

EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: STEVEN BOCHCO  
PRODUCER/DIRECTOR: GREGORY HOBLIT



Written by  
Steven Bochco  
and  
William M. Finkelstein

Songs by  
Randy Newman

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"COP ROCK"

CAST LIST

CAPTAIN JOHN HOLLANDER  
ANDY CAMPO  
VICKI QUINN  
MAYOR LOUISE PLANK  
CHIEF OF POLICE ROGER KENDRIK  
ASSISTANT CHIEF WARREN OSBORN  
RALPH RUSKIN

DETECTIVE VINCENT LARUSSO  
ANGELO POPPI  
TOMMY RYAN  
DETECTIVE DONNIE POTTS  
SAL  
J.J. (NON-SPEAKING) \*

CURTIS (NON-SPEAKING)  
BYRON B.  
TYRONE WEEKS  
PATRICIA SPENCER  
FEMALE BABY (NON-SPEAKING)  
STREET KID  
ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY CONSTANCE KERESY  
PUBLIC DEFENDER ROBERT APPELL  
JUDGE C.S. ADAMS  
CLERK #1  
MATRON  
OFFICER GILBERT BRAEDEN  
OFFICER FRANKLIN ROSE \*

SOCIAL WORKER \*

NELSON PINE  
RAY RODBART (AIDE)  
DAVE HANDEL (AIDE)  
LOU SONNENSCHHEIM (AIDE)  
FRANK NEWBOLD  
A.D.A. CY MERSKY  
DEFENSE ATTORNEY LYLE NOONAN  
HAROLD BIVENS  
JUDGE WALTER FLYNN \*

DETECTIVE  
CLERK #2  
FOREMAN  
JURY  
AUDIENCE  
EARNEST WEEKS

PAGE 2

"COP ROCK"

CAST LIST

JUDGE WEBER  
DETECTIVE GAINES  
DETECTIVE ROLFE  
REPORTER  
I.A.D. INVESTIGATOR  
GLEN

"COP ROCK"

SET LIST

INTERIORS:

CAR  
CRACK HOUSE  
    FRONT ROOM  
    BEDROOM  
    CORRIDOR  
CRIMINAL COURTROOM  
    CORRIDOR  
SQUAD/PRECINCT ROOM  
    ENTRY  
    BATHROOM  
    CORRIDOR  
    HOLLANDER'S OFFICE  
    WEIGHT ROOM                   \*  
    INTERROGATION ROOM           \*  
PATROL CAR  
SECOND CAR  
POLICE CAR  
CHIEF'S OFFICE  
MAYOR'S OFFICE  
SHELBY MUSTANG                   \*  
QUINN/RUSKIN HOUSE  
    OFFICE/DEN  
JUDGE WEBER'S CHAMBERS  
TYRONE WEEKS' HOUSE  
    KITCHEN  
CHIEF'S CAR

EXTERIORS:

PARKING LOT  
CRACK HOUSE  
STREET  
TYRONE WEEKS' HOUSE  
    STREET

"COP ROCK"

ACT ONE

FADE IN

1 EXT. PARKING LOT - PRE-DAWN

Two police cars and two unmarked cars, plus a police tow truck. \* Trunks open; cops suiting up. They're putting on flak vests, loading shotguns, checking radios. Their breath escapes in little bursts into the cold morning air. Vincent LaRusso, mid-thirties, team leader, checks diagram of a house. Angelo Poppi nips from a pint. Tommy Ryan and LaRusso's partner, Donnie Potts, black, check firearms.

LARUSSO

Second team knows about the crawl space windows, right?

TOMMY

Hey, Vincent, I went over it with 'em six times.

LARUSSO

Rovers and beepers turned down everybody, right, Sal?

SAL

Yeah, yeah.

LARUSSO

Last time they could hear us comin' a block away.

A patrol car pulls up. Andy Campo, Hispanic, late twenties and Vicki Quinn, white, mid-twenties -- two uniform cops. LaRusso approaches.

CAMPO

Everything looks good.

TOMMY

(to Vicki Quinn,  
grinning)

Anybody need to go potty?

LARUSSO

Let's do it.

Trunk lids slam shut. Cops get into cars and pull out single file, lights off.

CUT TO:

## 2 INT. CAR - DAWN

LaRusso, Tommy, Angelo, Potts driving. Angelo nips from his pint. LaRusso grabs it and also nips, as -- \*

LARUSSO

Behind door number one... a nineteen-year-old nymphomaniac and a bottle of tequila. Behind door number two... a twenty-seven-inch television and a Barcalounger to sit your ass in and watch it. \*

POTTS

Every time he does the same bit.

LARUSSO

Behind door number three... a house fulla whacked-out coke heads with Uzis in one hand and crack pipes in the other.

Potts shakes his head, as we --

CUT TO:

## 3 EXT. CRACK HOUSE - DAWN

The cars pull up silently in front of a ramshackle but heavily fortified house.

CUT TO:

## 4 INT. CAR - DAWN

LARUSSO

Door number three.

## 5 EXT. CRACK HOUSE - DAWN

As the eight detectives spring from their vehicles and swarm on the front door. One uniform scoots toward the rear of the \* house, while another trails the detectives to the front. Tommy pounds on the front door, during --

TOMMY

This is the Los Angeles police! \*  
We have a search warrant! You have ten seconds to open this door. If you fail to do so, we will obtain entry forcibly.

Under which, two cops have attached a grappling hook to an iron grate. One end of the cable is attached to a winch mounted on a police truck. Another detective is busting out windows. \* Two others approach the door with a hand-held ram.

Cont.

5 Cont.

TOMMY (Cont'd)

Hit it!

The iron grate is pulled down. The two cops repeatedly slam \* the battering ram into the door. The total effect is chaos, as the battering ram slams into the door again, splintering it. One last shot, and the door gives way. Cops pour through, yelling "Police!", into --

6 INT. CRACK HOUSE FRONT ROOM - DAWN

A madhouse, as J.J., Curtis and Byron B., black, twenties, \* trying desperately to hide crack paraphenalia.

TOMMY

Company's here! Kiss the floor! \*

(yells)

Let's go, douche bag! Down! Now!

Angelo and Sal move toward hallway.

CONTINUOUS TO:

7 INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT \*

Angelo and Sal enter to see Tyrone Weeks, black, twenties, \* moving toward a closet.

ANGELO

(gun pointed) \*

Yo bro! Freeze!

Tyrone turns. Sal grabs him, throws him face down, arms \* outstretched. Angelo puts his gun against Tyrone's temple and pulls back the hammer.

ANGELO (Cont'd)

That sound means we're serious.

CUT TO:

8 INT. CORRIDOR

LaRusso and Potts move cautiously to another door. They kick it open to reveal Patricia Spencer, twenties, white, coked up, holding her infant. Vicki Quinn and Andy Campo come up behind LaRusso and Potts.

LARUSSO

Will you look at this?

POTTS

Is that your child, ma'am?

Cont.

8 Cont.

PATRICIA  
(scared)  
Get away from me.

POTTS  
Vicki.

Quinn steps forward.

POTTS (Cont'd)  
I want you to stand up slowly and  
hand the child to this police  
officer.

PATRICIA  
Listen, I know my rights. You can't  
just take her away from me.

POTTS  
You're under arrest, Miss. Do you  
understand that?

PATRICIA  
Why am I under arrest?

LARUSSO  
(turning up a glass  
pipe)  
How about possession of a controlled  
substance for starters.

QUINN  
C'mon. I'm not gonna hurt her.

LARUSSO  
How about child endangering? \*

PATRICIA  
I wasn't hurting her.

LARUSSO  
How about just being a low-life  
basehead? Huh? \*

POTTS  
Vincent --

LARUSSO  
How about being unfit to live among  
humans, let alone raise children.

PATRICIA  
When are you gonna give her back?

Cont.



8 Cont. (2)

QUINN  
That's not up to us.

PATRICIA  
Who's it up to?

QUINN  
It's up to the judge.

Quinn takes the baby.

PATRICIA  
What are you gonna do with her?

LARUSSO  
Turn around and face the wall.

QUINN  
She'll just be in a temporary  
foster home for now. \*

LARUSSO  
Let's go. I'm not gonna tell you  
again.

PATRICIA  
(facing the wall as  
LaRusso puts on  
cuffs)  
She don't take regular formula.  
She only takes soy formula. Make  
sure that's what they give her,  
okay?

Off which --

CUT TO:

9 EXT. CRACK HOUSE - DAYBREAK

Neighbors gather to watch as cops lead a line of handcuffed  
prisoners out of the house and toward a paddy wagon.

STREET KID  
Later on, Tyrone.

TYRONE  
Yo, man -- we be back chillin' by  
this afternoon.

ANGELO  
Shut your mouth, boy.

Cont.

9 Cont.

TYRONE

Who you talkin' to like that?

LARUSSO

What's a matter with you, son?  
You've been told to keep quiet.

BYRON B.

(raps to Tyrone)

He calls you son.  
He's not your dad.  
He's just a dumb white cop and you  
Made him mad.MUSIC #1, "In These Streets", cold opening --

TYRONE

(raps back)

Punk with a badge  
Call himself a man  
Work all his life for his eight or nine grand  
Look real pretty with a gun in his hand  
You take it away - He's a chumpThe following verse is directed at black cop, who's muscling men  
along toward the van.

TYRONE (Cont'd)

That's right, chump. Better do what they say  
Bust your ass all night  
Bust your ass all day  
You get shot through the head  
They gonna haul you away  
Put you in a garbage canIn these streets  
We got the power (3 times)  
In these streets  
We got the power (2 times)Step up, chump  
Let's get what you got  
It gonna be comin' for you  
Ready or not  
Tomorrow mornin' we gonna be free  
And you better be watchin' your back  
In these streets  
We got the power (3 times)  
In these streets

Off which --

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

## 10 INT. CRIMINAL COURT - DAY

Arraignment part. Chaotic. The prisoners -- Tyrone, J.J., Byron B., Curtis and others are sitting in a row. Patricia sits as far from them as possible. Assistant District Attorney Constance Keresy and Public Defender Robert Appell are before Judge C.S. Adams. Vicki Quinn and Andy Campo sit in the gallery.

APPELL

The police announced their presence with a battering ram, Your Honor.

KERESY

They did it verbally and they did it loud and clear. \*

APPELL

Except they weren't heard inside the house. It's a tainted bust. The cops blew it.

JUDGE ADAMS

It appears that they took some liberties. I'll give you that.

KERESY

There were weapons present in that house, Your Honor. \*

APPELL

What's the law against that? \*

KERESY

There is a law against the possession of narcotics. \*

APPELL

Your Honor, they recovered less than an ounce of cocaine. I ask that all the defendants be released on their own recognizance pending a preliminary hearing. \*

KERESY

O.R.?! This isn't jaywalking, Robert. There isn't one of them that should be released on less than ten thousand dollars' bond. \*

Cont.

10 Cont.

APPELL

Which is the same as saying that they shouldn't be released at all.

JUDGE ADAMS

My problem is, where do I put them? The Circuit Court's held that current prison overcrowding constitutes cruel and unusual punishment. Given that hardened criminals are being let out early to alleviate the situation, and given the small amount of narcotics recovered, I'm going to use my discretion and release these prisoners O.R.

\*

KERESY

Your Honor, these individuals are a clear flight risk.

\*

JUDGE ADAMS

Ms. Keresy, that hasn't been established.

\*

KERESY

Your Honor, since the prison conditions you're referring to only pertain to men's facilities, at the very least I would ask that bail be set for defendant Patricia Spencer.

\*

JUDGE ADAMS

So ordered. Bail is set in the amount of ten thousand dollars. Call the next case.

\*

CLERK #1

People versus Abraham Marc.

Under which, the male prisoners are high-fiving and ad-libbing celebration. Patricia is being led out by a matron. Vicki Quinn comes up to the rail.

QUINN

I want you to know -- your baby's alright.

PATRICIA

Don't tell me my baby's alright. She's not with me. How can she be alright?

Cont.

10 Cont. (2)

MATRON

Let's go. Now's not the time.

PATRICIA

(to Quinn urgently)

I gotta talk to you. I know stuff.

Under which, the male prisoners have been getting louder and more boisterous until --

JUDGE ADAMS

Hey! Scumbags. Get outta my courtroom. Go celebrate in the hall.

Off which --

CUT TO:

11 INT. SQUAD ROOM ENTRY - DAY

TRACKING Detective LaRusso THROUGH the reception area, INTO the squad room and ON TOWARDS --

CUT TO:

12 INT. CAPTAIN HOLLANDER'S OFFICE - DAY

Captain John Hollander, late thirties, present as LaRusso enters. It is clear these two men dislike each other. \*

LARUSSO

You wanted to see me?

HOLLANDER

A.D.A. Mersky tells me you never showed up in court yesterday.

LARUSSO

Why don't you tell Mersky to talk to me if he's got a problem.

HOLLANDER

I don't want him to talk to you. I'm your commanding officer. If he has a problem with you, he's supposed to talk to me. \*

LARUSSO

Whatever happens, we don't want an Assistant D.A. mad at us.

HOLLANDER

Detective...

Cont.

12 Cont.

LARUSSO

I mean, if we didn't have their cooperation, hey -- dangerous criminals might get released on their own recognizance the very same day they're arrested.

A beat.

HOLLANDER

I know you're gonna make it your business to be in court on time today, Vincent.

LARUSSO

You're absolutely right, Captain, I wouldn't want you to look bad in front of an Assistant District Attorney.

LaRusso exits. Vicki Quinn has been waiting outside.

QUINN

Can I talk to you a minute, Captain?

HOLLANDER

Sure.

Quinn enters and slams the door.

QUINN

I spoke to the baby's mother right after court. She was pretty forthcoming. \*

HOLLANDER

With what?

QUINN

Names of dealers... locations of crack houses... phone numbers... beeper numbers... \*

HOLLANDER

Any of it true?

QUINN

Some of it is. \*

HOLLANDER

Anything we didn't already have?

A beat.

Cont.

12 Cont. (2)

QUINN

Not really.

HOLLANDER

You wanna spring her anyway?

QUINN

I'd like to see her not lose her child.

HOLLANDER

Alright. I'll take care of it.

QUINN

You think I'm a sucker?

HOLLANDER

I think you're listening to your heart. I also think there are worse things to be than a sucker.

Off which --

CUT TO:

13 INT. PATROL CAR - DAY

Vicki Quinn driving. Andy Campo next to her, working on a donut. They're relaxed, easy with each other. There's an intimacy between them that has the slight edge of sexual attraction.

CAMPO

Lemme ask you something.

QUINN

What?

CAMPO

Why do you always have to drive?

QUINN

Because I'm a better driver than you, that's why.

CAMPO

No way. I think you're just a control freak.

(off her laugh)

Some women are like that. I bet when you make love, you're always on top.

Cont.

13 Cont.

QUINN  
Wouldn't you like to know.

CAMPO  
(licks his fingers)  
Yeah. I would.

QUINN  
(grins)  
My husband would kill you.

CAMPO  
It'd be worth it.

QUINN  
Dream on.  
(something catches  
her eye)  
Check out the van.

Campo looks at a dark van with black-out windows in front of them.

QUINN (Cont'd) \*  
Worth running plates?

CAMPO  
Why not?

Campo punches license number into computer.

QUINN  
It never fails to amaze me how dumb  
criminals are.

CAMPO  
What do you mean?

QUINN  
If I'm out committing crimes, ya  
know what I'd drive? A Volvo with  
a baby seat in the back. When's  
the last time we ran plates on one  
of those?

CAMPO  
(reading the computer  
screen; re the van) \*  
Why don't you suggest the next time,  
that's what they steal.

He flips on siren. The van takes off.

Cont.



13 Cont. (2)

QUINN

Hello.

CAMPO

(into transmitter)

This is Unit Nine-Ex-Eighteen. \*  
 We're in pursuit of a dark blue late  
 model Chevrolet van. Possible GTA.  
 Proceeding northbound on Avalon at  
 Century Boulevard. Request backup.

Under which, the chase proceeds. As Quinn slides sideways  
 through a turn --

CAMPO (Cont'd)

Would ya' please?! \*

CUT TO:

14 ANOTHER POLICE UNIT \*

joining the pursuit.

15 INT. UNIT - DAY \*

Officers Franklin Rose, black, driving; Gil Braeden, white, in \*  
 the passenger seat.

BRAEDEN \*

(into transmitter)

Unit Nine-A-One, proceeding  
 eastbound on Manchester, prepared  
 to intercept.

(to Rose)

We're gonna run that buck to ground,  
 boy. I only wish I had my ol'  
 thirty-ought-six here.

Rose blows by Quinn's unit, yanks his car sideways, forcing \*  
 the van up onto the sidewalk.

BRAEDEN (Cont'd)

It's just like huntin' with my  
 daddy, Frank.

ROSE \*

Yeah, right.

BRAEDEN

(grabbing a shotgun  
 and chambering a  
 shell)

Like huntin' with my daddy.

Cont.

15 Cont.

Braeden jumps out. As he does the passenger in the van, black, twenties, jumps out with Uzi blazing. Braeden is cut down in a hail of fire. Rose, Quinn and Campo dive for cover along with \* a dozen screaming pedestrians, as the shooter flees. Quinn and Campo, guns drawn, rush the van, dragging the terrified driver out and slamming him to the ground, as under --

ROSE  
(into radio; frantic) \*  
Officer down! Shots fired!  
Seventeen hundred block of  
Manchester!

By now, half a dozen units are screaming to the location. Off \*  
this carnage --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN

15A INT. PRECINCT WEIGHT ROOM - DAY \*

Officer Franklin Rose is lying on his back doing lifts with a heavy barbell. He's been at it all night. Empty beer cans litter the floor. A six-pack sits in readiness. Hollander enters. He stands and watches Rose for a moment, then grabs onto the barbell and takes it away.

HOLLANDER  
Give it a rest, Frank. \*

A beat.

HOLLANDER (Cont'd) \*  
Why don't you go home?... Get some sleep.

ROSE \*  
I'm afraid if I close my eyes, I'll see it all over again...  
(beat)  
How do I go back out there, Captain?

HOLLANDER \*  
For the next few weeks, you don't. You'll do your shift inside the fort.

ROSE \*  
(fighting off tears)  
There was nothing anybody coulda done, am I right? He was dead before he hit the ground.

He begins to weep.

HOLLANDER \*  
Have you got a girlfriend?

Rose nods. \*

HOLLANDER (Cont'd) \*  
Call her. Tell her to come get you. And keep my number handy. I'm always around.

He pats Rose on the shoulder, exits, off which -- \*

CUT TO:

15B INT. POLICE INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY \*

A windowless, crummy room. Nelson Pines, black, twenties, sits \* on a chair, hands cuffed behind him. ON the cut, we're CLOSE ON a plastic cup being filled with steaming hot coffee from a Thermos. PULL BACK, as Donnie Potts hands the cup to LaRusso, under --

NELSON \*  
I gotta go to the bathroom.

LARUSSO \*  
Drink it.

NELSON \*  
I can't drink no more.

LaRusso grabs his hair and jerks his head back and pours hot \* coffee down his throat. Nelson screams. Coffee runs down his chin.

NELSON (Cont'd) \*  
You're burnin' me, man!

LARUSSO \*  
You gonna give us his name, Nelson?

NELSON  
(adament)  
No way. Uh-uh -- forget it. I go into court and testify, I'm dead. You may as well kill my ass right now.

LARUSSO  
Nelson, you're not hearing me. I don't need for you to testify at trial. What I'm doing here violates your constitutional rights. Your testimony's worthless.

NELSON \*  
I don't know his name.

POTTS \*  
You were riding in that van together and you don't know his name?

LaRusso hands the empty cup to Potts. \*

LARUSSO \*  
Fill the cup.  
(grabs a fistful of Nelson's cheek)  
You listen to me, Nelson.  
(MORE)

Cont.

15B Cont.

LARUSSO (Cont'd) \*

I'm running outta patience, here.  
 Every cop outside that door wants  
 five minutes alone in this room with  
 you. Now you give me a name, or  
 I'm gonna sell tickets to your  
 execution.

NELSON

I picked him up hitchhiking. I  
 don't know his name.

POTTS

He was hitchhiking with an Uzi?

NELSON

Yeah, man. The dude was crazy.

LARUSSO

Ya think you're sitting in the  
 principal's office, Nelson?

NELSON

I gotta pee.

LARUSSO

Do ya?

NELSON

Yeah.

LARUSSO

Have some more coffee.

Potts hands LaRusso a fresh cup. \*

NELSON

I can't drink no more.

LaRusso encourages him. Nelson screams. Then he drinks.

NELSON (Cont'd)

I have to go to the bathroom, man.  
 I can't hold it in anymore.

LARUSSO \*

(pushing on Nelson's  
 bladder)

What was his name?

NELSON \*

Please don't make me wet my pants.

Cont.

15B Cont. (2)

LARUSSO  
(pushing again)  
What was his name?

A beat. Nelson is in tears.

NELSON  
Tyrone Weeks.

POTTS  
Oh, geez, Tyrone Weeks is one of  
the crack heads we busted yesterday  
morning. \*

NELSON  
Could I go to the bathroom now?

LARUSSO  
Detective Potts? I think this man  
has to relieve himself. \*

Off which --

CUT TO:

16 INT. PRECINCT ENTRY - DAY

Patricia Spencer is sitting on a bench, as Vicki Quinn exits \*  
the squad room with a social worker, holding her infant.

PATRICIA  
(to baby)  
Hi honey. Hi. Did you miss your  
mommy? Did you?

SOCIAL WORKER  
I have some things for you to sign. \*

She hands Patricia a clipboard.

PATRICIA  
Then I get to just take her, right?  
I don't have to see nobody else.

QUINN  
You can take her, but for both of  
your sakes, I hope you'll think  
about getting some help.

PATRICIA  
Oh, I'm gonna. I'm gonna cut way  
down.

Cont.

16 Cont.

QUINN

Patti, you need to stop.

PATRICIA

I want to. I'd give my soul if I could stay clean.

QUINN

I can help you get into a program.

PATRICIA

That'd mean giving up my little girl.

QUINN

There's no one you can leave her with?

PATRICIA

No one who I trust to give her back.

(to baby)

Right, you little funny face?

(back to Quinn)

We'll be okay. Really. Thanks for everything. I mean it.

Patricia turns and walks off, as we --

\*

17  
thru  
18

OMITTED

\*

CUT TO:

19 INT. CHIEF'S OFFICE - DAY

Chief of Police Roger Kendrik is asleep under his blanket on the couch. Assistant Chief Warren Osborn, black, enters. He coughs, trying to wake the Chief. In one fluid gesture, the Chief pulls a .357 magnum from under his pillow with his head still under the blankets.

KENDRIK

Grab some sky, stranger.

OSBORN

(not alarmed; this happens all the time)

Chief, it's me.

Kendrik puts the gun back.

KENDRIK

You woke me. What do you want?

Cont.

19 Cont.

OSBORN

We've got a suspect in the killing  
of Officer Braeden. Tyrone Weeks.

\*

KENDRIK

In custody?

\*

OSBORN

No. We had him yesterday on a  
cocaine charge, but the judge  
released him O.R.

\*

KENDRIK

Judges. What a bunch of pansies.

\*

OSBORN

(checks his watch)  
I'd like to go over your speech with  
you.

\*

KENDRIK

Just put it on the desk.

OSBORN

It's important that this go off  
well.

\*

KENDRIK

Don't you worry about my speeches.  
We spend too much time and energy  
kowtowing to politicians and  
reporters as it is... C'mere...

Kendrik goes to his desk and opens a box to reveal two single  
action Colt revolvers.

KENDRIK (Cont'd)

What do you think of these?

OSBORN

They are beautiful, Chief.

KENDRIK

Fifty-one Colt Navies. These  
belonged to Wild Bill Hickok, Ozzie.

OSBORN

Is that right?

Cont.



19 Cont. (2)

KENDRIK  
 (strapping on a gun  
 belt and holstering  
 the Colts)

\*

There were more powerful guns but  
 none that cleared leather like  
 these.

OSBORN

We're due in the Mayor's office in  
 less than an hour.

\*

KENDRIK

I best get myself ready then,  
 wouldn't you say?

\*

OSBORN

(knows what's coming)

Yes, sir.

Kendrik walks to a narrow recessed part of the room. He hits a  
 switch and a mechanical dummy dressed up like a bad guy in a  
 Western automatically slides out of a door.

DUMMY

(in a synthesized  
 voice)

Why you lily-livered sod buster,  
 I ain't afraid a you or nobody else.

KENDRIK

Then draw, you varmint. And prepare  
 to meet your maker.

The dummy's quick but Kendrik's quicker. As he blasts away --

CUT TO:

20 INT. PRESS ROOM - DAY

\*

Chief Kendrik, standing at Mayor Louise Plank's side. Various  
 officials are gathered around. The room is filled with press.  
 Kendrik is a powerful and eloquent public speaker.

KENDRIK

(eyes wet with  
 emotion)

I get so tired of burying cops.  
 I watch them come out of the academy  
 with their eyes bright. They strap  
 on a gun and go off to be heroes.  
 Then one day they're cut down doing  
 what they're sworn to do.

(MORE)

Cont.

20 Cont.

KENDRIK (Cont'd)

It happens. Always has. Always will. Every cop goes on the job knowing that. The awful thing here is that this one should never have happened. The prime suspect in the slaying of Officer Gilbert Braeden was in custody less than twelve hours earlier. He was released from custody... he was released without bail... because some federal judge decreed that there was no room in the jails. For the sake of every man and woman who wears this uniform and for the sake of the citizens they risk their lives protecting, I beg of you -- Mayor Plank -- help us now, once and for all, to make room.

MAYOR

Chief Kendrick, I'd like to say to you... to the members of your department and to the people of this city -- we will be doing just that. The Central Avenue Correction Facility that's been held up by the City Council and the Planning Commission and the Governor's office, will be built. People are going to stop playing politics. I'm declaring a public safety emergency and I'm paying for it out of emergency funds. The new jail will be named for slain Officer Gilbert Braeden... It will be open and ready to receive prisoners by the end of this year. That is my solemn oath. And if anyone wants to oppose me, I suggest they try.

RAY RODBART

That's it, folks. No questions right now. \*

And the Mayor, with her aides -- Dave Handel, Lou Sonnenschein \* and Ray Rodbart, exit a side door TO --

20A INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - DAY \*

As Mayor Plank and her aides enter -- \*

MAYOR

Send him in.

Cont.

20A Cont.

Handel goes to another door and opens it. He signals to \* someone... Frank Newbold, fifties, affluent and tough, enters carrying a briefcase.

FRANK

Mayor Plank. Your Honor.

MAYOR

Welcome, Frank.

FRANK

This is a sad day for the city, Your Honor.

MAYOR

That it is, Frank. But I intend to see that this jail gets built. \*

FRANK

I heard your speech, Your Honor. It was very strong.

MAYOR

So I'm going to be very direct here, Frank. I want this jail, I want it fast, and I'm hoping you're the man who can build it for me. Are you that man?

Frank commences singing MUSIC #2:

FRANK

First of all I'd like to let you know  
That I always have admired you so  
And when it all is said and done  
I can tell that you're the one

AIDES

You can tell that she's the one (twice)

FRANK

Now I want you all to understand  
That in this briefcase I have in my hand  
To prove our friendship has begun  
I put a little taste for everyone

He opens the briefcase. A fierce light emanates from within. It is filled with a hundred thousand dollars in cash.

AIDES

There's a taste for everyone (twice)

Cont.

20A Cont. (2)

MAYOR

I was born in Delaware  
 Behind the Dover Railway Station  
 I came to this city at a very early age

AIDES

She was a pretty little girl...

They show a picture of the Mayor as a child.

MAYOR

I worked real hard  
 And I got my education  
 Now I'm sitting on top of the world

"Ooohs" and "aaahs" from the aides; some psychedelic effects --  
 dancing --

AIDES

She's the one (three times)

MAYOR

Is it wrong to take?  
 To cheat and steal and rob and lie?  
 How can we go on in this cruel and empty way.  
 Are we no better than the animals who prey  
 outside?  
 Of course we are! Of course we are...

She sits; continues --

MAYOR (Cont'd)

I want to thank you for your time  
 And for this sweet thing that you've done  
 If you need help, just give me a little sign  
 Because you know that I'm the one  
 You know that I'm the one...

AIDES

You know that she's the one.

And we --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN

21 INT. PRECINCT CORRIDOR - DAY

Hollander and Potts walk.

HOLLANDER

He's got a grandmother. Lean on her.

POTTS

He's got a sister who's a coke head. \*

HOLLANDER

Find out who she's copping from. Freeze her out. \*

POTTS

Done.

HOLLANDER

He's also got a retarded brother. \*

POTTS

I know about his brother. I doubt he's gonna give us anything.

HOLLANDER

Hey, Donnie -- this is a cop killer we're lookin' for. Be creative.

Hollander enters bathroom. Off which --

CUT TO:

22 INT. SQUAD ROOM BATHROOM - DAY

as Hollander moves to the sink. Ralph Ruskin is at the urinal.

RUSKIN

I can't work like this, John.

HOLLANDER

(washing his hands)

Is there a problem, Ralph?

RUSKIN

You're damn right there's a problem. None of these hotshots around here know the difference between making the bust and making the case.

Cont.

22 Cont.

HOLLANDER

Hey, Ralph, a cop was just killed.  
They were pumped.

RUSKIN

Yeah, well... I didn't get a single  
uncontaminated print off the van.

(moves to the sink)

Damnit, I gotta go to the urologist  
again. You ever have prostatitis?

HOLLANDER

I don't think so.

RUSKIN

It feels like you gotta go all the  
time, but nothing happens. We're  
getting older, John.

He looks close at Hollander's shirt front; plucks something off,  
holds it up between his thumb and forefinger.

RUSKIN (Cont'd)

This isn't one of your hairs.

HOLLANDER

(bemused)

No? Whose is it?

RUSKIN

Female. Not your wife's.

And he exits the bathroom. Off Hollander --

CUT TO:

23 INT. SQUAD ROOM ENTRY - WITH PATRICIA SPENCER - DAY

nervous, cradling her baby. She looks like hell -- runny nose,  
jumpy, desperate. Through the glass panel in the door  
separating the entry from the squad room proper, we can see --

24 VICKI QUINN

approaching. She moves through the door, and Patricia moves to  
her anxiously.

QUINN

Hi, Patti, how's it going? How's  
this cutey?

PATRICIA

Great. We're doing fine. Lookit,  
can we talk a minute?

Cont.

24 Cont.

QUINN

Sure.

PATRICIA

You're lookin' for Tyrone Weeks and I know where he is.

QUINN

Where is he?

PATRICIA

That's gonna cost ya. I mean, I appreciate everything ya done, but hey...

A beat.

QUINN

C'mon in, Patti.

She pushes open the door, gestures her through and into --

25 INT. SQUAD ROOM - DAY

as they move toward a desk. Quinn flags down Captain Hollander, exiting the men's room toward his office.

QUINN

Captain? This is Patricia Spencer.

HOLLANDER

How ya doin'? Who's this little person?

PATRICIA

Her name's Crystal.

HOLLANDER

Hi, kiddo.

Hollander scratches her head.

PATRICIA

She's kinda skittish around strangers.

QUINN

Patti says she knows where our cop killer is.

HOLLANDER

(measuring Patricia)  
Is that right?

Cont.

25 Cont.

PATRICIA

I need to see some money for that.

HOLLANDER

We'll pay you fifty now and fifty  
if it pans out. \*

PATRICIA

Fifty? He killed a cop.

Hollander just stares at her.

PATRICIA (Cont'd)

He'd kill me if he knew I was here.

HOLLANDER

Fifty's it.

A beat.

PATRICIA

I need it now.

HOLLANDER

(to Quinn)

Take down the information and see  
that she gets her money.

Hollander heads for his office.

PATRICIA

They're not gonna kill him, are  
they?

QUINN

The idea's to bring him in alive.

PATRICIA

I'm not doin' this for me, y'know.  
I'm just afraid he'll kill someone  
else. \*

Off which --

CUT TO:

26 INT. COURT CORRIDOR - DAY

LaRusso exits the elevator, headed for Criminal Court. He's  
intercepted by --



27 A.D.A. MERSKY

A douche bag. Twenty-eight, balding, hyper. He snaps his fingers at LaRusso as they move down the corridor.

MERSKY

LaRusso, let's go, let's go.

LARUSSO

Relax, Cy, wouldya'?

MERSKY

Relax? How can I relax? The judge was ready to cut me a new bodily orifice yesterday. We don't have a great case here as it is, my man, so whatta you say? Wouldya' please?

LaRusso stops in front of the men's room, removes a large white square of cotton from his pocket. Shaking it open --

LARUSSO

I'll be with you in one minute.

MERSKY

Where are you going now?

LARUSSO

I have to make wee-wee, Cy. You want to come along and hold my hand?

LaRusso enters the men's room. Off a frustrated Mersky --

CUT TO:

28 INT. COURTROOM - DAY

Ralph Ruskin on the stand. Lyle Noonan, thirties, defense \* attorney is cross examining. The defendant is Harold Bivens. Judge Walter Flynn presiding. LaRusso is in the gallery. ADA Mersky is at the prosecution table.

NOONAN

Lieutenant Ruskin, there's nothing in the physical evidence you received that would disallow the possibility that the defendant fired in self defense, is there? \*

RUSKIN

Only the fact that he discharged his weapon fourteen times. \*

Cont.

28 Cont.

NOONAN

You're sure it was fourteen? It couldn't've been thirteen or nine or six?

RUSKIN

I recovered fourteen nine millimeter casings of the sort that would fit the defendant's gun.

NOONAN

Haven't police officers been known to carry nine millimeter automatics as well?

RUSKIN

Officers LaRusso and Potts were using thirty-eight caliber service revolvers. Both officers do own nine millimeter automatics. I test fired both those weapons and found that the pattern of lands and grooves was significantly different from the rounds that were recovered.

NOONAN

Right. I have no further questions.

Ruskin walks back, Noonan sits. Under which --

MERSKY

The people call Detective Vincent LaRusso.

LaRusso stands. He's wearing a sling. As he moves toward the witness stand --

CUT TO:

28A LARUSSO

in the witness box, mid-testimony. ON the cut --

MERSKY (Cont'd)

Describe for us, if you will, Detective, what happened after the exchange was made.

LARUSSO

I took possession of the cocaine, my partner handed over the cash. At that point, we identified ourselves as police officers.

Cont.

28A Cont.

MERSKY

What was the defendant's response?

LARUSSO

The defendant produced a nine millimeter automatic and commenced firing. My partner and I returned fire, wounding the defendant and his associates. We subsequently were able to effect an arrest of all three.

MERSKY

Thank you. No further questions.

Mersky sits.

NOONAN

Let's take it a step at a time, Detective. The 'cocaine' you took possession of, in fact, proved not to be cocaine at all, didn't it?

LARUSSO

You're right. He was trying to rip me off. \*

NOONAN

When did you identify yourself as a police officer, Detective? \*

LARUSSO

I told you -- right after the exchange was made.

NOONAN

Isn't it possible, Detective, that my client was in fear of his life. That he didn't think you were cops at all. That he thought you were take-down artists and he was only defending himself.

MERSKY

Objection. Badgering the witness.

LARUSSO

I wanna answer it. Don't you think I know what went down in that room?

NOONAN

I think you went into that room only too ready to use your gun and Harold Bivens knew it.

Cont.

28A Cont. (2)

LARUSSO

I went into that room just hoping  
I'd come out again.

NOONAN

Aren't you being just a little  
overdramatic, Detective?

LARUSSO

Overdramatic?

(indicating sling)

Look at this.

(this is complete  
bullshit)

Three days ago I left my unit and  
was headed into a coffee shop to  
have lunch. I got shot by a sniper  
on a rooftop.

JUDGE FLYNN

Detective --

LARUSSO

Yesterday, a judge let a drug dealer  
go because the jails are too  
crowded. Eight hours later, that  
drug dealer murdered a  
twenty-seven-year-old cop.

NOONAN

I ask that this man be held in  
contempt.

LARUSSO

(to jury)

We don't live in Los Angeles,  
folks. We live in Vietnam and it's  
guys like this... \*

(indicating  
defendant)

...that made it that way.

JUDGE FLYNN

Are you finished, Detective?

LARUSSO

He drives around in a custom  
Mercedes that he paid for with glass  
pipes and guns.

NOONAN

I want this stopped.

Cont.

28A Cont. (3)

LARUSSO

He paid for it with dead cops and  
 dead kids. His lawyer doesn't want  
 you to think about that but I do.  
 I want you to send him to jail  
 because he's a bad guy and there'll  
 be one less bad guy out on the  
 street. And that's all the reason  
 anybody who lives in this city  
 needs. Now I'm done.

\*

Off which --

29  
 thru  
 30

OMITTED

\*

CUT TO:

31 INT. SHELBY MUSTANG - NIGHT

Andy Campo's car. Vicki Quinn sits silently in the passenger  
 seat beside him. Their usually easy workaday camaraderie takes  
 on a different character here in the dark privacy of Campo's  
 car. This is a different kind of intimacy -- the kind that  
 makes your heart race.

Campo turns onto a quiet North Hollywood residential street.

CAMPO

You've been pretty quiet today.  
 Y'alright?

QUINN

I just can't stop thinking about  
 Braeden getting killed like that.

CAMPO

It could just as easily have been  
 one of us.

QUINN

Yup.

CAMPO

Life is short...

(a beat)

Kinda makes you pay attention to  
 your desires, doesn't it?

(a beat; puts his  
 hand on hers)

Doesn't it?

QUINN

Don't, Andy.

Cont.

31 Cont.

CAMPO  
You can't tell me it isn't there. \*

QUINN  
It isn't. \*

CAMPO  
You're lying... \*

Her silence confirms it. \*

CAMPO (Cont'd)  
What are we gonna do about this,  
Vicki? \*

QUINN  
Nothing. \*

CAMPO  
We sit next to each other in a car  
all day. How the hell can we do  
nothing? \*

QUINN  
Ya wanna ride with someone else? \*

CAMPO  
No. \*

QUINN  
I don't either. \*

CAMPO  
I go home at night, I get into bed,  
and I stare at the ceiling all  
night, thinkin' about you. \*

QUINN  
(a painful  
confession)  
I think about you, too. \*

She leans over to him, kisses him on the cheek. \*

QUINN (Cont'd)  
G'night, Andy. \*

She gets out of the car, hurries down the street toward her  
home, as we --

CUT TO:

32 INT. HOUSE - CLOSE ON FRONT DOOR - NIGHT

as her key turns in the lock. The door opens, and Quinn enters the darkened foyer. Just off to her right, a shaft of light spills into the foyer from an open doorway. She moves to --

33 INT. OFFICE/DEN - NIGHT

Dark, save for the illumination from an old-fashioned brass desk lamp. Her husband, oblivious, is seated at his desk, bent over a thick book.

QUINN

Hi.

Her husband looks up, startled. It's Ralph Ruskin.

RUSKIN

(smiles)

Hi.

QUINN

I thought you were going to come by Cavanaugh's for a beer.

RUSKIN

I was gonna, but I wanted to get home. You get a ride?

QUINN

Andy dropped me off. You coming to bed?

RUSKIN

I'm gonna stay up a little.

She smiles. He smiles back. She moves into the room, comes behind his desk.

QUINN

I know I'll be asleep by the time you come up.

She kisses him sweetly on the top of his head.

RUSKIN

(puts an arm around  
her waist)

I love you.

QUINN

I love you, too.

And she exits the room. A beat, then he goes back to his book. But his concentration's been broken. He looks up at the empty doorway, rests his chin on his fists, sort of cocking his head.

Cont.

33 Cont.

Wet-eyed, he grins sadly, a love-sick mutt, and sings, "She  
Chose Me," MUSIC #3: \*

RUSKIN

I'm not much to talk to  
I know how I look  
What I know about life  
Comes out of a book  
But of all the people  
There are in the world  
She chose me

Most of my life  
I'd been on my own  
Whatever I'd done  
I did it alone  
Then she came along  
Now I'm not alone  
Since she chose me

Every night I thank the lucky stars above me  
That someone as beautiful as she could really  
love me  
And she really loves me

From time to time  
I ask myself  
Why was it I  
And nobody else?  
The most beautiful woman  
In all of the world (or) That I'd ever seen  
And she chose me.

Then we --

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE



ACT FOUR

FADE IN

34 EXT. STREET - WITH EARNEST WEEKS - DAY

The big, lumbering, dimwit half-brother of Tyrone. In his late twenties. A station wagon slides to the curb, tracks him for ten yards or so, then stops. LaRusso jumps out of the passenger side, Donnie Potts out of the driver's side.

LARUSSO

Yo, Earnest. How ya' doin'?

EARNEST

(blank; doesn't know him)

Good.

LARUSSO

So, Earnest. We're lookin' for your brother, Tyrone.

EARNEST

Everyone lookin' for Tyrone.

LARUSSO

We know all about that. We're lookin' for him for a different reason.

POTTS

Take a look here, Earnest.

He opens the tailgate of the wagon, revealing a cargo area loaded with shoe boxes. He eyeballs Earnest's feet.

POTTS (Cont'd)

You'd be what -- a twelve?

(whips out a box)

Check 'em out.

He opens the box, revealing a pair of brand-new, hi-tech hi-tops.

POTTS (Cont'd)

Top of the line, Earnest.

LARUSSO

This is a quality product. It's got a polyurethane non-slip sole, it's got a reinforced heel pocket and dig it -- a dual cell air-pump system that automatically load levels according to your body weight.

Cont.

34 Cont.

Earnest grins.

POTTS

Try 'em on.

As Earnest kicks off his shoes, sits on the open tailgate and pulls on the sneakers --

LARUSSO

See, the deal is, Nike's got Michael. Converse has Magic. Reebok's got Dominique. But who's the baddest guy you know? The man you look to? Tyrone, right?

EARNEST

Yeah. Tyrone.

LARUSSO

Right. And lotsa dudes on the street look up to your brother. So if we can interest him in an endorsement contract -- we're talkin' shoes, we're talkin' a full line of warm-up suits -- here -- check this out --

(whips out an ensemble from another box, holds it up to Earnest's shoulders)

-- you look bad.

POTTS

So what do you think, Earnest? You think Tyrone'd be interested in this situation?

EARNEST

I don't know. He may not wanna talk to you.

LARUSSO

Well, hey, not directly. That's understandable. But you could tell him we're very interested in an endorsement deal with him. There's a lot of money in a situation like this. And you'd be the guy. We'd deal through you.

EARNEST

I don't know...

Cont.

34 Cont. (2)

POTTS

'Course you don't. That's why you want to think about it. In the meantime, you keep these shoes.

EARNEST

And the suit?

LARUSSO

'Course, the suit. And take half a dozen for your friends.

Potts loads him with boxes.

LARUSSO (Cont'd)

But be sure to give a pair to Tyrone. Because we really want to be in business with you both. Will you tell him that, Earnest?

EARNEST

(overwhelmed with their generosity)

Okay.

POTTS

Alright.

OFF Earnest, looking down happily at his new feet, we --

CUT TO:

35 INT. SQUAD ROOM ENTRY - ON VICKI QUINN - DAY

as she pushes through the squad room door to the entry area. Patricia Spencer, her baby bundled in her arms, gets up from the waiting bench and shuffles over to her. She's a desperate mess.

PATRICIA

I come by for the other fifty.

QUINN

You gave us a bum tip, Patti. Tyrone Weeks wasn't there.

PATRICIA

He musta left before you got there, that's all.

QUINN

Look, the offer to help you get into a program still stands, but that's all.

Cont.

35 Cont.

PATRICIA

All I'm asking for is fifty dollars.

QUINN

I'm sorry.

PATRICIA

That's it? You just cut me and my baby loose like that?

QUINN

If you really want help, I can try and get you into a program. That's all I can do.

PATRICIA

I'll lose my baby!

QUINN

Patti -- if you don't get straight, you'll lose her anyway. It's just a matter of time.

PATRICIA

(losing it)

Please -- I need that money -- I've got no food. No place to stay.

QUINN

I'm sorry.

She turns her back on Patricia and starts back through the door.

PATRICIA

(screams)

You got yours, so the hell with the rest of us, right!? Well, you stink! You all stink!

And, hugging her baby tightly, she turns and runs out of the building.

36 CLOSE - QUINN

as she pushes through the door to the squad room --

CUT TO:

36A INT. COURTROOM - DAY \*

as the jury files in and settles. LaRusso sits in the gallery, his arm still slung. A beat, then --

CLERK #2 \*

All rise.

Cont.

36A Cont.

Everyone in court stands, as Judge Flynn enters and moves to his bench, settling in. Lyle Noonan, Harold Bivens' defense attorney, puts an anticipating hand on his client's arm.

JUDGE FLYNN

Has the jury reached a verdict?

FOREMAN

We have, Your Honor.

JUDGE FLYNN

(to clerk)

Hit it.

The clerk flips back the lid on an upright piano, and starts to play, "He's Guilty", MUSIC #4: \*

FOREMAN

He's guilty - Judge, he's guilty  
We could see it in his eyes

He did the crime and now he's got to pay

Reaction from jury -- hand claps, response.

FOREMAN (Cont'd)

He's guilty - Judge, he's guilty

"Oooh's" from the jury.

FOREMAN (Cont'd)

We done seen through all his lies  
The time has come to send this boy away

JUDGE FLYNN

Sonny, the end is comin'

NOONAN

(He was abused as a child)

BIVENS

(I was abused)

JUDGE FLYNN

Sonny, the end is near

NOONAN

(He was confused in every way)

BIVENS

(I was confused)

JUDGE FLYNN

You got some hard times comin'

Cont.

36A Cont. (2)

NOONAN

(He didn't know right from wrong)

JUDGE FLYNN

To you my dear

BIVENS

(I didn't know right from wrong)

JURY/AUDIENCE

Guilty

Judge, he's guilty

He did the crime and now he's got to pay

JUDGE FLYNN

I'd like to thank the jury

I'd like to thank my wife

The time has come to put this boy away

JURY

Guilty

JUDGE FLYNN

(Stand down - this case is over)

JURY

Guilty!

JUDGE FLYNN

We know you've been a criminal all your life

ALL

The time has come to put this boy away

The time has come to put this boy away

CUT TO:

37 INT. JUDGE WEBER'S CHAMBERS - DAY

Weber is a hawk-eyed, chain-smoking sonofabitch. ON the cot, he's looking over LaRusso's warrant application. Potts is there, too.

WEBER

You sure your cop killer's at this address? \*

POTTS

We've had his brother under surveillance, and he led us to what we believe is the suspect's present location. \*

Cont.

37 Cont.

WEBER

The last time I signed a warrant  
for you daredevils you trashed the  
wrong house. \*

POTTS

It was an unfortunate mistake, Your  
Honor. It won't happen again. \*

Weber gives Potts the fisheye, then signs the warrant. He \*  
brushes the ashes off it, thrusts the paper at LaRusso. \*

WEBER.

Don't screw it up. \*

LaRusso takes the paper from him, as we --

CUT TO:

38 EXT. STREET - DAY

as LaRusso and Potts slide to the curb.

39 THEIR P.O.V. - THROUGH THE WINDSHIELD

Detective Gaines is standing on the porch of a ramshackle house,  
waving frantically at them.

40 RESUME - STREET

as LaRusso and Potts exit their car.

LARUSSO

What happened?

GAINES

(excited)

We got him!

LARUSSO

(oh, shit)

What do you mean, you got him?

GAINES

He tried to escape and we nailed  
him.

LARUSSO

Where is he?

GAINES

In the house.

Cont.

40 Cont.

POTTS

If he tried to escape, what's he doing in the house?

GAINES

We were watching from the car, like you said to do. Hall and Webster were covering the alley. When he exits the house in a hurry, we start to tail him -- he makes us -- and runs back into the house. I figured if we don't go in after him, he's gonna come back out blazing.

\*

Potts exchanges a look with LaRusso, then the two of them shoulder past Gaines and enter --

41 INT. HOUSE - DAY

as they enter.

LARUSSO

Where is he?

GAINES

In the kitchen. What's wrong?

42 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

LaRusso and Potts enter. Tyrone Weeks is handcuffed to a chair, trying not to grin. He's being watched by two uniformed \* officers. LaRusso catches him looking, locks eyes with him.

TYRONE

No warrant. No I.D.

Under which, the other detective, Rolfe, enters the kitchen, excitedly brandishing an Uzi.

ROLFE

He had it stashed in the toilet tank!

Now Tyrone does grin. LaRusso takes the Uzi from Rolfe, as --

LARUSSO

Why don't we step outside a minute.

(to uniforms)

You two -- call in a back-up unit for perimeter control. Donnie, you wanna keep Mr. Weeks company?

\*



43 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

as LaRusso, Gaines and Rolfe exit. The second they hit the porch --

LARUSSO

(furious)

Moron -- you know what you did?

(off their looks)

You blew the bust! You went into his house without a warrant -- you conducted an illegal search and seizure and then you got your lousy fingerprints all over the gun! He's in there laughin' his ass off because he knows more about the law than you do!

GAINES

Oh, God...

LARUSSO

(calming himself)

Alright. Alright. It's not your fault. It's my fault. I never should've left you alone.

ROLFE

What are we gonna do?

LARUSSO

(a father to his kid)

Go sit in the car.

GAINES

LaRusso --

LARUSSO

(stern)

Go sit in the car.

A beat, then the two of them slink off like a couple of kids caught with their hands in the cookie jar.

44 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

LaRusso reenters the kitchen, moves to the sink, grabs a kitchen towel and starts to wipe the Uzi clean of any prints, under --

TYRONE

You guys gonna read me my rights, or what?

LARUSSO

Stand him up, Donnie.

Cont.

44 Cont.

Potts pulls him to his feet, as LaRusso carefully places the Uzi on the kitchen table, then removes his 9mm.

LARUSSO (Cont'd)

Hey, Tyrone.

Tyrone turns to LaRusso, who suddenly raises his pistol and shoots Tyrone twice in the chest. It is so sudden, that Tyrone never even has time to react -- he simply drops, dead weight.

LARUSSO (Cont'd)

You're not here.

A beat, then Potts removes his gun, and also puts two into Tyrone. LaRusso looks at his partner. They're bonded. \*

POTTS

Yeah, I am.

Off which --

CUT TO:

45 EXT. HOUSE - DAY

In the aftermath. T.V. crew are present, cop cars have the street blocked off, Internal Affairs is interviewing LaRusso, Potts, Gaines and Rolfe (separately) in b.g., as, ON THE CUT --

46 THE CHIEF

conducts an impromptu press conference on the sidewalk. Cameras rolling, as --

KENDRIK

First of all, cops don't celebrate anybody's death. We live much too close to death ourselves.

REPORTER

Do you feel that the death of Officer Gilbert Braeden has been avenged?

KENDRIK

The death of Gilbert Braeden can never be avenged. A slain police officer can never be replaced in our hearts, nor can the void his death creates for his family ever be filled.

(MORE)

Cont.

46 Cont.

KENDRIK (Cont'd)

(his eyes are wet  
with emotion)I can only express grim satisfaction  
that this cop killer will kill no  
more. Thank you. \*Kendriks and Osborn climb into the rear of the Chief's car. \*  
His driver slams the door, moves around to the driver's side, as  
--

47 HOLLANDER

turns and enters the house. \*

48 INT. KITCHEN - DAY

A typical crime scene aftermath. There's a uniformed officer \*  
in the doorway. Yellow tape describes the area. Ralph Ruskin  
is meticulously combing the area around Tyrone Weeks' body,  
sprawled on the linoleum floor. Police photographers snap  
pictures, etc. As Hollander approaches --

HOLLANDER

How's it look?

RUSKIN

Pretty cut and dried.

HOLLANDER

They're saying Weeks went for his  
weapon and they shot him in  
self-defense.

RUSKIN

That would be consistent with my  
findings.Hollander holds Ruskin's eyes a moment longer than necessary,  
then carefully looks over the body, avoiding any physical  
contact.

HOLLANDER

I see cuff marks.

RUSKIN

They're old.

HOLLANDER

They don't look old.

RUSKIN

They're at least three days old.

Cont.

48 Cont.

HOLLANDER

Is that what you're saying for the record?

RUSKIN

Yes.

The two men look at each other. Ruskin is challenging Hollander to contradict him. A beat. Hollander folds, and exits the kitchen. Ruskin goes back to his chores.

CUT TO:

49 EXT. STREET - DAY

Hollander exits the house, as one of the I.A.D. investigators approaches. In the b.g., the Chief is still holding forth.

I.A.D.

All their stories pretty much sync up, Captain. The two kids, Rolfe and Gaines, had him under surveillance until LaRusso and Potts returned with the warrant. They identified themselves, then kicked the door. Weeks ran from the bedroom to the kitchen, and when he went for his weapon, they shot him. We'll put 'em on desk duty for awhile, but I don't think we're gonna have a problem with this one.

HOLLANDER

Alright, thanks.

The I.A.D. guy moves off, and Hollander walks over to where --

50 LARUSSO

is standing, leaning against a vehicle, smoking a cigarette.

HOLLANDER

Here's what I think, LaRusso.

A beat. LaRusso looks at him, says nothing.

HOLLANDER (Cont'd)

I think what happened here was murder.

LARUSSO

What makes you think that?

Cont.

50 Cont.

HOLLANDER

I know you, LaRusso. You may be a great cop. You may be a hero to the press. You may be a hero to every cop on the force. But you're a boozier, you're a womanizer, you're a liar, and you finally, when all is said and done, disrespect the badge.

LaRusso flicks away the cigarette with disgust. \*

LARUSSO

(challenging) \*

You think you can bust me?

HOLLANDER

Count on it.

Hollander turns back toward the house, locking eyes with Potts who drops his eyes, as we -- \*

51  
thru  
52

OMITTED \*

CUT TO:

53 INT. CHIEF'S CAR - DAY

The Chief and the Assistant Chief are side by side in the back seat. The Chief is pumped.

KENDRIK

What a kick in the glands. Shoot-out at O.K. Corral. Good triumphing over Evil. This is what it's all about, Warren. One nation, under God, with liberty, and justice, for all. An eye for an eye. A tooth for a tooth. You kill one of ours, we kill ten of yours... Look at this, Warren...

Kendrik hits a compartment at his side. It springs open, revealing a derringer.

KENDRIK (Cont'd)

Is this a beauty? Feel it. It's like an extension of your hand.

OSBORN

It's a beauty, Chief.

Cont.

53 Cont.

KENDRIK

It won't kill you, but it'll sure  
as hell ruin your day.

He laughs with pleasure at the thought, takes the gun back. He aims, pulls the trigger. The bullet thuds into the rear of the pock-marked back seat. The driver flinches slightly. \*

Off which --

CUT TO:

54 EXT. STREET - DAY

as the Chief's car speeds up Western, past a --

55 BUS STOP BENCH

on which sits Patricia Spencer, holding her baby close, rocking it back and forth. She's singing a lullaby.

PATRICIA

Close your eyes now, little girl  
They don't want to hear you cryin'  
You never had a chance  
You never had a chance

It's a great big dirty world  
If they say it ain't, they're lyin'  
Sandman's comin' soon  
You know he's comin' soon

Close your eyes  
And dream a little dream  
For you and me  
Dream yourself  
A place where you can go  
(Baby, you never know)

Sandman's comin' soon  
You know he's comin' soon

Close your eyes, my little girl  
Go to sleep my little baby  
(Sandman's comin' soon)  
You know he's comin'

Under which --

56 A FOUR-DOOR SEDAN

pulls to the curb. A nicely dressed man exits the car -- slacks, sport shirt, leather jacket. His name is Glen.

Cont.

56 Cont.

There's a woman sitting in the passenger seat, whose face we never really see. Glen moves over to Patricia.

GLEN

Patricia?

PATRICIA

Yes.

GLEN

I'm Glen... we spoke on the phone...  
 (reaches into his  
 pocket, takes out  
 a fold of cash,  
 counts out some  
 bills)

Two hundred, right?

PATRICIA

Right.

A beat. He holds out the cash. Patricia stares down at her little baby. She moves the blanket aside and touches her face.

PATRICIA (Cont'd)

Don't hate me, baby...

GLEN

Kids don't remember nothin' when they're this little. These people are gonna give her a nice home... pretty clothes... See? They even gave me a car seat to put her in.

Glen takes the baby and gives it to a woman sitting behind black-out glass in the back seat. She takes it, immediately closes the door. Without another word, Glen hurries around to the driver's side, gets in the car, and pulls away from the curb. Patricia stares at the receding car for several moments, then -- with tears in her eyes -- she reprises her lullaby.

PATRICIA

Close your eyes  
 And dream a little dream  
 For you and me  
 Dream yourself  
 A place where you can go  
 (Baby, you never know)

Sandman's comin' soon  
 You know he's comin'...

FADE OUT

THE END