

HOMICIDE

LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Ten
"Sins of the Father"

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Story by
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Producer in Charge: James Yoshimura

Please note the action for "Sins of the Father" begins on Day 1 and ends on Night 2. All wardrobe, props, etc., should reflect the weather conditions of Winter in Baltimore.

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

"RIDENHOUR" in RED

"RIDENHOUR" in BLACK

This name is written under Falsone's name.

"GERBES" in RED

This name is written under Pembleton's name, then later erased.

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
LAURA BALLARD.....Callie Thorne

OFFICER JEFF WESTBY.....Granville Adams

ROBERT MORRIS.....
KRIS PARKER.....
CAROLINE RIDENHOUR.....
DENNIS RIGBY.....
MAZIE RIGBY.....
WILLIAM RIGBY.....

CORNER KID.....
HOMELESS MAN.....
NEIGHBOR.....
TRICKY.....

SETS

EXTERIORS

Baltimore
Charles Village
 Ridenhour Home
Jimmy's Restaurant
The Modern Art Gallery
Morgan State University
 Classroom Building
Old School Deejays Storefront
 Rear Lot
Orchard Street
 Abandoned Rowhouse
 Rowhouse
 Rowhouse Steps
 Street Corner
Police Headquarters
Windsor Hills
 Rigby Home
 Front Door

INTERIORS

Abandoned Rowhouse
 Basement
Ballard Car
Bus Station
 Ticket Counter
Cavalier
Gable and Cress, Inc.
 Downtown Suite
Homicide Unit
 "The Box"
 Coffee Room
 Giardello's Office
 Squad Room
Jimmy's Restaurant
Medical Examiner's Lab
 Autopsy Room
The Modern Art Gallery
Orchard Street Church
 Balcony
 Basement
 Sanctuary
Police Headquarters
 Garage
Ridenhour Home
 Study
Rigby Home
 Basement
 Den
 Dennis' Bedroom
 Garage
 Hallway
 Living Room
 Master Bedroom
 Second Floor
The Waterfront Restaurant

TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. BASEMENT/ABANDONED ROWHOUSE - DAY

1

Flashes from camera illuminate the beaten and bloody BODY of a white male in his early thirties, which hangs from a floor joist by a noose. There is no furniture near the VICTIM, although a broken, three-legged chair is against the far wall. MELDRICK LEWIS and PAUL FALSONE study the VICTIM.

FALSONE

Suicide?

LEWIS

Maybe.

FALSONE

Except how'd he get up on the rafters like that with his arms tied behind him?

LEWIS

That's what I was thinking.

FALSONE

(off chair)
That chair's too far away for him to have kicked it out.

LEWIS

Yep.

FALSONE

(examines hands)
And this knot. I'm not sure you can tie yourself up like that...

LEWIS

You can't.

FALSONE

And he's got some bruising around his face, too.

LEWIS

He surely does.

FALSONE

So it's a murder.
(looks up with awe)
Wow. A hanging murder.

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

LEWIS

Wow? Did a member of the Baltimore City Police Department's Homicide Unit use the word "wow" at a crime scene?

FALSONE

You got to admit, Meldrick, it's a little different. We get shootings and cuttings, cuttings and shootings, and every now and then, some mope pounds another guy to death with a baseball bat. But who goes to the trouble to hang people nowadays?

JULIANNA COX enters with Officer JEFF WESTBY. COX looks at VICTIM.

COX

Wow.

FALSONE looks to LEWIS, nods in affirmation.

COX (cont.)

Suicide?

FALSONE

Sure, when I say it, I'm stupid. When she says it...

COX examines knots, contusions.

LEWIS

She's been to medical school. She says stupid stuff and it sounds way smarter than when you say it.

COX

Thanks, I think.
(off BODY)

Not suicide. More like homicide from the look of things. Tell me: Who's the long-neck in the eight hundred dollar suit?

WESTBY

(offers wallet)

Matthew Ridenhour, thirty-three years. Money, credit cards, watch and wedding ring still on his person. Address of Saint Paul Street in Charles Village.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED: 2

1

WESTBY (cont.)

Also in his wallet, a business card
identifying him as a partner in
Gable and Cress.

COX

The advertising firm?

WESTBY

(reads card)

Yeah. It says advertising and
public relations. Address on
Charles Street.

Other UNIFORMS and M.E. TECHS enter, raise ladder next to
BODY.

COX

Why would some downtown advertising
executive be hanging around these
parts?

FALSONE

(to COX)

Anything else you can tell us?

COX

Nothing more until I get Mr.
Vertical laid out horizontally. So
any time you guys are ready...

LEWIS nods to UNIFORMS.

FALSONE

Wait a second.

(to LEWIS)

I always wanted to say this and I
might not have the chance again.

FALSONE steps forward stiffly, grimaces a la John Wayne.

FALSONE (cont.)

Cut 'im down.

COX looks at LEWIS.

LEWIS

Jimmy Cagney?

FALSONE

You know what your problem is,
Lewis? You're no fun at all.

As UNIFORMS lower the BODY,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 EXT. JIMMY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

2

TIM BAYLISS approaches, passing by a WOMAN, thirties, just as she SMACKS a harassing PANHANDLER in his kisser with her purse. BAYLISS takes the moment in without breaking stride, spies FRANK PEMBLETON sitting in window of Restaurant, TAPS on window. PEMBLETON reads through a casefile, glances up. BAYLISS enters.

3 INT. JIMMY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

3

Empty. Two WAITRESSES sit at counter, talking to GRILL CHEF. PEMBLETON sits over a plate of half-eaten dry wheat toast and a decaf coffee. BAYLISS comes up.

BAYLISS

Hey.

PEMBLETON continues to read through casefile.

BAYLISS (cont.)

You want company?

PEMBLETON

Help yourself.

BAYLISS sits. WAITRESS approaches. BAYLISS turns to WAITRESS.

BAYLISS

Coffee. And could I get some egg whites on a Kaiser roll. And throw some of your delicious homefries on it.

WAITRESS nods, heads to order up. BAYLISS peeks at Pemberton's casefile.

BAYLISS (cont.)

The Gerbes case.

PEMBLETON

I'm waiting for the Auto Pound Techs to send over their findings.

BAYLISS

We gonna charge the old lady?

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

PEMBLETON

She's an eighty-four year old
great-grandmother who says the
car's accelerator stuck.

WAITRESS brings over coffee. BAYLISS turns to WAITRESS.

BAYLISS

And some grapefruit juice.

WAITRESS nods, goes to order up.

BAYLISS (cont.)

How's your toast?

PEMBLETON

My toast. How's it supposed to be?

BAYLISS

I am famished.

PEMBLETON

Busy night?

BAYLISS

It was alright.

BAYLISS takes an end of wheat toast, eats. PEMBLETON
glares.

BAYLISS (cont.)

What.

PEMBLETON

Ask, huh?

BAYLISS pushes back from table in his chair. PEMBLETON
shakes his head, reads casefile.

BAYLISS

It was just a dinner.

PEMBLETON

Good.

BAYLISS

Hey, me and you, we've had dinner.
What? It was just a dinner.

PEMBLETON

With a guy.

BAYLISS

Yes.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 2

3

PEMBLETON

That redefines "dinner" for me.

LAURA BALLARD enters, sees PEMBLETON and BAYLISS.

BALLARD

'Morning, Frank. Tim.

BALLARD approaches.

PEMBLETON

'Morning.

BAYLISS

How are ya, Laura?

BALLARD

Hungry.

WAITRESS sets Bayliss' order on table.

BALLARD (cont.)

That smells good, Tim.

BAYLISS

Egg whites and homefries.

BALLARD

(to WAITRESS)

I'll have the same. And a coffee.

WAITRESS goes to order up. BALLARD surveys Bayliss' order.

BALLARD (cont.)

Grapefruit juice. Egg whites.
Healthy. I like that.

BAYLISS

Ever since I stopped with the egg
yolks, I dunno, I seem to have more
energy.

BALLARD

Me, I've been taking vitamins.
Megadoses of C, the Bs and beta
carotene.

BAYLISS

Antioxidents. They're essential.

BAYLISS reaches into his pocket, takes out a small metal
foil packet, opens it, spills out pills.

BALLARD

I take that stuff.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 3

3

BAYLISS
The minerals?

BALLARD
Zinc, chromium, copper, potassium,
boron --

BAYLISS
-- Magnesium, calcium.

BALLARD
The same. Small world.
(re: Bayliss' sandwich)
Lemme steal a bite of that.

BAYLISS holds out a chair to BALLARD. BALLARD sits, grabs sandwich, takes a bite, smiles to BAYLISS.

BALLARD (cont.)
Holy Samolies. This is some
sandwich. I could get addicted.

BAYLISS smiles, scoots closer to BALLARD. PEMBLETON stares.
BAYLISS picks up on PEMBLETON's look, waves it off.

BAYLISS
I invented this sandwich.

BALLARD
My compliments.
(re: Bayliss' sandwich)
Could I?

BAYLISS
(to BALLARD)
Go 'head.

PEMBLETON
Hey, why not? You're both
"famished".

BALLARD
You can have some of mine when it
comes.

PEMBLETON
(stands up)
I should get back to work.

BALLARD
Wait wait wait. I'm interrupting?

PEMBLETON
Not to fret. I've got a guy run
over last night.

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED: 4

3

BALLARD

Oh, that. Yeah, sad. That old woman shouldn't have been out driving at night, huh? You get to be that age, your eyes are shot.

BAYLISS

Which is why I'm up on my vitamins.

PEMBLETON

(to BAYLISS)

I hope this case really is a stuck accelerator. Everything else seems to be getting way too complicated.

PEMBLETON grabs casefile, exits.

4 EXT. JIMMY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

4

FOLLOW PEMBLETON as he passes by window.

PEMBLETON's POV: The WAITRESS brings Ballard's order. BALLARD offers her sandwich to BAYLISS. BAYLISS takes a bites, smiles.

PEMBLETON walks, scratches his forehead, laughs to himself. The PANHANDLER, approaching PEMBLETON with begging cup, sees PEMBLETON laughing to himself, moves quickly away. On the PANHANDLER, watching PEMBLETON pass laughing,

CUT TO:

5 EXT. ABANDONED ROWHOUSE/ORCHARD STREET - DAY

5

LEWIS stands with shivering HOMELESS MAN at Squad Car. All around are the street corner vestiges of a rough, inner-city neighborhood: DEALERS, ADDICTS, HANGERS-ON, etc.

LEWIS

So you found the guy.

HOMELESS MAN

Yes, Lord. White boy was just swinging there with his mouth open, like laketrout on a fishin' line.

LEWIS

(half-smiles)

You ever see him before around these parts?

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

HOMELESS MAN

If I had, he'd a been remembered,
all dressed up like that.

As LEWIS writes in his pad,

CUT TO:

6 EXT. ROWHOUSE STEPS/ORCHARD STREET - DAY

6

FALSONE questions NEIGHBOR.

FALSONE

You say you were home all night.

NEIGHBOR

Next door been vacant for I don't
know how long. All kinds of dogs
and rats and everything else been
crawling through there. All kinds
of noises pop up and I don't pay it
any mind.

FALSONE

What kinda of noises did you hear
last night?

NEIGHBOR

Shouts. Tussling. Yelling... But
I don't know if any of that was
even real. Mighta been a
television set someone had on
across the alley.

As FALSONE exhales,

CUT TO:

7 EXT. ABANDONED ROWHOUSE/ORCHARD STREET - DAY

7

LEWIS continues with HOMELESS MAN.

LEWIS

What time was it when you found
him?

HOMELESS MAN checks his empty wrist.

HOMELESS MAN

I'll be damned. Lost my Rolex.

On LEWIS, acknowledging the point,

CUT TO:

8 EXT. STREET CORNER/ORCHARD STREET - DAY

8

FALSONE interviews a CORNER KID, fifteen, who looks over his shoulder at his CREW, which stands sullenly across Street.

CORNER KID

I ain't seen nothing.

FALSONE

C'mon. This is your corner. That's your crew. What kind of self-respecting drug dealer works without knowing the corner.

CORNER KID

I don't sell drugs.

FALSONE

Okay, I'm not a cop.

The CORNER KID laughs.

FALSONE (cont.)

Okay, I'm not Narcotics. I'm Homicide. Gimme a little something to play with.

FALSONE hands the KID a Polaroid.

CORNER KID

Dag. Look what happened to that man's neck. Stretched him out.

FALSONE

It's all about the laws of gravity, homes. Look at his face. You recognize the guy? Is he a customer?

CORNER KID

I ain't never seen him before. Never copped from us.

On FALSONE, looking at the KID, believing him,

CUT TO:

9 INT. GARAGE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

9

CU on 8x10 photo of Gerbes case. The photo shows Crime Scene Tech measuring off skid marks in middle of intersection leading up to an '87 Ford parked on sidewalk. PULL BACK to REVEAL BAYLISS studying photo. PULL BACK FURTHER to REVEAL the same '87 Ford with a bashed-in front end lifted on Tow Truck. PEMBLETON and Auto Pound TECH study damaged front end. JOHN MUNCH and MIKE KELLERMAN exit a Cavalier, come up to BAYLISS.

MUNCH

This the car?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED:

9

BAYLISS

This is it.

KELLERMAN

Lookit that front end. How fast
was that old lady going?

BAYLISS

She sent victim Gerbes sailing over
a hundred feet.

KELLERMAN whistles, impressed.

MUNCH

Little ol' lady from Pasadena. Go,
Granny, go.

MUNCH walks off.

KELLERMAN

How's with you and Julianna?

BAYLISS

I'm working here, Kellerman.

KELLERMAN whistles, derisively, walks off to catch MUNCH.
PEMBLETON comes up.

PEMBLETON

Our Auto Tech says from his first
looks, the Nichols car's brakes and
linkage are in good condition. He
also checked the carburetor and it
was clean.

BAYLISS

So, the accelerator couldn't've
stuck.

PEMBLETON

Could be Nichols mistook the
accelerator for the brake.

BAYLISS

Maybe we should talk to her and get
this figured out.

PEMBLETON

I thought you and our esteemed
Medical Examiner were dancing the
light fantastic.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 2

9

BAYLISS

It was great while it lasted, but
it's over.

PEMBLETON

What'd you and Ballard get figured
out?

BAYLISS

About what?

PEMBLETON

I see you putting the moves on her
at Jimmy's. You got a thing for
her?

BAYLISS

Ballard? I dunno. She's
beautiful. She smolders. She has
wonderful skin. Who knows?

PEMBLETON

She "smolders"?

BAYLISS

I find her very attractive.

PEMBLETON

Who don't you?

BAYLISS

Hey, when we're riding together on
the Frandina case --

PEMBLETON

Frandina?

BAYLISS

Four years ago? The phone sex
chick.

PEMBLETON

Frandina.

BAYLISS

She was strangled, with a leather
belt.

PEMBLETON

Right. You're, what, thinking
about Ballard and leather?

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: 3

9

BAYLISS

I'm remembering -- That's a thought, though -- Someone saying to me: "Experiment. There is nothing wrong with experimenting".

PEMBLETON

I'm this someone.

BAYLISS

You tell me I close cases, Detective. I should know what it is that makes me tick. Both the good and the bad. Virtue and vice. The ugly side. The forbidden. Otherwise, if I don't, it'll all sneak up and slam me.

PEMBLETON

I said this? I was probably just making conversation.

BAYLISS

You were stone serious. You were on one of your rants and raves.

PEMBLETON

This was in my pre-stroke days, Bayliss. This was four years ago.

BAYLISS

And it's always stayed with me.

PEMBLETON

You're saying I'm responsible for your confusion?

BAYLISS

I am not confused.

PEMBLETON

Take a pill.

BAYLISS

I'm finding out.

PEMBLETON

Outstanding.

BAYLISS glares at PEMBLETON. PEMBLETON waves him off.

BAYLISS

I should go talk to this Nichols woman. She must have panicked.

(CONTINUED)

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14.

9 CONTINUED: 4

9

PEMBLETON
That'd be my guess.

BAYLISS
That's what I think, too.

On BAYLISS, walking away,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

10 EXT. RIDENHOUR HOME/CHARLES VILLAGE - DAY

10

LEWIS and FALSONE park their Cavalier, take stock of a carefully appointed, three-story Rowhouse in a block that has been transformed by urban homesteaders.

FALSONE

Casa dolce casa for the yuppie advertising exec. You look at this place and you wonder what the hell he was doing over by the Orchard Street projects.

LEWIS

Same city, different worlds.

As LEWIS RINGS the buzzer,

CUT TO:

11 INT. STUDY/RIDENHOUR HOME - DAY

11

LEWIS and FALSONE prowl around a Study filled with nineteenth century antiques, including a veritable gallery of old family portraits, daguerreotypes and old sepia photographs. A torn Confederate battle flag is framed atop a piano, along with a print of the famous last meeting of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson.

FALSONE

This guy had some family.

LEWIS

You ain't just whistlin' Dixie.

FALSONE

It bothers you?

LEWIS looks up at the battleflag.

LEWIS

Little bit.

CAROLINE RIDENHOUR, early thirties, disheveled and depressed, enters Room, heads for chair.

CAROLINE

I'm sorry for leaving you down here so long. I had trouble getting the baby to go down for his nap.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

FALSONE

I know this is a bad time, but we have questions.

CAROLINE sits.

LEWIS

You have other family around?

CAROLINE

My mother's on the way up from Washington. She'll be here in an hour.

LEWIS

Good. That's good.

CAROLINE

So this is some kind of robbery? Someone killed Matt for his money?

FALSONE

No. His wallet and watch were found on him.

LEWIS

They'll be returned to you at some point after the case concludes.

CAROLINE

Then why?

FALSONE

Mrs. Ridenhour, did your husband have any kind of problem, with drugs or alcohol?

CAROLINE

Absolutely not.

LEWIS

Did he know anyone in West Baltimore?

CAROLINE

What are you suggesting?

FALSONE

Is there anyone he would have visited over on the Westside, over in the projects, near Orchard Street?

CAROLINE

No.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 2

11

LEWIS

Did he have any African-American friends, anyone, he had been associating with?

CAROLINE

Not that I know.

LEWIS looks from CAROLINE to flag. She catches the look.

CAROLINE (cont.)

If you mean, could he have made the acquaintance of a black person, the answer is yes. Matthew was open to all kinds of people, but right now, no one in particular comes to mind.

LEWIS

(off photos)
Quite a family.

CAROLINE

The Ridenhour family in Maryland can be traced all the way back to the seventeenth nineties. It was a hobby for Matt...

(to FALSONE)

Perhaps he was... What do they call it when they steal your car and take you hostage?

FALSONE

Carjacking?

CAROLINE

That's it.

LEWIS

His B.M.W. is still in his parking space in the company garage.

CAROLINE takes this in.

FALSONE

Were there any arguments in your family? Any disputes at the office that your husband told you about?

CAROLINE

No, nothing like that. Matt was doing really well. He was diligent and he put in the hours.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 3

11

CAROLINE (cont.)

In fact, he'd managed to snatch two national accounts away from a Madison Avenue firm. Southwest Airlines and Fidelity Investments.

LEWIS

That sounds like a lot of money.

CAROLINE

I think so, too.

FALSONE

How much, Mrs. Ridenhour?

CAROLINE

You'd have to talk to the people at Gable and Cress. I always get lost in the details.

LEWIS, still prowling Room, picks up a sepia-toned photo of a woman on horseback, holding a Confederate battleflag.

LEWIS

Who's the lady soldier on the horse?

CAROLINE

I think it's Matt's great-great-great grandmother.

LEWIS

She fought for the South?

CAROLINE

I guess not all the Southern belles sat on the front porch with mint juleps.

LEWIS half smiles, looks at photo again.

CAROLINE (cont.)

My husband didn't live in the past. His family's heritage -- It was more a matter of curiosity to him than anything else.

LEWIS

Did he belong to any of those groups, you know, the Sons of the Confederacy or something like that?

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: 4

11

CAROLINE
I'm sorry if all the history in
this room has made you
uncomfortable, Detective. But
history is all that it is.

As LEWIS, with an awkward nod, replaces the photo,

CUT TO:

12 INT. CAVALIER - DAY

12

LEWIS and FALSONE head back to Headquarters.

FALSONE
What was up with you in there?

LEWIS
What do you mean?

FALSONE
I'm working a murder at the far
edge of the twentieth century.
You're asking for history lessons.

LEWIS
Not often do I go into a victim's
house and see Dixie waving.

FALSONE
They were family mementos. It
doesn't mean anything.

LEWIS
To you maybe. But flags and swords
and Stonewall Jackson looking down
from the mantelpiece -- I don't
truck with that.

FALSONE
What? You think Matthew Ridenhour
is some kind of Grand Kleagle?
He's a mild-mannered advertising
executive by day, but after dark
he's riding through Baltimore with
a bedsheet on his head?

LEWIS
I'm just saying that all of that
"Gone with the Wind" crap gets
under my skin.

FALSONE
You want off this case?

(CONTINUED)

12 CONTINUED:

12

LEWIS

The man was murdered and I'm
working it. I'm a pro. I do this
for a living.

They drive in silence for a moment.

LEWIS (cont.)

So where was great-grandpa Falsone
during the War Between the States?

FALSONE

Stealing chickens in Palermo.

As LEWIS takes this in, nods comfortably,

CUT TO:

13 INT. DOWNTOWN SUITE/GABLE AND CRESS, INC. - DAY

13

LEWIS and FALSONE interview ROBERT MORRIS, senior partner,
in an office with a harbor view.

MORRIS

Twenty million.

LEWIS whistles.

MORRIS (cont.)

At least. I'm probably being too
conservative. The Fidelity account
alone is probably worth twenty to
us.

FALSONE

What would be Matthew Ridenhour's
cut of that deal?

MORRIS

A point and a half on commission.
Over the next two years, on that
account alone, he'd have pulled in
three hundred thousand. Add
another one hundred fifty thousand
for the Southwest account.

LEWIS

So our guy was a comer?

MORRIS

Matthew? He was the best junior
exec in this firm. I can't believe
that he's gone. What a waste.

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

MORRIS hands a Baltimore Sun business section clipping with Ridenhour's picture. Headline reads: "Ad Exec Lands Two National Accounts for Baltimore Firm".

FALSONE

Anyone in your line of work who would dislike the guy?

MORRIS

What do you mean?

FALSONE

Well, if he won the fight for those two big accounts, there must've been some losers, right?

MORRIS

The other bidders were some Madison Avenue firms up in New York. And within this firm, there were a couple other junior partners who would've liked the chance to land the accounts. But Matthew's presentation was really top-flight.

LEWIS

Could we get those names?

MORRIS

Surely. But I have to tell you, the advertising business is one in which clients jump ship all the time. Sales of some tooth-whitener drop by a percent. And a dozen empty suits are falling all over each other to blame the ad campaign. Sales go up a half a percent, those same suits are throwing bonus money at the same ad agency.

LEWIS

Sounds pretty cut-throat.

MORRIS

We cut throats every day, Detective. But I've never heard of anyone doing any actual bleeding.

On FALSONE and LEWIS, unconvinced,

CUT TO:

14 INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

14

STUART GHARTY sits, reading the sports section. PEMBLETON enters, goes to pour himself a cup of hot water.

GHARTY

All that decaf.

PEMBLETON

Wrong. Hot water.

GHARTY

So from low octane to no octane.

PEMBLETON

Yeah. Right.

GHARTY

I think the old lady panicked and got the gas pedal confused with the brakes.

PEMBLETON

Huh?

GHARTY

Your case. Kinda like Bayliss, huh?

PEMBLETON

What?

GHARTY

I hear things. Peculiar things.

PEMBLETON

Excuse me?

GHARTY

C'mon.

PEMBLETON

I have no idea what you're talking about.

GHARTY

You don't know. Stationhouse whispers. About your partner.

PEMBLETON comes over.

PEMBLETON

Whispers about Bayliss?

GHARTY

You've heard.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED:

14

PEMBLETON

Indulge me.

GHARTY

I hear Bayliss is a switchhitter.

PEMBLETON

Is that right?

GHARTY

That he's riding both sides of the
hobby horse.

PEMBLETON smiles. GHARTY laughs.

PEMBLETON

Both sides, huh?

GHARTY

Is that a kick in the head or what?

PEMBLETON

I hear he's interested in Ballard.

GHARTY is caught mid-laugh.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

They had breakfast together. What
do you make of that? It gets you
thinking, doesn't it?

GHARTY

They had breakfast?

PEMBLETON

Ask your partner. I was there. I
saw 'em. Together. Ballard with
Bayliss. So if Bayliss is supposed
to swing from both sides of the
plate, where is your partner on
this?

GHARTY

(stands)

Not my partner.

PEMBLETON

You standing for a reason?

GHARTY

What are you saying about Ballard?

PEMBLETON

You tell me this about Bayliss. I
see him with your partner.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 2

14

PEMBLETON (cont.)

I don't know what to think.

GHARTY

Think there's nothing to it.

PEMBLETON

No, huh?

GHARTY

No. Not a thing.

GHARTY and PEMBLETON stare at each other.

PEMBLETON

What.

GHARTY smiles a sick smile.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

You look real pissed. Don't let
this table get between me and you.

GHARTY

Not my partner.

PEMBLETON

Come around this table, Gharty, and
whisper that to me.

GHARTY

Right.

PEMBLETON sets his cup of hot water down on table.

GHARTY (cont.)

You want some of me?

PEMBLETON

You come around this table and I
will stomp your ass.

GHARTY and PEMBLETON stare at each other. GIARDELLO enters,
pours coffee, eyes PEMBLETON and GHARTY. GIARDELLO exits.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

And not my partner, you understand?
You don't say anything about him.

GHARTY

Whatever you say, pal.

PEMBLETON knocks his hot water over Gharty's Sports section.

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: 3

14

PEMBLETON

Were you reading that?

GHARTY grabs a chair, holds it for a second, SLAMS it back down, exits. On PEMBLETON, his forehead veins bulging,

CUT TO:

15 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM/MEDICAL EXAMINER'S LAB - DAY

15

LEWIS and FALSONE enter, locate COX.

COX

How's it going, guys?

FALSONE

No motive, no suspect.

COX

No kidding.

LEWIS

What do you say we change up and rule this thing a suicide?

COX leads them to the BODY of Ridenhour.

COX

We all know that Matthew Ridenhour didn't hang himself.

LEWIS

New rule: When a suspect is in custody, it's a murder. When the suspect is unknown, it's the worst damn case of suicide I ever seen. I think my new rule can make everyone happy.

COX

How about we keep it a homicide, but I give you more to go on?

FALSONE

Better than nothing, I guess.

COX pulls back sheet to reveal the BACK of the BODY, adorned with red, horizontal flesh wounds.

LEWIS

What the hell?

COX

Whipped.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

FALSONE

Say what?

COX

And what's more, he was whipped ante-mortem, before he was hanged. He had his shirt off and then at some point, after the lashing, he was allowed to redress. From the angle of the marks, I'd say he was on his knees and the assailant stood behind and to the left.

LEWIS

Whipped.

FALSONE

Damn. I seen a lot in my day, but this takes the cheese. We got a downtown suit that wandered into the ghetto and got himself whipped and hanged.

COX

If he were black and if this was nineteen forty-eight, I'd call it a lynching.

FALSONE

But he's white and it's the time of the Promise Keepers. So what the hell do we call it?

LEWIS

A mess.

COX

As for the noose, it was a professional fit. The traditional thirteen loops, one for Jesus and each of the Apostles.

FALSONE

Who knows stuff like that?

COX

What? How to make a hangman's noose? Executioners, forensic pathologists and probably any thirteen year old with the usual amount of morbid fascination.

LEWIS

Could this be some kind of sexual thing? An autoerotic hanging?

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED: 2

15

COX

An autoerotic hanging in a vacant
ghetto rowhouse. Now that is
kinky. I dunno, Meldrick, whenever
we see one of those, it's usually
some guy in women's underwear all
trussed up in his own bed with a
pile of skin magazines at his feet.
Sorry, guys, this one is bizarre.
But it's definitely a murder.

On LEWIS and FALSONE, staring at the lashes,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

- 16 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 16
Establishing. Shift Change.
- 17 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 17

LEWIS and FALSONE sit slumped at their desks. MUNCH and KELLERMAN sit, eating dinner. AL GIARDELLO exits his Office, carrying his overcoat, glances at "Ridenhour" in RED on "The Board", just as DETECTIVES from Second Shift turn "The Board" for the shift change.

MUNCH

Where are you at?

LEWIS

Right now, nowhere.

KELLERMAN

Your victim. He was really hanged and whipped?

FALSONE

Not necessarily in that order.

GIARDELLO

A white businessman tortured and executed in antique fashion in a part of Baltimore where white businessmen are not often found frequenting. Interesting.

FALSONE

Oh yeah, color us fascinated. My first thought is drugs.

LEWIS

But we've got no history of drug use from the family and no track marks or dirty urine from the morgue.

GIARDELLO takes this in, puts on overcoat.

GIARDELLO

Go back to the beginning.

FALSONE

The beginning?

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

GIARDELLO

To the crime scene and canvass. Go
back to square one and see the
terrain fresh, for the first time.

LEWIS

We been up and down that block,
Gee. It ain't there.

GIARDELLO

Then canvass the next block. Or
the next two. Everything about
this murder says it was planned.
This is not random. Your man is
hanging in that vacant rowhouse for
a reason.

GIARDELLO stares them down, smiles.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

You just don't know what the reason
is.

GIARDELLO exits. LEWIS looks at FALSONE.

FALSONE

Yet.

On LEWIS, exhaling wearily,

CUT TO:

18 INT. GARAGE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

18

BALLARD exits her Car, carrying a small grocery plastic bag.
GHARTY comes up.

GHARTY

Where ya coming from?

BALLARD

(gestures with bag)
I had to run some errands. We got
a call?

GHARTY

We're good. I was just looking for
you.

BALLARD

Oh, yeah, what?

GHARTY looks around Garage. UNIFORMS cluster. GHARTY
gestures to Ballard's Car.

(CONTINUED)

18 CONTINUED:

18

GHARTY

We gotta talk.

BALLARD

Step into my office.

BALLARD unlocks her Car.

19 INT. BALLARD CAR - DAY

19

They climb in, GHARTY on passenger side.

GHARTY

What did you have to buy?

BALLARD

I got some things for the
apartment.

GHARTY

Decorating.

BALLARD

Women's items, okay?

GHARTY

Oh. Yeah. Sure.

BALLARD

You alright?

GHARTY

Never better.

BALLARD

Stu.

No response.

BALLARD (cont.)

Gharty.

GHARTY

You had breakfast with Bayliss the
other day.

BALLARD

Yeah. Tim's a good guy.

GHARTY

Yes, he is.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

BALLARD

I would have never guessed he was so funny. He has a wicked sense of humor. A little strange.

GHARTY

Is that right?

BALLARD

But he's thoughtful. He thinks a lot. About a lot of things.

GHARTY

I hear that you have breakfast with Bayliss and I want to know where, if anywhere, this is going?

BALLARD

Between me and Tim?

GHARTY

It's not good getting involved with another detective.

BALLARD

"Involved"? We had breakfast.

GHARTY

People talk.

BALLARD

It was breakfast. That's all.

GHARTY

People are talking.

BALLARD

About me and Tim? What are they saying? Who is this "they"?

GHARTY

You're new here. Once things get said, they have a way of becoming nasty.

BALLARD

I can't have breakfast with a fellow detective? We do it all the time. Me and you.

GHARTY

That's different. We work together.

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED: 2

19

BALLARD
No different than me and Bayliss.

GHARTY
So that's what it was?
Professional.

BALLARD
You bet'cha.

GHARTY
Oh. Good. Great.

GHARTY and BALLARD exchange a look.

GHARTY (cont.)
No one's saying anything bad about
my partner. Ever.

BALLARD
Or mine, either.

They exchange smiles.

GHARTY
We should get back to work.

BALLARD
You got schmootz on your collar.

GHARTY strains to check his shirt collar.

BALLARD (cont.)
Looks like marinara sauce.

GHARTY
I just had some spaghetti. You
could tell, huh?

BALLARD smiles, exits her Car. On GHARTY, exiting, still
trying to locate the schmootz,

CUT TO:

20 EXT. ORCHARD STREET - DAY

20

LEWIS and FALSONE exit Cavalier, walk up on CORNER KID and
his DRUG CREW, who see them coming and are doing nothing
illegal.

FALSONE
My man.

CORNER KID
Oh, you thinkin' we friends now.

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED:

20

FALSONE

My mainest man.

FALSONE wraps an arm around CORNER KID's shoulder, starts to walk and talk him away from his CREW. LEWIS turns to face the CREW, smiles blandly.

LEWIS

Don't just say no to drugs, boys
and girls. Say, "No, thank you."

The CREW melts away. PAN to FALSONE and the CORNER KID,
with FALSONE's arm still draped across his shoulder.

CORNER KID

We already talked.

FALSONE

You know Mickey Robbins? Western
District Drug Squad?

CORNER KID

Robbins? He be stormin' out here.
That man like to lock everyone up.

FALSONE

Mickey broke me in. He loves me
like a brother. I tell him I got a
problem on this corner and his
whole squad is camped out in front
of that liquor store right there.

CORNER KID

Aw, man.

FALSONE

I kid you not. Every knocker in
the Western District will be right
there, toasting marshmallows,
singing campfire songs.

CORNER KID

You ain't even funny.

FALSONE

Me and my partner are going down
the block. When we come back up
the way, I expect you to tell me
something I don't yet know.

CORNER KID

This has gone past being fair. I
talk nice to you one day, you come
back and persecute me the next.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

20 CONTINUED: 2

20

CORNER KID (cont.)

Hard enough being a black man in
America before you got to messing
with me.

FALSONE

Don't go paranoid on me.

CORNER KID

Just 'cause I'm buggin' don't mean
you all ain't out to get me.

FALSONE smiles, turns, walks toward LEWIS.

FALSONE

Kid's got flex. I like him.

On FALSONE, sincere,

CUT TO:

21 EXT. ROWHOUSE/ORCHARD STREET - DAY

21

LEWIS and FALSONE finish a doorstep interview with an aged,
shut-in RESIDENT. LEWIS hands out his card.

LEWIS

Thank you, anyhow. If you remember
anything else, just give me a call
at that number.

RESIDENT retreats into House. LEWIS and FALSONE step back
and survey Street.

FALSONE

That's it for both sides of the
street.

LEWIS

Rowhouses anyway.

FALSONE follows LEWIS' stare across Street, sees the Orchard
Street Church, adorned with a sign that reads: "Orchard
Street Church, Est. 1837, Station on the Underground
Railroad. Tours, Daily and Saturday".

FALSONE

It's a church, man.

LEWIS starts crossing Street.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

FALSONE (cont.)

Not even a church. It's like a museum or something. They ain't gonna know squat about what happens in some derelict rowhouse half a block away.

LEWIS

But I want to check it out. After soaking up all that Johnny Rebel slop yesterday, I need to balance my energy or something.

LEWIS heads for Entrance. On FALSONE, having his time wasted,

CUT TO:

22 INT. SANCTUARY/ORCHARD STREET CHURCH - DAY

22

CU on colorful stained glass window.

PARKER (o.c.)

You are standing on sacred ground.

PAN DOWN to LEWIS, FALSONE and KRIS PARKER, curator, mid-fifties, wizened face.

PARKER (cont.)

Orchard Street was one of many stops on the highway to freedom. The main stem of the Underground Railroad came through Quaker communities in Washington, Georgetown, up through Sandy Spring in Montgomery County and along the Northbound roads through Ellicott City and into Baltimore. This church, built in eighteen thirty-seven by enslaved and free blacks, was operating a year before Frederick Douglass made his famous escape from the President Street Station.

As FALSONE and LEWIS listen,

CUT TO:

23 INT. BALCONY/ORCHARD STREET CHURCH - DAY

23

PARKER (cont.)

The main sanctuary is symbolic of the slave ship.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

23 CONTINUED:

23

PARKER (cont.)

The beams were brought in from the
shipyards here in Baltimore.

As CAMERA PANS the ceiling,

CUT TO:

24 INT. BASEMENT/ORCHARD STREET CHURCH - DAY

24

CU on a wall of old red brick. PAN UP to FALSONE, LEWIS and
PARKER coming downstairs.

PARKER (cont.)

I like to think that this is where
the spirits are.

PARKER stands by a small window in the wall.

PARKER (cont.)

Maryland was deeply divided over
slavery. Baltimore had strong
successionist leanings and runaway
slaves were hunted on bounties
everywhere below the Mason-Dixon
line. So secrecy and caution were
essentials.

PARKER points to the opening.

PARKER (cont.)

An escape tunnel. This was
probably made to look like part of
a pantry or cupboard. But the
tunnel actually travels seventy-
five yards toward what is now
Martin Luther King, Jr. Boulevard.

LEWIS reaches his hand into Tunnel, touches the bricks.

LEWIS

Runaway slaves went through here?

PARKER

Yes.

Awed, LEWIS steps into the shadow of the Tunnel. As HE
again touches the bricks and looks back into the light,
exchanges a look with PARKER,

CUT TO:

25 EXT. ORCHARD STREET - DAY

25

LEWIS and FALSONE return to their Cavalier.

LEWIS

It didn't do much for the casefile,
but I just felt the need.

FALSONE

No problem.

They are about to enter Cavalier, when CORNER KID shows himself.

CORNER KID

Yo.

FALSONE

Yeah.

CORNER KID

A white van.

FALSONE

Excuse me?

CORNER KID

I'm giving you something you don't
know. That's the deal, right?

LEWIS

That's the deal.

CORNER KID

A white van was in front of that
boarded-up house night before last.

FALSONE

What kind of van? You get make or
model? Plates?

CORNER KID

Wasn't noticing. But it had some
writing on the side -- Nothing I
remember -- And some of those
little flags and dots.

LEWIS

Flags and dots?

CORNER KID nods. FALSONE pulls out notepad and pen.

FALSONE

Show me.

The KID draws a series of musical notes. LEWIS and FALSONE
look at each other, then at the KID.

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

CORNER KID

We're cool, right?

FALSONE nods.

CORNER KID (cont.)

You all have a nice day.

FALSONE

You, too.

CORNER KID

Somewheres else.

The KID walks back toward his CREW, which waits patiently.
LEWIS nods toward them.

LEWIS

Let's go. We're slowing up trade.

As the DETECTIVES get into Cavalier,

CUT TO:

26 EXT. OLD SCHOOL DEEJAYS STOREFRONT - DAY

26

Establishing. A Storefront with sign reading "Old School
Deejays and Entertainment" on a City commercial strip.

27 EXT. REAR LOT/OLD SCHOOL DEEJAYS STOREFRONT - DAY

27

CU on company logo, replete with musical notes. PULL BACK
to REVEAL it adorning two white Vans parked on Lot, with
TRICKY, late twenties, dreadlocks, opening the rear doors for
LEWIS and FALSONE.

LEWIS

These are your only vans?

TRICKY

Man, please. My name ain't U-Haul.
I'm just starting out.

FALSONE

Where were they the night before
last? Were they in use?

TRICKY

I had one of them on a job in
Annapolis. Drove it back here and
locked it after we finished up.

LEWIS

Who had the other?

(CONTINUED)

27 CONTINUED:

27

TRICKY

Dennis. He had to spin some tunes at a dinner gig Thursday, but he didn't drop the van off until today. I almost fired his ass for that.

FALSONE

Dennis?

TRICKY

Dennis Rigby. I hired the man 'cause he looked responsible, you know. Like a professor and all, with reading glasses and library books. I figured the man was steady-rolling. But he's out there, man. He's gone.

LEWIS

What do you mean?

TRICKY

Man, I don't even want to get into it. Dennis is always talking some kinda craziness.

FALSONE

Where's he now?

TRICKY

Dropped the van yesterday and left work. Didn't show up today. You find his ass, you tell him he gonna be deep into explanations.

On FALSONE and LEWIS, conjuring a suspect,

CUT TO:

28 EXT. RIGBY HOME/WINDSOR HILLS - DAY

28

A white Cavalier pulls to the curb of a clean, well-kept detached Home. FALSONE and LEWIS exit, stand and take stock. Clearly, they are no longer in the ghetto. THEY start to door.

29 EXT. FRONT DOOR/RIGBY HOME/WINDSOR HILLS - DAY

29

WILLIAM RIGBY, sixties, opens up, gets badged by FALSONE.

WILLIAM

What's the matter?

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

FALSONE
City Police. We're looking for
Dennis Rigby.

WILLIAM
Why?

LEWIS
We just need to talk with him about
something we're working on.

WILLIAM
He's not here.

FALSONE
Can we come in, sir?

WILLIAM hesitates for a moment, then yields. As the
DETECTIVES step inside,

CUT TO:

30 INT. LIVING ROOM/RIGBY HOME - DAY

30

LEWIS and FALSONE sit with WILLIAM and MAZIE RIGBY. WILLIAM
is curious, detached. MAZIE is protective.

MAZIE
Has there been some trouble?

LEWIS
We just need to talk with Dennis,
ma'am. Sort some things.

MAZIE
My son is not about trouble.

WILLIAM
Graduated with honors from Morgan.
Ran track, too. And he going back
for more of the same.

MAZIE
Graduate school.

LEWIS gives up another business card.

LEWIS
We won't take too much of his time.
We just want to talk.

(CONTINUED)

30 CONTINUED:

30

MAZIE

Dennis is twenty-five years old.
And in all that time, no police has
ever walked through my door on his
account.

FALSONE

No, ma'am.

MAZIE

He's never been arrested. Never
been in trouble. Never gave us
cause to lose a minute's sleep.

LEWIS

We know that. But if you can have
him call, it will help us with some
things.

(to WILLIAM)

Pardon me, but could I use your
bathroom?

WILLIAM

Down the hall. To the right.

LEWIS exits.

MAZIE

(looks at card)
This says "Homicide".

MAZIE looks to WILLIAM with concern.

31 INT. HALLWAY/RIGBY HOME - DAY

31

LEWIS heads toward Bathroom, but looks back toward Living
Room. He does a quick plain-view search of the First Floor.
Then HE heads upstairs.

32 INT. SECOND FLOOR/RIGBY HOME - DAY

32

LEWIS checks Room, opening doors, scanning. He opens a
Bedroom door and stops. The Room, that of a young man, is
adorned with posters of Frederick Douglass, Sojourner Truth,
Harriet Tubman, A. Philip Randolph, Stokely Carmichael,
Malcolm X. It's half bedroom, half shrine. On LEWIS,
taking it in,

CUT TO:

33 INT. HALLWAY/RIGBY HOME - DAY

33

LEWIS comes downstairs, encounters WILLIAM, looking at him curiously.

LEWIS
Got lost. Sorry.

On WILLIAM, wondering,

CUT TO:

34 EXT. FRONT DOOR/RIGBY HOME/WINDSOR HILLS - DAY

34

FALSONE and LEWIS exit as MAZIE closes the door behind.

FALSONE
I think we're off the main branch.
This guy's a college type.

LEWIS says nothing.

FALSONE (cont.)
I'm thinking we got to go back and
follow all that advertising money.
Find the guy who thought he was
gonna get paid and then didn't.

LEWIS
No.

They reach their Cavalier.

LEWIS (cont.)
This is the guy.

FALSONE
Who, Rigby? Why? How does he even
know Matthew Ridenhour?

LEWIS can't quite figure it himself.

LEWIS
It's... I dunno. But I'm telling
you, it connects somehow.

On FALSONE, unconvinced,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

35 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY 35
Establishing.

36 INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY 36
LEWIS, FALSONE think it over with GIARDELLO and PEMBLETON.

GIARDELLO

Lewis, this time you have outdone yourself. For every other detective, the shortest distance between two points is a straight line. For you, it's a trip back into the last century.

LEWIS

I'm telling you, Gee. There's something there.

PEMBLETON

Drugs, sex, money -- That's the unholy trinity. You want a motive for murder, you look to your victim's life. You don't look in history books.

LEWIS

Check it out, Frank: My victim's found whipped and hung -- Or should I say whipped and lynched -- Not half a block from a church that was used to shelter runaway slaves. And he's a guy that has all kinds of Dixieland connections in his family tree. And we go visit the home of a suspect...

GIARDELLO

A potential suspect. The most you can do at this point is put his work van near the crime scene.

LEWIS

...Okay, potential suspect. We visit him and find the same kind of museum in his room, except this time, its pictures of righteous black folk on the walls.

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED:

36

PEMBLETON

This adds up to something?

FALSONE

I say we haven't done enough with the money this guy was making by snatching ad accounts.

PEMBLETON

Exactly. That money is real. You can die for it, kill for it.

GIARDELLO

And the murder takes place in the here and now. I agree.

LEWIS

I'm telling you. Matthew Ridenhour wasn't strung up over some advertising dollars.

PEMBLETON

Ridenhour?

LEWIS

Yeah.

PEMBLETON looks at GIARDELLO curiously.

GIARDELLO

What?

PEMBLETON

Ridenhour's the name of your victim?

FALSONE

Matthew Ridenhour.

GIARDELLO

What is it, Frank?

PEMBLETON leans back, conjures a memory.

PEMBLETON

Hush your mouth, go to sleep, for Ole Patty Ridenhour, take you back deep. Hogtie a man, over six foot four, kill little children, for too much noise. So, hush your mouth, get onto sleep, for Ole Patty Ridenhour, take you back deep.

FALSONE

Patty Ridenhour?

(CONTINUED)

36 CONTINUED: 2

36

LEWIS

What the hell kind of poem is that?

PEMBLETON

Something my grandmother taught me. In her house, Patty Ridenhour was one of the great bogeymen of childhood. The lady bountyhunter, chasing down runaway slaves. Beating them, shooting them, selling them back into slavery.

FALSONE

Was she real?

PEMBLETON

She was real enough to an eight year old, I can tell you. Didn't finish your peas, Patty Ridenhour will be coming. Didn't brush your teeth, Patty Ridenhour will be riding up to take another bad little boy away.

(laughs)

Grandma was quite a sadist now that I think about it. All the verses ended with some fresh act of cruelty.

(remembers)

Got a gang of seven, taking slave and freed, riding day and night, upon her coal black steed.

LEWIS

Coal black steed. I'll be damned.

FALSONE

A horse?

LEWIS stalks out of the Office. FALSONE looks to PEMBLETON, GIARDELLO, gets up to follow, reluctantly.

FALSONE (cont.)

But what about the advertising money?

GIARDELLO shakes his head, "no".

FALSONE (cont.)

Alright, I admit it. On this case, the white boy wouldn't know a clue if it was stapled to his ass.

FALSONE exits. On PEMBLETON and GIARDELLO, sharing a look,

CUT TO:

- 37 INT. STUDY/RIDENHOUR HOME - DAY 37
- SONG BEGINS. CU on photograph of Patty Ridenhour on horseback, as LEWIS picks up photo from mantle and gestures to CAROLINE, who nods. As LEWIS pockets photo and joins FALSONE on the way out,
- CUT TO:
- 38 EXT. FRONT DOOR/RIGBY HOME/WINDSOR HILLS - DAY 38
- SONG CONTINUES. MAZIE opens door, is greeted by FALSONE, LEWIS and UNIFORMS, who sweep past, handing her copy of search and seizure warrant. As WILLIAM arrives, looking stunned,
- CUT TO:
- 39 INT. DEN/RIGBY HOME - DAY 39
- SONG CONTINUES. LEWIS and UNIFORMS move through a First Floor Living Area, upending sofa and seat cushions and emptying the contents of a bureau. As the contents of bureau drawers are dumped atop a counter,
- CUT TO:
- 40 INT. MASTER BEDROOM/RIGBY HOME - DAY 40
- SONG CONTINUES. FALSONE goes through framed photographs on bedroom dresser, scooping up those depicting Dennis Rigby. As MAZIE looks on with displeasure,
- CUT TO:
- 41 INT. DENNIS' BEDROOM/RIGBY HOME - DAY 41
- SONG CONTINUES. LEWIS and FALSONE tear through their suspect's belongings, finding little, until LEWIS finds a lockbox at the bottom of the closet. The lock is battered off and they find a stash of history books, magazine articles and historical abstracts -- All dealing with slavery and pre-Civil War conditions in Maryland. The DETECTIVES root through the pile. CU on a historical monograph featuring the same photograph of Patty Ridenhour on horseback. As LEWIS drops the framed photograph next to its copy on the bed,
- CUT TO:

42 INT. GARAGE/RIGBY HOME - DAY 42

SONG CONTINUES. FALSONE climbs into Compact Car, checks the visors, the top of the dash. He opens glove compartment and retrieves a mess of paper. Going through it quickly, he locates a copy of the newspaper article in which Matthew Ridenhour is credited with winning two national accounts. As FALSONE stares at the clipping, in which the name "Ridenhour" is circled in the headline,

CUT TO:

43 INT. LIVING ROOM/RIGBY HOME - DAY 43

SONG CONTINUES. LEWIS and FALSONE sit opposite MAZIE and WILLIAM, questioning them, urging them to cooperate. WILLIAM looks to MAZIE, who seems to harden. As SHE shakes her head,

CUT TO:

44 EXT. FRONT DOOR/RIGBY HOME/WINDSOR HILLS - DAY 44

SONG CONTINUES, more softly, as LEWIS exits Home and joins FALSONE on the edge of the lawn.

LEWIS
Evidence, but no suspect.

FALSONE
Think he's running?

LEWIS
Seems like.

As UNIFORMS exit, carrying boxes of books and papers,

CUT TO:

45 EXT. BALTIMORE - NIGHT 45

Establishing.

46 EXT. CLASSROOM BUILDING/MORGAN STATE UNIVERSITY - NIGHT 46

SONG CONTINUES. LEWIS questions FACULTY MEMBER, gets nothing. As LEWIS, frustrated, looks across Campus at other STUDENTS walking past,

CUT TO:

47 INT. CAVALIER - NIGHT 47

SONG CONTINUES. FALSONE watches Rigby Home on a late-night stakeout. As the porch light goes off,

CUT TO:

48 INT. TICKET COUNTER/BUS STATION - NIGHT 48

SONG CONTINUES. LEWIS questions EMPLOYEE at ticket counter. EMPLOYEE checks computer, shakes head. On LEWIS, turning away from counter,

CUT TO:

49 INT. CAVALIER - NIGHT 49

SONG CONTINUES. KELLERMAN and MUNCH pull up across from Falsone's Cavalier at the Rigby home. They acknowledge FALSONE, who starts his Car and drives off. On MUNCH, settling in,

CUT TO:

50 EXT. OLD SCHOOL DEEJAYS STOREFRONT - NIGHT 50

SONG CONTINUES. LEWIS questions TRICKY as he locks up Store. No help. On LEWIS, weary, checking his watch, as the SONG CONCLUDES,

CUT TO:

51 EXT. RIGBY HOME/WINDSOR HILLS - NIGHT 51

LEWIS and FALSONE pull up in one Cavalier, parking behind MUNCH and KELLERMAN, who still wait outside House. LEWIS, FALSONE exit and walk up.

FALSONE

Nothing?

KELLERMAN

No one in or out.

MUNCH

You owe, Lewis. You owe big for this night.

FALSONE stares at House.

FALSONE

The guy's got no money, no means of transportation, no other known addresses...

FALSONE starts walking toward House.

52 EXT. FRONT DOOR/RIGBY HOME/WINDSOR HILLS - NIGHT

52

MAZIE and WILLIAM open door, both in their night robes.
LEWIS looks at them blandly.

LEWIS

You all are good people. I know
that and I'm sorry to be bringing
this to your home this time of
night. But we have to find Dennis.

MAZIE

He's not here.

LEWIS

I believe he is.

WILLIAM looks at MAZIE.

LEWIS (cont.)

Ma'am, I could get another warrant
and we could tear the house apart
again, but you and I both don't
have the heart for that, do we?

As MAZIE thinks for a moment, opens door and yields,

CUT TO:

53 INT. BASEMENT/RIGBY HOME - NIGHT

53

The basement light comes on, revealing LEWIS and FALSONE
coming downstairs. LEWIS checks a closet, nothing. FALSONE
looks in Laundry Room, nada. LEWIS checks back door.
Locked.

FALSONE

What the hell do you think is down
here, anyway?

LEWIS

The past.

LEWIS begins KNOCKING lightly on paneled walls, listening to
the sound. KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. KNOCK. Hollow KNOCK.
He shares a look with FALSONE. LEWIS pulls on a panel and
it falls loose. FALSONE grabs another. Another falls.
DENNIS RIGBY, twenties, sits in a false Anteroom, looking
calmly out at his pursuers.

RIGBY

And what, if I can ask, is the
bounty on me?

FALSONE yanks him up. RIGBY and LEWIS share a cold look.
As RIGBY is cuffed,

CUT TO:

54 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

54

GIARDELLO, LEWIS and FALSONE stand outside "The Box".

GIARDELLO
What do we really have on him?

LEWIS
A sixteen year old drug dealer who
puts his work van near the murder
scene.

GIARDELLO
Not the most credible witness.

FALSONE
And a few newspaper articles
showing an exaggerated interest in
slavery, pre-Civil War Baltimore
and Matthew Ridenhour.

GIARDELLO
That's nothing. That's less than
nothing.

LEWIS
We know it.

GIARDELLO nods toward "The Box". LEWIS and FALSONE enter.

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

55

RIGBY sits waiting, cuffed to table. LEWIS and FALSONE
enter, go to him.

RIGBY
Black man's been chained for four
hundred years.

LEWIS
My man, you only got to worry about
thirty or forty.

FALSONE and LEWIS sit.

FALSONE
I liked that false breakfront in
the basement. You make that
yourself?

RIGBY smiles. FALSONE places newspaper clip of Matthew
Ridenhour on table. RIGBY looks, says nothing.

LEWIS
Did you know him?

No response.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED:

55

FALSONE

You've never been locked up before,
have you?

RIGBY

I'm the other fifty percent.

LEWIS

Fifty percent?

RIGBY

Of black men who have never been
subjected to the criminal justice
system in this country.

FALSONE

Well, you're here now.

RIGBY

But it's different, isn't it? I'm
not here because of dope or coke or
any of that gangsta pretend.

LEWIS points to the picture of Matthew Ridenhour.

LEWIS

It's all the same to him.

RIGBY

No. It wasn't.

LEWIS

Sure it was. To him, you were some
crazed nigger with a bad plan. You
were just the usual whiteboy
nightmare.

RIGBY

He knew what it was about.

FALSONE

You told him. You made sure to
tell him, didn't you?

RIGBY

I...
(catches himself)
I would like a lawyer.

LEWIS

What do you need a lawyer for?
You're not some cornerboy. This
was righteous. This was true.
This was history biting Matthew
Ridenhour in the ass.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 2

55

RIGBY looks at LEWIS as if for the first time.

LEWIS (cont.)

You were sending a message, weren't you, Dennis? Orchard Street Church, the bullwhip, the lynching, and on top of it all, Matthew Ridenhour, a true descendant of the most savage bounty hunter in the Old Line State. It was message time on Orchard Street.

FALSONE

So why hold back now? Tell it true, Dennis. Let the words ring out for everyone to hear.

RIGBY hesitates.

LEWIS

You love history, don't you?

RIGBY

Love? What can I love in this nation's history? We are all prisoners of history.

FALSONE

But you study history.

RIGBY

Sankofa.

LEWIS

Sanka who?

RIGBY

Sankofa. West African. You must study the past to move forward.

LEWIS

So tell me about Patty Ridenhour.

RIGBY brightens.

RIGBY

The Queen of Kidnappers. The murderous matriarch of a vicious clan. And what was worse was that she not only tracked runaways, she hunted freed men. She kidnapped freed blacks and sold them back into slavery, stealing their land, their property.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 3

55

LEWIS

One cold, hateful bitch.

RIGBY

My great-great-great grandfather was born a free and educated man in Providence. He paid four hundred dollars in sailor's wages to buy his own farm near Seaford, in Delaware. Six hundred acres.

RIGBY looks at LEWIS, nods bitterly.

LEWIS

Patty Ridenhour?

RIGBY

I saw the article in the paper. Matthew Ridenhour. Twenty million dollars. His face, his name. I did my research.

FALSONE

You sick sonofabitch.

RIGBY

I thought you might understand.

FALSONE

Understand? You killed a man -- an innocent man -- because of something that some long-dead ancestor did to your long-dead ancestor.

RIGBY

You are Italian. Surely you know what a vendetta is.

FALSONE gets up, disgusted.

LEWIS

Vendetta.

RIGBY

Sankofa, Detective. The father of my great-grandfather, Zephus Rigby -- He died in a slave quarters near Mechanicsburg, Virginia, a year before the Civil War. He hanged himself.

(CONTINUED)

55 CONTINUED: 4

55

LEWIS

And you think this had something to do with the life of Matthew Ridenhour.

RIGBY

The vendetta is settled.

LEWIS

Matthew Ridenhour -- He had a son, an infant son. He's gonna grow up, knowing nothing about his father, nothing about what came before his father. But he's gonna know your name, Dennis. That much he's gonna know.

FALSONE

And by the vendetta, that boy's got every right to come after you.

LEWIS

Or maybe your son.

RIGBY

I have no son.

LEWIS

And now you never will. The Rigby line ends here. In blood.

On RIGBY, alone, acknowledging the cost,

CUT TO:

56 EXT. THE MODERN ART GALLERY - NIGHT

56

Establishing. A chic Chelsea (NYC)-styled Gallery in the abandoned warehouse section in Southeast Baltimore. Frost glazes the Streets. The winds HOWL.

57 INT. THE MODERN ART GALLERY - NIGHT

57

CUs and QUICK PANS on the current exhibit "Contemporary and Timelessly Primitive, Art in the First Degree". Homicide Show masks. The CAMERA PANS to the artist Finnerty's work. PULL BACK to REVEAL BAYLISS and BALLARD, backs to each other, looking at the masks. BALLARD lingers on the artist Finnerty's work.

BALLARD

Wild. Very wild.

BAYLISS

Contemporary Primitive.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED:

BALLARD tugs on Bayliss' coat. He turns. She points to detail on Finnerty's mask.

BALLARD
What do you think that is?

BAYLISS
(leans in; studies detail)
Looks like a couch.

BALLARD
What's he mean?

BAYLISS
Everyone needs a nap?

BALLARD
Naps are good. I love to lay on the couch in the afternoon, the sun pouring through the window onto my face. I just drift off and I'm on a beach in Jamaica.

BAYLISS
Jamaica. I've always wanted to go there.

BALLARD
Me, too. But getting there from Seattle, it seemed like forever too far away.

BAYLISS
From Balto here, it'd only be a hop, skip and jump.

They walk further, linger over another mask.

BALLARD
I hear there are nude beaches.

BAYLISS
Negril. I've done my research.

BALLARD
Would you do it? Go nude in front of strangers?

BAYLISS
Would you?

BALLARD
I don't think so.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 2

57

BAYLISS

I'd think it'd be tougher to go
nude in front of someone you know.

BALLARD

...Yeah.

BAYLISS

Yeah.

BALLARD

So, you're not going to charge that
old lady with vehicular
manslaughter?

BAYLISS

Naw. The Gerbes file goes down as
an accident. Can't send an eighty-
four year old woman to jail. We're
gonna push to get the State to
revoke her license.

BALLARD

(studies mask)

What do you make of this one?

BAYLISS leans in, studies mask, steps back.

BAYLISS

That things aren't what they used
to be.

(points to mask)

The colors fade when you get to the
eyes.

BALLARD

(considers)

It's seeing everything in black and
white.

BAYLISS

The more the eyes look at you, the
less they see you.

BALLARD

Expecting too much and being
disappointed.

BAYLISS

Knowing you're going to be
disappointed.

BALLARD looks from one end of the exhibit to the other.

(CONTINUED)

57 CONTINUED: 3

57

BALLARD

This is a morgue. I'm looking at
the faces of the dead.

BAYLISS

You can't even get away from the
job.

BALLARD

We could try.

BALLARD squeezes BAYLISS' hand, smiles, releases it. On
BAYLISS and BALLARD, exchanging a look,

CUT TO:

58 INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

58

SONG PLAYS on jukebox. FALSONE and LEWIS sit nursing
drinks. BARTENDER cleans glasses.

FALSONE

Where's Billie Lou?

LEWIS

Night off.

FALSONE

I can't get past it.

LEWIS

She'll be here tomorrow.

FALSONE

No. A murder with a motive more
than a century old. How twisted is
that? How screwed up is this
country when it comes to all the
racial stuff?

LEWIS

You kidding? People still trying
to figure out how to say excuse me
for slavery. I mean, you cough on
someone in a crowded elevator, you
know enough to apologize. You got
a government willing to drag
hundreds of thousands of people
into forced servitude for centuries
and no one can think of a damn
thing to say. Black or white --
Long as anyone has a memory, we're
not ever gonna get past it.

(CONTINUED)

58 CONTINUED:

58

FALSONE

You want me to say I'm sorry?

LEWIS

I'm not talking about you.

FALSONE

'Cause I have never gone against
anyone 'cause of color. That's
what I'm saying.

LEWIS

You don't get it.

FALSONE

I'm not disagreeing with you, but
personally, I didn't own slaves or
mess with anyone. I been a stand-
up guy about that.

LEWIS

You just don't get it.

FALSONE

I mean, I'll buy the next round.
How's that?

LEWIS stares at his beer.

LEWIS

Leave it the hell alone, Falsone.

On LEWIS and FALSONE, alone with their beers,

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END