

BROOKLYN ANIMAL CONTROL

by

JT Petty

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by JT Petty & Stephen Thompson

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EXT. LEFFERTS GARDENS, BROOKLYN - NIGHT

A bruised purple sky, dark as the city gets in Manhattan's glow. A working class neighborhood, apartment buildings and single-family homes behind postage stamp lawns.

INT. CREAN HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

JOHN CREAN sleeps spooning his wife BETH. In their 40's, they've slept like this for twenty years. John Crean is a working man, experienced, a face you trust.

Glass BREAKS off screen.

John Crean rolls over and opens his bedside drawer and puts his hand on a .38 REVOLVER inside.

Then he opens his eyes He looks at the clock-- **4:56 AM.**

He listens. Glass GRINDS and SIFTS downstairs.

He pulls the .38 from the drawer, takes a KEY from a dish on his dresser and removes the trigger guard.

He kisses Beth's cheek without waking her.

INT. CREAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME

John Crean descends creaking stairs as quietly as he can.

He moves towards the kitchen, gun down at his side. The off-screen POP and HISS of the cap pried from a bottle of beer.

Crean relaxes into disappointment and turns on the light.

FINNBAR CREAN straightens and squints at his father, bottle of Bud in hand. He's 22, drunk and handsome in a deadbeat kind of way. Grins at his dad.

JOHN CREAN
Jesus Christ.

FINN
Hey, Dad.

John Crean pockets the gun and looks down at the BROKEN BOWL and EGGS on the floor. Finn takes a draw from his beer.

JOHN CREAN
Bit early in the day for a drink.

FINN
I haven't been to sleep yet.
Celebrating.

JOHN CREAN
Its Tuesday.

FINN
It's Friday somewhere.

Finn carelessly pulls shards of glass from the egg slurry and throws them in the garbage.

FINN (cont'd)
I was gonna surprise you and mom with
breakfast. We could still make
something for mom.

JOHN CREAN
Let her sleep.

John Crean's watch alarm starts to BEEP. He silences it.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)
And why aren't you in bed? What time
you gotta be at work?

FINN
That's what we're celebrating. I got
fired.

JOHN CREAN
Finnbar. Fucking hell. Don't tell me
you got fired from a hot dog stand.
Tell me you quit. Tell me it was in
front of your dignity.

FINN
"Affront."

JOHN CREAN
What?

FINN
I been downsized from the hot dog
industry.

John Crean shakes his head and mops up eggs with a rag.

FINN (cont'd)
Maybe, uh... You know, I could work
with you? Maybe the city needs
another dogcatcher?

John Crean sighs. He hates the words "dog catcher" coming out of his son's mouth.

INT. SUBWAY - DAWN

John Crean rides, the earliest minutes of rush hour. He's in a cheap suit and beige coat, holding his brown bagged lunch between his knees with an old thermos.

He stares into the middle distance, deep in thought.

JOHN CREAN
...Dogcatcher.

OLD WOMAN
Sorry?

John Crean looks up, notices the OLD PUERTO RICAN woman standing in front of him.

JOHN CREAN
Here-- You should sit. Please.

He stands and lets her take his seat. She smiles gratefully.

OLD WOMAN
City'll always need dogcatchers.

He tries to smile.

EXT. DOWNTOWN BROOKLYN - DAWN

John Crean walks past street cleaning trucks and other municipal EMPLOYEES and BANKERS hustling to their jobs.

A small plaque by a metal door in a nondescript building reads "**BROOKLYN ANIMAL CONTROL, KINGS COUNTY NYPD 64-616.**"

Crean unlocks the dead bolt and enters.

INT. BROOKLYN ANIMAL CONTROL - SAME

Dented metal desks and fluorescent lights, wood paneling. Car service maps of Brooklyn porcupined with push pins.

John puts his lunch and thermos on his cluttered desk.

TOPE
Don't get comfortable, John Crean.

TOPE OKOYE, Flatbush-born, early 30's. The slightest hint of Nigeria in his voice, skin black as a cannonball.

He's wearing a poor man's SWAT armor, patched with black duct tape, hefting two DUFFEL BAGS across the office.

TOPE (cont'd)
We got a daylight dog. Methodist
Hospital on Seventh.

JOHN CREAN
You're fucking kidding me.

TOPE
Hence the big sunny smile on my face.

JOHN CREAN
Christ.
(grabs the duffel bag)
Can you drive? I'll get suited up in
the van.

They pass a sign with a hand-written "207" before "**DAYS SINCE LAST ACCIDENT.**" John Crean wipes away the 207.

EXT. FLATBUSH AVENUE - MORNING

The B.A.C. VAN weaves through gypsy cabs and pedestrians, laying on the horn and blowing a warm yellow through the snarl outside the Barlcays Center.

JOHN CREAN (O.S.)
Any halvsie cops?

TOPE (O.S.)
Not for the change. Hospital security
locked the fire doors.

The beaten old cargo van has an NYPD SHIELD and blue stripes on the side, and "**KING'S COUNTY, SPECIAL ANIMAL SERVICES.**"

INT. B.A.C. VAN - CONTINUOUS

John Crean is in the back, trying to get his rumble suit on, fighting inertia as the van swerves and breaks.

JOHN CREAN
How many witnesses?

TOPE

Too many. Miss Wilson's already on site, phones're confiscated, probably teaching witnesses their story by now.

The duffel bags are open, all sorts of tools inside, Helmets, ropes, nets, shotguns, poles, gas canisters. It looks like they're heading off to fight grizzly bears.

EXT. BROOKLYN METHODIST HOSPITAL - MORNING

The B.A.C. van parked in front of the Emergency Room entrance. A laminated card on the dashboard reads "**ANIMAL EMERGENCY, PARKING PERMITTED IN ALL ZONES.**"

INT. METHODIST HOSPITAL - SAME

Crean and Tope, in full rumble suits, duffels over shoulder, walk purposefully down the hallway.

They pass a WAITING ROOM, where a handful of NURSES, DOCTORS, and PATIENTS sit opposite JILL WILSON. She's in her forties, black skin and pleasantly round. She looks like somebody you want to lean on and tell your troubles to.

Crean nods and waves. She gives Crean a wink as they pass, keeps talking to the witnesses--

JILL WILSON

...statement separately. People always thinking they seen something, especially if they're scared or excited. But we'll...

INT. METHODIST HOSPITAL, THIRD FLOOR - SAME

A terrified SECURITY GUARD in front of locked FIRE DOORS. Crean and Tope stalk towards him.

JOHN CREAN

Hey. You called Animal Control.

SECURITY GUARD

Jesus. Yes. Jesus Christ, it's in there, it's...

JOHN CREAN

It's a homeless man, probably hopped up on speed, we've seen the report.

SECURITY GUARD
No! No, it's some kind of...

JOHN CREAN
It's a bum with a skinfull
of meth. We'll take care of
it.

SECURITY GUARD
Listen to me, I saw...

JOHN CREAN
Have you been drinking, sir?

TOPE
I can smell it from here.

JOHN CREAN
Jesus Christ, get this guy's ID and
make sure there's no photos on his
phone. I want him breathalized.
(to the guard)
You're gonna talk to the counselor
downstairs, her name's Ms. Wilson.
Make sure you get your story straight
with her. You want to keep your job.
You want us to handle this. Walk.
Sir. Walk.

Tope hands the man his phone and ID back. Crean points and
dead-eyes him until he walks.

Crean and Tope put on helmets, pull poles and shotguns from
their bags. They watch the Security Guard turn the corner.

Something SCRAPES on the far side of the fire doors.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)
Well shit. It's my turn to get beat,
isn't it?
(Tope nods)
Shit.

He tightens velcro on his wrist straps, racks his shotgun
and grabs a CATCH-POLE, (pole with a wire loop on the end).

He stands in front of the doors. Tope, helmeted, puts a hand
on the lock and waits for a signal.

John Crean nods. Tope opens the doors, revealing--

A WEREWOLF crouched over a dozen broken IV bags, crimson
splashed everywhere.

The wolf is female, shaggy gray hair, six feet tall. The face is all teeth, a short snout, pointed ears, yellow eyes. A few scraps of torn clothing here and there.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

Come at me.

The wolf leaps at him.

John Crean fires the shotgun and a tactical BEANBAG slams into her chest, flipping her back.

She hits the ground scrambling on all fours, elongated fingers finding purchase and LAUNCHING her back at Crean as he shucks another round into his weapon.

He barely gets an arm up between her teeth and his face.

She sinks tangled fangs into the armor of the glove and wrenches back, ripping the glove free.

His hand is EXPOSED.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

Shit.

The Wolf's teeth snap inches from his bare wrist.

He wedges the shotgun under her chin and fires. BLAM.

It flips her HOWLING onto her back. Crean falls on top of her and uses the shotgun like a club, DRIVING it again and again into her face and neck.

He makes a mad grab for the Catch Pole, snags the wire, and gets it over the creature's head.

The Wolf swipes at him, back-handed, catching him across the face. The helmet takes most of the impact; John Crean goes flying and hits the wall.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

Ahg!

He falls, helmet askew. The Catch Pole's wire still looped around the monster's throat. John grabs the pole.

The creature rises, pulling John Crean to his feet.

He pivots and kicks the creature in the knee without effect. He kicks again, and the werewolf falls enough that Crean can plant a boot in her back.

She ROARS.

John HEAVES back on the pole. The wire tightens around the wolf's throat and she claws at it, SNARLING.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)
GOT HER! TRANQS! TRANQS!

The wolf scrambles against John Crean's weight, levered against the garroting wire.

Tope slams through the fire doors with a TRANQ POLE in hand, (a tranquilizer dart strapped to the head of a steel pole.)

He drives the pole towards the wolf and she catches it, arresting the needle a foot from her chest.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)
God... fucking damnit.

He strains at the Catch Pole, stomping on the monster's neck. Tope YELLS and puts his full weight on the Tranq Pole and drives it into the wolf's chest.

The plunger descends and soporifics flood the creature's blood stream. It MOANS, fading quickly.

John Crean holds onto the Catch Pole, feet planted, as the wolf slowly collapses.

She curls on the linoleum and hair begins to fall away.

John Crean falls GASPING aside and Tope helps him up.

TOPE
That wasn't so bad.

JOHN CREAN
(nodding)
She's old. Whoever she is.

The creature on the floor diminishes. Bones move, extra tissue withdraws. Things organically crunch and slither, a sound like oysters in a vice.

Tope notices Crean's bare hand.

He pulls an AUTO-INJECTOR from a pocket in his vest. It's marked up and down with POISON warnings, a cross-boned skull in a yellow triangle, "C17H19NO3" and "LETHAL."

TOPE
I gotta ask.

JOHN CREAN
She didn't get the hand.

TOPE
Show me.

John Crean shows him the hand. Tope looks at the palm, the knuckles, then pockets the Lethal Auto-Injector.

TOPE (cont'd)
Sorry.

JOHN CREAN
Don't be... Fuck.

TOPE
What?
(follows his gaze)
Oh. Fuck.

Reveal-- A naked 80-year-old WOMAN lying in fallen hair and blood.

TOPE (cont'd)
That's... That can't be...

JOHN CREAN
Vilhelmiina Tolk.

They look at her, slack jawed. This is very, very bad.

INT. MOONEY'S PUB, FLATBUSH AVE. - DAY

Finn ruminatively rolls the bottom of his empty beer bottle on the bar top.

FINN
There's gotta be something. I mean, I can push a broom, bar back, whatever, you know, just until something real comes along.

He pinches the bridges of his nose, fighting a hangover.

The BARTENDER, pretty but picking up speed on her way downhill, puts a flirtatious hand on top of his.

BARTENDER
Aw, darling. You always land upright. All I can help with is company and that headache. Here.

She pours two shots of rye.

FINN
I shouldn't.

BARTENDER
Come on.

She clinks his glass. They both down them. Finn grimaces.

FINN
Thanks, Deb.

BARTENDER
On me.

She opens him another Budweiser, then looks past him--

BARTENDER (cont'd)
Hey. Get you something there, hon?

Finn looks over his shoulder, didn't hear ANDREW or the LARGE MAN beside him coming. Finn smiles.

FINN
Andrew! Hey.

His friend remains standing, but the Large Man sits down right next to him, too close.

LARGE MAN
You got coffee?

BARTENDER
I can put a pot on.

The Large Man nods and she gets to it. Finn looks between Andrew and the Large Man. Andrew seems nervous.

FINN
Is this... a friend of yours?
(Andrew nods. To the
man-)
You're a friend of Andrew's?

LARGE MAN
I'm Jelly.

FINN
(laughing)
Your name can't be Jelly.

ANDREW

Uh. Finn, maybe you and I...

JELLY

(interrupting)

Says Roland on my ID. Some people call me Rollie, then that became Jelly Roll. Then just Jelly.

Finn keeps laughing. Jelly's six foot six, proportioned like a toddler and built for violence. He's smiling.

FINN

You know Jelly Roll means pussy, right? Like in old blues songs. Like jelly in a...

Finn makes a sort of vagina-shape with his hands.

JELLY

Aw, man, that's hilarious. You should come up to the Bronx and tell all my friends and family that so we could all laugh together.

Allllll the mirth drains from his voice while he's talking, Jelly ends the speech staring at Finn with dead eyes.

A beat. The huge man staring at Finn, Andrew looks like he's trying not to piss in the background.

FINN

Um. Andrew. Is this about the money I owe you?

ANDREW

I'm sorry yeah I didn't know how...

JELLY

Don't apologize.

FINN

Andrew. Jesus. You didn't have to bring... fucking Jelly into this. It's only two thousand doll...

JELLY

It's four.

FINN

Jesus Christ, Andrew!

ANDREW
(whining)
You wouldn't pay.

JELLY
It was two in March. It was three
last week. Now it's four.

FINN
We're friends, man. You can't...

Andrew won't meet his eyes.

JELLY
Friend? He's your drug dealer. What
the fuck you think's gonna happen you
borrow money from your drug dealer?

FINN
We're friends. Come on, Andrew. A
little weed sometimes doesn't erase
us being tight. I mean-- fucking
confirmations class. We both felt up
Gina Gaglione. I can get you two
thousand dollars by...

Jelly THUMPS his hand on the bar and SCRRRRRIT, opens the
blade on a BOX CUTTER. Finn dries up, looks at the blade.

JELLY
It's four, man.

EXT. TOLK HOUSE, DITMAS PARK, BROOKLYN - DAY

Establishing. A 1920's house just shy of a mansion, the lawn
impeccable. Cars in the driveway, more parked on the street.

A few sad-looking Caucasians of the KVELD-ULF people smoke.
They're fair-skinned, blue collar, hard living.

INT. TOLK HOUSE, VILHELMIINA'S ROOM- DAY

Vilhelmiina Tolk lies in bed, an IV bag feeding her arm. A
half dozen more Kveld-Ulf hovering around the old matriarch.

CAROL HOLMLUND sits at Vilhelmiina's bedside, along with her
ten-year-old daughter, Wilamina, called MINA.

Carol is in her early thirties, business attire, young but
ambitious, the picture of responsibility.

Mina cries, holding Vilhelmiina's hand.

The bones of Vilhelmiina's hand GRIND and slide beneath the skin. One eye is still half-wolfen. She GROWLS softly.

MINA

Shhh. It's okay, Grammy.

We PULL BACK to--

INT. TOLK HOUSE, PARLOR - CONTINUOUS

A dozen KVELD-ULF gathered, there to pay respects, to figure out what comes next. It has a GODFATHER feel, community, culture, tradition, business, but above all-- family.

A low MURMUR of conversation, all about Vilhelmiina-- *"what will we do... I wasn't even born when she became Den Mother... Alzheimer's, dementia... Carol is ready... etc."*

THEODORE TOLK hands out take-out coffees. He's in his mid-40's, a Jimmy Stewart vibe, wearing the nicest suit a construction foreman would own.

He gives a coffee to SHANNON ISEDAL, mid-20's, an Eastern European beauty.

THEODORE TOLK

You hanging in there, Shannon?

SHANNON

Hey, Theodore. I'm sorry about... your mom. She'll be okay, right?

THEODORE TOLK

She's the strongest of us.

SHANNON

...You hear she pissed on Lincoln?

THEODORE TOLK

I'm sorry?

SHANNON

Under the arch, in Grand Army Plaza. She was... peeing on the statue of Lincoln when the halvsie cops got her.

Theodore looks through the door at Vilhelmiina, worried.

THEODORE TOLK

She didn't hurt anybody, that's what matters.

(sighs)

And I don't want you repeating that story any more. That's your Den Mother in there. Even if you're not full-blooded yet, that tradition, that legacy is all of ours to carry.

He looks earnestly at Shannon until she nods.

GHITA ISEDAL, Shannon's mother, approaches. She's a frumpy version of business casual, late-40's. She puts a motherly arm around Shannon.

GHITA

Hey, baby. Hello, Theodore. Have you talked to her yet?

Theodore looks in at Vilhelmiina, barely conscious.

THEODORE TOLK

Just a bit. I'm hoping... I guess Mom's still pretty confused, and Carol hasn't left her side all morning...

Vilhelmiina MOANS off-screen and they all look over--

INT. TOLK HOUSE, VILHELMIINA'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Vilhelmiina, eyes closed, MOANS louder, squeezing Mina's hand. The young girl winces and tries to pull back.

MINA

Grammy.

VILHELMIINA

...stained. Bury you.

(whispers)

Voluspa hin skamma.

Carol leans in over her daughter, trying to hear.

CAROL

What's she saying? Grandma?

Vilhelmiina's eyes open, wild for a moment, lost in dementia. She zeroes in on the 9-year-old with scary focus.

VILHELMIINA
You pay a raped whore. You. It's...

CAROL
(frightened tears)
Grandma, stop.

VILHELMIINA
You aren't ready, Lina. And
stained...

Carol, with effort, pries Vilhelmiina's fingers from Mina's hand. She pulls her crying daughter close.

CAROL
She doesn't know what she's saying.
Mina, do you understand? It's not
Grammy saying that.
(Mina nods)
Find uncle Bill. It'll be okay.

VILHELMIINA
Carol!

Mina runs from the room. Carol takes Vilhelmiina's hand. They're alone in the room.

VILHELMIINA (cont'd)
Blood and shit. You're teeth are too
clean. Blood is, but you need...

CAROL
Shhh, grandma. There you go. Rest.

Vilhelmiina pulls Carol close, whispers, intense--

VILHELMIINA
*Get your hands dirty. Carol. You're
the only one I trust. You have to
take control of the families.*

CAROL
I will.

VILHELMIINA
You're the only one.

Vilhelmiina stares at her with feverish eyes, imploring, until Carol NODS. Vilhelmiina exhales and relaxes.

VILHELMIINA (cont'd)
Good. Good....

INT. BROOKLYN ANIMAL CONTROL - DAY

CLOSE ON-- A photograph of Vilhelmiina Tolk, twenty years younger, vital and sharp at 60.

PULL BACK-- Vilhelmiina at the top of a CLUSTERFUCK of photos and records on a pegboard. A constellation of intricately related parents, children, siblings, husbands and wives both current and ex, etc.

Tim Tooley's soft hand points out a photo of CAROL--

TIM TOOLEY (O.S.)
 Carol Holmlund, eldest daughter of
 Vilhamiina's eldest daughter. By
 tradition and grooming both, she's
 next in line for Den Mother.

TIM TOOLEY stands before the peg-board at the head of the gathering. In his 40's, a white collar bureaucrat.

All of Brooklyn Animal Control perches on desks and chairs before him. John Crean and Tope Okoye. Also--

LISA SHEM, 31, Jersey-born Jew, mischievous eyes and the body language of a homicide cop, she's a handful.

LISA SHEM
 We sure Vilhelmiina's stepping down?

Jill Wilson (the counselor from the hospital) answers--

JILL WILSON
 She was pretty broke up at Methodist,
 thought it was 1989. Called every
 white woman she saw "Carol." Had to
 sedate her so she wouldn't spill
 anything unspeakable to halvsie ears.
 I don't like guessing but it looked
 like deep Alzheimer's.

LISA SHEM
 She had a status interview three
 weeks ago and she was fine, sharp as
 ever.

JILL WILSON
 Somebody smart as Ms. Tolk, specially
 somebody 'customed to secrets, could
 hide the symptoms 'til she was pretty
 far gone.

JOHN CREAN
Or fake the symptoms.

TIM TOOLEY
That's a bit of stretch.

JOHN CREAN
I wouldn't put anything past her.

ZBIGNIEW BLOCK, 35, kind of vibes "Beaker" from the Muppets.

ZBIGNIEW BLOCK
She breached the first article of The Charter, and made an attempt at number seven. She broke the rules.

JOHN CREAN
Vilhelmiina's out. Even if she picks up all her marbles, they can't trust her to be Den Mother any more.

TIM TOOLEY
That's a Kveld-Ulf decision. We need to give the community space to make it.

JOHN CREAN
It's not a decision any more, it's just the way it is. They need a Den Mother. We need to get Carol's hand on the leash immediately.

TIM TOOLEY
Calm down, John Crean.

JOHN CREAN
I am calm. I'm also thinking about the reports on the last time they changed Den Mother. It didn't go clean, didn't go easy.

TIM TOOLEY
That's bad old days New York. The Eighties are long gone.

JOHN CREAN
Decades are details here, we're talking three hundred year old laws and thousand year traditions. They've worked so far, but you know how frail that balance is. How hard this was before every asshole in the city had a video camera on their phone.

TIM TOOLEY

Which is why we need to walk softly.

JOHN CREAN

If the system breaks, that's a lot of blood spilled and a whole lot of secrets to explain. We only gotta screw up once.

TIM TOOLEY

I hear you, okay? But I'm not going to debate this. This is delicate enough for the Kveld-Ulf without us starting fights we don't have to. We wait and we watch. That's it.

John Crean looks at Tooley, eyes impossible to read.

INT. BROOKLYN ANIMAL CONTROL, BACK HALL - DAY

John Crean jogs down the stairs and opens a metal door to--

EXT. BAC BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa Shem looks up from her cigarette and smart phone.

LISA SHEM

I thought you were gonna bite his head off.

JOHN CREAN

Tooley? I like Tooley. He has pretty hands.

LISA SHEM

So what are you doing back here? You starting again?

JOHN CREAN

I never stopped.

Lisa mugs surprise and offers John Crean a cigarette.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

No, not that. Jesus. Filthy, stupid habit. I won't be in tomorrow morning, can you cover for me?

LISA SHEM

I can if I'm in on whatever you're planning.

JOHN CREAN

I got half a plan at best, but you're welcome to play. I'm thinking line of succession-- after Carol, it's eldest daughters straight down.

LISA SHEM

Sure. Carol, then her daughter Mina, but she's years from her bleed-in.

JOHN CREAN

After that it's eldest sisters' eldest daughters, in order of the mothers' ages.

LISA SHEM

At which point I need a pen and a cocktail napkin.

JOHN CREAN

Ghita Isedal is third in line. Then Isabel Tolk. We start with Ghita.

LISA SHEM

Ghita's loyal to Carol. She's running legal on the bridge contract. What're you up to?

JOHN CREAN

I just want to check on her. This head in the sand shit I cannot do.

LISA SHEM

Tooley wants us to hang back.

JOHN CREAN

I'll be a church mouse.

LISA SHEM

You'll be quiet?

Lisa smirks like that's a joke. John Crean starts to leave.

LISA SHEM (cont'd)

What do I tell Tooley when he asks where you're at?

JOHN CREAN

He won't. Man said it-- he doesn't want to start any fights he don't have to.

EXT. TOLK HOUSE - DUSK

Theodore Tolk walks towards his station wagon. Other Kveld-Ulf are already in their cars. Theodore gives a sad-but-brave smile to a cousin as he fobs his car unlocked.

MINA
Uncle Theo!

Theodore turns. Mina runs across the lawn, waving.

THEODORE TOLK
Mina. You okay, darling?

MINA
Grammy wants to talk to you.

INT. TOLK HOUSE, VILHELMIINA'S ROOM - DUSK

Vilhelmiina is propped up in bed, entirely human, all signs of dementia gone; she just look tired.

Theodore edges alone through the door, softly knocking.

VILHELMIINA
Theodore, love. I hate a man who stands in a doorway. Come in and close it, I'm not made of glass.

THEODORE TOLK
You okay, Mom?

She tilts her head and looks at him curiously, as if the question was ridiculous. Theodore closes the door.

VILHELMIINA
Was there a party?

THEODORE TOLK
Sorry?

VILHELMIINA
There were so many people here.

THEODORE TOLK
They're worried about you. They love you.

VILHELMIINA
Nobody needs to worry about me. I'll bury all of you.

THEODORE TOLK

I hope you'll at least get help digging.

VILHELMIINA

Tell me about your business, Theo.

THEODORE TOLK

Oh. It's fine. There's always contracting work. We're waiting to see what Carol and the Union manage about the bridge contracts...

VILHELMIINA

I meant *your* business. Your Russian friends.

(Theo blinks, uncertain)

You think a mother wouldn't know?

THEODORE TOLK

Oh. That... was just a temporary measure. You can't deal with large scale garbage hauling in the borough without the Russians. I wouldn't call them friends.

VILHELMIINA

I never turn away a useful friend.

(smiles)

You remember Lina Holmlund.

THEODORE TOLK

Great aunt Lina? I never met her.

VILHELMIINA

She died young. She was supposed to be next Den Mother. When *I took it*. She was closer in blood, but a Laerling, too young. A year from her Bleed-In. *Young like Carol is young*.

Theodore watches her closely; there's something here.

VILHELMIINA (cont'd)

I was fifty years old, full-blooded. The heads of the families wanted to wait for Lina to come of age. But I was hungry, and I had friends.

THEODORE TOLK

I never knew that.

VILHELMIINA

It's not polite conversation.

(leans in--)

There are times that practicalities
overshadow tradition. When blood
needs shit, Voluspa...

Her tongue moves thickly over her lips, eyes sliding aside.
Theodore puts a hand on hers.

THEODORE TOLK

Mom...

VILHELMIINA

It has to be you. You're the only one
I trust. Do you understand me?
It has to be you.

THEODORE TOLK

(shocked)

That's not possible. We've always
been lead by women.

VILHELMIINA

It has to be you.

INT. CREAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Beth Crean pours a boiling pot of pasta through a strainer,
steam blossoming. She's a comfortably attractive mid-40's.

A door SHUTS off-screen and John Crean enters, looking beat.

BETH CREAN

You're home early.

JOHN CREAN

I need cheering up. Only night this
week I get to eat dinner with my wife
I'm gonna make a point of it. We
still got that Dago Red?

John Crean dumps his shit and throws his jacket on a chair,
grabs a bottle of wine from on top of the fridge.

BETH CREAN

It's a busy week?

JOHN CREAN

I'll have to work some off-hours.

BETH CREAN

I swear, John, you act like you're the only dog catcher in the city.

JOHN CREAN

Animal control. It's not...

(sighs)

Is Finn home?

BETH CREAN

No. He said he would, but he's not answering his phone.

She's worried, but John comes up behind her grinning, wine bottle in hand and wraps his arms around her.

JOHN CREAN

Then we got an empty house. We oughta put it to use.

BETH CREAN

I'm making your dinner!

JOHN CREAN

So let's build an appetite.

BETH CREAN

You're a dirty old man.

JOHN CREAN

You're a filthy-minded trollop and I'll put you over my knee if I have to.

She laughs, mock-scandalized, and slaps at him with a dish towel. He lets her chase him off, searches for a corkscrew.

She gets pensive while John struggles with the bottle.

BETH CREAN

I *am* worried about Finn. He hasn't been home at night in a month.

JOHN CREAN

He's a grown man. He oughta live somewhere he doesn't worry his mother.

BETH CREAN

He needs discipline. He needs a dad.

John Crean comes back with two jelly-glasses of wine.

JOHN CREAN

He's got a god damn dad. And you've got a husband, one who has only scandalous intentions so far as you're concerned. We'll talk about Finn in-

(checks his watch)

Eighteen minutes.

Beth LAUGHS and gives in, leaning into his arms.

INT. CAROL'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Carol at her dining room table before contracts and blueprints, a half-empty bottle of white wine before her. She's focused on documents in a BLUE FOLDER.

WILLIAM SALO, late 20's, Kveld-Ulf, dangerous arm candy, approaches and takes a sip of her wine.

WILLIAM

You should come to bed, babe.

CAROL

The city's trying to go outside union on the bridge. It's two years' work. I can't present myself as Den Mother if I just put half the families on Welfare.

WILLIAM

You haven't met a problem yet that could beat you.

CAROL

I need to be ready.

WILLIAM

You're ready. Come to bed. You need to relax.

CAROL

I'll come to bed when I'm done. And *then* I'm going to want to relax.

William sighs but smiles, kisses her--

WILLIAM

Wake me up if you have to.

He leaves and Carol sips wine, looks at PHOTOS on the wall, among the family pictures there's a portrait of VILHELMIINA, three successively older photos of other DEN MOTHERS.

INT. COFFEE SHOP - NIGHT

Theodore sits alone at a small table with a large cup of coffee. His smart phone is before him, text messages popping up. Between replying to texts, he stares into space, deep in thought, gears turning. Big decisions happening.

EXT. GRAND ARMY PLAZA - NIGHT

Dead of night, nobody around. Theodore walks up to the arch built to commemorate the Union's victory over the South.

He looks up at the bas-relief statue of Abraham Lincoln astride his horse, looking wise.

Theodore nods to Lincoln, unzips his pants, and PISSES against the base of the statue.

EXT. RED HOOK - PRE-DAWN

A bright orange DODGE CHARGER, spotless, a few stripes away from the General Lee. Somebody loves this car.

Finn approaches, about as inconspicuous as an erection in sweatpants. He slides a metal RIBBON with a notched end from his sleeve.

He sidles up by the driver's side door, wedges the slim jim through the rubber lip along the window. He catches the lock, feeling for tension, then yanks, and the lock POPS.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Finn gets in, shuts the door. He produces a short SCREWDRIVER and PLIERS, gets to work under the wheel.

He's done this enough to work without looking at his hands.

FINN

Come on...

The car SPARKS and the ignition PURRS. Finn GRINS.

The stereo system starts up, some modern COUNTRY.

FINN (cont'd)

Ga. No, no.

Finn takes the time to tune the radio to a hip-hop station before he drives off.

EXT. BROOKLYN - MORNING

The borough at dawn, Manhattan a palace across the water.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

John Crean at the base of a high rise construction site; exposed steel beams rising a dozen stories into the air.

The foreman returns with his own clipboard.

CONSTRUCTION FOREMAN

Alright, Ghita Isedal... Looks like she's up on ten. You're gonna want to hook in if you go up.

John Crean looks up at the tower.

JOHN CREAN

Fuck.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, TENTH STORY - DAY

John Crean wears a SAFETY HARNESS, carabinered into a steel riser. He nervously edges forward.

He's on a 10-inch steel beam over a hundred feet in the air, sweat on his brow, trying not to piss himself.

JOHN CREAN

Joe! Hey, Joe!

JOE TOLK, a soft man in construction gear looks up from the bolts he's setting. His harness isn't hooked into anything and he doesn't look scared in the least. He strolls over.

JOE

John Crean. What're you doing at my work? I mean I'm not complaining, but... I'm not due a visit till May.

JOHN CREAN

Don't worry, I told the foreman I'm a union rep. I'm just checking in. On account of Vilhelmiina.

JOE

Yeah. I can't even remember a time she wasn't Den Mother.

JOHN CREAN

Is Ghita around?

JOE

I haven't seen her yet today. She usually checks in by now... Might be she's busy getting ready for the Queen tonight.

JOHN CREAN

The Queen?

JOE

Oh. It's just a dinner thing for Carol. I just... It probably doesn't mean anything.

JOHN CREAN

Everything means something.

JOE

Hey, I'm just a husband. Nobody tells me anything.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, TENTH STORY LIFT - DAY

John stands anxiously on a beam, pressing the button for the elevator, phone to his ear.

JOHN CREAN

(on the phone)

You know a restaurant called The Queen?

INT. BROOKLYN ANIMAL CONTROL - DAY

Lisa Shem, on the far side of the line.

LISA SHEM

There's a wine bar in Greenpoint. the other's white tablecloth Italian near the Brooklyn courts.

(MORE)

LISA SHEM (cont'd)
 (listens)
 I'll give 'em a call, see what I can
 see.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE, TENTH STORY LIFE - CONTINUOUS

Back to John Crean, who's call waiting beeps at him.

JOHN CREAN
 You're the best. That's my wife
 calling me, I'll talk at you later.

John Crean fumbles with the phone and clicks over to the
 other line, still freaked out over the heights.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)
 Hey babe. What's up?
 (listens, smiles)
 Yeah? Really? I should probably do
 turkey. You spoil me, babe.

INT. MARKET - CONTINUOUS

Beth Crean moves through the aisles of food, shopping into a
 basket, talking into her phone, flirtatious--

BETH
 I remember Aretha saying something
 about a "do right man."

ACROSS THE MARKET: a Kveld-Ulf MAN watching Beth, trying to
 look inconspicuous. He moves closer, listening in...

EXT. CHOP SHOP - DAY

Finn stands talking to a MECHANIC beside the stolen Dodge
 Charger. They're in a gated lot filled with cars and school
 buses, an open garage nearby.

MECHANIC
 You been driving this thing around in
 daylight?

FINN
 I parked out in Flushing overnight.

MECHANIC
 This is a real specific car, Finn.
 Jesus. I mean, somebody loves this
 thing.

(MORE)

MECHANIC (cont'd)
Some nostalgic hillbilly geek, but
still. S'gonna be hard to move.
Couldn't you just steal a Honda
Accord or something?

FINN
I need money, man.

MECHANIC
I'd have to take this thing apart
entirely. I mean the work'll be just
about as much as I'll get for what I
can turn it around for.

FINN
You gotta give me a break. I got real
trouble here.

MECHANIC
I like you, Finn, we've had good
times. I've done what I could but I'm
not looking to buy trouble. I'd give
you... Two hundred bucks.

FINN
No fucking way.

MECHANIC
Or drive it off. You can't park it here.

FINN
It's gotta be worth at least...

ACROSS THE STREET--

Same as with Finn's mother, there's a Kveld-Ulf STRANGER
lingering, watching Finn talk to the Mechanic.

He watches Finn argue and complain, then give in, and take a
small bundle of CASH.

The Stranger pulls out his phone and texts: **WE GOT SOMETHING.**

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

John Crean exits the elevator, glad to be back on solid
ground. He sees Theodore Tolk nearby, looking between the
construction and his clipboard.

JOHN CREAN
Theodore.

THEODORE TOLK
John Crean. This is unscheduled.

JOHN CREAN
Was in the neighborhood. Just wanted to say how sorry I am about your mother. If there's anything I can do to help, you'll let me know?

THEODORE TOLK
That's good of you. Thanks.

JOHN CREAN
I wanna make sure we do everything we can to make a smooth transition to the new Den Mother.

Theodore's cell phone CHIRPS at him and he fishes it from his pocket, glances down at the text-- **WE GOT SOMETHING.**

Theodore suppresses a smile, looks back up at Crean.

THEODORE TOLK
I'm sure everything's going to be fine.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM - DAY

Ghita Isedal stands among other COMMUTERS waiting for a train, she has Carol's BLUE FOLDER open in her hands, checking details a hundredth time.

The RUMBLE of the approaching train.

She takes a step back from the edge of the platform, and bumps into a STRANGER in a dark green raincoat, the hood up.

GHITA ISEDAL
Excuse me.

The Stranger waits a beat and then--

STRANGER
Ghita?

She furrows her brow and looks back at him.

GHITA ISEDAL
Who...?

And he SHOVES her hard.

She CRIES OUT and stumbles over the edge of the platform and FALLS. Documents from the blue folder SCATTER. She lands hard, smacking her head against the rails.

GOOD SAMARITAN
Hey! Hey! Oh, shit....

People start to YELL and gather. The pusher moves subtly off, green raincoat shrugging away.

The GOOD SAMARITAN, a trim black man in his 50's, doesn't hesitate. He leaps down onto the tracks.

GOOD SAMARITAN (cont'd)
Lady. Lady, you gotta get up.

The train is fast approaching, its headlight piercing the darkness of the tunnel.

BYSTANDERS
Hurry! ...Oh my god! ...The Train!
Etc. Etc.

The Good Samaritan turns Ghita over, lifts her head.

Ghita blearily opens an eye and looks at the Good Samaritan. The train horn BLARES. Brakes SCREECH.

The Good Samaritan starts to lift Ghita and her eyes CHANGE. Blue iris floods to gold, the pupil stretches impossibly, bloody tears spilling down her cheeks.

GOOD SAMARITAN
God.

He drops her, frightened and confused. And then--

The train SMASHES into him. A rotten tomato thrown at a windshield, with some teeth in it.

Bystanders and train brakes SCREAM as the machine grinds too slowly to a halt.

EXT. SOFTBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

Mina is up at bat, nervous, the helmet too big for her twelve-year-old head. Here comes the pitch.

Mina doesn't even swing. The ball sails slowly across the middle of the plate.

UMPIRE

Strike!

Mina winces, shame mounting on embarrassment.

IN THE STANDS--

Carol and her boyfriend William among a few dozen parents and siblings.

Mina shoots her mother a miserable glance. Carol returns a supportive smile.

On the other side of the field--

MARTIN LEVY

Come on, baby, you just gotta swing!

MARTIN LEVY stands by the fence. Handsome, construction-fit, but a little disheveled. A man returned to bachelorhood.

Mina glances over at her dad, miserable.

MARTIN LEVY (cont'd)

You're doing great, Mina!
(hangs his head, mutters)
God damnit.

THEODORE TOLK

Hey Martin.

Theodore is suddenly at Martin's elbow.

MARTIN LEVY

Theo. I... Wasn't expecting to see you.

THEODORE TOLK

It's been a while. But we always got along. Figured you wouldn't miss Mina's game.

MARTIN LEVY

Only regular chance I get to see her.

THEODORE TOLK

That's hard, I'm sorry.

MARTIN LEVY

I mean, that's my fucking daughter.

THEODORE TOLK

Custody's always rough. Against Carol, I can't even imagine.

Martin and Theodore look at Carol across the field.

MARTIN LEVY

She got everything. And now this Den Mother shit. I'm probably screwed for union jobs now. Dunno if I have any friends left.

UMPIRE (O.S.)

Strike three! You're out.

MARTIN LEVY

Son of a bitch.

(then, louder)

You're blind! That was a ball! You're all right, Mina! You did good, baby!

He watches her mope back to the benches, where Carol approaches, comforting her.

THEODORE TOLK

Can I ask you something serious?
Something that needs some...
discretion?

(Martin looks at him)

I might have a way you could get at least partial custody. Maybe more. Could help you out in general with the families.

MARTIN LEVY

What do you need?

THEODORE TOLK

How long's it been since you ate?

MARTIN LEVY

I just had a sandwich.

THEODORE TOLK

No. I mean-- since you ate.

Martin Levy blinks, thinks, and GRINS.

INT. BROOKLYN ANIMAL CONTROL- AFTERNOON

Crean enters, shrugging out of his coat and chewing on an over-stuffed schwarma. Tope looks up from his NY Post.

Crean heads for Lisa's desk, talks with his mouth full--

JOHN CREAN
You find anything on the Queen?

LISA SHEM
Watching you eat is like watching a
bulldog fuck a jellyfish.

JOHN CREAN
You've seen that?

LISA SHEM
A girl gets lonely. So I tried to get
a table at the Queen, they're booked
for a large party all night. Some
private party, they're even bringing
their own wait staff.

JOHN CREAN
That's Kveld-Ulf.

JILL WILSON
Y'all got something to share with the
rest of the class?

Jill's moving towards them. John and Lisa mug "kids caught
cheating." John glances towards Tim Tooley's office.

JOHN CREAN
Yeah, maybe you can help, I was doing
a little extracurricular...
(notices)
What the hell's wrong with Tooley?

The women follow John Crean's eyes--

Tim Tooley is standing in his office, slack-jawed, phone in
his hand. He looks like somebody just slapped him.

Tim Tooley hangs up and comes out of his office--

TIM TOOLEY
Ghita Isedal got hit by a train.
She's dead. They don't know if she
was pushed or fell.

John Crean blinks, shocked. The whole office takes a second.

LISA SHEM
Where?

TIM TOOLEY
Schermerhorn. The A/C. We... John
Crean you need to get down there.
(MORE)

TIM TOOLEY (cont'd)

That body can't make it to the morgue.

JOHN CREAN

Of course. I.... Hoyt Schermerhorn's eighty-fourth precinct, right? I got friends there. I'll be more useful at the station. Send somebody else to the scene.

TOPE

I can go.

JOHN CREAN

You're too nice. Send Lisa.

Lisa looks at him like, *thanks*. John Crean shrugs.

JILL WILSON

We have to tell Shannon.

TIM TOOLEY

Who?

JOHN CREAN

Ghita's daughter. Don't tell her. Don't tell anybody. Not yet.

TIM TOOLEY

She should know.

JOHN CREAN

Ghita Isedal's third in line to Den Mother. She gets hit by a train the day the next in line of succession is going to be announced. Does that sound like coincidence to you?

Tooley doesn't answer, pissed.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

If it is, then God hates us. But we don't know shit about it because you wanted to "give them space to make their own decisions"

A beat between Tooley and Crean, tension riding.

TIM TOOLEY

...What do you want me to say?

JOHN CREAN

Tell us to get to work.

TIM TOOLEY

Get to work.

JOHN CREAN

Yeah, boss.

INT. SUBWAY PLATFORM, CRIME SCENE - AFTERNOON

POLICE and E.M.S everywhere, crime scene tape. The train backed up to reveal a twenty-foot crimson SMEAR along the tracks. Always surprising how much blood a person holds.

CSI TECHS curse and shoo RATS away from the gore.

AT THE STAIRS: Lisa Shem, her ID draped from the lapel pocket of her blazer, ducks police tape. A young uniformed BEAT COP on guard duty sees her and puts up a hand.

BEAT COP

Ma'am I'm gonna need to see...

Lisa barrels past him, absently tapping at her badge.

LISA SHEM

Right here. Is the M.E.'s office here yet? Which precinct's taking the bodies?

BEAT COP

I'm just on the uh... perimeter.

Lisa swerves towards two DETECTIVES talking near the edge of the platform, looking up at the security cameras.

DETECTIVE 1

...can't be coincidence. There's what, four spots on this platform that aren't on camera?

LISA SHEM

There's no video?

DETECTIVE 2

No video, no witnesses until she hits the tracks.

DETECTIVE 1

Sounds pretty fucking intentional to me. Whoever pushed her had...

LISA SHEM

Somebody pushed her?

DETECTIVE 2
Conjecture as of...

DETECTIVE 1
 I'm sorry, who are you?

LISA SHEM
 Who the fuck are you?
 (starts to move off)
 I need the M.E.'s office...

Detective 1 grabs her arm, studies her badge.

LISA SHEM (cont'd)
 Detective, you don't want to get in
 the way of...

DETECTIVE 1
 Animal Control?! Are you kidding me?
 This is a closed crime scene.

LISA SHEM
 It's my duty to ensure...

DETECTIVE 1
 This is enough of a clusterfuck
 without a fucking dog catcher
 fumbling around.
 (to the Beat Cop)
 Walk her out of here.

LISA SHEM
 You need to call my supervisor...

DETECTIVE 1
 Get her the fuck out of here.

The Beat Cop starts marching her back towards the stairs.

INT. 84TH PRECINCT - AFTERNOON

John Crean stands arguing with the ADMISSIONS SARGENT. The lobby is hectic, benches full of injured and angry PEOPLE, hookers, junkies, witnesses, journalists.

ADMISSIONS SARGENT
 You're gonna have to wait with
 everyone else.

JOHN CREAN
 Just tell your Lieutenant my name.
 John Crean.

ADMISSIONS SARGENT
You in the book?

JOHN CREAN
I'm not in *any* books but I'm a well-
liked guy.

Another COP drops off a Starbucks COFFEE as he passes.

ADMISSIONS SARGENT
Thanks.
(to John Crean)
Take a seat with the rest of them,
buddy, it's gonna be a while.

JOHN CREAN
Hey, Baranczyk! Wayne!

DETECTIVE WAYNE BARANCZYK, forty-five years of hard cop life in Pollock genetics looks up from across the station. He smiles, heads over, acts like "Bad News" is a name--

WAYNE BARANCZYK
Hey, it's Bad News. Get in here
before you hurt somebody.

JOHN CREAN
We got a problem.

WAYNE BARANCZYK
Not another word 'till we're in my
office. The kinda shit you drag me
into threatens my reputation.

Wayne holds the gate open and John Crean follows him back.

JOHN CREAN
Who's the asshole at the desk? I've
never seen him before...

The Admissions Sargent scowls at the insult, shaking his head, and reaches for his coffee, but it's gone.

INT. 84TH PRECINCT, INTERROGATION ROOM - AFTERNOON

John Crean sits drinking the Starbucks, waiting.

Dt. Wayne Baranzcyk comes in carrying a folder.

WAYNE BARANCZYK
Well it looks muddy as all the shit
you bring me.

JOHN CREAN
If it's too much trouble...

WAYNE BARANCZYK
(interrupting)
No, no, I owe you, I know. Jesus.
Lucky I got this many fingers.

Wayne makes a face and wiggles his eight fingers.

WAYNE BARANCZYK (cont'd)
Most of the witnesses are saying our
victim jumped onto the tracks to help
a woman who fell. And whoever's down
there isn't much more than soup. But
everything the M.E.'s managed to sweep
into a bucket only makes one body.

John Crean looks up sharply at that.

WAYNE BARANCZYK (cont'd)
One Leopold Hutchins, of East New
York, fifty-three year old male.

JOHN CREAN
You're sure of that?

WAYNE BARANCZYK
I've known you too long to be certain
of anything you got your fingers in.
But they only found one body on the
tracks.

EXT. BROOKLYN, 68TH PRECINCT - DUSK

John Crean walks fast, phone to his ear.

JOHN CREAN
Ghita Isedal's not dead. They didn't
find her corpse. Call Tope back to
the office, I'll be there in ten.

EXT. CHOP SHOP - DUSK

Finn stands before a Honda Accord, sweat-stained, a little
disheveled, just getting his breath back.

FINN
But it's exactly what you asked for.
Last year's model. Barely has ten
thousand miles on it.

MECHANIC

It is what it is, man. I can't give you two hundred bucks for a beautiful machine like you brought me this morning then up the price on this piece of shit.

FINN

Nearly got my fucking arm broken getting this thing.

MECHANIC

Lay off if it's bad for your health. However. I got a call from a guy who's looking for a guy with your talents. If you're still in the market.

FINN

Looking for a guy?

MECHANIC

Sounded like money. He left this.

The Mechanic hands Finn a small CARD with a number scrawled on the back.

EXT. SHENANIGANS PUBLIC HOUSE, KENSINGTON - NIGHT

Finn checks the card, "SHENANIGANS" written above the phone number in his own sloppy scrawl.

INT. SHENANIGANS PUBLIC HOUSE - NIGHT

A low ceiling and red naugahyde, scattered drunks alone and coupled, Boston on the juke.

Finn looks at the customers, trying to find his meet-up. He approaches a LARGE WHITE MAN seated alone.

FINN

Hey.

(no response)

I'm Finn. Are you...?

The Large Man dead-eyes him, giving nothing.

FINN (cont'd)

Right. I'll just, uh...

Feeling awkward, he heads for an empty stretch of bar. No sign of a bartender.

But there's a few ounces of whiskey in a glass a few stools down, by a paperback copy of Patti Smith's "Just Kids."

Finn looks around, nobody seems to be paying attention.

He grabs the drink and downs it, puts it back by the book.

He's casual, waiting at the bar by the time Shannon Isedal comes back from the bathroom, wiping her hands on her pants.

A little tipsy, she climbs onto her stool, then frowns at her empty glass. She looks around suspiciously.

FINN (cont'd)

You look like a girl who needs a drink.

SHANNON ISEDAL

Was this you?

FINN

Me? Nah, I just got here. And it's a little early in the day for me. But for you I'll make an exception. What is it, Jim Beam?

Shannon looks at him, considers, then smiles.

SHANNON ISEDAL

It's ballsy. I'll give you that much.

He grins and waves at the bartender--

FINN

Well I don't got good looks or money, so I have to...

MARTIN LEVY

(interrupting)

You're Finn?

FINN

Huh? Yeah. Oh! You're the guy?

MARTIN LEVY

I'm the guy.

FINN
 (to Shannon)
 Sorry-- I gotta talk to him, but are
 you gonna be here later?

He climbs off his stool.

SHANNON ISEDAL
 Probably. I... Uncle Martin?

MARTIN LEVY
 Oh, Jesus. What are you doing here,
 Shannon?

She lifts her emptied glass by way of explanation. Martin
 shakes his head.

MARTIN LEVY (cont'd)
 You should go home.
 (to Finn)
 Let's take a walk.

EXT. KENSINGTON - NIGHT

Martin walks fast. Finn keeps up.

FINN
 You know that girl?

MARTIN LEVY
 My niece. She's a mess. Don't.

FINN
 Don't what?

MARTIN LEVY
 Just don't, is all.

Martin lights a cigarette. Finn waves smoke from his face.

MARTIN LEVY (cont'd)
 So your friend says you're some kind
 of genius at lifting cars.

FINN
 He really said that?

MARTIN LEVY
 I need to get my car back. Outside
 official channels.

FINN

But it's yours?

MARTIN LEVY

Legally it's mine. My ex-wife has it. If I get into it with lawyers and courts and shit, I'm out thousands of dollars and weeks of my life and not even sure I'll get the car. You know?

FINN

You for real, man?

Martin pulls an envelope from his back pocket and lifts the flap so Finn can see the pile of CASH inside.

MARTIN LEVY

Thousand bucks up front. A thousand more when the car's in my drive. That Mercedes means a lot to me.

Finn looks at the cash, near-salivating.

EXT. QUEEN RESTAURANT, COURT STREET - NIGHT

Establishing. 1960's Italian, all the shutters drawn.

INT. QUEEN RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Dinner's just over. Carol, seated at a table between Mina and William. The restaurant is filled with about fifty KVELD-ULF, the heads of the families.

CAROL

Vilhelmiina should be here. They have to know she supports me.

WILLIAM

She's not well enough. That's why you're taking control. This is your night.

He squeezes her hand and she nods, gets in character, then stands up. William TAPS his glass with a knife.

The Kveld-Ulf stop their conversations and look up from their ports and espressos. Carol stands.

CAROL

Thank you all for coming tonight. I wish it was under better circumstances.

Various Kveld-Ulf nod. Among them-- THEODORE.

CAROL (cont'd)

I spent the morning with Vilhelmiina. She's had such a life, has such a large spirit. But she's no longer the woman I've known for... since the day she delivered me. For five years now I've handled Union relations for the families. Five of the most successful years we've ever had. We may be in a rough patch now, but I've never been shy about reminding the City how much it owes the Kveld-Ulf, the Charter our forefathers drew with this nation's founders. As of...

THEODORE TOLK

Here, here.

He raises a glass and toasts Carol. A kind gesture, but it throws her off rhythm. She waits while everybody drinks.

CAROL

As of tonight, I'll be handling all family decisions. At the new moon we'll gather and make official the transfer to Den Mother. Brooklyn has been our home for three centuries. We laid its foundation with our teeth and blood, we made the city across the river great. There are indignities of The Charter we suffer because of our strength. Because we are feared by the weak. But change is at the heart of what we are. And we are at the heart of this city. It's time we start acting like it.

She raises her glass for another toast, but Theodore stands.

THEODORE TOLK

I agree.

CAROL

Excuse me?

THEODORE TOLK

This afternoon, your daughter brought me to Vilhelmiina's bedside.

Carol looks at Mina, confused, on the edge of betrayed.

THEODORE TOLK (cont'd)
 Vilhelmiina told me to take control
 of the families.

A bomb. Shocked silence.

CAROL
 ...That's ridiculous. I mean *you're*
not a woman. Our entire tradition--

THEODORE TOLK
 I know, we've never had a Den Father
 before. But Vilhelmiina gave me her
 blessing.

CAROL
 She told *me* I was to be Den Mother.
 This morning.

Theodore looks at her like it's a little sad.

CAROL (cont'd)
 She did.

THEODORE TOLK
 All I'm asking for is a vote. This is
 America. We murdered ourselves a
 place in this country, we might as
 well act like we live here.

CAROL
 This isn't up for discussion.

THEODORE TOLK
 I remember somebody saying something
 about *change*.

CAROL
 No. Absolutely not....

Carol starts stalking towards him, pissed. Theodore stands
 his ground. Other Kveld-Ulf start getting to their feet.

THEODORE TOLK
 I'm blood. I've as much a hand in the
 community as you, and been twice as
 involved in business.

CAROL
 You... Having money doesn't give you
 the right to piss on our history.

THEODORE TOLK
 You're losing the bridge contract. If
 you can't handle even that, how can
 we expect...

Carol gets in Theodore's face, shoves him.

CAROL
 There's not going to be a vote.

A woman, CINDY TOLK, puts a hand on Carol's arm.

CINDY TOLK
 Easy, Carol. All he's saying...

Carol LASHES OUT at her.

CAROL
 No! He's...

THEODORE TOLK
 Hey!

Theodore comes to Cindy's aid, grabbing Carol's arms.

Carol SNARLS and throws Theodore off, her eyes going wolf,
 skin SPLITTING, blood running down her cheeks.

Theodore GROWLS and bones CRACK and stretch in his face,
 muzzle stretching over his teeth.

And two beasts lunge at each other, fanged and clawed,
 transforming further as they tear and snap at each other.

Everybody jumps up, knocking aside chairs and tables,
 grabbing at Carol and Theodore, trying to hold them back.

EXT. THE QUEEN RESTAURANT - CONTINUOUS

The restaurant's vertical blinds are closed, and against the
 noise of the city street, there's no sign of the ruckus.

Jill Wilson, parked in her car with the window open, drinks
 a canned diet milk shake. Motion catches her eye-- a blind
 brushed aside, a glimpse of furious motion behind the glass.

Jill gets out of the car and moves towards the window. She
 peers between the blinds, sees just enough--

JILL WILSON
 Oh boy.

EXT. GRAVESEND, STATEN ISLAND - NIGHT

The interior light glows inside a very nice MERCEDES parked in front of a gaudy McMansion, one of a half dozen cars.

INT. MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Finn stabs at the ceiling light until it goes dark. He gets to work with his pliers and screwdriver. The ALARM blares, lights flashing.

FINN

Shit. Shit, shit, shit.

He works faster, panicked. A few terrible moments, then the engine PURRS. He keeps working and the alarm SILENCES.

The front door of the McMansion opens, someone BIG coming out, a muscled-up THUG, moving fast, PISSED.

Finn throws the car in gear. He jams the gas and pulls a skidding donut out of the driveway, tears up an arc of manicured lawn, and bumps out onto the street.

The Thug runs across the lawn, furious, pulling a PISTOL from his tracksuit pants.

He comes to a stop in the street, watching Finn vanish around the corner in the stolen car.

TATTOOED THUG

(Russian Curses.)

LAZAR KOLBAYEV stands on the front walk, a drink in his hand. He's in his late 60's, a vodka-blossomed nose beneath the eyes of something cruel and subterranean.

TATTOOED THUG (cont'd)

Mr. Kolbayev! Somebody...

LAZAR KOLBAYEV

(interrupting)

I saw it, I know. Some dumb mother fucker just cut his own throat.

INT. STOLLEN MERCEDES - NIGHT

Finn on 278, heading for the Verrazzano Narrows, opening the engine up to 70mph, grinning, hip-hop BLARING.

We move-- INSIDE THE GLOVE BOX. Where a few pounds of WHITE POWDER is wrapped in plastic and packing tape.

We move-- UNDER THE CAR, where a theft alert TRACKING DEVICE is stuck to the undercarriage, a small red light blinking.

On Finn-- rapping along with the radio. Oblivious.

EXT. MARTIN LEVY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Martin Levy hands Finn another envelope of CASH. Finn looks inside and grins, shaking his head.

MARTIN LEVY
You didn't have any trouble?

FINN
Nah, man. Was easy.

MARTIN LEVY
Pleasure doing business.

FINN
Any time. You need anything else done, you know how to find me?

MARTIN LEVY
I do.

Martin watches Finn stuff the money in his pocket and walk off. Martin lights a cigarette and sits on the steps.

He waits.

INT. BROOKLYN ANIMAL CONTROL - NIGHT

Tim Tooley stands before the family tree pegboard, pissed.

TIM TOOLEY
So we've got two counts of Unlicensed Public Cynomorphism. That's fines and three days' house arrest for Theodore and Carol both.

John Crean, Tope, Jill, Lisa, and Zbigniew there. Detailed SUBWAY MAPS laid out on the table between Crean and Tope.

JOHN CREAN
Why just them?

TIM TOOLEY

Sorry?

JOHN CREAN

We got blind sided. That crap Theodore pulled is his Harper's Ferry. He's trying to push the families into taking sides. Theodore's the head of Kveld-Ulf business, Carol's the Unions and birthright heir. You got money and smarts versus stability and tradition. That's a fight over what they've got in common, and that'll go on forever. We need to give them a common enemy.

LISA SHEM

You mean us.

JOHN CREAN

We crack down hard on the whole community, make us the bad guy.

JILL WILSON

We keep this at bureaucracy instead of war.

TIM TOOLEY

By starting fights?

JOHN CREAN

Controlled burns, small fires so the whole forest doesn't go up. Right now the only advantage we got is Ghita Isedal. Somebody tried to kill her and the only ones who know it are us and whoever's responsible. If we trace it back to Carol or Theodore, we're in a whole new pile of shit.

TIM TOOLEY

First we need to find Ghita.

TOPE

If she crawled out the back end of that train, she'll surface at either Lafayette or Fulton.

JOHN CREAN

(me and Tope)

We'll camp out, cover both ends.

TIM TOOLEY

I'm gonna pay Carol a visit, lay down some terms. Lisa's on Theodore.

Lisa nods, eager to get to work.

JOHN CREAN

What about the others?

TIM TOOLEY

Yeah, yeah. You're right, okay? We crack down on the whole community. First thing tomorrow morning until this mess gets settled, we become a pain in everybody's ass.

(to John Crean)

All right?

JOHN CREAN

All right.

INT. SUBWAY, LAFAYETTE STATION - NIGHT

John Crean walks down the stairs and onto the subway platform, an enormous take-out bag in his hand. The platform crowds are getting thinner as the evening progresses.

INT. SUBWAY, FULTON ST. STATION - NIGHT

Tope Okoye paces watchfully on the platform, sipping from a thermos cup of tea.

EXT. MARTIN LEVY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Martin sits on his steps, looking at his smart phone, killing time. He looks up--

Another MERCEDES pulls up and parks in front of the stolen Mercedes.

Three RUSSIANS climb out. They look at the Stolen Mercedes. One lifts a KEY FOB and hits the door lock button. The Stolen Mercedes' horn BEEPS and the lights flash.

Martin gets to his feet, looking nervous.

The three Thugs turn and look at him.

EXT. LEFFERTS GARDEN - NIGHT

Finn stumbles home, drunk, the envelope of cash visible in his back pocket.

A car horn BLARES and Finn nearly falls over for shock. He looks up and sees--

The STOLEN MERCEDES parked across from his house. One of the Thugs standing by the passenger door by Martin Levy, bruises on his face, nose bloodied.

MARTIN LEVY

That's him.

INT. CREAN HOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Beth Crean looks through the blinds of her window, just seeing the Thug shove Finn into the back of the car.

BETH

What...? Finn. Finn!

EXT. CREAN HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Beth bursts out of the door. The car is already gone.

INT. CREAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

Beth, frightened and alone, phone to her ear. Voicemail picks up the far end.

BETH

John it's me. I know you're working, but I think Finn might be in trouble. He's... It might be nothing, or another one of his... drug things. I really need you to call me back.

INT. SUBWAY, LAFAYETTE STATION - NIGHT

John Crean nods off on a bench, the half-eaten sandwich on his lap.

INT. STOLEN MERCEDES - DAWN

Finn sits wedged between Martin and a Russian Thug in the back seat of the car. He's glassy-eyed with fear.

MARTIN LEVY
It's a left up here.

The Driving Thug grunts and turns left at the light.

FINN
...Where are we going?

The Backseat Thug ELBOWS Finn in the jaw, snapping his head back. Finn CRIES OUT, blood on his lip.

BACKSEAT THUG
No talking.

MARTIN LEVY
I told them everything. We're getting
the other guy, too.

FINN
What? What are you talking about?

The Backseat Thug elbows him again and Finn MOANS and holds his bleeding face.

MARTIN LEVY
Behind the house up here. You can get
in through the alley.

The Driver pulls into the alley and starts rolling back between apartment buildings. Fifty feet back--

MARTIN LEVY (cont'd)
Stop! Jesus Christ, stop!

Martin looks panicked. The Driver stops short, everybody lurching with inertia.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

FROM ABOVE-- the car is stopped between a wall and a dumpster, barely six inches on either side of the car doors.

INT. STOLEN MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

The Driving Thug looks back, annoyed.

DRIVING THUG
What?

MARTIN LEVY
It's gotta be right here.

BACKSEAT THUG

Where is he?

MARTIN LEVY

(to Finn)

Tell your father what happens here.

FINN

What? What about my dad?

Martin's muscles clench and he GRUNTS, hunching forward.

BACKSEAT THUG

Hey! What the fuck are you...

There's a sickening CRUNCH. Muscle and sinew bunch and unfold, large movements under Martin's skin. Finn YELLS, trying to push away.

Martin shakes and changes, ripping at his clothes.

Everybody's YELLING incoherently, lots of Russian cursing. Finn's trying to get away from Martin, the Backseat Thug elbows Finn out of the way and pulls his PISTOL.

Martin's head swings up, the eyes Wolfen, hair unfolding, muzzle extending, extra teeth pushing through his gums.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The doors of the car open, the Thugs trying to get out, but the doors hit brick walls, they're trapped inside--

INT. STOLEN MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

The Backseat Thug raises his gun and FIRES wildly, inches from the back of Finn's head. BLAM! BLAM!

A bullet rips skin and blood from Martin's back as his jaw UNHINGES, a wolfen mess of teeth yawning impossibly wide.

He LUNGES across Finn and sinks his teeth into the Backseat Thug's throat.

BLAM! BLAM! Two more wild shots before--

Martin-Ulf RIPS the man's throat out entirely. An arterial EXPLOSION of blood. Finn, pinned beneath a half-transformed werewolf and a dying Russian, screams, splattered crimson.

The Driving Thug SCREAMS, trying to get his gun around the seat and pointed at the monster.

Martin's hand, the fingers too long, clawed, covered in blood and black hair grabs the Driving Thug's gun arm and crushes the wrist like an empty soda can.

Nearly fully transformed now, too large for the car, Martin-Ulf grabs the Driving Thug by the throat.

He ROARS into the Driving Thug's face.

Chaos and death inside the confined space. Finn weeps.

Martin-Ulf PUNCHES through the windshield and rips it out.

He THROWS the Driving Thug through the smashed windshield.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

The Thug goes flying, hits the wall, and falls bloody and limp to the asphalt.

INT. STOLEN MERCEDES - CONTINUOUS

Finn SCREAMS as Martin-Ulf climbs back across the seat. Finn cowers, covering his head.

Martin-Ulf, shaking with rage, curls in on himself.

Finn looks up, nearly blind with terror, wedged against the Backseat Thug's mutilated corpse.

Martin-Ulf is looking at Finn with an inhuman eye, waiting.

Finn SCRAMBLES into motion, climbing over the seats and through the shattered windshield--

EXT. ALLEYWAY - CONTINUOUS

Finn climbs over the glass on the hood, falls to the alley.

He pushes himself up, stumbling off. Wet CRUNCHES and SLURPS from the car get his attention.

He looks back at-- Martin-Ulf FEASTING on the Backseat Thug's flesh, like a dog with a bag of ground chuck.

Finn turns and RUNS.

AT THE MOUTH OF THE ALLEY--

A well-dressed LAWYER steps into view on the sidewalk.

Finn, blood-spattered and panicked--

FINN

Help us.

LAWYER

Run.

Finn runs.

INT. SUBWAY - DAWN

John Crean awake and bleary-eyed at the end of the subway platform. There are a few sleepy early-morning COMMUTERS at the far end, nobody paying attention to him.

John Crean looks at his phone-- NO SERVICE. It's 4:36 am.

There's a MOAN nearby, immense pain.

John Crean looks sharply into the tunnel. All darkness. He rubs exhaustion from his eyes and waits...

Again, a MOAN, something DRAGGED.

John Crean makes sure nobody's looking, no trains, and then climbs down onto the tracks. He illuminates a small FLASHLIGHT and moves back into the darkness of--

INT. SUBWAY TUNNEL - CONTINUOUS

John Crean walks steadily back.

JOHN CREAN

Ghita?

No answer. John Crean pushes further into the gloom.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

It's John Crean. I'm not here to hurt you.

Silence. John Crean pulls his REVOLVER and holds it down at his side, trying to control his breathing.

He moves back towards bad news. His flashlight picks out a slender cone of light in the darkness.

Garbage, tracks, rats that scurry away.

And that MOAN again. John spins, searching with his light--
SOMETHING BROWN and huddled against a wall.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)
Ghita. I need you to listen to me.

No answer. The brown shape shudders, trying to push away.

John Crean moves in towards it, flashlight only dimly
picking out unsteady movement...

The brown shape UNFURLS, lurching roughly upwards.

John Crean jumps back, gun pointed at--

A HOMELESS MAN, wrapped in filthy rags.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)
Hold it there! Stop!

The Homeless Man sees John's gun and wavers, unsteady.

HOMELESS MAN
Can you help me?

JOHN CREAN
What's wrong?

HOMELESS MAN
It... it almost got me. I was just...

The Homeless Man's eyes nearly focus. John Crean's
flashlight reveals the patch of BLOOD marking his arm.

JOHN CREAN
Where is it?

The Homeless Man points down the tunnel with a shaking hand.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)
Did it bite you?

HOMELESS MAN
God damn *thing* tried to take my arm
off. I can't... I got my knife in it,
but... It was. God.

He's in shock, and probably crazy besides.

JOHN CREAN

I can help you. Can you stay calm for me? I'm gonna holster this gun and I want you to stay still and not act crazy. Can you do that?

The Homeless man nods distantly. John holsters his gun.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

I need to see the wound.

HOMELESS MAN

I just want the hospital.

JOHN CREAN

Of course. I'll need to stabilize you here, though. Just pull down your shirt a little.

The Homeless man nods and tugs at his shirt. Wincing, he manages to pull it down, revealing-- clear BITE MARKS in his shoulder and arm, surrounded by blood and filth.

John Crean looks at it, sad. Resignation in his eyes. He reaches in his pocket.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

That's not so bad. That's not bad at all. We'll go get you fixed up. Do you want something for the pain?

HOMELESS MAN

Yeah, yeah, it burns...

JOHN CREAN

Good. Here, I've got something that'll help.

John Crean approaches, calm, a small TUBE in his hand.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

Look away, this'll barely sting.

The Homeless Man clooks away. John Crean raises the LETHAL AUTO-INJECTOR and gently plunges it into the man's shoulder.

Just like an epi-pen, there's a CHUNK/HISS, and the poison enters the man's blood.

He wavers, looks at Crean with frightened confusion, then falls to the ground.

John Crean watches the man die.

John Crean takes a shuddering breath, fighting tears.

GHITA (O.S.)

John Crean?

Her voice is quiet but it spins John like a slap. His shaking flashlight reveals--

GHITA, nude and human, alone and scared in the darkness, squinting into the beam.

INT. GAS STATION BATHROOM - MORNING

Finn in a dim and filthy bathroom, bathing in the sink, trying to get the blood out of his hair. Shaking, terrified.

INT. GAS STATION - MORNING

Wet and shaking, Finn brings a 60oz. malt liquor to the register, pays with a hundred dollar bill.

EXT. ALLEY - MORNING

Finn crouched against a brick wall, drunk, the malt liquor two thirds empty, phone to his ear. No answer.

FINN

Dad... Please...

He dials again, put the phone back to his ear.

INT. BROOKLYN ANIMAL CONTROL - NIGHT

John Crean looks at his phone, ringing yet again. Brooklyn Animal Control bustles behind him. John relents, answers--

JOHN CREAN

Finnbar, listen, I can't talk right now. I'll call you back in an hour.

INTERCUT Finn/John as necessary--

FINN

Dad! Dad, Jesus, don't hang up.

JOHN CREAN

I'm in something urgent, I...

FINN

What are they?

(John blinks)

I mean. Dad, I'm fucking... I don't... What do you do?

JOHN CREAN

Are you home? Get home, I'll talk to you there.

FINN

What do you do, Dad? Your job.

JOHN CREAN

...I'm a dog catcher.

Silence on the other end.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

Finn?

The call ends. John Crean looks at his phone, concerned.

PULL BACK. Tim Tooley and Jill Wilson comfort Ghita, still wrapped in John Crean's coat. They get her to her feet.

Lisa is on the phone, Tope helps Zbigniew gather CLEANING SUPPLIES into a 5-gallon bucket.

Tooley talks to Jill as she gets Ghita moving.

TIM TOOLEY

Straight home. And stay with her, she might remember more when she's rested. We need *something*, anything.

JILL WILSON

I got her.

Jill takes her out of the office. Lisa hangs up and gathers with John Crean and Tim Tooley.

TIM TOOLEY

Ghita thinks we're gonna kill her.

JOHN CREAN

We'd be right by The Charter. You bite, you die.

Tope and Zbigniew have their supplies gathered.

ZBIGNIEW BLOCK

We're going.

TIM TOOLEY

Good. Work fast but it needs to be spotless. Not a fucking trace.

ZBIGNIEW BLOCK

Of course.

As Zbigniew and Tope leave, John starts talking--

JOHN CREAN

The victim's not the kind of person who'll be missed. He was long term homeless, we can cover this.

TIM TOOLEY

That's not justice.

JOHN CREAN

Ghita's not dangerous. Somebody tried to murder her. And we need her alive to figure out who. It's the less fucked up of fucked up options.

LISA SHEM

He's right. This is getting out of hand. We need to cut it off before it gets any bigger.

TIM TOOLEY

Absolutely.

JOHN CREAN

Blood's been spilled. We're done playing United Nations. We pick a side and come down hard. Anything else and we're just fueling the fire. I say Carol.

LISA SHEM

Carol.

TIM TOOLEY

Then that's it. Carol's Den Mother. We force it if we have to. We have to control this. I don't want any more blood.

EXT. LEFFERT'S GARDEN, BROOKLYN - DAY

John Crean walks home, asleep on his feet. He looks old.

INT. CREAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

John Crean finds Beth waiting, drinking coffee.

BETH

Oh, John. Why didn't you call me?

JOHN CREAN

Hey. Sorry, I was... rough night.

BETH

Finn never came home. He was taken by strange men in a car. They were smiling but I don't think they were friends and he's not answering his phone and you were gone and...

JOHN CREAN

He called me. I talked to him.

BETH

Where is he? Is he all right?

JOHN CREAN

I'm gonna find him, I'll talk to him. I just need a few hours' sleep. It was a hell of a night.

BETH

But you don't know where he is?

JOHN CREAN

Jesus Christ Beth I'm god damned exhausted, okay? Just give me a minute.

Beth's not accustomed to being yelled at by her husband. It takes her a moment to respond.

BETH

Don't use those words in vain.

John closes his eyes and nods.

JOHN CREAN

Okay.

The doorbell RINGS. John Crean blearily turns to look.

INT. CREAN HOUSE, FRONT DOOR - MOMENTS LATER

John Crean looks through the small window by the door then takes a deep breath. He doesn't like who's on his doorstep.

BETH
Who is it?

JOHN CREAN
Go up to bed.

BETH
It's day time.

JOHN CREAN
Please, Beth.

She walks up the stairs. John Crean puts his hand on the knob, angry, and opens the door.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)
What the hell are you doing here?

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

The Driving Thug, arm crushed, GROANS as he pushes his bloodied face from the asphalt.

LAWYER
Don't get up.

The Lawyer is crouched in front of him. Martin stands before the stolen Mercedes, pulling on a pair of briefs, a damp blood-soaked towel over his shoulder. A small duffel bag with more fresh clothes nearby.

DRIVING THUG
What...?

LAWYER
You're Lazar Kolbayev's man.
(no reaction)
You're a hired killer working for Lazar Kolbayev. You were going to murder a young man named Finbar Crean for stealing your boss's car. You can have the car back.

The Lawyer gestures at the car, broken, blood everywhere.

DRIVING THUG
Fuck you.

LAWYER

You're a dangerous man, working for dangerous men. But then there's us. Do you remember what you saw?

The Driving Thug nearly cries remembering, manages to nod.

LAWYER (cont'd)

That's who we are. That's what dangerous is. If you or anybody else touches a hair on Finnbar Crean's head, we will murder and eat you and your children.

INT. CREAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

John Crean and Theodore stand across from each other in the small kitchen. Theodore's still maintaining the Jimmy Stewart act. John Crean looks a few breaths from gutting him with a kitchen knife.

THEODORE TOLK

So you understand. I'm not threatening you. I'm trying to protect you. I'm keeping your son alive. And all I'm asking of you is that you support what the Families want.

JOHN CREAN

You're starting a war.

THEODORE TOLK

Not if you help me keep the peace.

John Crean balls his fists, tries to steady his breath.

JOHN CREAN

I support you or I lose my son.

Theodore spreads his hands. That's how it is. John Crean, quietly, nearly to himself--

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

Then it's war.

END OF PILOT