

CONTINUED: (2)

SCHMIDT  
Commissioner, with all due respect--

But 'Garrett Moore steps in to cut her off (and possibly save her life).

MOORE  
We'll be in touch.

The meeting is over.

**EXT. CONNIE'S PLACE - NIGHT (TO ESTABLISH)**

A small, well-lit diner on a quiet corner.

**INT. CONNIE'S PLACE - NIGHT**

Clean, old school, just a counter with bar stools bolted to the ground and a few booths. The place is empty but for the owner/counter man, CONNIE APOSTOLOS, 50s, gruff, with traces of a Greek accent...and RALPH, a purveyor, who arrived moments before with a fresh delivery of chickens.

CONNIE  
They're chickens, Ralph, not magic peacocks. Four-fifty a pound?

RALPH  
What can I tell you, Connie?  
There's some kind of chicken flu in Jersey. There's a shortage.

CONNIE  
Yeah? Madison Meats must have the vaccine. They're at three-ninety-five.

RALPH  
You gonna feed your customers with birds from Madison? They're better off playing Russian Roulette and you know it.  
(off Connie)  
Four twenty-five, but I'm taking a beating.

CONNIE  
You can keep the giblets.  
(smiles)  
What's the damage?

Ralph makes an adjustment on an invoice and hands it to Connie.

(CONTINUED)

"RALPH'S BLUE BLOODS ep 2"



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CONNIE (CONT'D)

On my account?

RALPH

I gotta get something soon, Connie.

CONNIE

You will.

RALPH

Sure.

(a look from Connie, then)

My truck's out back.

Ralph wheels his hand truck into the back. Connie looks around his diner with a heavy sigh, stares longingly at a poster of Greece on the wall, then hears the bell above the front door CHIME...He looks to see who it is as --

**INT. RALPH'S TRUCK/EXT. CONNIE'S PLACE - NIGHT**

We pick up Ralph pulling out of a parking spot behind Connie's diner. He's talking on the phone to his wife.

RALPH

No, I got one more delivery and then I'm home... For dinner? I dunno. Anything but chicken.

During which he has rounded a corner so he's in front of Connie's place. A Call Waiting beep clicks on his phone. Ralph glances at the Caller ID.

RALPH (CONT'D)

Hang on, honey. It's a customer.

(clicks over)

Yeah, Pablo?...You need it tonight?... Okay, lemme see what I got on the truck.

*cont'd*

He pulls his truck to the curb across the street from Connie's, gets out, and moves toward the cargo door, glancing over to see A UNIFORMED NYPD OFFICER walk into Connie's. He doesn't see the cop's face, and neither do we.

**EXT. BANK - NIGHT**

JAMIE, on patrol with RENZULLI, works an ATM. He takes his cash, then looks at the receipt to check his balance and makes a face like -- ouch. Renzulli sees it.

(CONTINUED)

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JAMIE  
No kidding.

RENZULLI  
(nodding)  
No fun...But I did get to have sex  
with a lady clown.

Jamie nearly does a spit take--

**INT. RALPH'S TRUCK/EXT. CONNIE'S PLACE - NIGHT**

Ralph is looking through the stock in the back of his truck,  
still on the phone with his last-minute customer.

cont'd →

RALPH  
Okay...I got the breaded breast  
filets and the marinated drumstick  
combos... No, I'm not going back to  
Queens to pick up four capons... If  
you want what I have... Okay, I'll  
be there in--

BANG! BANG! Two SHOTS ring out. Ralph looks across the street  
at Connie's place, where the sounds came from.

BANG! BANG! More shots. Ralph takes cover behind his truck.

RALPH (CONT'D)  
(into phone)  
I'll call you back!

-- And as he starts to dial 911, he CUT TO --

END

**EXT. CONNIE'S PLACE - NIGHT - TEN MINUTES LATER**

Bubblegums flashing from two RMPs. A small crowd has gathered  
and a UNIFORM is holding them back. Another Uniform,  
MEREDITH, greets Danny and Jackie as they pull up in their  
car and jump out.

DANNY  
How's our guy?

MEREDITH  
Don't know.

JACKIE  
You don't know?

MEREDITH  
We got one DOA in the diner, and  
it's not the owner.

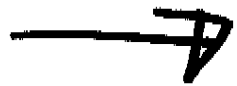
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(CONTINUED)

ACT ONE

**EXT. CONNIE'S PLACE (CRIME SCENE) - NIGHT - LATER**

A full-blown crime scene now--more UNIS holding back more spectators, CSU Techs and an ambulance in evidence. Across the street, Danny and Jackie talk to Ralph, a bundle of nerves, sipping a cup of coffee, leaning on his truck.



RALPH

That guy who got shot must've come in before I drove the truck around. It was just me and Connie.

JACKIE

(checks his notes)  
Constantine Apostolos? Guy who owns the place?

RALPH

Right. 'Cause by the time I drove around front, the only one I saw going in was that cop.

DANNY

You're sure you saw a cop walk in?

RALPH

Yeah. I know what a cop looks like, all right?

DANNY

And what happened then?

RALPH

He goes in, I'm counting chickens in the back of the truck, then the shooting starts. The next thing I see is the cop high-tailing it up the block.

Ralph points out the direction.

JACKIE

A police officer fleeing the scene of a crime?

RALPH

I saw what I saw.

DANNY

What about the owner?

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(CONTINUED)

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RALPH  
Connie? I don't know. Maybe he went  
out the back.

Under which, Ralph's phone starts RINGING. He checks it --

RALPH (CONT'D)  
Mind if I take this? My wife's  
going nuts.

DANNY  
Go ahead.

As Ralph takes the call, Danny and Jackie head for the diner.  
Jackie checks a text on her cell phone and reports --

JACKIE  
Local precincts report all officers  
accounted for. Nobody's missing  
anybody.

DANNY  
So he wasn't a cop. Maybe it was an  
imposter.

JACKIE  
Or a bent cop, off duty.

And with that they walk into --

**INT. CONNIE'S PLACE - NIGHT - CONTINUOUS**

-- where they find CSU Tech ANITA FLORES, 30s, hovering over  
the dead guy's body. Before Danny can ask --

FLORES  
We got shell casings. Not  
department issue.

Danny turns to Jackie -- see?

DANNY  
Not a cop.

FLORES  
No ID on this guy. He caught a  
slug in the neck and one in the  
arm.

JACKIE  
That is some messy shooting.

Danny points to the gun on the floor.

5/5  
(CONTINUED)