

REAGAN'S LAW

PILOT

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REAGAN'S LAW

TEASER

FADE IN:

Faint strains of MUSIC as, on a bright Autumn morning in New York City, we visit four generations of THE REAGAN FAMILY getting ready for what is clearly a special day.

In BAY RIDGE, BROOKLYN, in a fine old house, in a bedroom fixed in time five years ago when the woman of the house died, widower MICHAEL REAGAN, a vibrant 50-something, buttons his crisp white shirt as he heads into the hall, stopping a few doors down to find his father, PATRICK REAGAN, late 70's, also in shirtsleeves, buffing his dress shoes.

MICHAEL

Boat leaves in ten minutes, Dad.

PATRICK

I've never been late in my life.

Michael heads back to his room, while...

Notes of MUSIC are heard again as, in an apartment elsewhere in Bay Ridge, ERIN REAGAN-BOYLE, 35, in tailored suit and heels, is gathering case folders off her unmade bed when daughter NICKY, a precocious 14, enters, skirt way too short.

NICKY

I can't find my Ipod.

ERIN

Kitchen. And the skirt?

Meaning: no way. Nicky goes as Erin slips case folders into her briefcase and we see the official seal they bear: OFFICE OF THE NEW YORK CITY DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

Darkness, then light as a door is opened and we find ourselves in a closet in STATEN ISLAND into which steps BRIAN REAGAN, 37, a burdened man in a rumpled suit. He opens a small safe and CAMERA MOVES IN on its contents: a watch, a few medals and finally a lapel pin in the shape of a knight, enameled in dark blue. Brian reaches in and pulls out a police service revolver, is slipping it into the holster beneath his jacket when his wife LINDA comes to the bedroom door with SEAN, 6, and JACK, 9, in tow.

LINDA

Brian? Honey? You know the Verranzano at this hour...

BRIAN

So let's roll.

As Brian puts a smile on his face and heads out after them...

We return to Michael Reagan, now in the jacket of the dress uniform of the NYPD, checking himself in the mirror: a handsome man with an offhand confidence and a chest full of medals. He straightens his tie, adjusts his cuffs, is about to leave when the array of photos on the bureau stops him.

Our gaze moves with his to a family portrait with everyone we've met and a few we haven't: a younger Erin (she was a serious girl then and she's a serious girl now); one with Brian, Linda and the kids, and another of Michael with his arm around his beautiful wife, Mary Margaret. Michael's hand comes briefly to rest atop the photo, then moves to one of a good-looking young man in an NYPD uniform, his middle son Joe, who died in the line of duty at 32, a year ago. Michael spends a moment with the photo, then sets it down and picks up the next, this one bringing a smile to his face and we hear the MUSIC again, the tune becoming familiar, as...

C.U. PHOTO: JAMIE REAGAN, Michael's youngest son in cap and gown graduating from Harvard. Now the photo comes magically to life, the face ages to 27 and the mortar morphs into the cap of a New York City police officer checking his gig-line in the mirror of a chic PARK SLOPE bedroom. Now we see as well a beautiful young woman in a sexy bustier and panties, hands behind her back, step into view behind Jamie's reflection, his fiancée SYDNEY EVERSOLE, 26.

SYDNEY

'scuse me, officer, aren't you forgetting something?

He looks at her quizzically. She smiles and brings out a pair of handcuffs. They smile at each other in the mirror and CAMERA MOVES IN on Jamie as he goes serious and adjusts his cap and now the MUSIC kicks in for real and we realize that all along it's been the opening bars of "New York, New York," which we now hear Frank Sinatra begin to sing...

SONG

"Start spreading the news/I'm
leaving today./I want to be a part
of it/New York, New York..."

Now other SOUNDS rise, MARCHING FEET and deafening CHEERS and APPLAUSE as Jamie's reflection morphs into one MARCHING FORWARD into...

...MADISON SQUARE GARDEN. And we see that he is one of a thousand and one new police recruits, a sea of blue, surging onto the floor from gates beneath the stands, an awesome show of power and youthful optimism both...

SONG (CONT'D)

"I want to wake up/In a city that
never sleeps/And be king of the
hill/Top of the heap..."

...as they enter and fill the aisles and file into row after row of seats on the Garden floor, friends and family in the stands go nuts, CHEERING and APPLAUDING, hundreds of cameras FLASHING like fireflies, the crowd's ROAR all but drowning out the music the cadets march to, whose sentiment gives voice to the feeling in their hearts and the swagger in their step until they stop at attention at their seats...

SONG (CONT'D)

"If I can make it there/I'll make
it anywhere/It's up to you/New
York, New York!"

SONG ENDS and at a signal, the cadets SIT in unison. The vast room quiets, all settle and the new policemen lift their faces to listen to an orator on the echoing loudspeakers.

ORATOR (V.O.)

It is with profound praise and
gratitude that we welcome you new
recruits here today...

PAN ACROSS the rapt faces, resting on Jamie, proudest of all.

ORATOR (V.O.)

...proud that you have answered the
call to service and today join the
ranks of New York's finest.

ON THE DAIS, we see that the orator is in fact Michael Reagan, Chief of Police, on the Jumbotron above him in lights the NYPD shield and its motto, "Fidelis ad Mortem," faithful unto death. Ranged on the stage behind Michael are city officials and brass, among them Patrick Reagan in dress uniform, like his son Michael, decorated to the max.

MICHAEL REAGAN

You have earned the distinction of
being the best trained and best
prepared police officers in the
world, ready to serve and protect
the most vibrant city in the
world...

INTERCUT AS NEEDED - A BRONX STREET

Where Catholic school lets out and TERESA CAMPOS, 9, in her plaid uniform, knee sox and little backpack, peels from her friends and heads home past the corner bodega, the *panaderia*, the *KFC* in her modest, working class neighborhood.

MICHAEL REAGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...in one of the most demanding policing environments anyplace, anywhere. To whom every day brings the responsibility of keeping all New Yorkers safe from crime and the threat of terrorism. And though the city is on the very cutting edge of technology, nothing replaces your eyes and ears on the street...

Teresa continues down the sidewalk, but we lose sight of her when she goes behind a parked WHITE VAN. She does not reappear on the other side.

MICHAEL REAGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and we remain safe because of the hard work and dedication of the men and women of the New York City Police Department. Congratulations to your families, your friends...

CAMERA WHIPS AROUND to the curb side of the van in time to see

C.U.: A gloved hand over the girl's mouth, her frightened eyes as she struggles mightily and the van door pulls shut.

MICHAEL REAGAN (V.O.) (CONT'D)

...and congratulations to you, our new New York City police officers!

As the van careens away, we HEAR the academy graduation's LOUD ROAR of CHEERS and APPLAUSE, and now SEE, SUPERIMPOSED, in SLO MO, a blizzard of white gloves as they're tossed into the air by the cadets and float like fat snowflakes slowly down.

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONCOURSE - DAY

Michael ushers Patrick, on his cane, through throngs of people pressing towards the bright doorways leading outside.

MICHAEL

You okay in all this, Pop?

PATRICK

I'm not an invalid, I had a hip replacement.

As they move forward, many people nod and make way, some snapping a little salute, saying, "Chief" to one or the other of the two Reagan men, Patrick drawing an older crowd. Patrick raises his chin to one such man --

PATRICK (CONT'D)

How you doing, Billy? Sorry to hear about Louise.

They push through the doors to --

EXT. MADISON SQUARE GARDEN - CONTINUOUS

Euphoria outside where crisp morning has become golden afternoon. Newly-minted police officers are surrounded, backs are slapped, hugs and kisses abound.

PATRICK

How the hell are we gonna find anybody in this mess?

Erin steps out of the crowd and waves to Michael.

ERIN

Dad! Over here!

By Erin's side, Patrick spies Nicky, plugged into her iPod, impervious.

PATRICK

She leave the rest of that dress at home?

ERIN

And this is an improvement.

They now reach Brian, Linda and the boys gathered there on the sidewalk with Jamie and Sydney, now dressed in a tasteful business suit. Michael rests his hand on Jamie's shoulder.

MICHAEL

I'm so proud of you, Jamie.

JAMIE

Thanks, Dad.

BRIAN

Good thing Mom's dead, it'd kill her, you quitting the law and becoming a cop.

LINDA

Brian!

BRIAN

Well, it's true, the golden boy was supposed to be on a fast track all the way to Washington. Now look at him, a boot in a suit.

JAMIE

Don't bust my chops, Brian.

ERIN

Anyway, we still have a lawyer in the family. Me?

BRIAN

And we're proud of you, Sis. Really.

Erin gives him a playful shove.

LINDA

We'd have another one if these two would set a date.

Meaning Jamie and Sydney, who doesn't skip a beat.

SYDNEY

And spoil all the fun?

JAMIE

We've got enough going on right now with me changing careers.

Under which, a crusty OLD RETIRED COP comes up.

OLD RETIRED COP
Nice speech, Mikey. But here's the
guy who could raise the rafters.
Isn't that right, Pat?

He claps Patrick on the back.

PATRICK
Callahan, you old fart.

JACK
Mom, did he say "fart?"

OLD RETIRED COP
You'll be a fine chief, Mikey, like
your old man here. Just don't let
them play politics with you like
they did with him. And that bum
they replaced him with. It was a
damn shame, Pat. Everybody thinks
so.

Callahan moves off.

PATRICK
He was a horse's ass then and he's
a horse's ass now.

Everyone laughs except Linda, who doesn't like the blue
language. Under which, MARIA ROMANO, a pretty new recruit in
uniform, comes up to Jamie.

MARIA
Hey, Reagan, we made it!
(to Michael)
Congratulations, Chief Reagan.

JAMIE
Dad, this is Officer Romano.

MICHAEL
I know who she is. First woman
recruit to win the sharpshooter
medal. Well done.

MARIA
Thank you, sir. Just wanted to say
hello. -- You must be Sydney,
right?

SYDNEY
Congratulations.

MARIA

Thanks.

Sydney now on the alert: who is this anyway? Maria smiles at her, sizing her up, giving nothing. Then, to Jamie --

MARIA (CONT'D)

See you around, Reagan.

Maria goes. Jamie feels caught somehow.

JAMIE

She won the sharpshooter medal.

SYDNEY

Your father said.

MICHAEL

Well, the gang's all here, we should be getting over to O'Dells.

SYDNEY

Sorry but second-year associates don't get lunch. I'm lucky they let me out for this. It was amazing.

JAMIE

I'll get you a cab.

SYDNEY

Subway's quicker. Stay with your family. Bye everybody.

She gives Jamie a smooch and goes.

ERIN

She seems to be handling this pretty well, you being a cop.

Under which, Brian's cell rings and he moves off to answer.

LINDA

Can't be easy after watching you bury your brother.

MICHAEL

Joe died doing what he loved to do, Linda. Being a policeman.

Quiet settles on the family as always at the mention of Joe. And the spectre of cop-death. Now SONNY MALEVSKI, 37, comes up, Brioni suit, Rolex watch.

SONNY

Jeez, kid, in those blues, you look just like your brother Joe.

JAMIE

Thanks, we were just talking about him.

SONNY

Awful. I'm Sonny Malevsky. Joe was up in the 77th with us.

Brian returns, shutting his phone, not happy to see Sonny.

BRIAN

Sonny, what are you doing here?

SONNY

Hello to you too.

JAMIE

Your nephew was in my class, right?

SONNY

Anyway, I was just leaving. -- Be careful out there, kid.

Sonny moves off.

PATRICK

Quite the peacock, your friend.

BRIAN

Friend? I wouldn't say that.

(to Jamie)

Anyway, sorry, bro, but I'll have to buy you that beer later. We've got a missing kid.

MICHAEL

Missing... where?

BRIAN

The Bronx. My partner's around here somewhere.

(to Linda)

Sorry. I'll call you later.

An unmarked Crown Vic pulls up, DEMARCUS KING, an African American ex-jock, mid-30's, at the wheel. He leans over and waves to everyone as Brian heads to the car. Michael and Patrick look after, maybe a little wistful, remembering their days on the front lines.

JACK
Grandpa, can I ride up front with
the driver?

MICHAEL
You bet.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWN VIC - SAME TIME

As Brian gets in and settles...

BRIAN
Little girl, I don't like the sound
of it.

DEMARCUS
Glass half empty much? She could
turn up at a friend's house.

BRIAN
Then why'd they call us?

Demarcus pulls out into traffic and they take off.

EXT. BRONX STREET - DAY

The bodega, the *panaderia*, the KFC. An already active crime scene where the little girl went missing: police cars, CID with gloves and crime kits, cops with notebooks, interviewing onlookers, some of whom record the scene on cell phones and digital devices. MR. and MRS. CAMPOS, parents of the missing child, Hispanic, 30's, huddle together on a stoop, a female officer with them. Brian and Demarcus pull up and head in as a uniformed supervisor LIEUTENANT MANNATO comes to meet them.

DEMARCUS
Smile for the cameras, Brian.

BRIAN
(through a clenched smile,
to Mannato)
So what have we got?

As they walk into the scene, Mannato fills them in.

LT. MANNATO

Nine-year-old girl, Teresa Campos, didn't come home from school -- St. Agnes up the block -- and the mother there got worried and went looking for her and the bodega owner told her he saw a couple young boys grab a pink backpack from the gutter here and run off with it.

DEMARCUS

The backpack hers?

BRIAN

(off Lt's nod)
We find the kids?

LT. MANNATO

Not yet.

BRIAN

Anybody see anything else?

They arrive at an officer in latex gloves with a life-like baby doll in diapers that he's collected for evidence.

LT. MANNATO

This doll was found near where the backpack was. One of those ones you press it and it talks.

He nods to the officer, who squeezes the doll.

MECHANICAL DOLL

Change me! I'm wet!

The eerie doll voice briefly unsettles them.

LT. MANNATO

Anyway, the mother said she'd never seen it before.

BRIAN

Book it, put prints and serology on it. Get an Amber Alert out right away and a canine unit here asap. Clear all the apartment dumpsters, mailboxes in the area, also the drains and sewers. Just don't let them see what you're doing.

Meaning the parents. Brian and Demarcus head for them.

DEMARCUS

Know that feeling you had? I'm getting it too.

They reach the parents on the stoop. Brian nods to the officer with them, who moves away.

BRIAN

Mr. and Mrs. Campos, I'm Detective Reagan and this is Detective King. We understand your daughter didn't come home from school and we need to ask you a few questions.

MR. CAMPOS

She always comes home. She comes home every day. She knows her mother worries.

MRS. CAMPOS

(through tears)
She's a good girl!

DEMARCUS

I'm sure she is. I know how difficult this must be for you.

BRIAN

Any chance she might have run away? You had a fight? Or maybe an ex-husband may have taken her...?

MRS. CAMPOS

Pablo is her father! There was no fight! Where is she? You have to find her!

DEMARCUS

The more you tell us, the more we can help. Do you have any family in the area?

Under which, Lt. Mannato has come up to Brian.

LT. MANNATO

Detective? I talk to you?

Demarcus stays behind as we move off with Brian and Mannato.

LT. MANNATO (CONT'D)

Woman there saw a white van pull away from the curb here really crazy.

BRIAN

White van in New York City? That narrows it down.

LT. MANNATO

Yeah, I know. She didn't get the plates either, but she said it had a cracked back window.

BRIAN

Put an APB on the van, maybe we'll get lucky. Because this isn't a simple custodial dispute and it sure ain't for ransom.

Brian returns to Demarcus and Teresa's parents, shakes his head when Demarcus looks at him to see if he got a lead.

DEMARCUS

Reagan, we've got another problem. The girl is diabetic. She needs insulin every 24 hours. And if she doesn't get it...

All know what he means. Mrs. Campos grabs Brian's arm.

MRS. CAMPOS

My baby! Please, please help us!!!!

On this tableau...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PLAZA HQ - CHIEF'S OFFICE - THURSDAY NIGHT

On the wall a bank of security monitors surveil the city: Times Square, West Side Highway.... Tie loosened, Michael's at his desk dialing his phone as an Aide comes in to retrieve files from the out-box at Michael's nod.

MICHAEL

(on phone)
So what's going on?

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - SAME TIME

Place is buzzing with cops and hookers, drunks, petty crooks, but the main buzz is the cackle of the police radio and phones ringing off the hook on the missing girl's tip line, manned by a special task force headed up by Brian and Demarcus, both of them now on their phones.

BRIAN

I won't be watching the Knicks game tonight.

INTERCUT

MICHAEL

Long as you know you've got all the resources you need.

BRIAN

'ppreciate it, Chief. I'll keep you posted.

Brian and Demarcus each hang up their phones.

DEMARCUS

What's up?

BRIAN

I think that was a motivational call from my old man.

(of Demarcus's phone call)

That anything?

DEMARCUS

A white van with a little girl in Astoria, but it was just an Asian family. And I got more bad news. The little girl's sketchy uncle has an airtight alibi. The dude's locked up on Rikers Island for petty larceny.

Brian goes to a pin-board where Teresa's picture is posted along with two columns, one "suspects cleared," and one "possibles." He moves a "possible" to "cleared."

BRIAN

And I had such high hopes for him.

A PROFESSOR comes in, tweeds, bookbag.

PROFESSOR

Excuse me! My name is Professor Robert Jordan! I know where the missing little girl is!

(all eyes on him now)

She's been transferred to Earth's sister planet in the Andromeda Galaxy as of 22 hundred hours according to my last communique!

Laughter as a COP comes to usher him out.

COP

We'll launch a rocket to check that out, sir.

More laughter, but the mood quickly sinks.

BRIAN

I keep thinking about that little girl. How terrified she must be.

DEMARCUS

Looks like it could be a long night.

BRIAN

Better let the wife know I'll be bedding down here...

On Brian as he picks up his phone ...

CUT TO:

EXT. IRAQ DESERT - CHECKPOINT OUTSIDE BAGHDAD - DAY

Oppressive HEAT and GLARE. U.S. soldiers in desert fatigues guard a gate, a long line of cars shimmering into the distance as soldiers check under cars examine papers.

Suddenly, a car down the line pulls out and speeds towards the checkpoint. A few soldiers signal the car to halt. It stops for a moment. Then starts towards them again.

Warning shots are fired into the air. But the car continues forward. We see now that one of the soldiers is Brian, a captain. Caught now in a horrible moment of split-second decision, Brian lifts his M-15 and fires repeatedly at the car which now KAROOMS into a ditch. Dust rises and starts to settle as soldiers run up.

Inside is a family, an IRAQI MOTHER and Father crying, both miraculously alive. But the mother cradles a bloody, lifeless Boy, 4, clutching a teddy bear.

IRAQI MOTHER

My boy was sick! We were trying to get to the hospital!

On Brian's anguish...

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S BREAK ROOM - PRE-DAWN - FRIDAY MORNING

Asleep on the couch, Brian's eyes slam open. He sits up and tries to shake his recurrent nightmare. It takes a moment for him to know where he is. Then a thought dawns.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian hurries in. Clock says three, a skeleton crew here now. And Demarcus, shirtsleeves rolled up, take-out detritus on his (and Brian's) desk, finishing a phone call.

DEMARCUS

We do appreciate the call, Ma'am.
(hanging up, to Brian)
Another nothing. You sleep?

BRIAN

We need the doll.

Brian heads for the evidence lockers. Demarcus catches up.

DEMARCUS

Why? The lab didn't get anything off it. No prints, no DNA.

BRIAN

Well, that's just it. If it belonged to some other little girl, why not? Why was it so clean?

DEMARCUS

(seeing it)
Because the creep used it as bait to lure the girl in.

Brian opens the evidence locker.

BRIAN

Must be a label or stamp on here. We see who makes it and where they sell it, maybe this talking doll can tell us something.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - LATER

Brian and Demarcus at Brian's desk with the doll, Brian on the phone, on hold.

BRIAN

Had to be made in China, right?
They're looking for someone who
speaks English.

DEMARCUS

What is it, tomorrow there? Or
yesterday?

BRIAN

(into phone)

Yeah, Detective Reagan, New York
Police. Your Dolly Change Me doll,
I need you to tell me where it's
sold in the Eastern United States.

(then, stopped cold)

What? Are you sure?

(then)

Ma'am, I need to know the names and
addresses of anyone who had access
to one of these dolls. No, I don't
have time for you to call me back.
Put me on hold, I'll wait.

(then, to Demarcus)

We just hit pay-dirt. The doll's a
prototype, it's not even for sale
yet. The haystack just got
smaller.

On Brian and Demarcus, with new hope...

FADE OUT:

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. UNMARKED CROWN-VIC - MOVING - EARLY FRIDAY MORNING

Through East Village alphabet streets. Demarcus at the wheel, Brian on his cell as they pull up to a dingy tenement.

BRIAN

Okay, thanks --

(closes cell)

-- for nothing. They found the U.N. delegate that had one of the three sample dolls, but she's been in Shanghai for the past week.

DEMARCUS

Looks like doll number two's a real urban pioneer.

BRIAN

Rats in Staten Island live better than this.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST VILLAGE - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Demarcus go to the basement door and position themselves on either side, hands inside their jackets on their guns. Demarcus knocks. Then, from within --

MAN'S VOICE

Who is it?

DEMARCUS

New York City Police. Please open the door, sir.

The door opens a crack to reveal SPENCER FRYE, a sallow 30, in flannel pajama bottoms.

BRIAN

Spencer Frye?

SPENCER FRYE

Yeah...?

BRIAN

Step aside please.

CUT TO:

INT. BASEMENT TENEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Demarcus enter the dank little place, bed unmade, dishes piled in the sink. As their eyes adjust and Demarcus moves off to search --

BRIAN

This is all the rooms?

SPENCER FRYE

What are you doing? You can't just barge in here.

Under which, we and the detectives take in the weird scene, every surface holding dolls of all description.

DEMARCUS

Man.

BRIAN

Okay, where is it?

SPENCER FRYE

What?

BRIAN

The sample doll. We know you got one.

SPENCER FRYE

What doll?

BRIAN

Don't get cute.

DEMARCUS

Reagan!

Brian turns to see Demarcus holding up a doll in diapers.

DEMARCUS (CONT'D)

The doll.

SPENCER FRYE

You can't take that! I'm not done with it yet!

DEMARCUS

Be my guest.

Demarcus tosses Frye the doll.

BRIAN
Aren't you a little old to be
playing with dolls?

SPENCER FRYE
I'm a reviewer for Doll World
Magazine.

Frye examines the doll for damage as, shaking his head, Brian
heads out with Demarcus.

SPENCER FRYE (CONT'D)
Y'know, you're not supposed to bust
into people's places without a
warrant! I'm gonna sue!

BRIAN
Then get in line.

CUT TO:

EXT. EAST VILLAGE TENEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Demarcus come out, Brian answering his cell.

BRIAN
Reagan.
(then)
Huh. Okay, good. Put out an all
points, but keep digging.

DEMARCUS
Doll number three? The sales rep?

BRIAN
They found a Florida driver's
license so at least now we have a
picture of the guy and prints.

DEMARCUS
Florida? Nothing up here but his
P.O. box?

BRIAN
And we're running out of time.

CUT TO:

EXT. ONE POLICE PLAZA - DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - FRIDAY

Michael Reagan stands at a clutch of microphones before local
media gathered on the steps, among them an Hispanic TELEMUNDO
REPORTER, and Channel One field reporter PADMA LAHARI, 35, a
gorgeous Smartha Brahmin.

MICHAEL

Okay, a brief statement before I take questions. I want to thank the media for keeping Teresa's face before the public. Our task force has followed up on over 500 tips and I want to I assure you that the police department will not rest until we find this little girl.

UNIVISION REPORTER

Chief Reagan, what do you say to blog allegations there's a third fewer police than on the Allie Dintenfass Amber Alert on the Upper East Side last summer?

MICHAEL

Miguel, you're a professional reporter and you wanna give credence to any amateur blogger with a laptop and an axe to grind?

PADMA LAHARI

Then what's your response to polls that show a boroughs-wide lack of faith in police by the Latino community and a slow and steady rise in crime there?

MICHAEL

Since I've been on the job, those stats are down across the board.

PADMA LAHARI

Then you're saying that the mayor's budgetary cutbacks aren't affecting the department's ability to keep all citizens of this city safe?

MICHAEL

All due respect, Miss Lahari, none of us is worried about cost today. A 9-year-old girl is missing, the clock is ticking and it's all about the recovery of Teresa. Just make sure you media people do your part and keep her face in front of the public before you run off chasing Tiger Woods' latest girlfriend.

On Padma, glaring at Michael...

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE PLAZA - ENTRY CONCOURSE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Chief Reagan comes in to see Mayor FRANK RUSSO, a balls-out 70, waiting with a couple lackeys.

MAYOR

Caught the news conference. Nice job.

MICHAEL

Thanks, Mayor.

MAYOR

You know, Mike, we gotta find this kid. Alive.

MICHAEL

We're doing everything we can.

MAYOR

That better be good enough. I hear your boy is lead detective.

MICHAEL

If you mean Detective First Grade Brian Reagan, that's right.

MAYOR

Think that's wise, Mike? Could be exposing yourself to all kinds of scrutiny if it goes south. You're popular with the public but I don't have to tell you you don't have a lot of friends in high places to back you up.

MICHAEL

Truthfully, I don't spend a lot of time worrying about that.

MAYOR

Well, maybe you should.

(goes to leave, stops)

And another thing, that bit just now on TV about since you've been chief and the crime stats decreasing? There's no future in that kind of grandstanding. Just ask your old man.

The Mayor goes. Michael looks coldly after.

CUT TO:

INT. PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - DAY

The room is its daytime beehive of activity. Demarcus works his computer. Brian hangs up the phone, discouraged.

BRIAN

There is no van in Ronald Banse's name, so if this is our guy he either stole it or bought it from a private party and didn't bother to register it.

DEMARCUS

Well, I just hit pay-dirt. The house in Tampa is deeded in the wife's maiden name, Roberta Abele.

BRIAN

Yeah and...?

DEMARCUS

She's a model citizen with a New York drivers license and an address in Lindenhurst, Long Island.

They grab their jackets and fly out of there.

CUT TO:

INT. PATROL CAR - MOVING - DAY

SGT. ANTHONY RENZULLI, 40's, drives, Jamie Reagan, shot-gun. They ride in silence, Renzulli glancing at Jamie from time to time, gauging him. Then --

SGT RENZULLI

Y'know, I was also your brother Joe's training officer when he was a new boot.

JAMIE

No, I didn't know that. No kidding?

Renzulli hangs a right.

SGT RENZULLI

Good guy, your brother.

JAMIE

Yeah, he was.

Another silence.

SGT RENZULLI
I hear you went to Harvard.

JAMIE
Law school.

SGT RENZULLI
That right? So what are you doing
on the beat? Seeing how the real
people live? Writing a book?

JAMIE
It's in the blood I suppose.

SGT RENZULLI
You know, Harvard, that's something
we're gonna have to find out.

Jamie looks out the window at the passing street.

SGT RENZULLI (CONT'D)
Terrible thing about your brother.
He was a great cop.

JAMIE
It's gonna be hard to live up to.

SGT RENZULLI
You got that right. 'cause, you
know, just 'cause your old man's
the chief I'm not going to cut you
any slack. You're going to have to
earn it just like everybody else.

In fact, Jamie's realizing it will be harder because he's a
Reagan.

SGT RENZULLI (CONT'D)
Now, your brother Brian, on the
other hand...

JAMIE
Brian's Brian.

SGT RENZULLI
Harvard, I get the last word, okay?

A beat, then the radio cackles to life with a call
indecipherable to all but them.

SGT RENZULLI (CONT'D)
That's us.

Sgt. Renzulli floors it and they take a corner really hard.
On Jamie, bracing himself --

CUT TO:

EXT. BANSE/ABELE HOUSE - LINDENHURST - DAY

Working-class. Prefab houses, trim lawns, not a human in sight. Demarcus and Brian park, head for a corner house.

DEMARCUS

I'm not seeing a white van.

They pass by the garage, Demarcus looks in. Looks back to Brian and shakes his head, signals he'll cover the back of the house from there. Brian nods, proceeds to the door, hand inside his jacket on his gun. From a position beside the door, he reaches out and rings the bell.

WOMAN'S VOICE

Who is it?

BRIAN

New York Police.

The door opens a crack. ROBERTA BANSE peers out, late-40's, a nervous woman in a housecoat and crucifix.

MRS. BANSE

Can I help you?

Brian shows his badge.

BRIAN

We're looking for Ronald Banse.
He's a sale rep for Happy Valley
Toys?

MRS. BANSE

Yes, but he's not here.

BRIAN

Where is he then?

MRS. BANSE

I don't know.

BRIAN

You're his wife, aren't you?

MRS. BANSE

We're separated and I'm divorcing
the bastard and I haven't seen him
in months. What is this about?

Demarcus comes up, intercedes more gently.

DEMARCUS

Excuse me, Ma'am, would you mind if we came in and took a look around? It's just procedure.

MRS. BANSE

Has he done something wrong? What do you want him for?

They brush by her and go inside.

CUT TO:

INT. BANSE/ABELE HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian heads to other rooms. Demarcus stays with Mrs. Banse.

DEMARCUS

He's a person of interest in a case we're investigating.

MRS. BANSE

Ronnie?

DEMARCUS

When's the last time you spoke to him, Ma'am? Do you have any idea where we could find him?

MRS. BANSE

I sent him a box of his winter clothes a couple weeks ago.

Brian comes back.

BRIAN

House is clear.

DEMARCUS

Can you tell us where you sent the clothes?

MRS. BANSE

The Lincoln Inn in Yonkers, but I don't know if he's still there.

DEMARCUS

Thank you very much.

And Brian and Demarcus are gone.

CUT TO:

EXT./INT. - CROWN VIC - MOVING - DAY

Moving fast, Brian and Demarcus pass a no-man's land of gas stations and light industry.

BRIAN

So what have we got? A couple hours?

DEMARCUS

If that. Teresa's type one diabetes. Insulin shock. My aunt died of it.

BRIAN

Up there on the right.

EXT. LINCOLN INN - YONKERS - CONTINUOUS

Flashing "vacancy," half the neon gone. The likeness of Abe too has seen better days. Demarcus and Brian whip into the lot, are out of their car, scoping the scene.

DEMARCUS

No white van.

BRIAN

Blue van.

They trot up to it. Brian takes his key and scrapes the paint: fresh, white beneath. Demarcus tries the doors, locked, on his way to check the back window.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Lousy paint job.

DEMARCUS

And the window's new.

BRIAN

Not for long.

Brian takes the butt of his gun and smashes the window, glass confetti flying. Demarcus watches for anyone running as Brian reaches in, unlocks the door and throws it open.

But no Teresa. Instead, a clean and empty hollow -- except for a few pink and white striped shopping bags.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Dammit.

DEMARCUS

What's this?

He means the shopping bags. They exchange a look, then go ahead and rip into the bags. Inside a box tied with ribbon, Demarcus finds a frilly little white dress.

DEMARCUS (CONT'D)
A communion dress?

Brian opens a small box.

BRIAN
Votive candles.
(then)
The good news is, he hasn't lit 'em yet.

They look to the motel, shut the van's door and head to the motel office.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. LINCOLN INN - YONKERS - MOMENTS LATER

A wide shot as we see the Motel Manager with Brian and Demarcus. He's pointing to a unit on the second level. Brian and Demarcus make for it.

They run up the stairs and position themselves at either side of the door, hands on their holstered weapons. Brian knocks. After a tense beat.

MAN (O.S.)
Who is it?

BRIAN
Police! Open up!

The door opens and there stands RONALD BANSE, 50, nothing special, thinning hair, thick glasses. He smiles pleasantly.

RONALD BANSE
Yes?

BRIAN
Where's the girl?

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

BRIAN
Then you don't mind if we come in.

CUT TO:

INT. LINCOLN INN - MOTEL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Brian and Demarcus come in to see a room in some disarray, drawers open and clothes hurriedly tossed into suitcases on the bed. Brian stays with Banse as Demarcus searches.

RONALD BANSE

I'd like to see your warrant.

DEMARCUS

He's packing his bags.

BRIAN

You going someplace? Where's the girl?

RONALD BANSE

What girl?

BRIAN

You made a big mistake, buddy. When you snatched the girl you left one of your samples in the gutter. A doll.

RONALD BANSE

A doll was stolen out of my van if that's what you mean. I was giving it to my niece for her first communion.

BRIAN

That why you had it painted and fixed the window?

RONALD BANSE

I don't have to talk to you. I know my rights.

BRIAN

You don't know jack.

Brian grabs Banse, roughly spins him and cuffs him.

RONALD BANSE

What are you doing? Are you arresting me?

DEMARCUS

You have the right to remain silent. Anything you say may be held against you --

RONALD BANSE

Fine, let's go downtown, my lawyer
will get me out.

(then, with a smirk)

Then maybe I will go visit my
little niece.

That does it for Brian. To Demarcus --

BRIAN

D, get out of here and call it in.

DEMARCUS

C'mon, let's take him downtown.

BRIAN

We don't have time for that.

DEMARCUS

Buddy --

BRIAN

Just get out of here, man! Call it
in!

Demarcus reluctantly goes. Banse gets desperate.

BANSE

Let me go!

BRIAN

You're gonna tell me where that
little girl is, scumbag!

Brian all but lifts him off the ground by his cuffed wrists
as he spirits him towards the bathroom.

BANSE

Ow!

BRIAN

Oh, are they on too tight?

Banse struggles hard now as Brian throws him into the

BATHROOM

Banse scrambles to get a purchase with his leather soles on
the tiles as Brian's on him and grabs him.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Where is she?

BANSE
Go to hell.

BRIAN
Me?

Brian grabs him by the hair and shoves his head in the toilet and holds it down as he flushes it until Banse begins to sputter and choke. Brian yanks his head back.

BRIAN (CONT'D)
You had enough? Where is she?

BANSE
(gasping for air)
I don't know!

Banse's screams are silenced as Brian again pushes his head deep into the bowl. This time he keeps Banse under water until Banse starts to twitch, drowning. It looks like he's about to die when Brian pulls his head up.

BRIAN
Last chance.

CUT TO:

INT. CROWN VIC - MOVING

Siren wailing, Demarcus driving like a maniac, Brian bracing himself against turns. Banse is in back, messed up, hair dripping, thrown around like a rag doll in the speeding car.

BANSE
Oh my God, I am heartily sorry for
having offended Thee --

BRIAN
Shut up.
(to Demarcus)
This storage locker we're going to,
the name he said he rented it
under? Monsignor Nicholas. Saint
Nicholas, patron saint of children.

It sickens Brian and Demarcus.

CUT TO:

EXT. REMOTE STORAGE FACILITY - FRIDAY

The Crown Vic screeches up. As Demarcus and Brian get out and sprint to one of the storage containers, we HEAR SIRENS nearing. Demarcus unlocks a container, Brian runs into --

THE CONTAINER

In the dark he can make out the little girl in the corner, bound and gagged, a shadow to us.

BRIAN

It's okay, Teresa. You're safe now.

OUTSIDE

Police cruiser, cops. Also an ambulance with EMT's and a physician. Brian emerges with Teresa in his arms, her gag pulled down, her arms around his neck.

TERESA

Where's my mama?

BRIAN

You're gonna see her real soon. These are doctors, they're going to take you to the hospital and your mama and papa will be there.
(handing her to doctor)
She needs insulin immediately.

Doctor knows, nods, and they take her to the ambulance. Brian and Demarcus watch her go.

DEMARCUS

We won one.

BRIAN

She was the easy part.

He means Banse, whom they hear yelling as they move towards the car.

BANSE

Police brutality! Torture!

On Brian, knowing he's in a world of trouble...

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - LATE FRIDAY

JUDGE INEZ ORELLANA, Hispanic, 45, opens her door to Ron Banse's Asian Public Defender, RICK LEE, 30, and Assistant D.A. Erin Reagan-Boyle.

JUDGE ORELLANA
C'mon in, take a seat.

They sit, she faces them at her desk and opens a folder.

JUDGE ORELLANA (CONT'D)
So, Mr. Lee, you have emergency motions to bring on this case? Let's hear them.

P.D. LEE
Your honor, we have here a most outrageous instance of violation of a citizen's civil rights --

ERIN
(interrupting)
A citizen who abducted, bound and gagged a nine-year-old child and stuffed her into a dark storage locker and was preparing to do God knows what to her, Your Honor.

P.D. LEE
Your Honor --

JUDGE ORELLANA
(staying him)
Mr. Lee.
(to Erin)
Let's hear Mr. Lee's motions, shall we?
(then)
But try to keep the hyperboles down, Mr. Lee.

P.D. LEE
I have three motions, Your Honor. A Mapp Motion for evidence obtained illegally.

(MORE)

P.D. LEE (CONT'D)

To wit, the officers broke into a locked van and seized material without a warrant.

ERIN

There were exigent circumstances to the van entry, Your Honor. The officers had every reason to believe that the little girl was inside.

P.D. LEE

I'm talking about the packages of clothing, Your Honor.

ERIN

The officers state the packages spilled their contents during the forced entry and search, Your Honor.

P.D. LEE

Your Honor, they were secured with ribbon, so that's impossible.

JUDGE ORELLANA

Go on.

P.D. LEE

The second motion is a Huntley, that any statements my client may have made or any physical evidence were obtained by use of excessive force and are therefore inadmissible.

JUDGE ORELLANA

That's a serious allegation.

P.D. LEE

I have photographs, Your Honor, taken at the time of arrest

He hands the Judge a sheaf of photos. She looks through.

ERIN

The officer contends that the accused was resisting arrest, Your Honor.

JUDGE ORELLANA

That how his hair got wet?

P.D. LEE

Your Honor, since all of the State's evidence is clearly inadmissible, our final motion is that the case be dismissed and Mr. Banse be immediately released from custody.

ERIN

No, Your Honor! We have a Class A felon in custody! We can't just cut him loose!

JUDGE ORELLANA

With no admissible evidence, we have no basis to hold him.

ERIN

The State pleads for more time, Your Honor.

P.D. LEE

Your Honor --

The judge holds her hand up to still them, to weigh things.

JUDGE ORELLANA

We don't want this individual on the street. But at the same time, an officer took the law into his own hands, which we cannot abide. This seems to be one of those rare instances where I actually get to be a judge.

(then)

Well... we are looking at the weekend. I'm going to schedule a hearing on this case for Monday afternoon. If the State can't marshal some legitimate evidence to indict by then, I'll have no choice but to let the accused go.

ERIN

Thank you, Your Honor.

The Judge shuts the folder. Erin and P.D. Lee get up and go.

CUT TO:

INT. COURTHOUSE HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Brian paces, clicking a pen. Erin comes out of the elevator.

BRIAN
What happened?

ERIN
What happened? It's a disaster,
that's what.

She keeps walking. He keeps up.

BRIAN
Stop with the dramatics.

She stops and faces him.

ERIN
What did you think you were doing?

BRIAN
What was I doing? Saving a little
girl's life.

ERIN
So this scumbag can go prey on some
other little girl? He's probably
going to walk 'cause you pissed all
over evidence.

BRIAN
We've got the van in custody.
SID's all over it for DNA and
fibers.

ERIN
You better hope they find
something. Or you find something.
And you have til Monday.

BRIAN
Monday?

ERIN
Because that's when they're going
to let him go. Because you crossed
the line.

BRIAN
Get off my case.

ERIN
Just make my case, how's that?

She storms off.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S BREAK ROOM - SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Brian sits at the table, dejected. Looks up to see Michael at the door, Demarcus with him. Michael is dressed casually in sports jacket and slacks.

BRIAN
You heard already?

MICHAEL
I came by to see how you were doing. Demarcus just told me. Not the best news.

They come in. Demarcus pours himself a coffee.

BRIAN
SID said the van was vacuumed and scoured with bleach. Not a fiber, not a hair.

MICHAEL
The guy really knew how to cover his tracks.

BRIAN
I really screwed up, didn't I?

Michael sits.

MICHAEL
Internal Affairs is going to have to get into it.

BRIAN
Just so you know, Demarcus had nothing to do with it.

DEMARCUS
Brian --

BRIAN
I told him to go call it in.

Michael puts his hand up to silence his son.

MICHAEL
This whole thing will go down a lot easier if you nail this guy.

BRIAN
Every lead on this case is a dead end.

MICHAEL

So... maybe you can get him on something else.

DEMARCUS

The N-Dex didn't have him for so much as a parking ticket.

BRIAN

No, he means maybe it's not his first time with this type of crime.

MICHAEL

The guy had a ritual.

BRIAN

The dress. The candles.

DEMARCUS

So we look for unsolved cases with the same M.O.

MICHAEL

It's worth a shot.

DEMARCUS

We can start with his last known in Tampa. See if he rented any storage containers.

BRIAN

Him or the monsignor. 'cause you don't wake up one day at fifty and be a pervert.

MICHAEL

That's a welcome relief.

Michael gets to his feet.

BRIAN

Thanks for the hand. I mean it.

MICHAEL

When was the last time you had a decent night's sleep? You look like hell.

BRIAN

You look good though. Nice jacket.

MICHAEL

Going out to dinner. Some of the guys.

(MORE)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(from the doorway)
Good luck you two.

DEMARCUS
Thank you, sir.

Michael goes. Brian downs his coffee.

BRIAN
Let's do it.

He and Demarcus head to the squad room.

CUT TO:

INT. DRESSLER'S WILLIAMSBURG - SATURDAY NIGHT

A hip dinner spot across from Peter Luger's under the bridge, full of the latest crop of young lovelies, including Sydney and Jamie with law school friends WHITNEY and JARED. Was Jamie's crowd but maybe not anymore.

JARED
Whitney, tell 'em where you've been. She's been in Manitoba working on a takeover of a Canadian shale oil outfit.

WHITNEY
Yeah, but don't buy any stock yet, we're facing an incredible environmental furor.

JARED
Which they're pretty confident they can grease their way out of.

SYDNEY
Oh, that's green.

Everyone laughs. Jamie manages a smile.

WHITNEY
Jamie's the one with the exciting new gig, though, right?

JARED
Yeah, how was life on the mean streets today, Jaimer?

SYDNEY
Believe me, it's not dinner conversation.

JAMIE
My first call to a stinker.

WHITNEY
What's that?

JARED
Probably what it sounds like,
somebody dead, right? For a long
time?

SYDNEY
Jamie.

JAMIE
They asked, Sydney. -- Almost two
weeks.

SYDNEY
(a recitation)
He died on the toilet, okay?
Morbidly obese at six hundred and
fifty pounds. Rigor mortis had set
in so the coroner had to break his
legs to remove him from the
bathroom.

A pall settles. Then --

SYDNEY (CONT'D)
I need a cigarette. I know, I'm
quitting...

She takes her purse and goes out. Then Jamie gets up.

JAMIE
Excuse me, guys.

He goes. Whitney and Jared raise their eyebrows at each
other, sip wine.

CUT TO:

EXT. DRESSLER'S - NIGHT

Sydney has an unlit cigarette, a lighter. Jamie comes out.

JAMIE
I'm sorry.

SYDNEY
Why'd you do that?

JAMIE

I don't know.

SYDNEY

Am I being tested? Is that it?
Because you know I'm having trouble
with this whole thing.

JAMIE

It's just, that's my reality now.

SYDNEY

My mother calls it your little bait
and switch. I fall in love with a
Harvard lawyer and he turns out to
be a cop on a beat.

She crushes the cig in her hand, throws it in the receptacle.

JAMIE

I know your folks aren't happy
about it and I'm sorry they're
giving you a bad time. But I can't
be a lawyer just because it's more
comfortable for them. Or you.
This is something I have to do.

SYDNEY

Because Joe got killed?

JAMIE

You know that's a big part of it.
But truthfully? I think I always
wanted to be a cop. Harvard Law
was my family's idea, my mother's
really.

SYDNEY

You could be a great lawyer.

JAMIE

And I'd be miserable. And I'd make
you miserable. Trust me. Just
give it some time. I promise I'll
keep the war stories to a minimum,
okay?

The air warms between them.

SYDNEY

I'll try harder too. I know it's
important work. My folks will come
around.

JAMIE

We're going to be okay.

They kiss deeply. Gaze at each other.

SYDNEY

Mm.

JAMIE

Not exactly make-up sex, but it's a start.

SYDNEY

We better get back in.

They head inside, but Jamie sees something down the street that stops him.

JAMIE

I'll be right there.

Sydney gives a quizzical look, but goes inside. Jamie watches a man help a woman into an SUV. It's Jamie's father, Michael, and the woman is the newscaster, Padma Lahari. From their body language, it's clear there's a lot between them. Surprised, Jamie smiles to himself, then goes inside.

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S SQUAD ROOM - VERY LATE NIGHT

Demarcus and Brian on their computers.

DEMARCUS

Most of these kidnaps are custodial.

BRIAN

Well, here's something. Cold case in Tampa, little Catholic girl around Teresa's age went missing. Body never found.

DEMARCUS

When Banse was living there?

BRIAN

What a coincidence. You keep looking for unsolveds and I'll call Tampa for the police records, news coverage, gotta be something there to link him to the crime...

He picks up his phone. It's going to be another long night.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAY RIDGE - TREE-LINED STREET - SUNDAY

Solid, middle-class Brooklyn. Nice big, old-fashioned brick houses with porches, more than a few American flags. CHURCH BELLS peel, a few people stroll in their Sunday best.

INT. REAGAN HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - SUNDAY

A lived-in mix of nice, comfortable furniture from Patrick and his wife's tenure (baby grand, antimacassar on an easy chair, crucifix, Jack and Bobby on the wall) before they moved to the Sun Belt and Michael and his family took over and added their own touches -- kids' sports trophies going back decades, flat screen TV.

Home from eleven o'clock mass, Nicky lounges, texting, Michael and Patrick relax with the Sunday Times, Patrick with the crossword puzzle.

PATRICK

"Kind of shell." T-A blank blank.

MICHAEL

You drive yourself nuts with those things, Dad.

NICKY

Taco shell. T-A-C-O.

PATRICK

It fits.

(then)

What's a taco shell?

With a stack of plates, Erin looks in from the dining room.

ERIN

Nick, I could use a little help in here?

NICKY

Two minutes.

Nicky texts some more. Patrick looks over his glasses at her. She feels it, goes and takes the plates from Erin.

ERIN

Thank you.

Nicky helps set the table as FRAN McCAREY, 62, Michael's old-
maid sister-in-law, comes out of the kitchen with a basket of
bread, an apron over her Sunday best.

FRAN

Where is everybody?! And then they
complain if the roast is
overcooked!

The front door opens and Brian's boys blast in, followed by
Linda with a casserole.

LINDA

Y'know guys, Staten Island is not
on the other side of the world. It
wouldn't kill you to come to mass
at Holy Trinity one Sunday.

As Linda heads to the kitchen, Sean jumps on Michael.

SEAN

Grandpa, how much money do you
have? Can I see it?

MICHAEL

After we eat.

PATRICK

Jack, show me your right hand.

Patrick holds his hand up, the nine-year-old punches it.
Fran comes out of kitchen with bowl of mashed potatoes.

FRAN

Well, I don't care, at six twenty
nine a pound for roast beef, we're
sitting down.

The front door opens and Jamie comes in with a bouquet of
grocery flowers. Michael perks up as always to see him.

JAMIE

Hey all.

MICHAEL

Thank goodness, Fran was on the
precipice.

JAMIE

What would Sunday dinner be without
Aunt Franny's tears?

Jamie hands Fran the flowers, puts an arm around Patrick who
is heading to the table.

JAMIE (CONT'D)
Hi, Grandpa.

PATRICK
Hey, boot.

They all gather into the
DINING ROOM

JAMIE
Where's Brian?

LINDA
He said he'd try and make it.

ERIN
So you all know, right? I'd like
to strangle him.

MICHAEL
No strangling on Sunday, okay,
Sunshine?

All sit, Michael at the head of the table, which Patrick
ceded when he and his wife moved to the Sun Belt.

PATRICK
Brian did what he had to do.

ERIN
Of course you'd take his side.

PATRICK
I say what I think.

ERIN
And look where it got you.

Patrick's face shuts. Fran bustles in with the roast.

FRAN
He tried to sell me a tired old
piece in the case but I set him
right.

MICHAEL
I'm sure you did, Franny, now sit.
-- Jamie?

Fran puts the roast before Michael for him to carve and sits
as all bow their heads for grace.

JAMIE

Bless us Oh Lord for these gifts
which we are about to receive from
your bountiful hands through Christ
Our Lord. Amen.

Under which, Brian has come in and now sits, crossing himself
as they all cross themselves and say Amen.

BRIAN

Real food.

SEAN

I don't want any beans.

LINDA

Yes you do.

Everyone helps themselves as bowls of food are passed and
Michael carves the roast. Patrick has been stewing.

PATRICK

I'll tell you where it got me. I
got a clean conscience and I sleep
at night.

BRIAN

Where what got you?

NICKY

Mom's mad at him because he took
your side.

ERIN

Nicky, please, just stay out of it.

BRIAN

So she's been riding around on her
high horse, huh?

ERIN

Don't make this about me. I'm not
the one that slapped somebody
around and stuck their head in a
toilet.

BRIAN

What do you know about it?

JACK

Dad stuck somebody's head in the
toilet?

LINDA

Ssh. Eat.

ERIN

I know you're supposed to enforce the law, not make it up as you go along.

BRIAN

You got no idea what goes on. You only know what you know.

PATRICK

Back in the day you just showed 'em your nightstick.

ERIN

The laws are there for a reason!

PATRICK

Yeah, to protect the criminals!

ERIN

No, to protect society from a police state!

BRIAN

Blah blah.

ERIN

What a jerk.

BRIAN

Screw you!

ERIN

No, screw you.

Michael raps on the table and everyone quiets.

MICHAEL

Hey, hey. This is Sunday dinner, not a free-for-all. Let's keep it civil.

ERIN

Dad, you resort to the use of force and torture, you corrupt the moral fiber of the culture.

BRIAN

The who? The what?

Michael puts a hand up to stay Brian.

MICHAEL

Nobody's in favor of torture. The issue is the use of enhanced interrogation, is it ever justified?

ERIN

I say no. And so does John McCain.

MICHAEL

Okay then, you've got a ticking bomb. That guy over there planted it. Lives are at stake. Is that jerk's rights worth more than those innocent victims?

PATRICK

Of course not. See?

MICHAEL

What do you think, Jamie? You've got a law degree.

JAMIE

And a gun now too. And that's a lot of power. You don't govern it, Erin's right, it's a slippery slope to where we find ourselves in a fascist state.

BRIAN

Yeah? You wait, little brother, until you chase somebody into a dark alley and maybe that shiny thing is a cell phone and maybe it's not.

PATRICK

Every cop's nightmare.

Brian's Blackberry buzzes, he looks at his text and gets up.

JAMIE

It's true. I can say whatever I want, but really I don't know what I would have done in his position.

BRIAN

(pocketing his phone)
I gotta go.

MICHAEL

Something up?

BRIAN
We'll find out.

LINDA
You want a sandwich? You barely
touched your food.

BRIAN
I'll be fine. Just -- Erin,
Lemme just ask you a question.
What would you have wanted me to do
if it was Nicky and you only had 24
hours to save her life?

NICKY
Me?

BRIAN
Be honest. Somebody snatches her
off the street and I got hold of
them and they wouldn't talk? Give
me a break.

And Brian goes.

PATRICK
Nicky? You wouldn't have to worry.
They'd throw her back in ten
minutes.

NICKY
That's not funny.

Hurt, Nicky bolts, runs upstairs. Erin gets up to go after.

ERIN
Thanks, Grandpa.

Silence as Michael surveys the shambles of family dinner,
plates half-eaten, chairs pushed back, napkins thrown down.

MICHAEL
More meat anyone? I've got a nice
end piece here.

CUT TO:

INT. REAGAN KITCHEN - A SHORT TIME LATER

Sleeves rolled up, Michael makes a brandy sauce at the stove.
Jamie cuts pieces of a big flat yellow cake and plates them.
Michael pours brandy into both a saucepan and a glass.

MICHAEL

One for the sauce, one for me after that fracas. Jamie?

JAMIE

Don't mind if I do.

Jamie pours himself a nip. Erin comes down the back stairs.

ERIN

That kid.

MICHAEL

I'll tell Dad he's got to put a governor on the motor. Teenage girls are sensitive creatures, if I remember correctly.

JAMIE

He can be a real button-pusher sometimes.

ERIN

It's not him she's angry with, it's me. "I was so mean to Brian." Which translated means mean to her father. She thinks I drove him away.

MICHAEL

I'm not a big fan of divorce, but not even your mother would have blamed you for kicking him to the curb, Erin.

ERIN

I've got twenty-five cases on my desk, a teenage daughter I'm at war with and a brother who thinks I'm a schmuck. Doesn't he know I'd shoot this guy myself?

Michael puts an arm around Erin.

MICHAEL

Tough week, huh?

ERIN

Sometimes I wish I could go upstairs to my old room and crawl under the covers like I'd never left.

Jamie pours the rest of the brandy, hands Erin the glass.

JAMIE

Here. It's either you or Aunt Franny and she's already half in the bag.

MICHAEL

Ssh. Kids.

Aunt Fran comes in with dirty dishes.

AUNT FRAN

Look at you, Michael, making dessert. How lucky was my sister.

Erin rolls her eyes and takes a pot of coffee into the dining room. Fran follows with cups.

MICHAEL

So how's the beat, buddy?

JAMIE

I had my first stinker. Guy had been dead fourteen days.

MICHAEL

You want to put a dab of VapoRub under your nose before you attend a scene like that. It blocks the smell.

Jamie pours cream into a bowl, starts to whisk it. Then --

JAMIE

Dad, at graduation, that guy Malevsky, what's the deal with him and Brian?

MICHAEL

They were partners but they had a falling out, maybe five years ago. Brian didn't say much about it. Speaking of graduation, that was a cute girl wishing you well.

JAMIE

Who? Maria Romano?

MICHAEL

Good friend?

JAMIE

Friend. What about you, Dad? Any "good friends" in your life?

MICHAEL

Not a day goes by I don't think
about your mother and what she's
missing, seeing you kids grow up,
the grandchildren.

Jamie lets it slide...

CUT TO:

INT. DETECTIVE'S SQUAD ROOM - LATE SUNDAY AFTERNOON

Sunday vibe. Demarcus just hanging up the phone, every
surrounding surface filled with boxes of files, tapes,
printouts, when Brian comes in and sees the boxes.

BRIAN

The ship is in, huh?

DEMARCUS

And this is only Tampa. I just got
off the phone with Baltimore P.D.
Banse was a security guard at a
trucking company same time another
parochial school girl was abducted.
But this one they found. Wrapped
in purple cloth and tossed in a
rest-stop dumpster. Also unsolved.
That stuff's already on the way.

BRIAN

Purple's what they cover the cross
with on Good Friday.

DEMARCUS

Dig in, bro.

BRIAN

Let's nail this bastard.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. DETECTIVE'S SQUAD ROOM - EARLY MONDAY MORNING

Night shift leaving, day-shift trickling in. It's been another long seige for Brian and Demarcus, poring through files and records from yet more boxes that have arrived and now fill every surface, other detectives helping. Brian's going through newspaper clippings; Demarcus, police reports.

DEMARCUS

The little girl in the dumpster in Baltimore had stigmata-like pierces on the palms of her hands.

BRIAN

I don't think they were miracles.

DEMARCUS

But the crime scene was again immaculate. Guy's a regular Mr. Clean.

A fellow DETECTIVE comes over and drops a file into a box.

DETECTIVE

Nothing new here, gentlemen.

Without looking up, Brian hands him another file. Brian looks at the clock.

BRIAN

Soon as they open up, we can start making calls to the storage companies in both states.

DEMARCUS

I'm seeing double.

Demarcus rubs his eyes. Brian picks up a newspaper clipping.

BRIAN

This is the kid in Florida. Can you imagine the parents? No body, never any closure. Beautiful little girl.

(then, keying in on photo)

Demarcus, check this out.

DEMARCUS

What?

BRIAN

The crucifix. The necklace.

INSERT - PHOTO

A smiling little girl in a school photo. She wears a familiar necklace.

RESUME SCENE

DEMARCUS

Whoa.

BRIAN

Yeah.

Now both men are on their feet and grabbing their jackets. They're headed out when their D3, LIEUTENANT GREENBERG, 50, is just coming into work.

LIEUTENANT GREENBERG

You coming` or going?

BRIAN

We just caught a break on the Banse case.

LIEUTENANT GREENBERG

Good, but you're still going to have to go downtown. Not even Daddy's gonna be able to deflect the heat off your ass this time.

BRIAN

You done?

LIEUTENANT GREENBERG

For now.

Brian and Demarcus go.

CUT TO:

EXT. RON BANSE'S HOUSE - LINDENHURST - DAY

Demarcus and Brian are at the door with Mrs. Banse. Her hand is over her crucifix.

MRS. BANSE

My necklace?

BRIAN

It belonged to a little girl in Florida who was one of his victims.

MRS. BANSE

It can't be. Ronnie wasn't much of a husband, but he wasn't a monster.

BRIAN

We don't even know yet how many other children he took.

MRS. BANSE

Dear Jesus.

DEMARCUS

Mrs. Banse, I'm afraid we need to take a closer look at the necklace. The girl's parents said her name, Kathy, was engraved on the back.

MRS. BANSE

My husband said that was because it's an antique.

BRIAN

We need the necklace as evidence. Remove it please.

She can't get it off her neck fast enough.

CUT TO:

INT. D.A.'S OFFICE - DOWNTOWN MANHATTAN - DAY

At her desk, Erin is on the phone.

ERIN

Jay Castleman in the Attorney General's office, please?

Now we see Brian standing by, arms folded across his chest. And we see now, too, that Erin has the necklace.

ERIN (CONT'D)

Hi, Jay, this is Erin Boyle in the Manhattan D.A.'s office. We want to arrange to extradite Ronald Banse to Florida for murder with special circumstances.

Brian smiles.

ERIN (CONT'D)

We have the necklace Katherine MacDonald was wearing when she disappeared in 2005, and Tampa police have located what in all probability are her remains in a storage container in Orlando, registered in Banse's alias.

(she listens, then)

Appreciate it. Thank you.

She hangs up.

BRIAN

Beautiful it's Florida. They're not shy about exercising capital punishment down there.

ERIN

Yeah, it's a happy outcome. This time.

BRIAN

Just gimme one, will you?

ERIN

You don't get it, do you?

BRIAN

Say hi to the ACLU for me.

Brian heads for the door.

ERIN

You're the one who's going to need a lawyer.

(beat, softening)

Brian. You want to talk about that?

BRIAN

Probably. Thanks.

A warm moment between them and Brian goes.

CUT TO:

INT. SYDNEY'S PARK SLOPE BEDROOM - ALMOST DAWN - TUESDAY

Sydney's naked in bed. Jamie, up and dressed in casual civilian clothes, comes and kisses her. She stirs.

SYDNEY

Is it tomorrow already? Come back to bed.

JAMIE

Can't keep the Chief waiting.

SYDNEY

It's still dark out. You Reagans are crazy.

She nestles down into the pillow. He goes.

CUT TO:

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - PRE-DAWN

Deserted except for the occasional dog-walker and miscreant. We find Jamie headed to the subway. He and we become aware that a car is following him. He speeds up, so does the car. Finally, the unmarked Crown Vic pulls up to the curb beside him, its passenger-side window powering down.

A VOICE

Reagan!

This stops Jamie. He sees now that the man in the car is holding up a badge. We'll learn he's FEDERAL AGENT ANDERSON.

AGENT ANDERSON

Jamison Reagan?

Jamie approaches warily. Checks out the I.D.

JAMIE

What's going on?

AGENT ANDERSON

Get in.

Anderson nods towards the back seat.

CUT TO:

INT. GREEN CAR - CONTINUOUS

When Jamie's settled --

AGENT ANDERSON

I'm Special Agent Anderson and this is Agent Cisco. We want to talk to you about going to work for us.

JAMIE

I already have a job.

AGENT ANDERSON

We need somebody inside to infiltrate an element in the police department.

Agent Cisco shifts in his seat to face Jamie. He holds up a lapel pin in the shape of a blue knight.

AGENT CISCO

Ever seen one of these?

JAMIE

What is that?

AGENT CISCO

It's what they give a cop when he's initiated into a group called the Blue Knights.

JAMIE

The Blue Knights? I thought that was a fairy tale. My grandfather used to tell me stories about them when I was a kid, this secret society in the New York Police Department.

AGENT ANDERSON

They were real. They took care of their own and they cleaned up Dodge.

AGENT CISCO

Until about five years ago when some of them went rogue, and these guys aren't wearing the white hats. They started with planting evidence to put away the bad guys, but it rapidly escalated into extortion, stealing drug evidence and cash, murder for hire.... Real bad actors.

JAMIE

Does my father know about this?

They just look at him.

JAMIE (CONT'D)

You're investigating the department and you haven't told my father?

AGENT CISCO
We don't know how wide it spreads
or how high it goes.

JAMIE
I'm out of here.

Jamie moves to get out. The agent stays him with a hand.

AGENT ANDERSON
Wait a minute. Something you
should hear.

He holds up a small digital recorder. It stops Jamie. The agent presses a button and we HEAR a man's voice.

RECORDED VOICE
It's me. I think I'm in. I'll let
you know when I get a location so I
can wire up.

Jamie is stunned. The agent hits replay.

RECORDED VOICE (CONT'D)
It's me. I think I'm in. I'll let
you know when I get a location --

Anderson shuts off the recorder. Jamie is pole-axed.

JAMIE
That's my brother Joe.

AGENT ANDERSON
This was his last message to us the
day before he was killed.

It's sinking in to Jamie.

JAMIE
He was working with you?

AGENT CISCO
Your brother wasn't killed in a
bust gone bad. They made him and
then they killed him. We thought
you might want to finish what he
started.

On Jamie, absorbing the ton of bricks just dropped on him...

CUT TO:

EXT. VETERAN'S PIER - BAY RIDGE - DAWN

The Verranzano Bridge in the distance, Michael fishes at the rail, sipping coffee from thermos. Jamie trots up.

JAMIE
Sorry, train was stalled.

MICHAEL
It's okay, the coffee's still hot.

JAMIE
Any luck?

MICHAEL
Damn fish must still be sleeping.
Maybe they're changing shifts.

Jamie smiles wanly, pouring coffee, grabbing his fishing rod.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
Still a beautiful spot, isn't it?

JAMIE
We've caught a lot of fish here.

JAMIE/MICHAEL
(in unison, an old joke)
Just not today.

They laugh, Jamie heavy-hearted. Now Michael clears his throat.

MICHAEL
Y'know, you were asking me the other day if I was seeing anybody and I was not forthcoming.

JAMIE
Oh.

MICHAEL
Because there is somebody. She's an Indian girl. From India, I mean. Lovely person, very smart. She's a TV reporter.

JAMIE
That's great.

MICHAEL
What a relief. I hate keeping secrets.

JAMIE

Yeah...

Jamie's mood is not lost on Michael.

MICHAEL

What's going on, Jamie? You seem... I don't know, not yourself today. Everything okay? You're not having second thoughts about coming on the job...?

JAMIE

No, I'm fine.

(to deflect)

That T.O. of mine's a piece of work.

MICHAEL

Renzulli, right?

JAMIE

What, you keeping tabs on me?

MICHAEL

I got a vested interest.

On Jamie, the weight on him, and the cost in not being able to tell his father everything. Knowing too that his life has taken an abrupt turn...

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF EPISODE