

MURDER

Pilot

Written
by

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Please note:

MURDER is based on the BAFTA-award winning BBC format of the same name. Like the original series, MURDER is a scripted procedural crime drama, shot like a true crime documentary. Suspects and victims, cops and DAs, medical examiners, friends and family members all tell their stories and reveal their innermost thoughts about the case. It's a look straight into the hearts and minds of killers and survivors, and the impact of that journey on law enforcement professionals. But who's telling the truth? Who's right or wrong? MURDER is the ultimate play-along.

Our stories will unravel through the unique visual style of straight-to-camera monologues, traditional scenes and found footage, intercut for maximum impact.

The straight-to-camera monologue scenes can stand alone or play in split-screen to contrast with another character's straight-to-camera monologue scene. In script, this style is denoted in the slugline as **"STC"**.

The traditional scenes, which include two or more characters, will be filmed conventionally. These are marked as **"T"** in the scene's slugline.

The found footage scenes(both still and video) are either shown as full scenes (i.e. surveillance camera video, cell phone clips) or brief glimpses of information known as "pops" (i.e. a driver's license, a selfie photograph), which play under dialogue. Both styles reveal story points, underscore theories, or contradict dialogue.

For a visual example of how these different styles work in the original format, a sizzle reel is available at:
<https://wdrv.it/3575a730c>

TEASER

OVER BLACK

A PHONE RINGS. Once. Twice. Then --

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
911, what is the nature of your
emergency?

BEEPING SOUNDS indicate a recorded line. A woman we'll come
to know as CLAIRE LEVINSON sobs. Desperate, breath ragged --

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Oh God, he killed my sister.
There's blood everywhere...

POPS: The dispatch console, audio meters, a digital display.
The SOUND of fingers typing, as --

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
What's your name, caller?

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Claire. Claire Levinson...
(then, sobbing)
Please, please help me.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Claire, I need your address.

CLAIRE (V.O.)
401 South First. Off Kent. In
Williamsburg.

Under which we POP TO: the exterior of a modern WILLIAMSBURG
LOFT BUILDING on a trendy street. Then the FOYER.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Officers are on the way --

CLAIRE (V.O.)
Hurry... he's still in the apartment.
Oh God, I think he's coming.

MORE POPS: an APARTMENT DOOR, ajar. A SMEAR OF BLOOD on the
KNOB. Then a LIVING ROOM. SHATTERED GLASS. An OVERTURNED
LAMP, bulb flickering ominously. Then, through an open door,
we glimpse a BEDROOM. Blood on the sheets.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Claire... Claire?

A WOMAN'S HAND, bloodied, on the bed. Off which --

Chyron: DAY ONE

EXT. BROOKLYN STREET - NIGHT (**FOUND FOOTAGE**)

A REPORTER does a breathless standup outside the crime scene.

REPORTER

A girls' night out ends in tragedy
with a young woman brutally beaten
to death in her Brooklyn apartment.
A vicious killer still at large...

ON SCREEN, the victim's photo; a chyron: ALLEGRA LEVINSON,
24. Pretty. White. Blonde. The media trifecta.

REPORTER (CONT'D)

The victim is Allegra Levinson. A
second woman, the deceased's
sister, survived this brutal
attack. The NYPD is investigating
but has no comment at this time.

INT. PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (**STRAIGHT TO CAMERA**)

CAPTAIN LILI ALVAREZ, 40s, strong, focused. This job is her
everything. Behind her, the news report on a TV, sound off.

CAPTAIN ALVAREZ

No comment. Yeah. Because they
wouldn't like what I have to say.
Two other homicides tonight: bodega
owner shot in an armed robbery, two
drug dealers killed in a turf war.
Did they cover that? Nah. But a
dead white girl? Instant ratings.

(disgusted, then)

Every homicide's a gut punch. Every
murder victim is someone's child.
Some squad bosses don't see it that
way, but this is my command, and we
don't play favorites. But the press
does. And the news cycle's gonna
hype this for days. And when the
media's on my back, so is the
brass. We gotta close this one
quick. And who's catching? Garrity
and Lake.

POP TO: A POLICE ID: DETECTIVE JACK GARRITY. 40s, kind but
weary, intense eyes that've seen it all. Then another ID:
DETECTIVE AYANA LAKE. 30, fresh, clear-eyed, head held high.

CAPTAIN ALVAREZ (CONT'D)

Jack's the best I've got. But
Ayana? She's a rook, transferred in
yesterday. Looks great on paper,
but who knows. There's no better
teacher than Jack, but still... it's
one helluva first case for two new
partners.

INT. ND APARTMENT - BATHROOM - NIGHT (**STRAIGHT TO CAMERA**)

DETECTIVE AYANA LAKE applies makeup, dabs foundation over a hickey on her neck. Not vain but efficient, professional. Middle of the night, she's alert, wired... and nervous.

AYANA

I should've known we'd catch a case tonight. A full moon Friday night always brings the crazies out. I finally made detective, wanted to celebrate. But now I'm rocking up to my first homicide in yesterday's clothes.

She glances at the half-open door. We see a rumpled bed, a SLEEPING MAN, his face turned away. Self-conscious --

AYANA (CONT'D)

I wasn't planning on hooking up. Just drinks with a friend.

(smiles, then)

Still, I can't remember the last time I met a guy I liked. Usually they're freaks turned on by my job, want me to cuff 'em and talk dirty. But tonight was different. "Let's not talk about work," I said. So we didn't.

(blushing)

We didn't really talk at all.

A wistful glance at the sleeping man, then with regret:

AYANA (CONT'D)

Would've been nice to wake up together. Lazy Saturday, maybe we could've grabbed brunch. I'll leave my number...

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG STREET - NIGHT (**STRAIGHT TO CAMERA**)

The Manhattan skyline twinkles across the East River. The trendy Brooklyn street lit by strobing police lights. DETECTIVE JACK GARRITY leans against his car. Experienced, tough, but still empathetic, not jaded.

JACK

Tonight should've been perfect. Nothing fancy, just old school. Like me. Took the wife to dinner at Grimaldi's, then she wants to see that new rom com. Fine by me; I get enough shoot-em-ups at work. And I'm a sucker for a happy ending.

Jack's smile fades; he's distracted by an intrusive thought. He stares into the distance for a beat, then --

JACK (CONT'D)
But now, I'm taking my new partner
on her first date with death.
(smiles knowingly)
Don't think she got much sleep.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG STREET - ANOTHER ANGLE - SAME (STC)

At a building strung with crime tape, Ayana's embarrassed.

AYANA
He gave me that look: he knows.
Could've busted my balls, any other
cop would've. But Jack didn't.
(wondering, then)
It's hard being partnered with a
legend. Anyone else, I wouldn't be
so nervous. But Jack... it's like
getting called up to the majors,
just in time for the World Series.
No margin for error.
(deep breath, then)
I'm ready. I know what I'm doing. I
gotta be myself, speak my mind.

EXT. WILLIAMSBURG STREET - SAME (STC)

BACK TO Jack, finishing his coffee. Patient, wise, smiling --

JACK
Ayana's sharp, but still: rookies
don't know what they don't know.
When I caught my first, thought the
textbooks'd taught me everything.
Talk about a rude awakening.
(remembering, then)
Working homicide takes instincts,
intuition, hunches. Only way you
get those is time. Work ten
murders, they're all unique. Work a
hundred, you start to see patterns.
You feel it before you prove it.
(then, focused)
But tonight, we don't need hunches.
We've got a witness. The victim's
sister, Claire.

POP TO: Claire's Driver's License photo, then the BATHROOM
DOOR; a CELLPHONE on the floor, over which we hear:

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Claire, officers are at your door.

POP: A woman's body, in the fetal position in a bathtub.
Naked, her back and buttocks covered in angry, livid bruises.

DISPATCHER (V.O.)
Can you hear me, Claire? You're
safe, honey. You can come out now.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT (**STC**)

CLAIRE LEVINSON, 27, wrapped in a bathrobe, eyes raccooned by blurry mascara, in a state of numb shock:

CLAIRE
We were celebrating. Allegra
finally got a job. Interning at a
gallery in Soho.

POP: INSTAGRAM SELFIES of the sisters, getting ready to go out that night. Giddy smiles, clowning for the camera.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
We weren't looking to meet guys. Just
wanted to have some drinks, shoot
some pool. Then he called winner.

POP: VIDEO of the sisters playing pool; Ray's name up next.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
It was supposed to be just us. But
Allegra thought he was cute... I
should've said no, we should've
gone home. I'm the big sister. It's
my job to protect her.

POPS: CRIME SCENE PHOTOS: a BED, sheets bloody. Then to:
ALLEGRA, 24, beautiful face battered, dead eyes open.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
And I always did. Until tonight.
Until we met him. Ray.

POPS: A SERIES OF BOOKING PHOTOS: Ray Bryant, 25, African-American. Handsome but angry, as he stares down the camera.

INT. PRECINCT - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT (**STC**)

Where RAY BRYANT sits. Eyes wild. Amped. Agitated as --

RAY
Should've never come into the city
tonight. I wouldn't have been in
that bar, wouldn't have met those
girls, wouldn't be here right now.
(pacing, anger rising)
I didn't do anything wrong. Nothing
a million guys aren't doing right
now in a million bars. Trying to
meet girls, trying to score. But
they came on to me.
(a beat, then)
I should've gone home, gone to
sleep. Why'd I have to be so
stupid? I shouldn't have got so
drunk. I shouldn't have run.

EXT. BELT PARKWAY - NIGHT (**FOUND FOOTAGE**)

A police dash cam shows a HIGH-SPEED CHASE. A black Camaro zigs and zags. A pit maneuver SPINS the car out.

INT. PRECINCT - HOLDING CELL - NIGHT (STC)

Ray, wired. Panic setting in.

RAY

They think they know me now. I see the way that cop looks at me. Like he already made up his mind. He thinks I'm an animal. But I didn't do it. I didn't hurt that girl.

INT. PRECINCT - HALLWAY/BULLPEN - NIGHT (**TRADITIONAL**)

Jack and Ayana walk toward the bullpen, mid-debate:

JACK

Sure he says he didn't do it. Don't they all. But we've got proof.

POP TO: EVIDENCE PHOTOS: DEEP SCRATCHES on Ray's arms. His SHIRT, blood-smeared, torn. A BREATHALYZER reads 0.12, under:

JACK (CONT'D)

Allegra's blood on Ray's clothes. Scratch marks down his arms. He fled the scene. Apprehended after a high-speed chase. Drunk. Stoned. The evidence says he did it.

Ayana know this, but --

AYANA

But that's not all the evidence. There was a bloody shoeprint in the apartment inside the front door.

POP TO: a BLOODY SHOEPRINT. No treads, a smooth sole.

AYANA (CONT'D)

Like a loafer. Couldn't have been Ray's, he was wearing work boots.

POP: RAY'S BOOTS in evidence, a distinctive patterned sole.

AYANA (CONT'D)

What cop or EMT wears a loafer on a crime scene. Someone else was there.

Jack, ever the teacher. Instructive, not dismissive --

JACK

There were dozens of people through that apartment. Maybe someone's got interesting taste in footwear.

But Ayana's the student who can't stop asking questions --

AYANA

But where's Allegra's phone? Not in the apartment. And Ray didn't have it on him when he was arrested.

JACK

Chucked it out the window, dropped it in a dumpster.

Off Ayana's look, cut to:

INT. BULLPEN - NIGHT (**STC**)

Jack at his desk, cluttered with case folders, family photos. He takes a beat, then --

JACK

(gentle, tolerant)

Ayana will learn: always something unexplained on a crime scene.

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. BULLPEN - ANOTHER ANGLE - SAME (**STC**)

Ayana at her desk, spartan, unadorned. Ayana can't deny --

AYANA

Jack's right. Of course. But still, I've got questions. Like why a guy meets a girl, and a few hours later he's beating her to death...

JACK

Could be a hundred reasons: 'It was an accident, it was self-defense. She led me on, she backed up onto the knife.' I've heard them all. And the excuses? 'I was drunk, I was high, It wasn't me. I don't remember. Some other dude did it, aliens did it.'

Now, Jack's one-shot **SPLIT-SCREENS** to include Ayana.

AYANA

(can't let it go)

Still, there's something about Ray... He's scared. Could be guilt... or fear. But that's not proof of anything.

(MORE)

AYANA (CONT'D)

I was taught to rely on objective
fact. Witnesses lie, stories
change... the evidence is all you can
trust. That's the job.

But Jack has a different definition. Strong, confident --

JACK

It's a calling. We speak for the
dead, for the victims. We tell their
story, we get them justice.

POPS: CRIME SCENE PHOTOS of Allegra's face: eye blackened,
jaw fractured. Dead but not at peace.

Ayana's less certain, awed by the task ahead. A beat, then --

AYANA

Jack knows what he's doing. And I
gotta trust him. I've got a lot to
learn and the stakes are high. If I
make a mistake, lives get ruined.

POP TO: Claire, rocking in the bathroom. Then POP TO Ray,
pounding his head against the table in the box.

JACK

Allegra Levinson is dead. Ray Bryant
took her life. It's that simple.

He's certain. But on the other side of the screen, so is --

AYANA

I may not know everything, but I do
know this: Murder is never simple.

Off this we --

SMASH TO TITLES.

END OF TEASER

ACT ONE

Chyron: DAY TWO

INT. PRECINCT - HOLDING CELL - DAY (**TRADITIONAL**)

Ayana stands outside the bars, looking in at Ray, his large frame curled like a child on the metal slab. Asleep.

JACK (O.S.)
Only the guilty sleep.

She turns, sees Jack. He hands her a coffee. Smiling --

JACK (CONT'D)
Cream, no sugar.

AYANA
(gently teasing)
So a cat nap means he did it?

JACK
Hey, an innocent guy winds up in there, his mind's going a million miles an hour. He's afraid, hyped. How's he gonna convince us he didn't do it? Worst day of his life. But a guilty guy? He's got nothing to worry about. The worst already happened: he got caught. So he might as well get some shut-eye.

AYANA
Or he was up all night, high, wired -- and now he's sleeping it off. Plus Ray's an army veteran. Never met a soldier who couldn't grab some rack at the drop of a hat.
(smiles, then)
Takes more than a little NYPD folk wisdom to prove he's guilty.

JACK
(smiles back)
So let's go get some proof. The Medical Examiner called; she's ready for us.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY (**STC**)

DR. PARUL GOVIL, 30s, dedicated, intent, mid-autopsy. Allegra's body on the exam table, still bloodied as Govil gently tweezes shards of glass out of the victim's skull.

DR. GOVIL
Each body tells a story. Who they were, how they lived. And yes, how they died. That's what the cops need to know.

(MORE)

DR. GOVIL (CONT'D)
And it's the M.E.'s job to tell them.
But that's not enough for me. I want
to know it all.
(re: Allegra's body)
To listen to her tell her story.

POP TO: X-RAYS of Allegra's damaged, shattered skull, under --

DR. GOVIL (CONT'D)
The killer fractured Allegra's
skull. The final blow in a vicious
fight. She was tough, strong.
(a beat, then re: body)
Excellent muscle tone. From the
definition on her calves, I'd say Soul
Cycle. And she cared about her
appearance: pricy haircut, fresh gel
manicure. No time to grow out, now
they never will. But you know what
gets me? Her stomach contents. Mostly
undigested. Kale, a salad probably.

Dr. Govil tenderly, brushes a stray hair from Allegra's face.

DR. GOVIL (CONT'D)
Your last meal was an empty
sacrifice for a diet that wouldn't
matter three hours later.
(a sigh, then)
I'm going to eat a giant bowl of
pasta tonight. With extra cheese.

She looks down at Allegra, a beat as we feel Govil's
compassion for her patient then POP TO: Allegra's injuries:
the HEAD WOUND, bloody. Arms BRUISED. Then BLOOD, flowing to
a drain as the autopsy table is washed down.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY - (T)

Jack and Ayana with Dr. Govil, over Allegra's body, eyes
closed, now washed and clean, the autopsy complete.

DR. GOVIL
The murder weapon's a blunt object.
Glass, heavy --

JACK
Hold up, Doc.
(then, smiling to Ayana)
You wanna give it a go?

AYANA
Hell yes.

She leans over, eager for the opportunity. She sniffs, then --

AYANA (CONT'D)
I smell alcohol. They were
drinking, so that makes sense.

Behind her back, Jack shoots Govil a look: Ayana's wrong. But Govil holds up a finger: Wait. Give Ayana a moment. And --

AYANA (CONT'D)
Wait. No, it doesn't. You smell
booze on drunks because they sweat
it out. But corpses don't
perspire... So the murder weapon's
a liquor bottle.

Jack is impressed, Govil expected no less, as --

DR. GOVIL
Whiskey, to be precise. And
shattered, so I had Crime Scene
bring all the fragments.

POP TO: SHATTERED GLASS in an evidence bag, the BOTTLE in the
process of reconstruction. BLOOD SMEARS on the glass.

AYANA
You're reconstructing it...

DR. GOVIL
Only way to get fingerprints.

JACK
A for effort, Doc. Anything we can
go on in the meantime?

DR. GOVIL
She had sex on the night she died.

AYANA
You found semen?

DR. GOVIL
Condom lubricant. No DNA. Can't say
if it was forcible or consensual.

AYANA
How about trace evidence?

DR. GOVIL
One blonde hair on the victim's
sweater. Not hers, not Ray's. No
match in the DNA database.

JACK
(clocking Ayana's look)
Easy, partner. Could be something,
could be nothing. Anything else, Doc?

DR. GOVIL
Some of the shards penetrated the
brain. A small mercy; brain death
would've been almost instantaneous.
She didn't feel any pain.

Off Allegra's body, eyes closed --

INT. HOSPITAL - CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY (**STC**)

Claire, in her hospital bed. Numb, traumatized.

CLAIRE

I close my eyes, and I see her. The cops said don't look, but I had to. Even in the dark I could see her beautiful face... all that blood. I wanted to turn the light on. Allegra's always been scared of the dark.

(then, realizing)

Not always. She was fearless when she was little.

POP TO: vintage FAMILY PHOTOS, everybody happy, under:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

But after dad died, everything freaked her out. She was eight, but she had this crazy imagination. Shadows were monsters. Noises were zombies. Mom said she'd grow out of it. But she never did.

(a long beat, then)

When mom got diagnosed, it was too late. Stage 4. She knew she didn't have much time.

POP TO more photos; the mother now weak, turbaned.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

She told me it was my job to look out for Allegra. Everybody loved her, but no one knew her like I did. How scared she was all the time, frightened to be alone. So I stayed with her, deferred college so we could go together. I promised I'd never leave her. And now I'm the one left alone.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (**STC**)

Jack outside Claire's room, looking in.

JACK

The doctors say Claire's fine. No permanent damage, bruises will heal. But that's not the real damage. It's like I can hear her thoughts, wondering why she's alive when her sister's dead. Survivor guilt.

(then)

Closure's a myth. You learn to live with the loss, but it never goes away. What could've been, what should've been...

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

(a beat, then)

I can't bring back the dead. But I
can make sure there's a reckoning.

INT. HOSPITAL - CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY (STC)

Shaky, Claire begins her story:

CLAIRE

It was last call. We were playing
pool with Ray. I said we should go
home. But he was all cheesy, like
'The night's still young.'

INTERCUT WITH:

INT. PRECINCT - HOLDING CELL - DAY (STC)

Ray tells his side of the story, desperate to be believed.

RAY

I was tired, but the girls wanted
to keep partying. They said we
could go back to their place.

CLAIRE

He followed us home. He was so
persistent. He said, 'Just one
drink and I'll go.' I should've
said no. But Allegra said okay.

RAY

Their place was way too nice. Like
they had money. I was out of my
league. I should've split, but I
wasn't thinking straight.

Over POPS of the apartment, empty BOTTLES, signs of a party --

CLAIRE

He was pounding shots, getting wild.
We ran out of booze, and I thought
maybe he'd leave. Then Allegra said
she'd go get more. But she was wasted,
it'd be dangerous. So I said I'd go.
(then, bitter)
She was in danger. But not outside.

RAY

I was drunk, I was high. I hadn't
been that messed up in a long time.
I remember we were fooling around...

CLAIRE

I came in, saw him on top of her. I
tried to get to her, to drag him off,
but he attacked me. He was so strong,
there was nothing I could do. So I
locked myself in the bathroom.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I heard her scream, called 911, hoping they'd save her. 'Cause I couldn't.

POP TO photos: the bathroom, a cellphone; a clip of Claire's 911 call. We hear her pleading for the cops to come quickly.

RAY

I don't have to force women to get with me. I'm not that guy. Somebody else must've hurt them. Not me. But I'm the one they got. They're gonna pin this on me. You watch. They're gonna bring me down.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY (T)

Jack and Ayana walk in, debating. In the b.g., Alvarez watches, sizing up their new partnership.

JACK

Some other dude did it? Please. Claire saw him assault her sister. Then Ray pounded her; she's got the bruises to prove it.

Jack reaches his desk, spots a photo: his wife, smiling.

AYANA

But what about that blonde hair, the shoeprint?

No reply. In the b.g., Alvarez clocks Jack's distraction.

AYANA (CONT'D)

Jack?

(gets his attention, then)
Isn't it possible someone else came in?

JACK

So what, Ray attacked the sisters, then left, and someone else showed up while Claire was hiding in the bathroom and finished the job?

(a beat, then)

Let's play it out. Say someone heard the fight. A neighbor maybe. Comes in, sees Allegra injured. Then this total rando seizes the moment, beats Allegra to death?

AYANA

You're right. It's a stretch.

(can't help herself)

But what if it wasn't random, like maybe someone with a motive?

JACK

If we find that someone, sure. But Claire says everybody loved her.

Off Jack, weary, his patience wearing thin.

INT. PRECINCT - STAIRWELL - DAY (**STC**)

On Ayana, pissed at herself, not Jack.

AYANA

I know I should keep my mouth shut.
99% of the evidence says Ray did
it. Claire's a witness. He's got
defensive injuries. The timing's
too tight for anyone else to have
been there. So one stray hair and a
bloody footprint don't mean much.

(pacing, then)

I pride myself on being thorough.
But right now, that's not doing me
any favors with Jack.

INT. PRECINCT - MEN'S BATHROOM - DAY (**STC**)

Weary, distracted, Jack splashes water on his face, then --

JACK

Ayana thinks I don't like her
pushing back. But she's wrong. I
like her drive. It's not the
questions that bother me; she's
just not asking the right ones yet.
And she will, just not soon enough.

(then, world-weary)

Breaking in a rookie takes time,
and patience. But this case? The
press isn't gonna give us the time,
and I don't know if I have the
patience right now.

Jack stares at his reflection in the mirror. His eyes,
worried. His jaw, tight. Troubled by something. Off this --

INT. PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (**STC**)

Alvarez, compulsively picking at her manicure.

CAPTAIN ALVAREZ

What's up with Jack? He's not
himself. Distracted. Impatient.
Maybe it was too soon for a new
partner. People joke about work
wives, but for cops, a partner is a
spouse. And last week, Jack's
partner decides there's a fishing
boat in the Florida Keys with his
name on it. I think Hardiman hit
the Jimmy Buffet a little too hard.

(then, sympathetic)

Jack's lost his other half. That
kind of shorthand can't be replaced
overnight. Gotta be earned.

(MORE)

CAPTAIN ALVAREZ (CONT'D)
And Ayana? Let's just say she's no
parrothead. But that's why I
partnered them up. Jack can use
Ayana's fresh eyes, and she can
learn from the best.

(half-smile)
Still, Ayana's got brass ones. When
I first made homicide, I didn't ask
anything but where my partner
wanted to have lunch.

(sighs, then)
I got the press blowing up my
phone, looking for answers. I can't
wait for the two of them to come to
Jesus. Time to bring in the DA. Let
him make the call on Ray Bryant.

Chyron: DAY THREE

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE - MARK'S OFFICE - DAY (**STC**)

ADA MARK SANTANGELO, 30s. Relaxed, confident, polished.

MARK
Cops treat high-profile cases like
the plague. Like the press is just
waiting for them to screw up. And
they're not wrong. There's blood in
the water, and the media sharks are
circling. But I say bring it on. I
want cameras rolling when I win.

POP TO: MARK'S WALL. Framed articles, courtroom sketches,
awards. Mark's cockiness is well-earned and charming.

MARK (CONT'D)
I've got means, motive, opportunity.
I can sell anything to a jury. And
Jack Garrity's the cherry on top.
He's solid as they come, a cop's
cop. Never lost a case he made.

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY (**T**)

Mark with Jack, the easy rapport of long-time colleagues. In
the b.g., Ayana hangs back, clocking the ADA.

JACK
I appreciate the vote of
confidence. But just for the
record, my partner's not so sure.

MARK
I thought you and Hardiman shared
the same brain?

JACK
We do. Or we did.
(beckoning Ayana)
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)
Hardiman retired. Meet my new
partner, Detective Ayana Lake.

Mark's surprised. Ayana lands; they shake. Trying to impress:

AYANA
ADA Santangelo. Good to meet you.
I suggest we book Ray for the car
chase and the DUI to keep him in
custody. We gotta re-interview
Claire, get with the M.E., run down
the shoeprint and the hair. Plus,
when Patrol canvassed, half the
neighbors were out. Give me 24 to
dot i's, cross t's.

JACK
(gently teasing)
Heads up, she's a rookie.

MARK
And I'm impressed. Not many rookies
are so well-versed on the penal law
and charging theory.

AYANA
I was pre-law at Columbia.

MARK
Maybe you missed your calling.
You've got your 24 hours. Start
with the M.E. and go from there.

Off Ayana, determined to make the most of her time.

EXT. PRECINCT - DAY (**STC**)

Mark, on the steps, considering the politics at play.

MARK
Jack thinks this is a waste of
time, and he's probably right. But
Ray's in Rikers either way.
(then)
Plus, I didn't want to shoot her
down. Can't be easy having Jack as
your first partner. And there isn't
any downside to her plan. Worst
case scenario Jack gets to say 'I
told you so.'

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY (**T**)

Jack and Ayana with Dr. Govil. On a lab table in front of
her, the RECONSTRUCTED BOTTLE.

DR. GOVIL
Three identified prints on the
bottle: Allegra, Claire, and Ray.
(MORE)

DR. GOVIL (CONT'D)
(off Jack's toldja)
And three others, not in the system.

Ayana perks up. Jack notices, can't resist a gentle dig --

JACK
Not so fast, partner.
(counting on his fingers)
The liquor store clerk, guy at the
bottling plant, Postmates delivery...
Thanks, Doc. Just what we needed.
(then, to Ayana)
C'mon. Time for your debut in the box.

As Jack exits, Ayana lingers, nervous. Dr. Govil notices --

DR. GOVIL
You'll do fine. Jack's got your back.
You know he's right about the prints.

AYANA
I know. And I didn't want him to be
wrong. I just wanted him to...

DR. GOVIL
Appreciate your thoroughness? I do.
Keep asking questions. That's how
you learn. And earn his respect.

Ayana clocks Dr. Govil rubbing her bleary eyes.

AYANA
That's one hell of a jigsaw puzzle.
When's the last time you slept?

DR. GOVIL
I may have pulled an all-nighter.

AYANA
You and me both. But not for work.

DR. GOVIL
You met someone?

AYANA
Yeah, but the timing's not great.
And it's complicated...
(wants to say more, but)
Can't keep Jack waiting. Take care
of yourself, Parul.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DR. GOVIL'S DESK - DAY (**STC**)

Dr. Govil, in street clothes, fiddles with something as --

DR. GOVIL
I liked Ayana since she asked for
extra reading assignments after my
Academy lecture.
(MORE)

DR. GOVIL (CONT'D)
She's like my little nerd girl
sister. And like family, she
worries about me. About the toll
the job takes.
(sighs, then)
I can't cure my patients. All I can
do is find their truth. Sometimes
that's enough, and sometimes it
isn't. Overtime keeps the demons at
bay. And today, it paid off.

POP: The reconstructed bottle. POP TIGHTER: a BLOODY PRINT on
the bottle neck. POP TO: the print match. Ray Bryant.

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (**STC**)

Ray's sober, calmer as he tries to explain away the evidence.

RAY
We played strip spin-the-bottle.
Claire's idea. I wasn't saying no
to two pretty girls getting naked.

POP TO: the WHISKEY BOTTLE, spinning.

INT. HOSPITAL - CLAIRE'S ROOM - NIGHT (**STC**)

Claire shudders as she recalls the game.

CLAIRE
He said 'Do you want to play spin-the-
bottle?' I said it's a kid's game. He
said 'Not the way I play it.'

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (**T**)

The partners' first time working an interrogation together.
Jack watches as Ayana sets a whiskey bottle on the table in
front of Ray. She grips it by the mid-section, twirls --

AYANA
Spin the bottle, you play it like
this, right?

RAY
Yeah, sure. So?

AYANA
To pour a drink, you hold it like
this.
(grabs it, mimes a pour)
But if you're swinging it...

She inverts her hand, grabs the neck, swings the bottle down
to make his point. She stops short of smashing it --

RAY
Whoa. No way. I didn't --

AYANA

Evidence says you did. We got you,
dead and stinking. Your print's on
the neck; you killed her.

RAY

No. I couldn't have. Not me --

AYANA

Then who?

RAY

I don't know. I don't remember,
alright? It's all blank. Like I was
there, and then I was in my car.
(grasping at straws)
I must've blacked out.

Jack throws a subtle look to Ayana: Let me. Off her nod --

JACK

(calm, neutral)
A blackout. Okay. First time we're
hearing that. When'd it happen?

RAY

I dunno... I remember playing spin-the-
bottle, thinking I was gonna get
lucky. Then I was on the highway. I
heard sirens, freaked, hit the gas.

Jack signals Ayana: Now you. As Jack watches Ray carefully --

AYANA

Here's what I think happened.
You're playing spin-the-bottle.
Everybody's getting naked, things
getting steamy. You made your move -

RAY

(glancing around wildly)
I don't know. It's all a blur. I
guess I might've --

AYANA

You did, Ray. She brought you home,
got you all hot and bothered, then
she shut you down. So you hit her.

RAY

I wouldn't --

AYANA

Someone did, Ray. Someone got very
angry. Angry enough to smash her
skull in with that bottle.

RAY

It wasn't me --

INT. PRECINCT - OBSERVATION ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS (T)

Where Captain Alvarez watches the interrogation, seeing Jack and Ayana are in perfect sync, working Ray together.

AYANA

No one else was there.

RAY

Maybe somebody came after I left... I dunno... It's all a blur.

JACK

Claire remembers: you attacked her.
She's got the bruises to prove it.

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY (T)

Ray, frantic under the combined pressure of Jack and Ayana.

RAY

I wouldn't do that. She's lying --

JACK

Why would she lie?

RAY

I don't know... I don't remember...

AYANA

There's blood on your shirt, Ray.
Scratches on your arm. You did
this. Not someone else. You. That's
what you don't remember.

RAY

Stop, please just stop --

AYANA

Is that what she said? But you
didn't stop. You killed her.

Hot, angry tears well. Ray looks around wildly.

RAY

I don't remember. I wish I could.
I'm trying... but it's like there's
nothing there...

The cops wait: Ray's teetering on the verge. A tear falls.
Jack lays a gentle, fatherly hand on his shoulder.

JACK

Let it out, Son. Let it all out.

Ray looks up, meets Jack's eyes. He swallows, then --

RAY

I want a lawyer.

EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT (STC)

Legal Aid attorney, RAQUEL BENAVIDES (30s) smokes outside.
Tough, smart, and driven.

RAQUEL

This is why you lawyer up from the
get-go. So you don't put your foot
in your mouth. But no, my dumbass
clients think they can explain.
Explain what? That they're
innocent? Minute they're in that
cage, no one's got an incentive to
believe them. All the cops care
about is their closure rate.

She crushes out the cigarette angrily.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

Never believe a word cops say. And
never say anything to them except
one word: lawyer. The cops tell you
you're not a suspect? You say:
lawyer. Step outside, we want to
talk to you in private? Slam the
door, call a lawyer. They tell you
asking for a lawyer only makes you
look guilty? Tell them your mother
didn't raise any fools, then call
your freaking lawyer.

INT. PRECINCT - HALLWAY/BULLPEN - NIGHT (T)

Jack, reflecting, and Ayana, amped, walk as --

AYANA

Bet once Ray gets his Legal Aid
he'll change his story. Memory loss?
What a load of self-serving BS.

JACK

Actually, I believe Ray.

That's a role-reversal. Ayana's confused --

AYANA

You don't think he killed her?

JACK

Nah, I still think he's our guy.
But the blackout could be legit.
(off her confusion)
I've had a lot of guys in the box,
saying they don't remember. As if that
makes them not responsible. But watch
their eyes. Ray was looking around --

AYANA

Yeah, looking shifty.

JACK

Looking up, like maybe if he just tried hard enough, the memory'd come back to him, the movie would start playing in his head. I've seen that before. Guy stabbed his wife thirteen times, swore he couldn't remember it. Did the same thing with his eyes. Turns out, he had a tumor the size of a golfball in his brain.

AYANA

You think Ray has a tumor?

JACK

No, but something could've made him blackout. Could be booze, or drugs.

AYANA

Still, I wouldn't have picked up on that thing with the eyes.

JACK

Give it time, you will.

(off her look)

I mean it. Back there, in the box -- That was good work.

Ayana smiles, but can't resist playfully pushing back --

AYANA

For a rookie?

They're getting comfortable with each other. Jack ballbusts right back, smiles with genuine warmth --

JACK

For anyone. Now stop fishing for compliments and let's bring Mark up to speed.

They land in the Bullpen, where Mark and Raquel confer closely... a little too closely. Ayana notices. Curious --

AYANA

Who's that?

JACK

Raquel Benavides. Legal Aid's top dog. Although they're not exactly opposing counsel, those two.

AYANA

They're an item?

JACK

Nothing permanent.

AYANA
So he's a player.

Jack catches the cool look in Ayana's eye --

JACK
Don't worry; he's not cutting her any favors because they've got history. Happens all the time; hours we work, romance is hard to come by.

AYANA
Don't I know it.

JACK
You got somebody?

It's the first personal question Jack's asked. Eager to connect, but trying to play it casual --

AYANA
Haven't had time. Working OT, busting my ass trying to earn my shot...

JACK
Well, now you made it. Live a little. Me and Beth are coming up on our twentieth. Four daughters, it's like I shower in estrogen.

Ayana laughs. Mark folds in as Raquel exits in the b.g.

MARK
So obviously, that's a wrap on any further conversation with the defendant. Anything more, we go through his counsel.

JACK
Not that she'll mind. Looks like Raquel's still into you.

EXT. PRECINCT - PARKING LOT - NIGHT (STC)

Mark puts his briefcase in the trunk, slams it. Frustrated --

MARK
It was one drunken hookup after the Bar Association Christmas party. Didn't mean anything, and it's not like I'm going to go easy on her in court. But that doesn't stop Jack from busting my balls. Yeah, I know my rep: player. But that's not me. Or not me now. But Jack's giving people the wrong impression.
(a beat, then)
Nothing I can do about that now.
(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)

Time to get ready for arraignment.
Boss wants Ray charged ASAP, while
the story's still hot. No lower-
level holding charges. The big one:
Murder Two.

INT. PRECINCT - LOCKER ROOM - NIGHT (**STC**)

Ayana slams her locker door. Pissed.

AYANA

One minute it's 'Sure, Ayana, take your
24 hours.' Now he's all about charging
Ray. I know it was his boss' call, the
brass don't like to wait when the
media's watching. Police Commissioner's
no different. He wants a victory lap.
Perp walk, press conference. But they
could've given me a few more hours. We
got prints, got more details from Ray...
would it have killed them to let me
finish the canvas? Patrol went door-to-
door, but three neighbors weren't home.
Should've nailed them down. I hate
leaving things undone.

(then, realizing)

Screw it. I gotta be me. Let Mr.
Player ADA smile for the cameras.

INT./EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT (**FOUND FOOTAGE**)

News footage of Ray being perp-walked out of the precinct:

REPORTER

The NYPD has made an arrest in the
murder of Allegra Levinson.

CUT TO footage of a packed press conference. Mark, Jack, and
Captain Alvarez behind the D.A. and POLICE COMMISSIONER at a
podium. A mob of hungry press shoot photos, videos as --

POLICE COMMISSIONER

Thanks to outstanding work by
detectives from Brooklyn North
Homicide, a suspect is in custody.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG LOFT BUILDING - NIGHT (**STC**)

Pops: a montage of BUZZERS as Ayana canvasses. LAND with: A
NEIGHBOR, 40s, groggy, bleary-eyed.

NEIGHBOR

City that never sleeps. Doesn't let me
sleep, that's for damn sure. I made a
killing on the euro last year, so now I
get up when the London market opens. So
yeah, I was pissed when some guy rings
my buzzer in the middle of the night.

(MORE)

NEIGHBOR (CONT'D)

Somebody else's pizza delivery or a late-night booty call, probably. That's why I put in the wifi doorbell.

(holds up his iPhone)

Goes straight to my phone, don't even have to get out of bed to buzz them in and shut them up.

POPS: the WIFI DOORBELL, motion sensitive.

INT. BUILDING - FOYER - NIGHT (**FOUND FOOTAGE**)

RECORDED VIDEO from the wifi doorbell: Ray and the girls enter the building. Fast forward -- and Claire exits.

AYANA (V.O.)

There's Claire going to get more liquor... and coming back.

As Claire returns, we see a plastic bag dangling from her fingertips. Fast forward again: Ray runs out of the building.

AYANA (V.O.)

And here's Ray leaving.

As he exits frame, another guy comes in. 20s, white and --

AYANA (V.O.)

(holy shit)

Someone else was there. Blonde. Like the mystery hair sample.

We see him reach for a buzzer, wearing --

AYANA (V.O.)

Gloves. Wasn't that cold.

On screen, the GLOVED HAND jabs buzzers. First, the girls' apartment. Then, hitting all the neighbors. He gets buzzed in. A few minutes later, he runs out. Scared, upset.

INT. PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - NIGHT (**T**)

Jack and Alvarez, relieved to have satiated the media beast. Ayana enters, a small smile. The cat that ate the canary.

AYANA

Nice press conference. One problem.

She holds up a picture of the unknown man.

AYANA (CONT'D)

Who's this jackhole?

Off their surprised faces --

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

Chyron: DAY FOUR

INT. HOSPITAL - CLAIRE'S ROOM (T)

Jack and Ayana with Claire, sitting up in bed, looking at a photo of the MYSTERY MAN from the doorbell cam footage.

CLAIRE
That's Carter Van Brunt. Allegra's
ex. It doesn't make sense... what
was he doing at our place?

POP TO: a series of photos, showing Carter as he enters the apartment building foyer, pissed... then runs out, panicked.

JACK
Looks like he was watching the
apartment. He came in moments after
Ray left.

CLAIRE
(realizing)
When I was on the line with 9-1-1.
I heard footsteps. I thought it was
Ray coming back but it must've been
Carter...

Jack and Ayana exchange a look. Then --

AYANA
When did they break up?

CLAIRE
Weeks ago. Allegra finally got sick
of his behavior.

AYANA
Was Carter abusive?

CLAIRE
No... just an entitled jerk.

POP TO photos of Carter from Instagram: a Rich Kids of Instagram-style feed of his privileged lifestyle.

INT. HOSPITAL - CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY (STC)

Claire, now alone, at the window looking out. She muses --

CLAIRE
Neither of us ever picked the good
guys. I was engaged once. To
Patrick.

POPS TO: An INSTAGRAM STORY -- Patrick's proposal to Claire.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I thought he was perfect. Until he made a move on my sister. After that, I gave up. But Allegra kept thinking one day her prince would come. But Carter's no prince. He's an entitled man-child. Daddy's money stunted his growth. And so arrogant. Like any girl's lucky to be with him.

(scoffs, then)

Allegra knew he was a jerk. But she hated being alone. When I had to go out, she couldn't bear it. She needed someone to be there. Anyone. And Carter, he was always around.

(then)

He was pissed when she dumped him. Probably the first time anyone ever did that. So he didn't listen, just kept after her, trying to wear her down. She was done with him. But he wasn't done with her.

INT. HOSPITAL - HALLWAY - DAY (T)

Ayana with Jack as he closes his cellphone --

JACK

Carter Van Brundt's got a record. Arrests for drunk and disorderly. Petit larceny. Plus he crashed a couple of cars street racing.

POP TO: PHOTOS of wrecked sports cars.

AYANA

Richie Rich goes bad boy. So why wasn't his DNA in the system?

JACK

All the charges were dropped.

Under which we POP TO: Carter's RAP SHEET. Long.

AYANA

That had to be expensive.

(then, carefully)

He's a viable suspect. Nothing says motive like a jilted lover. And the video makes it clear: Carter was watching the apartment and saw Ray coming out.

JACK

Hell of an eyeful for a jealous ex.

(then)

I gotta hand it to you. You said someone else was there.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

(then)

What, no 'I told you so'?

AYANA

I'm savoring the moment. And maybe just a little surprised.

JACK

A good cop gets it right. A great cop admits he got it wrong. You'll make mistakes, and I won't hold them against you. Just make sure you got the balls to admit it when you do.

Ayana's relieved to have Jack's permission to be wrong.

JACK (CONT'D)

Now, let's see what Carter Van Brundt will admit to.

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (**STC**)

CARTER VAN BRUNT, a little panicked as he admits:

CARTER

Okay, I was there. But she was already dead. Wasn't like there was anything I could do. So I split. I know I should've called 911. But I'm already on thin ice with my dad. One more fuckup and he'll freeze my trust fund til I'm forty. Wait til he hears about this. He'll be worried about his good name. Won't even ask if I did it, just assume the worst.

(then, bitter)

But I'd never hurt Allegra. I loved her. Sure, we were on a break. But that's just how she was. Crazy about me one day, ghosting me the next. Then she'd text, tell me to come over. Crazy, yeah. But it was a test. To see how serious I was. And I was serious. She was perfect.

Under POPS of the couple at fancy parties, dressed to kill.

CARTER (CONT'D)

We'd walk in, and everyone would just stare. Made me feel great. I didn't want to lose that. Lose her.

Chyron: DAY SIX

INT. LEGAL AID - RAQUEL'S OFFICE - DAY (**STC**)

Where Raquel is thrilled.

RAQUEL

Carter Van Brunt is a gift from god.
Hello, reasonable doubt. It's gonna
play great in court, even better when
I leak it to the press. Poor Ray just
hit on the wrong guy's girl. And I
love the optics. Carter's a white
trust fund kid. Ray? He's a black war
hero with a documented reason for his
blackouts: PTSD.

POP: a PHOTO of Ray in dress uniform; medals, commendations.

RAQUEL (CONT'D)

I'd love to see Mark's face when I
drop this news.

INT. RIKERS ISLAND - RAY'S CELL - DAY (**STC**)

Behind bars, in a prison jumpsuit... but Ray looks better than
he ever has. Sober, calm, almost strikingly Zen.

RAY

When I was overseas, I saw stuff.

POP TO found footage: a CONVOY ATTACK. Screams. Gunfire.

RAY (CONT'D)

I don't talk about it. People who
didn't serve never understand. Either
they're all phony and 'Thank you for
your service' or they wanna know how
many people I killed. Screw that. My
life isn't their war porn. I know how
they see guys like me. Damaged.
Violent.

(shakes his head)

Big difference between killing for your
country and being an out-of-control
monster who'll snap when someone looks
at you funny.

(then, frustrated)

Probably should've told the cops about my
diagnosis. But I figured it'd sound like
just an excuse. They'd made up their
minds about me. I had to lawyer up.

Frustrated, Ray closes his eyes and takes some deep breaths.

RAY (CONT'D)

The shrinks at the VA are all about
mindful centering. Don't know if I
believe in all that, but I'm going
out of my mind in here.

(a beat, then)

Doc said blackouts protect us from
stuff we can't handle. But I can't
believe I could kill someone and
not remember it. '

(MORE)

RAY (CONT'D)

Cause if I could do that... then
maybe I'm more screwed up than I
thought.

INT. KCDA - MARK'S OFFICE - DAY (T)

Mark with Ayana, apologetic. Jack on his phone, texting as --

AYANA

Sorry you got sand-bagged by Ray's
diagnosis. We should've known about
the PTSD.

MARK

No way you could've; psych records
are privileged. Can't get them,
even with a court order.

AYANA

Still, maybe we could've found a
workaround. A witness, maybe an old
army buddy...

Jack finishes his message, stays lost in thought as --

MARK

I don't doubt you would've -- if I'd
given you the time you asked for.

Ayana takes this unexpected apology in; then, gracious --

AYANA

No worries. I know the D.A. was
breathing down your neck.

MARK

Thanks. Wouldn't want you to get
the wrong impression of me.

Suddenly, Mark realizes Jack is clocking their exchange.
Quickly, to Jack --

MARK (CONT'D)

What's your hot take on Carter?

JACK

The entitled little brat thought
more about getting in trouble with
Daddy than calling 911. At best
he's a coward. At worst, a killer.

MARK

Raquel's a pitbull. Gonna milk
Carter Van Brunt for all he's worth.

AYANA

I knew guys like him at Columbia.
The world told them they were God's
gift, so they got angry when a
woman said no. Like getting turned
down by your Ferrari. I'd love it
if Carter was the guy, but the
evidence isn't there... yet.

MARK

Tell me what we've got so far.

AYANA

The video puts him in the apartment
after Ray. Carter's prints aren't
on the murder weapon, but he wore
gloves... and fancy Italian loafers
that match the bloody shoe print.

POP TO: A security cam photo, Carter's gloved hands visible.
ANOTHER POP: An ITALIAN LOAFER, then the BLOODY SHOEPRINT.

MARK

It's a start. How about contact
between Carter and the victim?

AYANA

Allegra's phone is MIA. Claire
thinks Ray took it. But she said
Allegra used Snapchat, so there'd
be no record of the messages.

MARK

There might be something on
Carter's phone. But we don't have
enough for a warrant. You still got
that pal at AT&T?

JACK

Bottle of Jameson's every
Christmas, the world's my oyster.

MARK

Get a peek at Carter's phone. If he
wanted Allegra back, chances are
he's been messaging her. Maybe even
threats. Ayana, swab Carter for
DNA, maybe we get lucky.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - LAB - DAY (T)

POP TO: a SWAB in a test-tube; then a DNA test being run.

Dr. Govil gives Ayana the test results:

DR. GOVIL

The blonde hair matches Carter's
DNA.

(off Ayana's excitement)

(MORE)

DR. GOVIL (CONT'D)
Don't celebrate yet. Allegra's sweater was wool. Very grabby. That hair could've been there for days, even weeks.

AYANA
(deflated)
So it doesn't prove anything. The killer could be Ray, could be Carter.

Off her disappointment, POP TO the DNA MATCH -- to Carter Van Brunt. Then the FINGERPRINT MATCH -- to Ray Bryant.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - GOVIL'S OFFICE - DAY (**STC**)

Now alone, Govil takes off her lab coat, hangs it up. In jeans and a t-shirt, she's more relaxed as --

DR. GOVIL
I can see Ayana's disappointed. I love her passion, but it worries me. Get too invested in saving the day, it'll bite you in the ass.

She reaches into a pocket, takes something out. Unconsciously fingering it, like a talisman. Then, haunted by memory --

DR. GOVIL (CONT'D)
Happened to me, when I first started out in Oncology. Wish I'd had a mentor like Jack back then. Someone to see the warning signs. Keep me on the straight and narrow.
(shakes it off, then)
Won't happen to Ayana. She's too strong to make the mistakes I made.

INT. MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - DAY (**STC**)

Ayana at the body lockers, one tray pulled out: Allegra's. As she stares at the dead girl's still face --

AYANA
It's so tough. I screw up, Allegra doesn't get justice. The pressure's just so intense.
(then, resolved)
I gotta get out of my head and trust Jack. He's done this a thousand times. We'll find the solution. DNA didn't help, so I just gotta hope Jack had better luck with the phone company.

POP TO: SCREEN-SHOTS OF SNAPCHAT MESSAGES. "Where r u?" "I want to see you." PRELAP:

JACK (V.O.)
Someone was stalking his ex.

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - NIGHT (T)

Where Jack and Ayana square off with Carter, squirming. No need for signals between the partners this time; they're double-teaming Carter in perfect tandem.

JACK
Thanks for screen-shotting your snaps.
'Where are u?' 'Need to see u 2nite.'
'Pls babe miss u.' She made you beg.

CARTER
That's how she was, she wanted to see
how hard I'd chase her. It's a game.

JACK
Doesn't sound like she was playing:
'Stay the hell away from me. Forever.'

AYANA
You sent twenty-three snaps that
night. That's her only reply.

CARTER
Like I said, it was a game.

AYANA
She blew you off because she was
making time with another guy.

JACK
You were watching her place, saw
Ray leave. You confronted her, and
it went wrong.

CARTER
It wasn't like that. She was
already dead. I saw him there; I
knew he did it.

AYANA
So you admit it: you did see Ray
leave. Like my partner said, you
were stalking her.

Ayana and Jack exchange a smile: that's how you do it. Carter realizes his mistake, tries to backpedal --

CARTER
I went to the apartment because I
was worried about Allegra.

JACK
Worried that she was putting the horns
on you.

CARTER
No. Worried that she was hurt.

AYANA
What're you, psychic?

CARTER
Because of the fight.
(off looks)
You don't know about that?

JACK
(covering, smooth)
We want to hear your version.

CARTER
Okay, I was upset she didn't want to see me. I went to the Blind Donkey, had a drink. This buddy of mine walks in, says Allegra got in a fight at Dewey's.

Off Jack and Ayana, wondering why they didn't know this.

INT. DEWEY'S BAR - NIGHT (**STC**)

A tattooed hipster BARTENDER polishes glasses as --

BARTENDER
Okay, alright. I should've told the cops about the fight when they came asking about her. But she didn't die in here, and I can't afford any trouble. I've got every penny tied up in this bar. I don't want to risk losing my liquor license. And technically, I didn't see the fight. Went down out back, in the beer garden.
(then, self-serving)
I did try to help. She looked pretty messed up when she came back in. Gave her ice for her head, asked if she wanted me to call the cops. But she didn't want to make a big deal of it.
(then, defensive)
At least I tried. I'm not as bad as all those freaks who stood by and watched her get beat, then posted videos of the fight.

EXT. DEWEY'S BAR - BEER GARDEN - NIGHT (**FOUND FOOTAGE**)

On YouTube, grainy, blurry cellphone video. But we can clearly see it's Claire and Allegra fighting. PRELAP:

JACK (O.S.)
Claire and Allegra...

EXT. DEWEY'S BAR - BEER GARDEN - NIGHT (T)

Jack and Ayana watch the footage on Ayana's phone, stunned by the violence as the sisters trade slaps, kicks, hair pulls.

JACK
What the hell is this...
(then, focusing)
Zoom in. Tighter. What's Claire got
in her hand?

Ayana ZOOMS in and we see --

AYANA
It's a phone. Crystal-studded case...
That's gotta hurt.

TIGHT ON THE VIDEO as Claire raises the phone, SMASHES IT into the back of Allegra's head.

FREEZE ON: Claire's face tight with rage.

As Ayana and Jack absorb this new revelation --

JACK
Claire looks mad enough to kill.

Off this harrowing image --

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

Chyron: DAY SEVEN

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY (T)

TIGHT ON the fight footage, now playing on a big screen. In hi-res, it's even more shocking.

CAPTAIN ALVAREZ (O.S.)
I'll never understand filming a
fight instead of stopping it.

PULL BACK TO REVEAL: Alvarez with Jack and Ayana, watching the fight footage, Claire's face a mask of rage.

CAPTAIN ALVAREZ (CONT'D)
And the two of them going at it like
that? I got three brothers, grew up
with them pounding on each other. But
I never thought girls would.

AYANA
Makes me glad I'm an only child.
Coming up, I always wanted a sister.
Someone who'd have my back.

JACK
Trust me, it's not all sharing clothes
and slumber parties. I've broken up my
share of catfights. But nothing like
this.

Jack's eyes drift back to the screen. Ruefully --

JACK (CONT'D)
I just wish we'd found out about
the fight sooner.

INT. PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY (STC)

Alone, Alvarez takes off her glasses, rubs her eyes. Rueful --

CAPTAIN ALVAREZ
So why didn't we? Sure, the bar owner
pulled a fast one, but Jack usually
susses that crap out fast.
(thinking it through)
I've known Jack forever; I can tell
something's off. Thought it was a new
partner, but that's not it. Jack and
Ayana are finding their rhythm. She's a
quick study, and he's a good rabbi. So
it's gotta be something else...
(then, focusing)
Can't think about it now; I got
bigger fish to fry. Gotta focus on
the case. Least now we know what
really happened to Allegra's phone.

POP TO: The barfight video. We see Allegra's crystal-studded phone shatter and fall to the ground. FREEZE on this as --

CAPTAIN ALVAREZ (CONT'D)
Shattered into a million pieces.
Yeah, we solved one mystery, but the
case isn't getting any clearer.

INT. KCDA - MARK'S OFFICE - DAY (STC)

For the first time, Mark's unsettled, concerned.

MARK
This case is like the clown car of
homicides. Every time I turn around,
there's a new suspect. Three people
fought with the victim on the night of
her death. Even Claire could be a
perp. We gotta ask her some hard
questions, but carefully. She's also a
victim. Last thing I need is her
telling the press we're attacking her.
(frustrated, then)
It's a mess. Hell if I'm gonna risk
convicting an innocent man. But this
case? Who's innocent?

INT. HOSPITAL - CLAIRE'S ROOM - DAY (T)

Claire, upset as Ayana and Jack gently ask hard questions.

JACK
Why not tell us about the fight?

CLAIRE
Can you imagine how I feel? On the
last night of my sister's life, I
hit her. I said sorry, and she said
forget it. But she was still mad.
Now I can never make it up to her.

AYANA
What was it about?

CLAIRE
It's ironic: I wanted her to be happy.
Carter was messaging, begging to see
her. She was uncomfortable. She said
they were done. He wouldn't accept it.

POP TO: the message. "Where r u?" "I want to see you."

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Allegra was too nice. She couldn't
say no. So I said it for her.

POP TO: the reply. "Stay the hell away from me. It's over."

AYANA

You messaged him. From her phone.

CLAIRE

But Allegra got mad, grabbed for the phone. I ran away, like a joke. She chased me and pulled my hair. It was a silly slapfight like when we were kids. But we were too drunk. It got out of control.

Jack and Ayana exchange looks: it's a plausible reason, but --

JACK

You know how this looks. You should've told us.

CLAIRE

I was too ashamed. I didn't want to remember us like that. I'm sorry. But our fight doesn't change what happened, what he did to her.

AYANA

You said you thought Ray took Allegra's phone --

POP TO the bar fight video, the phone smashing.

CLAIRE

(tearing up)

I'm sorry. I just wanted to forget all about the fight. It's so awful that that's my last memory of her.

JACK

We understand. But changing your story hurts your credibility --

CLAIRE

We had a fight, but she was fine. Ask anyone in that bar.

(tearing up)

Ray killed my sister. I tried to help her and he nearly killed me.

She lifts her shirt: dark, mottled bruises across her back.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

That's my credibility.

Off Claire, eyes blazing through tears.

Chyron: DAY NINE

INT. RIKERS ISLAND - RAY'S CELL - NIGHT (**STC**)

Ray, clear-eyed and certain of this one thing:

RAY

I've never hit a woman. That's the only thing I'm sure of right now. My mom raised me right.

POP TO: photos of Ray and his mom, kindergarten to boot camp.

RAY (CONT'D)

She was my hero, worked two jobs, sometimes three. Always said 'Don't thank me for doing my job, just you do yours.' And I did. Stayed in school, joined up. She was proud. Mom forgave bad grades, money problems, drunken stupidity. More than once. But she'd kill me herself if ever I hurt a woman.

(a beat, then)

I miss her every day. But right now I'm glad she passed. She's never gonna see me like this. In here.

INT. PENTHOUSE APARTMENT - NIGHT (**STC**)

Carter stares at jetliner views of Central Park. Bitter --

CARTER

Dad wants to see me. Had his secretary call. Never came to a school play or a ball game, but I got summoned here enough. I know what's coming. He won't ask. He'll just assume I did it. His screw-up son screwing up again. But this is his fault. When I told him she dumped me, he said, 'No one says no to a Van Brundt.' Now look at the mess I'm in.

POP: A NY Post cover: 'KILLER VAN BRUNDT' over Carter's photo.

CARTER (CONT'D)

The cops think maybe I killed Allegra. And throwing me to the wolves is getting them headlines.

(then, bitterly)

Dad'll clean it up. He always does.

Chyron: DAY ELEVEN

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY (**T**)

Mark is angry, as he brings Jack and Ayana up to speed.

MARK

They want me to back off Carter. Guess whose daddy is a major campaign donor?

POP TO: society page PHOTOS of Carter and his dad at black tie galas, handing out oversized charity checks.

MARK (CONT'D)
Didn't say it outright, but I got the message.

Jack tries to lighten Mark's dark mood --

JACK
Look on the bright side: you didn't get a horse head in your bed.
(tries again)
C'mon, we all know how the sausage gets made. Running for office is expensive. The DA needs deep pocket donors.

MARK
But that shouldn't buy you a get out of jail free card.

Ayana notices how tense Mark is. With a supportive smile --

AYANA
You won't give Carter a pass. If he's guilty, you'll bring him down. And we've got your back.

INT. KCDA - MARK'S OFFICE - DAY (**STC**)

Mark, lost in thought --

MARK
I appreciate Ayana's faith in me. More than she knows. But it's not gonna be easy.
(spitballing)
Is Carter guilty? Could be. If I back off him, then I'm as dirty as they are. But he's not on trial; Ray is. God, what a mess. So what do I do? If I refuse to prosecute, they'll find an ADA who will jump at the chance to convict Ray in front of the cameras. I gotta move forward, but carefully. Find the truth.
(then, wry)
No big deal; only my soul at stake.

EXT. PRECINCT - COFFEE CART - DAY (**STC**)

Jack blows on a hot cup of joe, considering.

JACK
We had probable cause to arrest Ray. Claire's a witness, forensics up the wazoo. And then things went sideways.
(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

We looked at this case backwards,
forwards, upside down. I keep coming
back to the victims. Allegra's dead,
Claire was beat within an inch of her
life. By Ray. She could be lying, but
why? To protect Carter? Not likely.

(a beat, then)

Still looks like Ray's the guy. We
had evidence, and probable cause to
arrest him. Now it's up to twelve
folks from Brooklyn who'll sit in
that jury box. And the ADA who'll
tell them what to believe.

INT. PRECINCT - BREAK ROOM - DAY (STC)

While Jack has the calm savvy of a vet, Ayana's at a loss.

AYANA

Jack seems so sure. I know he has
qualms, but he plays it close to the
vest. I feel like a walking bundle of
doubt. When they pinned on that gold
shield, I thought: finally. I was sure
I knew what to do. Trust the evidence,
arrest the guilty. So black and white.
But instead, it's an ocean of grey.

(then)

I want to do the right thing. I
just wish I knew what that was.

Chyron: DAY THIRTEEN

INT. BROOKLYN SUPREME COURT - COURTROOM - DAY (STC)

JUDGE TANNENBAUM in the empty courtroom.

JUDGE TANNENBAUM

Everything you hear about impartial
jurors, blind justice - it's all
window dressing.

POP TO: the STATUE of Blind Justice; the FLAG; "In God We
Trust" emblazoned above the judge's bench.

JUDGE TANNENBAUM (CONT'D)

Justice is anything but blind.
Image is everything.

INT. BROOKLYN SUPREME COURT - HOLDING PEN - DAY (T)

Ray, in a suit and tie. Except for the cuffs, he could be
going on a job interview.

INT. BROOKLYN SUPREME COURT - HALLWAY - DAY (T)

Claire in a sweater with a pussy-bow blouse. Demure, fragile.
Arriving at court to the FLASH of cameras, media attention.

INT. BROOKLYN SUPREME COURT - COURTROOM - DAY (**STC**)

Judge Tannenbaum continues, in oratorical flow:

JUDGE TANNENBAUM
As the Bard says, 'All the world's a stage.' Never more true than in a courtroom. They say the law's a noble calling. Please. Prosecution, defense -- they're just spin doctors.

POP TO: Trial sketches. Mark and Raquel's opening arguments.

INT. BROOKLYN SUPREME COURT - JURY ROOM - DAY (**SPLIT SCREEN**)

JUROR #1 (White, female, 60s); JUROR #2 (Black, male, 20s):

JUROR #1
That nice young DA is so handsome, reminds me of JFK. The son, not the father. He was a prosecutor too. And if he says that man is guilty, that's good enough for me.

JUROR #2
I don't like that lawyer. He's so slick. Like he's trying to sell me something. But I'm not buying.

Chyron: DAY SEVENTEEN

INT. BROOKLYN SUPREME COURT - COURTROOM - TRIAL MONTAGE (**T**)

Stylized pops: As the press watches, DR. GOVIL shows autopsy photos to flinching JURORS; CARTER fakes tears as he testifies; CLAIRE quakes as she points out Ray. Throughout, RAY watches impassive, tense.

INT. LEGAL AID - RAQUEL'S OFFICE - NIGHT (**STC**)

Raquel is nonchalant as --

RAQUEL
Okay, the prosecution scored some points. Crying victim, gruesome photos, cops making a slipshod investigation sound tight. Sure, the jury's on board. For now. But it's my turn. And Ray's up next.
(then, pensive)
Always a gamble, letting the defendant testify. Too emotional, jury thinks it's crocodile tears. Too stoic, they think he's remorseless. But I've got him prepped. How to sit, how to breathe, when to cry. I can smell the acquittal already.

INT. KCDA - MARK'S OFFICE - NIGHT (STC)

Mark's worried -- but not about losing.

MARK

The case against Ray is solid. But that's only a good thing if he's guilty. And right now, I'm not sure he is. I need to hear what he's got to say. Which means I wait til he's on the stand. Then if I have doubts, I drop the charges. Ray goes free, and double jeopardy means he can't be re-tried. Then the boss will have to take another look at Carter.

(resolved)

Crazy move. It'll end my career for sure. But my hands will be clean.

Chyron: DAY TWENTY

INT. BROOKLYN SUPREME COURT - COURTROOM - DAY (T)

Jack and Ayana watch Mark cross-examine Ray, nervous.

MARK

On the night of the murder, you stated that you were in a blackout.

RAY

Yes, sir.

MARK

So you can't be sure what occurred.

RAY

I can't. But I know who I am. I've respected women all my life, never laid a hand on a woman. I'm sure your investigators tried to find one who said I did. But they can't. Because I haven't.

This plain truth lands on the jury. And on Mark. Still --

MARK

There's always a first time.

RAQUEL

Your Honor --

JUDGE TANNENBAUM

Don't editorialize, Counselor.

MARK

You said that you wanted to go home, but they made you go to their apartment.

(MORE)

MARK (CONT'D)
(playing to the jury)
Two women half your size forced you
to walk six blocks?

RAY
I said they persuaded me. Against
my better judgement.

MARK
And they made you keep drinking.

RAY
(fighting to stay calm)
They didn't force the liquor down
my throat. But they kept egging me
on, playing spin-the-bottle --

MARK
Two beautiful girls, taking off
their clothes. Did you really need
to be egged on?

RAY
I was drunk. It was hard to say no --

MARK
But you didn't want to --

RAY
How do you know what I wanted?

MARK
Tell us, then: did you want to go
home? Or did you want to get laid?

RAY
Wanting to have sex is not a crime.

MARK
So you wanted to. But she didn't.

RAY
How do you know? You weren't there.

MARK
And you don't remember.

The words pour out before he can think, fresh memory breaking
through as he relives the confusion of that night. Yelling --

RAY
Don't you think I've tried? Yes,
it's a blur. And, no I'm not sure.
But I swear she wanted me. She said
'Wait for me, I'll be right back.'
I can't have been wrong --

MARK
But you don't know --

Ayana reacts as Ray stands, shouts. Under gavel bangs --

RAY
Screw you! I'm not that guy. I
didn't do this. You're wrong --

Court Officers restrain Ray, hustle him away. But the jury reacts to his rage. Off Mark, and this unintended outcome.

INT. BROOKLYN SUPREME COURT - JURY ROOM - DAY (**SPLIT SCREEN**)

JUROR #3 (Latino male, 40s) and JUROR #4 (White female, 30):

JUROR #3
That poor guy. Reminds me of how I
was when I was young. No wonder he
lost his temper. I would too.
Doesn't mean he's guilty.

JUROR #4
Please. He is so guilty. Just look
at him. Dressed up nice and
respectable, but he's just a thug.

INT. BROOKLYN SUPREME COURT - JUDGE'S CHAMBERS - NIGHT (**STC**)

A long day over, the Judge takes off his robe --

JUDGE TANNENBAUM
It's all stereotypes, fantasies.
With a sprinkle of racism on top.
The jury's gonna convict. Might be
one, two holdouts. But sequester
them to deliberate, they'll vote
guilty just to go home.

Chyron: DAY TWENTY-ONE

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY (**T**)

Jack enters with coffee, finds Ayana on fire, pacing, mind racing. Jack knows she's got something big.

JACK
What is it?

AYANA
Nothing.

JACK
C'mon, partner. You've got that
look. Don't hold back.

AYANA
(rapid-fire)
I'm not trying to blow things up.
And it's not proof, just...

JACK
A feeling? Hunch?

AYANA
I don't have the evidence yet --

JACK
For once, forget the evidence. Like
I said, to hell with being wrong.
Say what's on your mind. Trust your
gut.

Ayana knows Jack's right. A deep breath, then --

AYANA
When Ray lost it on the stand, it
was like he was back in the moment.
Remembering what he blacked out. He
said 'She wanted me.'

JACK
Nothing a million rapists don't say
in self-defense.

AYANA
Right. But then Ray said something
about 'She'd be right back.'

POP TO: the trial transcript, key words highlighted, under --

RAY (V.O.)
She said 'Wait for me, I'll be
right back.'

And now Jack sees where she's going --

JACK
Sonuvabitch.

The partners lock eyes, minds working overtime, on exactly
the same track. Ayana speaks first --

AYANA
Allegra wasn't going anywhere... but
Claire was. She lied to us --

And Jack, in perfect agreement, finishes her thought:

JACK
-- because she didn't want us to
know what really happened that
night.

Off Jack and Ayana, fired up as the mystery deepens --

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. BROOKLYN SUPREME COURT - HALLWAY - DAY (T)

Jack and Ayana hurry to Claire, about to enter court as --

JACK
Claire. Wait.

CLAIRE
Is something wrong?

JACK
Just a question. That night, what
did you go out to buy?

CLAIRE
More booze. I told you that.

AYANA
Yes, you did. But you lied.

CLAIRE
No --

AYANA
Don't. We went through the evidence.
We saw what you really bought.

POP TO: a STILL from the security cam: Claire, holding the
semi-opaque bag. ANOTHER: zoomed in. In the bag, a box of..

JACK
Condoms. No more lies, Claire. Time
for the truth.

The cops step closer. Claire reacts: trapped, panicking --

CLAIRE
I don't know what you mean --

AYANA
This wasn't about Ray and Allegra.
You wanted him --

CLAIRE
No. I told you --

JACK
(force of nature)
Stop lying, Claire. She was your sister.

Off Claire, eyes wide, realizing there's no way out --

SMASH TO BLACK

Chyron: DAY ZERO

INT. DEWEY'S BAR - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

We snap back in time to the night of the murder. Allegra alive, happy, checks her phone as Claire signals the Bartender --

CLAIRE
Can we get two more?

ALLEGRA
Ugh. Carter.

CLAIRE
Again? Just block him.

ALLEGRA
I should. Freaking stalker.

The drinks land. Allegra and Claire clink glasses. PRELAP:

JACK (O.S.)
To my beautiful wife.

INT. GRIMALDI'S RESTAURANT - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

This is their spot. Jack toasts BETH (40s, loving it) --

BETH
I see. You want a bite of my pasta.
(re: his food)
Getting bored with the same old
same old?

JACK
Never mess with a good thing.

BETH
You are so corny. But I love you.

They clink glasses. Off their celebration --

INT. MANHATTAN BAR - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Soho cool. Ayana and a friend, NIKKI, raising a glass --

NIKKI
You made it, baby girl.

AYANA
Feels wrong, being psyched for my
first case. Someone has to die...

NIKKI
And you'll be the one to solve it.
To Detective Ayana Lake. Kick ass.

INT. DEWEY'S BAR - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Allegra's crystal-studded cell BUZZES. Alone, Claire replies.
ON THE TEXT: "Stay the hell away from me. Forever."

ALLEGRA (O.S.)
Hey -- that's my phone.
(off Claire, busted)
I know that look. What did you do?

CLAIRE
What you wouldn't, okay? I got rid
of Carter. For good.

ALLEGRA
Give that back --

She lunges for the phone. Claire eludes her, runs outside to--

EXT. DEWEY'S BAR - BEER GARDEN - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

The tussle over the phone turns serious. A crowd gathers,
films as shoves and hair pulls escalate to slaps and kicks.

CLAIRE
Allegra... you're hurting me!

ALLEGRA
Just because you have no life
doesn't mean I have to. You're sad
and pathetic.

Claire, hurt and angry, SMASHES the edge of the phone into
Allegra's head. As it SHATTERS. Allegra reels, grabs her head.

CLAIRE
I'm sorry. I didn't mean it...

Bloodied, Allegra runs back into the bar as Claire follows.

INT. MANHATTAN BAR - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Nikki and Ayana, giggling as a WAITRESS delivers a MARTINI:

AYANA
I didn't order this...

WAITRESS
No... He did.

Ayana looks -- and sees Mark. Smiling, handsome. A stranger.

NIKKI
You forget to mention that fine-
looking man to me?

AYANA

Never seen him before in my life.
Sorry.

NIKKI

Nothing to be sorry about.

Off Ayana, eyeing Mark, weighing the choice.

INT. DEWEY'S BAR - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Allegra icing her head as --

ALLEGRA

Stop apologizing, okay? Let's just
play some pool.

As they cross to the pool table, start a game, FIND Ray
watching them. He crosses to the chalkboard, writes his name:

RAY

I got next.

Claire smiles at Ray; he smiles back. QUICK POPS: the
threesome PLAY POOL; Flirty, Ray helps Claire line up a shot,
his HAND on her HIP. Allegra SULKS, left out.

BARTENDER (O.S.)

Last call.

RAY

One more before I hit the road?

CLAIRE

Sure.

As he moves off to get drinks, Claire turns to Allegra:

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

I think I'm gonna ask him back.

ALLEGRA

You just met him.

CLAIRE

(drunken confidence)

Yeah, I'm gonna do it.

Off her smile, PRELAP:

NIKKI (O.S.)

Just go for it.

INT. MANHATTAN BAR - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Ayana stands, then hesitates. Nikki nudges her --

NIKKI

Go on. Talk to the man.

Ayana crosses to Mark, who smiles as she approaches.

AYANA

Thanks for the drink.

MARK

You're welcome. I'm Mark.

AYANA

Ayana. Pleased to meet you.

EXT. MOVIE THEATER - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Jack and Beth walk out of the theater.

JACK

We could get a drink...

BETH

Take me home, honey. Someone's
getting lucky tonight.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG LOFT - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

The trio plays strip spin-the-bottle. Ray's in shirt and
boxers, Allegra in sweater and panties; Claire just her bra.

CLAIRE

Your turn.

Drunkenly, Ray grabs the bottle, but instead of spinning it,
he sets it upright, holding it by the neck.

ALLEGRA

Dude, you are so wasted.

RAY

Yep.

Ray sets the bottle down, spins. He takes a toke on a joint,
eyes closed, enjoying the high. Allegra leans in to Claire --

ALLEGRA

He's so into you.

CLAIRE

You think?

ALLEGRA

Hell yeah. But we're out of condoms.
(off Claire's hesitation)
Go buy some. I won't let him leave...

Claire leans into a very drunk Ray. Seductively --

CLAIRE
Wait for me, I'll be right back.

RAY
I'm not going anywhere.

Claire grabs clothes, exits. A beat, then Allegra pulls a condom from her purse, dangles it at Ray. Confused --

RAY (CONT'D)
Whoa. Did not see that coming.

Allegra puts a finger to his lips, then traces a hand down his chest. Then lower. Ray, dazed, surrenders to her caress.

INT. BODEGA - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Where Claire buys condoms. Her eyes glitter. She's excited as she exits with the condoms in a plastic bag.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG LOFT - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Allegra and Ray all over each other on the living room floor. Her head wound smears blood on his shirt.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Jack and his wife in bed. Twenty years, it's still hot.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

On Ayana and Mark in bed, the erotic tension of a first time.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG LOFT - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Allegra and Ray, all over each other. Off-screen, a door is unlocked, then bangs shut. A beat, then Claire runs in. She freezes, stunned. A beat then she launches herself at Ray --

CLAIRE
Get off of her!

She claws Ray, leaving bloody scratches on his arm. Ray, drunk, scrambles off the bed, panicked. Slurring his words --

RAY
Whoa, whoa, whoa. She came onto me.

CLAIRE
Liar!

RAY
I'm telling the truth. She got out
the condom and everything. Whatever.
I'm out of here.

Neither sister reacts as Ray grabs his clothes, staggers out.

CLAIRE

Why'd you do that? I liked him.

ALLEGRA

It's supposed to be us. You and me.
Not anyone else.

CLAIRE

You have Carter --

ALLEGRA

He's nobody. Just a way to fill the
time when you're not around.

CLAIRE

And tonight was just a hookup --

ALLEGRA

But what if it wasn't?

CLAIRE

What are you talking about? You're
my whole life --

ALLEGRA

(breathless, accusatory)
Not always. Not when you had
Patrick?

CLAIRE

What does he have to do with this?

Silence, but Claire sees Allegra's guilty look. Then --

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

Allegra. Tell me you didn't --

ALLEGRA

He was taking you away from me. I
couldn't let him.

CLAIRE

(horrificed)
You lied about him hitting on you?

Allegra is plaintive, child-like, as she justifies --

ALLEGRA

I didn't want to lose you. And he
didn't need you. I did.

The pathetic excuse bounces off Claire as she rages at a
lifetime of self-denial, of lost opportunities. Screaming --

CLAIRE

What about what I need? Did you
ever think about that? I gave up my
life for you.

(MORE)

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Whatever you wanted, you got. But
what about me? Don't I get to be
happy?

ALLEGRA
(pleading)
We are happy. Together --

CLAIRE
(pure fury)
You are. Not me. I hate you.

Claire reaches for the bottle. Terrified, Allegra flees to --

INT. WILLIAMSBURG LOFT - ALLEGRA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS (T)

Frightened, Allegra tries to slam the door but Claire pushes in, launches furiously at her sister. Allegra scrambles to the bed terrified, curls up, fetal position. Enraged, Claire SMASHES Allegra's head with the bottle. It SHATTERS. Claire snaps back. Horrified, she stares at her bloodied sister --

CLAIRE
Allegra? Baby, talk to me.

No response. The horror of what Claire's done dawns on her. Then Claire crawls into the bed, cradles her sister's corpse.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)
Shh... it's okay... I'm here. Don't
worry. You're not alone...

Off the jarring embrace: intimate and heartbreaking.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Jack and his wife tenderly cuddle.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Ayana and Mark untangle, sweaty and exhausted.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG LOFT - ALLEGRA'S ROOM - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Claire's holding Allegra. Suddenly the BUZZ of the intercom jolts Claire to her feet. She looks around wildly, hears the door open. Footsteps. Someone's coming. Panicked, she runs --

INT. WILLIAMSBURG LOFT - KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS (T)

Claire cowers under the table, dials 911 on her cell phone.

CLAIRE
Oh God, he killed my sister.
There's blood everywhere...

INT. WILLIAMSBURG LOFT - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Carter enters, sees evidence of the fight as he heads into the bedroom... where he finds Allegra's bloody body on the bed. Shocked, he stares, runs his hands through his hair. A single, blonde hair falls on Allegra's sweater. Carter flees, steps in blood. He leaves behind a bloody shoeprint.

INT. WILLIAMSBURG LOFT - KITCHEN - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Claire, still hiding, hears: footsteps. Coming closer...

CLAIRE
Hurry... he's still in the apartment.
Oh God, I think he's coming.

The apartment door SLAMS. Claire breathes hard, panicked. What's her move? She grabs a CAST-IRON SKILLET, swings it over her shoulder again and again, smashing it into her skin.

DISPATCHER (O.S.)
Claire? Claire, can you hear me?

INT. WILLIAMSBURG LOFT - BATHROOM - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Claire strips out of her clothes and cowers in the tub. We see her back: Bruised, bloody. Angry welts and bruises rise.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Jack tenderly strokes his wife's breast. Suddenly, he freezes. He's found something.

BETH
Jack... what is it?

He can't bring himself to say it. His world collapsing --

BETH (CONT'D)
Jack?

JACK
A lump.

INT. MARK'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT - DAY ZERO (T)

Ayana and Mark, asleep. A text wakes her. She reads.

POP TO: The text. From Captain Alvarez. Homicide in Brooklyn.

OFF WHICH we come back to PRESENT DAY and --

INT. PRECINCT - INTERROGATION ROOM - PRESENT DAY (STC)

The truth finally out. Through tears, Claire tells her story.

CLAIRE

Mom told me to take care of Allegra. And I tried. But she needed so much. Needed me, all the time. If I wanted to go out with a friend, she had to come. She'd beg: 'Don't leave me alone.' And I never did. But she suffocated me. My friends drifted away. I told myself I didn't mind. Then I met Patrick.

(lost in the memory)

Everything was perfect. Allegra was getting better, even started dating. Then Patrick wanted to get married, move to Oregon. It sounded so beautiful... but I worried about leaving Allegra. He said I had a right to live my own life. I wanted to believe him... I tried...

Now her tears turn angry, bitter.

CLAIRE (CONT'D)

But then Allegra told me not to trust him. That he was a cheater. I thought she was wrong. Until she said he made a pass at her. She cried, said she felt so bad, but I deserved to know the truth.

(a long beat, then)

And I believed her. I never thought she'd lie to me. I never spoke to him again. I felt so betrayed. But he wasn't the one who betrayed me.

(then, broken)

I thought someday, she'd be happy. And then I could be too. Then I realized she was happy. With me. Nothing would ever change. It'd just be us. Alone. Forever. She couldn't even let me have one night...

(then, desperate)

But if I could just get a do-over, I'd let her have me forever.

Off this heartbreaking glimpse of the real Claire we --

INT. PRECINCT - BULLPEN - DAY (**STC**)

Jack, deep in thought, reflecting on the case.

JACK

Beth and I went to Italy on our honeymoon. She remembers the art, the churches, the food. Me, I remember Pompeii. Those statues.

(lost in the memory)

Except they're not really statues, are they? They're people, trapped in mud and ash, turned hard as stone.

(MORE)

JACK (CONT'D)

You look at them, you see what they were doing in the moment the sky fell. Running, praying, holding each other... even the little dogs, curled up tight, trying to hide from the end.

(deep breath, then)

That's murder. You're just trapped forever in that final moment of rage and grief. And it's not just the victims. They're gone, but the killers, they're frozen too.

(a beat, then)

Murder stops time. One minute before, and tomorrow is coming. Forever is still possible. But just like that, it's all gone. There's no second chances, no do-overs. There's only before, and after.

Under which we BEGIN MONTAGE:

INT. PRECINCT - HOLDING CELL - DAY (T)

Jack and Ayana lead Claire into the cell. The bars slam shut.

INT. PRECINCT - CAPTAIN'S OFFICE - DAY (T)

At the board, Alvarez erases Ray's name, adds Claire's. Case closed. Finally. Jack and Ayana did good.

INT. CHURCH BASEMENT - DAY (T)

In a circle of recovering addicts, FIND Dr. Govil. Finally, REVEAL what she fiddles with: an AA SOBRIETY CHIP. And now we understand her struggle. Her eyes shine with relief; she's still sober. One day at a time.

EXT. RIKERS ISLAND - DAY (T)

Ray takes a deep breath of free air. Then his eyes find Mark, waiting apprehensively. Mark extends a hand. A beat, then Ray takes Mark's hand and shakes. Off which we END MONTAGE --

EXT. PRECINCT - NIGHT (T)

A long day over, Jack and Ayana exit, weary but relieved.

JACK

You did good, kid. Now go home, relax. You got the night off.

But Ayana can't go. She needs Jack's guidance. He sees it.

JACK (CONT'D)

Alright, partner. Spill.

This time, Ayana needs no extra prompting.

AYANA

I thought I'd feel proud after
closing a case. Instead I just
feel... emptied out.

JACK

Not just you. Every cop feels it,
no one likes to talk about it.

AYANA

So how do you deal with it?

JACK

Find someone to lean on. Someone to
hold you up when it's sucking you
under. For me, it's my family.
Without Beth, I'd be lost.

(then)

Find your rock. And hang on.

Jack backslaps her, then walks away. Off Ayana, considering.

INT. JACK'S HOUSE - NIGHT (T)

Jack enters, finds Beth. Hugs her long and hard.

JACK

I'm not gonna lose you. No matter
what, we'll get through this.
Together.

INT. ND APARTMENT HALLWAY - NIGHT (T)

Ayana at a door, about to knock. A beat. She can't do it. She
turns, walks away. Behind her, the door opens, revealing --

MARK

Ayana. Wait. Please.

She turns, and their eyes meet. A long beat, then Mark opens
the door wide. With a sweet smile --

MARK (CONT'D)

This time, stay the night?

It's a second chance for them. And Ayana wants it.

AYANA

I'd like that.

She enters. As the door closes behind them, we --

FADE TO BLACK.

END OF PILOT