

HOMICIDE
LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Four
"The Subway"

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LIST OF REVISED PAGES

Revision	Date	Pages in revision:
BLUE Revised pages	8/21/97	Full Script
PINK Revised pages	8/25/97	Cast Page 4-4A, 8, 10, 21, 27, 32-33, 57

Producer in Charge: James Yoshimura

Please note "The Subway" takes place in real time.

Also note all wardrobe, props, etc., should reflect the weather conditions of Late Summer in Baltimore. *

The following shots of "The Board" should be scheduled:

"LANGE" in RED

"LANGE" in BLACK

This name is written under Pembleton's name.

CAST

JOHN MUNCH.....Richard Belzer
FRANK PEMBLETON.....Andre Braugher
MIKE KELLERMAN.....Reed Diamond
JULIANNA COX.....Michelle Forbes
STUART GHARTY.....Peter Gerety
MELDRICK LEWIS.....Clark Johnson
AL GIARDELLO.....Yaphet Kotto
TIM BAYLISS.....Kyle Secor
PAUL FALSONE.....Jon Seda

JOHN LANGE.....Vincent D'Onofrio

LARRY BIEDRON.....Bruce MacVittie
JOY TOLSON.....Wendee Pratt *

SERGEANT SALLY ROGERS.....Kristin Rohde

BAND MEMBER #1.....Lisa Mathews *

BAND MEMBER #2.....Ron Campbell *

COMMUTER.....O'Bryant Kenner *

CONDUCTOR.....Nap Turner *

EMT #1.....John Lumia *

EMT #2.....Russell Andrews *

JOGGER.....Laura McDonald *

SUPERVISOR.....Tom Teti *

WOMAN.....Shari Elliker *

SETS

EXTERIORS

Baltimore
Columbus Science Center
Federal Hill
Inner Harbor *
Inner Harbor Subway Station *
Escalator *
Street *

INTERIORS

Cavalier
Inner Harbor Subway Station *
Fare Booth *
Interview Area *
Ladder Area *
Lange Platform Area
Platform
Tracks

TEASER

IN BLACK:

We HEAR THUNDER.

FADE IN:

1 EXT. BALTIMORE - DAWN 1

THUNDER DIMINISHES to silence. A flare of light. The sun rims the horizon. Grey-violet clouds, last vestige of night, roll away overhead and skim the backdrop of the City Skyline. In foreground of Skyline, a Tugboat chugs through the water. We HEAR the LOW GROWL of its engines into:

2 EXT. STREET - DAWN 2 *

A RUMBLE of THUNDER again. A Yellow Cab zips through rush hour traffic. We HEAR the WHOOSH of its tires slick in the morning dew on the asphalt. PICK UP STREET VENDOR dispensing caffeine and sugar boosts to COMMUTERS headed to the Subway.

3 EXT. ESCALATOR/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAWN 3 *

COMMUTERS, various ages and, by dress, various occupations, funnel into Subway Entrance. The THUNDER again, revealing itself as the SOUND of a Subway Train. PICK UP JOHN LANGE, thirty-seven, newspaper and briefcase, coffee, pausing to exchange a perfunctory smooch with SARA FLANIGAN, thirties. She wears jogging suit and running shoes. LANGE steps onto Escalator down into the Subway, FLANIGAN starts jogging towards the Harbor. We HEAR a Love Riot SONG ECHOING up from down in the Subway. *

4 INT. FARE BOOTH/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAWN 4 *

LANGE steps off Escalator, queues up with fellow COMMUTERS paying fares. Again, the DISTANT THUNDER MIXING with the Love Riot SONG. A Train APPROACHES. The line of COMMUTERS presses forward to Fare Booth. LANGE reads his newspaper, swept along in the tide. He tosses his empty coffee into trash can, reaches for his fare, all the while fixated on his newspaper. PICK UP FARE ATTENDANT, fifties, slow and deliberate in her fare transactions. The SOUND of the Train CLOSER. LANGE slides his fare to ATTENDANT, focused on his sports section, pushes against turnstile, is stalled. LANGE and ATTENDANT exchange an "up yours" look. LANGE pushes against turnstile repeatedly. The ATTENDANT, sneering, activates turnstile. LANGE passes through, jostles up against the backsides of COMMUTERS on Platform. *

5 INT. PLATFORM/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAWN

5 *

LANGE zips in and out of this clusterfuck. PICK UP COMMUTERS giving LANGE a "this jerk, again" look. He heads to Far End of Platform, passing by a SUBWAY BAND PLAYING the Love Riot TUNE. A COMMUTER slows in front of LANGE, drops spare change into the Band's donation cigar box. The SOUND of the Train CLOSER. LANGE skirts edge of Platform, peers down Tunnel.

*

His POV: The approaching Train's headlights bearing down.

LANGE winds his way around COMMUTERS, who lean over edge and watch the Train's approach. THUNDEROUS ROAR as Train enters Station. The Train SLOWS, COMMUTERS pool in areas where the doors will open. A Pavlovian cha-cha. PICK UP LANGE buffeted by the Train's trailwinds, headed to Last Car. PICK UP SUBWAY CONDUCTOR opening his booth's window, leaning out to survey the morning CROWD. LANGE passes under CONDUCTOR's shoulders through a POOL of COMMUTERS and then is jostled from the side by LARRY BIEDRON, thirties, brownbagger, who has cut in front of LANGE. BIEDRON stumbles, LANGE runs up against BIEDRON's backside. BIEDRON throws his hands out to break his fall. LANGE, his feet tangled up with BIEDRON, stumbles and falls into BIEDRON. PICK UP COMMUTERS glimpsing LANGE and BIEDRON tangled up. PICK UP LANGE and BIEDRON swan-diving into the still moving Train. PICK UP SUBWAY BAND CUTTING OFF SONG in mid-chorus. PICK UP SUBWAY CONDUCTOR fumbling to hit emergency brake button. We HEAR a Man's SCREAMS SEGUEING into the SCREECH of the Train's brakes locking up. PICK UP BIEDRON open-mouthed. CU on LANGE, his face contorted in confusion and pain.

LANGE's POV: COMMUTERS standing higher. A strange perspective.

RESUME LANGE, feeling himself being pulled along. He looks at his waist. PULL BACK to REVEAL LANGE, pinned at the waist, suspended between the Train and the Platform. He is being dragged along with the train. The Train LURCHES to a stop. CU on LANGE, going into shock,

*

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

6 INT. PLATFORM/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

6 *

Ten minutes later. BEDLAM. FIREMEN rig air hoses and compressors to Maxi-Force bags. EMT PERSONNEL roll a gurney around a Canvas Screening being set up by FIREMEN and TRANSIT WORKERS to shield the scene. PASSENGERS on Train are being led out through the Front Car. COMMUTERS are pooled at Far End of Platform, being interviewed by UNIFORMS. A BACKGROUND CACOPHONY of technical and medical JARGON PLAYS throughout. FRANK PEMBLETON and TIM BAYLISS walk onto Platform. They pass BIEDRON being interviewed by Sergeant SALLY ROGERS. BIEDRON is distraught.

BIEDRON

...I don't know. Somebody pushes me. I start falling...

ROGERS approaches PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, ushers them around Canvas Screening.

7 INT. LANGE PLATFORM AREA/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

7 *

ROGERS, PEMBLETON and BAYLISS.

ROGERS

Victim is a thirty-seven year old male. John Lange. L-A-N-G-E.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS weave around a CLUSTER of FIREMEN, see a conscious LANGE being attended to by EMT, JOY TOLSON. LANGE is hooked up to an airway in his nose. An I.V. runs into each arm. He is alert. TOLSON monitors blood pressure, talks on cell phone to Shock Trauma. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS pause, taken aback.

PEMBLETON

You said "victim".

ROGERS

He's gonna be.

BAYLISS

He's gonna be?

ROGERS

That's the word I get from the paramedics. Why do you think I called Homicide?

BAYLISS

He's a jumper?

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

ROGERS
(points to BIEDRON)
The man there...
(points to LANGE)
...And our guy here, they tangle up
somehow and our guy ends up the way
you see him.

BAYLISS whistles low, "no luck".

PEMBLETON
It's an accident?

ROGERS
(nods)
I guess.

BAYLISS
Any witnesses?

ROGERS points to the DOZENS of COMMUTERS being cordoned off
by a PHALANX of UNIFORMS.

ROGERS
Take your pick.

EMT #1 comes up to ROGERS.

EMT #1
You wanna look now? The Metro
guys, they've got the third rail
shut down. *

ROGERS
These detectives are in charge.

EMT #1
(to PEMBLETON)
Lemme show you what's what. This
is a doozy.

PEMBLETON gestures for EMT #1 to lead on. BAYLISS calls
after PEMBLETON, pointing to BIEDRON.

BAYLISS
I'll start with the other one.

ROGERS
His name's Larry Biedron. *

PEMBLETON
Call in and see if we can get some
help with the witnesses or we'll be
here for weeks.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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4A.*

7 CONTINUED: 2

7

PEMBLETON (cont.)
And with them all going to be late
for work, they'll get testy fast.

BAYLISS heads off to BIEDRON. EMT #1 leads PEMBLETON down a
Ladder onto Tracks.

8 INT. TRACKS/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

8 *

More BEDLAM. FIREMEN set up portable worklights to illuminate the belly of the Lange Subway Car. TRANSIT SUPERVISORS, EMTs and FIREMEN huddle to sight where 2x4 blocks of cribbing is to be set between the Subway Car and the Platform. PICK UP PEMBLETON crawling under Subway Car. A TRANSIT WORKER holds out a hardhat to PEMBLETON. He waves it off. PEMBLETON looks up at LANGE's suspended lower body. He winces, forces himself to look again.

His POV: LANGE's lower body is twisted away from his waist a hundred-twenty degrees from normal.

PEMBLETON crawls from under Subway Car, walks down Tracks, followed by EMT #1. PEMBLETON fights a moment of nausea.

EMT #1

You alright?

PEMBLETON

He slips as the train is coming in?

EMT #1

'Best we can figure: He falls into the opening between two cars.

PEMBLETON

The train catches him --

EMT #1

-- And he gets pinned...
(uses hands to diagram in air)
...At his waist. The train's still moving, starts dragging him along, but him being pinned between the train and the platform, he's being dragged along with the train. But his legs are under him, hanging free. Bottom half of the train is hitting his legs, twisting everything from his waist down around like a rubberband. He isn't in much pain, though he's alert. I figure his spinal cord must be severed.

PEMBLETON

Growing up in New York, I'd hear about this happening from time to time. Never here.

EMT #1

First for me, too. Guess that puts Baltimore in the big leagues.

PEMBLETON looks at EMT #1 like he's crazy.

9 INT. PLATFORM/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

9 *

PICK UP BAYLISS on cell phone. BIEDRON stands a few feet away, sniffing, wiping his nose with the back of his sleeve. A UNIFORM hands BIEDRON a kleenex. BIEDRON swipes his nose, nods "thank you". BAYLISS holds up Biedron's I.D. card while talking on phone.

BAYLISS

...Just tell the Lieutenant there's enough witnesses here to fill a Trekkie convention. That he needs to spring us some help.

BAYLISS presses the "off" button on phone, hands to UNIFORM, turns to BIEDRON. UNIFORM walks off, BAYLISS calls after him.

BAYLISS (cont.)

Don't go too far with the phone.
(reads Biedron's I.D. card)
So it's "Beed-ron".

BIEDRON

Right. That's good. Most everyone pronounces it "Bye-dron". It's Polish, but the "S-K-I" got shortened when my great-great-whoever first come over.

BAYLISS

This is all you have? No driver's license?

BIEDRON

It's expired. I can't afford a car anyway.

BAYLISS

And you say someone pushed you.

BIEDRON

Yeah. I get... What's the word I want? Y'know, when you get bumped...

BAYLISS

"Bumped"?

BIEDRON

No, y'know, when someone, you're in a crowd...

BAYLISS

Bumped.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

No. BIEDRON

Jostled. BAYLISS

BIEDRON
...Yeah. I get "jostled" and next
thing I know, I'm picking myself
off the ground.

BAYLISS
You see who did this?

BIEDRON
No. And then I just see that man
stuck. The train...
(holds up thumb and index inches apart)
Misses me by this much. That could
be me there.

BIEDRON looks at BAYLISS sadly.

10 INT. LADDER AREA/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

10 *

PICK UP PEMBLETON and EMT #1 coming up Ladder. EMT #2 comes
down Ladder, holding a pair of M.A.S.T.s (Medical Anti-Shock
Trousers). PEMBLETON steps back and lets EMT #2 pass.
EMT #1 calls after EMT #2.

EMT #1
You need a hand?

EMT #2
I'll give you a holler when.

PEMBLETON and EMT #1 climb Ladder, heading to LANGE.

EMT #1
We're gonna hitch those pressure
pants onto him. When we haul him
out, they'll keep his guts from
falling into his legs.

PEMBLETON
The uniform told me there's no way
he survives.

EMT #1
We do it anyway. Protocol. We
have to give the poor bastard some
hope. Some idea that something's
being done for him.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

PEMBLETON

He doesn't know he's going to die.

EMT #1

We tried to bring it up... I asked him if he wanted a priest or minister, but he wasn't in any shape to understand when we first got down here. Best thing then was to keep him calm.

PEMBLETON

How long's he got?

EMT #1

Thirty, maybe forty minutes tops. The second we move him, he's a goner. *

PEMBLETON exhales slowly.

11 INT. LANGE PLATFORM AREA/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

11

PEMBLETON steps around Canvas Screening.

His POV: TOLSON kneels beside LANGE, talking on a cell phone to Shock Trauma. An airway feeds into LANGE's nose, an I.V. and portable EKG are hooked up to LANGE. TOLSON talks into phone.

TOLSON

...Correct, Doctor. He's tachycardic... Initial BP was ninety, dropped to eighty-four, but after a half-a-liter of ringers, it's up to ninety again.

PEMBLETON taps TOLSON on shoulder. TOLSON scoots over. PEMBLETON squats down, balancing himself on the balls of his feet, leans to LANGE.

PEMBLETON

Mr. Lange. I'm Frank Pembleton.

LANGE

Whatever you say.

PEMBLETON

I'm a detective --

LANGE..

-- A cop.

PEMBLETON

Right.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

LANGE

I've talked to you cops already.
Lemme talk to whoever's getting me
the hell outta this.

PEMBLETON

Mr. Lange, I have to ask you some
questions.

LANGE

What? How I'm doing?
(gestures to TOLSON)
Her every two seconds...
(gestures to CHAOS)
...Him, her, everyone and anyone,
they all ask: "How ya doing?" How
does it look like I'm doing? Hey,
this is a mystery?

PEMBLETON

Can you tell me what happened?

LANGE

Somebody pushes me.

PEMBLETON

You were pushed. You see who?

LANGE

Hey, pal, huh? I'm walking, like I
do every damn Friday, every Friday
for the last twelve years -- Ever
since the City built this thing and
I gotta be so civic-minded, okay,
with you? -- Minding my own
business and next thing I know I'm
knocked on my ass. Ba-boom. From
the blindside.

PEMBLETON

From the blindside.

LANGE

Some numbnut is falling in front of
me and then I don't know, alright?

PEMBLETON

This happens in front of you. You
don't see anyone push you.

LANGE

I got eyes in the back of my head?
(gestures to his waist)
What, I'd be like this?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 2

11

LANGE (cont.)

(to TOLSON)

We got an Einstein here.

PEMBLETON

Is there someone we can get ahold
of for you?

LANGE

What, at my work?

PEMBLETON

Family?

LANGE

My mom and dad are in Florida.
Retired. I got a brother down in
Wade's Point. Out on the shore.
Runs a bed and breakfast. If you
can get to my wallet, I have his
number somewhere.

TOLSON leans out of LANGE's view, motions to PEMBLETON by
tapping her wristwatch, shaking her head "no time".
PEMBLETON looks at TOLSON "no shit, Sherlock".

PEMBLETON

Anyone else, local? That we can
get in touch with right now.

LANGE

"Right now"? Why?
(to TOLSON)
I'm doing okay, right?

TOLSON

You're doing fine.

LANGE leans to his side to see the ACTIVITY under him, calls
down to FIREMEN.

LANGE

Hey, what's taking so long?

TOLSON gently guides LANGE upright.

TOLSON

You're going to pull the I.V. out.

LANGE

Whoops. Sorry sorry.

PEMBLETON

We should contact someone for you.

(CONTINUED)

1) CONTINUED: 3

11

LANGE

I've got a girlfriend. I've got an ex-wife somewhere, too. But you don't wanna know about her and I don't either.

PEMBLETON

How do I get ahold of your girlfriend?

LANGE

Hey, she isn't one for hospitals.

PEMBLETON

She should know anyway, right?

LANGE

We have a place over on Lombard. Fifteen-sixty-eight. 'S'bout a five block walk from here.

PEMBLETON

This is an apartment?

LANGE

Yeah yeah. Her name's Sara. Sara Flanigan.

PEMBLETON

She'd be home now?

LANGE

Think so.

(glances at his watch)

Naw, she's still out. Jogging.

PEMBLETON

She's out running.

LANGE

For another hour or so.

PEMBLETON

Where does she go? Does she have a usual route?

LANGE

Down along the Harbor.

PEMBLETON

By the shops?

LANGE

Somewhere there, yeah.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 4

11

PEMBLETON
She's wearing... She's in running
clothes.

LANGE
Blue something or other.

PEMBLETON
Blue something what?

LANGE
Blue, and I don't know, running
suit.

PEMBLETON
And she's how tall?

LANGE
How tall? Five-something.

PEMBLETON
-Six, -seven. Or shorter?

LANGE
Just go to the apartment. Nine-C.
She'll be there soon enough.

PEMBLETON
Brown hair? Blonde?

LANGE looks to TOLSON, looks to PEMBLETON. Pause. LANGE
and PEMBLETON lock eyes, unblinking.

LANGE
What.

PEMBLETON blinks, looks away.

LANGE (cont.)
What's going on?
(to TOLSON)
You say I'm okay.
(to PEMBLETON)
How bad am I? What, my legs?

PEMBLETON sighs, looks straight into LANGE's eyes. Pause.

LANGE (cont.)
I'm going to lose my legs?

LANGE leans to his side again, calls down.

LANGE (cont.)
Whaddya doing down there? You
doing something to my legs?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 5

11

TOLSON restrains LANGE. LANGE shoves TOLSON's hands away.

LANGE (cont.)
They amputating me?

PEMBLETON
No.

LANGE
Don't lie.

PEMBLETON
I'm not.

LANGE
You're lying.

LANGE begins to hyperventilate. TOLSON adjusts his airway.

TOLSON
Easy. Deep breaths. C'mon.

LANGE
No.

TOLSON
Yeah, you wanna. Like before.

PEMBLETON
Sara has what color hair --

TOLSON waves off PEMBLETON "not now". LANGE inhales deeply, holds his breath for a three count.

TOLSON
You want to inflate your stomach like it's a balloon.

LANGE exhales slowly through pursed lips.

TOLSON (cont.)
Good.

LANGE repeats exhaling.

LANGE
Like I'm blowing out a birthday candle, right?

TOLSON nods. LANGE turns to PEMBLETON.

LANGE (cont.)
It's not my legs.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 6

11

PEMBLETON

No.

LANGE and PEMBLETON look at each other, staring into the back of the other's skull.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

I think we should get Sara here.

LANGE

Now?

PEMBLETON hesitates.

PEMBLETON

Mr. Lange --

LANGE

-- No. No. I'm alright. I'm talking to you, you're talking to me. I hear what you're saying, you're hearing me. No.

PEMBLETON

Mr. Lange.

LANGE

Don't "Mister" me.

PEMBLETON

John. It's John, right?

LANGE

(to TOLSON)
You medical guys, you're the best, right?

TOLSON

We try.

LANGE

(to PEMBLETON)
They're the best, okay?

PEMBLETON

Help me find Sara.

LANGE SLAPS his hands together, thumps his chest.

LANGE

I'm fine. I feel good. No pain or anything. Lookit...
(SLAPS his hands together again)
See. I can do that. I felt that.
That's a good sign.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 7

11

PEMBLETON

Could you give me a description of Sara?

LANGE

I did already. I should call work. Explain things. I got a job to keep, y'know.

(to TOLSON)

Lemme have that phone.

TOLSON

I have to keep the line open to the hospital.

LANGE

Just for a sec, huh?

PEMBLETON

You want Sara here, John.

LANGE

I work restaurant supplies. You gotta hustle, y'know? Napkins, toothpicks, the liquid soap for them dispensers in the johns -- Remember how nasty that powdered stuff was -- The martini's back big-time, did'ja know that?

PEMBLETON

Let's get Sara for you.

LANGE

Been getting orders up the wazoo for olives and cocktail onions.

PEMBLETON

She should be here --

LANGE

-- These olives are special from Spain, dipped in vermouth, gives 'em an edge. I have a warehouse full of 'em --

PEMBLETON

-- What's she look like --

LANGE

-- Lots of martinis being knocked back out. there she's the most beautiful creature put on God's earth, alright, that you would care --

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 8

11

PEMBLETON

-- She'd want to be here.

LANGE takes the airway from his nose, flings it at TOLSON, then pulls on the I.V. TOLSON restrains him. LANGE throws a punch at TOLSON. PEMBLETON places his hands on LANGE's shoulders. LANGE elbows them away, looks at I.V.

LANGE

What, I don't need this stuff.
This is what you're saying? This
is a goof, huh?

PEMBLETON looks away.

LANGE (cont.)

I gotta take the subway today, huh?
Mondays through Thursdays, I'm
driving my car. Gladhanding my
customers. Fridays, I work the
phones to my wholesalers. Why's
today gotta be Friday?
(grimaces)
Tell me I'm okay.

PEMBLETON looks back at LANGE. As LANGE glares at PEMBLETON, smiles a "fuck you, fuck this",

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

12 INT. INTERVIEW AREA/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

12 *

BAYLISS talks with the SUBWAY BAND.

BAYLISS

...You saw him trip and then fall
into the other man...

BAND MEMBER #1

Yeah, and he goes flying --

BAND MEMBER #2

-- Doing like a swandive right into
the train --

BAND MEMBER #1

-- And it's like, whoa, you see it
happening, but there's nothing you
can do --

BAYLISS

To you, it's an accident.

BAND MEMBER #2

Yeah. Like watching a head-on
collision. Messed up. You don't
wanna look, but you gotta.

TIME CUT TO:

BAYLISS with COMMUTER, male, black, thirties. COMMUTER
points to BIEDRON. BIEDRON leans against a far wall,
attended to by EMT #1.

COMMUTER

He throws his legs out to trip the
guy.

BAYLISS

You're saying it was on purpose?

COMMUTER

Oh, yeah. Deliberate as hell. You
fall, and y'know, you try to get up
right away...

(points to BIEDRON)

...But him, he stays down and I see
him look back, like he's seeing
where the other guy is...

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 2

12

LEWIS

What, you've got someone ground
into hamburger?

PEMBLETON

He's alive.

PEMBLETON gestures for LEWIS and FALSONE to go take a look.
LEWIS and FALSONE walk into Cordoned-off Area. BAYLISS
comes up to PEMBLETON.

BAYLISS

I have something a little hinky.
Some commuters say they saw my guy
shove your guy. Some say he
didn't.

PEMBLETON

Who do you believe?

BAYLISS

Who don't I?

PEMBLETON looks at BIEDRON, who stands in b.g., sipping from
bottle of water. EMT attaches blood pressure cuff to
BIEDRON.

PEMBLETON

Let's say he did push him. These
two know each other?

BAYLISS

Maybe some bad blood in their past.

PEMBLETON

Maybe.

BAYLISS

I'll run Biedron's name through the
computer.

LEWIS and FALSONE come up.

LEWIS

Zippety-do-dah, huh?

PEMBLETON takes out notepad, rips off sheet, hands it to
LEWIS.

LEWIS (cont.)

What?

PEMBLETON

I need you to find this woman.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 3

12

LEWIS

(reads sheet of paper)

"Sara Flanigan. Five-four. One-
twenty to one-thirty, l,b,s. Brown
hair" --

PEMBLETON

-- And eyes. Blue and something
running suit. She's jogging
somewhere around the Inner Harbor.
Around the Science Center. Federal
Hill.

FALSONE

What, last goodbyes?

LEWIS

Blue and something running suit?
That really narrows it down. Give
this to the uniforms. I was called
down here to help work witnesses.
Right, Timmy?

PEMBLETON

I told Lange I'd put our best
detectives on this.

LEWIS

Don't you try to backdoor me with
that "best" nonsense, alright? You
ain't about compliments, Frank.

PEMBLETON

He has less than an hour.

LEWIS looks to FALSONE, who shrugs.

FALSONE

Higher place in Heaven for us.

LEWIS looks at sheet of paper, pauses. PEMBLETON reaches
for sheet.

PEMBLETON

I'll go find her, you deal with the
guy.

LEWIS snatches it out of PEMBLETON's reach.

LEWIS

Pembleton, once again you've proved
yourself persuasive.

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED: 4

12

LEWIS walks off. FALSONE follows.

LEWIS (cont.)

Falsone, you wanna be some angel of
mercy, good. Just don't be
volunteering me, too.

PEMBLETON

(calls to LEWIS)

The Inner Harbor. Federal Hill.

LEWIS gestures "yeah yeah" without turning. BAYLISS holds
out Biedron's I.D. card to PEMBLETON.

BAYLISS

My guy's name is Biedron. Maybe
your guy recognizes his picture.

PEMBLETON takes I.D. card, glances at it. BAYLISS walks off
to BIEDRON. PEMBLETON turns to go back to LANGE. TRANSIT
SUPERVISOR intercepts him.

SUPERVISOR

You get what you need?

PEMBLETON

What?

SUPERVISOR

You about wrapped up here? We're
ready to go. All's we got to do is
set the bags, inflate 'em to muscle
the subway car away from the
platform and we can haul this man
out. *

PEMBLETON

What's the rush?

SUPERVISOR

No rush, but, I have twenty-
thousand morning riders being held
up on this line, so whatever you
can do to help me out, I'd
appreciate it.

PEMBLETON

You keep outta my face, you
understand.

PEMBLETON walks off to LANGE.

13 INT. LANGE PLATFORM AREA/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY 13 *

PEMBLETON squats down, leaning forward to LANGE. TOLSON loses the battle with LANGE over the airway.

LANGE

Then give me something. A shot for the pain.

TOLSON

You're in pain right now?

LANGE

I'm gonna be, right?

PEMBLETON

I've sent two of our detectives to find Sara. They're the best.

LANGE

Right. What, after they make their donut run?

(re: TOLSON)

Hey, cop, make this bitch go away. You're in charge.

PEMBLETON

Not of her.

LANGE

She's pissing me off.

TOLSON

I have to stay with you.

LANGE

And I say you go.

TOLSON

I can't do that.

LANGE

Then give me a shot of something.

TOLSON

Can't do that either.

LANGE

I'm who's in need here. Last time I looked.

(to PEMBLETON)

You can get me something.

TOLSON

(to PEMBLETON)

I've explained to Mr. Lange that any painkiller might make him lose consciousness --

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

LANGE

-- Okay --

TOLSON

-- Depress his respiration and
lower his blood pressure even more.

LANGE

That's my problem, not yours.

TOLSON

It would give the same symptoms of
you bleeding out. Bleeding
internally.

(to PEMBLETON)

He loses consciousness. That's the
sign.

LANGE

Of me dying?

PEMBLETON

There's nothing you can give him?

TOLSON

Nothing. If there is any chance of
saving Mr. Lange here --

PEMBLETON

-- There's a chance --

LANGE

-- That's crap. You said so
yourself.

TOLSON

It's a million-to-one, but if there
is, when we get him out, then I
can't give him anything now which
would jeopardize that chance.

PEMBLETON

You're saying he has a chance.

TOLSON

No.

PEMBLETON

You just said --

TOLSON

I said "if", a million-to-one --

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 2

13

LANGE

-- Then give me a shot.
(to PEMBLETON)
You see what I'm saying.

TOLSON

He's not a doctor, Mr. Lange.

LANGE

And neither the hell are you.
(to PEMBLETON)
I'm gonna die.

PEMBLETON

(to TOLSON)
What's the harm then, huh?

LANGE

(to PEMBLETON)
If I'm going, my last wish, okay?

PEMBLETON

(to TOLSON)
Maybe if you'd step away until he
settles down, okay?

LANGE

(to TOLSON)
Go find another train and throw
yourself in front of it, alright?

TOLSON

I can't leave.

PEMBLETON

I'm here.

TOLSON shrugs, stands, stretches out her back.

LANGE

What, a little sore, huh? Maybe
you could get yourself something
for the pain.

TOLSON exchanges a look with PEMBLETON.

TOLSON

I'll be...

TOLSON gestures to the opening in the Canvas Screening.
PEMBLETON nods. TOLSON walks off. LANGE gestures to
TOLSON.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 3

13

LANGE

The knucklehead is going to grab a
smoke. Suck in some nicotine.
Take a break. On me.
(pause)
Where's Sara?

PEMBLETON

We're getting her.

LANGE

You found her?

PEMBLETON

Not yet.

LANGE

But you're gonna.

PEMBLETON

Yeah.

LANGE

Right.

PEMBLETON

We will.

LANGE

'Cause if you don't, hey --

PEMBLETON

-- She'll be here.

LANGE

What, you're getting defensive on
me. What are ya, scared?
(smiles)
'S'not every day you talk to a dead
man, huh?

PEMBLETON

No.

LANGE

A bitch of a way to start the
morning.

PEMBLETON

Yeah.

LANGE

Get me something.

PEMBLETON

If I could...

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 4

13

LANGE

'Cause between me and you, I'm not checking out sober. I made myself that promise a long time ago... But she did say I have a million-to-one shot...

(pissed-off smile)

So. After me, what? Where do you go?

PEMBLETON

Go?

LANGE

From here. You're done for the day, you're gonna head home?

PEMBLETON

I don't know. No.

LANGE

You still have a whole work day to pull. Otherwise the taxpayer wouldn't be getting their dime's worth. I pay my taxes. I know. If it was up to me, I'd take off.

PEMBLETON

You got a point.

LANGE

Why couldn't I have driven my car today?

(grimaces)

I want my fare back.

PEMBLETON

Your what?

LANGE

My dollar-thirty-five. I paid the fare and did I get my ride?

PEMBLETON

No. You didn't.

LANGE

Then I get it back.

PEMBLETON

(scratches forehead)

Alright.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 5

13

LANGE

And you can tell that woman who takes the fares that she's a no-talent imbecile, sucking up pension time. You get it back, you do what you want with it, but the hell if I get taken.

PEMBLETON

No one's taking you.

LANGE

Wife?

PEMBLETON

Huh?

LANGE

Do you have a wife?

PEMBLETON

Wife. Yeah. Yes.

LANGE

She alright to you?

PEMBLETON

Yes.

LANGE

Kids?

PEMBLETON

One. A daughter. Another on the way.

LANGE

You've got the world by the ass.

PEMBLETON

I do, yeah.

LANGE

Kids. If I had had kids, I'd still be married. But there wasn't any, so what's the reason to stay hitched? There's that day you wake up and you just know that it's over. You lie to yourself, but I knew. It took me years to come around to the truth. Waste of time.

(beat; pissed-off smile)

The medic says I have a million-to-one shot. Why's she say that? When she knows.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 5

13

LANGE

And you can tell that woman who takes the fares that she's a no-talent imbecile, sucking up pension time. You get it back, you do what you want with it, but the hell if I get taken.

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(beat; pissed-off smile)

The medic says I have a million-to-one shot. Why's she say that? When she knows.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED: 6

13

PICK UP BAYLISS approaching PEMBLETON and LANGE. BIEDRON stands in the b.g. with ROGERS at his side.

BAYLISS
Frank.

PEMBLETON
(turns; then to LANGE)
This is my partner.

BAYLISS squats down, gestures to BIEDRON, turns to LANGE.

BAYLISS
Do you recognize the man there?

LANGE leans forward, focuses on BIEDRON.

BAYLISS (cont.)
You want him closer?

LANGE
I can see him. Who is he?

BAYLISS
You don't know him?

LANGE
Never seen him before. He's who
shoved me? *

BAYLISS
You've never had words or anything
with him?

LANGE
No. What's his name?
(calls to BIEDRON)
Hey, you moron, who are you? *

BAYLISS
(stands; to PEMBLETON)
I'm waiting to hear if this Biedron
comes up on the computers.

BAYLISS walks off with BIEDRON and ROGERS in tow. LANGE calls after BIEDRON.

LANGE
I want you dead, you sonofabitch.
You are dead to me.

On PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, exchanging a look,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

14 EXT. INNER HARBOR - DAY 14

Establishing.

15 INT. CAVALIER - DAY 15

LEWIS drives, FALSONE rides shotgun. They scan the sidewalks of the morning rush hour.

FALSONE

...Five-four, brown hair and eyes,
blue running suit... Sara Flanigan.
She's gotta be Irish-looking, eh?

LEWIS

What does that mean, "Irish-
looking"?

FALSONE

I don't know. She's got freckles
on her face and a shamrock in her
heart.

LEWIS

We gotta track this woman down in
an instant? Do I look like Missing
Persons? I couldn't find my own
behind with a map and a three day
headstart.

(sighs)

That guy, huh?

FALSONE slows Car, pointing to a passing WOMAN JOGGER in a
blue running suit.

FALSONE

Hey. Her?

LEWIS brakes. FALSONE rolls window. They watch the JOGGER
pass. She has red hair. The JOGGER notices FALSONE and
LEWIS staring, gives them a "you perverts" glare, runs off.

LEWIS

Naw. Red hair. We're looking for
brown.

FALSONE resumes driving. They scan CROWD.

FALSONE

Imagine you being him.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

LEWIS

Don't make my cojones shrivel up.
It's like walking out on that first
subzero day. It just grabs you by
your family jewels.

FALSONE

Like lumpy sex.

LEWIS

Lumpy sex. No such thing.

FALSONE

You don't get around a lot, do you?

LEWIS considers. On FALSONE, knowing of what he speaks,

CUT TO:

16 INT. LANGE PLATFORM AREA/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

16 *

PEMBLETON holds out Biedron's photo I.D. to LANGE. TOLSON
and two FIREMEN hover in b.g. The FIREMEN hold a deflated
Maxi-Force bag, sighting where to set the bag in the opening
between the Platform and the Subway Car.

PEMBLETON

I just have to be sure.

LANGE

You showed me his photo, you put
him in front of me. This is
getting kinda stupid.

PEMBLETON

So you don't know Biedron --

LANGE

-- What would I be doing knowing
some piece of crap like that? --

PEMBLETON

-- From your neighborhood --

LANGE

-- No.

PEMBLETON

The past few days, maybe last week,
something happens on the street
between you and someone, a few
words? --

LANGE

-- No.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED:

16

PEMBLETON

Maybe on your job --

LANGE

-- I'd remember, okay? --

PEMBLETON

-- Because of your work, you're in bars and restaurants all the time, maybe something --

LANGE backhands Biedron's I.D. card.

LANGE

-- I'd know if I knew him.

PEMBLETON

Maybe something with Sara?

LANGE

If that was it, I'd be the first to say. You think I don't want you to nail the guy who's killed me?

PEMBLETON looks at Biedron's I.D., looks away, pockets it.
LANGE reacts off of PEMBLETON's look.

LANGE (cont.)

But don't think for a second this is some accident.

PEMBLETON

You don't know him, there's not much for me to go on.

LANGE

Then what can you do?

PEMBLETON

What. I'm trying to --

LANGE

-- Trying? To do what?

(pissed-off smile)

You be me for one second and then you'd know: This crap doesn't just happen. This is not out of the blue. This has a stink all its own, alright? Go on that, pal. You think 'cause there's nothing between me and this Biedron -- Why am I even saying the twerp's name -- Nothing is nothing then?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 2

16

LANGE (cont.)

What are you, some second-string substitute cop? Some candyass jamoke? Look... I didn't mean that.

PEMBLETON nods.

LANGE (cont.)

It's just that... You've got nothing so I'm what? Just a lesson in bad luck?

PEMBLETON

No.

LANGE

Me, I was going about my day. I'm not bothering anyone. No one's bothering me. I'm a guy, someone gets outta hand, I walk away. There's nothing I can do about it. I've learned. Someone gets mad at me, I walk. I get mad, I walk.

PEMBLETON

I know.

LANGE

You do, huh? You're me and what you should be doing is walking away from here. I should. I'd be at my desk right now. Making calls, doing business, brown-nosing my boss, laughing at his lame jokes to try to angle myself for a raise, going to lunch, checking out some leg -- Did'ja know that in Europe, men go for leg, here, men go for bazooms, what's that say about this country, huh?

PEMBLETON

We see less leg here. Women wear pants.

LANGE

Flirting with every other girl that goes by -- But where the hell am I, huh? Stuck. Here. And what can I do about it? You, you're one of these Moes, or is it Curley, who's had a free pass on things. You're one of the lucky ones. Me, I'm just here to remind you how lucky.

(CONTINUED)

16 CONTINUED: 3

16

PEMBLETON looks away.

LANGE (cont.)

What, I'm wrong about you? You're gonna tell me tall tales of you in some rough 'n' tumble, cops and robbers, derring-do?

PEMBLETON

No.

LANGE

Then what the hell can you do for me? What good are you?

PEMBLETON

I don't know.

LANGE

I didn't mean that. I don't know what I mean. I'm being a jerk.
(pissed-off smile)
I just don't get it.

PEMBLETON grimaces, stands.

LANGE (cont.)

Where you going?

PEMBLETON

Nowhere.

LANGE

Right. Nowhere.
(glances at watch)
How long do we have?
(smirks)
I'm stuck here, you ain't going anywhere, fella.

PEMBLETON and LANGE exchange a look.

17 INT. INTERVIEW AREA/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

17

PICK UP BAYLISS with BIEDRON. EMT #1 removes a blood pressure cuff from BIEDRON's arm.

BIEDRON

I told you already. I don't have a driver's license because I can't afford a car, okay?

BAYLISS

It wasn't revoked?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

BIEDRON

You think I'd be taking the subway
if I could drive? All these
numbskulls down here pushing and
shoving.

BAYLISS

You've never driven a car?

BIEDRON

No.

BAYLISS

That's unusual. Never had a
driver's license?

BIEDRON

You would pay for something you
don't have any use for?

BAYLISS

Ever been arrested?

BIEDRON

Nope.

(to EMT #1)

I'm alright?

EMT #1

Yes.

BIEDRON

'Cause I feel sick.

BAYLISS

I'm running your name through our
computers, Larry. Nothing is going
to come up, is it? No surprises.

BIEDRON

No.

BAYLISS

Where were you headed this morning?

BIEDRON

This again?

BAYLISS

Yeah, again.

BIEDRON

I was going to interview for a job.

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED: 2

17

BAYLISS
What kind of job?

BIEDRON
Anything. I haven't had steady
work for the last year.

BAYLISS
What kind of work?

BIEDRON
Did I do last?

BAYLISS
Yeah.

BIEDRON
Moving stuff. Boxes. Warehouse
work.

BAYLISS
And this is for who?

BIEDRON
The company? I forget. Some Greek
name to it. It's been awhile.

BAYLISS
You can't remember the name of who
paid you last?

BIEDRON
Something. It starts with a "T",
"S".

BAYLISS
But it's Greek to you, huh?

BIEDRON
What? Oh, I get it. It's all
Greek to me.

BAYLISS
What?

BIEDRON
You were making a joke.

BAYLISS
No.

On BIEDRON, confused,

CUT TO:

18 EXT. COLUMBUS SCIENCE CENTER - DAY

18

LEWIS and FALSONE exit illegally parked Cavalier, scanning PASSERSBY. A few JOGGERS rush past. They walk to Entrance, see UNIFORMS, scanning Harborfront. They exchange waves.

FALSONE

...My two greatest fears? There's a rating system?

LEWIS

Number one is death.

FALSONE

I don't like thinking about that. Us getting shot at. When that glass was flying all around us. That pop-pop-pop.

LEWIS

You don't want to think about it 'cause your brain is tuned to block it out. The front of your brain holds back the unconscious. But deep inside somewhere in the brain stem, there's a time-code printed out on one tiny little neuron.

FALSONE

A time-code.

LEWIS

When you're gonna die.

FALSONE points to a WOMAN JOGGER in the distance.

FALSONE

Got a blue running suit.

LEWIS

(tries to focus)
Where?

FALSONE

(points)
There.

LEWIS

Where? I can't --

FALSONE

-- Naw. She's got blonde hair. We're looking for brown, right?

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

LEWIS

It's my eyes. I gotta go get 'em checked. Last year, it was my teeth. Next, it'll be my stomach. And then I'll get ball drop.

FALSONE

"Ball drop"?

LEWIS

Testicular droopage. You hit middle age and everything starts to go South.

FALSONE

Y'mean scrotal gravity.

LEWIS

Uh-huh.
(looks at his watch)
Where the hell is this woman?

On FALSONE, scanning JOGGERS approaching,

CUT TO:

19 INT. LANGE PLATFORM AREA/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

19 *

FIREMEN and TRANSIT WORKERS set the deflated Maxi-Force airbags between the Subway Car and Platform and begin to inflate them. We HEAR the HISS of compressors and regulators. PUSH AROUND Canvas Screening to REVEAL PEMBLETON holding a plastic baggie filled with ice cubes to LANGE. LANGE holds an ice cube, sucks on it. TOLSON continues to hover in the b.g.

LANGE

This is all I can have? No food or anything?

PEMBLETON

It's the best I could do. The medics say you're getting what you need through your I.V.

LANGE

(re: his arm with I.V.)
Tell 'em to hook this thing up to a damn cheeseburger. A chocolate malt. Something.

LANGE flings ice cube at TOLSON. TOLSON ducks.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

LANGE (cont.)

I can't get a last meal? A murderer, a serial killer about to get the plug pulled on him, he gets to choose a damn last meal. This is on your head, you miserable bitch.

(to PEMBLETON; re: HISS of compressors)
What am I hearing? Stand and see what's going on.

PEMBLETON stands, looks over top of Canvas Screening, sees airbag activity. PEMBLETON squats back down.

PEMBLETON

They're moving things.

LANGE

They're getting ready to take me out?

PEMBLETON

They're just setting up some things.

LANGE

How're they taking me out?

PEMBLETON

(hesitates)
They'll have to push this car off of you. Away from you.

LANGE

How?

PEMBLETON

They have this type of airbag.

LANGE

That's what I'm hearing? They're filling the bags already?

PEMBLETON

They're testing them.

LANGE

But not yet, right?

PEMBLETON

No.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 2

19

LANGE

Yeah. Okay.

(grimaces)

A feat of engineering just for me,
huh? I've become a spectacle.
You're getting Sara.

LANGE glances at his watch.

PEMBLETON

She'll be here.

LANGE deep-breathes again, pauses, scoops an ice cube from
the plastic bag, sucks on it.

LANGE

Okay. They fill the bags, then
what? They pull me out?

PEMBLETON

I think so.

LANGE

Then what?

PEMBLETON

Then, I don't know.

LANGE

That's my million-to-one shot.

PEMBLETON motions to TOLSON. TOLSON shrugs "who me?"

PEMBLETON

Yeah, you.

TOLSON comes over, kneels down, placing herself behind
PEMBLETON to shield herself from LANGE.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

You know better how to explain
what's gonna happen.

TOLSON

With what?

LANGE

When you pull me out.

TOLSON

We'll pull you out.

LANGE

I know that. After you pull me
out.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 3

19

TOLSON
We'll work on you.

LANGE
Work on me how?

TOLSON
We have established procedures.

LANGE
Yeah?

TOLSON
We go into action.

LANGE
And do what?

TOLSON
Standard procedures.

LANGE reaches for TOLSON.

LANGE
What? Dammit.

PEMBLETON restrains LANGE.

LANGE (cont.)
I'm pulled out, then what?

LANGE is seized by sharp pain. He shudders, grabs hold of PEMBLETON, a white-knuckle death grip.

PEMBLETON
What. You okay?

TOLSON slides over, reads portable EKG. PEMBLETON turns to TOLSON.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
What's going on?

LANGE throws his head back, gasping for breath, his death grip still on PEMBLETON's wrists. The pain lessens.

TOLSON
Tell me your name.

LANGE swallows hard, once, twice, rubs his eyes.

LANGE
This body of mine is going through
some nonsense, I tell you true.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 4

19

TOLSON

What's your name?

LANGE

You know my name.

TOLSON checks blood pressure, reads EKG.

TOLSON

Tell me your name.

LANGE

John Lange.

TOLSON

You're okay.

LANGE

Then what's the pain?

TOLSON

Is it easing?

LANGE

Yeah.

TOLSON

That's a good sign.

LANGE

That it's going away?

TOLSON

That you're having pain.

LANGE

My body is still fighting?

TOLSON

Yes.

LANGE

The million-to-one shot is looking better, huh?

TOLSON

We're going to do everything possible. Soon as we get you released, you'll have a defibrillator attached to you, we'll work to stabilize your heart and have you at the hospital in five minutes. We have a police escort for the ambulance standing by upstairs.

(CONTINUED)

LANGE

A defibrillator.

TOLSON

Your heart'll stop when you're
pulled out.

LANGE

How's it okay right now? *

TOLSON

Your body has sustained a lot of
trauma.

LANGE

My legs.

TOLSON

Your whole lower half.

LANGE

(looks to PEMBLETON)
You've seen it.

PEMBLETON

Yes.

LANGE

Promise me no matter what, they
don't cut my legs off me. Even if
I die. I'm catching a break
somewhere in all this garbage.

PEMBLETON

I understand.

LANGE

(to TOLSON)
You pull me out, how much time
before my heart stops?

TOLSON

Thirty seconds, a minute.

LANGE

And then five minutes to the
hospital.

TOLSON

Yes.

LANGE

(to PEMBLETON)
You heard her. She says five
minutes.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 6

19

PEMBLETON

Right. She did.

LANGE

Any longer than that, I want you to
take this lameass, drag her out
into the middle of the street and
shoot 'er.

PEMBLETON

Deal. How many shots?

LANGE considers, smiles his pissed-off smile. On TOLSON,
wide-eyed at PEMBLETON,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

20 INT. INTERVIEW AREA/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

20 *

PICK UP BAYLISS standing with ROGERS. BAYLISS reads a computer printout. BIEDRON sits in b.g., against a post.

BAYLISS

You have more information coming?

ROGERS

Yeah. This is just the first thing off the computer. We're faxing for clarification.

BAYLISS nods, rolls printout in his hand, walks to BIEDRON. TRANSIT SUPERVISOR intercepts him.

SUPERVISOR

We're waiting on this guy's family, huh?

BAYLISS

His girlfriend.

SUPERVISOR

I was told his family. Can you get a straight answer for me? I've got trains the other side that I've got to let come in.

SUPERVISOR throws up his hands, walks off, mumbling and grumbling. BAYLISS comes up to BIEDRON.

BAYLISS

Get up.

BIEDRON

I can't. My head.

BAYLISS grabs BIEDRON by his shirt collar, hauls him to his feet.

BAYLISS

Why is it you don't have a driver's license?

BIEDRON

Why you grabbing me? I got a headache. Can I get a pill or something?

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

BAYLISS

You don't have a license because
you're not from the State of
Maryland.

BIEDRON

Sure I am. I live here.

BAYLISS

Since when?

BIEDRON

What.

BAYLISS

When did you move here?

BIEDRON

When. I've been here three, four
years.

BAYLISS

You moved here.

BIEDRON

I wasn't born here if that's what
you're asking.

BAYLISS

You've had an I.D. card from
Maryland six months. How are you
here three, four years?

BIEDRON

I went and applied for it way long
ago. I need it back. You gave it
to that black cop, remember?

BAYLISS

You moved here from Chicago. Six
months ago.

BIEDRON

That's not right. I've got a room
up on Charles and Cathedral.
Right by the Clarion Hotel. You
know. I live here, but I've been
going to Chicago. Back and forth.
Here to there, there to here.

BAYLISS

What's this say?

BAYLISS opens the printout.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

BIEDRON

About what?

BAYLISS

This says you have a record in Chicago. You said you've never been arrested.

BIEDRON

(cranes neck to see the printout)
That says that?

BAYLISS grabs BIEDRON's shirt collar.

BAYLISS

What were you charged with?

BIEDRON

Don't know what you're talking about.

(re: BAYLISS' grip)

Come on, this is my good shirt. It's the only one I got for job interviews.

BAYLISS

You want, I'll grab you by your damn neck. What was the charge in Chicago?

BIEDRON

I never said I wasn't ever charged with anything. I was never convicted.

BAYLISS

I have information coming from Chicago about the charge and the disposition of it.

(re: printout)

What is Diversey? *

BIEDRON

Diversey. Hunh. *

BAYLISS

In Chicago.

BIEDRON

It's a place. It's on Irving and Narragansett Streets. West Side. It's a hospital.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 3

20

BAYLISS

You were put in a hospital for this charge?

BIEDRON

Yeah. They found I wasn't responsible.

BAYLISS

For what?

BIEDRON

I don't know. It was them saying, not me. It's supposed to be a place for people who have problems. And I had a problem for awhile, but now I'm alright.

BAYLISS grabs BIEDRON's neck, backs him against post.

BAYLISS

I want to know what you were charged with.

BIEDRON

They say I pushed someone.

BAYLISS

Pushed someone how?

BIEDRON

I don't know who. You're really giving me a headache right now.

BAYLISS

You pushed somebody. In Chicago? In the subway?

BIEDRON

I don't know.

BAYLISS

You pushed somebody in the subway. This is what the charge was.

BIEDRON

I didn't go to jail. They sent me to a hospital. The doctors there, they say I wasn't, what's the word, "competent". I didn't know what I was doing. I wasn't right. They say I won't be. Ever. I got the papers that'll tell you. Back at my place.

BAYLISS grabs BIEDRON and hauls him to UNIFORMS.

21 INT. LANGE PLATFORM AREA/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY 21 *

PICK UP PEMBLETON and LANGE. PEMBLETON now sits next to LANGE. The plastic baggie of ice lays melting at his side. TOLSON kneels next to LANGE again, monitoring his blood pressure and heartrate.

LANGE
You almost died?

PEMBLETON
On the job.

LANGE whistles "woo-wee". *

LANGE
A stroke? Kind of young for one of those, aren't you?

PEMBLETON
I get this hellacious headache and then next thing I know I'm waking up with some nurse's face in mine.

LANGE winces in pain.

TOLSON
Again?

LANGE
(pants breaths)
Yeah.

LANGE's face contorts in spasms. He tears up, then exhales slowly as the pain eases.

LANGE (cont.)
God.
(pissed-off smile)
Why'd He invent pain?

PEMBLETON
(to TOLSON)
He okay?

TOLSON
He's good.

LANGE
What's the cosmic reason for pain? *

PEMBLETON
When I laid there in the hospital, I'd think about that. All the time.

LANGE
God flash you the answer? What, 'cause we wouldn't know how good we have it otherwise? *

21 CONTINUED:

21

PEMBLETON

It's the one thing we have in common. There are times I think: A baby is born with something real wrong, a disease, like AIDS. This child is probably never going to experience happiness. But we know what that baby is feeling.

LANGE

I told you about my brother having a bed and breakfast?

PEMBLETON

Yeah, you did.

LANGE

Where is that? What is that for a grown man? He gets people first thing in the morning. When they're all nice and pleasant. This is a resort area he lives in so where's there going to be the mumble-grumble, grumble-mumble? It's some tourist: "Look at that scarlet-bellied warbler fly by the beautiful sky, Clyde". What kind of crap is that? Where is that at? Come five o'clock, quitting time, when the boss has pissed you off and you feel like throwing yourself and him off a roof, you ain't looking for an orange juice and a croissant. You're ordering hard martinis with a couple of imported olives. So who's the realist, huh? Me or my brother?

LANGE shudders, again locks a white-knuckled grip on PEMBLETON.

LANGE (cont.)

God invents pain, man invents booze. And right now He can kiss my ass.

PEMBLETON

You want some more ice?

PEMBLETON reaches for the plastic bag of ice, LANGE grips his hand tightly. LANGE tears up. PEMBLETON grabs hold of LANGE's arms to steady him. LANGE holds his breath, forces himself to exhale slowly. The pain eases. LANGE gives a pissed-off smile.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 2

21

PEMBLETON (cont.)

I'm in that hospital --

LANGE

-- This is your stroke? --

PEMBLETON

(nods)

-- Everyday this nurse comes in
with a metal bowl. Steel,
aluminum, I don't know.

(smiles)

I do know it's cold. Like it's
come straight outta the freezer.
The nurse, she asks me to give a
specimen. *

LANGE

Give a specimen. *

PEMBLETON

You ever crap when you're flat in
bed? The topper is: She's gotta
watch me. She has to write it up
in the charts. How much time I
took. How much it was. What it
weighed. It was humiliating. It
pissed me off, and I kept asking
myself: Why me? *

LANGE

You believe in Heaven?

(to TOLSON)

You, there's none for you brainless
wonders.

PEMBLETON

Do I believe in an afterlife?

LANGE

Yeah.

PEMBLETON pauses.

LANGE (cont.)

If there is -- And saying God
invented pain, so then I'm saying
there's a God -- You going to
Heaven?

PEMBLETON

Why, you want a priest?

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED: 3

21

LANGE

A priest would be putting the kabosh on any good karma I've got going now.

PEMBLETON

Me, I've got insurance against that. A scapular.

PEMBLETON takes out his wallet, digs behind his detective I.D. and pulls out a small, green-trimmed black and white picture of the Sacred Heart sealed in plastic. He holds it out to LANGE. LANGE takes it, looks.

LANGE

A little of that Catholic voodoo.

PEMBLETON

I got it when I was an altar boy. I served a priest's first Mass. I found it recently in a drawer. It's some twenty-odd years old.

LANGE

So there's a Heaven?

PEMBLETON

I want to believe there's a Hell. This job, I've come across some very wicked sonsofbitches. There has to be some justice beyond here.

LANGE

(re: scapular)

So you're just playing the percentages, huh?

LANGE grimaces again, starts breathing haltedly, trying to repeat the breathing exercise. The pain increases.

LANGE (cont.)

It's coming fast and furious now.

On PEMBLETON, holding LANGE to steady him,

CUT TO:

22 EXT. FEDERAL HILL - DAY

22

LEWIS and FALSONE climb the hill. LEWIS huffs and puffs. FALSONE hasn't broken a sweat. They scan JOGGERS running up and down the hill.

LEWIS

You never thought that?

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED:

22

FALSONE

Whaddya take me for, a pervert?

LEWIS

It doesn't take a pervert.
Everyone thinks about it.

FALSONE

Not me.

LEWIS

You never thought about making it
with two women?

FALSONE

At the same time, no.

LEWIS

You disappoint me.

FALSONE

That her?

FALSONE points to WOMAN JOGGER, late thirties, blue running
suit, coming downhill. She passes them.

FALSONE (cont.)

False alarm.

LEWIS

Red hair. I could see that.

FALSONE

Looked brown for a second.

LEWIS

We're not gonna find this woman.

FALSONE

I had that feeling, y'know.

LEWIS

Who'd you want there if you knew
you were gonna go?

FALSONE

What'd be fair is a day's notice.
Enough time to get all the
bastards who'd ever put it to me.
I'd take my gun and there'd be
personal scores settled. *

LEWIS focuses on a female JOGGER, brown hair, blue running
suit coming downhill.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 2

22

LEWIS

That's her.

FALSONE runs to block her route.

FALSONE

Sara Flanigan?

JOGGER stops.

JOGGER

Who?

FALSONE

You're Sara Flanigan.

JOGGER

(hesitates)
Why you asking?

LEWIS and FALSONE flash their badges.

JOGGER (cont.)

Oh. Cops.

FALSONE

You're Sara?

JOGGER

No.

LEWIS

We're just trying to find her.

JOGGER

She do something wrong? *

FALSONE

No.

JOGGER takes off downhill as LEWIS comes up to FALSONE.
They watch her for a beat, turn to scan the hill.

LEWIS

What's it feel like, y'know, when
you know it's all coming to an end?

FALSONE

That guy in the subway there, he
knows he's going.

LEWIS

It's better to get shot, huh? That
way, it'll only hurt for a minute.

(CONTINUED)

22 CONTINUED: 3

22

LEWIS and FALSONE wave to UNIFORMS up on the crest of the hill. UNIFORMS gesture "no luck". LEWIS and FALSONE walk downhill, scanning the distance.

FALSONE

Last year, my grandmother dies. I have to go to the nursing home to sign her body out to the funeral house. I'm talking to the Head Nurse and her assistant is standing next to her. A knockout. Beautiful broad. All of a sudden I'm thinking: I wanna nail this chick. My grandmother's just died and all my smart monkey instincts are telling me: Procreate.

LEWIS

That's just part of the grieving process.

On FALSONE, considering,

CUT TO:

23 INT. INTERVIEW AREA/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

23 *

UNIFORMS frisk BIEDRON, who is handcuffed behind his back. They seat him on a bench. CU on BIEDRON taking in the CROWD's attention. PICK UP BAYLISS standing with PEMBLETON a few steps away from LANGE, their backs turned to him.

PEMBLETON

He did this before?

BAYLISS

In Chicago. Three years ago.

PEMBLETON

Pushed someone. In a subway.

BAYLISS

(nods)

He says he was sent to some nuthouse. For eighteen months and then he was released. We should have the specifics some time today. You gonna let Lange know?

PEMBLETON

Tell him what? This was intentional? He's in a world of hurt, Tim. He's dying. He knows it. But he's fighting it.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

PEMBLETON (cont.)
How's it help I tell him he was
pushed by some headcase?

BAYLISS
An accident he could accept?

PEMBLETON
I don't know.

BAYLISS
He has a right to know.

PEMBLETON
Would you want to?

BAYLISS
You wouldn't?

PEMBLETON looks off into the middle distance.

BAYLISS (cont.)
Biedron is complaining he's hot.
Should I send him up to Hopkins?
We don't want to be responsible if
anything happens to him.

PEMBLETON
He's complaining he's hot?

PEMBLETON glares at BAYLISS, heads back to LANGE.

24 INT. LANGE PLATFORM AREA/INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

24 *

TOLSON scoots over. PEMBLETON squats down in front of
LANGE. LANGE holds out Pembleton's scapular.

LANGE
I can't take this.

PEMBLETON
That's okay.

LANGE
Naw. I don't think these things
are transferable.

LANGE presses the scapular into PEMBLETON's hand.

LANGE (cont.)
You and your partner?

PEMBLETON
Yeah?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

LANGE

That guy pushed me, didn't he?

PEMBLETON

Trying to find out for sure.

LANGE

But you think he did.

PEMBLETON

Yes.

LANGE

I was watching you and your partner talking. I know how to read people. I'm a salesman, remember? Did I tell you that, already?

Pain surges through LANGE. He grips PEMBLETON's hand.

LANGE (cont.)

Wow. I don't feel so good. What's going on? This is real different than before.

LANGE turns pale. TOLSON turns to PEMBLETON.

TOLSON

His blood pressure is dropping.

LANGE

Why'd the guy push me?

PEMBLETON

I don't know.

TOLSON

His heartrate is dropping.

TOLSON stands, WHISTLES, signals FIREMEN and other EMTs. They rush to LANGE, pushing Area open of Canvas Screening.

LANGE

She'll be here?

PEMBLETON

Don't you worry.

EMTs and FIREMEN push in, shoving PEMBLETON aside.

EMT #2

BP is eighty over fifty and dropping.

TOLSON reaches up and adjusts I.V. to run wide-open.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 2

24

TOLSON

He's going.
(to FIREMEN)

Let's get him out.

Organized BEDLAM. EMTs wheel gurney close to LANGE. FIREMEN work the air compressors and regulators to inflate the Maxi-Force bags. TECHNICAL JARGON is yelled back and forth between the FIREMAN throughout. NOISE from compressors and regulators HISS, RATTLE and HUM. We HEAR the Subway Car's wheels lifting from Track. Two FIREMEN emerge from underneath Subway Car to brace LANGE's lower body with their shoulders to keep LANGE from slipping down onto Tracks as he's released. BACK ON LANGE, who looks around, disoriented and strangely calm.

TOLSON (cont.)

What's your name?

LANGE

I'm okay.

EMT #2

Heartrate fifty, dropping.

TOLSON

What's your name?

No response.

TOLSON (cont.)

Where you at?

No response.

TOLSON (cont.)

Can you hear me?

No response.

TOLSON (cont.)

Mr. Lange, look at me.

LANGE

The leaves on a sugar maple tree.
When a storm is coming, they'll
turn over so the tree can take in
the rain.

EMT #2

BP is seventy over palp.

LANGE

What's my name?

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED: 3

24

PEMBLETON is being jostled around and shoved, but holds his ground.

PEMBLETON

What.

LANGE

My name. They're asking me my name.

PEMBLETON

Your name is John Lange.

LANGE

No. No, it's not.

The CHAOS builds as the Maxi-Force bags near maximum inflation. PEMBLETON is shoved further away from LANGE by EMTs and FIREMEN buzzing around LANGE. In the DIN of SCREAMING and YELLING by EMTs and FIREMEN and the SOUND of the air compressors and airbags INFLATING, LANGE, confused, trying to take in all the chaos, looks wildly about and spies PEMBLETON. They exchange a look. LANGE, his eyes glazing, experiences a moment of lucidity, and in a voice free of anxiety and which cuts through the DIN on its own wavelength:

LANGE (cont.)

I'm okay.

LANGE disappears behind the swirl of EMTs and FIREMEN, who set themselves for the procedure of hauling LANGE up. TOLSON holds defibrillator at the ready. PEMBLETON grimaces, heads to Exit. He hears the HIGH-PITCHED VOICES of EMTs, turns back to see.

His POV: LANGE is hauled up and quickly set on the gurney. As EMTs begin CPR, LANGE is again blocked by the swirl of FIREMEN.

The EMTs and FIREMEN wheel LANGE past PEMBLETON.

EMT #2

Still no pulse.

TOLSON

This guy looks pretty dead.

EMT #1

We're flatlining.

TOLSON

He's gone.

On PEMBLETON, watching them rush upstairs,

CUT TO:

25 EXT. INNER HARBOR SUBWAY STATION - DAY

25 *

LANGE is loaded into Ambulance. EMT #1 and #2 jump into Ambulance. Ambulance takes off to Shock Trauma with Squad Car, Mars lights running, leading. PEMBLETON comes up from Subway. The light of day blinds him as he walks to find an uncongested spot. A CROWD is being held back by UNIFORMS. Car traffic is still being rerouted by UNIFORMS. BAYLISS comes up to PEMBLETON. PEMBLETON sees BIEDRON sitting in locked Squad Car. He walks over to BIEDRON. BIEDRON leans against window.

BIEDRON

You still got my I.D. I need that back.

PEMBLETON glares at him, raises his hand to strike window, stops himself, walks off. PEMBLETON heads to Cavalier, BAYLISS joining him. We HEAR the THUNDER of the Subway starting up again. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS pause.

BAYLISS

You alright?

PEMBLETON

Did you ever notice when rain is coming, the leaves on a maple tree will turn over? Learn something everyday.

They walk to Cavalier and as they start to climb in:

PEMBLETON (cont.)

The guy, he says to me: "I'm okay"...

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS climb into Cavalier. BAYLISS keys IGNITION, guns Cavalier down Street. As Cavalier makes a right turn, we SEE SARA FLANIGAN jog up from around opposite corner of intersection. PULL BACK to REVEAL the Cavalier and FLANIGAN moving away from the aftermath. FLANIGAN jogs past FIREMEN loading the Maxi-Force bags back onto Trucks. On the Cavalier, disappearing into the distance,

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END