

EXT. NEW YORK CITY, BROADWAY, THEATER DISTRICT - NIGHT

Sunday, October 31, 2010, 10:30 p.m., Halloween. Broadway theaters are letting out. The streets look like Chalmun's Cantina in the pirate city of Mos Eisley on the planet Tatooine in Star Wars. Gaudy, crazy, loud.

A SERIES OF SHOTS emphasizing the size and craziness of the crowd, augmented with cut shots of CELEBRANTS, POLICE, and FIRE PERSONNEL and punctuated with sounds of sirens and music mixing with street noise.

CLOSE ON Matthew B. RICHARDSON III in his 50s. Wealthy banker. Wife COLLETTE is French, 10 years younger. Madly in love. Pushing their way out of opening night of "*The Scottsboro Boys*." COLLETTE grabs his arm.

COLLETTE
Tell me this could not have
happened in America.

RICHARDSON
I'm afraid it did, my dear.

COLLETTE
But you enjoyed the performance,
no?

RICHARDSON
I did. It was stunning.
(points forward)
Jafar's waiting with the car at
West 38th.

A PIRATE gains on them from behind. He limps. A fake parrot on his left shoulder bobs side-to-side. The PIRATE approaches RICHARDSON and COLLETTE, bumping into RICHARDSON and startling him. The PIRATE tips his hat.

PIRATE
(cockney accent)
Sorry, Gov'nor.

The PIRATE continues walking to a point 60 feet in front of couple, turns abruptly, and limps back.

RICHARDSON and COLLETTE recognize him and laugh. The PIRATE approaches, tips his hat, pulls a 9mm pistol with silencer from his jacket.

BANG! He shoots RICHARDSON at point-blank range. RICHARDSON crumbles to the sidewalk. COLLETTE screams and drops to her knees, cradling him in her lap. PEOPLE scream and run. The PIRATE escapes around the corner.

INT. MANHATTAN, BAR OFF TIMES SQUARE - CONTINUOUS

More than 100 CELEBRANTS. The PIRATE hurries to the Men's Room, enters, and locks the Handicapped Stall. He removes his costume, stuffs it into a plastic bag together with the gun and silencer, then grabs a handful of toilet paper. A PATRON bangs on the door.

PATRON

Come on, mac!

PIRATE

(thick Russian accent)

Yah! In a minute!

The PIRATE carelessly wipes the handrails and throws the paper into the toilet. He kicks the flush handle ... once, twice -- broken -- fuck it! He grabs the bag, opens the door, and rushes past the PATRON, almost knocking him over --

PATRON

Watch it, asshole!

The PIRATE runs to the back of the building, plunges out the service entrance, opens the back passenger-side door of waiting CAB ONE, throws the bag in, jumps in after it, and slams the door.

CAB DRIVER ONE (O.S.)

Is it done?

PIRATE

Yah! Do you have my money?

CAB DRIVER ONE (O.S.)

Something better!

CAB DRIVER ONE thrusts a 9mm pistol through the Plexiglas divider.

CLOSE ON A MULTI-COLORED COBRA TATTOO on driver's right forearm.

BANG! CAB DRIVER ONE kills the pirate with one shot between the eyes. We see the muzzle flash.

CLOSE ON PIRATE, with bullet hole in forehead.

INT. TOWNHOUSE IN SOHO - CONTINUOUS

'Marilyn Monroe,' aka Missy DUGAN, NYPD IT Laboratory supervisor, is engaged in an animated discussion with a GUEST dressed as Clark Gable. She's forgotten more than Bill Gates ever knew. Quick wit, maniacal laugh.

DUGAN
Everybody knows the best films
won't be released until year end.

GUEST
What's the buzz?

DUGAN
The King's Speech.

GUEST
Really? I would have thought--

DUGAN'S cell phone rings the *Dragnet* theme.

DUGAN
Damn!

DUGAN takes the phone from her silver lamé clutch purse.

DUGAN (CONT'D)
What's up, Lou?

INTERCUT

INT. TIMES SQUARE, MARTELLI'S CROWN VIC PATROL CAR - SAME TIME

Louis MARTELLI, early 40s, NYPD homicide detective. Iraqi War Vet. Lost his left leg during the invasion of Baghdad. Tough, audacious, cool, cocky, and flippant. Card shark *extraordinaire*. Sound of siren from MARTELLI'S *Crown Vic* heard in background. Red light from portable rotating beacon on roof reflects off nearby objects. MARTELLI is weaving in and out of traffic. Cabs everywhere. Schools of yellow barracuda.

MARTELLI
Sorry to destroy your evening.
Shooting in Times Square. Big
investment banker. I'm headed there
now.

DUGAN
Anyone else hurt?

MARTELLI

Naw. One vic. Shot through the heart--

MARTELLI abruptly turns steering wheel.

MARTELLI (CONT'D)

Get the fuck out of my way!

(beat)

Look, get over to Headquarters and download everything you can from the cameras around Broadway and 42nd. Start around 10:30.

DUGAN

What am I looking for?

MARTELLI

A pirate.

DUGAN

Aye aye, captain!

DUGAN turns to GUEST.

DUGAN (CONT'D)

Sooooorry. Gotta run.

GUEST

(smiles weakly)

I understand.

DUGAN grabs her fake fur stole, hustles to the stairs, descends, and runs through the front door to the curb.

EXT. SOHO, CURB ON HUDSON STREET OUTSIDE TOWNHOUSE -
CONTINUOUS

DUGAN frantically waves her purse. PEDESTRIANS stare. CAB DRIVER TWO on the other side of street stands his cab on its nose, does an immediate U-turn, almost hits a pedestrian and another cab, pulls his cab to the curb in front of DUGAN, jumps out, swings around his vehicle, and opens the back passenger-side door, all the time focused on DUGAN'S cleavage. She climbs in, shaking her head.

INT. SOHO, CAB TWO - CONTINUOUS

DUGAN pulls out her NYPD ID and pushes it against the Plexiglas barrier. CAB DRIVER TWO panics. He's about to abandon the cab when DUGAN shouts--

DUGAN

Hey! I'm not Immigration. Official
police business. Get me to One
Police Plaza! Now!

The DRIVER throws his vehicle into Drive and accelerates rapidly, throwing DUGAN back into her seat.

INT. BAR IN MANHATTAN, OFF TIMES SQUARE - SHORTLY BEFORE
MIDNIGHT

MARTELLI walks in followed by six uniformed police OFFICERS and three CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATORS. Two CSIs move to the rear of the building and begin work. A third CSI heads out the service entrance. MARTELLI encounters Dan WILSON, a bartender. MARTELLI holds up his badge.

MARTELLI

I'm Detective Martelli. There's
been a shooting. Three witnesses
saw the shooter run into your bar.
You'll have to close. Now!

WILSON

(defiant)
What do you mean close?

MARTELLI

The bar's considered a crime scene.

WILSON

You're kidding-- This is one of our
busiest nights.

MARTELLI

You have 2 minutes to close or--

WILSON picks up a phone and pokes in 3 digits.

WILSON

Ed, you better get out here. The
police just ordered me to close!

ED McGuire, owner, bursts from the back office. In his 40s, short, bald, grossly overweight. Pissed blind.

ED

What the fuck's going on here? My
liquor license is current--

MARTELLI

Sir! Calm down. There's been a homicide. The killer ran into your bar--

ED

Hundreds of people ran in and out of here tonight, officer--

MARTELLI

This isn't a debate. Close, or I'll arrest you for interfering with an official investigation. Then--

ED turns to WILSON

ED

Shut it down.

Bar clearing. POLICE at the door interview PATRONS leaving to acquire any information they may have.

MARTELLI

I see you have video surveillance equipment.

ED

(annoyed)

Yeah, we have a camera in the hallway, two overlooking the bar, one in the pool room, and one out back, overlooking the service entrance.

MARTELLI

I want the CDs for the last two weeks.

ED

I don't have a choice on that either, do I?

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, INFORMATION TECHNOLOGY LAB - VERY EARLY THE NEXT MORNING

Monday, 1:00 a.m. DUGAN sits at her workbench. She's changed clothes, a pixie in designer jeans and chambray work shirt.

DUGAN scrolls through the City's Taxi And Limousine Division's database.

CLOSE ON SCROLLING DATABASE

Suddenly, she leans forward and stares.

DUGAN
What the fuck?

She is reaching for the phone when it rings--

CLOSE ON DUGAN'S telephone console. Caller ID shows
COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE.

DUGAN (CONT'D)
IT, Dugan.

INTERCUT

INT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS, COMMISSIONER FIELDS'S OFFICE -
CONTINUOUS

GRUMMAN
Ms. Dugan, this is Lieutenant
Grumman. I didn't expect to find
you in at this hour.

DUGAN
Well, ah ... I stopped in on my way
home from a party to pick up some
things.

GRUMMAN
Commissioner Fields just received a
call at home from the Director of
the FBI. The Bureau requests we
forward all video acquired within a
two-block area centered on Broadway
and 42nd street between 10:15 and
11:00 p.m. last night. The data
should be streamed to Quantico
ASAP.

DUGAN
I'll take care of.

GRUMMAN
Sorry to destroy your evening.

DUGAN
(under her breath)
Join the crowd.

GRUMMAN
I didn't catch that.