

"GANG RELATED"

Written by

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SHOOTING DRAFT

1997

FADE IN:

NEON SIGN - THE PRINCE MOTEL - NIGHT

motel.
Prince
parked
closed,
PUSH
parking

The N and the E are not working. So it reads the PR IC
ROOMS TO RENT BY DAY, WEEK, MONTH. KITCHENETTES. The
Motel has passed its prime. A few beat up cars are
outside rooms. We CRANE DOWN to ROOM SEVEN. Curtains
but someone is holding it open a crack, looking out. We
in CLOSE TO THE WINDOW and the EYE looking over the
lot. Then the curtain closes.

INT. ROOM SEVEN - PRINCE MOTEL - NIGHT

man
slender,
He's in
He is

Peeling flowered wallpaper, ultra-cheap furniture. The
moving away from the window is RODRIGUEZ. He is
sports a thin mustache, hair slicked straight back.
his late thirties. Slightly nervous.
Another man sits on the couch, looking at a magazine.
forty, solidly built. His name is FRANK DIVINCI.

DIVINCI

Says here they got slips in Honolulu.
325 a month. Utilities included.

That's not bad.

Rodriguez sits down.

DIVINCI

But I gotta get at least a forty footer. It'll handle rough water better and I'll need the room if I'm gonna live on it.

looks
Rodriguez stands up, moves back to the window. Divinci
up.

RODRIGUEZ

I don't know how you do it.

DIVINCI

What?

RODRIGUEZ

How you can think about Hawaii now?

DIVINCI

My heart's in Hawaii.

RODRIGUEZ

You never been there. How can your heart be there.

DIVINCI

You're tellin' me there's no place you'd rather be other than here?

RODRIGUEZ

No, I'm saying I just don't know how you can think about Hawaii right now.

DIVINCI

If I was in Hawaii right now, I wouldn't be thinking about here. See the difference?

RODRIGUEZ

No.

DIVINCI

Look, I'm not in Hawaii, I'm here. But I don't want to be here, I want to be in Hawaii. I can't be in Hawaii, therefore I think about it so as to

not get depressed about being here.

RODRIGUEZ

But I'm here, I know I'm here, I don't like being here, but I can't be anyplace else because I look around and I see all this shit. How do you get around that?! That's what I'm asking.

DIVINCI

Focus.

RODRIGUEZ

Focus.

Divinci nods. Rodriguez looks at his watch.

RODRIGUEZ

It's time. No more Hawaii, okay? Focus on this.

DIVINCI

(smiles)

Aloha.

Rodriguez shakes his head, exasperated, and exits.

RODRIGUEZ

(to himself)

Aloha my ass.

CUT TO:

EXT. DARK STREET - NIGHT

Some
past. Poor side of town. A few old cars parked on the street.
buildings vacant. A LATE MODEL WHITE CADILLAC cruises
We HEAR LOUD RAP MUSIC.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

The
WOMAN
WEBB. LIONEL HUDD drives. Hudd is thirty. African American.
MUSIC is loud. His clothes lean to African roots. A
sits next to the passenger window. Her name is CYNTHIA

skirt,
life.

Cynthia is thirty-five, dressed in short provocative
tight top. A little too much make-up. She's lead a hard

her
She glances at Hudd. Hudd glances at her, looks down at
skirt hiked up on her leg.

CYNTHIA

Left at the corner.

turns
heavy
Hudd's eyes linger on her thighs for a moment, then he
his attention back to driving, tapping along with the
bass.

EXT. PRINCE MOTEL - NIGHT

of
out,
The Cadillac pulls into the parking lot. Parks in front
room SEVEN. Hudd gets out, looks around. Cynthia gets
leads him to SEVEN. Knocks.

Cynthia.
The curtains pull back. Divinci looks at Hudd and
She nods to him. The door unlocks and opens.

Cynthia enters. Hudd looks around again. Then follows.

INT. MOTEL ROOM SEVEN - NIGHT

as
one
Divinci waits at the door. He and Hudd eye each other
Hudd enters the room. Divinci looks out, making sure no
has followed, then shuts the door.

DIVINCI

Hope you don't mind me checkin' you
for weapons.

HUDD

Hell yes I mind.

Divinci hesitates. This could break the deal.

HUDD

I just don't want no man handlin'
me.

Hudd looks at Cynthia. The suggestion is taken.

DIVINCI

Okay. Check him.

rather
Hudd spreads his legs, lifts his arms. Cynthia would
not have the job, but there's no choice.

HUDD

Lotta good hidin' places on this
body. Check good.

pants,
Cynthia runs her hands over Hudd, checking pockets,
sleeves. Finally coming to his crotch. Hudd smiles.

HUDD

Careful. It's loaded.

the
Cynthia has heard it all before. She's not squeamish in
least and she gives him a good going over.

CYNTHIA

He's got nothin'.

couch
She smiles back at Hudd. Then moves away, sits on the
and seductively crosses her legs.

with
Divinci, satisfied, pulls a PLASTIC BAG packed tight
COCAINE out of his pocket, tosses it to Hudd.

finger in
Hudd sits on the couch, opens the bag, sticks his
and tastes the contents. But never takes his eyes off
Divinci.

HUDD

Not bad, not bad. Any more where
this came from?

DIVINCI

Maybe.

HUDD

Then maybe we talk again.

DIVINCI

Maybe.

cock,
Hudd stands, unzips his pants. Reaches in to grab his
but instead, pulls out a stack of MONEY. Inch thick.

HUDD

Told you there was a lotta good hidin'
places on this body.

bag.
Hudd hands the money to Divinci and pockets the plastic
Then crosses to the door. Glances back at Cynthia.

HUDD

Bet you gotta lotta nice hidin'
places, too.

Then Hudd smiles and exits.

EXT. PRINCE MOTEL - NIGHT

parking
Hudd gets into his Cadillac, pulls out of the motel
lot.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

the
Deserted. No one on the street this late. Several of
buildings are boarded up.

INT. CADILLAC - NIGHT

changed.
Hudd drives. No music this time. His attitude has
fast.
More serious. LIGHTS in the REAR VIEW MIRROR. Coming up
Hudd watches as the car pulls around to pass.

SEE
EXPLODING.
He glances at the CAR as it pulls past him, but all we
is the FLASH OF A BLAST FROM A GUN. Front WINDOW

THE CADILLAC

REGAL --
Moving
swerves into a parked car. The OTHER CAR -- a BUICK
screeches to a stop next to it. ONE MAN gets out.

He quickly to the Cadillac. It's dark, difficult to see.
wearing carries a SMITH AND WESSON .44. Opens the door. He's
PLASTIC GLOVES.

man Hudd is dead, slumped against the passenger door. The
of reaches in, turns off the engine, grabs the plastic bag
cocaine. And now we see it's Divinci.

INT. BUICK REGAL - NIGHT

Rodriguez is the driver. Anxious. Engine running.

RODRIGUEZ

Come on! Hurry up!

floors Divinci dashes back to the Buick, hops in. Rodriguez
it.

THE BUICK

tears off down the dark street.

CUT TO:

EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - NIGHT

both Not a great part of the city. Apartment buildings line
on a sides of the street. An alley runs between two of the
buildings. A TAXI pulls up in front. HEADLIGHTS SHINING
MAN passed out in the street.

glances at Cynthia exits the taxi. The taxi pulls away. She
the man passed out in the street.

in His clothes are ragged. He's filthy. His face covered
is. beard and greasy dirty hair. Hard to tell how old he
a Maybe forty. Maybe eighty. Who knows? His hand clutches
bottle in a bag.

CYNTHIA

Hey, Joe, wake up. Get outa the street
before you get run over. Joe, wake
up!

She nudges him with her foot. The man groans, rolls
back.

Dead drunk.

CYNTHIA

You're in the street, Joe. Get outa
the street.

The man, JOE, is silent for a moment, then he starts to
crawl --
toward the middle of the street.

CYNTHIA

Other way, Joe.

Joe turns his crawl toward the curb. Cynthia watches
him for
a moment. He is truly pathetic.

CYNTHIA

Forget it, Joe. Maybe you're better
off right there. I don't think you'd
even feel it.

Cynthia enters the building next to the alley.

CUT TO:

CYNTHIA - INT. APARTMENT - NIGHT

close.
asleep. The room is dark. We HEAR a door open and
Cynthia wakes.

CYNTHIA

Who is it?

Divinci crosses to the bed.

DIVINCI

Got your money.

CYNTHIA

Put it on the table.

She closes her eyes, trying to go back to sleep.

DIVINCI

Tired?

CYNTHIA

Yes.

DIVINCI

I'm not.

CYNTHIA

Take a sleeping pill. There's some
in my purse.

DIVINCI

You want your money?

smiling,
Cynthia's eyes open and she looks up at Divinci. He's
holding up FIVE ONE HUNDRED DOLLAR BILLS.

CYNTHIA

I already worked for that.

Divinci unzips his pants.

DIVINCI

This is a bonus.

CYNTHIA

For who?

starts
Divinci smiles. Cynthia snatches the money. Divinci
to undress.

DIVINCI

This ain't my fault. This is a failure
of our educational system. If you
hadn't fallen through the cracks and
dropped outa school, you wouldn't be
here now.

CYNTHIA

So what's your excuse?

DIVINCI

I'm in love.

unbuckles
Cynthia just stares at him for a long beat. Then she
Divinci's pants.

CUT TO:

KEY - INSERTED INTO DOOR LOCK - NIGHT

A door is pushed open. Rodriguez enters his one bedroom apartment. Starts to shut the door when TWO MEN appear from the shadows. The first is short, well dressed. His name is VIC. The second is large, heavy-set, shaved head. His name is CUTLESS SUPREME. Cutless Supreme is not a man to be messed with.

VIC

Keepin' some late hours.

Rodriguez looks at Cutless Supreme.

RODRIGUEZ

What the hell you doin'? What're my neighbors gonna think?

VIC

I apologize. I understand your concerns. But you must understand that, unlike a bank, I cannot rely on a late fee as sufficient encouragement to repay one's debts. I am forced to employ the likes of Mr. Cutless Supreme, whom I might add, contributes significantly to my overhead. I am the real loser here. And I am concerned about your sincerity in repaying the twenty-seven thousand, nine hundred forty-two dollar gambling debt that is one week past due. What can you do to reassure me of your good intentions?

RODRIGUEZ

I can make your life fuckin' miserable that's what I can do.

VIC

Look at me. Do I have a wife and three kids? Do I have a good job at IBM? Am I a handsome guy? No, no and no. I loan money at excessively high interest rates to pricks like you

who can't control their urges to lose big money playing cards and then I am forced to stay up all night trying to convince them that I have needs, too. The point of which is, I already have a fuckin' miserable life. So don't threaten me you lousy bag of cat shit.

in Rodriguez steps toward Vic, but Cutless Supreme slides between them. Rodriguez isn't going to win this one.

VIC

All I'm askin' is that you be responsible. Is that unreasonable?

options. Rodriguez backs off, hesitates as he runs over his
some There aren't any. He reaches into his pocket, pulls out
of his night's earnings.

RODRIGUEZ

Four thousand is all I got.

VIC

I am proportionally reassured. You purchased yourself an extension.

watches Vic takes the money, heads for the street. Rodriguez
Vic walk away. Cutless Supreme watches Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ

Cutless Supreme, what kind of fuckin' idiot name is that?

CUTLESS SUPREME

It was the car my daddy stole to take my momma to the hospital, but the cops stopped him and shot him dead in an alley before he could explain. I was born in the back seat.

door. Rodriguez glares at Cutless Supreme, then he shuts the

CUT TO:

CREDIT SEQUENCE - BLACK AND WHITE MONTAGE

where
and
scenes.
bullet
TAPE.

CRIME SCENE PHOTOGRAPHS -- Dead drug dealers lying
they were shot. Overlapping CLOSE-UPS of EVIDENCE TAGS
SHELVING filled with EVIDENCE from hundreds of crime
And CLOSE-SHOTS of CRIME SCENES -- chalk outlines --
shells - bloody foot prints. And finally CRIME SCENE
The BLACK AND WHITE fades back into COLOR --

YELLOW CRIME SCENE TAPE

have
FOLLOW

surrounding the CADILLAC. We PULL BACK, revealing COPS
controlling the area. It's early morning. A FEW PEOPLE
stopped to watch. But this is not a high traffic area.
ANOTHER CAR pulls up. Unmarked. Two men get out. We
BEHIND THEM as they approach the Cadillac and PATROLMAN
MAHONEY, who knows them.

PATROLMAN MAHONEY

Another day, another body. Where you
wanna start?

FIRST MAN

A hit?

PATROLMAN MAHONEY

Looks like. Could be gang related.

DIVINCI
the

And now we SEE THE TWO MEN from the unmarked car. It's
and RODRIGUEZ. Suit and ties. They act like they own
area. And they do.

PATROLMAN MAHONEY

Happened sometime last night, early
morning, two, three o'clock. African-
American male, looks like in his
thirties. But even that's a guess.
Half his head is on the upholstery.

RODRIGUEZ

Any witnesses?

PATROLMAN MAHONEY

Oh, sure, hundreds.

INT. CADILLAC - DAY

fell,
The bloody scene is untouched. Hudd's body is where it
on the seat. Dried blood everywhere. Divinci looks in.

DIVINCI

Fuckin' Animals.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

OFFICER
wears
EVIDENCE ROOM. Behind a locked fenced in area. A DESK
checks in and out all evidence. He is twenty-eight,
glasses, very clean cut. TWO DETECTIVES are checking in
evidence as Divinci walks in.

FIRST DETECTIVE

...three shotgun shells, twelve gauge.

The Desk Officer checks in the evidence.

DESK OFFICER

Three shotgun shells, twelve gauge.

approaches.
The two detectives wave hellos to Divinci as he

SECOND DETECTIVE (SGT. GARDNER)

Heard you got a gang related. Lucky
guy, Divinci. You get all the pretty
ones.

DIVINCI

One less drug store on the street.

DESK OFFICER

And the world is a safer place.

Divinci
The Desk Officer buzzes Divinci through the door.
crosses to the --

EVIDENCE STORAGE ROOM

going
knives,

-- filled with shelves. Stacked with evidence from on-
investigations. And the shelves are full of guns,
bloody gloves, masks, shoes, etc.

COCAINE
one of
.44
the

Divinci looks around, then removes the PACKAGE OF
and the .44 from his pockets and places them back on
the shelves. CASE NUMBER C-549087. One thing about the
which we can see now -- a BLACK STAIN on the metal of
handle.

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

DETECTIVES.
phone
fills

Desks, phones, computers, typewriters and HOMICIDE
Some witnesses being interviewed. Rodriguez is on the
at his desk. He's in the middle of an interview as he
out one of the many forms that complicate his life.

RODRIGUEZ

(into phone)

-- a green car... you know what
make... Maybe a Ford, uh-huh. You
didn't see the license, did you?

Rodriguez
brushes

Divinci comes back to his desk, next to Rodriguez.
looks up. Divinci gives him a confident smile and
his hands together -- clean hands.

RODRIGUEZ

(into phone)

Yeah, no, I understand, it was dark...
Uh-huh.

a 42
to

Divinci sits at his desk. He pulls an ADVERTISEMENT for
FOOT SPORT FISHING BOAT out of his desk. He holds it up
Rodriguez, points to the boat.

DIVINCI

Wanna go for a ride?

RODRIGUEZ

(into phone)

You think you could describe the driver?

(covers phone; to Divinci)

You bought it?

DIVINCI

As of last night, I've got the down.
Just picture me under swayin' palms
with a Mai Tai.

but We can HEAR someone describing a felon over the phone,
Rodriguez isn't listening. He's looking at the boat.

RODRIGUEZ

(into phone)

Uh-huh.

(covers phone)

You're gonna buy it, no shit. When?

DIVINCI

Just a phone call away.

Divinci picks up the phone, starts to dial.

RODRIGUEZ

That's really great, man.

on Divinci smiles. Rodriguez suddenly realizes the person
the other end of the phone has stopped talking.

RODRIGUEZ

(back to phone)

Uh-huh, okay... how tall was he?

A heavy set man in his fifties approaches -- **CAPTAIN
HENDERSON.**

CAPT. HENDERSON

You got primary on the drug related
this morning on 27th.

DIVINCI

I'm workin' it up now.

CAPT. HENDERSON

Who's your second?
(Divinci points at
Rodriguez)
In my office. Both of you.

DIVINCI

Why?

CAPT. HENDERSON

Now.

for

Captain Henderson doesn't wait for a response. He heads
the office -- an inner office of glass and wood.

nervous.

Divinci looks at Rodriguez, who is suddenly a little

to,

We can HEAR the PERSON OVER THE PHONE that he's talking
but he's no longer interested and hangs up on them.

RODRIGUEZ

What the hell --

Divinci motions "keep calm."

INT. CAPTAIN HENDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Rodriguez

Henderson is hanging up his coat as Divinci and
enter. They aren't the only ones in the office. RICHARD
SIMMS,
thirty-two, trim, short cut hair, suit, is waiting.

SIMMS,

CAPT. HENDERSON

Detectives Divinci and Rodriguez,
this is Richard Simms. He's with the
D.E.A. He wants to ask you some
questions about your case.

DIVINCI

What's the occasion?

SIMMS

You get an i.d. on the victim?

RODRIGUEZ

We're waitin' for prints.

Divinci pulls out his note pad.

DIVINCI

Car was registered to --

SIMMS

-- Anchor Imports. 81 El Dorado.
Black.

DIVINCI

If you got all this, what d'you want
from us?

SIMMS

...The man in the car is Lionel Hudd.

RODRIGUEZ

(a little incensed)
How d'you know that?
(to Henderson)
What's goin' on here?

SIMMS

Hudd was DEA, undercover.

Rodriguez and Divinci take the news like a
sledgehammer. On
their frozen expressions we HEAR --

SIMMS (O.S.)

He was workin' a case on syndicate
distribution of drugs on the south
side. But every dealer we tagged
kept getting killed. He finally got
a lead on a girl -- Hudd was a friend
of mine... I'm gonna nail the
sonuvabitch who killed him.

A long beat on Rodriguez and Divinci, then --

DIVINCI

We'll do everything we can to help.

CUT TO:

THE UNMARKED POLICE CAR - EXT. STREET - DAY

screeching around a corner and up a drive into a VACANT
LOT.
The car skids to a stop and Rodriguez gets out of the
driver's
side, slamming the door and storming off. He's out of
his

mind.

fired
Divinci gets out quickly, follows him. Rodriguez is so
up and scared he can't stop moving.

RODRIGUEZ
SHIT, FUCK, SHIT, JESUS CHRIST!

DIVINCI
Calm down!

RODRIGUEZ
WE'RE DEAD, WE'RE FUCKING DEAD!

DIVINCI
SHUT UP!

RODRIGUEZ
FUCK, FUCK, FUCK!

flailing
Divinci catches Rodriguez, tries to stop him from
about.

DIVINCI
STOP IT! YOU HEAR ME, RIGHT NOW,
STOP IT!

RODRIGUEZ
GOD, GOD, THIS IS REALLY FUCKIN' OUT
OF CONTROL!

on.
Rodriguez tries to push Divinci away, but Divinci holds
They struggle --

RODRIGUEZ
LET GO OF ME!

on
Rodriguez
-- pushing, shoving, falling to the dirt. Divinci jumps
top of him, pulling his pistol and shoving it into
mouth.

DIVINCI
Shut up and listen to me!

Rodriguez glares up at Divinci.

DIVINCI

They could be watchin' us right now
you asshole. So fuckin' shape up!
You got it?!

(nothing from Rodriguez)

I want you to nod!

his
his
of the
It takes Rodriguez a moment, but he nods. Divinci pulls
gun out of Rodriguez' mouth, gets off him and holsters
pistol. Rodriguez is scared to death, not of Divinci,
mess they're in. He just lies in the dirt.

DIVINCI

Get the fuck up!

yanks
Rodriguez starts to get to his feet. Divinci grabs him,
him up. Pushes him to the car.

DIVINCI

Get in the car!

side.
They move back to the car. Rodriguez gets back into the
driver's seat. Divinci moves around to the passenger
Gets in, slams the door shut.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

of
They sit silently in the car for a moment in the middle
the vacant lot. Breathing hard. Dirty. After a beat --

DIVINCI

There's no fuckin' reason to panic.

incredulously.
Rodriguez turns slowly and looks at Divinci

RODRIGUEZ

No fuckin' reason to panic? Did you
say no fuckin' reason to panic!

DIVINCI

Stop being an idiot! We're the cops
on the case. It's our case. We are
going to find the fuckin' killers.

RODRIGUEZ

WE'RE THE FUCKIN' KILLERS!

DIVINCI

Since when does that matter?!

Rodriguez stares at Divinci for a beat, then we --

CUT TO:

EXT. UNMARKED CAR - PARKED - DAY

Rodriguez and Divinci are sitting on the car, each with
a beer and sharing a bottle of whiskey.

DIVINCI

All they want is someone to go down for the crime, right? Do we care who goes down for the crime? Fuck no. As long as someone goes down for the crime. It's a slot that's gotta be filled.

Rodriguez is calmer, but still something bothers him --

RODRIGUEZ

We killed a cop, doesn't that bother you?

DIVINCI

Of course it bothers me. What d'you want me to do, turn myself in? Well I'm not. That's the risk we take everyday, somebody might pop us, especially undercover like that. So he got popped. It happens.

RODRIGUEZ

Not by other cops!

DIVINCI

I patted him down! He wasn't wearin' a wire, he had no badge, no gun, how was I supposed to know?!

A moment of silence, then --

DIVINCI

Look, I feel just as bad as you do, but we gotta start thinkin' about us here. The important thing is we don't lose control of the case. We can

never lose control of the case.
Whatever evidence there is goes
through us. We lay down the trail.
Make it nice and logical. We're the
teachers and two and two can add up
to five if it's our classroom.

RODRIGUEZ

What're you talkin' about, are you
sayin' we stick somebody with this?

DIVINCI

Evidence points wherever we want it
to point. Shit, we can provide so
much evidence, even the asshole we
pick will think he fuckin' killed
him.

RODRIGUEZ

You got some asshole in mind?

DIVINCI

Just don't worry. We'll find a killer.
There's lots of 'em out there.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

THREE AFRICAN AMERICAN YOUTHS, all in their twenties,
are
hanging on a street corner. Talking. Normal street
traffic.
They give a long hard look to an ATTRACTIVE AFRICAN
AMERICAN
WOMAN who walks past. A little chatter.

The UNMARKED CAR suddenly screeches to the curb. The
black
youths scatter quickly as Divinci jumps out and goes
after
the tallest of the three. His name is JAMES. Rodriguez
guns
the car and gives chase on wheels.

James darts across traffic. Divinci running hard after
him.

Rodriguez spins the car in a u-turn. Racing after them.

EXT. ALLEY - SAME TIME

trash
to
James darts down the alley. Narrow, dark, lined with bins. Divinci turns into the alley, but he isn't going to catch him.

alley,
James.
James is almost to the end when the car turns into the alley, skidding to a stop. Rodriguez jumps out, gun leveled at James.

in
No where for him to go. He slows down. Rodriguez moves from his front, Divinci runs up from behind. James is disgusted.

JAMES

What the hell'd I do now?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - EVIDENCE STORAGE ROOM - DAY

the
Divinci removes the PACKAGE OF COCAINE and the .44 from shelf. CASE NUMBER C-549087.

CUT TO:

THE .44 - INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

right
SLIDING across a table to James, who stops it with his hand. Divinci and Rodriguez are across from him.

JAMES

Ain't my gun.

DIVINCI

Never is, is it.

JAMES

That ain't my fuckin' gun.

careful
He shoves the gun back. Divinci stops it with his arm, not to touch it.

DIVINCI

the
through
intent.

Got your fuckin' prints on it.

James quickly realizes what they've done. He lunges for
gun, but Divinci picks it up quickly with a pencil
the trigger guard. James glares at them with murderous

RODRIGUEZ

Where were you Friday night?

JAMES

Friday night... last Friday night?

RODRIGUEZ

Where were you?

JAMES

Whatever you think I did went down
last Friday night?

DIVINCI

Better have a good alibi, James, or
it's good ali bye-bye.

A beat, then James smiles.

JAMES

I was in jail you assholes. Check it
out.

(starts to laugh)

All night. What a couple a dickheads!

Rodriguez and Divinci are silent.

CUT TO:

DOOR - INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Rodriguez
HISPANIC
watch

KICKED IN on a grungy small apartment. Divinci and
burst in, guns drawn. Scaring the shit out of an
MAN (CORTEZ) and his half-naked GIRLFRIEND as they
television.

DIVINCI AND RODRIGUEZ

**NOBODY MOVE! HANDS IN THE AIR! NOW!
MOVE IT!**

CUT BACK TO:

THE .44 - INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Cortez
pants.

SLIDING across the table back to Rodriguez and Divinci.
sits across from them. Wearing white t-shirt, baggy
Tattoos on his arms.

CORTEZ

Ain't my gun.

RODRIGUEZ

(smiles)
Got your prints on it.

CORTEZ

(stands; angry)
You fuck, I ain't never seen that
gun before!

RODRIGUEZ

Where were you last Friday night?

CORTEZ

Fuck you. I wanna talk to a lawyer!
Just want they wanted to hear. No alibi.

RODRIGUEZ

Lawyer's not gonna help you, Cortez.
All the evidence we got points right
to you.

Cortez stares at them for a moment, then --

CORTEZ

Did you say last Friday night?

scar

Cortez smiles and pulls up his shirt, revealing a long
scar
across his stomach.

CORTEZ

Intensive Care, you pindejo fuckin'
gutter shits. And Thursday night,
and Saturday, too. I just fucking
got out this morning.

CUT TO:

MAN - EXT. ALLEY - DAY

dirty
blond
jeans,
SLAMMING INTO A WALL, hitting hard, falling back to the
garbage covered alley. He's about twenty-seven, thin,
hair tied in a pony tail. He wears a flannel shirt,
boots. He doesn't want to fight. His name is DAVE.

DAVE

Alright, alright, alright... shit. I
ain't gonna fight you.

He looks up at Divinci and Rodriguez moving toward him.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

apparent
Dave is behind the desk handling the .44 with no
problem.

DAVE

Ain't my gun.

RODRIGUEZ

That's what they all say.

DAVE

Wish it was. No better gun than Smitty
and Wes .44 mag with serial numbers
filed off.

(opens cylinder)

Got any bullets?

Divinci walks around, holds out his hand for the gun.

DAVE

Who did I kill?

DIVINCI

Where were you last Friday night?

DAVE

You mean, what's my alibi right?

shirt.
Dave spits on the gun, wipes off his prints with his

DAVE

I was breakin' and entering. Jewelry store on seventh and Front, about nine o'clock. Not even close to your jurisdiction. I got the rocks to prove it.

He drops the gun, clean of prints onto the table.

DAVE

Sorry I can't help ya. But one to five is better than ten to life.

Divinci and Rodriguez stare at Dave. They are not happy.

CUT TO:

MUG SHOTS - INT. HOMICIDE SQUAD ROOM - DAY

Divinci
in plastic pages. A BINDER full of criminal portraits.
is going through one book. Rodriguez searches another.

DIVINCI

Montrose LaJolla...

RODRIGUEZ

We pulled him in last year for knifing that dealer on 32nd.

DIVINCI

Yeah. Almost killed him, remember?
He'd be good.

(calls out to ANOTHER

DETECTIVE)

Anybody seen Montrose LaJolla?

ANOTHER DETECTIVE

He's dead. His life partner killed him in a Domestic D about a month ago.

Rodriguez suddenly slams his book shut.

RODRIGUEZ

Shit!

Divinci
place

Divinci looks at him. Rodriguez is angry, tense.
gives him a look telling him this is not the time and
for a discussion on this topic.

DIVINCI

Take it easy.

RODRIGUEZ

This isn't gonna work!

Divinci leans toward Rodriguez.

DIVINCI

Nobody said it was gonna be easy.
But let's not advertise our despair...
Okay?

The PHONE RINGS. Divinci picks it up.

DIVINCI

(into phone)
Divinci.

INT. CAPT. HENDERSON'S OFFICE - DAY

and
hide

Captain Henderson is sitting behind his desk. Divinci
Rodriguez are in front of him. Rodriguez is trying to
his nervousness. Divinci is absolutely cool.

DIVINCI

This is our case! Not the goddamn
DEA's!

CAPT. HENDERSON

It's been three days.

DIVINCI

We're not fuckin' magicians! What
the hell is three days?! This is a
goddamn murder case! It takes a little
bit of goddamn time!

CAPT. HENDERSON

When a Federal Undercover Officer
goes down, it's never a fuckin' murder
case! I don't like the DEA on my ass
any better than you like 'em on yours.
But this is personal for them and

they want answers. Forget your other cases and get something, anything that I can give to them. The last thing I want is the goddamn F.B.I. on my back, too.

Divinci and Rodriguez are quiet for a beat, then --

DIVINCI

We've got a couple leads. We need a little more time.

CAPT. HENDERSON

I can't hold 'em off much longer.

RODRIGUEZ

This is no fuckin' way to run an investigation.

CAPT. HENDERSON

Let me tell you both something, if you don't solve this quick, they're gonna start askin' why? And they'll be lookin' to blame somebody in this department. So my advise to you is, get something fuckin' fast or turn over what you've got and get outa the way.

Rodriguez and Divinci are quiet for a moment, then --

DIVINCI

How much time we got?

CAPT. HENDERSON

A couple days. The funeral's this afternoon.

RODRIGUEZ

What funeral?

CAPT. HENDERSON

For Agent Hudd. Simms wants you there.

DIVINCI

What for? We didn't know him.

CAPT. HENDERSON

How the hell do I know?! It's DEA, it's their thing. You're the cops on the case, I suppose they want you to know what a great guy Hudd was so

you'll work all that harder to find his killer. Just go. It'll reassure 'em how much you care and keep 'em off my ass.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - GRAVE SITE - LATE AFTERNOON

MOTHER MOURNERS gathered around the grave site. WIFE in tears. in tears. The men trying their best to hold up. Beyond the family, DEA AGENTS. Simms among them. A show of support and solidarity. A REVEREND delivering --

REVEREND

-- and it is too easy to say that he was a good man in his job because he gave more than most. And it's too easy to say that he was a good man in his community because he gave more than others. And it's too easy to say he was a good man at home with his family because he was always there when they needed him. Special Agent Lionel Hudd was not just a good man, he was an extraordinary man. And his death shall not be in vain.

RODRIGUEZ CAMERA FINDS Divinci and Rodriguez at the back. looks nervous. Divinci notices. Their conversation is quiet.

DIVINCI

Don't Humpty Dumpty on me.

RODRIGUEZ

What's that mean?

DIVINCI

Your cracks are startin' to show.

RODRIGUEZ

(covering)
Bullshit.

Divinci sees Simms approaching from the side.

DIVINCI

Get your balance. Here comes the King.

Rodriguez glances toward Simms as he walks up. The conversation is quiet. Not wanting to disturb the ceremony.

SIMMS

Glad you came... Anything break?

Divinci glances at Rodriguez.

DIVINCI

Nothin' to brag about. But we've got a couple new leads we're followin'.

SIMMS

...Look, normally we'd be all over this, but your Captain seems to think you can do the job. It's your territory. I guess you know it better than anybody. And that can be worth a lot. But you understand... we won't wait forever.

Divinci is pissed. He doesn't like Simms.

DIVINCI

Just outa curiosity... What happened to his backup? You guys use backup on undercover don't you?

SIMMS

It was a new lead. Hudd was afraid backup would blow his cover. He was supposed to check in ten minutes after the deal went down. He never checked in.

RODRIGUEZ

We want this one as bad as you do. A cop's a cop. We're in this together, right?

Simms stares at Rodriguez and Divinci for a moment, then he returns his attention to the ceremony.

SIMMS

That's why I asked you to come here.

Just so you knew that.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOT DOG VENDOR STREET - DUSK

Rodriguez and Divinci walk down the street, hot dogs in hand,
returning to their car parked curbside.

DIVINCI

He didn't have backup. You believe that?! Jesus what a dick.

RODRIGUEZ

I don't think we should criticize that particular decision of his.

DIVINCI

I don't care what the reasons are, you don't play Lone Fuckin' Ranger on a drug buy. You're just askin' for it. That's all I'm sayin'.

RODRIGUEZ

I don't trust those bastards. They're not waitin' for us. That's bullshit. They're runnin' their own investigation. I know it!

DIVINCI

Let 'em. The gun, the coke came from evidence. The car came from impound. So what's to find?

RODRIGUEZ

That's what I'm afraid of. There's nothing for them to find. We were too good.

DIVINCI

So what're you worried about?

RODRIGUEZ

Nobody is that fuckin' good.

Divinci looks at Rodriguez, then smiles.

DIVINCI

Except us.

CUT TO:

STRIPPER - INT. STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

We bumping and grinding her way through her performance.
skin don't see her face yet. Just her body. G-string and
appreciative. tight tank top. LOUD MUSIC. MEN in the audience
tank top The room is smoky. LIGHTS swirl over the stage. The
dancer -- comes off. WHISTLES and CHEERS. And now we see the
it's CYNTHIA.

INT. HALLWAY - BACK STAGE - NIGHT

heels. Cynthia moves down the hall in her g-string and high
She enters the dressing room.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

little Divinci is sitting in the only chair in the cramped
she room. He's going through her purse. Cynthia stops when
sees him, then shuts the door.

CYNTHIA

I think this is breaking and entering,
isn't it?

DIVINCI

I work homicide, I don't deal with
that shit.

CYNTHIA

(puts on robe)
Learn anything you didn't already
have on file?

DIVINCI

Yeah. You surprise me sometimes.
Here I think you're just a hard case
and I discover you've got a heart of
gold.

(holds up her drivers
license)

You're an organ donor. That's really

nice. The only problem is, they'll never use your best parts.

CYNTHIA

I'll make sure you get them.

DIVINCI

Hey, don't get me wrong. I was just surprised that we had something in common... Besides what we have in common.

CYNTHIA

Do everybody a favor, if you're gonna donate your heart, make sure it goes to science. Most people want one that beats.

DIVINCI

Cynthia... pretty name. What do the first three letters spell?

CYNTHIA

Don't get so clever. It's out of character.

CUT TO:

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - BEDROOM - NIGHT

arm
Divinci and Cynthia are lying in bed. Divinci has his arm around her, but he's staring at the ceiling.

CYNTHIA

What's so interesting up there?

DIVINCI

Nothing.

CYNTHIA

Then why's it got all your attention?

DIVINCI

I'm thinkin', that's all.

CYNTHIA

About us?

DIVINCI

No.

CYNTHIA

Good.

Divinci looks at Cynthia.

DIVINCI

What if I was thinkin' about us?

CYNTHIA

Don't waste your time.

DIVINCI

What if I was?

CYNTHIA

Where's it gonna get us?

DIVINCI

Maybe I got plans.

CYNTHIA

I don't wanna hear 'em. Plans just make you think somethin's gonna get better. I'm fine now. I don't need to get screwed up waitin' for something good to happen.

DIVINCI

I just want you to know, love is important to me.

CYNTHIA

Me, too.

DIVINCI

But more important is loyalty. Nothing is more important than that. Not love, not anything. Because loyalty is about respect. You can talk about love all you want, but without respect it's empty. I mean the first thing that goes in a marriage is respect. And once it's gone, forget the love. So I am telling you, I am loyal to you. Like I'm loyal to my partner. We are closer than blood. And I trust him with my life.

Cynthia didn't really expect this from Divinci. She's actually, despite herself, a little touched.

CYNTHIA

Why're you telling me this?

DIVINCI

When you asked if I was thinkin' about us and I said I wasn't, I just want you to know that I do.

A beat, then --

CYNTHIA

Just don't ask me to marry you.

DIVINCI

(smiles)

Why aren't more women like you?

Divinci leans in and they kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Divinci exits the building. Starts to cross the street to his car parked on the opposite side when he HEARS SOMETHING BEHIND him. He turns, instantly reaching for his pistol.

A drunk staggers out of the alley -- looks like he has a gun in his hand.

Divinci instinctively raises his gun to shoot when -- THE LIGHT -- catches the object in the drunk's hand -- a BROWN BOTTLE, the neck sticking ahead like the barrel of a gun.

DIVINCI

(lowers gun)

You fuckin' idiot.

The drunk stops when he hears the voice. Looks through his matted greasy hair that cascades in front of his eyes. Now we recognize Joe.

stops.
again.

Divinci turns away, disgusted. Opens his car door, then
Caught in a thought. He turns back and looks at Joe

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

down
Joe
light

Joe stumbles back into the DARKNESS OF THE ALLEY. Lies
next to a trash bin. LIGHTS suddenly illuminate Joe.
squints as a CAR moves right up to him. Joe shields the
with an arm.

down
on
Joe's

We HEAR the DOOR OPEN and CLOSE, then Divinci bends
into the LIGHT. He is wearing a BASEBALL CAP backwards
his head. And GLOVES on his hands. He reaches inside
JACKET POCKET.

DIVINCI

What've we got here?

Joe.
He pulls out the Smith and Wesson .44. Divinci looks at

DIVINCI

Where were you last Friday night?

Confused, Joe looks up at Divinci through matted hair.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - DRIVING - NIGHT (EARLY MORNING)

Divinci drives. Joe up front. In an alcoholic daze.

DIVINCI'S VOICE

What's your name?

Joe looks at Divinci. Having trouble focusing.

DIVINCI

Your name, what's your name?

WILLIAM

...Joe...

DIVINCI

Where'd you get the gun, Joe?

Joe looks down at his hands -- he's holding the .44.

DIVINCI

It was in your pocket, Joe, your coat pocket. You must keep it for protection, right?

WILLIAM

I don't know.

DIVINCI

Sure you do, Joe. Everybody needs protection. Especially a guy like you lives on the street, right?

Joe just stares at the gun.

DIVINCI

Put it back in your pocket, Joe. You don't have to worry about me, I'm not gonna hurt you.

Joe puts the gun into his jacket pocket.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - EARLY MORNING

Quiet. The LOCATION of HUDD'S MURDER. The street is empty.

Divinci stops his car next to where Hudd died.

INT. DIVINCI'S CAR - EARLY MORNING

reaches Joe is asleep, leaning against the window. Divinci across and yanks him.

DIVINCI

Wake up, Joe! I want you to look at something. Out the window, Joe. Look out the window.

Joe's eyes open. Divinci forces his head to the window.

DIVINCI

This is where it happened, Joe. I

want you to remember it. This is
where you killed him

head. Joe tries to turn to Divinci, but Divinci holds his

DIVINCI

You remember it now? How you shot
him through the head? You remember
it?

WILLIAM

I... don't...

DIVINCI

(lets go of Joe)
You will.

Divinci slams his foot down on the accelerator and --

THE CAR

-- tears off down the street.

CUT TO:

RODRIGUEZ - INT. BEDROOM - EARLY MORNING

Rodriguez asleep. Alone in a double bed. The PHONE RINGS.
startles awake. Catches the phone on the second ring.

RODRIGUEZ

Who the hell is this?

INTERCUT WITH DIVINCI - INT. MOTEL ROOM - EARLY MORNING

the Divinci on the phone in the f.g. Joe is passed out on
bed in the b.g. The room is dark.

DIVINCI

Is that any way to answer the phone?

RODRIGUEZ

Divinci, shit! It's quarter to six.

DIVINCI

I know what time it is, I'm not the
one in bed. I need the photos of the
scene.

RODRIGUEZ

Now?

DIVINCI

I got a suspect. But he can't remember all the details. He needs a little help. And I thought, since you're my partner, you might jump at the opportunity to lend me a fuckin' hand.

Rodriguez sits up in bed.

RODRIGUEZ

He doesn't remember last Friday?

DIVINCI

He doesn't remember a lotta Fridays. Bring the shots and pick up a fifth of Vodka.

(glances at Joe)

Make it two.

CUT TO:

JOE - INT. MOTEL ROOM - DAY

asleep on the bed.

DIVINCI

Time to get up, Joe.

Divinci slaps him. Joe's eyes open.

DIVINCI

I want you to look at something.

Rodriguez.
Divinci
- the
position.
The room is still dark. Curtains drawn. We now see
He's wearing a black sock cap and gloves. He hands
POLICE PHOTOGRAPHS of the car, the street, the victim -
murder scene. Divinci pulls Joe into a sitting

DIVINCI

There's the guy and the street and the car. You remember how you shot him.

head. Joe stares at the photographs and starts to shake his

DIVINCI

You don't remember? That's not what you told me last night.

Joe is confused.

DIVINCI

If you remember you can have a drink.

Joe looks at the bottle Rodriguez holds out to him.

DIVINCI

But you gotta remember how you saw him driving toward you and you were in the street and you were afraid he was going to hit you so you had to shoot to protect yourself. You remember now don't you?

Joe stares at the photographs for a moment, then nods.

DIVINCI

And where's your gun, Joe, where do you keep your gun?

and Joe thinks a moment, then reaches into his coat pocket
drains pulls out the .44. Divinci hands Joe the bottle and Joe
HUDD'S drinks. We PUSH IN on the BOTTLE OF VODKA as the liquid
away and we CLOSE IN TIGHT until we can SEE LIONEL
FACE as we --

DISSOLVE TO:

CLOSE UP - THE PHOTOGRAPHS

drunk Hudd dead. Blood on the windows. The street. Joe is
pulls again. In a haze. Starts to lift the bottle. Rodriguez
it away. Rodriguez and Divinci always stay behind Joe.

RODRIGUEZ

Why'd you kill him?

WILLIAM

I... don't know...

RODRIGUEZ

It was your gun.

WILLIAM

...I don't have a gun.

DIVINCI

Yes you do. In your pocket.

WILLIAM

...I'm tired.

DIVINCI

I know, Joe, it's tough to remember things you don't wanna remember. What about your last name, Joe. You got a last name?

Joe looks up as if trying to remember. Or trying not to.

RODRIGUEZ

Come on, Joe, everybody's got a last name.

WILLIAM

I don't remember.

RODRIGUEZ

Don't fuck with us, Joe. We're trying to help you. What's your last goddamn name?

Joe shakes his head.

WILLIAM

I don't know.

when
Divinci
back
Rodriguez suddenly smacks Joe on the side of the head he tries to look back. Joe is surprised by the blow. pushes Rodriguez back. Shakes his head telling him to off.

DIVINCI

(to Joe; friendly)
Come on, we're all tired here, Joe.

Just give us your last name.

WILLIAM

I don't remember.

DIVINCI

...Okay, fine, what's in a name? But you remember the gun, right, in your pocket.

Joe nods.

DIVINCI

And you remember that you told me you thought he was going to hit you, right? That's why you shot...

WILLIAM

...Yeah.

Divinci looks at Rodriguez. Rodriguez nods.

DIVINCI

How'd it happen, Joe, tell me how it happened.

(prompting)

You saw him driving toward you --

WILLIAM

-- I saw him driving toward me --

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - NIGHT - LIONEL HUDD

driving. The night that he was shot. He looks ahead into the darkness of the street. Suddenly he SEES --

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

A MAN standing in the street ahead of him.

HUDD - INT. CAR - NIGHT

smiles and turns toward the man in the street.

A .44

is pulled from a jacket pocket, lifted toward the APPROACHING

gun.
CAR. The gun is in the hands of Joe. He is scared. The
HEADLIGHTS COMING RIGHT AT HIM. He aims and FIRES the

THE FRONT WINDOW

SHATTERS. And the car swerves to the curb.

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

his
Joe watches from the street, then looks at the .44 in
hand.

BACK INSIDE THE MOTEL ROOM - NIGHT

of
Rodriguez leans into Joe who is now sitting on the edge
the bed, looking down at the .44 in his hand.

RODRIGUEZ

Then what did you do?

EXT. STREET - NIGHT

did.
Joe is in the street again. He doesn't know what he

BACK INSIDE THE MOTEL ROOM

Divinci leans close to Joe from behind now.

DIVINCI

You ran.

And now Joe can imagine it. We PUSH INTO JOE'S EYES.

BACK TO THE STREET

death.
as Joe turns and runs. As fast as he can away from the
He looks back over his shoulder, scared.

JOE'S VOICE

I didn't mean to...

BACK INSIDE THE MOTEL ROOM

him.
Joe is staring at the gun. Divinci and Rodriguez watch

WILLIAM

He was going to hit me... I was
scared... he was going to hit me.

Rodriguez looks at Divinci.

DIVINCI

That's why you shot him.

WILLIAM

That's why I...

JOE - BACK ON THE STREET - NIGHT

AIMS the gun again at the APPROACHING CAR.

JOE'S VOICE

...shot him.

And we HEAR the GUN SHOT AGAIN, shattering the silence
as we --

CUT TO:

THE SMOKING .44 - INT. ABANDONED WAREHOUSE - DAY

held by Joe's hand, which is held by Divinci's gloved
hand.
Divinci has held Joe's finger on the trigger and pulled
it.

The gunshot is deadened in the old building. Joe is
lying in
the back seat of a car, passed out, with Divinci
holding the
.44 in his hand. The back door is open. The engine is
running.

DIVINCI

Helluva nice shot, Joe.

Divinci pulls the 44. out of Joe's hand, then shuts the
door,
gets into the front. The car pulls away, exiting the
warehouse.

HAND - INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - POLICE STATION - DAY

signing a name at the bottom of a paper -- Joe. Beneath
it
is the type written name: JOE DOE. We PULL BACK and see
it's

watch.
away and
paper

Joe signing a typewritten page as Divinci and Rodriguez
Joe is a mess. When he finishes he pushes the paper
puts his head down on the table. Divinci picks up the
and we --

CUT TO:

EXT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

pulls to
of
Divinci

A small yellow Toyota with a bashed up left fender
the curb. Cynthia gets out lugging her purse and a bag
groceries. We HEAR ANOTHER CAR DOOR SHUT. She turns.
is walking across the street from his car toward her.

CYNTHIA

It's the middle of the day.

from

Divinci gives her a look as he takes the grocery bag
her.

DIVINCI

Just talk.

CYNTHIA

Since when?

Divinci leads the way into the apartment building.

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

as

Cynthia opens the door, pulls the key out of the lock
Divinci enters behind her with the groceries.

DIVINCI

I need you to do something.

CYNTHIA

Good, I need the money.

table.

She shuts the door. Divinci deposits the bag on the
Cynthia picks it up, moves into the kitchen.

DIVINCI

This isn't a deal. Where you goin'?

CYNTHIA

I got perishables, okay?

starts
into
Cynthia enters the kitchen and Divinci follows. Cynthia
unloading the groceries, putting the milk, eggs, etc.
the refrigerator.

DIVINCI

The guy we did the last deal with is
dead.

Cynthia turns suddenly.

CYNTHIA

What?

DIVINCI

Somebody popped him that night,
probably when he tried to unload the
stuff. I don't know.

CYNTHIA

Jesus, does anybody --

DIVINCI

-- Don't worry, there's no connection.
We got the guy who did it.

Cynthia breathes a sigh of relief.

CYNTHIA

You scared the hell outa me.

DIVINCI

We just need you to do one thing.

CYNTHIA

...What?

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - DAY

Divinci and Rodriguez are moving down a hallway with
Cynthia.
She's nervous. Wants very much not to be here.

DIVINCI

He'll be third from the left. Don't fuck up. Third from the left.

CYNTHIA

What'm I supposed to say?

DIVINCI

Just look at 'em and then look at the man the third from the left and say, It's him.

RODRIGUEZ

And I'll say, Are you sure?

DIVINCI

And you say, Absolutely. No question.

CYNTHIA

This is all I need to do right?

DIVINCI

We have a signed confession. You i.d. him, he's goin' straight into the can.

CYNTHIA

Okay, okay. But this is it. I'm not doin' anything more than this.

DIVINCI

Hey, it's a done deal.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE LINEUP ROOM - DAY

ROWS of seats face a small platform. The LINEUP WALL is striped with horizontal lines with HEIGHT NUMBERS. The brightly lighted lineup is separated from the gallery, which is in the dark.

UNIFORMED GUARDS are on hand to make sure there is no discussion, verbal or otherwise, between accused and witness.

SIX MEN file onto the platform. All shady characters.

A VOICE

Stop and face front.

others The six men obey. A couple keep their heads down. The
squint from the bright lights.

THE VOICE

Lift your heads, look straight.

of Heads are lifted. Eyes front. But we only recognize one
them, standing third from the left. It's Joe.

Divinci, Rodriguez and Cynthia are in the gallery.

DIVINCI

Take your time. Try and remember his
face.

minute. She Cynthia counts three from the left and... wait a
Divinci looks more closely. Just to be sure. Rodriguez and
she watch her. She's obviously putting on a good show. Then
turns to Divinci, sitting next to her and whispers --

CYNTHIA

I know him.

a Divinci is caught a little off guard -- he didn't expect
it private conversation, nor does he want one for fear of
looking like he's coaching her.

DIVINCI

If you can identify the man --

CYNTHIA

(whisper)

I know him.

DIVINCI

Just tell us which one.

Cynthia, frustrated, gives Divinci a look.

CYNTHIA

No. I fucking know him.

Rodriguez Divinci still isn't sure what's gotten into her.

looks over, a little annoyed.

RODRIGUEZ

What's the problem?

DIVINCI

There's no problem!
(to Cynthia; pointedly)
Do you see him up there?!

CYNTHIA

(aside)
You don't understand.

Divinci is losing his patience. He doesn't want to blow
the whole thing now, not in front of guards and police
personnel. The Guards are beginning to wonder what the hell's
going on. So are the MEN in the line.

ONE OF THE MEN

Hey, come on, do it or don't!

THE VOICE

No talking.

Divinci leans in close to her. We can HEAR GRUMBLING
from the men on the platform.

DIVINCI

Pick the asshole out!

Cynthia starts to protest again, but she suddenly feels
Divinci's hand grip her arm. He's had enough. Cynthia
gets the message. And while keeping her eyes locked on
Divinci she says --

CYNTHIA

Third man from the left.

JOE

squints against the harsh light, trying to see into the
room, as if he recognized the voice.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - POLICE STATION - OUTSIDE THE LINEUP ROOM

-

DAY

Rodriguez, Divinci and Cynthia move briskly down the hall. None happy about what just happened. The conversation is strained.

DIVINCI

You mind telling me what that was all about?!

CYNTHIA

I know him. He hangs around my building. He lives in the alley or something.

Rodriguez looks at Divinci. Is this a problem?

DIVINCI

You don't think people that hang around your neighborhood can kill somebody. Well let me tell you something. You don't live in a great fuckin' neighborhood.

Divinci pulls a paper from his pocket.

DIVINCI

Just sign the goddamn paper.

CYNTHIA

What paper?

RODRIGUEZ

You picked a man out of a lineup, you have to sign that you did that so they don't think we made it up.

Cynthia just stares at Rodriguez for a beat, then --

CYNTHIA

Now why the hell would they think something like that?

DIVINCI

Sign it.

CYNTHIA

You said all I had to do was pick
him out.

DIVINCI

This is part of it. Just sign it and
you're done.

CYNTHIA

How come you're so sure it was him?

Rodriguez rolls his eyes.

RODRIGUEZ

Jesus Christ!

DIVINCI

He confessed.

CYNTHIA

Bullshit.

RODRIGUEZ

We got it in writing.

CYNTHIA

He didn't do it.

DIVINCI

How the hell d'you know that? Were
you with him at the time?! You have
a good goddamn alibi for him?!

RODRIGUEZ

Maybe she was blowing him!

CYNTHIA

Better him than you.

Rodriguez grabs her arm and pushes her against the
wall.

Divinci looks around quickly to see who's watching.

DIVINCI

Take it easy.

Rodriguez angrily throws up his hands and glares at
Divinci.

RODRIGUEZ

Fine, I got nothin' at stake here.

Divinci gives him a look, then leans right up next to
Cynthia.

DIVINCI

This is what they call an open and
shut case. He did the kill and he's
going down. Don't make the mistake
of thinking you know the right thing
to do.

Divinci holds out the paper. Cynthia hesitates a beat,
then
takes it and signs her name.

CUT TO:

JOE - CLOSE SHOT - MUG SHOTS

holding a number. The SCENE FADES WHITE with the FLASH.

DISSOLVE TO:

CELL DOOR - INT. JAIL - DAY

closing on Joe who is standing in the small CELL,
facing the
wall, his back to us. The door is locked and we --

CUT TO:

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

as the .44 is placed on a shelf. But this time it's
tagged
with a different number. M5114000.

CUT TO:

**THE SIGNED CONFESSION - INT. CAPT. HENDERSON'S OFFICE -
DAY**

as Agent Simms reads through it to the end.

SIMMS

Doe?

Henderson
also

Simms looks across at Rodriguez and Divinci. Capt.
and TWO OTHER DEA AGENTS (HOOPER and SARKASIAN) are
present. The DEA are in suits and ties.

RODRIGUEZ

He wouldn't give us his last name.

SIMMS

He signed a confession but he wouldn't
give you his last name?

DIVINCI

He said he couldn't remember it.
(points to his head)
He's a head case.

AGENT HOOPER

You run prints?

RODRIGUEZ

No priors.

AGENT SARKASIAN

Ballistics match?

RODRIGUEZ

We're waiting. But a forty-four was
used in commission. He had a forty-
four on him.

AGENT HOOPER

It went down pretty quick.

DIVINCI

It's our street.

CAPT. HENDERSON

I think they did a helluva job.

Suddenly Simms slams his hand down on the desk.

SIMMS

Goddammit!

Everyone turns to Simms. He's angry. Rodriguez is
uneasy.

SIMMS

Some goddamn piece a shit blows him
away for NOTHING!

as
The intensity of Simms anger quiets everybody. A beat
Simms regains his composure.

SIMMS

I'm sorry. Hudd was too good for
this to happen... I just didn't think
he'd go down this way.

Simms crosses the room to Divinci and Rodriguez.

SIMMS

Good work. Thanks.

follow
Henderson
He shakes their hands. Then exits. Hooper and Sarkasian
their boss out the door. Rodriguez, Divinci and
exchange a look.

CAPT. HENDERSON

Do me a favor. Make sure this one
sticks. I don't want the D.E.Assholes
back in here.

CUT TO:

HEADLIGHTS (B&W)

coming right at us. Closer and closer. Filling the
screen.

FLAMES BURST (COLOR)

The
from the barrel of a .44 in SLOW MOTION -- a FIREBALL.
GUNSHOT is deafening, like thunder.

GLASS

SHATTERS in SLOW MOTION.

JOE

the
detoxing.
no
covers his face with his hands to protect himself from
glass. But there is no glass. Joe is sweating,
Wild eyed. He looks through his fingers, but there is

street, no dead man. Just the BARS of his CELL.

CUT TO:

GLASS OF WHISKEY - INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

golden liquid caressing the ice. A hand lifts the glass
to
red lips. The liquid disappears. Cynthia lowers the
glass,
staring at it.

DIVINCI'S VOICE (FILTERED)

Cynthia... pretty name. What do the
first three letters spell?

Cynthia suddenly hurls the glass across the room.

THE GLASS - SLOW MOTIONS

sharp
shatters against the wall. And bits of glass, edges
tumble through space like ice.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE JAIL - CELLBLOCK HALLWAY - DAY

the
beard and
A GUARD leads a MAN in a dark suit and striped tie down
corridor. He carries a briefcase. Short hair and a
wire-rimmed glasses. His name is ELLIOT GOFF.

GUARD

Word is he killed a DEA undercover...
(no response)
Word is he shot him in the face...
(no response)
Word is he signed a confession.

ELLIOT

Word is everyone's entitled to a
defense... no matter how guilty they
are.

door.
position.
They stop at the cell block door. The guard unlocks the
INSIDE THE CELL we can see Joe on the floor in fetal

Shaking from lack of alcohol.

ELLIOT

Oh shit.

CUT TO:

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

his Elliot waits in the hall. Fingers impatiently drumming
briefcase. The door opens and a DOCTOR exits the room.

DOCTOR

He's detoxing. I gave him something
to help him through it.

ELLIOT

Can I talk to him?

The doctor nods, opens the door. Elliot enters.

INT. INFIRMARY - DAY

closed. Basic first aid station. Joe is on a table. Eyes
Elliot walks up. Doctor behind him.

ELLIOT

Joe, can you hear me?

Joe's eyes open.

ELLIOT

I'm Elliot Goff. I'm your attorney...
Do you understand what I'm saying?

Joe's eyes close. Leaving Elliot in the dark.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL COURTROOM - DAY

ATTORNEY Court is in session. Old metropolitan courthouse. The
PROSECUTOR and his TEAM are at one table. The DEFENSE
and his CLIENT are at the other.

is The Prosecutor is a woman. Her name is HELEN EDEN. She

is her

thirty-nine. She wears a business suit. RICHARD STEIN
second in command. Richard is thirty-three.

portly

The DEFENSE ATTORNEY is fifty and a little on the
side. His name is JOHN OBLINGER.

attention.

But it's the DEFENDANT that really attracts our
His name is CLYDE D. DUNNER. He's done his best to look

like

a law abiding citizen, but no matter what kind of

clothes he

wears or how he slicks down his long hair or trims his
mustache, this sonuvabitch looks like he'd kill for a

nickel.

He's on trial for murder. In the first. What a

surprise.

We are in the midst of opening statements. And Helen is
keeping the JURY riveted. The presiding Judge is a

WOMAN,

JUDGE WEINBERG.

HELEN

-- when the defendant, Clyde Dunner,
entered the house of George and Carol
Beaman on Friday night, a .44 caliber
pistol in his hand. He entered the
house with one thing in mind. To
kill George and Carol, the people he
blamed for the break up of his
marriage to Carol's sister, Paula.

TWO

The defendant is hardly listening. His attention is on

to

MEN SITTING BEHIND the prosecution table. And he turns
glare at them. The two men are DETECTIVES RODRIGUEZ and
DIVINCI.

now,

Clyde glares at them as if he'd like to get up right

that's

walk over to them and cut off their heads. Actually,

what he's thinking. He mouths "You die."

dickhead."

Divinci mouths back. "Fuck you, prick, asshole,

Then he smiles. Clyde boils.

HELEN

George and Carol were watching a movie when he entered the living room and opened fire. George was killed instantly, hit in the face. Carol died later of three bullet wounds to her chest.

look
attention
Divinci.

John Oblinger, his attorney, catches Clyde's murderous and instructs him, with a point of his hand, to pay to Helen. Clyde reluctantly turns his gaze from

HELEN

Then the defendant, in his effort to cover up the crime, doused them with lighter fluid and set the house on fire... Carol was still alive.

shows
tries
statement.

A YOUNG MAN, looking very upset, enters the courtroom, i.d. to a GUARD, then makes his way down the aisle. He tries his best to be quiet, not to interrupt Helen's

HELEN

Ladies and gentlemen of the jury we will prove to you, beyond any reasonable doubt, that the defendant, Clyde David Dunner, is guilty of two counts of murder in the first degree.

table.

Helen looks at the jury for a beat, then returns to her

JUDGE WEINBERG

The defense may now proceed.

But
table
tense

John Oblinger stands to present his side of the case. our attention stays with Helen as she approaches the to find her team in an upset. Their conversation is a whisper.

RICHARD STEIN

-- Jesus Christ!

YOUNG MAN

-- I don't know where?

RICHARD STEIN

Are you sure?

YOUNG MAN

They looked all over --

HELEN

What's wrong?

RICHARD STEIN

They can't find the murder weapon.

HELEN

What're you talking about?

RICHARD STEIN

Dunner's .44. They can't find the goddamn gun!

YOUNG MAN

They lost it or something. Misplaced it, I don't know. They can't find it anywhere.

HELEN

(no whisper this time)

What?!

as
A pause in the court. The judge taps his gavel in anger
we --

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

Helen.
Rodriguez, Divinci, Richard Stein, the young man and

Helen is furious.

HELEN

-- I don't have a goddamn case without the goddamn gun. His fingerprints, the ballistics, everything! I have to have the fucking gun or he's gonna walk. That murdering piece of filth will go free without the .44. How could they lose it?!

Rodriguez and Divinci exchange a look.

CUT TO:

RODRIGUEZ AND DIVINCI - EXT. COURTROOM - DAY

walking quickly down the steps.

RODRIGUEZ

The Dunner gun, you used the fucking Dunner gun?!

DIVINCI

This is not my fuck up! Our shooting was supposed to be gang-related and unsolved! Only because we tagged a goddamn undercover cop do we need the fucking .44 for evidence! Otherwise, we never woulda needed it. So don't point your finger at me!

RODRIGUEZ

Alright, alright... But how are we supposed to explain how the same gun was used in two murder cases by two different killers when it was supposed to be in police custody?!

DIVINCI

We don't explain it. It's not our fault they lost the evidence. Ballistics are already complete in Dunner's case. All we need is another gun.

CUT TO:

BRIEFCASE - ALLEY - DAY

as it opens, revealing a DOZEN different HANDGUNS.

THE GUN SELLER

All my merchandise is in top condition. Untraceable. The best money can buy.

A BLACK MAN in a three piece suit, picks up the .44
with a

GLOVED HAND. His accent is British.

THE GUN SELLER

It's got good knock down, but it's slow. Unless you have a preference for revolvers, I suggest a nine millimeter auto. They are more expensive, but what they cost in money, they save in time.

Rodriguez and Divinci look down at the gun.

DIVINCI

The .44.

The gun seller eyes them for a moment.

RODRIGUEZ

What?

THE GUN SELLER

You look like police.

Divinci and Rodriguez stare at the gun seller. Then he smiles.

THE GUN SELLER

No offense.

CUT TO:

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

as the NEW .44 goes onto the shelf. CASE NUMBER C-549087.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

papers in
into
hair is
a
the
Elliot is waiting, sitting at a table, staring at his open briefcase. Door opens and a GUARD leads Joe the room. Joe looks better, for the first time. His combed. And he's clean. He wears jail blues. But he is little gaunt. And tired. Elliot stands. The guard shuts

door, leaving them alone.

ELLIOT

Joe, I'm Elliot, we met the other...
well, you weren't in very good shape.
You look much better.

Joe just stares at Elliot.

ELLIOT

Have a chair. We need to talk.

WILLIAM

About what I did.

ELLIOT

Yes.

Joe crosses to the table and takes a chair opposite
Elliot.

ELLIOT

Joe, before we get into what happened
that night, I'd like to check a couple
of things first.

(looks at papers)

Joe is your first name, I assume
Joseph?

WILLIAM

Okay.

Okay? Not the answer Elliot was looking for.

ELLIOT

What about Doe? Is that what you
told the officers your last name
was?

WILLIAM

I don't think so.

ELLIOT

What did you tell them your last
name was?

WILLIAM

I don't remember.

ELLIOT

Well, is Doe your last name?

WILLIAM

I'm not sure.

Elliot stares at Joe. This is going to be a little more difficult than he thought.

ELLIOT

Do you know what your last name is?

WILLIAM

I don't remember.

ELLIOT

Joe, I'm your attorney, I'm here to help you. It doesn't matter if you give the court your last name or not, they will still put you on trial. Do you understand?

WILLIAM

Yes.

ELLIOT

So there's no reason to try and hide your identity.

(Joe nods)

What is your last name?

WILLIAM

I would tell you if I could remember.

ELLIOT

Joe Smith, Joe Jones, Joe DiMaggio...

Elliot hopes he can trigger a response. Joe tries hard.

WILLIAM

...I don't think so.

ELLIOT

Okay. Look, we'll move on. You understand the charges against you. They're serious. And if you are found guilty, you could go to prison for a very long time.

WILLIAM

Maybe I should.

ELLIOT

What?

WILLIAM

Go to prison. I killed him. I didn't mean to. But he was going to hit me.

ELLIOT

Yes, I know, I read your confession. Joe, if you really felt your life was in danger, we might be able to use self-defense as our argument. But before we get into that... Do you have any family, Joe? Any friends?

WILLIAM

I don't think so.

ELLIOT

Joe... do you know what a psychiatrist is?

WILLIAM

Yes.

ELLIOT

Have you ever seen a psychiatrist?

WILLIAM

...I'm not sure.

ELLIOT

Joe, you don't remember much about yourself.

WILLIAM

No.

ELLIOT

...but you remember the night you shot the man in the car.

WILLIAM

Yes.

ELLIOT

Why?

WILLIAM

...because... I can... I'm sorry, I'm not much help.

in

Elliot stares at Joe, then looks down at the blank page front of him.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL COURTROOM - DAY

team
WEINBERG
him.
with

The trial of Clyde D. Dunner in progress. Prosecution
at their table. Defense team at their table. JUDGE
at the bench. Divinci on the stand. Clyde glaring at
And Jury listening to Helen on the floor, prosecuting
vigor.

HELEN

-- and when you approached the suspect
in his apartment, did you identify
yourself as a police officer?

DIVINCI

Yes.

HELEN

Did the suspect respond?

DIVINCI

Yes, he did?

HELEN

In what way?

DIVINCI

He started shooting through the door.

HELEN

The Defendant fired six times, until
his gun was empty. We would like to
show you the weapon he used.

.44.

Helen crosses to the prosecution table, picks up the
She holds it up for the jury to see.

HELEN

And we would like to enter it into
court records. It was the same Smith
and Wesson revolver he used to
viciously murder George and Carol
Beaman.

The .44 is duly entered into the records.

CLYDE

HANDS.
glances at "his" .44 as it passes into the BAILIFF'S
It's a .44 all right.

HELEN

The prosecution would like to call
Mr. Steven J. Allen to the stand.

BAILIFF

Steven J. Allen.

his
in,
STEVEN J. ALLEN, a short balding bespectacled man in
fifties, crosses to the witness box where he is sworn
then sits.

HELEN

Mr. Allen, would tell the court what
you do.

STEVEN J. ALLEN

I am a lab technician for the police
department. One of my duties is to
examine weapons used in violent
crimes.

looks at --
Clyde's attention is on Helen's LEGS. He's bored by the
proceedings, but something suddenly strikes him. He

THE .44 SMITH AND WESSON

the
-- on the evidence table. There is no BLACK STAIN on
handle.

STEVEN J. ALLEN

I tested the defendant's revolver
and matched the bullets fired to the
bullets removed from the deceased.

CLYDE

That ain't my gun.

the
All attention turns to Clyde. His attorney, the judge,

jury, Helen, everybody is surprised by the sudden statement.

JUDGE WEINBERG

I must remind the defendant that he is not to speak out when --

CLYDE

That ain't my gun!

Clyde's The Judge taps her gavel. John Oblinger puts a hand on arm. Clyde pulls it away. And now things happen very fast.

CLYDE

THAT AIN'T MY FUCKIN' GUN!

GUARDS And Clyde is moving toward the gun. And the Bailiff and are moving toward Clyde. And Helen is moving out of the way. And the Judge is standing, banging her gavel. And the jury is scared.

CLYDE

YOU'RE TRYIN' TO FUCKIN' FRAME ME!

for Clyde grabs for the gun as the bailiff and guards grab Clyde. Clyde turns and decks the bailiff and all hell breaks lose.

CLYDE

IT AIN'T MY FUCKIN' GUN!

CUT TO:

INT. MEN'S ROOM - DAY

door. Door slams open. Rodriguez and Divinci enter. Rodriguez quickly checks all the stalls as Divinci closes the door. They are alone. When Rodriguez finishes with the stalls

--

RODRIGUEZ

We gotta put the right gun back.

DIVINCI

We can't put the right gun back!
Without that gun, they won't convict
Joe.

RODRIGUEZ

Without that gun they won't convict
Clyde!

DIVINCI

I'm not worried about Clyde, I'm
worried about us!

RODRIGUEZ

Look, Joe's never goin' to trial,
right. He signed a goddamn confession!
Like you said, this one is open and
shut. Clyde's the one we gotta worry
about. We can't let him go back on
the street! He's a fuckin' psychopath.
He'll kill somebody again.

DIVINCI

Shit. How the hell did that piece of
puke know it wasn't his fuckin' gun?!
I don't think he knows his own fuckin'
mother, but he knows his fuckin'
gun!

RODRIGUEZ

I don't think that's important right
now.

CUT TO:

INT. EVIDENCE ROOM - DAY

The harried Desk Officer is filling out his usual paper
work
when Divinci and Rodriguez approach. Divinci knocks on
the
door. The desk officer looks up. He's had a tough day.

DESK OFFICER

Sorry, Divinci, can't do it.

DIVINCI

What d'you mean you can't do it? I
gotta check something.

DESK OFFICER

You gotta get written permission
from the Chief.

RODRIGUEZ

Since when?!

DESK OFFICER

Since an hour ago when he came down
here and chewed me a new asshole
bigger than a three car garage.

DIVINCI

What's the problem?

DESK OFFICER

Something about missing evidence or
who the hell knows. I just wanna
transfer the hell outa here.

DIVINCI

What the hell're we supposed to do?!

DESK OFFICER

Ask the chief. Policy ain't my
department!

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL COURTROOM - DAY

table
behind the
determine
Elliot is
looks
anything

Joe's preliminary trial. Joe is seated at the defense
with Elliot. ANOTHER JUDGE, JUDGE HAROLD PINE, is
bench. No jury. This is a preliminary hearing to
if there's enough evidence for Joe to stand trail.
shuffling papers in preparation for his opening.
And at the prosecution table is a very tired Helen. She
completely pissed off and worn out. In no mood for
to go wrong.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

Whenever you're ready.

Elliot stands.

ELLIOT

We would like to plead not guilty to the charge of murder at this time for reason of Insanity.

Helen gives Elliot a look. She doesn't need this.

WILLIAM

But I did it.

Elliot turns to Joe.

ELLIOT

Yes, Joe. Let me handle this.

WILLIAM

But I signed the confession.

ELLIOT

Yes, Joe. Don't worry about it. I'm the attorney.

HELEN

Your honor, can we have a moment?

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

Council may approach the bench.

Helen and Elliot cross to the bench.

HELEN

Your honor, my colleague's client admits to the killing. I don't see any reason to go through a trial when it's obvious he would like to plead guilty.

ELLIOT

I don't agree.

HELEN

If he wants to plead guilty, you have to let him plead guilty.

ELLIOT

Not if he's not of sound mind.

HELEN

Come on, Elliot!

ELLIOT

I think he's crazy. I know you think

he's just putting it on, that's D.A. standard procedure, but I don't think he is. So, your honor, I'm standing by the not guilty because I believe he's incapable of making that judgment.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

Have you had a psychiatrist look at him?

ELLIOT

Yes, your honor.

(hands him papers)

I think you'll see that my diagnosis is not without warrant.

at The judge hesitates, then looks at Joe. Joe is staring
him.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

I'll review the findings and make my decision tomorrow.

ELLIOT

Thank you, your honor.

(to Helen)

Besides, I hear there's a good chance of beating the charges for lack of evidence.

Helen's look turns icy.

CUT TO:

INT. ETHNIC BAR/RESTAURANT - DAY

Rodriguez Dark, smoky. Not a place for the health-conscious.
and Divinci at a corner booth. Both with scotch and
waters.

DIVINCI

Nobody can connect us to the evidence thing... we're clean there.

Rodriguez is quiet.

DIVINCI

The most important one is this DEA

mess anyway. Once that's finished,
we're completely in the clear.

RODRIGUEZ

You know we can't do it anymore.

DIVINCI

...yeah, I guess.

RODRIGUEZ

No, we're through. That's it.

DIVINCI

Good while it lasted though. A hundred
grand apiece. Not bad for a few nights
work.

Divinci lifts his glass in a toast to himself, drinks.

RODRIGUEZ

I just wanna get through this.

DIVINCI

We're gonna get through it. No
evidence problems on this one.

RODRIGUEZ

I hope not... I don't know, Frank,
lately I been thinkin'... maybe what
we did wasn't such a good idea.

DIVINCI

Hey, we took out a few scumbags,
that's it. Nobody's ever gonna miss
those shitheels. They were all pieces
of garbage. Not one of 'em had a
sheet less than a mile long. Drugs,
extortion, assault. They were all
fuckin' guilty as hell and still on
the street, you know that.

RODRIGUEZ

Except the cop.

DIVINCI

Yeah, except the cop. That's part of
the job. Could just as easily have
happened to you or me.

RODRIGUEZ

But we're cops, you know? We fucked
up.

DIVINCI

We fucked up once. Once outa ten.
That's not bad.

(a beat)

I'm sorry, okay? I'm sorry. He was
in the wrong place at the wrong time,
what can I say. I'm not goin' down
for it.

RODRIGUEZ

I know.

DIVINCI

Look, if we got paid a decent salary
we wouldn't be tempted by this, right?
And what happens when we retire? You
think our pension's gonna take care
of us? Shit no. We are on our own. I
mean all I want in life is a goddamn
fishing boat, a beach, a couple drinks
and some Hawaiian fuckin' music.
That ain't much for twenty years
putting murdering assholes behind
bars. I mean, the dealers, the pimps,
the killers, they got no rules. We
got all the fuckin' rules. It ain't
fair. That's all I'm sayin', it ain't
fair... For awhile, we made it fair.

Rodriguez downs his scotch.

DIVINCI

Quit thinkin' you're a bad guy. You're
not a fuckin' bad guy. You made one
mistake. Let it go.

Rodriguez
hesitates a
moment, then --

Rodriguez nods. A WAITRESS comes to the table.
orders another. The Waitress leaves. Rodrigue

RODRIGUEZ

Do you think we're corrupt?

DIVINCI

Hey, I never took a fuckin' bribe in
my life.

RODRIGUEZ

Me either.

DIVINCI

Nobody ever bought me.

RODRIGUEZ

I know.

DIVINCI

No fuckin' way. Even the thought makes me sick. And what we did has nothing to do with being corrupt. It's two completely different things. Don't get 'em confused.

RODRIGUEZ

I guess you're right.

DIVINCI

I'm telling you. It's nothin' to do with corrupt.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm worried, that's all.

DIVINCI

Hey, you gotta worry a little. It's natural. Just don't lose your sense of humor.

RODRIGUEZ

My sense of humor, right.

DIVINCI

The problem with people is, nobody gives a shit about makin' the world a better place. You and me, I don't care what anybody says, we made the world a better place. No matter what happens. There are ten less drug dealin' assholes on the street today because of us. They're not plea bargainin' their way back onto the street, they're not clogging up the courts, and they're not costing the tax payers a fuckin' penny because they're not in prison. They were garbage. And there's nothin' wrong with takin' out the garbage.

Divinci downs his scotch. Rodriguez nods, then --

RODRIGUEZ

So, you think you'll get back with
Caroline?

DIVINCI

Shit. Nothin' I ever do is good
enough, you know?

RODRIGUEZ

Never is, never was, never will be.

DIVINCI

Guess I gotta make the effort. It's
gonna cost me if I don't.

RODRIGUEZ

Tell me about it. You know how much
I got left.

DIVINCI

You're gonna think I'm an idiot,
but... I like Cynthia. There's no
bullshit with her. I just fuckin'
like her.

RODRIGUEZ

I think you just like fuckin' her.

Rodriguez smiles. Divinci looks at him for a beat, then

--

DIVINCI

Yeah, that, too.

CUT TO:

NEWSPAPER - INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

with JOE'S PHOTOGRAPH on the front page. HEADLINE:
UNDERCOVER
COP GUNNED DOWN BY UNDERCOVER KILLER. We PAN AROUND to
Cynthia, sitting in her kitchen, staring at the
photograph.

CYNTHIA

What the hell, Joe, at least you
won't get run over.

She folds up the paper and throws it in the trash can.

CUT TO:

INT. SMALL COURTROOM - DAY

Weinberg,
his
waiting for

The Dunner trial. The JURY is back. Helen, Judge
Clyde D. Dunner (who now sports a couple bandages to
head), his attorney John Oblinger -- they're all
the verdict.

JUDGE WEINBERG

The defendant will stand and face
the jury.

Clyde stands.

JUDGE

What is your verdict?

JURY FOREMAN

We find the defendant, Clyde David
Dunner, not guilty.

Helen closes her eyes in defeat. Clyde smiles.

CLYDE

Fuckin' A!

CUT TO:

INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - DAY

Divinci is on the phone.

DIVINCI

-- when was the last time you saw
him? -- Uh-huh -- And you haven't
seen him since then?

Rodriguez suddenly strides up. He looks panicked.

RODRIGUEZ

We gotta talk.

DIVINCI

(into phone)
Just a second.
(covers phone)
Calm down. I heard. Clyde walked.

RODRIGUEZ

No!

(leans in close)

They're takin' Joe to trial.

his

Divinci stares at Rodriguez for a beat, the reality of statement taking a moment to fully slam home.

RODRIGUEZ

They found him mentally unable to plead so his attorney pleaded not guilty by reason of insanity.

DIVINCI

You gotta be kiddin' me.

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, that's me, I love to make people laugh. You hear the one about the two cops who popped the undercover **DEA?**

CUT TO:

INT. STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

and
into

Cynthia on stage, in the middle of her routine. Hoots whistles from the all MALE CROWD. But she's not really her performance tonight. She pulls off the last of her clothing to APPLAUSE and CHEERS.

INT. DRESSING ROOM - NIGHT

is

Cynthia enters. An ASIAN MAN in sweat shirt and jeans sitting in the room.

CYNTHIA

Who the hell're you and what the fuck are you doing in here?!

(calls down hall)

HEY, BOB, I GOT AN ASSHOLE IN THE DRESSING ROOM.

(to the man)

I suggest you get out before Bob gets here. He doesn't like assholes.

ASIAN MAN

You're Cynthia Webb.

CYNTHIA

(calls down hall)

BOB!

The Asian Man stands.

ASIAN MAN

But you are Cynthia Webb the famous dancer, yes?

CYNTHIA

Yeah, yeah, nice try, get out.

The man moves toward her, pulling a PAPER from his pocket.

He hands it to her.

ASIAN MAN

I liked your show very much.

CYNTHIA

What the hell's this?!

He exits. No answer. Cynthia stares at the paper --

CYNTHIA

A subpoena?! For what?! I didn't do anything!

But the man is gone. BOB, a HUGE BOUNCER, tears past, giving chase.

CYNTHIA

(staring at paper)

Oh shit... oh shit. He served me! He fuckin' served me!

CUT TO:

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

Dark, quiet. PHONE RINGS. A hand picks up the phone.

MAN'S VOICE

Hello.

ANOTHER MAN'S VOICE

Detective Divinci?

DIVINCI

Yeah.

ANOTHER MAN'S VOICE

This is Sergeant Gardner down at the station.

INTERCUT WITH SERGEANT - INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - NIGHT

hour.
booked,
The station is alive with activity. Even at this early
HOOKERS, PIMPS, PUSHERS, DRUNK DRIVERS. Some being
some being released, some being obnoxious.

SERGEANT GARDNER

Sorry to call so late, but I got a hysterical woman here says she needs to talk to you about a murder.

with
Divinci turns on the light revealing a WOMAN in bed
him. He picks up his watch, looks at the time.

SERGEANT GARDNER

I told her I couldn't call you at home, but she said that it was very important. A matter of, you know, life and death.

DIVINCI

What's her name?

SERGEANT GARDNER

Cynthia.

Divinci perks up at the name.

to
And now we SEE Cynthia in the POLICE STATION trying not
look as freaked out as she feels. But she's not holding together well.

DIVINCI

Tell her to wait, I'll be right down.

Divinci hangs up. Starts to dress. The woman groans.

WOMAN

What the hell're you doing?

DIVINCI

I gotta go down to the station.

WOMAN

Now? What time is it?

DIVINCI

Go back to sleep.

WOMAN

Frank, this is no way to repair our marriage, you know?

his
She pulls the covers over her head. Divinci pulls on pants.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - 3:38 A.M.

the
foot,
Divinci pushes into the room. Sees Cynthia sitting on bench, looking nervous as hell. Smoking, tapping her looking around. Just this side of a wreck.

DIVINCI

Hey!

to
Cynthia sees him and is immediately on her feet, moving him.

CYNTHIA

Frank, I can't do this. He came to the club. You gotta --

DIVINCI

Not here!

He takes her arm, leads her out of the station.

INT. POLICE STATION PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Divinci leads Cynthia out of the station to his car.

CYNTHIA

I thought you said all I had to do was pick him out?! That's what you said, that's all I had to do. I did

what you said. But that was supposed to be all.

DIVINCI

SHUT UP!

behind

He opens the driver's door, pushes her in. Gets in her.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Cynthia

Cynthia is a bundle of nerves. Divinci slams the door. is startled by the suddenness of his anger.

DIVINCI

What're you talkin' about?

Cynthia opens her purse and pulls out the subpoena.

CYNTHIA

They want me in court.

Divinci glances at the papers.

CYNTHIA

You promised me I wasn't gonna have to do anything! What the hell is goin' on?!

on.

This is yet another glitch that Divinci hadn't counted

CYNTHIA

I can't do this, Frank. I can't go into court. I'm gettin' outa here!

DIVINCI

You are not getting outa here!

CYNTHIA

Well I can't go to court! **THAT'S NOT WHAT YOU SAID I'D HAVE TO DO!**

DIVINCI

**WELL THIS WASN'T SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN!
NOW JUST FUCKIN' CALM DOWN FOR A
SECOND AND LET ME THINK!**

and

Cynthia glares at him, then turns away, takes a drag

blows out the smoke.

CYNTHIA

Fine. Think away.

Divinci hesitates as ANOTHER CAR pulls out. Then turns
to
her.

DIVINCI

Look, you're a witness, that's all.
You got nothin' to worry about. You
saw something happen --

CYNTHIA

-- What?! What did I see?!

DIVINCI

I will tell you everything you gotta
know. You understand? Everything.
You will know exactly what to say.

Cynthia looks at Divinci, unsure. Divinci gives her a
confident smile. Look, it's another stage, that's all.
Just
like dancin'.

THE UNMARKED CAR

pulls quickly out of the PARKING GARAGE.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - MEETING ROOM - DAY

Elliot is waiting. The guard opens the door and Joe
enters.

Joe is looking better. Getting him off booze has helped
immensely.

ELLIOT

Hi, Joe. You're looking much better.

WILLIAM

I guess jail's been good for me.

Elliot nods, motions for Joe to take a chair.

ELLIOT

Trial date's been set for Thursday.

WILLIAM

I've been thinking about what I did...
and I don't think it's right that I
try getting off.

ELLIOT

Excuse me?

WILLIAM

I want to plead guilty. I killed a
man and I should be punished.

ELLIOT

...I'm a little surprised.

WILLIAM

Why?

ELLIOT

Nobody ever wants to be punished for
what they've done. It's just a new
concept. But I still think our defense
is reasonable. I don't believe, under
the condition you were in, that you
were responsible for your actions.

WILLIAM

But why was I carrying a gun? I had
no right to carry a gun.

ELLIOT

If you hadn't been carrying the gun,
you might be dead.

WILLIAM

And he might be alive.

ELLIOT

I understand... Can I think about
this?

WILLIAM

No. I've made up my mind.

Elliot stares at Joe for a beat, then we --

CUT TO:

YELLOW CRIME SCENE TAPE - EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - DAY

have
stopped to

TWO MURDER VICTIMS lying in the street. POLICE OFFICERS
the area under control. A few CURIOUS PEOPLE have
watch. An UNMARKED CAR pulls up. Stops.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

him.
Parked. Rodriguez behind the wheel. Divinci next to

RODRIGUEZ

What if she takes off?

DIVINCI

Then we got no goddamn witness puts
him at the scene.

RODRIGUEZ

And what happens if she testifies
and nobody fuckin' believes her?

DIVINCI

Perjury, maybe. But that's a fifty
fifty. They might believe her.

RODRIGUEZ

Shit, Frank, she's a goddamn stripper
for Chrissake, who's gonna believe
her. I don't believe her when she's
telling the truth!

Divinci

An OFFICER walks to the car and knocks on the window.
rolls it down.

DIVINCI

What?

OFFICER

Ahh, we got two bodies out here and
three more in the house.

DIVINCI

So?

OFFICER

I was just wondering if you were
gonna be the primary on this one,
that's all.

DIVINCI

Yeah, yeah, we're comin'. Just give us some room.

Divinci rolls the window back up. The officer backs off.

RODRIGUEZ

She could blow the whole thing. She could tie us in and that would be it. We'd be fuckin' fried.

DIVINCI

If it looks like she's gonna crumble we'll take steps.

RODRIGUEZ

What steps?

Divinci looks at Rodriguez.

DIVINCI

One more chalk outline more or less in this city who's gonna know?

RODRIGUEZ

Oh shit, Frank.

DIVINCI

Hey, hey, you think I like this?!

RODRIGUEZ

We just can't go around killin' everybody!

DIVINCI

Just a second. Look around. Whatta we got here? Two stiffs on the street, shot to shit, three more inside. That's five chalk lines in one night in one deal in one neighborhood in one city. Let me fill you in on some statistics, we're not killin' everybody.

(a beat, then --)

Look, this is strictly last resort. Okay? But let's not kid ourselves. If push comes to shove, somebody has to go down. If you got another candidate, I'm willin' to listen.

Rodriguez is silent. Divinci opens the door. Rodriguez watches

him, then he follows. To the scene of another crime.

CUT TO:

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

Cynthia is in the kitchen, making herself a peanut
butter
and jelly sandwich as she watches Sally Jesse Raphael
interview yet another moron on television. The phone
rings.
She takes a bite of the sandwich as she picks up and
mumbles --

CYNTHIA

Hello.

INTERCUT WITH INT. OFFICE - D.A.'S DEPARTMENT - DAY

Richard Stein, the attorney, is on the phone. His
office is
cluttered with the myriad of case files he's forced to
juggle.

RICHARD STEIN

Cynthia Webb?

CYNTHIA

(swallows)
...yeah.

RICHARD STEIN

I'm Richard Stein with the District
Attorney's office. You're a witness
in a case we're handling and I'd
like to talk to you as soon as
possible.

Cynthia puts down the sandwich, her appetite suddenly
gone.

RICHARD STEIN

Ms Webb?

CYNTHIA

Yeah.

RICHARD STEIN

Any chance we could get together
today?

CYNTHIA

(nervous)

I'm ah... pretty busy.

RICHARD STEIN

It won't take long. Will you be home about two?

(no answer)

Ms Webb?

CYNTHIA

Yeah, okay... two.

RICHARD STEIN

Good. Let me make sure I've got your correct address.

CUT TO:

SUITCASE - INT. CYNTHIA'S BEDROOM - DAY

as clothes are stuffed into it. The suitcase is slammed shut.

And Cynthia heads for the door.

CUT TO:

EXT. MANSION - DAY

A BLACK CONVERTIBLE MERCEDES pulls into the circular, gated GARAGE. It stops clothes. His name is ARTHUR BAYLOR.

EXT. MANSION - PATIO - DAY

A BUTLER shows Arthur to the patio where another MAN, NATHAN McCall, is seated behind a table, reviewing documents. is fifty-five, wears glasses.

BUTLER

Mr. Baylor is here.

McCall looks up, smiles.

WILLIAM

Arthur.

Arthur crosses. The two men shake hands.

ARTHUR

Nathan. How are you?

WILLIAM

Good, Arthur, thanks. Would you like some coffee, juice.

ARTHUR

No, I'm fine.

WILLIAM

Well, this is all a bit of a mystery. You certainly got my attention with your phone call. What's this all about?

it.

UNDERCOVER

the

Arthur removes a NEWSPAPER from his briefcase. Opens
Revealing the PHOTOGRAPH OF JOE and the headline:
COP GUNNED DOWN BY UNDERCOVER KILLER. McCall looks at
paper.

WILLIAM

Is there something you want me to see?

then --

Arthur points at the photograph. McCall looks. A beat,

WILLIAM

Oh my God.

CUT TO:

INT. BUS STATION - DAY

Dodge.

Cynthia boards a greyhound. Getting the hell out of

CUT TO:

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - DAY

We HEAR a key in the lock. The door opens and Divinci enters.
He looks around.

DIVINCI

Cynthia.

He moves into the bedroom. Sees clothes strewn around and a half empty closet.

DIVINCI

Shit!

He heads back into the living room. Pulls open the door and almost runs into Richard Stein who was just about to knock.

DIVINCI

(startled)

Jesus!

Richard Stein is just as startled and it takes him a moment to recognize --

RICHARD STEIN

Divinci?

Divinci is caught off guard.

RICHARD STEIN

Richard Stein, D.A.'s office.

DIVINCI

Oh, yeah, sorry. I didn't expect -- what're you doing here?

RICHARD STEIN

I have to talk with Cynthia Webb. A witness in -- well, wait, aren't you and Detective Rodriguez on this one?

DIVINCI

(vamping)

Yeah, yeah, that's why I'm here. I

wanted to go over some of the details.

RICHARD STEIN

Me, too. Is she there?

DIVINCI

No.

RICHARD STEIN

I was supposed to meet her at two.

(looks at watch)

Do you know her?

DIVINCI

What d'you mean?

RICHARD STEIN

Well, I just mean, if she's not here... you were...

(a little awkward)

...inside.

DIVINCI

(forces a smile)

Oh, yeah, the legal thing. Well, she's a witness in a murder case. And when they don't answer a knock and the door's open, it's my experience, you know. I like to make sure there's no dead bodies layin' around.

(pulls door shut)

Don't tell on me.

RICHARD STEIN

No, no, of course not... Well, maybe I should wait. She might be stuck in traffic or something.

DIVINCI

Yeah. If she shows up, let me know. I'd like to talk to her, too.

RICHARD STEIN

Of course.

Divinci looks at Stein for a beat, then smiles and --

DIVINCI

See you in court.

RICHARD STEIN

Right.

him
his
Divinci heads down the walkway. Richard Stein watches
for a moment, then looks at the closed door, then at
watch.

CUT TO:

INT. ELLIOT'S OFFICE - DAY

DEFENDERS
activity
Knock
Elliot's office is a cramped space in the PUBLIC
FLOOR of the CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING. A buzz of
outside. The staff is overworked, underpaid and
underappreciated. Elliot is reviewing legal documents.
on the door.

ELLIOT

Yeah.

The door opens and Arthur Baylor enters.

ARTHUR

Elliot Goff?

Elliot looks up and suddenly recognizes --

ELLIOT

Arthur Baylor?

ARTHUR

Yes.

Elliot is stunned and flattered. He stands quickly.

ELLIOT

Arthur Baylor, oh my God. I ahh,
would you ahh... are you here to see
me?

ARTHUR

Yes.

Arthur shuts the door.

CUT TO:

INT. JAIL - INTERVIEW ROOM - DAY

GUARD. Joe Door opens. Joe is lead into the room by the JAIL
looks even better now. His stay in jail has broken his
dependency on alcohol. His hair is clean and combed.
And he's not as depressed. He stops upon seeing Elliot and
Arthur at the table. Both men stand. The guard shuts the door.
Arthur looks at Joe for a moment, then says --

ARTHUR

William.

Joe stares at Arthur as if fighting a lost memory, then
--

WILLIAM

...yes.

CUT TO:

INT. DISTRICT ATTORNEY - HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

HELEN

What are you telling me?!

Richard Stein is facing a not very happy Helen. She is
seated behind her desk stacked high with case files.

HELEN

She missed the appointment? She forget
you were coming? What?!

RICHARD STEIN

If you want my best guess, I'd say
she split.

HELEN

She split, our witness split... Can't
we keep our evidence and witnesses
from disappearing around here? I
mean what do I have to do, lock them
in the trunk of my car? What the
fuck is going on?! I want that bitch
back here and on the stand or in
jail!

Richard Stein nods quickly.

RICHARD STEIN

I'll get her.

And he exits fast. He doesn't like it when his boss is
pissed.
And right now his boss is really pissed.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - DAY

unmarked
A seedy side street near the courthouse and jail. The
car pulls up and Divinci gets out.

INT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - DAY

the
the
where
are
The interior is sparse. Several FRAMED FIGHT POSTERS on
walls. All with MANNY LADREW, a young tough fighter in
featherweight division, in his best pose, explaining
and when the next bout will be -- but all these posters
at least fifteen years old.

and
on
thin
Two desks. One for the secretary, who is on vacation,
the other for MANNY LADREW, the ex-pugilist. He's put
some pounds in the intervening years, plus an added
mustache. Manny is on the phone --

MANNY

-- yeah, uh-huh.

(takes notes)

Why you think he'd go there?

Divinci enters.

DIVINCI

We need to talk.

MANNY

(covers phone)

Just a second.

DIVINCI

Not just a second, now!

has,
for. Manny glares at Divinci. He doesn't like Divinci, never never will. But he's a cop. Cop's you have to make room

MANNY

(into phone)
I'll call you back.
(hangs up)
What d'you want, Divinci?

to Divinci pulls some papers out of his pocket, hands them Manny.

DIVINCI

I got a witness who took off. I gotta get her back. I don't got a lotta time.

MANNY

You're the fuckin' police. What're you comin' to me for?!

DIVINCI

Don't ask fuckin' questions, you just find her!

Manny, annoyed, looks at the papers -- photo of Cynthia included.

MANNY

Where've I seen her before?

DIVINCI

She dances.

MANNY

Yeah, right, okay. So what'd she take off for?

DIVINCI

I said --

MANNY

-- I know what you fuckin' said, but you want me to find her I gotta know why the fuck she took off! So I know

where not to look! Okay?!

DIVINCI

...she's supposed to testify. She got scared, thinks somebody might kill her, so she's hidin'. That's why I want you to find her. If somebody is tryin' to pop her, I don't want anyone knowin' where she is. Manny eyes Divinci. He doesn't believe anything anybody tells him. Especially in his business.

MANNY

How long I got?

DIVINCI

Two days.

MANNY

Shit, two fuckin' days!

DIVINCI

Find her, puss head.

Divinci glares at Manny, then exits. Manny watches him leave.

MANNY

Sure, Detective. Always like to help out the police whenever possible!

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE COURTROOM - DAY

Joe (William) is lead into the courtroom by GUARDS. Takes his place at the DEFENSE TABLE which includes Elliot and TWO YOUNG ATTORNEYS. The PROSECUTION TABLE, which includes Richard Stein and Helen is going over last minute minutia. PEOPLE are taking seats in the gallery. But another attorney joins the Defense table. It's Arthur Baylor. And Richard Stein double-takes when he sees him.

AT THE PROSECUTION TABLE

RICHARD STEIN

(to Helen)

Isn't that Arthur Baylor?

Helen turns.

HELEN

Yes.

They watch Arthur shake hands with everyone - Elliot,
the two young attorneys and Joe.

RICHARD STEIN

What's he doing here?

Arthur takes a seat at the defense table and glances
across at Helen and Richard and nods. Helen and Richard are
stunned.

HELEN

What the hell?

BAILIFF

Hear ye, hear ye. All rise, face our
flag and recognize the principles
for which it stands. The Criminal
Court, Department G is now in session.
The Honorable Harold W. Pine
presiding.

Everyone rises as JUDGE HAROLD PINE enters. In black
robe. Taking his place behind the bench. He sits.

BAILIFF

Please be seated and come to order.

Everyone sits. And even Judge Harold Pine double-takes
when he sees Arthur Baylor at the Defense table.

BAILIFF

The People versus Joe Doe in case
number 95-24705.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

Before we proceed, I'd like to ask
the Defense if there's anything this
court should be made aware of.

Arthur stands.

ARTHUR

Yes, your honor. I have joined the defense in the representation of Mr. William Dane McCall, otherwise known to this court as Joe Doe.

PUSHES
Everyone turns to look at Joe (William McCall). CAMERA
in on him. It doesn't look as if he's sure who he is
yet.

ARTHUR

I have represented the McCall family for several years before William McCall's disappearance seven years ago. It was assumed that he had died, but since he has reappeared under these tragic circumstances, I would ask this court for a continuance to allow the defense to prepare adequately in light of his real identity now being known.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

How long do you need.

ARTHUR

One week should be sufficient.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

Any objection to a week's continuance by the State?

HELEN

I don't... believe so, your honor.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

Then I grant a one week continuance. We will start the proceedings next Monday morning.

Judge Harold Pine taps his gavel.

CUT TO:

TELEVISION NEWS REPORTS - INT. HELEN'S OFFICE - DAY

from the
can't

FLASH Joe's photograph and scenes of him being lead
courtroom. Helen and Richard Stein are watching. They
believe it.

NEWSCASTER

-- when it was discovered that the man who has confessed to killing an undercover DEA agent, was actually himself thought dead for seven years. The man who signed the confession as Joe Doe is actually William Dane McCall, brother of Nathan McCall. Both are sons of the founder of McCall International, a corporation involved in telecommunications, computer design and development and other related industries. The net worth of both men is estimated at over a billion dollars --

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CAR - DAY

Rodriguez
Parked on the street. Rodriguez and Divinci inside.
reads the paper.

RODRIGUEZ

-- but William McCall shunned the business world and turned his life to medicine, receiving his medical degree from Harvard in 1969. Once again he turned his back on the established norm and spent several years in Africa performing organ transplants for the poor.

Rodriguez slams down the paper.

RODRIGUEZ

Jesus Christ, this is who you picked?
A goddamn surgeon who performs organ transplants on poor Africans?!

DIVINCI

He was living in the fuckin' street!
How the hell was I supposed to know he was a goddamn doctor?!

RODRIGUEZ

He's not a goddamn doctor! You picked a fuckin' Saint to pin a fuckin' murder on!

Divinci grabs the paper away from him. Both cops are angry, upset, frustrated and scared to death.

RODRIGUEZ

When we pick 'em, we really fuckin' pick 'em. We shoulda just picked up the fuckin' Pope.

DIVINCI

(reading)

-- he disappeared seven years ago on September 19 two weeks after the tragic death of his wife and two young children in a multiple vehicle accident. At the time it was assumed that he had returned to Africa, but that was never confirmed. What William McCall has been doing for seven years is now the mystery that the court will try to help unravel.

Divinci closes the paper.

DIVINCI

Alright, alright, let's think here. What's the worse case scenario?

RODRIGUEZ

Are you asking me if I can think of something worse than what we've done that we can still do, or something worse that might happen to us if this all blows up and we are convicted and sent to jail and die in the electric chair and go to hell?

Divinci looks at Rodriguez.

DIVINCI

Work with me here.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm sorry. I'm a little on edge. Would you repeat the question?

Both men are quiet for a moment, then --

DIVINCI

Even if the doc walks, there's no evidence ties us to it. There's only one person who can connect us to Hudd.

RODRIGUEZ

Okay, fine, I don't wanna argue about it anymore. Let's just fuckin' kill her.

CUT TO:

INT. BALL BOND OFFICE - DAY (LATE AFTERNOON)

SECRETARY
Manny LaDrew is pouring himself a cup of coffee. His
is typing up a letter at her desk.

DIVINCI'S VOICE

We need to talk.

himself,
then turns around to Divinci who is standing in the
doorway.

MANNY

Are you fuckin' with me?

DIVINCI

No, I'm not fuckin' with you. Are you fuckin' with me?!

MANNY

You don't know?

DIVINCI

Know what?

MANNY

Well this is a good one. You're a cop and you don't know.

DIVINCI

Stop it.

MANNY

Cops got her. Ain't that a gas. Cops

got her, you're a cop, and you gotta find out from me. It's a crazy world we live in, don't you think?

him, Divinci suddenly explodes, going for Manny, grabbing
throat. slamming him against the wall, his arm to Manny's

DIVINCI

Cops?! What fuckin' cops?!

MANNY

I don't know what fuckin' cops. All I know is, my people got to her sister's place and she was already gone. Her sister said some cops took her. I thought it was you!

Divinci glares at Manny for a beat, then he storms out.

SECRETARY

What an asshole.

Manny looks down at his Secretary.

MANNY

You're a good judge of character.

CUT TO:

DIVINCI - INT. HOMICIDE DIVISION - DUSK

at his desk, on the phone.

DIVINCI

-- look, she's our witness, if she's in custody, somebody better tell me!

moment, Divinci slams down the phone. He sits quietly for a
down. then rubs his face. Rodriguez crosses to his desk, sits

DIVINCI

Anything?

RODRIGUEZ

Nothin'. Nobody knows nothin'. The D.A. thinks she's gone. D.E.A. doesn't know shit.

DIVINCI

If she was bein' held by police,
we'd know.

RODRIGUEZ

Unless she said somethin'.

DIVINCI

If she said something we wouldn't be
sittin' here.

(a beat, then --)

I think it's that lyin' piece of
shit.

CUT TO:

MANNY - INT. BALL BONDS OFFICE - NIGHT

men
pulling
too
gloved

getting the shit beat out of him. The room is dark. Two
are hammering on Manny. Throwing him against the wall,
him up and hitting him in the stomach -- not the face.
Throwing him across the room, over the desk. Manny is
hurt to get up. Divinci walks over to him, rubbing his
hand.

DIVINCI

Don't ever lie to me again.

opens

Manny looks up weakly. Divinci walks away. Rodriguez
the door and they exit.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - MORNING

ANOTHER MAN
is

Joe is sitting on his cot, staring at the floor.
is in the cell with him, reading a magazine. His name
DUNCAN. Duncan looks at Joe.

DUNCAN

First trial, huh.

WILLIAM

Yes.

DUNCAN

I got one piece of advise. When you
break for lunch, don't get the
pastrami.

We HEAR the BARRED CELL DOOR open.

GUARD

Time to go.

Joe gets up. Puts out his hands. They shackle him as we

HEAR --

THE BAILIFF'S VOICE

Hear ye, hear ye. All rise, face our
flag and recognize the principles
for which it stands.

INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - HALLWAY - MORNING

cells
Joe is lead down the hall by TWO GUARDS, past rows of
filled with other PRISONERS --

BAILIFF'S VOICE

The Criminal Court, Department G is
now in session. The Honorable Harold
W. Pine presiding.

(We HEAR people rise)

Please be seated and come to order.

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - PARKING AREA - DAY

Joe is lead to a waiting prison van. He gets inside.

BAILIFF'S VOICE

The People versus William McCall in
case number 95-24705.

The van pulls away.

CUT TO:

THE .44 SMITH AND WESSON (CLYDE'S .44)

as it is introduced into evidence.

HELEN

-- when he pulled this gun and fired at the driver of the car. Killing him instantly. Let the record show that this is the weapon used in the crime, a Smith and Wesson forty-four caliber handgun.

INT. LARGE COURTROOM - DAY

Elliot. Joe is sitting at the Defense table with Arthur and

The trial is underway. And they watch the .44 go to the evidence table -- the .44 with the BLACK STAIN.

is Richard Stein is seated at the Defense table. He, too, is watching the .44. He leans across to his ASSISTANT.

RICHARD STEIN

All these goddamn guns are startin' to look the same to me.

DISSOLVE TO:

DIVINCI - INT. LARGE COURTROOM - LATER

on the stand, being questioned by Helen.

HELEN

And when you arrested the defendant, did he deny that he had killed Agent Hudd.

DIVINCI

No.

HELEN

Can you describe the defendant's condition at the time of his arrest.

DIVINCI

He was drunk. We could smell the booze on him. But we drew blood. He didn't object.

HELEN

We have the blood test report that shows --

(picks up report)

-- that he had four times the legal limit to drive. The people would

like to enter this into evidence.

They so enter it.

CUT TO:

RODRIGUEZ - INT. LARGE COURTROOM - LATER

on the stand. Elliot is cross-examining.

ELLIOT

-- and you arrested the defendant four days after the killing. What lead you to suspect Mr. McCall?

RODRIGUEZ

You ask questions. Work the neighborhood. Find out who was on the street that night.

ELLIOT

Yes, but specifically Mr. McCall? He had no previous criminal record.

RODRIGUEZ

We found someone who'd seen him in the area. So we picked him up for questioning. We didn't expect it to be him. But if someone saw him in the area that night we would want to talk to him. If he wasn't the killer, he might've seen the killer. Just routine really.

ELLIOT

Where did you find the defendant?

RODRIGUEZ

On the street. Corner of Third and Madison.

ELLIOT

What was he doing?

RODRIGUEZ

He was passed out.

ELLIOT

But you knew it was the man you were looking for.

RODRIGUEZ

Yes.

ELLIOT

Based on what?

RODRIGUEZ

His description.

ELLIOT

Who provided you with the description?

RODRIGUEZ

(hesitates a beat)

Cynthia something, I think.

he
at
Elliot moves to the defense table, glances at Arthur as
picks up a paper. Arthur nods approvingly. Elliot looks
the paper.

ELLIOT

I believe her name is Cynthia Webb.
According to the statement filed the
night she picked him out of the line-
up. The name familiar?

RODRIGUEZ

Yes... that's her.

ELLIOT

Where did you find Ms Webb?

RODRIGUEZ

On the street. Same area.

ELLIOT

And she agreed to pick the defendant
out of a line up.

RODRIGUEZ

Yes.

ELLIOT

Where you aware that Ms Webb
disappeared after she was served
with a subpoena?

RODRIGUEZ

Yes, my partner and I tried to contact
her about the case and were

unsuccessful.

ELLIOT

Thank you, Detective, that's all the questions I have.

Rodriguez gets up as we --

CUT TO:

INT. ETHNIC BAR/RESTAURANT - NIGHT

back. She
Rodriguez
glass.
A waitress cruises past tables to the booth in the
sets down two scotch and waters to the two men.
and Divinci. The waitress exits. Divinci picks up his

DIVINCI

To justice in all its forms.

Rodriguez picks up his glass.

RODRIGUEZ

We're not home free yet.

DIVINCI

Without Ms Webb, there's no place
they can go. We still got the
confession, the gun, the ballistics...
And I don't give a shit about all
this African doctor crap... the man
is a drunk and he's been a drunk for
seven goddamn years. So lets have a
drink for drunks.

drink.
Rodriguez reluctantly lifts his glass. They clink and

DIVINCI

That's the thing about life. You
control it or it controls you. Most
people don't understand that. They
try'n blame their fuck-ups on
something or somebody else. But it's
not like that. I don't wanna hear
why your life's a mess. It's a mess
cause you're a mess. That simple.
They're waitin' to live happily ever
after. But after what? After all the

shit happens? Well, I got a clue for everybody, the shit never stops happening. So you deal with it or you get buried in it. I'm not talkin' about you, you know what I'm sayin' here.

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah.

DIVINCI

Life don't work in mysterious ways. There ain't no mystery to it. You just work it. And you don't take it too serious. You can't take it too serious otherwise you get fragile. And you can't be fragile and have any fuckin' fun.

RODRIGUEZ

You think I'm fragile?

DIVINCI

That's the first sign of trouble, when you start askin' other people.

Rodriguez nods.

RODRIGUEZ

...I just wish I knew where the hell she was.

CUT TO:

INT. HELEN'S D.A. OFFICE - NIGHT

Helen and Richard Stein are working late. Over take-out Chinese.

RICHARD STEIN

(referring to papers)

-- so I think we'll have to rely on the confession for his description of what happened. He'll never take the stand, even if --

The phone rings. Richard picks up.

RICHARD STEIN

(into phone)

D.A.'s office... What?... When?...

Where will --

Richard is surprised. He turns to Helen.

RICHARD STEIN

They found Cynthia Webb.

HELEN

Where?

RICHARD STEIN

I don't know.

HELEN

When?

RICHARD STEIN

I don't know.

HELEN

Well who the hell was that?

RICHARD STEIN

I don't know. They hung up.

Richard hangs up the receiver. He and Helen exchange a look.

HELEN

What the fuck is going on?!

CUT TO:

INT. LARGE COURTROOM - DAY

HELEN

Your honor, the people call Ms.
Cynthia Webb to the stand.

VARIOUS REACTIONS

Rodriguez and Divinci are stunned. Cynthia? Elliot is completely surprised. Cynthia? Arthur is never shaken by anything.

The courtroom doors open and Cynthia is lead down the aisle by a SHERIFF'S DEPUTY. She moves to the chair.

My
apartment
never

But it's Joe's turn to double take. He remembers her.
God, he knows her. It's Cynthia -- the girl from the
building. He never saw who pointed him out, but he
expected it to be her.

BAILIFF

Raise your right hand.

Joe.
cleaned
recognizes

Cynthia raises her hand. But her look goes right to
Staring at him. She's never seen Joe like this --
up, trimmed, handsome. She's not sure she even
him.

BAILIFF

You swear to tell the truth, the
whole truth and nothing but the truth
so help you God.

She turns her eyes from Joe.

CYNTHIA

Sure.

BAILIFF

You may be seated.

Cynthia sits down. Looks at Divinci.

conversation

And Joe leans across to Arthur and Elliot. Their
is in whispers --

WILLIAM

I know her.

ELLIOT

She's the woman who identified you.

WILLIAM

No. I mean I know her.

ARTHUR

...How?

WILLIAM

I'm not sure... I think I lived near

her.

and Arthur exchanges a look with Elliot. Arthur turns now looks at Cynthia. The wheels are turning.

HELEN

Please state your name for the court.

CYNTHIA

Cynthia Webb.

HELEN

Do you see the man that you identified in a police line-up in this room.

CYNTHIA

Yes.

HELEN

Is it the defendant, Mr. McCall?

Cynthia Cynthia looks at Joe. Joe looks straight at her. turns her eyes away.

CYNTHIA

Yes.

HELEN

Please describe what you saw the night of September 14th.

CYNTHIA

I was comin' out of an all night minimart --

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - MINI MART - NIGHT

of Cynthia comes out of a ALL NIGHT MINI-MART with a bag food. She walks down the street and suddenly we HEAR a GUNSHOT. Followed by a CAR CRASH. She turns toward the sound.

running. He And we HEAR RUNNING FOOTSTEPS. Then we see a man has a pistol in one hand.

Cynthia watches the man run past and disappear into the

darkness.

CUT

BACK TO:

INT. LARGE COURTROOM - DAY

Cynthia is looking at Helen.

HELEN

And you're positive the man you saw
with the gun is the defendant.

and
prosecution
Instead of looking at Joe, Cynthia turns to Rodriguez
Divinci who are seated in the rows behind the
table. They are looking right at her. They wait for her
answer.

CYNTHIA

Yeah.

HELEN

No further questions.

Divinci offers her a small smile.
Cynthia turns away. Arthur is now standing in front of
her.

ARTHUR

Miss Webb... is it Miss?

CYNTHIA

Yes.

ARTHUR

Miss Webb, had you ever seen the
defendant before that night, the
night you described to us?

CYNTHIA

No.

ARTHUR

Do you know what perjury is?

CYNTHIA

When you lie.

ARTHUR

When you lie under oath in a court of law. Do you know what the penalty for that is?

CYNTHIA

You go to jail.

ARTHUR

Yes... Cynthia, have you ever seen the defendant before that night?

HELEN

Objection. The witness has already answered that question.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

Sustained.

ARTHUR

I just want to give the witness the opportunity to remember if she could have seen Mr. McCall anyplace else before the night in question.

the
Divinci stares at Cynthia. As if willing her to give
answer he wants her to give.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

Ms. Webb, do you understand the consequences of perjury?

CYNTHIA

Yes.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

Let's get on with it then.

ARTHUR

What did you buy the night you went into the mini-mart?

CYNTHIA

What did I buy?

ARTHUR

You remembered seeing Mr. McCall that night and hearing the gunshot and a car crash. I just wondered if you remembered what you bought in the mini-mart.

CYNTHIA

...shampoo I think.

ARTHUR

That's all?

CYNTHIA

Yes.

ARTHUR

Where do you live?

CYNTHIA

4356 17th Street. Number 37.

ARTHUR

Is that close to where this mini-mart is?

CYNTHIA

Close? Sort of.

ARTHUR

How far would you say?

CYNTHIA

I don't really know.

ARTHUR

Within walking distance?

CYNTHIA

No... I don't think so.

ARTHUR

Did you walk there that night or drive?

CYNTHIA

I ahh... drove.

ARTHUR

You drove. But when you left the mini-mart you stated that you walked down the street.

CYNTHIA

Yeah.

ARTHUR

How far?

CYNTHIA

...to the corner.

HELEN

Objection. Your honor, I don't see a point to this line of questioning.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

Is there a point?

ARTHUR

Yes, your honor. Since this is the only witness, I'm trying to establish what the scene was like that night.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

Try to get there as quickly as possible.

ARTHUR

(to Cynthia)

And how far away from the corner was the Mini-mart? For example was it in the middle of the block, close to the corner, where?

CYNTHIA

In the middle I think.

ARTHUR

So you walked all the way to the corner. I assume then you were walking back to your car, yes?

CYNTHIA

...yeah.

ARTHUR

Was there a reason you parked so far away?

CYNTHIA

(getting nervous)

Um... there were lots of cars parked on the street.

ARTHUR

Was there anyone else on the street besides you?

CYNTHIA

No.

ARTHUR

Lots of cars, but no people. Any traffic?

CYNTHIA

I don't remember.

ARTHUR

So you were the only person to see Joe on the street that night?

CYNTHIA

I didn't see anybody else.

ARTHUR

So you heard a gunshot, a car crash and a man running with a gun in his hand.

CYNTHIA

Yes.

ARTHUR

What did you do then? Did you call the police, 911?

CYNTHIA

I went home.

ARTHUR

You went home. Straight home?

CYNTHIA

Yes.

ARTHUR

And you're sure it was Joe you saw that night?

CYNTHIA

Yes.

ARTHUR

When you went home.

CYNTHIA

Yes.

Arthur pauses.

ARTHUR

When you went home you saw Joe?

Cynthia realizes what she's said.

CYNTHIA

No.

HELEN

Objection. Defense is trying to confuse the witness.

ARTHUR

I'm not trying to confuse the witness, it's the witness that's trying to confuse the court. I have witnesses who will refute her testimony. Witnesses who were on that corner the night of the shooting, who never saw Ms. Webb, who never heard the gunshot, who never saw Joe run past. Ms Webb saw Joe outside her apartment building that night because he lived in the alley next to it. Isn't that right, Ms Webb?

Arthur turns dramatically to Cynthia. She is scared.

HELEN

Objection!

Everyone's attention is on Cynthia.

ARTHUR

When I referred to him as Joe, you knew who I was talking about, didn't you. This case is the People versus Mr. William McCall. Not Joe. Joe has never been mentioned in this trial. How did you know who I was talking about, Ms. Webb?

Cynthia looks from Arthur to Divinci. Divinci is frozen.

Rodriguez is sweating.

Then Cynthia turns and looks at Joe.

Joe looks at her, feeling sorry for her. Not hating her.

ARTHUR

Ms. Webb, how did you know that Joe

was the defendant?

Cynthia lowers her eyes to the floor.

CYNTHIA

He lived in the alley next to my
apartment building.

Helen and Richard Stein are stunned yet again.

HELEN

(to herself)

Oh shit.

Divinci and Rodriguez are doing their best to remain
cool,
calm and collected.

ARTHUR

Why did you lie to this court?

CYNTHIA

I don't know.

ARTHUR

Are you afraid of somebody?

CYNTHIA

I don't know.

ARTHUR

Are you protecting somebody?

CYNTHIA

I don't know.

JUDGE HAROLD PINE

Answer the questions, Ms. Webb or
I'll be forced to cite you for
contempt.

Cynthia looks up at the judge. She's not talking.

CUT TO:

CYNTHIA

FLASH --
having her mug shots taken. Holding a number. On the

CUT TO:

INT. UNMARKED CAR - STREET - DAY

Driving.

RODRIGUEZ

She didn't talk.

DIVINCI

Don't hold your breath.

RODRIGUEZ

You think she'll talk.

DIVINCI

I know she'll talk.

RODRIGUEZ

We'll make it look gang related.

DIVINCI

Problem is we're gonna need another gun.

RODRIGUEZ

The problem?! Have you forgotten? She's in fucking jail. That's the goddamn problem.

DIVINCI

Since when is being in jail a guaranty of a long life? You just get a fuckin' gun.

EXT. STREET - DAY

driving
Rodriguez gets out of the car. Divinci pulls away,
into traffic. Rodriguez heads into the Station.

CUT TO:

INT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - DAY

is
Divinci enters. Manny looks up from his desk. His face
bruised and bandaged.

MANNY

Oh shit. I didn't do anything!

DIVINCI

Everything's fine, Manny. I just came to apologize.

(looks at secretary)

We need some privacy...

to Manny looks at Divinci, then motions for his Secretary take a walk. She gets up, exits.

DIVINCI

Just one more favor. I want you to bail somebody out of jail.

MANNY

You're kiddin'.

DIVINCI

Bail's twenty-five thousand.

Divinci pulls out a piece of paper.

DIVINCI

I want her out tonight. And don't tell her who. It's a surprise.

MANNY

And how'm I payin' for this? They don't take American Express.

his Divinci pulls a plastic bag filled with cocaine out of pocket -- tosses it onto Manny's desk.

DIVINCI

I know you know how to exchange that. It's worth a lot more than twenty-five grand. You can keep the change.

(points to cocaine)

I want her back in two hours... Or I'll nail you for possession.

MANNY

How'd you get to be such a prick?

DIVINCI

DNA.

Divinci exits.

MANNY

What a piece of shit.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - NIGHT

Cynthia sits alone in her cell.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - NIGHT

murder,
shaven.
cot.

Joe lies on his cot. But even though he is in jail for
he is no longer the bum. This is a new man now. Clean
Hair cut. Prison clothes neat. Duncan rolls over on his

DUNCAN

You don't have to say nothin', but...
you really a doctor?

WILLIAM

...I was... a surgeon.

DUNCAN

No shit, no shit, really. A surgeon.
I know I'm nobody to judge, but you
musta been a smart guy. What the
hell's a smart guy like you doin' in
here?

Joe looks up at Duncan, hesitates, then --

WILLIAM

...I had an affair with another
woman... a nurse at the hospital I
worked at. It was nothing... I can't
even remember much about her... Except
my wife found out. We had a fight.
She left the house, took the kids...
She was hysterical. I should've done
something... gone after them, I don't
know... they were killed in a car
accident about a mile from the
house... I've never told anybody
that... about why she left.

Duncan nods.

DUNCAN

Hey, doc, you can trust me. It won't go no farther.

CUT TO:

EXT. 6TH STREET OUTSIDE STATION - NIGHT

Rodriguez is outside the Station. Looking nervous and upset. The unmarked car pulls up. Rodriguez moves for the car. He gets in and the car pulls away.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Divinci drives. Rodriguez sweats. Divinci notices.

DIVINCI

You get the gun?

RODRIGUEZ

I got it.

DIVINCI

Everything okay?

RODRIGUEZ

Are you kidding? We're going to kill a goddamn witness who's in fucking jail because we killed an undercover DEA agent. I'm sorry, but this kinda shit troubles me a little.

DIVINCI

Take off the dress and get back in the game. We gotta do what we gotta do.

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah. I know. Let's just get it over with.

Divinci glances at Rodriguez. He's more nervous than normal.

CUT TO:

EXT. COUNTY JAIL - FRONT - NIGHT

him. Manny walks out of the jail building. Cynthia is with

CYNTHIA

I don't understand. Why can't you tell me who put up the bond?

MANNY

Look, a guy comes in, says bail her out, gives me the money, I do it. That's how I make my living, I bail fuckin' people outa jail. You wait with me.

CYNTHIA

Was it a cop?

MANNY

Yeah, right. Cops bail people outa jail all the time. Doesn't there seem to be a dichotomy there for you?

CYNTHIA

I don't like this.

MANNY

You wanna stay in jail, that's up to you. Or you come with me.

CYNTHIA

What'd he look like?

MANNY

You're a stripper right? Lotta guys fall in love with your type. But they don't know how to get close, know what I mean? Somebody wants you to owe them something.

(shrugs)

Take it or leave it.

follows. Manny starts down the steps. Cynthia hesitates, then

INT. UNMARKED CAR - PARKED DOWN THE STREET - NIGHT

with Manny. Divinci and Rodriguez watch Cynthia get into the car

RODRIGUEZ

This is the last time, Frank. The last time we kill somebody.

DIVINCI

Yeah, it's the last time.

RODRIGUEZ

This'll be eleven, Frank. Eleven is enough.

DIVINCI

I get the picture.

Divinci looks at Rodriguez. He's staring out the window, but he looks ill. Something is not right with him.

RODRIGUEZ

It was all okay until you shot Hudd.

DIVINCI

What's goin' on here? You mad at me or something?

RODRIGUEZ

It wasn't my idea to start killing people, Frank. That's all I'm sayin'. We're in this goddamn mess because you started killing people.

DIVINCI

Drug dealers don't qualify as people. Never did, never will. So what the hell's wrong with you tonight? You suddenly worried about where all the money went?

RODRIGUEZ

I'm just sick of it, that's all.

Divinci stares at Rodriguez for a beat, then starts car.

CUT TO:

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The unmarked car turns off the street onto the side street

and stops. The lights go out.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

RODRIGUEZ

What're you doin'?

DIVINCI

I need some fresh air.

Divinci exits. Rodriguez hesitates, then gets out with him.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

RODRIGUEZ

Frank --

DIVINCI

Talk to me, okay? Just fuckin' talk to me.

Rodriguez hesitates a moment, then --

RODRIGUEZ

I don't know... I owe some money. I don't know how I'm gonna pay it...

DIVINCI

You gambling again?

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah, yeah... I just couldn't... Frank... let's forget about this. Let's just get the fuck outa here. We got enough money, let's go. We'll get outa the country or something.

Divinci turns toward Rodriguez. And he's got his pistol out.

RODRIGUEZ

What the hell're you doin'?!

DIVINCI

Take off your shirt.

RODRIGUEZ

What're you talkin' about?

DIVINCI

Just take off your shirt. If there's

nothin' to worry about, then I'll apologize. But I'm not gonna argue. Take off your fuckin' shirt now.

RODRIGUEZ

What is this, you piece of shit?! You don't trust me?! Is that it?! **YOU DON'T FUCKIN' TRUST ME AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH?!**

DIVINCI

...Take off your shirt.

RODRIGUEZ

Fuck you, you don't trust me.

DIVINCI

I'm askin' you one more time.

RODRIGUEZ

You wanna shoot me? Shoot me.

Divinci hesitates. He doesn't want to. This is his partner.

A beat, then he lowers his gun.

DIVINCI

Okay, I'm sorry. You're right. I'm fuckin' nervous. Like you. Forget it. This thing... shit. Let's just get it over with.

Divinci holsters his gun. Rodriguez hesitates, breathes a sigh, then returns to the car. They both get back in.

INT. UNMARKED CAR - NIGHT

Divinci starts up the car.

DIVINCI

I'll just feel a whole lot better when she's dead. Then we're off the hook.

RODRIGUEZ

Right.

Divinci starts to shift gears, but suddenly throws his elbow into Rodriguez' face. And Divinci is all over him like a

grabs tornado. Slamming a fist into his face repeatedly. He
his shirt and rips it open REVEALING the TAPE RECORDER
strapped to his body, recording their every word.

DIVINCI
YOU FUCKIN' RAT!

Rodriguez, Divinci puts his revolver to Rodriguez' head.
bleeding from the mouth and nose, looks at Frank.

RODRIGUEZ
Yeah... yeah... I am, I'm a fuckin'
rat... I traded you, Frank, I fuckin'
traded you... Simms knows everything.

head Divinci pulls back the hammer, ready to blow Rodriguez'
off.

RODRIGUEZ
Just fuckin' shoot me, get it the
fuck over with! I DESERVE IT! I
FUCKING DESERVE TO DIE!

Divinci is ready to pull the trigger.

DIVINCI
You're fuckin' right.

closes Divinci rips the wires off the recorder. Rodriguez
his eyes, waiting for the end. A tense moment, then --

DIVINCI
...Get out.

still Rodriguez opens his eyes, looking at Divinci, who is
holding the gun to his head. Another moment, then --

RODRIGUEZ
Frank --

DIVINCI
(calm)
Get outa the car NOW!

his A beat, then Rodriguez gets out. Divinci looks up at
partner.

DIVINCI

This is why you can never -- ever --
lose your sense of fuckin' humor.

EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

The car tears away, leaving Rodriguez alone in the
alley.

CUT TO:

THE KEY - INSERTED INTO THE DOOR LOCK - NIGHT

Rodriguez pushes open the door to his apartment,
enters.
Shuts the door. Stands alone in the room for a moment,
then
suddenly erupts in rage. Ripping off his coat, ripping
off
his shirt, ripping off the tape recorder taped to his
chest.

He throws the recorder on the ground. Stomps on it
until
it's shattered into pieces. He stares at the broken
recorder.

MAN'S VOICE (VIC)

I guess we caught you at a bad time.

Rodriguez spins around. Vic steps into the moonlight
streaming
in through the window. Behind him is Cutless Supreme.

VIC

But we all have problems.

Rodriguez suddenly YELLS and CHARGES THEM. He tackles
Vic.
But in the darkness we can't see anything. Until the
explosion
of a GUN and the FLASH of flames lights up the room. A
moment
of silence then --

VIC

Oh shit. You shot him, you fuckin'
shot him!

The
Cutless

Two men stumble to the door. Leaving one on the floor.
door is flung open and Vic runs out. Followed by
Supreme.

CUT TO:

MORNING

CRIME SCENE TAPE - INT. RODRIGUEZ APARTMENT - EARLY

task
the

The crime scene is swarming with cops, DEA and FBI. The
of evidence collection in progress. Rodriguez' body on
floor. Agent Simms is standing over the body with Agent
Sarkasian.

AGENT SARKASIAN

Divinci musta figured it. I didn't
think he'd kill his own partner
though.

SIMMS

He's an animal.

DEA AGENT Hooper comes up behind Simms.

AGENT HOOPER

Recorders busted up. But we might be
able to salvage some of the tape.

SIMMS

I want him. You understand me, I
don't care what it takes. I want
that sonuvabitch!

Simms heads for the door. Sarkasian and Hooper follow.

CUT TO:

EXT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - MORNING

A car pulls up in front.

INT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - MORNING

until we

It is deadly quiet. We PAN SLOWLY around the office

PAN
signs of
All
scared.

find Manny in his chair, sprawled back. Continuing to
until we see Cynthia sprawled on the couch. But no
blood. Just the bodies. The door opens. TWO MEN enters.
we SEE are GUNS in hands.
Cynthia and Manny wake up with a start. Manny is

MANNY

Shit! Who the fuck're you?!

A BADGE comes out. And now we see Agents Hooper and
Sarkasian.

AGENT SARKASIAN

Ms. Webb. We'd like you to come with
us.

Cynthia looks at Manny. She's pissed.

CYNTHIA

This was the big secret? Shit. You're
an asshole.

doesn't
Cynthia puts her coat on and heads for the door. Manny
know what the hell is going on.

CUT TO:

INT. INTERROGATION ROOM - FEDERAL BLDG. - DAY

Cynthia is in with Agents Simms, Hooper and Sarkasian.

SIMMS

Who set it up?

CYNTHIA

I don't know.

AGENT HOOPER

It was Divinci wasn't it?

CYNTHIA

I don't know.

SIMMS

Which one pulled the trigger? Divinci

or Rodriguez?

CYNTHIA

I don't know.

Agent Simms looks right into Cynthia's eyes.

SIMMS

Detective Rodriguez is dead. He was shot in the head last night.

This gets Cynthia's attention.

SIMMS

Rodriguez was wearing a recorder. Divinci found it. You can do addition, can't you.

CYNTHIA

You're full of shit.

AGENT SARKASIAN

Just tell us what you know.

Cynthia looks at both of them.

CYNTHIA

Where's Divinci?

SIMMS

We don't know. But we're gonna find him.

CYNTHIA

You're gonna find him?
(smiles sarcastically)
Right... I don't know a fuckin' thing.

and
the
Simms stares at her for a moment, then turns to Hooper
nods. Hooper takes Cynthia's arm and leads her out of
office. When the door closes --

SIMMS

Get a copy of the tape to Bailor.
But make sure it doesn't come from us.

CUT TO:

INT. COUNTY JAIL CELL - DAY

looks
Cynthia is alone in her cell. We HEAR footsteps. She
up as the GUARD approaches.

GUARD

Your attorney's here.

CYNTHIA

What attorney?

INT. ROOM - COUNTY JAIL - DAY

Cynthia
the
Cynthia enters the office. The Guard shuts the door.
finds herself facing Arthur Baylor. A tape recorder on
table in front of him.

ARTHUR

Hi, Cynthia. Please sit down.

CYNTHIA

I got nothin' to say.

ARTHUR

So I'm told.

Arthur pushes the tape recorder and we HEAR --

DIVINCI'S VOICE

...Take off your shirt...

RODRIGUEZ'S VOICE

Fuck you, you don't trust me.

DIVINCI'S VOICE

I'm askin' you one more time.

RODRIGUEZ'S VOICE

You wanna shoot me? Shoot me.

DIVINCI'S VOICE

Okay, I'm sorry. You're right. I'm
fuckin' nervous. Like you. Forget
it. This thing... shit. Let's just
get it over with. I'll just feel a
whole lot better when she's dead.
Then we're off the hook.

But
anything.
reveal

Arthur watches Cynthia's reaction to "when she's dead."
Cynthia has seen enough not to be too shocked by
And her reaction is subtle. She knows better than to
what she's really feeling and thinking.

RODRIGUEZ'S VOICE

Right.

DIVINCI'S VOICE

YOU FUCKIN' RAT!

RODRIGUEZ'S VOICE

Yeah... yeah... I am, I'm a fuckin'
rat... I traded you, Frank, I fuckin'
traded you... Simms knows everything.
Just fuckin' shoot me, get it the
fuck over with! I DESERVE IT! I
FUCKING DESERVE TO DIE!

DIVINCI'S VOICE

You're fuckin' right.

The recording ends. Arthur shuts off the machine.

ARTHUR

I think you know my client is
innocent. That's all I care about,
my client. But I understand why you're
scared. You're already facing perjury
charges. My guess is, your involvement
is deeper than that. But I don't
really care, I'm not after you... I
get nothing if you go to jail. But I
think if I help you, I can help my
client.

CYNTHIA

...how?

ARTHUR

William -- Joe -- didn't do it, did
he?

Cynthia hesitates, then shakes her head.

ARTHUR

Why don't you sit down.

A beat, then Cynthia pulls up a chair.

CUT TO:

AGENT SIMMS - INT. OFFICE - DAY

angry.

SIMMS

No goddamn way! I'm not going to grant that whore immunity. She lied on the stand, she's protecting somebody. And she's involved. I want them all.

Arthur, who was sitting across from him, stands.

ARTHUR

Before I leave, let me remind you that you have shit for a case. If you really care about seeing justice for your dead agent, don't blow this deal. Immunity for her testimony is a small price for a bad cop. It's the only way she's going to talk.

Simms glares at Arthur.

ARTHUR

And William McCall walks, right now, all charges dropped.

Simms hesitates, then --

SIMMS

If what she says is any good, I'll deal. If it isn't, then nobody goes anywhere.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY - CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

Cynthia is lead down the hall by GUARDS. They enter an office.

INT. OFFICE - CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

Agents Simms, Hooker, Sarkasian and TWO TECHNICIANS are waiting inside with Arthur. Cynthia is lead into the room.

The guards withdraw, closing the door.

EQUIPMENT
Cynthia looks at the men, then at the TAPE RECORDING
waiting.
on the table and the empty chair. A MICROPHONE is

Cynthia looks at Arthur, then sits down in the chair.

CUT TO:

EXT. CRIMINAL COURTS BUILDING - DAY

REPORTERS swarm around Arthur and Joe as they exit the
courthouse.

REPORTERS

How does it feel to be a free man
again?

LIMOUSINE.
Arthur and Joe head down the steps to a waiting

REPORTERS

Do you remember everything that
happened to you? What are your plans?

WILLIAM

I just want to go back to work.

REPORTERS

As a surgeon?

WILLIAM

Yes.

REPORTERS

What about the signed confession,
did the police coerce you into signing
it?

ARTHUR

I'm sorry, no more questions.

They get into the back of the waiting limo and it pulls
away.

INT. LIMOUSINE - DAY

Nathan is in the back, staring at Joe. Arthur sits next
to

Joe. Nathan smiles. Joe smiles.

NATHAN

Good to have you back, Will.

WILLIAM

...I'd like to make one stop.

NATHAN

I know.

CUT TO:

EXT. CEMETERY - DAY

The limousine is parked curbside. Nathan and Arthur
wait.
Watching Joe walk across the lawn. He stops, looking
down.

The grave stones are for his wife and two children. He
sits
down beside them. It's very near where Agent Hudd was
buried.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE MCCALL MANSION - DUSK

Giant party in progress. Expensive cars parked along
the
drive.

INT. MCCALL MANSION - DUSK

Filled with well-wishers in TUXES and GOWNS. Arthur
Bailor
and Elliot in attendance. Elliot isn't used to this
much
glory, but he's taking credit where where he can --
with one
of the PRETTY YOUNG WOMEN.

ELLIOT

-- you know, it just didn't make
sense, a man wanting to be punished
for a crime? How many times does
that happen? Once in a lifetime, I
can tell you.

of

CAMERA MOVES to Arthur, who is also receiving his share
the credit.

ARTHUR

-- to tell the truth, I had no other
witnesses to refute her testimony.
But she didn't know that. All we
knew was that she was reluctant to
testify. You look for signs.

And CAMERA CONTINUES TO Joe and Nathan.

A MAN

My God, we thought you were dead,
you know. It's just incredible that
you're here.

A WOMAN

Life moves in such strange ways. Oh,
I just think what might've happened
to you had you not been arrested for
killing that poor policeman. You
still might be on the street.

Joe just takes it all in, smiling and nodding.

ANOTHER WOMAN

Joe, you look wonderful. After what
you've been through... I just can't
imagine.

ANOTHER MAN (SINCLAIR)

When you're ready to come back to
work, let me know. I've already spoken
to the board, they're ready to re-
certify you anytime. I can put you
in the emergency sector until you
get warmed up. We all want you back.
We can't afford to waste someone of
your talent.

A beat, then Joe smiles.

WILLIAM

...I'm ready.

A BLACK TUXEDO WIPES past CAMERA as we --

CUT TO:

FAMILIAR

BLACK SCREEN. We HEAR the POUNDING of the MUSIC -- a RHYTHM. And in GRAFFITI across the screen:

FOUR MONTHS LATER

EXT. STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

The neon blares as usual.

INT. STRIP JOINT - NIGHT

And there's Cynthia. Back bumping and grinding to the music. He life hasn't changed at all. And she knows it. But there's nothing else she can do.

CUT TO:

INT. CYNTHIA'S APARTMENT - NIGHT (EARLY MORNING)

Door opens. Cynthia enters. Shuts the door. Tries the light. It doesn't go on. Suddenly a man is next to her --

MAN'S VOICE (DIVINCI)

I guess you had no choice.

now we see Cynthia tries to move, but a hand grabs her arm. And Desperate see Divinci. He looks like hell. A man on the run. filthy. He and dangerous. He hasn't shaved. His clothes are looks like... Joe. Cynthia looks up at him.

DIVINCI

You had to do the right thing.

CYNTHIA

What d'you want?

DIVINCI

What do I want?

Divinci suddenly shoves her hard across the room.

DIVINCI

Why're you asking me that? You gonna grant me three wishes? I don't know

where to start. Let's see... money
would be nice... love would be
better... but a little loyalty...
you can never get enough of that.
(moves up to her)
...But we'll start with... money.

Divinci pushes her into the bedroom.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT (EARLY MORNING)

It's
Cynthia goes to her closet, pulls out a box, opens it.
got her savings.

CYNTHIA

This is all I've got.

Divinci grabs the money and stuffs it into his jacket
pocket.

CYNTHIA

They'll catch you.

DIVINCI

I don't think so.

CYNTHIA

You wanna bet?

DIVINCI

They don't have a clue, baby. And
you wanna know why? Because I am
following my heart.

Divinci puts aside his gun. And pushes Cynthia down on
the
bed. He leans in close to her. Face to face.

DIVINCI

And they don't know where that is.

CYNTHIA

So tell me about your plans. I think
I'd like to hear 'em now.

Divinci looks at Cynthia for a moment, almost with
remorse.

DIVINCI

Loyalty is what it all comes down
to. Nothing holds together when it's

gone. And once it's gone, you don't ever get it back... You shouldn't've told 'em.

CYNTHIA

I shouldn't've done a lotta things in my life. But that's not one of 'em.

DIVINCI

Let me tell you something... the only difference between a liar and a witness is that just one of 'em knows what he's doing.

INT. LIVING ROOM - NIGHT (EARLY MORNING)

inside.
what's
Divinci
DOOR

It is dark and quiet. No clue as to what's going on
And we hold on this for a long moment. Just wondering
she being made to do. And then there's a MUFFLED BOOM.
exits the bedroom quickly. He is upset. We HEAR the
close.

AND WHITE FEATHERS

the
stuffing
heart.

fall like snow flakes on Cynthia's body draped across
bed. The pillow on the floor beside her with the
blown out. She has a hole in her chest, right above her

CUT TO:

INT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Manny unlocks the door, enters his office.

DIVINCI'S VOICE

Shut the door and lock it.

MANNY

Jesus Christ!

floor

Manny looks toward the voice. Divinci is sitting on the
out of sight. Holding his revolver.

MANNY

You scared the shit outa me.

DIVINCI

Lock the door.

Manny locks the door.

DIVINCI

One more favor, Manny.

MANNY

Since when did I become such a good guy?

DIVINCI

I'm takin' some time off. I want a car, here tonight, and a driver. You can do that for your old friend, right?

MANNY

(disgusted)

Yeah, I can do that. But you are a hot fuckin' potato. And drivers that don't talk, don't come cheap.

DIVINCI

I got the money. Just put it together.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

An AMBULANCE races up to the EMERGENCY entrance.

INT. HOSPITAL - EARLY MORNING

is

TWO PARAMEDICS push the gurney down the hall. Cynthia

is

conscious on the gurney. Looking up at the ceiling. She

fading. We HEAR --

VOICES

-- come on, hang in there, hold on.

CYNTHIA'S (MOVING) P.O.V OF THE CEILING and FACES.

moving
gloves
surgeon

The gurney pushes past and CAMERA PICKS UP TWO SURGEONS
out of an Operating Room. Pulling off masks and rubber
bloody from surgery. One of them is Joe. The other
pats him on the back.

OTHER SURGEON

Just like riding a bike.

Joe finally breathes a sigh of relief and manages a
smile.

CUT TO:

BLACK LINCOLN - EXT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - NIGHT

pulls up in front of the office. Tinted windows.

INT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - NIGHT

Manny is looking out the window.

MANNY

Leather upholstery, moon roof, CD.
What more could you ask for?

Divinci looks out. Gun in hand. He's cleaned himself
up.
He's now wearing a Hawaiian shirt, slacks. A traveler.

DIVINCI

Better not be a set up.

MANNY

Want me to hold your hand?

DIVINCI

Just walk me to the door.

EXT. BAIL BOND OFFICE - NIGHT

The Lincoln idles at the curb. Divinci and Manny exit
the
office. Divinci glances up and down the street as they
move
toward the car. Manny opens the back door. Nobody
inside.

DIVINCI

I think I'll let you live.

MANNY

You are a real prince. Now how about my money?

gets
Divinci hands Manny a wad of cash from his pocket, then into the back of the car.

DIVINCI

You never saw me.

MANNY

Don't I wish that were true.

watches it
He closes the door. The Lincoln pulls away. Manny move off down the street.

MANNY

Have a nice trip.

INT. LINCOLN - NIGHT

EYES
Driving. Divinci in the back. Can only see the DRIVER'S in the REAR VIEW MIRROR.

DIVINCI

Head south. Get on the interstate.
Don't break the speed limit.

rear
Divinci settles into the leather seat. Looks at the view mirror.

DIVINCI

You know, the one thing about life...
you can never lose your sense of humor. Without it, you got nothin'.

fires.
WINDOW
Suddenly the driver turns around, holding a 9mm and BLAM. BLAM. BLAM. Divinci's head snaps back as the BACK BLOWS OUT of the Lincoln.

And now we recognize the driver. It's Clyde D. Dunner.

CLYDE

Fuckin' A.

THE LINCOLN

screen.
And
moves right into CAMERA. BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS filling the
The car stops. We HEAR the DOOR OPEN and RUNNING FEET.
PAN INTO THE BRIGHT HEADLIGHTS GLARING into CAMERA.

CUT TO:

SURGICAL LIGHTS - INT. OPERATING ROOM - NIGHT

SHINING BRIGHTLY into CAMERA.

MAN'S VOICE

-- run the cardioplegia.

the
Faces appear. Looking down. We recognize Joe and one of
friends from the party -- Sinclair.

WILLIAM

She's fibrilating. Go on bypass.

operation. A
room.
Faces move away as we HEAR MEDICAL MACHINES in
NURSE reappears. CAMERA MOVES back now, revealing the
And the operation in progress.

SURGEON SINCLAIR

Forceps.

(A nurse hands him
forceps)

Just like old times.

WILLIAM

I wouldn't have done this without
you... I owe you.

SURGEON SINCLAIR

Lucky to have a donor. Never would've
survived the night. Have a suture
ready.

NURSE

(picks up suture)

I heard it was a cop's heart.

Joe looks at the nurse.

NURSE

He was shot in the head a couple
hours ago.

CAMERA PUSHES IN ON JOE

NURSE

They think it was gang related.

The BRIGHT LIGHTS OVERHEAD bleed the scene to WHITE and
we --

DISSOLVE TO:

WAVES - DAY

crashing on white sand. PANNING with the clear blue
water
sitting
CHEST
alone. We PAN UP HER LEGS, past her stomach, to her
where we see a SCAR ABOVE HER HEART.

We CONTINUE UP TO HER FACE NOW. It's Cynthia. Staring
out at
leans
we --
the ocean. Palm trees behind her. She's beautiful. She
back, hands behind her and... She smiles. Her life has
changed. And we HEAR HAWAIIAN SLACK KEY GUITAR MUSIC as

FADE

OUT:

THE END