

#47000

MISSING PERSONS

PILOT

Written by
Peter Lance

NETWORK GRAPHICS LTD.
in association with
CANNELL ENTERTAINMENT, INC.

Copyright 1992 CANNELL ENTERTAINMENT, INC.

No portion of this script may be performed
or used by any means, or quoted or published
in any medium without the prior written consent of
Cannell Entertainment, Inc.
1710 N. La Brea Ave. Suite 213, Los Angeles, CA 90046

FINAL SHOOTING SCRIPT
March 2, 1992

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

A white on black super:

The stories you are about to see
are based on the heroic work of the
N.Y.P.D.'s Missing Persons Squad.

FADE TO BLACK:

With a roll of ominous heartbeats under as we:

FADE UP ON:

INT. INTERROGATION CUBICLE - DAY

VIDEO C.U. of JACK PATERSEN, an early 30's Wall Street lawyer
in braces and power tie. Normally this guy's a
cock-on-the-walk, only right now, he's sweating.

PATERSEN (VIDEO)

It's been three days now since she
left... Look, is this really necessary?
I mean, I already told all this to the
Precinct detectives.

WIDEN OUT to see that Patersen has been talking into a VHS
CAMCORDER run by a POLICE TECH as LT. FRANK HAGGERTY enters.

HAGGERTY

I'm afraid so Mr. Patersen. You're with
The Squad now. Look, just one more
time.

The Chief of the Missing Persons Squad, Haggerty is an early
50's Irishman with grey hair and a killer smile...

PATERSEN

(looking around)

My daughter. Caitlin. Where is she?

HAGGERTY pulls the blinds and gestures into the Squad Room.

HAGGERTY

She's fine. She's right outside, sir.
She's gonna be okay. Now tell us about
your wife. What happened to Maddie?

Patersen turns from Haggerty and looks into the camera as he
tells the story and we intercut the Q&A with the flashback.

PATERSEN

We were at dinner. It was Tuesday.
The 25th...

B&W FLASHBACK TO INT. THE OAK ROOM. PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

Patersen & Maddie are at a table in this dark, paneled restaurant at The Plaza. As Patersen's voice-over continues, we can tell that they're tense. An argument is brewing.

PATERSEN (V.O.)

There'd been some strain in the marriage of late. See, I didn't get the partnership and Maddie had to go back to work full time.

The dialogue between Patersen and Maddie turns hotter.

PATERSEN (V.O.)

Well Maddie barely ate. She was unhappy with Caitlin's day care... The new pressures at work... You know.

Suddenly: Maddie gets up from the table and exits.

PATERSEN (V.O.)

And at one moment, she just got up and left.

B&W FLASHBACK TO EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - MINUTES LATER - NIGHT

PATERSEN (V.O.)

By the time I got out to the sidewalk, she was already gone.

ANGLE HAGGERTY READING FROM THE PRECINCT M.P. REPORT.

HAGGERTY

Well it says here you just hailed a cab and went home. You didn't file an M.P. report for 17 hours.

PATERSEN

(sheepish)

That's right.

HAGGERTY

Forgive me sir, but your wife disappears on the streets of New York, you react by hailing a Checker? That's strange.

PATERSEN

No! She had done... This had happened before.

HAGGERTY

What had?

PATERSEN

The arguments. You see Maddie didn't like confrontation.

(MORE)

PATERSEN (Cont'd)

So whenever we would argue, she'd just get up and leave. But she always just went to her friend's house. She would spend the night there, cool off, and come back in the morning, all smiles.

HAGGERTY

But not this time?

B&W FLASHBACK TO INT. PATERSEN'S APT. - DAY

PATERSEN (V.O.)

(tense)

No. The next morning I called her friend, Liz. And she said that she hadn't seen her in a couple of days. So I got Maddie's phonebook, I called everybody that she knew. Nobody'd seen her. And that's when I panicked and I dialed 911.

RESUME HAGGERTY

HAGGERTY

What happened after that?

PATERSEN

Nothing. She never showed up at work. And I've checked all her clothes. Nothing seems to be missing as far as I can tell.

Patersen rubs his temples & covers his eyes. Then he looks up.

PATERSEN

She's just gone. She got swallowed up... Oh God... I am scared.

SMASH CUT TO BLACK AS:

THE MISSING PERSONS LOGO

Pushes onto the screen with a pulsating jazz rhythm under and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF MANHATTAN - EARLY MORNING

A spectacular "God shot," zooming past Lady Liberty with the sun breaking through the canyons of Wall Street as we push into Lower Manhattan with the words of FRANK HAGGERTY voicing over.

HAGGERTY (V.O.)

You know, people call this town a lot of things. The Apple, The Onion and The City That Never Sleeps.

A CLOSER SHOT over the Brooklyn Bridge pushing down toward the h.q. of the M.P. Squad: MANHATTAN BOROUGH HALL.

HAGGERTY (V.O.)

But we work the Missing Persons squad
of the NYPD and we call it: The
Disappearance Capital of the World.

INT. THE MISSING PERSONS SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

We push past THE INTAKE DESK (with three detectives on phones) and pause to look at A BULLETIN BOARD covered with dozens of "want" posters. Above the board it says MISSING.

We enter the SQUAD ROOM, a "bull-pen" filled with detectives' desks surrounded by glass-walled CUBICLES.

DET. #1

Okay, you've got to file a report with
the precinct. If he doesn't show in
48 hours, then we'll take it.

DET. #2

If they're between 18 and 65 we don't
get involved unless it's foul play.

DET. #3

(tossing file across
the bullpen)
Tony. Heads up, Tony.

We push across the SQUAD ROOM past new recruit MARCUS STONE: Black, late-20's, J. Press clothes. He's got a phone in his right hand and he's squeezing a black SQUASH BALL in the other.

MARCUS

Sir, I understand. I've only been with
the Squad five days, but I'll do my
best.

ANGLE A CUBICLE covered with JUVENILE POSTERS. Inside we find: Det. RAQUEL CRUZ (a knockout, late 20's, Latina) pacing back and forth like a predatory cat.

ROCKIE

(Spanish with
subtitles)

Please ma'am, slow down. Now when was
the last time you saw him...?

HAGGERTY (V.O.)

Every year more than 16,000 people get
lost here. Enough to make up a
good-sized Midwestern town. Ninety-five
per cent come back within a month.
But the other five per cent simply
vanish...

Suddenly, a few desks away, Det. Sgt. LOU VIRGADAMO (late 40's, double knits, 275 pounds) jumps up excited.

LOU

Allright! Gotta hit on the Sanford kid. She's in Georgia. Parental abduction. Stepfather's in custody. Mother's on her way down. And it counts, yes! Who's better than me, huh?

He grabs a "want" poster from the MISSING board and rushes across the room slamming it onto the FINDS board making a slam dunk gesture like an NBA Ref. HAGGERTY looks out from his cubicle and flashes a leprechaun smile.

HAGGERTY

(to camera)

O.K., so maybe you have to be a few slices short of a pizza to work here. But I'll take it any day over the rotating door: What, I grab some predicate felon, I drag him into the courts and then I watch him walk? No way. You give me one case where I can put a lost little girl next to her mother and you have made my decade.

We push past him through the cubicle window to reveal: Three year old CAITLIN PATERSEN hugging her dolly next to a POLICE MATRON.

INT. DET. ROCKIE CRUZ'S CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS - DAY

CLOSE ON A .9mm SIG SAUER, as we pan up to reveal Rockie staring at it. There's a beat as she examines the gun, then flips on the safety and locks it in her desk just as: HAGGERTY appears in the doorway.

HAGGERTY

I need a favor Kiddo.

ROCKIE

I was just going down to the Fax Room on Dansby & Walker.

HAGGERTY

O.K. but I have to finish the Q&A on this Patersen case and his little girl's crying for Mommy. The Matron can't handle it and I thought maybe you could, you know...

Rockie looks past him at CAITLIN pushing away from the Matron. The little girl's been crying and we can see that ROCKIE is touched. She thinks about it for a beat and then...

ROCKIE

Sure. Why not.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS - DAY

CLOSE ON A WALL-MOUNTED SIGN as LOU pulls a plastic number "8" off. We widen to discover a picture of JIMMY HOFFA next to the words: M.P. NUMBER ONE. MISSING 6028 DAYS. Lou changes the "8" to a "9" and turns toward his desk just as:

DET. MARCUS STONE grabs his racquet. He's about to split for his twice weekly squash game when Lou opens up.

LOU

Oh hey, hey, Marco. Forgive me, but you've been here a week now and I can't help but wondering.

MARCUS

What?

LOU

How come a guy with a picture of Malcolm X on his desk is carrying a squash racquet?

(laughter from
detectives)

I thought you people were into B-ball?

MARCUS

You know, that's a good question coming from a man with a cholesterol level tipping what, 450? You know, from what I can see Lou, you haven't done any exercising since Franki Valli only had two seasons.

A couple of "Whoaas," from the other detectives.

LOU

Whoa. Time out. I got a picture of Jackson here that says you can't make a basket from six feet out... And we are speaking of Andrew Jackson. Not Michael.

More "Whoaas" from the other dicks. O.K. nods Marcus. He's going to pick up the gauntlet.

MARCUS

Allright. Allright. Give me the ball.

He motions to Lou for the ball, gets it and dribbles a few times on a desk top, focusing his concentration. Then he arches back, prepares to fire and suddenly:

SMAGS (O.C.)

Hey I'm dyin' over here. I'm freakin' dyin'... Somebody...

The outburst breaks his focus and the ball goes wide as we whip pan to reveal: DOMINIC SAMAGLIA (SMAGS), shark-skin jacket; lycra shirt cut to the navel; gold figa on his neck with a five karat pinky ring. A classic Bensonhurst wiseguy. Only he's whimpering like a six year old.

Marcus grabs his squash racquet and turns to leave.

SMAGS

(to Marcus)

'Scuse me. 'Scuse me. I'm desperate over here.

MARCUS

Sorry. I'm on my way out...

SMAGS

Wait. My Uncle Mike's gone. He's gone a week now. He's 66. He went out to play bocci one night and baddabing, baddabong. He never come back.

MARCUS

Look. There are a dozen other detectives in the Squad...

He looks around the room and everybody feigns activity. Lou's holding a phone in either ear. He holds up his hands. Too busy.

SMAGS

No... wait, no. You gotta help me please. Okay?

Suddenly, Smags whips out a picture. It's a B&W photo circa 1944 showing A MAN in A SAILOR'S UNIFORM.

SMAGS

We're talkin' blood here. This man was beautiful. A freakin' prince.

MARCUS

He also looks twenty years old. Come back when you got a more recent shot. O.K.?

SMAGS

Wait, he didn't like having his picture took. What can I tell you? Look, he's my mother's brother. She's distraught. She hasn't cooked a meal since he left. I mean, I don't find him soon, I'll be eatin' Chink for the rest of my life.

An ASIAN DETECTIVE winces a few desks away.

SMAGS

Hey, I'm sorry. Sorry.

Marcus looks around at the other Detectives waiting to see what he does. Finally, he checks his watch and exhales hard.

MARCUS

Allright. Allright. Just a few minutes.

SMAGS

Fabulous. The name's Samaglia.
Domenic. My friends call me Smags.

He snaps his fingers and points to Marcus. Then he unbuttons his jacket, tugs his trousers and sits down. For a man 30 seconds ago on the edge of grief, he's suddenly worried how his cuffs fall.

INT. M.P. SQUAD ROOM - MINUTES LATER - DAY

ROCKIE'S sitting just outside the INTERROGATION CUBICLE with Caitlin in her lap happily coloring a blank FINGERPRINT CARD.

INT. THE M.P. SQUAD ROOM - SECONDS LATER

As Patersen emerges with Haggerty in a walk & talk.

PATERSEN

So how long do you think it's gonna be until you'll know something?

HAGGERTY

That's hard to say. We're a little short-handed right now.

Just then Caitlin turns to her father with tears in her eyes.

CAITLIN

Where's Mommie Daddy?

PATERSEN

(picking her up)

Oh, they haven't found her yet Honey, but they will...

Rockie looks at the father & daughter. There's a beat as she seems to agonize. Finally she turns to Haggerty.

ROCKIE

I could a... you know, make a few calls on it Lieutenant.

HAGGERTY

(to Patersen)

Excuse me a second.

HAGGERTY pulls Rockie aside and speaks SOTTO VOCE:

HAGGERTY

I thought your plate was full. What about Dansby & Walker?

ROCKIE

I can't do a thing 'til I get that file from St. Croix.

HAGGERTY

Are you sure about this, Rock? You may have to go out into the field.

Rockie thinks about it for another beat, then looks down at Caitlin wiping away the tears. She exhales hard.

ROCKIE

Yeah. I'm sure.

She takes THE INTERROGATION TAPE from Haggerty then walks back and puts her hand on Caitlin's shoulder.

ROCKIE

Don't worry Sugar. We'll find her.

INT. SQUAD ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marcus is at his desk going over the M.P. report with Smags.

MARCUS

Fagnoli, Michael. DOB 2/18/26.

SMAGS

That's right.

MARCUS

Any history of walking off?

SMAGS

(checking his nails)

No, no way.

MARCUS

Alzheimers? Any memory loss?

SMAGS

No, I'm telling you, this is a man who could keep the entire Tri-Fecta at Aqueduct in his head. You could set your Rolex by this guy.

(checks Marcus' watch)

What's that, a Casio?

MARCUS

(ignoring him)

Look. This may sound a little awkward but it says right here... birthplace: Palermo, Sicily.

SMAGS

Right.

MARCUS

In cases like this, we've got to ask.
Was there any connection to... a...
organized crime?

Smags jumps up and cocks his head toward Lou Virgadamo.

SMAGS

(in Sicilian)

Ma chi chave, "organized crime," ma
chista patza sta Moulinan?

Marcus doesn't capice but he does catch the word for eggplant
(Moulinan) which is what the Brooklyn Paisans call The Blacks.

MARCUS

Moulie? You call me a Moulie?

(slams the desk)

I don't play that. I'm out of here.

He jumps up and starts to exit when Smags rushes over and grabs
his hand.

SMAGS

Wait... Wait. I'm at your mercy over
here. Okay? I love the Black people.
I swear to God. Moulie's a word we just
use, you know. Figure a speech.

MARCUS

Oh yeah? Well not to me...

All eyes in the Squad are focused on him as SMAGS implores him.

SMAGS

I'm desperate over here. I'm sorry,
I'm sorry.

There's a long beat as Marcus exhales slowly.

MARCUS

O.K. O.K. We'll see what we can do.

SMAGS

Thank you. Thank you. You're beautiful.

He extends his hand to MARCUS who stares into space, open-
mouthed as SMAGS does his version of the Homeboy handshake.

SMAGS

You're beautiful. Thanks. Allright.
My Brothah... Right on...

Smags executes the Black power salute and exits as Marcus,
dumbfounded, walks over to Lou.

MARCUS

Lou, let me ask you something.

LOU

What's that?

MARCUS

Does Joe Pesci have a brother?

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE THE M.P. SQUAD - CONTINUOUS - DAY

Patersen exits towards the elevators holding his daughter by the hand. He seems disturbed as Haggerty walks him out.

HAGGERTY

(to Caitlin)

Caitlin's a very pretty name.

(to Patersen)

We'll call you as soon as something comes up, Mr. Patersen.

PATERSEN

(icy)

Yes, of course.

HAGGERTY

Something wrong sir?

PATERSEN

Well, to be honest... This woman that you put on the case. Officer Cruz...?

HAGGERTY

Yeah what about her?

PATERSEN

Are you sure she's right for this?
From what I see, she's spent all her time chasing children.

Haggerty grits his Celtic teeth and does his best to stay calm.

HAGGERTY

Look. I know you're upset so I'll say this just once. She's the best we've got. She's led the league in home runs here 12 months straight. If there's anybody who's can find your wife, she can.

PATERSEN

Yeah? Well I hope so.

HAGGERTY

Right. Bye Caitlin.

As Patersen exits, we go close on Haggerty's face. He's had a hunch about this guy. Just then, ROCKIE comes up behind him.

HAGGERTY

Look, I want you to work him first.

ROCKIE

Why?

HAGGERTY

For a guy so torn up about his wife,
he's got a funny thing about women.
Check him out. Full court press.

She nods, tentative, nervous at going back into the field.

ROCKIE

Right...

She starts to walk off and Haggerty calls over her shoulder.

HAGGERTY

Hey Rock.

ROCKIE

Yeah?

HAGGERTY

You're gonna be allright on this.
Trust me.

ROCKIE

Right.

As she exits, a look of pain crosses HAGGERTY'S FACE.

EXT. PLAZA HOTEL - EST.

ROCKIE (V.O.)

Jack and Maddie Patersen. I understand
they were here the night of the 25th.

INT. OAK ROOM - MINUTES LATER- NIGHT

Rockie shows THE BARTENDER pictures of Patersen and his wife.

BARTENDER

Yeah. Sure. I remember 'em. They're
regulars. Always a big bar tab.
Martini drinkers. I think I served 'em
three each before dinner.

ROCKIE

Apparently they had words that night...

BARTENDER

Words? Are you kidding me? Glass was
broken. It was a freakin' war.

B&W FLASHBACK TO INT. OAK ROOM - NIGHT

We begin like Patersen's recollection but in this Rashomon
version of the Bartender's, the action escalates quickly.

BARTENDER (V.O.)

It was crowded that night but I could still hear him yelling.

We see Patersen. He's angry, hollering something at Maddie.

BARTENDER (V.O.)

This goes on for five or ten minutes and then finally she gets fed up, throws wine in his face and just splits.

Maddie covers Patersen with Chardonnay and sends the glass crashing to the table as she takes off.

EXT. THE PLAZA HOTEL - NIGHT

BARTENDER (V.O.)

She storms outside heading toward Fifth with Patersen right behind her.

ROCKIE (V.O.)

How do you know what happened outside?

BARTENDER

Hey look. One of your patrons goes DUI in this state, the bartender's liable.

ROCKIE

They had a car?

BARTENDER

No. He was hailing a cab. She tried to walk away and he grabbed her. Right about there.

B&W FLASHBACK TO EXT. PLAZA - NIGHT

Patersen pulls Maddie by the sleeve and jerks her toward a cab.

BARTENDER (V.O.)

Next thing I hear, she says "Nancy." He takes a twenty dollar bill, flings it in her face and says "take your own freakin' cab."

ROCKIE (V.O.)

Nancy...? Then what?

BARTENDER (V.O.)

Then he jumps into the street, and grabs a Checker. She walks East toward Fifth Avenue. That's all I know.

ANGLE ROCKIE now, silent as she stares EAST. There's a beat and we DISSOLVE BACK in B&W to see MADDIE walking off. Then:

BARTENDER

Hey. Officer.
(nothing from Rockie)
Officer, we finished?

ROCKIE

Yeah. Yeah. We're finished. Thanks.

She turns and walks EAST toward Fifth in Maddie's direction.

INT. ROCKIE'S CUBICLE 8 P.M. - NIGHT

The Squad Room is almost deserted as Rockie paces back and forth in her cubicle. She's got a picture of MADDIE PATERSEN on her wall amidst the pictures of children and she's wearing the phone headset as she runs down Patersen's CREDIT CARD BILL.

ROCKIE

(Spanish w/ subtitles)
I know it's after eight but I'm
investigating a missing persons case
and I need to speak to the concierge.
(beat)
What time? O.K. I'll call when he gets
in at seven.

She rings off and just then we hear a KNOCK on her door. She spins around to discover: FRANK HAGGERTY.

HAGGERTY

Hey Rock. We lost the O.T. in the last
round of budget cuts. Go home. Get
some sleep.

ROCKIE

I wanted to work it.

HAGGERTY

Joey called. Said he checked your
machine. You weren't home.

ROCKIE

I was restless... Besides what's Joey
doing checking up on me?

HAGGERTY

Hey, come on Rock. This guy cares
about you.

ROCKIE

(turning away)
Yeah. He keeps coming up to The Squad.
I'm not ready yet.

Haggerty walks around the cubicle studying the pictures of all THE CHILDREN. Then he picks up the picture of MADDIE PATERSEN.

HAGGERTY

You know it was time for this. I mean
you can't work the Kidphone forever.

ROCKIE

(she sits down)

I know.

Finally Haggerty stops and takes the full measure of her.

HAGGERTY

Hey you O.K.? You look a little thin.
You been getting enough sleep at night?

ROCKIE

(a little sheepish)

Yeah. I've just been working late,
that's all. You know the case load.

She starts to turn but Haggerty pulls up a chair next to her.

HAGGERTY

Rockie. Listen to me. There's not a
cop who went through what you did that
didn't behave the same way. It's called
an avoidance response. You have a
trauma so you try to make it go away
with work. But I'm telling you from
the heart, kid... at some point,
you're just going to have to face it.

She pulls away from him, almost in a trance...

ROCKIE

There are people missing.

HAGGERTY

Too many. We can't find them all.

ROCKIE

You said it yourself: "A missing person
is like an open wound. Worse than a
homicide cause you just never know."

HAGGERTY

O.K. But sometimes we find them.

ROCKIE

And as soon as we do, there's another
one lost...

She burns a look straight through him as we

CUT TO:

EXT. EST. SHOT CONEY ISLAND - NIGHT

The Wonder Wheel turns in the dark while down below...

EXT. CONEY ISLAND BOARDWALK - NIGHT

A pair of COUNSELORS leads a half dozen RETARDED KIDS from the Parkchester School through the crowded boardwalk. The head counselor is called FOSTER.

FOSTER

Allright. Come on, move it. The bus'll be here any second. Keep moving along.

The children are severely retarded. Aged 8-15. There are two or three with Downs' Syndrome. Another on leg braces. They're moving down the Boardwalk in a row clutching onto a clothesline when: THE NO. 2 COUNSELOR stops in front of a HOT DOG STAND.

COUNSELOR

I just wanna get two more hot dogs.

FOSTER

Hot dogs...?

ANGLE an angelic looking 12 year old boy with light brown hair.

COUNSELOR

Hey Chuckie. You wanna dog?

FOSTER walks to the end of the line. The last patient is CHUCKIE SIMMS. There's a paper pinned to his T-shirt with the words CHUCKIE #13.

CHUCKIE

Hot dog. Coney Island... One foot long.

CHUCKIE has a magical, almost beatific look that is irresist-ible. So FOSTER pulls out some money and turns to the COUNSELOR.

FOSTER

Allright, get 'em fed. But you're cleaning the bus if they barf.

Chuckie just smiles. It's like he is 4 years old. The Counselor turns to THE HOT DOG STAND. Then suddenly:

THE SOUND OF GUNFIRE ERUPTS and: THE KIDS hit the deck. There's a beat as the smoke clears and FOSTER comes up laughing with a fragment of RED PAPER.

FOSTER

It's O.K. guys, don't worry... It was just some joker throwing firecrackers.

At this point, the other COUNSELOR returns with the hot dogs and they start handing them out down the line.

COUNSELOR

Here we go...

Suddenly the counselor stops and his jaw drops. He pulls himself along the clothesline and finds that the end of the rope is EMPTY.

COUNSELOR

Hey! Where's Chuckie Simms? Simms...?
Simms...?

He turns to Foster in panic.

COUNSELOR

He's gone.

Foster rushes left, then right - searching.

FOSTER

Chuckie... Chuckie!

COUNSELOR

Chuckie...

FOSTER

CHUCKIEEEE!!!!

WE PULLBACK wide over The Boardwalk as Foster and The Counselor rush around desperately trying to find him. But he's gone, swallowed up by the thick Boardwalk crowd as we:

FADE TO BLACK

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. HAGGERTY'S BAY RIDGE BROWNSTONE - DAY - SAT.

The sound of Pavarotti erupts under with La Donna Mobile.

PAVAROTTI MUSIC (V.O.)
La Donna e mobile, qual piuma al vento,
muta d'accento e di pensiero...

INT. HAGGERTY'S LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

We pan down a bookcase past a wedding picture of HAGGERTY and his wife, MARY as the music continues under. Just then, from SOMEBODY'S POV we dart a quick look into:

INT. THE KITCHEN - CONTINUOUS

Where HAGGERTY stands over a stove stirring the sauce for a nice manicotti. MARY TOPPA HAGGERTY, his wife of 21 years, is across the kitchen preparing a salad.

HAGGERTY
You know what? The Knicks are
definitely getting a NBA championship.
And I'll tell you why. Because they
got an Irish coach.

MARY
Yeah, but he dresses like an Italian.

HAGGERTY
That's true. Armani suits.

Just then we see that the POV is actually ANTHONY, the Haggerty's five year old son. He shoots a look into the KITCHEN, then runs back into the living room. The camera pans up THE BOOK CASE past a series of Irish and Italian icons as:

The little boy looks up and spots A BEEPER on the top shelf.

Whereupon: he pulls an OLD HI-FI over to stand on and begins a climb up toward THE BEEPER. As his little size 4 Reebok feet climb the shelves, we reveal a half dozen IRISH ICONS: The green Erin "Harp" flag, The Kennedy Brothers, and a pennant from Notre Dame.

HAGGERTY (O.C.)
I love this basil. Honey, what did your
mother call basil that night?

MARY (O.C.)
Basilico.

HAGGERTY (O.C.)
Basilico. I like that. Hey Honey, you
seen Anthony?

MARY (O.C.)

I thought he was with you.

Huffing and puffing now as ANTHONY climbs further up and we move past: a painting of Pope John XXIII, a plaster TOWER OF PISA and an autographed B&W of Caruso as Pagliacci.

He stands on another OPEN DRAWER as we move up past a Woolworth's-style family portrait of Mary, Frank and their two girls (Monica 19 and Megan 21). Then a shelf full of Frank's old baseball trophies, his framed Lieutenant's Shield and finally, a picture of FRANK proudly holding AN INFANT. Printed onto the matting of the framed picture it says "Our Little Mid-Life Surprise". We realize now that this baby is:

HAGGERTY (O.C.)

Anthony... Anthony.

MARY (O.C.)

Would you go get him? It's time to get washed up for lunch.

ANTHONY is now teetering near THE TOP SHELF as he grabs for:

THE BEEPER. But his little hand slips and Haggerty's Lieutenant's shield crashes to the floor.

MARY

Anthony!

At this point, the little boy jumps down from the bookcase sending the needle scratching across the aria as he runs into the kitchen.

HAGGERTY

Hey, big guy.

MARY

What do you have? Daddy's beeper?
Honey, I told you that you can't play
with this cause Daddy's not gonna know
if he gets a call.

But Frank squats down and scoops up the little boy.

HAGGERTY

Hey Mare, come on. How else is the
kid gonna learn police work?

(to Anthony)

Tell Mommy. What a 107 is, tone?

ANTHONY

Burgury.

HAGGERTY

(hugging him)

Perfect. We got a spot saved for you
at Fordham Law.

Just then the phone rings. Mary picks up.

MARY

Hello... Hi Lou... Yeah, I'm fine...

(suddenly wary)

Oh yeah, he's right here.

She hands the phone to Frank and backs off.

HAGGERTY

O.K. Lou, what's up?

INTERCUT:

EXT. BROOKLYN ROOFTOP - CONTINUOUS - NOON - SATURDAY

LOU VIRGADAMO is up on the roof of his Brooklyn Tenement with one leg propped up on a MILK CARTON. There's a half empty bottle of Carlo Rossi on a table in front of him next to a walk-in PIGEON COOP. He's got a remote phone under his chin as he talks to Haggerty.

LOU

The Intake Desk called me after they couldn't get through on your beeper. Some kid from Parkchester got lost at Coney last night. S'posed to have the I.Q. of a four-year-old. He's on anti-seizure drugs. Can't even defecate without help.

HAGGERTY

What about Harbor Unit?

LOU

Dragged the waters off The Boardwalk all morning. The Six-O did a house-to-house within 20 blocks. They got zip.

HAGGERTY

They run hospitals and morgues yet?

LOU

Twice for all the Does matching the kid's description. Listen, Frank, I'd head in myself but the gout's got my leg so bad I can't even get off the roof.

HAGGERTY

Where's Marcus?

LOU

He's workin' that old man, Fagnoli.

Haggerty looks over at Mary and down at his son. Mary looks away. She seems resolved to all this.

HAGGERTY

Allright. Look Lou, have Parkchester and the parents meet me down at the Squad Room at 14:30. And have the Six-eight send a car for me, will you?

Mary burns a look into Haggerty and exits the kitchen.

LOU

You got it.

Haggerty hangs up and stares down at Anthony. A look of guilt crosses his face. Another Saturday away from the family.

HAGGERTY

(calling out)

Mare, I've gotta take a run into the City. There's a little boy lost...
He's retarded.

He starts to exit when Mary appears in the doorway. In contrast to the anger we expect, she's holding A GARMENT BAG and smiling.

MARY

All set. You got a spare suit, two shirts, two ties and your shaving kit. You pick the shoes.

Frank sets the garment bag down and walks up to her slowly, putting his arms around her waist.

HAGGERTY

You wanna tell me somethin'?

MARY

Anything.

HAGGERTY

How the hell did a Shanty Mick like me ever pull a bella ragazza like you?

MARY

That's easy. You were the only Irish boy I ever met who could kiss.

With that she buries her tongue in his mouth and Frank throws his arms around her bending her back like a princess.

EXT. BOROUGH HALL - DAY - SATURDAY

INT. ROCKIE'S CUBICLE. - M.P. SQUAD - CONTINUOUS

Her hair's down now but it's clear from her clothes that she's been there all night. As she paces with the phone headset on, she rubs her shoulder, trying to ease the tension in her neck.

ROCKIE

(on the phone)

Yeah, Jack Patersen. You're sure it was Cartier Panther? A hundred and thirty-two fifty?

(beat)

Okay great. Thanks. I'll be by to pick up the receipt.

She rings off just as: THE DOOR OPENS and: In walks JOEY BYRNES, Detective, Homicide. Athletic; 32; 6'1"; cobalt blue eyes; and oh, yeah, he loves her.

JOEY

Here we go: slice from Rays for me... no cheese... and a salad from the Korean guy downstairs for you. Dressing on the side. Way you like it.

ROCKIE

Who's got time for lunch?

JOEY

Rockie... you didn't eat breakfast.

ROCKIE

(still pacing)

So?

JOEY

So, it's time for an obsession check.

ROCKIE

Yeah... right. Tell me about it.

She hands him the NYPD file on Dansby & Walker.

ROCKIE

You see those two boys?

(Joey nods)

Dansby and Walker. They both disappeared from the same playground in Harlem. Same time of day... three months apart back in '89. The Two-Eight got a lead on a black-market baby ring in the Virgin Islands. They even had a witness who conspired with a woman to steal another baby from the same playground in '72.

JOEY

So... What happened?

ROCKIE

The Two-Eight detectives went down and questioned the woman. She copped to the '72 kidnapping but denied any knowledge of Dansby & Walker.

JOEY

So then it's over, right?

ROCKIE

I don't know. It's the one lead they
had in the case that made any sense.
I want to check it again.

Joey looks around the cubicle at all the child "want" posters.

JOEY

Boy, you really are obsessed, aren't
you?

Rockie smiles. A beat as she runs her hand across: The faces of
the two little lost boys. She's thinking...

ROCKIE

I tell you what. I need that file from
St. Croix. You get it for me and
then... maybe we'll...

JOEY

Maybe we'll what?

ROCKIE

Eat something...
(softening. The hint
of a smile)
You know... Something that doesn't come
in a plastic box.

Joey comes up behind her and she pulls away. But he's happy.

JOEY

You got it. Deal. And I'm taking my
pizza.

He takes the Missings file, his pizza and exits as we cut to:

EXT. BENSONHURST SOCIAL CLUB - DAY - SATURDAY

MARCUS drives up in his '83 BMW. As he pulls to a stop and gets
out from the car: A QUARTET OF LOCAL CUGINES surround him.

CUGINE #1 (V.O.)

Hey, check out the Black guy in the
Beemer.

CUGINE #2

Yo cuz? You take a wrong turn? Crown
Heights is zat way.

He sits on the hood of the car. MARCUS tenses. This is
Bensonhurst. They're pushing in on him now, forcing him back
toward the BMW.

CUGINE #3

What's this with the car? What's it, a 318?

(pushing closer)

Thought you people only drove El Dorados...

Slowly, MARCUS reaches under his jacket and undoes the strap on his Beretta. The tension mounts. It could be another Howard Beach. A long beat and then, all at once: THE CROWD PARTS and SMAGS emerges:

SMAGS

Hey, get off the car. He's with me. He's a cop. He come all the way out for my Uncle Mike. Hey, I love this guy.

He throws his arms around Marcus who looks up to heaven thinking that this job doesn't pay enough overtime.

SMAGS

Come on, come on. We'll get something to eat.

(turns to Cugine #3)

Did you get the provolone for Aunt Mary?

CUGINE #3

Yeah, I got some comin'.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - MINUTES LATER - DAY

Marcus has to adjust his eyes to the dark. The whole place is painted a dingy dark green like the windows. There are a few scattered tables where a half dozen OLD MEN are sitting around, reading The Daily Racing Form or nursing Grappas.

SMAGS

Don't worry about your car. It'll be washed & waxed when you're done.

MARCUS

That's not really necessary.

SMAGS

Fugedaboudit.

He leads Marcus into AN INNER ROOM where one wall is covered with pictures of Italian soccer teams. There's A STATUE of Our Lady over a red vigil light, a photo of DeNiro as the 250 pound Jake LaMotta and a framed FRONT PAGE from the N.Y. Post. The headline over a triumphant picture of JOHN GOTTI says:

Dancing Don.

Gotti Walks for Third Time

Smags walks toward A LARGE WOMAN with jet black hair and an iron will. She's wearing black with no makeup.

SMAGS

This is my mother, Philomena. Uncle Mike's sister.

PHILOMENA

What? That's him?

MARCUS

Ma'am.

PHILOMENA

So get the man an espresso Domenic.

MARCUS

No. I'm fine.

PHILOMENA

A little Grappa? Some Anisette?

MARCUS

Nothing really.

PHILOMENA

Allright. We'll eat first.

(snapping her fingers)

The Rissoto. Bring the scungilli now.

Hold the salad 'til after.

Suddenly a 300 pound Cugine covers the table in front of Marcus with a white cloth. ANOTHER CUGINE sets the table in seconds, as SMAGS returns with a plate full of conch in red sauce.

MARCUS

Look. I really couldn't, I...

Philomena slams her hand down on the table.

PHILOMENA

My son said you would help us.

MARCUS

I am... I.. I will...

PHILOMENA

Well, there's no such thing as help on an empty stomach.

(suddenly smiling)

You'll love the wine.

CUGINE #4

It's a young Pinot Grigio.

PHILOMENA

(smiling now)

Mangia.

Caught in some kind of Sicilian Twilight Zone, Marcus looks up at the statue of Mary for guidance, then smiles. Cut to:

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - SATURDAY

28

Rockie confronts Haggerty in the hallway carrying his garment bag. They move towards the M.P. Squad Room in a rapid walk and talk.

ROCKIE

Lieutenant.

HAGGERTY

Hey Rock, what'd you get?

ROCKIE

He charged a bottle of perfume at Bendel's to his corporate AMEX. I've been over their whole apartment. She never got it.

HAGGERTY

Try proving a negative. What else?

ROCKIE

Two weeks ago he was at the Ritz in Chicago. ABA meeting. I called the desk. He asked for two keys.

HAGGERTY

So?

ROCKIE

Maddie stayed home. He's got a new para-legal named Nancy.

She hands him a picture of A DROP-DEAD BLONDE. He's impressed.

HAGGERTY

Not bad. But over-active libido doesn't mean homicide.

Finally, she whips out an insurance policy.

ROCKIE

O.K. But check this. He had a million dollar policy on Maddie and he just switched it from Whole Life to Term...

HAGGERTY

Bingo. See if he'll stand for the polygraph.

ROCKIE

Great.

Rockie smiles. She starts to exit.

HAGGERTY

Hey Kid.

ROCKIE

Yeah?

HAGGERTY

I had trouble sleeping once before too.
Mary played this for me.

Handing her an OPERA CASSETTE.

ROCKIE

An opera?

HAGGERTY

It beats the hell out of warm milk and
cookies.

ROCKIE

I thought you were Irish?

HAGGERTY

So did I... until I met my wife.

ROCKIE

Thanks.

HAGGERTY

Yeah.

INT. SOCIAL CLUB - DAY - SATURDAY

Empty dishes in front of Marcus now as he loosens his belt.

MARCUS

Dessert is out of the question.

PHILOMENA

You sure?

MARCUS

Yes.

SMAGS

How 'bout a digestivo? Settle your
stomach.

MARCUS

No, no, no... I don't have a lot of
time left and I know this is sensitive,
but I've got to ask...

(opening a file)

It's about Uncle Mike's rap sheet...

Well, it's...

(unfolding a 2 foot
sheet)

Extensive.

PHILOMENA

When he was young, he ran with the
wrong crowd.

MARCUS

His last arrest was in January... for hijacking.

SMAGS

Bum rap. It got tossed right?

MARCUS

Yes but...

He looks around the Social Club.

MARCUS

Look, I've got to be honest with you. You told me there was no connection with the Mob but I look around and I see this picture of Gotti on the wall and I...

SMAGS

What? This? This?

(He jumps up and grabs the headline)

That's not for Johnny Boy... It's for Augie.

MARCUS

Who?

SMAGS

Augie. Augie Mastranglo. He's a dishwasher at the Il Capri. He's here two weeks from Brindisi and bang, he hits it.

(reading)

Only in America. Immigrant wins Lotto. That's Augie.

Sure enough. In a corner of the front page, under the picture of Gotti there's a shot of a smiling man with A LOTTO TICKET.

MARCUS

(embarrassed)

Look. What can I say? Forgive me.

PHILOMENA

Fugedaboudit. Sometimes a whole race a people get pegged the wrong way...

MARCUS

Yeah... A... Smags... About those dental records I asked for... You know. In case we need to make an I.D.

Smags winks, then pulls out something wrapped in a BAR TOWEL.

SMAGS

Yeah, well, there's only one thing. Uncle Mike... he didn't trust dentists.

He unwraps the towel revealing: A JAR full of water containing:
A SET OF FALSE TEETH.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY - SATURDAY

30

As Haggerty pushes through the door, he can already feel the heat. THE PARENTS OF CHUCKIE SIMMS are seated at a conference table while Foster paces nervously.

MR. SIMMS
(rushing up to
Haggerty)
Is there any word yet?

HAGGERTY
Not yet, sir. But we've widened the
house to house search.
(to Mrs. Simms)
Mrs. Simms, did you bring the pictures
ma'am?

She shows him a photo album with various pictures of Chuckie.

MRS. SIMMS
Yeah, I've got these. I'm afraid
there's nothing... more recent.

HAGGERTY
That'll be fine.
(to Foster)
Did he have his own room at the
institution?
(Foster nods)
Good. I'd like to see it.

He sits down across from Mr. and Mrs. Simms.

HAGGERTY
The report says that this happened once
before. Chuckie disappeared. Is that
correct?

MRS. SIMMS
Yeah, two years ago. His mental
capacity was almost up to his age then.
But there was a seizure. After that
he was... just like a little boy.

She bites down hard on her lower lip and starts weeping.

MR. SIMMS
Look, we have four other children.
Chuckie has special needs... We both
work. We can't afford help. We used
to have a nurse who came in every day
for an hour but they cut back on the
S.S.I. He has to take his medicine or
he will throw a fit.

There's a beat as Haggerty stares at them.

HAGGERTY

You can't blame yourselves for this.

Off Mrs. Simms weeping, we dissolve to:

INT. NYPD POLYGRAPH ANTEROOM - NIGHT - SATURDAY

ROCKIE & MARCUS in a darkened anteroom looking thru A ONE WAY MIRROR as JACK PATERSEN sits inside, defensive, submitting to a polygraph.

POLYGRAPH TECH

Is your name Jack Patersen?

PATERSEN

Yes.

The needles stay steady.

POLYGRAPH TECH

Are you an attorney with Bedross, Tucker & Starck?

PATERSEN

Yes.

Steady as she goes. THE TECH looks to ROCKIE behind the mirror.

POLYGRAPH TECH

Have you ever cheated on your wife?

PATERSEN

No.

This time THE NEEDLE JUMPS like an 8.5 on the Richter scale.

POLYGRAPH TECH

Once again Mr. Patersen...

PATERSEN

(resigned to it)

Allright. Allright. Once... In six years of marriage. With a girl at the office. It was stupid and I'm sorry. But I didn't kill my wife. I swear it. I have no idea where she is and I've never been so afraid in my life.

The needle swings back into the truth zone and the POLYGRAPH TECH looks up at Rockie. He nods. Patersen's telling the truth. MARCUS, the new recruit, turns to Rockie.

MARCUS

So what happens now?

ROCKIE

We focus on her. Hundreds of women disappear from the city every year. Maybe for Maddie it was the girlfriend. But I don't think so.

MARCUS

Why not?

ROCKIE

It wasn't enough. She wouldn't have walked out on Caitlin?

MARCUS

Who's Caitlin?

ROCKIE

Her baby.

Rockie walks off as Patersen is unhooked from the polygraph machine.

CUT TO:

INT. BERTO'S ROOM - LATE - RAINING NIGHT - SAT/SUN

It's raining outside as we begin CLOSE ON A PICTURE of Rockie & her son, BERTO with the sound of HAGGERTY'S OPERA in the b.g. We widen down past a shelf full of toys to the little boy's BED. And now in the half-dark from a nightlight, we can see that: IT'S EMPTY. He's gone. It seems that Rockie has lost her child too. The music builds now as THE CAMERA MOVES out of the room toward the sound of the mystical aria: Delibes "Viens Malika" from Lakme. THE ANGELIC VOICES rise as we move into:

INT. ROCKIE'S ROOM:

Past a night table covered with pictures of ROCKIE & BERTO, past a small tape player. The music grows louder until we find: ROCKIE, lying on her bed restless, trying to sleep.

She's still in her street clothes and THE PATERSEN FILE is lying beside her. It's open to THE PICTURE OF CAITLIN from the last scene. There's a beat, then we cut to:

EXT. AN ATM MACHINE - CONTINUOUS - NIGHT - RAINING

A WOMAN'S GLOVED HAND reaches into frame & pulls out an ATM card from a Gucci wallet. She puts the card into the machine & money comes out. Then she flips past the credit card section in the wallet to stick in the cash. As she does, we notice the same PICTURE OF CAITLIN. Clearly, it's Maddie's wallet... It seems she's still out there. Over this THE ARIA PEAKS & we:

FADE TO BLACK:

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. BOROUGH HALL - ESTABLISHING

INT. MISSING PERSONS SQUAD ROOM - DAY - MONDAY -

LOU leads MARCUS into the Squad Room to confront: pandemonium: phones ringing; cops shouting; the full bull-pen din.

MARCUS

What the hell's going on?

LOU

You kiddin? In Missing Persons the
get-me-outta-here-call-in-sick-day has
got to be Monday.

CLOSE ON A PLEXIGLASS MAP of the 5 boroughs as a Detective plots the locations of various "Missings."

LOU

You got your floaters poppin' up on
the Hudson. Kids disappearing from
those wine-cooler Sunday outings.
And... you got your Jumpers..

MARCUS

What?

LOU

Let's just say that weekends with the
family tend to bring out the suicide
in people.

He takes some paperwork from one of the detectives.

DET. #1

(shouting at Lou)

Hey Lou, Albany on three.

Just then: HAGGERTY walks in as ROCKIE rushes up to him.

ROCKIE

Lieutenant... Lieutenant.

HAGGERTY

Hey Kid, what's up?

ROCKIE

Maddie's ATM card went active.

HAGGERTY

What's the account look like?

ROCKIE

She's been building a kitty for months.
Fifty here, a hundred there. Walking
away money.

HAGGERTY

How come the husband didn't notice?

ROCKIE

Maddie does the books. I figure she's got three grand plus the hundred she pulled from the ATM.

HAGGERTY

O.K. then. You better close it out.

ROCKIE

But Lieutenant...

HAGGERTY

You know the drill. Consenting adult. It's not a crime to take off.

ROCKIE

I can't just stop.

HAGGERTY

Come on Rock. It started "suspicious." Now it looks like a "voluntary."

ROCKIE

I'm still not sure.

HAGGERTY

Look, if Patersen wants to find her, he can hire a skip tracer. You've got other cases. You said it yourself.

But Rockie looks at the picture of CAITLIN in the file.

ROCKIE

Give me another forty-eight hours.

HAGGERTY

You've got twenty-four. Then I need you on Simms.

ROCKIE

(triumphant)

Yes!

INT. CITY MORGUE CORRIDOR - DAY - MONDAY

SMAGS & PHILOMENA WALK nervously through a Morgue CORRIDOR as ALFONSE SILVESTRI, their undertaker, follows behind somberly.

PHILOMENA

Why the morgue, Dommie? People don't come to a morgue for good news.

SMAGS

I don't know, Ma.

PHILOMENA

And why an undertaker? Why bring Silvestri?

SMAGS

Just in case Ma.

PHILOMENA

Case a what? Case I drop dead from the stress?

Just then MARCUS walks in. He looks nervous.

PHILOMENA

(blessing herself)

Oh no. You found him. I knew it.

MARCUS

We're still not sure. They discovered a man in a Bowery Hotel. He'd been locked in his room for about a week.

PHILOMENA

Mother of God.

MARCUS

The face was pretty much gone but the man was about 65-66 with white hair. And the thing is...

(sheepish)

He didn't have fingerprints.

PHILOMENA

Holy Mary. That's him...

Marcus knocks on a door. It opens and YURI CHERNAKOV walks in. The Russian emigre pathologist is in a blood spattered scrub suit.

PHILOMENA

Who's that bird?

MARCUS

Dr. Chernakov. The forensic pathologist.

CHERNAKOV

(correcting him)

Chernakov. We were unable to make print identification of decedent so we've asked you here for visual I.D.

Just then a pair of automatic doors swing open and MARCUS leads them into an INNER CORRIDOR.

PHILOMENA

What the hell kinda accent's that?

MARCUS

Russian.

PHILOMENA

I gotta freakin' Commie over here
touching my Mikie...?

Yuri gestures right as they walk out of frame.

INT. CITY MORGUE - ANOTHER CORRIDOR SECONDS LATER - DAY

CHERNAKOV leads them down a corridor lined with refrigerated storage compartments. A half-dozen CORPSES line the hallway.

Chernakov snaps his finger to a BODY HANDLER who wheels in a gurney containing the body of the WHITE-HAIRED OLD MAN.

CHERNAKOV

Prepare yourselves.

PHILOMENA

(covering her eyes)
I can't look. You do it Dommie.

Smags pulls away a cover and takes a quick peek.

SMAGS

Marone. That's him.

Chernakov snaps his fingers. The gurney's quickly removed.

CHERNAKOV

Kindly sign death certificate and we
will release to mortician.

SILVESTRI

Funeral director.

(pulling out a
brochure)

By the way, Mr. Samaglia on the coffin
selection... I can give you a
reinforced cardboard "Perpetual Rest"
for a thousand... guaranteed against
leaks and infestation for ninety
days... or... I can offer you burnished
titanium "Eternal Repose." It's ebony
with sterling silver accessories.
Guaranteed for 160 years.

SMAGS

How much?

SILVESTRI

Forty-nine hundred and change.

SMAGS

Well...a.... I dunno...

(Philomena jabs him)

Allright, give me the one for five grand.

Philomena embraces her son. Now that's a good boy.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY - MONDAY

ROCKIE'S in a hurry on her way out when JOEY comes down the stairway.

JOEY (O.C.)

Hey Rockie. Hey Raquel Cruz. Special delivery from St. Croix.

He hands her an AIR COURIER package.

ROCKIE

The file? How'd you get it?

JOEY

Hey Rock. This is Joey Byrnes. I've still got a few teeth in my head. And a few friends left in town.

Rockie starts to embrace him, then looks around at the crowded hallway and stops.

ROCKIE

Thanks.

She begins exiting and he follows in a slow walk & talk.

JOEY

Sure. So listen, how's Friday at nine?

ROCKIE

For what?

JOEY

Payback. We've got a window table at The River Cafe.

ROCKIE

(stopping)

The River Caf.. Joey, you're talking two hundred dollars plus wine...

JOEY

Yeah, I know. I asked if I could bring my own bottle but they said no.

(moving up to her)

So how 'bout it? Nothing in boxes right?

ROCKIE

Look. That was sweet what you did.
And I know it hasn't been easy with
me. But I've got one more day on the
Patersen case and 'til then I can't...

JOEY

Live. Right. I know.

Joey looks like he's been groin-kicked.

JOEY

Listen, you get lucky, you gimme a
call?

Off Rockie as he exits. Damn it. One of these days she'll get
this right.

EXT. PARKCHESTER SCHOOL - DAY - MONDAY

A red brick Gothic institution on the Upper West Side.

INT. PARKCHESTER SCHOOL - DAY - MONDAY

FOSTER unlocks a metal door and leads HAGGERTY through A WARD
of retarded youngsters. Most of them sit rocking quietly as:
AN ORDERLY moves down the row of children feeding them MEDS.

HAGGERTY

Better things for better living through
tranquilizers, right?

FOSTER

Look, I don't have a lot of time.
Let's get to this. Here's his room.

FOSTER uses a big key to unlock the door to Chuckie's room.

INT. CHUCKIE'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS - MONDAY

HAGGERTY looks around in wonder at the tiny 5 X 10 foot box.
The walls are covered with magazine pictures pasted into an
enormous collage. Pictures of the heroes and heroines of the
moment: Madonna, Jason Priestly, Norman Schwartzkopf. There's
a T.V. in one corner and stacks of scrapbooks everywhere.

HAGGERTY

It's O.K. I can do this alone.

FOSTER

You sure? I'd like to be here.

HAGGERTY

I'm positive.

Foster exits in a huff as Haggerty studies the pictures all
carefully cut from the magazines and pasted onto the walls.
Clearly, not the work of a "four year old" brain.

On a shelf above the bed, there's a FOOTBALL LAMP. Haggerty finds A SLIT on it. It doubles as a bank. He turns it upside down and opens the small door at the bottom. It's empty.

Then he checks under the mattress. Nothing. A beat as he looks around... searching for something. Finally, he takes out a small PEN KNIFE and unscrews the grid on A VENT near the floor by the bed. Sure enough. He reaches in and pulls out a SOCK FULL of TRANQUILIZERS.

HAGGERTY

You've been stashing your medicine
haven't you Chuckie...?

HAGGERTY smiles as he pushes out of the cell past Foster, firing the TRANQUES at him.

HAGGERTY

Don't rent his room pal. Not yet.

EXT. FIFTH AVE. CO-OP - MORNING - TUESDAY

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PATERSEN APARTMENT - CONTINUOUS

Rockie approaches the door to the Patersen apartment. She's about to knock when from inside she hears:

PATERSEN (O.C.)

Caitlin, please honey, I'm gonna be
late for work.

Rockie knocks now.

PATERSEN (O.C.)

Just a minute.

There's a beat then Patersen opens.

ROCKIE

I a... I wanted to come in person.
Her bank card's gone active.

PATERSEN

(ecstatic)

Oh, then she's alive.

ROCKIE

Do you mind if I come in?

PATERSEN

Of course. I'm sorry. Come on in.

INT. PATERSEN APT. - CONTINUOUS - DAY

As Rockie walks in she sees that the apartment's a mess. Clearly the home of a man used to being taken care of, now trying to cope.

ROCKIE

(pulling him aside)
You might as well know. It's starting
to look like she might have left on
her own.

CAITLIN

Daddy. What'd she say about Mommy?

PATERSEN

Mommy's alright honey. She's gonna call
us.

(to Rockie)

I mean, she's got the money right?
As soon as she settles, she'll call
us, right?

ROCKIE

(hesitating)

Yeah.

CAITLIN'S half-dressed, wading through clothes in the closet.

ROCKIE

Here. Let me help.

ROCKIE bends down and starts pulling through the clutter
searching for something that Caitlin might wear when suddenly
HER FACE GOES WHITE.

ROCKIE

Oh God no...

PATERSEN

What?

She picks up a woman's shoe stuffed with CASH. Maddie's stash.

ROCKIE

If she left on her own then why didn't
she take this?

Off Pateresen's look of abject fear we cut to:

EXT. BOROUGH HALL - NIGHT

JANE VELEZ MITCHELL (O.C.)

The boy is 13 years old. Four foot
eleven with light brown hair and blue
eyes. If you think you've seen him
please call the number below...

INT. THE MISSING PERSONS SQUAD - NIGHT - TUESDAY

HAGGERTY and LOU are sitting with a half dozen other DETECTIVES
watching the SIX O'CLOCK NEWS. Anchor Jane Velez Mitchell is on
screen with a graphic beside her containing the picture of
Chuckie Simms.

JANE MITCHELL

That's one, eight hundred T-H-E
L-O-S-T. Once again, that's 1-800 THE
LOST.

HAGGERTY

(switching off the
T.V.)

Alright now we're gonna hear from the
usual wackos, but there's a one in ten
chance we'll get something. The kid's
out there. I know it.

Suddenly the phones start lighting up.

HAGGERTY

Missing Persons. Haggerty.
(beat as he writes)

The Bronx? Are you sure? Yankee
Stadium?

He looks over at Lou and shrugs. What the hell. Maybe.

LOU

Lower Park in the 20's wearing what?
A Batman cape? Yeah right. Thanks.

Lou slams the phone down as JOEY BYRNES rushes in.

JOEY

Frank, you seen Rockie?

HAGGERTY

(gesturing to her
cubicle)

She's inside, Joe. She's had a pretty
bad day.

JOEY

Yeah. Well, it's about to get worse.
I just got a call from a buddy at
Midtown South.

Rockie sees him and comes out of her office.

ROCKIE

What is it?

JOEY

They picked up a dealer named Smash
Cut, aka Willi Ortiz.

ROCKIE

What about him?

JOEY

He was carrying this.

Joey tosses down an evidence bag containing a GUCCI WALLET.

JOEY

Says a female crackhead sold it to him for a couple of vials. She boosted it off some woman on 58th near Fifth. Even had the ATM PIN number. It was written on this.

He shows her another evidence bag with CAITLIN'S PICTURE. There's an ATM Personal I.D. Number (2412) on the back.

ROCKIE

What else did he say?

JOEY

Nothing. He asked for a lawyer.

LOU

Oh God. That means he did her.

HAGGERTY

Joey, you better call your friends in Homicide. Lou get Patersen on the phone. We'll need dental records and X-rays.

LOU

Got it.

Both men nod and rush off as: Haggerty walks over to Rockie. There's a beat as he exhales long and hard. Then he hugs her.

HAGGERTY

Rockie, I'm sorry kid. I'm really sorry.

Rockie looks up at him and buries her head in chest as we:

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

EXT. BOROUGH HALL - ESTABLISHING

INT. ROCKIE'S CUBICLE -- DAY -- WEDNESDAY

ROCKIE'S on the phone at her desk with the Dansby & Walker file.

ROCKIE

O.K. Thanks Sergeant. Sorry I bothered you... Right.

She hangs up just as A HAND drops a cup down beside her.

JOEY (O.C.)

Double espresso. Twist of lime?

She turns to find JOEY behind her.

JOEY

Guess I picked the wrong time to ask about Friday night...

Rockie exhales long and hard.

ROCKIE

I just got off the phone to St. Croix..

JOEY

What'd you find?

ROCKIE

Nada. Looks like the Two-Eight was right. Those little boys are still out there and we don't have a clue.

JOEY

What about the Patersen case?

ROCKIE

There's still a chance she's alive but I've gone back and double checked all the Morgue DOA's for the 25th.

JOEY

How 'bout the public hospital Aided cases? The comatose injuries...

ROCKIE

Every one.

JOEY

You check the "Privates?"

ROCKIE

I haven't had time. You're talking 36 hospitals and I'd have to fight every one over patient privacy.

JOEY picks up the list of private hospitals.

JOEY

Listen, I've got some time. Let me give it a shot.

ROCKIE

(half-weary)

In exchange for that dinner, right?
And whatever else comes later.

JOEY

No strings.

There's a long beat as Rockie takes the measure of him. There's no question Joey's really been trying and she's been... Well... She moves across the cubicle and squeezes his hand. Joey is clearly in love. He pulls her toward him. Their faces are inches apart, when:

ROCKIE looks out through the cubicle window. She sees MARCUS AND LOU staring at them. The moment is broken.

ROCKIE

Thanks.

Joey pulls away sheepishly and exits.

INT. THE JOHN -- MINUTES LATER

MARCUS and LOU are just pulling away from the stalls.

MARCUS

So what's the story on those two?

LOU

They used to be partners. Narcotics. A lot more dangerous than Vice but she worked it cause of the overtime. She lived for her kid. Wanted to get him out of the Bronx. You know? Little house on the Island...

MARCUS

Yeah. So what happened?

B&W FLASHBACK TO SOUTH BRONX -- STREET -- NIGHT

We see a 14-year-old Latin girl, pulling Berto by the hand along a dark, South Bronx Street. It looks like a war zone. Burning fires in barrels, rusted car bodies.

LOU (V.O.)

One night Rockie's working undercover with Joey when a baby sitter drags her son, Berto down to a Bodega to see her boyfriend.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Yeah. What about it?

The babysitter pulls the boy up to a car where a shirtless Puerto Rican GANGBANGER is sitting in the driver's seat.

LOU (V.O.)

Well it turns out the baby sitter's boyfriend's a gangbanger.

MARCUS (V.O.)

Oh man.

Just then, we see a rusted Trans-Am take the corner on two wheels. There's A RED BANDANNA tied to the antenna.

LOU (V.O.)

All of a sudden, this car turns the corner full of Spanish Kings.

A BURST OF GUNFIRE erupts from the Trans-Am and THE GANGBANGER dives behind THE BABYSITTER and BERTO.

MARCUS (V.O.)

My God...

LOU (V.O.)

They hit the little boy twice.

B&W FLASHBACK TO STAKEOUT VAN -- AVE C -- NIGHT

ROCKIE'S behind the wheel listening to a A TWO-WAY. She's looking through a NIGHTSCOPE as Joey does the drug deal when a call flashes over the radio.

DISPATCH (V.O.)

Detective Cruz, I'm sorry to say this but your son's been involved in a drive-by shooting.

Rockie floors the van as suddenly Joey looks up from the drug transaction.

LOU (V.O.)

After she hears the report, Rockie breaks cover and takes off for the hospital.

She tears by JOEY in THE VAN and he jumps into the street.

JOEY

Rockie... ROCKIE!!! Noooo!

LOU (V.O.)

But it turns out her son was DOA.

B&W FLASHBACK INT. SPANISH KING'S CLUBHOUSE. LATER NIGHT
ROCKIE tears down an underground hallway.

LOU (V.O.)
So Rockie goes nuts and takes off after
the Spanish Kings.

The TRIGGERMAN from the Trans-Am freebases with a crack pipe as
Rockie KICKS the door in, rushes up to him, jamming her service
revolver into his chest.

LOU (V.O.)
Joey's right behind her when she busts
down the door to their clubhouse.
She's this close to drilling the
Shooter when he comes in and pulls her
off.

JOEY rushes in behind her and jams his index finger between
the hammer and the chamber, pulling her away.

ROCKIE
(in anguish)
Berto!

The Spanish King slams back against the wall hyper-ventilating
as another DETECTIVE slaps the bracelets on him & we:

RESUME THE JOHN -- PRESENT DAY

MARCUS
I had no idea.

LOU
After that Rockie fell into a hole.
Put in for Missing Persons cause she
figured it was the only Detail where
she wouldn't have to fire a gun.

MARCUS
And Joey...?

LOU
Went to Homicide. He's had a case for
her ever since.

Off Marcus trying to take it all in we:

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. FIFTH AVENUE -- DAY -- WEDNESDAY

An Black acappella group sings in the b.g. as HAGGERTY walks
down Fifth in the 50's with CHUCKIE'S PARENTS. Mrs. Simms is
squeezing her husband's hand.

MR. SIMMS
Have you heard anything?

HAGGERTY

We had sixty-four calls. We're still checking leads but nothing's panned out.

MRS. SIMMS

Look, a T.V. reporter told us that after three days like this... there's almost no ho...

MR. SIMMS

Look, we're desperate Lieutenant. We just wanted to ask you...

HAGGERTY

What's that, Mr. Simms.?

MR. SIMMS

We got a call from a psychic. He says he's found other kids.

HAGGERTY

(stopping)

Let me ask you something. Does he charge?

MR. SIMMS

Yeah.

MRS. SIMMS

A thousand dollars. We'll get a loan. We can raise it.

HAGGERTY

You know, if my memory serves me right, the report said that you people are Catholics.

(they nod)

O.K. Then, here's what you do. You go across the street to St. Paddy's. There's a statue of St. Anthony on the right-hand side by the door. You know, the patron saint of lost things? You light a candle. You drop a buck in the poor box. I've got a feeling about your son.

Haggerty puts his arm around Mrs. Simms' shoulder as she squeezes her husband's hand.

INT. ROCKIE'S CUBICLE -- DAY -- WEDNESDAY

She's starting to exit while Joey gives her the bad news.

JOEY

I checked every Private Hospital. A half dozen in Jersey.

(MORE)

JOEY (Cont'd)

There's nothing on a Maddie Patersen
or anybody else that fits her
description from the night of the 25th.

ROCKIE

Look, I appreciate it.

They start to exit the Squad Room, passing the FINDS BOARD near
the Intake Desk. LOU is writing down names as he talks on the
phone to Albany checking print ID's.

LOU

O.K., here's those DOA's again.
McIntosh, white male. Schaefer, white
female. Simmons, black male. Dalton,
white male. Killebrew, black female...

Suddenly Joey stops in his tracks at the door.

JOEY

Whoa....

LOU

...Jenkins, black male. Sloane, white
female.

JOEY

Wait. What was that?

LOU

What?

JOEY

Killebrew?

LOU

Yeah. Yeah.

ROCKIE

What is it?

LOU

(hanging up phone)
I'll get back to you.

Joey pulls out his notepad and starts flipping through it.

JOEY

While I was going down the list of
women admitted to Privates...

ROCKIE

(anxious)
Yeah... yeah.

JOEY

There was a Killebrew admitted the
night of the 25th.

LOU

Yeah, so what? It was probably mine.

JOEY

Un uh. This was a White female.

(checking the names)

Killebrew, Killebrew... Twenty-seven, twenty-six. Bang. The night of the twenty-fifth an Annie Killebrew was admitted comatose to St. Clare's.

(to Lou)

Your DOA... the Black female...

Where'd she go to?

LOU

(flipping through
pages)

St. Clare's... Mother of God.

Rockie grabs the phone and punches in numbers.

ROCKIE

Hello. St. Clare's? Detective Cruz, Missing Persons. Do you still have a Killebrew, Annie?

(beat as she waits)

You do? ICU? I love you. No, no, let me speak to the Attending for the night of the 25th.

INTERCUT:

INT. ST. CLARE'S RESIDENTS' ROOM - CONTINUOUS - WEDNESDAY

We hear the telephone ringing. The shades are drawn in this tiny room as A RESIDENT lies asleep with a pillow over his head. The phone keeps ringing. Finally he picks up. THE NAMETAG says:

DR. VANDERJAK

Vanderjak. What?

ROCKIE

Detective Cruz. NYPD. You admitted a woman named Killebrew to ICU on the 25th?

DR. VANDERJAK

Yeah, if you say so.

ROCKIE

If you don't remember, check ICU. We need a description.

DR. VANDERJAK

Hey look lady. I'm still on my break.

ROCKIE

DO IT!

INT. NURSE'S STATION ICU -- MINUTES LATER -- DAY

Vanderjak, the Resident, walks into ICU where he stands at the foot of "Annie Killebrew's" bed.

DR. VANDERJAK

(on the phone)

Yeah Lady, I'm looking at her right now. The patient's a Caucasian female with head injuries.

INTERCUT:

ROCKIE

How'd you make the I.D. on her?

Vanderjak turns to the Floor Nurse.

DR. VANDERJAK

Did you get those belongings like I asked for?

NURSE

Yeah. Right here.

THE NURSE points at a counter. VANDERJAK hands her the phone.

DR. VANDERJAK

Good. Deal with this.

NURSE

O.K. here's the inventory...

(picks up sealed

plastic bag)

Clothes: spandex mini-skirt, spike heels, bustier, purse with... a half dozen condoms, a beeper and a phone bill made out to an Annie Killebrew.

ROCKIE

(anxious)

Just the phone bill on her name? No picture I.D.?

NURSE

No. That's it.

Rockie puts down the phone.

ROCKIE

We've got her.

Rockie throws her arms around Joey in triumph.

INT. SILVESTRI'S MORTUARY -- NIGHT -- WEDNESDAY

A couple of kids run playfully through the crowd of mourners with a plate full of food.

The body of "Uncle Mike" Fagnoli sits decked out in the burnished "titanium" casket as two old men with a Mandolin & Accordion play Come Back To Sorrento.

One of the kids tips the plate of food and a cannoli spills to the floor. The little boy smiles, picks it up and rushes over handing it to A WOMAN near Philomena.

PHILOMENA
(to little boy)
What's this?

The Woman takes the cannoli and kisses the boy on his head.

WOMAN
Thank you baby.
(eating cannoli)
Oh, Phil. I never saw Mikie lookin' so good.

PHILOMENA
(staring into the casket)
Yeah Silvestri did one helluva job.

SILVESTRI
(holding the Sailor's picture)
All I had was this to go on.

Just then, Smags nudges his mother.

SMAGS
Ma, Ma. Look who's here.

He gestures down the line of mourners to MARCUS & LOU.

SMAGS
(touched)
Detectives. I didn't think you'd make it.

Just then the door opens in the back of the funeral parlor and AN OLD MAN enters. He's about sixty-five, sixty-six with white hair.

Suddenly THE WOMAN near the casket SCREAMS.

WOMAN
Holy Mary, Mother of God.

The crowd parts as the old man walks in.

SMAGS
(stunned)
Uncle Mike.

Philomena drops her cappuccino.

SMAGS

(in shock)

Where the hell you been?

THE CROWD is aghast. They're looking at the walking dead.

UNCLE MIKE

What? I went to the V.A. to check my
gall bladder. Next thing I know my
Social Security stops. I call the "G"
and they tell me I'm dead. Morte.

SMAGS rushes up and embraces him.

SMAGS

Unca Mikie. Marone. I'm so freakin'
glad to see you.

He's holding onto him for dear life, then suddenly it hits him.

SMAGS

What the hell am I sayin? This freakin'
wake cost me ten grand over here. I'm
gonna kill you.

Off Marcus and Lou trading looks.

EXT. ST. CLARE'S - ESTABLISHING

INT. ST. CLARE'S ICU UNIT -- NIGHT

Rockie stands over the bed of Maddie Patersen who's still in a
coma. Joey stands behind her next to Dr. Vanderjak.

ROCKIE

I need to know how this happened.

DR. VANDERJAK

What do you mean?

ROCKIE

How a 30 year old architect; a wife
and mother ends up in ICU with the name
of a DOA hooker?

DR. VANDERJAK

You kidding me, lady? She came in on
the 25th. There was a six alarm fire.
We had burn victims all over the place.
It was Ground Zero, Nagasaki that
night.

B&W FLASHBACK TO: ST. CLARE'S EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Bedlam as three separate EMS units rush bodies into the E.R.
One of them contains the unconscious MADDIE PATERSEN.

EMS #1

Coming through. We got a Mugging victim, 58th and 5th. Possible head trauma.

E.R. NURSE

Alright stick her in Four.

MADDIE's moved onto a mobile gurney and wheeled into CUBICLE #4. Just then another EMERGENCY SERVICES TEAM, comes into the same cubicle with ANNIE KILLEBREW lying bleeding in her spandex skirt and spike heels. HER PURSE is on the stretcher.

EMS #2

Let's not lose her.

DR. VANDERJAK

(rushing in)

Epinefrin. Punch her. 15 cc's.

The Nurse stabs her with a syringe and Annie's body racks with pain. She kicks out and THE PURSE falls to the floor.

DR. VANDERJAK

Call the Crash Team and get O.R. 3 ready. Stat. Let's go. Move her out.

The Nurse and EMS #2 rush Annie Killebrew's gurney out of the cubicle leaving MADDIE PATERSEN alone. Two beats go by whereupon: A NURSE notices the purse, thinks it's Maddie's and puts it on HER STRETCHER as Vanderjak checks her pupils with a flash.

DR. VANDERJAK

O.K. She's dilating. I want a Cat Scan. Six cuts. Frontal lobe.

(tapping her checks)

Stay with me. Can you hear me lady?
Can you hear me...?

DISSOLVE TO:

ICU -- NIGHT

MALE VOICE

Can you hear me? Maddie? Can you hear me?... It's me. Oh Maddie... I'm so sorry...

This time it's PATERSEN standing over his comatose wife, touching her cheek.

There are tears in his eyes as we: RACK FOCUS past him to ROCKIE outside the ICU. She's holding CAITLIN asleep. A beat, then Joey sits down.

INT. ST. CLARE'S ICU AFTER MIDNIGHT -- THURSDAY

Joey puts his hand on Rockie's shoulders. As she stares through the ICU window at Patersen keeping the vigil, she holds Caitlin, who's just waking up.

ROCKIE

He's been in there five hours now.

JOEY

You've been out here six. Why don't you go home, get some sleep Rockie. I'll watch the baby.

ROCKIE

Un unh. I never got a chance to do this with Berto... Say goodbye...

(long beat)

You know, I was just thinking...

JOEY

What's that?

ROCKIE

How we take this for granted... This miracle.

(gesturing to Caitlin)

That man in there has made a thousand promises to God about what he'll do to change if he misses the bullet. That's what I did that night in the van, screaming up to the Bronx. I didn't know Berto was dead then and I made so many promises. But you know what?

JOEY

Tell me.

ROCKIE

You have to make those promises before they fire the gun. Because that's when God hears you.

As Joey throws his arms around her and squeezes, the music comes up and we:

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS AS TIME PASSES:

Patersen leaning in over his comatose wife. Hoping... Praying...

Joey holding Rockie who clutches the baby.

The beeping of the heart monitor...

We pan down past the I.V. until we:

Discover Maddie in close up, and:

RACK FOCUS TO: The face of her contrite husband. There's a long beat, then suddenly:

CLOSE ON A HEART MONITOR ATTACHED TO MADDIE'S FINGER

The index finger begins to twitch. Just then we hear a BEEP BEEP BEEP. AN ICU MONITOR has gone off at the nurse's station.

A nurse pushes in with a flashlight followed by Rockie and Joey. There's a beat as she shines the light into Maddie's retina.

PATERSEN

She's crying. Do you see this? She's crying... She's crying. Maddie... Maddie.

He kisses her.

MADDIE

(coming out of it)
Where's Caitlin?

PATERSEN

She's right here.
(takes her from
Rockie)
Here's Caitlin, Maddie.

CAITLIN

Hi Mommy.

MADDIE

Hi baby.

Patersen and Caitlin lean in to kiss Maddie. There are tears running down Rockie's face as Joey throws his arms around her and we pull back high over the ICU.

INT. HAGGERTY'S OFFICE -- NIGHT -- WEDNESDAY

He's got his feet on the desk. Tie loose. On the phone to Mary.

INTERCUT

INT. HAGGERTY'S HOUSE

Mary's on the phone. She's sitting in a chair with Anthony snuggling next to her, asleep.

MARY

So what time do you think tonight?

HAGGERTY

I should be home right after the news
Hon. I got Janie Mitchell to go one
more round with Chuckie's picture.

MARY

After all you've done, do you think that'll help?

HAGGERTY

I don't know. I already tried St. Anthony, Mare.

MARY

Allright, there's a roast in the fridge when you come.

HAGGERTY

I love you Mary.

MARY

I love you too.

He blows her a kiss and hangs up. Then he switches on the T.V. There's a beat as he stretches.

NEWCASTER (V.O.)

Jane Velez Mitchell now with a follow-up on that boy who's been missing from Parkchester School.

ON THE T.V. - JANE MITCHELL

JANE MITCHELL

Police are still searching tonight for Chuckie Simms. He's the 13 year old from the Parkchester School for the Developmentally Disabled who's been missing since Friday night. Chuckie is four feet eleven with light brown hair and blue eyes. If you've seen him, please call 1-800 T-H-E L-O-S-T. That's 1-800 THE LOST.

As the music comes up we

DISSOLVE TO:

A SERIES OF SHOTS:

TIMES SQUARE AT NIGHT FROM A SLO MO CHOPPER

LITTLE HANDS PUNCHING NUMBERS INTO A PAY PHONE

SMALL HANDS CLUTCHING A PHONE RECEIVER

INT. HAGGERTY'S OFFICE

There's a beat as Haggerty waits, staring at the T.V. screen. Another beat. Then the phone rings.

HAGGERTY

(grabbing it)

Missing Persons. Haggerty.

CHILD'S VOICE
You lookin' for me Mister?

INTERCUT:

EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- PHONE BOOTH -- NIGHT -- WEDNESDAY

Chuckie Simms is by a pay phone. Behind him we see his face 40 feet wide on the SONY widescreen atop Times Square Tower.

HAGGERTY
(almost disbelieving)
Chuckie, is that you?

CHUCKIE
Yeah...

HAGGERTY
Do you know where are you, son?

CHUCKIE
(looking around)
No...

HAGGERTY
Do you know how to count your numbers
Chuckie?

CHUCKIE
I can count for forty-five.

HAGGERTY
Good. Now on the telephone in front
of you there are some numbers. I want
you to read them off to me.

CHUCKIE
Well there's three fives and then nine,
six, two and an eight.

HAGGERTY
That's good. O.K. Chuckie, do me a
favor. I want you to hold onto that
telephone and I don't want you to let
it go until I get there. Okay?

CHUCKIE
Okay.

Haggerty hangs up the phone and shoots a look at the statue
of St. Anthony by his desk.

CUT TO

EXT. TIMES SQUARE -- MINUTES LATER -- WEDNESDAY

CLOSE ON THE PHONE dangling down from the booth as:

HAGGERTY'S CAR with the Kojak bubble roars to a stop. He jumps out and finds the phone. He looks crushed. Then he hangs up the phone receiver and turns searching left, then right. A long beat, then finally he sees him.

CHUCKIE'S 20 feet away at A HOT DOG cart.

HAGGERTY

Chuckie.

(yelling)

Chuckie!

He rushes over to hug him.

HAGGERTY (V.O.)

When we found him, this profoundly retarded boy, who couldn't eat or go by himself was on the corner of 42nd Street finishing off a hot dog and half a cheese blintz.

Mr. and Mrs. Simms emerge from the car. THE PARENTS rush over to embrace their son with Frank looking on. Chuckie's holding a model of THE EMPIRE STATE BUILDING, and wearing a T-shirt from the Bronx Zoo with a button that says YANKEE STADIUM.

HAGGERTY (V.O.)

Turns out, those calls we got weren't from crackpots at all. For the past three days, Chuckie Simms had traveled all by himself on a tour of New York by subway. The boy who couldn't survive without orderlies or drugs, had done pretty well.

Chuckie reaches into a plastic bag and takes out A BATMAN CAPE.

HAGGERTY

In fact, it was a good thing we tagged the poor kid when we did... A couple more days on his own and he might have gotten elected Mayor.

Off Mrs. Simms hugging Haggerty with tears in her eyes, we:

CUT TO:

INT. WIDE ON THE SQUAD ROOM. LATE -- NIGHT

The Squad Room's deserted now. The light is on in Haggerty's office and we hear the sound of Pavarotti. Haggerty is sitting at his desk flipping through "want" posters.

Finally, when we're just inside his door, he leans back and sighs to camera.

HAGGERTY

You know it wasn't too bad of a week after all. Patersen found Maddie and maybe they found each other. Rockie's startin' to breathe again and Chuckie Simms is coming home from Parkchester this week.

(Uncle Mike's picture)

The stiff in Uncle Mike's coffin is still a John Doe and Marcus has given up squash to sit down at Social Security and try to convince the Feds that Uncle Mike, who was once dead, is now alive. Go figure.

He gets up and walks toward the MISSING BOARD of "want" posters.

HAGGERTY (V.O)

You know, you win more than lose in this business but we all have our open cases. The kind that sit there for months. Every once in a while we go back and we work 'em real hard. This is Rockie's. The strange disappearance of Christopher Dansby and Shane Walker.

He points to the Misings Board.

HAGGERTY

Two little boys taken from the same playground in 1989. Chris has a birthmark like a figure 8 on his neck. And this is what Shane might look like today. Both boys would be five years old now. Maybe you've seen them or you know someone who has. The number to call is one, eight hundred, T-H-E L-O-S-T. That's one, eight hundred, THE LOST. We'd like to bring these kids home folks. Help us out.

FADE TO BLACK

FADE IN:

We fade in the "want" posters of DANSBY & WALKER.

THE DANSBY & WALKER CASES ARE REAL.
THESE CHILDREN ARE STILL MISSING.

Lower third super:

1-800-THE LOST

FADE TO BLACK

THE END