

FORT PIT

by  
Michael Chernuchin

Revisions by  
Peter Tolan

Current Revisions by  
Peter Tolan 12/01/06

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FORT PIT

DAY ONE (Pilot)

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

INT. 74TH PRECINCT - MUSTER ROOM - MORNING

A flood of chaotic activity: uniformed cops, civilians and assorted lowlifes ebb and flow through the open room. SGT. JIM WESSON mans the front desk. Just forty-two, a greying head, puffy red face and barrel chest make him appear at least ten years older. His attitude is immediately apparent from his Hawaiian shirt and Bermuda shorts. He periodically dips a sweaty paw into a large bowl of M&M candies that resides on the desk. He gazes down disdainfully at a shabbily dressed LAWYER, a Hispanic man of about forty.

WESSON

Who you looking for?

LAWYER

Kevin McDonald.

WESSON

He one of us or one of them?

LAWYER

He's being held here -

WESSON

One of them. The Mick last name threw me off. Upstairs - end of the hall, talk to Officer Weitz. Good luck with the cancer.

LAWYER

What cancer? I don't have cancer.

WESSON

Give it time. It's my wish for all lawyers.

The lawyer scowls and crosses away. Wesson shovels candy into his mouth.

WESSON (CONT'D)

(through flying candy)

Next!

A man of about fifty - CRUMM - approaches the desk. He's withered and unshaven.

CRUMM  
Can you help me?

WESSON  
From the looks of you, I doubt it.

Crumm pulls out a massive hunting knife.

CRUMM  
Could you take this for me?

WESSON  
Hey! Put that thing away!

CRUMM  
I don't want it around -

WESSON  
Put it away now, damnit!

Crumm follows orders.

WESSON (CONT'D)  
Where the hell do you think you are  
- the Brooklyn Machete Depository?  
I take that thing from you, I gotta  
fill out multiple forms, I gotta  
get it tagged, I gotta walk it all  
the way down to the cage. It'll be  
a great big pain in my ass - so do  
me a favor, Rambo. Turn yourself  
around, take your knife for a nice,  
long walk around the neighborhood,  
then come back in -

He checks the large clock over the door. It's 8:10.

WESSON (CONT'D)  
- fifty minutes. Make it an hour  
just to be safe.

CRUMM  
You'll be here?

WESSON  
No, I'll be on my break. See how  
that works?

CRUMM  
But what if -

WESSON

Tell your story walking, nutjob.  
(waving him off)  
Git!

Crumm, completely lost, heads for the door. He passes BOBBY BONELLI - twenty-three, fit, dark and handsome, who has just entered carrying a plastic garment bag over his shoulder and a cup of designer coffee in one hand. Bonelli eyes the room and walks up to Wesson.

BONELLI

How's it going?

WESSON

If you're here with a weapon,  
follow the old guy.

BONELLI

I'm Bobby Bonelli.

WESSON

I've seen all your movies.

BONELLI

I'm not a - I was assigned here -  
to the 7-4. First day.

Wesson checks the roster on his desk.

WESSON

Welcome aboard and leave all hope  
behind. Partner up with Van Ness.  
Locker room's downstairs.

BONELLI

Excuse me, Sarge - are you talking  
about Don Van Ness?

WESSON

(checking the roster)  
Donald. Yeah.

BONELLI

Because he and I, we just graduated  
the academy - same class - and I  
thought regs say two rookies can't  
ride together.

WESSON

Like I'm supposed to let you get a  
real cop killed? Get the hell  
downstairs.

Bonelli reacts and heads downstairs.

INT. 74TH PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - DAY

JACK CADE - forty-three but still fit and firm, able to run an eight-minute mile and bench three hundred pounds - has a group of cops gathered around his locker, securely in his thrall with an animated tale of a recent arrest.

CADE

The door opens - there's this Spic kid - he's gotta be fifteen feet tall. He's like a Spic sequoia. His head's through the ceiling. We gotta go to the apartment upstairs to question him. I move to cuff him - his wrists are like a couple of canned hams.

CRUZ

Where's Hagen during all this?

CADE

My trusty partner's standing a safe distance away, crapping his pants.

Laughter all around. Cade's partner PAUL HAGEN, thirty-five, with a red face and an impressive gut that indicate a fondness for beer and spirits, waves his hands in protest.

HAGEN

Not true! Screw you, Jack. I was right there, right in the middle of it.

CADE

(a beat)

Crapping his pants.

More laughter.

ANGLE ON

Bonelli as he enters. He takes in the raucous group of men, then turns down an aisle and finds his locker - and DON VAN NESS, his new partner. Don is twenty-four, blonde, fit and taller than most cops. He's looking around the bank of lockers, trying to listen in on Cade's story. He's also naked, his shirt in his hands.

BONELLI

Give me some of that ass.

Van Ness turns and brightens at the sight of his friend.

VAN NESS

Bobby!

They bump knuckles.

BONELLI

I hope you learned something at the academy. We're riding together.

VAN NESS

Oh, hell. I was hoping you learned something.

BONELLI

We're screwed.

Another burst of laughter. Bonelli turns to listen.

VAN NESS

(quietly)

You know who that guy is?

BONELLI

Jack Cade. Reynolds at the academy, he'd piss himself whenever Cade's name came up.

VAN NESS

Cade's King Kong, dude.

BONELLI

Tell me. Two combat crosses -

HARDWICK (O.C.)

Excuse me, fellas.

Bonelli and Van Ness turn and see half-naked ANGELA HARDWICK, twenty-six and hot - in a tough sort of way. Van Ness jumps to cover his privates with his pants.

HARDWICK (CONT'D)

Yeah, might want to cover that up. Little chilly in here, huh?

BONELLI

You a cop?

HARDWICK

No, I'm just here for the spa treatments. One locker room, one can - lucky me.

(MORE)

HARDWICK (CONT'D)

If I'm in here changing, keep your eyes to yourselves. Anything more than a quick glance, I tend to act out in a very unfeminine way. Okay, assholes?

BONELLI

This the official welcome?

HARDWICK

No - I'm saving that for two weeks from now - when you probably won't be here. I'll be walking away now. Don't check out my ass.

She walks away, looking back at them to make sure they're not checking her out. They're not.

HARDWICK (CONT'D)

Great - two new guys and they're both gay.  
(looking up)  
Keep it coming, God.

She continues walking away. Hagen appears from around the bank of lockers.

HAGEN

Hey. You the new guys?

VAN NESS

Yeah. I'm Van Ness.  
(indicating Bonelli)  
This is -

HAGEN

Save it. You fellas want to make some cash?

Bonelli and Van Ness exchange a look.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

This way.

INT. 74TH PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Hagen walks the guys around a bank of lockers. The sound of muffled laughter and conversation can be heard.

VAN NESS

Where are we going?

HAGEN

Right in here.

Hagen points to a locker door that's slightly ajar.

VAN NESS

In there? You screwing with us?

HAGEN

Open it up, kid.

Van Ness opens the locker door. The laughter and conversation become louder. Van Ness and Bonelli look inside the locker and see that the back of the locker and the wall behind have been removed, revealing access to a lounge area.

HAGEN (CONT'D)

Back in the day we had a lounge.  
Jimmy out front - the sergeant?

BONELLI

In the Hawaiian shirt?

HAGEN

Yeah. He had a popular dice game going in there after hours. Big muckety-muck from headquarters finds out about it, shuts it down and has the room sealed off.

BONELLI

Seems like kind of a strong reaction.

HAGEN

Well, the guy lost about six gees.  
Come on in.

Hagen squeezes into the locker. Van Ness and Bonelli follow after him.

INT. 74TH PRECINCT - LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS

The group of cops are now circled around MIKE SOKOLOWSKI like gamblers at a basement cockfight. Sokolowski, twenty-nine, bad haircut and face to match, is lying bare-chested on his back on the floor. He's got five New York City telephone books balanced on his chest. There's a pile of cash on the floor next to him. Among the other men are JESSE BEAUMONT, forty, black, once fit, but starting to lose it - and TOMMY CRUZ, Puerto Rican, twenty-seven, slight of build.



BEAUMONT

We're getting what odds?

SOKOLOWSKI

Three-to-one.

BEAUMONT

Wasn't it four-to-one last time?

SOKOLOWSKI

Last time it was six phone books.  
Now I only got five.

BEAUMONT

Soks, you're one crazy mother. I'm  
in.

He throws some bills onto the pile as Hagen joins the group,  
with Van Ness and Bonelli following close behind him.

HAGEN

Anybody else? Get your money down.  
(to Van Ness)  
Empty your wallet, kid. This is a  
cinch.

Van Ness drops some money into the pile. A couple more cops  
throw down cash.

SOKOLOWSKI

Come on, let's do this. My ass is  
falling asleep.

BEAUMONT

No more action. You ready, Soks?

SOKOLOWSKI

Like a choirboy in a whorehouse.

Beaumont steps forward and stands over Sokolowski. He draws  
his silenced .38 and quickly pumps a shot straight down into  
the pile of books. Sokolowski jerks and grunts. His eyes go  
wide, then he passes out. A tense moment, broken by a shaken  
Van Ness.

VAN NESS

What happened? Is he - ?

BONELLI

It's a goof, Don. They're busting  
our balls. Sorry, guys.

HAGEN

Hey - can't blame us for trying.

BEAUMONT

I guess they're making the rookies  
smarter these days.

(to Sokolowski)

Get up, Soks. Didn't work.

A beat - Sokolowski does not move.

HAGEN

Soks, come on.

(a beat)

Soks?

A flurry of movement. The cops pull the books off the man's chest - there's blood. They check his pulse, his eyes. A surge of panic takes hold of the room.

BEAUMONT

It was supposed to be blanks! Who loaded the gun?

HAGEN

I did! Soks! Can you hear me?

BEAUMONT

This is bad, Paul. This is really  
bad. I'm five years from  
retirement. Do I need this?

Hagen turns on Van Ness and Bonelli.

HAGEN

Get outta here, both of you. Your first day, you can't be anywhere near this. Get your asses outta here, go home, we'll call you when it's safe to come back.

A beat, then a freaked-out Van Ness charges out of the room. Bonelli sips his coffee, not moving.

BEAUMONT

(to Bonelli)

Didn't you hear him, kid?

Bonelli nods, then steps closer to Sokolowski.

BONELLI

The thing is - you made a tactical error, fellas. You rushed it.

(MORE)

BONELLI (CONT'D)

You shoulda waited a couple days, a week maybe. You do it on our first day - it's a little too obvious, you know?

Bonelli raises his cup and slowly pours a thin, steady stream of coffee down on Sokolowski's face. A beat, then Sokolowski starts to sputter and choke.

BONELLI (CONT'D)

Nice meeting you all.

Bonelli turns to leave and comes face to face with a grinning Cade. He offers his hand.

CADE

Jack Cade. Welcome to the 7-4.

CUT TO:

CREDITS.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONEFADE IN:

INT. 74TH PRECINCT - MUSTER ROOM - LATER

Wesson is still on duty. Crumm returns, carrying the hunting knife. Wesson, annoyed, looks up at the clock. It's 8:37.

WESSON  
(under his breath)  
Son-of-a-bitch.

He leaves his seat, circles around the desk, grabs Crumm by one arm and spins him around toward the front door.

WESSON (CONT'D)  
You have a problem telling time? I said come back in an hour. You still got twenty-three minutes, you senile dope.

CRUMM  
Could you just take the knife?

WESSON  
You come back in anything less than twenty-three minutes, I'll take the knife and put it in a very safe place called your chest. Get outta here, go have a cup of coffee, take a leak, watch Oprah. Goodbye!

He shoves Crumm out the door.

LEFKOWITZ (O.C.)  
Sergeant!

Wesson freezes in his tracks. He turns and sees CAPT. GLORIA LEFKOWITZ - thirty-four, attractive but very good at hiding it - standing in her office doorway.

WESSON  
Yes, sir?

LEFKOWITZ  
My office in ten.

Lefkowitz heads into her office and closes the door. Wesson rolls his eyes, knowing he's in some deep shit.

INT. LEFKOWITZ'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Lefkowitz searches through the piles of paper on her desk. She presses a button on her phone.

LEFKOWITZ  
(into intercom)  
Carol, I need the 61 on the Carney girl.

CAROL (V.O.)  
(over intercom)  
Maria has it downstairs, I'll run and grab it.

A beat - then a knock at the door.

LEFKOWITZ  
(calling off)  
I said ten minutes, Sergeant.

The door opens and Bonelli and Van Ness enter.

BONELLI  
We're not the sergeant.

LEFKOWITZ  
Consider yourselves lucky.

BONELLI  
Bonelli and Van Ness.

LEFKOWITZ  
The new guys - right. Come in.  
(to Van Ness)  
Didn't I see you running outta here like a maniac a couple minutes ago?

VAN NESS  
A lotta people look like me.

The guys move to sit.

LEFKOWITZ  
I didn't tell you to sit. I don't have a lot of time, so I'm just gonna lay it out for you. The 7-4 is a nightmare. Worst violent crime rate in the city six years running.

BONELLI

Looking forward to doing something about that, Captain.

LEFKOWITZ

Well, aren't you a breath of fresh spring air.

VAN NESS

We're proud to be here, ma'am.

LEFKOWITZ

Sucking up won't get you a transfer, Officer Van Ness. Believe me - I've tried.

VAN NESS

Hey - I don't want a transfer. I'm here to see action and notch as many collars as I can. I'm looking to make captain before I hit thirty.

LEFKOWITZ

How interesting - that might possibly be to someone else.

Lefkowitz grabs a short stack of papers from her desk and tosses them over to Bonelli.

LEFKOWITZ (CONT'D)

These are the mug shots for all our violent crime suspects. You spot one of them out in the wild, call for back-up before you attempt an arrest. It's been ten months since we lost a rookie. We'd like to make it to the year mark - for once.

(to Van Ness)

Go.

(to Bonelli)

Not you.

VAN NESS

Again - glad to be aboard, ma'am.

LEFKOWITZ

You like my shoes?

VAN NESS

Very nice.

LEFKOWITZ

You call me ma'am one more time,  
they're going up your ass.

VAN NESS

I -

He can't form a response. He stammers and exits. Lefkowitz eyes Bonelli for a long beat, then nods toward the door.

LEFKOWITZ

Does he know?

BONELLI

Nobody knows. You and me - that's  
it.

LEFKOWITZ

You better hope it stays that way.  
(a beat)  
Not to piss in your punchbowl, but  
do you honestly think you can make  
a difference?

BONELLI

Well, the idea, Captain -

LEFKOWITZ

(interrupting)  
I know the idea. Place top  
prospects from the academy into  
problem precincts, try and change  
things from within.

BONELLI

Nothing wrong with a little new  
blood.

LEFKOWITZ

This is Fort Pit. New blood tends  
to wind up all over the sidewalk  
around here.  
(a beat)  
You got no idea what you're walking  
into. This crew you're gonna be  
working with - Jack Cade and his  
band of merry men - this is D-Day.  
It's Normandy out there, and you're  
strolling onto the beach with a big  
smile and a box of Band-Aids.

BONELLI

You're not behind the idea. I get it, Captain.

LEFKOWITZ

I didn't say that.

BONELLI

(controlled anger)

Then what are you saying?

LEFKOWITZ

(a beat)

Be smart. Pick your battles. Take it slow.

(a beat)

Get outta here.

She nods to the door. Bonelli crosses and opens it.

BONELLI

Thanks for your support.

LEFKOWITZ

You're very welcome. Have a super day.

Bonelli exits. Wesson steps into the doorway.

WESSON

You wanted to chat?

LEFKOWITZ

Yes - I did. The older gentlemen I saw you talking to a couple minutes ago -

WESSON

I can't recall who that might have been. Could you be more specific?

LEFKOWITZ

Maybe seventy years old, five-nine, white hair, knife about this big.

She indicates a massive blade with her hands.

WESSON

(a beat)

Still not getting it, sir.



LEFKOWITZ

How long have you been on the job,  
Sergeant?

WESSON

Twenty-three years in, sir. This  
conversation being, if I may say,  
one of the highlights.

LEFKOWITZ

You don't like female officers very  
much, do you, Sergeant Wesson?

WESSON

I love all cops, sir. Afro-  
American, Latin American, Asian  
American. I'd love a just plain  
American cop, but it's been years  
since I've seen one.

LEFKOWITZ

But a woman cop -

WESSON

I believe the politically correct  
term is Gyno-American.

LEFKOWITZ

(giving up)  
Hardwick's test is at five. Make  
sure she knows - and she shows.

WESSON

Yes, sir.

He exits.

LEFKOWITZ

(to herself)  
Gyno-Americans. Help me.

She closes her door.

INT. 74TH PRECINCT - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wesson, heading back to his post, spots Cruz and Hardwick.  
He hollers down the crowded hallway.

WESSON

Hardwick! Piss in a cup at five!

HARDWICK

(annoyed)

Thanks, Jimmy. Couldn't announce  
it over the PA?

WESSON

Next time.

He hustles away. Cruz and Hardwick head down the hallway.

CRUZ

You gonna be okay?

HARDWICK

No worries. I've been totally  
clean for six months.

A beat, then Cruz crosses himself.

HARDWICK (CONT'D)

I saw that.

INT. RMP - DAY

Van Ness is at the wheel, Bonelli rides shotgun. They're moving through the streets of northern Brooklyn which, for lack of a better term, is an assault on the senses: music blasting, horns honking, street vendors shouting.

VAN NESS

I still can't believe you ended up  
at the 7-4. Me - my grades weren't  
so good - as in they sucked. But  
you -

BONELLI

You don't seem to mind the  
assignment. Why should I?

VAN NESS

Are you kidding? This is a dream  
come true. Ever since I was a  
little kid, all I wanted to be was  
a cop.

(a beat)

Or a model.

BONELLI

Excuse me?

VAN NESS

Yeah. I did some modeling when I  
was a kid.

BONELLI

Get out.

VAN NESS

I'm serious. J. C. Penney Spring catalogue, 1990. Page 197, lower left hand corner, boys' sleepwear.

Bonelli laughs.

BONELLI

I think I missed that one, Don.

VAN NESS

(a beat)

Could you call me Van Ness?

BONELLI

What?

VAN NESS

Call me Van Ness. All the great cops - people called them by their last names only. Serpico, right? What's his first name? Nobody knows. It's just Serpico.

BONELLI

Frank. His first name's Frank.

VAN NESS

Sadly, you got no proof.

The radio crackles to life.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(filtered)

Adam 10-10. Man down, 762 Albany Avenue. Unit available, K?

CADE (V.O.)

(filtered)

Central. We're three blocks away, will check and advise. K?

VAN NESS

That's Cade. Let's back him up.

BONELLI

It's out of our zone.

Van Ness grabs the radio.

VAN NESS

You don't wanna see the Jack Cade in action? No way I'm missing that.

(into radio)

Charlie also responding. K?

BONELLI

Don -

VAN NESS

Van Ness.

(grandly, fired up)

Van Ness: NYPD!

He flips on the siren and flashers, a cop at last.

EXT. BLUE MAHOE - LATER

Three RMPs are parked in front of the Jamaican nightclub. Van Ness and Bonelli pull up and head inside.

INT. BLUE MAHOE - AT THE SAME TIME

Cade, Hagen, Beaumont and Sokolowski are standing around a pool of blood in the middle of the dance floor with a disc jockey, CALEB, nineteen.

CALEB

Hey, I already told the 911 chick. I DJed here last night eleven to four. I got home, I couldn't find my wallet. I came back this morning to look for it - there he was.

SOKOLOWSKI

You know what I think? I think I could use some Mexican. A breakfast burrito - something like that.

(to Caleb)

Any Mexican places around here?

Bonelli and Van Ness enter through the front door, guns drawn.

HAGEN

(to the others)

Look at this. Starsky and Putz.

CADE

Stop busting their balls. Let's get serious here, huh?

(to Bonelli and Van Ness)

Guns down, boys. New guys itching for action - somebody sneezes, all of a sudden we got a bloodbath on our hands.

Bonelli and Van Ness holster their weapons.

BONELLI

So where's the body?

HAGEN

It got tired of waiting for you, it went to a movie.

Cade moves to put an arm around Bonelli's shoulders.

CADE

You know what I'm thinking, gentlemen? I'm thinking maybe Josh might open up to a new face. Somebody he hasn't seen before.

(nodding at Bonelli)

I mean, who's gonna lie to a puss like that?

(to Bonelli)

Up for it?

BONELLI

Hundred percent.

Sokolowski cracks up at Bonelli's honest exuberance.

CADE

Shut up, Soks. Kid wants to do the job.

Cade walks Bonelli a few steps away, points to a large black man sitting on a stool at the far end of the bar.

CADE (CONT'D)

Name's Joshua Gates. Owns the place. I got a feeling he knows exactly what went down here. Get something outta him - feather in your cap.

Bonelli nods, crosses and takes a seat beside Joshua. He might be drunk - or just depressed about the shooting.

He has his arms folded in front of him on the bar, and his head rests on his arms.

BONELLI

Tough, huh?

(a beat)

Not easy running a business - then something like this happens.

Nothing from Joshua.

BONELLI (CONT'D)

Look, you got things to do - we got things to do. It'll make it easier all around if you just tell me -

A shot rings out. Unseen by Bonelli, Cade fires his gun into the ceiling. Bonelli jumps up and pulls his gun, but his arm hits Joshua who tumbles off the stool and onto the floor. Bonelli sees a large, bloody bullet hole in Joshua's gut. He turns and sees his fellow officers bent over in laughter.

CADE

You know what? I think you mighta been right, kid. I shoulda waited a couple days to do that. Mighta been funnier.

(a beat)

But I doubt it!

Bonelli burns as the others continue to howl.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWOFADE IN:

EXT. PANCHO'S - LATER

Bonelli, Van Ness and Beaumont exit the restaurant with breakfast burritos on foam take-out plates.

BEAUMONT

It's Frank.

VAN NESS

I think you're wrong.

BEAUMONT

No, that's it.

(to Bonelli)

Frank Serpico, right?

Bonelli nods in agreement, then looks to his partner.

VAN NESS

(peevd, to Bonelli)

You told him to say that. I'm eating in the car.

He stalks away.

BEAUMONT

Interesting guy.

BONELLI

You know, he asked to be assigned to the 7-4.

BEAUMONT

He got a death wish? Nobody asks for Fort Pit. You gotta screw up big time to land that invite.

BONELLI

Yeah. What's the deal with that desk sergeant with the Hawaiian shirt and the candy?

BEAUMONT

Jimmy has issues with rules and authority - that's the shirt.

(MORE)

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)

As for the candy - they call that an oral fixation. You know what that is?

BONELLI

You mean where you've gotta have something in your mouth at all times?

BEAUMONT

Otherwise known as Jenna Jameson Syndrome.

(laughs)

Back in the day, Jimmy popped Thorazine like it was candy. Now he pops candy like it's Thorazine. Better for his health.

BONELLI

How about Hardwick?

BEAUMONT

Great ass.

BONELLI

She told us not to look.

BEAUMONT

Great smile, too - not that she ever puts it out there.

BONELLI

How did she end up at the 7-4?

BEAUMONT

Angie was one of the top narcs in the city. Only problem - she was putting more up her nose than she booked into Evidence. So they shipped her up to Fort Pit and make her pee in a cup once a month.

BONELLI

Sucks.

BEAUMONT

Tell you who's got it rough - her partner Cruz. Little Hispanic guy? He's going through some deep stuff.

BONELLI

What?



BEAUMONT  
(a beat)  
Killed his partner.

BONELLI  
No way.

BEAUMONT  
During a pursuit. Total accident.  
Heat of the moment kinda thing.

BONELLI  
He killed him?

BEAUMONT  
Whatever you do, don't say nothing  
to him about it.

BONELLI  
How about you, Beaumont? How did  
you land here?

BEAUMONT  
Well, I could tell you -  
(smiling)  
But that would take all the mystery  
out of the relationship, wouldn't  
it?

Sokolowski comes outside wolfing down his breakfast burrito  
and carrying a large sack of greasy take-out.

BEAUMONT (CONT'D)  
How many breakfasts you got there,  
Soks?

SOKOLOWSKI  
(the burrito)  
This is breakfast -  
(the bag)  
- this is brunch. Hey, I'm a cop.  
It's all about back-up, right?

INT. RATTY APARTMENT - AT THE SAME TIME

Cade stands over RANDY - black, twenties, rubber tubing  
around his arm. He's in a state of bliss. Hagen enters,  
disgusted.

HAGEN

I did a quick sweep. Not a single roach in the place. Even the bugs are disgusted.

Cade gently slaps Randy's cheek.

CADE

Talk to me, Randy.

RANDY

I'm on with God.

CADE

Yeah? Well, put him on hold and tell me about Joshua over at the club.

RANDY

(smiling)

My. Man. Josh. Bitch ass nigga got some serious squo.

CADE

He dealing?

RANDY

I seen him blowing trees.

HAGEN

Who wasted him, asshole?

RANDY

(to Hagen)

You gotta lose the hatred, dawg. Lowers the cholesterol.

CADE

What are you hearing?

RANDY

Street says it was the fat man.

CADE

Belly?

RANDY

The pimp - that's right.

INT. BOWLING ALLEY - LATER

BELLY, black, thirty-five, fat, drinking a beer and smoking a cigarette, sits in the booth furthest from the entrance with a scantily-clad woman, CRYSTAL. A second woman, JOELEEN, has just thrown a gutter ball.

CRYSTAL  
(laughing)  
Ho's lame.

Joeleen returns to the booth.

JOELEEN  
Little Miss Bitch got ass on her  
shoulder.

BELLY  
Bothaya! You bitches driving Belly  
crazy. I try doing something nice,  
taking you all bowling, all's I get  
is attitude. Let a brutha  
concentrate on the pins.

Belly goes to grab a ball, but freezes when he sees Hagen enter. Belly puts his head down and walks away as inconspicuously as possible.

CRYSTAL  
Where you going, Bel?

BELLY  
(quietly)  
Takin' a squirt. Keep your damn  
voice down.

He exits through a fire door.

EXT. ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Belly hustles down the alley, heading for the street.

CADE (O.C.)  
Going someplace?

Belly looks up and sees Cade leaning against a dumpster. Belly turns tail and takes off as fast as he can move his 320-pound body. Cade laughs and follows at a nice easy pace.

CADE (CONT'D)  
One word for you, Belly. Atkins.

BELLY

You got nothing on me! Back off,  
cop.

CADE

When do you think you'll reach the  
other end of the alley? I'm  
guessing early December of next  
year.

Hagen appears at the far end of the alley. Belly stops,  
cornered. Cade is on him, and quickly cuffs him.

CADE (CONT'D)

Feels good getting that heart rate  
up, doesn't it?

BELLY

Get off me!

CADE

I'm gonna frisk you now, Belly. It  
could take a while. Normally I'd  
map you out into half-acre  
quadrants and bring in some other  
guys, but I don't have that option  
at the moment.

Cade pats Belly down and finds something right away. He  
reaches under Belly's shirt.

CADE (CONT'D)

What have we here?

He pulls a gun from the overtaxed waistband of Belly's  
sweatpants.

CADE (CONT'D)

You want to take this, Officer  
Hagen?

He hands the gun to Hagen.

CADE (CONT'D)

See - we're good for your health,  
Belly. Two minutes on the Hagen-  
Cade diet plan - you just lost a  
pound.

INT. RMP - MOMENTS LATER

Hagen's at the wheel, Cade rides shotgun. Belly, still cuffed and talking a mile a minute, is in the back seat.

BELLY

This is the U. S. of A, bro.  
Dawg's got rights. What's gonna happen with my paper route? My bitches need me -

CADE

Belly, if I wanted to hear the sound of you talking, I'd ask my partner to fart.

BELLY

A warrant! I ain't seen no warrant.

HAGEN

You know what exigent circumstances means?

CADE

It means shut your damn hole.

BELLY

I got rights. Land of the free, home of the Braves. Law says I can move my nigga mouf whenever I -

Cade spins around and sticks his Glock in Belly's face. Belly snorts, scared shitless.

CADE

Move your 'mouf' one more time and I'll pop you a new one.

Cade turns to face front.

CADE (CONT'D)

(to Hagen)

I hate to do that stuff, but you ask nicely three or four times -

HAGEN

They don't listen.

CADE

They really don't.

A moment of quiet. Cade talks to Belly without turning to face him.

CADE (CONT'D)

I talked to one of your sweethearts back at the bowling alley, Bel. Little piece of advice - you really gotta start hanging out with a different class of people. For example, people who won't rat your ass out to the cops so quickly.

(to Hagen)

Turns out our dead friend Joshua got one of Belly's girls knocked up.

HAGEN

Isn't that awful?

CADE

Belly, being a gentleman, paid for the girl to visit the clinic for a quick snip and vac, but then they told him she'd have to stay off the street for a couple days.

HAGEN

Lost revenue.

CADE

Exactly. Our fat friend in the back seat thought the least old Josh could do was pony up some cash to cover the loss.

HAGEN

But Josh didn't see it that way?

CADE

Not at all. So Belly went and paid him a visit late last night and - long story short - made him dead.

(calling back)

I leave out any important details, Shamu?

No response from the back.

CADE (CONT'D)

(a beat)

You can talk now. Simon says.

Hagen glances in the rear view.

HAGEN'S POV

Belly's head is back - his mouth is open, his eyes stare forward.

HAGEN  
He don't look right, Jack.

EXT. DESERTED STREET/INT. RMP - MOMENTS LATER

Hagen and Cade stand outside the car looking in at their dead passenger.

CADE  
Son-of-a-bitch! This stuff always happens on a Monday! You notice that?

HAGEN  
What do we do with him?

CADE  
How the hell do I know, Paulie? Maybe we can hollow him out, you can put him in your back yard and use him as a shed. Damn it!

Cade slams the door shut.

INT. RMP - AT THE SAME TIME

Van Ness at the wheel. Bonelli riding shotgun.

VAN NESS  
You still seeing the same girl?

BONELLI  
Kate - yeah.

VAN NESS  
Been a while.

BONELLI  
Ten months.

VAN NESS  
Any marriage talk?

BONELLI  
Only every half hour. You seeing anybody?

VAN NESS  
(cheerfully)  
Nope.

BONELLI  
You sound happy about it.

VAN NESS  
Fits into my lifestyle choice. I'm  
celibate.

BONELLI  
Celibate?

VAN NESS  
Yeah. Not for religious reasons or  
anything weird like that. All my  
focus goes to my work, see? My eye  
is always on the prize - never on  
tail.

BONELLI  
How long has this been going on?

VAN NESS  
Three years.

BONELLI  
You haven't had sex in three years?

VAN NESS  
None. Zero.

BONELLI  
Wow.

VAN NESS  
That's right. The last three years  
it's just been hookers and happy  
endings from massage chicks. Other  
than that - zip.

BONELLI  
Don -

VAN NESS  
Van Ness.

BONELLI  
Celibate means - no sex. If you're  
doing hookers and getting happy  
endings - you're not celibate.



VAN NESS

Excuse me, partner. Let me do you some learning here. Hookers and happy endings don't count as sex.

BONELLI

Who told you that?

VAN NESS

My mother.

BONELLI

(laughing)  
What?

VAN NESS

(offended)  
Don't laugh at me. If your mother didn't talk to you about sex, that's your problem!

EXT. STREET NEAR VACANT LOT - LATER

Cade and Hagen struggle to get Belly out of the car. It's no easy task.

HAGEN

God, he's huge.

CADE

It's like a ghetto Macy's parade.

Belly rolls onto the ground with a thud. Hagen looks around to a dumpster far back on the property.

HAGEN

We'll never get him all the way to that dumpster. No way my back can handle it.

Cade looks around.

CADE

Over there - near that pile of garbage.

ACROSS THE STREET

From the door frame of an abandoned tenement, MALIK, thirteen, watches Cade and Hagen drag the body across the vacant lot.

CLOSE ON

Hagen removes the cuffs. Cade wipes Belly's gun clean and drops it next to his body. Cade takes a quick look around and spots Malik ducking back into the doorway.

CADE (CONT'D)

That's good enough. Let's get  
outta here.

INT. RMP - LATER

Bonelli stares out at the Pit's denizens.

VAN NESS

He killed his partner? The little  
Hispanic guy?

BONELLI

That's the word.

VAN NESS

How?

BONELLI

I don't know.

Something outside the vehicle catches Bonelli's eye.

BONELLI'S POV

A red-headed man on the sidewalk is bullshitting with his  
friends. They pass around a bottle in a paper bag.

Bonelli quickly starts leafing through the pile of mug shots  
until he finds the one he's looking for: JOHN SURRY, 22,  
Double Homicide.

BONELLI (CONT'D)

Turn around.

VAN NESS

What?

BONELLI

Half a block back - son-of-a-bitch  
killed his pregnant wife!

Van Ness makes a U-turn.

BONELLI (CONT'D)

(pointing)  
Over there.

ON THE SIDEWALK

Surry sees the RMP approaching and takes off at a sprint.

INT. RMP - CONTINUOUS

Bonelli jumps from the RMP.

BONELLI  
Circle the block!

VAN NESS  
We gotta stay together!

BONELLI  
Go!

Bonelli slams the door shut. Van Ness hits the siren and speeds off.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Bonelli, his gun drawn, tears ass down the street after Surry. Surry dodges cars as he crosses a busy intersection, continues ahead for a block and then turns down a desolate street. Bonelli, slowed by traffic, finally makes it across the intersection and accelerates to make up the lost ground. He runs for a block and then stops. Surry is nowhere to be seen.

BONELLI  
(calling out)  
John Surry!

Nothing. Bonelli, ready to shoot the first thing that moves, walks carefully down the street.

BONELLI (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
NYPD! Come out peacefully. I  
don't want anyone getting hurt.

SURRY

Crouches behind a dumpster, breathing hard. He can sense that Bonelli is getting closer.

BONELLI (O.S.) (CONT'D)  
(calling out)  
I know you can hear me.

Surry catches his breath and then flies out from behind the dumpster. Bonelli, startled, gives chase. Halfway down the block, Surry turns into the vacant lot.

EXT. VACANT LOT - CONTINUOUS

Surry sprints through the piles of trash and debris towards a chain link fence. He leaps onto the fence, scrambles up and over the top and jumps down into the alley on the other side. He looks back just in time to see Bonelli trip and sprawl face down into the garbage. Surry limps off. Bonelli, frustrated, bangs his fists on the ground and watches his quarry disappear. He slowly brings himself up to his hands and knees - and sees something awful a few feet in front of him.

BONELLI'S POV

Belly's dead face stares up at him. Bonelli reacts and we:

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREEFADE IN:

EXT. VACANT LOT - LATER

The lot, filled with CSU techs, patrolmen and detectives, is now a crime scene. Bonelli, Van Ness and DETECTIVE VINCENTE SANCHEZ, forty, stand over Belly's body.

SANCHEZ

Name - Warren Stipes. Street name Belly. Cade phoned him in as a person of interest in the shooting of a Joshua Gates.

BONELLI

From the Jamaican night club?

SANCHEZ

That's right.

VAN NESS

Any chance we get a piece of the collar?

SANCHEZ

You serious?

Van Ness nods.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

He's dead, Officer Numbnuts.

Van Ness walks away. Sanchez hands Belly's bagged gun to Bonelli.

SANCHEZ (CONT'D)

Transport this over to ballistics.

BONELLI

And then?

SANCHEZ

Go to the nearest sporting goods store, buy a hockey stick, take it home and shove it up your ass. Just take the gun.

BONELLI

I meant -

SANCHEZ

I'll do it myself.

(muttering)

Where's a damn cop when you need one?

Sanchez walks over to one of the CSU Techs.

INT. TENEMENT - AT THE SAME TIME

Hardwick and Cruz climb the stairs, passing tenants complaining about their presence.

CRUZ

(into his walkie)

Central. Screams heard. We're at the scene.

They reach the top floor and walk to the apartment at the end of the hall. Hardwick bangs on the door.

HARDWICK

Police officers! Open up.

She listens for a beat.

HARDWICK (CONT'D)

Open the door!

(a beat, to Cruz)

Do it.

She pulls her weapon out as Cruz kicks in the door. They rush inside.

INT. CRUMM'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

They see a dead woman lying on the floor, a familiar-looking hunting knife in her chest. Crumm sits quietly on the ratty couch watching television with the sound off. Cruz goes to the body while Hardwick trains her gun on Crumm.

HARDWICK

Don't move.

CRUMM

Can I get you something to drink?

HARDWICK

You have a diet anything?

CRUMM

No.

HARDWICK

Then I'm good.

INT. RMP - LATER

Van Ness and Bonelli are driving back to the vacant lot.

VAN NESS

I don't see the point. You had a million people there for two hours going over every inch of the scene -

They pull up and park. Malik is picking through the trash in the lot.

BONELLI

I want to take another look around.

VAN NESS

For what?

BONELLI

(seeing Malik)

How about a potential witness?

EXT. VACANT LOT - CONTINUOUS

Bonelli gets out of the car. Malik hears the car door close, looks up and takes off toward the chain link fence. Bonelli pursues him, this time careful not to trip. He grabs Malik's ankle just as he's nearing the top of the fence and pulls him to the ground.

MALIK

You gonna brutalize me?

BONELLI

Depends.

MALIK

Gimme a break, man. I was just looking for stuff to pawn at Abie's.

Van Ness arrives.

VAN NESS

He see anything?

MALIK

Me? No way. I don't know nothing.

BONELLI

Nice sentence structure. You can't be throwing the double negatives around too much, kid. People might think you're stupid.

Bonelli pats him down and finds - a flashy piece of Belly's personal bling. It's a gold necklace with the pimp's name in zircons.

BONELLI (CONT'D)

Nice. How much you think Abie will give you for this?

MALIK

I found it on the ground.

BONELLI

What's your name?

MALIK

Malik.

BONELLI

Uh-huh. Malik, I didn't see this on the body, which means you got there before we did, which means you're gonna have to come with us. Hands together.

Bonelli flashes his handcuffs.

INT. 74TH PRECINCT - MUSTER ROOM - LATER

Bonelli stands at the front desk with Malik.

ANGLE ON

Van Ness and Beaumont - eyeing Cruz across the room at his desk as he fills out paperwork on Mr. Crumm.

VAN NESS

He didn't shoot his partner?

Beaumont offers a tight nod no.



VAN NESS (CONT'D)

I heard he killed him.

BEAUMONT

He did - but not by shooting him.

(a beat)

They were in the middle of an  
arrest - the suspect took off.  
Cruz jumped into the car, thought  
his partner was already in -

(a beat)

He ran him over.

VAN NESS

Oh, my God.

BEAUMONT

Yeah. And then backed up over him.

VAN NESS

How does that happen?

BEAUMONT

You'd have to ask Cruz. But I  
wouldn't.

ANGLE ON

BONELLI AND MALIK

Bonelli passes some paperwork up to Wesson and moves to take  
Malik to holding. Cade joins them. He's chewing gum.

CADE

Collar day one. Impressive.

(nodding at Malik)

What did he do - pop his first zit  
in a crowded subway car?

BONELLI

Actually, he may have something to  
do with your person of interest.

CADE

(a smile)

Which one?

BONELLI

The dead pimp.

MALIK

Pork chops think I whacked him.

CADE

An innocent little guy like you?  
No way.  
(offering the pack to  
Malik)  
Gum?

Malik reaches for a stick. Cade jerks the pack away.

CADE (CONT'D)

Sorry - murder suspects can't have  
any.

Van Ness joins them.

CADE (CONT'D)

(to Van Ness, nodding at  
Malik)  
Sit the preschooler down while I  
talk to your partner.  
(to Bonelli)  
Come here a second.

Cade and Bonelli cross to a hallway.

BONELLI

I got a feeling about this kid.  
He's already starting to squirm.  
He knows something about that dead  
pimp.

CADE

(a smile)  
Let's see if he knows more than me.  
Report came in from the M.E. - says  
the cause of death was acute  
coronary due to severe arterial  
blockage. And ballistics says  
Belly's gun killed Joshua. Two  
birds, one stone.

Bonelli is a bit deflated.

BONELLI

Were Belly's prints on the piece?

CADE

(a beat)  
Bobby, right?

Bonelli nods.

CADE (CONT'D)

This is the 7-4, Bobby. Two bad guys end up in the morgue, we call it a good day. Don't look a gift stiff in the mouth.

Cade heads into the locker room. Bonelli follows.

INT. 74TH PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Cade drops quarters into a soda machine.

BONELLI

But about the prints -

CADE

(off the machine)

You want?

Bonelli shakes his head. Cade hits a button, retrieves his purchase and pops it open.

CADE (CONT'D)

Yeah - the gun. Clean as a whistle. Kind of a strange, given the fact that the guy didn't take care of himself, but he obviously took care of his possessions. They call that a paradox.

BONELLI

I don't know. I still think this kid is hiding something.

Cade moves closer to Bonelli, angry but holding it in check - just barely.

CADE

Okay, now see - I'm maybe starting to get a little offended here. How long have I been on the job versus how long have you? I'm looking out for your ass, Bobby, trying to keep you from making the same mistakes I made when I started out. Get your joint outta your ears. You want to solve a crime? You're in luck - we've got them coming 24/7, no lines, no waiting. Right now we got two worthless dirtbags sporting fresh toe tags in a SubZero downtown.

(MORE)

CADE (CONT'D)

You want to play policeman? Find yourself a fresh dirtbag.

(a beat)

I'm trying to help you. My advice - take it or leave it - drive the kid home, give him five bucks for an ice cream, forget the whole damn thing.

Cade tosses the soda can into the trash. It hits the rim and bounces to the floor, spilling soda.

CADE (CONT'D)

Clean that up for me, huh?

He exits. Bonelli reacts, and makes no move for the mess.

EXT. ACROSS FROM THE VACANT LOT - LATER

Bonelli and Van Ness drop Malik off at home. Bonelli passes five dollars out the window.

MALIK

Five bucks?

BONELLI

Take it.

MALIK

So I won't sue your ass? Gonna cost you more than that.

BONELLI

(to Van Ness)

Got any cash?

VAN NESS

Back in my locker.

Bonelli digs another bill out of his pocket.

BONELLI

Here's another ten. That's all I got.

MALIK

(coily)

Too bad. Another twenty, you might hear something interesting.

BONELLI

Yeah, right.

MALIK

I seen something.

A beat, then Bonelli digs another bill out of his pocket. He holds it out to Malik.

MALIK (CONT'D)

I thought you didn't have no more.

BONELLI

Again with the double negative.

Malik grabs one end of the bill, but Bonelli doesn't let go of his end.

MALIK

Two pork chops dumped the fat man  
in the trash.

VAN NESS

What's he talking about? Get your  
money back.

MALIK

Man, didn't you learn nothing in  
police school? Two cops pulled  
Belly outta their car and tossed  
his lard ass right over there. I  
watched the whole thing.

BONELLI

Which cops?

Malik shrugs.

BONELLI (CONT'D)

What they look like?

MALIK

Ask the dude with the gum.

Malik snatches the money away and hurries up the stairs into the tenement.

VAN NESS

The dude with the gum? Who's that?

Bonelli thinks for a beat. This would explain Belly's gun being wiped clean. It would also explain Cade trying to talk him away from Malik.

BONELLI

Nobody.  
(a beat)  
Nobody yet.

Van Ness steers the car away from the curb.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOURFADE IN:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATER

Hardwick and Cruz sit with Mr. Crumm, taking his statement. Hardwick takes notes.

CRUMM

I've been thinking about killing her for years, but I wanted to wait until the kids were all dead or moved away. It got worse the last couple weeks. That's why I came this morning and tried to drop off the knife. I figured if I got it outta the house, I wouldn't be tempted. But then the guy at the front desk - he told me to go home and watch television. So that's what I did. Then she starts in again. "You're always sitting around. You're lazy. You never do anything." So I did something. I killed her.

CRUZ

Who told you to go home? What guy at the front desk?

CRUMM

The Hawaiian guy.

HARDWICK

We don't have any Hawaiians here, sir.

A beat - then Cruz and Hardwick share a look.

HARDWICK (CONT'D)

Oh, hell.

INT. 74TH PRECINCT - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hardwick is huddled with Wesson.

HARDWICK

Are you outta your mind?

WESSON

I had a busy morning. Who the hell do you think I am anyway - Kreskin? How was I supposed to know Methuselah was gonna go home and stick his old lady?

HARDWICK

Think, Jimmy. This wackjob puts a positive ID on you, you're cooked. You might want to drag your ass downtown and take one last look at your pension.

WESSON

Didn't think of that.  
(a beat)  
What do I do, Angie?

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - TEN MINUTES LATER

Hardwick has rejoined Cruz and Mr. Crumm.

HARDWICK

Mr. Crumm, the story you've told us about being here this morning and trying to give someone the murder weapon -

CRUMM

The man at the front desk.

HARDWICK

Right. Given what you did to your poor wife, we can assume you're confused, disoriented - unable to see things as they actually. I've asked the desk sergeant on duty to come up and speak with you.

She goes to the door and opens it.

HARDWICK (CONT'D)

You tell me if this is the man you spoke with earlier today.  
(to Wesson outside)  
Come on in.

Wesson enters - a changed man. The Hawaiian shirt is gone - so are the Bermuda shorts. He's now wearing his blues and they're a tight fit. Wesson waddles into the room stiffly and moves close to Mr. Crumm.



HARDWICK (CONT'D)

Mr. Crumm, this is Sergeant Wesson.

Wesson speaks - in the phoniest Irish accent one can possibly imagine.

WESSON

Top of the morning to you, sir. A great pleasure to meet you.

HARDWICK

Is this the man you spoke to?

Crumm eyes Wesson for a tense beat.

CRUMM

You got a brother who works here?

WESSON

Oh, I only wish. Me brother Mike used to be on the force, the two of us working side by side, but he was called back to the old sod to take care of our sainted wee mother back in County Cork.

CRUMM

(a beat, to Hardwick)  
What's his name?

HARDWICK

Sergeant Wesson.

CRUMM

No - this isn't the man.

Looks of relief all around - then the door opens and Captain Lefkowitz appears.

LEFKOWITZ

Officer Hardwick, Mr. Koop is here for your test.

(eyeing Wesson in his blues)

What the hell?

WESSON

Well, I'll be running along now.

Wesson makes a stiff escape.

WESSON (CONT'D)

May the wind be at your backs and  
may the road rise up to your feet  
and may the other stuff -

(a beat)

Oh, screw it.

He exits.

HARDWICK

(to Mr. Crumm)

Excuse me. I have to go piss in a  
cup now.

She gets up from her seat and heads for the door.

INT. 74TH PRECINCT - BATHROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The lab tech, KOOP, is standing outside the closed door to a stall, waiting for Hardwick to finish her test. Koop is a short man of about sixty - buzz cut and glasses, dour expression.

HARDWICK (O.C.)

(from inside the stall)

God! How do you manage to keep the  
cups so cold?

KOOP

Trade secret. You want to hurry it  
up? I got two guys in the Bronx in  
half an hour.

HARDWICK

You're having a piss of a day,  
aren't you?

Wesson enters, still in his blues, and goes to the urinals. He looks over at Koop with disdain.

WESSON

Your parents must be so proud.

He unzips and starts to piss. A flush from the stall, a beat and then Hardwick enters with her sample and passes it to Koop.

HARDWICK

Knock yourself out. One little bit  
of advice - it's a recent vintage.  
Sip, don't guzzle.

Koop exhales wearily and exits. Hardwick washes her hands at the sink. Wesson zips up.

WESSON

Thanks for saving my ass, Angie. I won't forget it.

(a beat)

They got some balls putting you through that.

HARDWICK

I guess.

Hardwick looks at her image in the mirror. A moment of sadness and vulnerability overtakes her.

HARDWICK (CONT'D)

Things don't turn out the way you planned sometimes - do they, Jim?

Wesson washes his hands quickly.

WESSON

I try not to think about it. Too depressing. Hang in there, sweetheart.

HARDWICK

I'm trying.

He exits. Hardwick continues to stare into the mirror.

INT. LOCKER ROOM - LATER

Hagen is on his way out. Bonelli and Cade are dressing on either side of a row of lockers.

HAGEN

You want me to wait, Jackie?

CADE

Go on ahead. I'll be five minutes behind you. Make sure you leave me some booze, asshole.

Hagen laughs and exits. Bonelli buttons his shirt and moves around the lockers to face Cade.

BONELLI

So you were right.

CADE

Goes without saying. About?

BONELLI

That kid. Took him home, he says he knows who dumped the dead pimp in the lot. Says he saw the whole thing go down - only he wants a hundred bucks to talk.

No visible reaction from Cade.

CADE

You pay him?

BONELLI

(evenly)

Well, since you're looking out for me, let me ask you - if I paid him, would that have been the right thing to do - or the wrong thing? In your opinion - given your experience and years of meritorious service.

CADE

Actually - rather than weigh in on that - I think there are some things you'll have to learn for yourself, cowboy. Ultimately I don't think anyone puts much stock in what some young punk thinks.

Cade pushes past him and exits.

CLOSE ON

Bonelli as he watches him go.

HARDWICK (V.O.)

There's obviously been a mistake. I've been clean for over six months.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Lefkowitz drops a test result in front of a seated Hardwick.

LEFKOWITZ

The test says otherwise.

HARDWICK

The test is wrong! I haven't done  
blow in - I haven't even been in  
the same room where somebody was  
doing it for fear of -

(a beat, she remembers)

Oh, no. That bastard.

LEFKOWITZ

If you're referring to Mr. Koop,  
the department has the greatest  
confidence in his -

HARDWICK

No, not Koop. I'm talking about my  
date last night - a real Mr. Clean  
Jeans from the Mayor's staff -

LEFKOWITZ

- who snorted coke.

Hardwick nods angrily.

LEFKOWITZ (CONT'D)

(doubtfully)

A contact high? You can do better  
than that, officer. Now, unless  
you're bucking for an immediate  
suspension -

HARDWICK

We slept together.

(a beat, looking down)

I swallowed.

This stops Lefkowitz in her tracks. She can't believe what  
she's hearing.

LEFKOWITZ

You actually expect me to believe -

HARDWICK

(earnest)

You know what? I don't care about  
the scandal, my name in the papers,  
the embarrassment to the mayor. If  
this means losing my job, I'll go  
public. The guy's name is -

LEFKOWITZ

(quickly)

Stop. I don't want to know.

HARDWICK

Your call.

A beat as Lefkowitz considers a course of action.

LEFKOWITZ

I'll let this test go by. I'll  
cover for you - I'm not sure how.  
I'll do it - only don't blow  
another one.

(quickly)

A test! Another test. I mean it,  
Angela.

HARDWICK

Thanks, Cap.

She starts out, then turns back at the door.

HARDWICK (CONT'D)

How do you do it?

LEFKOWITZ

What?

HARDWICK

The job - being a woman.

LEFKOWITZ

You seem to handle it okay.

HARDWICK

Glad I give that impression. You  
never seem to crack.

LEFKOWITZ

Don't have the option. This is  
what I wanted, this is what I got.  
On the other hand - you spend seven  
coming on eight years with this  
overgrown Vienna Boys Choir, it  
does things to you. Makes it hard  
sometimes to remember who you were  
when you started. But I don't see  
how that's anything to cry about.

HARDWICK

You want to - maybe grab a drink or  
something - some night?

LEFKOWITZ

Probably not. Goodnight. Thanks -  
but goodnight.

Hardwick nods and exits. Lefkowitz goes back to the work on her desk. The sounds of a drunken party fill the air.

INT. ALFREDO'S - NIGHT

The nightly orgy for the cops of the 7-4. Hot salsa music is blasting and sweaty men, most of them cops in civvies, flirt and dance with even hotter ghetto women. The room oozes dirty sex. Sokolowski, a bottle in hand, is dancing licentiously in the middle of the room with two scantily clad young girls. Beaumont drinks and flirts with an ample young woman at a table in the corner. Hagen, a massive cigar clenched between his teeth, regales a bunch of other cops with stories of imagined heroics.

ANGLE ON

Cruz, drinking sullenly at the bar. Van Ness approaches and sits next to him.

VAN NESS

Hey, Cruz. Van Ness.

CRUZ

(a little drunk)

Hi, Van.

VAN NESS

No - Van Ness is my last name.

CRUZ

You got a first name?

VAN NESS

Don.

CRUZ

(indicating himself)

Tom.

VAN NESS

Tom Cruz. I loved you in "Top Gun."

Van Ness laughs goofily. Cruz looks away and takes a pull off his beer.

VAN NESS (CONT'D)

So listen, Tom - I'm sure this is just the guys having some fun with the rookies first day on the job - but somebody told us you killed your partner.

CRUZ

Yeah.

VAN NESS

For real?

CRUZ

Yeah. I did. I killed the best partner a cop ever had.

VAN NESS

With your patrol car.

CRUZ

(angry)

It was an accident! He died in my arms. I'll never forget him staring up at me - the look in his eyes. He had his whole career ahead of him. He was only four years old!

VAN NESS

(confused)

Four years on the force?

CRUZ

No! He was four years old! A four year old purebred German Shepherd.

VAN NESS

It was a dog?

CRUZ

(menacing)

Don't call him it. Never call him that again. He was my partner, my best friend - and a better cop than you'll ever be.

Cruz takes one last swig of his beer, slams the bottle down and storms away.

VAN NESS

(a beat, calling after him)

Did he leave any puppies?

Bonelli appears behind Van Ness, looking off in Cruz's direction.

BONELLI

What's with him?



VAN NESS

You a dog person or a cat person?

BONELLI

Dog, I guess.

VAN NESS

Go grab a drink. You'll need it.

Bonelli makes his way to the bar. Sokolowski calls to him from between his dance partners.

SOKOLOWSKI

Grab a girl, kid. I got more than I can handle.

BONELLI

No, thanks. I got a girl at home.

SOKOLOWSKI

Oh, yeah? I've got a wife at home. I got you beat!

He keeps on dancing. Bonelli arrives at the bar and motions to NINA, the sexy Latina barkeep.

NINA

What can I get you, stud?

BONELLI

Shot of Jameson's, beer chaser.

Hagen intrudes.

HAGEN

Put a hold on that, sweetheart.  
(to Bonelli)  
Cade wants to talk to you.

INT. BACK HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Hagen walks Bonelli through a rear hallway crowded with old liquor boxes. He pushes open the door into the alley and nods for Bonelli to step outside. Bonelli exits. Hagen closes the door and stands guard in front of it.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Bonelli finds Cade waiting for him. Cade flicks aside his cigarette and crosses to the younger cop.

CADE

Hope I didn't take you away from anything.

BONELLI

I just got here.

CADE

I know.

Without warning, Cade calmly punches Bonelli in the face. Bonelli staggers back into some trash cans, but quickly gets back to his feet.

BONELLI

You asshole!

CADE

Watch that.

BONELLI

You're pissed off because I found you out, right? I figured out it was you and Hagen dumped the pimp's body?

CADE

No, junior. I'm pissed off because I'm trying to tell you how it is up here in Crapville, only you're too busy playing junior detective to listen. By the way, bad news - you're not a detective. You're a beat cop - low man on the NYPD scrotum pole.

BONELLI

You killed the pimp.

CADE

(calmly)

Actually - no.

He punches Bonelli in the face again, then follows it up with a hard punch to the gut. Bonelli goes to his knees.

CADE (CONT'D)

The pimp died of heart failure in the back seat of the car, which I think I already mentioned, so please don't make me say it again.

(MORE)

CADE (CONT'D)

And since you're so concerned about Mr. Belly, I think you should know I got a signed confession from a witness saying it was him killed Joshua at the club. You see, while you've been busy poking around after me, I've been trying to solve a murder. Yeah, I'm a real bad guy, aren't I?

Bonelli springs up from his knees and tackles Cade, knocking him back against a dumpster. He gets a couple quick punches in before Cade delivers a neat blow that sends him sprawling.

CADE (CONT'D)

You don't want to antagonize me. It won't help.

(a beat, wiping his mouth)

You want to be a good cop? Forget everything they told you at the academy. It's not about making a difference. It's about making it home at the end of your shift. You gotta know this precinct like the back of your hand - but only for one reason. So when it all goes bad, you know which way to run. You gotta know every face in the neighborhood so you can break them down into two groups: the bad ones who'll kill you and the good ones who'll only throw a brick or spit on your car as you pass by. Class dismissed. Get yourself cleaned up. You look like hell.

Cade starts inside.

BONELLI

It doesn't have to be that way.

CADE

I'm really starting to worry you've got a hearing problem.

BONELLI

Maybe the people aren't the problem. Maybe it's you. Maybe if you looked out for them like you signed on to do instead of looking out for yourself, maybe everything would be different.

CADE

It's like you're talking French or something.

BONELLI

I'm not gonna do the job your way. Dumping bodies in vacant lots? You gotta be real proud of yourself, Cade.

CADE

And you're gonna change the world, right?

Cade moves closer. Bonelli flinches. Cade kneels down.

CADE (CONT'D)

(a beat, quietly)

You don't change the job, Bobby. The job changes you.

Cade gets up to go - then kicks Bonelli savagely.

CADE (CONT'D)

Just so we're clear - that was for finding out about me and Hagen and the fat man.

He starts away.

CADE (CONT'D)

Oh - and about your little pal who saw us - any kid hanging out near that lot is there for one reason only: to sell his delicate, young ass to perverts for cash to buy crack.

(a beat)

Nice first day. Congrats.

Cade exits. Bonelli rocks on his knees, holding his aching ribs. He spits blood and coughs.

EXT. SIDEWALK IN FRONT OF ALFREDO'S - MOMENTS LATER

Bonelli limps out of the bar and heads for his car. He wipes his sleeve across his mouth.

LEFKOWITZ (O.C.)

You don't look too good, cowboy.

BONELLI

You should have been around back a few seconds ago. You could have watched one of your officers try and kill the new guy.

LEFKOWITZ

If Cade really wanted to kill you, believe me - you wouldn't be here telling me about it.

BONELLI

How did you know it was Cade?

LEFKOWITZ

Lucky guess.

She takes a handkerchief from her purse and hands it down to him. He wipes his mouth and slowly gets to his feet.

BONELLI

So I guess I'm on my own.

LEFKOWITZ

Excuse me?

BONELLI

You think what I'm doing is a joke.

LEFKOWITZ

No, I think it's gonna be difficult if not impossible -

BONELLI

(exploding)

You resent me because I was sent -

LEFKOWITZ

Don't talk to me -

BONELLI

Because I was sent to clean up what you can't! Because you're unable to deal with your own people, and I represent your failure and that's why you don't want me around!

LEFKOWITZ

I requested you!

Bonelli is stopped cold. He stares at her for a beat, almost not understanding.

LEFKOWITZ (CONT'D)

(quietly)

I requested you.

(a beat)

The top twenty men in your class, I went through every transcript - I talked to every instructor, I ran background checks - I practically Google Earthed your parents' homes. I partnered you up with Van Ness to make it easier - give you some breathing room - so you wouldn't be tainted by one of the older guys. I requested you, Bonelli - because you're the person I need. Because - yes - perhaps I've failed or maybe I'm not -

She's getting in too deep, so she changes course and checks her watch. She takes a step away.

LEFKOWITZ (CONT'D)

My son needs help with his social studies homework. Go inside, buy Cade a drink.

BONELLI

You're kidding.

LEFKOWITZ

You want to change things from the inside? You better be damn sure you're in.

(a beat)

Slow down. Pick your battles. Buy him a drink.

She heads off down the sidewalk. Bonelli watches her go, then starts back inside.

### MONTAGE

EXT. HARDWICK'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

A grocery store delivery guy stands waiting at the front door. Hardwick opens the door and accepts the one small bag of groceries.

CLOSE ON

Her hand, as she passes him a clutch of twenties - for the one small bag.

INT. ALFREDO'S - AT THE SAME TIME

Bonelli orders a drink from Nina. He scans the room and sees Cade talking with some of the men. He sends a charged look in Cade's direction. Cade glances up and sees him - he seems oddly intrigued or amused that Bonelli has put in another appearance.

INT. LEFKOWITZ'S KITCHEN - HOME - LATER

Lefkowitz sits next to her ten-year-old son, helping him as he writes a report. A man passes by and squeezes her shoulder - she looks up at him and smiles wearily. He walks away. Lefkowitz goes back to helping her son, but she looks up and stares forward, thinking back on her day, her face going blank. Her son asks her something - bringing her back to the present - and she continues assisting him.

INT. HARDWICK'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - AT THE SAME TIME

Hardwick quickly removes the groceries from the bag - a head of lettuce, apples in a bag, a loaf of bread, a box of pasta.

CLOSE ON

The bottom of the bag - where a small, taped-up bag of cocaine sits waiting.

Hardwick takes the cocaine, crosses to the door, turns out the lights in the kitchen and exits.

INT. ALFREDO'S - AT THE SAME TIME

Bonelli crosses the floor with two drinks in his hands. He goes to Cade. Cade looks up at him. Bonelli holds out one of the drinks to Cade. Cade smirks.

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - AT THE SAME TIME

Cruz stumbles home. Someone passes by walking their dog - a handsome German Shepherd. Cruz freezes - the dog and owner stop near him. The dog looks up at Cruz and cocks his head. Cruz backs away, starting to cry, and nearly falls over a row of trash bins. He hurries off down the sidewalk.

INT. ALFREDO'S - LATER

Bonelli heads for the door with Van Ness. He looks back into the room and he locks eyes with Cade. Cade stares at him for a beat, then lifts his glass and offers a small nod. Bonelli nods back tightly and exits.

INT. LEFKOWITZ'S BEDROOM - LATER

Lefkowitz is in bed with her husband. She stares at the ceiling, unable to sleep.

INT. VAN NESS'S APARTMENT - AT THE SAME TIME

CLOSE ON

Pacino in *Serpico* - playing on a television screen.

Van Ness sits watching in the dark, refueling his desire and purpose.

INT. BONELLI'S APARTMENT - AT THE SAME TIME

Bonelli enters the warm, open loft space he shares with his girlfriend Kate. He has cleaned up the blood and scrapes from his face, but after she greets him warmly, she can't help but notice he's been in a fight. She inspects his face, worried, but he calms her and tells her he's fine.

INT. CADE'S LIVING ROOM - AT THE SAME TIME

Cade is on the couch nursing a bottle of whiskey. The TV is on, but is not being watched.

CLOSE ON

Hand drawn birthday cards from several young children. One says HAPPY BIRTHDAY, DADDY. The other reads I MISS YOU, DADDY. HAPPY BIRTHDAY. There are photographs of the kids, a boy and a girl maybe seven and nine.

Cade drops the cards to the floor. He clicks off the set and the room goes dark. He slowly puts his head back and stares up at the ceiling.



INT. BONELLI'S BEDROOM - LATER

Bonelli stares out at the city. One day in and he's already lost. Silence. Then the air is pierced by the wails of a siren. Red, white and blue lights flash brightly against the glass, obscuring Bonelli from sight.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT FOUR

END OF EPISODE