

CAGNEY & LACEY

Pilot

"Smile"

Written by

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Based on

CAGNEY AND LACEY

By Barbara Avedon and Barbara Corday

TEASER

EXT. VENICE BACK STREET/LACEY'S CAR - NIGHT

CLOSE ON: a manicured female hand, fingers drumming at the wheel. A slim gold charm bracelet.

REVEAL MONIQUE LACEY (42) - black, a former HS track and field champion. Lacey's wrap dress and stack-heel boots belies the fact that she still runs a six-minute mile. Everything about Lacey is as polished as her nails.

Bey on the radio. *Run the World (Girls)*. Lacey sings under her breath. *Who-runs-this-moth-er? Girls*.

Lacey glances at the clock, takes out her phone, texts.

Let's GO! [NOTE: all texts appear in 2-D onscreen.]

Through an upstairs window, reveal CHRISTINE CAGNEY (30) white, lithe, hurriedly searching for her keys. She gestures to Lacey "*JUST ONE MINUTE!*"

INT. CAGNEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Italian couches. Modern pottery. Paintings, not prints. A Dwell House writ large, and not cheap. (Cagney's mother comes from money; we'll learn more about this in subsequent episodes.)

Cagney wears tailored trousers, unfussy top, and expensive loafers. (Cagney NEVER wears cheap shoes.)

DING. Lacey's text: **Let's GO!**

CAGNEY
Coming coming coming-Keys keys
keys...
(triumph)
yes!

She trots to the kitchen, looks at the apples, then takes out a Costco-sized package of Oreos and grabs a handful.

RING. Cellphone banner: **MOM.**

She thinks about answering, thinks better of it.

REVEAL a FRAMED PHOTO of a blonde 6-year old boy and girl at the beach - laughing and holding up their shovels. Twins.

DING. VOICEMAIL. MOM. DING. Text - Mom. **Call me. The anniversary is this week.**

Cagney touches the photo of the boy and girl. REVEAL a Catholic Mass card tucked into the frame. CLINTON MICHAEL CAGNEY 1988-2003. Her eyes are shadowed.

EXT. VENICE BACK STREET - CONTINUOUS

Lacey's cellphone lights up. LLOYD.

LACEY
Hi baby.

INTERCUT CALL with Monique's husband LLOYD LACEY, (40s, strapping, Lacey's high school sweetheart).

LLOYD
Sorry to bother you when you've just left--

LACEY
That's okay, Christine is taking her time.

LLOYD
Quick question. You think we should barbecue steak for Malcolm's last night? Or ribs?

LACEY
Well... It's a special occasion. I say you do both.

LLOYD
Yeah, yeah! I like that! Steak and ribs. Your son only goes to college once.

LACEY
If we're lucky.

LLOYD
I know I'm lucky.

LACEY
Yes you are. --I gotta go.

Lacey hangs up, gets out to stretch, a bit irritated that Cagney hasn't arrived yet.

MAN'S VOICE
Hey.

She startles. Her POV: a gun. Held by a SCUZZY STREET GUY.

SCUZZY STREET GUY
Gimme your purse. Now.

Lacey's hands fly up to her face. A moan escapes her.

LACEY
Please don't hurt me! Please,
please don't hurt me!

SCUZZY STREET GUY
Just gimme your--

SNAP! Lacey's right hand SLAMS straight into Scuzzy Street Guy's nose, BREAKING IT.

What looked like a moment of fear was, in fact, a boxing stance. In a nanosecond, Lacey disarms the guy, KICKS his leg - BOOM - on the ground, incapacitated, she's got a knee dug firmly into his back. Badass.

Cagney appears, reaches into her bag, and produces a set of CUFFS. Not missing a beat, she cuffs the guy.

SCUZZY STREET GUY (CONT'D)
By dose! You broke by dose!

REVEAL: these women are COPS. Detectives, to be exact.

CAGNEY
You okay, partner?

LACEY
All good, partner.
(beat)
Oh, damm, look on the ground for my
bracelet, I think it just fell off.

SMASH CUT TO:

TITLES

EXT. VENICE BACK STREET - NIGHT

A black-and-white is parked where Lacey's car was. Lacey speaks to one uniformed officer taking notes; another cop loads Scuzzy Street Guy into the back of the patrol car.

INT. LACEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Lacey drives. Cagney digs into her pocket, eats her Oreo. Lacey gives Cagney the side-eye. Cagney checks her cell.

CAGNEY
Body's near Hoover and Florence.
You should take Slauson.

LACEY
Can I see that please?

CAGNEY
(holding up cookie)
This?

Lacey takes the Oreo, throws it out the window.

LACEY
That's crap. That's not real food.

CAGNEY
You just littered. I can't believe
you!

LACEY
I made smoothies for both of us.

Cagney takes a reluctant sip.

CAGNEY
Mm. Maybe later.

LACEY
Don't make a face, that's
delicious. And it's going to give
you energy without spiking your
blood sugar and making you
dependent on coffee.

CAGNEY
(light bulb)
Wait a minute. I just realized
what's happening here. Today is
Malcolm's last day at home. He's
leaving for college. It's clear
now. You need someone new to boss
around.

LACEY
I'm not looking for anyone else to
boss around, I have Lloyd.

Cagney reaches in her pocket and defiantly shoves another
Oreo in her mouth.

LACEY (CONT'D)
That's just sad.

CAGNEY
(mouth full)
You're sad.

EXT. SOUTH LOS ANGELES (CRIME SCENE) - NIGHT

On a silent street, yellow crime scene tape criss-crosses a dead-end alley.

Lacey notices rookie cop MARIA SANDOVAL. Officer Sandoval's chin trembles. Two MALE COPS note her discomfort. One nudges the other.

Lacey moves close; only Sandoval can hear her.

LACEY
You all right, boot?

OFFICER SANDOVAL
Yessir. --Ma'am.

LACEY
Take five. Go to the bathroom.

OFFICER SANDOVAL
I'm fine, ma'am.

LACEY
Officer, I just told you take five. Go to the bathroom, wash your face, do whatever you need to do. And when you come back out, you better not be crying. When you cry, you don't just screw it up for yourself. You screw it up for me and for my partner. Pull it together.

Sandoval hustles past the other cops as a DETECTIVE rises from where he's been squatting near a body.

HOMICIDE COORDINATOR MORRIS STARK, (55), African American, oversees all homicides in the Northeast District. Unflappable, he inspires loyalty in detectives and beat cops alike.

STARK
Lacey. Cagney.

CAGNEY
Detective Stark.

Cagney has out her notebook. She stops abruptly when she sees the body.

The arms of this young black man are raised straight above his head. The splayed limbs look unnatural. A bullet hole in the head, half his eye missing. Another in his shoulder.

The violence and vulnerability of this body is upsetting - no wonder the rookie officer was shook. Lacey glances at Cagney.

CAGNEY (CONT'D)

He's young.

She heads to the body, makes notes. Gloves on, Lacey touches the body's arms. Stiff.

STARK

Rigor mortis well set in.

LACEY

(ah, shit)
Body dump.

STARK

I'm thinking yes.

Cagney (gloves on) lifts the victim's boot. The full backs of the boots are covered in mud. The front of both boots are clean.

CAGNEY

Someone dragged him here after he was dead.

LACEY

Which means this isn't the crime scene.
(to herself)
Damn.

STARK

I put out an APB for any black man that might be reported missing. And I'm sorry to tell you I have a hit-and-run in Highland Park so catching up on season two of The Crown is out for me tonight.

He looks at the body, shakes his head.

STARK (CONT'D)

What a mess.

Stark departs. Lacey looks at the mouth of the muddy alley.

LACEY

Might get lucky with the tire tracks.
(to Officer)
Any access that way?

OFFICER ON CALL
 Dead end. Cement barrier, then
 freeway.

Lacey heads towards the sidewalk, nods at Cagney. Cagney heads one way up the sidewalk, Lacey the opposite way. These two have a shorthand - they know what the other is thinking.

EXT. SIDEWALK - NORTH - CONTINUOUS

Lacey's gaze observes EVERYTHING - the meridian, the dark windows of the few industrial buildings, lack of neighbors.

LACEY
 (to herself)
 You had to come from here if you
 were driving...

EXT. SIDEWALK - SOUTH - CONTINUOUS

Cagney writes in her notebook. The garages and body shops are all dark.

A movement detector light turns on, revealing a SURVEILLANCE CAMERA. Bingo. She notes of the camera and its distance to the alley.

EXT. ALLEY (CRIME SCENE) - NIGHT

Lacey and Cagney return to the body.

LACEY
 It's a body dump--

CAGNEY
 It's definitely a dump--

LACEY
 --the driver would have come from
 the north--

CAGNEY
 --he parks, pulls the body out, his
 car blocks the view in case anyone
 drives by--

LACEY
 --he pulls body out of the back,
 the driver moves on.

CAGNEY

Half a block down, there's a storage lot with a surveillance camera. We can look at that footage, see what cars passed between eight o'clock and now. Cross check the plates with the DMV.

LACEY

Good. That's good.

They study the dead body. Lacey takes photos.

CAGNEY

Checking for bullet casings.

OFFICER ON CALL

We didn't find anything.

CAGNEY

Thank you. I'm still checking.

Lacey searches pockets, finds a phone, screen locked. She decides he's a right hander, tries his thumb. Then his pointer. The screen lights up.

OFFICER ON CALL

It's gonna auto-lock in five minutes, you're screwed then.

CAGNEY

Put it on maps and ask for directions, screen stays active.
(to Officer on call)
Detective stuff.

OFFICER ON CALL

(under his breath)
Smartass.

Lacey checks the phone.

LACEY

Kyle Robinson.

She drops the phone into a baggie that Cagney holds open.

Cagney's phone vibrates.

CAGNEY

Cagney.
(listens; takes notes)
Thank you.
(hangs up)
(MORE)

CAGNEY (CONT'D)

African-American nineteen-year-old reported missing by his parents since this afternoon. --Kyle Robinson. Lives with his family in Leimert Park.

LACEY

Nineteen years old.
(sigh)
Officer, please keep this area secure. We need to inform the family.

Pre-lap KNOCKING at a FRONT DOOR--

EXT. LEIMERT PARK - ROBINSON FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

An African-American man (FRANK, 50) opens the door of a modest Spanish family home. A worried white woman (DELIA, 50) appears behind him.

LACEY

I'm sorry to wake you. Are you the parents of Kyle Robinson?

INT. ROBINSON LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Frank and Delia sit anxiously on the couch, their teenage daughter BETHANY next to them, slightly apart.

CAGNEY

I'm sorry to have to tell you this.

She pauses - staring at young Bethany, whose eyes are scared.

CAGNEY (CONT'D)

I... have some hard news.

Cagney blinks, losing herself for a moment.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. WINDSOR SQUARE HOUSE - DAY - FLASHBACK, 15 YEARS AGO

A DIFFERENT FRONT DOOR swings open to reveal an elegant home. A blonde 15-YEAR-OLD CAGNEY has been listening to music-- 2003, *My Morning Jacket, I Will Sing You Songs*.

On the doorstep, DETECTIVE JIM WHITE, 45. Two other DETECTIVES are behind Jim, but we do not see their faces.

DETECTIVE WHITE
 (showing badge)
 Hi, Christine, I work with your dad
 downtown. Could I talk with him and
 your mom? Are they home right now?

15-YEAR-OLD CAGNEY
 Uh, yeah...

DETECTIVE WHITE
 It's urgent.
 (beat)
 I have some hard news.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. ROBINSON LIVING ROOM - PRESENT TIME

Cagney blinks again.

CAGNEY
 (over-formal)
 I have some hard news. Your son
 Kyle...
 (looking at sister)
 ...your--brother--he was found dead
 earlier tonight.

The family explodes with grief - overlapping.

DELIA
 What? What??!?

FRANK
 No, no. No. That's not true.
 That can't be true.

BETHANY
 My--brother? He's dead?
 (choked cry)

Abruptly, Cagney stands, gestures to Lacey.

CAGNEY
 Detective Lacey will give you more
 details.

Lacey acts as if she was waiting for this (she wasn't.)

LACEY
 Mr. and Mrs. Robinson. Bethany. I
 am so sorry. There aren't words to
 tell you how sorry I am.

DELIA
 (sobbing)
 Why! Why! *Why did this happen?!*

FRANK
 (gasping)
 Are you sure--it's him?

LACEY
 Yes.

Lacey speaks to this family with enormous empathy.

LACEY (CONT'D)
 I want you to know that we are going to do everything to find the person who killed your son. And... it will not make this thing any better. It won't bring Kyle back. Your lives will not be the same. I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry for your pain.

Lacey sits with them, not turning away from the enormity of this grief.

LACEY (CONT'D)
 We are going to do our jobs and we are going to bring the person who did this to justice.

Delia sobs into Frank's arms. Bethany sits stunned, tears streaming down her cheeks.

INT. LACEY'S CAR - NIGHT

Lacey drives. The Stones' *Wild Horses* plays.

CAGNEY
 I'm sorry.

LACEY
 For what?

CAGNEY
 (pissed at herself)
 God! I've been in homicide for two years! And tonight--
 (anguished)
 I couldn't get a word out right!

LACEY
 There are no 'right' words. Their son's dead.

CAGNEY
 When I looked at his sister.
 Everything flooded back. Sorry.

LACEY

Two years ago, when we became
partners, what did I tell you?

She waits.

LACEY (CONT'D)

I said *You better love humanity.*

(beat)

You remember why? Because you're
going to see things you wish you
could unsee. You're going to
witness terrible things that people
do. You're going to be tested. If
we do our jobs, we honor the
victim.

(beat)

If you love humanity, it hurts.
Don't say 'sorry.'
We do this job to help people.
Let's get to work.

Cagney finally looks at Lacey, nods.

END TEASER

ACT IINT. CORONER'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Two white-coated figures stand hunched over Kyle's partially covered body. Meet coroners DAVID HERNANDEZ (buoyant) and AIKO LEE (downer), both 40s.

Cagney and Lacey enter; Lacey carries a plate covered with saran wrap and puts it down.

LACEY

Good morning David, good morning
Aiko, I brought muffins for you to
have later.

Cagney and Aiko exchange a glance. Aiko's face says: *Oh no.*

LACEY (CONT'D)

These muffins are gonna change your
life. Almond flour, flaxseed,
applesauce.

AIKO

Mm.

HERNANDEZ

I bet they're delicious!

CAGNEY

(under her breath)
If you like losing bets...

LACEY

What have we got?

HERNANDEZ

No prints on his body. No
toxicology hits, no alcohol in his
blood. No tattoos. He was shot
twice, once in the upper back, once
in the left side of the head. We
removed two bullets, one from his
skull, one from his shoulder. The
first is too damaged to identify
the firearms. The second was fired
from a Colt .45.

AIKO

Rigor mortis gives us time of death
between 7:30, 8:30 p.m.

HERNANDEZ

Cause of death, gunshot wound. But.
Before he was shot, he was
bludgeoned.

AIKO

Someone hit him with something heavy, possibly a metal bar from the width of it. Once across the back of the neck, once on the back.

LACEY

Which direction?

AIKO

Left to right.

LACEY

So held in the left hand.

CAGNEY

Someone hits him from behind, he goes down--

HERNANDEZ

Bruising on the knees, abrasions on the palms--

CAGNEY

And then they shoot him when he's on the ground.

They all stand and contemplate this.

HERNANDEZ

Where'd it happen?

CAGNEY

We don't know yet. It was a body dump.

LACEY

No neighbors, no witnesses.

AIKO

Bad break.

HERNANDEZ

(whistles)

You got your work cut out for you.

INT. LACEY'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Cagney takes a deep breath.

CAGNEY

Mo. I need to say something serious to you.

LACEY
I'm listening.

CAGNEY
You have to stop bringing muffins.

LACEY
(waving her off)
Please, bringing treats earns
goodwill!

CAGNEY
Those are not treats. They're
punishment. I'm begging you. End
this war.

INT. CENTRAL DIVISION POLICE STATION - DAY

This is a propulsive scene that travels us through the station. They pass by a front desk staffed by OFFICER MARTIN BOLAND (60s), a cop from the old school.

OFFICER BOLAND
NOW the morning JUST got more
beautiful, good morning, Detective
Lacey!

LACEY
Morning, Martin.

OFFICER BOLAND
Cagney, smile! C'mon, where's your
smile?

Cagney grits her teeth - she is WAY OVER Martin's routine. She passes by, then starts to turn around.

CAGNEY
I need to say something.

LACEY
(grabbing her)
No you don't. Let it go.

They continue on.

It's shift change. Cops either push through all-nighters or come in fresh. DETECTIVE ROMY DUDAKOWSKI (former Narco, now Homicide, 35) waves at Lacey.

DUDAKOWSKI
Heard you and Cagney caught a dump
last night.

LACEY

Yes we did and good morning, Romy.

DETECTIVES ASHLEY WILDE (35) and MIGUEL PERALTA (40) pass by with donuts. Seeing Lacey, Ashley hides her donut.

WILDE
Morning, Mo.

LACEY (CONT'D)
Morning, Ashley.
(sees donut)
Miguel, No! You told me your
mother has diabetes!

PERALTA
...This is for the Captain!

FOLLOW LACEY into the WOMEN'S ROOM--

INT. WOMEN'S RESTROOM - CONTINUOUS

--Where Lacey stands at the sink to wash her hands. A STALL DOOR opens up and Officer Sandoval (rookie from the night before) emerges, red-eyed. She goes to the sink and splashes water on her face.

OFFICER SANDOVAL
I wasn't crying.

LACEY
When I was a probationary officer,
my son was three months. I hid my
breast pump in the trunk and I
pumped in the bathroom. No one knew
I had a baby - not my T.O., not my
captain. You know why?
(Sandoval shakes her head)
Because no one was gonna roll me
up. When you start, it's all a
test. If you're a female: double
test. You don't complain and you
don't make mistakes.
(beat)
Don't let anybody roll you up.

IN A CORNER OF THE BULLPEN

Morris Stark stands with Dudakowski, Peralta, Cagney, and Wilde. Lacey approaches.

STARK
Lacey, where are you at with
Robinson?

LACEY

We could use eyes to go over the surveillance footage from the storage lot.

STARK

Peralta, Wilde, that's you.

LACEY

We're headed back to talk with the family - we have his phone to go through.

STARK

Copy. Go to.
(his phone buzzes)
Stark here.

ACROSS THE ROOM

A tall, broad-shouldered, guileless-looking fellow enters, a bit lost. This is DET. JOSH MCCANN.

LACEY

Oh Lord. Who's this now?

CAGNEY

Bambi.

DUDAKOWSKI

He's the transfer. From the West Valley Division.

PERALTA

Ohh, the West Valley. Lucky us. I bet he's a vegan.

DUDAKOWSKI

He grew up in Iowa or Nebraska or something.

WILDE

Cornfed.

PERALTA

(to Romy)

Looks like you got a purty partner.

Lacey hides a smile. Det. McCann is good-looking. Stark joins McCann; they shake hands.

INT. ROLL CALL ROOM - DAY

Roll call. CAPTAIN JAMES WILLIAMS (50s), empathetic and mild-mannered, speaks to the group.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

--there has never been a more important time to be a police officer. You are the public's first interaction with government. Make it count.

OFFICERS

Yes sir!

At the podium, SGT. RENEE KIM, otherwise known as the cop who smiles when she tells you bad news.

SGT. KIM

Thank you Captain Williams.

(after he exits)

One housekeeping item. You know what's repulsive? Other than Brunett clipping his dinosaur toenails in the locker room? Failing to disinfect your handcuffs.

(muttering among officers)

You want a scumbag you brought in to file a lawsuit because your filthy cuffs ulcerated his skin? You want to be responsible for a criminal winning a fifty thousand dollar settlement because you're lazy?

OFFICERS

No Ma'am!

SGT. KIM

No you don't.

IN A CORNER OF THE BULLPEN

Stark walks McCann over to Wilde, Dudakowski, and Peralta. Ad-lib greetings.

DUDAKOWSKI

Settle a bet. Nebraska or Iowa?

MCCANN

Wisconsin. But I've lived here for the last ten years, so--

DUDAKOWSKI

What is that, cheese? Lotta dairy in Wisconsin.

WILDE

And Dahmer. --Jeffrey Dahmer was from Wisconsin.

DUDAKOWSKI

Dairy and Dahmer.

PERALTA

So. Tell us about your first homicide.

MCCANN

Actually it was a murder suicide-- there was a guy who...

As he talks Dudakowski, Peralta and Wilde walk off. A little fuck-you prank. McCann stops talking.

MCCANN (CONT'D)

Good story. Good story.

IN THE ROLL CALL ROOM

SGT. KIM

And I understand Detective Lacey has some information that she needs to relay. Detective, you have the floor.

LACEY

Last night between the hours of eight and ten, we had a body dump in an alley near Hoover and Florence. As of yet we have not located the crime scene. A surveillance camera from a storage unit lot captured four cars passing between approximate time of death and when the body was discovered. Plates were visible on three and we are checking the DMV records on those. The third vehicle was a grey passenger van with no visible plates. Keep eyes out for this car.

She passes out photocopies of the van.

LACEY (CONT'D)

It would have been easier to transport a body in it. Thank you.

INT. LACEY'S CAR - DAY

Cagney goes through Kyle's cell phone. Music - Coldplay, *Trouble*.

LACEY

Why do you want to get into it with Martin?

CAGNEY

I don't want to "get into it." I want him to stop telling me what to do with my face.

LACEY

He doesn't mean any harm.

CAGNEY

He doesn't tell the Captain to smile. He doesn't tell Dudakowski to smile.

LACEY

There's not enough conflict in the day for you?

CAGNEY

It's condescending! I'm not here to smile for him.

LACEY

You can solve a crime and smile.

CAGNEY

Go ahead.

Cagney gives Lacey side-eye. Then back to the phone.

CAGNEY (CONT'D)

There are a lot of photos of grass, trees and bushes on Kyle's phone. Like a lot.

LACEY

Check his texts?

CAGNEY

Yo man. Hey. Hey. Check it. Whats up. Bro texts. One from "Wolf" - I'm telling you to back off. Hm. Oh, here's something. Miss you. Come over tomorrow. Oh, and here we go, obligatory rack shot.

We see a come-hither pout and an angle of cleavage.

LACEY

Classy.

CAGNEY

That's Cindy. Texted him three days ago. We'll be talking to her.

INT. LEIMERT PARK - ROBINSON LIVING ROOM - DAY

A shaken Frank and Delia sit across from the detectives.

CAGNEY

Mr. and Mrs. Robinson, what needs to happen is that we need to get to know Kyle as well as we can, as fast as we can. Everything helps. Everything that you can think of - we're going to ask a lot of questions - and it's all because we're trying to understand Kyle, where he was, who he talked to, his state of mind. Okay?

Frank and Delia nod.

LACEY

What was Kyle like?

DELIA

Great. He's--he was...wonderful.

FRANK

Funny. Outgoing.

DELIA

A flirt. Since he was a baby, he flirted with everybody. He flirted with people's dogs. Everybody loved him.

LACEY

Did he have a girlfriend?

FRANK

He went out...but he wasn't serious about anyone.

CAGNEY

Do you know a 'Cindy?'

Parents shake their heads no.

CAGNEY (CONT'D)

On his phone, we noticed a lot of photographs of - grass. And, uh, bushes.

FRANK

He wanted to start a landscaping company. He was living at home while he built up a business, worked on yards in the neighborhood.

Ahh. The photos make sense now.

LACEY

Do you know if he did drugs?

DELIA

No. And he wasn't in a gang either.

CAGNEY

Did he owe anyone money?

FRANK

No.

LACEY

Did you know any of his landscaping clients?

DELIA

We knew some, they were neighbors. But not everyone.

CAGNEY

Did he argue or fight with anyone?

Delia and Frank look at each other.

FRANK

Kyle wasn't a hothead.

DELIA

He's gentle. But our daughter Bethany...she had a boyfriend.

FRANK

What a piece of work.

DELIA

Kyle hated him.

FRANK

Because he's sketchy! Just trouble. You could tell.

DELIA

She broke up with him.

CAGNEY
What's his name?

FRANK
Wolf. Wolf Miller.

Wolf - that was a name from Kyle's text list.

Cagney's gaze lingers on a photo of Kyle surrounded by his family: his graduation photo. She focuses on Kyle and Bethany at the center -- they are hugging, beaming.

INT. LACEY'S CAR - DAY

LACEY
Let's find Wolf.

CAGNEY
And Cindy.
(phone buzzes)
Cagney.
(listens)
God. Seriously? Okay. Thanks Bobby.
(hangs up)
It's my dad. I've got to go pick
him up, can you let me out?

LACEY
Shut up, I'll drive you.

CAGNEY
No, no - seriously, Mo, I need to
uber. Text me the address when you
get it, I'll meet you.

INT. COP BAR - DAY

Cagney enters a dim, not very full bar. She spies MATTHEW CAGNEY (60s but looks 70s), retired LAPD and falling-down drunk. He's propped up by big and soft BOBBY SULLIVAN (60s), also retired LAPD.

MATTHEW CAGNEY
(seeing Cagney)
Chrissy! It's Chrissy! Look, Bobby,
it's my girl Chrissy! We were just
raising a glass--
(maudlin)
Raising a glass to your sweet
brother. Gone fifteen years. To
Clinton! Here's to Clinton!

He takes a shot of whiskey.

BOBBY
I tried to slow him down...

CAGNEY
(to Bobby)
Thanks for calling.
(to her dad)
How about you give me your keys.

MATTHEW CAGNEY
Keys keys keys...
(delighted)
Here they are!
(hands them over)
You should have a drink too.

CAGNEY
Maybe later.

INT. HIGHLAND PARK HOUSE - DAY

Cagney opens the door. Her father strides in behind her, heads to the kitchen. Gets a bottle, pours another drink.

CAGNEY
Well, you look all set up. I'm gonna go.

MATTHEW CAGNEY
Scotty's been dead now as many years as he was alive.

CAGNEY
Yeah. I remember.

MATTHEW CAGNEY
(weepy)
I'm sorry, Chrissy. None of this was ever supposed to happen. I failed you.

CAGNEY
You didn't fail me.

MATTHEW CAGNEY
I'm supposed to keep you safe. That's what a father does.

CAGNEY
Dad. I'm working. I've gotta go.

MATTHEW CAGNEY
Love you Chrissy. My smart smart
girl.

CAGNEY
Love you.

EXT. EAST SIDE SEEDY HOUSE - DAY

Cagney pulls up in an Uber behind Lacey's parked car, gets out to meet Lacey, who also gets out.

A knocked-over trash can spills bottles and trash into the dirt. Other cans are FULL of more cans and bottles.

LACEY
Tam O'Shanter or Bennigans?

CAGNEY
The Rossmore, though both of those
were solid guesses. Let's go.

A HOBO across the street watches them with interest.

HOBO
Hey! Pretty lady! Smile!

CAGNEY
I swear to god, I'm gonna pull my
gun.

LACEY
Come on.

They knock, standing to the side of the door, aware of the surroundings. A bleary, skinny white guy, 22, opens the door. Meet WOLF MILLER. He doesn't look like a wolf.

LACEY (CONT'D)
Wolf Miller? I'm Detective Monique
Lacey. This is my partner Christine
Cagney. May we come in and talk for
a moment?

Reluctantly, Wolf lets them in.

INT. EAST SIDE SEEDY HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

The living room sports three ashtrays piled with butts and a half dozen to-go containers on the coffee table.

LACEY
So, Wolf, where were you last night?

WOLF
Last night. Um. I went down to Hermosa and uh met some friends.

LACEY
Hermosa's fun. I like it down there. Where'd you go?

WOLF
This one dude's place.

CAGNEY
Address?

WOLF
I didn't know the guy...he was a friend of a friend...

CAGNEY
How about the people who were there, names, contact information?

WOLF
I dunno...

LACEY
How about you start with one name?

WOLF
Um. I don't think I feel comfortable saying.

LACEY
You weren't doing anything wrong, were you, Wolf. Just hanging out?

WOLF
Uh huh.

CAGNEY
Wolf, if you deal drugs, that's not the reason we're here--

LACEY
--Drugs is not our beat--

WOLF
(overlapping)
I don't deal drugs.
I'm in recovery.

CAGNEY (CONT'D)
My point is--

CAGNEY

You think he's gonna run?

LACEY

Nooo. He wants to be helpful.

She waves up at Wolf. They both do.

END ACT I

ACT II**INT. POLICE STATION - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY**

Cagney stands outside the interrogation room. She looks through the one-way mirror/window at Wolf sitting alone. He fidgets in his seat.

She turns to gaze at the EMPTY HALLWAY BENCH. Sees her YOUNGER SELF sitting there alone, biting a thumbnail cuticle. Cagney bites her thumb cuticle.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - HALLWAY BENCH - FLASHBACK (15 YEARS AGO)

15-YEAR-OLD-CAGNEY bites her thumb's cuticle. Waiting.

IN THE ADJACENT OFFICE, the voice of Big SGT. MATTHEW CAGNEY, Christine Cagney's father. Big Irish dad: all cop. (Very different from the weepy drunk of the previous act.)

Cagney make out only patches of the conversation. The scene is told entirely from her POV.

MATTHEW CAGNEY (O.S.)
(standing, pacing)
What time was [muffled]

DETECTIVE WHITE (O.S.)
This morning Clinton's body
[muffled]. [muffled] around
midnight. The body [muffled, low]

MATTHEW CAGNEY (O.S.)
(anguished)
Ah, god.

DETECTIVE WHITE (O.S.)
[muffled]

Cagney watches the uniformed officers walk the bullpen. Some eyes on her; they are quickly averted. No one holds her gaze.

MATTHEW CAGNEY (O.S.)
[Muffled] goddammit, I want to know
if somebody [muffled]

DETECTIVE WHITE (O.S.)
Listen, Matt - [muffled]

An officer passes by Cagney, places something next to her. She looks down - it's a cold can of soda. She looks up to say thank you, but the officer's moved on.

MATTHEW CAGNEY
 (Irish rage)
 Jimmy, tell me what you know! Now!
 Just tell me! Just tell me!

CAGNEY
 (PRE-LAP)
 Ready, partner?

INT. POLICE STATION - OUTSIDE INTERROGATION ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Lacey stands next to Cagney.

LACEY
 Christine...?

Cagney looks at the bench, empty once more.

CAGNEY
 Ready.

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Wolf sweats. The detectives sit, relaxed.

CAGNEY
 So Wolf, I spoke with the friends you said you were with last night and the thing is, they said they were A) not in Hermosa Beach, and B) not with you. Can you help me understand that?

WOLF
 I'm an idiot, it wasn't last night, I was thinking about the night before. My memory's like gone.

LACEY
 That happens to me all the time.

CAGNEY
 An understandable mistake. So where were you last night?

WOLF
 Just home.

CAGNEY
 Anyone home with you?

WOLF

Just me. Watched TV, went to bed.

LACEY

Ooh, have you seen *The Handmaid's Tale* yet? It's good. Put that on your list.

CAGNEY

TV, bed. Sleep well?

WOLF

Yeah really good.

CAGNEY

(consults file)

Wolf, last night your next door neighbor threw a party. A pretty big one. There were not one but two noise complaints called in, the first at midnight and then another call at two thirty. It was loud. Can you explain that to me?

WOLF

(beat)

Uh uh can you tell me what all this is about?

CAGNEY

Kyle Robinson was killed last night. Bethany Robinson's brother.

He hangs his head. Impossible to tell if this is surprising.

LACEY

You know Bethany.

He nods.

CAGNEY

We heard that you and Kyle didn't get along so well.

WOLF

I, we...

Wolf falls silent, trying to hold back tears.

LACEY

(gently)

Wolf, you weren't at home last night, you weren't at a friend's in Hermosa. Maybe you can understand how essential it is for us to find out where you were.

WOLF looks up, looks down. Silence.

CAGNEY
'Cause if we don't find out, we
have a problem.

INT. BULLPEN AREA - DAY

Cagney and Lacey are met by Stark.

LACEY
There's zero physical evidence
tying Wolf Miller to the crime.

STARK
Gunshot residue?

LACEY
Too much time's passed.

CAGNEY
He has no alibi for the night of
the murder.

LACEY
And he's definitely not telling the
truth.

CAGNEY
But he's not really selling us on a
story. It's more like he's trying
not to tell us something.

Cagney and Lacey look at each other. Light bulb.

LACEY
Bethany.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Cagney and Lacey catch up to Bethany as she exits her school
grounds. Bethany looks alarmed.

LACEY
Bethany. Do you remember us?
(off her nod)
Can you answer a few questions?

CAGNEY
You used to go out with Wolf
Miller.

Bethany nods.

CAGNEY (CONT'D)
 Have you spoken with him recently?
 Do you know if he was aware of
 Kyle's death?

BETHANY
 I... Yeah I texted him.

LACEY
 Bethany, your parents made us aware
 that they didn't care for Wolf.

BETHANY
 Shyeah. Nobody did.

CAGNEY
 Did Kyle threaten Wolf in any way?
 Or vice versa?

Silence.

LACEY
 Wolf can't account for where he was
 at the time of your brother's
 murder.

CAGNEY
 And on Kyle's phone there's a text
 from Wolf that says *step off or*
I'll f you up - that's last week.

BETHANY
 Two nights ago, my brother was
 murdered. Know where I was? Out
 with a guy he hated.
 (off their reaction)
 Wolf and I were together. We went
 to a movie and then we snuck in to
 see a second one.

CAGNEY
 Why didn't he say that?

BETHANY
 Despite what my parents think, Wolf
 cares about me. He knows if they
 knew I was out with him, they'd
 lose it.
 (starts to cry)
 Please don't tell my parents.
 Please.

Cagney and Lacey look at each other. Back to the drawing board.

INT. BULLPEN AREA - DAY

LACEY

So we'll canvas all Kyle's clients.

CAGNEY

The list is on his phone.

Dudakowski and Wilde intercept the two of them.

WILDE

We went through the surveillance, talked to the DMV. The cars with plates cleared.

DUDAKOWSKI

Only one not cleared, and still not found, is your grey van.

The energy in the room skyrockets. The reason: LAPD CHIEF GERARD CARTER (60) has entered. Powerful, athletic, a leader. This is a man all cops want to impress.

LACEY

Heads up.

Cagney's face falls. She heads to the coffee. Captain Williams comes out of his office to greet Carter.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

Chief Carter. Good to see you sir.

CHIEF CARTER

Jim. Always good to see you. --Give me a moment.

Chief Carter heads towards Cagney's desk.

CAGNEY

He's coming over here isn't he.

LACEY

He's definitely coming over.

CAGNEY

Is he walking?

LACEY

I just said he was. Yes. Just fix your coffee, don't look--

CHIEF CARTER (CONT'D)
Detective Cagney.

CAGNEY
Sir.

Lacey moves away with purpose.

CHIEF CARTER
(quietly)
Your, ah. Your mother asked me to
ask you to call her.

Cagney nods.

CHIEF CARTER (CONT'D)
She said you haven't returned her
calls. Or texts.

CAGNEY
I've been on a case, Sir.

ACROSS THE ROOM

Detectives watch this interaction. Dudakowski wolfs down a
giant muffin.

DUDAKOWSKI
Life's gotta be sweet when your
stepdad's the brass.

He turns to see Lacey, unamused.

LACEY
Romy, I can hear your insulin
levels screaming for mercy.

DUDAKOWSKI
I got a good metabolism.

ACROSS THE ROOM

CHIEF CARTER
Every year, the anniversary comes
around, and it's a hard week for
her. --For all of you, obviously.
How's your father doing?

CAGNEY
Doing well. I'll tell him you
asked.
(beat)
Is there anything else?

CHIEF CARTER

I know it must be frustrating that your brother's case was unsolved. It was before my time in the department. I just hope that Scott's case, painful though it is, doesn't compromise your current duties.

CAGNEY

I'll make sure it doesn't.

CHIEF CARTER

Good.

A complicated relationship here.

EXT. LEIMERT PARK HOUSE - DAY

Cagney and Lacey trudge towards a house with a garage.

CAGNEY

He has always had it in for me. Always. You know he told the Captain that he thought I promoted too fast?

LACEY

You need to let it go.

CAGNEY

Why!?!

LACEY

Because he's the Chief! And let me say this: he's not wrong--you need to call your mother.

CAGNEY

Wow.

LACEY

Here's the address.

An older, muscled, tattooed WHITE MAN (60) pounds out pull-ups on a bar. He finishes his set, heads inside without nodding. The two detectives look at one another: *Here we go.*

They knock. A white woman (AVA, 40) answers.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Hello, I'm Detective Monique Lacey and this is my partner Christine Cagney. Is this the Avazian residence?

AVA

That's the landlord. I'm Ava Kemp.
(beat)
Did something happen to Mr. Avazian?

Behind Ava, REVEAL a gangly teen (OSCAR, 16) phone-screen focused.

LACEY

No, I haven't spoken to him yet.
(sees Oscar)
Hello.

Oscar might mumble, but we can't catch it.

AVA

That's my son Oscar.

LACEY

How long have you lived here?

AVA

Maybe...I think seven weeks? We just moved here from Nevada.

CAGNEY

We need to ask a few questions about the young man who works on the yard here.

AVA

Oh Kyle? What a charmer. He comes once a week, I think. Takes out the garbage, it's not even his job.

MAN'S VOICE

I'd like to see your badge.

It's MR. PULL-UPS, whose name is GEORGE JAMESON.

AVA

Dad.

GEORGE

You need to ask. --Both badges.

Cagney holds out her badge, and Lacey's. George looks closely. He hands them back. Waits. Unsmiling.

LACEY
 Could I get your name, please?

GEORGE
 I don't have to tell you.

Lacey contemplates him.

LACEY
 That's true. --Unless on the off
 chance you're on parole or
 probation, in which case one of the
 conditions would be that you comply
 with law enforcement. Which would
 be me.

GEORGE
 George Jameson.

LACEY
 Thank you.

CAGNEY
 Two nights ago Kyle Robinson was
 found dead.

Ava gasps. George's expression doesn't change.

GEORGE
 We didn't hire him.

AVA
 Oh no! That's horrible!

CAGNEY
 Do you know the last time you spoke
 to Kyle?

AVA
 He gave me a ride to the DMV just a
 week ago.

GEORGE
 You got into the car with a--
 (to detectives)
 I'm asking you to leave now.

LACEY
 Of course.

CAGNEY
 Do you also rent the garage?

Ava opens her mouth--George looks at her, she shuts up.

GEORGE
 (to detectives)
 My experience has been that when
 you talk with police, it doesn't
 work out for you.

Lacey leaves her card on the rail.

LACEY
 In case you change your mind.

CAGNEY
 It's a shame. You'd be so handsome
 if you'd just smile.

GEORGE
 What?

LACEY
 Nothing. Thanks for your time.

They walk away. Lacey gives a look to Cagney.

CAGNEY
 I'm just saying what everyone's
 thinking.

LACEY
 (under her breath)
 Let's run George Jameson's name
 while we talk to the rest of the
 clients.

CAGNEY
 On it.

INT. LEIMERT PARK BUNGALOW - LATER

Cagney and Lacey sit with a rumped writer-type, TED HANNA.

TED HANNA
 This is terrible. Just terrible!
 Why would anyone do this? It's
 senseless.

LACEY
 How long had he worked for you?

TED HANNA
 Less than six months. He put in all
 those succulents.

CAGNEY
Where were you last Friday evening?

TED HANNA
We were flying back from Seattle.

We hear the front door. A shapely WOMAN - Ted's wife - enters.

TED HANNA (CONT'D)
Cindy, these are detectives investigating...you know Kyle - the gardener? He was killed.

CINDY gasps, her hands flying to her mouth. Cagney and Lacey stare. **This is the same Cindy who sent Kyle the sexy photo.**

CINDY
That's horrible. Oh my god.

Ted's phone rings.

TED HANNA
I'm so sorry, I have to take this--

He moves out of the room. Cindy stands - frozen. Pure panic.

CAGNEY
I need to ask you--

CINDY
Shh, please shh.

CAGNEY
We have Kyle's cell phone and--

CINDY
(desperate)
Please!

LACEY
Hold on. - Pardon us, give us
one second.

She moves Cagney outside.

EXT. LEIMERT PARK BUNGALOW - CONTINUOUS

LACEY
Could you be a little bit more discreet?

CAGNEY
Are you kidding me? She's the one on Kyle's phone!

LACEY

I know. And she knows we know.

CAGNEY

It's not our job to keep her affair a secret!

LACEY

Correct. It's our job to obtain information. Not to provide it. It's entirely possible for us to remain sensitive in this line of questioning and to find out everything pertinent.

The door opens; Cindy comes out, closing the door behind her. Her eyes are red. She speaks in a low voice.

CINDY

I don't really know what to say. I can tell that you are...aware of how I know Kyle. Knew Kyle.

LACEY

Could you to meet us somewhere else to talk?

CINDY

Sure. Yes.
(tearing up)
How did it happen?

LACEY

It's better if we talk about that later. We appreciate your help.
(hands her a card)
Can you come later today?

CINDY

I'll call you.

INT. LACEY'S CAR - DAY

Lacey drives.

CAGNEY

I can't believe you let her off the hook.

LACEY

There's not a hook. We'll talk to her, then we'll talk to her husband. If they were on a flight that's easily verified.

DING. Cagney's text. She reads.

CAGNEY

Mr. Pull-Ups, George Jameson. Convicted of burglary, possession, intent to distribute, petty larceny, bad checks. Done hard time in Nevada and California. Known affiliate of the Aryan Brotherhood. How'd you figure he was a felon?

LACEY

Tattoo on his wrist looked like the number 88. "Heil Hitler." I think it's worth going back now and asking George where he was two nights ago.

CAGNEY

He's not gonna like that.

LACEY

Especially when it's me asking.

They pull up in front of George's house just as...a GREY VAN pulls out from the garage. No license plates. The same one from the surveillance. Cagney's jaw drops.

CAGNEY

That's the van. That's the van from the surveillance.

LACEY

I see it.

Lacey follows. After a few blocks - incredibly - the van makes a "California stop."

CAGNEY

(incredulous)
No way.

LACEY

Get the light, I'm gonna pull it over.

They pull the van over. Lacey moves towards the driver's window, speaking as she approaches.

LACEY (CONT'D)
Excuse me! Were you aware that you
didn't come to a complete stop back
at the sign?

SURPRISE - in the driver's seat it's OSCAR, not George.

At the passenger window - CAGNEY'S POV: the butt of a GUN in
Oscar's pocket.

CAGNEY
Gun. Gun.

In a nanosecond, Cagney pulls her service weapon. Lacey too.

LACEY
Put your hands on the wheel where I
can see them. Good. I'm opening the
door. Now put your hands on your
head, step out of the car. Slowly.

Lacey has Oscar against the van. Frisks him, confiscates the
gun. Searches further. Nothing more.

LACEY (CONT'D)
Just the one! You're under arrest.

She walks Oscar to her car.

LACEY (CONT'D)
You have the right to remain
silent. Anything you say will be
used against you in a court of law.
You have the right to an attorney
during interrogation. If you cannot
afford an attorney, one will be
appointed to you.

She gently puts her hand on Oscar's head and pushes, guiding
him into the back seat. Slams the door, looks at Lacey.

LACEY (CONT'D)
He's a minor. We have six hours.

END ACT II

ACT III**INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY**

Oscar sits scowling. The windows are large in here. Cagney enter and places chips, sandwich, candy bar on the table.

LACEY
(offers apple)
In case you like healthy.

CAGNEY
Introducing captain bringdown.

Oscar doesn't respond. Cagney puts her phone on the table. She pushes 'record.' Lacey and Cagney wait, relaxed. Finally:

OSCAR
You gonna ask me something?

LACEY
What do you think we should we ask you?

OSCAR
I found that gun on the ground.

Lacey waits.

OSCAR (CONT'D)
I didn't do anything with it.

CAGNEY
You found it. Was it hidden?

OSCAR
Finding something isn't against the law. If the gun has my finger prints on it so what.

LACEY
They're definitely on it.

CAGNEY
(to Lacey)
He's right, it's not illegal to find something.

LACEY
Oscar, I have a son a little older than you.

(MORE)

LACEY (CONT'D)

Every time he's been in trouble,
and believe me it's happened, I
tell him his best option, every
time, is to tell the truth.

OSCAR

(after a beat)

I found the gun this morning. In
the bushes outside my house.

Stark opens the door.

STARK

Detectives, a word.

INT. POLICE STATION - BULLPEN - DAY

Peralta has a couple file folders. So does Wilde - she hands
one to Lacey.

PERALTA

The van's been impounded and
processed. And there's good news.

Peralta hands a file to Cagney, who reads.

CAGNEY

Tell me they found some trace
evidence...

PERALTA

Hairs, fibers from the deceased's
clothes, blood in the mats.

STARK

What does the ballistics report
say?

Lacey reads.

LACEY

The Colt .45 Oscar had is the same
gun that killed Kyle Robinson.
(scrolling her phone)
And it was reported stolen in
Nevada two months ago.

CAGNEY

Little Oscar, Ava and Grandpa Bigot
came here from Nevada.

LACEY

The registered owner was Hector Diaz. His house was robbed, he reported the gun stolen.

CAGNEY

Let's talk to Hector.

INT. BULLPEN AREA - LACEY'S DESK - DAY

Lacey on the phone.

LACEY

I'm holding for Detective Aversano?
(listens)

This is Detective Monique Lacey calling from LAPD. We've just recovered a gun used in a homicide, and it turns out that it was reported stolen by a Nevada resident, Hector Diaz about six weeks ago. Does that name ring any bells?

(listens)

Uh huh, oh that's good. Could you help me get in touch with Mr. Diaz?

(listens)

Uh huh. Uh huh. --I'm gonna call you back.

She hangs up.

LACEY (CONT'D)

Hector Diaz is dead.

INT. POLICE STATION - HOMICIDE COORDINATOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Cagney and Lacey stand at Stark's desk.

LACEY

Hector Diaz's body was found in the Nevada desert.

CAGNEY

Missing for three weeks.
Diaz was killed with his own gun.

LACEY

No one's been charged. They don't have any suspects.

CAGNEY

This gun is linked to two murders.

OFFICER BOLAND (O.S.)
Detective Cagney?

CAGNEY
Yeah--

OFFICER BOLAND
Someone here who wants to talk to
you and Detective Lacey.

They look over. Through the doorway they see TED HANNA.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM

TED HANNA
My wife had an affair with Kyle
Robinson.

Pause.

LACEY
Oh?

TED HANNA
I can only assume that eventually
it's going to come out -- and when
it does it will be worse than if I
hadn't reported it. You see what I
mean?

CAGNEY
Not really.

TED HANNA
Cindy doesn't know that I'm here.
She doesn't know that I know. We've
gone through a rough patch. The
fling was a phase. Every marriage
has a glitch, right?

LACEY
Agree to disagree.

TED HANNA
I'm asking you to keep the fact
that I know about the, uh, the
thing, to yourselves. I'll answer
whatever questions you want,
privately. I just want to keep my
marriage together.

CAGNEY

O-K. Why don't we get back to you with questions in a day or so.

TED HANNA

You don't want to talk now?

CAGNEY

We are in the middle of something but we will get back to you very soon.

TED HANNA

Okay.

He exits.

LACEY

The mind reels.

CAGNEY

We're running out of time with Oscar.

INT. POLICE STATION - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Once more, Cagney and Lacey sit with Oscar.

OSCAR

I can't tell which one's the bad cop and which one's the good cop.
(points at Lacey)
Are you the bad one?

LACEY

What do you think?

OSCAR

(shrug)
Dunno.

CAGNEY

Oscar, do you know Hector Diaz?

Oscar's demeanor changes. Body language: nervous.

CAGNEY (CONT'D)

He was a neighbor of yours in Nevada, right?
(looking at notes)
His address, your last address, same street.

LACEY

A friend of the family?

OSCAR

Yeah, sure I guess he was. Is. My mom knew him.

CAGNEY

Okay, couple things. Hector Diaz is dead. He was shot and killed with a Colt .45. Similarly, Kyle Robinson was also shot and killed with a Colt .45. You're pulled over. We find a Colt .45 in your pocket. Lo and behold, it is the exact gun that has been used to kill these two people. Not the same kind of gun. The gun.

LACEY

You can see that this story looks pretty bad.

Oscar's face shifts from truculent to terrified.

LACEY (CONT'D)

You want to tell us your side of things?

OSCAR

My, my grandpa says never talk if you're questioned. Just five words.

(beat)

I Have Nothing To Say.

Cagney writes **5 WORDS = WHITE SUPREMACIST PHRASE**

LACEY

Did you steal the gun from Hector Diaz?

OSCAR

I have nothing to say.

CAGNEY

Except you've already said more than five words to us.

OSCAR

He'll kill me!

(tears)

I'm in so much trouble if I say anything!

CAGNEY

Say anything like what?

OSCAR

I heard my grandpa tell my mom that no whore daughter of his was going to lay down with a wetback. So my mom ghosted him. Hector.

(face in hands)

My grandpa came home and he had Hector's gun. He said he taught him a lesson. He said not to talk about it. Then like three days later, he says we're moving.

LACEY

Where were you two nights ago, between the hours of six and nine-thirty p.m.?

OSCAR

In my room. Listening to music. I heard the doorbell. It was that guy. Kyle. The one who gave my mom a ride.

LACEY

How did you know if you were in your room?

OSCAR

I recognized his voice. I think he was there to get a check. He was probably hoping to talk to my mom. Then my grandpa said something and laughed--

(eyes dart to Lacey)

The guy, Kyle, was like, *don't talk to me like that*. It was quiet, then my grandpa said, follow me, I left my checkbook in the garage. So then he follows him, I look out the window and I see my grandpa go into the garage and Kyle follows and I see something in my grandpa's hand, like a pipe, and he hits Kyle in the back of the head, and Kyle falls down. And then it's like blam, blam. My grandpa's holding the gun and he's shot him in the head. He just stands there. Then he looked and he saw me looking through the window. Then he closed the door.

CAGNEY

What happened then?

OSCAR

I just listened to music. He came in after a while and he said if anyone ever asks you anything, especially the police, you say *I have nothing to say.*

Oscar cries; he has failed miserably at this.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

I hate him. I hate him. He's such a Nazi.

Cagney and Lacey look at each other.

EXT. OSCAR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lacey and Cagney, followed by Stark, Peralta, Wilde, McCann and Dudakowski and several uniformed officers. Cagney knocks. At Lacey's signal, all cops take up tactical positions. Cagney knocks again.

CAGNEY

Mr. Jameson? It's Detective Cagney, sir, could you open the door please?

GEORGE (O.S.)

What do you want?

CAGNEY

Mr. Jameson, I have a search warrant for this property.

George swings the door open, eyes livid.

LACEY

Let's go, people. Pardon me, Mr. Jameson.

The cops enter. Cagney nods at Lacey: *I'll stay with him.*

GEORGE

Don't understand why you wouldn't want one of your own kind as a partner.

Cagney's expression: *UGH.*

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE - DAY

Searching speedily, these officers are models of tactics.

LACEY
This is the grandfather's room.

GEORGE'S ROOM

Piles of books with titles like STORMFRONT and ZIONISTS AMONG US. Lacey points at the dresser.

LACEY (CONT'D)
Pull that out.

Behind the dresser, a BACKPACK. It's opened: a sweatshirt wrapped around BULLETS FOR A COLT .45.

LACEY (CONT'D)
Here we go.

EXT. OSCAR'S HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Lacey walks directly to George Jameson.

LACEY
George Jameson, you're under arrest
for the murder of Kyle Robinson.
(cuffing him)
You have the right to remain silent-

GEORGE (PRE-LAP)
I have nothing to say.

INT. POLICE STATION - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

George wears a deliberately blank expression.

CAGNEY
Can you verify your whereabouts on
Friday, March twelfth between six
and nine thirty p.m.?

GEORGE
I have nothing to say.

LACEY
I have a witness who reports that
you were at your home, that Kyle
Robinson rang your doorbell, and
that you answered and spoke to
Kyle.

GEORGE
I have nothing to say.

LACEY

Could you sign this statement
saying you have nothing to say?

George signs (with his right hand.)

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Cagney and Lacey stand with Stark and Captain Williams.

LACEY

Working theory - Jameson killed
Hector Diaz in Arizona because he
didn't want his daughter to be
involved with a Mexican.

CAGNEY

He moves his family here, after a
month, he sees his daughter
interacting with Kyle. Kyle's
friendly, maybe flirtatious, he
gives Ava a ride. That's doesn't
fly for a bona fide prison Aryan
like George.

LACEY

Jameson threatens Kyle, insults
him. When Kyle tells Jameson to
back off, he loses his temper.

CAGNEY

Bludgeons him, shoots him. Puts him
in the van. Dumps him.

STARK

This is circumstantial. We're gonna
need more hard evidence to land a
conviction.

CAGNEY

The ballistics are good. The
physical evidence in the van is
strong.

LACEY

We're headed over to the house to
walk through Oscar's witness
statement on site.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS

Good.

INT. OSCAR'S HOUSE - EVENING

The TV blares. Oscar opens the door for the detectives.

OSCAR

Mom!

Ava enters, stops abruptly when she sees Cagney and Lacey.

AVA

I'm not going to bail him out if that's what you want to know.

LACEY

I know this has been a difficult day. I'm sorry for that. We're here because we need to go over Oscar's witness statement, what he saw from his room.

AVA

Whatever. Do what you need to do. This whole thing is a mess.

She exits. Oscar plays a game on his phone. Cagney watches.

LACEY

My son's obsessed with a game called Falling Balls.

No response. Cagney cocks her head, thinking.

CAGNEY

I see you're a lefty.

This lands on Lacey. Both imperceptibly take more tactical positions.

CAGNEY (CONT'D)

So, Oscar, could you take us to your room and talk us through what you saw?

Oscar looks at them cagily.

OSCAR

Follow me.

He stands, slips through a doorway with startling speed. Cagney and Lacey put their hands on their service weapons and follow upstairs.

END ACT III

ACT IVINT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE OSCAR'S ROOM - EVENING

Direct pickup. The following should be tense.

Three doors, two closed, one half open. Lacey and Cagney communicate with sign. Covering each other.

LACEY

Oscar?

OSCAR (O.S.)

In here!

The detectives carefully push the door open. Oscar sits on the bed. It's a protracted, triangulated moment. Very tense. Still.

OSCAR (CONT'D)

This is where I saw everything. In that garage, my grandpa whaled on Kyle with a piece of rebar. Just whacked his head good. And then he took out his gun and shot him right in the back of his head. Then he shot him again.

There's no window in this room.

CAGNEY

Oscar. You didn't see your grandfather do any of that.

Oscar smiles. It's terrible.

OSCAR

I might have another gun in here. You have no idea.

LACEY

You're right. We don't.

(beat)

One thing I can tell about you, Oscar - you're not stupid. If you had another gun on you in this situation, right now - that would be pretty stupid.

(beat)

That's not you.

Oscar moves VERY SUDDENLY and in a SPLIT SECOND, Lacey

BATONS him across his arms, knocking him instantly to the ground. His arms scrabble but CAGNEY IS ALREADY ATOP HIM.

CAGNEY
You okay, partner?

LACEY
I'm good, partner!

Cagney cuffs Oscar's hands behind his back, leaving him face down on the floor. She goes to Lacey, extends an arm, yanks Lacey up.

Cagney glances at Lacey's wrist.

CAGNEY
Your bracelet fell off again.

EXT. OSCAR'S HOUSE - LATER

An EMT applies ointment and bandage to Lacey. Captain Williams approaches and the EMT finishes.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS
You want to brief me before the press swarms?

LACEY
Oscar is left-handed. His grandfather is right-handed. The blunt force trauma would have been caused by a left-hander.

CAGNEY
The blunt force injury to the back of the victim's head moved from left to right.

LACEY
He had the details right when he described his grandfather murdering Kyle - because he was describing himself.

CAGNEY
If his mother got friendly with someone black, or brown...

LACEY
Bang.

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS
Okay. Well done.

He walks off. Cagney and Lacey look at each other.

FLASHBACK - CAGNEY'S BROTHER'S FUNERAL

EXT. GRAVEYARD - DAY (15 YEARS AGO)

As the coffin is lowered, SGT. CAGNEY sobs unabashedly. A hundred cops are present, honoring the family of their own.

15-year-old Cagney stands apart. Amidst the sea of officers, REVEAL YOUNG LACEY. She is in dress blues.

She finds 15-year-old Cagney. Lacey approaches Young Cagney.

YOUNG LACEY

Christine? I'm Monique. I'm very, very sorry for your loss.

(beat)

I'm one of the detectives that's been working on your brother's case.

YOUNG CAGNEY

Did you know we were twins?

YOUNG LACEY

Yeah.

YOUNG CAGNEY

Twins are supposed to be psychically connected. If he's dead, why don't I feel it?

YOUNG LACEY

(quiet)

...I think you feel it.

YOUNG CAGNEY

He's the only person in the world who knows me. The only one.

(swallowing tears)

My dad said there weren't any leads.

YOUNG LACEY

Not yet.

YOUNG CAGNEY

He says cases go cold and then it's just all over. He says people stop caring.

YOUNG LACEY
I'm not going to let this one go.

YOUNG CAGNEY
You promise?

YOUNG LACEY
I promise.

YOUNG CAGNEY
Okay.

Lacey holds the girl's hand. Squeezes it.

PRESENT DAY

MATCH CUT: Cagney holds Lacey's hand, squeezes it.

CAGNEY
We should go see Kyle's family.

LACEY
That's right.

CAGNEY
We can give them some closure.

LACEY
...I haven't forgotten.

CAGNEY
I know. Me too.

EXT. ROBINSON HOME - EVENING

Cagney knocks. Bethany answers.

BETHANY
Hi. Captain Williams called my folks.

CAGNEY
(nods; then)
My brother was killed when I was your age. I know what it's like. I know what you're going through.
(gives her a card)
Call me if you want.

BETHANY
Does it...does it get easier?

CAGNEY
Yes and no.

Impulsively, Cagney hugs the girl. She keeps holding on.

INT. POLICE STATION - EVENING

Lacey passes front desk. Officer Martin Boland is on duty.

OFFICER BOLAND
My heart! Detective Lacey! How
about a smile for me!

Lacey nods but doesn't smile.

OFFICER BOLAND (CONT'D)
Ahh, cheer up! Smile!

Lacey spins around, stalks back to Boland.

LACEY
(fierce)
Martin, I'm not in the mood. My son
is leaving for college tomorrow and
I'm not gonna have my baby at home
anymore, so I don't have a smile at
the ready, okay?!? And furthermore,
I don't need to explain to you why
I don't want to smile because
that's none of your goddamn
business! You need a smile so bad,
you smile! Are we clear?

OFFICER BOLAND
Clear.

Lacey stalks off. Boland looks around for support. Another
FEMALE OFFICER looks at him. She doesn't smile.

INT. ASTRO DINER - NIGHT

Music - Sam Smith, *One Last Song*. In a booth, Cagney drinks
coffee. A waitress brings a hunk of apple pie a la mode.

CAGNEY
Thanks, Nina.

LACEY (O.S.)
Smile, baby.

Cagney sees Lacey, smiles despite herself. Lacey sits.

LACEY (CONT'D)
You're right, it's irritating.

CAGNEY
I know. I told you that.

LACEY
Did you call your mother?

CAGNEY
Not yet.

LACEY
It's hard for me to watch you push
her away. She lost one child
already. You don't want to lose
each other. Believe me.

CAGNEY
I'll call.

LACEY
Sometimes when I look at you, the
only thing I see is the fact that I
failed to solve your brother's
murder.

Lacey has never said this aloud. Cagney is truly shocked.

CAGNEY
I don't blame you for that! Mo.
I never think that.

LACEY
How could you not?

CAGNEY
I just don't.
(beat)
Monique. You're the reason I'm a
cop. You know that, right?

Lacey sits with that, grateful. NINA the waitress sees Lacey.

NINA
Get you something, hon?

LACEY
I'll have the egg white omelet with
spinach, no cheese.
(Cagney sighs)
Scratch that. I'll have what she's
having.

Nina makes a note, moves on. Cagney goes back to eating her
pie. Lacey grabs a fork, takes a bite of her pie.

END PILOT

*