SHADES OF BLUE

"Pilot"

by

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WGA/W

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TITLE SEQUENCE

Flashes of photos and cell phone video clips depict Tony Espera's wedding and the extended-family celebration that follows.

We focus on the brothers and sisters in blue...

Detectives in the Proviso South precinct, all clearly an integral part of each others lives.

* DETECTIVE HARLEE MCCORD, (36), striking with a complex blend of street-toughs and maternal instincts.... Pulls up the strapless dress of...

* CHRISTINE, (16), her unconventionally beautiful and embarrassed daughter.

* DETECTIVE TONY ESPERA, (34), acne-scarred and dressed in a powder-blue tuxedo, feeds wedding cake to his BRIDE... He steals glances at...

* DETECTIVE SHIRLEY FLYNN, (36), a petite firecracker, poses with her THREE SONS and HUSBAND DAN, who she hugs a bit too tight.

* LIEUTENANT BILL WOZNIAK, (46), the stoic patriarch, sips a beer, smiles at Harlee who gossips with Christine...

* SERGEANT PATRICK TUFO, (33), Ron Jeremy with a badge, sits at a party table and makes out with a BABE.

* Tufo and Espera cheer on DETECTIVE STUART SAPERSTEIN, (31), good looks can't hide he's a mama's boy to the core, as he chokes down another shot.

* Shirley leads everyone in an Irish Dance... While Saperstein lies passed-out on a table.

* Christine uses a compact mirror to spy on her mother who shares cake with DETECTIVE ERIC PETERS, (28), straight out of an Abercrombie catalogue.

* The DETECTIVES pose for a group photo... One happy family...

Shirley flips the bird. Tufo places bunny ears behind Saperstein who's ghostly white. Espera kisses his Bride. Wozniak stares straight ahead and smirks...

Harlee has her head turned and smiles warmly at Christine.

FADE TO BLUE:

ACT ONE

C.U. WRECKING BALL SMASHES A TORCHED TENEMENT

The brick dust slowly rises to join the overcast smog which hangs like a threat over the city.

ZIGGY (O.C.)
First thing, they're gonna have to dig down deep. Clean up all that rotten shit inside... Then maybe... Maybe they can save the rest.

HARLEE (O.C.)
Can't they just put in a bridge or something? You know... Prop up what's left?

EXT. SECTION 8 BUILDING - THE PROJECTS - DAY

Long blocks of desolation... Burned-out buildings, cracked pavement. Any old American city...

ZIGGY, (32), stumbles through, fingers probing his mouth...

ZIGGY
Damn molar's gone, Harlee. Nothin to hang a bridge on, see?

DETECTIVE HARLEE MCCORD (36), a woman deep in a man's world, pulls her hair back in a ponytail, shakes her head.

HARLEE
What about the $200 I spotted you for the crown?

ROOKIE DETECTIVE BRAD LOMAN,(29) earnest, losing his battle with male pattern baldness, jots every word in his pad.

LOMAN
Check.

ZIGGY
Do you mind? No need to record my dental hygiene for all your po-po friends.
(turns back to Harlee)
Why'd you have to bring him anyway?

HARLEE
Relax, Ziggy... Loman's new...

Harlee motions for Loman to stop writing, pocket his pad.

LOMAN
Check.

ZIGGY
Kinda takes the confidentiality out of being your narc...

HARLEE
Hey, what about that crown?

ZIGGY
Tooth busted before they put it in. All the periodontal shit I got, only thing left is a root canal. That's $500 easy.

HARLEE
(points to her badge)
This isn't a Medicaid badge, Ziggy... And I'm not your damn case worker. You want your teeth fixed, give me something...

ZIGGY
Now that is harsh, Harlee.

HARLEE
It's the way it is. Because I'm through expensing you for these meet and greets... What you got?

ZIGGY
Spot me $200 now, and at great risk to my being... I'll give you the scoop on this crazy Jamaican cutting coke.
(nods to building)
Right up there on the top floor.

Harlee grimaces at the large puddles at the entrance of the Section 8 Building.

HARLEE
(hands Ziggy two bills)
You wouldn't know a Jamaican if he played bongos on your head.

She looks down at her Nine West kitten heels...

<u>Pops open the trunk of her sedan... Grabs a pair of rubber-soled police-issue shoes</u>.

INT. TOP FLOOR - SECTION 8 BUILDING - DAY

Harlee and Loman walk through sludge and puddles until they reach a door... They stand on either side when she notices Loman's hand shake as he pulls out his gun.

HARLEE
They're bisexual you know.

LOMAN
Who?

Harlee nods toward a pot filled with lilies.

HARLEE
The lilies...

LOMAN
What are you talking about?

HARLEE
The lilies. I'm telling you, there's boy and girl flowers.

LOMAN
And the girl lilies like to get it on with each other?

HARLEE
Think about that for a while.

Harlee winks at Loman, notices the gun is no longer shaking in his hand. He knocks loudly, she takes out her gun...

HARLEE
Jamarr Malcolm. This is the police...

INT. JAMARR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harlee and Loman break through the door. Bricks of coke are stacked on the table.

They hear a window break in the bedroom.

HARLEE
(into cell)
1 tango 13 requesting back up...

Harlee motions for Loman to check the kitchen... She enters the bedroom.

Catches a glimpse of ROOSTER, (18), darting out the window...

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - JAMARR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harlee chases Rooster down the stairs. Suddenly stops when she hears...

LOMAN (O.C.)
(shouts)
Jamarr Malcolm you're under arrest for distribution of...

INT. KITCHEN - JAMARR'S APARTMENT - DAY

JAMARR MALCOLM, (26), "Cubbies" cap pulled over his dreads, stands by the sink, pouring powder into a plastic bag.

Bounces his head to the music blaring through his headphones. Oblivious to Loman, who breaks into a nervous cough...

LOMAN
(shouts)
Jamarr Malcolm...

Jamarr turns to see Loman aiming a gun at his chest. Notices it shaking in his hand.

LOMAN
(nervous cough)
You are... Under arrest!

Jamarr drops the plastic bag. Squints at Loman whose finger trembles on the trigger.

JAMARR
No... Wait.

And in a quick flash... Jamarr reaches deep into his waist, pulls out a dark object. And then Loman pulls the trigger.

Bang..! Loman gasps, as Jamarr goes down with a bullet to the chest. Revealing Harlee standing in the doorway...

The iPod Jamarr was reaching for spins on the linoleum next to his dead body.

LOMAN
JESUS! AN... iPOD..?
HE PULLED AN iPOD!

The fluorescents hum above, as... Harlee and Loman stare down at Jamarr's lifeless body... At the ten commandments tattoo freshly etched on his chest.

Harlee frisks Jamarr's cargo pants, pulls out a 9mm.

HARLEE
No... He pulled a gun.

LOMAN
A gun, there was no gun.

HARLEE
He had a gun on him, see?

Loman stands frozen and watches Harlee wipe off her prints.

Shocked to see Harlee plant the gun in Jamarr's right hand.

LOMAN
We're planting evidence.

HARLEE
No, Loman. We're handing
you a get out of jail card.

Harlee walks over to where Loman stood when he shot Jamarr.

She takes two steps back and bumps into a table. Turns and knocks off a cup -- watches it hit the ground and shatter.

LOMAN
I can't. No... I can't.

Loman picks up the shattered cup. Harlee pulls him back up.

HARLEE
Involuntary manslaughter...
That's a minimum of 5-10, Loman.
It's your life, your call.

The sounds of sirens approach outside... Loman stares at Harlee, tears form in the corners of his eyes.

LOMAN
Yeah... Okay...

HARLEE
Let me hear you say it!

LOMAN
CHECK!

Harlee leans beside Jamarr, lifts his gun and... Bang..!

The bullet pierces the wall. Loman paces nervously, tries to reconstruct his alibi...

LOMAN
So Jamarr got off one shot.
And then I... God damn it!
What the hell did I do?

HARLEE
No, Loman. Two shots. Jamarr got off two shots.

Loman stops. Turns to Harlee, confused.

LOMAN
Two..?

Harlee squeezes the trigger again. Bang..! Shoots Loman in the gut! Loman gasps, his eyes roll back, as he falls to his knees.

A BIRD dances outside the window, CHILDREN play in a park.

Harlee fills a glass of water, and turns back to Loman who tears open his jacket, exposing his bullet-proof vest.

She hands him the glass. He looks up at her in shock...

HARLEE
No one cares about you like your partner.

INT. BATHROOM - JAMARR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Harlee walks in, takes a deep breath. Braces her hands on the sink and stares down her reflection in the mirror...

The door opens... She turns toward LIEUTENANT BILL WOZNIAK, (46), a fatherly bear of a man, who places his hands on her shoulders, stares straight into her eyes.

WOZNIAK
Anything you need from me? Now's the time. 'Cause the Rat Squad'll be all over this.

HARLEE
It's all under control. I'm good, Lieutenant.

WOZNIAK
Okay... Just pass the word. Everyone on ice at Patrick's tonight.

Wozniak squeezes her shoulders, closes the door behind him. Harlee turns to the mirror and stares at her reflection.

HARLEE
Two steps back... Knocked a cup. Two steps back...

INT. JAMARR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wozniak checks the bullet that's lodged in Loman's bullet-proof vest. A CSI TECH pulls it out with tweezers, bags it.

WOZNIAK
Listen up people! The rookie got his cherry popped with a 9mm to the gut.

The DETECTIVES working the crime scene all turn to Wozniak. Loman locks eyes with Harlee who steps out of the bathroom.

WOZNIAK
So how about we give him a hand?

And before a stunned Loman can react... Wozniak grabs him from behind, pins his arms.

DETECTIVE STUART SAPERSTEIN (31), mismatched tie and shirt, rips off Loman's vest, exposing the black and blue bruise.

Harlee turns away from Loman's initiation, stares out the window at the Children in the park.

The Detectives and Cops pass by Loman... Each slapping his belly hard until it's completely pink.

C.S.I. rolls out Jamarr Malcolm's body, past the lilies in the hallway, as Bach's "Cello Concerto in A Minor" plays.

EXT. KENNEDY ACADEMY (HIGH SCHOOL) - DAY

Harlee pulls up in her sedan... Turns to Loman who fidgets with his gun. He looks at Harlee through glazed eyes...

HARLEE
Don't worry... We got plenty of time to get our stories straight. The Rat Squad will be over tomorrow. We'll drill it first thing in the morning at Hu Lang's.

Harlee takes a wrinkled book out of her glove compartment...

HARLEE
Give me a sec... I just need to hear my daughter play.

She approaches a window and peeks at CHRISTINE, her 16-year-old daughter playing the cello, brimming with talent.

Christine stops at the sight of her mother... She gets up and cracks open the window.

HARLEE
You forgot. Your sheet music.

Harlee slides the wrinkled book to Christine who just smirks.

CHRISTINE
Mom... This is my Suzuki book from 5th grade.

Harlee knows she's busted... But just seeing her daughter makes the bullshit of her day worthwhile.

HARLEE
So maybe I just wanted to hear you play, okay?

CHRISTINE
Can't you hear me tonight? Oh, right, you can't. 'Cause you're dragging me out for pizza with that boy Eric.

HARLEE
Detective Eric Peters.. Is a colleague at the precinct. Once you get to know him...

CHRISTINE
Maybe I don't want to get to know him. You think of that?

HARLEE
Look, sweetie, if you're not... It's okay. Just don't be late. I'll cook us dinner tonight.

Christine watches Harlee walk away, unaware... Harlee now peeks through a side window... And while she can't hear a note, she melts as Christine begins playing.

EXT. DETECTIVE SEDAN - PARKED ALONGSIDE PATRICK'S PUB

Harlee pops the trunk... Revealing a half-dozen boxes of designer shoes acquired through "local donations".

She takes off her police-issue shoes, and slips on a pair of black stilettos.

Harlee slams the trunk... Notices Loman still sitting in the passenger seat in complete silence.

HARLEE
Take the car for the night. But come on, Loman... Say something already.

LOMAN
Why didn't you warn me about the second bullet?

HARLEE
Because you would've flinched, Loman... And I'm not a good enough shot.

Loman watches Harlee walk off... Slumps in his seat, takes his gun out of his holster and just stares at it.

INT. PATRICK'S PUB - NIGHT

The type of joint where cops far outnumber locals... And tourists and Feds aren't welcome. Harlee heads to the back...

VICE DETECTIVE ERIC PETERS (28) baby-faced hunk, pulls her into a slow dance.

PETERS
You tell Christine I pulled Gianni out of retirement to flip our pizza tonight?

HARLEE
(sips from his straw)
I wish she was that easily won over.

PETERS
When she finally meets me...

HARLEE
Tonight. Turns out to be a bad night, Eric. She's got to practice for a concert.

PETERS
Yeah, okay. But, you and me still on for that comp I got at Embassy Suites on Saturday?

HARLEE
I am so lucky...
(strokes his face)
That I got myself involved with a romantic.

INT. HALLWAY - PATRICK'S PUB - NIGHT

Harlee approaches a coat rack with two parkas hanging on a hook and pulls one off... She walks down the hallway, and opens a broom closet...

HARLEE
Come on, pretty boy. LT wants us on ice...

SERGEANT PAT TUFO, (33) the precinct's pot-bellied playboy stumbles out, intertwined with a BEAUTIFUL LOCAL BLOND.

Tufo and Harlee admire the view as the Blond walks back to the bar with a sultry stride...

Tufo helps Harlee into a parka... She shakes her head at his belly.

INT. WALK-IN-FREEZER - PATRICK'S PUB - NIGHT

Tufo, too tough to wear a parka, leads Harlee through a maze of meat hanging from hooks.

They approach Lieutenant Wozniak, DETECTIVE TONY ESPERA (34), one punch shy of being a Golden Gloves champ, and Detective Saperstein -- all wearing ear muffs, and wrapped in parkas.

Wozniak nods to Saperstein who hands out five envelopes...

WOZNIAK
Compliments of our Korean friends, who just opened shop on Kenter.

TUFO
What's the cut, Saperstein?

SAPERSTEIN
$650 a head.

TUFO
Then how come I only got $175?

SAPERSTEIN
And how come a fat hairy fuck like you gets all the pussy?

TUFO
Because... I got tumescent people skills...
(checks the envelope)
Come on LT, when am I gonna get an even cut?

WOZNIAK
As you couldn't keep those people skills away from the Mayor's girl, you work the desk. That's 10%.

TUFO
Wait... 10% of what..?

SAPERSTEIN
Of whatever 6 times $675 is...

TUFO
Jesus, Saperstein... You're a Jew and you can't do the math?

The Detectives open their envelopes and count their bills.

INT. FULTON MARKET WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

THREE FBI AGENTS enter to start a shift. They walk through the vast space that's been transformed into a nerve center for the anti-corruption task force.

They nod to a TECH AGENT, who sits in front of a laptop -- **He hits his keyboard and the conversation he's listening to plays on the speakers.**

WOZNIAK
We need Loman doing the books, Harlee. When you bringing him in?

HARLEE
I told you, Lieutenant. I'm not.

FBI AGENT takes out surveillance photos of Wozniak, Espera, Saperstein, Tufo -- and hangs them on a large corkboard.

TUFO
Are you kidding me..? The guy used to be an accountant in the Chief's side of the tower.

HARLEE
The kid still spit polishes his badge. He's just not one of us.

The Agent takes out a final photo and pins it to the board...

Steps back, stares at the image of Detective Harlee McCord.

END ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. FULTON MARKET WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The FBI Agent fixates on the surveillance photos of Wozniak, Harlee and the others on the large corkboard...

While listening to the bug recording of Wozniak in the midst of briefing his crew.

WOZNIAK
Finally, nobody approaches that Israheeb bookie until I get him cleared tomorrow.

INT. WALK-IN-FREEZER - PATRICK'S PUB - NIGHT

Wozniak, Harlee and the others still bundled in their parkas, discussing business in private, or so they think...

WOZNIAK
And this is for you, Shirl. Don't be coming late...

DETECTIVE SHIRLEY FLYNN, (36), petite firecracker and mother of three, pushes her way in. Peeks out of her parka at them.

They all stare back at her... She turns and glares at Espera.

SHIRLEY
You told them..? I mean. Does the intimacy of our stinking sedan mean nothing to you?

ESPERA
I didn't say a word, Shirl.

SHIRLEY
Yeah... Then why's everyone looking at me like, you know. I'm the crazy bitch who just installed a key stroke recorder on her husband's computer?

Espera unwraps a piece of Wrigley's gum, hands it to her... Winks at her as the chewing calms her down.

TUFO
What the hell is a key stroke recorder?

HARLEE
It’s what married people use to track each other online.

SAPERSTEIN
Why you spying on Dan..?

SHIRLEY
Why the hell do you still live with your mother?

WOZNIAK
Easy, we’re all family, Shirl.

SHIRLEY
Family..? How am I supposed to sleep with a man. Who... Keeps secrets from me?

TUFO
Dan’s banging someone else.

SHIRLEY
No! He just bought a pottery wheel and turns out he belongs to some bitch ceramics club... Why would the father of my children be devoted to a hobby for 13 months... And not once talk to me about it? But no, he’s got to have his secrets... I mean, not once did he ask if I’d like to have him straddle me, while making a vase...

WOZNIAK
Okay, Shirl. Shots anyone?

INT. CORNER BOOTH - PATRICK’S PUB - NIGHT

Wozniak and his Detectives laugh their asses off. Downing shots of Red Label...

Surrounded by framed photos of themselves as graduates of the police academy. No one in a hurry to go home, except...

HARLEE
Can I borrow the sled? Christine needs a blouse for her recital.

SHIRLEY
(tosses her car keys)
Intermix got the new Zac Posen.

HARLEE WALKS TOWARD THE BAR

She sits on a stool... And motions “two” to the BARTENDER.

STAAL (O.C.)
Why is it cops always have one for the road?

She turns to ROBERT STAAL, (34), a mid-management type, who sips a Fresca with two straws, can’t help checking her out.

HARLEE
Why is it guys always think a girl wants to talk?

STAAL
When she’s drinking alone at the bar, in stilettos... We figure she’ll talk to anyone.

HARLEE
Well don’t you have everything figured out.

Bartender slides Harlee two vintage style Coca-Cola bottles.

Harlee grabs them, locks eyes with Staal as she walks out...

STAAL
Maybe next time, then...
(turns to Bartender)
Can I have a receipt please?

EXT. PATRICK’S PUB - NIGHT

Harlee crosses the street and enters the “sled” -- a black and white squad car. She drives off... Unaware that Staal loiters at a news stand across the street, watching her.

He pays for a magazine, and while the VENDOR’s busy making change... Staal steals a bag of peanut M&M’s.

EXT/INT. INTERMIX CLOTHING STORE - NIGHT

Harlee parks the black and white beside the curb. She’s met at the door by the STORE MANAGER who leads her inside.

Harlee weeds through the rack of designer blouses, picks out a red satin one. Snatches a pair of pumps as well...

Harlee passes the black and white, descends into the subway.

INT. KITCHEN - HARLEE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Harlee struggles to cook dinner. She opens a window and fans out the smoke. All the while...

She scrolls through Christine's pink laptop, spying on her browser history, when...

She hears Christine enter, quickly shuts the pink laptop.

INT. HARLEE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Harlee does her nails, looks at Christine who runs resin over her cello bow.

Dinner half eaten, Coke bottles empty.

HARLEE
(displays red nails)
What do you think of "Cherries in the Snow"?

CHRISTINE
(checks her short nails)
I think... I want a pair of french tips.

HARLEE
Well good luck playing Bach.

CHRISTINE
Shoot me, Detective... But I mean, really. Did you borrow that color from one of those ladies in Vice?

HARLEE
Good one, sweetie.

Harlee gets up, kisses Christine and clears the dishes...

HARLEE
Don't forget your finger exercises... Twenty minutes.

CHRISTINE
But, then... When will I practice my solo?

HARLEE
(thrilled)
The solo? You got the solo at tomorrow's concert?

CHRISTINE
I was going to surprise you, but I couldn't... You know, keep it a secret...

Harlee pulls Christine toward her, peppers her with kisses. They jump, hug, laugh, and dance...

Unaware that Staal, the stranger from the bar, is stalking them from a car across the street.

INT. FULLTON MARKET WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Staal strides though a maze of empty cubicles, carrying a box and a briefcase. He spins once in his chair...

He opens his briefcase, takes out a pair of rubber gloves and cleaner. Begins scrubbing his work space...

BAKER (O.C.)
When I asked you to clean up the town. I didn't mean one cubicle at a time.

Staal turns to DEPUTY DIRECTOR BONNIE BAKER, (49), who's seen it all, not once, but twice.

STAAL
I've got to start somewhere.

BAKER
I just got off with the Director.

STAAL
Can I pick her up already..?

Staal accidentally knocks over the box... Hundreds of photos of Harlee spill out and scatter on the floor.

Baker picks a few up, flips through them... Looks up at Staal for an uncomfortably long beat, back at the photos.

BAKER
She was a rookie when I ran the precinct. I should have looked out for her. Shouldn't have let Wozniak get close. It just started so small, I couldn't see it. But I can see it now... Wozniak got to her with the little things.

Baker snatches Staal's stolen M&M's... She pops a red one.

BAKER
Maybe she was inside some perp's house, thirsty... So he asked her to grab them beers out of the fridge... Or maybe she smashed her watch breaking down a door, so he told her to lift one off the vic. And then she saw some cash, needed a cello for Christine... But by then, she didn't need Wozniak to tell her, she just took it herself.

STAAL
Or maybe she's just plain dirty.

BAKER
Don't kid yourself, son... If Wozniak hadn't pushed Harlee to reach for that first beer. You would be working for her.

INT. CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

Harlee watches Christine sleep. She hums a lullaby, strokes her daughter's hair. Leans down and kisses her forehead... And hangs the new red satin shirt on the door.

EXT. INTERMIX CLOTHING STORE - MIDNIGHT

A low-rider cruises the street, TWO STONED GANGBANGERS jump out with crow bars. About to break into the store, when...

They spot the black and white parked by the curb. They jump back into their low-rider and take off.

INT. HARLEE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Harlee half-dressed, stares at her reflection in the mirror. Psyching herself up for the lie she's going to tell Internal Affairs. She pulls her hair up... Drops it. Can't decide.

HARLEE
Two steps back... Knocked a cup. Two steps back...

Christine barges in with the new red shirt, kisses her mom.

CHRISTINE
I love, love it. I'm not wearing it until the concert. It's Intermix... So perfect!

HARLEE
I can't wait to see you in it tonight, sweetie.

CHRISTINE
You can get there a little late. I'm taping off a seat.

Harlee holds her hair in her hands...

HARLEE
Up or down? Down, right?

CHRISTINE
Up... Down... What kind of look we going for?

HARLEE
Trustworthy and honest...

CHRISTINE
Honestly? As long as you're not wearing the red polish...

HARLEE
Get out of here..! And don't forget to bring your cello to the scholarship interview!

Christine rolls her eyes and leaves... Harlee glances at her red nails. Begins removing the polish...

HARLEE
Two steps back... Knocked a cup. Two steps back...

INT. HU LANG'S CAFE, CHINATOWN - MORNING

Immigrant. Working class. No English spoken... Far in the back, Harlee warms her hands on a mug.

She looks across the booth at Loman, who painstakingly fills a hand-written page. He shakes out a cramp, slides the page.

LOMAN
"I took two full steps back into the kitchen table and knocked off a saucer."

HARLEE
No, don't call it a saucer. Call it a cup.

Harlee crumples the page without reading, tosses it beside another half-dozen pieces of crumpled pages.

HARLEE
Do it again... Keep writing Loman... Until you believe every word.

Harlee stares down Loman, who pulls out another blank page, draws in a perfectly straight margin...

INT. LIEUTENANT WOZNIAK'S OFFICE - PRECINCT - DAY

Loman shifts uncomfortably in his seat. Sits across from... INTERNAL AFFAIRS DETECTIVE DONNIE POMP, (35) muscles bulging out of his suit... AN I.A. TECHIE works the video camera.

DONNIE
Wait, what makes you so sure you stepped back when you took the shot?

LOMAN
Because... I backed into the kitchen table and knocked off a saucer. I mean a coffee cup...

Donnie nods at Loman. He looks at the crime scene report...

EXT. INTERMIX CLOTHING STORE - DAY

Harlee nods at the Store Manager, gets into the black and white and drives it back to the precinct.

INT. FRONT DESK - PRECINCT - DAY

Harlee makes her way through the usual chaos, brushes past DETECTIVES, COPS, and PERPS. She approaches Tufo who looks up from multitasking.

TUFO
Donnie Pomp's ready for you upstairs.

HARLEE
You got my order?

Tufo takes out a cardboard tray with four espresso shots...

She steps aside, starts shooting them one at a time. Psychs herself up for the Internal Affairs interview.

Harlee takes a deep breath, about to down the final shot when... She notices Wozniak staring at her.

WOZNIAK
Are you worried about Loman?

HARLEE
Not as long as he tells the truth.

Harlee takes a final shot of espresso. Turns toward the stairs...

TUFO
(calls after her)
Hey... You might wanna take one for the team... You know, let Donnie touch your ass.

HARLEE
Donnie Pomp and his rat Squad creep me the fuck out.

Harlee heads up the stairs... Loman absentmindedly brushes past her. Shifts his gun holster, as she takes him aside...

HARLEE
So, how'd it go in there?

LOMAN
Fine. I guess... But we need to talk.

WOZNIAK (O.C.)
Talk about what..?

Loman and Harlee share a look, Wozniak walks up, joins them.

LOMAN
I ran inventory... A pound of Jamarr's coke is missing.

WOZNIAK
Forget the coke, Loman. Check the board. Find me a killer.

HARLEE
I might be with Donnie until lunch... You really want to send Loman out by himself?

WOZNIAK
So, what the hell are you gonna do for me, Loman?

LOMAN
Jamarr received the shipment hours before our bust. Must have sold it in one buy.

HARLEE
Go see Ziggy under the bridge at 54th street... He'll know the buyer.

WOZNIAK
Take Saperstein to hold your hand.

INT. LIEUTENANT WOZNIAK'S OFFICE - DAY

Donnie now has his sleeves rolled up, exposing his muscles, as he wraps his interview with Harlee.

The Techie works the video, zooms in on Harlee's cleavage...

DONNIE
Must have been a very memorable cup for you both to recall it breaking amidst all that chaos.

HARLEE
You know how it is, Donnie... After the initial gunshot. Hearing that cup shatter was pretty surreal.

Donnie smiles at Harlee and motions to the Techie, who turns off the video camera, packs his gear and leaves.

DONNIE
That's pretty much all we need for now, Harlee.

Harlee smiles in satisfaction, that was almost too easy.

HARLEE
Always good to see you, Donnie.

DONNIE
I got a cage fight this weekend... Want to sit in my corner?

HARLEE
I'd love to... But you know, it's my time with my girl.

Wozniak enters and takes off his jacket...

WOZNIAK
Go out with the man, Detective.
(winks at Donnie)
It would make all our lives that much simpler.

Donnie rolls down his sleeves... And puts on his jacket...

DONNIE
You got nothing to worry about. I'll compare the statements. But it looks all clean to me.

Harlee smiles in relief, turns to leave... Wozniak closes the door.

WOZNIAK
I nailed Jamarr Malcolm a few years back... Squeezed out a signed confession. Assault...
(remembers)
That punk had excellent penmanship.

HARLEE
That guy was a scumbag.

WOZNIAK
But, he was a left-handed scumbag.

Harlee's heart skips a beat. Glares at Wozniak, who smirks.

DONNIE
Wait a minute... If he was a southpaw..?
(flips through his notes)
Why would he be holding a gun in his right hand? Harlee..?
(looks up at her)
Unless you planted it...

Wozniak turns to Harlee, who slumps back into her chair... Feeling numb and trapped, and at a total loss for words.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. LIEUTENANT WOZNIAK'S OFFICE - DAY

Harlee absently rubs her badge... She looks up at Wozniak and Donnie...

DONNIE
Shit, Harlee..! You planted the gun? We got you and Loman on tape...

And Harlee's reached the end... You can see it in her eyes.

DONNIE
You're looking at perjury and second degree.

HARLEE
What do you want me to say..?

DONNIE
I suggest you tell the truth, Detective.

Harlee feels like she's slipping into the abyss, until...

WOZNIAK
(cracks a smile)
So, how much to buy back my detectives, Donnie? Five K a piece? Cash in the box...

Harlee stunned as she watches Wozniak toss an orange safety deposit key to Donnie, who can't hide his grin.

Donnie winks at Harlee, pockets the key, heads for the door.

HARLEE
Jesus, Donnie..! You too..?

DONNIE
I'll have two tickets comped at will call... In case you change your mind.

Harlee watches Donnie walk out... She turns to Wozniak who shrugs.

WOZNIAK
Now that I own his ass. Guess Loman's finally our accountant.

HARLEE
You screw me, blackmail Loman, all because Saperstein has to count on his fingers?

WOZNIAK
You got to admit... He's one lousy bookkeeper.
(glances up from scrolling blackberry)
Look... Donnie's bringing us into something very lucrative. Can't go into details now... But we'll need some creative accounting from a pro.

Harlee stares at Wozniak, realizes she's been played all along. He smiles and squeezes her hand.

WOZNIAK
Hey, you got nothing to worry about... I got your back and Donnie's one of us.

Harlee looks up at Wozniak, her mind racing...

HARLEE
Christine's concert tonight. I don't want to miss it.

WOZNIAK
You listen to me... Whatever you need when it comes to that girl. You just ask.

Before Harlee can reply... She takes a call on her cell.

HARLEE
Loman needs help with an O.D. under the bridge at 54th Street.

WOZNIAK
Hey, you still good..? With what we're doing here?

HARLEE
Long as it pays for cellos.

Harlee turns to leave... Then she turns back to Wozniak.

HARLEE
You know anyone owns a piece of Judge Hoyt?

WOZNIAK
That damn judge doesn't deal, he's a born again.

Shirley knocks and enters, hands Wozniak her overtime form.

WOZNIAK
Okay, Shirl. You grossed an extra grand off the books this week. And you're billing me for overtime?

And as Shirley lets Wozniak have it. Harlee eyes the large cross necklace that dangles from her neck.

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE AT 54TH STREET - DAY

PARAMEDICS battle to save the life of ANGIE, Ziggy's friend. She convulses and foams at the mouth...

Harlee pulls up in her sedan... She runs toward Ziggy who tries reaching for Angie, held back by Loman and Saperstein.

ZIGGY
Let me hold Angie's hand! She likes it when I hold...

Harlee waves off Loman and Saperstein... She cups Ziggy's face in her hands.

HARLEE
They need to know what she took, Ziggy.

ZIGGY
The Rooster sold her a bag. But that wasn't no snow!

She turns to Loman and Saperstein, dusting off their jackets.

HARLEE
I'm late for a hearing with Judge Hoyt. Catch that Rooster and bring him in.

EXT. ROOFTOP - DAY

TWO DOZEN DAY LABORERS and NEIGHBORHOOD TYPES surround a cock fighting pit where Rooster, last seen chased out of Jamarr's apartment by Harlee -- collects their bets...

Everyone scatters as Saperstein and Loman enter... Aiming their guns at Rooster, who's left holding a squawking cock.

INT. FEDERAL COURT HOUSE - DAY

Harlee hurries down the marble floor in new pumps. She slips and struggles to keep her balance...

Harlee approaches the door... About to step inside, when...

She reaches in her bag... Takes out Shirley's cross necklace. Puts it on and makes sure it hangs over her blouse.

INT. JUDGE HOYT'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Christine fidgets in her seat, nervously wipes a spec of dust off her cello case...

Forces a smile at JUDGE HOYT, (58), eating lunch at his desk, while watching a baseball game on his iPhone.

JUDGE HOYT
(not looking up)
You carry a cello everywhere you go?

CHRISTINE
My mom thought you'd be impressed. She actually wants me to play a song for you.

JUDGE HOYT
You realize this is not a musical scholarship?

CHRISTINE
Yes, Judge. I know. But, she made me bring it.

Harlee enters late, smiles apologetically at Judge Hoyt.

HARLEE
I'm so sorry, Judge Hoyt. I was delayed at...

JUDGE HOYT
It's okay... The company of a pretty young lady and a ball game on the phone. What more can an old man ask for?

Harlee gives Christine a kiss, and sits beside her.

HARLEE
I forgot you were coming from cello practice...

Christine and Judge Hoyt share a look.

HARLEE
Judge, even more than looks, my little girl's got real talent. You need to hear her play.

JUDGE HOYT
Maybe if we have time at the end.

HARLEE
Yes. Of course.

JUDGE HOYT
The Brady scholarship is awarded to the children of single parents within the police department.

Harlee's cell rings, it's Wozniak. She turns off the ringer.

JUDGE HOYT
Christine has been selected as a finalist as she has demonstrated a high level of leadership, integrity, and honor. In her role as class president, founder of...

Harlee sneaks a peek at a text from Wozniak "ON ICE NOON"

HARLEE
And don't forget she's a member of the Junior Chamber Orchestra. In fact, she's got a solo tonight.

Christine grimaces, Judge Hoyt flips to the second page of her resume... Harlee smiles, fiddles with her necklace...

INT. WALK-IN-FREEZER - PATRICK'S PUB - DAY

Everyone bundled in parkas except Tufo who blows into his hands. They watch Wozniak break five bread sticks, as...

Harlee enters late. Takes off the cross and hands it back to Shirley...

WOZNIAK
Okay. So that Israheeb bookie checks out. His name's...
(reads off his pad)
Haim B-u-z-a-g-l-o. He wants to open a bookie shop on Wabash.

Wozniak motions for the Detectives to draw bread sticks...

Shirley checks Dan's computer activity on her cell... Her face drops, fights back tears.

Harlee locks eyes with Espera who shrugs... She leans in and whispers to Shirley.

HARLEE
You got to quit this spying on Dan, Shirl... I'm just saying. Only good thing we got. Is whoever's waiting back home. And if you lose that...

WOZNIAK
Okay, so who's gonna solicit a donation from our pal Haim in half an hour under the tracks?

Shirley refreshes her cell as she pulls out the last bread stick and comes up short...

SHIRLEY
Shoot. I got counseling with Dan. But screw it. I mean... Last time that bitch therapist told us to hold hands an hour a day.

Harlee takes a bite from her bread stick, and makes it the shortest one.

She winks at Shirley, then leaves to meet Haim...

Saperstein gets news on his cell, and turns to the others.

SAPERSTEIN
You know that missing coke? Forensics came back... It's dirty.

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - PRECINCT - DAY

Loman's lost in a sea of forms, sits beside Saperstein...

Across from a cocky Rooster. Who rolls a quarter through his knuckles.

ROOSTER
All I did was steal a pound of coke... Trade some for a blowjob. That ain't murder.

SAPERSTEIN
That coke you gave Angie, was mixed with Drano. Now where did you get it?

ROOSTER
Hey... Why don't you go ask that crazy Jamaican, Jamarr? Oh, that's right. You can't. 'Cause you killed him.

Loman swallows, drops his pen. His face goes ghostly pale.

ROOSTER
And whoever capped him, that cracker is screwed... 'Cause Jamarr's sister's this voodoo witch... And you can bet your white ass she's putting a curse on whoever's packing that gun.

SAPERSTEIN
Forget the hoodo-voodo, start thinking that hundreds of people could die from that coke. So prepare to spread your black ass cheeks real wide, cause you are one week too old for juvie.

The quarter rolls off Rooster's knuckles, spins on floor.

ROOSTER
I mighta sold the junk to these guys play dominoes at Sumac Park.

Saperstein smirks as Loman nervously fidgets with his gun.

INT. DETECTIVE SEDAN - PARKED UNDER ELEVATED TRAIN TRACKS

Harlee's on her cell briefed on the dirty coke by Loman...

HARLEE
Get over to the park, start canvasing. I'll be right...

Harlee pulls out... But spots Haim under the train tracks.

HARLEE
Call Espera. I'll meet you at the park in thirty.

EXT. SUMAC PARK - DAY

Loman and Saperstein pull up, step out. Look out at DOZENS OF RESPECTABLE MEN, playing dominoes under the trees.

Espera pulls up in a sedan behind them... Lights flashing.

EXT. UNDER ELEVATED TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Harlee shakes down HAIM, middle eastern blinged-out bookie, and negotiates a cut for her crew.

HARLEE
No hooking, no dog fights and absolutely no kids under 16! Just stick to the numbers. Or I will bust your ass, Haim.

HAIM
(heavy accent)
It's Chaim. With a Ch...

HARLEE
Whatever it is. We're taking 15% with a soft floor of ten.

HAIM
You take care of the gangs?

HARLEE
Yes... Now, about the down payment, Chaim.

Haim hands Harlee his briefcase. She glances inside and sees it's filled with cash. They shake to close the deal.

HARLEE
Just remember to stay south of Devon and west of Fillmore.

Harlee turns to leave, but Haim won't release his grip...

Her eyes widen as she spots a DOZEN F.B.I. AGENTS, reflecting off Haim's glasses.

HAIM
What is this..?

Harlee, mind racing, pulls out her gun and aims it at Haim...

HARLEE
You're under arrest for attempted bribery of a law enforcement officer.

Harlee turns to the F.B.I. Agents who are all aiming their guns at her.

Harlee takes out her badge and waves it at the F.B.I. Agents.

HARLEE
(shouts)
Detective Harlee McCord! I'm a police officer..!

A train speeds overhead drowning out everything...

So that Harlee can't hear what the approaching F.B.I. Agents are shouting back at her.

HARLEE
(pushes him down)
On the ground, Haim! Now!

But Haim doesn't go down... He flashes his own F.B.I. badge.

HAIM
(with no accent)
Special Agent Jose Martinez. You're under arrest, Detective McCord.

Harlee looks around in confusion... Stunned when she spots Staal approach, aiming a taser gun...

Harlee realizes she's fallen into an F.B.I. sting. That she is aiming a gun at an F.B.I. Agent.

But before Harlee can lower her gun, Staal shoots his taser, watches her fall to the ground and spasm.

Staal and the Agents stand over Harlee when her cell rings.

An F.B.I. AGENT attaches a cord to the cell. He hands Staal a set of earplugs. Listening...

CHRISTINE
(over cell)
Hi detective. I screwed up. Can you bring my new Intermix shirt? The one I love! I forgot it in the bathroom.

Staal looks down at Harlee who continues to spasm from the taser.

He smirks, when he notices she's wearing a pair of police-issue shoes.

END ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. FULTON MARKET WAREHOUSE - DAY

A shocked Harlee sits across from Staal, who sips a Fresca with two straws. She twists a paper clip in her hand.

STAAL
I'm special agent, Staal. Head of the F.B.I anti-corruption task force...

Staal's voice fades out as Harlee shifts in her chair, all she hears is the fluorescents humming above... She watches his mouth move in slow motion...

Staal's voice slowly fades back in as he reads her file...

STAAL
... Perjury on the Giatti case, the Koreans on Kenter, distribution of narcotics to a C.I...

HARLEE
I don't want my little girl seeing me marched into court.

STAAL
She won't have to. There's a basement entrance.... But it might not have to come to that.

Harlee grips the paper clip tighter while Staal flips through her file. She fixates on a small patch he missed shaving...

HARLEE
How long..?

STAAL
I've been watching you six months next week. But, we became fully operational last night.

HARLEE
I'm the first one you brought in?

STAAL
Makes you kind of special.

The sound of women's heels echo around them. Deputy Director Baker walks up and joins them.

Harlee tries to hide her surprise... The fluorescents now buzz loudly in her ears...

And the woman who weaves elaborate lies in a split second... Now sits helpless, as her life spins out of control.

HARLEE
Hello, Bonnie.

BAKER
I wish it was under different circumstances, Harlee.

HARLEE
That makes two of us.

Harlee's cell rings with a call from Wozniak.

STAAL
Answer it.

Harlee turns to Baker.

BAKER
I'm in management now. Agent Staal's running the show.

HARLEE
What do you want me to say?

STAAL
Do what you do best. Lie...

Harlee answers her cell. Gets an update about the missing dirty coke from Wozniak, and spins a lie...

HARLEE
Christine might've been in a car accident... Back as soon as I can.

Harlee hangs up the call... Baker pops a red peanut M&M.

HARLEE
There's a pound of dirty coke floating on my beat...
(turns to Baker)
And you got me sitting here for taking collections?

STAAL
Why is it you "L.E.O.'s" always develop a conscience the moment we drag you in?

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Loman and Saperstein lead in a RESPECTABLE MIDDLE-AGED MAN, and toss him into the cage with his partners...

They pass Wozniak, Shirley and Espera who fill plates with yesterday's Chinese take-out.

SHIRLEY
So, the market crashes and these guys from Sumac Park go from flipping government houses to flipping coke... They buy the junk from Rooster, and you'll love this part... They sell it on Craigslist, advertising snow blowers in July...

WOZNIAK
Okay, Shirl... Espera can you just tell me what I need to know.

ESPERA
They sold the pound of junk, dropped it in a locker at Highland Park station.

SAPERSTIEN
(pulls Wozniak aside)
Harlee ever make the collection off that Bu... gagloo guy?
(off his look)
What? I'm past due on my mom's medical bills.

WOZNIAK
Priorities, Saperstein! Now I need someone to check that locker. And stake it out if the junk's still inside.

SHIRLEY
It's Harlee's turn to sit.

WOZNIAK
She's got a family emergency. Shirl, you and Espera take the first shift.

SHIRLEY
How come we have to go..? I want to tuck in the kids.

WOZNIAK
So Saperstein and Loman can take the graveyard shift.

Shirley and Espera smirk at Saperstein... Scarf down the Chinese, head downstairs.

SAPERSTEIN
You know, what..? This is “stage of life” discrimination.

WOZNIAK
Maybe if you didn’t live with your mother.

Saperstein grabs an eggroll. But Wozniak snatches the box.

INT. FULTON MARKET WAREHOUSE - DAY

Harlee sits across from Baker. Staal stands in front of a board, which features a large pyramid of city officials. He’s in the midst of briefing her...

STAAL
... We’re taking down the entire criminal infrastructure. Piece by piece...

HARLEE
I’m from Devon and Pratt. We don’t mingle with the city hall crowd.

Staal points to the bottom of the pyramid, which features a photo of Harlee and her crew.

STAAL
We’re starting with the bottom feeders and working our way to the top.

HARLEE
Why me..?

STAAL
Because you... Are... Dirty.
(sips his Fresca)
And you know how to keep dirty little secrets.

BAKER
And... You’re the best cop I broke in.

Harlee winces at the memories, the irony of it all... She nervously uncoils the paper clip, jabs it into her palm.

BAKER
Donnie Pomp's pulling Wozniak into something big... I need you working with us from the inside... Help bring it down.

Harlee becomes nauseous at the thought of informing on her partners at the precinct.

HARLEE
I'm Godmother to three of their kids. God dammit, Bonnie, they're helping me raise Christine!

STAAL
And now you're going to help us secure indictments. Lead us through the maze. All the way to the Mayor's office.

BAKER
And on the way we're gonna take down cops, judges, politicians...

HARLEE
No. I'm not making a deal. I want to talk to my lawyer.

STAAL
And criminal lawyers. We're going after them, too.

HARLEE
I got nothing more to say to you.

Harlee's cell rings, she tears up when she sees caller ID.

STAAL
Go on. Answer it.

HARLEE
No.

She pushes the cell so Staal and Baker see it's Christine.

STAAL
She's left several messages, must be important.

They all sit awkwardly and watch the cell ring and vibrate.

Harlee finally picks it up, has a hushed conversation with Christine. Hangs up...

HARLEE
Christine. She forgot her red concert shirt at home. Today's her first solo.

STAAL
A solo. You must be proud.

Harlee battles her emotions, too beaten to shed any tears.

Baker locks eyes with Staal... Places a hand on Harlee's shoulder.

BAKER
Another dirty cop in jail doesn't help the big picture, Harlee. We just want to talk...

Harlee grips the paper clip so tight it pierces her skin. She stares at the blood spreading in her palm...

HARLEE
You want to talk? Fine... Okay. Under one condition.

STAAL
We'll offer complete immunity as long as you're telling the truth... But if you perjure yourself...

HARLEE
No. There's something else...

INT. SUV - PULLS INTO KENNEDY ACADEMY (HIGH SCHOOL)

Harlee clutches Christine's red satin shirt as Staal pulls up to the curb. She spots Christine pacing nervously...

STAAL
You got five minutes to give her the shirt.
(off her look)
Don't push it... We need to debrief you, and Wozniak will be expecting you back soon.

EXT. KENNEDY ACADEMY (HIGH SCHOOL) - NIGHT

Christine, in a white t-shirt, watches the Orchestra Members, who all wear red shirts, hurry inside for the concert... She turns to Harlee who steps out of the SUV with her shirt.

CHRISTINE
Could you be a little more dramatic?

HARLEE
But I made it on time, right?

CHRISTINE
I saved you a seat, five rows up, in the middle. Come on...

Harlee watches FAMILIES rush into the auditorium together...

HARLEE
Wait... You know. When you were little... I used to drop you off right here... You'd always wave... Until I turned the corner. I loved that.

CHRISTINE
Okay. Great story. Let's go.

Christine pulls on the red shirt, and starts buttoning it... Harlee wipes the hair from her daughter's eyes.

HARLEE
Then one morning I dropped you off and you ran to your friend Helen... And when I looked up in the mirror... You were gone.

CHRISTINE
Thanks for the retro. Come on.

HARLEE
No. I can't stay, sweetie...

CHRISTINE
What..?

HARLEE
Taking down some bad guys.
(nods at SUV)
Joint Fed task-force.

CHRISTINE
It's a solo!

HARLEE
These bad guys. They're really bad. I got to stop them.

CHRISTINE
Whatever... Detective! Maybe I should have invited that boy, Eric. Maybe then you'd stay.

Harlee feels a pain in her gut.... Watches Christine storm off into the auditorium. She turns, stares at Staal with a mother's determination...

HARLEE
I am not going to miss my daughter's recital.

STAAL
The deal was you deliver the shirt and we head right back...

HARLEE
So arrest me, Agent Staal.

Staal watches Harlee walk toward the auditorium, he turns to Baker who just shrugs.

BAKER
Now don't look at me, son. This is your show.

EXT. DETECTIVE SEDAN - PARKED ACROSS FROM THE LOCKER

Espera looks through binocs at the locker with dirty coke... While Shirley tracks Dan's computer activity on her cell.

SHIRLEY
Yeah... That's right, "Moist New Mexican Sunset". My husband. At this very moment is spending $900 on clay..! No wait... He just added a $85 fettling knife.

ESPERA
What..?

SHIRLEY
What the hell's wrong with you lately, Tony? Why can't you be more compassionate to my situation?

Shirley snatches the binocs from Espera who swallows hard.

ESPERA
It's because... I'm just. Gonna say it. Okay... I got... Unholy thoughts.

SHIRLEY
Well then hurry up and talk to your priest about it. So you can be here for me.

Just then Shirley spots a PERP open the locker... She jumps out and gives chase. Leaving an emotional Espera behind...

ESPERA
But... It's about you... I got unholy thoughts. About you, Shirl.

Having finally unburdened himself to an empty passenger seat, Espera sighs... He squints out the window at Shirley chasing down the Perp.

INT. AUDITORIUM - KENNEDY ACADEMY - NIGHT

Harlee finds her seat as Christine and the JUNIOR CHAMBER ORCHESTRA file on stage in red shirts... They're greeted with applause from FAMILY and FRIENDS...

Harlee stands and waves at Christine, who can't help but smile back at her.

Harlee sits down... She pulls her hair back in a ponytail, just as...

Staal squeezes through the aisle, and sits next to her... She twitches uncomfortably as he leans in and whispers.

STAAL
I'll expect an answer tomorrow. You know where to find us.

Harlee's cell rings -- it's Wozniak. She doesn't answer.

HARLEE
If I agree to do this... I will not give up my partners.

Harlee and Staal stiffen, as Wozniak squeezes through the aisle and sits on Harlee's other side. Leans in, whispers.

WOZNIAK
How come you're not picking up? Christine okay..?

Harlee's heart beats out of her chest. She tries to slow her breathing.

HARLEE
She's fine... Someone took her car for a joy ride. And. Smashed up the front.

The lights go down... And the Junior Chamber Orchestra begins playing... Wozniak continues whispering to Harlee.

WOZNIAK
Things work out with Haim..? You get the money?

HARLEE
Yeah... Sure. It's hanging in the freezer.
(off his wink)
What are you doing here, Woz?

Staal turns in their direction and gives an empathic "shhh".

Wozniak lowers his whisper hands Harlee the box of eggrolls.

WOZNIAK
What..? You think I'd miss Christine's recital?

Just then... A spotlight beams on Christine and she begins to play a solo of Bach's "Cello Concerto in A Minor"...

And Harlee sits frozen between Wozniak and Staal... Holding a box of eggrolls, fighting back tears.

END ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT/EXT. SUV - PULLS UP UNDER ELEVATED TRAIN TRACKS

Staal finishes briefing Harlee. He hands her the briefcase stuffed with Haim's cash.

HARLEE
How long will all this take?

BAKER
Long as it took you to go from being a cop to sitting in here with us...
(off her look)
You were good police, Harlee. You still can be.

Harlee sighs, steps out, and slams the door shut... Staal drives off, turns to Baker...

STAAL
You really not going to have her turn on her guys?

BAKER
When she's in deep... She'll do what she's told.

Stall catches a glimpse of Harlee in the rear-view, stares at her until she fades from sight.

Harlee stands motionless... The speeding train drowns out her thoughts. Getting louder and louder, when...

The gentle sound of a cello pierces the deafening roar from above... Harlee smiles, checks her watch.

INT. BOOTH - PATRICK'S PUB - NIGHT

Harlee sits beside the briefcase, picks at a plate of fries. She tries not to look at the framed photos of her crew that hang around her.

All the while she keeps an eye on Judge Hoyt, who's eating dinner a few booths down from her.

When he finally gets up to leave, Harlee "bumps into him"...

HARLEE
Judge Hoyt. I prayed during lunch... Did it work?

JUDGE HOYT
It was very competitive this year.

HARLEE
But... If you'd heard Christine play there'd be no competition.
(off his look)
Without the scholarship I can't afford next year's tuition.

The briefcase slips from Harlee's hand. Judge Hoyt hands it back to her.

JUDGE HOYT
I'm sorry, Harlee. There were stronger applicants...

HARLEE
You know, I'd pay anything for her to get a second chance.

JUDGE HOYT
Because of your high conviction rate, Detective... I'm going to pretend I didn't hear that.

Judge Hoyt exits, leaves Harlee alone. Her face falls...

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Radios crackle, sirens blare, as the Detectives aim their guns and rifles at the entrance...

Saperstein turns to Loman who's not holding a rifle or gun.

SAPERSTEIN
So what..? You one of those dickheads with a death wish?

LOMAN
I'm. No, I'm like one of those unarmed British cops on PBS.

Saperstein pulls a Winchester rifle out of the sedan. He tosses it to Loman, who stares at the big gun...

SAPERSTEIN
Not when you're my back up you're not.

Shirley and Espera lead out the cuffed Perp, who they've chased from the locker... They hold up the bag of coke.

Detectives lower their guns, as... Espera leads the Perp into their sedan, Shirley tosses the coke to Saperstein.

SHIRLEY
Tag it, and make sure to put my name in front of Espera's.

Shirley rips the velcro of her bullet-proof vest... She walks over to Wozniak who steps out of his sedan.

SHIRLEY
So Rooster steals a pound of dirty junk from Jamarr... Then he turns and sells it to the retirees at Sumac Park.
(nods at the Perp)
They sell it to this dirt bag here who when he's not...

WOZNIAK
Okay Shirl, quit monologuing about the food chain. Tell me why Jamarr mixed Drano in his coke.

SHIRLEY
How the hell should I know? He's dead...

HARLEE PULLS UP IN HER SEDAN, SHE STEPS OUT TO JOIN THEM

But stops and takes in the sight of her family in blue who all bask in the high of getting to the dirty coke on time.

Loman walks over and tries to pull her aside...

LOMAN
I... Uh. I...

HARLEE
Hey, you did real good with the Rat Squad, Loman... Go home, sleep it off.

She pats Loman on the shoulder, watches him drive off, and walks to join her crew.

SHIRLEY
Can you believe this guy's a biology teacher? Pushes coke to his students!

Harlee just shakes her head at the Perp in the sedan. She engages in small talk with her crew, when...

Her cell rings with a call from Staal... She quickly lowers it and presses decline.

Harlee looks up... Squints at Saperstein weighing the bag of bad coke with a hand-held scale... The needle bounces around 1 pound.

Saperstein nods at the detectives who break into wide grins.

SAPERSTEIN
One pound... Case closed.

Harlee pulls on the scale's hook... The needle gets stuck.

HARLEE
No. Wait... It's off...

Harlee quickly crosses the street with the bag of bad coke.

EXT/INT. BUTCHER SHOP - ACROSS FROM APARTMENT BUILDING

Harlee enters, cuts in line... And approaches the BUTCHER.

CUSTOMER
Hey, lady! Get in line..!

Harlee flashes her badge and places the bag of bad coke on the digital scale -- it reads 5 grams less than a pound!

EXT. DETECTIVE SEDAN - PARKED OUTSIDE APARTMENT BUILDING

Harlee passes Saperstein, packing up his hand-held scale...

HARLEE
Your scale's off, Saperstein!
There's 5 grams missing!

Harlee pulls the Perp out of the sedan. Shirley pushes her aside... Scoops bad coke with her finger, squeezes his jaw open...

SHIRLEY
You got a sample of coke and
sold it already to one of
your students, didn't you..?

POLICE HELICOPTER CIRCLES ABOVE A BROWNSTONE, LOOKS DOWN AT

The Detectives' sedans screech up to the driveway... Shirley frantically bangs on the front door. Harlee goes around the back...

EXT. BROWNSTONE - NIGHT

They find a TEEN GIRL freaking out. Standing over a LIMP TEEN and another TEEN convulsing and foaming at the mouth. An open 5-gram baggie of dirty coke by his side.

Harlee administers CPR to the frothing teen... Shirley kneels and gives her a hand. Struggling to keep the Teen alive...

EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Harlee and her crew step out of sedans... Share laughs and small talk as they lead the Perp inside.

Harlee is about to enter with them, when... Her cell rings with another call from Staal.

She quickly presses decline, can't bring herself to enter... Just stands there watching her crew disappear inside.

TUFO (O.C.)
You coming in or what?

Tufo steps out at the end of a double shift, he holds a long rectangular case.

HARLEE
Been one of those days.

Tufo nods in agreement, hands her the case. She opens it... Eyes widen at the sight of a cello bow.

TUFO
I found this catalogued
in a burglary cold case.

HARLEE
You found a custom Nicolas
Caraccio?

TUFO
I just figured, you know.
We're all proud of Christine...

An emotional Harlee just stares at Tufo.... Who being Tufo, seizes the moment and draws her into a hug.

INT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Shirley locks the Perp in the cage as Wozniak pours everyone a round of Johnnie Red... The Detectives gather around with shot glasses.

SAPERSTEIN
So why's a guy like Jamarr pour Drano into his junk? Any of you genuises figure that out? I mean, talk about killing your business. But you know what I think? The guy got a new tattoo last week. The ten commandments! I think, Jamarr finally connects with Jehovah, and decides to clean up the streets himself. Brilliant. Right..?

ESPERA
Not even close. It's the devil made him do it. Am I right, LT?

WOZNIAK
All you should care about is we got the last of it.

Wozniak downs his shot of Johnnie Red followed by the others.

WOZNIAK
(pours another round)
Because you'll probably never know why.

INT. JAMARR'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Loman rips the yellow caution tape and enters the kitchen... He rapidly flicks the light on... Off and on again... Like a strobe light.

He stares at the dry blood and coffee stains on the floor... Squints at the bullet hole in the wall.

Loman leans against a corner... Slowly slides to the ground as he relives the horror of the previous day.

He takes out his gun, and starts slamming it on the floor to the rhythm of the humming fridge, until...

Loman hears the sound of glass shatter in the living room...

THREE KIDS DRESSED IN LITTLE LEAGUE UNIFORMS

<u>Stop mid step... As they drag a large duffle bag across the floor</u>.

LOMAN
(aims his gun)
Police. Dump it. Slowly.

The nervous Kids' hands shake as they lift the duffle bag.

LOMAN
Jesus... Jamarr had you muling for him?

KID #1
No way. He was our coach...

KID #2
Need gear if we wanna play.

And just then... Baseball bats, gloves and balls pour out of the duffle bag.

Loman lowers his gun. His heart skips a beat as he breaks into his nervous cough.

EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT

Harlee sits on the stoop. Mind racing with her dilemma, as she runs her fingers over the Nicolas Caraccio bow...

Loman pulls up in a sedan, walks toward her in a daze... He braces himself against the precinct wall for support.

Harlee walks over, and gives him a hand.

HARLEE
I told you, you're all good.

LOMAN
No. I'm not good. I killed a man coached little league at the park!

HARLEE
No. You got rid of a scumbag who mixed Drano with coke.

LOMAN
(waves his gun)
I need to get rid of this! It's cursed... It's dirty.

HARLEE
Listen to me... You lose that gun, you'll lose your badge the first week on the job. That what you want?

LOMAN
Yeah... Check.. I mean... No, I just... I don't want to be this type of cop.

HARLEE
Hey... It was an accident, Loman. We're partners... I'm going to keep you this side of clean. I promise.

Loman stares at Harlee a beat, he really wants to believe.

LOMAN
How did you get... Over your first shooting?

HARLEE
Me? I never shot anyone.

LOMAN
Jesus..!

Loman hangs his head... He struggles to holster his gun...

Just then. Wozniak walks out, slaps them both on the back. Heads for his car... Answers his cell, turns to Harlee.

WOZNIAK
Okay... Don't tell me why I'm getting personal calls for you on my cell.
(hands her cell)
Just keep it real clean... Donnie's checking to see if my phone's tapped.

HARLEE
This is Detective McCord.

Harlee's stunned to hear the voice of Staal on the other end.

STAAL
I'm not calling to nail your ass for dodging my calls... Just to tell you I'm looking forward to working together.

An exhausted Harlee tunes out Staal, leans against the wall. Watches her crew leave and drive home for the night.

INT. AGENT STAAL'S MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Staal sits on a bed surrounded by photos of Harlee... Hangs up his cell. Scrolls through video clips of...

Harlee and Christine try on clothes in a dressing room. He stiffens when he hears a coded knock on the door.

INT. HARLEE'S TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

An exhausted Harlee enters and finds Christine playing the cello with her back to the door... She's about to approach her daughter when she notices her pink laptop on the table.

Harlee hits a key and the screen comes to life. Her heart sinks when she spots what she's been fearing...

A website that locates biological parents... Harlee's name and SS# are already typed into the form.

Harlee hears Christine play the final note... She quickly shuts the laptop just as... Christine turns toward her.

HARLEE
Your solo was amazing!

CHRISTINE
You catch that grace note in the last stanza?

HARLEE
It was so beautiful, I got you a Nicolas Caraccio.

Christine's eyes widen, thrilled as she checks out the bow.

CHRISTINE
So perfect. Can we maybe make it two for two? I mean? You ever hear back from Judge Hoyt?

Christine stares hopefully at her mother. But Harlee lies, can't break her daughter's heart... Not today, not ever.

HARLEE
Yes. He said... You won the scholarship, sweetie!

Christine leaps into her mother's arms. They hug and jump and laugh together, when...

Harlee's cell rings... She checks caller ID, it's Wozniak.

WOZNIAK
I spoke to Rod at the garage. He'll tow Christine's car tomorrow, fix her up and put it on our tab.

Harlee's stomach is tied in knots. She turns to Christine, who beams with joy.

INT. CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM - MIDNIGHT

Harlee watches Christine sleep. She hums a lullaby, strokes her daughter's hair. Leans down and kisses her forehead...

Harlee fishes inside Christine's purse and pulls out her car keys.

INT. AGENT STAAL'S MOTEL ROOM - MIDNIGHT

Staal stands beside a $400 an hour HOOKER, way over his pay grade. She looks strangely familiar...

He hands her a wig, and nods for her to put it on. Tosses her a rubber band... She pulls her hair back in a ponytail.

Staal steps back... He sighs at the sight of the Hooker who now bears an uncanny resemblance to Harlee!

She begins to undress but he stops her. He holds out a pair of black stilettos.

TIME DISSOLVE - CHRISTINE'S CAR - TRAVELING

Harlee searches through the radio dial. Finds a song that makes her smile.

R.E.M.'s "Losing My Religion"... Memories flood back...

Harlee drives under the bridge at 54th Street. Looks around to make sure she's alone. Grabs the steering wheel firmly...

Her head snaps forward as she crashes the front of the car into a brick wall.

Pulls in reverse... And slams the car into the wall again.

END ACT FIVE

ACT SIX

EXT. UNDER THE BRIDGE AT 54TH STREET - NIGHT

Harlee stumbles out of Christine's smashed car, stares at the steam coming out of the radiator...

She backs up into Ziggy, stoned out of his mind shuffling out of the shadows... He squints at the damaged car, back at Harlee, but it's like he doesn't see her...

ZIGGY
(incoherent)
Help me, help me. Help me.
Help... Help me...

Ziggy trembles as he takes out a homemade beaded bracelet.

Harlee tears up... She draws Ziggy into a tight hug, and finally lets herself break down.

INT. MORGUE - MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Harlee and Ziggy watch as the MEDICAL EXAMINER slides open a drawer, revealing Angie's cold corpse.

ZIGGY
She said her name was Angie...
You know, like the song.

Ziggy takes Angie's hand, and slides the bracelet around her wrist. He sobs, Harlee puts her arm around his shoulder.

ZIGGY
Why that crazy Jamaican put
Drano in his coke anyways?

HARLEE
I don't know, Ziggy... But
what if he didn't? Maybe he
bought it that way.

Harlee's mind races... As she hands a card to the M.E...

HARLEE
Can you run a test... On the
brand of Drano in her system?
Call me with anything traceable.

ZIGGY
(grabs Harlee)
All I got is $20 for a grave.

HARLEE
(whispers)
If you don't I.D. her... The city will bury Angie.

ZIGGY
They won't even give her a stone.

HARLEE
I'll get you the plot number. That way you can visit her... Whenever you want.

ZIGGY
(turns to M.E.)
No... Never seen her before.

INT. HARLEE'S BEDROOM - MORNING

Harlee dresses in front of the mirror. She places a small concealed weapon at the back of her belt.

CHRISTINE (O.C.)
MOM..! My car!

Harlee stares at her reflection... **Then she digs deep into a drawer and pulls out Christine's birth certificate**.

EXT. HARLEE'S TOWNHOUSE - MORNING

Harlee watches Christine ride off on a bus... She sits on the curb, beside the smashed-up car. Rocks back and forth, when...

Wozniak pulls up in a sedan, steps out, sits next to her...

WOZNIAK
Can't keep secrets from me, Harlee. I already know...

Harlee's heart skips a beat, she forces a smile...

WOZNIAK
Should have been Christine for that scholarship.

HARLEE
I told her she got it. I couldn't break her heart.

WOZNIAK
Of course not... You're a great mother to that girl.

Harlee stares at NEIGHBORHOOD MOMS pack KIDS up for school.

HARLEE
You know... Every time I start seeing someone new. Christine starts searching websites for her father... It's like clockwork.

WOZNIAK
Maybe it's time you finally arranged for her to find him.

HARLEE
I already have.

WOZNIAK
You told her?

HARLEE
No. She's a teenager, Woz... She needs to think she found out on her own. But, I don't know how we're gonna get...

WOZNIAK
Hopefully this will help.
(takes out envelope)
It's next year's tuition.

HARLEE
Thanks! Really! But no.

WOZNIAK
Look, the kids won't talk to me. The wife seems content dressing up her Chinese Crested. The kitchen's done, I hate fishing.

Wozniak stuffs the thick envelope in Harlee's coat pocket.

WOZNIAK
How about we throw her a party tonight?

HARLEE
Yeah. She'll like that.

Wozniak takes a call on his cell, gets up, winks at Harlee.

WOZNIAK
(off her look)
And please make sure Loman's doing the books by Monday.

HARLEE
Let’s find someone else Woz. He’s not one of us.

WOZNIAK
Are you kidding me...? He shot an unarmed man. Lied to Donnie. I own his ass.

INT. LOMAN’S APARTMENT - DAY

Loman sits at his sparse kitchen table... Sipping coffee. His hand shakes as he scribbles random numbers into boxes of graph paper. Trying to calm himself down...

All the while he avoids looking at his gun, which sits at the far corner of the table.

He tears off a new sheet of graph paper, when, Baaaaam... His “cursed” gun goes off, missing him by inches.

EXT. HARLEE’S TOWNHOUSE - DAY

Harlee sits alone at the curb... She stares at the $20,000 in cash in the envelope... Looks up and watches Christine’s totalled car get towed away...

INT. WALK-IN-FREEZER - PATRICK’S PUB - DAY

The Detectives back in their parkas, all except for Tufo... Saperstein hands them envelopes of cash...

Tufo checks his bills... Wozniak takes out a pot luck list.

WOZNIAK
Pot luck party for Christine tonight. Shirl, pepper jelly... Espera a keg of...

TUFO
You screwed up again. What’s the cut, Saperstein?

INT. FULTON MARKET WAREHOUSE - DAY

Harlee navigates the maze of cubicles, now manned by FBI AGENTS. Spots Staal and Baker seated and sipping coffee.

She tosses a thick envelope of cash on the table. Staal counts the bills...

HARLEE
$15,000... My cut of last quarter’s collections.

Staal pulls up a chair for Harlee... But, she doesn't sit.

HARLEE
If I agree to do this... I want Loman reassigned before he gets dragged through the shit.

STAAL
Not a chance. Any change in personnel right now is a red flag.

HARLEE
The guy was an accountant. He still spit shines his badge.

STAAL
Then you got nothing to worry about with him.

Baker motions to the empty chair... But Harlee just fixates on a weathered calender from the year 1986.

BAKER
Why did you come back, Harlee?

HARLEE
(after a long beat)
Last night I crashed my kid's car to cover a lie.

Baker nods and hands Harlee a cup of coffee. Harlee stares at the chair, and then finally... She takes a seat.

STAAL
Just one last thing before we start... If you ever pull a stunt like you did at Christine's concert... I will arrest you in front of her and guarantee you get a minimum of thirty... You understand?

HARLEE
Yeah... I figured as much...

BAKER
Now why don't you begin by telling us something we don't know about Wozniak?

Harlee picks at the ripped fabric, she looks up at Baker.

BAKER
It’s non negotiable, Harlee. You’re going to follow that prick all the way to the top.

EXT. THE RIVER - DAY

Wozniak paces in front of his sedan when Donnie Pomp pulls up in his car, and quickly steps out.

WOZNIAK
Was there enough money for you this time?

Wozniak leans in and kisses Donnie on the lips...

Donnie lingers a moment... Breaks away, and hands Wozniak the orange safety deposit key he gave him at the precinct.

DONNIE
I didn’t go near the safety deposit box.
(off his look)
I got word the Feds planted a rat inside your precinct.

WOZNIAK
What..? Who?

DONNIE
Who the hell knows. But we’re not cutting you guys in, not until you find out who it is.

INT. FULLTON MARKET WAREHOUSE - DAY

Staal and Baker watch as Harlee unbuttons her shirt and an FBI TECHNICIAN begins to wire her up, just as...

Harlee’s cell rings with a call from the Medical Examiner.

HARLEE
It’s the M.E... I’m tracking down some scum that’s cutting Drano into his coke.

Staal nods for her to answer her cell... Harlee gets the news about the brand of Drano...

Staal adjusts the wire... Uses the opportunity to lean in and smell Harlee’s hair.

EXT. DETECTIVE PETERS' APARTMENT - DAY

Harlee lets down her hair and shakes it out... Undoes a button, notices the wire, quickly buttons it back up.

A shirtless Peters opens the door... Harlee lets him wrap her in his arms, smells him, but steps back.

PETERS
I got us early check in at the Embassy Suites... Not for another coupla hours...

HARLEE
Tonight. Turns out to be a bad night, Eric.
(off his look)
Listen... Someone's cutting coke with Mexican Drano. Can you start a stakeout for me?

PETERS
I booked us... Why the hell can't you ask your crew?

HARLEE
They're all going to be... At my place. For a party. For Christine.

PETERS
And you weren't even going to pretend to invite me?

HARLEE
No.

Harlee kisses Peters... He pulls her inside. Undoing her shirt, getting too close to the wire... Harlee steps back, he looks at her confused.

HARLEE
It's gonna take some time, Eric. Christine's the most important thing I got.

Harlee gently strokes Peters' face... He enjoys the view as she heads down the hall toward the stairs.

INT. WOZNIAK'S SEDAN - PULLS UP TO HARLEE'S BROWNSTONE

Wozniak takes his gun out of the holster... Conceals it in the back of his belt, and heads to the front door.

EXT. HARLEE'S BACKYARD - DAY

A large banner hangs across the yard: "CONGRATS CHRISTINE!" Harlee smiles as Christine hands out cold beers to Friends, Neighbors, Espera, Shirley, Saperstein and the others...

Wozniak leans against the fence beside his WIFE. He stares suspiciously at Harlee who looks on with pride, as...

Christine begins playing Bach's "Cello Concerto in A Minor" with her new Nicolas Caraccio bow.

Harlee stands alone, stares out at her family in blue. All of them snuggled up with dates. Even Saperstein...

She texts Peters on her cell -- "come over after ur shift"

INT. DETECTIVE PETERS' SEDAN - PARKED AT A STAKEOUT

Peters reaches for a zoom-lens camera, focuses it on... A WELL-DRESSED LATINO BANKER TYPE meeting with Donnie Pomp!

Just then... His cell buzzes, he smiles at the text from Harlee. About to respond, when suddenly...

He feels the cold muzzle of a gun aimed at his temple... And Detective Eric Peters gets shot in the head.

EXT. HARLEE'S BACKYARD - DAY

Harlee refreshes her cell waiting for a reply from Peters. As Christine continues playing her cello...

Harlee locks eyes with Wozniak who motions for her to meet him in the garage.

She nods, nervously adjusts the wire attached to her bra.

MONTAGE - OVER BACH'S "CELLO CONCERTO IN A MINOR"

* Espera turns away from his Wife and stares at Shirley who stands awkwardly with her husband DAN, holding hands.

* Ziggy walks amongst hundreds of tombstones crowded together like chipped teeth, sprawling to the edge of a highway. He looks at a freshly-etched tattoo on his forearm: "272".

Ziggy stands over a nameless grave, buffeted by the winds of passing cars. He places flowers on the stone numbered "272".

* Staal chomps on peanut M&M's... Listening to the wire...

* Loman sits in his car, raises his gun, considers the unthinkable, when he spots the Kids from Jamarr's apartment running past in their "Cubbies" baseball caps.

He notices there's no coach to run their practice. Places his gun in the glove compartment, heads toward them... And begins to hit ground balls...

*** Christine reaches for a case of beer in the kitchen, but topples over a box of files. Collects the old documents...**

Eyes widen at her birth certificate, in a plastic sleeve.

Christine shocked to see Wozniak is listed as her father.

INT. HARLEE'S GARAGE - DAY

Bach's Cello Concerto reaches a crescendo as Wozniak pulls out his gun, slams it on the car rooftop. Gets in Harlee's face...

WOZNIAK
That's right there's a rat!
A Fed rat! In my precinct!
(off her look)
Don't look so surprised. Your boyfriend Donnie Pomp told me.

Harlee's heart beats out of her chest. She feels beads of sweat form around the wire.

Harlee locks eyes with Wozniak who circles, waves his gun...

WOZNIAK
And now I need to kill it!

Harlee slowly reaches for the concealed gun attached to the back of her belt... About to pull it out and shoot Wozniak who leans toward her.

WOZNIAK
I need you to help me find out who it is...
(dead stare)
You're the only one I can trust, Harlee.

And off Harlee's stunned look, we...

FADE TO BLUE: *