HOMICIDE
LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode One:
"See No Evil"

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FINAL DRAFT
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CAST

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

KATIE WESTON .............................................................

CHUCKIE PRENTICE .......................................................
HARRY PRENTICE ........................................................

CAPTAIN GEORGE BARNFATHER ...................................... Clayton LeBouef
COLONEL BERT GRANGER ............................................... Gerald F. Gough
OFFICER FRED HELLRIGEL .............................................
WESTMORELAND MAXWELL .............................................
DR. SCHEINER .............................................................. Ralph Tabakin
SERGEANT JIMMY TYRON ................................................

BARTENDER ...............................................................
SETS

EXTERIORS
Alley
Police Headquarters
   Roof
Prentice Home
Schoolyard
S.S. John W. Brown
Thames Street

INTERIORS
Bar
Homicide Unit
   Coffee Room
   Giardello's Office
   Men's Room
   Squad Room
   "The Box"
Medical Examiner's Office
   Autopsy Room
Police Headquarters
   Fire Arms Lab
   Seminar Room
   Staircase
Prentice Home
   Bedroom
   Living Room
TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. 'THE BOX'/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

KAY HOWARD sits opposite KATIE WESTON, mid-thirties, caring, intelligent, professional and beautiful. She has the innate ability to instantly read one's weaknesses and strengths.

WESTON
I've been told that you're one of the best investigators in the unit.

HOWARD
(smiles)
You were told correct.

WESTON
It must be difficult for you as the only woman in Homicide.

HOWARD
Difficult how? 'Cause most of the guys are patronizing, sexist, elitist knuckleheads? That was a given coming in. I am neither surprised nor horrified by their antics.

WESTON
You don't mind this male-dominated work atmosphere?

HOWARD
I do, but this job isn't about the guys. It's about the people who get murdered.

WESTON
Still, Detective Howard, it must have some affect on your attitude toward men.

HOWARD
Well, most of the people who kill are men, most of the people who get killed are men. I'm surrounded by men solving crimes by men against men.

WESTON
So, you're exposed to the worst aspects of men, the worst of what men are capable of doing, of being.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HOWARD
Yeah, and then I'm supposed to date them, to have a relationship with one of them. I'm seeing this guy now, he's a sweetheart, he's a gentleman, he's a State's Attorney. We'll be out to dinner and he's telling me a joke and I'm supposed to be laughing and I do, but in my head I'm thinking, an hour ago I saw two guys who'd knifed each other in a sports bar, over a bet, over the Super Bowl. And I look at Ed -- his name's Ed -- and in my head I'm thinking, 'Is that you? Could you knife another human being in cold blood over the Super Bowl?'

WESTON
It puts a damper on the evening.

HOWARD
You better believe it.

WESTON nods in appreciation.

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

AL GIARDELLO stands before TIM BAYLISS, STANLEY BOLANDER, STEVE CROSETTI, BEAU FELTON, MELDRICK LEWIS and FRANK PEMBLETON.

LEWIS
Sensitivity training?

BOLANDER
I thought what we needed was more personnel. How stupid of me.

LEWIS
Sensitivity training?

BOLANDER
We don't need a bigger budget. What we really need is a New Age pep rally.

CROSETTI
This isn't one of those deals where it's eight hours and they won't let you go to the bathroom, is it?

FELTON
That's Yom Kippur.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON
Why now, Gee?

GiardeLlo
It was all in my memo. Don't you guys read my memos?

(rips memo off bulletin board)
'The Deputy Commissioner believes we live in a time when the police need to be more sensitive to the people on the street and to each other.'

Bayliss
I dunno. I'm too sensitive as it is.

GiardeLlo
'After each of you has a one-on-one session with Miss Weston, she'll be holding group workshops and seminars. All of which are mandatory. Attendance will be taken. This means everyone.'

Crosetti
All I'm saying is -- if you have to go to the bathroom, go now.

GiardeLlo heads to his office, passing Bolander.

GiardeLlo
I aimed my memo at you especially, Stanley.

Bolander
I feel like the top of my head's gonna blow off.

GiardeLlo
You have a bad attitude. You have this 'thing' about department programs.

Bolander
I'm allergic to idiocies and foolishness.

GiardeLlo
Be at your session, Stanley. I want to think there's a new you buried somewhere inside there.

On Bolander, giving GiardeLlo a look of disgust.

Fade to:

Main titles
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. STAIRCASE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

BAYLISS and WESTON walk downstairs.

BAYLISS
This is really an honor. I didn't know that it'd be you who I'd be talking to.

WESTON
Well, thanks, Detective Bayliss.

BAYLISS

WESTON
Thank you. That's very kind.

BAYLISS
Most of those books, I can't stand 'em. Too clinical. Too, uh, pompous.

WESTON
I wanted to stay away from as much psycho-babble as possible. To put what I had to say in everyday language.

BAYLISS
It's so funny. I was thinking about the exact same issues as you when your book came out. You have your finger on the pulse of what's going on inside those of us working high stress jobs.

WESTON
It was a Book-of-the-Month Club alternate selection.

BAYLISS
And when you say, in your book, that men never left the sandbox, that, to most guys, life is just a bigger set of monkey bars, well, I -- understood.

WESTON
Uhmm...

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BAYLISS
I also like that chapter on 'private-sh-public' masks. It let me know that it's okay to pretend. I didn't know all men pretend.

WESTON
I, uh...

BAYLISS
I'm very jealous of you. And inspired. Ever since I read your book, I've been jotting down some occasional thoughts and reflections myself. Not that they're anywhere near as insightful as yours. But, as you say in the book, 'Trying is knowing. Not trying is trying not to know.'

WESTON
I didn't write that.

BAYLISS
(hesitating)
Yeah, you did.

WESTON
No. I didn't.

BAYLISS
Oh. Who did?

WESTON
I don't know.

BAYLISS
Oh. Damn. But you did write What Do You Say When 'I Love You' Isn't Enough, didn't you?

WESTON
Yes, I did.

BAYLISS
Then it doesn't matter what I say. It's still a great book. I'll go back and read it. And next time I won't forget. I just thought for sure you were who I thought you were. My mistake.

BAYLISS exits. On WESTON, slightly bemused.
EXT. PRENTICE HOME - DAY

FELTON drives up to middle class house in Catonsville.

INT. BEDROOM/PRENTICE HOME - DAY

FELTON stands beside the bed of HARRY PRENTICE, mid-sixties. Cancer has shrunk his once powerful frame, but despite constant pain, he's still in command, still full of pride and dignity.

HARRY
For me, the sea was everything. I checked off the days 'til my seventeenth birthday, 'til I could sign up. My first ship was the S.S. John W. Brown, launched outa the Ol' Bethlehem Fairfield Shipyard, over on South Clinton.

FELTON
(he's heard the story before)
This is when? World War Two?

HARRY
I missed the war by a year. But we brought the troops home.

CHUCKIE PRENTICE enters. The same age as FELTON. PRENTICE is big, good-natured and still naive.

PRENTICE
Time to take your medicine, Dad.

HARRY
I'm in the middle of a conversation here.

FELTON and PRENTICE exchange a look.

HARRY (cont.)
She was a great ship -- triple expansion steam engine, developing two thousand five hundred horsepower, seventy-six RPM, for a top speed of eleven knots.

FELTON
Is that good?

HARRY
In her day, you bet.

FELTON
Too bad. She's probably in a scrap heap somewhere --

(CONTINUED)
HARRY
No, sir, the John W. Brown's docked
over at Sparrow's Point. They're
turning her into a museum or something.

PRENTICE holds out pills and glass of water.

HARRY (cont.)
I don't want the damn pills. I don't
need the damn pills anymore and you
know it.

PRENTICE puts the pills on the bedstand.

FELTON
Mr. Prentice, you don't take the pills,
your doctors'll get p.o.ed and they'll
blame my pal Chuckie here.

HARRY
I fired all those doctors, all those
nurses. Last week. Got one doctor now
and he's all I need. Doctor
Cotsirilos.

FELTON turns to PRENTICE, who shrugs, then back to HARRY.

FELTON
Well, I haven't got time to argue with
ya, Admiral. I gotta get over to the
unit.

HARRY
I always liked you, Beau. My wife
didn't. She thought you and Chuckie
shouldn't be friends. When you were
kids.

FELTON
She used to call me The Instigator.
' Stay away from that instigator.' I
instigated -- I still don't know what
she was talking about.
(to PRENTICE)
Meanwhile, if I wasn't there to protect
you, you'd be dead. Death by wedgie.
(to HARRY)
I'll see you in a week or so. okay?

HARRY
(extends his hand to shake)
Goodbye, Beau.

FELTON reacts to HARRY's finality, exits, followed by
PRENTICE.
INT. LIVING ROOM/PRENTICE HOME - DAY

FELTON and PRENTICE enter.

FELTON
Your dad's been sick a long time.

PRENTICE
Well, he got cancer of one thing and now it's cancer of everything.

FELTON
It sucks, man.

PRENTICE
Yeah...

FELTON
Chuckie, what's going on?

PRENTICE
Huh?

FELTON
What's all this with him firing his doctors? And not taking his pills? Who's this guy Cotsirilos?

PRENTICE
Just another in a long line of doctors.

FELTON
You never were a very good liar.

PRENTICE
I... Uh... I'm not telling you unless you swear you won't tell him I said anything.

FELTON
Scout's honor.

PRENTICE
Beau, my dad... He's decided to kill himself...

On FELTON, surprised.

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES STREET - DAY

CROSETTI exits the Daily Grind, hands WESTON an iced coffee.

WESTON
Thank you.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

CROSETTI
This is great. You are a heavensend.

They cross back to Headquarters.

CROSETTI (cont.)
I tell you. Then you tell him. Unless you think I’m making a big thing outa nothing.

WESTON
Not if it irritates you. The larger issues of the day -- war, famine, hurricanes. These are out of our hands. It’s the daily irritants -- traffic jams, gum on the sidewalk. These put us on edge. So, tell me, what about Detective Lewis bothers you so much?

CROSETTI
He eats cream sauce. Meldrick eats everything in a cream sauce. If it’s Italian, it’s Fettuccine Alfredo. If it’s steak, Bernaise. Breakfast? Eggs Benedict. He’ll ask for extra Hollandaise, then he slathers it on -- this glutinous yellow swamp -- till you need a snorkel to find the eggs... I can’t sit through a meal with him anymore. I want you to tell him why.

WESTON
Detective Crosetti --

CROSETTI
At the deli, he orders pickled herring, Chinese? Lobster sauce. He requests bread to sop it up. Who requests bread in a Chinese restaurant? You gotta tell him.

WESTON
You two are together all day in a Chevy Cavalier. It’s an unnatural proximity. When scientists put lab monkeys in a box, they end up clawing each other’s eyes out.

CROSETTI
My point exactly, tell him --

WESTON
You want me to tell him to stop.

CROSETTI
Yes. Thank you.
CONTINUED: (2)

WESTON
First, if I intercede, then you lose
the opportunity to learn how to
communicate with your partner. Second,
the sauce is simply a symptom -- of a
deeper problem, of an unresolved,
hidden breach in your relationship.

CROSETTI
Oh, I get it, I understand... You're
not gonna tell him, right?

On CROSETTI, shaking his head, in despair.

CUT TO:

* INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

JOHN MUNCH sits with newspaper. FELTON enters, pours a cup,
leaving a few drops sloshing around the bottom of the pot.

FELTON
Munch, you ever have a situation where
you knew a crime was about to be
committed?

MUNCH
What?

FELTON
You know what I'm saying. Most of the
time, we show up, the body's cold, the
crime is hours old. Days old.

MUNCH
So?

FELTON
So did you ever have a situation where
you knew a crime was about to be
committed but it hadn't happened yet?

BOLANDER enters, goes to coffee pot.

MUNCH
What do you mean? Like a psychic
event?

BOLANDER
Why is it that a guy thinks that if he
leaves five drops of coffee paintin' the
bottom of the pot, it somehow exempt.s him
from making a fresh pot of coffee?

(CONTINUED)
FELTON
Oh. Sorry.

FELTON sets about making a new pot of coffee.

MUNCH
How would you know? Like a threat?

FELTON
Not exactly like a threat.

BOLANDER
Everybody's trying to duck something.

FELTON
I said I'm sorry.
(to MUNCH)
More like an intention...

MUNCH
You go around arresting everybody with
the intention to kill somebody, there
wouldn't be a husband free in
Baltimore.

BOLANDER
Why, when you go in the john, do you
find one useless sheet of toilet paper
stuck to the tube? Because some guy
thinks that as long as he's not the one
who technically finishes the roll, he
doesn't have to replace it.

MUNCH
Society is based on technicalities.
It's a hallmark of late capitalism.

BOLANDER
The same thing with the milk.

FELTON
I'm making the coffee now!

BOLANDER
Every time I open this refrigerator,
there's one drop of milk left. Who
then has to go to the Seven-Eleven for
a carton of milk?

MUNCH
Me.

(CONTINUED)
BOLANDER
That's not the point. It's on my behalf. You could be doing something else for me.

MUNCH
Hey, Felton, do you have a case like that? Where you know someone is intending to kill someone?

FELTON
No. Forget it. I was just making conversation.
(exits)

MUNCH
I think something's wrong with Felton.

BOLANDER
Yeah. Too much football without a helmet.

WESTON enters.

WESTON
Detective Bolander, I believe we're scheduled to meet next...

BOLANDER
Huh?

WESTON
For our initial one-on-one session.

BOLANDER
Oh.

WESTON
Honestly, it's not painful. You say whatever comes to mind, I listen. Gives me a chance to get to know you.

BOLANDER
Look, lady, I can't...

WESTON
Why not?

BOLANDER
We just got a call.

MUNCH
We did?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (3)

BOLANDER
We have to go solve a murder. I mean, that's still our primary function around here, isn't it?

WESTON
Alright... When can we reschedule?

BOLANDER
I'll get back to you.
(exits)

MUNCH
He'll get back to you.

MUNCH exits. On WESTON, seeing through BOLANDER's escape.

CUT TO:

EXT. SCHOOLYARD - NIGHT

FELTON and PRENTICE shoot baskets.

PRENTICE
The cancer only gets worse. This Doctor Cotsirilos -- he is a doctor -- he's got a machine. He says it's like going to sleep.

FELTON
Maybe there's something else they can give him. To cure him.

PRENTICE
There's nothing else. They did surgery, chemotherapy, radiation.

FELTON
There could be a cure right around the corner. Then how're you gonna feel?

PRENTICE
He doesn't want to go through it anymore. He worked his whole life to pay off that house and I'm not talking what I call work or what you call work.

FELTON
I know.

(CONTINUED)
PRENTICE
He doesn't want to bankrupt the both of us just so he can have four or six or eight more months of hell.

FELTON
It's against the law, Chuckie.

PRENTICE
Helping someone commit suicide isn't against the law in Maryland.

FELTON
Well, it's not that simple. The State's Attorney decides your father changed his mind, or he wasn't in his right mind, and suddenly it's not suicide anymore and you're in the pen for the rest of your life.

PRENTICE
The doctor said he did it before and nobody ever got prosecuted.

FELTON
You trust this guy? I looked up this 'Doctor' Cotsirilos. He's a pathologist -- that's one step above trimming lamb chops.

PRENTICE
My dad's in pain. Beau.

FELTON
Doctor Death doesn't give two chits about you or your dad, Chuckie. He's in this for the publicity. To prove a point. You want to volunteer your father for that?

PRENTICE
It doesn't have to do with what I want. It's what Dad wants.

FELTON
If he's in that much pain, he doesn't know what he wants.

PRENTICE
You know him, Beau. He's still the 'Admiral' -- remember the first time you called him that? He still acts like he's in the Navy, barking orders and -- No. I can't turn back.

FELTON slams basketball against wall, turns to PRENTICE.

(continued)
FELTON
Chuckie, growing up in Billytown, with nothing, I'd come over to see you, to your big, beautiful house. Your mother always dressed up, your father so tough and cool. You had a cleaning lady, for chrissake. I'd never seen anything like it. I don't know why, but -- I always felt like I had to protect you, be your bodyguard. Those days are over. Do you think I can still protect you? With this Doctor Cotsirilos on the eleven o'clock news and the front page of The Sun? I'm a cop and not even a very good cop. I can't protect you anymore.

PRENTICE
Just tell me I'm doing the right thing. I don't have anybody. I'm all alone, Beau.

FELTON
You're gonna murder your father. No matter what you call this, that's what it is.

PRENTICE
You don't know what it sounds like when he screams. This is a man whose finger got cut off and he never made a peep --

PRENTICE -- no longer able to handle the stress and the guilt -- dissolves in sobs. FELTON watches him for a beat, then embraces him.

FELTON
We're gonna work this out, Chuckie. Trust me. Everything's gonna be all right. Just tell this doctor to get lost, okay? Okay?

PRENTICE
Help me, Beau.

FELTON
We're gonna work this out.

On FELTON, holding PRENTICE, feeling pretty alone himself.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
FADE IN:

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

MUNCH sits across from WESTON.

MUNCH
Nothing scares me anymore. There's nothing anyone can say or do that would scare me. I'm a damaged person. I've been damaged, but I've survived. There is nothing scarier than a damaged person who discovers he can survive. Because I figure, what else can ya do to me? Give me the death penalty? What, strap me to a chair and zap me with a couple of two thousand volt jolts? I've been there already. I'm not impressed. Shoot me, poison me, gas me. Be my guest. I'll still be here. Right in front of you. I'm not scared of anything. I'm not scared of you.

WESTON
I know you're not.

MUNCH
I'm twice divorced. Not once, twice. And I'm still here, still kicking, still in love with women. I still believe in the possibilities of love. And Felicia, she's my lucky star. How many beautiful women do you know who own a library card?

WESTON
You got me on that.

MUNCH
Felicia has one. Do you know how sexy it is to discuss things, to... have a genuine, give-and-take, intelligent conversation with a woman these days? You sure none of this goes down on my official record?

WESTON
I don't take notes. I'm here to listen. That's all.
MUNCH
But I want you to take notes. I want there to be some official testimony. Decades from now, centuries, millenniums down the road, I want there to be a book that can be opened to a page that reads: John Munch, damaged, but still he played the piccolo, ya know what I mean? Should I be lying on a couch?

WESTON
I'm not a psychiatrist. Detective Munch.

MUNCH
Oh, that's right.

WESTON
Go on about Felicia.

MUNCH
See this stomach. Flat as a board. Hard as stone. And not one single sit-up. Hard sex. Wild abandon. Unleashed passion. Felicia understands. She gets it. She reads.

WESTON
So then why are you so angry at her?

MUNCH
Angry? What have I been saying? Haven't you been listening? Felicia and I are kindred spirits. We're Ginger and Fred. Minnie and Mickey. Leonora Carrington and Max Ernst. (exhales)
And you see right through me, huh?

WESTON
You're the Big E on the eyechart.

On MUNCH, exposed.

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM/PRENTICE HOME - DAY

C.U. ON THE SUICIDE MACHINE, resting on the bedstand next to HARRY, who lies in bed. PRENTICE enters.

HARRY
It's about time.

FELTON enters.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HARRY (cont.)
What the hell?

PRENTICE
Dad, I want to take the machine away.

HARRY
What?

PRENTICE
I'm not letting you do this.

HARRY
The hell you aren't, you got no say in the matter.

PRENTICE waffles, turns to FELTON, who crosses to suicide machine.

HARRY (cont.)
You put that thing back.

PRENTICE
He's taking it away, Dad.

HARRY
Put -- put that damn thing back.

PRENTICE
No, Dad.

HARRY
We agreed --

PRENTICE
Dad, I know you're in pain, but --

HARRY
You don't know a damn thing, you moron. Do you think I want to die like this? Lying in a bed like some kind of... (points at FELTON) This is all your doing.

FELTON
Chuckie asked my advice --

HARRY
Well, I didn't.

(CONTINUED)
FELTON  
(takes out brochures)  
Mr. Prentice, I've been doing some quick research. There are programs, these places, hospices, where you can go and they'll help ease you into you're own natural --

HARRY  
You miserable bastard. You always did that. You always took advantage of Chuckie 'cause you know he's such a weakling.

This hits PRENTICE hard, he turns and exits.

FELTON  
Mr. Prentice --

HARRY  
The cancer doesn't make me anywhere near as sick as looking at the two of you. Get outa here.

FELTON exits with machine.

12  
INT. LIVING ROOM/PRENTICE HOME - DAY  
PRENTICE stands looking out the window as FELTON enters.

FELTON  
Hey, Chuckie, he doesn't mean what he says.

PRENTICE  
Oh yes, he does.

FELTON  
You did the right thing.

PRENTICE  
Yeah...

FELTON  
C'mon. I'll take you out for a beer.

PRENTICE  
Naw, I gotta get his dinner ready. Gotta go to the store first, there's nothing in the fridge. 'cause I didn't think he'd be here...

As PRENTICE looks at FELTON, then lowers his head,  
CUT TO:
EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

MARS lights FLASH. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS emerge from Cavalier. As they pass through CROWD, PEMBLETON looks at the faces of the NEIGHBORS -- tense, hostile. Slipping under the plastic yellow line, PEMBLETON notices an inordinately large number of UNIFORMS congregated. He's at his friendliest.

PEMBLETON
Okay, fellas, who's gonna fill me in?

SERGEANT JIMMY TYRON, forties, steps forward. TYRON's a top cop, who keeps his body in great condition and commands the loyalty of his men.

TYRON
I'm Tyron. Sergeant Jimmy Tyron. Over here.

TYRON indicates the BODY of C.C. Cox lying on his back in the center of alley. COX's face is smooth and unworn; he looks younger than his twenty-two years. Locked, empty eyes stare south. He's wearing a black leather jacket. PEMBLETON slips on rubber gloves.

TYRON (cont.)
We raided a crack house over on Fayette.

PEMBLETON finds wound in the left center of COX's chest.

TYRON (cont.)
You gotta understand, it was chaos. Junkies were pouring outa doors, windows. Like cockroaches.

PEMBLETON rolls BODY to side, notices small hole in back of leather jacket -- the entrance wound. PEMBLETON turns to BAYLISS, as he approaches.

PEMBLETON
He was shot in the back.

TYRON
A bunch of us take off after the ones who're trying to escape. Everyone's going every which way, everyone's got their guns drawn. I come around the corner into the alley. I find this kid laying where you see him.

PEMBLETON
Are you saying this is a police involved shooting?

(CONTINUED)
TYRON
I dunno for sure, but... Fred Hellriegel, he's one of my guys. He stumbled and fell, his gun went off, accidentally. We're thinking maybe that's how the kid got hit.

BAYLISS
The kid got a name?

TYRON
(hands BAYLISS wallet)
Cox. Charles Courtland Cox. Nicknamed C.C. He's local cheap change, a small time dope peddler. We've run him in half a dozen times this past year.

BAYLISS
Did you retrieve Cox's gun?

TYRON
He... didn't have one.

BAYLISS reacts, turns to PEMBLETON, who flips BODY back, notices bloody contusion above COX's eye.

TYRON (cont.)
He probably got that wound above his eye when he fell to the concrete.

PEMBLETON looks up at TYRON, smiles, nods.

PEMBLETON
I'd like to meet the officer who stumbled. What's his name again?

TYRON
Fred Hellriegel. He's a good cop. An outstanding cop.

(starts to go, stops, turns back to PEMBLETON)
This is nothing anyone is gonna start calling a crime, is it?

PEMBLETON
(smiles)
No. We just gotta be careful writing it up, so that a good cop doesn't get his butt kicked by the grand jury for a bad shooting.

TYRON nods, heads off. BAYLISS studies BODY.
CONTINUED: (2)

BAYLISS
If he was shot in the back, how come he's lying face up?

PEMBLETON
You second my skepticism. Start canvassing the crowd. See if anyone saw anything.

BAYLISS
Yeah. And Santa answers every letter.

BAYLISS hands PEMBLETON wallet, which he pockets, then leans over BODY.

PEMBLETON
Baltimore, oh my Bawl-ler-muh. Where's Brooks Robinson when you really need a third baseman?

On PEMBLETON, staring at the BODY,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

BOLANDER types at his desk. MUNCH muses.

MUNCH
Do you realize that there are men who can only become sexually aroused by the sound of a typewriter?

BOLANDER stops typing, gives MUNCH a look.

BOLANDER
I wish it was that simple.
(resumes typing)

MUNCH
The thunder of horses' hooves. Dog collars. Burial shrouds. The chess champion Jose Capablanca owned two hundred pair of ladies' shoes. Why?

BOLANDER
Small feet.

MUNCH
It turned him on.

(CONTINUED)
BOLANDER
I'm gonna simplify your wardrobe for you, John. Just one basic-white, thirty-eight long straightjacket.

MUNCH
Why does it scare you to have a philosophical discussion?

BOLANDER
How do you spell 'receipt'?

MUNCH
'I' before 'e' except after 'c'.

BOLANDER
(beat)
There's a 'c' in receipt?

BOLANDER rummages for an eraser.

MUNCH
Like Katie Weston says, it's the genius of God. He planned it so the species will propagate no matter what. If humankind had to depend on the perfect curve of a woman's back, on candlelight, on the romantic bonding of two soulmates -- we'd wind up like the dinosaurs. Katie Weston says, 'You put a guy out there who likes to wear a corset, something's gonna stick.'

BOLANDER
She said that, huh?

MUNCH
My conversation with Katie Weston was very enlightening, very breathtaking.

BOLANDER
I'll bet.

MUNCH
No, really. Did you know that forty percent of all men like to wear women's clothing?

BOLANDER
Not in my neighborhood.

MUNCH
What do you think, they all live in San Francisco? I'm talking straight men.

{CONTINUED}
14 CONTINUED: (2)

BOLANDER
What are you trying to say?
MUNCH gestures to the MEN in the room.
BOLANDER (cont.)
Oh come on.
MUNCH
How many guys are there in the unit?
Fifty? Do the math. That’s at least twenty guys.

In f.g., GIARDELLLO goes over a report with another DETECTIVE.

BOLANDER
Giardello?

MUNCH
He could be wearing a bikini thong under those doubleknits. Why not?

CROSETTI passes. BOLANDER can’t stifle his curiosity, looks at CROSETTI, stops himself.

BOLANDER
This is ridiculous.

MUNCH indicates LEWIS, who approaches.

MUNCH
Maybe Lewis...

BOLANDER
Lewis?

MUNCH
That forty percent has to come from somewhere.

As LEWIS passes, BOLANDER stares at him. LEWIS sits, as BOLANDER continues to stare. LEWIS turns to BOLANDER.

LEWIS
What?

GIARDELLLO (o.c.)
Stanley...

BOLANDER looks up to see GIARDELLLO, approaching.

BOLANDER
Yes, Lieutenant?

(CONTINUED)
GIARDELLI
According to Katie Weston --

BOLANDER
I heard. Forty percent.

GIARDELLI
She says you've missed two appointments --

BOLANDER
Oh. I've been busy. New information on the Deale murder.

GIARDELLI
I want you to see her tonight. I don't care if we have a redball. I don't care if Jack the Ripper, the Terminator, Bonnie and Clyde are stalking the city, killing nuns and orphan children. Be at the session. Am I understood? Stanley?

BOLANDER
Uh-huh...

GIARDELLI
I thank you. My ulcer thanks you.

As GIARDELLI goes back into his office.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

PEMBLETON, friendly, charming, taking notes, stands with Officer FRED HELLRIEGEL, twenty-seven, nervous, guarded.

PEMBLETON
So, go on, Officer Hellriegel, you were chasing this kid --

HELLRIEGEL
I don't know if this is the kid or not. My partner and me, we're in pursuit from the raid on this rockhouse.

PEMBLETON
Your partner? That's, uh, Ryan?

HELLRIEGEL
Jerry Ryan.

(continued)
PEMBLETON  
(writing name down)
Uh-huh... Thanks.

HELLRIEGEL

PEMBLETON
One shot.

HELLRIEGEL
Yes, one shot.

PEMBLETON
But you didn't see the bullet hit the kid, right?

HELLRIEGEL
I thought it probably hit the asphalt, y'know? I didn't think anything was wrong. I lost sight of him. Next thing I know, Sergeant Tyron's calling me over and the yo is dead.

PEMBLETON
Okay, good... Now lemme ask you: When you fall, did you fall straight down? By that, I mean, did you break your fall with both hands or one?

HELLRIEGEL
One hand.

PEMBLETON
Show me.

HELLRIEGEL extends his left hand. PEMBLETON examines his palms.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
You're right handed?

HELLRIEGEL
Yes.

PEMBLETON
But when you fall, you brace yourself with your left hand?

HELLRIEGEL
I was in pursuit. I don't remember.

PEMBLETON bends down, examines HELLRIEGEL's pants.

(continued)
PEMBLETON
You fall on your knees?

HELLRIEGEL
I must have. It happened fast.

PEMBLETON
Right. Exactly... Fred...
(leans in confidentially)
This time of night, your partner and you. Jerry and you, you're coming off
dinner break when you answer the call?

HELLRIEGEL
No. Why?

PEMBLETON
You wouldn't have had something with
dinner? Maybe a beer or two?

HELLRIEGEL
No.

PEMBLETON
Listen, if you have a beer, you have a
beer. I'm not saying hoo-ha either way.
I'm just curious why it is you fall.

HELLRIEGEL
I know the regulations on alcohol. I
didn't, I don't know why, okay?

PEMBLETON
Uh huh. Fred... If you don't mind, I'd
like to inventory your pants tonight.

HELLRIEGEL
What? What is this?

PEMBLETON
No big deal. I'd just like to have your
pants inventoried, alright?

HELLRIEGEL
What, you don't think I fell?

PEMBLETON
You fell. I don't know where.

HELLRIEGEL
You want my pants? Gimme a lawyer, my
union lawyer.

(CONTINUED)
PEMBLETON
Hey, now, c'mon...

HELLRIEGEL
I'm done talking. I fall, I don't fall, what's the difference? Either way, I get my ass handed to me.

PEMBLETON
I'm not Internal. I'm not a judge. I have to know for myself and I don't.

HELLRIEGEL
Oh, no?

PEMBLETON
No.

HELLRIEGEL
'No.' Right. We're done talking.

HELLRIEGEL stalks off. BAYLISS approaches.

BAYLISS
So, what'd you think?

PEMBLETON
I think we better get Giardello down here.

On PEMBLETON, crossing to a payphone.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

WESTON heads to BOLANDER's desk. He's nowhere to be found. She calls to HOWARD.

WESTON
Kay, have you seen Detective Bolander?

HOWARD
He ducked out, just as you were coming 'round the corner.

GIARDELLO approaches WESTON.

GIARDELLO
I'm almost scared to ask.

WESTON
You should be.

(CONTINUED)
GIARDELLO
The interviews are going that good, huh?

WESTON
Darwin and Margaret Mead couldn't come upon a more inviting primitive tribe.

GIARDELLO
Did all of my detectives make it to their first sessions?

WESTON
All except Stanley Bolander.

GIARDELLO
What? I'll talk to him. Again.

WESTON
Thank you.

GIARDELLO
And so?

WESTON
So? What?

GIARDELLO
What's your impression of the others?

WESTON
Of your unit? I would say two of them display escapist tendencies, two of them are in severe avoidance syndrome, three of them have no sense of guilt whatsoever and all of them have extremely high opinions of their individual self.

GIARDELLO
Arrogance, huh?

WESTON
In its most perfect state.

GIARDELLO
What can I say? We're proud and it shows.

FELTON calls to GIARDELLO,

FELTON
Gee, Pemberton, line two.

As GIARDELLO crosses to phone,
INT. BEDROOM/PRENTICE HOME - NIGHT

HARRY lies in bed. PRENTICE enters with food on a tray.

PRENTICE
Dad, you ready for dinner?

HARRY
There's a gun in the drawer. Get it. Get it and do it.

PRENTICE, shocked, opens the drawer -- A .32 automatic.

PRENTICE
Where did you get this?

HARRY
Just do it.

PRENTICE
No way. Just take your pills. Did you take your pills?

HARRY
I plan to die tonight.

PRENTICE
No. It's wrong.

HARRY
You do not judge me. What the hell do you know about right and wrong, the way it is in the real world? I shielded you from that and you owe me.

PRENTICE
I'm not doing it.

HARRY
When I got word that your mother was carrying you, I came home. I quit the sea. I came home and married her and made a home for you both. I gave up my whole life for you. Don't tell me you can't do this for me.

PRENTICE
Daddy, I can't --

HARRY
For God's sake, be the man I raised you to be.

Ignoring him, PRENTICE puts tray in front of HARRY, who knocks it over with surprising force.

(CONTINUED)
17 CONTINUED:

HARRY (cor.)

Be a man.

PRENTICE goes to his FATHER, forces the gun into his hand, lifts his FATHER's gun hand up to his temple, backs off.

PRENTICE

There. Why don't you do it? It's what you want, you do it.

They stare at each other a beat. Then HARRY's gun hand drops softly to the bed beside him.

HARRY

You proved your point. I want to die -- want to -- but I don't have the guts to pull the trigger. I'm weak and I'm afraid. That's the man I am now. Maybe I could live with the pain, son. Maybe. But that I cannot live with.

PRENTICE

Daddy...

HARRY

Put it in the middle of my forehead. Do it. Do it, please.

PRENTICE has never heard his FATHER beg before. Haltingly, he picks up the gun, examines it, then looks at his FATHER.

HARRY (cont.)

Do it now, son. And don't miss.

PRENTICE looks at the gun. A long beat.

18 EXT. PRENTICE HOME - NIGHT

On the SILENCE, which is deafening,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
FADE IN:

19 INT. BEDROOM/PRENTICE HOME - NIGHT

HARRY, in bed. dead. The gun's clasped backwards in his hand. CROSETTI examines the BODY. LEWIS wanders around.

CROSETTI
His son says the old man had cancer. He was despondent and in a lot of pain.

LEWIS
There's no note.

CROSETTI
He doesn't seem like the literary type.

LEWIS
How many guys you know shoot themselves in the forehead?

CROSETTI
It happens.

LEWIS
Without contact?

CROSETTI
It happens.

LEWIS
Sometimes the son doesn't want to pay the old man's medical bills. That happens, too.

CROSETTI
It's the old man's gun.

LEWIS
The bullets don't know that.

CROSETTI
No sign of struggle. No missed shots.

LEWIS
I say there's something going on here.

CROSETTI
Did you know that they never told Joe Kennedy that JFK had been assassinated?

(CONTINUED)
LEWIS
What's the son's name again?

CROSETTI
Chuckie Prentice.

LEWIS
Let's bring him down. GSR him.

CROSETTI
You're a true sadist, Meldrick. You're gonna turn this into a murder just 'cause I said you eat too much cream sauce.

LEWIS
If Chuckie didn't shoot the gun, there won't be any residue on his hands, will there?

CROSETTI
Maybe it wasn't Chuckie. Maybe it was those three hobos lurking behind the grassy knoll.

On LEWIS, trying to ignore CROSETTI.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

As the letters "P-R-E-N-T-I-C-E" go up in RED under LEWIS' name on "The Board".

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

PEMBLETON sketches scene as GIARDELLO and BAYLISS stand near BODY.

GIARDELLO
Anybody in the neighborhood see anything?

BAYLISS
Not that they're telling.

GIARDELLO
What about the bullet?

BAYLISS
Haven't found it yet.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON
Nobody heard the gun go off. I mean, none of the uniforms. Fifteen guys in the area and not one hears the gunshot.

(indicates gun)
I relieved Hellriegel of his weapon.
It was only fired once.

BAYLISS
Buttons on Cox's shirt are torn. See that? The threads are still frayed straight out. Buddy-boy here was being yanked around by somebody.

PEMBLETON motions to MEDICAL EXAMINER, who comes over.

PEMBLETON
Let's check Cox's hands for fibers. Get Hellriegel's pants and his shirt, too.

Suddenly, a beer bottle sails through the air, narrowly missing BAYLISS' head, smashing against wall. BAYLISS and PEMBLETON look up to see pack of KIDS sprint from alley. Someone in CROWD yells.

VOICE (o.c.)
In the back. They shot him in the back, man. C.C. didn't even have a gun.

GIARDELLO yells to UNIFORM.

GIARDELLO
Find me who said that.

UNIFORM heads into angry CROWD.

GIARDELLO (cont.)
I want to talk to Hellriegel myself. And I want you both in my office in one hour, got that?

GIARDELLO goes. BAYLISS turns to PEMBLETON.

BAYLISS
Why am I starting to be very glad that you are the primary?

On PEMBLETON, giving BAYLISS a "fuck-you" look.

CUT TO:
FELTON on the phone.

FELTON
Yeah, honey, I'll be home soon...

FELTON looks up, startled. UNIFORM enters with PRENTICE, takes him into "The Box". FELTON hangs up phone, crosses to "The Box".

PRENTICE sits across from FELTON, who stands.

FELTON (cont.)
What the hell happened?

PRENTICE
He shot himself.

FELTON
He shot himself?

PRENTICE
Yeah.

PRENTICE turns away. FELTON realizes the truth.

FELTON
How far away was the gun from his head?

PRENTICE
I don't know -- however far he would hold a gun. I wasn't there.

FELTON
Chuckie, I know. And they know. Does a fish know water? We're swimming in lies every frigging day. The only question is what can they prove. How close were you when you shot him?

On FELTON, as he awaits the crucial answer.

CUT TO:

INT. FIRE ARMS LAB/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

LEWIS and CROSETTI huddle with WESTMORELAND MAXWELL, ballistics guru. He takes .32, shoots it through cheesecloth from six inches away, compares cheesecloth to forensic photo of wound.

MAXWELL
Stippling pattern looks pretty much the same.

(CONTINUED)
CROSETTI
So this is consistent with a guy shooting himself from, say, six inches away.

MAXWELL
I'd say they're consistent.

CROSETTI
(eyeing LEWIS)
Thank you.

MAXWELL
That's as precise as it gets. The weapon could be six inches away, it could be eighteen inches away, it looks the same.

LEWIS
Chuckie's no marksman. If he wanted to make sure he didn't miss, he'd shoot from real close up, wouldn't he?

MAXWELL
Why would this guy want to kill his father?

CROSETTI
It's not a murder -- it's a suicide. There were no other prints on the gun. The victim had terminal cancer. Why don't we arrest God? He's had the right to remain silent since the Holocaust.

LEWIS
It's a murder.

MAXWELL
Seems to me, you GSR this Chuckie Prentice, you find residue on his hands, you'll know.

LEWIS
Yeah, but the damn test takes months by the time we get it back from the lab. I want this guy now.

On CROSETTI, wishing he had another partner.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

FELTON moves to leave. PRENTICE grabs his arm.

PRENTICE
Maybe I should go to prison, Beau...

(CONTINUED)
FELTON
Chuckie, do you think what you did was right?

PRENTICE
Yeah. His life was over. He wasn't the man he was anymore...

FELTON
Stick to your story. The old man shot himself. Period. That's all you say, that's all you know, okay?

PRENTICE
Uh-huh...

FELTON
The old man shot himself. You're under no obligation to make it interesting.

FELTON exits.

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

FELTON emerges as LEWIS and CROSETTI approach.

LEWIS
Felton, what're you doing in there?

FELTON
I just went in to mess with him.

LEWIS
Yeah?

FELTON
That's all.

FELTON crosses to his desk. CROSETTI enters "The Box". LEWIS looks after FELTON for a beat, then enters, closing door behind him. PICK UP GIARDELLO, who has just returned, walking with BOLANDER and MUNCH.

GIARDELLO
Perhaps I'm not being clear. Perhaps I'm not being articulate. So I will say this, Stanley, as simply as I know how. If you do not meet with Katie Weston tonight, I will suspend you -- without pay -- suspend you. Am I clear, Stanley?

(Continued)
BOLANDER
Very clear. Extremely clear.
Lieutenant. Consider me suspended.
(as he turns to go)
If you're gonna piss in my brains, at
least have the decency to raise the
bogus seat.

BOLANDER exits. GIARDELLA, surprised, turns to MUNCH, who
is stunned. GIARDELLA looks toward his office -- BAYLISS,
PEMBLETON, CAPTAIN GEORGE BARNFATHER and COLONEL BERT
GRANGER wait in the doorway.

GIARDELLA, PEMBLETON, BAYLISS stand with BARNFATHER and GRANGER.

BAYLISS
Cox wasn't carrying a weapon.

PEMBLETON
The bullet from Hellriegel's gun hit
the kid --

GIARDELLA
Accidentally.

PEMBLETON
Cox lived long enough to make it into
the alley, then collapsed and died. At
least that's the theory --

GRANGER
What's Officer Hellriegel saying?

BAYLISS
Nothing. His union lawyer told us
that, if ordered, he would submit a
report explaining his actions during
the incident. Otherwise he won't make
a statement.

GRANGER
So order him --

BARNFATHER
We can't. If the report is a response
to a direct order, it isn't voluntary
and, therefore, can't be introduced in
court. So if he's guilty, we can't use
it to get a conviction.

(Continued)
A conviction? Hellriegel has no prior record of excessive force. What we have here is an accident.

PEMBLETON
Then why won't he talk?

GIARDELLO
You scared him, Frank. You sledge-hammered him, as usual.

BARNFATHER
Well, maybe we'll get lucky and be able to ride this one out.

GIARDELLO
What'd'ya mean?

BARNFATHER
We'll wait a few days, see how the press and the community react. If no one gets crazy, we'll let it go. But if they start screaming racism or police brutality, we'll have to nail Hellriegel to the cross.

GIARDELLO
Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. You're saying that, regardless of whether it's an accident or not, you don't care -- Hellriegel would go to jail.

GRANGER
If not, some store front activist will be yelling departmental cover up.

GIARDELLO
I will not be a party to this --

GRANGER
Please, Al, don't climb on that high horse of yours.

BARNFATHER
Meanwhile, Detective Pembledon, I want you to pursue the case aggressively. If this blows up in our faces, I want you to be ready with the facts. Every report you hand in to Lieutenant Giardello. I want copied to me, to the Colonel here and to the Deputy Commissioner.

GRANGER and BARNFATHER exit. PEMBLETON glances at GIARDELLO.
28 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

As the letters "C-O-X" are written in RED under PEMBLETON's name on "The Board",

CUT TO:

29 INT. BAR - NIGHT

Aretha Franklin on the jukebox, singing "Who's Zooming Who." BOLANDER sits at bar. MUNCH appears at his side.

BOLANDER

Munch...

MUNCH

I'm not here to talk to you.
(hits bar with open hand)
Barkeep.

BARTENDER comes over.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

MUNCH (cont.)

Hemlock. My life is over.

(playing to the other CUSTOMERS)
My life has no meaning. I'm about to lose my partner. And so I don't want to be a detective anymore. I can't have a new partner. I've considered all the other possible partners and none of 'em works for me. There's no one who could insult the way I dress. Or the way I drive. The way I eat. My politics. My handwriting. My posture, my health, my brand of toothpaste. It's over, finished. And it's not my fault. All of this could've been avoided if my partner had made a short visit to a beautiful woman who just wants to sit and listen to him. He would, in any other situation, sit with a beautiful woman. But the department makes it mandatory. So right away, he has to make a stand. He believes he's standing on principle, but what he's going is ruining my life.

BOLANDER

Munch --

(CONTINUED)
MUNCH
So what's next for me? I'll go to the rainforest. I'll save trees. I'll dedicate my life to prayer and abstinence. I will save the poor souls in India. Maybe I'll buy a used van and drive across this great country of ours. And wherever this van breaks down, I'll just throw open the back doors and put on puppet shows. Maybe I'll become clinically depressed and shrivel up and die. Life is simple, homicide is hell. What I wouldn't do for a Viking funeral or two to cheer me up.

BOLANDER
Munch, I will go to my appointment. I'll see her right away.

MUNCH
Hey, don't do me any favors.

MUNCH turns and drifts out of the bar in measured steps.

BARTENDER
Friend of yours?

BOLANDER
Worse. He's my rabbi.

On BOLANDER, taking a sip of his drink.

CUT TO:

30 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

FELTON looks nervously at "The Box", lights a cigarette. HOWARD sits opposite him, at her desk.

FELTON
What the hell's taking Lewis so long in there?

HOWARD
Maybe the guy's innocent.

FELTON
Why do you say that like a joke? Maybe he is innocent.

HOWARD
I'm sure there's something he didn't do.

FELTON doesn't laugh.
INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

LEWIS and CROSETTI interrogate PRENITCE.

PRENITCE
The old man killed himself.

LEWIS
You heard the gunshot?

PRENITCE
The old man killed himself.

CROSETTI
We got that part.

LEWIS
Where were you?

PRENITCE
Downstairs.

LEWIS
Downstairs. What were you doing downstairs?

PRENITCE
Look, the old man killed himself, that's all you know.

LEWIS
That's all I know?

PRENITCE
I mean, that's all I know.

CROSETTI
Chuckie, what's going on here?

PREMICE
The old man killed himself.

CROSETTI
Tell you what. I'm not going to ask questions anymore. I'm just going to pull a string out of your neck. 'The old man killed himself.' 'The old man killed himself.'

PRENITCE
The old man killed himself.

LEWIS gets up.

CROSETTI
What's going on?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LEWIS
I think I'm going to have a conversation with a friend of ours.

LEWIS exits. CROSETTI turns back to PRENTICE.

CROSETTI
If you'd like a cigarette, say: 'The old man killed himself.'

On CROSETTI, as he offers PRENTICE a cigarette.

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

FELTON comes out of the stall, zipping his fly. SLAM! LEWIS grabs FELTON, thumps him against a wall.

LEWIS
Don't you ever tamper with one of my suspects.

FELTON knocks LEWIS' hands off him.

FELTON
What? I told you... I was just messing with him. We always do that.

LEWIS
Oh. You were helping me?

FELTON
Yeah. Go to hell, Lewis.

FELTON moves to leave.

LEWIS
I'm not finished.

LEWIS grips him harder, SLAMS him against the wall again.

FELTON
Stop being an asshole.

LEWIS
You know this guy, don't you? You do, don't you?

FELTON shoves LEWIS, who falls backwards.

FELTON
Keep your hands off me.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

FELTON reaches for door knob, but LEWIS is up and on him. They both tumble into stall.

LEWIS
You lie to me, I'll hit you so hard you'll be finding your teeth in the toilet. Now I want the truth.

On FELTON, knowing he's gotta talk.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 EXT. ROOF/ POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

LEWIS and FELTON drink beers, looking out over the harbor.

FELTON
...It's what the old man wanted. Harry Prentice was hard as a pin oak before he got sick. Why should he have to die crapping in his bed, with tubes sticking in him and up him? What's it matter who pulled the trigger?

LEWIS
It's not up to you and it's not up to Chuckie. It's not even up to his dad. You go when you're supposed to go.

FELTON
Well, if that part's not up to you, I don't know what the hell is anymore.

LEWIS
I'm not a minister. I'm a murder police. You go when you're supposed to go and the rest is homicide. Death by the intervention of another human being is homicide.

FELTON
What if I told you I could've stopped it?

LEWIS
That's what everybody tells themselves.

FELTON
Well, I did stop it. Once. He had the whole thing set up, with that guy, y'know, Doctor Death. With the suicide machine. Chuckie asked me to stop him. I stopped him.

LEWIS
Why did Chuckie come to you?

(CONTINUED)
FELTON
Why am I here with you? Maybe a cop is like a minister sometimes. Especially in this world. Look, I hate the fact that Chuckie killed his father. But there's nothing I can do about that now. Except help my friend, who's gonna have to live with what he did every day of his life.

LEWIS
Felton, you -- I know what you want and I can't do it. Even if I wanted to, which I don't.

FELTON
I'm asking you to look the other way. The ballistics are inconclusive. If he sticks to his story, there's no way to pin him to this except the GSR. Which means all he has to do is go with me to the john first. I give him a can of Ajax and he washes his hands. Then it's just a suicide and Harry's name drops off "The Board".

LEWIS
It's easy for you. 'Look the other way.' It'd be easy for you to do.

FELTON
You think it's easy for me to ask you?

On LEWIS, torn.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

WESTON sits, waiting. BOLANDER enters, angry.

WESTON
Detective Bolander, come in. Have a seat.

BOLANDER
(leans across table)
Let me tell you right up front: I don't like you.

WESTON
Me personally? Or therapists in general?
BOLANDER
I'm being forced to talk to you. I don't want to talk to you.

WESTON
Why don't you want to talk to me?

BOLANDER
I was married twenty-three years. Twenty-three years with one woman and there's some problems. Twenty-three years with anyone, there's gonna be problems.

WESTON
Uh-huh...

BOLANDER
(starts circling the room)
Margie, she goes to some seminar: 'Revisit your Spirituality -- listen to your Third Ear.' She wants us to get help. to go to marriage counseling. I say, 'Okay.' I lay out my money. We meet as a couple, we meet as individuals. We bring the dog to one session. We talk about touching. We talk about feeling. We talk about talking. And then this thirty year old, snot-faced, crystal-sucking counselor tells my wife -- behind my back -- that she needs to leave me so that she can find herself. Her inner self, her inner ear. Which is what Margie did. She left me. She went to Los Angeles. I could have told Margie to go find herself. I don't need to have someone else tell her that, if that's what I want to tell her. But she's gone. And I'm out seven thousand dollars. Seven thousand dollars.

WESTON
Uh-huh.

BOLANDER
That's not just seven thousand dollars, like some people can talk about it being in some mutual fund or in some bank. This is seven grand after the federal, the state and the city have taken their bite outa my behind.

(continued)
BOLANDER (cont.)
Then there's social security, unemployment and I get whacked with union dues, pension payments and medical contributions. I smoke my cigar, I get taxed. I drink my two beers a night, I get taxed. I park my car, I make a phone call, there's someone taking me for a tax. Seven thousand dollars. That's almost twelve thousand in gross pay. Which is one third of what I make for the whole year. All of which was bled outa me in less than six months. You cost me money. You should bake in hell.

WESTON
Detective Bolander --

BOLANDER
If you guys are so good, why don'tcha give a money-back guarantee? Like a muffler job. If two people come in for marriage counseling, to save their marriage, you save it or give the dough back. If I need my sparkplugs replaced, I don't want you screwing around and telling me I need a new transmission. Do you get my drift?

WESTON
I'm sorry.

BOLANDER
What is that supposed to be, some kind of appeasement? It doesn't work. I'm at war with you and your kind. Seven thousand dollars.

WESTON
You were wronged.

BOLANDER
She never even told me she was thinking about it. About leaving me.

WESTON
Your wife made a mistake. Not to include you in making this decision.

(CONTINUED)
BOLANDER
Well, she... Margie's a helluva woman. When I really think about it, when I get past the idea of blowing all that money, I don't blame her. She wanted an adventure. It wasn't going to be me. We all want adventures, don't we? She writes me that the smog in Los Angeles is getting to her. She's thinking of moving down to San Diego. She wants to get out on the water more.

WESTON
She shouldn't have left in that way.

BOLANDER
She shouldn't have. You're right.

WESTON
But Stanley... Your anger isn't about money, it isn't even about Margie. It's about you.

BOLANDER
No, it's about the money.

WESTON
It's about how Margie could trust someone else's advice over yours. This is about you. This is about how someone took away something very vital to who you are.

BOLANDER
I'm telling you, it is about the money. I want some kind of restitution.

WESTON
I think you deserve it.

BOLANDER
You do?

WESTON
I do.

BOLANDER
You know... You're not so bad.

On WESTON, smiling.
INT. AUTOPSY ROOM/MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS approach DR. SCHEINER, who stands working over Cox's naked body.

PEMBLETON
What'd'ya got for us, Dr. Scheiner?

SCHEINER
The bullet fully penetrated Cox's heart, at a slightly downward angle.

BAYLISS
Well, that's consistent with the downward slope of the alley.

SCHEINER
He died instantly.

PEMBLETON
Great, another can of worms.

BAYLISS
What?

PEMBLETON
Hellriegel says his gun went off before the kid went into the alley. But if he died instantly, either he got shot in the alley or his body was moved there.

SCHEINER
(reaches into metal bowl)
We also found this, while undressing the body, lodged in his clothing.

C.U. ON SCHEINER'S HAND -- a spent .38 slug. BAYLISS takes the bullet, examines it.

BAYLISS
If we match this bullet with Hellriegel's gun, that means Hellriegel's the shooter.

PEMBLETON
Yeah, but it won't tell us whether he shot Cox accidentally or not. If Hellriegel gets indicted, you and I, bunkie, as the guys responsible for the prosecution -- we can forget about ever getting any help on any case from any uniform in Baltimore. We might as well go join a leper colony.

(continued)
CONTINUED:

BAYLISS
What'd'ya mean 'we', white man?

PEMBLETON rolls his eyes, walks away.

BAYLISS (cont.)
Now is not the time to lose your sense of humor, Frank.

As BAYLISS follows PEMBLETON out.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

PRENTECE sits across from CROSETTI. LEWIS enters.

LEWIS
Mr. Prentice, we're gonna take you down to the lab... You look like hell. Why don't you wash up before we go? Felton'll show you.

On FELTON, as he emerges from behind the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

Establishing.

INT. SEMINAR ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

WESTON, sitting in half-circle with BOLANDER, CROSETTI, HOWARD and MUNCH, picks up an orange from a basket of fruit.

WESTON
A simple orange. To most of us, a source of refreshment, of vitamins. (bites into orange skin) You peel it. (breaks off a piece) You eat it. (eats a piece) Instant gratification.

BOLANDER watches intently.

(CONTINUED)
WESTON (cont.)
But I visited a tribe in the Katmandu Valley of Nepal, where this same orange means something quite different. The Newar tribe has no spinsters among its women. Why? Because every young girl in the village is married, at age six, to an orange.

HOWARD
Yeah, sure.

BOLANDER
Oranges? Katmandu? What's this got to do with anything?

MUNCH
I bet it's some kind of analogy, right, one of those obscure references that point up our own inadequacies.

CROSETTI
Naw, she's kidding, right?

WESTON
It's true. They have a wedding ceremony and everything.

CROSETTI
Okay, okay. What happens when the girl wants to marry a man? Does she commit bigamy? Or does she drop her first husband in the juicer?

WESTON
No. Her actual husband is considered a living representative of the fruit.

HOWARD
Sure, that makes sense.

MUNCH
But what if she falls in love with a melon? You know, she and her orange are out walking together, or they're at the beach, and she sees this Honey Dew, lying there, all shining and delicious: All she can think about is biting his rind.

(CONTINUED)
WESTON
If she does feel something for the Honey Dew, she should let those feelings out. Sexual intercourse occurs one hundred million times every day. Sex is a strong motivating factor. You must always consider it in dealing with your murder victims, with your suspects, your partners, your bosses. And, most importantly, within yourselves. To us, loving an orange is strange. But, negating the possibility that someone else can love an orange, means we commit emotional homicide.

BOLANDER nods. MUNCH takes another orange from basket.

MUNCH
Hey, Kay --
(tosses orange to HOWARD)
We booked you the Honeymoon Suite at the Marriott. Be gentle, it's his first time.

HOWARD
How do you know? He turn you down last night?

On HOWARD, tossing the orange back.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

PEMBLETON sits at his desk as BAYLISS enters, carrying a file folder.

BAYLISS
I got the Fire Arns report on the .38 slug they found in Cox's clothing.

PEMBLETON takes report, opens folder, reads. Without a word, he rises, crosses to GIARDELLO's office, KNOCKS.

INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

GIARDELLO faces PEMBLETON.

PEMBLETON
The bullet doesn't match. It's not from Hellriegel's gun.
(hands report to GIARDELLO)

GIARDELLO
So, if Hellriegel didn't shoot Cox, who did?

(CONTINUED)
PEMBLETON
Some uniform, stupid enough to kill someone and then run away. He ran away like any other murdering bastard.

GIARDELLLO
According to this report, the .38 was a 158-grain roundnose. The police department hasn't used that kind of ammunition since the O's were sweeping the Dodgers.

PEMBLETON
Meaning?

GIARDELLLO
Maybe it wasn't a cop. Maybe Cox got aced by a gun of his own, taken off him during a struggle.

PEMBLETON
Well, that would explain why the spent bullet wasn't department issue and the torn buttons...

GIARDELLLO
Cox was killed by a civilian.

PEMBLETON
Maybe, but my gut tells me it was one of those uniforms at the scene. I'll have Bayliss do another door-to-door in the neighborhood, to find a witness. And I wanna order all the uniforms from Eastern, Southern and Northwest to submit their revolvers to evidence control.

GIARDELLLO
No.

PEMBLETON
Why not?

GIARDELLLO
I don't want to cast undue suspicion on every officer in town.

PEMBLETON
Okay, then just the fifteen cops who worked the raid on the crackhouse --
GIARDELLO

No.

PEMBLETON
Cox was killed with a .38 slug, running from men with .38 revolvers. Where else do we start looking but at the men who had the guns?

GIARDELLO
I have spent my adult life in the brotherhood of cops -- in station houses, radio cars, in courthouse corridors, in district lockups. I've seen more than my share of police-involved shootings. Most were good. Some not so good. Some clearly with evil intent. I have also seen times when a suspect should've been shot -- shot repeatedly -- and wasn't. The decision to use lethal force, it's subjective, it's instinctive --

PEMBLETON
Regardless of the circumstances, when a cop shoots someone, he stands by it. He picks up a radio mike and calls it in. He turns in the body. If not, cops are no better than anyone else.

GIARDELLO
And what about cops who put cops in prison?

PEMBLETON
Will you order the uniforms to turn in their revolvers?

GIARDELLO
I want the truth to come out as much as you, but what you're asking for... It will cost. Do you understand? It will tear a rift across this entire department. Before I let you do that, you better have more than your gut to go on.

PEMBLETON
Fine. I'll have Barnfather give the order.

PEMBLETON takes report, exits. On GIARDELLO, unmoved.

CUT TO:
INT SEMINAR ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

BOLANDER waits for HOWARD, CROSETTI and MUNCH to exit, then crosses to WESTON.

BOLANDER
What you said was very good.

WESTON
Thanks.

BOLANDER
We should all be more spontaneous.

WESTON
Yes.

BOLANDER
Will you go out with me?

WESTON
(reacts)
You mean on a date?

BOLANDER
I guess that's a no.

WESTON
Well, I... I make it a rule not to date people I'm working with.

BOLANDER
These seminars are only gonna last a week. How 'bout after that?

WESTON
Stanley... While I was in graduate school, I was part of a research team. Every day we'd take a boat out to an uninhabited island -- a big rock really -- and we'd study the behavior of birds, the sexual behavior of birds, seagulls primarily.

BOLANDER
Uh huh.

WESTON
We determined, after about three years of observation, that fourteen percent of all female seagulls are lesbians.

BOLANDER
What?

(Continued)
WESTON
The female gul form a stable union, like their heterosexual counterparts. They mate, lay eggs -- which are sterile, of course -- and they defend their nests.

BOLANDER
Wait. Are you saying you're a...?

WESTON
I'm saying you're very cute and sweet and full of love. And I'm very touched that you'd ask me. But I'm fresh out of a bad relationship, myself. Birds of a feather shouldn't always flock together.

BOLANDER
Huhn.

WESTON
I'll tell you one thing though: Your ex-wife, Margie, she won't find anything in Los Angeles or San Diego that she didn't have here in Baltimore already.

BOLANDER
Yeah, what'd she have?

WESTON
You.

BOLANDER
Who? Who, me?

WESTON
Yep. You.
(kisses his cheek)
I'll see you tomorrow.

WESTON exits. BOLANDER touches his cheek with his fingertips. He lowers his hand, looks at it. As BOLANDER smiles,

CUT TO:

EXT. S.S. JOHN W. BROWN - SUNSET

PRENTICE stands on the deck, looking up at the ship. FELTON approaches.

PRENTICE
How'd you know I'd be here?

(CONTINUED)
FELTON
I guess I'm a better detective than I thought.

(looks around)
So, this is it. The legendary S.S. John W. Brown. The ship that took your old man all over the world.

PRENTICE
I came to see what the big deal was. Why Dad loved this old piece of tin more than my mother and me.

FELTON
Not more, different.

PRENTICE
(looks out at the Bay)
When I was a kid, maybe two or three, he took us to the Eastern Shore. He said, 'Let's go in for a swim.' I was afraid. 'Get in the water.' 'Mommy.' He picks me up, tosses me in, figuring I'd learn by trying to survive. I sank like a stone. I needed mouth-to-mouth. My mom, sobbing. From then on, Dad didn't want to have too much to do with me. I never shared his woody for the water.

FELTON
At least, you knew your father...

PRENTICE
At least, you've got sons.

FELTON
So, go make a son.

PRENTICE
Stupid, isn't it? All I wanted -- ever -- was my father's approval. And finally, the only way I could get it, was to kill him.

FELTON
After your dad dies, Chuckie -- no matter what kind of relationship you had with him -- all the rules change. You move to the first rung on the ladder. Maybe now you don't have to struggle so hard to be the man he raised you to be. Maybe now you can just be the man you are...

(shrugs)
C'mon. My wife's waiting dinner on us.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

PRENTICE takes one long last look at the ship.

PRENTICE
She is a beauty, isn't she?

FELTON
Yeah. She's a beauty.

FELTON puts his arm around PRENTICE's shoulder -- as if to say, "You're not alone." PRENTICE nods, comprehending. As the two PALS walk off together,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

LEWIS crosses to "The Board". He looks at the name PRENTICE still in RED. He picks up an eraser. LEWIS wipes the name off, then stares at the blank spot for a beat -- that's it. That's the end of one man's existence. He puts the eraser down, crosses to his desk. He sits, rubs his face. On LEWIS, as he struggles with his conscience,

FADE OUT.

THE END