

KID ANGEL

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FADE IN

INT. MANHATTAN NYC COP SHOP - NIGHT

MICKEY O'HARA, a husky 30 year old ex-Marine, turned NYPD street cop is finally having his new detective gold shield pinned on his suit jacket by his precinct LIEUTENANT.

Known simply as Lieutenant, or LT, he's a tired, over-weight, shaved-head, 52 year old head of homicide waiting to retire.

Other squad members slap Mickey on the back and make ribald remarks as to how long he'll last out there.

DETECTIVE 1
Whaddaya think, guys? A week?

DETECTIVE 2
How bout three nights?

DETECTIVE 1
That long? Times Square? Hah!

A woman cop sticks her head in the door and shouts:

WOMAN COP
Hey! We got a running shoot out on
Bleeker.

LIEUTENANT
Okay, rookie. It's all yours. Go.

EXT. DESERTED MANHATTAN INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Police red and blue LIGHTS flash, SIRENS blare, FLARE of gunfire. Squad cars chase a red GTO toward an intersection.

It's empty but for an open Con Ed manhole and FLASHING yellow light attached to wooden barrier. Steam rises.

The GTO careens past the RED stop light just as a small blue car unwittingly enters from the left.

The GTO T-bones the blue car. Its passenger door bursts open. A flurry of red roses and a child's blanket-wrapped car seat spins out across the pavement towards the open manhole.

Squad car sirens SQUEAL, tires SCREECH toward the manhole. As the blanket-covered car seat teeters at its edge.

A hooded black shape's arm comes out of the steam to grab it a half second before a car's tire SCREECHES past.

The car seat disappears down into the rising steam.

CHILD (OS)

Mom?

MATCH CUT TO:

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY CAR VIDEO SCREEN - NIGHT CONTINUED

Red and blue emergency lights fill one of a dozen video screens. Each shows a live Manhattan intersection. They cover the interior walls of a decades old, forgotten subway car.

This intersection screen mirrors the accident scene.

DOC, a grizzled, 40 year old disabled vet with headphones, in a wheelchair with a SEMPER FI sticker, rolls toward screen.

DOC

Hey, anybody working 10th and
Bleeker? I'm looking at a bad
wreck. Lots a cops.

VOICE (VO)

They went flying past us chasing a
GTO. Best stay outta that mess.

DOC

Then you all shouldn't have any
nosy cop problems. They'll be busy
for awhile. Use the time well.

VOICE (VO)

We're on it, Doc.

Doc wheels out onto the platform past a 1914 WAR POSTER and an Uncle Sam Wants You POSTER. The long-forgotten subway station, now homeless vets community, flies an American flag.

Seven ancient cars line the platform of the walled-off tracks and bricked-up stairs. Each are now men's and women's barracks, kitchen, workshop and bathrooms.

Doc rolls to a communal table where a half-dozen vets are sitting. MAGGIE, a 35 year old ex-helicopter pilot with a prosthetic hand, dressed as a nun, looks up.

MAGGIE

Hey, Boss. What's the hap?

DOC

You guys seen Smitty?

MAGGIE

Wasn't he gonna check out a Con Ed
hole on Bleeker for free tools
after they quit for the day?

DOC

That's what I thought.

MAGGIE

Then that's what he's doing.

EXT. INTERSECTION CRASH SITE - NIGHT CONTINUED

A NYPD Ford 'slick', rear antenna waving, pulls up. Detective
MICKEY O'HARA, hooks his shiny new gold shield to a suit coat
pocket, gives it a rub, and steps past the manhole to the
yellow tape enclosing two wrecked cars.

He sees a HOYLE CHILD PROTECTION SERVICES van stop across the
intersection, its two uniformed GUARDS watch him closely.

Inside the taped perimeter, next to the smashed blue car,
lies a body covered with a yellow NYPD rain slicker.

A tired-looking SERGEANT holds up a palm.

SERGEANT

Hold it, Mac.

MICKEY

That's, Sir, to you sergeant.

Sergeant leans close. Peers at Mickey's new gold badge.

SERGEANT

(sarcastically)

Oh, excuuuuse me, Dee-etective. What
was I thinking?

(beat)

Congratulations, O'Hara, ya bum ya.

Mickey laughs and, ducking under the tape, walks toward the
raincoat-covered body, several COPS and a MEDICAL EXAMINER.

COP 1

Hey, O'Hara. You got this?

MICKEY

Gotta start somewhere.

COP 2

Mick, your first case's got the good, the sad and the beautiful.

MICKEY

Trifecta?

COP 1

Yeah. The good part is: two losers are dead. The sad is: they killed a civilian. M.E. said her neck's broke. Nuthin' else wrong.

MICKEY

What's the beautiful part?

Cop 2

Take a look. Don't get sadder 'n this.

COP 2 slowly lifts the raincoat to reveal a striking, dark haired, olive-skinned face, framed in a bed of red ROSES. Huge brown eyes stare straight up into Mickey's.

He is stunned by her beauty. Mickey's shoulders sag.

MICKEY

Ah, jeez. Look at her.

COP 2

What a waste, huh?

Mickey straightens, takes a breath and looks around.

MICKEY

What's with all the roses?

COP 1

Bunch more still in her car. She must a been heading home for some kinda celebration?

Cop 1 hands Mickey the woman's purse.

COP 2

Don't guess it's gonna be much of a party when you get there.

Mickey can only shake his head and point across the street.

MICKEY

What's with the goons in the van?

SERGEANT

Those Hoyle vultures? Trackin' car wrecks for kids left stranded.

MICKEY

Why?

SERGEANT

Ambulances can't take kids. So they show up and charge the city \$500 a day to stick 'em in a cage till the parents get outta the hospital.

MICKEY

Good thing there wasn't a kid here.

SERGEANT

About the only good thing.

INT. DEEP UNDERGROUND MANHATTAN - NIGHT CONTINUED

MONTAGE SEQUENCE

- The dark silhouette of a lumbering, hooded, hunch-backed, scar-faced, hairy apparition. (A Yeti? A grizzly?)
- Never completely visible, the shape moves past maintenance doors, passageways, under conduits, over sewer mains. The RUMBLE of a subway and sound of HISSING steam fades.
- The shape carries the covered car seat like a back pack, but in the shadows it could be one large, hump-backed being.
- The shadowed creature moves past the quiet presence of an alligator floating below in a storm drain. The fifteen-foot-long beast opens its jaws wide and CROAKS.

CHILD (OS)

Mom?

- The shadowed figure doesn't notice the blanket falling away as he looks down at the monster.

SHADOW MAN

Sorry, Fred. No track kill tonight.
Stick to your rat 'n roach diet.

- The dark shape climbs up a ladder onto a grated metal catwalk until he reaches a four foot wide heating duct.
- He opens a hatch. Steps inside. The hatch closes. The CLATTER of a subway train fades in the distance.

END MONTAGE

INT. NYC COP SHOP - HOMICIDE DESK - NIGHT CONTINUES

Mickey, phone to an ear, is jotting notes as he pokes through the dead woman's purse. A commanding voice BELLOWS:

LIEUTENANT (OS)
O'Hara? Get in here.

Mickey sets the phone down, gathers up his notes and walks into the Lieutenant's office.

MICKEY
Sir?

LIEUTENANT
So, whaddaya got?

MICKEY
A mess. Three killed, a running shoot out, and a sad case of vehicular homicide.

LIEUTENANT
So, what else is new.

MICKEY
The shoot out's clean except for a midtown association bitching about a busted store window.

The Lieutenant rubs a hand over his face.

LIEUTENANT
Screw 'em. They got off lucky. Let the Mayor deal with it. What else?

MICKEY
This is where it gets screwy. The dead civilian was, if you'll pardon the expression, drop dead gorgeous.

LIEUTENANT
Yeah, so? You inform the family?

MICKEY
Called her apartment, but no one's home. Left messages. Nothing yet.

The lieutenant does a zombie parody with his desk phone.

LIEUTENANT

Well, gee, detective. Since she's dead...maybe now it's hard to pick up a phone? Huh? Ya think?

MICKEY

I think there's gotta be someone there, Lieutenant.

Grinning at his own humor, LT rattles the phone back down.

LIEUTENANT

How's that?

MICKEY

I found kid stuff in her purse. But no kid in the car...thank god.

LIEUTENANT

So, if the kid's there...bust in. But, first call that Hoyle Child Protection outfit. Cover our butt.

MICKEY

Then break into her place? Tonight?

LIEUTENANT

Sure, now you got cause to do it.

MICKEY

Don't I need a search warrant?

LIEUTENANT

That'll take days. What're you? Some kinda pussy? The lady's dead. Maybe her kid's inside? Wrap it up.

MICKEY

Yes, sir.

LIEUTENANT

You wanna make the grade here, rookie? You gotta solve 'em fast.

MICKEY

Yes, sir.

LIEUTENANT

24 hours. Period. End a story.

MICKEY

Yes, sir.

LIEUTENANT

So, whattaya standin' around for?

Mickey blinks once and walks out the door.

MICKEY

(to self)

Officers.

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION - NIGHT

Vets sit around a communal table passing bowls of food. COOKIE, a bald headed ex-Navy cook with a prosthetic leg, lugs a platter of fried chicken from the kitchen car.

SKIZZO, a wild-haired, stuttering, computer genius with PTSD, hunches over a plate, obviously protecting it from attack.

SKIZZO

Cookie, this is d-d-delicious. I'm gonna give ya f-f-five stars.

COOKIE

Gimmee a break, Skizzo. You'd give five stars to a plate a cold MREs.

MAGGIE, rubbing her prosthetic left hand, grins at Skizzo.

MAGGIE

Don't even say that, Cookie. We've all had our fill of *that* stuff.

COOKIE

Well, unless we up our income soon, we're gonna have a steady diet of it...or starve.

MAGGIE

Really? We're in cash trouble already this month?

Doc wheels up to the table.

SKIZZO

Is that right, Doc? Are we b-b-broke again? How can anything this g-g-good be in trouble?

DOC

No need to panic. Nothing a little belt tightening won't fix.

Vets at the table look up at the SOUND of someone sliding down into their hidden station. All turn to the duct opening.

SMITTY, a 50 year old black ex-army Ranger with a nasty scar down his bearded face slides out, a car seat in his lap.

He pops out like a proud father at a kid's playground and sets the car seat gently on the table. All stare at a little tyke peering out of the car seat.

MAGGIE

Smitty?

CHILD

Mom?

MAGGIE

Who?

SMITTY

It's a kid. Had to grab him.

DOC

From that wreck on Bleeker?

SMITTY

Didn't have time to think about it, Doc. He was gonna get run over.

DOC

Where's his mom?

SMITTY

Don't know. Cops were all over it. Couldn't say nothin'.

MAGGIE

That's all we need, cops down here.

SKIZZO

Find us with a k-k-kid? No w-w-way.

The BOY, maybe 3 or 4 years old, is dressed in pajamas with feet. He looks around, confusion on his cherubic face.

DOC

How old are you?

He holds up two, then three fingers, shrugs and adds a thumb.

DOC (CONT'D)

You look okay. You hurt anywhere?

The Boy shakes his head and peers around the station in awe.

BOY
I saw a crocodile.

DOC
What's your name?

BOY
Fred.

SMITTY
He means our alligator, Doc.

DOC
Oh. I meant, what's your name, son?

BOY
Angel.

MAGGIE
You look like an angel, Angel.

DOC
Do you know how you got here?

ANGEL
It was a big bang. Where's my mom?

Doc looks around and raises his eyebrows. Smitty shrugs his shoulders. Maggie scoots over, puts an arm around Angel.

MAGGIE
She's busy, but as soon as she's
back we'll hook you up, okay?

Angel nods and points to Doc's wheelchair.

BOY
Do your legs hurt?

Doc doesn't know what to say. He can only smile.

DOC
(to the group)
So, what do you think? Turn him
over to Child Protective Services?

The whole group shake their heads and moan in response.

MAGGIE
No way, doc. Half of us are
escapes from that cage scene.

Maggie puts her other arm around the tyke. Angel points to her artificial left hand.

ANGEL
Where'd your hand go?

Maggie, confused, leans close to whisper:

MAGGIE
I left it in a burning helicopter.

SMITTY
C'mon. We can't just turn him over
to those Hoyle scumbags. No way!

Angel points to Smitty's facial scar.

ANGEL
Does that hurt?

SMITTY
No.

ANGEL
Why not?

SMITTY
Because I earned it. It's like a
medal for doing a good job.

Angel pulls back a sleeve, points to a happy face band-aid.

ANGEL
Like this?

The group look at each other and smile. Maggie nods her head.

MAGGIE
Exactly like that.

ANGEL
My mom gave it, cause I didn't cry.

MAGGIE
Oh, Doc. Can we keep him?

DOC
We ain't no nursery here.

SMITTY
Only until the city finds his mom
and dad? They must be freakin' out.

MAGGIE
Better us than a government cage
downtown, Doc. Look at him. A face
like that? He could be a gold mine.

DOC
How's that?

MAGGIE
Give him to me for my church
orphanage hustle and we'd triple my
take in two minutes.

DOC
Yeah?

MAGGIE
Guaranteed.

Doc raises his eyebrows and takes a long look at Angel.

DOC
I don't know. Bringing a kid into
our con is problematic guys.

SKIZZO
Not to mention, i-i-illegal.

COOKIE
Think on it, Doc. Besides food, we
need air conditioning, showers, and
a new freight elevator.

Smitty, a shell game magician, manipulates a deck of cards.

SMITTY
If we're careful it could be worth
it. Can't lose this place, Doc.

The vets at the table all nod their heads in agreement.

MAGGIE
Can't just dump him on the street.

COOKIE
They'll just stick him in one a
them Hoyle cages like a lab rat.

DOC
Maybe until we learn who he belongs
to. Cause they're gonna be lookin'.

SKIZZO
So, we watch for T-T-TV updates.

MAGGIE
When we hear, I'll make a call.
Drop him off behind a church pew.

DOC
 Okay. See if he's hungry, find him
 some duds, let him get some sleep.

Maggie presses him close.

MAGGIE
 Can I be his surrogate mom tonight?

DOC
 Who else?!

Maggie offers Angel a chicken drumstick with her prosthetic hand. He takes it with a smile, as she quickly swipes a tear.

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE HALLWAY - NIGHT

Mickey knocks, listens a moment, leans over with a lock pick. A WOMAN (exact image of accident victim) appears down the carpeted hallway with a bouquet of roses stuffed in a grocery bag. She tows a wheeled suitcase, airline tags dangle.

Mickey, concentrating on his illegal entry, doesn't see her stop and raise the grocery bag high overhead with both hands.

MICKEY
 (to self)
 C'mon...c'mon...

WOMAN
 (shouts)
 Ladrón!

WOMAN smashes bag down on Mickey's head. The bag bursts as spaghetti, garlic, onions, a cloud of red roses and a still intact bottle of Chianti spill across the carpet.

Mickey, dazed on his back, shield glowing in the hallway light, blinks his eyes. Woman stares at shiny gold badge.

WOMAN (CONT'D)
 Uh, oh.

Mickey, confused, looks up at a beautiful, but dead, vision.

MICKEY
 Aren't you still dead?

WOMAN
 What?

MICKEY
 Are we in heaven?

WOMAN
Excuse me?

MICKEY
Am I dead?

WOMAN
Muerte? Dead?

MICKEY
I thought you...

WOMAN
...You're breaking into my sister's
apartment and now you want me dead?

Mickey struggles to his feet and looks down at the mess.

MICKEY
I'm sorry, did you say, 'Sister's'?

WOMAN
You're sorry?

Mickey staggers, rubs the back of his head.

MICKEY
This's gotta be a dream. You're
supposed to be...

WOMAN
What?

MICKEY
Not here. Not home. Gone.

WOMAN
I just flew in from Puerto Rico.
Does that count?

Mickey blinks and rubs his head in abject confusion.

MICKEY
Puerto Rico?

WOMAN
Look, officer. Why're you breaking
into my sister's apartment.

Mickey looks at his note book.

MICKEY
Sister? Lola Modena is your sister?

WOMAN

She should a been home by now.

She hands Mickey a key.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Try this, officer. You don't do so good as a sneak thief.

Mickey opens the door and leans down to help the Woman he thought was dead, pick up her groceries. They bump heads.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

(laughs. Rubs her head.)
Ow. You getting back at me?

MICKEY

(rubs his head)
Ah, jeez, ma'am. No...I'm really sorry...about all this...

They carry everything inside. Both look around the apartment decorated with a WELCOME HOME banner and vases of red ROSES.

She sets groceries down in the kitchen. Smiling, she pulls out a long stem rose, obviously delighted with the apartment.

WOMAN

(sniffs a vase of roses)
Haven't seen Lola since her shotgun wedding four years ago to Javier the loser, may he rest in pieces.

Mona makes the sign of the cross, looks around apt.

WOMAN (CONT'D)

Beats our storm-wrecked San Juan house. Should a come years ago.

Mickey wipes a worried hand across his face and looks around.

MICKEY

Um, I need to ask you... something...and, uh...

WOMAN

Go. Ask.

MICKEY

What's your name?

WOMAN

Mona Modena. What's yours?

MICKEY
O'Hara...uh, Detective.

Mickey stares into her eyes as she looks confused by his name response.

MICKEY (CONT'D)
You're twins?

MONA
A course. We've been confusing
people all our lives. She'll be
here any minute, you'll see.

Mona holds up the rose, points to a thorn.

MONA (CONT'D)
We're blood-struck sisters.

MICKEY
(resigned sigh)
Yes, ma'am. I can see that...now

MONA
So, why did you try to sneak in?

As Mickey, embarrassed, looks away, Mona appraises him.

MONA (CONT'D)
(smiles)
If you'd knocked, I'd a let you in.

Mickey turns back and looks into her incredible eyes.

MICKEY
I was hoping your sister...

MONA
She's probably hung up in
traffic...

Mickey takes a deep, sad breath and, looking into her incredible eyes, slowly lets it out.

MICKEY
Yes, ma'am.

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Doc's inside the communication car in his wheelchair. Head set on, he sees the sidewalk hustlers plying their trade.

Each is shown live on NYC-generated video traffic screens. A squad car approaches a priest dealing cards to four men.

DOC
Smitty, heads up. Cop on 64th!

EXT. 7th AVENUE INTERSECTION - NIGHT

Smitty is operating a 3-card Monte game at the corner of 7th Avenue and 65th street. He cups a hand over the receiver hidden in his ear. Several men stand around the small table.

SMITTY
10-4, Doc.

Smitty folds the table, hands out religious flyers to each, as a police car, followed by the HOYLE CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES van, drives by. Two Guards peer out the van.

The now praying men watch both pass. As the Cops turn the corner he folds back the table. The card game continues.

SMITTY
Hey, Doc. What's with the van guys?

DOC (O.S.)
Leave 'em alone. Belongs to Hoyle, the Housing Commissioner's niece.

SMITTY
Think she's looking for Angel?

DOC (O.S.)
Probably. She's got an orphanage scam going. Don't mess with her.

EXT. EAST 50TH STREET BEHIND ST. PATRICK'S - NIGHT

Maggie the nun is outside the rear delivery gate to the Cardinal's residence. She's holds a bible and a pewter jar.

MAGGIE
Alms for the homeless. A prayer for the disenfranchised.

A well-dressed passerby drops a twenty into the jar.

MAGGIE (CONT'D)
Praise the lord, sir.

She opens the hollow bible, slips the bill inside.

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT

Doc rolls down the line-up of video screens. Sees Maggie the nun outside St. Patrick Cathedral.

DOC
Hey, Maggie. How goes it?

EXT. ST. PATRICK CATHEDRAL SIDEWALK - NIGHT CONTINUED

The Nun reaches to the Bluetooth device next to her ear.

MAGGIE
Not bad. But I could sure use a certain little angel, Doc. There's some high rollers out here. Add him and we'd clean up.

DOC (OS)
Any breaking news out there?

MAGGIE
No. But the Hoyle kiddie van's prowling around. Something's up.

DOC (OS)
Already? Well...keep the faith.

INT. ABANDONED SUBWAY CAR - NIGHT CONTINUED

Doc wheels back down the line up of video screens showing Manhattan intersections until he comes to MANNY, a young man in a wheel chair displaying an AIRBORNE PATCH on the back.

MATCH CUT TO:

EXT. MANNY'S PATCH - MID-TOWN SIDEWALK - NIGHT CONTINUED

Manny is slowly shuffling three cards over a felt board in his lap. Several people stand in front.

One of them drops a bill on the felt and points to a card.

MANNY
You sure?

Manny turns it over, shakes his head at the man's choice and picks up the man's dollar bill. The other people laugh.

DOC (OS)
How's it going, Manny?

Manny cups his hand over the Bluetooth in his ear.

MANNY

Hey, Doc. Slow, but steady.

DOC (OS)

Well, you been working all day,
Corporal. Time for a beer?

MANNY

You buying, Doc? On my way.

A couple of the men want to keep playing, but Manny just folds his lap board and wheels down the street with a wave.

MANNY (CONT'D)

See ya tomorrow, guys. Bring money.

INT. APARTMENT HOUSE KITCHEN TABLE - NIGHT

Mona pours a glass of Chianti into one of two glasses. Mickey puts a hand over the other.

MICKEY

I'm on duty, ma'am. But, please, go ahead...

MONA

I figured you for Irish, officer O'Hara? Gee, I've always heard...

MICKEY

...I have something to say, ma'am.

MONA

So, say it.

MICKEY

I don't want you to hate me...yet.

MONA

I don't know you well enough to hate you...yet.

Mickey looks at Mona, wipes a hand across his face and sighs.

MICKEY

Ma'am...your sister died in an accident two hours ago.

Mona stares at Mickey. Her face blank of expression. Mickey, mesmerized, continues to look into her eyes.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

I am so sorry for your loss.

Mona continues to stare at Mickey until, eyes wide, she leaps up, spilling her wine glass, to throw the rose at him.

MONA

(screaming)

Where's Angel?!

INT. HOYLE CHILD PROTECTIVE SERVICES INC. OFFICE - MORNING

OLIVE HOYLE, a tall, stork-like woman in a baggy Gucci suit, hair in a bun, types with one hand, a phone in the other. An office video screen and a muted TV news channel run overhead.

Olive glances up at the outer-office screen, a young teenage girl is standing at the counter in reception. She is crying.

OLIVE HOYLE

Harold? Get in here!

HAROLD HOYLE, a small, wispy man enters with his note book.

HAROLD HOYLE

Ma'am?

OLIVE HOYLE

(points to crying girl)

Why is that welfare mom back here?

HAROLD HOYLE

Says she's now living at her aunt's and wants her baby back.

Pointing again at the screen, she asks:

OLIVE HOYLE

Have we approved it?

HAROLD

She has the papers from the aunt and her doctor.

OLIVE OYL

But not from us?

HAROLD

Not yet.

OLIVE OYL

Well, at \$500 a day, don't push it.

HAROLD

But, ma'am...

Olive waves a form in Harold's face.

OLIVE HOYLE

Don't quibble with me, Harold. She gets the kid back when this is signed. And stop calling me, Ma'am.

HAROLD HOYLE

Yes, dear.

Mickey O'Hara leans into Olive's office. Raps on door.

MICKEY

Knock, knock.

OLIVE HOYLE

What is this Times Square?

MICKEY

Sorry. Your secretary was tied up. I'm NYPD detective O'Hara here to report a missing child.

OLIVE HOYLE

Yeah, so?!

MICKEY

Who do I report to? It's important.

Olive Hoyle points to the desk outside her office.

OLIVE HOYLE

Fill out the form, leave it on her desk. Think you can manage that?

MICKEY

What form? The same one that poor kid out there can't find?

OLIVE HOYLE

Don't get snarky with me, cop. My uncle's the commissioner. Capiisce?!

MICKEY

Yeah, lady. I get the picture.

OLIVE HOYLE

Glad somebody does. HAROLD?!

INT. MANHATTAN CRASH INTERSECTION - NIGHT CONTINUED

Many of the cop cars have been replaced by tow trucks. The Hoyle Child Protection van is still parked across the street. Mickey ducks under the tape and approaches the Sergeant.

MICKEY

Hey, Sarge. About wrapped it up?

SERGEANT

Yeah, all but the media ghouls...

Sarge waves a hand toward the Hoyle van.

SERGEANT (CONT'D)

...and the orphanage goons. What're you doing back here, Mick? Lookin' for a photo-op, too?

MICKEY

Stuff it, Sarge. We got a problem. Did any of you blood hounds find a little kid in all this mess?

SERGEANT

What're you talkin'? Ain't no kids here...except those two dead punks.

MICKEY

You sure?

SERGEANT

Ya sound like the Hoyle goons. Told 'em the same thing. Fagedaboutit!

Mickey sees the blinking yellow light over the open man hole. He ducks back under the tape, peers down into the steam.

MICKEY

(to self)

Naaah. What're the odds?

Mickey walks back to the sergeant.

MICKEY (CONT'D)

You check out that manhole?

SERGEANT

(sarcastic)

I look like Con Ed? Or some kind a rat 'n roach devo-tay, dee-TECTIVE?

MICKEY

Maybe someone should?