

**HOMICIDE**  
LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Twelve  
"The Documentary"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 1

JOHN MUNCH, KAY HOWARD, FRANK PEMBLETON, TIM BAYLISS and  
MIKE KELLERMAN are at their desks. J.H. BRODIE futzes with  
TV MONITOR. The phones are silent. PEMBLETON puts down his  
paper, looks up. \*

PEMBLETON \*

Hear that?

KELLERMAN \*

(turns, looks)  
What, Lewis is back from the pizza  
run?

PEMBLETON \*

No. Mr. Coffee. Percolating from  
the other room. It's too damn  
quiet. The only thing that's dead  
around here tonight are the phones.

MUNCH

New Year's Eve. Wait 'til the ball  
drops. Bodies'll start dropping,  
too.

BRODIE

We have a ball in Baltimore?

MUNCH

We have TV. The ball's in Times  
Square. At midnight --

(re: phones)

These bad boys'll go off like so  
many bottle rockets.

BAYLISS

Which reminds me --

BAYLISS gets up, heads to Coffee Room.

PEMBLETON \*

We gonna watch the ball?

HOWARD

Do we have to?

KELLERMAN

I hate New Year's Eve.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

PEMBLETON

Everybody hates New Year's Eve.

BRODIE

Another year older and deeper in  
debt.

MUNCH

True. It's like having a birthday,  
except nobody gives you presents.

BAYLISS returns with champagne and paper cups.

BAYLISS

Somebody get Gee.

KELLERMAN walks over to Giardello's Office, KNOCKS, enters.

PEMBLETON

Isn't this premature? Shouldn't we  
wait 'til twelve?

BAYLISS

Come on, Frank, let's do it now. \*

MUNCH

Yeah, before the first murder of  
the New Year or the last murder of  
the old year, whichever comes  
first.

BAYLISS POPS cork, KELLERMAN returns with AL GIARDELLO.

GIARDELLO

What's this? Distribution and  
consumption of alcohol on duty?

PEMBLETON

Champagne's hardly alcohol, Gee.

BAYLISS

Just a taste for everyone.

GIARDELLO

As long as it's just a taste. And  
I get to make the toast.

BAYLISS pours and the cups are passed around.

KELLERMAN

Let's hope this year is better than  
last year.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 2

1

PEMBLETON

I'd drink to that, but I'm not allowed to touch the stuff.

\*

MUNCH

Whether you toast or not, the long-term trend is: This year will be worse than last year and next year will be worse than this.

\*

HOWARD

Oh, John, pretend, will you?

MUNCH

I'd like to be an optimist, Kay, but let's face it, there's just not a lot of empirical evidence for the glass half-full point of view.

GIARDELLO

Munch. A toast --

EVERYBODY raises their cup.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

To more nights like this, many more, when the phone doesn't ring.

QUIET AFFIRMATIONS from ALL. PEMBLETON studies label on bottle.

\*

PEMBLETON

Domestic. Discount, at that.

BAYLISS

You're a snob, Frank.

PEMBLETON

That's the problem with modern life. No standards. If you talk about merit, people call you a snob. When it's simply a question of quality. Some champagnes are simply better than others.

BAYLISS

In matters of taste, there can be no dispute.

PEMBLETON

It's not a matter of taste, it's a fact. Domestic champagne is nowhere near as good as imported.

\*

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 3

1

KELLERMAN

(picks up bottle)

You're right. This isn't even  
champagne. It's faux champagne.

(reads label)

"Methode champenoise" --

(to BAYLISS)

Tim. Sparkling wine?

BAYLISS

The French make them do that. It's  
a trade war thing.

KELLERMAN

If I want sparkles, I'll have them  
on my ice cream, not in my wine.

PEMBLETON

So, we gonna watch the ball drop or  
what? \*

BRODIE

We have time to look at this first.

He holds up a videotape.

HOWARD

What d'you have there, Brodie?

BRODIE

My documentary. On the Homicide  
Unit. On you guys.

BRODIE looks around. ALL are stunned, dumbfounded. A  
beat. MELDRICK LEWIS comes bustling in, carrying six  
pizzas. \*

LEWIS \*

Get 'em while they're hot.

Before anyone can object, BRODIE pops the cassette in the  
VCR, points the remote at the screen. As BRODIE hits play,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

2

CU on TV MONITOR:

The words **BACK PAGE NEWS: Life And Homicide On The Mean Streets Of Baltimore** appear, accompanied by O.C. OOHS, AHHS, WHISTLES and APPLAUSE.

PEMBLETON (v.o.)  
Wait, wait, wait. That doesn't  
make any sense. What does "life"  
have to do with "homicide"?

As the words **A Documentary By J.H. Brodie** appear,

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

3 EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS/BALTIMORE - DAY/NIGHT

3

Brodie's video version of atmospheric main titles, various Baltimore places: Fells Point, Federal Hill.

BRODIE (v.o.)  
I wanted to juxtapose life and  
death, you know? Yin and yang?  
"Homicide" is so, you know --  
negative.

Downtown, Camden Yards, the Inner Harbor.

PEMBLETON (v.o.)  
Yes, it is. It doesn't get much  
more negative than "homicide"...

MUNCH (v.o.)  
And "Mean Streets"? Ripping off  
Scorsese --

Edgar Allen Poe's grave.

BRODIE (v.o.)  
I wasn't ripping him off. Who  
cares about Scorsese? He can't  
hold a candle to Robert Frank.  
Or Penne Baker. Or the Maysles  
brothers. Or Ken Burns --

The plaque noting Babe Ruth's childhood home.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

MUNCH (v.o.)

Oh, yeah. Ken Burns. The only man  
who could make something even more  
boring than a baseball game. A  
documentary about baseball.

East Baltimore, Little Italy, Mt. Vernon.

HOWARD (v.o.)

This is a tough room, Brodie, you  
sure you want to do this?

BRODIE (v.o.)

An artist has to be fearless, Kay.

HOWARD (v.o.)

There's fearless and there's crazy.

As MAIN TITLES end,

CUT TO:

4 INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS/BALTIMORE - DAY/NIGHT

4

**STOCK FOOTAGE**

The words **The Detectives** appear -- A homemade computer  
graphic that looks and SOUNDS like a typewriter identifies  
them by spelling out their names across the screen, letter  
by letter: **Det. Meldrick Lewis**.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)

Nice effect, Brodie. Very  
professional.

BRODIE (v.o.)

I can loan you the software.

LEWIS puts his hand up to block the CAMERA, turns away.

LEWIS

Brodie --

Det. **Mike Kellerman** puts his hand up to block CAMERA.

KELLERMAN

Brodie --

BRODIE (v.o.)

I might put some narration in here  
about how I had to overcome a  
little bit of initial reluctance --

Sgt. **Kay Howard**, putting her hand up.

(CONTINUED)

4 CONTINUED:

4

HOWARD

Brodie, get outta here --

BRODIE (v.o.)

Before I gained the confidence of  
my colleagues --

Det. John Munch, putting his hand up.

MUNCH

Brodie --

GIARDELLO (v.o.)

I don't think you need it --

Det. Megan Russert, putting her hand up.

GIARDELLO (v.o.; cont.)

We get the idea.

MUNCH (v.o.)

Ah, Detective Megan Russert. Gone  
but not forgotten.

RUSSERT

Brodie. Go away.

MUNCH (v.o.)

She'll be back. The bright lights  
of Baltimore. Paris will pale in  
comparison.

Lt. Al Giardello, putting his hand up.

GIARDELLO

Brodie --

As GIARDELLO puts his hand over Brodie's lens,

CUT TO:

5 EXT. DRIVEWAY/KILDUFF HOME - DAY

5 \*

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON at a Crime Scene, identified on screen  
by the typewriter effect: Det. Frank Pembleton and Det.  
Tim Bayliss. Then the words **The Case** appear.

LEWIS (v.o.)

Hey, it's Frank, bald again.

BRODIE (v.o.)

I shot this before you had the  
stroke.

(CONTINUED)



5 CONTINUED:

5

The BODY of Llewellyan Kilduff, thirty-five, black, lies in Driveway of his middle-class House with neatly trimmed Yard. Sergeant SALLY ROGERS lays it out for PEMBLETON and BAYLISS. \*

ROGERS

Llewellyan Kilduff, thirty-five, had some kind of altercation with his next-door neighbor -- \*

She indicates. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS turn to look. Sitting on porch of house next door, which is just as middle-class and manicured, is BENNETT JACKSON, sixty-five, black, glasses, hands cuffed behind his back. \*

BAYLISS (v.o.)

Of all the cases we worked, this is the one you pick for your film. \*

PEMBLETON (v.o.)

Shame on you, Brodie. You are a sick and twisted soul. \*

BRODIE (v.o.)

Not as twisted as Mr. Jackson. \*

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS turn back to ROGERS.

ROGERS

The shooter's name is Bennett Jackson. According to witnesses, words were exchanged, Mr. Jackson went in his house, came out with a firearm, walked up to Kilduff and shot him twice at close range. \*

PEMBLETON

You recover the weapon?

ROGERS

(hands them .22)  
Saturday Night Special. Lucky it didn't blow up in his hand. After he shot Mr. Kilduff, he shot Mrs. Kilduff. Then he sat down on his front porch to wait for the police, surrendered without incident. \*

BAYLISS

Where's Mrs. Kilduff? \*

ROGERS

University. \*

PEMBLETON

She gonna make it?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED: 2

5

ROGERS

Looked like a D.O.A. to me, but  
what do I know?

BAYLISS

Any idea what this was all about?

ROGERS

Not really. Best explanation we  
could get from Mr. Jackson was that  
he felt he had no choice.

PEMBLETON

Okay. Thanks.

ROGERS goes back to work as BAYLISS and PEMBLETON stroll  
across the lawn towards Jackson's House.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

His neighbors are out working in  
their yard, he whacks 'em.

BAYLISS

Maybe he didn't like their pick of  
perennials. "No more black-eyed  
susans, no more bachelor buttons  
and no more pansies" -- Boom.

PEMBLETON

Those are annuals, not perennials.

BAYLISS

When did you become so floral?

THEY reach the Porch where JACKSON sits.

6 EXT. JACKSON HOME - DAY

6

BAYLISS addresses JACKSON.

BAYLISS (cont.)

Mr. Jackson? I'm Detective  
Bayliss, this is Detective  
Pembleton. Has anyone read you  
your rights?

He speaks to them in a quiet, dignified voice.

JACKSON

I shot them. Both of them. And I  
would imagine you gentlemen will  
want me to come downtown and sign a  
statement to that effect.

On PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, it's okay by them,

CUT TO:

7 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 7

The words *Random Thoughts* appear as PEMBLETON sits at  
interrogation table. \*

BRODIE (o.c.) \*

The rights of the suspect. Gimme  
your thoughts.

PEMBLETON

You are a citizen of a free nation,  
having lived your adult life in a  
land of guaranteed civil liberties.  
You commit a crime of violence,  
whereupon you are jacked up, hauled  
down to Police Headquarters and  
deposited in a claustrophobic  
anteroom with three chairs, a table  
and cold brick walls. There you  
sit for half an hour or so until a  
Homicide Detective -- a man who in  
no way can be mistaken for a friend  
-- enters the room. He offers a  
cigarette, not your brand, and  
begins an uninterrupted monologue  
that wanders back and forth for a  
half hour or more, eventually  
coming to rest in a familiar  
place --

CUT TO:

BAYLISS

You have the absolute right to  
remain silent.

CUT TO:

PEMBLETON

Of course you do. You're a  
criminal. Criminals always have  
the right to remain silent.

CUT TO:

LEWIS

We're talking sacred freedoms here,  
notably your Fifth Amendment  
protection against self-  
incrimination. And hey, it was  
good enough for Ollie North and  
Mark Fuhrman, so who are you to go  
incriminating yourself at the first  
opportunity? \*

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

MUNCH

Get it straight: A police detective, a man who gets paid government money to put you in prison, is explaining your absolute right to shut up before you say anything stupid.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CAVALIER - DAY

8

PEMBLETON behind the wheel, BAYLISS in passenger seat, seen from the backseat of Car through BRODIECAM. They talk to BRODIE over their shoulders.

BAYLISS

You might think this a slam dunk.

\*

PEMBLETON

A case being writ in black ink even as we speak.

\*

BAYLISS

But you'd be wrong.

PEMBLETON

You'd be right. We got the shooter, we got his gun, we got beaucoup eyewitnesses. And the man's giving it up.

\*

BAYLISS

We need the why.

\*

PEMBLETON

You need the why, Bayliss. I don't need to know any more about the man or his problems than this: He shot his neighbors, then waited on his porch for the police to come so he could surrender his freedom. Mr. Jackson has been so efficient and helpful, to ask for more would be ungracious.

\*

BAYLISS

C'mon, Frank. One neighbor murders another and you don't want to know what it means?

\*

PEMBLETON

I know exactly what it means.

\*

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

PEMBLETON turns to face the CAMERA.

PEMBLETON (cont.)  
Ten hours of overtime pay and, if  
Mr. Jackson will be kind enough to  
take it to trial, another twenty  
hours court pay.

\*

On PEMBLETON,

\*

CUT TO:

A9 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

A9

\*

BAYLISS, HOWARD, PEMBLETON, MUNCH, KELLERMAN, GIARDELLO and  
LEWIS, chairs pulled up in a semi-circle, watch Brodie's  
documentary. The image on the MONITOR is on PAUSE because  
PEMBLETON has the remote.

PEMBLETON  
Brodie, you can't use that.

BRODIE  
What do you mean?

PEMBLETON  
You've got to take that stuff out  
of the movie. You can't have us  
joking about overtime like that.

BRODIE  
But you said it.

PEMBLETON  
I know I said it. The point is I  
don't want anyone else to hear me  
say it.

BRODIE  
I'm a documentarian. It's my job  
to honestly reflect reality.

As BRODIE pushes play on remote,

CUT TO:

B9 INT. CAVALIER - DAY

B9

\*

RESUME BAYLISS and PEMBLETON.

BRODIE (o.c.)  
(looks straight ahead)  
Oh, sh -- Frank, look out --

PEMBLETON looks straight ahead, SLAMS on brakes. Too late.  
With a BANG, they rear-end Car in front of them.

9 EXT. STREET - DAY

9

The two Cars sit in the middle of Street. The words **Fender Bender Aphrodisiac** appear.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)  
Fender Bender Aphrodisiac. Isn't  
that a grunge band?

BAYLISS (v.o.)  
I was in that band. Played bass.

Curious RUBBERNECKERS edge their way around the accident. PEMBLETON attempts to placate the MOTORIST, an angry, attractive, professional black woman, early thirties, whose back bumper is crushed and whose taillights are now lying shattered in Street. BAYLISS smirks, trying, not very hard, to keep a straight face.

PEMBLETON  
Of course I have insurance. But  
your rates are gonna go up, too. I  
hope you realize that --

MOTORIST  
Why should they? You hit me.

PEMBLETON  
I'm willing to admit that --

BAYLISS  
Don't admit that. Don't admit  
anything --

MOTORIST  
Who are you, his lawyer?

BAYLISS  
Just trade insurance cards and  
let's get outta here, okay?

MOTORIST  
Nobody's going anywhere until the  
cops get here --

PEMBLETON  
We are the cops --  
(shows his badge)  
We're Detectives. Homicide  
Detectives. And we're working a  
very important case.

MOTORIST  
(intrigued)  
Really --

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

BAYLISS

And we've just come from the crime scene --

PEMBLETON

And I was a little distracted, I'm sorry.

MOTORIST

Someone was murdered?

PEMBLETON

Yes, indeed.

MOTORIST

(excited)  
Was it -- you know -- bad?

PEMBLETON

Pretty bad.

BAYLISS

Grisly.

MOTORIST

Will it be on the news?

BAYLISS

Bound to be. Something like this.  
This -- gruesome --

PEMBLETON

Tell you what --

(takes out card; scribbles on the back)  
This is my office number at Police Headquarters --

(hands her card)

You take your car to a body shop, get an estimate, call me and I'll send you a check. How 'bout that?

MOTORIST

I don't know --

PEMBLETON

We keep this between us: No insurance companies, no tickets, no reason we can't work this out like rational people.

MOTORIST

But isn't that against the law?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

PEMBLETON  
We'd be doing the taxpayers a  
favor.

MOTORIST  
Okay. I guess..

PEMBLETON  
Thanks a lot.

She puts his card in her purse and gives him a smile.

MOTORIST  
I'll call you.

She turns and walks around to driver's side of her Car. As  
she gets in, she gives PEMBLETON a little wave.

MOTORIST (cont.)  
I'm gonna watch you on the news  
tonight.

PEMBLETON waves back, catches BAYLISS giving him a look.

PEMBLETON  
What?

BAYLISS  
She likes you.

PEMBLETON  
I don't know what it is. Ever  
since Mary got pregnant, women have  
been coming on to me. It's like an  
aphrodisiac or something.

BAYLISS  
I think it has more to do with her  
rear-end. \*

They step back towards Cavalier. As PEMBLETON preens for  
CAMERA and the grin on his face freezes in that semi-shaky  
pause mode, \*

CUT TO:

10 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

10

EVERYONE else is amused. PEMBLETON is furious. \*

GIARDELLO  
Pembleton, you filed a report  
stating that accident happened in a  
parking lot.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



10 CONTINUED:

10

GIARDELLO (cont.)

You gave me an elaborate song and dance about some jerk who backed into you at the mall and fled the scene without leaving so much as a note.

PEMBLETON

Is that what I said?

BAYLISS laughs.

GIARDELLO

What're you laughing about, Bayliss? The words "unindicted co-conspirator" mean anything to you?

BAYLISS

Jeez, Gee, it was just a fender bender.

GIARDELLO

We'll talk about ways the two of you can make full restitution to the Department.

KELLERMAN

They'll be garnishing your paycheck for the next twelve months.

MUNCH

Which proves my point again: Even our most modest expectations vis-a-vis the New Year quickly disappear.

PEMBLETON

Come on, Gee, it was Brodie's damn fault in the first place. It's distracting to have a camera in your face while you're driving --

GIARDELLO

I think Brodie's done us a public service. Let's continue, let's see what other lies, what other hidden truths will be revealed.

GIARDELLO looks pointedly at remote. PEMBLETON reluctantly gives it back to BRODIE. As BRODIE points remote at MONITOR and the frozen shaky image of PEMBLETON's face comes alive,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

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

11

CU on TV MONITOR:

BAYLISS at interrogation table.

BAYLISS

Anything you say or write may be  
used against you in a court of law.

CUT TO:

KELLERMAN

Yo, bunky, wake up. You are now  
being told that talking to a police  
detective in an interview room can  
only hurt you.

CUT TO:

HOWARD

If it could help you, we would  
probably be pretty quick to say  
that, wouldn't we? We'd stand up  
and say you have the right not to  
worry because what you say or write  
is gonna be used to your benefit in  
a court of law.

CUT TO:

KELLERMAN

Your best bet is to shut up. Shut  
up now.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. ROWHOUSE - DAY

12

The words **Art Versus Reality** appear. KELLERMAN and LEWIS,  
seen through BRODIECAM, get out of Cavalier.

LEWIS

You telling me a kid should be  
suspended for bringing aspirin to  
school.

KELLERMAN

Rules are rules. Aspirin is a  
drug. If the rules say no drugs in  
school. Then no drugs in school.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

LEWIS

Oh, yeah, Excedrin -- the great  
psychedelic.

KELLERMAN looks at address on paper, then at Building.

KELLERMAN

This is it.

LEWIS walks upstairs and RINGS bell. No response.

BRODIE (o.c.)

Maybe he's not home.

KELLERMAN looks through window. The SUSPECT's eyes meet  
KELLERMAN's and quickly disappear into House.

KELLERMAN

He's in there.

LEWIS

Go around back. I'll take the  
other way.

KELLERMAN, followed by BRODIE, turns to end of block and  
around corner.

13 EXT. ALLEY - DAY

13

SUSPECT runs out of the back of House and jumps a fence.  
KELLERMAN and BRODIE continue the chase. SUSPECT darts down  
a perpendicular Alley. LEWIS comes from around the corner  
and continues the chase, followed by KELLERMAN and BRODIE.  
SUSPECT disappears around a corner.

POLICEMAN (o.c.)

Freeze. Scumwad. \*

LEWIS, KELLERMAN and BRODIE turn corner to see SUSPECT  
raising his hands. PULL BACK to REVEAL two plainclothes  
POLICE backed up by UNIFORMS with guns drawn and a few  
marked Police Cars.

VOICE (o.c.) \*

Cut. Cut. Cut.

PULL BACK FURTHER to REVEAL full FILM SET CREW, cameras,  
boom, etc. BARRY LEVINSON steps down from his chair and  
walks towards SUSPECT.

LEVINSON (cont.)

Who is this guy? Where did he come  
from?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

EVERYONE looks dumbfounded. LEWIS, KELLERMAN and BRODIE approach.

LEVINSON (cont.)  
Somebody get this guy off the set.

KELLERMAN cuffs SUSPECT.

KELLERMAN  
We got it.

LEWIS  
Sorry.

KELLERMAN and LEWIS lead SUSPECT off Set through CAST and CREW. BRODIE turns to LEVINSON.

BRODIE  
I'm a big fan of your work.

LEVINSON nods.

BRODIE (cont.)  
I gotta tell you though, the real  
cops in Baltimore don't ever say  
"Freeze" -- That's a TV thing.

On LEVINSON, perplexed,

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

14 INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY/NIGHT

14

The words **Homicide Home Page** appear.

GIARDELLO (v.o.)  
"Homicide Home Page"? What does  
that mean?

KELLERMAN (v.o.)  
Cyberspeak, Lieutenant.

Various "experimental" BRODIECAM shots. The water cooler,  
the Alcove, the Coffee Room, the mailbox.

MUNCH (v.o.)  
Ooo, montage. My favorite.

LEWIS (v.o.)  
Very surrealistic. Love the lack  
of information. I wouldn't want to  
know what I'm looking at.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

A lingering shot of the microwave.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)  
But you do know what you're looking  
at. You're looking at the Coffee  
Room microwave.

MUNCH (v.o.)  
I don't mean to offer unsolicited  
editorial advice, but don't you  
think this shot of the microwave is  
over?

The CAMERA PANS to refrigerator.

MUNCH (v.o.; cont.)  
Thank God. Camera movement. So  
exciting.

Steady on refrigerator as a MAN comes into the shot, walks  
over to refrigerator and opens it. He has his back to the  
CAMERA, we can't tell from the shot who it is.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)  
A guy getting something from the  
fridge. That's exciting?

The MAN takes a lunch bag.

HOWARD (v.o.)  
Unless it's the Lunch Bandit.

As the MAN looks casually around, before his face comes into  
view, cut from refrigerator --

COX (v.o.)  
Who's the Lunch Bandit?

IMAGE FREEZES as CAMERA PULLS BACK from MONITOR to REVEAL:

15 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

15

Doctor JULIANNA COX enters, dressed for a party.

GIARDELLO  
Doctor Cox, what're you doing here?

BAYLISS  
Yeah. You can't be working  
tonight.

LEWIS  
Not dressed like that.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

COX

I was at a party, hats, horns, the whole New Year's Eve nine yards, got bored. Thought I'd come over, see what you boys and girl were up to.

HOWARD

There hasn't been a murder all night.

BRODIE

I'm showing 'em a documentary I made about the Homicide Unit.

COX

Mind if I watch? What have I missed? \*

MUNCH \*

Not a damn thing.

PEMBLETON

Sit at your own risk. That boring party may soon seem not so boring.

KELLERMAN gets COX a chair.

KELLERMAN \*

Sexy dress.

COX

Thanks.

COX sits next to him.

COX (cont.)

So who is the Lunch Bandit?

HOWARD

We don't know, but he's been stealing other people's lunches for years.

BRODIE points remote at TV MONITOR.

16 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

16

CU on TV MONITOR:

A shot of "The Board", through BRODIECAM.

LEWIS (v.o.)

Who outside this room is gonna know what "The Board" is?

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

KELLERMAN (v.o.)  
It's obvious. Red and black. Open  
and closed.

LEWIS (v.o.)  
Obvious to you, maybe.

Now the BRODIECAM MOVES on a LONG TRACKING SHOT through  
Squad Room into Observation Room, ZOOMING up to the glass  
and through the glass into "The Box",

DISSOLVE TO:

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

17

The words **The Case Cont.** appear.

MUNCH (v.o.)  
Brilliant dissolve, Brodie.  
Really.

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON question JACKSON, who sits with his  
hands folded on the table, polite, relaxed. \*

BAYLISS  
Mr. Jackson. I thought you'd be  
interested to know -- Mrs.  
Kilduff's still on the operating  
table. \*

No response. \*

PEMBLETON  
You're full of remorse, aren't  
you? \*

JACKSON  
Just did what I had to do. \*

BAYLISS bumps into BRODIE. CAMERA SHAKES. \*

BAYLISS  
Brodie, you gotta stay out of the  
way. \*

BRODIE (o.c.)  
Excuse me. \*

BAYLISS  
How long have you known the  
Kilduffs? \*

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

JACKSON

They moved into that house seven or eight years ago. Bought it from the estate when old Mrs. Fludy passed on.

(smiles)

I handled the arrangements myself.

PEMBLETON

How's that?

JACKSON

I own my own funeral parlor. Jackson and Sons. On Chase Street. Been in my family fifty years.

PEMBLETON

So, growing up in a funeral parlor, you're a man who's on close terms with death.

JACKSON

Intimate. Been around dead people all my life. They don't trouble me.

BAYLISS

They don't trouble you?

JACKSON

They don't trouble anyone.

PEMBLETON

You think about that before you shot the Kilduffs? You've been planning their funeral for years? Picking out their coffins? Is that why you're so cool about all this?

JACKSON

It's not a question of temperature, Detective.

PEMBLETON

Then what is it a question of, Mr. Jackson? Is this about business? Things were a little slow at the old funeral home? You could use a few new customers, why not start with the neighbors?

(CONTINUED)



17 CONTINUED: 2

17

BAYLISS

You're no ordinary mortician, are you? You see it through from start to finish. Bump 'em and dump 'em. Stab 'em and slab 'em. Pop 'em and paint 'em. More bodies, more profit.

JACKSON

That's ridiculous. I didn't kill anyone for money.

BAYLISS

Sure you did. You're a smart man. You know how to run a business.

JACKSON

Business, hmm? Some people don't know how to mind their own...

PEMBLETON

Like the Kilduff's.

JACKSON

Always poking their noses where they didn't belong.

BAYLISS

And that's why you shot them? They knew something you didn't want them to know?

JACKSON

A man's got to have his privacy.

PEMBLETON

What didn't you want them to know?

No response.

BAYLISS

You married, Mr. Jackson?

JACKSON

Forty-one years.

PEMBLETON

Where's your wife?

JACKSON

Glen Burnie. Claremont Nursing Home.

PEMBLETON

Is she sick?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 3

17

No response.

BAYLISS

How long have you been living  
alone, Mr. Jackson?

JACKSON

Mind your business, Detective, I'll  
mind mine.

JACKSON turns away, folds arms, unwilling to say more.

LEWIS (v.o.)

I'll bet he was messing with Mrs.  
Kilduff. Sex triangle with the  
neighbors.

BAYLISS (v.o.)

Not even close, Meldrick. Not even  
close.

On BAYLISS and PEMBLETON, exchanging a look,

TIME CUT TO:

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

18

BAYLISS at the interrogation table.

BAYLISS

You have the right to talk with a  
lawyer at any time -- before any  
questions, before answering any  
questions or during any questions.

CUT TO:

MUNCH

Now the man who wants to arrest you  
for violating the peace and dignity  
of the great State of Maryland says  
that you can talk to a trained  
professional, an attorney who has  
read the relevant code or can at  
least get his hands on some Cliff  
Notes.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

LEWIS

Let's face it, pal, you just carved up a drunk in a Dundalk Avenue bar or bludgeoned your wife with a pick axe, but that don't make you a genius. You need the advice of an expert. Take whatever help you can get.

CUT TO:

19 INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

19

Same shot as before of refrigerator. The words **Homicide Home Page 2** appear.

MUNCH (v.o.)

Been here, done that.

BRODIE (v.o.)

It's not the same shot, just wait --

The MAN walks into the shot, crosses to refrigerator, opens it, looks cautiously around. The shot is fuzzy, we still can't see who it is. He leans over, reaches in and pulls something out. The CAMERA ZOOMS in on his HAND. He's holding a styrofoam container --

CUT TO:

A20 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

A20 \*

HOWARD

It's definitely him, the Lunch Bandit. I recognize my container.

KELLERMAN

Pull back, Brodie, pull back --

CUT TO:

B20 INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

B20 \*

But he doesn't pull back. There's a VOICE behind the CAMERA --

HOWARD (o.c.)

Hey, Brodie --

The CAMERA WHIPS AROUND and catches HOWARD cruising in.

HOWARD (cont.)

How's it hanging?

(CONTINUED)

B20 CONTINUED:

B20

CAMERA FOLLOWS her as she moves to refrigerator, which is now closed. No sign of the MAN.

COX (v.o.)

Where'd he go?

KELLERMAN (v.o.)

The Lunch Bandit's fast.

HOWARD opens the refrigerator. As SHE searches in vain for her lunch, there's an OFF SCREEN CRASH,

CUT TO:

20 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

20

In her excitement, HOWARD has tipped over her chair.

HOWARD

I remember that day. The Lunch Bandit hit me. I had a souvlaki sandwich from the Phoenician Deli. I was looking forward to it.

KELLERMAN

You almost caught him red-handed, Brodie. Who is he?

BRODIE

Wait and see.

As THEY turn their attention back to MONITOR,

CUT TO:

21 OMIT

21 \*

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

22

CU on TV MONITOR:

The words **The Case Cont. 2** appear. BAYLISS and PEMBLETON watch while JACKSON finishes writing, in a neatly meticulous hand, his statement. He puts the last period in place, reads it over quickly, signs it and hands it to PEMBLETON, who glances at it, hands it to BAYLISS, who doesn't look at it, just stares at JACKSON, looking for some insight into the man's motives. Their eyes meet. JACKSON stares blandly back at BAYLISS.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)

That's it? He writes out his own confession and goes to jail?

(CONTINUED)

- 22 CONTINUED: 22
- LEWIS (v.o.) \*
- Damn, Brodie. You picked a lame case.
- BAYLISS (v.o.) \*
- Keep watching.
- On JACKSON's infuriating serenity,
- CUT TO:
- MONTAGE:
- 23 INT./EXT. CRIME SCENES/BALTIMORE - DAY/NIGHT 23
- STOCK FOOTAGE** \*
- HEAR The Iguanas SINGING "Boom Boom Boom". Previous BRODIECAM footage of various grisly Crime Scenes, featuring EACH of the DETECTIVES in turn as primaries. PULL BACK from MONITOR to:
- 24 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 24
- SONG CONTINUES. CU on each face, HOWARD, BAYLISS, PEMBLETON, LEWIS, KELLERMAN, MUNCH, COX, GIARDELLO, in turn, watching this sequence. Everyone's rapt, quiet, no wisecracks, every person in the room in the thrall of the images on the screen and the powerful memories they're triggering.
- MONTAGE:
- 25 INT./EXT. CRIME SCENES/BALTIMORE - DAY/NIGHT 25
- STOCK FOOTAGE** \*
- CU on TV MONITOR:
- SONG CONTINUES. Sequence of Crime Scenes, murder VICTIMS, grieving family MEMBERS, shocked NEIGHBORS, curious ONLOOKERS, cynical UNIFORMS and tired DETECTIVES. A genuinely talented piece of filmmaking on Brodie's part. No joke. Absolute silence from the off screen AUDIENCE. As the SONG FADES AWAY,
- FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

26 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

26

A brief recess. BRODIE stands by the VCR, waiting expectantly for everyone to return. HOWARD and GIARDELLO stand by "The Board".

HOWARD

We really should re-assign Sabatino and Bongi, Gee.

GIARDELLO

And when Russert comes back?

HOWARD

I think she'll understand that we had to move on.

GIARDELLO

Oh. Have you moved on?

HOWARD

Come again?

GIARDELLO

In terms of Felton. You haven't packed up his desk yet.

As HOWARD looks over to Felton's desk, CAMERA PANS to COX and KELLERMAN.

COX

How have your holidays been?

KELLERMAN

My folks are in Saint Louis with my sister. I haven't heard from my knucklehead brothers... The holidays have been... lonely.

COX

Mine, too. This first Christmas without my dad has been tough on all of us. We didn't even have a tree...

KELLERMAN

Holidays suck.

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED:

26

COX

Thanks for leaving the message on  
the machine inviting me over  
tonight.

KELLERMAN

What better place to spend New  
Year's Eve than here?

COX

I'm glad I came.

KELLERMAN

Me, too.

CAMERA PANS to PEMBLETON and BAYLISS.

PEMBLETON

It's really weird.

BAYLISS

What?

PEMBLETON

Seeing myself. Seeing me before  
the, the stroke. I look at the  
screen and think -- Who the hell is  
that? \*

CAMERA PANS to MUNCH and LEWIS.

MUNCH

I'm not saying life can't get  
better, I'm saying it won't. You  
see the difference? \*

PEMBLETON looks at MUNCH, then at his watch, calls out. \*

PEMBLETON \*

Come on, let's get this show on the  
road. I ain't missing the ball --

BAYLISS

(takes his seat)  
Cinderella, what big feet you have. \*

PEMBLETON \*

(takes his seat)  
Not that ball. The one in Times  
Square, New York City.

BRODIE

Those damn Yankees. \*

HOWARD and GIARDELLO take their seats. \*

(CONTINUED)

26 CONTINUED: 2

26

HOWARD

Phones still haven't rung.

MUNCH

(takes his seat)

Mark my words. Only a matter of  
time.

EVERYONE's back. As BRODIE points the remote at the VCR,

CUT TO:

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

27

CU on TV MONITOR:

PEMBLETON at interrogation table.

BRODIE (o.c.)

What are you thinking, what are you  
focusing on, when you first sit  
down with a suspect?

PEMBLETON

The detective has informed you of  
your rights. He wants you to be  
protected, he says. Because, he  
says, there is nothing that  
concerns him more than giving you  
every possible assistance in this  
very confusing and stressful moment  
in your life.

CUT TO:

KELLERMAN

If you don't want to talk, that's  
fine. And if you want a lawyer,  
that's fine, too, because first of  
all, I'm no relation to the guy you  
killed and second, I'm gonna get  
twenty years and a City pension no  
matter what you do.

CUT TO:

HOWARD

But the detective wants you to know  
-- and he or she's been doing this  
a lot longer than you, so take his  
or her word for it -- that your  
rights to counsel aren't all  
they're cracked up to be.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)



27 CONTINUED:

27

LEWIS

Once you up and call for that lawyer, son, we can't do a damn thing for you. No sir, your friends in the Homicide Unit are going to have to leave you locked in this room all alone and the next authority figure to scan your case will be a no-nonsense prosecutor from the Violent Crimes Unit with the official title of Assistant State's Attorney for the City of Baltimore.

CUT TO:

MUNCH

And God help you then, because a ruthless bloodsucker like that will have an O'Donnell Heights motorhead like yourself halfway to the gas chamber before you get three words out.

CUT TO:

KELLERMAN

Your best bet is to speak up. Speak up now.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

28

The words **Off Duty** appear.

LEWIS (v.o.)

Now, I know what that means.

KELLERMAN and LEWIS approach the front door of The Waterfront. THEY push the door open and walk in.

29 INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

29

MUNCH is behind the bar. He looks up as KELLERMAN and LEWIS take seats at bar.

MUNCH

Mi casa es su casa. What'll it be?

On MUNCH, smiling,

CUT TO:

30 EXT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT 30

The same shot as before. KELLERMAN and LEWIS approach the front door of The Waterfront. THEY push the door open and walk in.

31 INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT 31

The same shot as before. MUNCH is behind the bar. He looks up as KELLERMAN and LEWIS take seats at bar. \*

MUNCH

Mi casa es su casa. What'll it be? \*

KELLERMAN leans across bar.

KELLERMAN

Beer.

MUNCH

Import or domestic? \*

BAYLISS (v.o.)

Didn't we just see this?

COX (v.o.)

Brodie, you screwed up.

BRODIE (v.o.)

It's a choice. A cinematic statement.

COX (v.o.)

Looks like a mistake to me.

PEMBLETON (v.o.)

I like it. Speaks to the essential repetitive and meaningless nature of police work.

COX (v.o.)

I could do without. \*

BAYLISS (v.o.)

Wow. This is dramatic stuff.

GIARDELLO (v.o.)

Yes, Brodie, the whole thing needs more action. \*

As KELLERMAN mulls over which beer for a moment, \*

CUT TO:

32 EXT. STREET - DAY

32

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON, across Street from Crime Scene, talk to a neighbor, STAN ROGAN, a middle-aged black postal worker, as the words **The Case Cont. 3** appear. \*

ROGAN \*

Lived here twelve years, can't say I spoke to the man more than two, three times.

BAYLISS \*

Would you call him a loner?

ROGAN \*

He kept to himself, sure, but he was no loner. Once the wife went away, Jackson had his share of company.

BAYLISS \*

You mean, women?

ROGAN \*

(shrugs)

He'd have the lights on 'til the early morning hours. Music playing. Laughter. Not that I cared any.

PEMBLETON \*

Right.

ROGAN \*

The Kilduffs, though, they felt otherwise...

On PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, \*

CUT TO:

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON, with another witness, a teenage girl, ALICIA DUNCAN.

DUNCAN \*

Yeah. Mrs. Kilduff, she always complaining. She'd go on and on about the neighborhood. How we got to keep it nice, keep it clean, keep it quiet...

PEMBLETON \*

Did Mrs. Kilduff ever complain about Bennett Jackson?

(CONTINUED)

32 CONTINUED:

32

DUNCAN

All the time. She didn't approve of Jackson's lifestyle. She said he lowered the tone of the neighborhood.

BAYLISS

You see many people come and go from Jackson's apartment?

DUNCAN

He'd bring ladies there late at night.

As SHE SNAPS her gum,

CUT TO:

A33 EXT. CHRIST LUTHERAN CHURCH - DAY

A33 \*

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON stand with LEVON CARTER, black, twenty-seven, in front of Church where a FUNERAL goes on. CARTER polishes Hearse.

PEMBLETON

You have any idea what this was about, Levon? The bad blood between your uncle and the Kilduffs?

CARTER

My uncle is a good man. He's there for anyone who needs him. I don't think he could kill somebody.

BAYLISS

He says he did.

CARTER

Oh, then he did it. My uncle don't lie.

PEMBLETON

How long have you worked for him?

CARTER

Since high school.

PEMBLETON

Good boss?

CARTER

The best. He don't jack up the bill if you rich or wrap you up in old newspapers if you poor.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

A33 CONTINUED:

A33

CARTER (cont.)  
He's straight up on that.

BAYLISS  
What was his private life like?

CARTER's demeanor changes. He stops polishing Hearse, glares at the DETECTIVES, offended.

CARTER  
Private.

BAYLISS  
I mean, your aunt's in a nursing home, right? Was your uncle seeing anyone else? The neighbors say...

CARTER  
Why you got to ask about the man's back-room time? He didn't do a damn thing to hurt anyone and you're still poking into things you got no right to know.

PEMBLETON  
Well, he hurt the Kilduffs.

CARTER  
Then he had a reason. My uncle's a good man. He got a good heart.

On CARTER, firm,

CUT TO:

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

33

MUNCH at interrogation table.

MUNCH  
What is wrong with you? You think I'm fooling with you? Hey, I don't even need to bother with you. I got three witnesses in three other rooms who say you're my man. I got a knife from the scene that's going downstairs to the Lab for latent prints. I got blood splatter on them Air Jordans we took off you ten minutes ago. Why do you think we took 'em? Do I look like I wear high-top tennis?

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

33 CONTINUED:

33

LEWIS

Hey, bunk, I'm only in here to make sure that there ain't nothing you can say for yourself before I write it all up.

CUT TO:

KELLERMAN

Oh, you want to think about it. Hey, you think about it all you want, pal. My Lieutenant's right outside and he already told me to charge your ass in the first degree.

CUT TO:

HOWARD

For once in your stupid little life someone is giving you a chance and you're too damn dumb to take it.

CUT TO:

KELLERMAN

What the hell, you go ahead and think about it and I'll tell my Lieutenant to cool his heels for ten minutes. I can do that much for you.

CUT TO:

HOWARD

How 'bout some coffee?

CUT TO:

KELLERMAN

Another cigarette?

CUT TO:

34 EXT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

34

Same shot as before. The words **Off Duty, Part 2** appear. KELLERMAN and LEWIS approach the front door of The Waterfront.

COX (v.o.)

Uh-oh. Here we go again.

(CONTINUED)

34 CONTINUED:

34

GIARDELLO (v.o.)

Brodie, ever hear of something  
called too much of a good thing?

THEY push the door open and walk in.

35 INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

35

Same shot as before. MUNCH is behind bar as LEWIS,  
KELLERMAN and BRODIE walk in, LEWIS and KELLERMAN take  
seats at bar. \*

MUNCH

Mi casa es su casa. What'll it be?

KELLERMAN

Beer.

MUNCH

Import or domestic?

KELLERMAN mulls it over.

COX (v.o.)

It's a nightmare. We're caught in  
a loop.

MUNCH (v.o.)

I saw this once on a Twilight  
Zone. Guy goes into a bar, orders  
his favorite beer over and over  
again and they never have it.

KELLERMAN

(shrugs)  
Domestic.

MUNCH

Bottle or draft?

KELLERMAN

A glass of beer.

MUNCH

Fine. Meldrick?

LEWIS

Seven and seven.

MUNCH

Good call.  
(to CAMERA)  
Brodie, you want anything?

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

BRODIE (o.c.)  
No, thanks. And please, don't talk  
directly into the camera.

MUNCH fixes the drinks. BAYLISS and PEMBLETON enter.

MUNCH  
Close your case?

BAYLISS  
No --

PEMBLETON  
Yes --

MUNCH  
Which is it?

BAYLISS shrugs.

PEMBLETON  
Tim's tormented. By the why.

MUNCH  
Tim's always tormented. I got a  
why question for you, Bayliss.  
Why do you always want to know  
the why? \*

PEMBLETON  
We found out the why. The man was  
fooling around, he didn't want the  
wife to find out. When the  
neighbors started snooping, he shot  
them down. \*

BAYLISS  
There's more to this, Frank. Maybe  
we should talk to Mrs. Jackson -- \*

PEMBLETON  
Mrs. Jackson's in a Glen Burnie  
nursing home. You want to talk to  
her, let her in on her husband's  
extra-marital affairs, have at it.  
I say, we got our confession, leave  
the poor woman alone. \*

LEWIS  
You know what your problem is, Tim?

BAYLISS  
I don't have a problem.

(CONTINUED)



35 CONTINUED: 2

35

LEWIS  
You let things haunt you.

BAYLISS  
No, I don't.

LEWIS  
Yes, you do.

BAYLISS looks at both of them, as MUNCH brings him beer.

BAYLISS  
I know what you're thinking.

MUNCH  
What're we thinking?

BAYLISS  
Adena Watson.

MUNCH  
That's what I'm thinking.  
(to LEWIS)  
Is that what you're thinking?

LEWIS  
Yeah. Exactly what I'm thinking.  
Adena Watson.

BAYLISS  
Not everything is tied to that one  
case.

KELLERMAN  
Yeah, but things eat away at you.  
They nag at you. You're the  
opposite of a nag. You're the  
nagee.

BAYLISS  
Nagee?

KELLERMAN  
Nagee. Look it up. It's in the  
dictionary.

BAYLISS  
The only thing nagging at me around  
here, Kellerman, is you.

PEMBLETON  
The answer to your question, Munch,  
is, yeah, we closed the case.  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED: 3

35

PEMBLETON (cont.)

(to BAYLISS)

Lemme hear you say it: "I am done  
with this case"...

BAYLISS downs the rest of his beer, looks at PEMBLETON,  
looks at MUNCH, gets off his stool.

BAYLISS

Goodnight.

HE heads for the door. As THEY watch him go,

CUT TO:

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

36

LEWIS at interrogation table.

BRODIE (o.c.)

The suspect and you are at that  
crucial moment. You've got him,  
right?

LEWIS

The man who wants to put you in  
prison, the man who is not your  
friend, comes back in the room,  
asking if the coffee's okay.

CUT TO:

PEMBLETON

Yeah, the coffee's fine, but what  
happens if I want a lawyer?

CUT TO:

LEWIS

Then we'll get you a lawyer. But  
before we do that, think.

CUT TO:

On PEMBLETON, thinking,

CUT TO:

LEWIS (cont.)

Look, bunk, I'm giving you a chance  
to tell me what really happened.  
He came at you, right? You were  
scared. It was self-defense.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

PEMBLETON

Your mouth opens to speak.

CUT TO:

LEWIS

He came at you, didn't he?

CUT TO:

PEMBLETON

"Uh-huh", you venture cautiously.

CUT TO:

LEWIS

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Wait a minute.  
If we're gonna do this, I gotta  
find your rights form. Where's the  
form? Damn things are like cops,  
never around when you need 'em.  
Here it is. Read that.

CUT TO:

BAYLISS

I am willing to answer questions  
and I do not want any attorney at  
this time. My decision to answer  
questions without an attorney is  
free and voluntary on my part.

CUT TO:

HOWARD

You sign the bottom of the form.  
The detective looks up, his or her  
eyes soaked with innocence.

CUT TO:

LEWIS

He came at you, huh?

CUT TO:

PEMBLETON

Yeah, he came at me.

CUT TO:

37 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 37

A HAND erases "K-I-L-D-U-F-F" in RED and rewrites it in BLACK. PULL BACK to REVEAL BAYLISS, not ready to let it rest. On his FACE FREEZING, \*

CUT TO:

38 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 38

BAYLISS with the remote.

BAYLISS

Can we take another break? This champagne, it goes right through me.

BAYLISS rises, exits toward Men's Room. HOWARD sees empty seats.

HOWARD

Hey, where's Cox?

MUNCH

Where's Kellerman?

HOWARD and MUNCH exchange a look as the blinds in "The Box" close.

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

KELLERMAN and COX stand facing each other. \*

KELLERMAN \*

Happy New Year.

COX \*

Happy New Year. \*

As THEY kiss, \*

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

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

40

KELLERMAN and COX kiss. She pushes him back.

COX

We should stop.

KELLERMAN

Why?

COX

Mike, we can't have sex in "The Box" --

KELLERMAN

Okay. There's a lovely bed and breakfast right across the street.

COX

Mike.

KELLERMAN

What?

COX

Don't --

KELLERMAN

What is it with you? You show up at my boat, we have sex, then you push me away. Now you come here, same thing.

COX

Late at night, staring at the ceiling, I close my eyes -- and I still can't get a certain image out of my head. A face. A body. I don't know why it is, but some of them just stick with you. You're looking down at them and you think, what did you do? How did you end up here, on my table? Looking up at me? If you had it to do over, wouldn't you want to be smarter? Or luckier? Or just somebody else?  
(half smiles)

The one I keep seeing -- She was my age. Maybe that's why I'm stuck on her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED:

40

COX (cont.)

I could tell by her clothes, her hair, even her body, she was a middle-class professional woman. No children. She worked out. She'd just gotten herself a fresh pedicure. I couldn't help myself. I started to imagine her life...

KELLERMAN

Julianna, what are you saying?

COX

That a one night stand is okay, but it's not how to start a relationship, a deeper relationship.

KELLERMAN

I want us to have a chance.

COX

So do I, but --

KELLERMAN

I have an idea. We go out on a date. A real date-date. I pick you up, we see a movie, have dinner. I bring you home. Maybe get a peck on the lips goodnight.

COX

No sex?

KELLERMAN

No sex. Instead, we have conversation.

COX

It's different. I like it.

KELLERMAN

How's Thursday?

COX

Good.

KELLERMAN

Good. Let's go back.

THEY open door to Squad Room, exit.

41 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 41

The OTHERS watch the TV MONITOR. The light from the monitor is on their faces. KELLERMAN and COX quietly glide into their seats. \*

CU on TV MONITOR:

42 EXT. HOWARD APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY 42 \*

The words **Sex, Death & Mystery: The Private Lives Of Homicide Detectives** appear.

LEWIS (v.o.)  
At last. The juicy stuff.

MUNCH (v.o.)  
Must be some other Homicide shift.  
No sex and mystery around here.

HOWARD (v.o.)  
Brodie, how'd you get this? \*

BRODIE (v.o.)  
Call it crazy luck -- Right place,  
right time. \*

The SOUND of a car pulling up in front of Building. CAMERA ZOOMS in on HOWARD, sitting in the passenger seat of a red convertible. The DRIVER is a dark-haired man. He turns OFF the engine. Then he leans in and they kiss. Passionately. The kiss goes on and on. His hands go under her shirt, hers go under his. WHISTLES and CHEERS. As the image FREEZES, \*

CUT TO:

43 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 43

HOWARD, standing next to her image on TV, grins defiantly.

MUNCH  
Okay, Kay, tell us -- Who the hell  
is that guy?

HOWARD  
None of your business.

MUNCH  
I tried and I tried to find out.

LEWIS  
Pathetic. Roomful of ace  
detectives, nobody ever nailed the  
identity of Kay's secret lover.

KELLERMAN stares at the screen.

(CONTINUED)

43 CONTINUED:

43

KELLERMAN

I recognize him.

HOWARD

Get outta here. You do not.

KELLERMAN

Oh, yeah. I know who it is.

KELLERMAN leans over and whispers in her ear. On HOWARD turning ashen,

CUT TO:

44 OMIT

44 \*

45 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

45

CU on TV MONITOR:

Shot of Giardello's closed office door. HEAR VOICES and LAUGHTER from within. The door opens and GIARDELLO emerges with two beautiful WOMEN, one on each arm, one blonde, one Asian-American, both drop dead voluptuous, all of them dressed for a night on the town. GIARDELLO gives the CAMERA a big smile. They move past BRODIE, heading for the door. As THEY exit, laughing, and the image FREEZES,

CUT TO:

46 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

46

EVERYONE looks at GIARDELLO with open-mouth admiration.

BAYLISS

Gee?

GIARDELLO

A night to remember.

MUNCH

I, for one, would like to know more. Much more.

GIARDELLO

We had an excellent risotto. With mussels.

MUNCH

Mussels.

GIARDELLO

Accompanied by a very respectable chianti. And for dessert --

(CONTINUED)



46 CONTINUED:

46

MUNCH

Don't tell me.

GIARDELLO

Gelati.

As GIARDELLO smiles the smile of the cat who ate all the canaries and turns his attention back to the MONITOR,

\*

CUT TO:

47 INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

47

STOCK FOOTAGE

\*

CU on TV MONITOR:

LEWIS sits at the corner of bar, talking with Detective TERRI STIVERS. They're leaning in close, talking intimately in low voices, smiling. She says something, laughs, reaches out and touches him on the arm. LEWIS smiles. As the image FREEZES,

\*

CUT TO:

48 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

48

Now EVERYBODY's looking at LEWIS.

HOWARD

Meldrick. Stepping out on Barbara?

LEWIS

(defensive)

No --

COX

Haven't even had your paper anniversary, or whatever the first one is, yet --

BAYLISS

Let's face it. Men are pigs.

LEWIS

I wasn't cheating on Barbara.

GIARDELLO

You and Detective Stivers?

LEWIS

We were having a meeting about Luther Mahoney. How to get his sorry ass off the street once and for all.

(CONTINUED)

48 CONTINUED:

48

PEMBLETON

Didn't look like a business meeting.

MUNCH

A word to the wise, Meldrick. Nix the horizontal rumba with a fellow detective. Never dip your wick in the company ink.

LEWIS

I wasn't --

He stops, frustrated, looks around, speechless and guilty. If he's not having an affair with STIVERS, he's thought about it. He shoots eye daggers at BRODIE.

LEWIS (cont.)

I'll get you for this, Brodie.

As BRODIE gulps and turns back to look at the MONITOR,

\*

CUT TO:

49 INT. NURSERY/PEMBLETON HOME - DAY

49

\*

STOCK FOOTAGE

\*

CU on TV MONITOR:

The words **Connubial Bliss** appear. PEMBLETON and MARY WHELAN-PEMBLETON, stand over OLIVIA PEMBLETON, who is in her crib.

PEMBLETON (v.o.)

What can I say? I'm a role model. A walking advertisement for family values. My very own shining city on the hill. It's my colleagues who are sad, lonely sociopaths --

As a beaming MARY features baby OLIVIA for the CAMERA,

CUT TO:

50 EXT. KELLERMAN BOAT - NIGHT

50

STOCK FOOTAGE

\*

The words **Lonely Boys** appear. KELLERMAN stands on Deck, looking at the Harbor lights.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)

You think I'm a sociopath, huh?

As KELLERMAN sits,

CUT TO:

51 INT. MUNCH APARTMENT - NIGHT 51

MUNCH, in t-shirt and boxers, in his Lazy Boy recliner, beer in one hand, ice cream bar in the other, book splayed open in his lap. \*

PEMBLETON (v.o.)

No. Not like Munch --

As HE takes a bite of ice cream bar and chases it with a swallow of beer,

CUT TO:

52 INT. HALLWAY/BAYLISS APARTMENT - NIGHT 52

The door to Bathroom is closed. The SOUND of RUNNING WATER. The door opens, BAYLISS emerges, girlie magazine in hand. \*

PEMBLETON (v.o.; cont.)

Or Bayliss --

As BAYLISS sees BRODIE, stops, steps back into Bathroom, mortified, SLAMS door, \*

CUT TO:

53 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 53

BAYLISS stands over BRODIE, who pauses tape.

BAYLISS

Brodie, I will never ever speak to you as long as I live, never again. I'm gonna treat you like Agnew treated Nixon.

BRODIE

Wait, wait. I wanted to show you, warts and all, because you're the hero of the piece.

BAYLISS

I'm the hero? Let's keep going.

As BRODIE unpauses tape,

CUT TO:

54 INT. LIVING ROOM/JACKSON HOME - NIGHT 54 \*

CU on TV MONITOR:

The words **Case Cont. 4** appear. BAYLISS searches through drawers as CARTER watches him, glaring. \*

55 INT. BEDROOM CLOSET/JACKSON HOME - NIGHT 55 \*

CARTER looks on. BAYLISS checks the closet floor, the hanging clothes, reaches up to a shelf, brings down shoebox. \*

LEWIS (v.o.) \*

Uh-oh. Bayliss found his baseball card collection.

56 INT. BEDROOM/JACKSON HOME - NIGHT 56 \*

BAYLISS sits on the bed, opens shoe box, reaches in, pulls out a handful of Polaroids, exhales. \*

MUNCH (v.o.) \*

What are they? What'd you find?

HOWARD (v.o.) \*

Zoom in, Brodie. Zoom in.

BAYLISS goes through the photos one-by-one, looking long and hard at each one. \*

CARTER \*

Satisfied?

On BAYLISS, incredulous, \*

CUT TO:

A57 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY A57 \*

JACKSON sits at the interrogation table, dressed in an orange jail jumper. BAYLISS and PEMBLETON enter.

BAYLISS

They treating you okay in pretrial, Mr. Jackson?

JACKSON

I'm alright.

BAYLISS

My partner and I, we just need to clear up a few things about the case. We need to ask you...

JACKSON

I'd rather not discuss it.

PEMBLETON

We know about the other women.

BAYLISS

The Kilduffs also knew. They threatened to tell your wife.

(CONTINUED)

A57 CONTINUED:

A57

JACKSON

My wife has Alzheimer's. There's nothing you could tell her that would matter. Besides, I didn't do anything wrong.

PEMBLETON

By whose standard?

BAYLISS pulls out shoebox, drops it on table. JACKSON looks at shoebox, then DETECTIVES, gets angry.

JACKSON

You went into my home? You went through my things?

BAYLISS

That's our job, Mr. Jackson. To find out everything about you.

BAYLISS opens shoebox, pulls out a few photos.

BAYLISS (cont.)

Every.  
(drops one photo)  
Last.  
(another)  
Thing.  
(another)

The photos are on the table. JACKSON is visibly embarrassed.

PEMBLETON

You sick sonofabitch.

CU on Polaroids of JACKSON, dressed for dinner, smiling, seated next to an array of well-dressed, perfectly made-up DEAD LADIES, sharing a fine meal. Candlelight, wine, the good china -- it's a lovely evening all around. The watching DETECTIVES react with rowdy disbelief.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)

No way. He dressed up stiffs and propped them up around the dinner table?

BAYLISS (v.o.)

Way.

JACKSON

I was left on my own. No one to talk to. No one to share a meal with. All I wanted was companionship, a little female companionship.

(CONTINUED)

A57 CONTINUED: 2

A57

BAYLISS

Companionship? Is that what you call it?

JACKSON

What are you implying, young man?

BAYLISS

Well, c'mon, Mr. Jackson. They're not exactly consenting adults. Dinner, drinks. What else went on with you and your lady cadavers?

JACKSON

(offended)

Shame on you. What we had was entirely appropriate, entirely dignified. And you have no right to suggest otherwise. I was a perfect gentleman.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS suppress laughter.

PEMBLETON

No doubt. But the Kilduffs, they were right next door. They were watching closely, maybe caught a glimpse of one of your dates. And they didn't approve, did they?

JACKSON

They didn't understand.

BAYLISS

Neither would the State Mortuary Board.

JACKSON

I was lonely. I wasn't harming anyone. The Kilduffs couldn't understand that. But you understand, don't you?

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON share a look.

PEMBLETON

Of course, we do.

BAYLISS

Absolutely.

As JACKSON stares wistfully at his photos, the words **Case Closed** appear,

CUT TO:

57 OMIT 57 \*

58 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 58

PEMBLETON sits at interrogation table.

PEMBLETON

You're history. And if I wasn't  
so busy writing up your statement,  
I'd probably tell you so. I'd say,  
son, you are ignorance personified  
and you just put yourself in for  
the murder of a human being. I  
might even admit to you that after  
all the years working murders, I'm  
still a little amazed when anyone  
utters a word in this room. Think  
about it: When you walked through  
those doors what did the sign say?  
Homicide Unit, right. And who  
lives in a Homicide Unit? Uh-huh,  
and what do Homicide Detectives do  
for a living? You got it, bunk.  
And tonight you took a life. So  
when you opened your mouth, what in  
God's name were you thinking?

CUT TO:

59 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 59

EVERYONE watches as MONITOR GOES BLACK. A beat. Silence. \*

PEMBLETON \*

Not bad, Brodie, not bad. I'd cut  
down that last speech.

OTHERS start to rise.

BRODIE

Wait. There's more.

He points remote at TV MONITOR.

60 INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 60

CU on TV MONITOR:

The word **Coda** appears. The same shot of the refrigerator.  
The MAN walks into shot, opens refrigerator door.

HOWARD (v.o.)

He's b-a-a-a-ck --

(CONTINUED)

60 CONTINUED:

60

KELLERMAN (v.o.)

Wait a minute --

The MAN looks around cautiously, leans over, reaches in -- and pulls out a styrofoam multi-compartment lunch container. He opens it, looks in, looks around to see if he's being observed, closes lid, closes refrigerator door and walks away. As he turns and looks right at CAMERA, it ZOOMS in on his face: It's Captain ROGER GAFFNEY. As the words **Case Closed 2** appear on the screen and it goes to FREEZE FRAME,

CUT TO:

61 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

61

The scene from Times Square is on the MONITOR, but nobody's paying attention.

HOWARD

It's Gaffney. Gaffney's the Lunch Bandit.

KELLERMAN

(applauds)  
Congratulations, Brodie. You solved the longest open case in Homicide history.

MUNCH

Gaffney, that stooge. I should've guessed it was him.

BAYLISS

Gee, you going to bring him up on charges?

LEWIS

Put him in "The Box"? Make him sweat?

KELLERMAN

Make him take a polygraph.

GIARDELLO

I'll look into it.  
(to BRODIE)  
I'll need a copy of this. In fact, maybe you'd better give me the original. For safekeeping.

BRODIE

I don't have the original.

He stops. They all wait. He clears his throat.

(CONTINUED)



61 CONTINUED:

61

BRODIE (cont.)  
I sold it to PBS.

GIARDELLO  
Excuse me?

BRODIE  
Public Broadcasting. They're going  
to air it as a special. Bill  
Moyers is probably gonna narrate.

A stunned silence. Then general CONSTERNATION and HUBBUB  
breaks out, all YELLING at BRODIE.

BAYLISS  
Brodie, do you realize what you've  
done? We're going to be seen on  
national television behaving  
like... like... \*

BRODIE  
Like you actually are. \*

BAYLISS  
That's not the point. We never  
thought about how it looked. We're  
out there messing with suspects,  
cracking jokes around the bodies.  
You can't show that to people --  
that stuff is personal, it's  
supposed to stay inside the  
stationhouse. \*

GIARDELLO  
You think you got a problem? How  
about that poor Mr. Jackson? He  
kills two neighbors to protect a  
secret. Then you come along with  
your questions and your camera and  
boom -- all of America is watching  
his weird little life. \*

LEWIS  
Yeah, Brodie. Why'd you pick that  
case for your movie? \*

BRODIE  
Hold on, everybody, hold on.

The OTHERS QUIET down.

(CONTINUED)

61 CONTINUED: 2

61

BRODIE (cont.)

Y'see, here's the thing. I wanted to make a documentary not to embarrass anybody, but because I wanted to tell the truth. And when you're after the truth, then yeah, privacy goes out the window. That's the way it is for you guys, right? Poking through a victim's drawers and closets. Dredging up the dirt of their lives. Breaking suspects down until there's nothing left but the facts. Or what about the morgue? You go down there every day and stand there drinking coffee, watching men and women stripped and disassembled. I mean, let's be honest: You're detectives. You live in other people's lives and it doesn't bother you. It's not about privacy, it's about the work, about pushing past the lies and the crap and getting to what's real. That's what I learned from you guys. That's what my film is about.

EVERYONE looks at one another, not sure what to say. LEWIS' eye goes to the screen.

CU on TV MONITOR:

The ball in Times Square. The countdown's begun.

LEWIS

Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five  
four, three, two, one --

The ball hits the bottom. Happy New Year. EVERYONE hugs each other. A phone RINGS. Then another phone RINGS. Then another phone RINGS. As the DETECTIVES look at one another,

CUT TO:

62 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

62

HEAR The Iguanas SING "Boom Boom Boom", as MUNCH and HOWARD examine a BODY in an Alley,

CUT TO:

63 EXT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

63 \*

SONG CONTINUES. PEMBLETON shines a light on a sheet of blood coming down a Stairwell from a BODY on the landing. As HE shines the light up to BAYLISS' face,

CUT TO:

64 EXT. ROWHOUSE/HOPKINS VILLAGE - NIGHT

64

SONG CONTINUES. Crime Scene PERSONNEL go in and out of a Rowhouse. LEWIS pulls up in front. As HE gets out of the car, approaching COX,

CUT TO:

65 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

65

SONG CONTINUES. PAN around the room. KELLERMAN is on the phone, GIARDELLO closes the door to his office. FIND BRODIE, now alone. BRODIE wipes 1996 off "The Board", replaces it with 1997. He hits rewind on the remote. CU on MONITOR, as REW appears over the revelry in Times Square. RESUME BRODIE, glued to the tube. On BRODIE, as the SONG ENDS,

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END