

FADE IN:

EXT. COMMERCIAL AVENUE - BRONX, NEW YORK - DAY

Summertime. A busy avenue. Crime is down in the city, but not in this neighborhood.

An ominous-looking STRANGER leans against a street pole. Sign above his head warns "No Standing - Bus Route". He's a white male, late 30s, with limp shoulder-length hair and a burly build. He drags on a cigarette like it's his last. His muscles threaten to rip his ill-fitting garb, which ironically, is a security uniform.

PEDESTRIANS avoid his stare. He ogles YOUNG WOMEN as they stroll by on morning errands in skimpy outfits. His hunting eyes lock on one woman in particular...

YVETTE VOLINO, 20s, a beautiful, maternal vision, departs an OB-GYN MEDICAL CLINIC with her toddler son, ZACK.

The stranger soon trails the mother and child.

EXT. BRONX TENEMENT - LATER

Yvette struggles to unlock the front door vestibule of a low-rent building... she balances a grocery bag and her boy. The stranger rushes from behind her.

STRANGER

Oh, let me get that.

Yvette turns, startled. She faces the intruder with attitude -- until she sees his uniform. Her fears quickly fades.

YVETTE

Dammit, mister... you scared me.

STRANGER

Your hands are full.

(takes grocery bag)

I just moved in... Super hasn't given me the buildin' key yet.

YVETTE

Only thing he's good for is collecting the rent.

Yvette UNLOCKS the door. The stranger holds it open -- gestures for her to lead the way.

STRANGER

What floor?

YVETTE
Fourth. You?

STRANGER
Top.

YVETTE
Who moved out? Or, who escaped?

STRANGER
Never got a name.

INT. APARTMENT HALLWAY - SAME

Yvette, Zack, and the stranger climb to the fourth floor. Yvette, breathless, walks to the apartment marked 4B. She inserts the key, then hesitates... faces the stranger.

YVETTE
We can manage.

STRANGER
I don't mind.

YVETTE
We're okay... thanks.

Yvette adjusts her grip on her son. Stranger places the bag down beside the door.

STRANGER
Come visit me sometime.

Yvette lowers her eyes. The stranger rushes upstairs. Once out of sight, Yvette kisses Zack and slides the bag over with one foot. She UNLOCKS the door and pushes it open.

YVETTE
You were a good boy today. Mommy's got goodies. Want an ice pop?

Yvette lifts bag. Suddenly, the stranger reappears on the stairs. His neighborly charm gone. He charges downstairs at the unsuspecting mother... and before Yvette can react, he slams the mother against the door. Groceries spill everywhere.

STRANGER
... GET INSIDE!

YVETTE
My son! Wait!

The stranger drags Yvette and the boy inside the apartment. Slams and LOCKS door. Zack's muffled pleas HEARD.

ZACK (O.S.)
... Mommy!! Mommy!!

INT. YVETTE VOLINO'S APARTMENT - SAME

Stranger tosses the toddler into a hall closet and latches it. Yvette remains on the floor, dazed.

Her intruder turns his attention to her.

YVETTE
Please don't hurt us... look, do you need money?

Stranger pulls a knife from behind his back. From the look of this damn thing, it could gut a deer.

STRANGER
I want your kid.

Yvette looks at the latched closet.

YVETTE
Don't hurt my baby!

STRANGER
Not that one.
(moving on her)
I want the one inside you.

EXT. DALY RESIDENCE - DAY

A two-family stucco house in the Westchester suburbs. Homeowners here take pride in their SUVs, lawns, and 30 year mortgages. CHRISSY DALY, 18, pretty, dashes to the mailbox. She removes the mail and looks excited to find one letter in particular.

EXT. DALY BACKYARD - SAME

MIKE DALY, 40s, a good-looking Irishman, uncovers an above-ground swimming pool. His wife MARIA DALY, 30s, barbecues. Mike's widowed mother, JULIE DALY, 60s, tends to a garden.

Chrissy runs into the yard, waving the letter.

CHRISSY
I got accepted, everybody! I'm going away to college!

Chrissy does a little dance. Maria and Julie congratulate her. Mike looks the least thrilled of the bunch.

MARIA
Congratulations, sweetheart!

JULIE
They're lucky to get you, Chrissy.

MIKE
And my money. Hey, college girl, come help your old man, will you?

Chrissy gives her mother the letter and then joins her father by the pool. Mike bear-hugs her. They grab the pool cover together.

MIKE
Do me a favor? Go to the community college.

CHRISSEY
Why, Dad, because it's cheaper?

MIKE
No, because it's closer to home... where I can keep a better eye on you. Pull.

CHRISSEY
(pulls cover)
Why do I... have to help?

MIKE
Getting this pool was your idea. Put some muscle into it, Chrissy.

Chrissy tugs off the vinyl liner.

MIKE
Watch out for the dead bugs.

Chrissy drops her end. Mike laughs, tugs harder.

CHRISSEY
Break down and hire a pool man.

Mike picks up a spider and dangles it near his daughter.

MIKE
All my money's spent on your education. Until you graduate, you're my pool man.

Chrissy playfully slaps the spider away. Father and daughter slap box now. Maria and Julie watch them familiar with their antics.

SFX: TELEPHONE RINGS INSIDE HOUSE.

CHRISSY

Don't make me hurt you, Geezer.

Mike lifts Chrissy. He fakes tossing her in the pool. The back door to the house swings open. TRICIA DALY, 20, a knockout, dangles cordless phone.

TRICIA

Daddy... *telephonie*.

Mike holds Chrissy in midair. All the Daly women shoot Mike a look. He lowers his daughter. Once on the ground, Chrissy punches her dad in the gut.

INT. DALY KITCHEN - SAME

Tricia returns inside. She wraps her arms around her fiance, TOMMY, 20s, gym buff, sitting at the table. They kiss.

TRICIA

Where were we, Tommy?

TOMMY

Band or DJ? I say DJ.

TRICIA

This is our wedding, Tommy, not some high school dance. I say a big band.

TOMMY

Like an orchestra?

Mike enters house.

MIKE

(into phone)

Be there in thirty.

(hangs up)

Tommy, come up for air and finish the pool.

TRICIA

Daddy!

TOMMY

Sure, sir, um... sir? Don't forget next Saturday. Our tux fitting, sir.

MIKE

Got it. And stop callin me sir. Master
of the Universe is fine.

Maria comes inside with an unsteady gate. Mike notices an
aluminum cane on the counter. He picks it up.

MIKE

What's this doing out?

Tommy and Tricia notice the cane. Maria goes to the
refrigerator in search of condiments.

MARIA

Had trouble getting around this morning.
Everybody put your eyes back in your
heads. I'm fine.

Mike goes to his wife.

MIKE

Everything okay, babe?

MARIA

Yeah.

MIKE

I'll get home early.

MARIA

(kisses him)
Just get home.

INT. BRONX POLICE STATION - SEX CRIMES UNIT - DAY

Typical squad room. MAUREEN "MO" TURNER, 30s, attractive,
brash, smart as a whip, swaggers into the unit like a star
quarterback into the locker room. She wears designer pants
and a custom-fitted jacket with expensive flat shoes. She's
top cop around here and it shows.

Mo's male colleagues perk up upon her arrival. HERMAN
LICHVAR, 40s, portly, a rather harmless on-the-job pervert,
doesn't hide his infatuation and lust for Mo Turner.

HERMAN

In on your day off, Mo? What's the
matter? Couldn't live without me?

MO

I need my daily fix, Herm -- I'm addicted
to your cologne.

HERMAN

It's my natural scent.

MO

Is that what that *smell* is?

Mike Daly swiftly approaches Mo Turner. They're partners, much to the envy of the others. Daly and Turner are a solid team with a hint of competition between them.

MO (CONT'D)

This better be good.

MIKE

Lieutenant wants to see us.

MO

What did you do?

MIKE

Me? Maybe you pissed him off.

They approach the lieutenant's office like heading to the principal's office.

MO

Mike. If you got me in trouble, I'll shoot your ass.

MIKE

Shoot your own. It's a bigger target.

MO

I'm dead accurate, babe.

INT. LIEUTENANT RYAN'S OFFICE - SAME

LIEUTENANT BILL RYAN, 50s, sports a General Tommy Franks buzz cut, opens a case file. Mike and Mo stand before his desk.

LIEUTENANT RYAN

Major patterns case. Five PDs report a suspect targeting young mothers with children. All pregnant women. Motive's robbery, sexual assault and the latest... mutilation. A woman this morning was attacked and had a C-section performed on her.

MIKE

Jesus.

MO

Dead?

LIEUTENANT RYAN

Yvette Volino's fighting for her life at Bronx Community ER. Find out if this attack is related to the others... or a Laci Peterson.

(points to chairs)

Park it.

Mike and Mo both go for the same chair like a bad game of musical chairs. Mike relents to his partner. He takes the second chair. The lieutenant hands Mike a folder.

LIEUTENANT RYAN

Case reports, descriptions, and M.O.

MO

Leads? Witnesses?

LIEUTENANT RYAN

All we got to go on is a Caucasian male, thirties, six foot or more, built like a brick shit-house.

MIKE

Lab?

LIEUTENANT RYAN

Perp wears gloves and condoms.

The lieutenant leans back. He shoves the window open for air. Mike and Mo trade a glance, sensing a problem.

MO

Anything else up, lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT RYAN

The Mayor asked for my heavy hitters. Consider this the World Series of cases. Game seven.

MO

Did he request me, I mean, by name, sir?
The Mayor?

The lieutenant shoots his all-star detective an eye shot.

LIEUTENANT RYAN

No. He requested Mike by name.

Mo sits back, her ego deflated. Mike grins, amused.

LIEUTENANT RYAN

Herman and Dean will assist with extra leg work. You better nab this bastard in less than thirty days.

Mike and Mo stand.

MIKE

We intend to. Why thirty days?

MO

(answering for boss)

That's when the Mayor's reelection goes into full swing.

LIEUTENANT RYAN

This precinct had the highest turnout of registered female voters in the last election. The Mayor can't afford a bunch of petrified women with their hands on the lever come November 4th.

MIKE

Crime and politics.

MO

Don't worry, Lieutenant, we live for deadlines.

Mo heads for the door. Mike follows.

LIEUTENANT RYAN

Hey -- ?

(they stop)

Hit this one out of the park, we all talk promotions. Strike out and we live and die in Sex Crimes.

That lights a fire under Mo Turner's ass. She's out the door.

INT. POLICE STATION - SAME

Mike and Mo log out. Mike snatches the keys off peg.

MO

Look. No more foot cast. I'm back in action, Mike. One hundred percent FDA-approved kick ass.

MIKE

Maybe next time you'll think twice before kicking down a metal door, huh, Starsky?

MO

Keys, please. And Hutch was my favorite.

MIKE

My turn to drive. Starsky had balls.

MO

No, it's my turn. And it only looked like Starsky had the balls because his pants were tighter.

EXT. POLICE STATION - PARKING LOT - SAME

Mike and Mo make their way toward an unmarked white Jeep. Both detectives arrive at the driver's side door. A standoff.

MO

Starsky and Hutch drove a cool red '77 Torino. Look what we get --

MIKE

What's wrong with a white Cherokee Jeep?

MO

Nothing if you're a U.N. Inspector -- but this is the Bronx, not Baghdad.

MIKE

Could've fooled me.

Mo puts out her hand for the keys. Mike resists.

MIKE

Mo. You don't drive, you avoid.

MO

Have I ever made you kiss an air bag?

MIKE

No, but you give me heart palpitations.

MO

Not the first guy to say that. Keys, big guy, don't make me wrestle you for them. These are my new Banana Republic pants.

Mike relents, drops the keys in her hand. Mo hops behind wheel, eager beaver. She adjusts the mirrors. Mike sits shotgun, designated sidekick, which he resents.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - SAME

Mo drives like Danica Patrick through New York City traffic. Mike tries to eat a Taco Bell burrito, while reviewing case notes.

MO
News alert, partner. Can't hide it any longer.

MIKE
Hide... what?

MO
We're having a baby.

Mike drops bean filling on his notes.

MIKE
What? You're... you shitting me?

MO
No.

MIKE
How far along?

MO
Six and half months.

MIKE
What? Six and -- You always said kids were out of the question. What about *the job*? Your career plans? Kids hold you back, you know.

MO
You have kids.

MIKE
Yeah and look where it's gotten me. Partnered with you, doing time in Sex Crimes up in The Bronx. Don't compare Maria and me to you and...
(off Mo's look)
... well, it's different for us.

Mo swings around a driver. She lays on the HORN. As Mo passes the slow car, she leans across Mike's lap to holler out his window.

MO
LEARN TO DRIVE!
(looks up in mirror)
(MORE)

MO (CONT'D)

Did you see that? That old woman gave me the finger.

MIKE

Leave it to you to bring out road rage in a senior citizen.

Mo floors the accelerator.

MO

Hold your chalupa. We've been trying to do this since the miscarriage, enduring all kinds of fertility hell.

MIKE

Mo, really, I didn't ask for the details.

MO

You don't think I can be a good mother, do you? Admit it. Say it.

MIKE

Honestly? No. I don't think you can be.

MO

You didn't think a black man could be President of the United States either.

MIKE

The jury's still out on that. You don't exactly strike me as the *nurturing* type.

MO

I might surprise you.

MIKE

Wouldn't be the first time.

Mo bites into an apple. Mike finishes his burrito.

MO

Who knows? After the baby comes, we might even get married.

Mike shoots her a judgemental gaze.

MO

What's wrong, Old School? Don't give me that GOP look. My family values are fine.

MIKE

I didn't say a word.

MO

Say one -- how about *congratulations*?

EXT. BRONX TENEMENT - LATER

Mike and Mo approach crime scene building. Mo tosses her apple in street trash can for a two pointer.

MIKE

Report says perp follows victims home from doctor offices, OB/GYN clinics, pharmacies. Attacks occur in mid morning.

MO

How's he gaining access?

MIKE

Disguises... wears uniforms. Security guard, cable guy. Once inside, he threatens to kill the kid unless the mother submits.

MO

What's a good mother to do?

MIKE

You tell me.

INT. YVETTE VOLINO'S APARTMENT - SAME

UNIFORMED OFFICERS and FORENSICS work the premises. Mike whispers to a YOUNG OFFICER.

MIKE

Interview the neighbors.

Messy apartment. Something awful happened here. The victim's boyfriend, WAYNE HARDAWAY, late 20s, construction worker, still in his work clothes, cries on the sofa.

Mike joins Mo as she interviews Wayne Hardaway.

WAYNE HARDAWAY

I got here five minutes... after it happened. She called... my cell.

MO

What did she say? Any description on the guy? Features, an accent? She tell you anything, Mr. Hardaway?

WAYNE HARDAWAY

She said he... he cut her... took out... the baby... Oh God! What kind of sick...

(MORE)

WAYNE HARDAWAY (CONT'D)
she said... he reeked... bad... it made
her throw up... he smelled... like old
sweat.

MO
How long you been married?

WAYNE HARDAWAY
We're... not.

MO
You're wearing a wedding ring.

Wayne covers his left hand.

WAYNE HARDAWAY
I'm not married... to Yvette.

Mike and Mo trade looks.

MIKE
What's the relationship, Wayne?

Wayne Hardaway sobs, then looks at the cops.

WAYNE HARDAWAY
I'm married... eight years... got three
kids. My family's in Brooklyn. Met
Yvette one night here... she was
bartendin' at a club... my buddy's
bachelor party. We hooked up... kept
seein' each other... until... she got
pregnant.

MIKE
Your baby?

WAYNE HARDAWAY
Yeah.

MIKE
You didn't want it?

WAYNE HARDAWAY
No... yes! I wasn't sure, you know.

MIKE
A new addition wouldn't sit so well back
in Brooklyn, huh?

WAYNE HARDAWAY
I can't... think about that... right now.

Wayne buries his head in his hands and sobs. His life is crashing down around him. A FORENSIC OFFICER, 30s, rushes in.

FORENSIC OFFICER
Mike, we found something.

Wayne lifts his head, as Mike and Mo rush out.

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

Mike and Mo look into the belly of a hot incinerator. Ash, smoke, and what appears to be... a FETUS... burns in the brick pit. The forensic officer stands in background.

MIKE
Christ Almighty. Is that what...

MO
How old?

FORENSIC OFFICER
Four months... if.

EXT. BRONX TENEMENT - SAME

Mike and Mo escort Wayne Hardaway to the car.

WAYNE HARDAWAY
I wouldn't hurt my own baby!

MIKE
That's why Yvette's got an order of protection against you, Wayne?

Wayne goes mute. Mike places suspect in the car. The NEIGHBORS rubberneck.

INT. POLICE STATION - SEX CRIMES UNIT - LATER

Mike and Mo place Wayne Hardaway in a holding cage.

WAYNE HARDAWAY
I want a lawyer!

MIKE
Sit -- I'll get you the Yellow Pages.

Mike crosses to Herman's desk.

MIKE

Run a background check on Lover Boy. He's married, but not to the woman he knocked up. Plenty of motive to want her and the baby gone.

HERMAN

Doesn't look like a baby killer.

MIKE

Assign him a lawyer off the slush pile.

Mike meets Mo as she finishes up a call.

MO

Yvette Volino's alive... and conscious.

MIKE

Let's pay a visit.

Mike and Mo depart unit.

INT. BRONX COMMUNITY HOSPITAL - DAY

Mike and Mo interview Yvette Volino as she lies in bed, hooked to tubes and machines. She's sedated.

MO

Who did this?

YVETTE

Some... guy... carried up... my groceries. I never... saw... him... before. Said he... lived in the building. My son... Zack.

Mike jots notes.

MIKE

Get a name? Apartment?

YVETTE

Said... top floor.

Yvette looks at Mo.

YVETTE

Zack?

MO

Child Services. He's safe. They'll notify your mother as requested.

Tears stream down the sides of her swollen face, as she looks at the detectives.

YVETTE

My... baby?

INT. SEX CRIME UNIT - EVENING

Mike and Mo work at their desks, which face each other. Mo reads off her PC monitor. Mike hangs up telephone.

MIKE

Wayne Hardaway's alibi holds up. He was on a construction site at time of the attack. His background's clean, except for the domestic.

MO

Ran checks on his cell activity for the past two months. He calls three people every day -- his wife, his mother and his girlfriends.

MIKE

Girlfriends? Regular family man.

Mo grabs a cup of coffee near work station.

MO

Yvette Volino should've never allowed that guy to carry her groceries, never mind unlocking the door around him. What's wrong with women?

MIKE

(mock shock)

Detective, you're not blaming the victims, are you?

MO

I'm blaming bad judgement. Something most women possess sorry to say. How many times do we warn them not to jog alone after dark in Central Park? With headphones on? They're walking targets.

MIKE

Please, I have two daughters I worry enough about already.

MO

If someday my daughter...

MIKE
(taken aback)
... daughter? It's a girl?

Mo shows him an ultrasound photo.

MO
She'll carry mace, have a black belt in
Karate, and will sure as shit know how to
unload a few rounds before she's in day-
care.

MIKE
Won't she be the most popular.

MO
Just like her mother.

Off which, Mo pockets the ultrasound.

EXT. DALY HOUSE - DAWN

Mike swings SUV into the driveway. The NEWSPAPER BOY pedals his bike, tosses a NY Daily News and a wave at the off-duty cop. Mike ignores the newspaper and the kid. He disappears inside. A porch LIGHT burns. He was expected home hours ago.

INT. DALY KITCHEN - SAME

Mike climbs out of his trousers. Dressed in boxers and T-shirt, he pours leftover coffee. Sits at the table. It takes all his energy to crack open a criminal law textbook.

MARIA
Where you been, Irish?

Maria stands in the doorway. She's wrapped in a robe. A vision for his tired eyes.

MIKE
I didn't call... when it got late.
(reaches for her)
Come here.

Maria goes to him. Mike wraps his arms around her waist. She rubs his tired shoulders.

MIKE
I couldn't get home fast enough.

MARIA
Want me to fix you something?

MIKE

My stomach shut down. Right after two chapters... I'm in bed.

MARIA

Study tomorrow.

MIKE

(checks watch)
It *is* tomorrow.

He embraces her, gently placing his hands inside her loose robe.

MARIA

I worry about you.

MIKE

Me? I'm Superman.

Maria straddles his legs.

MARIA

Faster than a speeding bullet?

MIKE

Not always... I hope.

MARIA

More powerful than a locomotive?

MIKE

You noticed.

MARIA

Able to leap his wife on a single bound?

MIKE

On a good night.

Maria kisses Mike gently, then with passion. Their breathing becomes heavier, a familiar excitement ignites between them. A married couple still hot for each other after all these years.

INT. MO TURNER'S BEDROOM - SUNRISE

Across town. Mo slips into bed, wears panties and a tank top. Her toned body could be used as an advertisement for a fitness club. Mo whispers to her bed mate.

MO

... Awake?

LEE ANN CARNEY, late 20s, feminine and pretty, knows what she wants and has it beside her right now. Lee Ann rolls over and sleepily cuddles Mo.

LEE ANN
What time... is it?

MO
Way too early... for you.
(kisses her)
Go back to sleep.

LEE ANN
The doctor called... he says not to worry... it's morning sickness... that... lasts twenty four hours a day.

MO
Glad you're doing all the heavy lifting.

LEE ANN
(fully awake now)
Did you see... your supervisor?

Mo touches Lee's belly. Lee awaits a response, then:

LEE ANN
Hellllloo?? Lee Ann to Maureen?

MO
Come here. Stay in bed with me. Let Anton handle your early appointments.

LEE ANN
Don't change the...

MO
Under the covers.

LEE ANN
... the subject.

Mo holds Lee, closes her eyes. She opens them when she realizes Lee is glaring at her.

LEE ANN
We close on the new condo soon -- you have to talk to your lieutenant, Maureen.

MO
There's a lot happening at the work.