

ROOKIES

Richard Price

1/7/11

ROOKIES

OPEN - AERIAL OF THE FIVE BOROUGHES OF NYC - SUMMER SUNRISE

EXT. BRONX - 6:00 AM

TONYA PEREZ (29) tough, attractive Dominican woman exits a rundown private house carrying plastic sheathed dry cleaning.

She trudges uphill to a street crowned with el train tracks.

EXT. STUYVESANT TOWN (MANHATTAN) - 6:00 AM

RAY (LAZARUS) BRIGHTMAN (35), some hard miles on his face but athletic, carrying a similar bundle of dry cleaning, heads to a subway station.

EXT. JACKSON HEIGHTS (QUEENS) - 6:00 AM

BASIR (KITERUNNER) KHAN (23), Afghani-born, trim, wired, unsmiling, walking along Indo-Pak Roosevelt Ave. He too carries dry cleaning. Climbs the stairs to an el station.

INT. PENN STATION (MANHATTAN) - 6:15 AM

KENNY MCCORMACK (23), slightly built, calm, intelligent-eyed, exits commuter train from Long Island carrying dry cleaning.

He walks across a seedy arcade to the subway entrance to continue his journey.

EXT. INWOOD (MANHATTAN) - 6:15 AM

JAYSON (THE FRANCHISE) TONEY (27), ex-NBA point guard, tall, muscular, carries his load of dry cleaning past a housing project to the nearest subway station.

INT. CROWDED SUBWAY CAR - 6:30 AM

GEN (WHITE HOUSE) PERRY (26), golden-haired Cali girl, tall, surfer athletic, stands against a center pole, trying to keep her dry cleaning from getting crushed.

The train stops at 96th and Columbus.

Gen gets out.

GEN'S POV - All the other dry cleaning carriers exiting from different subway cars.

Beside the 6 we've met, there's another half dozen we haven't.

EXT. 96TH AND AMSTERDAM - 6:45 AM

All 12 dry cleaning carriers walk in a loose group, too anxious to speak, eyes straight ahead, riveted by the sight of...

EXT. 22ND PCT. - 7:00 AM

(Covers Upper West Side north to South Harlem.) It's a bunker-like concrete fortress built in the Lindsay era; pure siege mentality.

INT. 22ND PCT. - SAME

Day tour coming in; midnight shift leaving; victims on benches, community advocates milling, last night's collars sleeping in cells.

We see them all enter; dazed, jazzed, scared a little; the dry cleaning in their arms consisting of half a dozen never-worn patrol and dress uniforms.

Kiterunner approaches the Desk Sergeant, ROY RYAN (42).

KITERUNNER

Hey Sergeant, my name is Basir Khan, this is my first...

RYAN

(not looking)
Upstairs.

KITERUNNER

What is?

Ryan stares at him as if he's brain dead. Kiterunner moves on.

TONYA

How you doing sir, Tonya Perez reporting...

RYAN

(not looking)
Downstairs.

But as she moves off with her bushel of uniforms, he raises his eyes to study her ass.

INT. MEN'S LOCKERROOM - 10 MINUTES LATER

Two kinds of energy; the routine laid back movements of the vets; the herky jerky chicken without a head vibes of the

rookies, as overloaded with their stuff, they desperately try to find their lockers.

CLOSE ON - LOCKER. Name blurry, inked on masking tape.

REVERSE - "FRANCHISE" TONEY squinting at it; WTF?

FLASHBACK TO:

INDIANA PACERS LOCKERROOM

Deluxe; Franchise Toney in uniform holding court with sports reporters after a victory; loud, braggadocio.

BACK TO:

INT. MEN'S LOCKERROOM

"Franchise" mulling over his comedown.

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKERROOM - SAME

Tonya Perez finding PEREZ on a locker. She reaches for the latch; it's locked.

FEMALE COP 1 (O.S.)
What the hell you think you're
doing?

Tonya turns, sees uniformed female cop, (NELDA) PEREZ (32) on her nametag.

ANGLE - WHITE HOUSE changing into her uniform in front of her locker.

One of her crisp NYPD blouses falls into open box of 7AM takeout pizza.

FEMALE COP 2
Just scrape the cheese back off
into the box.

FLASH TO:

GEN,

two years earlier, as part of the White House Military Color Guard standing in crisp USMC whites as the president passes by.

BACK TO:

INT. LOCKERROOM

Tonya finding another locker nametagged Perez, opening it.
It's full.

FEMALE COP 3 (O.S.)
You lay a hand my stuff I'll snap
it off at the wrist.

Tonya turns, sees uniformed female cop, (IRMA) PEREZ (30) on
her nametag.

INT. MEN'S LOCKERROOM - SAME

Still the scramble, the indifference.

KITERUNNER'S POV - THE VETS

Some, but not all, of the old timers are giving him a
thousand yard stare.

FLASHBACK TO:

AFGHANI VILLAGE - 7 YEARS EARLIER

Kiterunner's brother is being dragged by a truncheon-bearing
Taliban towards a waiting truck. His family is pleading with
the guy to let him go.

Kiterunner (15) grabs the fighter's arm. The guy raises his
truncheon to bash his head in.

Kiterunner, a martial artist, breaks his arm. You can hear it
snap. The guy is moaning in the dirt.

Kiterunner's family all stare at each other - oh shit...

BACK TO:

INT. LOCKERROOM

ON KITERUNNER - His face a hard mask.

ON KENNY, finally finding his locker: McCormack, Kenneth.

KENNY
Hey!

Franchise, Kiterunner, Lazarus and two others come over with
all their stuff.

KENNY (CONT'D)
Just use mine for now

As Kenny jams his uniforms inside, the others lay theirs on the bench in front, waiting their turn.

CLOSE ON - A BOOT, kicking all the uniforms to the floor; everybody looking up to see MARTINI (33), hungover.

MARTINI

This is my freakin' bench.

INT. ROLL CALL MUSTER ROOM - 7:15 AM

All patrol personnel present sitting in one armed desk-chairs, 15 rookies sprinkled throughout, some, still lockerless, hugging their bushel of uniforms.

At the lectern is...

DUTY SGT. AL BLOOM

(40, mid-rollcall)

Torres...

TORRES

Here.

BLOOM

Williams...

TORRES

(again)

Here.

Bloom looks up but doesn't say anything.

BLOOM

Rosenthal.

ROSENTHAL

Present.

A cop WILLIAMS (33) comes in late.

BLOOM

Williams, how good of you to join us.

(glares at Torres, who was covering for him)

The above overlapping with...

ANGLE - Franchise, Kiterunner, Kenny all sitting next to each other.

FRANCHISE'S POV - WHITE HOUSE, across the room.

FRANCHISE

I am hittin' that before the sun
goes down.

KENNY

Six months in the academy she never
even looked your way. Now all of a
sudden you're gonna nail it on day
one?

FRANCHISE

Hey, first off, professional
athletes? We, I, I am not like you.
Three years in the Show [NBA]? I
got more tail than the entire male
population of Ireland.

KITERUNNER

Maybe that's why you're out of the
Show.

ANGLE - FTO LARRY (YODA) RIVERS (42) watching the rookies,
sizing them up.

ON KENNY, laughing, looking out at the assembled cops.

FLASHBACK TO:

11-YEAR-OLD KENNY'S CHILDHOOD HOME,

the backyard a sea of uncles, cousins, father, etc; all NYPD.

UNCLE

(showing gold shield,
buzzed)

Ken, you know what this is? It's a
backstage pass to the greatest show
on earth.

BACK TO:

INT. MUSTER ROOM

BLOOM

OK.. On today's menu... Last night
at oh-two-hundred hours we had an
agg assault at the Shannon Bar on
West Eight-Three, two jibones
beefing over Derek Jeter's salary,
they take it outside, one keeps
stomping the other while he's out
cold, and as of oh-six-hundred this
(MORE)

BLOOM (CONT'D)

morning the vic went out of the picture.

(holds up police sketch)

No name, shaved head, 6 foot 5,6...
black jacket, silver tipped boots.
Someone apprehends this cutey
today, there's an opening in anti-
crime, no promises, I'm just
saying.

ON LAZARUS, sitting there, taking notes in his patrol pad.

FLASHBACK TO:

LAZARUS - TWO YEARS EARLIER,

with steno pad in this same muster room but as a reporter in a gaggle of reporters. A press conference is going on. Instead of Bloom, the Police Commissioner is at the podium, a table set up before him displaying confiscated guns and drugs.

BACK TO:

INT. MUSTER ROOM

BLOOM

Item two... Someone's been going around to shop owners the last week or so and making them buy Aspidistras for 500 a pop. And they're paying. Yesterday a bodega worker tried the screw you approach and he's in the hospital with a broken jaw. If you look around the precinct there's an awful lot of Aspidistras in the windows.

ROGERS

What's an Aspidistra?

TORRES

It's a plant, moron.

(beat)

Right?

STEVENS

Aspidistra Elatior is a stemless plant up to 1 meter in height with dark green leaves. Occasionally in the spring, small, solitary purplish flowers may appear...

Stevens gets shouted down by everybody, laughter and derision (what a fruitcake).

ON TONYA - Gazing at the assembled cops.

FLASHBACK TO:

A TWELVE-YEAR-OLD TONYA

crying and pulling on four cops as they drag two of her older brothers, in cuffs, out of the apartment.

BACK TO:

YODA,

still sizing up the rookies, eyes settling on Tonya, staring at her hard.

BLOOM

This guy's bad news, we can't even get a description of him from his vics, but keep your eyes peeled for those plants...

The above speech overlapping with...

ANGLE - LAZARUS, taking notes.

MARTINI

(snatching away the steno pad)

Hey, Jimmy Olsen, this is a whole new art form, you got that? No editors, no interviews. You roll in the dirt with the bad guys, the *real* bad guys, and you get bloody.

(tossing him back his pad)

Time to show and prove, note taker.

BLOOM

OK, emergency Con Ed repair work today will divert southbound traffic in Sector Adam Boy straight through the 40 and 50 posts from noon til fifteen-hundred hours. The traffic agents will be out there, but if things get out of hand I expect you to pitch in and keep things moving along.

ANGLE - MOORE (35), straight-faced but digging...

MOORE
 (whispers to Bashir)
 Hey, you ever read The Kiterunner?

Bashir (now officially christened) tightens but doesn't answer.

ANGLE - THE PODIUM

TERRY HOWARD (41), in jeans and a t-shirt, steps up.

TERRY HOWARD
 For those of you who don't know,
 I'm Sergeant Terry Howard from Gang
 Intel and I need to get the word
 out that two of our crews from the
 north end, Forty Wolves on 121st
 Street and 6th Avenue and the
 GCG...

MOORE
 Who?

TERRY HOWARD
 Gun Clappin' Goons on 115th and 6th
 have been talking smack on Twitter
 and MySpace for the last three
 weeks, and finally last night a
 GCG, Trevor Lemon, got shot in the
 leg, suspect in the wind, so we're
 expecting payback today, tonight
 tomorrow the latest, a full out run
 and gun war, the battle lane as
 always for these two sets, straight
 up and down 6th Avenue from
 Footpost 41 to 43... We'll be on
 top of it as much as we can but
 we're stretched, so gonna need
 help, especially from you rooks on
 those footposts, you're right in
 the line of fire, you see any young
 kid out there carrying a cane but
 not limping? You confiscate it. You
 see anyone with a backpack they
 could have a gun in there, stop him
 and search that bag. Keep your eyes
 open, be careful and stay on your
 radios.

BLOOM
 OK, last business, Rookies, we got
 15 fresh off the farm today and I'd
 (MORE)

BLOOM (CONT'D)
like to give them a world famous
22nd Precinct round of applause
welcome...

PAN OF ROOKIES - as they wait.

PAN OF VETS - Stony stares... Dead silence.

CLOSE ON - one clueless rook who starts applauding, then
mortified, stops.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

EXT. 22ND PCT. - 8:00 AM

See the day tour exodus from the muster room, cops heading to their posts.

As our six rookies blink into the sunlight of their first day...

YODA (O.S.)

Get in.

They turn and see their new FTO beckoning from the driver's seat of an NYPD van.

INT. VAN

As YODA drives them to their posts:

ROOKIE'S POV - FROM INSIDE THE MOVING VAN

Rolling view of the precinct starting with apartment houses on the side streets, brownstones, retail shops, bars and restaurants on the avenues - solid urban middle class - then as they head further north, to more down-at-the-heels streets; mix of old Harlem tenements and brownstones starting to be gentrified; a cappuccino joint cheek and jowl with a bodega; a wine bar next to a funky barber shop; funeral home next to a day spa.

YODA

My name is Sergeant Larry Rivers. There are some who call me Yoda. I don't like it. I'm your field training officer. Here's my order of the day... Don't get hurt, don't hurt anyone, keep your mouth shut and your eyes open; in essence, just stand there. Anything jumps off, you radio me; I'll be circling all tour. Your posts are two blocks long contiguous to each other, contiguous means next to. You share the post with your partner but you're not hanging out, you're not telling jokes. You're learning the lay of the land. Tomorrow I'll teach you how to write a summons. Toney and Perry, welcome to Footpost 41. Get out.

EXT. VAN

White House and Franchise exiting on a somewhat rundown stretch; corner stores, old walk ups and a playground. Older people stare at them from stoops, teenagers (GCG) from the playground benches. Clueless, the two rookies stare back.

EXT. VAN

We see Tonya and Lazarus exit onto Footpost 42. Tenements and corner stores.

A cappuccino shop and a yoga studio mark the newcomers. They get the same blank stares.

TONYA AND LAZARUS' POV - Two blocks straight south down 6th Avenue, White House and Franchise stare back at them.

EXT. VAN

Kenny and Kiterunner exiting onto Footpost 43.

Walk ups, corner stores, two funeral homes and a gourmet food shop.

KENNY AND KITERUNNER'S POV - 2 blocks south, Tonya and Lazarus stare back at them.

ACROSS THE STREET - A dozen teenagers (40 WOLVES) hang in front of a row of run-down walkups, eyeballing the rookies.

EXT. FOOTPOST 41

White House and Franchise.

FRANCHISE

So I hear you were White House color guard, huh?

WHITE HOUSE

I was chosen for that, yeah.

FRANCHISE

Color guard, like the boy scouts.

WHITE HOUSE

I was in Iraq for two years before that.

FRANCHISE

Doin' what?

WHITE HOUSE

I was a Marine MP.

FRANCHISE

An MP...

WHITE HOUSE

Yeah, an MP but it's Iraq so we went along on convoys, got our asses shot at just like everybody else and oh yeah, we took charge of POWs. What's your problem? You played basketball, that's a goddamned playground game.

FRANCHISE

I was a professional athlete.

WHITE HOUSE

You played, a game, besides you're not the only jock here. I made it to Beijing for the 2008 Olympics.

FRANCHISE

Yeah? What sport?

WHITE HOUSE

Volleyball.

FRANCHISE

Volleyball.

WHITE HOUSE

This your idea of flirting or something?

FRANCHISE

You want me to flirt with you, White House?

WHITE HOUSE

When you were with the Pacers, your nickname was what, "Downsize"?

FRANCHISE

Franchise, and you know it, sweetcheeks.

WHITE HOUSE

You'll get farther with "White House".

Another NYPD van pulls up, Terry Howard and the Gang Intel Unit, 5 young male plainclothes cops exit.

TERRY
Come meet some of your
constituents.

White House and Franchise walk with them across to the
playground, to the dozen or so Gun Clappin' Goons hanging
there expressionless. They're all wearing Polo and Yankee
caps.

TERRY (CONT'D)
Hey fellas, no school today?

GCG KID (PARIS)
Teacher enrichment day.

White House and Franchise watch as the unit members start
finding and picking up orthopedic canes, hammers, bats and
rebar pipes, hidden nearly in plain sight around the benches
as other unit members start collecting IDs and passing them
to a unit member who takes them back to the van to run these
kids for outstanding warrants.

UNIT MEMBER
(to White House)
Check those two backpacks, please?

TERRY
So who shot your boy Travis last
night?

GCG KID
Travis? He got shot.

ANGLE - WHITE HOUSE, extracting a doorknob with a sharpened
bolt at its opposite end from the backpack.

ANGLE - FRANCHISE, imitating gang intel cops, removing deadly
looking pyramid-pointed rings from GCG fingers.

TERRY
(frisking a kid)
This here is Paris Carter, he's the
bull goose Gun Clapper, always look
to see where he's at.

PARIS
You don't know my name.

TERRY
Oh yes I do, Paris and that ain't a
good thing.
(to another)
Right Anthony? If anything with 40
Wolves jumps off today, tonight,
(MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)
 this week, we're coming back for
 you and you, Tyrell, and you,
 Monroe, and you...

ID CHECKING UNIT MEMBER
 Monroe's good to go right now,
 outstanding bench warrant.

Monroe is silent as he gets cuffed, the others looking away.

PARIS
 Damn, we the set got shot.

TERRY
 You want payback? Tell us who
 winged your boy, we'll take it from
 there.
 (dead silence)
 You all stay off the street today,
 we'll be watching.

As they all walk back to the van...

TERRY (CONT'D)
 (entre nous)
 The whole thing out here, is we got
 maybe two dozen sets all hatin' on
 each other. Right now we just want
 to stop these two from goin' to war
 long enough for them to forget and
 get into it with somebody else.
 Then we do the same thing with
 those two. It's called the mobile
 scarecrow.

UNIT MEMBER
 It's called sweeping leaves on a
 windy day.

GCG (O.S.)
 Damn, that new blonde bitch is
 mine.

This is said to White House's back. She stops in her tracks.

WHITE HOUSE
 Excuse me.

She turns around and calmly walks back to the bench where
 they're all eyeing her like candy.

Franchise moves to back her up but Terry stops him. She's got
 to deal on her own.

White House gestures to the kid who called her out, as she walks a little away from the others.

WHITE HOUSE (CONT'D)

Can I talk to you for a sec?
 (grinning, the kid comes
 to her)
 What's your name?

GCG

Roland, baby, what's yours...

CLOSE ON - WHITE HOUSE taking Roland's hand and discretely putting it into a minute but agonizing wristlock.

WHITE HOUSE

(sotto voce)
 Listen to me, fuzz nuts, you treat
 me with respect and I won't make
 your life a living hell out here,
 how's that sound?

The kid nods, a teardrop of pain exiting his frozen stare.

EXT. FOOTPOST 42 - 11:00 AM

Tonya and Lazarus.

TONYA

Ray Brightman. I used to read your
 stuff when I was a kid.

LAZARUS

That there, is called a left-handed
 compliment.

TONYA

Like no offense but how old are
 you?

LAZARUS

Old enough I had to threaten sue to
 get into the academy. Call me
 Lazarus.

TONYA

But you were a good reporter, what
 you quit for?

LAZARUS

I didn't, I was fired. Budget cuts.
 A newspaper's a dying animal.

TONYA

But a cop?

LAZARUS

Why not? Besides after 14 years on the street half the time I had better informants than the detectives I was writing about.

TONYA

(musing)

Lazarus. You wrote about my family once.

LAZARUS

I did, no offence, but they were some serious thugs, sorry.

TONYA

Sorry my ass. That's why I became a police. Butchie, you want to be a criminal? Angel, Rocky, you too? Fine but you can't hang out with me no more 'cause I am NYPD and I will lock your ass up in a heartbeat.

YODA

(rolling up in his van)

You two, hop in; I have a special assignment.

ON TONYA, LAZARUS; wary.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

Yoda driving in silence, the two of them in the middle seat.

TONYA'S POV - On the seat next to Yoda; a large can labeled "Decomposition Crystals".

EXT. JUST VACATED FOOTPOST 42 - CONTINUOUS

We see The Stomper, recognize this bigfoot killer from his police sketch as he walks by unmolested.

EXT. FOOTPOST 43 - NOON

Kenny and Kiterunner.

The promised traffic snarl is building up, the traffic agents moving into place to keep things moving.

A patrol car rolls up, two vets, Martini and Moore.

MARTINI

(in shotgun seat)

So, Kiterunner, I just want to ask you, how'd you get here from Afghanistan?

KITERUNNER

Walked.

MARTINI

You being smart?

KITERUNNER

We walked to Pakistan, flew to London a year later, then a few years after that came to New York.

MARTINI

Huh. Wow.

MOORE

You ever see any Taliban?

KITERUNNER

More than enough.

MARTINI

How many languages you speak?

KITERUNNER

A few.

ON KENNY - He hates this ball breaking.

MOORE

So, they grooming you for NYPD Intel or are they just going to shoot you right over to the Terrorism Task Force?

KENNY

Guys, he's on footpost just like everybody else.

MARTINI

The marines over there, I'm just curious, what kind of candy did they give out?

KITERUNNER

I wasn't aware of any.

Without another word, Martini and Moore roll off.

KITERUNNER (CONT'D)

(exploding)

My family, half of them died just getting through the mountains, another three in refugee camps on the other side; you know why? Because if we stayed we'd be killed. Does that sound like I'm some post-9/11 golden boy to you?

KENNY

Hey hey. Easy up there, partner.

KITERUNNER

This? All this? You people, this is nothing.

KENNY

Just do the job, that's all that matters right now. You and me. OK? Steady as she goes.

Kiterunner tries to breathe, settles a little.

Across the street he sees a man racewalking with a television in his arms.

KITERUNNER

You think that's stolen?

KENNY

My old man once said to me never buy anything from a guy who's out of breath.

EXT. FOOTPOST 41

Franchise and White House.

WHITE HOUSE'S POV - A beat up car is parked across the street from them, has been for a while, the driver, a tall Af-American (MO BAILEY, 27) just staring at them.

WHITE HOUSE

What's his problem?

FRANCHISE

Hold on.

(recognizing Mo)

Oh, you got to be kidding me.

Grinning, Franchise strides over to the car, White House behind him.

FRANCHISE (CONT'D)

(laughing)

I don't believe this. How you be man?

MO

(eating sunflower seeds)

I'm good I'm good. How you.

(edgy laugh, spitting seeds, not looking at him)

Jayson "The Franchise" Toney. On the beat. I had to see this for myself.

FRANCHISE

Still see you partial to them sunflower seeds.

(to White House)

Mo and me used to ball for Bishop Jameson, took two state championships back in the day. The bench was like shin high in seed shells but coach didn't care as long as my boy kept hittin' them threes. So how you been man?

(to White House)

Mo's mom back then used to feed me more than my own. Came to more games than my own too.

MO

You got that right. But you know something? Two years ago when you were in town to play the Knicks you came with your, your entourage to the Mercury Lounge, I'm there with my fiancé, I go to say hello to my old teammate, your, your peoples, put me on my ass right in front of her.

FRANCHISE

I didn't know that. I'm sorry to hear it.

(beat)

There was a lot of clowny conduct on my behalf back then.

MO

(not looking at him)

Clowny, huh? Man, you had this whole neighborhood pulling for you

(MORE)

MO (CONT'D)
 after you got drafted, goddamn you
 blew it for everybody.

FRANCHISE
 (calmly)
 And so here I am again.

Mo spits out some seeds, one of which lands on Franchise's uniform.

ON WHITE HOUSE, was it on purpose?

FRANCHISE (CONT'D)
 (letting it go)
 You still living in the Towers?

MO
 Some of us, it all ended with high school.

FRANCHISE
 Well, I'm here now, just like you.

MO
 Nah, man. Not just like me.

Mo drives off without ever having looked Franchise in the eye.

ON WHITE HOUSE, seeing the pain in her partner's face.

INT. UPPER WEST SIDE APT. - 12:30 PM

It's well appointed, books, art, furniture, dead quiet.

A key turns in the door and the super, Yoda, Lazarus and Tonya enter.

Except for Yoda, they all react like they've been hit with a titanic stinkbomb.

The super gags, then bails.

Lazarus and Tonya are gasping.

YODA
 In here.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

In the tub, lays a 92-year-old corpse, head unsubmerged, arms resting on the sides as if still alive.

Lazarus and Tonya are reeling, as Yoda calmly sprinkles some of the decomp crystals around the room to tamp down the stench.

YODA

What you got here is your basic suspicious DOA. I need you two to baby-sit this until the ME arrives.

TONYA

What's suspicious? He's a million years old.

YODA

He lived with his son, the kid never reported it, and he's nowhere to be found.

LAZARUS

Can't we wait outside the apartment? He's not going anywhere.

YODA

No.

TONYA

What did we do?

YODA

You graduated the academy this week, that's what you did.

INT. LIVING ROOM

YODA

(leaving)

Give those uniforms to the dry cleaner tonight, that's the only way you'll get the smell out.

EXT. FOOTPOST 43 - 1:00 PM

Kenny and Kiterunner.

As the rookies watch, the detoured traffic is getting out of hand, traffic agents overwhelmed.

There's almost a fender bender between a Hummer and a yellow cab as the two vehicles charge the same opening.

HUMMER DRIVER (29)

(to Pakistani cab driver)

In America, there's a thing called

(MORE)

HUMMER DRIVER (29) (CONT'D)
 alternate feed, you camel riding
 hump!

The cab driver comes flying out, livid, and bearing a tire-iron.

TAXI DRIVER (51)
 I am here ten years, you asshole!
 How about I kick you fake Rambo
 ass!

The Hummer driver jumps out with a steering wheel lock.

KENNY
 Let's go.

KITERUNNER
 (in Urdu, to the cabbie)
 Brother, I hope you're gonna use
 that to fix a flat.

The cabbie is stunned to hear a cop speak to him in his native tongue.

KITERUNNER (CONT'D)
 (in Urdu)
 You want to stay here another ten
 years? Or go back to Karachi?

ANGLE - KENNY confronting the Hummer driver.

KENNY
 Back in the car, back in the car.
 (into the driver's window)
 Now, it's either drive time, or
 (displaying plastic cuffs)
 overtime, and I could use the money
 so why don't you haul ass.

ANGLE - KITERUNNER leaning into taxi window.

KITERUNNER
 Let him [Hummer] go first, get some
 distance.

The Pakistani driver, chilled out now, examines Kiterunner's uniform then smiling, pats his badge.

CABBIE
 This I dig.

INT. YODA'S VAN - 41 - 1:30 PM

Yoda driving White House and Franchise somewhere.

YODA

There was a cop retired about
twenty years ago died last winter
always lived in the precinct. Back
in the day when this whole area was
like hell's hundred acres, every
cop in the house moving to the
suburbs, this guy raises a family
here because he liked the people.

Yoda pulls up to an old multi-family brownstone, right on the
dividing line of affluence and hardship.

YODA (CONT'D)

And his widow Ginny, she'll be here
until they carry her out feet
first. We always keep an eye on
Ginny, help her out and today...

INT. BROWNSTONE

Rundown but respectable, the three of them climbing murky
stairs.

YODA

Ginny's got a bit of a problem.

GINNY (74), diminutive, feisty, glasses and a housedress, is
waiting for them at the top of the stairs

GINNY

Jayson Toney. I heard you were
coming to the two-two. Me and my
husband saw every game you played
from Bishop Jameson to the pros.

FRANCHISE

That's kind of you, thanks.

GINNY

Can you fix a toilet?

SMASHCUT TO:

FRANCHISE - On his knees before the overrunning bowl, White
House and Ginny backseat driving.

WHITE HOUSE

Whoa, wait, turn the shut off
valve.

FRANCHISE

The what?

WHITE HOUSE

Behind the toilet, down, right there, no, the other way, the other way.

GINNY

You know what pissed me off about you? You could have been one of the great ones but you had to be a playa-jerk. No interest in defense, got so much as a runny nose you benched yourself, missed practices, out of shape, hitting every pimp and felon nightclub in the country, and jumping into the stands that time to go after some knucklehead heckler? What were you, twelve?

WHITE HOUSE

(handing him a plunger)

Make sure you cover the outflow drain.

FRANCHISE

You mean the hole, right?

WHITE HOUSE

Do you want me to take over?

FRANCHISE

I got it.

GINNY

And then you show up that year 35 pounds overweight and lose the point guard slot to Reggie Mayo? Reggie Mayo! You could've eaten him for breakfast. In fact you looked like you did eat him for breakfast.

Franchise, stressed, takes it out on the plunger, slamming it into the water like harpooning a whale, and soaking himself.

ON WHITE HOUSE - Wincing.

INT. DOA APT. - 1:30 PM

Lazarus and Tonya in the living room, dying, opening all windows, turning on the AC.

TONYA

(heading out)

Screw this.

LAZARUS
Where you going?

TONYA
I'm buying some incense from the
botanica on 83rd.

LAZARUS
The FTO said...

TONYA
Screw him too. This is personal.
Yoda.

LAZARUS
I once wrote a piece on a bad
police shooting involving his
nephew up in the Bronx. You think
that's why? Guy never even said
anything to me.

Tonya gives him a hard knowing look that's difficult to
decipher and leaves the apartment.

INT. HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Tonya cursing to herself as she waits for the elevator.

ON TONYA - As the elevator door opens. What she sees, at
first shocks, then slow-burn angers her.

REVERSE - ANNA FOSTER (31) standing there with a punch bruise
on her cheek.

TONYA
Hey, you live here?

ANNA
(hiding her bruise)
No. I mean yeah.

TONYA
Take me to your apartment?

ANNA
No.

TONYA
I just want to see everything's OK.

ANNA
Everything's OK.

TONYA
I just want to talk. Which
apartment?

Tonya steers the woman down the hall, taking over.

ANNA
Please...

TONYA
Is he in there?

ANNA
Please stay out...

TONYA
It's either me or the entire 7th
cavalry.

Anna, against her will, unlocks the door to

INT. APARTMENT

that is nicely appointed but is in a state of chaos.

Her husband, ERIC ROYCE (33) drunk, wild-eyed, appears, gawks
at Tonya.

ERIC
Who are you?
(to Anna)
What did you do?

TONYA
Sir, what happened to her face?

ERIC
I don't believe this! You know it
was an accident!

ANNA
Eric, I'm so sorry...

TONYA
Sir, look at me.

As she reaches for her radio, Eric walks out of the room.

TONYA (CONT'D)
Hey! You stay...

And before she can finish her sentence, he's returned with a
shotgun.

ANNA

Ohmygod...

ERIC

(taking Tonya's gun and
radio)

I gave her everything she ever
wanted for ten years, get fired for
doing the right thing, and now
she's *leaving* me?

TONYA

Eric, listen to me...

ERIC

(pacing)

What do I do, what do I do, what do
I do...

Tonya furtively eyes her gun across the room.

TONYA

For starters, how about you don't
make it worse for yourself.

She inches forward, her gun a little closer.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

INT. HOSTAGE APT. - 2:00 PM

Tonya is seated on the floor, Anna standing against a wall, Eric waving the shotgun from one to the other as he paces like a liquored up loon.

ERIC

Top pharmaceutical salesman in my division for seven years running, never made less than six figures in commission but I always plowed that back into deferred stock because this new cholesterol pill we were developing was going to blast Lipitor right off the market, just hang on for FDA approval. Shock of the century, FDA gives it thumbs down. Why?

(patting his own bald head)

It, caused, *baldness*. The stock went through the floor, and I had three and a half million in deferred commissions and bonuses drop to thirty thousand dollars overnight... Then I find out half my bosses and their pals sold off most of their stock only two months before the FDA made its announcement. Made out like bandits. I contact the SEC, SEC says two months is too long before the sell off to qualify for insider trading, sends me on my way. Three days later I get fired, no reason given. The SEC says if it's retaliation it didn't leak from us, maybe you should get a lawyer and what does *she* say? What does my loving *wife* say? I'm leaving you...

ANNA

Eric, that all happened two years ago. It's been two years living like this. I can't take it anymore, you just won't let it go.

TONYA

(inching forward again)
That's one hell of a story...

Eric points the shotgun at her, freezing her forward motion.

ERIC
Don't even think it.

EXT. FOOTPOST 43 - SAME

Kiterunner and Kenny have joined Tony Howard and the Gang Intel Unit as they do the same search and strip on the 40 Wolves as they did on the Gun Clappin' Goons earlier.

All the 40's sport multiple bead chains and Nautica tee's.

40 WOLF
Man, this is racial profiling.

TONY
(mildly)
Oh yeah?

KITERUNNER
(to kid)
Shut your goddamn mouth.

Kiterunner's harshness gets a look between the more seasoned cops.

KENNY'S POV - MICHELLE TERRY (21). A beautiful Af-American woman comes closer, stands just out of range to the action.

TONY
Listen up everybody here, you need to be gone for the next 48 hours. I come back see any of you grouping up like this, you're looking at unlawful congregation, public menacing, parading without a license, anything I can think of.

The smallest kid there, T-REX (13), pipes up.

T-REX
Ey yo, this our block, an' you can't tell us nothing 'cause we ain't do nothing. Why don't you creep on them Clapper Goons like this.

The cops are amused (somewhat) by this miniscule kid but Kiterunner goes all street on him, nearly lifting him off the ground, nose to nose.

KITERUNNER
You got a big mouth for a midget, open it again, please, just one
(MORE)

KITERUNNER (CONT'D)
 more crack, see what happens to
 you.

MICHELLE
 Officer, officer, he din't mean no
 disrespect, our mother passed and
 we just moved here from the Bronx
 to live with our grandmother and
 he's a little, agitated, but he
 certainly... I will most definitely
 talk to him about how to...

KITERUNNER
 Who are you?

MICHELLE
 My name is Michelle Terry and I'm
 T's sister, and, once again, I
 apologize for him, he's just new to
 these streets, you know,
 (pointedly looking at
 Kenny and Kiterunner)
 much like some of you all.

ON KENNY - Impressed, a little attracted to her.

TERRY
 You all want a free pass on all
 this, this "racial profiling", you
 bury the hatchet with them boys up
 the block and give up whoever shot
 Travis Lemon.
 (dead silence)
 Not all at once, now.

As they walk back to the van...

TERRY (CONT'D)
 (to Kiterunner)
 You got to take it a little easy
 there, hoss.

KITERUNNER
 So they keep telling me.

KENNY
 So you think they're gonna jump off
 or not.

TERRY
 God I hope not, I got three other
 face-offs around here could blow
 any time, five ten and fifteen
 blocks from each other. These kids,
 (MORE)

TERRY (CONT'D)
 they're like brushfires in a dry
 season.
 (beat)
 You two be my eyes, OK?

INT. WIDOW'S BATHROOM - 2:15 PM

Franchise, in a sweat now, pouring buckets of tap water into
 the bowl.

FRANCHISE
 I don't get how pouring more water
 into a stopped up bowl is gonna
 help.

WHITE HOUSE
 It can create suction in the drain
 pipe, just do it.

FRANCHISE
 How do you know this?

WHITE HOUSE
 My father was the super of an
 apartment complex in San Diego.

FRANCHISE
 (singing)
 I wish they all could be California
 girls...

GINNY
 Even with Mayo taking over the
 point guard slot your coach offers
 you up to 35 minutes playing time a
 game. What do you do? You refuse,
 you prima donna.

WHITE HOUSE
 This isn't working, you're gonna
 need a snake.

FRANCHISE
 A what?

GINNY
 Walked away from 35 minutes... Nate
 Robinson, little Nate Robinson, 12
 points, 1 steal and 3 assists in an
 average of 24 minutes played per
 game that year. 24, you jackass.

FRANCHISE

Lady, all due respect, I'm a heartbeat away from stuffing your head in your own toilet you don't get off my back.

GINNY

That blown-out knee? That was God telling you you didn't deserve it.

Franchise drops the plunger in disgust. White House steers him out of the bathroom.

WHITE HOUSE

(to Ginny)

I need a wire hanger, you have a wire hanger?

As White House improvises a plumbing snake, Franchise moves to the living room hung with old family photos and police commendations for the dead husband.

He casually looks out the window.

FRANCHISE'S POV - A dry cleaning shop across the street.

He sees someone big and streety exit the shop - race, features, indeterminate. Doesn't think much of it.

But a moment later, someone in the shop is placing a potted Aspidistra in the front window.

He quickly scans the street looking in vain for that big dude.

He's gone. Franchise looks worried. Did he recognize that guy?

FRANCHISE

(casually)

You two OK over here? I need to go down for a second. I'll be on the radio.

WHITE HOUSE

Where you going?

GINNY

You're supposed to stay with your partner.

FRANCHISE

Two seconds. I'll be right back.

INT. DRY CLEANING STORE - CONTINUOUS

Franchise enters. A smallish elderly couple, Hispanic man, ELIAN (64) and his Asian wife, MEI (65) are behind the counter. They seem frightened of him for some reason, jumpy as hell.

FRANCHISE

Hey, how you doin? Can I ask, what kind of plant is this?

ELIAN

I don't know.

FRANCHISE

You bought it but you don't know what kind it is?

(silence)

Where'd you buy it?

ELIAN

Conways.

FRANCHISE

Conways doesn't sell plants.

(beat)

The guy who came in here with it, do you know him?

ELIAN/MEI

What guy?/No.

FRANCHISE

Was he just here?

ELIAN/MEI

Yes./No.

FRANCHISE

He threaten you?

ELIAN/MEI

No./Yes.

FRANCHISE

What did he look like, white, black, Hispanic...

MEI

Yes.

ELIAN

He looked like you.

FRANCHISE
Like me... lighter, darker than me?

ELIAN
Like you.

FRANCHISE
Was he short, tall...

ELIAN
Like you.

WHITE HOUSE
(entering)
What the hell is going on?

FRANCHISE
No, I'm sorry, I just saw...

FRANCHISE'S POV - On the carpet - sunflower seeds. It was his old teammate Mo Bailey.

Not sure how to play it, Franchise clams up.

INT. DOA APT.

Lazarus in his underwear, is still writing, still alone.

He checks his watch - where's Tonya?

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY

Lazarus, buttoning up his uniform, exits DOA apt. Worried, he heads for the elevator then hears from behind an apartment door down the hall...

ERIC (O.S.)
Shut up! Just shut up!

TONYA (O.S.)
Eric, I'm trying to help you here...

Lazarus moves to the apartment door.

LAZARUS
Hello, police. Open up.

There's dead silence. Lazarus takes out his radio, is ready to call it in, when the door swings open, Tonya standing there.

Lazarus sees Eric off at an angle, his shotgun aimed at Tonya's back.

TONYA

Come on in.

CLOSE ON - Their radios, their guns, piled in a corner near Eric. GO WIDE to see

INT. HOSTAGE APT.

Lazarus and Tonya seated on the floor, as Eric rants and paces and continuously hits on an open vodka bottle on the dining table.

ERIC

I get a lawyer like the SEC says, but I have no money. My old company? They have lawyers sitting around all day making paper airplanes, just waiting for cranks and whistle blowers like me to try to make waves. All they have to do is outspend me, and they win so I have to be my own lawyer. I'm all day, every day in the library, reading, preparing, filing, two years of banging my head against the wall and I can't even get in front of a judge, I can barely make my nut, I can barely feed my family, I can't even take care of...

LAZARUS

Listen to me, Eric. You play this the right way, you put down the gun, your story comes out, the lawyers will line up for you just for the publicity and you'll get your day in court. But... if you play this wrong? That's a whole 'nother kind of story cycle.

ERIC

(taking a slug)
Leaving me...

ANNA

I'm not going anywhere. Just put...

ERIC

JUST! LAST! NIGHT!
(imitating Anna)
Oh Mary, I can't take it anymore, we're coming to Seattle you got to put us up.

TONYA

Who's "us"?

ANNA

It was supposed to be temporary,
Eric, we need a break from each
other.

ERIC

(singing "Have Mercy")

Went to see the gypsy, here's what
the gypsy said, she said Eric, your
girl she's gonna leave you, her
bags are packed up under the bed,
have mercy, have mercy baby...

ANNA

Eric stop it, just stop!

ANGLE - TONYA looks to the guns across the room, looks to
Lazarus, as Eric takes another slug.

TONYA

Eric can I stand up? My back, I
have a bad disc.

ERIC

(tearing up as he rants)

You know where I work now? Gold's
Discount Electronics. Can I
interest you in a Blue-Ray of the
new re-expanded Avatar? Or perhaps
our new Gorilla cable? I mean, 'cuz
you don't know what it's like to
watch a football game on TV until
you watch it with a Gold's Discount
Electronics Gorilla cable.

Tonya slowly rises, Lazarus, alarmed, has no choice but to
rise too. She gestures for him to step away from her, to
create two separate targets.

Panicked, Eric's aim swivels between the three of them.

TONYA

I told you I have a bad disc.

LAZARUS

Eric, help us help you.

Suddenly a look of epiphany comes over Eric's face; and he
actually smiles.

ERIC
You want to help me?

Startling them both, he kicks their guns back to them across the floor.

ERIC (CONT'D)
Lock and load!

They scoop up their guns and aim at his head, Eric with the shotgun on his wife.

TONYA/LAZARUS
Put it down! Put it down!

ERIC
I kill her, you kill me, suicide by
cop right?

It's a 3-way stand-off.

Suddenly, from a back bedroom a baby starts to wail.

TONYA
(calmly)
You kill her, we kill you, who gets
the baby?

Eric quickly claps his hands to his ears to shut out the wails.

They have a split second to blow him away, but being rookies, they hesitate to kill.

Then Eric recovers, the "opportunity" lost, his shotgun back on his wife.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. BATTERED WOMAN'S APT.

Three guns in a standoff.

The baby in the other room is crying harder.

ANNA

Eric, please! Let me see to her!

ERIC

All I've ever done my whole life is work as hard as I knew how, take care of the people I love and try to do the right thing. You know what I mean? Who in their right mind would raise a child in a world like this?

ANNA

Eric, I'm begging you... Come with me. See her.

LAZARUS

Hey Eric, listen to me, look at me, I busted my ass for 14 years, go into work one day, my stuff is already in a box on my desk. I crawl into a bottle for an entire year after that and lose my wife and child. I was broke drunk and familyless. But I pulled myself together, and the world came back. It comes back, Eric.

ERIC

Did your wife come back?

LAZARUS

(hesitates, lies)

Yes.

Eric can tell he's lying, is fixed on the haunt in Lazarus' eyes.

ANNA

Eric, please, I'll stay with you, I swear.

ERIC

Stay with me where, in prison? In a psych ward?

TONYA

Somebody better check out that
baby.

EXT. POST 43 - 3:00 PM

Kenny and Kiterunner.

Despite Terry's warning to disperse for the day, at least half of the 40 Wolves are back to hanging out in front of their row of walk ups. To the naked eye they just look like a bunch of high school aged (and younger) boys, playing cards, talking quietly to each other or on their cell phones.

But there's a slight air of being on their best behavior, like they've all got a secret.

KENNY'S POV - The young mouthy T-Rex.

The only kid who looks hyper, like the secret is too much for him.

KITERUNNER

They were told to book. Let's run
them off.

KENNY

(eyes on T-Rex)
They're just there. I want to check
them out a little.

KITERUNNER

Man, how do you keep so calm?

KENNY

My family's been wearing blue since
before I was born. I know the
drill.

(beat)

You think you're the only one who's
got something to prove? My great-
grandfather locked up Willie
Sutton, I got a great uncle who
arrested Crazy Joey Gallo and my
father was part of the team who
arrested Son of Sam.

KITERUNNER

I don't know any of those people;
were they terrorists?

KENNY

Funny.

KITERUNNER

Then they're just criminals.

KENNY'S POV - He sees T-Rex head off alone to the corner store.

KENNY

(following)

You want some coffee?

KITERUNNER

(reaching for money)

Tea, no milk, two sugars.

KENNY

I got it.

INT. CORNER STORE - CONTINUOUS

T-Rex, big-eyed, jumpy walks to the soda cases in the back of the musty cramped store. In here he looks like the pre-pubescent child that he is.

KENNY (O.S.)

How you doing.

Kid flinches as Kenny makes himself a coffee.

T-REX

I din't do nothin'!

KENNY

Alls I said was how you doing. What are you so jumpy about? The drama's over for today right? Nobody getting busy?

(T-Rex clucks his tongue
in feigned boredom)

Good thing too. You ever see somebody catch a lead pipe across the face?

(tongue suck)

Arm get broke by a bat? Last year I heard a set-test went down between Goodfellas and Skriller Hill, some Skriller threw a light bulb at a Goodfella from about two feet away, the kid wound up with an inch long piece of glass coming straight out from the middle of his eyeball.

(T-Rex stares)

Now if somebody's stupid enough to bring a piece, a bullet can go

(MORE)

KENNY (CONT'D)
anywhere, right? What's your name
again?

T-REX
(exiting)
You ain't need to know.

EXT. FOOTPOST 43 - CONTINUOUS

KITERUNNER'S POV - T-Rex walking out of the store. He sits on a stoop alone, away from the rest of the 40 Wolves, catching his breath.

Kenny exits the store with his coffee, walks past the freaking out T-Rex without acknowledging him.

KITERUNNER
Where's my tea?

KENNY
This thing is going down.

ANGLE - MICHELLE, T-Rex's sister, watching from another stoop.

Her gaze goes from her little brother on one corner to the loitering 40's in front of the walkups to Kenny on his footrest.

She catches her brother's eye and gestures for him to go upstairs. He waves her off.

She looks desperate.

EXT. FOOTPOST 41 - 30 MINUTES LATER

White House and Franchise are returning to post.

WHITE HOUSE
You can't just walk out because
some old lady's breaking your
balls.

FRANCHISE
That was nothing. I had 'em broke
by professionals.

WHITE HOUSE
And you can't bail on me and not
say where you're going.

FRANCHISE
I'm sorry, I thought I saw
something.

WHITE HOUSE

Yeah and so?

FRANCHISE

I said I'm sorry. You fix the toilet?

WHITE HOUSE

Yeah, she forgot to mention that she dropped a hairbrush down there earlier.

As they arrive at their post...

FRANCHISE'S POV - THE PLAYGROUND, minimal Gun Clappin' Goons presence on their bench and Mo Bailey (the sunflower seed spitter) shooting hoops by himself.

ON FRANCHISE - Deep breath; how does he play this? He starts to walk across the street, enters the courts.

WHITE HOUSE (CONT'D)

Now where you going?

FRANCHISE

Talk to my man.

WHITE HOUSE

Well he doesn't want to talk to you. What are you, a punishment freak?

EXT. COURTS

Mo and Franchise regard each other, Mo with the ball. He fires a chest pass to Franchise, who sidesteps it, lets it clank into the mesh.

FRANCHISE

Let me ask you something. You working? You got a job?

MO

Do I got a job... let me see, oh yeah, I was working security at some big box up in Westchester, stopped a guy walking out with a unpaid for microwave, he took a swing at me and I broke his jaw. He gets a three hundred thousand dollar settlement, I get locked up, get a record, so no I don't got no job.

FRANCHISE

So now you robbin' people? Beatin' people up?

MO

What the hell you talking about.

FRANCHISE

What happened to you, man?

MO

I already said, what the hell you talking about.

FRANCHISE

Where you get all the plants?

MO

Little basketball prince, had all that money, threw it away. Go back to your post, Franchise, your girlfriend looks scared.

FRANCHISE

I'll give you til four o'clock to walk over to the precinct, turn yourself in, after that...

MO

Forget where you came from, forget *who* you came from. Or maybe you just never knew to begin with.

FRANCHISE

(exiting)

It's better for you if you turn yourself in. Get a lawyer to go in with you.

Mo hits a three pointer.

EXT. FOOTPOST 43 - 30 MINUTES LATER

ANGLE - SIDESTREET. 40 Wolves buildings. More 40s are coming back to their hangout, some casually going inside the foyers of the walkups, then coming back out flat-faced but giving off a vibe that they might be carrying/ hiding something.

EXT. FOOTPOST 41 - SAME

ANGLE - PLAYGROUND BENCHES. Same thing, GCG kids increasing in number, walking as if concealing things, calm but alert.

ON MO BAILEY, noticing this. Sensing trouble, he casually takes his basketball and exits the playground.

UNKNOWN CLOSE ON - the muffled tap of a 40 oz. beer bottle breaking against a stoop, becoming a jagged weapon.

UNKNOWN CLOSE ON - A two foot metal pipe sliding up from the waist of a pair of jeans.

EXT. FOOTPOST 43

Kiterunner and Kenny standing there, watching the Wolves, who know they're being watched and play it cool. Kenny is more tense now, Kiterunner calmer.

KENNY

My dad saw action in five major riots. Nothing uglier than a riot, he used to say.

KITERUNNER

Those aren't rioters, they're gangbangers.

KENNY'S POV - THE 40'S, playing it cool.

KENNY

Gang wars are slow motion riots.

KITERUNNER

Whatever. You want to call in?

KENNY

To say what, they're just sitting there?

UNKNOWN CLOSE ON - New pointed rings slipped on fingers.

UNKNOWN CLOSE ON - Razors taped between knuckles, slipped into mouths.

EXT. FOOTPOST 41

White House and Franchise.

WHITE HOUSE

What's going on with you and that guy.

FRANCHISE

What guy.

WHITE HOUSE

The hell with you. I'm requesting a new partner.

FRANCHISE'S POV - The GCGs massing.

FRANCHISE

There's got to be twenty kids there now.

WHITE HOUSE

We should break 'em up. Or do you want to call for...

Abruptly, all 20 of the GCGs, suddenly brandishing weapons, go charging as a group out of the playground.

It looks like they're going to attack the rookies but they veer at the last moment towards Footposts 42 and 43, towards the 40 Wolves.

WHITE HOUSE (CONT'D)

Goddamn!

White House and Franchise have no choice but to run parallel to the pack trying to head them off, but the GCGs aren't even paying attention to them.

EXT. FOOTPOST 43

Kenny and Kiterunner turn to the sound of two beer bottles smashing into each other, two more weapons.

See a similar sudden massing of 40 Wolves, one kid (Paris) charging out of a walkup with a baseball bat, howling like a banshee and before they can react, the Wolves are off running at full speed towards Footposts 42 and 41, towards the GCGs running full speed at them.

Like White House and Franchise, all they can do is run parallel, attempt to cut them off but the Wolves only have eyes for the other gang.

OVERHEAD - See the charging gangs racing towards each other from Footpost 41, from Footpost 43, the cops trying to keep up until they all COLLIDE at Footpost 42.

CLOSE ON - THE ACTION, din of battle, kids wailing on each other, getting hit, cut...

All four cops are now in the middle, back to back to back to back.

Wherever they can, they disarm, they tackle, they cuff, they disperse. They trade blows.

They are heroically standing their ground (it helps that the gangs don't care about them).

CLOSE ON - KITERUNNER - A whirlwind, a martial artist, snatching weapons, side-sweeping kids to the ground and cuffing them, disarming jagged bottles, slashing razors, wresting away pipes and bats.

CLOSE ON - WHITE HOUSE - Also a trained combatant (ex-MP) mixing it up with a big teenager and holding her own, on the verge of slamming him to the street and cuffing him when FRANCHISE, assuming she's in over her head, wrestles the kid away from her and subdues him on his own. White House is PISSED.

CLOSE ON - KENNY - Cuffing a kid, looks up and sees...

LITTLE T-REX - Just standing there in the middle of everything, immobile, big-eyed. And behind him, a big GCG is wielding an iron pipe, taking it back for a full swing as if to knock his head off his shoulders.

SMASHCUT TO:

SIDELINES - MICHELLE,
screaming in terror for her brother.

SMASHCUT TO:

KENNY,
flinging himself at T-Rex, tackles him, taking the brunt of the swing on his own shoulder but saving T-Rex's life.

IN THE DISTANCE - Can be seen the 7th Cavalry, patrol and anti-crime cars, misery lights flashing, sirens wailing AND JUST LIKE THAT all combatants, en masse, GCGs and Wolves almost pulling each other along like comrades, start to haul ass out of there.

ANGLE -

WHITE HOUSE
(to Franchise)
You let me fight my own goddamn
battles! Worry about your own ass!

FRANCHISE
 I'd rather worry about...
 (catches himself)
 Just looking out for my partner.

ANGLE -

KENNY
 (re: Tonya and Lazarus)
 Can you believe those two missed
 all this?

FRANCHISE
 Sittin' on a DOA. How lucky can you
 get.

SMASHCUT TO:

INT. HOSTAGE APT.

Baby squalling out of sight.

CLOSE ON - LAZARUS - Sweating, coiled, getting ready to
 actually head shoot the guy but not knowing if he can take
 him out before he squeezes one off into his wife...

...when the wife suddenly stuns everybody by grabbing the
 muzzle of the shotgun with both hands and putting it to her
 chest.

ANNA
 (screaming)
 If you're going to do it, do it!
 You won't stop drinking, you won't
 stop fighting them, and I just
 can't live like this! So kill me,
 kill yourself, let my sister take
 the baby! End it, just end it!

Lazarus and Tonya are yelling to get his attention.

ERIC
 I'll do it!

ANNA
 Then do it!

The baby still screaming in the other room.

LAZARUS
 Eric! Look at me! Look at me!

ANNA
 It's OK, Eric, just do it.

TONYA
(sotto voce to Lazarus)
Trust me.

LAZARUS
What?

TONYA
Cover me.

LAZARUS
(utterly confused)
What? Wait...
(then)
Hey Eric!

Without a word Tonya explodes out of the living room and charges to the baby's room, SLAMMING THE DOOR behind her.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. HOSTAGE APT.

Lazarus still has his gun aimed at Eric; Eric has his gun trained on his wife. He's banging on the baby's bedroom door but he can't afford to look away from Lazarus.

LAZARUS
(gun trained)
You look at me! You stay out of
there! Look at me! Look at me!

ERIC
(shouting through the
door)
What are you doing! What's
happening!

Lazarus makes eye contact with a now hyperventilating Anna, then...

TONYA (O.S.)
(from behind the door)
Somebody call an ambulance for the
baby!

At that, Eric freaks and shoulders his way into the baby's room where Tonya has been waiting for him out of his sight lines and elbows him in the face, then grabs the barrels of the shotgun, raising them high while bulling him backwards into the living room.

Anna, ignoring them both, goes charging into the baby's room.

ON ERIC AND TONYA - wrestling for the shotgun.

ON LAZARUS - leaping in from behind, getting Eric face down on the floor, the shotgun skittering across the room.

ON TONYA - cuffing him.

ON ANNA - running back in with the crying (but healthy) baby in her arms. (It was a ruse on Tonya's part.)

ANNA
I'm not pressing charges! Please!
I'm not pressing charges! He's been
in hell, you have to understand!
I'm not pressing charges!

ERIC
(face down, sobbing)
I'd never hurt you, I'd never hurt
(MORE)

ERIC (CONT'D)
 you, I just wanted to end it, I
 can't take it anymore, I can't stop
 thinking about it. I can't breathe
 I can't live, I can't sleep, I
 just, I just, I just wanted to end
 it.

TONYA (O.S.)
 Guess what...

LAZARUS POV -

TONYA (CONT'D)
 (holding the shotgun)
 It's not loaded.

ERIC
 (sobbing re: suicide by
 cop)
 I'm so sorry. I just wanted to end
 it.

ON ANNA - crying with empathy.

Lazarus and Tonya exchange glances; they're in the shit now.

LAZARUS
 (on radio)
 Post 41 to Central...

EXT. FOOTPOST 42 - POST-BATTLE MOP-UP

The four rookies are winded, bruised, a little bloody but
 still standing.

Most of the gangbangers have fled.

But some are laying on the ground in cuffs being harvested by
 Tony Howard's Gang Unit.

TONY
 (to the rookies, pissed)
 This all here? You people are
 dumber than a bag of hammers.

ON ROOKIES - WTF?

But when they look at Yoda...

ON YODA - He's even more pissed than Tony.

EXT. DOA'S APT. HOUSE - 30 MINUTES LATER

Eric, in cuffs is put into a radio car, the shotgun being carried by a detective.

LAZARUS

"Trust you?" "Cover you?" What the hell was that?

TONYA

(in shock)

What did I do again?

Anna comes out with the baby.

As the radio car pulls out, Anna hails a taxi.

ON ANNA - For a moment it looks like maybe she's leaving him after all but...

ANNA

Where's the precinct house?

LAZARUS

Just follow them.

Yoda in his van is glaring daggers at them too.

A sedan pulls up, a ruffled young man with a forensics bag steps out.

YOUNG MAN

I'm from the Coroner's Office.

(beat)

So where's the stiff?

INT. PRECINCT INTERVIEW ROOM - 4:00 PM

End of tour. Yoda has gathered all 6 rookies in a funky windowless room.

YODA

This was not a good start. You four [Franchise, Kiterunner, Kenny, White House], you're all standing there like Little Big Horn in the middle of a banger war. Were you sick that day in class when they taught you how to use your radio? BECAUSE NOT ONE OF YOU CALLED IT IN. NOT ONE OF YOU CALLED FOR BACKUP. And you two [White House, Franchise,] you go at each other
(MORE)

YODA (CONT'D)

like the Bickersons, got no focus out there except for each other. If you don't get it together, you're looking at transfers to separate boroughs. You [Kiterunner], you got way too big of a chip on your shoulder, unless you start cooling out, you're not gonna make it on this job at all, and you [Lazarus], you let your partner just wander off, then you disobey a direct order by wandering off yourself? But you [Tonya], you are the greatest screw-up in this room, not only do you disobey a direct order, but you WALKED INTO A DOMESTIC ON YOUR OWN, ONE OF THE MOST DANGEROUS MISTAKES IN THE BOOK, you put your own life at risk, you put your partner's life at risk, you put that woman's life at risk.

TONYA

Hey, I wasn't the one with the shotgun.

Tonya talking back makes everyone flinch.

YODA

(quietly)

I am one heartbeat away from telling you to clear out your locker.

Tonya holds his stare, not backing down. You could hear a pin drop.

YODA (CONT'D)

(rising to exit)

Not a good start at all.

KENNY

Boss, can I just ask... How'd the other rookies do today?

YODA

(after a beat)

Worse.

INT. MEN'S LOCKER ROOM - 15 MINUTES LATER

Our four male rookies are redressing into their civvies.

LAZARUS

Anybody feel like throwing back a few? Celebrate Survivor: New York?

KENNY

It's four in the afternoon.

LAZARUS

So?

KITERUNNER

I don't drink.

FRANCHISE

Too early for me, man.

LAZARUS

Really? Just a beer.

KENNY

See you tomorrow, bro.

Lazarus watches the three young men exit, feeling his age.

LAZARUS

If anybody changes their mind, I'll be at Hanratty's.

EXT. PRECINCT - CONTINUOUS

Kenny, heading out after the tour, is accosted by Michelle, the sister of T-Rex, the kid Kenny saved.

MICHELLE

(offering her hand)
I'm Michelle Terry.

KENNY

(a little flustered)
I know.
(beat)
Kenny McCormack.

MICHELLE

(still holding his hand)
I wanted to meet you to say thank you for what you did.

KENNY

What I did?

MICHELLE

You saved my brother from God knows what kind of injury.

KENNY

He's OK?

MICHELLE

Yeah, are you?

KENNY

(blushing)

Me? I'll live.

MICHELLE

Good.

(beat)

Look, I need for you to know that
T, he's a pretty good kid, but he's
got to show heart out there,
especially 'cause he's a newcomer.

KENNY

You got to keep an eye on him.

MICHELLE

See, that's the thing. I can't
mother him in front of the others,
that would be like a disaster, and
I can't lock him in the house,
so... I was thinkin'... given
you're gonna be out in Wolf
territory for awhile maybe you
could kinda keep an eye on him for
me.

(beat)

He's just a child...

(beat)

and I would surely appreciate it.

CLOSE ON, Michelle slowly sliding her fingers out of his
grasp.

KENNY

(flustered)

They move us around a lot.

(beat)

But I'll see what I can do.

MICHELLE

(leaving)

Alright then, thank you.

ON KENNY - Watching her go... Gangbanger's sister.

EXT. PLAYGROUND - 4:30

Franchise, in jeans, shooting hoops by himself in the playground where he confronted Mo Bailey.

White House, wanting to make things less tense between them, steps onto the court.

At first they don't know what to say to each other.

Then they silently start to shoot around.

Then just for the hell of it, White House drives on him, Franchise easily blocking her shot.

She tries again, and again, getting nowhere against this NBA level player, but she's into it; he's into it.

They start to sweat, two spectacular looking young athletes, it's getting physical, real physical.

And then White House, as if hearing some internal alarm bell go off, just stops, a little shaken, and walks off the court without a word.

Franchise, rattled, stares after her.

EXT. BUS STOP - SAME

Tonya, in civvies, waiting in a crowd.

TONYA'S POV - YODA in his van, beckoning to her.

INT. VAN - CONTINUOUS

YODA
(breaking angry silence)
What the hell were you thinking?

TONYA
You're going to start in on me all over again?

YODA
Just answer me.

TONYA
No. You answer this. Why'd you stick me with that DOA. To keep me off the street?

YODA
You're a rookie. That's what rookies do.

TONYA
To keep me safe?

YODA
Don't be ridiculous.

TONYA
To keep me safe?

Yoda pulls the van over on a deserted sidestreet.

TONYA (CONT'D)
(softly)
You can't do that, Larry.

They fall into a clinch, madly kissing and ripping each other's clothes off, wrestling their way into the back seats.

TONYA (CONT'D)
You can't do that...

YODA
I'd die without you...

EXT. ESTAB. SHOT - STARR TOWERS - 8:00 PM

Huge low-income housing project in the precinct.

INT. PROJECTS ELEVATOR - CONTINUOUS

Franchise, grim-faced, alone, ascending.

Doors open on the eleventh floor.

INT. LONG DINGY HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

Franchise heading to apt 11G.

Franchise knocks hard.

MALE (O.S.)
Who.

FRANCHISE
Open up.

A long beat, then the door opens. Mo Bailey stares at him.

FRANCHISE'S POV - APT. INTERIOR. On the dining table; a dozen Aspidistra plants. The poor but house-proud rooms are filled with plants, but mostly the lowly indestructible Aspidistra.

MO
(defeated)
You here to arrest me?

FRANCHISE
Like I told you before, it'll be better for you if you turn yourself in.

MO BAILEY'S MOTHER (O.S.)
Mo, who's there?

Mo winces.

FRANCHISE
If you want I can keep you company on the walk over.

INT. HANRATTY'S BAR - 10:00 PM

Crowded, sports on three TVs.

Lazarus, writing in a notebook on the damp bar, has been there for hours and he looks it.

He rises and heads through the loud room to the bathroom.

INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS

Awful, super narrow, dingy.

Lazarus enters. The stall is being used.

Waiting, he stares at himself in the flecked mirror.

The stall door opens up.

And suddenly he's face to face with the Shannon Bar Stomper; the guy is massive and undeniably himself from shaved head to silver tipped boots.

They stare at each other, reading each other's minds.

Lazarus is off duty and high, without gun or radio. He is scared.

The Stomper knows Lazarus isn't going to do shit.

The bathroom is so narrow that The Stomper brushes Lazarus on his way out the door.

When they're chest to chest The Stomper looks into Lazarus' eyes and smiles.

And then he's gone.

ON LAZARUS - Punked to the max.

END OF ACT FOUR AND PILOT