

GOLDEN BOY

“PILOT”

WRITTEN BY

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OVER BLACK:

- SEVEN YEARS FROM NOW -

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - 14TH FLOOR - DAY

WALTER WILLIAM CLARK, JR. (34), moves confidently, chest up, down the hall of the Ivory Tower of New York policing. His stride is strong but with a noticeable limp --

He wears a serious suit and tie in contrast to his baby face, but Clark's not pretty. And his Queens brogue could fit a cop or a gangster. Waiting for him is a journalist, PAUL DALY (40), a quiet bulldog --

DALY
Commissioner Clark? Paul Daly, New
York Times.

Clark knows him instantly --

CLARK
We have an appointment.

He leads Daly into an office with the placard "Walter Clark - Commissioner" --

INT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - 14TH FLOOR - OFFICE - DAY

High above New York City. Daly takes in the view, and casts an eye toward the stately desk. Clark hangs up his coat.

DALY
Congratulations on your
appointment, Commissioner.

CLARK
(re: desk)
I see you eyeballing it. Have a
seat.
(tosses an object to Daly)
There. The full immersion
experience.

Daly inspects what he was thrown: Clark's COMMISSIONER'S shield. Glimmering gold, blue enamel, five stars across its crown. Daly sets it on the desk. Old, oak.

DALY
How does it feel, working behind
Teddy Roosevelt's desk?

Clark smiles, thinks --

CLARK

Humbling.

DALY

Like you expected?

CLARK

I expected one thing when I started out, but getting here was a long road.

DALY

You're thirty four. Three years younger than Roosevelt was.

(re: Clark's limp)

It's been a quick ride but it's cost you. You've lost friends, colleagues... people that were closest to you.

Not something Clark likes to discuss.

CLARK

That's true.

Daly sees an opening, lasers in --

DALY

You call yourself a street kid but you climbed from Uniform, to homicide, to the big chair at One PP - the most coveted, high profile post of its kind - faster than anyone in the 170 years of the department. So tell me Commissioner, are you a master politician or savvy cop?

Clark takes this in, deciding how to play it --

CLARK

Know the parable of the fighting dogs? Inside me there's two dogs at war. One good, one evil. Which wins?

DALY

(finishing the parable)

The one you feed the most.

CLARK

Heard that my first week as a detective.

DALY

Let's start with how you got there...

He hands back Clark's COMMISSIONER'S shield. Off it we --

MATCH CUT TO:

-- the silver shield of a Uniform Officer --

- PRESENT DAY -

INT. BRONX BODEGA - NIGHT

-- on the chest of Uniform Police officer WALTER WILLIAM CLARK, JR., now 26, with his partner, BASILIO CRUZ (30). They enter and absorb an eerie quiet.

CLARK

Police Officers, hello?

Nothing. They remove their weapons and split up to search.

CLARK WALKS DOWN AN AISLE. It's so quiet he can hear the fluorescents buzzing. In another part of the market --

OFFICER CRUZ (TO RADIO)

Central, 33 George, got a callback on that job?

RADIO

33 George, callback is 212 triple five 8126.

Cruz dials the number on his cell as Clark moves to the counter where a PHONE RINGS. Clark peers over the counter, sees, on the floor, a ringing cell phone in a puddle of blood. A smeared trail leads to a dark storage room, where, just inside the doorway, sit TWO BOUND AND GAGGED HOSTAGES - an ELDERLY MAN who clutches a SMALL TERRIFIED BOY. The elderly man makes eye contact with Clark. His eyes are wide, darting back and forth trying to communicate "bad danger inside."

CLARK

Heads up Basilio!

Clark raises up his Glock toward the darkness of the storage room, Cruz raises too but POWPOWPOWPOW!!! ERUPTS from the back room and Cruz convulses and drops in the hail of bullets. Then FUMP! a bullet strikes Clark in the center of his chest, driving him backward, wide-eyed, off his feet.

The world spins. Clark's down, mouth mawing like a dying fish. He reaches under his chest protection -- no blood. Around the corner Cruz is lying still, face up. Clark's on his radio, coughing, wheezing, but clear --

CLARK (TO RADIO) (CONT'D)
33 George 1013! 1013! Officer
shot, send a bus forthwith!

Then THREE PERPS emerge from the back room. Automatic weapon fire EXPLODES all around Clark. A SHOOTER breaks for the exit. Clark spots him, instincts razor sharp, he raises up and POW! drops the motherfucker.

There's two others. But where? Clark is trapped. HE CAN HEAR THEM. HE'S BEING STALKED. He's terrified but focused, eyes darting, he looks left, right, then up --

-- a concave security mirror. He sees the two gunmen coming at him from separate aisles. Clark grabs his ankle gun --

CLARK (CONT'D)
Police, don't move!

In the mirror BOTH GUNMEN raise up to fire. Clark UNLOADS his Glock into one gunman while emptying his back-up into the adjacent aisle until... he's out of ammo... Quiet. One gunman lies dead in front of him. Clark takes in the carnage he's made of the man. Holy shit...

AROUND THE CORNER

Gunman Two is badly wounded. He's crawling toward the automatic weapon that was blown out of his hands. He grabs it when -- a foot lands on it. Gunman Two looks up. Sees Clark, panting, filthy. SIRENS close in.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Officer Clark is in a hospital bed with a bandage around his chest. His sister AGNES (17), is by his side. She's cute, punky, awful skinny. The TV is on, a newscast of the shoot-out with inset photos of Clark and Cruz --

NEWSCASTER (O.S.)
-- the market owner had connections
to Los Zetas, a Mexican drug
cartel, and was using the bodega as
a front to deal heroin.
(MORE)

NEWSCASTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Targeted for execution by a rival drug gang, he was bound and gagged along with two innocent bystanders, an elderly man and his grandson, when Officers Clark and Cruz arrived on the scene. After the shoot out, Officer Clark, seriously injured himself, administered life saving CPR to his partner who is out of surgery and in stable condition.

Agnes looks to the hallway: a group of NYPD white-shirt brass, chiefs and deputy commissioners are in conference with the Police Commissioner himself. It's a serious meeting.

AGNES

They're still talking.

Clark gauges the dour expressions --

CLARK

I ruffled their feathers.

AGNES

What's wrong with your hands?

Agnes sees Clark's fists balled up. It looks painful. He deflects it, ringing his fingers around her little wrist.

CLARK

What's wrong with this? Why're you so skinny?

AGNES

Let's worry about you for once.

CLARK

Don't tell me you're back with that asshole drummer boy.

(she looks away)

He is a drug dealing scumbag, Agnes. And if you're skinny it's 'cause you're partying his poison --

They're interrupted by a polite throat clearing from a concerned DEPUTY COMMISSIONER RON BALA (45). After Agnes steps into the hall, Bala moves to Clark's bedside --

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER BALA
 Clark, indulge me... my kid's
 turning sixteen, sharp, good
 grades, he knows he's getting a car
 but he doesn't ask for a Formula
 One racer. He knows he won't get
 it, and that he shouldn't.

Clark gets the parable --

CLARK
 Sir, I was offered "assignment of
 my choosing". I chose.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER BALA
 Your colleagues would respect your
 bravery but no one would want to
 work with you. You've only been on
 the Job three years. You'll be the
 least experienced by a decade.

Clark's back goes up. Those two dogs Clark talked about in
 the teaser? This is where the evil one jumps forward --

CLARK
 Sir, you offered a dog a steak just
 to take it away?

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER BALA
 You haven't made your bones --

CLARK
 Speaking plain, I made my bones
 from the age of nine stealing food
 for me and my sister, then working
 two jobs to get through John Jay.
 Now, last night, when that smoke
 cleared and those mutts were lying
 dead on the ground they're saying a
 hero walked out of that bodega.
 The Commissioner offered me a gold
 shield and assignment of my choice.
 I want my due.

Bala stares at him, tight-lipped. Clark is almost surprised
 at the words that came out of his mouth. But doesn't retract
 them. Bala steps out into the hall and reports his
 conversation. A beat... then the COMMISSIONER enters. He
 takes in Clark --

POLICE COMMISSIONER
 You're biting off more than you can
 chew. But... welcome to homicide.
 Detective.

He holds out his hand. They shake --

- A MONTH LATER -

INT. MANHATTAN NORTH PRECINCT - MORNING

Clark arrives at the busy precinct house with a bop in his step. The place is sixty years old, painted a hundred times. Clark presents his shiny gold shield to the DESK SERGEANT --

CLARK
Detective Walter Clark.

He signs into the Desk Sergeant's log book --

DESK SERGEANT
The hero himself!

CLARK
'Walter' is fine.

The Sarge grabs a NY POST from under his desk. The headline is "Hero Cop!" with a photo of Clark leaving the hospital.

DESK SERGEANT
Sign it for my daughter, Mr.
Bieber?

He offers Clark a pen. Clark gauges if he's serious, then starts to sign when the Desk Sergeant throws the copy of the Post in the trash as in: 'fuck you, superstar'.

DESK SERGEANT (CONT'D)
Homicide's second floor.

Clark takes it all with a wry smile --

CLARK
One day Sarge, you're gonna beg me
to marry that daughter.

Earning a snort from the Sarge. And then, when Clark's out of earshot, the sarge turns to the Officer next to him --

DESK SERGEANT
Just what we need, another press
whore.

INT. LIEUTENANT KANG'S OFFICE - MORNING

Clark is across from LIEUTENANT PETER KANG (45), confident, cool, a second generation kid of the street. On his desk is a stack of NY Posts, all with Clark's photo on the cover. They beg an explanation.

CLARK

Lieutenant, I know there's been a lot of attention around me but I'm here to work cases. That's it.

LIEUTENANT KANG

Work cases and --
 (re: an issue of the Post)
 -- make First Grade in a year. I read that too.

...Clark looks down. He did say that...

LIEUTENANT KANG (CONT'D)

You haven't taken the CIC or homicide investigators course --

CLARK

-- I am signed up to.

LIEUTENANT KANG

-- you've never served a warrant, and certainly never applied for one.

CLARK

I read the CIC manuals cover to cover, plus every article on the practical homicide website. And boss, I'm from the street so --

LIEUTENANT KANG

You have zero experience in investigation and it's questionable if you're even fit for active duty.

CLARK

The therapist signed off.

LIEUTENANT KANG

After a month?
 (leans in)
 I'm from the street too. I learned that if you got it fast, you'll lose it fast. So your chance of sticking around is as slim as a papercut.

The Lieutenant retrieves another Post. The headline is: "Speedy Recovery!" and shows Clark leaving a nightclub with two girls. Clark tries for an explanation --

LIEUTENANT KANG (CONT'D)

Your desk.

The Lieutenant nods toward the Squad and rises. Clark takes a breath. This ain't easy. He follows --

INT. SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The desk is clearly the worst desk in the Squad. On cue an ANTI-CRIME COP walks through the locker room door which bangs Clark's chair, as it will every time it's opened --

LIEUTENANT KANG

You share with Coombs on
Nightwatch. If you smell something
funny that's Coombs leaving his
tuna in the drawer.

(indicates)

Coffee room's over there. Your
partner will be in soon.

The Lieutenant moves back to his office. Clark sits at his desk and takes in the Squad. He takes out his gold shield and unsnaps the stiff leather case, taking in the shiny gold-plate and blue enamel. Then, from the stairs --

ARROYO (O.S.)

Tell TJ to lay off his sister or
he's not going to Six Flags. Love
you babe, drive safe.

Then Clark sees DETECTIVE TONY ARROYO (35) enter the Squad. He's Puerto Rican, snappy dresser, First Grade detective, pure alpha dog. Arroyo hangs up his cell and gives a quick look to Clark, then moves to his desk. The one with the view. This guy is impressive and Clark is star struck. After a beat Clark musters his nerve and walks over.

CLARK

Detective Arroyo? Walter Clark.
New in the Squad.

ARROYO

I know.

Duh.

CLARK

I've been watching your career for
years. In the Post, New York 1.
Doing the perp walk with Darius
Block.

ARROYO

Yeah, you saw that? Good.

Arroyo moves to the coffee room, Clark follows --

CLARK

I'm looking forward to working together. I'm not sure how it's shaking out but maybe we're partnered up.

OWEN (O.S.)

You're not.

Clark turns to see DETECTIVE DON OWEN, black (50), gruff, in a worn suit, bit of a gut. The opposite of Arroyo. Owen drops a danish and coffee on his desk --

OWEN (CONT'D)

I'm your partner.

Clark's sugarplum-fairy dreams of kicking ass with Arroyo are gone and his expression reflects it.

OWEN (CONT'D)

Don't knock yourself out doing back flips.

CLARK

I'm doing 'em on the inside.
Walter Clark.

OWEN

Don Owen.
(they shake)
I know you're coming in real green,
but keep your ears open I'll give
you a fair shake --

CLARK

Two seconds?

Clark moves to Lieutenant Kang. Owen takes note of the shafting.

CLARK (CONT'D)

Boss, I'm sure you put a lot of
thought into the partnering
assignments --

LIEUTENANT KANG

They're in stone.

He hands a slip to Arroyo, now out of the coffee room --

LIEUTENANT KANG (CONT'D)

Homicide at two-twenty fifty-second
street.

(MORE)

LIEUTENANT KANG (CONT'D)
 Arroyo you're catching, the rest of
 the Squad's on their way.

Owen's already on his way out. Clark straightens his jacket,
 follows Owen out --

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Clark, Owen and Arroyo exit the precinct where a PHOTOGRAPHER
 and REPORTER spot Clark and move in --

PHOTOGRAPHER
 Detective Clark, quick shot for the
 Post?

REPORTER
 Day one Detective, how does it
 feel?

CLARK
 Just getting settled. Sorry to be
 short but we got to run.

Arroyo and Owen take in the press, wondering where the fuck
 they came from. Clark notes their palpable disdain.

REPORTER
 Something jump off?

CLARK
 You know I can't talk about it. We
 got to go.

Clark moves to Owen's car where Owen has the passenger door
 open for him.

CLARK (CONT'D)
 Sorry. Been like this all month.

OWEN
 Yeah, I get it.

Before Clark can get in, Owen slams the door --

OWEN (CONT'D)
 What am I, your chauffeur? Open
 your own damn door.

Cute. Clark realizes just how it's going to be with his new
 partner: shitty. He gets in the car. They're off.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE**EXT. BAR 2 TWENTY - DAY**

An Upper West Side nightclub, cordoned off by police tape guarded by Uniforms. Owen and Clark arrive and approach --

OWEN (CONT'D)

You know what to do when we get inside?

CLARK

H.I.C. hand book says we secure --

OWEN

Nothing. You do nothing. Watch and listen.

Clark takes a deep breath, nods. They enter --

INT. BAR 2 TWENTY - DAY

A high end nightclub, empty except for uniforms, Crime Scene Unit and homicide detectives who are in the corner of the club. They're examining a DOA, TREVONN CLAY (22), black, shot once in the stomach, lying between two banquettes, hidden from view.

A FEMALE DETECTIVE runs the preliminaries --

FEMALE DETECTIVE

DOA's Trevonn Clay, twenty two, one to the gut, nine millimeter shell casing under the banquette. Bouncer found him after last call.

Clark approaches and takes in the body: the unnatural position, the dead eyes, the blood. He looks away ashen --

FLASH CUT TO

THE BRONX BODEGA -- Clark stands over the carnage from the shoot-out. The dead gunmen and Cruz, soaked in blood.

AND BACK TO --

Where Clark's TRIGGER HAND IS SHAKING. He clenches his fist like we saw in the hospital. He sees Owen watching him.

OWEN

McKenzie, Diaco, Dart. Walter Clark.

DIACO

I seen your face so much I'm
already sick of it. Joe Diaco.

Clark shakes with DETECTIVE JOE DIACO (40), Italian, a Bobby Cannavale type with a questionable set of blond highlights.

DIACO (CONT'D)

That's Paul Dart.

Clark nods to PAUL DART, who gives him the same back. Dart is dead quiet. Like a young David Morse --

MCKENZIE/FEMALE DETECTIVE

Deb McKenzie. I ride with Arroyo.

Said by DETECTIVE DEBORAH MCKENZIE (32), Long Island girl with the map of Ireland on her face. She's third generation cop and not interested in pleasantries... with Clark anyway --

CLARK

Nice to meet y--

MCKENZIE

I got two brothers on the Job. The younger one, Jimmy, was with you in the Bronx.

Clark knows the guy. They're not pals --

CLARK

In Anti-Crime.

MCKENZIE

He said you were an arrogant asshole.

Clark absorbs the blow as McKenzie answers a call --

ARROYO

Witnesses?

DART

None stepping up. Manager's collecting the guest list and credit card receipts.

DIACO

The bouncers said the tunes were loud enough to cover a gun shot, and, Richie Rich clientele, don't expect a world of cooperation.

ARROYO
Surveillance?

DART
The only cameras in the joint aim
straight down at the till.

Clark leans over to Owen --

CLARK
Owner doesn't care what goes on in
his place, as long as the
bartenders aren't robbing him. And
rich kids don't want to get filmed
doing drugs.

Owen glares. Shut the fuck up. Meantime, Arroyo's been at
the body --

ARROYO
The DOA's questionable for this
spot. There's a meth market on
13th.

McKenzie gets off her call --

MCKENZIE
I'll get the boss up to speed, have
Narcotics do a sweep.
(re: call)
DOA's parents were located.
They're coming in.

Arroyo and McKenzie head for the door. Clark sees an
opportunity, approaches Arroyo. Owen watches, baffled --

CLARK
Something I noticed: the DOA's in
borrowed clothes. His wallet's in
the back left pocket but it's the
right one that's worn out;
stretched, a little shinier. So
he's a southpaw but he borrows
clothes from a righty. I used to
do the same thing. With the
opposite pocket always worn out.

Arroyo gives Clark a look. "No shit, Sherlock" --

ARROYO
Monogram on the shirt doesn't match
the DOA's initials. That gave it
away too.

(MORE)

ARROYO (CONT'D)

Which is why I said he was
questionable for the spot. As in,
he didn't fit in. But thanks.

Off Clark, absorbing another stiff right hook --

INT. SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

Arroyo and McKenzie sit across from JACOB and ROSEMARY CLAY, mid-forties, black, blue collar. Devastated. Jacob does his best to press forth but he's overwhelmed with grief --

JACOB

Trevonn was a... Trustee Scholar at NYU... for the past year he's been working for the High Line. The old elevated train track they turned into a park? He called it "recycling the city". He always wanted to do non-profit work...

MCKENZIE

Do you know of anyone who'd want to do him harm?

ROSEMARY

He never said anything to us.

ARROYO

Was he a regular at that club?

ROSEMARY

I don't know why he'd be there unless it was with friends. He doesn't have the money for it. But he's resourceful. Especially with an obstacle.

JACOB

You're talking like he's still here.

ROSEMARY

He is still here...
(then)
I just can't...

CLARK turns as THUMP! A large, worn, accordion case file drops on his desk.

OWEN

The Dworaczyk homicide. We're working it. Familiarize yourself.

(Pron. Vor-ah-chick). Clark is baffled --

CLARK

I don't understand.

OWEN

More than one open murder in New York. Ten years ago Jozef Dworaczyk, thirty two, Polish immigrant, was heading to his first day on a new construction job, got off on the wrong stop in East Harlem and got shot three times in the chest for no reason anyone can discern.

Clark's taking in the worn file like it's an old turd --

CLARK

So... it's a cold case?

Diaco trundles over, perches on the corner of Clark's desk --

DIACO

Cold? It's deader than Kelsey's nuts. Which is what Kang's saying about your career if he's sticking you on Dworaczyk. You're a threat. No one wants you. But they got no style and they're not up to speed socially. Like me.

CLARK

You do have a... distinct style.

DIACO

Any advice you need, or tickets? I'm a ducat savant. For however long you're around.

Said re: the Dworaczyk file. Clark regards it sourly --

OWEN

It's called starting slow.

CLARK

Or being put out to pasture.

Owen looks away. Clark looks back to where Rosemary Clay is crying while her husband converses with Arroyo and McKenzie. Moved, Clark goes to her --

CLARK (CONT'D)

So sorry for your loss.

ROSEMARY

Thank you.

CLARK

We're going to find who did this, I promise you.

She nods sadly as Jacob takes her arm, and they leave with McKenzie. When they're gone Arroyo beelines for Clark --

ARROYO

You got rocks in your head? You never make a promise like that!

CLARK

What's the harm in giving her hope?

ARROYO

What if we don't collar up or it winds up undetermined? And it's not even your fucking case. If it goes south I'll get the reaming while you're off pulling your dick.

Arroyo is in Clark's face, Clark gets in his face. Owen jumps up, gets in between them, protecting Clark --

OWEN

He gets it. Back off.

(then)

We got someplace to be.

Arroyo stares down Owen then turns. Owen steers Clark to --

INT. STAIRWELL - MOMENTS LATER

They head down --

CLARK

I guess I overstated in there.

OWEN

You think?

CLARK

Can we table this Vor-charic, at least 'til there's a suspect on Trevonn Clay?

OWEN

His name is Dworaczyk, junior. Just cool off. Follow my lead.

Owen goes. Clark takes him in, sighs, follows --

INT. HARLEM BROWNSTONE - DAY

Clark and Owen are with THEODORA PERRY (80), black. Theodora is at the stove, putting a kettle on --

THEODORA

Just to warn you, something's wrong with the flame so it takes forever to boil.

Clark is miserable, impatient. He gets a nudge from Owen to open the pastry box he's holding. Theodora paws through it --

THEODORA (CONT'D)

Now, like I said the last time you came by, I didn't see what happened. Not personally. But...
(gets distracted)
Detective Owen, I do appreciate the muffins.

CLARK

(trying to stay cool)
Well ma'am, if you don't have anything --

OWEN

Take your time, Theodora.

THEODORA

I remembered something -- a word came to me -- I don't know why now of all the times but... Mudd. Two Ds. M-U-D-D.

Said slowly and Clark's crawling out of his skin. He checks his phone, frustrated at something. Owen clocks it.

OWEN

Theodora, how's it apply to the murder?

THEODORA

After I heard those shots go off, I looked out the window and saw a boy running away with that on his sweatshirt. Mudd. M-U --

CLARK

-- D-D. Got it. The boy, how old? And was he black, white, Spanish?

THEODORA

Black. No... Spanish. Maybe
white. Around forty-five.

Clark hangs his head --

INT. DETECTIVE CAR - LATER

Clark and Owen are driving. Clark is silent, scowling,
texting. Not getting the response he wanted --

OWEN

Homicide cases move at their own
pace. You can't force them.

(no response)

Are you seriously going to be
texting like a teenager?

CLARK

(not looking up)

"Homicide cases move at their own
pace. You can't force them." I'm
listening.

Owen LURCHES THE BREAKS, pitching Clark forward --

CLARK (CONT'D)

(looks up)

It's my sister. She's ducking my
texts.

OWEN

Why?

Clark doesn't want to discuss this --

CLARK

She lives with our aunt who wants
to... maybe change the arrangement.

OWEN

How old's your sister?

CLARK

(impatient)

Seventeen. It's a long story.

OWEN

Which you could tell me, then I
could get to know you better. Then
I tell you something and --

CLARK

She's with a smack-peddling drummer
asshole who's a shitty influence
and my aunt wants her out. Which
isn't something you'd understand
'cause you only got sons. Okay?

They ride in silence for a little bit, then --

OWEN

How'd you know I only have sons?

CLARK

There's a College of Staten Island
baseball schedule on your key
chain, a letter over here --
(the door pocket)
-- from St. Peter's Boys High
School hawking you for a donation
and, the coup de grace, you got a
photo of your kids on your desk. I
pay attention.

Ah. They pull up to the Station House and see a paddy wagon
unloading a STRING OF DOPE DEALERS --

CLARK (CONT'D)

Skells from Arroyo's narcotics
raid.

Then Clark sees McKenzie and Arroyo with a suspect. McKenzie
is carrying a gun in a plastic evidence bag --

CLARK (CONT'D)

They got a suspect. And a weapon.

OWEN

Not our case, junior.

But Clark isn't listening. He's out the door --

INT. PRECINCT - DOWNSTAIRS - MOMENTS LATER

Clark and Owen enter, Clark runs to catch up to Arroyo and
McKenzie but he's halted by --

DESK SERGEANT

Young Mr. Bieber? A fan to see
you.

The Desk Sergeant indicates AGNES waiting on a nearby bench.
Clark approaches her. Owen continues up, watching Clark --

AGNES

I got your texts. But my phone died. So...

(she knows she's busted)

You don't know the whole story.

CLARK

There's another dimension to you smoking dope in your room?

(she looks away)

Aunt Irene's got the extra space and time to look after you, Ag. I got neither so this situation with her is working out. We don't mess with things that are working out.

AGNES

I moved in with Jackson.

CLARK

(cold fury)

No. That's not happening.

AGNES

It happened. I want my own life. You got your shield and your suit, I want this.

CLARK

That's only 'cause you're too young to know better. And this douche bag, this behavior you're into, it's getting way out of hand.

AGNES

'Try to stop me I'll disappear. I will change my number and never speak to your smothering ass again.

A beat. They regard each other --

CLARK

And you just showed up here to make a stand? No. How much?

She regards him coldly, then concedes defeat --

AGNES

Jackson says I got to pitch in for food. I owe him fifty bucks.

Ahem! From the top of the stairs. Lieutenant Kang.

CLARK
 (to Agnes)
 This isn't over.
 (gives her the dough)
Charge your phone.

Clark heads up the stairs.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clark sneaks in to observe Arroyo and McKenzie at work on DEAUNDRE STUBBLEFIELD (25), black, dope dealer. Diaco and Dart regard him, then let him stay --

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

ARROYO
 Deaundre, the gun we found on you is same caliber as what killed Trevonn Clay, holding the same brand of ammunition. When the slug we pulled out of the kid comes up a match to this weapon, damn son, you got sad days ahead.

DEAUNDRE
 I found that gun in the alley on twenty-third.

MCKENZIE
 Account for yourself midnight to three AM.

Deaundre looks away --

DIACO leans over, quiet --

DIACO
 (to Clark)
 Book of Mormon, Knicks? You come to me. Later we can talk pooling contacts.

Dart sighs. Diaco is kind of a lunatic. Clark takes him in, then looks back into the Interrogation Room --

DEAUNDRE
 I wasn't in that club.

MCKENZIE
 Deaundre, talking vague wastes everyone's time.

DEAUNDRE
I wasn't at that club. I got
nothing else for you.

Clark notes something behind Deaundre's ear. A TATTOO. Like a squiggle. Clark gets amped. Eases out.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - A FEW HOURS LATER

Clark is ignoring the Dworaczyk file, eyeing the Interrogation Room door, tapping his foot. He's anxious, excited, laser focused. On his note pad on the desk he's drawn a sketch of the tattoo he saw behind Deaundre's ear and under it the word, "SIDEWINDER". And then Clark starts clenching his fists, like we saw in the teaser --

OWEN
Why're you so squirmy?

Clark is shaken from his reverie --

CLARK
It's my natural state of readiness.

Uh huh. The Interrogation Room opens and Arroyo and McKenzie exit and enter the Squad, and approach the Lieutenant --

LIEUTENANT KANG
Is he our guy?

ARROYO
(non-committal)
We'll see. I'd like to know why
he's so zipped up.

Out of nowhere --

CLARK
You want us to ride him to Central
Booking?

OWEN
What? No.

CLARK
Just to get some air.

Owen regards this as highly suspect. As does Arroyo, but --

ARROYO
Don't go talking to him.
(to Owen)
Got it?

Clark watches this exchange, and notes that Owen stares down Arroyo and Arroyo blinks. Owen approaches Clark --

OWEN

What's this about?

CLARK

What was that about? That's the second time you've squared off. And the second time he's blinked.

Owen thinks a moment, then ignores the question --

OWEN

We taking a ride or what?

INT. DETECTIVE CAR - DAY

Clark and Owen are heading downtown on the FDR, Deaundre in the backseat. Owen senses that Clark is anxious. They move into traffic. Clark turns back to Deaundre --

CLARK

So... Deaundre, you're not just a dope dealer, you're a Sidewinder.

Deaundre looks up, surprised to hear this from a cop. Owen turns to Clark --

OWEN

Not our case, not our guy.

CLARK

The tattoo behind your ear. The snake. Sidewinders robbery crew.
(to Owen)
They work out of Queens, started like ten years ago by a pawn broker named Dink Bosco, real lowlife. Gives you a little taste of the profit and all the risk.

Owen can't help but be curious --

OWEN

That right?

CLARK

Lays out what house to hit, the entry technique.
(to Deaundre)
You know he invited me to join up? In another life you and me could have been colleagues.
(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

(beat)

So you were doing a job last night,
that why your knees are dirty? Why
you won't give up an alibi? Now,
we can go a nasty forensic route
and match up your cell activity
with robberies in Queens, or you
can help me. Then I help you.

Deaundre looks out the window, sighs --

DEAUNDRE

Help me how?

CLARK

You first, Deaundre. I'm the one
with the cards.

Deaundre sighs --

DEAUNDRE

Yeah alright...

Owen looks at Clark. The kid did it.

INT. 100 CENTRE STREET - LATER

Clark finishes processing Deaundre and rejoins Owen --

OWEN

Queens robbery squad confirms a
break in last night at 16 Hollis
Ave. And they came in through the
basement.

CLARK

Wha'd'ya know. Deaundre was
telling the truth.

They head toward the exit.

OWEN

You saw that tattoo at the Squad.
Why'd you hold it?

Clark knows he shouldn't have held back... but he's not sure
yet if it bothers him --

CLARK

What's the difference? I helped
the case.

OWEN

(stern)

You don't jump on another
detective's investigation,
especially an asshole like Arroyo.

BAR-LEV (O.S.)

Hey Clark!

Clark and Owen turn to see GEMMA BAR-LEV (25) a super cute
red-head wearing press credentials --

CLARK

(to Owen)

Two seconds.

Clark's about to head her direction, Owen stops him --

OWEN

You watch your step with the press.
They're all about quid pro quo and
you are not authorized --

CLARK

She's just a friend.

OWEN

A dangerous one.

Clark moves off processing what he just heard --

BAR-LEV

Detective Walter Clark. You're
just as fine out of Uniform.

CLARK

First kind words I've heard all
day.

BAR-LEV

I told you they'd ride you. Owen's
your partner? Very tight lipped to
the press. Distrustful.

He looks back at Owen, then --

CLARK

I got nothing for you. I'm working
the Jozef Dworaczyk homicide. For
the time being.

She scrunches her face --

BAR-LEV

Call me if you get juice on Trevonn Clay. The city editor's nudging for an angle. It's tomorrow's front page.

She leans in close and tucks a business card in his pocket --

BAR-LEV (CONT'D)

Friend of mine at Prada's looking to outfit up-and-comers. Pay him a visit and meet me out tonight.

CLARK

I shouldn't be taking free suits.

BAR-LEV

Meet me anyway.

She moves off. Owen is eyeballing Clark, hard --

CLARK

We going or what?

Off Owen, ready to strangle his partner --

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Deputy Commissioner Bala, whom we met in the teaser, is in conference with Kang, Arroyo, McKenzie, Diaco and Dart. Owen and Clark enter. Clark moves right for the cluster --

CLARK (CONT'D)

Sorry to interrupt, but Deaundre Stubblefield? Alibied out. He was doing a burglary in Queens. We confirmed.

Owen looks down in mild disbelief at how Clark handled this. Arroyo hides his fury, stares down Owen --

OWEN

The guy gave it up in the car.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER BALA

That's one blind alley checked off.

CLARK

My partner and I are actually investigating an old case. This just kind of fell in our lap.

DEPUTY COMMISSIONER BALA

(to Kang)

The Commissioner's watching this.
So if the kid's got a nose for it
maybe he ought to be working it.

The Deputy heads out, with Diaco on his tail --

DIACO

Just a reminder sir, I got easy
access to the Nets --

He proceeds to kiss Bala's ass down the stairs. It's real
quiet in the Squad. Arroyo approaches Clark and Owen. This
could get ugly fast... but Arroyo gives them a nod --

ARROYO

Good work.

He heads into the Locker Room. Lieutenant Kang is tight
lipped, calls to Clark and Owen --

LIEUTENANT KANG

Get up to speed.

He heads to his office. Owen whispers to Clark --

OWEN

Deputy Commissioner drops in once a
year, that happens to be today?

(Clark shrugs)

And lookee here, now we're on
Trevonn Clay 'cause Dworaczyk just
didn't float your boat.

(beat)

This the kind of cop you want to
be? Working the brass, the press?
Calling in a photo op for yourself
this morning?

CLARK

I didn't do that.

OWEN

Bullshit. And you just confirmed
it looking like a busted teenager
with your hand in a girl's pants.
If you're going to lie to your
partner, do better than that. I
pay attention too.

Owen nailed him. Clark absorbs it --

CLARK

The Commissioner's assistant is a cute brunette I took dancing a few times so I made a call.

(off Owen: the truth)

And I made another for the photo op. I got friends out there and none in this unit so I'm using what I've got.

OWEN

Playing this game, people get hurt. Bad. You worst of all.

CLARK

No one here wants me to make it past day one.

OWEN

What no one wants is a cowboy. You're part of a Squad, it's not just about you.

Clark knows that but... the truth slips out of him --

CLARK

If I follow every protocol I retire a third grader.

OWEN

I'm going to retire a third grader.

CLARK

Well, I don't plan to.

They stare each other down. Owen takes in Clark's ferocious side, wondering what the fuck he'll get up to next.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO**INT. FRIENDS OF THE HIGH LINE - OFFICES - DAY**

Pristine offices with a view of High Line Park: an old el track running from the Meatpacking District to Chelsea, renovated into a gorgeous walkway and botanical garden.

Clark and Owen talk with Jordan, a hipster white kid. Diaco and Dart are with another employee. Arroyo and McKenzie are with MELODY (22), fashionable, cute, rich --

MELODY

Trevonn worked up here at the office but down at the park too. He liked to help landscape along the walkway, by the old train tracks.

(then)

Like that would have any significance. I'm babbling.

Melody notes that Arroyo's got his eye on Clark and Owen --

MELODY (CONT'D)

You keep looking over there. Do you think Jordan was involved? He totally wasn't.

Arroyo shares a look with McKenzie, then engages --

ARROYO

You know that for certain?

MELODY

No. I mean, yes. I guess not "for certain." Sorry.

MCKENZIE

It's alright. Talking to police can be nerve wracking.

MELODY

(re: Clark)

That detective...? I've seen his picture. He's famous, isn't he?

Arroyo thinks a moment, then --

ARROYO

You bet he is. Will you give me a second?

CLARK AND OWEN -- are mid-interview when Arroyo pulls them aside --

ARROYO (CONT'D)

This girl's got something on her mind.

(to Clark)

She knows your face and I think she likes it. Help us get over the hump?

Clark likes being wanted. He follows Arroyo to Melody. Owen's radar is up. Clark moves to Melody, shakes hands --

CLARK

Melody, Walter Clark. I'm so sorry about Trevonn. Were you close?

MELODY

I mean, I don't... we hung out. But everyone here hangs out so...

Clark is studying her. She's wringing her hands --

CLARK

Did you want to be closer with Trevonn? Did you like him?

MELODY

Maybe, you know. We were texting a lot. But it was like, just starting.

CLARK

But you had strong feelings for him.

(she nods, he takes her hand)

You know, it's not easy for me to let people in. It's an issue of trust. But when I do trust someone, if it's a friend, they're a friend for life, if it's a girl, I fall instantly. She's the girl I'm gonna marry, have kids with, we're gonna retire to an island and run a scuba shack.

(Melody smiles)

Was that where things were going with Trevonn?

(she nods)

I'm here to help.

Owen is impressed, McKenzie too. Arroyo watches close.
Melody wipes her eyes --

MELODY

...I just... feel so responsible.

MCKENZIE

How come?

MELODY

I think this happened because of me. Because I told Oliver Esten I didn't date guys at work, but that was so he'd leave me alone. Then when he found out about me and Trevonn... he got in my face and said such nasty things.

OWEN

Threats?

MELODY

More like insulting things. Racial insults. "I'm not good enough for you but he is... the field negro."
(cries)

I told Trevonn. And they got into it bad. Oliver completely backed down, humiliated.

CLARK

Who knew that Trevonn would be at Club 2-Twenty last night?

MELODY

Everyone. Trevonn said he was getting all dressed up for it... I got there late... I couldn't find him. This is all my fault...

She bursts into tears.

INT. HIGH LINE OFFICES - A FEW MINUTES LATER

The four detectives convene.

MCKENZIE

Oliver Esten. His grandfather founded Esten Steel. Big money.

OWEN

We'll need to invite him in nice and polite. Don't want to spook him into lawyering up.

ARROYO
 (to McKenzie and Owen)
 You guys handle that? We'll meet
 you back at the Squad.

Clark is curious, Owen's protective --

OWEN
 Why?

ARROYO
 Just going to grab some coffee,
 Don.
 (to Clark)
 You coming?

Clark follows, turns back to Owen --

CLARK
 I think I got it.

Owen watches Clark go with Arroyo. And then we rack to
 McKenzie and see that she too is concerned.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Arroyo delivers them coffee --

ARROYO
 Hat's off, kid. Great work.

Clark's got Owen's warning in his head, but Arroyo seems
 sincere --

ARROYO (CONT'D)
 I'm watching you and it's like
 looking in a mirror from ten years
 ago. Hard driving, impatient, not
 afraid to step on toes.

Clark takes him in --

CLARK
 I appreciate the shot with Melody.
 But something tells me we're not
 just here to sing my praises.

A beat --

ARROYO
 Me and your partner, we don't mesh.
 And I'm concerned you're only
 getting his side.

CLARK
His side of what?

ARROYO
'He tell you, "don't jump another
guy's case. You'll make enemies"?
(exactly what Owen said)
Jealousy. The Squad are all solid
but they can be cautious. Diaco,
good detective, but I don't trust a
guy who knows what the Kardashians
are doing every two minutes. Dart?
Very competent but not so warm and
fuzzy. McKenzie is solid but with
the obvious drawbacks, as in "a
slave to her moonphase," and Owen
is a dinosaur. Locked in a
pattern. Trust your instincts with
the guy. You're the alpha there.

CLARK
I've been getting that impression.

ARROYO
Look, this case is dropping out of
the sky into your palm. Did I
throw elbows when you walked in?
Yes. What'd you expect? But you
got chops. And you're making this
case, so I'm just riding your wake.
You're golden.

He smacks Clark on the arm. Off Clark, allowing a cautious
grin --

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY

CLARK AT THE WINDOW -- now confident, puffed up, arms
crossed, watching Arroyo and McKenzie in the Interrogation
room with OLIVER ESTEN (22), white, rich, a stranger to hard
work --

ESTEN
A "negro"?
(preposterous notion)
I never called Trevonn a "negro".
What is this, 1950?

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

MCKENZIE

Mr. Esten, were you at Bar 2-Twenty last night?

ESTEN

No one hits 2-Twenty on a Tuesday. Rookie move.

ARROYO

You were on the guest list and your name was checked off.

A beat --

ESTEN

People use my name. They know I won't show. This is feeling really antagonistic.

MCKENZIE

We got a dead kid and people say you and him had a beef.

ESTEN

We had a "conversation" about Melody lying. Trevonn and me were tight. Him dying is a serious shock. I'd like that taken into account.

ARROYO

Absolutely. But you need to help us too. Because we pulled surveillance off an ATM across the street from the club. You entered at 11:04.

(beat)

Want to start over?

THE OBSERVATION ROOM door opens and Owen enters, watches --

ESTEN (THROUGH THE GLASS)

I went there. Had a drink, bailed.

ARROYO

Why lie about it?

ESTEN (THROUGH THE GLASS)

Don't want to be involved.

CLARK

Esten reminds me of the kid of a landlord we had. Slum building. One time he took a piss on my bed. He knew I couldn't complain to his dad or we'd get tossed.

A beat. Clark feels he's revealed more than he wanted to, changes the subject --

CLARK (CONT'D)

Go ahead and ask.

OWEN

How was coffee?

CLARK

I don't see what you're all worried about. You tell me to be so afraid of the guy but you're not.

OWEN

I just know what he's capable of.

Clark nods toward Arroyo in Interrogation --

CLARK

He's boxing him in.

OWEN

That kid's old money. If his daddy taught him one thing it was how to lawyer up. Arroyo's gonna lead him right into it.

CLARK

You know, calling him out like you do... it's coming off as jealousy.

Owen takes this in. Deep breath, patience.

INTERROGATION ROOM -- Esten leans back in his chair --

ESTEN

You think you're sharp? You play friendly, then fluster me? I didn't hurt Trevonn but I wouldn't tell you shit if I had. I know my rights and I want my lawyer. You're insulting.

McKenzie looks away. Arroyo resists the urge to strangle this asshole --

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME

OWEN

I'm certainly not jealous of that.

Owen goes. Off Clark... schooled.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

All the Detectives are present. Arroyo is tense, he got schooled --

DIACO

Ballistics confirm the gun we recovered from Deandre is in fact the murder weapon. But Crime Scene pulled more than one set of prints. On the clip was a print for a Ricardo Gaez.

He hands around a photo of Gaez's mug-shot --

DART

Assault and possession.

LIEUTENANT KANG

Any connection to the DOA?

DIACO

No... but there's a possible connection between Gaez and Oliver Esten. The ATM surveillance footage shows Esten entered with a Latin male, early twenties. Could be Gaez.

(then)

Kate Bosworth entered a few minutes after. That's unrelated.

LIEUTENANT KANG

Address on Gaez?

DART

On Stanton near Rivington.

LIEUTENANT KANG

ESU will meet you there. Get him in.

Just then a high-powered lawyer-type enters, ALBERT SHAY, 45.

SHAY

Albert Shay, counsel for Oliver Esten. I'm taking my client home.

Lieutenant Kang silently tasks Dart to handle it. Clark looks up to see Arroyo watching him. Arroyo approaches --

ARROYO

When we grab Gaez, how about you take the door? You ready for that?

OWEN

Why him?

ARROYO

Why not.

Clark wants this bad, on the edge of his seat --

CLARK

I'll take the door.
(when Arroyo moves off)
I'm not six. I can handle it.

Clark moves into the locker room. Off Owen.

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE GAEZ APARTMENT - DAY

A grimy tenement. Clark stands at the door to Gaez's apartment in a bulletproof vest and an NYPD windbreaker. Behind him are a cluster of ESU cops in riot gear, Owen, Arroyo and McKenzie. Clark is anxious, nervous. Then Owen sees that Clark's hand is shaking.

OWEN

Junior?

But Clark BANGS ON THE DOOR --

CLARK

Ricardo Gaez!

Nothing. Then a rustling inside. Clark directs ESU to RAM THE DOOR -- they pound in --

INT. GAEZ APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Clark's rushing through the apartment -- a shitbag but there's a flat screen, Xbox --

Clark's hand is noticeably shaking, he grabs it with the other for stability -- a momentary distraction -- suddenly he's grabbed and pulled backwards as KERPOW!!! A huge chunk of wall where Clark's head was is shredded by a shotgun blast. It was Owen who pulled him. Clark is wide-eyed --

FLASH CUT TO

THE BRONX BODEGA -- Clark, terrified, scrambles for cover as the aisle he's hiding behind is DECIMATED by gun fire.

BACK TO

Clark shakes off the cobwebs --

OWEN

He's on the fire escape!

McKenzie turns to the fire escape as RICARDO GAEZ (23), punk, racks the slide on his shot gun, aims between her eyes and KERPOW!!! McKenzie dives just in time. Out of ammo Gaez flies down the fire escape. McKenzie rises to kill him but behind Gaez is a window into another apartment --

MCKENZIE

There's no shot on him!
(to her radio)
Diaco, he's coming down!

Clark bolts after Gaez. He's going to get this fucker --

EXT. FIRE ESCAPE - SAME TIME

Clark pounds down the fire escape as Gaez gets to the bottom level and DROPS ten feet to the ground. Clark follows fast, DROPS to the alley. But where the fuck is Gaez?! Diaco and Dart are rushing up from the mouth of the alley --

DART

Behind you!

Clark turns and A BRICK IS SMASHED INTO HIS FACE. Clark stumbles but, eyes ice cold, he grabs Gaez, SLUGS HIM one-two, one-two and down goes Gaez.

Diaco and Dart converge and pounce on Gaez. Owen and McKenzie arrive. Clark is panting, blood running down his face. He's a disaster but smiles big, hamming it up --

CLARK

Where's the cameras? I'm ready for my close-up.

Diaco chuckles, then the others, all regarding Clark with a new respect. Clark sees Owen looking up to

ON TOP OF THE FIRE ESCAPE: Arroyo looks down, his face serious, maybe even... disappointed? Did he hope Clark would get blasted in the apartment? Off Clark, radar up.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE**EXT. MANHATTAN NORTH PRECINCT - LATE DAY**

Clark and Owen haul Gaez to the Station House where Lieutenant Kang is waiting. Diaco, Dart, Arroyo and McKenzie arrive and approach. Kang indicates Gaez --

LIEUTENANT KANG
Get him upstairs.

He stops Owen and Clark. Arroyo takes note, expression cold. Kang checks the thin cut across Clark's nose --

LIEUTENANT KANG (CONT'D)
That needs a stitch.

CLARK
I don't need to sit in an ER when I could be interrogating Gaez.

LIEUTENANT KANG
Who said that was happening?

The Lieutenant looks to Owen for an evaluation --

OWEN
He duked it out good with Gaez.
And he wasn't bad with Deaundre.
Maybe worth a shot.

LIEUTENANT KANG
I thought Deaundre "just gave it up
in the car"?

Oops. The Lieutenant takes a moment. Then, to Owen --

LIEUTENANT KANG (CONT'D)
You run the interview.

Lieutenant Kang moves off. Clark is thrilled, heads inside --

OWEN
We got to talk first.

INT. MANHATTAN NORTH PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Owen follows Clark, gets in close --

OWEN
Your hand shakes.

Clark loses the smile --

CLARK
At Gaez's door? First time
jitters.

OWEN
Did it start after the bodega shoot-
out? Where you got your gold
shield?
(no response)
You're not going to therapy.

CLARK
Yes, I am.

Then Clark recalls getting busted for lying --

CLARK (CONT'D)
Sometimes.

OWEN
Junior, I know you want more than
what's on your plate, but move too
fast you're going to flame out.
And maybe take someone down with
you.

A beat. Clark knows Owen is right --

CLARK
I appreciate you saving my tail but
we got a date with a dirt-bag.
(sincere)
I'm okay.

He moves off, leaving Owen --

OWEN
Remember who's running the
Interview.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - LATE DAY

Clark and Owen sit across from Ricardo Gaez --

CLARK
Tell me about Trevonn Clay.

GAEZ
Don't know him.

CLARK
Your thumb print was on the clip in
the gun that killed him.

Gaez takes it like a punch.

GAEZ

I didn't do it. I admit to the thumb print. But that's it, the end.

Owen catches Clark's eye, silently gives him a signal: lie to Gaez. Clark gets in Gaez's face, tips up his chin --

CLARK

Look at me, you sad sack piece of shit. Oliver Esten put this all on you.

Gaez registers this and tries not to crack --

GAEZ

No, I don't buy that.

CLARK

You ran like a bitch and near blasted my face off. I buy it easy, so will the judge. You're dust!

GAEZ

I didn't do any murder!

CLARK

You just touched the murder weapon?

Gaez looks away. Owen looks to Clark who takes the signal to sit back. Owen pours Gaez a cup of water from the Sparkletts, sits next to him. Clark watches Owen's good cop.

OWEN

Would you say Esten was your friend?

GAEZ

Yeah. That's why I don't think he'd say lies about me.

OWEN

Do you know what you do for a friend? You help them.

(re: Clark)

If Walter called me in the middle of the night asking for help, I'd run right over. Because he's my friend.

Clark knows this is a tactic but it kind of gets to him --

OWEN (CONT'D)

I saw your place Ricardo, it's a pig sty, so you got to be hurting for dough. But Esten, he's got a bridge named after his grandpa. If he was really your friend would you be sitting here getting your ass cooked? Let us help you, son.

A beat. Gaez deflates --

GAEZ

Damn me...

Owen looks to Clark, "move in."

CLARK

How'd you hook up with Esten?

GAEZ

Clubs. You need stuff, I get it.

CLARK

Dope? Whores?

GAEZ

(shrugs, yes)

Esten needed a gun. He said he got into it with some kid and wanted to settle up. But he didn't say nothing about shooting him.

OWEN

That's what you do with a gun, Ricardo.

GAEZ

He said he wanted to jam it in the dude's ribs and freak him out. I wouldn't have agreed to nothing more.

CLARK

Then why load it?

GAEZ

I didn't. I got him an empty Glock. We go to the club and Esten went off to do his thing. A minute later he comes running back, shoving the piece in my pocket, saying "get rid of it." I had no idea what went down.

OWEN

Warm gun barrel wasn't a tip off?
(it was... but)
No ruckus in the club?

Gaez stumbles, then --

GAEZ

There wasn't no ruckus. You couldn't hear a machine gun over that music and if anyone saw it they just slunked out quiet. I didn't know nothing happened. But he hands me the gun so I ran and tossed it.

(beat)

I got nothing against that kid who got shot. I got... played.

He looks down. Clark looks to Owen, gaining admiration.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - LATE DAY

Arroyo, McKenzie and Lieutenant Kang watched the interview. The Lieutenant's impressed.

LIEUTENANT KANG

It's a place to start.

He goes. Arroyo is silent, which McKenzie clocks.

INT. COFFEE ROOM - LATE DAY

Clark is sipping a coke. McKenzie enters and heads to the fridge. After a chilly beat --

MCKENZIE

Nice work. Better than my first time in the Room.

CLARK

I appreciate it.

(before she heads out)

We liked the same girl, me and your brother Jimmy. I didn't know about his feelings or I wouldn't've...

MCKENZIE

Uh huh.

CLARK

Can you give me a little heads up on something. Owen and Arroyo?

A beat...

MCKENZIE

Three years ago Owen's informant got killed on a case. A crackhead pross, one foot in the grave. Turns out, unintentionally, Arroyo revealed her identity.

CLARK

All this over a... screw up?

MCKENZIE

Official word got around that Owen was responsible. No one could determine the source but there was a lot of name calling. It was ugly. Now they keep to themselves.

CLARK

You got an opinion on it?

MCKENZIE

Not one I'll share.

Fair enough. Then Clark remembers --

CLARK

Jimmy McKenzie had a brother who died four years ago in the line of duty. Your brother.

The hardest part of McKenzie's life.

MCKENZIE

Michael.

CLARK

He was a hero. I'm sorry.

She nods, heads out. Clark finishes his coke, heads into --

INT. SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clark walks right into Arroyo who beckons Clark --

ARROYO

Diaco says every Wednesday Esten's at Tenjune. No one here could blend in. Except you.

Clark thinks about it --

CLARK

Just walk up and interview him?
Never happen.

ARROYO

If Gaez is being honest then Esten got his own ammo. Meaning there's a near full box of it someplace, likely his apartment. We just need leverage for a warrant.

(then)

Want to know how I got my first homicide collar?

(Clark is intrigued)

Drove the suspect to Freshkills park, made him kneel in a trash bag and stood in front of him holding my Glock. Would I have liked to play it cleaner? Yes. But I never would have got the collar because no one in my unit wanted to see the new, young, asshole do better than them. So I had to fight for it, like a dog. Esten's a racist prick who'll skate 'cause he's rich. It won't make unless someone shows some balls. Fight for it. My opinion.

Arroyo heads out. Owen saw the exchange. He doesn't know what was said but doesn't like the intimacy. Clark clocks this, then his phone rings. The display says "Agnes".

CLARK (TO PHONE)

What's up?

AGNES (ON THE PHONE)

Don't go crazy. But I need you to come to Kings County Hospital.

A switch flips in Clark and he's out --

INT. HOSPITAL WAITING ROOM - LATE DAY

Clark hunts the hospital waiting room and finds Agnes, in sweats and a tank top, big duffel bag by her side, big black eye. Brother and sister have similarly fucked up faces. Clark is seething, checking her face --

AGNES (CONT'D)

I need to put down proof of payment before I can leave.

CLARK

Was it him? The drummer boy?

AGNES

No it was not. Now let it drop.

CLARK

As soon as you tell me who did it.

AGNES

I'm tired as hell, and Jackson
threw me out, so can you just lay
off?

(starts to cry)

It's been a really awful day.

If there's one thing he can't take it's her crying. He hugs
her, kisses her forehead --

INT. CLARK'S APARTMENT - RED HOOK - NIGHT

Small, pre-war, with a view of the derelict Revere Sugar
Factory. It's homey but was clearly decorated by a young
man. Meaning sparsely.

Clark enters with Agnes. He carries her duffel, she carries
a suitcase, a backpack, a laptop bag.

CLARK

Just a few days...

AGNES

And then I'll call Aunt Irene.

She plops on the couch. He sits next to her. A beat --

CLARK

Do you understand why I get so
upset?

AGNES

You're a pain in the ass.

CLARK

Because I get scared. You act out
with dope and older guys, and I see
you on this shit path. It's the
path you get put on when your mom
is drugged out and dad's a mobbed
up loser. And if it's going to end
up anyplace other than Rikers you
got to beat the odds. But when I
see your behavior that's the odds
beating you.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)

And you're too good for that. So you got to fight, and get as far away and as high above it as you can. Then even if you fall sometimes, you don't end up all the way back there. Because that was hell.

AGNES

But all I remember is you coming home with food and coloring books.

CLARK

All that was stolen.

AGNES

I didn't know it then. So this fight is easy for you. You remember how bad it was, but this "path"... is just me living.

CLARK

I know, but trust me... if you keep on it eventually it'll explode out from under you. It's a time bomb.

A beat.

AGNES

... what would you think of trying to find them one day?

Clark takes this in, sighs deep, knowing how much this means to her... and to him --

CLARK

I think if they wanted to see us they'd've come looking.

AGNES

See, now I got you really scared.

True. He is. He heads for the door --

CLARK

Get comfortable. I got to step out for a bit.

AGNES

Promise you won't do anything to Jackson?

The door CLOSES --

INT. MARS BAR - NIGHT

SLAM! Clark drives JACKSON DELL (27) into the wall of a grimy bar. He's skinny, scuzzy handsome, tight black jeans.

JACKSON

I didn't do anything to Agnes, I
swear.

Clark's furious. He spins Jackson, plants him into the wall and gets to tossing his pockets --

CLARK

First off, you're twenty seven with
a girl who's seventeen --

JACKSON

-- consensually --

Clark has found a pair of HEROIN BINDLES on Jackson --

CLARK

-- and you're a heroin dealer who's
holding product. So, we're taking
a ride.

JACKSON

That's strictly personal use...

Clark hauls Jackson out --

EXT. MARS BAR - MOMENTS LATER

Clark drags Jackson to his car and opens the back door to stow him, but before Jackson gets in --

JACKSON (CONT'D)

She came when I was bartending and
saw me talking to a old girlfriend.
Talking. But Agnes flipped and
threw down like a jealous psycho.
My ex got in a shot before I could
break it up.

Clark faces Jackson. This could have some validity --

JACKSON (CONT'D)

You think locking me up's going to
solve her problems? She's no
angel.

Clark throws Jackson in the car and slams the door. He goes to the trunk and retrieves an evidence baggie for the two HEROIN BINDLES. He studies them a moment, a plan forming --

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Clark enters and sits down opposite Owen, working on the Dworaczyk case.

CLARK

They authorize overtime on a ten year old case?

OWEN

I work it on my own.
(off Clark, why?)
I caught it back then and don't want to retire with it open. So... I'm busy.

A beat, Clark thinks, then --

CLARK

Esten's got a rep for using dope. What if we busted him holding?

OWEN

He'd be a collar.

CLARK

And we'd have some leverage to get him to talk. Maybe get a warrant for his pad.

Owen nods, Clark ponders it --

OWEN

But if someone were to plant dope on him, like a cop? I'd consider that cop as bad as Esten. Maybe worse.

CLARK

Well... I didn't say nothing about planting dope. You brought it up.

OWEN

I know how young men duke it out with their devils, and how it can cost them. Dearly. So just cool out, be patient.

CLARK

Hasn't done much good for Mr. Dworaczyk.

OWEN

It'll crack. And when it does I'll have done it right, like it should have been done in the first place.

(Clark is confused)

You never even looked at the case.

(he didn't)

Dworaczyk got shot early morning, September 11, 2001. We couldn't respond for hours and when we did it was just two of us.

(beat)

Dworaczyk's wife in Poland checks up on the case every anniversary. Someday I'd like to call her saying we collared up. So, he deserves my attention.

Owen goes back to work. Clark watches him a moment, then heads out --

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE - NIGHT

Clark stands outside the precinct, thinking. He takes out the evidence baggie of heroin. He thinks a moment, then... he grabs his cell and dials. After a beat --

CLARK (TO THE PHONE)

Gemma, it's Walter Clark. About that offer?

EXT. TENJUNE - NIGHT

A huge line outside. Clark, decked out in a slick new suit, walks to the velvet rope and flashes his gold shield. The BOUNCER checks it out, checks Clark's face, recognizes him --

BOUNCER

Yo, open a lane, hero coming through!

Clark enters past a gauntlet of jealous MEN and fine WOMEN, the word "hero" rolling around in their brains.

INT. TENJUNE - NIGHT

Thumping music, Clark walks through the bumping club. Girls are smiling at him and he nods back, he passes two of them --

GIRL

He's that cop.

GIRL #2

Boy is fine...

And these girls are fine. But Clark's rolling like a shark. Then two hands GRAB HIS LAPEL and Gemma Bar-Lev, stunning in a red mini-dress, drags him into --

INT. PRIVATE AREA - DAYBED - SAME TIME

She shuts the curtain and they come together like hungry wolves. They part a moment, she lies on top of him, runs her hand along the cut on his nose --

BAR-LEV

I like this.

He grabs her ass, starts to hike up her little dress --

CLARK

I like this.

She coyly hops off, straightens herself, all business --

BAR-LEV

You're not here for me. So you don't get to have me.

Clark takes her in, impressed --

CLARK

And who am I here for?

BAR-LEV

Don't insult me. Esten.

CLARK

What do you know about him?

BAR-LEV

Pig. Rich. Can't get a girl to open her legs without roofies or coke. Is he your suspect?

CLARK

Am I on the record?

BAR-LEV

(wtf?)

I get you in locked-down club, new duds --

CLARK

He's a person of interest, associated with a possible suspect. And you didn't get that from me. Where is he?

INT. TENJUNE - VIP - NIGHT

A private party of ultra rich, decked out twenty somethings in couture and big jewels. Amongst them is Esten, red faced and fucked up, sniffing a lot and talking a mile a minute.

ESTEN

-- Jiu Jitsu evens me. It's the only way I stay sane.

Esten turns, looks over his shoulder, spots Clark watching him, sipping club soda.

CLARK -- eye-fucks Esten, then sees something sticking out of his back pocket. A playing card. Esten tries to go back to his conversation but can't handle the distraction. He approaches Clark --

CLARK

Forgive me Mr. Esten but I can't talk to you without your lawyer.

Said loud enough for the party to hear. Esten clocks his curious friends --

ESTEN

So this is about humiliating me?
We got a bottle. Have a cocktail.

CLARK

(shakes his head)
We met with Ricardo Gaez.

Esten shrugs --

ESTEN

He's a liar. A broke thug. Is it that easy to make homicide?
Shooting up a deli full of beaners doesn't impress me.

(Clark is steaming)

So you're violating my civil rights, why? Why're you here?

CLARK

I'm waiting for you to wolf up enough vodka and blow to blurt out the truth:

(right in Esten's face)

That you murdered an unarmed kid. Over a girl who'd as soon spit in your face as return your phone call.

(MORE)

CLARK (CONT'D)
 Trevonn didn't do a thing but
 you're one of those fat wallet
 inbreds with the mentality of an
 alley rapist --

ESTEN
 (furious)
 I swear I'll shove a lawsuit so far
 up your ass --

Security is on them, separating them.

ESTEN (CONT'D)
 You got nothing on me, asshole!

CLARK
 I got more than you think.

Clark turns and goes, winding his way through the grinding crowd, holding the playing card he took from Esten's pocket. Clark's got a big grin. The confrontation was all a plan.

INT. COAT CHECK - NIGHT

Clark trades the coat check attendant the playing card for Esten's coat --

PRIVATE CORNER -- Clark has the heroin bindles he took off Jackson Dell. He puts them in Esten's coat. Clark walks toward the coat check then stops, his moral compass pointing due north. Is he really going to plant heroin on Esten? Clark sighs... then reaches into the coat pocket, grabs the heroin bindles and throws them in a nearby trash can. He's about to return the coat then hears something jingle in the pocket. Keys. Clark thinks...

EXT. ESTEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clark is standing on the corner, staring up at a fancy upper west side building. He nervously jingles the keys --

CLARK (CONT'D)
 (mutters)
 He's using all his little tricks to
 get away with murder...

INT. ESTEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Clark breaks in. He takes a breath, in it deep now.

INT. ESTEN'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Dark. Clark flips on the lights. The place is massive, with a winding staircase in the living room and floor to ceiling views of the Hudson. And it's disgusting, littered with empty beer and booze bottles.

MONTAGE

- **OFFICE** -- He searches the desk drawers. They're disorganized or empty. No sign of ammunition.

- **CHANGE DRAWER** -- Two hundred dollars worth of loose change, just thrown away.

- **CLOSET** -- Clark finds fifty pairs of Italian shoes. A line up of fancy suits. He opens a drawer, finds a hundred watches neatly laid out.

- **SOCK DRAWER** Clark searches a sock drawer and finds a collection of thumb drives, each labeled with a girl's name. Clark winces. God knows what's on them.

- **DIRTY CLOTHES HAMPER** - Clark empties it to see if there's anything being concealed by the clothes. Nothing. He's stymied. Then, replacing the clothing in the hamper, he hears a CRUNCH. He stops. He discovers the source of the noise is a pair of jeans. He reaches in a pocket and finds a wad of lose bills, in the middle of which is a TAXI RECEIPT.

It's for two hundred fifty dollars. He looks at the date, checks his watch --

CLARK (CONT'D)

Two days ago. Where do you go for two hundred fifty dollars?

Clark takes out a note pad and writes down the Taxi medallion number. Clark knows he's crossed a line, but he just struck gold. Off Clark, fighting like a dog.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR**EXT. OWEN'S HOUSE - QUEENS - NEXT MORNING**

Owen, carrying a travel mug, exits his house and heads to his car, fumbling with his keys. He looks up and jumps. Clark is by Owen's car, holding a bakery box --

OWEN

What the hell are you doing here?

CLARK

We got to take a ride. Danish?

EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE OF GUNS - MORNING

A rundown North Jersey gun store in a strip mall. Nearby the turnpike roars.

INT. MARTY'S HOUSE OF GUNS - MORNING

CLOSE ON: a folded up paparazzi photo of Oliver Esten. It's laid out on the glass case of the gun store counter. Clark and Owen are in front of gun store proprietor, RONNIE (35). He's on the store computer --

RONNIE

He bought a box of PMC Bronze Bulk
9 millimeter handgun ammunition.

CLARK

Same ammo used to kill Trevonn
Clay.

EXT. MARTY'S HOUSE OF GUNS - MORNING

Clark's like a guy who's struck gold --

CLARK (CONT'D)

Why would he buy ammo unless he
planned to shoot someone? No way
Esten could even call it an
accident. He cabled it out to
Jersey to buy ammo then went to the
club to kill Trevonn Clay.
Straight up murder.

Owen hears in, processes the information --

OWEN

That's about as good a piece of
circumstantial evidence as we're
going to get.

Clark has a massive smile --

CLARK

Who gets a homicide collar their second day in the unit? Tell me that's not...

(Owen is cold)

What?

OWEN

How'd you wind up here? Give me the links of the chain.

A beat --

CLARK

I told you, I figured he bought ammo so I canvassed gun stores --

OWEN

Way the hell out in North Jersey? And you said he "cabbed it out here"? How'd you come to that?

(Clark is pensive)

Don't make me interrogate you, junior.

CLARK

I got information that Esten took a two hundred and fifty dollar cab ride two days ago. I checked with the cab company and they gave me this place.

OWEN

Who told you this information and how'd you know what cab company?

CLARK

It was on the receipt.

OWEN

Which you got from where?

A beat --

CLARK

Esten's apartment.

OWEN

You broke in?!

CLARK

I evened the score. That rich prick is using every trick to dodge a murder, so I used a little trick of my own.

Owen is reeling --

OWEN

All this information, useless. If it gets out he walks. And you dragged me into it.

(seething)

Two more damn years and I'm done. You will not screw that up for me. You made it to the unit on luck but maturity and patience is what gets you to belong. You got neither. Learn or get out, junior.

(beat)

You go home and don't say a word about any of this.

Off Clark, head spinning --

INT. CLARK'S BROOKLYN APARTMENT - MORNING

Clark walks into the apartment... what the fuck just happened? He drops into a chair, taking in his sister sleeping on the couch. He hears MEWING. There's a KITTEN at his feet. Clark picks up the kitty, looks it in the eye --

CLARK

Where'd you come from?

AGNES

(stirring)

I took a walk last night. She was crying in an alley. I'm calling her Clementine. What's wrong?

A beat --

CLARK

I screwed up.

AGNES

You'll fix it. You always fix it.

Clark takes her in, sighs. That's her perspective and he doesn't want it to crumble. He pets the kitty.

CLARK

I don't know.

Clark's phone buzzes. It's a text from Bar-Lev. It reads: "I don't know how this happened. Please believe me." Agnes is reading over his shoulder --

AGNES

How "what" happened?

Clark gets a sinking feeling. He goes to his laptop, opens up the NY Post website, sees the headline on that morning's Post: "Heir Apparent-Ly Involved In Murder" -- with a photo of Oliver Esten. It's got Bar-Lev's byline. Clark frantically opens to the article, sees: "...according to homicide Detective Walter Clark, Esten is a prime suspect in the murder." Clark's stomach sinks --

INT. LIEUTENANT KANG'S OFFICE - DAY

Kang has a copy of the Post, and he's barking at Owen --

LIEUTENANT KANG

I said watch him like a hawk and this happens?!

INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Clark is on his phone --

CLARK (TO THE PHONE)

-- there's only two people in the department authorized to comment on an open case; the Commissioner and the DCPI. I am neither of those!

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. NEW YORK POST - CITY DESK - SAME TIME

Bar-Lev is on the phone at her desk --

BAR-LEV (TO THE PHONE)

I did not put your name in that article, Clark. One of the city editors must've, I don't know why --

CLARK

How does that happen?

BAR-LEV

Someone calls in a favor. Someone with juice who doesn't like you. You've got an enemy. Good luck.

Clark hang up, his world collapsing. Owen is out of the Lieutenant's office --

OWEN

Lieutenant's getting calls from the
Commissioner, burning his ass.
It's time to cover yours.
(leans in)
What did I say to you about this
"game"?

Clark looks over, sees Arroyo and McKenzie top the stairs,
then Oliver Esten with Albert Shay --

CLARK

Esten's back in? What's going on?

OWEN

Just steer clear --

But Clark's on his way to the Observation Room.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Clark enters and all eyes go to him. Diaco, Dart, and
Lieutenant Kang. They turn back to watching Arroyo and
McKenzie in with Esten and his attorney, Albert Shay --

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - SAME TIME

SHAY

My client told you, he's never been
in "Marty's House of Guns."

ESTEN

You couldn't drag me to Jersey with
a knife at my throat.

MCKENZIE

The proprietor is here to view a
line-up and if your client refuses
we'll get a subpoena to compel him.

SHAY

Based on?

ARROYO

A positive ID from an array and his
fingerprints on the display counter
in the store.

MCKENZIE

We'd also like to confirm a credit
account Mr. Esten has at Dry Rite,
dry cleaners on 57th street.

SHAY

Why?

MCKENZIE

We recovered a bloody shirt from a dumpster two blocks from Mr. Esten's apartment. It's the same shirt he was wearing in surveillance footage entering the club and it has an ironed in barcode from Dry Rite tracing back to his account.

ESTEN

This is bullshit! It's entrapment! That cop who got in my face at the club, he did this!

MCKENZIE

Blood on the shirt is confirmed same type as Trevonn Clay and the lab's running it for DNA and gunpowder residue.

ARROYO

We've got a few hours on that, at which time the DA will authorize an arrest. Until then...
(fucking with Esten)
...care to make a statement?

Esten is fucked, baffled. He looks to his lawyer who's equally nonplussed.

SHAY

Don't say a fucking word.

Esten couldn't if he tried. Arroyo is eating it up.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM - SAME TIME

Off Clark, watching his collar going to someone else.

INT. COFFEE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Owen is pouring himself coffee. Clark enters --

OWEN

Anonymous tip sent Arroyo and McKenzie to Marty's House of Guns.
(off Clark's bafflement)
The case won't make unless the ammunition evidence comes from outside of you.

CLARK

Arroyo sold out your informant,
sold you out, and you feed him a
collar? My collar? --

Owen is even, but very stern --

OWEN

Trevonn Clay has a mother, a
father, two brothers. They don't
give a damn about my past with
Arroyo. It's got nothing to do
with the work. That is all that
matters.

Owen steps out, leaving Clark to ponder his first big league
lesson in homicide.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - NIGHT

Owen's at his desk. Clark sits opposite Owen, stunned, the
Post drops on the desk next to him. He looks up. It's
Lieutenant Kang. Before Clark can speak --

LIEUTENANT KANG

Get with your Union Delegate.
You're gonna need him.

Kang goes. Arroyo stops at Clark's desk, wearing a shitty
little smirk. He taps the copy of the Post --

ARROYO

Got to be careful who you talk to.

Arroyo walks into the locker room, the door bumping Clark's
chair. A penny drops for Clark --

CLARK

Arroyo set me up. Made it look
like I tipped off the press.

OWEN

He's got a lot of contacts and it's
something he'd do. Like I tried to
tell you five times.

Clark is stunned. MCKENZIE, at her desk, overheard the
previous. She looks up to see Rosemary and Jacob Clay
arriving in the Squad. Arroyo moves to her --

ARROYO

The Clays are going to tail us to
Esten's arraignment. Heavy press
outside. Ready to walk him out?

MCKENZIE

Do it yourself.

She moves off. Arroyo is baffled. What's her problem?

INT. PRECINCT HOUSE - DOWNSTAIRS - NIGHT

Clark is at a window, by the Sergeant's desk. He watches Arroyo doing the perp walk with Esten who cowers to keep his head down. The Clays walk out afterward and get into their car, helped by Arroyo, their shining knight. FLASHBULBS POP, NEWS CAMERAS ROLL. And Clark is stuck inside. He hears --

DART

Killer's getting locked up. That's all that matters.

(cold comfort)

Your shaky hand. I had the same after Afghanistan. I know where your head is.

CLARK

I don't know what you're talking about.

DART

I had fifteen confirmed kills.

(then)

Your partner's at the shooting range. Go squeeze off some rounds. Do your head some good.

INT. BROOKLYN APARTMENT - NIGHT

McKenzie in shorts and a tank top, answers the door. Arroyo is there. She lets him in. He shrugs, what's the problem?

MCKENZIE

That was a snake move, what you did to Clark. You're better than that.

He sees she's upset, puts his hands on her shoulders --

ARROYO

With a guy like him you got to set the rules early. Show him who's pride leader then give him room. It's done now.

(re: her shoulders)

You're all knotted up.

MCKENZIE

That a neat segue into your sure fire tension relief method?

(MORE)

MCKENZIE (CONT'D)

The twenty minute cure, then home
to Lorraine?

ARROYO

She took the kids to the Pocanos.
I can stay all night.

McKenzie studies him. She wants to tell him to go, but --

MCKENZIE

I don't know why...

But then they kiss. He pulls off her tank top, she pulls off
his shirt. They get down to it.

INT. SHOOTING RANGE - LATE DAY

Clark finds Owen at the range. It's tense.

CLARK

The boss said I need to get with my
delegate. I don't know who it is.

OWEN

You're talking to him.
(off Clark's relief)
Three boys and twenty three years
on the Job's exposed me to a lot of
human nature. A lot of surprises.
But one thing's always held true:
inside every man there's two dogs
fighting. One good, one evil.
Know which wins? The one you feed
the most.

(beat)

The sooner you get past your pit-
bull pride you'll be teachable.
But until then...

(he eases off)

Fired your weapon since the shoot-
out?

Clark shakes his head. Owen steps aside. Clark steps up --

CLARK

I'm fine.
(he stops)
At least, I tell the shrink I am.

OWEN

You'll get there.

Clark considers, then steels himself --

CLARK
No, I am there.

OWEN
Junior, you're dangerous. To
yourself, to me, your Squad.

Clark takes aim and... POWPOWPOW! puts three holes in his
target, right through the heart. Clark sighs, relieved.

- SEVEN YEARS FROM NOW -

EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE - DAY

Clark (33) is looking out at the view of New York --

DALY
That's how you got the scar? From
the brick?
(off Clark's nod)
At that point was there any hint of
how bad things would get with
Arroyo and Owen? Or that murder
suicide, or the precinct shoot out?

Clark shakes his head, introspective, a little sad --

CLARK
I had no idea what was coming. But
like I said, it was a long road.
Next question?

FADE TO BLACK

THE END