LINE OF DUTY

Written by

Cory Miller

Based on Shakespeare's MACBETH

Bryan Brucks
LUBER ROKLIN

CHRIS RIDENHOUR & ADAM PERRY
APA

A BOOMING THUNDERCLAP crackles over a title card reading--

South Brooklyn, New York. 4 Years Ago, before we fade into--

EXT. SHITHOLE STRETCH OF SOUTH BROOKLYN - NIGHT

It's raining. Hard. A summer storm.

A MAN and a WOMAN sit on a stoop under an awning.

The Man, 30s, white, grimy.

The Woman, though. CASSANDRA. She's unique. Maybe White. Maybe Hispanic. 50s but looks 30. Dark red hair.

And her eyes. One bright blue. The other bright green.

She holds a GUN. Not menacing. Just displaying.

The Man swigs from a PINT of SCOTCH as Cassandra tells him--

CASSANDRA
Like I said, it's your choice.

She releases the CLIP. Shows it to the Man.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Automatic. Pop off sixteen in five seconds. You won't be worrying about witnesses, let alone your target. Provided your aim isn't shit.

The man nods, absorbing.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Only issue is reliability. Glocks jam. Doesn't happen often, but do you really want that hanging over your head?

MAN
Then why'd you get that?

She turns the gun over. Shows the man a beautiful inlay of a silhouetted woman on the grip.

CASSANDRA
I liked the grip.

The man finishes the last of the scotch.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
How 'bout you run over to the bodega and grab us another pint.

MAN
In the rain? Fuck that.

She engages the clip into the gun. POINTS it at the man.

CASSANDRA
I could convince you.

The Man tenses up. She drops the gun.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
But I like you. My treat.

Off the Man's look, another loud THUNDERCLAP as we cut to--

INT. LOCKER ROOM - PRECINCT - NIGHT

A MAN stands in front of one of many locker room mirrors--

SEAN STEWART. White, 31, muscular but not imposing.

He's surrounded by COPS changing into uniform. But not him.

He's in jeans. Finishing the last button on a DRESS SHIRT.

A uniform Hispanic COP walks past him. Playfully blurts out--

HISPANIC COP
Hey Sean, you really wanna blend in, I got some Drakkar Noir in my locker. Take you a Puerto-Rican shower.

A smile from Sean as we dolly across the mirror into--

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM - PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

A WOMAN stands in front of the opposite mirror from Sean.

She's in a halter top. Form fitting jeans.

White, 29, this is REGINA "REGGIE" STEWART.

Beautiful. Intense. Applying the last of her make-up, till she burps unexpectedly. Then BOLTS to the--

BATHROOM STALL

The SOUND of her puking combines with another loud THUNDERCLAP as we cut to--

INT. CLUB MILKY WAY - SOUTH BROOKLYN - NIGHT

The thunderclap morphs into percussive bass as we settle on--

Sean. He sits in a half moon booth in the small club.

SEAN (V.O.)
It's called a buy and bust. Undercovers flip $10 for a dime bag. Then the catch car swoops in and collars the perp. It's the infantry front of the drug war.

Sean looks to his right. Resting on the booth--

A black Nike GYM BAG. Sean pulls it closer to him.

SEAN (V.O.)
Tonight's the same, only it's a bigger buy with a much bigger bust.

Sean scans the club. Settles on the DANCE FLOOR where REGGIE dances alone.

Sean and Reggie make eye contact. A connection. A smile. But her gaze turns as she notices someone.

Sean follows her eyes to a man approaching Reggie.

He's huge. 6'5'', 240, Hispanic. Ponytail.

SEAN (V.O.)
Reynaldo Calderon. Our target. Mid level dealer with aspirations for more. In that sense, we weren't dissimilar.

Reggie welcomes Reynaldo. They dance. Flirty.

Reynaldo wraps his arms around her STOMACH.

CLOSE ON - Sean, watching like a hawk.

SEAN (V.O.)
When I started cops made $23,000 a year. In New York City. Barely covered rent. Salary maxed out at 65 K for P.O.'s. What do you do? Make collars? Get your name on good paperwork?

Reggie moves Reynaldo's hands to her hips. He takes it as encouragement. His hand migrates to her ass.

SEAN (V.O.)
Nope. Fastest way to a detective's shield is undercover work. Do their dirt for a year and you get your shield and choice of assignment.

Reggie goes with the flirting. Convincingly. It's hard for Sean to watch.

SEAN (V.O.)
But you don't work banker's hours. You work midnights in shitholes like this club in South Brooklyn.

Reggie leads Reynaldo to Sean's booth.

SEAN (V.O.)
You do that work long enough, it starts to change you.

Reynaldo eyes Sean up and down. Says to Reggie--

REYNALDO
<u>This</u> is the guy?

REGINA
This is the guy.

Sean extends his hand.

SEAN
Sean.

Reynaldo ignores the hand as he notices the GYM BAG.

He takes a seat. Unzips the gym bag. Peers inside. It's filled with MONEY. Banded $20s. Lots of them.

A grin materializes on his face. He gets up. Grabs the bag.

Sean snatches it back.

SEAN (CONT'D)
What're you doing?

REYNALDO
Shit's in my car. We'll grab it for you.

SEAN
We?

REYNALDO
Me and Reggie.

He eyes her hungrily. Turns back to Sean.

REYNALDO (CONT'D)
Won't take more than five minutes.

Sean holds the bag tight. Reggie's hand comes in. Sensually rubs his, before grabbing the bag away.

REGINA
I got this.

She makes eye contact with Sean. Reassuring. He reluctantly releases the bag. Watches as they walk away.

Sean then scans the club. Finds what he's looking for--

A BLACK GUY hovers near the dance floor. 40s, MARCUS BANKS.

Sean and Banks share a look as they watch Reggie exit the club with the bag. This isn't good.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Reggie and Reynaldo approach an early model LINCOLN.

It's pissing rain. Reggie hangs back, holding the gym bag.

REGINA
Where is it?

REYNALDO
In the back seat. Get in.

Reggie peers into the car. Notices a bag on the floor.

REGINA
Why don't you grab it for me.

REYNALDO
You don't want to check it out?

Reggie hesitates. She has to confirm it.

REGINA
You know I do.

REYNALDO
Well I wouldn't want your product to get wet.

Reggie, reluctant, but he has a point. Off her look we cut to-

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Sean and Banks exit the club into the mouth of the alley, GUNS at their sides.

Banks nods towards the end of the alley: Reynaldo's car.

It's rocking on its axles.

BANKS
You take cover, I'll take point.

Before they can act, a muffled SCREAM from inside the car.

Sean rushes down the alley.

As he gets closer, he sees STEAMED windows, through which he catches--

REGGIE's FACE, fighting off Reynaldo on top of her.

Sean grabs the door handle. Yanks back. Locked.

SEAN
Police! Open--

A GUNSHOT from inside the car shatters the back passenger window. Barely misses Sean.

He jumps back. Aims into the car.

But he sees REGINA. He has no shot.

Another GUNSHOT from Reynaldo clears Sean back.

The opposite passenger door bursts open. A THUD on the pavement.

The Lincoln tears ass in reverse down the alley.

As the car clears Sean's sight line, he sees what caused the thud--

REGGIE. Ejected from the car by Reynaldo.

Sean bends down to Reggie. She's bleeding. Battered in her face. Beat to shit, but she yells--

REGINA
He's got the buy money.

Sean, torn, till Reggie pleads--

REGINA (CONT'D)
Just go.

Off Sean's face, vindictive, we cut to--

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sean drives. Banks sits shotgun. They speed down the street.

Reynaldo's Lincoln is up ahead, but it's hard to see in the rain. Banks, on the radio--

BANKS
He's driving north on 3rd Avenue.

INT. DUNCAN'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

OFFICER DANNY CRAWFORD, white, 30s, petulant psycho, drives.

LT. HOWARD DUNCAN, white, 50s, sits shotgun, radio in hand.

DUNCAN
Stay on his ass. We can't lose that fucking buy money.

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Sean turns to Banks.

SEAN
We're getting this fucker, OK.

Off Banks's look of concern, Sean speeds up.

He's gaining on Reynaldo. Weaving in and out of traffic.

As they approach each intersection, Banks shouts--

BANKS
Clear.

Another intersection. They're coming fast.

BANKS (CONT'D)
Clear.

Sean is getting close. Real close, as we cut to--

EXT. BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

The DRUNK MAN from the opening exits the bodega. Swigs from a bottle of SCOTCH. Stumbles into the intersection.

White HEADLIGHTS start small but bear down quickly as Reynaldo's car blows past the MAN, barely missing him.

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Sean hits the GAS. But Banks sees it first. Screams--

BANKS
Sean!

Sean SLAMS the brakes. But it's too late.

The last thing Sean sees is the look of horror on the Drunk Man's face before--

BOOM

Sean slams into the Drunk Man at 80 mph.

The Drunk Man's body crunches as Sean's car rolls over him. Sean stops the car.

He watches Reynaldo speed away over his deployed airbag. Looks to his right. Banks is OK.

They share a look of horrified recognition as they both slowly exit the vehicle onto--

EXT. 3RD AVENUE - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

Sean flinches as tires SCREECH behind him--

DUNCAN'S CAR.

Duncan and Crawford exit. Follow Sean's eyes from the wrecked GRILL of his car to the dead pedestrian on the ground, all of them horrified by the scene as we cut out to--

ACROSS THE STREET

Close enough to see Sean and the dead drunk man, presiding over this scene in a strangely mysterious way, is--

CASSANDRA.

She casually takes out a cigarillo. Lights it. Looks on at Sean as we cut to--

INT. KING'S COUNTY HOSPITAL - TRIAGE - NIGHT

A DOCTOR, female, 40s, speaks to Sean in the crowded hallway.

DOCTOR
He fractured her thumbs. Both index fingers. Contusions on her arms and a fractured jaw. All defensive wounds consistent with rape victims.

Sean nods. This is hard for him to absorb.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)
She fought hard, Sean. Though she's in rough shape now, your wife will make a full recovery. No question.

Sean looks past the Doctor through the open door of the PATIENT ROOM - REGGIE sleeps, her arms propped up in casts.

Sean turns back to the doctor.

SEAN
Was she seen by the O.B.?

The Doctor immediately understands the subtext.

DOCTOR
With the amount of trauma that she sustained...I'm sorry, Sean. She lost the child.

All Sean can do is nod and take it.

Banks and Duncan, standing nearby, put reassuring hands on Sean. But he's in shock.

We focus on an ECU of his tear stained eyes as we cut to--

INT. 1 POLICE PLAZA - HALLWAY - DAY

We hold on Sean's eyes, now filled with rage, pulling out to reveal Sean in full police uniform.

He walks with a PBA Lawyer, HUGO ORTEGA, 40s.

ORTEGA
Grand jury came back this morning.

Sean braces himself. Ortega breaks into a grin.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
No true bill.

Ortega slaps Sean on his shoulders, but Sean doesn't react.

ORTEGA (CONT'D)
That's good news, Sean.

SEAN
We still have this.

ORTEGA
This? These jerkoffs couldn't find dogshit at the pound.

Ortega pushes open the glass door marked INTERNAL AFFAIRS.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS - ADMIN TRIAL ROOM - DAY

Sean stands facing THREE uniformed COPS in a trial room--

A White Male Cop, a Hispanic Male Cop and a White Female Cop.

WHITE MALE IAB COP
Did you call for back-up?

SEAN
No.

WHITE MALE IAB COP
Put it over your radio to the local precinct?

SEAN
Only my kel.

FEMALE IAB COP
Which communicated with Lieutenant Duncan?

SEAN
That's right.

WHITE MALE IAB COP
Did he order you to pursue?

CLOSE ON - SEAN. This is his moment of truth.

SEAN
No. He didn't. It was my call.

Off the IAB panel's looks, we cut to--

EXT. 1 POLICE PLAZA - DAY

Sean approaches Reggie and Duncan and Banks. They wait with baited breath.

SEAN
Two month suspension plus a command discipline.

REGINA
They could have done worse.

But Sean isn't done.

SEAN
They pulled me from narcotics. Took me off the sergeant's list and outright told me I wouldn't make detective.

DUNCAN
This isn't over, OK.

Sean gives him a look. Shakes his head.

SEAN
They buried me, Duncan. I'm done.

Their faces are supportive, but they can't help but agree as we pull out and--

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE ON SCREEN - ***4 YEARS LATER***

FADE IN:

EXT. LARGE APARTMENT BUILDING - BROOKLYN - DAY

A black Chevy Impala parks in front of an imposing building. FOUR COPS in civilian clothes, wearing BADGES, exit the car.

Two we recognize - Lt. Duncan and Officer Crawford.

The two new ones - OFFICER LENNOX, black, 30s and OFFICER ANGUS, white, 30s.

We track with them to the FRONT DOOR. Duncan punches a CODE into the call box. Off the door's BUZZ we cut to-

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The four cops head to a DOOR marked **BUILDING MANAGER.**

Duncan pushes the door open, revealing the BUILDING MANAGER, 50s, Hispanic, listening to salsa on the radio.

DUNCAN
Apartment 8G.

The Building Manager reluctantly grabs a RING of KEYS.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
One other thing. I need you to shut off the building's water.

Off the Manager's look of frustrated compliance, we cut to--

INT. BOILER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Building Manager pulls a large red LEVER marked WATER MAIN, resulting in--

The depressurizing SOUND of the building's water being shut off.

INT. HALLWAY - EIGHTH FLOOR - DAY

Duncan and his team approach APARTMENT 8G.

Duncan quietly inserts a KEY into the lock. He looks to his team behind him. They nod their readiness.

Duncan quickly turns the key and bursts into the apartment, all of the cops following and yelling--

ALL FOUR COPS
Police! Don't fucking move!

Waiting for them in Apartment 8G, startled to fuck, are--

A black MALE, 20s, on a couch, counting MONEY. Lots of it.

A black FEMALE, very attractive, 20s, watches TV.

The cops watch as a second black MALE, 20s, quickly grabs a BAG. Runs. The cops let him go.

INT. BATHROOM - APARTMENT 8G - CONTINUOUS

The black male who ran bursts into the bathroom. Locks the door. Dumps the BAG of HEROIN into the TOILET.

He FLUSHES. Nothing happens.

Frantic, he flushes again. Still, nothing. Now he's confused.

He tries the sink. Just dead air. The fucking water's off as we realize how smart these cops are.

INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT 8G - CONTINUOUS

Duncan grabs all the CASH on the table. Splits it into four equal STACKS.

Hands one to Angus. One to Lennox. Tosses ones to Crawford. And keeps one for himself.

The Black Guy on the couch can only shake his head.

Crawford turns to the hot black girl.

CRAWFORD
You ever fuck a cop?

HOT BLACK GIRL
I'm not trying to get the swine flu.

The black kid on the couch chuckles nervously. Then all three other COPS break into laughter.

Crawford is pissed at being embarrassed. He lunges at the girl, but Duncan grabs him. Holds him back.

DUNCAN
Relax, Crawford. Go secure the bathroom.

Crawford turns to Lennox and Angus, still laughing. Yells--

CRAWFORD
Fuck you guys.

Still pissed, he heads down the hallway. KICKS down the bathroom door.

The kid on the other side jumps back.

Crawford observes the WATER in the TOILET is moving.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
No shit stains on the bowl and it smells like a Glade Plug-In. Either you're revolutionizing defecation, or you're trying to flush something else.

He reaches into his back pocket. Pulls out a pair of LATEX GLOVES. Starts to put them on as he asks--

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Now what could that be, and more importantly, where could you be hiding it.

Off Crawford's devious grin, we cut right to--

INT. PRECINCT - OUTSIDE THE PRISONER HOLDING PEN - DAY

CLOSE ON - A BAGGIE full of HEROIN drops on the desk of--

SEAN STEWART. In full uniform. Now a little chubbier, weathered. Broken.

Crawford stands in front of Sean, holding the now handcuffed drug kid from the bathroom by the shirt.

CRAWFORD
Brace yourself, Stewart. This was so far up this kid's ass he nearly digested it.

Crawford cracks up as he places the PERP in the Prisoner Holding Pen.

Sean looks to his left. BANKS, in uniform, tossing a SOFTBALL to himself, gives him a sympathetic shake of the head.

Sean opens his desk drawer. Grabs a SANI-WIPE. Picks up the bag with the wipe.

He gets up. Keys his way into a locked room behind him marked **EVIDENCE.**

Match cut the sound of the door closing behind him to--

INT. CRAWFORD'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The SOUND of a Zippo LIGHTER being flicked open.

Crawford lights a cig. Drives over the 3rd Avenue Bridge, passing a sign reading ***Welcome to The Bronx.***

EXT. HUNT'S POINT AVENUE - THE BRONX - NIGHT

Crawford pulls onto a quiet, industrial street.

Quiet except the DOZEN or so WOMEN, scantily clad, milling around on the sidewalk under a huge industrial awning.

Crawford pulls over. Reaches into his glove compartment. Grabs his BADGE and his GUN. Exits his car and shouts--

CRAWFORD
Police! Get on the fucking wall.

These girls know the drill. They put their hands on the wall, asses out towards the street.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
Not that way. Turn around.

The girls are confused, but they do it. It's now a cathouse line-up.

Crawford slowly walks the line. Asian girl, White girl, Dominican girl, Asian girl. He stops.

At a BLACK GIRL. Beautiful but dressed trampy. 30s. DESTINY.

CRAWFORD (CONT'D)
You. Let's go.

DESTINY
What the fuck did I do?

CRAWFORD
Your job.

INT. CRAWFORD'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Crawford pulls over on a deserted street. Opens his fly. Destiny, in the passenger seat, asks--

DESTINY
Here?

CRAWFORD
This can't be the worst place you'll work tonight.

DESTINY
Look, baby, I got a room over on 138th. We can go there. Stay the whole night. How's that sound?

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - 138TH STREET - NIGHT

Crawford lays on the bed in only his BOXERS. Destiny stands at the foot of the bed rubbing lotion on her hands.

DESTINY
Just gimme a minute to freshen up.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Destiny quietly closes the bathroom door. LOCKS it. Opens the CABINET under the SINK.

She reaches around till she finds what she's looking for. It's TAPED to the top of the cabinet.

Very quietly, she peels back the tape. Withdraws a GUN.

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - 138TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

Destiny bursts out of the bathroom, gun pointed at Crawford.

DESTINY
Police! Don't fucking move or I will blow your balls off.

Off Crawford's look - *oh fuck* - we cut to--

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

Destiny, now dressed business casual, stands across from a MAN, white, 40s, cop moustache - DETECTIVE WALTER CIPRIANO.

Next to Cipriano, a Hispanic detective, 30s - HECTOR ALVAREZ.

DESTINY
He works narcotics in South Brooklyn. Said he has a line on a team of dirty cops. I figured you cats at Internal Affairs might be interested.

CIPRIANO
He ID the team?

DESTINY
He won't say shit till he has a deal in writing.

Walter looks to his right. Through the one way glass - Crawford sits handcuffed to a desk.

Red eyed, fearful, looking right through the mirror, knowing they're dissecting his fate. Cipriano turns to Hector.

CIPRIANO
Put him in our spot in Coney Island. I'll head to the DA first thing tomorrow morning.

Off Hector's look of acknowledgment, we cut to--

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - PRECINCT - NIGHT

Sean goes through a checklist, coordinating voucher numbers with vouchered evidence. This job sucks dick.

A KNOCK on the door. Sean opens up. It's a Fat Cop, white, 30s.

FAT COP
Check this out.

He hands Sean a large ZIPLOC BAG. Inside - a HANDGUN with a beautiful inlay of a silhouetted woman.

SEAN
Where'd you get this?

FAT COP
Off the perp in the holding pen. Wait'll you see this bitch. And do me a favor. When you finish vouchering the gun, transport her to Central Booking with Banks.

SEAN
We don't do transpos.

But the Fat Cop is already out the door.

INT. PRISONER HOLDING PEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

Sean emerges from the evidence room. He looks into the prisoner holding pen. Observes the lone perp in the cell.

It's CASSANDRA, the mysterious woman from the opening.

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sean drives. Banks sits shotgun. Cassandra's in back. The wiper blades are churning hard.

SEAN
This rain ever gonna let up?

Banks shrugs. Looks thoughtfully out the window.

CASSANDRA
Does it make it hard to see?

SEAN
What?

CASSANDRA
I asked if the rain make it hard to see. While driving.

SEAN
I can see fine, lady. We'll get you to Central Booking nice and safe.

CASSANDRA
Because sometimes the rain is beating down so hard the windshield fogs up. You're speeding down these residential streets. What if some drunk crosses against the red.

CLOSE ON - Sean. He's freaked out that this woman is basically narrating his most harrowing moment.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
Who could fault the driver for hitting him. It's a, what do you call it, a confluence of circumstance.

Sean and Banks share a look. This is eerie. Sean eyes her through the rearview mirror.

SEAN
Have we met before?

CASSANDRA
Not publicly.

SEAN
But you know me?

CASSANDRA
I know you. Plural. Officer Sean Stewart and Officer Marcus Banks.

Banks has a realization.

BANKS
You have a great memory, you know that.

CASSANDRA
Pardon?

BANKS
You read about us in the papers?

CASSANDRA
No, sweetie. I don't read the papers. But I wouldn't worry.

BANKS
About what?

CASSANDRA
Not you.
(to Sean)
You. Working in the evidence room. That's beneath you. Your talents lie elsewhere.

SEAN
Where's that?

CASSANDRA
Narcotics. You're going to replace that bad boy Officer Crawford.

SEAN
(laughs)
Oh yeah?

Cassandra leans forward.

CASSANDRA
In fact, you're going to take over for Lieutenant Duncan.

CLOSE ON - Sean. He laughs, but his wheels are spinning. Banks decides to play along.

BANKS
You got anything for me?

CASSANDRA
Nada. But your son Frankie. Newly minted police officer Francis Banks. He'll be the toast of the town. If anyone can stop Officer Stewart's meteoric rise, it'll be Frankie.

Sean absorbs this potential threat. Banks whips around.

BANKS
What do you know about my son?

CASSANDRA
That's it.

BANKS
What's it?

Cassandra points with her head.

CASSANDRA
That's it. Central booking. We've arrived.

She's right. Sean pulls over.

INT. CENTRAL BOOKING - PRCESSING DESK - NIGHT

Sean and Banks watch as a CORRECTIONS OFFICER leads Cassandra towards the cells. They share a look - *that was strange.*

A RING. From Sean's cell phone. He notices the ID on the display. A curious look on his face.

BANKS
Who is it?

Off the unbelieving look on Sean's face, we cut to--

INT. PETER LUGER STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

Sean, now in street clothes, walks through the restaurant to a table occupied by--

LT. DUNCAN. He butters a roll as Sean takes a seat.

DUNCAN
You been here before?

SEAN
Not since I was a kid. 11th or 12th birthday. I can't remember which.

DUNCAN
Yeah, it's a special occasion kind of place. Fitting, really.

SEAN
Why's that?

DUNCAN
Because I have good news. How'd you like to get back into narcotics?

CLOSE ON - SEAN. This is freaky. He's skeptical.

SEAN
You already have a full team.

DUNCAN
No. I'm down one.

SEAN
Who?

DUNCAN
Crawford. He's out.

Sean can't believe it. Very curious, he asks--

SEAN
What happened to Crawford?

INT. HALF MOON HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

We track with DETECTIVE CIPRIANO down the hall into--

ROOM 1013. Uniformed cops stand guard outside the open door.

Inside, Detective Hector Alvarez is distraught.

HECTOR
He made his run when Fonrose took a piss. Pushed off Garcia and broke through the fucking glass.

Hector and Cip look to their right. OFFICER GARCIA and OFFICER FONROSE nod their assent.

Cip approaches the shattered window looking out to the beach.

There's something off about the whole situation.

Cip doesn't entirely buy it as he peers out the window.

DOWN ON THE GROUND - CRAWFORD - illuminated by red and blue police lights. Bloodied, bruised, dead.

INT. PETER LUGER STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

The SOUND of a WINE BOTTLE being UNCORKED.

A beautiful REDHEAD, 20s, pours wine for Duncan and Sean.

Sean watches as Duncan SCOPES her ass while she walks away. He then turns to Duncan.

SEAN
Why me?

DUNCAN
You're a good cop. You have the requisite experience. More importantly, you're loyal. I admired how you took responsibility for what happened four years ago.

He takes a drink of wine.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
And this job I have for us. It requires that kind of loyalty.

SEAN
The Department's OK with this?

DUNCAN
You're four years back in the 24 hour news cycle. They forgot about you.

Sean considers.

SEAN
And I'm three years away from retirement. Who's to say I don't ride this out quietly. I get back into narcotics. The chaos. The unpredictability. I don't know.

DUNCAN
You could do that. But do you really want to be another P.O. clocking out at 20, pulling down a dogshit pension while working corporate security until you drop dead at 68 in your split level in Long Island?

He now has Sean's attention.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Or do you want to roll with me and set yourself up to live like a king. The Sean I knew four years ago was ambitious. He had a plan.
(MORE)

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Work undercover, get your detective's shield, climb the ladder. You're right. That path is closed. I'm offering a better one.

Sean is now very intrigued.

SEAN
What's the job?

Off Duncan's look - *I hooked him* - we cut to--

EXT. GREENWOOD CEMETERY - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Duncan drives up to a deserted stretch of road in the cemetery. He and Sean exit.

Waiting for them under the cover of a mausoleum awning - OFFICER ANGUS and OFFICER LENNOX. Duncan asks Lennox--

DUNCAN
How'd it go?

LENNOX
Crawford begged like a bitch.

DUNCAN
But it's done?

LENNOX
Done.

Angus nods down the hill. A shadowy figure approaches. Duncan turns to Sean.

DUNCAN
You're not gonna like the CI we've been using. Just roll with it.

The man slowly comes into focus.

Duncan was right. Sean is shocked to see who it is.

The CI - REYNALDO, the man who assaulted Regina. He joins them under the awning. Looks Sean over.

REYNALDO
Who's this?

DUNCAN
The new Crawford.

REYNALDO
What happened to the old Crawford?

LENNOX
Early retirement.

SEAN
You don't remember me?

REYNALDO
Nope.

SEAN
Four years ago. Club Milky Way.

Reynaldo snaps his fingers in recognition.

REYNALDO
You were with that hot bitch.

SEAN
Reggie. That's my wife.

REYNALDO
I'm sorry, bro. I didn't think someone that fine could be a cop.

SEAN
That's an excuse?

REYNALDO
I'm just saying.

Sean is pissed. Reynaldo shakes his head. Turns to Duncan--

REYNALDO (CONT'D)
The man doesn't even know how to take a compliment.

And THAT'S the trigger. Sean rushes Reynaldo, but Duncan catches him. Pulls him aside.

DUNCAN
Go cool off in the car, OK.

Sean can't believe Duncan is siding with this piece of shit. But Duncan's face is resolute. Sean heads to the car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sean watches as Duncan, Angus and Lennox talk to Reynaldo. There's an exchange of information. But the only thing on Sean's face is rage.

Duncan and Reynaldo shake hands. Reynaldo heads off. Duncan, Angus and Lennox join Sean in the car.

SEAN
That fucking guy--

DUNCAN
-is a cash cow.
(a beat)
I'll keep you two separate in the future.

SEAN
What's he get out of this?

DUNCAN
Five percent.

SEAN
Of?

Duncan grins before breaking the news.

DUNCAN
One point six mill.

Sean's reaction - *Holy shit.*

INT. BEDROOM - SEAN AND REGINA'S HOUSE - LONG ISLAND - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - REGGIE. Sexy in lingerie. But with a SCAR on her cheek from her encounter with Reynaldo.

She paces back and forth. Eyes Sean, seated on the bed. Asks--

REGINA
What's your cut?

SEAN
One fifty.

REGINA
Of one point six?

SEAN
Duncan said there'd be more scores. Bigger ones.

REGINA
Duncan says a lot of things.

SEAN
It’s more than we make in a year, Reggie. Combined.

REGINA
It’s not enough for the risk you’re taking.

SEAN
So what do I do? Tell him I’m out?

REGINA
You can’t do that. Not now.

Regina paces. Stops. She has an epiphany.

REGINA (CONT’D)
Maybe that prisoner was right.

SEAN
About what?

REGINA
You taking over. For Duncan.

SEAN
That bitch was crazy.

REGINA
She called it about Crawford.

SEAN
OK, then maybe I do nothing and eventually it just comes to me.

Reggie approaches Sean. Seductive. Authoritative.

REGINA
Or maybe you sack up and you take it.

This hits Sean HARD. Calling out his manhood. Reggie pulls away. Turns back to Sean.

REGINA (CONT’D)
Duncan was right. We’re stuck. Both of us. Any future we had with this department ended four years ago.

Off Sean’s look of acknowledgment, she continues.

REGINA (CONT’D)
And who’s to say how long Duncan’s been colluding with Reynaldo.
(MORE)

REGINA (CONT'D)
For all we know they were working together the night of your accident.

SEAN
We don't know that.

She approaches Sean. Straddles him.

REGINA
But we do know they're working together now. How does that make you feel?

SEAN
You know how that makes me feel.

She kisses him.

REGINA
And what does that say about Duncan's character? That he'd work with that man?

SEAN
Nothing good.

She unzips Sean's fly. It's getting hot.

SEAN (CONT'D)
How do we do it?

REGINA
We give them a shooter.

Off Sean's realization, Regina kisses him passionately. They collapse onto the bed, moving in rhythm, as we dissolve to--

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

It's still raining as Sean drives south on the FDR Drive, descending into the darkness of the Brooklyn Battery Tunnel heading towards BK.

EXT. BOMBED OUT STREET CORNER - BROWNSVILLE, BROOKLYN - DUSK

A tall, skinny COP in uniform, black, 23 - FRANKIE, stands watch on a rough corner in Brooklyn.

He's posted up under a bodega awning out of the rain.

Frankie eyes a dark Jeep Grand Cherokee that pulls a U-Turn in the middle of the street. Parks on the sidewalk.

Frankie smiles. Approaches the car as the window rolls down to reveal BANKS. He holds a PAPER BAG out to Frankie.

BANKS
You hungry?

FRANKIE
You know I can't eat on the footpost.

BANKS
Stash it in the bodega and eat it piecemeal. At least that's what I used to do when your mother'd bring me food.

Frankie considers. Takes the bag.

FRANKIE
Thanks, pops.

BANKS
You made any collars yet?

FRANKIE
They just got me writing quality of life tickets.

BANKS
You ever ticket an older white woman? One green eye. One blue.

FRANKIE
A white woman? In this neighborhood?

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

Sean keys his way into the evidence room. Locks the door.

We track with him across the aisles. They're labeled by year. "2012," "2011," etc. Sean turns into the "1998" aisle.

Sean withdraws a plastic container from a high shelf.

He sets it on the ground. Starts rifling through the container. Pulls out ZIPLOC BAGS of evidence.

A baggie of heroin. A gravity knife. A dildo.

Finally, pay dirt. On a folder labeled “HENRIQUEZ,” Sean withdraws a HAND GUN. Glock. Automatic.

He pulls it from the evidence bag. Releases the CLIP. Full load, fifteen bullets.

He slips the gun into an ANKLE HOLSTER. Grabs the file. Takes it to--

THE SHREDDER. Any trace of this voucher is chewed into oblivion, the NOISE of the shredder masking the sound of--

THE DOOR closing. Sean jumps with a start. Looks up.

It’s Banks. He watches as Sean turns the shredder off.

BANKS
Duty captain gave me the key. Looks like I’m taking over for you.

SEAN
Enjoy.

BANKS
Another lateral move. No pay bump. Wish that prognosticating bitch had said I’d win the lotto.

They share a laugh. Sean gets up to leave, but Banks stops him.

BANKS (CONT’D)
Anything bother you about that prisoner transpo last night?

SEAN
Yeah.
(a beat)
We shouldn’t have been doing it.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Sean secures his KEVLAR vest. Duncan turns to him.

DUNCAN
Adrenaline running?

Sean nods.

DUNCAN (CONT’D)
Always makes me need to take a shit.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sean and Duncan head down a grimy project hallway. Stop at APARTMENT 6B. Duncan BANGS on the door with his fist.

DUNCAN
Police! Open up!

INT. APARTMENT 6B - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

On the other side of the door - TWO black MEN watch a movie with an elderly black WOMAN, 80s, sleeping in a LAY-Z-BOY.

One of the guys is 30s, medium build, dressed sharp - BYRON.

The other is fat but light on his feet, 20s - JUNIOR.

BYRON
Head out the back. Make sure everything's cool downstairs.

Junior gets up. We track with him into the bedroom. He cracks the window. Takes one step onto the fire escape. Freezes.

LENNOX and ANGUS wait for him, guns pointed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT 6B - CONTINUOUS

Lennox and Angus lead Junior into the living room. Sit him down on the couch.

Lennox stands watch over them as Angus opens the door for Duncan and Sean, who enter.

Lennox heads to the BEDROOM. Angus to the KITCHEN.

DUNCAN
Which one of you is Byron Hamilton?

No answer from either of them. The elderly woman snores.

Sean moves to the couch. Gets both of them up as Duncan points his gun at the two men.

Sean frisks and searches JUNIOR. Finds a GUN. Hands it to Duncan. Then grabs his WALLET. Withdraws ID.

SEAN
We got Junior Maddox out of Bayonne, New Jersey.

Sean goes for Byron. Searches. Finds his ID.

SEAN (CONT'D)
And Byron Hamilton. Another Jersey boy. He's out of Newark.

Duncan takes a seat in a chair. Crosses his legs, relaxed.

DUNCAN
New Jersey? What're you doing in Brooklyn, fellas?

BYRON
Taking care of my grandmother.

DUNCAN
That's very considerate of you.

Angus pops his head up from the KITCHEN. Shakes his head.

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lennox finishes ripping apart the bedroom. The mattress is flipped. Dressers torn apart. He heads into the living room. Shakes his head. Duncan turns to Byron.

DUNCAN
Where is it?

BYRON
Where is what?

Duncan, disappointed. He gets up. Points his gun at Byron, but uses it to motion into the kitchen.

Byron reluctantly gets up. Duncan leads him into the kitchen, out of earshot.

DUNCAN
We have three options. One, I arrest you two for the gun and trespass. But I don't want that.

Off Byron, stone-faced, Duncan continues.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
Two. You give me what I want. Let me and my team walk out of here with all of it. Consider it a one time protection tax. I know you don't want that.

BYRON
What's the third way?

DUNCAN
I take your grandmother to the stairwell. Push her down all six flights. Old woman like that, they'd chalk it up to an accident. And then I take what I want anyway.

Off Byron's look of pained comprehension, we cut to--

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

Byron, flanked by Sean and Duncan, knocks on Apartment 4H.

It takes a second, but a sleepy looking woman, NICOLE, really hot, in a robe, answers. Looks them over.

NICOLE
Can I help you?

BYRON
Just wake him up, Nicole.

INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT 2H - CONTINUOUS

Sean, Duncan and Byron look up as Nicole enters. She carries a TODDLER in pajamas, black, 5, clearly just woken up.

Byron motions to follow him. Duncan escorts Nicole and the kid, all of them entering--

THE KID'S BEDROOM

Byron approaches the bed, made up in Batman sheets. He flips the mattress revealing--

BRICKS OF HEROIN. 25. Maybe 30. A lot.

Off Sean and Duncan's look - *jackpot* - we cut to--

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Four beer bottles CLINK cheers.

Sean, Duncan, Lennox and Angus swig their drinks as Sean turns to Duncan.

SEAN
What happens from here?

Duncan taps the DUFFEL BAG filled with heroin.

DUNCAN
We run this up to the Bronx. A retired narcotics captain I know can move it through a connect in White Plains. And then--

He looks to the whole group.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)
--we make a healthy contribution to our retirement funds.

LENNOX
Shit, I might retire tomorrow.

Lennox kills his beer. Turns to Angus.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
You want a lift?

Angus nods. They all shake hands as Lennox and Angus head out, leaving Sean and Duncan alone.

Sean eyes Duncan. Drinking his beer. Propped up on the bed.

He reaches for his ankle holster. Still secure.

He takes a sip of beer. His hands SHAKE as he brings the bottle to his mouth. Duncan is sharp. He notices. Asks--

DUNCAN
You OK?

SEAN
Yeah. Adrenaline's still going.

DUNCAN
Bathroom's right there.

Sean laughs nervously.

SEAN
I'm cool.

DUNCAN
It's good to have you back, Sean.

SEAN
It's good to be back.

DUNCAN
I know things didn't work out how you planned.

SEAN
Nope. Not exactly.

DUNCAN
I'm glad I could get you back on track. At least monetarily.

Sean nods. Appreciative. But something bothers him.

SEAN
Can I ask you a question?

DUNCAN
What's up?

SEAN
How long have you been working with Reynaldo?

DUNCAN
You really want to know that?

SEAN
Yeah. I do.

DUNCAN
Long enough for him to have impacted both of our careers.

CLOSE ON - SEAN, his uncomfortable realization. The silence is broken by--

A KNOCK on the door. Duncan looks to Sean. Grabs his gun.

Sean gets up. Checks the peephole. Turns back to Duncan.

SEAN
Don't worry. Just a little thank you gift.

Off Duncan's look of curiosity, Sean opens the door to reveal-

A gorgeous WOMAN, 20s, REDHEAD. Sean shuts the door.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You have a thing for redheads, right?

DUNCAN
I have a thing for pussy, though I appreciate the consideration.

Sean withdraws $400. Pays the redhead. She pockets the cash.

SEAN
You mind if I use the bathroom?

DUNCAN
Now?

SEAN
I'll be quick. I promise.

INT. BATHROOM - SHITTY MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Sean locks the door. Puts the toilet seat down. Sits.

He reaches to his ANKLE HOLSTER. Withdraws the GUN.

Then reaches over to the sink. Turns the water on full blast. It's LOUD, masking the noise of Sean checking the chamber.

He then takes a SILENCER from the holster. Carefully screws it to the muzzle of the gun. Stands up.

Very carefully, he sets the gun on the toilet. No noise. Withdraws black GLOVES from his pocket. Puts them on.

He takes one last look in the mirror. Breathing hard.

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sean bursts out of the bathroom.

DUNCAN
Fucking finally. I thought--

No time to finish the sentence. Sean brings the gun up lightning fast. Shoots Duncan in the head.

The Hooker slides off the bed. Backs herself up against the wall near the door.

Sean has an easy shot. He pulls the trigger.

CLICK. Nothing. Sean pulls the trigger again. Another dry fire. The fucking gun jammed.

An awkward moment of silence as Sean and the Hooker realize what happened. Sean is frozen. Rattled.

They make their move at the same time, but the Hooker is closer to the door. She slams it shut behind her.

EXT. SHITTY MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Sean bursts out of the room. It's dark. No sign of her.

He listens. Hears footsteps in the distance. To his left.

The Hooker sprints through the parking lot.

In the distance - a 7-11. People milling around. She screams--

REDHEAD HOOKER
Help! Somebody, please help!

But she's too far away. She looks behind her--

Sean is gaining on her.

The Hooker cries, running for her life, the 7-11 looking farther and farther away, when all of a sudden, a car cuts her off--

A POLICE CAR. The Hooker cries with nervous laughter as she approaches the driver, babbling--

REDHEAD HOOKER (CONT'D)
Thank god thank fucking god there's a guy back at the hotel he's--

The lights come on in the cop car, giving us a glimpse of the cop--

It's REGINA. The Hooker continues to babble. Goes for the back door, but it's locked.

REDHEAD HOOKER (CONT'D)
Open the fucking door!

What she doesn't see behind her: Sean. He grabs her.

The Hooker looks Regina dead in the eye, a horrible realization on her face.

She struggles violently, KICKING her legs out, making solid contact with Regina's car, causing a big DENT.

Regina exits the car. Squares up. PUNCHES the Hooker in the face, knocking her out.

INT. SHITTY MOTEL - NIGHT

Sean and Regina carry the Hooker inside. Lock the door.

Sean takes a seat. He's out of sorts. Red eyed, babbling--

SEAN
The fucking gun jammed.

REGINA
Where is it?

SEAN
It fucking jammed. What was I supposed to do, kill her with my bare hands?

REGINA
Sean, where is it?

SEAN
What, where is what?

REGINA
The gun. The fucking gun.

Sean just shrugs his shoulders. He looks over to the bed. Sees Duncan dead. He quickly turns away. Retches.

Regina gets up. Sits next to him. Calmly explains--

REGINA (CONT'D)
This girl's going to wake up soon, which means she'll start screaming. Then the motel manager will investigate and we'll have to kill him, too. Now calm down and give me the gun.

Sean checks the ankle holster. Not there. He stands up.

Regina reaches behind him. Into his back belt area. Slowly withdraws the gun.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Your gloves.

Sean takes them off. Hands them to her. She puts them on. Calmly walks over to the Hooker. Shoots her dead.

She goes to the bed. Sits. Takes a deep breath.

REGINA (CONT'D)
I'll prep the room. You make the call. Can you do that?

Sean nods. He goes to the phone, but Regina stops him.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Sean.

Sean looks over. She tosses him the gloves. An appreciative nod. He puts them on. Takes a deep breath. Dials.

SEAN
We got your cut...Yes, now...The Motel Six off the Belt Parkway. Exit four.

Sean hangs up. Regina leans over. Kisses him. They did it.

EXT. SHITTY MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sean on his cell phone, frantic.

SEAN
Central, this is Officer Sean Stewart, shield 2704. I need an ambulance. Officer down, shots fired at--

Sean continues the call as we pan over the parking lot to reveal--

REYNALDO. Dead on his back, two gunshot wounds opening up his chest. The pan continues to reveal, in his hand, the very GUN that Sean had stolen.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON - A cup of coffee.

Det. Cipriano sets it down in front of Sean. Takes a seat opposite him at a metallic table.

CIPRIANO
I'm sorry to keep you awake, but it's protocol.

SEAN
It's fine. I'm too tired to sleep, if that makes any sense.

CIPRIANO
I'm Detective Walter Cipriano, Internal Affairs.

SEAN
Sean.

They shake hands. Sean takes a big slurp of coffee.

CIPRIANO
You ready?

Sean nods. Cip hits RECORD on a TAPE RECORDER.

SEAN
Duncan and I are getting dressed at our lockers at the end of tour when he asks if I'm tired. I'm beat. It's my first midnight tour in four years, but I play it off. Tell him I'm fine. He turns to me and says, 'My adrenaline's still pumping.'

CIPRIANO
I'm not following.

SEAN
Neither was I. He explains that the only way he knows how to wind down is with a girl.

CIPRIANO
A prostitute?

SEAN
That's what I assumed. Duncan had a thing for, uh, for girls. We all knew it was his weak spot. I tell him thanks but no thanks, not really my thing. He starts to tell me how much I'm missing out. Says he'll be at the Motel 6 if I reconsider.

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

Sean drives along a residential street, his face conflicted.

SEAN (V.O.)
But as I'm driving home, I start to worry. Vice has been cracking down on soliciting, you've got undercovers posing as hookers. I know it seems like I'm condoning it or colluding, but he's my superior officer. I can't just rat him out. I just want to see if he's OK.

Sean pulls a U-turn as we cut to--

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sean exits his car. Approaches the motel.

SEAN (V.O.)
I see his car parked in front of room 118. I approach the door. Hear arguing followed by two gunshots.

Sean tries the door. Locked. Before he can react further, REYNALDO bursts out of the room.

SEAN
Police! Stop.

Reynaldo turns around. Fires at Sean but misses. Sean returns fire. Hits Reynaldo twice, right in the chest.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (END FLASHBACK)

Cip eyes Sean, who's red eyed. Tired. Rubbing his face.

CIPRIANO
You hear what they were arguing about?

SEAN
Something about money. I heard a voice. Wasn't Duncan's. Wasn't female, so I assume it was this guy-

CIPRIANO
Reynaldo Calderon.

SEAN
Yeah. He says, 'cheap motherfucker.' That's when I heard a shot. Then a scream. That was female. Then another shot. My guess is that this guy shoots Duncan, the girl freaks out, he doesn't want to leave a live witness. There you go.

He's really serving it up for Cip, who takes his time assessing this before telling Sean--

CIPRIANO
Very detailed guesswork.

SEAN
I'm just telling you what I heard. That not match up to something you got?

CIPRIANO
I'm not at liberty to say, but given the evidence, that's in the ballpark.

The slightest SIGH of relief from Sean. Cip catches it. They share a look, an awkwardly long moment of silence, before Cip hits STOP on the recorder.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
Why don't you go home and get some sleep. I'll reach out if I have any other questions.

Sean nods. They shake hands, but before Sean leaves, Cip asks-

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
How'd it feel?

SEAN
I just reacted. I didn't feel anything.

CIPRIANO
I mean how'd it feel when you realized who you'd shot?

SEAN
What are you talking about?

CIPRIANO
Reynaldo Calderon. This is the same man that assaulted your wife. Led you on a high speed chase. It took you a second back there to remember his name. Did you recognize him?

Sean eyes Cip. The guy is smart. Smarter than he expected.

SEAN
When I approached him after I fired my weapon, I realized who it was.

CIPRIANO
Well how'd it feel?

SEAN
It hasn't sunk in yet.

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Sean pulls up to his house in the rain. Sees TWO CARS parked in his driveway, blocking his entrance.

He looks to their bumpers. Notices NYPD decals.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY

Sean enters to see Reggie having coffee with Lennox & Angus.

No one's talking. Just drinking coffee. It's clear to Sean that it's been an awkward wait. Sean looks to Lennox.

SEAN
You two been waiting long?

LENNOX
Your wife made coffee.

ANGUS
Very hospitable.

Angus tips his cup to Reggie in thanks. They're playing it cool with her there.

REGINA
I should get ready for tour. Leave you three to talk business.

This last line lands on Lennox. He turns to Sean as Reggie heads upstairs.

LENNOX
She knows?

Sean pours himself a cup of coffee.

SEAN
You think she'd entertain you two if she didn't know? She wouldn't think, 'what the fuck are Sean's co-workers doing at our door first thing in the morning?' She's hospitable, but she ain't the red roof fucking inn.

This seems to satisfy them. Sean's confidence is growing.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Anyway, who do you think secured the heroin before I was G.O. 15'd?

ANGUS
What the fuck happened?

Sean takes a seat. Puts on his best serious face.

SEAN
An escort showed up about ten minutes after you two left. That was my call. I wanted to get Duncan a thank you gift, and I know he has a thing for pussy.

LENNOX
True.

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

Sean drives through the parking lot.

SEAN (V.O.)
So I leave him to it, but as I'm pulling out I see--

Sean looks to his left. REYNALDO, in his Lincoln, pulls in to the lot just as Sean exits.

SEAN (V.O.)
My alarm bells go off, but the exit's one of those right turn only deals. I had to drive half a mile till I could pull a U-turn.

As Sean pulls back into the lot, he sees Reynaldo walk out of Duncan's room carrying the DUFFEL BAG of heroin.

SEAN (V.O.)
So I did what I had to do.

Sean shoots him dead. Grabs the duffel bag.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - DAY (END FLASHBACK)

Sean watches as Lennox & Angus mull it over, Lennox eventually shaking his head.

LENNOX
That thieving motherfucker.

Angus nods. They bought it. A slight smile from Sean.

ANGUS
What now?

SEAN
What do you mean 'what now?' We move the product.

LENNOX
Through who?

SEAN
Duncan's connect in the Bronx.

ANGUS
That was Duncan's connect.

SEAN
So you two have no idea who he is?

Lennox and Angus shake their heads.

Sean takes a moment to think. He looks to Lennox and Angus. Surprisingly, they are looking into their coffees. Afraid to make eye contact. Sean understands, right then, that he is the leader. He turns to them--

SEAN (CONT'D)
Set up a meet with Byron.

LENNOX
Are you fucking nuts?

SEAN
Make it a neutral location. Somewhere safe. I have a business proposition that's very much in his interest.

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - DAY

Regina, in uniform, walks around her radio car. She comes to the front fender. Inspects the DENT from the Hooker's heel.

It's a sizeable dent, and the Hooker's red heel left a trace of red on the car. Reggie tries to rub it out. No luck. Another try when a HAND touches her shoulder from behind.

Reggie jumps. It's her sergeant, SGT. MARTINEZ, male, 40s.

SGT. MARTINEZ
You have a second?

REGINA
Yeah, what's up?

SGT. MARTINEZ
I'll explain inside.

Something about his tone is ominous. Reggie looks worried.

INT. SGT. MARTINEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

Reggie sits opposite Sgt. Martinez, who sits at a desk.

SGT. MARTINEZ
What do you know about that line of duty killing from last night involving Lt. Duncan?

CLOSE ON - REGGIE. This is a shock. She covers.

REGINA
Just the basics. Something about a motel.

SGT. MARTINEZ
There was a second victim. An escort.

REGINA
Oh yeah?

SGT. MARTINEZ
A Jane Doe. Homicide and IAB couldn't ID her. No purse, no wallet, nothing.

REGINA
OK.

SGT. MARTINEZ
Their plate is full with the Duncan angle. I thought you could help them out. Chase down some leads and ID the girl. I know you can handle it what with your background in vice and narcotics.

Regina's now confused. Conflicted. Sgt. Martinez notices.

SGT. MARTINEZ (CONT'D)
Look, I know you're sick of patrol, Reggie. This could be a great entree to your detective's shield. Make yourself a good impression.

Off her conflicted look, we cut to--

INT. ROWHOUSE - QUEENS - DAY

Cip keys his way into his house. His son, RYAN, 15, plays a handheld video game while also watching Sportscenter.

CIPRIANO
You're up early.

RYAN
I have school, dad.

Cip shakes his head. He tried.

CIPRIANO
Where's your mother?

RYAN
Out back talking to Cecilia.

CIPRIANO
Jesus.

RYAN
Yeah.

EXT. CIP'S HOUSE - BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS

Cip exits the screen door. His wife, LAURA, 48, white, pretty but harried, is in the middle of an argument with their neighbor, CECILIA, white, 45. Cecilia holds TWO huge DOGS on leashes, braying and barking.

LAURA
If I see them in my yard again, I'm gonna shoot them.

CECILIA
You're fucking crazy, you know that. Did you hear her, Walter?

CIPRIANO
She's not gonna shoot your dogs, Cecilia.

Cip shuttles Laura inside as she picks up a downed trashcan. As they get inside, Cip notices her hand is bleeding.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
What the hell happened to your hand?

Laura looks. It's the first time she notices. She tears up.

LAURA
I don't know, I just, I'm picking up glass from the trash bin that those goddamn dogs knocked over.

Cip grabs gauze and a bandage from a cabinet. He cleans the wound. Puts on the bandage.

LAURA (CONT'D)
There's no peace, Walter. And I need back-up. She won't listen to me. I need you here.

CIPRIANO
I'm here.

Cip finishes the bandage. Laura wipes her eyes. Just as she starts to calm down, we hear VIBRATING. From Cip's CELL. Laura's face drops. She knows what's coming.

LAURA
You gonna go back in?

Cip takes the call. The convo is brief.

LAURA (CONT'D)
You're gonna go, aren't you?

Cip hangs up. His look says it all. He has to leave.

LAURA (CONT'D)
Go. Fucking go, OK. We'll be fine.

INT. KITCHEN - SEAN'S HOUSE - DAY

Sean kneels on the ground. Works a HAND SAW on his hardwood floor. His arm moves tirelessly. Sweat beads on his temple.

A final push and a 4'x4' piece of wood floor breaks free, exposing a 4'x4' hole in the floor.

On to...SANDING. Sean works sand paper over the rough edges of the open piece of floor.

Next - DRILLING. First, equally spaced HINGES attaching the 4'x4' piece of wood back to the floor. Then, a small HANDLE to the piece of wood.

Sean tests the door. All good, the space just big enough for--

The DUFFEL BAG of heroin, resting at Sean's feet. He drops it in the space in the floor. Closes the trap door.

One last task - to his right, the REFRIGERATOR/FREEZER unit. Sean starts to muscle it down the floor. It's huge. Heavy, but he finally gets it in to place.

Sean steps back. Sweaty. Exhausted. But happy with his work.

INT. BEDROOM - SEAN AND REGINA'S HOUSE - D

Sean rests his head on the pillow. Closes his eyes. The peaceful sound of sleep breathing takes over until--

A RING. Sean's cell. He wakes with a start. Picks up, groggy. We hear LENNOX'S voice

LENNOX (O.S.)
You hear me? Are you awake?

Sean gets up. Rubs his eyes. No sleep for the wicked.

SEAN
No, I'm up. I'm up.

INT. FIREARMS DISCHARGE REVIEW BOARD - DAY

Cip holds Reynaldo's gun. He fires it three times into a cylindrical ballistics machine as Hector watches.

Cip removes his goggles. A LAB TECH, 40s, tells him--

LAB TECH
It'll be a few minutes.

INT. WAITING AREA - FIREARMS DISCHARGE REVIEW BOARD - DAY

Cip and Hector drink coffee as they wait. Hector turns to Cip-

HECTOR
I got a cousin that works for animal control. I can have him roll by your neighbor's house. Round up those dogs. Problem solved.

CIPRIANO
It's not just the dogs. Laura hates the crowds. The grime. The noise.

HECTOR
Why don't you bring her and Ryan up to the new place in Suffolk tomorrow night. Jenny will cook. Give Laura a break from the city.

Cip nods appreciatively before telling Hector--

CIPRIANO
How you found a place in Suffolk is beyond me.

HECTOR
Owner was looking to unload fast.
Got fucked by the housing bubble.

At that, the lab tech comes in. Hands Cip a printout. He looks it over. Something catches his eye.

CIPRIANO
This gun was used in a homicide
from ‘98.

HECTOR
Solved or unsolved?

Cip flips the page. Shows Hector a mugshot of--

CIPRIANO
Solved. Robert Henriquez. Fourteen
years into a life beef upstate.

Cip gets up. Paces. Turns to Hector.

CIPRIANO (CONT’D)
If we have ballistics, that means
the DA admitted it as evidence,
which means that this gun was
vouchered.

HECTOR
So?

CIPRIANO
So how does a gun in police custody
get back on the street?

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

Sean leans against the bar flanked by Lennox and Angus. He kills a RED BULL. Scans the club. Spots JUNIOR, Byron’s guy.

Junior motions the three of them to follow. We track with them through the club, up the stairs and into--

INT. CLUB OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Junior closes the door. Locks it behind them. BYRON leans against a desk, none too pleased to see these guys.

BYRON
Unless you’re here to return my
product, we got nothing to discuss.

SEAN
Then why take the meeting?

BYRON
Because you're cops.

Sean takes a seat. Gets comfortable.

SEAN
Exactly.

BYRON
Exactly what, motherfucker?

SEAN
Us being cops makes this whole situation different. And potentially advantageous. For you.

BYRON
Sorry, friend, I'm failing to see my advantage.

SEAN
You're from Jersey, right?

BYRON
You know I am.

SEAN
But we're in Brooklyn. Which tells me you're expanding into New York.

BYRON
(sarcastic)
Impressive deduction. Go on.

SEAN
That kind of expansion comes with costs. In bodies. And expenditures.

BYRON
It's nothing we're not prepared for.

SEAN
What if my team targeted your competition. Provided tip offs on raids. Police escorts for your product. Would that help ease your expansion?

Byron and Junior share a look. This is intriguing.

BYRON
What's that gonna cost?

SEAN
Nothing.

Byron's taken aback. So are Lennox and Angus.

BYRON
Then what the fuck do you want?

SEAN
I want you to buy back your product at cost. One point six mill. But beyond that, I want this to be a lasting, lucrative relationship. I want to be partners.

Byron wasn't expecting this. Now he's very intrigued.

BYRON
50/50?

Sean nods. Byron takes a moment.

SEAN
Police protection guarantees longevity. And longevity is very hard to come by in your business.

Byron considers. He knows a deal when he hears one. He pushes himself off his desk. Extends his hand to Sean. They shake.

At that, Lennox's PHONE vibrates. He checks the ID. Takes the call. Exits the room. Byron sits back down. Eyes Sean.

BYRON
We have one issue.

SEAN
What?

BYRON
I don't have the cash to make that buy back. Not right now.

SEAN
Bullshit.

BYRON
Your team stole the product that I would have sold to get you your cash.
(MORE)

BYRON (CONT'D)
There is a solution, and frankly I'd like a show of good faith given that the last team we spoke I was looking down the barrel of your gun.

SEAN
What do you need?

BYRON
Untaxed cigarettes.

SEAN
What the fuck do I want with untaxed cigarettes?

BYRON
I have a truck coming up from Virginia tomorrow night, but no cash to buy it with. What if your team were to intercept it. It'd look like a police seizure. You get me those cigarettes, I'll get you your money.

Off Sean's look of understanding, we cut to--

EXT. CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sean and Angus approach Lennox, who finishes up his phone call. Pockets his cell. Turns to Sean.

LENNOX
You know a cop named Banks?

SEAN
Yeah. Why?

LENNOX
Do you trust him?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LOWER MANHATTAN - MORNING

Banks sips coffee, an incredulous look on his face.

BANKS
You lost a voucher?

Opposite Banks - Cip and Hector.

CIPRIANO
It’s unclear. Records weren’t computerized till post 9/11. This one’s from ‘98.

BANKS
So go check yourselves. I’ll give you the key.

CIPRIANO
(shakes his head)
IAB shows up at the precinct, every chatty cathy from the duty captain on down starts playing whisper down the lane. A small task like this snowballs into a goddamn police corruption commission. I’d prefer more discretion.

BANKS
So what is this? An audit?

CIPRIANO
An investigation.

Banks has a thought. Swallows it. Then asks--

BANKS
Does this have something to do with Sean Stewart?

Cip and Hector share a look.

CIPRIANO
The voucher we’re looking for was linked to the gun used in Lieutenant Duncan’s murder.

BANKS
And you think Sean took it?

HECTOR
We didn’t say anything about Sean. You did.

BANKS
Sean’s a good cop.

CIPRIANO
And all we want is for you to confirm that for us.

Banks shakes his head. Laughs to himself.

BANKS
I don't have to do this and I'm not going to.

He gets up, but Cip stops him.

CIPRIANO
You have a son, right? Officer Francis Banks, assigned to a footpost in the seven five?

Banks returns to his seat. Cip got his attention.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
If you don't do this, I'll draft Frankie into Internal Affairs. That's like getting skunk sprayed. You can't drop the stench. Determines your entire career. Trust me. I know.

Off Banks's look - *you motherfucker* - we cut to--

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

Halfway down the block, siting in his car, observing Banks's whole conversation with Internal Affairs, is--

SEAN, a resolute and vindictive look on his face.

INT. OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER - DAY

A PATHOLOGIST, white, male, 40s, dry sense of humor, walks with Regina down the corridor of the OCME.

PATHOLOGIST
No prints in the system. Her dental records are out, but that's a longshot. Plus she had all her shots, which means she's American. It's too bad. ICE would have had her prints on file. Any luck with priors?

REGINA
None. She was fresh.

PATHOLOGIST
There is one potential lead, but it could take a few weeks.

REGINA
What is it?

The Pathologist pushes open the door to the moratorium.

PATHOLOGIST
DNA from the father.

REGINA
You can trace her parents?

PATHOLOGIST
(laughs)
Sure. I can tell you their voting record, too.

He opens the SLIDING DRAWER of a refrigerated unit, revealing the dead HOOKER to Regina.

She finds it hard to look. The Pathologist picks up a small, red biohazard CONTAINER next to the hooker's body.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)
We discovered it during the autopsy.

Regina looks from the Hooker's stitched up abdomen to the red container. She gets it. And it hits hard.

REGINA
She was pregnant?

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Sean drives on the highway, the chatter of 1010 WINS stating--

RADIO
Rain forecast for the rest of the day into tomorrow, with a fifty percent chance of sun tomorrow afternoon.

He could give a fuck about the radio. His focus is on a PURPLE CADILLAC up ahead.

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

The purple CADILLAC parks in the precinct parking lot. BANKS exits the Cadillac. Heads into the precinct.

Observing from down the street - SEAN.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

Banks carefully locks the door behind him. Heads down the rows. Turns into the 1998 AISLE.

He withdraws a CARD. Consults it. Matches the voucher number on the card to a box. The same one Sean pulled earlier.

Banks sets the box down. Rummages. Finds voucher 98030. Then 98032. Back to the CARD. He's looking for 98031. A realization on his face when--

VOICE (O.S.)
Marcus.

Banks jumps. Looks down the row. Then positions himself in front of the box as best he can to hide it.

BANKS
Jesus, Sean. What're you doing here?

SEAN
I couldn't sleep. Thought I'd come down here and clean out my desk.

Banks nods, still sweating, as Sean asks--

SEAN (CONT'D)
What about you? Your tour doesn't start for another three hours.

BANKS
Just getting some overtime.

Sean nods. Approaches Banks. Points to the BOX at his feet.

SEAN
You're looking for a gun, aren't you?

Banks tries to cover, but before he can speak, Sean says--

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'll save you the trouble. I took it.

Shock from Banks. And from us. Is Sean about to admit it all?

SEAN (CONT'D)
Let's get a drink. I'll explain.

INT. BAR - DAY

It's 1 PM. The bar is near empty. Sean tells the BARTENDER--

SEAN
Gimme an Irish coffee, light on the Irish.
(turns to Banks)
What do you want?

BANKS
Vodka soda.

TIME CUT TO--

Sean and Banks now sit at a booth in back, sipping drinks.

SEAN
What I'm about to tell you stays between you and me, OK?

Banks nods. Sean takes a sip of coffee. Continues--

SEAN (CONT'D)
What I'd do is target pre 9/11 guns. Glocks. Sigs. Whatever had the most street value. Then I'd file off the serial number, shred the vouchers and drive 'em up to Rhode Island. Massachusetts, even. Sell 'em for as much as I could get.

Banks shakes his head in comprehension.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Anyone in the Department checked, they'd be long gone, and the voucher would look like a clerical fuck-up from back in the day.

BANKS
Jesus Christ, Sean.

SEAN
I only started this three years ago, OK. Back when my career was still in the toilet. Back when I was bleeding money fighting the civil suit from the accident. Regina's medical bills.

BANKS
You didn't think one of these guns could come back on us?

SEAN
Honestly, I didn't give a fuck. The Department buried me. They buried you, too.

Banks nods his acknowledgment. Takes a sip of his drink.

SEAN (CONT'D)
So what were you doing looking for it? What tipped you off?

Banks considers this very important question.

BANKS
Nothing, really. Duty captain asked me to do an audit. Bad timing, I guess.

Off Sean, absorbing this monumental lie, we cut to--

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: SEAN, deep in thought, an ominous look on his face. Reggie sits across from him in a crowded Italian restaurant.

We are completely in Sean's POV, the type of deep thought where all sound is put on near mute, Reggie's voice slowly fading into the distance.

REGINA
The thing was in a little box, Sean, like it wasn't even a person. Just biological waste.

Sean rubs his eyes. Looks at Reggie, but his mind still elsewhere.

REGINA (CONT'D)
The girl chose that life. She knew the risks. But a kid? A child. It just, it makes me sick to my stomach.

Sean, still deep in thought.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Sean, are you listening to me?

Reggie grabs Sean's hand. Sean, startled--

SEAN
What, Reggie? What the fuck do you want!

Reggie, taken aback. The room suddenly comes alive for Sean. Several PATRONS nearby look in their direction.

REGINA
I'm just trying to talk to you.

SEAN
So talk.

REGINA
I've been talking.

Sean, suddenly confused. Has she? His face becomes softer.

SEAN
I'm sorry. I'm just tired. My mind's elsewhere.

REGINA
Where? What are you thinking?

Sean considers before telling her--

SEAN
It's better you not know.

Off Reggie, surprised and hurt, we cut to--

EXT. BEAUTIFUL HOUSE - LONG ISLAND - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - Cip's finger ringing the DOORBELL.

He holds a bottle of wine. Stands with his wife, Laura and his son, Ryan. He takes a moment to admire the property, large, beautiful, far from other houses when the DOOR cracks open. Hector clocks the bottle of wine in Cip's hand.

HECTOR
What the fuck is that? I got a whole cellar.

INT. SPACIOUS DINING ROOM - HECTOR'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Cip, Laura, Ryan and Hector's wife, JENNY, 40s, white, sit around a dining table listening to Hector tell a story.

HECTOR
We had this case about six months back on a patrol cop in the four-six, Officer Patrick Quinlan.

CIPRIANO
Jesus, not at dinner, Hector.

HECTOR
Hold on, hold on, I know Ryan's gonna love this.

Off Ryan's expectant grin, Hector continues--

HECTOR (CONT'D)
This ambulance is tearing ass up Grand Concourse when it rear ends Quinlan, who's on his way to the same goddamn scene. Shit happens, right. Quinlan goes line of duty with whiplash and a slipped disk.

Hector takes a drink of wine.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
So Quinlan puts in his retirement papers, trying to pull a 75 percent medical pension. But here's the best part. He cites loss of consortium as his long term medical reason for retiring.

RYAN
What's loss of consortium?

HECTOR
It's a legal term meaning you can't fu--

Hector catches himself.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
--have relations with your wife.

Ryan cracks up. Cip and Laura cringe.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
So me and Cip gotta go up in a goddamn tree like George McFly trying to confirm Officer Quinlan's alleged ailment.

Hector, cracking up, elbows Ryan in commiseration--

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Makes you wanna be a cop, right?

RYAN
Not really.

HECTOR
(to the table)
Kid's smart. Wants to make money.

RYAN
It's not that. I just don't want a job that pulls me away all the time.

This comment lands on Cip, saddened, as we cut to--

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

A Hispanic DRIVER, 40s, rubs his eyes. The truck RADIO reads 2:08 AM. He turns up the volume. Starts singing to Journey's "Who's Crying Now" to keep himself awake when he hears--

A POLICE SIREN. He checks his side-view mirror. An IMPALA with a BUBBLE LIGHT pulls up next to him.

The driver of the Impala gets on his LOUDSPEAKER. We immediately recognize the voice.

SEAN (OVER LOUDSPEAKER)
Exit off the highway, sir, and please follow me.

TRUCK DRIVER
Fuck.

EXT. DESOLATE STRETCH OF INDUSTRIAL ROAD - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Sean's cop car leads the truck to a desolate stretch of road. Sean parks. The truck stops behind him.

Sean exits his car, his GUN drawn. Yells to the Driver--

SEAN
Show me your fucking hands now!

The Driver sticks his hands out the window. As Sean gets to the cab, he sees a BUSINESS CARD in the Driver's hands.

TRUCK DRIVER
Yo, dude, check this out.

Sean takes the card, his gun still pointed at the Driver. It's a PATROLMAN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION card from the NYPD.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
My brother's a cop in the six-seven. We can work this out, right?

Sean drops the card on the ground. Tells the Driver--

SEAN
Put your hands at ten and two on the wheel.

The Driver, disappointed his ploy didn't work, does so. At that, Sean hears a VEHICLE approaching behind the truck.

The Driver follows Sean's eyes by looking in the side-view. He sees a large CUBE TRUCK park behind him.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Very slowly, use your right hand, only your right hand, to give me the key to the cargo door.

The Driver complies. Sean takes the key. WHISTLES. A MAN approaches from the cube truck. As he gets closer, we see that it's LENNOX. Sean hands him the key.

Behind the truck, Lennox opens the lock. Slides the cargo door open. Shines a flashlight through the rain, revealing a shitload of large cardboard BOXES labeled MARLBORO, CAMEL, WINSTON, etc.

He hands Angus a box, who starts to load the cube truck.

Back at the cab of the cigarette truck, Sean tells the Driver-

SEAN (CONT'D)
Slowly get out of the truck and lie on the ground.

TRUCK DRIVER
It's fucking raining, dude.

Sean cocks his gun. The Driver gets out. As he does so, he sees Lennox and Angus unloading boxes.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
What is this, an inspection?

SEAN
Just get on the fucking ground.

As the Driver complies, a huge LIGHTNING strike, illuminating Sean's face. The Driver has a realization.

TRUCK DRIVER
I know you, dude.

Sean ignores him. The Driver persists, trying to clock Sean.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
Where do I fucking know you from.

SEAN
From this car stop, now shut the fuck up.

TRUCK DRIVER
Oh shit! You're that cop from a few years back.

CLOSE ON - Sean. Now he's worried.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
That car accident. Shit was all over the papers. My brother said you got a bum rap, dude.

SEAN
Oh yeah?

The Driver nods towards the back of the truck--

TRUCK DRIVER
This isn't you, dude. You're a good cop, not some skell ass thief.

Sean ignores him, but the Driver won't stop.

TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)
What is your name. I know it. Starts with a--

BANG. The Truck Driver's head reels back as we see the smoking gun in Sean's hands.

Lennox and Angus rush over. Sean explains--

SEAN
He could ID me. I had to do it. Fuck!

Sean holsters his weapon. Paces. Thinks. Turns to Angus.

SEAN (CONT'D)
You stay here with the truck and the body. Lennox and I will make the runs. Call us if anyone rolls by. Goddamnit!

EXT. STORAGE USA - NIGHT

Lennox pulls the cube truck into the parking lot of a massive self storage facility. Sean exits the passenger seat. Rushes through the rain into--

INT. STORAGE USA - FRONT OFFICE - NIGHT

Sean speaks to a CLERK, black, female, 40s.

SEAN
I need a short term rental.

CLERK
Shortest is a month.

SEAN
Then I'll do a month.

CLERK
How much you looking to store?

SEAN
Biggest unit you got.

CLERK
Only elephant units left are on the top floor.

SEAN
I'll take it.

CLERK
Elevator's broken.

INT. STAIRWELL - STORAGE USA - NIGHT

Sean lugs TWO BOXES at a time up the stairs. Sweating.

EXT. STORAGE USA - NIGHT

Sean walks up to Lennox. Hands him a small KEY. Lennox pockets the key. Grabs two boxes. Sean sits on the LIFT GATE of the cube truck. Catches his breath as we dissolve to--

INT. STAIRWELL - STORAGE USA - NIGHT

Sean lugs two more boxes up the stairs. Storage USA internal cameras time stamp it at 5:36 AM. Exhausting work.

EXT. DESOLATE STRETCH OF INDUSTRIAL ROAD - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Angus helps Lennox and Sean load the last of the cigarettes. They close the cube truck door. Lennox and Sean drive off.

Angus takes out his cigarette lighter. Moves to the side of the CIG TRUCK, where a piece of gasoline soaked cloth sticks out of the gas tank.

Angus lights it. Rushes over to his car.

As he drives away, the cig truck EXPLODES in a fireball.

INT. STORAGE USA - NIGHT

Sean loads the last of the cig boxes into the massive unit. Slides the door shut. LOCKS it. Pockets the KEY.

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Sean drives over the Verrazano Bridge. Passes a sign reading "WELCOME TO NEW JERSEY" as the sun rises to his right.

EXT. SUBURBAN CUL-DE-SAC - NEW JERSEY - DAY

Sean passes KIDS boarding a school bus as he parks in the driveway of a beautiful McMansion.

At the door of the McMansion - Sean rings the bell. Does some fast grooming to mask exhaustion before the door opens, revealing BYRON.

INT. BYRON'S MCMANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Sean slides a KEY across the kitchen island to Byron.

SEAN
This goes to a storage unit in Brooklyn. Your cigs are all there.

BYRON
You gonna tell me which one or am I supposed to scavenge that shit?

SEAN
I need you to take care of something first.

Byron, frustrated and skeptical.

BYRON
What?

SEAN
A mutual threat.

BYRON
That's not really my thing.

SEAN
Heisting untaxed cigarettes isn't really my thing but I fucking did it.

Byron nods. Softens a bit, but probes.

BYRON
Who?

Sean breaks out his smart phone. Goes to the "PHOTOS" app. Scrolls till he finds a picture.

It shows Sean, in uniform, his arm around BANKS. To Banks's left - FRANKIE, in uniform, all of them under a banner in the distance reading "ACADEMY CLASS OF 2012."

Sean uses his thumb and index finger to zoom in on Banks and Frankie as he tells Byron--

SEAN
The older one's a narcotics cop in South Brooklyn. I had drinks with him yesterday, just catching up when he tells me he's on to a big fucking case. He says he has this informant who can give him quote a big dealer from Jersey trying to move into B.K.

This hits Byron hard, exactly what Sean wanted.

BYRON
He say who the informant was?

SEAN
I fucking tried but cops guard their informants like Mormon girls with their cherry.

BYRON
I don't know. A fucking cop?

SEAN
<u>This</u> is the partnership. You think you'd fucking know about this if you weren't partnered up with me? You'd be chugging along till they perp walked your ass right out the front door.

Byron considers.

BYRON
I got some guys can do it. But doing a cop, that's gonna cost.

SEAN
Two cops.

Sean points to Frankie in the photo. Byron, incredulous.

BYRON
The kid? Really?

SEAN
They're father and son. Real tight. They tell each other everything. You understand?

Off Byron's look of acknowledgment, we cut to--

INT. REGINA'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Reggie pulls up under the subway in Red Hook, Brooklyn. Across the street - FOUR HOOKERS mill around. Reggie grabs a piece of PAPER. Exits onto--

EXT. RED HOOK, BROOKLYN - UNDER THE SUBWAY - CONTINUOUS

Reggie approaches the hookers - one ASIAN, one BLACK, one PUERTO-RICAN, one WHITE, all 20s.

BLACK HOOKER
Here we fucking go.

REGINA
Get on the wall.

They comply. Reggie shows the piece of PAPER to the four women. It's a MORGUE PHOTO of the dead Redhead Hooker's face.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Any of you recognize her?

ASIAN HOOKER
Who is she?

REGINA
An escort. Maybe one of you worked with her?

BLACK HOOKER
Somebody paid for that?

ASIAN HOOKER
She's paler than that Twilight bitch.

WHITE HOOKER
Fucking vampire, exactly. Bite a motherfucker's dick off.

BLACK HOOKER
Bitch, vampires go for the neck, not the dick.

Reggie can't believe how cruel these girls are. She eyes the silent PUERTO-RICAN HOOKER. Reggie can tell there's thought behind her eyes as she scans the photo and smokes a cig.

Reggie pushes the Puerto-Rican Hooker against the wall.

REGINA
What'd you fucking say?

Reggie starts to cuff her as the other girls start yelling--

WHITE HOOKER
Bitch, Trina didn't say nothing.

But Reggie's already hauling her away.

INT. REGINA'S CAR (STATIONARY) - DAY

Reggie is parked in a desolate area. She hands Trina coffee.

TRINA
I don't know her whole name.

REGINA
But you recognize her?

Trina nods.

REGINA (CONT'D)
And you didn't want to say anything back there cause those girls would label you a snitch.

TRINA
Worse.

REGINA
Where do you know her from?

TRINA
We went to the same planned parenthood in Sunset Park. You know how you be seeing someone all the time at the coffee shop. That was like me and her at the clinic. She was nice. Always reading. She called herself Alexa.

Reggie writes it down. Turns to Trina.

REGINA
You want a ride back?

TRINA
Better if I walk.

Before leaving, Trina points to the photo of Alexa.

TRINA (CONT'D)
That's messed up, what happened to her.

Reggie can only nod. Little does Trina know.

TRINA (CONT'D)
She's lucky, though.

REGINA
Lucky?

TRINA
At least she's got you in her corner. I know I'd want the same if it was me.

This lands on Reggie like a ton of bricks as we cut to--

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN - DAY

A MAN, white, 20s, in shorts and a T-shirt that reads “FDNY” stands near homeplate. He looks into the third base DUGOUT filled with guys wearing “NYPD” T-shirts and shouts--

FDNY SOFTBALL PLAYER
It’s only drizzling, you pussies.

An NYPD softball player yells back from the dugout--

NYPD SOFTBALL PLAYER
We use metal bats, moron. You wanna play, go right ahead.

He turns to the players closest to him - BANKS and FRANKIE.

NYPD SOFTBALL PLAYER (CONT’D)
Fucking firemen.

Frankie laughs. Tells his father--

FRANKIE
I got my first big collar yesterday.

BANKS
Oh yeah?

Frankie can’t hide his excitement.

FRANKIE
I was on my footpost when I see this dude walking down the street. He slows up once, just for a second to adjust his waist.

Banks starts to pay attention as Frankie tells him--

FRANKIE (CONT’D)
I knew something was up, but I didn’t have full P.C. like they tell you in the Academy. So I go up to question him. Before I even open my mouth, he pushes off me and runs. I chase him three streets down into the Cypress Hills courtyard, tackle his skell ass, and when I do the search I find not one, Dad, but two guns. One in his waist, another in an ankle holster.

Banks is impressed. Frankie continues.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
My sergeant said I had great instincts. He told me I keep this up, he could get me into street narcotics enforcement within a year. Then OCCB within two. He said the sky's the limit for my career.

Banks's face registers a combo of pride and angst. Then his phone RINGS. He checks the ID. His face drops.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Who is it?

BANKS
It's no one.

FRANKIE
Is it that guy from Internal Affairs again?

Banks doesn't say, but his face says it all. The phone rings.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Just ignore it, Dad.

BANKS
I can't.

FRANKIE
You could retire tomorrow. What could they possibly do to you?

BANKS
It's not me I'm worried about.

He picks up the phone. Walks out of the dugout.

BANKS (CONT'D)
Yeah.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS - CIP'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cip, on his phone.

CIPRIANO
What do you got?

BANKS (O.S.)
It's complicated. He told me a story. I don't know if I buy it.

CIPRIANO
Well what'd he tell you?

At that, a KNOCK on Cip's door. He's very surprised. Says into his phone--

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
Lemme call you right back.

He hangs up. Standing at Cip's door - SEAN.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

Sean sits across from Cip in a booth. He points to a piece of PAPER in the middle of the table.

SEAN
Check this out. I pulled the phone records from Duncan's motel room. 5:14 AM, a call from Room 118 to this 917 number. Reynaldo Calderon's cell phone.

Cip eyes the list. Then Sean.

CIPRIANO
We already dumped the motel phone.

SEAN
Good, good, that's fucking great.

CIPRIANO
It's the job.

SEAN
It's just, you hear about these guys that get drafted into IAB, they don't give a fuck about the work, do a sloppy job. It's 50/50 whether the case gets whitewashed or the cop gets disciplined for no reason, you know what I mean.

CIPRIANO
That's not me.

SEAN
Hey, I'm just covering my ass.

Cip takes a drink of coffee. Grabs the call log.

CIPRIANO
You know you could have faxed this over. Why come all the way down here?

Sean smiles. Takes a big sip of coffee before telling Cip--

SEAN
You got me. Honestly, I wanted to come down and meet face to face again. Show you I'm not the guy you think I am.

CIPRIANO
And what do you think I think you are?

SEAN
We both know Duncan was involved in some sketchy shit. Just because I was on his team doesn't mean I was caught up in all of that.

CIPRIANO
I appreciate the candor, but that runs contrary to my experience.

Sean takes this in. Has a thought.

SEAN
Cipriano, right?

CIPRIANO
Yeah.

SEAN
Same name as that lieutenant from the Dirty 30 case? There can't be that many Ciprianos in the Department.

This clearly hits Cip hard.

CIPRIANO
He was my brother.

SEAN
So tell me if this is accurate. I'm just going off what I remember from the papers. This guy, your brother, he's supervising this team of narcotics cops.
(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)
But he has no idea they're heisting dealers, stealing stashes. One of them even bought a Ferrari, right?

Cip reluctantly nods.

SEAN (CONT'D)
So when the indictments finally come down, your brother's signature is all over their paperwork even though he didn't know shit. Just a victim of circumstance, believing his guys were just doing a good job. That right?

CIPRIANO
(biting his tongue)
That's right.

SEAN
Poor guy gets tarred by association. See, that's me. Bad things do happen to good cops.

Cip takes a drink of coffee before replying--

CIPRIANO
And good things happen to bad cops. That's where I come in.

Sean smiles in reply. *Touche.* He looks out the window. He can't believe it.

It's not raining. SUN RAYS break through as we match cut to--

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN - DAY

The NYPD players take the field, excited to finally play.

Banks takes his position at third base. Frankie at shortstop. As the first pitch is thrown to the FDNY, we cut out to--

BEHIND THE TREES

Watching from about 150 yards away, concealed under tree cover - TWO MEN, 20s, one Black, one Dominican, the Dominican looking through binoculars.

The Black dude smokes a CIG. Talks with an African accent.

BLACK HITMAN
Which one?

DOMINICAN HITMAN
Fucking guy with the hat on.

BLACK HOOKER
They all wear hats.

The Dominican Hitman breaks out a piece of paper - a printout of the PHOTO of Banks and Frankie that Sean showed Byron.

The Black Hitman eyes the photo before donning the binoculars. He finds Banks and Frankie as cut to--

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - DAY

Reggie stands at the check-in desk under a sign IDing the place as Planned Parenthood.

A DESK CLERK, female, Hispanic, 40s, with kind eyes, wearing a nametag reading GLORIA, peruses a piece of PAPER.

REGINA
It's a subpoena for med recs.

GLORIA
For Alexa?

REGINA
I know it's not much to go on.

GLORIA
Red hair? Real pretty?

Reggie nods.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
I know who you mean. Real sweet girl.

Gloria types into her computer as she tells Reggie--

GLORIA (CONT'D)
I'm surprised they sent a cop.

REGINA
They?

GLORIA
Family court. Usually they send a paralegal or an attorney for custody disputes. Scumbags trying to prove infidelity or STDs, you know. Those cats play dirty.

REGINA
This isn't that. I'm trying to ID her to do a notification.

Gloria immediately understands the subtext.

GLORIA
Something happened to her?

REGINA
She was...yeah, something happened.
(a beat)
You said a custody dispute?

Gloria nods, still shaken by the news.

REGINA (CONT'D)
So she knew she was pregnant?

GLORIA
Pregnant? No, she has a little girl. Had. Molly. Oh my god, that poor kid.

Off Reggie, devastated by this unexpected info, we cut to--

EXT. PROSPECT PARK PATHWAY - DAY

Banks and Frankie walk through the park, still in their NYPD T-shirts. A loud THUNDERCLAP. The rain starts up again.

BANKS
You gotta be kidding me.

FRANKIE
At least it held out for the game.

BANKS
You were always more glass half full than half empty.

They continue walking, entering a covered TUNNEL as Banks continues--

BANKS (CONT'D)
I was, too, when I first started. But you know what-

BANG! Banks drops to the ground.

Frankie hits the deck, too, unaware of what's going on as we hear--

FOUR MORE GUNSHOTS. Then the sound of RUNNING. This shit happens at lightning speed as we focus on Frankie's FACE.

His eyes closed. They fucking got them...

Or did they? We hold a moment until all of a sudden, Frankie opens ONE EYE. Looks up. Sees two men running, one Black and one Hispanic. He waits till they're fully gone.

He gets up. Pats himself down, breathing hard. No injuries. He can't believe it as he kneels down next to his father.

A small pool of blood runs out of his father's mouth. Another larger pool of blood expands at his torso.

Tears start to form in Frankie's eyes as he realizes the magnitude of what just happened.

INT. GRIMALDI'S PIZZA - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Sean and Regina sit at a table in the crowded, iconic gourmet pizza place. They're joined by Angus and his wife and Lennox and his wife, Lennox in the middle of a story.

LENNOX
This one was strange. I was on the observation post up in East Harlem watching this building where dealers would pass drugs through the mail slot.

A BUSBOY, Black, 20s, fills up their waters. Sean downs his.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
Up walks this skinny dude in a full fucking dashiki with a fez. Motherfucker looked like an extra from Black Hawk Down.

A laugh from Angus. Nothing from Reggie. She looks distant.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
I watch him count out fifty bucks. He hands it through the mail slot and gets a baggie of weed back. I put it over the radio, never losing track of this guy with my binoculars as the apprehension team grabs him. They cuff him and do the search. They find nothing.

Sean eyes the BARTENDER, white, 50s, mixing a drink.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
We take him back to the station house.

ANGUS
Strip search his ass.

LENNOX
Like a fucking military physical. Gave him the white glove treatment. Fucking nothing. I'm searching his fez for secret compartments. Nada. Weed vanished. I've never seen anything like it.

Lennox eyes Reggie, who has no reaction.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
You got one, Reggie?

REGINA
What's that?

LENNOX
C'mon, you gotta have one that sticks out.

Reggie thinks. Takes a drink of water.

REGINA
This happened years ago when Sean and I were in narcotics together.

Sean eyes Reggie. Then looks past her. A PATRON at a nearby table turns and make eye contact with Sean. He flinches, freaked out. It's BANKS. Sean looks to Reggie, then back to the patron. Now it's just an old white dude.

REGINA (CONT'D)
I did the observation post, too. I was on a crackhouse in East Flatbush when I see Jamar Minus roll up. This mope was a crackhead who'd outrun us the week before. We had a warrant on him. All we're doing now is waiting for him to come out. You remember this?

She taps Sean, who doesn't reply. Something about this story hits Sean hard. He eyes the bar. A look of HORROR on his face. The Bartender - BANKS, with a bullet-hole in his head. He holds a drink up to Sean.

Sean, breathing fast, turns to Reggie. Points at the bar.

SEAN
You see that?

She gives him a look. Nothing's there. The whole table seems a bit uncomfortable. Reggie continues her story, her confidence and mood growing better as she speaks.

REGINA
Out of nowhere, the second floor window shatters and something hits the ground. I couldn't believe it. It's Jamar. The guy's naked, with a compound fracture on his leg from the jump, but he's running down the street like Carl Lewis.

Lennox and Angus can't believe this story.

REGINA (CONT'D)
Sean gets to him first, but Jamar's so hopped up, he has that crackhead strength, right, and he overpowers Sean and starts wailing away. I honestly thought for a second he was going to kill Sean, but Banks catches up to him and pulls Jamar off. He saved Sean.

Sean's jarred by the memory of this story as Reggie continues-

REGINA (CONT'D)
Here's the weird part. All of a sudden, Jamar freezes up and hits the ground.

ANGUS
What happened? You shoot him?

REGINA
He had a heart attack. Dropped dead right there in the street.

Lennox, Angus and their wives absorb this as Reggie turns to Sean.

At that, the BUSBOY grabs Sean's water. Sean looks at him as it's being filled. He recoils in shock. The busboy is a bloody BANKS. Sean gets up with a start. Pushes the busboy away, yelling--

SEAN
Get the fuck away from me!

Sean rushes out of the restaurant. Lennox, Angus and their wives don't know how to react, though Reggie most of all.

EXT. GRIMALDI'S PIZZA - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

Sean bursts out of the restaurant. Takes a second to calm down. He looks around. Sees a PATRON smoking a cig.

SEAN
Hey pal, you mind if I borrow your cell? I left mine at home.

The Patron looks at Sean skeptically. Sean flashes his BADGE.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna steal it. I promise, it'll just be a second.

The Patron hands Sean his cell. Sean walks twenty feet away. Dials. On the other end of the call - BYRON at his place in Jersey. Intercut as needed.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Yo, it's me.

BYRON
Who's me?

SEAN
I'm using a stranger's cell, OK. You take care of that thing?

BYRON
It's done. My guys did it.

SEAN
Both of them?

BYRON
I said they did it.

Sean, intensely relieved.

BYRON (CONT'D)
I need the storage info.

SEAN
Storage USA in Gravesend. Unit 1102.

BYRON
Day after tomorrow we're set. I'll be in touch.

As Sean hangs up and gives the phone back to the Patron, he sees Lennox and Reggie waiting for him by the door. Sean, now in a much better mood, taps Lennox on the chest.

SEAN
We're all good. It goes down the day after tomorrow.

Lennox doesn't share Sean's enthusiasm. Something's up.

SEAN (CONT'D)
What's going on?

LENNOX
I just got a call. Somebody shot and killed Banks.

SEAN
Damn.

LENNOX
He was with his son, Sean. They're debriefing him tonight.

SEAN
Who, Frankie?

LENNOX
Frankie's his son?

Sean nods. He goes white, freaked out. Lennox notices.

LENNOX (CONT'D)
Do we have anything to worry about?

CLOSE ON - Reggie. She immediately understands the subtext. She looks at Sean, profoundly sad and disappointed.

SEAN
No. Of course we don't.

LENNOX
Then why did you just turn white?

SEAN
It's nothing. Just surprise.

But Sean's wheels are spinning as we cut to--

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Sean sits at a desk in front of a computer, a PHONE to his ear. Uniformed cops do their business in the background. He reads from the computer as he says into the phone--

SEAN
N.Y.S.I.D. number 983473.
(Sean, incredulous)
Transferred upstate? Yeah, gimme the number.

He writes it down on a steno-pad. Hangs up. Dials.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I'm Officer Sean Stewart, NYPD. I need to deposition a prisoner ASAP.
(a beat)
Fine. How early do you open?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Frankie, still wearing his NYPD softball T-shirt, sits at a table. He's red eyed, tired and teary. We follow his eyes as the door opens. Cip and Hector enter. Take their seats across from Frankie.

CIPRIANO
I'm Detective Walter Cipriano, this is Detective Hector Alvarez. Internal Affairs.

This last bit lands on Frankie hard.

FRANKIE
Please, just get me some real fucking detectives.

HECTOR
Excuse me?

Cip touches Hector's arm, calming him.

CIPRIANO
It's fine, Hector.
(to Frankie)
Your father told you about us?

Frankie nods.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
What'd he say?

FRANKIE
Not a goddamn word, which was more than enough.

CIPRIANO
And you think this is our fault?

FRANKIE
I know it is.

Cip gets up. Rubs his eyes. Turns back to Frankie.

CIPRIANO
You're smart, you know that.

FRANKIE
What?

CIPRIANO
You're smart, Frankie, because you're right.

Frankie storms over to Cip, but Hector catches him.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
I'm not gonna lie to you Frankie. I'm one of the only people in the Department who won't lie to you.
(a beat)
I'm also one of the only people in the Department who knows how you feel.

FRANKIE
Do not pull that shit with me. Not now.

Cip grabs his water. Takes a drink.

CIPRIANO
You know about the Dirty 30?

Frankie nods.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
They teach it in the Academy, right? Massive case of police corruption involving narcotics cops in the 30th Precinct. My brother Mike was their lieutenant.

Off Frankie's look of surprise, Cip continues.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
Mikey was a good cop, just like your father. He wasn't involved in the drug heists or the money grabs. But it was his team. As his cops became more brazen, IAB got a hold of the case. They needed an informant.

Frankie's pacing, taking this all in.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
My brother was disgusted by his team's actions, but he was old school, caught between his conscience and the Department's code of silence. Eventually, the disgust outweighed the code. He manned up and cooperated.

FRANKIE
So what happened to him?

CIPRIANO
One morning, shortly after the indictments came down, he finished his breakfast, kissed his wife, walked into the bathroom and ate his gun.

Shock from Frankie.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
Even though he did the right thing, he couldn't live with the fact that he violated the code. I blamed IAB for putting him in that position. But it wasn't IAB. It was his team.

Frankie's beginning to cave. He's tearing up.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
Now you can focus all that negative energy you have onto me, the cop who started the investigation. Or you can help me and focus it on the cop who ordered your execution.

Off Frankie's look of understanding, we cut to--

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN - DAY

Cip, Frankie and Hector stand on the pitcher's mound of the softball field, rain pouring down. It's dawn.

CIPRIANO
You told the responding officers you heard two sets of footsteps after shots were fired?

FRANKIE
That's right.

CIPRIANO
That means two perpetrators. Two suggests coordination, which suggests premeditation.

As Cip tries to work this out, he has a thought. Asks Frankie-

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
Do you remember bumping into anyone strange yesterday? Asking directions, walking their dog, eyeing you funny?

FRANKIE
(shakes his head)
It was drizzling when we got here. There was nobody out but the two teams.

CIPRIANO
They'd need a spot to observe. To ID you before proceeding. Something with cover.

Cip looks left. There's a children's playground. Behind him - another softball field. To his right - basketball courts. But in front of him, deep in the distance - WOODS near a pathway.

EXT. WOODS NEAR PATHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cip, Frankie and Hector trek into the woods. Cip looks back at the field as they get deeper into the woods.

CIPRIANO
It's far, but if they had binoculars--

He starts searching the ground.

HECTOR
What’re you looking for?

CIPRIANO
Signs of life.

Frankie starts searching, too. He grabs something.

FRANKIE
Got a beer can.

CIPRIANO
These guys are pros. They wouldn’t be drinking.

The three of them search the ground. Till Cip finds something - a PILE of CIGARETTE BUTTS and a crumpled pack of cigs. The SAME pile we saw earlier with the hit men.

Cip follows the sight line from the cigs to the field. It’s perfect for observation.

CIPRIANO (CONT’D)
I think I got something.

Frankie and Hector come over. Cip points to the cig butts.

CIPRIANO (CONT’D)
These guys were lying in wait.

HECTOR
Even if these were theirs, which is a stretch, the rain killed any forensic evidence.

Frankie’s face drops. But Cip bends down. Picks up the crumpled pack of cigs. Still closed. He covers it carefully as he slowly cracks the top.

A lone CIG, dry, rests inside. Off Cip’s smile, we cut to--

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

We hover above Sean’s car a la the opening to *The Shining* as it weaves along a narrow, upstate road.

INT. SEAN’S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Sean, sleepless, slurping coffee, passes a sign reading OSWEGO STATE PRISON, NEXT EXIT.

INT. PRISONER VISITING AREA - OSWEGO STATE PRISON - DAY

Sean sits at a visiting desk, his leg anxiously twitching.

The industrial BUZZ of the intake door sounds. Sean looks momentarily relieved and excited as we finally see who he came all this way to visit--

CASSANDRA, the mysterious red-haired woman from the opening. She takes a seat opposite Sean.

CASSANDRA
When they told me I had a visitor, I had a feeling it would be you.

SEAN
You have a gift for that sort of thing.

CASSANDRA
Or a curse. I'm the incarcerated one. But you, Detective Stewart, you're a prisoner of a different color.

SEAN
What do you mean?

CASSANDRA
A prisoner of your fears. After all, this is no deposition. You're here for clarity. And confirmation.

Sean is taken aback by her probing. He takes a moment. Says--

SEAN
I looked you up.

CASSANDRA
Did you?

SEAN
You'd never been arrested by Duncan, Crawford, Banks, no one. Your entire record was sealed. Who the fuck are you?

CASSANDRA
Is that what you came here to ask me?

SEAN
Stop fucking answering my questions with a question.

CASSANDRA
Then ask me something worth answering. You drove 250 miles to bend my ear when you have more generous and attractive company at home. Drop the facade, detective.

SEAN
This is fucking crazy, you know that.

CASSANDRA
Yet here we sit.

Sean rubs his eyes. Shakes his head and laughs this off. Cassandra decides to break the impasse.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
I can see you're under tremendous pressure, so I'll begin. Are you ready?

Sean reluctantly nods.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)
You only have one person to fear.

SEAN
Who, Frankie?

CASSANDRA
Detective Walter Cipriano.

SEAN
The IAB hack?

CASSANDRA
He's the one. A real family man. There's nothing more important to him. Except, maybe, catching you.

SEAN
So if I take him out, I'll be safe?

CASSANDRA
Now you're putting words in my mouth.

SEAN
Well how the fuck else am I supposed to interpret that?

CASSANDRA
You'll be safe, Sean, until New Jersey is in New York.

SEAN
That's impossible.

CASSANDRA
I don't tell lies.

Sean laughs to himself. Takes a deep, reassuring breath.

SEAN
Do you need anything? I can talk to the warden. Maybe petition the judge to lower your sentence.

CASSANDRA
Sweetie, my advice is free. Taking it may cost, but you already have and your ledger's heading straight for the black.

INT. LOW RENT APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A little GIRL, 3, sits on the floor. Plays with a toy fire truck and a toy police car, ramming them together.

Reggie, in uniform, sits on a chair covered in plastic, watching the girl play as a MAN sitting opposite her, HENRY, white, 25, his eyes filled with tears, tells Reggie--

HENRY
I knew it. I just, you know, when she didn't come home that morning.

He starts to break down again before blurting out--

HENRY (CONT'D)
You go through it in your head and you start thinking the worst, like the most elaborately sick way it could happen.

REGINA
It wasn't anything like that.

HENRY
Good, you know, at least she didn't suffer. Right?

Reggie nods. Struggles to find words before telling Henry--

REGINA
I can help arrange the burials if you need.

HENRY
Burials?

REGINA
For--

It dawns on Reggie. Henry didn't know.

REGINA (CONT'D)
For her and the child.

HENRY
Oh my god, she was pregnant?

Reggie nods. Henry can't believe it. This is killing Reggie.

REGINA
Henry, I need to tell you something.

Henry looks up at her as if she's the only lifeline he has. Reggie looks from him to Molly, the innocent little girl, who turns to Reggie with expectant doe eyes.

Reggie, teary eyed herself, can't do it with Molly looking at her like that. Reggie turns back to Henry, who is now making his way to her.

HENRY
Thank you.

REGINA
What?

HENRY
This can't be easy for you, either.

Reggie doesn't even know how to react.

HENRY (CONT'D)
You said you need to tell me something?

REGINA
I, I'm going to need Alexa's parent's information. For the notification.

Henry nods. Then asks Reggie--

HENRY
I just have one question.

REGINA
Anything.

HENRY
Would you mind if Molly saw your police car? It would make her day.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Henry carries Molly out into the rain as Reggie walks with them. Molly's eyes light up when she sees the police car.

Molly touches the headlights. Looks to Henry with delight.

Reggie is even momentarily calmed. Until Molly's hand rubs the DENT her mother kicked into the car.

Molly touches it and begins to cry. This freaks Reggie out as Henry scoops Molly up and tells her--

HENRY
It's OK, sweetie. It's just a dent.

He turns to Reggie, shaking his head, no idea how right his daughter is.

INT. ROWHOUSE - BROOKLYN - DAY

An elderly black WOMAN in a wheelchair watches daytime TV as we hear the DING of a microwave.

Opening the microwave - a young MAN, black - it's the HITMAN who had scoped Banks and Frankie at the park - GERMAIN.

He grabs oatmeal from the microwave. Stirs it. Brings it to his grandmother and begins feeding her.

Two bites in, he lights a cig. Takes a big drag when--

BOOM! The front AND back doors simultaneously blast open. Germain jumps up, spilling oatmeal all over his grandmother, causing her to scream.

The COPS are on him fast. A dozen ESU officers (NYPD's answer to SWAT, but more badass) tackle Germain to the ground. Cuff him. The lead ESU cop says into his radio--

LEAD ESU COP
All clear. Send them in.

At that, in walks Cip and Hector.

Cip looks down at Germain. Picks up the still burning cig from the ground as he consults a piece of PAPER.

It's a fingerprint PEDIGREE SHEET, displaying Germain's prints along with his mugshot, which matches the man in front of him. A small, victorious smile from Cip as we cut to--

EXT. ROWHOUSE - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

Cip and Hector flank ESU cops who lead Germain onto the stoop. Cip tells the ESU cops--

CIPRIANO
Hold him there.

Cip and Hector walk to a waiting car with tinted windows.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Cip and Hector get into the front seats. Cip turns to the backseat. FRANKIE eyes Germain through the tinted window.

CIPRIANO
You recognize him?

Frankie takes a long hard look. Finally turns to Cip and Hector. Shakes his head.

FRANKIE
It was so fast. It's just, I'm not 100 percent. All I remember are their sneakers.

Off Cip's small look of disappointment, we cut to--

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Cip and Hector sit facing Germain and his LAWYER, female, black, 40s, dressed sharp.

LAWYER
Your evidence is bunk, Cip. All it proves is that my client smoked cigarettes in the park at some point in the recent past.

Cip gives her a look - *maybe yes, maybe no*. Turns to Germain.

CIPRIANO
How tall are you?

Germain looks to his Lawyer. She nods her consent. His accent is thick.

GERMAIN
Five feet, ten inches.

CIPRIANO
Your weight?

GERMAIN
One hundred and sixty-three.

CIPRIANO
Very precise. Unlike your shooting, but what can you do.

LAWYER
What is this? You already have his pedigree sheet.

CIPRIANO
Or was it the other guy who missed? There were two of you, right?

LAWYER
Don't answer that.

CIPRIANO
We'll find out soon enough.
(to Hector)
What do you think, twenty minutes to get five guys 5'10'', 160?

HECTOR
Maybe less.

It dawns on the Lawyer.

LAWYER
You're doing a line-up?

Cip ignores her. Focuses on Germain.

CIPRIANO
Here's the thing, Germain. You or the other guy missed your target. A miracle, really. For him. Not you. Because he's waiting to ID you.

Germain shakes his head. He doesn't buy it.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
You have two options. One, you ride this out, wait till he ID's you, and I know he will, at which point you're taken into custody and I personally see to it that your grandmother is deported back to that war torn, mud hut village in the Congo from whence you came.

This lands on Germain hard. He looks at Cip with concern.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
Or you tell us who hired you. I bump your charges down to attempted murder. Grandma stays put.

Germain takes a moment. Leans in with irrational confidence. Tells Cip--

GERMAIN
You are lying.

Cip smiles. Gets up, as does Hector. Tells Germain--

CIPRIANO
Come with me.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cip and Hector lead Germain and his Lawyer into a room. Cip hits the LIGHTS, revealing the window side of a two way MIRROR.

Seated at a desk in the room that they're viewing - FRANKIE.

Germain can't believe it.

CIPRIANO
He described you down to your sneakers, Germain. My offer expires in two minutes.

Cip is bluffing, obviously, but seeing Frankie freaked Germain out. We wait in a tense moment of silence before Germain turns to Cip.

GERMAIN
If I cooperate, you must put my grandmother in a safe place.

A nod and small smile from Cip.

And a tense look from Hector. He whispers in Cip's ear--

HECTOR
I gotta take a piss.

We track with Hector out of the interrogation room, down the hall and out the door of the building.

He heads to a dry spot under the awning of a nearby BODEGA.

He takes out his CELL. Looks around. No one. He dials as we cut to--

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Sean, on his cell phone. New York's skyline looms in the distance.

SEAN
Did they grand jury him?

On the other end of the line - LENNOX, at home. Intercut as needed.

LENNOX
First thing tomorrow morning.

SEAN
Then we don't have a problem.

LENNOX
Yes we fucking do.

SEAN
Relax, Lennox. We're all good. I'll take care of this tonight. Can you set up a meet with your guy?

LENNOX
He's gonna cost.

SEAN
I'll take care of the money. This guy works with Cipriano, right?

LENNOX
Yeah.

SEAN
Good. I have something for you and Angus, too.

EXT. UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DUSK

Reggie scrubs her radio car furiously with a CHAMOIS. Then stops. Inspects her work.

The DENT is still there, as is the red residue left by the Hooker's heel.

She tries to scratch out the red with her fingernail, but all that does is cause her nail to break.

She breaths hard. Teary eyed. Lets out a primal scream of frustration as we cut to--

INT. CIP'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cip drinks tea on his couch. His son, Ryan, to his left, sleeps in front of the TV. To his right - Frankie, with coffee.

FRANKIE
I appreciate you letting me stay here.

CIPRIANO
It's no problem.

FRANKIE
I just didn't want to go home. Not yet.

CIPRIANO
I wouldn't either.

Frankie takes a swig of coffee. Turns to Cip.

FRANKIE
Who are we after?

CIPRIANO
The shooter named a drug dealer from New Jersey. Byron Hamilton.

FRANKIE
No, Cip. You're IAB. Who's the cop?

Cip eyes Frankie. Contemplates not saying. Then relents.

CIPRIANO
The shooter didn't know, but I'm almost certain it's Sean Stewart.

FRANKIE
(shocked)
Sean?

CIPRIANO
He came to my office at the exact time it was going down with some bullshit excuse. I was trying to figure out why. Now I know. He was buying himself an alibi.

Frankie gets up. He looks sick.

FRANKIE
You're sure?

Cip nods.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
Why?

CIPRIANO
I think he killed Lt. Duncan in a power grab over drug money. Likely dealing with this guy Byron. Then he targeted your dad because...because he was on to him. Why he targeted you, that remains a mystery.

FRANKIE
I'm gonna fucking--

CIPRIANO
You're not going to do anything. <u>We</u> are going to take care of this. Together. We're almost there, OK. There's a right way and a wrong way to do this.

Frankie paces. Considers. Nods. He then notices a PHOTO on the mantle. It shows a COP in uniform in front of an American flag. A typical NYPD portrait.

FRANKIE
This your brother?

Cip nods. Frankie studies the photo before blurting out--

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
He was ugly as sin.

Cip takes a drink of tea. Cracks a smile.

CIPRIANO
I used to tell him he was adopted.
(a beat)
From the goddamn ASPCA.

They both start to laugh as we cut to--

INT. ANGUS'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Angus drives. Lennox sits shotgun. In back - Sean and Hector.

HECTOR
He's in the Hyatt downtown. Room 1043. That's the southwest corner of the building, so it borders only one other room.

SEAN
1041 or 1045?

HECTOR
41.

Hector hands Sean a KEY CARD. Sean hands Hector an ENVELOPE. Hector checks it out. It's filled with cash.

SEAN
How's my case?

HECTOR
It's dead once you take care of this.

SEAN
Cipriano tailing us? Using any surveillance?

HECTOR
We barely have the budget to run labs.

SEAN
But he's persistent?

HECTOR
Very.

Sean takes this in. Hands Hector a small pad and a pen.

SEAN
Write down his address.

HECTOR
What the hell do you want his address for?

SEAN
Either write down his address or you write down the salon where your wife Jenny works.

Hector eyes Sean. He's dead serious.

HECTOR
That's going to cost.

SEAN
You're right. It's gonna cost one of us something, but that won't be more of my money.

INT. TARGET DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

We track with a sleep deprived Reggie as she power walks across the aisles of a Target.

She passes aisles labeled *Make Up, Back to School, Home Furnishings,* finally turning into an aisle labeled *DIY.*

She scans the shelves. There are a multitude of products. A frustrated look on her face as she searches, her eyes frantically darting back and forth.

Until she finds what she's looking for. She grabs a BOX off the shelf.

INT. TARGET DEPARTMENT STORE - CASH REGISTER - CONTINUOUS

The CASHIER scans Reggie's purchase - a box labeled ***"As Seen on TV! All Purpose Dent Remover!"***

A look of calm on Reggie's face as she withdraws her wallet.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hector approaches the end of the hotel hallway where TWO young uniformed COPS sit watch outside of Room 1043.

HECTOR
Meal time.

UNIFORMED COP 1
Thank god, I'm starving.

UNIFORMED COP 2
Where we ordering from?

HECTOR
You guys take a real meal. I'll take over for an hour.

UNIFORMED COP 1
Detective Cipriano told us to plant our asses here till we're relieved.

HECTOR
And I'm relieving you. For an hour.

The two cops exchange a wary look.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
You think Cip and I want two food starved watch officers going stir crazy looking at the same shitty wallpaper for twelve straight hours. We'll all be here when you get back.

The two cops seem to agree. They get up. Hector hands them some money.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
Grab me a Red Bull and some gum from that bodega near the courthouse.

They take the money. Head down the hall. Hector takes a seat. Watches as they enter the elevator.

He picks up their NY Post. COUGHS twice very loudly. A signal.

A MAN rounds the corner near the elevators.

Hector takes a quick peek at the surveillance camera facing Room 1043. Then back to his paper, though he does see the man through his peripheral vision.

White, wearing a hat pulled low, the man keys his way into Room 1041.

At that, Hector gets up. Knocks on the door of Room 1043. It takes a moment, but Germain opens the door.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
You eat yet?

GERMAIN
No.

HECTOR
OK, what do you want?

Past Germain, Hector sees the ADJOINER DOOR between Rooms 1041 and 1043 crack open.

SEAN silently creeps up behind Germain as he tells Hector--

GERMAIN
Are they still serving break--

POP - the silent whiff of a silencer muzzled gunshot takes Germain out.

Hector watches Germain drop to the floor. He and Sean share a quick look before Sean exits the same way he came.

We see Hector's face, shaken, but from the angle of the surveillance camera outside, all we see is Hector in what appears to be a still ongoing conversation with the occupant of Room 1043.

INT. SEAN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Sean keys his way inside. Makes his way into the kitchen.

From his vantage point, he can see into the living room, where he notices Reggie watching late night TV, although he can only see the back of her head.

Sean opens the fridge. Condiments. A half a carton of eggs. Expired lunch meat. Not much else.

SEAN
I'm fucking starving, Reggie. You hungry?

REGINA
A carwash, I think.

SEAN
What?
(opens the fridge again)
You ever keep opening the fridge expecting there to be something new even though you just opened the fucking thing two seconds before.

REGINA
It’s OK, sweetie. You don’t have to cry.

Now Sean’s confused. He heads into the living room.

As he comes around the couch, he hears Reggie say--

REGINA (CONT’D)
Bitch, you don’t know about vampires.

He sees that Reggie is asleep, sleep talking.

Sean gently lays Reggie down on the couch. Covers her with a throw blanket.

Sean’s face softens as he sees the anguish she’s going through in her sleep as we hard cut to--

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - DAY

Reggie pulls into a parking space in her civilian car. Grabs the Dent Remover box.

She heads to her radio car. Withdraws the dent remover from the box. Attaches the suction cups above and below the dent.

If you've ever seen late night TV ads for this, you know the type of hack job product this is. Just Google Pops-A-Dent.

Reggie slowly twists the knob in the middle of the device.

She watches with growing anticipation as she hears the plastic of the quarter panel groan with exertion until--

POP - the dent pops out of place. Aside from the red scratches, it’s as good as new.

Reggie looks satisfied and calm for the first time in ages.

INT. CIP’S BEDROOM - DAY

Cip, in a suit, finishes knotting his tie when his cell rings. He picks up. A look of panicked shock on his face.

CIPRIANO
Jesus Christ. I’ll be right there.

INT. ROOM 1043 - HYATT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Hector stands in Room 1043 looking at Germain's corpse. He hangs up his cell. Scrolls through his call log.

A pained look of confliction as he dials.

INT. CIP'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cip rushes down the hallway. KNOCKS on the bathroom door.

CIPRIANO
Meet me at the Hyatt downtown as soon as you're done.

On the other side of the door - FRANKIE, showering.

FRANKIE
What's going on?

But Cip's already gone, heading into--

INT. CIP'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cip grabs his keys. Laura and Ryan eat breakfast at the kitchen table.

LAURA
You want to take Ryan to school on your way?

CIPRIANO
Can't.

He kisses Laura and rushes out the door.

Laura shakes her head in frustration. Turns to Ryan.

LAURA
I hope you treat your future wife and children with more consideration than your father treats us.

RYAN
You think you can find someone better?

LAURA
There's a lot of people in New York.

RYAN
Jesus, Mom, he's going to work. You're gonna fault him for that?

Laura softens at the wisdom of her son. But the moment is short lived as we hear DOGS BARK viciously outside.

Followed almost immediately by the sound of TRASHCANS being knocked over.

Laura looks furious. She gets up.

LAURA
That's it!

She takes out her keyring. Finds a KEY. Uses it to open a drawer in the kitchen cabinet.

Ryan knows exactly what she's doing when he yells--

RYAN
Are you nuts?

Laura withdraws a GUN from the drawer.

LAURA
I just want to scare her.

EXT. CIP'S HOUSE - BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS

The dogs continue to bark. But they're still on the neighbor's side of the fence.

Standing on Cip's side of the back patio, near the trashcans - LENNOX and ANGUS, their guns drawn.

Lennox gives Angus a look as Angus fixes the trashcan.

ANGUS
The dogs startled the shit out of me. What do you want.

INT. CIP'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frankie, in only his pants and bare feet, towels off, his clothes in a pile to his right, when he hears GUNSHOTS.

FOUR of them. A look on his face - *what the fuck?*

Frankie grabs his gun from his holster. Very quietly opens the door.

We track with Frankie, his gun at his side, as he makes his way down the hallway and onto the stairs.

As he rounds the midpoint of the stairs, he points his gun, using the banister for cover. No one.

He continues down the stairs, into the living room, towards the kitchen.

He approaches the kitchen door. Takes a deep breath. PUSHES the door open, pointing his gun to clear the room.

But there's no need. The look on his face says it all - horrified and saddened as we reveal what he sees--

RYAN and LAURA on the floor, pools of blood at their side.

Just past them, his body halfway out the door in a gruesome pose - LENNOX.

He's bleeding from the throat, near death but not quite there yet.

Frankie kicks Lennox's gun away from him. The two men share a morbid look as we cut to--

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - LONG ISLAND - DAY

Reggie rings the doorbell to a lower middle class home.

No answer. She KNOCKS loudly. Nothing.

She moves to a nearby window. Peers inside. She sees a PHOTO of Alexa, the dead hooker, in a high school graduation pose.

Reggie shudders. Moves back to the door. Tries the doorbell one last time. Still no answer.

A look of relief on her face and a big, deep breath as she turns around and heads back to her car.

But as she gets closer, her face drops. She starts to tear up, an unbelieving and agonized look on her face.

The DENT in her car's quarter panel has caved back in, forcing Reggie to confront her guilt just when she thought she was in the clear.

INT. HYATT HOTEL SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Cip and Hector scour surveillance tape. Cip fast forwards. The monitor shows Room 1043.

Cip stops the tape at the point where Hector relieves the two cops. Fast forwards to Hector talking to Germain in the doorway.

He stops the tape again. Notices something on the wall. A SHADOW of a person. Most likely Germain.

Cip presses play. Then the shadow drops, but Hector keeps talking. Cip, trying to figure this out.

He rewinds. Hector looks nervous. But before Cip presses play, his cell phone rings.

CIPRIANO
You here?...What?...Calm down, Frankie, what's going on?

Cip looks horrified. He rushes out of the room as we push in on Hector, a guilty and nervous look on his face.

EXT. CIP'S HOUSE - QUEENS - DAY

Cip parks in front of his house. Jumps out of the car.

He runs past cop cars and an ambulance, their lights flashing, up his stoop, into his house and right into FRANKIE, who blocks Cip's path.

CIPRIANO
Where are they?

FRANKIE
You don't want to--

CIPRIANO
Where the fuck are they?

Frankie releases Cip. Points to the kitchen.

Cip pushes open the kitchen door.

He can't believe it. His kitchen is a crime scene, LAB TECHS hovering over bodies.

His gaze lingers on the floor, where LAURA and RYAN lie dead. Just past them, Lennox.

Tears well in Cip's eyes. His hand shakes. Then motions to his waist. At first slowly.

Then, with lightning speed, he unholsters his GUN, brings it to his head and--

BAM - The gun goes off. But only because Frankie tackles Cip to the ground.

Cip, a small graze wound on his temple, looks up at Frankie with gratitude and desperation as we cut to--

EXT. CIP'S HOUSE - STOOP - DAY

Cip and Frankie sit together on the stoop. Cip's eyes are still red with tears.

CIPRIANO
It should have been me.

FRANKIE
I know what you mean.

And he does. Cip gives him a sympathetic look. Gets up.

CIPRIANO
Go home, Frankie.

FRANKIE
And do what?

CIPRIANO
It's done. This is over.

FRANKIE
It's not done.

CIPRIANO
You keep pushing forward and this is how it ends.

Cip opens his front door, but Frankie stops him.

FRANKIE
It's not over, Cip. Lennox wasn't dead when I found him.

Now he has Cip's attention.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)
I know where they're meeting. I know when.

CIPRIANO
Who?

FRANKIE
You were right. Sean Stewart and Byron Hamilton.

Cip slams his hand into the door. Turns back to Frankie. Now his wheels are spinning.

CIPRIANO
He’s gonna be spooked. Change the meet. Or cancel it altogether.

FRANKIE
Not if he thinks he’s safe.

CIPRIANO
How?

Frankie doesn’t know. It’s not looking good.

Then a realization from Cip. He opens the front door. Runs through his house towards the back patio.

The Techs are wheeling out the bodies. Cip, frantic--

CIPRIANO (CONT’D)
Which one’s Vernon Lennox?

One of the Tech’s gets Cip’s attention.

Cip opens the body bag. The Tech tries to stop him, but Cip pushes him away.

Cip rummages through Lennox’s pants, finally finding what he’s looking for--

Lennox’s CELL PHONE. Cip goes to the “Text Message” app. Starts a “new message.” Finds Sean’s number. Then types--

At hospital in Long Island. All clear. Meet you--

Cip stops typing. Turns to Frankie, who watches.

CIPRIANO (CONT’D)
It’s not gonna work. He’ll want a voice confirmation. Fuck!

All seems lost. Cip slams the “cancel” button on the phone.

But a funny thing happens. Cip’s powerful fat finger simultaneously hits the “call log” button.

And Cip can’t believe what he sees in the “Incoming Calls” menu. Off his look of pained recognition, we cut to--

INT. SEAN'S CAR (STATIONARY) - UNDER THE HIGHWAY - DAY

Sean in the driver's seat. Angus in the passenger seat, spooked.

SEAN
What happened?

ANGUS
Lennox got hit before I got through the door. I thought it was an ambush.

SEAN
IAB was waiting?

ANGUS
It was his fucking wife, dude.

SEAN
Did you get Cipriano?

ANGUS
No!

SEAN
Was he even there?

ANGUS
I don't fucking know. I wasn't trying to stick around and find out.

Sean thinks on this. Angus, still spooked, blurts out--

ANGUS (CONT'D)
I'm done, dude. I'm out.

Angus goes for the door. Sean goes for his GUN. Cocks it. Points it at Angus.

SEAN
There is no out. Not now.

Sean motions for Angus to get back in. Angus does so.

SEAN (CONT'D)
What're you afraid of?

ANGUS
Right now, you.

Sean lowers his gun.

SEAN
Did anyone see you?

ANGUS
Only the dogs.

SEAN
Did you open fire?

ANGUS
I didn't have a chance.

SEAN
Then there's nothing to link you to the scene.
(he holsters his gun)
There's another upside for you if you see this through.

Off Angus's look, Sean continues--

SEAN (CONT'D)
You and I split Lennox's share.

Angus is definitely pleased, but still worried. He tells Sean-

ANGUS
I'm not sure Lennox was dead.

SEAN
So?

ANGUS
What if he talked?

Sean nods in comprehension. Thinks. Then takes out his cell.

SEAN
Let's find out.

But before he can dial, his cell RINGS. He looks at the CALLER ID. Turns to Angus.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Speak of the devil.

Sean picks up. Puts the call on SPEAKER.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Yeah.

On the other end - HECTOR in a bare room. Intercut as needed.

HECTOR
What they hell did you do!

SEAN
It was an ambush. You tell me.

HECTOR
You think I tipped them?

SEAN
The thought crossed my mind.

HECTOR
Fuck you. You don't deserve to hear what I was going to tell you.

SEAN
What?

HECTOR
I want another fifty first.

SEAN
How about forty-nine.

HECTOR
If I don't get it, I go straight to Cipriano.

SEAN
You think I don't know that?

Hector pauses. Then continues.

HECTOR
Cipriano's off the case. What you guys did, it crushed him.

Sean nods at Angus - *there you go* - as Hector continues.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
And Lennox was dead by the time we responded. I imagine that weighed on your mind. He didn't say a word. You're all good.

Sean hangs up. Turns to Angus.

SEAN
There you go.

ANGUS
What if he's lying? What if Lennox talked and Cipriano got to Hector?

SEAN
Not a chance.

ANGUS
What makes you so goddamn sure?

SEAN
I just know.

Sean starts the car. Pulls away as we cut to--

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Hector hangs up the cell phone. He's red eyed, scared. We pull out to reveal him alone, locked in a holding cell, Cip and Frankie on the other side.

Hector hands Cip his phone.

HECTOR
I didn't think they'd be home, Cip.

Cip doesn't respond. He disengages the MAGAZINE out of a GLOCK 19 handgun.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
I deliberately called you away before I called Lennox. Laura would be taking Ryan to school. They'd get to an empty house.

Cip removes all the bullets from the mag. Except ONE.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
He was gonna kill me, Cip.

Cip engages the magazine back into the gun.

HECTOR (CONT'D)
What do you fucking want? You think you wouldn't have done the same fucking thing to me if you were in that position!

Cip eyes Hector with pure contempt. He places the gun with the one bullet on the floor through the bars. Tells Hector--

CIPRIANO
If you have any self respect, you'll do the right thing.

Hector eyes the gun as Cip and Frankie walk away.

Then, just before Cip and Frankie get to the elevator - BANG!

Cip's expression doesn't even change as the elevator doors close on his and Frankie's faces.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cip and Frankie walk down the hallway with a MAN in a suit, white, 50s, GEORGE.

CIPRIANO
You know Byron Hamilton?

GEORGE
Since he was a teenage gangbanger in Newark.

CIPRIANO
I can give him to you.

George stops. Turns to Cip.

GEORGE
I'm sorry for looking your generous gift horse in the mouth, but how about you open up.

CIPRIANO
You can have Byron. The drugs. The money. The press. All I want is the NYPD cop he's working with.

George looks at him with skepticism.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)
I have warrants. Interdiction papers. I just don't have the men.

GEORGE
Why come to us?

CIPRIANO
I can't trust my own department.

GEORGE
What makes you think you can trust mine?

CIPRIANO
It's either you guys or I drive down to Pennsylvania. Given the urgency here, I thought, what the fuck. Give the hicks a shot.

George smiles. Shakes Cip's hand. Nods for Cip and Frankie to follow.

George pushes open a nearby DOOR, revealing a large parking lot with marked cop cars. He yells to a nearby COP--

GEORGE
Hey Charlie, fire up the bird.

As we push in closer to Charlie, working on a COP CAR emblazoned with the insignia of the NEW JERSEY STATE POLICE.

EXT. GREENWOOD CEMETERY - DUSK

The same cemetery where Duncan met with Reynaldo.

Sean and Angus wait in a quiet, desolate section of the cemetery. Sean holds the GYM BAG of heroin.

BYRON, flanked by two of his MEN, walks into focus.

One of his men carries a small SUITCASE.

SEAN
I'll show you mine if you show me yours.

Byron motions for his man to give Sean the suitcase.

Sean takes it. Hands over the gym bag.

Byron's man looks inside. Seems satisfied. Gives Byron a nod.

Sean kneels down. Unzips the suitcase. As he cracks it open, his face brightens.

This is the moment he's been waiting for the entire time. 1.6 million dollars in cash.

He looks up at Angus, who despite being spooked so recently, starts laughing uncontrollably.

Sean joins him. They slap five.

Byron approaches Sean. Extends his hand. Sean gets up, but before he can shake Byron's hand, his PHONE rings.

Sean looks at the ID.

SEAN (CONT'D)
I gotta take this.

Byron, left hanging, definitely put off.

SEAN (CONT'D)
Hey, baby!

On the other end of the line - REGGIE, in her parked police car. She's been crying.

REGINA
Sean.

Her voice is broken. Distant. Sean instantly knows something is up. Now that he has the money, he has also regained his emotional acuity and focus.

SEAN
What's wrong?

REGINA
I just wanted to tell you.

SEAN
What?

REGINA
I'll see you soon.

A smile from Sean. But we then see on Reggie's side that she brings a GUN into her open mouth, her finger on the trigger.

On Sean's side of the convo - BANG! We don't see it, but Sean knows exactly what happened. He looks shocked. Saddened.

And now Byron is spooked.

BYRON
Everything cool?

Sean can't help but shake his head. An involuntary reaction.

BYRON (CONT'D)
What the hell's going on?

Byron has his hand on his GUN as they all begin to hear a distant WHIRRING. Getting closer. And closer.

Everyone but Sean looks up.

Angus is the first to see it - a HELICOPTER. He can't believe his eyes.

ANGUS
What the hell are the New Jersey
State Police doing in New York?

This JOLTS Sean out of his depression.

SEAN
What did you say?

ANGUS
What's New Jersey doing in New York?

It hits Sean - Cassandra's prophecy come true.

It also dawns on Byron. To him, it looks like a double cross.

BYRON
You motherfuckers.

Byron draws his gun. Angus draws his faster. Hits Byron in the shoulder.

The man to Byron's left puts three bullets in Angus's chest. Wheels around on Sean.

But Sean is gone. He runs down the hill with the suitcase.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter lands in a clearing of the graveyard.

Cip and Frankie watch as Sean runs down the hill. Byron, wounded, runs in the other direction.

GEORGE and TWO NJ State cops rush out of the helicopter towards Byron.

EXT. GREENWOOD CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Byron makes it over a clearing, right into--

A WALL of NJ State Trooper CARS.

He and his men turn around, only to see that they're surrounded.

George and his deputies point guns at Byron. They got him.

EXT. GREENWOOD CEMETERY - PATHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sean rushes downhill. Looks behind him. Cip and Frankie are in the deep distance.

Sean looks to the road ahead, when all of a sudden an NJ State Trooper car cuts off his path. He's fucked.

But he thinks fast. He slows up his pace.

As the YOUNG NJ State Trooper gets out of his car, his gun pointed, Sean flashes his BADGE. Yells--

SEAN
Whoa, stand down. I'm a cop.

The NJ State Trooper's moment of hesitation is all Sean needs. He puts three bullets in his chest. Climbs into the driver's seat.

Cip and Frankie get there just as Sean pulls away. Cip notices the CAR NUMBER - 1238.

He looks around frantically. Another NJ State Trooper car pulls up. Cip flashes his badge.

CIPRIANO
Stewart commandeered car 1238 up ahead.

The Driver unlocks the doors. Cip and Frankie get in the back seat.

The Driver puts it over the radio as they speed after Sean.

INT. NEW JERSEY STATE TROOPER CAR 1238 - CONTINUOUS

Sean breaks through the Greenwood Cemetery GATE. Turns north onto 4TH AVENUE.

He looks behind him. Another NJ State Trooper car is on his ass.

INT. CIP'S NJ STATE TROOPER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cip yells up front--

CIPRIANO
Roll down the windows.

The Driver does so. Cip and Frankie take a window each. Start shooting at Sean's car.

But this ain't some unrealistic fucking action movie. Shooting at a moving car going 60 mph down a residential street is hard. They don't hit a goddamn thing.

INT. NEW JERSEY STATE TROOPER CAR 1238 - CONTINUOUS

Sean looks behind him. They've stopped shooting. A smile on his face as he turns back around to face the road.

A look of SHOCK--

All of a sudden a PEDESTRIAN crosses just as Sean approaches the intersection. Just like in the beginning of the movie.

But this time, Sean sees him in time.

He cuts the wheel. Hits the brakes. But the car is going too fast. Sean FLIPS the car, CRASHING into the middle of the intersection.

INT. CIP'S NJ STATE TROOPER CAR - CONTINUOUS

The NJ State Trooper driving Cip and Frankie slams on the brakes. A quick moment of calm before - BAM.

The car behind them slams into their trooper car.

Everyone jolts forward, the violence of the crash intense.

Cip blinks himself awake. He's OK, apart from a broken nose.

He looks to his left - Frankie is unconscious. Bleeding. But still breathing.

Same goes for the Driver up front.

Cip grabs his gun. Crawls out the window.

INT. NEW JERSEY STATE TROOPER CAR 1238 - CONTINUOUS

Sean's car flipped, but landed upright. Sean checks himself out. Yells in pain when he touches his left arm. Definitely broken.

He grabs the suitcase full of money. Exits the car, only to be stopped in his tracks by--

CIPRIANO (O.S.)
Show me your fucking hands!

Sean, standing in the middle of the accident strewn intersection, turns around to face Cip.

SEAN
Can you do it?

CIPRIANO
Don’t say another goddamn word.

Sean puts the suitcase down. Bears his hands for Cip.

SEAN
That’s what I thought.

And THAT is the trigger. Cip points his gun at Sean. FIRES.

CLICK. Out of bullets. Cip and Sean realize at the same time.

Sean draws his gun. Points it at Cip, who is now resigned to his fate.

CIPRIANO
Just end it.

SEAN
Suicide by cop. Runs in the family.

CIPRIANO
You’re no cop.

Sean moves closer to Cip when they both hear a REVVING approaching.

It’s too late for Sean to react.

All he sees before he’s blindsided are the increasingly growing headlights of a NJ State Trooper car, and the vindictive face of it’s DRIVER--

FRANKIE!

Frankie PLOWS Sean at 65 mph, Sean’s body run over and demolished, all at the hands of Frankie, just as Cassandra predicted at the beginning.

Frankie exits the car. Stumbles over to Cip.

They share a cathartic embrace as they look on at Sean’s dead body next to the smoking police car as we--

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN TO:

EXT. WOODLAWN CEMETERY - THE BRONX - DAY

Frankie, wearing a sling on his arm over his suit, stands next to his MOTHER above an open GRAVE.

NYPD RIFLEMEN fire in salute to his father.

Frankie grasps his mother's hand, a saddened but ultimately peaceful look on his face as we dissolve to--

EXT. CEMETERY - QUEENS - DAY

Another funeral. This one not as well attended as Banks's Departmental farewell.

TWO PLOTS situated next to each other. One reads *Ryan Cipriano*. The other, *Laura Cipriano*.

Cip stands with a few family members, the service now over, tears welling in his eyes.

It's the first moment he's had when he can actually grieve as he watches two men shovel dirt onto the graves as we dissolve to--

INT. OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER - DAY

A hydraulic lift carries TWO plain wood COFFINS.

One labeled "Stewart, S." The other "Stewart, R."

A pathologist opens the chamber to an industrial FURNACE. Feeds the two coffins inside.

We watch as they begin to burn before finally dissolving to--

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SECTION OF RED HOOK, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Two police cars are parked on a quiet stretch of road, their lights flashing. They surround a small, white CARGO TRUCK.

TITLE ON SCREEN - 3 YEARS LATER

We track with two men as they exit a car. Approach the truck.

CIP & FRANKIE, both in suits, wearing badges on their belts.

As they come around on the cab of the truck they see the DRIVER, Mexican, 40s, slumped over the wheel, shot dead.

The PASSENGER, also Mexican, also dead, hangs halfway out the passenger door. One of the Uniforms asks Cip--

UNIFORMED COP 1
You IAB?

Cip and Frankie nod. The uniformed cop walks over to his car. Escorts a MAN, black, 30s, to Cip & Frankie.

CIPRIANO
You see what happened?

WITNESS
Oh yeah. I was up in my place.

He points to an apartment with an ideal view of the scene.

WITNESS (CONT'D)
These two cops rolled up on the truck, jumped out of their car and just blasted away.

FRANKIE
These cops pull the truck over?

WITNESS
Nah, it was parked.

FRANKIE
So how do you know they were cops?

WITNESS
They had that walk, you know what I mean. And they was driving one of them ghetto cruisers. Ford Kampala.

Cip and Frankie share a quick laugh. Then Frankie digs in.

FRANKIE
That's it? They shot them and left?

WITNESS
I ran into my bathroom after I saw that. I didn't want those boys to spot my ass.

Cip takes this in. Frankie breaks away. Heads towards the back of the truck. Notices the sliding back door is open.

MAN (O.S.)
Pssst.

Frankie jumps. Turns around. From out of the shadows emerges a grimy black dude, 40s, homeless, smoking a CIGARETTE.

HOMELESS MAN
You a detective?

FRANKIE
Yeah, you see what went down?

HOMELESS MAN
I didn't see the shooting.

Frankie looks disappointed.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
But I heard it, right. And I saw what those men did after.

FRANKIE
Which was?

HOMELESS MAN
They ran up in that truck. Right up there.

Frankie follows the man's gaze to the back of the truck. He climbs up onto the lift gate into the storage area.

He starts poking around. The whole storage area is empty.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
Nah, all the way in back.

Frankie heads in back. Knocks on the WALL with his fist. A HOLLOW reverberation. Frankie, curious. He runs his fingers along the wall. Finds a LATCH. Pulls hard.

Much to his surprise, it's a false wall. Frankie cracks it open, revealing a sizeable compartment. Filled with--

NOTHING. Frankie, disappointed. He climbs off the truck.

FRANKIE
You see what they took?

HOMELESS MAN
Cash, baby. Lots of it.

Frankie nods in comprehension.

FRANKIE
Thanks for your time.

Frankie starts walking away. But the homeless man pulls him back.

HOMELESS MAN
Hold up.

Frankie turns around.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
I know where they're hiding it.

FRANKIE
OK, come with me.

HOMELESS MAN
No, no, no. This is just between you and me. Get you a little something for all that hard work.

Frankie gets the subtext. He's unsure as the man tells him--

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)
Your choice.

As Frankie seriously contemplates this devil's offer, the Homeless Man turns away from Frankie.

He puts the cig into his mouth. As he walks deeper into the shadows, he approaches a drum barrel fire manned by two others.

The first, a young, surprisingly attractive but grimy white woman.

The second we know - it's CASSANDRA!

She gives the homeless man a welcoming nod as we see these three witches huddle together, the homeless man taking a big pull off his cig before throwing it into the fire, igniting a burst of smoke that fills the screen as we--

CUT TO BLACK.