

(SCENE 1)

DONNA

INT. SRU BRIEFING ROOM - MORNING

START
SPIKE's holding LOU in a violent CHOKE-HOLD, a wooden mock knife against his throat. They're doing a very loud and realistic impression of an emotionally-disturbed subject holding a victim hostage--

SPIKE

Tell him to stop! You tell him to stop!

LOU

Let me go, I didn't do nothing!

Parker watches Donna scribble on a FLIP CHART, tracking the course of her on-the-fly profiling:

~~E.U.P. EMOTIONALLY UPSET~~ E.D.P. EMOTIONALLY DISTURBED PERSON -
~~antisocial inadequate personality~~ Paranoid schizophrenic -
delusional; neighbour reporting him to government. ->
Downplay police authority. CONNECT, RESPECT, PROTECT.

Donna crouches on the other side of the partition, 'covered.'
She plays it unthreatening, blue-collar, matching Spike's speech patterns--

DONNA

Allright, Spike? I've made you a commitment here, OK? I'm gonna ask him to stop spyin' on you--

LOU

But I'm not spying on him! He's crazy, this guy's a frickin' whack job!

SPIKE

He *is*, he's been takin' digital pictures with a zoom lens from his balcony--

DONNA

--I'm gonna ask. But you know what? Personally? If I had a knife to my throat, chances are I'd pretty much say anything just to make the knife go away... and I'm not sure that really counts as a promise, know-I'm sayin'?

Spike hesitates, still "agitated" but listening.

SPIKE

(not so sure)
I... no--

FLASHPOINT

1/6

DONNA

A real promise? Comes from the heart,
man. And this guy with you - Lewis? -
Soon as that knife's out of the way,
he'll be able to make a real promise,
right? Instead of just sayin'
whatever, because he's scared?

Parker makes another check-mark on a list on his clipboard:
USING SUBJECT'S NAME, PERSONALIZING THE VICTIM, ACTIVE
LISTENING, NOT CHALLENGING/PANDERING TO DELUSION, "I"/ "WE"
PHRASES, MIRRORING EMOTION, DE-ESCALATION TO YELLOW...

DONNA (CONT'D)

You see where I'm goin' with this,
Spike? I wanna keep my promise now,
Spike, and for me to do that, there's
something you gotta do first.

Spike hesitates...

DONNA (CONT'D)

We can do this, man. We're nearly
there. We can do this.

Spike lowers the knife, places it on the floor... Stands
back from Lou... Donna steps out from the partition, retrieves
the knife... nearly over, wrapping up...

DONNA (CONT'D)

Thanks Spike, I knew you could do
it. OK, my turn. Lewis? Do not
spy on Spike Scarlatti. Ever. You
promise?

LOU

...OK, sure. I promise.

DONNA

Thank you Lewis.

Beat.

DONNA (CONT'D)

'Course if you get any shots of him
in those cute boxers--?

Spike and Lou crack up, breaking character.

PARKER

(to the guys)

Thank you guys.

(to Donna)

One more thing.

FLASHPOINT

2/6

On their way out, Spike and Lou sneak a covert THUMBS-UP to Parker. He returns a look that says, "Patience, we'll see."

PARKER (CONT'D)
Constable Hewson, have a seat, take
a load off.

She nods, beaming confidence, pulling up a rolling chair.

Parker opens a folder: it reveals a THICK STACK of paper.
Donna glances down: "DONNA HEWSON - MULTIPHASIC PERSONALITY
INVENTORY TEST."

PARKER (CONT'D)
(upbeat)
Let's talk about your psych
evaluation.

For the first time that day, we see a FLASH OF TENSION cross
her face. Which doesn't escape Greg Parker.

INT. SRU HQ - HALLWAYS - DAY

[It's Donna's first day on the team, and she's just walked
right into the men's locker room, no big deal, ignoring the
fact that most of Team One was half-undressed.]

Wordy and Donna walk through the halls, headed for the
briefing room.

WORDY
Oh, I'd say you got our attention...

DONNA
Well, just figured I'd throw you
guys off, maybe spare myself the old
whipped cream in the boots trick for
a day or two.

WORDY
You know the drill.

DONNA
You kidding, back in vice I wrote
the drill.

WORDY
So you were at vice how long?

DONNA
Six years, last three in undercover.

START

(SCENE 2)

END

FLASHPOINT

3/6

WORDY
You know Harlan Geddes?

Donna stops -- she knows the name, and the story.

DONNA
Friend of yours?

WORDY
Long time, yeah.

DONNA
Sorry.

WORDY
For you guys too.

DONNA
I saw him... a couple months ago
maybe?

WORDY
He's got that...
(hurts to say it)
...that walker now.

DONNA
Yeah. Yeah, helps him a lot I hear.

WORDY
Yeah. It's good.

She hesitates... sensing she can trust him, she speaks quietly.

DONNA
I was there the day he got shot.

WORDY
You're kidding.

DONNA
Playing skank to a meth dealer in
the east end. Harlan was in the
kitchen. We were partying, whatever,
lots of noise, music. I thought I
heard screaming. So I run to the
kitchen, and just when I get there--

She struggles to say it. This is a story she never tells.

DONNA (CONT'D)
I get there and-- it's little Cody.
He's about a year and a half.
(MORE)

FLASHPOINT

4/6

DONNA (CONT'D)

He has a glass in his hand, with a piece missing? And his mouth is all red, just streaming down, like he took a bite out of it, like the glass is still in there. And he's just *screaming*.

Wordy listens, very still.

DONNA (CONT'D)

Harlan's going, "Cody, it's OK, Cody, come here, just let me get that out, OK?" But Cody's mother's so out of it? She goes, "Don't you frickin' touch him!" She tries to pull Harlan away, he pushes her off, she hits her head, she's out cold, her boyfriend freaks, everyone goes nuts, I grab Cody, next thing there's a bang, and Harlan's on the floor.

She rubs her face, fighting the memory.

DONNA (CONT'D)

And it's *forty minutes* before the paramedics make it up there. And I'm just there holding Cody, and there's nothing I can do. 'Cause how would a skank like me know first aid?

(beat)

They didn't even turn the music off.

Wordy listens, sympathetic.

WORDY

What happened to Cody?

DONNA

I got one piece out.

She blinks back tears. Can't talk about it.

Then, frustrated--

DONNA (CONT'D)

Nice. Way to make a good impression on the first day.

Wordy smiles. He's not judging. As they walk off:

WORDY

Change of subject?

FLASHPOINT

5/6

DONNA
Change of subject.

WORDY
Where'd you learn jiu-jitsu?

FLASHPOINT

6/6