



FADE IN:

INT. DETECTIVE'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR (MOVING) -- NIGHT

The car moves through downtown Philadelphia. The police radio crackles now and again.

The silhouette of a PLAINCLOTHES DETECTIVE looks through the windshield and sees:

A HOMELESS MAN sitting against a telephone booth over a steaming grate.

The image the Detective sees freezes and dissolves into a contemporary oil painting of the homeless man being painted in real time. After a moment, the painting dissolves:

BACK TO SCENE

as the car moves on. The Detective then looks out his driver's side window and sees:

Two old, worn PROSTITUTES standing in the cold glow of a streetlamp.

The image freezes and dissolves into an oil painting of the women, the tip of a brush working the paint. After a moment, the painting dissolves:

BACK TO SCENE

The Detective's car pulls to a stop as he looks out his window and sees:

A MOTHER screaming at the sky, holding a DEAD CHILD in her arms, a twisted, broken bicycle under a truck tire behind her.

The image the detective sees freezes and dissolves into an oil painting of the scene, being painted in real time.

The PAINTER, a handsome young man in his 30s, wipes a brush onto a paint-smudged cloth. He gazes at the painting with sad eyes, then drops his head a moment and sighs.

INT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- NIGHT

A richly-appointed Library, cozy and close, a fire crackling in the fireplace. Walls of bookshelves filled with leather-bound first editions, expensive statuary and rare items.

Original oils punctuate the wall space, a large Monet over the fireplace. Heavy drapes bracket oversized windows.

LYSSA (short for Alyssa) ABRAHMS, 30s, and her grandfather JOSEPH ABRAHMS, 70s, sit in leather chairs facing one another before the fire, an antique ivory chess table between them.

LYSSA

Check.

JOSEPH

(German-Jewish accent)

Mmm-hmmm. Feeling confident, are we?

LYSSA

Smelling blood, actually. I said check, Poppy.

JOSEPH

I heard. I heard.

Lyssa holds a snifter of brandy. She's attractive, with rich blue eyes that capture and hold. She leans into the game, swaying slightly, like a cobra sizing up it's prey.

Joseph is white haired and fit. His clothes and bearing suggest his Middle European roots.

JOSEPH

Well, now...let's see how this sits with you.

Joseph moves the black queen, snatching a white bishop from the board and setting it emphatically on the table.

JOSEPH

Hmmm....?

LYSSA

It's amazing. You can remember every painting you've hung in your gallery for the last 40 years, but you can't remember the first endgame you ever taught me.

She reaches out, puts a knight into position.

LYSSA

Checkmate.

JOSEPH

What? No! I had you!

LYSSA

That's the thing about chess, Poppy. It's like life. You may not have what you think you do.

Joseph peruses the board, realizes she's got him.

JOSEPH

Ach! I can't beat you anymore. You have learned well, *liebschen*.

He gently touches her cheek, gets up and pokes at the fire.

JOSEPH

You remember what you see. You *think*. That is why you are running my gallery now instead of some little shit with an art degree. Your mother would be proud, may she rest in peace. *I* am proud.

LYSSA

I hope so.

Lyssa takes a pack of cigarettes from her jacket, pulls one out. Joseph hears the flick of the lighter and turns.

JOSEPH

Except for that! A foul habit I did not teach you.

LYSSA

Oh, come on, Poppy...

JOSEPH

No, Lyssa. I've told you before. This is my house. My air. You poison yourself if you must, but you will not do it in here.

He points to the doors leading to the attached sunroom porch.

JOSEPH

Go out in the sunroom. I did not save my books from the fires of Hitler to have them smell of smoke now.

She rises, gives him a peck on the cheek.

LYSSA

God forbid your precious books smell any older than they are.

He waves her off with a loving grunt as she steps through the sunroom doors.

EXT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- STREET

A dark van pulls slowly past the entrance to the driveway. It stops, then backs behind the hedge that fronts the property.

Two scruffy rabbit's feet swing from the rearview mirror.

THREE CREWMEN climb out the side door of the van, each dressed in paratrooper's boots, black jeans, turtleneck, leather coat, and ski mask. They carry empty duffle bags.

A fourth man, the CREW LEADER, exits the driver's door, dressed the same. His eyes focus only on the house.

CREW LEADER

Time.

CREWMAN #1

Eight-twenty-one.

CREW LEADER

We got sixteen minutes.

He jogs off toward the house. The others follow.

INT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- SUNROOM

In the dark, the tip of Lyssa's cigarette glows brightly.

LIBRARY

Joseph stands at the desk. He holds up a lithograph of a painting, trying to catch the light to see it better.

EXT. ABRAHMS MANSION

The Crew cuts across the front of the house, staying low. The Crew Leader darts to the

LIBRARY WINDOW

The Crew Leader sees only Joseph at the desk.

The Crew moves to

THE FRONT DOOR

The Crew Leader pulls a nine-millimeter handgun from inside his jacket.

CREWMAN #1 spits a wad of chewing gum into his fingers and pushes it onto the lens of the peephole with a gloved thumb. He then pushes the doorbell.

INT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- LIBRARY

At the sound of the bell, Joseph looks at the clock on the mantle, then puts the litho down and moves toward the Foyer.

## SUNROOM

Lyssa hears the doorbell. She holds the burning ember of her cigarette close to the watch on her wrist.

## ENTRY FOYER

Joseph looks through the peephole, sees nothing. He shakes his head, and turns one of the door's two deadbolts.

## EXT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- FRONT STOOP

The Crew Leader points at the top bolt as it clicks open, then counts down with his fingers ...3...2...1. As the second deadbolt releases and the front doorknob turns,

## SMASH!

The Crew Leader and Crewman #1 put their shoulders into the door and explode into the foyer, violently knocking Joseph to the floor.

The door cracks loudly against a foyer table, sending a large oriental vase splintering on the floor.

## INT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- SUNROOM

Lyssa jumps at the explosion of the invasion. She turns and opens the door and looks into the

## LIBRARY

Chaotic motion, noise, and shouting. The Crew Leader and Crewman #1 drag Joseph into the room.

## CREW LEADER

Two -- upstairs -- bedrooms! Jewelry in the master. Three -- check this floor! I don't want any surprises.

## SUNROOM

Lyssa quickly pushes the door closed, presses herself against the wall.

## LIBRARY

Two Crewmen move off -- one up the front stairs, the other through the dining room into the kitchen.

The Crew Leader and Crewman #1 drop Joseph into a leather chair near the desk. Joseph's face shows bewilderment.

The Crew Leader points Crewman #1 at the bookshelves. Crewman #1 nods, then begins to sweep the books from the shelves.

CREW LEADER  
(to Joseph)  
Where's the safe?

Joseph ignores him, watches Crewman #1 mistreating his precious books and possessions.

The Crew Leader slaps Joseph.

CREW LEADER  
Old Man! I don't have time to fuck with you! I know there's a safe! Where is it?

JOSEPH  
No...I don't....  
(looking at his books being  
tossed and torn)  
Please! Tell him to stop that...!

SUNROOM

Lyssa peeks through the door curtain, sees the Crew Leader slap her grandfather. She stifles a scream.

LIBRARY

CREWMAN #3 runs back in and opens the door leading to the

SUNROOM

The door folds back onto Lyssa, almost touching her as she flattens between the door and the wall.

Crewman #3 takes a cursory look into the room, sees no one, goes back into the Library, and closes the door.

Lyssa drops slowly to the floor, eyes wide.

LIBRARY

Crewman# 3 grabs his duffle bag.

CREWMAN #3  
Nobody down here. I'm gonna grab the stuff in the den.

CREW LEADER  
(checks his watch)  
Twelve minutes.  
(to Joseph)

Look, old man. We just want the valuable shit. Give it up and we're gone.

Joseph watches as Crewman #1 continues to toss his books from the shelves.

Joseph's jaw sets. He points.

JOSEPH

There. The safe is over there. Behind the red books. Take what you want and go.

The Crew Leader and Crewman #1 move to the bookcase on the far side of the desk.

Joseph, unnoticed, rises cautiously and picks up a long letter opener from the desk that resembles an antique knife. He inches toward the edge of the desk.

The Crew Leader finds the safe. The handle turns easily...it's not locked. He pulls a stack of currency from the safe, then some negotiable securities.

Crewman #1 notices Joseph moving and comes out around the side of the desk.

CREWMAN #1

Hey! Sid down, old man. Where you think you're go-...

Joseph sinks the letter opener deep into Crewman #1's belly, pulls it out, then stabs him again.

JOSEPH

Defile my home...! You bastard! You Nazi bastard!

Crewman #1 wails and collapses to his knees. The Crew Leader turns and sees Joseph trying to pull Crewman #1's mask from his head, raising the letter opener to stab the man again.

CREW LEADER

Hey!

The Crew Leader swings his gun and fires. The shot catches Joseph in the forehead. He falls straight back to the floor.

The Crew Leader moves to his wounded comrade, who is propped up on one elbow, looking at the blood flowing onto his hands.

CREW LEADER

How bad is it?

CREWMAN #1  
Oh, Jesus! It's bad, man. Ah, Christ!

CREW LEADER  
Hang in there. We'll get you out of here.

He stands and looks at Joseph, dead on the floor.

CREW LEADER  
Fuck! Goddamn it!

SUNROOM

Lyssa, horrified, watches through the curtain slit.

LIBRARY

Crewman #2 bounds down from upstairs, stuffing a jewelry box into his duffle bag.

CREWMAN #2  
What the hell was that?

He sees Crewman #1 on the floor, the blood, and Joseph.

CREWMAN #2  
Aw shit.....

Crewman #3 comes in from the dining room, his duffle bag stuffed. He takes in the scene, then moves to the foyer.

CREWMAN #3  
We gotta get outta here.....

CREW LEADER  
Not without Reggie. Gimme a hand.

Crewman #3 and the Crew Leader help Crewman#1/REGGIE up -- he holds his stomach, and moans.

SUNROOM

Lyssa watches them move into the darkened foyer.

The Crew Leader pulls off his ski mask as he turns the corner into the foyer. All Lyssa sees in the dim light is a glimpse of the back edge of his face and head before he's gone.

EXT. ABRAHMS MANSION

The Crew comes through the door, across the stoop and down to the van. They place Reggie into the van, then jump in after him. The dark van roars onto the street and is gone.

INT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- LIBRARY

Lyssa cautiously opens the sunroom door, listens a moment, then rushes to her grandfather's side.

LYSSA  
Oh, God! Poppy! Poppy!

EXT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- NIGHT

A car pulls into the circular driveway, now crowded with emergency vehicles, squad cars, and mobile news vans.

Detective 1st Grade SEAN REGAN, 30s, slim and Irish handsome, climbs wearily from the car. He's the Painter from the opening sequence. He looks at the house as if he's about to walk into fire.

He moves to the front door, where DOLAN, an overweight, uniformed cop in his 40s, stands.

DOLAN  
Detective.

SEAN  
Dolan.

Sean throws a thumb over his shoulder at the news vans.

SEAN  
Newsies giving you any trouble?

DOLAN  
Not yet.

SEAN  
They'll beat us here someday. Always listening. Even know when you've pulled over to take a piss, Dolan.

DOLAN  
Just what I want my kid to see on the ten o'clock news.

SEAN  
Everybody here?

DOLAN  
Your brother Mike, Detectives Burgess and Collins, the M.E., few others.

SEAN  
Bobby Moses?

DOLAN  
Haven't seen 'im yet.

SEAN  
My father?

DOLAN  
No sign a' your Pop, either.

SEAN  
Small blessings, huh?

Dolan smiles.

Sean steps across the threshold into the house. He steps carefully around shards of broken vase and drops of blood.

INT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- LIBRARY

The fire has died, and the room is bright -- every light is on. It's stark and clinical now.

DETECTIVE FRANK COLLINS, 30s, short and stocky, checks the empty safe. A UNIFORMED OFFICER looks through books on the floor.

The MEDICAL EXAMINER stands beside Joseph's body, which is in an open body bag on a gurney.

Sean enters.

SEAN'S FACE AND EYES, LOOKING HARD AT JOSEPH'S CORPSE.

The ambient sound drops to almost nothing.

Sean takes in every detail of that specific image.

The Medical Examiner zips up the body bag.

The ambient sound returns with the sound of the zipper. Sean looks away.

In the center of the room, staring at the Monet over the fireplace, is Homicide Detective MIKE REGAN, 40s, Sean's older brother.

Sean walks up beside him and looks at the painting.

MIKE  
Never understood this kinda stuff. It's all fuzzy and all. Guy shoulda worn glasses, don'tcha think?

SEAN  
It's Impressionist.

MIKE  
Yeah? Well, it ain't impressin' me.

SEAN  
No velvet Elvis, huh?

MIKE  
Hey, little brother...don't be knockin'  
my velvet El. I've held onto that through  
three marriages, you know. Barely won it  
from Kathleen last year.

SEAN  
Sure you won?

MIKE  
Whatta you know? You want to hear about  
this or you want to keep discussin' art?

Sean continues to look at the Monet.

SEAN  
Same guys?

MIKE  
Same M.O....rich house, rich  
neighborhood, perfect timing...

SEAN  
Pop's gonna love this. Number eleven.  
Mayor's gonna be all over him.

MIKE  
It's his job to have the Mayor all over  
'im.

Sean smiles as he focuses on the Monet.

SEAN  
What else?

MIKE  
Four guys, black leather. Real  
professional-like. Same as over in Valley  
Green, Wissahickon, Mt. Airy. Same all  
around.

Collins moves to Mike's side.

COLLINS

They come crashin' through the door,  
scare the shit out of the homeowner...

MIKE

Who's elderly, usually alone...

COLLINS

Take whatever they can dump on a fence  
without raisin' eyebrows. Safe's empty,  
jewelry case upstairs is gone.

Sean's eyes leave the Monet and look at Joseph's body.

SEAN

Something different on this one.

MIKE

Uh-huh. First time for that. Single shot  
to the forehead.

MEDICAL EXAMINER

He got one of them before he went,  
though.

SEAN

Yeah?

MEDICAL EXAMINER

Yeah. Looks like some serious shit, too.  
I'd say belly maybe. This blood over  
here's not from the old man. Used this  
pig-sticker here.

The Medical Examiner holds up an evidence bag with the bloody  
letter opener in it, then turns and wheels the gurney out  
through the foyer.

MIKE

Looks like they dragged their buddy out  
through the front. Blood trails lead to  
the end of the driveway.

SEAN

They're losin' it. Or gettin' stupid-  
brave, if they're not afraid to start  
killing people.

MIKE

Especially when they really didn't have  
to -- an old geezer like that, old enough  
to be your grandfath.....

LYSSA (O.S.)  
His name was Joseph Abrahms.

Sean and Mike turn to see Lyssa. A young detective, RON BURGESS, stands by her.

Sean's eyes lock onto Lyssa's face...he's taken aback by her beauty, caught by the blue eyes. He looks at her the same way he looked at the Monet.

BURGESS  
Sean, this is ....

MIKE  
(embarrassed)  
Uh, yeah, thanks, Burgess. I'll take it from here. Go help Dolan handle the press.

Burgess guy-nods and goes out through the foyer.

MIKE  
Sorry, Miss. Sometimes we...well...sorry.

Lyssa casts a sideways glance at Mike, then looks back at the floor in front of the desk.

MIKE  
Sean, this is Alyssa Abrahms, the victim's daughter. Ms. Abrahms, this is the detective I mentioned.

SEAN  
Ms. Abrahms....

Lyssa ignores him, stares at the blood-stained floor. Sean steps into her line of sight.

SEAN  
My name is Sean Regan, Ms. Abrahms. I'm with Homicide.

LYSSA  
Yes...

SEAN  
I'm sorry for your loss.

Lyssa looks at him, trying to focus.

LYSSA  
Thank you. I...

SEAN  
Look, perhaps we ought to go somewhere else...

LYSSA  
No. I want to stay here.

SEAN  
Perhaps you'd like to sit then.

Sean indicates the leather chairs in front of the fireplace.

SEAN  
I have a few questions, if you're up to it.

LYSSA  
Yes. It's fine. I'm...fine.

She isn't, but she's maintaining. They sit. Mike leans against the mantle. Collins stands nearby.

SEAN  
You were in the house?

LYSSA  
Yes. Out there in the sunroom. My grandfather doesn't like me...didn't like...me...

SEAN  
You saw what happened.

LYSSA  
Yes.

SEAN  
I'm sorry.

She looks up at Sean. The compassionate note in his voice surprises her.

LYSSA  
I saw one of them. Without his mask.

Sean looks immediately to Mike.

MIKE  
I was gonna get to that.

SEAN  
You get a good look, you think?

LYSSA  
 Maybe...I'm not sure. It was dark. It happened so fast.

MIKE  
 First time anyone's seen one 'a these guys, Sean. Could be the break we...

Sean holds up his hand to quiet Mike.

SEAN  
 What can you remember of him?

LYSSA  
 Not much. He was mostly in shadow. Dark hair, I think, clean cut...maybe...I...

SEAN  
 Think you could pick him out if we showed you some photographs?

LYSSA  
 Possibly.

A commotion erupts in front of the house...a crowd shouting questions.

Sean looks to Mike.

SEAN  
 (to Mike)  
 You and Frank want to check that out?

Mike nods, he and Collins move off. Sean turns back to Lyssa.

LYSSA  
 Why did they have to kill him?

SEAN  
 Don't know. It looks like there was a struggle. He may have wounded one of them. Did you see any of that?

She shakes her head.

Sean's eyes quickly scan the room.

SEAN  
 Were there a lot of valuables in the house?

LYSSA  
 Everything in here is valuable, Detective.

We own the Abrahms Gallery downtown. Look around -- Rose Medallion oriental porcelains, first editions, original oils. The house *is* a gallery.

SEAN  
Any security?

LYSSA  
After surviving Nazi Germany, my grandfather didn't believe security was possible.

Sean looks up at the Monet over the fireplace.

SEAN  
(quietly)  
Amazing. No security, and a priceless Monet original in open view.

Lyssa looks up at the Monet, then at Sean.

LYSSA  
You know it?

SEAN  
(forgetting himself, lost in the painting)  
One of his Giverny series paintings, maybe 1899, 1900. His eyesight was going by that time, so he only painted surface light. There's a way you can turn the brush to get that reflecting effect he has there...

Sean catches himself, self-consciously glances at Lyssa, then away. Lyssa gazes steadily at him now.

LYSSA  
You've studied art, Detective?

Sean stands abruptly. Strictly back to business.

SEAN  
No. Must've read it somewhere. Look, would you be available tomorrow to look at some pictures?

LYSSA  
Yes, certainly.

SEAN  
Good. I can have someone pick you up in the morning.

Mike comes back in, a disgusted look on his face. With him is Homicide Detective BOBBY MOSES, light-skinned African-American, 30's, tall, thin, well-groomed, a sharp dresser. His badge hangs from his coat pocket.

MIKE  
(to Sean)  
Can I see you a second?

SEAN  
Yeah. We're about finished here. Where will you be staying tonight, Ms. Abrahms?

LYSSA  
I can't stay here? This is my home...

MIKE  
Sean -- that's what I need to talk to you about.

SEAN  
(to Lyssa)  
Excuse me a moment.

Sean walks to Mike and Bobby in the foyer doorway.

Sean nods to Bobby.

SEAN  
Bobby.

BOBBY  
Sorry I'm late. Had something I needed to handle.

MIKE  
'Nother girlfriend, more'n likely.

BOBBY  
Hey. Be nice.

SEAN  
(to Bobby)  
Come up with anything?

BOBBY  
Nothin' that'll help us here.  
(looks around the room)  
Looks like some real bad juju.

SEAN  
Yeah.  
(to Mike)  
What's goin' on outside?

MIKE

Burgess fucked up. One of those asshole reporters started pressin' about these break-ins and do we have any leads and all, and Burgess, you know, he doesn't have a lot of experience with the newsies yet...

SEAN

What, Mike?

MIKE

He told 'em we got a witness saw one of the perps.

SEAN

Aw, Jesus. They have her name?

MIKE

They know who the vic was. Burgess said it was his granddaughter. Despite what we may think, newsies ain't totally stupid.

SEAN

(sighing)

OK, look. Clear the area, lock it up. I'm gonna have to move her now. And get those pricks with the cameras out of here. Tell them if they use what Burgess told them, all they'll get from us from now on is Dolan pissin'.

MIKE

What?

SEAN

Nothing. Just get 'em the hell out of here.

Mike and Bobby go back outside.

SEAN

We have a bit of a problem, Ms. Abrahms.

LYSSA

Yes?

SEAN

You're a material witness to your father's murder. I think it best you don't stay here. Anywhere private you can go tonight?

LYSSA

We have an apartment over the Gallery we seldom use. No one else would know about it.

SEAN

That should be fine for tonight. I'll have someone run you over there.

LYSSA

Thank you. You've been very kind, Detective.

SEAN

See you tomorrow, then, Ms. Abrahms.

Sean turns and walks out. Lyssa watches him leave, then turns and looks up at the Monet a moment, then back to where Sean just was.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. OWL AND THISTLE PUB -- NIGHT

A crowded Irish bar. Laughter, conversation, Irish music. This is a cop's bar.

Sean and Mike enter and are instantly greeted. It's obvious the Regans are held in high esteem.

Mike shouts at PAT, the bartender, a wizened old Irishman with wispy white hair under an Irish newsboy's cap.

MIKE

(bad Irish accent)

Patty, me boy! Two pints a' Guinness fur me bruthur an' meself.

PAT

(a real Irish accent)

Not a drop will ya get from me 'til ya lose that insultin' accent, Michael. Regan yur name may be, but there's red, white, an' blue flowin' in your veins, so don't go pissin' on yur ancestors by mutilatin' the music a' their tongue.

SEAN

And you're standin' on red, white, and blue soil, you old Irish pirate, so set 'em up, or I'll have everyone in here write you up for refusing the direct order of a law enforcement officer. That right, boys?

## BAR PATRONS

Right!--You bet!--You heard 'im, Pat!

They all laugh.

Pat slides beers to Sean and Mike. He points to the back corner of the bar.

## PAT

Yur father's holdin' court back in Regan's Corner, boys, and he's in a mood.

## SEAN

When isn't he?

Pat and the nearest patrons nod knowingly.

Sean and Mike move off to

## REGAN'S CORNER

a hallowed section of the Owl and Thistle.

The walls are papered with pictures of cops and newspaper clippings, some weathered, others more recent.

Seated in the center of the corner -- The "Throne" -- is THOMAS REGAN, 60s. He's a big man, neat and fit, in dress uniform. His demeanor is that of a man who believes he is right about everything.

In his hand is a pint of Guinness.

## THOMAS

So the four nuns are standin' in front of St. Peter at the Pearly Gates, wonderin' what to expect now that they've passed on. St. Peter says to em, "Sisters, I've got to ask you each a question before I can let you into Paradise. I'm sorry to have to do it, but the Man upstairs insists."

His audience nods and laughs.

## THOMAS

So St. Peter says to the first nun, he says, "Sister, sorry to impugn your chastity, but while you were mortal, did you ever have occasion to touch a man's penis?" "Oh, father," the nun says, "It was only once, and only with these two fingers."

Thomas holds up the thumb and first finger on one hand. The crowd laughs.

THOMAS

Well," says St. Peter, "I suppose that's not so bad. Go over to that large bowl of Holy Water, and wash those fingers thoroughly and I'll let ya into Paradise." So the nun rushes over, vigorously washes her fingers, and moves through the Pearly Gates.

SEAN

(to Mike)

Tellin' that one again.

MIKE

And they'll laugh at it again.

THOMAS

So St. Peter turns to the second nun and says, "And you, sister -- while you were mortal, did you ever have occasion to touch a man's penis?" "Oh, father," says the second nun, "It was only once, and only with this one hand."

Thomas holds up one hand. More laughter.

THOMAS

Well," says St. Peter, "I suppose that's not so bad. Go over and scrub that hand thoroughly in that large bowl of Holy Water, and I'll let ya into Paradise." So the nun rushes over and starts to wash the very skin off the offendin' hand. And while she's scrubbin' away, the fourth nun taps the third nun on the shoulder and says, "You mind if I gargle with that water before you sit your arse down in it?"

The group explodes with laughter, and hails Thomas with a raising of their glasses.

As the glasses come back down, Thomas sees Sean and Mike. He moves off the deck and puts his arms around them.

THOMAS

Sean! Michael! It's about time my sons showed themselves!

SEAN

Looks like you had things in hand, Pop.

THOMAS

Sure'n I did, my boy, but a man likes his sons around him, right?

Thomas turns to the crowd and hoists his glass to the wall of photos.

THOMAS

Gentlemen and ladies! A toast, now that we're all here! Raise your glasses to the Force -- the best job a man could hope to have!

This is obviously a ritual that's been repeated many times.

ALL

To the Force!

THOMAS

And to all the Regan's on the wall there who came before me -- my grandfather Seamus, the first of us to wear the badge.

ALL

Seamus!

THOMAS

And to Patrick, my father, and uncles Aidan, and John, may their souls rest in the arms of the Virgin Mary!

ALL

Here, here!

THOMAS

And to the next Regans who wear the badge. My sons, Sean and Michael.

ALL

Hoo-rah!

Mike leans into his father's ear.

MIKE

And Kevin, Pop...

Thomas casts a look at KEVIN REGAN, late 20s, lean and muscular. He sits at a table nearby, nursing a beer.

THOMAS

Yes...and my nephew Kevin, may his father William, my brother, rest in peace...Killed in the line a' duty...He was a brave man, Kevin!

Kevin smiles and raises his glass as the crowd offers him acknowledgement.

THOMAS

We Regans are cops, my boys -- always have been, always will be! To the Badge!

ALL

To the Badge!

YOUNG OFFICER

And to Thomas Regan! The best Chief of Detectives we've ever had!

ALL

To Tommy!--Chief Regan!

The crowd knocks glasses, laughs, and toasts. Thomas turns to his sons.

THOMAS

Where you boys been? Been waitin' two hours on ya.

SEAN

(quietly)

There's been another one, Pop.

THOMAS

(suddenly serious)

Where?

SEAN

Glengarry Road. Chestnut Hill.

THOMAS

Goddamn it.

SEAN

There's more.

(looks uneasily at Mike)

They killed the home owner. Shot to the head.

Thomas takes a long, slow breath. His jaw clenches.

MIKE

We got a witness, though, Pop...

THOMAS  
A witness?

SEAN  
Victim's granddaughter. She caught a  
glimpse of one of them.

Kevin sees them huddling, stands and joins them.

KEVIN  
What's up?

MIKE  
'Nother invasion. Victim was killed.

KEVIN  
Jesus.

MIKE  
Got a witness this time though. Caught a  
glimpse of one of the guys.

KEVIN  
Great. Fill me in...

THOMAS  
This is Homicide now, Kevin. Sean and  
Mike'll handle it.

KEVIN  
But maybe I can...

THOMAS  
(sternly)  
This isn't a Property Recovery case,  
Kevin. It's Homicide.

Sean glances at Kevin.

SEAN  
(to Kevin)  
Hey, look. We're gonna have her run  
photos tomorrow, but it's probably a long  
shot. Maybe you could focus her a little  
on the kind of guys you're seeing at  
Property, Kevin. Could help, you know?

Kevin glances at Thomas, then looks at Sean and nods.

KEVIN  
Yeah, whatever I can do.

Thomas ignores Sean's kindness to his cousin, and continues  
to speak just to Mike and Sean.

THOMAS  
Where is she?

SEAN  
We had to move her.  
(beat)  
The press knows about her, Pop.

THOMAS  
The press? Jesus Christ! How the hell did they get that information?

SEAN  
It was an unfortunate....

THOMAS  
You're damn right it's unfortunate! That young woman's now in jeopardy, son. How could you let that happen? Weren't you controlling your crime scene?

SEAN  
Yes, I had control...

THOMAS  
Obviously not, Sean.

MIKE  
Pop, it really wasn't Sean's fault. We...

Sean holds up his hand to quiet Mike.

SEAN  
You're right, Pop. I should've buttoned it down.

THOMAS  
You're damn right you should have.

Thomas checks his watch.

THOMAS  
I'm gonna phone in. Commissioner's gonna want to hear from me. I want to meet this witness tomorrow. You got someone on her?

Sean nods yes. Thomas turns to the crowd.

THOMAS  
Gotta go, fellas. We'll pick this up again on Friday.

The crowd wishes him well, and Thomas leaves the bar. Mike looks at Sean.

MIKE

Why didn't you let me tell him it was my fault? I put Burgess out there. You didn't have to take the heat.

SEAN

Why put you and Burgess in the wringer too? Pop expected me to handle it, Mike. Plain and simple. Nothin' we say is gonna change his mind.

KEVIN

Nothin' ever has. Nothin' ever will.

Kevin sits back down, hugs his beer.

SEAN

What's with Kev?

Mike gives a "you know" shrug.

MIKE

You saw how Pop treated him. Would you like to be assigned to Property Recovery?

SEAN

Pop's just bein' over-protective.

MIKE

Yeah, well, Pop's gotta let him grow up sometime. Regans should be in Homicide.

SEAN

He'll get there.

MIKE

Maybe it's just his turn to take Pop's heat, you know?

SEAN

Judging from what I just got, it looks like I'm next in line.

(glances at his watch)

Look, I'm takin' off.

MIKE

Aw, come on, Sean. Have another beer. You been lettin' me drink alone a lot lately.

Sean looks him in the eye.

SEAN

Nobody in this world I'd rather lift a pint with. But I got something I gotta do, that's all.

MIKE

You're never home anymore. You got a woman stashed away somewhere's you haven't told me about?

SEAN

When have we ever had time for women?

Mike gives him an "ain't it the truth" smirk. Sean gives his brother a quick hug and heads out the door.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT -- LATER THAT NIGHT

A large space, with a bed, a kitchen area, and a bar along one wall. A digital clock on a small table reads 4:12 am.

Finished and uncompleted sketches and paintings hang at odd angles over most of the wall space, and are stacked against the walls.

The room is darkened except for a pool of light which falls around a tall artist's easel with a large canvas on it. On a stool in front of the canvas, palette and brush in hand, sits Sean, painting.

Sean's work in progress is a stylized, contemporary painting of Joseph Abrahms' corpse in the body bag on the gurney -- the very image that Sean saw earlier.

A single tear traces its way down Sean's cheek.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- HOMICIDE SQUADROOM -- DAY

Sean pours two cups of coffee from a pot on a shelf, turns and walks across the room. He passes Bobby on the phone at his desk, Mike nearby at his.

BOBBY

(into phone)

No...I didn't...I...Hey...that's no way to be talkin' to me.

MIKE

That's it, Bobby. Sweet-talk her.

Bobby flashes an angry glance at Mike, turns his chair and bends into the call. Sean exchanges a smile with Mike as he moves to a table in the corner of the room.

At the table, Lyssa flips through a mugbook. Sean sits down and places one of the cups of coffee near her.

SEAN  
You okay, Miss Abrahms?

Lyssa nods, smiles weakly.

SEAN  
We don't have to do this today if you're not up to it.

LYSSA  
No...it's all right. I have to do something. Otherwise the numbness takes over.

Sean nods.

SEAN  
Nothing close yet?

LYSSA  
No. I'm sorry. I just don't know if I saw enough of him.

SEAN  
It's all right. Keep looking. The subconscious sees patterns and details we're not aware of. If he's in there, something will click.

LYSSA  
You seem so sure.

SEAN  
Seen it happen many times.

LYSSA  
How long have you...?

SEAN  
Been a cop? Ten years on this squad. Seven in the ranks. Name's been on the doors around here for eighty years.

LYSSA  
Quite a heritage.

He nods.

SEAN

How about you? Paint in your blood?

LYSSA

Sort of. My grandfather started the gallery when he emigrated after the war. I was always there as a child. I can't move a brush across canvas, but I learned the language, if you know what I mean.

He nods, takes a swallow of coffee.

She flips a few more pages, then looks up again.

LYSSA

Do you mind if I ask you something?

SEAN

No.

LYSSA

Last night. The Monet. You seemed to know a lot about...

He abruptly stands.

SEAN

Excuse me a moment, will you?  
(holds up his coffee cup)  
Need a refill. You need anything?

She shakes her head, then watches him as he moves across the room.

He joins Mike, now talking with Burgess and Collins. Bobby is still hunched over his desk talking very quietly on the phone. His eyes dart up at Sean, then back down.

BURGESS

Always the same timing. In and out in 8 to 15, 16 minutes. Right in the middle of the security car's sweep. Gotta have the schedule.

MIKE

No doubt. But did they get it from somebody or by scopin' out the timing themselves?

SEAN

Four different security companies handle the eleven neighborhoods. Probably nixes the idea of an insider slidin' somebody schedules.

COLLINS  
They're doin' one, two a week, on average. Plenty of time to scope each one.

SEAN  
Anybody trying to move booty yet? We keepin' the heat on any fences we know?

Bobby hangs up his phone.

BOBBY  
Just talkin' with one. Nothin's showin' up yet.

SEAN  
What about the hospitals?

COLLINS  
No belly wounds. Couple minor stabbings, but the timing's wrong and there were witnesses to each of them.

SEAN  
So where's this guy with a hole in his gut?

MIKE  
In a ditch somewhere's my guess.

Sean sits on the edge of Mike's desk.

SEAN  
Seen Kevin this morning?

MIKE  
Nah. Left him at the Owl pretty late. Prob'ly got a thick head this mornin'.

SEAN  
He better get in before Pop shows up.

MIKE  
We'll just tell Pop he's in court or somethin'. Kid needs a break, don'cha think?.

Sean smiles.

SEAN  
Dishonesty from a public servant. Shameful.

Mike gives Sean a pained "Who, me?" look.

Bobby looks O.S.

BOBBY  
Speak of the devil...

Thomas Regan enters the room with the authority he knows he has. He carries a newspaper. Sean stands as he approaches.

THOMAS  
Where are we?

SEAN  
Pretty much where we've been. Forensics came up empty on prints. But there's traces of talcum -- they were wearing latex gloves, same as the others. Tire tracks matched some from the invasion at Allen's Lane. So it's the same guys.

Sean indicates Lyssa.

SEAN  
This is Alyssa Abrahms, the victim's granddaughter. Ms. Abrahms, this is Thomas Regan, our Chief of Detectives.

They shake hands.

THOMAS  
I'm sorry for your loss, Ms. Abrahms.

LYSSA  
Thank you.

THOMAS  
Have you had any luck with the photos?

LYSSA  
No. There are so many of them, and I didn't get as good a look as I thought, I suppose...

Thomas motions at the photo books.

THOMAS  
It's a sad record there, isn't it? We've been outnumbered for years, Ms. Abrahms. All the more reason why we need a little help from you. Excuse us a moment, will you?

(to Sean)  
I want to show you something.

They go over to Mike's desk. As Bobby stands to join them, his cellphone rings. He checks the screen.

BOBBY  
Sorry. Gotta take this.

Bobby walks to the squadroom window to answer the call.

Burgess joins Mike and Sean as Thomas drops the newspaper on the desk.

NEWSPAPER -- FRONT PAGE

Across the top of the fold is a spread about the Abrahms invasion, with photos of the house and Joseph Abrahms, and a banner headline: OWNER KILLED IN LATEST HOME INVASION.

Below the headline, a smaller bold-type line, VICTIM'S GRANDDAUGHTER SEES ASSAILANT.

THOMAS (O.S.)  
This is what happens when you get sloppy.

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. WAREHOUSE-GARAGE

NEWSPAPER FRONT PAGE

exactly the same position as in the last scene. But as the paper falls away, it's not in the squadroom any longer.

Holding the paper is JIMMIE CROWLEY, 30's, dark hair, dark Vandyke beard, dressed in the black shirt and jeans and black paratroopers boots the Crew wears. Everything about him says threat. He chews on a toothpick as he talks into a cellphone.

CROWLEY  
Yeah...it's me. You seen the papers?...  
Somebody was there, man. She saw one of  
us.

Crowley paces back and forth as he listens to the phone, then sits down on a chair in front of a

TELEVISION

tuned to a newscast with the sound muted.

CROWLEY (V.O.)  
That had to be you, man. None of  
the...None of the rest of us dropped our  
headgear, man. And if they made you...

BACK TO SCENE

Crowley listens again, looks up at the television.

CROWLEY  
 Fuck the TV, man. Maybe you don't know  
 everything they know...

Crowley stands and begins to pace again as he listens.

CROWLEY  
 ...No...No, but the ante went up last  
 night, thanks to you! It ain't breakin'  
 and enterin' now, goddamn it! It's  
 fuckin' murder, and they got a fuckin'  
 witness!

MASON (O.S.)  
 Fuckin' right!

Crowley turns and looks at:

A second crewman, JOHN MASON, 20's, small and extremely thin, with scraggly blond hair. He's dressed the same as Crowley. He fidgets in the open doors of the dark Crew van, smokes a cigarette and nervously chews a fingernail.

CROWLEY  
 ...Yeah, he's here. Fuckin' wired out of  
 his skull. Fuckin' speedfreak. I'm really  
 gettin' tired of...

MASON  
 Fuck you.

Crowley scowls at Mason as he listens again, then turns his back to him.

CROWLEY  
 Look...All's I'm sayin' is this witness  
 thing ain't good. Not to mention that we  
 gotta do something about Reggie, man.  
 He's in a bad way. I'm thinkin' maybe we  
 oughtta cool it for....

Crowley listens, then slowly sits back down on the chair.

CROWLEY  
 ...No...No, I'm not. You're still callin'  
 the shots, man. It's still your  
 operation...Yeah, we're ready...Yeah,  
 I'll take care of Reggie...

Crowley closes his cell phone and sits back in the chair. He raises the paper again, looks at the picture of Lyssa on the front page.

CROWLEY (O.S.)  
 ...And I'll take care of this, too.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- LATE AFTERNOON

Sean and Lyssa leave the building.

SEAN  
 Thanks for giving it a shot, Ms. Abrahms.  
 I know it was a long day.

LYSSA  
 I needed to do it. I needed to feel like  
 I was contributing something.

SEAN  
 It's appreciated. A lot of victims are  
 too shocked or afraid to get involved.

LYSSA  
 A victim. That's how I show up on the  
 paperwork, isn't it? I don't like the  
 feel of that. I wasn't raised that way.

SEAN  
 Then we won't call you that. How about we  
 just call you Ms. Abrahms?

She smiles.

LYSSA  
 Lyssa's better. The other's too formal.  
 (beat) Listen, one of your officers  
 brought me here this morning. My car's at  
 my grandfather's house. Can you drop me  
 over there?

SEAN  
 I'm not sure that's a good idea. We don't  
 have a line on these guys yet, and they  
 may be looking for you...

LYSSA  
 I'm not going to stay there. And you'll  
 be with me 'til I'm in my car.

Sean thinks this over a moment.

SEAN  
 All right. Sure. My car's over here.

EXT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- STREET -- DUSK

The Crew's dark van pulls to the curb. Behind the windshield, the rabbit's feet dangle.

Crowley exits from the driver's side. He still wears the black jeans and black paratrooper's boots of the Crew.

He walks around the van, crosses the sidewalk, and steps into the hedges surrounding the house.

INT. DETECTIVE'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR (MOVING)

Sean drives, Lyssa's in the passenger seat.

SILENCE, then:

LYSSA

I don't think I was much help today.

SEAN

You did fine. Sorry if my father made you feel that way. He's pretty much all business.

LYSSA

He was okay. Enjoy him while he's here.

Sean winces slightly.

SEAN

Look, I'm sorry. I shouldn't have mentioned fathers.

LYSSA

It's alright. It comes and goes. Poppy tried to teach me about accepting and moving on. He knew a lot about that. But it's hard when you actually have to do it.

Sean nods, then looks out at the street. Lyssa glances at him.

LYSSA

You ducked me again this morning when I asked you about the Monet. There's no empty coffee cup to fill now.

SEAN

Yeah, well...I just read a lot, that's all.

LYSSA

No. There was more to it. There was something in your voice, and that thing you said about 'turning the brush' to get an effect....

He looks at her, then back to the road.

LYSSA

I've been around painters all my life, Detective. There's something about the way they look at a painting. They get caught up in the emotion in the paint. You looked at the Monet that way.

He just stares straight ahead and drives.

LYSSA

You paint, don't you?

INT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- LIBRARY -- NIGHT

Dark. Quiet.

Crowley enters from the sunroom and walks to the fireplace. He stands in front of the Monet, then walks into the

FOYER

and stops by the side of the front door.

Crowley pulls a jagged-edged hunting knife from a sheath on his belt. He drops the blade to his side.

INT. DETECTIVE'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR (MOVING)

Lyssa looks at Sean.

LYSSA

Please. Talk to me. I need to talk about something other than what's happened.

He closes his eyes a moment, shakes his head.

LYSSA

What can be so painful for you about painting that you don't even want to talk about it?

He glances at her.

SEAN

The painting's not the pain. It's the relief *from* the pain.

Lyssa waits, eyes locked on him.

SEAN

It's difficult to put into words. (beat)  
I paint away at night what I'm forced to  
see during the day. It's how I get rid of  
the weight of it. I push it away from me  
through my brush onto the canvas.

LYSSA

How long have you...?

SEAN

Quite a while.

LYSSA

Self taught?

SEAN

Mostly. My mother was an artist. Taught  
me a lot. I took to it pretty easy. But  
by high school, she'd stopped pushing it,  
and I'd stopped doing it openly.

LYSSA

Why?

SEAN

We're cops, Ms. Abra...Lyssa. We're a  
family of cops. It's what you're expected  
to become. From as early as I can  
remember, Pop would come home from the  
Job and teach us to be tough, be hard, to  
survive on the streets. Things like  
painting didn't fit into that reality for  
him. My mother understood that.

LYSSA

Couldn't she help your father see...?

SEAN

She couldn't go against him. And I didn't  
want to either. He's always been my hero.  
He expects a lot from me...from all of  
us. Being a cop is our heritage as  
Regans. And we're his legacy, as he sees  
it. I couldn't take that away from him by  
doing something else.

LYSSA

Is that what you want?

SEAN

What I want doesn't matter. It's what's expected. I'm a cop, plain and simple.

LYSSA

But you still paint.

He breathes deeply.

SEAN

Yeah, well...That's how I *stay* a cop.

Lyssa looks at Sean as he stares ahead, driving. What was a moment ago merely interesting has now become something more.

INT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- ENTRY FOYER

Crowley stands waiting by the door. He impatiently glances at his watch.

CROWLEY

Come on...

His other hand tap, tap, taps the glistening blade of the knife against his thigh.

INT. DETECTIVE'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR (MOVING)

Lyssa turns in the seat to face Sean.

LYSSA

Would you let me see your paintings?

He stiffens.

SEAN

I don't think that's a good idea.

She studies him.

LYSSA

Maybe they need to be seen. Maybe you need them to.

INT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- ENTRY FOYER

Crowley looks at his watch again.

CROWLEY

Shit.

Crowley exits the foyer into the Library.

EXT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- STREET

Crowley emerges from the hedges, goes around the dark van and climbs in. He puts his cellphone to his ear.

CROWLEY

I'm on my way. No, not yet.

He drops the phone on the seat. The engine ROARS to life. The dark van pulls away.

As the van disappears, Sean's car comes around the curve and pulls into the Abrahms' turnaround driveway and stops.

SEAN

I have to think about this.

LYSSA

Would you like to think about it over a cup of coffee?

He hesitates.

LYSSA

Detective...Sean. I was raised to say what I think, what I feel, so...here goes. I don't want to be alone right now. It's been a lousy two days. I just need to talk to somebody. (beat) And I see something in you. Something I want to know more about. I want to see beneath the badge, if you'll let me.

Sean looks hard into her eyes, searching...

SEAN

Sure. OK. Coffee sounds good.

EXT. UPSCALE HOME #1, FRONT DOOR

A latex-gloved thumb leaves a wad of gum on the peephole, then moves down and punches the doorbell. A moment later, the CLICK of a deadbolt and

SMASH!

Three figures in black ski masks and clothes EXPLODE through the door, bowling over the OLD WOMAN who answers it. Without hesitation, the Crew Leader steps over her, aims his automatic at her head and fires. Her body jumps and is still.

An ELDERLY MAN appears in the hallway.

ELDERLY MAN  
Emily? What was...?

The Crew Leader aims and fires twice. Two wet, red blossoms appear in the center of the Elderly Man's chest, and he falls face forward onto the floor and is motionless, his outstretched hand just touching that of his dead wife's.

CROWLEY/CREWMAN #2  
(to Crew Leader)  
What the fuck are you doing?

The Crew Leader looks at his victims on the floor. He speaks quietly, almost a whisper.

CREW LEADER  
Nobody else is gettin' gutted, and there aren't gonna be any more witnesses.

CROWLEY/CREWMAN #2  
You're startin' to like that trigger a little too much.

CREW LEADER  
We got nine minutes.

They move off into the house, empty duffle bags in hand.

INT. ABRAHM'S MANSION -- KITCHEN

Sean and Lyssa sit at the table, drinking cups of coffee. Lyssa has a cigarette in one hand.

SEAN  
....so for me it was drink or paint and I've watched too many good cops get wrapped around a bottle. I didn't want to go there, so...

LYSSA  
But picking up a brush...?

SEAN  
I get lost in it. It's like a valve opens and the shit drains away. I wake up a few hours later and it's up there on the canvas, trapped in the paint, away from me.

LYSSA  
Has anyone ever seen them?

SEAN  
My mother.

LYSSA  
Your brother? Your father?

SEAN  
No. God no. They don't even know I have  
the loft.

LYSSA  
What did your mother think of them?

SEAN  
She cried. (beat) She saw the pain, I  
suppose. And she knew it had come through  
me, that I'd seen it, lived it. She's  
never been that close to what any of us  
deals with.

Lyssa is silent a moment, then reaches out and touches his  
hand.

LYSSA  
Share them with me.

Sean shakes his head.

LYSSA  
I know they're personal. And I know how  
sensitive artists are about their work.  
It's what I do. But I also understand  
that part of what drives an artist is a  
need to communicate his emotions. It's  
why he paints. Tell me you don't want  
someone who understands to see what  
you're feeling. If you can tell me that,  
I'll not ask again.

SEAN  
(hesitantly)  
All right. Maybe...When...?

LYSSA  
Tomorrow too soon? Pick me up at the  
gallery, say six o'clock?

He looks into her eyes. His shoulders relax a little.

SEAN  
Tomorrow at six.

She smiles, and reaches for her pack of cigarettes. It's  
empty, and she crushes it.

LYSSA

I've got another pack in the Library.  
Pour us another cup of coffee, will you?

She exits.

Sean reaches for the coffee pot. His cell phone RINGS.

O.S. Lyssa SCREAMS.

Sean jumps up and exits toward the

LIBRARY

Sean runs in. He sees Lyssa in front of the fireplace, her hand at her mouth. She's looking up at the

MONET

which has a JAGGED-EDGED HUNTING KNIFE stuck through the center of it. SPEARED BY THE KNIFE is the NEWSPAPER with the headlines about Joseph Abraham's murder and Lyssa being a witness.

BACK TO SCENE

Sean draws his handgun and quickly steps to Lyssa. She's all right. He moves to the windows -- they're locked.

Sean runs to the front door -- also locked. He disappears into the sunroom, then returns.

SEAN

He came in there...jimmied the window,  
cut the screen.

She moves to him. He puts his arm around her.

SEAN

You OK?

She nods, but remains in his arm. He holsters his gun, then pulls out his cellphone, checks the message, and dials.

SEAN

This is Detective Sean Regan. I need a  
black and white immediately at 912  
Glengarry Road, Chestnut Hill...Yeah. And  
patch me through to dispatch.

(beat)

Yeah, Regan...

Sean listens. He takes a deep breath and exhales slowly.

SEAN

Where?...How long ago?...OK. I'm waiting  
on a black and white, then I'm there.

He closes the phone. He sits Lyssa in one of the leather  
chairs, then looks up at the knife in the Monet.

SEAN

There's been another one.

LYSSA

Oh, God. Did they...?

SEAN

Yes. Two. Look, I've got to go. I'm  
having a car take you back to the gallery  
for now. Someone will stay with you.  
(points at the knife)  
Don't touch that.

He walks to the front window. Outside, a black and white,  
with bubblegum lights whirling, pulls up to the house.

Sean moves to the front door.

SEAN

You'll be all right.

She nods. Her eyes follow him as he moves to the door and  
exits.

EXT. UPSCALE HOME #1

Sean pulls into the driveway, already crowded with emergency  
vehicles, the Medical Examiner's wagon, and news vans.

The front lawn is lit up with TV camera lights. REPORTERS  
encircle MAYOR WILLIAM LEEDS. Next to him stand Thomas Regan  
and a couple of the MAYOR'S AIDES.

LEEDS

...and as your Mayor, I guarantee you  
we'll have a resolution to these horrific  
crimes in the next few days. These  
animals will not be allowed to continue  
preying upon any of our citizens,  
regardless of who they are or where they  
live. By tomorrow afternoon, we'll be  
announcing our plans for a task force  
approach to bringing the men responsible  
for these crimes to justice in short  
order.

Thomas glances at Sean as the Mayor takes another question from the reporters. Sean turns and sees Kevin's unmarked police car pull into the driveway. Kevin gets out and joins him.

KEVIN

Hey Cuz.

SEAN

You hear the dispatch?

KEVIN

Yeah. I was headin' home, picked it up. Thought maybe I'd see if I could help you guys out. Think your Dad'll mind?

SEAN

From the sound of things, everybody'll be in this thing officially by tomorrow. Now's as good a time as any to get out from behind that desk.

KEVIN

Great.

Kevin motions to the Mayor and reporters.

KEVIN

What's this?

SEAN

Trouble.

Sean turns and walks into the house. Kevin watches the scene on the lawn a moment, then follows Sean into the house.

INT. UPSCALE HOME #1 -- FOYER

The TWO VICTIMS lie on the foyer floor. Small pools of blood surround each of them. The Medical Examiner and his Assistant prepare their gurneys.

The living room has been ransacked.

Sean stops and looks at the victims. His face stiffens.

SEAN'S EYES

study the victims.

The ambient sounds drop to almost nothing.

Sean looks at

THE VICTIMS' HANDS AND FOREARMS

their fingers gently touching.

SEAN'S EYES

take in the details of the specific image.

Mike's voice breaks Sean's concentration.

MIKE

Sean. Hey, Sean.

The ambient sounds return.

SEAN

Yeah.

MIKE

You OK?

Sean nods, then walks into the

LIVING ROOM

and joins Mike. Kevin follows him in. Collins is at the back of the room, talking to a small, Spanish-looking woman.

MIKE

(to Sean)

Not pretty.

Sean doesn't react.

MIKE

(to Kevin)

Hey, Kev. How's the head?

KEVIN

Clear now. No thanks to you.

Mike chuckles.

MIKE

If you're gonna run with the big dogs...

Sean looks around the room.

SEAN

Anything?

MIKE

Zilch. Neighbors are about a hundred yards that way -- heard the shots, chatted about it for ten minutes, then called. By the time the black and white got here, it was over.

SEAN

What'd they get?

MIKE

Jewelry, mostly.

Mike turns and indicates the woman talking with Collins.

MIKE

Maid. Says the wife had a huge chest of expensive trinkets upstairs. Worth a fortune she says.

SEAN

She here when it happened?

MIKE

Nah. Night off. Got back just after we got here.

SEAN

What's with Leeds and Pop out there?

MIKE

Fuckin' circus.

(motions to the male corpse)

Turns out this guy was Leeds's campaign manager, advisor -- whatever. Mayor showed up with a hard-on about the same time as the newsies. Real coincidence, huh?

SEAN

Yeah. Real coincidence.

Mayor Leeds and Thomas Regan enter through the foyer, closely followed by the Mayor's aides.

LEEDS

Jesus Christ, Tommy. How the fuck can this happen twelve times and we got nothin' on these guys? What the fuck are you guys doin'?

THOMAS

We're workin' on it, Bill.

LEEDS

Maybe you're not working on it hard enough! You see the lean and hungry look on those reporters' faces? Well, I'm not interested in having them nibble on my ass in the morning paper!

Leeds watches the Medical Examiner zip the bag over his friend.

LEEDS

I had lunch with him yesterday, for Christ's sake.

THOMAS

We're close, Bill. It's only a matter of time.

LEEDS

You don't have any time, Tommy. You know how many people from these neighborhoods I got calling me day and night, scared shitless? People who are paying for my re-election, I might add. I need some results here. Right now. The constituents are barkin'.

SEAN (O.S.)

We're not dealing with a group of punk doo-raggers looking to finance a dime bag here.

Leeds turns to see who just spoke.

LEEDS

Pardon me...?

SEAN

These guys are organized, informed, and professional. They don't leave tracks. And they don't give a shit about the constituents....

LEEDS

Who the fuck are you?

THOMAS

Sean...

SEAN

...And telling the press anything at all, much less promising a timetable is, at best, irresponsible, and hampers our ability to...

THOMAS  
Detective! Back off!

Sean stops, glares at his father, then turns away.

Thomas turns to Leeds.

THOMAS  
Sorry, Bill. This is my son, Detective  
First Grade Sean Regan. He's been primary  
on these things...

LEEDS  
He's got a little of your fire in 'im,  
Tommy. That's good.  
(to Sean)  
But maybe you should aim that fire a  
little more carefully, son. Might come  
back on you.  
(to Thomas)  
I want an end to these invasions, Chief  
of Detectives. Make it happen, and make  
it happen very soon.

Leeds and his aides exit through the foyer, brushing past the  
Medical Examiner, who has to abruptly stop his gurney to let  
them past.

MIKE  
(to Sean)  
Nice move, Mr. Diplomacy.

Mike's cell phone rings. He lifts it and answers.

THOMAS  
Jesus, Sean. He hasn't been formal with  
me in fifteen years. What were you  
thinkin', son?

SEAN  
I was thinking we don't need to be  
worrying about his goddamned re-election  
in this.

THOMAS  
You're not helping things pissing him  
off! He's the Mayor, Sean. We work for  
him, for God's sake. And if you can't  
deal with that, then maybe we...

MIKE  
(closing his cell phone)  
Save it, guys. That was Burgess. We just  
got lucky.

A couple of uniforms came up with a fence downtown with an apartment full of stuff, including some shit from the Abrahms scene.

SEAN  
Where are they?

MIKE  
On Bancroft, near Oregon. Bobby's on his way there. Maybe we ought to get to him before they haul him downtown.

Kevin steps forward eagerly.

KEVIN  
We can take my car.

THOMAS  
How many time I have to tell you, Kevin -- this is Homicide. What the hell are you doin' here anyway?

MIKE  
Come on, Pop. Let him be. There's no harm in him ridin' along. Property Recovery's got a piece a' this anyway.

Thomas glares a moment, then jerks his head at the door.

MIKE  
(to Collins)  
Frank. You got the scene.

Collins waves. All four Regans move quickly from the room.

EXT. FENCE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- BANCROFT STREET

Kevin's car pulls up to the curb.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Bobby paces in front of the building, smoking a cigarette. He tosses the butt when he sees the car pull up.

The Regans exit the car and join Bobby at the front door.

BOBBY  
He's upstairs.

They follow Bobby into the building.

INT. FENCE'S APARTMENT BUILDING -- HALLWAY

Bobby and the Regans move to the far end.

BOBBY

Name's Damon Jenkins, 29. Three arrests for Burglary, one for Receiving Stolen Property. Did two years of a nickel bit on that last one. Got out February this year.

SEAN

Right when these things started.

BOBBY

Uh-huh. Call came in from a dealer bought some Rose Medallion porcelain, then saw the sheet we sent out about the Abrahms stuff. One thing led to another...

Bobby opens an apartment door into the

FENCE'S APARTMENT

BOBBY

...and we come up with Damon here.

DAMON JENKINS, African-American, small, thin, dressed in slacks, t-shirt and vest, sits on a double-armed wooden chair in the center of the room, hands cuffed behind him. Every square inch of him is attitude.

Burgess stands next to him.

Jenkins stands as the Regans file into the room.

BURGESS

Siddown, Damon.

Burgess roughly pushes him back down into the chair. He looks at Burgess, then stares at Bobby.

BOBBY

Damon, my man. I want you to meet my compatriots in our little endeavors here: Detectives Regan, Regan, Regan, and Regan. I know it'll be tough, but try not to forget their names, OK? That last one there...

(indicates Thomas)

...he's the Man. So be polite.

Jenkins looks defiantly at each of the Regans in turn, then stares at Bobby again before he shifts his gaze to Thomas.

JENKINS

Look man. I don' know why yo' hasslin' me. I din' do nuthin' gonna make you muthafuckas look at me fa' nuthin'.

Kevin immediately moves to Jenkins and grabs him by the vest. He picks him up bodily and throws him back into the chair, which tips over backwards, sprawling Jenkins onto the floor.

JENKINS

Aw, man, Jesus.....!

KEVIN

That's not the kind of polite answer Detective Moses was talkin' about, Damon.

Sean is surprised at this move from Kevin and takes a step toward him.

SEAN

Take it easy, Kevin...

Thomas puts his hand out to stop Sean.

THOMAS

Let's see what he's got.

Mike and Burgess pick Jenkins off the floor and put him back in the chair. Jenkins looks at Bobby as if about to speak. Bobby puts his finger to his lips, then shakes it "no". Jenkins glares at him.

Kevin glances at Thomas, who nods him on. He turns to Damon.

KEVIN

Let's try that again, Damon. Where'd you get that pretty porcelain pot you sold today?

JENKINS

Man, what you doin'...

Kevin again grabs him, picks him up and throws him into the chair, which tumbles over, spilling Damon onto the floor.

JENKINS

Ow, goddamn...!

KEVIN

Wrong answer, Damon!

Bobby and Mike pick Jenkins up again, put him back in the chair.

KEVIN  
I'm only gonna ask you one more time,  
Damon...

Jenkins looks at Bobby.

JENKINS  
(to Bobby)  
What you doin'...  
(to Kevin)  
muthafuc...

Kevin slugs Jenkins across the mouth, snapping his head back violently. He then leans onto the arms of the chair, his face a half inch from Jenkins'.

KEVIN  
(quietly)  
You better think real hard about what  
your next words are gonna be, Damon.  
Real...fuckin'...hard.

They glare at each other, eyeball-to-eyeball.

Bobby leans down and speaks into Damon's ear.

BOBBY  
People are dead, Damon...we don't want  
anyone else gettin' that way, do we?

JENKINS  
This ain't right, and you know...

Kevin hits him again, even harder. Sean moves to Kevin and grabs his arm.

SEAN  
All right! That's enough, Kevin! What the  
hell has gotten into you? This is a  
witness, for Christ's sake!

Thomas pulls Sean aside, and looks back at Mike and Bobby.

THOMAS  
(to Mike)  
Give it a second.

Thomas then looks at Kevin, his eyebrow goes up, and he nods at him approvingly, a bit surprised. Kevin smiles slightly and nods back. Thomas then turns to Sean and speaks calmly.

THOMAS  
Take it easy, son. We're runnin' out of  
time here...

SEAN

That's no reason to assault...

THOMAS

Where's your head lately, Sean? Sometimes we have to be tough. I thought I taught you that a long time ago. It's part of wearing the badge. You're a homicide cop. Act like it. Kevin certainly seems to be.

SEAN

That's how you want it, huh?

THOMAS

That's how I want it.

SEAN

(contained anger)

Yes. Sir.

Thomas walks to Jenkins, glances at Kevin.

THOMAS

(to Kevin)

I'll take it from here.

(to Jenkins)

Mr. Jenkins. We're out of time with you. With what's in this room we can tie you to every invasion since February. But this isn't Receiving Stolen Property anymore. It's Accessory to Murder. And I'll make you a promise, son. Talk to us, or I'll personally see to it you suffer every fuckin' minute you breathe from this moment on. Are we clear on that? Good. Now, connect this booty to somebody.

Kevin smacks his fist into his palm loudly, looking directly at Jenkins.

KEVIN

Think carefully, Damon.

Jenkins looks angrily back at Kevin, then to Thomas, finally to Bobby. He spits blood on to the floor.

JENKINS

Guy name' Reggie. Tha's all I know. Jus' Reggie. Black man. 'Cept for the las' time. That was some cracka I never seen befo', tol' me Reggie was sick and sent him instead. Tha's all I know.

MIKE  
Can you ID this "cracker"?

JENKINS  
Man, I don' know. Ya'll look alike.

Kevin takes a step toward Jenkins as if to hit him again, but Sean steps in and speaks quickly.

SEAN  
How'd this Reggie find you? You seen him around, work with him before?

JENKINS  
No, man. He jus' show up one day. Tol' me he be movin' some high-class shit, knew I knew where to get rid of it. That was it.

MIKE  
And you just went along with it, huh, Damon? Two days outta the joint?

JENKINS  
What the fuck you know about life down here? You do what you gotta do. (beat) Fuck it. Beat me all you want, but tha's all I got to tell you.

SEAN  
Get him out of here, Burgess.

Burgess hustles Jenkins out of the room and down the hall.

JENKINS (O.S.)  
Dis is po-lice brutality. Get me a lawyer -- I'm suin' ever' one a' you muthafuckas...

Kevin is smiling at what he hears from the hall. He's excited by the action.

SEAN  
You shouldn't have done that, Kevin.

KEVIN  
You goin' soft, Cuz? Maybe we oughtta swap jobs, huh? Can't let these fucks get over on ya.

SEAN  
And we can't join them in the gutter either, Kevin. Working Homicide's not a license to do whatever you want. There's gotta be a line somewhere.

KEVIN

Maybe that's your problem, Sean. Read the papers. There isn't any line anymore. Presidents, Senators, CEOs -- no different than old Damon there. Wake the fuck up.

SEAN

Great attitude you got there, Kev...Maybe you oughtta...

KEVIN

Maybe you oughtta get some balls...

THOMAS

Can it! Both of you! You're family, for the Lord's sake. We back each other up, not tear into each other. Now, Sean and Mike, I want you to...

Sean turns and walks toward the door.

SEAN

Forget it. You guys play badass cop without me. I'm done for the night.

THOMAS

The hell you are! You're in the middle of an investigation...

Sean raises his hand to stop the noise without looking back and walks through the door into the

HALLWAY

Sean walks toward the entrance to the building.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Sean! Get back here! Detective! Detective Regan!

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT

ARTIST'S CANVAS

as the tip of a brush paints red detail. The brush, then the artist's hand, becomes visible. The whole of the

PAINTING

soon reveals itself -- a contemporary oil of what Sean saw in the Upscale Home #1 foyer: two older hands and arms, one male, the other female, reaching for one another. The bloody fingers are lightly entwined.

Sean, palette in hand, hunches into the painting. He stops, rubs his eyes, sighs, then continues.

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT -- SUNRISE

Sean wipes paint from his hands with a towel, looking out the loft windows at the city. He glances at his watch, grabs his jacket and exits.

EXT. REGAN FAMILY HOME

A neat two story in a quiet city neighborhood. Sean climbs out of his unmarked car. He heads to the side entrance.

INT. REGAN FAMILY HOME -- KITCHEN

It's smallish, cozy, with a large round laminate-topped table in the center.

At the table sits CATHERINE REGAN, Sean's mother. She holds a mug of coffee between her hands, looking at a newspaper.

Sean enters. Catherine looks up. A smile spreads on her face.

SEAN

I figured you'd be sitting here this time of the morning.

CATHERINE

I'm sitting here this time of every morning. Started when I was nursing you.

Sean smiles at her, gives her shoulder a squeeze as he passes. He pours himself some coffee, then sits down at the table across from her.

CATHERINE

You smell like mineral spirits.

He nods.

CATHERINE

It's a good smell.

He smiles and nods again.

CATHERINE

You've been painting all night again.

SEAN

Most of it.

CATHERINE

I won't ask what it was you painted.

SEAN  
No. You shouldn't.

CATHERINE  
Did it help?

SEAN  
Maybe. Hard to tell anymore.

She looks at him with loving concern.

CATHERINE  
You have so much talent. You could be painting so many beautiful things.

SEAN  
Don't.

They look at each other with a shared understanding.

SEAN  
I have something I want to ask you. It's about my paintings.

CATHERINE  
Yes?

SEAN  
Someone wants to see them.

A small smile appears on her face.

SEAN  
Someone who owns a gallery. Or...her grandfather owned it, she has it now.

CATHERINE  
The girl in the newspaper? Abrahms, was it?

He nods.

CATHERINE  
I know of them. It's a fine gallery. How did she know you painted?

SEAN  
She just seemed to know. And talking to her about it is like talking to you. Easy, natural.

Catherine smiles.

CATHERINE

You like her.

He looks at her a moment, then smiles back.

SEAN

Yeah, I do. Probably shouldn't...she's a witness on a case. But...I'm supposed to meet her tonight. She wants to come to the loft, see the paintings.

CATHERINE

That's wonderful.

SEAN

What do you think about that? You're the only one who's ever seen them. I don't know if I should...or...

He trails off. She carefully considers her next statement.

CATHERINE

Sean...You've lived your father's vision for your life up to now. We both know why. And there's been nothing wrong with that. But we both also know there's another side of you that needs its time. Maybe now's that time.

SEAN

It gets time. I've continued painting.

CATHERINE

But you do it in the dark, Sean. You hide it away. You use it as a tool, instead of the voice it needs to be.

SEAN

But I don't know if I should let that voice speak. You know how Pop is about us and the force and stuff like this. Things are in balance now, Mom. I'm not sure I want to shake them up.

THOMAS (O.S.)

Then don't.

Catherine and Sean turn. Thomas stands in the kitchen doorway.

CATHERINE

Good morning, Thomas.

THOMAS  
Catherine.

Thomas moves to the coffee.

CATHERINE  
(to Thomas, but looking at)  
Sean)  
How much have you heard?

THOMAS  
Enough.

Thomas turns to Sean, his anger rising.

THOMAS  
What in God's name are you doin', son?  
You're talkin' about fraternizing with a  
witness, for the Lord's sake. You can  
blow the whole case if she IDs these guys  
and their counsel finds out you been  
close to her.

SEAN  
I'm not going to blow anything, Pop. I  
know how to keep things...

THOMAS  
You know how to keep things from your  
family, that I'll give you.

Sean exhales audibly and looks at the ceiling.

THOMAS  
No? You don't think so? Then what  
paintings are you talkin' about? What  
loft? How long you been doin' this behind  
my back? I thought you gave up that  
foolishness a long time ago. You're a  
cop, Sean. It's what you are, what you'll  
always be. You need to get straight with  
that and do the job you were raised to  
do.

Sean angrily stands.

SEAN  
You got a problem with how I'm handling  
things, Chief?

THOMAS  
I think maybe you need to focus a little,  
yes. These childish things you're doin'  
might be dullin' your edge.

CATHERINE

It's not a childish thing, Thomas. It's part of who he is, what he...

THOMAS

I'll thank you to stay out of this, Catherine. It's between my son and myself.

SEAN

You think I've lost my edge, do you?

THOMAS

You certainly seemed to have lost it last night...

SEAN

Bullshit! Since when is beating a witness...

THOMAS

You do what you have to do, son! You move justice forward! Sometimes it's a little distasteful, but we do it. It's what's made us Regans the good cops we are. And that includes you, damn it.

SEAN

Yeah? Well, maybe not, Pop. Maybe I'm not who you think I am. Maybe I'm not who I think I am...

THOMAS

What the hell's that supposed to mean? What's goin' on with you? One minute you're the best cop in this family, and the next...

SEAN

The family! The God-almighty Regans!

THOMAS

Yes, the family! You, me, Mike, Kevin, the rest! It's all we have, Sean! The family and the badge! Both are sacred, son. We harm neither. Ever! For any reason! We're cops. Always have been, always will...

Mike comes into the room, still half asleep.

MIKE

Whoa, whoa, whoa! What's goin' on here? You guys are wakin' the dead!

THOMAS  
Stay out of it, Michael.

SEAN  
Fuck this.

Sean turns and heads for the door.

CATHERINE  
Sean...!

Sean goes out the kitchen door, slamming it behind him.

CATHERINE  
Michael. Talk to your brother. Don't let  
him leave like this.

THOMAS  
Let him go. He needs to make some  
decisions.

CATHERINE  
Be quiet, Thomas! Michael, do as I ask.

Mike nods at his mother and exits out the kitchen door.

EXT. REGAN FAMILY HOME -- DAY

Mike, barefoot, gingerly trots down the walkway to the  
street, where Sean walks to his car.

MIKE  
Sean! Wait up a second!

Sean opens his car door.

MIKE  
Come on, Sean. I got no shoes on here.

Sean stops, stands at the open car door. Mike comes to the  
passenger side. They face each other across the roof.

MIKE  
Great way to start the mornin', little  
brother. Pissin' off the old man.

SEAN  
That's all I do these days, Mike. Piss  
him off.

MIKE  
Come on, Sean. You know how he is. You  
just gotta...

SEAN

What do you want, Mike? I got things to do.

MIKE

That true what I heard? You paintin' again? Haven't seen any brushes and such in your apartment, so I figure you got a place somewheres else, right?

(he pauses, then smiles)

Got any beer there?

Sean smiles.

SEAN

Yeah, I got beer.

MIKE

Maybe you oughtta invite me down for one sometime, show me your pictures.

SEAN

Yeah. Maybe.

MIKE

Got any of Elvis?

Sean laughs at this.

SEAN

No. No Elvis.

MIKE

Too bad. (beat) So where is this place?

SEAN

Downtown. 220 Lombard.

MIKE

That where you been goin' all the time instead of drinkin' with me?

SEAN

Sometimes. Most times. It's just somethin' I gotta do, Mike. Keeps me sane.

MIKE

Yeah. Well, we all got things like that, I suppose. I get married and divorced. It's a good hobby for somebody like me.

Sean laughs.

MIKE

But maybe that's what Pop is tryin' to say, you know? It's a hobby, Sean. That's all it is, all it should be.

SEAN

Why? Why does it...

MIKE

'Cause we got an obligation not to waste what our family's given us, you and me. And maybe Pop's right. Maybe some things are best left to childhood. We're cops now. It's what we are, right? Right?

Sean stares at Mike, nods acquiescence.

SEAN

It's just that I keep thinking maybe there's something else that I...Hell, I don't know what I'm thinking.

Sean releases a weak smile.

SEAN

Thanks. You're the only one knows how to keep things basic for me. Don't know what I'd do without that, Mike.

They clasp hands across the roof of the car.

MIKE

Love ya forever, Bro.

SEAN

You too.

MIKE

See ya downtown in a few. Don't worry about Pop -- I'll calm 'im down.

Sean gives him a thumbs up, climbs in the car and drives off. Mike watches him go.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- HOMICIDE SQUADROOM -- NIGHT

Sean, Mike, Burgess and Collins sit at their desks, looking through files. Bobby's on the phone at his desk.

Kevin walks into the room carrying a notepad. Mike and Burgess look up, nod at him. Kevin smiles at them.

KEVIN

Hey, fellas.

Kevin walks to Sean's desk, but proudly announces to the room:

KEVIN  
Just had another chat with Damon.

Sean swings around and looks at Kevin.

KEVIN  
(to Sean)  
Don't worry, Cuz. I didn't touch 'im.

He drops the notepad on Sean's desk.

KEVIN  
But maybe I should have. He hasn't added a thing to that statement there since we picked him up.

SEAN  
Homicide picked him up, Kev. Homicide should be talking to him.

Kevin's smile disappears.

KEVIN  
You're startin' to sound just like your Dad.

Sean turns back to his paperwork.

SEAN  
Right.

Bobby stands behind his desk.

BOBBY  
(into the phone)  
Call you back.

Bobby hangs up the phone, walks to Sean's desk.

BOBBY  
(to Kevin)  
Didn't say anything, huh?

KEVIN  
Nothin'.

BOBBY  
Probably not going to, either. Guy like that's got more to fear from whoever's runnin' this operation than us.

He's not gonna say dick. Best we give up on that angle.

MIKE

(to Sean)

He pick his "cracker" out of our photos?

SEAN

He commented on how ugly the guys were. That's about it.

KEVIN

How 'bout the Abrahms woman? Where you at with her?

SEAN

Waiting to collar someone, have her look at him.

BOBBY

Why bother, Sean? Even she says she's not sure what she saw, and a good lawyer's gonna rip that up in two seconds.

SEAN

All it's gonna take is a glance. She saw more than she thinks she did. She'll know him when she sees him.

Bobby thinks about that for a moment.

BOBBY

Where do you have her?

SEAN

She insisted on staying at her Gallery again tonight. But I'm going to move her tomorrow, like it or not. I got someplace I can stash her nobody knows about.

BOBBY

Where's that?

Before Sean can answer, Mike slaps his files on his desk, turns off his light.

MIKE

Don't matter. 'Cause it seems to me nothin's happening at the moment, so whattaya say we head down to the Owl? Pop's probably holdin' court again.

Sean looks up at the clock on the wall: 5:35 PM.

SEAN

Look, I've got something I have to do.  
Maybe I'll join you later.

MIKE

What? Lombard Street? Come on, Sean. You  
can let that go for one night. Pop'll  
want us all to be there.

BOBBY

What's Lombard Street?

MIKE

Nothin' that won't keep, right, little  
brother?

Mike puts his arm around Sean and hugs him.

MIKE

Come on...We talked about this. Family  
and Force tonight, OK? Come on.

Sean quickly glances at the clock again, then looks at Mike.

SEAN

Sure. Why not? Family and Force.

MIKE

Atta boy! First round's on me, gentlemen!

They all move toward the door of the squadroom, except Bobby,  
who hangs back. Mike stops at the door, looks back.

MIKE

You comin', Bobby?

BOBBY

Yeah. Maybe. I had somethin' goin'  
tonight, gotta make a call...

Bobby holds up his cell phone and smiles.

BOBBY

...You know.

Mike smiles broadly.

MIKE

You dog. Tell her you're gonna be late.  
Real late.

Bobby smiles and nods. Mike exits. Bobby's smile disappears.  
He speed-dials a number, waits a moment.

BOBBY  
It's me. Slight change of plans for  
tonight.

INT. ABRAHM'S GALLERY

Paintings along the walls. At the right rear of the main room  
is a closed door marked: RESTROOM.

Just off the main room, in the

GALLERY OFFICE

Lyssa sits at a large, neat desk.

She seals an envelope and puts it in an out-basket. She looks  
up at a wall clock: 6:20 PM. She double-checks her watch.

The bell on the gallery door tinkles. Lyssa smiles, stands,  
grabs her coat from a nearby chair, and walks from the  
office.

As she comes into the

GALLERY SPACE

she sees the back of a figure leaning into the front bay  
window of the gallery, checking the street. He's dressed in a  
long black overcoat. It's not Sean.

LYSSA  
I'm sorry, but we're just closing for the  
evening...

The figure turns -- it's Jimmy Crowley. He smiles menacingly.  
He puts on black leather gloves as he steps toward her.

CROWLEY  
Not to worry, Miss Abrahms. I won't be  
taking much of your time.

LYSSA  
I'm sorry...Have we met?

Crowley moves toward her. He reaches into his coat and wraps  
his hand around the butt of a gun hidden from Lyssa's view.

CROWLEY  
Not officially, no, but I know you...

Suddenly, the restroom door opens and Dolan, in uniform,  
steps into the room, buckling up his pistol belt. He looks at  
Lyssa, then at Crowley.

DOLAN

Oh, Jeez...Sorry to interrupt, Miss Abrahms. I hope you don't mind if I came in from the car. I had to....you know.

LYSSA

No, it's all right. I was just getting ready to leave. This gentleman was...

CROWLEY

I was just saying that I knew your grandfather...

Crowley pulls his hand out of his coat. He holds a folded white handkerchief, which he uses to brush his nose as he interrupts Lyssa.

CROWLEY

...and I was just passing by and stopped to offer my condolences.

LYSSA

Thank you. And you are...?

CROWLEY

Just a friend. Perhaps I'll stop by again sometime. Goodnight.

Crowley smiles again, looks at Dolan, then back to Lyssa, then turns and walks from the gallery.

DOLAN

You know him, Miss?

LYSSA

No. But my grandfather might have. He had a lot of clients.

Dolan nods. He notices her coat.

DOLAN

You goin' somewheres?

LYSSA

I was hoping to.

She looks at her watch.

LYSSA

I'm not so sure now.

DOLAN

Maybe you oughtta let me drive you if you're goin' out...

LYSSA  
 Would you happen to know to reach  
 Detective Sean Regan?

DOLAN  
 (smiling)  
 Sure. But I think I know where he might  
 be, Miss. A lot of the boys gather at the  
 Owl and Thistle this time Friday nights.

LYSSA  
 I see. Would you mind driving me there?

Dolan's face lights up.

DOLAN  
 To the O and T? No, I wouldn't mind.  
 Sure...it'd be my pleasure, Miss.  
 Whenever you're ready.

LYSSA  
 Now alright?

DOLAN  
 Fine.

They move to the front door. Lyssa sets the alarm, turns off  
 the lights, and they exit.

INT. CREW'S DARK VAN

The rabbit's feet dangle from the mirror.

THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Lyssa and Dolan move to Dolan's unmarked car.

As Dolan's car pulls away, Jimmy Crowley watches from the  
 passenger seat, chewing a toothpick. Mason sits in the  
 driver's seat, manically drumming the steering wheel to the  
 beat of loud music in a pair of headphones on his head.

CROWLEY  
 Follow 'em.

Mason doesn't react, still lost in the music. Crowley shoves  
 him hard enough to dislodge the earphones.

CROWLEY  
 Follow 'em!

MASON  
 All right! All right! Jesus!

Mason starts the dark van and pulls into traffic a few car lengths behind Dolan's car.

INT. OWL AND THISTLE PUB

A packed house. Thomas is again on the "Throne" in Regan's Corner.

FATHER ROBERT, 60's, white haired and red-faced, sits with Thomas as they look at the wall of Regan pictures.

Sean, Mike, Kevin, Collins and Burgess are lined up at the bar nearby.

FATHER ROBERT

I suppose we'll be puttin' your picture up there one a' these days, won't we Thomas? D'ya think there's room for ya?

THOMAS

Well, if there isn't, Father, then I suggest we remove one or two of the lesser men up there to make room.

(points to a picture)

Say that fella over there.

FATHER ROBERT

That's the President of the United States, Thomas!

THOMAS

Well, I know that, Father. I also know he wasn't a Regan. D'ya think he was a cop, now?

FATHER ROBERT

No, I don't believe he was.

THOMAS

Then to hell with 'im, I say! Give me *his* space on the wall!

The crowd roars with delight.

AT THE BAR

Sean turns to Mike.

SEAN

He's going to miss this when he retires.

MIKE

That he is.

BURGESS

And the force is going to miss him.

SEAN AND MIKE

That it is.

Kevin turns away and takes a pull on his beer.

KEVIN

Yeah, well, maybe not all of the force.

Sean looks at Mike. Mike shrugs.

SEAN

(to Kevin)

Pop getting to you?

KEVIN

Gets to you, doesn't he?

Sean looks over at Thomas, cracks a smile.

SEAN

Occasionally, yeah.

KEVIN

But you're on the inside, Cuz. Golden boy. Heir apparent. He always keeps me at arm's length, you know?

SEAN

Yeah, seems that way sometimes. But I also know he stepped up for you when your Dad was killed, treated you the same as me or Mike -- more son than nephew.

KEVIN

But I'm still on the outside, Sean. Even after last night with Jenkins -- I get a pat on the back and a "nice goin'", but this mornin' I'm still behind that desk at Property.

SEAN

We all did our time before Homicide, Kev. You're young yet. Be patient.

KEVIN

For how long, Sean? I'm in a dead-end office and you know it. He's gonna keep me there forever. Come on. You sure there's not something you can do to get me over there with you guys?

SEAN  
Your time'll come. Believe me.

Kevin sighs, then smiles.

KEVIN  
Yeah, sure. Sure. I'm a Regan. Should be  
happy enough just to be a cop, right?

Sean smiles and shrugs. Kevin downs the last of the beer in  
his glass.

KEVIN  
Guess I'll be takin' off.

MIKE  
Come on, Kevin. Stick around. The night  
is young.

Kevin pulls some bills from his pocket and tosses them on the  
bar.

KEVIN  
Nah. I'm beat. You guys can handle it.  
Catch you later.

Kevin walks toward the door. Mike calls after him.

MIKE  
Kevin...

SEAN  
Let him go, Mike. He'll get over it.  
(beat) Hell, I almost agree with him.

MIKE  
Do ya now?

SEAN  
Sometimes. Being a Regan's a hard thing,  
you know? Lot of expectations on us. Pop.  
The guys. Even each other. I get tired of  
it too, tell you the truth.

MIKE  
But we *are* Regans, Sean. And that means  
somethin'. It defines us, sets us apart.  
Somethin' like that don't come without  
obligations.

SEAN  
You sound just like Pop.  
(looks at Thomas)

There are days when I think I'd just like to be plain old Sean, you know? Be defined simply by what I am, not who I am, who I'm supposed to be.

MIKE

Who you are is Sean Regan. What you are is a cop.

SEAN

Am I Mike? I'm not so sure anymore. I mean, I look over there at that wall of Regans, and I'm afraid that's all there's going to be. That I'm looking at the sum total of my future. And I'm not sure anymore that I want to be what that wall requires me to be.

Mike looks a moment at Sean staring at the wall, then downs his beer and turns to Pat the bartender for another.

MIKE

Well, little brother, maybe you need to make your mind up, eh? And when you do, we'll be over here waitin' for you, arms open wide.

Mike heads over to Regan's Corner. Sean runs his hand through his hair and exhales long and slow.

EXT. OWL AND THISTLE PUB

Dolan's car pulls up to the curb. Dolan and Lyssa get out and move toward the entrance.

INT. CREW VAN (MOVING)

Rabbit's feet swinging behind the windshield. Crowley and Mason slowly pass the Pub. Mason pulls the van to the curb half a block up. They watch Dolan and Lyssa enter the pub.

INT. OWL AND THISTLE PUB

Lyssa and Dolan enter and stop, look around. Dolan spots Sean at the far end of the bar.

DOLAN

There he is, Miss. I'll be right over here when you want to go back.

LYSSA

Thank you.

Dolan goes to the bar. Lyssa weaves her way toward Sean. He's leaning on the bar, facing Regan's Corner, his back to her.

She slides onto an empty stool next to him. Pat drops a cardboard coaster in front of her.

PAT  
What'll it be, Miss?

LYSSA  
A Guinness, please.

Sean recognizes the voice, and turns. He's surprised and embarrassed at the same time.

LYSSA  
(to Sean)  
I'd prefer some wine, but I figure, when in Rome...or...Dublin, as the case may be...

Sean indicates the glass of beer Pat sits in front of Lyssa.

SEAN  
That's Irish wine, actually. Fine vintage, too.

They smile. An awkward moment.

SEAN  
Look, I'm sorry about tonight. Things came up.

LYSSA  
I figured.

SEAN  
I was going to call...

LYSSA  
It's all right, Sean. Really. No excuses necessary. You're not responsible for holding my hand while I grieve, and I had no right to use you to keep my thoughts off of it. If you've changed your mind about showing me your paintings...

Sean casts a glance at Regan's Corner, then looks back at Lyssa.

SEAN  
No. I haven't. I'm more certain about it, actually.

INT. CREW'S DARK VAN

Mason manically beats on the steering wheel again, music loud in his headphones. Crowley watches the Pub, checks his watch. He looks over at Mason, shakes his head.

Crowley's cell phone rings. He answers it quickly.

CROWLEY

Yeah...No, not yet. Cop was there, didn't think it wise to d...What's the difference? We'll get her. We're on her right now. She's as good as dead...

Crowley casts an angry glance at Mason, who has intensified his drumming.

CROWLEY

Hold on a second, will you?...

Crowley reaches over, forcefully grabs Mason's hands.

Mason jumps, his headphones fall from his head. Crowley gives Mason a withering stare, the meaning clear.

Mason glares back, but slumps in his seat, readjusts his headphones. Crowley speaks into the phone again.

CROWLEY

I'm back...Yeah, we'll be there on time, don't worry...Hey -- What about Reggie, man? Gotta do somethin' soon. He's bad off...No. No, I didn't...Yeah, I know what you told me, but I'm not gonna to it. He's a friend, man. I'm not...Fuck you! You wanna take him out, you do it! This is your operation...Fine! Do it then! You seem to have the taste for it!

Crowley slams the cell phone closed.

CROWLEY

Fuckin' jive asshole.

INT. OWL AND THISTLE PUB

Thomas sits in

REGAN'S CORNER

with Mike at his side. He catches sight of Sean and Lyssa at the bar. A look of concern crosses his face.

THOMAS  
 (to Mike)  
 What's she doin' here?

MIKE  
 Don't know, Pop.

THOMAS  
 I thought you talked to 'im, got 'im  
 straightened out.

MIKE  
 Look, Pop. You raised us to think for  
 ourselves. Why don't you let him do that,  
 huh? He'll make the right decisions.  
 You'll see.

Thomas is not convinced. He looks across the room at Sean and Lyssa, hunched together in conversation.

INT. WAREHOUSE-GARAGE

Sodium vapor lamps snap on from above and spread a cold light across the dark space.

The Crew Leader, torso down only, in black jeans and black paratroopers boots, walks past the white crew van parked by the warehouse doors. Each step echoes in the cavernous building.

He moves toward the door to a small room built into the warehouse corner.

SMALL ROOM

The Crew Leader enters and closes the door. Again, he's seen torso down only. The only light is bright street light through a small window.

On a small bed, Reggie lies partially turned to the wall, in bad shape...sweat pouring off him, blood-tinged bandages taped around his abdomen. He's close to delirious.

CREW LEADER (O.S.)  
 (quietly, almost whispered)  
 How you makin' out, my man?

REGGIE  
 I don't know, bro...I'm tryin'. But it's  
 been a couple days...it ain't gettin'  
 better. And I'm cold. I'm freezin',  
 man....Maybe I need to see somebody, huh?

The Crew Leader takes a blanket from a chair and spreads it over Reggie.

CREW LEADER (O.S.)  
Yeah. OK. We're gonna get you some help.  
Gonna call somebody right now.

The Crew Leader reaches into his black leather jacket pocket, removes a cell phone.

INSERT -- CELLPHONE KEYPAD AND LCD SCREEN

The Crew Leader's gloved hand punches in "4-1-1". The LCD screen reads the numerals, and the word: "Information". Three staccato beeps sound as it dials.

BACK TO SCENE

CREW LEADER (O.S.)  
Hello, nine, one, one...?

The Crew Leader continues talking as he carefully sets the cell phone down on the window sill.

CREW LEADER (O.S.)  
Yes. I need an ambulance.

THE CREW LEADER'S TORSO

as he quietly pulls his nine millimeter automatic from inside his jacket.

CREW LEADER (O.S.)  
A friend of mine is badly hurt.

With his free hand, the Crew Leader picks up a pillow nearby. Reggie can't see any of this. He's just hearing it.

CREW LEADER (O.S.)  
The address is 1681 Fairmount, in the  
Warehouse District near Columbus  
Boulevard.

The Crew Leader turns quietly and pushes the pistol's muzzle into the pillow. He aims it at Reggie's head.

REGGIE  
I really appreciate this man. I'm sorry  
about....

THE PILLOW

explodes into a swirl of feathers as a muffled "POP" is heard. Blood droplets hit the white pillow cover.

WAREHOUSE-GARAGE -- MAIN FLOOR

Black jeans and paratroopers boots walk to the driver's side of the Crew's white van, open the door and climb in. The engine roars to life as the warehouse door rolls up.

The white van pulls from the warehouse and the warehouse door closes.

EXT. OWL AND THISTLE PUB

Sean and Lyssa walk from the pub and get into his car.

LYSSA  
You sure you want to do this now?

SEAN  
I'm sure.

LYSSA  
What about your father?

Sean looks back to the pub a beat.

SEAN  
He's fine. He's where he belongs.

Sean climbs into the car with Lyssa. The car pulls from the curb, makes a U-turn in the street and heads off.

Crowley and Mason do the same thing with the van and follow.

EXT. LOFT BUILDING -- LOMBARD STREET

Sean's car pulls to the curb. He and Lyssa exit the car, go to the front door of the building, and enter.

The dark crew van slowly passes. Crowley peers from the passenger side window at the address sign near the front door: 220 Lombard. He writes the address on a slip of paper, puts it in his coat pocket.

CROWLEY  
(to Mason)  
We'll get her later. We gotta get to the target. Go.

Mason hits the gas and the dark van accelerates into the night.

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT

Sean holds the door for Lyssa as they enter. He hits a bank of light switches and cones of light illuminate various areas of the room.

SEAN  
I don't clean much.

LYSSA  
No artist I know does.

SEAN  
You already think I'm an artist, huh?

LYSSA  
We'll see.

She drops her coat on a chair, and looks around. She sees the stacked paintings against the walls.

LYSSA  
So. May I bring a few of them to the light?

He nods, then walks behind the bar.

Lyssa picks up a painting and sets it on an easel. It's the painting of the two prostitutes from the opening sequence. Lyssa steps back, stares at it.

Sean watches her as he opens a bottle of wine.

Lyssa removes the painting from the easel, replaces it with another: the sad-eyed, war-weary face of a patrol cop looking from the window of his patrol car. It's a subdued portrait, but powerful in its projection of a man's inner pain.

Sean pours a glass of wine and sets the bottle on the bar. He sits on a stool and continues to watch Lyssa as she removes the cop's portrait from the easel and replaces it with another: a vibrant painting of a night crime scene.

Lyssa looks up at Sean and smiles, then looks back to the painting.

LATER

The bottle of wine is nearly empty. Sean sits at the bar.

Lyssa is staring at the painting of her grandfather's corpse on the gurney. There are tears in Lyssa's eyes.

LYSSA  
I don't know what to say.

SEAN  
Say what you feel.

She walks to the bar, where Sean refills her glass of wine.

LYSSA  
They're...remarkable. I couldn't have imagined.

SEAN  
You like them then.

LYSSA  
It has nothing to do with 'like'. That's far too intellectual a concept. These reside in the realm of pure passion, Sean. They move me. They jump off the canvas and touch me in ways I wasn't expecting to be touched...

Sean's body relaxes, his face loses its tension as she says this. Lyssa sees it.

LYSSA  
You had no idea they were this good?

SEAN  
I don't know if I did or not. I know what they did for me. But I didn't know if anyone else would see it...or...if they'd feel it.

LYSSA  
You have a gift, Sean. A rare and stunning gift. You can combine power in an image with grace in its expression. Where you put pain on the surface, there's an overwhelming sense of compassion beneath it. There's a purity, a direct connection, spirit to spirit. Who wouldn't want to feel that?

SEAN  
But what I paint is so...

She nods.

LYSSA  
Have you ever tried expressing anything else? Joy, or beauty? Why have you painted only this?

SEAN  
 Because that's all I see, Lyssa...All  
 I've seen for so long.

He looks up, directly at her.

SEAN  
 Until now. Until you.

Lyssa returns his gaze.

LYSSA  
 Then paint *me*.

He questions her statement with a turn of his head.

LYSSA  
 Yes. Now. Right now.

She takes his hand and pulls him from the bar, guides him to the center of the room near the large easel.

Sean's cell phone rings.

He pulls it from his belt automatically, but Lyssa takes it from him, turns it off, and tosses it on the nearby bed. Sean makes no objection.

SERIES OF SHOTS, CROSSFADING ONE INTO THE NEXT

-- Sean slowly unbuttons Lyssa's blouse and slips it from her shoulders. She wears no bra. He doesn't touch her.

-- He unbuttons and lets her skirt fall to the floor. She slips off her panties as she sits on the bed.

-- He picks up her feet and swings them gently onto the bed.

-- He places her head onto her outstretched arm as she lies down. He arranges the bedsheets around her.

-- Sean prepares a canvas with broad strokes of paint the color of the sheets.

-- Sean's eyes as he looks from the canvas to Lyssa.

-- Moving across Lyssa's outstretched arm and then her head, her hair falling across her cheek and throat. Her eyes gaze steadily at Sean.

-- The brush on the canvas, painting the outline of Lyssa's arm and head on the canvas.

-- Moving across Lyssa's shoulder.

-- The brush on the canvas, detailing shading on Lyssa's shoulder.

-- Moving down Lyssa's waist and up and over her naked hip and down her thigh.

-- The brush on the canvas, working on the lines of Lyssa's waist, hip, and thigh.

-- Moving across Lyssa's cheek, and then her lips, which are seductively parted.

-- The brush, slowly and sensually painting the lines of Lyssa's lips on the canvas.

-- Moving across Lyssa's breast and around the nipple.

-- The brush, drawing it's paint around the canvas image of Lyssa's breast and nipple.

-- The brush, now actually on Lyssa's breast, placing paint over her flesh, outlining the nipple in color. She sighs.

-- The brush, moving down Lyssa's stomach and across her belly button and beyond, leaving behind a line of paint as it goes. She moans deep in her throat.

-- Sean's hand, splattered with paint, moving a wisp of hair from Lyssa's face, as he bends to gently kiss her. She passionately kisses him back.

-- Sean and Lyssa on the bed, spotlighted in the darkened loft, making love.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT -- DAY

Early morning light pours through the windows. The canvas Sean painted of Lyssa last night -- a beautiful, passionate portrait -- stands on the easel.

Sean and Lyssa are wrapped around each other half under the sheets in the bed. They're splattered and smeared with paint.

Sean opens his eyes. He looks at Lyssa tucked into him on his arm, and smiles. He gently pushes hair from her face. She stirs but doesn't wake.

Sean gently slides from her, sits on the edge of the bed. He picks up his watch, checks the time.

SEAN

Shit.

He slides on his pants and stands, grabs his shirt and slips it on. Lyssa wakens, turns to him.

SEAN

Sorry. I didn't mean to wake you.

LYSSA

You're a great thing to wake up to.

He leans down and kisses her forehead.

SEAN

Same for me. Go back to sleep.

LYSSA

Only if you get back in here with me. And bring your brushes.

SEAN

Nothing I'd like better, but...you know.

LYSSA

Yeah. I know. Duty calls.

SEAN

Probably called two hours ago.

Sean stands and tucks in his shirt, slides on his shoes, then pulls his cell phone from the sheets. He turns it on and almost immediately, it beeps.

SEAN

See? What'd I tell you?

He opens the phone and answers.

SEAN

Yeah. Regan.

(he straightens a bit)

Hey, Pop. Look, I'm sorry, I was...

His body stiffens. The breath goes out of him.

SEAN

WHAT? When?

(he looks to his watch)

Where?

(his head falls to his hand)

Oh, God. Where is he, where are you?

(he looks at Lyssa)

I'll be right there...

He slams the phone closed, reaches for his jacket.

LYSSA  
What? What is it?

Sean moves to the door, then turns and looks back.

SEAN  
It's my brother Mike. He was shot last night.

Lyssa gets to her knees, bedsheets pulled to her chin.

LYSSA  
I'll come with you.

SEAN  
No. Stay here. I'll call you.

LYSSA  
Sean!

But he's already out the door. Lyssa sits heavily back on the bed, despair on her face. She looks over at the canvas of herself.

INT. HOSPITAL -- HALLWAY

Sean stops at a nurse's station. The NURSE points up the hall. Sean takes off in that direction.

He comes to a pair of closed swinging doors. On them in large letters: INTENSIVE CARE UNIT. He pushes through the doors.

INTENSIVE CARE UNIT -- WAITING AREA

As Sean enters, Burgess, Collins, Bobby Moses, Father Robert, and several other cops look up from their seats.

SEAN  
How is he?

Burgess stands, clearly upset.

BURGESS  
He's bad, Sean. He flatlined in the ambulance, but they pulled him back. He's fightin', man. He's fightin'.

SEAN  
What the hell happened?

BURGESS

'Nother invasion. Close by, off Valley Green. They hit about eleven, eleven-fifteen. Killed the owner first thing in the door.

COLLINS

But there was a friend upstairs, heard what was happenin', called 911...

EXT. UPSCALE HOME #2 -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

An unmarked detective's car and two black and whites squeal to a stop in front.

BURGESS (V.O.)

...We picked up the dispatch as we were leavin' the bar, shot over there...

Mike, Burgess, Collins and Thomas jump from the unmarked car, guns drawn. Uniformed officers climb from the black and whites.

BURGESS (V.O.)

...Caught 'em leavin' the house.

The front door of the house opens, two Crewmen, one tall, one short, dressed in black with black ski masks, run out. A third hesitates just inside the door.

COLLINS (V.O.)

They just started shootin'...

The two black figures see the police. The short one fires his gun at them, then the tall one does the same. They try to move back to the front door as they fire.

COLLINS (V.O.)

...We had 'em dead cold, but they started shootin' anyway. No reason...

Mike gets hit. He grabs his chest, drops to his knees, then slumps to the ground.

BURGESS (V.O.)

...Mike went down...

(choking up)

He was leadin' the charge...you know...?

COLLINS (V.O.)

We dropped two of them before they could get back in the house...

The two figures in black fold like rag dolls onto the porch. The third man pulls back into the house and slams the front door.

BURGESS (V.O.)  
 ...Third guy was in the doorway, ducked back in and just disappeared. Wasn't inside, outside, nowhere. Like he evaporated.

INT. HOSPITAL -- ICU -- WAITING ROOM -- DAY (PRESENT)

COLLINS  
 We weren't coverin' the back, so we figure...

SEAN  
 Goddamn it! I should've been there....

FATHER ROBERT  
 Take it easy, son. There's nothing more you could have done.

SEAN  
 But I should've been with him...

Bobby stands and looks at Sean.

BOBBY  
 I wasn't there either, Sean. Can't beat ourselves up for that.

Sean looks sharply at Bobby.

SEAN  
 Where were you?

Bobby's slightly taken aback by Sean's tone.

BOBBY  
 What does it matter where I was? I'm here now, man...

Father Robert steps to Sean, touches his shoulder.

FATHER ROBERT  
 Your brother wasn't alone, son. Your father was there. And your cousin.

SEAN  
 Kevin?

BURGESS

Yeah. He picked up the dispatch too. You know how he does that. He and your Pop stayed with Mike all the way in here.

SEAN

Where's Pop now?

COLLINS

With Mike. In there. Your Mom and Kevin are with him too.

Sean immediately moves through the door Collins indicated.

INT. TREATMENT ROOM -- INTENSIVE CARE UNIT

Sean comes around a curtain and is jolted by the sight of Mike in a hospital bed. Tubes trail from his nose, wires snake from under his chest bandage to a bank of machines. An IV flows to an arm.

The dead quiet is punctuated only by the sharp beeping signal of the heart monitor.

Catherine Regan stands by the head of the bed, distraught. Kevin's in the corner, leaning against the wall, staring at the floor.

Thomas Regan is slumped in a chair nearby. He stands when he sees Sean. His face is stone.

SEAN

How is he?

THOMAS

Not good. Bullet clipped his heart.

SEAN

Jesus. (beat) He's stable, though?

THOMAS

No. Heart can't stay in rhythm. Goes in and out.

SEAN

(insistent)

He's gonna pull through, though, right?

An awkward, crushing silence. Sean looks up at Thomas.

SEAN

Pop...I'm...

Thomas holds up his hand to silence Sean.

THOMAS

We called you. On the way there. To tell you to meet us. It was your case, after all. You needed to be there.

(his stare bores into Sean)

There was no answer, Sean. You're a Detective First Grade for the Lord's sake. Your phone should *never* be off.

SEAN

Pop...I'm sorry...I was...

THOMAS

Don't. Don't bother. I can see where you were, what you were doing. It's all over you.

Thomas strikes a thumb across his own cheek. Sean reaches up and touches his cheek -- there's dried paint there. He flecks some of it off onto his fingers, then notices his hands, speckled with paint.

Thomas looks at Catherine, then Sean, his distress degenerating into anger.

THOMAS

I told you where that would lead! I told you there was no place for it in a cop's life, that it would break the focus....

KEVIN

Jesus Christ, will you give it up!? Will you just give it the fuck up?! Fuck your "cop's life"! Look what it gets ya! A fuckin' hole in the heart! Just like my fath...

Thomas slaps Kevin hard across the face.

THOMAS

Shut your mouth, you ungrateful...!

Kevin moves toward Thomas.

CATHERINE

Thomas! Kevin! This is neither the time, nor the place. Show some respect.

Kevin glares at Thomas, then stalks out.

Thomas looks angrily at Catherine, then at Mike on the bed, then at Sean. It's as if he deflates. He slowly turns and leaves the cubicle.

Sean moves to the side of the bed.

CATHERINE

Your father's frightened, Sean. He doesn't know what to do with his fear.

SEAN

No. No, he's right. I should have been there. I was a fool. I don't know what I was....

The heart monitor's beep goes out of rhythm. Sean and Catherine quickly look to the monitor, which then drops back into rhythm for a few seconds, then out again. They look at each other, then down at Mike.

Mike's eyes flutter open. He sees Sean and tries to speak, but his throat is too dry. Sean bends down close.

SEAN

Mike. We're here. You're OK, buddy. You're OK.

Mike's hand comes up and grabs Sean's coat weakly with a couple fingers, pulls him closer.

SEAN

I'm here, buddy. I'm here.

MIKE

(weakly, in a whisper)  
Don't...Pop wants you...cop...

SEAN

Yeah, I know...

MIKE

...don't waste...what...you've got...too...important...

SEAN

(crying now)  
I know. I know it is. He's right, I know.

MIKE

...no...don't let me die knowing you aren't going to...

SEAN

No, I won't. I won't, Mike.

The heart monitor goes out of rhythm, seriously so. An alarm goes off. Mike's eyes widen. He knows.

MIKE  
 ...follow...destiny...your...des...

A long, steady tone. The alarm is insistent. Mike's eyes go unfocused. His breath sighs out.

CATHERINE  
 No! No! Michael!

SEAN  
 Mike! Mike! Stay with me, Mike! Stay with me!

A DOCTOR and two NURSES rush into the cubicle. The doctor pulls Sean away from Mike.

DOCTOR  
 Let us at him, please. Make room!

NURSE #2 gently guides Catherine out.

NURSE #2  
 It would be better if you waited outside.

Catherine allows herself to be led from the cubicle. The alarm becomes overwhelming, mixed with the flatline tone.

Sean slowly backs away to the cubicle doorway, watching the doctor work on Mike.

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT

Lyssa is sitting on the bed, dressed. Sean enters and slowly walks to the bar. Lyssa watches him cross the room. She stands.

Sean reaches into a cabinet and pulls out a bottle of Irish whiskey. He tears off the cap and takes a long pull.

LYSSA  
 Sean....?

SEAN  
 He's dead.

LYSSA  
 Oh, God. What...?

SEAN  
 My brother's dead.

His emotions are close to overwhelming him, his eyes tearing.

SEAN

He was where I should have been.

LYSSA

Don't do that to yourself.

SEAN

No! I should have been there. I should have fucking BEEN THERE!

He throws the bottle of whiskey against a wall. It smashes, the liquid soaking paintings beneath.

LYSSA

Sean, don't! It's not your fault. How could you have known? You weren't...

SEAN

How could I have known?

He rips his phone from his belt and holds it up to her.

SEAN

I could have had my fucking phone on, Lyssa! Instead, I was...

He looks at the painting of Lyssa that he did last night.

SEAN

I could have been doing what I'm supposed to be doing. I could have been where I belong, instead of...

LYSSA

Maybe you were, Sean. Maybe this is where you belong. You told me last night after we made love...remember? You told me you never felt more at peace than after you'd painted, that you felt in tune...

SEAN

Bullshit! It was all bullshit!

LYSSA

No, Sean, I don't think it was. I don't think you're capable of lying about that. Not about your art...

Sean explodes.

SEAN

MY ART? This isn't art! This is a fucking pipe dream!

It's where I hide, like any other cop who can't hack it! This is my bottle, my dime bag!

He takes a canvas from an easel and sails it across the room into a wall.

SEAN  
This is a cop who can't handle the job...

He flings another canvas across the room.

LISSA  
Sean!

SEAN  
...who isn't tough enough to swallow what he sees...

He puts his fist through a painting, and slings it to the floor.

LISSA  
Sean, please, don't...!

SEAN  
...and turn it into what he needs...

He kicks his way through a pile of canvases stacked against the wall.

SEAN  
...to deal with the puke he steps into in the street every day...

He takes a swing at the canvas of Lyssa on the main easel in the center of the room, knocking it over.

SEAN  
...of his...miserable...cop...life!

He stands there, spent, staring at the painting of Lyssa on the floor, not knowing what to do next, where to go.

Lyssa bends and picks up the portrait of herself.

LYSSA  
No, it's not, Sean. I think this is you. Maybe the most important part of you.

He looks up at her.

SEAN

(detached, resigned)

Mike's last words to me were not to waste what I've got, to follow my destiny. Well, I'm a cop, Lyssa. From a family of cops. That's who I am, right?

LYSSA

Destinies can be tricky things, Sean. It's like a game of chess -- the outcome's not always what we think it's going to be. Or ought to be. Maybe Mike was trying to tell you that. Maybe he finally saw...

SEAN

Mike's dead. He doesn't see anything anymore.

Sean turns and walks directly out the door without another word. Lyssa takes a step toward him.

LYSSA

Sean! Don't leave...me...

Lyssa's face crumbles, her hand goes to her mouth, a sob catches in her throat, tears come to her eyes. She looks around the room.

EXT. ARTIST'S LOFT BUILDING -- LOMBARD STREET

Sean jogs from the building and climbs into his car. He picks up the radio microphone.

SEAN

One-nineteen to base.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(over radio)

Base, one-nineteen.

SEAN

This is Sean Regan. Patch me through to Bobby Moses in Homicide.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)

(over radio)

Roger that, one-nineteen.

A second passes. Static snaps and clears on the radio.

BOBBY (V.O.)

(over radio)

Moses. Where are you, Sean? You OK?

SEAN

Bobby. Just listen. I'm on my way in. Meet me there. I want to see everything we got on those two fucks got dropped last night. There's one more out there, and I swear by all that's holy, the bastard's mine.

He shoves the car in gear. It bolts from the curb.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL the scene watched through a windshield. Then the rabbit's feet dangling from the rearview mirror come into view, then an arm in a black leather jacket. A black leather glove turns off the police radio static.

CREW LEADER (O.S.)

Ten-four, good buddy.

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT

Lyssa picks up the canvases that Sean threw around the loft. She wipes tears from her face.

She moves into the stack that Sean had kicked through, some of which she had not seen last night. She notices one lying on the floor, partially covered by another. Something catches her eye.

She bends down and pushes the top painting aside, then lifts the one she wants into the light.

LYSSA'S FACE.

Recognition slowly blooms on her face.

THE PAINTING

is a portrait of a man in deep profile. Most of the face is in shadow, with only the back side of his head illuminated.

LYSSA'S FACE.

Her eyes widen, her mouth falls open.

INT. ABRAHMS MANSION -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

Lyssa, looking through the curtain on the Sunroom door, sees the Crew Leader leaving her father's library and pulling off his ski mask. That moment she sees him in profile is

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT -- DAY (PRESENT)

the near exact portrait Lyssa now holds in her hands.

She turns the canvas over, and sees an inscription handwritten in magic marker on the back.

THE INSCRIPTION

"Kevin Regan, Midnight, 2000"

BACK TO SCENE

Lyssa flips the canvas over and looks again at the portrait of Kevin.

KEVIN (O.S.)

Not sure that's my best side.

Lyssa spins and faces Kevin. He wears the Crew Leader's black leather jacket and gloves, black jeans and paratrooper's boots.

KEVIN

Makes me look kinda...mean.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- HOMICIDE SQUADROOM

Sean strides purposely through the door and walks to Bobby and Burgess, who stand to meet him. They glance at each other apprehensively as Sean approaches.

SEAN

So what do we know?

BOBBY

Got sheets on both of 'em. One was Jimmy Crowley. Did two stretches, one for B and E, one for Aggravated Assault. Out last year. Other was John Mason. He had a juvie sheet back to age nine, mostly drugs. Only one adult fall, last year, for Burglary. Got probation and walked.

SEAN

Anything tie 'em together other than being dead on a front porch in Valley Green?

BURGESS

Yeah. Two things. First, we had nothin' to do with their bein' dead on the porch.

SEAN

What?

BOBBY

We didn't kill 'em, Sean. We hit 'em a couple times...

INT. UPSCALE HOME #2 -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

The Crew Leader stands in the front doorway. Gunfire outside as two black figures are backing toward the door.

BOBBY (V.O.)

...but the shots that took 'em out came from behind...

The Crew Leader sticks his arm through the door, fires two quick shots.

BOBBY (V.O.)

...Popped in the back of the head at close range with a nine millimeter during the firefight....

The Crew Leader slams the front door of the house, turns and runs.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- SQUADROOM -- DAY (PRESENT)

BOBBY

...So much shit was flyin', we didn't notice how they went down.

BURGESS

Only Mike carried a nine that night, and the ballistics don't match up. Wasn't his.

SEAN

The last guy in the house.

BOBBY

Gotta be.

SEAN

He popped his own guys.

BURGESS

He was puttin' up a firewall. Didn't want us gettin' back to him through them.

BOBBY

That's a cold motherfucker.

SEAN  
You said there were two things.

Bobby glances at Burgess.

BOBBY  
Yeah.

He hands Sean the criminal files on Crowley and Mason.

BOBBY  
Take a close look at the most recent  
arresting officer on both those sheets.

Sean looks at the bottom of one sheet, then the other. He  
looks up at Bobby.

SEAN  
Kevin. And some guy named Reginald Lewis  
before that. (beat) Shit.

BOBBY  
Uh-huh. Reggie. The guy Damon Jenkins  
gave up. Worked in Property Recovery a  
few years back, 'til he was fired for  
helpin' himself to the property he  
recovered. Hasn't been seen since.

Burgess hands Jenkins' sheet to Sean.

BURGESS  
This is our friend Damon.

Sean looks at it.

SEAN  
Kevin again.

BOBBY  
Uh-huh.

SEAN  
So what?

BOBBY  
Come on, Sean. He knew these guys.

SEAN  
Again, so what? We've all popped a  
thousand guys like these. Doesn't mean...

BOBBY

He knew Jenkins when we grabbed him up two days ago, but neither of 'em says nothin'. Now why would that be?

SEAN

You're sayin' Kevin's in this.

BOBBY

Kevin likes nines, Sean. Only thing I've seen him carry since I came here.

BURGESS

And he shows up sixty seconds after our third guy disappears like a vapor. No wonder we couldn't find the guy. He was standin' right next to us with Kevin's face on.

BOBBY

Right next to Mike, dyin' on the driveway.

Sean slams the sheets to the table.

SEAN

Goddamn it! (beat) Where is he?

BOBBY

Don't know. Hasn't checked in this morning.

SEAN

You put out a call on him?

BOBBY

Not yet. Wanted to talk to you first. Got Collins watchin' his apartment, but no sign of him so far.

(he reaches into his coat)

There's one other thing.

Bobby hands Sean a small blood-stained scrap of paper.

BOBBY

We found this in Crowley's pocket. Don't know what it is -- haven't checked it out yet.

Sean looks at the:

SCRAP OF PAPER

with the address Crowley wrote: 220 Lombard.

BACK TO SCENE

SEAN  
Oh, Jesus.

Sean turns and races from the squadroom.

BOBBY  
What? What is it?

INT. DETECTIVE'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR (MOVING)

Sean drives at high speed through the city.

EXT. ARTIST'S LOFT BUILDING

Sean's car squeals to a stop. He jumps from the car and races inside.

INT. ARTIST'S LOFT

Sean bursts in.

SEAN  
Lyssa! Lyssa!

He looks around the room, in the bathroom. He comes to the center of the room, stops to think.

He moves toward the door when he notices a painting lying on the bed. He picks it up. It's the portrait of Kevin, slashed with a knife corner to corner in an "X".

SEAN  
Oh, Christ. No.

He bolts from the loft.

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS

Sean's car squeals to a stop. He jumps out and runs into the station.

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS -- HOMICIDE SQUADROOM

Sean pokes his head into the doorway.

SEAN  
Jenkins still downstairs in lock up?

BOBBY  
Yeah, but what...?

Sean is already moving to the stairs and down. Bobby and Burgess jump up and follow him.

HOLDING CELL AREA

Sean stops at the desk of the OFFICER IN CHARGE. Moses and Burgess follow Sean in. The Officer in Charge stands.

SEAN  
Damon Jenkins.

OFFICER IN CHARGE  
Cell "D".

SEAN  
Crack it for me.

The Officer in Charge touches a button on a panel behind him. Sean, Bobby, and Burgess get to the

FOURTH CELL

just as the door clangs open.

Damon Jenkins, in orange jail jumpsuit, sits on the bunk, reading a magazine.

JENKINS  
Man, what you wan...?

Sean grabs and lifts Jenkins, and braces him hard against the wall, his face a half inch from Jenkins'.

SEAN  
You got one chance here, Damon.

Jenkins looks over at Moses and Burgess, who turn their backs and lean against the outside of the cell.

JENKINS  
What....?

Sean braces him hard against the wall again.

SEAN  
Pay attention! We got Crowley and Mason, Damon, so you blew that opportunity to shave some time off what you're lookin' at.

JENKINS  
Hey, man, I....

Again against the wall.

SEAN

We're talking at least five counts of Accessory to Murder now, Damon, maybe one more if you don't decide right now what side you're gonna play on.

Jenkins studies Sean's eyes, then relaxes.

JENKINS

OK. OK. Look, I din' kill nobody, man. I ain't takin' nobody's spill fa' dat.

Sean lets him go. He stays against the wall.

SEAN

Kevin Regan.

JENKINS

(with contempt)

Yeah. Regan. That yo' family, ain't it, de-tec-tive? (beat) Muthafucka come to me firs' day I'm outta the joint. Firs' day! Tell me I'm workin' for him now, or they gonna find me in some dumpsta somewheres. Put that nigga Reggie on my ass. They pull a gig one night, I see Reggie the nex' day wit' the shit. I move it, give 'im da money, an' tha's dat.

SEAN

They always bring the booty to you?

JENKINS

Mos' times. One time I picked it up.

SEAN

Where? Where'd you pick it up?

JENKINS

Man, I don'....

SEAN

WHERE?

JENKINS

Warehouse distric'. On Fairmount. 1681.

Sean turns and leaves the cell, Burgess and Bobby right behind him. Jenkins walks to the cell door.

JENKINS

Tell that muthafucka 'fuck you' fo' me when you pop 'im! Tell 'im I'm waitin' right here fo' 'im.

See how dat cocksucker like it in here  
wit' all 'a us! Muthafucka.

INT. DETECTIVE'S UNMARKED POLICE CAR (MOVING)

Sean drives, Bobby in the passenger seat, Burgess in the  
back.

SEAN  
He's got Lyssa Abrahms. She was at that  
Lombard address.

BOBBY  
Oh, shit.

SEAN  
It must have been Kevin she caught a  
piece of that night. He knows she's the  
only one can actually put him at one of  
the scenes. He's tying up his loose ends.

BOBBY  
Uh-huh. Got Crowley and Mason last night,  
gonna take care of her now, if he hasn't  
already.

BURGESS  
Why didn't he just pop her at Lombard  
Street?

SEAN  
Because it's my place.

BOBBY  
*Your* place?

Sean looks at Bobby.

SEAN  
Tell you later. But he's thinkin' he can  
cover his tracks on this, so he wouldn't  
do her there. Too close to home.

BOBBY  
He doesn't know Damon's given him up.

BURGESS  
So he doesn't know we're comin'.

Bobby reaches for the radio mic.

BOBBY  
I'm callin' it in. Best we have a lot of  
eyeballs watchin' this one.

Sean pulls out his cell phone.

SEAN

No. Use this. Kevin's always monitoring the radio. Tell 'em to come in quiet.  
(he glances at Bobby)  
And make sure they call my father.

Bobby takes the phone, punches in the number.

EXT. FAIRMOUNT AVENUE -- WAREHOUSE DISTRICT

Sean's car pulls slowly up the wide street. On both sides of the street, MEN load and unload boxes and crates into and out of tractor trailers.

Bobby squints out the window at the addresses.

BOBBY

Sixteen-seventy-one. Seventy-five. Slow up. It's gotta be that red sign.

Sean pulls his car into the curb, between two trailers. Sean, Bobby, and Burgess get out and go to the trunk. Sean pulls out bulletproof vests and hands them to Bobby and Burgess.

SEAN

Only got two. You guys taken 'em.

BURGESS

You think we'll need these?

SEAN

You never know until you do.

Burgess nods, and slips the vest on as he turns away.

BURGESS

I'll take the back.

He heads toward an alley opening that leads between buildings to the back.

On the street, Sean and Bobby move to 1681.

The large warehouse door is closed. There's a smaller door next to it, also closed, with a glass window and a bent-up venetian blind hanging in it.

BOBBY

How we gonna handle this?

Sean reaches out and gingerly takes the doorknob on the smaller door and turns it. It's unlocked. He pulls his gun from his hip.

SEAN  
I'm goin' in.

BOBBY  
Oughta wait for the back-up, man.

SEAN  
No time, Bobby, if she's still alive...

BOBBY  
You gonna be able to do this, he comes up hot?

Bobby looks hard at Sean. Sean meets his gaze.

SEAN  
He's responsible for five people dead, including my brother. It ends here, family or no family.

Bobby nods, pulls his gun.

BOBBY  
OK. Let's do it.

Sean gently pushes the door open enough for them to slide through quietly.

INT. WAREHOUSE--GARAGE

Sean and Bobby enter quietly. Bobby taps Sean on the shoulder, points to himself, then indicates that he's going off to his left, around the van and wooden crates stacked in a long row.

Sean nods and moves off along the right, between two long shelving units packed with boxes, motor parts, and junk.

He takes a few steps and stops dead as a loud clatter comes from the back of the warehouse, the sound of a sterling tea service and flatware hitting the floor and scattering.

KEVIN (O.S.)  
Fuck! Where the fuck is it?

Sean moves toward the back. He looks left and sees Bobby moving in the same direction among the crates.

Sean moves closer, crouched now. Through the boxes and junk, he catches quick glimpses of Lyssa kneeling against the wall near the door to the small room. She's handcuffed behind her back.

LYSSA

Please. You don't have to do this.

Kevin comes out of the small room, carrying a large duffle bag. He tosses it onto a long table.

KEVIN

You got it wrong, lady. Maybe I don't want to do this. But I got no choice about havin' to.

He searches through the bag and its contents and comes up with a large jewelry box.

KEVIN

There you are, you sweet little...

LYSSA

Please. Enough people are dead already...

Kevin removes the jewelry from the box and stuffs it into a velvet bag.

KEVIN

Yeah. And one of 'em's a friend of mine stinkin' up that room in there, thanks to your grandfather.

LYSSA

He was defending his property! He was defending me!

Kevin stuffs the velvet bag in his jacket pocket, then pulls out his nine millimeter.

KEVIN

Yeah, well, all the same. He's dead and I figure you're gonna make things just about equal.

He cocks the automatic.

KEVIN

Time for me to go, little lady, and for you to say hello to granddaddy.

Kevin aims his nine at Lyssa's head.

LYSSA

NO!

Sean jumps into the open space, shouting.

SEAN

KEVIN!

Kevin reacts instantly. His gun comes up at Sean and he drops into a shooter's squat. Sean's in the same position, his gun on Kevin.

They slowly stand, their guns aimed at each other.

KEVIN

Whoa! Cuz! Surprise, surprise!

His eyes flick around the warehouse, look back at Sean.

SEAN

I'm alone.

Kevin's eyes flick around the room again.

KEVIN

Yeah. Maybe. But while we're talkin' here...maybe you oughtta lose that weapon or...

SEAN

Or what? You gonna kill me? Like you killed Mike, you bastard?

Kevin holds a moment -- pain crosses his face.

KEVIN

Yeah...Mike...Didn't mean for that to happen.

Kevin's pained look turns to indifference. He swings his gun back to Lyssa's head.

KEVIN

Anyway. I won't kill you. I'll kill her.

SEAN

Hey!

Sean cocks his gun.

KEVIN

Go ahead! Pull the trigger, Sean! You know I always had better reflexes than you.

Bet she's dead before your bullet leaves my back. Whattaya think? Wanta find out?

They both stand still as statues, eye on eye.

KEVIN  
There ain't an option here, Sean. Lose the fucking gun!

Lyssa, terrified, looks at Sean, then Kevin, then Sean again.

Kevin takes a step toward Lyssa, puts the gun barrel directly against her head.

SEAN  
All right! All right.

Sean bends, scoots his revolver across the floor toward the corner, then straightens. Kevin relaxes, but keeps his gun at Lyssa's head.

KEVIN  
Boy, ain't this a bitch, huh? Goddamn. How'd you find....?

He realizes and laughs.

KEVIN  
Jenkins. You got to Jenkins! Fuckin' idiot. Thought I had him scared enough not to crack. You musta come on pretty strong, huh? Well, nice goin', Cuz. Maybe you're not such a pussy cop after all.

SEAN  
Give it up, Kevin. Let her go. This is over.

KEVIN  
Now, I can't do that, Sean. She just turned from a liability into a ticket.

Along the back wall, Bobby moves quietly to the side of the small room wall as it juts into the main warehouse. Burgess joins him from a hallway opening.

Sean can see them out of the corner of his eye. He begins to move slowly to his right, turning Kevin's eyes further from where Bobby and Burgess are.

SEAN  
Ticket to where? You're not leaving here.

KEVIN

One way or the other, I'm outta here,  
Cuz, and I have my preferences as to how  
it's gonna be.

Sean continues to circle slowly, closer to his gun.

SEAN

Why, Kevin?

KEVIN

Because it was fuckin' easy, Sean. And  
because I couldn't stand that fuckin'  
desk your father stuck me behind.

SEAN

You'd have gotten out of there in time.

KEVIN

Bullshit. I was gonna be stuck there  
forever. No action, no future. Ironic,  
isn't it? He puts me in Property Recovery  
and hands it to me on a platter. The  
security schedules are right there in our  
computers. And we're bustin' the manpower  
each and every fuckin' day, Sean. Hell, I  
planned everything sittin' at that desk,  
can you believe it?!

SEAN

Didn't being a cop mean anything to you?

KEVIN

Fuck bein' a cop! I saw what bein' a cop  
gets you the day I buried my father. Look  
what it got Mike!

SEAN

Your crossin' the line is what killed  
Mike!

KEVIN

I told you before -- there ain't no line!  
And what am I stayin' behind that line  
for anyway? A fuckin' poverty-level  
pension and a picture on a barroom wall?  
Tell me you don't agree with me! Tell me  
that ain't why you're hidin' out in that  
loft on Lombard paintin' those pictures.  
Tell me you didn't think Mike wasted his  
life...

Sean takes two steps toward Kevin, shouting.

SEAN  
 Fuck you, you sonofabitch!

Kevin reacts to Sean's move by swinging his gun toward Sean.

SEAN  
 Now, Bobby!

Bobby steps out around the corner of the small room building, Burgess next to him, their guns aimed at Kevin. Bobby sees Kevin's gun moving toward Sean, and fires.

The bullet hits Kevin's abdomen and knocks him against the door frame. His automatic fires. The shot catches Sean in the arm and spins him around. Sean falls. Lyssa screams.

Kevin falls back into the small room, but continues to fire at Bobby and Burgess.

One of his shots catches Burgess high in the chest and drops him straight back. Another knocks Bobby's left leg out from under him. Bobby falls. His gun is knocked loose from his hand and scatters ten feet across the floor. He tries to reach for it.

Kevin, laughing, fights to his feet, leans against the doorjamb. He bleeds heavily from his wound.

Sean struggles to his feet and looks toward his gun fifteen feet away in the corner. He moves toward it.

Kevin swings his nine around and fires. The bullet sings off the floor directly in front of Sean's feet. Sean stops and looks up at Kevin.

KEVIN  
 Uh-uh, Cuz. Don't think you should be playing with that.

He staggers to the other doorjamb, just above Lyssa.

KEVIN  
 Looks like we're all gonna die today, Sean. Who should I start with? You? Or her?

He drops the barrel of the gun to Lyssa's head. Sean turns to Kevin and walks toward him.

SEAN  
 Kevin, please. If there's any decency left in you....

KEVIN  
Oh, okay. You then.

Kevin swings his automatic up toward Sean. A shot.

A red blossom appears dead center on Kevin's chest. He looks down at it, surprised, then back up at Sean, smiling.

A second shot. Kevin's head snaps back as a bullet goes through his forehead. He falls backwards, dead before he hits the floor.

Sean, startled, turns to the sound of the shots.

THE SMOKING BARREL OF A REVOLVER

PULL BACK from the gun to reveal it is in the hands of Thomas Regan, his face stone, his jaw set, his eyes steel.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

EXT. 1681 FAIRMOUNT -- WAREHOUSE DISTRICT -- LATER

A beehive of activity. police vehicles everywhere, bubblegum tops whirling red and blue. A large EMT van. An ambulance. The Medical Examiner's van.

Along the perimeter of the area, cordoned off by yellow crime scene tape and a string of officers, are the news vans and a small crowd of onlookers.

Sean stands next to the ambulance, an EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIAN just finishing a bandage on his arm.

EMERGENCY MEDICAL TECHNICIAN  
Clean in and out, Detective. Gonna be sore, but that's about it. Might want to have a doc in the ER take a look.

Sean gingerly slips on his jacket as he notices two other EMT's wheeling Bobby Moses toward the large EMT van, his leg in a pressure bandage. Burgess walks next to him, his jacket open, a bulletproof vest hanging loosely from one shoulder.

SEAN  
(to Emergency Medical Technician)  
Thanks.

Sean walks over to Bobby.

SEAN  
 Suppose you'll be askin' for a special  
 spot in Regan's Corner now, huh?

BOBBY  
 (smiling)  
 Maybe. You could use a little color up on  
 that wall, man. You OK?

Sean smiles weakly and nods.

They clasp hands. Sean then looks at Burgess as the EMT's  
 lift Bobby into the van.

SEAN  
 (to Burgess)  
 How 'bout you? Got your breath back yet?

Burgess rubs a deeply bruised area on his chest.

BURGESS  
 Yeah. Look...I want to thank you  
 for...you know...

He picks up the corner of the vest.

SEAN  
 Standard procedure for a cop, right? No  
 thanks needed.

BURGESS  
 I'm gonna ride in with Bobby. Collins is  
 on his way down to work the scene.

Sean nods. Burgess climbs into the EMT van, and the EMT's  
 close the doors. The van pulls away.

Sean watches it go, then turns around. Lyssa sits in the open  
 back door of a police car. Her head is bowed, but she looks  
 up as Sean approaches.

SEAN'S FACE AND EYES.

The ambient sound drops to almost nothing.

LYSSA'S FACE

Tears on her cheeks, but relief and joy in her eyes and a  
 smile on her face as she sees Sean.

SEAN'S EYES.

As he takes in the beauty of her face and the details of the  
 specific image.

Lyssa falls into Sean's arms, holding him tightly.

The ambient sounds return.

SEAN  
It's all right. It's over now.

LYSSA  
I didn't think I'd see you again....

SEAN  
I know.

LYSSA  
...that you'd know where to look for  
me...

She looks up into his face.

LYSSA  
...I was so sure he was going to...

Sean puts his finger on her lips.

SEAN  
Shhhhh. You know I could never let that  
happen. You promised to hang my paintings  
in your gallery, remember? An artist like  
me doesn't get an offer like that every  
day, now does he?

She smiles at him.

LYSSA  
An artist?

He smiles back and nods.

THOMAS (O.S.)  
Detective!

Sean looks up, sees his father walking to him. Thomas is shaken, but doing his best to hold up as the officer he expects himself to be.

THOMAS  
(to Sean)  
You OK?  
(to Lyssa)  
You, miss?

SEAN  
We're OK, Pop. How 'bout you?

Thomas looks hard at his son. Encapsulated in his look is the fact that most of his world has collapsed. His shoulders drop, he shakes his head and looks at the ground.

SEAN  
Pop, I tried to...

THOMAS  
(nodding)  
I know. I know you did.

SEAN  
You saved my life, Pop. Probably all of us.

Thomas reacts to this by straightening up a bit.

THOMAS  
Just bein' a cop. (beat) Look, we can talk about this later. I just wanted to tell you...I'm proud of you, son. That was excellent police work in there. You kept your head, didn't let the personal get in the way. You're a good cop, Sean. You're going to be a great one.

Thomas looks Sean in the eyes, and smiles at him.

SEAN  
I don't think so, Pop.

THOMAS  
What are you...What do you mean?

SEAN  
I mean, I can't do this anymore.

THOMAS  
Come on, Sean...

SEAN  
No. I'm through, Pop. Done with it.

THOMAS  
Don't be crazy. You just wrote your ticket all the way.

Thomas looks at Lyssa, then back to Sean.

THOMAS  
Think about this, son. I mean, look -- OK, maybe I've been a little hard on you about the paintin' and all.

We can talk about that. I suppose a cop should have a hobby...

SEAN

Pop, I think Mike was trying to tell me something right before he died. I thought he was talking about our family and me being a cop, that I shouldn't waste what I've been given. But I'm thinking now that maybe he was talking about what I have. Me. Myself. With his last breath, he told me to follow my destiny, Pop. I'm thinking he was trying to tell me not to waste what I am. To be what I think I am, to do what I feel right doing...not just to settle for what I'm expected to be. That's what destiny is, isn't it? Being what you're meant to be?

Thomas begins to see his legacy slipping away. He reacts the only way he knows how to.

THOMAS

You're meant to be a cop, Sean. You have a heritage. You're a Regan, son. We're cops. Always have been, always will be.

SEAN

I'm proud of my name and my heritage, Pop. How could I not be? But they don't define me anymore. I'm not sure they ever did.

THOMAS

(matter-of-factly)

Sean, you're a cop. It's all you've done, all you can do.

Sean looks at his father, then reaches into his back pocket and pulls out his badge. He looks at it, then tosses it to his father.

SEAN

We'll see, Pop. We'll see.

Sean puts his arm around Lyssa. They turn and walk through the maze of cars, ambulances, people, and vans.

Thomas stands silent and alone at the center of the noise and commotion around him, holding Sean's badge. He watches Sean and Lyssa leave.

Sean and Lyssa climb into Sean's car. The car wheels around and leaves Fairmount Avenue. As it turns the corner, the image freezes, then dissolves into a

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of the scene.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END