

South Memphis ain't the same as it is in the East. Reason we're so good 'round here is we know that and we've figured out a system. It's inlaid, it's well-oiled and it makes for smooth operatin'. But the problem is, it's delicate. You mess with just one or two of the pieces, system could fall apart, we won't be able to take care of folks the way we need to. For instance, take the boob lamp. It's a goofy thing, but the guys like it. Makes 'em laugh after a hard day. No reason to get rid of something like that. These little things, they're all part of the system.

LT. RICE

Okay. Thank you. I appreciate that.

DWIGHT

No problem.

LT. RICE

I've got a 10-15 at Midsouth Bank.
I need you and Det. White on it.

DWIGHT

Now see, way we do it down here is
detectives don't take the basics
like 10-15s. We send a uniform.

She looks back at him a beat.

LT. RICE

Det. Hendricks, did you know that I
am a mother? ~~I have birthed, raised,
and taught five children. And each
and every one of them is a
successful and prosperous member of
this community.~~ Now there were
times when they did not feel like
doing what I asked them to. But do
you know what? They did it. Do you
know why? Because somewhere deep
down inside of themselves, they
knew I was right. And they learned.
They learned to relax and listen to
their mother. And our family,
Detective, it became greater than
the sum of its parts.

She slaps a POST-IT on the front edge of her desk.

LT. RICE (CONT'D)

10-15. Midsouth Bank. First and
Olive. And there are women that
work here, Dwight. That do not want
their papers illuminated by plastic
nipples.

HARD CUT TO:

INT. MIDSOUTH BANK - LATER

Dwight and Whitehead walk through the lobby.

WHITEHEAD

10-15. We don't do 10-15s. What if
somethin' important comes up?

(MORE)

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