HOMICIDE
LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Two:
"Black and Blue"

Teleplay by
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FINAL DRAFT
Prod. #202
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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

COLONEL BERT GRANGER ............................... Gerald F. Gough
OFFICER FRED HELLRIEGEL
OFFICER JERRY RYAN
SERGEANT JIMMY TYRON

BEATRICE CROSETTI
LINDA MARTIN
ELLEN PAUSTIAN
LAYNE STALEY

GRANT BESSER ........................................... Mel Proctor
MR. OBENREDER
DALE STALEY
HARRIS STALEY
JIMMY TYRON JR

CLERK
MOM
UNIFORM
SETS

EXTERIORS
Latrobe Park
Little Italy
Oyster Bay Road, Harford
Paustian Realty
Peabody Institute
Police Headquarters
  Roof
  Precinct House/Eastern Division
Rowhouse, Fayette Street
South Ann Street
Backyard/Townhouse
Thames Street
Tyron Home

INTERIORS
Crosetti's House
  Living Room
  Kitchen
  Bathroom
Hallway/Eastern Division
Homicide Unit
  Coffee Room
  Giardello's Office
  Observation Room
  Squad Room
  "The Box"
Paustian Realty
Peabody Institute
  Concert Hall
  Foyer
Police Headquarters
  Evidence Room
  Holding Cell
  Staircase
Restaurant
Townhouse
  Dining Room
  Kitchen
  Living Room
Tyron Home
  Basement
  The Wharf Rat
Missing page:

A page or part of a page of the only available US copy is missing here. This situation is not unusual; many of the scripts held in the libraries or files of major studios and production companies have missing material, a fact that clearly illustrates the expendability of the screenplay once the true text, the film itself, has been made.
CONTINUED:

CROSETTI
That came over from the old country.
From my mother's side of the family,
from Brescia. It's oak.

ELLEN
It's olive wood. Gorgeous. Twenty-five years ago you'd've had buyers
knocking each other over trying to get
at this wainscotting. Today, everyone
wants three-quarter inch plasterboard.

CROSETTI
It's olive wood, huh? I always thought
it was oak.

ELLEN
(re: dining room floor)
Terrazo floors. I haven't seen a
terrazo floor in years.

CROSETTI
My great grandfather, he cut out all
those pieces to fit one by one. Took
him six years to finish.

ELLEN
Today, everyone's putting in ceramic
tiles from Peru. Terrazo doesn't speak
to new young home buyers.

CROSETTI
It doesn't, huh?

ELLEN
Who's gonna get down on their hands and
knees to keep a floor like this clean?
Who's got the time?

ELLEN walks into kitchen. CROSETTI follows, mumbling.

INT. KITCHEN/CROSETTI HOME - EVENING

ELLEN and CROSETTI enter.

ELLEN (cont.)
Isn't this homey? Uh oh. No vents.
What are we going to do about that?

CROSETTI
How 'bout you open a window? That's
what we did: It worked.

(CONTINUED)
ELLEN
More than anything I wish you'd've installed central air. You could have been singing the happy song of the quick sale at this very moment. The way these Balto summers are shaping up, central air is taking precedence over safe sex.

ELLEN walks to door of bathroom off kitchen.

INT. BATHROOM/CROSETTI HOME - EVENING

Recently updated with a new shower stall, sink and toilet.
ELLEN and CROSETTI peek inside.

ELLEN (cont.)
My Lord.

CROSETTI
What? This is brand new. Less than a year old.

ELLEN
Tell me there wasn't a pedestal sink here. a bathtub with lion claw feet, a toilet with an overhead chain flusher.

CROSETTI
Yeah...

ELLEN
This bathroom was worth its weight in diamonds. You ripped out whatever charm the house had.

CROSETTI
This upsets you?

ELLEN
I'm so disappointed my teeth hurt. The first offer we get, no matter what the amount, we grab.

On CROSETTI, in silent agony.

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

A frenzy of REPORTERS crowd the main entrance. GRANT BESSER and his TV NEWS CREW start a remote feed.

BESSER
Who killed Charles Courtland Cox? Baltimore Homicide detectives have asked that question hundreds of times since Cox, twenty-two, was shot in the back while being pursued on foot by police.

On BESSER, broadcasting live.

CUT TO:

INT. GIAPDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

C.U. ON HOLSTER.

BESSER (v.o., cont.)

Many in the Fayette Street area say the police themselves shot the young man in cold blood...

Hand comes into frame, takes revolver out of holster.

BESSER (v.o., cont.)

According to an informed source, investigators have asked the fifteen officers who were at the scene of the shooting --

Hand puts revolver on desk.

BESSER (v.o., cont.)

To hand over their weapons for inspection...

CAMERA PANS UP to FIRE ARMS CLERK, sitting at desk, signing a document.

BESSER (v.o., cont.)

Investigators anticipate matching the bullet found in Cox's clothing to one of the officers' guns...

FIRE ARMS CLERK rips document off the page, hands it to OFFICER.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BESSER (v.o., cont.)
Several officers, who were at the scene, are also being interrogated again --

OFFICER turns to go, stares angrily at FRANK PEMBLETON, TIM BAYLISS and AL GIARDELLO.

BESSER (v.o., cont.)
Though a police spokeswoman says none of them are currently under suspicion.

OFFICER exits. PEMBLETON turns to GIARDELLO, who is none-too-happy with the situation. Beat. KNOCK on door.

GIARDELLO

Come in.

As ANOTHER OFFICER enters, to repeat the procedure.

CUT TO:

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

PEMBLETON sits across from SERGEANT JIMMY TYRON.

TYRON
You created a lota bad blood, ordering the guys to submit their revolvers to evidence control.

PEMBLETON
Sergeant Tyron, we all thought Officer Hellriegel shot the kid accidentally. But he didn't shoot the kid, yet there's a kid, he's dead and he had to get shot by someone.

TYRON
Did you take a look at Cox's rap sheet?

PEMBLETON
What's that got to do with his being shot?

TYRON smiles thinly.

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

PEMBLETON sits across from OFFICER FRED HELLRIEGEL.
FEMBLETON (cont.)
Officer Hellriegel, your gun went off accidentally -- once -- when you fell. This report indicates that the bullet which killed Cox did not come from your service revolver.

HELLRIEGEL
So, I'm off the hook.

FEMBLETON
Right. Unless you were carrying a second gun.

HELLRIEGEL shifts in his seat.

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

FEMBLETON sits across from OFFICER JERRY RYAN.

FEMBLETON (cont.)
Officer Ryan, you say you didn't hear a shot.

RYAN
I was chasing another kid. I was going the other way.

FEMBLETON
There were two shots, two bullets -- the one from Hellriegel's gun and the one in Cox's body. Maybe you don't hear one shot, but you don't hear two shots.

RYAN
You're out of your mind.

FEMBLETON
Even out of my mind, I still hear at least one of the two shots.

RYAN turns away.

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

FEMBLETON with HELLORIEGEL.

HELLRIEGEL
Why would I be carrying a second gun?

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON
Some officers, knowing the kind of
danger they'll be facing in a raid,
carry extra firepower.

HELLRIEGEL
I don't own a second gun.

PEMBLETON
Good. That'll be fairly easy to check
out.

HELLRIEGEL
Am I still a suspect?

PEMBLETON
No.

HELLRIEGEL narrows his eyes.

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

PEMBLETON with TYRON.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
I know what it's like to be out there
on the street all day all night every
day. I know that you meet a lot --
probably ninety percent of the people
you deal with -- they're...

TYRON
Scum.

PEMBLETON
So the value of one life is not
necessarily equal to another.

TYRON nods.

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

PEMBLETON with RYAN.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
The bottom line -- you're going to have
to tell the truth to the grand jury or,
when the truth does come out, face a
perjury charge.

RYAN
You mean go to jail?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON
Jerry, no one is sending anyone to jail.

RYAN closes his eyes.

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

PEMBLETON with TYRON.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
The law says you kill someone -- anyone -- if you take their life away, it's murder. We became cops to uphold the law. To uphold the truth, no matter how painful that truth may be.

TYRON sits passively.

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

PEMBLETON with HELLRIEGEL.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
I don't think you killed Cox. But I think you know who did. And in a panic you two concocted your story. But it wasn't planned, what happened, it all just happened so fast, you really didn't have time to think.

HELLRIEGEL glances at the door.

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

PEMBLETON with RYAN.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
I'm not saying you know everything. But you know more than you're telling. Just tell me what you know, Jerry, that's all. Whatever you know.

RYAN
I... Uh, maybe I did hear a shot. Or maybe it was a car backfiring.

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

PEMBLETON with TYRON.

TYRON
The truth? When I got there, he was dead. I didn't touch him. Except to see if he was dead. That's all I know. Ask anyone. Ask Hellriegel.
INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY
PEMBLETON w/ HELLRIEGEL.

HELLRIEGEL
I'm not saying a word.

HELLRIEGEL rises, goes.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY
GIARDELLO has been standing there, watching. He turns and exits, perturbed.

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY
As PEBBLETON sits alone, frustrated,

CUT TO:

EXT. OYSTER BAY ROAD, HARFARD - DAY
A middle-class suburban enclave. CROSETTI and MELDRICK LEWIS pull up to the curb in Cavalier, exit. A shiny black Olds is parked in the driveway of a townhouse.

LEWIS
This is it?

CROSETTI
This is it. A pretty place, huh?

LEWIS
(scanning the area)
Compared to what? They're all the same house. I can see you coming home from a New Year's Eve party, running around trying to find the right front door.

CROSETTI
This is not the type of neighborhood you come home drunk to.

LEWIS
Oh right -- a little white wine and a petite finger sandwich, that's as wild as it gets out here. This is about your speed, Crosetti.

CROSETTI glares at LEWIS, heads up walkway. LEWIS points to pink flamingo on a neighbor's front lawn.

LEWIS (cont.)
Take stock of the local fauna and flora.

(CONTINUED)
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Front door swings op'n. BEATRICE CROSETTI, sixteen, pallid complexion, massive truly hair and the sad eyes of virgin martyrs, comes flying out, bounding down steps, to hug CROSETTI.

BEATRICE
Daddy.

CROSETTI
Hiya, kiddo.

BEATRICE
Whaddya say, Meldrick?

LEWIS
How ya been, Beatrice?

BEATRICE
I'm okay. I'm still cool. You know that.

ELLEN steps out, offers hand to LEWIS, which he shakes.

ELLEN
I'm Ellen Paustian, Detective Crosetti's real estate representative. I'm here to smooth the way for father and daughter to move into a little better piece of the American dream.

LEWIS
Oooh. You make it sound so sexy.

CROSETTI nudges LEWIS. They enter.

INT. LIVING ROOM/TOWNHOUSE - DAY

ELLEN leads CROSETTI, BEATRICE and LEWIS through.

ELLEN
These floors are number one, red oak, nine hundred square feet, twelve dollars a square foot, all newly installed.

They follow her out.

INT. DINING ROOM/TOWNHOUSE - DAY

ELLEN leads them through.

(CONTINUED)
ELLEN 'cont.)
ClimaCe-controlled ventilation.
(taps a control panel)
A computer monitors the temperature and
humidity. The air is reconstructed and
purified every six minutes.

They follow her out.

INT. KITCHEN/TOWNHOUSE - DAY

ELLEN leads them through.

ELLEN (cont.)
Pressurized hardwood and hardwood
veneers to resist warping from heat and
moisture. All these appliances are
environmentally friendly.

CROSETTI
Very nice.

BEATRICE
I love this house.

ELLEN
It is a wonderful space, a unique
opportunity. I've been in this
business for fifteen and a half years
and I haven't come across such a total
package in all my days. This home is
going to sell in a heartbeat.

CROSETTI
You told me it's a buyer's market, that
nothing was selling.

ELLEN
What's that rule about exceptions?

BEATRICE
Show my dad the upstairs.
(to CROSETTI)
You gotta see the skylights.

BEATRICE and ELLEN go upstairs. CROSETTI begins to follow.
LEWIS grabs CROSETTI by the elbow.

LEWIS
Lemme ask you something, pilgrim. Why
is it you're considering living all
this ways out from the city?
CROSETTI
My Beatrice is excited about this area. That's all that counts.

LEWIS
And I'm saying to you, with all due respect, that this is a place where they believe that spaghetti was invented in a can, y'dig?

CROSETTI
I've lived too many years by myself. I want my daughter back with me. I need a family, a home.

LEWIS
You have a home. In the city.

CROSETTI
I need something new. I gotta get out of the old neighborhood. I'm suffocating there. And I got a chance to have my daughter back with me. I've prayed for this.

ELLEN
(calls from top of stairs)
Yoo-hoo. Detective Crosetti.

CROSETTI starts up stairs. LEWIS grabs him again.

LEWIS
You go up those stairs and you'll never make it back down. Not as we have all known and loved ya. The pods are upstairs, Steve. They're waiting to bodysnatch you.

CROSETTI
That's my daughter you're talking about? Is that nice, calling her a "pod"?

LEWIS
That's not your daughter. It used to be. They're too friendly, Steve.

CROSETTI
You're embarrassing me. And yourself.

LEWIS
They're way too friendly. You've been warned.

On CROSETTI, ascending the stairs.
"Black and Blue"

8/3/93

EXT. LATROBE PARK - DAY

STANLEY BOLANDER and JOHN MUNCH, in the midst of a crime scene, are stooped over, collecting 9 mm. shell casings.

MUNCH
Congratulate me.

BOLANDER
For what?

MUNCH
Me and Felicia, we've decided: We're in love.

BOLANDER
You've "decided" it's love? What if it wasn't? What would it have been, a decision that it's insanity?

MUNCH
Congratulate me.

MUNCH extends his hand to BOLANDER, who waves MUNCH off.

BOLANDER
I'm not shaking that hand. I don't know where that hand's been. Or what it's been touching on you. I have enough problems already.

They cross to Landcruiser, where a MALE, late teens, sits in front seat, head tilted backward at an awkward angle. His eyes are open and dull. Wounds from an automatic weapon cover him from head to toe. The interior of the vehicle is dotted with bullet holes. MUNCH and BOLANDER approach UNIFORM, who stands at car, holding a kilo-sized plastic bag with rock cocaine.

UNIFORM
Another drug dealer. Collect all thirteen in the series, win a set of dishes.

BOLANDER
Live stupid, die young. (looks into back seat) What do we got here?

BOLANDER lifts plastic bag from back seat.

C.U. ON BAG -- Two small FISH, blueish green with brilliant yellow tail markings, are swimming in water.

BOLANDER (cont.)
What, tropical fish?

(continued)
MUNCH
They still alive?

BOLANDER
(holds bag up close to
MUNCH's face)
Are they floating on the top?

MUNCH
You're such a bitter person. I'm in love, it
drives you crazy. Can't you be happy for me?

BOLANDER
I'm head over heels. I'm ecstatic.
I'm beside myself.

MUNCH
Jealous. You're riddled with jealousy, Big
Man. You're bitter. You're cranky. You
don't have any juice left. You've run out of
oil. Anyone can read your dipstick. You're
jealous and you have no redemptive qualities
what-so-ever so you need to strike out. You
need to belittle and ridicule. You're gonna
end up one of those old guys sitting all by
himself on a park bench, feeding the pigeons.

BOLANDER hands MUNCH bag, goes. On MUNCH, holding bag.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH ANN STREET - DAY

GIARDELLO walks with PEMBLETON.

GIARDELLO
No, what I'm saying is -- you need more
manpower. That's why I'm assigning
Howard and Felton to the Cox shooting.

PEMBLETON
I got no use for Felton, Gee.

GIARDELLO
I wanna make sure you have enough time,
足够的 help. I wanna make sure you
approach this case from every angle.

PEMBLETON
I could send Howard with Bayliss to
canvas the neighborhood again.

(CONTINUED)
GIARDELLO
And Felton could check the run sheets
on all the squad cars that were present
on the night of the accident.

PEMBLETON
Maybe we'll get lucky. Maybe we'll
match the bullet we found on Cox to one
of the uniforms' guns.

GIARDELLO
Or maybe we'll find out the shooter was
a civilian.

PEMBLETON
Listen, I don't wanna fry a cop either, but
most of them seem to be having trouble
keeping their stories straight. It's one
thing having civilians lie to you. It's
another to have cops do it. Being cops, I
kinda hoped they'd be better liars.
(stops at Wharf Rat)
You gonna eat?

GIARDELLO
Naw, I got agita. Gonna take a walk.
(starts to go, turns back)
Frank, you know my feelings about this.
You're hurting the whole department by
making every cop suspect. These are not
street punks you can roll over. They have
dignity, they have balls, they're family.

GIARDELLO keeps going. PEMBLETON enters.

INT. THE WHARF RAT -- DAY

PEMBLETON sees BEAU FELTON and KAY HOWARD eating with a MAN
whose back is to the door. PEMBLETON approaches table.

PEMBLETON
Kay --

MAN turns, revealing himself to be TYRON, in street clothes.

TYRON
Hello, Frank.

PEMBLETON
Hiya...
(to HOWARD)
You know the Sergeant?

(CONTINUED)
HOWARD
Jimmy was my boss over at Sheffield, taught me everything I know.

TYRON
Taught alota rookies. Only a few got the message.
(pulls out chair)
Sit down, Frank. Lemme buy you lunch.

RYAN and HELLRIEGEL cross from bar with mugs of beer.

RYAN
Hey, Detective...

HELLRIEGEL
How ya doing, Pembleton?

They sit.

FELTON
C'mon, Frank. Sit down.

PEMBLETON
(beat, as he looks at the MEN he interrogated a few hours ago)
I don't think so.

As PEMBLETON crosses to a table and sits alone,

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

28 EXT. ROWHOUSE, FAYETTE STREET - DAY

DOOR SLAMS in HOWARD's and BAYLISS' face.

HOWARD
She was very helpful.

They head to next rowhouse.

HOWARD (cont.)
I need coffee. Run for coffee. I'll pay. Coffee, two sugars. And some licorice. I need something to chew on.

BAYLISS
You ever fire your gun?

HOWARD
No. You?

BAYLISS
Once. When I was still in uniform. My partner'd let one go, so I fired too, out of solidarity. I knew the guy we shot at. He said, 'Timmy, you tried to kill me, man.'

HOWARD
You hit him?

BAYLISS
No, I aimed above his head. I apologized, but he never looked me in the eye again. I aimed in the air.

HOWARD
Well, maybe you hit someone else.
(off BAYLISS' look)
That bullet had to come down somewhere.

BAYLISS
Hey, look --

He points to empty lot.

THEIR POV -- DALE and HARRIS STALEY, seventies, spry, wirey, are raking and cleaning. A mound of mulch is piled in a wheelbarrow.

(CONTINUED)
DALE and HARRIS are startled by BAYLISS and HOWARD.

BAYLISS (cont.)
We're police. Detective Bayliss.
Detective Howard.

HARRIS shrugs and goes back to raking mulch.

DALE
Harris, don't be rude. I'm Dale, this is Harris.

HOWARD
How we doing today?

HARRIS
I'm regular, how about you?

HOWARD
(smiles)
You have any coffee on you?

DALE
Basil, parsley, radishes. No coffee. We're gonna put in three rows of green beans. We got plans.

HARRIS
You shoot that boy the other night?

BAYLISS
Huh, no.

HARRIS
That child was from this neighborhood.

BAYLISS
And I know, he was a good kid. They all are and so God knows why I'm paid to do this job, huh?

HARRIS
He was no boy scout, but compared to most, he was okay.

DALE
It's always "compared to what" these days. There aren't any saints and that's the real picture.

HARRIS
We don't like cops coming into our neighborhood, killing our children.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (2)

HOWARD
Either of you see anything?

HARRIS
No. And we wouldn't tell you if we had.

HOWARD
We're just trying to get to the facts, to figure out what happened.

HARRIS
Look over there, Detective, you'll see what happened.

HARRIS indicates the alley where Cox's body was found.

HOWARD's POV -- Flowers lay on the ground where Cox died. Different colored candles circle the flowers. Holy cards lean up against lit candles. Two children, a BOY and a GIRL, bent over flowers, set two candles down. The BOY reaches into pocket, takes out candy bar. He lays candy bar down atop the flowers. The CHILDREN look up at HOWARD. Their mute expressions puff to anger.

As Howard lowers her head wearily,

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD/TOWNHOUSE - DAY

LEWIS comes out, looking around. An old man, MR. OBENREDER, stands in the next yard glaring at him.

LEWIS
Hello.

No response.

LEWIS (cont.)
A beautiful afternoon, don'tcha think?

No response.

LEWIS (cont.)
Nice area out here. You live here long?

No response.

LEWIS (cont.)
All these flowers and trees. It's peaceful.

OBENREDER
We like it that way.

(CONTINUED)
LEWIS
So do I.

OBENREDER
We like it the way it is.

LEWIS
Uh-huh. Well, sure, so do I. . . . What, you think I'm buying this place?

No response.

LEWIS (cont.)
I'm just applying for the job. There was an ad in the paper about a job standing out on the front lawn wearing a jockey cap and holding a lantern.

No response.

LEWIS (cont.)
The problem is: the new owner, the massuh, he don't think I'm dark enough.

OBENREDER
You're dark enough.

LEWIS
That's sweet of you to say.

CROSETTI comes out. LEWIS turns, beckons him to come over.

LEWIS (cont.)
Steve, I got your new neighbor here.
(to OBENREDER)
This is the new owner. His last name ends in a vowel. Ain't that something? If it's not one of us, it's one of them.

OBENREDER sneers, enters his house, slamming door.

CROSETTI
What was that about?

LEWIS
Me and your new neighbor, we were comparing notes. We discovered we are both having a bad hair day.

CROSETTI
I'm gonna like living out here.

On LEWIS, shaking his head.
EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

Establishing.

INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

GIARDELLO, PEMBLETON, BAYLISS stand with COLONEL BERT GRANGER.

PEMBLETON
We reviewed the service revolvers of each of the responding officers. None match the .38 found in Cox's clothing.

GRANGER
Another dead end.

PEMBLETON
Either one of the uniforms was carrying a second gun or took Cox's -- in any case the gun itself is probably at the bottom of the Patapsco River by now.

GIARDELLO
Why do you say, 'one of the uniforms,' Frank. To me, it's becoming clearer and clearer that a civilian shot Cox.

PEMBLETON
No, Gee, a cop shot Cox.

GIARDELLO
How can you say that? You have done nothing to try and locate a civilian suspect. You've been following one narrow plan of attack since the beginning.

GRANGER
You've canvassed the neighborhood?

BAYLISS
Three times. No witnesses.

GRANGER
You've checked the run sheets of each squad car?

BAYLISS
All the radio cars in the Eastern, Southern and Northwest districts appear to be accounted for at the time of the shooting.

(CONTINUED)
PEMBLETON

Colonel, I interviewed the uniforms who were at the scene one more time. I still got stonewalled.
(indicates list)
I'd like to have these four officers undergo lie detector tests.

GIARDELLO turns away, disgusted.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
Gee, if this were any other ordinary murder, wouldn't you give faulty witnesses a polygraph?

GIARDELLO
This is not an ordinary murder. There are fellow officers involved. They should be given the benefit of the doubt --

GRANGER
I'll allow the tests, if the uniforms agree to it voluntarily.
(heads to door)
This is a difficult situation. You men are doing an excellent job. Thank you.

He exits. GIARDELLO looks at paperwork on his desk.

GIARDELLO
You can both go.

PEMBLETON
Gee --

GIARDELLO
I said to you before, show me proof that a police officer is guilty. I'll take him down myself. But I want proof. Real proof. As usual, Frank, you have chosen to ignore me. So unless you want my advice on the length of your hair or a good restaurant in Little Italy, get out.

PEMBLETON
But --

GIARDELLO
Get the hell outa my office, Frank.

PEMBLETON exits. BAYLISS hangs for a moment, wanting to speak. He doesn't. As BAYLISS exits.
INT. EVIDENCE ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

BOLANDER and MUNCH stand in front of counter, MUNCH holding the bag with tropical fish at eye level to the EVIDENCE CONTROL CLERK.

MUNCH
Whaddya mean these fish aren't evidence? How do you know?

CLERK
A sixth sense. Somehow I don't get the feeling that they're vital.

MUNCH
They were recovered at a crime scene. Items recovered at a crime scene fall within your purview.

CLERK
What are you, rules and regulations? (to BOLANDER)
I thought we took up a collection last week to get you a new partner.

BOLANDER
He is new. Doesn't he look new?

MUNCH
What are we supposed to do with them?

CLERK
Why don't you find a porcelain receptacle in the men's room and give 'em one last whirlwind ride?

MUNCH
You're a heartless beast. You're a moral mutant.

CLERK turns and disappears down the back aisles of the evidence stacks. BOLANDER and MUNCH exit.

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

BOLANDER and MUNCH walk together.

BOLANDER
You wanna do the honors?

MUNCH
They were at the scene of the shooting. They're witnesses.

(CONTINUED)
BOLANDER
I'll flush 'em then.

MUNCH
I'm keeping 'em.

BOLANDER
What, you're gonna put 'em into witness protection?

MUNCH
(examines fish closely)
They aren't piranhas.

BOLANDER
Oh no, Jack Cousteau?

MUNCH
I'm surprised. Usually these drug dealers, they have Dobermans and Uzis. Piranhas are their fish of choice. Felicia has pretty fish just like these. I'll ask Felicia. She'll know. She keeps a fifty gallon tank filled with all sorts of tropical fish. She's an absolute authority.

(looks at fish)
Aren't they just beautiful?

BOLANDER
Compared to what? You?

(rubs his stomach)
How 'bout we go have dinner somewheres?

MUNCH
I'm gonna show these to Felicia. She loves fish. And maybe when I give her these fish, she'll get very spontaneous with me.

MUNCH dances his eyebrows up and down, walks off. BOLANDER looks at clock, looks at his watch, suddenly feeling very alone, abandoned. HOWARD passes by, carrying a case file.

BOLANDER
Detective Howard.

HOWARD
Stanley, hi.

BOLANDER
How are you?

(CONTINUED)
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CONTINUED: (2)

HOWARD
(turns, stops)
Fine. How are you?

BOLANDER
Also fine.

HOWARD
(suspicious of BOLANDER's tone)
Are you alright?

BOLANDER
Sure, sure. Never better. Say, hey, whaddya doing for dinner?

HOWARD
I got a date with Ed.

PHONE RINGS. HOWARD answers it.

HOWARD (cont.)
Howard. Homicide... Yeah, hi, Jimmy.

FELTON passes by BOLANDER.

BOLANDER
Hey, Felton, have you had your soup today? How about we go get that clam chowder special over at the Wharf?

FELTON
I don't get a dinner break anymore. Instead, I go to marriage counseling.

BOLANDER
Aw, that's a waste of time. Take it from me. Come. Have dinner. Hell, I'll counsel you if you want counseling.

FELTON
I'm trying to stay in my marriage, Stanley. I gotta make this counseling or she'll kill me.

FELTON walks off. BOLANDER looks around. The Squad Room is empty. NAOMI, the Unit Clerk, is in the background, taking phone messages. BOLANDER considers NAOMI. NAOMI, across the entire room, senses an invitation, waves off BOLANDER, shaking her head "no", all the while writing down phone message. On BOLANDER, heading out, alone.

CUT TO:
EXT. ROOF/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

PEMBLETON stands alone, smoking. HOWARD approaches.

HOWARD

Frank...

PEMBLETON turns to face her.

PEMBLETON
How could a city that's so beautiful be so ugly?

HOWARD

You like to come up here, don't you?

PEMBLETON

Yeah. It helps clear out my brain. Like the song... "When this old world starts getting me down..." Blah, blah, blah. But it works.

HOWARD

Jimmy Tyron just called. Says he's on his way over to take a lie detector test.

PEMBLETON

Please, Kay, if you're here to beat up on me, you're going to have to take a number.

HOWARD

I know you, Frank. I know the way you work. If you need to have Jimmy Tyron take a polygraph, you got a good reason... But, between you and me, is he a suspect?

PEMBLETON

I dunno. At this point, my grandmother's a suspect and she's been dead twelve years. I've heard so many variations on the truth. I figure maybe, maybe the lie detector test will help me sort it out. I'm not a liar... I don't lie to myself. I can't get away from the fact my instincts tell me a cop shot Cox. I don't know why I feel it and I don't want to, but -- I mean -- You know Tyron, is he capable of this?

HOWARD

(inhales, exhales)

Anyone is capable of anything... I suppose I should've told you this earlier, but, ah, Jimmy and I had an affair. Frank. Short, but oh-so-sweet.

(CONTINUED)
PEMBLETON

Why short?

HOWARD

He's married with a kid. But he's a good man, really... Is he capable of killing Cox. Sure. Did he? I sure-as-hell hope not.

PEMBLETON

One of the newscasters was on the air and he said something like, uh, "C.C. Cox was in the wrong place at the wrong time." Does that mean it's possible to be shot at the wrong place at the right time? Or maybe the right place at the wrong time?

HOWARD

Those TV anchors, they're all morons. They don't feel anything.

PEMBLETON

What about us? Standing over the body, what are we supposed to feel?

HOWARD

Homicide's like love gone bad. After a while, you feel nothing. All the case files, all the reports, all the photographs. All the wounds from all the dead people at all the scenes. So many crimes that the names and faces blur. Until those deprived of life and those deprived of liberty become one and the same...

PEMBLETON

Okay, then, so I find the killer of a scummy little junkie and whoever he is -- cop, civilian -- he goes to jail. Justice is served. So what? Who cares? The only long term impact on my life -- Giardello hates me.

HOWARD

He'll get over it.

PEMBLETON

Maybe, but I don't think so...
(studies HOWARD's face)
You really loved Tyron, didn't you?

HOWARD

You've got keen detective instincts, Frank.

PEMBLETON heads inside. On HOWARD, looking up at the stars.
35 INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

A mom and pop coffee shop/bistro/burger joint. POP cooks. MOM sits behind register, reading tabloid. BOLANDER sits in booth waiting, shifting uncomfortably, looking at menu.

BOLANDER's POV: A couple of TEENAGERS smooch in a booth, FRIENDS chat, an OLD COUPLE feed each other french fries. No one, but BOLANDER, eats alone. He calls to MOM.

BOLANDER
Ma'am? Excuse me? Hello?

MOM looks at him.

BOLANDER (cont.)
I'm sorry to interrupt your reading and all, but would you mind getting me a cup of coffee?

MOM
I'm not your waitress.

BOLANDER
Of course you're not. How stupid of me. I should've known that.

MOM
Linda's your waitress.

BOLANDER
Well, I been sitting here five minutes and I haven't seen Linda. Would you ask her to bring me a cup of coffee?

MOM
(screams toward kitchen)
Linda!

Beat. LINDA MARTIN, late twenties, in waitress uniform, bursts out of kitchen, her arms strategically stacked with plates of food -- more plates than one person can ever imagine carrying.

LINDA
Hot stuff coming through.

She deposits her cargo at another booth, with the ease of a Ringling juggler. She crosses to BOLANDER with cup of coffee.

LINDA (cont.)
Coffee?

BOLANDER
How did you -- Thanks.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

She places coffee on table, starts to leave.

BOLANDER (cont.)
Don't go away.
(looks at menu)
I could eat a small pony.

LINDA
We're out.

As BOLANDER looks up at LINDA and grins,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

CROSETTI, up to his ass and elbows in paperwork on his new house, reads instructions from a mortgage financing manual.

CROSETTI
"...and to approximate the maximum advisable amount of mortgage to carry, multiply annual salary by twenty-three percent."

CROSETTI scribbles some figures down. FELTON returns.

FELTON
Do I seem like a manipulator to you?
My wife, for one solid hour, called me 'The Manipulator'.

CROSETTI
You've been through this, Beau. With twenty percent down, is it better to go with a twenty year rate at seven and a quarter or a thirty year rate with six and seven-eighths?

FELTON
It doesn't matter.

CROSETTI
A difference of three thousand a year doesn't matter?

FELTON
I'm saying that doing all that math isn't gonna matter. 'Cause in the end, you're not gonna own the house anyway. Trust me, the moment you put down the first earnest money on that hut, you will be walking down the corridors of hell.

(continued)
FELTON (cont.)
Just when you're sitting, comfortable, with
a bag of Dorritos and a cold beer and
reruns of Green Acres, boom, like some
funky cartoon, you'll discover that there's
lead lurking in the layers of paint,
asbestos in the basement, invisible radon
gas, formaldehyde, electro-magnetic fields
around the color TV, radiation leakage from
the microwave and E. coli bacteria in the
faucet. So, the wife, she panics. She
decides you have to move out immediately.
But then you can't sell the place. Go on,
Crosetti, break your ass trying to figure
out what the house payments are gonna be.
I get my mortgage statements from the bank
every month. Regular as clockwork, and for
the life of me, I can't remember if I was
in that house long enough to take a leak.

CROSETTI goes back to figuring math. PICK UP BAYLISS,
crossing to water fountain. He sees DALE enter, shy.

DALE
Excuse me, Detective.

BAYLISS
Yes, hello.

DALE
I'm Dale.

BAYLISS
Dale, yes. I remember. Sit down.

DALE
No, no. I can't stay. I don't like
what's happening in my neighborhood.
Everybody so angry. It's only gonna get
worse. We gotta do something.

BAYLISS
You have some information on death of
C.C. Cox?

DALE
(nods)
Well, yes. I guess I do...

On BAYLISS, eyes lighting up.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

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

BAYLISS sits opposite LAYNE STALEY, twenties.

STALEY
I don't know anything about that shooting.

BAYLISS
Your grandmother, she says you were an eyewitness. That you were running from that crackhouse, same as Cox.

STALEY
She's old. She's wrong. I wasn't on the street when the gun went off.

BAYLISS
Then you did hear the gunshot.

Caught, STALEY nods, hesitantly.

BAYLISS (cont.)
What did you see?

STALEY
I went to my window. A police car was pulling away at high speed -- with its lights out. Then I saw a second car --

BAYLISS
Police car?

STALEY
Yeah. Pull up and stop at the alley. That's all I saw, I swear.

BAYLISS turns toward the mirror.

38 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

GIARDELLO stands with PEMBLETON and HOWARD.

GIARDELLO
I suspect our new friend, Layne Staley, saw a lot more than the departure or arrival of radio cars.

(CONTINUED)
HOWARD
So, why's he lying?

PEMBLETON
Maybe he's afraid of testifying against a cop.

GIARDELLO
Or maybe there were no radio cars. Maybe he saw a fight between Cox and someone else, a neighbor or friend, and Staley's trying to protect him.

HOWARD
Maybe Staley killed Cox. His grandmother says she saw him in the alley, a few moments after the shooting --

GIARDELLO
Kay, I want you to dig up as much on Staley as you can. Not just his criminal record, but his personal life, habits, y'know...

HOWARD
Okay.

(Exits)

PEMBLETON
He's not the guy who shot Cox, Gee.

GIARDELLO
Frank, you've always prided yourself on working alone, going your own way, doing things by your own methods. I've given you a fairly free hand, haven't I?

PEMBLETON
Yes...

GIARDELLO
The Italians have a saying that goes, roughly, "Let Fate take you by the hand and guide you. If not, she will drag you by your heels."

PEMBLETON
Meaning?
GIARDELLO
A few weeks after I got into my first uniform, Dr. King was assassinated. This city exploded. People went on a rampage. I had to make up my mind that night, which side I was on. Now it's your turn, Frank.

PEMBLETON stares at GIARDELLO for a moment, then says, anger mixed with resolution:

PEMBLETON
Okay. You want him, you got him.

PEMBLETON exits.

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

PEMBLETON enters, sits near BAYLISS, across from STALEY.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
Mr. Staley. Or would you prefer Layne?

STALEY
Layne is cool.

PEMBLETON
I'm Frank...

On PEMBLETON, in full control,

CUT TO:

INT. RESTAURANT - NIGHT

C.U. ON CUP OF COFFEE being filled. BOLANDER's plate lies empty in front of him. LINDA crosses away from booth. Balancing his cup with care, BOLANDER follows her to vacant stool at counter -- trying to make a point.

BOLANDER
What I mean is -- You've probably worked here a long time, right?

LINDA
Not long. Ten years.

BOLANDER
Ten years. You musta started when you were six.

LINDA
Sixteen. So --?
BOLANDER
You're a good waitress. I mean, maybe
you're just having a good day, but I
don't think I'm wrong about this. You
really like your job.

LINDA
Are you kidding?

BOLANDER
Come on, you do. That's a rare thing.
I've worked twenty-odd years and get
back zero -- no pleasure whatsoever.

LINDA
Yeah? What do you do?

BOLANDER
I'm a cop. Long shifts, just like you.
No respect. But, it's not just a job,
it's an obsession, y'know? Like
drinking coffee -- you know it's
killing you, but you can't function
without it.

LINDA
Look, my job drives me crazy, too.

BOLANDER
Then why are you so happy?

LINDA
You gotta do something in between the
everyday. Like when I'm playing
violin, it's my diversion. Even on
days when --

BOLANDER
Whoa, whoa, hold on. You said violin.

LINDA
I did.

BOLANDER
How could you play the violin?

LINDA

BOLANDER
It's just that --

(CONTINUED)
LINDA
What? Am I lying? What? Waitresses
don't play violin?

BOLANDER
No, no. You see, I play the cello.

LINDA looks at him suspiciously.

BOLANDER (cont.)
Well, I used to... kind of.

LINDA
You play?

BOLANDER
What? Cops don't play cello?

LINDA
No, no. Cello's great.

BOLANDER
It was another life almost.

LINDA
I like the way it feels. You know... Well, it's different for cello, you've
got this great big thing clamped
between your thighs, but I love the
vibration of the wood... on my neck, on
my throat.

BOLANDER
I used to take it out on the weekends,
play a little Elgar... If I didn't play
once a week, I thought my head would
blow off.

LINDA
"A man's attitude to life."

BOLANDER
Huh?

LINDA
Elgar said his concerto was about a
man's attitude to life. It's filled
with sadness and regret. Beautiful.
One of my favorites.

(CONTINUED)
BOLANDER
Yeah, me too. Well, I liked it 'cause it's slow. I'd practice the same phrase but I'd never get it right.

LINDA
Do you still have it?

BOLANDER
I don't think I ever 'had it'.

LINDA
Your cello. Do you still have your cello?

BOLANDER
Ahh. Yeah. It's under the bed. Thought putting it there might bring back the urge, you know... to play... the cello.

LINDA
You know, that Elgar concerto was actually written for cello and violin?

BOLANDER
Now, I didn't know that.

LINDA
I study over at the Peabody. You should come by and practice with me. On Thursdays, from seven to nine, I get into the Concert Hall. The guard's a friend.

BOLANDER
Oh, no, I couldn't do that. The Peabody, that's first-rate.

LINDA
Whatever.

BOLANDER
I really wasn't very good.

LINDA
It's not about being a good cellist. It's about having a good time playing the cello, right?

On BOLANDER, considering his suddenly infinite options.
EXT. OYSTER BAY ROAD, HARFARD - NIGHT

CROSETTI exits townhouse, looks up into bright beam of MAG light.

CROSETTI's POV -- OBENREDER holds flashlight beam on him.
OBENREDER also grips something, shielded inside small paper bag.

CROSETTI
Oh, hey, hi, how are ya? Didn't I see you before? You own this next door place, huh?

No response.

CROSETTI (cont.)
I'm just checking out the neighborhood at night. If there's a lot of noise, a lot of car traffic.

No response.

CROSETTI (cont.)
What'cha got in that bag?

No response.

CROSETTI (cont.)
You got something in that bag? You're holding it like you got some kind of protection in that bag?

OBENREDER
You don't want this house.

CROSETTI
Put the bag down. I'm a cop.

OBENREDER
I know.

CROSETTI
How the hell do you know?

OBENREDER
You're a homicide detective.

OBENREDER unsheathes the paper bag from his hidden hand, revealing a fistful of Polaroids.

OBENREDER (cont.)
You wanna see the pictures?

CROSETTI
I wanna know how you know I'm a cop.
OBEREDER
I have pictures of the man in this house.
You should know about him.

CROSETTI
What do I need any pictures for? What
people do in their house, that's up to
them. Nosey son of a bitch --

OBEREDER
You don't want to see these pictures?
(shoves Polaroids into bag)
Fine. Have a nice day.

OBEREDER goes. On CROSETTI, thinking him very strange.

CUT TO:

EXT. PRECINCT HOUSE/EASTERN DIVISION - NIGHT
Establishing.

INT. HALLWAY/EASTERN DIVISION - NIGHT

UNIFORMS go about their regular business as HOWARD and
TYRON walk together.

HOWARD
We found a witness in the Cox shooting.
Or he may be a suspect. Layne Staley.
You know anything about him?

TYRON
Staley's small time like Cox. He kinda
brought Cox into the business.

HOWARD
You could've mentioned that before.

TYRON
Look, I tried talking to your pal
Pembleton. He didn't want to hear --

HOWARD
He's a good detective, Jimmy.

TYRON
I know. I realize Pembleton needs all
the help he can get. Everybody's
spooked. What can I say?

(CONTINUED)
HOWARD
I want Staley's record. And anything else you've got. Maybe he's the one we're looking for and the pressure will be off you guys.

TYRON
Yeah... Huh...
(smiles)

WHAT?

TYRON
I was just thinking about Annapolis. us driving up to Annapolis for dinner --

HOWARD

Jimmy --

TYRON
What? We can't reminisce about good times? There's nothing wrong with that, Kay.

HOWARD
Listen... I could've called to ask about Staley.

TYRON
Yeah, I know.

HOWARD
There's something else, something I probably shouldn't tell you... You didn't do so well on the polygraph.

TYRON
You think I lied.

HOWARD
I just don't understand why you'd be nervous taking the test.

He doesn't respond.

HOWARD (cont.)

Jim?

TYRON
(softly)
I didn't think I was.
HOWARD
What's that supposed to mean?

He doesn't respond. HOWARD takes a breath, concerned.

HOWARD (cont.)
You know what I remember about those dinners in Annapolis? You'd pick me up. I'd sit in the car as you'd call your wife on the payphone. You said it helped being able to look at me when you called. I never understood that. Why would you make me watch you tell Sarah how much you loved her?

TYRON
What?

HOWARD
And we'd talk about your marriage all the time. I thought it was because you felt torn up and guilty. But maybe you just loved the excitement of lying to your wife and getting away with it...

TYRON
Right. See ya around, Detective.

TYRON storms off, angry. As HOWARD watches him,

CUT TO:

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

STALEY sits picking nervously at some loose threads on his pants cuff. BAYLISS and PEMBLETON sit opposite him.

BAYLISS
You want a cigarette?

STALEY
Yeah. Thank you... (takes cigarette)

PEMBLETON
C.C. was your friend --

STALEY
He wasn't my friend. I knew Cox, but we weren't close or anything like that.

PEMBLETON
--uh, I see... (CONTINUED)
STALEY
I knew Cox from around, that's all.

PEMBLETON
From around where, the alley over on Fayette?

STALEY
He wasn't my friend.

PEMBLETON
(points to BAYLISS, angry)
Tell him that.

BAYLISS
(picks up printout)
You have a very busy history of theft and drugs. C.C. Cox has been arrested with you several times.

STALEY
It was small stuff. Just some goofs. We never spent a day in jail.

BAYLISS
For six months, you and Cox shared an apartment together. You were godfather to his son. You were friends, right?

STALEY
Okay. We were friends.

PEMBLETON
Wait. You said you kind of knew him from around.

STALEY
We were friends, awright?

PEMBLETON
Sure, after he asks you. But don't tell me, alright? Tell it to this --
(choosing the word carefully)
white detective. Smoke his cigarette. And thank him.

STALEY
What?

(CONTINUED)
PEMBLETON
This is about respect, Mister Staley. For you. For me. You thank that son of a bitch white detective, but you lie to me. You deny C.C. Cox, say he's not your friend. Homey, that is so damn typical.

STALEY leans his head back, smiling, then laughs.

STALEY
Y'know, you're too much, man. You're making so much stuff outa nothing.

PEMBLETON explodes out of the chair.

PEMBLETON
'Nothing'? I'm 'nothing'?

PEMBLETON rushes to door, opens it, slams it shut, then opens it again, flinging it so the door bangs against the wall. PEMBLETON then kicks door against wall, the ECHO resounding out into the Squad Room. PEMBLETON turns to BAYLISS.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
Get out of here.

BAYLISS
Frank?

PEMBLETON
Go. Now. Go.

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON look at each other. BAYLISS inhales a deep breath of pity for STALEY, exhales and walks out. PEMBLETON slams door shut, stands glaring at STALEY.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
Thank you.

STALEY smiles in a nervous reaction.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
What, is this funny to you? This is a joke? On me?

PEMBLETON stalks STALEY, who shrinks down into seat.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
I'm saying 'stuff' about 'nothing'? You just made me a bitch in front of my partner.

(CONTINUED)
"Black and Blue"

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CONTINUED: (3)

STALEY
I was just trying to --

PEMBLETON
You made me a bitch in front of that white detective and now he's got it all over me forever. And I'm the one here who was treating you with respect. Do you know how much goes into that? Do you have a sense of what it's taken for me to be here with you? For you? To give you the respect you deserve?

STALEY shifts nervously in his seat.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
When I first came onto the force, I had to walk a beat over in the industrial park. And what were my duties? To make sure all the trucks had their correct city stickers and licenses. I was a glorified meter maid. I was a meter maid, Mister Staley, but I kept at it because in my heart of hearts I knew I was going to be a good cop for the community. Our community.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

BAYLISS stands with GIARDELLO.

BAYLISS
He's off the page. I don't know where he is on this one. Gee.

GIARDELLO glares through the one-way window silently.

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

PEMBLETON circles STALEY.

PEMBLETON
I didn't want there to be that same 'ol same 'ol when the white cops took the brothers into the back of the paddy wagon and beat a confession out of 'em. We know those days, don't we?

PEMBLETON walks to one-way window, addressing Observation Room.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
We know the stories, don't we? There's a real history of that, isn't there?

PEMBLETON glares at mirror.
47 INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

GIARDELLU and PEMBLETON are face-to-face through one-way window.

BAYLISS
What's he doing. Gee? Where's he going?

PEMBLETON
Just get the confession out of one of us. Any means necessary.

BAYLISS
(goes to door)
I gotta get back in there.

GIARDELLU
Leave him be.

BAYLISS
He's off track.

GIARDELLU
I said, leave him be.

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

PEMBLETON turns and walks slowly to STALEY.

PEMBLETON
Here I am. Here you are. And you're not in the back of a paddy wagon. And yet you make fun of me in front of one of them. You make me look like I don't exist.

STALEY
No. I wasn't doing that to --

PEMBLETON
Don't tell me. Don't lie to me again. That is what you did. Just like what you did to C.C. You denied him. Your friendship. It never existed. He didn't exist.

(picks up picture of Cox, dead)
What's going through his mind when he's laying in that alley?

STALEY
I don't know.

PEMBLETON
He was alone. He was scared.

STALEY
Yeah...

(CONTINUED)
PEMBLETON
He's laying there. His blood is pouring out of him. He's on his back. That's how I found your friend. On his back. Looking straight up. What was he looking at, your friend there?

STALEY
I don't know.

PEMBLETON
He wants someone to help him. His friend Layne. He needs his friend Layne to be there. His friend Layne, who would never give him up. His friend Layne will help him.

STALEY
I wanted to help him.

PEMBLETON
Now. Sure. But the first time you pulled C.C. into one of your deals, you put the bullet out there that was going to kill him. You set it in motion.

STALEY
No.

PEMBLETON
You knew what you were doing when you first got C.C. involved in all your schemes. You were putting him on the line. You were setting him up to end up in the middle of that alley with a bullet in his back.

STALEY
No.

PEMBLETON
He was your friend, your homey, amigo, a brother and all the while you were setting him up. He trusted you.

STALEY
I would never set him up.

PEMBLETON
It was going to happen. Had to. Once you got him involved, it had to happen.

STALEY
I was a good friend to C.C. He knew that.
PEMBLETON
He's dead.

STALEY
I didn't kill him.

PEMBLETON
He dies because of you. He dies for you.

STALEY
No, not me.

PEMBLETON
He's thinking. Why am I dying here in this alley? Why do I have to die here?

STALEY
Don't --

PEMBLETON
Why am I alone?

STALEY
Stop it already, huh?

PEMBLETON

STALEY
Okay, huh?

PEMBLETON
You put the bullet out there. You put the bullet in his path. You left him to die alone.

STALEY
No, I woulda never hurt C.C.

PEMBLETON
You put the bullet out there. You watched him die alone.

STALEY
No.

PEMBLETON
You put the bullet out there. You might as well have pulled the trigger on him.
STALEY
Please...

PEMBLETON
You put the bullet out there. You
killed him. You killed your friend.

STALEY
(breaking down)
Sweet Jesus.

PEMBLETON
You put the bullet out there. You killed
him. You shot him, didn't you? You shot
him. Didn't you? Didn't you?

Yes.

PEMBLETON
Say it for me. I put the bullet out there --

STALEY
I put the bullet out there.

PEMBLETON
I shot him. I killed him.

STALEY
I was scared just like him. I shot
him, I killed him.

PEMBLETON
Okay.
(all emotion gone, takes sheet
of paper, begins writing)
You're responsible for the murder of
Charles Courtland Cox.

STALEY
Yes.

PEMBLETON
You killed Charles Courtland Cox.

STALEY
Yes. I'm sorry.

PEMBLETON
(slides paper towards STALEY)
Sign that. Ask C.C. for forgiveness.
Tell him you're sorry for killing him.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED: (4)

STALEY
I am sorry. No more, please.

PEMBLETON holds pen out, which STALEY takes.

PEMBLETON
Put your name to it and you'll feel better.

STALEY signs statement. PEMBLETON picks it up, exits. STALEY buries his face in his hands, crying.

INT. OBSERVATION ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

PEMBLETON opens door, goes to GIARDELL'O. BAYLISS stands aside.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
How was that? Good enough?

BAYLISS
Frank.

PEMBLETON
He says he did it. He signs that he did it. He did it then, huh?

PEMBLETON holds out the signed statement to GIARDELL'O.

PEMBLETON (cont.)
I am so proud of myself. Gee.

BAYLISS
You gotta slow down --

PEMBLETON
I did it, alright? For you, Gee. I got him on the dotted line for you. He didn't shoot the Cox kid, but g'head, look at him. He's proud to have signed. He'd have stood a better chance in the back of the paddy wagon. With jackboots and clubs, he would have gotten a fairer shake.

PEMBLETON shoves signed statement into GIARDELL'O's hands, exits.

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

PEMBLETON goes to "The Board", wipes COX off in RED, rewrites it in BLACK, then rushes out. On GIARDELL'O, in doorway, watching PEMBLETON go, the statement in his hands, feeling as if it's the weight of the entire world.

END OF ACT THREE

FADE OUT.
ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

51 EXT. PAUSTIAN REALTY - DAY

Establishing.

52 INT. PAUSTIAN REALTY - DAY

ELLEN, seated at desk, goes over Crosetti’s mortgage worksheets, feeding numbers into calculator, making entries onto separate worksheet. CROSETTI peeks over her shoulder.

CROSETTI
...And I’m still trying to figure out how that old guy next door knows I’m a cop.

ELLEN
You’ve done your homework, Detective. I think the bank is going to look very favorably on your numbers.

CROSETTI
Great. How does that old man know I’m a cop? He knew I work Homicide.

ELLEN
Mr. Obenreder’s a very unfortunate old man. Everyone in the neighborhood has complaints about him.

(turns over worksheet, scans) We’re not putting your old house up as part of the equity, are we?

CROSETTI
I dunno. What’d ya think?

ELLEN
The less said about your current property the better... You’re using your police pension as a supplement to your equity guarantee. You’re gold.

(turns to next worksheet)

CROSETTI
That old man, what’d he do, scare the other people out of the house?

ELLEN collates papers, slides them into folder.

(CONTINUED)
"Black and Blue"
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CONTINUED:

ELL "N
I foresee no complications. You should be able to close on the new place within, oh, I'd say three weeks. Four, tops.

CROSETTI
That quick, huh? My Beatrice, she'll flip when she hears... So where'd he go?

ELLEN
Who's that?

CROSETTI
The guy who owns the house.

ELLEN
He lives in Lutherville. A lovely Victorian...

CROSETTI
Why'd he move?

ELLEN
Oh, he never lived there... He bought it as an investment.

CROSETTI
Then where's the guy who did live there? Maybe I could talk to him and see what kind of tricks that old man was playing. Obenreder had some pictures he wanted to show me. He's weird. My daughter's gonna be there alone a lot.

ELLEN
I haven't been handling the house all that long, so I don't know any details... I do know that the previous tenant was renting, with an option to buy.

CROSETTI
Couldn't swing the deal, huh?

ELLEN
No. He died.

CROSETTI
He what?

ELLEN
He's dead.

(CONTINUED)
CROSETTI
He's dead, the man that was in that house?

ELLEN
He died... In the house, I think.

CROSETTI
The man in that house died in that house and you didn't think it was worth mentioning? How did he die?

ELLEN
There were alot of ugly rumors. I don't listen to rumors.

CROSETTI
I do.

ELLEN
Mmm, I heard his lungs gave out, that he smoked like a fiend. Someone else told me he overdosed on cocaine. Still another said... Well...

CROSETTI
Yeah?

ELLEN
That there was a mistake made. With the valve to the gas heater. The owner thought the gas company was going to fix the leak.

CROSETTI
He died in that house from a gas leak? From carbon monoxide poisoning?

ELLEN
It was a mix-up.

CROSETTI
A mix-up? Somebody was responsible for this. This was negligence.

ELLEN
People die in houses all the time. What's the difference between a heart attack or falling down the basement stairs or a gas leak? People die in houses and you can't stop it.

CROSETTI
Somebody didn't fix something and that killed a man. That's murder.
ELLEN
The owner is suffering. You don't think he's in agony over this?

CROSETTI
He's in agony? He's alive, isn't he? And living in Lutherville. He's way ahead on this one. He should have made sure that gas leak was repaired. Did he at least mention to this tenant-with-an-option-to-buy that there'd been a problem? Did he put it on the list of repairs he'd made?

ELLEN
No. Property disclosure forms aren't mandatory in Maryland. But I can assure you, Detective Crosetti, that the glinch has been corrected. We can go over there, I'll show you --

CROSETTI
If it had been fixed in the first place, I'd've never got a shot at this house... cause that man would've bought it, don'tcha think? But since he bought the farm instead, got wiped out, it's my good luck.

ELLEN
If you don't like what you see with the heater, I think we could swing something where the owner would come down on the price. He's a very motivated seller, believe me.

CROSETTI
Yeah, well. Let's see how motivated he is when I bring him before a grand jury for involuntary manslaughter.

On CROSETTI, fuming.

CUT TO:

53    INT.  COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

Almost cheerful, BOLANDER drinks coffee into Styrofoam cup. MUNCH enters, carrying coffee mug, pours coffee.

BOLANDER
So how are you this morning?

(CONTINUED)
MUNCH
What's that, a leading question? What am I, on trial? What are you, some kind of Jesuit? This isn't Spain. This isn't the Inquisition.

BOLANDER
Woah. Steady. Easy, boy.

MUNCH
Don't patronize me. You think your sarcasm can disguise your patronizing pity? You think you have me fooled?

BOLANDER
I was just saying: good morning.

MUNCH
Do I look like I need pleasantries from you?

(sips coffee)
All women are nuts. The women I should be interested in, I can't stand. The insane ones, the ones who are nuclear, these are the ones I go for.

(sips coffee)
They're killers.

BOLANDER
Women?

MUNCH
Those fish. Those tropical fish. They turn out to be Jack Dempseys.

BOLANDER
Jack Dempsey, the heavyweight fighter?

MUNCH
How do I know how they got their name? All's I know is that they're assassins. They're worse than piranhas. They use piranhas for toothpicks. They ate every fish in Felicia's tank. Nothing was left but little bits of fin.

BOLANDER
Felicia didn't know these fish?

(Continued)
MUNCH
She knew. But after I put 'em in her tank. It was going to be a surprise. How was I supposed to know? They ate four thousand dollars worth of her fish and I gotta pay for 'em. And I'm out. She threw me out. But she keeps the Jack Dempseys. I was gonna flush 'em, but, no, she says she'll keep 'em to remind her of how much she, and this is her word, how she "loathes" me.

BOLANDER
I'm sorry to hear that.

MUNCH
I bet you are.

BOLANDER
No, I really am sorry. These affairs of the heart, they can wreck a man worse than any cancer.

MUNCH
Yeah. They can. They do... Have dinner with me tonight. I don't want to be alone.

BOLANDER
Love to, can't. Gotta be somewheres.

BOLANDER heads for the exit. MUNCH follows him.

MUNCH
Where? What's up?

BOLANDER
Nothing's up. Personal business.

MUNCH
You gotta have a life to have personal business and you have no life, Stanley.

BOLANDER pauses, turns to MUNCH, smiles beatifically.

MUNCH (cont.)
What kind of smile is that? You're smiling like the Cheshire cat. You're smiling how Buddha smiles. You're smiling like those two Jack Dempseys. You're smiling like you just ate the whole damn tank.

As BOLANDER exits, whistling a happy tune.
GIARDELLI stands at "The Board," staring at COX in BLACK. He erases the name, rewrites it in RED. As GIARDELLI exits, STALEY sits, broken. GIARDELLI appears at door.

GIARDELLI
Mr. Staley...

STALEY looks up.

GIARDELLI (cont.)
Would you mind if we talked for a moment?

STALEY shrugs. GIARDELLI enters cell, holds up document.

GIARDELLI (cont.)
This is the confession you signed last night.

(rips the confession in half)
Now I want you tell me what really happened in the alley. And who you saw kill C.C. Cox.

STALEY
I can't.

GIARDELLI
Why?

STALEY
He said he'd kill me, too.

GIARDELLI
I promise you --

STALEY
He knows me, man. Knows where I live. Like he knew C.C.

GIARDELLI
He didn't like C.C.
"Black and Blue"
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CONTINUED:

STALEY
He don't like anybody. And that night, it was crazy. Everybody's running, guns shining off the street lights. I duck into the alley, become part of the shadows. C.C. has his hands up, but he's still shoving C.C. around. Both of them spitting adrenaline. C.C. makes a break. He pulls his gun.

GIARDELLO
Who?

STALEY
The cop. C.C. knocks it outa his hand and starts running. The adrenaline's really pumping now. The cop pulls out another gun and he shoots C.C. in the back. He didn't even yell, 'freeze' or nothing. Then he turns and sees me --

GIARDELLO
The name. I want the name.

On STALEY, terrified,

INT. THE WHARF RAT - DAY

FELTON, CROSETTI and LEWIS eat together:

CROSETTI
I feel bad. My Beatrice was so excited about moving out to the suburbs.

LEWIS
These things happen.

CROSETTI
I'm gonna keep looking for a new house.

LEWIS
As well you should.

CROSETTI
She says, in the meantime, she doesn't mind living in the old house.

LEWIS
She's a great kid.

CROSETTI
She's lying to me. She hates the old house.

(CONTINUED)
FELTON
Y'know, I remember hearing about the
guy dying in that place you were gonna
buy. A year or so ago.

CROSETTI
I can't ever get away from murder. Even
the house I wanna buy, it's a murder.

FELTON
Maybe you should go back.
(off CROSETTI's look)
Well, you said she came down forty
thousand on the price.

LEWIS
You can't live in a house where the
spirits are unsettled. That man went
before his time. He needs to come back
and complete his life.

CROSETTI
Stop.

LEWIS
No, I'm very attuned to the fourth
dimension. I've been there. In my
previous lives, I was an explorer, a
Tibetan prince and Robespierre.

FELTON
How come in all those previous lives
people talk about having, everyone is
always famous or rich or powerful. If
I had a previous life, if, then I was a
peon, a cretan.

LEWIS
You couldn't've been a peon, a cretan.

FELTON
Why not?

LEWIS
'Cause each time, each life, you're
supposed to come back as something
different.

On FELTON, lobbying a pretzel at LEWIS.
EXT. TYRON HOME - DAY

JIMMY TYRON JR., age seven, plays on lawn. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS pull up in Cavalier, get out, cross to front door. PEMBLETON rings bell. TYRON opens door. PEMBLETON holds out warrant. TYRON takes it, opens door wide. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS enter.

INT. BASEMENT/TYRON HOME - DAY

TYRON, BAYLISS and PEMBLETON come down creaking wooden stairs. TYRON pulls string on overhead light. TYRON goes to locked chest, opens it -- twenty or so boxes of bullets and gun paraphernalia. PEMBLETON takes out box of bullets, shakes it. Bullets rattle around inside. He opens box, several bullets are missing.

TYRON
I target shoot a lot.

PEMBLETON
(takes out bullet, examines it)
158 grain. Same load that killed C.C. Cox.

TYRON
Small world.

PEMBLETON
If you target shoot a lot why is this the only box missing shells?

TYRON
You tell me.

PEMBLETON
Okay. In the heat of the moment, you shot Cox in the back. But he was unarmed and you couldn't figure out how the hell you were gonna write it up. So you lied.

TYRON
Really?

PEMBLETON
Really. I've got an eyewitness.

TYRON
I guess we'll have to see who the grand jury believes, me or your eyewitness.

PEMBLETON
(indicates box of bullets)
If we match these to one that killed Cox, we'll get an indictment. Will you come down to headquarters voluntarily?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

TYRON considers his answer. Finally, he smiles.

TYRON
Of course, Detective... Anything to help.

Stare-down. TYRON's eyes say it all: Eat shit and fucking die you cocksucker for putting a fellow police through this. BAYLISS takes out handcuffs. O.C. hear TYRON's SON.

SON (o.c.)
Daddy? Daddy, where are you?

TYRON
(re: the cuffs)
Not in front of my kid, okay?

BAYLISS
Okay.

TYRON heads for stairs.

EXT. TYRON'S HOUSE - DAY

TYRON exits, followed by PEMBLETON and BAYLISS. TYRON's SON runs to him.

TYRON
Jimmy, go down to the Deskiez's house, till Mommy gets home. I gotta go to work.

TYRON's SON nods. TYRON gives him a hug, a pat on the butt. TYRON's SON runs off. TYRON walks to Cavalier, opens back door, gets inside. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS cross to car. PEMBLETON gets into driver's seat. As BAYLISS sits in back, next to TYRON,

CUT TO:

EXT. PEABODY INSTITUTE - NIGHT

BOLANDER gets out of car, looks around sheepishly. Then he pulls out a cello.

INT. FOYER/PEABODY INSTITUTE - NIGHT

BOLANDER lugs his cello across the marble floor.

INT. CONCERT HALL/PEABODY INSTITUTE - NIGHT

LINDA sits on stage, playing. Door opens, letting in light. She looks up to see BOLANDER in doorway. She smiles. He crosses to stage, sits next to her. As they start to play the DUET.

CUT TO:
EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

DUET CONTINUES underneath as UNIFORMS mill about, shooting the breeze. Cavalier pulls up, parks. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS get out. BAYLISS opens door for TYRON, who steps out, cuffed. UNIFORMS stop, stunned, some look away, some curse. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS escort TYRON up stairs.

INT. STAIRCASE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

DUET CONTINUES as PEMBLETON and BAYLISS walk up with TYRON between them. As they reach the top, they pass HOWARD, whose face saddens. As she steps back to let the three MEN pass, CUT TO:

INT. CONCERT HALL/PEABODY INSTITUTE - NIGHT

BOLANDER makes a HORRIFIC SOUND on his cello. Beat. As BOLANDER and LINDA start again.

CUT TO:

INT. CROSETTI'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

DUET CONTINUES as CROSETTI and BEATRICE eat dinner. On the TWO of them, sharing a joke.

CUT TO:

EXT. THAMES STREET-- NIGHT

DUET CONTINUES as MUNCH walks, with all the melancholy of Hamlet. He stops, turns to store front window -- A pet shop. In the window, an aquarium filled with fish. As MUNCH watches the fish swim without care.

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

DUET CONTINUES as PEMBLETON sits at his desk. GIARDELLIO exits office, crosses to "The Board". PEMBLETON turns, sees him. GIARDELLIO picks up eraser, wipes off the name COX in RED, rewrites it, one last time, in BLACK. He looks at PEMBLETON. A long beat. GIARDELLIO turns and goes back into his office. PEMBLETON goes back to work. As CAMERA PULLS BACK, revealing the Squad Room activity, including FELTON, LEWIS, BAYLISS, HOWARD, and the DUET reaches its CLIMAX.

FREEZE.

THE END