HOMICIDE
LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode Twelve
"The Documentary"

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TEASER

FADE IN:

1 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

JOHN MUNCH, KAY HOWARD, FRANK PEMBLETON, TIM BAYLISS and MIKE KELLERMAN are at their desks. J.H. BRODIE fizzes with TV MONITOR. The phones are silent. PEMBLETON puts down his paper, looks up.

PEMBLETON

Hear that?

KELLERMAN

(turns, looks)

What, Lewis is back from the pizza run?

PEMBLETON

No. Mr. Coffee. Percolating from the other room. It's too damn quiet. The only thing that's dead around here tonight are the phones.

MUNCH

New Year's Eve. Wait 'til the ball drops. Bodies'll start dropping, too.

BRODIE

We have a ball in Baltimore?

MUNCH

We have TV. The ball's in Times Square. At midnight --

(re: phones)

These bad boys'ill go off like so many bottle rockets.

BAYLISS

Which reminds me --

BAYLISS gets up, heads to Coffee Room.

PEMBLETON

We gonna watch the ball?

DO we have to?

KELLERMAN

I hate New Year's Eve.
CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON
Everybody hates New Year's Eve.

BRODIE
Another year older and deeper in
debt.

MUNCH
True. It's like having a birthday,
except nobody gives you presents.

BAYLISS returns with champagne and paper cups.

BAYLISS
Somebody get Gee.

KELLERMAN walks over to Giardello's Office, KNOCKS, enters.

PEMBLETON
Isn't this premature? Shouldn't we
wait 'til twelve?

BAYLISS
Come on, Frank, let's do it now.

MUNCH
Yeah, before the first murder of
the New Year or the last murder of
the old year, whichever comes
first.

BAYLISS POPS cork, KELLERMAN returns with AL GIARDELLO.

GIARDELLO
What's this? Distribution and
consumption of alcohol on duty?

PEMBLETON
Champagne's hardly alcohol, Gee.

BAYLISS
Just a taste for everyone.

GIARDELLO
As long as it's just a taste. And
I get to make the toast.

BAYLISS pours and the cups are passed around.

KELLERMAN
Let's hope this year is better than
last year.
CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON:
I'd drink to that, but I'm not allowed to touch the stuff.

MUNCH
Whether you toast or not, the long-term trend is: This year will be worse than last year and next year will be worse than this.

HOWARD
Oh, John, pretend, will you?

MUNCH
I'd like to be an optimist, Kay, but let's face it, there's just not a lot of empirical evidence for the glass half-full point of view.

GIARDELO
Munch. A toast --

EVERYBODY raises their cup.

GIARDELO (cont.)
To more nights like this, many more, when the phone doesn't ring.

QUIET AFFIRMATIONS from ALL. PEMBLETON studies label on bottle.

PEMBLETON
Domestic. Discount, at that.

BAYLISS
You're a snob, Frank.

PEMBLETON
That's the problem with modern life. No standards. If you talk about merit, people call you a snob. When it's simply a question of quality. Some champagnes are simply better than others.

BAYLISS
In matters of taste, there can be no dispute.

PEMBLETON
It's not a matter of taste, it's a fact. Domestic champagne is nowhere near as good as imported.
KELLERMAN
(picks up bottle)
You’re right. This isn’t even champagne. It’s faux champagne.
(reads label)
"Methode champenoise" --
(to BAYLISS)
Tim. Sparkling wine?

BAYLISS
The French make them do that. It’s a trade war thing.

KELLERMAN
If I want sparkles, I’ll have them on my ice cream, not in my wine.

PEMBLETON
So, we gonna watch the ball drop or what?

BRODIE
We have time to look at this first.

He holds up a videotape.

HOWARD
What d’you have there, Brodie?

BRODIE
My documentary. On the Homicide Unit. On you guys.

BRODIE looks around. ALL are stunned, dumbfounded. A beat. MELDRICK LEWIS comes bustling in, carrying six pizzas.

LEWIS
Get ‘em while they’re hot.

Before anyone can object, BRODIE pops the cassette in the VCR, points the remote at the screen. As BRODIE hits play,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES
ACT ONE

FADE IN:

2 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

CU on TV MONITOR:

The words BACK PAGE NEWS: Life And Homicide On The Mean Streets Of Baltimore appear, accompanied by O.C. OOHHS, AHHHS, WHISTLES and APPLAUSE.

PEMBLETON (v.o.)

Wait, wait, wait. That doesn't make any sense. What does "life" have to do with "homicide"?

As the words A Documentary By J.H. Brodie appear, CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

3 EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS/BALTIMORE - DAY/NIGHT

Brodie's video version of atmospheric main titles, various Baltimore places: Fells Point, Federal Hill.

BRODIE (v.o.)

I wanted to juxtapose life and death, you know? Yin and yang? "Homicide" is so, you know -- negative.

Downtown, Camden Yards, the Inner Harbor.

PEMBLETON (v.o.)

Yes, it is. It doesn't get much more negative than "homicide"...

MUNCH (v.o.)

And "Mean Streets"? Ripping off Scorsese --

Edgar Allen Poe's grave.

BRODIE (v.o.)

I wasn't ripping him off. Who cares about Scorsese? He can't hold a candle to Robert Frank. Or Penne Baker. Or the Maysles brothers. Or Ken Burns --

The plaque noting Babe Ruth's childhood home.

(CONTINUED)
MUNCH (v.o.)
Oh, yeah. Ken Burns. The only man
who could make something even more
boring than a baseball game. A
documentary about baseball.

East Baltimore, Little Italy, Mt. Vernon.

HOWARD (v.o.)
This is a tough room, Brodie, you
sure you want to do this?

BRODIE (v.o.)
An artist has to be fearless, Kay.

HOWARD (v.o.)
There's fearless and there's crazy.

As MAIN TITLES end,

CUT TO:

INT./EXT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS/BALTIMORE - DAY/NIGHT

STOCK FOOTAGE

The words The Detectives appear -- A homemade computer
graphic that looks and SOUNDS like a typewriter identifies
them by spelling out their names across the screen, letter
by letter: Det. Meldrick Lewis.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)
Nice effect, Brodie. Very
professional.

BRODIE (v.o.)
I can loan you the software.

LEWIS puts his hand up to block the CAMERA, turns away.

LEWIS

Brodie --

Det. Mike Kellerman puts his hand up to block CAMERA.

KELLERMAN

Brodie --

BRODIE (v.o.)
I might put some narration in here
about how I had to overcome a
little bit of initial reluctance --

Sgt. Kay Howard, putting her hand up.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

HOWARD
Brodie, get cutta here --

BRODIE (v.o.)
Before I gained the confidence of my colleagues --

Det. John Munch, putting his hand up.

MUNCH
Brodie --

GIARDELLO (v.o.)
I don’t think you need it --

Det. Megan Russert, putting her hand up.

GIARDELLO (v.o.; cont.)
We get the idea.

MUNCH (v.o.)
Ah, Detective Megan Russert. Gone but not forgotten.

RUSSELL
Brodie. Go away.

MUNCH (v.o.)
She’ll be back. The bright lights of Baltimore. Paris will pale in comparison.

Lt. Al Giardello, putting his hand up.

GIARDELLO
Brodie --

As GIARDELLO puts his hand over Brodie’s lens,

CUT TO:

EXT. DRIVEWAY/KILDUFF HOME - DAY

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON at a Crime Scene, identified on screen by the typewriter effect: Det. Frank Pemberton and Det. Tim Bayliss. Then the words The Case appear.

LEWIS (v.o.)
Hey, it’s Frank, bald again.

BRODIE (v.o.)
I shot this before you had the stroke.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

The BODY of Llewellyn Kilduff, thirty-five, black, lies in Driveway of his middle-class House with neatly trimmed Yard. Sergeant SALLY ROGERS lays it out for PEMBLETON and BAYLISS.

ROGERS
Llewellyn Kilduff, thirty-five, had some kind of altercation with his next-door neighbor --

She indicates. PEMBLETON and BAYLISS turn to look. Sitting on porch of house next door, which is just as middle-class and manicured, is BENNETT JACKSON, sixty-five, black, glasses, hands cuffed behind his back.

BAYLISS (v.o.)
Of all the cases we worked, this is the one you pick for your film.

PEMBLETON (v.o.)
Shame on you, Brodie. You are a sick and twisted soul.

BRODIE (v.o.)
Not as twisted as Mr. Jackson.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS turn back to ROGERS.

ROGERS
The shooter’s name is Bennett Jackson. According to witnesses, words were exchanged, Mr. Jackson went in his house, came out with a firearm, walked up to Kilduff and shot him twice at close range.

PEMBLETON
You recover the weapon?

ROGERS
(hands them .22) Saturday Night Special. Lucky it didn’t blow up in his hand. After he shot Mr. Kilduff, he shot Mrs. Kilduff. Then he sat down on his front porch to wait for the police, surrendered without incident.

BAYLISS
Where’s Mrs. Kilduff?

ROGERS
University.

PEMBLETON
She gonna make it?

(CONTINUED)
ROGERS

Looked like a D.O.A. to me, but what do I know?

BAYLISS

Any idea what this was all about?

ROGERS

Not really. Best explanation we could get from Mr. Jackson was that he felt he had no choice.

PEMBLETON

Okay. Thanks.

ROGERS goes back to work as BAYLISS and PEMBLETON stroll across the lawn towards Jackson’s House.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

His neighbors are out working in their yard, he whacks 'em.

BAYLISS

Maybe he didn’t like their pick of perennials. "No more black-eyed susans, no more bachelor buttons and no more pansies" -- Boom.

PEMBLETON

Those are annuals, not perennials.

BAYLISS

When did you become so floral?

THEY reach the Porch where JACKSON sits.

EXT. JACKSON HOME - DAY

BAYLISS addresses JACKSON.

BAYLISS (cont.)

Mr. Jackson? I’m Detective Bayliss, this is Detective Pembleton. Has anyone read you your rights?

He speaks to them in a quiet, dignified voice.

JACKSON

I shot them. Both of them. And I would imagine you gentlemen will want me to come downtown and sign a statement to that effect.

On PEMBLETON and BAYLISS, it's okay by them,
INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

The words Random Thoughts appear as PEMBLETON sits at interrogation table.

BRODIE (o.c.)
The rights of the suspect. Gimme your thoughts.

PEMBLETON
You are a citizen of a free nation, having lived your adult life in a land of guaranteed civil liberties. You commit a crime of violence, whereupon you are jacked up, hauled down to Police Headquarters and deposited in a claustrophobic antechamber with three chairs, a table and cold brick walls. There you sit for half an hour or so until a Homicide Detective -- a man who in no way can be mistaken for a friend -- enters the room. He offers a cigarette, not your brand, and begins an uninterrupted monologue that wanders back and forth for a half hour or more, eventually coming to rest in a familiar place --

CUT TO:

BAYLISS
You have the absolute right to remain silent.

CUT TO:

PEMBLETON
Of course you do. You're a criminal. Criminals always have the right to remain silent.

CUT TO:

LEWIS
We're talking sacred freedoms here, notably your Fifth Amendment protection against self-incrimination. And hey, it was good enough for Ollie North and Mark Fuhrman, so who are you to go incriminating yourself at the first opportunity?

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

MUNCH
Get it straight: A police
detective, a man who gets paid
government money to put you in
prison, is explaining your absolute
right to shut up before you say
anything stupid.

CUT TO:

INT. CAVALIER - DAY

PEMBLETON behind the wheel, BAYLISS in passenger seat, seen
from the backseat of Car through BRODIECAM. They talk to
BRODIE over their shoulders.

BAYLISS
You might think this a slam dunk.

PEMBLETON
A case being writ in black ink even
as we speak.

BAYLISS
But you’d be wrong.

PEMBLETON
You’d be right. We got the
shooter, we got his gun, we got
beaucoup eyewitnesses. And the
man’s giving it up.

BAYLISS
We need the why.

PEMBLETON
You need the why, Bayliss. I don’t
need to know any more about the man
or his problems than this: He shot
his neighbors, then waited on his
porch for the police to come so he
could surrender his freedom. Mr.
Jackson has been so efficient and
helpful, to ask for more would be
ungracious.

BAYLISS
C’mon, Frank. One neighbor murders
another and you don’t want to know
what it means?

PEMBLETON
I know exactly what it means.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON turns to face the CAMERA.

PEMBLETON (cont.)

Ten hours of overtime pay and, if
Mr. Jackson will be kind enough to
take it to trial, another twenty
hours court pay.

On PEMBLETON,

CUT TO:

A9 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

BAYLISS, HOWARD, PEMBLETON, MUNCH, KELLERMAN, GIARDELLA and
LEWIS, chairs pulled up in a semi-circle, watch Brodie's
documentary. The image on the MONITOR is on PAUSE because
PEMBLETON has the remote.

PEMBLETON
Brodie, you can't use that.

BRODIE
What do you mean?

PEMBLETON
You've got to take that stuff out
of the movie. You can't have us
joking about overtime like that.

BRODIE
But you said it.

PEMBLETON
I know I said it. The point is I
don't want anyone else to hear me
say it.

BRODIE
I'm a documentarian. It's my job
to honestly reflect reality.

As BRODIE pushes play on remote,

CUT TO:

B9 INT. CAVALIER - DAY

RESUME BAYLISS and PEMBLETON.

BRODIE (o.c.)
(looks straight ahead)
Oh, sh -- Frank, look out --

PEMBLETON looks straight ahead, SLAMS on brakes. Too late.
With a BANG, they rear-end Car in front of them.
EXTERIOR. STREET - DAY

The two cars sit in the middle of the street. The words Fender Bender Aphrodisiac appear.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)
Fender Bender Aphrodisiac. Isn't that a grunge band?

BAYLISS (v.o.)
I was in that band. Played bass.

Curious RUBBERNECKERS edge their way around the accident. PEMBLETON attempts to placate the MOTORIST, an angry, attractive, professional black woman, early thirties, whose back bumper is crushed and whose taillights are now lying shattered in the street. BAYLISS smirks, trying, not very hard, to keep a straight face.

PEMBLETON
Of course I have insurance. But your rates are gonna go up, too. I hope you realize that --

MOTORIST
Why should they? You hit me.

PEMBLETON
I'm willing to admit that --

BAYLISS
Don't admit that. Don't admit anything --

MOTORIST
Who are you, his lawyer?

BAYLISS
Just trade insurance cards and let's get outta here, okay?

MOTORIST
Nobody's going anywhere until the cops get here --

PEMBLETON
We are the cops --
(shows his badge)
We're Detectives. Homicide Detectives. And we're working a very important case.

MOTORIST
(intrigued)
Really --

(CONTINUED)
And we've just come from the crime scene --

And I was a little distracted, I'm sorry.

Someone was murdered?

Yes, indeed.

Was it -- you know -- bad?

Pretty bad.

Grisly.

Will it be on the news?

Bound to be. Something like this. This -- gruesome --

Tell you what --

(takes out card; scribbles on the back)

This is my office number at Police Headquarters --

(hands her card)

You take your car to a body shop, get an estimate, call me and I'll send you a check. How 'bout that?

I don't know --

We keep this between us: No insurance companies, no tickets, no reason we can't work this out like rational people.

But isn't that against the law?
We'd be doing the taxpayers a favor.

Okay. I guess.

Thanks a lot.

She puts his card in her purse and gives him a smile.

I'll call you.

She turns and walks around to driver's side of her car. As she gets in, she gives PEMBLETON a little wave.

I'm gonna watch you on the news tonight.

PEMBLETON waves back, catches BAYLISS giving him a look.

What?

She likes you.

I don't know what it is. Ever since Mary got pregnant, women have been coming on to me. It's like an aphrodisiac or something.

I think it has more to do with her rear-end.

They step back towards Cavalier. As PEMBLETON preens for CAMERA and the grin on his face freezes in that semi-shaky pause mode,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

EVERYONE else is amused. PEMBLETON is furious.

Pemberton, you filed a report stating that accident happened in a parking lot.

(MORE)
10 CONTINUED:

GIARDELLO (cont.)
You gave me an elaborate song and
dance about some jerk who backed
into you at the mall and fled the
scene without leaving so much as a
note.

PEMBLETON
Is that what I said?

BAYLISS laughs.

GIARDELLO
What're you laughing about,
Bayliis? The words "unindicted
co-conspirator" mean anything to
you?

BAYLISS
Jeez, Gee, it was just a fender
bender.

GIARDELLO
We'll talk about ways the two of
you can make full restitution to
the Department.

KELLERMAN
They'll be garnishing your paycheck
for the next twelve months.

MUNCH
Which proves my point again: Even
our most modest expectations
vis-a-vis the New Year quickly
disappear.

PEMBLETON
Come on, Gee, it was Brodie's damn
fault in the first place. It's
distracting to have a camera in
your face while you're driving --

GIARDELLO
I think Brodie's done us a public
service. Let's continue, let's see
what other lies, what other hidden
truths will be revealed.

GIARDELLO looks pointedly at remote. PEMBLETON reluctantly
gives it back to BRODIE. As BRODIE points remote at MONITOR
and the frozen shaky image of PEMBLETON's face comes alive,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE
ACT TWO

FADE IN:

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

CU on TV MONITOR:

BAYLISS at interrogation table.

BAYLISS
Anything you say or write may be
used against you in a court of law.

CUT TO:

KELLERMAN
Yo, bunky, wake up. You are now
being told that talking to a police
detective in an interview room can
only hurt you.

CUT TO:

HOWARD
If it could help you, we would
probably be pretty quick to say
that, wouldn't we? We'd stand up
and say you have the right not to
worry because what you say or write
is gonna be used to your benefit in
a court of law.

CUT TO:

KELLERMAN
Your best bet is to shut up. Shut
up now.

CUT TO:

12 EXT. ROWHOUSE - DAY

The words Art Versus Reality appear. KELLERMAN and LEWIS, seen through BRODIECAM, get out of Cavalier.

LEWIS
You telling me a kid should be
suspended for bringing aspirin to
school.

KELLERMAN
Rules are rules. Aspirin is a
drug. If the rules say no drugs in
school. Then no drugs in school.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LEWIS
Oh, yeah. Excedrin -- the great psychedelic.

KELLERMAN looks at address on paper, then at Building.

KELLERMAN
This is it.

LEWIS walks upstairs and RINGS bell. No response.

BRODIE (o.c.)
Maybe he's not home.

KELLERMAN looks through window. The SUSPECT's eyes meet
KELLERMAN's and quickly disappear into House.

KELLERMAN
He's in there.

LEWIS
Go around back. I'll take the other way.

KELLERMAN, followed by BRODIE, turns to end of block and
around corner.

EXT. ALLEY - DAY

SUSPECT runs out of the back of House and jumps a fence.
KELLERMAN and BRODIE continue the chase. SUSPECT darts down
a perpendicular Alley. LEWIS comes from around the corner
and continues the chase, followed by KELLERMAN and BRODIE.
SUSPECT disappears around a corner.

POLICEMAN (o.c.)
Freeze. Scumwad.

LEWIS, KELLERMAN and BRODIE turn corner to see SUSPECT
raising his hands. PULL BACK to REVEAL two plainclothes
POLICE backed up by UNIFORMS with guns drawn and a few
marked Police Cars.

VOICE (o.c.)

PULL BACK FURTHER to REVEAL full FILM SET CREW, cameras,
boom, etc. BARRY LEVINSON steps down from his chair and
walks towards SUSPECT.

LEVINSON (cont.)
Who is this guy? Where did he come from?

(CONTINUED)
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13 CONTINUED:

EVERYONE looks dumbfounded. LEWIS, KELLERMAN and BRODIE approach.

LEVINSON (cont.)

Somebody get this guy off the set.

KELLERMAN cuffs SUSPECT.

KELLERMAN

We got it.

LEWIS

Sorry.

KELLERMAN and LEWIS lead SUSPECT off Set through CAST and CREW. BRODIE turns to LEVINSON.

BRODIE

I'm a big fan of your work.

LEVINSON nods.

BRODIE (cont.)

I gotta tell you though, the real cops in Baltimore don't ever say "Freeze" -- That's a TV thing.

On LEVINSON, perplexed,

MONTAGE:

14 INT. VARIOUS LOCATIONS/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY/NOTH

The words Homicide Home Page appear.

GIARDELLO (v.o.)

"Homicide Home Page"? What does that mean?

KELLERMAN (v.o.)

Cyberspeak, Lieutenant.

Various "experimental" BRODIECAM shots. The water cooler, the Alcove, the Coffee Room, the mailbox.

MUNCH (v.o.)

Ooo, montage. My favorite.

LEWIS (v.o.)

Very surrealistic. Love the lack of information. I wouldn't want to know what I'm looking at.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

A lingering shot of the microwave.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)
But you do know what you're looking at. You're looking at the Coffee Room microwave.

MUNCH (v.o.)
I don't mean to offer unsolicited editorial advice, but don't you think this shot of the microwave is over?

The CAMERA PANS to refrigerator.

MUNCH (v.o.; cont.)
Thank God. Camera movement. So exciting.

Steady on refrigerator as a MAN comes into the shot, walks over to refrigerator and opens it. He has his back to the CAMERA, we can't tell from the shot who it is.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)
A guy getting something from the fridge. That's exciting?

The MAN takes a lunch bag.

HOWARD (v.o.)
Unless it's the Lunch Bandit.

As the MAN looks casually around, before his face comes into view, cut from refrigerator --

COX (v.o.)
Who's the Lunch Bandit?

IMAGE FREEZES as CAMERA PULLS BACK from MONITOR to REVEAL:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

Doctor JULIANNA COX enters, dressed for a party.

GIARDELO
Doctor Cox, what're you doing here?

BAYLISS
Yeah. You can't be working tonight.

LEWIS
Not dressed like that.

(CONTINUED)
COX
I was at a party, hats, horns, the whole New Year's Eve nine yards, got bored. Thought I'd come over, see what you boys and girl were up to.

HOWARD
There hasn't been a murder all night.

BRODIE
I'm showing 'em a documentary I made about the Homicide Unit.

COX
Mind if I watch? What have I missed?

MUNCH
Not a damn thing.

PEMBLETON
Sit at your own risk. That boring party may soon seem not so boring.

KELLERMAN gets COX a chair.

KELLERMAN
Sexy dress.

COX
Thanks.

COX sits next to him.

COX (cont.)
So who is the Lunch Bandit?

HOWARD
We don't know, but he's been stealing other people's lunches for years.

BRODIE points remote at TV MONITOR.

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

CU on TV MONITOR:
A shot of "The Board", through BRODIECAM.

LEWIS (v.o.)
'Who outside this room is gonna know what "The Board" is?'

(CONTINUED)
16 CONTINUED:

KELLERMAN (v.o.)
It's obvious. Red and black. Open
and closed.

LEWIS (v.o.)
Obvious to you, maybe.

Now the BRODIECAM MOVES on a LONG TRACKING SHOT through
Squad Room into Observation Room, ZOOMING up to the glass
and through the glass into "The Box",

DISSOLVE TO:

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

The words The Case Cont. appear.

MUNCH (v.o.)
Brilliant dissolve, Brodie.
Really.

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON question JACKSON, who sits with his
hands folded on the table, polite, relaxed.

BAYLISS
Mr. Jackson. I thought you'd be
interested to know -- Mrs.
Kilduff's still on the operating
table.

No response.

PEMBLETON
You're full of remorse, aren't
you?

JACKSON
Just did what I had to do.

BAYLISS bumps into BRODIE. CAMERA SHAKES.

BAYLISS
Brodie, you gotta stay out of the
way.

BRODIE (o.c.)

Excuse me.

BAYLISS
How long have you known the
Kilduffs?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

JACKSON
They moved into that house seven or eight years ago. Bought it from the estate when old Mrs. Fludy passed on.

(smiles)
I handled the arrangements myself.

PEMBLETON
How's that?

JACKSON
I own my own funeral parlor, Jackson and Sons. On Chase Street. Been in my family fifty years.

PEMBLETON
So, growing up in a funeral parlor, you're a man who's on close terms with death.

JACKSON
Intimate. Been around dead people all my life. They don't trouble me.

BAYLISS
They don't trouble you?

JACKSON
They don't trouble anyone.

PEMBLETON
You think about that before you shot the Kilduffs? You've been planning their funeral for years? Picking out their coffins? Is that why you're so cool about all this?

JACKSON
It's not a question of temperature, Detective.

PEMBLETON
Then what is it a question of, Mr. Jackson? Is this about business? Things were a little slow at the old funeral home? You could use a few new customers, why not start with the neighbors?

(CONTINUED)
BAYLISS
You're no ordinary mortician, are you? You see it through from start to finish. Bump 'em and dump 'em. Stab 'em and slab 'em. Pop 'em and paint 'em. More bodies, more profit.

JACKSON
That's ridiculous. I didn't kill anyone for money.

BAYLISS
Sure you did. You're a smart man. You know how to run a business.

JACKSON
Business, hmm? Some people don't know how to mind their own...

PEMBLETON
Like the Kilduff's.

JACKSON
Always poking their noses where they didn't belong.

BAYLISS
And that's why you shot them? They knew something you didn't want them to know?

JACKSON
A man's got to have his privacy.

PEMBLETON
What didn't you want them to know?

No response.

BAYLISS
You married, Mr. Jackson?

JACKSON
Forty-one years.

PEMBLETON
Where's your wife?

JACKSON
Glen Burnie. Claremont Nursing Home.

PEMBLETON
Is she sick?

(CONTINUED)
No response.

BAYLISS
How long have you been living alone, Mr. Jackson?

JACKSON
Mind your business, Detective. I'll mind mine.

JACKSON turns away, folds arms, unwilling to say more.

LEWIS (v.o.)
I'll bet he was messing with Mrs. Kilduff. Sex triangle with the neighbors.

BAYLISS (v.o.)
Not even close, Meldrick. Not even close.

On BAYLISS and PEMBLETON, exchanging a look.

TIME CUT TO:

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

BAYLISS at the interrogation table.

BAYLISS
You have the right to talk with a lawyer at any time -- before any questions, before answering any questions or during any questions.

CUT TO:

MUNCH
Now the man who wants to arrest you for violating the peace and dignity of the great State of Maryland says that you can talk to a trained professional, an attorney who has read the relevant code or can at least get his hands on some Cliff Notes.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)
LEWIS

Let's face it, pal, you just carved up a drunk in a Dundalk Avenue bar or bludgeoned your wife with a pick axe, but that don't make you a genius. You need the advice of an expert. Take whatever help you can get.

CUT TO:

19 INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

Same shot as before of refrigerator. The words Homicide Home Page 2 appear.

MUNCH (v.o.)

Been here, done that.

BRODIE (v.o.)

It's not the same shot, just wait --

The MAN walks into the shot, crosses to refrigerator, opens it, looks cautiously around. The shot is fuzzy, we still can't see who it is. He leans over, reaches in and pulls something out. The CAMERA ZOOMS in on his HAND. He's holding a styrofoam container --

CUT TO:

A20 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

HOWARD

It's definitely him, the Lunch Bandit. I recognize my container.

KELLERMAN

Pull back, Brodie, pull back --

CUT TO:

B20 INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

But he doesn't pull back. There's a VOICE behind the CAMERA --

HOWARD (o.c.)

Hey, Brodie --

The CAMERA WHIPS AROUND and catches HOWARD cruising in.

HOWARD (cont.)

How's it hanging?

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CONTINUED:

CAMERA FOLLOWS her as she moves to refrigerator, which is
now closed. No sign of the MAN.

COX (v.o.)
Where'd he go?

KELLERMAN (v.o.)
The Lunch Bandit's fast.

HOWARD opens the refrigerator. As SHE searches in vain for
her lunch, there's an OFF SCREEN CRASH,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT
In her excitement, HOWARD has tipped over her chair.

HOWARD
I remember that day. The Lunch
Bandit hit me. I had a souvlaki
sandwich from the Phoenician Deli.
I was looking forward to it.

KELLERMAN
You almost caught him red-handed,
Brodie. Who is he?

BRODIE
Wait and see.

As THEY turn their attention back to MONITOR,

CUT TO:

OMIT

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

CU on TV MONITOR:

The words The Case Cont. 2 appear. BAYLISS and PEMBLETON
watch while JACKSON finishes writing, in a neatly meticulous
hand, his statement. He puts the last period in place,
reads it over quickly, signs it and hands it to PEMBLETON,
who glances at it, hands it to BAYLISS, who doesn't look at
it, just stares at JACKSON, looking for some insight into
the man's motives. Their eyes meet. JACKSON stares blandly
back at BAYLISS.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)
That's it? He writes out his own
confession and goes to jail?

(CONTINUED)
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22 CONTINUED:

LEWIS (v.o.)
Damn, Brodie. You picked a lame case.

BAYLISS (v.o.)
Keep watching.

On JACKSON’s infuriating serenity,

CUT TO:

MONTAGE:

23 INT./EXT. CRIME SCENES/BALTIMORE - DAY/NIGHT

STOCK FOOTAGE

HEAR The Iguanas SINGING “Boom Boom Boom”. Previous BRODIECAM footage of various grisly Crime Scenes, featuring EACH of the DETECTIVES in turn as primaries. PULL BACK from MONITOR to:

24 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

SONG CONTINUES. CU on each face, HOWARD, BAYLISS, PEMBLETON, LEWIS, KELLERMAN, MUNCH, COX, GIARDELLO, in turn, watching this sequence. Everyone’s rapt, quiet, no wisecracks, every person in the room in the thrall of the images on the screen and the powerful memories they’re triggering.

MONTAGE:

25 INT./EXT. CRIME SCENES/BALTIMORE - DAY/NIGHT

STOCK FOOTAGE

CU on TV MONITOR:

SONG CONTINUES. Sequence of Crime Scenes, murder VICTIMS, grieving family MEMBERS, shocked NEIGHBORS, curious ONLOOKERS, cynical UNIFORMS and tired DETECTIVES. A genuinely talented piece of filmmaking on Brodie’s part. No joke. Absolute silence from the off screen AUDIENCE. As the SONG FADES AWAY,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO
ACT THREE

FADE IN:

26 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

A brief recess. BRODIE stands by the VCR, waiting expectantly for everyone to return. HOWARD and GIARDELLO stand by "The Board".

HOWARD
We really should re-assign Sabatino and Bongi, Gee.

GIARDELLO
And when Russert comes back?

HOWARD
I think she'll understand that we had to move on.

GIARDELLO
Oh. Have you moved on?

HOWARD
Come again?

GIARDELLO
In terms of Felton. You haven't packed up his desk yet.

As HOWARD looks over to Felton's desk, CAMERA PANS to COX and KELLERMAN.

COX
How have your holidays been?

KELLERMAN
My folks are in Saint Louis with my sister. I haven't heard from my knucklehead brothers... The holidays have been... lonely.

COX
Mine, too. This first Christmas without my dad has been tough on all of us. We didn't even have a tree...

KELLERMAN
Holidays suck.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

COX
Thanks for leaving the message on the machine inviting me over tonight.

KELLERMAN
What better place to spend New Year's Eve than here?

COX
I'm glad I came.

KELLERMAN
Me, too.

CAMERA PANS to PEMBLETON and BAYLISS.

PEMBLETON
It's really weird.

BAYLISS
What?

PEMBLETON
Seeing myself. Seeing me before the, the stroke. I look at the screen and think -- Who the hell is that?

CAMERA PANS to MUNCH and LEWIS.

MUNCH
I'm not saying life can't get better, I'm saying it won't. You see the difference?

PEMBLETON looks at MUNCH, then at his watch, calls out.

PEMBLETON
Come on, let's get this show on the road. I ain't missing the ball --

BAYLISS
(takes his seat)
Cinderella, what big feet you have.

PEMBLETON
(takes his seat)
Not that ball. The one in Times Square, New York City.

BRODIE
Those damn Yankees.

HOWARD and GIARDELLO take their seats.

(CONTINUED)
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26 CONTINUED: 2

HOWARD
Phones still haven’t rung.

MUNCH
(takes his seat)
Mark my words. Only a matter of time.

EVERYONE’s back. As BRODIE points the remote at the VCR,

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

CU on TV MONITOR:

PEMBLETON at interrogation table.

BRODIE (o.c.)
What are you thinking, what are you focusing on, when you first sit down with a suspect?

PEMBLETON
The detective has informed you of your rights. He wants you to be protected, he says. Because, he says, there is nothing that concerns him more than giving you every possible assistance in this very confusing and stressful moment in your life.

CUT TO:

KELLERMAN
If you don’t want to talk, that’s fine. And if you want a lawyer, that’s fine, too, because first of all, I’m no relation to the guy you killed and second, I’m gonna get twenty years and a City pension no matter what you do.

CUT TO:

HOWARD
But the detective wants you to know -- and he or she’s been doing this a lot longer than you, so take his or her word for it -- that your rights to counsel aren’t all they’re cracked up to be.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

LEWIS
Once you up and call for that lawyer, son, we can't do a damn thing for you. No sir, your friends in the Homicide Unit are going to have to leave you locked in this room all alone and the next authority figure to scan your case will be a no-nonsense prosecutor from the Violent Crimes Unit with the official title of Assistant State's Attorney for the City of Baltimore.

CUT TO:

MUNCH
And God help you then, because a ruthless bloodsucker like that will have an O'Donnell Heights motorhead like yourself halfway to the gas chamber before you get three words out.

CUT TO:

KELLERMAN
Your best bet is to speak up. Speak up now.

CUT TO:

28 EXT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The words Off Duty appear.

LEWIS (v.o.)
Now, I know what that means.

KELLERMAN and LEWIS approach the front door of The Waterfront. THEY push the door open and walk in.

29 INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

MUNCH is behind the bar. He looks up as KELLERMAN and LEWIS take seats at bar.

MUNCH
Mi casa es su casa. What'll it be?

On MUNCH, smiling,
30 EXT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The same shot as before. KELLERMAN and LEWIS approach the front door of The Waterfront. THEY push the door open and walk in.

31 INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

The same shot as before. MUNCH is behind the bar. He looks up as KELLERMAN and LEWIS take seats at bar.

MUNCH
Mi casa es su casa. What'll it be?

KELLERMAN leans across bar.

KELLERMAN
Beer.

MUNCH
Import or domestic?

BAYLISS (v.o.)
Didn’t we just see this?

COX (v.o.)
Brodie, you screwed up.

BRODIE (v.o.)
It’s a choice. A cinematic statement.

COX (v.o.)
Looks like a mistake to me.

PEMBLETON (v.o.)
I like it. Speaks to the essential repetitive and meaningless nature of police work.

COX (v.o.)
I could do without.

BAYLISS (v.o.)
Wow. This is dramatic stuff.

GIARDELLO (v.o.)
Yes, Brodie, the whole thing needs more action.

As KELLERMAN mulls over which beer for a moment,
32 EXT. STREET - DAY

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON, across Street from Crime Scene, talk to a neighbor, STAN ROGAN, a middle-aged black postal worker, as the words The Case Cont. 3 appear.

ROGAN
Lived here twelve years, can't say I spoke to the man more than two, three times.

BAYLISS
Would you call him a loner?

ROGAN
He kept to himself, sure, but he was no loner. Once the wife went away, Jackson had his share of company.

BAYLISS
You mean, women?

ROGAN
(shrugs)
He'd have the lights on 'til the early morning hours. Music playing. Laughter. Not that I cared any.

PEMBLETON
Right.

ROGAN
The Kilduffs, though, they felt otherwise...

On PEMBLETON and BAYLISS,

CUT TO:

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON, with another witness, a teenage girl, ALICIA DUNCAN.

DUNCAN
Yeah. Mrs. Kilduff, she always complaining. She'd go on and on about the neighborhood. How we got to keep it nice, keep it clean, keep it quiet...

PEMBLETON
Did Mrs. Kilduff ever complain about Bennett Jackson?
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32 CONTINUED:

DUNCAN
All the time. She didn’t approve of Jackson’s lifestyle. She said he lowered the tone of the neighborhood.

BAYLISS
You see many people come and go from Jackson’s apartment?

DUNCAN
He’d bring ladies there late at night.

As SHE SNAPS her gum,

CUT TO:

A33 EXT. CHRIST LUTHERAN CHURCH - DAY

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON stand with LEVON CARTER, black, twenty-seven, in front of Church where a FUNERAL goes on. CARTER polishes Hearse.

PEMBLETON
You have any idea what this was about, Levon? The bad blood between your uncle and the Kilduffs?

CARTER
My uncle is a good man. He’s there for anyone who needs him. I don’t think he could kill somebody.

BAYLISS
He says he did.

CARTER
Oh, then he did it. My uncle don’t lie.

PEMBLETON
How long have you worked for him?

CARTER
Since high school.

Good boss?

PEMBLETON

CARTER
The best. He don’t jack up the bill if you rich or wrap you up in old newspapers if you poor.

(MORE)
A33 CONTINUED:

CARTER (cont.)
He's straight up on that.

BAYLISS
What was his private life like?

CARTER'S demeanor changes. He stops polishing Hearse, glares at the DETECTIVES, offended.

CARTER
Private.

BAYLISS
I mean, your aunt's in a nursing home, right? Was your uncle seeing anyone else? The neighbors say...

CARTER
Why you got to ask about the man's back-room time? He didn't do a damn thing to hurt anyone and you're still poking into things you got no right to know.

PEMBLETON
Well, he hurt the Kilduffs.

CARTER
Then he had a reason. My uncle's a good man. He got a good heart.

On CARTER, firm,

CUT TO:

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

MUNCH at interrogation table.

MUNCH
What is wrong with you? You think I'm fooling with you? Hey, I don't even need to bother with you. I got three witnesses in three other rooms who say you're my man. I got a knife from the scene that's going downstairs to the Lab for latent prints. I got blood splatter on them Air Jordans we took off you ten minutes ago. Why do you think we took 'em? Do I look like I wear high-top tennis?

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

**LEWIS**

Hey, bunk, I'm only in here to make sure that there ain't nothing you can say for yourself before I write it all up.

**KELLERMAN**

Oh, you want to think about it. Hey, you think about it all you want, pal. My Lieutenant's right outside and he already told me to charge your ass in the first degree.

**HOWARD**

For once in your stupid little life someone is giving you a chance and you're too damn dumb to take it.

**KELLERMAN**

What the hell, you go ahead and think about it and I'll tell my Lieutenant to cool his heels for ten minutes. I can do that much for you.

**HOWARD**

How 'bout some coffee?

**KELLERMAN**

Another cigarette?

---

**34 EXT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT**

Same shot as before. The words Off Duty, Part 2 appear. KELLERMAN and LEWIS approach the front door of The Waterfront.

**COX** *(v.o.)*

Uh-oh. Here we go again.

(CONTINUED)
GIARDELLO (v.o.)
Brodie, ever hear of something
called too much of a good thing?

THEY push the door open and walk in.

INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

Same shot as before. MUNCH is behind bar as LEWIS, KELLERMAN and BRODIE walk in, LEWIS and KELLERMAN take seats at bar.

MUNCH
Mi casa es su casa. What'll it be?

KELLERMAN
Beer.

MUNCH
Import or domestic?

KELLERMAN mulls it over.

COX (v.o.)
It's a nightmare. We're caught in a loop.

MUNCH (v.o.)
I saw this once on a Twilight Zone. Guy goes into a bar, orders his favorite beer over and over again and they never have it.

KELLERMAN
(shrugs)
Domestic.

MUNCH
Bottle or draft?

KELLERMAN
A glass of beer.

MUNCH
Fine. Meldrick?

LEWIS
Seven and seven.

MUNCH
Good call.
(to CAMERA)
Brodie, you want anything?

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

BRODIE (o.c.)
No, thanks. And please, don't talk
directly into the camera.

MUNCH fixes the drinks. BAYLISS and PEMBLETON enter.

Close your case?

No --

Yes --

Which is it?

BAYLISS shrugs.

PEMBLETON
Tim's tormented. By the why.

MUNCH
Tim's always tormented. I got a
why question for you, Bayliss.
Why do you always want to know
the why?

PEMBLETON
We found out the why. The man was
fooling around, he didn't want the
wife to find out. When the
neighbors started snooping, he shot
them down.

BAYLISS
There's more to this, Frank. Maybe
we should talk to Mrs. Jackson --

PEMBLETON
Mrs. Jackson's in a Glen Burnie
nursing home. You want to talk to
her, let her in on her husband's
extra-marital affairs, have at it.
I say, we got our confession, leave
the poor woman alone.

LEWIS
You know what your problem is, Tim?

BAYLISS
I don't have a problem.

(Continued)
LEWIS
You let things haunt you.

BAYLISS
No, I don't.

LEWIS
Yes, you do.

BAYLISS looks at both of them, as MUNCH brings him beer.

BAYLISS
I know what you're thinking.

MUNCH
What're we thinking?

BAYLISS
Adena Watson.

MUNCH
That's what I'm thinking.
(to LEWIS)
Is that what you're thinking?

LEWIS

BAYLISS
Not everything is tied to that one case.

KELLERMAN
Yeah, but things eat away at you. They nag at you. You're the opposite of a nag. You're the nagee.

BAYLISS
Nagee?

KELLERMAN
Nagee. Look it up. It's in the dictionary.

BAYLISS
The only thing nagging at me around here, Kellerman, is you.

PEMBLETION
The answer to your question, Munch, is, yeah, we closed the case.
(MORE)
CONTINUED: PEMBLETON (cont.)
(to BAYLISS)
Lemme hear you say it: "I am done
with this case"... BAYLISS downs the rest of his beer, looks at PEMBLETON,
looks at MUNCH, gets off his stool.
BAYLISS
Goodnight.
HE heads for the door. As THEY watch him go,

INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

LEWIS at interrogation table.

BRODIE (o.c.)
The suspect and you are at that
crucial moment. You've got him,
right?

LEWIS
The man who wants to put you in
prison, the man who is not your
friend, comes back in the room,
asking if the coffee's okay.

CUT TO:

PEMBLETON
Yeah, the coffee's fine, but what
happens if I want a lawyer?

CUT TO:

LEWIS
Then we'll get you a lawyer. But
before we do that, think.

CUT TO:

On PEMBLETON, thinking,

LEWIS (cont.)
Look, bunk, I'm giving you a chance
to tell me what really happened.
He came at you, right? You were
scared. It was self-defense.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)
36 CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON
Your mouth opens to speak.

LEWIS
He came at you, didn't he?

PEMBLETON
"Uh-huh", you venture cautiously.

LEWIS
Whoa, whoa, whoa. Wait a minute. If we're gonna do this, I gotta find your rights form. Where's the form? Damn things are like cops, never around when you need 'em. Here it is. Read that.

BAYLISS
I am willing to answer questions and I do not want any attorney at this time. My decision to answer questions without an attorney is free and voluntary on my part.

HOWARD
You sign the bottom of the form. The detective looks up, his or her eyes soaked with innocence.

LEWIS
He came at you, huh?

PEMBLETON
Yeah, he came at me.
37 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

A HAND erases "K-I-L-D-U-F-F" in RED and rewrites it in BLACK. PULL BACK to REVEAL BAYLISS, not ready to let it rest. On his FACE FREEZING,

CUT TO:

38 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

BAYLISS with the remote.

BAYLISS
Can we take another break? This champagne, it goes right through me.

BAYLISS rises, exits toward Men's Room. HOWARD sees empty seats.

HOWARD
Hey, where's Cox?

MUNCH
Where's Kellerman?

HOWARD and MUNCH exchange a look as the blinds in "The Box" close.

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

KELLERMAN and COX stand facing each other.

KELLERMAN
Happy New Year.

COX
Happy New Year.

As THEY kiss,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE
FADE IN:

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

KELLERMAN and COX kiss. She pushes him back.

COX

We should stop.

KELLERMAN

Why?

COX

Mike, we can't have sex in "The Box" --

KELLERMAN

Okay. There's a lovely bed and breakfast right across the street.

COX

Mike.

KELLERMAN

What?

COX

Don't --

KELLERMAN

What is it with you? You show up at my boat, we have sex, then you push me away. Now you come here, same thing.

COX

Late at night, staring at the ceiling, I close my eyes -- and I still can't get a certain image out of my head. A face. A body. I don't know why it is, but some of them just stick with you. You're looking down at them and you think, what did you do? How did you end up here, on my table? Looking up at me? If you had it to do over, wouldn't you want to be smarter? Or luckier? Or just somebody else?

(half smiles)

The one I keep seeing -- She was my age. Maybe that's why I'm stuck on her.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)
COX (cont.)
I could tell by her clothes, her hair, even her body, she was a middle-class professional woman. No children. She worked out. She’d just gotten herself a fresh pedicure. I couldn’t help myself. I started to imagine her life...

KELLERMAN
Julianna, what are you saying?

COX
That a one night stand is okay, but it’s not how to start a relationship, a deeper relationship.

KELLERMAN
I want us to have a chance.

COX
So do I, but --

KELLERMAN
I have an idea. We go out on a date. A real date-date. I pick you up, we see a movie, have dinner. I bring you home. Maybe get a peck on the lips goodnight.

COX
No sex?

KELLERMAN
No sex. Instead, we have conversation.

COX
It’s different. I like it.

KELLERMAN
How’s Thursday?

COX
Good.

KELLERMAN
Good. Let’s go back.

THEY open door to Squad Room, exit.
41 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

The OTHERS watch the TV MONITOR. The light from the monitor is on their faces. KELLERMAN and COX quietly glide into their seats.

CU on TV MONITOR:

42 EXT. HOWARD APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

The words *Sex, Death & Mystery: The Private Lives Of Homicide Detectives* appear.

LEWIS (v.o.)
At last. The juicy stuff.

MUNCH (v.o.)
Must be some other Homicide shift. No sex and mystery around here.

HOWARD (v.o.)
Brodie, how'd you get this?

BRODIE (v.o.)
Call it crazy luck -- Right place, right time.

The SOUND of a car pulling up in front of Building. CAMERA ZOOMS in on HOWARD, sitting in the passenger seat of a red convertible. The DRIVER is a dark-haired man. He turns OFF the engine. Then he leans in and they kiss. Passionately. The kiss goes on and on. His hands go under her shirt, hers go under his. WHISTLES and CHEERS. As the image FREEZES,

CUT TO:

43 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

HOWARD, standing next to her image on TV, grins defiantly.

MUNCH
Okay, Kay, tell us -- Who the hell is that guy?

HOWARD
None of your business.

MUNCH
I tried and I tried to find out.

LEWIS
Pathetic. Roomful of ace detectives, nobody ever nailed the identity of Kay's secret lover.

KELLERMAN stares at the screen.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KELLERMAN

I recognize him.

HOWARD

Get outta here. You do not.

KELLERMAN

Oh, yeah. I know who it is.

KELLERMAN leans over and whispers in her ear. On HOWARD
turning ashen,

CUT TO:

OMIT

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

CU on TV MONITOR:

Shot of Giardello’s closed office door. HEAR VOICES and
LAUGHTER from within. The door opens and GIARDELLO emerges
with two beautiful WOMEN, one on each arm, one blonde, one
Asian-American, both drop dead voluptuous, all of them
dressed for a night on the town. GIARDELLO gives the
CAMERA a big smile. They move past BRODIE, heading for the
door. As THEY exit, laughing, and the image FREEZES,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

EVERYONE looks at GIARDELLO with open-mouth admiration.

BAYLISS

Gee?

GIARDELLO

A night to remember.

MUNCH

I, for one, would like to know
more. Much more.

GIARDELLO

We had an excellent risotto. With
mussels.

MUNCH

Mussels.

GIARDELLO

Accompanied by a very respectable
chianti. And for dessert --

(CONTINUED)
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46 CONTINUED:

Don’t tell me.

GIARDELLA

Gelati.

As GIARDELLA smiles the smile of the cat who ate all the canaries and turns his attention back to the MONITOR,

CUT TO:

47 INT. THE WATERFRONT RESTAURANT - NIGHT

STOCK FOOTAGE

CU on TV MONITOR:

LEWIS sits at the corner of bar, talking with Detective TERRI STIVERS. They’re leaning in close, talking intimately in low voices, smiling. She says something, laughs, reaches out and touches him on the arm. LEWIS smiles. As the image FREEZES,

CUT TO:

48 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

Now EVERYBODY’s looking at LEWIS.

HOWARD Meldrick. Stepping out on Barbara?

LEWIS (defensive)

No --

COX

Haven’t even had your paper anniversary, or whatever the first one is, yet --

BAYLISS

Let’s face it. Men are pigs.

LEWIS

I wasn’t cheating on Barbara.

GIARDELLA

You and Detective Stivers?

LEWIS

We were having a meeting about Luther Mahoney. How to get his sorry ass off the street once and for all.

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

PEMBLETON

Didn't look like a business meeting.

MUNCH

A word to the wise, Meldrick. Nix the horizontal rumba with a fellow detective. Never dip your wick in the company ink.

LEWIS

I wasn't --

He stops, frustrated, looks around, speechless and guilty. If he's not having an affair with STIVERS, he's thought about it. He shoots eye daggers at BRODIE.

LEWIS (cont.)

I'll get you for this, Brodie.

As BRODIE gulps and turns back to look at the MONITOR,

CUT TO:

INT. NURSERY/PEMBLETON HOME - DAY

STOCK FOOTAGE

CU on TV MONITOR:

The words Connubial Bliss appear. PEMBLETON and MARY WHELAN-PEMBLETON, stand over OLIVIA PEMBLETON, who is in her crib.

PEMBLETON (v.o.)

What can I say? I'm a role model. A walking advertisement for family values. My very own shining city on the hill. It's my colleagues who are sad, lonely sociopaths --

As a beaming MARY features baby OLIVIA for the CAMERA,

CUT TO:

EXT. KELLERMAN BOAT - NIGHT

STOCK FOOTAGE

The words Lonely Boys appear. KELLERMAN stands on Deck, looking at the Harbor lights.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)

You think I'm a sociopath, huh?

As KELLERMAN sits,
51 INT. MUNCH APARTMENT - NIGHT

MUNCH, in t-shirt and boxers, in his Lazy Boy recliner, beer in one hand, ice cream bar in the other, book splayed open in his lap.

PEMBLETON (v.o.)
No. Not like Munch --

As HE takes a bite of ice cream bar and chases it with a swallow of beer,

CUT TO:

52 INT. HALLWAY/BAYLISS APARTMENT - NIGHT

The door to bathroom is closed. The SOUND of RUNNING WATER. The door opens, BAYLISS emerges, girlie magazine in hand.

PEMBLETON (v.o.; cont.)
Or Bayliss --

As BAYLISS sees BRODIE, stops, steps back into Bathroom, mortified, SLAMS door,

CUT TO:

53 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

BAYLISS stands over BRODIE, who pauses tape.

BAYLISS
Brodie, I will never ever speak to you as long as I live, never again. I'm gonna treat you like Agnew treated Nixon.

BRODIE
Wait, wait. I wanted to show you, warts and all, because you're the hero of the piece.

BAYLISS
I'm the hero? Let's keep going.

As BRODIE unpauses tape,

CUT TO:

54 INT. LIVING ROOM/JACKSON HOME - NIGHT

CU on TV MONITOR:
The words Case Cont. 4 appear. BAYLISS searches through drawers as CARTER watches him, glaring.
55 INT. BEDROOM CLOSET/JACKSON HOME - NIGHT
CARTER looks on. BAYLISS checks the closet floor, the hanging clothes, reaches up to a shelf, brings down shoebox.

LEWIS (v.o.)
Uh-oh. Bayliss found his baseball card collection.

56 INT. BEDROOM/JACKSON HOME - NIGHT
BAYLISS sits on the bed, opens shoe box, reaches in, pulls out a handful of Polaroids, exhales.

MUNCH (v.o.)
What are they? What'd you find?

HOWARD (v.o.)
Zoom in, Brodie. Zoom in.

BAYLISS goes through the photos one-by-one, looking long and hard at each one.

Satisfied?
On BAYLISS, incredulous,

A57 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY
JACKSON sits at the interrogation table, dressed in an orange jail jumper. BAYLISS and PEMBLETON enter.

BAYLISS
They treating you okay in pretrial, Mr. Jackson?

I'm alright.

BAYLISS
My partner and I, we just need to clear up a few things about the case. We need to ask you...

JACKSON
I'd rather not discuss it.

PEMBERTON
We know about the other women.

BAYLISS
The Kilduffs also knew. They threatened to tell your wife.

(CONTINUED)
"The Documentary"

10/31/96

A57 CONTINUED:  A57

JACKSON

My wife has Alzheimer's. There's nothing you could tell her that would matter. Besides, I didn't do anything wrong.

PEMBLETON

By whose standard?

BAYLISS pulls out shoebox, drops it on table. JACKSON looks at shoebox, then DETECTIVES, gets angry.

JACKSON

You went into my home? You went through my things?

BAYLISS

That's our job, Mr. Jackson. To find out everything about you.

BAYLISS opens shoebox, pulls out a few photos.

BAYLISS (cont.)

Every. (drops one photo)
Last. (another)
Thing. (another)

The photos are on the table. JACKSON is visibly embarrassed.

PEMBLETON

You sick sonofabitch.

CU on Polaroids of JACKSON, dressed for dinner, smiling, seated next to an array of well-dressed, perfectly made-up DEAD LADIES, sharing a fine meal. Candlelight, wine, the good china -- it's a lovely evening all around. The watching DETECTIVES react with rowdy disbelief.

KELLERMAN (v.o.)

No way. He dressed up stiffys and propped them up around the dinner table?

BAYLISS (v.o.)

Way.

JACKSON

I was left on my own. No one to talk to. No one to share a meal with. All I wanted was companionship, a little female companionship.
A57 CONTINUED: 2

BAYLISS
Companionship? Is that what you call it?

JACKSON
What are you implying, young man?

BAYLISS
Well, c'mon, Mr. Jackson. They're not exactly consenting adults. Dinner, drinks. What else went on with you and your lady cadavers?

JACKSON
(offended)
Shame on you. What we had was entirely appropriate, entirely dignified. And you have no right to suggest otherwise. I was a perfect gentleman.

PEMBLETON and BAYLISS suppress laughter.

PEMBLETON
No doubt. But the Kilduffs, they were right next door. They were watching closely, maybe caught a glimpse of one of your dates. And they didn't approve, did they?

JACKSON
They didn't understand.

BAYLISS
Neither would the State Mortuary Board.

JACKSON
I was lonely. I wasn't harming anyone. The Kilduffs couldn't understand that. But you understand, don't you?

BAYLISS and PEMBLETON share a look.

PEMBLETON
Of course, we do.

BAYLISS
Absolutely.

As JACKSON stares wistfully at his photos, the words Case Closed appear,
57 OMIT

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

PEMBLETON sits at interrogation table.

PEMBLETON
You’re history. And if I wasn’t so busy writing up your statement, I’d probably tell you so. I’d say, son, you are ignorance personified and you just put yourself in for the murder of a human being. I might even admit to you that after all the years working murders, I’m still a little amazed when anyone utters a word in this room. Think about it. When you walked through those doors what did the sign say? Homicide Unit, right. And who lives in a Homicide Unit? Uh-huh, and what do Homicide Detectives do for a living? You got it, bunk. And tonight you took a life. So when you opened your mouth, what in God’s name were you thinking?

CUT TO:

59 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

EVERYONE watches as MONITOR GOES BLACK. A beat. Silence.

PEMBLETON
Not bad, Brodie, not bad. I’d cut down that last speech.

OTHERS start to rise.

BRODIE
Wait. There’s more.

He points remote at TV MONITOR.

60 INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

CU on TV MONITOR:

The word Coda appears. The same shot of the refrigerator. The MAN walks into shot, opens refrigerator door.

HOWARD (v.o.)
He’s b-a-a-a-a-ck --

(CONTINUED)
CONTINUED:

KELLERMAN (v.o.)

Wait a minute --

The MAN looks around cautiously, leans over, reaches in --
and pulls out a styrofoam multi-compartment lunch container.
He opens it, looks in, looks around to see if he’s being
observed, closes lid, closes refrigerator door and walks
away. As he turns and looks right at CAMERA, it ZOOMS in on
his face: It’s Captain ROGER GAFFNEY. As the words Case
Closed 2 appear on the screen and it goes to FREEZE FRAME,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

The scene from Times Square is on the MONITOR, but nobody’s
paying attention.

HOWARD

It’s Gaffney. Gaffney’s the Lunch
Bandit.

KELLERMAN

(applauds)
Congratulations, Brodie. You
solved the longest open case in
Homicide history.

MUNCH

Gaffney, that stooge. I should’ve
guessed it was him.

BAYLISS

Gee, you going to bring him up on
charges?

LEWIS

Put him in "The Box"? Make him
sweat?

KELLERMAN

Make him take a polygraph.

GIARDELLO

I’ll look into it.
(to BRODIE)
I’ll need a copy of this. In fact,
maybe you’d better give me the
original. For safekeeping.

BRODIE

I don’t have the original.

He stops. They all wait. He clears his throat.

(Continued)
CONTINUED:

BRODIE (cont.)

I sold it to PBS.

GIARDELLO

Excuse me?

BRODIE

Public Broadcasting. They're going to air it as a special. Bill Moyers is probably gonna narrate.

A stunned silence. Then general CONSTERNATION and HUBBUB breaks out, all YELLING at BRODIE.

BAYLISS

Brodie, do you realize what you've done? We're going to be seen on national television behaving like... like...

BRODIE

Like you actually are.

BAYLISS

That's not the point. We never thought about how it looked. We're out there messing with suspects, cracking jokes around the bodies. You can't show that to people -- that stuff is personal, it's supposed to stay inside the stationhouse.

GIARDELLO

You think you got a problem? How about that poor Mr. Jackson? He kills two neighbors to protect a secret. Then you come along with your questions and your camera and boom -- all of America is watching his weird little life.

LEWIS

Yeah, Brodie. Why'd you pick that case for your movie?

BRODIE

Hold on, everybody, hold on.

The OTHERS QUIET down.
BRODIE (cont.)
Y' see, here's the thing. I wanted to make a documentary not to embarrass anybody, but because I wanted to tell the truth. And when you're after the truth, then yeah, privacy goes out the window. That's the way it is for you guys, right? Poking through a victim's drawers and closets. Dredging up the dirt of their lives. Breaking suspects down until there's nothing left but the facts. Or what about the morgue? You go down there every day and stand there drinking coffee, watching men and women stripped and disassembled. I mean, let's be honest: You're detectives. You live in other people's lives and it doesn't bother you. It's not about privacy, it's about the work, about pushing past the lies and the crap and getting to what's real. That's what I learned from you guys. That's what my film is about.

EVERYONE looks at one another, not sure what to say. LEWIS' eye goes to the screen.

CU on TV MONITOR:
The ball in Times Square. The countdown's begun.

LEWIS
Ten, nine, eight, seven, six, five
four, three, two, one --
The ball hits the bottom. Happy New Year. EVERYONE hugs each other. A phone RINGS. Then another phone RINGS. Then another phone RINGS. As the DETECTIVES look at one another,

CUT TO:

62 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

HEAR The Iguanas SING "Boom Boom Boom", as MUNCH and HOWARD examine a BODY in an Alley,

CUT TO:
EXT. STAIRWELL - NIGHT

SONG CONTINUES. PEMBLETON shines a light on a sheet of blood coming down a Stairwell from a BODY on the landing. As HE shines the light up to BAYLISS' face,

CUT TO:

EXT. ROWHOUSE/HOPKINS VILLAGE - NIGHT

SONG CONTINUES. Crime Scene PERSONNEL go in and out of a Rowhouse. LEWIS pulls up in front. As HE gets out of the car, approaching COX,

CUT TO:

INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

SONG CONTINUES. PAN around the room. KELLERMAN is on the phone, GIARDELLO closes the door to his office. FIND BRODIE, now alone. BRODIE wipes 1996 off "The Board", replaces it with 1997. HE hits rewind on the remote. CU on MONITOR, asREWappears over the revelry in Times Square. RESUME BRODIE, glued to the tube. On BRODIE, as the SONG ENDS,

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END