

FADE IN:

QUEENS, NY. Late November. Leaves have turned and fallen.

BRIDGES, BOULEVARDS, SUBWAYS and SIDEWALKS are packed with people in constant motion.

Among them, FIREFIGHTERS respond to calls, SANITATION WORKERS clean the clutter and POLICE OFFICERS patrol.

EXT. HOUSE. NIGHT.

A small, Stucco-slathered Tudor; working-class Woodside. An AMERICAN FLAG hangs out front.

A driveway leads to a GARAGE.

INT. GARAGE. NIGHT.

PEG BOARD walls hold TOOLS, RAPELLING LINES and RIFLES.

A rugged MAN, 45, wearing BLUE COVERALLS and LATEX GLOVES, seals a PORTABLE ELECTRIC SAW, METAL PARTS and PIPES into 3 JUMBO ZIPLOCK BAGS.

He hides the bags in the TANK of an INDUSTRIAL VACUUM.

He wheels the vacuum into the back of a WHITE CARGO VAN.

The Man dons a GREEN PARKA and hops into

INT. VAN. NIGHT.

where we see the STEERING COLUMN is CRACKED; *it's stolen.*

The Man drives out of the garage.

EXT. CITIGROUP TOWER. NIGHT.

The glass monolith stabs at the sky, by far the tallest building in Queens. It's late; only a few OFFICE LIGHTS burn.

INT. CITIGROUP TOWER, LOBBY. NIGHT.

A SECURITY GUARD eyes a CLEANING CREW, all wearing ID BADGES on BLUE COVERALLS, as they pass through a METAL DETECTOR.

SECURITY GUARD
You know the drill; badges in plain view,
anything metal goes in the basket.

A CLEANER sets off the ALARM. The Security Guard stops him.

The Cleaner pulls a CHAIN-WALLET from his pocket and plops it in the basket.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)
What are you, a Hells Angel? Go through,
again.

EXT. CITIGROUP TOWER. NIGHT.

A PICK-UP drives into the lot and parks near the WHITE CARGO VAN. A late CLEANING CREW MEMBER jumps out, zipping up his blue coveralls.

Suddenly, ARMS WRAP AROUND his NECK and HEAD, choking him unconscious. He crumbles to the ground, revealing

the Man in the GREEN PARKA, his face covered by a FUR-LINED HOOD.

INT. VAN. NIGHT.

The BOUND and BLINDFOLDED Cleaning Crew Member starts to come to, only to be GAGGED by the Man, who snatches his ID.

He grabs a BUCKET OF CLEANING SUPPLIES and pushes the INDUSTRIAL VACUUM out.

INT. CITIGROUP TOWER, LOBBY. NIGHT.

The Man wheels the VACUUM to the GUARD STATION. The Guard SIGHS.

SECURITY GUARD
You're lucky we don't shoot the
stragglers. Badge in plain...

The Man shows the ID, puts his KEYS and the BUCKET in baskets beside the METAL DETECTOR and walks through.

The Man pulls the vacuum AROUND THE METAL DETECTOR.

ON THE VIDEO MONITOR, his face is obscured by the hood.

SECURITY GUARD (cont'd)
They're on 18. Buy yourself a watch.

We follow the Man as he pushes the vacuum into the ELEVATOR.

INT. 18TH FLOOR. NIGHT.

The Man exits the elevator with the vacuum; he sees the CREW cleaning offices.

Instead of joining them, he pulls the 3 JUMBO ZIPLOCK BAGS containing the SAW, METAL PARTS and PIPES out of the vacuum's tank and enters the STAIRWELL.

INT. 32ND FLOOR. NIGHT.

The Man walks out of the stairwell past dark offices, toward the only one with a LIGHT ON. A PLAQUE on the door reads:

"AARON NUSSBAUM, COMMUNICATIONS DIRECTOR".

The Man sheds his parka to reveal the BLUE COVERALLS.

He removes the SAW, METAL PARTS and PIPES from the BAGS.

As the Man methodically assembles the metal parts and pipes, we discover...

he's building a RIFLE.

He rests the rifle against the wall and walks into

INT. OFFICE. NIGHT.

where AARON NUSSBAUM, 43, talks on the phone; if he's working this late, there's a problem.

AARON
(into phone)
...the truth is, fellas, this company
just spent 9-million dollars building an
executive lounge a year after the bailout-

Aaron nudges his TRASH CAN over to the Man.

AARON (cont'd)
(into phone)
-Now, I may be the new guy here, but, I
spent the last five years doing PR for
Youngerman Health, and the most important
thing I learned was this: *perception is
greater than truth.*

The Man walks past the trash can, moves behind Aaron, CLOSES THE BLINDS and dusts them, waiting for Aaron to hang up.

AARON (cont'd)
(into phone)
We can talk about the local contractors
we used; helping the community. We can
talk about the new employees we'll hire
to work in the lounge; creating jobs.
(MORE)

AARON (cont'd)

We can talk about how the improved morale will increase job performance and profits. We can talk about anything except the fact that we spent 9-million dollars to build a clubhouse for a bunch of overpaid VPs.

(flustered)

Forget it; I'll write the release myself.

Aaron hangs up, weary. The Man takes the trash can outside.

Aaron starts drafting the release, irritated.

AARON (cont'd)

This fucking day is never going to end.

He sees the Man standing in the doorway, aiming the RIFLE.

Before Aaron can react, the Man SHOOTs HIM IN THE CHEST.

Aaron slumps to the floor. The Man closes the door and pulls out the PORTABLE ELECTRIC SAW.

EXT. BYRNE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Early morning. A humble duplex in Flushing; decent neighborhood, not the best.

SANDI KLEIN (V.O.)

WINS News time 6:37. Here's Lee Harris with our top story...

INT. BYRNE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

A CLOCK-RADIO blares 1010 WINS.

LEE HARRIS (V.O.)

Sources close to the District Attorney's Office confirmed last night that Quentin Youngerman, CEO of the now defunct Youngerman Health Incorporated, will plead guilty Monday morning to embezzling 50-million dollars from the company he inherited from his late father...

HARD, SHORT GRUNTS fill the room as a HEAVY MEDICINE BALL is flung repeatedly into the air by

DETECTIVE BRENDAN BYRNE, 29, who bangs out gruelling crunches. Every time his back touches the floor, he hurls the medicine ball up and lets it SLAM DOWN onto his stomach.

The last impact makes Byrne pause to catch his breath.

His boyish good looks belie his determination.

LEE HARRIS (V.O.) (cont'd)
The plea would send Mr. Youngerman to prison for 10 years and requires him to surrender all of his assets to help pay restitution to policyholders who lost money and health coverage when the company folded...

Anger fuels Byrne's body back into motion.

BYRNE
Ten more, you bitch...

Byrne throws the medicine ball higher.

EXT. SALVO'S HOUSE. DAY.

A modest house with an attached garage in Murray Hill.

LEE HARRIS (V.O.)
Youngerman Health provided coverage to nearly 50,000 city employees, many of whom were left with unpaid medical bills in the wake of the scandal...

INT. SALVO'S BEDROOM. DAY.

A TRAIL OF RUMPLED CLOTHES leads to a BED, where DETECTIVE WARREN SALVO, 48, sleeps through his RADIO ALARM.

BESIDE THE ALARM CLOCK, are Salvo's SHIELD and GUN.

LEE HARRIS (V.O.)
Douglas Edison, the CFO of Youngerman Health is expected to be offered the same plea for his role in helping Quentin Youngerman embezzle from the company-

Salvo's wife, NANCY, 46, kills the radio. Her hair is extremely short. She wears a New York Jets' sweatshirt with PINK ACCENTS commemorating breast cancer awareness.

Nancy's a neighborhood girl; a strong, stubborn survivor.

NANCY
Warren... C'mon; get up.

SALVO
Five more minutes.

NANCY

You've been hitting snooze for the last half-hour. Super-cop's probably at the station already. You really wanna hear his shit? Up and at 'em! Let's go...

SALVO

Alright, alright. Go easy...

Salvo sits up, bleary-eyed; his shoulders slouch as if some divine entity has been stepping on him his whole life.

Nancy picks up Salvo's blazer; she finds a HUGE STAIN.

NANCY

What the hell happened to your jacket?

SALVO

The McMillian Sweet-Sixteen happened.

NANCY

What, you shoot someone there?

SALVO

I caught a couple kids spiking the punch. They ran, I tried to grab one of them and dumped the punch bowl all over myself.

(beat)

These asshole parents drop 30-grand on a birthday party, but didn't even offer to pay for my dry-cleaning. It's bullshit.

Nancy pulls the jacket inside out.

NANCY

It's fine. I'll clean it.

SALVO

I don't want you to clean it. I want *them* to clean it.

Nancy stuffs the jacket into the hamper.

NANCY

Case closed, Detective. Get your ass in the shower.

INT. BYRNE'S BEDROOM. DAY.

Byrne, clean-shaven and neatly dressed, pockets his SHIELD. He notices his HOLSTER is EMPTY.

BYRNE

Hey, Pop...

Concerned, he heads into

INT. MARTIN'S BEDROOM. DAY.

where he finds the BED MADE.

On the walls are NYPD SERVICE AWARDS for "MARTIN BYRNE".

On the dresser, a group of FRAMED PHOTOS OF A WOMAN, from childhood to her late 40s; a CRUCIFIX hangs over one.

There's also a PRAYER CARD for "KATHERINE BYRNE".

It's a shrine.

BYRNE

Pop? You downstairs?

Worried, Byrne heads out of the room with urgency.

INT. SALVO'S BATHROOM. DAY.

Salvo rubs his THICK STUBBLE, picks lint from his MOUSTACHE and checks his BLOODSHOT EYES in a mirror.

SALVO

Another goddamn day.

The bathroom door swings open. Salvo's pretty and perturbed daughter VANESSA, 16, bursts in, startling him.

VANESSA

You had to work a party in our neighborhood?!

SALVO

Jesus! What are you talking about? Get outta here!

VANESSA

Thanks to you, I'm a *social outcast*.

Vanessa shoves her SMARTPHONE in Salvo's face; it plays a VIRAL VIDEO from the PARTY: SALVO TOPPLES A TABLE and gets DOUSED WITH PUNCH.

SALVO

Where did you get that?

VANESSA

From *all* of my friends. It's on a YouTube channel that shows pranks and fails.

SALVO
What the hell is a fail?

VANESSA
Failures; screw-ups. Someone filmed you
and posted it on the site. They call it
"Narc Fail".

SALVO
Well, delete it.

VANESSA
I can't *delete it*, dad; it's going to be
there forever. My life is over!

SALVO
You think it's over now, wait until you
have kids.

Salvo hands Vanessa a PILL ORGANIZER.

SALVO (cont'd)
Go give Mom her pills.

Salvo pushes her out of the bathroom and shuts the door.

INT. BYRNE'S KITCHEN. DAY.

MARTIN BYRNE, 52, sits at the table, CLEANING a 9MM PISTOL.

Martin is retired NYPD; a solemn man, his triumphs on the job
are overshadowed by the tragedy of losing his wife.

Byrne briskly walks in; he's unnerved when he sees his father
with the gun.

BYRNE
Pop, why are you cleaning my gun?

MARTIN
Wanted to see if I still remembered the
drill.

ON THE TABLE, Byrne sees BULLETS. He covers his concern.

BYRNE
You ready for inspection?

Byrne sticks his finger inside the CLIP, pretending to check
for dirt. He's really looking for bullets.

It's empty.

BYRNE (cont'd)
Did a good job on this clip.

Martin reassembles the gun. He cleans the SERIAL NUMBER.

MARTIN
Twenty-eight years on the job, I carried
the same service-weapon. Smith & Wesson
.38 Special; serial number 45899. When I
put in my papers and handed over my
pistol, the clerk said it was the
cleanest gun he'd ever seen.
(beat)
I ever tell you that?

Byrne loads the BULLETS into the clip.

BYRNE
Once or twice.

Byrne's cell-phone RINGS. He answers.

BYRNE (cont'd)
(into phone)
Byrne.
(beat)
Copy that. Wake Salvo; tell him to haul
ass.
(to Martin)
Caught a body. Gotta run.

Martin wishes he could come. Instead, he hands Byrne his gun.

MARTIN
Be good; your mother's watching.

Byrne kisses his father on the head, grabs his KEYS and goes
for the door. He looks back at Martin, worried.

EXT. BYRNE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Byrne walks out. ON THE STEPS are weathered MEMORIAL CANDLES.

INT. SALVO'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Salvo's son KEVIN, 12, is on the computer, mashing-up the
"NARC FAIL" VIDEO. He LAUGHS as his dad gets soaked with
punch in Auto-Tuned rapid-repeat.

Nancy peels an orange over the GARBAGE CAN.

NANCY
Kevin, stop playing and eat.

Salvo, nattily dressed, plods in, CELL-PHONE to his ear.

SALVO
(into phone)
Yeah, yeah. I'm on my way. Tell Super-cop
to relax. The body ain't going nowhere.

Salvo hangs up. ON THE TABLE, he sees the DAILY NEWS, the
FRONT PAGE HEADLINE reads:

"HEALTH CARE HUSTLER TAKES MEDICINE".

There's a PHOTO of QUENTIN YOUNGERMAN, 39; GEEK CHIC, THICK
GLASSES and a WIDE SMILE. Not your old-school CEO.

SALVO (cont'd)
Piece of shit.

NANCY
Don't think about it. He's not worth it.

Nancy takes the paper away and hands Salvo a BOWL OF FRUIT.

SALVO
Can't. Gotta jet to a scene.

Nancy waves her PILL ORGANIZER as she pours a glass of water.

NANCY
If I have to take these; you have to eat
fruit.

Vanessa marches in, mortified to see Kevin tweaking the
VIDEO. She puts her SMARTPHONE down and goes off on Salvo.

VANESSA
You see what you've done to me? This is
so embarrassing; I cannot go to school
today.

SALVO
You're going to school, Vanessa.

VANESSA
I am never going to live this down-

She stops when she hears her last statement repeat.

VANESSA (cont'd) (V.O.)
-I am never going to live this down-

Vanessa looks at the COMPUTER, where she sees HERSELF.

She turns to KEVIN, who's using her SMARTPHONE to stream her live onto a YouTube channel.

Kevin GIGGLES. Vanessa freaks.

VANESSA (cont'd)
You're *streaming* me?!

Vanessa reaches for her Smartphone; Kevin plays keep-away.

SALVO
(intrigued)
How's he doing that?

VANESSA
He's live-streaming me onto the site!
With my phone. Give it, you little shit!

NANCY
Guys, knock it off!

Kevin runs behind his mother, using her as a shield.

Vanessa lunges for Kevin and bumps into Nancy, knocking her PILL ORGANIZER onto the counter. PILLS SCATTER.

NANCY (cont'd)
Goddamnit!!

Everyone freezes. Salvo snatches the Smartphone from Kevin.

SALVO
How do I stop it?

VANESSA
Touch "stop stream"!

Salvo does. They all eye the COMPUTER; the WINDOW GOES BLACK.

Nancy gathers her PILLS; several sit amid TRASH in the CAN.

NANCY
Great; they went into the trash.

Nancy digs through the garbage. Salvo grabs her shoulder.

SALVO
No. Let them do it.

VANESSA
I'm not digging through the trash.

SALVO
Those pills cost a fortune. You knocked
them in there, you pick them out.

NANCY
Honey, it's alright.

SALVO
It's not alright!

Angry, Salvo pulls out the trash bag and dumps it on the floor. He glares at Kevin and Vanessa.

SALVO (cont'd)
You find every pill. Put them on the
counter and clean this mess up. Now!

Nancy rinses some pills and swallows them, upset.

She goes into the garage. Vanessa and Kevin search the trash.

VANESSA
Dad, you're such an asshole.

Salvo holds up Vanessa's Smartphone.

SALVO
You just lost your phone for a week,
princess. No more fails, no more YouTube,
no more BS.

VANESSA
You can't take my phone!

SALVO
Perks of being an asshole.
(stern)
Every. Single. Pill.

Salvo pockets the Smartphone and heads into

INT. SALVO'S GARAGE. DAY.

where Nancy angrily digs through OLD CRAP on SHELVES, making
PILES beside her STATION-WAGON.

Salvo SIGHS; his day hasn't even started and it's ruined.

SALVO
Nance, what are you doing?

NANCY

We haven't touched any of this stuff in years. I've decided we're going to unload some of it on Ebay.

SALVO

You don't have to do this.

NANCY

You're moonlighting three, four nights a week and we still need money. I'm digging pills out of the goddamn trash, Warren!

SALVO

I'm sorry-

NANCY

-It's not your fault. You're doing everything you can. This is a way for me to contribute.

Salvo surveys the shelves.

SALVO

Maybe we can do this over the weekend? I'll do it over the weekend. C'mon, go inside.

NANCY

The doctor told me it's okay to get back into normal activities. I respect the fact that you're concerned, but I'm going to do things that healthy people do. I'm going to cook, clean; I'm gonna go back to work-

SALVO

-I didn't say I didn't want you to do things. Sell this stuff, sell it all; shit, *sell the kids*. But, it's cold in here. Go put on a coat; *please...*

Salvo and Nancy share a look. They love each other deeply.

NANCY

Only if you promise to get home safe.

SALVO

Always.

Nancy kisses Salvo, smiles and heads inside.

When she's gone, Salvo searches the cluttered shelves.

Hidden away, he finds a STUFFED SHERLOCK HOLMES DOLL; it's dirty, tattered and covered in cobwebs.

There's a slit up Sherlock's back; the corner of an ENVELOPE sticks out.

Salvo pockets the doll and leaves.

EXT. JAMAICA LONG ISLAND RAIL ROAD STATION. DAY.

NYPD SQUAD CARS line the sidewalk; LIGHTS FLASHING.

Delayed COMMUTERS barred by POLICE TAPE, question OFFICERS. ONLOOKERS gawk and GOSSIP.

ON THE ELEVATED TRACK, a TRAIN sits idle short of the PLATFORM, a few feet away from

a JUMBO ZIPLOCK BAG containing a SEVERED HUMAN LEG.

CRIME SCENE TECHS photograph a SEARCH GRID.

AT THE PLATFORM'S EDGE, Byrne watches and waits. A PATROLMAN comes over.

PATROLMAN

Byrne, how's your father doing?

BYRNE

Good; kicking retirement's ass.

Byrne checks his watch; Salvo's late. He looks around.

PATROLMAN

Heard they just partnered you up with Warren Salvo.

BYRNE

You mean *Elliot Mess*?

PATROLMAN

Funny, but rumor is he left the 109th with a little dirt on him.

BYRNE

I know. That's why I got my eyes open and my sponge ready. He pulls any shit, I'll scrub him for sure.

Byrne sees Salvo shuffle onto the platform in no particular rush; he's fiddling with Vanessa's Smartphone.

Byrne approaches Salvo, unhappy.

BYRNE (cont'd)
You're late. *Again*.

SALVO
(unapologetic)
You know, you can take video with your phone and it goes right online.

BYRNE
Yeah, I know what a fucking cell-phone can do.
(getting to work)
Conductor pulled into the station, saw the leg and called it in.

Byrne and Salvo climb down a ladder to the tracks.

SALVO
Probably a suicide.

BYRNE
Probably not; the leg's in a Ziplock bag.

Salvo sees the ZIPLOCKED LEG. A CST snaps a photo.

CST
Judging by the shoe, the hair and the musculature, the leg belongs to a man. No prints on the bag. The cuts are slightly cauterized; whatever made them was moving fast.

SALVO
Right between the rails. Dropped out of the back door of the train?

BYRNE
Or, put here to make sure a conductor sees it.

Salvo studies the LEG.

SALVO
Goddamn osso buco. Must've used a chain-saw or circular-saw. Wherever it went down, there's gonna be a lot of blood.

BYRNE
Yeah? That what your gut's telling you?

SALVO
Fuck you.

BYRNE

(fed-up)

Fuck you! You show up half-an-hour late
and state the obvious, and I'm not
supposed to break your balls?!

They're about to tussle, when the Patrolman SHOUTS from the
PLATFORM.

PATROLMAN

Byrne, call came over the wire; they
found another body part on the tracks.

BYRNE

Where?

PATROLMAN

Nassau County.

EXT. MINEOLA LIRR STATION. DAY.

Further out on Long Island, the SUBURBAN STATION is
surrounded by NASSAU COUNTY SQUAD CARS, CST TRUCKS and a
MEDICAL EXAMINER'S VAN.

ON THE TRACKS, ANOTHER ZIPLOCKED LEG.

Hunched over the leg is DETECTIVE FRANK PITKA, 38, wry,
obese, with a THICK MOUSTACHE. Pitka chews a Milky Way.

He may be the unhealthiest cop we've ever seen.

He sees Byrne and Salvo approaching.

PITKA

Brendan, how the hell are you, kid?

He shakes Byrne's hand.

BYRNE

Good, Frank. You?

PITKA

Living the fucking dream.

Byrne points to Salvo.

BYRNE

My partner, Warren Salvo.

Salvo offers his hand to Pitka.

PITKA

Frank Pitka; good to know you.

(beat)

I started out in Queens; worked a few years with Brendan's dad.

(beat)

I hear we've got bookends.

They look at the ZIPLOCKED LEG. Pitka takes another mouthful of Milky Way.

PITKA (cont'd)

No prints on the bag. Nothing else around. Think it got tossed off a train.

SALVO

How do you do that without being seen?

BYRNE

And, where's the rest of him?

A NASSAU COUNTY PATROLMAN hurries over.

NASSAU PATROLMAN

When it rains it pours; more body parts out in Cold Spring Harbor.

PITKA

For a guy without legs, dude gets around.

EXT. COLD SPRING HARBOR LIRR STATION. DAY.

More rural; wealthier. Otherwise, the same scene; SUFFOLK COUNTY SQUAD CARS, CST TRUCKS and a MEDICAL EXAMINER'S VAN.

ON THE TRACKS, a third ZIPLOCK BAG; this one holds AARON NUSSBAUM'S RIGHT HAND and HEAD.

Byrne, Salvo and Pitka make their way to DETECTIVE LUTHER COLEMAN, 55, African-American, athletic and affable.

He's also sporting the police-issue MOUSTACHE.

COLEMAN

Brendan; they told me you caught this case.

Byrne shakes Coleman's hand.

BYRNE

They figured you old moustaches needed some young eyes on this thing.

Coleman shakes Pitka's hand.

COLEMAN
Frankie, looking svelte as ever.

PITKA
Luther; still the only black cop in
Suffolk County.

Salvo offers his hand to Coleman.

SALVO
Warren Salvo.

COLEMAN
Luther Coleman. How do you like working
with the second coming here?

SALVO
He completes me.

COLEMAN
I knew Brendan when he had skids in his
Underoos; worked Queens ten years with
his dad.
(to Byrne)
How's your dad holding up, kid?

BYRNE
The same. How's Junior?

COLEMAN
Still at home. A handful. But, we're
hanging in.

SALVO
Teenager?

COLEMAN
He's twenty-one.

SALVO
Fucking kick him out.

Coleman seems somewhat offended by Salvo's comment; he gets
down to business.

COLEMAN
We got a right hand and a head.

PITKA
Fingerprints and dental records, *yippee*.

BYRNE
All we need now is the scene of the
crime.

COLEMAN

Three stations, three counties, three jurisdictions; this is a mess. Wanna draw business cards for the lead?

BYRNE

Lead goes with the scene of the crime. We need to find out if this guy came in from the Island or out from the City.

SALVO

Let's go to the video tape.

INT. 103RD PRECINCT, HOMICIDE DIVISION. DAY.

Mismatched desks, ancient file cabinets, peeling paint; New York's Finest get the worst accommodations.

IN THE BULLPEN, Byrne, Salvo and QUEENS DETECTIVES review FOOTAGE from the JAMAICA STATION; the PLATFORMS are packed with PEOPLE carrying BAGS.

The Detectives jot down DESCRIPTIONS and TIMES.

BYRNE

I'm going blind.

SALVO

Friday morning rush; everyone going into the City has a bag or a suitcase.

Salvo opens a DRAWER and grabs another LEGAL PAD; we see the SHERLOCK HOLMES DOLL.

A DETECTIVE comes over. Salvo promptly shuts the drawer to hide Sherlock.

1ST DETECTIVE

Byrne, Salvo; the vic's prints aren't in the system.

BYRNE

Wonderful.

INT. 103RD PRECINCT, LOBBY. DAY.

OFFICERS and DETECTIVES come and go in constant motion, past a WALL-MOUNTED TV showing NY1 NEWS.

ON TV, RUSCHELL BOONE stands outside JAMAICA STATION.

RUSCHELL (V.O.)
 ...all we know at this point is that the
 Port Jefferson Branch of the Long Island
 Rail Road has been shut down in both
 directions...

Martin enters, holding a BROWN BAG LUNCH.

OFFICERS, pleased to see Martin, crowd around him.

QUEENS OFFICERS
 Look what the cat dragged in.
 How are you, Martin?
 Couldn't stay away, huh, pal?

MARTIN
 Bringing the kid lunch.

1ST QUEENS OFFICER
 He's up in the bullpen.

Martin heads for the STAIRS. The Officers watch him.

2ND QUEENS OFFICER
 Thought that guy would be running this
 place. Why'd he retire?

1ST QUEENS OFFICER
 Probably that horror-show with his wife.

INT. 103RD PRECINCT, HOMICIDE DIVISION. DAY.

Martin enters the bullpen, where Byrne, Salvo and the Queens
 Detectives are glued to the LIRR FOOTAGE.

MARTIN
 How can anyone work in this magnificent
 shithole?

Byrne looks up, surprised to see his father.

BYRNE
 Pop...

MARTIN
 Brought you some lunch, kiddo.

Martin hands Byrne the brown bag. He spots Salvo's NAMEPLATE.

MARTIN (cont'd)
 So, you're the new partner?

SALVO
 Guilty as charged. Nice to meet you.

Salvo extends his hand. Martin shakes it.

MARTIN

From the way Brendan described you, I
thought you were older.

Salvo grimaces and lies to Martin.

SALVO

Your son's a mench.

BYRNE

You'll never guess who's working this
case with us; Frank Pitka and Luther
Coleman.

MARTIN

Assholes the both of them; but, good
cops. Don't let them give you any shit.

Byrne dumps out the contents of the bag, revealing a WALLET.

Martin sees the wallet, realizes his mistake.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Son of a bitch; I was rushing out of the
house-

Martin checks his back pocket.

MARTIN (cont'd)

-Maybe there's a PB&J in my back pocket.

The Detectives LAUGH, so does Martin.

MARTIN (cont'd)

(smiling)

What I meant was, I'll *buy* you lunch.

Martin grabs his wallet and pulls out some cash.

BYRNE

Pop, it's alright. I need to touch base
with someone. Be back in a few.

Byrne heads for the stairs.

Martin eyes the FOOTAGE on Byrne's computer.

MARTIN

You boys on this Rail Road thing?

SALVO

Body parts left on the tracks, all the way out to Suffolk County. Good times.

MARTIN

Christ, I'm glad I'm retired.

But, we sense Martin would rather be here than anywhere.

ON A WINDOWSILL, Martin sees a DONATION BIN for "COPS IN NEED". He slips a few dollars in the bin.

Salvo notices and grins.

INT. 103RD PRECINCT, 4TH FLOOR. DAY.

Byrne makes his way into an office marked:

"PATROLMAN'S BENEVOLENT ASSOCIATION".

INT. PBA OFFICE. DAY.

It's cramped, every inch covered in PAMPHLET RACKS and POSTERS about physical, mental and legal strains of the job.

Byrne makes sure he's alone, then finds TWO PAMPHLETS:

"RECOGNIZING SIGNS OF DEPRESSION" and

"BADGE OF LIFE: SUICIDE PREVENTION".

The PBA REP comes in.

PBA REP

Byrne, how you doing?

Byrne steps away from the pamphlet rack.

BYRNE

Good. Great. You?

The PBA Rep notes the pamphlets in Byrne's hand.

PBA REP

Can't complain.

(beat)

There anything you need to talk about?

Byrne covers.

BYRNE

These? No, it's... it's embarrassing, actually... I got a new partner last month; I'm messing with him.

PBA REP
Salvo, right?

BYRNE
Yeah.

PBA REP
Well, don't mess with him too much, the
guy's got "gun eater" written all over
him.

Byrne's cell-phone RINGS. He answers.

BYRNE
(into phone)
Byrne.
(beat)
Alright; be right there.

Byrne waves to the PBA REP and heads for the door.

INT. 103RD PRECINCT, HOMICIDE DIVISION. DAY.

Byrne hurries into the bullpen to find Salvo putting on his
coat; he notices Martin is missing.

BYRNE
Where's my dad?

SALVO
Catching up with the Lieutenant.

Byrne grabs his coat and stuffs the PAMPHLETS in a pocket.

BYRNE
What do we have?

SALVO
A torso was found at the Citigroup Tower.

BYRNE
(joking)
Shit, I hope it's our guy.

INT. UNMARKED CAR. DAY.

Byrne drives; he's quiet, lost in thought. His COAT is
bundled beside Salvo on the bench seat. Salvo doesn't have
enough room.

SALVO
I've noticed you don't wear your coat
when you drive.

BYRNE

It's cumbersome. Gets in the way.

SALVO

Yeah, I know what you mean.

BYRNE

If something jumps-off and I gotta chase a perp, I don't need a heavy coat holding me back.

SALVO

The only thing dumber than a criminal who runs, is the cop who chases him. It's a good way to get snuffed.

BYRNE

I do whatever I have to do to close cases. It's called fighting crime, Salvo.

SALVO

Your problem, Super-cop, is you still believe this is a fight we can win. That fucking peach-fuzz idealism makes you think you're supposed to right every wrong. Work the job a few more years, grow yourself a moustache and you'll realize the best we can hope for in this fight is a draw. The only thing you're supposed to do is *survive*. Come home at the end of the day.

BYRNE

What happens when you come home to find that perp you didn't chase has hurt your family? Will you settle for a draw, then?

SALVO

Trust me, the guy would never make it past my wife.

They pull into the CITIGROUP TOWER PARKING LOT and pass OFFICERS searching the WHITE CARGO VAN.

Byrne parks; he and Salvo hop out to

EXT. CITIGROUP TOWER. DAY.

where they head to the entrance. Salvo is startled by a GIRLIE RINGTONE.

He pulls Vanessa's SMARTPHONE from his coat; he sees a TEXT:

"saw ur dad on youtube, wtf?"

SALVO
(to Byrne)
You know what a "fail" is?

BYRNE
Yeah, I'm looking at one.

Salvo pockets the Smartphone and they go inside.

INT. 32ND FLOOR. DAY.

Byrne and Salvo find the OUTER OFFICE flooded with UNIFORMED OFFICERS taking statements from EMPLOYEES.

AARON NUSSBAUM'S OFFICE is TAPED OFF. CSTs gather evidence.

AT THE RECEPTION DESK, the haggard Cleaning Crew Member talks with a Uniform, who excuses himself to update our guys.

3RD QUEENS OFFICER
We found a cleaning crew member bound and gagged in the back of a stolen van. He got choked-out from behind; didn't see a perp. His ID was missing. The Killer used it to enter the building at twelve-ten in the morning. Got the saw and gun past the metal detectors inside an industrial vacuum. No prints on the vacuum or van.
(beat)
Suspect wore a green parka with a hood. Surveillance video doesn't show a face.

BYRNE
Appreciate it.

The Officer heads back to the Cleaning Crew Member; Byrne and Salvo approach AARON NUSSBAUM'S OFFICE.

They stop at the POLICE TAPE; on the floor, they see the TORSO with a BULLET WOUND in the chest.

The office is COVERED IN BLOOD.

One of the CSTs comes over.

2ND CST
We're going to need time to process the whole office.

SALVO
Somebody really loved this guy.

Byrne pulls out his cell-phone.

BYRNE

I'll update Pitka and Coleman. Call the house mice; tell them to focus on Rail Road footage after 12 AM.

SALVO

And guys in green parkas.

Salvo pulls out his cell-phone.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM. DAY.

Later, Byrne, Salvo, Pitka and Coleman are gathered in a conference room with Uniformed Officers.

BYRNE

Vic's name is Aaron Nussbaum, 43; he lived in Suffolk County and worked for Citigroup in Communications.

(beat)

Prior to working for Citigroup, he did PR for Youngerman Health.

There are perceptible GROANS from the Cops in the room.

SALVO

The shithead Quentin Youngerman's set to enter a plea on Monday. We should look at the possibility that this is related to his embezzlement.

BYRNE

But, Aaron wasn't charged with any crimes; he was just a mouth over at Youngerman. People hate banks as much as they hate health care insurers; his murder could be linked to his job here.

(beat)

We've got Nassau and Suffolk Officers working this case. We've agreed that lead goes with the SOC, so Salvo and I will be primary on this one. All departments and officers involved will get credit when we catch this guy.

A 3RD CST comes into the conference room.

3RD CST

Office is yours.

INT. OFFICE. DAY.

Byrne, Salvo, Pitka and Coleman examine AARON'S TORSO with the CSTs.

2ND CST

Looks like he was shot in the chair, then cut up on the floor. Center-mass wound from a small-caliber, high-velocity round; a rifle. Killed instantly. We pulled the bullet out of the wall; it's good for ballistics.

IN AARON'S WALLET, Byrne finds an ID, CREDIT CARDS, CASH and a MONTHLY LIRR PASS.

BYRNE

Got a monthly LIRR pass; for the Ronkonkoma branch.

COLEMAN

Body parts were left on the Port Jeff branch.

PITKA

Maybe Port Jeff is the Killer's branch?

SALVO

Perp gets in clean, gets out clean; the bags on the tracks are clean. He's careful. But, *this...* it's *sloppy*. This one part of it. Doesn't line up.

Salvo surveys the BOOKSHELF; BLOOD SPATTER speckles everything except ONE PRISTINE WHITE DOCUMENT.

SALVO (cont'd)

(to 2nd CST)

Over here. Shoot this.

The 2nd CST photographs the shelf.

BYRNE

What do you see?

SALVO

Everything on this shelf is covered in blood, except this.

Salvo dons LATEX GLOVES and grabs the DOCUMENT, it's held together by a binder clip.

SALVO (cont'd)

(reading)

"Purge the Affliction". By, You and Me.

(looks up)

It's a manifesto.

Byrne turns to the 2nd CST.

BYRNE
Process it and make us copies.

PITKA
Mani-fucking-festo; I smell overtime,
boys.

COLEMAN
Yeah, we're all getting rich today.

BYRNE
(to Salvo)
Now, we know this sick shit is personal.

Salvo flips through the document.

SALVO
Guy leaves a 56-page document; sprinkles
the vic all over the Island. This isn't
personal. This is a statement.

EXT. NORTH SHORE DINER. DAY.

A NEON and STAINLESS STEEL clad Queens staple.

A rimmed-up, tinted-out HONDA CIVIC pulls in, BASS POUNDING.

REYNALDO JIMENEZ, 28, lady-killer handsome, hops out and
walks into the diner, past

a LONE FIGURE loitering near the door; his face covered by a
GREEN PARKA. It's our KILLER.

INT. NORTH SHORE DINER. DAY.

Reynaldo smiles at the cute HOSTESS.

HOSTESS
Hi, Reynaldo.

REYNALDO
Hey, sweetness.

She hands him a NY TIMES; he hands her the cash.

HOSTESS
Your usual booth?

REYNALDO
After you.

The Hostess grabs a MENU, they flirt as she walks Reynaldo to
a BOOTH by the WINDOW.

REYNALDO (cont'd)
You changed your hair.

HOSTESS
I wanted to look good for you.

REYNALDO
Well, you look great.

She smiles, smitten. The Hostess notices the TIMES' FRONT PAGE, there's a PHOTO of QUENTIN YOUNGERMAN and the HEADLINE:

"YOUNGERMAN OFFERED 10YR PLEA".

HOSTESS
How could a nice guy like you ever work for a prick like Youngerman?

REYNALDO
I didn't know he was a prick.

HOSTESS
Do you think he's really gonna give back all that money?

REYNALDO
I don't care what Quentin does as long as he leaves me the hell out of it.

HOSTESS
Enjoy your lunch; I'll see you on the way out.

Reynaldo watches her wiggle away. He flips to the CLASSIFIEDS, takes out a pen and starts to circle jobs.

THROUGH THE WINDOW, we see the Killer approach Rey's Honda. A CROWBAR slides out of his sleeve, into his gloved hand.

The Killer SHATTERS the HONDA'S WINDOWS and DENTS the HOOD.

All the PATRONS turn and look out the window. Including Rey.

REYNALDO
What the fu-

Rey bolts out of his booth to

EXT. NORTH SHORE DINER. DAY.

where the Killer drops the CROWBAR and runs away.

Rey surveys his wrecked ride, awestruck and angry.

The Hostess hurries outside, concerned.

HOSTESS

Rey-

Rey grabs the crowbar and chases the Killer DOWN THE STREET.

REYNALDO

You're dead, motherfucker!

The Killer turns a corner. Rey, clutching the crowbar, charges into

EXT. ALLEY. DAY.

where he finds a DEAD END and FOUR METAL DUMPSTERS.

No one is around. Not even the Killer.

Rey eyes the dumpsters; he's got the son of a bitch.

REYNALDO

Nowhere to go, asshole!

CLANG! Rey swats the first dumpster with the crowbar.

REYNALDO (cont'd)

You don't want to come out? I'll come in after you!

Rey flips open the FIRST DUMPSTER, nothing but TRASH. He opens the SECOND DUMPSTER, just GARBAGE.

REYNALDO (cont'd)

I'm gonna fuck you up!

Furious, Rey yanks open the THIRD DUMPSTER.

BOOM! A FLASH GRENADE blinds Rey, who drops the crowbar and shields his eyes.

The Killer climbs out of the FOURTH DUMPSTER, holding the RIFLE.

Rey, squinting, can barely see. The Killer shoves him against the wall and aims the rifle at Rey's head, execution-style.

REYNALDO (cont'd)

(pleading)

Wait! Please, no-

BANG! BANG! BANG! BULLETS tear through Rey and into the wall.

Rey drops to the ground. The Killer walks out of the alley.

EXT. NORTH SHORE DINER. DAY.

Concerned PATRONS and the HOSTESS have gathered. They see the Killer, holding the RIFLE; his face covered by the hood.

They give him a wide berth as he walks past.

KILLER
Call the police.

CUT TO:

a POLICE HELICOPTER, flying over the neighborhood around

EXT. NORTH SHORE DINER. DAY.

where the area is cordoned-off by POLICE TAPE and surrounded by NYPD SQUAD CARS and QUEENS OFFICERS.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER wheels a BODY BAG past REY'S BATTERED CIVIC and into a VAN.

Byrne, Salvo, Pitka and Coleman hurry toward the OFFICER holding the LOG BOOK. They sign in.

BYRNE
Who's lead on this?

LOG OFFICER
Garret and Medina.

The Log Officer points to DETECTIVES GARRET and MEDINA, 30s; goatees, God-complexes, a perfect pair of pricks.

Salvo isn't happy to see them.

SALVO
Just what the fuck I need.

Once they've signed in, Byrne, Salvo, Pitka and Coleman proceed to Garret and Medina, who eye Salvo; there's bad blood between them.

GARRET
Salvo, back on your old stumbling grounds, huh?

MEDINA
Thought we'd seen the last of you.

SALVO
I'm like a bad penny.

GARRET

What, you need three partners to help you out these days?

SALVO

Byrne's with me; Pitka's Nassau and Coleman's Suffolk.

MEDINA

Stay on your toes, fellas; Sherlock here couldn't handle things at the 109th.

SALVO

Something in the building triggered my allergies.

Byrne's heard enough.

BYRNE

Let's put our dicks away and try to close this thing.

Medina holds up REYNALDO'S DRIVER'S LICENSE.

MEDINA

Reynaldo Jimenez, 28; unemployed. Most recently worked as a Sales Rep for Youngerman Health; which is why you got invited to the party.

GARRET

Ate lunch here every day the last few months. Neighborhood guy; no warrants, no arrests.

BYRNE

He wasn't charged when Youngerman got raided?

MEDINA

Only Quentin and the CFO were charged. No one else had the authority to pull money out of the company.

GARRET

Judging by the fact that Rey was checking the classifieds when he got smoked; I'd say he didn't have millions of dollars tucked in his mattress.

BYRNE

Take us through it.

GARRET

Perp is outside before Rey arrives; once Rey's inside, the perp smashes Rey's car. Rey chases him into the alley, where he gets dead. Three shots, execution style.

MEDINA

Lured Rey right into a trap.

SALVO

Anybody get a look at the perp?

MEDINA

Half the people in the diner. Guy comes out of the alley, rifle in hand. His face was covered, but he was wearing a green hooded parka.

COLEMAN

Green parka; sounds like our guy.

GARRET

What do you know about this asshole?

PITKA

He's got a gun and a grudge; other than that, jack-shit.

GARRET

Youngerman Health covered a lot of City employees. Lotta people in uniform lost their insurance when it collapsed. Sanitation wears green parkas.

BYRNE

It's a direction. Keep us posted.

Byrne, Salvo, Pitka and Coleman walk to their cars. Salvo waits until he's out of earshot of Pitka and Coleman.

SALVO

Byrne, we do not want Garret and Medina anywhere near this case.

BYRNE

(blowing him off)

I'm sure they're saying the same thing about you, *Sherlock*.

Salvo's upset, but bites his tongue. Byrne removes his coat, tosses it onto the front seat and hops behind the wheel.

INT. UNMARKED CAR. DAY.

Byrne and Salvo drive in silence. Salvo nudges Byrne's coat to make more room on the seat.

SALVO

Seriously, this coat-off-while-driving thing; it's gonna be a problem.

BYRNE

We've got multiple homicides, and you're thinking about my coat?

SALVO

No, I'm thinking I got less room on the seat; you've got the heat turned up... I'm boiling.

BYRNE

Take your coat off.

SALVO

Put yours on. You can't chase a perp with your coat on; *bullshit*. Pretend it's a fucking cape.

BYRNE

This really bothers you?

SALVO

This is supposed to be a partnership; I should get half the goddamn seat-

BYRNE

-Jesus fucking Christ.

Byrne whips his coat into the back. When he does, the PAMPHLETS fall out onto the seat.

Salvo picks up the pamphlet for "BADGE OF LIFE". He's genuinely concerned.

SALVO

This is suicide stuff; for retired cops. Is it for your dad?

BYRNE

No, they're not for my dad, they're for me. If I have to keep listening to you complain, I'm gonna blow my fucking brains out.

SALVO

Nice. But, seriously, if there's a problem-

BYRNE

-My father's not a "gun eater".

Salvo tries to reassure Byrne, but there's sadness under the surface.

SALVO

I've only spent five minutes with your dad, but, I'll tell you this; you don't need to worry about him.

(beat)

There are two kinds of cops that put bullets in their heads: ruined guys and "gun eaters". Ruined guys keep seeing vics in their dreams, thinking they could've saved them if they were a better cop. They send apology letters to families involved in cases they couldn't close. They relive a clean shooting over and over until they convince themselves they should never have pulled the trigger. They feel guilty for shit they didn't do. It fucking ruins them. They're tragedies.

(beat)

A "gun eater" is a whole different animal. He deserves every last bit of guilt, because he got dirty. He took a little money, planted evidence, maybe even dumped someone that could've made trouble. He tells himself the badge gives him the right. But, every time he crosses the line, he adds a little more guilt. And when it's all over, and that badge is gone, he realizes guilt is all he's got; growing inside him like cancer... incurable. So, he ends up slumped over on a couch, brains decorating the room; gun cleaning kit on the coffee table to make it look like an accident.

(beat)

Your dad's not a "gun eater", and the job didn't ruin him. He lit up when he walked into that bullpen. He loves every memory he has.

Salvo tears up the pamphlets. Byrne studies him.

BYRNE

I was going to give you those pamphlets as a joke, but now I'm thinking you might need them. *I'm recognizing signs of depression.*

SALVO

I planned on being retired by now, but I got no savings, a 2nd mortgage and two kids to put through college. Depression is the only thing I got that's free.

BYRNE

Well, cheer up; maybe you'll get shot today. Get some *line of duty* benefits.

SALVO

A hundred-grand for getting snuffed won't last my family two years.

BYRNE

I was kidding, Salvo.

(beat)

Besides, it's hard to get killed when you're the last guy to show up at the scene.

Byrne LAUGHS. Salvo shakes his head.

INT. 103RD PRECINCT, HOMICIDE DIVISION. DAY.

DETECTIVES buzz in the BULLPEN. A DRY-ERASE "MURDER-BOARD" displays the FEW CLUES; lots of WHITE SPACE.

LIRR SURVEILLANCE STILLS of the KILLER in the GREEN PARKA don't reveal his face.

Blown-up driver's license PHOTOS of AARON and REYNALDO are labelled "DEAD".

Byrne, Salvo, Pitka and Coleman arrive and get down to work. Byrne stops at the 1st Detective's desk.

BYRNE

Got that list for me?

1ST DETECTIVE

Youngerman Health offered coverage to firemen, policemen, sanitation... there are 50,000 names on this list.

BYRNE

Cross reference it with arrests and prior convictions. Start with sanitation.

Byrne heads to his computer; Pitka and Coleman add info to the murder-board. Salvo scours the MANIFESTO.

LT. ALLEN, 60, authoritative but approachable, comes out of his office.

BYRNE (cont'd)
Lieutenant; my dad still in your office?

LT. ALLEN
Had a car take him home; he was a little tired.
(beat)
Where are we?

BYRNE
Man in a green parka was seen at both murders. Both vics shot with a rifle.

LT. ALLEN
If you're a shooter, why cut up the first vic?

BYRNE
We don't know. We're looking at people who were covered by Youngerman Health.

LT. ALLEN
Do we have a number on how many employees worked at Youngerman? We may need to get the word out to them.

A 2nd Detective searches "YOUNGERMAN HEALTH" on his computer.

2ND DETECTIVE
It's hard to say. Youngerman was around for 40 years; it was a decent-sized company, but they started to purge employees in the year before Quentin got busted.

Salvo finds something of interest in the MANIFESTO. He looks up at the MURDER-BOARD.

SALVO
I think I know why he cut up Aaron.
(beat)
A manifesto was left in Aaron's office. 56 pages of rants about health care and greed; lunatic shit. But, this section reads, "...foot-soldiers Reynaldo Jimenez and Theresa Innes; right-hand man Douglas Edison and head of the company Quentin Youngerman..."
(MORE)

SALVO (cont'd)

(beat)

We found one leg in Queens, one leg in Nassau and a right hand and head in Suffolk.

Salvo moves to the murder-board. He writes "FOOT-SOLDIER" and "LEG" under REYNALDO'S PHOTO.

SALVO (cont'd)

Reynaldo, a "foot-soldier" gets snuffed in Queens; where we found a leg. Theresa Innes is the other "foot-soldier".

The 1st Detective pulls up Theresa's DMV record.

1ST DETECTIVE

Theresa Innes' driver's license shows an address in Nassau County.

SALVO

Where the other leg was found.

Byrne checks something on his computer.

BYRNE

Douglas Edison, the "right-hand man", lives in Suffolk, where the right hand was found, along with the head-

COLEMAN

-For Quentin; he's under house-arrest in his daddy's mansion in Suffolk County.

The Detectives place a PHOTO of Theresa Innes and MUGSHOTS of DOUGLAS EDISON and QUENTIN YOUNGERMAN with the corresponding COUNTIES and BODY PARTS.

SALVO

The body parts were left in specific counties to send a message.

PITKA

And that message is, *"I'm fucking crazy"*.

SALVO

Crazy doesn't plan to get around metal detectors, security guards and surveillance cameras. Crazy doesn't lure a vic out of a crowded diner and into an empty alley.

(beat)

The dismemberment, the manifesto, they *seem* crazy, but, everything around them is clean, calculated, *organized*.

(MORE)

SALVO (cont'd)

He wants us to *think* he's crazy. My bet is he's got this whole day planned out.

LT. ALLEN

This is a hit-list; there are three targets left. Throw cops at this, now. Send units to their houses and jobs. Take patrol radios; put the Nassau and Suffolk units on our homicide channel so we're all in the loop.

Byrne, Salvo, Pitka and Coleman grab their coats and the PHOTOS of Theresa, Douglas and Quentin.

COLEMAN

Quentin's wearing an ankle-monitor. He'll be easy to find.

BYRNE

You take Quentin, Pitka take Douglas, Salvo and I will take Theresa.

SALVO

(to 1st Detective)

Email us that list of Youngerman's policyholders. Flag anyone who might take the Port Jeff branch.

Byrne, Salvo, Pitka and Coleman head out. Pitka and Coleman get on their cell-phones.

COLEMAN

(into phone)

This is Coleman; I need units sent to...

PITKA

(into phone)

It's Pitka; roll some cars to...

EXT. NASSAU COUNTY USED CAR DEALERSHIP. DAY.

SIX NASSAU COUNTY OFFICERS hop out of THREE SQUAD CARS and hurry into the dealership.

INT. NASSAU COUNTY USED CAR DEALERSHIP. DAY.

The Nassau Officers show THERESA'S PHOTO to the RECEPTIONIST.

1ST NASSAU OFFICER

We're looking for Theresa Innes.

RECEPTIONIST

She's not here. It's her day off.

EXT. THERESA INNES' TOWNHOUSE. DAY.

A townhouse in Freeport; out front, a "FOR SALE" SIGN.

SIX MORE NASSAU OFFICERS swarm the house. They KNOCK on the door and search the perimeter.

INT. THERESA INNES' TOWNHOUSE. DAY.

The Nassau Officers break-in and search ROOM-TO-ROOM; checking under COUCHES, BEDS and in CLOSETS.

IN THE HALLWAY, they pass PHOTOS OF MARATHONS; Theresa, exhausted and triumphant, crosses the FINISH LINE.

AT THE END OF THE HALL, they find a RACK OF RUNNING SHOES, an Officer notices ONE PAIR IS MISSING.

The Officer keys his RADIO.

2ND NASSAU OFFICER
(into radio)
Detectives, Theresa Innes isn't at home.
I think she's running.

INT. TRANSPORT CAR. DAY.

Byrne drives. Salvo's riding shotgun. They wear BULLETPROOF VESTS with RADIOS near the collars.

They're in an unmarked cruiser with a PLEXIGLAS PARTITION between the front and rear seats. A real beater.

A DASHBOARD COMPUTER shows THERESA'S PHOTO and INFO.

BYRNE
Running?

SALVO
(into radio)
Why would she run? Unless she knows something.

2ND NASSAU OFFICER (V.O.)
Running like *exercising*.

SALVO
(into radio)
We need a location.

INT. NASSAU COUNTY USED CAR DEALERSHIP. DAY.

The 1st Nassau Officer stands by the Receptionist. He's holding up his RADIO for her to hear.

RECEPTIONIST

She runs at Freeport High School.

1ST NASSAU OFFICER

(into radio)

Detectives, Theresa runs at Freeport High School; 50 South Brookside Ave.

INT. TRANSPORT CAR. DAY.

Byrne hits the FLASHERS, makes a U-turn and accelerates. Salvo shakes his head.

SALVO

(into radio)

We're on our way. Put a BOLO out on her vehicle; a black Chevy Tahoe, license plate: Eric, William, Peter, seven, five, zero, eight.

Salvo clicks off the radio; he's pissed.

SALVO (cont'd)

(to Byrne)

She's *running*. It's thirty-degrees outside and she's fucking running. Who would want to be outside in this weather?

BYRNE

What, people shouldn't go outside because it's cold?

SALVO

Not when I have to track them down. It's a workday, people should be at work. I shouldn't have to drive all over Long Island in this shitwagon to find these worthless assholes.

BYRNE

I'm guessing you were covered by Youngerman Health.

SALVO

From the day I left the academy. You?

BYRNE

No.

SALVO

What about your dad?

BYRNE

No; we both dodged the bullet.

SALVO

I should've switched insurers when Quentin took over the company. My gut was telling me there was no way Quentin could live up to his old man. Zack Youngerman personally called to congratulate us when the kids were born. You got the sense that the guy cared. After he died, Quentin set up these seminars at fancy hotels in Midtown. He wanted to reassure the policyholders that he could handle the job. He said, "My father was always there for me; I will always be there for you." He seemed sincere.

Salvo shakes his head; he really regrets his decision.

SALVO (cont'd)

When Nancy found the first lump and the visits to the specialists started, the coverage was fine. But, a few months later, in the middle of chemo, we got a letter from the hospital saying the bills weren't being paid. We can't get anyone at Youngerman on the phone; for days, weeks. We weren't going to stop the chemo, so the bills kept piling up. I'm asking other cops and they're having the same problems. And then, Youngerman gets raided. I see Quentin being lead out in cuffs; there's no money, no more company, no more coverage... I've got two kids, a sick wife and no health insurance.

BYRNE

There are other insurers approved by the Department.

SALVO

That's the fucking icing. According to my new insurance company, Nancy's cancer is a "pre-existing condition". Now, thanks to Obama-care, they have to cover her. But, thanks to capitalism, the premiums are astronomical. And, we're still responsible for the bills Youngerman didn't pay.

BYRNE

They've seized Quentin's assets. Once they're liquidated, the policyholders will get their money.

SALVO

They'll never get back everything Quentin took, and there's 50,000 people waiting for a piece of that pie. I can't bank on that money.

(beat)

All I can do is work the job until the day I die, moonlight as much as possible and spend what little free time I have praying to God my wife doesn't get worse.

Byrne can see Salvo's hurting.

BYRNE

I didn't know about your wife; I'm sorry.

SALVO

I'll wrangle these people, but don't ask me to kick down any doors or pull some Super-cop shit. I gotta make it home at the end of the day.

EXT. DOUGLAS EDISON'S HOUSE. DAY.

A small house in Suffolk County.

THREE SUFFOLK COUNTY SQUAD CARS pull up. SIX UNIFORMED OFFICERS, guns drawn, fan out and approach the house, looking for any signs of trouble.

An Officer KNOCKS on the door. After a moment, DOUGLAS' WIFE, 43, answers; she's all mascara and attitude.

1ST SUFFOLK OFFICER

Is this Douglas Edison's house?

DOUGLAS' WIFE

It's *my house*; my soon-to-be-ex-husband currently resides in the garage.

2ND SUFFOLK OFFICER

We need to speak with him.

DOUGLAS' WIFE

He's at work.

3RD SUFFOLK OFFICER

Where does he work?

DOUGLAS' WIFE

What did he do now?

4TH SUFFOLK OFFICER
Where does he work?

CUT TO:

EXT. TARGET. DAY.

A super-store in a SUFFOLK COUNTY STRIP MALL. It's a normal shopping day, until

THREE SUFFOLK COUNTY SQUAD CARS pull up. Pitka's right behind in his UNMARKED CAR.

INT. TARGET. DAY.

We move past a DISPLAY of TELEVISIONS showing NY1; ROMA TORRE follows "BREAKING NEWS".

ROMA (V.O.)
...helicopter is still over the scene in Flushing where a man has been shot near a diner. Police have yet to identify the victim or release a description of the suspect or suspects...

BY A FLAT SCREEN TV, we find DOUGLAS EDISON, 45, a wiry weasel wearing KHAKIS and a RED SHIRT with the TARGET "BULLSEYE" LOGO.

Douglas is with a CUSTOMER.

DOUGLAS
...It's got 1080p and an HDMI input, so the picture quality is fantastic...

Douglas notices

Pitka and SIX SUFFOLK OFFICERS headed straight for him. He gets extremely uneasy.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
I just need to... head to the back... for a second-

Douglas takes off. Pitka and the Officers chase him into

INT. STORE ROOM. DAY.

where Pitka manages to tackle Douglas, pin him down and HANDCUFF him. Pitka is sweaty, winded and pissed.

PITKA
You better have a damn good reason for making me run!

DOUGLAS

Cops hate me; I'm afraid of the police.

PITKA

Well, there's someone you need to be more afraid of.

Pitka pulls Douglas to his feet, hands him off to a Suffolk Officer and hunches over to catch his breath.

EXT. QUENTIN'S MANSION. DAY.

COLEMAN'S UNMARKED CAR leads FIVE SUFFOLK SQUAD CARS up to the manicured lawn of the humongous house.

Coleman and TEN SUFFOLK OFFICERS fan out around the sprawling property, searching; all seems quiet.

IN THE DRIVEWAY, Officers pass a SIX-CAR GARAGE, with customized spaces for Lamborghinis, Ferraris and Porsches, but the cars are conspicuously absent.

IN THE BACKYARD, Coleman and some Suffolk Officers find a HUGE POOL, a GAZEBO and a HELIPAD, but no helicopter.

COLEMAN

God, tell me they seized the helicopter.

INT. QUENTIN'S MANSION. DAY.

The DOORBELL CHIMES. The PHONE RINGS. OFFICERS move around outside; inside, we see no one.

The ANSWERING MACHINE picks up.

QUENTIN (V.O.)

You've reached Quentin Youngerman, please leave your death-threat after the beep.

BEEEEEP!

5TH SUFFOLK OFFICER (V.O.)

This is the NYPD; officers are outside your home-

EXT. QUENTIN'S MANSION. DAY.

Coleman stands beside the 5th Suffolk Officer, who's on his cell-phone. The Officer shakes his head, "no".

5TH SUFFOLK OFFICER

Answering machine.

Coleman dials his cell-phone.

INT. NYPD MONITORING CENTER. DAY.

DOZENS of NYPD TECH OFFICERS, wearing HEADSETS, monitor
COMPUTER SCREENS.

An NYPD TECH answers a call.

NYPD TECH
(into headset)
Monitoring.

COLEMAN (V.O.)
This is Detective Luther Coleman, Suffolk
PD; I'm outside Quentin Youngerman's
house and he's not answering the door or
the phone.

The NYPD Tech accesses Quentin's monitor on a COMPUTER.

NYPD TECH
(into headset)
The computer shows Quentin is inside the
house. History shows the monitor hasn't
moved in about 35 minutes.

EXT. QUENTIN'S MANSION. DAY.

Coleman, on his cell-phone, looks at the house.

COLEMAN
(into phone)
Can you authorize a breach?

Coleman signals the Suffolk Officers that they can breach.

COLEMAN (cont'd)
(into phone)
Stay on the line.

Coleman lowers his cell and draws his gun. He leads the ten
Suffolk Officers to the FRONT DOOR.

He motions, "three, two, one".

Coleman kicks open the door; he and the Officers flood into

INT. QUENTIN'S MANSION. DAY.

where they search ROOM-TO-ROOM, looking under COUCHES and
BEDS, in CLOSETS, BATHROOMS, a HOME OFFICE and GYM.

There's no sign of anyone.

Coleman puts his cell to his ear.

COLEMAN
(into phone)
Quentin's not here.

INT. NYPD MONITORING CENTER. DAY.

The NYPD Tech clicks away at his keyboard.

NYPD TECH
(into headset)
The ankle-monitor is still in the house;
if Quentin cut it off, we'd get a signal.
As far as I can tell, it's intact and *in*
that house.

INT. QUENTIN'S MANSION. DAY.

Coleman lowers the phone. He moves into the KITCHEN, Officers check under a table and in the cabinets.

Coleman notices some FLOOR-TO-CEILING CABINETS are ASKEW.

Coleman motions for an Officer to provide cover. He touches the cabinets; the whole unit moves.

It's a HIDDEN DOORWAY.

Coleman opens the door, revealing a STAIRCASE.

Coleman and the ten Suffolk Officers, guns drawn, move slowly down the staircase to

INT. BASEMENT. DAY.

where they find a MAZE-LIKE WINE CELLAR, home to HUGE WINE RACKS holding THOUSANDS of BOTTLES.

There is an ominous, distant HUM.

Coleman and the Officers warily weave through the maze, carefully turning corners; the HUM grows LOUDER and LOUDER, until they find

a BUBBLING JACUZZI, where QUENTIN YOUNGERMAN, 39, relaxes with a nice GLASS OF WINE.

His feet rest on the edge, ANKLE-MONITOR attached.

Quentin puts on THICK GLASSES, surveys the cops and smiles.

QUENTIN
I heard you guys roaming around up there,
but I really didn't want to get out of
the Jacuzzi.

Quentin's kind of a dick. Coleman puts his cell to his ear.

COLEMAN
(into phone)
We've got him; he's fine.

Coleman hangs up. Quentin sits on the edge of the Jacuzzi; he's covered in TATTOOS and wears a SPEEDO.

QUENTIN
You guys should hop in; you look tense.

EXT. SOUTH BROOKSIDE AVENUE. DAY.

The TRANSPORT CAR moves through the Nassau County coastal community.

INT. TRANSPORT CAR. DAY.

Byrne and Salvo look out the windows. Their PATROL RADIOS CHATTER.

COLEMAN (V.O.)
This is Coleman; we have Quentin secure.

Byrne keys his radio.

BYRNE
(into radio)
Byrne. 10-4. Any word from Pitka?

A few moments later.

PITKA (V.O.)
It's Pitka; Douglas is secure.

BYRNE
(into radio)
We are en route to Theresa; she's not answering her cell.

Byrne clicks off his radio.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, they see FREEPORT HIGH SCHOOL. Behind it, the ATHLETIC FIELD.

EXT. FREEPORT HIGH SCHOOL FIELD, PARKING LOT. DAY.

Byrne and Salvo drive in. There's only one car in the lot; a BLACK CHEVY TAHOE.

Byrne and Salvo hop out. Byrne pops the trunk, there's a SHOTGUN mounted under the deck-lid.

Byrne pulls a BULLETPROOF VEST from the trunk; he and Salvo hurry toward

EXT. FREEPORT HIGH SCHOOL TRACK. DAY.

where they see THERESA INNES, 39, running. She's pretty, smart and in great shape.

UNDER THE BLEACHERS, Byrne sees SOMEONE IN A HOODED PARKA.

BYRNE

Under the bleachers; *parka*. Get Theresa.

Salvo heads for Theresa. Byrne draws his gun and approaches the person in the parka. It appears to be a MAN.

BYRNE (cont'd)

HANDS UP! HANDS UP! RIGHT NOW!

The Suspect puts his hands up.

BYRNE (cont'd)

PUT 'EM ON YOUR HEAD!

Byrne quickens his pace, gun trained on the Suspect.

BYRNE (cont'd)

TURN AROUND AND KNEEL DOWN!

The Suspect complies. Byrne gets right up on him and pulls his hood down to reveal

an OVERGROWN, acne-faced TEENAGER.

BYRNE (cont'd)

What the fuck are you doing out here?!

TEENAGER

I'm cutting man; I'm sorry. Chill.

BYRNE

Get up. Get up and go back to school.

The Teenager, terrified, stands up.

BYRNE (cont'd)

Run ten laps first, for pissing me off.

Byrne shoves the Teenager away. He takes a deep calming breath; he's clearly tense.

Byrne heads over to where Salvo is putting the BULLETPROOF VEST on Theresa; she's stunned.

THERESA

I can't believe Aaron and Rey are dead.

Salvo straps her into the vest.

BYRNE

We're going to take you back home. We've got officers there already.

THERESA

I knew something like this would happen;
I knew it.

SALVO

My heart weeps.

Byrne and Salvo, keeping watch, lead Theresa to

EXT. FREEPORT HIGH SCHOOL FIELD, PARKING LOT. DAY.

where they usher her toward their transport car.

THERESA

I can drive myself.

SALVO

Lady, this is police protection, not a police escort.

BYRNE

Ma'am, the safest place in the world right now is the back seat of our car.

Byrne opens the back door of the transport car; Theresa slides in.

Byrne hops behind the wheel; Salvo gets in the passenger side.

INT. TRANSPORT CAR. DAY.

BEHIND THE PLEXIGLAS PARTITION, Theresa is nervous; she tugs at the uncomfortable bulletproof vest.

UP FRONT, Byrne drives. Salvo keys his RADIO.

SALVO

(into radio)

This is Salvo; we've got Theresa Innes and we're bringing her home. Send the units from the dealership to her house.

1ST NASSAU OFFICER (V.O.)

10-4.

Salvo eyes Theresa in the rear-view mirror; he's seething, but CLEARS HIS THROAT and does his job.

SALVO

You said you knew something like this would happen. Do you know of anyone specifically who'd want to hurt you?

THERESA

I was a Claims Manager; I dealt with policies for hundreds of people. I was their point of contact, the person they cursed-out when things went bad.

BYRNE

And, with Quentin in charge, things were bad.

THERESA

Quentin's father came from poverty to build a successful, trustworthy company with a loyal following. Quentin grew up in a mansion and never heard the word "no". He never thought about people, he thought about profits.

(beat)

It's hard to make profits when you insure people in dangerous, stressful jobs during a recession and health care reform. Things at Youngerman changed quickly. My co-workers were getting laid-off left and right; we got a directive to question all claims, postpone payments to doctors...

(beat)

I worked as hard as I could to help customers and keep customers, hoping the economy would change. I didn't know Quentin and Doug were funneling money out of the company...

BYRNE

Did Aaron or Rey know?

THERESA

Nobody knew, Quentin had Doug cover his tracks by setting up checking accounts in the names of practices and clinics who were no longer on our list of providers. The claims were fake, the doctors didn't know they were getting paid, because they didn't know the accounts existed. And only Quentin had access to the accounts. He bled Youngerman dry.

(MORE)

THERESA (cont'd)

(beat)

One day, police come rushing in, they arrest Quentin and Doug, and Youngerman Health is just... gone. I found out when everyone else found out.

(beat)

I worked at Youngerman for fifteen years before Quentin took over. I was a dedicated employee. This ruined my life.

Salvo looks Theresa dead in the eye. He holds up his wallet, there's a PHOTO of NANCY.

SALVO

Do you recognize this woman? This is my wife. She met with you about a year ago. She couldn't get you on the phone for weeks, so she went down to your office in the dead of winter, *in the middle of chemo* to ask why you stopped paying for her treatment.

(beat)

Do you remember her?

Theresa doesn't have the answer Salvo wants.

THERESA

No. I don't remember her.

SALVO

Then don't give me this shit that it was only Quentin who didn't care about people.

(beat)

As far as I'm concerned, you're all getting what you deserve.

THERESA

I don't expect you to believe that I didn't know what was going on, but the truth is, this was all Quentin. He's the master-manipulator.

BYRNE

He managed to manipulate himself into a ten-year prison stint.

THERESA

Yeah, *only* 10 years; for embezzling 50-million dollars. Because they offered the poor little man-child who lost his beloved daddy a plea if he gave back everything he had left.

(beat)

(MORE)

THERESA (cont'd)

The problem is, Quentin Youngerman is a pathological liar; diabolically greedy. The only thing he loved about his father was his money. Quentin would never give back all that cash without a plan.

(beat)

I calculated what the police got back from Quentin and what his frozen assets are worth. It's just an estimate, but I think Quentin could have 15-million dollars hidden away.

(beat)

Would you be willing to do 10 years in a minimum security prison if you knew you'd end up with 15-million dollars?

Byrne and Salvo share a look.

SALVO

Coleman's with Quentin; we should clue him in.

BYRNE

Use your cell, Quentin might be in earshot of a radio.

Salvo takes out his cell-phone and dials.

He doesn't see THERESA'S TAHOE pull alongside them.

THERESA

That's my car-

We glimpse the slightest bit of a GREEN SLEEVE and the BARREL OF A RIFLE, before

BANG! THERESA'S HEAD EXPLODES, splattering BLOOD ON THE PARTITION.

Instant chaos.

BYRNE

Down! DOWN!

Byrne ducks. Salvo drops his phone, whips out his 9MM, opens his window and FIRES, as

Byrne slaps the car into REVERSE and floors it; speeding backwards to create distance between them and the Killer.

Salvo UNLOADS HIS CLIP into the TAHOE as it SCREECHES away.

The Tahoe's REAR WINDOW SHATTERS, BULLETS PELT BODY PANELS, it SWERVES and CRASHES INTO A FENCE.

Byrne tries to spin the transport car around; he loses control and SLAMS the DRIVER'S SIDE INTO A BUILDING.

The DRIVER'S DOOR BUCKLES, AIR BAGS POP. STEAM SPEWS from under the HOOD.

Suddenly, all is quiet, but not calm.

SALVO
You alright?

Byrne is dazed; he's pinned in.

BYRNE
I'm stuck, but... I'm... I'm okay.

Salvo looks out his WINDOW, adrenaline fighting fear.

SALVO
I think I hit the guy.

Salvo looks back at the BLOODY PARTITION; Theresa's mottled hair and mangled face rest against it.

SALVO (cont'd)
She's dead.

BYRNE
(furious)
Fucking SHIT!

Salvo looks out his window again.

SALVO
I think I hit the guy.

BYRNE
Go check it out; I'll call for back-up.

Salvo forces his door open and pulls himself out to

EXT. NASSAU STREET. DAY.

where he slides a fresh clip into his gun.

We see GASOLINE LEAKING from the transport car as Salvo makes his way down the street.

It's a marine-industrial area; OLD WAREHOUSES, a seasonal place and it's off season.

No one is around to help.

Salvo sees the BACK OF THE TAHOE tangled in a HIGH BARBED-WIRE FENCE bordering a MARINE SALVAGE YARD.

Getting closer, he discovers the GREEN PARKA slung over the top of the fence.

Salvo, extra-cautious, checks the area; no sign of the Killer.

He must have gone into the MARINE SALVAGE YARD.

Salvo reaches for the RADIO mounted on his vest; it was BROKEN in the crash.

SALVO

Shit.

Salvo looks inside the TAHOE; in the back of the DRIVER'S SEAT, he sees BULLET HOLES.

STUFFING spills out of the front.

SALVO (cont'd)

Tell me I got him.

Salvo climbs onto the TAHOE's roof; he finds BULLET HOLES in the back of the PARKA.

SALVO (cont'd)

I got him.

Salvo scales the fence and drops into

EXT. MARINE SALVAGE YARD. DAY.

where he's surrounded by a labyrinth of ROTTING BOATS.

Gun drawn, he creeps down a ROW OF WEATHERED HULLS; hundreds of places to hide.

He's startled by a GIRLIE RINGTONE.

Salvo pulls out Vanessa's SMARTPHONE to silence it. He sees a TEXT from "Robbie" that reads:

"r u wet?"

Salvo's brow furrows.

SALVO

Are you wet? Who the fuck is Robbie?

A KIMBER .45 PISTOL is pressed against the back of Salvo's head by THE KILLER, who's dressed in a BULLETPROOF VEST.

Lodged in the back of his vest, we see TWO BULLETS.

His RIFLE hangs over his shoulder.

KILLER
(deathly calm)
Toss your weapon.

Salvo tosses his gun. He surreptitiously presses RECORD on Vanessa's SMARTPHONE.

KILLER (cont'd)
Turn around and kneel down.

Salvo sweats, he knows he's going to die.

KILLER (cont'd)
Interlace your fingers behind your head.

Salvo does, keeping the Smartphone in his shaking hand.

KILLER (cont'd)
Put the phone down and interlace your
fingers behind your head!

Salvo puts the Smartphone down, camera pointed at the Killer.

KILLER (cont'd)
Who are you?

SALVO
Detective Warren Salvo.
(beat)
Wanna tell me who you are?

KILLER
Someone who doesn't like to be shot.

SALVO
(voice wavering)
Hey, you and me both.
(beat)
Look, man; I've got a wife and kids-

KILLER
-What are you doing here?

Salvo's confused.

SALVO
What?

KILLER

What the hell are you doing here?

SALVO

I'm arresting you, asshole.

The Killer LAUGHS. Salvo, however, is near tears.

The Killer pushes an OVERTURNED ALUMINUM SKIFF down on top of Salvo and runs off.

Salvo worms his way out from under the skiff, grabs his GUN and Vanessa's SMARTPHONE and scurries to the fence.

EXT. NASSAU STREET. DAY.

Salvo hurries toward the crash-site. As he approaches, he sees the BACK of the TRANSPORT CAR engulfed in FLAMES.

SALVO

Shit! Shit.

Salvo races to help Byrne. He rounds the corner, where he sees the FLAMING WRECKAGE, and, just beyond it, he spots

Byrne, who sits in the street, holding his head in his hands.

SALVO (cont'd)

Christ, I thought you were in there.

BYRNE

It caught fire; I managed to get out... barely.

(beat)

Did you get the guy?

SALVO

No.

(beat)

But, I don't think he's sanitation. I think he's a cop.

(beat)

He was wearing a bulletproof vest; he initiated a textbook perp-stop on me. "Turn and kneel; interlace your fingers." He spoke like a cop and he didn't shoot me when he got the drop on me.

Salvo pulls out the Smartphone.

SALVO (cont'd)

I tried to film the bastard.

Salvo fiddles with the Smartphone and plays the VIDEO. Byrne watches, seeing only the KILLER'S PISTOL, OLD BOATS and the SKY as the stand-off unfolds.

The video ends; we never see the Killer's face.

BYRNE
You didn't get him.

SALVO
Not his face. But, I got his number.
Look...

Salvo rewinds the footage, pausing on the KILLER'S PISTOL. We see the SERIAL NUMBER.

BYRNE
(reading)
KNY5117.

SALVO
We got his serial number. If it's
registered-

BYRNE
-It's registered, alright; *to a cop.*
(beat)
KNY511 is the serial number for the
Kimber .45s NYPD SWAT Officers use. 5-11
is the call-sign for SWAT.
(beat)
He didn't shoot you, because it's his
service-weapon. It's traceable.

SALVO
(realizing)
We can get his ID from Records; put it
out over the radio; get his picture to
the media-

BYRNE
-This guy is an active-duty police
officer; what are the odds that he's
doing this by himself?

SALVO
He was the only one putting a gun to my
head.

BYRNE
Think about it, Salvo. The perp is on the
job; he knows police procedure. He told
us who he was targeting because he knew
we'd throw cops at them. You were right;
(MORE)

BYRNE (cont'd)

this whole thing is calculated, organized. The body parts, the manifesto; it was all designed to get us to surround the Targets with cops.

(beat)

You said the Targets are getting what they deserved; how many other cops do you think feel that way? We just served Theresa up on a platter.

(beat)

I called in for back-up. Any minute now this place will be crawling with uniforms. If they're working with this guy, we're sitting ducks.

SALVO

We can't leave a murder-scene based on a hunch.

BYRNE

How did this asshole know where we were? How did he know what radio channel we were on? *Somebody told him.* This is bigger than one dirty cop.

(beat)

I'd rather be wrong and breathing than right and dead.

Salvo's conflicted.

SALVO

There's gotta be another way-

BYRNE

-How many cops have we seen today? It could be *any one of them*-

SALVO

-ALRIGHT! Alright, goddamnit; let's go.

Byrne and Salvo run down the block and turn onto

EXT. NASSAU SIDE STREET. DAY.

where, far in the distance, they see TRAFFIC LIGHTS and GAS STATION SIGNS; a major intersection.

SMOKE RISES into the sky behind them.

SALVO

We need to get an ID off that serial number. Records can track the registration.

BYRNE

They can also tip this bastard off. We've gotta do this outside the Department.

SALVO

It's a service-weapon; the NYPD's got a contract with Fritz Gunsmiths for bulk orders. They'll have the serial number, ID and background check on file.

(beat)

They've got a store out in Jericho; twenty miles from here.

BYRNE

Good. We'll find a way to get to Jericho. First, we need Pitka and Coleman to get Douglas and Quentin away from the police as quietly as possible.

Byrne pulls out his cell-phone as they head for the INTERSECTION.

EXT. TARGET. DAY.

THREE SUFFOLK OFFICERS stand guard. A HANDWRITTEN SIGN in the WINDOW reads:

"SORRY, WE'RE CLOSED".

INT. TARGET, EMPLOYEE BATHROOM. DAY.

Pitka, alone, leans over the sink; he SWEATS PROFUSELY.

A small LEATHER CASE rests on the counter.

Someone KNOCKS.

PITKA

Occupied!

Pitka unzips the leather case, revealing HYPODERMIC NEEDLES.

He reaches for one, hands shaking. His CELL-PHONE RINGS.

PITKA (cont'd)

Shit.

He answers.

PITKA (cont'd)

(into phone)

Pitka.

BYRNE (V.O.)

It's Byrne. We've got a problem. The Killer shot Theresa Innes, right in the back of our car. He's a cop. He pulled a SWAT .45 on Salvo. We're gonna try to get an ID off the gun.

PITKA

(into phone)

Salvo saw him?

EXT. NASSAU SIDE STREET. DAY.

Byrne and Salvo keep moving toward the intersection.

BYRNE

(into phone)

We think more cops are involved. I need you to get Douglas to Jones Beach. It's a State Park, so the NYPD doesn't patrol there; this time of year, there won't be any people. We'll meet you there. Tell the uniforms you're taking Douglas to a safe-house. *Do not* use the radio or any open lines of communication. *Do not* tell anyone where you're really going.

Salvo is concerned.

SALVO

There's only one way into Jones Beach and we'll be backed up against the ocean.

Byrne looks at Salvo as he talks to Pitka.

BYRNE

(into phone)

At the beach, we'll be able to see who's coming and no one can sneak up on us.

(beat)

I'll update Coleman.

Byrne hangs up. He and Salvo quicken their pace.

INT. TARGET, EMPLOYEE BATHROOM. DAY.

Pitka hangs up his phone. He looks at his reflection and wipes the sweat from his brow.

PITKA

Fuck me bowlegged.

Pitka puts the needle back in the case, zips it closed and walks out.

INT. TARGET, BREAK-ROOM. DAY.

Douglas sits at a table, uneasy. THREE MORE SUFFOLK OFFICERS surround him; they don't hide their disdain for Douglas.

DOUGLAS
I'm sorry I tried to run.

The Officers don't respond.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
And, I'm sorry if any of you were
negatively effected when Youngerman
collapsed.

An Officer glares at Douglas.

6TH SUFFOLK OFFICER
*You're sorry? My wife's an EMT; you
assholes screwed us both.*

Douglas looks around, all the Officers seem menacing.

Pitka barrels in, startling Douglas. He gets a SODA from the VENDING MACHINE, acting natural; he's still SWEATY.

PITKA
Hey guys; just got word from HQ, I need
to take Douglas to a safe-house.

Douglas hops up, more than happy to go.

EXT. QUENTIN'S MANSION. DAY.

TWO SUFFOLK OFFICERS guard the front door.

TWO MORE OFFICERS keep watch out back.

INT. QUENTIN'S MANSION, LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Quentin, now fully dressed, sits in an antique armchair, doing the NY TIMES' CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

SIX SUFFOLK OFFICERS occupy the room; some finger the ORNATE ART OBJECTS.

Quentin pours himself another glass of wine.

He offers the bottle to the Officer nearest to him.

QUENTIN
Wine?

7TH SUFFOLK OFFICER
I got nine years sober.

QUENTIN
Your loss. I grow the grapes myself.

Coleman comes in, cell-phone to his ear.

COLEMAN
(into phone)
...thanks, Byrne; see you there.

Coleman hangs up.

COLEMAN (cont'd)
Time to go, Quentin.

QUENTIN
Go where?

COLEMAN
Safe-house.

QUENTIN
There are a hundred cops here. What house
could be safer than this?

COLEMAN
The Department thinks it's in your best
interest to go to a controlled
environment.

QUENTIN
Since the killer that you people can't
seem to find is *outside* this house, I
think it's in my best interest to stay
inside this house.

Coleman relents; plays nice.

COLEMAN
Fair enough. I was just trying to protect
you.

Quentin goes back to his CROSSWORD PUZZLE.

COLEMAN (cont'd)
Doing the crossword?

QUENTIN
Sweet detective work.

COLEMAN
(not so nice)
Give it to me.

QUENTIN
So, what's this; Good-cop/bad-cop all in
one cop?

COLEMAN
I was doing the crossword this morning;
didn't get to finish because of this mess
you started. Give me the crossword
puzzle.

QUENTIN
You do the New York Times' crossword?

COLEMAN
What, I don't look like someone who does
the Times' crossword?
(beat)
Because I'm a lowly civil servant... or,
because I'm black?

Quentin senses Coleman's building anger.

QUENTIN
Easy, bro.

COLEMAN
Don't give me that "bro" shit. I'm not
your brother, Wonder Bread. I've been
doing the New York Times' crossword since
before you were born. Now, give me the
puzzle before I SLAP YOU PURPLE!

Quentin holds out the crossword puzzle. Coleman snatches it
away and grabs Quentin's pen.

Quentin talks to the Officers around him.

QUENTIN
You heard that, right? He threatened me.

8TH SUFFOLK OFFICER
Didn't hear a thing.

Coleman eyes the puzzle; he writes in an answer.

COLEMAN
(menacingly teasing)
You couldn't get 18-across? What's wrong
with you, Q? You're supposed to be smart.
How could you not get 18-across?

Coleman sticks the crossword in Quentin's face; for 18-across, COLEMAN has written:

"KILLER IS A COP; NOT SAFE HERE".

Quentin looks at Coleman, who stares dead at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. QUENTIN'S MANSION. DAY.

Coleman leads Quentin out the front door in HANDCUFFS. Coleman turns to the Suffolk Officers standing guard.

COLEMAN

Quentin wants to go to a safe-house.

Coleman walks Quentin to his unmarked car. As Quentin steps in the back, Coleman notices his ANKLE-MONITOR.

Coleman glances back at the OFFICERS outside the house.

EXT. INTERSECTION. DAY.

Byrne and Salvo find SHOPS, GAS STATIONS and BARS.

SALVO

Christ! I should've seen this coming.

BYRNE

Seen what? What are you talking about?

SALVO

If this SWAT shithead is getting help from other cops, there's a good chance Garret and Medina are involved.

BYRNE

The leads on Reynaldo?

SALVO

When I was at the 109th, they were working a homicide. They chased a murder suspect into an alley and shot him three times. It was a bad shooting; the suspect didn't have a gun. Garret and Medina covered it up; said it was dark in the alley, the suspect turned around, they thought he was packing... *bullshit*; they dumped him. They're dirty.

BYRNE

You have proof the shooting was bad?

SALVO

It wasn't my case; I wasn't in the alley.
(beat)
But, I know they dumped him.

BYRNE

You *know*, but you didn't do anything?

SALVO

I had no proof. And, even if I did, I would've just ended up in a room somewhere with the brass, Internal Affairs and a PBA lawyer; talking into a recorder, knowing I'd be labelled a rat for the rest of my career... I didn't want to rock the boat.

BYRNE

So, you jumped ship.
(beat)
Where was this information two hours ago?

SALVO

Two hours ago, you didn't give a shit what I said.

TWO SQUAD CARS, LIGHTS and SIRENS on, speed past and turn toward the SMOKE in the distance.

BYRNE

We need a car.

Byrne spies a BAR with CARS in the lot. A MAN walks out of the bar, pulls out his KEYS and unlocks his CAMRY.

BYRNE (cont'd)

Follow my lead.

Byrne hurries across the street, Salvo on his heels. They trot into

EXT. BAR, PARKING LOT. DAY.

where the Man pulls his Camry out of its parking spot.

Byrne taps his SHIELD against the windshield.

The Man stops and rolls down his window, confused.

BYRNE

(authoritative)

Step out of the vehicle for me, sir.

MAN

There a problem, Officer?

BYRNE

I'm Detective Garret, this is Detective Medina; we have reason to believe you're driving while intoxicated.

Salvo stifles a smile.

MAN

I'm in a parking lot; I've gone three feet.

BYRNE

The engine is running, the car is moving; that's driving.

(beat)

Turn off the engine; leave the keys in the ignition and step out of the car, sir.

The Man gets out; he's upset.

MAN

This is ridiculous; you don't have probable cause.

SALVO

You just walked out of a bar, chief.

BYRNE

Walked? More like *stumbled*.

MAN

I was not *stumbling*; I had two drinks!

BYRNE

So, you admit to drinking. I don't have a choice here, sir. I have to issue a field sobriety test. If you fail, Detective Medina and I are going to arrest you for DWI.

MAN

Test me all you want.

Byrne points to a LINE PAINTED on the PAVEMENT.

BYRNE

Walk that line; arms out wide, one foot in front of the other, heel-to-toe.

The Man walks the line with no problem; clearly sober.

MAN
You're wasting your time.

BYRNE
Keep going. Keep going.

The Man walks to the other end of the lot. Byrne and Salvo hop into his Camry and speed off.

INT. CAMRY. DAY.

Byrne drives. Salvo looks back at the angry Man.

SALVO
We just stole a car.

BYRNE
Cops don't steal, they *commandeer*.

Byrne smiles. Salvo does, too.

EXT. STRIP MALL. DAY.

Pitka's unmarked car is parked behind a building on the opposite side of the strip mall from Target.

INT. PITKA'S CAR. DAY.

Pitka wipes SWEAT from his brow. His RADIO CHATTERS.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
All units, Nassau PD reports injury-
accident involving NYPD transport vehicle
in Freeport. Dispatch is looking for
Detectives Byrne and Salvo. Please check
in.
(beat)
Any officers with information-

Pitka cuts off the radio.

Douglas, handcuffed and belted into the back seat, looks at Pitka in the REARVIEW MIRROR. He's nervous.

DOUGLAS
Why are we just sitting here?

PITKA
We're waiting for someone.

DOUGLAS
Are you okay? You're sweating.

Pitka unzips his NEEDLE KIT.

IN THE BACK, Douglas sees Pitka raise a NEEDLE and tap it.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)
A needle? What is that for? Are you going
to drug me?

PITKA
It's for me. Relax.

DOUGLAS
You're shooting up?

PITKA
It's insulin, you idiot. This whole day's
got my sugar out of whack.

Pitka sticks the needle into his gut. He EXHALES and puts the
needle back in his kit.

PITKA (cont'd)
Fucking family curse.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD, Pitka sees
COLEMAN'S CAR pull up, Quentin in back.

EXT. STRIP MALL. DAY.

Pitka gets out of his car. Coleman does, too.

Douglas glares at Quentin, who mocks him with a kissy-face.

COLEMAN
Here's where it gets interesting.

INT. CAMRY. DAY.

Byrne drives along the Jericho Turnpike. He pulls into the
lot for FRITZ GUNSMITHS.

His cell-phone RINGS. He puts the call on SPEAKER.

BYRNE
(into phone)
Coleman, you're on speaker. Do you have
them?

COLEMAN (V.O.)
Yeah, we've got them; but, there's a
wrinkle...

EXT. STRIP MALL. DAY.

Pitka and Coleman move away from their cars as they talk.
Coleman has his cell on SPEAKER.

COLEMAN
(into phone)
...If cops are involved, they can track
Quentin's ankle-monitor. It'll lead the
shooter right to us.

BYRNE (V.O.)
What are our options?

COLEMAN
If we cut the monitor off, he'll know
we're on to him.

INT. CAMRY. DAY.

Byrne sets his cell on the dash. Salvo leans in.

SALVO
(into phone)
We need to get the monitor off without
cutting the strap.

COLEMAN (V.O.)
The only way to do that is to break
Quentin's ankle.

PITKA (V.O.)
I don't think he's gonna go for that.

Salvo eyes Byrne.

SALVO
Tell Quentin he can either live with a
broken ankle, or die with the monitor on.

EXT. STRIP MALL. DAY.

Pitka and Coleman share a look; Salvo makes sense.

COLEMAN
(into phone)
We're gonna keep you guys on the call.

Pitka and Coleman walk back to Coleman's car.

Coleman places the cell-phone on the roof.

Pitka opens Quentin's door. Quentin isn't happy.

QUENTIN

I want my lawyer, right now! You said we were going to a safe-house-

COLEMAN

-Like I told you, the man who killed your employees is a police officer. We have reason to believe other cops are assisting him. We had to get you away from the police while we figure out who else is involved.

Pitka pops Coleman's trunk; mounted on the deck-lid are a SHOTGUN and NIGHT-STICK.

Pitka grabs the night-stick.

He digs through BULLETPROOF VESTS, DUCT TAPE and ROAD FLARES until he finds

a FIRST-AID KIT.

Coleman kneels down to eye-level with Quentin.

COLEMAN (cont'd)

The problem is, the police can track your ankle-monitor. We have to get it off of you without cutting it.

QUENTIN

You can't. Believe me, I've tried.

(beat)

You'd have to cut my foot-

Quentin sees Pitka come up behind Coleman with the FIRST-AID KIT and the NIGHT-STICK.

The awful realization dawns on Quentin.

QUENTIN (cont'd)

-No... No way. You can't do this.

COLEMAN

We've been sitting here for a while, Quentin.

PITKA

The Killer could be on his way right now.

QUENTIN

Then *fucking shoot him* when he gets here.

COLEMAN

He's probably not alone.

PITKA

This is the only way. We're not happy about this.

QUENTIN

Bullshit, you're loving this.

IN PITKA'S CAR, Douglas watches the argument between Pitka, Coleman and Quentin; he's concerned.

DOUGLAS

Something's wrong.

BY COLEMAN'S CAR, Pitka pulls an ACE BANDAGE from the First-Aid kit.

Coleman takes out his WALLET; he holds it up to Quentin.

COLEMAN

Bite down on this.

QUENTIN

Bite down on my nuts! This is brutality-

Pitka shoves the wallet into Quentin's mouth.

PITKA

It's for your own good.

Quentin, shaking, realizes he has no choice. He bites down on the wallet, BREATHING HEAVY.

Coleman removes Quentin's shoe. Pitka grips the night-stick.

IN PITKA'S CAR, Douglas, glued to the scene, puts things together.

DOUGLAS

Oh my God...

BY COLEMAN'S CAR, Coleman holds Quentin's ankle against the DOORJAMB.

Quentin's hyperventilating.

PITKA

Find a happy place.

Pitka swings the night-stick as hard as he can. CRACK; Quentin's FOOT TWISTS in an impossible direction.

INT. CAMRY. DAY.

Byrne and Salvo hear Quentin's SCREAMS through the phone.

BYRNE

I hope he's got good health insurance.

EXT. STRIP MALL. DAY.

Quentin spits out the wallet; he SCREAMS, spittle flies, tears streak his cheeks.

QUENTIN

You motherfuckers... motherfuckers...

Coleman jiggles Quentin's LIMP FOOT to take off the monitor.

COLEMAN

It's almost over, Q. There we go.

PITKA

Good boy, Quentin. Now, lets make you a little less uncomfortable.

Pitka wraps Quentin's ankle with the ACE BANDAGE.

PITKA (cont'd)

Keep that leg still.

Coleman closes the car door, grabs his wallet, and tosses the ANKLE-MONITOR in a DUMPSTER.

He takes his phone off the car's roof.

COLEMAN

(into phone)

We're heading to Jones Beach.

Coleman hangs up and hops in his car. Pitka gets into

INT. PITKA'S CAR. DAY.

where Douglas is in complete shock.

DOUGLAS

Did you just break his ankle?

Pitka puts the car in drive.

PITKA

Bet you never saw that shit on *Cops*.

EXT. FRITZ GUNSMITHS. DAY.

Byrne and Salvo make their way into the giant gun shop.

INT. FRITZ GUNSMITHS. DAY.

Everything you need to kill anything you want.

Byrne and Salvo approach the DEALER; they flash their BADGES.

DEALER
How can I help you, Officers?

BYRNE
We need the registration info for a
Kimber .45. Serial number: KNY5117.

The Dealer types the number into his computer.

DEALER
SWAT gun.

The Dealer turns the computer screen so Byrne and Salvo can see. There's a PHOTO of the KILLER, in UNIFORM; all of his particulars are listed.

DEALER (cont'd)
That .45 is registered to a Victor Udell,
SWAT sniper with ESU-10 in Long Island
City. Purchased nine years ago.

Salvo stares at the photo; he nods, that's the guy.

BYRNE
Thanks.

Byrne quickly heads for the door. Salvo follows.

BYRNE (cont'd)
(upset)
This just gets better and better.

SALVO
You *know* him?

BYRNE
I *remember* him. When I worked Narcotics,
we used his team to raid a couple stash
houses. The guy's a fucking adrenaline
junkie.
(beat)
You know those doors you don't want to
kick down anymore? Udell lives to kick
them down.

They head out to

EXT. FRITZ GUNSMITHS. DAY.

where they approach the Camry.

Salvo uses Vanessa's SMARTPHONE to check his EMAIL. He opens an ATTACHMENT labelled:

"YOUNGERMAN VIC LIST".

It's a MASSIVE ALPHABETICAL LIST. Salvo scrolls until he finds the surnames "TESTAVERDE" and "VALENS".

Salvo's confused.

SALVO

Udell isn't on the list of Youngerman's victims.

BYRNE

Maybe he's just the muscle; a hired gun.

SALVO

We need to find out how deep this goes.

They hop in the Camry and drive off.

EXT. JONES BEACH. DAY.

Ice-cold waves batter a jetty.

Behind the dunes, is the JONES BEACH TOWER.

EXT. JONES BEACH TOWER. DAY.

The 230-FT TOWER stands on a grassy knoll at the center of a traffic circle.

It's the tallest structure for miles.

Byrne and Salvo are parked just off the spoke that leads to the beach. They can see anyone coming.

They get out of the Camry when Pitka and Coleman arrive, bundling themselves in their coats.

Pitka and Coleman climb out of their cars. Byrne gets right down to business.

BYRNE

We've been off the radio for an hour. By now, they know we're missing and they've figured out you're not at a safe-house.

PITKA

Have you figured out who "they" are?

SALVO

All we know is it's a cop named Victor Udell and he must have help.

BYRNE

Well, they can't track us, now.

(beat)

Open the doors; I want to hear what these two have to say.

Pitka and Coleman open their rear doors; Quentin and Douglas, handcuffed in the back seats, are a few feet from each other.

BYRNE (cont'd)

Does the name Victor Udell mean anything to either of you?

QUENTIN

You assholes broke my ankle. You said you were taking me to a safe-house. I am not saying another fucking word until I *talk to my lawyer!*

DOUGLAS

Forget the goddamn lawyers, Quentin; if you know something, say something!

QUENTIN

I know it's a bad idea to be wearing a shirt with a bull's-eye on it.

DOUGLAS

Fuck you, Quentin. I'm working at Target because you ruined my life!

Douglas turns to the Detectives.

DOUGLAS (cont'd)

I don't know Victor Udell, but I know that Quentin has millions of dollars hidden somewhere-

QUENTIN

-Don't get stupid, Dougie-

Byrne slams the door in Quentin's face; muffling his RANT.

Byrne pulls Douglas out, they walk to the front of Pitka's car. Salvo joins them.

BYRNE

Listen to me very carefully, Douglas, and think about your answer.

(beat)

Did you ever mention Quentin's hidden money to any police officer after Youngerman was raided?

DOUGLAS

No.

SALVO

You're sure?

DOUGLAS

I'm positive. The plan was based on the fact that no one really knew how much we took.

BYRNE

So the authorities could only estimate what they wanted back.

DOUGLAS

But, the estimate was based on our records... *my records*.

(beat)

Quentin was embezzling a little here and there for months, then he started taking larger amounts. When I caught on, I confronted him and he told me I should take some for myself. That's when we set up the checking accounts and the fake claims. We didn't mean to destroy the company, but we just kept taking more and more. I realized Youngerman was on the verge of collapsing and we were going to get caught.

(beat)

Quentin thought he could manipulate the system. If we gave the DA records of what we took and agreed to surrender all of our assets as restitution, he'd offer us a plea. But, the records I gave the DA were fake, the numbers were off.

(beat)

Quentin has 12-million in cash.

SALVO

12-million reasons to want you dead.

DOUGLAS

I've made arrangements for the real records to be released in the event of my death. Quentin knows. If I die, the whole plan is revealed and Quentin goes to jail for a lot longer than 10 years.

(beat)

If you get me somewhere safe; I'll give you the records-

BANG! A SNIPER-ROUND HITS BYRNE in the chest. He's wearing a vest, but the impact drops him like a rock.

Douglas freaks, he takes off running toward the beach; he's out in the open.

Pitka and Coleman take cover behind Pitka's car.

Salvo drags Byrne behind Coleman's car.

Byrne's got the wind knocked out of him; he clutches his chest in pain.

SALVO

How you doing, kid?

BYRNE

He got... the vest. Just... the vest.

SALVO

(to Pitka and Coleman)

He's gotta be on the Tower!

BYRNE

Get... Douglas.

Salvo looks back at

DOUGLAS, who runs as fast as he can with his hands cuffed behind him.

SALVO

Douglas, DON'T!

(to Byrne)

The guy's gonna kill himself running out there.

BYRNE

Then... cover him!

Salvo, Pitka and Coleman SHOOT up at the Tower. Byrne watches, as

Douglas stumbles toward the beach, CRYING.

DOUGLAS

Please don't shoot me. Please don't shoot me. Please don't-

BANG! Douglas is killed by a SNIPER-SHOT THROUGH THE THROAT.

BEHIND COLEMAN'S CAR, Byrne is furious.

BYRNE

Goddamnit!

SNIPER-ROUNDS HIT THE HOOD and WINDSHIELD.

Byrne opens the rear door and yanks Quentin out. They huddle behind Coleman's car, as BULLETS POP THE TIRES and SHATTER WINDOWS.

Quentin can see DOUGLAS sprawled out on the ground, BLOOD POOLING around his body. Quentin is terrified.

QUENTIN

He's gonna kill me.

BYRNE

Just stay down!

Salvo scurries

BEHIND PITKA'S CAR, where he joins Pitka and Coleman as they shoot at the Tower.

A SNIPER-ROUND hits the CAMRY; RADIATOR FLUID leaks from underneath.

More precise SHOTS FLATTEN the Camry's TIRES.

SALVO

He's taking out the cars!

PITKA

I'm almost out of ammo; we have to make a move.

Salvo sees a DOOR at the base of the Tower.

SALVO

We go for the door; the closer we get, the more exposed he'll have to be to shoot at us. Keep cover on the way in.

Coleman and Pitka nod. Salvo moves to the back of the car, he can see Byrne and Quentin. Byrne rubs his chest where the bullet hit his vest.

SALVO (cont'd)
We're going for the Tower; stay behind
the car!

Salvo creeps back to Pitka and Coleman.

SALVO (cont'd)
Do not stop firing at that Tower until we
hit the door!

Salvo, Pitka and Coleman ready their guns and bolt out from
behind Coleman's car.

They FIRE constantly at the top of the Tower, as they storm
the door.

Salvo, Pitka and Coleman barrel into

INT. JONES BEACH TOWER. DAY.

where they find a SPIRAL STAIRCASE wrapped around a massive
WATER TANK. It's dark; MUFFLED GUNSHOTS ECHO.

PITKA
(looking at the stairs)
This is a cruel fucking joke.

COLEMAN
Deep breaths, Frankie.

Salvo, Pitka and Coleman ascend the steps.

SALVO
He knows we're coming; be ready.

EXT. JONES BEACH TOWER. DAY.

BEHIND COLEMAN'S CAR, Byrne has gathered himself. BULLETS
PELT the vehicle; Quentin curls up in the fetal-position.

Byrne looks for better shelter; 30 feet away he sees
a BATHHOUSE. There's no cover between it and them.

INT. JONES BEACH TOWER. DAY.

Salvo, Pitka and Coleman, HUFFING and PUFFING, approach the
top of the stairs; the GUNSHOTS grow LOUDER.

A CRACK OF SUNLIGHT creeps through a DOOR.

Salvo, Pitka and Coleman pause just outside the door; they
eye each other; this is it.

Coleman signals, "three, two, one".

They burst through the door to

EXT. JONES BEACH TOWER, ROOF. DAY.

where Salvo and Pitka go left, Coleman goes right.

Guns drawn, Salvo and Pitka scurry from corner to corner.

Only one side of the Tower left; Salvo and Pitka charge around the corner to find

Coleman, and a ROPE tied to the edge of the roof.

Salvo, Pitka and Coleman step cautiously to the rope; they glance over the edge to see

UDELL, he's RAPELLING down the side of the Tower.

Udell SHOOTs up at the Tower to cover himself. Salvo, Pitka and Coleman jump back.

BEHIND COLEMAN'S CAR, Byrne takes a peek and spots Udell halfway to the ground.

BYRNE
(to Quentin)
C'mon; we have to go!

Byrne helps Quentin to his feet and they scramble to

THE BATHHOUSE, which is closed for the season. Byrne SHOOTs OPEN THE DOOR and pulls Quentin inside.

BY THE TOWER, Udell makes it to the ground; he sprays cover-fire as he sprints toward the BATHHOUSE.

INT. JONES BEACH TOWER. DAY.

Salvo, Pitka and Coleman race down the stairs.

INT. BATHHOUSE. DAY.

Byrne drags Quentin past SHUTTERED SHOPS, RESTAURANTS and REST ROOMS.

He spies the GLASS DOOR of a WELCOME CENTER.

Byrne SHATTERS THE GLASS with the butt of his 9MM and shoves Quentin inside.

He looks back to see UDELL load a fresh BANANA CLIP as he enters the BATHHOUSE.

Byrne hurries into

INT. WELCOME CENTER. DAY.

where, beyond a LOBBY, are several small OFFICES; he leads Quentin down a HALLWAY to

a BACK OFFICE; they duck behind a DESK.

Quentin trembles with fear.

QUENTIN

I'm going to die. I'm going to die.

BYRNE

Shut up.

Byrne checks his clip. He peeks OUT THE ONLY WINDOW; it's blocked by a RED VAN.

BYRNE (cont'd)

The window's blocked.

Byrne hears the CRUNCH of SOMEONE STEPPING ON BROKEN GLASS.

IN THE LOBBY, Udell's BOOTS CRUSH SHARDS of glass as he walks through the SHATTERED DOOR.

EXT. JONES BEACH TOWER. DAY.

Salvo, Pitka and Coleman take cover behind the BULLET-RIDDLED CARS.

They see the BATHHOUSE, its DOOR OPEN. They RELOAD, race to the door and head into

INT. BATHHOUSE. DAY.

where they spread out, moving slowly past the shuttered shops, restaurants and rest rooms.

They come upon the WELCOME CENTER and see the SHATTERED GLASS DOOR. They fan out into

INT. WELCOME CENTER. DAY.

where they search OFFICE-TO-OFFICE; there's no sign of Byrne, Quentin or Udell.

Salvo finds himself alone as he approaches the BACK OFFICE; he moves inside.

When he does, Byrne pops up from behind the desk, gun drawn; they nearly shoot one-another.

Salvo takes cover behind the desk.

BYRNE
Udell is in the office.

SALVO
Pitka and Coleman are, too. We need to get Quentin out of here.

QUENTIN
I'm not going anywhere. You people fucking suck at this.

BYRNE
Udell doesn't want to kill you.

QUENTIN
Really?! That's not the pattern I'm seeing.

BYRNE
He could have easily picked you off in the back of that car. He wants you alive.

SALVO
He wants the money you've got hidden away.

QUENTIN
I'll give him the fucking money; it's at my vineyard in Southampton. The money's in Southampton.
(screaming)
I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY! I'LL GIVE-

Salvo covers Quentin's mouth.

SALVO
Shut the fuck up!

GUNFIRE ERUPTS in another OFFICE.

BYRNE
We've gotta help Pitka and Coleman.

Byrne turns to Quentin.

BYRNE (cont'd)
Stay under this desk; do not move; *do not speak.*
(to Salvo)
We need to draw Udell out.

Byrne and Salvo head for the door; they slip into

THE HALLWAY, where they follow the sound of GUNFIRE.

Suddenly, BULLETS TEAR INTO THE WALL beside them.

Byrne and Salvo retreat into ANOTHER OFFICE and take cover.

A FUSILLADE of GUNFIRE PEPPERS the WALLS and CEILING around and above Byrne and Salvo.

Salvo blindly UNLOADS HIS CLIP in the direction of the shots.

Then, as quickly as it started, it ends.

All is SILENT.

Byrne and Salvo gather themselves; that was intense.

Salvo looks for another CLIP in his holder; he's out.

SALVO
I'm out of bullets.

Byrne checks his clip; he's good.

BYRNE
Stay behind me.

They move to the door, peeking into

THE HALLWAY; no sign of anyone. They search OFFICE-TO-OFFICE...

No one. No sound but their own BREATHING.

They reach the LOBBY, still nobody.

BYRNE (cont'd)
Pitka! Coleman!

No response. Concern grows.

SALVO
He got them; he must've got them.

BYRNE
PITKA! COLEMAN!

Nothing.

SALVO
Quentin.
(to Byrne)
Shit...

Byrne and Salvo hurry to
the BACK OFFICE, where they're shocked to discover
COLEMAN and UDELL shoving Quentin out the unblocked window.

BYRNE
Coleman?

Coleman trains his gun on Byrne.

COLEMAN
Sorry, kid.

Udell throws a FLASH GRENADE at Byrne and Salvo; they dive
into the hallway as it fills the room with BLINDING LIGHT.

Moments later, Byrne and Salvo make their way through the
SMOKE, and climb out the window to

EXT. JONES BEACH TOWER. DAY.

where they see the RED VAN driving off.

Pitka's behind the wheel; Coleman rides shotgun. In the back
seat, Udell holds Quentin hostage.

They're all in this together.

Salvo, bewildered, can only watch them speed away.

SALVO
What the fuck just happened?!

BYRNE
(building his theory)
Pitka and Coleman were in on it. They
must've heard the rumor about Quentin
hiding money. We gotta go after them.

Byrne snaps into action, he examines the BULLET-RIDDLED CARS.
RADIATOR FLUID pools around the Camry; its TIRES FLAT.

SALVO
Go after them?! Two of the detectives on
this case just took off with the perp. We
need to find out what the fuck is going
on.

BYRNE
Quentin wasn't afraid of going to jail;
they had to make him afraid.
(MORE)

BYRNE (cont'd)

The murders were orchestrated to scare
Quentin into revealing the money.

COLEMAN'S CAR has SHATTERED WINDOWS and THREE FLAT TIRES.

BYRNE (cont'd)

They needed to get Quentin away from the
cops and get the monitor off of him so
they couldn't be tracked. *You wanna know
what's going on?* They fucking used us!

Byrne leans into Pitka's car; he turns the key, it STARTS.
But, it has THREE FLATS.

BYRNE (cont'd)

We need to change out the tires-

Salvo, still reeling, stares off into the distance.

BYRNE (cont'd)

-Salvo! We need three tires. There's a
spare in each trunk; we'll take the good
tire off Coleman's car.

(beat)

Let's go!

Byrne pops the trunk on Pitka's car; he yanks out the SPARE
TIRE and JACK.

Salvo hops into

INT. COLEMAN'S CAR. DAY.

where he pops the trunk.

ON THE VISOR, Salvo finds a PHOTO OF COLEMAN and his SON, 21,
he's BEDRIDDEN, severely PHYSICALLY DISABLED.

SALVO

Coleman's son is crippled?

BESIDE HIM, Byrne jacks up Pitka's car.

BYRNE

He was born with Cerebral Palsy; he needs
round-the-clock care.

Salvo remembers something. He pulls Vanessa's SMARTPHONE from
his pocket and scrolls through the YOUNGERMAN VIC LIST.

He finds "COLEMAN, LUTHER" and, further down, "PITKA, FRANK".

SALVO
 (to himself)
 They're both on the list.
 (to Byrne)
 Coleman and Pitka were both covered by
 Youngerman. Was Pitka sick?

BYRNE
 He's got diabetes; his kids, too.
 (beat)
 Are you going to help me or not?!

Byrne pulls the FLAT TIRE off of Pitka's car.

Salvo climbs out to

EXT. JONES BEACH TOWER. DAY.

where he moves to the open trunk of Coleman's car, as Byrne
 mounts the SPARE TIRE on Pitka's car.

Salvo's putting things together.

SALVO
 The LIRR stations didn't link the
 victims; they linked the detectives.
 Pitka and Coleman work the precincts
 where the stations are.
 (beat)
 The body parts were left at those
 stations to get Pitka and Coleman
 involved.

Salvo stares at the LIST on the Smartphone, he scrolls up
 until he finds another name:

"BYRNE, MARTIN".

Salvo is stunned and suspicious.

Byrne hurries to Coleman's car, looking for the spare; he's
 standing inches from the trunk-mounted SHOTGUN.

Salvo snatches the shotgun and trains it on Byrne.

BYRNE
 What the fuck are you doing?

SALVO
 The stations link the detectives. Pitka,
 Coleman and you.

BYRNE
 Get that gun off me.

SALVO

You know these guys. Your dad vouched for them. Your dad is *ON THIS FUCKING LIST!*

BYRNE

There are thousands of cops on that list! *You're on that list*, Salvo. You got screwed by Quentin, too. You're the one with the sick wife. You're the one who's moonlighting to pay your bills and bitching about never being able to retire.

(beat)

You're just as likely to be dirty as anyone else on that list. And, you're the only one pointing a gun here.

SALVO

I asked you if your father was covered by Youngerman, you said "no". You lied.

BYRNE

I lied because my personal life is none of your goddamn business! We are not friends. We don't fucking discuss our problems.

Salvo keeps the shotgun on Byrne.

BYRNE (cont'd)

They're getting away-

SALVO

(rolling his theory)

-Your dad loved being a cop. He's only a few years older than me. Why did he retire? He's sick, isn't he? He got sick, Youngerman didn't pay the bills; he was in a deep hole and couldn't work to get out of it-

BYRNE

-He's not sick, and he has money. My mother's life-insurance and his pension. And, if my dad knew he was going to get millions of dollars, why would he want to kill himself?!

(beat)

Those pamphlets were for my dad. He blames himself for my mother's death. Some scumbag shot her on our doorstep while he was out on patrol. He couldn't catch the guy and, after a while, he couldn't do the job anymore.

(MORE)

BYRNE (cont'd)

He lost the love of his life and he lost the job. Neither of those things can be replaced by money.

(beat)

My father's not sick, and he's not dirty.

SALVO

If he's not dirty, then it's you.

BYRNE

If I'm dirty, why are you here? Why would you be involved at all? You're a loose end; a big, dumb fucking problem with a gun.

(beat)

We're both loose ends. And, the only way to tie us up, is to kill us off. Nothing steals the focus of an investigation like dead cops. You and I get snuffed during the course of a murder-spree, Pitka and Coleman survive and the perp gets away. No one ever asks about the money. They're too busy looking for a cop-killer they'll never find.

Salvo lowers the shotgun; Byrne's made his case.

SALVO

We're not dead, yet. We can walk away.

BYRNE

We're the lead detectives on this case. We cut off radio contact, left a murder-scene; we're in this up to our eyeballs. If we don't close this case, our careers are over.

SALVO

Fuck my career, I just want to see my family again.

BYRNE

Udell is a SWAT sniper, Garret and Medina have covered up a murder before, we don't know how many other cops are involved. If we walk, we won't last the rest of the day.

Salvo SCREAMS, they're completely screwed.

BYRNE (cont'd)

The only way to end this, is to take them down. I'm doing it with or without you.

Byrne wheels the SPARE TIRE over to Pitka's car. Salvo has no choice, he slides the jack under Coleman's car.

INT. SALVO'S GARAGE. DAY.

Nancy, bundled in her coat, has organized the clutter into PILES beside her STATION-WAGON.

Behind her, an UNMARKED CAR parks at the curb.

The 1st and 2nd Detectives get out and approach her.

1ST DETECTIVE
Mrs. Salvo?

Nancy sees the Detectives, she's instantly concerned.

NANCY
What happened?

2ND DETECTIVE
We should go inside.

EXT. SUNRISE HIGHWAY. DAY.

Byrne and Salvo speed toward Southampton in Pitka's car;
LIGHTS FLASHING.

INT. PITKA'S CAR. DAY.

Byrne, behind the wheel, looks determined.

Salvo types a search into Vanessa's SMARTPHONE.

SALVO
Quentin mentioned his vineyard during the seminar I went to... I'm trying to find video...

YOUTUBE CLIPS of QUENTIN come up on the screen.

Salvo plays one. Quentin, in a suit, is on stage; he's professional and polished, the total opposite of the man we know.

QUENTIN (V.O.)
...my father was passionate about two things: good health coverage for hardworking people and good wine.
(beat)
Shortly after he died, I planted a block of grape vines at our vineyard. It takes 10 years for vines to grow into something worth drinking.
(MORE)

QUENTIN (V.O.) (cont'd)

You don't disturb the soil or the vines for 10 years. They're sacred and they need to be carefully maintained. It reminds me that my father's legacy is also sacred. His legacy also needs to be carefully maintained for years to come.

(beat)

I plan on celebrating my 10th anniversary as CEO of Youngerman Health with a bottle of wine that bears my father's name: Zachary...

SALVO

It's called "Zachary".

Salvo searches for "Zachary Wine". He reads the results.

SALVO (cont'd)

(reading)

Panacea Winery and Vineyard, 38 Old Port Road, Southampton, NY.

BYRNE

Is there a "navigate" tab?

SALVO

Yeah.

Salvo presses the tab; we hear a SYNTHESIZED NAV VOICE.

NAV VOICE (V.O.)

Continue on Sunrise Highway east for 33 miles.

EXT. OLD PORT ROAD. DAY.

Off the highway, the landscape is pastoral. Pitka's car is flanked by flat brown fields of grass and endless blocks of fenced-in GRAPE VINES.

EXT. PANACEA VINEYARD. DAY.

Weathered WINE BARRELS form an ARCH at the entrance.

Byrne and Salvo park behind the barrels for cover.

Set far back from the road, a tall, rustic WINERY is surrounded by ROWS OF VINES.

Out front, is UDELL'S RED VAN.

Byrne and Salvo get out and assess the scene.

SALVO

A tall building surrounded by flat open space; perfect for a sniper to pick us off.

Byrne checks the CLIP in his 9MM.

BYRNE

I've got seven rounds.

(beat)

You're sure you're out?

Salvo checks his 9MM; the CLIP is empty.

SALVO

I'm completely dry. Didn't plan on going to war today.

Byrne pops the trunk; he hands Salvo the SHOTGUN from under the deck-lid.

Salvo pops out the SHELLS; there are only THREE.

SALVO (cont'd)

Seven bullets and three shells. We're outnumbered and outgunned.

They gaze at the WINERY in the distance; knowing an ambush awaits.

BYRNE

Not ideal.

SALVO

What would your dad do?

Byrne looks at Salvo.

BYRNE

Even now, he'd be the first one charging in there.

Salvo stares at the SHOTGUN, then the WINERY; over the entrance, is a WIDE WOODEN AWNING.

SALVO

They're waiting for us; they'll see us coming. If we can get under that awning, we'll be clear of any sniper-fire.

(beat)

I'd say it's a half-mile of open space from here to there.

Salvo eyes the CAR; BULLET HOLES dot the body.

SALVO (cont'd)
Fish in a barrel.

Byrne digs in the trunk, he finds DUCT-TAPE and TWO BULLETPROOF VESTS. He's got a plan.

BYRNE
We tape these two vests across the windshield. Maybe pinch the ones we're wearing between the side windows-

SALVO
-You want us to take off our vests?

BYRNE
If Udell gets an angle on us; he'll hit us with head shots; if we cover as many windows as we can and stay low, we'll make it to the awning.

Byrne strips off his vest.

BYRNE (cont'd)
Give me your vest.

Salvo removes his vest and hands it to Byrne. Salvo looks at the long stretch of open ground between them and the winery, doesn't like the odds.

SALVO
I should call Nance. I need to call my wife.

Byrne nods, he understands.

INT. SALVO'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Nancy, upset, paces; TELEPHONE in hand.

The 1st and 2nd Detectives sit on the couch.

NANCY
You can't tell me you don't know where my husband is and not tell me what he was doing!

1ST DETECTIVE
He was taking someone into protective custody; there was an accident or an incident, we're not sure.

2ND DETECTIVE

All we know is he's not answering his cell and he hasn't checked in over the radio. Neither has Byrne.

The PHONE in Nancy's hand RINGS. She answers quickly.

NANCY

(into phone)

Hello?

SALVO (V.O.)

If there are cops in the house, call me Vanessa.

Nancy, confused, glances at the Detectives.

NANCY

(into phone)

Vanessa, honey; how was school?

EXT. PANACEA VINEYARD. DAY.

Salvo walks away from the car for privacy, as

Byrne DUCT-TAPES the BULLETPROOF VESTS to the WINDSHIELD.

SALVO

(into phone)

Nancy; I'm into something deep out here. Cops are involved; lots of cops. We can't trust anyone on the job. I need you to get away from the cops; don't ask them to leave, they might suspect something. Tell them you've gotta take the kids somewhere.

(beat)

Go to Byrne's house. His dad is the only person I know we can trust right now. He lives in Flushing; 43-15 163rd. Take the kids and go to Byrne's.

(beat)

Text me on Vanessa's phone to let me know you're there.

INT. SALVO'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Nancy holds the phone tightly to her ear, keeping distance from the Detectives.

NANCY

(into phone)

I'll take care of that as soon as you and Kevin are back from school.

(MORE)

NANCY (cont'd)
 (beat)
 Anything else, honey?

EXT. PANACEA VINEYARD. DAY.

Salvo looks back at Byrne, who clinches a bulletproof vest in the driver's-side window.

SALVO
 (into phone)
 I love you. Give my love to the kids.

NANCY (V.O.)
 I love you, too.

Salvo hangs up. He takes a moment to gather himself.

INT. SALVO'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

Nancy hangs up. She's worried. She turns to the Detectives.

NANCY
 The kids are coming home from school. I need to get their snacks ready. Can I get you anything from the kitchen?

1ST DETECTIVE
 We're okay for now.

2ND DETECTIVE
 We're going to find your husband.

Nancy's not sure if that was supportive or sinister. She slips into the kitchen.

EXT. PANACEA VINEYARD. DAY.

Byrne pinches the last bulletproof vest in the passenger-side window.

Salvo surveys the "armored" car. It might as well be a coffin.

SALVO
 After Garret and Medina shot the suspect in the alley, their story checked out: *they chased the guy, the alley was dark, he turned around, they shot three times.* The suspect didn't have a gun, but Garret and Medina said they couldn't see in the dark. All they knew was the guy was considered armed and dangerous.
 (beat)
 (MORE)

SALVO (cont'd)

But, this little old man who lived in a basement apartment kept coming to the station, saying there was a light on in the alley when the shooting happened. He heard the shots. He could see the floor of the alley from his street-level window. The light was on; it didn't go out until after the shots were fired.

(beat)

Turns out, the suspect was a police informant. I was sent to investigate. I found a bodega around the corner with a security camera. In the footage, you could just make out the wall at the end of the alley. Sure enough, you could see the glow of the light on the night of the shooting. You could see the three muzzle flashes.

(beat)

About thirty seconds after the shots, the light goes out. It was bright as day in that alley. The informant didn't turn around to shoot; he turned around because he ran into a dead end. Garret and Medina were lying; it wasn't a clean shoot. They *executed* the guy. I don't know why; my guess is he was gonna inform on them.

Salvo takes a deep breath; this is tough.

SALVO (cont'd)

The clerk didn't want anything to do with taking down cops. I promised him he'd be fine. I showed the tape to my Lieutenant. Four hours later that clerk gets snuffed in a robbery; no suspects, no surveillance footage.

(beat)

In my locker that night I find a stuffed Sherlock Holmes doll with ten-thousand dollars inside.

(beat)

All I knew was I was surrounded by dirty cops. If I didn't take the money I'd be marked, but I couldn't bring myself to ever open the envelope again... even when I needed the money badly.

BYRNE

Why are you telling me this?

SALVO

The doll is in my desk; the 10-grand is still inside.

(MORE)

SALVO (cont'd)

(beat)

If I don't make it out of this, whoever cleans out my desk will find the money; they'll think I was dirty. *My family* will think I was dirty.

(beat)

If I don't make it out, make sure no one finds that money.

BYRNE

I will.

(beat)

By the way, there's a "*Sexy Firemen*" calendar in my locker; if I don't make it...

Salvo LAUGHS, Byrne does, too.

BYRNE (cont'd)

...How about we both make it out?

SALVO

Works for me.

Byrne and Salvo hop into

INT. PITKA'S CAR. DAY.

where it's dark; the WINDSHIELD and SIDE WINDOWS are covered by VESTS.

Byrne is behind the wheel. Salvo holds the shotgun ready in the passenger seat.

There's a small patch of uncovered windshield above the center of the dash; through it we see

the WINERY, as Byrne and Salvo race toward it.

THUMP-CRACK! A bullet hits a vest on the windshield; the GLASS SPIDER-WEBS.

BYRNE

Son of a bitch!

SALVO

What, you didn't think he'd shoot at us?

THUMP-CRACK! Another hit, more CRACKS.

SALVO (cont'd)

The windshield won't hold much longer!

Byrne floors it; he can barely see out the windshield.

THUMP-CRACK! Another shot; the WINDSHIELD CAVES IN, just in time to see

UDELL'S VAN, as they CRASH into it. Both vehicles slide under the WIDE WOODEN AWNING.

INT. SALVO'S KITCHEN. DAY.

Nancy throws together some snacks. She hears VOICES in the living room, and hurries into

INT. SALVO'S LIVING ROOM. DAY.

where Vanessa and Kevin, backpacks on, make small-talk with the Detectives.

1ST DETECTIVE

You must be Kevin; you look just like your old man.

KEVIN

Ugh, don't tell me that.

2ND DETECTIVE

How was school?

VANESSA

It was school.

NANCY

Kids, there are snacks in the kitchen.

Vanessa and Kevin go into the kitchen. Nancy turns to the Detectives.

NANCY (cont'd)

Under the circumstances, I think I should take the kids to their aunt's. If anything's happened to Warren, I don't want them here, when we... find out...

1ST DETECTIVE

We can drive you.

NANCY

They'll know something's wrong. It'll just take a few minutes. I'll come right back. You can wait-

Nancy doesn't let them answer, she puts on her coat and grabs her keys and purse.

EXT. WINERY. DAY.

Pitka's car is wedged between Udell's VAN and the building, wrecked.

Byrne and Salvo crawl out through the windshield and take cover.

Salvo tries to pull a BULLETPROOF VEST from under a TIRE, but it's pinned.

SALVO

Shit.

They have no vests to protect them.

Byrne peeks into the WINERY LOBBY.

BYRNE

It's clear; let's get in there.

Byrne tries the door; it's locked. He motions to Salvo, who SHOOTs THE DOOR OPEN.

Byrne draws his gun; Salvo follows him into

INT. WINERY, LOBBY. DAY.

where they look around, guns drawn, but don't see anyone.

There's evidence of a shoot-out; BULLET HOLES mar the walls; an OVERTURNED TABLE was used as cover.

SALVO

There was a shoot-out.

BEHIND THE COUNTER, they discover a TRAIL OF BLOOD.

BYRNE

We got blood.

Byrne and Salvo cautiously follow the blood to

a TASTING ROOM, where they find Pitka huddled in a corner. He's been shot in the gut; his bulbous belly torn open.

Sweaty and pale, Pitka doesn't have long to live.

BYRNE (cont'd)

Pitka. Pitka; what happened?

PITKA
Udell... turned on us.
(labored breath)
It's every man for himself...

Pitka chokes on his own blood and dies. Byrne stares at Pitka; they had history.

BYRNE
Guy had four kids.

SALVO
Whoever controls Quentin controls the money.

Byrne and Salvo look around; at the back of the room are TWO STAIRCASES, one leads UP, the other, DOWN.

Byrne heads UPSTAIRS; Salvo goes DOWNSTAIRS.

MOVING DOWNSTAIRS, Salvo creeps along; he spies BULLET HOLES in the walls, SHELL CASINGS on the steps and QUENTIN'S GLASSES on a landing.

He's on the right path.

MOVING UPSTAIRS, Byrne finds a WINDOW; he looks OUTSIDE, beside the winery he sees a HELICOPTER.

He moves into

INT. FERMENTATION ROOM. DAY.

where he's dwarfed by MASSIVE STAINLESS STEEL TANKS; they're each coated in a THICK LAYER OF ICE.

It's so cold Byrne can see his BREATH.

He moves slowly, carefully. In the distance, he spots PUFFS OF BREATH, pluming from behind the LAST GIANT TANK.

Byrne approaches the tank, gun raised.

INT. BARREL ROOM. DAY.

Cavernous and dimly-lit.

Salvo slinks through a CANYON OF WOODEN CASKS. Countless places to hide. He turns at every sound.

Salvo rounds a corner and finds Coleman clutching Quentin.

COLEMAN
Don't move!

Coleman has his gun trained on Salvo; he shields himself with Quentin.

Salvo aims his shotgun at Coleman.

SALVO

Let him go, Coleman. Quentin's not gonna give up the money; he knows you'll kill him when he does.

QUENTIN

Shoot him!

COLEMAN

Shut the fuck up!

SALVO

I know why you're doing this, Coleman. I saw the photo of your son. Think about how much he'll miss you-

COLEMAN

-I will put you in the fucking ground, Salvo!

EXT. NORTHERN BOULEVARD. DAY.

Nancy's station-wagon moves through afternoon traffic.

INT. NANCY'S STATION-WAGON. DAY.

Nancy drives, Vanessa beside her, Kevin in the back seat.

Nancy incessantly checks the rearview mirror.

VANESSA

Mom, where are we going?

INT. WINERY. DAY.

IN THE FERMENTATION ROOM, Byrne inches toward the tank. Another PUFF of BREATH. He rushes around the tank to find...

a VALVE, releasing spurts of hot air into the cold room.

There's no one else here.

BYRNE

Shit.

IN THE BARREL ROOM, Salvo and Coleman point their guns at one-another.

SALVO

It's over, Coleman. Pitka's dead. Udell has turned on you; you're never gonna make it out of here.

COLEMAN

I got news for you, Salvo; neither are you!

Quentin SQUINTS; trying to focus on something behind Salvo.

Salvo sees Quentin squinting; he makes the connection.

SALVO

Down!

Salvo and Quentin both drop.

Behind Salvo, Udell aims his RIFLE; he SHOOTS COLEMAN in the head.

Salvo and Quentin take cover behind a STACK OF BARRELS.

As Salvo keeps watch for Udell, Quentin digs the HANDCUFF KEY out of Coleman's pocket.

Quentin uncuffs himself. He finds a SHOVEL against the wall, uses it as a crutch and limps away.

Salvo hides between the wall and barrels.

IN THE AISLE, Udell eyes WOODEN SUPPORTS under the stacked barrels. He steps back and SHOOTS THE SUPPORTS.

BEHIND THE BARRELS, Salvo watches them wobble; they'll crash down on him any second.

Salvo FIRES A SHOTGUN ROUND to force Udell to move, then scrambles away to

ANOTHER STACK OF BARRELS, dodging SHOTS from Udell.

Salvo has no choice; he FIRES HIS LAST SHELL in Udell's direction and makes a break for a ROW OF CASKS.

We follow Udell as he rounds the corner and finds SALVO'S DISCARDED SHOTGUN; he smiles, Salvo has no weapon.

Udell creeps past casks, rifle ready.

IN A DARK CORNER, Udell sees the back of SALVO'S COAT; he appears to be huddled behind barrels.

Udell SHOOTs; a bullet pierces the coat, a RIVER OF RED FLOWS.

Udell tugs on the coat, revealing...

it's draped over a barrel; MERLOT leaks from a bullet hole.

Udell hears the CLICK of a gun being cocked behind him.

Salvo sticks his 9MM in Udell's back.

SALVO (cont'd)
The only thing dumber than the cop who
runs, is the perp who chases him.
(beat)
Drop the rifle.

Udell doesn't move.

UDELL
Where's your partner?

SALVO
Drop the rifle, now!

Udell does. But, he whips out his PISTOL.

Before Udell can turn and fire, Salvo uses the butt of his 9MM to knock the .45 out of Udell's hand.

The pistol slides under a stack of barrels.

Salvo presses his gun to Udell's head.

SALVO (cont'd)
Interlace your fingers behind your
fucking head. You know the drill.

Udell does; Salvo readies his CUFFS.

SALVO (cont'd)
Now, kneel down.

Udell doesn't move.

UDELL
You have no idea what you're doing, do
you?

SALVO
(enjoying this)
I'm arresting you, asshole.

BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! BANG! CLICK! CLICK! Byrne unloads his 9MM into Udell, who falls to the floor, head and neck riddled with bullets.

BLOOD pools around him. Udell is dead.

Salvo looks at Byrne, incredulous.

SALVO (cont'd)

Why did you shoot?! I was about to cuff him!

BYRNE

I found your shotgun; I knew you were out of ammo.

SALVO

I fucking had the guy!

BYRNE

I couldn't take the chance of him getting the drop on you!

SALVO

He could've told us who else was involved!

Salvo, flustered, rubs his face; he holsters his pistol.

BYRNE

We need to find Quentin. Now that Douglas is dead, his lawyer is going to release the real records. Quentin has to get the money and run, or he'll lose it all. There's a helicopter outside; he can fly himself and the money out of here.

(beat)

I'm starting to think Quentin could've been behind this whole thing.

SALVO

There's a million places to hide money in here.

BYRNE

But, the property was seized by police; it's going to be sold off. He'd have to guarantee that the money wouldn't be found while he was in prison.

Salvo remembers something.

SALVO

"It takes 10 years for vines to grow into something worth drinking. You don't disturb the soil or the vines for 10 years..."

BYRNE

The money's in the vineyard.

Byrne checks his CLIP; he's out.

BYRNE (cont'd)

Shit. I'm out.

He grabs UDELL'S RIFLE and checks the CLIP, only ONE BULLET.

BYRNE (cont'd)

One fucking round.

Byrne checks Udell for more clips, nothing.

BYRNE (cont'd)

Where's his pistol?

SALVO

It slid under the barrels. Quentin's unarmed, let's go.

Byrne and Salvo head for the stairs.

EXT. BYRNE'S HOUSE. DAY.

Nancy pulls up; she makes sure there are no cop cars around. She leads Vanessa and Kevin to the door and RINGS THE DOORBELL.

After a few moments, Martin answers. Oddly, his eyes light up like he's seen a long-lost love.

MARTIN

Katherine.

Nancy's confused, even more when Martin hugs her tightly.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Katherine, my angel.

NANCY

I'm not Katherine; I'm Nancy Salvo-

Martin leans over and ruffles Kevin's hair, smiling.

MARTIN

-Brendan; come to see your father off to work?

Kevin recoils.

MARTIN (cont'd)

Don't be embarrassed, boy.

(notices Vanessa)

Who's your little lady friend?

Vanessa is creeped out.

VANESSA

Mom, who is this guy? What's going on?

NANCY

Mr. Byrne. I'm Nancy Salvo. Your son Brendan is my husband's partner.

Martin is suddenly very confused.

MARTIN

Partner? Brendan's a child.

(beat)

Katherine? You're not making any sense.

Martin stares blankly at them; he's completely lost. It's not just forgetfulness. It's much worse.

Nancy whips out her cell-phone.

NANCY

I'm sorry; there's been a mistake...

Nancy types a TEXT.

EXT. WINERY. DAY.

Byrne and Salvo, standing by the HELICOPTER, are surrounded by acres of GRAPE VINES on TRELLISES.

BYRNE

He couldn't have gone far on that ankle.

Salvo examines the ground around them, he notices CUTS in the soil from the shovel blade; they lead into the vines.

SALVO

He's using something as a crutch.

Byrne and Salvo follow the CUTS in the soil. The GIRLIE RINGTONE is heard.

Salvo pulls out the Smartphone; he sees a TEXT:

"At Byrne's.
His dad has Alzheimer's.
He can't help us.
What now?"

Byrne looks back at Salvo as they move through the vines.

BYRNE
Turn that thing off!

Salvo stares at the words "dad has Alzheimer's". He covers.

SALVO
Some prick is sexting my daughter.

BYRNE
Let's deal with the asshole in front of
us, okay?

Salvo, determined, stays close behind Byrne.

SALVO
Yeah, let's do that.
(beat)
I'm turning it off.

Salvo taps the Smartphone's screen.

He keeps the Smartphone in his hand as they cut across rows of vines, passing trellises until, in the distance, they see

QUENTIN, digging up the soil with the SHOVEL.

Byrne readies Udell's rifle and hurries toward Quentin, Salvo fast on his heels.

BYRNE
Hands in the air, Quentin!

Quentin sees Byrne and Salvo; he has no choice. He drops the SHOVEL and raises his hands, crushed.

QUENTIN
Fuck.

In the hole Quentin's digging, Byrne and Salvo see a BAG brimming with STACKS OF MONEY.

Salvo CUFFS Quentin, then looks around. It's idyllic, isolated; they're all alone.

SALVO

I just realized something. No one knows we're here, no one knows about this money. We've got one Target left and one bullet left.

Quentin, cuffed and vulnerable, is concerned.

QUENTIN

Whoa, wait, wait. You're the good guys, right?

Salvo looks at Byrne.

SALVO

12-million dollars solves a lot of problems.

BYRNE

I don't have any problems, Salvo.

Salvo steps away from Quentin.

SALVO

I think you do. I think you got a big problem. You've gotta figure out how you're gonna kill both me *and* Quentin with *one bullet*.

Byrne eyes Salvo, his face impassive.

SALVO (cont'd)

That's the only way it works, isn't it? All of the victims shot with the same gun.

BYRNE

I think you're losing it, partner.

SALVO

Funny you should mention "losing it".

(beat)

I sent my wife and kids to your house, because I thought they'd be safe with your father.

Salvo holds up the SMARTPHONE.

SALVO (cont'd)

Nancy sent me that text; your dad has Alzheimer's. All day long you're telling me he's fine, but he's sick.

(pointed)

Sick like Pitka; sick like Coleman's son.

Byrne's demeanor hardens, he turns the rifle on Salvo.

SALVO (cont'd)

That's why your dad retired. That's why he wants to kill himself. He knows what's ahead of him. The burden he's gonna be.

Quentin looks up at Byrne, realizing.

QUENTIN

You're in on it, too.

SALVO

When you destroyed Youngerman Health, you screwed a lot of cops. His father was one of them.

Byrne turns the rifle on Quentin.

BYRNE

We can make this work, Salvo. You've looked the other way before. If you say Udell snuffed Quentin before I shot him, you can walk away with a lot of money. *Money you need.*

Salvo uses Byrne's words against him.

SALVO

Yeah, but *how many cops have I seen today?* Any one of them could be in on it. If I walk away, I won't last the rest of the day.

BYRNE

It was only Pitka, Coleman and Udell; no one else knows.

SALVO

What about Garret and Medina?

BYRNE

A happy accident; they don't know anything.

(beat)

We can say Udell was acting alone. Pitka and Coleman die heroes; their families get line-of-duty benefits. You get a share of the money.

SALVO

Udell isn't on the list, what's his motive?

BYRNE

Udell was dirty. The only thing he liked more than kicking down doors was shaking down dealers. That's why we brought him in; he was expendable.

SALVO

You were gonna kill him all along. Udell must've figured that out. That's why he turned on you.

(beat)

I'm guessing Udell got suspicious when I shot him in the back. In the salvage yard, he asked me what I was doing here. *He wasn't expecting me.* He wasn't supposed to get chased, or shot at, or arrested. He was supposed to get away.

(beat)

But, you couldn't let Udell get away; *you're Super-cop.* You couldn't arrest him, either; he's a loose end. You had to dump him. And, you had to get away from the rumor about Quentin's money.

(beat)

That's where I came in. Nothing steals the focus of an investigation like a dead cop. If Udell didn't take me out, then you would; as long as the bullet came from Udell's rifle.

(beat)

All day you've been lying to me; cutting me off from the Department, making yourself the only person I could trust, so you could lead me into an ambush. But now, you need me alive to make this work.

Byrne trains the rifle on Salvo.

BYRNE

You're on that list, Salvo. Your wife is sick. You know I can put this on you and Udell. Two dirty cops, *Sherlock*; one turns on the other. Udell shot you out here; I shot him in the winery. Ballistics backs that, too.

SALVO

Then shoot me. After that you can beat Quentin's brains out with the shovel.

Quentin is really freaking now.

QUENTIN

You don't have to do that; I-I won't talk, we can make a deal-

SALVO

-Get little bits of Quentin all over you. Leave both our bloody bodies beside a fresh, empty hole in the ground. That won't raise any questions when the CSTs scour this place.

(beat)

Face it, Byrne, you're not getting rich today.

BYRNE

You think we did this to get rich? We did this for the cops that got screwed. Pitka, Coleman and I were going to take our cuts, but most of the money was going to the people who needed it. Youngerman's victims get out from under, the embezzlers get taken out and two dirty cops get killed; everybody gets what they deserve.

SALVO

Aaron, Rey and Theresa didn't know about the embezzling. They were innocent.

BYRNE

Innocent? That Publicist released statement after statement, *lie after lie*, telling us everything was okay at Youngerman. The Sales Rep sold policies even when he knew the company wasn't paying bills. And, the Claims Manager, that bitch promised to help people, *to help your wife*, knowing every claim would be denied. They knew something was wrong and they *did nothing*; told no one.

(beat)

You *would* think they're innocent, Salvo. Garret and Medina gave you a stack of cash to keep quiet, and what did you do? *Nothing*. You did nothing and you told no one. Sometimes, it's what you *don't* do that makes you guilty.

SALVO

You masterminded a killing-spree, Byrne. What does that make you, a saint? There's no coming back from this.

BYRNE

Bullshit. Tomorrow, my life goes back to normal. I get up every day, go to work and close cases. I put in my twenty years and retire.

SALVO

But, there's gonna be this bag of money, hidden someplace. And you'll know what you did to get that money. The guilt and regret will wear away at you, because that money is proof you went against everything you believe in. Everything your father believes in.

(beat)

You'll be lying everyday to the people you love and lying to yourself that you had to do what you did. And, you'll end up eating your gun.

BYRNE

I'm not like you. You did nothing. I got justice.

SALVO

You crossed the line. And, you got caught.

BYRNE

Right, you got me. Congratulations; you finally closed a case. It's too bad nobody's ever going to know about it.

Salvo smiles.

SALVO

Oh, I think they'll know about it.

Salvo shows Byrne the SMARTPHONE; he's streaming Byrne's confession live onto YouTube.

SALVO (cont'd)

It's a live stream. Say "hi" to everybody on YouTube. I'm thinking of calling it "Super-cop Fail".

Byrne is stunned; for the first time, he's not a step ahead.

BYRNE

Son of a bitch.

SALVO

It's a shame, too. I was just starting to hate you less.

(MORE)

SALVO (cont'd)

(beat)

Put down the gun.

Byrne moves the rifle back and forth between Quentin and Salvo, breaking down.

BYRNE

No.

SALVO

It's done, Byrne; it's over.

BYRNE

NO! Shit. SHIT!

SALVO

Nobody else needs to get hurt-

BYRNE

-SHUT UP! Shut the fuck up!

(beat)

I was trying to help!

Byrne aims at Salvo.

SALVO

Help yourself, Byrne. Put down the gun.

Salvo holds up the Smartphone; it's still streaming.

SALVO (cont'd)

You really gonna do this? For everyone to see... For your dad to see?

Byrne, conflicted, lowers the rifle, then raises it; his world collapses.

Byrne's eyes well up with tears.

BYRNE

My dad had nothing to do with this, Salvo. You tell them he had nothing to do with this. He's not a "gun eater".

Salvo knows where this is going.

SALVO

Don't fucking do it, Byrne. DON'T-

In a flash, Byrne sticks the rifle in his mouth.

SALVO (cont'd)

-NO!

Before Salvo can stop him, Byrne pulls the trigger, BLOWING HIS BRAINS OUT.

SALVO (cont'd)
Goddamnit!

Byrne's body slumps to the floor.

SALVO (cont'd)
Shit. Jesus. SHIIIIIT!

Quentin gazes at Byrne, horrified. He looks over at Salvo.

QUENTIN
My lawyers are going to have a *fucking*
field-day with this.

Salvo kicks Quentin in the face, knocking him unconscious.

Salvo dials the Smartphone.

SALVO
(into phone)
Nancy, honey. I'm alright. I'm gonna be
late, but I'm alright. You're safe...

We rise up into the sky above the vineyard.

INT. 103RD PRECINCT. NIGHT.

In the LOBBY, the WALL MOUNTED TV plays NY1. Roma Torre covers "BREAKING NEWS".

ROMA (V.O.)
...several police officers are dead on
Long Island, one of the officers
committed suicide live on the internet.
It's believed that Detectives from
several precincts were involved in a plot
to steal money hidden by Quentin
Youngerman, who is in police custody
tonight. An undisclosed amount of money
was recovered at the scene of the crime,
a vineyard...

Many Detectives and Officers watch the report.

INT. 103RD PRECINCT, HOMICIDE DIVISION. NIGHT.

The 1st and 2nd Detectives clean out BYRNE'S DESK, BAGGING anything that looks like evidence.

They find a BLANK POSTCARD from the JONES BEACH TOWER.

INT. 103RD PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM. NIGHT.

Lt. Allen, TWO INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICERS and a PBA LAWYER sit at a table with Salvo, who stares at a RECORDER.

It's been an awful day; their faces are all grim. Particularly Salvo's.

1ST INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICER
You swear that your statement of the events is accurate to the best of your recollection?

SALVO
It is. Yes.

Lt. Allen gets up.

LT. ALLEN
I want you to know that IAB has my full cooperation on this-

2ND INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICER
-We're not quite done, Lieutenant.
(beat)
In the video, Detective Byrne stated that you, Salvo, had "looked the other way before" and that "Garret and Medina gave you a stack of cash to keep quiet"-

PBA LAWYER
-Boundaries, boys; this is a *statement*, not an *interrogation*-

1ST INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICER
-We're the bad-cop police; this case is lousy with bad cops. Detective Byrne made specific allegations against Detective Salvo and Detectives Garret and Medina.

PBA LAWYER
Internal Affairs, always looking for a fresh neck to hang.
(to Salvo)
Don't answer anything else.

The 2nd Internal Affairs Officer switches off the RECORDER.

2ND INTERNAL AFFAIRS OFFICER
How about off the record?
(beat)
We're going to talk to Garret and Medina, Salvo; you know that.

Salvo shrugs his Lawyer off and leans forward.

SALVO

Turn the fucking thing on, then. I want
this on the record.

(beat)

This one doesn't end in a draw.

INT. 103RD PRECINCT, HOMICIDE DIVISION. NIGHT.

Salvo pulls the ENVELOPE out of the SHERLOCK HOLMES DOLL and hands it to the 1st Internal Affairs Officer, who seals the \$10,000 in an EVIDENCE BAG.

SALVO

Tell Garret and Medina I'm keeping the
doll.

The Internal Affairs Officers leave.

Salvo dusts off the doll and props it up on his desk.

SALVO (cont'd)

See you tomorrow, Sherlock.

Salvo grabs his blazer and walks past NIGHT SHIFT DETECTIVES, busy at their desks. Something catches his eye...

Salvo moves to the window. He looks at the DONATION BIN on the windowsill, it reads:

"COPS IN NEED".

Salvo takes out his wallet and drops all his cash in.

Salvo puts on his blazer and heads out.

EXT. SALVO'S HOUSE. NIGHT.

Salvo unlocks the door. He's barely inside the house when he's swarmed by Nancy, Vanessa and Kevin. He hugs them tightly.

He made it home.

FADE OUT:

END.