Inside the NYPD, the previous day's crime reports are called *The Unusuals*. 
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY - NIGHT

A SERIES OF SHOTS. The Lower East Side. Delancey Street, Orchard. We hear the voice of a female POLICE DISPATCHER.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Seventh Squad, this is dispatch. Be advised. Possible 10-20 at Ludlow and Delancey.

TITLE CARD: MONDAY

DISPATCH (O.S.) (cont'd)
Also, possible 10-10 at 151 Grand. Neighbor reports a “Ninja” or “Ninja-like figure” on the fire escape. Closest unit please investigate.

CUT TO:

EXT. TWELFTH AVENUE - NIGHT

A windy desolate area near the Lincoln Tunnel. A HOOKER in a little black dress stands by the side of the road. This is DETECTIVE CASEY SHRAEGER, 28. She's the kind of smart, together cop a criminal doesn't mind being caught by, as long as they get to wrestle a little bit. Other hookers are visible in the distance.

CASEY
(to herself)
Let me get this straight. A man works a long day. He comes home, kisses his wife, pats his son on the head. After dinner he says I forgot something at the office. He gets in his car, drives to an empty stretch of road and pays a stranger to have sex with him. Am I the only one who thinks that's weird?

CUT TO:

INT. SURVEILLANCE VAN - SAME TIME

TWO unshaven VICE DETECTIVES sit in back watching Casey through binoculars. A THIRD is passed out drunk on the floor in a pile of fast food wrappers and liquor bottles.

DETECTIVE 1
(into his walkie talkie)
You gotta seduce 'em, Shraeger.
(MORE)
Swing your hips more. Make love to the traffic.

CASEY (O.S.)
Please stop talking.

DETECTIVE 2
Well, hurry up and land a guy so we can make an arrest and go home.

OUTSIDE
Casey rubs her arms, trying to stay warm. This has to be the worst assignment in history. Her cell phone rings. She answers.

CASEY
Shraeger.

ESTELLE (O.S.)
I think the cleaning lady is stealing from me.

CASEY
Kind of busy right now, Mom.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. TAXI (TRAVELING) - SAME TIME

ESTELLE SHRAEGER, 58, sits in back. She is that classy, artistic grande-dame we all wish had given birth to us.

ESTELLE
Can you talk to her? But be discrete. Maybe show her your badge, send a message.

CASEY
She’s not stealing from you. The woman goes to church six times a week.

As Casey walks back to her post, a car full of rowdy TEENAGE BOYS drives by screaming obscenities.

ESTELLE
Where are you?

CASEY
Don’t ask.

ESTELLE
You’re not in a crack den, are you? New York Magazine had a whole exposé on crack dens last month. They sound just awful.
CASEY
Not in a crack den, Mom.

A car trolls past. Casey shakes her rack at it. The car doesn't stop.

ESTELLE
Which reminds me, are we going to see you at your father's birthday dinner tomorrow night?

A blue sedan pulls up to the curb beside Casey.

CASEY
Finally. I gotta go, mom. I got a john.

ESTELLE
What?

CASEY
Call you later.

Casey approaches the sedan.

CASEY (cont'd)
Hey, hon. Looking for a date?

The driver is a uniformed police officer, SARGENT HARVEY BROWN, 48. He has the kind of face you could strike a match on. Seeing him, Casey stiffens.

SERGEANT BROWN
You Shraeger?

CASEY
Uh, yes, sir.

SERGEANT BROWN
Get in the car.

CASEY
Sir?

SERGEANT BROWN
You put in for a transfer to homicide?

CASEY
I'm supposed to start next week.

SERGEANT BROWN
Well, I got a dead detective downtown and not enough bodies. Let's go.
CASEY
Now?

SERGEANT BROWN
I’m sorry. Did you want to make a little pocket change before you start?

CASEY
Uh, no, sir.

She gets in the car.

CUT TO:

INT. SERGEANT BROWN’S CAR – MOMENTS LATER

Casey rides in the passenger seat, tugging her skirt down.

CASEY
Can you catch me up, Sarge?

SERGEANT BROWN
Detective Burt Kowalski, seventh squad. Twenty years on the job. Eleven reprimands for use of excessive force, two dead-end corruption probes. He was a drunk and a bully. And tonight he got perforated in East River Park.

Casey looks out at the traffic.

CASEY
Sarge, East River Park is across town.

SERGEANT BROWN
We’re not going to the park yet. First I gotta break the news to Kowalski’s partner.

CUT TO:

INT. ROSCOE’S RESTAURANT – NIGHT

A six-table hole-in-the-wall. Roscoe’s is one of those distinctively New York diners with 900 items on the menu. There is one CUSTOMER sitting at the counter. DETECTIVE JOE WALSH, 41, is cooking at the grill. Walsh is handsome, the way a guy who gets into a lot of fights is handsome. In other words, slightly dangerous.

CUSTOMER
I walk by this place all the time. It’s never open.
WALSH
We’re open when I feel like being open.

CUSTOMER
That’s not much of a business plan.

Walsh drops a plate of food in front of him.

WALSH
French toast.

CUSTOMER
I ordered meatloaf.

WALSH
You’ll eat it and like it.

CUSTOMER
What’s the red stuff?

WALSH
It’s a Skittles reduction. We’re out of fruit.

Sergeant Brown enters with Casey. She feels totally out of place in her hooker outfit. Walsh sees them.

WALSH (cont'd)
(suspicious)
What?

SERGEANT BROWN
Somebody killed Kowalski.

The news hits Walsh hard. He picks up the customer’s plate.

WALSH
Get out.

CUSTOMER
But I just ... 

Walsh shows him the gun on his hip. The customer hurries out.

SERGEANT BROWN
This is Detective Schraeger. She’s new. I’m assigning her to you.

Walsh looks at Casey, who has never felt more on-the-spot. He grabs his jacket, pushes past her, exits.

CASEY
Sir, don’t take this the wrong way, but the man just lost his partner.
(MORE)
Maybe you should wait till after the funeral to give him a new one.

SERGEANT BROWN
Detective, I was gonna be an astronaut, fly the space shuttle, but it turns out I’m claustrophobic. So now I spend my days covering for a Lieutenant who can’t even be bothered to show up when one of his own detectives is murdered. But he’s got stripes. So he says put Shraeger with Walsh, I put Shraeger with Walsh. Understand?

Casey has no idea what to say.

SERGEANT BROWN (cont’d)
Well, what are you waiting for? Go after him.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER
Walsh heads for his car. Casey hurries after him.

CASEY
I’m sorry about Kowalski.

Walsh climbs into the driver’s side of a Ford four-door. Casey gets in the passenger side.

CUT TO:

INT. WALSH’S CAR (TRAVELING) - MOMENTS LATER
Walsh drives.

CASEY
The crime scene’s the other way.

WALSH
Tell me what happened.

CASEY
They found Kowalski face down in East River Park, stabbed multiple times. His wallet, badge and gun were missing.

WALSH
He bit a dog once. Kowalski. A pit bull. He would have fought.

CASEY
Where are we going?
WALSH
To clean up the mess.
(glances at her)
You always dress like that?

She tugs at her skirt, self-conscious.

CASEY
Sorry. I was a hooker until ten minutes ago.

He hands her his jacket. She puts it on, grateful.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / MEN’S LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT

Walsh and Casey stand in front of Kowalski’s locker.

CASEY
I’m confused. What are we doing here?

WALSH
Don’t talk.

CASEY
Excuse me.

WALSH
No offense, but my partner’s dead, and you’re the new girl, and you’re wearing too much eye makeup and a thong. Somehow I don’t think you’ll be here that long.

CASEY
(offended)
I’ve worked vice undercover for three years. I did robbery two years before that. The cases I worked got closed and the perps went to jail. How did you know I’m wearing a thong?

WALSH
I’m a trained detective. Hold this.

Walsh hands Casey a trash bag, picks up a crowbar.

WALSH (cont’d)
Tomorrow they’ll open this locker and send everything in it to Kowalski’s wife.

Walsh pops the lock.
CASEY
Are you allowed to do that?

Walsh opens the locker.

WALSH
You’re not one of those cops who goes around quoting the rulebook, are you?

Off Casey: That’s exactly the kind of cop she is. Walsh starts pulling items out of the locker, putting them in the bag. We see PORN MAGAZINES, DROP GUNS, AN ELECTRIC CATTLE PROD, A BIG BAG OF WHITE POWDER.

CASEY
Is that...

Walsh finds some women’s clothes in the locker that look like they’d fit Casey. He hands them to her.

WALSH
Put these on.

She turns away and starts to change.

WALSH (cont’d)
You’re gonna hear a lot of talk in the next few days. How Kowalski was a bad cop, a bully. The time he punched a priest. How he choked suspects out so many times people called him “Sleep Train.”

CASEY
Is it true?

WALSH
He closed cases. He got things done. The rest is just noise.

Walsh pulls out a stack of CASH, pockets it. Casey can’t take it anymore.

CASEY
You’re supposed to voucher that. And I’m pretty sure you’re not supposed to take it.

WALSH
Did you have a partner in vice?

CASEY
Evans. He had eight fingers. Everybody called him “Reach.”
WALSH
You sleep with him?

CASEY
He had eight fingers.

WALSH
Somebody killed "Reach" what would you do?

Off her face: she gets it.

CASEY
Whatever it took.

WALSH
Exactly.
(points to the trash bag)
Burn that.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / BULLPEN - NIGHT

A big room full of desks. There is a portrait on one wall of LIEUTENANT LITTLE, the squad commander. DETECTIVE ERIC DELAHOY, 32, sits at his desk. He’s holding his head in his hands. Delahoy was the kid in your middle school who started shaving at eleven.

DETECTIVE LEO BANKS, 52, approaches. He’s a skinny nervous guy who never takes off his Kevlar vest.

BANKS
I can’t believe Sleep Train got capped.
(sees Delahoy)
Are you crying?

Delahoy sits up, wipes his face. He doesn’t look good.

DELAHOY
No.

BANKS
It’s cause he owed you money, isn’t it? Well, you’ll never get it back now.

DELAHOY
I’m not crying.

Banks holds out a phone message slip.

BANKS
Some doctor called for you earlier. You got chlamydia again?
Delahoy grabs the slip, crumples it up without looking.

**DELAHOY**
Take off the vest.

**BANKS**
I feel safer with it on.

**DELAHOY**
You know, the first week I let it slide. I thought he’s going through a phase. But now...

Banks squeezes some Purell onto his hands.

**BANKS**
Most accidental firearm discharges happen in the workplace.

**DELAHOY**
Or I could stab you with this letter opener.

**DETECTIVE ALLISON BEAUMONT** enters with her partner, **DETECTIVE HENRY COLE**. Beaumont is the girl no one asked to prom. Now she carries a weapon. Cole has one of those impossible Boy Scout faces.

**BEAUMONT**
We canvassed the park. If anybody saw Kowalski get iced they’re not talking.

(she looks at Delahoy)
Are you crying?

**DELAHOY**
For the last time. I’m not crying. I have allergies.

**COLE**
It’s okay to grieve, friend. The Bible tells us that in times of crisis we should come together in prayer. So let’s all bow our heads.

He bows his. The others just shuffle their feet uncomfortably.

**COLE (cont’d)**
Lord, take care of Burt Kowalski. He was a lost sheep, but he helped your children -- the troubled ones, the frightened.

Sergeant Brown comes over.
SERGEANT BROWN
Banks, Delahoy.

DELAHOY
Thank, God.

Cole smiles at him, thinking Delahoy is with him.

COLE
Amen.

SERGEANT BROWN
I just got off the phone with City Hall. Some Councilman’s daughter was attacked. First thing in the morning go over there and take a statement.

BANKS
With all due respect, Sarge, we’d rather work Kowalski.

Sergeant Brown glares. They know better than to argue.

COLE
Sergeant Brown, we were just saying a prayer for our fallen brother. Perhaps you’d like to join us.

Brown turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Walsh and Casey climb the stairs of a five story walkup.

CASEY
So what’s with this restaurant of yours?
(beat)
Look, you’re stuck with me for a few days. Why not be civil?

WALSH
Cooking helps me think.

CASEY
Are you good at it?

WALSH
Terrible.

Walsh stops in front of number 226.

WALSH (cont'd)
Let me do the talking.
He rings the bell. The door opens, revealing an extremely under-dressed VERA MORAN, 22.

VERA
You’re not the pizza guy.

WALSH
And this isn’t a porn film. Put on a robe.

CUT TO:

INT. VERA’S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Walsh and Casey sit across from Vera, now wearing a robe.

VERA
He’s really dead? Cause I’ve had guys fake it before.

WALSH
When was the last time you saw Detective Kowalski?

VERA
Three or four days ago. He never called, just came over. Mr. Spontaneous. That was Burt.

WALSH
There’s gonna be a funeral in a few days. You’re not going.

VERA
(hurt)
We were in love.

WALSH
No, you weren’t. He had a church-going wife with real breasts who doesn’t need to know about her husband’s extras.

VERA
Don’t look at me like that. I go to church. I’ve got a mother. I’m not some homewrecker.

CASEY
Vera, right? I’m looking around your apartment. You don’t own a pair of heels lower than three inches. You answer the door for the pizza guy in a pair of panties.

(MORE)
I don’t want to ruin your day, but in the Game of Life you’re the Mistress. And you’re not going to the man’s funeral.

Beat. Vera looks at them.

VERA
Fine. It’s gonna cost you.

Walsh takes out Kowalski’s cash, drops it on the coffee table.

WALSH
End of story.

He and Casey stand. Vera picks up the cash, conflicted.

VERA
He was a good guy.

WALSH
No. But he was a cop. And that means something.

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

EXT. SEVENTH PRECINCT - MORNING

The corner of Pitt Street and Grand. We see street traffic, patrol cars pulling out.

TITLE CARD: TUESDAY

SFX: We hear the sound of a man and woman screwing.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / INTERROGATION ROOM ONE - MORNING

DETECTIVE ED ALVAREZ, 34, is in the cage, pants around his ankles, giving the business to a late-twenties icy blonde cheerleader type. The pants around his ankles are expensive, but the brain in his head is small and weasely. The woman in front of him is his wife, NICOLE BRANDT, 29, a bad girl from a good family.

NICOLE
Oh, yes! Officer! Officer!

They finish. She shoves him away, pulls down her skirt
Alvarez pulls up his pants.

ALVAREZ
It’s Detective.

NICOLE
Sorry, my love. Old habit.

She tucks in her shirt. Her lipstick is smeared.

NICOLE (cont’d)
Don’t forget the party tonight.
The babysitter’s coming at seven.

ALVAREZ
Kowalski’s in the morgue. I probably won’t be home at all.

Nicole takes out her compact, fixes her makeup.

NICOLE
The mayor’s going to be there, and the governor. If you want to be commissioner you need to start shaking some hands.

ALVAREZ
Or solving some cases.
NICOLE
They made you primary, I hope.

ALVAREZ
Walsh.

NICOLE
No. It should be you. You’re the most decorated detective in the squad. When are you going to start standing up for yourself?

Off Alvarez: It’s clear who wears the pants here.

CUT TO:

INT. KOWALSKI APARTMENT - MORNING

Walsh and Casey haven’t slept. They’re sitting across from HANNAH KOWALSKI, 31. Hannah is the girl voted Best Smile in high school.

HANNAH
I appreciate you telling me yourself, Joe.

WALSH
We’re gonna take care of you, H.K. Anything you need.

HANNAH
Right. Widows and orphans. Promise me there won’t be a bake sale.

WALSH
Is your sister coming in?

HANNAH
(nods)
She won’t say it out loud, but I think she’s glad he’s gone. Not glad. Relieved. She didn’t think Burt was good for me.

WALSH
We’re trying to figure out what he was doing in the park last night.

HANNAH
A case, maybe? Burt didn’t talk to me about work.

WALSH
Did he come home yesterday?
HANNAH
No. Sunday was the last time I saw him. I’ve learned not to ask where he goes when he doesn’t come home.

CASEY
Did he seem upset about anything?

HANNAH
You didn’t know Burt, did you? He didn’t get upset. Not around me. He saved that for the criminals... and his girlfriends.

CASEY
You knew about them?

HANNAH
That was Burt. He’d stop for a meal on the way to dinner. No impulse control. But he was good to me. Every time he came home he brought me ice cream.

WALSH
He loved you.

HANNAH
It was always melted.
(beat)
Who’s going to bring me melted ice cream now?

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / SERGEANT BROWN’S OFFICE - MORNING

Sergeant Brown is at his desk. Beaumont enters.

BEAUMONT
I got the unusuals.

She hands him some reports. He moves his fingers to touch her wrist. There is a spark between them.

BEAUMONT (cont'd)
Don’t.

But she doesn’t pull away. He takes her hand.

SERGEANT BROWN
Why not?

Normally a ballbreaker, Beaumont is suddenly girlish and uncertain.
BEAUMONT  
Because you’re married.

SERGEANT BROWN  
Separated.  
(beat, off her look)  
Emotionally separated. Is that a new perfume?

BEAUMONT  
Cole got an air freshener for the car. It’s pine scented.

SERGEANT BROWN  
I like it. You smell like Christmas. Maybe we can get coffee later? Just to talk.

Beat. She nods. There is a knock on the door. Beaumont pulls her hand away. Alvarez sticks his head in.

ALVAREZ  
Got a minute, Sarge?

SERGEANT BROWN  
No.

Alvarez enters anyway. Beaumont can’t get out of the office fast enough.

BEAUMONT  
I’ll go do that thing.

She exits. Alvarez is oblivious.

ALVAREZ  
I should be primary on Kowalski.

SERGEANT BROWN  
You haven’t even been to the crime scene.

ALVAREZ  
I’m the most decorated officer here. Plus I know how to talk to the press.

SERGEANT BROWN  
Right. Now I get it.

ALVAREZ  
It’s a political world. Did you see the Post headline this morning? Crooked cop killed. The department needs to put its best face on this thing.

(MORE)
I’m sure Lieutenant Little would agree with me. Or Captain Howard.

Brown looks at him. Is that a threat? He stands.

SERGEANT BROWN
Kowalski’s autopsy is in twenty minutes. A guy who wants to be primary should probably think about going to that.

EXT. EAST RIVER PARK - DAY

Walsh and Casey stand on a pedestrian overpass, looking down at the crime scene. A grassy area near the river, roped off with yellow police tape. CSU crews are working. News vans on the grass.

CASEY
We’re missing the autopsy.

Walsh doesn’t answer. He studies the scene below.

WALSH
No car. He would have had to walk or take a cab. There’d be a record of that. Also, no trees around the body. Kowalski would have seen his attacker coming.

CASEY
You don’t want to go down there?

Walsh shakes his head. He prefers the big picture view.

CASEY (cont’d)
I’ll call CSU, see what they’ve turned up.

WALSH
Here’s the rule. In a case with no obvious suspects the crime lab will produce no valuable evidence. If we had two eyewitnesses and a full confession, CSU would cough up print-hits, fiber-evidence and a ballistics match. That’s the way it works.

CASEY
What I don’t understand? Why does a woman like Hannah marry a guy like Kowalski? She’s smart, pretty. She knew he was cheating. How could she stay?
WALSH
You think we fall in love with people because of their strengths? It’s the skeletons. Wait ten years. You’ll see.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY COUNCILMAN’S APARTMENT / KITCHEN - DAY

A big eat-in kitchen. Banks and Delahoy sit across from City Councilman TONY HARBOR, 45, a blowhard.

DELAHOY
You told my sergeant that your daughter was attacked.

COUNCILMAN HARBOR
Not my daughter. My daughter’s cat. Mr. Boodles. He’s dead.

BANKS
A cat? We’re here because somebody killed a cat?

COUNCILMAN HARBOR
I chair the city’s Terrorism Task Force, Detective. Somebody could be targeting me or my family. I expect the NYPD to take it seriously.

DELAHOY
With all due respect, I think you’re confused about what the “P” in NYPD stands for.

Harbor opens the freezer, takes out an oversized ZIPLOCK BAG. He DUMPS the contents onto the table. Thud. We see the frozen torso and severed head of a tan tabby.

COUNCILMAN HARBOR
We found her on the doorstep last night. Somebody cut off her head. This is a message.

Banks studies the dismembered cat.

BANKS
(to Delahoy)
Eric, if I may?

DELAHOY
Be my guest.
BANKS
Councilman, how long have you been cheating on your wife?

COUNCILMAN HARBOR
What? That’s insane.

BANKS
This is your classic “Fatal Attraction” type maneuver. A disgruntled paramour. A few unreturned phone calls. And now somebody’s raising the stakes.

COUNCILMAN HARBOR
I am not having an affair.

A trickle of BLOOD runs from Delahoy’s right nostril. He feels it, stands quickly before Banks can see.

DELAHOY
(hiding the blood)
Where’s your bathroom?

CUT TO:

INT. BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Delahoy stands in front of the mirror, head back, a clump of wet toilet paper up his nose. He opens the medicine cabinet, checks out the pill bottles. He finds some Vicodin, pops two, pockets the bottle.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Banks and Delahoy exit the Councilman’s building.

BANKS
A cat? A goddamn cat? Well, now we know where we stand. We’re the mopes you send to empty the litter box.

As they walk, we start to notice several MISSING CAT FLIERS stuck to mailboxes and lampposts.

BANKS (cont’d)
Am I crazy? A cop was killed. Our brother officer.

Delahoy isn’t listening. The Vicodin is starting to work, and he has other things on his mind.
... and they have us running errands...

Delahoy’s cell phone rings. He answers it, still walking.

DELAHOY

Delahoy.

DR. KAISER (O.S.)

It’s Dr. Kaiser. Don’t hang up.

Delahoy hangs up, pockets the phone. He realizes he’s lost Banks, turns. Banks is staring up at the missing cat fliers.

BANKS

That’s a lot of cats.

CUT TO:

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Walsh and Casey enter to find DR. VIKRAM CHOWDARY, 40, cleaning up after Kowalski’s autopsy.

DR. CHOWDARY

You just missed everybody.

WALSH

New girl hates crowds. Give me the summary.

DR. CHOWDARY

Your partner was stabbed eight times with a single-edged weapon about four inches long. I’ll know more when we get the labs. The first two blows were to the back. Then he turned, sustained defensive wounds to the hands and wrists, before being stabbed six more times. Once in the neck.

WALSH

Stabbed in the back. Had to be someone he knew.

DR. CHOWDARY

I found this in his stomach.

He shows them a key at the bottom of a metal bowl.

CASEY

Why would Kowalski eat a key?
WALSH
Maybe he swallowed the lock yesterday.

Chowdary drops his autopsy tools in the sink.

DR. CHOWDARY
Honestly, I can’t believe he lived this long. His heart was the size of a ham. His liver was pickled. I counted six old bullet wounds.

For the first time Walsh looks at Kowalski lying under a sheet.

WALSH
Is that him?

Chowdary nods.

WALSH (cont'd)
Give me a minute with him.

The doctor and Casey leave. Walsh goes over to his dead partner. He pulls back the sheet, looks at Kowalski, a giant of a man even in death. We see a hundred emotions on Walsh’s face; sadness, anger, loss, then resolution. He will catch who did this and they will burn.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. NEW YORK CITY / LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

A SERIES OF SHOTS from around the neighborhood. Banks and Delahoy go door to door, missing cat posters in hand, talking to their owners. One OWNER hands Banks a black plastic garbage bag, inside is the remains of her cat. Banks opens their car’s trunk, throws the plastic garbage bag inside. We see other garbage bags in there. It’s a goddamn mess.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / LOBBY - DAY


CASEY
Give me a minute.

She approaches the DESK SERGEANT, holds out a piece of paper.

CASEY (cont’d)
Hey, Sarge. I got a transfer order needs to be signed so I can get paid.

DESK SERGEANT
And I got a stepdaughter with C-cups I can’t touch. Ask upstairs.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / STAIRWAY - DAY

Casey climbs the stairs. Her phone rings.

CASEY
Shraeger.

ESTELLE (O.S.)
What’s the difference between the good cholesterol and the bad cholesterol?

CASEY
Not a doctor, mom. I’m a cop.

ESTELLE (O.S.)
Oh, that’s right. What’s it like to fire a gun? I’ve always wanted to know.

CASEY
I’m hanging up now, mom.
ESTELLE (O.S.)
Wait. Don’t forget, dinner is at seven.

Casey hangs up, starts down the SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY. Nicole Brandt is approaching. Casey recognizes her, looks away, trying to slip past.

NICOLE
Casey?

Casey winces, stops.

NICOLE (cont’d)
What are you doing here?
(she sees Casey’s badge)
Get out. You’re a cop?

Casey grabs Nicole none too gently and shoves her into the WOMEN’S ROOM

Casey locks the door behind them.

CASEY
You don’t know me.

NICOLE
(laughing)
What are you talking about? We went to Dalton together. Casey Shraeger. The Princess of Park Avenue. Wait til I tell Ed.

CASEY
You’re not gonna tell anyone. These guys find out where I come from, they’ll never let me in.

NICOLE
Me, me, me. Now I remember why I didn’t like you in high school.

Beat. Casey makes a choice.

CASEY
Maybe Ed’d like to hear how you went to senior prom with the lacrosse team. How they called your junk the EZ Bake Oven.

NICOLE
(beat)
Bitch.

CASEY
Slut.
NICOLE
Cow.

CASEY
I’m glad we understand each other.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / BRIEFING ROOM - DAY

The war room. On a giant white-board we see photos of the crime scene, pictures of Kowalski, a timeline and a map of the city. Walsh is there, Beaumont, Cole. Casey introduces herself to the other detectives.

Sergeant Brown comes in with Detective Alvarez.

SERGEANT BROWN
Alright settle down. Let’s go over what we know. Ed?

Alvarez steps up to the board.

ALVAREZ
Kowalski was off-duty yesterday. He worked a four-to-twelve on Sunday. Dispatch has him checking in last night around six, but we don’t know from where.

WALSH
We’re pulling his credit card and cell phone records. Plus the coroner says Kowalski swallowed a key before he was killed. We need to figure out what it opens.

ALVAREZ
Waste of time. Stats show a string of muggings near the river. Three African-American males with knives. I think these guys braced Kowalski. He showed his badge. They got scared, killed him.

CASEY
Except the coroner says he was only stabbed with one blade.

ALVAREZ
What’s your name again, sweetie?

CASEY
Really? You’re going with “sweetie?” Bold.
WALSH
I think mugging is the wrong way to go, Ed.

ALVAREZ
And I’m primary, Joe.

WALSH
(to Brown)
What does he mean he’s primary?

SERGEANT BROWN
You missed the autopsy. The police commissioner was there. We have to put our best foot forward on this thing.

WALSH
Alvarez is our best foot? The guy spends most of his time filling out medal request forms.

ALVAREZ
I do not.

WALSH
We all know Kowalski had enemies. I think he met someone in the park and they killed him.

SERGEANT BROWN
HQ prefers a random crime scenario.

WALSH
Ah. Now I see what we’re doing.

SERGEANT BROWN
Don’t look so hurt. You know how it works. A guy like Burt, with a half-dozen suspensions and reprimands -- police brutality, graft -- nobody wants a front page story here.

WALSH
Except Alvarez.

SERGEANT BROWN
That’s enough. Get to work. I want something concrete to tell the brass in three hours.

Off the troops, unhappy.

CUT TO:
INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / BREAK ROOM - DAY

Casey is getting a cup of coffee. Beaumont comes in.

BEAUMONT
You come over from vice?

CASEY
Guilty.

BEAUMONT
I worked vice three years. Nobody ever asked me to dress like a hooker. Then again I’m not the most feminine creature. My ass looks like two hams.

CASEY
Can’t have Easter without ham.

Beaumont sticks out her hand.

BEAUMONT
Beaumont.

CASEY
(shakes)
Casey Shraeger.

Casey puts milk in her coffee, tastes it. It’s terrible.

CASEY (cont’d)
So what’s the deal with Walsh?

BEAUMONT
The cook? He’s a weird one. Nobody really knows what to make of him.

CASEY
How come?

BEAUMONT
Well, you know he was a baseball player, right?

CASEY
No.

BEAUMONT
Shortstop. Played Triple-A ball for the Yankees. Hell of a hitter. But then he quit, joined the force.

CASEY
Why?
You’d have to ask him.

She starts for the door.

Hey, who signs our transfer orders?
Personnel needs mine today or I don’t get paid.

Lieutenant Little. He should be in his office.

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT - DAY

Casey, carrying her transfer order, approaches Lieutenant Little’s office. It’s empty. Detective Cole is at his desk nearby.

Have you seen the Lieutenant?

You just missed him. Try the motorpool.

INT. MOTORPOOL - DAY

Casey looks for Lieutenant Little. She sees Banks and Delahoy approaching from their car.

Have you seen Lieutenant Little?

Lou? He’s got that irritable bowel thing. Try the men’s room.

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT - DAY

Casey stands outside the men’s room. She knocks.

Lieutenant Little?

She knocks again. Beat. The door opens. Walsh comes out.

What are you doing?
CASEY
I need my transfer order signed.
Banks said Lieutenant Little was in there.

Walsh smiles, walks away. She follows.

CASEY (cont'd)
What?

WALSH
Nothing.

CASEY
Why are you smiling?

WALSH
Because nobody’s seen Lieutenant Little in over a year.

CASEY
What do you mean?

WALSH
He stopped coming to the office last summer. Sergeant Brown told us he was working out of the satellite office. There is no satellite office.

CASEY
Then why did everybody tell me...

Beat. She figures it out. She’s been punked.

WALSH
Welcome to the Seventh.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / BULLPEN - DAY

Cole is at his desk. Beaumont is next to him, on the phone. She hangs up.

BEAUMONT
Unis found a witness said she saw a black man with a scar run out of the park just after ten-thirty.

COLE
Tell Alvarez.

BEAUMONT
You tell Alvarez. He’s still mad at me for drawing a mustache on him last fourth of July.
She opens her desk drawer, takes out a rolled-up POSTER.

    COLE
    Did you think about what I said earlier?

Beaumont climbs up on Banks’s chair.

    BEAUMONT
    I don’t want to talk about it.

    COLE
    Adultery is a sin, Allison.

Beaumont unrolls the poster, tacks it to the wall.

    BEAUMONT
    Good thing I’m not married.

    COLE
    But Sergeant Brown is.

Beaumont looks around to make sure no one heard, then gets in Cole’s face, whispers forcefully.

    BEAUMONT
    I told you, we just had coffee.

    COLE
    It starts with coffee. Coffee leads to alcohol. Alcohol leads to fornication.

    BEAUMONT
    Is that in the bible? Or is there a newsletter you guys get?

    COLE
    He’s your superior.

    BEAUMONT
    No man is my superior.

She exits, passing Banks and Delahoy as they enter. Banks is carrying a black plastic garbage bag.

    BANKS
    I’m telling motorpool to give us a new car.

He drops the cat bag on his desk with a thud, then notices the POSTER tacked over his desk. We see it for the first time. It’s a kitten in a toilet bowl with a pithy aphorism.

    BANKS (cont’d)
    Cute.
Banks opens Beaumont’s desk drawer, drops in the garbage bag full of cats, closes it. Delahoy shakes his head, goes into the...

BREAK ROOM

His cell phone rings. He answers.

DELAHOY
Delahoy.

DR. KAISER (O.S.)
It’s Dr. Kaiser again. Don’t hang up.

Delahoy covers the mouthpiece, looks around. Banks is just outside the door.

DR. KAISER (O.S.) (cont’d)
I’ve left thirteen messages. You have to talk to me.

Delahoy goes over and closes the door.

DELAHOY
I’m busy.

DR. KAISER
Detective, a brain tumor like yours can be treated with chemotherapy and radiation. I can’t stress enough how important it is that you...

DELAHOY
What? Let you cut open my head? Spend the next six months hooked up to machines? That’s not a life.

DR. KAISER
Without treatment you’ll be dead in six months.

The door opens. Sergeant Brown sticks his head in. Delahoy panics, hangs up.

SERGEANT BROWN
Somebody just called in a guy stuffing a cat into a duffel bag over on Mott Street.

DELAHOY
What?

SERGEANT BROWN
A cat in a duffel bag. Are you crying?
DELAHOY
How many times do I have to tell you people? I’M NOT CRYING!

Beat. Sergeant Brown glares.

DELAHOY (cont’d)
(sheepish)
Did you say Mott Street?

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / BULLPEN - LATER

Walsh is at his desk staring at Kowalski’s KEY. Casey sits across from him. Walsh stands, puts on his jacket.

WALSH
Mugging my ass.

CASEY
What’s up?

WALSH
Stay here. Go over the forensics again. See if anything jumps out at you.

Walsh heads for the door. Alvarez stops him.

ALVAREZ
Where you going?

WALSH
Nowhere.

ALVAREZ
This is my case. If you’ve got a lead I need to know about it.

WALSH
(beat)
Fine. Kowalski’s CI just called. He says he knows something, but he won’t tell me over the phone.

ALVAREZ
Give me the address.

WALSH
It’s way out in Queens.

ALVAREZ
Give it to me.

CUT TO:
INT. KOWALSKI APARTMENT / STUDY - DAY

Walsh stands with Hannah. He shows her the key.

WALSH
You’re sure you don’t recognize it?

HANNAH
Sorry.

WALSH
Is it okay if I look around?

She nods. He starts opening desk drawers.

HANNAH
I don’t know if it means anything, but the last few nights I’ve been getting hang-up calls. There was one last night around ten-thirty. I assumed they were from one of Burt’s girls.

WALSH
Always the same number?

HANNAH
The caller ID said blocked.

Walsh rubs his eyes.

HANNAH (cont’d)
When’s the last time you slept?

He shrugs.

HANNAH (cont’d)
Burt always liked you.

Walsh moves on to the closet. He pulls out some banker’s boxes, goes through them.

HANNAH (cont’d)
You understood him. Not many people did. They couldn’t see past the gruffness and the posturing. His father used to beat him, you know. Put him in the hospital a few times. Even after he grew up Burt had to sleep with the light on. I don’t know if you knew that.

WALSH
I didn’t.

He finds something in one of the boxes, pulls out a piece of paper.
HANNAH
What is it?

WALSH
A receipt for a storage locker in Queens.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY / LOWER EAST SIDE - DAY

Delahoy and Banks get out of their car and approach an alley. They see a WELL-DRESSED WHITE MAN who has corned a CAT near a dumpster. He’s trying to coax it into a duffel bag.

DELAHOY
Freeze!

The man TAKES OFF. Banks and Delahoy go after him. The man RUNS across the street. The detectives give chase, Delahoy quickly pulling ahead of Banks. The man DUCKS into the...

SUBWAY

Delahoy follows. The man JUMPS a turnstile. Delahoy goes after him. The man reaches the platform. A train is coming. Instead of stopping he JUMPS ONTO THE TRACKS. The train brakes with a screech.

The man doesn’t stop. He JUMPS over the third rail, running toward the far platform. Delahoy jumps onto the tracks behind him, lands hard. The train is almost on top of him, brakes screeching. Delahoy turns to face it, the lights blinding him. Instead of trying to get out of the way, he straightens, opening his arms. This will be a good death.

The subway STOPS inches from his face. Delahoy can’t believe it. Meanwhile, the man is up on the far platform and racing toward the exit. But then HE IS CLOTHES-LINED BY BANKS, who has circled to the far entrance and cut him off.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE FACILITY - NIGHT

Walsh and Casey walk through rows of roll-gated storage lockers.

CASEY
Why do self storage places always smell like urine? What do people keep in here?

WALSH
I opened a guy’s locker once, found six heads stuck on bowling pins.
Walsh’s phone rings. He answers.

WALSH (cont’d)
Walsh.

INTERCUT WITH

EXT. STREET CORNER / SHEEPSHEAD BAY, QUEENS - SAME TIME

Alvarez is in the middle of nowhere Queens, standing in front of vacant lot, fuming.

ALVAREZ
That address you gave me is an empty field.

WALSH
I was just gonna call you. The CI reached out again. He messed up the address. He’s in a White Castle on Rockaway Boulevard.

ALVAREZ
Are you screwing with me?

WALSH
He told me he saw Kowalski right before the murder. Three black kids follow him into the park. Says he knows one of them.

ALVAREZ
(beat)
Rockaway Boulevard?

WALSH
Yup.

Walsh hangs up.

CASEY
You’re an evil man.

They reach number 314. There’s a LOCK lying broken on the floor. Walsh and Casey pull their guns. Walsh reaches down and rolls up the gate.

CUT TO:

INT. STORAGE LOCKER 314 - CONTINUOUS

An eight-by-ten room filled with file cabinets. Except the file cabinets are empty, drawers pulled out. Somebody has ransacked the place. In the center of the room is a METAL TRASH BARREL. It’s blackened by fire. Someone has used it to torch the contents of the file cabinets.
Casey holsters her gun. She digs through the ashes. She finds a few partial file jackets.

    CASEY
    Walsh.

He comes over. She lays the files out on a table. We see the remains of a file that’s labeled DETECTIVE ED ALVAREZ. There are SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS of Alvarez, Nicole and their daughter Jennifer. A hand-written note reads: “Who’s her real father?”

    CASEY (cont’d)
    What is this?

Walsh picks up another file, this one labeled DETECTIVE HENRY COLE. Walsh lifts a partial MISSING PERSONS REPORT from Cole’s file. It is for someone named Navan Granger.

    WALSH
    Who’s Navan Granger?

The rest of the files are burned beyond repair, but the labels can be made out. We see the names of DETECTIVES from the Seventh Precinct: Delahoy, Banks, Beaumont.

    CASEY
    He was keeping files on cops.

    WALSH
    Not a word about this to anyone.

    CASEY
    What does it mean?

    WALSH
    I don’t know.

Off the two of them. What have they found?

    FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
EXT. WALSH’S CAR (TRAVELING) - NIGHT

Walsh is driving, Casey beside him.

CASEY
If Kowalski was keeping files on cops, maybe a cop killed him.

WALSH
Until we know more we don’t say a word.

Casey’s phone rings. She answers.

CASEY
Shraeger.

ESTELLE (O.S.)
Your soup is getting cold.

Off Casey: Shit. She sneaks a look at Walsh.

CASEY
I can’t help you with that. I’m in the middle of something.

ESTELLE (O.S.)
Casey Beatrice Shraeger, it is your father’s birthday. Get your ass over here.

Casey covers the phone. She really doesn’t want to do this.

CASEY
(to Walsh)
Listen, I got a thing. Won’t take more than an hour. Cover for me?

CUT TO:

INT. SHRAEGER TOWNHOUSE – NIGHT

A large ballroom, filled. Everyone is rich, well-dressed. Casey enters. Her mother, Estelle, sees her, comes over.

ESTELLE
What are you wearing? You look like a lesbian.

CASEY
(stunned)
I though this was a casual family dinner.
ESTELLE
This is casual.

CASEY
There are like three hundred people here, most of them encrusted with jewels.

ESTELLE
I don’t know what that means.

WALTER SHRAEGER, 59, comes over. He is a pompous man who eats filet mignon on a private plane twice a week.

WALTER
You’re late.

CASEY
(kisses him)
I made homicide today, daddy. You should be proud of me.

WALTER
I’ll be proud of you when you get a real job, or marry a Getty. You’re a Shraeger, for God sake.

CASEY
(please)
Don’t start.

WALTER
Your grandfather didn’t build a real estate empire so you could write parking tickets and enforce pointless rules.

CASEY
Pointless? You think don’t kill people is a pointless rule? What about rape and assault?

WALTER
You know that’s not what I meant.

CASEY
My whole life I never saw anybody get punished for anything. How many of your friends bought their way out of tax fraud or insider trading charges? You taught me that rules don’t apply to the rich. And their kids? They’d just lie and cheat and steal, and no one cared. Except me. Stupid, huh?
WALTER
Casey.

CASEY
Somebody killed a cop last night, dad. So if you don’t mind I’m not gonna stay for cake.

She leaves before her father can reply.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / BULLPEN - DAY

Banks is at his desk. Cat paraphernalia surrounds him. Stuffed animals, stickers, etc. Banks has a half-dozen sheets of copier paper in front of him. He is using a Sharpey to write the words “True” and “Lie” on them.

We hear Beaumont SCREAM. She found the dead cat in her desk.

BEAUMONT
Banks!

He smiles. Delahoy comes over.

DELAHOY
Starting a game show?

BANKS
You want to tell me what that was with the subway?

DELAHOY
What do you mean?

BANKS
You just stood there on the tracks.

DELAHOY
I fell. I was trying to get up.

BANKS
No. You stood and watched that train coming.

DELAHOY
Whatever.

Delahoy turns away, pops a Vicodin in his mouth.

BANKS
What was that?

DELAHOY
Aspirin. You give me a headache.
BANKS
Look, pal, my grandfather was killed by a Metro North train in 1967. He was fifty-two-years old. My dad died when I was fifteen. Cancer. He'd just turned fifty-two. My uncle dropped dead of a heart attack two years later. Guess how old he was?
(beat)
You want to know why I won’t take off the vest? Why I wear flame retardant clothing and put that antibacterial crap on my hands? I turned fifty-two last week. So if you’re gonna kill yourself, don’t do it when I’m around. I got enough bad ju-ju already.

Off Delahoy: what can he say to that?

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH SQUAD / BREAK ROOM - DAY

Detective Cole is heating up a burrito in the microwave. Walsh comes in, closes the door.

WALSH
We needs to talk.

COLE
Detective Walsh, I wanted to say I’m sorry about Kowalski. He was a sinner and a blasphemer, and he’s probably roasting in hell, but he was also your friend.

WALSH
Thanks. That’s sweet. Listen, I got a call about an old case of yours. A missing persons. Navan Granger. Mean anything to you?

Cole goes pale.

COLE
Doesn’t ring a bell.

WALSH
Kid from New Mexico in the eighties. Apparently Granger was wanted for questioning in a bank robbery.

COLE
You sure it was one of mine?
Beat. Walsh studies him.

    WALSH
    You know what? Forget it. They’re faxing me the warrant and the original report. I’ll run it by the Sarge, see what he wants to do.

He starts to stand.

    COLE
    You can’t do that.

    WALSH
    Why not?

    COLE
    (beat, reluctant)
    Because I’m Navan Granger.
    (beat)
    You can’t tell anybody. I grew up on a ranch outside Santa Fe. We raised cattle. But my dad drank and the bank was going to foreclose. So my brother and his friends came up with a plan to rob the credit union. I was eighteen. They told me to stay in the car. My brother goes in, gets shot. I drive to New York and buy a new identity. It was Nineteen-eighty-eight. Before I was saved.

Walsh weighs this.

    WALSH
    Did you tell Kowalski about this?

    COLE
    Why would I tell Kowalski? Listen, you can’t let IAB see my picture on that report. I have a wife and children. It was a stupid mistake. Every day I ask the Lord for forgiveness.


    COLE (cont’d)
    We’ve got a problem.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR
INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT

Banks and Delahoy sit across from HAROLD SNAITH, 32, the cat killer suspect. He is a fastidious man in a bowtie. A small Xerox machine sits on the table in front of them.

DELAHOY
You know why you’re here, Harold?

HAROLD
No.

BANKS
I’ll give you a hint. What has four legs and poops in a box?

HAROLD
I have committed no crime.

DELAHOY
Then why’d you run?

Harold doesn’t have an answer to that.

BANKS
You ever take a lie detector test before, Harold?

HAROLD
No.

BANKS
Here’s how it works. You put your hand on the glass.

With a little coaxing Harold puts his hand on the glass.

BANKS (cont’d)
I ask you a question, like, is Harold Snaith your real name? And you say ...

HAROLD
Doesn’t a lie detector have electrodes or something?

BANKS
Answer the question, buttbag.

HAROLD
Yes. My name is Harold Snaith.
Banks hits COPY on the machine. A piece of paper comes out with a Xerox of Harold’s hand over the word TRUE written in large black letters.

BANKS
Excellent. And were you born December eighth, nineteen-seventy-five?

HAROLD
Yes.

Again Banks hits copy. Again a handprint with “True” on it. Now Banks holds up the photo of Mr. Boodles, the councilman’s cat.

BANKS
Did you kill this cat?

HAROLD
No.

This time the handprint has the word “Lie” printed under it.

BANKS
Harold.

HAROLD
I didn’t. I swear.

The machine spits out another copy. LIE.

BANKS
The machine reads minds. Don’t piss it off.

HAROLD
This has all been a huge misunderstanding. That was my cat in the alley. She ran away. I was simply trying to get her home.

BANKS
Except we went to your apartment. No cat food. No litter box.

HAROLD
Okay. You’re right. A friend asked me to house sit. I left the window open by accident. The cat escaped. That’s the truth.

DELAHOY
The good liar, he picks a story and sticks to it.
BANKS
You hate cats, don’t you, Harold?
All that fur. Their scratchy little tongues? But you like how it feels to break their necks.

Harold smiles, sits back and crosses his arms. He will say no more. Off Banks and Delahoy -- who is this guy?

CUT TO:

EXT. SHRAEGER TOWNHOUSE - NIGHT

Casey exits. She starts walking toward the subway.

VOICE (O.S.)
Detective.

Casey looks over at a black SUV. There is a UNIFORMED OFFICER driving. A grey-haired man sits in back. This is LIEUTENANT LITTLE.

LIEUTENANT LITTLE
I’m Lieutenant Little. Get in.

CUT TO:

INT. LIEUTENANT LITTLE’S CAR - CONTINUOUS

The SUV pulls into traffic. Casey sits in the back with the Lieutenant.

LIEUTENANT LITTLE
Sorry it’s taken me so long to check in. Ever since 9/11 I don’t stay in one place for more than an hour. You can’t be too careful.

CASEY
Sir, I’m a little confused.

LIEUTENANT LITTLE
It’s the NYPD, detective. If you’re not a little confused you’re not paying attention. I have three ex-wives, I lose money on football and I work for an organization that believes in surprise inspections. All in all I find it’s better to stay mobile.

He offers her a tiny airplane bottle of gin. She shakes her head.

LIEUTENANT LITTLE (cont’d)
I asked that you be transferred to the seventh.

(MORE)
I assigned you to Walsh. Headquarters wanted to send me some Marine with a thirty-two-inch neck. I said no, give me Schraeger.

CASEY
Why?

LIEUTENANT LITTLE
Because I know who you really are.

CASEY
Excuse me?

LIEUTENANT LITTLE
A rich girl. Daughter of Walter Schraeger, fifteenth richest man in America.

CASEY
I’ve never used that to get any advantage.

LIEUTENANT LITTLE
Relax, Detective. Everybody has secrets. Especially cops. People think I don’t care about my squad because I’m never there. But I know what’s happening. I brought you in, because I need a cop who can’t be bribed or intimidated. My house is in disarray. I want you to help me clean it up.

CASEY
How?

He hands her a file. It’s marked Kowalski, Burt -- FBI eyes only. Casey opens the file. Inside we see documentation of every bad act Kowalski ever committed.

ANGLE ON SURVEILLANCE PHOTOS
of Kowalski on a street corner talking to a WHITE MAN.

LIEUTENANT LITTLE
That’s Alex Chernienko, a Russian mafia lieutenant. He was paying Kowalski for protection.

Casey looks at the photos: Kowalski and the Russian Mobster. A piece falls into place for her.

CASEY
Kowalski kept a storage locker.

LIEUTENANT LITTLE
What?
CASEY
(beat, thinking)
Can I keep this?

LIEUTENANT LITTLE
Please.

They stop in front of THE PRECINCT. Casey opens her door.

LIEUTENANT LITTLE (cont'd)
Casey.
(she stops)
Let’s keep this between us.

She nods, climbs out. The car drives off. Casey realizes something. She pulls the TRANSFER ORDER out of her pocket.

CASEY
Wait! You need to sign this.

But the car is gone. Casey takes out her phone, makes a call.

CASEY (cont'd)
Walsh, it’s Casey. I know why Kowalski was spying on cops.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / SERGEANT BROWN’S OFFICE - NIGHT

Sergeant Brown is at his desk. Banks and Delahoy enter.

BANKS
You wanted to see us, Sarge?

SERGEANT BROWN
Where are we on the cat thing?

BANKS
We got the guy in lockup, but he’s not talking.

Beaumont enters carrying two coffees, sees Banks and Delahoy.

BEAUMONT
Oh, sorry. I just...

SERGEANT BROWN
(covering)
Do you have the sketch?

BEAUMONT
What? Oh, the sketch. Huh. No. Why don’t I... I’ll go get that.

She leaves. Banks and Delahoy look at each other.
SERGEANT BROWN
Women. Where were we?

DELAHOY
The guy’s guilty, Sarge. We just can’t prove it yet.

SERGEANT BROWN
Well, in six hours we either charge him or kick him loose. So get a confession. I don’t care how.

CUT TO:

EXT. SEVENTH PRECINCT - MORNING

The alley behind the station. A squad car is parked outside.

TITLE: WEDNESDAY

Banks and Delahoy lead Harold Snaith out back.

BANKS
(to Delahoy)
You think Beaumont and the Sarge...

DELAHOY
Uncle Beaumont? Does she even have the right equipment?

HAROLD
Where are you taking me?

BANKS
No place. We just want to talk.

HAROLD
I told you, I have nothing more to say.

Delahoy pushes Harold against a squad car, uncuffs him.

HAROLD (cont’d)
Are you going to hit me?

Delahoy starts rolling up his sleeves.

DELAHOY
We know you killed those cats, Harold. We’re not going back inside until you confess.

HAROLD
If you touch me, I’ll sue. I swear.
Delahoy cocks his arm. Unnoticed, Banks takes a bottle of fish sauce out of his pocket. He squirts it all over Harold.

**HAROLD (cont'd)**
Oh! What are you...

**BANKS**
Just a little seasoning. Eric.

Delahoy opens the back of a SQUAD CAR. He shoves Harold inside, closes the door.

**CUT TO:**

**INT. SQUAD CAR - CONTINUOUS**

Harold pounds on the door. Banks and Delahoy watch him. Beat. Harold gives up, sits back, tries to wipe some of the fish sauce off his coat. He hears a cat’s meow, looks up. There is a CAT staring at him from the front seat.

**HAROLD**
Oh, God.

A SECOND CAT appears next to the first. Then a THIRD.

**HAROLD (cont'd)**
No.

The cats, smelling the fish sauce, attack Harold.

**ANGLE ON THE SQUAD CAR**

From Banks and Delahoy’s POV. They watch it rock back and forth, as inside Harold fights off the cats.

**HAROLD (o.s.) (cont'd)**
Ahhh!!! Get them off! I’ll talk. I did it. I killed them. Please. Get them off me!!!

Banks smiles, drops the bottle in the trash.

**DELAHOY**
Where’d you get the cats?

**BANKS**
My ex. I know where she hides the key.

Delahoy steps toward the car. Banks stops him.

**BANKS (cont'd)**
Let’s give them a minute.

**CUT TO:**
INT. ROSCOE’S RESTAURANT - MORNING

Casey sits at the counter. Walsh is on the other side looking at a photo of Kowalski and Chernienko.

WALSH
How did you get this?

CASEY
I have a friend at the Attorney General’s office. I think Kowalski made a deal with the Russian mafia. He was slipping them personal information about cops.

Walsh breaks two eggs on the grill.

WALSH
 Doesn’t matter. Witness saw a black guy with a scar running from the crime scene. Russians don’t farm out their hits.

CASEY
I’m just gonna say this once, and then I’ll let it go. Corruption, adultery, drug use, violence - how can you say Kowalski was a good cop?

Walsh breaks three eggs onto the grill.

WALSH
Two years ago a seventeen-year-old girl goes missing. Kowalski asks can he sleep in the girl’s bedroom. He goes to her school every day for three months. That’s how he learns the girl was maybe involved with one of her teachers, a guy with a cabin upstate. Two days later we have a body, and a confession. If that’s not a good cop, I don’t know what is.

She thinks about this. He puts an omelette in front of her. She takes a bite. It’s awful. Walsh’s phone rings. When he turns away to answer, Casey spits the eggs into her napkin.

WALSH (cont’d)

Walsh.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. WHITE CASTLE, QUEENS - SAME TIME

Alvarez sits in a plastic booth. He’s furious.
ALVAREZ
Where the hell is this guy?

WALSH
You’re kidding me? He didn’t show?

ALVAREZ
I’ve been waiting all night.

WALSH
And you’re in the White Castle on Queens Boulevard?

ALVAREZ
You said Rockaway Boulevard.

WALSH
Why would I say Rockaway? The guy works at the one on Queens Boulevard. Look, he called me an hour ago, pissed. Wanted to know where the hell you were. I told him you were coming. He said forget it. He’s just gonna go straight to the New York Post, get all the glory for himself.

Beat. Alvarez can’t bear the thought.

ALVAREZ
Call him back. Tell him I’ll be there in half an hour.

Walsh hangs up, smiles. Casey pushes her plate aside.

CASEY
Here’s a question. How does a guy go from playing shortstop to being a New York City police officer?

Beat. He looks at her, impressed.

CASEY (cont’d)
I, too, am a trained detective.

WALSH
Here’s the difference between you and me. You think people shouldn’t keep secrets. I think secrets are what keep us going.

CASEY
I have secrets.

WALSH
A vibrator in your bedside table is not a secret.

(MORE)
I’m talking about things you don’t want to admit, even to your self.

CASEY
You say that like it’s a good thing.

WALSH
You know what a cop is to most people? A garbage man. We go through people’s trash looking for clues. We clean up their messes. That’s the job. It kills our marriages. Our kids hate us. We start drinking. The secrets are what keep us sane.

She leans in closer.

CASEY
So what’s your secret?

We feel a tension here between them, the hint of a sexual energy. His phone rings, killing the moment. He answers.

WALSH
Walsh.
(beat, listening)
No. I remember him. We’ll go.
(hangs up)
We got an ID on who’s been calling Kowalski’s house and hanging up. Low level drug dealer named Malcolm Nix. Couldn’t be more than sixteen.

CASEY
What’s a teenage drug dealer doing calling Kowalski at home?

Off Walsh: he has no idea.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FIVE
ACT SIX

FADE IN:

INT. NIX APARTMENT - DAY

The door opens. DORA NIX, 44, a well-dressed black woman, sees Walsh and Casey. They badge her.

WALSH
We’re looking for Malcolm Nix.

DORA
Malcolm!

MALCOLM NIX, 16 comes out of his bedroom. He’s in a wheelchair. Walsh and Casey look at him, a little stunned.

CASEY
Huh.

WALSH
This is why I love working for the New York City Police Department. A suspect in a wheelchair. You think that’d make it’s way into the file.

Malcolm looks at Walsh.

MALCOLM
What do you want?

WALSH
What happened?

MALCOLM
Car accident. Eight months ago.

CASEY
Where were you Monday night?

MALCOLM
Home.

WALSH
All night?

MALCOLM
Elevator was broke. Do I look like I can take the stairs?

CASEY
You’ve been calling a cop’s house and hanging up. We want to know why.

MALCOLM
That’s some bullshit.
Problem is the cop got killed
Monday night. Detective Burt
Kowalski. You might remember him.
He arrested you last year.

Malcolm doesn’t say anything.

CASEY
Why would you call a cop?

Malcolm won’t answer.

CASEY (cont'd)
We’re you selling him drugs?

MALCOLM
No.

WALSH
Then what?

DORA
Tell them, Malcolm.
(beat)
Malcolm.
(beat, he won’t)
Malcolm stopped selling drugs after
the accident. He’s getting his
GED. Detective Kowalski was
helping him.

WALSH
Helping him.

DORA
He came by every week, took Malcolm
to a ballgame or the museum, helped
him with his homework. Malcolm’s
father ran out on us six years ago.
He was a hitter. Detective
Kowalski said he knew what that was
like.

CASEY
You sure we’re talking about the
same guy? Six foot four, big
belly?

MALCOLM
I ain’t no bitch.

WALSH
Nobody’s saying that.
MALCOLM
That boy was hardcore. He took me
to a crime scene, let me poke a
dead body with a stick. He said
drugs were for weak-ass bitches.
And I wasn’t weak. He said
everybody I met was gonna want
something from me. And the key was
to only give them what I wanted. I
said what do you want? He said I
want you to grow up and be good to
your kids. Crazy fool.

Malcolm looks away. Casey turns to Walsh.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / BULLPEN

Walsh and Casey are talking to Sergeant Brown.

SERGEANT BROWN
Let me get this straight. Kowalski
was like a Big Brother.

WALSH
Kid’s dad used to beat the crap out
of him. So did Kowalski’s. I
should have realized. He always
had a soft spot for hard luck kids.

CASEY
Malcolm’s mother said she didn’t
think her son was the only one
Kowalski looked in on.

Banks and Delahoy enter. All the cops in the bullpen
applaud.

BANKS
Thank you. Thank you.

SERGEANT BROWN
Nice work on the cat thing.

BANKS
Turns out the guy had a wife once.
She lost a baby cause of some
parasite she picked up cleaning the
cat’s litter box. Bowtie wanted
revenge.

SERGEANT BROWN
I’m already bored.
(to Walsh)
(MORE)
Let’s pull all Kowalski’s juvie cases. See if he got close to any of the kids.

Alvarez enters.

ALVAREZ
Walsh!

They turn.

BANKS
Does anybody else smell burgers?

ALVAREZ
I waited four hours. Your CI never showed.

WALSH
I don’t know what you’re talking about.

SERGEANT BROWN
Hey, Alvarez, since you can’t be bothered to come to work, I’m making Walsh primary again.

Alvarez lunges for Walsh.

ALVAREZ
You set me up!

Banks and Delahoy restrain him. Walsh smiles.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT / BULLPEN - DAY

Casey sits at her computer. Walsh stands behind her. She has a mug shot on-screen, an African-American male with a scar across his face. It matches the sketch from the park witness.

CASEY
There he is. The scar matches our witness’s description.

WALSH
Deon St. James, twenty. Kowalski busted him and his brother last year on a drug charge. Deon got eighteen months upstate.

Casey scrolls through the record.
CASEY
Look at this: The brother was knifed in Joliet, died before they could get him to a hospital. Kowalski felt bad, wrote the kid a letter of recommendation. He got out early.

WALSH
But instead of being grateful, Deon can’t let the brother’s death go, so he meets Kowalski in the park and gives him a taste of what his brother got.

There it is. The answer. Walsh straightens. The bullpen is full, detectives sensing action, assembled around them.

WALSH (cont'd)
Our suspect is Deon St. James. Two felony assaults, one arrest for possession of a firearm.

The detectives arm themselves, grabbing bullet-proof vests and shotguns.

WALSH (cont'd)
He lives in the projects with his mother, so be careful.

Sergeant Brown steps forward.

SERGEANT BROWN
Alright, let’s show this asshole what it means to kill a cop.

The cops head for the exit: ready for justice.

SERGEANT BROWN (cont'd)
Beaumont.

She stops, comes back. The room empties out. It’s just the two of them now. He adjusts her bulletproof vest.

SERGEANT BROWN (cont'd)
Be careful.

She smiles.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEON’S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The detectives arrive with a TACTICAL TEAM. Walsh sends COPS around to the back. The others approach the front door.

CUT TO:
INT. HALLWAY / DEON’S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Cops appear from both sides of the hall, heading toward Apartment 6A. A SWAT guy with a battering ram is in front.

ANGLE ON BANKS

As he falls back, stops, watching the others approach the door. He is pale, sweating. Delahoy comes over.

DELAHOY

What’s up?

BANKS

I can’t do it.

Delahoy sees Banks’s fear. He nods.

DELAHOY

Don’t worry about it. You’ll get the next one.

Banks nods, grateful. Delahoy heads off after the others.

CUT TO:

INT. DEON’S APARTMENT - DAY

The door BURSTS OPEN. Walsh is first in. Casey is right behind him. Alvarez, Delahoy and Cole follow. The apartment is a maze, piles of newspapers, broken furniture.

CUT TO:

INT. KITCHEN / DEON’S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

There are two doorways. Delahoy enters, gun drawn. DEON ST. JAMES is standing near the window with a shotgun. Delahoy sees him. This is the moment: kill or be killed. Everything slows down. Deon raises the shotgun. We see Delahoy make a decision. No chemo. No radiation. This is the death he wants. He closes his eyes. Deon FIRES the shotgun.

CLOSE UP ON CASEY

As she appears in the other doorway. She sees Deon shoot Delahoy, and she SHOOTS DEON TWICE in the chest, sending him backward onto the fire escape. Walsh appears behind her.

ANGLE ON DELAHOY

Still standing. He looks down. There isn’t a mark on him. He can’t believe it. Cole approaches him.

COLE

Jesus.
DELAHOY
No. I’m okay.

COLE
(pointing)
No. Jesus.

Delahoy turns. On the wall behind him, we see the OUTLINE OF HIS BODY painted with powder burns and pellets. Over it, the shotgun blast has created the image of a HALO.

CUT TO:

EXT. DEON’S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The aftermath. Emergency personnel are there. Casey and Walsh are on the street.

WALSH
You sure you’re okay?

CASEY
Stop treating me like a girl. I’m fine.

But she takes his jacket when he slips it over her shoulders. Beaumont exits the building, holding up a zip-lock bag.

BEAUMONT
Kowalski’s badge and gun. They were hidden behind the stove.

Walsh goes over to her. Casey turns away. We can tell she’s not fine at all.

CUT TO:

INT. O’DOUL’S PUB - NIGHT

Kowalski’s wake. All the detectives are there getting hammered. Banks sits with Delahoy, Beaumont and Cole. They are examining Delahoy’s NYPD windbreaker.

BANKS
Not a goddamn scratch.

COLE
It’s a miracle.

BEAUMONT
He gave you both barrels, point blank.

DELAHOY
The gun must have misfired.
BANKS
There was buckshot in the wall.
Are you saying the pellets went around you?

BEAUMONT
Those are some magic pellets.

BANKS
Or a magic windbreaker.

Beat. They think about this.

BEAUMONT
I’ll give you a hundred bucks for it.

BANKS
One-fifty.

Beaumont looks up, sees Sergeant Brown enter with his wife, VANESSA, 31, pretty, well-dressed. Beaumont’s face falls.

Nearby, Casey is standing with Walsh. She is still wearing his jacket, and is lost in thought.

WALSH
(beat)
I got a sister, Evelyn. Twelve years ago she was mugged. The guy had a gun. She said, what are you gonna do? Shoot me? My sister always had more guts than sense.

CASEY
He shot her.

WALSH
She’s in a wheelchair. And that’s how a guy goes from playing a game to being a cop.

She nods. There is trust now. Sergeant Brown approaches with his wife.

SERGEANT BROWN
You remember Vanessa.

WALSH
Sure. How you doing?

VANESSA
I’m sorry about Burt.
SERGEANT BROWN
(to Casey)
IAB’s gonna want to talk to you in
the morning, Detective. But I
wouldn’t worry. It was a good
shoot.

CASEY
Thank you, sir.

SERGEANT BROWN
(to Walsh)
Don’t you have a speech to make?

Walsh moves toward the front of the room. Casey goes over to
the bar, sits next to Beaumont, who’s got three drinks lined
up in front of her.

BEAUMONT
I’ve been a Marine, a prison guard
and a cop, so I’m used to taking my
clothes off in a room full of men.

CASEY
I’ll drink to that.

They clink glasses.

BEAUMONT
It’s a lose/lose situation, skirt.
If you succeed in becoming one of
the guys, then you’re not a woman
anymore.

CASEY
Detective Beaumont, you’ll always
be a woman to me.

Beaumont smiles. Walsh climbs up on the pool table.

WALSH
Hey, settle down, you animals.

The crowd quiets. Walsh raises his glass.

WALSH (cont'd)
First let’s toast the new girl, who
took her first door today. Welcome
to the Seventh. It’s all downhill
from here.

ANGLE ON CASEY

As the others detectives stomp their feet and toast. She is
flushed, proud. Casey is one of them now, part of the
family, and she likes the feeling.
ANGLE ON WALSH

As the mood changes. He holds up Kowalski’s badge. The crowd quiets, sensing the shift.

WALSH (cont’d)
This was a cop. He kicked down doors. He took bullets. He didn’t hesitate. And now he’s dead, and the badge gets retired. Number 5918. It was Jerry Hanlin’s before it was Kowalski’s. Hanlin was a detective at the twenty-third. Closed three hundred cases, retired in nineteen-eighty-seven. Before Hanlin the badge belonged to Frank O’Shea. O’Shea worked the Malcom X murder. He tasked on Son of Sam. This is how it works. You pass the badge down until it kills you. And then you hang it on the wall.

ANGLE ON CASEY

As she looks around at her new family -- Cole, Delahoy, Beaumont, Banks -- each has something to hide, a secret life.

For a split second she sees Lieutenant Little looking in the window. But when she looks again, he’s gone.

She puts her hands in the pocket of Walsh’s jacket, pulls out a piece of paper.

ANGLE ON PAPER

It’s a singed label from Kowalski’s storage locker. Except this one reads: Detective Joe Walsh.

ANGLE ON CASEY

Why did Walsh take this? What secrets is he hiding?

WALSH (cont’d)
So raise your glasses you motherless bastards. Because a cop is dead. And he won’t be forgotten.

The cops lift their glasses. Casey watches Walsh take a drink. Can it be he’s not the man she thought he was?

FADE OUT.

THE END