

BRONX WARRANTS

"Pilot"

Written by

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INT. DARK ROOM - DAY

Blackness. A shaft of light from a door swinging open reveals a GUY, 50's, naked except for his underwear, laying on the dirty linoleum floor, covered in puke, dead.

DESTEFANO sees this from the doorway and SIGHS. In his late 30's, he's unhappily fat, world-weary, very Italian. His badge is clipped to his belt.

DESTEFANO

Well, this is fuckin' fun.

He leans down to check the guy.

YVETTE (O.S.)

Eww, he dead?

Destefano glances back to see YVETTE -- late 20's, attractive, a Puerto Rican spitfire. Her motor mouth usually gets her what she wants, if only to shut her up.

DESTEFANO

(nods) Unless he can breathe puke.  
Jesus, the paperwork on this --

YVETTE

I know, right?

Suddenly, the corpse sits up.

Yvette and Destefano SCREAM, jump out of the room and into --

INT. BXWS STATION HOUSE - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

We realize we're not in some crappy apartment but in the station house of the Bronx Warrant Squad (BXWS) -- a shitty nightmare of broken government desks and ancient computers.

They look back into the bunk room to see the puke-covered guy sitting on the floor, looking around, dazed.

YVETTE

My God, he's like the walkin' dead.  
Oh, that fuckin' smell. He pooped himself!

DESTEFANO

(chuckles) "Pooped."

YVETTE

It's not funny. Shut the door.  
Lock him in there, keep that stink from gettin' out!

Destefano walks back in and kneels down to the guy.

DESTEFANO

What the hell happened to you last night?

GUY

Went to the Starlite... I think that slutty bartender put something in my drink.

DESTEFANO

Yeah, vodka.

The guy lays back down on the cool floor as MORALES, a handsome Hispanic dude, early-20's, ladies man, walks up.

MORALES

Where can I find Captain Salerno?

DESTEFANO

You found him. (to the guy on the floor) Captain, you have a visitor.

Morales, oblivious, leans down to the hung-over Captain.

MORALES

Hey, Captain. I'm Morales, from Brooklyn Warrants. The new guy. They said to check in with you.

CAPTAIN SALERNO

(mumbling) Go to hell...

MORALES

So I'm checked in then?

CAPTAIN SALERNO

Go to hell, fuck.

MORALES

(finally realizing) Hey, you okay? You don't look so good with all that spit and vomit on you.

CAPTAIN SALERNO

Out! Out!

DESTEFANO

I think he wants some alone time, there, new guy.

He leads Morales out of the bunk room and shuts the door behind him as the Captain falls back asleep.

DESTEFANO

So you're from Brooklyn?

MORALES

Yeah, warrant squad. They pushed me out so they could keep the money for themselves. They hoard their money over there like fuckin' dragons!

YVETTE

How'd a puppy like you land a spot on warrants?

MORALES

This beautiful pitching arm. I told the Lieu, he wants me pitchin' in the league, he's gotta get me on another warrant squad, even if it's just the fuckin' Bronx. I wanna make paper, baby, and warrants is where you get that green.

He waves a warrant sheet with a mug shot on it.

MORALES

This little lost lamb don't know what's comin'. Daddy's makin' bank.

Destefano and Yvette share a glance -- *who is this asshole?*

DESTEFANO

You got an address?

MORALES

Yeah, I live in Queens, 143 Flatb --

DESTEFANO

-- Not *your* address, jackoff. I'm not dropping by your place with a fuckin' fruit basket. I wanna know where we can grab your *perp*.

MORALES

Already handled. Got a meet set at 2:30. Easy pick up and delivery, 'cause that's the way we do it in Brooklyn!

YVETTE

That's the way you *did* it before they dumped your ass.

(MORE)

YVETTE (CONT'D)

(to Destefano) Can we grab my guy first? I need that bonus for a waxing.

DESTEFANO

We got your guy first yesterday. You don't see me trying to grab my body first every day.

YVETTE

But I got a good address on him. He'll be there. My body's *hot* right now.

Morales flashes Yvette a killer smile.

MORALES

It sure is. The things I could do to that hot little body.

Destefano and Yvette glance at each other.

YVETTE

(to Morales) Are you, like, retarded or something?

MORALES

Come on, I'm on *fire* for you, sweetheart. I'm *sizzlin'*. Don't believe me, take my temperature *the baby way*.

DESTEFANO

You mean... anally?

MORALES

Is that what "baby way" means? 'cause I thought, since babies come out of a vagina --

YVETTE

It means taking a temp in the ass.

MORALES

Oh. Well, only ass I like is kickin' ass and if you're my perp and you give me shit, it's all *bam, bam, bam, baby!* So how 'bout I take you to a nice dinner?

YVETTE

(waves ring) I'm engaged, dumbass.

MORALES

To a man?

YVETTE

Just because I don't wanna fuck you  
doesn't make me a lesbian. Yes to  
a man, of *course* to a man!

DESTEFANO

(shrugs) He's an environmental  
blogger.

MORALES

Is that a thing?

DESTEFANO

If by "thing" you mean "job" and if  
by "job" you mean something that  
pays money then, no, it's not a  
thing.

YVETTE

Fuck off.

Morales sees some old slices of pizza.

MORALES

Breakfast! (to Destefano) Want one?

DESTEFANO

(shakes head) I'm on a diet.

YVETTE

He and the wife are tryin' to have  
a kid and the doc said he's too fat  
to fuck. Sperm count or somethin'.

DESTEFANO

How the hell do you know that?!

YVETTE

Your wife, dumbass. She don't want  
you eatin' bread. I said I'd keep  
an eye but, between us, you know  
what happens when you have a baby?  
*You end up with a fuckin' baby.*  
Shoot me now, right?

Destefano stares at her, then shouts OFFSCREEN:

DESTEFANO

TJ, you ready to roll?

TJ, a good looking black cop in his late 20's, dressed to impress, looks up from his ancient computer.

TJ

Almost done with this paperwork.  
Taking me forever because (shouting  
to the station) *someone* stole the  
"L" from my keyboard which means I  
gotta use the "1" instead, which  
means I'm probably releasin'  
rapists by accident and if I catch  
who's *stealing* this shit from me --

YVETTE

-- Stop singin' an opera, already!  
Let's go, Jesus...

TJ

Just about done.

Suddenly, the lights go out as the power in the building cuts off. TJ's computer screen goes blank. He stares in shock.

TJ

Who used the microwave? Who used  
the goddamn microwave!

He runs around a wall of crappy filing cabinets into --

THE KITCHEN/VIDEO GAME AREA

COPS sit on an old couch, playing Xbox 360 Madden. DOYLE, a bloated, red-faced Irish cop, stares at a microwave with a handwritten sign on it: "DON'T USE THE MICROWAVE, ASSHOLE."

TJ

Doyle! What does the sign say?

DOYLE

Don't use the microwave.

TJ

Because it blows the fuses!

DOYLE

I was just heatin' coffee.

TJ

It doesn't matter what you're heating. It doesn't use special "coffee" electricity. I been working on yesterday's paperwork for an hour and now it's fucked!

DESTEFANO

(re: Doyle) Look at that Irish face. He's one burst blood vessel away from a eulogy. Forget him. Let's just go make some money.

They turn to leave --

DOYLE

(calling after them) By the way, look what I found under the couch.

They look back to see Doyle, grinning, holding up the "L" key from TJ's keyboard. The COPS around him LAUGH.

TJ

You stupid piece of shi --

Just then, the bunk room door BANGS open and Captain Salerno staggers out in his underwear. As soon as daylight hits him, he throws his arm over his eyes and, with a MOAN, falls back, dropping to a knee. Yvette stares in horror.

YVETTE

Jesus Christ, it's like watching the end of fuckin' Dracula.

EXT. BXWS VAN - DAY

A non-descript light brown minivan makes its way through the early morning Bronx streets.

YVETTE (O.S.)

So why you wanna have a kid?

INT. BXWS VAN - DAY

TJ's in the passenger seat as Destefano drives. Yvette and Morales, wearing bulletproof vests, sit behind them.

DESTEFANO

(shrugs) Things are pretty good right now, the wife wants one, seems like the right time.

TJ

All kids do is eat and shit. Get a cat instead, 'cause at least you can train a cat to shit in a box.

MORALES

I love kids. I got three beautiful babies.

YVETTE

Lemme guess, from three different  
mamas?

MORALES

First of all, that's racist. And  
second of all, yes. But you gotta  
have a lotta mamas 'cause you can't  
have sex with them while they're  
pregnant so you need to rotate 'em.

YVETTE

What retard said you can't have sex  
with a woman while she's pregnant?

MORALES

Science! Everyone knows when a  
penis pokes a womb it causes  
autism. And, for girls, it turns  
them into sluts. See, when they're  
overexposed to cock in the womb,  
they spend the rest of their lives  
unconsciously tryin' to get more.  
This is a known fact.

Everyone stares at him.

DESTEFANO

Anyone wanna have a go at that?

TJ

No.

YVETTE

Fuck, no.

TJ

Look, D, trust me, you don't want a  
kid. Hell, I had a vasectomy just  
so I could be sure I don't make a  
mistake that calls me "daddy".

MORALES

That's self mutilation! Bein' able  
to have a kid is what makes a man a  
man.

TJ

No, what makes a man a man is  
pleasing a woman and now I can do  
that with full peace of mind.  
Plus, it's nice not having to bag  
your dick during the act.

YVETTE

A vasectomy don't protect you from  
disease.

TJ  
(shrugs) I'd rather have chlamydia  
than a daughter named Lydia.

YVETTE  
Ew. (to Destefano) So can we get my  
guy first?

DESTEFANO  
Fine. Your guy, then my guy, then  
TJ's, then we do retard's pick up  
at 2:30.

TJ  
Sounds like a plan.

Destefano pulls the van next to a run down apartment complex.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The four of them walk up to the front entrance. Destefano  
tries the door. Locked.

DESTEFANO  
Gimme the plastic.

TJ hands him a curved piece of plastic that was clearly cut  
from the side of a Clorox bottle. Destefano slips it between  
the door and the frame and uses it to jiggle the lock.

YVETTE  
(reading off warrant sheet) So no  
history of violence on this perp.  
Sex offender. Likes to show it to  
boys who don't wanna see it.

TJ  
I don't wanna see it.

DESTEFANO  
Methinks the lady doth protest too  
much. (shrugs) Heard that on Modern  
Family last night.

The lock CLICKS and Destefano opens the door.

DESTEFANO  
(to TJ) You wanna cover the escape?

TJ  
No, I wanna climb three flights of  
piss stained stairs.

He goes to the foot of the fire escape as the others enter.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - THIRD FLOOR - DAY

The low battery indicator on a fire alarm CHIRPS as Destefano, Yvette and Morales arrive at a dented metal door in this dimly lit hallway. Yvette bangs on it.

YVETTE

Police! Open up! We have a warrant! (to Destefano) Gimme the thing.

Destefano hands her a halligan (metal bar with a prong on the end.) She pops out the peep hole, then looks through.

HER POV. A person flashes past.

YVETTE

He's there.

Destefano lifts his leg to kick in the door.

MORALES

No, let me! I love kickin' in doors. I'm great at it. Back in Brooklyn, they called me --

DESTEFANO

Kick in the door already!

YVETTE

Jesus Christ, this asshole!

Morales kicks the door but catches his foot on the knob, twisting his ankle. He SCREAMS.

DESTEFANO

Are you fuckin' kidding me? You better not have broke that ankle.

MORALES

I think I just sprained it.

YVETTE

Wait here at the door, Bruce Lee.

Destefano kicks the door open. They enter.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

A crack den. Syringes. Pipes. Destefano moves toward the bedroom as Yvette heads toward a closed closet. As she opens the door, the perp (CARLOS) springs from it. He's thin, wiry, a junkie.

He's also completely naked.

The perp spins to the front door to find Morales.

MORALES

Come on, bring it, junkie!

Carlos stumbles back. The low morning light throws his shadow on the wall, REVEALING a huge, erect penis.

The squad stares at it, stunned.

DESTEFANO

Jesus Christ. You got a frickin' sea monster there.

YVETTE

Carlos! Let's just get you dressed and -- my lord, that penis is distracting. The way it bobs, it's like a one-eyed cobra.

Carlos takes a step back toward the open window.

DESTEFANO

Hey! My man. *Do not make me run.* I am fat and filled with hate. If you make me chase you, I'm bringing an ass whoopin' with me, so --

Carlos leaps through the open window onto the fire escape.

DESTEFANO

Shit.

Yvette runs down the fire escape after the perp while Destefano takes the stairs, followed by a limping Morales.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - DAY

TJ, at the bottom of the escape, sees the naked perp running down the ladder towards him, chased by Yvette.

TJ

(dismayed) Hell, no.

Suddenly, the perp leaps off and sails down toward TJ, who ducks away from him as Yvette arrives.

YVETTE

Why didn't you grab him?

TJ

There was too much ass fallin' at me. And that ballsack looked like a Georgia melon!

YVETTE

Coward!

Destefano catches up with them and they all run after the perp, who's younger and more agile, but also buck naked.

Yvette gains on the guy until finally tackling him. He fights and flips like a trout. Destefano arrives, out of shape, out of breath, and piles on. Morales, with his sprained ankle, is far behind.

MORALES

I'm gonna beat you sterile! Your world's about to end!

The only one not doing anything is TJ, who stares in horror at the writhing mass of naked arms and legs.

DESTEFANO

Do somethin'!

TJ

Fuck that. Who knows what kinds of Hepatitis or Ebola he's got cookin' in that scabby body.

YVETTE

Cuff him, asshole!

DESTEFANO

Quit fuckin' around!

Hating it, TJ wades into the pile and manages to snap cuffs on the naked guy. Everyone leans back, exhausted.

YVETTE

(to TJ) So you'll screw a broad without a rubber but you're suddenly delicate with *this* dipshit?

TJ

The ladies I pick are *fine*. This bitch is nasty.

Suddenly, the perp starts SCREAMING. They turn and look at him -- then burst out LAUGHING.

DESTEFANO

Are you fuckin' kidding me?

From behind, we can see that the perp's right wrist is cuffed to his crotch while his left arm waves free.

DESTEFANO

Jesus, you cuffed his *dick*. (to Yvette) Ever seen that before?

YVETTE  
(laughing) Hell, no. He invented a whole new way of cuffin'!

TJ  
Holy shit! I touched it?

YVETTE  
Touched it? You frickin' *molested* it.

Morales arrives, sees this --

MORALES  
Wow. That's a puzzle. How'd you get it under the sack like that?

TJ  
I couldn't see, I was just grabbing and I thought it was his arm -- a small arm, like a baby leg!

YVETTE  
A baby leg?

MORALES  
(laughing) Baby legs!

DESTEFANO  
This is how bad nicknames happen to good people.

INT. BXWS VAN - DAY - LATER

The perp, Carlos, now sits in the back of the van, properly cuffed, covered by a sheet.

CARLOS  
(to TJ) I'm gonna file a complaint against you, baby legs. What you did ain't right.

DESTEFANO  
Relax, my man. No one's filing any complaints. Now what can we do to make your morning more enjoyable?

CARLOS  
Well, I'm a little hungry.

MORALES  
(exploding) Shut up!

Morales smacks Carlos in the back of the head.

YVETTE  
What the fuck?!

DESTEFANO  
What are you doin'?!

MORALES

What? You said you'd beat his ass  
if he ran and he ran.

DESTEFANO

Yeah, because he's a fuck up. But  
we *knew* he was a fuck up because  
he's a criminal which, by  
definition, *means he's a fuck up.*

MORALES

Then shouldn't we motivate him *not*  
to fuck up?

DESTEFANO

No, 'cause if he doesn't fuck up,  
he won't draw a warrant for his  
arrest, which means we can't get  
our bonus for bringing him in,  
which means we're all just broke  
bitches cryin' in our beers. We  
*need* him to be a fuck up so we can  
make bank. Right, Carlos?

CARLOS

Definitely. (then) So how 'bout  
some pork buns?

INT. BXWS VAN - LATER

Carlos is now eating pork buns along with the rest of the  
squad -- all except for Destefano. Carlos offers him one.

DESTEFANO

(shakes head) No, thanks. Tryin'  
to exercise some self control.

TJ

Looks like that's the only thing  
you're exercising.

Everyone LAUGHS. Morales, emboldened, joins in.

MORALES

Yeah, you fatso.

Everyone, shocked, turns to him --

TJ

Hey!

YVETTE

What the hell, asshole!

MORALES

What? I thought we were bustin'  
his balls.

TJ

We were 'cause we know how to do it!

YVETTE

You leave D alone. He's delicate right now, tryin' to lose weight to have this stupid kid.

MORALES

It's so weird you're *tryin'* to have a kid. I got three babies and I never once *tried*.

DESTEFANO

Answer me this -- do you put a bag on your prick when you bone?

MORALES

Hell, no.

DESTEFANO

Yeah, that's called "tryin' to have a kid". It's not that *plus* a Mayan incantation. Shootin' your sperm into a woman is pretty much all a guy needs to do.

MORALES

'Cept you, apparently.

Destefano glares. Carlos, still covered in a sheet, leans forward, crumbs on his mouth.

CARLOS

I was a beautiful baby.

They stare at him. The sheet in his crotch area begins to rise...

DESTEFANO

Jesus Christ.

TJ

Take a mental photo, D. Years from now, you're gonna look at the baby you wanted so badly you wouldn't even eat a *pork bun* and this (nods to Carlos) is what's gonna be lookin' back at you.

DESTEFANO

Fuck off.

TJ

You *really* think you got a future president or astronaut in your wrinkled sack? I'm tellin' you, Carlos is your future.

YVETTE

You're forgettin' he's only half the equation. Adele's smart. Her genes might get the kid up to, like, orthodontist level.

TJ

Speaking of Adele, I hope you like her 'cause *nothing* binds you to a woman like a kid. After that, you're tied together *forever*.

That lands with Destefano.

DESTEFANO

*Forever*. Jesus...

YVETTE

Hey! You think there's a line of supermodels waitin' for you outside divorce court? You're lucky to have Adele. If she wants a baby, you put one in her belly.

DESTEFANO

I thought you hated babies.

YVETTE

I do but I like your wife and, if that's what she wants, you give her one! God knows she ain't got much else to live for.

Destefano SIGHS, reaches into his back pocket and pulls out a crumpled, coffee stained warrant. He hands it to Yvette.

DESTEFANO

Just read me the address already.

YVETTE

(staring at warrant) Jesus, could you even make an *effort*? You see how my warrant sheet is nice and crisp and yours looks like it was buried with King Tut?

He stares at her.

YVETTE

What?

EXT. SHITTY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY - EST.

An absolute craphole.

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Destefano, Morales, TJ and Yvette climb CREAKING stairs until they arrive at a door. Destefano SILENTLY counts down from three, two, one --

DESTEFANO

Police! We have a warrant!

They kick open the door and rush in.

INT. SHITTY APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The place is strewn with idols to Santeria (Latin witchcraft) -- burned out incense, stick figures hanging from the ceiling, rooster feet. It's creepy -- and empty.

TJ

This asshole's long gone.

YVETTE

Ew. What's that smell?

She begins opening cabinets, looking for the source of it.

DESTEFANO

(uncomfortable) Who gives a shit?  
We struck out. Let's just go.

TJ

So says ace cop Vincent Destefano.  
For a perp, there must be no better  
feeling in the world than to know  
Sergeant Destefano is hot on your  
trail!

DESTEFANO

Very funny, baby legs. And chances  
of catching this guy were fuckin'  
remote to begin with. It's a  
second attempt on a Mexican.

MORALES

(offended) What does that mean?

DESTEFANO

No offense to your species, but  
Mexicans have no ties in the  
states. Soon as they know we're  
looking, they disappear.

TJ

No cop's ever seen the same Mexican  
twice. This guy's in Alabama now,  
scrubbing pots at a Chili's.

YVETTE

You may not have got your bonus, D,  
but I see some lovely free things  
for your nursery --

She smiles and rests her hand on a filthy, broken playpen in  
the corner -- startling the hissing RABID RACCOON inside.  
She SCREAMS as it springs!

Panic as the detectives scramble. Destefano leaps onto a  
chair as Morales pulls his weapon and, tripping backwards,  
wildly fires a shot as the animal crosses in front of  
Destefano --

There's a RINGING SOUND as Destefano drops.

BLACKNESS. Then --

CLOSE ON Destefano as he opens his eyes, laying on the shitty  
linoleum floor, staring up at a water stain on the ceiling.

CARLOS (O.S.)

You okay?

Destefano looks over to see Carlos standing there in his  
sheet, crumbs on his face.

DESTEFANO

What the fuck are you doing here?  
How'd you slip your cuffs?

CARLOS

Don't worry about that. I wanna  
talk to you about something  
important. You don't really want  
this baby, do you?

Destefano sits up.

DESTEFANO

Hang on -- did that retard shoot me  
in the fuckin' head? Am I fuckin'  
dead now 'cause of that retard?!

CARLOS

We'll come back to that. Let me ask you something -- how many times you cheat on your wife? And don't lie, 'cause I know.

Destefano stares at him, then --

DESTEFANO

Enough, I guess.

CARLOS

Four times. Shame fades, but it doesn't go away, does it? (leans down) You drink too much, too. You won't admit it, 'cause you don't want to stop, but you know it's true. And who were you jerking off to in the shower this morning?

Destefano doesn't answer.

CARLOS

Connie Chung, right?

DESTEFANO

Well, a *younger* Connie Chung. (shrugs) It's a childhood thing.

CARLOS

Don't equivocate. Truth is, you're a fat, drunk Connie Chung jerkin' cheater. If you died now -- and I'm not saying you *did* -- but *if* you did you'd be forgotten in a week.

DESTEFANO

So you're sayin' I should have a kid to protect my legacy?

CARLOS

Wow, you got *that* from *that*? Hold on --

He reaches under the sheet and scratches his balls.

CARLOS

Sorry. Crabs. Anyway, that was a very optimistic reading of your situation. The other way to look at it is, do you really think you're so wonderful the world needs two of you?

That lands hard.

DESTEFANO

Jesus, two of me...

CARLOS

Food for thought. You don't have to make any decisions now. And, by the way, no, you're not dead.

CUT TO:

CLOSE ON Destefano as his eyes open. There's a cut on his ear. The cops kneel around him. Carlos is nowhere in sight.

YVETTE

You okay?

DESTEFANO

(touches blood on ear) Did that retard shoot me in the head?

TJ

No, your fat ass broke the chair and you fell.

MORALES

I gotta say I'm a little offended you'd think I'd shoot you in the head. I got mad *skills*.

YVETTE

Just not against raccoons. You'd have come closer to hittin' it if you'd *thrown* your gun at it.

MORALES

Why you so all cold to me? I thought all cops were family.

YVETTE

The *van* is family. You're a fuckin' stranger. (to Destefano) You wanna get checked out at the hospital?

Destefano sits up, weary, beaten --

DESTEFANO

No. Let's just go. Let's just go grab the next fuckin' body already.

EXT. ANOTHER APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The van pulls up alongside the building.

INT. BXWS VAN - DAY

Destefano looks at TJ's warrant.

DESTEFANO

Guy's wanted for assault. He lives with his mom, so bring the thing.

YVETTE

The big thing, the plastic thing or the other thing?

DESTEFANO

The big thing.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON a homemade metal battering ram that says: "BXWS 4749 The Greatest Detectives In the World". TJ holds it as the group walks up to the front door. From inside, we hear the sound of a TV. Destefano listens carefully --

DESTEFANO

We're in luck. Golden Girls is on, which can only mean one thing --

MORALES

He likes rubbing one out to seventy year old broads?

DESTEFANO

No, dumbass. Mom's home. Watch and learn.

Destefano BANGS on the door.

DESTEFANO

Police! We have a warrant!

The TV abruptly turns OFF, but no one answers. The cops glance at each other -- stupid perp.

DESTEFANO

My man, don't make us break down this door unless you want your mom exposed to every meth-head and sex offender in the South Bronx.

Destefano drops the battering ram on the concrete outside the door. He waits a moment to let the SOUND resonate. Finally:

EDDIE (O.S.)

Wait -- don't bust it.

The door opens to reveal EDDIE, a heavily muscled white guy, unshaven. Behind him is his MOM, late 60's, thin and frail.

DESTEFANO

Good call, my man. *Now do not make me run.* This's been a shitty day and it's only gettin' shittier so --

YVETTE

-- Jesus, why you gotta turn every arrest into a therapy session. Just cuff the guy already!

Destefano SIGHS, then turns and cuffs the guy. As he does, he smiles at the guy's MOM.

DESTEFANO

Don't worry, we're gonna take good care of him for you, okay?

MOM

I hope he gets raped by Ukranians.

They all stare at her.

INT. VAN - DAY

Carlos and Eddie are now cuffed in the back of the van.

YVETTE

Jesus Christ. I mean, what mom *wishes* that?

TJ

See, that's what I'm *talkin'* about. I bet, back in the day, she was some hot piece of ass who just wanted to make her man happy, then she pops out Eddie, here, and her body goes to hell and the marriage disintegrates and, thirty years later, she looks at the kid that got her into this shitty-ass state to begin with and wishes he was being raped by Ukranians. It's... unavoidable.

Eddie leans forward.

EDDIE

Actually, she's just mad I pawned  
her walker.

Suddenly, Destefano's phone BUZZES. As he checks an IM:

MORALES

It's almost 2:30. Gotta pick up my  
perp. The meet's all set.

DESTEFANO

(looking up) Can you drop me at my  
place on the way? I gotta do a  
thing.

TJ

What thing?

DESTEFANO

(evasive) Nothing. Just a thing.

TJ

He's blushing!

YVETTE

Why you blushing?

DESTEFANO

Nothing, Jesus.

TJ

(realizing) Oh, shit! You're gonna  
give the old lady a few inches,  
aren't you?

YVETTE

A very few.

DESTEFANO

How the fuck would you know? And,  
yeah, she says something down there  
is the right temperature for makin'  
a kid...

MORALES

Swampy?

DESTEFANO

No, not fuckin' swampy, asshole!  
She's just particularly fertile  
right now so I gotta -- (re:  
Yvette) Why you making that face?

Yvette looks nauseous.

YVETTE

I'm just trying to picture it. It sounds so disgusting. I mean, are you on top?

TJ

He's tryin' to get her pregnant, not murder her.

Morales and Yvette LAUGH.

DESTEFANO

(to Yvette) What the fuck are you laughing at? You're the one *told* me to get her pregnant.

YVETTE

Yeah, but now I'm *picturing* it. So you, what, just lay there like you're on a beach and she climbs on?

TJ

Yeah, and when she's done, Greenpeace shows up and rolls him back into the ocean.

They all LAUGH. Destefano tightens his jaw.

INT. DESTEFANO'S APARTMENT - DAY

Destefano enters. It's small and nicely decorated.

DESTEFANO

I'm home.

ADELE (O.S.)

(calling from bathroom) That you?

DESTEFANO

No, I'm a rapist with your husband's voice. Yeah.

ADELE (O.S.)

Listen, could you take it out and play with it real quick to get it ready before my vadge cools? I'm almost done pooping.

DESTEFANO

Sure thing, you sweet talker, you.

He unbuttons his pants and begins to stroke it.

ADELE (O.S.)  
So you get your perp?

DESTEFANO  
Missed him.

ADELE (O.S.)  
Vincent, the insurance doesn't  
cover the fertility drugs. You  
don't get these guys, we don't get  
a baby.

DESTEFANO  
You wanna let me focus here?

ADELE (O.S.)  
How much focus does it take?  
You're gettin' your dick hard, not  
decoding DNA.

Destefano SIGHS and continues.

EXT. STREET - DAY

TJ and Morales stand outside the van as Yvette stretches.

TJ  
It's almost three. Sure your  
perp's gonna show?

MORALES  
He'll show. He thinks I'm sellin'  
him half price Taylor Swift  
tickets. (re: Yvette) Man, I could  
seriously work with that ass.

TJ  
You actually attracted to her?

MORALES  
It's more like, she's just the one  
who's *around*. It's like the  
dancing bear in the circus. It's  
not that the bear's a good dancer,  
it's that it can dance at *all*.

TJ  
You get we *like* her, right?

MORALES  
Yeah. So do I. What?

Yvette rushes back --

YVETTE

Where's Destefano's warrant?

She digs through the van and fishes out Destefano's coffee stained warrant, then holds up the mug shot to compare it to a HISPANIC MAN who's getting into a car.

YVETTE

That's Destefano's Mexican, right?

TJ

Yeah, looks like. Let's grab him --

MORALES

But there's *my* guy --

Morales points. A BIG BLACK MAN is walking up the street.

YVETTE

New guy's get their bodies last.

MORALES

But he's right there!

TJ

Come on, the Mexican's getting away!

Morales's guy spots him with Yvette and TJ, sees the commotion they're causing, starts to get spooked. He turns and begins hustling off --

MORALES

I'm *losin'* him.

YVETTE

You want him, go chase him.

MORALES

I got a busted ankle!

TJ

Yeah, 'cause you're an idiot.

They all pile into the van and take off after the car with the Mexican in it as Morales's guy escapes.

INT. DESTEFANO'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - DAY

Destefano lays on the bed as his wife, Adele, late-30's, pretty but with some mileage, rides him during sex.

ADELE

So how's the diet coming?

DESTEFANO

Good. No bread today.

ADELE

Good boy. You know what Dr. Ramirez said -- the more pounds you pack on, the more dead sperm you have in your pouch. Think about that next time you're staring at a slice. (then) You feel like you're getting close?

DESTEFANO

I was. "Dead sperm" really took the lead outta the pencil.

Adele notices the cut on Destefano's ear from his fall.

ADELE

What's this?

DESTEFANO

That? Nothing. (considers, then) Hey, you really think I'm so "wonderful" there should be two of me in the world?

ADELE

You get a baby's not a clone, right? It's not like we're using your earlobe to grow a new you in a petri dish in the refrigerator.

DESTEFANO

No, I get that. It's just...

ADELE

(smiles) You're *my man*. Relax. (whispers) Come for me.

A nice moment. Destefano relaxes a little and they begin again. Suddenly, from outside, TJ CALLS UP:

TJ (O.S.)

You done up there? Blow your load and get down here. We got your Mexican for you!

ADELE

My God, they're *outside*?

DESTEFANO

Ah, Christ.

EXT. STREET - DAY

TJ shouts up to the window.

TJ

C'mon, already! I wanna drop these guys at the station!

MORALES

And you owe me! Gettin' your stupid Mexican cost me my guy!

YVETTE

You two oughta' shut up. You're puttin' too much pressure on him. He's sensitive.

DESTEFANO (O.S.)

Hey!

They look up to see Destefano, shirtless, leaning out of the window.

DESTEFANO

What the hell are you doin'?

YVETTE

Um, could you please put a shirt on? I'm gettin' a kind of a pukey feelin'...

She waves her hand in front of her face, fainty, as Adele joins Destefano in the window.

ADELE

Thanks a lot, guys. Because of you, he couldn't finish. It's a tricky balancing act with him.

DESTEFANO

Jesus, Adele.

YVETTE

I told them not to, Mrs. Destefano. I figure it's bad enough what you gotta let him do to you in order to have a baby.

ADELE

I know, right!

DESTEFANO

Hey, I'm not exactly Quasimodo...

ADELE

You know I don't mean it in that way, Vincent.

She throws a glance down to Yvette and nods: *Yes I do.*

YVETTE

You want us to send him home early  
so he can try again?

ADELE

(nods) Thanks, Yvette. And,  
remember, don't let him eat bread.  
The doctor says all this fat is  
killin' his sperm.

YVETTE

I'm keepin' an eye. And I like  
your hair like that. It's pretty.

ADELE

You like it? Thanks. I just got  
it done. (to Destefano) Why don't  
you ever tell me it's pretty?

He glares at her.

ADELE

What?

INT. BXWS VAN - DAY

Destefano sits in the passenger seat in a terrible mood.

MORALES

It's too bad you couldn't bust your  
nut. I got excellent control over  
that function. There could be a  
martian invasion and I could still  
finish my business. By the way, if  
your lady sticks her pinkie in your  
ass when you come, you'll have a  
boy, guaranteed. That's just a --

DESTEFANO

Will you shut up? Will you just  
shut up? Will you ever *shut the  
fuck up?*!

MORALES

Jesus. Mr. Testy. Eat a carb.

YVETTE

(to Destefano) So you glad we  
grabbed your Mexican for you?

DESTEFANO

I am. Thank you.

Destefano looks at the guy they grabbed --

DESTEFANO  
That's not my Mexican.

TJ  
*What?*

DESTEFANO  
My guy's got a demon tattoo on his neck.

MORALES  
You mean I lost my guy so you could get the *wrong* guy?! Unbelievable.

EXT. BXWS VAN - DAY

The van pulls over, the side door opens and the Mexican perp is thrown out. Seconds later, the van takes off.

EXT. BXWS STATION HOUSE - DAY - EST.

A brown building in the heart of the Bronx.

INT. BXWS STATION HOUSE - SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Carlos (still covered in a sheet) and Eddie sit on broken folding chairs cuffed to a bar on the wall.

Captain Salerno, now dressed and showing no signs of his awful morning, walks past them and up to Destefano's desk with a couple slices of pizza on a paper plate.

CAPTAIN SALERNO  
Heard you cuffed a guy's balls today. IAB's going batshit.

DESTEFANO  
It was kinda funny to see.

CAPTAIN SALERNO  
(smiles) Yeah. I bet. (then)  
Anyway, you give me grief, I give you some. (hands him a warrant) I want this guy tomorrow.

DESTEFANO  
(looking at it) Oh, come on. I know this guy. He's a shitter. Gonna stink up the whole van!

CAPTAIN SALERNO

(snaps) Not everyone can control every bodily function every minute of every day! (then) Sorry. Rough night. So you wanna grab a drink at the Starlite?

DESTEFANO

Maybe you oughta' give the Starlite a break for a while. And I can't. Promised the wife I'd do a thing.

CAPTAIN SALERNO

Wives. Spend all day gettin' their nails done then divorce you, take your money and leave you sleeping in a shithole like this. (then) Anyway. Want a slice?

He offers Destefano some pizza.

DESTEFANO

No, thanks. Doc says I gotta drop a few pounds so we can have a kid. (then) You have kids, right?

CAPTAIN SALERNO

(nods) A boy, fourteen. He's got my smile. Great thing about kids is, they're not *ruined* yet. One time, when he was just a baby, I remember looking into his eyes and, I swear, I saw all his tomorrows stretched out ahead of him. Took my breath away, truly. I mean, me - - hell, I'm *finished*. But him? I remember thinking this kid can be *anything he wants*. This beautiful baby boy is my life, my legacy. I'll live on through *him*.

Destefano is deeply moved by the Captain. Inspired even.

DESTEFANO

Jesus. That's *amazing*.

CAPTAIN SALERNO

Not really 'cause he turned out to be a fuckin' cunt. Burnt my apartment down with a road flare. If I ever see him again, I'll take a hatchet to him. You want my advice about kids? Here it is: *eat the pizza*.

He tosses the pizza on Destefano's desk then walks off. Destefano, stung, depressed, stares at it when he hears --

MORALES (O.S.)

This is my baby girl, Ruby.

He glances over to see Morales showing off his infant daughter to Yvette and TJ as his baby mama, REGINA, looks on.

YVETTE

She's so *beautiful*...

MORALES

She's sick. That's why Regina brought her over, 'cause I got a special technique.

Morales puts his mouth over the baby's nose, loudly sucks out the snot, then spits it into the wastebasket.

YVETTE

Holy fuckin' Christ!

TJ

Aw, hell no!

MORALES

What? That's how you clean them out. It's *natural*.

TJ

(to Yvette) I hope that kid never gets constipated.

The baby starts CRYING. It fills Destefano's head like a scream.

His phone BUZZES. He looks down to see an IM from Adele:

*"Vadge is rdy. Hurry home. DON'T EAT BREAD!"*

As the baby continues to WAIL, he turns back to the slice of pizza the Captain left on his desk. He stares at it a long time; tired, defeated. Finally, as the infant's SHRIEKS echo off the station walls, he picks it up, SIGHS HEAVILY and takes a huge fucking bite...

**END OF SHOW**