

Episode # 101  
Script # 101

## SHADES OF BLUE

“Pilot”

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. MORTUARY PREP ROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON the Latino face of RAUL (44), both mortician and local gang leader, as he speaks to someone offscreen:

RAUL  
Our choices define us. It's that simple.

A hint of a tattoo pokes out from Raul's collar. His latex-gloved hand holding a needle cycles through frame.

RAUL  
Her parents chose to name her Lucia, the light. At seven, Lucia used to climb out on her fire escape to look at the stars. By ten, Lucia could name every constellation in the Northern Hemisphere.  
(then)  
Yesterday, Lucia chose to shoot heroin. And here she lies today.

Reveal that Raul is suturing the mouth of a dead YOUNG WOMAN lying supine on a funeral home prep table. As he works -

RAUL  
Not surprising to find such a senseless loss at my doorstep. What *is* surprising is that Lucia picked up the hot dose from a freelancer in an area I vacated so you could protect parks and schools from the drug trade. I trusted your assurance that no one else would push into that territory. So now we have new choices to make.

Reveal that Raul has been speaking to **LIEUTENANT BILL WOZNIAK** (48), a formidable plainclothes cop, badge around his neck.

WOZNIAK  
This freelancer have a name?

RAUL  
If I had a name, Lieutenant, I wouldn't be talking to you.

WOZNIAK  
Thanks for the tip. Can't have bad dope on the street.

RAUL

I don't think you're appreciating my situation. I look like a bitch. The street will expect action.

WOZNIAK

You have acted. You've come to me.

EXT. STREET - NYC OUTER BOROUGH DAY

**HARLEE SANTOS** (36), a compelling blend of endearing charisma and don't-mess-with-me edge, walks out of a Latin bodega.

HARLEE

They're bisexual you know.

She's caught **MICHAEL LOMAN** (African-American, late 20s) idly waiting for her, staring at a pot of lilies on display.

LOMAN

Who?

Loman hands Harlee a gourmet coffee he's bought for her. She immediately pitches it in the trash; dons her badge.

HARLEE

Lilies. Each flower is both boy and girl. A self-contained operation.

LOMAN

You're saying...every neighborhood in the precinct is its own ecosystem?

HARLEE

No, I'm saying lilies screw themselves.

Harlee initiates this rookie detective assigned to her "Situation Unit." She glances at a building across from a small park, gears up, reties her ponytail. *Regarding bodega --*

HARLEE

Delivery guy saw some suspicious traffic in and out of a fourth floor apartment.

LOMAN

(writing it down)  
Drug activity?

Harlee grabs Loman's pad, throws it in the car --

HARLEE

Relax, not everything's a test. Lieutenant just has us knocking on doors.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY - MINUTES LATER

Harlee and Loman summit the walkup. Loman's heart pounds out of his chest at this pending "knock and announce." For Harlee, it's another day at the office, rolls into small talk to settle Loman's nerves --

HARLEE

Gotta ask outright, Loman. You cheat?

LOMAN

What?

Harlee locates the apartment, pulls her gun. She motions for Loman to do the same. As the pair flank the door --

HARLEE

The detective's exam. Never heard of anyone getting a perfect score.

LOMAN

I had to guess at one question, if that counts.

Harlee reaches out to knock on the door but stops herself when a FOUR-YEAR-OLD GIRL wheels around the corner down the hall on a plastic tricycle. The girl stops, stares up, intrigued by the pair with their guns drawn.

HARLEE

Hold on. Wait here.

Harlee holsters her weapon, walks gently toward the little girl, flashing a charming sincerity that puts the girl at immediate ease. Harlee crouches down to the girl's level.

HARLEE

Hi, mami. What a pretty tricycle.  
Did you pick these streamers yourself?  
(off the girl's smile)  
I need you to do me a favor, okay?  
I need you to pedal back into your  
apartment and shut the door. Can  
you do that?

Harlee nods to an open apartment door down a separate hallway, perpendicular to the one Loman stands in. She gently pivots the little girl's tricycle around --

HARLEE

You can show me how fast you can  
pedal. I'll watch. And...go.

Harlee takes a few steps into the perpendicular hallway, smiles softly at the little girl fiercely pedaling home.

Until... MUFFLED GUNFIRE ERUPTS from down the other hall.

Harlee pivots, rushes back in time to spot Loman kicking in the suspect's apartment door -- launching himself inside.

HARLEE

Loman, no!

LOMAN (O.S.)

Police!

Harlee redraws her gun, racing to assist the novice detective - the twenty feet between them an endless chasm.

Just before Harlee reaches the door, she HEARS two fatal shots -- BANG, BANG! Continuing, she rushes inside...

INT. JAMARR'S APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

...To find a horrified Loman staring at the suspect, JAMARR, plopped in a recliner, TWO BLEEDING HOLES in his chest.

Surreal LOUD MUSIC and SOUND EFFECTS blare from somewhere as Harlee instinctually sweeps the apartment, pivots into the bedroom, where she catches a FLASH of movement in the window. A breeze? Harlee sweeps the closet and bathroom on her way to the window, CALL OUT --

HARLEE

Loman, you see anyone else? How many suspects?

No answer from the other room. Harlee reaches the window, gazes to the street, where a fit, tatted up white guy (we'll later know as MALIK) sprints away, cutting through the park.

HARLEE

Loman?

She's answered only by more SURREAL GUNFIRE.

Harlee rushes back to the main room, where she finds Loman with his gun still trained on the motionless suspect.

Life quickly extinguishes from Jamarr's eyes as the BLACK VIDEO GAME CONTROLLER he clenches DROPS to the floor.

Harlee takes in the sixty-inch PLASMA SCREEN overpowering the front door wall. The huge television displays a hauntingly life-like STREET ASSASSINS VIDEO GAME, tricked out sound system on a loop. *FUCK!*

HARLEE

A video game.

LOMAN

I thought it was... He turned and...

Harlee steps over to Jamarr; checks for a pulse. Dead. Oh boy. She pulls a pair of pat-down gloves from her pocket.

HARLEE

Did he reach for something?

Loman doesn't respond, stands paralyzed, watching Jamarr's blood pool onto the floor. Harlee dons her gloves, over --

HARLEE

Loman, focus! Did he make an aggressive gesture?

Loman lowers his gun. Harlee steps back to the TV and TURNS OFF the system.

Sudden silence. A freshly opened SODA by Jamarr still FIZZES.

Harlee grabs a small DUFFEL BAG off a table. Unzips it.

LOMAN

Uhm... No, he was... He stood up.

Harlee can see the uncertainty and trepidation in Loman's eyes -- a certain lamb to slaughter. So...

HARLEE

He pulled a gun.

LOMAN

A gun...no. It was a video game.

Harlee plucks a **.45 caliber pistol** from the duffel, reveals to Loman that it is also filled with heroin baggies.

HARLEE

Where there's drugs, there's a gun.

Loman spirals, RAMBLING as Harlee sets down the opened stash bag and paces the room with the suspect's gun, visualizing an alternate scenario in her mind.

LOMAN

His drink is still fizzing. The game must've been paused on our walk up. They'll understand that, right? Internal affairs?

Harlee steps to the front door, sticks her head in the hall -- no one in sight. She recites their new reality --

HARLEE

We knocked. Identified ourselves.  
The suspect fired through the door.

Harlee shuts the now-broken front door as best she can, walks back to the dead body, side stepping the blood on the floor.

LOMAN

I heard shots. They sounded real.  
You heard them, right?!

HARLEE

I'll protect you. But you have to  
trust me, and do exactly what I say.  
Take a step to your left.

Loman grants his consent and acknowledges his complicity by taking one deliberate step to his left -- the first time he's moved since discharging his gun. A blood oath.

Harlee stands in front of the recliner, and raises Jamarr's gun. BANG! Harlee FIRES a round right past Loman -- splintering a HOLE through the door. The point of no return.

HARLEE

I kicked it in. You were first  
through it -- squeezed off two rounds  
as the suspect fired a second shot.

LOMAN

He shot twice?

Harlee SHOOTS Jamarr's gun again -- this time sending a round sailing into Loman's gut, dropping him to the floor.

HARLEE

Yep.

Harlee stares at Loman for a beat -- then turns and walks to the kitchenette, fills a glass of water.

TIME SUSPENDS as she notices a BIRD dancing on the window.

Loman's COUGHING pulls her back to the moment.

Harlee returns to Loman, who tears open his jacket, exposing a bulletproof vest. She hands him the glass of water. As Loman looks up at her, still in shock --

HARLEE

Breathe, Loman. The truth is in the  
paperwork.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING / PARK - NYC OUTER BOROUGH - DAY

Aftermath. A dazed and disheartened Loman sits on the curb - alone, staring at kids playing in the park. Out of body.

SHIRLEY (O.S.)

The rookie should go buy himself a lottery ticket...

**TONY ESPADA** and **SHIRLEY FLYNN** stand watch over the rookie detective from fifteen yards away. The area is sealed off by patrol units, along with an ambulance that won't be needed.

SHIRLEY (CONT'D)

...What are the odds he'd earn a notch on his second day?

ESPADA

I had him the entire shift yesterday. He used to work in the Chief's office as an accountant. Didn't strike me as a gunslinger.

A police issued sedan PULLS UP a short distance from this blue collar Hepburn and Tracy. Wozniak gets out, over...

SHIRLEY

I don't trust rookies or accountants.

ESPADA

Or Facebook, or the Warren Commission, or your husband.

SHIRLEY

I'm telling you, Dan's fighting off the seven-year itch. Any more PX90 and I'm moving him to Buffalo.

ESPADA

So he's working out. You want him healthy, don't you?

SHIRLEY

No.

Wozniak glances to Loman as he approaches the pair, doesn't stop moving.

WOZNIAK

Tell me the son-of-a-bitch won't have use for that ambulance.

ESPADA

Coroner en route. Rookie took a slug to the vest, but managed to put the dealer down.

WOZNIAK

Harlee inside?

SHIRLEY

Not a scratch.

Wozniak continues past, into the building. Espada turns back to Shirley --

ESPADA

You know they have other women in Buffalo too?

SHIRLEY

Lots of snow. Lumpy sweaters.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING HALLWAY / JAMARR'S APARTMENT - DAY

Wozniak traverses the locked-down hallway, noting the bullet hole in the top of Jamarr's opened front door. Patrolmen about. He steps inside the apartment to find recently arrived members of the incident crew **STU SAPERSTEIN** ("SAP") (mid-30s) and **PATRICK TUFO** (mid-30s) taking in the crime scene.

Jamarr's body is still sitting untouched in the recliner --

TUFO

Name's Jamarr Malcolm, ran with a Northside crew until recently.

-- Only now Jamarr's .45 revolver rests in his dead hand.

TUFO

They claim he's independent now.

WOZNIAK

Every corpse is.

Wozniak glances over at the OPEN DUFFEL filled with DRUGS.

SAPERSTEIN

He had some kind of connect. Sizable stash, cut and bagged.

WOZNIAK

Where's our girl?

Saperstein nods to Jamarr's bedroom. Wozniak continues into --

INT. JAMARR'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harlee stares out the window, replaying the cover story in her head. Wozniak attempts to measure her state of mind with levity as he announces himself --

WOZNIAK

Excuse me, Officer. I heard people reported gunshots in this neighborhood. Do I have reason to be concerned?

HARLEE

(plays along)  
Nothing to see here, Ma'am. Move along.

Wozniak smirks, steps up alongside her.

WOZNIAK

When I told you to show the kid the ropes, I assumed you'd work your way up to shootouts.

Harlee offers a shrug -- then nods to the window.

HARLEE

There might have been a second man.

WOZNIAK

(takes a peek)  
Out the window?

HARLEE

Only saw him cut through the park. White boy, blue jersey, yellow sneakers.

WOZNIAK

He have a bag on him?

HARLEE

Not that I saw. Stash is in the living room.

WOZNIAK

I'll put the boys on making discreet inquiries into known associates.  
(then)  
You need anything from me?

A loaded question regarding the crime scene.

HARLEE

I always need you, Woz.

WOZNIAK  
 (deliberate)  
 I'm asking, Harlee. Are we good?

HARLEE  
 (beat, considers...)  
 We're solid.

A show of strength. Wozniak heads back to the living room --

WOZNIAK  
 Okay. I'll lob a call to Internal  
 Affairs; see if they can wait to  
 interview you and Loman at the precinct  
 tomorrow. We're on ice at Casey's  
 tonight, but take the rest of the day --  
 maybe hold his hand for a while.

Harlee nods, understands.

INT. HARLEE'S CAR - DAY

Loman reads from hand-scribbled notes. Harlee drives.

LOMAN  
 "...A bullet penetrated the door.  
 Officer Santos kicked it open. The  
 suspect then made an aggressive  
 gesture...

HARLEE  
 No, shooting through the door was  
 the aggressive gesture. We took  
 fire. You entered first and engaged  
 the assailant, striking him in the  
 chest as he returned fire, striking  
 you in your vest.

Loman pauses -- lying seems second nature to Harlee.

LOMAN  
 Why didn't you warn me? About the  
 second bullet.

HARLEE  
 You would've flinched. And I'm not a  
 good enough shot.

On that, Harlee spots a GROUP OF GIRLS in a used green Subaru Impreza (sedan) turning into the parking lot of the High School to which Harlee has driven.

Harlee checks the time -- then hits her brakes, making a sharp turn after the Impreza. Loman's not sure why.

HARLEE

Write it down. "...Engaged the assailant, striking him in the chest as he returned fire."

EXT. PRIVATE HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Harlee pulls to a stop behind the Impreza as the four girls, in private school uniforms, spill out and head back to class.

**CHRISTINE SANTOS** (16) spots her mother exit her police-issued unmarked sedan now parked between her and the campus. Normal teenage embarrassment amplifies as Harlee BADGES an approaching school Security Guard --

HARLEE

NYPD. Give us a second.

The guard backs off. Christine isn't as easily intimidated.

CHRISTINE

Mom, what are you doing...?

HARLEE

I got you that car so you don't have to lug your cello on the subway in the dark after orchestra -- not to ditch school after lunch.

CHRISTINE

I have a free fifth period on Thursdays. We went for yogurt. It's an open campus.

Harlee quickly realizes she just stepped in it -- but hasn't allowed herself room to back-pedal.

CHRISTINE

(to her friends)  
Go ahead. I'll catch up.

HARLEE

I know you have a free fifth period. Free periods are for studying.

CHRISTINE

I have it covered. Like I always do. Swooping in here and flashing your badge is not parenting.

HARLEE

I just came by to tell you that I have an extended shift.

CHRISTINE

You know they invented texting like  
twenty years ago.

HARLEE

I was nearby, thought I'd lay eyes  
on my baby.

Christine knows her mother, picks up on some distress as  
Harlee digs in her pocket for forty dollars.

CHRISTINE

Mom, are you okay? Something happen?

HARLEE

Rough day. Getting better.  
(hands her cash)  
Pick up something to eat. I should  
be home by eleven.

CHRISTINE

You have a date, don't you?

HARLEE

No, a work thing.

CHRISTINE

(re: cash)  
You always pay me off when you have  
a date with a loser. Who is it?  
The boxer?

HARLEE

I'm not dating anyone.

CHRISTINE

You deserve a nice guy.

INT. MODEST PRIVATE GYM - NIGHT

A glistening Harlee SLAMS BACK on a mat in the dimly lit  
personal training area, closed for the night. Harlee's arms  
are pinned above her head by NICK (early 30s, carved in marble  
and tatted up), who is giving her exactly what she came for:  
Distraction. Release.

He kisses her, she bites his lip as he pulls her on top of  
him. Harlee places his hand around her throat. He tightens,  
eyes locked, labored breathing. It's frantic, building...  
until she finally collapses onto his chest. Both spent.

HARLEE

For the record, this wasn't a date.

NICK

If you want. We'll say it makes up  
for the session you missed yesterday.

Harlee sits up, starts gathering her scattered clothes.

NICK

You think the streets can police  
themselves tomorrow night? I've got  
a fight at Gleason's and I'm looking  
for a reason to show off.

HARLEE

Since when have you needed a reason?

NICK

You can work my corner. I'll buy  
you dinner.

HARLEE

Tempting. But my girl has a concert.

NICK

Then I'll come to you. I'll even  
shower first. I want to meet her.

HARLEE

Next time. She wants to meet you  
too.

Harlee strolls to the locker room. Nick's eyes on her body.

NICK

Want to put the gloves on?

HARLEE

Already went a few rounds today.

NICK

Yeah? How's the other guy look?

HARLEE

(almost to herself)  
Not good.

INT./EXT. CAR/ STREET - NIGHT

UNKNOWN POV -- someone watching from inside a car: Harlee,  
now showered and changed, exits the modest gym and crosses a  
small intersection on a diagonal toward a neighborhood BAR.

INT. CASEY'S BAR & GRILL - NIGHT

FOCUS ON Harlee as she weaves through a maze of lubricated merriment and escape. Heads directly to a back hallway, out the rear door, through three steps of alley into --

INT. BACK OF A BUTCHER'S SHOP - NIGHT

Only a few service lights are on. Harlee finds empty coat pegs on the wall in front of a large freezer door -- terrific. Harlee heaves open the door, passing hanging plastic --

INT. WALK-IN FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

On Harlee's entrance, her entire crew -- Wozniak, Saperstein, Shirley, Tufo and Espada -- all wearing earmuffs and wrapped in parkas, breaks out in APPLAUSE. Shouts of "She's alive!"

HARLEE

Don't be dicks.

ESPADA

C'mon. It's your Happy You're Not Dead day.

SHIRLEY

That's why we were clapping? I thought it's 'cuz she finally showed up.

HARLEE

Any chance my gift is a parka?

As Wozniak pulls his own coat off --

SAPERSTEIN

That wet hair, I'd say you already got your gift across the street.

HARLEE

Remind me again, Saperstein. Your vow of chastity's self-imposed or one of the rules at mom's house?

TUFO

You kidding me? His mom keeps trying to set him up with women from bingo.

SAPERSTEIN

Some of us have standards, Tufo.

ESPADA

He has standards. Female.

Wozniak drapes the coat over Harlee's shoulders.

WOZNIAK

We gonna circle jerk all night or  
did someone collect this week?

Business at hand. Saperstein hands out envelopes. As they  
all instinctively count the take, Saperstein breaks it down.

SAPERSTEIN

\$750 a head. Koreans on Kentor still  
owe. So does Big Chuckie and the  
escort lady that works out of that  
foot massage place.

Tufo pulls an ENGAGEMENT RING from his pocket --

TUFO

Pawn shop is cash poor. He gave us  
a ring. Says it's worth two grand.

SAPERSTEIN

Somebody got a reliable jewel fence?

SHIRLEY

Espada needs an engagement ring.

ESPADA

The *hell* I do.

The crew gloms on, whistling and teasing as Shirley takes  
the ring, shoves it in Espada's chest pocket, pats it --

SHIRLEY

It's been three years for the poor  
girl. Drop a deuce or get off the  
crapper.

TUFO

She's right, bro. You're on the  
clock.

WOZNIAK

We'll give you the trapped bachelor  
discount. One thousand. Hock it or  
get down on one knee, either way,  
pay up at my non-surprise birthday  
party Saturday. Even cuts.

ESPADA

Or cut my nuts off. Thanks.

As Wozniak continues, PUSH IN to a metal rack behind him --

WOZNIAK

Harlee, there's a new bookie named  
Haim... HaIm...

SAPERSTEIN

Chaim. Think phlegm.

-- CONTINUE PUSHING IN between boxes of frozen goods to an old electrical switch -- land on an ECU of a screw.

WOZNIAK (O.S.)

Yeah...operating out of the food trucks on Rosedale. Checks out...

SFX: this HIDDEN MICROPHONE emits a digital signal converting into SOUND WAVES on a COMPUTER SCREEN that monitors the conversation. The room is BUGGED! But the signal drops IN AND OUT.

WOZNIAK (CONT'D, V.O.)

... Collect and .... run down. Shirl,  
you're .... for a meet'n'greet.  
Booster shop ... cover. Talk to  
Sasha.

RESUME SCENE IN FREEZER - CONTINUOUS

WOZNIAK

Onto real police, tox screen come  
back on our shooter's heroin?

SAPERSTEIN

Lab promises bright and early. We  
got a few names that could be Harlee's  
white rabbit, none with a permanent  
address.

WOZNIAK

Stay on it.

TUFO

(re: envelope)

Dammit, Sap. I'm twenty-five light.  
How hard is it to divide by six?  
You're a Jew, you can't do simple  
math? Everybody owes me five bucks.

SHIRLEY

Here ya' go, Tufo, I got your five  
spot right here.

Shirley reaches into her envelope, pulls out her middle  
finger. As everybody LAUGHS --

INT. CASEY'S BAR & GRILL - LATER

MORE LAUGHTER. Wozniak and his crew share stories in a booth.  
Espada finds himself staring at Shirley. No one in a hurry  
to go home -- except Harlee, who stands, collects her bag.

SAPERSTEIN

If you're really worried about him cheating, you know the solution.

SHIRLEY

Castration?

SAPERSTEIN

Not exactly. Same region though.

WOZNIAK

(to Harlee)

You heading out?

HARLEE

Internal Affairs tomorrow, remember?

(to Shirley)

Trust your husband, Shirl.

Harlee downs Saperstein's whiskey shot, then on exit...

HARLEE

But a little ball massage wouldn't hurt.

More laughs and frivolous debate from the crew as Harlee steps over to THE BAR - hails the bartender. Nursing a beer, a BUSINESSMAN, whom we'll later know as **ROBERT STAAL**, tries to engage her.

BUSINESSMAN

One for the road?

Harlee has an eye roll for just this kind of occasion. She calls out to the bartender with a hundred dollar bill.

HARLEE

Bruce, you have change for a hundred?

BUSINESSMAN

What are you all celebrating?

HARLEE

Surviving the day.

BUSINESSMAN

With you, I'd be happy to survive the night.

HARLEE

Let me save you some time. I don't do witty banter. Odds are your follow up to that won't impress me.

BUSINESSMAN  
I'm a risk/reward kind of guy.

HARLEE  
Sure took a risk with that tie.

He laughs, puts cash on the bar, rises to go as the bartender hands Harlee her change.

BUSINESSMAN  
Hate to break it to you, but that counts as witty banter.

On his way out, the Businessman passes a desperate Loman entering the neighborhood bar, scanning. Loman catches eyes with Harlee. She sees it immediately: he's going to crack. Shit. She moves to quickly cut him off.

HARLEE  
Need something, Loman?

LOMAN  
He coached pee-wee baseball.

Harlee glances back at Wozniak, who clocks the exchange.

HARLEE  
Who?

LOMAN  
The man I killed.

HARLEE  
He also carried a bag full of heroin with a loaded .45 in it.

Loman shakes his head, tears welling up. Realizing she's losing him to his guilt, Harlee pulls Loman out the door --

EXT. CASEY'S BAR & GRILL / ACROSS THE STREET - NIGHT

The Businessman (Staal) loiters at a NEWSSTAND across the street. He pays for a magazine while watching Harlee drag Loman out of the bar into a nearby alley.

BUSINESSMAN  
Can I have a receipt, please?

As the Vendor makes change, the Businessman slyly pinches and pockets a bag of peanut M&Ms.

EXT. ALLEY - MOMENTS LATER

Harlee deals with a crisis. Loman feels trapped.

LOMAN

I shouldn't have done it. I gotta make this right.

HARLEE

There's no "I" anymore. There's only we. And we already made a plan. You remember that plan?

LOMAN

I'll tell them *I* put the gun in his hand.

Harlee SLAMS Loman up against the wall, hard.

HARLEE

Knock it off! You're not doing this, Loman. You're not screwing me over.

LOMAN

I don't want to be this kind of cop.

HARLEE

None of us are that kind of cop. I have a daughter, okay? Which means you have a daughter -- because that badge in your pocket makes us family. And we love that daughter, you hear me? That daughter is beautiful and sweet and talented and she needs us. That's how this works. From now on until death do us part. I saved your ass today and that means tomorrow morning in that Internal Affairs interview, *you save mine*.

Tears of guilt well up in Loman's eyes. He slides down the wall. Harlee gets down on one knee, brings his eyes to meet hers, gentle --

HARLEE

Kicking in a door after hearing gunshots, throwing yourself on the line. That's hardcore hero stuff. A hero who made a mistake. I've got you here. I got you and you got me.

Loman nods his reluctant agreement to this vow. Off Harlee, a new bond over a dark secret --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. SANTOS APARTMENT - HARLEE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Harlee, half-dressed, stares at herself in a full-length mirror as she mentally prepares her Interinal Affairs lies.

HARLEE

"We took fire. I kicked in the door..."

Christine barges in with a designer black blouse that Harlee has left out for her.

CHRISTINE

Mom, I love it! Love it! So perfect.

HARLEE

I saw you eyeing it at Bloomingdales.

CHRISTINE

And walking right past it when I saw the price tag.

HARLEE

That much practice, you deserve to look your best on stage.

CHRISTINE

Thank you so much! Have you seen my green tote?

HARLEE

On the floor in my closet.

Christine heads for the closet as Harlee holds up two outfits. --

HARLEE

Which one do you think?

CHRISTINE

What kind of look are we going for?

HARLEE

Wholesome and honest.

CHRISTINE

Get a new wardrobe.

Christine grabs the tote; dumps its remaining contents onto Harlee's bed: bow resin, a compact and a FOLDED ENVELOPE. She then packs her concert clothes and the compact.

CHRISTINE

You can get there at curtain. Mister Lewis said I could tape a few seats.

HARLEE

I thought parents weren't allowed to save seats.

CHRISTINE

Soloists are.

Harlee's eyes widen at Christine in the mirror. Christine tries not to smile too much. Harlee spins to face her.

HARLEE

Soloist? You have a solo tonight?!

CHRISTINE

(even better)

I'm playing the Bach Concerto, Mom.

Harlee lets out a SHRIEK, pulls Christine toward her and peppers her with kisses.

CHRISTINE

I was gonna surprise you, but I suck at secrets.

HARLEE

Baby, I'm so proud of you!

CHRISTINE

Mom. Smearing.

(hands her the envelope)

I forgot, this came from the head master's office. I gotta get gas. I'll see you tonight.

She heads out too quickly for Harlee.

HARLEE

Christine.

Christine stops at the door. Harlee looks at her daughter, searching for words, unsure of why she stopped her, verklempt.

CHRISTINE

I love you too.

Christine smiles and exits. Only then does Harlee look down and open the SCHOOL ENVELOPE. She already knows what it is.

WOZNIAK (PRELAP)

When's it due?

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Wozniak leads Harlee, suppressing nerves, through a precinct that exhibits idiosyncrasies of a renovation stalled: half modern and refurbished and half dated and neglected.

HARLEE

Eight weeks ago. The school's sending notes home. I knew it was too expensive but, when she got in, I convinced myself I could swing it.

WOZNIAK

So you pay me back next month.

HARLEE

I won't have it next month. Or the month after.

WOZNIAK

Christine's doing well there, isn't she? Honor roll?

HARLEE

I'm ten grand short, Woz. Our extracurricular barely covers...

WOZNIAK

You'll have it.

(off Harlee's look)

I'm working on something. I can't give you specifics but, trust me... It's Juilliard type money.

Harlee takes in the confidence, unsure how she feels about it. Saperstein interrupts, hands Wozniak a lab report --

SAPERSTEIN

Tox screen on our shooter's heroin. It was cut with a synthetic opiate, made it hyper-potent. No wonder the girl ODed. Jamarr was an amateur.

HARLEE

Let's hope it was ignorance.

WOZNIAK

And that none of the stuff went out the window with your runner. I want this guy picked up now.

SAPERSTEIN

Officially rabbit season.

Internal Affairs DETECTIVE DONNIE POMP (37, physically fit and vain) CALLS OUT from Wozniak's office.

DONNIE POMP  
Detective Santos, radiant and prompt  
as always. Come on in.

Harlee offers a nod, turns back to Wozniak... shit --

HARLEE  
Donnie Pomp?

WOZNIAK  
As Internal Affairs goes, you could  
do worse.

HARLEE  
You loaned him your office?

WOZNIAK  
Home field advantage.

INT. SANTOS APARTMENT - HARLEE'S BEDROOM - DAY

The Businessman who hit on Harlee at the bar now stands alone in her sanctuary. An interloper. A menace. He moves to her bureau, scans the photos framed on top. The man picks a drawer, opens it to find workout clothes and sports bras.

He closes it gently, opens a second drawer. Panties. He lingers a pulse, closes it. He picks up a bottle of perfume and smells it, then opens her jewelry box, running his fingers over her jewelry. He carefully selects a PENDANT NECKLACE --

INT. WOZNIAK'S OFFICE - DAY

Mid-internal affairs interview. Harlee concludes her summary. Wozniak observes from the corner, against a back table.

HARLEE  
...The assailant was later pronounced  
dead by responding paramedics.

Pomp leans back in Wozniak's chair, enjoys the bout. A beat.

DONNIE POMP  
What do you squat, Harlee?

HARLEE  
Squat?

DONNIE POMP  
Outside the cage, all bar.

HARLEE

I find when a man asks me how much I squat, he really wants to brag about his own number.

DONNIE POMP

I'm wondering why you didn't let Officer Loman kick the door in. He has a decent frame on him. Then you, as the more seasoned officer, could have been first through.

HARLEE

I just had a bullet rip past me -- I don't know, I was in position.

DONNIE POMP

And your weapon was drawn?

HARLEE

Why don't we skip the foreplay and get to your real question, Detective.

DONNIE POMP

A rookie, new to your unit, rushes in, opens fire, and is hit in return -- all the while, you never discharge your weapon.

HARLEE

Like I said, Officer Loman was first through the door, obstructing my line of sight. I took an averted step to the left and saw that the assailant was neutralized.

DONNIE POMP

With a Sig .45 in his right hand.

HARLEE

Correct.

DONNIE POMP

Interesting.

HARLEE

Try being there.

DONNIE POMP

No, it's just that I have a prior arrest record here on your now-deceased shooter that describes him as being left-handed.

*Shit!* Harlee suppresses her panic -- holds for a beat.

DONNIE POMP  
Can you explain that?

Harlee collects herself. Tucking her hair behind her ear, she sticks to her story with confidence. No other play.

HARLEE  
Either he's ambidextrous, broke his left hand or a copper flat out confused him with another perp -- 'cause this assailant shot Officer Loman with his right hand.

A long beat. Donnie Pomp studies Harlee. She doesn't flinch.

DONNIE POMP  
Nah, just messing with you. He wasn't a lefty. Couldn't resist.

HARLEE  
You should try harder.

DONNIE POMP  
That's it. Painless. I need to interview Officer Loman, compare statements, but looks like a clean shoot.

Harlee's not sticking around for small talk and phony pleasantries. She gets up and walks straight out --

HARLEE  
Two and a quarter.

DONNIE POMP  
What?

HARLEE  
I squat two twenty-five.

DONNIE POMP  
No doubt.

INT./EXT. DETECTIVE CAR / STREET - DAY

POV from the car as Shirley and Espera roll up. Two cruisers and an ambulance on site. A foreboding development.

EXT. APARTMENT HALLWAY / APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Paramedics wheel KARINA, an altered, beaten young woman in a neck brace, past Shirley and Espada just before they step into an apartment. Saperstein and Tufo search the place.

SAPERSTEIN

Ten minutes earlier we would have walked in on it.

TUFO

More like fifteen.

SAPERSTEIN

... We came to question the girl about her boyfriend...

TUFO

Sap needed his Naked Juice first...

SAPERSTEIN

... found her beaten unconscious.

SHIRLEY

What's so interesting about her boyfriend?

Shirley spots a picture of Karina with Malik, looks like the guy Harlee saw running through the park from Jamarr's window.

TUFO

Malik Barlow. He's been hanging with Loman's dead shooter. On our short list of known associates.

SHIRLEY

Guess someone else has the same list.

Shirley whips out her cell phone to snap a pic of the picture.

INT. POLICE PRECINCT - DAY

Staring at the picture of Malik on her smartphone, Harlee hangs up her desk phone. She heads to Wozniak's office as Loman exits, still tense from his Internal Affairs interview.

Loman is afraid to look at Harlee, forcing stoicism as they pass each other. Continuing on, Harlee raps on Wozniak's office door. Inside, Donnie Pomp gathers his things --

HARLEE

Sorry to interrupt.  
(to Wozniak)  
Lieutenant, you have a second?

DONNIE POMP

Come on in. We're done. Out of your hair in a minute.

WOZNIAK

That's okay, take your time.

Wozniak steps out, passing Harlee, who follows. He strides several yards into the bullpen area and then stops, looks expectantly at Harlee -- she flashes him Malik's picture.

HARLEE

That's him. The guy out Jamarr's window. Malik Barlow. Sap and Tufo tracked him to his girlfriend's place.

WOZNIAK

The girlfriend give him up?

HARLEE

Unconscious. Took a beating. On her way to Kings County. Word's out we're looking for a second dealer.

WOZNIAK

What part of discreet inquiry don't those idiots understand? Son-of-a-bitch is already dead if she talked.

HARLEE

Raul's crew?

Dismissing her, Wozniak moves past Harlee, calling out to Loman as he heads for the stairs.

WOZNIAK

Loman, gear up. Meet me out front.

A student in Wozniak's moods, Harlee knows she should leave it there. But she can't help herself -- follows...

INT. PRECINCT STAIRWELL / FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

WOZNIAK

I'm on this. Go sign up that bookie, Haim. He called again.

HARLEE

You're putting Loman back in the field?

WOZNIAK

Clean shoot. Internal Affairs just cleared you both.

HARLEE

Woz, it wasn't a clean shoot.

WOZNIAK

You don't say.

Harlee senses Wozniak's irritation and disapproval as he steps up to a DESK SERGEANT near the main entrance.

WOZNIAK

Evidence send something up for me?

The Desk Sergeant slides a Smith & Wesson 9mm on the desk. Wozniak signs out the gun, pockets it. Harlee doesn't ask -- waits until Wozniak's clear of the Sergeant to jump back in.

HARLEE

I took care of it. All Donnie got from me was a closed file.

WOZNIAK

No, he got a file he didn't want to touch.

HARLEE

If he cleared us, what's the difference?

Wozniak stops, squares off and lays it out --

WOZNIAK

The difference is you blinked.

(off Harlee)

Go ahead. Tell me I didn't see you blink back there? Lie to me again. You need the practice.

HARLEE

I didn't lie to you; I was telling you I had it covered.

WOZNIAK

Even worse when you can't deliver.

HARLEE

Woz, upstairs pushes this newbie on us; you ask me to ride with him, I ride with him -- I tell him to wait at the door, he doesn't...

WOZNIAK

I don't need to know the details.

HARLEE

Then why are you punching me on this?!

WOZNIAK

You want to save a pup from drowning? I appreciate the instinct. I admire it.

(MORE)

WOZNIAK (CONT'D)

Maybe we even use the kid someday.  
But never risk a hole in my boat  
unless you're positive you can plug  
it. You don't blink.

Harlee holds his look, stops protesting.

HARLEE

Loman's not ready to go back out  
there. I'm not even sure he wants...

WOZNIAK

Leave the rookie to me. He's one of  
us now. Just don't get wobbly. One  
slip at the wrong time; we all go  
tumbling down. And I don't tumble  
well.

Wozniak exits, leaving her alone in the lobby, admonished.  
The SOUND of an APPROACHING TRAIN prelaps to --

EXT. UNDER ELEVATED TRAIN TRACKS - DAY

Harlee initiates an upstart bookie HAIM (middle eastern) who  
carries a greasy brown food bag, against the backdrop of  
distant food trucks.

HARLEE

Ground rules are simple. No dog  
fights, no cock fights. Absolutely  
no minors. Just stick to the numbers,  
Haim, and we won't have a problem.

HAIM

It's Haim. With a Ch...

HARLEE

Fifteen percent takes care of any  
external threats, Chaim.

HAIM

And vice?

HARLEE

Best we can do there is a heads up  
if we hear they're looking at you.

HAIM

Vice is half my problem. Half the  
problem, half the fee.

HARLEE

Pay to play. We don't negotiate.

(MORE)

HARLEE (CONT'D)

Fifteen against a grand to get you  
in the game. End of story. You in?

Worth a shot, but Haim knows he has to pay the piper. He offers Harlee the greasy brown bag.

HAIM

You like chicken shawarma?

Harlee glances in the bag, confirms it's filled with cash.

HARLEE

I've never been a fan, but I'm willing  
to give it another try.

As Harlee looks back up, she spots a half-dozen FBI AGENTS, reflecting off Haim's glasses. Realizing she has stumbled onto a sting, Harlee pulls out her gun and aims it at Haim --

HARLEE

On the ground, now! You're under  
arrest for attempted bribery of a  
police officer.

Harlee turns to the FBI Agents -- all aiming guns at her. She flashes her badge at them as a TRAIN passes overhead.

HARLEE

Police! NYPD!

A train DROWNS OUT the agents' SHOUTED REPLIES as Haim flashes his own FBI badge.

HAIM

FBI, darling. Nice try.

Harlee processes the development as the Businessman (Agent Robert Staal) from the night before, in FBI gear, emerges from the pack holding a taser.

STAAL

Lower your weapon, Detective Santos.  
It's you who's under arrest.

He knows her name? As the enormity of just how fucked she is washes over Harlee, she's slow to obey the command --

HARLEE

You're making a mistake.

Staal SHOTS HIS TASER. Harlee drops to the ground like a sack of hammers. And SPASMS.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT. OLD FACTORY LOFT - DAY

Harlee sits alone in a repurposed austere room. An organizational chart of Harlee's crew, complete with surveillance photos, compliments the wall. No doubt left standing for effect. She just entered a world of shit.

Staal enters, reshuts the door. PLOPS a stack of files in front of Harlee and sits opposite her. HUMMING fluorescents fill the silence as the pair stare each other down. Then...

STAAL

What? No witty banter?

HARLEE

You're the tie from the bar.

STAAL

Special Agent Staal. Anti-corruption task force.

(motions to files)

Go ahead, take a peek. We've been watching you for over a month.

HARLEE

Street level cop taking tribute in a New York Borough. Shocking. That'll win you a medal.

STAAL

Not so much. But it wins you eight to ten years.

INT./EXT. WOZNIAK'S CAR - DAY

Wozniak waits until the end of the drive to speak to Loman.

WOZNIAK

Glove box. Something that belongs to you.

Loman obeys, opens the glove box to find his police-issued Smith & Wesson 9mm inside. He glances at Wozniak before reclaiming the gun, feels its weight back in his hand.

WOZNIAK

And the Saint Jude medal.

LOMAN

I'm not Catholic.

WOZNIAK

I didn't ask if you were Catholic.

Wozniak pulls up to a funeral home where Saperstein and Espada wait by their vehicle. Loman complies, pulls the St. Jude medal out of the glove compartment as Wozniak parks --

WOZNIAK

'96 I dropped a bad guy near a mall.  
Bullet grazed the coat of a bystander.  
Inches away from a cop's worse  
nightmare. My FTO told me to take  
my gun home, break it down, clean  
it, put it back together, chamber a  
round...and get back to work.

On that, Wozniak exits the car. Holding the gun in one hand and the St. Jude medal in the other, Loman stares after him. Espada RAPS on Loman's window, motions to the other car --

ESPADA

You're with me, Rookie. Wait in the  
car. Try not to shoot anyone.

INT. MORTUARY - LOBBY - DAY

Espada holds at the door as Wozniak and Saperstein follow a Latino gang banger in a suit past a group of MOURNERS and down a flight of stairs...

INT. MORTUARY - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER

Wozniak and Saperstein are led past two more young thugs. Saperstein waits opposite them as Wozniak pushes into --

INT. CREMATORIUM - CONTINUOUS

Inside the metal belly of a crematory, jets of FLAME rage -- then retreat, leaving a pile of ASHES. Raul uses a long metal rake to pull them into a bin as he sees Wozniak.

WOZNIAK

You need to get out more, Raul.  
This place is starting to cloud your  
judgment.

Raul shrugs, scoops ashes into an URN.

RAUL

Do you know why people keep the ashes?  
So they don't forget. A reminder.

WOZNIAK

This isn't about your turf. The dope's cut hot, I need to make sure it's all off the street and you cracked the skull of my only lead.

RAUL

You told me you'd handle it, then I hear you're canvassing for a second man.

WOZNIAK

Information flows one way here, Raul. Where is he?

RAUL

The girlfriend never gave him up. Tough broad. But don't worry, I'll find him.

WOZNIAK

No, you won't. You don't dispense street justice on my watch.

RAUL

We both want what's best for the community, Lieutenant. I think you know what that's going to take. You had your chance.

In a flash, Wozniak lurches, pins Raul's head to the table and begins force feeding him human ashes from the pile he's been raking. As Raul chokes and sputters --

WOZNIAK

What's that? I can't hear you. Oh, you want me to explain how this works? Allow me to oblige. I tolerate you, Raul, because you keep your business contained and the kind of dirtbags who beat women up out. But we both know that if I burn you down tonight, some punk phoenix will rise from your ashes by morning. And I'm already starting to like that guy better.

He releases Raul, who gags, almost vomits ashes. Wozniak dusts off his hands.

WOZNIAK

How's that for a reminder?

INT. OLD FACTORY LOFT - DAY

Harlee worries a paper clip from the now opened files --

STAAL

Provided your cooperation leads to at least three convictions, we'll grant you full immunity and recommend you keep your pension. And that's because someone upstairs likes you.

HARLEE

Think that someone might be able to sweeten the pot a bit? Say... throw in my self-respect? Maybe something I can use to buy back my soul?

(off Staal)

If you planned all this counting on me to rat out my crew, you need to fire your profiler.

STAAL

You think so? I figured a couple of your pals might consider doing the time, but... well, you have other considerations, don't you? Other responsibilities.

A dagger. Staal's voice FADES IN AND OUT as Harlee's mind races for a play. She uncoils the paper clip and jams it into her hand as the HUM of the fluorescents amplifies --

STAAL

We don't have time for posturing, detective. The longer I have you off the street, the bigger chance Wozniak figures out we picked you up, and then you're worthless to me.

Harlee grips the paper clip so tight it pierces her skin. She stares at the blood spreading in her palm as...

BAKER (O.S.)

Hello, Harlee.

Harlee is pulled from her trance by FBI New York Office Assistant director in Charge **BONNIE BAKER** (49) -- a woman who has seen it all, twice.

BAKER

I wish I was seeing you again under different circumstances.

STAAL

Meet your upstairs benefactor.

HARLEE

You're his boss? You authorized this?

BAKER

Unfortunately, nothing grabs attention like betrayal of the public trust.

HARLEE

Public trust? You're from my precinct, you know how this works. Violent crime down, drugs and gangs away from schools, clean streets. Because of this unit, because of Wozniak.

Harlee stops as she recognizes the ring tone emanating from Staal's jacket pocket. Staal pulls out Harlee's smart phone, on which WOZNIAK'S PICTURE displays, sets it on the table.

STAAL

Speak of the devil.

HARLEE

(takes it, to Baker)  
You want me to answer?

BAKER

Agent Staal's running this operation.

STAAL

Go ahead. Improvise.

Harlee stares at the phone, feels the prospect of betrayal and can't bring herself to pick it up. When it's clear that she's going to let the call go to voicemail, Staal hits answer -- putting it on speaker. Harlee glares at Staal, asshole.

WOZNIAK (V.O.)

Hello? Harlee, you there?

HARLEE

Yeah.

WOZNIAK (O.S.)

Just left the mortuary. Raul's standing down, but we have another OD, same neighborhood. Where are you?

HARLEE

(eyes Staal)  
Couldn't make a deal with the bookie. He wanted too many guarantees.

WOZNIAK (V.O.)

Fine, can't pronounce his name anyway.  
We need to hit the street, determine  
if this Malik idiot is still pushing.

Harlee scrambles for a lie --

HARLEE

I can't. Christine's car got hit.

WOZNIAK (V.O.)

What? She okay? What happened?

HARLEE

She wasn't in it, a friend borrowed  
it. But I gotta go.

WOZNIAK (V.O.)

Okay, take care of her, give her my  
love.

Harlee picks up the phone and hangs up. Staal smirks, a  
small victory for Staal as she's already lied for them.

STAAL

That wasn't so hard.

HARLEE

Dammit, Bonnie, he's Christine's  
godfather.

STAAL

And we've tracked six stolen counting  
machines to him. Each counts close  
to a thousand hundred-dollar bills a  
minute.

HARLEE

I don't know what you're talking  
about. We flip coins, that's it.

BAKER

I understand your loyalty, I do.  
But the only reason I came down here  
is that I saw, first hand, you were  
good police, once. You still can  
be.

HARLEE

I'm good police now.

Still in her hand, Harlee's smart phone PULSES with an  
INCOMING TEXT. From Christine: **"911! I forgot my marked  
sheet music!"**

STAAL

Tell him you'll meet him in an hour.

HARLEE

No, it's my daughter.

BAKER

Putting you in jail doesn't help anyone, Harlee. Least of all her.

HARLEE

(looks up, a decision)

You want to talk deal? We talk in the car.

STAAL

You're not comprehending the basic concept here. This isn't a negotiation.

HARLEE

You're right, I do have other considerations. And I need to get to her school right now. Two minutes, you can wait in the parking lot.

Staal looks to Baker, defers. Baker shrugs, thinking --

HARLEE

There's no way you pull this whole thing off without trusting me.

INT. PRIVATE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - EVENING/LATE DAY

Pre-curtain. A JUNIOR CHAMBER ORCHESTRA tunes up. Christine paces backstage. Her PHONE LIGHTS UP with a text: "Outside."

EXT. PRIVATE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

BANG! A side door opens. Christine finds Harlee standing with her sheet music. She's a teenage whirlwind.

CHRISTINE

Oh, my God. You're my savior. What took you so long?

HARLEE

Late arrest. The wagon broke down.

CHRISTINE

It was rhetorical, mom.

HARLEE

I want you to know I meant it this morning, I am so proud of you. You've worked so hard...

CHRISTINE

You're gonna jinx me, tell me after.

HARLEE

That's the thing. I can't stay.

The news stops Christine. Her face falls. Should have known.

HARLEE

You know I wouldn't miss this unless it was really important.

Christine nods, suddenly on the verge of tears.

CHRISTINE

Okay. I get it.

Christine hurries back inside, leaving Harlee heartbroken.

She turns, eyes Staal waiting for her across the parking lot. They lock eyes like a couple of gunslingers. "Don't you dare" vs. "*Fuck you. I'm seeing my daughter's concert.*"

"*Fuck you*" wins. Harlee pivots, heads inside.

INT. PRIVATE HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - MOMENTS LATER

Harlee removes a reserved sign marked "Santos," straddled across a pair of aisle seats. She settles in, looks for Christine among the orchestra members. Christine isn't there -- only an empty chair by the conductor.

STAAL

Those seats taken?

Staal poses as a parent. Won't leave her to enjoy this. A stand off. In public. Harlee stands to let Staal pass her.

STAAL

I have a bad knee, you mind sliding over one?

Harlee doesn't want a scene, begrudgingly complies. Staal sits down in the aisle seat, boxing her in. He whispers --

STAAL

So much for trusting you.

HARLEE

I keep the promises that are important  
to me.

LIGHTS GO DOWN. Light APPLAUSE as Christine walks on stage carrying her cello, followed by the Conductor. She IS the featured performer! As Christine bows and sits, Christine sees Harlee, suppresses a smile, pleased to see her mother changed her mind and attended.

Harlee pushes Staal out of her mind, revels in her daughter's moment. The pianist plays an "A." The audience quiets to a LOW murmur as Christine (and only Christine) TUNES her cello.

WOZNIAK (O.S.)

Excuse us. Sorry.

Harlee's pulse races when she discovers Wozniak pushing his wife, ANNE (47), past Staal. Anne whispers regarding a pair of reserved but still empty seats on the other side of Harlee.

ANNE

Honey, those are reserved for family.

WOZNIAK

I know. Sit down.

Harlee removes the reserved tape as Anne and Wozniak squeeze past her as well. She glances at Staal. This is not good.

ANNE

I'm sorry we're late, sweetie. He  
forgot to remind me about this.

Wozniak settles in next to Harlee. The conductor taps his podium. Commencement. Wozniak pulls out a video camera like a proud father --

HARLEE

What are you doing here?

Staal turns in their direction and gives an EMPHATIC SHUSH.

WOZNIAK

You think we'd miss this? Our girl's  
playing her first solo.

Christine begins to play the first solo section in Bach's Cello Concerto in A Minor.

Off Harlee -- on the brink of perilous exposure -- caught between worlds -- her heart torn in two.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

INT. PRIVATE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM - LOBBY - NIGHT

Parents mill about waiting for their kids. With Wozniak out of sight, Staal steps up to Harlee at a concession table as Christine is mobbed by her friends outside a stage door.

HARLEE

Get away from me. He's not stupid.

STAAL

Tell me you're in and you can stay with your daughter. Enjoy the evening.

Harlee glances over her shoulder, spies Wozniak and Anne approaching. Staal lifts a Mars Bar.

STAAL

But I have to know. Right now. Straight up. Are you in or out?

HARLEE

He's walking over here.

STAAL

In? Or out?

Wozniak and Anne are now just a few feet away. A life-altering decision in a suspended heartbeat --

HARLEE

In.

Staal DROPS Harlee's car keys on the table. A deal.

STAAL

(for Wozniak's benefit)  
She was just incredible. I've never heard anyone her age play like that.

Wozniak and Anne land as Staal moves off.

HARLEE

Thank you. She works at it.

ANNE

See? I told you. Independent confirmation. She was brilliant. I still can't believe that was the same little girl who played kazoo concerts for her stuffed animals.

Over Anne's shoulder, Harlee sees Staal, now talking to Christine. Sound FADES OUT for a beat, then --

HARLEE

Sorry...what?

ANNE

I said I can't believe she had so much poise after a car accident.

HARLEE

She wasn't in it. Please don't bring it up. I want her to have her night.

ANNE

Oh, of course not.

In the B.G. Christine breaks away from Staal, who meets Harlee's eyes for a beat. As Christine heads over --

WOZNIAK

Hate to do this -- Malik's girlfriend woke up. Shirl couldn't get anything out of her. Need you to drive to the hospital, try the soft touch.

Christine reaches them. Wozniak and Anne play the doting aunt and uncle, kissing her on the cheek.

WOZNIAK

Hey, there she is! Carnegie Hall.

CHRISTINE

Thanks, Uncle Woz.

ANNE

Flat out amazing, sweetheart. I want a picture.

As Anne pulls out her phone and hands it to Wozniak, who obliges, frames a picture as Christine turns to Harlee --

CHRISTINE

Are you glad you stayed?

HARLEE

It was beautiful, honey.

WOZNIAK

Christine, you're in the middle.

As Harlee and Christine switch places --

HARLEE

(re: Staal, sotto)  
What were you talking to that man about?

CHRISTINE

Recon. Saw him talking to you. Thought you might be upgrading to a guy who wears a tie.

HARLEE

He's a prospective parent. Had some questions.

CHRISTINE

Really? He said he was from the school board.

WOZNIAK

And... Say symphony!

Christine and Anne smile through "symphony!" Just as the photo is taken, Harlee looks off to the side, stealing one last look at Staal.

INT. HOSPITAL HALLWAY - NIGHT

Automatic doors bang wide. Harlee's head spins with her new reality, distracted as Shirley leads her to the beaten girl.

SHIRLEY

He changed his email password. Same password for ten years. Why would he do that? I'm seriously considering loading spyware on his computer.

HARLEE

You two just need to get away.

SHIRLEY

Cabin in the Poconos isn't gonna give me the ass of a twenty-year-old. I know what I know. And I know he's looking.

Harlee SNAPS, misplacing her frustration --

HARLEE

Shirl, stop it! Your life is completely intact and you're killing yourself trying to tear it all down.

Shirley has no idea where the outburst has come from. A beat as Harlee decompresses, realizes she's hurt Shirley.

SHIRLEY

It's not a joke. I can't shake this feeling that I'm gonna lose him.

HARLEE

It's gonna self-fulfill if you're not careful. You're a team. Protect that.

Shirley takes a beat, gives her a nod. Harlee looks through the opened door of the beaten girl's room, a guard sits watch outside.

HARLEE

Is she lucid?

SHIRLEY

Pushing the pain killers. Hasn't lawyered up yet.

INT. PATIENT ROOM - HOSPITAL - MOMENTS LATER

Harlee approaches Karina (19). Tough. Beautiful, but strung out. With a series of wrong turns, this could be Christine.

HARLEE

Hey sweetheart.

KARINA

Other lady cop already played the chick card.

HARLEE

I'm not playing a card. I'm just sorry this happened to you.

KARINA

I bought it from some Black dude. All I know.

HARLEE

If that was true, you would have told those men straight up before they did this to your face. The dope is hot. We don't get it off the street, other people are gonna overdose.

Karina turns to the soundless TV. Harlee turns her arm over briefly, sees a few track marks before Karina pulls away.

HARLEE

Scary isn't it? You grow up thinking you'll be a certain kind of person.

(MORE)

HARLEE (CONT'D)

But life gets hard, complicated.  
One day somebody comes along, offers  
you a chance to make it easier. All  
you gotta do is take a few steps off  
that path you were on. No big deal.  
Barely feels like you're making a  
decision at all. 'Cept nobody tells  
you a few steps can send you walking  
in a whole different direction.

Karina looks at Harlee, reads her sincerity. Harlee fully  
comprehends the irony of the advice she's about to give --

HARLEE

Save yourself, baby.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

FLASHY YELLOW JORDANS hit the pavement -- a tatted up white  
thug MALIK (25) has just LEAPED from the elevated subway  
train platform to the street. He sprints off with a BACKPACK.

A chase. Tufo catches his breath on the platform as he looks  
down at the crazy suspect, calls into HIS RADIO --

TUFO

Son of a bitch leaped off the train  
platform. Running north on Tratman...

INT./EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Espada mans the wheel. Loman rides shotgun.

TUFO (RADIO V.O.)

...Dark Blue jersey, yellow kicks.

HEADLIGHTS catch Malik flying down the street in a dead  
sprint. Espada hits his portable-mount SIREN --

ESPADA

Narrate for me, rook.

LOMAN

(grabs radio mic)

Uh...subject running east on Overing.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Malik turns a corner, hits the jets, glances over his shoulder  
to find Espada's car screaming behind him, fish tailing in  
pursuit. Malik cuts down a narrow alley.

INT./EXT. UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

Espada hits the brakes, turns to Loman.

ESPADA  
Hoof it. I'll cut him off.  
(off Loman)  
Out of the car. Go!

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

Malik fights his way through assorted trash and other alley debris, Loman on his tail.

LOMAN  
Police! Stop!

Ahead of Malik, the alley opens up. He's almost there when Espada's car slams across the opening. Espada jumps out.

Malik DOUBLES BACK towards Loman, who pulls up, terrified.

ESPADA  
He's yours, Loman!

Loman puts his hand on his holstered gun, but even with Malik bearing down on him, he can't bear the thought of steel in his hand. He simply freezes. Malik hurls and empty 40 ounce bottle at Loman then bulldozes past, sending him spinning into the brick wall.

Loman recovers just in time for Espada to SLAM him right back against the bricks. He grabs Loman's gun, THUMPS Loman on the side of the head with it. Loman drops, stunned --

ESPADA  
You get your damn head straight!

Espada shoves the pistol on Loman's chest, sprints after Malik. Off Loman, pulling himself up, looking at the gun --

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Malik flies across a cross street, glances behind -- no sign of pursuit, until... an unmarked sedan out of nowhere CLIPS HIM. MALIK SPINS OFF THE HOOD; CRASHES down on the pavement.

Malik springs back up as Wozniak bolts out of the car and TACKLES HIM. Wozniak knees Malik's back, shoving his head into the pavement -- pulling the cuffs.

WOZNIAK  
Gotta hand it to you. That's how  
you resist arrest.

MALIK  
I didn't do nothing, man.

WOZNIAK  
Hard sell after ten blocks, Malik.

INT./EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING / SANTOS APARTMENT - NIGHT

A weary Harlee walks past Christine's parked Impreza and up her stoop. A century of a day. Her phone RINGS - Wozniak.

HARLEE  
You pick him up?

EXT. STREET - **INTERCUT**

Malik sits cuffed in the back of his car as Espada waves through a patrol car. Wozniak updates Harlee as he dumps baggies of heroin out of Malik's backback onto the hood.

WOZNIAK  
Made it a track meet. Had another  
twenty grams on him. Nice work.

HARLEE  
Caper closed. Peace on the streets.

Harlee passes inside through a common area and into her apartment. A BEEP on Harlee's end.

WOZNIAK  
Take it. The tow truck will be at  
your place at seven-thirty tomorrow.

HARLEE  
Tow truck?

WOZNIAK  
Christine's car. Got Rodney in the  
motor pool to hook you up.

*Oh fuck -- the lie.* Wozniak hangs up. END INTERCUT.

INT. SANTOS APARTMENT - HARLEE'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Harlee steps into her bedroom, looks down at her phone -- it flashes the name: "ELIOT NESS". Harlee sighs, answers --

HARLEE  
Eliot Ness?

INT. SHORT-LEASE APARTMENT - **INTERCUT**

Staal sits on the couch of a sparsely furnished apartment, holding Harlee's pendant necklace in front of him.

STAAL

I plugged my contact info into your phone. You can change the name to whatever you can remember.

Harlee stands at her dresser, undertakes her nightly ritual of putting her gun away. As she removes the pistol's clip --

HARLEE

A few names come to mind.

On the other side of the call, Staal flips through an iPad full of surveillance PHOTOS OF HARLEE -- and just Harlee -- one after another - hovers on a particularly stunning one.

STAAL

Metro Oval. 3 pm. You're not there, I come get you... And Harlee - pleasure to be working with you.

Harlee hangs up, stares at herself in the mirror - in a different reality from the last time she stared into it.

## INT. CHRISTINE'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A door opens, casting hallway light into Christine's room. Harlee finds Christine sleeping. She moves to the dresser, fishes inside Christine's purse and pulls out her car keys.

Before leaving, Harlee studies her sleeping baby; walks over to a peaceful Christine, strokes her daughter's hair for a moment -- and then kisses her good night.

## INT./EXT. CHRISTINE'S CAR / UNDERPASS - NIGHT

Harlee searches through the radio dial; finds a song that makes her smile as she drives under a bridge near the pier.

She looks around to make sure she's alone, then grabs the steering wheel firmly and HITS THE GAS PEDAL.

Harlee's HEAD SNAPS forward as she CRASHES the front of the car into a brick wall.

Pulls in reverse... And SLAMS the car into the wall again -- as tears roll down her cheeks.

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

FADE IN:

EXT. BAR - LATE NIGHT

Wozniak exits with two bottles of beer, steps up to his sedan --

EXT./INT. WOZNIAK'S SEDAN - CONTINUOUS

He climbs inside. Malik is handcuffed cross-legged in the back seat. Wozniak offers the irritant the bottle of beer.

WOZNIAK

Bought you beer.

MALIK

I want my lawyer.

WOZNIAK

Okay, we'll save yours for later.

MALIK

Can't hog-tie my ass out here for an hour.

Wozniak takes a swig, starts the car, drives --

WOZNIAK

You don't have a lawyer, Malik. All you have is me. I left you out here to contemplate what kind of man I am. What I'm capable of. You a good judge of character?

MALIK

Don't need to be. A cop is a cop.

WOZNIAK

You answer my questions and we don't have to go back to the station.

Malik sighs, watches the world pass by, has no real options --

MALIK

Look, ain't no big play here. Jamarr and I sold alone. Looking to make a quick dollar, not wrestle corners.

WOZNIAK

That quick dollar put two people in the ground.

MALIK

I didn't cut the stuff. Jamarr had some one-time hook up, brought me in to peddle 'cuz he knew I needed cash.

WOZNIAK

Right. Travel expenses.

(off Malik, huh?)

Your girl at the hospital said you were selling that smack to take her away someplace. Why she took a beating for you.

MALIK

Bitch is delusional.

WOZNIAK

What's that?

MALIK

I said bitch is delusional. Where am I gonna take some strung out shortie? Told her that to get her on my jock.

WOZNIAK

(laughs)

It work?

MALIK

What do you think?

WOZNIAK

I think your friend Jamarr should have known better than to take a shot at a cop. You'd be in a lot less trouble right now.

MALIK

(bullshit)

Jamarr didn't even have a piece. Got popped playing video games.

WOZNIAK

That's hard to believe.

MALIK

I was there. Had to bolt before he shot my ass too.

Wozniak eyes him in the rear view --

WOZNIAK

You tell anyone that?

MALIK

(threat)

Like I said, I want a lawyer.

WOZNIAK

Tell me something, Malik. You got kids?

MALIK

Hell no. I wrap my junk up.

WOZNIAK

That's good. If you were a father, I'd think twice about this.

MALIK

About what?

Wozniak pulls to a stop. Turns back, friendly.

WOZNIAK

Here's the thing. A cop isn't just a cop. A good cop goes out every day, makes judgment calls, one after the other. From what I understand, you're a selfish prick with no kids and a blatant disregard for innocent life -- who also has information that could hurt someone I love. That leaves me with two choices. Option one is the easy choice. I book you, keep my conscience clean and my ass off the line. But I make hard choices, Malik. I sacrifice for the needs of the neighborhood. And you're on the other side of that scale, my friend.

Reveal Wozniak is parked in front of Raul's Mortuary. THREE THUGS emerge from the front door. Raul stands in the doorway.

MALIK

What the hell, man? You can't do this. Hey!

WOZNIAK

The greater good, Malik. I protect and serve it.

Wozniak hits a button. The doors UNLOCK.

EXT. MORTUARY - STREET - CONTINUOUS

HIGH - WIDE ANGLE -- Raul's crew pulls Malik from the car, his yellow high tops dragging across the sidewalk, a rag jammed in his mouth. Wozniak's car pulls away.

PAN AWAY as Malik disappears into the mortuary. TIME LAPSE to DAYBREAK while settling on a POWER LINE. Malik's high-top sneakers swing from their laces. A WARNING.

INT. PRECINCT - DAY

Harlee enters, end of shift. She discovers Loman sitting at his bare desk, reviewing some documents.

HARLEE

They put you on desk duty?

LOMAN

I'm not sure. Lieutenant Wozniak came by, wanted me to review his tax returns.

And so it begins - Loman's first steps into Wozniak's World.

HARLEE

Nice to have a marketable skill you can fall back on.

LOMAN

You saying I should quit?

HARLEE

No. Just saying you have more to offer.

Harlee opens a drawer in her desk - unloads her ASP, cuffs, keys, etc. discovers an ENVELOPE waiting for her with her name, "Harlee", handwritten on the front. Harlee opens the envelope. Inside, she finds a \$10,000 check -- the memo reads "tuition gap."

LOMAN

He knows, doesn't he? What we did.

Harlee's attention is pulled back to Loman, reminded he's there. Her first instinct is to lie -- but she doesn't.

HARLEE

He'll protect you. He'll expect loyalty. But he'll protect you.

LOMAN

Why wouldn't I be loyal?

Harlee nods to the TAX RETURNS as she heads out --

HARLEE  
My advice? Keep him honest.

INT./EXT FBI SUV / METRO CIRCLE - DAY

Harlee opens the passenger door of Staal's unmarked FBI SUV, climbs inside. She takes a beat, meets his eyes, sincere --

HARLEE  
Why are you doing this? Seriously.  
You know you're not gonna find  
anything you already haven't found.

STAAL  
Wozniak is crossing lines you don't  
know about. Don't underestimate  
him.

HARLEE  
Because of six counting machines?

STAAL  
Because I see people for who they  
are. That's why I picked you.

Staal opens a Pelican case, reveals the pendant necklace he stole out of her apartment, like presenting a prom corsage.

HARLEE  
Where did you get that?

STAAL  
It's the piece of jewelry you wear  
the most.

HARLEE  
My daughter gave it to me.

STAAL  
Now it's her gift to the criminal  
justice system.

HARLEE  
You didn't say anything about wearing  
a wire.

STAAL  
I didn't say anything about a lot of  
things. That's how this works.  
(off Harlee)  
Turn around. I have to set it.

Harlee complies, turns her back to Staal, lifts her hair so he can fasten the surveillance necklace.

HARLEE  
Stay out of my apartment.

STAAL (CONT'D)  
Small camera in the stone. Audio in the setting...

As Staal leans in and steals a whiff of Harlee's hair --

STAAL  
... Emits a signal we can pick up within a few hundred yards and that you can record on an app on your phone.

Harlee picks up on the peculiar pause.

HARLEE  
Are you done?

Staal retreats, checks the signal on his laptop.

STAAL  
Say something to test it.

She calmly looks at Staal, lets him know how painful what he's asking is --

HARLEE  
These are good people.

EXT. WOZNIAK'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Wozniak's non-surprise surprise party. The incident unit and their families. Various other police.

Harlee enters from the side of the detached row house. The bugged pendant hangs like an anchor of guilt around her neck.

She is now a traitor here.

Trying to appear casual, she searches for a landing point... She clocks Wozniak at the grill. He smiles at her, raises his beer in a long distance toast. Her impulse is to go to him, but she can't. Across the yard, Espada is talking to Saperstein. Not good either. She spots Shirley sitting with DAN, serving her KIDS hotdogs. Safe haven. Harlee heads that way when... Saperstein steps in front of her.

SAPERSTEIN  
I need a reference.

HARLEE

I...What?

SAPERSTEIN

Found a studio I might be able to afford. Mini fridge. Hot plate. Beautiful view of a brick wall. Know anybody respectable?

Wozniak's POV: He eyes Harlee. A reflective moment. So much history between them. She feels his gaze, connects for a moment, but can't stand to hold it.

HARLEE

Respectable? Everyone I know is a cop.

SAPERSTEIN

Yeah, I've got the same problem.

Suddenly Wozniak's PHONE LIGHTS UP - a text message. His mood abruptly shifts.

INT./EXT. WOZNIAK'S FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

Wozniak opens the door. Donnie Pomp stands on the porch.

WOZNIAK

You can't be here.

Wozniak goes to shut the door. Donnie stops it.

DONNIE POMP

Circumstances demanded.

WOZNIAK

Did Anne see you?

DONNIE POMP

Not yet. But keep me standing here --

INT. WOZNIAK'S BASEMENT - NIGHT

A LIGHT TURNS ON. Wozniak steps inside. Wozniak shuts the door and follows Donnie downstairs. Once they're safely in the privacy of the basement study, Wozniak turns and..

KISSES Donnie.

Donnie shoves him off immediately. Wozniak is confused, he thought this was a risky, romantic rendezvous. Donnie follows up with a hard punch that sends Wozniak stumbling back.

WOZNIAK  
What the hell is going on?

DONNIE POMP  
You tell me.

A beat, Wozniak makes a guess at why Donnie is so angry --

WOZNIAK  
Did someone say something? We've  
been smart.

DONNIE POMP  
One of us has.

Wozniak steps up to Donnie, intense, landing much closer  
than a simple friendship would allow.

WOZNIAK  
We don't take risks, Donnie. This  
is a bad time to start. You show up  
at my house...

The basement door opens. Feet on the stairs. Anne.

ANNE  
Bill, are you down here?  
(spots Donnie Pomp)  
Oh. Hi. Donnie, right?

DONNIE POMP  
Yeah. We met at the auction thing.

ANNE  
Of course. Can I get you a drink?

DONNIE  
No, thank you --

WOZNIAK  
He can't stay.

Anne takes a small beat, perhaps reading the tension, then a  
polite smile.

ANNE  
Don't neglect your guests.

She goes. Wozniak turns back to Donnie.

DONNIE POMP  
We have a big problem.

EXT. WOZNIAK'S BACKYARD - NIGHT

Harlee joins a buzzed Espada sitting at a table, his stare  
fixed on his girlfriend CAITLIN (26) who is talking to Shirley  
and Dan.

Caitlin waves at Espada as Dan gestures wildly and spills Caitlin's drink down her dress, then awkwardly tries to dry her off while Shirley stares daggers at him...

ESPADA

She's a good sport.

HARLEE

You have no idea. Dan's giving her a dissertation on lawn care. I'd say she deserves a proposal just for coming to this thing.

Espada's eyes move to Shirley as she grabs Dan's patting napkin from his hand and gives it to Caitlin.

ESPADA

It's complicated.

Shirley moves off to the bar, Espada's gaze follows Shirley. He wasn't looking at Caitlin at all. Harlee clocks his hidden crush --

HARLEE

(re: Shirley)

She's married, Tony. Two kids.

Espada downs his drink.

ESPADA

What?

Espada gets up, walks away as Wozniak arrives, leans into Harlee -- abrupt, intense.

WOZNIAK

Come with me.

INT. WOZNIAK'S GARAGE - NIGHT

Wozniak enters, Harlee behind him. She reads his energy, shuts the door for privacy as he paces like a caged animal.

WOZNIAK

I never saw it coming. Didn't think to look. You anticipate certain threats -- that's how you survive. But not this.

HARLEE

Woz, what happened?

WOZNIAK

Not happened. Happening. A rat.  
(MORE)

WOZNIAK (CONT'D)

(off her look)

An FBI informant. On my team!

Harlee's heart beats out of her chest, but she forces herself to hold his gaze.

WOZNIAK

I need to kill it.

Wozniak circles, overwhelmed. Harlee slowly reaches for a concealed gun in the small of her back... About to pull it...

Wozniak leans back toward her -- a dead stare --

WOZNIAK

And you're gonna help me do it.

(off her look)

You're the only one I can trust.

END OF FIRST EPISODE