

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY (DAY 2)

Brenda stops by. She stands in the open doorway to Taylor's office. She does not enter. Taylor doesn't look up.

TAYLOR

Well? I know you can talk.

BRENDA

I need your help.

TAYLOR

(delighted)

Again?

He takes his reading glasses off. Gives her his full attention. She shows him Walter Jr.'s military PHOTO.

BRENDA

Does this face look familiar?

He waves her in. She approaches his desk. He takes the photo.

BRENDA (CONT'D)

His wife was shot in 2003, spring. She was a social worker checking on a foster kid when she was hit by a stray bullet.

TAYLOR

I remember the case. What was the last name?

BRENDA

Walter.

TAYLOR

Don't think so...

INT. ROBBERY HOMICIDE BULLPEN - DAY

Taylor pulls down a thick BINDER, looking for...

TAYLOR

It was Quinn. Donna Quinn. She kept her maiden name.

We see a PHOTO of DONNA QUINN: smiling and wholesome and forever twenty-two.

TAYLOR (CONT'D)
Looks like several East Side
Catorces were interviewed but...

BRENDA
Nothing?

TAYLOR
Nada.

BRENDA
Her husband came to see you.

TAYLOR
(surprised she knows)
As a matter of fact, yes. He wanted
to know why we weren't doing more.
We offered a reward, set up a tip
line. Re-canvassed the neighborhood
again. I told him I didn't know
what else to do.

BRENDA
How did he act? Was he angry, did
he lash out at you?

TAYLOR
No. He was very calm. Very
respectful. Just like his father.

BRENDA
(surprised)
When did you meet his father?

TAYLOR
Must've been January 2004. He came
to report his son missing. Asked to
speak only to me. Wanted to go
straight to the top.

BRENDA
And...? Did you look for his son?

TAYLOR
I filed the missing persons report.
But we never found the boy. Or even
the car he'd been driving. He was
definitely licensed to carry a gun -
- many guns -- and... I... well, I
assumed he killed himself.

INT. TAYLOR'S OFFICE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

She follows him into his office. He goes round to his desk.

TAYLOR

The suicide rate for returning vets is somewhere in the seventeen percent range. I looked at his father and thought, "Here's a guy who would rather believe his son is missing than think the boy took his own life." Never underestimate the power of grief.

BRENDA

But if we assume his son's alive, and is seeking revenge for his wife's murder.... Five Catorces are dead. I believe Walter Jr. would stop this killing spree if he knew that he'd already shot her killer -- which I'm sure you'd prefer, Captain -- or that we'd made an arrest... which would also make you look good.

TAYLOR

(uncharacteristically)
What do you need?

BRENDA

A Catorce that'll talk to me.

EXT. STREET IN FRONT OF THE PANTRY - DAY

Colonel Walter heads toward the restaurant, wearing a RED SWEATSHIRT.

PROVENZA (O.S.)

Told you he was stopping for lunch.
Still fuzzy to me why we're on him.

He walks with A PAL FROM THE GAS COMPANY, who wears BLUE GAS CO. COVERALLS and A BLUE BASEBALL CAP. They pause before the restaurant. The Gas company guy looks like he doesn't want to come in. Colonel Walter holds up a hand. Two fingers. They enter the restaurant famous for its French Dip sandwiches.

FLYNN (O.S.)

I'm not sure this is more fun than the cooking convention.

PULL BACK and FIND Flynn and Provenza parked across the street.