

HOMICIDE  
LIFE ON THE STREET

Episode One:  
"See No Evil"

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CAST

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

KATIE WESTON.....

CHUCKIE PRENTICE.....

HARRY PRENTICE.....

CAPTAIN GEORGE BARNFATHER.....Clayton LeBouef

COLONEL BERT GRANGER.....Gerald F. Gough

OFFICER FRED HELLRIEGEL.....

WESTMORELAND MAXWELL.....

DR. SCHEINER.....Ralph Tabakin

SERGEANT JIMMY TYRON.....

BARTENDER.....

SETS

EXTERIORS

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

INTERIORS

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

TEASER

FADE IN:

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

1

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

WESTON

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

HOWARD

(smiles)

You were told correct.

WESTON

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

HOWARD

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

WESTON

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

HOWARD

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

WESTON

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

HOWARD

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

WESTON

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

(CONTINUED)

1 CONTINUED:

1

HOWARD

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

WESTON

It puts a damper on the evening.

HOWARD

You better believe it.

WESTON nods in appreciation.

2 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

2

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

LEWIS

Sensitivity training?

BOLANDER

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

LEWIS

Sensitivity training?

BOLANDER

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

CROSETTI

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

FELTON

That's Yom Kippur.

(CONTINUED)

2 CONTINUED:

2

PEMBLETON

Why now, Gee?

GIARDELLO

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

(rips memo off bulletin board)

'The Deputy Commissioner believes we live in a time when the police need to be more sensitive to the people on the street and to each other.'

BAYLISS

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

GIARDELLO

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

CROSETTI

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

GIARDELLO heads to his office, passing BOLANDER.

GIARDELLO

I aimed my memo at you especially, Stanley.

BOLANDER

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

GIARDELLO

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

BOLANDER

I'm allergic to idiocies and foolishness.

GIARDELLO

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

On BOLANDER, giving GIARDELLO a look of disgust,

FADE TO:

MAIN TITLES

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

3 INT. STAIRCASE/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

3

BAYLISS and WESTON walk downstairs.

BAYLISS

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

WESTON

Well, thanks, Detective Bayliss.

BAYLISS

Katie Weston. Wow. I really enjoyed What Do You Say When 'I Love You' Isn't Enough? It's a remarkable book.

WESTON

Thank you. That's very kind.

BAYLISS

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

WESTON

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

BAYLISS

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

WESTON

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

BAYLISS

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

WESTON

Uhm...

(CONTINUED)

3 CONTINUED:

3

BAYLISS

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

WESTON

I, uh...

BAYLISS

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

WESTON

I didn't write that.

BAYLISS

(hesitating)

Yeah, you did.

WESTON

No. I didn't.

BAYLISS

Oh. Who did?

WESTON

I don't know.

BAYLISS

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

WESTON

Yes, I did.

BAYLISS

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

BAYLISS exits. On WESTON, slightly bemused,

CUT TO:



4 EXT. PRENTICE HOME - DAY

4

FELTON drives up to middle class house in Catonsville.

5 INT. BEDROOM/PRENTICE HOME - DAY

5

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

HARRY

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

FELTON

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

HARRY

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

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

PRENTICE

Time to take your medicine, Dad.

HARRY

I'm in the middle of a conversation here.

FELTON and PRENTICE exchange a look.

HARRY (cont.)

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

FELTON

Is that good?

HARRY

In her day, you bet.

FELTON

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

(CONTINUED)

5 CONTINUED:

5

HARRY

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

PRENTICE holds out pills and glass of water.

HARRY (cont.)

I don't want the damn pills. I don't  
need the damn pills anymore and you  
know it.

PRENTICE puts the pills on the bedstand.

FELTON

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

HARRY

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

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

FELTON

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

HARRY

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

FELTON

She used to call me The Instigator.  
'Stay away from that instigator.' I  
instigated -- I still don't know what  
she was talking about.

(to PRENTICE)

Meanwhile, if I wasn't there to protect  
you, you'd be dead. Death by wedgie.

(to HARRY)

I'll see you in a week or so, okay?

HARRY

(extends his hand to shake)  
Goodbye, Beau.

FELTON reacts to HARRY's finality, exits, followed by  
PRENTICE.

6 INT. LIVING ROOM/PRENTICE HOME - DAY

6

FELTON and PRENTICE enter.

FELTON

Your dad's been sick a long time.

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

It sucks, man.

PRENTICE

Yeah...

FELTON

Chuckie, what's going on?

PRENTICE

Huh?

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

Just another in a long line of doctors.

FELTON

You never were a very good liar.

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

Scout's honor.

PRENTICE

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

On FELTON, surprised,

CUT TO:

7 EXT. THAMES STREET - DAY

7

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

WESTON

Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED:

7

CROSETTI

This is great. You are a heavensend.

They cross back to Headquarters.

CROSETTI (cont.)

I tell you. Then you tell him. Unless you think I'm making a big thing outa nothing.

WESTON

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

CROSETTI

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

WESTON

Detective Crosetti --

CROSETTI

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

WESTON

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

CROSETTI

My point exactly, tell him --

WESTON

You want me to tell him to stop.

CROSETTI

Yes. Thank you.

(CONTINUED)

7 CONTINUED: (2)

7

WESTON

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

CROSETTI

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

On CROSETTI, shaking his head, in despair,

CUT TO:

8 # INT. COFFEE ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

8

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

FELTON

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

MUNCH

What?

FELTON

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

MUNCH

So?

FELTON

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

BOLANDER enters, goes to coffee pot.

MUNCH

What do you mean? Like a psychic event?

BOLANDER

Why is it that a guy thinks that if he leaves five drops of coffee painting the bottom of the pot, it somehow exempts him from making a fresh pot of coffee?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED:

8

FELTON

Oh. Sorry.

FELTON sets about making a new pot of coffee.

MUNCH

How would you know? Like a threat?

FELTON

Not exactly like a threat.

BOLANDER

Everybody's trying to duck something.

FELTON

I said I'm sorry.

(to MUNCH)

More like an intention...

MUNCH

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

BOLANDER

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

MUNCH

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

BOLANDER

The same thing with the milk.

FELTON

I'm making the coffee now!

BOLANDER

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

MUNCH

Me.

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (2)

8

BOLANDER

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

MUNCH

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

FELTON

No. Forget it. I was just making conversation.

(exits)

MUNCH

I think something's wrong with Felton.

BOLANDER

Yeah. Too much football without a helmet.

WESTON enters.

WESTON

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

BOLANDER

Huh?

WESTON

For our initial one-on-one session.

BOLANDER

Oh.

WESTON

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

BOLANDER

Look, lady, I can't...

WESTON

Why not?

BOLANDER

We just got a call.

MUNCH

We did?

(CONTINUED)

8 CONTINUED: (3)

8

BOLANDER

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

WESTON

Alright... When can we reschedule?

BOLANDER

I'll get back to you.  
(exits)

MUNCH

He'll get back to you.

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

CUT TO:

9 EXT. SCHOOLYARD - NIGHT

9

FELTON and PRENTICE shoot baskets.

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

I know.

(CONTINUED)



PRENTICE

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

FELTON

It's against the law, Chuckie.

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

My dad's in pain, Beau.

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

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

FELTON slams basketball against wall, turns to PRENTICE.

(CONTINUED)

9 CONTINUED: (2)

9

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

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

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

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

Help me, Beau.

FELTON

We're gonna work this out.

On FELTON, holding PRENTICE, feeling pretty alone himself,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

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

10

MUNCH sits across from WESTON.

MUNCH

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

WESTON

I know you're not.

MUNCH

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

WESTON

You got me on that.

MUNCH

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

WESTON

I don't take notes. I'm here to listen. That's all.

(CONTINUED)

10 CONTINUED:

10

MUNCH

But I want you to take notes. I want there to be some official testimony. Decades from now, centuries, millenniums down the road, I want there to be a book that can be opened to a page that reads: John Munch, damaged, but still he played the piccolo, ya know what I mean? Should I be lying on a couch?

WESTON

I'm not a psychiatrist, Detective Munch.

MUNCH

Oh, that's right.

WESTON

Go on about Felicia.

MUNCH

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

WESTON

So then why are you so angry at her?

MUNCH

Angry? What have I been saying? Haven't you been listening? Felicia and I are kindred spirits. We're Ginger and Fred. Minnie and Mickey. Leonora Carrington and Max Ernst.  
(exhales)

And you see right through me, huh?

WESTON

You're the Big E on the eyechart.

On MUNCH, exposed,

CUT TO:

11 INT. BEDROOM/PRENTICE HOME - DAY

11

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

HARRY

It's about time.

FELTON enters.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED:

11

HARRY (cont.)

What the hell.

PRENTICE

Dad, I want to take the machine away.

HARRY

What?

PRENTICE

I'm not letting you do this.

HARRY

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

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

HARRY (cont.)

You put that thing back.

PRENTICE

He's taking it away, Dad.

HARRY

Put -- put that damn thing back.

PRENTICE

No, Dad.

HARRY

We agreed --

PRENTICE

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

HARRY

You don't know a damn thing, you moron.  
Do you think I want to die like this?  
Lying in a bed like some kind of...

(points at FELTON)

This is all your doing.

FELTON

Chuckie asked my advice --

HARRY

Well, I didn't.

(CONTINUED)

11 CONTINUED: (2)

11

FELTON

(takes out brochures)

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

HARRY

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

This hits PRENTICE hard, he turns and exits.

FELTON

Mr. Prentice --

HARRY

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

FELTON exits with machine.

12

INT. LIVING ROOM/PRENTICE HOME - DAY

12

PRENTICE stands looking out the window as FELTON enters.

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

Oh yes, he does.

FELTON

You did the right thing.

PRENTICE

Yeah...

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

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

As PRENTICE looks at FELTON, then lowers his head,

CUT TO:

13 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

13

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

PEMBLETON

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

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

TYRON

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

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

TYRON (cont.)

We raided a crack house over on Fayette.

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

TYRON (cont.)

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

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

PEMBLETON

He was shot in the back.

TYRON

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

PEMBLETON

Are you saying this is a police involved shooting?

(CONTINUED)

13 CONTINUED:

13

TYRON

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

BAYLISS

The kid got a name?

TYRON

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

BAYLISS

Did you retrieve Cox's gun?

TYRON

He... didn't have one.

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

TYRON (cont.)

He probably got that wound above his eye when he fell to the concrete.

PEMBLETON looks up at TYRON, smiles, nods.

PEMBLETON

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

TYRON

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

(starts to go, stops,  
turns back to PEMBLETON)

This is nothing anyone is gonna start calling a crime, is it?

PEMBLETON

(smiles)

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

TYRON nods, heads off. BAYLISS studies BODY.

(CONTINUED)



13 CONTINUED: (2)

13

BAYLISS

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

PEMBLETON

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

BAYLISS

Yeah. And Santa answers every letter.

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

PEMBLETON

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

On PEMBLETON, staring at the BODY,

CUT TO:

14 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

14

BOLANDER types at his desk. MUNCH muses.

MUNCH

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

BOLANDER stops typing, gives MUNCH a look.

BOLANDER

I wish it was that simple.  
(resumes typing)

MUNCH

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

BOLANDER

Small feet.

MUNCH

It turned him on.

(CONTINUED)

BOLANDER

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

MUNCH

Why does it scare you to have a philosophical discussion?

BOLANDER

How do you spell 'receipt'?

MUNCH

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

BOLANDER

(beat)

There's a 'c' in receipt?

BOLANDER rummages for an eraser.

MUNCH

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

BOLANDER

She said that, huh?

MUNCH

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

BOLANDER

I'll bet.

MUNCH

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

BOLANDER

Not in my neighborhood.

MUNCH

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

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (2)

14

BOLANDER

What are you trying to say?

MUNCH gestures to the MEN in the room.

BOLANDER (cont.)

Oh come on.

MUNCH

How many guys are there in the unit?  
Fifty? Do the math. That's at least  
twenty guys.

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

BOLANDER

Giardello?

MUNCH

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

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

BOLANDER

This is ridiculous.

MUNCH indicates LEWIS, who approaches.

MUNCH

Maybe Lewis...

BOLANDER

Lewis?

MUNCH

That forty percent has to come from  
somewhere.

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

LEWIS

What?

GIARDELLO (o.c.)

Stanley...

BOLANDER looks up to see GIARDELLO, approaching.

BOLANDER

Yes, Lieutenant?

(CONTINUED)

14 CONTINUED: (3)

14

GIARDELLO

According to Katie Weston --

BOLANDER

I heard. Forty percent.

GIARDELLO

She says you've missed two appointments --

BOLANDER

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

GIARDELLO

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

BOLANDER

Uh-huh...

GIARDELLO

I thank you. My ulcer thanks you.

As GIARDELLO goes back into his office,

CUT TO:

15 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

15

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

PEMBLETON

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

HELLRIEGEL

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

PEMBLETON

Your partner? That's, uh, Ryan?

HELLRIEGEL

Jerry Ryan.

(CONTINUED)

15 CONTINUED:

15

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

HELLRIEGEL  
I fall. I caught my leg on something.  
Anyway, I fall. My weapon discharges.

PEMBLETON  
One shot.

HELLRIEGEL  
Yes, one shot.

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

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

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

HELLRIEGEL  
One hand.

PEMBLETON  
Show me.

HELLRIEGEL extends his left hand. PEMBLETON examines his palms.

PEMBLETON (cont.)  
You're right handed?

HELLRIEGEL  
Yes.

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

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

PEMBLETON bends down, examines HELLRIEGEL's pants.

(CONTINUED)

PEMBLETON

You fall on your knees?

HELLRIEGEL

I must have. It happened fast.

PEMBLETON

Right. Exactly... Fred...

(leans in confidentially)

This time of night, your partner and you, Jerry and you, you're coming off dinner break when you answer the call?

HELLRIEGEL

No. Why?

PEMBLETON

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

HELLRIEGEL

No.

PEMBLETON

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

HELLRIEGEL

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

PEMBLETON

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

HELLRIEGEL

What? What is this?

PEMBLETON

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

HELLRIEGEL

What, you don't think I fell?

PEMBLETON

You fell. I don't know where.

HELLRIEGEL

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

PEMBLETON

Hey, now, c'mon...

HELLRIEGEL

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

PEMBLETON

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

HELLRIEGEL

Oh, no?

PEMBLETON

No.

HELLRIEGEL

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

HELLRIEGEL stalks off. BAYLISS approaches.

BAYLISS

So, what'd'think?

PEMBLETON

I think we better get Giardello down here.

On PEMBLETON, crossing to a payphone.

CUT TO:

16 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

16

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

WESTON

Kay, have you seen Detective Bolander?

HOWARD

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

GIARDELLO approaches WESTON.

GIARDELLO

I'm almost scared to ask.

WESTON

You should be.

(CONTINUED)

GIARDELLO

The interviews are going that good, huh?

WESTON

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

GIARDELLO

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

WESTON

All except Stanley Bolander.

GIARDELLO

What? I'll talk to him. Again.

WESTON

Thank you.

GIARDELLO

And so?

WESTON

So? What?

GIARDELLO

What's your impression of the others?

WESTON

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

GIARDELLO

Arrogance, huh?

WESTON

In its most perfect state.

GIARDELLO

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

FELTON calls to GIARDELLO,

FELTON

Gee, Pembleton, line two.

As GIARDELLO crosses to phone,

CUT TO:



17 INT. BEDROOM/PRENTICE HOME - NIGHT

17

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

PRENTICE

Dad, you ready for dinner?

HARRY

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

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

PRENTICE

Where did you get this?

HARRY

Just do it.

PRENTICE

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

HARRY

I plan to die tonight.

PRENTICE

No. It's wrong.

HARRY

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

PRENTICE

I'm not doing it.

HARRY

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

PRENTICE

Daddy, I can't --

HARRY

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

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

(CONTINUED)

17 CONTINUED:

17

HARRY (cont.)

Be a man.

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

PRENTICE

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

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

HARRY

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

PRENTICE

Daddy...

HARRY

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

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

HARRY (cont.)

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

PRENTICE looks at the gun. A long beat.

18 EXT. PRENTICE HOME - NIGHT

18

On the SILENCE, which is deafening,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

19 INT. BEDROOM/PRENTICE HOME - NIGHT

19

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

CROSETTI

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

LEWIS

There's no note.

CROSETTI

He doesn't seem like the literary type.

LEWIS

How many guys you know shoot themselves  
in the forehead?

CROSETTI

It happens.

LEWIS

Without contact?

CROSETTI

It happens.

LEWIS

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

CROSETTI

It's the old man's gun.

LEWIS

The bullets don't know that.

CROSETTI

No sign of struggle. No missed shots.

LEWIS

I say there's something going on here.

CROSETTI

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

(CONTINUED)

19 CONTINUED:

19

LEWIS

What's the son's name again?

CROSETTI

Chuckie Prentice.

LEWIS

Let's bring him down, GSR him.

CROSETTI

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

LEWIS

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

CROSETTI

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

On LEWIS, trying to ignore CROSETTI,

CUT TO:

20 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

20

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

CUT TO:

21 EXT. ALLEY - NIGHT

21

PEMBLETON sketches scene as GIARDELLO and BAYLISS stand near BODY.

GIARDELLO

Anybody in the neighborhood see anything?

BAYLISS

Not that they're telling.

GIARDELLO

What about the bullet?

BAYLISS

Haven't found it yet.

(CONTINUED)

21 CONTINUED:

21

PEMBLETON

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

(indicates gun)

I relieved Hellriegel of his weapon.  
It was only fired once.

BAYLISS

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

PEMBLETON motions to MEDICAL EXAMINER, who comes over.

PEMBLETON

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

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

VOICE (o.c.)

In the back. They shot him in the back,  
man. C.C. didn't even have a gun.

GIARDELLO yells to UNIFORM.

GIARDELLO

Find me who said that.

UNIFORM heads into angry CROWD.

GIARDELLO (cont.)

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

GIARDELLO goes. BAYLISS turns to PEMBLETON.

BAYLISS

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

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

CUT TO:

22 JNT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 22

FELTON on the phone.

FELTON

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

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

23 INT. "THE BOX"/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT 23

PRENTICE sits across from FELTON, who stands.

FELTON (cont.)

What the hell happened?

PRENTICE

He shot himself.

FELTON

He shot himself?

PRENTICE

Yeah.

PRENTICE turns away. FELTON realizes the truth.

FELTON

How far away was the gun from his head?

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

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

On FELTON, as he awaits the crucial answer.

CUT TO:

24 INT. FIRE ARMS LAB/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT 24

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

MAXWELL

Stippling pattern looks pretty much the same.

(CONTINUED)

24 CONTINUED:

24

CROSETTI

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

MAXWELL

I'd say they're consistent.

CROSETTI

(eyeing LEWIS)

Thank you.

MAXWELL

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

LEWIS

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

MAXWELL

Why would this guy want to kill his father?

CROSETTI

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

LEWIS

It's a murder.

MAXWELL

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

LEWIS

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

On CROSETTI, wishing he had another partner.

CUT TO:

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

25

FELTON moves to leave. PRENTICE grabs his arm.

PRENTICE

Maybe I should go to prison, Beau...

(CONTINUED)

25 CONTINUED:

25

FELTON

Chuckie, do you think what you did was right?

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

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

PRENTICE

Uh-huh...

FELTON

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

FELTON exits.

26 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

26

FELTON emerges as LEWIS and CROSETTI approach.

LEWIS

Felton, what're you doing in there?

FELTON

I just went in to mess with him.

LEWIS

Yeah?

FELTON

That's all.

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

GIARDELLO

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

(CONTINUED)



26 CONTINUED:

26

BOLANDER

Very clear. Extremely clear,  
Lieutenant. Consider me suspended.  
(as he turns to go)

If you're gonna piss in my brains, at  
least have the decency to raise the  
toilet seat.

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

27 INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

27

GIARDELLO, PEMBLETON, BAYLISS stand with BARNFATHER and GRANGER.

BAYLISS

Cox wasn't carrying a weapon.

PEMBLETON

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

GIARDELLO

Accidentally.

PEMBLETON

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

GRANGER

What's Officer Hellriegel saying?

BAYLISS

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

GRANGER

So order him --

BARNFATHER

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

(CONTINUED)

GIARDELLO

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

PEMBLETON

Then why won't he talk?

GIARDELLO

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

BARNFATHER

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

GIARDELLO

What'd'ya mean?

BARNFATHER

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

GIARDELLO

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

GRANGER

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

GIARDELLO

I will not be a party to this --

GRANGER

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

BARNFATHER

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

GRANGER and BARNFATHER exit. PEMBLETON glances at GIARDELLO.

28 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

28

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

CUT TO:

29 INT. BAR - NIGHT

29

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

BOLANDER

Munch...

MUNCH

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

BARTENDER comes over.

BARTENDER

What can I get you?

MUNCH (cont.)

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

BOLANDER

Munch --

(CONTINUED)

29 CONTINUED:

29

MUNCH

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

BOLANDER

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

MUNCH

Hey, don't do me any favors.

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

BARTENDER

Friend of yours?

BOLANDER

Worse. He's my rabbi.

On BOLANDER, taking a sip of his drink.

CUT TO:

30 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

30

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

FELTON

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

HOWARD

Maybe the guy's innocent.

FELTON

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

HOWARD

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

FELTON doesn't laugh.

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

31

LEWIS and CROSETTI interrogate PRENTICE.

PRENTICE

The old man killed himself.

LEWIS

You heard the gunshot?

PRENTICE

The old man killed himself.

CROSETTI

We got that part.

LEWIS

Where were you?

PRENTICE

Downstairs.

LEWIS

Downstairs. What were you doing downstairs?

PRENTICE

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

LEWIS

That's all I know?

PRENTICE

I mean, that's all I know.

CROSETTI

Chuckie, what's going on here?

PRENTICE

The old man killed himself.

CROSETTI

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

PRENTICE

The old man killed himself.

LEWIS gets up.

CROSETTI

What's going on?

(CONTINUED)

31 CONTINUED:

31

LEWIS

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

LEWIS exits. CROSETTI turns back to PRENTICE.

CROSETTI

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

On CROSETTI, as he offers PRENTICE a cigarette,

CUT TO:

32 INT. MEN'S ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

32

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

LEWIS

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

FELTON knocks LEWIS' hands off him.

FELTON

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

LEWIS

Oh. You were helping me?

FELTON

Yeah. Go to hell, Lewis.

FELTON moves to leave.

LEWIS

I'm not finished.

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

FELTON

Stop being an asshole.

LEWIS

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

FELTON shoves LEWIS, who falls backwards.

FELTON

Keep your hands off me.

(CONTINUED)

"See No Evil"  
8/3/93

44.

32 CONTINUED:

32

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

LEWIS

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

On FELTON, knowing he's gotta talk,

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT THREE

ACT FOUR

FADE IN:

33 EXT. ROOF/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - NIGHT

33

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

FELTON

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

LEWIS

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

FELTON

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

LEWIS

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

FELTON

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

LEWIS

That's what everybody tells themselves.

FELTON

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

LEWIS

Why did Chuckie come to you?

(CONTINUED)



33 CONTINUED:

33

FELTON

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

LEWIS

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

FELTON

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

LEWIS

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

FELTON

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

On LEWIS, torn,

CUT TO:

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

34

WESTON sits, waiting. BOLANDER enters, angry.

WESTON

Detective Bolander, come in. Have a seat.

BOLANDER

(leans across table)

Let me tell you right up front: I don't like you.

WESTON

Me personally? Or therapists in general?

(CONTINUED)

BOLANDER

I'm being forced to talk to you. I don't want to talk to you.

WESTON

Why don't you want to talk to me?

BOLANDER

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

WESTON

Uh-huh...

BOLANDER

(starts circling the room)

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

WESTON

Uh-huh.

BOLANDER

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

(more)

(CONTINUED)

BOLANDER (cont.)

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

WESTON

Detective Bolander --

BOLANDER

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

WESTON

I'm sorry.

BOLANDER

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

WESTON

You were wronged.

BOLANDER

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

WESTON

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

(CONTINUED)

BOLANDER

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

WESTON

She shouldn't have left in that way.

BOLANDER

She shouldn't have. You're right.

WESTON

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

BOLANDER

No, it's about the money.

WESTON

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

BOLANDER

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

WESTON

I think you deserve it.

BOLANDER

You do?

WESTON

I do.

BOLANDER

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

On WESTON, smiling.

CUT TO:

35 INT. AUTOPSY ROOM/MEDICAL EXAMINER'S OFFICE - NIGHT

35

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

PEMBLETON

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

SCHEINER

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

BAYLISS

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

SCHEINER

He died instantly.

PEMBLETON

Great, another can of worms.

BAYLISS

What?

PEMBLETON

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

SCHEINER

(reaches into metal bowl)

We also found this, while undressing the body, lodged in his clothing.

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

BAYLISS

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

PEMBLETON

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

(CONTINUED)

35 CONTINUED:

35

BAYLISS

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

PEMBLETON rolls his eyes, walks away.

BAYLISS (cont.)

Now is not the time to lose your sense  
of humor, Frank.

As BAYLISS follows PEMBLETON out,

CUT TO:

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

36

PRENTICE sits across from CROSETTI. LEWIS enters.

LEWIS

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

On FELTON, as he emerges from behind the door,

CUT TO:

37 EXT. POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

37

Establishing.

38 INT. SEMINAR ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

38

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

WESTON

A simple orange. To most of us, a  
source of refreshment, of vitamins.

(bites into orange skin)

You peel it.

(breaks off a piece)

You eat it.

(eats a piece)

Instant gratification.

BOLANDER watches intently.

(CONTINUED)

WESTON (cont.)

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

HOWARD

Yeah, sure.

BOLANDER

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

MUNCH

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

CROSETTI

Naw, she's kidding, right?

WESTON

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

CROSETTI

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

WESTON

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

HOWARD

Sure, that makes sense.

MUNCH

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

(CONTINUED)

38 CONTINUED: (2)

38

WESTON

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

BOLANDER nods. MUNCH takes another orange from basket.

MUNCH

Hey, Kay --

(tosses orange to HOWARD)

We booked you the Honeymoon Suite at the Marriott. Be gentle, it's his first time.

HOWARD

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

On HOWARD, tossing the orange back,

CUT TO:

39 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

39

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

BAYLISS

I got the Fire Arms report on the .38 slug tney found in Cox's clothing.

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

40 INT. GIARDELLO'S OFFICE/HOMICIDE UNIT - DAY

40

GIARDELLO faces PEMBLETON.

PEMBLETON

The bullet doesn't match. It's not from Hellriegel's gun.

(hands report to GIARDELLO)

GIARDELLO

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

(CONTINUED)



40 CONTINUED:

40

PEMBLETON

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

GIARDELLO

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

PEMBLETON

Meaning?

GIARDELLO

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

PEMBLETON

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

GIARDELLO

Cox was killed by a civilian.

PEMBLETON

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

GIARDELLO

No.

PEMBLETON

Why not?

GIARDELLO

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

PEMBLETON

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

(CONTINUED)

40 CONTINUED: (2)

40

GIARDELLO

No.

PEMBLETON

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

GIARDELLO

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

PEMBLETON

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

GIARDELLO

And what about cops who put cops in prison?

PEMBLETON

Will you order the uniforms to turn in their revolvers?

GIARDELLO

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

PEMBLETON

Fine. I'll have Barnfather give the order.

PEMBLETON takes report, exits. On GIARDELLO, unmoved,

CUT TO:

41 INT SEMINAR ROOM/POLICE HEADQUARTERS - DAY

41

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

BOLANDER  
What you said was very good.

WESTON  
Thanks.

BOLANDER  
We should all be more spontaneous.

WESTON  
Yes.

BOLANDER  
Will you go out with me?

WESTON  
(reacts)  
You mean on a date?

BOLANDER  
I guess that's a no.

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

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

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

BOLANDER  
Uh huh.

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

BOLANDER  
What?

(CONTINUED)

41 CONTINUED:

41

WESTON

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

BOLANDER

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

WESTON

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

BOLANDER

Huhn.

WESTON

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

BOLANDER

Yeah, what'd she have?

WESTON

You.

BOLANDER

Who? Who, me?

WESTON

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

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

CUT TO:

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

42

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

PRENTICE

How'd you know I'd be here?

(CONTINUED)

FELTON

I guess I'm a better detective than I thought.

(looks around)

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

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

Not more, different.

PRENTICE

(looks out at the Bay)

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

FELTON

At least, you knew your father...

PRENTICE

At least, you've got sons.

FELTON

So, go make a son.

PRENTICE

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

FELTON

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

(shrugs)

C'mon. My wife's waiting dinner on us.

(CONTINUED)

42 CONTINUED: (2)

42

PRENTICE takes one long last look at the ship.

PRENTICE

She is a beauty, isn't she?

FELTON

Yeah. She's a beauty.

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

CUT TO:

43 INT. SQUAD ROOM/HOMICIDE UNIT - NIGHT

43

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

FADE OUT.

THE END