

INT. COMM VAN -

The entire gang comes through the door of the NYPD's mobile hi-tech communications van...TWO T.A.R.U. TECHS are sitting in front of LCD screens...

**START**

SPEVACK

What you got?

WOMAN (O.S.)

Residential buildings intercom camera in the back alley of the restaurant.

Spevack looks around to find an image on a LCD Screen talking to him...It's SARGENT YOLANDA PIERCE (33), Puerto Rican, D.A.S. Specialist at Lower Manhattan Command Center (LMCC).

INTERCUT:

INT. LOWER MANHATTAN COMMAND CENTER -

Sargent Pierce is standing in Central Command which is a mix of a movie theater and NASA mission control. There is one twenty-foot high main screen with four smaller five foot screens running along each side. There is also a team of FIVE TECHS at their own terminals. Sargent Pierce hovers over the Techs just like the Commander at NASA.

YOLANDA

Sargent Pierce out at Central Command, Detective. I'll be your mission control.

SPEVACK

Be gentle Sargent I hate the future...

YOLANDA

I'll treat you like a fucking lady...

All the hardened cops share a look, *tough broad.*

YOLANDA

We've got the same car entering fifty-seven minutes ago, and leaving nine minutes later...

She hits a few buttons and an image of the back alley comes up on the main screen, and the Comm. van LCD screens.

We catch a flash of a black car quickly flash past the screen.

YOLANDA

That nine minute window loosely corresponds with the nine-one-one call.

KILROY

Make or model?

YOLANDA

(no)

It's too quick. Best I can do is a black, four door.

SPEVACK

This the only angle?

YOLANDA

This is the only camera we can hack into in half a mile...You're in mother-fucking-Queens not One World Trade.

Everyone thinks for a beat.

SPEVACK

(thinking out loud)

Assuming this is a robbery gone south. They're gonna walk in here, and knock over one of the biggest stashes in New York City. They had to have a buyer on the hook. No way they're gonna sit in the cut and shop it for weeks.

DEETS

Why not? It's the smart play.

SPEVACK

There was only two of them...They're amateurs in over their heads, maybe they had a plan to move it through a local guy who they know and trust...But now they're panicked, moving fast, making mistakes...Means they're driving west instead of out Long Island.

COMMANDER THOMAS

Why?

SPEVACK (CONT'D)

Taken so many carrots I'm chockin'  
on'em...

Scruggs takes a moment, *knowing he's talking about his  
father.*

SCRUGGS

Your old man was true blue.

SPEVACK

And I never forgave him for it.

**STOP**

**Start**