

ST. PATRICK'S DAY

by

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A BLACKHAWK BAG

Carefully laid across a small table.

MALE HANDS

Unzipping the bag. Revealing a dismembered .338 LAPUA SNIPER RIFLE lying in compartments.

BEDROOM

Bare, meticulously clean. Bed tightly made. Dim night light streaming into the room, framing...

MAN'S BACK

Shirtless. Muscular. TATTOO on his upper back: "**De Oppresso Liber.**" Deep bullet wound SCAR on his right hip.

MAN'S FACE

Partly shadowed. Strong jaw line. Dark haunted eyes staring down at the rifle parts, almost nostalgic. His face is never fully seen.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

EXT. BELT PARKWAY - BROOKLYN, NEW YORK - NIGHT

A RED BMW eastbound. Tinted windows shielding the occupants.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

COLIN, 22, driving. TOMMY, 24, shotgun, loading a SNUB-NOSED .357 MAGNUM. LIAM MCGUIRE, 25, handsome, back seat. Staring out the window. Pensive. A large duffel bag by his side.

EXT. NEW JERSEY AVENUE - EAST NEW YORK - NIGHT

The BMW pulling up outside of a BOARDED UP BRICK HOUSE. Liam and Tommy get out. Tommy sticks the snub-nose into his pants as Liam approaches Colin at the wheel.

LIAM

Keep it running.

Colin nods. Liam and Tommy proceed down the dark driveway of the brick house. Disappear around the back.

INT. BRICK HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

A CUBAN MAN opens the door to a crack. Staring down Liam and Tommy a moment. He then widens the door. As they enter...

EXT. NEW JERSEY AVENUE - NIGHT

A BLACK RANGE ROVER, tinted windows, enters the street, parks across from the brick house. Lights off. Engine idling.

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Colin scoops down in the seat watching the Range Rover in the side mirror with suspicion. The truck is just sitting there. No movement.

INT. BRICK HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Liam's duffel bag sits open on a coffee table. A DOZEN KILOS OF BLOW stacked up inside.

Cuban man extracts a teaspoonful of coke from a kilo, dumping it into a glass vial.

Liam in a chair, watching Cuban man squeeze a clear substance from a plastic cylinder into the glass vial.

Tommy stands behind Liam. Eyeing a BLACK MAN across the room holding a briefcase. A gun in his waistband. Intense eyes.

EXT. RANGE ROVER - STREET - NIGHT

Back doors open simultaneously. THREE MASKED MEN exit, armed with SCAR-H ASSAULT RIFLES. DRIVER remains put, also masked.

Masked man 1 leads 2 and 3 toward the brick house. Moving in single file. Calm, but attentive to their surroundings.

Masked man 2's pupils are constricted. The white part of his eyes dull and hollow. Doped up out of his freaking mind.

Masked man 3 walks with a noticeable limp on the left side of his body. As soon as the masked men disappear down the driveway of the brick house...

INT. BMW - NIGHT

Colin sits up, puts the car in gear, peels off, running a red light at the intersection. Almost colliding with a city bus.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - DRIVEWAY - NIGHT

Masked man 3 kneels down. Rifle up. Covering the street and the entrance of the driveway as...

Masked man 1 and 2 proceed around the back of the house, like soldiers in combat. Take positions on either side of a door.

INT. BRICK HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Cuban man shakes the glass vial a few times. Mixing the coke with the clear substance, which promptly turns dark blue. He looks up to Black man:

CUBAN MAN

It's good, man.

LIAM

Just like I said it would.

Black man hands the briefcase to Tommy, who opens it, stares. Stacks of cash wrapped in red rubber bands stare back at him. Tommy gives Liam a nod, shuts the briefcase and...

WHAM! The FRONT DOOR gets violently kicked in. Masked man 1 and 2 storm the room. Rifles up to their eyesights.

Black man and Tommy go for their weapons. Masked man 1 FIRES two shots. So fast, the SOUNDS are barely definable.

Black man and Tommy drop to the floor, dead. Both shot right between the eyes.

Cuban man pulls a .38 from an ankle holster. Masked man 2 is equally efficient as his partner, POPS Cuban man in the chest and then the head. BLOOD sprays the back of the couch.

Masked man 2 swinging toward Liam, hands already raised above his head. Masked man 2 hesitates... for a moment. Then POP! POP! One in the chest and one in the head. Liam's dead.

Masked man 1 grabs his cohort firmly by the arm. Staring him down with disapproving eyes. Not a word, the look is plenty.

Masked man 2 stares back, apathetic. Pulls his arm away then pries the briefcase from Tommy's grip. Now moving toward the duffel bag of coke...

Masked man 1 SHOOTS him a commanding look "No." Masked man 2 reluctantly heads out the door.

Masked man 1 surveys the carnage. Eyes filled with regret as he turns and heads out the door.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - NEW JERSEY AVENUE - NIGHT

The masked trio crossing to the Range Rover. Calm but alert. Masked man 2 leading. Briefcase in hand. They get into the back of the Range Rover which takes off at 60 miles per hour.

APARTMENT BUILDING - ELDERLY MAN...

Watching from his second floor apartment window, as the Range Rover disappears around the corner.

EXT. BACK STREET - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

The Range Rover pulling to a halt behind a BEAT UP WHITE VAN. Masked men jump out. Climb into the van. Take off at speed, as a cell phone begins to RING. Inside the Range Rover...

BOOM! The Range Rover EXPLODES. Becomes airborne enveloping in a massive FIREBALL. Crashes back down. Blowing apartment windows in a hailstorm of glass.

EXT. NEW JERSEY AVENUE - BRICK HOUSE - NIGHT

CRIME SCENE TAPE is up. A crowd has formed behind it. Media vans arriving. Lights illuminating the brick house driveway.

ELDERLY MAN FRONT PORCH

DETECTIVE LEON POPE, 35, black, nice suit, typical alpha male and partner PHILLIP LOCASIO, 62, ruffled suit, with eyes that have seen entirely too much, hands a card to Elderly man, who saw the masked men fleeing in the Range Rover.

LOCASIO

In case you remember anything else.

Elderly man reluctantly takes the card. Goes into his house. Locasio and Pope descend the steps. Pope's cell phone BUZZES. He checks it. His jaw clenches. Locasio clocks it.

LOCASIO

How much did you lose this time?

POPE

Five grand. Fucking Knicks.

LOCASIO

One of these days, you're gonna get yourself into a whole lot of trouble.

POPE

Well, don't worry about it. You won't be around to say I told you so.

(beat)

What the fuck you're gonna do in Palm Spring, Phil?

LOCASIO

I don't know. Play a little golf. Maybe get a security job.

POPE

A security job? Jesus Christ.

LOCASIO

I've had forty years of this, Leon. I'm done. If you can't support my decision, do me a favor, just keep your goddamn mouth shut. Okay?

POPE

Okay. Okay. I support you. Just don't expect me to like it.

LOCASIO

(tiny smile)

I'm gonna miss you too, partner.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Parked beyond the police tape. JIMMY DOHERTY, 45, behind the wheel, face hardened by years of experience. Looks like he's been sitting here a while, gazing at himself in the rear view mirror. There's deep sadness lying behind his bloodshot eyes.

Doherty pulls out a pint of vodka from his inside suit pocket and takes a swig. He re-pockets the bottle, pops a couple of breath mints into his mouth, then exits the car.

EXT. SUTTER & NEW JERSEY AVENUE - NIGHT

Doherty ducks under the police tape ignoring looks and stares from other cops, as he crosses toward Pope and Locasio. They exchange a surprised look as Doherty approaches.

POPE

Hey, Lieutenant.

DOHERTY

(nods; right to the point)

How many?

POPE

Four. All shot at close range.

They cross toward the brick house.

LOCASIO

Got a witness - man across the street. Heard something sounding like firecrackers. Looked out his window. Saw three men in ski masks fleeing in a black Range Rover. Said one walked with a limp.

DOHERTY

A limp?

(off Locasio's nod)

What about the Range Rover, what do we got on it?

POPE

Was reported stolen earlier this morning from a parking garage in Queens. Uniform found it a few blocks away. Blown to shit.

INT. BRICK HOUSE - BASEMENT - NIGHT

Busy. CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHER snapping photos of the bodies. FORENSIC WOMAN dusting a SHELL CASING for prints. DETECTIVES moving about the rest of the house searching for clues.

DETECTIVE MICHAEL PENA, a well groomed man of 30, with boyish good looks, examines Tommy's head wound without touching.

SINICO (O.S.)

While my ass is still firm, sweetie.

DETECTIVE EVA SINICO, 35, mixed, beautiful with a no-nonsense attitude waits on her cell phone. Pen and notepad in hand.

SINICO

(writing; dismissive)

Great... no that's all. Thanks.

DOOR

Pope, Locasio and Doherty enter. Doherty taking in the crime scene from the doorway. Bodies... casings... blood spattered walls... blow on coffee table.

PENA

Welcome back, boss.

Doherty nods to Pena. Locks eyes briefly with Sinico, before looking away, avoiding her alluring eyes.

DOHERTY
That's a lot of blow.

SINICO
About 1.8 mil in street value.

PENA
Could be another crew that ripped them off.

POPE
Another crew wouldn't leave the dope behind, Doogie Howser.

Pena shrugs. He's used to this kind of treatment from Pope.

PENA
Maybe they had no time.

DOHERTY
Oh, they had time. This wasn't about drugs. This was about money.
(pointing)
These three got their pieces out, but not one of them got off a shot. Why?

LOCASIO
Perps are skilled marksmen.

DOHERTY
I'll say.

PENA
Could be military.

SINICO
Or cops.

POPE
Or anyone belonging to the NRA.

Doherty displays a subtle smile.

DOHERTY
(re: bodies)
What about them?

SINICO
(re: Black man/Cuban man)
Well, these two got no IDs on them.
(MORE)

SINICO (CONT'D)

I mean, who walks around without IDs these days.

(pointing)

Anyway, he's Tommy Finland...

(from note pad)

... lives in sunset park. Just finished a nickel at Sing Sing for armed robbery. That one is Liam McGuire, 24 years old. Resides in Park Slope. Kid's clean.

Doherty has a late reaction to the name McGuire.

DOHERTY

Did you say Liam McGuire?

SINICO

You know him?

Doherty kneels next to Liam's body.

DOHERTY

No, but I knew his parents. Billie and Nora McGuire. We grew up in the same neighborhood in Bay Ridge. Back then, Billie was a hitman for the Jimmy Coonan gang.

(studies Liam's face)

He was gunned down in front of Nora and their children at the '95' St. Patrick's Day parade. She now runs the family business.

(rising)

Mrs. McGuire is in for a world of hurt.

(beat)

Okay. So, how the perps knew the deal was going down?

PENA

Someone must have given it up.

DOHERTY

Exactly. I want you all to reach out to your CIs. See who's talking. Mike, see what else you can find about Mr. Finland here, starting with known associates.

EXT. BRICK HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Doherty emerges, heading toward his unmarked car. Again, all eyes on him. Locasio comes out, catching up to him.

LOCASIO
Hey, Jimmy...

Doherty turns around.

LOCASIO
How you holding up?

DOHERTY
I'm okay.

Studies him a moment.

LOCASIO
What are you doing here, Jimmy?

DOHERTY
(beat)
I'm better off working, Phil.

Locasio stares at him a moment. Understands.

DOHERTY
See you tomorrow.

LOCASIO
Good night, Jimmy.

Doherty heads off. Locasio watches after him.

EXT. MCGUIRE RESTAURANT - PARK SLOPE - NIGHT

Large picture window gives way of an elegant dining room. A black late model Jaguar parked out front. Kids play soccer.

INT. MCGUIRE RESTAURANT - DINING AREA - NIGHT

WORKERS setting up tables. Decorating the place for the huge annual St. Patrick's Day party.

ENTERROOM

SEAN/AARON MCGUIRE, 28, identical twins, on opposite ladders, hanging a "Happy St. Patrick's Day" banner over the enterroom door. Sean, blond hair, hazel eyes. Aaron, sandy hair with heterochromia iridis. One eye, brown; the other, hazel/green.

NORA (O.S.)
Sean...

SEAN
Yes, mother.

NORA MCGUIRE, 55 going on 35 is a beautiful and elegant woman whose presence exudes power and authority. She wears dressed pants and heels. Nothing escapes her piercing hawk-like eyes. She's a woman to fear and love at the same time.

NORA
... bring your side up a bit.

Sean complies.

NORA
Good. Now, you Aaron. Just an
inch up.

Aaron obeys as well. Nora studies the banner. Breaks into a smile.

NORA
Perfect.

Sean and Aaron climb down the ladders then join their mother.

NORA
I love you boys.

She takes Sean's face in her hands, then kisses him gently on the lips. She kisses Aaron the same way. Wipes lipstick off their mouths. Something outside catches her eyes. She looks out the window as...

A MERCEDES G550 pulls up behind the Jaguar. FRANKIE, mid 60s jumps out. Hurries through the front door. Nora's on alert.

NORA
What is it, Frankie?

Off Frankie's face...

INT. MCGUIRE RESTAURANT - OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Nora sitting catatonic on the sofa. Sean and Aaron on either side. Holding her hands.

Frankie hands her a glass of water. She takes a few sips and hands the glass back to Frankie. She collects herself.

NORA
Where did this happen?

FRANKIE
East New York. My guy said Colin
O'meara set up the deal.

AARON

Colin O'meara? Thought he was in prison.

FRANKIE

He got out a month ago.

With a vengeful look of determination in her eyes:

NORA

Frankie... find me Mr. O'meara.

FRANKIE

Yes, ma'am.

NORA

Excuse me.

Nora rises, heads into the bathroom. They watch her shut the door behind her.

INT. MCGUIRE RESTAURANT - OFFICE - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Nora locks the door, gazes at herself in the mirror a moment. Then her legs just gave out from under her. She falls to her knees and starts crying.

EXT. PROSPECT PARK - UNDERPASS - NIGHT

Colin, cell phone to his ear, pacing, puffing on a cigarette.

COLIN

Where the fuck are you, Jason?

HOODED FIGURE

Approaching, bag in hand. Pulls off the hoodie when reaching Colin. Meet JASON HUTCHENS, 26, pale. Eyes dull and hollow. SCAR on the left cheek. Still doped up. Colin tosses smoke.

COLIN

Where the hell you been, man?

HUTCHENS

Relax. We ran into a little trouble.

Hands the bag to Colin.

COLIN

What do you mean? What kind of trouble?

Looks inside the bag. It's filled with cash wrapped in red rubber bands. Colin smiles widely.

HUTCHENS

You know what I mean.

Looks at Hutchens. Alert.

COLIN

I don't know what you mean so why don't you explain it to me.

HUTCHENS

We had to lay them out, man. All four of them.

Colin's heart sinks in his chest.

COLIN

No! No! No! No! No! No!

HUTCHENS

They drew on us, Colin. We had no choice.

COLIN

You don't know what you've done, Jason. You fucking killed Liam McGuire, man.

Hutchens doesn't even acknowledge the name.

HUTCHENS

I already told you, we had no fucking choice. Now calm down and go spend some of that cash on that girlfriend of yours.

COLIN

(pacing nervously)

This ain't good. This ain't no fucking good. We're gonna get rimmed from both sides on this one.

Again, ignoring Colin's words, laying a hand on his shoulder.

HUTCHENS

Calm down, man. We got away clean.

Shaking his head at Hutchens's ignorance.

COLIN

You just don't get it, do you?

Starts to leave. Stops. Walks back to Hutchens.

COLIN
You killed us, Jason.
(off his apathetic look)
You fucking killed us.

Colin starts off.

HUTCHENS
Where you going?

COLIN
Getting the fuck out of New York.
I suggest you and your friends do
the same.

Colin's gone. Hutchens throws on his hoodie and heads in the opposite direction.

EXT. SUNSET PARK - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

BMW screeching to a halt outside a brownstone. Colin jumping out, bag in hand. Heads for the ground floor apartment.

INT. BROWNSTONE - COLIN'S APARTMENT - HALL - NIGHT

Colin enters, bolting the door.

COLIN
Bridget...?

Hurries past a closet in the hall into...

LIVING ROOM

BRIDGET is on the sofa, head down. As Colin enters the room:

COLIN
Honey, something came up. We need --

Bridget looks up. Eyes tearing up. Mascara running down her face. She looks absolutely terrified. As he approaches her:

COLIN
Bridget, what happened?

Colin stops dead in his tracks, laying EYES ON --

SEAN

Emerging from behind the kitchen wall.

COLIN

Hears a creaking SOUND behind him. Spins to SEE...

AARON

Exiting from the closet hall. Eyes burning with rage.

MOMENTS LATER - HALL

Sean opens the door. Nora and Frankie enter. Make their way toward...

LIVING ROOM

Colin and Bridget look petrified, as Nora enters, trailed by Frankie. Aaron hands Colin's bag to Nora.

NORA

How much?

AARON

Seventy-five thousand.

Nora looks at the money, shaking her head in disbelief. *Not enough money for her son to die for. Perhaps no amount will ever be.* She hands the bag back to Aaron, steps up to Colin.

NORA

You went to prison for mugging old ladies in Coney Island. When did you decide to become a drug dealer?

COLIN

Mrs. McGuire, please, just let me explain.

NORA

By all means... do.

COLIN

Okay, Liam found out I was dealing. Said he was sitting on a dozen kilos of blow and asked if I could help him move them. I hooked him up with a couple guys I knew and walked away. That's all I did.

Aaron whacks him in the back of the head.

AARON

You're a fucking liar.

Nora glares disapprovingly at Aaron for cussing.

NORA

You'll have to excuse my son's language. He loved his little brother very much. But all that aside, he's right. You're a liar. I know you got Liam involved in drugs, then set him up to be robbed. Now be a man and admit it.

Colin's eyes begin tearing up, realizing his predicament.

NORA

Who are they?

COLIN

I only know Jason Hutchens. He and I used to score dope before I went in. The others are guys he knew from the service. I never met them.

NORA

Where do I find Mr. Hutchens?

COLIN

I don't know.

Nora studies him. Discerning whether to believe him or not.

COLIN

I swear on my mother's grave, I don't, Mrs. McGuire.

NORA

How do you get in contact with him?

COLIN

Cell phone.

NORA

Call him. Ask him to meet.
(as Colin dials)
Put it on speaker.

Colin complies. Then...

RECORDED MESSAGE

The cellular number you're trying to reach is no longer in service.

She glares at Colin, who quickly re-dials.

COLIN

I swear it was working an hour ago.

RECORDED MESSAGE

The cellular number you're trying
to reach is no longer in service.

NORA

Pity.

AARON

Violently shoves an ice pick into Colin's ear. Pulls it back out with calm efficiency. Colin's eyes widen in shock. Hand to his ear, collapsing at Nora's feet, still alive. Writhing.

Bridget lets out a deafening SCREAM which is quickly silenced as a WIRE CABLE is wrapped tightly around her throat. Yanked back ferociously by Sean.

Bridget kicking out wildly. Eyes bulging. Neck turning red. Wire ripping through her skin, drawing blood. Then she stops moving. Her body becomes limp. She's dead. Eyes wide open.

Nora, face devoid of emotion kneels beside Colin's body. She puts out her hand, Aaron places the ice pick in it.

NORA

By the way, I knew your mother.
She was a whore.

Colin's eyes register Nora's last words, then she plunges the ice pick in his throat. Blood spurts on the side of her face and pretty white blouse. She rises, hands the bloody ice pick back to Aaron.

NORA

Frankie, call Carlo Mancini
regarding Mr. Hutchens.

FRANKIE

Yes, ma'am.

Nora starts for the door.

AARON

What about the money?

She stops. Looks back at him.

NORA

Leave it.
(then)
And Aaron...

AARON

Yes, mother.

NORA
 What did I say about people who
 cuss?

AARON
 (beat)
 They cuss because they can't
 express themselves intelligently.

NORA
 Remember that next time.

Nora leaves. The others follow ... Aaron with his head down.

AN IMAGE

Blurry at first. It's then adjusted to see a COUPLE in their
 30's, fucking on a bathroom sink.

REVEAL

A large picture window. On the seventh floor of a luxurious
 building complex.

AN EYE

Seen through a LENS. Hazel green. Captivating.

A FACE

Female. Flawlessly beautiful. About 30 years old, with dark
 shoulder length hair. Her eye to a SNIPER SCOPE.

WIDEN

Dressed in a grey skirt, white shirt, black pumps. All legs.
 Bent over a SNIPER RIFLE mounted on a bipod. Thick silencer
 at the mouth pointed toward the couple having sex. SHE'S IN:

A LUXURIOUS HOTEL SUITE. Chicago's "FOUR SEASONS." The room
 isn't seen in its entirety as of yet.

HER GLOVED FINGER sliding atop the trigger.

SCOPE POV

The woman is now bent over the sink, with the man fucking her
 roughly from behind. Then...

POP! Blood EXPLODES from the man's head. Painting her face.

RESUME SCENE

Brunette doesn't even wait for the man's body to drop as she:

Puts on her suit jacket and grabs her Louis Vuitton wallet on a side table.

Leaving the sniper rifle behind, she crosses to the door past TWO SHADOWY FIGURES on the bed, then exits the room.

PAN TO

A YOUNG COUPLE lying on the bed, facing each other. Man in a tuxedo, woman a wedding dress. Holding hands. Wedding bands on. Dead, shot execution style. Blood sipping into the sheet.

INT. FOUR SEASONS - UNDERGROUND PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Elevator doors slide open. A WOMAN emerges: Brunette, now a REDHEAD, hair short and stylish. Same captivating eyes. Her wig is seen on the elevator floor as the doors slide close.

EXT. FOUR SEASONS - STREET - NIGHT

A rental car drives up the ramp, Redhead at the wheel. Pulls out into traffic as...

A PATROL CAR

Screeches to a halt outside the building complex, with LIGHTS flashing and sirens BLARING. ARMED COPS jumping out, running into the building complex as...

A DOORMAN

Brings out a STUNNED LOOKING WOMAN in a robe, face covered in blood. The woman we saw having sex with the man.

INT. RENTAL CAR - MOVING - NIGHT

Redhead's cell phone VIBRATING. She navigates the wheel with one hand, pulls out the phone from her purse with the other.

REDHEAD
(into cell)
Hello.

INTERCUT: REDHEAD & NORA IN BACK SEAT OF G550

NORA
I've been calling you.

REDHEAD
I'm sorry. I was working.

NORA
 (a long moment)
 Liam is dead.

Redhead almost rear-ends the car in front of her. She pulls up to the side of the road.

NORA
 Did you hear me, Morgan? Your brother is dead.

MORGAN
 I heard you, mother. I'll see you first thing in the morning.

Morgan throws the car into gear and drives off.

INT. DOHERTY'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Doherty entering. Paper bag in hand. Keys, cell phone, wallet and gun go on the coffee table. Heads into...

KITCHEN

Empty beer and vodka bottles overflowing a garbage. Sink full of dirty dishes. Doherty grabs an unwashed glass, heads back into...

LIVING ROOM

Doherty sits, loosening his tie. Pulling out a pint of vodka from the paper bag. Pouring himself a drink. Gulps it down. Pours another one. Rests the bottle on the coffee table. His eyes wander over to...

PHOTOS ON THE WALL

-- Doherty (35), ADAM (5).

In the park. Teaching Adam how to ride a bike. Boy is all smiles.

-- Doherty (40), Adam (10).

Adam in little league uniform. Hoisting the MVP trophy over his head. Again, all smiles. Doherty looks on. Proud.

-- Doherty (43) and Adam (13).

Adam's middle school graduation ceremony. Smile on his face. Doherty snapping photos with a camera phone. Again, proud.

-- Adam (17), his PROM DATE (17).

Dressed in matching colors. Huge smile across her face. His signature grin disappeared. Replaced by sadness and despair.

Doherty looks pained, turns away from the pictures. He gulps down the drink. Picks up his cell phone on the coffee table. Speed dialing a number. Phone rings twice. Then...

ADAM (V.O.)

You've reached Adam Doherty. I can't talk at the moment cause I'm out living my life. But if you...

A KNOCK on the door cuts short the greeting. He reluctantly goes to the door, opens it to a crack. Sinico's in the hall.

SINICO

Hey, Jimmy. Can I come in?

Doherty widens the door, returns to his seat. Sinico enters, shuts the door. Approaches him.

SINICO

Why haven't you returning any of my calls?

DOHERTY

I've been busy.

She clocks the vodka bottle on the coffee table then the ones overflowing in the kitchen garbage can.

SINICO

I can see that. Can we talk?

DOHERTY

(holds up glass)
Can't right now. I'm drinking.

SINICO

So is that it? Are we done?

DOHERTY

We were done the moment you decided to lie to me.

SINICO

I didn't lie to you, Jimmy. He came to me in confidence. I just didn't wanna betray that.

DOHERTY

It wasn't your place to keep something like that from me.

SINICO

I realized that now and I'm sorry.

Nothing from him. She sits beside him, lays a gentle hand on his.

SINICO

No one could've prevented what happened.

DOHERTY

(pulls hand away)

I could have, if you were honest with me.

SINICO

So now it's my fault.

His lack of response confirms that. She's now pissed at him.

SINICO

Maybe you should ask yourself why he didn't come to you.

Nothing from Doherty.

SINICO

Guess you'll be drinking yourself to death, then.

(still nothing from Doherty)

Okay.

Heads for the door, stops to look at Adam's photos. Her face emotional. Looks back at Doherty.

SINICO

That boy meant everything to me. And you have the nerve to sit here acting as if I'm not hurting by what happened. Well fuck you, Jimmy. I was there for him. You weren't. That I will never apologize for.

And she's gone. Slamming the door. Leaving him in the dark. Drink in hand. Staring at the wall. Feeling like a piece of shit.

EXT. HOUSE - CANARSIE - MORNING

Locasio emerges. Suited. Heading for his car, when CLAIRE, 60, still beautiful, comes out with a thermos.

CLAIRE
Honey, you forgot your coffee.

Locasio turns to his smiling wife. She holds up the thermos.

LOCASIO
Thank you, sweetheart.

He takes the thermos from Claire, who straightens up his tie.

CLAIRE
One more day, then you're all mine.

He kisses her passionately, gets into the car, starts it off. She watches him pull away. Smile on her face.

A BEDROOM

Grey morning light. A BUZZING cell phone on a bedside table. Small prescription pill bottle next to it.

HAND

Wedding band. Grabbing the cell phone. Bringing it to SHANE KENNEDY'S FACE, 30's, handsome. Recognizes number. Sits up.

KENNEDY
(into cell phone)
Hey...

Note on pillow beside him. Scanning through it. "Got called in. See you tonight. Love you."

KENNEDY
(into cell phone)
... now?

Uncaps the prescription pill bottle on the bedside table then ingests a tiny red pill.

KENNEDY
(into cell phone)
Why?

And blood drains from his face.

EXT. STREET - MOMENTS LATER - DAWN

Under the rising sun, Kennedy's HARLEY. Racing down an empty street. He wears jeans, boots, leather jacket and shades.

EXT. ALLEY - SEDAN - DAWN

Idling. A SUITED MAN beside it. Kennedy roars up, jumps off the Harley, taking off his shades. And he's pissed.

KENNEDY

What the fuck happened?

SUITED MAN

Calm down.

KENNEDY

Don't tell me to fucking calm down.
I trusted you to protect them.

SUITED MAN

Someone fucked up, Shane. I promise
you I'll get to the bottom of it.
But for now, I need you to be calm.

KENNEDY

Alright, I'm calm. Now, what the
fuck happened Blake?

BLAKE

I don't know yet.

KENNEDY

You don't know yet?

BLAKE

I'm working on it okay. Didn't know
about it myself until this morning

KENNEDY

What about O'meara?

BLAKE

He's dead. Brooklyn homicide found
him and his girlfriend earlier this
morning. They were killed sometimes
last night too.

KENNEDY

Goddamn it, Blake!
(calms himself down)
Who's running point on this?

BLAKE

A Lieutenant James Doherty. I know
him. He's good police.

Jumps back on the Harley. Slips on his shades.

KENNEDY

Then it shouldn't be too hard.

BLAKE

What shouldn't be?

Kick starts it.

KENNEDY

You know what I mean?

BLAKE

How am I suppose to pull that off?

KENNEDY

That's your problem.

Roars the fuck out of the alley.

EXT. BUILDING - FORT GREENE - MORNING

Pope and his son COLE, 6, exit the building. Cole wearing a Sponge Bob backpack. They head for the corner.

COLE

Hey dad, you picking me up after school today?

POPE

I'm sorry buddy, I gotta work. Mommy will.

COLE

(disappointed)
Okay.

POPE

But I'm off tomorrow. So how about I pick you up and we go for some ice cream?

COLE

Yay!

They join a LITTLE GIRL and her MOTHER at the corner. Little girl smiles at Cole who returns a shy smile. Pope notices...

A BLACK LINCOLN parked at the curb. A SCARRED FACE MAN behind the wheel. In the back seat...

CARLO MANCINI

Handsome, suited. Snapping photos of Cole with a cell phone.

SCHOOL BUS

Pulls up. Kids boarding. Pope kisses Cole on the forehead.

POPE

Have a good day at school, buddy.

COLE

Bye, daddy.

Cole gets on the bus with the little girl. It pulls away as:

INT. LINCOLN - MORNING

Mancini pushes aside an envelope. Pope sits beside him. He holds up the cell phone with Cole's photo on the screen.

MANCINI

Cute kid. Must take it after his mother. Amy, is it?

POPE

If you even think of going near my family, I'll --

MANCINI

(cuts him off)

You'll do what, detective Pope?

Pope looks up front at Scarred face man pointing a sawed-off shotgun at him with unflinching, intense eyes.

MANCINI

(rhetorical)

What is it exactly you think that I do, detective Pope? I'm a loan shark. I borrow money to various types of people. Doctors, teachers, store clerks, garbage men, in your case, cops who gamble too much and don't know when to quit. Now, the way I make a profit is by charging a high interest rate to the likes of you. Unlike the bank, I don't ask for two sets of IDs, I don't do a credit check and I don't charge the thirty-five dollars late fee, which I think is a disgrace by the way. But that's a federal issue. But what I do when someone is late, is give that person a couple of choices to procure an extension.

(MORE)

MANCINI (CONT'D)

Now ask me how?

(nothing from Pope)

No. I'll tell you anyway. They do that, either by paying 25% of what they owe.

(flips through a small black book)

And after the Knicks lost to the Heat last night, your tab is now at \$22,345. 25% of that would amount to...

(adding in his head)

... about 5,590, give or take a few dollars. Or they pay in blood and broken bones. And that usually makes my companion over here...

(re: Scarred face man)

... very fucking happy. So, detective Pope. Would you like to obtain an extension?

POPE

(terrified)

Yes.

MANCINI

Good choice. Let's make it an even fifty-six hundred. Is that okay with you?

Pope simply nods. Mancini opens the door, gestures for Pope to get out. Pope steps out. About to walk off...

MANCINI

Detective Pope...

(as he looks)

... no later than 8 p.m. tonight.

Mancini's eyes say: *Or I'll fucking kill your ex-wife and kid and maybe even your dog.*

Mancini drives off leaving Pope rattled. Then Pope feels it: Chill running down his spine.

EXT. JFK - MORNING

Passengers striding out the doors. Morgan's among them. Big shades, casually dressed. Louis Vuitton wallet. Walks over to Sean. They hug tightly. Get into the Jaguar. Drive off.

EXT. HUNTS LANE - BROOKLYN HEIGHTS - MORNING

A quiet dead end street. G550 idling. Frankie at the wheel. Pulling up behind it...

THE LINCOLN. Mancini exits with the envelope. Gets into the back seat of the G550.

INT. G550 - BACK SEAT - MORNING

Mancini passes the envelope to Nora. Opens the door. Starts to leave, stops. We get a real sense of Nora's power the way Mancini offers his condolences.

MANCINI

I am deeply sorry for your loss.
Liam was a good kid.

NORA

Thank you, Mr. Mancini. And as you may have already guessed, we'll have to put our business on hold while I deal with my son's death.

MANCINI

Absolutely, Mrs. McGuire. And if there's anything else I can do, please don't hesitate.

Nora gives him a polite nod. Mancini exits. Nora removes a folder from the envelope. "**CLASSIFIED**" written across in BIG RED LETTERS. On the folder's lip: Jason E. Hutchens.

Nora opens the folder. On one side, Hutchens' military service record. On the other, his photo dressed in fatigues.

EXT. 15TH PRECINCT - MORNING

Kennedy rolls up. Gets off the Harley. Enters the precinct.

INT. 15TH PRECINCT - DOHERTY OFFICE - MORNING

Doherty at his desk, back to the door, pouring vodka into his coffee. Rests the bottle on the desk. Stirs the coffee with a finger. Sips. Perfect. Speed-dials a number on his cell.

ADAM (V.O.)

You've reached Adam Doherty...

BULLPEN

Desks, phones and DETECTIVES. Sinico doing paper work at her desk. Still pissed off about last night.

Pena helps Locasio pack his things into a box. Locasio picks up a commendation plaque. Stares at it. He looks pitiful.

PENA

Listen Phil, I just wanna say...
it's really been an honor working
with you.

LOCASIO

Thank you, Michael. I appreciate
that.

Pena nods. They continue packing.

DOOR

Kennedy entering. Looking around. Starts for Sinico's desk.

KENNEDY

Excuse me.
(as she looks up, smiles)
I'm looking for Lieutenant Doherty.

Sinico points toward Doherty's office.

KENNEDY

Thanks.

Heads off. Sinico watches after him, smiles. Kennedy knocks on Doherty's door.

INT. DOHERTY OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - MORNING

Doherty snatches the vodka bottle on the desk and pockets it.

DOHERTY

Come in.

Door opens. Kennedy steps in.

KENNEDY

Lieutenant Doherty...
(extends a hand)
... Shane Kennedy. DEA.

Doherty stands. Shakes Kennedy's hand, then sits back down. Gestures to a chair. Kennedy sits.

DOHERTY
What can I do for you, agent
Kennedy?

KENNEDY
You get a lead on Colin O'meara's
killer yet?

DOHERTY
(curious)
What's this about?

KENNEDY
Your other two vics are Calvin
Nichols and Antonio Diaz. They
were my agents. Undercover.

DOHERTY
(with genuine empathy)
I'm sorry for your loss.
(off his nod)
Fill me in.

KENNEDY
Few weeks ago, Nichols and Diaz
busted O'meara during a buy and
bust operation. DA offered him a
deal and he agreed to give up his
source.

DOHERTY
Liam McGuire?

KENNEDY
Correct. Deal was supposed to go
down tonight in the Bronx.

DOHERTY
Then how they end up in East New
York last night?

KENNEDY
I don't know.

DOHERTY
Think I might have an idea.

Picks up Colin's bag on the floor. Sets it down on the desk.

DOHERTY
My detectives recovered this in
O'meara's apartment.

Kennedy looks in the bag. Recognizes the money.

KENNEDY

Red rubber bands. That's part of the buy money.

(beat)

So the perps didn't do it.

DOHERTY

No. My money's on Nora McGuire. And I think O'meara was just the beginning.

KENNEDY

You think she's gonna go after the perps?

DOHERTY

Wouldn't you?

Kennedy thinks of this a moment. Agreed.

KENNEDY

Unless we find them first.

DOHERTY

We?

KENNEDY

I want in.

DOHERTY

Not gonna happen. You're too close.

KENNEDY

They were my men.

DOHERTY

And I empathize with you. But you know how this works.

KENNEDY

I wasn't asking for permission, Lieutenant Doherty.

A KNOCK at the door, then a SECRETARY enters. A fax in hand.

SECRETARY

Sorry Lieutenant, this just came for you.

Hands fax over to Doherty, heads back out. As Doherty skims through the fax...

DOHERTY
Mayor's office.
(puts it down)
Guess I don't have a choice.

KENNEDY
It's no reflection on you or your
team, Lieutenant. I'm well aware
of your reputation. But Nichols
and Diaz were my agents. More so,
my friends. They were good men.
Get my drift?

DOHERTY
Yeah. You want revenge.

KENNEDY
Call it what you want, but I'm not
gonna watch from the sideline when
their killers go down.

Kennedy meant every word. And Doherty knows it.

BULLPEN

Sinico joins Pena and Locasio - watching Doherty and Kennedy
talk in the office.

PENA
What do you think they're
discussing in there?

LOCASIO
I don't know. Could be anything.

POPE

Entering. Lost in thoughts. Locasio watches him, concerned.

LOCASIO
You alright, Leon?

It takes him a moment to realize he's being asked a question.

POPE
(fake smile)
Yeah. I'm good.

As Kennedy and Doherty emerge from the office...

POPE
(re: Kennedy)
Who's he?

SINICO
Guess we're about to find out.

DOHERTY
Gather around everyone.

Doherty's crew steps up.

DOHERTY
This is agent Shane Kennedy. DEA.
He's just informed me that the
other two vics were on the job.

The expression on everyone's face says it all.

DOHERTY
Agent Kennedy has first hand
knowledge of the case - he'll be
working with us until we bring
these guys down.

Everyone exchanges polite nods with Kennedy.

DOHERTY
Now, where are we?

SINICO
If anyone out there knows anything,
they're not talking.

POPE
Still waiting on forensics about
the casings.

LOCASIO
(from note pad)
The explosives were a combination
of RDX and PETN.

KENNEDY
Semtex?

LOCASIO
That's right.

KENNEDY
Lieutenant, there are two groups
that use Semtex the most. Domestic
terrorists and the military. And I
don't think our guys are
terrorists.

DOHERTY
I incline to agree.

PENA
So I was right.

POPE
Yes Doogie, you were right.

Pena simply shrugs.

SINICO
So, what do we do?

DOHERTY
We keep digging.

Everyone disperses. Doherty eyes Sinico as she heads back to her desk. Kennedy clocks it.

DOHERTY
Phil, can I see you in my office?

Doherty heads off. Locasio following. Everyone is watching.

DOHERTY'S OFFICE

Doherty sits on the edge of his desk. Locasio shuts the door.

LOCASIO
Did I forget to turn in a report?

DOHERTY
No. I got everything. Thanks.
(beat)
Listen Phil, I know today's your last day, but I could really use your help out there.

LOCASIO
Whatever you need, Jimmy.

DOHERTY
Thank you, Phil.

Locasio nods. Doherty stands. Locasio remains put. Doherty senses there's more. Gives him a little push...

DOHERTY
Are you sure about this move, Phil?

LOCASIO
(unsure)
Yeah. I'm sure.

DOHERTY
Doesn't sound like it to me.

LOCASIO

Okay. I'm not sure about shit,
Jimmy. But I made a promise to
Claire... and I intend to keep it.

Doherty nods, understands. Locasio exits. Doherty gulps down what's left of his laced up vodka coffee. Thinking.

INT. MORGUE - MORNING

LIAM'S FACE. Looking peacefully asleep except for the bullet hole on his forehead. WELL MANICURED HAND caressing his face.

REVEAL. Nora standing by the body lying on a stainless steel table covered with a white sheet. Aaron hangs behind her.

NORA

Yes. That's my son Liam.

Doherty and Kennedy stand across from Nora. Her eyes tearing up. Aaron lays a hand on her shoulder. Nora places her hand on his on her shoulder. Wipes her face with the other hand.

DOHERTY

Mrs. McGuire, did Liam ever mention
a man named Colin O'meara?

NORA

No. I don't believe so. Why?
Does he have something to do with
my Liam's death?

KENNEDY

That's what we're trying to figure
out.

Doherty turns toward Aaron, studies his different eye colors.

DOHERTY

What about you - ever heard the
name Colin O'meara?

AARON

Nope. Doesn't ring a bell.

Doherty regards him, not convinced.

The door opens. Sean and Morgan enter. Either oblivious to Kennedy and Doherty's presence, or just plain ignoring them. Morgan hugs Nora for a moment... then Aaron.

DOHERTY

Guess we'll leave you all to it.

Doherty and Kennedy leave. All four turn toward Liam's body. No one utters a word - pain in their faces says enough. Nora leans over and kisses Liam softly on the lips.

EXT. STREET - SAME TIME - DAY

Doherty and Kennedy crossing the street toward the unmarked.

KENNEDY
They killed O'meara.

DOHERTY
You think.

They get into the car and pull away.

INT. MORGUE - DAY

Nora stands across from Sean, Morgan and Aaron, looking like children being disciplined after disobeying their parents.

NORA
I want them all dead by the end of
the day. No one... and I mean "NO
ONE" gets in the way.

All three share a look of compliance with their mother as WE
GO TO...

A MUD HOUSE. SOMEWHERE...

Hutchens, naked, hangs by his wrists from the ceiling. Pale. Scrawny looking. Cuts on his chest. Almost unrecognizable.

TALIBAN LEADER

Approaches Hutchens. Knife in hand. Blood leaking from the blade onto the dirt floor. Taliban Leader running the sharp blade across Hutchens' left cheek drawing blood. Then...

INT. HUTCHENS' BEDROOM - MORNING

Hutchens is jolted from the nightmare, stumbling from the bed onto the floor. Rolling himself into a ball in the corner.

CELESTE HUTCHENS

Black, 23, very pretty and four months pregnant comes running into the room, cuddles Hutchens on the floor with an intimate familiarity. Wipes sweat off his face.

CELESTE

It's okay, baby. It's just a dream.

He curls up in her arms like a frightened child. A reaction she has become too accustomed to.

CELESTE

(rocking him)

Just a dream.

Hutchens begins to sob.

HUTCHENS

I'm sorry, I'm so fucked up.

Stops rocking him. Takes his face gently in her hands then looks deeply into his eyes.

CELESTE

Listen to me, you're not fucked up.
You hear me? I love you. And I'm
proud of you.

Hutchens pulls away from her.

HUTCHENS

Proud of me?

(rising)

What the hell you proud of me for?

CELESTE

(rising)

What do you mean?

HUTCHENS

Look at me, Celeste.

CELESTE

Yeah. And...

HUTCHENS

What do you see?

CELESTE

I see the man I'm in love with.
Whose child I'm about to have.

He looks away from her. She turns his face back toward hers.

CELESTE

I've loved you since the day we
met, Jason. And nothing will ever
change that. So, I need you to be
okay...

(MORE)

CELESTE (CONT'D)

(tearing up)

... because we're about to have a baby... and I don't think I can do it alone.

HUTCHENS

(wipes her tears away)

Okay. Okay.

He kneels. Kisses her belly. That puts a smile on her face. He rises. They kiss passionately.

CELESTE

Gonna pick up a few things from the store. Need me to get you anything?

HUTCHENS

No. I'm good.

CELESTE

Okay.

Starts for the door. Stops. Looks back at him.

CELESTE

I love you.

HUTCHENS

I love you more and most.

She smiles, heads out the bedroom. Hutchens watches her pick up a bag on the couch, then leave. Hutchens turns to...

TWO FRAMED PICTURES

On the living room wall.

FIRST ONE. Hutchens, wiry Caucasian man, 30. Black muscular man, also 30, and a beautiful Hispanic woman, 25. Dressed in fatigues. Standing in front of a tent in Afghanistan.

SECOND PHOTO. Hutchens, Celeste and the same three people at a barbecue in Prospect Park. All smiles.

Hutchens staring at the photos. Slightly nostalgic. He then turns away, pushing aside a dresser. Exposing a hole on the wall. He pulls out a black pouch from it, pushes the dresser back. Sits on the bed. Starts removing...

Syringe, lighter, cotton ball, tourniquet, rusty spoon, small packet of heroin. Carefully lining them across the bed.

EXT. GATES AVENUE - DAY

A Jaguar pulls up. Sean driving. Aaron shotgun. Morgan in the back. Aaron and Morgan exit. Morgan carries a hardcase. She and Aaron cross to the building. Go inside.

INT. BUILDING LOBBY - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Aaron hits the elevator button. Door opens and Celeste exits. Startled by Aaron. She hurries out the building. Morgan and Aaron enter the elevator. Aaron hits a button. Door closes.

INT. HUTCHENS BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE ON. Hutchens' EYES fluttering open. His vision blurry until his eyes adjust themselves. He SEES...

SURGICAL TOOLS neatly arranged on a towel above a side table. Empty hypodermic needle. Small glass medicine bottle similar to a penicillin bottle. The content is empty.

REVEAL. Hutchens, shirtless, in a chair. Scars on his chest and stomach area. Mostly knife wounds. Across from him...

MORGAN & AARON

Silenced .22 in her hand. His face indecipherable. His eyes disconnected, but locked on Hutchens.

MORGAN

Welcome back, Mr. Hutchens.

HUTCHENS

Who the fuck are you?

MORGAN

My name is Morgan McGuire. This is my brother Aaron. Liam was our little brother.

She lets him reflect on that a moment.

MORGAN

Now, would you be so kind to give me the names and addresses of your accomplices, please?

Hutchens' face gives nothing away, but Morgan already knows.

HUTCHENS

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

Morgan points the gun at Hutchens.

HUTCHENS

You don't scare me, bitch. I've survived worse than you. So you can go and fuck yourself.

Morgan lowers the gun.

MORGAN

Trust me, Mr. Hutchens, there's nothing worse than me.

Hands the gun to Aaron, picks up a scalpel on the side table. Starts toward Hutchens.

FLASH CUT

A naked Hutchens, bound to a chair. Fresh cuts on his chest. Fear in his eyes, as Taliban Leader approaches with a knife.

RESUME SCENE

Hutchens' EYES go wide as Morgan approaches with the scalpel. He attempts to move, but he can't. He has lost total control of his limbs. Only thing moving are his eyes and mouth.

HUTCHENS

What the fuck did you do to me?

MORGAN

Tetrodotoxin. It's a paralyzing agent. Takes a couple minutes to work its way into your bloodstream, but once it does, it renders you immobile. But the fascinating part is, all your other neurological nerves remain fully functional. You won't be able to move, but you will hear, see and feel everything. And believe me, Mr. Hutchens, you don't want to feel what's coming.

CLOSE ON LAPTOP SCREEN - SAME TIME

Displaying a Citibank webpage. AVAILABLE BALANCE: \$5211.47.

REVEAL. Pope at his desk staring at the amount on screen. *Not nearly enough.* He leans back in the seat. Checks his watch: 12:14 pm.

Panic slowly begins to creep in. A phone starts RINGING. It takes him a beat to realize it's his desk phone. He answers.

POPE
 (into phone)
 Pope...

Picks up a pen. Writes something on a piece of paper. Done.
 Heads for Doherty's office. Kennedy's with him. Looks in...

POPE
 Got a hit on one of the casings.
 Partial print belonging to one
 Jason Hutchens, 22 Gates, apartment
 3.

Doherty, Kennedy and Pope are on the move, joined by Locasio,
 Sinico and Pena.

INT. HUTCHENS BEDROOM - SAME TIME - DAY

Hutchens SCREAMING, as Morgan cuts through his chest with the
 scalpel. Blood streaming down his body, which bears at least
 a dozen other fresh cuts. It's gruesome.

MORGAN
 Names and addresses of your
 accomplices, please?

HUTCHENS
 Go fuck yourself, you cunt!

Hutchens smirks painfully.

AARON
 This isn't working, Morgan.

MORGAN
 He'll talk. Everyone breaks
 eventually.

Something in the living room catches Aaron's eyes. He starts
 toward whatever it is as Morgan picks up a scissor then snips
 Hutchens' left hand pinky. As Hutchens WAILS in agony...

AARON (O.S.)
 Morgan...

She looks toward Aaron, holding something obscured to us, but
 visible to her. A subtle smile creeps across her face.

EXT. GATES AVENUE - DAY

Morgan and Aaron cross to the Jaguar, get in. Drive off just
 as Celeste rounds the corner, carrying grocery bags and as...

THREE UNMARKED CARS. Carrying Doherty, Kennedy and the others pulling up outside of the building. Everyone jumps out, guns drawn. Head into the building.

Celeste isn't sure of what's going on. Picks up her pace and enters the building.

INT. HUTCHENS & CELESTE'S APARTMENT - DAY

The front DOOR is kicked open. Doherty and his crew scatter, clearing the apartment.

POPE

Clear.

LOCASIO

Clear.

Pena and Sinico get to the bedroom, stop dead in the doorway. Eyes WIDEN in fear. Pena dashes into the bathroom and throws up in the toilet.

SINICO

In here!

Hurries past Doherty, Kennedy, Locasio and Pope rushing over. The look in her eyes suggests something horrible awaits them.

FRONT DOOR

Celeste entering.

CELESTE

Who the hell are you?

Sinico's weapon is already out, pointed at Celeste.

SINICO

NYPD. Hands up! Now!

She drops the groceries, then throws her hands up in the air.

SINICO

Who are you?

CELESTE

I'm Celeste. I... I live here.

Noticing she's pregnant. Lowers the gun. Her tone softens.

SINICO

I'm sorry. Please, put your hands down.

Celeste, still shaking, puts her hands down.

CELESTE
Where's my husband?

SINICO
Jason Hutchens is your husband?

CELESTE
Yes.
(starts for bedroom)
Where is he?

Sinico blocks her path.

SINICO
You don't wanna go in there, honey.
Trust me.

As she leads her out the door...

CELESTE
Why, did something happen to Jason?

BEDROOM

Doherty, Kennedy, Pope and Locasio. All staring in awe at...

HUTCHENS

On the chair, disemboweled. Blood and guts in his lap. Eyes surgically removed. Leaving two bloody black holes. Cuts on his chest and stomach area. Scene is beyond gruesome.

LATER - LIVING ROOM

Celeste on the couch. Still in shock. Sinico places a glass of water in her hand.

CELESTE
The man I married was not the man
who came back from Afghanistan.

DOHERTY & KENNEDY

Watching nearby. Sinico joins them.

KENNEDY
She give you anything?

SINICO
(shakes her head)
I don't think she was a part of it.

Pope, Pena and Locasio join them.

DOHERTY

Anything?

POPE

No one saw or heard a thing.

DOHERTY

Building full of people and nobody saw or heard anything?

CELESTE (O.S.)

There was a couple in the lobby...

They turn to Celeste. Staring off. *She's not addressing or even looking at anyone in particular.*

CELESTE

... waiting for the elevator when I was leaving earlier. There was something strange about them.

SINICO

(sits beside her)

Strange? Like how?

CELESTE

They were well dressed. Didn't look like they belong here.

SINICO

Can you describe them?

CELESTE

The woman was about thirty. Short red hair. She was carrying one of those hard cases. Kind you carry make up in.

SINICO

What about the man?

CELESTE

He looked younger than her. Had sandy hair and creepy looking eyes.
(looks at Sinico)
You think they killed my Jason?

And she bursts into tears. Sinico puts her arm around her.

KENNEDY

She just described Morgan and Aaron McGuire.

DOHERTY

I know.

POPE

Great. Now we got these assholes to deal with too. I say we sit back and let them finish the job.

All eyes bore to Pope.

POPE

What? I'm kidding.

Something across the room catches Kennedy's attention. He is already moving toward...

PHOTO ON THE WALL

Same one depicting Hutchens, Celeste, wiry Caucasian man with Muscular black man and Hispanic woman in Prospect Park.

Kennedy takes down the photo, studies the faces. As he hands it over to Doherty...

KENNEDY

I think we just found the others.

Doherty examines their faces as well then approaches Celeste.

DOHERTY

Who are these people with you and Jason, Mrs. Hutchens?

CELESTE

(pointing)

Cameron Archer. Daniel Long and Rena Gomez. They were in the same unit as Jason in Afghanistan. Why? You think they helped Jason kill those men?

DOHERTY

We don't know that yet. When was the last time you saw any of them?

CELESTE

I don't know. A few months ago.
(looks to the wall)
Where's the other one?

DOHERTY

Other one?

Celeste steps to the wall in front of the naked photo hook.

CELESTE

The other photo of Jason and his friends in Afghanistan.

(looks to the floor)

It was right next to this one.

(behind the couch)

It's not here. It's gone.

OLDER BLACK WOMAN suddenly storms the living, trailed by a YOUNG UNIFORM OFFICER, trying to stop her.

OLDER BLACK WOMAN

Celeste?

YOUNG UNIFORM OFFICER

Ma'am, you can't go in there.

Celeste falls into the woman's arms.

CELESTE

(sobbing)

Mom, Jason is dead.

Celeste's Mother holds her tightly.

CELESTE'S MOTHER

I'm sorry, baby girl. Come on, let's go home.

YOUNG UNIFORM OFFICER

I'm sorry ma'am you can't leave --

CELESTE'S MOTHER

Excuse you!

DOHERTY

(to Young uniform officer)

It's okay.

(to Celeste's Mother)

Go on ma'am, you can take her home.

Celeste's Mother takes her away.

KENNEDY

We have to assume the McGuires have that photo...

SINICO

... and also know what we know.

KENNEDY

There's someone I want you to meet.

Off Doherty's face...

EXT. HUTCHENS' BUILDING - DAY

Spectators watching from behind the police tape. A BLACK MAN amongst them, watching Kennedy and Doherty exit the building. Driving away. Black man limps away. Pulling out a pre-paid cell phone. Dialing a number...

MUSCULAR BLACK MAN
(into cell phone)
Hutchens' dead. We need to meet.

Black man trashes the phone and disappears around the corner.

INT. QUEENS MALL - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Doherty's unmarked pulling up next to a Jeep. He and Kennedy exit. Get into the back of the Jeep.

INT. JEEP - DAY

FRANK CALHOUN behind the wheel, mid 50's. Military crew cut.

KENNEDY
Lieutenant James Doherty. My old
C.O., Major Frank Calhoun.

Doherty and Calhoun shake hands. Calhoun hands four files to Doherty. CLASSIFIED written atop the first, presumably all.

CALHOUN (O.S.)
Cameron Archer, Rena Gomez, Daniel
Long and Jason Hutchens are Special
Forces. They all got honorably
discharged around the same time
last year. Archer was their
superior.

Doherty opens the first file. Same man from Hutchens' photo.

DOHERTY
(reading outloud)
Three tours in Afghanistan...

BEAT UP WHITE VAN

Pulling up at a red light. Behind the wheel, CAMERON ARCHER, 30, face conveys wisdom beyond his years. Eyes haunted with sadness. Gazing ahead pensively.

DOHERTY (V.O.)
... sniper school. Martial arts.
Two purple hearts...

An ambulance pulls up behind the TRUCK next to Archer, sirens WAILING! Archer cringing at the sound. Covering his ears.

DOHERTY (V.O.)
... two Silver stars...

Archer's EYES widen, roll to the back of his head. Looks like he's about to lose it when the truck moves aside, letting the ambulance through, sirens receding. Archer is suddenly calm.

RETURN TO

Doherty reading.

DOHERTY
... and a congressional medal of honor.
(closes file)
Jesus.

CALHOUN
Archer's the real deal Lieutenant.

Opens Gomez's file. Picture depicting the Hispanic woman in the photograph from Hutchens' apartment.

CALHOUN
Word is, they were tight in their unit. So tight that when Hutchens was captured by the Taliban and thought to have been killed...

Opening Long's file. From his photo, he's the muscular black man we saw outside of Hutchens' building.

CALHOUN (O.S.)
... Archer, Gomez and Long disobeyed a direct order from their commanding officer...

DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN

Long and FOUR DAY LABORERS at the curb. VAN pulling up. The others dash for it. Long limping. DRIVER points to the four men. They climb in. He pulls away, leaving Long behind.

CALHOUN (V.O.)
... went into the village he was being held at and got him out.
Long lost a leg in the process.

RETURN TO

Doherty closing Long's file. Handing everything to Calhoun.

CALHOUN

Look Lieutenant, the bond you formed in the service, it's for life. What I'm saying is, there's a strong possibility that these three were involved in the robbery.

INT. QUEENS MALL - PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Doherty and Kennedy watch Calhoun drive away. They then get into the unmarked and pull away.

INT. ARCHER'S LIVING ROOM - LATE DAY

Archer sitting on the couch. Watching the NEWS on his small tv. A photo of Liam McGuire on the screen.

ANCHORMAN

Liam McGuire was the youngest child of Nora McGuire - a woman some of the city's top officials are calling the head of the New York faction of the Irish mob.

Suddenly, a piercing SCREAM! Coming from a bedroom down the hall. Archer hurries for the bedroom.

INT. SAM'S BEDROOM - LATE DAY

SAM ARCHER, 70's, frail, sits up in bed, screaming at the top of his lungs, eyes wandering in confusion. Archer rushes in.

SAM

Where am I?

ARCHER

You're home. In bed.

SAM

Who the hell are you? What are you doing in my house?

ARCHER

Pop, it's me. Cameron.

SAM

Mary, call the police! There's an intruder in the house.

Archer lays a gentle hand on his shoulder, calming him down. He sits beside him. Looks into his frightened eyes.

ARCHER
It's Cameron, Pop. Your son.

Sam studies Archer's face, long and hard.

SAM
Cameron?

Archer nods. Elated, Sam embraces him tightly. Archer hugs him back.

SAM
It's really you.
(pulls back)
When did you get back?

ARCHER
I've been back a year now, Pop.

SAM
A year? Nobody told me. Where's
your mother? She knows you're
back? Mary?! Mary?!

ARCHER
Mom passed away two years ago,
remember?

A moment of remembrance and Sam starts crying uncontrollably.

ARCHER
It's okay, Pop. It's okay.

Archer assists his father back into bed, pulls the cover over him. Sadness washes over his face, watching Sam fall asleep.

INT. ARCHER LIVING ROOM - LATE DAY

Archer steps out of Sam's room and shuts the door. He stands there a moment. Sam's condition weighs heavy on him. A KNOCK at the door. He steps to it, looks into the peep hole. Puts on a brave face before opening the door.

EDITH, 20's, pretty, glasses, hair up in a bun, enters, shuts the door. Bag on one arm. A manuscript in hand.

EDITH
(Brithish accent)
Evening Mr. Archer.

ARCHER
How long have we known each other,
Edith?

EDITH
About five months now, sir.

ARCHER
Five months. So please, stop
calling me Mr. Archer, or sir.

Edith smiles shyly. It's obvious she is attracted to Archer.

EDITH
Okay. Cameron.

ARCHER
Good.

EDITH
How is he today?

ARCHER
He came back for a minute or two.
He remembered me.

EDITH
That's great.

Archer nods. An awkward moment.

ARCHER
(re: manuscript)
How's the book coming along?

EDITH
The book is not coming. At all.

ARCHER
Feel bad for the book.

It takes a few seconds for her to realize what he said. She giggles embarrassingly.

EDITH
Oh, no. Gosh. Um... that's not
what I meant.

ARCHER
Relax, Edith. I'm just teasing.

EDITH
(relieved)
Oh. Good.

ARCHER
I'd like to read it when it's
finished though.

That catches her completely by surprise, but she welcomes his interest. *Even if it's not the kind she was hoping for.*

EDITH

Really?

ARCHER

Yes. Really.

EDITH

Okay.

ARCHER

(puts on baseball cap)

See you later.

Archer is gone. Edith thinks a moment. A smile on her face.

INT. BEDROOM - LATE DAY

CLOSE ON. LUIS, 2, fast asleep. Sucking on his right thumb.

REVEAL. RENA GOMEZ, clad in a waitress uniform, watching her son sleep from the doorway. Her eyes filled with admiration. Her face, nothing but reproach. Gomez exits into...

LIVING ROOM

Walks past a MIDDLE AGED WOMAN dozing off on the sofa over to a closet. She slips on a jacket. Approaches the woman.

NOTE: Dialogues appearing within "< >" between Gomez and her mother should be spoken in Spanish and subtitled in English.

GOMEZ

<Hey, ma.>

(shakes her awake)

<Ma.>

Gomez's mother opens her eyes. Half asleep.

RENA

<I'm going out for a bit. I already fed Luis. He's napping.>

RENA'S MOTHER

<Okay. Be careful, sweetheart.>

Gomez's mother lies down. Goes back to sleep. Gomez leaves.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - TRAVELING - DUSK

Night falls. Doherty driving. Kennedy shotgun, staring out the window. Pensive.

DOHERTY

How long were you in the service for?

KENNEDY

Five years.

DOHERTY

Why did you leave?

KENNEDY

I was being forced to make terrible compromises. It just wasn't worth it in the end.

Kennedy is pensive once again. Doherty studies him a moment.

DOHERTY

What is it?

KENNEDY

Most of these guys fortunate enough to comeback alive get little or no help from the government. The ones lucky enough to find a job, can't hold on to it, because they never got the proper care they needed in the first place to help them cope with PTSD. So some of them turn to drugs, alcohol or worse, to deal with the trauma.

(beat)

Did you know that more than eight thousand vets commit suicide each year?

DOHERTY

No. I didn't know that.

KENNEDY

That's about twenty-two a day.

A hell of a lot.

DOHERTY

You turned out okay.

KENNEDY

Did I?

No answer from Doherty. *Perhaps he isn't sure after all.*

KENNEDY

There was this kid from Idaho...
Steven Edelson.

(half smile)

Pimpled face and all. Always
telling jokes. Making us laugh.
Couldn't have been no more than
eighteen, or nineteen years old.
One night, he found this mangy dog
cowering under this car. Pulled it
out. Dog had a paper bag tied to
its neck. It was wired. Blew half
of the kid up.

(off Doherty's gaze)

Here I am covered in blood and
guts, trying to pick up his head on
the ground to put it back on... but
my arms wouldn't move. Took a
shrapnel right in the spine. Last
thing I remember was someone
dragging me away before the car
blew up.

(off Doherty's gaze)

When I came back to the states, had
to learn how to walk all over
again. So now I take this red
little pill once a day. Not
because of the pain from the
injury... just so I can stop seeing
his face. And they don't always
work. And despite all that, I
still consider myself lucky. Guys
like Archer and Hutchens are a dime
a dozen. You just don't hear about
them until it's too late.

DOHERTY

Look, I get it. It's shit the way
the government treats our veterans.
But that still doesn't justify what
they did.

KENNEDY

I don't condone what they did...

(beat)

... but I understand it.

Doherty looks at Kennedy a moment, then gazes ahead. *Perhaps he does too.*

LONG (V.O.)

I'm telling you, Gomez. He talked.

INT. BENEATH THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - NIGHT

Long paces, riled up. Gomez leaning against the back of that beat up WHITE VAN. Watching him.

GOMEZ

We don't know that.

LONG

He just had to kill the kid.

GOMEZ

Said he thought he had a gun. It was a mistake.

LONG

Wasn't no fucking mistake. He was high as always. Shit was supposed to be simple. We go in. Take the fucking money and bounced. Now we got the fucking cops and the Irish mob on our ass.

GOMEZ

You think Hutchens talk, sir?

Archer, back to Long and Gomez, stares off, deep in thoughts.

INT. MUD HOUSE - AFGHANISTAN - FLASHBACK - NIGHT

Hutchens, stripped to the waist, hangs by his wrists from the ceiling. Beaten bloody. Almost unrecognizable.

TALIBAN LEADER steps up. Clutching a hunting knife. Blood's leaking from the blade onto the dirt floor.

Taliban Leader runs the blade across Hutchens' cheek, drawing blood. Hutchens WAILS!

FOUR MORE TALIBAN observe nearby, laughing. Carrying AK47's. One munching on a piece of bread. Then...

BOOM! A massive explosion rips through the side wall, making a huge hole. Knocking the four Taliban off their feet.

Taliban Leader goes head first into the adjacent wall, losing his knife. He's down, but not out. Here comes...

Archer through the hole, armed with an assault rifle, trailed by Gomez, Long and ANDERSON, 20's. Also armed to the teeth.

Archer SHOOTs one of the four Taliban in the chest. Finishes him up with another round to the head.

Long and Gomez take out two of the remaining three Taliban in the same manner as Archer. One in the chest, one in the head.

Anderson fires a round in the fourth's one chest. As he goes down, he manages to squeeze a couple of SHOTS. Striking...

Long in the leg. Just below the kneecap. Long goes down but still SHOTS the motherfucker right between the eyes.

ARCHER

Gomez, get Hutchens out of here.

Gomez rushes to cut Hutchens down from the ceiling. Anderson assists her, while Archer tends to Long.

ARCHER

Can you walk?

LONG

Yes, sir. I can manage.

Archer assists Long, standing him up. Long cringing in pain.

ARCHER

Move out.

Anderson and Gomez support Hutchens on their shoulders. Exit out through the hole with Long trailing behind. From nowhere charges...

Taliban Leader, slicing and stabbing away at Archer, who side steps, avoiding every attempt. Now it's Archer's turn. Blow to Taliban leader's face. Blood gushes from his nose.

Combination of punches and kicks to the gut. Taliban leader stumbling backward. Regains his footing. Keeps coming.

Blow to his solar plexus. Taliban leader doubles over. Kick to the kneecap. Taliban Leader goes down on one knee. Keeps stabbing at Archer.

Archer traps the hand. Twists the knife out of it. Breaking his wrist in the process. Knife goes down.

Now open palms to the ears. Knee to the face. Once. Twice. A third time. Blood explodes from his mouth. He's finished. Hitting the dirt floor face first.

Archer in the other hand isn't. He picks up the knife, turns him over and climbs atop him. Blood spurts on his face while cutting into Taliban leader's flesh.

GOMEZ (V.O.)

Sir?

EXT. BENEATH THE BROOKLYN BRIDGE - PRESENT - NIGHT

Gomez's voice brings Archer back to reality. He faces them.

GOMEZ

You think Hutchens talked?

ARCHER

What does it matter? We all knew the risk.

Lets this sink in their heads a moment.

GOMEZ

So, what do we do?

LONG

I say we hit the McGuires before they hit us.

ARCHER

We got every cop in New York looking to bust us and you wanna have a war with the Irish mob.

Long thinks better of this.

LONG

Okay. So what - we run?

ARCHER

I think you two should.

GOMEZ

What about you?

ARCHER

I'm staying.

GOMEZ

Then we stay with you, sir.

LONG

Either we all go. Or no one goes.

GOMEZ

No one gets left behind.

ARCHER

Not this time.

Archer opens the side door of the van, then a small door on the floor panel, pulls out two small duffel bags presumably full of money. Hands each one of them a bag.

ARCHER

Now my advice to you guys is use
this money and disappear tonight.

They stand there quietly for a long moment. Emotion running high. A look of agreement passing between Long and Gomez...

LONG

Okay.

(beat)

Guess this is goodbye then.

All three share a subtle smile. Long and Archer shake hands, then embrace.

LONG

So long brother. It's been an
honor serving with you.

ARCHER

Likewise, my friend.

Archer and Gomez embrace. For a moment. Her eyes emotional.

GOMEZ

Thank you.

Archer simply nods. Nothing else to say. Gets into the van and drives off. Gomez and Long head in opposite direction.

EXT. MCGUIRE RESTAURANT - DUSK

Doherty and Kennedy pulling up. Exit. Enter the restaurant.

INT. MCGUIRE RESTAURANT - ENTERROOM - DUSK

Alive this morning but now deserted. Doherty and Kennedy eye the banner over the enterroom door as they proceed into --

DINING ROOM AREA

Also empty, but looks stunning. Doherty and Kennedy GLANCE --

SILHOUETTED FIGURES behind a curtain occupying a large table. They start toward the figures.

BACK ROOM

Nora, Sean, Aaron and Morgan having dinner, when Kennedy and Doherty come through the curtain. The twins quickly rise.

NORA
Sit down boys.

They obey. Sit back down.

KENNEDY
Wow! You guys are well trained.
Like puppies.
(to Morgan)
I saw Hutchens.

Morgan stares at Kennedy. *Doherty addresses her and Aaron:*

DOHERTY
Where were you two around 3 p.m.
today?

NORA
Here, with me. Arranging their
brother's funeral. Why?

DOHERTY
That's funny, cause we got a
witness placing them at Hutchens'
apartment around that time.

NORA
Well you know what they say about
witnesses. They're unreliable.

Doherty pulls up a chair, sits. *He has no time for bullshit.*

DOHERTY
Look, Mrs. McGuire. I know exactly
how you feel and --

NORA
(cuts him off)
You know how I feel?
(off his gaze)
Oh wait, was your son murdered last
night too?
(nothing from Doherty)
Exactly. Yours had a choice. Mine
didn't. So don't come in here and
pretend to know how I feel.

Kennedy glances at Doherty, slightly confused. After Nora
collects herself...

DOHERTY
I truly am sorry for your loss.
And regardless of what you may
think, I do know how you feel.
(MORE)

DOHERTY (CONT'D)

You have been interfering with a police investigation. That stops now.

NORA

You think that gun and badge give you the right to come into my place and throw orders around?

(leans in)

Do you really believe they make you safe in my world?

Smiles good naturedly. Sits back. Doherty smiling. Then...

DOHERTY

Listen to me, you Irish bitch...

Sean and Aaron are on their feet. And just as fast Kennedy's GLOCK is against Sean's temple. Sean freezes in place.

KENNEDY

Palms on the table, Morgan. Now!

Morgan complies. Slowly puts her palms down on the table as:

DOHERTY

I know you had your psycho children here kill Jason Hutchens and Colin O'meara and his girlfriend. I can't prove that yet, but when I do, I'm gonna fuck your shit up real bad. And if I smell you or any of them near this investigation again...

(to all)

I will put a fucking bullet in your head.

Nora looks into his eyes. Believes him. Doherty heads off. Kennedy follows. Holstering his gun. Nora watches them go. Face indecipherable.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Doherty and Kennedy cross to the unmarked, get in, drive off.

INT. DOHERTY'S UNMARKED - MOVING - NIGHT

Doherty and Kennedy driving in silence. After a long moment:

KENNEDY

What she meant by "Yours had a choice?"

DOHERTY
It's nothing.

Kennedy remains unconvinced, but doesn't push it.

INT. CLINTON HILLS PIZZARIA - NIGHT

Pope and Locasio stride through the door like they own the place. COUNTERGIRL, 20's, flashes a welcome smile.

COUNTERGIRL
Hey, guys - the usual?

LOCASIO
You know us so well, sweetheart.

COUNTERGIRL
(yells)
Two regulars and two pepperonis.

LOCASIO
I'm gonna hit the head.

Locasio heads for the bathroom.

PIZZARIA BATHROOM

Locasio enters. His cell phone RINGS. He checks it. Answers.

LOCASIO
(into cell phone)
Hi honey.

INTERCUT: LOCASIO & CLAIRE...

Sitting at her kitchen table. A cake in front of her: "Happy retirement" written on top with blue and white frosting.

CLAIRE
It's 6:01 and I'm still waiting.

LOCASIO
I'm sorry, sweetheart. I meant to call earlier. I have a situation here that I can't just walk away from yet.

CLAIRE
It's about those cops who got shot?

LOCASIO
Yes. I need to see this through, honey. Do you understand?

CLAIRE

You know I do. Just be careful,
please.

LOCASIO

Always. I love you.

CLAIRE

I love you, too.

PIZZARIA

Pope checking his watch: 6:04 p.m. Looks out into the street
as...

THE G550

Pulls up. Frankie driving. Sean shotgun. Frankie steps out
and enters the pizzeria.

FRANKIE

Detective Pope, Mrs. McGuire would
like a word with you.

(off Pope reluctant face)

It's regarding Carlo Mancini.

Frankie opens the door for Pope, who walks out. He follows.

EXT. CLINTON HILLS PIZZARIA - NIGHT

Frankie opens the back door of the G550. Pope looks inside.
Nora sits. Staring straight ahead.

FRANKIE

Get in.

Pope obeys, settles beside Nora. Frankie shuts the door and
stands guard.

INT. G550 - NIGHT

Pope and Nora sit there in silence. For a moment. *She will
address him without looking at him.*

NORA

You know who I am?

POPE

You're Nora McGuire.

NORA

Good. Makes things a lot easier.

Sean hands Pope a piece of paper. He hesitates.

NORA

Take it.

He does. Holding on to it.

NORA

Now look at it.

Again, he complies. Looks at it. A figure amount is written on the paper: \$22,345. Under the amount... a phone number.

POPE

What is this?

NORA

This is what you owed Carlo Mancini as of this morning. I bought your debt. Now you owe me. And trust me when I say Mancini is more lenient than I am.

Pope sinks in his seat.

NORA

And in case you were wondering. That's not all I bought from him.

And now, she turns to him, slowly, with piercing cold eyes. Sending chills down his spine. More so than Mancini.

NORA

You do have a beautiful family, detective Pope. Cole and Amy, right?

POPE

What do you want from me?

Sean hands Pope a photo. The one missing from Hutchens' wall.

NORA

I need names and locations for these three.
(as Pope stares at photo)
I'm sure you can figure out which three.

INSERT - PHOTO

Archer, Gomez, Long, and Hutchens in fatigues in front of the tent in Afghanistan. A RED X is drawn over Hutchens' face.

RESUME SCENE

Pope looks at her.

POPE
If I do this, you'll leave my
family alone?

NORA
(puts up 3 middle fingers)
Scout's honor.

POPE
And the money?

NORA
Poof! Disappear. Just like that.

POPE
And if I refuse?

NORA
I'll kill you. And that's after I
make you watch Sean here slice your
wife and son into thousand little
pieces and scatter their remains
all over Brooklyn. Now look into
my eyes and tell me I'm kidding.

Pope looks in her eyes. Sees the evil that lives there. *She isn't kidding.* Pope nods, agreed. Opens the door to leave:

NORA
Detective Pope...
(as he looks at her)
The 8 p.m. deadline still stands.
Understood?

The frightened look on Pope's face says he does.

INT. CLINTON AVENUE PIZZARIA - NIGHT

Locasio returns just in time to see the G550 pull away from Pope. Gina hands him a paper bag. He passes her a ten.

LOCASIO
Thanks, sweetheart.

Locasio heads out the door.

OUTER PIZZARIA

Watching after the G550.

LOCASIO
What was that all about?

POPE
It's nothing.

Again, Locasio is not convinced, but doesn't push it either.

LOCASIO
Boss wants us back at the house.

They get into their unmarked car and drive off.

A WHITE BOARD

Photographs of Archer, Long and Gomez are pinned to it.

REVEAL. Doherty and his crew in the bullpen. Kennedy stands off side.

PENA
We know who they are. Why not just pick them up and sweat them?

DOHERTY
'Cause we don't have any real proof of their involvement at the moment. All we have is a theory. So for now, we watch them. Three teams. Twenty-four seven. Pope, Locasio, you two are on Gomez. Sinico, Pena, Long. Agent Kennedy and I will take Archer. Let's go.

Everyone disperses.

INT. DOHERTY'S UNMARKED - CROWN HEIGHTS - NIGHT

Parked at the curb. Kennedy eyeing the windows on the second floor of a five story building.

KENNEDY
Which ones are his?

DOHERTY
Last two on the right.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

The beat up white VAN pulls up across from Archer's building.

INT. DOHERTY'S UNMARKED - NIGHT

Kennedy and Doherty watch Archer exit, cross to his building. Archer appears to glance their way as he goes inside.

KENNEDY
Think he saw us?

DOHERTY
Definitely.

INT. ARCHER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Archer enters. Heads for the window. Looks down at Doherty and Kennedy in the unmarked. Studying them until...

EDITH (O.S.)
Everything alright, Cameron?

ARCHER
(manages a smile)
Yes.

EDITH
Dinner's ready.

They head into...

KITCHEN

Sam at the table, gazing blankly at a bowl of pasta in front of him. Archer kisses the top of his head.

ARCHER
Hey, pop.

Sits across from Sam, who doesn't even acknowledge him. Too busy trying to decipher the plate of pasta in front of him.

SAM
What is it?

EDITH
Penne a la vodka. Your favorite.

SAM
Oh.

Still confused. Edith sits beside him, gently placing a fork in his hand. Sam studies the foreign object in his hand.

EDITH
Just like we've practiced. Okay?

Sam stabs at the pasta, once, twice. Successful on the third time. Smiles proudly at Edith. Archer watches, heartbroken.

INT. DOHERTY'S UNMARKED - NIGHT

Doherty pulls out a police radio. Hits a button on the side.

DOHERTY
(into police radio)
What do you guys have?

EXT. PENA & SINICO'S UNMARKED - NIGHT

Parked across from the HALF WAY HOUSE. Sinico at the wheel. Pena shotgun. The place looks like a nightmare.

PENA
(into radio)
Everything's quiet, boss. No sign
of Long.

INT. GOMEZ'S BEDROOM - EAST FLATBUSH - NIGHT

Dimly lit. Gomez at the window. Watching Locasio and Pope in the unmarked. Luis in her arms.

GOMEZ'S MOTHER (O.S.)
<I don't understand any of this.>

GOMEZ'S MOTHER

On the bed. Packing clothes neatly into a large suitcase.

GOMEZ'S MOTHER
<Rena, why do we have to leave
tonight?>

GOMEZ
<Ma, please. Just do what I asked
for once.>

GOMEZ'S MOTHER
<Okay. Okay. Just not sure why we
need to leave tonight.>

Gomez shakes her head. Insufferable.

INT. POPE & LOCASIO'S UNMARKED - NIGHT

Locasio in the driver's seat. Pope shotgun. A police radio on the dash next to Pope's cell phone SQUAWKS!

DOHERTY (V.O.)
Talk to me. What do you got?

Pope picks up the police radio.

POPE
(into police radio)
Nothing. Looks like Gomez's in for the night.

Pope returns the police radio to the dash, just as his cell phone BUZZES. He silences the buzzing without checking the phone. That gives Locasio a pause. Pope opens the door.

POPE
If we're gonna be here all night,
I'll need some coffee. You?

LOCASIO
Thanks. I'm alright.

Pope shuts the door. Heads off. Locasio watches after him. Thinking. There's something unsettling about his partner.

INT. BODEGA - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Pope striding through the door. Pulling out his cell phone. Pacing. Checking his watch: 6:45 p.m.

WEST AFRICAN COUNTERMAN is instantly on alert watching Pope.

COUNTERMAN
(with suspicion)
You need any help, buddy?

Sees Pope's badge as he steps to the counter. He's relieved.

POPE
Two coffees. Black.

COUNTERMAN
Right away, officer.

Heads off to get the coffees. Pope pulls out a paper. On it the amount he owes Nora and the phone number below it. As he studies the phone number a moment...

INT. DOHERTY'S UNMARKED - NIGHT

Kennedy finishing an intimate phone call. Doherty listening.

KENNEDY
I promise I'll make it up to you.
(smiling)
I love you, too.

Kennedy puts the cell phone away.

DOHERTY
You guys seem very happy.

KENNEDY
(smiling)
We are.
(beat)
So, you and detective Sinico, huh?

Doherty looks surprised.

KENNEDY
Come on, you two aren't fooling
anyone. How long?

DOHERTY
Going on a year.

KENNEDY
She loves you.

DOHERTY
How can you tell?

KENNEDY
I just can.

DOHERTY
I think I get on her nerves most of
the time.

KENNEDY
Well, women have been known to be
complicated creatures.

Doherty forces a smile, agreed. He suddenly becomes pensive.

DOHERTY
My son, Adam... hung himself
several days ago.

KENNEDY
I'm really sorry to hear that.

DOHERTY

He was gay. And... he was being bullied at school because of it. He tried talking to me about it. I just didn't wanna hear it. I wanted to tough him up a bit, you know.

KENNEDY

You think he wasn't tough enough because he was gay?

DOHERTY

I don't know. I really thought he was just going through a phase.

KENNEDY

A phase?

DOHERTY

Yeah. You know, trying it out.

KENNEDY

I don't think it works that way, Lieutenant.

DOHERTY

I know that now.

KENNEDY

Being gay isn't temporary. It's who you are. It's hard enough being a teenager. Being a gay teenager... ten times harder.

They share a look of mutual understanding.

DOHERTY

Does everyone know?

KENNEDY

I don't advertise it, but my C.O. knows. That's why I left the service. I could go over to Iraq and fight for my country, but I couldn't be myself. I didn't want to live that way anymore.

DOHERTY

Good for you.

(beat)

(MORE)

DOHERTY (CONT'D)

You know, it's going on a week since I lost my only child and I haven't even cried for him yet. What kind of a father am I?

Kennedy looks pained staring at Doherty.

KENNEDY

We all deal with trauma differently, Lieutenant. Just because you haven't cried, doesn't mean you loved him any less.

Doherty nods. Accepts his logic. He then looks at Kennedy.

DOHERTY

Who was the person that dragged you away before that car blew up?

KENNEDY

(a long moment)
It was Diaz.

DOHERTY

(nods, understands now)
Okay. Let's go talk to him.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Doherty and Kennedy exit the car, head for Archer's building.

INT. ARCHER'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Edith sits Sam on the couch, puts the tv on Wheel of Fortune. Sam's face brightens. She kisses the top of his head. Archer has been watching this from the kitchen doorway.

ARCHER

You care about him.

EDITH

It's my job to care.

ARCHER

Yeah, but he's much more than just a job to you. Isn't he?

Her smile gives her away.

EDITH

I never knew my dad. He died before I was born.

(MORE)

EDITH (CONT'D)
 (off him nodding)
 And I think caring for Sam the way
 you have been doing is very
 honorable.

He senses there's more.

ARCHER
 But...

EDITH
 But... I do think he needs to
 interact with people his own age.

ARCHER
 I won't put him in a home.

EDITH
 Oh, you don't have to. I volunteer
 at the Regent Manor in long island
 every other weekend. It's a
 beautiful place. You can bring him
 by this weekend if you'd like.
 It'll be good for him.

ARCHER
 I'll think about it.

EDITH
 Okay. Well... um. I'll see you
 tomorrow.

Picks up her bag, starts for the door. He watches after her.

ARCHER
 Edith...

She turns to him.

EDITH
 Yes.

ARCHER
 I'd like to ask a favor of you.

EDITH
 Sure.

She stares at him, waiting. Hoping. Then...

ARCHER
 If something were to happen to me,
 I'd like you to look after my
 father.

Edith is both surprised and touched.

EDITH

Oh. Cameron, I don't know.

ARCHER

I know I'm asking a lot. But he loves you and trusts you. And frankly, without me, he has no one else.

Edith considering.

ARCHER

Money wouldn't be an issue.

EDITH

It's not just about money, Cameron.
I --

A KNOCK on the door interrupts her mid-sentence. He looks to the door. Not expecting anyone.

ARCHER

I'll get it. Think about it.

Archer checks the peep hole. Pauses before opening the door. Doherty and Kennedy in the hall. Doherty holds up his badge.

DOHERTY

Good evening, Mr. Archer. I'm Lieutenant James Doherty. This is agent Shane Kennedy. DEA.
(pockets badge)
We'd like to ask you a couple of questions regarding Jason Hutchens.

Archer simply widens the door. Doherty and Kennedy walk in.

KENNEDY

Good evening ma'am.

EDITH

Hello.

Doherty gives Edith a nod. Edith returning a forced smile.

EDITH

See you tomorrow, Cameron.

ARCHER

Good night, Edith.

EDITH
Bye, Sam.

SAM
Bye Mary.

Edith leaves. Kennedy and Doherty share a confused look.

ARCHER
Alzheimer's. Stage four.

DOHERTY
Sorry to hear that.

ARCHER
Yeah. Now what about Jason?

DOHERTY
He's dead. But I think you already
knew that.

Archer just stares at Doherty.

KENNEDY
Don't you wanna know how?

ARCHER
What does it matter how a man died?

Doherty regards him curiously.

DOHERTY
When was the last time you saw him?

ARCHER
About six months ago.

KENNEDY
(gets in Archer's face)
Bullshit. We know you and Gomez
and Long were in that basement with
him last night where you murdered
two of my guys.

ARCHER
(composed)
Get him out of my face.

Kennedy steps closer to Archer, forehead almost touching his.

KENNEDY
Make me, motherfucker.

Archer remains cool. Gives nothing away, staring at Kennedy.

DOHERTY
Back off, agent Kennedy.

Kennedy doesn't budge. Having a staring contest with Archer.

DOHERTY
Back off, Shane. Now!

Kennedy backs away. Fuming.

DOHERTY
The McGuires know about you and the others. It's only a matter of time before they catch up to you guys. And trust me, you don't want to go the way Hutchens went.

Nothing from Archer. Kennedy steps up to him. This time, he is calm, but still emotional.

KENNEDY
Look Archer, I know you're an honorable man.

ARCHER
What do you know about honor?

Kennedy pulls up his T-shirt sleeve, flashing a TATTOO on his right bicep: **De Oppresso Liber**. Same one on Archer's back.

KENNEDY
I'd say that qualifies me.

ARCHER
Where were you stationed?

KENNEDY
Fallujah. Did two tours.

ARCHER
Now you're an agent with the DEA.
(off Kennedy's gaze)
Guess you're one of the lucky ones.

Archer opens the door; an indication they should leave. They step out into the hall.

ARCHER
I really am sorry about Hutchens. Truth is, he died a while back in Afghanistan.

Doherty and Archer share one final look, then he and Kennedy head off.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Doherty and Kennedy crossing toward the unmarked at the curb.

KENNEDY

Now what?

DOHERTY

Archer's smart. He knows we have nothing on him.

KENNEDY

So?

DOHERTY

We keep up the surveillance. Hope one of them do something stupid.

KENNEDY

You really believe that?

DOHERTY

No. But hope's all we got.

INT. PENA & SINICO'S UNMARKED - NIGHT

Pena eyeing the half way house. TWO HOMELESS MEN smoking out front. THIRD ONE peeing on the side of the house. Bare ass.

PENA

Is that the best we can do?

SINICO

What are you talking about?

PENA

This guy Long went to Afghanistan. Fought for his country. Even lost a limb in the process. And that's where he ends up. A damn shame.

SINICO

You won't get any argument from me.
(something catches her
eyes)
Head's up.

THEIR POV

Long emerging from the dark, duffel bag in hand, limping into the half way house.

SINICO
You seeing what I'm seeing?

PENA
Yeah. He's limping.

INT. HALF WAY HOUSE - LONG'S ROOM - NIGHT

Shitty. Near empty, but clean. Bed tightly made. A folding table against a wall.

Long enters. Locks the door and sits on the bed, placing the duffel bag beside him. Raising his left pant leg, revealing:

A PROSTHETIC LEG attached just below the knee. Long cringes, removing the prosthetic piece. Inside is hollow. Long looks at the duffel bag beside him. Thinking.

INT. PENA & SINICO'S UNMARKED - WINDSHIELD POV - NIGHT

Long exits from the half way house with a sailor's bag across his chest. Pausing to zip up his jacket, but really checking out Pena and Sinico in the unmarked.

SINICO
We might as well just wave hello.

EXT. BEDFORD AVENUE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT

Long crossing Atlantic avenue. Making his way toward Fulton.

PENA & SINICO

Exiting the car. Following Long at a distance. Long turning down Fulton. They pick up speed and follow.

FULTON STREET - CONTINUOUS

Long waving to one street vendor, nodding to another, getting into the subway.

PENA & SINICO

Rushing into the subway station. Almost knocking a man down.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

A few scattered COMMUTERS. Long cruising among them, all the way up the platform.

PENA & SINICO

Jumping the turnstile onto the platform. Sinico sets eyes on Long up the platform. Directs Pena's attention toward him.

ONCOMING TRAIN. Headlights looming from within the shadows of the tunnel. Amplifying as the sound fills up the station.

LONG

Staring ahead. So serious, he's casual.

"C" TRAIN

Pulling into the station. Commuters moving up the platform.

LONG

Staying put. Still staring ahead.

PENA & SINICO

Also remaining put. Sinico watching Long from the corner of her eye.

"C" TRAIN

Slowing down.

SINICO

Observing Long. Still stagnant. *What's he up to?*

"C" TRAIN

Twenty feet away from Long.

SINICO

Eyeing Long. He's still not moving. Then it dawns on her...

SINICO

Shit!

PENA

What?

LONG

Leaps across the oncoming "C" train. FEMALE RIDER SCREAMING!

PENA

Fuck me!

Train screeching to a halt, doors opening. Commuters getting on and off, as if nothing happened. *Fucking New York City.*

TRAIN CAR

Sinico dashes in and goes up to the window. Sees Long on the ground. Alive. His prosthetic leg twisted inward.

SINICO
Motherfucker.

TUNNEL

Long cringes, snapping the prosthetic back into place. Rises and locks eyes with Sinico. Salutes her. Heads off.

PLATFORM

Sinico jumping back out the train. Doors closing behind her.

SINICO
Fucker made it.

Train starts rolling out the station.

SINICO
Call it in.

Sinico goes after the train as Pena gets on the police radio.

PENA
(into police radio)
Boss, Pena. Come in...

As the train disappears into the tunnel, Sinico leaps onto...

TRACKS

Gun drawn, sweeping. Sees Long limping away and gives chase.

PLATFORM

Pena pockets the police radio as THREE UNIFORM COPS rush down the stairs toward him. Pena flashes his badge.

PENA
(cop 1)
No train comes into this station.
(cop 2 & 3)
You two, with me.

Pena and cop 2 and 3 jump down the tracks. Go after Sinico.

TUNNEL

Dirty. Rats. Dimly lit. Sinico moving forward, gun raised. Cautious. She steps on a soda can, stops. A CLICKING SOUND! Sinico hits the ground as...

BULLETS hissing over her head, bouncing against a wall behind her. She scrambles behind a column. Returns FIRE.

Long is gone. Hearing footsteps behind her, she spins, gun at the ready. Lowering it as...

PENA, COP 2 & 3

Emerging from the shadows.

SINICO

Damn it, Mike! I almost shot your
ass.

EXT. ATLANTIC AVENUE & VANDERBILT - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Doherty's unmarked gunning through the intersection. Sirens wailing and lights blazing.

INT. SUBWAY - TUNNEL - NIGHT

Long on the ground, camouflaging himself underneath a filthy blanket. The SCAR-H raised up to his eyesight, waiting. He might as well be back in Afghanistan. *Maybe he thinks he is.*

SINICO

Approaching. Pena trailing ... Cop 2 and 3 on either side of Pena. A GLIMPSE of steel and Pena pushes Sinico out the way.

PENA

Eva, get down!

Sinico crawls behind a column. Cop 2 and 3 follow suit as...

PENA

Gets DOUBLE TAPPED. The bullet holes only a centimeter apart.

SINICO

Mike!

Pena falls to his knees. Eyes locked on Sinico. His weapon and police radio clattering to the ground.

From the dark...

A BURST OF GUNFIRE.

BULLET blowing Pena's head off clean. His lifeless eyes stay locked on Sinico as his body hits the ground. Dead.

Sinico SCREAMS! Comes out BLASTING. Hits nothing but walls.

LONG

Already moving. Limping as fast as he can.

SINICO

Kneels beside Pena. Eyes tearing up. Uniform cops watch her attempt to touch his face but there's too much blood. Sinico regains her composure, rises and checks her weapon, then...

SINICO

Let's get this fucker.

She heads off. Trailed by Cop 2 and 3.

EXT. ATLANTIC AVENUE SUBWAY - NIGHT

A dozen police cruisers appearing from nowhere. Blocking the intersections around the subway station.

UNIFORM COPS jumping out, weapons drawn. Some start clearing the street, while...

Others run into the subway, as several commuters rushing out. Unsure of what's happening.

DOHERTY'S UNMARKED

Screeching to a halt. Doherty and Kennedy jump out with guns drawn. Run into the subway.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - NIGHT

Crowded with COPS. Guns pointed toward the tunnel. Doherty and Kennedy arriving. Doherty pulling out his police radio.

DOHERTY

(into police radio)

Eva? Mike? Come in.

Nothing, Doherty pockets the radio and grabs a shotgun from a Rookie. He jumps onto the tracks. Kennedy follows.

TUNNEL

Sinico, Cop 2 and 3 moving forward, guns raised, sweeping the tunnel. Then...

SINICO

Take cover!

Sinico lunges behind a column. Cop 2 and 3 are not so lucky. Each one gets TWO SHOTS a piece. Die instantly.

Sinico FIRES from behind the column.

Long gets hit in the prosthetic leg. He doesn't even flinch. He returns three quick SHOTS but...

Sinico is already diving to the ground. Pumps TWO MORE SHOTS into Long's one good leg.

Long stumbling behind the wall, cringing. Blood pumping from his thigh. No time to bleed. Long pops in another magazine. Jacks the first round into chamber. UNLOADS on...

Sinico making herself small behind a column as BULLETS bounce around her. Then abrupt silence.

LONG

Listening for something. Footsteps, coming from the opposite direction. Amplifying. Long assessing his options. Waiting seems to be the best one. So he waits. Weapon raised.

DOHERTY & KENNEDY

Approaching. Carefully. Guns up. Kennedy is on high alert. Possessing the same keen instincts as Long, he pushes Doherty out of the way, then dives in the opposite direction as...

Long litters the tunnel with BULLETS.

Doherty crawls behind a column, nods his gratitude to Kennedy as...

Long retreating in the opposite direction. Stopping abruptly coming face to face with Sinico. She FIRES without warning.

Bullet ripping through Long's right shoulder blade. Spinning him around. Long manages to pull the trigger as he falls...

Sinico goes down in between the tracks, losing her gun in the process. She cringes. Pressing on her hip. Blood streaming through her fingers. She's been shot.

Long writhing in pain, struggling to his feet and starting in the opposite direction. He comes to a full stop. SEEING...

Doherty and Kennedy. Twenty feet away. Guns trained on him. Kennedy FIRES.

Bullet shatters Long's jaw. Blood pumping out. Long presses on the wound with his free hand, levels the gun in the other.

Long's prosthetic gets BLOWN AWAY by Doherty's shotgun blast. Money flying everywhere. Long is still not down. Hopping on his bleeding leg. Leveling the gun toward Doherty. And...

BOOM! A second shotgun blast hits Long center mass. Blowing him twenty feet back. The rifle landing a few feet away from him.

Doherty runs to Sinico as Kennedy steps to Long, still alive. Blood bubbling in his mouth, reaching for the rifle. Kennedy steps on his hand. Looks him in the eyes. SHOTS him dead.

Doherty kneels next to Sinico. Writhing in pain. Her bloody hand pressing hard on her hip. Kennedy comes over.

DOHERTY

Mike?

SINICO

(painfully)

He's dead. He... pushed me out of the way.

DOHERTY

(no time to grieve)

It's okay, baby. Don't talk. Let me see.

Removes her hand. Examines the wound. It's bad.

DOHERTY

(lying)

You're okay. You're gonna be okay.

(into police radio)

This is lieutenant Doherty. I need a bus at the atlantic avenue station. Officer down. I repeat, officer down.

Doherty picks her up, runs up the tunnel. Her eyes begin to close.

DOHERTY

Stay awake, baby. Come on, stay awake.

Her eyes flutter back open.

DOHERTY
That's good. Keep your eyes open.

EXT. ATLANTIC AVENUE - SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

An AMBULANCE pulls up. PARAMEDICS jump out, grabbing a First Aid Kit and gurney. Run toward the subway as...

Doherty rising up the stairs. Sinico in his arms. Bleeding.

DOHERTY
She took one in the hip.

PARAMEDIC 1
Let us have her.

Hands her over reluctantly.

DOHERTY
She's lost a lot of blood.

They get Sinico into the back of the ambulance. Paramedic 1 and Doherty climb aboard.

KENNEDY
(to Paramedic 2)
Take her to Methodist.

PARAMEDIC 2
(jumping behind the wheel)
Yes, sir.

KENNEDY
(to Doherty)
I'll meet you there.

Kennedy closes the door. The ambulance pulls away with light flashing and sirens blaring. As Kennedy draws his cell phone...

EXT./INT. AMBULANCE - NIGHT

Ambulance weaving in and out of traffic. Doherty clutching Sinico's hand. Paramedic 1 trying to get to her wound, but Doherty's in the way.

PARAMEDIC 1
You're gonna have to move now,
Lieutenant.
(off Doherty gaze)
(MORE)

PARAMEDIC 1 (CONT'D)
 Come on, let me do my job. I'll
 take care of her.

Doherty moves aside, but still clutching Sinico's hand. He's on the verge of tears, watching Paramedic 1 work on her.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Archer punching in a number at a pay phone. Gomez answering.

ARCHER
 (into pay phone)
 Hey... yeah, I heard about Long.
 Got a visit from the cops earlier.

INTERCUT - ARCHER & GOMEZ'S LIVING ROOM

Gomez at the window, on a pre-paid cell phone, watching Pope and Locasio in the unmarked.

GOMEZ
 There's two watching my building
 right now.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Archer eyes a dark sedan suspiciously, as it slowly rolls by.

ARCHER
 (into pay phone)
 That's good. They'll keep the
 McGuires away. Don't make a move
 until I call. And stay sharp.

Archer hangs up. Drops another quarter in the slot. Dials a number.

INT. MACARTHUR AIRPORT - HANGAR 12 - NIGHT

Anderson exits from a single engine CESSNA'S COCKPIT, answers a BUZZING cell phone on a tool table.

ANDERSON
 (into cell phone)
 Anderson.

INTERCUT: ARCHER & ANDERSON

ARCHER
 SFC Anderson.

ANDERSON
(elated)
It's good to hear your voice, sir.

ARCHER
Likewise, my friend. Been watching
the news?

ANDERSON
Yes, sir. I'm sorry about Long and
Hutchens. They were good guys.

ARCHER
I know. Listen, you're still flying
for that small airline company?

ANDERSON
Yes, sir.

ARCHER
Good. I need a couple of favors.

INT. METHODIST HOSPITAL - EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

DR. KRANE, handsome, standing with a handful of NURSES eyeing
the emergency room door intently as...

PARAMEDICS BURST through it with Sinico on a gurney. Doherty
holding her hand. Kennedy trailing behind.

Dr. Krane and the nurses swarm over her. Nurse 1 inserting a
vacutainer into an artery, drawing blood. Nurse 2 wrapping a
blood pressure cuff around her arm.

NURSE 1
BP eighty-one and dropping.

DR. KRANE
Let's get her inside.

Dr. Krane and Kennedy share a brief look, as he and the nurses
wheel Sinico through double doors. Doherty starts to follow.
Nurse 2 intervenes.

NURSE 2
Can't come beyond this point, sir.

Nurse 2 hurries off. Doherty watching until the doors close,
wiping Sinico from view. Kennedy lays a hand on his shoulder.

KENNEDY
Don't worry. She's in good hands.

INT. LOCASIO & POPE'S UNMARKED - NIGHT

Locasio concluding a call on his cell phone. Pope listening.

LOCASIO
... alright. We'll stay on Gomez.
(turns off cell)
She's still in surgery.

POPE
We should be there.

LOCASIO
Boss said we stay on Gomez. We
stay on Gomez.

A moment of silence. Then...

POPE
Doogie... Michael was good police.

Locasio nods. Agreed. Pope then checks his watch: 7:46 p.m.
Locasio clocks it. About to say something when...

A GYPSY CAB

Pulling up in front of Gomez's building. The OBSCURED DRIVER
honking the horn.

INT. POPE & LOCASIO'S UNMARKED - WINDSHIELD POV - NIGHT

Gomez's Mother emerging from the building. A suitcase in one
hand, Luis in the other. Driver exits - Anderson. Assisting
her into the back seat. Gets back behind the wheel as...

INT. GOMEZ LIVING ROOM - WINDOW - NIGHT

Gomez watches them pull away, then takes a seat on the couch.
Facing the front door. Picks up a shotgun leaning against the
wall nearby. Rests it in her lap. Waiting.

INT. GYPSY CAB - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Anderson driving, while punching a number on his cell phone.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Archer's at the same pay phone. Answering the ringing phone.

ARCHER
Is it done?

ANDERSON (V.O.)
Yes, sir but Gomez decided to...

Archer bolts toward the van. Receiver dangling, as he peels off. Tires smoking.

INT. POPE & LOCASIO'S UNMARKED - NIGHT

Pope checking his watch. Time is 7:51 p.m. Locasio watches him rub his sweaty palms nervously. Checking the time again.

LOCASIO
Okay. What's going on with you?

POPE
What do you mean?

LOCASIO
You know what I mean.

POPE
I told you. It's nothing.

LOCASIO
Bullshit! You've been acting strange all day.

POPE
Everything's fine. I'm just a little distracted. That's all.

LOCASIO
Your distraction has anything to do with that Benz from earlier?
(nothing from Pope)
And why do you keep looking at your watch?

POPE
You were right, partner. I fucked up big time.

LOCASIO
You fucked up? Fucked up how?

POPE
Nora McGuire.

LOCASIO
What about her?

POPE

She bought my debt from Mancini and she has threatened to kill Cole and Amy.

LOCASIO

Christ, Leon. I told you this would happen. I told you.

(beat)

What she wants you to do?

(nothing from Leon)

Leon, if you haven't done anything, we can still fix this. All we gotta do is called Jimmy and...

BLOOD suddenly sprays across Pope's face. EYES widen in shock staring at Locasio. Dead with a gaping hole in his head.

Pope peers into the dark, fear in his eyes. From the dark, a MUZZLED FLASH. Blood EXPLODES from the back of his head.

INT./EXT. JAGUAR - GLOVED HANDS - NIGHT

Laying down a sniper rifle on the back seat. Morgan and Sean step out. Cross toward Gomez's building. Go inside, without acknowledging Pope and Locasio's dead bodies in the car.

INT. GOMEZ BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Sean and Morgan heading up the stairs, with Morgan screwing a silencer on the .22's barrel.

INT. GOMEZ BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Sean and Morgan enter the hallway. Proceed to apartment door #4 at the end of the hallway.

MORGAN

Watch the hall.

Morgan proceeds to the door, pulling out pick lock tools from her back pocket.

INT. GOMEZ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gomez on alert, watching the front door intently. Shotgun in hand. Hearing a CLICKING SOUND...

THE HALL

Sean and Morgan taking cover, as a SHOTGUN BLAST blows a huge hole through the door.

GOMEZ LIVING ROOM

Gomez firing TWO MORE SHOTS, disintegrating half of the door, then diving into the kitchen just as...

Morgan crashing through what's left of the door. Firing FOUR SHOTS in quick succession. Bullets hissing past...

Gomez's head, taking cover behind the fridge. Returning fire and...

Morgan diving behind the couch. Bullet SHREDDING the back of the couch. Morgan crawling toward a wall as...

Gomez firing TWO MORE SHOTS. Blowing an end table to pieces. Debris raining on Morgan. Taking cover behind the wall.

Gomez pressing on... BLASTING at Morgan. Bullets hitting the side wall. Concrete flying. CLICK! CLICK! No more shells. And she's already lunging back into the kitchen as...

Morgan FIRES from behind the wall. Shredding the door frame with bullets. CLICK! CLICK! Morgan too is out of bullets. She retreats behind the wall.

EXT. GOMEZ BUILDING - NIGHT

Archer's van screeches to a halt. Archer jumps out. Dashing into the building.

INT. GOMEZ BUILDING - 2ND FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

Archer rising up the stairs. Sean turning toward him. Beat. Prison yard stare from both men. Then Sean goes for his gun:

Archer is on him. Slapping it out of his hand. Fists, knees and elbows flying from both sides. Fight is more brutal than MMA.

Sean catches an elbow to the jaw. Stumbling toward apartment door #5. No time to recover as Archer lunges at him and...

INT. GOMEZ BUILDING - APARTMENT #5 - OLD LADY - NIGHT

Watching tv, as Sean and Archer CRASH through the front door. She SCREAMS! Bolts into the bedroom. Slams the door.

Sean has Archer's arm in a lock, breaking it. Archer uses his strength, bending the arm. Then elbow to Sean's face. Blood gushing from his nose. Sean holds. Squeezing harder. About to pop the elbow when Archer rolls atop him. Pouncing.

A double kick sends Archer flying back into the wall, banging the back of his head on an end table. He's dazed. Sean pulls out his garotte. As he approaches Archer...

INT. GOMEZ LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Gomez emerging from the kitchen BLASTING. Morgan makes a run for the bedroom. Gomez fires several bursts as...

Morgan dives into the bedroom and slams the door. Four SHOTS then come through the bedroom door toward...

Gomez retreating back to the living room, taking cover behind the wall.

INT. APARTMENT 5 - NIGHT

Archer comes to. On the floor on his stomach. Eyes bulging. But he's not on his stomach. He's on his knees. Sean behind him. Pulling tightly on the garrote wrapped around his neck.

Archer head butts him in the nose. Blood pours. Sean holds. Pulls harder. Archer's neck turning red. Archer gathers all his strengths, delivers a final head butt to Sean's face.

Sean stumbles back. Goes through a closet door. Archer rips the garrote from around his neck, pounces on Sean. Spins him around. Pressing his face against the closet wall.

CLOSET. FROM ABOVE. Sean throws an elbow. Archer traps the arm. Twists. Bone breaks. Elbow pops. Sean WAILS in pain.

A knee is now pressed against Sean's back, crushing his chest against the wall. A HANGER WIRE is tossed over his head then pulled back violently by Archer.

Hanger wire cutting through Sean's skin, drawing blood. Eyes red and bulging. Sean's gone. Archer dashes out into...

THE HALL

Picks up Sean's gun then...

GOMEZ APARTMENT

Storms the room, gun raised. Gomez spinning toward him. Gun up. The two almost shoot each other.

ARCHER
Where is she?

Gomez gestures toward the bedroom with her head.

GOMEZ BEDROOM

Archer CRASHES through the door, trailed by Gomez. Morgan is gone. Out of a window. Archer goes to the window. SEES...

Morgan taking off in the Jaguar. Now distant police SIRENS -- amplifying. Archer and Gomez flee. A RINGING cell phone...

INT. MCGUIRE RESTAURANT - OFFICE - NIGHT

Nora answers her ringing cell phone. Putting it on speaker. Aaron and Frankie with her. Listening.

NORA
Is it done?

INTERCUT: NORA & MORGAN IN BATHROOM...

Pulling out a shotgun pellet from her hip with a forceps and dumping it into the sink. Nora's also on speaker.

MORGAN
Sean is dead. Archer killed him.

Aaron's jaw clenches upon hearing this but Nora remains cool.

NORA
(pissed)
He doesn't live to see tomorrow,
Morgan. Understood?

Aaron steps to a cabinet, opens the doors, revealing assorted automatic weapons and handguns hanging on hooks.

MORGAN
Yes, mother. It'll be done.

INT. MCGUIRE RESTAURANT - OFFICE - NIGHT

Nora ends the call as Aaron takes down a GLOCK and pops in a full clip. *Mad man on a mission.*

NORA
What are you doing?

AARON
What do you think?

NORA
 (commanding tone)
 She can handle it.

AARON
 Fuck that! Archer's mine.

WHAM! She slaps him hard across the face.

NORA
 What did I say about cussing?

AARON
 I'm sorry, mother.

Nora heads out the door. Frankie follows. Aaron just stands there. Mad as hell.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN - BACK STREET - NIGHT

Gypsy cab idling behind the white van. Anderson at the wheel. Gomez and Archer standing at the back.

GOMEZ
 Thank you for coming for me.

ARCHER
 No one gets left behind.

GOMEZ
 (a tiny smile)
 They won't stop until we're dead.
 You know that right?

A moment of silence, as Archer registers the words. He opens the door for her, she gets in. Their eyes stay on each other as Anderson pulls off. Only then, Archer climbs into the van and drives away.

INT. METHODIST HOSPITAL - BATHROOM - NIGHT

Doherty pulling out the pint of vodka from his jacket pocket. Uncapping it to take a drink, when noticing his hands in the bathroom mirror. They're stained with Sinico's blood.

Doherty studies the bottle a moment. Contemplating. He then trashes it and turns the water on in the sink. Starts washing his hands. Then tears suddenly streaming down his face. His stomach in a knot as he breaks down. Sobbing.

DOOR

Opening. Kennedy about to come in, stops upon seeing Doherty sobbing. Kennedy's eyes say: "*Finally.*" Closes the door.

INT. METHODIST HOSPITAL - WAITING AREA - LATER - NIGHT

Doherty emerging from the bathroom. Sitting next to Kennedy. After a moment...

DOHERTY

Thank you.

Kennedy gives him a gentle nod as...

DOUBLE DOORS

Opening. Dr. Krane emerging, pulling down his surgical mask. They quickly rise.

DOHERTY

Is she gonna be okay?

DR. KRANE

She's going to be fine, Lieutenant. The bullet missed all the vital organs. There's mostly tissue damage, which is what we want in this situation.

DOHERTY

(relieved; takes his hand)
Thanks a lot, doc.

DR. KRANE

You're welcome, Lieutenant.

KENNEDY

Jimmy, this is my husband, Dr. Wallace Krane.

Doherty embraces Dr. Krane with great warmth.

DOHERTY

It's a pleasure meeting you Dr. Krane.

DR. KRANE

Likewise Lieutenant. You can see her now. Gave her something for the pain so she's a little loopy. Third room on the left.

Doherty nods his gratitude one last time, heads off. Kennedy and Wallace stare at each other a moment.

DR. KRANE

Long day?

KENNEDY

You have no idea.

They smile. Hug. Break. As he walks away...

DR. KRANE

You're not off the hook mister.

KENNEDY

I know.

INT. SINICO'S ROOM - METHODIST HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Doherty enters. He looks pained staring at Sinico hooked up to wires and IVs. He sits beside her. Takes her hand. Her eyes slowly open. She's a bit drugged up, but aware.

DOHERTY

Hi.

SINICO

You... reached out to Mike's dad?

DOHERTY

Yes.

SINICO

He knows... Mike... saved my life?

DOHERTY

Yes. And he's very proud of him.

A tear streams down Sinico's face. She is truly devastated.

DOHERTY

It wasn't your fault, Eva. You have to know that.

She nods, but still not convinced. He wipes her tears away.

SINICO

I'm so sorry about last night.

DOHERTY

No. No. I'm the one who should be sorry. You were right. I was never there for him.

SINICO

I had no right to say that. And I should've told you about --

DOHERTY

It's okay. I'm glad he had you to talk to.

Her eyes tearing up. He kisses the back of her hand softly.

DOHERTY

I love you.

SINICO

(weak smile)

I know.

(off his smile)

I love you too.

A KNOCK at the door, followed by Kennedy entering.

KENNEDY

I'm sorry to interrupt. May I speak to you Lieutenant?

DOHERTY

What is it?

Off Kennedy's face...

INT. ARCHER'S LIVING ROOM/BEDROOM - NIGHT

The Honeymooners on tv. Sam on the couch, staring blankly at the tv screen. We're unsure whether he's watching or not.

Archer, shirtless, watches Sam from his bedroom door. Gomez's last words echoing in his mind: *"They won't stop until we're dead."*

Archer heads for the closet. Pulls open the doors. Steps on a stool to slide open a wooden compartment in the ceiling and pull out a BLACKHAWK BAG.

Archer lays the bag on a small table. Unzips it. REVEALING: The dismembered .338 LAPUA SNIPER RIFLE in compartments. His fingertips glide over the pieces of steel. Almost nostalgic. As he begins to assemble the weapon...

INT. HOUSE - CANARSIE - MOMENTS LATER - NIGHT

Doorbell RINGING. Celeste crosses to the door, opens it. No one's there. She's about to shut the door, when NOTICING...

A BACKPACK on the doorstep. Likely full of money. She looks across the street, just as Archer's van pulls away.

EXT. GOMEZ'S BUILDING - NIGHT

Doherty staring at Locasio and Pope's bodies in the unmarked. Face filled with Rage. Eyes burn with murder. Kennedy joins him.

KENNEDY

It's a war zone up there. Found Sean McGuire's body in next door apartment, choked to death. Tenant said he was fighting with another man. Fits Archer's description.

(nothing from Doherty)

A few witnesses also said they saw a redhead speeding away in a black late model Jaguar. Guess we already know who that is.

DOHERTY

Today was supposed to be Phil's last day. I made him go out into the field. He's dead because of me.

KENNEDY

No. He's dead because of the McGuires.

Doherty waves over ROOKIE 2.

DOHERTY

Put a BOLO out on Rena Gomez. Get her photos to airports, bus terminals and train stations.

(draws gun)

Also, get ESU to 1618 Union, #4.

Rookie 2 hurries off. Doherty ejects the magazine, checks it, pops it back in. Kennedy watching.

DOHERTY

I'm going after the McGuires.

KENNEDY

Let's go.

DOHERTY

I'm not gonna arrest anybody.

KENNEDY

I'll drive.

Doherty tosses him the car keys. Holsters his weapon as they cross to the unmarked. Get in. Drive off.

MONEY

Lots of it. Wrapped in red rubber bands. Piled up on a bed.

ARCHER (O.S.)
Nothing happened the way it was
supposed to.

WIDEN. Edith staring in shock at the money. TV plays faintly in the b.g.: The Honeymooners.

ARCHER
We didn't know DEA agents would be
involved.

EDITH
Would it have made any difference
if you did know?

ARCHER
Honestly, I don't know. I don't
know anything anymore.

She studies him a moment, trying to make sense of this.

EDITH
Why?

ARCHER
(simply)
The money. Hutchens for his
pregnant wife. Gomez for her son.
Long was living in an infested half
way house. Couldn't even afford
the medication for his leg. Well,
you know mine.

Nodding her head...

EDITH
Sam.

ARCHER
You know, when you're enlisting,
they make you all the promises in
the world. Truth is, it's not all
it's cracked up to be. It's okay.
Because this is the life we chose.
But things need to change.
(her eyes on him)

(MORE)

ARCHER (CONT'D)

I'm not making any excuses. I just wanted you to know the truth.

She nods, appreciates his honesty. *Even respects him more.*

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

EMERGENCY SERVICE UNIT TRUCK pulling up. COPS in heavily body armored spilling out of it. Armed with automatic weapons and filing into Archer's building. One carries a BATTERING RAM.

INT. ARCHER'S BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

ESU team ascending the stairs in single file, passing a YOUNG BOY descending. The boy just goes about his business.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

On Edith and Archer...

ARCHER

Did you think about what we discussed earlier?

EDITH

Yes... I'll do it.

ARCHER

(relieved; with sincerity)
Thank you.

EDITH

(nods; then)
What are you gonna do, Cameron?

INT. ARCHER'S BUILDING - 4TH FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

ESU TEAM positioning at Archer's door. Cop with battering ram steps up. TEAM LEADER mouths off: "On three." One... two...

INT. ARCHER'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

HOLD ON FRONT DOOR: BOOM! It crashes inward, taking down by BATTERING RAM. ESU TEAM files in. Guns drawn. Scattering.

VOICE 1

Clear.

VOICE 2

Clear.

VOICE 3

Clear.

TEAM LEADER takes off his helmet, keys in his shoulder's mic.

INT. UNMARKED - MOVING - NIGHT

Kennedy driving. Doherty shotgun. Police radio in his hand
SQUAWKS.

TEAM LEADER (V.O.)

There's no one here, Jimmy. Sorry.

Doherty bangs the police radio on the dashboard.

DOHERTY

Goddamnit!

INT. EDITH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Archer taking a seat next to Sam watching "The Honeymooners."
No acknowledgement from Sam. Edith watching nearby.

ARCHER

I'm sorry, Pop. I wish I could've
done more for you.

Sam looks at Archer a beat. *A moment of remembrance perhaps.*

SAM

Who are you?

A tear streams down Archer's face. He wipes his face, rises.

ARCHER

I love you, pop.

Archer kisses the top of Sam's head. Straps on the blackhawk
bag, then leads Edith to the door by the hand. She stares at
him with hopeful eyes.

EDITH

I'll see you later.

He stares at her a moment. Leans toward her. She closes her
eyes as if she is about to be kissed for the very first time.
They kiss passionately. He opens the door, about to leave...

EDITH

Cameron...

(he looks back)

One bad choice doesn't define the
rest of your life.

Archer thinks of this a moment. Forces a smile, then leaves.
She watches him go with an uneasy feeling.

INT. MCGUIRE RESTAURANT - BACK ALLEY - LATER

G550 idling near the back door of the restaurant. Frankie is
at the wheel. Back door opens, Aaron exits, followed by Nora.
He opens the back door of the G550. Nora settles in.

INT. G550 - NIGHT

Aaron gets into the passenger seat, then BLAM! Frankie's face
is blown off. Blood sprays the side window and the back seat.

AARON

Mother, get out!

Nora's FROZEN. BLAM! BLAM! Aaron gets hit in the chest then
the head. Dies instantly. Eyes locked on his mother.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - NIGHT

Nora stumbles out of the G550. Makes a run for the back door
of the restaurant. Tries the door knob. Locked.

BLAM! Nora lurching forward. Slams face first into the door.
Falls down. Cringing. Pressing on her stomach. Blood sips
through her fingers.

BUILDING ROOFTOP

Archer disassembling the sniper rifle and packing it into the
blackhawk bag. Heading for the building fire escape.

EXT. BACK ALLEY - SAME TIME - NIGHT

Doherty's unmarked screeching to a halt. Doherty and Kennedy
get out. Guns drawn. Kennedy heads for the G550, as Doherty
makes his way toward Nora on the ground.

KENNEDY

Got two dead in here.

(examines Aaron's blood)

Blood's fresh. Archer can't be far.

DOHERTY

Go.

Kennedy runs off. Doherty leans over Nora, as she did Colin.

DOHERTY

Gut shot. Nasty business. Guess Archer wanted you to suffer. You got five, maybe ten minutes tops.

NORA

Help... me.

Doherty makes no attempt to do so. Nora is hyperventilating.

DOHERTY

Where's Morgan?

Nora stares at him, then smirks painfully. *Not gonna happen.*

DOHERTY

Remember what I told you earlier?

NORA

(she does)

Go to HELL!

Doherty straightens himself up and aims at Nora's head. Hand steady. No emotion here. Then...

DOHERTY

You first.

SHOOTS her point blank in the head. Blood streaming from the back of her head onto the pavement. Nora is dead.

EXT. 7TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Restaurants, bars and shops - all decorated for St. Patrick's Day. There's fucking green everywhere.

Archer is walking. Casual, but attentive. St. Patrick's Day revelers moving past him. A few inebriated. DRUNK GIRL with big BOOBS falling on her ass. Her friends laughing.

EXT. 15TH STREET/7TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Kennedy pops up on 7th avenue, gun by his side, searching for Archer. Looks up and down the street. Nothing. Then SEES:

A MAN IN BLACK amongst a sea of green wearing what looks like a backpack. The Man glances over his shoulder... Archer.

Kennedy tucking his gun away. Pulling out his cell phone and dialing a number as he begins following Archer.

INT. DOHERTY'S UNMARKED - MOVING - NIGHT

Doherty standing over Nora's body when his cell phone BUZZES.

KENNEDY (V.O.)
I got Archer. 7th and 14th.

Doherty jumps back in the unmarked, peeling out of the alley.

EXT. 7TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Kennedy pocketing the cell phone. Closing in on...

ARCHER

Walking. Approaching Tony's Pizza.

TONY'S PIZZA

Half a block away. Patrons move in and out. In the window...

INT. TONY'S PIZZA - NIGHT

TWO ROOKIES chowing down on Sicilian slices. Rookie 1 looks up, does a double take, as he lays eyes on Archer walking by.

ROOKIE 1
Shit! It's him. It's Archer.

And they dash out the door. Leaving remnants of food behind.

EXT. 7TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Rookie cops falling twenty feet behind Archer and ten feet in front of Kennedy. Drawing their side arms.

KENNEDY
Shit.

EXT. 13TH STREET - DOHERTY'S UNMARKED - NIGHT

Pulling to a halt behind a pile of cars stuck in traffic. He flips on the sirens switch...

DOHERTY
Move it!

EXT. 7TH AVENUE - NIGHT

Kennedy picks up his pace trying to intervene the Rookie cops closing in on...

ARCHER

Moving past a CON ED CREW. WORKER jack hammering the asphalt. Archer cringes at the sound which similar to a machine gun.

KENNEDY

Also familiar with the sound, knows what's happening. Starts running toward...

ROOKIE COPS

Closing in on Archer.

KENNEDY

Coming up behind them, gun out. Noticing the hammering sound had subsided.

KENNEDY

No!

ROOKIE 1

(gun raised)

Freeze, Archer! Don't move!

ARCHER

Spins, SCAR-H in hand. Sees Rookie cops as *TALIBAN FIGHTERS*. FIRES two precise bursts. Hitting both Rookies center mass. They succumb to the pavement. Dead.

CHAOS. BYSTANDERS scrambling for cover.

A WOMAN runs into traffic. Gets hit by an oncoming car. She goes flying through a book store window. Dead. Bloody.

Kennedy aims at Archer. He has no shot. Too many bystanders.

KENNEDY

Get down! Get down!

Archer doesn't have that problem. FIRES at Kennedy who dives behind a parked car. Bullets shattering the windows and back tire. Archer keeps firing. Moving toward the car.

Kennedy scrambling on the ground around the other side of the car as...

DOHERTY'S UNMARKED

Rounding the corner at full speed. Doherty is aiming out the window. BLAM! BLAM!

First shot grazing Archer's neck. Second one ripping through his right leg. Just above the knee.

Archer staggering against a store window. Limping as fast as he can away from...

Doherty jumping out the car, before it fully stops and FIRING two more bursts at Archer, who ducks behind a parked car.

Doherty tends to Kennedy on the ground. Unscathed, thanks to him.

DOHERTY

You're okay?

KENNEDY

I'm good. I'm good.

ARCHER

Moving. As fast as his leg allows him. Stopping abruptly as he comes face to face with a patrol car. SEES...

THE UNIFORM COPS exiting the patrol car, as Taliban fighters.

REAL TIME. Archer FIRING two shots. Striking each cop right between the eyes. The level of his marksmanship is incomprehensible.

KENNEDY & DOHERTY

Running toward Archer. Kennedy FIRING. Archer ducking behind the door of the patrol car. Returning fire.

Doherty diving behind a parked car. Kennedy is not so lucky. He gets hit in the left shoulder and he's down. On his back. Writhing in pain.

DOHERTY

Let me see.

Checks Kennedy's back for an exit wound. Sees one.

DOHERTY

Came out clean. You're okay.

ARCHER

On the move. Limping and reloading as bystanders take cover.

He sees BYSTANDERS as Afghan civilians. Yells in Arabic for them to get down.

ARCHER
(in Arabic)
Get down! Get down!

A TALIBAN FIGHTER pops up from behind a car firing at Archer.

REAL TIME. It's not a Taliban fighter, just a ROOKIE shooting a shotgun at Archer. A single shot and the Rookie is down.

Archer moving again. Dodging screaming bystanders. Falling. Rising. Resumes running. It's complete pandemonium.

2ND PATROL CAR

Coming to a halt across the street from Archer. PATROLMAN 1 and 2 jumping out. Shotguns in hand. Hollering at people...

PATROLMAN 1
Get out of the way!

ARCHER

Takes both down with head shots.

3RD PATROL CAR

Approaching on the right. Archer spinning toward it. FIRING two precise bursts into the windshield.

Patrol car crashing into a lamppost. Both cops go through the windshield. Dead on the hood of the car.

4TH PATROL

Approaching from the left. Archer rotating, firing two shots into the windshield.

Patrol car veers. SLAMS into a parked car. Both cops inside are dead. Then...

A BULLET suddenly rips through Archer's left shoulder blade. He stumbles against a parked car. Smearing blood.

Doherty continues firing.

Archer jumping over the hood of the car and returning fire in the process.

Doherty hitting the ground, grazed in the thigh. Gun sliding off to the side. Attempting to recover it. Too late...

Archer's already upon him. Pointing the assault rifle at his head. Staring him down. Doherty looking back. *It's over.*

SEES Doherty as a Taliban fighter, but with fear in his eyes.

REAL TIME. SEEING Doherty for who he really is. A frightened cop bleeding on the ground.

Doherty detects a slight hesitation in Archer's eyes. Archer lowers the gun and...

BANG! A bullet takes half of Archer's left ear off. Fired by Kennedy.

Archer stumbles against a car. Bolts. Up Union street as...

KENNEDY

Comes running over.

KENNEDY

You're okay?

DOHERTY

(picks up his gun)

Just a flesh wound. Go.

EXT. UNION STREET - GRAND ARMY PLAZA - NIGHT

Kennedy running toward Grand Army Plaza as several people run past him. He looks up the street. SEES...

A CITY BUS idling in the middle of the street in front of the Arch. DRIVER bolting away from it.

Kennedy moves toward the bus cautiously. Gun up. But Stops. SEEING...

The PASSENGERS inside the bus, lining up against the windows. One by one. Blocking outside visibility.

KENNEDY

Shit!

MOMENTS LATER - GRAND ARMY PLAZA

The 69 bus surrounded by patrol cars.

NYPD CHOPPER with SEARCHLIGHT hovers above. Crowd's watching behind police barricades.

SWAT GUYS take up positions atop buildings' rooftops and fire escapes.

A COMMAND POST. A flurry of activity. TECHIES work at their laptop computers and setting up phone lines.

Outside, we find Doherty and the SWAT TEAM C.O. assessing the situation. Kennedy joins them.

KENNEDY

Counted thirty. No eyes on Archer.

C.O.

Smart sonofabitch. How do you
wanna play this?

DOHERTY

Get a clean shot. Take him out.

C.O.

Roger that.

C.O. walks off. Doherty stares ahead. Kennedy watches him.

KENNEDY

What's the matter?

DOHERTY

Archer... he had plenty of time.
Why didn't he shoot me?

KENNEDY

I don't know. But I do know one
thing... he's not coming out of
that bus alive.

INT. 69 BUS - NIGHT

Passengers are terrified. Archer in the last row, clutching the assault rifle. Oblivious to his bleeding ear.

EXT. PROSPECT PARK WEST - NIGHT

Late model Jaguar pulls up. Morgan exits, carrying the hard case. Studying the buildings surrounding the bus. Starting toward a building complex. A *KNOCK on a door...*

INT. BUILDING COMPLEX - 3RD FLOOR - NIGHT

MIDDLE AGED MAN crosses to the door, looks into the peephole. Opens the door. Morgan displays an innocent smile.

EXT. COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Doherty and Kennedy watching the bus. C.O. calls out to them.

C.O.
We got Archer's cell number.

DOHERTY
Let's give him a call.

Doherty and Kennedy head to the command post. They're handed headsets by a Techie. They put them on. Techie dialing.

INT. 69 BUS - NIGHT

Archer's cell phone starts BUZZING, inside his jacket pocket. He silences the buzzing without taking out the cell phone.

INT. COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Doherty removes his headset. Lays it on the table. Kennedy and C.O. look on.

DOHERTY
He's not gonna answer.

C.O.
How do you want to proceed?

DOHERTY
Got the shooters in place?

C.O.
They're ready on your go.

DOHERTY
See who's got a clean shot.

C.O. pressing a button on his shoulder mic.

C.O.
Come in, team Alpha.

SHARPSHOOTER 1 (V.O.)
Go ahead, chief.

SNIPER SCOPE POV

Passengers inside the bus. GLIMPSES of Archer moving back and forth down the aisle.

INT. BUILDING COMPLEX - 3RD FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

Morgan is bent over the sniper rifle, sexy as hell. Two feet away on the floor. Middle aged man, dead in a pool of blood.

Morgan pulls back from the scope. Pausing. Closes her eyes. Breathes in deeply, then positions herself back at the scope. Her index finger eases atop the trigger.

EXT. COMMAND POST - NIGHT

Doherty and Kennedy stand around the C.O., who's on his radio with the last sharpshooter.

SHARPSHOOTER 3 (V.O.)
That's a negative, boss. The
hostages are still in the way and I
can only see glimpses of Archer.

C.O.
(to Doherty)
That's three for three. Now what?

We HEAR sudden SCREAMS!!!

DOHERTY
What the hell?

More SCREAMS! Assorted voices. Overlapping. Doherty and the others run out toward the bus.

DOHERTY POV

Half a dozen passengers screaming, running away from the bus. The middle window of the bus is shattered.

RESUME SCENE

The passengers are met by uniform cops who whisk them away to safety.

INT. 69 BUS - NIGHT

Archer shuts the door, traps the remaining passengers inside.

ARCHER
Get down and stay down!

The terrified passengers comply. Drop down to the floor bus.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Doherty grabs an ASIAN PASSENGER.

DOHERTY
What happened in there?

ASIAN MAN
You fucking cops shot at us.

Asian passenger pushes past Doherty.

DOHERTY
(to C.O.)
Find out who took that shot?

C.O.
(into shoulder's mic)
Who took that goddamn shot?

SHARPSHOOTER 1 (V.O.)
That's a negative, captain.

SHARPSHOOTER 2 (V.O.)
Wasn't me.

SHARPSHOOTER 3 (V.O.)
Not me.

DOHERTY
(realizing)
It's her. It's Morgan.

INT. BUILDING COMPLEX - 3RD FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

Morgan ejects the shell casing. Catches it, before it even hits the floor, then pockets it. All in one single motion.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Doherty and Kennedy eye the surrounding buildings as the C.O. looks on, confused.

DOHERTY
She's gotta be in one of them.

Kennedy looks at the trajectory of the shot, then the busted window of the bus. Points to a building complex.

KENNEDY
She's in that one.
(heading off)
(MORE)

KENNEDY (CONT'D)
Call me with a location.
(re: uniform cops)
You three. With me.

The uniformed trio follows Kennedy.

DOHERTY
(to C.O.)
Instruct your men to start looking
into that apartment building
windows.

C.O.
(into shoulder mic)
Guys we may have a sniper
situation. Northeast building.

The lights inside the bus suddenly go off. Doherty and C.O.
are on alert.

C.O.
What just happened?

DOHERTY
He's cutting visibility from her.

C.O.
Like I said. Smart sonofabitch.

INT. 69 BUS - NIGHT

Pitch black. Passengers whimpering. Archer taking out rifle
parts from the Blackhawk bag. Assembling them with precision
expertise. Within seconds, the rifle is fully assembled.

MORGAN SNIPER SCOPE POV

The bus. Inside filled with darkness. No signs of Archer or
any of the passengers.

INT. BUILDING COMPLEX - LOBBY - NIGHT

Kennedy and the uniform cops enter the lobby. Weapons drawn.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - SHARPSHOOTER 2 SCOPE POV - NIGHT

Panning across the building complex. Stops on a third floor
window. FIGURE behind the curtain. A gun barrel is visible.

SHARPSHOOTER 2
(into shoulder mic)
I got movement. Third floor.
Corner apartment. Middle window.
No shot.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Doherty and C.O.

DOHERTY
Tell him if he's got one. Take it.
(into police radio)
Kennedy. 3rd floor. Corner
apartment.

INT. BUILDING COMPLEX - LOBBY - NIGHT

Kennedy leads the uniform cops up the stairs in single file.

INT. 69 BUS - NIGHT

Archer aiming outside the shattered bus window. Glancing at
a frightened TEENAGE GIRL.

ARCHER
I'm not gonna let anything happen
to you.

She simply stares at him. Says nothing.

EXT. BUILDING ROOFTOP - SHARPSHOOTER 2 SCOPE POV - NIGHT

The curtain moving slightly. Revealing Morgan at the rifle.

SHARPSHOOTER 2
Got a shot.

DOHERTY (V.O.)
Take her out.

SHARPSHOOTER 2
Roger that.

Sharpshooter 2 is about to squeeze in a shot when...

CLINK! The lens of his rifle scope shatters. His head drops
on the rifle. Dead. Blood streaming from his right eye.

INT. BUILDING COMPLEX - 3RD FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

Morgan ejects the shell casing. Catches it, then pockets it. Jacks another round into the chamber. Aims toward the bus.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

Doherty and the C.O. await confirmation from Sharpshooter 2.

C.O.

Bravo 2. Come in.

(no response)

Bravo 2, is the suspect down?

Still nothing. C.O. takes off running.

INT. 69 BUS - ARCHER SCOPE POV - NIGHT

Panning across the building complex and stopping on the third floor apartment window. A shadowy figure behind the curtain, which flutters, revealing Morgan kneeling at the rifle.

Archer's finger eases atop the trigger.

INT. BUILDING COMPLEX - 3RD FLOOR HALLWAY - NIGHT

With caution, Kennedy and the uniform cops approach the door to apartment 3C -- the corner apartment.

INT. 69 BUS - NIGHT

Archer's about to pull the trigger, then stops.

HIS SCOPE POV

Something has spooked Morgan, and she swings the rifle toward the front door as...

INT. BUILDING COMPLEX - 3RD FLOOR APARTMENT - NIGHT

...IT comes CRASHING down. Kennedy and the uniform cops storm the living room.

Kennedy dives behind a sofa just as Morgan puts the first two uniform cops down with brutal efficiency.

Kennedy fires three SHOTS. Not at anyone in particular cause he can't see through the dark. He hits nothing, but air.

INTERCUT - KENNEDY & DOHERTY & ARCHER & MORGAN

Doherty hearing the shots.

DOHERTY
(into police radio)
Kennedy, come in.

Nothing from Kennedy.

KENNEDY

Set eyes on Morgan by the window. She has him dead in her sight.

ARCHER SNIPER SCOPE POV

Back of Morgan's head.

DOHERTY

Starts running toward the building complex.

KENNEDY

Braces himself for the worse.

GUNSHOT

Rings out.

DOHERTY

Stops abruptly. Spinning toward the bus, where the shot came from.

MORGAN

BULLET BLASTING THROUGH THE BACK OF HER HEAD. She falls face first onto the glass coffee table, which shatters to pieces.

DOHERTY (V.O.)
(police radio)
Kennedy? Come in, Kennedy?

Kennedy approaches Morgan. She is dead in a puddle of blood and glass. Back of her head is a bloody mess. He pulls out the police radio.

KENNEDY
(into police radio)
I'm okay. Morgan McGuire's been shot. She's dead.

EXT. 69 BUS - SAME TIME - NIGHT

The door of the bus opens. Passengers run out. Uniform cops whisk them away.

INT. 69 BUS - NIGHT

Archer sits on the floor bus, lays the rifle beside him, then leans back against the seat. He looks out at the night sky.

A FULL MOON. Archer staring at the moon. A sad, regrettable but peaceful look on his face.

Doherty enters the bus, gun trained on Archer. His eyes move down to Archer's stomach. His shirt soaked with blood. Only now we realize Archer has been shot.

Doherty pushes the rifle away from Archer. Holsters his gun. Sits across from him. The two stare at each other for a long moment. Archer hyperventilating.

DOHERTY

Thank you for saving agent
Kennedy's life.

Archer gives him a gentle nod.

DOHERTY

Where's Gomez, Archer?

EXT. MACARTHUR AIRPORT - LONG ISLAND - NIGHT

Anderson's Cessna speeding down a runway, taking off into the night sky.

INT. 69 BUS - NIGHT

Archer smiles painfully, extends a hand to Doherty, who takes it. Archer holds on tightly. The two could've been friends in another life.

Archer's eyes start to dim. Doherty looks off, can't bear to watch. Then Archer drifts into darkness, head slowly falling onto his shoulder. Dies clutching on to Doherty's hand.

FADE TO BLACK.