

PRIME SUSPECT

"Pilot"

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TEASER

EXT. CENTRAL PARK RESERVOIR - MORNING

JANE TIMONEY is running. From a distance she looks pretty good but up close - it's not going well. Her body is tense, her breathing is ragged. She's focused on something - and some distance ahead we can SEE a mid40s MAN sitting on a bench, sweaty after his own run, talking on a CELL. This is MATT WEBB. As he hangs up and STANDS, Jane SLOWS, then STOPS completely, clutching a stitch in her side. Matt starts to speak - but she holds up a finger -

MATT

(sympathetic)

Aw, no, you're kidding. Really?

- then looks away and DRY-HEAVES once, then takes as deep a breath as she can muster and lets it out, panting.

MATT (CONT'D)

That half banana I tried to make you eat seeming like a pretty good idea right about now, huh.

JANE

First mile or so was all right...
Then the wheels came off.

MATT

So what, you're out here. That's not nothing. And the more the nicotine works out of your system, the easier it'll be.

(gesturing)

You'll be Dustin Hoffman-ing all over this damn park.

Jane doesn't reply. She SPITS some phlegm into the bushes.

MATT (CONT'D)

So... Tricia just said she wants to stop by tomorrow now.

- then rolls her eyes.

MATT (CONT'D)

Sorry. But I just figured let's get it over with already.

JANE

Sure, if this is gonna do that.

MATT

She says it is. She says she just doesn't want Owen to be staying over someplace she's never seen.

JANE

(shrugs)

Makes sense.

MATT

Yeah. Or, it's just more of her holding me over a barrel with my own kid - And dragging you into it too now -

JANE

She's just flexing her muscles, Matty. She's got nothing else to flex them about. So we just have to let her. Just bite down and let her til we get what you want.

MATT

Right on. I hope.

Jane is distracted suddenly. She turns her head sharply -

MATT (CONT'D)

You gonna come home and shower, or go there and do it?

JANE

There.

- and we SEE a MAN approaching nearby, smoking a CIGARETTE. Jane takes a deep satisfying LUNGFUL of the secondhand smoke, then one more -

MATT

Wow, that doesn't seem like the best idea.

- then catches the man's eye.

JANE

Hey - No smoking this part of the park.

MAN

Yeah? Go find a cop.

Jane unzips the iPod arm pocket of her jacket and produces - a DETECTIVE BADGE. As the man reacts -

JANE
Yeah? Go put it out.

As the man steps on the cigarette, then hurries away -

MATT
... Maybe try one of the patches
today, huh? I don't think the gum's
getting the whole job done -

JANE
(turning to him)
You want some of this?

MATT
Hell no? Love you.

They kiss. Then Matt smacks Jane on the ass and runs off south toward the Great Lawn. Jane watches him go, then turns and contemplates the reservoir path. As she steels herself, then starts jogging again, toward the North Meadow...

INT. EASTSIDE TOWNHOUSE - SECOND FLOOR HALLWAY - MORNING

DETECTIVES REG DUFFY, thin and mean 40s, AUGIE BLANDO, hen-pecked class clown, 40s, and PHIL CARTER, former Div II linebacker, 30s, all bootied and gloved, wait and talk.

BLANDO
I thought I wanted the Sig. But I
keep coming back to the Smith.

DUFFY
What about instead of getting
another gun you try enjoying the
ones you got.

DETECTIVE GERRY KEATING, jovial athletic alpha-dog in his early 40s, reaches the landing. The men turn, smiling.

KEATING
Morning, heathens.

Duffy hands Keating gloves and booties. Keating puts them on -

CARTER
Hey Skip, you met Brenda, right? At
the racket for Stevie Saracco? Tell
these dummies she's good-looking.

KEATING
Sure she is. You take four subways
to work - You're a real catch.

As he speaks, Keating precedes the other three men into -

INT. EASTSIDE TOWNHOUSE - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

A grim bloody perversion of a bedroom, framed by incongruous sunshine streaming through the windows. Crime scene photo steps carefully around the destroyed body of a woman. The other detectives wait by the door as Keating approaches her.

KEATING
... Connie? Corine?

DUFFY
Courtney. Edgerton.

KEATING
Courtney. She dug deep, huh.

BLANDO
Heart like Cinderella Man.

CARTER
I'd fight hard too. Far as she knew
the kids were next.

KEATING
Right. And the kids were where?

Duffy points to the closed doors of the bedroom's walk-in CLOSET. Keating sighs.

KEATING (CONT'D)
Yeah... That oughta be fun.

As Keating shakes gloved hands with a nearby PHOTOGRAPHER -

KEATING (CONT'D)
Hal, how they hangin.

HAL
Gerry, low and lazy.

KEATING
One deluxe package, with extra
shots of the ceiling? Please.

Keating heads out followed by the other detectives. As Hal turns his camera toward the blood-spattered CEILING...

INT. EASTSIDE TOWNHOUSE - HALLWAY/KITCHEN/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

... we're back on Keating and the guys, now outside the kitchen door. Inside the room we SEE a stunned MAN in his 40s with blood on his clothes, sitting guarded by two uniforms.

DUFFY

Family friend. He found her. Curtis Hall -

BLANDO

Hull. Like Bobby Hull.

DUFFY

(raspberries this)
Hockey. Anyway, he's in there and the kids are in their room with the nanny.

KEATING

Augie, get an ETA on the husband?

BLANDO

You want a child psych, too? Might take a while to get em over here.

KEATING

- How come the nanny wasn't with the kids this morning? How come the kids were with the mom while she was getting killed?

DUFFY

Dentist.

KEATING

Huh. Lucky girl.

CARTER

Not if she got like, a root canal.

KEATING

Well, right. Murder and root canal would be a push.

As they head off down the hall chuckling -

INT. MANHATTAN NORTH HOMICIDE - HALLWAY/SQUADROOM - DAY

- we FIND Jane at her desk, open file in front of her. As she pulls open a drawer and takes out a fresh pack of GUM, a middle-aged POLICE ADMINISTRATIVE ASSISTANT, SUSAN BAKER, approaches her with message slips.

SUSAN

Here, Detective - Got any more gum?

JANE

It's nicotine.

SUSAN
 (weighs this, then shrugs)
 ... First time for everything.

As Jane hands Susan the pack of gum, Carter and Blando ENTER, talking. They don't see her.

BLANDO
 Hull and the husband been friends since college. '87ish. He says they were supposed to be playing racquetball at eight a.m. But Doc Edgerton says, at seven thirty he was in scrubs at Lenox Hill. He's a - some kind of surgeon.

Blando pats himself down for his notebook. Jane stares at them, her expression turning from disbelief to rage -

CARTER
 Maybe the doc just forgot. Or maybe 'playing racquetball' is code for 'nailing your wife while you're at work'.

BLANDO
 Maybe, baby - Thoracic. Thoracic surgeon. What the hell even is that. Dinosaurs?

- then STANDS, her chair skittering back.

JANE
Hey.

Blando widens his eyes at Carter, who smirks and looks away. As Susan the PAA makes a furtive escape -

JANE (CONT'D)
 You're kidding me here. Right?
 You're gonna do this again?

BLANDO
 ... Pardon?

Jane gestures angrily at a DRY-ERASE BOARD on the wall nearby. It has names written on it in descending order. The one at the top says J. TIMONEY. Below it is Keating's name.

JANE
 My name was top of the board going into last night. Right? So you want to explain to me how now you guys are working a case and I'm not? -

BLANDO

Well, when a bad man does a murder and someone calls the police? The responding officer calls his sergeant, and that sergeant calls a homicide detective. And that homicide detective - Was not you.

JANE

Lemme guess. The sergeant is Pratt?
(off their silence)
So it's his fault. Again. Just want to be clear - You guys are using the exact same excuse as last time.

BLANDO

Yeeeah, I don't like living in the past.

CARTER

(shrugs at Jane)
Pratt gets a murder, he calls Gerry. He's known Gerry since Gerry was pissing his diaper. He doesn't know you.

BLANDO

Well, he might a little. I mean - He has ears.

CARTER

Let's just agree to both be right.

Jane SEES the squad commander, LT KENNY ROWE, 55ish in a baggy suit, going into his office. She abruptly follows. As Keating now enters, Blando cocks his head toward Jane's back.

BLANDO

Think it might be on, this time.

KEATING

Yeah? Who's got two thumbs and was the Brooklyn College intramural ping-pong champion? And also could give a rat's ass? -

(suddenly)

Nobody move. We gotta call Rosie.

Keating dials his cell. A huge grin creases his face -

KEATING (CONT'D)
 Happy birthday! Who's my girl?
 But that's why I called - I got
 Uncle Augie and Uncle Philly and
 we're all gonna sing it together!
 (aside to Carter)
 Run get Reg, he's in the can.

INT. LIEUTENANT ROWE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

- while Jane stands across from a sitting, frustrated Rowe.

ROWE
 So I'm supposed to go out there and
 tell them what. To not have
 opinions? To stop being mean? What.

JANE
 If I kept blowing off the catching
 order and grabbing someone's cases -
 What would happen. Anything?

ROWE
 What're you asking me for, Jane?
 I'm not taking it away from those
 guys now. They got momentum going,
 I don't mess with that -

JANE
 Is what you said the last time.

ROWE
 (frustrated)
 Look, I'll make it right. All
 right? You just gotta be patient
 and show them you can hang -

JANE
 Is what you said the last time.

As they stare at each other, at an impasse, from the
 squadroom through the closed door we HEAR voices in SONG -

KEATING ETC (O.S.)
 Near Bannbridge Town in the County
 Down
 One morning last July
 Down a boreen green came a sweet
 colleen
 And she smiled as she passed me by.

Rowe can't help smiling a little. Jane does not smile.

KEATING ETC (O.S.) (CONT'D)
 She looked so sweet from her
 two white feet
 To the sheen of her nut-brown
 hair
 Such a coaxing elf, sure I
 shook myself
 To be sure I was really
 there.

ROWE
 (relenting)
 Scout's honor, next one down
 the pike is yours, Jane.
 Pinky swear. Okay? I got a
 good feeling our fellow
 citizens won't leave you
 hanging too long for it, so.
 (stands)
 Now let's go get a goddamn
 snack.

JANE

I ate.

Jane heads for the door. Rowe is annoyed.

KEATING ETC (O.S.)
 From Bantry Bay up to Derry
 Quay
 And from Galway to Dublin
 Town
 Young Rosie McCann from the
 banks of the Bann
 She's the star of the County
 Down!

ROWE
 You know, there's plenty of
 people in this squad could
 use some help if you want to
 do casework. It's not just
 about who gets to wear the
 whitest hat all the time.

JANE (CONT'D)

I never said it was.

She PULLS the door open in time for an EXPLOSION of -

KEATING ETC (O.S.)
 Happy birthday, Rosie! We love you!

We FOLLOW Jane as she ignores the sound and heads off to -

INT. SQUAD - HALLWAY - LATER

- where she passes DETECTIVE DON KORILKO, broad with a healed
 many-times-broken nose, coming out of an interview room.

JANE

Need a hand?

KORILKO

Somebody saying I do?

JANE

Not you specifically. So?

Korilko considers, shrugs. He leans over and OPENS the door
 of the interview room briefly to display a startled African-
 American MAN in his 20s, then SLAMS it.

KORILKO

He's Russell Moss. He and his girl go up on top of a building on 152nd, long story short, he throws the girl off the roof. Or so is my surmise, since Russell's pretending he's deaf.

JANE

Okay, so you want to talk to him together, or me to take a shot alone, or what?

KORILKO

Yeah... I grabbed Russell off the street, so he didn't have time to get rid of whatever he might've had to get rid of? So actually, I need someone to go out to Brooklyn and pick up his stuff. If you could.

Jane almost hides her dismay. Korilko raises an eyebrow.

KORILKO (CONT'D)

He's been at that homeless shelter in the old Cumberland Hospital?... Off the Gowanus? -

JANE

I know where it is.

Jane heads off. Duffy appears and watches her go. As he WINKS and overhand-tosses Korilko a plastic-wrapped egg-on-a-roll -

INT. CUMBERLAND HOMELESS SHELTER - DAY

A blaring TELEVISION is bolted high on the wall, showing NY1. The sullen 'security guard', RAY MORESCO, watches from his counter as Jane uses his keys to unlock a PADLOCKED locker. As she does, Jane indicates the blaring TV with her head.

JANE

How's that not make you nuts.

MORESCO

(crabby)

Getting asked to turn it up fifty times a minute makes me nuts.

Jane OPENS the locker. She pulls out a rumpled dirty shirt, a dirty pair of pants, another shirt, assorted belongings. As she puts them in a plastic bag, she looks over the clothing. We see it has R. MOSS stamped on the inside.

JANE

Russell just got out of jail, huh?

MORESCO

Never been in far as I know.

JANE

Well, but there's Dannemora-issue stuff here. Shirts and pants -

MORESCO

Proibly he lets Robert keep his stuff in there too.

JANE

... Robert.

ROBERT

He been out for a couple weeks. Went upstate off some drug thing. Said he got the same cell Tupac had, back in the day -

JANE

And Robert's Russell's what, brother?

(Moresco nods)

And he's staying here too?

(Moresco nods)

But he's not here now.

(Moresco shakes his head)

He comes back can you give a call?

MORESCO

(shrugs)

I guess. But might not even be me here when he comes back, so.

Jane gathers Russell's stuff, then stands and crosses to him.

JANE

Yeah, and when you are, you cover this whole place - I can see you can't be looking out for one guy.

('suddenly')

Would you be willing to be deputized? You up for that?

Moresco stares at her. Then suddenly -

MORESCO

Who'd do it, you? What do we do?

JANE

Well, you mind taking an oath?

Moresco blinks as Jane produces her BADGE and holds it out.

JANE (CONT'D)

Put your hand on the emblem. Right
between the pilgrim and the Indian.

Moresco does, staring at Jane with something a little like
awe. Jane returns his gaze with a serious expression.

JANE (CONT'D)

Raymond Moresco, you solemnly swear
to uphold the laws and constitution
of this great state of New York?

MORESCO

Uh-huh?

JANE

Then you are hereby deputized from
this day forward by Detective Jane
Timoney of the NYPD.

(withdraws the badge)

Welcome aboard the fight, Mr.
Moresco. You see Robert Moss? You
call me.

At a loss for how to respond, Moresco suddenly SALUTES.
Without missing a beat or condescending Jane SALUTES back,
then exits with the bag, biting back a smile as she goes...

INT. BOROUGH HQ - MEETING ROOM - DAY (LATER)

Informational Meeting, held to brief all bureau detectives at
once on crimes of note/cases in progress, led by the Chief of
Manhattan Ds, CHARLIE BONDLOW. It hasn't started yet.

Jane enters. She sees Keating and the others, including
Korilko, sitting together. Then she spots a MAN with a CAST
on his arm, smiling at her. She crosses to him smiling back.

JANE

Evrard... You bored here yet?

This is EVRARD VELERIO, a friend of Jane's since the Academy.
Half-black, half-Dominican, all cool. He worked Midtown South
Homicide with Jane before her transfer, but he was shot on a
case before she transferred and he's been on medical leave.

EVRARD

You kidding? I'm recuperating. I answer some phones, I take a little break. I make some copies, I have a little lunch. I'm telling you, Janie - Get shot.

As Jane starts to reply, Chief Bondlow RAISES his voice.

BONDLOW

Simmer down, listen up. First up, high priority - The Gracie Mansion area dickie waver strikes again.
(as the detectives laugh)
Ha ha, and the mayor's very upset, his dinner guests choke on their oysters, it's all very uncivilized, let's try to help out if we can.

Bondlow gestures to an SVU DETECTIVE, LOUIE MOORE.

BONDLOW (CONT'D)

Next up we got a string of rapes on the East Side, which Moore from SVU here is going to tell us about.

MOORE

Yeah, okay, we've ID'd a pattern of rapes on Madison Ave.

Moore crosses to a MAP of the East Side of Manhattan, studded with red thumbtacks, propped on a stand in preparation.

MOORE (CONT'D)

Starting at 87st and Lex, continuing here, here, and so forth, they all start as push-in type attacks. And the guy's a real freak. No fooling. He does it all.

Off Jane as she stares hard at the map -

INT. BOROUGH HQ - MEETING ROOM - LATER

- and as the meeting breaks up, she approaches it. Moore is still standing near it. Jane smiles at him.

JANE

Jane Timoney, Manhattan North Homicide.

MOORE

What can I do for you.

JANE

Well, you probably noticed how close your rapes are clustered to the Edgerton townhouse murder -

MOORE

Yeah, but ours are all early 20s, single. Ours are all apartments. None of ours have kids. Or money - Besides, I thought you have the guy. The husband's friend. Right?

JANE

Okay, but isn't the geography worth looking into? How many push-in rapists are there gonna be working in the same twenty block radius -

MOORE

You hear me ask Gerry Keating if you had a robbery? You didn't. Our guy's taken jewelry from all of ours. What you want me to say?

JANE

That you'll keep an open mind.

MOORE

My ride's gonna leave without me.

Moore heads off, rolling his eyes. As Jane watches him go, we PULL BACK to SEE - Duffy, Keating and the others coming to form a wall behind her. They stare past her at the map and talk as if she isn't there.

DUFFY

This Edgerton case is really something else. Right, Skip?

KEATING

Reg, my son, I am crazy about this case. To quote the poet, I like this case like Patton liked war.

BLANDO

It's a press case, for sure. Case like that is where grade is made.

CARTER

Case like that you have to deserve.

KORILKO

Some people don't think so.

KEATING

You know, I've heard that too?

DUFFY

What would you tell those people,
Skip. Assuming they could hear you.

KEATING

Well now, I'd tell them a story. A
story about the Beef Trust.

BLANDO

I love that story.

KEATING

A squad is only as good as its Beef
Trust. Because - the Beef Trust
only cares about the work. They
knock on doors. They follow leads.
They hear the words on the streets.

DUFFY

They don't bang Bureau Chiefs to
transfer out of Midtown South.

KEATING

Subtle, Reg. But relevant,
nonetheless.

(he leans toward Jane)

The Beef Trust can't flutter their
eyelashes. All the Beef Trust can
do is the work. That's why they
deserve cases. All the cases. And
that's why they take what they
deserve.

Keating lets his words settle. Then he turns away.

CARTER

A stirring speech. An epic.

BLANDO

A Song of Solomon.

KEATING

Many thanks. Let us commemorate our
fellowship with the adding of
liquor to ice.

Keating heads out. The others follow, leaving Jane alone by
the map. We PUSH IN on her face as she keeps her eyes fixed
on it, waiting for them to be gone. When they are she takes
one deep BREATH and lets it out slowly...

ACT ONEINT. JANE'S APARTMENT - KITCHEN - DAY (DAY 2)

Jane stands filling a glass with filtered water.

TRICIA (O.S.)
Ours is bigger but yours still has
to be what, eighty pounds?

MATT (O.S.)
No one's arguing with you, Tricia.

Jane squeezes her eyes shut. Then she heads for -

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

- where Matt sits in an armchair. Across from him on the couch sits his ex-wife, TRICIA. Matt looks up, tense.

MATT
Tricia wants us to mount the TV.

TRICIA
Also, the instant boiling water
thing, on your kitchen sink? So
something designed for a world
without six-year-old boys.

MATT
I said we'd get the super to
disable it. I know you use it but -

JANE
Fine. It's fine.

Jane holds out the water glass to Tricia, who takes it with a vague nose-wrinkle thank-you smile. As she does -

TRICIA
Is it going to be hard to not have
your phone around Owen, Jane? With
your job? We really try to not use
our phones around him, I'm sure
Matt's told you.

JANE
He did. So if we take care of the
TV and the hot water filter, then -

TRICIA
Matt has the list.

JANE
- But then Owen can start spending
the night here?

TRICIA
(vaguely)
That's the idea - Oh! I can't
believe I almost forgot.

Tricia sighs importantly. As Jane stares at her, fed up with everything, not just this -

TRICIA (CONT'D)
Jane... I know uniformed policemen
carry guns. I've seen that. But I
didn't know if that meant that you -

JANE
It does.

As Matt looks over at Jane, alerted by her tone -

TRICIA
Well. I wasn't sure. But so what do
you do, with your guns?

As Jane starts to answer, Matt suddenly interrupts.

MATT
Actually there's just her duty
weapon. And it used to be cops had
to have that on them all the time.
But they changed that rule, when?

JANE
... The eighties.

MATT
Right. So now when she's off duty
she just locks it in her desk at
work. That's okay, isn't it?

TRICIA
Why wouldn't it be, Matthew -

JANE
Because I don't.

Jane leaves the room. As Matt and Tricia hurry after her...

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

The door of a STANDING GUN SAFE is OPEN. PULL BACK to REVEAL
it sits in the bedroom closet, surrounded by clothes.

Inside are various RIFLES and SHOTGUNS in vertical slots below a shelf that holds a 9mm Glock in a SHOULDER RIG.

REVERSE ANGLE to REVEAL Tricia, blinking in disbelief. Matt is behind her, angry. Jane looks from the safe to Tricia.

JANE

Owen's not getting into this. Matt can barely get into it. If you still don't feel good about it, that's fine, I'll take care of it however you want. But I'm not gonna lie about it. This is a fact.

Tricia stares at her - then, balefully, at Matt. As he opens his mouth, Tricia storms out. Matt glares at Jane.

MATT

You're kidding. Are you kidding me!

Matt hurries after Tricia. As we HEAR muffled angry voices and the front door SLAM, we STAY on Jane. She reaches for the shoulder rig on the shelf and methodically PUTS it on...

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM/FOYER - CONTINUOUS

... then comes out to find Matt standing by the closed front door, staring hard at nothing.

JANE

... I want this to happen. But not like that - I don't want to be faking it in my own house -

MATT

Just go.

Matt disappears into the living room. As Jane blinks, then EXITS, pulling the door quietly shut behind her...

INT. SQUAD - COFFEE ROOM - DAY

Jane comes in - and SLOWS DOWN. REVEAL Keating alone, pouring himself the last of the coffee. He glances over, then puts the empty pot back and attends to his brimming mug. Jane crosses and starts making a fresh pot. As she does -

JANE

... The Beef Trust, huh. Cool name.
(then, mildly)
They're not around, though, right?
It's just you here now?

Keating ignores her and takes a test sip. Jane leans in.

JANE (CONT'D)

They agree with you going full-out at Curtis Hull right from the jump? Any of them think there might be any other avenues worth exploring? Or - maybe they don't want you to make the case. Maybe they want it to get thrown out for lack. Because maybe they know when that happens, they'll be working for me.

(smiles)

Maybe the Beef Trust is looking forward to that. Huh? Maybe they're fluttering their eyelashes at that.

Keating suddenly chuckles. He puts down his mug.

KEATING

I know some women, all right? My wife, my daughter's gonna be one - My mom? So I can see, there's a couple different ways of doing it. But I'm pretty sure - You're not doing it right.

JANE

Why don't you worry less about me and more about doing your job.

KEATING

Sure. No hard feelings, right? Not on my part, anyway.

(turns to go, then stops)

Chief of Patrol Services Sheridan may have had them?... But I don't.

He's gone. Jane stares after him. Her CELL RINGS.

JANE

Yeah.

MORESCO (V.O.)

Detective? It's your deputy.

JANE

My dep - Mr. Moresco. Howareya.

MORESCO (V.O.)

Good - It's him. Robert Moss. He came back. Seems pretty jumpy too.

JANE

We'll be right there, Mr. Moresco.
And, can I just say - With men like
you on our side? I'm starting to
believe we can win this thing.

Jane hangs up. She looks at Keating's abandoned coffee MUG -
then TOSSES it in the garbage. Off her face as she heads out -

EXT. BODEGA/INT. CAR - MORNING

- to Korilko, behind the wheel. An African-American man sits
in the back. This is ROBERT MOSS. Moss is surprisingly
dressed in a button-down, argyle vest, penny loafers and
slacks with cuffs. Now the passenger door OPENS and Jane gets
in. She hands a soda and a candy bar to Moss.

JANE

Those all right, Robert? You good?

Korilko PULLS AWAY from the curb abruptly. Jane ignores him.

JANE (CONT'D)

You know, I was gonna say before,
Robert - You are looking stylish.

MOSS

They got a bin for the lost and
found, I just got em out of there.

JANE

What're you apologizing for? Don't
apologize. Those pants have cuffs.
I just - wasn't expecting somebody
so well-dressed, and articulate.
(she faces forward)
... Night and day from your
brother. Amazing.

MOSS

You what?

JANE

Well, I mean, you come with us like
a man. Not whining and screaming
like he did - They almost had to
restrain him, you know?
(turns and smiles)
But not you. You're a gentleman.
Detective Korilko here's got cuffs
on his pants too - But not like
yours. Yours say classy, all the
way. Classy with an edge.

Moss sits back. He likes this, and Jane.

MOSS

Classy with an edge, huh. Yeah. So where we going now.

KORILKO

Back to the squad so we can talk.

MOSS

(suddenly nervous)
My brother gonna be there?

KORILKO

You don't need to worry about that.

MOSS

Cause maybe he cry like a bitch with you all but that ain't how he is with me.

KORILKO

Yeah, well, you're gonna tell us all about how he is with you.

MOSS

Yeah, well. Maybe I'm confused now.

KORILKO

... You what?

As Korilko starts to turn around in his seat, still driving -

JANE

(suddenly)

Let's just go to the roof. It's not that much further than the squad. We could go there, and you could show us what happened at the scene. Instead of tell us at the squad. Want to do that?

MOSS

... Maybe. Maybe, yeah.

JANE

Don't waste Detective Korilko's time here, though, Robert. And he's gonna have the DA's office meet us there, so don't waste theirs either. We all take this trouble going to that roof? You're gonna show us what happened.

MOSS
 (enthusiastic)
 I will. I'll show you.

Jane ignores Korilko's resentful eyes.

JANE
 Field trip.

EXT. HARLEM ROOF - EARLY EVENING

We SEE roof and skyline through a VIDEOCAMERA, which now turns its EYE on Jane.

JANE
 Detective Jane Timoney, Manhattan
 North Homicide. And we've also got -

Off her gesture, the CAMERA swings to each one in turn -

ADA COLLINS
 (rookie, startled)
 I, ah, Drew Collins, Assistant
 District Attorney. Are we -

KORILKO
 Detective Don Korilko Manhattan
 North Homicide.

CAMERAMAN
 Mike Mannion on the camera.

JANE (O.S.)
 And last but of course not least -

MOSS
 I'm Robert Moss.
 (leans in)
 I'm the killer.

JANE (O.S.)
 ... So Robert, you want to talk
 about what happened here with you
 and your brother and Lola Arzuaga?

MOSS
 Okay, so I stay out in Brooklyn but
 I came in to see my brother and his
 girlfriend. That's Lola. I had a
 little money, we got a bottle and
 came up here. My brother found a
 jay he had, so it was like, let her
 drink while we go smoke this.

JANE

And where did you go to do that?

The camera follows Moss over to another part of the roof.

MOSS

Here, and we're talkin about maybe go down the street find somebody - you know. To rob or whatever... But so we go back to get a drink, and she had finished the bottle. Lola.

JANE

Seriously? And you're out of money, and you're six flights up?

MOSS

And my brother's got this temper, even when we're kids - so Lola, he punches her in the face. Knocked her out cold. And he was in like a rage, he goes, Let's throw this bitch off the roof.

Back on Jane in the flesh. As she starts to speak, Korilko suddenly STEPS forward. He's taking back his case.

KORILKO

What'd you do when he said that.

MOSS

If I'm gonna be honest? First off I was thinking, I'm just outta jail. So I was gonna ask like his permission, to make love to her first. But then I don't know how he's gonna react. He's already mad.

KORILKO

So you didn't say anything.

MOSS

Uh-uh. I just carry the heavy part. You know, the head. We go to the wall, and it was like Uhhh - and we just threw her over like that.

The camera WATCHES Moss mime hurling an invisible body off the roof. It FOLLOWS the arc up and over to SEE - there's an actual BODY-SHAPED OUTLINE in the leaves and branches of the TREES below. As we HOLD on the outline...

INT. LIEUTENANT ROWE'S OFFICE - EARLY EVENING

... Keating, Duffy and Rowe drink Jameson from jelly glasses.

KEATING

So they didn't see Hull. The mom came and got them and locked them in the closet first. But they also didn't not see him.

ROWE

But if this is Hull, and he's been throwing a hump into Mrs. Edgerton for however long, then why rape.

DUFFY

Because the autopsy says it is.

KEATING

She breaks it off? She makes him mad? Stranger things have happened?
(Rowe rolls his eyes)
What crawled up your ass and died.

ROWE

Jane! Jane did. Because you guys hijack her cases and leave me on damage control. Thanks for that.

KEATING

Aaaaand there it is.

ROWE

She's a good detective, dummies -

DUFFY

She's a good something, all right.

ROWE

This is about her and Sheridan?

(off their silence)

No - You want to talk, talk.

(silence)

Obviously to you guys the work is irrelevant given what went on. No matter how long ago it was. And I'm sure the Chief's wife'd agree with you Jane shouldn't be rewarded for anything ever. But Jane got the nod here off how she handled the girl in the park. Off closing a good case. Sheridan never came into it. From what I hear they've been done a long time anyway.

(MORE)

ROWE (CONT'D)

(silence)

I'm not gonna deny he was happy -
But he found out the same time you
clowns did. After her transfer was
already done.

(silence)

I'm not a stooge.

KEATING

(beat, then, sincerely)

We know, Kenny. You're a survivor.

DUFFY

And she's an empty suit.

As Duffy shrugs at Rowe, CUT TO -

EXT. HARLEM ROOF - EARLY EVENING - CONTINUOUS

- Jane on the roof. Watching Robert Moss.

MOSS

We go back downstairs and Russell
goes into some hallway and punches
some guy, takes his money, and we
went and got another bottle. And
then I went back to Brooklyn.

KORILKO

Anything else you want to say?

MOSS

Yeah - I'm Robert Moss... And I'm
looking for work.

KORILKO

Okay, DeNiro. That's a cut.

Korilko hustles Moss to the access door. Collins watches them
go, stunned. Then he looks at Mannion, who is also stunned.
Then the two of them look at Jane - who is gazing OFF.

MANNION

Janie? Whose case is that?

JANE

It's a made case.
(as they follow her gaze)
Wow. Right?

MANNION

Excuse me for not being in the mood
after we just had to listen to that
guy like he's people.

JANE

So I guess if I bought you a hot
dog right now you wouldn't eat it?

ADA COLLINS

(suddenly)

I'd eat it.

JANE

Two for you.

As Jane precedes the two men to the access door, REVERSE
ANGLE to SHOW - the magnificent SUNSET behind them...

INT. LIEUTENANT ROWE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

... and back on Keating, with a fresh glass of whiskey.

KEATING

Time bombs. Ticking time bombs.

DUFFY

IEDs.

KEATING

Roadside bombs. They lurk, Kenny.
The good ones are urban myths, like
the Yanks wearing pinstripes to
make Ruth not look fat. Women DTs
lurk and they wait to blow up the
careers of good cops. They laugh at
your dirty joke nine times and the
tenth they call their union rep.
One nut scratch is a hostile work
environment. Tom Sheridan aside -
That's just who your Janie is. One
of us until it serves her not to be
- And eventually it always does.
I'll tell you a -

Keating WINCES. He RUBS his arm, puzzled, as he stares at
Duffy, who is leaning forward to hand his glass to Rowe.

DUFFY

(chuckles at him)

Ger, you all right? -

Keating reaches for Duffy but misses as he FALLS to his
knees, then backward, his face blank with pain. As Rowe
snatches up the phone and Duffy goes to the floor to cradle
Keating ineffectually, his eyes filling with tears...

ACT TWOINT. SQUADROOM - MORNING (DAY 3)

The room is full of detectives, working the phones and typing while keeping one eye on the door -

- which now OPENS and Duffy enters, in the clothes he was wearing last night. He has a plastic BAG gripped tightly but forgotten in one hand. The noise in the room disappears.

DUFFY

They were prepping him for surgery,
but he didn't... He died.

The squad stares at Duffy, who lifts the bag helplessly. We SEE something catch the light inside - a detective SHIELD.

PAN around the room as the men try to take this in. But as we move, one detective returns hushed to his phone call, another phone rings and another answers, the noise starts to RISE - until we're back to Duffy. He's staring off, balefully, at -

- Jane against the far wall. She stares back. Then Duffy abruptly turns and EXITS. As he goes, Jane notices -

- Rowe, looking wrecked like Duffy, shuffling into his office. PUSH IN on Jane as she stares at him, then at the room full of grieving detectives - and finally at the catching BOARD, where her name still sits at number one. She squeezes her eyes shut, trying to come to a decision...

INT. LIEUTENANT ROWE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

... and PULL OUT to find her seated across from Rowe.

JANE

I know it's hard to talk about it
right now -

ROWE

(short)
Then why are we, Jane.

JANE

Because this is a tragedy. And
letting the ball drop on the case
seems like the only thing that
could make it worse.

ROWE

The case that was supposed to be
yours to begin with. Right?

JANE

I'm not denying that's part of it -

ROWE

The case you thought Gerry was working all wrong anyway. The case you were gonna be taking over when he got run out of town on a rail. Isn't that the last thing you said to him on this earth.

As Jane's eyes fall on the hospital BRACELET on Rowe's wrist -

ROWE (CONT'D)

He was in the chair you're in last night. Your colleague with one of the highest closure rates in department history. My friend whose baby girl turned four yesterday.

Now Rowe notices the bracelet on his arm. He angrily tries to cut it off himself as he swallows the tears that just rose again. It's too hard for Jane to watch. She has to look away.

JANE

Given... everything, I obviously wish I could go back and -

ROWE

What kind of woma - What kind of person are you, that you can come in here like this today and just - ask for that man's job.

Jane looks back at him now. She doesn't speak.

ROWE (CONT'D)

I haven't decided. Anything. When I do I'll let you know. Get out.

Rowe looks down at the bracelet, his eyes wet. As Jane heads for the door she KICKS something. She looks down - it's a jelly glass. She picks it up and sets it on a nearby table. Then she lets herself out, pulling the door quietly SHUT...

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - FOYER/KITCHEN - MORNING

... and lets herself in at home. Matt is in a tie buttering something with an eye on the TV. He doesn't look at her.

MATT

... What happened.

Jane leans on the counter. She doesn't look at him either.

JANE

He died.

MATT

Wow... Wasn't that old, was he?

JANE

Nope. Coached youth hockey for the P.A.L... Ran the marathon I think.

Matt shakes his head. They both look at the TV. Then -

MATT

I know this thing with Tricia is my fault. I should have just gotten a lawyer right up front and said see you in court. But of course I had to try to be the nice guy - So of course she's jerking us around.

(abandons the toast)

But we were almost to home plate with this. And then you decide you're gonna make a point?

JANE

You lie in the beginning it always comes back to bite you later -

MATT

This is my kid. Getting to wake up with my kid again. You don't care more about whatever you were trying to prove than I do about this.

JANE

Why didn't you say something before she came? I could have moved them and it wouldn't have been an issue -

MATT

I should have, all right? And I should have known Tricia would ask about them, just given how weird she is about what you do -

JANE

She doesn't know what I do. She calls me a policewoman -

MATT

- To take you down a notch, Jane! Because she's intimidated! - Just roll with it! Like I have to roll with everything!

They both stare at the TV again, miserable. Then -

MATT (CONT'D)

Can you find another place for the guns.

JANE

(not bitchy)
Of course.

MATT

Can you do it tomorrow?

JANE

I'll do it now.

MATT

Okay.

He walks out with the toast. Off Jane, her eyes on the TV...

INT. PAT TIMONEY'S APARTMENT - LATER

Jane pushes the front door OPEN and humps in several soft long-gun carry bags. As she puts them down, she calls out.

JANE

Dad?

PAT TIMONEY, 65, appears around a corner. He's got a slight brogue and he's chewing (nicotine) GUM. He eyes the gun bags.

PAT

That's all of em, all right.

JANE

If you don't have enough room -

PAT

I do of course.
(as they HUG)
You were six you had a Chipmunk bolt action single shot .22. And look at you now. Does this Tricia character know about the Chipmunk?

JANE

(re: his breath)
What flavor is that.

PAT

A minty watermelon kind of a thing.
It's absolutely mental.

JANE

Just stick with the cinnamon, all right? Don't get fancy.

PAT

The cinnamon has my tongue burnt off.

JANE

It's better than a sharp stick in the eye though, right?

PAT

(mildly)

Listen to how you talk to me. I'll have you know, I'm a treasure.

Pat heads off with the gun bags. As Jane follows him, shaking her head in almost teenage annoyance...

INT. PAT TIMONEY'S APARTMENT - SPARE ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Three GUN SAFES against the wall. Pat unlocks one to show empty slots. As he starts unloading the bags -

PAT

How's the detective had the heart attack? Keating?

(Jane shakes her head)

Jesus. Kids?

JANE

Two. Boy and a four year old girl.

PAT

We'll do a whip-round down the bar. Should be good for a few hundred -

JANE

I asked for his job this morning.

PAT

You get it?

JANE

I didn't not get it. But, I did make an enemy for life out of my boss. So that oughta keep me sharp.

PAT

What's your source of information on that? Is it you?

Jane's voice betrays real doubt for the first time.

JANE

I just thought I had to ask now. While they were distracted, before they could - regroup. I thought that was my only chance, but maybe it wasn't. Maybe I should have waited. Or - just not asked at all.

(then)

Or maybe Tom Sheridan's just gonna follow me forever. It's already followed me ten times longer than the damn thing even lasted anyway.

PAT

... You can't unmake a mistake, Janie. Specially not one like that one. All you can do is atone. You had the high water - Now you've got the hell.

Pat closes the door of the safe and locks it, then turns.

PAT (CONT'D)

Now. Let's go have a pint or four and talk about how much we miss smoking.

INT. LIEUTENANT ROWE'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Duffy and Rowe. Only two cartoon character jelly glasses now.

DUFFY

Ger and Nate and I were going camping next month... I don't know should I try to still take him myself, or should I go walk off a cliff, or what.

ROWE

The Edgerton thing, the task force -
(as Duffy looks at him)
I'm giving it to Jane.

Duffy's eyes go WIDE. First surprise, then rage.

DUFFY

Okay, forget it not being me for a second - I mean, I'm not gonna beg -

ROWE

Reg -

DUFFY

Someone with a shot at carrying his jock! Mooney, he could do it, or what about Williams in Midtown -

ROWE

It's the right thing. Maybe she'll screw it up. But until she does, unless she does, it's her. I'm sorry... Have another pop.

Rowe holds up the bottle. Duffy stares at it, then him.

DUFFY

Now who's an empty suit.

Duffy gets up and EXITS. Rowe is still holding the bottle aloft. As he lowers it to the desk and stares into space...

INT. PAT TIMONEY'S APARTMENT - FOYER - NIGHT

... we're down the dim cluttered hall, looking toward the door. Pat and Jane stand putting scarfs and gloves on.

JANE

Dad, the point is we thought you had cancer. That you were dying. The point is, to remember how it felt to feel that and do something so it doesn't happen for real! -

PAT

I'm only saying what if your Dr Geller trots out that same x-ray with the 'shadowy mass' for all his patients have got a bad habit. Would you put that past him and his beady little eyes? -

JANE

Stop looking for excuses to smoke!

Jane stops dead, her face tense. As Pat turns to look at her -

JANE (CONT'D)

I only quit because you asked me, Dad. I'm not doing it alone. So if you flake out on me, I'm not kidding - I'm gonna frame you for something.

Jane's phone suddenly RINGS. She answers - then she grins. As she PUNCHES the air in triumph...

ACT THREEINT. SQUADROOM - DAY

Jane stands in front of a room of silent detectives.

JANE

He was a good detective, a husband
and a father. It's a tragedy, and
I'm very sorry for everyone's loss.

(silence)

I hope we can all agree, that the
best way to honor his memory is to
work this case til it goes down.

(beat, then)

So Detective Duffy, if you would -
Tell me where we are right now.

Duffy is sitting in front on a desk. He gets up slowly,
WINKING at Blando and whoever else is in the vicinity.

DUFFY

Whelp, no security cameras, Phil's
on deliveries, no repairs done or
scheduled, the husband's timeline
checked out. We interviewed the
household staff - handyman, nanny,
candlestick maker. Korilko's on
phone records, no surprises there.
Autopsy showed rape and semen.

(pointed)

We're waiting for DNA to tell us
'whose' semen.

JANE

But you think it's Curtis Hull.

DUFFY

Well, I don't claim to know what
mysterries the universe holds.

(gestures to Blando)

But this guy does. Augie?

BLANDO

Mr. Hull's timeline does not check
out. It is rife with
inconsistencies. I repeat, rife.

DUFFY

So anyway, if you want to dive in -
I assume you do. Want to dive in.

JANE

I do want to.

DUFFY

Well, the housekeeper's been laid up at home for a week - bone spur surgery. So no one's talked to her yet. She's a loose end, for sure.

(innocently)

She's out in the Bronx. Up by Fordham. Want someone to drive you?... Phil is free.

Carter looks up, barely concealing his dismay, as Jane exits. As Carter follows her, glaring daggers at a grinning Duffy...

EXT. EASTSIDE TOWNHOUSE - LATER

The sedan is at the curb. Jane is heading for the front steps, Carter behind her, trying to conceal his frustration.

CARTER

Why didn't you just say to Reg you wanted to see the crime scene?.. What'm I supposed to tell him about the housekeeper?

JANE

Tell him she's a loose end.

CARTER

... Right. How long we gonna be.

JANE

Don't know.

CARTER

Well - You just want to look the place over, or what are we doing?

Jane RINGS the doorbell. She looks at Carter.

JANE

(mild)

Were you there when Keating talked to the kids the first time?

CARTER

You're gonna try to interview the kids now? -

JANE

You were. It was Keating, and you and the kids.

(as he shrugs yes)

But not a child psychologist. Right?

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

(off his face)

There's no psych report in the file. Did he even call one?

(off his face)

No. Did you? No. Right?

(off his face)

So whatever they'd've told you, it'd be open to saying it was coerced -

CARTER

- Didn't end up mattering. They said they didn't know anything. They said they never saw the guy.

JANE

And you were satisfied with that.

CARTER

(bravado)

Yeah. We were.

JANE

Yeah - Somebody needed not to be.

As Carter stares at Jane - the townhouse door suddenly OPENS to REVEAL the nanny, GISELE CLARKE. As she stares at Jane, then at Carter, recognizing him, Jane holds up her BADGE.

JANE (CONT'D)

Hello, I'm Detective Timoney, I'm the new detective in charge of the case. Can we come inside, please.

GISELE

(worried)

Okay. But - I have to call Dr. Edgerton. You need to talk to him.

JANE

I agree a hundred percent.

As Gisele disappears from the door, Carter's CELL starts to RING. Jane doesn't look at him. She holds a card out to him.

JANE (CONT'D)

When you're done call this guy. Dr. Kevin Hynes. Tell him we're here, and he should come now... And tell Duffy I said hi.

Jane goes inside. As Carter slowly answers his phone...

INT. EASTSIDE TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - MOMENTS LATER

The CEILING LIGHT comes on with a snap. The air is still. A large part of the bloody CARPET has been removed, exposing floorboards. In various places around the room we can see abandoned BLUE LATEX GLOVES, indicating the room has not been cleaned or perhaps even entered since the crime scene techs were finished. The curtains are CLOSED.

REVEAL Jane in the doorway, her hand on the light switch. She looks around the room, then crosses and opens the doors to the CLOSET. She steps inside, then pulls the chain to the overhead light and CLOSES the doors after her.

INT. EASTSIDE TOWNHOUSE - MASTER BEDROOM - CLOSET/BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Jane looks around. It's almost walk-in size. Dustmotes float in the air. Some clothes lie puddled below their hangers. A handful of Uno cards rest near her foot, along with one high-heeled shoe. She reaches up and PULLS the chain to the overhead light again, switching it off and plunging the closet into darkness...

... except for the thick STRIPE of LIGHT at the bottom of the closed doors.

CARTER (O.S.)
Detective? You in here?

Jane looks down at the stripe -

CARTER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Timoney?... Jane?

- then SHOVES the doors open. REVEAL Carter, who almost conceals his startled jump.

CARTER (CONT'D)
- Dr. Hynes just showed up.

Jane doesn't reply. As she exits past Carter...

JANE (V.O.)
You didn't see who hurt your mom.

INT. EASTSIDE TOWNHOUSE - CHILD'S BEDROOM - DAY

... we're on an eight-year-old BOY (CALEB) and a six-year-old GIRL (PAULINA) drawing at a table. PULL BACK to REVEAL Jane with them, watched by Carter, Gisele and DR. KEVIN HYNES. Neither Caleb or Paulina look up from their drawing.

JANE

That's what you told the other
detectives, Caleb. Is that still
right?

Paulina suddenly looks up, then holds her hand out. Gisele gets up and hands her - a BABY BOTTLE with a nipple, full of MILK. Paulina grabs it and begins sucking greedily. It's a jarring sight. Caleb keeps drawing.

JANE (CONT'D)

Because I just wondered if maybe
you might have thought about it,
and remembered you did see him a
little bit.

(then)

I was looking at the closet, before
we started talking?... I was
noticing how the carpet's kind of
worn down in front, and how the
door doesn't really go all the way
to the floor. You can see under
that door. You can see a lot.

Caleb reaches for another marker. Jane watches him.

JANE (CONT'D)

I think you looked under the door,
Caleb.

Nothing. The pen SCRATCHES on the page. Jane leans in and looks at the picture, then at some of the others. They're pretty decent drawings of GUNS. Jane raises an eyebrow.

JANE (CONT'D)

These are good. I can pretty much
tell exactly what they are.

(nothing)

Seriously. You're good at drawing.

(points)

That's a sniper rifle. Right?

(points)

And, that's a revolver..

Caleb flicks his eyes over at her, then back to his work.

JANE (CONT'D)

(points)

And that's a shotgun. Looks like a
12 gauge. I got one looks just like
that. A Remington 870 Wingmaster.

Caleb looks at her again.

JANE (CONT'D)
 (conversationally)
 I used to have a Mossberg but I had
 a lot of problems with it. Plus,
 the Remington racks a lot louder
 than the Mossberg did.

Caleb is still looking at her. Jane matter-of-factly imitates
 the racking sound and action.

JANE (CONT'D)
Cch-cch. Right? You want that as
 loud and scary as you can get.

CALEB
 ... You don't have those.

JANE
 Those what. The guns? Sure I do.

CALEB
 You're a girl.

JANE
 (matter-of-factly)
 Yeah?

Jane reaches into her jacket, UNSNAPS her holster and
 produces - her SIG SAUER P226. She presses the release and
 removes the magazine, then puts it on the table. She racks
 the slide and looks inside to make sure the chamber is empty.
 Then she thumbs the de-cocking lever and PLACES the gun on
 the table between her and Caleb. THUNK.

JANE (CONT'D)
 There's one.
 (then)
 Pick it up if you want.

We SEE Dr. Hynes tense. Jane glances at him in warning. Caleb
 reaches out tentatively and first taps the gun with one
 finger, then puts his hand on it without lifting it. As Jane
 watches him...

JANE (CONT'D)
 Why're you drawing guns, Caleb.
 (no answer)
 You don't want to say, huh. You
 think you'll get in trouble?... So
 can I guess?
 (no answer)
 ... I think you're drawing them
 cause you're thinking about using
 them.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

(no answer)

Everybody wants to protect you,
from this awful thing. But you
don't want to be protected. Right?
You're angry. You want to be angry.

(then)

You're not gonna get in trouble for
that... Not with me.

Caleb puts the gun on the table. He glances at Jane, then
away, then back.

JANE (CONT'D)

Let's shake on it. You want to?

Beat. Then suddenly, Caleb shakes her hand -

INT. MASTER BEDROOM - CLOSET - DAY (FLASH FORWARD)

- and we're in the darkened closet. The STRIPE of LIGHT glows
at the bottom of the closed doors. PULL BACK to REVEAL Jane
and Caleb kneeling inside, pressing the sides of their faces
to the carpet at the bottom of the doors.

CALEB (V.O.)

He had black hair. He was the size
of Mom. He said he would stab our
eyes out. Mine and Paulina's first.
I thought I saw him near my Nana's
house yesterday but I didn't.

Jane and Caleb straighten back up. Jane pats Caleb's back for
a moment. Then as she reaches up and TURNS on the LIGHT -

CALEB (V.O.)

Mom was yelling. She was hitting
him. So he didn't. Then he left.

INT. EASTSIDE TOWNHOUSE - CHILD'S BEDROOM - DAY (PRESENT)

- Caleb pulls some of the drawings closer. He and Jane look
down at them together.

CALEB

... I would kill him with these.

JANE

I would help you.

Off Jane...

EXT. EASTSIDE TOWNHOUSE - LATER

On Jane as she stands alone in silence on the pavement. She sniffs, then turns to see the DOORMAN of a nearby building cupping a lighter to a CIGARETTE. As she shakes her head, denying a thought, Carter approaches. Beat. Then -

CARTER

All right, so, we were wrong. You found the angle, and you worked the kid. Good job -

JANE

Let's go.

Carter stares at her. Then, as he unlocks the car -

CARTER

(conversationally)

Hey, you ever worry someone's gonna drop a house on you?

JANE

This car's not gonna drive itself.

As Jane gets in the car and SLAMS the door -

INT. BOROUGH HQ - OFFICE - AFTERNOON

- we're on Evrard and Jane. Carter stands crabbily nearby.

EVRARD

So you think your killer and the Madison Ave rapist are one guy. And SVU doesn't.

JANE

No, they don't. So if I could see their OCC reports, I might learn something they won't tell me.

EVRARD

Yeeeah, SVU's not gonna show you their unusual occurrence reports.

JANE

No, they're not.

EVRARD

(innocently)

You know they send copies of em here, though. To the Chief of D's?

JANE

Yes, I do.

Evrard nods. He raises his arm.

EVRARD

Look, Janie. Cast is gone. I'm almost off the bench.

JANE

That's great, Ev.

EVRARD

Yeah, I'd think about keeping it in mind... While you're reading these.

As Evrard pulls open a file cabinet -

INT. SQUADROOM - AFTERNOON

The task force detectives are bullshitting with Duffy as the door opens to admit Jane and Carter. Duffy rolls his eyes at Carter - who surprises him by ignoring him. Beat, then -

DUFFY

(sly)

You talk to the housekeeper?

Jane doesn't answer right away. She was crossing to Rowe's office door - now she KNOCKS. As Rowe opens the door and steps out, looking puzzled, Jane turns back to Duffy.

JANE

I talked to the Edgerton kids. The appeal-proof way this time.

Duffy stares at her. Jane addresses the room.

JANE (CONT'D)

They described the man who murdered their mother as a young male, with dark hair and a slight accent. And as not being Curtis Hull.

(silence)

I also happened to learn today, that the Madison Avenue rapist stabbed several of his victims in or near their eyes. The same way I now know he threatened to do to our murder victim, and her children.

(silence)

So Reg, let SVU know these cases are linked.

(MORE)

JANE (CONT'D)

And that they don't have to call the serologist and ask to have the DNA matched, because I already did that. Which was a complete formality, because I know they're the same guy.

(silence)

As of now, Curtis Hull is off the table. As of now, our prime suspect is a guy we haven't met. A guy who lives in the neighborhood, or works there, or both. A guy who's part of the scenery, until suddenly he isn't.

As Jane looks around the room, meeting everyone's eyes -

JANE (CONT'D)

We're going back to square one. Starting over til we find him. So everybody get on board right now - Because this is happening.

BLACK.

ACT FOURINT. MANHATTAN NORTH HOMICIDE - SQUADROOM - DAY

Jane, Duffy, Korilko, Blando and Carter face SVU Detective Louie Moore and a couple of his COHORTS, including DETECTIVE JOE HILLER. No one looks happy.

MOORE

I'm happy for you, okay? What do you want from me?

JANE

I just want a couple of your vics to look at it. What's the problem?
 (Moore's shaking his head)
 It's a great sketch, okay? It came out even better than we coulda hoped, considering the witness is a kid -

MOORE

(exasperated)
 Look - We handed over what we have. We cried and hugged and shared with you. But we're not getting our vics all confused by showing em your goddamn sketch, and are we done here, or what!

JANE

What happens when the DNA comes in and shows it's all the same guy?

MOORE

Maybe it will, and maybe it won't. Til then every squad for themself.
 (stands up)
 All I know is, after months of round-the-clock on some seriously brutal rapes? Excuse me if I don't want to wake up and see headlines saying 'East Side Killer Nabbed.'

As Moore and his guys start to head for the door -

JANE

If headlines're all it's about - I got that press conference tonight. You show your vics our sketch, you can piggyback on the press with me.

Moore pretends to mull this over for a beat, then -

MOORE

Here's the Chief of Ds announcing a task force run by a lady DT on a rich white people murder - What're the odds my fat ass is gonna get to the mikes to talk about some Latina girls aren't even dead?

(as Jane stares at him)

Pull the other one, okay, it's got bells on it.

Moore heads off, rolling his eyes. The SVUs follow - except for Hiller, who stays to grin at Korilko.

HILLER

You're gonna get killed tonight, buddy. I got five hundy on Perez knocking you down the first round.

KORILKO

You got me knocking you down in the parking lot after though, right?

Hiller winks as he exits. When he's gone, Jane looks around.

JANE

It's fine. We don't need them. This guy lives on the East Side or works there. Tomorrow let's concentrate on works. All deliverymen in the radius need a recheck. Take-out, grocery, dry-cleaning, all of em. Also painting, gutters, remodels, going back to when the rape pattern was identified. Thanks everybody.

As the meeting breaks up, Duffy raises his voice.

DUFFY

We may be in the middle of a big case and everything but - Anyone I don't see at the smoker tonight better not come to work tomorrow.

Korilko is hoisting a gym bag. Blando fistbumps him.

BLANDO

Eat lightning crap thunder, Donnie.

CARTER

Kill Perez tonight... Seriously, kill him. We'll be your alibi.

Korilko chuckles. The others move away as Jane approaches.

JANE
Luck tonight, Don.

KORILKO
(nods, then, suddenly)
You too.

JANE
(surprised)
Thanks.

KORILKO
Well. Thanks for the Moss thing.
(as Jane blinks)
You gonna make it tonight?

JANE
... Yeah. Yeah, I'll be there - I'm
just might be a little late.

As Jane speaks, PRELAP Rat-Packy MUSIC that takes us to -

INT. HAMMERSTEIN BALLROOM - MAIN AREA - NIGHT

- where a BOXING RING is set up in the middle of the venue. The rest is linen-draped tables. The giant BANNER across one wall reads 'FIRST ANNUAL GERARD KEATING BATTLE OF THE SQUADS'. As RING GIRLS, imported from Scores, parade around soliciting donations from the rowdy blacktie crowd, CUT TO -

INT. HAMMERSTEIN BALLROOM - BOXING RING - CONTINUOUS

- where Korilko trades punches with PEREZ, a detective from Robbery. We FIND Carter, Rowe and Blando in tuxedos at ringside. As they cheer themselves hoarse, CUT TO -

INT. SQUAD - MEETING ROOM C - NIGHT

- silence for Chief of Ds Bondlow, at a podium with a cluster of MIKES over Detective Bureau signage. Behind him is the Deputy Chief of Public Information and Jane. She looks purty.

BONDLOW
... in the interest of working
every available angle of the case.
That task force will now be led by
Detective Jane Timoney, so at this
time I'll turn things over to her.

Bondlow steps aside, glancing at Jane, who now steps up -

REPORTER #1
Can you talk into the mikes?

REPORTER #2

Is the husband a suspect?

JANE

Our suspect has been identified as a male Hispanic, 5 feet 9 inches. Slim build and young, slight accent, carries a folding knife.

Jane holds up the SKETCH. As the room reacts, CUT TO -

INT. HAMMERSTEIN BALLROOM - BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

- a smaller version of Jane, on the TV over the bar, the sketch in her hands still visible even in miniature. REVERSE ANGLE to REVEAL Duffy sitting alone in his tux, empty glasses in front of him as he watches her with narrowed eyes.

JANE

(from the TV)

If you saw something, if you know something, please call CrimeStoppers. 1-800-877-TIPS.

REPORTER #2

Does this mean Curtis Hull is out of the picture?

JANE

Yes, it does.

Duffy POUNDS the bar angrily several times. As the bartender looks over, annoyed, Duffy raises his empty glass.

DUFFY

Fresh horses.

As Duffy eyes the TV with drunken malice, a CHEER goes up -

INT. HAMMERSTEIN BALLROOM - BOXING RING - (MINUTES) LATER

- as Korilko KNOCKS Perez to the canvas. The count starts but we can see Perez is staying down, dazed. As Korilko raises his gloves, we FIND Jane, clapping as she edges through the crowd. ANGLE on Rowe, Blando and Carter, ties undone and feeling no pain, as Jane approaches.

BLANDO

I kind of thought Perez was gonna give Don a harder time than that.

CARTER

I'll make sure to tell them both you said so.

ROWE
 (to Jane)
 How'd it go.

JANE
 I'd like to buy everyone a round.

BLANDO
 (flutters his eyelashes)
 Oh, Detective Timoney!

As Jane smirks and turns to lead them to -

INT. HAMMERSTEIN BALLROOM - BAR AREA - CONTINUOUS

- we FIND Duffy still on his stool. He looks at his shoulder balefully as a HAND descends on it, then looks up to see Rowe. Jane and the others are ordering drinks down the bar.

ROWE
 You been in here this whole time?
 Did you even watch?

DUFFY
 I watched.

ROWE
 What a turnout. I hope Gerry knows
 how many people showed up.

Duffy looks away. Then suddenly he STANDS UP.

DUFFY
 Don't you take her money, Ballard.
 Tell that bitch it's no good here.

ROWE
 Reg, what the hell -

DUFFY
 You want drinks, I'll buy drinks.
 She wants to work homicide, let her
 go back to Midtown. Or she could
 try waving her ass at the
 Commissioner this time - maybe
 she'll get a transfer to Scotland
 Yard.

Duffy sweeps his arm to indicate Jane, who stands silent. As the other detectives look at each other, abashed -

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Acting like it's coming to you.
Walking all over the memory of a
great man. Gerry Keating's heart
exploding was the best thing that
ever happened to you, and we all
know it. So stop expecting his guys
to give you respect. I wouldn't
give you the sweat off my stones.

Duffy exits, along with Carter, Blando and Korilko, the latter two too uncomfortable to meet Jane's eyes. Rowe follows, giving her a apologetic look. Off Jane as she finally blinks...

INT. JANE'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT (LATER)

Matt is asleep on his stomach, light from the hallway falling on his face. Jane KNEELS into frame at the bedside, still dressed, and gazes at him. She might be a little drunk.

JANE

Matt. Matt.

Matt blinks, foggy. He clears his throat.

MATT

Yeah.

JANE

I know you're still mad. You can be
mad again tomorrow... But can you
talk to me now? Just for a minute.

Beat. Then Matt simply reaches out and gathers Jane from the floor into the bed in one smooth motion. As the covers settle back over them both...

INT. HALLWAY/SQUADROOM - DAY (DAY FIVE)

Jane makes her way through the shift-change crowd. She hangs up her coat, then roots through her bag and comes up with an EMPTY PACK of nicotine gum, then another. She stares at them - as a random DETECTIVE passes, packing a box of CIGARETTES. He sees Jane staring and reacts sheepishly.

DETECTIVE

Yeah, I know. I should quit.
Definitely. I just figure I can
still run after the bad guys, so.

JANE

Hey, far be it from me to criticize anything that helps another cop get through the day. Within reason.

DETECTIVE

Wish more people were like you.

JANE

Yeah, no you don't.

Jane glances at her watch, then crosses to her desk. As she does, she's intercepted by a sheepish squirming Duffy.

DUFFY

Look, I know I said some things, last night. And I'm sorry. If I had a problem I should have come to you. Not gone off the reservation. I've just - had a lot on my mind, since... Then you add liquor, and -

JANE

Okay.

DUFFY

... Okay? Okay, well - Good.

Jane suddenly SMILES at something over his shoulder. Duffy turns to see - Evrard entering the squad with Chief Bondlow, who walks him over to a smiling Rowe.

DUFFY (CONT'D)

Who's that supposed to be.

He turns back to Jane - who is already past him and heading over to Evrard. The two of them shake hands and smile at Bondlow and Rowe. Off Duffy as he realizes what's happening -

- ANGLE on Jane and Evrard as Bondlow looks at Rowe.

BONDLOW

What happened to the Hemingway quote used to hang by the copier?

ROWE

Nuzzi broke the glass with a Nerf bazooka. Gotta take it to the framers.

BONDLOW

Give it, I'll have somebody take it. You gotta get that back up.

(to Jane)

(MORE)

BONDLOW (CONT'D)
Some more guys coming to help you
follow up the Crimestoppers stuff.

JANE
Thank you, sir.

BONDLOW
(heading off)
Evr gives you trouble, lemme know.
I'll shoot him myself this time.
(theatrically)
'Once you have hunted man, there is
no other prey.'

Bondlow and Rowe head off. As Jane leads Evrard to a desk -

JANE
Who's that retired DT you're
buddies with, does PI work now.

EVRARD
Sheehan?

JANE
Yeah, you got his number?

As Evrard reaches for his phone, presses a few buttons and
hands it over to Jane so she can write down the number -

EVRARD
What you want him for. You gonna
private investigate somebody?
(looks off)
Is it the guy with the face like a
smacked ass?

JANE
Duffy? No.

EVRARD
That's Reg Duffy? Huh. Only ever
heard about the guy all these
years. I always pictured him more
having, like, fangs.
(still looking)
That guy hates you.

JANE
How about you. You hate me?

EVRARD
You kidding? I'm your huckleberry.

JANE

Good. Go get me some coffee.

Evrard snorts and heads off. Jane heads for her own desk, where a stack of folders is waiting for her - DD5s and transcripts of Crimestoppers calls. PUSH IN on her as she sits down, looking at her phone, then dials the number...

INT. SQUADROOM - NIGHT

... and PULL OUT as Jane switches on her desk lamp. The file folder stack is much smaller. Around her are Evrard, Duffy and the other detectives, working their own stacks of tips and DD5s off caffeine and adrenaline. Korilko enters.

KORILKO

Coffee's on again.

As Jane pushes back her chair, frustrated -

BLANDO

Maybe we should try looking inside the rocker panels. You think?

EVRRARD

Maybe we should weigh the other boroughs and see if any of em gained a hundred sixty pounds since last night -

JANE

Maybe we should save the French Connection references for a time we're not totally up our own asses and right now try focusing. Huh?

Rowe comes out of his office.

ROWE

What say we call it a night. Even though it's technically a morning. Everybody go rack out.

The other detectives immediately get up.

JANE

I will, I'm just gonna -

ROWE

No, Jane. Last call. You don't have to go home, but you can stay here.

Rowe heads back into his office. As Jane slowly gets up, her CELL RINGS.

JANE

Timoney.

(then)

Detective Sheehan - thanks for getting back to me so quick.

(listens, then)

You know what, if being an asshole was touchdowns Ev would be drinking beer out of the Lombardi Trophy.

(smiles, then)

I'm just looking to run a couple names without running em, if you catch my -

Rowe comes out of his office and gives her an annoyed look.

JANE (CONT'D)

This isn't work... I'm going. Okay?

Rowe keeps looking. As Jane hurries off, CUT TO -

INT. SQUAD - MEN'S 'DORMITORY' - A LITTLE LATER

The room is chaos, clothes and cans. The fridge stands open, full of old takeout. Carter and Duffy lie on a bunk bed in undershirts and suit pants. Evrard stands watching TV, a toothbrush in his mouth. There's a KNOCK. Evrard opens the door to reveal Jane, a pile of folders under her arm.

EVRARD

As a matter of fact we won't keep it down.

JANE

I was just seeing if you guys had anything to drink.

CARTER

We got lemons and limes and mayo. You could make a smoothie.

Now Blando appears, wearing underpants and a kimono. Jane stares at him, taken aback, as Korilko enters behind her with a black bodega sack of beer.

DUFFY

(re: Blando)

The cheese stands alone.

JANE

... Good thing I'm off the clock, Augie. Because that is a felonious pair of ball-huggers you got on.

The other detectives LAUGH, even Carter and Duffy. As Korilko offers out a couple of tallboys to Jane, who takes them as she exits -

BLANDO

You sure you don't wanna hang here,
Skip? This is where it all happens.

JANE

Yeah, that's what I'm afraid of.

The dorm door CLOSES behind her -

INT. SQUAD - WOMEN'S 'DORMITORY' - CONTINUOUS

- and a fridge door OPENS to reveal clean shelves. Jane puts one beer in, then cracks the other one as she turns. Oriental rug. Area lamps. Quiet and deserted. Jane takes a swig of beer. She slips off her shoes, turns off the fluorescents. She piles her folders on a bunk, switches on the closet lamp, then lies down on the bunk and dials her cell.

JANE

Hey, we're going straight through
next shift. I'm sorry.

MATT (V.O.)

How you holding up?

JANE

Our guy's just still in the wind,
and we really need him not to be.

MATT (V.O.)

You should come home and grab a
couple hours sleep. We don't live
so far you couldn't get back if
they needed you.

Jane stares at the empty quiet room.

JANE

I would. But it's just too crazy
here right now.

MATT (V.O.)

All right, well. I hope you find
your guy soon so you can come home.

JANE

Me too. Thanks. Love you.

Jane hangs up. She closes her eyes. A MOMENT of indeterminate length passes - then is BROKEN by her cell RINGING again.

JANE (CONT'D)

Yeah.

MORESCO (V.O.)

Detective? It's, ah - Am I still your deputy since you came and got that Moss guy?

JANE

(wary)

... You're in for life, Mr. Moresco. No going back now.

MORESCO (V.O.)

Okay, cool - So they had you on the TV before? Your press conference, with the drawing?

Jane sits up, her folders sliding to the floor.

JANE

You recognize it?

MORESCO (V.O.)

Not me - One of the guys here says he thinks he dated your guy's mom.

JANE

Can you keep him there?

As Jane crams her feet into her shoes and rushes out -

MORESCO (V.O.)

I got him a pizza... I get money back for that?

JANE

From the Mayor himself and I'm bringing it to you right now.

- SMASH CUT TO -

EXT. QUEENS STREET - NIGHT

- a war zone. Unmarked sedans parked everywhere there aren't QUEENS EMERGENCY SERVICES TRUCKS. The EMS guys (think SWAT) are strapped up with heavy vests. They've set up in the front and back of 2299 Ditmars Boulevard. As one EMS guy SMACKS another on the helmet with adrenalinized enthusiasm and the entire phalanx erupts with similar gestures -

- PULL BACK to find Jane, Evrard and Rowe, crouched behind their car across the street. Duffy, Korilko and the others are fanned out nearby. Jane is eyeing the EMS guys.

JANE

... Those Queens guys don't blink a whole lot. You ever notice that?

Evrard and Rowe chuckle. Rowe keys the radio.

ROWE

Homicide CO to CO Queens
Emergency... All units in position?

A pump-action SHOTGUN RACKS somewhere in the darkness as an answer, followed by another further off. The radio crackles.

RADIO (V.O.)

Affirmative Homicide - all ESU
personnel in place standing by.

JANE

Make the call, Ev.

Evrard dials a cell phone. Someone picks up.

EVRARD

(in subtitled Spanish)

Evening ma'am this is Detective
Evrard Velario NYPD. Is this Idalis
Ayala?
Nothing's wrong. We just need to
speak to your son Victor.
We just need to. Is he home?
It's not about him doing anything.
We're not looking to hurt anyone. I
would not lie to you on that.

JANE

What's happening.

EVRARD

(hand over mouthpiece)

Mama's giving me some grief.

(subtitled Spanish)

We don't want to come in. Please
just tell him come out?
We'll explain everything then.
Yep, we're all here, waiting out
front. You can't miss us.

(hand over mouthpiece)

She says he's coming out.

ROWE

(on radio)

Tell everybody stand by, he's
coming out.

A tense long beat. Nothing. Another one. Nothing. Jane stares at the front door of the building, which remains closed.

JANE

Ask her where he is.

EVRARD

(subtitled Spanish)

We're waiting. What's the hold up.
Listen, don't jerk me around, okay?
I said we need him out here now.

(to Jane)

She says he came out. She says he's
standing right in front waiting.

Jane stares back, suddenly filled with horror. Beat. Then -

JANE

... Ask her what their address is.

Evrard holds Jane's gaze as -

EVRARD

(subtitled Spanish)

Ma'am, what's your address? Your
street number address.

(to Jane - shit)

2929. 2929 Ditmars. Seven blocks
away, maybe six -

Jane KICKS the side of the sedan, enraged - then leaps to her feet, as does Evrard. Rowe scrambles to follow.

ROWE

What's going on?

Jane is already getting behind the wheel, Evrard next to her.

JANE

Somebody misread the directory -

ROWE

(into radio)

Guys - Stand down. Wrong house.
We're moving. Correct address is -

EVRARD

- 2929 -

ROWE

2929 Ditmars. Repeat, stand down.
Wrong house. Actual address 2929.

The radio and every walkie immediately ERUPT with responders screaming for information. But there's no time to remobilize. OFF the car as Jane takes off with squealing tires -

EXT. QUEENS STREET - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

- in time to see a young dark-haired Hispanic MAN sprinting down the sidewalk into the darkness. It's VICTOR AYALA.

EVRARD

You got him? You see him?

JANE

Yeah - Does he see us?

She BRAKES and HORNS as a CAR tries to pull out ahead -

JANE (CONT'D)

Son of a bitch!

- and as Jane hits the gas again, we SEE Ayala suddenly dart across the traffic up ahead, heading for the concrete island that runs down the boulevard.

JANE (CONT'D)

Keep your eyes on him -

EVRARD

... He's on the island - He's gonna try for the other side -

Jane lays on the horn as she tries to get into the leftmost lane next to the island -

EVRARD (CONT'D)

He's going for it -

JANE

Please God, someone wing him -

EVRARD

He's over. He made it.

Jane immediately CUTS the wheel. The sedan leaves the left lane and goes UP on the island, almost fishtailing amid the sound of screeching metal. Evrard hangs on, his face set.

Jane, laying frantically on the HORN, finds an opening in the opposite traffic and takes the car at speed down off the island into the lane - at which point a front TIRE and the right rear TIRE both EXPLODE.

On the far sidewalk, a still running Ayala looks over his shoulder at the derailed sedan grounded in the middle of traffic. It doesn't stop him even for a second. OFF Jane through the windshield, pounding the steering wheel -

- then suddenly EXPLODING out of the car, the driver's door ramming off an SUV that's come to a stop alongside. Ignoring the cursing driver she TAKES OFF after the vanishing Ayala -

- as another car comes to a rubberburning halt too close to Evrard's door. He can't open it. As he struggles across to the driver's side, he grabs the walkie and YELLS into it -

 EVRARD (CONT'D)
Manhattan North Homicide to
Central! Emergency message!

 RADIO (V.O.)
... Go ahead Homicide -

 EVRARD
My partner is in pursuit on
foot - Unknown if suspect is armed -
33rd Street and Ditmars Boulevard!

As Evrard struggles out of the car -

EXT. QUEENS STREET - NIGHT

- Jane is running. From a distance she looks good but up close it's all adrenaline. In a minute she'll hit the wall.

Up ahead Ayala's got a good lead but he's still visible. He glances over his shoulder, dodging the few people out on the pavements. Jane squints to keep him in sight, then pushes herself harder. As her breathing gets more ragged - up ahead Ayala takes a sharp angle and DISAPPEARS.

Jane's body wants to stop. Her lungs are burning. With no time to stop she turns her head and SPITS - forcing herself to drain the tank and follow her last glimpse of Ayala into -

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS

Narrow between two apartment buildings, illuminated only by the street light out on the boulevard and a few lamps in windows above. Jane takes the corner at speed but slows down after twenty feet, her eyes adjusting -

- and out of the dark comes Ayala, running full-tilt STRAIGHT FOR HER. Before Jane can even react - he TACKLES her at midline and takes them both DOWN flying hard to the pavement, Jane taking the brunt of the impact for them both.

Jane BLINKS, stunned. Above her Ayala curses, having come down on an elbow. He's almost unaware of Jane struggling to move. But as he tries to sit back on his heels and stand -

- Jane GRABS his CLOTHES and holds him tightly to her.

At first Ayala is confused. Then he realizes why he can't move. He looks down at Jane and SMACKS her almost matter-of-factly across the FACE with all the strength of his unhurt arm. Jane reacts, whining with pain. But she DOESN'T LET GO. She clutches him to her like grim death. The way no woman Ayala has put in this position ever has.

Now Ayala is whining too, desperate with the urge to flee. As the two of them struggle, locked together in the dark -

- suddenly Ayala is YANKED OFF Jane. By Evrard. A walkie hits the deck and skitters away. As he lays into Ayala, Jane tries to roll on her side. She can hear the walkie nearby.

RADIO (V.O.)

Homicide portable - You on the air?

(static, then concern)

Homicide what's your location? -

Any unit tell me where Manhattan

North Homicide is now -

EVRRARD (O.S.)

No further Central. Perp in custody

- 21st Ave and Steinway Street.

Running footsteps. Queens EMS now in the alley. Evrard appears on his knees next to Jane. As she focuses on him -

EVRRARD (CONT'D)

Want to go grab a few pops at

McSorley's?

JANE

... Right behind you.

Off Jane as she finally smiles...

ACT FIVE

In the BLACK we hear DRUMS.

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY (DAY 9)

Keating's funeral. The department out in force. Color guard, uniformed honor guard, and the pipe band, which now KICKS IN. Uniformed, professional PALLBEARERS walk the CASKET on their shoulders, their hands never touching it. The casket is draped with the blue, green, white and gold flag of the NYPD. It moves past our characters, threaded through the crowd.

Now the casket passes Rowe, standing with Keating's destroyed family. Near them but not with them is Duffy, his face thick with tears he has succeeded in holding back - almost.

PULL BACK to REVEAL Jane watching Duffy. She's still in pain from the alley. But that's not why this is the only time we've seen her even close to crying. As she watches a man unable to express emotion buckle under the weight of it...

EXT. CEMETERY/PBA CANTEEN TRUCK - LATER

Jane approaches Duffy, who is standing alone and looks lost.

JANE

Reg... Hey, Reg.

Duffy blinks. They're both helpless. Then Jane gestures at the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association canteen truck.

JANE (CONT'D)

Lemme buy you a free coffee.

Duffy doesn't answer. But he follows Jane to the truck.

JANE (CONT'D)

You guys were friends a long time, huh. How many years?

DUFFY

... Since we're kids. Xavier High School '65. Then the Academy.

(beat, then)

One time on patrol we hear robbery in progress, this dive on East 51st - The boozebags are pouring out like rats and one of em yells 'They're still in there!' So I head for the door - and the guy that yelled pulls a gun and fires at me. Cause he was the 'they'.

(still amazed)

(MORE)

DUFFY (CONT'D)
 Don't know how he missed me. But
 Gerry got him. He didn't miss.

Jane hands a cup to Duffy. He takes it and looks at her.

DUFFY (CONT'D)
 This squad is my home.
 (serious)
 You're invading it.

JANE
 (beat, then)
 I know you miss your friend. Maybe
 try to figure out how much of this
 is really about that.

Duffy looks off, shaking his head. Jane follows his gaze to see Carter approaching. Duffy addresses him.

DUFFY
 She thinks it's about Gerry.

CARTER
 It's not not about Gerry.

As Jane looks at Carter who's apparently with Duffy on this -

DUFFY
 Who knows - By the time you're
 done? You even might end up
 preferring me and Philly here. At
 least we're honest.

JANE
 Yeah? Me too - You need a new home.

Duffy behind-the-backs his cup into a nearby trash barrel.

DUFFY
 You're not the man who's gonna give
 it to me. Skip.

Duffy and Carter walk away without looking back. Jane watches them go, then notices Detective Moore from SVU walking with a somber group a little ways off. As she catches his eye - he gives her the FINGER.

As Jane turns away, almost smiling, Evrard is approaching. He's holding a plastic bag full to bursting with a bow on it.

EVRARD
 What's all that about.

JANE
 The Beef Trust.
 (re: the bag)
 What's all that about.

Evrard hands Jane the bag. She looks inside. As we SEE it's crammed with foilpacks of NICOTINE GUM -

EVRARD
 Some of those are from me... But
 not all of them.

He blows her a kiss and exits. Jane's CELL suddenly RINGS.

JANE
 Yeah... When?
 (she closes her eyes)
 That is great. When is it?

Off Jane and her bag of gum in the cemetery...

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

... to Jane and Matt sitting across from Tricia and her husband DOUG ROENICK. Doug is texting.

DOUG
 So your dad just took them all? -
 He have a gun safe too?

JANE
 ... He bought me mine.

MATT
 But so the list is done. The super
 disabled the insta-hot today -

TRICIA
 Did he lock the garbage chute?

MATT
 I told you, other tenants use that
 too. Not just us.

TRICIA
 Well, so, then wait and talk to him
 after Owen goes down it headfirst.

Tricia unfolds her napkin. Matt stands up wearily.

MATT
 I'm gonna hit the restroom. If the
 waiter comes, get me a bourbon.

DOUG
What kind?

MATT
(already going)
The kind with alcohol.

As Jane watches him go -

DOUG
So what about those bodies on the beach in Long Island? That's a big deal, right? Bet you wish you were working on that.

Jane turns back to Doug.

JANE
I'm actually good for right now.
(then)
How about we talk about your burglary charge instead.

As Doug and Tricia stare at her -

JANE (CONT'D)
Cause there's definitely a certain school of thought says an engagement gets broken off, the girl should give back the ring. I'm with you there. But if she doesn't, you don't get to break in her place and take it back plus apparently an engagement camera and a what, an engagement shearling coat?

TRICIA
All right - I see what this is -

JANE
Yeah, you're perceptive. Not when you're driving drunk and clipping cars on Cornelia Street, but definitely the rest of the time.

As Tricia looks at Doug, whom this is obviously news to -

JANE (CONT'D)
I mean, the thing with all the credit cards and the different names? That was perceptive as hell.

Jane looks at her silverware. As she arranges it neatly -

JANE (CONT'D)

I work terrible hours. I get a lot of calls late at night, and also the rest of the time. I have to leave a lot of things early, like movies and kids' parties. I've never been shot, but I have been stabbed, and also once I had lye thrown in my face.

(to Tricia)

And I'm a homicide detective. I'm not a policeman. I'm also not a divorce lawyer... But I know about going to court.

(then)

What day is Owen coming over our house.

Beat. Doug looks at Tricia. We SEE Matt approaching.

TRICIA

Thursday.

Matt arrives at the table. Jane looks up at him.

JANE

Owen's coming to sleep over on Thursday.

MATT

(thrilled)

Seriously? That's fantastic.

(to Tricia)

That's really great. Thanks.

Matt pulls his chair out and sits down, happy. He puts his arm around the back of Jane's chair. Jane opens her menu.

JANE

Whoo! Hungry.

Off her smile - FADE TO BLACK.