BRONX WARRANTS

"Pilot"

Written by

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INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

Blackness. A shaft of light from a door swinging open reveals a GUY, 50's, naked except for his underwear, laying on the dirty linoleum floor, covered in puke, dead.

DESTEFANO sees this from the doorway and SIGHS. In his late 30's, he's unhappily fat, world-weary, very Italian. His badge is clipped to his belt.

DESTEFANO
Well, this is fun.

He leans down to check the guy.

YVETTE (O.S.)
Eww, he dead?

Destefano glances back to see YVETTE -- late 20's, attractive, a Puerto Rican spitfire. Her motor mouth usually gets her what she wants, if only to shut her up.

DESTEFANO
(nods) Unless he can breathe puke.
Jesus, the paperwork on this --

YVETTE
I know, right?

Suddenly, the corpse sits up.

Yvette and Destefano SCREAM, jump out of the room and into --

INT. BXWS STATION HOUSE - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

We realize we're not in some crappy apartment but in the station house of the Bronx Warrant Squad (BXWS) -- a shitty nightmare of broken government desks and ancient computers.

They look back into the bunk room to see the puke-covered guy sitting on the floor, looking around, dazed.

YVETTE
My God, he's like the walkin' dead.
And that *stink*. He pooped himself!

DESTEFANO
(chuckles) "Pooped."

YVETTE
It's not funny. Shut the door.
Lock him in there, keep that smell
from gettin' out!

Destefano walks back in and kneels down to the guy.

DESTEFANO
What the hell happened to you last night?

GUY
Went to the Starlite... I think that slutty bartender put something in my drink.

DESTEFANO
Yeah, vodka.

The guy lays back down on the cool floor as MORALES, a handsome Hispanic dude, early-20's, ladies man, walks up.

MORALES
Where can I find Captain Salerno?

DESTEFANO
You found him. (to the guy on the floor) Captain, you have a visitor.

Morales, oblivious, leans down to the hung-over Captain.

MORALES
Hey, Captain. I'm Morales, from Brooklyn Warrants. The new guy. They said to check in with you.

CAPTAIN SALERNO
(mumbling) Go to hell...

MORALES
So I'm checked in then?

CAPTAIN SALERNO
Go to hell, you dick!

MORALES
(finally realizing) Hey, you okay? You don't look so good with all that spit and vomit on you.

CAPTAIN SALERNO
Out! Out!

DESTEFANO
I think he wants some alone time, there, new guy.

He leads Morales out of the bunk room and shuts the door behind him as the Captain falls back asleep.

DESTEFANO
So you're from Brooklyn?

MORALES
Yeah, warrant squad. They pushed me out so they could keep the money for themselves. They hoard their money over there like dragons!

YVETTE
How'd a puppy like you land a spot on warrants?

MORALES
This beautiful pitching arm. I told the Lieu, he wants me pitchin' in the league, he's gotta get me on another warrant squad, even if it's just the Bronx. I wanna make paper, baby, and warrants is where you get that green.

He waves a warrant sheet with a mug shot on it.

MORALES
This little lost lamb don't know what's comin'. Daddy's makin' *bank*.

Destefano and Yvette share a glance -- *who is this asshole?*

DESTEFANO
You got an address?

MORALES
Yeah, I live in Queens, 143 Flatb --

DESTEFANO
-- Not *your* address, jackoff. I'm not dropping by your place with a fruit basket. I wanna know where we can grab your *perp*.

MORALES
Already handled. Got a meet set at 2:30. Easy pick up and delivery, 'cause that's the way we do it in Brooklyn!

YVETTE
That's the way you *did* it before they dumped your ass.
(MORE)

YVETTE (CONT'D)
(to Destefano) Can we grab my guy first? I need that bonus for a waxing.

DESTEFANO
We got your guy first yesterday. You don't see me trying to grab my body first every day.

YVETTE
But I got a good address on him. He'll *be* there. My body's *hot* right now.

Morales flashes Yvette a killer smile.

MORALES
It sure is. The things I could do to that hot little body.

Destefano and Yvette glance at each other.

YVETTE
(to Morales) Are you, like, retarded or something?

MORALES
Come on, I'm on *fire* for you, sweetheart. I'm *sizzlin'*. Don't believe me, take my temperature *the baby way*.

DESTEFANO
You mean... anally?

MORALES
Is that what "baby way" means? 'cause I thought, since babies come out of a vagina --

YVETTE
It means taking a temp in the ass.

MORALES
Oh. Well, only ass I like is kickin' ass and if you're my perp and you give me shit, it's all *bam, bam, bam*, baby! So how 'bout I take you to a nice dinner?

YVETTE
(waves ring) I'm engaged, dumbass.

MORALES
To a man?

YVETTE
Just because I don't wanna screw you doesn't make me a lesbian. Yes to a man, of *course* to a man!

DESTEFANO
(shrugs) He's an environmental blogger.

MORALES
Is that a thing?

DESTEFANO
If by "thing" you mean "job" and if by "job" you mean something that pays money then, no, it's not a thing.

YVETTE
Eat me.

Morales sees some old slices of pizza.

MORALES
Hey, breakfast! (to Destefano) Want one?

DESTEFANO
(shakes head) I'm on a diet.

YVETTE
He and the wife are tryin' to have a kid and the doc said he's too fat to knock her up. Sperm count or somethin'.

DESTEFANO
How the hell do you know that?

YVETTE
Your wife, dumbass. She don't want you eatin' bread. I said I'd keep an eye but, between us, you know what happens when you have a baby? *You end up with a baby*! Shoot me now, right?

Destefano stares at her, then shouts OFFSCREEN:

DESTEFANO
TJ, you ready to roll?

TJ, a good looking black cop in his late 20's, dressed to impress, looks up from his ancient computer.

TJ
Almost done with this paperwork. Taking me forever because (shouting to the station) *someone* stole the "L" from my keyboard which means I gotta use the "1" instead, which means I'm probably releasin' rapists by accident and if I catch who's *stealing* this shit from me --

YVETTE
-- Stop singin' an opera, already! Let's go, Jesus...

TJ
Just about done.

Suddenly, the lights go out as the power in the building cuts off. TJ's computer screen goes blank. He stares in shock.

TJ
Who used the microwave? Who used the goddamn microwave!

He runs around a wall of crappy filing cabinets into --

THE KITCHEN/VIDEO GAME AREA

COPS sit on an old couch, playing Xbox 360 Madden. DOYLE, a bloated, red-faced Irish cop, stares at a microwave with a handwritten sign on it: "DON'T USE THE MICROWAVE, ASSHOLE."

TJ
Doyle! What does the sign say?

DOYLE
Don't use the microwave.

TJ
Because it blows the fuses!

DOYLE
I was just heatin' coffee.

TJ
It doesn't matter what you're heating. It doesn't use special "coffee" electricity. I been working on yesterday's paperwork for an hour and now it's shit!

DESTEFANO
(re: Doyle) Look at that Irish face. He's one burst blood vessel away from a eulogy. Forget him. Let's just go make some money.

They turn to leave --

DOYLE
(calling after them) By the way, look what I found under the couch.

They look back to see Doyle, grinning, holding up the "L" key from TJ's keyboard. The COPS around him LAUGH.

TJ
You stupid son of a --

Just then, the bunk room door BANGS open and Captain Salerno staggers out in his underwear. As soon as daylight hits him, he throws his arm over his eyes and, with a MOAN, falls back, dropping to a knee. Yvette stares in horror.

YVETTE
Jesus Christ, it's like watching the end of Dracula.

EXT. BXWS VAN - DAY

A non-descript light brown minivan makes its way through the early morning Bronx streets.

YVETTE (O.S.)
So why you wanna have a kid?

INT. BXWS VAN - DAY

TJ's in the passenger seat as Destefano drives. Yvette and Morales, wearing bulletproof vests, sit behind them.

DESTEFANO
(shrugs) Things are pretty good right now, the wife wants one, seems like the right time.

TJ
All kids do is eat and shit. Get a cat instead, 'cause at least you can train a cat to shit in a *box*.

MORALES
I love kids. I got three beautiful babies.

YVETTE
Lemme guess, from three different mamas?

MORALES
First of all, that's racist. And second of all, yes. But you *gotta* have a lotta mamas 'cause you can't have sex with them while they're pregnant so you need to rotate 'em.

YVETTE
What retard said you can't have sex with a woman while she's pregnant?

MORALES
Science! Everyone knows when a penis pokes a womb it causes autism. And, for girls, it turns them into sluts. See, when they're overexposed to cock in the womb, they spend the rest of their lives unconsciously tryin' to get more. This is a known fact.

Everyone stares at him.

DESTEFANO
Anyone wanna have a go at that?

TJ YVETTE
No. Hell, no.

TJ
Look, D, trust me, you don't want a kid. Hell, I had a vasectomy just so I could be *sure* I don't make a mistake that calls me "daddy".

MORALES
That's self mutilation! Bein' able to have a kid is what makes a man a man.

TJ
No, what makes a man a man is pleasing a woman and now I can do that with full peace of mind. Plus, it's nice not having to bag your dick during the act.

YVETTE
A vasectomy don't protect you from disease.

TJ
(shrugs) I'd rather have chlamydia than a daughter named Lydia.

YVETTE
Ew. (to Destefano) So can we get my guy first?

DESTEFANO
Fine. Your guy, then my guy, then TJ's, then we do retard's pick up at 2:30.

TJ
Sounds like a plan.

Destefano pulls the van next to a run down apartment complex.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The four of them walk up to the front entrance. Destefano tries the door. Locked.

DESTEFANO
Gimme the plastic.

TJ hands him a curved piece of plastic that was clearly cut from the side of a Clorox bottle. Destefano slips it between the door and the frame and uses it to jiggle the lock.

YVETTE
(reading off warrant sheet) So no history of violence on this perp. Sex offender. Likes to show it to boys who don't wanna see it.

TJ
I don't wanna see it.

DESTEFANO
Methinks the lady doth protest too much. (shrugs) Heard that on Modern Family last night.

The lock CLICKS and Destefano opens the door.

DESTEFANO
(to TJ) You wanna cover the escape?

TJ
No, I wanna climb three flights of piss stained stairs.

He goes to the foot of the fire escape as the others enter.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

The low battery indicator on a fire alarm CHIRPS as Destefano, Yvette and Morales arrive at a dented metal door in this dimly lit hallway. Yvette bangs on it.

YVETTE
Police! Open up! We have a warrant! (to Destefano) Gimme the thing.

Destefano hands her a halligan (metal bar with a prong on the end.) She pops out the peep hole, then looks through.

HER POV. A person flashes past.

YVETTE
He's there.

Destefano lifts his leg to kick in the door.

MORALES
No, let me! I love kickin' in doors. I'm *great* at it. Back in Brooklyn, they called me --

DESTEFANO
Kick in the door already!

YVETTE
Jesus Christ, this asshole!

Morales kicks the door but catches his foot on the knob, twisting his ankle. He SCREAMS.

DESTEFANO
Are you shittin' me? You better not have broke that ankle.

MORALES
I think I just sprained it.

YVETTE
Wait here at the door, Bruce Lee.

Destefano kicks the door open. They enter.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A crack den. Syringes. Pipes. Destefano moves toward the bedroom as Yvette heads toward a closed closet. As she opens the door, the perp (CARLOS) springs from it. He's thin, wiry, a junkie.

He's also completely naked.

The perp spins to the front door to find Morales.

MORALES
Come on, bring it, junkie!

Carlos stumbles back. The low morning light throws his shadow on the wall, REVEALING a huge, erect penis.

The squad stares at it, stunned.

DESTEFANO
Jesus Christ. You got an angry sea monster there!

YVETTE
Carlos! Let's just get you dressed and -- my lord, that penis is distracting. The way it bobs, it's like a one-eyed cobra.

Carlos takes a step back toward the open window.

DESTEFANO
Hey! My man. *Do not make me run*. I am fat and filled with hate. If you make me chase you, I'm bringing an ass whoopin' with me, so --

Carlos leaps through the open window onto the fire escape.

DESTEFANO
Shit.

Yvette runs down the fire escape after the perp while Destefano takes the stairs, followed by a limping Morales.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

TJ, at the bottom of the escape, sees the naked perp running down the ladder towards him, chased by Yvette.

TJ
(dismayed) Hell, no.

Suddenly, the perp leaps off and sails down toward TJ, who ducks away from him as Yvette arrives.

YVETTE
Why didn't you grab him?

TJ
There was too much ass fallin' at me. And that ballsack looked like a Georgia melon!

YVETTE
Coward!

Destefano catches up with them and they all run after the perp, who's younger and more agile, but also buck naked.

Yvette gains on the guy until finally tackling him. He fights and flips like a trout. Destefano arrives, out of shape, out of breath, and piles on. Morales, with his sprained ankle, is far behind.

MORALES
I'm gonna beat you sterile! Your world's about to end!

The only one not doing anything is TJ, who stares in horror at the writhing mass of naked arms and legs.

DESTEFANO
Do somethin'!

TJ
You do somethin'! Who knows what kinds of Hepatitis or Ebola he's got cookin' in that scabby body.

YVETTE
Cuff him, asshole!

DESTEFANO
Quit screwin' around!

Hating it, TJ wades into the pile and manages to snap cuffs on the naked guy. Everyone leans back, exhausted.

YVETTE
(to TJ) So you'll screw a broad without a rubber but you're suddenly delicate with *this* dipshit?

TJ
The ladies I pick are *fine*. This bitch is nasty.

Suddenly, the perp starts SCREAMING. They turn and look at him -- then burst out LAUGHING.

DESTEFANO
Are you kidding me?

From behind, we can see that the perp's right wrist is cuffed to his crotch while his left arm waves free.

DESTEFANO
Jesus, you cuffed his *dick*. (to Yvette) Ever seen that before?

YVETTE
(laughing) Hell, no. He invented a whole new way of cuffin'!

TJ
Holy shit! I touched it?

YVETTE
Touched it? You frickin' *molested* it.

Morales arrives, sees this --

MORALES
Wow. That's a puzzle. How'd you get it under the sack like that?

TJ
I couldn't see, I was just grabbing and I thought it was his arm -- a small arm, like a baby leg!

YVETTE
A baby leg?

MORALES
(laughing) Baby legs!

DESTEFANO
This is how bad nicknames happen to good people.

INT. BXWS VAN - DAY - LATER

The perp, Carlos, now sits in the back of the van, properly cuffed, covered by a sheet.

CARLOS
(to TJ) I'm gonna file a complaint against you, baby legs. What you did ain't right.

DESTEFANO
Relax, my man. No one's filing any complaints. Now what can we do to make your morning more enjoyable?

CARLOS
Well, I'm a little hungry.

MORALES
(exploding) Shut up!

Morales smacks Carlos in the back of the head.

YVETTE
What the hell?!

DESTEFANO
What are you doin'?!

MORALES
What? You said you'd beat him if he ran and he ran.

DESTEFANO
Yeah, because he's a dumbass. But we already *knew* he was a dumbass because he's a criminal which, by definition, *means he's a dumbass*.

MORALES
Then shouldn't we motivate him to *not* be a dumbass?

DESTEFANO
No, 'cause if he doesn't do stupid shit, he won't draw a warrant for his arrest, which means we can't get our bonus for bringing him in, which means we're all just broke bitches cryin' in our beers. We *need* him to be a dumbass so we can make bank. Right, Carlos?

CARLOS
Definitely. (then) So how 'bout some pork buns?

INT. BXWS VAN - LATER

Carlos is now eating pork buns along with the rest of the squad -- all except for Destefano. Carlos offers him one.

DESTEFANO
(shakes head) No, thanks. Tryin' to exercise some self control.

TJ
Looks like that's the only thing you're exercising.

Everyone LAUGHS. Morales, emboldened, joins in.

MORALES
Yeah, you fatso.

Everyone, shocked, turns to him --

TJ
Hey!

YVETTE
What the hell, asshole!

MORALES
What? I thought we were bustin' his balls.

TJ
We were 'cause we know how to do it!

YVETTE
You leave D alone. He's delicate right now, tryin' to lose weight to have this stupid kid.

MORALES
It's so weird you're *tryin'* to have a kid. I got three babies and I never once *tried*.

DESTEFANO
Answer me this -- do you put a bag on your prick when you bone?

MORALES
Hell, no.

DESTEFANO
Yeah, that's called "tryin' to have a kid". It's not that *plus* a Mayan incantation. Shootin' your sperm into a woman is pretty much all a guy needs to do.

MORALES
'Cept you, apparently.

Destefano glares. Carlos, still covered in a sheet, leans forward, crumbs on his mouth.

CARLOS
I was a beautiful baby.

They stare at him. The sheet in his crotch area begins to rise...

DESTEFANO
Jesus Christ.

TJ
Take a mental photo, D. Years from now, you're gonna look at the baby you wanted so badly you wouldn't even eat a *pork bun* and this (nods to Carlos) is what's gonna be lookin' back at you.

DESTEFANO
You don't know *shit*.

TJ
I'm serious. You *really* think you got a future president or astronaut in your wrinkled sack? I'm tellin' you, Carlos is your future.

YVETTE
You're forgettin' he's only half the equation. Adele's smart. Her genes might get the kid up to, like, orthodontist level.

TJ
Speaking of Adele, I hope you like her 'cause *nothing* binds you to a woman like a kid. After that, you're tied together *forever*.

That lands with Destefano.

DESTEFANO
Forever. Jesus...

YVETTE
Hey! You think there's a line of supermodels waitin' for you outside divorce court? You're lucky to have Adele. If she wants a baby, you put one in her belly.

DESTEFANO
I thought you hated babies.

YVETTE
I do but I like your wife and, if that's what she wants, you give her one! God knows she ain't got much else to live for.

Destefano SIGHS, reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a crumpled, coffee stained warrant. He hands it to Yvette.

DESTEFANO
Just read me the address already.

YVETTE
(staring at warrant) Jesus, could you even make an *effort*? You see how my warrant sheet is nice and crisp and yours looks like it was buried with King Tut?

He stares at her.

YVETTE
What?

EXT. SHITTY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - EST.

An absolute craphole.

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Destefano, Morales, TJ and Yvette climb CREAKING stairs until they arrive at a door. Destefano SILENTLY counts down from three, two, one --

DESTEFANO
Police! We have a warrant!

They kick open the door and rush in.

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The place is strewn with idols to Santeria (Latin witchcraft) -- burned out incense, stick figures hanging from the ceiling, rooster feet. It's creepy -- and empty.

TJ
This asshole's long gone.

YVETTE
Ew. What's that smell?

She begins opening cabinets, looking for the source of it.

DESTEFANO
(uncomfortable) Who gives a shit? We struck out. Let's just go.

TJ
So says ace cop Vincent Destefano. For a perp, there must be no better feeling in the world than to know Sergeant Destefano is hot on your trail!

DESTEFANO
Very funny, baby legs. And chances of catching this guy were remote to begin with -- it's a second attempt on a Mexican.

MORALES
(offended) What does that mean?

DESTEFANO
No offense to your species, but Mexicans have no ties in the states. Soon as they know we're looking, they disappear.

TJ
No cop's ever seen the same Mexican twice. This guy's in Alabama now, scrubbing pots at a Chili's.

YVETTE
You may not have got your bonus, D, but I see some *lovely* free things for your nursery --

She smiles and rests her hand on a filthy, broken playpen in the corner -- startling the hissing RABID RACCOON inside. She SCREAMS as it springs!

Panic as the detectives scramble. Destefano leaps onto a chair as Morales pulls his weapon and, tripping backwards, wildly fires a shot as the animal crosses in front of Destefano --

There's a RINGING SOUND as Destefano drops.

BLACKNESS. Then --

CLOSE ON Destefano as he opens his eyes, laying on the shitty linoleum floor, staring up at a water stain on the ceiling.

CARLOS (O.S.)
You okay?

Destefano looks over to see Carlos standing there in his sheet, crumbs on his face.

DESTEFANO
What the hell are you doing here? How'd you slip your cuffs?

CARLOS
Don't worry about that. I wanna talk to you about something important. You don't really want this baby, do you?

Destefano sits up.

DESTEFANO
Hang on -- did that retard shoot me in the head? Am I *dead* now 'cause of that retard?!

CARLOS
We'll come back to that. Let me ask you something -- how many times you cheat on your wife? And don't lie, 'cause I know.

Destefano stares at him, then --

DESTEFANO
Enough, I guess.

CARLOS
Four times. Shame fades, but it doesn't go away, does it? (leans down) You drink too much, too. You won't admit it, 'cause you don't want to stop, but you know it's true. And who were you jerking off to in the shower this morning?

Destefano doesn't answer.

CARLOS
Connie Chung, right?

DESTEFANO
Well, a *younger* Connie Chung. (shrugs) It's a childhood thing.

CARLOS
Don't equivocate. Truth is, you're a fat, drunk Connie Chung jerkin' cheater. If you died now -- and I'm not saying you *did* -- but *if* you did you'd be forgotten in a week.

DESTEFANO
So you're sayin' I should have a kid to protect my legacy?

CARLOS
Wow, you got *that* from *that*? Hold on --

He reaches under the sheet and scratches his balls.

CARLOS
Sorry. Crabs. Anyway, that was a very optimistic reading of your situation. The other way to look at it is, do you really think you're so wonderful the world needs *two* of you?

That lands hard.

DESTEFANO
Jesus, two of me...

CARLOS
Food for thought. You don't have to make any decisions now. And, by the way, no, you're not dead.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON Destefano as his eyes open. There's a cut on his ear. The cops kneel around him. Carlos is nowhere in sight.

YVETTE
You okay?

DESTEFANO
(touches blood on ear) Did that retard shoot me in the head?

TJ
No, your fat ass broke the chair and you fell.

MORALES
I gotta say I'm a little offended you'd think I'd shoot you in the head. I got mad *skills*.

YVETTE
Just not against raccoons. You'd have come closer to hittin' it if you'd *thrown* your gun at it.

MORALES
Why you so all cold to me? I thought all cops were family.

YVETTE
The *van* is family. You're a stranger. (to Destefano) You wanna get checked out at the hospital?

Destefano sits up, weary, beaten --

DESTEFANO
No. Let's just go. Let's just grab the next body already.

EXT. ANOTHER APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The van pulls up alongside the building.

INT. BXWS VAN - DAY

Destefano looks at TJ's warrant.

DESTEFANO
Guy's wanted for assault. He lives with his mom, so bring the thing.

YVETTE
The big thing, the plastic thing or the other thing?

DESTEFANO
The big thing.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON a homemade metal battering ram that says: "BXWS 4749 The Greatest Detectives In the World". TJ holds it as the group walks up to the front door. From inside, we hear the sound of a TV. Destefano listens carefully --

DESTEFANO
We're in luck. Golden Girls is on, which can only mean one thing --

MORALES
He likes rubbing one out to seventy year old broads?

DESTEFANO
No, dumbass. Mom's home. Watch and learn.

Destefano BANGS on the door.

DESTEFANO
Police! We have a warrant!

The TV abruptly turns OFF, but no one answers. The cops glance at each other -- stupid perp.

DESTEFANO
My man, don't make us break down this door unless you want your mom exposed to every meth-head and sex offender in the South Bronx.

Destefano drops the battering ram on the concrete outside the door. He waits a moment to let the SOUND resonate. Finally:

EDDIE (O.S.)
Wait -- don't bust it.

The door opens to reveal EDDIE, a heavily muscled white guy, unshaven. Behind him is his MOM, late 60's, thin and frail.

DESTEFANO
Good call, my man. *Now do not make me run*. This's been a shitty day and it's only gettin' shittier so --

YVETTE
-- Jesus, why you gotta turn every arrest into a therapy session. Just cuff the guy already!

Destefano SIGHS, then turns and cuffs the guy. As he does, he smiles at the guy's MOM.

DESTEFANO
Don't worry, we're gonna take good care of him for you, okay?

MOM
I hope he gets raped by Ukranians.

They all stare at her.

INT. VAN - DAY

Carlos and Eddie are now cuffed in the back of the van.

YVETTE
Jesus Christ. I mean, what mom *wishes* that?

TJ
See, that's what I'm *talkin*' about. I bet, back in the day, she was some hot piece of ass who just wanted to make her man happy, then she pops out Eddie, here, and her body goes to hell and the marriage disintegrates and, thirty years later, she looks at the kid that got her into this shitty-ass state to begin with and wishes he was being raped by Ukranians. It's... unavoidable.

Eddie leans forward.

EDDIE
Actually, she's just mad I pawned her walker.

Suddenly, Destefano's phone BUZZES. As he checks an IM:

MORALES
It's almost 2:30. Gotta pick up my perp. The meet's all set.

DESTEFANO
(looking up from phone) Can you drop me at my place on the way? I gotta do a thing.

TJ
What thing?

DESTEFANO
(evasive) Nothing. Just a thing.

TJ
He's blushing!

YVETTE
Why you blushing?

DESTEFANO
Nothing, Jesus.

TJ
(realizing) Oh, shit! You're gonna give the old lady a few inches, aren't you?

YVETTE
A *very* few.

DESTEFANO
How the hell would you know? And, yeah, she says something down there is the right temperature for makin' a kid...

MORALES
Swampy?

DESTEFANO
No, not swampy, asshole! She's just particularly fertile right now so I gotta -- (re: Yvette) Why you making that face?

Yvette looks nauseous.

YVETTE
I'm just trying to picture it. It sounds so disgusting. I mean, are you on top?

TJ
He's tryin' to get her pregnant, not murder her.

Morales and Yvette LAUGH.

DESTEFANO
(to Yvette) What the hell are *you* laughing at? You're the one *told* me to get her pregnant.

YVETTE
Yeah, but now I'm *picturing* it. So you, what, just lay there like you're on a beach and she climbs on?

TJ
Yeah, and when she's done, Greenpeace shows up and rolls him back into the ocean.

They all LAUGH. Destefano tightens his jaw.

INT. DESTEFANO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Destefano enters. It's small and nicely decorated.

DESTEFANO
I'm home.

ADELE (O.S.)
(calling from bathroom) That you?

DESTEFANO
No, I'm a rapist with your husband's voice. Yeah.

ADELE (O.S.)
Listen, could you take it out and play with it real quick to get it ready before my vadge cools? I'm almost done pooping.

DESTEFANO
Sure thing, you sweet talker, you.

He unbuttons his pants and begins to stroke it.

ADELE (O.S.)
So you get your perp?

DESTEFANO
Missed him.

ADELE (O.S.)
Vincent, the insurance doesn't cover the fertility drugs.
(MORE)

ADELE (O.S.) (CONT'D)
You don't get these guys, we don't get a baby.

DESTEFANO
You wanna let me focus here?

ADELE (O.S.)
How much focus does it take? You're gettin' your dick hard, not decoding DNA.

Destefano SIGHS and continues.

EXT. STREET - DAY

TJ and Morales stand outside the van as Yvette stretches.

TJ
It's almost three. Sure your perp's gonna show?

MORALES
He'll show. He thinks I'm sellin' him half price Taylor Swift tickets. (re: Yvette) Man, I could seriously work with that ass.

TJ
You actually attracted to her?

MORALES
It's more like, she's just the one who's *around*. It's like the dancing bear in the circus. It's not that the bear's a good dancer, it's that it can dance at *all*.

TJ
You get we *like* her, right?

MORALES
Yeah. So do I. What?

Yvette rushes back --

YVETTE
Where's Destefano's warrant?

She digs through the van and fishes out Destefano's coffee stained warrant, then holds up the mug shot to compare it to a HISPANIC MAN who's getting into a car.

YVETTE
That's Destefano's Mexican, right?

TJ
Yeah, looks like. Let's grab him --

MORALES
But there's *my* guy --

Morales points. A BIG BLACK MAN is walking up the street.

YVETTE
New guy's get their bodies last.

MORALES
But he's right there!

TJ
Come on, the Mexican's getting away!

Morales's guy spots him with Yvette and TJ, sees the commotion they're causing, starts to get spooked. He turns and begins hustling off --

MORALES
I'm *losin'* him.

YVETTE
You want him, go chase him.

MORALES
I got a busted ankle!

TJ
Yeah, 'cause you're an idiot.

They all pile into the van and take off after the car with the Mexican in it as Morales's guy escapes.

INT. DESTEFANO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Destefano lays on the bed as his wife, Adele, late-30's, pretty but with some mileage, rides him during sex.

ADELE
So how's the diet coming?

DESTEFANO
Good. No bread today.

ADELE
Good boy. You know what Dr. Ramirez said -- the more pounds you pack on, the more dead sperm you have in your pouch. Think about that next time you're staring at a slice. (then) You feel like you're getting close?

DESTEFANO
I *was*. "Dead sperm" really took the lead outta the pencil.

Adele notices the cut on Destefano's ear from his fall.

ADELE
What's this?

DESTEFANO
That? Nothing. (considers, then) Hey, you really think I'm so "wonderful" there should be two of me in the world?

ADELE
You get a baby's not a clone, right? It's not like we're using your earlobe to grow a new you in a petri dish in the refrigerator.

DESTEFANO
No, I get that. It's just...

ADELE
(smiles) You're *my man*. Relax. (whispers) Come for me.

A nice moment. Destefano relaxes a little and they begin again. Suddenly, from outside, TJ CALLS UP:

TJ (O.S.)
You done up there? Blow your load and get down here. We got your Mexican for you!

ADELE
My God, they're *outside?*

DESTEFANO
Ah, Christ.

EXT. STREET - DAY

TJ shouts up to the window.

TJ
C'mon, already! I wanna drop these guys at the station!

MORALES
And you *owe* me! Gettin' your stupid Mexican cost me my guy!

YVETTE
You two oughta' shut up. You're puttin' too much pressure on him. He's sensitive.

DESTEFANO (O.S.)
Hey!

They look up to see Destefano, shirtless, leaning out of the window.

DESTEFANO
What the hell are you doin'?

YVETTE
Um, could you please put a shirt on? I'm gettin' a kind of a pukey feelin'...

She waves her hand in front of her face, fainty, as Adele joins Destefano in the window.

ADELE
Thanks a lot, guys. Because of you, he couldn't finish. It's a tricky balancing act with him.

DESTEFANO
Jesus, Adele.

YVETTE
I told them not to, Mrs. Destefano. I figure it's bad enough what you gotta let him do to you in order to have a baby.

ADELE
I know, right!

DESTEFANO
Hey, I'm not exactly Quasimodo...

ADELE
You know I don't mean it in that way, Vincent.

She throws a glance down to Yvette and nods: *Yes I do*.

YVETTE
You want us to send him home early so he can try again?

ADELE
(nods) Thanks, Yvette. And, remember, don't let him eat bread. The doctor says all this fat is killin' his sperm.

YVETTE
I'm keepin' an eye. And I like your hair like that. It's pretty.

ADELE
You like it? Thanks. I just got it done. (to Destefano) Why don't you ever tell me it's pretty?

He glares at her.

ADELE
What?

INT. BXWS VAN - DAY

Destefano sits in the passenger seat in a terrible mood.

MORALES
It's too bad you couldn't bust your nut. I got excellent control over that function. There could be a martian invasion and I could still finish my business. By the way, if your lady sticks her pinkie in your ass when you come, you'll have a boy, guaranteed. That's just a --

DESTEFANO
Will you shut up? Will you just shut up? Will you ever *shut the hell up?*!

MORALES
Jesus. Mr. Testy. Eat a carb.

YVETTE
(to Destefano) So you glad we grabbed your Mexican for you?

DESTEFANO
I am. Thank you.

Destefano looks at the guy they grabbed --

DESTEFANO
That's not my Mexican.

TJ
What?

DESTEFANO
My guy's got a demon tattoo on his neck.

MORALES
You mean I lost my guy so you could get the *wrong* guy? Unbelievable!

EXT. BXWS VAN - DAY

The van pulls over, the side door opens and the Mexican perp is thrown out. Seconds later, the van takes off.

EXT. BXWS STATION HOUSE - DAY - EST.

A brown building in the heart of the Bronx.

INT. BXWS STATION HOUSE - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Carlos (still covered in a sheet) and Eddie sit on broken folding chairs cuffed to a bar on the wall.

Captain Salerno, now dressed and showing no signs of his awful morning, walks past them and up to Destefano's desk with a couple slices of pizza on a paper plate.

CAPTAIN SALERNO
Heard you cuffed a guy's balls today. IAB's going batshit.

DESTEFANO
It was kinda funny to see.

CAPTAIN SALERNO
(smiles) Yeah. I bet. (then) Anyway, you give me grief, I give you some. (hands him a warrant) I want this guy tomorrow.

DESTEFANO
(looking at it) Oh, come on. I *know* this guy. He's a shitter. Gonna stink up the whole van!

CAPTAIN SALERNO
(snaps) Not everyone can control every bodily function every minute of every day! (then) Sorry. Rough night. So you wanna grab a drink at the Starlite?

DESTEFANO
Maybe you oughta' give the Starlite a break for a while. And I can't. Promised the wife I'd do a thing.

CAPTAIN SALERNO
Wives. Spend all day gettin' their nails done then divorce you, take your money and leave you sleeping in a shithole like this. (then) Anyway. Want a slice?

He offers Destefano some pizza.

DESTEFANO
No, thanks. Doc says I gotta drop a few pounds so we can have a kid. (then) You have kids, right?

CAPTAIN SALERNO
(nods) A boy, fourteen. He's got my smile. Great thing about kids is, they're not *ruined* yet. One time, when he was just a baby, I remember looking into his eyes and, I swear, I saw all his tomorrows stretched out ahead of him. Took my breath away, truly. I mean, me -- hell, I'm *finished*. But him? I remember thinking this kid can be *anything he wants*. This beautiful baby boy is my life, my legacy. I'll live on through *him*.

Destefano is deeply moved. Inspired even.

DESTEFANO
Jesus. That's *amazing*.

CAPTAIN SALERNO
Not really 'cause he turned out to be a miserable cunt. Burnt my apartment down with a road flare. If I ever see him again, I'll take a hatchet to him. You want my advice about kids? Here it is: *eat the pizza*.

He tosses the pizza on Destefano's desk then walks off. Destefano, stung, depressed, stares at it when he hears --

MORALES (O.S.)
This is my baby girl, Ruby.

He glances over to see Morales showing off his infant daughter to Yvette and TJ as the baby mama, REGINA, looks on.

YVETTE
She's so *beautiful*...

MORALES
Isn't she? She's sick. That's why Regina brought her over, 'cause I got a special technique.

Morales puts his mouth over the baby's nose, loudly sucks out the snot, then spits it into the wastebasket.

YVETTE
Holy shit!

TJ
Aw, hell no!

MORALES
What? That's how you clean them out. It's *natural*.

TJ
(to Yvette) I hope that kid never gets constipated.

The baby starts CRYING. It fills Destefano's head like a scream.

His phone BUZZES. He looks down to see an IM from Adele:

"*Vadge is rdy. Hurry home. DON'T EAT BREAD!*"

As the baby continues to WAIL, he turns back to the slice of pizza the Captain left on his desk. He stares at it a long time; tired, defeated. Finally, as the infant's SHRIEKS echo off the station walls, he picks it up, SIGHS HEAVILY and takes a huge bite...

END OF SHOW