

The Black Eagle

Pilot

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Pilot

TEASER

EXT. UPTOWN CITY STREET - NIGHT

People are out enjoying themselves, bright light spills out of storefronts and neon signs illuminate the street.

A few CORNER BOYS (late teens, early 20s) - baggy pants and shirt, the works - horse around on the corner.

One of the corner boys is BIG RAY. He's bigger than the others. By a lot. It's muscle.

A NONDESCRIPT SEDAN drives up and stops.

TOM FARBER (late 20s/early 30s) in a hoodie and jeans is driving. He's white.

Big Ray comes over.

TOM

Hey, hey, Big Ray. What's going on?
You got anything for me?

BIG RAY

You know I got you covered, brah.

Corner Boy 1 comes up and hands Big Ray a bag of what looks like Chinese food. Big Ray hands it over to Tom, who takes it, looks inside, gears turn in his head.

BIG RAY (cont'd)

You hear about Litte Mouse?

TOM

He's down on Main and 5th?

BIG RAY

Yeah.

TOM

What about him?

BIG RAY

The Eagle got him.

TOM

Yeah?

BIG RAY

Yeah. Bashed his head in.

TOM

That dumb shit deserved it if he let some old man get the drop on him with a couple sticks.

BIG RAY

You think you could take the Eagle?

TOM

He doesn't carry a gun, does he?

A moment of reflection on Big Ray's part.

BIG RAY

Still. Little Mouse is dead.

TOM

Yeah, well, I'm gonna bounce.

INT. NONDESCRIPT SEDAN - NIGHT

Tom puts the package in the passenger seat, and drives away. The radio is on with the volume at a reasonable level.

He drives along, and we follow him. His phone rings. It says TONI on the screen. He puts in an ear piece, answers.

TOM

Hey, baby.

(pause)

Yeah, I'm workin'. I should be done by 4, though.

(pause)

You know I can't tell you. You'll see me when you wake up.

(pause)

I know you don't. It won't be too much longer.

(pause)

Nah, baby. End of the summer, we'll have enough to get out of here.

(pause)

I know, baby. I know. Look, I'm nearly there. I see you later, yeah?

(MORE)

TOM (cont'd)
(pause)
I love you, too.

He hangs up, pulls out the ear piece, sets it down. He comes to a stop light and stops.

Then, we see a THIN GARROTTE gently go over his head and AROUND HIS THROAT.

A pair of GLOVED HANDS pull the garrotte tight.

EXT. UPTOWN CITY STREET - NIGHT

We're at the stop light. Tom has a go of it. He cries out. He struggles. Punches connect.

Then...

THE DRIVER'S DOOR OPENS

and Tom spills out onto the street, worse for the wear. Face bloodied. He's missing a few teeth.

He scrambles up and he's off like a shot!

He races along, looking over his shoulder from time to time. There's an angry red line on his throat. He's scared.

TOM
I'm on your side!!!

He hops up onto the sidewalk and keeps going.

It's lonely out there. All darkness and the occasional street light.

A moment later he TRIPS and hits the ground.

A BLACK FORM is on top of him, smashing him about the face and head with a PAIR OF POLICE BATONS.

Tom screams out in pain, tries to scramble away.

A BLACK GLOVED HAND grabs Tom by the scruff of his hoodie.

The baton bashes him over and over in the back of his skull. He screams in pain.

No one hears him.

END TEASER

ACT 1

EXT. COURT HOUSE - DAY

Columns, marble, legal phrases in Latin on the facade, the whole deal. People enter and exit the building.

It's HOT out. The air shimmers with it. People are miserable.

TV WEATHERMAN (V.O.)

It's a scorcher out there today,
let me tell you! No relief in sight
for the next few days.

INT. COURT HOUSE - HALLWAY - DAY

CLOSE ON: WENDY LONGFELLOW's face.

She has a scar that crosses from her forehead, through her eyebrow, over her right eye, and onto her cheek.

She doesn't wear a lot of makeup. Her clothes are understated, almost boring, pantsuit, blouse, sensible shoes, that kind of thing.

She's standing next to an Occupy Girl named LISA COLICHIO (very early 20s), hoodie, cargo pants, tats, in college.

They stand in the hallway - filled with other DEFENDANTS and LAWYERS - with JAMIE HOWARD (late 20s), smartly dressed for a public servant, great smile, put together. You'd probably like him. He's the prosecutor.

JAMIE

Look, Wendy, your girl here...

WENDY

Her name's Lisa.

JAMIE

Lisa here is going to be charged
with criminal trespass, resisting
arrest --

WENDY

The usual bullshit they throw at
these kids. Seriously, it's not
worth anyone's time or effort to go
through with this.

He knows it.

JAMIE
Community service, and...

WENDY
Community service is why she was
arrested.

JAMIE
Without the permission of the
owners. That's trespassing.

WENDY
(to Lisa)
Next time, hand out food to
homeless on the sidewalk.

LISA
The parks are for the people --

WENDY
On the sidewalk.

LISA
Fine.

WENDY
Promise?

LISA
Promise.

WENDY
(to Jamie)
See? She promises. Good enough?

It's going to have to be.

JAMIE
I'll talk to the judge and get the
charges dropped.

He starts to walk away.

WENDY
Thanks, Jamie.

JAMIE
Any time. Hey! We should do coffee
some time.

WENDY
In your dreams.

She turns to Lisa.

WENDY (cont'd)
Okay, Lisa, you're off the hook.

LISA
You think I woulda got a fair
trial?

WENDY
(shakes her head)
Judge Harrison is pretty tough
about this kind of thing.

Lisa gets up to go.

LISA
Hey, lemme ask you something.

WENDY
Go ahead.

LISA
Why are you doing this?

WENDY
I don't follow you.

LISA
I mean all this. It just seems like
nothing changes. You should get out
there with us. Do something for
once.

WENDY
Maybe some other time.

LISA
Suit yourself.

Lisa heads out.

EXT. UPTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

It's still HOT out. People in this neighborhood look more
miserable than they usually do.

An UNMARKED POLICE CAR pulls up to the curb. ONLOOKERS surround the entrance to an ALLEYWAY. The block is filled with cop cars, an AMBULANCE, the works.

Out of the car comes DET. MORRIS. He's had a rough week, but he's conquering it. Rumpled suit and tie. He makes his way to the

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

crime scene. OFFICERS keep things clear from the street into the alleyway.

Det. Morris meets with the OFFICER IN CHARGE.

DET. MORRIS
What do you have for me, Officer?

OFFICER IN CHARGE
One body, young man, probably late
20s or so. White guy. Whoever did
this to him started over there...
(points to the
street)
... and finished him off here.

Det. Morris goes to the BODY on the ground. It's laying face down, dressed in a hoodie and jeans. There's a LARGE REVOLVER in his hand. The victim's head has been bashed in.

A few feet away, a BURST BAG OF COKE.

DET. MORRIS
Anyone touch the body yet?

OFFICER IN CHARGE
The body is as-is, at least since
we got here. Forensics will deal
with him once you're done. We
figure he hasn't been dead long.

DET. MORRIS
Because he doesn't smell.

The officer in charge taps his nose.

Det. Morris considers the body. Nothing out of the ordinary.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)
(nods to the bag of
coke)
I gather he's in the business.

OFFICER IN CHARGE
Yeah. And hey, guess what he's
holding.

DET. MORRIS
I give up.

OFFICER IN CHARGE
.357 magnum.

DET. MORRIS
A .357? Who carries those anymore?

The officer in charge shrugs.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)
Anything else? Anyone see anything?

OFFICER IN CHARGE
Yeah. A kid. He's in the cruiser.

INT. CRUISER - DAY

Det. Morris gets into the cruiser, driver's seat.

IN THE BACK

D'SHAWN JONES, no more than 16, dressed a lot like the
victim, but more colorfully. He's done this before. He's
sweating from the heat.

DET. MORRIS
Hi, I'm Detective Morris. I heard
you saw something tonight.

D'SHAWN
Can you turn on the air
conditioner?

DET. MORRIS
Sure.

He turns on the air.

D'SHAWN
Thanks.

DET. MORRIS
Any time. You got a name?

D'SHAWN
D'Shawn.

DET. MORRIS
D'Shawn what?

D'SHAWN
Jones.

DET. MORRIS
Good to meetcha, D'Shawn Jones. You
mind telling me what you saw?

D'SHAWN
The Eagle beat that man to death
with some clubs, then took his car.

DET. MORRIS
No shit?

D'SHAWN
No shit.

DET. MORRIS
That explains why he left the bag
of coke. You see what kind of car?

D'SHAWN
(shrugs)
It was a car.

DET. MORRIS
You get a color? Make and model?
Number of doors? That kind of
thing?

D'SHAWN
Blue. Cheap ass Toyota, I guess.

Det. Morris writes this down.

DET. MORRIS
No luck on the plate.

D'Shawn shakes his head no.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)
You can ID him?

D'SHAWN
Man, anybody can ID him.

Good point.

DET. MORRIS
But you know it was him.

D'SHAWN
Yeah. Can I go now?

DET. MORRIS
The victim, you know him?

D'SHAWN
No.

DET. MORRIS
I don't mean personally. You see
him around?

D'SHAWN
Yeah. Sure.

DET. MORRIS
And?

D'SHAWN
And what?

DET. MORRIS
What can you tell me about him?

D'Shawn shrugs.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)
You know anything you tell me is
held in confidence.

A moment as D'Shawn weighs this.

D'SHAWN
He hang with Big Ray.

DET. MORRIS
I know Big Ray. Okay, you know the
drill. We catch the Eagle, you have
to come in to ID him.

D'SHAWN
Yeah.

Det. Morris regards the kid for a minute, then gets out of
the car to let him out.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

D'ARCY MILLER (late 20s), pixie cut, glasses, dressed down,
very comfortable sits in her cube, typing furiously.

In a BROWSER, a POLICE SCANNER.

DISPATCH OPERATOR
 Bus is on its way to Memorial. One
 body. White male.

D'Arcy cradles her phone under her chin.

D'ARCY
 Billy! Stop. Seriously. The
 ambulance is pulling out right now.
 They're taking the body to the
 morgue.

BILLY (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 Okay, D'Arcy. You got me. There is
 a body at Hauser and 52nd.

D'ARCY
 And the Eagle did it?

We see D'Arcy's screen. She's simply taking an old article
 and changing out the names, weapons, addresses, etc., and
 replacing them with new information. The only information
 she hasn't changed is any instance of "the Black Eagle."

BILLY (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 I can neither confirm nor deny the
 involvement of the Black Eagle. As
 you know, the city of--

D'ARCY
 You don't condone his actions.
 Right. But did he do it?

A moment.

D'ARCY (cont'd)
 Billy?

BILLY (V.O.)
 (on phone)
 We have a witness who says it was
 the Black Eagle, yes. But until--

D'ARCY
 Unconfirmed. Got it. Thank you,
 Billy!

BILLY (V.O.)
(on phone)
You owe me--

D'Arcy hangs up.

She finishes the article - "unconfirmed reports," "eye witness," etc. - saves it, and then sends it to the server.

D'Arcy stands up and weaves her way to the desk of TIM DOYLE, a metal head in a shirt and tie. He's a big guy.

D'ARCY
Tim! Tim! The Black Eagle! He
killed someone. Like, just now!

TIM
I know. I'm reading about it. Nice
work, by the way.

D'ARCY
I want to cover it.

TIM
You just did.

D'ARCY
No. Not the blotter. I want to do a
real story on him. Find him. Talk
to him. Talk to the city about him.

Tim looks up from his computer.

TIM
First off, Jansen's the one who
covers the cape. You know that.
Second off, we did that story a
long time ago.

D'ARCY
Yeah, 10 years ago. And you didn't
talk to him. You gotta let someone
else do it. You gotta let me do it.

TIM
Why should I?

D'ARCY
Because I've been here a couple
years now. Because I can do this!
Because you know I'm a great
writer.

TIM
Jansen's a great writer.

D'ARCY
And Jansen wants to go to
Washington, DC, to cover the White
House. Gimme the cape.

Tim sighs.

TIM
All right, look. You're not getting
the cape. Not right now. Besides,
he's not a story. Not anymore.

D'ARCY
Then what, I'm back on the blotter?

TIM
Yeah, but no. You want to write a
real story?

D'ARCY
I deserve to! There are interns in
the Style section who have more
bylines than me.

TIM
All right, I get it. We've been
treating you like shit since you
got off the copy desk.

D'ARCY
I didn't want to say anything.

TIM
Ha ha. You can take over the
Purpura story.

D'ARCY
The what?

TIM
The Purpura story. They're a
construction company. I had
Wloszczyna on it, but she had a
death in the family.

D'ARCY
Nobody gives a shit about the
Purpura story.

TIM
And now you do.

D'ARCY
But--

TIM
Look, I sympathize. But you get
this done, and you do it well,
it'll help you get other stories.
Now get flying, Miss Miller.

He shoos her away.

D'ARCY
Yes, Mr. Doyle.

That rankles him a bit, like a little sister annoying her
big brother.

She's off like a shot.

TIM
Call me Tim!

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - DAY

Brownstone houses line the street on each side. About a
third have been gentrified, a third are empty, and a third
are still in the hands of their pre-gentrification owners.

Det. Morris walks up to one of the houses that's not been
gentrified yet. Rings the bell.

DET. MORRIS
Pizza delivery!

He pulls out his badge and flips it open.

There's movement inside. Then, the door opens. There stands
Big Ray, shirtless, Air Jordan's on his feet, baggy red
shorts. He was expecting a pizza guy.

BIG RAY
I didn't order a god damn --

He sees Det. Morris' badge...

DET. MORRIS
I have some questions about your
partner, Tom Farber.

... and bolts back into the house!

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)

Damn it.

He draws his pistol and enters.

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Big Ray exits through a window and down a fire escape.

Det. Morris follows, gets an eyeful of a small-time drug distribution center: a card table with a scale, baggies, cocaine. On the wall, a TV showing a paused video game.

Det. Morris goes to the window, checks outside.

EXT. ALLEYWAY - DAY

He sees Big Ray run along under the cover of trees.

INT. BROWNSTONE - LIVING ROOM - DAY

Det. Morris holsters his pistol and follows Big Ray.

EXT. ANOTHER UPTOWN CITY STREET - DAY

Big Ray tears around the corner. People move out of his way.

A moment later, there's Det. Morris. No one gets out of his way. Some of the kids even heckle him.

Big Ray spies a BODEGA and makes a bee-line to it.

INT. BODEGA - DAY

The place has seen better days. Walls lined with glass-front fridges filled with soda and beer. Rows of cheap processed food. There's a BORED CLERK reading his phone in a booth at the front by the door behind the bullet proof glass.

Big Ray runs in, tears his way to the back of the store, enters the BACK ROOM.

A moment later, Det. Morris enters. He stops by the door. Looks around. Spots the clerk, who motions to the back room.

DET. MORRIS

Thanks.

He heads to the back, hand on his holstered pistol. He approaches the back room door. The light is off, and he can't see a thing.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)

Ray! I don't want to --

BOOM!

A bag of nacho chips explodes behind Det. Morris!

Det. Morris ducks and moves to the side. He draws his pistol, aims it into the darkness.

The bored clerk ducks, too. He knows the drill.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)

Damn it, Ray! I just want to talk!

BIG RAY (O.S.)

I ain't sayin' shit! Now back up!

Det. Morris considers his options. He sighs and sets down his gun.

BIG RAY (O.S.) (cont'd)

Slide your gun over here!

Det. Morris stands, puts up his hands, and kicks his gun toward the door of the back room. He looks over his shoulders. There are a lot of SOUP CANS behind him.

Big Ray comes out wearing a JERSEY, and a BACKPACK slung over his shoulder. He points his pistol at Det. Morris, who takes a step back, angles his body toward the shelf.

DET. MORRIS

Let's do this easy now, Ray.

Det. Morris flicks his eyes to the cans. Mentally picks out Cream of Mushroom.

BIG RAY

The Eagle? He killed Tommy?

Det. Morris GRABS the CREAM OF MUSHROOM SOUP CAN and

LAUNCHES IT at Big Ray's head!

It strikes Big Ray in the forehead! Big Ray staggers back!

Det. Morris LUNGES and tackles Big Ray!

They wrestle for Big Ray's pistol! Det. Morris wrests it out of his hand!

DET. MORRIS
Stay down! Stay down!

Det. Morris flips Big Ray over and cuffs him.

BIG RAY
Why he kill Tommy?

Det. Morris hauls Big Ray to his feet. Leads him away.

DET. MORRIS
Same reason he woulda killed you.

BIG RAY
That's bullshit. Tommy was a cop.
And the Eagle don't kill cops.

Det. Morris stops. Say what?

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

INT. CHURCH - DAY

D'Arcy sits in the back pew in the aisle seat. She is dressed much as we saw her before, only this time she's wearing a jacket.

She cranes her head into the aisle and looks for someone. Ah! There she is! KAREN "WOZ" WLOSZCZYNA (40s), head to toe in black, sitting near the front.

D'ARCY

Psst!

A few people look back. But not Woz.

D'ARCY (cont'd)
(slightly more
insistent)

Psst!

More people look back. One shushes her.

Woz rolls her eyes. Looks back. Glares. D'Arcy backs off.

EXT. CHURCH - DAY

It's a nice church, located just off a four-lane retail corridor with a lot of traffic and very little green space. The dominant color is beige. The front double doors lead out to the sidewalk.

Woz and D'Arcy stand on the sidewalk as PEOPLE clad in black head to their cars in the vast parking lot. Woz puffs away on a cigarette.

WOZ

I gather you've never been to a funeral before.

D'ARCY

I mean, my grandad--

WOZ

I wasn't asking. You're on Purpura.

D'ARCY

Yes, I--

WOZ

Not asking. I'm glad to be rid of that shit ball story. Here's what you need--

D'ARCY

Why is it a "shit ball" story?

Woz can't really believe she's hearing this.

WOZ

You read my god damn notes, right?

D'ARCY

Yeah, but--

WOZ

I already talked to Ron Hart, and he's just pissed off he lost a big contract. But a story about Ron being angry is like writing a story about how the sun rose in the east this morning.

(drags on her
cigarette)

We're filling space in the paper that could go to... I dunno, another dead kid or something. I'm sorry you had to come all the way out here for nothin'.

D'ARCY

Sure, but it's my story now.

WOZ

And you wanna make something of it.

She stubs out her cigarette on the wall of the church.

WOZ (cont'd)

Look, if you're lucky, it'll do a slow creep and suddenly some low level city hump gets sacrificed to cover up the fact that some mid-level city hump took a few grand off of some Dominican guy who's breaking into the real estate game.

She takes out another cigarette.

D'ARCY

Who's the guy?

WOZ
The Dominican?

D'ARCY
Yeah.

WOZ
No idea. You're gonna have to do
some digging.

She lights the cigarette.

D'ARCY
How can I find that out?

WOZ
Check the city's records. Purpura
had to sign some contracts,
register with the state, all that
jazz.

D'ARCY
How come you didn't do that?

WOZ
My Aunt Cindy died.
(she takes a drag
on the cigarette)
Now, if you'll excuse me, I have to
pay my respects and eat some cheap
Polish food.

She heads out.

INT. POLICE DEPT. HQ - HOMICIDE - DAY

Rows of cubes, cluttered with computers, files, and personal
effects. Fluorescent lights blaze overhead.

There are a few DETECTIVES there, busy hen-pecking their
keyboards.

Det. Morris sits at his desk, his tablet attached to his
computer.

On his monitor he has an image of The Black Eagle with his
SIDEKICK, THE RED FALCON, who is smaller, younger, and
female. She's masked. The image is post-fight, and she has a
CUT over her right eye. It'll need stitches.

Already open is a DATABASE, into which he's entered descriptors of The Black Eagle. There is very little info on the Eagle, but there are KNOWN/SUSPECTED ASSOCIATES.

Most of the names are marked "Incarcerated" or "Deceased". The living are ABE MILLER, CHRIS FORD, DANIELLE LOVETT.

He opens windows for each name. One name they all share under their Known/Suspected Associates: WENDY LONGFELLOW.

Det. Morris clicks open her file, reads through it.

DET. MORRIS
(to himself)
A public defender.

He clicks open her image. Then he goes back to the image of the Red Falcon.

Something in his head clicks.

LT. COOPER (O.S.)
Detective, heard you caught the
Eagle killing today.

Det. Morris startles, swivels in his seat. Standing over him is LT. COOPER (50s, starched button down shirt, tie, slacks, nice shoes). He looks irritated.

DET. MORRIS
Yes, sir, I did.

LT. COOPER
You know how we deal with the Eagle
around here, right, Detective?

DET. MORRIS
Yes, sir, I do.

LT. COOPER
Then why are you still working on
it?

Det. Morris looks around the room, then to his boss.

DET. MORRIS
Can we talk in your office, sir?

INT. POLICE DEPT. HQ - LIEUTENANT'S OFFICE - DAY

Looks like the outer office writ smaller. There are shelves with books and plaques. There's a frame photo of the mayor on the wall.

The desk in the middle of the room is standard issue, with a computer and papers and name plate. A BIG SCREEN TV hangs on the wall to the right of the Lt.

Det. Morris sits across from Cooper.

LT. COOPER
So you're telling me that this Tom Farber guy is Vice.

DET. MORRIS
Yes, sir, Lieutenant.

LT. COOPER
Then why haven't you called out the big guns on this one?

Det. Morris' phone buzzes. He looks at it. The message: Can you pick up Scott?

LT. COOPER (cont'd)
You need to take that, Detective?

He types "Y" and sends it.

DET. MORRIS
No, sir. Just some family business. As I was saying, I haven't been able to find anything on what Farber was working on, but that could be firewalled to anyone outside of Vice.

LT. COOPER
I'll see what I can dig up. You got anything else?

DET. MORRIS
I'm going to bring him in. The Eagle.

LT. COOPER
Yeah, you're gonna have to this time. Damn it, that was a good run.

DET. MORRIS
Yes, sir, it was.

LT. COOPER

You know you'll get full cooperation from the force on this. You have any idea how you're gonna catch him?

DET. MORRIS

I think I have a lead on someone who might be able to help me bring the Eagle in alive.

EXT. DEPT. OF CITY PLANNING CENTRAL OFFICE - DAY

If there wasn't a sign on the front, you'd never know where you were. Totally modern building, faceless.

INT. DEPT. OF CITY PLANNING CENTRAL OFFICE - RECORDS - DAY

It's a basement room, only light is overhead. No windows. Row upon rows of cabinets and shelves. A few tables for reading here and there.

D'Arcy seated at one of the desks, huddled over the papers. There is a stack of papers before her.

She scans a contract. It's almost PHONE BOOK THICK.

She can't make heads or tails of what she's reading.

She changes contracts. This one is about half as thick. But it's still thick. The look on her face says, "Hmm, yeah, I understand some of these words."

She flips to the last page, but it's just text. No names, no addresses. She flips through, but this is a lot of paper.

Then she gathers up the contracts and goes to the INFORMATION DESK. There sits a RECEPTIONIST (30s/40s), tired, but eager to help.

RECEPTIONIST

What can I do for you?

D'ARCY

Do you have anyone who can translate this?

RECEPTIONIST

Not anymore.

D'ARCY
Not anymore?

RECEPTIONIST
Back in the day, you could probably
find someone down here on staff who
could have read that for you, made
heads and tails out of it. But now?

The Receptionist shrugs.

D'ARCY
Now I'm on my own.

RECEPTIONIST
You could hire a lawyer.

D'Arcy thinks about this for a second.

D'ARCY
Can I get copies of this?

The Receptionist points to the copier.

RECEPTIONIST
A dime a page.

D'ARCY
Cheap at twice the price.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Huge, institutional, though there's some effort put into the facade to give it Art Deco touches. Kids stream out the main doors and head home.

Det. Morris pulls up in his unmarked car, and honks once when he sees SCOTT MORRIS (16), jeans, sneakers, sweat shirt - hood up, backpack slung over one shoulder. The boy walks over to the car as Det. Morris rolls down the window.

DET. MORRIS
Get in!

Scott gets in the back.

INT. DET. MORRIS' UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Det. Morris turns as Scott gets in.

DET. MORRIS
Ha ha. Get your ass in the front!

SCOTT
I'm good.

Scott shuts the door and Det. Morris shrugs.

EXT. HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

He pulls away from the curb.

INT. DET. MORRIS' UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Scott opens his backpack, pulls out a schoolbook and starts to read.

Det. Morris looks in the rear-view mirror.

DET. MORRIS
You could at least say thank you.

SCOTT
Thank you, Dad.

DET. MORRIS
How was school today?

SCOTT
Good.

DET. MORRIS
Big day?

SCOTT
Nah.

DET. MORRIS
How's your mom?

SCOTT
She's fine.

Silence.

DET. MORRIS
You know, I caught a big case. The
Black Eagle.

Scott looks up.

SCOTT

You said you guys didn't care about the Eagle.

DET. MORRIS

No, I said your average cop doesn't care about the Eagle. I care about the Eagle.

Scott goes back to his book.

SCOTT

You should just let him be. People like the Black Eagle.

DET. MORRIS

I can't really do that this time. Besides, what do I care what people like?

Scott puts his book aside.

SCOTT

You care what I like?

DET. MORRIS

Sure.

SCOTT

I like the Black Eagle.

DET. MORRIS

You like the Black Eagle?

SCOTT

Yeah. I mean, he gets shit done, you know?

DET. MORRIS

What your language. Remember what I told you.

SCOTT

Swearing gives people a reason to stop listening to you, even if what you're saying is important.

DET. MORRIS

That's right.

SCOTT

You swear.

DET. MORRIS
And who listens to me?

A moment.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)
Look, I know people like this guy
because he kills bad guys. But
Justice doesn't peek to see who got
shot or robbed or whatever. And
it's my job to make sure justice is
served to the best of my abilities,
even if it's unpopular.

SCOTT
Sure.

Scott reopens his book. Det. Morris watches him a moment
longer, then turns his attention back to the road.

EXT. GYM - NIGHT

Sleek and new in a newer part of the city.

INT. GYM - TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT

This is the room where people box, spar, punch bags, train
in martial arts, and so on.

A TV in the corner is on the local news.

NEWS ANCHOR
Police are asking for any tips that
will help lead to the capture of
the Black Eagle. In other news,
it's only going to get hotter...

D'Arcy and Wendy are at a workout bag. They're dressed in
workout clothes, wear sparring gloves, knee pads, and so on.

Wendy is going to town on the bag while D'Arcy holds onto
the bag for dear life.

Finally, Wendy does a ROUNDHOUSE KICK that nearly knocks
D'Arcy off the bag! D'Arcy stumbles back, catches herself.

WENDY
Shit! Sorry.

D'Arcy waves her off.

D'ARCY

My turn.

Wendy holds the bag. D'Arcy punches and kicks it. She's going all in. She backs off for a moment, leans forward, hands on her knees, catches her breath.

WENDY

Why're you stopping?

D'ARCY

Hey, you're a lawyer, right?

Wendy chuckles. She's heard this one a million times. D'Arcy gets back into position, starts in on the bag.

WENDY

What did you do now?

D'ARCY

I have this contract that I can't read. I mean, I can read it, but it's in legalese, you know?

WENDY

And you want me to translate.

D'ARCY

Pff. No! But yeah.

Wendy straightens up. D'Arcy stops hitting the bag.

WENDY

You got it with you?

INT. GYM - TRAINING ROOM - NIGHT

They stand by the bag. Wendy reads the contract. D'Arcy looks over her shoulder.

D'ARCY

Well?

WENDY

(shrugs)

This is pretty standard. They have an out clause here.

She points to it, and D'Arcy nods like she knows what she's looking at.

WENDY (cont'd)
 It's vague enough so either the
 city or Hart can back out without
 too much hassle.

She hands it back to D'Arcy, who takes it.

WENDY (cont'd)
 You have Purpura's contract?

D'Arcy gets it from her bag, hands it over. Wendy flips to
 what looks like a TABLE OF CONTENTS, looks for something,
 then flips through the pages.

D'ARCY
 What was that?

WENDY
 Table of contents.

D'ARCY
 Really?

WENDY
 Look at the size of this thing.

A moment as she scans the page.

WENDY (cont'd)
 (shakes her head)
 Pretty standard. Again, no big
 deal. I mean, their bid is higher
 than Hart's, but that's about it.

D'ARCY
 How did they pull that off?

WENDY
 You should ask.

D'ARCY
 Who?

Wendy goes to the table of contents, then flips to a page
 that's covered with signatures. She points to one.

WENDY
 Try this guy.

She points to the name and address: Manuel Zapeda.

END OF ACT 2

ACT 3

EXT. CLINTON STREET - DAY

Det. Morris' pulls up to the curb across from a Wendy's apartment building. On the first floor is a CAFE.

INT. DET. MORRIS' UNMARKED POLICE CAR - DAY

Det. Morris double checks the address against Wendy's file on his tablet, then he gets out of his car.

EXT. CLINTON STREET - DAY

Wendy exits her building, heads to the cafe.

INT. CAFE - DAY

The place is nice. Tables here and there. A long counter where a BARISTA makes coffee for SNOOTY CUSTOMERS.

Wendy sits, reading her phone, drinking her coffee. She looks up when Det. Morris enters.

DET. MORRIS
Wendy Longfellow?

Wendy tenses, ready to fight. Phone goes in her pocket.

WENDY
Yes?

Shows his badge and ID.

DET. MORRIS
I'm Detective Clark Morris. Can I
have a minute of your time?

She grabs his wrist, reads his badge and ID numbers.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)
Looks like I found the right girl.

She shoots him a hard look as he pockets his badge and ID.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)
Mind if I sit?

He sits before she can answer.

WENDY
What can I do for you, Detective?

DET. MORRIS
I need your help finding someone.

He pulls out his tablet, swipes it open.

WENDY
I'm not going to help you find some
BLM or Occupy kid.

DET. MORRIS
I'm not looking for one of them.
Hell, they get what they want, they
might save my pension.

She doesn't chuckle along with him.

He shows her the tablet. A PHOTO OF THE BLACK EAGLE.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)
I'm lookin' for your old partner.

WENDY
I don't know this man.

DET. MORRIS
You don't?

WENDY
No.

Det. Morris swipes through a few photos, stops, then shows
her a very old PICTURE OF THE RED FALCON.

DET. MORRIS
That's a good picture of you.

Wendy doesn't show her cards. Total poker face.

He swipes to a new picture, shows her. Tom Farber.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)
This is Tom Farber. Your old
partner killed him the other day.

WENDY
The Eagle's killed a lot of people.
Why now?

DET. MORRIS

Let's just say we've reached our quota of vigilante murders. Look, I want to bring him in quietly.

WENDY

It'll never be quiet.

DET. MORRIS

As quietly as possible.

WENDY

Why don't you send a few undercover officers uptown, let him come to you?

DET. MORRIS

Because I'm serious about doing this quietly. I do that, it's in the papers tomorrow.

She studies his face.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)

All I'm asking for is a couple days.

He stands, gathers up his things. He takes his card out of his jacket pocket, leaves it on the table in front of her.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)

Call me when you change your mind.

He heads out.

Wendy picks up the card once he's out the door.

INT. NEWSROOM - DAY

D'Arcy is at her desk typing furiously. This seems like the umpteenth story she's written. She hits "save," then "send."

She stands up and looks over to Tim.

D'ARCY

Tim! It's all yours!

She grabs her bag and heads for the door.

TIM

Where do you think you're going!?!

D'ARCY
I'm gonna get some city hump fired!

She heads out.

TIM
Have fun!

EXT. ABANDONED APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Empty buildings dot the neighborhood. People shuffle along.

Wendy, dressed in athletic gear, PURSE over her shoulder approaches the building, tries the door. It's locked.

She pulls a LOCK PICK GUN from the purse, uses it on the lock. She's inside a second later.

INT. ABANDONED APARTMENT - DAY

Wendy enters the apartment. It's a sizable studio. There's a mattress, a FIREPLACE. No one's been here for a while.

She goes to the FIREPLACE, kneels, reaches up the chimney and flue. She GRABS onto something, pulls it out.

A METAL MONEY BOX.

From her purse, a POCKET KNIFE. She jimmys the lock on the box. It pops open.

Inside: A BURNER CELL PHONE. She presses the power button. Out of juice.

She grabs the plug, finds an OUTLET. She plugs the phone into the wall. A beat, and then the phone comes alive!

She dials, waits for an answer.

WENDY
Hi, it's me! I wanted to touch base with you about the project you're working on. I think I can help you. Let's meet, say tomorrow night. Gimme a call when you get this.

She hangs up, pockets the phone, then gets out of there.

EXT. TOM FARBER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

Decent part of the city. Young families and single people live here. POLICE VEHICLES out front.

PEOPLE stand around and gawk.

INT. TOM FARBER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

A bachelor pad, but not off putting. Still, huge TV, loads of electronics. Not much on the walls. Furniture is faux leather. Photos of friends and family here and there.

Det. Morris stays out of the way in the living room while POLICE OFFICERS search the place. The place has been thoroughly tossed.

OFFICER IN CHARGE 2 comes up to him.

OFFICER IN CHARGE 2
The men are done, Detective. We're gonna start putting everything back.

DET. MORRIS
Nothing, huh?

Officer in Charge 2 holds up Farber's LAPTOP.

OFFICER IN CHARGE 2
Just this.

DET. MORRIS
All right. Bag it and get forensics on it. And tell the men to make this place look like we were never here. This man was one of ours.

OFFICER IN CHARGE 2
Already on it, sir.

Officer in Charge 2 goes back to work.

EXT. SURPLUS STORE - DAY

Military uniforms on display in the window, along with paraphernalia. People walk by the front. It's very hot.

INT. SURPLUS STORE - DAY

The place is crammed with military uniforms, and non-combat equipment (backpacks, tents, medals, etc. No guns or armor).

A few SURVIVALIST SHOPPERS here and there.

Behind the counter, ABE MILLER (50s) reads a magazine. A lone fan buzzes just on him. There's air con blowing. Neither of them are helping ease the heat.

Abe checks his shirt pocket, pulls out a pack of cigarettes. Looks over to his customers.

ABE

Hey! I'll be back in a minute!
Don't steal nothin'.

SURVIVALIST SHOPPER

Okay, Abe!

Abe heads into the

INT. SURPLUS STORE - BACK ROOM - DAY

This is where the illicit stuff is kept. He's got armor, helmets, some flash-bangs, tear-gas, that kind of thing.

He goes to the back door, and heads out into the

EXT. SURPLUS STORE - ALLEYWAY - DAY

He lets the door shut itself as he goes to light up.

As the door closes, A MASKED FIGURE DRESSED IN BLACK GRABS Abe, throws him against the wall.

It's Wendy, mask covering her face, sweating from the heat.

ABE

Don't hurt me! I got nothin'!

WENDY

I'm not robbing you, Abe.

ABE

(calming)

Oh, Christ. You're back. Look, the price is the same as it's always been. I don't charge you guys extra.

WENDY

I'm not working with him anymore.
But I need to find him.

ABE

Huh. I hadn't heard from you in a
while. Figured you were dead or
knocked up.

WENDY

Just tell me how to find him.

ABE

Let me go and I will.

Wendy pats him down. Satisfied, she lets him go.

ABE (cont'd)

It's been a while since a woman did
anything like that to me.

WENDY

Talk, old man.

ABE

I don't see the Eagle anymore. Not
face-to-face.

WENDY

But you supply him.

ABE

From time-to-time, yeah.

WENDY

Like the old days.

ABE

Not like the old days.

A pause.

WENDY

Well, talk!

ABE

You think I'm gonna give this shit
away, honey?

He holds out a hand. Gimme some money!

WENDY

You know I can't pay you.

ABE

Then walk. I don't have time for
this shit.

He goes to open the door.

ABE (cont'd)

And you ruined my damn cigarette.

Wendy grabs him and slams him into the door! Abe's nose
crunches. Blood splatters. She punches him in the kidneys a
few times for good measure.

WENDY

Don't fuck with me, Abe.

She lets him go, and Abe falls to the ground, gagging and
coughing and holding his body where she pummeled him.

ABE

It doesn't work the same anymore!
He doesn't come here!

WENDY

Where do you meet him?

ABE

You think he's stupid? It's a
different place each time. Jesus,
he's paranoid. More than when you
worked with him.

WENDY

He wasn't paranoid before.

ABE

(laughs)

You're kidding me, right? You dress
up like a bird and beat the shit
out of people, you've got problems.

She narrows her eyes. That last bit sinks in.

WENDY

He calls you and tells you where.

ABE

More or less.

She pulls out her card and tucks it in his shirt pocket.

WENDY

You let me know when he comes to
talk to you again, you hear me?

She lets him go and walks away.

ABE

If he knows you're after him he's
gonna fly, you know?

EXT. AVIATOR AVE. - DUSK

It's hot, but that hasn't stopped the crowds. D'Arcy makes
her way along, bag over her shoulder.

She passes an ELECTRONICS STORE. Window filled with TV on
the local news. Chiron gives the hotline to call in
sightings of the Black Eagle.

D'Arcy goes to an

EXT. AVIATOR AVE. APARTMENT BUILDING - DUSK

Lovely facade that need a power wash. She hits the button
for apartment 4D. Nothing. She tries again. Still nothing.

SUPER (O.C.)

You looking for Manny?

D'Arcy turns. It's the SUPER (30s), work jumpsuit, boots,
slick hair. Nice face.

INT. SUPER'S APARTMENT - DUSK

Nice studio, not quite in the basement. It's cluttered with
furniture and electronics. This guy tinkers constantly.

The Super digs through a file cabinet in his "kitchen."

SUPER

Yeah, Manny moved out, like, three
weeks ago. Right after his company
took off. Though, I gotta tell ya,
he's the last person I woulda
thought ran a company, you know?

D'ARCY

Why's that?

The Super looks at a document, puts it back.

SUPER
 He retired. Like, years ago.
 (finds what he's
 looking for)
 Here we go.

He comes over, hands D'Arcy a 3X5 card. It's got an ADDRESS written on it.

She whistles at the address.

D'ARCY
 He's doing all right for himself.

She fishes her phone out. Opens the camera.

SUPER
 Manny's a lucky guy. You want to keep that, go ahead.

She snaps a photo of the card. Hands it back.

D'ARCY
 You hang onto that.

She heads out.

INT. WENDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - WENDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wendy is on her couch on her computer. Her cell phone and the burner are beside her, along with her KEYS.

Her cell phone buzzes.

She sees a TEXT MESSAGE from ABE: 1187 Hunterwasser Street.

WENDY
 So you'll ignore my call, but
 you'll talk to Abe?

Wendy grabs stands, grabs her keys, opens the trunk. She reaches in.

EXT. WENDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

Wendy emerges as we saw her up in her apartment. She's donned a hat, a BULKY JACKET, and has a bag over her shoulder. She flags down a cab, gets in.

EXT. HUNTERWASSER STREET - NIGHT

The taxi pulls up, and Wendy gets out.

A few DEALERS wait out front for business. Wendy's clearly not a customer so they don't bother with her.

Wendy goes up to the door, presses most of the buzzers. The speaker crackles to life with about a dozen queries. Someone buzzes her in.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

Wendy comes out of the access door, goes over and sits on the edge of the roof. She looks down to the sidewalk below.

EXT. HUNTERWASSER STREET - NIGHT

She watches the dealers at work below.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

The CRUNCH of boots on gravel behind her.

Wendy spins around, stands, ready to fight.

The Black Eagle jumps at her.

They trade blows, neither gaining the upper hand. Soon, Wendy's winded. She holds up her hand in defeat.

WENDY

Please. I'm not here to fight you.

The Black Eagle keeps his hands up in defense. He's frayed around the edges. His face is rough. He's unkempt. He grits his teeth.

He struggles with something.

BLACK EAGLE

(looks up)

No! She's fine! Fine! She's good!
She's not with them.

On Wendy: Aw, shit. Abe was right.

BLACK EAGLE (cont'd)

It's been a long time. You're soft.

She sits on the edge of the roof, eyes locked on the Eagle.

WENDY
The cops are after you.

BLACK EAGLE
I know.
(looks away)
She won't tell them! No!

She waits for him to look at her before continuing.

WENDY
This is a first. Why?

BLACK EAGLE
I killed one of them.

WENDY
Tom Farber was a cop?

BLACK EAGLE
You didn't know? You didn't ask the
internet?

That one stings a little. You can tell she used to ask him
that all the time.

She looks over the edge of the roof so he can't see the
distress on her face.

INT. HOMICIDE - NIGHT

Det. Morris slings on his jacket and gets ready to head out.

As he heads to the door the DESK SERGEANT comes in.

DESK SERGEANT
You Detective Morris?

Det. Morris stops.

DET. MORRIS
Who's askin'?

DESK SERGEANT
We just got a call in about the
Eagle.

DET. MORRIS
Is it legit?

DESK SERGEANT
He's fighting someone uptown.
Resident called it in.

The desk sergeant hands over the paper. Det. Morris reads it. He can't believe it.

DET. MORRIS
Son of a bitch, I need a SWAT Team.

He runs.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

She turns around and he's COMING AT HER!

She's up and they're FIGHTING again!

This time, he's BRUTAL. He PUNCHES her jaw. He KICKS her in the stomach.

She manages to ROLL AWAY, get up into a defensive position.

The Black Eagle stops, holds a defensive position.

WENDY
What the hell are you doing!?!

BLACK EAGLE
I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I can't fight them all the time!

WENDY
The cops want me to help bring you in. You need to come in. You're not well. Please, let me take you in. Without the mask. They'll never know.

BLACK EAGLE
They'll know. They will know. You're helping them.

A HELICOPTER flies by in the distance, high up in the sky.

WENDY
No! I'm not. I don't agree with your tactics. You know that. But...

BLACK EAGLE
But what?

They have a quiet moment between them. They've clearly had this argument before.

WENDY

We didn't kill cops when I was with you. No matter what! That's what you said!

From his belt, a BLACK JACK! He LAUNCHES it at her!

She blocks it with her forearm, but it hurts.

And he's on her again! She gets in a few blows, ROUND HOUSE KICKS him in the chest.

That knocks the wind out of him, and he falls. He collects himself. She watches him, ready to fight.

BLACK EAGLE

That man I killed knows things.

WENDY

I'm sure he does.

BLACK EAGLE

This one more than most. You need to find out what he knows.

WENDY

Are the cops watching his place?
(of course they are)
What would I be looking for?

BLACK EAGLE

I don't know. You're smart. You'll figure it out.
(looks away)
She's not! No! No! She's not!

He shakes his head, like he's trying to get something out of his ears. He stops.

His eyes are clear. He notices the sound of the helicopter. The helicopter is closer now. High up in the sky.

BLACK EAGLE (cont'd)

That's probably for me.

Wendy looks over the edge again.

EXT. HUNTERWASSER STREET - NIGHT

A SWAT VAN shows up. The dealers disperse.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

Eyes back on The Black Eagle.

WENDY
Get out of here.

BLACK EAGLE
Are you going to help them?

WENDY
I don't know.

He can't help it. He swings at her. She blocks. She grapples with him, throws him off.

EXT. HUNTERWASSER STREET - NIGHT

The 5-member SWAT TEAM streams into the building.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

Wendy heads to the door on the roof.

WENDY
Get out of here!

The Black Eagle nods and runs.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Wendy heads down one flight, enters the

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

She shuts the door but leaves it cracked. Hears the SWAT Team come up the stairs. She pulls her cell phone. Dials.

WENDY
You had me followed.

DET. MORRIS
Someone called you in. You two make a lot of noise up there.

WENDY

This isn't persuading me.

She hangs up and pulls out a RED MASK and pulls it on.

END OF ACT 3

ACT 4

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

The FIVE-MEMBER SWAT TEAM rushes up the stairs.

They come to the door of the roof. The leader KICKS it open.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

The SWAT Cops come out, one, two, three, and four, and head after the Black Eagle.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - STAIRWELL - NIGHT

Wendy - wearing her RED FALCON MASK - grabs SWAT Cop 5 by the collar before he can make it out the door. She slams him against the wall, then throws him on the floor.

She drops her knee onto his throat, grabs his rifle and a magazine, and then she's up.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

The SWAT Cops tangle with the Black Eagle. They overwhelm him and knock him down, then start to stomp on him.

The door to the roof slams open, and there's Wendy, kneeling, rifle raised. She opens fire on the SWAT Cops.

She cuts them down, hitting them in the legs, hitting them in their bulletproof vests, knocking them down.

She's up and rushing at them, rifle raised, laying down fire. She gets to the Black Eagle, grabs him under his arm and drags him up.

WENDY

We gotta go!

SWAT Cop 1 struggles through the pain and goes for his rifle. Wendy SHOTS HIM in the arm.

She props the Black Eagle up with her shoulder, but he shakes her off.

BLACK EAGLE

I'm fine.

WENDY

Look at you.

He jogs forward. Wendy follows.

SWAT COP 1 pulls himself up onto his one good knee, draws his pistol with his remaining good arm, aims as well as he can at Wendy, and FIRES!

The bullet HITS HER SQUARE IN THE BACK.

Wendy stumbles forward and falls to her knees!

The Black Eagle stops, eyes wide.

Everyone is quiet for a moment. What just happened?

But Wendy rolls over, rifle raised...

SWAT COP 1

He's under arrest. And so are you.

... and shoots SWAT Cop 1 in his good shoulder, knocking him back!

Two of the other SWAT Cops pull their guns and take aim, getting off several rounds. The pain from their wounds keeps their aim from being true.

Wendy is up and running with the Eagle. She shoots at the SWAT Cops, keeping them down as they make their escape.

She takes another round in the back. She stumbles forward. Her breathing is labored, and she's in pain.

She turns back, lays down a few rounds of cover fire.

WENDY

Stop! Shooting! At us!

Then she's up and leads the way to the fire escape! The Black Eagle follows her.

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - FIRE ESCAPE - NIGHT

She rushes down, rifle still in hand.

She stops halfway down. The Eagle isn't with her.

She looks around. Spies him on ANOTHER ROOFTOP. He sees her. Their eyes lock for a moment. Then he's gone.

She heads down.

EXT. HUNTERWASSER STREET - NIGHT

She runs along, sticking to the shadowy side of the street. It's empty, but she's careful.

As she runs along, she dismantles the rifle, throwing pieces away as she goes.

She comes to a corner. A street light illuminates a circle over the entrance to the crosswalk. She stays hidden. Removes her mask. Leans against the gate of a brownstone house and catches her breath.

She checks her armor. She caught a few slugs, but the armor held. She peels it back and pulls up her shirt. Her ribs are badly bruised.

EXT. MANNY ZAPEDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

The building has been refurbished and power washed. The neighborhood is "up-and-coming."

D'Arcy approaches the door, hits a few buzzers until someone lets her in.

INT. MANNY ZAPEDA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

D'Arcy stands before Manny's door, takes a breath, knocks.

MANNY ZAPEDA (late 60s/early 70s), button down shirt open at the collar, slacks and slippers, opens the door. He looks tired. It's been a long day.

D'ARCY
Manny Zapeda?

MANNY
Si.

D'ARCY
My name is D'Arcy Miller. I'm from
the --

He stops her, shaking his head.

MANNY
No hablo Ingles.

D'ARCY
?No habla Ingles?

MANNY
No.

D'ARCY
Shit.

INT. MANNY ZAPEDA'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

The furniture is NEW and plush. It's all pointed at the TV. A wall air conditioner blows air around the room.

Two RELIGIOUS ICONS hang from the wall by the TV.

Sitting on the couch with Manny is ROSALINA (late 30s/early 40s), his daughter, long dress, white blouse, takes care of herself. She's not happy to be sitting there, and she clearly doesn't trust D'Arcy.

D'Arcy sits on the edge of a very plush chair across from them. Her phone records the conversation.

D'ARCY
So you're the CEO of Purpura
Industries, Mr. Zapeda?

ROSALINA
He is.

Rosalina types on her phone.

D'ARCY
I... I'd like to hear from Mr.
Zapeda himself, Miss...

ROSALINA
Call me Rosalina.

She puts her phone aside.

D'ARCY
I really appreciate your help here,
but I need to hear from him, since
he is the CEO.

ROSALINA
I understand. It's late. Ask your
questions.

D'ARCY
Mr. Zapeda, what do you do day-to-day for the company?

Rosalina translates as D'Arcy asks her questions and as Manny replies. D'Arcy's eyes are on Manny.

ROSALINA
I don't really do much day-to-day with the company. The CFO will come by with papers for me to sign every now and then, but I trust my team.

The reply seems rehearsed.

D'ARCY
Were you in the negotiations for the downtown subway station?

Manny shakes his head.

MANNY
No, no. Mi sobrino Vincente hizo--

Rosalina hits his leg and he stops and stutters.

D'Arcy leans forward.

D'ARCY
Wait. Who's Vincente?

ROSALINA
No, he misspoke.

D'ARCY
But he said the name "Vincente." I just want to know who he is.

ROSALINA
(sighs)
He is a family friend. No one important.

D'ARCY
So Vincente is no one.

A beat.

ROSALINA
We should move on.

A beat.

D'ARCY

Yeah.

EXT. SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

D'Arcy heads down into the station.

TWO MEN dressed in jackets and jeans and sneakers follow her. They're slick and well put together. As good as they look, they don't stand out.

INT. SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT

D'Arcy waits on the platform. The two men wait down the way. One always has an eye on her.

A train screams into the station and stops.

D'Arcy steps through the doors on one end of a car. The two men enter on the opposite end.

INT. SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

D'Arcy sits down, facing forward. She takes out her notes.

The two men PULL ON MASKS and approach.

YOUNG MAN 1 PUNCHES her in the back of the head. D'Arcy yelps in surprise more than pain as she falls forward.

The young men are on her in an instant, and work her over.

YOUNG MAN 2 holds her down.

D'ARCY

Please! Don't hurt me! I'll give
you whatever you want!

Young Man 1 roots through her pockets, finds her phone, stomps it.

D'ARCY (cont'd)

No!!!

She struggles and breaks free. She hits out at Young Man 2, lands a few solid hits on him. He stumbles back.

Young Man 1 kicks her in the stomach, kneels and grabs her by the hair so they're facing each other.

YOUNG MAN 1
You're not gonna write that story.

D'ARCY
Go and fuck yourself.

He punches her. Wraps his hands around her throat and squeezes.

The train pulls into a new station.

D'Arcy grabs Young Man 1's face. Young Man 2 kicks her in the back. She grits her teeth.

The doors open.

She sticks a thumb in Young Man 1's eye. He screams. Young Man 2 kicks her again.

She rolls away from Young Man 1 as Young Man 2 kicks her in the kidney.

She grabs her phone and she's out the door as Young Man 2 gets one more punch in.

INT. SECOND SUBWAY STATION - PLATFORM - NIGHT

The platform is packed with end-of-day commuters.

D'Arcy stumbles out, pushes through the crowd and runs.

The two young men - mask free now - take chase, but lose her before they know it.

EXT. MIDTOWN CITY STREET - NIGHT

D'Arcy runs along, stops at a

INT. DINER - NIGHT

She heads in, sits at the counter. Catches her breath.

A WAITER approaches.

WAITER
Can I... Miss. You should go to the hospital.

D'Arcy looks at him, then into the mirror behind the counter. It takes her a moment to register the damage done.

EXT. TOM FARBER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

There's a POLICE CRUISER out front, two OFFICERS, bored, sitting watch over the place.

Wendy has her jacket closed. She walks as naturally as she can, given the circumstances.

She approaches and hits a couple buzzers until someone lets her in. She enters when the door buzzes.

INT. TOM FARBER'S APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

She walks up to his door. Pulls out her LOCK PICK GUN. Gets to work.

She opens the door in moments.

INT. TOM FARBER'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

She searches the living room, opens drawers, goes through the couch, squeezes cushions, searches for anything hidden.

At his DESK, she goes through the drawers. Nothing out of the ordinary. The guy has a lot of pens.

She stands, then goes to the

INT. TOM FARBER'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

She goes through his drawers. Underwear, socks, t-shirts, a few personal items and keepsakes, including a ZIPPO LIGHTER.

When she picks up the lighter, flips it over. It RATTLES slightly.

Curious.

She flicks it open. Nothing out of the ordinary. She tries to light it, but it won't cooperate.

Curiouser.

She wrestles with it a bit, but she manages to pull out the insert. There's no cotton inside.

Inside the Zippo lighter she finds a TINY THUMB DRIVE.

WENDY

What do you have on here, Mr.
Farber?

She puts it back into the lighter, which she pockets.

She goes to his side table, goes through the drawers there,
finds a BLACK BOOK, pockets that, too.

There's not much else that catches her eye.

She heads out.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Det. Morris speeds into the lot in his unmarked car, pulls
into the first available spot. Gets out, runs inside.

INT. HOSPITAL - ER - TRIAGE - NIGHT

Det. Morris enters. The place is controlled chaos. DOCTORS
and NURSES deal with the wounded SWAT TEAM, mending their
wounds, easing their pain. UNIFORMED COPS stand around,
talking, keeping watch.

Det. Morris approached SWAT COP 1.

DET. MORRIS

Jesus, I don't know what to say.

SWAT COP 1

Nothin' to say, sir. We stood our
ground.

LT. COOPER (O.S.)

Morris! Here! Now!

SWAT COP 1

Good luck.

DET. MORRIS

Thanks.

He turns and sees Lt. Cooper approaching. Behind him, by the
nurses' station is DEPUTY COMMISSIONER KULICK - tall, wiry,
mustache and thick eyebrows. He's wearing his uniform, which
has a lot of medals. Kulick is stone faced.

Lt. Cooper approaches, takes Det. Morris by the arm and
leads him a few steps away.

LT. COOPER
You know that's the deputy
commissioner, right?

Det. Morris looks back.

DET. MORRIS
I've seen him around.

LT. COOPER
I'll do what I can to protect you
on this, but...

DET. MORRIS
I understand, sir.

Lt. Cooper leads Det. Morris over to Kulick, who holds out a
hand to shake. Det. Morris takes it.

KULICK
Detective.

DET. MORRIS
Deputy Commissioner. I'm sorry
we're meeting under these
circumstances.

KULICK
Understandable. It's a shame what
happened to these men.

DET. MORRIS
These are good men.

KULICK
No doubt. Looks, let's talk in
private. Just you and me.

LT. COOPER
Look, sir, I think the detective
here understands the gravity of the
situation--

KULICK
I'm going to talk to the detective
myself. One-on-one. In private.
Now.

Lt. Cooper straightens up. He looks around.

Det. Morris isn't sure what to do. Kulick spies an empty
private room.

KULICK (cont'd)
Come with me, Detective.

He heads out.

LT. COOPER
Take the hit. I'll do what I can
for you when the shit hits, okay?

DET. MORRIS
Thank you, sir.

Det. Morris follows.

INT. HOSPITAL - ER - PRIVATE ROOM - NIGHT

Kulick turns on the lights. The place is slightly nicer than the triage unit. There's a large bed and a lot of machines, cabinets with supplies, etc.

Kulick sits on the bed, crosses his arms.

Det. Morris stands by the door.

KULICK
Don't worry about your job,
Detective. You're going to stay on
this case.

DET. MORRIS
I am? After that?

KULICK
Yes, after that. Let's be honest,
that triage has five men who are
going to take early retirement, sit
around drinking beer and telling
anyone who will listen how they
almost killed the Black Eagle.

DET. MORRIS
People like the Eagle.

KULICK
Right now they do, yes. When this
is through, though, he'll be public
enemy number one.

DET. MORRIS
I trust you have a plan.

KULICK

We do. We'll worry about the details. You worry about catching the Eagle. From now you're going to report directly to me and the commissioner.

DET. MORRIS

And my lieutenant?

KULICK

He'll be running the show, of course. Report to him as you normally would. We're not going to step in unless things go south. Understand?

DET. MORRIS

I understand.

Kulick is all smiles as he stands. His face looks kindly.

KULICK

Good! I'll let you get to it then.

Kulick leaves the room. Det. Morris watches him go.

INT. WENDY'S APARTMENT BUILDING - WENDY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wendy sits on her futon, laptop open, TINY THUMB DRIVE in a USB Port. She's stripped off her bullet proof vest but is still dressed from her time on the roof.

On the monitor - she clicks open the thumb drive. There's a FOLDER. It's titled NEW FOLDER. She clicks it open.

Inside the NEW FOLDER, loads of SPREADSHEET FILES. They are all numbered sequentially with five-digit combinations. She clicks on the first.

Someone is keeping track of a lot of money. But the columns and rows seem to be in code.

The columns are marked with the same five-digit numbers as the file is named, but then with a hyphen, and then two sets of three-digit numbers. The rows are marked with two- or three-letter combos.

In the columns and rows are numbers, some in red, some in black, and all leading down to two totals: Projected Total and Actual Total. Both totals are big numbers, inching up from the hundreds of millions into the billions.

WENDY

Huh.

She picks up her cell phone and dials.

INT. HOSPITAL - ER - NURSES' STATION - NIGHT

D'Arcy is on the land-line phone for the nurses' station with Tim.

TIM

Are you okay?

D'ARCY

I'm fine. Nothing a few days of doing nothing won't fix.

TIM

So you're never gonna heal. Whataya got for me?

D'ARCY

I'm not sure. I need to get some files off my phone, though.

She holds it up. It's smashed to hell.

TIM

Bring it in. We've got a guy who can deal with that kind of thing.

A pause.

D'ARCY

Should I tell the cops?

TIM

I wouldn't.

D'ARCY

No?

TIM

Not yet. You'll tip your hand. They think you're off the case, you know? You get the story, you'll do more damage to them than if you had those guys arrested for assault.

D'ARCY

I don't know.

TIM

The guys who beat you up sound small fry to me. Hell, even they guy who's on the contract sounds small fry.

D'ARCY

Jesus, if they're small fry --

TIM

Then think about how big their boss must be. Keep at it, Miller. You're on the right track. This works out, and you're gonna get some mid-level hump fired for taking kickbacks. And I'll expect to see you in the morning.

He hangs up.

EXT. HOSPITAL - NIGHT

Det. Morris comes out the ER entrance and heads across the way to the parking lot.

EXT. HOSPITAL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

He weaves his way through the cars, heading to his unmarked cruiser when HIS PHONE RINGS.

He looks at the screen. It's Wendy.

He stops and answers.

DET. MORRIS

Well, hello, Little Birdie.

WENDY

I don't like that name, Detective.

DET. MORRIS

I do apologize, Ms. Longfellow. What can I do for you this fine evening?

WENDY

I've been thinking about what you said earlier.

DET. MORRIS

Do tell.

WENDY
We should talk.

DET. MORRIS
I have time.

WENDY
In person.

He smiles.

DET. MORRIS
Gimme 20 minutes.

He hangs up and bee-lines to his car.

END OF ACT 4

ACT 5

EXT. CLINTON STREET - NIGHT

Wendy stands on the corner, dressed for the weather, and if need be, to run like hell.

Det. Morris pulls up in his car. She looks in the window, checking out to see if things are kosher.

She gets in. He drives off.

INT. DET. MORRIS' UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

She settles in, slumps low in the seat.

DET. MORRIS
You dodgin' somebody?

WENDY
Maybe. I dunno. You got another SWAT team with you?

DET. MORRIS
Just doin' my job.

WENDY
Yeah. Thanks for meeting with me.

DET. MORRIS
Any time. What can I do for you?

WENDY
Convince me.

DET. MORRIS
Convince you?

WENDY
Yeah. You've got five minutes to convince me to help you.

DET. MORRIS
Five minutes? You got it. All right, I get it that your old partner thinks he's doin' the right thing by runnin' around the way he's been. The PD didn't care when he was stringing up gang bangers and leavin' them to bleed out. No big deal, right? Less paperwork for
(MORE)

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)
us. But he fucked up this time, and
he killed the wrong guy.

WENDY
Yeah.

DET. MORRIS
Now, I figure he didn't know who he
killed. Obviously, we do. And you
know how cops get when one of ours
gets killed.

She does.

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)
But I want to do this right.

WENDY
What do you mean?

DET. MORRIS
I want to bring him in with as
little fanfare - and as few SWAT
teams - as possible. Keep it under
the radar.

WENDY
Impossible.

DET. MORRIS
Difficult, yes, but not impossible.
Look, no doubt I'm gonna have a lot
of shit raining down on me to get
this closed. But you let me worry
about that.

She leans forward so her shoulder is between the seats.
She's facing him, close. He keeps his eyes on the road.

WENDY
Then why do you need me?

DET. MORRIS
If I'm gonna do this clean and
quiet, then I need your help. He
trusts you.

WENDY
Maybe not for much longer.

DET. MORRIS
Yeah, well, that's a chance I have
to take. You help me, he'll make it
(MORE)

DET. MORRIS (cont'd)
to trial. I can't guarantee what
happens to him after that.

She doesn't like that answer, but given the circumstances...

She sits back.

WENDY
Fine.

DET. MORRIS
What?

WENDY
I'll help you. But only you. You
are my contact. You arrest him.
You. You don't kill him. You don't
hurt him. And you get him help.

DET. MORRIS
(joking)
I can't guarantee I won't hurt him,
I mean...
(off her look)
Okay. I promise. I'll play it
straight. It'll be me all the way.

They drive along for a moment in silence.

WENDY
Let me out here.

EXT. DARK CITY STREET - NIGHT

Det. Morris pulls over.

INT. DET. MORRIS' UNMARKED POLICE CAR - NIGHT

DET. MORRIS
Are you sure you want me to leave
you here? This is a pretty shitty
neighborhood.

Wendy gets out, comes around to the passenger window. He
lowers it, and she leans in.

WENDY
I'm trusting you on this.

DET. MORRIS
I know.

She holds out her hand. He takes it, and they shake.

WENDY
Get out of here.

DET. MORRIS
Will do.

EXT. DARK CITY STREET - NIGHT

He pulls away.

Wendy steps back.

She stands under a street lamp, in a pool of light, the only light in a very dark night.

There's a crack of THUNDER. Rain pours.

Wendy heads out.

EXT. BUILDING ROOF - NIGHT

The Black Eagle watches as Wendy walks home in the rain. We can see Det. Morris drive off in the background.

END OF PILOT