

The Unusuals

Drama Pilot

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ABC/SONY

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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)

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DETECTIVE 1 (cont'd)
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)

CASEY (cont'd)

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.

CUT TO:

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)

CASEY (cont'd)

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)

ALVAREZ (cont'd)

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.

CUT TO:

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.

BANKS (cont'd)
... 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

Perps and civilians sit on benches. Beat cops come and go. Walsh and Casey enter.

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?

BEAUMONT
You'd have to ask him.

She starts for the door.

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

BEAUMONT
Lieutenant Little. He should be in
his office.

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT - DAY

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

CASEY
Have you seen the Lieutenant?

COLE
You just missed him. Try the
motorpool.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTORPOOL - DAY

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

CASEY
Have you seen Lieutenant Little?

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

CUT TO:

INT. SEVENTH PRECINCT - DAY

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

CASEY
Lieutenant Little?

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

WALSH
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 jut 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 cornered 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

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

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.

Beat. Walsh nods, exits. Beat. Cole takes out his phone, dials.

COLE (cont'd)

We've got a problem.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

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, butthead.

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)

LIEUTENANT LITTLE (cont'd)

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)

WALSH (cont'd)

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.

WALSH

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)

SERGEANT BROWN (cont'd)
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