Low Winter Sun

- pilot -

by
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Based on the Tiger Aspect series
"Low Winter Sun" by Simon Donald

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TEASER

OVER BLACK --

MUSIC UP: "WILL THERE BE ENOUGH WATER" (THE DEAD WEATHER)

Jack White's grimy Detroit blues. A slow burn. As --

We FADE IN, drifting into a city at night to see --

EXT. ABANDONED BUILDING - NIGHT

An abandoned home ablaze, the fire untended. Things burn in Detroit, close to 500 arsons a month, and most are left to simply die out on their own as the city attempts to shed its past and rebuild its future.

CHYRON: DETROIT, MI

We move through the urban landscape, as --

-- A row of 50s bungalows off 7 Mile East, most abandoned, pass by like falling dominoes.

-- The Ambassador Bridge lights the path out of the USA to Canada, over the Detroit River.

-- Michigan Central Station stands: Enormous. Ornate. Abandoned. Grafitti reads: "Save the Depot." Back to --

-- The burning building. And the fire becomes --

INT. ROMA'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

CANDLES, framing FRANK AGNEW, deep in thought.

Frank is 40, white, the kind of man used to taking on his own burden and the burden of others. Upright. Stoic. Though now he's clearly distraught. He stands. Walks to --

INT. KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

The kitchen: 1940s checkered tile and modern stainless steel. Frank enters. A beat and JOE GEDDES follows. He's 40s, black. A small gold cross dangles from his neck. He's stylish. Smart but slippery. Part cop, part perp.

Frank drinks a beer; Geddes holds a bottle of bourbon.

FRANK
I'm not sure how to thank you.

GEDDES
Are you drunk enough?

FRANK
I don't think so.

Frank downs his beer. Takes the bourbon from Geddes.

GEDDES
Just don't get so lit you can't do what needs doing.

Frank nods. Drinks. A beat.

GEDDES (CONT'D)
Remember what brought you here.

FRANK
I'm not a bad person.

GEDDES
But he is. The man is a disease.

FRANK
There are lines.

GEDDES
Don't.

FRANK
What?

GEDDES
That. Don't be doing that.

A beat. Geddes has an angry look.

GEDDES (CONT'D)
Folks talk like morality is black and white. Or maybe if they think they're smart or at some cocktail party, acting all pretentious, they say it's gray... You know what it's really like? It's a goddamn strobe. And it's flashing back and forth all the time and all we can do is try to figure out how to see straight enough to keep from getting our heads bashed in.

FRANK
I'm not drunk enough.

Frank drinks. Hands the bottle back to Geddes.

FRANK (CONT'D)
She's really gone?

GEDDES
Don't keep doing this to yourself.

FRANK
Please. Just tell me again.

ON GEDDES as we --

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Fast. Violent. Frenetic.

BRENDAN MCCANN, white, 40s, a human pit bull, charges forward, gun out. He's angry. Wired. His sights are trained on a woman, SINADA, cowering on a bed. She's in her 20s, blond, beautiful. And right now she's terrified.

Geddes tries to chase Brendan down.

GEDDES
Brendan, stop.

But he's above Sinada now, gun at her head.

SINADA
Please don't do this.

BRENDAN
Shut up.

He hits her. Geddes grabs his shoulder.

GEDDES
Jesus, Brendan.

Brendan points the gun at Geddes. Geddes holds his hands up.

BRENDAN
Shut up. Both of you.

He turns back to Sinada.

SINADA
You don't have to do this.

BRENDAN
I said shut up.

GEDDES
Brendan, think what you're doing here.

As Sinada calls out --

SINADA
Frank?

BRENDAN
Frank ain't gonna come save you.

SINADA
Frank, please. I'm sorry.

And we --

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - PRESENT

Geddes and Frank.

FRANK
Sorry for what?

GEDDES
Frank, stop.

FRANK
But she didn't suffer...

A beat. Geddes doesn't answer. Frank seems lost. A drink.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And after? He really cut off her head? Her hands and feet?

GEDDES
I don't know. That's what he told me. There was a lot of blood.

FRANK
I'm never gonna find her body, am I?

GEDDES
The man ain't human. You don't know the half of it.

A beat.

GEDDES (CONT'D)
We're making things right.

FRANK
And if I can't?

GEDDES
You tell me.

Frank just stares.

GEDDES (CONT'D)
You already had your second chance. He killed that. You think you get a third?

Frank drinks. Geddes watches him coming to grips with this. Geddes walks to a large tank, full of lobsters.

FRANK
Not that. It's salt water. We can't have that showing up.

Geddes nods. Frank walks to a huge sink. Stoppers it. Turns the water on. He watches it slowly rising. As he does --

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT - FLASHBACK

Sinada stares at Brendan, his gun at her head.

SINADA
Frank, please. I'm sorry.

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. KITCHEN - NIGHT - PRESENT

Frank shakes off the image. Stares at the water rising. A beat. He takes a drink. Steels himself.

FRANK
Thank you.

Geddes puts a hand on his shoulder. Looks him in the eye.

GEDDES
The righteous shall rejoice when he seeth the vengeance; he shall wash his feet in the blood of the wicked.

Frank drains the bottle. Offers his hand. They shake.

FRANK
You and me.

GEDDES
You're a good man, Frank. You are. Don't you forget that.

A beat and they walk away, into --

INT. ROMA'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

We see the restaurant clearly now. Classic 1940s. Candles, stuck into the tops of wine bottles, drip wax everywhere. Brendan McCann is slumped on a table, drunk. The OWNER (60s, a Detroit lifer, a face like the map of Italy) approaches Frank and Geddes. Geddes indicates Brendan.

GEDDES
Worse than usual?

OWNER
If that's possible.

GEDDES
We'll sober him up. We can lock up for you and leave the keys out back.

A beat.

GEDDES (CONT'D)
Unless you wanna do the honors.

The owner hands over the keys. He looks toward Brendan.

OWNER
Might wanna wear your kevlar.

Geddes smiles. The owner exits as Frank walks toward Brendan. A beat and Geddes follows.

FRANK
Hey, big man.

GEDDES
Brendan, wake up... Wake up. Time to go.

They shake him. He's awake but out of it.

FRANK
We're gonna drive you home.

BRENDAN
I can drive.

FRANK
Don't be stupid. Your car'll be there when you wake up in the morning.

Brendan stares at Frank. A beat.

BRENDAN
All right. Right. Good idea.

GEDDES
We'll put your keys through the mailbox.

BRENDAN
Big day tomorrow.

GEDDES
You just need some sleep.

BRENDAN
You'll have my back?

GEDDES
I always got your back.

A beat. Brendan stares at Geddes, drunk but also oddly unhinged. Frank and Geddes share a look, then --

Brendan stands. They steady him. Frank grabs his coat.

FRANK
Put your coat on. It's freezing out there.

But Brendan is suddenly flailing at the coat --

BRENDAN
Goddamn rats on me.

FRANK
Brendan, hold still.

BRENDAN
I can't stop'em. Goddamn rats.

Brendan thrashes. Frank grabs him, hard.

FRANK
Brendan, look at me. You're drunk. You need to get yourself together.

Brendan's expression turns dark. He stares at Frank.

BRENDAN
Why the hell are you still here?

GEDDES
Let's get you home.

BRENDAN
Where's that new piece of ass of yours?

FRANK
What'd you say to me?

BRENDAN
You think the rest of us didn't notice?
(weird smile)
I notice everything.

GEDDES
Brendan, shut up.

BRENDAN
Where is she? Or don't you know? She get smart and disappear on you?

Frank's expression hardens, along with his grip on Brendan --

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

FAST. VIOLENT. Frank grips Brendan by the back of his head and coat as he bull-rushes him into the kitchen, Geddes right behind. Brendan thrashes as he SCREAMS --

BRENDAN
Get your hands off me.

But Frank is fierce, all rage. Brendan struggles against him.

BRENDAN (CONT'D)
You don't put hands on me. You don't touch me.

And - bam - Frank slams Brendan's face under the water in the enormous sink.

Geddes is right there. He throws aside pots and knives on the counter in one motion. They crash to the floor as he grabs Brendan from the other side, holding his face underwater.

Brendan flails, struggling for air. The two men push down harder, forcing his face deeper under water.

Frank uses one hand to punch at Brendan's head -- one, two, three -- as he says --

FRANK
Murdering. Goddamn. Prick.

But Geddes SHOUTS --

GEDDES
Enough. Cut the shit. Cut it. No marks.

ANGLE ON --

Brendan, underwater. Eyes panicked then rolling back as --

Brendan begins thrashing less... They hold his face down.

GEDDES (CONT'D)
He's almost gone... Little bit more... That's it... Let go, Brendan... Almost gone...

And suddenly, both men step back. The room is suddenly, eerily still, as if sapped of all energy. As they look at what they've done --

CUT TO:

EXT. WOODWARD AVENUE - NIGHT

A FORD SUV drives along Woodward. As it continues on, the Detroit skyline coming into view, we go inside to see --

INT. SUV - SAME MOMENT

Frank, driving. He stares at the rear view, looking for a trace of himself in the mirror.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRENDAN MCCANN'S CONDO - SHORT TIME LATER

Atwater Street. A mini-marina on the Detroit River, facing Canada. The car pulls up outside a new development. We duck --

INT. SUV - SAME MOMENT

Inside the SUV. Frank slides into the back seat and slips on Brendan's coat. Back to --

EXT. BRENDAN MCCANN'S CONDO - SAME MOMENT

The street. The car door opens. Frank steps out, pulling Brendan's jacket up against the cold. He staggers to the door and lets himself in. A beat and --

A Lexus arrives. Parks. Geddes steps out.

Geddes walks to the condo door and drops a set of keys through the mailbox. When he's done, he hurries to --

THE SUV

Geddes opens the passenger side door and hops into --

INT. SUV - SAME MOMENT

Frank's SUV. Geddes slips out of his coat and slides into the driver's seat. He wraps Frank's coat around his shoulders. A beat and --

EXT. BRENDAN MCCANN'S CONDO - SAME MOMENT

The SUV pulls away. As its taillights fade --

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT RIVER - DAWN

Dawn breaking. The SUV sits parked. The Ambassador Bridge towers above us; downtown is framed behind. As --

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK BOAT LAUNCH - SAME MOMENT

The Lexus arrives. Littered train tracks guide the path. A few geese pick at scattered trash. The Lexus winds down to --

EXT. DETROIT RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The river. The Lexus parks, on an incline, facing the water. Geddes gets out of the SUV and hops into --

INT. LEXUS - CONTINUOUS

The Lexus, Frank at the wheel. Geddes settles in. It's cold. Early. Both men are trying to keep it together.

GEDDES
What can screw us up?

FRANK
I don't know.

GEDDES
I'm serious, Frank. Think. You're the best at this. If you can't think of anything, nobody else will.

FRANK
I can't think of anything. We made the swap clean. That's the only thing I can think of.

GEDDES
Then, let's finish this.

They exit the car to --

EXT. DETROIT RIVER - CONTINUOUS

The Riverside. They work quickly. Geddes lays Brendan's coat out on the ground. Frank pops the back of the SUV.

They carry the body and lay it on top of the coat. Slide Brendan's arms into the jacket sleeves then -

One, two, three ... they lift Brendan's dead weight, struggling to get him into --

INT. LEXUS - CONTINUOUS

The Lexus, driver's side. They stuff Brendan in.

FRANK
Make sure your window's open.

Geddes opens the window when --

FRANK (CONT'D)
There's one thing.

GEDDES
What?

FRANK
A determined suicide'll sometimes attach himself to the car... so there's no going back.

GEDDES
Okay.

FRANK
So, would a cop like Brendan cuff himself to the wheel?

GEDDES
I don't know.

FRANK
He's fished out plenty of suicides.

GEDDES
But it might look like someone else cuffed him.

FRANK
That's why I'm asking you.

GEDDES
I don't know.

A beat. Wheels turning. The city waking up. Finally --

FRANK
If Brendan really meant to kill himself.... I think we should do it.

Geddes just stares. They're both at the breaking point.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Use his own cuffs. Throw the key in the back seat. Make it look right.

GEDDES
I just don't know.

FRANK
It's Brendan's psychology. If it looks right, we sell it.

But Geddes doesn't move.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's a simple question. Would Brendan cuff himself to the wheel?

GEDDES
If he meant it, yeah. If he really wanted to off himself...

FRANK
Then we do it.

Geddes takes Brendan's cuffs. They cuff his hands to the steering wheel when --

Frank cranks down HARD on the cuffs. Angry.

GEDDES
Jesus Christ.

FRANK
Psychology. This murdering piece of shit would know he's too weak to go through with it. He'd know he had to lock himself in tight.

He cranks harder. CRACK. Brendan's wrist breaks. A beat.

GEDDES
You mighta just screwed us.

FRANK
So, arrest me.

A beat. They stare. Geddes steps away. Frank puts the car into gear and we jump out to --

EXT. DETROIT RIVER - SAME MOMENT

The riverside. Dawn. The car starts to roll toward the water. Frank and Geddes watch it drift into the river. Water begins to pour in. Slowly, it succumbs.

Off Frank and Geddes, as Brendan sinks away.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. DETROIT - MORNING - ESTABLISHING

Morning in Detroit. We see --

The outdoor stalls of Eastern Market opening.

INTER-CUT WITH:

INT. FRANK AGNEW'S HOUSE - INTER-CUT

Frank, shirtless, stares at himself in the mirror. Splashes water on his face. Holds out his hand to see if it's steady.

As we inter-cut Frank with the city, coming to life, we see --

-- Gratiot Avenue. A lone man pushes a shopping cart across the expanse of abandoned three-story red brick buildings.

-- Frank, ironing a shirt, in his living room. It's a modest place, barely 1200 square feet, but meticulously kept.

-- Cars cross the Rouge River via the 4th Street Bridge. A bar with a boat dock offers "Fresh Booze."

-- Frank looks at his wedding photo. He and his wife (short dark hair -- this is not Sinada) are very young. Happy.

-- The Packard Plant displays block after block of rubble -- the world's largest abandoned building.

-- Frank ties a tie in his bathroom mirror. He sees: Sinada's things. (Toothbrush, perfume, brush, a necklace.)

-- Smartly dressed professionals crowd the streets of downtown as a shiny people-mover (train) glides by overhead.

-- Frank gathers up Sinada's extra clothes (plus toiletries) in a small basket. He takes it to his trash can. As he's about to dump it in, he freezes. And we JUMP CUT as --

-- Frank puts back each of the items, one by one. He can't bear to throw them away.

CUT TO:

EXT. FRANK AGNEW'S HOUSE - MORNING

Southeast, just off Outer Drive. Frank's lawn is neatly manicured but around it, the rest of the neighborhood is in complete abandoned disarray. Overgrown. Burned out. Boarded.

Frank walks to his car when he sees a piece of trash, blown up on his yard. A pause. He picks it up then walks on.

As Frank gets into his SUV and drives away --

CUT TO:

INT. DINER - MORNING

DAMON CALLIS, 30s, white, sits in a booth with a cup of coffee. He's a fierce man. Intelligent. Ruthless. And right now he does not seem happy.

A WAITRESS meanders past, checking on him. It's clearly happened a few times. Damon checks his watch when --

DING. The bell on the entrance rings. He looks up. No luck. He checks his watch again. Opens his coat and peeks at --

A manila envelope. His anger rises. He's a coiled spring as --

WAITRESS
Are you ready?

-- The waitress hovers. Damon stares.

DAMON
What did you ask me?

She seems unsettled. He stares.

WAITRESS
Are you ready to order?

DAMON
Look at me. Tell me what you see.

WAITRESS
I'm sorry?

DAMON
Tell me. What. You see.

He stares. She's frozen. Frightened.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Let me give you a clue. I sat facing the door so I can see people enter. There are two menus on the table --

WAITRESS
So, you want to --

DAMON
-- Do not interrupt me.... There are two menus on the table. My own menu is at the same forty-five degree angle it's been at since I got here so, clearly, I haven't opened it. And I haven't once tried to meet your eye... So, you tell me. Am I ready to order? Or do they need to send you back to waitress school?

WAITRESS
So, you want to wait for your friend?

Damon stands abruptly. She seems nervous. A beat. He takes out a five and tosses it on the table.

DAMON
He's not my friend.

And Damon walks away as --

CUT TO:

EXT. THE INTERNATIONAL - MORNING

A metal grate screeches as its raised, revealing the front of a Greektown bar, The International. It's pulled up by --

ELENA CALLIS, 30s. She's pretty but extra weight and a hard life's wear and tear fight against it. She's as fierce, intelligent and ruthless as her husband. Only, with Elena, it always comes at different speeds and from different angles.

She unlocks the door and steps into --

INT. THE INTERNATIONAL - CONTINUOUS

A good dive. Oak bar. Pool table. Red vinyl booths. Elena takes off her coat and walks behind the bar. She opens --

A safe. Inside we see: Stacks of money. A couple guns. A few cell phones. She lifts up a panel and we see --

Bags of cocaine, both powder and rock. She seems to be taking stock. A beat and she opens a bag of powder. Dips in a key. Takes a small bump then --

She looks in the mirror. Pushes up her boobs. Admires herself. Elena might be heavy but she's pretty certain she's hot. As she primps --

Damon enters. Elena sees him in the glass but doesn't turn.

ELENA
We're outta Hennessy again.

Damon doesn't answer. Elena still doesn't turn.

ELENA (CONT'D)
It's your crew bringing their tramps in here after hours.

DAMON
They're just blowing off steam.

Now she turns to face him.

ELENA
By stealing? Disrespecting you? It ain't just Hennesy, either.

DAMON
I got them handled.

She downshifts to --

ELENA
I know you do, baby.

A beat. Damon throws the envelope on the bar. A thud.

DAMON
Six months I've been greasing that asshole, I'm finally ready to commit manpower and he doesn't show.

ELENA
(sarcastic)
Maybe he grew a conscience.

DAMON
He's been sweating me for a percentage.

ELENA
And you said yes?

DAMON
This was the last payoff before I cut him in. Something musta spooked him.

ELENA
Like what?

DAMON
That's what I need to figure out.

ELENA
What's the one thing I always say about cops?

DAMON
Don't count on'em.

ELENA
That's for goddamn sure.

As she puts the envelope into the safe --

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HQ - DAY

Beaubien Street, downtown. An old gray warship of a building. A handful of cops stream out. As they do, FIND --

Geddes, still in last night's clothes. He smokes as he watches the cops exit. A beat and he tosses the cigarette, straightens his tie and smooths the lines of his shirt as best he can. As he walks into the building --

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE - DAY

Geddes flips on the lights. Looks around to make sure no one is here. Walks to --

A desk. The nameplate says "Brendan McCann." He opens the desk drawer. Lifts up a false bottom. A small baggie of white powder is there. Geddes pockets it. Then --

Another quick look around. Empty. He turns on Brendan's computer and begins scrolling through the browser.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HQ - DAY

Cops stream in and out. A detective, JOHN HERNANDEZ, 30s, hurries along. He's 30s, Hispanic, fancies himself a player.

Another cop, LOUISE (LC) CULLEN 30s, black, strong and intimidating, notices him but just keeps moving. Hernandez catches this. Approaches --

SHEENA BAILEY, 20s, white. Sheena is the assistant to Hernandez's boss. She is a font of gossip and attitude.

HERNANDEZ
You see that? L.C. just stone ignored me.

SHEENA
You shouldn't have screwed her, then, should you?

HERNANDEZ
How'd you know that?

SHEENA
Are you kidding me? I've had an office pool going for a month.

HERNANDEZ
What can I say? It's the Detroit way... I could end up mayor.

SHEENA
Not if you don't even have her vote, you can't.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE - KITCHEN - DAY

Geddes pours coffee. DANYA "DANI" KHALIL, 30s, enters. She's Egyptian. Beautiful. Smart. A bright light.

DANI
So, what'd I miss last night?

GEDDES
Nothing much.

DANI
Says the man wearing the same suit he wore to work yesterday.

GEDDES
And I suppose you got up and did morning prayers.

A beat. She did. She seems part embarrassed, part proud.

DANI
It's good for my abs.

GEDDES
Hamdellah.

Translated: praise be to god. She smiles. Looks at his gut.

DANI
Looks like you could use a little religion yourself.

HERNANDEZ AND SHEENA

Pass by the door. She settles at a desk outside an office marked: "Lieutenant Torrance." Stay with Hernandez --

The precinct is in disrepair (in fact, it's going to be abandoned for a new home in 2014) but there's a communal feel. A white board tracks open cases. All areas (kitchen, bullpen, Torrance's office) feel like one nerve center despite the decidedly squalid conditions.

Hernandez continues on. He tries to make eye contact with LC. She glances away but gives an amused smile. BACK TO WHERE --

LIEUTENANT GEORGE TORRANCE enters. He's 50, black, a 25-year survivor of Detroit crime and politics. He surveys his cops --

TORRANCE
Smells like a damn brewery in here.

SHEENA
I was home for the babysitter by nine.

TORRANCE
Let me guess, one of Brendan's movable feasts.

SHEENA
For the most godless man I know, he's not afraid to toast the sacrament.

TORRANCE
So, how come I never get an invite?

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE - KITCHEN - DAY

Geddes and Dani.

GEDDES
I'm telling you, last night was my breaking point. I went home, couldn't even try to go to bed so I just came in.

DANI
How was Brendan?

GEDDES
Same ole shit. Me and Frank had to drag his ass home... I'm serious, I'm done. I'm sick of having Brendan as my partner. Thank god for Frank. I couldna handled him on my own.

DANI
So, what's the story with Frank?

GEDDES
What do you mean?

DANI
He seems edgy lately. You think it's his love life?

Her interest seems honed on this topic.

GEDDES
I wouldn't know.

DANI
Maybe he's rushing back into something too soon.

GEDDES
It's been three years.

DANI
I know. I just want him to be happy, that's all.

KENNY MORTON, 30s, white, enters, overhearing. He's a political animal. Others stay guarded around him.

MORTON
From what Brendan says, Frank oughta be plenty happy.

DANI
And what, exactly, does Brendan say?

MORTON
Her name's Sinada. Total piece of ass.
(off Dani's glare)
Brendan's words.

DANI
Of course they are.

GEDDES
You know Brendan. Anything with an accent.

DANI
Anything with a pulse.

GEDDES
I hold my breath around him.

-- As two men walk past, with purpose. The first is DAVID WESTWOOD, 40s, white, upright. Behind him trails Charles JACKSON, 30s, black. Westwood nods at Morton --

WESTWOOD
Sergeant Morton.

-- And keeps moving. Geddes and Dani watch.

GEDDES
Who the hell's that?

MORTON
David Westwood. Internal Affairs. Either we're about to have a dog and pony show or someone's in deep shit.

Off Geddes, wondering if that someone is him.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE - SAME MOMENT

Catch up to Westwood. He enters the bullpen, head up, as if daring anyone to make eye contact. A beat.

Geddes, Dani and Morton shuffle past, as the other detectives share glances. Even Hernandez and LC catch eyes. As --

INT. TORRANCE'S OFFICE - SAME MOMENT

Westwood enters Torrance's office. On Torrance's desk, we see a photo of him with his wife and two boys (15, 17.)

Jackson stays outside, where the cops attempt to eavesdrop.

TORRANCE
You mighta given me the courtesy of a heads up.

WESTWOOD
It doesn't work like that.

TORRANCE
This is my command.

Throughout, we catch glimpses of the detectives in the bullpen, trading looks.

WESTWOOD
George. C'mon. You of all people. You know how a corruption case works.

TORRANCE
What's that supposed to mean?

WESTWOOD
It's not supposed to *mean* anything. It's just a fact. You know this drill.

TORRANCE
I'm trying to stay civil here.

A beat. Westwood lightens, ever so slightly.

WESTWOOD
I couldn't give you prior notice of an investigation, even if I wanted to, because prior notice would compromise your position.

Torrance knows this is true. A beat.

TORRANCE
So. Which one of them is it?

CUT TO:

EXT. RANDOLPH STREET

Frank walks from his car, up the block. He passes the old --

Wayne County Courthouse. Stunning. Classical-revival. On the National Register of Historic Places. The front is boarded. A "For Sale" sign hangs. As Frank walks on --

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE - DAY

Frank enters. Immediately, he senses something is off. He sees Westwood in with Torrance. Sheena is at her desk.

FRANK
Who's that?

SHEENA
I.A. Straight into the lieutenant's office.

FRANK
Legit investigation or the New PR?

SHEENA
Nobody knows.

As Frank begins to move, Westwood steps out of the office, where Jackson waits. Frank gives them a polite nod.

WESTWOOD
Charles, can you come in here?

Jackson enters Torrance's office. Frank continues. ON FRANK as he enters the bullpen. He walks to Dani.

FRANK
What the hell's going on?

DANI
I think it's us.

FRANK
Us?

DANI
Not you and me. Homicide. Lieutenant's in the dark. That only happens when they're springing a real investigation.

As they speak, Torrance steps out of his office.

TORRANCE
Sheena, I need Detective McCann.

SHEENA
I already tried him. Home phone just rings.

TORRANCE
What about his cell?

SHEENA
Straight to voice mail.

TORRANCE
Try him again.

Torrance steps back into his office, pissed. All eyes on Frank, who commands the room. The other cops seems to look to him as if he's their unspoken leader.

FRANK
It's Brendan.

And now he's staring only at Geddes.

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's Brendan, isn't it?

Frank doesn't lose eye contact. Takes a seat across from him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Internal Affairs.

As Jackson steps out of Torrance's office. Walks toward them.

JACKSON
Which desk is Detective McCann's?

A beat, no one answering until --

GEDDES
He's here. Across from me.

Jackson walks over. Frank is sitting there.

FRANK
This is Brendan's desk. That's Brendan's partner.

Frank stands but keeps staring Geddes down. Jackson opens Brendan's desk. Rifles through. Geddes watches. A beat and --

Jackson finds the false bottom. Empty. A beat and he picks up Brendan's computer.

JACKSON
Do you have an empty room? Interrogation? Someplace no one's using?

FRANK
I'm sure we can find you something.

As Frank walks away with Jackson, his eyes still on Geddes.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Frank enters with Jackson. They lug Brendan's computer and Jackson's equipment. They set it on a table.

JACKSON
Thanks. I appreciate it.

FRANK
No problem.

JACKSON
If you can let people know... No one's allowed in here until we're done with this.

FRANK
What exactly are you looking for?

JACKSON
I can't say.

FRANK
Right.... Carry your own shit on the way out.

And Frank turns and exits --

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Geddes pisses at a urinal. Frank enters. Pees at the one next to him. Their voices are low but the tone has a hard edge.

GEDDES
Take a deep breath.

FRANK
Did you know about this?

GEDDES
Of course not.

FRANK
He said it, didn't he?

GEDDES
Who?

FRANK
Brendan. He said tomorrow was a big day. He needed you to have his back. Said the rats were on him.

GEDDES
Brendan was shitface drunk.

FRANK
He was talking about Internal Affairs. You know I'm right.

GEDDES
You need to calm yourself.

FRANK
I need to know what's going on.

GEDDES
What's going on is you wanted your revenge so you took it. Now, we need to have each others' backs.

FRANK
Like you had Brendan's?

GEDDES
Deep breath, brother. We did what we did. Now we deal with it.

FRANK
Did you play me?

GEDDES
You need to get your mind right. This ain't a game. This is grownup shit.

And with that, Geddes flushes. Walks away. Stay with --

Frank. He steps away from the urinal. Stares to where Geddes exited... Off Frank, trying to hold it together.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TORRANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Westwood interviews Geddes. Torrance is here.

GEDDES
What kind of trouble is Brendan in?

TORRANCE
Just talk us through last night, Joe.

GEDDES
All due respect, everybody knows Lieutenant Westwood here is IA.

Outside the office, we see Frank watching. Geddes notices.

WESTWOOD
Who all was at the meal?

GEDDES
Me, Frank Agnew, John Hernandez, Louise Cullen. Sheena Bailey was there for a while but she has kids. Dani -- Danya Khalil -- was still out sick. And Lieutenant Torrance would have been there but he's got more sense. Plus, he can say no.

WESTWOOD
What shape was Detective McCann in by the end of the night?

GEDDES
He was vintage Brendan.

WESTWOOD
You mean he was drunk?

GEDDES
You can start there if you want.

WESTWOOD
I'm serious.

GEDDES
So am I. He was loaded, he was maudlin, he was self-pitying, he was totally abusive...

WESTWOOD
What about drug use?

GEDDES
I didn't see any. But my guess is yes.

WESTWOOD
And you didn't say anything?

GEDDES
I'm not a drug counselor.

A beat. Geddes and Westwood hold a stare. Outside, Frank continues to watch the back and forth. As --

TORRANCE
Did he say anything at all about Internal Affairs?

GEDDES
No, sir. Nothing.

WESTWOOD
Do you think Detective McCann is worried he's under investigation?

GEDDES
I think he's worried he's another year older and fatter and he can't get it up as much as he'd like.

A beat. Westwood zeroes in on Geddes.

WESTWOOD
You're known around the Detroit PD as being a sharp dresser.

GEDDES
If you say so.

WESTWOOD
Would you say right now is the way you like to present yourself?

GEDDES
I'd say its not easy to look your best after a night out with Brendan McCann. If you don't believe me, have a look around the precinct.

WESTWOOD
You were in a Jesuit seminary when you were younger, is that right?

GEDDES
Is there a point to that question?

WESTWOOD
There seem to be a lot of vows you consider gray areas --

TORRANCE
-- This is completely irrelevant.

WESTWOOD
-- But, then, you're a cop, not a priest.

GEDDES
Last I checked.

A beat. All three men stare.

WESTWOOD
Again. Do you think Detective McCann is concerned about Internal Affairs?

GEDDES
I don't think he'd have told me, even if he was.

WESTWOOD
Why not?

GEDDES
Because we're partners, we're not friends. I don't socialize with Brendan.

WESTWOOD
So, why were you with him last night?

GEDDES
Because he asked me.

WESTWOOD
Even though you're not friends?

GEDDES
Sometimes with Brendan it's easier to just do what he asks.

WESTWOOD
And does that apply on the job too? As his partner? Do you do whatever he asks without arguing?

Off Geddes --

CUT TO:

INT. DAMON AND ELENA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Middle class. Just enough money; just enough taste. Damon sits at a table, a gun and a beer nearby, a spread sheet laid out. He works the numbers effortlessly. Studies his work.

He notices a skateboard by the table. Walks with it to --

INT. DAMON AND ELENA'S HOUSE - KIDS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS

A boys' shared bedroom. Two twin beds. Ndomukong Suh poster. Video games. He sets down the board. Glances at --

A police officer's hat, on the shelf. Now, he looks at a photo: Elena and ANOTHER MAN, with two BOYS ages 1 and 3. He looks from it to the hat. A beat. He takes --

A photo of himself, Elena and the same boys at ages 8 and 10. He angles it in front of the other photo. Walks back to --

INT. DAMON AND ELENA'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

His work. In a flash, he fills out the rest of the ledgers, no computer program, no calculator. He's great at this. A beat. He studies the numbers. Memorizes them. Then --

He lights the spread sheet on fire and deposits it in the fireplace. As it burns --

CUT TO:

EXT. BEAUBIEN STREET - DAY

A Town Car pulls up. A DRIVER circles and opens the door for ALEXANDER SKELOS, 60s. Dapper. Alexander runs this small corner of the world. As he steps from the car, ANGLE ON --

THE INTERNATIONAL - SAME MOMENT

Elena watches from the window. Damon enters the bar, clearly agitated from seeing Skelos. He sees Elena.

DAMON
Asshole walks around Greektown like it's 1985 and we're just supposed to take whatever shit he doles out.

ELENA
The boys are waiting for you.

DAMON
Like it's his divine right to sell protection and run all the drugs and whores.

ELENA
(calming)
Get with the guys. Find your cop.

Damon nods. Walks away. Elena watches him, as if computing all the angles. A beat and she looks back at Skelos, outside. Elena's eyes grow dark and focused. ANGLE ON --

A BOOTH.

Damon sits with STEVEN, MICHAEL and GUS. His inner circle. All 30s. All white. All hard cases. Voices low but focused.

STEVEN
I checked back at the diner. He never showed.

DAMON
What about his place?

GUS
Car's not there.

MICHAEL
I don't get it. So, he didn't show? The guy's a drunk.

DAMON
If he's drunk, sick, called to a scene, no problem. But if he's got a reason for second thoughts, that's something that might blow back on us.

ELENA

Notices a regular at the end of the bar, NICK PAFLAS, white, 30s. Cuts on his hands. A set of dog tags around his neck. He looks both violent and vulnerable. Like a stray.

We will come to know Nick well. But at the moment, he's simply drinking a beer and ripping his coaster obsessively into pieces. Another PATRON notices. Nick stares, as if looking for any excuse to rip the other guy to shreds.

Elena watches. The guy looks away. Elena registers it. She's impressed. She looks from Nick to where --

Damon continues with his crew.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Okay, Michael, you and me talk.
(to Gus, Steven)
You two, lay low. We don't need to start drawing attention to ourselves.

They stand.

DAMON (CONT'D)
And look at me... Next person dips into merchandise here, I slice your nose off... Are you hearing me clear?

ELENA

Watches from the bar. She gives a small smile of victory. Gus and Steven slide to the bar.

NICK

Keeps ripping the coaster, when --

A hand reaches out and stops him. Elena. He freezes. Stares at her. She keeps her hand on his. A beat.

Finally, she sweeps the debris away. Gives him a new coaster. A new beer. He nods.

ELENA
So, how come you never talk to Damon and them?

NICK
Whatta you mean?

ELENA
You're here most every day. You've known'em all half your life. But you say 'hey' then sit by yourself. What gives?

He shrugs. He seems vulnerable but unstable. Caged.

ELENA (CONT'D)
You working at all?

NICK
I get army disability.

ELENA
Doesn't mean you can't look for a job.

NICK
Psych disability.

A beat. That wasn't easy for him to admit.

NICK (CONT'D)
'Sides, the only thing I got any training to do is kill people.

A beat. He starts to grab a few bucks. She stops him.

ELENA
On the house.

He nods a thank you as --

Damon grabs a cell phone from the safe. Hands it to Michael.

DAMON
Disposable. You keep dialing that prick until you get him. I don't care if you have to call the station.

MICHAEL
What's tripping you?

DAMON
I think the timing of our cop going awol right when he's supposed to start collecting a percentage doesn't exactly feel like a coincidence.

MICHAEL
You're the one always says the old man is out of touch.

DAMON
A guy can feel if someone's under his thumb or not.
(beat)
If the old man knows we stole Brendan McCann, his best play is to try and take us down.

MICHAEL
Tell me this is about business and not about some shit that went down twenty-five years ago.

Damon glares, hard. Without taking his eyes off Michael --

DAMON
Gus, can you take the bar for a few hours?

GUS
You got it, boss.

Damon finishes his look at Michael. Nods to Elena. They walk.

EXT. THE INTERNATIONAL - CONTINUOUS

Up the block, a RESTAURANT OWNER shakes Skelos' hand goodbye. Skelos walks with his driver toward the next business.

Elena sees Damon staring with fierce concentration. Skelos notices. A beat. Elena takes Damon's arm.

ELENA
Soon enough.

As she steers Damon the other way --

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE - DAY

Sheena hangs up her phone. Walks to where Dani and Hernandez huddle at a desk. Morton approaches.

HERNANDEZ
Anything?

SHEENA
Still going straight to voice mail.

MORTON
Maybe the New PR made him sick.

They look toward where Westwood continues to question Geddes.

HERNANDEZ
Stay home and miss the Detroit renaissance? This is our second chance.

SHEENA
Third.

DANI
I'm pretty sure it's the fourth, actually.

LC approaches. Strong. Matter of fact.

LC
Well, we don't get us a shiny new office building if the mayor can't convince folks he's cleaning up the department.

MORTON
Like shoving all your shit in the closet then spreading it back out the second your parents walk out.

DANI
Let's be real here. Yes, the New PR is bullshit. Yes, they're "cracking down" on corruption to get enough juice to get us the hell out of this building which will no doubt be a corrupt contract. But, come on. Is anyone actually surprised to see IA show up for Brendan?

Looks all around. No one is surprised. Then --

DANI (CONT'D)
And seriously, Morton, you? *You're* crying politics?

A beat.

SHEENA
You think they're gunning for Joe, too?

DANI
I don't know.

HERNANDEZ
You gotta keep your head down when you're working with Brendan.

SHEENA
He's got his good side, too.

LC
Yeah? You think that's the side you're gonna see when he comes in and finds you talking about him?

Which serves to break up the gossip fast. People disperse. As Hernandez starts to walk away, LC touches his arm.

LC (CONT'D)
And don't be looking at me like you turned me out.

HERNANDEZ
I thought it was more the other way around.

She smiles slightly as he walks away. A PHONE RINGS. We realize it's Brendan's desk. People trade looks. A beat. Dani is closest. Frank approaches. He gives her a nod to answer.

DANI
(into phone)
Sergeant McCann's line.. Sergeant McCann isn't in at the moment... I'm sorry, I don't know where.... No, I don't know when he'll be in, either. This is Investigator Khalil, can I help you? ... That's right, a chick detective.

She shoots a look to Frank. And then, nothing. She hangs up. She's about to crack a joke to Frank when he turns. Exits.

Off Dani, watching him go.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HQ - ROOFTOP - DAY

Frank takes a deep breath. Takes in the view of downtown. He takes a necklace from his pocket. (Sinada's. We saw it earlier at his house.) He stares at it and we --

FLASH BACK TO:

INT. FRANK AGNEW'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - MORNING - PAST

A memory. Frank and Sinada lie in bed. The sun streams in.

FRANK
I have something for you.

He reaches into the drawer of a bedside table. Takes out a box. She opens it to reveal the necklace. She freezes.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I know it's not much.

But then he realizes she's overcome by the moment.

SINADA
I'm not used to beautiful things.

FRANK
You should be.

He puts the necklace around her neck. She kisses him. They stay like that, as if both afraid to speak. Finally --

SINADA
Can I really trust this?

FRANK
I promise.

SINADA
I'm scared.

FRANK
I am too.

A beat. They stare at each other.

FRANK (CONT'D)
I want to know everything about you.

SINADA
No, you don't.

And suddenly we --

FLASH BACK TO:

EXT. POLICE HQ - ROOFTOP - DAY - PRESENT

Frank. He's startled by the door opening. Dani steps out.

DANI
You okay?

FRANK
Just needed some air.

DANI
You hear that guy calling for Brendan?

FRANK
Sounded like someone Brendan would know.

DANI
I shoulda told him I'm a *Muslim* chick detective. He mighta had a stroke.

She expects a smile from Frank but he's in his own head. So --

DANI (CONT'D)
How do you think Joe's doing in there?

FRANK
(fine)
You can't get an angle on Joe, can you?

DANI
I heard last night was pretty brutal.

FRANK
How's that?

DANI
You and Joe... You had to cart Brendan home.

FRANK
Yeah, he was pretty out of it.

She glances at the necklace.

DANI
It's pretty.
(off Frank, non-committal)
You've got good taste.

FRANK
Do I?

DANI
It's for Sinada?

FRANK
She left it at my place.

A beat.

DANI
Is everything okay with you two?

Another beat. Frank seems agitated.

FRANK
Can you excuse me a sec?

She nods. Frank walks away. Off her, watching him go.

CUT TO:

INT. TORRANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Westwood interviews Geddes. Torrance is here.

WESTWOOD
Is it normal for cops in this unit to have to drive each other home?

GEDDES
We have each others' backs.

WESTWOOD
You mean, when you've drunk so much you can't stand...

GEDDES
Are you seriously busting my balls for drinking off duty?

WESTWOOD
I'm trying to get a clear picture of the character in this command.

Outside the windows, Frank passes. Torrance sees. He stands.

TORRANCE
Excuse me a minute.

Torrance exits. We stay with Geddes and Westwood. A beat.

GEDDES
How long you been a cop?

WESTWOOD
Seventeen years.

GEDDES
Well, I'd say, if you don't got a clue what we're like after that long ... it might be time to look for a new job.

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Frank hurries in. Goes into --

INT. BATHROOM STALL - CONTINUOUS

Frank drops to the ground. Closes the door. Throws up. As --

INT. BATHROOM - INTER-CUT

Torrance enters. Looks around. He hears Frank. We inter-cut.

TORRANCE
Frank? You in there?

FRANK
Just a second.

Outside, Torrance paces; Inside, Frank tries to clean up.

TORRANCE
You okay in there?

FRANK
Must be something I ate.

TORRANCE
Just clean up and get your ass into my office.

Torrance exits. Stay with Frank. He leans back against the wall. Says, to himself --

FRANK
Yes, sir.

He takes the necklace from his pocket. A beat and he stands. Throws it in the toilet. As he flushes --

CUT TO:

INT. TORRANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Geddes and Westwood are interrupted by Sheena.

SHEENA
Excuse me, Lieutenant Westwood? I've got a messenger here. He says only you can sign.

Westwood exits, crossing Torrance, who steps in with Geddes.

GEDDES
This is getting crazy. Why don't I just drive over to Brendan's and drag him outta bed by his balls?

Frank enters.

TORRANCE
Frank, head to Brendan's. See if you can bring him in.

Before Frank can turn, Westwood enters, holding a package.

WESTWOOD
Don't bother. He's not there.

TORRANCE
He's probably just sleeping it off.

WESTWOOD
He's not. We know for a fact he's not there.

FRANK
You think he's a rabbit?

GEDDES
Brendan can't be a rabbit. He couldn't even speak the last time we saw him.

WESTWOOD
That 'not-on-a-cop's-salary' development Brendan lives in? They've got security cameras on the front of all the units.

He holds up the package.

WESTWOOD (CONT'D)
We've got the last twelve hours on film.

Frank and Geddes share a quick look. Oh, shit.

WESTWOOD (CONT'D)
Is there somewhere you can walk me through this?

TORRANCE
Frank, set Lieutenant Westwood up.

FRANK
Of course.

Frank glances at Geddes as Frank and Westwood exit. Geddes watches them go. Off him, not knowing if they're screwed.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - DAY

Frank and Westwood watch surveillance footage on a laptop.

ON SCREEN: Frank's SUV pulls up in front of Brendan's.

WESTWOOD
This is you arriving?

FRANK
Looks like it.

WESTWOOD
Talk me through this.

ON SCREEN: A figure with a coat pulled up high staggers to the door.

Frank watches the monitor but also keeps tabs on Westwood.

FRANK
Brendan lets himself into his place.

ON SCREEN: The door closes.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And I sit in the car and wait for Joe Geddes.

ON SCREEN: The Lexus pulls up.

FRANK (CONT'D)
This is Joe in Brendan's car.

ON SCREEN: The Lexus parks. Joe steps out.

FRANK (CONT'D)
He drops Brendan's keys in the mailbox...

ON SCREEN: Joe hurries back toward Frank's SUV.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Joe rides jump in my car. I take him home.

As Westwood looks from the screen to Frank.

CUT TO:

INT. TORRANCE'S OFFICE - DAY

Geddes talks with Torrance.

GEDDES
Do you know how long IA's been watching Brendan?

TORRANCE
Why? Do you have something to worry about?

Throughout, we see the other cops in the bullpen, watching.

GEDDES
Sir. Due respect. I know we all preach the gospel of how everybody hates cops who spy on other cops, praise the lord, all hail the blue line but you know what? That's a load of crap... If Brendan's dirty, screw him. Cuz I'm not. And I don't wanna be associated with whatever the hell he's been up to... And I would hope, as someone I've known close to fifteen years and the leader of this command, that you --

TORRANCE
-- You're not under investigation.

A beat.

GEDDES
Right.

TORRANCE
As far as I've been made aware by Lieutenant Westwood.

GEDDES
Then tell me why he's been grimming me since the moment he stepped foot in here.

Off Geddes.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - DAY

Frank and Westwood watch the monitor.

WESTWOOD
So, two hours and eleven minutes after you and Joe Geddes drop him off, McCann leaves his condo.

ON SCREEN: A figure with its coat pulled up against the cold steps out and gets into the Lexus.

FRANK
Jesus. I coulda sworn the bastard couldn't even stand.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE - DAY

Sheena on the phone. She hangs up. Shakes her head to --

Hernandez, who is on the phone.

HERNANDEZ
Yeah. Looks like Brendan's a rabbit... I know. That's what I thought. But it might be a legit investigation...

As Brendan's phone RINGS again. Dani walks over. Answers it.

DANI
Sergeant McCann's line.

Click. She hangs up. Dani glances toward Torrance's office. It's getting louder. The whole bullpen is listening to --

CUT TO:

INT. TORRANCE'S OFFICE - SAME MOMENT

Geddes, talking to Torrance.

GEDDES
He's an alcoholic. He's sexist. He's homophobic. Don't even talk to me about racism... And if he hasn't been on the take from the first second he got his stubby claws on a badge...

Torrance notices the cops in the bullpen listening.

GEDDES (CONT'D)
Look, I'm sorry, I am, I'm sorry. But I'm speaking truth to power here.

(MORE)

GEDDES (CONT'D)
I've been Brendan's partner for four years. So that means, for me, guilty.

TORRANCE
No, it doesn't.

GEDDES
Stone cold guilty. By association. That's the way it works.

TORRANCE
That's not the way it works.

Geddes YELLS --

GEDDES
That's the way IA works, especially now.

A beat. Both men pause. They stare at each other. While --

INT. HOMICIDE - SAME MOMENT

All eyes on Geddes and Torrance. A phone RINGS.

MORTON
Homicide, Morton... Right. On it.

He hangs up. To the others --

MORTON (CONT'D)
I got a two-banger in the Cass Corridor... Anyone?

But everyone is too rapt with the overlapped --

INT. TORRANCE'S OFFICE - SAME MOMENT

Geddes and Torrance.

GEDDES
I mean, a goddamn Lexus? Let's talk about that ride, shall we? LS 460 LAWD with a full upgrade? Are you kidding me? C'mon. All respect, Lieutenant, you can't afford that.

TORRANCE
That's enough.

GEDDES
Jesus, it's taken this goddamn long for IA to show up here?

TORRANCE
I said that's enough.

Geddes stops. Torrance bores into him.

TORRANCE (CONT'D)
Listen close. I've watched seven chiefs get investigated out of office since I've been a cop. I've survived every scam and trap this job can spring. So, in three years, when they finally move us out of this shithole, I'm gonna be there to see my brand new office. Corner. River view... Do we understand each other?

GEDDES
Yes, sir.

TORRANCE
I'm not about to let your partner bring me down.

Geddes nods.

TORRANCE (CONT'D)
Get the hell out.

Geddes exits. A beat and Torrance follows out to --

INT. HOMICIDE - CONTINUOUS

The bullpen. Morton crosses, on his way out. Everyone else pretends not to be watching.

TORRANCE
And the rest of you... What do you say somebody actually does a little police work?

Off the detectives, as Torrance walks back into his office.

CUT TO:

INT. DODGE CHARGER - DAY

Damon drives, Elena shotgun. He pulls to the curb. Her eyes go wide. As she steps out to --

EXT. BRUSH PARK NEIGHBORHOOD - CONTINUOUS

The street. Brush Park. Midtown.

ELENA
Oh, baby, it's perfect.

And we come around to see, Elena's POV --

An enormous, decayed brick Victorian, boarded up.

Damon pops the trunk. Grabs a tire iron. He walks to Elena. Kisses her. He glances at the rest of the neighborhood and --

It's all the same. Crumbling castles. Vacant lots. Like a kingdom left for dead, a hundred years after the siege. They walk to --

EXT. VICTORIAN - CONTINUOUS

The front porch. Damon pries off the boarded-up door with the tire iron. They step into --

INT. VICTORIAN - CONTINUOUS

A vast expanse of smashed brick and ash. They walk, each taking it in silently, until --

DAMON
Scrappers haven't gotten to the copper. We can pull electricity from the Liquor Store on the corner.

ELENA
We can put a bar at each end.

DAMON
There's seven rooms upstairs for whores but they're big enough, a little drywall, we can make twelve.

She keeps moving, as if walking through the possibilities.

DAMON (CONT'D)
I got another one on St. Antoine that's perfect.

She walks the space, as if imagining its transformation.

DAMON (CONT'D)
I won't have to move any more product out of the bar.

ELENA
How soon can the boys have it up?

DAMON
The structure's sound. Cosmetics won't take long.

ELENA
You get yourself two of these blind pigs running, you can start thinking large.

DAMON
Twenty-four girls at a hundred a pop, three shifts, six nights a week, double the weekly take on coke and dope, less McCann's eight percent, we're talking sixty-one-five a week.

ELENA
You'll have the money and juice to do whatever you want.

He nods. Exactly. Elena walks the space, sizing it up.

ELENA (CONT'D)
What's McCann offering for the percentage?

DAMON
A heads-up on any heat coming our way, first run at any new talent on the street and a dip into the evidence room now and then.

Elena stops. A beat.

ELENA
One thing I know is dirty cops.

DAMON
And?

ELENA
If a taker like McCann knows you're this close, he's gonna want more than just money.

DAMON
Like what?

ELENA
You tell me. Was it extra perks? Some kind of insurance?

Elena has a penetrating look. Damon takes a beat. Then --

DAMON
I told him I could give him the old man on a platter. Bodies. Dates... Everything airtight.

ELENA
So, McCann looks like a hero for putting him away and you move in without firing a shot.

DAMON
This morning was supposed to seal it.

A beat. Elena considers. Holds her tongue. Then --

ELENA
Do the boys know?

DAMON
(no)
They know what I need 'em to know.

ELENA
If McCann double crossed you, the old man's got no choice but to try and take you out.

DAMON
(true, but --)
Now's the time. The right combination of brains and balls, somebody can own this city for a buck and change... Though I shoulda put a bullet in that old man's head when I was a kid.

ELENA
Hey. Shhh. Baby...

She walks to him. Slides her hand into his pants.

ELENA (CONT'D)
This is your time, however you gotta play it out.

She begins to move her hand up and down as she says --

ELENA (CONT'D)
You don't have to rush.... Just don't make me connect the dots.

He nods, calming. Her hand keeps working.

ELENA (CONT'D)
You hear me, baby? You and me, we're all-in.

Off Damon, as Elena's hand continues to work --

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - DAY

Frank and Westwood.

WESTWOOD
Joe Geddes says he and Brendan McCann aren't friends.

FRANK
That's right. I don't think they are.

WESTWOOD
Why's that?

FRANK
You've obviously been watching Brendan awhile. Why do you think?

WESTWOOD
Are you friends with Joe Geddes?

FRANK
How do you mean?

WESTWOOD
Are you and him friends?

FRANK
I like him. He's a good guy. But it's not like we hang out.

A knock. Jackson, the other IA agent, pops his head in.

JACKSON
I need a minute.

WESTWOOD
Excuse me.

Westwood stands. Exits with Jackson. A beat and Frank stands. Walks to the door. His POV --

Westwood and Jackson move into the interrogation room Jackson has been using. Once they're in, Frank steps back into his room. Closes the door. He pushes a button and we see --

The interrogation video monitor come to life.

ON SCREEN: Westwood and Jackson huddle over Brendan's computer.

WESTWOOD (CONT'D)
(on screen)
You're telling me he scrubbed the whole hard drive?

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME MOMENT

Westwood and Jackson. Continuing.

JACKSON
Not just scrubbed. Most good shredders overwrite one or two times... My best guess, he went back over the drive sectors five or six times.

WESTWOOD
Is anything recoverable?

JACKSON
No. Basically, every part of the hard drive has been over-written with randomly generated garbage.

Westwood looks ready to explode as --

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM #2 - SAME MOMENT

Frank watches, a realization forming.

ON SCREEN: Westwood and Jackson look at the computer.

WESTWOOD
There has to be a data restoration program.

JACKSON
Not for this. We're talking a Defense Department, secure-delete-type wash here.

Frank stares, transfixed, when the door suddenly opens. His boss Torrance is there.

TORRANCE
What the hell are you doing?

A beat.

FRANK
Finding out where we all stand.

Torrance considers. A beat. He closes the door, leaving Frank to spy. As Frank watches --

OVERLAPPED SOUND: A PHONE RINGING

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE - DAY

Dani walks to a phone. Picks it up.

DANI
Khalil... Oh, Jesus.

The others take notice. Hernandez approaches.

DANI (CONT'D)
You're sure it's his?

HERNANDEZ
What's going on?

Dani holds up a hand for him to be quiet.

DANI
In the front seat? ... Yeah... Got it... Okay.

She hangs up. Now, Geddes and LC approach too. In the background, we see Frank entering the bullpen.

LC
What is it?

DANI
They found Brendan's car in the water, off the Riverside Park Boat Launch. There's a body inside.

The reality travels from cop to cop as they share looks. LC walks to Hernandez. Puts a hand on his shoulder.

Geddes sees Frank, not moving. As they meet eyes --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

EXT. DETROIT RIVER - DAY

The Ambassador Bridge casts its shadow on a busy crime scene. Across the River, in Canada, huge mounds of gravel stand placid. Here, police work taping off the scene as --

POLICE DIVERS break the surface. A beat and they go back --

EXT. UNDERWATER - SAME MOMENT

Underwater. The divers head toward the sunken Lexus as --

EXT. DETROIT RIVER - SAME MOMENT

A huge tow truck backs up to the water. ANGLE ON --

The line of crime scene tape. Dani and Westwood approach from the other side as a UNIFORM COP walks to meet them. He indicates a BOAT CAPTAIN in the distance, by the water.

UNIFORM COP
Fishing trawler tried to launch this morning and hit metal... Divers have already been down twice. Tow truck's here now. They should have it up soon.

Dani slides under the tape and walks toward the water. Westwood stays with the cop. Torrance arrives.

TORRANCE
Is it Brendan McCann?

UNIFORM COP
I'm sorry, sir. The divers don't know Sergeant McCann. We can't be sure.

Geddes hurries toward them.

GEDDES
Is it Brendan?

WESTWOOD
We don't know.

Geddes look toward the scene.

GEDDES
Are there signs of an accident? Did he lose control?

TORRANCE
We'll know more soon... Where's Frank?

GEDDES
He grabbed a G.A. from the lot. He's on his way.

When Dani comes walking back from the water.

DANI
The divers said the body's handcuffed to the steering wheel.

A beat as that sinks in.

GEDDES
So, somebody murdered him.

TORRANCE
It's starting to look like that.

WESTWOOD
I don't know.

GEDDES
What do you mean?

WESTWOOD
We've also got the possibility of a determined suicide.

Another beat.

TORRANCE
I don't think we need Internal Affairs at the crime scene. We can keep you apprised.

WESTWOOD
I'm not leaving.

TORRANCE
David. C'mon. You of all people. You know this drill.

Westwood stares. Torrance is throwing his own words at him.

TORRANCE (CONT'D)
Parameters. We have to respect the integrity of procedure. It's a possible murder investigation. We wouldn't want to compromise anybody's position.

A beat. Westwood ignores him, ducks under the tape and walks to the river. As Torrance pulls out his phone --

TORRANCE (CONT'D)
I need to call the chief.

As Torrance walks away from Dani and Geddes.

CUT TO:

EXT. BRUSH PARK NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Damon and Elena walk from the house to the Dodge Charger. They have a certain glow. Damon's phone rings.

DAMON
Tell me you found the asshole.

He listens as he walks. Suddenly stops.

DAMON (CONT'D)
Yeah... Okay... I'll meet you there.

ELENA
What is it?

DAMON
Goddamn cops.

He walks to the Charger. Elena follows. As they drive off --

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT RIVER - DAY

A Chevy Impala ("General Assigned") arrives at the scene. It parks but no one gets out. We pop inside to where --

INT. IMPALA - SAME MOMENT

Frank takes a deep breath. Geddes leans into the window --

GEDDES
Possible determined suicide. Westwood's exact words. You're a genius.

-- And Frank YANKS him violently by the tie.

FRANK
You wiped his computer. You knew IA was coming after him and you knew he'd give you up because you're as dirty as he is.

Geddes is struggling to breathe.

GEDDES
Let go of me.

FRANK
Somebody wiped Brendan's hard drive. Everything. Brendan could barely turn the goddamn thing on.

Geddes fights against Frank's grasp.

GEDDES
You're screwing the pooch, here. Get off me.

And we see --

EXT. DETROIT RIVER - SAME MOMENT

Dani, watching. She sees Geddes being jerked inside the car.

Torrance approaches, not seeing what she's watching.

TORRANCE
You wanna see what's keeping Frank.

DANI
'Course.

She walks toward the car and we see --

CUT TO:

INT. IMPALA - SAME MOMENT

Frank, still with a violent grip on Geddes.

FRANK
You knew about Internal Affairs.

And Geddes punches at Frank's hands. Frank finally lets go.

EXT. DETROIT RIVER - SAME MOMENT

Geddes spins, red-faced, and begins fixing his tie. Dani approaches. A beat. She leans into the Impala.

DANI
Boss wants you suited up.

FRANK
Right.

Dani holds a long look and we --

CUT TO:

INT. MOBILE CRIME SCENE TRUCK - SHORT TIME LATER

Frank and Torrance put on smocks and gloves. You sense Frank trying to hold it together as he dresses.

TORRANCE
You think Brendan knew he was under investigation?

FRANK
I don't know. It fills in some blanks. Last couple weeks, Brendan's been a mess. Out of control, like he had a death wish or something... He's been tanking it on the job cuz he's either too strung out or hungover to even fake it.

TORRANCE
What's your take on Westwood's determined suicide BS? You buy that?

FRANK
Brendan's been cracking. You shoulda seen him when we took him home last night. Full blown coke paranoia.

TORRANCE
You think Joe Geddes knew?

FRANK
About what?

TORRANCE
Internal Affairs.

FRANK
I don't know. I never figured Joe for someone who could keep a secret.

As Torrance considers --

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT RIVER - DAY

The Lexus emerges from the water. As it's towed in, we see --

Geddes, Dani and Westwood at the water line, watching.

GEDDES
The rat squad.

WESTWOOD
Excuse me?

GEDDES
Last night. Brendan was talking about how today was gonna be a big day. How the rats were on him.

WESTWOOD
He did?

GEDDES
Yeah.

WESTWOOD
When?

GEDDES
Last night in the restaurant.

WESTWOOD
When?

GEDDES
At the end of the night.

WESTWOOD
Really?

GEDDES
Yeah. "I can't keep the rats off me. I'd rather drown." He said it right before we took him home. You can check with Frank Agnew if you want, see if he remembers.

As he says this, Frank walks to them, overhearing. A twinge. For a second, he could murder Geddes. But he stays calm. As --

WESTWOOD
You just remembered this?

GEDDES
I didn't know what he was talking about. I thought he was drunk and imagining rats. How was I suppose to know he meant Internal Affairs?

As Westwood stares, Torrance approaches Frank.

TORRANCE
We're on.

They walk away.

THE LEXUS

Stands on its own. Frank and Torrance approach. Torrance defers to Frank, who opens the door and --

Water pours out. Brendan's body falls sideways, his hand cuffed to the wheel. Frank leans in close.

FRANK
It's definitely Brendan.

Torrance leans down. As the two men look at Brendan's body --

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK BOAT LAUNCH - SAME MOMENT

Damon's Dodge Charger pulls up to a waiting Jeep. Michael steps out of the Jeep. They both walk onto --

The train tracks. Debris-strewn. They walk and talk.

DAMON
You seen the body?

MICHAEL
Too many cops. It's a cluster.

They continue up the tracks -- downtown Detroit coming into focus. Michael hands Damon a detached rifle scope. They stop.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Maybe we oughta take a step back. Hold off until we know the score.

DAMON
No. We stay smart but we go hard and we take out anything in our way.

He raises the scope. We see, SCOPE POV --

Frank -- in the crosshairs -- standing over the body.

Damon lowers the scope. An incredulous look. He knows Frank.

MICHAEL
What?

DAMON
Nothing.

Damon raises the scope again. SCOPE POV --

Frank and Torrance inspect Brendan's body.

Damon lowers the scope. The anger is bubbling now.

DAMON (CONT'D)
It's McCann.

MICHAEL
So, now what?

DAMON
Did the old man know McCann was ours?

MICHAEL
I don't know.

DAMON
(yells)
Did he know?

MICHAEL
I told you, I don't know.

DAMON
I pay you to know.

MICHAEL
No. He didn't.

DAMON
Doesn't look that way, does it?

MICHAEL
He's old school. They got a code.

DAMON
Like I wouldn't understand?

MICHAEL
I didn't say that.

DAMON
You need to forget where we started and think about where we are right now. I'm not some asshole looking from the other side of the window.

MICHAEL
I'm just saying. You don't rat, you don't kill a cop, you don't hit your woman.

DAMON
Yeah? Your pop was old school. How many of those did he stick to?

Which cuts at Michael. A beat. Damon hands the scope back. He turns and walks back down the tracks, with purpose.

DAMON (CONT'D)
I want everyone to the bar. Tell'em I need'em ready.

MICHAEL
You really think the old man's coming at us?

DAMON
(pointed)
I don't know... But I'm not just gonna wait to find out.

As they hurry down the tracks.

CUT TO:

EXT. DETROIT RIVER - DAY

Frank and Torrance walk from the Lexus toward Dani, Geddes and Westwood.

TORRANCE
I'm wracking my brain but I can't think of a next of kin. Do you know anyone?

FRANK
No wife. No kids. I know for a fact both his parents are dead.

Torrance glances to see a MOTHER on the fringes with two BOYS picking through trash for cans. A beat. He seems reflective.

TORRANCE
You know Brendan, he was Detroit born and bred, he was a cop... that's two different strains of cockroach. I didn't figure he could be killed.

A beat. Frank indicates Westwood, nearby.

FRANK
Well, with any luck, at least this shit dies with him.

When the Uniform Cop behind them SHOUTS --

UNIFORM COP
Sir. There's somebody in the trunk... It looks like they were butchered.

Frank and Torrance stop. Geddes, Dani and Westwood rush toward them. Westwood continues toward the car. Dani sees him, says to Frank --

DANI
It's sure as hell a legit investigation now.

Frank stays quiet. Dani walks away. As Frank says to Geddes, quietly --

FRANK
I don't know if I can look at this.

Dani notices but keeps moving. Frank stays rooted to the spot. As if the weight of everything has finally crushed him.

Geddes joins the others as they reach --

The Lexus. Geddes leans into the trunk to examine the mutilated remains. He says, loud enough for Frank to hear --

GEDDES
Unidentified male.

Which snaps Frank out of his trance. He shares a look with Geddes. What the fuck else is going on here? As Geddes says --

GEDDES (CONT'D)
Head, hands and feet have all been removed.

TORRANCE
Christ.

Torrance steps toward Frank. A private conversation.

TORRANCE (CONT'D)
This is a complete shitstorm.

FRANK
Yeah.

Torrance looks around. Westwood is walking away from the trunk. The others begin to scatter as well.

TORRANCE
Every goddamn blueflame in the department is gonna try and make their name burying me. Goddamn dead dirty cop and a chopped up goddamn body. Christ.

A beat. Frank waits him out.

TORRANCE (CONT'D)
Screw the blue code of silence. If Joe Geddes is doing Brendan's dirty work, I need to know.

Frank nods. Torrance takes another look around the crazy scene. Then --

TORRANCE (CONT'D)
This is yours. I'm not gonna trust it with anyone else.

Frank nods. Torrance walks away. Stay with --

Frank, as he walks to the trunk. The others have dispersed. Frank's POV --

The butchered remains. Male. Not Sinada.

Dani approaches.

DANI
What did you mean you didn't know if you could look at this?

FRANK
What?

DANI
You told Joe. You said "I don't know if I can look at this."

FRANK
Jesus, Dani. Can you just turn it off for a minute? Can you do that?

A beat. She's thrown by the outburst. As he softens --

FRANK (CONT'D)
It's just been a long twenty-four hours.

A beat. He steps away.

MUSIC UP: "WHAT WE HAD" (HANDSOME FURS)

The song churns. Dark. Plaintive. Driving.

As Frank moves off, alone, HIS POV --

-- Geddes smokes a cigarette, staring at the water where Brendan was dumped. He turns. The two meet eyes. A beat. Frank looks toward --

-- Westwood, on the move, cell phone at his ear. Then to --

-- Torrance, moving in the opposite direction, his phone also pressed against his ear.

As Frank processes it all --

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK BOAT LAUNCH - DAY

Damon's Dodge Charger races away, the river and railroad tracks growing more distant behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. THE INTERNATIONAL - DAY

Nick Paflas drinks, intense, unstable, a pile of torn paper in front of him. Behind the bar, Elena watches him, intently.

CUT TO:

EXT. BEAUBIEN STREET - DAY

Skelos' driver walks him to the car. He looks up the street and sees --

Steven and Gus, Damon's henchmen, coming up the block with purpose. It's clear they see Skelos and the driver.

The driver positions himself in front of Skelos. Lets his hand drift inside his coat as --

Steven and Gus keep moving, on a mission. Everyone's eyes are trained on each other, waiting for a move, and --

They pass, keeping eye contact, violence averted. ANGLE ON --

EXT. THE INTERNATIONAL - SAME MOMENT

Elena, steps out. Steven and Gus reach her. She opens the door for them. They enter the bar. A subtle glance toward Skelos and the driver and she follows Steven and Gus inside. As the door closes --

CUT TO:

EXT. RIVERSIDE PARK BOAT LAUNCH - DAY

Frank. He sees: Westwood on the phone, talking animatedly.

Dani keeps her eyes glued on Frank and --

Torrance talks to Geddes. Torrance shoots Frank a look as if to say that Geddes is Frank's responsibility. He walks off.

Geddes remains. He smokes his cigarette to the filter. He and Frank meet eyes once again. Geddes flicks the cigarette butt to the ground and walks away. We stay with --

Frank. And we begin to pull back to see it all --

The Charger. The River. The cops. The crime scene. And --

Frank, alone at the center of the storm. Off him.

END OF SHOW