

TEN FOOT COP

Written by

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One-Hour Pilot

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TEASER

EXT. RURAL EASTERN PENNSYLVANIA - DAWN

A WHITE PICK-UP TRUCK ambles its way down a dirt road between white, wood rail fences that cordon off bucolic parcels of lush green graze land.

EXT. AMISH FARM - CONTINUOUS

A dozen HORSES run and gallop across the green grass of a picturesque fenced meadow. Their breath ices as it is expelled from their nostrils. Hooves stomp the ground. Manes flutter in the breeze. The horses are majestic and beautiful.

An AMISH FARMER and his SON, 7, walk across their land from the barn carrying milk pails in each hand. They both watch as the White Pick-up, pulling a double slant HORSE TRAILER, eases onto their land.

TWO MEN, in blue jackets, get out of the Pick-Up. One carries a 20 pound bag of carrots; the other carries a long DUFFLE BAG. The Amish Farmer gestures them over to the meadow.

EXT. MEADOW - CONTINUOUS

The Horses' ears stand at attention as they warily watch the Men approach. They're curious. And they want carrots.

The Men climb over the fence and slowly approach the Horses in a planned, non-threatening manner. They are pros at this.

They let the Horses acclimate with a soothing pat, a nuzzle and a carrot or two. All twelve Horses gather in front of the strange Men and jockey for attention and carrots.

One Man squats and visually checks the Horses' conformation while the other drops his duffle bag and unzips it.

The Duffle Bag Man extracts an UMBRELLA from his bag and OPENS it very quickly. SIX of the Horses are startled by this, rear back and flee quickly. Thundering to safety.

The Men keep their eyes fixed on the few horses that don't flee. So far so good.

A handsome, BLACK WARMBLOOD, with a White Blaze on his face and a little taller than the rest at 17.3 Hands, focuses his ears and leans his head forward. The Man opens and closes the umbrella several times. Another Three Horses retreat.

We are down to three: the Black Warmblood, a Percheron and a Grey Belgian Draft Horse.

As the Carrot Man rewards the three remaining horses with carrots the Duffle Bag Man pulls out two PLASTIC GROCERY BAGS and waves them about. The Percheron BOLTS quickly. Two left.

ANGLE ON: The Amish Farmer and his Son sitting on the white fence watching the peculiar events unfold.

BACK ON: Both Men now wildly waving plastic grocery bags in front of the remaining Two Horses. An odd spectacle.

CLOSE ON: The Black Warmblood. He seems to view the Men as harmless. He is curious and inquisitive. Cautious, but not scared in the least. In fact --

WIDER: -- the Black Warmblood nudges one of the Men with his muzzle. The Man smiles and pats the horse's massive neck.

Final test: the Duffle Bag Man pulls out a BULLHORN and shows it to the two remaining horses. Touches their necks with it.

DUFFLE MAN

(soothing)

See. Nothing here. Just a plastic thing. Can't hurt you.

The Man pushes a button. A LOUD SIREN emits from the device.

Our Black Warmblood quickly steps back, but doesn't flee. The Draft Horse, startled beyond belief, rears back and takes off. This sends the other Horses into a mad dash around the pasture. A mini STAMPEDE.

As the stampeding Horses take flight, our Black Warmblood stands his ground. In fact, he steps forward and nudges the duffle bag with his nose. What else you got in there? The two Men share a smile. The Duffle bag man turns off the siren.

CARROT MAN

(calling to Farmer)

We'll take this one.

EXT. AMISH FARM - MOMENTS LATER

The Carrot Man is counting out seven one-hundred dollar BILLS into the Amish Farmer's waiting hand.

In the b.g., the Duffle Man easily halts our Black Warmblood and leads him toward the horse trailer.

CARROT MAN

(to Farmer)

Stupid question, but, he ever been loaded in a trailer before?

The Amish Farmer shakes his head. Carrot Man rolls his eyes. He figured as much. This is gonna suck.

EXT. HORSE TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Duffle Bag Man walks our Warmblood around the Truck and Trailer a few times and then walks up the ramp holding the lead rope at arm's length expecting things to get ugly.

Our Warmblood, hesitates for a moment, peers inside the trailer, evaluates, and then walks up the ramp easy as pie.

ANGLE ON: Carrot Man's mouth agape. Can't believe it.

CARROT MAN
Son of a bitch!

INT. HORSE TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Duffle Man is gleefully securing the Warmblood in the trailer.

DUFFLE MAN
(elated)
You see that?

CARROT MAN (O.C.)
Yes. And I still don't believe it.

DUFFLE MAN
(to horse)
You're a good one. Natural born if
there ever was one. Natural born.

EXT. PICK-UP TRUCK - SHORT TIME LATER

The men get in the truck and slam the door closed revealing an emblem on the door reading: "NYPD MOUNTED UNIT."

END TEASER

ACT ONE

INT. HORSE TRAILER - MIDDAY

The sounds coming from outside the trailer let us know we are no longer in rural Pennsylvania. Far from it. Horns honking, people yelling, jack hammers, sirens, diesel trucks idling.

Our Warmblood is wide-eyed and excited. But in a good way. His ears pivot to soak in the noise and he turns his head from one side to the other to see what he can through the vented slats of the windows on either side.

THROUGH THE SLATTED WINDOW: we see sights of a CITY. Like the horse, we can't get a complete picture. A building. Cars. Pedestrians. THEN: we see a pair of HORSE EARS come into our obstructed FRAME from outside the trailer.

Our Warmblood NEIGHS, "Hello." The Horse on the outside WHINNIES back and moves forward so that we see the HELMET and SHOULDERS of its NYPD uniformed RIDER as it passes by.

EXT. HORSE TRAILER - MIDDAY - CONTINUOUS

Tight on the Warmblood (through the slatted window) we PULL BACK to see the horse trailer is stuck in traffic. The horse and RIDER that passed by is a FEMALE NYPD MOUNTED OFFICER.

The Female Officer gently raps on the window of the White Pick-Up truck and indicates she will be passing in front of them. The Duffle Man and Carrot Man wave with recognition.

WIDER: Mid-Town Traffic is grid-locked so it isn't like they would be moving anyway.

We FOLLOW the Female Officer as she transitions into a sit trot across Broadway, through traffic, until she is directly in front of --

EXT. CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING - MANHATTAN - CONTINUOUS

-- a gathering of PEACEFUL PROTESTORS on the Court House Steps. They are holding large signs: "Justice for Juwana," "We Will Never Forget You," "Three Lives Lost." And large PHOTOGRAPHS of three YOUNG CHILDREN.

ATTORNEY (PRE-LAP)

Please state your name and occupation for the record.

MAN'S VOICE (PRE-LAP)

Ryan Patrick Flynn. I am a police detective currently assigned to the 33rd Precinct.

INT. CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING - COURTROOM THREE - CONTINUOUS

CAM SLOWLY PANS the entire packed Court Room beginning with the HONORABLE DIANE MARSH'S Judge's Bench and moving counterclockwise, past the JURY, the Defendant RAPHAEL RAMIREZ, LAWYERS, Prosecution Table, Gallery and so on.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY (O.C.)

And how long have you been a member of the NYPD, Detective?

FLYNN (O.C.)

A little over ten years.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

On March 27th of this year you answered a call at 327 W. 139th Street. Can you tell the court what you discovered upon entering the building?

CAMERA finishes its PAN, ending up on the witness stand and one DETECTIVE RYAN PATRICK FLYNN, 31, quite handsome and owner of one of the great contagious Irish smiles, although he is not smiling at present. Hasn't smiled in a long while.

FLYNN

We went up to the third floor --

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Apartment 3B?

FLYNN

Yes, apartment 3B, and upon entering I immediately saw the body of what appeared to be a seven year old female sprawled on the floor.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

And you would later discover this to be Juwanna Pierson?

FLYNN

Yes.

The District Attorney hands a CRIME SCENE PHOTO to Flynn.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

And is this a photo of Juwanna Pierson taken shortly after your arrival?

Flynn glances at the photo. We can't see it but we can see Flynn's reaction to it. He glances away quickly, but subtly.

FLYNN

Yes. Yes it is.

The D.A. Takes the photo and hands it to the Bailiff.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Please note that Detective Flynn has identified People's 137A. And what condition was Juwana in?

FLYNN

She was lying in a puddle of blood. It appeared she had been beaten quite severely about the torso and face and... she wasn't breathing.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Were you able to begin CPR?

FLYNN

No.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

(mock surprise)

Why not?

FLYNN

(with trepidation)

Because... the severity of her facial injuries were such that..

(deep breath)

...her jaw was detached from her face so there was no way to administer mouth to mouth. She didn't really have a mouth anymore. She was so brutally beaten --

DEFENSE ATTORNEY

(with purpose)

Objection, Your Honor. The use of the word "brutally" is subjective and unnecessarily inflammatory.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY

Your Honor, with all due respect, the little girl's face was pummeled beyond recognition and her jaw was gone, if that is not "brutally" then I would love to see what thesaurus Defense Counsel is using.

Judge Marsh POUNDS her GAVEL.

ATTORNEY

Additionally, Detective Flynn's ten years of meritorious service in the department, and his involvement in similar cases, certainly has given him the experience necessary to determine the extent of an injury being classified as "brutally."

INT. COURTHOUSE MEN'S ROOM STALL - A SHORT TIME LATER

The stall door flies open and Flynn quickly enters and shuts it behind him. He brings his hands to his head and leans against the wall. He isn't going to be sick; he's tougher than that. He just needs a second. Reliving this is killing him. He isn't crying; he's just broken.

Deep breath. Deep breath. Deep breath. He unlocks the stall door. Pauses. Collects himself. Then violently OPENS it.

EXT. HORSE TRAILER - SIMULTANEOUS

MATCHING SHOT: The rear door of the Horse Trailer OPENS with the same intensity and our Warmblood backs out of it quickly. Ready to run. Duffle Man has the lead rope and comes out with him. Carrot Man and THREE OTHERS stand at the ready.

DUFFLE MAN

(to the horse)

Easy! Easy! It's cool, Big Guy.

The Warmblood eagerly looks around soaking it all in.

CARROT MAN

Attaboy. Yeah. See, it's us. Your pals. This is gonna be your home for a while. Welcome to the Bronx.

Assuming he is going to bolt, the other Men, arms out, close in on the Warmblood making a human fence.

DUFFLE MAN

Nah, he's good. I got him. Just needs to unwind after a long road trip. Don't ya, Buddy?

The other Men, in NYPD T-shirts and jeans, back off.

The Warmblood looks around. Winnies loudly and then looks at the Duffle Man. Almost like, "OK, what next?"

CARROT MAN

Seriously, I've never seen anything
like it. Fearless, this one.
Fearless and friendly.

The Duffle Man walks the Warmblood to a large CORRAL and enters as the Carrot Man closes the gate behind them. The Duffle Man removes the halter and waits for the Warmblood to dash off. Nothing.

DUFFLE MAN

(to horse)

It's OK. Get it out. Go. Hyah!

On the Hyah, the Warmblood quickly turns and gallops across the corral. He is a thing of beauty as he runs and bucks to stretch out after being confined in the trailer.

CARROT MAN

You know that feels good.

The Duffle Man exits the corral and all the Men watch the Warmblood run, jump and play.

DUFFLE MAN

Fearless and friendly. I tell you,
he is natural born police.

WIDER: As the Warmblood playfully rolls onto his back, kicking his legs in the air, we see the sign announcing that they are at the NYPD REMOUNT SCHOOL in The Bronx.

INT. COURTROOM THREE - LATER

Flynn sits in the back row of the at capacity gallery, game face back on. The Jury is seated. The verdict is in.

JUDGE MARSH

Mr. Matthews, has the jury reached
a unanimous verdict on all counts?

FOREPERSON MATTHEWS (O.C.)

Yes, we have, your Honor.

JUDGE MARSH

Would the Deputy Clerk read the
verdict into the record?

We SLOW PUSH, across the courtroom, on Flynn.

DEPUTY CLERK

Yes, your Honor. Ladies and
Gentleman of the jury, listen to
your verdict as it stands recorded.

(MORE)

DEPUTY CLERK (CONT'D)

(reading)

Count one, murder in the first
degree of Juwana Pierson. Guilty.

The Gallery reacts with muted celebration and relief. Flynn remains stoic as we continue to PUSH in on his face. Flynn's soul winces as each young child's name is read.

DEPUTY CLERK (CONT'D)

Count two, murder in the first
degree of Brandy Pierson. Guilty.
Count three, murder in the first
degree of Jeremy Pierson. Guilty.

FULL FRAME ON FLYNN: It is the verdict he wanted but clearly it brings neither peace nor solace. Ryan Patrick Flynn takes his first deep breath since the bathroom.

EXT. CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING - SHORT TIME LATER

Flynn heads down the Courthouse steps through the Protestors and Reporters. A uniformed POLICE CAPTAIN follows.

CAPTAIN BUCHANNON

(calling after)

Detective? Detective Flynn? A
moment, please.

Flynn turns around and the two men meet on the courthouse steps. CAPTAIN BUCHANNON, 55, and a good foot shorter than Flynn stays a step or two above him.

FLYNN

Captain.

Buchannon extends his hand to Flynn who takes it. Buchannon isn't exactly well liked. Smarmy.

CAPTAIN BUCHANNON

Outstanding work, Detective. On the
verdict; your work on the case.
Makes us all look good when you
bring one like this home.

FLYNN

It was sort of a slam dunk what
with the DNA evidence and all.

CAPTAIN BUCHANNON

You do this job long enough and you
learn there's no such thing as a
slam dunk. Ever. Nice work.

FLYNN

Well, thank you, Captain.

A PHOTOGRAPHER with the NY DAILY NEWS aims his CAMERA at them. Always the PR aficionado, Buchannon extends his hand to Flynn again and poses for the photo op with a plastic smile.

CAPTAIN BUCHANNON

(to Flynn; confiding)

With all the bad shit they print about us you can never turn your back on a good shit opportunity.

FLYNN

Yes sir.

CAPTAIN BUCHANNON

The Deputy Commissioner has his eye on you, Flynn. The Mayor's office, too. They feel, as do I, that you have earned yourself a little something here. And not just a pay grade. I'd like to offer you the opportunity to join me over at Special Victims Division.

Flynn is genuinely surprised at this. It is a Golden Ticket.

CAPTAIN BUCHANNON (CONT'D)

There is no faster career track than SVD. You'll have a couple of bars like these to go with that gold shield in no time. Your record is impeccable. This case, the McDougal murders, that whole Collins affair. Top notch, Flynn.

FLYNN

I'd have to think on it. I'm not really sure what to say.

CAPTAIN BUCHANNON

(insulted; pointed)

You say, "Yes."

(regaining composure)

Look, Flynn, opportunity doesn't knock a second time when someone is too stupid to open the door the first go round.

Buchannon locks eyes with Flynn. Flynn gets the message.

FLYNN

Yeah, well, sure. I mean. I need to talk to my wife.

Buchannon smiles. Switches back to PR mode.

CAPTAIN BUCHANNON

Of course you do. Make her feel like she has a say. Been married for thirty-one years myself. I'll talk to your Lieutenant.

Suddenly there is a COMMOTION behind them. The THRONG of Reporters and Protestors PUSH violently forward. Flynn and the Captain turn to see:

ANGLE ON: Defendant Raphael Ramirez, Dominican, 40s, being led out of the courthouse, manacled and flanked by two COURT OFFICERS. He is wearing a bullet proof vest and is terrified.

FLYNN

Jesus Christ, why'd they bring him out the front?

CAPTAIN BUCHANNON

Never pass up a good shit moment.

WIDER: Ramirez is surrounded by Press and Protestors. Photos are snapped, microphones push in, protestors spit and curse.

At the curb in front of the Courthouse is a GREEN TRANSPORT VAN to take Ramirez to prison. If he makes it to the van.

The TAUNTS grow louder as the angry Crowd and Reporters spill out onto Broadway and form a human barrier between Ramirez, his escort and the van.

RAMIREZ POV: A sea of angry faces block his path but suddenly they begin moving to one side as a Mounted Police Officer and Horse half pass (side step) across the sidewalk. The horse acts as a people moving barrier. Very successfully, too.

WIDER: It is the Female Officer we saw earlier expertly maneuvering her horse to move the crowd to the side and cut a path with her 1500 pound partner and her commanding voice.

FEMALE MOUNTED OFFICER

(loud)

Move it! Everyone step back.

ANGLE ON: Flynn watching the Officer from the top of the steps. He is mesmerized.

EXT/INT: VAN

The Court Officers push Ramirez into the waiting van and slam the door. The crowd encircles the van and begin rocking it back and forth.

EXT. BROADWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Female Mounted Officer navigates her horse out onto Broadway, away from the throng, and arcs wide through oncoming traffic and around to the backside of the van.

The Protestors continue to rock the van violently.

WIDER: SIX MOUNTED OFFICERS, HORSES in RIOT GEAR (face mask, protective legging wraps), make their way up Broadway. The CLIP CLOPPING of hooves on the pavement serve as a warning.

The Female Mounted Officer takes her place in the lead. The Seven horses slow to a walk and divide evenly into two rows as they approach the van.

The Mounted Officers smoothly walk the horses up to the van, along the sides, surrounding it, and effectively peel the crowd away from the sides of the vehicle with their horses.

The driver quickly starts the engine and is led into traffic by the Female Mounted Police Officer.

ANGLE ON: Flynn. Impressed. We see a smile spread across his face. It has been a while since that has happened.

EXT. ALLEY - WASHINGTON HEIGHTS - AFTERNOON

CLOSE ON: A DEAD FACE. Old Black man. Sitting up. Eyes open. Flynn's face comes into FRAME. Looks in the Dead Man's eyes.

BARNES (O.C.)
Special Victims? You're crapping in
high cotton now, son.

WIDER: Detective JIMMY BARNES, Black, 40, is standing above Flynn and the Body. The Dead Man is obviously homeless and is leaning against a brick wall.

BARNES (CONT'D)
Hell, with all that overtime pay
you might be able to move Colleen
and the girls into the city like
she wants. Manhattanites at last.

FLYNN
Yeah, maybe. No crime here. Just
one of God's least favorites.

BARNES

(thrilled)

Love it when it's natural causes.
Cause of death: no one giving a
shit. I'll call the wagon.

Flynn stares at the deceased. He does give a shit.

In the distance, we HEAR the CLIP-CLOP of horse hooves getting closer. Very slow. Flynn stands and looks down the decrepit alleyway to see two MOUNTED POLICE OFFICERS walking down 142nd Street on patrol. Flynn stares, lost in thought.

CHILD (PRE-LAP)

Daddy!!!

EXT. NEW ROCHELLE STATION (METRO-NORTH) - EARLY EVENING

A gorgeous LITTLE GIRL, KATHERINE, 7, runs as fast as she can into the arms of her Daddy, Detective Ryan Patrick Flynn. He scoops her up in his arms and hugs her for all he's worth.

COLLEEN FLYNN, 27, stands next to the Flynn's older model Dodge Caravan holding baby Sarah, 18 months, in her arms. She gives Flynn a little "Welcome home" wave. She's a sweetie.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Colleen is asleep. Flynn stares at the ceiling wishing he could clear his mind. Parts of the trial replay in his head in haunting tones.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE

And what did you do then?

INT. HALLWAY - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Flynn walks down the hall of his modest home. He pauses at a door. Listens. Carefully opens it. Enters.

FLYNN'S VOICE

In the back bedroom we discovered
what appeared to be a nine-year-old
female under a blood soaked pillow.

INT. THE GIRLS BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Katherine is asleep in her little bed. Baby Sarah is asleep in her crib. The small bedroom is very girly. Lots of pink. Dolls. Plenty of stuffed animals and My Little Ponies.

FLYNN'S VOICE

Multiple stab wounds. Arms and legs
appeared to be broken.

He lovingly pulls the covers up around Katherine. Kisses her.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE
And that would be Brandy Pierson?

Flynn stands over Baby Sarah sleeping in her crib. He pulls her blanket up around her. Leans over, kisses her forehead.

FLYNN'S VOICE
Yes. We then found a third body
next to a playpen. Three year old
male, stabbed multiple times.
Trauma to the head. Neck broken.

DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S VOICE
Jeremy Pierson?

FLYNN'S VOICE
Yes.

Flynn leans against the wall and slumps down to the floor. Keeping watch. Contemplative. He reaches down and picks up one of his daughter's plastic toy Ponies. He stares at it.

INT. BEDROOM - A SHORT TIME LATER

Flynn gently sneaks back into bed.

COLLEEN
(drowsy)
Girls OK?

FLYNN
Yeah.

COLLEEN
How was court? I heard the verdict
on the radio. Good, right?

FLYNN
They offered me Special Victims.

Colleen is suddenly wide awake. Sits up.

COLLEEN
That's terrific. Annette's husband
is in Special Victims. They make so
much overtime. We could move into
Manhattan maybe.

FLYNN
I don't think I'm going to take it.

COLLEEN
(crushed; surprised)
Why not?

Flynn searches for just the right explanation.

FLYNN
I can't get the Pierson kids out of
my mind. Every time I close my eyes
I see them. The way I found them.
It was...so...
(deciding not to share)
Special Crimes would be the Pierson
kids every single day.

Colleen rests her head on his shoulder.

COLLEEN
But you deal with that stuff every
day now in Washington Heights.

FLYNN
Not a steady diet of it. Not all
dead and abused kids all the time.
Not rape victims all the time.
That's what Special Victims is. I
see what it does to other guys. It
changes you. Annette's husband is
an asshole. Dealing with that level
of inhumanity day in and day out.
It takes a toll. It's already
taking a toll. I don't want that. I
can't do that to you and the girls.

COLLEEN
You want to quit the force?

FLYNN
No. No, no, no. I love being on the
job. I love being police.
(thinks; chuckles)
Plus, what else would I do? It is
sort of in my blood. Growing up we
didn't play cops and robbers. We
played cops and more cops.

COLLEEN
I remember.

FLYNN
When I was little I used to sneak
into my dad's room and get his
shield off the bureau.

(MORE)

FLYNN (CONT'D)

I'd run my finger across the raised letters: City of New York Police. It was so big; filled my whole hand. I used to think the fact that he had a silver one meant he was better than the rest because everyone else we knew had gold. I didn't know.

(beat)

I just need a change, I think. A different bureau; a different precinct. I dunno. A different view. I don't want to end up like a lot of guys do. Racists. Depressed. Alcoholics. Whoremongers.

Colleen playfully slaps his chest.

COLLEEN

You better not.

FLYNN

I don't want to end up like my brothers. I don't want to end up like *your* brothers. Or my dad. I don't want to have to develop that protective callus around my soul.

COLLEEN

You won't. You're not that kind of man. Between you and me I think Annette's husband would be an asshole no matter what he did.

(beat; then carefully)

Do you know where you might want to transfer?

He thinks he does. He just isn't ready to share it with her. Flynn kisses her on the forehead.

FLYNN

Not yet. But I'm thinking on it.

INT. STABLES - NYPD REMOUNT SCHOOL - THE BRONX - NIGHT

The Black Warmblood is blanketed and standing in his stall. Ears attentive he takes a few licks from his salt block. He looks down the row of stalls; soaking it all in.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT 2

EXT. FLYNN HOME - WESTCHESTER - PRE-DAWN

Flynn, carrying a cup of coffee in his "World's Best Dad" mug makes his way down the driveway to grab the paper.

He flips open the NY DAILY NEWS. Headline reads: "GUILTY" above a photo of Ramirez. Another PHOTO shows the Mounted Police escorting the vehicle. Then, below the fold, his picture with Captain Buchannon on the Courthouse steps.

EXT. NYPD REMOUNT SCHOOL - DAWN

The Carrot Man, carrying a LUNGE LINE and a LUNGE WHIP with a RED CLOTH tied to the end leads our Warmblood into a horse ring. Carrot Man rubs the horse's neck with the red cloth.

CARROT MAN

Won't hurt ya. See? Ain't nothing.

Carrot Man attaches the lunge line to the Warmblood's halter, walks to the center of the ring and begins lunging the horse in a large circle. This is a beautiful animal.

CARROT MAN (CONT'D)

And, tee-rot! (trot)

The Warmblood responds to the vocal command and the flick of the lunge whip and picks up the pace into a perfect trot.

INT. 33RD PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - MORNING

Officers are at their desks, on the phone, milling about. As Flynn ENTERS, Detective Barnes pretends to be on the phone.

ANGLE ON: Flynn's desk. A NEWSPAPER has been placed in the center. Flynn flips it over to discover someone has drawn horns, a tail and grotesque genitalia on Captain Buchannon. A halo is drawn above Flynn's image.

The Squad breaks into laughter and APPLAUSE.

BARNES

Gentleman, we are in the presence of a media darling.

FLYNN

Very nice.

BARNES

We just want to appreciate what we got while we still got it.

(MORE)

BARNES (CONT'D)

Before you climb so far up the ladder all we can see is your ass.

Flynn tosses the newspaper aside and SEES the Pierson crime scene photos jutting from a file on his desk. They are hideous. Flynn tucks them back into the folder.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Here you go, Detective.

The Officer hands Flynn a GREEN piece of PAPER.

UNIFORMED OFFICER (CONT'D)

Vacancies in Narco, K-9, Mounted and Homicide if you're interested. Transit Authority is accepting transfer applications as well. Course, I hear someone may be headed to Special Crimes so I guess this is of no use to the chosen.

Flynn bristles. Doesn't like the inner office gossip.

BARNES

Just remember us peons when you become Deputy Commissioner. The little people, Ryan, got to remember the little people.

FLYNN

(playing along)

Barnes? Barnes? Nope. Doesn't ring a bell.

Barnes laughs and heads to the coffee pot. Flynn studies the Vacancy Roster. One entry, halfway down, catches his eye.

ANGLE ON THE LISTING: "The Mounted Unit is currently seeking qualified uniformed members in the ranks of lieutenant, sergeant and police officer to fill vacancies in the Unit. To obtain an application contact Lt. Jimmy McGettrick."

MALE VOICE (O.C.)

Flynn! When you have a moment.

INT. PRECINCT CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Flynn is seated across from EUGENE MCMULLEN, a foreboding man in his Captain's uniform, mid 50s. An unmarred Newspaper is sitting on his desk. McMullen picks it up.

MCMULLEN

What'd your wife think of you on the front page of the paper?

FLYNN

I dunno. I left before she was up.

MCMULLEN

She'll be proud. We're all proud. You have a bright future, Flynn. Brighter than the dozens of other Flynn's on the job. How's your dad?

FLYNN

Good. Mean as ever and driving my mother crazy. Hates being put out to pasture that way.

MCMULLEN

Mandatory retirement. Most guys do their 30 and can't wait to get out. Mark the calendar three decades in advance. Guys like your dad, and myself, can't really imagine being off the job. It is all there is.

Flynn isn't sure where this is going. Then:

MCMULLEN (CONT'D)

Got a call yesterday from Captain Buchannon in Special Victims.

Ah, so this is where it is going.

MCMULLEN (CONT'D)

He said he offered you a position over there and you didn't seem all that thrilled. Most guys would give their left nut. It's an all-star unit. A career making move. And you wouldn't believe the approved overtime. It's the last department to ever get budget cuts. Only a fool would turn an offer like that down. Am I talking to a fool right now, Flynn?

FLYNN

No, sir. I appreciate what you are saying. I'm just not sure Special Victims is the environment where I would most excel. I just want to do police work.

McMullen can't hide his displeasure. Takes a different tact.

MCMULLEN

Look, Ryan, I don't want to see you ending up like your dad. Thirty-two years and what? Full pension and old stories I bet he even gets tired of telling. Reconsider.

FLYNN

I just think my niche might be somewhere else.

MCMULLEN

Well, with the Pierson case you can literally choose any fast track department you want. Narcotics. Homicide. Special Victims. One Police Plaza has a short memory. The time to take advantage is now.

McMullen lets his statement hang in the air. The silence is broken by a KNOCK at the door. Barnes sticks his head in.

BARNES

Excuse me, Captain. Flynn, we're up. They just found a dead baby in a dumpster on West 132nd street.

Flynn waits on the Captain.

MCMULLEN

Go ahead. Just think on it.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Flynn grabs his jacket off the back of his chair, puts the Pierson file in a drawer in his desk and heads out. He stops. Considers. Grabs the Green Sheet off his desk and pockets it.

EXT. ALLEY 132ND STREET - SHORT TIME LATER

Flynn and Barnes duck under the YELLOW CRIME SCENE tape and make their way toward the dumpster. A GARBAGE TRUCK and DRIVER are off to the side. A YOUNG UNIFORMED OFFICER fills the Detectives in.

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Sanitation Driver found her. He goes through the dumpster looking for aluminum cans before lifting it. He thought it was a doll.

FLYNN

Her?

UNIFORMED OFFICER

Yeah, baby girl. Less than a year I think. Saw you in the paper this morning, Detective. Pretty cool.

FLYNN'S POV: slowly moving toward the dumpster. We see a THREE MONTH OLD CHILD'S BODY lying amidst the trash.

BARNES

You OK, Ryan?

REVERSE ANGLE: Flynn's jaw clenches. This is the straw that breaks the camel's back. He looks away, a decision is made.

EXT. PIER 76 - NYPD MOUNTED UNIT HEADQUARTERS - LATER

Jutting out over the Hudson on the Westside of Manhattan. A nondescript, two-story Hell's Kitchen industrial building of rippled sheet metal and old wood. The only hint as to what is contained in this building is:

ANGLE ON: A life-size STATUE of a red, white and blue REARING HORSE behind a chain link fence. An equine American Flag. On the statue's belly is a large, silver NYPD officer's shield.

Two UNIFORMED MOUNTED OFFICERS trot out from behind the building and into the city for their shift.

A muscle bound FERRIER pounds a red hot horse shoe on an anvil as he prepares to shoe a waiting HORSE in the entryway.

INT. PIER 76 - NYPD MOUNTED UNIT HEADQUARTERS - CONTINUOUS

This is the home of both the Mounted Unit's Troop B STABLES and the Mounted Unit's Citywide Offices.

SERIES OF SHOTS: The Box Stalls. Hayloft. Horse Shower Stall. Saddles lined up in the tack room. Bridles. Almost impossible to believe a full fledged 23,000 square foot horse barn is this close to Times Square. It even contains --

INT. PIER 76 - TRAINING ARENA

-- a dirt filled training ring where EIGHT OFFICERS on HORSES are playing an aggressive game of HORSEBACK BASKETBALL. The ball drops to the ground and TWO OFFICERS quickly DISMOUNT scramble for the ball, REMOUNT and gallop toward one of the baskets on either side of the ring. Horses and Riders rush back on defense. It is impressive and a little scary.

MCGETTRICK (O.C.)

(loud)

Looking mighty soup sandwich out there, Mikey. You gonna let him get away with that? Get in there!

CAM SWINGS OVER to FIND: LIEUTENANT JIMMY MCGETTRICK, late 50s, gruff, loud and good police, watching from the rail.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

You Varick Street refugees are gonna have to pick up your game if you want to hang with Troop B.

INT. STABLE ROW - CONTINUOUS

A DOZEN HORSES are in their well kept BOX STALLS. MANNY, 30, Dominican, the unit's STABLE HAND is mucking out a stall.

McGettrick enters and walks down the row, stopping to pet and stroke each horse in his command.

MCGETTRICK

How are you gents? The finest of New York's finest.

(Deep inhale)

Goddamn, I love that smell, Manny. It's invigorating. The hay. The grain. Mixed with the perfume of sweat and liniment with the pungent aroma of leather and horseshit.

McGettrick places a carrot in his teeth and lets a Horse take it in a kiss. Sort of gross and cute all at the same time.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

I swear to God, Manny, if my first wife smelled like this we'd still be together.

Flynn enters the barn with curious trepidation. Looks around. He's like a kid in a candy store.

FLYNN

I'm looking for Lieutenant McGettrick.

McGettrick barely looks up. Too busy fawning over a horse.

MCGETTRICK

(curt)

Why?

FLYNN

About the Mounted vacancy. I'm
Detective Ryan Flynn from the 33rd.

McGettrick looks over and quickly sizes him up.

MCGETTRICK

In that case, I'm Lieutenant
McGettrick.

INT. MCGETTRICK'S OFFICE - SECOND FLOOR

McGettrick is seated at his government issue desk in a rather small office decorated with a combination of police and horse memorabilia. This mornings newspaper sits on his desk.

QUICK SHOTS: Vintage b&w photographs of ancient Mounted NYPD Officers and horses staring at us from the past.

MCGETTRICK (O.C.)

Been here since 1871. The unit; not
me. I got here in '78. Best thing
that ever happened to me.

BACK ON: McGettrick with Flynn sitting across from him. Out the window we SEE the mighty Hudson River.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

So you wanna be a Ten Foot Cop.
I'll be honest, this is not an easy
position to get. We are the elite
of the elite. The finest of the
finest. For every vacancy we get
over 200 applications. A third of
those wash out in Remount.

FLYNN

Remount?

McGettrick laughs. This guy doesn't know anything.

MCGETTRICK

Remount School. In the Bronx. Where
we make you horse police. You ride?

Flynn shakes his head.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

Good. No bad habits to break. You
already know how to be good police.
We just teach you to do it from the
top of a horse. Three months of
training. Five days a week; ten
hours a day. Remount's a bitch.

(MORE)

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

You'll pull muscles you didn't even know you had, and wish you didn't.

(beat; occurs to him)

You related to Bobby Flynn in 16?

FLYNN

Yeah, he's my second cousin.

MCGETTRICK

Tiernan Flynn in Far Rockaway?

FLYNN

Uncle.

MCGETTRICK

Jerry Flynn over Staten Island?

FLYNN

Brother.

MCGETTRICK

Holy Christ, kid, you're related to the entire dark side of the force.

FLYNN

Yeah, well, it's the family business.

McGettrick picks up the newspaper.

MCGETTRICK

Been reading about you. Sort of a rising star with that Pierson case. Wish they could fry that bastard. New York has to quit being so pussy about the death penalty. You first on the scene?

Flynn would rather not talk about it. Nods.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

I only had one case like that. Back in '74. Dead bodies never bothered me. My father was a mortician. McGettrick's Funeral Home in Queens. Upper Ditmars. You heard of it? Doesn't matter. My brother runs it now. Miserable prick. Anyways, we had dead bodies in the shop all the time. We lived right above it. So, you know, on the job, it wasn't really a shock. I was just seeing 'em fresh. But, one time, up in Harlem. 1974. Little black girl.

(MORE)

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

She was just six or seven years old. Her father beat her to death in their walk-up. And I mean to death. Her arms were broken. Her nose was smashed in. Broken neck. Blood all over her nightgown.

(long pause; visualizing)

Ponies. Her nightgown had these little ponies on it you could still see through the blood.

(beat)

Her eyes were open. Just staring off into space. I always imagined she died looking for someone to help her. Help that never came. Not in time anyway. Only time I ever cried on the job. Shondra Stevens. That was her name. I sat with her until the wagon showed up. Felt wrong to leave her. Not a day goes by that I don't think about Shondra Stevens. And I'll never forget those open eyes. There are some things you just can't unsee.

McGettrick's last statement hangs in the air. Flynn shares this sentiment exactly.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

But onward and upward, am I right? There is no better view than from the top of a horse. I'll give you the nickel tour.

EXT. NYPD REMOUNT SCHOOL

Our Black Warmblood is in a turnout pen with several other horses. A STACK of EQUIPMENT is in the center of the ring (police baton, giant ball, umbrella, a baby buggy with balloons tied to the handle, a portable police light etc)

Duffle Man cautiously enters the arena with a RED FLAG on the end of a whip. This is a "natural horse training" technique. The trainer rubs the flag on the chest of several horses. A few are skittish. A few are calm. Our Black Warmblood is inquisitive. He walks right up to the Man. Fearless.

QUICK SHOTS: The Trainer picking up different pieces of equipment and acclimating the horses to them. Slowly. Cautiously. Not unlike the tests done at the Amish Farm.

INT. NYPD MOUNTED UNIT STABLES - VARIOUS - SHORT TIME LATER

McGettrick is showing Flynn around. The stalls, the tack room, the horses. Flynn is soaking it all in.

MCGETTRICK

We're in all five boroughs. Two turns of a century ago, there were over eight hundred police mounts in this city. Now we're down to two hundred. But we are still quite the presence. We patrol, write tickets, deploy into high crime areas, crowd control, search and rescue, narcotics. No one is better at seeing drug hand-offs than an officer ten feet off the ground.

They arrive at a CROSS-TIE containing a saddled CHESTNUT HORSE. Flynn goes to pet him. Reconsiders.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

No, go ahead. This is Vinnie.

McGettrick kisses Vinnie on the mouth.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

See. He won't bite ya.

Flynn tentatively reaches out and strokes the horse.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

Vinnie'll stand here all day unless told otherwise. All of 'em will. They're damn near bombproof.

FLYNN

Bombproof?

MCGETTRICK

Yeah. Meaning, a bomb can go off next to one of my guys and they won't so much as move a muscle. I was on Vinnie doing crowd control down at the Garden after a play-off game and some asshole Knicks fan threw a brick, hit Vinnie in the head and he didn't even flinch.

Flynn is enjoying touching the horse.

FLYNN

(really?)

A brick?

MCGETTRICK

Yeah, don't worry. I grabbed that sorry son of a bitch by the scruff of the neck and Vinnie and I galloped him right into the side of a city bus.

Vinnie turns his head slightly wanting Flynn to scratch him. Flynn is smiling like a little boy.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

See, he likes you.

(beat)

Here's the deal: put in your transfer request and I will set up the review board. We do a review board. It's very competitive. You have to be good looking, which, if I table my rampant homophobia for a second, you are. You must have a spotless record, which you do, and you need to have distinguished yourself in your previous post, which, according to the Post, Times and Daily News, you have. Just one thing, we don't start detectives here. You'd start as a regular P.O. You'd lose your gold shield for the time being.

FLYNN

(petting Vinnie)

Yeah, I sort of figured.

MCGETTRICK

And, for you, there'd be an initial pay cut. You're first grade? So not a big cut, but a cut nevertheless.

FLYNN

Yeah, I thought I would, sort of, start over. Different career track.

McGettrick offers his hand. Flynn takes it.

MCGETTRICK

Well, *Officer* Flynn. Let's get this started.

FLYNN

Aren't you going to ask me why?

MCGETTRICK

(smiles)

No. I figure you have your reasons.
Just like I had mine.

INT. PIER 76 - TRAINING RING - MOMENTS LATER

The Horseback Basketball Game continues. The horses bump into each other hard. Officers dismount go for the ball. Remount. Gallop. The horses are having fun and the officers, all of them, are smiling.

BARNES (PRE-LAP)

You're gonna do what-what with the
who now?

CAM FINDS Flynn, standing at the rail. He's smiling, too.

FLYNN (PRE-LAP)

I am putting in my papers to
transfer to the Mounted Unit.

INT. 3RD PRECINCT SQUAD ROOM - LATER

Barnes sits at his desk. Shocked at what he heard from Flynn.

BARNES

(puzzled)

Horses and shit?

Barnes shakes his head slowly.

INT. MCMULLEN'S OFFICE - SHORT TIME LATER

Flynn stands in front of the seated Captain McMullen. Having just heard the news, McMullen glares at him.

INT. CAPTAIN BUCHANNON'S OFFICE - LATER

Captain Buchannon, from the Courthouse, is on the phone.

CAPTAIN BUCHANNON

(furious)

He wants to go where instead?

INT. DINING ROOM - NIGHT

The home of Ryan's parents JAMES, 65, and SUZANN, 60, FLYNN. Ryan, Colleen and the Girls are having Sunday dinner with the entire Flynn clan. There are BROTHERS, SISTERS, AUNTS, UNCLES and so on. Adults are at a long dinner table. Kids are scattered about at card tables and chairs with TV trays. Ryan has made his announcement. It is not greeted warmly.

JAMES FLYNN

What the hell are you thinking?
That's a dumbass move if I've ever
heard of one. Dumbass and stupid.

TIMMY, 40, Ryan's brother has a mouthful of food.

TIMMY

Yeah, dumbass. And, ready for this
Dad, he was offered Special Crimes
and turned it down.

JAMES FLYNN

What? No. Special Crimes is the
fast track to Captain. What on
earth is wrong with you?

SUZANN

Calm down, Jim. You're gonna have a
heart attack.

FLYNN

It is a great opportunity, Dad.

JAMES FLYNN

What do you know from horses? The
last time you were on a horse was
in front of Getner's Drug Store. I
put a quarter in it and you cried
like a girl the whole goddamned
time. Jesus, Mary and Joseph!
Suzann, get me a whiskey.

INT. THE FLYNN'S DODGE CARAVAN - LATER

The Girls are asleep in the back. Flynn is driving with
Colleen in the passenger seat.

FLYNN

That went well.

COLLEEN

What'd you expect? You just sprang
it on them. Like you sprang it on
me. You can't really blame them.

FLYNN

I need a change, Colleen. This will
be good. It is an elite position.

COLLEEN

You can always go back, right? I
mean, let's just say this whole
horse thing doesn't work out.

(MORE)

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

You could always go back to the 33rd or call Special Crimes right?

FLYNN

No. You look unstable if you keep switching departments.

COLLEEN

Unstable?

FLYNN

This is a good move. It's like being a beat cop except your ten feet tall. And you mostly get to interact with people that are still alive which will be a nice change of pace. I need this, Colleen.

COLLEEN

(wanting to understand)

OK, I want you to be happy. But, I don't know. This just all came out of left field. I'm nervous is all.

Flynn looks over at the love of his life. Wants to make her feel better. He takes her hand. Thinks. Then:

FLYNN

I could probably go back to the 33rd. But I want to give this a shot. I love you. Trust me.

COLLEEN

I love you, too. I do trust you.

They drive in silence for a bit. Then:

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

It's just...Horses? Have you ever even been on a horse.

FLYNN

(smiling)

Yeah, you heard my dad. Getner's drugstore.

EXT. NYPD REMOUNT SCHOOL - A WEEK LATER

The Warmblood and other NEW HORSES are saddled and in a large outdoor arena. Carrot man is setting up large SPEAKERS in each of the corners and running wires back to a sound system.

INT. NYPD REMOUNT SCHOOL - SIMULTANEOUS

Flynn, and about THIRTY OFFICERS, in BLUE NYPD MOUNTED T-SHIRTS, JEANS and BOOTS are seated in the bleachers of the INDOOR HORSE ARENA.

Duffle Man is standing in the arena addressing the newbies in a General Patton-like manner. Flynn hangs on every word.

DUFFLE MAN

You are police first; equestrians second. You are already good police or you would not be here. When you leave here, you will also be capable equestrians. It will be up to you to then combine the two.

A HORSE ENTERS the arena at the far end. We recognize both the Horse and Female Rider from the courthouse.

SARGENT HANNAH MORAN, 40, blonde hair pulled into a ponytail and model good looks certainly are not hindered by the jeans and T-shirt. She slowly walks her Horse across the arena.

DUFFLE MAN (CONT'D)

A police officer on a horse is the equivalent of ten officers on the ground. When an officer on a horse says something, people tend to listen. When a mounted police officer chases someone, they tend to get caught. A mounted officer can go places a squad car can't. You can go against traffic, down one way streets, through narrow alleyways, across rough terrain.

Moran gives her horse a gentle leg squeeze and they break into a trot. Then cantor. She is an outstanding rider.

J.D. WILLIAMS, 30, Black, cocky as hell and sees himself as quite the ladies man, leans over to Flynn.

J.D.

(whispers)

She can mount me anytime she wants.

Flynn is not amused and doesn't respond.

DUFFLE MAN

As Sargent Moran of Troop B is demonstrating, we don't ride the face --

J.D.
 (to Flynn)
 She can ride my f--

FLYNN
 Shut up, asshole.

DUFFLE MAN
 -- you control every movement of
 your horse with your legs and
 verbal commands.

Moran slows to a walk. Then. Stops her horse with a:

MORAN
 Whoa!

DUFFLE MAN
 Whoa is a stop command. Doesn't
 mean slow down like in the movies.
 When you whoa your horse he is
 trained to not move. To not take a
 single step. That matters when you
 are mounting on the corner of 42nd
 and Lex. Your horse takes a step
 into traffic and you both die.

Moran demonstrates each move that Duffle Man speaks.

DUFFLE MAN (CONT'D)
 Using your legs you will turn your
 horse, back up your horse, walk,
 trot, cantor, dismount, remount,
 from both sides. Officers, those of
 you that make it through this will
 be the pride of the NYPD. You will
 be members of the NYPD Mounted
 Unit. Thank you Sargent.

STABLE HANDS bring out FIFTEEN SADDLED HORSES into the arena.

DUFFLE MAN (CONT'D)
 Team up and come on down. Two to a
 horse. You will mount and dismount
 one hundred times each. This way,
 you will learn how to do it right
 in a hurry. Your basic equitation
 begins now.

EXT. NYPD REMOUNT SCHOOL - SIMULTANEOUS

Carrot Man stands next to a CD PLAYER.

CARROT MAN

Let's get ready to desensitize!

With that he hits play and LOUD IRISH PUNK (DROPKICK MURPHYS or FLOGGING MOLLY) MUSIC BLASTS from the SPEAKERS.

The Horses, our Warmblood included, perk up and start running. The MUSIC continues as it is important the horses become accustomed to loud noise before tackling Manhattan. It also underscores our MONTAGE.

INT/EXT. NYPD REMOUNT SCHOOL - MONTAGE

Edited to the BEAT of the fast moving MUSIC we see various JUMP CUTS, QUICK PANS, TIME LAPSE COMPRESSIONS, FAST DISSOLVES and INTERCUTS. Hours, days and weeks are compressed into seconds here as we glimpse Flynn's, and the Warmblood's, entire Remount journey in just a few minutes. We SEE:

-- Flynn, begrudgingly partners with J.D., mounting and dismounting several of the promised hundred times.

-- The Warmblood being desensitized to numerous objects one might encounter on the street. Balloons, firecrackers etc.

-- Flynn struggling to get the bit into a horse's mouth. Again and again. J.D. able to do it on the first try.

-- Carrot Man riding our Warmblood over an obstacle course of mattress, tree branches, trash cans, gravel and so on.

-- Flynn and others SADDLING horses, tightening girths, being inspected and then told to do it again.

-- Officers brushing, currying and bathing horses.

-- The Warmblood and other horses are ridden past a fake construction zone. Loud Jack Hammer and Drills.

-- Flynn riding and attempting to get posting down. It is much more difficult than he anticipated.

-- Flynn falling off a Horse and into a wall. J.D. Laughing and then falling off his own horse.

-- Flynn, J.D. and others riding in the pouring rain.

-- The Warmblood walking quietly through simulated gunfire.

-- Flynn successfully posting, then moving into a sit-trot. His smile tells us everything we need to know.

-- Flynn, at home, on his stomach in bed. Too sore to move. Colleen massages his shoulders. Then his ass. She laughs.

-- Flynn and half the Officers stand in the arena as the others, on Horseback, ride toward them in a mock crowd control exercise. The riders squeeze into a trot and Flynn and the officers on the ground must turn and run to safety.

At this point the numbers have dwindled down to about a DOZEN OFFICERS including Flynn and J.D. Some familiar faces are gone. Throughout, Flynn and the Warmblood are model trainees.

-- Police Tape hangs from several metal bars like a car wash. The Warmblood is ridden through them with no hesitation..

-- Muzzle flashes emitting from a line of aimed 9 mm service PISTOLS. A wider angle shows the officers are firing at targets from horse back. Flynn's aim is perfect.

-- Flynn asleep in Katherine's bed still holding a story book. Colleen peeks in. Katherine brings her finger to her lips --- *Shhhh! Daddy's sleeping.*

-- Flynn on a horse swinging his collapsible BATON at the head of a PADDED TRAINER on the ground. The Trainer goes to pull Flynn off the horse. Flynn successfully turns the horse quickly so that the horse's rear end knocks the trainer on his ass. Flynn yells with triumphant glee.

-- A trainer teaching our Warmblood the exact same move.

-- J.D. hitting on the Female Trainees.

-- Flynn attempting an emergency dismount in a full cantor.

-- Flynn on horseback side-stepping the horse into a barricade filled with dummies to move a crowd.

-- Mounting and remounting exercise time-lapsed. 100 times.

-- The Warmblood and other horses riding through the arena as fireworks, gunfire, smoke machine and flares all go off.

-- Duffle Man calls Flynn from an exercise and takes him over to the Warmblood. Flynn takes to the horse right away. Flynn mounts the Warmblood and trots around the arena. J.D. and the others look on with envy.

INT. THE MAIN ARENA - TEN WEEKS LATER

CAM PANS a line-up formation of ten Police Officers on Horseback in DRESS UNIFORMS and at attention. We recognize all of them from the training montage. J.D. grins as we continue down the line and end up on Flynn atop the Warmblood.

As the MUSIC FADES we HEAR:

POLICE COMMISSIONER KELLY

The men, women - and horses - of the NYPD Mounted Unit are the Department's ambassadors to the City. They are also the front line in our commitment to fighting terrorism and protecting every man, woman and child living in, and visiting, the greatest city in the world. These are the elite of the elite --

WIDER: It is their Graduation Ceremony. The Arena stands are filled with FRIENDS and FAMILY.

POLICE COMMISSIONER KELLY (CONT'D)

-- and I congratulate you, your friends and family, but most of all, I congratulate the people of New York as they are the fortunate ones who will benefit from your commitment and dedication. Ladies and gentleman, I present to you the newest members of the NYPD Mounted Unit.

A BAG PIPER begins PLAYING. Sargent Moran, in dress blues and carrying an American Flag on a ceremonial pole sits atop her horse and calls out.

MORAN

Company. Forward. Fall in.

The Horses and Riders fall in and make two rows riding boot to boot. They ride past the bleachers to thunderous APPLAUSE.

ANGLE ON FLYNN: Handsome as hell and looking like he was born on a horse. The Warmblood looks dignified and majestic.

FLYNN'S POV: scanning the bleachers. Colleen and the girls happily wave. He is quite surprised to see his Dad sitting in a middle row with his mom, his brother and several other Flynn's. Just behind them he SEES Barnes. And McGettrick.

MORAN (CONT'D)

Company. Tee-rot!

Flynn and the others begin a posting trot around the arena. A lap of accomplishment. It is a thing of beauty.

We PUSH IN on Flynn's contagious Irish Smile.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

INT. FLYNN HOME - PRE-DAWN

CU on a FRAMED PHOTOGRAPH from the graduation. Flynn atop the Warmblood holding Katherine. Colleen and the Baby standing.

We HEAR the rhythmic sound of bristles on leather.

QUICK SHOTS: The new uniform: Dark blue shirt, Brass Horse head collar pins, holstered 9MM service pistol, Silver Badge. NYPD Mounted Unit Troop B patch. Name badge: Flynn.

WIDER: Flynn, in UNIFORM, at the kitchen table buffing his riding boots. Colleen is making French Toast in the kitchen.

COLLEEN

You're gonna wear those out! You want more coffee?

FLYNN

Yeah, Sweetie. That's be great.

Colleen brings him a plate and his World's Greatest Dad mug.

COLLEEN

I admit, I do like seeing you in a uniform again. Katherine was so excited last night. She wanted to know where we were going to keep Daddy's horse and if we were going to need a bigger yard.

FLYNN

(smiling)

That's adorable. Hey, on Saturday let's head into the city. We can do a picnic at the barn and you and the girls can ride in the arena.

COLLEEN

At your job? You've never taken us to your job before.

FLYNN

McGettrick says a lot of the guys do it. One of the perks of mounted.

COLLEEN

Speaking of perks. We got the Visa bill. Two thousand dollars at NY Saddlery. You get reimbursed for that right?

He knew this was coming.

FLYNN

Yeah. No. We have to buy our own gear. But don't worry. I'll put in for OT. It's gonna be fine.

COLLEEN

Two thousand dollars is NOT fine, Ryan. That with the pay cut. How can they make you buy your own gear? You didn't have to buy your own bullets in Washington Heights.

FLYNN

(enough)
It will be fine, Colleen.

Flynn stands for inspection.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

How do I look?

Colleen adjusts his shoulders. Picks off a piece of lint. She stares at the SHIELD pinned to his chest. Silver not Gold.

COLLEEN

You look great! Are you going to be on that same black horse?

FLYNN

No, I doubt it. He was a trainee like me. First six weeks we "ride the barn." Put us on older experienced horses. Why?

COLLEEN

I don't know. You looked good together. What was his name?

FLYNN

Doesn't have one yet. Just a number. I called him, Blackie.

COLLEEN

That sounds slightly racist.

FLYNN

They name them when they get to their post. Usually after a fallen NYPD officer. As a tribute.

COLLEEN

You be careful out there. I don't want some dumb horse ending up with the name Ryan Patrick Flynn.

They embrace. He kisses her forehead.

FLYNN

I will. I gotta catch my train.

Flynn gulps his coffee and heads for the door. Doubles back to get his helmet from the kitchen table.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Can't forget my brain bucket!

COLLEEN

Brain bucket? They call it that? Make sure you wear it.

Flynn is out the door.

COLLEEN (CONT'D)

(sotto)

Since we're still paying for it.

EXT. BRUCKNER EXPRESSWAY - PRE-DAWN

An NYPD Horse Trailer is being pulled down the expressway in light early morning traffic.

INT. HORSE TRAILER - CONTINUOUS

Our Warmblood looks out the slatted window to his right and sees the majestic lights of pre-dawn Manhattan.

INT. METRO-NORTH TRAIN - 5:15 A.M.

Flynn sitting on the train riding into Manhattan. A HEAVY SET WOMAN sits down next to Flynn and greets him with a nod.

HEAVY SET WOMAN

Officer.

Flynn, slightly surprised, smiles. He is an officer now.

EXT. HORSE TRAILER - PIER 76 - JUST BEFORE DAWN

The back door swings open and the Warmblood backs out quickly from the trailer. Manny is there to greet him.

MANNY

¡Híjole! He's a big boy.

Manny takes the lead rope from Carrot Man and walks the Warmblood in circles to calm him down.

CARROT MAN

Ah, you're gonna love this one,
Manny. Fearless, friendly and
totally bomb proof.

MCGETTRICK (O.C.)

Ain't no such thing.

McGettrick saunters over to inspect his newest recruit.

MANNY

(to horse)

Manny's gonna take good care of
you, *amigo*. *No hay duda!*

CARROT MAN

I'd have said the same thing. Proof
is in the pudding. Never put him on
the patience pole once. Balks at
nothing. He is honest to god
fearless. Natural born this one.

Manny and McGettrick stroke the horses face. McGettrick
kisses the horse on the muzzle.

MCGETTRICK

He's a tall handsome devil. A god
damn Wilt Chamberlain.

MANNY

Who gets him, Boss? Dagastino?

McGettrick stares deep into the Warmblood's eyes.

MCGETTRICK

I don't know yet. Saddle him up.

EXT. MANHATTAN - DAWN

Flynn exits Grand Central Station and walks west through a
sea of New Yorkers heading to work. No one gets eye contact.

INT. PIER 76 INDOOR ARENA - SHORT TIME LATER

Manny and Carrot Man are leaning on the fence watching
McGettrick sit-trot the Warmblood. Even a casual observer
would note that McGettrick is not a good rider. Very bouncy.

CARROT MAN

(yelling)

See, he'll even put up with your sloppy seat.

(to Manny; confiding)

That this man is in charge of a Mounted Unit is a sin against nature.

Manny smiles. McGettrick awkwardly begins posting.

MCGETTRICK (PRE-LAP)

-- seven tourists were pick pocketed while taking photos in our beloved Times Square yesterday. Snatch and grabbers. Beef up --

INT. PIER 76 - BRIEFING ROOM - 6:30 A.M.

Looks like a high school classroom except everyone is armed. Flynn, J.D. and TWENTY uniformed OFFICERS are seated in desks. McGettrick, flanked by Moran, addresses the ranks.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

-- visibility. And since our First Lady doesn't seem to care much for D.C. I'm sending my four Varick Street orphans to 5th Ave.

OFFICER JENNINGS

When are you gonna stop calling us that, Lieutenant?

MCGETTRICK

Oh, I'm sorry Officer Jennings? Have I hurt your sensibilities?

JENNINGS, 40 and fit, wishes he would have stayed quiet.

OFFICER JENNINGS

We've been here four years. Y'know?

MCGETTRICK

That you have. And we enjoy having you. However, it was not my decision to close the Varick stable to house the temp headquarters for anti-terror and I have been assured the city is going to find Troop C new digs in the Tribeca area just as soon as they get around to it. Of course, they said that four years ago.

(MORE)

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

In the meantime, while you are enjoying our lovely hospitality here in Hell's Kitchen -- uh, you are enjoying our hospitality, are you not, Officer Jennings?

OFFICER JENNINGS

Yes, sir.

MCGETTRICK

I will refer to you any goddamn way I please. Are we clear on that?

OFFICER JENNINGS

Yes, sir.

MCGETTRICK

You will go ride the Trump Tower perimeter. Rotate every fifteen. A presence, gents. Tall and proud. Remember that there are TV cameras present. America is watching.

MORAN

Troop B would like to welcome three new officers to the mounted unit.

As they are introduced they each give an awkward wave.

MCGETTRICK

Officer Ryan Flynn, Officer J.D. Williams and Officer Jimmy McTigue.

We recognize MCTIGUE, 40, from Remount School.

MORAN

Flynn and Williams are with me.

MCGETTRICK

McTigue will join the refugees down at the occupy.

J.D.

Who we riding?

INT. PIER 76 STABLES - SHORT TIME LATER

Two NYPD HORSES, LEONE and VIZZIANO are tacked up and waiting. Other horses are in their stalls or getting tacked up in cross-ties by other Officers.

McGettrick, Flynn, J.D., and McTigue turn the corner.

MCGETTRICK

Riding the barn, gentleman. It is a right of passage. I could put my grandmother on one of these horses, send her into Central Park and she'd be able to patrol with the best of them. Williams is on Leone here. McTigue, take Vizziano.

Flynn is puzzled. He is ready to ride. McGettrick strokes and kisses Leone and Vizziano.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

Don't get spoiled, gents. Manny tacked them up today. From now on it is your job. Limber them up.

J.D. and McTigue take the reins and lead the horses out.

FLYNN

Lieutenant?

McGettrick strokes and cuddles the neck of a stabled Horse.

MCGETTRICK

I have three types of relationships in this barn: I have riders that take care of their horses, like the beautiful Sergeant Moran. I can put her on anything. I have horses that take care of their riders, hence Williams and McTigue riding the barn. I pride myself on teaming the right horse with the right cop at the right time. I'm like one of them old Jewish matchmakers. What are they called?

MORAN

A *sadchen*?

MCGETTRICK

(chuckles)

Yeah, a *sadchen*. I am the equine *sadchen*. The horse matchmaker.

Manny comes around the corner with our Warmblood fully tacked and looking splendid with his blue NYPD saddle blanket.

ANGLE ON Flynn. Delighted. He strokes the Warmblood's neck.

FLYNN

I remember you!

MCGETTRICK

The third relationship in the barn is the horse and cop that take care of each other. A beautiful thing when it happens. And I think it is going to happen here.

Flynn strokes the Warmblood's face. An immediate bond.

FLYNN

I rode him at graduation. His picture's on my mantel. Trained with him a bit. He is fearless.

MCGETTRICK

Ah, yes, the tragic flaw that makes both the four-legged and the two-legged good police.

FLYNN

Flaw? How's that?

McGettrick smiles. He's given this speech before.

MCGETTRICK

Horses are prey animals. In the wild their very preservation counts on the fact that they are skittish and run from anything that could cause them harm. It is their survival instinct. In the wild, the fearless horses don't last long. While man, not a prey animal, is supposed to be the smartest animal on the planet and, therefore, when faced with danger should also flee in order to survive and prosper. A police horse, and a police officer, ignore this instinct. A smart man runs away from danger; a policeman runs towards it. A smart horse bolts at the slightest hint of danger, while a police horse ignores it and listens to the not-so-smart man on his back. Fearless is a flaw in the genetic code. A good flaw. But still a flaw. You and Finnigan make a couple of good flawed heros.

FLYNN

Finnigan?

MCGETTRICK

(somber)

Friend of mine, Lieutenant Michael David Finnigan. Died in World Trade Tower 2. Been waiting for just the right steed to come along. Finnigan here'll do just fine. Mike Finnigan was a tall son of a bitch as well. And just as fearless.

EXT. WEST SIDE OF MANHATTAN - MORNING RUSH HOUR

Myriad PEDESTRIANS make their way to work on the sidewalk as just as many CARS crowd the road. Heads bobbing in a sea of foot traffic. HORNS blare with New Yorker impatience.

From a side street, Flynn and Finnigan enter FRAME. Followed by Hannah and J.D. on their horses. It is a sight to behold.

ANGLE ON FLYNN as he navigates through the masses. Finnigan's eyes are wide, ears alert and soaking it all in. Flynn can't stop smiling.

FLYNN'S POV as he makes his way down West 38th Street. Between the ears of Finnigan we see Pedestrians, not only making eye contact with Flynn, but most give a smile.

An AMBULANCE SIREN cuts through the din. Finnigan's head jerks up. Curious but not scared.

MORAN

Follow me!

Moran, J.D. and Flynn quickly maneuver their horses into the intersection. J.D. blocks pedestrian traffic with his horse while Flynn and Moran hold cars in either direction so the ambulance can pass through.

As the ambulance passes, SIREN blaring, Flynn steadies Finnigan and gets eye contact with Moran. This is bad ass.

EXT. MANHATTAN STREET - LATER

Flynn finishes writing a traffic ticket and leans down from Finnigan to tuck it under the windshield wiper of an illegally parked car. J.D. and Moran are doing the same. Moran rides up next to Flynn.

MORAN

Let's head over to Times Square.

EXT. 43RD STREET - MOMENTS LATER

Flynn and Moran are riding side by side. J.D. is just behind. Finnigan is as happy as his rider.

MORAN

Usually takes about six months to forget about the horse and just do policing. It'll come.

FLYNN

How long you been riding, Sergeant?

MORAN

(laughs)

I've been with the Mounted Unit for sixteen years. Ten of them on Mac here. But I've been riding all my life. My mom had me posting at four. Jumping at five. Competed in shows all over the Tri-State.

As they ride, various New Yorkers say, "Hello." Moms point and wave with their kids. Our three Cops wave back.

FLYNN

Why the police?

MORAN

Dad was a cop. Did his thirty on the Lower East Side.

FLYNN

I know all about family tradition.

J.D.

Yeah, me too. My dad was a criminal. I just decided to play for the other team.

MORAN

(to Flynn)

You were having a storied career up in Washington Heights. Why'd you switch to Mounted?

FLYNN

I dunno. Change. Wanted a different view I guess.

J.D.

I hear that. The view from up here is spectacular.

EXT. TIMES SQUARE - VARIOUS - SHORT TIME LATER

The Crossroads of The World is earning its moniker. TOURISTS are everywhere. So are STREET VENDORS, VAGRANTS, BUSKERS ETC. There is electricity in the air.

Flynn, Moran and J.D. come sweeping in, riding boot to boot.

A THREE CARD MONTE DEALER kicks his cardboard box out from under his cards, snatches the money and casually walks off.

MORAN

Do a walk through. Looking out for pick pockets and scammers.

FLYNN

Will do.

MORAN

And enjoy yourself. You're representing the city.

Moran makes her way across the square. Several TOURISTS approach Flynn and J.D. asking if they can pet the horses (yes), pose for pictures (yes), get a ride (sorry, no.)

ANGLE ON J.D. surrounded by a BEVY of young, tank top wearing FEMALE TOURISTS giggling, petting and fawning over Leone.

J.D.

Yes, indeed. Leone is enjoying the attention, Ladies.

J.D.'s POV: Looking down at the CLEAVAGE of the fawning, Female Tourists.

J.D. (CONT'D)

(sotto; smiling)

The view is definitely better from the top of a horse. Definitely.

WOMAN (O.S.)

(screaming)

Stop!! He has my purse. Stop him.

ANGLE ON: A FEMALE TOURIST screaming and pointing. Her mouth is bleeding from where she was struck.

WIDER: A YOUNG HOODLUM, clutching the Woman's purse, runs as fast as he can through the Square. He bumps into a CHILD knocking him to the ground.

Flynn squeezes his legs and quickly prompts Finnigan into a fast canter heading to cut the Hoodlum off.

HOODLUM'S POV: Rushing through the crowd. Tourists do their best to get out of his way. He is almost clear when Finnigan steps in and eclipses his path.

WIDER: Flynn moves Finnigan directly in front of the Hoodlum so that they are face to face. The Hoodlum stutter steps, trying to fake out the horse and go around him. Flynn side steps Finnigan to stay directly in front.

FLYNN

Put your hands on your head!

The Hoodlum moves left. Finnigan moves laterally and stays directly in front of him. Flynn and Finnigan match the Hoodlum move for move. Finnigan piaffes (prances in place) in anticipation of the Hoodlum's next move. Looks like a one-on-one basketball game with Flynn and Finnigan on defense.

Flynn pulls his collapsible BATON, ready to strike. Flynn ADVANCES Finnigan toward the Hoodlum, backing him up. Moran rides up from behind the commotion to block a full retreat.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(fierce)

Put your hands on top of your head
and drop to your knees.

With nowhere to go, the desperate Hoodlum lunges forward and grabs Finnigan by the bridle. Flynn quickly pivots to the side and LAUNCHES Finnigan's hip into the Hoodlum sending him FLYING with the force that only comes from being hit by a 1600 pound animal. The Hoodlum hits the ground HARD.

Flynn brings Finnigan around quickly to face the Hoodlum again. No need. Moran has dismounted and is cuffing him. J.D. rides up after the fact.

MORAN

Impressive work, Officer. Forget about what I said about taking six months to adjust to horse police.

J.D.

Damn, boy, remind me to never piss you off.

As the crowd of Tourists APPLAUD, we PUSH IN on Flynn, smiling and leaning forward in his saddle to hug Finnigan around the neck. He sits back up, thrilled, in his new element and knowing he made the right decision.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

INT. MOUNTED UNIT STABLES - EVENING

Flynn is hunched over cleaning Finnigan's hooves with a PICK in the cross ties. J.D. is doing the same to Leone.

MCGETTRICK (O.C.)

So I understand you had a productive first day.

Flynn lets go of Finnigan's leg and bounces up.

FLYNN

It was amazing, Boss. Reminded me of driver's ed.

MCGETTRICK

(amused)

Yeah? How's that?

FLYNN

When I was learning how to drive they kept drilling me over and over: if you lose control of your car, on ice or snow or whatever, turn in the direction of the skid. A hundred times they said turn in the direction of the skid. Turn in the direction of the skid. And you're like, "Yeah. Right. Whatever." So I get my license. I'm driving the Old Man's Chrysler LeBaron and, sure as shit, I hit a puddle and start hydroplaning. Heading right for Mrs. Sullivan's rose bushes. Without even thinking, instinctively, I just... turned in the direction of the skid. Wasn't scared. Didn't panic. Just did it. That's how it went down in Times Square. I just, you know --

MCGETTRICK

Turned in the direction of the skid. Course, Finnigan beats the hell out of a LeBaron.

FLYNN

Yeah, handles better, too.

J.D.

(feeling ignored)

I had a good day, too, Boss.

MCGETTRICK

I'm sure you did. You know what the best part is? We get to do it again tomorrow.

KATHERINE (PRE-LAP)

Daddy! Daddy! Daddy!

EXT. NEW ROCHELLE STATION (METRO-NORTH) - LATER

Katherine runs as fast as she can toward Flynn. He scoops her up in his arms and carries her toward Colleen and the Dodge Caravan with sleeping Sarah inside. Katherine machine guns questions at her dad.

KATHERINE

Did you ride a horse today, Daddy?
What color was it? What's its name?
Can I go riding with you sometime?

FLYNN

Let's see. Yes, Black with a white blaze on his face. Finnigan. And, yeah, how about this weekend.

At the Dodge Caravan, Flynn kisses Colleen.

KATHERINE

Yay! Mommy said we could have pizza for dinner. Chuck E. Cheese.

COLLEEN

Yes, but no toppings. We are on a horseman's budget now.

KATHERINE

That's OK. I only like cheese on my pizza anyways.

INT. CHUCK E. CHEESE - LATER

The Flynn Family is polishing off their meal of cheese pizza.

FLYNN

I tell ya, Colleen, it was surreal. Civilians waving at me. Saying hello. Taking pictures. Actually getting eye contact. I walk to the barn from Grand Central; no eye contact. I get on my horse and I'm queen for a day.

KATHERINE
 (laughing)
 Boys can't be queens.

FLYNN
 OK, Princess. How about king for a
 day then?

Flynn tickles Katherine. Colleen happily watches.

FLYNN (CONT'D)
 They actually applauded when I
 subdued my subject.

KATHERINE
 What's subdued?

Flynn tickles her again.

FLYNN
 This. I am subduing you. Look at me
 subdue you. Subdue.

COLLEEN
 (carefully)
 Do you still see the Pierson kids
 at night.

Flynn hadn't even thought about it. This surprises him.

FLYNN
 You know what? No. I honestly
 haven't.

COLLEEN
 Time heals all wounds. Just make
 sure you put in for OT. It'd be
 nice to have toppings on our pizza
 next time.

INT. CHUCK E. CHEESE - BALL CRAWL - A SHORT TIME LATER

Katherine is in the netted Ball Crawl gingerly wading through the yellow, blue and red plastic balls. Suddenly, Flynn comes rising up from underneath pretending to be a monster. Katherine squeals with glee. Colleen laughs hysterically as she holds baby Sarah. It is nice to have Ryan back.

INT. PIER 76 STABLES - NEXT MORNING - PRE-DAWN

Flynn, whistling while he works, tacks up Finnigan. Blanket. Wither pad. Saddle. Bridle. Bell boots.

INT. PIER 76 INDOOR ARENA - MOMENTS LATER

Flynn is high atop Finnigan as they get to know each other. They sit-trot, canter, sidestep, and circle. Flynn looks like a kid on Christmas morning. Finnigan is having a ball.

MCGETTRICK (O.C.)

Think fast!

A BASKETBALL is hurled at the Horse and Rider. Flynn catches it. McGettrick hops up on the rail.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

Now, go ahead, drive to the basket and take a shot.

Flynn drives Finnigan fast to the hoop. Flynn shoots and scores.

MCGETTRICK (CONT'D)

Outstanding. Just as I thought. Wait until those Staten Island fairies get a load of you.

McGettrick jumps over and goes to give Finnigan a kiss.

FLYNN

Horse basketball, huh?

MCGETTRICK

Didn't you do it at Remount?

FLYNN

No.

MCGETTRICK

Oh, Jesus. Horse basketball is the best on two folds. First, there is no better training for a police horse or a mounted cop. Five on five, no bits or bridles, lead rope only. It conditions the horses to move quickly in a pack, turn on a dime and go head to head. When there is a loose ball the officer must dismount to get the ball and then remount quickly. That'll build up those leg muscles. It ain't just a game. It's training.

FLYNN

What's the second reason.

MCGETTRICK

(smiling)

I bet the Lieutenants of the other units a shitload of money on the outcome. We ain't ever had a center at seventeen-three hands. We play Unit D this Saturday.

FLYNN

I'm in.

MCGETTRICK

Yeah, like you have a choice. If I say you're in; you're in. That's how it works around here. Oh, and by the way, be prepared. We cheat; they cheat; everybody cheats.

EXT. MANHATTAN - MIDDAY

Flynn, Moran and J.D. trot down 39th Street on patrol.

FLYNN

(to Finnigan)

Attaboy, Finn. Attaboy.

(to Moran)

I can't get over what a great horse this is. Hard to believe I used to be content in a car.

Moran's RADIO scratches to life. She holds it to her ear. Listens. Then:

MORAN

(into radio)

Roger that.

(to Flynn & J.D.)

We have a search and rescue call. Central Park. We'll go up 8th Ave.

All three step it up to a canter and head north.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SHEEP MEADOW - A SHORT TIME LATER

Several NYPD SQUAD CARS are lined up in the park on W. 66th Street. Moran rides her horse between them, up over the sidewalk and into the open Sheep Meadow. Flynn follows suit on Finnigan. As does J.D.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - SHEEP MEADOW - MOMENTS LATER

A makeshift COMMAND CENTER has been set up. OFFICERS are looking at MAPS. Talking into RADIOS. Bustling about.

Flynn, Moran and J.D. have dismounted and are being briefed by LIEUTENANT ROBERT MORELAND, 60, of the Central Park Precinct briefs our Mounted Police. He is a commanding presence.

LIEUTENANT MORELAND

Missing are two female Korean children. Six-years-old. They were part of a day school field trip.

SERIES OF SHOTS: A YOUNG KOREAN DAY CARE PROVIDER is crying and talking to two POLICE OFFICERS. A large GROUP of KOREAN CHILDREN in matching PINK T-SHIRTS sit in a semicircle with another TEACHER. There is an overwhelming sense of controlled panic.

As Flynn listens he is scanning the area.

LIEUTENANT MORELAND (CONT'D)

They do not speak English. The two girls wandered off about two hours ago. They were last seen wearing the same pink T-shirts as the rest of their group. The parents have been notified and are in transit. Our perimeter is the Reservoir to the North and Columbus Circle to the South. We have officers checking the trails. I need the Mounted Unit to take the off trail terrain. We do not know if they can swim so let's make the reservoir a priority. As of this time, we do not suspect foul play but we haven't discounted it either. Radio in with anything you find.

Flynn mounts Finnigan and prepares to head out.

FLYNN

Names, Lieutenant? What are their names?

LIEUTENANT MORELAND

(frustrated; sad)

If I could pronounce them I'd tell you. Look for the pink shirts.

The distraught Korean Teacher overhears and runs over.

KOREAN TEACHER

Eun Hee and Hea Jung!

LIEUTENANT MORELAND
Say again.

KOREAN TEACHER
Eun Hee and Hea Jung!

LIEUTENANT MORELAND
(giving up)
Just look for the pink shirts.

The Korean Teacher grabs Flynn by the leg. Imploring:

KOREAN TEACHER
Eun Hee and Hea Jung!

FLYNN
*Eun Hee and Hea Jung? Got it. Thank
you, ma'am. Eun Hee and Hea Jung.*

Flynn pivots Finnigan and prepares to go when he SEES:

ANGLE ON: McGettrick, on horseback, leading a HALF DOZEN Unit
B Mounted Officers across the meadow.

MCGETTRICK
(yelling)
Cavalry's here. Let's find us some
missing kids.

It cannot be stressed enough how awkward and clumsy
McGettrick looks on a horse.

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - VARIOUS - CONTINUOUS

Officers on foot walking across the meadow toward a wooded
area. K2 UNIT OFFICERS leading POLICE DOGS down a trail. A
POLICE HELICOPTER overhead. Several Mounted Officers headed
in various directions.

Flynn ducks as Finnigan takes him through some hanging tree
branches to go up an embankment. Flynn gives a slight kick
and they go up and over a hill and into a secluded wooded
area. Hard to believe we are in the middle of Manhattan.

INTERCUT with VARIOUS SHOTS of our Mounted Officers in
different parts of the park. Foot Officers combing the area.

J.D. Rides Leone through a small campsite of HOMELESS MEN
smoking a joint. They look panicked.

J.D.
No worries, guys. I'm looking for
two missing six-year-old Korean
girls. You seen 'em?

HOMELESS MAN

No. Sorry.

J.D.

As you were.

J.D. Rides away.

HOMELESS MAN

I hope they're okay. Good luck.

McGettrick awkwardly rides through some brush and comes across a YOUNG COUPLE making out.

MCGETTRICK

I'm looking for two missing girls.

The Young Couple shrugs.

ANGLE ON: Finnigan moving forward through the brush. Flynn navigates him around a tree, over some rough terrain and they STOP SHORT. Finnigan's ears turn out. Flynn smiles uneasily.

FLYNN

(softly)

Hey there.

WIDER: An adorable SIX-YEAR-OLD KOREAN GIRL, in a pink T-shirt, is sitting by a tree and quietly sobbing. She has the appearance of a wounded bird.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(carefully)

I've been looking for you.

The Korean Girl looks at Finnigan and lets out a small, scared cry. She is terrified. Flynn dismounts and squats down to her level.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(soothing)

No, hey, its okay. Everything's fine. I'm Detective--

(catches himself)

-- no, Officer Flynn. I'm Officer Flynn. You must be --

Flynn sees the Girl's name stitched in red on the front of her pink T-shirt in small letters. Thank goodness. He had already forgotten the Korean names.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

-- Eun Hee?

The Girl looks at him with recognition. Flynn carefully gets closer to the girl. He scans the area looking for the other.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Eun Hee. It's okay. Where's your buddy? Is your friend around here with you? Where you been?

FLYNN'S POV: Scanning the trees and brush. Nothing.

Flynn grabs his radio and calls it in.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

(into radio)

I have *Eun Hee*. Appears to be fine. No sign of the other one. I repeat, I only have the one girl.

(to *Eun Hee*)

What do you say we get out of here? I'll take you back to your friends. Sound good *Eun Hee*?

Flynn scoops up the little girl and hugs her tight. She is the same size as Katherine. He walks back to Finnigan.

EUN HEE

(scared)

No *mal*. No *mal*.

Eun Lee starts sobbing. She clings to Flynn's neck.

FLYNN

Mal? Is that horse?

Finnigan gingerly steps forward and extends his nose to the girl.

EUN HEE

(panicked)

No *mal*.

FLYNN

No, he's a good *mal*. See, he wants to say hello.

(sotto)

Christ, why didn't I take Korean in high school?

Eun Hee peers at Finnigan over Flynn's shoulder. Her sobbing subsides. Finnigan gently nudges her hand. She smiles.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

Yeah, see. Good *mal*.

Taking Finnigan's reins, Flynn gently carries the girl over the hill and down an embankment. Once they are in a clearing, Flynn gently sits Eun Hee on his saddle. Her nervousness subsides and she actually smiles.

FLYNN (CONT'D)

See, Finnigan just wants to be your friend.

EXT. SHEEP MEADOW - A SHORT TIME LATER

Finnigan comes trotting out of the woods with both Flynn and a smiling Eun Hee in the saddle.

The Officers and Bystanders at the Command Center let out a CHEER as Flynn, Finnigan and Eun Hee slow to a walk.

The Korean Teacher, Eun Hee's PARENTS, a PARAMEDIC and a KOREAN NYPD OFFICER crowd around Finnigan. Flynn hands the Girl down to the waiting arms of her parents.

Another set of PARENTS start barking out questions in KOREAN. The Paramedic checks the girl for injuries. Everyone is talking at once. Eun Hee is overwhelmed. Starts to cry.

KOREAN OFFICER

Ja, joyonghi haseyo! (BE QUIET!)

Eun Hee takes a long, stuttering breath. She turns her head and reaches up to touch Finnigan's face.

KOREAN OFFICER (CONT'D)

(carefully; in Korean)

Hwajangshil, Hea Jung?

Eun Hee turns from the horse and says something very softly in Korean. The Parents gasp. Begin to cry. The Korean Officer tilts his head hoping he didn't hear her right.

KOREAN OFFICER (CONT'D)

She said, "A man took her."

EXT. CENTRAL PARK - BY THE LAKE - LATER

The members of the Mounted Unit Troop B are moving forward in an equestrian line. They come up over a berm and then branching out in different directions.

EXT. WOODED AREA - CONTINUOUS

Flynn and Finnigan have come to a stop in a desolate part of the park. Flynn's expression is pained. He clicks his mouth to encourage Finnigan onward.

FLYNN'S POV: PANNING: A ripped pink sweater in some brush. Then a small tennis shoe. We see a little pink shirt. Then a pair of pants turned inside-out comes into FRAME.

Finally, we slowly TILT UP and reveal the brutally battered nude body of a lifeless six-year-old Korean Girl. Hea Jung.

REVERSE ANGLE: Flynn atop Finnigan. Devastated. Defeated. He quickly looks away. Squeezes his eyes tight for a moment. But it is too late. There are some things you just can't unsee.

We STAY on Flynn and Finnigan. Stoic in their sadness. Flynn takes a deep breath to regain full composure.

As we FADE TO BLACK we HEAR Flynn call out:

FLYNN
Found her!

END OF PILOT