

ACT ONE

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

CLOSE ON GLORIA. She has a face that people immediately trust. It's not just that she's lovely, there is depth and humor, and though it's well concealed, there is pain. Perhaps her most remarkable feature is her eyes. They don't miss a thing. They're full of intelligence and compassion. At this moment, however, they're a little impatient.

We'll notice that look a lot.

REVERSE -- GLORIA'S POV: The TIMER on a microwave counting down the last three seconds... 3,2,1, DING:

Gloria immediately YANKS open the microwave's door, pulls out a MUG of COFFEE, and she's on the move. That's the other thing we'll notice. This is a woman who is in perpetual motion. Curious. Brilliant. But has trouble standing still.

WIDEN AND REVEAL: The kitchen is large, cluttered, but warm. Post-it notes are scattered across everything: cupboards, closets and drawers. They are reminders, directions and affirmations.

Gloria's eight-year-old son, LEO, is sitting at the table eating a bowl of cereal.

GLORIA

Why can't we live in a world where there's a magic box and all you have to do is say to the box, "I'd like a coffee" or "waffles" or "blue sweater," and it instantly appears. No timers, no waiting, just..., "DING, here you go, Gloria."

She sets her coffee down across from Leo, playfully grabs him by the hair...

GLORIA (CONT'D)

You're smart, invent that box for me.

Before he can reply, she's on the move, calls up the stairs,

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Come on, Nicholas... You need to eat something before school.

Gloria grabs a PAD OF POST-ITS. Jots something down. While she's doing this, we might notice the wall behind her has large swaths of color as if she were considering painting, but hadn't decided upon a palette. She glances up as...

Her other son, NICK (11), shuffles into the kitchen, still in his pajamas.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

No you don't. Back upstairs and get dressed.

NICK

Uncle Davey's still in the bathroom.

DAVEY (O.S.)

No...

Gloria's younger brother, DAVEY, hurries through the kitchen. He's wearing a shirt, but has a towel wrapped around his waist. He's mid-thirties, handsome, but we get the sense that he's never quite figured out the whole adult thing.

DAVEY (CONT'D)

...Uncle Davey is showered, shaved and one pair of boxer briefs away from walking out the door.

Davey dashes through the kitchen and down the basement stairs.

GLORIA

C'mon, Nick, don't make us late.

Nick heads back upstairs. Leo looks over at Gloria as she unplugs the toaster.

LEO

Mom, there's plenty of time.

GLORIA

You're young. You'll learn. --
There's never enough time.

O.S. someone KNOCKS on the FRONT DOOR. Gloria looks in that direction. Now what?! She peels off the note, crosses to Leo...

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Go brush your teeth.

...Sticks the Post-It down on the table in front of him, picks up a trash bag and exits. Leo looks down at the note:

CLOSE ON -- THE NOTE: "LEO, INVENT MAGIC BOX!"

Off Leo, used to this kind of behavior:

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY -- MORNING

ANOTHER POLITE KNOCK. Gloria opens the front door:

INT./EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Gloria sees a smiling, pretty WOMAN in her mid-thirties.

KATIE

Good morning. -- I'm Katie Silvers.
We live over there...

She points catty-corner to a perfectly finished, beautifully landscaped home across the street. Gloria just stares at her, as if perplexed why this woman would be visiting.

KATIE (CONT'D)

(gives another hint)
My daughter, Olivia, is in Nick's class.

GLORIA

Oh, hi... Welcome to the neighborhood.

Gloria shakes Katie's hand.

Katie's quest for perfection is only matched by her love of family and her desire to be liked.

KATIE

Actually we've lived here for nine years.

She smiles like it's a simple misunderstanding.

GLORIA

Oh. My bad. I'm kinda new at this talking to the neighbors thing.
We've only been here --

KATIE

-- Three months... I remember when the trucks came.
(again, she smiles)
Of course, I met your brother a while ago when he lived here with his wife.

Katie tries to peek around Gloria into the house. Rather than invite Katie in, Gloria closes the door behind her and heads toward the trash cans down at the curb.

EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - PORCH -- MORNING

This is our first look at the house from the outside. Not as well manicured as Katie's, but it's a nice, middle-class, two-story in a quaint, Long Island neighborhood. Like the interior, it has potential, it just needs a little love.

GLORIA

If this is a Scout, carpool or PTA thing, my brother Davey, runs point on most of that stuff.

KATIE

You're a police detective, right?

GLORIA
Is there a problem?

Gloria puts the plastic bag into the trash can.

KATIE
Well.... Yes. There've been several
thefts in the neighborhood.
(glances around)
Some of us on the block thought you
might be able to help...

GLORIA
Okay... What's been stolen?

KATIE
Gnomes.

Gloria stares at her.

GLORIA
Gnomes?

KATIE
At least mine was a gnome. But we're
missing all kinds of lawn ornaments --
flamingos, geese...

GLORIA
I see...
(then)
I gotta be honest, gnomes are a little
outside my jurisdiction.

Gloria turns and faces her.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Now if you find a severed head, give
me a call. -- I've had a lot of success
with severed heads.

They stare at each other for a beat, like two ethnographers,
studying the rituals of neighboring tribes. Then, Gloria's
cell phone rings.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Nice meeting you.

Gloria answers her phone,

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Sheppard!

And heads back into her house. SCORE KICKS IN and we MONTAGE
Gloria into:

EXT./INT. GLORIA'S EXPLORER - LINDENHURST, NY -- DAY

CLOSE ON -- GLORIA: driving through the Village of Lindenhurst. Quintessential Americana... Neighborhood shops and stores opening for the day... A MAILMAN talking to a MOM on the sidewalk...,

KIDS getting on a schoolbus... an ELDERLY WOMAN walking her TEENY DOG...

EXT./INT. GLORIA'S EXPLORER - WILLIAMSBURG BRIDGE -- DAY

High and wide. Gloria driving across the steel bridge. It's a lovely, cumulous cloud kind of day.

CLOSE ON -- GLORIA: as she crosses over the murky green East River and into Manhattan. She loves this drive. This city. It's as if Dorothy gets to commute between Kansas and Oz.

INT./EXT. NYC - GLORIA'S CAR -- DAY

Quick shots of Gloria driving through crowded Manhattan streets. Music cuts out hard as:

EXT. DAVIS PARK -- DAY

Gloria SLAMS her car door and heads toward a crime scene in this sketchy, urban park. We notice she's wearing an elegant, long coat. She loves this coat and almost always wears it on the job. *She feels strong and invincible in it.*

CAMERA LEADS HER as she passes a few SQUAD CARS, the M.E.s VAN, and a HANDFUL of COPS. One of the UNIFORMS lifts the POLICE TAPE as Gloria flashes her badge.

Gloria sees some people, including a MEDICAL TECH huddled around the sprawled body of a DEAD MAN. A woman, next to the body, spots Gloria and hurries toward her.

Her name is, DETECTIVE MICHELLE DULCETT. She is a voluptuous black woman in her early thirties. Her well-tailored pants suit flatters, rather than diminishes her physique. Brooklyn born and raised, there is nothing that intimidates her. Except, on occasion, Gloria.

MICHELLE

You want the bad news or the worse news?

GLORIA

You know me.

MICHELLE

Okay, the worse news is that Van Stone's been assigned lead Detective on the case.

Gloria glances around looking for him.

GLORIA

I'm sure in one of our past lives we
did something to deserve him...

(then)

And the bad...?

MICHELLE

(indicating the dead man)

You're looking at it.

They step closer to the Dead Man as Gloria slips on latex gloves. The Man is white, mid-fifties, sharp suit. Blood has pooled out of the back of his head and there is more blood splattered on the nearby bench.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Phillip Campbell. He's kind of a
big deal. Hedge fund guy.

GLORIA

Aren't all those guys big deals?

MICHELLE

Yeah, but Campbell's the mayor's
hedge fund guy. Lots of pressure
from downtown to tie this up fast.

Gloria glances around. Notices a derelict swing set. A DRUNK passed out on a bench. A CHURCH across the street.

GLORIA

I'm gonna go out on a limb and guess
he doesn't live or work around here.

MICHELLE

(confirms)

Other end of the island.

Gloria bends down for a closer look at Campbell as the MEDICAL TECH collects evidence nearby.

GLORIA'S POV -- CAMPBELL: she spends a moment drinking in the details: clean shaven, expensive haircut, designer tie... even in death she can see he was handsome.

CLOSE ON -- CAMPBELL'S HAND: as Gloria examines it. Three fingers are grotesquely bent backward.

GLORIA

He had a briefcase or bag or something
he didn't want to give up.

MICHELLE

Yeah.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

He either got pushed, or fell and cracked his skull open on the bench there. Doesn't seem premeditated.

(then)

Van Stone said we should investigate under the theory of --

GLORIA

-- A mugging gone bad?

Michelle nods. Gloria pulls back the man's coat sleeve revealing an EXPENSIVE WRIST WATCH.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Call me crazy, but when I mug a guy, I take his 30,000 dollar watch.

She looks over at the Med Tech.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

He still have a wallet on him?

The Tech nods. Gloria and Michelle exchange a look.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Okay, worst mugger ever.

MICHELLE

It happens.

The Med Tech pulls the WALLET out of a zippie bag and hands it to Gloria. She flips through it, notices a:

CLOSE ON -- A PSYCHIC'S BUSINESS CARD: MADAME NATALIA.

Gloria shows it to Michelle.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I didn't know dudes saw psychics.

GLORIA

Creepy, right? -- Like a guy in a nail salon.

MICHELLE

Or a back waxer....

Gloria tucks the card back into the wallet. Michelle scans the area. Has her theory.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Y'know, Glo, I feel dirty saying it, but I think I'm with Van Stone on this one. Some meth head probably grabbed the briefcase, tried to bolt and Campbell fought back.

GLORIA
 Maybe... Or the thing in the briefcase
 was what he was after.

Michelle shoots Gloria a look.

MICHELLE
 You know, I hate when you say "maybe"
 like that.

GLORIA
 Why's that?

MICHELLE
 Because it doesn't mean, "maybe", it
 means, you have a different theory
 and you think everyone else is wrong.

Gloria stands up.

GLORIA
 I'm just wondering what Campbell was
 carrying that was worth dying for
 and why he was hanging out in a park
 at the ass end of the island?

VAN STONE (O.S.)
 I don't care why. I just care we
 catch the dirtbag who killed him.

Gloria looks over as DETECTIVE JOE VAN STONE steps up.
 Van Stone has the vanity and bitterness of a man who feels
 he is a giant trapped in the body of a tiny man. He glances
 at his watch, as if Gloria's late.

VAN STONE (CONT'D)
 Nice of you to show up, Shepherd.
 You stop for a muffin on the way in?

GLORIA
 I just figured I'd give you a head
 start.

VAN STONE
 Mugging gone south, how hard can it be?
 (then)
 Check out that church, see if anybody
 saw anything..., I gotta drive up to
 the Upper Eastside and tell this
 guy's wife the good news.

As he turns and walks away...

GLORIA
 (calls after)
 Hey, Van Stone...

Van Stone stops and turns.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 I'll go. -- I'll tell her. --
 (off his look)
 You're lead on this case. You should
 stay here.

Off her "innocent" offer:

EXT. NYC - UPPER EAST SIDE STREET -- DAY

Gloria and Michelle walk along the busy sidewalk.

MICHELLE
 (mocking)
 You're lead, you should stay here...
 (then)
 I know why you volunteered to do
 this.

GLORIA
 Because I love making people cry.

MICHELLE
 (sees through the act)
 Because we both know that the only
 thing worse than being told your
 loved one is dead, is hearing it
 from an asshole like Van Stone.

Gloria fights a smile.

GLORIA
 You're giving me too much credit,
 Chelle. -- If Van Stone's right, and
 it was a junkie who killed Campbell,
 they'll find the perp. -- But if
 he's wrong, we'll need to talk to a
 lot of people and that includes his
 wife.
 (making a turn)
 Hey, is my breath okay?

She leans close to Michelle and forces an open-mouthed breath.
 Michelle scrunches her nose.

MICHELLE
 Ehh, so so...

Clearly, this behavior isn't foreign to her.

GLORIA
 (confirms to herself)
 Thought I tasted eggs...

Gloria starts rummaging through her bag in front of an expensive brownstone.

MICHELLE

You don't buy the mugger theory at all, do you?

Gloria's not listening. She pulls a pack of Tic-Tacs out of her purse.

GLORIA

Hey..., cinnamon.

She pops a mint, puts another to Michelle's lips.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I'm just saying we should keep our options open.

Michelle sticks out her tongue, takes it. Glances up at the building. Gloria chomps her mint.

MICHELLE

(after a beat)

I hate this part.

Gloria nods in agreement. The two women turn and enter the high end residence.

INT. CAMPBELL HOME -- DAY

CLOSE ON -- MARGARET CAMPBELL, early-fifties, lovely, perfectly coifed, tough -- a woman who's seemingly modeled herself on Nancy Reagan.

MARGARET CAMPBELL

(more annoyed than distraught)

What the hell was he doing way down there?

REVERSE -- GLORIA AND MICHELLE: having just given Mrs. Campbell the sad news, and not getting the reaction they had braced themselves for.

MICHELLE

We were hoping you might be able to tell us.

WIDEN AND REVEAL: we are in a posh sitting room; a formal place to receive guests, in an expansive home that has a room for every occasion.

MARGARET CAMPBELL

Phillip didn't talk to me about his business and I didn't bother him with details of the house. It's how we stayed married all these years.

Gloria studies Margaret Campbell, watches for tics or tells.

MICHELLE

So you weren't aware of any threats
against your husband? Anyone who
might want to hurt him?

MARGARET CAMPBELL

Everyone loved Phillip. Why shouldn't
they? He made them lots of money.

The front door opens and a teenage boy, SAM, enters in a
prep school uniform. His mother stands and he hurries to
her. She holds her son tightly.

MARGARET CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

Sammy, I'm so sorry...

Gloria and Michelle exchange a look, not wanting to be voyeurs
to the pain, as the mother comforts her son. Gloria notices
a large, beautifully framed illustration of the signs of the
zodiac on the wall next to her.

MARGARET CAMPBELL (CONT'D)

(to Sam)

Wait for me in your room and I'll be
right in, okay?

Sam glances at Gloria...

GLORIA

I'm sorry for your loss.

Sam nods and hurries out. After he's left, Margaret turns
to the detectives.

MARGARET CAMPBELL

Well, this certainly isn't the morning
I was expecting.

(then)

Anyone else need a drink?

Off Gloria and Michelle as Margaret Campbell strides away:

EXT. NYC - UPPER EAST SIDE STREET -- DAY

Gloria and Michelle exit the building. Head back up the
street, both lost in thought. After a moment...

GLORIA

(brightly)

She took that awfully well.

MICHELLE

Lifestyles of the rich and medicated.

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

-- You tell 'em their husband's dead, you tell 'em they're out of shampoo, pretty much same reaction.

She demonstrates to Gloria with a wide-eyed, stoic gaze.

GLORIA

You notice that zodiac print on the wall?

MICHELLE

Yeah... My cousin has one kinda like it, but each sign is represented by a different sexual position. Claims she's done 'em all, except Gemini.

Michelle flashes a big smile at Gloria. Then...

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

(back to business)

I know, I know... You're wondering about the psychic's card in the wallet. -- If his wife's into that stuff or if he was.

GLORIA

Mrs. Campbell played it pretty casual in there, but something was happening inside that hairdo... I could hear the wheels turning.

(then)

She's hiding something.

(then; makes a turn)

Why am I still tasting eggs?

Michelle shoots her partner a look.

MICHELLE

People ever tell you you're a little peculiar?

GLORIA

If by peculiar, you mean "awesome", then the answer is yes.

Off the pair of them:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. NYC -- DAY

Transitional shots of the city so nice, they named it twice -- elegant brownstones on Fifth Avenue, the new MOMA, street life in Harlem, more high rises, until we land on:

EXT. PRECINCT -- DAY

A tall, handsome, stone building. To establish:

INT. - BULLPEN -- DAY

A classic, castle-like precinct. It's a mix of old and new. Computers sit next to IBM Selectrics. Wooden desks from the sixties have modern ergonomic chairs. Michelle works at a computer as Gloria steps up carrying her notebook, brimming with post-its.

GLORIA

How's it going?

MICHELLE

No complaints... Internet's working for like the third day in a row and I got something juicy from Frankie over in Major Crimes.

GLORIA

Creeps me out when you use the words "Frankie" and "juicy" in the same sentence.

Michelle stands.

MICHELLE

First off, don't yuck my yum. Second, Major Crimes' been looking into Campbell's firm for fraud. -- Guy's worth like 60 mil and they think it's all a house of cards.

(then)

That doesn't get him mugged in Davis Park, but it tells us not everybody loved Phillip Campbell.

GLORIA

I can explain the park.

Gloria hands Michelle her bag, as if to say, we're leaving. They start walking through the bullpen together.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Campbell withdrew three hundred grand from his personal account yesterday.

(MORE)

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Cash. Cleaned it out. The teller said he put it in a leather briefcase.

MICHELLE

Which would answer the broken fingers. Campbell didn't wanna give up the money.

(then)

But what the hell was he doing in that lousy park?

GLORIA

I just talked with a priest at the church down there. He i.d.'d Campbell. Said he'd been in earlier to get a briefcase full of cash blessed. Campbell told the priest that he was cursed.

MICHELLE

Cursed? Like how...?

GLORIA

Not sure. But if all his investments turned to crap, he was probably desperate.

MICHELLE

You think someone overheard Campbell confiding to the priest and then grabbed the cash?

GLORIA

No. -- I think Campbell was set up.

Michelle didn't see that coming. Off Gloria, planning to dig deeper:

EXT. STORE FRONT PSYCHIC -- DAY

The sign out front reads, "PSYCHIC". There're a few items in the window that reflect the tools of the trade. Gloria steps out of the shop and onto a crowded Manhattan sidewalk. Michelle waits up the block.

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

They start walking to their car.

GLORIA

(shaking her head)

Isn't her. Madame whatshername in there, didn't know about the murder. She remembered seeing Campbell, but was surprised that he was dead.

Gloria flips through her notebook, X's something off one of the post-its. Puts the notebook back in her bag.

MICHELLE

I have a possible explanation for that.

(off Gloria's look)

Van Stone got the guy.

GLORIA

What guy?

MICHELLE

Campbell's killer. Lieutenant called while you were having your palm read. Van Stone found a witness. He's on the way to the station now to make an I.D.

GLORIA

Is his suspect a fortune teller?

MICHELLE

You always do this. -- Why is it so hard for you to believe that Campbell was just in the wrong place at the wrong time?

They cross the street mid-block.

GLORIA

Because people don't happen to get mugged while they have three hundred grand in cash on them. It's too convenient.

MICHELLE

It happens all the time. -- God looks down and says, "Hey you, it's your turn to get mugged and killed, nothing personal, have a nice day."

GLORIA

I'm just saying Campbell had big money problems. There are three psychics on the guy's last Amex bill. Obviously, he was desperate.

They get to a five-year-old Crown Vic. Michelle unlocks it.

MICHELLE

Or superstitious. You saw the zodiac print in the house --

GLORIA
 (not buying it)
 -- I bet one of the other psychics
 sensed Campbell's desperation, sent
 him to the church, took the money
 and killed him.

MICHELLE
 Did you not hear me say the thing
 about the thing? They have a witness.

GLORIA
 Fine. Let's go talk to him.

Off Gloria, annoyed, as she climbs into the car:

EXT. NYC -- DAY

Transitional shots of the city take us to:

INT. PRECINCT -- LOBBY - DAY

Gloria and Michelle enter the controlled chaos of the station with purpose. We might notice that the place is mostly male. Maybe a third of the folks are in uniforms. Gloria's on the phone as they move.

GLORIA
 (into phone)
 No, not that late, just tell Uncle
 Davey not for dinner. ...
 (listens)
 Yeah, we'll have time to read...,
 promise.

She glances over at the Intake Sergeant.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 The Campbell witness?

He points up the stairs.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 (into phone)
 I've gotta go, Leo. See you tonight.

She disconnects.

MICHELLE
 He still adjusting to the move?

GLORIA
 Yeah, we all are.

As they're talking, UNIFORMED OFFICER RAMON REYES, late-twenties, is coming down the steps.

Ramon is frequently referred to as "Romeo". He is as smart and intuitive as he is good-looking.

MICHELLE
 (smiles)
 Yo, Romeo...

RAMON
 Afternoon, Detectives.

He has a special smile for Michelle.

RAMON (CONT'D)
 I hear you're wrapping up the Davis
 Park homicide.

GLORIA
 Nope.

Gloria keeps striding up the steps on a mission. Romeo and Michelle share a look. Michelle stops.

MICHELLE
 (to Romeo)
 There seem to be conflicting theories.

RAMON
 Let me guess, Shepherd against the
 world.

MICHELLE
 (smiles)
 That's why we love her.

RAMON
 That's why *you* love her.

Off Michelle, realizing not everyone shares her love for Gloria:

INT. PRECINCT - VIEWING ROOM -- DAY

A small dingy room full of Men: VAN STONE, DETECTIVE STEIGERWALD, who is middle-aged, thick, but fit, A UNIFORMED COP, and A DUDE named CAMERON in a collared shirt. He's about forty. Through a one-way glass we see a line up room, empty except for ANOTHER UNIFORMED OFFICER.

VAN STONE is in good spirits.

VAN STONE
 (to Cameron)
 So we're gonna bring everybody into
 that room behind the glass. You
 take your time. They can't see you.
 Okay?

Cameron nods nervously. Van Stone raps his college ring against the glass and the Officer on the opposite side opens a door. FIVE MEN enter and queue against the wall.

Gloria enters the viewing room with the detectives while the Men settle into place.

GLORIA

Heard you were having a party.

Van Stone glances over. Gloria's taller than him. We immediately feel his disdain for her.

VAN STONE

Hey, too bad your fortune tellers weren't able to solve the case. Maybe next time you should try the horoscopes.

GLORIA

Funny you say that, I read one this morning that said I was gonna win a dwarf tossing contest.

They stare at each other for a beat, then Van Stone forces a smile, as if it's all in good fun. He turns his attention to the line up: FIVE MEN, each holding a number, 1-5, in front of them.

STEIGERWALD

(to Cameron)

Do you recognize the man who attacked and killed Phillip Campbell?

CLOSE ON CAMERON -- as he scrutinizes each of the five men.

He steps forward to get a better look and as he moves, he steps into a shaft of light that gives Gloria her first good look at him. Something about him...

Cameron looks over at her. Unnerved. Gloria keeps staring. Van Stone gestures toward the line up.

VAN STONE

(to Cameron)

I want you to take a good look at the men.

Something's bugging Gloria and she MUST figure it out. She sees a legal pad and sharpie on the table. GRABS THE SHARPIE.

CLOSE ON -- CAMERON: staring at the men.

GLORIA

Hey, look at me for a second.

Cameron turns. Before anyone knows what's happened, Gloria has drawn a moustache on him using the sharpie.

Cameron struggles to get away. Wipes at his upper lip.

CAMERON

What are you doin' --

Steigerwald grabs Cameron. Van Stone gets between Gloria and Cameron.

VAN STONE

(to Gloria)

Outta here... Now.

Gloria doesn't move. Looks past Van Stone. Keeps her eyes trained on Cameron. Steigerwald is still restraining him.

GLORIA'S POV - CAMERON: with the cartoon moustache. Lights go off in her eyes.

GLORIA

Moyers. That's it... Your name's Cameron Moyers.

Cameron tries to mad dog her. Van Stone gets in her face.

VAN STONE

(pissed)

-- What the hell are you doing, Sheppard?! His name's Williams.

GLORIA

I'm trying to stop you from looking like an ass. And it's Moyers, not Williams.

(then)

What's it been Cameron..., six years? You had a moustache then.

(to Van Stone)

Cameron was a witness in a big murder case. Put the guy away. Except the guy didn't do it. Cameron lied.

Van Stone feels his case falling apart. Cameron's starting to blink a lot. He looks kinda ridiculous with his moustache.

VAN STONE

(recovering)

So he made a mistake.

GLORIA

Sorry, Detective, but your witness is a rat.

Cameron YANKS free from the Uniform and tries to attack Gloria as the room devolves into a brawl.

The Uniform and Van Stone grab Cameron who struggles in vain.

Off Gloria, as she leaves the room, determined to catch the real killer:

INT. KITCHEN -- NIGHT

CLOSE ON A BULLETIN BOARD -- that's scarred and gouged as a STEAK KNIFE WHIPS into the outermost ring of a bull's-eye that's been drawn onto it.

WIDE -- NICK and LEO are using the bulletin board as a dart board and steak knives as darts. DAVEY watches nearby from the kitchen table.

DAVEY

See, that's better. When you don't try and throw it so hard you have more control. -- It's kinda like using a +3 vorpal sword in D&D. -- Try again.

As Nick lines up his next throw, Gloria enters in the b.g. Sees her oldest son with the knife.

GLORIA

What are you guys doing?

Nick lowers the knife. Realizes he's busted. Gloria looks at Nick, Leo and Davey.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

We talked about this.

Gloria picks up one of her reminder notes, points at it.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

-- You don't get to play unless I get to play.
(ready to play)
Now step aside.

Davey and the boys smile as Nick hands Gloria a knife. As she readies her throw, she notices a brand new, chrome espresso maker sitting on the kitchen counter. It's the nicest thing in the room, if not the house. Davey nervously watches her.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

What's that...?

DAVEY

Isn't it beautiful?

GLORIA
 (moving toward it)
 Yes, she says, knowing it's too expensive.

DAVEY
 (rationalizing)
 I figured, as much espresso as we drink, it'll pay for itself in a couple of months.

GLORIA
 Shouldn't we be spending money on normal things like replacing the storm windows or painting the kitchen?

DAVEY
 It's my house, I'm okay with it.

GLORIA
 Actually, it's our house now and we agreed to discuss these things.

DAVEY
 It was an impulse buy. I don't see why it's such a big deal?

GLORIA
 C'mon, Davey, isn't part of the whole clean and sober thing using your brain.

Shit! She knows she shouldn't have said that.

CLOSE ON -- DAVEY: Hurt and pissed. He looks at his two nephews, who are embarrassed to be witness to this.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 I'm sorry... Way outta line.

He leaves. Gloria looks at her boys.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 Get ready for bed.

The boys are relieved to have an excuse to leave and hurry out of the room.

WIDE -- GLORIA ALONE IN HER KITCHEN. After a beat Gloria picks up one of the knives, ZINGS it at the bulletin board. As she leaves the room we reveal:

CLOSE -- THE KNIFE: sticking out of the bull's-eye.

INT. MICHELLE'S APARTMENT. -- NIGHT

A dark bedroom. The phone rings. A nightstand lamp is clicked on by Michelle, who was deep asleep in her bed.

She gropes for her phone.

MICHELLE
(half asleep)
Dulcett...

INTERCUT:

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Gloria's in the kitchen, files spread in front of her. A cup of espresso sits nearby, the phone's pressed to her ear.

GLORIA
Hey, it's me. -- I think I figured something out.

Michelle glances at her clock: 3:17 am. Can't believe this shit.

MICHELLE
It's three in the morning, woman.
We've talked about this.

Gloria checks her watch. Had no idea.

GLORIA
Did I wake you? -- I thought maybe you had company or something.

MICHELLE
(still half-asleep)
Yeah, sure, 'cause there's always some new guy sleeping over.

GLORIA
Forget it. Sorry. We can talk in the morning.

MICHELLE
No you don't. You woke me. Now talk.

GLORIA
Remember how Campbell's wife said her husband was loved by all? There was something about the way she said it, so, I've been going through all of his bills -- hotels, jewelry...
(a beat)
I'm pretty sure Campbell was giving love back, if you know what I mean.

CLOSE ON -- MICHELLE: realizing what Gloria's saying.

MICHELLE
He was cheating on his wife. -- You think she found out and --

GLORIA

-- only one way to find out. Let's
bring Mrs. Campbell in for a chat.

Gloria hangs up. Stay on Michelle, as she hangs up and rolls
back into bed REVEALING A HANDSOME MAN sleeping next to her.

HANDSOME MAN

(half asleep)

Who was cheating on what...?

MICHELLE

Go back to sleep, Frankie. Tomorrow's
gonna be a big day.

Off Michelle, snuggling close:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

Gloria scrambles to pack her kids lunch boxes.

CLOSE ON -- A SANDWICH: on oversized bread. Gloria puts the top on the sandwich, then tries to fit the sandwich into an idealized, "Bread-Shaped" tupperware container. It's way too big.

Thinking quickly, she turns the tupperware upside down on the sandwich and presses down hard, using the container like a cookie cutter. The extra-bread and crusts are trimmed off by the container.

WIDEN as Nick darts through, sees his mom packing the lunch...

NICK

How come Uncle Davey isn't making lunch?

Gloria quickly swipes the extra bread and crusts onto the floor. Slaps the lid before her son can see inside.

GLORIA

(lying; over-selling)
Why? Because this is fantastic.
You'll love it. -- Now go brush your teeth.

He heads off, stops, starts to open a file on the table.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(without looking at him)
I wouldn't...

Nick pauses. Tempted.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

The man's head is split open like a melon. -- Trust me, Nick, some things you can't un-see.

Nick closes the file. Exits. Gloria zips up the other lunch box as her brother, Davey, steps into the kitchen. He's dressed for the day, but has bed-head. He and Gloria eye each other for an awkward moment. Then...

GLORIA (CONT'D)

I made you something.

She glides over to the counter and returns holding a CAFE LATTE. In Gloria's world, this is an apology for last night's barb. She hands it to him.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Latte?

Davey sips. It's pretty great.

DAVEY

(impressed)

You made this?

GLORIA

Yeah.

(then)

I was working late last night and I thought, I'll make an espresso. -- Well, one became three, and then I had to get online and read about beans and foam and steam and --

Leo enters, ready for school.

LEO

I heard airplanes roaring all night.

Gloria bends down, kisses his head.

GLORIA

It was Davey's espresso maker.

(then; to Davey)

Oh, and we need a better grinder. I bookmarked a couple of choices.

(makes a turn)

Would you mind getting them to school, I've got to see a lady about a thing.

DAVEY

Sounds exciting. -- You gonna make her cry?

Gloria checks to make sure the burners on the stove are off, unplugs the espresso machine.

GLORIA

(playing along)

Not sure yet, but either way I'm thinking today's gonna be okay

Off Gloria excited to get to work:

INT. PRECINCT - OUTSIDE LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE -- DAY

LIEUTENANT STANLEY POPPEL stands outside his office. Poppel's in his mid-forties. Has a rugged, handsome masculinity. His face is currently red from dressing down Gloria in front of Van Stone and anyone else within earshot. At least so far, this morning hasn't gone as well as Gloria had planned.

LT. POPPEL

-- You do not have the right to interfere with other avenues of investigations, Detective.

GLORIA

Look, if this is about that moustache thing yesterday, you should be thanking me.

LT. POPPEL

I'll thank you when the mayor stops calling my ass every ten minutes.

GLORIA

(unrepentant)

How is it my fault that Van Stone's witness is a documented liar.

(to Van Stone)

You polygraph him?

VAN STONE

(reluctant)

He refused.

GLORIA

Cause he's a liar.

LT. POPPEL

You don't get to doodle on people, Detective!

Gloria doesn't respond. Van Stone enjoys watching her get reprimanded.

VAN STONE

Is there anything else, Lieutenant?

Poppel shakes his head no. Van Stone turns to leave, smirks at Gloria on his way out. Gloria looks to Poppel.

GLORIA

How 'bout we skip all the mushy makeup stuff and --

LT. POPPEL

-- In my office, now!

Poppel glances around the bullpen, locks eyes with anyone who stares back. Turns and enters his office.

Off Gloria, not sure where this is going:

INT. PRECINCT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE -- CONTINUOUS

A well-organized, if not overly cluttered office. Poppel's behind his desk, Gloria stands across from him, the door closed behind her. Poppel is lost in thought. Finally...

LT. POPPEL

She won't talk to me.

GLORIA

Who? Oh. We talking about, what's her name..., Bing Bang?

LT. POPPEL

-- Bai-Ming.

(hurts to admit)

She's threatening to go back to Thailand. Says she's not happy.

GLORIA

Of course she's not happy. You picked her out of a catalog, moved her to a country where she barely speaks the language and she has to have sex with you. -- In what world does that make anyone happy?

Gloria was being snarky, but sees the jab might have cut deeper than she intended. Poppel won't look at her, lost in thought. She reads him.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

It was something you said, wasn't it. -- What'd you say?

LT. POPPEL

(blurts)

I made fun of her accent, okay?! Sometimes it sounds really sexy and other times I wanna scream, "the word 'broccoli' has an "L" in it."

(to himself)

"Brock-ur-ee...", Jeez...

Somehow, Gloria keeps a straight face.

GLORIA

Look, this has an easy fix. It's gonna be fine.

LT. POPPEL

You always say that.

GLORIA

And...

Poppel shoots her a look. Knows she's usually right,

LT. POPPEL
 (sheepish)
 Okay. What do I do?

GLORIA
 Talk to her in Thai.

His look darkens.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 Just say, "broccoli" in her language.

CLOSE ON -- GLORIA as she says,

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 You do speak Thai, don't you?

Poppel is flustered. Obviously doesn't. Then...

LT. POPPEL
 Why the hell are you still standing
 here?

GLORIA
 This may not be the best time to
 mention it..., but I'm bringing
 Campbell's wife in for questioning.

LT. POPPEL
 As a witness?

GLORIA
 As a suspect.

Gloria watches for the L.T. to pop an aorta or something.
 After a long beat.

LT. POPPEL
 (simply)
 You enjoy pissing people off, don't
 you, Detective?

GLORIA
 What can I say? I'm a people person.

Off Gloria:

INT. PRECINCT - WAITING AREA -- DAY

Mrs. Campbell, wearing black, sits next to her LAWYER, a
 Pinstriped Man in his sixties. CAMERA ADJUSTS TO REVEAL:
 next to Mrs. Campbell, TWO OTHER WOMEN -- KATHLEEN MONROE,
 forty; and ASHLEY SPICER, twenty-five. Both are beautiful,
 educated and well-dressed.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN -- CONTINUOUS

Gloria and Michelle are watching them, unseen from a distance.

MICHELLE

Wife, mistress, girlfriend. It's a bold play on your part.

GLORIA

I'd say Campbell was the player.

MICHELLE

How long has he had the mistress.

GLORIA'S POV -- KATHLEEN MONROE as she crosses her long legs.

GLORIA

About three years.

MICHELLE

Isn't that like having a second wife. What's the upside to that?

GLORIA

Maybe they have different skill sets.

MICHELLE'S POV -- ASHLEY SPICER: effortlessly sexy.

MICHELLE

I get the feeling she has a very specialized skill set.

Michelle smiles. Van Stone crosses over to them.

VAN STONE

What are you thinking, bringing Campbell's wife down here?

GLORIA

(throwing it back at him)
I'm thinking I'll talk to her.

VAN STONE

She has her lawyer. -- You're not going to get anything.

GLORIA

I already know what I wanted to know.
(a beat)
She didn't do it.

Van Stone shoots Gloria a look like she's a moron.

VAN STONE

She's sitting next two other women who were both banging her husband.

(MORE)

VAN STONE (CONT'D)
How much more motive do you need,
Sheppard?

GLORIA
Look at their handbags.

VAN STONE'S POV -- THE WOMEN: Each of the three are carrying the exact same oversized \$1500 designer handbag.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Ten to one Campbell gave them all
that same bag at the same time.

MICHELLE
And yet they're calmly sitting
together, in the same room.

VAN STONE
They're not idiots. They're playing
it cool.

GLORIA
They're not. -- I'm telling you
Margaret Campbell knew her husband
was cheating on her and she was
totally okay with it.

Gloria leaves and heads into the other room, leaving Van Stone and Michelle to watch.

INT. PRECINCT - WAITING AREA -- CONTINUOUS

Gloria enters with an air of apology and heads straight over to Mrs. Campbell.

GLORIA
(lying beautifully)
Mrs. Campbell, I'm so sorry, I was
going to see you at your place.
This is awful. Somebody made a
mistake. -- Let's get you home and
we'll set up an appointment.

Mrs. Campbell stands, as does her lawyer. Gloria glances at the other two women...

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Someone will be with you in just a
moment.

Gloria starts to lead Mrs Campbell toward the front door.

MARGARET CAMPBELL
Look. I'm here. Let's get this
over with.

INT. PRECINCT -- DAY

Gloria walks with Margaret Campbell. Campbell's lawyer trails a couple of steps behind.

GLORIA

I'm sorry to make you sit out there with those two other women.

MARGARET CAMPBELL

They don't bother me.

Gloria takes advantage of the opening.

GLORIA

It's funny, isn't it? You think you're going to hate them but you're actually kind of grateful.

MARGARET CAMPBELL

You've been through it?

GLORIA

Kicked mine to the curb last year, never looked back.

Margaret appreciates the sentiment.

MARGARET CAMPBELL

I remember the day Phillip came home with those little blue pills. -- I thought we were done with all that nonsense, and he's jumping into bed like he's a teenager again.

In less than a minute, Gloria's won Margaret's trust.

GLORIA

That pill sent more women into therapy....

Margaret indicates Kathleen and Ashley.

MARGARET CAMPBELL

I never slept so well as when he had those two going at once.

(then)

I just don't want my son to find out about Phil's dalliances. Sam worshiped his dad.

GLORIA

We'll do our part to keep your son out of it. -- Now, I just need to ask you a few questions and we'll get you out of here.

Off Gloria, doing what she does so well:

INT. PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY

Gloria sits across from Kathleen Monroe. If Kathleen is nervous, she does a great job of masking it.

KATHLEEN

Should I have a lawyer? I saw that Margaret Campbell had a lawyer.

GLORIA

I don't think I'm going to ask anything you won't be able to answer.
(then)
Have you met Mrs. Campbell before today?

KATHLEEN

I wouldn't say we'd met, but we've been at a number of social functions at the same time.

GLORIA

So she was aware that you and her husband were..., how would you describe it?

Gloria smiles. Friendly.

KATHLEEN

I guess I was Phil's mistress. And yeah, his wife was fine with it. Relieved even.

GLORIA

Because she didn't have to have sex with him?

KATHLEEN

(nods)
And Phil liked a lot of sex.

JUMP CUT TO:

ASHLEY SPICER -- NOW SITTING ACROSS FROM GLORIA: WE'LL INTERCUT BETWEEN THE TWO INTERROGATIONS.

ASHLEY

We had sex. -- It was fun. Nothing serious. It's only been a couple of months.

JUMP CUT TO:

GLORIA

Were you aware he was having financial problems?

KATHLEEN

Sure. We talked about everything.
(then)

I mean who else could he share with?
Not his wife. Not that icicle.

JUMP CUT TO:

ASHLEY

Money problems? That wasn't the
kind of thing we talked about.

(then)

He had a wife for that.

JUMP CUT TO:

KATHLEEN

It's not as if I was looking for him
to leave his wife or anything. --
I've got a ten-year-old from my first
marriage.

GLORIA

I get it. -- I'm a single mom... I
don't need my kids worrying about my
business.

KATHLEEN

Exactly. -- Phil provided for me.
He bought my townhouse, sent my
daughter to private school and I
provided in kind services.-- Why
complicate a good thing?

Gloria stares at Kathleen a beat. Reads between the lines.

GLORIA

You loved him.

Kathleen flushes. Surprised by the comment. Covers.

KATHLEEN

Don't be ridiculous.

(then)

I just can't believe he's dead.

JUMP CUT TO:

ASHLEY

Of course it's sad. His wife might
be a total bitch, but I know he loved
his son. He talked about that.

(then)

It's the son I feel sad for.

Off Gloria, searching for the truth:

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- NIGHT

Gloria's busy loading the dishwasher when there's a KNOCK on the front door. She closes the washer and exits.

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - ENTRYWAY -- NIGHT

Another KNOCK on the front door. Gloria opens it.

INT./EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE -- CONTINUOUS

Katie Silvers stands on the porch. A little less smiley than the first time.

KATIE

Hi... hope it's not too late.

(more of a question
than a statement)

My daughter said you called and wanted
me to stop by?

Gloria reaches down and hands Katie a large shopping bag that's resting inside the door.

GLORIA

I cracked the case.

Katie pulls a LAWN GNOME with a pointy GREEN HAT out of the shopping bag. Doesn't really react.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(off this non-reaction)

Now, now, don't get all emotional.

KATIE

No, it's good. Well... mine had a
red hat.

GLORIA

(cheerful)

And now he has a green hat.

KATIE

Yes he does. Green's... good.

Katie stares at the gnome for another moment. Puts it back inside the bag.

KATIE (CONT'D)

Thanks.

GLORIA

You're welcome.

(then)

My son, Leo, has a theory about the
missing lawn stuff.

(MORE)

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 (off Katie's look)
 He doesn't think they've been stolen.
 He thinks they're hiding.

They both smile at that idea. After a beat.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 Want to come in? --

Before Katie can answer, Leo calls out...

LEO (O.S.)
 Mom...!!! Mom...!!!!

Both women smile, recognizing the tug of motherhood.

GLORIA
 I thought he was asleep. -- Maybe
 another night?

KATIE
 Sure. -- Or maybe you can come over
 to my place.
 (leans close)
 I make a mean margarita.
 (re: the gnome)
 Thanks again.

Off Gloria and a budding friendship:

EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE -- NIGHT

It's late. Most of the lights are out.

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - LEO'S ROOM -- NIGHT

Leo's room is filled with cages and terrariums and aquariums. The light from the fish tank shimmers across one wall giving everything a magical, calming quality.

A reading light casts a patch of brightness on the bed where Leo is being tucked in by Gloria. She's wearing a long sleeved t-shirt and nice pajama bottoms.

LEO
 But the play's tomorrow.

GLORIA
 (flustered)
 I know it's tomorrow, but Uncle Davey
 told me the school provided you with
 a costume?

LEO
 Yeah, but it's wrong. And itchy.
 So I designed my own.

He reaches over onto his nightstand, opens up a notebook.
Shows his mom a drawing.

CLOSE -- THE DRAWING: It's a colorful, detailed, eight-year-old's drawing that feels vaguely military. Gloria is charmed.

GLORIA

Leo, you realize it's way too late
to make something like this.

LEO

You don't like it.

GLORIA

Of course I like it. Who wouldn't
be dazzled by such a fine uniform.
Are these ruffles?

LEO

Battle ribbons.

GLORIA

You must be the most powerful
character in the play to have a
costume like that.

LEO

(shrugs)
I just guard the King.

Gloria pulls the covers up around her son.

GLORIA

So you're a protector.

LEO

(nods)
Like you...

Leo takes his Mom's hand in his. We notice for the first time that Gloria has a BURN SCAR about the size of a silver dollar on the back of her left hand. He runs his finger over the mottled skin.

LEO (CONT'D)

Did it hurt a lot when you got burned?

GLORIA

(not wanting to go there)
We've talked about this, Leo.

LEO

I know. You were a teenager. -- But
did it?

GLORIA

(reluctant)

I don't know... I was too busy getting Davey out to really notice.

LEO

Was that the first time you saved somebody?

GLORIA

I guess. I never really thought about it like that.

LEO

Nick says that's why we live with Uncle Davey. So you can save him again if he gets in trouble.

GLORIA

We live with Uncle Davey because he's our family.

LEO

Isn't Dad family, too.

GLORIA

I don't have the energy for this tonight. -- Good night.

She kisses him, gets out of bed.

LEO

What about my costume?

GLORIA

It would take days to make something like that, Leo. I'm sorry.

LEO

Maybe I won't do the play. Who wants to be a stupid guard anyway?

She brushes his bangs out of his face.

GLORIA

Hey, where's my Leo the Lion. Where's my brave boy?

He smiles. Likes when she calls him that. Her phone rings.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

(to Leo)

Night, sweetie...

(into the phone)

Sheppard.

INTERCUT:

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN -- NIGHT

Michelle's walking through the precinct, a thick folder from the Medical Examiner in her hand.

MICHELLE

Wanna hear something freaky?

GLORIA

As long as it doesn't involve a gnome or a uniform.

MICHELLE

Y'know, I've dated both, and I gotta give it up for the uniform.

GLORIA

I'm shocked.
(then)
Oh wait, I'm not.

INTERCUT:

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- CONTINUOUS

Gloria comes down the stairs and into the empty kitchen.

MICHELLE

Okay, don't ask me how, cause it's a secret, but I just got a tip about a homicide over in Williamsburg.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN -- NIGHT

MICHELLE

You sitting down?

GLORIA

No. And I've never understood that whole sitting down thi --

MICHELLE

-- It's that dude you doodled on, Cameron Moyers.

Gloria immediately sits down in a chair.

GLORIA

Ohmygod...

MICHELLE

Yeah. Somebody put a bullet in his head.

Off Gloria, shocked at the news.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

Davey's making breakfast. Nick's eating cereal. Gloria's sipping a latte as Leo enters the kitchen. He looks at his mom, brother and Davey who all beam at him.

LEO
(after a nervous beat)
What....?!

TIME CUT:

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- MORNING

GLORIA LAYS OUT -- AN ELABORATE, HOME MADE, GUARD'S COSTUME: complete with over-sized BATTLE RIBBONS. She sewed it in loving detail based on Leo's drawing.

GLORIA
Is this what you had imagined?

Leo nods, steps up to it as if mesmerized.

NICK
(to his mom)
Do you ever sleep?

Gloria doesn't hear the question, or even feel tired. In this moment, all her efforts were worth it.

CLOSE -- THE COSTUME: We can see that Gloria used some of Leo's old clothes for the basic garments, but she has sewn and glued an ambitious array of details onto the costume. It is a typical Gloria project in that she threw everything she had into it.

Leo runs his fingers over the battle ribbons.

GLORIA
You like it?

Leo nods. And we like it too. Gloria did a perfect job of translating his drawing into the best possible version of the costume.

Gloria watches Leo. Sees something is bothering him.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
What...? You can say it.

He turns to her. Hesitates, then.

LEO
I think I should wear the costume
the school gave me.

CLOSE ON -- GLORIA: Not reacting. Neutral.

GLORIA

Okay...

LEO

It's great. It's just... I'm only Guard #3. Even the king's costume isn't this good. -- Is that okay?

Gloria realizes her sensitive son is still the new kid at school and doesn't want to outshine the other kids.

GLORIA

Of course, sweetie. We can save this for some other time.

(realizing)

Halloween.

LEO

Perfect.

Gloria makes an internal shift, ramps up her energy. Springs back into action.

GLORIA

Okay, grab your lunch box and I'll meet you in the car.

(then)

C'mon, Nick. There's a dead guy who needs me.

Off Gloria, hurrying from the room:

EXT. NYC -- DAY

QUICK CUTS of the city take us over a bridge and to:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - BROOKLYN -- DAY

A SINGLE SQUAD CAR. Across the street, Officer Ramon Reyes, has his note pad and a pencil out as he "canvasses" a lovely Latina named KATRINA ARCHULETA.

RAMON

Thank you very much, I appreciate your time, Ms. Archuleta.

KATRINA

(playful)

So I'm not a suspect?

RAMON

(taps the pad)

I've got your info if anything changes. -- And if you think of anything...

(MORE)

RAMON (CONT'D)
 (locks eyes with her)
 ...or need anything, I hope you'll
 give me a call.

He hands her a card. Flashes a killer smile.

KATRINA
 Okay... Bye.

Katrina turns to walk away, glances back at him, smiles,
 then leaves. As Ramon watches her saunter away...

He sees Gloria and Michelle approach; they're a striking
 pair. Gloria, elegant in her long coat. Michelle, not afraid
 to put her talents out there.

GLORIA
 (indicating Katrina)
 You close that deal?

RAMON
 You're the only one for me, Detective.

GLORIA
 Then how come you keep sneaking peeks
 at my partner.

Ramon releases a little smile. Michelle smiles back.

MICHELLE
 Hey, Romeo.

The vibe is palpable.

GLORIA
 (enough)
 Show us what you've got.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

ANOTHER UNIFORM STANDS by the door as Gloria, Michelle and
 Ramon enter past the crime tape. There are blood splatters
 and stains across the sofa. The place has been tossed.

RAMON
 Moyers only lived here about three
 months. Guy upstairs heard a fight
 last night between him and a woman.
 Shots happened around eight p.m.

Gloria's drinking it all in, trying to piece it together.
 She has CRIME SCENE PHOTOS that she's referencing as she
 peruses the room.

RAMON (CONT'D)
 Moyers was there.
 (MORE)

RAMON (CONT'D)
 (indicating the sofa)
 A single shot to the head.

Gloria checks one of the photos in her hand.

CLOSE ON -- A PICTURE OF MOYERS: SPRAWLED ON THE SOFA. DEAD.

MICHELLE
 Anybody hear what the fight was about?

GLORIA
 (intuits)
 Money...
 (off Michelle's look)
 Y'know, like maybe... three hundred
 grand.

MICHELLE
 (following)
 You think Moyers was the guy who
 killed Phillip Campbell?

GLORIA
 Yeah, but I don't think that was his
 plan.

FLASH CUT:

EXT. DAVIS PARK -- DAY

STYLIZED PIECES OF WHAT GLORIA DESCRIBE: we'll use this device
 in series as she puts things together.

Moyers glances nervously around as Campbell hurries away
 from the church carrying a leather briefcase.

GLORIA (V.O.)
 If Moyers knew Campbell was going to
 get the money blessed, he could have
 been waiting in the park.

Moyers jumps out. The two men struggle.

GLORIA (V.O.) (CONT'D)
 Figured he's grab and go. Didn't
 expect Campbell to fight back.

Moyers shoves Campbell. Campbell falls, splits his head
 open on a sharp iron corner of a bench.

GLORIA (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 Campbell split his head open, died,
 and Moyers took the bag of cash.

BACK TO:

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING -- DAY

Gloria, Michelle and Ramon are still at the crime scene.

MICHELLE

Okay, say you're right. How does a guy like Cameron Moyers get Phillips to show up with the cash?

GLORIA

He doesn't. Moyers was just supposed to steal it.

RAMON

But he screwed that up.

Gloria glances at a photo of dead Moyers.

GLORIA

And he paid for it.

MICHELLE

So we just gotta figure out who hired Moyers.

GLORIA

(nods)

Whoever recruited him, also killed him to clean up.

(then; to Romeo)

You said he was arguing with a woman?

RAMON

Yeah.

MICHELLE

We know at least three with motive.

GLORIA

Two.

(then)

I'm pretty sure it's not the wife.

MICHELLE

(calling bullshit)

Because she loved him too much?

GLORIA

Because however she felt about her husband, she loves her son. -- I don't see her killing his father.

Gloria thinks for a beat. Turns to Michelle.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Maybe we should go talk to the son.

MICHELLE

(nods)

Tell you what. You do that. I'll check the other psychics on Campbell's Amex bill. Maybe one of them can i.d. his mistress or Little Miss Thing.

Michelle hurries out. Gloria looks over at Ramon.

GLORIA

Why haven't you made Detective-Investigator?

RAMON

I like what I do.

GLORIA

We get paid better.

RAMON

You mean, you get more money.
(tries to hide a smile)
There are many forms of compensation, Detective.

GLORIA

The ladies do love a uniform.

RAMON

I'm just saying, what I got now, works for me.
(leans close)
And don't think I haven't noticed you always wearing that coat, even if it's a hundred degrees. -- What kind of super power you get from it?

GLORIA

(lying)

I have no idea what you're talking about.

She stuffs her hands in her pockets and heads for the door.

EXT. NYC -- DAY

QUICK CUTS OF THE CITY. Thomkins Square Park, skyscrapers, a quaint street in the West Village takes us to:

INT. CAMPBELL HOME - SITTING ROOM -- DAY

Gloria stands by herself. She takes in the grandeur. Notes the expensive designer handbag (we saw each of the women carrying) on the floor under a chair. Sam Campbell enters the room.

GLORIA

I'm sorry to bother you, Sam, I just need to ask you a couple of questions. You can get your mom if it makes you feel more comfortable.

SAM

She's not here... She and her lawyer left about an hour ago.

Gloria glances at the handbag but doesn't say anything. Then, back to Sam.

GLORIA

Okay, great... I'll keep this brief...
(finds the words)
I've noticed that young people often pick up on things that adults miss. Or they hear something that adults don't.

SAM

You're asking if I heard anything that might explain why my dad was killed?

GLORIA

Yes. Or anything that might have upset him.

SAM

I know that his business was failing.

GLORIA

Did your mom know.

Sam seems hesitant to answer.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Sam... did they fight about it?

SAM

(simply)
They fought about everything.
(then)
I don't even know why they stayed together.

GLORIA

I can answer that.
(off his look)
I imagine they stayed together because of you.

As Gloria holds Sam's gaze, her phone rings.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 (to Sam)
 Excuse me....
 (answers her phone)
 Sheppard.

INTERCUT:

EXT. STREET -- CONTINUOUS

Michelle strides along a sidewalk.

MICHELLE
 (into her phone)
 Don't go all, "told you so", but I
 found your psychic. -- Campbell was
 set up. See you back at the station.

Off Gloria:

EXT. NYC -- DAY

Establishing shots take us downtown to:

EXT. PRECINCT -- DAY

To establish.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Michelle and Gloria hurry up the steps together. They see
 Poppel across the bullpen. Stride over to him.

GLORIA
 Tell him...

MICHELLE
 We found the psychic who told Campbell
 to get his money blessed. She i.d.'d
 Cameron Moyers as the guy who asked
 her to set up Campbell. --

GLORIA
 -- Now all we need to do is figure
 out who hired Moyers.

LT. POPPEL
 It was Campbell's wife.

GLORIA
 No... But I think I have a pret --

LT. POPPEL
 (cuts her off)
 -- I'm telling you it's his wife.
 She's confessed. Margaret Campbell's
 in with Van Stone right now.

Gloria follows Poppel's gaze. She sees Van Stone in an interview room with Margaret Campbell and her lawyer.

GLORIA
Sonofabitch.

Off Gloria and Michelle, shocked at this turn:

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

INT. PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY

Van Stone is questioning Margaret Campbell. Her lawyer sits next to her. A video camera is recording the confession.

VAN STONE

Mrs. Campbell, when did you first learn that your husband had been unfaithful?

Before Margaret can respond, there's a sharp KNOCK on the door and Gloria steps in. Van Stone glares over at her.

VAN STONE (CONT'D)

We're busy, Sheppard. I'll talk to you later.

GLORIA

I wasn't looking to talk to you. I was hoping I could have a few words with Mrs. Campbell.

VAN STONE

No. -- We're in the middle of this and I'm telling you to leave right now.

GLORIA

Okay. I'm sorry.
(to Margaret Campbell)
I just wanted to say that I don't believe you.

Van Stone jumps to his feet.

VAN STONE

Sheppard....

GLORIA

You're right. Sorry.

She turns to leave, gets to the door then looks back at Margaret Campbell one last time.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

We can help you. If you've been threaten--

Gloria notices Margaret Campbell has her large handbag on her lap.

VAN STONE

Out now!

Van Stone literally charges toward Gloria, but she gets out of the room and SLAMS the door behind her.

Off Gloria, as she realizes she could have handled that better:

EXT. NYC -- UPPER EAST SIDE - DAY

Gloria and Michelle walk up the block. Gloria is cocooned in her coat.

MICHELLE

Wow...

GLORIA

Yep.... Not my finest hour.

MICHELLE

Van Stone's not gonna forget that.
He'll have you written up.

She glances over at Gloria.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

How come everybody can be wrong,
except you?

GLORIA

I've been wrong.

MICHELLE

But not about Campbell's wife?

GLORIA

Not about the wife. It's too
convenient. I buy the mistress, I
buy the girlfriend, but not the wife.
And certainly not with a confession.

Gloria shakes her head in disgust.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Van Stone sitting in there, taking
whatever's handed to him...

She stops walking. Turns to Michelle.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Moyers is dead. The one person who
could finger her is out of the way.
Why confess? Why say it's me, if
I've gotten away with it?

MICHELLE

But isn't the wife the one who's
into all that astrology, psychic
stuff? Maybe she felt guilty 'cause
it got him killed.

GLORIA

I don't see Phillip Campbell telling his wife that his business was in trouble, and I sure as hell don't see *her* giving him money advice.

They turn and enter a large WESTSIDE TOWNHOUSE.

INT. WESTSIDE TOWNHOUSE CORRIDOR -- DAY

Gloria and Michelle walk along the well appointed hallway, checking apartment numbers on doors.

MICHELLE

You sure about this?

GLORIA

Money makes people do strange things.

MICHELLE

I thought it was love that did that.

GLORIA

You're probably right. We'll know soon enough.

They arrive in front of 425. KNOCK. After a long beat Kathleen Monroe opens the door. She's wearing a robe over silk pajamas.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Sorry to bother you, Ms. Monroe, may we see some identification.

She pulls the robe closed.

KATHLEEN

I'm sorry, what....?

MICHELLE

If you'd get your wallet, we'll be on our way.

Kathleen ducks back into her townhouse, steps up to the front door. Gloria clocks her expensive handbag (the one that matches the others). Kathleen starts to dig through it for her wallet.

KATHLEEN

Sorry, I'm not dressed... These past couple of days it's been difficult to get out of bed...

Gloria and Michelle exchange a look. Then, mysteriously...

GLORIA

-- Thank you for your time.

Kathleen holds out her i.d.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
That won't be necessary.

KATHLEEN
I don't understand...

GLORIA
We know who's responsible for Phillip
Campbell's death.
(then)
Sorry for your loss.

Off Kathleen, not quite following:

INT. PRECINCT - WAITING AREA -- DAY

CLOSE ON -- ASHLEY SPICER: sitting on a bench. Waiting.
Her designer handbag is on the floor at her feet.

Across the room, Gloria escorts Sam Campbell into a room.

Sam and Ashley see each other and lock eyes as Michelle sits
down next to Ashley.

ASHLEY
(trying to sound casual)
What's Sam Campbell doing here?

MICHELLE
You know Sam?

ASHLEY
Yeah, he's Phil's son. We never
really talked.

Michelle holds Ashley's look for an uncomfortable beat.

MICHELLE
Really?
(then)
What about today, when Gloria was
over at his house?

ASHLEY
I wasn't.

MICHELLE
She saw your handbag...

ASHLEY
Oh, that.... No, Phillip gave all of
us the same bag. He thought it was
funny.

She smiles, as if it's all explained away.

MICHELLE

I know, but Margaret Campbell had hers with her here at the station and Kathleen Monroe had hers at her house....

(then; smiles)

Which leaves you.

INT. PRECINCT - INTERVIEW ROOM -- DAY

Sam sits at the table. Gloria paces across from him.

SAM

What's she doing here?

GLORIA

Who she?

Sam points toward the door.

SAM

That woman my dad was seeing.

GLORIA

Oh, Ashley? She came in because she says she knows who's responsible for your dad's death. --

(makes a turn)

-- and don't act like you don't know Ashley's name. It's insulting to me. I know that she was at your house today.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT - WAITING ROOM -- CONTINUOUS

Ashley has a similar interest in why Sam is here.

MICHELLE

He says he knows who's responsible for killing his dad.

ASHLEY

I thought his mom confessed.

MICHELLE

Who told you that?

CUT TO:

GLORIA AND SAM -- CONTINUOUS

SAM

I thought my mom confessed.

GLORIA

She did. But she was just trying to protect the real killer.

CUT TO:

MICHELLE AND ASHLEY -- CONTINUOUS

MICHELLE

Here's what I think happened. -- You learned Campbell was going to lose everything. Probably even go to jail. His wife'll get whatever's left, Kathleen Monroe already has a townhouse that he bought her and you end up with bupkis.

Ashley doesn't respond.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Is that fair? You're the one doing all the heavy lifting. The wife sure as hell isn't putting out. You finally catch a really big fish and he's going bust. So you thought, maybe you could get some seed money. Say... three hundred grand.

CUT TO:

GLORIA AND SAM

GLORIA

She's crazy hot, isn't she? I mean a woman like that, interested in a kid like you? -- And the fact that she was putting out for your old man made it dirty. Gave you a secret to have on him.

(close and quiet)

Gave you some power.

CUT TO:

MICHELLE AND ASHLEY

MICHELLE

I bet you could get Phillip Campbell to do anything you wanted. Even go see a psychic. -- He wasn't supposed to die, was he? Just grab the cash, and walk off into the sunset. -- But your friend Cam Moyers...

(off her look)

We found your prints at his house...

(MORE)

MICHELLE (CONT'D)
 (back to tale)
 Well... he screwed up, didn't he?
 Phillip wasn't supposed to die.

CUT TO:

GLORIA AND SAM

GLORIA
 You told your mother... You told
 her about Ashley and everything that
 happened and she told you that she'd
 take care of it.

Sam nods.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
 But you didn't expect her to take
 the fall for you? -- That was even
 worse than what happened to your
 dad, wasn't it?

CLOSE ON -- SAM: We can see that what Gloria's saying is
 true. Then...

SAM
 My mom had nothing to do with this.

GLORIA
 I know.

SAM
 Ashley said we could be together.
 That she and I...
 (shakes his head)
 We love each other..., but I couldn't
 take care of her the way dad did.
 Y'know, clothes and stuff.

GLORIA
 So you hatched a plan to get some
 money of your own.

He nods. Starts to cry.

SAM
 Nobody was supposed to get hurt.

Off Gloria:

CUT TO:

MICHELLE AND ASHLEY as Gloria steps in.

ASHLEY

I've got nothing to say and you can't prove a thing. Lemme go or let me call my lawyer.

GLORIA

(to Ashley)

Guess you better call that lawyer. Sam just gave you up.

Off Gloria and Michelle having cracked the case:

INT. PRECINCT - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE -- DAY

Poppel sits behind his desk. Gloria and Michelle stand across from him.

LT. POPPEL

But why did Campbell take all that money to the priest?

GLORIA

It was supposed to be a fresh start. All of Campbell's investments were bad. He'd lost millions. So Ashley persuaded him to see a psychic.

LT. POPPEL

He's really that stupid?

MICHELLE

He was desperate. -- And I get the impression Ashley Spicer can make most men to do just about anything she wants.

GLORIA

Ask Sam Campbell.

MICHELLE

Or Cameron Moyers.

LT. POPPEL

She confess to killing Moyers?

MICHELLE

She's making a deal. Between the physical evidence and Sam Campbell's testimony, we've got her cold.

There's a KNOCK on the Lieutenant's door.

LT. POPPEL

Come in.

Van Stone enters. Sees Gloria and Michelle.

VAN STONE

You wanted to see me, sir?

LT. POPPEL

Sheppard has something she wants to say to you.

CLOSE ON -- GLORIA: surprised at the comment.

GLORIA

I do?

LT. POPPEL

Sheppard. Now...

GLORIA

Fine.

Gloria faces Van Stone.

GLORIA (CONT'D)

Just because I was right and you were wrong on the Campbell murder, doesn't give me the right to interrupt your own feeble investigative path.

VAN STONE

Is that supposed to be some sort of lame ass apology to dissuade me from writing you up?

LT. POPPEL

No, this is. -- As lead detective on the case, the mayor has requested that you join he and his wife for lunch tomorrow so he can personally thank you for the quick and satisfying resolution to this case.

Van Stone's no dummy. Considers. Then...

VAN STONE

Lame ass apology accepted.

Off Gloria:

EXT. GLORIA'S HOUSE -- EVENING

To establish.

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - KITCHEN -- EVENING

Davey has cooked an impressive dinner. He's wearing a cook's apron. The table's been set for four. Nick's helping his Uncle put the food on the table -- roast chicken, veggies, salad, mashed potatoes.

Nick crosses to the fridge as Gloria glides into the kitchen. She's cleaned up for the evening. Looks lovely. Dips a finger in the mashed potatoes. Tastes it. Mmmmm.

GLORIA
You need anything?

Davey sets the chicken on the table.

DAVEY
I thought we could use the cloth
napkins. -- They're down in the dryer.

She heads toward the basement.

DAVEY (CONT'D)
And tell Leo that dinner is ready.

INT. GLORIA'S HOUSE - BASEMENT -- EVENING

Gloria quickly comes down the stairs into their unfinished basement. She pulls the chain on a hanging bulb. A small circle of light leaks out. Of the many repairs and upgrades the house needs, the basement is the most neglected.

She crosses over to the dryer, opens it, pulls the dry load out and places it into the basket on the machine. As she sorts through, looking for the napkins, she hears something, like a broom handle that's slid along a wall.

She looks around, notices the door to the storage area across the room. Steps over. Opens it.

CLOSE ON - GLORIA: Surprise on her face. She pulls the chain on the closet light.

CLICK!

GLORIA'S POV - THE CLOSET: In addition to some broom, shovels and equipment,

THERE ARE GNOMES. Dozens of them, along with the other missing animals, saints and figures.

Gloria is astonished. Hears someone coming down the stairs. It's Leo. He crosses toward her.

GLORIA
Leo, do you know how these got here?

LEO
What do you mean?

GLORIA
Did you put them here?

He shrugs his shoulders, but she knows her son. Stoops down to his height.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Did they feel scared outside?

Leo nods.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
Because this is a new neighborhood for them?

Again, Leo nods.

GLORIA (CONT'D)
I see. But why'd they decide to hide down here.

LEO
Because it's safe.

GLORIA
Why would they come to our house to be safe?

LEO
(simply)
Because you're here.

Off Gloria, her heart thrilled:

END OF SHOW