

THE BROAD SQUAD

Written by

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The Boston Police Department in the 1970's was the ultimate boys club...

Until four women showed up and changed everything.

They were only looking for equality.

What they found was themselves.

THE BROAD SQUAD

ACT ONE

1978 NEWSREEL FOOTAGE -- In quick CUTS of grainy Kodachrome we see: Unemployment lines. Gas shortages. Veterans coming home. Gloria Steinem, Jimmy Carter and Saturday Night Fever.

At Fenway, the Red Sox erupt in a bench-clearing brawl. On Boston Common, protests flare-- anti-nukes, pro-choice or pro-Ireland. And at a public school a race riot rages, as the authoritative voice of a male NEWSCASTER informs us...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...Tensions exploded yet again today in South Boston, where years of efforts to integrate schools continue to meet with resistance...

As he speaks, the footage shows: POLICE in riot gear beating back a mob of white Southie PROTESTERS. AFRICAN AMERICAN teens giving the police the finger (blurred by the newscast).

Signs in the crowd read, "WHITES HAVE RIGHTS!" and, "CLOSE MIXED SCHOOLS!" Others counter, "DEFEND BLACK CHILDREN!"

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...As South Boston public schools tried to reopen after last month's terrible wave of racial violence.

From a rooftop, a blurry gang of WHITE TEENS throws rocks at a police motorcade. On another roof, police SNIPERS take aim, ready to fire on the scene below. A MOUNTED POLICEMAN's horse bridles. A silver Ford Pinto bursts into flames.

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

...The BPD was out in full force-- making history in another way...

Through the flames, the footage shakily picks out four lone FEMALE POLICE OFFICERS, holding back the crowd...

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)

As Boston's first-ever female officers joined the front lines...

The footage quickly cuts to: EILEEN PEARCE, 28-- sweating, struggling to hold back an angry mob of WHITE PARENTS--

MOLLY CALLAHAN, 22-- narrowly dodging a flung broken BOTTLE, impossible to tell who threw it in the mayhem--

JOANNE JONES, 26, African American, trying in vain to shout down a furious crowd of BLACK PARENTS--

LISA OSGOOD, 30-- throwing herself in-between an angry WHITE MOM and a BLACK TEEN, as the adversaries lunge at each other--

NEWSCASTER (V.O.)
...Fresh out of the academy's
groundbreaking integrated
graduating class...

EXT. J.J. FOLEY'S BAR -- NIGHT

A sign above the front door of the classic cop bar reads:
"CONGRATULATIONS POLICE ACADEMY GRADUATES!"

And a TITLE CARD tells us it's just **48 Hours Earlier.**

COUNCILMAN DALY (PRE-LAP)
A toast to my daughter, Eileen.
Who today became a cop...

INT. J.J. FOLEY'S BAR-- CONTINUOUS

We find Eileen-- type A, polished and determined-- standing in the middle of the macho mayhem of the BPD graduation celebration. Whiskey flows. Music blares.

Her father, the distinguished, white-haired COUNCILMAN DALY, an ex-police officer is mid-toast.

COUNCILMAN DALY
Following in my old footsteps,
joining her cousins, her uncles *and*
her husband...

All around Eileen, the illustrious Daly family smiles and raises their glasses-- a proud, Irish family of cops. Her husband, JIM PEARCE, 30, supportive, gives her a wink.

COUNCILMAN DALY (CONT'D)
And proving what I've always known
about her...

Eileen smiles, ready for a rare compliment from her dad...

COUNCILMAN DALY (CONT'D)
(looks to her)
You are one stubborn little wench.

Everyone laughs, as Eileen tries not to let her face fall. Jim clocks the look in her eyes and quickly chimes in--

JIM

(raising his glass)
To my wife. May all you poor bastards find a woman like this. I swear, after the car accident I thought--

A COUSIN

"Hmmm, maybe I shouldn't have driven after six whiskey neats--"

ANOTHER COUSIN

"That tree was wicked close!"

JIM

The *point* is I didn't know how me and Ryan and her--
(searches for words)
How our family'd get by. So, here's to you, sweetheart, for taking care this useless old bum.

YET ANOTHER

Careful, Jim. Next thing, you'll be darning socks and making dinner--

Jim tries to laugh along even as he looks uncomfortably down at the cane he's been saddled with since the accident, and shifts his weight, struggling to stand naturally.

Eileen leans in, ever tough, optimistic, loving.

EILEEN

You'll be back at it in no time.

Before he can respond--

MOLLY

Who needs a beer?

And Molly is approaching, beers in hand, her youth distinguishing her almost as much as being a woman. She's tough, but little-- still finding her way, a classic youngest child, always trying to catch up.

EILEEN

(stiffening slightly)
Guys, Dad, this is Molly-- Officer Callahan.

MOLLY

(gushing a bit)
Honored to meet you, Councilman.
Eileen's been an inspiration.

(MORE)

MOLLY (CONT'D)

I swear, without her I never would
have made it through the academy.

Eileen shakes her head, deflecting the compliment, but her
father is just staring at Molly with those icy blue eyes.

COUNCILMAN DALY

Callahan. I knew your father.

MOLLY

Everyone did, right?
(a laugh, then)
Nice meeting you.

Molly heads off, face flushing. The Councilman watches her.

COUNCILMAN DALY

You never mentioned you were
friends with Billy Callahan's kid.

EILEEN

We're not. She just keeps trying
to be. God knows what the girl's
been through--

He looks to the bar where Molly's greasy, delinquent brother
JOE is grabbing her in a head-lock as her other equally out-
of-place brothers, PAT and BRIAN, laugh and cheer.

COUNCILMAN DALY

Those her brothers?
(off Eileen's nod, wary)
Keep your distance. That's a tough
family to get out from under.

EILEEN

(smiles, giving it back)
I can relate.

He shoots his daughter a stern look that wipes the smile from
her face while...

AT THE BAR:

Molly manages to get ahold of Joe's thumb and bends it back,
as if she could snap it clean off. It's a dirty move, but it
works-- she gets free.

JOE

OW. Jesus Christ, that *hurts*--

MOLLY

Shut it. Everyone's looking at us.

PAT

(smiles, casual)

So what? We been in and out of the joint enough, I bet we got more friends in this room than you do.

As Molly looks around at the room full of cops, unsettled. A whisky slung down the bar takes us to...

Lisa, our third new female officer, a blonde beauty in spite of her lack of make-up, tight ponytail, and massive chip on her shoulder. She sips her drink, grimacing at the sight of a HOOKER spilling out of her gold lamé wrap dress.

A scruffy, sideburned loose-cannon of a cop sidles up. This is TOMMY ANTHONY, 30's. He reads Lisa's face...

TOMMY

I'm with you...

(re the hooker)

I'd take a chick in uniform over that hot mess any day of the week.

He looks Lisa up and down, undressing her with his eyes...

LISA

(thinks, unfazed)

Is it the gun that does it for you?

TOMMY

Forget the gun.

(insinuating)

Handcuffs, a billy club, some imagination...

LISA

(considering it)

I don't know, the club's a little small.

TOMMY

Mine's not small.

(off her skepticism)

Want to check it out, Officer?

Lisa glances down the bar to where a few COPS can't help listening in. She licks her lips.

LISA

How 'bout this? I'll start by getting a good, firm grip on it, and then...

(sexy, vicious)

(MORE)

LISA (CONT'D)

I'll rip it off and shove it down
your throat, you egotistical prick.

Tommy is stunned into silence as the eavesdropping cops LAUGH and HOOT their approval. Lisa calmly finishes her whiskey.

NEARBY COP

Somebody get this woman a drink!

Tommy seethes, as a shot is passed to Lisa, who pounds it and reaches for another...

As ACROSS THE ROOM, our fourth female rookie, Joanne, intense, professional and doubly isolated due to being African American-- disapprovingly watches Lisa's antics.

As Lisa drinks again, Joanne, fed up, grabs her coat and--

EXT. J.J. FOLEY'S BAR -- CONTINUOUS

Joanne bursts out into the night air, glad to be outside. She takes a deep breath, about to turn the corner, when--

MARSHALL (O.C.)

Yo, Joanne--

Joanne looks up to make out the slight form of her younger brother, Marshall, 22, standing in the lamp light. His baby face peeks out from under a newsboy cap, fringed jacket adorned with pins that say, "Freedom Now," and "We Shall Overcome," intermingled with local bands like New Edition.

Joanne pauses. Then shakes her head and keeps on walking.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

(running after her)

Sorry-- Pop needed me at the store today. Joanne, look I'm sorry I missed it, but what do you expect--

JOANNE

Everybody else had their family there. It was my *graduation*, and I was the only one who had *nobody*--

MARSHALL

(insinuating)

Well, that's on you, Jo, needing to keep your "private life" private and all--

JOANNE

(not going there)

Don't even. The point is, I am
there for you, every one of your
music gigs--

Marshall looks at her incredulously.

MARSHALL

Jo, get real, I'm not walking into
a room full of pigs. Face it.
They don't want us around.

(then, off her look)

You want to kowtow to the enemy,
that's your deal, but don't expect
me to show up and celebrate it.

JOANNE

(for the millionth time)

I am working within the system--

MARSHALL

The "system" doesn't work, at least
not for us--

JOANNE

(sharply, ending it)

It's a hell of a lot better than
buttons and bumper stickers.

Marshall looks at her, pissed at the personal attack.

MARSHALL

You really don't get it, do you?

JOANNE

(a challenge)

What don't I get? Enlighten me.

MARSHALL

Look... Mom and Pop, they don't
want you to worry...

(off Joanne)

It's just that-- since word got
around about you-- the store
windows got smashed. It's just
dumb punks but they were, you know,
running their mouths off to Pop,
saying he should watch his back--

JOANNE

How could you not tell me this? I
could help--

MARSHALL

No. That's what I'm saying-- the best thing you could do for us is just, you know... Stay away.

She shakes her head, hurt and furious-- now at the world.

MARSHALL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry... Jo. Jo?

But Joanne just turns and walks away, a lone figure disappearing into the dark as MUSIC takes us to...

EXT. STREETS OF BOSTON -- THE NEXT DAY

We float above the red-bricked streets, ZOOMING in on...

INT. EILEEN'S CAR -- CONTINUOUS

And we see that Eileen is blasting the Rolling Stones on the car radio. The song ends and the news begins--

RADIO NEWS ANNOUNCER (VOICE)

Today's top stories: Boston parents are on edge again this morning after yesterday's brawl between white and black students at Roxbury High. Mayor White defended public school integration in spite of continued resistance--

Eileen pulls into the parking lot of--

EXT. POLICE STATION -- DAY

Lisa walks in, wordlessly passing Eileen, who's out front saying hello to a few old FRIENDS of Jim's. As Lisa opens the door, an exiting COP subtly checks out her ass, caught in the act by both Eileen and Molly, who follow her in.

Lastly, Joanne arrives and heads into the building, as two OLDER COPS share a look: "There goes the neighborhood."

INT. STATION HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

As Lisa makes her way, getting her bearings, she almost bumps smack into OFFICER PATRICK BYRNE, 30's, sandy-hair and an open, handsome face.

PATRICK
(charming, polite)
Excuse me.

Lisa looks up at him and freezes. He smiles casually and walks on, barely registering her. She stands perfectly still-- life continuing around her-- her pulse racing, her face impossible to read.

At last, she takes a breath, gathers herself and heads to--

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM, POLICE STATION -- DAY

A row of rusty, abandoned lockers in the basement. Lisa blows in, still rough around the edges, finds a locker near where Molly and Joanne are already changing.

Eileen, ever-prepared, is unpacking her new law books and pencils, a photo of her, Jim and their smiling eight year-old son, Ryan, already taped to the inside of her locker.

EILEEN
(joking, to Lisa)
So I definitely caught a few of the boys checking out your rear end outside there.

LISA
(looks up, unfazed)
Oh yeah? I'm shocked.

EILEEN
Just let me know if you want me to beat 'em away next time--

LISA
I think I can handle it.

MOLLY
(chiming in, to Lisa)
Yeah, I heard you gave it to one of 'em good last night--

LISA
(manages a sly smile)
I dunno what made me do it. Maybe the gun.

JOANNE
Or the twelve drinks.

A moment of tension between Lisa and Joanne. Eileen knowingly passes Lisa a bottle of aspirin.

MOLLY

(trying to change the
subject)
This damn belt...
(struggling with it)
Did they never hear of hips?

LISA

(to Joanne, not letting it
go)
I was perfectly fine.

JOANNE

(intercepting)
You were drunk-- nothing new, of
course--
(to Lisa)
But then you come in all hungover
on the very first day--

LISA

Mind your business, okay?

JOANNE

This is all our business-- you make
a mistake out there, it's "women
can't hack it." Show some respect--
if not for yourself at least for
the job--

LISA

I'll respect them when they respect
us.

Her words hang in the air, the tension undeniable.

MOLLY

(a joke to smooth it over)
Hey, speaking of respect... How
long do you guys think they'll have
us in here with the canines?

And they all look to the room, which we now see is-- other
than the few lockers-- full of caged POLICE DOGS.

INT. STATION BREAK ROOM -- DAY

The station hums with the banter of COPS of all ages
reporting for shifts and heading off-duty-- a real boys'
club. Captain Donahue stands in a corner talking with the
disgruntled RIORDAN and the affable CONNOR, both 50's.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE
(a glance to the ladies)
Okay, flip for 'em, guys.

CONNOR
I already got a woman nagging me at home, don't need one on the job.

RIORDAN
I'm feeling an awful migraine coming on...

CAPTAIN DONAHUE
You and half my senior officers. Something must be going around.
(consulting his clipboard)
I'm going to have to double the girls up, I'm out of guys--

RIORDAN
Why'd we get all the girls? You step on your dick with City Hall?

CAPTAIN DONAHUE
You like the new coffee maker? It's the latest thing. "Electric Drip."
(shrugs, with a smile)
Life is full of trade-offs, gentlemen. Nothing comes free.

Captain Donahue checks his gleaming new gold watch. Riordan and Connor take note, getting the hint...

As nearby, portly DENNIS O'GRADY, 40's, weathered face, drinker's nose, opens the door for Eileen to come in.

DENNIS
Mrs. Pearce.

Eileen cringes as MURPHY, a young cop, calls over.

MURPHY
Get hip, O'Grady. The girls today like "Ms." Like "M.S."

DENNIS
I got a cousin with M.S. Terrible.

EILEEN
Officer will do just fine.

Nearby, Lisa nods hello to Patrick, unable to fully keep her eyes off him. Meanwhile, poor Molly still struggles with her belt, looking overwhelmed.

Over by the coffee machine, the grizzled, loudmouthed OFFICER EDDIE HAYES, 40, sidles up to Joanne as she pours a cup.

EDDIE

...Psst. You know what they're calling you? A two-fer, 'cause you're two for the price of one. Female and black.

JOANNE

(blithely above it)
A two-fer. Nice. Didn't realize you boys could count that high.

EDDIE

Tell me you're a lesbo and it's the trifecta.

Joanne-- uncharacteristically thrown-- tries to think of a comeback, as fellow recruit FRANK BUTLER, 23-- a charming ex-high school football star who found a higher calling-- passes by, chiming in--

FRANK

(to Eddie)
Lucky you, you're pure, a hundred percent asshole.

Eddie stares at Frank, rage mounting-- and then simply erupts into a sadistic laugh-- as Captain Donahue begins roll call.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE

...Byrne, Kelly, O'Brian, O'Malley,
O'Leary, Murphy, Murphy...
(then)
Officer Callahan...

Molly stiffens, trying to ignore the eyes of her fellow cops-- clearly her family's reputation proceeds her.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE (CONT'D)

You and Eileen Pearce are both with O'Grady.

Molly looks to Eileen who smiles tightly, trying to hide her nervousness at the pairing. Dennis doffs his cap with a chivalrous bow as a few fellow officers try not to laugh.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE (CONT'D)

Jones and Butler...

Joanne and Frank look to each other, happy to be paired...

CAPTAIN DONAHUE (CONT'D)
You two got Officer Hayes.

Eddie Hayes shoots them a blood-thirsty grin.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE (CONT'D)
And Osgood...

Lisa looks up expectantly, her eyes unconsciously darting to the handsome Patrick, who casually smiles back at her...

CAPTAIN DONAHUE (CONT'D)
You're with Officer Anthony.

And Lisa now sees that scruffy cop from last night-- the one she told off-- standing in a corner. As she goes pale, he approaches and hands her a clunky, giant hand-held radio.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE (CONT'D)
Rookies, it's time to forget all
the crap you learned at the
academy...

As the Captain's words of advice continue...

EXT. STATION PARKING LOT -- MOMENTS LATER

Squad cars pull out and head out through the wire gates--

CAPTAIN DONAHUE (V.O.)
None of it's worth a damn on the
street.

One by one the cars head out, and we find our rookies, through the scratched windows of the Dodge Coronets...

Eileen and Molly ride with Dennis, who fires up the engine and immediately cracks open a beer, takes a long sip...

Lisa rides shotgun with Tommy, who drives while fixing her with a withering stare. She looks away, out the window...

CAPTAIN DONAHUE (V.O.)
On the street, there's only one
rule...

And Joanne is in the back seat, Frank riding shotgun, as behind the wheel Eddie floors it, swerving into traffic--

CAPTAIN DONAHUE (V.O.)
...Don't die.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. SOUTH END, STREET CORNER -- AFTERNOON

Dennis feeds nickels into a pay phone, as Molly and Eileen stand by waiting. Inside the car, more beer and a few packs of Devil Dogs sit on the driver's seat.

DENNIS

(into phone)

...I told you, Louise, two of them... They're fine looking, but trust me...

(hushed)

They ain't Charlie's Angels... I'll call you in an hour. Yes, I love you too.

He makes a kissing sound into the receiver and hangs up, shooting a sheepish look to the women.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

The wife. She knows the effect I have on females.

Eileen and Molly try not to look repulsed and amused respectively, as they start to reach for the car doors.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

Wait. Ladies. Allow me.

He swoops around and opens the doors for them. Eileen sighs: it's going to be a long night.

INT. LISA/TOMMY PATROL CAR-- DAY.

Tommy drives as Lisa keeps her gaze fixed out the window, both in utter silence, but for the crackle of the Motorola police radio. At last, Lisa can no longer take it.

LISA

Look, last night, I--

TOMMY

You don't have to apologize--

LISA

(direct, tough)

I wasn't about to.

He looks at her, surprised, and chuckles to himself.

TOMMY

You are something, aren't you? I'm telling you, two tours in 'Nam and the Viet Cong had nothing on you.

Lisa shoots him a look, then lets that slide.

LISA

I may have been-- a bit blunt-- but you shouldn't have started with me-- especially not as my training officer.

TOMMY

You think I knew that was coming? Hell, if I'd known that, I would have waited until we were alone in the car together to put the moves on.

LISA

(out of the blue)
I'm not scared of you.

TOMMY

(taken aback)
Whoa, chill out. I'm just playing around--

But Lisa's not amused. She seethes with something deep and long simmering-- much bigger than this.

LISA

Well, I'm not a toy. And whatever game this is, I'm not interested--
(fiercely, ending it)
Just treat me like any other cop,
and we'll be fine.

She looks out her window, content that she's said her peace.

TOMMY

Got it.
(smiles, unreadable)
You're just any other rookie.

She looks to him, but he fixes his eyes on the road ahead.

INT. JOANNE/FRANK/EDDIE PATROL CAR -- DAY

The car wends its way through the devastated projects and streets of Roxbury, Boston's African American slum.

EDDIE

(mid-speech)

...These idiots, shooting each other up all day long. They think the white man's keeping 'em down? They're the ones killing each other. What'd we ever do?

JOANNE

(deadpans)

Slavery comes to mind.

Frank glances back to Joanne, tries not to bust out laughing.

EDDIE

Waah, waah, there's always something to complain about. We're so oppressed, we don't got rights, we don't wanna shave our legs anymore.

(shudders, to Joanne)

Do you shave your legs?

But Joanne's not listening, distracted by something outside.

JOANNE

Check it out.

Eddie slows the car and looks to where Joanne is pointing: a young TAGGER spraying a store front with graffiti while the Vietnamese STORE OWNER watches helplessly.

EDDIE

That's just the neighborhood beautification committee, honey.

JOANNE

That's someone breaking the law.

EDDIE

Hey, don't get your panties bunched. Look around, the whole area's covered in filth--

JOANNE

(seizes on this)

Yeah, and that's why it's a war zone. The little things matter-- you set a tone-- a tone of lawfulness-- plus, you bring in a guy for a minor offense, who knows what else he's wanted for--

EDDIE

(looks to Frank)

Is this dumb rookie female really trying to tell me how it works on my tour of duty?

JOANNE

I'm telling you how it works *where I'm from*. This is my 'hood.

Eddie looks at her, a challenge in his eyes.

EDDIE

Well, then you also know that his tag is a gang sign-- the Lenox posse doesn't exactly go down without a fight.

JOANNE

(undaunted)

I want him.

EDDIE

(jokingly dismissive)

It's your funeral.

Joanne gets out of the car. Frank follows nervously, his hand on his gun.

Seeing her gun, the tagger BOLTS, running straight into Frank, who has him against the wall, patted down and relieved of his Colt .45 in seconds. Joanne's right behind.

TAGGER

This is a joke, right?

JOANNE

Sure, here's the punch line.

She finds her handcuffs, slams them on his wrists, and radios for a wagon as the incredulous tagger looks to Frank.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

(into the radio)

This is Delta 107, we need a wagon at 255 Intervale...

TAGGER

Is she for real?

FRANK

(looks at her, impressed)

Yeah. She is.

Joanne glances to the store to see the owner coming out and awkwardly nodding a shy thanks. She nods back, satisfied.

INT. EILEEN/MOLLY/DENNIS PATROL CAR – DAY

Dennis is behind the wheel now, polishing off a beer, as Eileen rides shotgun, Molly in back.

DENNIS

...It's not that Louise doesn't trust me. It's that she doesn't trust the women around me. Mrs. Pearce, I told her you're Jim Pearce's old lady.

(looks to Molly)

But then I told her about you, Miss Callahan, and, well, we all heard the stories.

Molly, tensing, glances to Eileen, who doesn't meet her gaze.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(can't help himself)

What's he like, anyway?...

(then, star struck)

Whitey Bulger? Your dad worked with him, right?

MOLLY

My father disappeared when I was fifteen.

(edgily)

Whoever his "contacts" were, we never met, you hear me?

DENNIS

Don't get on me. I'm the one lunatic who was willing to take you on, in spite of it all--

Molly's about to fire back, but before this can go further:

DISPATCH (VOICE)

We've got a Code 12 at 286 Park Street, that's a Code 12.

Dennis ignores it, sipping his beer and turning a corner.

EILEEN

Hey. That's just two blocks away--

DENNIS

I don't want you ladies to get into anything dangerous.

MOLLY

It's true, we could chip a nail.

DENNIS

(to Eileen, "kindly")
Don't you and Jim got a son?
Around eight years-old?

Eileen exhales in frustration; the call repeats on the radio.

DISPATCH (VOICE)

Code 12, at 286 Park--

EILEEN

(controlling herself)
I appreciate your concern. But you're going to have to let us in on the action.

DENNIS

Listen, Mrs. Pearce--

EILEEN

Officer Pearce--

DENNIS

I completely understand.

EILEEN

I don't think you do--

DENNIS

You're overwhelmed. Poor girls, the first day can be hard.
(then into the radio)
Delta 104 is going Code 10.

Eileen's eyes go wide with frustration, as Molly just stares out the window, resigned.

INT. CHARLIE'S RESTAURANT -- DAY

Dennis opens the doors to the BPD's favorite dining establishment as if taking the women on the date of a lifetime.

TV's behind the bar play more news of the day-- from Travolta on the red carpet, to the ongoing racial tensions plaguing Boston's public schools.

The women walk to a long table of guys from the station-- Connor, Riordan, Patrick-- chowing on burgers, and, at one end, Lisa and Tommy, having made a silent truce.

DENNIS
(pulling out their chairs)
Anything you want, girls, on me.
(to the crowd, bragging)
I never in my life let a lady pay.

As the cops smirk, Dennis greets some guys at a nearby table.

RIORDAN
(to Molly and Eileen)
Well, didn't you ladies win the lottery?

CONNOR
(calling after Dennis)
How 'bout picking up my tab while you're at it, cheap bastard?

Lisa looks over and makes eye contact with Eileen and Molly-- a moment of silent solidarity between the women.

EILEEN
(sotto, to Molly)
I got to stop this.

MOLLY
Do me a favor and stop it *after* he buys us dinner.

Dennis returns as an elderly Irish WAITRESS approaches.

WAITRESS
What're we having?

MOLLY
I'll take the burger and a coke.

EILEEN
(announcing, loudly)
I'll have the filet mignon, medium rare, two lobster tails-- and a bunch of shrimp cocktails, for the table.

The cops all cheer as Dennis goes pale.

DENNIS
(to the waitress)
Whoa, okay-- give us a minute--

Dennis clears his throat, beads of sweat starting to form on his brow. He wipes his face. Over the cops' radios, a call--

RADIO (VOICE)
I got a Code 7, at Sullivan's...

TOMMY
That's us.
(putting in cash, to Lisa)
Your meal's on you, rookie.

Tommy heads out as Lisa gives him a look, *touché*. She throws in her cash, glancing to Patrick, who stands, walking past.

PATRICK
(a wry smile)
Having fun yet, Officer Osgood?

LISA
(glances at his name tag)
A blast, Officer Byrne.

PATRICK
Please. It's Patrick.

Lisa nods, holds his gaze for a mysterious beat, then heads out. Further down the table, the sweating Dennis looks around, searching for the words...

DENNIS
So, Officers. I've been hearing about this fascinating new thing they got called "Women's Lib."

The men all jeer in disappointment as Eileen grins, enjoying the victory, her point at last heard loud and clear.

INT. LISA/TOMMY PATROL CAR -- DUSK

And we hear the radio call repeated in the car...

DISPATCH (VOICE)
I got a Code 7 at Sully's...

TOMMY
(into the radio)
Delta 112 is en route.

Tommy throws on the lights and siren and hits the gas hard.

EXT. SULLIVAN'S -- DUSK

A classic Southie pub, from which emanate the SOUNDS of a raging brawl. Through the front windows, the TV's can be seen playing Sox-Yankees, Carlton Fisk striking out-- until a body slams into the window, obscuring everything.

INT. LISA/TOMMY PATROL CAR -- DUSK

The officers pull up right out front, hearing the shouts from inside. Lisa grabs the radio as Tommy looks to her.

TOMMY

Go on, Officer, I'm behind you.

Lisa bolts out of the car, feeling a rush of excitement...

INT. SULLIVAN'S -- CONTINUOUS

Lisa enters to see a group of SOX FANS beating the crap out of a couple of gloating YANKEES FANS, as on TV the Sox lose big. The muscled BOUNCER (in a Sox jersey) just watches, letting it happen, while the OWNER looks on helplessly.

LISA

(heading into the fray)

Hey! Police!

But in the drunken chaos, nobody hears her. All around her, fists connect, bottles shatter, blood and sweat. Lisa glances back for Tommy... But he's nowhere to be seen.

EXT. SULLIVAN'S PUB -- DUSK

Tommy sits on the hood of the patrol car sipping from his Thermos of coffee, keeping a close eye on the brawl raging in Sullivan's, visible through the pub's large paned windows.

INT. SULLIVAN'S -- DUSK

Lisa is buffeted by the fight, trying to get control as the reality of her situation sinks in-- she's in way over her head and all alone.

She gets pushed back, wind knocked out of her, and staggers, trying in vain to get her bearings-- when she takes a sharp, wild elbow to the head. OFF Lisa reeling, seeing stars--

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT. SULLIVAN'S PUB -- DUSK

Lisa is on her knees, her face bloody and bruised, as fists fly above her, the men so drunk and enraged they still haven't even noticed there's a cop in their midst.

She sees the scrappy, loud Sox fan who elbowed her take a punch to the gut from a Yanks fan-- and she seizes the moment to grab the Sox fan, pinning one arm behind his back--

SOX FAN
Whoa what the hell--

Her heart racing, Lisa fumbles for her cuffs.

LISA
You're under arrest for assaulting
a police officer--

The other men suddenly notice her and slow their fight, coming to their senses.

SOX FAN
When? I didn't even see you there--

LISA
Too bad. 'Cause you're facing
mandatory jail time--

Lisa manages to get the cuffs on the guy as the bouncer, taking his cue from her, moves in and starts breaking it all up, separating the men. Lisa hauls the Sox Fan outside to...

EXT. SULLIVAN'S PUB -- CONTINUOUS

Lisa finds her radio as Tommy walks up with his coffee.

LISA
(into radio)
I need a wagon over at Sully's--

She sees Tommy and glares, furious at the prank.

TOMMY
(off her)
I saw a suspicious vehicle down the
back alley, had to go check it out.
All good here?

Lisa's face says she's way too smart to buy his lame explanation, as the Sox fan silently seethes.

INT. EILEEN/MOLLY/DENNIS PATROL CAR – NIGHT

Eileen is behind the wheel, Molly riding shotgun. Dennis is lounging open-mouthed in the back, enjoying a post-meal "siesta," (i.e. passed-out drunk).

EILEEN
(glances in the rear view)
So much for chivalry...

MOLLY
Thank God. If he said another word about my family I was going to have to kill him.

Eileen looks at Molly, proceeding carefully.

EILEEN
You can't blame people for having questions...

MOLLY
(sudden, blunt)
Do you?

EILEEN
What?

MOLLY
Have "questions." Because I've been nothing but nice to you--

DISPATCH (VOICE)
Code 6 back at 26 Dorchester Ave.
It's that same husband-wife disturbance, 26 Dot Ave--

Eileen glances in the rear-view at the sleeping Dennis, then makes a decision, grabbing the radio, seizing the moment.

EILEEN
(into radio)
Delta 104 is en route.

MOLLY
What are you doing?!

Eileen makes a U-turn, heading toward the address.

DISPATCH (VOICE)

Thank you Delta 104.

MOLLY

Hey. We're in training. We can't operate without our supervisor. I know you want action, but we got to wait for him to wake up--

EILEEN

Yeah? So what happens to the woman at 26 Dot Ave who's getting the crap beat out of her?

(then, pointedly)

I thought you of all people would know when to bend the rules--

MOLLY

Look, you got your family watching out for you. My family means I got the whole department just waiting for me to show my true colors--

EILEEN

(laying it on the line)

So what are they exactly? Because right now all I see is you looking to cover your own ass, when we've got a chance to make a difference.

Molly exhales in frustration as Eileen turns on the lights and they're off. Molly, pissed, watches the world blur by.

INT. STATION BREAK ROOM -- NIGHT

LOIS and MARTHA, two cop wives, feathered hair, slinky wrap dresses and pumps, carefully unwrap a carrot cake for a group of the guys.

LOIS

...We just know you boys get so hungry during these long nights on patrol...

In the back of the room, Joanne and Frank are having a sandwich on their meal break, watching this feminine display.

JOANNE

What are they doing?

FRANK

I think they're checking up their husbands.

(MORE)

FRANK (CONT'D)
(then, a smile)
Can't be too careful with you
ladies on duty.

Joanne grins, unable to resist a little fun. She gets up, walks right to Lois and Martha, and looks at the cake.

JOANNE
Oh, I'd love a piece. Carrot? My
favorite. Is this the recipe from
McCall's? Or Family Circle?

Lois glares at Joanne, who cuts herself a slice and starts back toward Frank, when she's stopped by a tap on her shoulder. She turns to see Martha handing her a napkin.

MARTHA
(quietly)
Keep up the good work.

LOIS
(a tight smile)
Don't bother her, Martha. She's
"on duty."

Clearly, Martha has been warned. She slinks back to Lois as--

Lisa blows in, face still banged up, holding her just-typed report, which she shoves in the "in-box." Joanne watches her; clearly something is wrong.

JOANNE
(calling after Lisa)
You okay, Osgood?

But Lisa doesn't answer, just heads out. Worried, Joanne sets down the cake and follows.

INT. STATION HALLWAY -- MOMENTS LATER

Lisa makes a beeline down the hall and starts down a back staircase, Joanne rushing after her.

JOANNE
Hey. Wait-- what happened to you?

LISA
What do you care?

JOANNE
I care because you look like hell--

LISA

Oh, right, and that "reflects badly on all of us?" You can relax, I haven't taken down the whole Equal Rights Movement yet--

JOANNE

Hey, I'm trying to help you--

LISA

Please, you're worried I might mess things up for you--

JOANNE

Shouldn't I be? I've worked hard for this--

LISA

And I haven't? I'm just some spoiled, white "Beacon Hill princess?" What you don't know is, I was kicked out of the house at sixteen. I lived on the streets, had to fend for myself, with nobody helping me--

JOANNE

(unable to stop herself)
You're white and you're pretty--
(then)
I have a feeling you figured out a way to get by.

Lisa looks at Joanne, the pain on her face telling a story that she can't possibly begin to tell.

LISA

You have no idea what you're talking about.

JOANNE

(controlling herself)
I know you're reckless. You have demons--

LISA

Trust me, I'm fine.
(then, walking away)
I'm white and I'm pretty, remember?
What could be wrong?

And with that, Lisa is gone. Frustrated, Joanne exhales and slowly heads back upstairs as...

ON A LOWER LANDING:

Lisa's tough facade starts to crack. Silently, she leans against a wall, closes her eyes, and we FLASHBACK TO:

INT. COCKTAIL LOUNGE -- NIGHT (FLASHBACK)

In QUICK CUTS we see an almost unrecognizable Lisa, all Farrah Fawcett waves and curves, her toughness replaced with silky charm and an easy laugh. She's serving drinks, flirting, collecting tips, shimmying to the Bee Gees...

Her shift ending, she heads to the back room where she stands by her locker, counting her money. She slinks out of her waitress uniform...

When suddenly a man grabs her from behind. She GASPS for air, desperately fighting back as the man, his face unseen in the shadows, slams her head against the lockers, undoes his pants and brutally begins to thrust into her--

Upbeat disco music continues surreally from afar, covering her SCREAMS, further muffled by his hand over her face--

As her worst nightmare unfolds, all she sees is the inside of his wrist: A green, Luck O' The Irish Shamrock tattoo...

AND BACK IN THE PRESENT: Lisa shakes off the memory, recovers, and continues down the stairs.

EXT. DORCHESTER HOME -- NIGHT

Eileen walks up the dilapidated porch and rings the bell, as Molly, a step behind, glances back at the patrol car, where Dennis sleeps soundly, face smushed against the window glass.

The front door opens a crack to partially reveal a rail-thin woman, 30's, her tattered robe pulled tight, her eyes red from crying. This is ANGELA.

ANGELA
(immediately suspicious)
Who're you?

EILEEN
I'm Officer--

ANGELA
Where are the real cops?

Eileen's momentarily thrown. She looks back to Molly.

EILEEN

We are the real cops.

ANGELA

(considers that, then)

I'll wait for the real cops.

And with that, Angela slams the door. Molly shrugs, happy to let this one go, but Eileen's determined. She rings again.

MOLLY

All right, she doesn't want us, so--

EILEEN

(can't let it go)

She could need us.

Again, the door opens. Before Angela can speak-- or slam it again-- Eileen shoves her foot into the gap.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Listen to me. We're the only cops who are coming tonight, so the sooner you wrap your head around that, the sooner we can help you--

ANGELA

(leans in, hushed)

You don't understand. When my husband gets angry-- god knows what he's capable of. Two women? He could kill you in seconds.

EILEEN

Great. Then this won't take up much of your time.

Eileen eagerly shoves the door open and heads in. Molly gives a last glance back to their patrol car-- and follows.

INT. DORCHESTER HOME -- CONTINUOUS

As Eileen and Molly enter the dim hall, they can hear the enraged husband's heavy tread upstairs, followed by the sound of a CRASH-- then his voice, bellowing--

SEAN (O.C.)

Goddamnit Angela-- where'd you go?

ANGELA

(voice trembling)

Down here honey...

Suddenly nervous, Eileen puts a hand on her gun, unsnaps the holster, but Molly shoots her a look to play it cool, as--

SEAN (O.C.)
Who's there? That'd better not be
the cops, I swear to god--

And now SEAN himself-- all two hundred and fifty pounds of him-- comes barreling down the stairs, red-faced from drink.

SEAN (CONT'D)
(seeing the cops)
Get out of my house! Get the hell
out of here--

EILEEN
Sir? Sir. Please-- calm down--

At the sound of Eileen's voice, Sean pauses, swaying slightly as his eyes try to focus.

MOLLY
(calmly, unfazed)
Why don't you just sit down right
where you are, sir.

Sean staggers forward down a few stairs and peers at Molly and Eileen like he's looking at animals in a zoo. After a tense beat, he straightens up, fixes his pants...

SEAN
Well... How do you like that. My
apologies, ladies, didn't mean to
offend. Ange, where are your
manners? Offer 'em coffee.

Eileen and Molly just look to each other, the adrenaline rush giving way to bewildered amusement, as Angela obeys her man.

INT. DORCHESTER HOME, KITCHEN -- MOMENTS LATER

Eileen sits across from Angela as she stirs Folger's into cups, tissues and a police radio on the table between them.

ANGELA
(wiping her eyes)
...I know he's stressed-- damn
economy-- he just lost his job-- I
try to be supportive, but--

EILEEN
This is not your fault, there is no
excuse for him hitting you, ever--

ANGELA

(shakes her head, unsure)
I haven't been making him happy.

EILEEN

What about making yourself happy?
You can't fulfill your family's
needs until you meet your own.

ANGELA

(laughs out loud)
You're not married, are you? Kids?
(off Eileen's nod)
Yeah... Good luck with that.

Eileen is thrown in spite of herself-- as Molly appears in the doorway.

MOLLY

We're all clear.
(comforting, to Angela)
Your husband left for the night--

ANGELA

He left?!? Where? Out to some
bar? To pick up some little slut--

EILEEN

Ma'am, it's going to be fine--

ANGELA

(standing up, realizing)
Get him back here! He didn't do
anything wrong-- you bitch--

And suddenly Angela charges at Molly, as the table goes over, cake, dishes, tea flying. Eileen tries to restrain Angela, who turns on her, scratching like a mad cat.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Get me my husband back! Get him--

Molly manages to pull Angela off Eileen, and together the two women pin her to the ground where she thrashes-- unwilling to be subdued.

EILEEN

(to Molly)
Hold her down. I'll call for a
wagon.

Molly sits on Angela, using all of her strength and body weight-- which isn't much-- clearly physically overpowered.

ANGELA
(outraged)
I'm getting arrested? For what?

EILEEN
(into radio)
Dispatch? This is Officers Pearce
and Callahan, we need--

But before Eileen can finish, Angela kicks free and charges her, sending the radio careening down the stairs to the basement. The women scuffle, not hearing--

DISPATCH (VOICE)
Delta 104? You cut off. Delta
104, do you copy?

INT. EILEEN/MOLLY/DENNIS PATROL CAR - NIGHT

Dennis is still completely passed out, as over the car radio--

DISPATCH (VOICE)
Officer Pearce? Callahan?...
Officer O'Grady? Are you there?
Do you need assistance?

Dennis snores on as Dispatch jumps to the obvious conclusion--

DISPATCH (VOICE) (CONT'D)
The girls are in trouble. Repeat,
the girls are in trouble-- O.T. at
26 Dot Ave--

INT. DORCHESTER HOME -- NIGHT

The enraged Angela is now waving a jagged piece of broken plate threateningly as Eileen and Molly slowly approach--

EILEEN
Ma'am, we don't want to hurt you--

Suddenly Angela makes a furious Kamikaze run at them. Molly, fed up, knees her hard in the gut, knocking the wind out of her. Eileen cuffs her, as she gives Molly a look.

MOLLY
(off Eileen)
Don't. We wouldn't even be here if
it was up to me--

EILEEN
Relax, it worked out-- it's over.

But her voice is drowned out by the SOUND of SIRENS, as through the window, red police lights flash...

EXT. DORCHESTER HOME -- MOMENTS LATER

Molly and Eileen slowly come out on the front porch, the now docile Angela in cuffs in between them, to find...

The house has been surrounded by about thirty COPS-- Captain Donahue, Connor and Riordan, Frank, Joanne and Eddie-- all in formation, guns out, ready to engage.

EILEEN

We're okay. Everything's fine.

Dennis stumbles sleepily out of the patrol car, wondering what's going on. Donahue glances to him, annoyed but not surprised, then back to the women where, on the porch--

ANGELA

(a victorious smirk)

That's what I call the real cops.

Eileen takes in the humiliation, as Molly stares, furious.

By the patrol cars, Joanne holsters her gun, equally unable to look at Eddie and Frank, as the three of them get back in their car, Eddie taking full advantage of the situation.

EDDIE

(like a newscaster)

Tonight, as the streets went unpatrolled, the entire BPD took down one *dangerous* housewife--

As he talks, a call comes in over the radio...

DISPATCH (VOICE)

...Be on the lookout for a stolen vehicle, result of a carjacking, blue Ford Fairmont, tag number Echo Charlie Hotel 2-1-7--

EDDIE

(continuing)

...In a city on edge, no threat is greater than the lady in curlers...

JOANNE

Hey. Shut up.

EDDIE

Seriously, I can't wait to see how
you crazy women screw up next--

JOANNE

I said SHUT UP.

A tense moment. Frank looks to Joanne-- she's gone too far.

EDDIE

Might I remind you, I am your
supervisor. One comment from me
about you to the captain...

JOANNE

I know, it's just...

DISPATCH (VOICE)

...Driver is considered armed and
dangerous-- again that's a blue
Ford Fairmont, Echo Charlie Hotel 2-
1-7...

JOANNE

That's my parents car.

Eddie looks to her, grabs the radio-- concern trumping all.

EDDIE

(into radio)

Dispatch, any more info on that
carjacking? Any victims?

DISPATCH (VOICE)

City Hospital.

Without hesitating, Eddie throws on the lights and they go.
Frank glances back to Joanne, as her eyes cloud with dread.

INT. CITY HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Joanne rushes through the ER waiting room, followed by Frank.
She finds an EMT on his way out, flags him down--

JOANNE

Hey, you bring in anybody from a
carjacking over in Roxbury?

EMT

(points to it)

Sure, yeah, heading in now. It's an
ugly one, multiple gunshots--

Joanne rushes through the double doors to where a frantic team of DOCTORS and NURSES is moving with a stretcher.

Through the chaos, she catches a glimpse of the unconscious victim's blood-spattered face: it's her brother.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

INT. CITY HOSPITAL -- NIGHT

Joanne, still in shock, and a very concerned Frank are in the hallway outside of Marshall's room, hanging on the every word of a young, tired-looking doctor, DR. NOVAK.

DR. NOVAK

...The gunshots penetrated the kidney, lower intestine, and shattered the C-4 vertebra--

JOANNE

(hard to say)
Paralyzed?

DR. NOVAK

It's too soon to predict--

JOANNE

But he'll live--

DR. NOVAK

I can't predict that.
(then, truly)
I'm sorry.

Dr. Novak awkwardly shakes his head-- nothing he can do-- and goes. Joanne, heartbroken, starts back toward Marshall's room... Then stops cold.

Through the glass doors, she can see her mother and father, CHARLES and MARY, standing and praying over Marshall's bed. Frank looks to Joanne, reading her face.

FRANK

Jones? You okay?

But instead of responding, Joanne quickly backs away and rushes down the hallway. Frank follows and finds her sitting by a potted plant in a waiting area, her head in her hands.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Hey...

He sits next to her-- the effortless charmer, now at a loss.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Don't you want to see your folks?

JOANNE

I can't-- it's-- all my fault.

FRANK

What are you talking about? You couldn't have prevented this.

JOANNE

(bitterly)

The last time I saw him-- we fought. He tried to warn me.

FRANK

About what? Joanne, what?

JOANNE

(looking up)

You don't get it. That kid we arrested. He was from the Lenox projects. My family, we're Cathedral. It was retaliation.

FRANK

You're saying this was a turf thing? Payback for the arrest?

It's exactly what she's saying, but it still hurts to hear it out loud. Joanne fights the tide of emotion--

JOANNE

I was so arrogant-- he said they were in danger-- I didn't listen.

FRANK

(leaning in)

Joanne, this is not your fault. You didn't do this--

But before he can finish--

CHARLES

Son, perhaps you'd best not speak about things you don't understand.

Frank looks up to see Charles, a dignified, stern man in his 50's, standing a foot away. Next to him is the sweet but steely Mary, a woman of faith. Joanne stands, collecting herself in order to face them.

JOANNE

Mom-- Dad-- I spoke to the doctor--

CHARLES

Go home, Jo. You're not needed here.

JOANNE

No, I can help--

CHARLES

(controlling his anger)

You've done enough.

(off Joanne)

Thinking you're better than us. I worked my *whole life* for you and your brother, and look what you do--

MARY

(to Joanne, mediating)

Sweetheart, Lord knows you didn't think this would happen.

CHARLES

That's because she don't think.

MARY

(gently)

The truth is-- sometimes you're so focused on what you want to do--

CHARLES

It's why she's all alone. No man, no child-- nobody else matters.

(now, to Joanne)

Until you learn better, we've got nothing to say to each other.

MARY

(trying to help)

The choice is yours.

Charles takes Mary's arm and they go, as Frank looks to Joanne with compassion.

FRANK

They're just hurting.

JOANNE

(shakes her head, ashamed)

Maybe they're right.

Joanne starts toward the hospital doors-- Frank catches up, grabs her arm, stopping her.

FRANK

Jones, wait-- let me at least help you get home.

A brown Trans-Am pulls up out front, impossible to see the driver in the dark. Joanne suddenly looks caught--

JOANNE

I-- I have a ride.
(then, agonized)
Just-- let me go, okay?

A WHITE FAMILY passes, casting sideways glances as Frank self-consciously lets go of Joanne's arm.

FRANK

I'll see you tomorrow, right?

Without answering, she heads out. Frank watches through the glass doors as Joanne looks around-- as if to make sure nobody's watching-- then quickly gets in the mysterious car.

INT. J.J. FOLEY'S BAR -- NIGHT

Lisa sits at the bar, enough whiskeys in not to care that she's the only woman amongst all the MEN-- mostly cops-- who frequent this place. She takes a sip of her drink, letting the familiar "medicine" slide down her throat...

When she opens her eyes and slowly focuses them-- Patrick is sitting down next to her, holding two more drinks.

PATRICK

Thought I might find you here.

Lisa looks up, smiles a faraway, liquor-infused smile.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

I heard you got hazed. That looks bad.

He touches her face gently-- and she flinches, body tensing.

PATRICK (CONT'D)

Sorry-- sorry-- are you okay?

LISA

(lifting her glass)
I will be.

She takes a sip, fixes her intense gaze on him, testing him.

PATRICK

(self-conscious, laughs)
What?

LISA

(coming to the point...)
You really don't recognize me, do you? We've met before--

PATRICK

Where? I can't believe I'd ever
forget a face like yours.

LISA

I definitely couldn't forget yours.
And I never will.

PATRICK

Come on... Stop this. Where was
it?

She shakes her head in utter disbelief, a half-smile on her
face.

LISA

If you don't remember, I'm
certainly not going to tell you.

PATRICK

(enjoying this)
Okay, then. To the mystery.

LISA

To the mystery.

She carefully takes his hand, turns it over to look at his
wrist, finding what she already knew would be there:

That kelly green Luck O' The Irish Shamrock tattoo she saw on
the night she was assaulted. Her eyes flicker with sadness-
longing for everything she's lost.

PATRICK

(smiles, re the tattoo)
I was young and stupid.

LISA

I believe it. Still. You've got
the luck of the Irish, right?

PATRICK

(nods, shrugs)
So far, so good.

She looks at him, her face darkening imperceptibly.

LISA

Careful. The thing about luck
is... It always runs out.

Lisa downs her drink and goes. He watches, undeniably turned
on by the enigma of her, and goes back to his drink.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE WAITING AREA -- NIGHT

PAULA, 40, the prim-looking Captain's Clerk, taps away on her Selectric typewriter as Molly and Eileen wait, listening to the Captain's angry voice through the door.

PAULA

(finally, can't help it)
Back at the academy, they told me I
had a choice. Desk clerk or prison
matron. When I asked if I could
have a career out on the street,
they laughed in my face.
(bitingly)
You finally get the opportunity.
And you prove 'em right.

Molly shoots a look at Eileen, who keeps her eyes fixed on the ground as Dennis, looking much the worse for wear, sheepishly exits the Captain's office. Through the door--

CAPTAIN DONAHUE (O.C.)

Send 'em in.

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

The fuming Captain is mid-lecture, as Molly and Eileen stand at attention both wishing they could somehow disappear.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE

...As if I don't got enough
problems right now in this city--
now I'm going to have to explain to
Mayor White the photo in the paper
tomorrow of practically all my guys
arresting a goddamn housewife--

MOLLY

(quietly, can't help it)
She was a very angry housewife--

CAPTAIN DONAHUE

I don't care if she was Joan
Crawford herself! You do not go in
there without your supervisor.
Your supervisor who could have told
you-- that lady calls us pretty
much once a night.

EILEEN

(fumbling to explain)
The thing is-- Officer O'Grady was--
temporarily incapacitated.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE

He got his. Now, it's your turn.
You're already on thin ice, need I
say why, Callahan?

Eileen looks to Molly, whose face flushes with feeling.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE (CONT'D)

(to Eileen)

And you-- I don't care how many
medals your dad won on the job, or
that he's a big "Councilman" now--
there's no special treatment here.

Molly clocks Eileen's clenched jaw-- suddenly aware that
their familial baggage unites them more than they realized.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE (CONT'D)

Just tell me one thing. Whose big
idea was this?

A long, tense moment. Eileen, ever the star student 'til
now, looks devastated-- crumbling under the pressure.

EILEEN

(about to break)

It was--

MOLLY

(tough, can take the heat)

It was both of us. We were in it
together.

Eileen is speechless, but Molly just looks straight ahead.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE

(disgusted, fed up)

Get out of here. Not you Callahan.

EILEEN

(feeling guilty)

Wait, no, you don't understand--

CAPTAIN DONAHUE

(no if's and's or but's)

Enough, Pearce. Out. Now.

Molly nods to Eileen, and Eileen finally, reluctantly, goes.

INT. HALLWAY -- CONTINUOUS

Eileen exhales, balancing her relief with her guilt as--

INT. CAPTAIN'S OFFICE -- MOMENTS LATER

Molly stands, a picture of stoicism, as the Captain takes out a file, calmly peruses it, taking his sweet time.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE

Molly Callahan. In juvie the first time at age twelve for shoplifting, back again at thirteen for petty theft, then, uh-oh, accomplice to Grand Theft Auto--

MOLLY

(thrown)

I was told those records were sealed. I was under fourteen--

CAPTAIN DONAHUE

Nothing is ever sealed in this department. Unless I hold onto it.

MOLLY

(a breath, then)

Are you telling me I'm done?

He looks at Molly, who prepares herself for the worst.

CAPTAIN DONAHUE

I'm telling you, you never belonged here in the first place.

(looks her up and down)

And the only reason you made it... Is because I wanted you.

MOLLY

(a tense moment, then)

Wanted me... How?

CAPTAIN DONAHUE

Your brothers. They're small time idiots, but they got big time friends. Friends we'd like to know more about.

MOLLY

My brothers are out of the rackets.

(off his look)

If they're up to something, they don't share it with me. I became a cop to get away from all that--

CAPTAIN DONAHUE
(laughs in her face)
You think this is "getting away?"
It's all the same, you're at one
end of a gun or the other.

MOLLY
(bristles, then)
What are you asking me? To rat out
my own flesh and blood?

CAPTAIN DONAHUE
I'll let you know what I need.

The Captain puts her files in a drawer, as Molly stares in disbelief, her world suddenly rearranging itself.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE -- THE NEXT MORNING

The sun comes up on a new day in Southie as inside...

INT. MOLLY'S HOUSE, KITCHEN -- MORNING

A knife hacks through a cut of beef. It's LINDA, Molly's battle-axe of a mother, loading meat into a crockpot as Joe, Pat and Brian count cash at the table. Molly comes downstairs in her robe, bleary eyed, sees her brothers-- the last thing she needs.

MOLLY
Please. From now on, could you not--
- do that-- right where I live?
I'm a cop now--

BRIAN
So what, you're gonna arrest us?

PAT
Holy crap, I'm wicked scared.

MOLLY
(exhausted, can't help it)
Maybe you should be.

Her brothers look to each other, surprised by her tone.

JOE
What's that supposed to mean?

LINDA
(before Molly can speak)
Mary Margaret Callahan.
(MORE)

LINDA (CONT'D)

I put up with you becoming a
"policewoman," even though I would
have preferred you just marry
Dominic Fitzpatrick, because, what
can I do?

(tearing up, deeply felt)

I love you. You're my baby girl.

The words hit Molly hard. Linda pulls her into a tight hug.

LINDA (CONT'D)

(whispered, warning)

I know you put family first too.

Linda's nails press into Molly's arms. Molly tenses, the
"motherly love" feeling more like a mortal threat.

INT. EILEEN'S HOUSE -- MORNING

Eileen stares at a sink full of dishes from last night,
others still on the table. Battling her exhaustion, she
starts to clean up as Jim comes in, still in his pajamas.

JIM

Hey, how'd it go last night?

She just shakes her head. He comes up behind her at the
sink, puts his arms around her.

JIM (CONT'D)

First day's always rough. I
remember mine--

She pauses, fighting a rush of shame from last night.

EILEEN

(deflects, re the dishes)

Sweetheart, I'm just trying to--

JIM

I'm just saying, I get it. It gets
rough out there, especially with
the city these days... Nobody
understands it but cops. Lucky for
you, you're married to one.

(then, gently)

I want you to know, I'm here for
you, whatever you need.

EILEEN

(smiles, changing the
subject)

Thank you.

(MORE)

EILEEN (CONT'D)

But honestly right now I just need
the kitchen cleaned up so I can
make breakfast.

That came out edgier than she intended. Jim bristles.

JIM

Just so we're clear, while you were
on your shift, I gave Ryan dinner,
helped with his homework--

EILEEN

I know-- look, it was a long night--

Before she can explain any further, the phone RINGS--

EILEEN (CONT'D)

(answering, into phone)

Hello? Yes sir, I'm on my way.

She hangs up the phone, her face flushing with relief.

JIM

Saved by the bell, huh?

(then)

What is it?

EILEEN

Code 100. They need all hands on
deck-- sorry...

And in a flash she's gone upstairs to change. Frustrated,
Jim stares at the dishes in the sink as Ryan pads downstairs.

RYAN

Is there breakfast?

Jim looks to Ryan and wearily goes to the cupboard.

EXT. STREETS OF BOSTON -- MORNING

Squad cars fan out from all over the city, sirens blaring--

INT. POLICE BUS -- MORNING

Amongst the rows of COPS boarding in riot gear, we find
Molly, Eileen, Frank, Lisa... And, finally, Joanne. Frank
stops Joanne, more relieved than he'd care to admit.

FRANK

You're here--

JOANNE
(deeply conflicted)
For now.

She takes a seat in the very back near Molly, Eileen and Lisa, as the bus takes off to--

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON SCHOOL -- MORNING

As the police bus pulls up, Eileen, Molly, Lisa and Joanne look out through the smudged, scratched windows:

Protest signs-- "CLOSE MIXED SCHOOLS!"-- bang against the bus, as the red faces of an angry white mob scream through the bus windows... And we are back where we began.

INT. POLICE BUS -- CONTINUOUS

The cops begin to file off, the women standing in back, adjusting their belts and riot gear, as outside the protest rages. A flying brick SMASHES into the plexiglass window.

The women look to each other, any tension between them melting in the face of the test awaiting them just outside.

EILEEN
(half to herself)
Here we go...

She quickly starts off, as Lisa puts a hand on her shoulder. Eileen turns and Lisa protectively lowers the plastic visor on Eileen's helmet. Eileen nods thanks.

Behind them, Molly casts a last glance to Joanne, who is staring out the window at the furious white mob.

MOLLY
(gentle, encouraging)
You coming?

Joanne nods, lowering her visor, and follows the women out.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON SCHOOL -- MORNING

As the women exit the bus... They're slammed by the deafening ROAR of a furious mob. The full rage of a city at war--

END OF ACT FOUR

ACT FIVE

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON SCHOOL -- DAY

In the midst of the mayhem, the police have made a steadfast line, shoulder to shoulder, a corridor of calm in the storm, through which passes a police motorcade, followed by...

A line of yellow school buses, four or five long. As the buses pass, we see the faces of African American STUDENTS, some no older than the first grade, staring out at the hate.

The first bus stops and the students begin to file out. Most keep their eyes fixed on the ground. Some look up, unable to ignore the white parents spitting and cursing at them.

They walk past Molly, Eileen, Joanne, Frank, Eddie Hayes and Dennis O'Grady rising to the occasion-- each cop's face a mask of stoicism, even as the flames of protest reflect in their visors.

Near Lisa, a black TEENAGER who's finally had enough of the name-calling charges back at the mob.

TEENAGER

Shut up! Shut up shut up--

A white MOTHER, in "self-defense," waves him away, threatening him with the handle of her protest sign.

MOTHER

Animal! How dare you--

Lisa gets in between them, trying to end it--

LISA

Enough, before I arrest you both--

She manages to contain the mother, but the teen is now bruised and furious. As he's about to rush at the women-- a cop grabs him from behind, stopping him. It's Tommy.

TOMMY

Relax kid, it's not worth it. Get inside. Go to the nurse.

(then, to the mother)

These are kids. You ought to be ashamed.

The teen catches his breath and comes to his senses, the fire in his eyes fading to an ember. He walks into school as the mother resolutely resumes her ferocious chanting.

Lisa looks to Tommy, suddenly seeing him through new eyes.

LISA

Thanks.

He just looks back at her for a long beat as he falls into line next to her, shoulder to shoulder.

INT. SCHOOL BUS -- MOMENTS LATER

Joanne ushers out the last of the kids, turns to the DRIVER.

JOANNE

I got the walk-thru.

He nods as she checks behind and underneath each empty seat, making sure nobody's left behind. As she reaches the very back, she finds...

A nine year-old African American girl-- TRACY-- curled up on the ground, hiding out. Joanne pauses for a moment as Tracy squints up at her, terrified.

TRACY

(closing her eyes)
Please don't kill me.

Joanne looks at her a beat, taken aback.

JOANNE

No-- it's okay. I'm here to help you. It's time to go in--

TRACY

Just leave me alone.

Frightened tears spill down Tracy's cheeks. Joanne watches her for a moment, then takes off her helmet and sits on a nearby seat, not sure what to say, how to begin.

JOANNE

(finally...)
I get it, you know?

Tracy doesn't say a word, barely looks up at Joanne.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

I get scared too.
(re her gear)
And I have all of this.

Joanne turns the helmet over in her hands.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

They say it protects you, but...

She shakes her head, her pain from the last twenty-four hours palpable. Tracy can't help it-- she's interested.

TRACY

(re the helmet)

Can I touch it?

Tracy carefully comes up to sit next to Joanne...

JOANNE

(smiles)

If I say yes, will you go in to school?

TRACY

My mama say I'm quitting school. She say it ain't worth it, with everything crazy that's happening.

JOANNE

Yeah? Hmmm. Well...

(thinks, then)

Maybe she's right. Tell you the truth? I've been thinking the same thing. About quitting, I mean.

Tracy looks at Joanne: not the answer she was expecting.

JOANNE (CONT'D)

You ever heard of Dr. King?

(off Tracy's shy nod)

When I was your age, he came to speak at this big march-- over on Boston Common, you know? And he talked about his dream-- all of God's children, men and women, black and white, joining hands and singing, "Free at last." At the time, I thought it was everything. Now, I'm starting to think it's impossible. Maybe he was just crazy-- or stupid-- or wrong.

TRACY

(nervously)

I don't think you're supposed to say bad things about Dr. King. He's dead, right?

JOANNE

(a sad nod, then)

The night he was shot, I was fifteen. I remember-- people smashing windows, setting cars on fire-- the police showed up and only made it worse, of course-- stupid, ignorant cops.

TRACY

(a challenge)

So why'd you wanna be one then?

Joanne looks out the window at the protesters.

JOANNE

I knew things were broken-- but yelling and screaming wasn't the answer. And doing nothing wasn't an option, because, I mean... Then what would become of us, right?

(realizing)

I still can't see another way. At least for me.

TRACY

So then I guess you'd better not quit, right?

Tracy looks up at Joanne, her eyes full of hope-- and fear.

JOANNE

Tell you what. I won't if you don't.

Tracy smiles softly, not used to being treated with such respect. At last, she nods. A deal.

Silently, Tracy picks up her little Wonder Woman backpack, takes Joanne's hand and they walk out of the bus together.

EXT. SOUTH BOSTON SCHOOL -- MOMENTS LATER

Joanne escorts Tracy up the front steps and Tracy heads inside as the principal closes the door behind her. Through the door, the first bell RINGS, loud and clear.

The cops-- Joanne, Molly, Eileen, Lisa, Frank-- all look to each other. It's the sound of victory, at least for today.

As the crowds and cops begin to disperse, Eileen finds Molly.

EILEEN

I wanted to say-- thank you. For-- everything. And I'm going to ask the Captain if we can stay partnered up, it it's okay by you.

MOLLY

(scoffs, on guard)
Why? You didn't seem too happy about it this time around--

EILEEN

(hard to say)
I was wrong about you. About your character. You're a good cop.

Molly looks away, no longer sure what that even means.

EILEEN (CONT'D)

Plus, I owe you.

Eileen looks at Molly, utterly putting aside her pride.

MOLLY

(a challenge, for herself
as well...)
And what about my family?

EILEEN

(shrugs, smiles)
Everybody's got family.

Molly, takes that in, then starts back to the police bus as Eileen looks around at the remnants of the protest-- ripped signs, smoke billowing from that torched car as...

Nearby, Lisa watches Tommy walk toward her-- and keep walking past. As he goes, an aching feeling of loneliness bubbles up in her...

MUSIC begins, a slow, soulful ballad-- a young man singing of innocence and heartbreak. THE MUSIC CONTINUES OVER:

INT. LISA'S APARTMENT -- DAY

Lisa sits at her kitchen table, intently poring over a police file. SARAH, her waitress roommate, sits down next to her, wearing a robe and drinking coffee. Lisa doesn't look up.

SARAH

You okay? What are you looking at?

LISA

It's just... The police report.
From the night that it happened--

SARAH

(immediately concerned)
Why do you have that? What good
could opening all this back up
possibly do?

Sarah tries to take the report-- Lisa stops her.

LISA

(trying to explain)
I knew he was a cop, but I didn't
know he'd be in my department--
that I'd have to see him in the
halls every day-- he's so damn smug--
- he doesn't even *recognize me*--

Lisa's eyes fill with tears. She can barely speak...

LISA (CONT'D)

(re the report)
You know what this says? "Drunk
and Disorderly female." The cops
who showed up when I called 911,
they all signed off on it.

Sarah can't deny the horror of it. Still, her main concern
is simply for her friend's well being...

SARAH

Lisa. You became a cop to help
other victims. To put this behind
you, make something good out of it,
not for some kind of revenge--

LISA

This isn't about revenge.
(simple, now determined)
It's about justice.

Lisa looks at Sarah, then fixes her eyes back on the report.

EXT. MOLLY'S HOUSE -- DAY

Molly pounds her fists into the punching bag that hangs from
a tree in the driveway-- strength training. Joe, Pat and
Brian pass by with duffel bags; she doesn't look up.

But after a beat, unable to shake her conversation with the
Captain, she follows her brothers down the block to...

EXT. GARAGE -- CONTINUOUS

Molly creeps to a window and secretly peers in as her brothers sit at a card table in the shadowy back with a few COLLEAGUES-- amongst them union leaders, politicians...

Joe opens the duffels and count stacks of cash, distributing it. One of the men stands, taking his pay-out, a shaft of light hitting his face. Tall, elegant, white-haired: It's Councilman Daly, Eileen's father.

EXT. SAINT BRENDAN'S SCHOOL -- DAY

Eileen heads up the steps, as PARENTS pick up KIDS. RYAN, a sensitive eight year-old, heads out, almost passing her-- until she stops him. His face registers his surprise.

EILEEN

Hey, Ry. Did you forget I was picking you up?

RYAN

No, just dad said, you know... Not to count on you anymore. Your job is what matters to you now.

Eileen looks thrown. She bends down, looks Ryan in the eye.

EILEEN

Listen to me. When I was a little girl, my father was a cop-- all I wanted was to be one too-- and back then girls weren't even allowed on the force. So yeah, I love my job.
(then, eyes filling)
But I will *always* be there for you.

Eileen pulls her son into a hug, even as her face registers the hurdles she's facing-- including, now, her own husband.

INT. JOANNE'S HOUSE -- DAY

A record player spins-- this is where that MUSIC was coming from. Joanne holds the cover of a well-loved '45 in her hands. On it is a photograph of Marshall, smiling wide. The only recording he ever made. Joanne leans her head back, closes her eyes and listens to the music as...

A woman's hand reaches up and strokes her forehead gently. It's ALISON, 30, beautiful and free-spirited, in a long, crocheted robe, lying with her head in Joanne's lap. As the song comes to a close, Alison stands. Takes Joanne's hand.

ALISON

Come on.

JOANNE

(quietly furious)

The guys who did it to him.
They're still out there.

Alison bends down, gently kisses Joanne's pained face.

ALISON

And you'll get them. But first,
you need rest.

Joanne reluctantly allows herself to be led to the bedroom,
as the door swings shut behind them.

INT. WOMEN'S LOCKER ROOM, POLICE STATION -- DAY

A locker door swings open and Lisa reaches in, opens a brand
new bottle of aspirin and swallows four without water, then
looks up to see Joanne coming in for the next shift.

Joanne heads to her locker as Lisa watches her, needing to
say something, but unsure what, or how...

LISA

I heard what happened. I'm sorry.

JOANNE

(quietly, about
everything)

Me too.

It's a silent, complicated truce. Before Lisa can say more,
Molly comes in, glances to Lisa as if to ask whether Joanne's
all right. Lisa shakes her head, not sure, as, finally--

Eileen comes in, proudly slaps the day's Herald on a bench.
Joanne, glad for the distraction, goes to it. She picks up
the paper to see a PHOTOGRAPH of the riots, focusing on the
four female cops. Molly peers over her shoulder.

MOLLY

(reading from the paper)

...These unusual women hope to be
seen as fully equal to their male
counterparts... Call them...

(looks up, with a smirk)

The "Broad Squad?"

Lisa looks over from where she's strapping on her belt.

LISA
(laughs out loud)
What is that?

Eileen cracks a satisfied smile as Joanne passes the paper to Lisa, showing her the photo caption.

EILEEN
Us.

The women all look at each other, amused-- even flattered-- though they'd never admit it. Eileen puts on her cap. Joanne holsters her gun. Molly adjusts her enormous belt to fit her. Lisa straightens her badge...

And they head out to a new shift in the great city of Boston.

FADE OUT.