

HOMICIDE
LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Two:
"Black and Blue"

Teleplay by
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FINAL DRAFT

Prod. #202

August 3, 1993

CAST

BEAU FELTON.....Daniel Baldwin
JOHN MUNCH.....Richard Belzer
FRANK PEMBLETON.....Andre Braugher
MELDRICK LEWIS.....Clark Johnson
AL GIARDELLO.....Yaphet Kotto
KAY HOWARD.....Melissa Leo
STEVE CROSETTI.....Jon Polito
TIM BAYLISS.....Kyle Secor
STANLEY BOLANDER.....Ned Beatty

COLONEL BERT GRANGER.....Gerald F. Gough
OFFICER FRED HELLRIEGEL.....
OFFICER JERRY RYAN.....
SERGEANT JIMMY TYRON.....

BEATRICE CROSETTI.....
LINDA MARTIN.....
ELLEN PAUSTIAN.....
LAYNE STALEY.....

GRANT BESSER.....Mel Proctor
MR. OBENREDER.....
DALE STALEY.....
HARRIS STALEY.....
JIMMY TYRON JR.....

CLERK.....
MOM.....
UNIFORM.....

SETS

1

EXTERIORS

Latrobe Park
Little Italy
Oyster Bay Road, Harford
Paustian Realty
Peabody Institute
Police Headquarters
Roof
Precinct House/Eastern Division
Rowhouse, Fayette Street
South Ann Street
Backyard/Townhouse
Thames Street
Tyron Home

2

INTERIORS

Crosetti's House
Living Room
Kitchen
Bathroom
Hallway/Eastern Division
Homicide Unit
Coffee Room
Giardello's Office
Observation Room
Squad Room
"The Box"
Paustian Realty
Peabody Institute
Concert Hall
Foyer
Police Headquarters
Evidence Room
Holding Cell
Staircase
Restaurant
Townhouse
Dining Room
Kitchen
Living Room
Tyron Home
Basement
The Wharf Rat

3

Homicide Eps 2 (1993) Page 1 missing from script

Missing page:

A page or part of a page of the only available US copy is missing here. This situation is not unusual; many of the scripts held in the libraries or files of major studios and production companies have missing material, a fact that clearly illustrates the expendability of the screenplay once the true text, the film itself, has been made.

CONTINUED:

3

CROSETTI

That came over from the old country.
From my mother's side of the family,
from Brescia. It's oak.

ELLEN

It's olive wood. Gorgeous. Twenty-
five years ago you'd've had buyers
knocking each other over trying to get
at this wainscotting. Today, everyone
wants three-quarter inch plasterboard.

CROSETTI

It's olive wood, huh? I always thought
it was oak.

ELLEN

(re: dining room floor)

Terrazo floors. I haven't seen a
terrazo floor in years.

CROSETTI

My great grandfather, he cut out all
those pieces to fit one by one. Took
him six years to finish.

ELLEN

Today, everyone's putting in ceramic
tiles from Peru. Terrazo doesn't speak
to new young home buyers.

CROSETTI

It doesn't, huh?

ELLEN

Who's gonna get down on their hands and
knees to keep a floor like this clean?
Who's got the time?

ELLEN walks into kitchen. CROSETTI follows, mumbling.

4 INT. KITCHEN/CROSETTI HOME - EVENING

4

ELLEN and CROSETTI enter.

ELLEN (cont.)

Isn't this homey? Uh oh. No vents.
What are we going to do about that?

CROSETTI

How 'bout you open a window? That s
what we did: It worked.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED: - -

4

ELLEN

More than anything I wish you'd've installed central air. You could have been singing the happy song of the quick sale at this very moment. The way these Balto summers are shaping up, central air is taking precedence over safe sex.

ELLEN walks to door of bathroom off kitchen.

5 INT. BATHROOM/CROSETTI HOME - EVENING

5

Recently updated with a new shower stall, sink and toilet.
ELLEN and CROSETTI peek inside.

ELLEN (cont.)

My Lord.

CROSETTI

What? This is brand new. Less than a year old.

ELLEN

Tell me there wasn't a pedestal sink here, a bathtub with lion claw feet, a toilet with an overhead chain flusher.

CROSETTI

Yeah...

ELLEN

This bathroom was worth its weight in diamonds. You ripped out whatever charm the house had.

CROSETTI

This upsets you?

ELLEN

I'm so disappointed my teeth hurt. The first offer we get, no matter what the amount, we grab.

On CROSETTI, in silent agony.

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 6

A frenzy of REPORTERS crowd the main entrance. GRANT BESSER and his TV NEWS CREW start a remote feed.

BESSER

Who killed Charles Courtland Cox?
Baltimore Homicide detectives have asked
that question hundreds of times since Cox,
twenty-two, was shot in the back while
being pursued on foot by police.

On BESSER, broadcasting live,

CUT TO:

7 INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 7

C.U. ON HOLSTER.

BESSER (v.o., cont.)

Many in the Fayette Street area say the
police themselves shot the young man in
cold blood...

Hand comes into frame, takes revolver out of holster.

BESSER (v.o., cont.)

According to an informed source,
investigators have asked the fifteen officers
who were at the scene of the shooting --

Hand puts revolver on desk.

BESSER (v.o., cont.)

To hand over their weapons for
inspection...

CAMERA PANS UP to FIRE ARMS CLERK, sitting at desk, signing
a document.

BESSER (v.o., cont.)

Investigators anticipate matching the
bullet found in Cox's clothing to one
of the officers' guns...

FIRE ARMS CLERK rips document off the page, hands it to OFFICER.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

7

BESSER (v.o., cont.)
Several officers, who were at the
scene, are also being interrogated
again --

OFFICER turns to go, stares angrily at FRANK PEMBLETON, TIM
BAYLISS and AL GIARDELLO.

BESSER (v.o., cont.)
Though a police spokeswoman says none
of them are currently under suspicion.

OFFICER exits. PEMBLETON turns to GIARDELLO; who is none-
too-happy with the situation. Beat. KNOCK on door.

GIARDELLO
Come in.

As ANOTHER OFFICER enters, to repeat the procedure,

CUT TO:

8 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

8

PEMBLETON sits across from SERGEANT JIMMY TYRON.

TYRON
You created a lota bad blood, ordering
the guys to submit their revolvers to
evidence control.

PEMBLETON
Sergeant Tyron, we all thought Officer
Hellriegel shot the kid accidentally.
But he didn't shoot the kid, yet
there's a kid, he's dead and he had to
get shot by someone.

TYRON
Did you take a look at Cox's rap sheet?

PEMBLETON
What's that got to do with his being shot?

TYRON smiles thinly.

9 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

9

PEMBLETON sits across from OFFICER FRED HELLRIEGEL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

9

PEMBLETON (cont.)

Officer Hellriegel, your gun went off accidentally -- once -- when you fell. This report indicates that the bullet which killed Cox did not come from your service revolver.

HELLRIEGEL

So, I'm off the hook.

PEMBLETON

Right. Unless you were carrying a second gun.

HELLRIEGEL shifts in his seat.

10 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

10

PEMBLETON sits across from OFFICER JERRY RYAN.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

Officer Ryan, you say you didn't hear a shot.

RYAN

I was chasing another kid. I was going the other way.

PEMBLETON

There were two shots, two bullets -- the one from Hellriegel's gun and the one in Cox's body. Maybe you don't hear one shot, but you don't not hear two shots.

RYAN

You're out of your mind.

PEMBLETON

Even out of my mind, I still hear at least one of the two shots.

RYAN turns away.

11 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

11

PEMBLETON with HELLRIEGEL.

HELLRIEGEL

Why would I be carrying a second gun?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

PEMBLETON

Some officers, knowing the kind of danger they'll be facing in a raid, carry extra firepower.

HELLRIEGEL

I don't own a second gun.

PEMBLETON

Good. That'll be fairly easy to check out.

HELLRIEGEL

Am I still a suspect?

PEMBLETON

No.

HELLRIEGEL narrows his eyes.

12 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

12

PEMBLETON with TYRON.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

I know what it's like to be out there on the street all day all night every day. I know that you meet a lot -- probably ninety percent of the people you deal with -- they're...

TYRON

Scum.

PEMBLETON

So the value of one life is not necessarily equal to another.

TYRON nods.

13 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

13

PEMBLETON with RYAN.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

The bottom line -- you're going to have to tell the truth to the grand jury or, when the truth does come out, face a perjury charge.

RYAN

You mean go to jail?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

PEMBLETON

Jerry, no one is sending anyone to jail.

RYAN closes his eyes.

14 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

14

PEMBLETON with TYRON.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

The law says you kill someone -- anyone -- if you take their life away, it's murder. We became cops to uphold the law. To uphold the truth, no matter how painful that truth may be.

TYRON sits passively.

15 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

15

PEMBLETON with HELLRIEGEL.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

I don't think you killed Cox. But I think you know who did. And in a panic you two concocted your story. But it wasn't planned, what happened, it all just happened so fast, you really didn't have time to think.

HELLRIEGEL glances at the door.

16 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

16

PEMBLETON with RYAN.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

I'm not saying you know everything. But you know more than you're telling. Just tell me what you know, Jerry, that's all. Whatever you know.

RYAN

I... Uh, maybe I did hear a shot. Or maybe it was a car backfiring.

17 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

17

PEMBLETON with TYRON.

TYRON

The truth? When I got there, he was dead. I didn't touch him. Except to see if he was dead. That's all I know. Ask anyone. Ask Hellriegel.

8/3/93

18 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 18
PEMBLETON with HELLRIEGEL.

HELLRIEGEL
I'm not saying a word.

HELLRIEGEL rises, goes.

19 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 19
GIARDELLO has been standing there, watching. He turns and exits, perturbed.

20 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 20
As PEMBLETON sits alone, frustrated,

CUT TO:

21 EXT. OYSTER BAY ROAD, HARFARD - DAY 21
A middle-class suburban enclave. CROSETTI and MELDRICK LEWIS pull up to the curb in Cavalier, exit. A shiny black Olds is parked in the driveway of a townhouse.

LEWIS
This is it?

CROSETTI
This is it. A pretty place, huh?

LEWIS
(scanning the area)
Compared to what? They're all the same house. I can see you coming home from a New Year's Eve party, running around trying to find the right front door.

CROSETTI
This is not the type of neighborhood you come home drunk to.

LEWIS
Oh right -- a little white wine and a petite finger sandwich, that's as wild as it gets out here. This is about your speed, Crosetti.

CROSETTI glares at LEWIS, heads up walkway. LEWIS points to pink flamingo on a neighbor's front lawn.

LEWIS (cont.)
Take stock of the local fauna and flora.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

21

Front door swings open. BEATRICE CROSETTI, sixteen, pallid complexion, massive curly hair and the sad eyes of virgin martyrs, comes flying out, bounding down steps, to hug CROSETTI.

BEATRICE
Daddy.

CROSETTI
Hiya, kiddo.

BEATRICE
Whaddya say, Meldrick?

LEWIS
How ya been, Beatrice?

BEATRICE
I'm okay. I'm still cool. You know that.

ELLEN steps out, offers hand to LEWIS, which he shakes.

ELLEN
I'm Ellen Paustian, Detective Crosetti's real estate representative. I'm here to smooth the way for father and daughter to move into a little better piece of the American dream.

LEWIS
Cooh. You make it sound so sexy.

CROSETTI nudges LEWIS. They enter.

22 INT. LIVING ROOM/TOWNHOUSE - DAY

22

ELLEN leads CROSETTI, BEATRICE and LEWIS through.

ELLEN
These floors are number one, red oak, nine hundred square feet, twelve dollars a square foot, all newly installed.

They follow her out.

23 INT. DINING ROOM/TOWNHOUSE - DAY

23

ELLEN leads them through.

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

ELLEN (cont.)
Climate-controlled ventilation.
(taps a control panel)
A computer monitors the temperature and
humidity. The air is reconstructed and
purified every six minutes.

They follow her out.

24 INT. KITCHEN/TOWNHOUSE - DAY

24

ELLEN leads them through.

ELLEN (cont.)
Pressurized hardwood and hardwood
veneers to resist warping from heat and
moisture. All these appliances are
environmentally friendly.

CROSETTI
Very nice.

BEATRICE
I love this house.

ELLEN
It is a wonderful space, a unique
opportunity. I've been in this
business for fifteen and a half years
and I haven't come across such a total
package in all my days. This home is
going to sell in a heartbeat.

CROSETTI
You told me it's a buyer's market, that
nothing was selling.

ELLEN
What's that rule about exceptions?

BEATRICE
Show my dad the upstairs.
(to CROSETTI)
You gotta see the skylights.

BEATRICE and ELLEN go upstairs. CROSETTI begins to follow.
LEWIS grabs CROSETTI by the elbow.

LEWIS
Lemme ask you something, pilgrim. Why
is it you're considering living all
this ways out from the city?

(CONTINUED)

CROSETTI

My Beatrice is excited about this area.
That's all that counts.

LEWIS

And I'm saying to you, with all due respect,
that this is a place where they believe that
spaghetti was invented in a can, y'dig?

CROSETTI

I've lived too many years by myself. I
want my daughter back with me. I need
a family, a home.

LEWIS

You have a home. In the city.

CROSETTI

I need something new. I gotta get out of the
old neighborhood. I'm suffocating there.
And I got a chance to have my daughter back
with me. I've prayed for this.

ELLEN

(calls from top of stairs)

Yoo-hoo. Detective Crosetti.

CROSETTI starts up stairs. LEWIS grabs him again.

LEWIS

You go up those stairs and you'll never
make it back down. Not as we have all
known and loved ya. The pods are upstairs,
Steve. They're waiting to bodysnatch you.

CROSETTI

That's my daughter you're talking about?
Is that nice, calling her a "pod"?

LEWIS

That's not your daughter. It used to
be. They're too friendly, Steve.

CROSETTI

You're embarrassing me. And yourself.

LEWIS

They're way too friendly. You've been
warned.

On CROSETTI, ascending the stairs,

CUT TO:

25 EXT. LATROBE PARK - DAY

25

STANLEY BOLANDER and JOHN MUNCH, in the midst of a crime scene, are stooped over, collecting 9 mm. shell casings.

MUNCH

Congratulate me.

BOLANDER

For what?

MUNCH

Me and Felicia, we've decided: We're in love.

BOLANDER

You've "decided" it's love? What if it wasn't? What would it have been, a decision that it's insanity?

MUNCH

Congratulate me.

MUNCH extends his hand to BOLANDER, who waves MUNCH off.

BOLANDER

I'm not shaking that hand. I don't know where that hand's been. Or what it's been touching on you. I have enough problems already.

They cross to Landcruiser, where a MALE, late teens, sits in front seat, head tilted backward at an awkward angle. His eyes are open and dull. Wounds from an automatic weapon cover him from head to toe. The interior of the vehicle is dotted with bullet holes. MUNCH and BOLANDER approach UNIFORM, who stands at car, holding a kilo-sized plastic bag with rock cocaine.

UNIFORM

Another drug dealer. Collect all thirteen in the series, win a set of dishes.

BOLANDER

Live stupid, die young.
(looks into back seat)
What do we got here?

BOLANDER lifts plastic bag from back seat.

C.U. ON BAG -- Two small FISH, blueish green with brilliant yellow tail markings, are swimming in water.

BOLANDER (cont.)

What, tropical fish?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: --

25

MUNCH

They still alive?

BOLANDER

(holds bag up close to
MUNCH's face)

Are they floating on the top?

MUNCH

You're such a bitter person. I'm in love, it
drives you crazy. Can't you be happy for me?

BOLANDER

I'm head over heels. I'm ecstatic.
I'm beside myself.

MUNCH

Jealous. You're riddled with jealousy, Big
Man. You're bitter. You're cranky. You
don't have any juice left. You've run out of
oil. Anyone can read your dipstick. You're
jealous and you have no redemptive qualities
what-so-ever so you need to strike out. You
need to belittle and ridicule. You're gonna
end up one of those old guys sitting all by
himself on a park bench, feeding the pigeons.

BOLANDER hands MUNCH bag, goes. On MUNCH, holding bag,

CUT TO:

26 EXT. SOUTH ANN STREET - DAY

26

GIARDELLO walks with PEMBLETON.

GIARDELLO

No, what I'm saying is -- you need more
manpower. That's why I'm assigning
Howard and Felton to the Cox shooting.

PEMBLETON

I got no use for Felton, Gee.

GIARDELLO

I wanna make sure you have enough time,
enough help. I wanna make sure you
approach this case from every angle.

PEMBLETON

I could send Howard with Bayliss to
canvas the neighborhood again.

(CONTINUED)

GIARDELLO

And Felton could check the run sheets on all the squad cars that were present on the night of the accident.

PEMBLETON

Maybe we'll get lucky. Maybe we'll match the bullet we found on Cox to one of the uniforms' guns.

GIARDELLO

Or maybe we'll find out the shooter was a civilian.

PEMBLETON

Listen, I don't wanna fry a cop either, but most of them seem to be having trouble keeping their stories straight. It's one thing having civilians lie to you. It's another to have cops do it. Being cops, I kinda hoped they'd be better liars.

(stops at Wharf Rat)

You gonna eat?

GIARDELLO

Naw, I got agita. Gonna take a walk.

(starts to go, turns back)

Frank, you know my feelings about this. You're hurting the whole department by making every cop suspect. These are not street punks you can roll over. They have dignity, they have balls, they're family.

GIARDELLO keeps going. PEMBLETON enters.

27 INT. THE WHARF RAT -- DAY

27

PEMBLETON sees BEAU FELTON and KAY HOWARD eating with a MAN whose back is to the door. PEMBLETON approaches table.

PEMBLETON

Kay --

MAN turns, revealing himself to be TYRON, in street clothes.

TYRON

Hello, Frank.

PEMBLETON

Hiya...

(to HOWARD)

You know the Sergeant?

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD

Jimmy was my boss over at Sheffield,
taught me everything I know.

TYRON

Taught alota rookies. Only a few got
the message.

(pulls out chair)

Sit down, Frank. Lemme buy you lunch.

RYAN and HELLRIEGEL cross from bar with mugs of beer.

RYAN

Hey, Detective...

HELLRIEGEL

How ya doing, Pembleton?

They sit.

FELTON

C'mon, Frank. Sit down.

PEMBLETON

(beat, as he looks at the MEN he
interrogated a few hours ago)

I don't think so.

As PEMBLETON crosses to a table and sits alone,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

28 EXT. ROWHOUSE, FAYETTE STREET - DAY

28

DOOR SLAMS in HOWARD's and BAYLISS' face.

HOWARD

She was very helpful.

They head to next rowhouse.

HOWARD (cont.)

I need coffee. Run for coffee. I'll pay. Coffee, two sugars. And some licorice. I need something to chew on.

BAYLISS

You ever fire your gun?

HOWARD

No. You?

BAYLISS

Once. When I was still in uniform. My partner'd let one go, so I fired too, out of solidarity. I knew the guy we shot at. He said, 'Timmy, you tried to kill me, man.'

HOWARD

You hit him?

BAYLISS

No, I aimed above his head. I apologized, but he never looked me in the eye again. I aimed in the air.

HOWARD

Well, maybe you hit someone else.

(off BAYLISS' look)

That bullet had to come down somewhere.

BAYLISS

Hey, look --

He points to empty lot.

THEIR POV -- DALE and HARRIS STALEY, seventies, spry, wirey, are raking and cleaning. A mound of mulch is piled in a wheelbarrow.

(CONTINUED)

28 CONTINUED:

28

DALE and HARRIS are startled by BAYLISS and HOWARD.

BAYLISS (cont.)

We're police. Detective Bayliss.
Detective Howard.

HARRIS shrugs and goes back to raking mulch.

DALE

Harris, don't be rude. I'm Dale, this
is Harris.

HOWARD

How we doing today?

HARRIS

I'm regular, how about you?

HOWARD

(smiles)

You have any coffee on you?

DALE

Basil, parsley, radishes. No coffee.
We're gonna put in three rows of green
beans. We got plans.

HARRIS

You shoot that boy the other night?

BAYLISS

Huh, no.

HARRIS

That child was from this neighborhood.

BAYLISS

And I know, he was a good kid. They
all are and so God knows why I'm paid
to do this job, huh?

HARRIS

He was no boy scout, but compared to
most, he was okay.

DALE

It's always "compared to what" these
days. There aren't any saints and
that's the real picture.

HARRIS

We don't like cops coming into our
neighborhood, killing our children.

(CONTINUED)

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28

HOWARD

Either of you see anything?

HARRIS

No. And we wouldn't tell you if we had.

HOWARD

We're just trying to get to the facts,
to figure out what happened.

HARRIS

Look over there, Detective, you'll see
what happened.

HARRIS indicates the alley where Cox's body was found.

HOWARD's POV -- Flowers lay on the ground where Cox died.
Different colored candles circle the flowers. Holy cards lean up
against lit candles. Two children, a BOY and a GIRL, bent over
flowers, set two candles down. The BOY reaches into pocket, takes
out candy bar. He lays candy bar down atop the flowers. The
CHILDREN look up at HOWARD. Their mute expressions puff to anger.

As HOWARD lowers her head wearily,

CUT TO:

29 EXT. BACKYARD/TOWNHOUSE - DAY

29

LEWIS comes out, looking around. An old man, MR. OBENREDER,
stands in the next yard glaring at him.

LEWIS

Hello.

No response.

LEWIS (cont.)

A beautiful afternoon, don'tcha think?

No response.

LEWIS (cont.)

Nice area out here. You live here long?

No response.

LEWIS (cont.)

All these flowers and trees. It's peaceful.

OBENREDER

We like it that way.

(CONTINUED)

LEWIS

So do I.

O BENREDER

We like it the way it is.

LEWIS .

Uh-huh. Well, sure, so do I... What,
you think I'm buying this place?

No response.

LEWIS (cont.)

I'm just applying for the job. There
was an ad in the paper about a job --
standing out on the front lawn wearing
a jockey cap and holding a lantern.

No response.

LEWIS (cont.)

The problem is: the new owner, the
massuh, he don't think I'm dark enough.

O BENREDER

You're dark enough.

LEWIS

That's sweet of you to say.

CROSETTI comes out. LEWIS turns, beckons him to come over.

LEWIS (cont.)

Steve, I got your new neighbor here.

(to O BENREDER)

This is the new owner. His last name ends
in a vowel. Ain't that something? If
it's not one of us, it's one of them.

O BENREDER sneers, enters his house, slamming door.

CROSETTI

What was that about?

LEWIS

Me and your new neighbor, we were
comparing notes. We discovered we are
both having a bad hair day.

CROSETTI

I'm gonna like living out here.

On LEWIS, shaking his head.

CUT TO:

30 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 30
Establishing.

31 INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 31
GIARDELLO, PEMBLETON, BAYLISS stand with COLONEL BERT GRANGER.

PEMBLETON

We reviewed the service revolvers of each of the responding officers. None match the .38 found in Cox's clothing.

GRANGER

Another dead end.

PEMBLETON

Either one of the uniforms was carrying a second gun or took Cox's -- in any case the gun itself is probably at the bottom of the Patapsco River by now.

GIARDELLO

Why do you say, 'one of the uniforms,' Frank. To me, it's becoming clearer and clearer that a civilian shot Cox.

PEMBLETON

No, Gee, a cop shot Cox.

GIARDELLO

How can you say that? You have done nothing to try and locate a civilian suspect. You've been following one narrow plan of attack since the beginning.

GRANGER

You've canvassed the neighborhood?

BAYLISS

Three times. No witnesses.

GRANGER

You've checked the run sheets of each squad car?

BAYLISS

All the radio cars in the Eastern, Southern and Northwest districts appear to be accounted for at the time of the shooting.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

31

PEMBLETON

Colonel, I interviewed the uniforms who were at the scene one more time. I still got stonewalled.

(indicates list)

I'd like to have these four officers undergo lie detector tests.

GIARDELLO turns away, disgusted.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

Gee, if this were any other ordinary murder, wouldn't you give faulty witnesses a polygraph?

GIARDELLO

This is not an ordinary murder. There are fellow officers involved. They should be given the benefit of the doubt --

GRANGER

I'll allow the tests, if the uniforms agree to it voluntarily.

(heads to door)

This is a difficult situation. You men are doing an excellent job. Thank you.

He exits. GIARDELLO looks at paperwork on his desk.

GIARDELLO

You can both go.

PEMBLETON

Gee --

GIARDELLO

I said to you before, show me proof that a police officer is guilty, I'll take him down myself. But I want proof. Real proof. As usual, Frank, you have chosen to ignore me. So unless you want my advice on the length of your hair or a good restaurant in Little Italy, get out.

PEMBLETON

But --

GIARDELLO

Get the hell outa my office, Frank.

PEMBLETON exits. BAYLISS hangs for a moment, wanting to speak. He doesn't. As BAYLISS exits,

CUT TO:

32 INT. EVIDENCE ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

32

BOLANDER and MUNCH stand in front of counter, MUNCH holding the bag with tropical fish at eye level to the EVIDENCE CONTROL CLERK.

MUNCH

Whaddya mean these fish aren't evidence? How do you know?

CLERK

A sixth sense. Somehow I don't get the feeling that they're vital.

MUNCH

They were recovered at a crime scene. Items recovered at a crime scene fall within your purview.

CLERK

What are you, rules and regulations?
(to BOLANDER)
I thought we took up a collection last week to get you a new partner.

BOLANDER

He is new. Doesn't he look new?

MUNCH

What are we supposed to do with them?

CLERK

Why don't you find a porcelain receptacle in the men's room and give 'em one last whirlwind ride?

MUNCH

You're a heartless beast. You're a moral mutant.

CLERK turns and disappears down the back aisles of the evidence stacks. BOLANDER and MUNCH exit.

33 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

33

BOLANDER and MUNCH walk together.

BOLANDER

You wanna do the honors?

MUNCH

They were at the scene of the shooting. They're witnesses.

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: —

33

BOLANDER

I'll flush 'em then.

MUNCH

I'm keeping 'em.

BOLANDER

What, you're gonna put 'em into witness protection?

MUNCH

(examines fish closely)

They aren't piranhas.

BOLANDER

Oh no, Jack Cousteau?

MUNCH

I'm surprised. Usually these drug dealers, they have Dobermans and Uzis. Piranhas are their fish of choice. Felicia has pretty fish just like these. I'll ask Felicia. She'll know. She keeps a fifty gallon tank filled with all sorts of tropical fish. She's an absolute authority.

(looks at fish)

Aren't they just beautiful?

BOLANDER

Compared to what? You?

(rubs his stomach)

How 'bout we go have dinner somewheres?

MUNCH

I'm gonna show these to Felicia. She loves fish. And maybe when I give her these fish, she'll get very spontaneous with me.

MUNCH dances his eyebrows up and down, walks off. BOLANDER looks at clock, looks at his watch, suddenly feeling very alone, abandoned. HOWARD passes by, carrying a case file.

BOLANDER

Detective Howard.

HOWARD

Stanley, hi.

BOLANDER

How are you?

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED: (2)

33

HOWARD
(turns, stops)
Fine. How are you?

BOLANDER
Also fine.

HOWARD
(suspicious of BOLANDER's tone)
Are you alright?

BOLANDER
Sure, sure. Never better. Say, hey,
whaddya doing for dinner?

HOWARD
I got a date with Ed.

PHONE RINGS. HOWARD answers it.

HOWARD (cont.)
Howard. Homicide... Yeah, hi, Jimmy.

FELTON passes by BOLANDER.

BOLANDER
Hey, Felton, have you had your soup
today? How about we go get that clam
chowder special over at the Wharf?

FELTON
I don't get a dinner break anymore.
Instead, I go to marriage counseling.

BOLANDER
Aw, that's a waste of time. Take it
from me. Come. Have dinner. Hell,
I'll counsel you if you want
counseling.

FELTON
I'm trying to stay in my marriage,
Stanley. I gotta make this counseling
or she'll kill me.

FELTON walks off. BOLANDER looks around. The Squad Room
is empty. NAOMI, the Unit Clerk, is in the background,
taking phone messages. BOLANDER considers NAOMI. NAOMI,
across the entire room, senses an invitation, waves off
BOLANDER, shaking her head "no", all the while writing down
phone message. On BOLANDER, heading out, alone,

CUT TO:

34 EXT. ROOF/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

34

PEMBLETON stands alone, smoking. HOWARD approaches.

HOWARD

Frank...

PEMBLETON turns to face her.

PEMBLETON

How could a city that's so beautiful be so ugly?

HOWARD

You like to come up here, don't you?

PEMBLETON

Yeah. It helps clean out my brain. Like the song... "When this old world starts getting me down..." Blah, blah, blah. But it works.

HOWARD

Jimmy Tyron just called. Says he's on his way over to take a lie detector test.

PEMBLETON

Please, Kay, if you're here to beat up on me, you're going to have to take a number.

HOWARD

I know you, Frank. I know the way you work. If you need to have Jimmy Tyron take a polygraph, you got a good reason... But, between you and me, is he a suspect?

PEMBLETON

I dunno. At this point, my grandmother's a suspect and she's been dead twelve years. I've heard so many variations on the truth, I figure maybe, maybe the lie detector test will help me sort it out. I'm not a liar... I don't lie to myself. I can't get away from the fact my instincts tell me a cop shot Cox. I don't know why I feel it and I don't want to, but -- I mean -- You know Tyron, is he capable of this?

HOWARD

(inhales, exhales)

Anyone is capable of anything... I suppose I should've told you this earlier, but, ah, Jimmy and I had an affair, Frank. Short, but oh-so-sweet.

(CONTINUED)

PEMBLETON

Why short?

HOWARD

He's married with a kid. But he's a good man, really... Is he capable of killing Cox. Sure. Did he? I sure-as-hell hope not.

PEMBLETON

One of the newscasters was on the air and he said something like, uh, "C.C. Cox was in the wrong place at the wrong time." Does that mean it's possible to be shot at the wrong place at the right time? Or maybe the right place at the wrong time?

HOWARD

Those TV anchors, they're all morons. They don't feel anything.

PEMBLETON

What about us? Standing over the body, what are we supposed to feel?

HOWARD

Homicide's like love gone bad. After a while, you feel nothing. All the case files, all the reports, all the photographs. All the wounds from all the dead people at all the scenes. So many crimes that the names and faces blur. Until those deprived of life and those deprived of liberty become one and the same...

PEMBLETON

Okay, then, so I find the killer of a scummy little junkie and whoever he is -- cop, civilian -- he goes to jail. Justice is served. So what? Who cares? The only long term impact on my life -- Giardello hates me.

HOWARD

He'll get over it.

PEMBLETON

Maybe, but I don't think so...
(studies HOWARD's face)
You really loved Tyron, didn't you?

HOWARD

You've got keen detective instincts, Frank.

PEMBLETON heads inside. On HOWARD, looking up at the stars.

CUT TO:

35 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

35

A mom and pop coffee shop/bistro/burger joint. POP cooks. MOM sits behind register, reading tabloid. BOLANDER sits in booth waiting, shifting uncomfortably, looking at menu.

BOLANDER's POV: A couple of TEENAGERS smooch in a booth, FRIENDS chat, an OLD COUPLE feed each other french fries. No one, but BOLANDER, eats alone. He calls to MOM.

BOLANDER

Ma'am? Excuse me? Hello?

MOM looks at him.

BOLANDER (cont.)

I'm sorry to interrupt your reading and all, but would you mind getting me a cup of coffee?

MOM

I'm not your waitress.

BOLANDER

Of course you're not. How stupid of me. I should've known that.

MOM

Linda's your waitress.

BOLANDER

Well, I been sitting here five minutes and I haven't seen Linda. Would you ask her to bring me a cup of coffee?

MOM

(screams toward kitchen)

Linda!

Beat. LINDA MARTIN, late twenties, in waitress uniform, bursts out of kitchen, her arms strategically stacked with plates of food -- more plates than one person can ever imagine carrying.

LINDA

Hot stuff coming through.

She deposits her cargo at another booth, with the ease of a Ringling juggler. She crosses to BOLANDER with cup of coffee.

LINDA (cont.)

Coffee?

BOLANDER

How did you -- Thanks.

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

— 35

She places coffee on table, starts to leave.

BOLANDER (cont.)

Don't go away.

(looks at menu)

I could eat a small pony.

LINDA

We're out.

As BOLANDER looks up at LINDA and grins,

CUT TO:

36 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

36

CROSETTI, up to his ass and elbows in paperwork on his new house, reads instructions from a mortgage financing manual.

CROSETTI

"...and to approximate the maximum advisable amount of mortgage to carry, multiply annual salary by twenty-three percent."

CROSETTI scribbles some figures down. FELTON returns.

FELTON

Do I seem like a manipulator to you?
My wife, for one solid hour, called me
'The Manipulator'.

CROSETTI

You've been through this, Beau. With twenty percent down, is it better to go with a twenty year rate at seven and a quarter or a thirty year rate with six and seven-eighths?

FELTON

It doesn't matter.

CROSETTI

A difference of three thousand a year doesn't matter?

FELTON

I'm saying that doing all that math isn't gonna matter. 'Cause in the end, you're not gonna own the house anyway. Trust me, the moment you put down the first earnest money on that hut, you will be walking down the corridors of hell.

(more)

(CONTINUED)

3/3/93

36 CONTINUED: (2)

36

FELTON (cont.)

Just when you're sitting, comfortable, with a bag of Dorritos and a cold beer and reruns of Green Acres, boom, like some funky cartoon, you'll discover that there's lead lurking in the layers of paint, asbestos in the basement, invisible radon gas, formaldehyde, electro-magnetic fields around the color TV, radiation leakage from the microwave and E. coli bacteria in the faucet. So, the wife, she panics. She decides you have to move out immediately. But then you can't sell the place. Go on, Crosetti, break your ass trying to figure out what the house payments are gonna be. I get my mortgage statements from the bank every month. Regular as clockwork, and for the life of me, I can't remember if I was in that house long enough to take a leak.

CROSETTI goes back to figuring math. PICK UP BAYLISS, crossing to water fountain. He sees DALE enter, shy.

DALE

Excuse me, Detective.

BAYLISS

Yes, hello.

DALE

I'm Dale.

BAYLISS

Dale, yes, I remember, sit down.

DALE

No, no, I can't stay... I don't like what's happening in my neighborhood. Everybody so angry. It's only gonna get worse. We gotta do something.

BAYLISS

You have some information on death of C.C. Cox?

DALE

(nods)

Well, yes, I guess I do...

On BAYLISS, eyes lighting up.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

37 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

37

BAYLISS sits opposite LAYNE STALEY, twenties.

STALEY

I don't know anything about that shooting.

BAYLISS

Your grandmother, she says you were an eyewitness. That you were running from that crackhouse, same as Cox.

STALEY

She's old. She's wrong. I wasn't on the street when the gun went off.

BAYLISS

Then you did hear the gunshot.

Caught, STALEY nods, hesitantly.

BAYLISS (cont.)

What did you see?

STALEY

I went to my window. A police car was pulling away at high speed -- with its lights out. Then I saw a second car --

BAYLISS

Police car?

STALEY

Yeah. Pull up and stop at the alley. That's all I saw, I swear.

BAYLISS turns toward the mirror.

38 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

38

GIARDELLO stands with PEMBLETON and HOWARD.

GIARDELLO

I suspect our new friend, Layne Staley, saw a lot more than the departure or arrival of radio cars.

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD

So, why's he lying?

PEMBLETON

Maybe he's afraid of testifying against a cop.

GIARDELLO

Or maybe there were no radio cars. Maybe he saw a fight between Cox and someone else, a neighbor or friend, and Staley's trying to protect him.

HOWARD

Maybe Staley killed Cox. His grandmother says she saw him in the alley, a few moments after the shooting --

GIARDELLO

Kay, I want you to dig up as much on Staley as you can. Not just his criminal record, but his personal life, habits, y'know...

HOWARD

Okay.

(exits)

PEMBLETON

He's not the guy who shot Cox, Gee.

GIARDELLO

Frank, you've always prided yourself on working alone, going your own way, doing things by your own methods. I've given you a fairly free hand, haven't I?

PEMBLETON

Yes...

GIARDELLO

The Italians have a saying that goes, roughly, "Let Fate take you by the hand and guide you. If not, she will drag you by your heels."

PEMBLETON

Meaning?

(CONTINUED)

8/3/93

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

GIARDELLO

A few weeks after I got into my first uniform, Dr. King was assassinated. This city exploded. People went on a rampage. I had to make up my mind that night, which side I was on. Now it's your turn, Frank.

PEMBLETON stares at GIARDELLO for a moment, then says, anger mixed with resolution:

PEMBLETON

Okay. You want him, you got him.

PEMBLETON exits.

39 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

39

PEMBLETON enters, sits near BAYLISS, across from STALEY.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

Mr. Staley. Or would you prefer Layne?

STALEY

Layne is cool.

PEMBLETON

I'm Frank...

On PEMBLETON, in full control,

CUT TO:

40 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

40

C.U. ON CUP OF COFFEE being filled. BOLANDER's plate lies empty in front of him. LINDA crosses away from booth. Balancing his cup with care, BOLANDER follows her to vacant stool at counter -- trying to make a point.

BOLANDER

What I mean is -- You've probably worked here a long time, right?

LINDA

Not long. Ten years.

BOLANDER

Ten years. You musta started when you were six.

LINDA

Sixteen. So --?

(CONTINUED)

BOLANDER

You're a good waitress. I mean, maybe you're just having a good day, but I don't think I'm wrong about this. You really like your job.

LINDA

Are you kidding?

BOLANDER

Come on, you do. That's a rare thing. I've worked twenty-odd years and get back zero -- no pleasure whatsoever.

LINDA

Yeah? What do you do?

BOLANDER

I'm a cop. Long shifts, just like you. No respect. But, it's not just a job, it's an obsession, y'know? Like drinking coffee -- you know it's killing you, but you can't function without it.

LINDA

Look, my job drives me crazy, too.

BOLANDER

Then why are you so happy?

LINDA

You gotta do something in between the everyday. Like when I'm playing violin, it's my diversion. Even on days when --

BOLANDER

Whoa, whoa, hold on. You said violin.

LINDA

I did.

BOLANDER

How could you play the violin?

LINDA

How? I learned.

BOLANDER

It's just that --

(CONTINUED)

LINDA

What? Am I lying? What? Waitresses
don't play violin?

BOLANDER

No, no. You see, I play the cello.

LINDA looks at him suspiciously.

BOLANDER (cont.)

Well, I used to... kind of.

LINDA

You play?

BOLANDER

What? Cops don't play cello?

LINDA

No, no. Cello's great.

BOLANDER

It was another life almost.

LINDA

I like the way it feels. You know...
Well, it's different for cello, you've
got this great big thing clamped
between your thighs, but I love the
vibration of the wood... on my neck, on
my throat.

BOLANDER

I used to take it out on the weekends,
play a little Elgar... If I didn't play
once a week, I thought my head would
blow off.

LINDA

"A man's attitude to life."

BOLANDER

Huh?

LINDA

Elgar said his concerto was about a
man's attitude to life. It's filled
with sadness and regret. Beautiful.
One of my favorites.

(CONTINUED)

BOLANDER

Yeah, me too. Well, I liked it 'cause it's slow. I'd practice the same phrase but I'd never get it right.

LINDA

Do you still have it?

BOLANDER

I don't think I ever 'had it'.

LINDA

Your cello. Do you still have your cello?

BOLANDER

Ahh. Yeah. It's under the bed. Thought putting it there might bring back the urge, you know... to play... the cello.

LINDA

You know, that Elgar concerto was actually written for cello and violin?

BOLANDER

Now, I didn't know that.

LINDA

I study over at the Peabody. You should come by and practice with me. On Thursdays, from seven to nine, I get into the Concert Hall. The guard's a friend.

BOLANDER

Oh, no, I couldn't do that. The Peabody, that's first-rate.

LINDA

Whatever.

BOLANDER

I really wasn't very good.

LINDA

It's not about being a good cellist. It's about having a good time playing the cello, right?

On BOLANDER, considering his suddenly infinite options,

CUT TO:

41 EXT. OYSTER BAY ROAD, HARFARD - NIGHT

41

CROSETTI exits townhouse, looks up into bright beam of MAG light.

CROSETTI's POV -- OBENREDER holds flashlight beam on him.
OBENREDER also grips something, shielded inside small paper bag.

CROSETTI

Oh, hey, hi, how are ya? Didn't I see
you before? You own this next door
place, huh?

No response.

CROSETTI (cont.)

I'm just checking out the neighborhood
at night. If there's a lot of noise, a
lot of car traffic.

No response.

CROSETTI (cont.)

What'cha got in that bag?

No response.

CROSETTI (cont.)

You got something in that bag? You're
holding it like you got some kind of
protection in that bag?

OBENREDER

You don't want this house.

CROSETTI

Put the bag down. I'm a cop.

OBENREDER

I know.

CROSETTI

How the hell do you know?

OBENREDER

You're a homicide detective.

OBENREDER unsheathes the paper bag from his hidden hand,
revealing a fistful of Polaroids.

OBENREDER (cont.)

You wanna see the pictures?

CROSETTI

I wanna know how you know I'm a cop.

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

OBE NREDER

I have pictures of the man in this house.
You should know about him.

CROSETTI

What do I need any pictures for? What
people do in their house, that's up to
them. Nosey son of a bitch --

OBE NREDER

You don't want to see these pictures?
(shoves Polaroids into bag)
Fine. Have a nice day.

OBE NREDER goes. On CROSETTI, thinking him very strange,

CUT TO:

42 EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE/EASTERN DIVISION - NIGHT

42

Establishing.

43 INT. HALLWAY/EASTERN DIVISION - NIGHT

43

UNIFORMS go about their regular business as HOWARD and
TYRON walk together.

HOWARD

We found a witness in the Cox shooting.
Or he may be a suspect. Layne Staley.
You know anything about him?

TYRON

Staley's small time like Cox. He kinda
brought Cox into the business.

HOWARD

You could've mentioned that before.

TYRON

Look, I tried talking to your pal
Pembleton. He didn't want to hear --

HOWARD

He's a good detective, Jimmy.

TYRON

I know. I realize Pembleton needs all
the help he can get. Everybody's
spooked. What can I say?

(CONTINUED)

HOWARD

I want Staley's record. And anything else you've got. Maybe he's the one we're looking for and the pressure will be off you guys.

TYRON

Yeah... Huh...
(smiles)

HOWARD

What?

TYRON

I was just thinking about Annapolis, us driving up to Annapolis for dinner --

HOWARD

Jimmy --

TYRON

What? We can't reminisce about good times? There's nothing wrong with that, Kay.

HOWARD

Listen... I could've called to ask about Staley.

TYRON

Yeah, I know.

HOWARD

There's something else, something I probably shouldn't tell you... You didn't do so well on the polygraph.

TYRON

You think I lied.

HOWARD

I just don't understand why you'd be nervous taking the test.

He doesn't respond.

HOWARD (cont.)

Jim?

TYRON

(softly)
I didn't think I was.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED: (2)

43

HOWARD

What's that supposed to mean?

He doesn't respond. HOWARD takes a breath, concerned.

HOWARD (cont.)

You know what I remember about those dinners in Annapolis? You'd pick me up. I'd sit in the car as you'd call your wife on the payphone. You said it helped being able to look at me when you called. I never understood that. Why would you make me watch you tell Sarah how much you loved her?

TYRON

What?

HOWARD

And we'd talk about your marriage all the time. I thought it was because you felt torn up and guilty. But maybe you just loved the excitement of lying to your wife and getting away with it...

TYRON

Right. See ya around, Detective.

TYRON storms off, angry. As HOWARD watches him,

CUT TO:

44 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

44

STALEY sits picking nervously at some loose threads on his pants cuff. BAYLISS and PEMBLETON sit opposite him.

BAYLISS

You want a cigarette?

STALEY

Yeah. Thank you...
(takes cigarette)

PEMBLETON

C.C. was your friend --

STALEY

He wasn't my friend. I knew Cox, but we weren't close or anything like that.

PEMBLETON

—Oh, I see...

(CONTINUED)

STALEY

I knew Cox from around, that's all.

PEMBLETON

From around where, the alley over on
Fayette?

STALEY

He wasn't my friend.

PEMBLETON

(points to BAYLISS, angry)
Tell him that.

BAYLISS

(picks up printout)
You have a very busy history of theft
and drugs. C.C. Cox has been arrested
with you several times.

STALEY

It was small stuff. Just some goofs.
We never spent a day in jail.

BAYLISS

For six months, you and Cox shared an
apartment together. You were godfather
to his son. You were friends, right?

STALEY

Okay. We were friends.

PEMBLETON

Wait. You said you kind of knew him
from around.

STALEY

We were friends, awright?

PEMBLETON

Sure, after he asks you. But don't
tell me, alright? Tell it to this --
(choosing the word carefully)
White detective. Smoke his cigarette.
And thank him.

STALEY

What?

(CONTINUED)

PEMBLETON

This is about respect, Mister Staley.
For you. For me. You thank that son
of a bitch white detective, but you lie
to me. You deny C.C. Cox, say he's not
your friend. Homey, that is so damn
typical.

STALEY leans his head back, smiling, then laughs.

STALEY

Y'know, you're too much, man. You're
making so much stuff outa nothing.

PEMBLETON explodes out of the chair.

#

PEMBLETON

'Nothing'? I'm 'nothing'?

PEMBLETON rushes to door, opens it, slams it shut, then opens
it again, flinging it so the door bangs against the wall.
PEMBLETON then kicks door against wall, the ECHO resounding
out into the Squad Room. PEMBLETON turns to BAYLISS.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

Get out of here.

BAYLISS

Frank?

PEMBLETON

Go. Now. Go.

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON look at each other. BAYLISS inhales a
deep breath of pity for STALEY, exhales and walks out.
PEMBLETON slams door shut, stands glaring at STALEY.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

Thank you.

STALEY smiles in a nervous reaction.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

What, is this funny to you? This is a
joke? On me?

PEMBLETON stalks STALEY, who shrinks down into seat.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

I'm saying "stuff" about "nothing"?
You just made me a bitch in front of my
partner.

44 CONTINUED: (3)

44

STALEY

I was just trying to --

PEMBLETON

You made me a bitch in front of that white detective and now he's got it all over me forever. And I'm the one here who was treating you with respect. Do you know how much goes into that? Do you have a sense of what it's taken for me to be here with you? For you? To give you the respect you deserve?

STALEY shifts nervously in his seat.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

When I first came onto the force, I had to walk a beat over in the industrial park. And what were my duties? To make sure all the trucks had their correct city stickers and licenses. I was a glorified meter maid. I was a meter maid, Mister Staley, but I kept at it because in my heart of hearts I knew I was going to be a good cop for the community. Our community.

45 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

45-2

BAYLISS stands with GIARDELLO.

BAYLISS

He's off the page. I don't know where he is on this one. Gee.

GIARDELLO glares through the one-way window silently.

46 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

46

PEMBLETON circles STALEY.

PEMBLETON

I didn't want there to be that same 'ol same 'ol when the white cops took the brothers into the back of the paddy wagon and beat a confession out of 'em. We know those days, don't we?

PEMBLETON walks to one-way window, addressing Observation Room.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

We know the stories, don't we? There's a real history of that, isn't there?

PEMBLETON glares at mirror.

47 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

47

GIARDELLO and PEMBLETON are face-to-face through one-way window.

BAYLISS

What's he doing, Gee? Where's he going?

PEMBLETON

Just get the confession out of one of us. Any means necessary.

BAYLISS

(goes to door)

I gotta get back in there.

GIARDELLO

Leave him be.

BAYLISS

He's off track.

GIARDELLO

I said, leave him be.

48 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

48

PEMBLETON turns and walks slowly to STALEY.

PEMBLETON

Here I am. Here you are. And you're not in the back of a paddy wagon. And yet you make fun of me in front of one of them. You make me look like I don't exist.

STALEY

No, I wasn't doing that to --

PEMBLETON

Don't tell me. Don't lie to me again. That is what you did. Just like what you did to C.C. You denied him. Your friendship. It never existed. He didn't exist.

(picks up picture of Cox, dead)

What's going through his mind when he's laying in that alley?

STALEY

I don't know.

PEMBLETON

He was alone. He was scared.

STALEY

Yeah...

(CONTINUED)

PEMBLETON

He's laying there. His blood is pouring out of him. He's on his back. That's how I found your friend. On his back. Looking straight up. What was he looking at, your friend there?

STALEY

I don't know.

PEMBLETON

He wants someone to help him. His friend Layne. He needs his friend Layne to be there. His friend Layne, who would never give him up. His friend Layne will help him.

STALEY

I wanted to help him.

PEMBLETON

Now. Sure. But the first time you pulled C.C. into one of your deals, you put the bullet out there that was going to kill him. You set it in motion.

STALEY

No.

PEMBLETON

You knew what you were doing when you first got C.C. involved in all your schemes. You were putting him on the line. You were setting him up to end up in the middle of that alley with a bullet in his back.

STALEY

No.

PEMBLETON

He was your friend, your homey, amigo, a brother and all the while you were setting him up. He trusted you.

STALEY

I would never set him up.

PEMBLETON

It was going to happen. Had to. Once you got him involved, it had to happen.

STALEY

I was a good friend to C.C. He knew that.

(CONTINUED)

PEMBLETON

He's dead.

STALEY

I didn't kill him.

PEMBLETON

He dies because of you. He dies for you.

STALEY

No, not me.

PEMBLETON

He's thinking, why am I dying here in
this alley? Why do I have to die here?

STALEY

Don't --

PEMBLETON

Why am I alone?

STALEY

Stop it already, huh?

PEMBLETON

I don't wanna to be dying like this.
Not here. Not by myself. Layne. Help
me. Please. Layne.

STALEY

Okay, huh?

PEMBLETON

You put the bullet out there. You put
the bullet in his path. You left him
to die alone.

STALEY

No, I woulda never hurt C.C.

PEMBLETON

You put the bullet out there. You
watched him die alone.

STALEY

No.

PEMBLETON

You put the bullet out there. You might as
well have pulled the trigger on him.

(CONTINUED)

STALEY

Please...

PEMBLETON

You put the bullet out there. You
killed him. You killed your friend.

STALEY

(breaking down)

Sweet Jesus.

PEMBLETON

You put the bullet out there. You killed
him. You shot him, didn't you? You shot
him. Didn't you? Didn't you?

STALEY

Yes.

PEMBLETON

Say it for me. I put the bullet out there --

STALEY

I put the bullet out there.

PEMBLETON

I shot him. I killed him.

STALEY

I was scared just like him. I shot
him, I killed him.

PEMBLETON

Okay.

(all emotion gone, takes sheet
of paper, begins writing)

You're responsible for the murder of
Charles Courtland Cox.

STALEY

Yes.

PEMBLETON

You killed Charles Courtland Cox.

STALEY

Yes. I'm sorry.

PEMBLETON

(slides paper towards STALEY)

Sign that. Ask C.C. for forgiveness.
Tell him you're sorry for killing him.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED: (4)

48

STALEY

I am sorry. No more, please.

PEMBLETON holds pen out, which STALEY takes.

PEMBLETON

Put your name to it and you'll feel better.

STALEY signs statement. PEMBLETON picks it up, exits.
STALEY buries his face in his hands, crying.

49 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

49

PEMBLETON opens door, goes to GIARDELLO. BAYLISS stands aside.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

How was that? Good enough?

BAYLISS

Frank.

PEMBLETON

He says he did it. He signs that he
did it. He did it then, huh?

PEMBLETON holds out the signed statement to GIARDELLO.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

I am so proud of myself. Gee.

BAYLISS

You gotta slow down --

PEMBLETON

I did it, alright? For you, Gee. I got
him on the dotted line for you. He didn't
shoot the Cox kid, but g'head, look at him.
He's proud to have signed. He'd have stood
a better chance in the back of the paddy
wagon. With jackboots and clubs, he would
have gotten a fairer shake.

PEMBLETON shoves signed statement into GIARDELLO's hands, exits.

50 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

50

PEMBLETON goes to "The Board", wipes COX off in RED, rewrites it
in BLACK, then rushes out. On GIARDELLO, in doorway, watching
PEMBLETON go, the statement in his hands, feeling as if it's the
weight of the entire world,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

51 EXT. PAUSTIAN REALTY - DAY 51

Establishing.

52 INT. PAUSTIAN REALTY - DAY 52

ELLEN, seated at desk, goes over Crosetti's mortgage worksheets, feeding numbers into calculator, making entries onto separate worksheet. CROSETTI peeks over her shoulder.

CROSETTI

...And I'm still trying to figure out how that old guy next door knows I'm a cop.

ELLEN

You've done your homework, Detective. I think the bank is going to look very favorably on your numbers.

CROSETTI

Great. How does that old man know I'm a cop? He knew I work Homicide.

ELLEN

Mr. Obenreder's a very unfortunate old man. Everyone in the neighborhood has complaints about him.

(turns over worksheet, scans)

We're not putting your old house up as part of the equity, are we?

CROSETTI

I dunno. What'd ya think?

ELLEN

The less said about your current property the better... You're using your police pension as a supplement to your equity guarantee. You're gold.

(turns to next worksheet)

CROSETTI

That old man, what'd he do, scare the other people out of the house?

ELLEN collates papers, slides them into folder.

(CONTINUED)

ELLEN

I foresee no complications. You should be able to close on the new place within, oh, I'd say three weeks. Four, tops.

CROSETTI

That quick, huh? My Beatrice, she'll flip when she hears... So where'd he go?

ELLEN

Who's that?

CROSETTI

The guy who owns the house.

ELLEN

He lives in Lutherville. A lovely Victorian...

CROSETTI

Why'd he move?

ELLEN

Oh, he never lived there... He bought it as an investment.

CROSETTI

Then where's the guy who did live there? Maybe I could talk to him and see what kind of tricks that old man was playing. Obenreder had some pictures he wanted to show me. He's weird. My daughter's gonna be there alone a lot.

ELLEN

I haven't been handling the house all that long, so I don't know any details.. I do know that the previous tenant was renting, with an option to buy.

CROSETTI

Couldn't swing the deal, huh?

ELLEN

No. He died.

CROSETTI

He what?

ELLEN

He's dead.

CROSETTI

He's dead, the man that was in that house?

ELLEN

He died... In the house, I think.

CROSETTI

The man in that house died in that house and you didn't think it was worth mentioning? How did he die?

ELLEN

There were a lot of ugly rumors. I don't listen to rumors.

CROSETTI

I do.

ELLEN

Mmm, I heard his lungs gave out, that he smoked like a fiend. Someone else told me he overdosed on cocaine. Still another said... Well...

CROSETTI

Yeah?

ELLEN

That there was a mistake made. With the valve to the gas heater. The owner thought the gas company was going to fix the leak.

CROSETTI

He died in that house from a gas leak? From carbon monoxide poisoning?

ELLEN

It was a mix-up.

CROSETTI

A mix-up? Somebody was responsible for this. This was negligence.

ELLEN

People die in houses all the time. What's the difference between a heart attack or falling down the basement stairs or a gas leak? People die in houses and you can't stop it.

CROSETTI

Somebody didn't fix something and that killed a man. That's murder.

ELLEN

The owner is suffering. You don't think he's in agony over this?

CROSETTI

He's in agony? He's alive, isn't he? And living in Lutherville. He's way ahead on this one. He should have made sure that gas leak was repaired. Did he at least mention to this tenant-with-an-option-to-buy that there'd been a problem? Did he put it on the list of repairs he'd made?

ELLEN

No. Property disclosure forms aren't mandatory in Maryland. But I can assure you, Detective Crosetti, that the glitch has been corrected. We can go over there, I'll show you --

CROSETTI

If it had been fixed in the first place, I'd've never got a shot at this house...cause that man would've bought it, don'tcha think? But since he bought the farm instead, got wiped out, it's my good luck.

ELLEN

If you don't like what you see with the heater, I think we could swing something where the owner would come down on the price. He's a very motivated seller, believe me.

CROSETTI

Yeah, well, let's see how motivated he is when I bring him before a grand jury for involuntary manslaughter.

On CROSETTI, fuming.

CUT TO:

53 INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

53

Almost cheerful, BOLANDER drinks coffee into Styrofoam cup. MUNCH enters, carrying coffee mug, pours coffee.

BOLANDER

So how are you this morning?

(CONTINUED)

MUNCH

What's that, a leading question? What am I, on trial? What are you, some kind of Jesuit? This isn't Spain. This isn't the Inquisition.

BOLANDER

Woah. Steady. Easy, boy.

MUNCH

Don't patronize me. You think your sarcasm can disguise your patronizing pity? You think you have me fooled?

BOLANDER

I was just saying: good morning.

MUNCH

Do I look like I need pleasantries from you?

(sips coffee)

All women are nuts. The women I should be interested in, I can't stand. The insane ones, the ones who are nuclear, these are the ones I go for.

(sips coffee)

They're killers.

BOLANDER

Women?

MUNCH

Those fish. Those tropical fish. They turn out to be Jack Dempseys.

BOLANDER

Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight fighter?

MUNCH

How do I know how they got their name? All's I know is that they're assassins. They're worse than piranhas. They use piranhas for toothpicks. They ate every fish in Felicia's tank. Nothing was left but little bits of fin.

BOLANDER

Felicia didn't know these fish?

(CONTINUED)

MUNCH

She knew. But after I put 'em in her tank. It was going to be a surprise. How was I supposed to know? They ate four thousand dollars worth of her fish and I gotta pay for 'em. And I'm out. She threw me out. But she keeps the Jack Dempseys. I was gonna flush 'em, but, no, she says she'll keep 'em to remind her of how much she, and this is her word, how she "loathes" me.

BOLANDER

I'm sorry to hear that.

MUNCH

I bet you are.

BOLANDER

No, I really am sorry. These affairs of the heart, they can wreck a man worse than any cancer.

MUNCH

Yeah. They can. They do... Have dinner with me tonight. I don't want to be alone.

BOLANDER

Love to, can't. Gotta be somewheres.

BOLANDER heads for the exit. MUNCH follows him.

MUNCH

Where? What's up?

BOLANDER

Nothing's up. Personal business.

MUNCH

You gotta have a life to have personal business and you have no life, Stanley.

BOLANDER pauses, turns to MUNCH, smiles beatifically.

MUNCH (cont.)

What kind of smile is that? You're smiling like the Cheshire cat. You're smiling how Buddha smiles. You're smiling like those two Jack Dempseys. You're smiling like you just ate the whole damn tank.

As BOLANDER exits, whistling a happy tune,

CUT TO:

54 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

54

GIARDELLO stands at "The Board", staring at COX in BLACK. Beat. He erases the name, rewrites it in RED. As GIARDELLO exits,

CUT TO:

55 INT. HOLDING CELL/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

55

STALEY sits, broken. GIARDELLO appears at door.

GIARDELLO

Mr. Staley...

STALEY looks up.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

Would you mind if we talked for a moment?

STALEY shrugs. GIARDELLO enters cell, holds up document.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

This is the confession you signed last night.

(rips the confession in half)

Now I want you tell me what really happened in the alley. And who you saw kill C.C. Cox.

STALEY

I can't.

GIARDELLO

Why?

STALEY

He said he'd kill me, too.

GIARDELLO

I promise you --

STALEY

He knows me, man. Knows where I live. Like he knew C.C.

GIARDELLO

He didn't like C.C.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

STALEY

He don't like anybody. And that night, it was crazy. Everybody's running, guns shining off the street lights. I duck into the alley, become part of the shadows. C.C. has his hands up, but he's still shoving C.C. around. Both of them spitting adrenaline. C.C. makes a break. He pulls his gun.

GIARDELLO

Who?

STALEY

The cop. C.C. knocks it outa his hand and starts running. The adrenaline's really pumping now. The cop pulls out another gun and he shoots C.C. in the back. He didn't even yell, 'freeze' or nothing. Then he turns and sees me --

GIARDELLO

The name. I want the name.

On STALEY, terrified,

CUT TO:

56 INT. THE WHARF RAT - DAY

56

FELTON, CROSETTI and LEWIS eat together:

CROSETTI

I feel bad. My Beatrice was so excited about moving out to the suburbs.

LEWIS

These things happen.

CROSETTI

I'm gonna keep looking for a new house.

LEWIS

As well you should.

CROSETTI

She says, in the meantime, she doesn't mind living in the old house.

LEWIS

She's a great kid.

CROSETTI

She's lying to me. She hates the old house.

(CONTINUED)

FELTON

Y'know, I remember hearing about the
guy dying in that place you were gonna
buy. A year or so ago.

CROSETTI

I can't ever get away from murder. Even
the house I wanna buy, it's a murder.

FELTON

Maybe you should go back.
(off CROSETTI's look)
Well, you said she came down forty
thousand on the price.

LEWIS

You can't live in a house where the
spirits are unsettled. That man went
before his time. He needs to come back
and complete his life.

CROSETTI

Stop.

LEWIS

No, I'm very attuned to the fourth
dimension. I've been there. In my
previous lives, I was an explorer, a
Tibetan prince and Robespierre.

FELTON

How come in all those previous lives
people talk about having, everyone is
always famous or rich or powerful. If
I had a previous life, if, then I was a
peon, a cretan.

LEWIS

You couldn't've been a peon, a cretan.

FELTON

Why not?

LEWIS

'Cause each time, each life, you're
supposed to come back as something
different.

On FELTON, lobbing a pretzel at LEWIS.

CUT TO:

57 EXT. TYRON HOME - DAY

57

JIMMY TYRON JR., age seven, plays on lawn. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS pull up in Cavalier, get out, cross to front door. PEMBLETON rings bell. TYRON opens door. PEMBLETON holds out warrant. TYRON takes it, opens door wide. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS enter.

58 INT. BASEMENT/TYRON HOME - DAY

58

TYRON, BAYLISS and PEMBLETON come down creaking wooden stairs. TYRON pulls string on overhead light. TYRON goes to locked chest, opens it -- twenty or so boxes of bullets and gun paraphernalia. PEMBLETON takes out box of bullets, shakes it. Bullets rattle around inside. He opens box, several bullets are missing.

TYRON

I target shoot a lot.

PEMBLETON

(takes out bullet,
examines it)

158 grain. Same load that killed C.C. Cox.

TYRON

Small world.

PEMBLETON

If you target shoot a lot why is this the only box missing shells?

TYRON

You tell me.

PEMBLETON

Okay. In the heat of the moment, you shot Cox in the back. But he was unarmed and you couldn't figure out how the hell you were gonna write it up. So you lied.

TYRON

Really?

PEMBLETON

Really. I've got an eyewitness.

TYRON

I guess we'll have to see who the grand jury believes, me or your eyewitness.

PEMBLETON

(indicates box of bullets)

If we match these to one that killed Cox, we'll get an indictment. Will you come down to headquarters voluntarily?

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

TYRON considers his answer. Finally, he smiles.

TYRON

Of course, Detective... Anything to help.

Stare-down. TYRON's eyes say it all: Eat shit and fucking die you cocksucker for putting a fellow police through this. BAYLISS takes out handcuffs. O.C. hear TYRON's SON.

SON (o.c.)

Daddy? Daddy, where are you?

TYRON

(re: the cuffs)

Not in front of my kid, okay?

BAYLISS

Okay.

TYRON heads for stairs.

59 EXT. TYRON'S HOUSE - DAY

59

TYRON exits, followed by PEMBLETON and BAYLISS. TYRON's SON runs to him.

TYRON

Jimmy, go down to the Deskiewitz's house, till Mommy gets home. I gotta go to work.

TYRON's SON nods. TYRON gives him a hug, a pat on the butt. TYRON's SON runs off. TYRON walks to Cavalier, opens back door, gets inside. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS cross to car. PEMBLETON gets into driver's seat. As BAYLISS sits in back, next to TYRON,

CUT TO:

60 EXT. PEABODY INSTITUTE - NIGHT

60

BOLANDER gets out of car, looks around sheepishly. Then he pulls out a cello.

61 INT. FOYER/PEABODY INSTITUTE - NIGHT

61

BOLANDER lugs his cello across the marble floor.

62 INT. CONCERT HALL/PEABODY INSTITUTE - NIGHT

62

LINDA sits on stage, playing. Door opens, letting in light. She looks up to see BOLANDER in doorway. She smiles. He crosses to stage, sits next to her. As they start to play the DUET,

CUT TO:

63 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

DUET CONTINUES underneath as UNIFORMS mill about, shooting the breeze. Cavalier pulls up, parks. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS get out. BAYLISS opens door for TYRON, who steps out, cuffed. UNIFORMS stop, stunned, some look away, some curse. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS escort TYRON up stairs.

64 INT. STAIRCASE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

DUET CONTINUES as PEMBLETON and BAYLISS walk up with TYRON between them. As they reach the top, they pass HOWARD, whose face saddens. As she steps back to let the three MEN pass,

CUT TO:

65 INT. CONCERT HALL/PEABODY INSTITUTE - NIGHT

BOLANDER makes a HORRIFIC SOUND on his cello. Beat. As BOLANDER and LINDA start again.

CUT TO:

66 INT. CROSETTI'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

DUET CONTINUES as CROSETTI and BEATRICE eat dinner. On the TWO of them, sharing a joke,

CUT TO:

67 EXT. THAMES STREET - NIGHT

DUET CONTINUES as MUNCH walks, with all the melancholy of Hamlet. He stops, turns to store front window -- A pet shop. In the window, an aquarium filled with fish. As MUNCH watches the fish swim without care,

CUT TO:

68 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

DUET CONTINUES as PEMBLETON sits at his desk. GIARDELLO exits office, crosses to "The Board". PEMBLETON turns, sees him. GIARDELLO picks up eraser, wipes off the name COX in RED, rewrites it, one last time, in BLACK. He looks at PEMBLETON. A long beat. GIARDELLO turns and goes back into his office. PEMBLETON goes back to work. As CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing the Squad Room activity, including FELTON, LEWIS, BAYLISS, HOWARD, and the DUET reaches its CLIMAX,

FREEZE.

THE END