

# JOHN CREAN

5.

TOPE

Too many. Miss Wilson's already on site, phones're confiscated, probably teaching witnesses their story by now.

The duffel bags are open, all sorts of tools inside, Helmets, ropes, nets, shotguns, poles, gas canisters. It looks like they're heading off to fight grizzly bears.

EXT. BROOKLYN METHODIST HOSPITAL - MORNING

The B.A.C. van parked in front of the Emergency Room entrance. A laminated card on the dashboard reads "**ANIMAL EMERGENCY, PARKING PERMITTED IN ALL ZONES.**"

INT. METHODIST HOSPITAL - SAME

Crean and Tope, in full rumble suits, duffels over shoulder, walk purposefully down the hallway.

They pass a WAITING ROOM, where a handful of NURSES, DOCTORS, and PATIENTS sit opposite JILL WILSON. She's in her forties, black skin and pleasantly round. She looks like somebody you want to lean on and tell your troubles to.

Crean nods and waves. She gives Crean a wink as they pass, keeps talking to the witnesses--

JILL WILSON

...statement separately. People always thinking they seen something, especially if they're scared or excited. But we'll...

INT. METHODIST HOSPITAL, THIRD FLOOR - SAME

A terrified SECURITY GUARD in front of locked FIRE DOORS. Crean and Tope stalk towards him.

start →

JOHN CREAN

Hey. You called Animal Control.

SECURITY GUARD

Jesus. Yes. Jesus Christ, it's in there, it's...

JOHN CREAN

It's a homeless man, probably hopped up on speed, we've seen the report.

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SECURITY GUARD

No! No, it's some kind of...

JOHN CREAN

It's a bum with a skinfull  
of meth. We'll take care of  
it.

SECURITY GUARD

Listen to me, I saw...

JOHN CREAN

Have you been drinking, sir?

TOPE

I can smell it from here.

JOHN CREAN

Jesus Christ, get this guy's ID and make sure there's no photos on his phone. I want him breathalized.

(to the guard)

You're gonna talk to the counselor downstairs, her name's Ms. Wilson. Make sure you get your story straight with her. You want to keep your job. You want us to handle this. Walk. Sir. Walk.

Tope hands the man his phone and ID back. Crean points and dead-eyes him until he walks.

Crean and Tope put on helmets, pull poles and shotguns from their bags. They watch the Security Guard turn the corner.

Something SCRAPES on the far side of the fire doors.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

Well shit. It's my turn to get beat, isn't it?

(Tope nods)

Shit.

~~He tightens velcro on his wrist straps, racks his shotgun and grabs a CATCH POLE, (pole with a wire loop on the end)~~

He stands in front of the doors. Tope, helmeted, puts a hand on the lock and waits for a signal.

John Crean nods. Tope opens the doors, revealing--

A WEREWOLF crouched over a dozen broken IV bags, crimson splashed everywhere.

end

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# JOHN CREAN

sc. 18. 2

TIM TOOLEY

Which is why we need to walk softly.

JOHN CREAN

If the system breaks, that's a lot of blood spilled and a whole lot of secrets to explain. We only gotta screw up once.

TIM TOOLEY

I hear you, okay? But I'm not going to debate this. This is delicate enough for the Kveld-Ulf without us starting fights we don't have to. We wait and we watch. That's it.

John Crean looks at Tooley, eyes impossible to read.

INT. BROOKLYN ANIMAL CONTROL, BACK HALL - DAY

John Crean jogs down the stairs and opens a metal door to--

EXT. BAC BACK ALLEY - CONTINUOUS

Lisa Shem looks up from her cigarette and smart phone.

Start →

LISA SHEM

I thought you were gonna bite his head off.

JOHN CREAN

Tooley? I like Tooley. He has pretty hands.

LISA SHEM

So what are you doing back here? You starting again?

JOHN CREAN

I never stopped.

Lisa mugs surprise and offers John Crean a cigarette.

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

No, not that. Jesus. Filthy, stupid habit. I won't be in tomorrow morning, can you cover for me?

LISA SHEM

I can if I'm in on whatever you're planning.

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JOHN CREAN

I got half a plan at best, but you're welcome to play. I'm thinking line of succession-- after Carol, it's eldest daughters straight down.

LISA SHEM

Sure. Carol, then her daughter Mina, but she's years from her bleed-in.

JOHN CREAN

After that it's eldest sisters' eldest daughters, in order of the mothers' ages.

LISA SHEM

At which point I need a pen and a cocktail napkin.

JOHN CREAN

Ghita Isedal is third in line. Then Isabel Tolk. We start with Ghita.

LISA SHEM

Ghita's loyal to Carol. She's running legal on the bridge contract. What're you up to?

JOHN CREAN

I just want to check on her. This head in the sand shit I cannot do.

LISA SHEM

Tooley wants us to hang back.

JOHN CREAN

I'll be a church mouse.

LISA SHEM

You'll be quiet?

Lisa smirks like that's a joke. John Crean starts to leave.

LISA SHEM (cont'd)

What do I tell Tooley when he asks where you're at?

JOHN CREAN

He won't. Man said it-- he doesn't want to start any fights he don't have to.

*end*

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# John Crean      Sc 3

63.

LAWYER

You're a dangerous man, working for dangerous men. But then there's us. Do you remember what you saw?

The Driving Thug nearly cries remembering, manages to nod.

LAWYER (cont'd)

That's who we are. That's what dangerous is. If you or anybody else touches a hair on Finnbar Crean's head, we will murder and eat you and your children.

INT. CREAN HOUSE, KITCHEN - DAY

John Crean and Theodore stand across from each other in the small kitchen. Theodore's still maintaining the Jimmy Stewart act. John Crean looks a few breaths from gutting him with a kitchen knife.

Start →

THEODORE TOLK

So you understand. I'm not threatening you. I'm trying to protect you. I'm keeping your son alive. And all I'm asking of you is that you support what the Families want.

JOHN CREAN

You're starting a war.

THEODORE TOLK

Not if you help me keep the peace.

John Crean balls his fists, tries to steady his breath.

JOHN CREAN

I support you or I lose my son.

Theodore spreads his hands. That's how it is. John Crean, quietly, nearly to himself--

JOHN CREAN (cont'd)

Then it's war.

END OF PILOT

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