

LINE OF DUTY

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Based on Shakespeare's MACBETH

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APA

A BOOMING THUNDERCLAP crackles over a title card reading--  
*South Brooklyn, New York. 4 Years Ago,* before we fade into--

EXT. SHITHOLE STRETCH OF SOUTH BROOKLYN - NIGHT

It's raining. Hard. A summer storm.

A MAN and a WOMAN sit on the top steps of a large building.

The Man, 30s, white, grimy.

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

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

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

CASSANDRA  
You think you need a gun to do it?

MAN  
At least. Maybe two.

Cassandra points across the street to a LIQUOR STORE.

CASSANDRA  
Lot of foot traffic past that spot.  
You figure five percent of them are  
packing.

MAN  
Shit, out here, prolly more.

CASSANDRA  
They got guns. Why don't they do  
it?

The Man is stumped.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)  
I'm saying, you either got it in  
you or you don't.

At that, a black Crown Vic parks in front of the building.

She watches as FIVE plainclothes COPS exit the car, BADGES  
and KEVLAR on their chests.

The leader, LT. HOWARD DUNCAN, white, 50s, looks to two of  
the cops - BANKS, black, 40s and CRAWFORD, white, 30s.

DUNCAN  
Banks, Crawford, cover the back  
exit.

They scatter as Duncan scales the stairs with the other two--

REGINA STEWART, white, 30, too hot to be a cop and too  
authoritative to give a fuck what you think, and--

SEAN STEWART, white, 31, plainclothes warrior.

Sean tries the door. Locked. He's about to buzz the Building  
Manager when a HAND gently comes into frame--

Cassandra's hand. She taps a few digits on the call box. Sean  
gives her an appreciative nod. Off the door's buzz, we cut to--

INT. LOBBY OF SHITHOLE HIGHRISE - CONTINUOUS

Sean, Regina and Duncan hit the elevator. Sean has a thought  
just before the doors close. He hits the *DOOR OPEN* button.

SEAN  
Gimme a second.

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY OF SHITHOLE HIGHRISE - CONTINUOUS

We track with Sean down the hall as Duncan and Regina follow.

Sean stops at a door marked **BUILDING MANAGER**. Pushes open the  
door, revealing the BUILDING MANAGER, 50s, Hispanic.

SEAN  
I need you to shut off the  
building's water.

BUILDING MANAGER  
The entire building?

SEAN  
It's just for twenty minutes. I'll  
owe you one.

INT. HALLWAY - 10TH FLOOR - CONTINUOUS

Duncan, Sean and Regina approach Apartment 10B. Duncan knocks  
with his fist.

DUNCAN  
Police! Warrant! Open the fuck up.

INT. APARTMENT 10B - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

TWO Dominican GUYS, 19, one skinny, one fat, are startled from their video game. From outside we hear Duncan yelling--

DUNCAN (O.S.)  
Police! Policia!

The Skinny Dominican whispers to EDWIN, the Fat Dominican--

SKINNY DOMINICAN  
Dump it.

Edwin bolts up. Opens a nearby DRAWER. Withdraws a bunch of BAGGIES filled with glassine tabs of heroin.

INT. BATHROOM - APARTMENT 8G - CONTINUOUS

Edwin bursts into the bathroom. Locks the door. Dumps the BAGGIES of HEROIN into the TOILET.

He FLUSHES. Nothing happens. Frantic, he flushes again. Still, nothing. Now he's confused.

He tries the sink. Just dead air. The fucking water's off as we realize how smart Sean is.

INT. APARTMENT 10B - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

The Skinny Dominican opens the door, allowing Duncan, Sean and Regina to enter.

SEAN  
The bathroom?

SKINNY DOMINICAN  
Que?

SEAN  
El bano. The fucking bano!

The Skinny Dominican points down the hall. We track with Sean and Duncan as they head to the bathroom. Locked. Sean KICKS it in, revealing--

Edwin, standing by the toilet, spooked, the toilet bowl filled with glassines of heroin.

Duncan cracks a big smile. Taps Sean's chest with pride.

DUNCAN  
Smart motherfucker.

EXT. SHITHOLE HIGHRISE - NIGHT

Sean and Duncan secure the Skinny Dominican in their car while Regina perp walks Edwin out the building, Edwin yelling-

EDWIN

Yo, this stupid bitch cuffed me too tight. Shit's digging in my wrists.

Regina doesn't reply. Banks and Crawford watch with interest.

EDWIN (CONT'D)

Girl, you take these cuffs off I'd do you right. Fuck you so hard you'd switch from tampons to pads.

Regina cracks a smile.

EDWIN (CONT'D)

You hear me? Shit's cutting off my circulation and shit. Dumb bitch.

Regina stops. Pulls out her CUFF KEYS. Holds Edwin by the arm as she takes off his cuffs.

A look of surprise from Edwin. And from us.

Till Regina spins Edwin around. PUNCHES him square in the face, knocking him on the ground. She then puts her knees into his back as she recuffs him, telling him--

REGINA

Now you'll forget about your wrists. Give you somewhere else to focus your pain.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Edwin sits handcuffed to an interrogation table.

Sean and Banks enter. Edwin, dry blood on his mouth, flinches as Sean gets closer.

But Sean uncuffs him. Hands him an ice pack, a bottle of Advil and a can of Coke.

SEAN

Don't take it personally. She's knocked out bigger and older.

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Regina and Duncan crack a smile as they watch on a MONITOR while Crawford eats a slice of pizza.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sean reads from a piece of paper.

SEAN

Criminal possession of a weapon, trespass, discon, menacing, menacing again. You have more arrests than birthdays, Edwin. I'm willing to bet that this won't be your last brush with my department. But if you help me out and we score big, I get a promotion.

EDWIN

Who gives a fuck.

SEAN

You should, because in a few months when you inevitably fuck up again, I'll be in a great position to pull the strings to get you released. I understand that kind of forward thinking isn't usually part of your profession. But if you're smart enough to flush the drugs, you're smart enough not to flush this opportunity.

Edwin's demeanor softens. And Sean cracks a small smile.

INT. DETECTIVE SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Duncan and Regina watch as Sean and Banks enter.

SEAN

Reynaldo Calderon. Operates out of Club Milky Way on Nostrand. He only deals in weight.

DUNCAN

Calderon?

REGINA

You know him?

DUNCAN  
By reputation.

SEAN  
And?

DUNCAN  
And this could be very good. For  
all of us.

INT. BEDROOM - SEAN AND REGINA'S ROWHOUSE - NIGHT

Sean and Regina tear each other's clothes off as Sean skillfully closes the bedroom door, locking out two GOLDEN RETRIEVERS barking like mad to get inside.

Regina pulls Sean onto the bed where she mounts him and they move together in loud passionate rhythm--

--until Regina falls back onto the bed. They bask in a calming silence that is immediately broken by a WOLF WHISTLE and--

VOICE (O.S.)  
Oooh, shit, that was hot.

Sean reaches up and closes their WINDOW, barely muting APPLAUSE as we see how shitty their living situation is, a typical low rent, NYC stacked box bullshit.

INT. AFTER HOURS CLUB - SOUTH BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Duncan lounges on a couch, a young REDHEAD in his lap and a BLONDE giving him a backrub. Crawford makes out with a black girl as Duncan turns to a FAT Dominican dude, 25, REYNALDO.

DUNCAN  
We do a 60/40 split on the buy  
money.

REYNALDO  
And I'm supposed to use real  
product?

DUNCAN  
I'll get it back. I got a guy in  
the property clerk's office that  
can take care of that.

REYNALDO  
Who you sending in?

DUNCAN  
A boy scout and the woman.

REYNALDO  
This bitch that knocked out Edwin?

DUNCAN  
Play nice. It's nothing you can't handle.

REYNALDO  
You know I like a challenge.

Reynaldo considers this as he runs his finger down his girl's back, another loud thunderclap hammering down as we cut to--

INT. CLUB MILKY WAY - SOUTH BROOKLYN - NIGHT

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

Sean. He sits in a half moon booth opposite REYNALDO. Between them, Regina. Reynaldo looks into a Nike GYM BAG. It's filled with banded \$100's. Lot of them. Sean grabs the gym bag. Asks--

SEAN  
You a dog man or a cat man,  
Reynaldo?

REYNALDO  
I don't do pets. Too much of a  
commitment.

SEAN  
But you know dogs.

REYNALDO  
Yeah, I know dogs.

SEAN  
Are you the type of dog that sniffs  
around his food and looks for  
approval before eating, or are you  
the type that snatches the bone?

REYNALDO  
I wouldn't know. I only eat pussy.

He takes a long look at Regina. Sean looks at his fat ass.

SEAN  
Must be some high calorie pussy.

REYNALDO  
I know what kind of dog you are.

SEAN  
What's that?

REYNALDO  
The kind of yappy bitch who won't  
shut the fuck up and just chill.  
Have a drink.

Reynaldo eyes Sean hard as we cut to--

INT. PASSENGER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Duncan listens in on headphones in the back of the van,  
Crawford in the driver's seat. Off his look of concern--

INT. CLUB MILKY WAY - SOUTH BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

Sean laughs to himself.

SEAN  
What is this, middle school? You  
want us to drink or you want to  
finish our business?

REYNALDO  
I grew up in the D.R. outside Santo  
Domingo. They had elections every  
two years, and here's what would  
happen. A truck would roll up to my  
street driven by the politician.

Reynaldo pours himself another.

REYNALDO (CONT'D)  
The truck was filled with boxes of  
new shoes. We were poor as shit, so  
this was better than Christmas.  
He'd hand out all the boxes, and  
you'd open them up in excitement.  
You know what was inside?

SEAN  
Shoes?

REYNALDO  
One shoe. He'd tell us we'd get the  
other shoe once he was elected.

SEAN  
That's fucked up.

REYNALDO  
What's fucked up is that we never  
got the other shoe. I learned  
early. Get both shoes up front.

SEAN  
How's that affect us?

REYNALDO  
We can finish business right now.  
But I do it with Regina. Solo.

Sean and Regina share a look.

SEAN  
No dice. My money. My call.

Sean grabs the GYM BAG. Then stops as we cut back out to--

INT. PASSENGER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Duncan speaks into a mic.

DUNCAN  
Let her go, Sean. You're gonna  
spook him.

INT. CLUB MILKY WAY - CONTINUOUS

Duncan's orders hit both Sean and Regina. But Regina's tough.  
She tells Sean--

REGINA  
It's cool. I got this.

Sean looks at her with surprise. Reluctantly gives her the  
gym bag. Reynaldo gets up. Tells Sean--

REYNALDO  
She knows what she wants.  
(to Regina)  
C'mon. Shit's in my car.

Sean watches as they walk away. Then scans the club. Finds  
what he's looking for--

BANKS, hovering near the bar.

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

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Regina and Reynaldo approach an early model LINCOLN.

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

REGINA  
Where is it?

REYNALDO  
In the back seat. Get in.

Regina, reluctant. Worried. Off her look we cut to-

EXT. SHITHOLE STRETCH OF SOUTH BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Cassandra and the Drunk Grimy Man, opposite the liquor store.

MAN  
If I was gonna do it, I'd want a  
fucking gun.

Cassandra smiles. Speak of the devil and she shall appear. She withdraws a GUN. Not menacing. Just displaying. It has a beautiful inlay of a silhouetted woman on the grip.

MAN (CONT'D)  
You want me to rob that liquor  
store?

CASSANDRA  
No, sweetie. They don't carry my  
brand. Why don't you run down to  
that other spot and get some more.

MAN  
In the rain? Fuck that.

Cassandra points the gun at the Man.

CASSANDRA  
I could convince you.

The Man tenses up. She drops the gun. Hands him a \$20 bill.

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

INT. CLUB MILKY WAY - SOUTH BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

Sean and Banks confer by the bar.

SEAN

I got a bad feeling. Duncan, what's going on?

INT. PASSENGER VAN - CONTINUOUS

Duncan listens in on his headphones. We hear what he hears. Sounds of a struggle. Rough breathing. Fighting. A female voice. But this ain't what Duncan reports to Sean.

DUNCAN

Her fucking wire's down.

Off this monumental lie, we cut back to--

INT. CLUB MILKY WAY - SOUTH BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

Sean turns to Banks. Nods for him to follow.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

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

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

It's rocking on its axles.

BANKS

You take cover, I'll take point.

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

Sean rushes down the alley.

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

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

Sean grabs the door handle. Yanks back. Locked.

SEAN

Police! Open--

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

He jumps back. Aims into the car.

But he sees REGINA. He has no shot.

Another GUNSHOT from Reynaldo clears Sean back.

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

The Lincoln tears ass in reverse down the alley.

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

Regina. Ejected from the car by Reynaldo.

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

REGINA  
He's got the buy money.

Sean, torn, till Regina pleads--

REGINA (CONT'D)  
Just go.

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

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

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

BANKS  
He's driving north on 3rd Avenue.

INT. DUNCAN'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Crawford drives. Duncan sits shotgun, radio in hand.

DUNCAN  
Lay off, Sean. We'll get a warrant  
on him in the morning.

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

Sean turns to Banks.

SEAN  
I can fucking get him.

Off Banks's look of concern, Sean speeds up.  
He's gaining on Reynaldo. Weaving in and out of traffic.  
As they approach each intersection, Banks shouts--

BANKS  
Clear.

Another intersection. They're coming fast.

BANKS (CONT'D)  
Clear.

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

EXT. BODEGA - CONTINUOUS

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

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

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

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

BANKS  
Sean!

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

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

BOOM

Sean slams into the Drunk Man at 80 mph.

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

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

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

EXT. 3RD AVENUE - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

Sean flinches as tires SCREECH behind him--

DUNCAN'S CAR.

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

ACROSS THE STREET

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

CASSANDRA.

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

INT. KING'S COUNTY HOSPITAL - TRIAGE - NIGHT

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

DOCTOR

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

Sean nods. This is hard for him to absorb. He looks past the Doctor through the open door of the PATIENT ROOM - Regina sleeps, her arms propped up in casts.

SEAN

Can I see her?

DOCTOR

It's best to let her sleep. She just finished with the O.B.

SEAN

The O.B.?

The Doctor immediately understands the subtext.

DOCTOR

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

Sean, floored. He didn't know she was pregnant.

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

DUNCAN

There's someone you need to meet.

INT. HOSPITAL CAFETERIA - NIGHT

Duncan leads Sean to a table in the corner occupied by a MAN, black, 50s, in an expensive suit - MARVIN BRYANT. Marvin slides a coffee to Sean as Sean and Duncan sit down.

DUNCAN

This is Marvin Bryant.

SEAN

You with the union?

DUNCAN

Dressed like that? Not exactly. He represented the Diallo cops, the Louima cops, three of the Sean Bell cops and most of the Dirty 30. He got acquittals for almost everyone.

MARVIN BRYANT

Not with Louima, though if you sodomize a prisoner with a toilet plunger, that's beyond me.

SEAN

You're saying there'll be a trial?

MARVIN BRYANT

The Brooklyn DA's already gathering evidence. They'll convene a grand jury, but it's doubtful you'll be indicted.

A look of relief from Sean, but it's short lived.

MARVIN BRYANT (CONT'D)

It's the civil trial we have to worry about. The union will back you. The Department won't.

SEAN

It was an accident.

MARVIN BRYANT

Doesn't matter. The Department's getting pressure from the ACLU and every other anti-cop faction who will all proclaim from on high that aggressive police action in furtherance of a failed drug war resulted in the tragic loss of an innocent life. All three of us know that these incidents exist in a nuanced gray area, a thousand decisions and circumstances leading up to that moment. But the only thing the public will see is 'cop hits pedestrian,' as if it were premeditated.

Sean takes a big drink of his coffee. It's a lot to absorb.

MARVIN BRYANT (CONT'D)

You're a good cop, Sean. You have a clean record. No shootings, no IAB cases. You're not going to lose your job. It's more a matter of how much of your career can you salvage.

Sean nods his head in comprehension.

SEAN

What do you need from me?

Marvin doesn't even hesitate.

MARVIN BRYANT

A check.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

A dazed Sean exits the hospital with Duncan and Marvin only to be blinded by--

A FLASH--

From a PHOTOGRAPHER, this image freezing and then morphing into a PAGE 1 photo in the *New York Post* under the headline - ***PED-EXED! Cop Plows Pedestrian in Gruesome Accident!***

We hold on that photo as we begin a MONTAGE, starting with--

INT. SEAN AND REGINA'S HOUSE - DAY

Sean pours a smoothie as his two GOLDEN RETRIEVERS try to get at the food. Sean plops a straw into the smoothie. The dogs follow Sean as he passes a REAL ESTATE AGENT showing his house on his way into the--

BASEMENT, where he sets the smoothie next to REGINA, her arms in casts, sweating as she works out her legs on a BOWFLEX as we then move to another--

NEWSPAPER ARTICLE - This one on PAGE 13, a photo of Sean flanked by a beaming Marvin Bryant walking down the steps at 100 Centre Street under the Headline - *Officer Stewart's Trial Moved to Albany.*

INT. ONE BEDROOM APARTMENT - QUEENS - DAY

A LANDLORD shows Sean and Regina a shitty apartment. 80s style appliances, the bedroom window facing a brick wall.

LANDLORD  
Rent on the first, two months  
security deposit. And no pets.

Off Sean's look, shattered, another--

NEWSPAPER ARTICLE - Now PAGE 37. One paragraph. No photo.  
HEADLINE - *Cop Acquitted in Accident*, our final image being--

INT. ASPCA - MANHATTAN - DAY

Sean leads his two golden retrievers into the pound. Watches as a HANDLER takes them away. We hold on Sean, watching this scene, as we pull out and--

FADE TO BLACK.

TITLE ON SCREEN - *PRESENT DAY*

FADE IN:

EXT. LARGE APARTMENT BUILDING - BROOKLYN - DAY

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

Two we recognize - LT. Duncan and Officer Crawford.

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

INT. BASEMENT HALLWAY - APARTMENT BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

The four cops head to the **BUILDING MANAGER**. Duncan pushes the door open.

DUNCAN  
Apartment 8G.

The Building Manager reluctantly grabs a RING of KEYS.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)  
One other thing.

BUILDING MANAGER  
I know. The water.

INT. HALLWAY - EIGHTH FLOOR - DAY

Duncan and his team approach APARTMENT 8G.

Duncan quietly inserts a KEY into the lock. Then bursts into the apartment, all of the cops following and yelling--

ALL FOUR COPS  
Police! Don't fucking move!

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

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

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

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

INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT 8G - CONTINUOUS

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

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

The Black Guy on the couch, ANDRE can only shake his head. Crawford turns to the hot black girl.

CRAWFORD  
You ever fuck a cop?

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

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

Crawford lunges at the girl, but Duncan holds him back.

DUNCAN  
Relax, Crawford. Go secure the  
bathroom.

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

CRAWFORD  
Fuck you guys.

Still pissed, he heads down the hallway. KICKS down the bathroom door. The kid on the other side jumps back.

Crawford observes the WATER in the TOILET is moving.

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

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

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

INT. PRECINCT - OUTSIDE THE PRISONER HOLDING PEN - DAY

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sean opens his desk drawer. Grabs a SANI-WIPE. Picks up the bag with the wipe. Gets up and keys his way into a locked room behind him marked **EVIDENCE**, match cutting the SOUND of the door closing to--

INT. CRAWFORD'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

The SOUND of a Zippo LIGHTER being flicked open.

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

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

Crawford pulls onto a quiet, industrial street.

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

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

CRAWFORD  
Police! Get on the fucking wall.

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

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

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

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

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

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

DESTINY  
What the fuck did I do?

CRAWFORD  
Your job.

INT. CRAWFORD'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Crawford pulls over on a deserted street. Opens his fly.

DESTINY

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

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - 138TH STREET - NIGHT

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

DESTINY

Just gimme a minute to freshen up.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

INT. STUDIO APARTMENT - 138TH STREET - CONTINUOUS

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

DESTINY

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

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

INT. INTERVIEW ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

DESTINY

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

CIPRIANO  
He ID the team?

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

Cipriano looks to his right. Through the one way glass -  
Crawford sits handcuffed to a desk. Red eyed, fearful.  
Cipriano turns to Hector.

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

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - PRECINCT - NIGHT

Sean goes through a checklist, coordinating voucher numbers  
with vouchered evidence. A RUMBLE as he reaches to a higher  
shelf, causing a BOX of vouchers to fall on his head. This  
job sucks.

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

FAT COP  
Check this out.

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

SEAN  
Where'd you get this?

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

SEAN  
We don't do transpos.

But the Fat Cop is already out the door.

INT. PRISONER HOLDING PEN AREA - CONTINUOUS

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

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

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

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

SEAN  
This rain ever gonna let up?

Banks shrugs. Looks thoughtfully out the window.

CASSANDRA  
Does it make it hard to see?

SEAN  
What?

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

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

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

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

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

Sean and Banks share a look. This is eerie.

SEAN  
Have we met before?

CASSANDRA  
Not formally.

SEAN  
But you know me?

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

BANKS

You have a great memory, you know that.

CASSANDRA

Pardon?

BANKS

You read about us in the papers?

CASSANDRA

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

BANKS

About what?

CASSANDRA

Not you.

(to Sean)

You. Working in the evidence room. That's beneath you. Your talents lie elsewhere.

SEAN

Where's that?

CASSANDRA

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

SEAN

(laughs)

Oh yeah?

Cassandra leans forward.

CASSANDRA

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

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

BANKS

You got anything for me?

CASSANDRA

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

Sean absorbs this potential threat. Banks whips around.

BANKS  
What do you know about my son?

CASSANDRA  
That's it.

BANKS  
What's it?

Cassandra points with her head.

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

She's right. Sean pulls over.

INT. CENTRAL BOOKING - PROCESSING DESK - NIGHT

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

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

BANKS  
Who is it?

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

INT. PETER LUGER STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

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

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

DUNCAN  
You been here before?

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

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

SEAN  
Why's that?

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

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

SEAN  
You already have a full team.

DUNCAN  
No. I'm down one.

SEAN  
Who?

DUNCAN  
Crawford. He's out.

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

SEAN  
What happened to Crawford?

INT. HALF MOON HOTEL - HALLWAY - NIGHT

We track with DETECTIVE CIPRIANO down the hall into--  
ROOM 1013. Uniformed cops stand guard outside the open door.  
Inside, Hector is distraught.

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

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

Cip approaches the shattered window looking out to the beach.  
There's something off about the whole situation.

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

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

INT. PETER LUGER STEAK HOUSE - NIGHT

The SOUND of a WINE BOTTLE being UNCORKED.

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

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

SEAN

Why me?

DUNCAN

You're a good cop. You have the  
requisite experience. More  
importantly, you're loyal. I  
admired how you took responsibility  
for what happened four years ago.  
And this job I have for us requires  
that kind of loyalty.

SEAN

The Department's OK with this?

DUNCAN

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

SEAN

And I'm three years away from  
retirement. I get back into  
narcotics. The chaos. The  
unpredictability. I don't know.

DUNCAN

Is that really it?

SEAN

For the most part.

Duncan takes a drink of wine. He's not buying it.

DUNCAN

You know what I do?

SEAN

I have an idea.

DUNCAN

And you have a problem with that?

SEAN

I don't know if it's for me.

DUNCAN

But you've thought about it.

SEAN  
Every cop thinks about it.

DUNCAN  
But not every cop acts on it. Why?

SEAN  
Integrity.

DUNCAN  
Fear. The public expects a certain level of police corruption. You give guys a gun and the power to arrest, it's natural. What they won't stand for is above and beyond. You got Officer Justin Volpe. Guy sticks a plunger up a perp's ass, he gets 30 years. Sgt. Kevin Nannery of the Dirty 30 rips off drug dealers to the tune of a couple million. Gets probation. You conquer that fear of consequence, you can do anything.

He now has Sean's attention.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)  
The Sean I knew four years ago was ambitious. He had a plan. Work undercover, get your detective's shield, climb the ladder. That path is closed. I'm offering a better one.

Sean is now very intrigued. But he hesitates.

SEAN  
I need to think about it.

DUNCAN  
You mean consult with Regina.

Sean smiles in reply. Duncan knows him well.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)  
If you're still interested tomorrow morning, meet me at Greenwood Cemetery at 9.

INT. BEDROOM - SEAN AND REGINA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - Regina. Sexy in lingerie. She paces back and forth. Eyes Sean, seated on the bed.

REGINA  
Maybe that prisoner was right.

SEAN  
About what?

REGINA  
You taking over. For Duncan.

SEAN  
That woman was crazy.

REGINA  
She called it about Crawford.

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

Regina approaches Sean. Seductive. Authoritative.

REGINA  
Or maybe you man up and you take it.

This hits Sean hard. Calling out his manhood.

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

Regina lifts her shirt, revealing a SCAR on her abdomen. Right where she lost her baby. She touches Sean's hand to it.

REGINA (CONT'D)  
And we've both made sacrifices.

SEAN  
I can't believe what you're telling me.

REGINA  
Good. Keep saying that. Use that good nature to your advantage.

SEAN  
What do you mean?

REGINA  
You're nice. Duncan will never see it coming.

She leans in. Kisses him on the mouth.

REGINA (CONT'D)  
You've played the good cop, Sean.  
Look how that turned out.

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

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

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

Frankie eyes a dark Jeep Grand Cherokee that pulls a U-Turn in the middle of the street. Frankie smiles. Approaches the car as the window rolls down to reveal BANKS.

BANKS  
You hungry?

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

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

Frankie considers. Takes a bag offered by Banks.

FRANKIE  
Thanks, pops.

BANKS  
You made any collars yet?

FRANKIE  
They just got me writing quality of life tickets.

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

FRANKIE  
A white woman? In this neighborhood?

EXT. GREENWOOD CEMETERY - BROOKLYN - DAY

Sean drives up to a deserted stretch of road in the cemetery.

Waiting for him under the cover of a mausoleum awning -  
DUNCAN, OFFICER ANGUS and OFFICER LENNOX.

Sean exits the car. Duncan extends his hand.

DUNCAN  
Glad you made it.

SEAN  
Me too.

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

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

The man slowly comes into focus.

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

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

REYNALDO  
Who's this?

DUNCAN  
The new Crawford.

SEAN  
You don't remember me?

REYNALDO  
Nope.

SEAN  
Four years ago. Club Milky Way.

Reynaldo snaps his fingers in recognition.

REYNALDO  
You were with that hot bitch.

SEAN  
Regina. That's my wife.

REYNALDO  
I'm sorry, bro. A woman that  
fine...I couldn't help myself.

SEAN  
That's an excuse?

REYNALDO  
I'm just saying.

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

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

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

DUNCAN  
Go cool off in the car.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Sean watches as Duncan, Angus and Lennox talk to Reynaldo, his face filled with rage.

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

SEAN  
That fucking guy--

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

SEAN  
What's he get out of this?

DUNCAN  
Ten percent.

SEAN  
Of?

Duncan grins before breaking the news.

DUNCAN  
One point six mill.

Sean's reaction - *Holy shit.*

INT. PIZZA SHOP ON THE FULTON MALL - BROOKLYN - DAY

Sean and Regina sit in a booth in back, Regina in uniform. The place is busy, including TWO 16 year-old BOYS loudly hitting on a 14 year-old GIRL.

REGINA  
What's your cut?

SEAN  
One sixty.

REGINA  
Of one point six?

SEAN  
It's more than we make in a year,  
Regina. Combined.

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

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

REGINA  
You can't do that. Not now.

Sean considers. Meanwhile, one of the boys shouts at the girl-

TEENAGE BOY 1  
Bitch, I know you got your period.  
I can smell that shit from here.

The girl, sweet looking, seems uncomfortable. Sean clocks her along with a few PATRONS, nobody doing anything, before turning back to Regina.

SEAN  
So, what, I ask for more money?

REGINA  
It's not about the money. Shit  
rolls down hill, Sean. That's why  
we're treading water and Lieutenant  
Duncan dodged the grand jury four  
years ago. You need to be in  
control. Money comes and goes.  
Power stays till you relinquish it.

TEENAGE BOY 2  
Nope. You ain't going nowhere.

The Teens block the girl's path as she tries to exit. Sean watches, absorbed, before Regina breaks back in.

REGINA

And who's to say how long Duncan's been colluding with Reynaldo. For all we know they were working together the night of your accident.

SEAN

We don't know that.

REGINA

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

SEAN

You know how it makes me feel.

REGINA

So what do you want to do?

SEAN

I want to kill him.

REGINA

Now Sean, what did you want to do the night that Reynaldo assaulted me?

SEAN

Jesus, Regina.

REGINA

Say it.

SEAN

I wanted to hold off on the deal. Then I wanted to follow you to his car.

REGINA

But you didn't.

SEAN

I was following Duncan's orders.

REGINA

Exactly. Duncan's orders superseded your instincts.

(MORE)

REGINA (CONT'D)

You could have stopped it the first time by withholding the money from Reynaldo or even the second time by following me to his car. You wanted to do both, but you did neither.

This hits Sean hard.

REGINA (CONT'D)

You brought this up to me. If you're not man enough to see it through, just tell me. If you are, then maybe it's time you quit being afraid to turn your instincts into action.

Sean absorbs this as he sees the TEENS grope the girl. Still, no one does anything. Regina follows Sean's eye line. She looks horrified. She moves to get up, but she's preempted.

By SEAN. Fuming, he storms up from his seat.

Regina watches as Sean grabs both of the TEENS.

TEENAGE BOY 1

Whoa, what the fuck are you--

Sean punches the boy in the side. He yells in pain. The second TEEN tries to run, but Sean catches him. Flashes his badge to the proprietor before turning back to the boys.

SEAN

Apologize to her.

The boys hesitate. Sean gets closer. They blurt out--

TEENAGE BOYS

Yo, I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

SEAN

Now apologize to everyone here.

TEENAGE BOYS

I'm terribly sorry. I, seriously, I'm sorry.

SEAN

Now get out of here.

As they scatter, a look of thanks from the girl, applause from the patrons, surprise from Sean himself that he did it, and a sly smile from Regina as we cut out to--

EXT. PIZZA SHOP ON THE FULTON MALL - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

Sean watches the boys run down the mall. He turns to Regina.

SEAN

How do we do it?

REGINA

Leave the planning to me. I just  
need you do to one thing.

They kiss as we dissolve to--

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

Sean withdraws a plastic container from a high shelf.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

BANKS

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

SEAN

Enjoy.

BANKS

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

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

BANKS (CONT'D)

Anything bother you about that  
prisoner transpo last night?

SEAN

Yeah.

(a beat)

We shouldn't have been doing it.

INT. ELEVATOR - NIGHT

Sean secures his KEVLAR vest. Duncan turns to him.

DUNCAN

Adrenaline running?

Sean nods.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

Always makes me need to take a  
shit.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

DUNCAN

Police! Open up!

INT. APARTMENT 6B - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

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

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

BYRON

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

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

LENNOX and ANGUS wait for him, guns pointed.

INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT 6B - CONTINUOUS

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

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

Lennox heads to the BEDROOM. Angus to the KITCHEN.

DUNCAN

Which one of you is Byron Hamilton?

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

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

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

SEAN

We got Junior Maddox out of  
Bayonne, New Jersey.

Sean goes for Byron. Searches. Finds his ID.

SEAN (CONT'D)

And Byron Hamilton. Another Jersey  
boy. He's out of Newark.

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

DUNCAN

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

BYRON

Taking care of my grandmother.

DUNCAN

That's very considerate of you.

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

INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

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

DUNCAN  
Where is it?

BYRON  
Where is what?

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

Byron reluctantly gets up. Duncan leads him into the kitchen.

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

Off Byron, stone-faced, Duncan continues.

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

BYRON  
What's the third way?

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

INT. HALLWAY - NIGHT

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

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

NICOLE  
Can I help you?

BYRON  
Just wake him up, Nicole.

INT. LIVING ROOM - APARTMENT 4H - CONTINUOUS

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

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

THE KID'S BEDROOM

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

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

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

INT. SHITTY MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

Four beer bottles CLINK cheers.

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

SEAN

What happens from here?

Duncan taps the DUFFEL BAG filled with heroin.

DUNCAN

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

He looks to the whole group.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

--we make a healthy contribution to our retirement funds.

LENNOX

Shit, I might retire tomorrow.

Lennox kills his beer. Turns to Angus.

LENNOX (CONT'D)

You want a lift?

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

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

He reaches for his ankle holster. Still secure.

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

DUNCAN

You OK?

SEAN

Yeah. Adrenaline's still going.

DUNCAN

Bathroom's right there.

Sean laughs nervously.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)

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

SEAN

Nope. Not exactly.

DUNCAN

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

Sean nods. Appreciative. But something bothers him.

SEAN

Can I ask you a question?

DUNCAN

What's up?

SEAN

Were you working with Reynaldo the night I had my accident?

DUNCAN

You really want to know that?

SEAN

Yeah. I do.

DUNCAN

Reynaldo and I had a deal. 60/40 split on the buy money. But Reynaldo had a thing for Regina.

SEAN

Clearly.

DUNCAN  
Reynaldo got a little carried away,  
Regina fought back. Then you jumped  
in the mix. Turned into a  
clusterfuck.

CLOSE ON - SEAN, his uncomfortable realization.

DUNCAN (CONT'D)  
Look, I was gonna give you a cut  
but I didn't think you were ready  
for that revelation. I hope you  
understand.

Sean's hand is now steady, his face resolute.

SEAN  
Completely.

An uncomfortable silence broken by--

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

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

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Don't worry. Just a little thank  
you gift.

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

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

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

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

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

SEAN  
You mind if I use the bathroom?

DUNCAN  
Now?

SEAN  
I'll be quick. I promise.

INT. BATHROOM - SHITTY MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

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

He reaches to his ANKLE HOLSTER. Withdraws the GUN.

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

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

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

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

INT. MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Sean bursts out of the bathroom.

DUNCAN

Fucking finally. I thought--

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

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

Sean has an easy shot. He pulls the trigger.

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

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

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

EXT. SHITTY MOTEL - CONTINUOUS

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

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

The Hooker sprints through the parking lot. In the distance - a 7-11. People milling around. She screams--

REDHEAD HOOKER

Help! Somebody, please help!

But she's too far away. She looks behind her. Sean is gaining on her.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

INT. SHITTY MOTEL - NIGHT

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

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

SEAN  
The fucking gun jammed.

REGINA  
Where is it?

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

REGINA  
Sean, where is it?

SEAN  
What, where is what?

REGINA  
The gun. The fucking gun.

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

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

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

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

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

REGINA (CONT'D)  
Your gloves.

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

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

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

REGINA (CONT'D)  
Sean.

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

EXT. SHITTY MOTEL - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

A Lincoln pulls up. Parks. A MAN steps out of the car - REYNALDO. He looks around when Sean steps out of the shadows.

REYNALDO  
You got my cut?

Sean nods. Motions for him to come inside, when another person steps out of the shadows. Reynaldo can't believe it.

REYNALDO (CONT'D)

I know you.

It's Regina. They share a look, Reynaldo's arrogance turning to fear in the face of Regina's emotional anger. It's over before he can react. Two GUNSHOTS end Reynaldo.

Sean approaches an emotional Regina. They share a kiss. Then Regina breaks away. Heads to Reynaldo as Sean gets on his cell, stating frantically--

SEAN

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

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

REYNALDO. Dead on his back, holding the very GUN that Sean had stolen.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON - A cup of coffee.

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

CIPRIANO

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

SEAN

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

CIPRIANO

I'm Detective Walter Cipriano,  
Internal Affairs.

SEAN

Sean.

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

CIPRIANO

You ready?

Sean nods. Cip hits RECORD on a TAPE RECORDER.

SEAN

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

CIPRIANO

I'm not following.

SEAN

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

CIPRIANO

A prostitute?

SEAN

That's what I assumed. Duncan had a thing for, uh, for girls. We all knew it was his weak spot. I tell him thanks but no thanks, not really my thing. He says he'll be at the Motel 6 if I reconsider.

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

Sean drives along a residential street, his face conflicted.

SEAN (V.O.)

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

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

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Sean exits his car. Approaches the motel.

SEAN (V.O.)

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

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

SEAN  
Police! Stop.

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

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (END FLASHBACK)

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

CIPRIANO  
You hear what they were arguing about?

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

CIPRIANO  
Reynaldo Calderon.

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

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

CIPRIANO  
Very detailed guesswork.

SEAN  
That not match up to something you got?

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SEAN  
 What are you talking about?

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

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

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

CIPRIANO  
 Well how'd it feel?

SEAN  
 It hasn't sunk in yet.

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Sean pulls up to his apartment building in the rain. Sees TWO CARS parked in front of his building. He looks to their bumpers. Notices NYPD decals.

INT. SEAN'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY

Sean enters to see Regina having coffee with Lennox & Angus. No one's talking. Sean looks to Lennox.

SEAN  
You two been waiting long?

LENNOX  
Your wife made coffee.

ANGUS  
Very hospitable.

Angus and Lennox are playing it cool with Regina there.

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

This lands on Lennox. He turns to Sean as Regina heads out.

LENNOX  
She knows?

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

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

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

ANGUS  
What the fuck happened?

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

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

EXT. MOTEL PARKING LOT - NIGHT (BEGIN FLASHBACK)

Sean drives through the parking lot.

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

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

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

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

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

Sean shoots him dead. Grabs the duffel bag.

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

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

LENNOX  
That thieving motherfucker.

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

ANGUS  
What now?

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

LENNOX  
Through who?

SEAN  
Duncan's connect in the Bronx.

ANGUS  
That was Duncan's connect.

SEAN  
So you two have no idea who he is?

Lennox and Angus shake their heads.

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

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

LENNOX  
Are you fucking nuts?

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

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - DAY

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

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

Regina jumps. It's her sergeant, SGT. MARTINEZ, 40s.

SGT. MARTINEZ  
You have a second?

INT. SGT. MARTINEZ'S OFFICE - DAY

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

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

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

REGINA  
Just the basics. Something about a  
motel.

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

REGINA  
Oh yeah?

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

REGINA

OK.

SGT. MARTINEZ

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

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

SGT. MARTINEZ (CONT'D)

You wanted your shot, Regina. This is it. Could be a great entree to your detective's shield. Make yourself a good impression.

INT. ROWHOUSE - QUEENS - DAY

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

CIPRIANO

You're up early.

RYAN

I have school, dad.

Cip shakes his head. He tried.

CIPRIANO

Where's your mother?

RYAN

Out back talking to Cecilia.

CIPRIANO

Jesus.

EXT. CIP'S HOUSE - BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS

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

LAURA

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

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

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

Cip takes Laura inside where he notices her hand is bleeding.

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

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

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

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

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

CIPRIANO  
I'm here.

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

LAURA  
You gonna go back in?

Cip takes the call. The convo is brief.

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

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

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

INT. FIREARMS DISCHARGE REVIEW BOARD - DAY

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

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

LAB TECH  
It'll be a few minutes.

INT. WAITING AREA - FIREARMS DISCHARGE REVIEW BOARD - DAY

Cip and Hector drink coffee as they wait.

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

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

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

Cip nods appreciatively before telling Hector--

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

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

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

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

HECTOR  
Solved or unsolved?

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

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

Cip gets up. Paces. Turns to Hector.

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

HECTOR  
So?

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

INT. CLUB - NIGHT

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

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

INT. CLUB OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

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

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

SEAN  
Then why take the meeting?

BYRON  
Because you're cops.

Sean takes a seat. Gets comfortable.

SEAN  
Exactly.

BYRON  
Exactly what, motherfucker?

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

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

SEAN  
You're from Jersey, right?

BYRON  
You know I am.

SEAN  
But we're in Brooklyn, which tells me you're expanding into New York. That kind of expansion comes with costs. In bodies. And expenditures.

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

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

Byron and Junior share a look. This is intriguing.

BYRON  
What's that gonna cost?

SEAN  
Nothing.

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

BYRON  
Then what the fuck do you want?

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

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

BYRON  
50/50?

Sean nods. Byron takes a moment.

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

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

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

BYRON

We have one issue.

SEAN

What?

BYRON

Your team stole the product that I would have sold to get you your cash. There is a solution, and frankly I'd like a show of good faith given that the last team we spoke I was looking down the barrel of your gun.

SEAN

What do you need?

BYRON

Untaxed cigarettes.

SEAN

What the fuck do I want with untaxed cigarettes?

BYRON

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

EXT. CLUB - PARKING LOT - NIGHT

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

LENNOX

You know a cop named Banks?

SEAN

Yeah. Why?

LENNOX

Do you trust him?

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LOWER MANHATTAN - MORNING

Banks sips coffee, an incredulous look on his face.

BANKS

You lost a voucher?

Opposite Banks - Cip and Hector.

CIPRIANO

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

BANKS

So go check yourselves. I'll give you the key.

CIPRIANO

IAB shows up at the precinct, every chatty Cathy from the duty captain on down starts playing whisper down the lane. A small task like this snowballs into a goddamn police corruption commission. I'd prefer more discretion.

BANKS

So what is this? An audit?

CIPRIANO

An investigation.

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

BANKS

Does this have something to do with Sean Stewart?

Cip and Hector share a look.

CIPRIANO

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

BANKS

And you think Sean took it?

HECTOR

We didn't say anything about Sean. You did.

BANKS  
Sean's a good cop.

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

Banks shakes his head. Laughs to himself.

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

He gets up, but Cip stops him.

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

Banks returns to his seat. Cip got his attention.

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

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

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

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

SEAN, a saddened and disappointed look on his face.

INT. OFFICE OF THE CHIEF MEDICAL EXAMINER - DAY

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

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

REGINA

None. She was fresh.

PATHOLOGIST

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

REGINA

What is it?

The Pathologist pushes open the door to the moratorium.

PATHOLOGIST

DNA from the father.

REGINA

You can trace her parents?

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

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

PATHOLOGIST

We discovered it during the autopsy.

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

REGINA

She was pregnant?

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY

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

Observing from down the street - SEAN.

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

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

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

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

VOICE (O.S.)

Marcus.

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

BANKS

Jesus, Sean. What're you doing here?

SEAN

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

Banks nods, still sweating, as Sean asks--

SEAN (CONT'D)

What about you? Your tour doesn't start for another three hours.

BANKS

Just getting some overtime.

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

SEAN

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

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

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'll save you the trouble. I took it.

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

SEAN (CONT'D)

Let's get a drink. I'll explain.

INT. BAR - DAY

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

SEAN

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

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

SEAN (CONT'D)

What I'd do is target pre 9/11 guns. Glocks. Sigs.

(MORE)

SEAN (CONT'D)

Whatever had the most street value.  
Then I'd file off the serial  
number, shred the vouchers and  
drive 'em up to Rhode Island.  
Massachusetts, even. Sell 'em for  
as much as I could get.

Banks shakes his head in comprehension.

SEAN (CONT'D)

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

BANKS

Jesus Christ, Sean.

SEAN

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

BANKS

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

SEAN

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

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

SEAN (CONT'D)

So what were you doing looking for  
it? What tipped you off?

Banks considers this very important question.

BANKS

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

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

INT. ITALIAN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

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

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

REGINA

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

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

REGINA (CONT'D)

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

Sean, still deep in thought.

REGINA (CONT'D)

Sean, are you listening to me?

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

SEAN

What, Regina? What the fuck do you  
want!

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

REGINA

I'm just trying to talk to you.

SEAN

So talk.

REGINA

I've been talking.

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

SEAN

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

REGINA

Where? What are you thinking?

Sean considers before telling her--

SEAN  
It's better you not know.

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

INT. SEAN AND REGINA'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Sean and Regina drive in awkward silence. Till Sean breaks it-

SEAN  
What if I told you there was a  
threat?

REGINA  
From who?

SEAN  
From, you know, from IAB.

REGINA  
We knew they were going to  
investigate. What's the threat?

SEAN  
You're gonna think I'm nuts.

REGINA  
Either tell me or don't.

SEAN  
It's something that prisoner said.  
About Frankie.

REGINA  
Frankie's working with IAB?

SEAN  
No, not really.

REGINA  
Is it something you can take care  
of?

SEAN  
Yeah.

REGINA  
Trust your gut. Don't hesitate.

EXT. BEAUTIFUL HOUSE - LONG ISLAND - NIGHT

CLOSE ON - Cip's finger ringing the DOORBELL.

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

HECTOR

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

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

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

HECTOR

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

CIPRIANO

Jesus, not at dinner, Hector.

HECTOR

Hold on, hold on, I know Ryan's gonna love this. So this ambulance is tearing ass up Grand Concourse when it rear ends Quinlan, who's on his way to the same goddamn scene. Shit happens, right. Quinlan goes line of duty with whiplash and a slipped disk. So Quinlan puts in his retirement papers, trying to pull a 75 percent medical pension. But here's the best part. He cites loss of consortium as his long term medical reason for retiring.

RYAN

What's loss of consortium?

HECTOR

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

Hector catches himself.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

--have relations with your wife.

Ryan cracks up. Cip and Laura cringe.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
So me and Cip gotta go up in a  
goddamn tree like George McFly  
trying to confirm Officer Quinlan's  
alleged ailment.  
(elbows Ryan)  
Makes you wanna be a cop, right?

RYAN  
Not really.

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

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

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

INT. TRUCK (MOVING) - NIGHT

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

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

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

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

EXT. DESOLATE STRETCH OF INDUSTRIAL ROAD - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Sean's cop car leads the truck to a desolate stretch of road.

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

SEAN  
Show me your hands!

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

TRUCK DRIVER  
Yo, dude, check this out.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

TRUCK DRIVER  
C'mon, dude. It's fucking raining.

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

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

SEAN  
Just get on the fucking ground.

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

TRUCK DRIVER  
I know you, dude.

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

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

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

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

CLOSE ON - Sean. Now he's worried.

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

SEAN  
Oh yeah?

The Driver nods towards the back of the truck--

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

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

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

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

Lennox and Angus rush over. Sean explains--

SEAN  
He could ID me. Fuck!

LENNOX  
Then you had to do it.

EXT. STORAGE USA - NIGHT

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

INT. STORAGE USA - FRONT OFFICE - NIGHT

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

CLERK  
How much you looking to store?

SEAN  
Biggest unit you got.

CLERK  
Only elephant units left are on the top floor.

SEAN  
I'll take it.

CLERK  
Elevator's broken.

INT. STAIRWELL - STORAGE USA - NIGHT

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

EXT. STORAGE USA - NIGHT

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

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

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

INT. BYRON'S MCMANSION - KITCHEN - DAY

Sean slides a KEY across the kitchen island to BYRON.

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

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

SEAN  
I need you to take care of  
something first.

Byron, frustrated and skeptical.

BYRON  
What?

SEAN  
A mutual threat.

BYRON  
That's not really my thing.

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

Byron nods. Softens a bit, but probes.

BYRON  
Who?

Sean breaks out his smart phone. Scrolls till he finds--

A PHOTO - Of Sean with Banks and Frankie at Frankie's Academy  
graduation.

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

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

This hits Byron hard, exactly what Sean wanted.

BYRON  
He say who the informant was?

SEAN

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

BYRON

I don't know. A fucking cop?

SEAN

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

Byron considers.

BYRON

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

SEAN

Two cops.

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

BYRON

The kid? Really?

SEAN

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

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

Regina approaches four hookers - one ASIAN, one BLACK, one  
PUERTO-RICAN, one WHITE, all 20s.

BLACK HOOKER

Here we fucking go.

REGINA

Get on the wall.

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

REGINA (CONT'D)

Any of you recognize her?

ASIAN HOOKER

Who is she?

REGINA

An escort. Maybe one of you worked with her?

BLACK HOOKER

Somebody paid for that?

ASIAN HOOKER

She's paler than that Twilight bitch.

WHITE HOOKER

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

BLACK HOOKER

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

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

Regina pushes the Puerto-Rican Hooker against the wall.

REGINA

What'd you fucking say?

Regina starts to cuff her as the other girls start yelling.

INT. REGINA'S CAR (STATIONARY) - DAY

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

TRINA

I don't know her whole name.

REGINA

But you recognize her?

Trina nods.

TRINA

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

Regina writes it down as Trina points to Alexa's photo.

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

Regina can only nod. Little does Trina know.

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

REGINA  
Lucky?

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

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

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN - DAY

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

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

An NYPD softball player yells back from the dugout--

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

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

NYPD SOFTBALL PLAYER (CONT'D)  
Fucking firemen.

Frankie laughs. Tells his father--

FRANKIE  
I got my first big collar  
yesterday.

BANKS  
Oh yeah?

Frankie can't hide his excitement.

FRANKIE

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

Banks starts to pay attention as Frankie tells him--

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

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

Banks is impressed. Frankie continues.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

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

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

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Who is it?

BANKS

It's no one.

FRANKIE

Is it that guy from Internal  
Affairs again?

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

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

Just ignore it, Dad.

BANKS

I can't.

FRANKIE

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

BANKS

It's not me I'm worried about.

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

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS - CIP'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Cip, on his phone.

CIPRIANO

What do you got?

BANKS (O.S.)

It's complicated. He told me a story. I don't know if I buy it.

CIPRIANO

Well what'd he tell you?

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

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)

Lemme call you right back.

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

INT. COFFEE SHOP - LOWER MANHATTAN - DAY

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

SEAN

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

Cip eyes the list. Then Sean.

CIPRIANO

We already dumped the motel phone.

SEAN

Good, good, that's fucking great.

CIPRIANO  
It's the job.

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

CIPRIANO  
That's not me.

SEAN  
Hey, I'm just covering my ass.

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

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

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

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

CIPRIANO  
And what do you think I think you are?

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

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

Sean takes this in. Has a thought.

SEAN  
Cipriano, right?

CIPRIANO  
Yeah.

SEAN

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

This clearly hits Cip hard.

CIPRIANO

He was my brother.

SEAN

So tell me if this is accurate. I'm just going off what I remember from the papers. This guy, your brother, he's supervising this team of narcotics cops. But he has no idea they're heisting dealers, stealing stashes. One of them even bought a Ferrari, right?

Cip reluctantly nods.

SEAN (CONT'D)

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

CIPRIANO

(biting his tongue)

That's right.

SEAN

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

Cip takes a drink of coffee before replying--

CIPRIANO

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

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

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

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN - DAY

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

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

BEHIND THE TREES

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

The Black dude finishes a CIG. Drops it in a PILE on the ground.

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

He eyes the photo before passing the binoculars to the Black Hitman, who finds Banks and Frankie as cut to--

INT. PLANNED PARENTHOOD - DAY

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

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

REGINA

It's a subpoena for med recs.

GLORIA

For Alexa?

REGINA

I know it's not much to go on.

GLORIA

Red hair? Real pretty?

Regina nods.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I'm surprised they sent a cop.

REGINA

They?

GLORIA

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

REGINA

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

Gloria immediately understands the subtext.

GLORIA

Something happened to her?

REGINA

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

Gloria nods, still shaken by the news.

REGINA (CONT'D)

So she knew she was pregnant?

GLORIA

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

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

EXT. PROSPECT PARK PATHWAY - DAY

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

BANKS

You gotta be kidding me.

FRANKIE

At least it held out for the game.

BANKS

You were always more glass half full than half empty.

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

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

BANG! Banks drops to the ground.

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

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

His eyes closed. They fucking got them...

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

He gets up. Pats himself down, breathing hard. No injuries.

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

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

INT. GRIMALDI'S PIZZA - BROOKLYN - NIGHT

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

LENNOX  
You got one, Regina?

REGINA  
What's that?

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

Regina thinks. Takes a drink of water.

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

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

REGINA (CONT'D)

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

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

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

SEAN

You see that?

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

REGINA

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

Lennox and Angus can't believe this story.

REGINA (CONT'D)

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

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

REGINA (CONT'D)

Here's the weird part. All of a sudden, Jamar freezes up and hits the ground.

ANGUS

What happened? You shoot him?

REGINA

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

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

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

SEAN

Get the fuck away from me!

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

EXT. GRIMALDI'S PIZZA - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

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

SEAN

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

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

SEAN (CONT'D)

I'm not gonna steal it. I promise,  
it'll just be a second.

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

SEAN (CONT'D)

Yo, it's me.

BYRON

Who's me?

SEAN

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

BYRON

It's done. My guys did it.

SEAN

Both of them?

BYRON  
I said they did it.

Sean, intensely relieved.

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

SEAN  
Storage USA in Gravesend. Unit  
1102.

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

As Sean hangs up and gives the phone back to the Patron, he sees Regina waiting for him by the door. Sean, now in a much better mood, tells her--

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

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

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

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

SEAN  
What?

But Sean's reaction is off, and Regina notices.

REGINA  
Don't bullshit me, Sean.

SEAN  
That was the threat, OK. Banks was  
the fucking threat.

REGINA  
Banks?

SEAN  
You said trust my gut. Act. I  
fucking acted. Would you rather it  
be me? Or you?

REGINA  
He was with Frankie.

SEAN  
He had to go, too.

REGINA  
They're debriefing him tonight.

SEAN  
Who, Frankie? He's alive?

Regina nods. Sean goes white, freaked out.

REGINA  
Do we have anything to worry about?

SEAN  
Of course we don't.

REGINA  
Then why did you just turn white?

SEAN  
It's nothing. I'll, look, I'll meet  
you at home. I gotta go see  
someone.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

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

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

FRANKIE  
Please, just get me some real  
detectives.

HECTOR  
Excuse me?

Cip touches Hector's arm, calming him.

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

Frankie nods.

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

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

CIPRIANO  
And you think this is our fault?

FRANKIE  
I know it is.

CIPRIANO  
You're smart, you know that.

FRANKIE  
What?

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

Frankie storms over to Cip, but Hector catches him.

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

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

CIPRIANO  
You know about the Dirty 30?

Frankie nods.

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

Off Frankie's look of surprise, Cip continues.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)

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

Frankie's pacing, taking this all in.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)

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

FRANKIE

What happened to him?

CIPRIANO

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

Shock from Frankie.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)

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

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

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)

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

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

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - PROSPECT PARK, BROOKLYN - DAY

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

CIPRIANO

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

FRANKIE

That's right.

CIPRIANO

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

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

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)

Do you remember bumping into anyone  
strange yesterday? Asking  
directions, walking their dog,  
eyeing you funny?

Frankie shakes his head.

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

EXT. WOODS NEAR PATHWAY - CONTINUOUS

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

He starts searching the ground.

HECTOR

What're you looking for?

CIPRIANO

Signs of life.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

EXT. UPSTATE NEW YORK - DAY

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

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - CONTINUOUS

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

INT. PRISONER VISITING AREA - OSWEGO STATE PRISON - DAY

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

The industrial BUZZ of the intake door sounds. Sean looks momentarily relieved and excited as we finally see who he came all this way to visit--

CASSANDRA, the mysterious red-haired woman from the opening. She takes a seat opposite Sean.

CASSANDRA  
When they told me I had a visitor,  
I had a feeling it would be you.

SEAN  
You have a gift for that sort of  
thing.

CASSANDRA  
Or a curse. I'm the incarcerated  
one.

(MORE)

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)  
But you, Detective Stewart, you're  
a prisoner of a different color.

SEAN  
What do you mean?

CASSANDRA  
A prisoner of your fears. After  
all, this is no deposition. You're  
here for clarity. And confirmation.

Sean is taken aback by her probing. He takes a moment. Says--

SEAN  
I looked you up.

CASSANDRA  
Did you?

SEAN  
You'd never been arrested by  
Duncan, Crawford, Banks, no one.  
Your entire record was sealed. Who  
the fuck are you?

CASSANDRA  
Is that what you came here to ask  
me?

SEAN  
Stop fucking answering my questions  
with a question.

CASSANDRA  
Then ask me something worth  
answering. You drove 200 miles to  
bend my ear when you have more  
generous and attractive company at  
home. Drop the facade, detective.

SEAN  
This is fucking crazy, you know  
that.

CASSANDRA  
Yet here we sit.

Sean rubs his eyes. Shakes his head and laughs this off.  
Cassandra decides to break the impasse.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)  
I can see you're under tremendous  
pressure, so I'll begin. Are you  
ready?

Sean reluctantly nods.

CASSANDRA (CONT'D)  
You only have one person to fear.

SEAN  
Who, Frankie?

CASSANDRA  
Detective Walter Cipriano.

SEAN  
The IAB hack?

CASSANDRA  
He's the one. A real family man.  
There's nothing more important to  
him. Except, maybe, catching you.

SEAN  
So if I take him out, I'll be safe?

CASSANDRA  
Now you're putting words in my  
mouth.

SEAN  
Well how the fuck else am I  
supposed to interpret that?

CASSANDRA  
You'll be safe, Sean, until New  
Jersey is in New York.

SEAN  
That's impossible.

CASSANDRA  
I don't tell lies.

Sean laughs to himself. Takes a deep, reassuring breath.

SEAN  
Do you need anything? I can talk to  
the warden. Maybe petition the  
judge to lower your sentence.

CASSANDRA  
Sweetie, my advice is free. Taking  
it may cost, but you already have  
and your ledger's heading straight  
for the black.

INT. LOW RENT APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A little GIRL, 3, sits on the floor. Plays with a toy fire truck and a toy police car, ramming them together.

Regina, in uniform, sits on a chair covered in plastic, watching the girl play as a MAN sitting opposite her, HENRY, white, 25, his eyes filled with tears, tells Regina--

HENRY

I knew it. I just, you know, when she didn't come home that morning.

He starts to break down again before blurting out--

HENRY (CONT'D)

You go through it in your head and you start thinking the worst, like the most elaborately sick way it could happen.

REGINA

It wasn't anything like that.

HENRY

Good, you know, at least she didn't suffer. Right?

Regina nods. Struggles to find words before telling Henry--

REGINA

I can help arrange the burials if you need.

HENRY

Burials?

REGINA

For--

It dawns on Regina. Henry didn't know.

REGINA (CONT'D)

For her and the child.

HENRY

Oh my god, she was pregnant?

Regina nods. Henry can't believe it. This is killing Regina.

REGINA

Henry, I need to tell you something.

Henry looks up at her as if she's the only lifeline he has. Regina looks from him to Molly, the innocent little girl, who turns to Regina with expectant doe eyes.

Regina, teary eyed herself, can't do it with Molly looking at her like that. Regina turns back to Henry, who is now making his way to her.

HENRY

Thank you.

REGINA

What?

HENRY

This can't be easy for you, either.

Regina doesn't even know how to react.

HENRY (CONT'D)

You said you need to tell me something?

REGINA

I, I'm going to need Alexa's parent's information. For the notification.

Henry nods. Then asks Regina--

HENRY

I just have one question.

REGINA

Anything.

HENRY

Would you mind if Molly saw your police car? It would make her day.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - DAY

Henry carries Molly out into the rain as Regina walks with them. Molly's eyes light up when she sees the police car.

Molly touches the headlights. Looks to Henry with delight.

Regina is even momentarily calmed. Until Molly's hand rubs the DENT her mother kicked into the car.

Molly touches it and begins to cry. This freaks Regina out as Henry scoops Molly up and tells her--

HENRY

It's OK, sweetie. It's just a dent.

He turns to Regina, shaking his head, no idea how right his daughter is.

INT. ROWHOUSE - BROOKLYN - DAY

An elderly black WOMAN in a wheelchair watches daytime TV as we hear the DING of a microwave.

Opening the microwave - a young MAN, black - it's the HITMAN who had scoped Banks and Frankie at the park - GERMAIN.

He grabs oatmeal from the microwave. Stirs it. Brings it to his grandmother and begins feeding her.

Two bites in, he lights a cig. Takes a big drag when--

BOOM! The front AND back doors simultaneously blast open. Germain jumps up, spilling oatmeal all over his grandmother, causing her to scream.

The COPS are on him fast. A dozen ESU officers (NYPD's answer to SWAT, but more badass) tackle Germain to the ground.

EXT. ROWHOUSE - BROOKLYN - CONTINUOUS

Cip and Hector flank ESU cops who lead Germain onto the stoop. Cip tells the ESU cops--

CIPRIANO

Hold him there.

Cip and Hector walk to a waiting car with tinted windows.

INT. CHEVY IMPALA - CONTINUOUS

Cip and Hector get into the front seats. Cip turns to the backseat. FRANKIE eyes Germain through the tinted window.

CIPRIANO

You recognize him?

Frankie takes a long hard look. Finally shakes his head.

FRANKIE

It was so fast. It's just, I'm not 100 percent. All I remember are their sneakers.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Cip and Hector sit facing Germain and his LAWYER, female, black, 40s, dressed sharp.

LAWYER

Your evidence is bunk, Cip. All it proves is that my client smoked cigarettes in the park at some point in the recent past.

Cip gives her a look - *maybe yes, maybe no*. Turns to Germain.

CIPRIANO

How tall are you?

Germain looks to his Lawyer. She nods her consent.

GERMAIN

Five feet, ten inches.

CIPRIANO

Your weight?

GERMAIN

One hundred and sixty-three.

CIPRIANO

Very precise. Unlike your shooting, but what can you do.

LAWYER

What is this? You already have his pedigree sheet.

CIPRIANO

Or was it the other guy who missed? There were two of you, right?

LAWYER

Don't answer that.

CIPRIANO

We'll find out soon enough.

(to Hector)

What do you think, twenty minutes to get five guys 5'10'', 160?

HECTOR

Maybe less.

It dawns on the Lawyer.

LAWYER

You're doing a line-up?

Cip ignores her. Focuses on Germain.

CIPRIANO

Here's the thing, Germain. You or the other guy missed your target. A miracle, really. For him. Not you. Because he's waiting to ID you.

Germain shakes his head. He doesn't buy it.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)

You have two options. One, you ride this out, wait till he ID's you, and I know he will, at which point you're taken into custody and I personally see to it that your grandmother is deported back to that war torn, mud hut village in the Congo from whence you came.

This lands on Germain hard. He looks at Cip with concern.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)

Or you tell us who hired you. I bump your charges down to attempted murder. Grandma stays put.

Germain takes a moment. Leans in with irrational confidence.

GERMAIN

You are lying.

Cip smiles. Gets up, as does Hector. Tells Germain--

CIPRIANO

Come with me.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS - HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cip and Hector lead Germain and his Lawyer into a room, revealing the window side of a two way MIRROR.

Seated at a desk in the room that they're viewing - FRANKIE. Germain can't believe it.

CIPRIANO

He described you down to your sneakers, Germain. My offer expires in two minutes.

Cip is bluffing, obviously, but seeing Frankie freaked Germain out. We wait in a tense moment of silence before Germain turns to Cip.

GERMAIN

If I cooperate, you must put my grandmother in a safe place.

A nod and small smile from Cip.

And a tense look from Hector. He whispers in Cip's ear--

HECTOR

I gotta take a piss.

We track with Hector out of the interrogation room, down the hall and out the door of the building.

He heads to a dry spot under the awning of a nearby BODEGA.

He takes out his CELL. Looks around. No one. He dials as we cut to--

INT. SEAN'S CAR (MOVING) - DAY

Sean, on his cell phone. New York's skyline looms in the distance.

SEAN

Did they grand jury him?

On the other end of the line - LENNOX, at home. Intercut as needed.

LENNOX

First thing tomorrow morning.

SEAN

Then we don't have a problem.

LENNOX

Yes we fucking do.

SEAN

Relax, Lennox. We're all good. I'll take care of this tonight. Can you set up a meet with your guy?

LENNOX

He's gonna cost.

SEAN

I'll take care of the money. This guy works with Cipriano, right?

LENNOX

Yeah.

SEAN

Good. I have something for you and Angus, too.

EXT. UNDER THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - DUSK

Regina scrubs her radio car furiously with a CHAMOIS. Then stops. Inspects her work.

The DENT is still there, as is the red residue left by the Hooker's heel.

She tries to scratch out the red with her fingernail, but all that does is cause her nail to break.

She breaths hard. Teary eyed. Lets out a primal scream of frustration as we cut to--

INT. CIP'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Cip drinks tea on his couch. His son, Ryan, to his left, sleeps in front of the TV. To his right - Frankie.

He takes a swig of coffee. Turns to Cip.

FRANKIE

Who are we after?

CIPRIANO

The shooter named a drug dealer from New Jersey. Byron Hamilton.

FRANKIE

No, Cip. You're IAB. Who's the cop?

Cip eyes Frankie. Contemplates not saying. Then relents.

CIPRIANO

The shooter didn't know, but I'm almost certain it's Sean Stewart.

FRANKIE

(shocked)

Sean? Why?

CIPRIANO

I think he killed Lt. Duncan in a power grab over drug money. Likely dealing with this guy Byron. Then he targeted your dad because...because he was on to him. Why he targeted you, that remains a mystery.

FRANKIE

I'm gonna fucking--

CIPRIANO

You're not going to do anything. We are going to take care of this. Together. We're almost there, OK. There's a right way and a wrong way to do this.

Frankie paces. Considers. Nods. He then notices a PHOTO on the mantle. It shows a COP in uniform in front of an American flag. A typical NYPD portrait.

FRANKIE

This your brother?

Cip nods. Frankie studies the photo before blurting out--

FRANKIE (CONT'D)

He was ugly as sin.

Cip takes a drink of tea. Cracks a smile.

CIPRIANO

I used to tell him he was adopted.

(a beat)

From the goddamn ASPCA.

They both start to laugh as we cut to--

INT. ANGUS'S CAR (MOVING) - NIGHT

Angus drives. Lennox sits shotgun. In back - Sean and Hector.

HECTOR

He's in the Hyatt downtown. Room 1043. That's the southwest corner of the building, so it borders only one other room.

SEAN

1041 or 1045?

HECTOR

41.

Hector hands Sean a KEY CARD. Sean hands Hector an ENVELOPE. Hector checks it out. It's filled with cash.

SEAN

How's my case?

HECTOR

It's dead once you take care of this.

SEAN

Cipriano tailing us? Using any surveillance?

HECTOR

We barely have the budget to run labs.

SEAN

But he's persistent?

HECTOR

Very.

Sean takes this in. Hands Hector a small pad and a pen.

SEAN

Write down his address.

HECTOR

What the hell do you want his address for?

SEAN

Either write down his address or you write down the salon where your wife Jenny works.

INT. TARGET DEPARTMENT STORE - NIGHT

We track with Regina as she power walks across the aisles of a Target.

She passes aisles labeled *Make Up*, *Back to School*, *Home Furnishings*, finally turning into an aisle labeled *DIY*.

She scans the shelves, her eyes darting back and forth.

Until she finds what she's looking for. She grabs a BOX off the shelf.

INT. TARGET DEPARTMENT STORE - CASH REGISTER - CONTINUOUS

The CASHIER scans Regina's purchase - a box labeled ***"As Seen on TV! All Purpose Dent Remover!"***

A look of calm on Regina's face as she withdraws her wallet.

INT. HOTEL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Hector approaches the end of the hotel hallway where TWO young uniformed COPS sit watch outside of Room 1043.

HECTOR

Meal time.

UNIFORMED COP 1

Detective Cipriano told us to plant our asses here till we're relieved.

HECTOR

And I'm relieving you. For an hour.

The two cops exchange a wary look.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

You think Cip and I want two food starved watch officers going stir crazy looking at the same shitty wallpaper for twelve straight hours. We'll all be here when you get back.

The two cops get up. Hector hands them some money.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Grab me a Red Bull from that bodega near the courthouse.

They take the money. Head down the hall. Hector takes a seat. Watches as they enter the elevator.

He picks up their NY Post. COUGHS twice very loudly. A signal.

A MAN rounds the corner near the elevators.

Hector takes a quick peek at the surveillance camera facing Room 1043. Then back to his paper, though he does see the man through his peripheral vision.

White, wearing a hat pulled low, the man keys his way into Room 1041.

At that, Hector gets up. Knocks on the door of Room 1043. It takes a moment, but Germain opens the door.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
What do you want to eat?

Past Germain, Hector sees the ADJOINER DOOR between Rooms 1041 and 1043 crack open.

SEAN silently creeps up behind Germain as he tells Hector--

GERMAIN  
Are they still serving break--

POP - the silent whiff of a silencer muzzled gunshot takes Germain out.

Hector watches Germain drop to the floor. He and Sean share a look before Sean exits the same way he came as we cut to--

EXT. PRECINCT PARKING LOT - DAY

Regina pulls into a parking space in her civilian car. Grabs the Dent Remover box.

She heads to her radio car. Withdraws the dent remover from the box. Attaches the suction cups above and below the dent.

If you've ever seen late night TV ads for this, you know the type of hack job product this is. Just Google Pops-A-Dent.

Regina slowly twists the knob in the middle of the device.

She watches with growing anticipation as she hears the plastic of the quarter panel groan with exertion until--

POP - the dent pops out of place. Aside from the red scratches, it's as good as new.

Regina looks satisfied and calm for the first time in ages.

INT. CIP'S BEDROOM - DAY

Cip, in a suit, finishes knotting his tie when his cell rings. He picks up. A look of panicked shock on his face.

CIPRIANO  
Jesus Christ. I'll be right there.

INT. ROOM 1043 - HYATT HOTEL - CONTINUOUS

Hector stands in Room 1043 looking at Germain's corpse. He hangs up his cell. Scrolls through his call log.

A pained look of confliction as he dials.

INT. CIP'S HOUSE - UPSTAIRS HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Cip rushes down the hallway. KNOCKS on the bathroom door.

CIPRIANO

Meet me at the Hyatt downtown as soon as you're done.

On the other side of the door - FRANKIE, showering.

FRANKIE

What's going on?

But Cip's already gone, heading into--

INT. CIP'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Cip grabs his keys. Laura and Ryan eat breakfast at the kitchen table.

LAURA

You want to take Ryan to school on your way?

CIPRIANO

Can't.

He kisses Laura and rushes out the door. Laura shakes her head in frustration. Turns to Ryan.

LAURA

I hope you treat your future wife and children with more consideration than your father treats us.

RYAN

You think you can find someone better?

LAURA

There's a lot of people in New York.

RYAN

Jesus, Mom, he's going to work.  
You're gonna fault him for that?

Laura softens at the wisdom of her son. But the moment is short lived as we hear DOGS BARK viciously outside.

Followed almost immediately by the sound of TRASHCANS being knocked over.

Laura looks furious. She gets up.

LAURA

That's it!

She takes out her keyring. Finds a KEY. Uses it to open a drawer in the kitchen cabinet.

Ryan knows exactly what she's doing when he yells--

RYAN

Are you nuts?

Laura withdraws a GUN from the drawer.

LAURA

I just want to scare her.

EXT. CIP'S HOUSE - BACK PATIO - CONTINUOUS

The dogs continue to bark. But they're still on the neighbor's side of the fence.

Standing on Cip's side of the back patio, near the trashcans - LENNOX and ANGUS, their guns drawn.

Lennox gives Angus a look as Angus fixes the trashcan.

ANGUS

The dogs startled the shit out of  
me. What do you want.

Lennox quietly reaches for the kitchen door. Gives Angus a nod - they're ready. He goes to grab the door handle but it's pulled out of his grasp--

The reason: Laura opens the door, ready to confront the dogs.

A brief moment of awkward silence as Laura and Lennox clock each other.

But Laura sees Lennox's gun. They draw their guns together--

Laura shoots. Hits Lennox in the foot and, as he's falling, in the throat.

Startled to fuck, Angus shoots Laura as she tries to close the door. Ryan picks up Laura's gun, but he's not fast enough. Angus takes aim as we zero in on a panicked Ryan before cutting to--

INT. CIP'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Frankie, in only his pants and bare feet, hears GUNSHOTS.

He grabs his gun from his holster. Quietly opens the door.

We track with Frankie, his gun at his side, as he makes his way down the hallway and onto the stairs.

As he rounds the midpoint of the stairs, he points his gun, using the banister for cover. No one.

He continues down the stairs, into the living room, towards the kitchen.

He approaches the kitchen door. Takes a deep breath. PUSHES the door open, pointing his gun to clear the room.

But there's no need. The look on his face says it all - horrified and saddened as we reveal what he sees--

RYAN and LAURA on the floor, pools of blood at their side.

Just past them, his body halfway out the door in a gruesome pose - LENNOX.

He's bleeding from the throat, near death but not quite there yet.

Frankie kicks Lennox's gun away from him. The two men share a morbid look as we cut to--

EXT. RANCH HOUSE - LONG ISLAND - DAY

Regina rings the doorbell to a lower middle class home.

No answer. She KNOCKS loudly. Nothing.

She moves to a nearby window. Peers inside. She sees a PHOTO of Alexa, the dead hooker, in a high school graduation pose.

Regina shudders. Moves back to the door. Tries the doorbell one last time. Still no answer.

A look of relief on her face and a big, deep breath as she turns around and heads back to her car.

But as she gets closer, her face drops. She starts to tear up, an unbelieving and agonized look on her face.

The DENT in her car's quarter panel has caved back in, forcing Regina to confront her guilt just when she thought she was in the clear.

INT. HYATT HOTEL SECURITY ROOM - DAY

Cip and Hector scour surveillance tape. Cip fast forwards. The monitor shows Room 1043.

Cip stops the tape at the point where Hector relieves the two cops. Fast forwards to Hector talking to Germain in the doorway.

Hector looks nervous. But before Cip presses play, his cell phone rings.

CIPRIANO

Calm down, Frankie, what's going on?

Cip looks horrified. He rushes out of the room as we push in on Hector, a guilty and nervous look on his face.

EXT. CIP'S HOUSE - QUEENS - DAY

Cip parks in front of his house. Jumps out of the car.

He runs past cop cars and an ambulance, their lights flashing, up his stoop, into his house and right into FRANKIE, who blocks Cip's path.

CIPRIANO

Where are they?

FRANKIE

You don't want to--

CIPRIANO

Where the fuck are they?

Frankie releases Cip. Points to the kitchen.

Cip pushes open the kitchen door.

He can't believe it. His kitchen is a crime scene, LAB TECHS hovering over bodies.

His gaze lingers on the floor, where LAURA and RYAN lie dead. Just past them, Lennox.

Tears well in Cip's eyes. His hand shakes. Then motions to his waist. At first slowly.

Then, with lightning speed, he unholsters his GUN, brings it to his head and--

BAM - The gun goes off. But only because Frankie tackles Cip to the ground.

Cip, a small graze wound on his temple, looks up at Frankie with gratitude and desperation as we cut to--

EXT. CIP'S HOUSE - STOOP - DAY

Cip and Frankie sit together on the stoop. Cip's eyes are still red with tears.

CIPRIANO  
It should have been me.

FRANKIE  
I know what you mean.

And he does. Cip gives him a sympathetic look. Gets up.

CIPRIANO  
Go home, Frankie.

FRANKIE  
And do what?

CIPRIANO  
It's done. This is over.

FRANKIE  
It's not done.

CIPRIANO  
You keep pushing forward and this  
is how it ends.

Cip opens his front door, but Frankie stops him.

FRANKIE  
It's not over, Cip. Lennox wasn't  
dead when I found him.

Now he has Cip's attention.

FRANKIE (CONT'D)  
I know where they're meeting. I  
know when.

CIPRIANO  
Who?

FRANKIE  
You were right. Sean Stewart and  
Byron Hamilton.

Cip slams his hand into the door. Turns back to Frankie. Now  
his wheels are spinning.

CIPRIANO  
He's gonna be spooked. Change the  
meet. Or cancel it altogether.

FRANKIE  
Not if he thinks he's safe.

CIPRIANO  
How?

Frankie doesn't know. It's not looking good.

Then a realization from Cip. He opens the front door. Runs  
through his house towards the back patio.

The Techs are wheeling out the bodies. Cip, frantic--

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)  
Which one's Vernon Lennox?

One of the Tech's gets Cip's attention.

Cip opens the body bag. The Tech tries to stop him, but Cip  
pushes him away.

Cip rummages through Lennox's pants, finally finding what  
he's looking for--

Lennox's CELL PHONE. Cip goes to the "Text Message" app.  
Starts a "new message." Finds Sean's number. Then types--

*At hospital in Long Island. All clear. Meet you--*

Cip stops typing. Turns to Frankie, who watches.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)  
It's not gonna work. He'll want a  
voice confirmation. Fuck!

All seems lost. Cip slams the "cancel" button on the phone.

But a funny thing happens. Cip's powerful fat finger simultaneously hits the "call log" button.

And Cip can't believe what he sees in the "Incoming Calls" menu. Off his look of pained recognition, we cut to--

INT. SEAN'S CAR (STATIONARY) - UNDER THE HIGHWAY - DAY

Sean in the driver's seat. Angus in the passenger seat, spooked.

SEAN  
What happened?

ANGUS  
Lennox got hit before I got through the door. I thought it was an ambush.

SEAN  
IAB was waiting?

ANGUS  
It was his fucking wife, dude.

SEAN  
Did you get Cipriano?

ANGUS  
No!

SEAN  
Was he even there?

ANGUS  
I don't fucking know. I wasn't trying to stick around and find out.

Sean thinks on this. Angus, still spooked, blurts out--

ANGUS (CONT'D)  
I'm done, dude. I'm out.

Angus goes for the door. Sean goes for his GUN. Cocks it. Points it at Angus.

SEAN  
There is no out. Not now.

Sean motions for Angus to get back in. Angus does so.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
What're you afraid of?

ANGUS  
Right now, you.

Sean lowers his gun.

SEAN  
You know I've forgotten what that  
feels like. That debilitating  
feeling you get when you can't act.

ANGUS  
Sean, I'm not sure Lennox was dead.

SEAN  
So?

ANGUS  
What if he talked?

Sean nods in comprehension. Thinks. Then takes out his cell.

But before he can dial, his cell RINGS. He looks at the  
CALLER ID. Turns to Angus.

SEAN  
Speak of the devil.

Sean picks up. Puts the call on SPEAKER.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Yeah.

On the other end - HECTOR in a bare room. Intercut as needed.

HECTOR  
What the hell did you do!

SEAN  
It was an ambush. You tell me.

HECTOR  
You think I tipped them?

SEAN  
The thought crossed my mind.

HECTOR  
Fuck you. You don't deserve to hear  
what I was going to tell you.

SEAN

What?

Hector pauses. Then continues.

HECTOR

Cipriano's off the case. What you did, it crushed him.

Sean nods at Angus - *there you go* - as Hector continues.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

And Lennox was dead by the time we responded. I imagine that weighed on your mind. He didn't say a word. You're all good.

Sean hangs up. Turns to Angus.

SEAN

There you go.

ANGUS

What if he's lying? What if Lennox talked and Cipriano got to Hector?

SEAN

Not a chance.

ANGUS

What makes you so goddamn sure?

SEAN

I just know.

INT. INTERNAL AFFAIRS - HOLDING CELL - CONTINUOUS

Hector hangs up the cell phone. He's red eyed, scared. We pull out to reveal him alone, locked in a holding cell, Cip and Frankie on the other side.

Hector hands Cip his phone.

HECTOR

I didn't think they'd be home, Cip.

Cip doesn't respond. He disengages the MAGAZINE out of a GLOCK 19 handgun.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

I deliberately called you away before I called Lennox.

(MORE)

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
 Laura would be taking Ryan to  
 school. They'd get to an empty  
 house.

Cip removes all the bullets from the mag. Except ONE.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
 He was gonna kill me, Cip.

Cip engages the magazine back into the gun.

HECTOR (CONT'D)  
 What do you fucking want? You think  
 you wouldn't have done the same  
 fucking thing to me if you were in  
 that position!

Cip eyes Hector with pure contempt. He places the gun with  
 the one bullet on the floor through the bars. Tells Hector--

CIPRIANO  
 If you have any self respect,  
 you'll do the right thing.

Hector eyes the gun as Cip and Frankie walk away.

Then, just before Cip and Frankie get to the elevator - BANG!

Cip's expression doesn't even change as the elevator doors  
 close on his and Frankie's faces.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Cip and Frankie walk down the hallway with a MAN in a suit,  
 white, 50s, GEORGE.

CIPRIANO  
 You know Byron Hamilton?

GEORGE  
 Since he was a teenage gangbanger  
 in Newark.

CIPRIANO  
 I can give him to you.

George stops. Turns to Cip.

GEORGE  
 I'm sorry for looking your generous  
 gift horse in the mouth, but how  
 about you open up.

CIPRIANO

You can have Byron. The drugs. The money. The press. All I want is the NYPD cop he's working with.

George looks at him with skepticism.

CIPRIANO (CONT'D)

I have warrants. Interdiction papers. I just don't have the men.

GEORGE

Why come to us?

CIPRIANO

I can't trust my own department.

GEORGE

What makes you think you can trust mine?

CIPRIANO

It's either you guys or I drive down to Pennsylvania. Given the urgency, I thought, what the fuck. Give the hicks a shot.

George smiles. Shakes Cip's hand. Nods for Cip and Frankie to follow.

George pushes open a nearby DOOR, revealing a large parking lot with marked cop cars. He yells to a nearby COP--

GEORGE

Hey Charlie, fire up the bird.

As we push in closer to Charlie, working on a COP CAR emblazoned with the insignia of the NEW JERSEY STATE POLICE.

EXT. GREENWOOD CEMETERY - DUSK

The same cemetery where Duncan met with Reynaldo.

Sean and Angus wait in a quiet, desolate section of the cemetery. Sean holds the GYM BAG of heroin.

BYRON, flanked by Junior and another man, walks into focus.

One of his men carries a small SUITCASE.

SEAN

You ready?

Byron motions for his man to give Sean the suitcase.

Sean takes it. Hands over the gym bag.

Byron's man looks inside. Seems satisfied. Gives Byron a nod.

Sean kneels down. Unzips the suitcase. As he cracks it open, his face brightens.

This is the moment he's been waiting for - \$1.6 million in cash.

He looks up at Angus, who despite being spooked so recently, starts laughing uncontrollably.

Sean joins him. They slap five.

Byron approaches Sean. Extends his hand. Sean gets up, but before he can shake Byron's hand, his PHONE rings.

Sean looks at the ID.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
I gotta take this.

Byron, left hanging, definitely put off.

SEAN (CONT'D)  
Hey, baby!

On the other end of the line - Regina, in her parked police car. She's been crying.

REGINA  
Sean.

Her voice is broken. Distant. Sean instantly knows something is up.

SEAN  
What's wrong?

REGINA  
I just wanted to tell you.

SEAN  
What?

REGINA  
I'll see you soon.

A smile from Sean. But we then see on Regina's side that she brings a GUN into her open mouth, her finger on the trigger.

On Sean's side of the convo - BANG! We don't see it, but Sean knows exactly what happened. He looks shocked. Saddened.

And now Byron is spooked.

BYRON  
Everything cool?

Sean can't help but shake his head. An involuntary reaction.

BYRON (CONT'D)  
What the hell's going on?

Byron has his hand on his GUN as they all begin to hear a distant WHIRRING. Getting closer. And closer.

Everyone but Sean looks up.

Angus is the first to see it - a HELICOPTER. He can't believe his eyes.

ANGUS  
What the hell are the New Jersey  
State Police doing in New York?

This JOLTS Sean out of his depression.

SEAN  
What did you say?

ANGUS  
What's New Jersey doing in New  
York?

It hits Sean - Cassandra's prophecy come true.

It also dawns on Byron. To him, it looks like a double cross.

BYRON  
You motherfuckers.

Byron draws his gun. Angus draws his faster. Hits Byron in the shoulder.

Junior puts three bullets in Angus's chest. Wheels around on Sean.

But Sean is gone. He runs down the hill with the suitcase.

INT. HELICOPTER - CONTINUOUS

The helicopter lands in a clearing of the graveyard.

Cip and Frankie watch as Sean runs down the hill. Byron, wounded, runs in the other direction.

GEORGE and TWO NJ State cops rush out of the helicopter towards Byron.

EXT. GREENWOOD CEMETERY - CONTINUOUS

Byron makes it over a clearing, right into--

A WALL of NJ State Trooper CARS.

He and one of his men turn around, only to see that they're surrounded.

George and his deputies point guns at Byron. They got him.

EXT. GREENWOOD CEMETERY - PATHWAY - CONTINUOUS

Sean rushes downhill. Looks behind him. Cip and Frankie are in the deep distance.

Sean looks to the road ahead, when all of a sudden a NJ State Trooper car cuts off his path. He's fucked.

But he thinks fast. He slows up his pace.

As the YOUNG NJ State Trooper gets out of his car, his gun pointed, Sean flashes his BADGE. Yells--

SEAN

Whoa, stand down. I'm a cop.

The NJ State Trooper's moment of hesitation is all Sean needs. He puts three bullets in his chest. Climbs into the driver's seat.

Cip and Frankie get there just as Sean pulls away. Cip notices the CAR NUMBER - 1238.

He looks around frantically. Another NJ State Trooper car pulls up. Cip flashes his badge.

CIPRIANO

Stewart commandeered car 1238 up ahead.

The Driver unlocks the doors. Cip and Frankie get in the back seat as the cop starts to speed after Sean.

INT. NEW JERSEY STATE TROOPER CAR 1238 - CONTINUOUS

Sean breaks through the Greenwood Cemetery GATE. Turns north onto 4TH AVENUE.

He looks behind him. Another NJ State Trooper car is on his ass.

INT. CIP'S NJ STATE TROOPER CAR - CONTINUOUS

Cip yells up front--

CIPRIANO  
Roll down the windows.

The Driver does so. Cip and Frankie take a window each. Start shooting at Sean's car.

But this ain't some unrealistic fucking action movie. Shooting at a moving car going 60 mph down a residential street is hard. They don't hit a goddamn thing.

INT. NEW JERSEY STATE TROOPER CAR 1238 - CONTINUOUS

Sean looks behind him. They've stopped shooting. A smile on his face as he turns back around to face the road.

A look of SHOCK--

All of a sudden a PEDESTRIAN crosses just as Sean approaches the intersection. Just like in the beginning of the movie.

But this time, Sean sees him in time.

He cuts the wheel. Hits the brakes. But the car is going too fast. Sean FLIPS the car, CRASHING into the middle of the intersection.

INT. CIP'S NJ STATE TROOPER CAR - CONTINUOUS

The NJ State Trooper driving Cip and Frankie slams on the brakes. A quick moment of calm before - BAM.

The car behind them slams into their trooper car.

Everyone jolts forward, the violence of the crash intense.

Cip blinks himself awake. He's OK, apart from a broken nose.

He looks to his left - Frankie is unconscious. Bleeding. But still breathing.

Same goes for the Driver up front. Cip grabs his gun. Crawls out the window.

INT. NEW JERSEY STATE TROOPER CAR 1238 - CONTINUOUS

Sean's car flipped, but landed upright. Sean checks himself out. Yells in pain when he touches his left arm. Definitely broken.

He grabs the suitcase full of money. Exits the car, only to be stopped in his tracks by--

CIPRIANO (O.S.)  
Show me your fucking hands!

Sean, standing in the middle of the accident strewn intersection, turns around to face Cip.

SEAN  
Can you do it?

CIPRIANO  
Don't say another goddamn word.

Sean puts the suitcase down. Bears his hands for Cip.

SEAN  
That's what I thought.

And THAT is the trigger. Cip points his gun at Sean. FIRES.

CLICK. Out of bullets. Cip and Sean realize at the same time.

Sean draws his gun. Points it at Cip, who is now resigned to his fate.

CIPRIANO  
Just end it.

SEAN  
Suicide by cop. Runs in the family.

CIPRIANO  
You're no cop.

Sean moves closer to Cip when they both hear a REVVING approaching.

It's too late for Sean to react.

All he sees before he's blindsided are the increasingly growing headlights of a NJ State Trooper car, and the vindictive face of it's DRIVER--

FRANKIE!

Frankie PLOWS Sean at 65 mph, Sean's body run over and demolished, all at the hands of Frankie, just as Cassandra predicted at the beginning.

Frankie exits the car. Stumbles over to Cip.

They share a cathartic embrace as they look on at Sean's dead body next to the smoking police car as we--

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN TO:

EXT. INDUSTRIAL SECTION OF RED HOOK, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

Two police cars are parked on a quiet stretch of road, their lights flashing. They surround a small, white CARGO TRUCK.

TITLE ON SCREEN - 3 YEARS LATER

We track with two men as they exit a car. Approach the truck.

CIP & FRANKIE, both in suits, wearing badges on their belts.

As they come around on the cab of the truck they see the DRIVER, Mexican, 40s, slumped over the wheel, shot dead.

The PASSENGER, also Mexican, also dead, hangs halfway out the passenger door. One of the Uniforms asks Cip--

UNIFORMED COP 1

You IAB?

Cip and Frankie nod. The uniformed cop walks over to his car. Escorts a MAN, black, 30s, to Cip & Frankie.

CIPRIANO

You see what happened?

WITNESS

Oh yeah. I was up in my place.

He points to an apartment with an ideal view of the scene.

WITNESS (CONT'D)

These two cops rolled up on the truck, jumped out of their car and just blasted away.

FRANKIE

How do you know they were cops?

## WITNESS

They had that walk, you know what I mean. And they was driving one of them ghetto cruisers. Ford Kampala.

Cip and Frankie share a quick laugh. Then Frankie breaks away. Heads towards the back of the truck, where he notices the sliding back door is open.

## MAN (O.S.)

Pssst.

Frankie jumps. Turns around. From out of the shadows emerges a grimy black dude, 40s, homeless, smoking a CIGARETTE.

## HOMELESS MAN

You a detective?

## FRANKIE

Yeah, you see what went down?

## HOMELESS MAN

I didn't see the shooting.

Frankie looks disappointed.

## HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

But I heard it, right. And I saw what those men did after.

## FRANKIE

Which was?

## HOMELESS MAN

They ran up in that truck. Right up there.

Frankie follows the man's gaze to the back of the truck. He climbs up onto the lift gate into the storage area.

He starts poking around. The whole storage area is empty.

## HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)

Nah, all the way in back.

Frankie heads in back. Knocks on the WALL with his fist. A HOLLOW reverberation. Frankie, curious. He runs his fingers along the wall. Finds a LATCH. Pulls hard.

Much to his surprise, it's a false wall. Frankie cracks it open, revealing a sizeable compartment. Filled with--

NOTHING. Frankie, disappointed. He climbs off the truck.

FRANKIE  
You see what they took?

HOMELESS MAN  
Cash, baby. Lots of it.

FRANKIE  
Thanks for your time.

Frankie starts walking away. But the homeless man pulls him back.

HOMELESS MAN  
Hold up.

Frankie turns around.

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)  
I know where they're hiding it.

FRANKIE  
OK, come with me.

HOMELESS MAN  
No, no, no. This is just between  
you and me. Get you a little  
something for all that hard work.

Frankie gets the subtext. He's unsure as the man tells him--

HOMELESS MAN (CONT'D)  
Your choice.

As Frankie seriously contemplates this devil's offer, the Homeless Man turns away from Frankie.

He puts the cig into his mouth. As he walks deeper into the shadows, he approaches a drum barrel fire manned by two others.

The first, a young, surprisingly attractive but grimy white woman.

The second we know - it's CASSANDRA!

She gives the homeless man a welcoming nod as we see these three witches huddle together, the homeless man taking a big pull off his cig before throwing it into the fire, igniting a burst of smoke that fills the screen as we--

CUT TO BLACK.